2-26-72
The 21st I phoned ma & told her I want to discontinue having any social contact with her. I didn't mean it to be a super dramatic thing, it's just that I can't stand the tension between us. Everyone around us feels it but ma swears she doesn't. The last straw came when I told her I'm going to be in a piano recital in June. She wouldn't come cuz Jim'll be there. I couldn't believe that. It really hurt me that she'd be like that. I just told her I can't pretend I enjoy being with her anymore cuz I don't. She tried to talk me out of my decision, but I told her honestly the same excuse she gave me for refusing to see Jim: that she has to make her life as easy to bear as possible. I can't forget our problems like she can - she can switch on & off & pretend that I'm sweet little Sheila. I told her I'm not anymore. She cried & I cried. She said I should just have Jim as one part of my life & my family as another & I told her that they are no longer my family. Family is your everyday surrounding, those you feel most comfortable with & live with. She isn't my family anymore, but my friend, and I can't have a friend that rejects the most important person in my life... Mom said the only thing that will make her accept Jim & my relationship is marriage. After our 1-1/2 hour talk, I cried & knew all I could do is ask Jim once more to marry me. The last time I talked to him about it, I swore never to again, but I felt this time was serious enough to talk to him once more. He said definitely not & gave me a lotta weak reasons: he doesn't want society to think of him as a married man & just look at other people who we know are married & unhappy. But the next day he said he really wants to be with me his whole life & just wants to marry me but there's something in him that's holding him back. He was so sincere & we both cried & he said I knew him better than he even knew himself.

3-27
Last week Jim & I decided once again to see other people of the opposite sex. This time I brought it up. I think more & more how I'm gonna really be sorry I spent my whole youth on one person. And I don't think I'll ever forget that beautiful boy who tried to pick me up at the bus stop last fall. Plus Jim said he & this other girl have had a eye-flirting affair & he'd like to get to know her & I think he should. I do think it will make our relationship better to have open honest affairs instead of being guilty & sleazy about them. I swear if I ever see my blonde beauty again I'll invite him to my place if possible. I've had so many daydreams about making love to him. Saturday I bussed home to see mom for her birthday & she cried she was so glad I came & she was super attentive & kind & asked my real eagerly, "How's Jim?" Later went out drinking & had a good time with Randy & those guys. Their other friend Al came back from Vietnam a week ago, too. Just for liberation sake, I cornered Ted's little brother Lorin in the bathroom & kissed him real good.

4-14
Made my second attempt to pick up a guy. Jim, Randy & the guys & me went to a bar. There was this insanely good-looking boy there, probably 19 or 20, marvelous shiny thick blond hair & dark smiling eyes. I stared at him as much as I could. He was real flitty & bubbly, dancing around talking to his friends & playing pool. I didn't know what to do, I was practically wetting my pants. So the guys wanted to go eat so I waited til they were all out & said into the guy's ear, "I want you to know that you're very good-looking," and left real fast. After eating, Jim went with the guys and they dropped me off back at the bar alone. He'd left. My heart was pounding like nuts. Waited hoping he'd come back. He did. I just about died. Went up to him & said hi. He smiled & said hi. I said, "I want to proposition you." He said, "What's the word?" I said, "sex." His mouth fell open & he looked at me like WHAT? & looked real amused. He said we'll have to go somewhere & I said yeah. He was real flustered & said well just a minute & walked away, so I waited. He was gone about 2 hrs, but came back. I asked him, "Yes or no, I'd like to leave." He said after hesitating, "Maybe some other time." I nodded & left immediatley. Was kinda relieved.

When I told Kathy & Joyce they just about died. The way I felt about my approach to him, I just wanted to lay it on the line, get an answer & split, I was so nervous. I didn't have any confidence to flirt my way to getting him to my place. Joyce said I just can't take the male role like that. That you have to come on real easy & relaxed & not like a bomb. Like make flirty eyes & strike up a petty conversation & maybe say, "I got some real good weed at my place, wanna come over & smoke some?" (Guess I'll have to keep a little week around.) I asked if it was OK to go up to a guy & offer to buy 'm a drink. Nope, that's the male role again, but I can share my drink with them!!! It's so hard to play these roles. I was talking to Jim & he's having the same trouble playing roles. Asked him if he's sure he doesn't mind if I have sex with someone else & he said no. I really hope not. I guess I just have to get the confidence that if I do do flirty eyes & stuff, the guy isn't gonna throw up.

4-21
Went with Joyce to a party. Lotta jerks. One good-looking boy. So when he borrowed a cigarette from Joyce, I snatched it outa his mouth, asking what he'd give me if I gave it back. He laid back on the floor supporting himself on one elbow & named all kindsa things, like a world of people without minds (I told him we already have that) & everything he offered, I said I didn't want. He asked what did I want. I said, "You." He said OK, you got me & I thought bargain deal! So gave him the cig & we talked about cats bout 5 mins. & he got up & left, talking to some blonde chick. I thought, "Fuck you." He didn't come around the rest of the night (ditched me like the last guy, I thought) so I left. Figured that's as cute & flirty as I can get & if that doesn't work, too bad. Few days later, out walking, someone yells to me from a parked car, "Hey, do you like cats?" I yelled, "Yeah,

why?" & then recognized the same guy. I just about shit. He said do you remember me from that party & I said "yeah & you ditched me." He said he didn't & I said BULLSHIT. He asked where I was going, told him & he said he WAS gonna go to a meeting but the guy he was going with didn't show up. Asked if he wanted to come to Kathy's for a hamburger, or we could go to my place. He asked who's there, I said no one. He said OK real eager! When we got inside he began plunking on the piano & asked if I'd play something. Told him I didn't want to. He asked what I wanted to do & I said "Kiss." He said OK, real eager again. So we stood in the kitchen & began kissing & he began lifting my skirt & blouse. I pulled his shirt out & in about 2 seconds we were all apart. I said, "We're moving" & took him into the bedroom. He laid on top of me & rubbed his dick on my cunt & came on the bed in a few minutes. He asked if I had anything he could wipe it up with & I said, "What for?" He seemed amused, relaxed, nervous & everything all at once. Couldn't tell what he was thinking. He said he didn't know if he could "come alive" again & I said well, we can try, but it's OK if he doesn't. So he just laid down & I got on him, nibbling, licking, kissing, panting a lot, getting sporadic hip thrusts & he said he didn't want me to have a heart attack (?) I told him what a fine way to go, tho & took him in my mouth. He was lovely & smooth & had soft hair on his soft legs & whiskers on his chin which were fun, cuz Jim doesn't have those. He just laid there real quiet smiling thru the whole thing (a lovely boy smile) & then he "got alive" again & began rubbing again. I asked if he could come in & he said yeah. He had strong arms & thrusted real good, I like that a lot. I laughed & bounced on him & he smile & I don't know if he came or not, but we were done. He asked for tea & went into the bathroom for real long (washing?). I sat bare drinking tea & he put on all his clothes & drank a little. I would've liked to have sat there a while bare with him (we did sit after fucking a while & I couldn't help touching him), but he seemed to want to go. He drove me to Kathy's & said goodbye and thank you (?) I said thank YOU & said I'd like to see him again & he said OK like he wanted to, too.

I was on Cloud 9, still am. I'm so glad. I feel so <u>pretty</u> or something. Told Jim all about it & he was SUPER interested & got every detail outa me & wanted to know how he rated. Told him he's definitely a better fuck, Jeffrey didn't <u>do</u> very much on his own. He talked & talked to me, being almost nicer than usual & when we got to bed, he fucked me <u>real</u> good & long, asking was he handsome & was he good at making love. He's got a wonderful dick, told him so, too! I really feel happy!!!

4-25

Jim said I should maybe start hanging around with Randy a bit & I told him it would probably be kinda awkward cuz he & Jim are friends, but I'd already thought about it cuz I do like Randy. Sunday went to Randy's. They played basketball & said I could play if I got some shoes cuz I'd break my neck with heels. They include me in on everything but I hardly ever play any games like basketball, pool or cards, cuz I don't know how & I'd feel stupid

& a bother to be taught, esp. cuz I don't think I'd catch on real fast.

4-28
Jim came over last night acting half dead, depressed & sad. Said he can't stay with me here anymore. i asked why not? Says that, if he's gonna at all be ablt to socialize with people & change, he has to get away from me, cuz he comes to me & is all secure & I protect him & he doesn't feel like a "man" with me, but like a "boy." Told him I don't know the difference, that men & boys are the same to me. He said he feels real at east talking to makes & females he regards as males, but not when he has to talk to someone "feminine." I told him not to make all these distinctions, that people are people, not girls boys women & men. Then he got mad & said he's not gonna talk to me if I'm gonna be ludicrous. That pissed me off & I let him know, said I'm <u>not</u>, I'm perfectly serious. He said he still feels like an adolescent with me & he's just beginning to see what it feels like to "<u>be a man.</u>" (Jesus Christ!)

7-19
It's almost like Jim & I have fallen in love again. We rode our bicycles to a park about 50 miles from Milw and camped out two nights.

7-23
I've gotten to love Cheyney, Johnney & Kathy's little boy, a lot. Every afternoon after work I go to visit them. He's gotten to know me well, even cried when I left Friday. He'll be 2 in Oct. He knows & understands SO much, he never ceases to amaze me. Kathy & I have become best friends, too. I admire her inner strength, independence & she's really a <u>good</u> person.

8-13
Aug. 18-27 Randy, Jim, Al, Tom, Paul & I are going to camp on an island on the Mississippi River. I felt funny bout going, being a girl I wouldn't wanna crimp their style or anything. Talked to Randy bout it & he asked round for me & everyone said they didn't mind if I came. Should be pretty heavy. - Randy's brother got married. At the reception, while drinking, Randy threw a wet straw at me, which got me a bit wet, so I threw a <u>real</u> wet one at him. He was super surprised & said to Jim, "If she wasn't a girl, I'd say she had a lotta balls." I didn't hear it, but managed after a lot of coercing, to get Jim to tell me what Randy's said. What an outasite compliment. At one point Jim said he's harbored a lot of sexual feelings for Paul. That's pretty heavy of him to admit.

10-19
Jim's sister told me their aunt had thought Jim was a homosexual cuz he never dated in high school.

10-30
Sunday was B.'s baby shower. I felt like a young man in disguise there, sure wasn't into the cute little baby clothes scene like everyone else there. Bore! Today, walking to the store, this really good-looking guy comes walking the other way & when we pass each other, we both look twice & he asks where ya going?? Said the store & asked where he's going. So we plan to meet outside the store in 15 mins. We go to my place, my heart was racing. We ate, put a record on & sat on the couch. He really was fine looking, even stood like a beauty. Talked about nothing. His name was Beau. So I began telling him how good-looking he was & we began kissing & making out & took off our clothes & off to the bedroom. I felt kind of funny, cuz, like Jeffrey, he didn't seem to have that much fun. Kathy said guys are freaked out when the girl admires them & touches & tells them how beautiful they are. Guess that must be it. So when we were thru, we laid there a while & all of a sudden he gets this hard-guy line, "Never turn down a Southern man." (He's from Florida.) I said well I won't if it's you. He jumps up, has his clothes on in about 5 seconds, saying he has stuff he has to do. I said well thanks a lot! He was a hard guy from the end of the fuck till he left. Asked me for cigarette money & I said brother! & he said I didn't have to give it to him if I didn't wanna. Told him that's OK, I like the criminal type. When he asked what I meant, told him it's my secret. He said next time it might be $20 & I said it'd be worth every penny. Asked if I'd be round tomorrow, I said maybe. Told me he'd put the cigarette money under the door if I wasn't. And he left. He was a beauty, too. How come they have to leave in such a fat hurry? Hope he comes back. He's nice to look at!

11-5
Took myself to the lakefront. Was sure feeling lonesome. A girl came walking by. We said hi & she sat next to me & we talked. It was so easy to talk to her for some reason. We have a lot in common, like feeling more masculine than feminine. She was real at ease & at peace with herself. Didn't seem to have the stormy feeling I've had lately. Went to a bar & she bought me a drink. Name's Dory. She suggested we buy a quart & spend the evening, so we did & went to my place. She's 27 & told me how she'd been married & had a child who died. I really liked her a lot & got a lot of lesbian (yick, I hate that word; I'll just say homosexual) feelings from her that I didn't find unpleasant. Kathy phoned & I invited her over. When Dory left, told her I'd stop by sometime & she told me I was welcome anytime.

11-13
Thursday Jim came to stay overnight and bout 2:30 a.m. I hear a faint knock at the door. Asked who it was. "Beau." There he was with another guy. I said, "Oh, bad night." Said he'd stop back tomorrow. Jim didn't even wake up. I was so glad he came back!

Friday the Wisconsin Correctional Service asked if I'd come in. They assigned me to work with the man in charge of job placement & housing for ex-cons, Red. The first thing he has me do is, this one guy came in with his paycheck & didn't know what to do with it, and Red sent me along with him to "help make it easy" for him to open a bank account. That went off real good. Then Red & I went to court. This one other guy just got a job & has been doing real good for the first time in his life & then he walked out of a restaurant without paying the bill & they nabbed him. $50 fine he can't pay & would have to go to jail. So Red talked the judge into lowering the fine to $20 so he could pay. As we left, Red said within a month I'll be doing this stuff myself. It's real scary, but I think as soon as I'm comfortable in what I'm doing there, I'll be able to pull it off. He's gonna teach me to interview ex-cons who come in looking for help to see what they need... job, place to stay, marriage counseling, etc. Plus write up "plans" for guys going to trial to try & talk the judge into letting the guy off on a program with counseling & a job, etc., instead of to jail to rot. It's really exciting & just what I always wanted to do...

Back home & in about 10 mins. Beau was at the door. He sat on the couch, asked me to give him a body rub. We began making out & landed in the bedroom again, but he couldn't get it on & said he wasn't a very good lover cuz he's got a cold. We ate & drank run (I love freaking people out by drinking shots.) He really liked my cowboy boots & said I should wear my hat, too. His friend crashed out on the couch & Beau & I made love in the bedroom. This time he really got it on & fucked <u>rel</u> good. He tried to come in my ass & I told him I never did that before & he said OK, we won't do it tonight then. I'd really like to learn to do that (I like to make lover like a man... I want to be a beautiful man making love to another beautiful man.) Then we slept. Woke early & for 2 hrs. just layed awake looking at Beau sleep. He was so so lovely. He smelled like a bar of soap... his body is so firm & hard & smooth... & his golden curls all over the pillow. Ah, he was lovely. I touched his hair & smelled his shoulders & waited for him to turn so I could look at his beautiful face. He has the pure beauty of youth... & I was so graced as to have him next to me for a night. I think he could have any man or woman he wanted. I left the door key & a note telling him to put it under the wastebasket outside when he left, that I hoped to see him again. He wrote on it, "Later." Things like that... just his style & manner are so princely & elegant. He likes me to suck him (I wish I could suck him better than anyone ever has.) I like him to thrust in me... he has suck strong control of his hips. He's suck a lovely thing. I think he'll be in Milw all winter... he asked where he could get a full-time job for the winter.

I don't feel a betrayal of Jim, either. The entire thing between Beau & me is physical... I just want to lust over him. I feel this is the only thing I would want my freedom from Jim to experience, & I've told him this already... that all I'd want would be to have extra physical relationships. When Jim & I decided to go out with others, we felt the best policy ws to "tell all." Now we've realized it only makes things worse & to know as little as possible is best. We can each keep our experiences in our hearts & relish them for what they mean to us & not torture each other becuz it only forces the other to fabricate all kindsa horrid fears that have no basis.

11-20
Beau came over bout 3 a.m. He couldn't get it on again, but tried anyway. He's strange... even tho he can't he acts like he is. So what. I called into work sick & we got up bout 11:30. His dumb friend Jerry sleeps on the livingroom couch. It was really nice... when we woke he called "Hey, Jerry!~ from the bedroom in a particularly forced low voice. It seems they kinda play serious hard-guy games with each other. That kinda shit turns me on about him... guess it's my asshole femaleness. He told me he & his friend invented a name for me, cuz I don't look like a Sheila. It's "cowgirl" cuzza my cowboy boots. He's freaked to see a Northern girl wearing 'em. I really like Beau. He sure enjoys being admired & lusted over. He just lays back like a king & enjoys. What a prissy!

12-4
Friday at 2 a.m. Beau walks in with his dog. I hugged him, told him I sure thought I saw the last of him! Soon we were in the bedroom making love & after a while he asked if I "came yet." I said yeah (I didn't). He said good cuz he was getting dragged out. I said, well, you don't have to come here just to fuck me... he said different people get turned on by different stuff & he didn't think I could get into what turned him on. I said try me. I said he sure is strange & I never heard of anyone making love in a way they didn't like, and it sure makes me feel crummy & I'm not gonna act like I like him anymore. He said he wanted me to be myself. Nothing was settled & he fell asleep. I was really puzzled... He said when he starts making love he wants to but as it goes on he suddenly doesn't want to anymore, but he was the one to initiate the sexual contact. I think he was just making excuses cuz he couldn't get a hard-on again. I think he's only been able to once in all the time I've known him! When I talk to Kathy, etc., about what I do, they're always freaked out about how aggressive I am. Maybe I should just sit there & let him do everything. I don't know. I'm sure if he didn't like me he just wouldn't come around...

12-6
Beau comes over at midnight & I thought he can eat shit if he thinks I'm gonna start hanging all over him after what he said the last time. We sat on the couch & talked (found out he's 21, 5 months younger than me). He asked if he'd stay over, would I wake him at 5 a.m. to go to his new job. So went to bed & he started kissing & making out & came in bout 2 minutes. So I found out the way he likes to "make love" that I couldn't dig. The next day I made supper for him & his friend, who crashed out on the couch. We went to bed & he stroked my hand for a real long time. I began thinking he may have some affection for me. - Jim came to my office with the shirt he's always embarrassed to wear but he knows I love it on him (it's soft and see-through). He looks so lovely in it. He asked if I love him. Foolish question. I love him so much. Jim... Jim...

12-10
Well, guess who's living with me? Beau & Jerry. When I told them I was going to WCS (they asked me to come in the rest of the week), Beau asked what WCS was & I told him kind of a half-way house for guys getting outa jail. He said there was no such thing when HE got outa jail. Asked what he was in for, he didn't answer. After thinking a while, I was so glad he didn't tell me... beautiful food for my fantasies... ah, Jean Genet would approve. Genet & I have so much in common along those lines.)
A week later I thought, shit, for all I'm doing for them, he can just fuck me (he hadn't all week) so I began playing with the hair on his stomach & stroking his cock. After a while of pretending he was sleeping, he turned to me & came in me & was done in probably less than a minute. He said, "I'm sorry, babes, I just can't help it." He is so thankful for my help & always says so. I enjoy it, at the bar I told everyone I was "keeping" a man--the ultimate in women's liberation!

Thursday at Jim's he was so romantic & loving & made love to me like never before for at least an hour. It's such a weird feeling loving him so much & yet wanting the experience of people like Beau. It's so strange. I hope Jim never finds out the nature of Beau's and my relationship. It would really hurt him bad. I love him so fucking much... I really want him for the rest of my life. Without him, everything would be meaningless. With him, everything is full of rich meaning, full of live & enriching experiences. I understand a lot more now about why Jim wants to live alone & still loves me very very much.

12-13
B. had her baby yesterday. I was so nervous & excited & jittery. What a wrinkley, purpley blobby guy - big huge eyes looking, a little dark bloody hair & a real mean expression like, "I'm gonna get you guys fer dis!" B. went thru it like a storm trooper, no drugs or anything & was wide awake thru it all. Birth is so incomprehensible. I don't believe all that happened did.

12-19
Saturday nite Beau woke me up to fuck & he really got it on too for a change. He sure is good when he's in the mood! Sunday went to Jim's. I really love him a lot... he's so shameless when we're alone... he really enjoys pleasing me in all kinds of ways. He loves to undress himself slowly in front of me & pose his lovely body... he knows so many fine things about loving. It's as tho all our time together has made him see that he is as graceful & sexual as anyone can be & he gives me much pleasure. We made love... it's a lot different than fucking. Monday when I came home Beau had bought $30 worth of food. That really made me feel good--they aren't living off me! He also brought his dog over. Beau left & some "friend" of his, a far-out freaked-out LSD trip hippie, comes over to get something & invites me to the bar where he's meeting Beau. I refused, told him if Beau wanted me hanging around he should come get me. He said Beau didn't give a shit, I answered neither did I! Told him Beau was just around for my pleasure... he said Beau feels the same about me. I said good! Jerk says well I think you're a beautiful young lady, Beau thinks otherwise. That kind of bummed me out at first. But he's not around for his benefit, he's around for mine, cuz I think he's good-looking and since he don't mind, I'm using him. I thought who gives a flying shit anyhow? This turd even called Beau at the bar so he'd convince me to come. I just don't enjoy going places where I know no one & I'm a "chick" & there's 10 other "chicks" there & all the guys making like he-men. I just don't want to associate with scenes like that. Fuck It.)

12-22
The other day I was in the kitchen & Beau had just woke up. He came wandering into the kitchen with only his pants on, rubbing his eyes & said, "Mornin' babes." The only thing i could think to say was, "You look like shit!" when he was the most beautiful creature in the world right then. His small hard shapely chest... brown from Florida's sun... and his brown curls streaked with golden blond falling around his face... his pants clinging to his small smooth hips... his squared thin boney shoulders... What a beauty he was. I told him he looked like shit while I touched & held him to me. Jerry is always bitching at him in the morning becuz he spends so much time in front of the mirror. I have a brown corduroy waist jacket that he sometimes wears... I pretend I'm wearing it. He told me he & Jerry almost got into a fight at the bar over a pool game. A man called them a couple of cunts & asked Beau to suck his (the man's) dick. For about a day, he & Jerry called each other cunts to irritate each other. - Jerry asked, "Who was that little blond that was sitting with you last night?" Beau said, I don't know, she was crying on my shoulder. Jerry asked, was she really crying? Beau said, "No, she just wanted a reason to put her hands up my shirt." Jerry asked was she really sticking her hands in yer shirt? "Yes."

12-23
Last nite Jim was very drunk and told me about a guy who works with him who flaunts his homosexuality & Jim thinks he's really cool... how he met the guy's "roommate" & he was a blatant homosexual. And Jim is so "snakey" when he's drunk. He moves around gracefully & sensuously & smiles invitingly. Kathy, Jim & I went to a bar. He gets real feminine when he's drunk & flirts & laughs nervously. As we left, there were 2 guys leaving ahead of us... one a tall very thin guy with shaped black hair around his face. He had tight blue jeans & a black quilted jacket that came to his small waist. He was laughing & hanging on his friend, graceful & feminine & swaying his hips as he walked. He called back to Jim, "have a nice night" or something & when they saw us hitchhiking, offered us a ride. Jim sat right behind him, and he turned 1/2 way in his seat so he was 1/2 facing Jim. The radio blasted and Jim & this guy sang it to each other: "I laughed at all of your jokes/ My love you didn't need to coax/ Oh, Maggie I couldn't have tried any more/ You made a first class fool outa me/ But I was blind as a fool can be/ You stole my heart/ And that's what really hurts." The guy used his hands to make motions of feigning love to Jim & I saw bracelets all on his wrists. Jim leaned over the seat close to him, playing the role of lover... I realized I'd never ever be able to participate. No matter how I tried, I could never have joined their game. I felt a deep sadness at finally realizing I'll never have my deepest, secret dream fulfilled, ever. The guy lowered his eyelids & took Jim's hand as we left the car... I had an urge to lean over & kiss the boy as I left the car... but I knew I could never be part of the life & I had just admitted it to myself... I left the car hoping he didn't notice I was female...

As I made love to Jim, I pictured him in bracelets & necklaces... I told him I wished I had jewelry there to put on him. (I'm thinking of going tomorrow to buy him a bracelet for Christmas... I wonder if he'd wear it.) The next morning we recalled the night before. I said I really liked that one guy... he asked, "with the quilted jacket?" I said yeah. He agreed he was really cool & said quietly, "He was a little swishy." I said I know, I like that, I think it's really neat. Jim said, "yeah."

I want to make him the lovely boy I wish I could be. I want men to desire him & try to kiss him. He told us how he was at this one bar & there was a blatantly gay guy there & he (Jim) overheard 2 guys saying how they were gonna kick that fag's ass when he left the bar. Jim said, as the guy is leaving the bar, he leans over the guy checking ID's and kisses him right on the lips... slowly & deliberately & walked outa the bar. No one followed him out. Jim said he really freaked out... it was so excellent he did that to freak everyone.

12-28
Tues morning Jim walked into my place unannounced & Beau's dog greeted him at the door. Told him Beau was staying in my livingroom. He kept saying, "It's OK, it's all right..." - Later at his place I gave him a big turquoise & gold brass bracelet for

Christmas & he said it didn't fit but he wouldn't wear it anyhow. - I told Beau bout it & he said if they're causing any hassles, they'd leave.

12-30
Jim said he tried real hard to get the bracelet on, but couldn't. Said he probably would have worn it sometime. Stayed at his place & when we woke in the morning, we laid in bed silently for a while & then I noticed the pillow was wet & Jim's eyes were red. I held onto him real tight & then noticed a tear running down his face... then I started crying & holding him & he held me tight. I said, "It seems all we did this year was hurt each other." He said, "I know," the first thing he said. We kissed & just as we were about to make love he asked if I've "made love in a long time." I said no, the last time was last Saturday. He said we didn't make love then & I said, "yes, we did, real long, too." So we made love tenderly, took a shower together & made love again afterwards. He didn't say a thing to me about his sadness about Beau. He only cried. He only asked if I'd made love in a long time.

12-31
Jim phones about 10:30 a.m. when we're all sleeping & asks if I'd sew his white pants leg up. I said sure, I'll take the bus right away to his place, but he says well, why doesn't he just come to my place? I said, "You sure you want to? cuz that guy is here." He said, "I don't care." So Beau & Jerry got up & dressed, Beau asking me if Jim was "the fighting type." I said no, he's still an altar boy at heart. I was so fuckin' nervous. Jim walked in & I introduced everyone in the livingroom. They all shook hands & Beau & Jerry sat on the couch, Jim sat in a chair & began staring at Beau. Shit... I began fiddling with the pants... Jerry helped a lot by making small talk with Jim. I tried to stop trembling so I could thread my needle & Beau just sat & petted his dog. After 10-15 minutes Beau & Jerry left to walk the dog. Jim asked me all kinds of questions, "What's his name? How'd you meet him? Who's Jerry? Was he staying here too?" It was quiet a while & Jim asked if I slept with "him." I shook my head & said no. He asked where they slept then & I told him they rolled out the sleeping bag on the floor & took turns sleeping on the couch & the floor. I knew it sounded real sleazy so told him I didn't think he liked me very much & has a billion girlfriends calling him, but it's just something for me to do at the time & keeps me busy. I finished the pants & they were good. We kissed, hugged, said we loved each other. So he left, said if he was doing anything worthwhile New Year's Eve he'd phone me. He didn't. Beau came in at 7 a.m. next morn. (I had gone to bed naked & he asked why? I answered "to keep warm" & he said you get me all horny doing that. He was on top of me in 2 seconds & in me in one. He came in about 1-1/2 minutes & made little sighs & noises when he came... the first time he ever did <u>that</u>. He also kissed my shoulder real gently, a sign of affection he never gave me & when we were thru, he said, "Oh, that felt good" & smiled... when all he's ever done

before is say, "You happy now?" or some one-sided thing like that, like he didn't get anything out of it. It was possibly the best fuck I've had with him, knowing I was desired & he was satisfied.) Told Beau how Jim sure was curious about him. He asked, "Why did he pick me? Why didn't he think you were with Jerry?" I smiled & said, "He knows my taste." - I was so happy & elated when Jim left. It turned me on to think the two beauties in my life held each others' hands & looked into each other's faces.

1-6-73
It was all such a drunken stupor... Jim has begun to "come out"... how can I explain it so it will have the same beauty as he emits? At Kathy's with him, we got drunk. He wore a black bead bracelet he made becuz, he said, he knew it would please me. He told me he loves only me & what he said the other night was a mistake (that he loves Sara and me also & wants us to go on as 3, but Sara doesn't like him. I told him I want nothing to do with a three-some anyhow.) - that his feelings for Sara <u>is</u> only an infatuation & nowhere near his feeling for me. He wants to be with me for the rest of his life & couldn't bear to lose me. I told him I enjoyed the fact we saw others, but we have to be realistic about our affairs. He told me lately he's been really getting into acting gay (he didn't come right out & say that, but it was all said & understood without using the word "gay") & he used to be afraid of being as feminine as he is, but now he's enjoying it & "if the possibility ever came up now, I don't think I could turn it down." I told him how much it turned me on & he said he knew it did. I told him that's always been my closest guarded secret & he's the only one who knows. When I asked how he could tell I liked it, he said when you're with someone for so long, you just know. He said we can do such wonderful things together & we'll always be together. "I'll be the woman and you can be the man" - that's what he said. I said, "yes! yes!" It was an insane night. He said he's gonna cut off his facial hair!!

In the morning he said he'd seen a very beautiful youngman (I steal "youngman" from John Rechy, it's a good word) in the Student Union a few days ago (he had blond curls & a shirt opening low on his chest. Jim said he wasn't sure for a long time if he was male) & did a double-take & the youngman noticed Jim looking at him & looked curious. Jim said he thought him haughty.

I told Jim I knew he had it in him a long time & I loved him so much thinking of it. Wouldn't it be insane if he did get a lover? So fuckin' heavy. He said he'd thought of wearing lipstick tonight & I told him no... eye make-up for sure! Soon I'll have to do that to him.

Johnney came to Kathy's later & when we left, Jim told Johnney he wanted to kiss him goodbye but that he couldn't get the nerve to.

Lately Jim has told me stories of acquaintances & youngmen he's seen who're gay. At the dishroom where Jim works is Jerome who is blatantly gay & uses it to freak people out. Jim said he used to dislike him, but now likes him a lot. His roommate always waits for him after work, which annoys the bosses. One asked what he was doing, he answered, "I'm waiting for my man." He told me the stories with affection & approval. I listened to them eagerly & greedily hid them in my soul.

I told Jim I wanted to adorn him with jewelry... necklaces, bracelets & rings. I want him to wear a shirt that opens low on his chest.

Saturday I made a bracelet for Jim from an old broken necklace. The beads are deep green. I haven't seen him to give it to him yet. I hope he likes it. He said he tried again &

again to get the bracelet on I bought him for Christmas, but can't. I guess I could return it.

1-9
Sunday I gave Jim the bracelet. He looked super embarrassed & giggled nervously. He said it would look nice with his new green sweater. He wrote them together Monday. I petted him & kissed him in the drugstore... he blushed & lowered his eyes. I apologized for touching & embarrassing him but he said he liked me to. I had done such things before & his blushing & lowering of eyes was one thing I always had loved about him... but now he is explaining it to himself... now we can both see that it is his godliness, his admiration of himself, that embarrasses him.

I think he's still real wary tho. He isn't loosened up as much as I hope he will later. He is only bold when drunk & shy & frightened when not. He talked to Kathy Fri nite bout having a dress-up party at her place. He wants to "dress up." I want to be a vamp, super makeup, super low neckline, if he goes gay.

I think it best that I see him more often now to keep encouraging him so he doesn't lose faith in himself.

Sunday at Randy's he shaved his moustache & beard but left the small clusters of soft hairs on his cheeks as I suggested becuase they are beautiful. He knew he looked beautiful & I told him how lovely he is, how he's so lucky becuz he has the secret of youth... he is a beautiful youth. His face glowed, he said, "really?" a smile lit up his face embarrassingly & he tossed back his long hair. (I think of Kathy in Rechy's <u>City of Night</u>, of her ghostlike beauty, of the man who kissed her & reaching under her skirt, realized she was a man.)

1-15
Beau has left. Saturday I slept at Albion & he never came... the first time since he moved in that he's slept elsewhere. Sunday eve I came to Albion & all his stuff was gone 'cept bout 3-4 things. Haven't heard from him at all, he left no note or anything. Bye-bye.

I've been with Jim every other nite since Jan. 6. He asks for me to. Beau was a lovely dream... a soft scented youth lying beside me. I'll miss him. I hope he'll grace me with his body again soon.

Fri nite Bridget, Jim & I went to the Saloon. All night he kept saying I was more beautiful than <u>anyone</u> & he could never love <u>anyone</u> as much as me, etc.

1-17
Monday & Tuesday I was almost completely under the spell of Beau's beauty. Every spare second I recalled to mind his soft golden back, the curves of it... his deep golden curls on his smooth shoulders... the way he arched his back and spread his legs when he wanted me to suck him... and the last time I had him, and, in the dark, moving my hands over his chest, I touched a tiny chain

around his neck. Its discovery made me cum almost immediately. I ran my fingers between his neck & the chain... I told him I liked him to wear it. And the next morning I only caught a glimpse of the little golden chain. In a few days he was gone. And I remember how he told Jerry about the girl in the bar who was "crying" just for a reason to get her hands up his shirt.

1-22
Jim went to see Lou Reed, lead singer of the Velvet Underground (an Andy Warhol discovery... Andy Warhol's outasite... his films... his people... they're all fine as hell). He said every queen in town was there & the audience was more interesting to watch than anything. He said he had the best time he's ever had in a long time. He got together with some guy he thought was "AC-DC" (bisexual) and was buying each other drinks all nite, etc. I was real drunk myself Saturday (went out with Bridg & Kath) & went to Jim's hoping he'd be there... fortunately he came just as I was giving up pounding in the door. We sat up & talked to Michael. I told them I wanted to dress up in female drag & be a queen, but I couldn't since I AM a female... so I'm frustrated. I wish I was Jim - he's such a lovely male. I wish I'd have seen him in that crowd. I want him so passionately.

1-28
It's been 2 weeks & still no sign of Beau. Kinda pissed about my money he owes me...

This past week Jim slept with me <u>at Albion</u> for the first time in months. It was strange having him there... really good. He's really changing - shit - a real lot. He found a girl's black cardigan that fits him real tight & he looks super sexual in it. He said he knows that & likes it. He always wears one of his bracelets now, has a green & a black one. We went downtown yesterday morn & he bought another girl's black cardigan that'll fit him better. He also wanted to stop & look at the jewelry. We looked at some gawdy rings (he said "how decadent!") & then he seemed to want to leave real fast (??)

He's getting into his Greek books a lot lately & discusses it with me like one colleague to another. He's super attentive & super loving. We're together, or, that is, we see each other & socialize every day & sleep together every other night. It seems he finally got his head together Jan. 6 and it's <u>stayed</u> together.

I think a lot about myself lately - my identity as a woman, what's happening & will happen with my life, how I'll live & what I'll do. I would like to do something significant in life but can't think what. Nothing holds my interest long enuff to make it a permanent gig. I think how I relate to men & if my feelings about them are healthy & good... that is, if I rely on men being around too much, if I could survive alone. Like if Jim doesn't want me to go with him to Grad School. He acts real funny when we talk about should I go or not. Sometimes he says no & 2 seconds later, yes. It's real sleazy.

I don't feel like I'm gonna be 22 in 6 months. I don't feel at all past 18... time stopped for me when I turned 18. But 22... shit, a person should be somewhat down by then - but I kinda feel not all together yet... pretty much together but not all.

It's so strange how things change - yesterday the Vietnam War as good as ended & in 60 days everyone (POW's, everyone) will be home. It's like I can't picture how to feel after all that's happened - I've always felt opposed... I remember the Wash DC march... all the marches... how emotionally involved I was for so long. Now it's over & I don't know how it feels to not be at war. When I heard it was over, I cried about a minute - becuz of all that has happened... all the emotion of the past. I bet soon dope 'll be legalized - so many changes.

1-30

Well, he finally showed his mug. Beau, that is. To give me back the key to Albion. He acknowledged he owes me $60. I felt kind of like I didn't know how to act, but we kissed goodbye. Said he'd stop by again.

A miracle happened last night, too. I had a dream Jim & Paul (his friend in Randy's crowd) were having a love affair. I saw Paul sucking Jim off in the dream. That's the only real detail about it I remember. So today I told Jim I had an "erotic" dream about him & he said he'd had a dream last night, too, a "homosexual dream." I said "really? I had one, too!" & told him bout it. He said he dreamt he was making out with some guy (but didn't know who it was supposed to be) & that the dream turned him on & when he woke up, he was all turned on & had a hard-on (he usually does when he wakes up, tho). We said how strange we both had the <u>same</u> dream!!! He was real freaked I'd dreamed it, too!!

He moves so gracefully, his long hair flows, his deep brown eyes flirt but in a sacred way. He is not ordinary & he recognizes he isn't. His grace is pure. He is a saint, a boy saint.

"Lawrence of Arabia" was on TV. There was a scene where Lawrence is picked off the street & lined up with 5 other guys. A Turkish general looks them all over & "chooses" Lawrence. He asks him questions, "How old are you?" "27, my lord," and then tears Lawrence's shirt off him. Lawrence kicks him, which pisses the general off & orders him to be beaten. The whole scene was weird... I coullldn't figure it out. Then today jim says he thinks the general was a homosexual & he was choosing Lawrence. (I had a distinct impression Lawrence kicked the general in the crotch, too.) It seemed to fit that explanation.

What can I do to encourage him to get a lover? I am beginning to like his all-white get-up he's wearing lately. He wears all white (even shoes) & a black topcoat. Really looks freaky. After I told him of my dream, he suggested we be together a few hours longer than we usually are after class. I love him. He knows I understand. Jim, you beauty.

1-31
In "Toby Dammit," Fellini's short film, a TV interviewer asks Toby, "What do you think is the factor that has kept you and Miss ___ together for so long?" Toby Dammit answers, "Well, I'm feminine enough to please her, and she's masculine enough to please me." So it is with Jim and I.

2-8

Holly came from Miami, F.L.A.
Hitchhiked 'way across the U.S.A.
Plucked her eyebrows on the way
Shaved her legs and then he was a she
She said, "Hey, babe, take a walk on the wild side"
Said, "Hey, sugar, take a walk on the wild side"
--Lou Reed

Tuesday Jim & I went shopping. He bought 2 bracelets & a ring... I got 2 rings. He wears the ring & bracelet on one hand... bejeweled, beautiful. There was a "diamond" bracelet... he tried it on, he wasn't ready for it. There were some beautiful shoes (black, plain, 1" heels) but the didn't have black in his size. That pissed me off. Convinced Jim to go back there soon & make them order a pair for him. He was afraid he would look "too tall" with the heels. Told him an inch isn't gonna make him tower over anyone anymore than he already does. He's driving me mad wearing these sexy clothes & jewelry. I can hardly keep my hands off him. He holds me & smiles & laughs & tells me how much he loves me & how beautiful I am! His jewelry freaks people out. (My new image: dress in super masculine clothes & wear a ton of jewelry with it... try to get rid of purse--super femmy to have a purse). He knows he's a beauty... he said he sometimes thinks he is someone special, not like ordinary people. But he only sometimes thinks it - I always knew it... I always know it.

Just finished Rechy's new book, <u>The Vampires</u>. Good book, rotten ending. Rechy is excellent.

Candy came from out on the Island
In the backroom she was everybody's darling
But she never lost her head
Even when she was giving head
She said, "Hey, honey, take a walk on the wild side"
Said, "Hey, babe, take a walk on the wild side"

And I wonder how far it will go. He is becoming much bolder... he would never have worn bracelets, rings, say 3 months ago. Only in the bedroom. But now, ah, he is proud! And what can I do for him... to keep him? It seems if I keep praising him, making love to him even in gazes, he is satisfied... he primps for me, he touches his soft hair with his jeweled hand. I walk around with soggy pants. Would he ever take a lover? (He said once if the opportunity ever came up, he didn't think he could refuse it now.) He fulfills my dreams... he is me... and he knows about my secret thoughts.

1973

Would he ever live with me again? Can I claim him? He likes to tease me... let me wonder if he is only mine. It's hard for me to believe he really wants it the same way I do. That he wants me to be his male lover, kiss his jeweled hand, stroke his chest. But he does... he does...

2-11
I almost feel like I'm writing a made-up story! Fri morn he stopped in my office, hugging & kissing, he loves me so! Fri nite he met me at Kathy's and had changed his shirt in the middle of the day to a green sweater that looks much sexier on him. We drank & listened to the radio. He teased me by singing Lou Reed songs... "vicious, oh baby, you're so vicious...." He looked at me thru lowered eyelids and touched his hair, his long bare neck with his jeweled fingers... and then he'd smile. Jim... Jim... How can I deserve you? We went to his place & made love crazily, insanely, happily, lovingly... Jim. He lets me make love my way & he's happy. I put all the jewelry on him... my long long black necklace, over his shoulders, his back, his chest. I came & came & came and he did, too. He slept with the jewelry on. He lets me without any objection. He encourages me.

Saturday went to a bar with MARY ELLEN (false I.D.)! I dressed super masculine, wore jewelry, jewelry, I was me. I touched my hair with my jeweled hands. I was someone special, not like ordinary people. I'm looking for leather jackets. Jim said he wanted one, too & leather pants (Lou Reed wore leather pants & jacket). Doesn't he object to my pretending I'm him? He gives me no idea. Should I just keep on, let everything go on like a dream?? Or should I ask & talk & try to make reality or sense of it? But he isn't just a dream. He's Jim... good old Jim that I've known for years & years. Jim with his Greek books...

2-13
How do I fit into all this? Even if something did happen... what could <u>I</u> do? I could only imagine or wish. Never participate the way I want to.

Told Jim I knew a certain bar, Fish's Harbor, was a gay bar. Said he knew that for a long time, way before I did, and I think he even laughed and said, "Do you think I wait for you to find out about that stuff first?" or something like that. Then he said we should go there to eat sometime & I said OK, that'd be pretty far-out tho. He agreed and, after a pause, said we shouldn't go if we're just gonna go for fun or something. I wanted to say.... But I said yeah, I guess yer right. Why does he torture me like that. I <u>know</u> I'll never be able to go to a place like that for any other reason. It was a good opportunity to say, "Well we wouldn't have to go <u>just</u> to <u>eat</u>..." but I'm afraid of him yet.

Jim. Imagine how mixed-up I am... how I don't even know <u>what</u> I want to get, much less <u>how</u> to get it. But you have everything open to you. You could go to the bar any night alone & come home with a beautiful youngman. I wouldn't even be welcome into the bar... and even if I got in, I'd be so ashamed that I was a woman

that I'd leave quickly, lost, apologetically, and want to cry in desperation. I don't even know there was anyone that's ever felt as I do... how they coped, what they did... how do I find out what someone like me does? (I remember writing this same question many diaries back... in probably one of my first ones....)

He teases me & then looks at me so I don't know if he's angry or indignant or repulsed by me... I want to get away & come back a youngman & take him in my arms...

We went to Randy's pool league game and the visiting team had an excellent player. I thought to myself, I bet when he was about 13 he was a Tadzio (Death in Venice). And minutes later, Jim came up to me and said, "Not only is he beautiful, but he's an excellent player." I smiled & told him I'd just been thinking that. I could hardly keep my eyes off the youngman the rest of the night. - How's this all gonna work out?

2-18

While crossing a street, Jim ran across while I walked. There were 2 high-school-age boys next to me and, one of them, seeing Jim run across the street in all his beauty, remarked to the other, "Look at that fag." I was instantly turned on, ran after him & threw my arms around him... he'll never know why. He told me a black co-worker friend of his kept saying "you fag" to jim til Jim asked him not to say that. The friend said he was just teasing him. Jim's sister Mary phoned & told me he'd gone to their mother's & she rebuked him for wearing the jewelry & tight-fitting black girl's cardigan sweater. Mary commented to their ma, "Well, maybe he's queer" & Jim said, "I don't know, I haven't decided yet." I suggested it would really look nice if he got a used mink jacket. He seemed to like the idea but made no attempt to pursue it. I suggested places he could get 'm & he said, it would look nice.

I don't think he fears my reaction if he'd get a lover. He says he doesn't care if I like things if he does. Why does he wait? Or if he does have a lover, why doesn't he tell me about him?

I saw Beau walking along the street the other day while I was on the bus. He didn't see me. Would he ever be a beautiful lover for Jim!!!

I'm practicing my new image as described on Jan. 14. I really like it & feel comfortable with it. No grief from my boss, so I even do it at work!

I still think of when we were arrested & Jim told me the police escorting him to a different room had said to him, "Come on, faggot." Lovely fat for my fire.

If I could afford it, I'd buy all the clothes I'd like to see him wear... the fur jacket, those shoes, more jewelry... and myself a leather motorcycle jacket. He also said he'd like a pair of leather pants - Lou Reed had worn all leather. I think I should tell him that I wouldn't disapprove if he took a lover, but I don't know if it's out of line or not. I can't tell just what's going on!

2-26

We're coming out...
Out of our closets...
Out on the streets...
Yeah, we're coming out!
--Lou Reed

Super heavy scene last Friday nite... one of the best times I've ever had! Patrick came down to babysit for Cheyney & Kathy, Bridg & I went shopping. I wore Patrick's black leather jacket with real police handcuffs hooked on the shoulder. I bought 2 more rings (6 in all now!) & then went to the Saloon. Soon we met Johnney & his boyfriend & a few others, plus Jim met us later, Ogre, and assorted others. Drank quite a bit & Johnney's friends were teasing me bout the jacket. I felt super hard-guy & all drunk & don't know how it all started, but soon I was the big stud guy. I spent a lotta time in the girls' bathroom & when someone came in, I'd touch their hair & say, "Oh, I'm glad you came in!" and "Could I help you with anything?" I drew a super huge sketch of a super penis coming and a girl sticking out her tongue to get the cum. Once I accidentally turned out the light & said "Oh, how wonderful!" & started kissing a girl who sometimes waitresses there. She & just about all the other girls were laughing & having a good time, knowing I was just fucking around. I'd return to our table & bitch out Johnney or Ogre to get their hands off my lady (Kathy). For the first time in public, I was the man hiding inside of me for so many years. Some things Kathy told me I did, I don't remember doing. But shit, I was real!! Shoved around all the men in our crowd, calling them "asshole cocks," etc. Some nowhere jerks started acting like he was in our crowd & I began hassling him & asking how he expected to fit in here & began introducing our group to him. "Here's a little mother whose breasts are leaking all over her cuz she's not feeding her baby" (Bridg), "and next to her is a pretty young thing, isn't he lovely?" (Jim), "and then over there is my lady" (Kathy) "and Ogre speaks for himself." The guy was pretty freaked. I shoved a glove down my pants for a cock-bulge for a while. Kathy & I would make out for effect. Then Bridg & I. Got in a fake argument cuz Johnney got in my way & I thought about thowing my drink on him for effect, but thought he might be pissed if I did. Later, in private, he said he'd have bought me a drink cuz it'd been so cool if I'd've done it. Wish I had! I escorted Kathy to the bathroom & was waiting for her inside & this girl comes up to me & says, "You! I've been wanting to talk to you all night!" I started petting her hair & smiled, "Oh, yeah?" She got freaked & said, "but not in this closed place" (like I was gonna rape her or something!). I said but I gotta make sure my lady is OK in here & the girl pulled me out of the bathroom, saying she'll be OK in there! So she began this 20-minute rap on how this is a "straight bar" & I was gonna get in trouble & she was only saying this for my own protection since she can "dig it," that she's bisexual. That there was a "bit strong man" at the door & she was afraid he would hurt me. I said, "Where is he? I'll take care of him!!!" &

that I was OK. She was so super serious, said I had "offended" some of her "little sisters" who didn't understand this all & I said well they can't be that little if they're in this bar & maybe it'll raise their consciousness a little so they do understand. This girl was SO serious, she was convinced I was real! A guy I knew walked by & I shoved him & said, "Get the hell outa my way, ya goddamn COCK!" & she just about died. "You shouldn't talk to men that way just becuz you prefer women as bed partners! You're really incredible! I've never seen anything like this! Eugene is a nice person... some men are very nice people..." I said real disgusted, "Eugene is a fucking COCK!" Then Bridg came up & we began kissing & this girl keeps on lecturing that I had to accept the fact that I'm a woman! I said, well, that's how you see it... and she's sayin' "no, no, you ARE a woman!" and Bridget was saying, "Hey, quit cuttin' him down like that!" This girl was almost beside herself in frustration. It was fantastic! Then 3 girls came up who I guess I'd talked to in the can & they were giggling, so I began flirting with them & asked how old they were. "18." I said, "Oh, that's nice!" Then one of their boyfriends came over & they said something how he should meet me & I introduced myself as Lou Reed. Too Great!! The lecturing girl just left completely frustrated. Going back to our table, one of Johnney's friends was talking to 2 other guys & said, "Oh, there she is." I grabbed him roughly & said, "Don't you call me 'she'! I'm as much a man as you are!!" If the people weren't completely freaked with their mouths open, they were laughing at us & having a good time. Shit, it was great! I had such a fantastic time! Then found out Jim had left sick, so I got Kathy to drive us to Albion. He'd thrown up all over outside. He asked me in a drunken stupor, why did I love him? I told him becuz he wasn't afraid to be himself. That I knew he wanted a male lover. He laughed drunkenly. He hardly stopped saying how much he loved me... We slept in drunken heaps...

Kathy said Ogre had checked out the front of the bar & the whole place was talking bout me. That he thought I was at my best last nite! That she had so much fun. Jim said he wants to go out with us much more often. That he had so much fun, too, & he really wants to go with us if we don't mind him coming! We said, of course not!

I told Jim it'd be really excellent if he got a mink jacket & I think he will. He approved of one I saw & said, "Like that one." That's be SO neat. Him in mink & me in leather. Shit, after Friday I have to get a leather jacket, at whatever cost!

I now think how great it'd've been if I'd've introduced Jim as Alice Cooper. Once I was talking to a black guy bout Jim & said, "See, isn't he lovely?" & Jim primped his hair with his jeweled hand, flirting. Funny! We'd make an excellent pair in mink and leather!

Sunday at the store, Jim pointed out a guy working there he liked who'd talked to him last time we went shopping there. Plus, once at school he sat with him in the lunchroom, saying there was such a shortage of places! The guy had super long blond straight hair... not bad looking at all. Jim tried to catch his attention & flirt, but couldn't. WE'RE COMING OUT!

2-28
Went to Harley-Davidson Cycles & tried on their black leather jackets. Excellent! I love to blend female & male - I think of myself as 2 people finally coming together in peace with each other. Of my other half, I sing, "Nobody loves me, but me adores you!" It's funny to look at me now in comparison to about a year ago. I think if Jim asked me to marry him, I'd definitely say no. In a way I'd like to live with him again, but in another way, I like to have secret adventures (like Beau). Jim asked me, "How long have we been together now?" "Almost 4-1/2 years...."

He's been talking familiarly with some damn goodlooking youngmen lately at school I never saw before (?). I went over to Dorey's the other nite to invite her to supper & had in mind asking her to sleep over if I got those vibes from her again like I did before... but she had plans for the night. Pretty strange, heh?

3-4
Bought a black leather jacket today for $25. When Jim saw it, he tried it on & really looked great in it. He really did. I got turned on & he said he got turned on seeing it on me. I got to get my act together to wear it right... I'm still a little insecure... I think cuz it's all up to me - no one else is in it but me. I have to make up all the rules & I can't even discuss it with anyone except a little with Jim.

Bridg & Kathy are bumming me out pretty much lately. Seems one can't talk too much on any other subject but kids, and I'm not ready for that rap yet. Shit.

Jim & I saw some old friends who remarked, "Nice to see something that's lasted." I said we aren't gonna get married & fuck it up, either. Jim's expression was blank. I watched it to see how he reacted to my confirmation of what he's wanted all along... for me to quit wanting marriage. I'm together enough now to honestly say I don't want it.

3-7
Well, Jim's hot romance with Sara has gone kaput, but now he likes some girl who lives in the dorms where he washes dishes. But he said he knows now from the Sara experience that he loves only me & could never be without me & he's sure of that now. - The last 3-4 days I feel like I've been walking around in a daze. I think it's cuz I have a strange identity feeling going on cuzza my leather jacket. It's really great, tho. I really love it. I like the feeling of wearing it & the identity crisis that comes with it! I've been telling everyone I'm thinking of writing "Lou Reed Fan Club" on the back of it!

3-9
I guess we're really gonna go! It's almost sure he'll be accepted at Berkeley for Grad School, and Jim said we should go there this Easter vacation to check it out. I said sure. I'm really eager.

3-17
Went to a movie by myself & as I left, a guy began talking to me. I realized almost immediately he was gay. So I got into it. He wasn't that bad looking either. We walked down Wisc. Ave. discussing the film & went to a restaurant. He's a Univ. student in Theatre & Dance. We talked about Death in Venice film (he loved it, too), rock stars (told him I'm getting THE best seats for Alice Cooper May 31). The things I noticed bout him most was how he accentuated his speech, such as "Oh, I KNOW! Wasn't that a FABULOUS FILM!??" said real musically. And that he was "shocked" if I swore too much. Or if I said something that "really" stunned him, like saying A. Cooper was coming to Milw, he'd STOP dead in his tracks & say something like, "OH, he's NOT!!" Also he was goodlooking, but clean and a little straight-looking. After eating he drove me to Jim's. We talked about how fucked men are cuz they try & be so hard & won't loosen up & admit they have feelings & put down guys who get into dance, etc. So we agreed to see each other again & I said I'd really be disappointed if he didn't come see me in my office. He said I made his night & he'd definitely come. So I really hope he does. Name's Gib, short for Gilbert, but he doesn't like Gil. He stopped in his track to tell me what a MAGNIFICENT name Sheila is.

Later Jim, me & Paul (who Jim & I are calling 'Paulie' lately--when he asked why, we said cuz we liked to & he promised not to mind if we call him that!) went out drinking. Some guy at the Saloon pissed me off & I was real drunk by then & threw my drink at him. Paulie loved it & said he couldn't believe how excellent it was. The guy later told us how cool he is & he knows "Flame" (Johnney's nickname) & Ogre. I said well if he's so cool, why doesn't he give Jim a kiss, Ogre did. He couldn't believe I was asking him to do it! Jim coaxed him on, too, & the guy looked at Jim & then me and said, "in public?" I kept saying Jim was lovely & he should kiss him. The guy just sat in disbelief. I bet Paulie was really freaked! (I think now of the dream I had Jan. 30 of Paulie & Jim making each other on mom's & dad's front lawn. Paulie'd be so freaked if he knew!)

Since I got my jacket, it's all I wear. Also, I've been wearing black levis everyday cuz color pants don't make it with the jacket. Monday Jim & I looked for shoes for him. He's been watching a certain pair for weeks & hesitates cuz he's afraid of his new image, but only a little afraid!

Guess who just appeared at my door - Prince Charming! (Beau) Showed him all my "drag clothes." Had to explain what "drag" is ("It's when gays wear what they like...") I'm not sure he got it. But he laid back on the couch, his hands behind his head, stretching his body & looking over himself with admiration and approval. Waiting for me to first show my desire for him - as always was. I submit to his narcissism. I admire & kiss &

undress & lick him eagerly - he leans back & smiles, closing his eyes contendedly. And only after a long while will he lazily begin to undress me. Soon we were off to the bedroom... he lifted me, my legs around his waist, both naked & walked me in there. We fucked... he came while we were in my favorite position... me on all fours & him kneeling behind me... I am the youth making love to this other lovely youth.... Then he had a cigarette. We laid naked & I showed him all my rings - he said I should give him one. (I would give them all to him if he'd wear them all at the same time.) He said he wasn't a person of big words, just says what he feels. I said, "thus, your charm." He didn't know what I meant, so I explained, "For that reason, you are charming." He said he didn't know that & I said I'm glad I was the first one to tell him, then. Then, like an angel, he dozed off to sleep, lying there naked. I laid there looking at him sleep, thinking, admiring, for about 20 mins. Thinking of all the things I could do with a body like his... of how much like a beautiful girl he'd look if he shaved off his moustache... of how he'd look in all my jewelry... of how glad I was to share these moments with him. And it was funny, cuz I was in the middle of reading Death in Venice when he knocked. He promised to stop by again & sooner. He left, still half asleep. But the best was: the last kiss he gave me, he had a cig in his right hand & he posed there, holding the cig straight up, parallel with his body, his elbow bent, delicately holding the cig & caressing my hair with his other hand--

3-19
About the blond Jim's been flirting with (Feb. 10): Jim & I were in the lunchroom at school. I saw blondy leaving a table nearby. Later Jim told me he'd talked to him, telling him how he'd seen him at the store yesterday & was gonna stop in to say hi, but didn't. Blondy told him to come sometime & he'll let him go thru the check-out for free! (I had an immediately reply--Jim shoulda asked how much will it cost to check him out!)

3-28
Well for the past 4 days I've had the measles - believe it or not. We're calling them "the sleasles" cuz it sure is sleazy I got 'm.
Saturday Bridget, Kathy & I went to the Saloon for what turned out to be the last time. We were drinking and having a good time like last time. Some jerk heard us & said he don't mind girl gays, "but it's those faggots I don't like." I said, whaddya think I am?" And then I said, "You mean, you don't mind the guys in the girls' can, but you don't like the girls in the guy's can, right?" He got all flustered & said real excited, "Have you ever been in jail? Huh? huh?" I said yeah. "Have you ever been in prison, huh? in prison?" No. "Oh, well, you don't know what happens there... yeah, those faggots...," he kept mumbling as he left. Talked to a guy who approached me, he came on obviously gay. We watched 2 girls dancing, told him I liked one. Seconds later, Kathy introduced me to her (Jacky), saying she wants to meet me ("Lou Reed") real bad, but only to be friends, nothing

physical. Two seconds later her friend Susy appears, begging Jacky to come away from me, that I was going to ruin her, etc., and crying. I was pretty drunk by then & thought Jesus, what the hell! So Jacky looked at me apologizing & split. Seems Susy once had a boyfriend who turned out to be gay & broke her heart & she's afraid now I'm gonna ruin Jacky. SHIT. A few minutes later I found them crying on each other's shoulders & asked if I could do anything. Susy hysterically tole me to "JUST GET OUTA HERE!" So I did. Then a bouncer comes to our table & said if we "hassled any more girls" we're OUT! I was getting REAL dragged by the scene by then & thought of all the harrassment REAL gays have to put up with every single day & how much hassle gay men take, seeing as they get hassled much more than gay women! The gay guy I had talked to left, saying he enjoyed watching me & kissed me & split. I was tired of being harrassed, so sat on Wa's lap (one of Johnney's boyfriends) the rest of the nite. Saw Jacky & Susy walking around still trying to pick up guys & figured they couldn't have been all THAT upset then. We left the bar then, vowing never to return... Couldn't believe how all those girls had <u>approached us first</u> & then went complaining we were hassling them!

March 23rd Jim & I went to hear a lecture by Christine Jorgensen, the first guy to have a sex-change to a woman. It was pretty interesting. It took some courage for me to go cuz I guess I'm still a bit hesitant to admit publicly I'm interested in this male/female thing. Jim didn't let on he was interested til the last minute.

Jim talked to me about dormie. He went for a walk with her & a few times wanted to tell her he loved her. Told him I don't know why he just doesn't relax & have fun & leave "love" outa it. He said he was trying to, but it's so hard. We talked how it ws fun being with new people & how the best of it is the fantasies & thoughts you have after they leave. Things are going good... Jim and I are both a lot more together.

4-2

Jim laid 2 bombshells on me: he told dormie he loved her & she told him she loves him. Said she's so "fragile & helpless" or some jive like that & he feels she keeps things balanced off, since I'm "so different, not that you're not feminine." I told Jim Beau balanced him off for me, since Beau's such a don't give a shit, in it for himself guy, and Jim's so giving & thinking about the other guy. Fuck it. I feel bad he needs to be so in love with every asshole who approaches him. He doesn't even know this nurd & already it's mad love. Sickening. - The second bombshell was he wants to go to Berkeley himself for a while, that it'll be hassle enough going out there without involving "emotional hassles, too" (whatever that means).

Jim told me he thinks he's reconciled the masculine & feminine within himself. Told him I thought I was doing pretty good, too, but there're still minor details that need smoothing over. He told me Dan (blondy) talked to him & had a lisp. Jim's pretty sure he's gay. He introduced Jim to his roommate who also

was real femmy. I wanted to ask Jim what his feelings were for Dan, but he fell asleep. That Dan is a beauty, tho. I'd fuck him.

4-7
Pretty drunk I wrote my thoughts: I spend today as I spend so many - alone with myself. Alone with thoughts of recent events - letters Susan & I wrote back & forth to each other on gays & transvestites... a news clipping telling how a woman kept her son, now 20 years old, locked in a closet for 3 yrs. The police said when they finally took him out "he would not look up"... Lou Reed & Alice Cooper albums turned up to maximum on the stereo... my kitty and I playing... a letter to a publisher asking for a copy of The Gay Liberation Book... Beau's keycase he left here by error in my pocket... John Rechy's City of Night, the greatest novel, I wish I wrote it... Bob Dylan finally trying to hide from the world like I tried to with Jim... a segment I wrote last time I masturbated - a beautiful blond youth - too long to try to explain... Lou Reed tomorrow - I bet he does "Walk on the Wild Side"

4-9
Lou Reed yesterday. Started drinking Saturday noon mainly cuz I was so bored. Started to get sick & ozed out Sunday afternoon but took speed & came around real fast. Randy, Jim & I drove to Chicago for the concert. I couldn't believe how straight the audience was... I was one of the heavies! Small contingent of drag queens, tho. We got the 2nd best ticket bracket but our seats were in the 3rd balcony which really bummed me out. Could hardly see, was cramped, couldn't stand. But Lou was beautiful... all in black but silver heels... comes on a bit like Dylan (as I'd heard before) but once in a while he'd begin to dance slightly or he'd put his left hand on his thigh while moving his hips sensually & break his right wrist into a limp rose stem & wave it around... lovely! The crowd didn't seem all that excited, altho on the ground floor kids were dancing. The drag queens were making out, etc., in the dark. I was speeding but felt completely straight which was a drag. Began thinking bout what I have to do... I have to go to New York. Myself. To find Rechy's FASCINATION lights. It scared me when I realized it, that it had to be by myself cuz anything less would be a cop-out. Began thinking what I had to take with me, which clothes, etc. & where would I start? Which section of town? Which hotel? It would be scary, no doubt. But I have to do it. Maybe this summer.

Spoke to Jim a little Sunday morn about us. Told him how left out of his life I felt... that I didn't think he had any romantic feelings for me & I think sometimes I failed by not being more femmy. That I felt bad I wasn't included on his plans for Berkeley. He said he wasn't even sure of plants for himself much less for me. But that he wanted to be alone there a while so he could think things out. Said I don't know why he thinks he'll be able to think there better than here, cuz the same thing'll

probably happen there too... someone'll say hi to him & he'll be madly in love again. He said I may fail him in being femmy, but I supply other things he needs no one else does... that he couldn't figure me out cuz it seems I fluctuate so between dependency & independency. Nothing settled, of course.

As we were leaving the concert, there were pretty many heavies... I'd've liked to hang around but the guys were in a fat hurry. Some pretty little thing was standing around with his shirt all open, blond shoulder-length hair, smooth white hairless chest. We both stared at each other on by ("I'm heavier than you are" stares) altho of course I'd never compete with a beauty like that. I wanted to reach out & touch his chest but I was scared of course & the guys were way ahead of me & I didn't wanna lose them. Yet I think our stares would have softened. They were frightened, defensive stares, but on the same wave-length... that's why I have to go to N.Y. alone. I can't have anyone or anything in my way when I find what I'm looking for there. I'm not sure myself exactly what it is... but I'll know. And I really do feel whatever comes, whatever I'd run into in N.Y., I'd be able to handle. I'm only afraid of being shot down... of being told I wasn't wanted on the scene... it's a pain in the ass being a goddamn girl. Being told, or getting the feeling I wasn't wanted on the scene would destroy me.

Friday at 5:45 a.m. Beau knocks on the door, expecting I'd be awake, or so he said, cuz I was when he lived here. Said he'd been playing cards all nite & lost $10. Flopped on the bed & we fucked. While on top I looked at him laying there & saw, to my surprise, him looking up at my face... just looking, kind of puzzled & wondering. When he came we laid there & he said, Well now for the conversation part... & I thought he had something special to say but turns out he didn't. Said he thinks I'm trying to live too fast now after being so good & a hermit before. I must freak him pretty much. But he fell asleep & I had to split for work. It came to me he came cuz he knew I'd be gone & he wanted to read what I wrote about him in my diary.

4-10

Some miscellany: Saturday while waiting for the bus, a kid about 12-13 yrs. old come up & asks if I want a shoe shine. Said no, and he started making idle conversation with me & then, looking at me hesitantly, he asked if I was a girl or boy. I answered a boy. He said he only asked cuz I'm (he continued super hesitantly) "wearing... men's... clothes." I said that's usually what us boys wear! He really didn't know what to think & I told him I was going to pick up my girl for a date....

Jim's getting to know his little boyfriend Dan pretty well. In conversation I found Jim knows the hours Dan works & where he lives (3 blocks from Jim). Plus Jim had lunch with Dan's roommate the other day at school. But Jim gets either mad or quiet when I tease him about him....

4-12
Went to Jim's yesterday... the tension & depression between us was unavoidable. (A friend of M.'s told us he's splitting to see t6he USA. And I've never stopped thinking of N.Y.C. since Sunday. I know I have to go. I checked out a map of N.Y.C. & found the places Rechy spoke of: Bryant Park & its library, Times Square, Washington Park, E. 42nd & Fifth Ave. It was all there...) In bed I said I don't know how things turned out so shitty." He said, "Neither do I." Said he didn't wanna see me for a while, he's in love with someone else and doesn't like me the way I am now. That he'd rather be with her than me "at any given time." I told him he doesn't even know what he's doing, he can't separate his fantasies from realities. He said he'd never go to bed with anyone again if he could just be in love with them; that he doesn't like my way of putting people off & that I can't even make an "honest hustle." That I try to be so tough but I'm only a little girl. I told him he couldn't even be honest with himself & he asked what I meant. Asked what he was doing talking about Dan, etc. He got quiet & said he wasn't sure yet, that "the opportunity hasn't presented itself..." I cried & hugged him & said, "Don't do this, T. I love you... don't let this happen... I don't wanna go away, T. I don't wanna let you go..." That I hated people & don't want them to get near me that's why I act so tough... cuz I'm scared & don't wanna keep getting hurt & I don't know who or what I am anymore. He held me so nice & I kissed & pet him & he told me I <u>can't hate</u> people so much & that I touch him so nice & he started crying & said he loves me & doesn't know what he's doing. And I told him I had to go to N.Y. I had to go by myself & make myself be able to survive there & if I can't, if no one wants me there, I'll know I can never to it anywhere. He said he'd be afraid for me, that I'd get super depressed & be alone & crawl in a hole... I said I already was in one. That I want to throw myself into a mess & try to make some sense outa it. He asked why N.Y. & I told him cuzza Rechy. Said he was scared for me & felt responsible for me somehow... that if I go like I am, I'll attract all the weirdos. Told him I wanted that. But that I don't wanna go thinking I'll never see him again cuz I couldn't go on then. He said he couldn't go to Berkeley thinking that either & that won't happen. He began crying hard, saying, "It's not fair... it's just not fair... that things should happen like this." I held him while he cried & said, "That's good" & he cried harder. He kissed me, saying I'm beautiful... we fell asleep in each other's arms.

This morning I got up sooner than him & as I was brushing my teeth I felt a light gentle kiss on the back of my neck... him. I dressed hurriedly & he kinda lingered around in the other room. As I put my boots on, he came in & sat on the floor in front of me, naked, his head down. I knelt beside him & kissed him, pet his hair & told him he looked so nice sitting there without any clothes on. He "humphed." I gathered my stuff up & he came & hugged me & I him & he began crying on my shoulder. We held each other & he cried & cried & finally broke away & said, "I'll see you later, P." and went to the other room. I left immediately.

Called the bus station bout N.Y.C. $75 round trip. Alice Cooper at Madison Square Gardens June 3rd.

But then, this afternoon, Liz [redacted] comes out of nowhere. She's a guy I went to First Semester Russian with Summer '70 (I think it was) & who came back to visit me in drag months later. Been thinking bout her lately a lot. Todl her I was so glad to see her & told her I had such an identity crisis... that the only thing I'm sure of is I like real femmy guys but don't know if it's a cop-out for my desire for women. We talked an hour. She's trying to get a sex-change operation. Told me the gay bars in Milw & that I maybe should go to the Gay Peoples Union meetings. Said I was scared. She said she'd go with me this Monday. We made it a date...

Downtown this afternoon in leather jacket, hip boots & purse (Liz said I looked "butch") & a beautiful, what-I-thought obviously gay guy began walking slightly in front of me. Stopped at a red light & he faced me, a knowing look on his beautiful face. I'd've sucked him off right there! But gave him just as knowing a look & asked, "How's everything going?" He answered, embarrassed, "cold" in an adolescent's voice, threw his cigarette down & hurried off. I thought of asking him where he's going at the next red light, but he crossed against it & sidetracked me in a fat hurry. Ah! The beauty!

4-17

Things'd been very stand-offish between Jim & I since Thurs morn. Saw him bout 2 mins. Saturday I became very much less afraid of admitting I'm bisexual, even tho I still have a fear for women. Less afraid of Gay Peoples Union meeting Monday. Began to relax with myself & Monday wore a dress to school for the first time in weeks. Knew it'd freak Jim out, but that's not why I wore it. He complimented me. But wore my leather drag to GPU mtg. Met Liz there. There were bout 30 people there, only 4 other girls besides me. Mostly men between 25-30 yrs. old. It was like any other club mtg 'cept they spoke so freely bout being homosexuals. I especially liked one guy, Paul, who spoke super-free bout helping another guy come out, whom he described as "just gorgeous!" Their topic for the night was problems of coming out. So after mtg, Liz introduced me to 3 of the women who told me bout a Lesbian Discussion Group mtg every other Friday, one this week. (I hate the word "lesbian," it sounds so dirty & clinical... I prefer gay or homosexual.) Then Liz & I went to her place & she canged into pants & we went out to eat and talk a few hours. I feel good bout our friendship.

So today wore my leather. Jim in class, the first thing says to me, "I feel better" and said he'd come to Albion & fix my bicycle (got a flat I can't fix). Told him I'd treat him out to eat if he did. I was happy. He told me I looked beautiful today & did yesterday, too. Told him I spent last evening with Liz & went to the GPU mtg with her. He asked how it was & if I met anyone there. This is the first time he's known bout my gay feelings - that I've admitted to him. I think he felt good bout it. At Albion he held & kissed me passionately & he initiated

"dancing" with me to an album he just got. Soon we were making love & he told me how I made him feel like he's in heaven. He was super romantic & dreamy all night. The only sleazy thing is, he seems to not want to tell me he loves me. So?...it'll come in time. My horoscope says I should go ahead with what I'm doing... that I "will be rewarded."

4-21
Wed 2 a.m. Beau comes over. Lost no time in getting in bed. He tried butt-fucking me again, but I just couldn't... it hurt so. He just jammed in me & I pulled away & told him I wanted to but couldn't cuz it hurt so. He said just try & relax but I couldn't cuz I knew he wouldn't be gentle but would jam again. So I just said I can't. (Felt bad - I'd like to so I can make love to him like a boy but I couldn't... I'll never be a boy anyhow... it wouldn't be the same anyhow, I guess.)

Thurs found out LOU REED, my hero, is coming to Milw May 3rd. Got tickets for Bridg, me, Kathy & Johnney. Jim said he didn't wanna see him a 3rd time! Thurs nite went to Teddy's, a bar where James Cotton Blues Band was playing. Spotted a cute little thing there, real soft light brown hair in a shag cut, tall & long-legged, blue jean jacket over an undershirt, swaying & enjoying the music. Stared at him bout 1/2 hour but that didn't work so went over & stood RIGHT next to him & stared at him & kept trying to rub against him so he'd notice me but after about 20 mins. of that, I wondered if I had to grab his cock to get his attention. Yet he didn't move away when I rubbed against him & I finally figured he knew damn well I was trying to hustle him. FINALLY he looked at me & smiled & I smiled back & he said, "Dynamite band, heh?" I nodded, still smiling & put my arm around his waist & he put his round me & we began kissing real juicy & I began feeling him up & the music kept playing & he was still swaying to it & I rubbed his cock a little. Finally he asked if I wanted to go out in his car & I said well, I only live a block away. He said so did he, I asked where. Turned out to be more like a mile away & I said I live <u>a block away</u>! He said OK & "I don't even know your name." I said you didn't ask. His was Rick. So we split, I told him I'd almost given up on him there, that I'd been cruising him the last hour. He smiled he was just digging the music. So my first successful hustle. Felt good. He put on a Howlin' Wolf album & began kissing on the bed & off mit der clothes. Had a super tiny cock... Jim must have Colossus for a cock cuz the 3 others I've seen, his is twice as big. But this guy took the cake, but he was super cuddly & gentle. Was real quiet tho & kept his eyes closed entire time (what a shutdown!). Seemed he was trying to hold back coming & in fact I don't know if he even did! Pretty cruddy fuck but nice & warm & soft.

Fri nite 8 p.m. went to a "Lesbian Discussion Group." Held at someone's apartment & bout 20 girls showed up. I really was surprised at how at ease I felt. Their topic was Morality in Lesbian Life. A lady I'd met at GPU raised questions the first 10 minutes or so, then we split into 3 small groups to discuss. I really felt close to my group & didn't feel spotty or like I had

to be cool. I let them talk most cuz I have no experience, but realized the problems of love affairs the same with Jim's & mine, so I contributed some. No one looked any different than straight but most dressed kinda sloppy hippy guy style. I was the drag king (ha ha). So after small group, had coffee. One in our group asked if I'd had a "monogamous" relationship. Told her I'm just coming out & 'd lived with a guy 4 yrs. who's discovering he's gay, too. Back into large group to discuss what small groups talked bout. Many girls very nice & tried to include me & I felt very comfortable. Told "leader" lady this is the first time I'd been in a group of women where I didn't feel I had to show 'm I wasn't like them & I couldn't believe it was happening to me. She was pleased.

5-5
Action, Inc.! Thurs Lou Reed! Started drinking at 3 p.m. - Patrick, Johnney, Kathy, Bridg & I going. High drag, for sure. For Sure - did an Alice Cooper eye-makeup trip. Drunk enough to do a shit job & Bridg took over with some liquid stuff & did an excellent job! We got there by 6:30 & had to wait in line 2 hrs. during which we continued drinking. Good & fuckin' drunk. We all hassled people in line, Kathy went down on Johnney, Bridg bugged this one shy guy... it was nuts. Then Johnney started getting sick & slouched down on the steps, Patrick holding him & they began letting people in. Bridg & K. went ahead, but J. in Pat's arms was enuff to keep me there with them. We told concerned inquirers he overdosed on heroin! Soon we took 'm outside to vomit & then we got him to a bathroom. Ah-ha! Liberate the men's can! So as the 2nd bank played, J. laid on the floor, slouched over a toilet, P. sat next to him & I stood around. First time I saw a real urinal. Guys'd come in, look at me, stand at the urinal, not piss & leave. Pat & I'd laugh!! Then a cop came in. I ducked into a stall but he left. Then a group of gays came in & the draggiest said, "Oh! Are you a lesbian??!!" I said yeah. He said, "oh, that's fantastic" or something like that & then left. Also said he liked my Alice Cooper eyes & I was pleased he recognized it as Alice's. I penned up the walls with obscenities & hoped someone passed me for a faggy male. The cop came in a few more times but I kept hiding. It was so finnne. I split & K. was searching for us. It was just a big room, no seats, so we got right up front. Lou comes on! Just like Chicago. So into it, I danced thru his entire set. 2 girls & a guy with me. I felt I danced so fine & sexy & there was a lovely boy I tried to hustle last weekend. Tried again but he only smiles & looks down embarrassed. Asked what the matter was & he said I was too fast for him. Ha! What a beauty! The 2 girls seemed like they were interested in coming on to me, but I wasn't thinking about it. Lou got it on. It woulda been so easy to rush the stage, but I was too scared to do anything. Some big creep was trying to come onto me but I told him he was too old (25) & that pissed 'm. He guessed I was 17. Ha! I felt fantastic. Hardly watched Lou at all, too into myself. J. & P. finally came in bout last 1/2 of show. Seems during the first show, Bridg had snatched up the gay

who asked if I was a lesbian & told him her sister would <u>really</u> like him & he had to wait for me. If he only knew I was who she meant. I was so high on everything. It was all over too soon. The lights were suddenly on & everyone was gone. <u>I wanted someone</u>! Only a few groups of people stood around. A group of high drag gay guys... I said, "hi, ladies" & they responded sociably. I ended up taking the name & phone of one of the girls I was dancing with. Don't even know <u>what</u> I <u>said</u> to her! Then I see a group of pretty guys & <u>the loveliest</u>... long black curly hair with glitter in it, a red velvet jacket all open, his naked chest smooth. Somehow I went up to him & had him! Don't even ask me how - I don't know! I was under the impression we were going to a party & we left in each other's arms. Stumbled to a car with his friend. I realized they thought of a group sex scene but when we got to his place I took him aside & said I only wanted him. Then he was gone for real long, I sat in a chair thinking of splitting & he & another guy came outa a room - neither of 'm had pants on! I don't know what the story on <u>that</u> was. I think we smoked some dope. Then we went to him room, he was just moving in & we had to line up a sofa & chair cushions to form a mattress. We made love good - I don't remember even what we did. He was beautiful & we made love slowly. I remember once I said something on how we were "fucking" & he said no, we're not fucking, we're "making love"... & I started crying cuz he touched me so. He was real romantic like that, talked & made nice noises & got water for us. Our lovemaking wasn't frantic at all but so peaceful. He'd tell me if he liked something I did, etc. He was real into an inner existence type deal & kept saying "astral" projection & "astral" this & that. We woke up several times during the nite & hugged & touched softly. A fine lover! I said once what beautiful eyebrows he had & he looked away bummed out. Asked why & he said I was only complimenting his body & he didn't want to think like that. That's how he was - real strange. We made love several times. There was still glitter all over him. His name is Gregg. In the morning we got up, I began feeling uncomfortable. Some friends of his came over. His roommates were real gentle-acting with him, I thought, and when he talked with them, he seemed to be flirting. It was all so strange. Anyway I just wanted to leave & did abruptly. He followed me to the door & looked hurt, asked if I didn't have anything to say to him. I reached in my purse for a pen & he said, "Good!" Gave him my address & phone, he gave me his. As we hugged goodbye, he said, "My Lou Reed." And I really wanted to be.

5/5

Hung over all day. Went to the Lesbian Discussion Group Fri nite. Boring. Talked about religion. Bout 2:30 a.m. there's a knock. Sure it was Beau, but it was Rick! He looked gorgeous! This is how he comes on: Kin I ask you a favor? I was wondering if I could crash here tonite cuz I got locked outa my place. If I hadn't been half asleep, I'da told him to come off it & get his goddamn pants off. It was like before - I couldn't tell if he came at all! Once he suddenly said, "Will you blow me?" I thought I did a great job of sucking him & tasted a little cum but not enuff to even swallow! Weird-o. He woke me 2 times during

the nite to fuck & again ask me to suck him. It was nice but boy I was sore.

5-16
I thought of publishing the exchange Susan & I had on transvestites & feminists the first week of April in Gay Peoples Union News. I officially joined GPU May 7. The 9th I was bored so walked over to Rick's. He'd asked why I hadn't come to his place, then gave me his address, so I figured he wanted me to come over. When I did, he & 3 roommates were watching TV & he completely ignored me, didn't speak or look at me AT ALL (I stared at him 1-1/2 hrs. I was so pissed). His roommates were all kinda wondering who the hell I was cuz Rick acted like he didn't even know. After 1-1/2 hrs. he gets up to move his car, then goes upstairs. I thought FUCK YOU YOU GODDAMN BASTARD & left without anyone knowing. If he dares show his stupid mug around my place again, I have only 3 words to say, "GO TO HELL."

Friday Jim, Randy, Paul & I went to a concert. I drank rum & tookd 1/2 hit of mescaline... the first time I've taken a "psychedelic" drug. Before the concern I gave Jim my GPU article to read & it ended up in both Randy's & Paul's hands. Jim said he thought I was a lot more together on the subject than he is. Afterwards went to Jim's & was so messed I crashed fully clothed on his bed. Later we talked & he told me he was definitely interested in having a homosexual relationship but that he wanted it to be with the right person & not just anyone. Shortly before, he told me he'd seen Dan here & there & he was an excellent person.

Saturday Greg phoned and came to Albion. We drank tea, listened to records. Asked him how it happened we got together & he said he didn't know either. But he does remember I told him I wasn't interested in fucking all his friends & they were all disappointed & all the time we were in the bedroom they were thinking of just coming in with some grass or something. He said they were all calling me Lou Reed!!! (I think they still do, too!) He looked briefly at my article. We dozed off sitting on the couch, then moved to the bedroom. A nice night.

Monday nite, as every Monday, went to GPU mtg & afterwards 2 girls invited me to go to the Beer Gardens with 'm (a popular gay bar), so I did. Was only bout 15 people there, very conservative scene. I was the big freak there. Stayed a couple hours. Nothing unusual that wouldn't happen anywhere else.

Wed Jim came over for supper. We drank rum & coke & began kissing & touching. He was like a cat in heat & he camped it up to turn me on & I kissed & licked his chest & soon we were on the kitchen floor! We made it to the bed & made love so well. We really make it together fantastic. He's so damned sexy & enjoys his sexuality so much! When he starts coming on to me, I can't take my hands off him. When he came, it was the most fabulous rush & he kept moaning, "Oh, God! Oh! God!" cuz it felt so nice. We laid in the sun-filled room. I said, can't you even say you love me yet & he shook his head sadly. I kissed him & laughed & said, You're so nuts, & he said, "But I do love you." He's so

confused & innocent. Later we went to hear a band at Teddy's, a straight bar. We drank & drank & checked out the people. He told me he's almost sure the guy at the end of the bar was gay. I spotted another guy but Jim "checked him out" (which involved going & watching him shoot pool). Said he had given him some heavy looks but Jim didn't think he was gay. But he kept going in the back to watch him play pool cuz he said he thought him "beautiful." I thought how we could go to a gay bar & I wouldn't even feel bad if Jim scored & left me there. (He told me this black guy he works with who's always calling him "fag" admitted letting a guy blow him for $5! Jim was really surprised bout that & couldn't believe this guy would put <u>him</u> down then!) I commented he should open his shirt more & <u>he did</u>! He's never done <u>that</u> before! In other words we had one hell of a good time. We left, him singing "Sister Ray" (a Lou song), dancing like Lou, & opened his whole shirt. We made love again passionately & slept. He is everything I'm looking for. I love him.

5-20
Excellent movie on TV, "The Sergeant." About an army sergeant, a law & order bad-assed 40 yr. old who falls in love with a 26 yr. old private in his command. Very well done - I cried during 3 parts of it.

5-23
Gregg called and came over. We smoked a helluva lotta dope. He put on all my rings & bracelets & I told him why I wore 'm & I thought he should learn to enjoy his body enough to wear some jewelry, too. He told me he'd had a feeling we'd one day have a talk about my jewelry. It turned me on he was relaxed enuff to put all my stuff on, even if it was only in front of me.

5-31
Have been reading my head off: <u>Tea and Sympathy</u>, <u>Dancing the Gay Lib Blues</u>, <u>Tearoom Trade</u>, <u>Toward a Recognition of Androgyny</u>, <u>Is Gay Good?</u>, <u>Gay Mystique</u>, and latest <u>The Transsexual Phenomenon</u>. Sunday at Mom's, she & M.E. had read an article on a girl who had a sex-change to a man. Ma said she thinks if they'd've had those in her day, she'd've definitely thought of doing it, cuz she'd always felt more like a man. The conversation encouraged me and about 1/2 hours later, I told her about my article, bout how I felt, etc., & she was very understanding & even said she felt that way, too! It was pretty strange & rather nice... when I left she told me she only asks I dress up for big family deals & she wants me to be me & be happy & that if I'd even decided to get an operation, she'd be behind me all the way! Told her I don't think I'm to <u>that</u> point yet. (Anyway in all my reading, it seems the female-to-male change only involves a hysterectomy and/or a mastectomy... but no penis. What's the point? I have birth control pills... as good as a hysterectomy... and what boobs do I have to remove? And if there's no penis, well, that's what's

important, isn't it? That's what makes you a man.) Tuesday the editor of GPU News saw me on the street & called me up to his place. We sat around, talked bout my article - he loves it but it has to be edited cuz it's too long & we thought of ways to get hold of the poster the article was about. Said when he read the part where I said I felt like a male homosexual, he just about flipped & thought that's one of the weirdest things & it's really way-out. Told him I knew that better than anyone! He told me stories of some transvestites he knew & lent me the transsexual book. Said he definitely wants my article in the next issue. So I've just read & read the transsexual book & as I nearly finished it last night, I began crying... needing Jim. Thoughts came pouring out: I want to be him, I don't want me if he doesn't, if he doesn't want me I don't wanna live but I'm too scared to die so I'll just bury myself. I realized I'd dress up in beautiful female clothes & go to him, but if he'd reject me I'd never be able to wear them again. That if he came back to me I'd be able to easily switch back & forth as I'd done before, but I'm escaping into myself, lost, hiding, afraid now. That I need him & if I can't have him, I'll become him so I can always be with him... crazy thoughts. Crazy interpretations that made me cry & cry & phone & phone but no answer until I fell asleep. It all happened when I realized that I'd never be able to be a pretty girl again until he came back to me... and if he doesn't I'll always be like I am - a symbol of mangled, violated sex. Destroyed in a strange way...

I'm lucky I fell asleep so fast. At least I understand now & have snapped outa my limbo state of the last few days. This morn they spoke on the radio of Alice Cooper's concert tonight: "Is Alice a man or a woman? He's a man with gobs and gobs of heavy make-up, a 'sadistic' musician who tears off his clothes [if only!] on stage. He says sex & violence are more fun than ecology." He's right. So I'm in the mood for Alice...

6-15
Tomorrow I'll be 22 years old. Been feeling down & cruddy. Thinking about Jim leaving. It's gonna be pretty soon. Sunday we took LSD (me for the first time) and I thought, if he's gonna go to Berkeley & just forget about me, I'm gonna get myself a motorcycle & go out there & kill him & every guy I see there & back. He's been acting real down lately too, but I don't flatter myself that it's cuzza me. I keep thinking about how he said he would go out there & see if he misses me or dormie more... what a fucker.

6-23
Friday a woman named Jay propositioned me. Told her I'd never been with a woman, she said she'd make me feel fantastic, but there was only one requirement: that I didn't touch her. Why? That's just her hang-up... shit. Told her I don't even know if I'd want a lesbian experience... finally told her I consider myself a male homosexual... she was pretty grossed out about that

but I've seen her since & we're still friends. She's 32 & super mannish... she insisted on paying for everything (coffee, drinks). That bummed me out, too. She said she knew the first time she saw me I wasn't so butch. Jim told me bout a guy at work, Gino, who he says is "definitely androgynous," but he doesn't know if he's gay or not, so Jim said he was gonna invite him over to his place & "see what happens." Said he could see having some kind of relationship with him. He also said he freaked the people who live downstairs from him by talking freely about a time another guy had lifted him to the 2nd floor balcony, and Jim said he wasn't scared at all cuz Lance had such "nice strong shoulders" or something. We went to Teddy's and the same guy who was playing pool last time we were there (May 11), who Jim & I call "the beauty" was playing again & we watched him. Jim and I keep enough distance most of the time in the bar so it's not real evident we're together. Jim commented to him how well he played & I guess later he talked a while with him. Also once when the beauty went to the bathroom, Jim said, "oh, he had to go" to me & when he came out he told me in detail what happened, altho I didn't ask. Said he was gonna take the urinal next to the beauty but got embarrassed & took the farther one, and that he tried to catch the beauty's eye but couldn't! I called Jim a chicken for not taking the one next to him. The beauty is real Italian-looking, bout my height, thin face & black frizzy hair combed back nice, always his shirt all open & a big bulge at his crotch... I wouldn't've really thought much of him if Jim hadn't caused me to look so closely at him. When we left, Jim did the same seductive stuff as last time & I went after him & when he began saying he wasn't gonna stay, I gladly gave him all his things so he could leave... but when he saw I wasn't gonna beg him to stay, he put them down. We made love... I don't know - something weird about that too... seems like the main portion of the act centers around him prancing around being sexy & me running after him... kinda bored by that. It seems a lot of our conversation too when we're together is about gay-ness or the likes.

7-1-73
Monday went to Gay Peoples Union meeting as I do every Monday since Liz took me the first time Apr. 16. Lotta seemingly out-of-place people there this time, especially two girl/boy couples in the back row. About 3/4 thru the meeting, one of the guys raised his hand to speak & said they didn't come here to hassle or put down you people but, "I think you all need help real bad." The president just ignored the remark & called on someone else to speak, but one gay turned & asked "what kind of help?" The guy answered, "psychological." Then when they realized no one was willing to argue or even acknowledge their comment any further, the 4 of them made quite the spectacle of LEAVING THIS PLACE. My heart was just hammering - I felt like turning around & saying What the hell did you <u>come</u> here for - <u>get the hell OUT!</u> But I followed everyone else's example of ignoring them. Still wonder what the shit they were into - people like <u>that</u> are the sicky perverts.

Made a date with Jim Fri nite & then remembered the Lesbian Discussion Meeting. Decided not to go, but Fri afternoon ran into Donna who "runs" the meetings & she practically begged me to come as they would be discussing gay men & last week I was one of the few of "their side." So moved the date to Saturday. I was real worried tho & smoked 2 joints to loosen up, realizing it would probably turn out that I'd be battling the whole group alone. My high made me lose my inhibitions and I tied my breasts down so they wouldn't jiggle, although it did little to make them appear smaller, plus rolled up a few socks & made myself a penis, pinned it in my underwear - I was ready for them! The talk began with someone saying she disliked groups like GPU cuz it was dominated by "sexist men." One other woman tried to say they were at least trying to rid themselves of sexism. I said probably if women dominated, or at least were in the majority, women would launch as much sexism against the men. She flatly denied this, saying she was incapable of sexism! Told her that was bullshit, that sexism oppresses men as much as women & no one could deny they are sexist just as they can't deny racism. She denied it anyhow! Also she told of seeing a drag show & was lost as to why a lesbian, after the show, tipped the female impersonator in approval. She referred laughingly to the impersonator as a "shim" (she/him). Pointed out to her that he was displaying sexism right there by ridiculing transvestites. She denied it & said she just didn't understand it. I said I couldn't understand why she couldn't understand it! What's so hard to understand why a woman would enjoy dressing and/or appearing as a woman, or that a woman may enjoy the art with which he does it? She had no answer. Another woman said she objected to the adaptation of roles & images that women abandon as artificial... a Susan rap. Also, she added, they were <u>so bad</u> at it! I said they certainly know if they're bad at it or not, but even if they are that doesn't matter... the mere shape they are in is enough to satisfy their need. Plus I pointed out there are degrees of transvestism - some are not interested in actually <u>passing</u> for someone of the opposite sex while others are. And the reason you think they do such a bad job of impersonating is cuz one only notices those that aren't interested in passing -

those that want to pass go unnoticed for that very reason! Also, I don't remember how the topic occurred, but most everyone was shocked when it was pointed out that the majority of transvestites were heterosexual! Someone said they didn't like the idea that one's clothes should be so important to them. I got into a "long" speech that one's clothes identifies one's feeling - clothing is a means of expression & that a person can more fully express themselves in the clothing denied them certainly can't be overlooked and why is it impossible for a person... that is, don't you think it's possible for a transvestite, just becuz he has an identity denied him, to be a full & rich human being? The room was dead silent & I began feeling conspicuous. Someone said that's a hard question to answer & the group broke up in 15 minutes! I hung around reading a mag put out by gay men into feminism called "The Faggot Effeminists." Jay called me over where she & Donna were talking and said I was the only one around there who made any sense & she's sick and tired of bullshit, that these girls claim they aren't sexist & then ridicule transvestites, transsexuals, and everyone else not like them. That she ain't coming to any more of these meeting cuz they aren't good for anything & are just a place for everyone to gripe. She said I'm the only one who knows what they're talking about & she wants to get to know me & talk with me more.

Jay left and Donna, another lady & I went to UWM where there was to be a gay dance, but we got there just as everyone was leaving. Saw Liz there tho & suggested we go to dinner sometime. Donna & others agreed to meet at the River Queen, a gay bar downtown and the only one I'd known existed in Milwaukee before April 11! Lotta guys & all (well, most of 'm) gorgeous... they looked on us curiously but friendly enough. In fact, I was really surprised when the gay who'd talked to me in the men's can at Lou Reed (April 28) came up to me, put his arm around me saying, "Oh, hi, do you remember me?" Put my arm around him, expecting to hug him briefly and let go, but he backed away from a hug & we just kinda hung onto each other. I said yeah, I remember, how's it going? Oh, he was SO DRUNK & it was good to see me again & he was off & soon hanging on some other guy. At the bar I talked openly to Donna about myself & she was freaked when I told her I felt like a gay male. She kinda asked me all kindsa questions like she couldn't believe it. Was very honest with her & told her I was feeling less afraid of exposing myself & ready to get my ass kicked if that's what it would mean. When I think back now, she was kinda offish toward me the rest of the night. But by then I was too high to care. When the RQ closed, went to the Seaway Inn, a gay bar/restaurant, but it was packed, so went to Glorioso's. As I was coming back to the table from the bathroom, the VP of GPU caught me around the waist & said, "What are you walking around like you don't know anyone in the place for?" super friendly. Well, by then I was getting <u>real</u> tired & got home at 4 a.m.

Saturday Jim & I went to Teddy's. Told him of Fri nite and about 2 doors from the bar, he points out an apartment to me & said about 2 yrs. ago a guy picked him up & took him there & was "massaging" him and everything. Of course this turned me on immensely and I asked if "anything happened." He said the guy

tried but Jim wouldn't let him. I could feel his embarrassment at revealing this gorgeous story & I dropped it. As we entered the bar, a lovely youngman stood outside, long blondish curls & clear blue sparkling eyes, sharp facial features, a beauty of a face, but, becuz he wore such ill-fitting clothes I can't tell how his body was. He stared into my eyes a long time & I in his and, as I entered, I smiled & gave him my only "come on" look I know: I raise my eyebrows somewhat, smile slightly while still staring at him and give a kinda "well, now what" look. I was inside already when I caught a glimpse of this youngman & Jim striking dance poses for each other. I thought it was pretty weird but was fascinated. Turns out the youngman was the guy Jim had paired up with at the January Lou Reed concert. So I had a hard time looking at anything but this youngman all night. He was pretty drunk & rather flamboyant, dancing all over & making a spectacle out of himself on the dance floor. Once, as he was passing us in the aisle, he stopped wordlessly in front of Jim & made some gesture with the music. Jim reached up & amiably, lovingly drew the youngman's hair back from his face... I felt an immediate sexual upsurge. The youngman moved away quickly. A while later, as Jim sat alone - I was only a few steps away but unseen - the youngman came up behind Jim & put his hands around his neck & squeezed friendily. Jim and I commented thruout the nite how he was really so goodlooking. The youngman, bout 1/2 thru the night, realized I was admiringly staring & he stared back with a flirty pouty look. He came up and, as he passed behind my chair (Jim wasn't around), he put his hand on my shoulder, I reached around & grasped his thigh - he was super shocked. A bit later he asked, "Let's all 3 of us dance!" Jim self-consciously refused, so he beckoned for me to come alone then with an exaggerated pleading look and I couldn't resist. Told him OK, but none of this sliding around then. (He had constantly all night ditched his dancing partners & flirted with other dancers.) He said OK, but we got in about one minute & the song ended. He asked me to wait for the next & I said no. Later he came up & asked Jim for a cigarette & thanked him, whereas Jim said, "What do you mean 'thank you' - what is this?" to show that "anything of mine is yours" type deal. He was obviously trying to make one girl, but kept looking to catch our eyes, etc. Hesitantly I told Jim we should ask him if he'd like to come over & smoke some dope. Jim, to my surprise, agreed energetically but he turned us down saying he was going to another party. When I commented alone to Jim that it sounded like a bullshit excuse, Jim said he was pretty sure it wasn't. Jim also remarked that the youngman had acted much more gay at Lou Reed than tonight - I said probably cuz he was trying to make that girl. He agreed. Jim also commented that he thinks the guy might be a little afraid of him cuz the guy knows Jim's definitely a little heavier (farther out) than he is, cuz the guy didn't know <u>how</u> to react when Jim'd touched his hair. Jim & I went to Albion and made love ferociously. As we dozed, I had to ask the question: if that guy would have accepted our invitation to come over, would Jim had been against a threesome? Jim laughed nervously and hesitantly said yes. I just said, oh, I wasn't sure

if he would or not. The subject was dropped & everything was beautiful and happy.

7-7
Jim and I walked along the lakefront, checked out the people - both of us able to pick out the gays easily. No beauties tho. We were looked at a lot, too - we make a pretty strange-looking couple: Jim very feminine and me very masculine. We really have a gay relationship - I don't know how else to describe it. I've been gathering source info on articles on transvestism & gender-role identity from bibliographies and footnotes of books, etc. I have probably 50 articles & books. Spending a lotta time at UWM Library reading & xeroxing important ones. Don't know what my research will lead me to but I'm ready. Haven't been hanging around with Kathy or Bridget 1/3 as much as I used to. I don't feel much in common with them anymore & I've decided without any deciding (i.e., it's coming natural) that I'm not gonna discuss Jim's and my relationship with them or other straights anymore. How can I? To try to explain it wouldn't make sense to them.

Tuesday went to Grandmother's. All the while, every chance ma would be alone with me, she'd start asking about my identity, why I go to gay meetings, etc. At first I was a little hedgey about everything, but after 2 or 3 times of our private talks being interrupted, and her resuming them as <u>soon</u> as we were alone again, I began opening up. She asked what would the gay women think if they knew I wasn't one of them. Told her my experience of revealing myself to the two gay women and to GPU News editor. Also of my going to a gay bar and she wanted to know how the gay men reacted to the women there. Told her bout how that guy I met from Lou Reed greeted me. She really was interested and after a while I told her I felt funny talking about this with her - that for so long I've felt like a pervert & thought if ma ever knew how I felt, it'd kill her. She said not at all. The only thing I <u>didn't</u> tell her was how, when I have sex, I have to fantasize I'm a man making love to this other man before I can have an orgasm. I'm afraid she might really freak over that one.

Wednesday, M.E., Kathleen & I went to Teddy's. Good time. I like going out with my sisters cuz I can be very gay with them & it's real natural to us both. Kissing, hugging & dancing. Some jerk tried to come on to M.E., so she & I started dancing a slow one together & the guy says to Kathleen he's really sorry, he didn't know we were queer (he said it <u>real</u> serious). Bout midnight K. was loosening up & she pulls off her wig... I put it on & she & M.E. got into it & gave me other props (lipstick, compact, mascara) & I put on a drag show for them & others around us, a lot of people around us were pretty amused. Told 2 guys who were real intrigued but embarrassed about it that this is how "us GIRLS" get our men! I'm reading <u>Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America</u>. Really good & has a beautiful picture of exactly what I want to be: it was of 'Desiree,' a female impersonator who honestly looks exactly like a beautiful young woman, figure and all. In the picture he was naked except for a G-string and he looked like a beautiful boy-woman, a woman's body

but a flat man's chest. The book tells how once a straight men was hassling one fem. imp. He demanded the imp. call him, "Sir." The imp. retorted with sarcasm, "Sir? I'm more 'sir' than you'll ever be, and twice the broad you'll ever pick up." Fantastic! Desiree looked like how Jim'd look if he did up his hair and wore make-up.

Thursday I was at the store & there was a long mixed-up line waiting at the check-out. One grandma said to the grandma standing behind me, "Where does this line go here?" The grandma behind me answered, "I don't know, but I'm behind <u>him</u>," meaning <u>me</u>! I just skyrocketed to Cloud 9 at that one! Did she really think I was a boy? or was she just ridiculing me? I doubt the latter. I was and am ecstatic about that one! Told Jim about it and he was real pleased!

Fri Jim & I went bar-hopping. He told me he met Brenda (I know her from the Garde & when Bill used me to ditch her 8/27/67!) and that I'd like her cuz she's into gay males. I don't know if I'd like her - she always wears cunt dresses & acts real female. I told Jim that I just didn't know her scene if she acts like a <u>real woman</u> and is after gay men. He told me at a straight bar last week he fell into a small gay group but didn't like any of 'm cuz they all had beards. He said once he was walking along and some guy was calling his friend from a tall bldg window, "Hey, Tom!", then saw Jim and called to him, "Hey, fag!" I kiss and hug him and tell him he's so beautiful when he tells me stories like that! At the next bar we see GPU President. About the fourth bar, we were pretty buzzed. Jim was really coming out - to flag down a bartender, he <u>sat</u> on the edge of the bar counter, struck a real fag-fag pose and called out, "Oh, dearie! We need a bartender here, dearie!" I was soaring into heaven laughing. I was being real butch (drinking shots, etc.) so we made a lovely pair. I loved <u>us</u>. As the night went on, we had nowhere else to go. I suggested the River Queen. At first he hesitated but finally said OK. He was pretty nervous & gave me instructions that we had to cool it there & not be as campy. I laughed and told him don't worry, I know how to act. We bought shots immediately & sat at the bar together but being very "unattached" to each other. I went to the bathroom & returning, some guy had taken my seat and was talking to Jim. I made myself scarce. Jim loosened up, walked around. Actually I didn't see him much. We only had fleeting contact, mostly pooling our money. So while I wandered, to my surprise, I see Jim dancing with some guy. Was <u>really</u> surprised. I saw a girl I knew, talked to her, we danced once. I'd say we were there at least an hour & Jim said we'd better go. As he walked out, I saw a guy reach out & take hold of Jim's thigh. So Jim told me some guy really tried to put the make on him, was holding him around the waist, reaching up under his shirt & stroking him gently and, Jim said, treating him just as a straight would a girl. The guy he danced with. Finally I guess Jim just told him he was "with someone tonight" and the guy asked "Where is he?" Jim was tempted to point me out, he said. He told me it really felt weird to be in a place where everyone is after your body! We both agreed RQ was a much better scene than the other bars. I suggested we go more often, but Jim said he was

scared to cuz sooner or later he'd have to get picked up. I told him not really, that everyone isn't expected to go with anyone, that that's why everyone is sitting around - they're all waiting for Mr. Right! Jim kissed the guy who wanted to go home with him "to make him feel better," Jim said. I musta been delirious or something cuz I neglected to do something as important as look at the guy he was dancing with! We went to Albion and listened to Lou Reed: "Some kindsa love/ Between thought and expression/ Lasts a lifetime/ Situations arise/ Because of the weather/ And no kindsa love/ Are better than others/ Some kindsa love/ Like a dirty French novel/ Being third course to vulgar." We made love and I noticed lately he likes me on top and him on his back. When we awoke in the morn he fucked me again. I feel in a daze and my mind's a blank about this all. I can never be a part of it and I want to and need to so bad. I want to be a beautiful youngman. I deeply want to....

7-13
Spent Saturday at UWM Library reading transvestite & sexual identity articles. Sunday went to see Liz. She was plucking out her facial hair (beard)! We sat around talking, she telling me how far she's gotten trying to get her transsexual operation, me telling her how I felt. Told her how I felt like a guy, etc. & could tell she was kind of poo-pooing it, so I got up the nerve to tell her as long as I remember, I've had to think of myself as a guy making love to another guy to have an orgasm (plus I really get off watching these guys at RQ try and make Jim). She said that fantasizing myself a male during sex was really an important thing in considering my gender identity. She seemed to take me a lot more seriously then. Told her the main thing that bugged me was my bouncing boobs and she suggested I get an elastic panty-girdle and put it over 'm and lift 'm so they look like chest muscles. She said I have a chance to look male but that I'd always look like a 16-year-old boy cuzza my fair skin, no beard, etc. I had received a poster in the mail and asked if she wanted to go to a drag show with me. So it took her over an hour to get ready - it was like watching Kathleen like I used to when living home. Little after 9 p.m. we arrived at Michelle's Bar. Real sleazy entrance - I wouldn't've known how to get in if it hadn't been for Liz. The show there had 8 female impersonators: 4 black, 4 whites. They just stood up on strage & mouthed records as tho they were performing them. One black girl & one white were so convincing-looking I still can't believe they were really boys! It was such a weird feeling when, off-stage, they'd talk to someone and a deep man's voice, or a youngman's voice, would emerge. I drank shots & Liz just didn't know how I could do that! Saw Alyn, GPU Pres, there and he talked real nice to me. Then Liz & I went to the Riviera, another drag bar and much better than Michelle's. Lotta weirdos there... I felt right at home! Their show was more like a theatre production, one guy imitated Shirley Temple, etc. To my surprise, Liz says, "You know her [one of the performers], don't you?" It was Duchess, a guy I've seen 2-3 times at GPU mtgs & who's always been referred to about his being

7-13-73

I'm at Chico's, a restaurant across from Albion, by myself. I'm in a pretty pissy mood - I hate going out to eat by myself too. Spent Saturday the 7th at UWM Library reading transvestite & sexual identity articles. Sun the 8th went over to see Liz Marshall. She was plucking out her facial hair (beard)! We sat around talking, she telling me how far she's gotten trying to get her transsexual operation, me telling her how I felt. Told her how I felt like a guy, etc. & could tell she was kind of poo-pooing it so I got up the nerve to tell her as long as I remember I've had to think of myself as a guy making love to another guy to have an orgasm (plus I really got off watching these guys at RQ try & make Jim). She said that fantasizing myself a male during sex was really an important thing in considering my gender identity. She seemed to take me a lot more seriously then. I had received a poster in the mail & asked her if she wanted to go to a drag show with me. So it took her over an hour to get ready - it was like watching Kathleen like I used to when living home. Little after 9 p.m. we arrived at Michelle's Bar. Really sleazy entrance - I wouldn't've known how to get in if it hadn't been for Liz. The show there had 8 female impersonators: 4 black & 4 whites. They just stood up on stage & mouthed records as tho they were performing them. One black girl & one white were so convincingly-looking I still can't believe they were really boys! It was such a weird feeling when, off-stage, they'd talk to someone & a deep man's voice, or a young man's voice would emerge. I drank shots & Liz just didn't know how I could do that! (At her place I told her the main thing that bugged me was my bouncing boobs & she suggested I get an elastic panty-girdle & put it over 'm & lift 'm so they look like chest muscles. She said I have a chance to look male - but that I'd always look like a 16-year-old boy cuzza my fair skin, no beard, etc.) Saw Alyn, Pres of GPU there & he talked real nice to me. Then Liz & I went to the Riviera, another drag bar & much better than Michelle's. Lotta weirdos there...felt right at home! Their show was more like a theatre production - one guy imitated Shirley Temple, etc. To my surprise, Liz says to me, "You know her (one of the performers), don't you?" It was Duchess, a guy I've seen 2-3 times at GPU mtgs & who's always been referred to about his being in drag & once there was a little hassle at the meeting against drag queens (they are known as the lowest subculture of the subculture) & Duchess & me & GPU News editor talked how we were sick of TVs getting put down. I smiled at her on stage & she gave me a fabulous look back! KISS! Riviera's show also had a belly dancer who had talked to Liz earlier bout hormones & docs to do operations & she was also super convincing & beyond me! After that show we left & went to RQ & there saw Paul (the guy I said I especially liked, bottom of April 17) & he told me Eldon (GPU News editor) & him spent 45 mins. on the phone & Eldon told him bout my article & it sounds fabulous & he has to read it before it's published! Told him how sexist the women's meetings are (told Liz earlier - she said she should go next mtg, sit thru it all & pass for a girl & at the end, sock it to 'm! Told her I'd wished she'd been there!)

& Paul hugged me around the waist & told me to forget the women's mtgs & join "us men!" I told him that's what I really like to do!!! So so happy when he did that - I was so scared of being rejected from the scene (Apr 4) & I'm being welcomed with open arms! An acquaintance of Liz's began talking to her - it was noisy with music & I couldn't hear them & then Liz leans over & tells me he said he didn't know if I was a boy or girl. I skyrocketed to heaven & I shook the puzzled guy's hand. Later Liz asked if I liked it when people didn't know. Told her definitely & I asked her whether he'd asked if I was a girl, or if he just asked which I was. She said he just said, "Well, which is that...a boy or girl?" I was so pleased. I'm wanting to pass so badly lately. Elated about seeing the drag shows & still can't believe 3 of 'm!

Monday the 9th at GPU it was proposed GPU sponsor a Drag Ball this winter. A few guys argued against it cuzza the old jive rap that drag oppresses women by promoting the stereotyped look. My heart started beating real fast, Liz said a few things & then I said drag was liberating cuz for me to see a man who's 100% better in what was spozed to come natural to me made me realize that it's not in anyone's nature to be masculine or feminine. - After the meeting a normal looking mid-30 year old "woman" came up to me & said she's a male TV and is glad to hear someone sticking up for TVs. She showed me some photos of her in female drag, introduced herself "Arlene" & invited me to come to the Riviera Saturday cuz she's performing. Then Liz, me, Alyn, his lover & a leather-scene guy went out to eat. Alyn was especially funny & lively. At one time he was talking bout Milw's leather bar & how all the guys in there are all seeing who can be harder & then Alyn stands up in the restaurant & leans against the wall showing us all the hard poses everyone in that bar affected. We were laughing & his lover was saying "Alyn! Sit down!!" cuz he was being so campy! Then everyone was calling him an "auntie" cuz he was complaining about how cold it was & how long the food was in coming, etc. I really got to like him that nite. He & I talked a lot bout how sexist the lesbians are & I told him I wasn't going to anymore of their mtgs & he told me I HAVE TO come this Fri cuz he & 3 other guys are gonna speak there! All right! (Del Martin's a famous lesbian - wrote a book & all. She spoke in Milw this past weekend. AT the last lesbian mtg xerox copies of an article of hers were distributed of her saying Goodbye to the Gay Lib Movement. One paragraph was: "Goodbye to the Halloween Balls, the drag shows & parties... The exaggerations of the switching (or swishing) of sex roles has become the norm in the public eye. While we were laughing at ourselves we became the laughing stock & lost the personhood we were seeking." Fuck you, honey, I've found the personhood I was seeking!) I told Alyn of this & he cut her speech down too! Ha! So things're going good.

But I miss Jim. I realized today this is the first summer I've awaken without him by my side. Feel lonely & sad a lot. The last two nites I've dreamed of him & Sara and last nite of him & dormie. Tho I don't know what dormie looks like she appeared

looking like the one female impersonator at Michelle's that was so convincing. I want to be with him so much but I know if I do it'll hinder his development towards males & I don't want that. I miss having a lover. Maybe he'll grow away from me cuz I'm a girl... [Sad face]

7-17-73

Done reading every article on transvestism & transsexualism I could get my hands on. Have been very alone & depressed for quite a while. Alone, unloved & unlike everyone ... and Jim should be leaving in a month or so...I don't even think he cares. He told me a few days ago he wasn't looking forward to it cuz he's getting tired of his studies. Fri nite I went to lesbian mtg cuz Alyn & 2 guys were speaking. Felt uncomfortable & wanted to identify with the guys. The talk kinda fell thru - afterwards I stood around off by myself & Alyn came up & asked why. Told him I'm beginning to think I don't belong anywhere, that I feel I'm the biggest pervert there is. He sat by me & was sympathetic. Then a girl asked if she could talk alone to me & asked who that "person" was I was with last Fri at RQ. "Your boyfriend?" Said yes. She said "I thought you were gay." Told her I am in a kinda way-out way - that I feel like a gay male. She said that was the most far-out thing she ever heard of. Later Alyn beckoned me to sit by him & he took my hand & we held each other's hand for a long time, squeezing. He talked bout the plight of transvestites & transsexuals (all the while squeezing my hand) to a group of girls. Told of a man who had an operation to be a woman, then after a while found she didn't want men & so was wondering how to meet lesbians. I wanted to yell out "That's how I am, too." I felt very close to Alyn, feeling he'd be the only one to understand. We left together & rode our bikes together - he was going the same way. I wanted to tell him all, but somehow it just didn't get a space in the conversation. Felt down.

Saturday I was gonna go to the Riviera alone but at the last minute Bridg & Kathy decided to come. All got really drunk. Saw Arlene (July 6) walk out, she didn't see me. The show was excellent. The "girl" who bellydanced last week did a beautiful, beautiful veil dance to "MacArthur's Park," a real sad song. The veils were yellow & purple & at one point she began twirling with her arms up & all the veils went up in a cone-shape over her head, black lights on her & she just looked like a distant misting tornado ... I was enchanted by this dance all the next day ... Duchess sat next to Bridg. He was in men's clothes & talked to Bridg how could she smoke those horrible cigars? Duchess just never talks to me but I always catch her looking at me out of the corner of her eyes. Bridg practically cried thru the whole show cuz Sandy, the veil dancer, was "so beautiful," she was just sobbing. I kept telling her to stop cuz she only wants to be accepted (Sandy, that is) & I'm sure she's cried enough tears herself already & doesn't need Bridg's. After the show Bridg went home & Kathy & I went to RQ. Today I bought an elastic panty

girdle, cut off the garters & put it over my breasts to flatten 'm so I'd have a boy's chest. I also put a stuffed sock in my crotch. Kathy & I danced & drank at RQ - I was completely drunk by then. Saw a girl there who's a friend of a girl who questioned bout Jim on Fri & I can't even remember but I think she said something to me bout a sex-change operation & I told her I wanted one so bad. But I'm not sure that really happened.

Hung over Sunday. Jim came over around dinnertime & we went to Chico's. Told him how lonely & sad I've been lately but only later did I say one sentence on how I wanted to sleep with him more often than we do (once a week). He only hugged me when I said it. Back to Albion & laid & caressed each other & petted. Then we walked to his place. Last week he told me he had something really neat to tell me Sunday. I thought he'd had a gay experience - but turned out only that that Brenda came over & she & Jim talked alone & she's a lot like me, Jim said, in not being a lesbian but liking gay guys. She & Jim went next door to Jim's & visited a gay guy & his night's lover. Jim told me he's not interested in Brenda as a girl but only a friend. So <u>that's</u> what was so neat. She asked & he told her how he felt his sexual identity stood (I felt like saying I wish he's tell me as much). So that's what was so fuckin' neat. We had a quick fuck & slept immediately.

Monday he & I had lunch...not much to say. Went to GPU mtg & as they had a guest speaker Alyn came over & sat next to me (he's the Pres so is always in front of the group). Later Duchess came for the first time in a long time and sat next to Alyn. Caught her looking sideways at me some more. After the mtg I decided I had to break the ice & asked if she'd be on stage at the Riviera this weekend. Said no, cuz she needs a rest but probly the first weekend of next month & she was real nice. Eldon, GPU News Editor, sent my article for typesetting. It'll definitely be in Aug issue. He & I went for coffee after the mtg & he's one of those you can't get a word in edge-wise.

EROTION
Algernon C. Swinburne

Sweet for a little even to fear, and sweet
O love, to lay down fear at love's fair feet;
Shall not some fiery memory of his breath
Lie sweet on lips that touch the lips of death?
You leave me not; yet, if thou wilt, be free;
Love me no more, but love my love of thee,
Love where thou wilt, and live thy life; and I,
One thing I can, and one love cannot - die.
Pass from me; yet thine arms, thine eyes, thine hair,
Feed my desire and deaden my despair.
Yet once more ere time change us, ere my cheek
Whiten, ere hope be dumb or sorrow speak
Yet once more ere thou hate me, one full kiss;

Keep other hours for others, save me this.
Yea, and I will not (if it please thee) weep,
Lest thou be sad; I will but sign, and sleep.
Sweet, does death hurt? thou canst not do me wrong.
I shall not lack thee, as I loved thee, long.
Hast thou not given me above all that live
Joy, and a little sorrow shalt not give?
What even though fairer fingers of strange girls
Pass nestling through thy beautiful boy's curls
As mine did, or those curled lithe lips of thine
Meet their as these, all theirs come after mine;
And though I were not, though I be not, best,
I have loved and love thee more than all the rest.
O love, o lover, loose or hold me fast,
I had thee first, whoever had thee last;
Fairer or not, what need I know, what care?
To thy fair bud my blossom once seemed fair.
Why am I fair at all before thee, why
At all desired? seeing thou art fair, not I.
I shall be glad of thee, O fairest head,
Alive, alone, without thee, with thee, dead:
I shall remember while the light lives yet,
And in the night-time I shall not forget.
Thou (as thou wilt) thou leaves me ere life leave,
I will not, for thy love I will not grieve;
Not as they use who love not more than I,
Who love not as I love thee though I die;
And though thy lips, once mine, be oftener prest
To many another brow and balmier breast,
And sweeter arms, or sweeter to thy mind
Lull thee or lure, more fonder thou wilt not find.

7-19-73

Have been reading from my earlier diaries & came to the first months Jim & I were together. - I feel so alone these last few weeks. I want to live with him again but I know he wouldn't cuz it'd hinder his new developments. He's been telling me often lately how he & Michael are arguing & not getting along. I sit here in silence, read & read. I want to go for walks with him or just sit & read but with him nearby. Doesn't he feel this loneliness - the solitude of his bed at nite - the shallow relationships, just taking up time. But he's gonna be going soon. I don't know how I'll be able to accept it & not die so bitterly inside.

7-24-73

Last Fri at lunch with Him. Feeling down & as I expressed July 17. Asked Jim what his feelings are for me. H said real quietly "I love you" ... and took my hand gently. Told him I feel so alone & hopeless & I feel bad cuz he keeps saying he'll never live

with me again. He said (correcting me) that he's never live with anyone again... I said well, same thing... and he added, well, not right now anyway, not til he's much older. I said, oh, that's different cuz I sure don't wanna be 80 years old & still by myself. Speaking real gently all the while he said see you don't listen to all I say. I said cuz it's been almost a year since we lived together & it's so long... I felt tears. I said I guess the reason I feel so bad is cuz he's leaving soon & I keep thinking of that. He said yeah, he does too & he's feeling more & more that it's not gonna work. All that schooling hassle & then he can only teach & he really doesn't want that. I said well he would like publishing - he said yeah but that requires going thru a lotta bullshit too. He said (all on his own) that he's getting to love that dormie Kathy more & more. I said did she & he said yeah. I asked what could he do about it & he said he didn't know - that he couldn't stand being with her every day, he knows. That I'm much easier for him to be with every day. Told him I didn't feel close to him anymore & he said I'm the closest person to him right now & he can talk to me bout things a lot easier than anyone else. I told him I guess I didn't just understand his words (meaning I don't know how he says he loves someone he knows he can't be with everyday or talk to very easily). He held my hands & asked if I wanted to be with him tonite. Yes! yes! Felt much better after talking to him. He seems to feel a lot like I do - said yes he feels lonesome in bed at nite. But he's caught up in his own love-fantasies like I've been with Ralph. It's the same practically - Jim only sees her a couple times a month now. I pray he'll straighten out in Berkeley. So that nite we went to Y-Not II, got a buzz & walked to the Riviera. He saw a little hesitant to go but I promised him he wouldn't be hassled. Once there we "split up." The bartender bought me a shot right off! When I went into the showroom the dyke taking the cash, coming on real strong, says she just wants to warn me that I better not start anything like last weekend or I'll be thrown right out! I was shocked. I asked what did I do last weekend? She said well, you know what I mean. To make a long story short she said she didn't know but only heard I was rowdy & I told her I certainly don't remember being rowdy but I'd never do anything to hurt this place "cuz my heart is really in this place." She was embarrassed. I was bummed. Sat dejected - everywhere I go I get hassled. A good-looking gay guy asked what the matter was, told him & he said they shoulda never said anything to me & that's ridiculous. So he & his lover befriended me for the nite. Sandy came over & talked to them. Jim sat behind me & the show began. As a man danced & sang the guy who asked me that matter asked if I liked the performer. I said yes, but he's pretty old, plus "I don't like hairy chests." Did he ever laugh! Winnie Storm, a drag that seems most adored in Milw (Liz said he's the best) did a male song & dance & came & sat by us. Jim said he was playing kneesies with him all nite! Winnie asked me if I liked the male act & I said yes "I can understand it but I don't believe it." At one point the 3 male performers did a comedy drag song & at the end each grabbed someone from the audience & danced on stage. I was grabbed. Told the guy I was so embarrassed & he said don't

be. At the end of the song I was so self-conscious but thought I'd make the best of it. The guy dressed as a scrub woman hung on me & I, in my leather jacket, struck a super hard-guy pose & the lights went out. Later Jim told me I'd looked real good & the pose came off excellently! In short everyone was super kind to me & I thought that dyke can kiss my ass. Sandy did another beautiful flowing chiffon dress dance to Exodus." Told the gay guy "I'm in love" & he said, "Oh, I know, isn't she beautiful!" Winnie ended up trying to pick up Jim, but Jim only promised to come to his birthday party at the bar Aug. 5. Don't know if he will tho. Back at Albion. On the way 2 bicyclers asked for a place to crash & Jim offered my livingroom. At one point Jim ran into a store while we 3 waited & I exclaimed to them, "Oh, these fags take so long!" me getting such a rush saying that to them. Jim said he had a real good time at the Riviera. (Duchess was there, completely ignored all my greetings & I think I'll give up. I guess there are a few drags who downright hate women.)

Yesterday asked Jim & went over to his place bout 9 p.m. with wine, bread & cheese. He, Michael & I drank, ate & watched TV mostly. Jim said I looked beautiful & kissed me lovingly. In bed he thanked me for bringing the wine, etc. He cuddled up to me so nicely. (Susan had come to visit him & Michael but wouldn't come in cuz I was there - see June 20 & 22).

The 14th I bought an elastic panty girdle, cut off the garters & I wear it over my breasts sometimes to flatten them & so they don't wiggle. Never let Jim see it tho & I'd be embarrassed to.

7-31-73

Last Fri Jim came, we smoked some dope & went to Teddy's as the original Short Stuff was playing. The night was almost a complete drag - there were a million people & hot as hell. One nice thing is Jim carried his brown leather harmonica bag as a purse. He looked beautiful but said he felt funny. We were both real tired & even our lovemaking was mediocre. Sat morn we went downtown & shopped bout an hour. Spent the rest of the day alone reading mostly my old diaries. Sat nite Bridget & I went to Humboldt Gardens. Recently she smokes cigars & it looks so great! We had a great time criticizing, laughing & drinking. Sun I was already bored when I woke & phoned Jim who wasn't there. Altho I didn't ask him to call back, he did bout 15 mins. later. We made a date to go walking by the lake but he was hung over & tired & so was I & it was so fuckin' hot. So we parted bout 5 p.m. & I wasted the rest of the day. Monday got Bridg to attend the GPU mtg with me as she's intended to for weeks. We took Jake too. He's super good & no hassle to take along. As the mtg starts, Duchess sits right behind us & is just thrilled by Jake & makes baby noises, etc. & when Jake laughs or smiles, Duchess laughs happily. For the first time of my attending mtgs, they split everyone into 4 small groups, one for women, to discuss 'The Meaning of Sex'. As everyone got up to go in their group, Duchess hesitantly walked to

the men & said to us girls that he wished he could stay in our group. I laughed & said yeah & I'd like to go over there! pointing to the men's group. Duchess seemed surprised. I think he just doesn't know what my trip is yet. After the mtg talked to Alyn who said Aug GPU News'd be out Aug. 10 & that my entire article's in it & is the feature article, that it's just about the only article this issue. So glad. Can't wait for the reaction to the article. Duchess came up &, telling Alyn although I was right there too, that he'd be on stage at the Riviera this weekend & wished they'd announce at mtgs what's happening there. Alyn said he should just shout it out now & Duchess declined. I laughed to Duchess, "Let them come to you, heh?"

So Monday nite I had a dream that Duchess & I were making out with each other, kissing.

8-8-73

Fri nite went with Jim to Randy's, first time for me in many, many months. Randy has a girlfriend (strictly a south sider, she's always cleaning something!) who, it's rumored, he's gonna move in with. Kind of an OK nite, went to a bar & got drunk. Jim said he was staying over nite at Randy's & I said I was going home but at 4 a.m. he came to Albion with me. About a month ago I wrote to a Transvestite & Transsexual Counseling Ctr in Calif. Fri I got a reply from a pre-operative female-to-male TS who said she needed more details to give me advice (told her I felt like a male homosexual, what does that mean?). So yesterday I mailed off a letter telling of my fantasies, etc. Jim stayed with me until 3 p.m. on Saturday, which is unusual, & then went to him ma's. Rest of the weekend a bore. Went to visit the parents Sunday & bought a TV for $57. Monday at the GPU Mtg they showed a film, a European tour of gays. Was pretty good - some shots of guys kissing & hugging turned me on. I was the only girl who stayed for it. At the end a guy I never saw before asked if I like it & told him yeah! Eldon, the GPU News Editor, made a big production of telling me my whole article & picture of the controversial poster will be in the issue due Aug. 10. He titled it, "A Transvestite Answers a Feminist." He said he was very excited bout it. Alyn, GPU Pres, said he was too & also said he came to visit me last week but couldn't find the door to my place!!

Jim should be leaving soon. He hasn't said much bout it. Also hasn't said he loves me for a long time but he acts like he does - actions are louder than words. He told me bout a beautiful boy who works at the library (he is gorgeous) & who gave Jim the eye & mumbled something Jim didn't get & then stood around & stared at Jim. They both stood around & looked at one another - neither would make the first move. Told Jim I was jealous & he said he probly shouldn't tell me these things. I said yes he should cuz then I can think about them.

8-13-73

Wednesday the 8th came home from work & Albion had been broken into again, the bedroom & livingroom ransacked & only the stereo receiver gone. This time called the police who did absolutely nothing but look around casually. (Tuesday the 7th Jim had come over & slept over, out of the ordinary, he usually only does on weekends.) Fri went to Eldon [redacted], the GPU News editor, to get copies of my published article. Looked good. I kinda feel blah bout it cuz it was written so long ago & is so superficial to what I'm into & have written lately. Eldon just praised & praised it. He wanted to assign me to review a book on Janis Joplin, some cunt rock singer & I turned him down cuz I already hate her & don't even know her. Jim & I went out to Teddy's bar & had a kinda blah time til late when we got drunk. Two freaky guys came in, both ugly, but one had Alice Cooper eye make-up on & Jim put his arm around him, asked his name, then gave him his seat next to me. The guy asks me if I wanna come to a party & I asked if my "faggot friend" could come too. He said "No, only chicks allowed." Told him it sounded like a fuckin' bore to me & hell no. Told him Jim is more of a lady than I am. "He offered you his seat, didn't he? I'da let ya stand all fuckin' nite!" Think I bummed him & they split. No dice. By chance that Rick (May 16) & I met & my first words were "You prick." He explained he didn't want to embarrass me by coming on to me in front of his friends & had wanted me to follow him when he'd stepped outa the room. Told him I wasn't gonna kiss his butt. Told him anyhow I only like faggots & I'm considering a sex-change operation & he said he could give as much pleasure to a guy as to a girl. Told him I found that hard to believe cuz he's such a bastard. Well, he told me he'd do anything I told him to, so I said, "OK, go to hell." Asked if I meant it & I said yeah. So he left. Fuck you. - Jim & I went to Albion all drunk & I put eye make-up on him. Didn't do such a hot job but it looked OK & he liked it. Told me he'd already experimented with some of Susan's old lipsticks she'd left at Michael's. He made love. He asked me to put on something he'd like & I put on this one blue satin skirt he used to like & I guess still does, but when I had it on (and I don't know if subconsciously I was doing it on purpose) I could hardly get it on sexually cuz the skirt bummed me out so. When I think of myself as a girl during sex I feel frigid. - In the morn when he washed the make-up off he left a touch on. He liked it. As we were gonna leave to go out & eat breakfast, Eldon calls & asks if I can get hold of Liz, & that he has someone we'd probly both like to meet. He picks us both up (I had to tell Jim I couldn't eat with him) and we pick up this 44 year old "woman" who's really a man passing in society as a woman for 23 years without any operation or other medical aid. We four went & ate lunch & then to Eldon's where he taped an interview with Betty. She was about 5'2" & less than 100 lbs. so very frail. Said she always like the femmy stuff & at 16 decided either she had to be a femmy little faggot or switch to a woman. Stayed & nursed her sick parents & when she was 22 they both died & she put on her women's clothes, had her brother drive her to the bus station & went to New York & lived as

a woman since. Married a gay man who knew she was really a man & they adopted an 8-year-old boy. When he was 14 her husband died & she sent the boy to boarding school & now he's in his 20's studying to be a priest. He has no idea about his mother. She's worked as a legal secretary for 12 years & they have no idea of it either. Fantastic story. Says she knows she's a man & calls herself a "permanent drag." Looked like a regular small older lady. Has no desire for any operation. "Why bother? and Too late." Spent til 8:30 with them. Betty said she began reading my article but will finish later. Later Alyn [redacted], GPU Pres, came. Said he read article & will have to again & figure out both sides of argument. Also Eldon told us of a time Winnie (July 20) was doing strip shows in a straight place where no one knew he was a man at all! Twelve drunk guys from a stag party came in & asked Winnie, who's a beautiful girl if she'll do a private strip show in their apartment for them. He said they were all beautiful athletic bodies & he agreed for $75, knowing a show wasn't all they wanted. After doing a private strip down to the last piece, he ran coyly to the bedroom. They all crashed in & Winnie puts his hand up & hollers, "Stop right there! What do you think I am, a whore? ONE AT A TIME!" Gave the excuse she wasn't a whore so he wouldn't have to fuck them, so he sucked them all off & they never knew he was really a guy! Too Much! Just fantastic! Jim just loved this story when I told him it. He phoned me bout 11 p.m. Sat nite to say hi, probly to find out about Betty. Sunday the 12th went to the parents'. Took a copy of my article but I waited til ma asked for it. She read it, then dad took it. She said some of it went over her head but she'd have to read it again, & that none of it shocked her & if I found myself & have the happy look on my face like I do now, she's glad. Dad only got through 1/2 page and said he didn't understand any of it at all! Later Kathleen read it, said she understood it all but didn't know what to think about it ... I guess it's good that no one knows what to say - means it got them thinking. Monday at GPU Mtg Liz said if I'd have said my answers in a different way it may have been clearer. I know that already. Alyn wanted me to do a follow-up article for next issue, but Eldon said not the same subject 2 issues in a row. He commented he felt Betty's case was way-out and so is mine! That surprised & pleased me. Said he felt the gays have a lot to learn by far-out cases like ours. After the meeting, Liz, Eldon & I went out to get some coffee. Eldon talked our ears off bout a drag ball he's planning Feb. 9.

8-15-73

I want so badly to have some warmth & security in my life. Some warm young boy to share my bed, only to cuddle up to. And I would ask nothing of him. We could share the quiet and the dark, sleeping. There is no joy in my hours anymore. No sighing. No eyes. The feared emptiness I had felt in horrified fleeting moments now I feel every hour, every day. He has not gone yet - but he is gone.

And what must I do to have you come with me? Are there special words you would have me say? My heart sinks because the only words I feel say "Will you come with me?"

These are not magic words.
I go away - alone.

And where will I find you, when I am afraid to let my eyes see you? Because if my eyes should see you walking past, unaware, how can I make you see me! And despair clutches my heart - for I can only think to hastily, hopefully, clutch your arm.

8-18-73

Well I can rightly say everything has gone wrong in the last 2-3 weeks. My TV died & had to be replaced, my apt. was broken into, my stereo ripped off, my bedroom rug went moldy & I had to give it away, my back bicycle tire has blown FOUR TIMES & had to be replaced or repaired 4 times in the last 2 weeks, Jim can't even tell me he loves me & just now Dumbo got an abcessed ear & I had to bus him to State St. Hospital & leave him there. The only thing hasn't happened is bodily injury to my person. I have been so irritated this week that everyone I see I wanna smash in the face. Went out with Jim last nite, good & drunk. In bed & told him I love him & can't he say he loves me. He didn't even answer. I cried & he just hugged me. I don't feel like I wanna die anymore - I just have no urge to live. Before Jim & I went out he made a super nice supper for us at his place. It was really nice. I gave him an eyebrow pencil & he put a little under his eyes. You couldn't even tell tho. At the bar a real drunk man bout 40 years old tried to pick both Jim & I up to go to his place "and all fuck and suck." Jim turned him down saying it wasn't his scene. The man made Jim go in the bathroom with him "to prove he's a man" cuz he said he couldn't tell & he's getting confused. He told me I was "a beautiful man." He was a pretty neat 40-year-old.

8-22-73

Things are still shitty but the chaos seems to have subsided. Saturday the 18th went to bed & began crying. I held myself & stroked my skin like I always do & imaging I was a beautiful boy I was sleeping with & then it began to get too real & I felt my mind & my body separating. God so scared & realized I had to get outside & talk to someone if I wanted to stop. Got dressed & rode by bike to Jim's tho I knew he probly wasn't there. But rode around until I saw a light on - it was Michael. We sat on the porch & I complained to him & talked bout Jim a little. Michael said he just needed to get away & things'll be better then. He was surprised to hear how madly in love Jim is with dormie. Jim sure can hide his feelings. Michael asked if I was gonna go visit Jim in Berkeley & I said I didn't even know if he'd want me to.

Well, we went to the neighborhood bar & had a few drinks & I felt so much better. I was like 2:30 a.m. & I went home real tired & felt good. Bout 15 mins. later Jim calls - I'd left just before he came home. Asked if he could talk ("What about?" "Oh, the same old thing.") and he said no. Monday we were spozed to have lunch but he didn't show. I went & got Dumbo from the hospital. Bout 7:30 p.m. he phones & says let's go to dinner, so I didn't go to the GPU Mtg & he doesn't show til 9:45. Bitched him out a little - he was real drunk. We ate out & the night was all teasing & ha, ha. Back to Albion & I was sure he was going home but he didn't. He was turned on & when I said I had my period he said oh & stopped being sexy. I had already decided not to have any sex with him that nite & he didn't seem to want to either. So we slept together real peaceful. Tues he came to have lunch with me & that was really surprising! Two days in a row I get to see him! Tues nite went out drinking with Kathy & both of us were super drunk & we staggered (and I mean STAGGERED) to her house & I had to walk bout 8 blocks to my bike. Thought if I should go to Jim's, sat on a lawn to think & decided no. Took a long fuckin' time to get home & I can't remember so good how it all went but I cried & cried about Jim & phoned him. Michael had to wake him up (bout 3 a.m.) and I'm not even sure what I said but I remember crying real hard over the phone. He asked where I'd been, etc. I musta told him I felt so bad about him. He said he'd see me Wed for lunch & I told him if I made it to work. Knew I wouldn't. I remember the last thing I said: "I love you so much, Jim. I wish you could say that to me." We hung up & I cried & cried & finally fell asleep. Didn't make it to work. My mind is pretty blank today. I just can't hold myself back from calling him when I feel so bad or telling him I love him. I know I should lay off & leave him alone. I feel so desperate sometimes & each day is worse cuz it's closer & closer to when he's leaving. And I just don't know what to do anymore.

8-23-73

Saw 'The Sergeant' again (May 20). The looks are so well done, the music. I cried cuz I knew how frustrated he was. - This morning bout 3:30, the couple upstairs woke me again with her screaming don't you touch me! & get the fuck outa my house!!! And from then on I could only hear him. He is beautiful - tall & soft. He can out-shout & out-swear her anyday. When I was ripped off I went & talked to him bout what he saw - and he told me, touching his soft curls, how he'd just finished washing his hair & was drying it. So last nite he's shouting how she just goes & fucks another guy & he's gonna kill him, he's gonna kill him & all he does is beat his ass for her all day & all night, & she just fucks another guy. His shouting, screaming, was so loud and I woulda been so scared of him. He screamed she's not the only bitch in the world & he can get plenty other bitches. And then he screamed without any sorrow, but as tho he'd been stabbed in the heart, "You told me that you loved me!!!"

I felt as tho someone had wrenched my heart. His words have been haunting me all day - I hear them over & over. Even now I'm possessed by them - the violated trust, the tormented crying out, the soul of a male ... still strong & proud after having been ravaged.

And I want to be like him. To say without tears & emotions, "You told me that you loved me," and then walk away. A man. But in my heart, knowing.

8-27-73

Friday Jim & I went out for supper to the place I think he & dormie went when she came into Milw a few weeks ago. Anyway we had a great time! I couldn't care less about dormie cuz I know more & more as it gets closer to his leaving that he loves me, altho he still won't SAY it. We went to a bar after dinner & both of us got REAL dragged there, so we left & went to his place. Went right to bed. I had made a resolution not to have sex with him til he could say it, and, yeah, it felt so good when he began petting and touching me. I told him of my resolution & he said, "oh, well, OK" real apprehensively, but I said, but it's too hard to do, so forget it! We were getting it on great, then Michael came & we had to hold it down. Jim asked me to get on top of him, "I like you on top." I said, "Really, I like to be on top, too!" He called me "voluptuous" - I called him "pretty." Beautiful night ... during the night he had a nightmare & awoke, whimpering, and folded himself in my arms for comfort & I pet him, kissed him.

Saturday we went downtown, ate breakfast & shopped a little. He went to Paulie's. I think he's kinda attracted to him - I know he is. He likes to be & go out alone with him. Randy moved out & into a place with his girl. I went home. He told me he phoned me Saturday nite, but my phone's STILL DEAD....

Today at lunch (we've been having lunch every day lately) he asked me the date & I told him next week school at UWM starts. He was surprised it was almost September & said he'd better leave soon. I said I know! Asked if he had a way out there yet & he said he figured on taking the train or getting a ride out there. Asked if he'd be taking a lot of stuff & said probly only a suitcase. Told him he could store his stuff at Albion if he wants. Said he'd probly box up his books & send for 'm later. I asked him if he'd write to me & he said of course! Asked where he'd be staying & he said probly a hotel for a while til he found a place. I said it all sounds scary, he laughed nervously, "I know it's scary!" And he said well "I should leave next week." So this is my last week with my love. I don't feel sad. I've known it for so long. I hope he wants me to come visit him....

9-1-73

This week has been in the 90 degrees & it's just too much - too fuckin' hot to even get dressed decent. Have been seeing Jim every day this week. After my GPU Mtg on Monday, Jim, Michael [redacted] & I went out & ate & then I slept over there. Stole a pair of Jim's underpants in secret, I don't know. I wore them while sleeping alone & they make me feel not so lonesome & I figured I'm gonna need a surrogate when he's gone. I just thought - he's not taking all his stuff so maybe he can store his clothes here, get it?? That would be nice! But he'd probly take all his sexy stuff. So we went to Teddy's last nite & got drunk. Band called John Ussery there, the lead, J.U. himself, was gorgeous! and we talked bout how he needs a wardrobe, etc., deciding something definitely could be done with him. He was a little macho gay & I had soggy underwear fantasies about him all nite while watching him. Before we went out I said jokingly to Jim how this is our last weekend out together & let's just stay home & cry about it. He said real serious that it's not our last weekend out together, only our last one before he goes to Calif. So we came home & made love. He told me few days ago he had a dream he kissed a boy. Then this morn he said he dreamed he mas making out with another boy. I dreamed last nite we were at a gay place outside & this guy kept asking Jim to go with him. He did but when they came back & Jim left, the guy told me Jim wouldn't do anything with him & I told the guy I didn't get it either cuz he says he wants to. At the meeting we're discussing Double F magazine that chops drags in pieces. I stuck up for drags & Duchess kept looking at me & making comments I didn't hear & laughing & I'd laugh & nod friendily. I don't really know exactly why but he just haunts me.

9-4-73

Yesterday, Labor Day, GPU was spozed to play a baseball game with the Young Democrats, who didn't show up. So we sat around on Bradford Beach. One man who goes to meetings often asked why I wasn't saying much & that I usually have "something very provocative" to say. He asked if I'd be writing another article for GPU News & told him probably. Donna, an older woman who leads the lesbian discussion group (Apr. 20) said she thought my article was stimulating & had to be read twice cuz there was a lot in it. She asked if I used my right name in it. Then she told me bout a book she said I should be interested in - bout a female with a male identity. Anyway the guys were funny, looking at all the other guys on the beach thru binoculars ... things like that. Suddenly a motorcycle pulls up & lets a guy off a ways away from us & it's the guy (well, see June 10). I almost died. He walked a little back & forth alone & kept looking over at me. I stared at him the entire time. Then he laid down & I was just shitting. Didn't know WHAT to do & he kept looking at me, staring at me as I stared at him. Wanted so bad to get together with him but was scared to make the first move. I looked at him thru the

binoculars & he saw me! We just stared back & forth til the motorcycle came & he got on & I waved to him as they rode off. SHIT! Wish he'd've come up to me. GODDAM. Hope I see him again soon! So Jim was spozed to meet me either at this baseball game or his place at 5 p.m. & he still wasn't there by 7 p.m. and at 7:30 he phones. I really bitched at him. He said well he's having a good him at Paul's. Told him I was having a real fuckin' shitty time & I feel like all I do is wait around for him & he sure is inconsiderate of me. I was SO MAD. Went out with Bridg & had a few drinks. At Albion I found a note that he'd been there & went home. Was glad cuz I woulda just spouted off at him anyhow. Thought the least he could do on his last week here is be a little nice to me. And that's not the first time he did that either. Today he came to my office & right away apologized & I told him he better be pretty damn nice to me from now on cuz I got a real spicy lecture all ready. Dr. [redacted] came over & asked when he was leaving & he said the 10th. One week. We went to lunch. He told me he'd seen dormie last Saturday & told her to go see the New York Dolls, a transvestite rock group coming to Milw, & he laughed that she'd be really freaked & grossed when she sees them ... that she's too straight for that stuff. I said I thought you liked her so much & he made a kinda "yes & no" face & said "Eh..." like that! WOW! Later he said he was getting everyone mad at him this weekend & volunteered the story that Sat nite he & dormie went to eat & he was bummed rite off cuz she expects him to always pay. Then he saw Don [redacted] there (old friend of his & Daegenhardt's from 1968) & told dormie (giving her the $) to go pay the bill & he'd be rite there cuz he wanted to talk to Dabelle. She refused! I guess that it's just not ladylike or something. I'm too freaked Jim could STAND someone like that. So he was tee-ed off cuz she wouldn't & took her back to the dorms & she's whining, "What's the matter?" (Jim mimicked her whiney voice, telling me that) all the way there & he just dropped her off & went home. WOW! I thought he was so much in fuckin' love! So it seems that Cloud 9 romance is fizzling too! Then Jim tells me Michael was asking all kinds of questions bout if I'm going to Berkeley with him & were we still on good terms (Jim answered SURE) & was he gonna write me (Of course). Jim thought Michael wanted to find out if I was "available." HA HA Mentioned to Jim he won't have snow this winter & he said he'll be back in December. I asked he won't be back if he's going to school next semester, would he? and he said that's what he means - he'll be back! I said too bad, I was planning on coming out THERE for Christmas & he got real excited, "Would you???" I said if he wanted me too. He kissed me. It was all just so fuckin' romantic & nice. We talked bout what he was all gonna take, etc. Told him all bout the guy on Bradford Beach yesterday. He laughed I'm a prissy. We agreed it'd be fun to write each other. I was thinking of getting him a roll of 100 stamps for a "going away" gift but he'd probly just lose 'm. Maybe I'll get him a necklace he was too cheap to buy himself the other day. I had a dream the other nite I went to the train station & he wouldn't let me see him to say goodbye cuz dormie was with him & he said he wouldn't say goodbye to me unless I rented

the station president's office & he'd see me in there privately for a few minutes.

9-5-73

Hyper day. Albion robbed again - only took my rings! All costume jewelry worth nothing. Lady upstairs (wife of beauty of Aug. 23) scared them away. Out to eat with Jim last nite & he stayed over. His professor had him over & gave him some helpful addresses of cheap hotels, etc., in Berkeley. We made love & I admire his lithe body so. Got off so much on just looking at his chest. This morn he hitched to UWM & this older man picked him up & took him a block or so away. Jim said it took a pretty long time & then the man drove back around & said to Jim that he just couldn't help it, his heart was in his throat, and was there any change Jim is gay? I asked Jim what he answered & he said well he went "ooohhh" like "oh-for-Pete's-sake" & then Jim said "I just don't know what to tell those people anymore!" real exasperated. I wanted to act cool about it, but still discover his feelings, so I said, "Well you at least want to get someone half-way desirable ...," but that just got him more huffy & he just snapped "I'm just sick of this whole thing! I don't know!" I kinda feel sorry for him - maybe he really doesn't have gay feelings, but only gay feelings for me in the same way I have for him & he's just confused. Poor T. I'd like to help him out. He told me yesterday that Brenda mentioned that the gay men next door to Jim's was looking for Jim at a party Brenda had. Poor T. - Got a copy of "The Transvestite" magazine. No good deep articles, but its air certainly isn't one of hating women....

9-10-73

Jim left this afternoon on the 1:15 p.m. train for Berkeley. No regrets - no tears goodbye. Friday the 7th we went out to a bar - got bored pretty fast & went to his place. Very quiet nite, no sex. Saturday morn I packed up stuff I had at Jim's plus stole 2 more of his underpants. They mean a lot to me now & I'm going to wear them always now that he's gone. Pretty heavy if I pick a guy up & we have to undress.... Went out to the parents' Saturday with Bridget. Sunday Liz (that male TS) & I went to the Brady Street Festival. Supposed to meet Jim there, Randy & everyone was looking for him too but he showed at the last second & had to split immediately for his ma's. Liz came over to Albion & stayed til after midnight. We talked & watched TV. She said she felt I looked as much like a boy about 16 as she looks like a girl if I don't talk or smile. I disagreed but she insisted. Said people judge more on actions & appearance than on real looks. Well, this morn I took off work & went to Jim's by bout 9 a.m. He was packing his suitcase. We went to a nearby restaurant for breakfast & to the store where he bought a little food for the train. He said he'd write me as soon as he got to Berkeley. I didn't feel much really. Felt mostly like I was glad he is

finally going cuz I was so tired of thinking about how it would be. We laid down on his bed a while & I told him I'd miss him. He gave me very few encouraging or loving words. Just kept acting like he was only going away for the weekend or something. He said he was scared to go & I said I knew. He said he'd be back in about 1-1/2 months! He kept saying he'd write real often. Told him if he needed any of his stuff I'd gladly mail it to him. He was very pre-occupied, understandably. He didn't want to forget anything. Randy & Tom came at noon & we four plus Michael drove to the train. We had something at the train station restaurant & then he had to go. I felt super sad as we walked him down the ramp - flashes of Ralph's leaving. Jim saw that & teased me privately, "Oh, Snuffy's getting all misty-eyed!" It was all so real. He hardly paid special attention to me, only glanced at me a few times. I could only give him a peck of a kiss & say "I love you real much" & he only said "I know" & smiled. This is the first I've cried. I wish he could have at least said he loved me. Why can't he just give me that much?

9-11-73

Rather bummed out this morning but I feel alright now. Dumbo's got pneumonia!!! I realize so much how my adaptation of masculinity is to mask my vulnerable feelings toward Jim. I feel if I dress & act real femmy I'll only think more of what a big mean thoughtless cold man Jim is & how he fucked over poor little me like he swore he wouldn't. And I just don't want to think of that shit. My masculinity is the only escape & shield I have from my feelings of feminine helplessness. I don't think it's all so bad. I only hope (like Jim told me he feared) that Jim won't become another Lar to me---

9-12-73

Well, Jim got to Berkeley sometime this afternoon - 3:30 Milw time, I still haven't figured out the time difference between here & there. Saw Daegenhardt & Liban today - told them I was out looking for a man I can ditch in about 3 months & they thought that was pretty funny. Saw a real cool guy I've seen around before - not particularly good-looking, but real swishy. We were walking down the hall in opposite directions & we stared at each other til we passed & I turned & looked back but he didn't. What am I supposed to do to get these boys? Grab their dee's right then & there? It's so frustrating. I just want a guy for companionship & warmth - doesn't have to be for sex (but it'd be nice).

9-16-73

Jim's birthday. I didn't think of it til Jim's mother phoned & said Jim had called her Friday & today, saying he was going out

for a nice dinner to celebrate his birthday. He's 24. Told her he has an apartment a couple blocks from the Univ. for $60 a month - I guess it's an efficiency. Also that he wrote me & Michael - probly mailed it Saturday. I was just thinking the other day that Jim's leaving has kind of released me from having to think about him. I just don't have any reason or anything to think about him. When he was here I had to think how often I'd seen him, how he acted, etc. Now all I have is to read letters from him that will probably be unemotional & read just like his ones to Michael do. He often said he felt he'd be able to sort out his feelings once he gets out there...but I wonder. Why should he sort them out when he's 1,000,000 miles away from them? I just don't think he will. I just don't think there will be an end - a happy end, anyway. If he only could say he loves me - but why should he love me when I'm not there to love?

I'm surprised he found a place so fast. Also she said he talked to the Univ. & they have no jobs for him. So he's gonna check unemployment agency.

So Friday nite I went out to 2 bars with Bridget. Good time. We were both looking for boys - but not all that seriously...had a better time enjoying each other. But I didn't even see anyone good. Spent a lot but I don't care. I'm lonesome.

Saturday I couldn't get anyone to go with me so went to Teddy's bar myself. Soon I spotted a beautiful guy I've seen around a lot. In fact it musta been the summer of '72 at a bar with Johnney & Bridget & a raft of Johnney's friends & this guy was there & it got out I liked him & so Johnney grabs him & tells him I'm his sister & I wanna fuck him. The guy thought it was pretty funny & I could've died.

So all nite I stared at him & he'd keep looking around, catch my eye & stare back. I was getting soggy pants. He's so gorgeous... a blond Adonis... a graceful boy, soft skin, sparkling teeth, a pretty face. But we just kept exchanging these momentary stares & he'd go about his business. So after several hours I mustered enough courage & approached him & asked, "Should I keep trying or not?" "Trying to do what?" he looked at me with flirty eyes, smiling. I wanted to touch him. "To pick you up." He laughed, taken by surprise. "Well, not tonite. I'm just watching the band." Now I laughed, "Oh, yeah, so am I." He kept looking at me smiling - his beautiful face... I just was so frustrated & shook my head, "Oh...you...you're such a tease...you really are..." And he smiled & said, "Why do you think I'm teasing you?" I looked at his pretty face, his lovely eyes & lips & I just said, "I don't know, I just think that you are." (And now I think that just by being so pretty he was teasing me, by looking at me....) I stood there looking at him & he said, "You're John Sullivan's sister, aren't you?" "So." "Nothing, you are, aren't you?" I said yeah. Well he was so pretty & I knew I couldn't get him so I said, "Well, at least I tried" & walked away. Sat around bout 15 mins. & left. On my way out there he is standing like a beauty outside

the door & I had to pass him, he saw me so I said "bye bye" real coldly. Went home. And so I had to sleep with the boy I am & make love to myself, like I have every nite. I pretend I'm a boy in bed & think how it feels. I've done this for years - as long as I've had sexual feelings. I have to go to bars often if I'm to find myself a boy to sleep with. In times I can't, I can become a boy to sleep with. But it's so much nicer with a real one.

9-18-73

The impossible happened. Even now I feel stunned & numb, like it didn't happen, even while it was happening.

Went to the GPU meeting & about 1/4 of the way thru it, a really fine youngman came in I've never seen before & sat on the pew next to me. I immediately thought he was gorgeous & when a guy popped up next to him to welcome him I thought, "Shit, I'll never have a chance next to all these guys...," not that I thought I even had a chance. Whenever he wasn't looking I looked at him admiringly. So when the meeting was over, as usual some stayed around to chat & I did. He told some people he was from New York & came to Milw to dance with the Milw Ballet Company. Yes - he looked a lot like a dancer, had that classic, statue face & body. He offered to help draw for GPU News. As they talked I caught his eye & we stood looking in each other's eyes about 15 seconds & I thought "Hmmm..." Kept a close eye on him - he was staying at the YMCA, he said to someone. When I saw him leave I "rushed" out after him. He was walking down Ogden Ave. toward the lakefront & I rehearsed my speech. I don't know why but he just struck me as not being untouchable like most gay guys, I guess from that stare we had. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the sidewalk & I walked up to him & he asked if I had change for the bus. Gave it to him & we kept walking together & I said, "You wouldn't happen to be bi, would you?" He looked at me startled & said "What?" "Bisexual." I didn't look at him at all, so nervous. "Well, I've been known to go out with girls...why?" "Cuz I'm interested." "In me?" "Yeah." He was pretty surprised & we just kept walking & he asked me what I was into. Told him my lover, a male transvestite, left last week for Calif. & it's pretty hard to replace someone like that. He asked me when did he dress, I said only when we were together. He kept going, "oh, this is really strange," etc. He said he hasn't gone to bed with a girl in 5 or 6 years. I felt like saying as far as I'm concerned if he went with me he wouldn't be breaking his record, but didn't. He said, "Well, OK, let's give it a try." Asked if I was getting myself into something cuz he sounded so hesitant & he said no. So we turned & went to Albion. His name was Charles. I was just in a daze. At Albion he asked if I had beer or something so he could relax, but I only had grapefruit juice. We sat on the couch & drank that. We chit-chatted about shit & he said "I feel like I'm in high school - I don't know what to do!" Told him he's making me more nervous than him & began kissing & he leaned back & was the first to undo my clothes. Was freaked at my elastic band to

flatten my breasts. (I'm surprised I forgot to mention that his skin, back & chest & face is like Johnney's, all fucked up by acne.) So we kissed & petted for about 15 mins. & he still wasn't hard, altho he acted like he was enjoying himself. He asked if I wanted to go in the bedroom. I asked if he did, he said yes, so we did. He opened my pants & was freaked by my jockey shorts. I opened his & he was naked. We got in bed & made out...still not hard so I went down on him & sucked him. He was hard in no time. He pulled me back up & we fucked superbly. He asked me if I ever got screwed in the ass & I told him some guy tried but was a clod & it hurt too much. He said yeah, it does hurt pretty much the first times. So I tickled him, licked & kissed & stroked him & laughed. He said, "Oh, you're really fun! I'm really glad you're so fun cuz being a homosexual I'm really scared of girls." So we talked how dumb girls were & he defended them more than I did. He made a sandwich & I brought the TV in the bedroom & we chatted. He told me he just broke up with his lover of 5 years, Bob. I showed him a picture of Jim (one of those Michael took in front of Franklin Pl.) & he asked if Jim "always purses his lips like that," that he was a good-looking boy. He had wanted to return to the Y but I said oh stay so he did. Told me he'd been on his way to Juneau Park to have some sex when I approached him. Anyway he was gorgeous & we slept together like babies. In the morn we ate breakfast & I gave him my phone no. He always whispers "beast" to Little Tipsy lingering on the "sss" - I'l always remember that about him. Told me where he was rehearsing so I could "leave messages" for him.

Tues the 18th bout 10 p.m. he phones & says the 2 other "boys" he's moving in with won't be tonite & one of them is urging him to have me over there or he come to my place. I met him at Big Boy's, he & the other guy who was really off the wall. Went to his new place & he showed me around. The heat wasn't on his place so we went to Albion. He wore his brown leather jacket! We had to stop & rest twice in the 8 blocks cuz his "Achilles tendon" hurt him from practicing so much. He was so beautiful. What a prince! He rinsed out his tights, etc. I washed my hair. (He said Monday that he so much preferred a "meaningful relationship" on a one-to-one basis than park sex, etc.) He read me his resume he had to write - he's really done a lot of dancing, even been in films & a dance teacher. He laid on the couch naked & I sat at his feet & he wrapped his legs around me & I pet them. He made little "ooohhh" pleasure sighs & I told him how lovely he is. After a long time I bent over & sucked him real good (he'd been hard before I started to tho). He stopped me cuz he was gonna come & said he didn't want to yet. In bed we made love & he used his hand to make me come & then fucked me from the rear. I love this: he whimpers & cries out quietly when he comes. I always loved that. We curled up after sex & slept. I got to look at him while he slept Wed morn...what a beauty. I still can't believe that I could do it - get a gay man & make love to him. (Told him I wasn't into women & I want to go to a gay bar & get men. He said I could. Asked how? They're there to get other guys. He just said I could, without explaining how that could be!) Wed

morn took off work & we had a leisurely breakfast. He read the first half of my published article & said it was really good & Susan is "sick." (After sex Monday I asked why he came with me. Said he thinks cuzza my leather jacket & my approach. Told him those are the things that usually turn guys off to me cuz they think I'm gonna chop their dicks off or something.) I love the way he moves, esp. the way he sits. He'll be dancing around Thanksgiving at the P.A.C. Told him maybe I'd go see him dance & he talked of Nureyev. Bout 1:15 p.m. he had to leave for rehearsal & I went outside with him cuz I had to tighten some screws on my bike out there to go to Bridget's. He asked for a kiss before he left. Said he'd call Saturday & we'll go dancing, OK?

9-20-87

Yesterday still no letter from Jim & I started to get bummed - knew sometimes the jerk delivered my mail to the front of the house so checked. There it was! He sounded OK, & called the place he got a "jive-ass firetrap" & said everyone acted like they had bodies in their closets. I took that as having a sexual meaning but then realized it didn't. He already got picked up by 2 gays who drove him somewhere & got him stoned. In his letter he called the one from N.Y. "very lovely." He said they both stared at him all the while but he coquettishly left in "good style." Oh, Jim you fleeting beauty - your saintlike face & your ghostlike soul.... I wrote him right away. It shocked me to see his return address - somewhere I didn't even know & I felt so far away. Only told him Charles & I met & we were gonna do a lot a things socially. Went to Eldon's to help him with the next issue of GPU News & told him about Charles. He was delighted at the story. - By the way, Susan's quitting working at Slavic Langs. "for personal reasons" so I'm gonna be full-time again starting October. I know I won't like it, but there's really no reason I shouldn't do it & I can use the $$. I sent Jim $10 "for his birthday." Hope he gets the letter - & writes back soon. And you know, he wrote that "absence does make the heart grow fonder" & at the end of his letter he wrote "I love you too!" Jim... why couldn't you have at least said that while you were here - 1-1/2 weeks can't make that big a difference. I hope things work out all right---

9-27-73

No further word from Jim. Sure is doing a good job of wiring every day ha ha...

Well, I haven't had a decent nite's sleep since last week Friday. Sat nite went over to Charles' bout 10 p.m. & we went to Fischer's to eat & then to the River Queen where we drank & danced. He was great to me & never left me standing alone & didn't mind my advances, tho slight, at all. We commented on cute boys, etc.,

much like Jim & I at straight bars. But Jim wanted to act like I wasn't with him at gay bars. Then Charles slept over at Albion. Sunday nite Bridget & I went with Jake to a bar & got pretty messed up. Monday spent 2 hrs. feeling vomity before coming out of the hang-over. Mon nite the New York Dolls (or we called 'm the N.Y. Dees, our slang word for dicks, or penises). So hot they only played 5 songs - Bridget & Kathy dressed in greaser girl drag tho & it was funny! Tues nite Bridg wanted to see them again as she was swept off her feet by the guitar player. I felt very lonesome all nite & didn't have a good time. Wed I was just gonna stay home, feel sorry for myself, read E.A. Housman & A. Swinburne poetry (gay poets) & sleep - but bout 5 p.m. Charles phones & I made supper for us & he slept a while on the couch - his head in my lap - me stroking him. Then went to the River Queen as it was cheap drink nite & we danced like crazy & both got DRUNK. He made me come into the men's room with him twice when he had to piss & he tucked up his shirt to midriff size at my request & we had a fine time. At Albion we ate more & to bed. I was so so tired & not interested in sex but he initiated it & then commented that I was "being a girl" tonite. I laid for a long time between his legs as he slept. And today Thurs went to ma's for dinner & she bought me a stereo receiver to replace the stolen one. And tonite I'll be getting a full nite's sleep. I feel real light-headed for the little sleep I've had. Charles said he wrote his parents & told 'm he met a "nice girl." Funny! I'm really lucky to have him right now - he sure is a lift for me. Wish Jim'd write more often - at least a letter a week... Good night---

10-2-73

So busy it's unreal. Fri the 28th Charles came over, we ate supper & sat around Albion reading, talking, watching TV. I finally replaced my stolen stereo receiver & we listened to records. Saturday I went to Eldon's & did GPU typing for him. They have a new artist for the paper who's a transsexual in Louisiana & who said he esp. liked my article. Also I guess some lesbians were complaining about my article to Alyn, GPU Pres, & he just said it did show both viewpoints, so it's OK. Sat evening went to Charles' & we sat around his place. I read & he drew faces of boys. Just to do something we went to eat & for a walk. We slept at his place. Sunday he went to the YMCA to work out, but came to Albion for supper & then we went to the River Queen with a ballerina from N.Y. who came with Charles' group. We drank & got drunk & the more I looked at him I thought how much I'm getting to like him & how charming & pretty he is. I'm relaxing & am more confident he's not gonna pull a "fuck you" on me. So nice! He has a good sense of humor & thinks I'm really funny when I joke or even talk... such as I phoned Kathy & Bridg's & asked "Do you cunts got a car or something?" & he just about died laughing. Went to Albion (he wore one of my sparkley necklaces too) & made love. Afterwards I asked him if I was the only girl he'd been with (Eldon said he thinks I am) but he said no. He wasn't with any girls for 5 yrs. & then before he left N.Y. to

come to Milw. he was with one once & his gay friend told him he's a "repressed homosexual." Charles thought that was funny. Then he asked me where I learned to "eat ass" (I'd licked his asshole) & that he really likes it. He seems shocked I even heard of doing such a thing! God! At the bar we both agreed this one boy who was with a girl there was cute & Charles said we should suggest a 4-some. Told him I'd rather have a 3-some. He asked "Without the broad?" I said yeah & he said yeah, that sounded better to him too. I'm pretty sure we'll do that one day... sure would get me turned on to watch him with another young boy. He likes the same kind of boys I do too - kinda fem. He asked me how big Jim's cock is & then said yeah I figured it was big. Asked why & he said cuz usually tall thin "boys" do. He said too bad Jim's not here cuz we could really "do a number" with him & I told him I'd really love to do that. Charles & Jim & me. Maybe... someday... Jim & I could visit him in N.Y. & maybe.... [Smile] I told him stories of how I pick up the other 4 guys I've fucked (Binky, Bo, Rick, Gregg) & he thought they were hilarious & said he loves my style.

Got my 2nd letter from Jim yesterday. Told me bout his social life there & how all these gays try to pick him up & how he teases them (altho he doesn't do it purposely I think). He's got a job washing dishes again! He spoke of phoning me. He was worried I wouldn't write him just as I was he wouldn't. It would be nice to hear his voice. I really desire him - don't miss him as much as I desire him.

10-14-73

Last week & a half has been too much. I've been really sick. Thurs the 4th I left work at 4 p.m. & have had a super sinus infection since. Charles came over Sat nite, we went out to the River Queen for a few hours. But he was really a doll nursing me, putting Vicks in the vaporizer, refilling it, getting me Vitamin C, cooking supper & making me tea. He was wonderful - my fever was 100-02. Mon afternoon mom picked me up & I went to the parents'. Sick there all week. On Sat nite Dumbo got outside & went over to that lady's who calls him 'Butterscotch.' She phoned me & I told her I was at a loss to help him that I've been force-feeding him for 2 wks. & he's getting worse. She wanted to keep him & try nursing him. Anyway all week I kept in touch with her & he was worse & worse. Fri the 12th she phoned & said she felt it was hopeless but still had hope. Sun morn he died. I knew he would & I wrote him off a long time ago. She just wanted to try. So all I have now is Little Tipsy. Wed I got a letter from Jim. He complained of being tired of beating off & I wrote & encouraged him to get a lover. So today's the first day I'm home. Miss Charles a lot, I'm still weak & depressed. Getting back to normal - going outside especially - scares me. It's so safe being babied by mommy & not having to be on your own. I miss Jim so much & feel like I'm freaking out in some internal, hidden-from-view way. I'm losing touch with the world - oh, I don't know. Maybe I just

feel this way cuzza my invalid state. I just need to see Charles & go out drinking & sleep with him. And get back to my office & onto my bicycle....

10-18-73

Back to routine. Monday went to GPU mtg & Eldon said Charles had phoned him looking for me. So Tues I left a note at his dance studio that I'm sorry I was gone so long, missed him & could he come over tonite? He did & while he was gone (went home for some stuff) Jim phoned me. It was really strange cuz I kept waiting for him to say why he called but he never did. He needed me to send some books to him but it wasn't urgent. He sounded depressed thru the whole conversation & only explained that he was "tired." I got the impression he was just lonesome & wanted to talk. He told me something very important to me tho: said he's trying to get financial aid to study next quarter & if he can't he'll probably just stay there & work & establish residency so tuition isn't so high. So all his rap on how he'll be back in a few months was just talk - like a lot of other things he's said. I didn't say anything to him tho, just that oh how long does it take to establish residency, etc. He told me he bought a choker necklace & that he went out with one of the other guys living in his bldg. but all he wanted to do was hustle girls so Jim doesn't think he'll go with him anymore. Shit like that. We talked about 20 mins. He depressed me too. So Charles came back & we ate supper. He told me of his adventures last week - of the boys he'd slept with, etc. He told me of one who was so drunk & Charles fucked him & then the guy ("passed out") went to sleep & Charles still wanted to fuck him so he fucked the guy while he was asleep. That thought really turns me on & I've had it in my fantasies since. Also his lover of 5 yrs., Bob, is coming to Milw to stay with him the end of this week. I don't know if that means anything concerning me, i.e., I don't know if I'll still be able to sleep with Charles once Bob's here, but he didn't say & I didn't ask so I'll just have to see. Afterwards we went to Eldon's & was there til 1 a.m., Charles showing him some of his artwork for possible use in the newspaper. Back to Albion Charles asked if I wanted something to help me sleep. When I asked what & laughed, he laughed "oh it's about 7 inches...." So we fucked - he turned me over & came in my ass. I relaxed & was so surprized cuz it <u>didn't hurt</u>, but I was scared I'd tense up & it'd hurt but he soon stopped. Afterwards he asked if I like it from the back. Told him it felt fine, etc. & finally he realized he'd been in my ass & not my cunt - he didn't know! just said he found a hole & stuck it in!!! So funny & he said he was glad cuz he likes to fuck in the ass. He was so cute, I just kissed him. He's so pretty the more I look at him & he colors my fantasies so! I hope Bob's coming doesn't break us off---

10-30-73

Lot of things going on. Charles' lover, Bob, is in Milw. He came the 19th & I hadn't heard from Charles since the 16th. I think it was the 21st I went over to Liz's & took her out to supper & to the River Queen. She met some deaf girl there she really liked & wanted to be "girlfriends" with but the girl kind of put her off. The 23rd I took some flowers over to the woman that tried to save Dumbo & I think she was glad. Wednesdays I go to work at Eldon's but he was sick & Liz phoned & asked if I wanted to go to the RQ again - she wanted to see the deaf girl again. I was tired but thought maybe Charles'd be there so we went. Ate at a restaurant first. Later in the nite both the deaf girl & Charles showed. I almost didn't recognize him - his hair was just chopped! But was him. Bob was there & Charles introduced us but Bob was mostly way on the other side of the bar lost in the crowd & Charles & I spent most of the night dancing. I drank like crazy, more than I shoulda & was plenty messed by the time Liz & I split. She was bummed most the night cuz the deaf girl put her off again. So as we walked home I tried to tell her deafy probably figures she's a lesbian & deafy was making out with guys & was probably scared of her. She didn't seem to let that register & just couldn't figure out WHY she had put her off so!! We sat around her place til 3:30 a.m., me trying to make her see that it wasn't all that horrible. So Thurs at work I was one hell of a mess. Dry heaves all day. Fri better & around midnite Jim phoned. He's got mononucleosis & really sounded like hell. Feel so sorry for him cuz mono's pretty serious,. He'd seen a doctor who suggested hospitalization but Jim assured him he could nurse himself but he's not - he's spozed to just lay there but with no TV, no radio, no nothin' he just goes to classes & out anyhow. Poor love - he'd never been sick here other than hangovers & there's not even anyone there to feel sorry for him. He said the pills were making him better tho. We talked pretty long. He may get a tuition waiver for next quarter which means free & he owes nothing but he doesn't know if he's got it. He asked me when I could come see him & I said anytime - now or later. Said if things just don't work he'll come to Milw the end of the year & forget school & if they do work I should come there. He was very loving & said he couldn't remember how my body looked. I feel slightly the same way about him. He'd got hold of The Advocate, the gay newspaper & said he'd send it to me. Saturday Mary Ellen & I went shopping - that evening Charles phoned & asked if he & Bob could come visit. So after hours just Charles came. He & Bob had a fight & he said they've had one every day since Bob came & he just wants him to go back to N.Y. I guess their main hassle was the same as Jim's & mine - how much independence they have while still being together. Charles was so hassled - we drank rum & talked it all out & then went back to his place to get Bob & go out. They were a bit snide towards each other at first but got better later. Bob said he'd read my article & had really liked it & we talked about TVs, etc., for a while alone. So we 3 went to the TQ, danced together in all combinations. Bob & I got into a teasing butch type scene. Once as Charles & I were dancing & Charles was initiating sexual

overtones in the dance toward me, Bob broke us up teasing & I promised not to take any more "liberties." It was fun & I think Bob likes me. I wish I knew how much Charles told him bout us. I mean, if he knows Charles & I slept together, etc. Next time I get a chance I'm going to ask Charles. Anyway we went to the Factory (another gay bar) too. There Bob said he was serious that if I ever come to N.Y. I can stay at his place. Told him I'll for sure take him up on it. So got home like 4:30 a.m. Sunday. Alyn Hess was having a party at his place so bout 3 p.m. I went to get Liz. Thought that maybe after that somewhat "argument" we had Wednesday the 24th maybe she was pissed but when I got there she said she'd phoned me that Thurs to tell me she wasn't mad & was I? So all fine. Got to the party by 5 & it was over but we hung around a bit & then I took her to eat at Chico's & then we sat around Albion talking. She admitted to me she was much more attracted to females than males & her sexual fantasies were exclusively bondage type shit with her being dominated by another woman. So she left way after midnight & then Mon nite bout 7 Charles phones & asks if he & Bob can come over & if Bob can take a bath etc. while Charles went to the YMCA for an hour or so. So I forfeited the GPU Mtg & they came. Bob & I were alone about 2 hrs. & talked bout a lot of pittley shit but I think he thinks I'm OK. Charles came back & they cooked up some shit & ate & we all sat around watching TV, talking, etc. & they left after midnite, too. Charles kisses me goodbye on the lips right in front of Bob & I guess Bob felt weird cuz then <u>he</u> kissed me goodbye on the lips & we like bumped heads & it was very awkward. So I don't know. I haven't been getting any fuckin' sleep! But I figure I <u>must</u> keep going with my people. Liz & I have been seeing a lot of each other & I'm glad of that - she is too I suppose - she phones me too. Last Friday the Factory bar held a Miss Gay Milwaukee contest & Sandy, the veil dancer from the Riviera, won. So glad. Also at the RQ the two guys who consoled me at the Riviera that last time (see July 18) came up saying "Remember us?" & the main guy had cut his hair so I didn't recognize him. So when he said the Riviera I remembered & they both hugged & kissed me & said Oh we had fun that night, didn't we? It was great. At the Factory Duchess actually greeted me. He saw me with Charles & Bob & saw me leave with them & I'm <u>sure</u> he's wondering about me. Had a dream last nite that Jim was coming back to Milw & I went down to the lakefront & saw the Clipper ship on these rough seas & some people going overboard & was scared for him until I realized he wouldn't be coming in by boat & so I went to the train station. Never did see him - ha, ha.

Liz on Sunday was telling me most of the gay drag queens hate women & think of them as people with "foul-smelling crotches" called cunts. The way she said it really threw me & I finally realized that that's what I think of women too.

11-11-73

Have to look back on the letter I wrote Jim to see what's been all happening lately. Oct. 30 during my lunch hour I rode my bike to Charles' & left a note of a free showing of Death in Venice at UWM & I met him & Bob there. That movie still chokes me up. I think Wednesday Liz & I went to the RQ but I'm not sure. Anyway Thurs Charles made a date with me & Bob to go to a movie at UWM. Charles' brother unexpectedly came to visit him here. He was a real weirdo - one of those eating-roots-and-berries & meditating before he goes to bed type characters & I was pretty surprised at how straightforward Charles was about speaking of his gayness in front of Tom - he was freaked too. Charles had told me he wasn't sure if Tom knew or not. I felt kind of uncomfortable in Tom's presence as I wasn't sure how much I was supposed to say & if anything was a secret. Friday Nov. 2 Bob, Tom & Charles came over to watch a certain TV show & we ate dinner (Charles always cooks) & later Mark, some gay that tags around with Bob, came over & Bob, Mark & I went to the Riviera to see the show. Bob said he'd never seen a drag show before...Charles didn't wanna go. Winnie Storm was M.C.-ing & she chatted with the audience before the show. Talked with Bob, asked where he was from, etc., and then asked if that guy sitting next to him (me) was his lover! (Winnie said the way she got her name was cuz she blows harder than anyone!) Saturday the 3rd I was spozed to go out with Bridg & Kathy but Kathy finked out so Bridg & I went. Were to meet Liz at the RQ. Bridg & I hitchhiked & were picked up by 3 college type fraternity guys. We told them we were going to a movie downtown & I added for gross, at the Princess Theatre so we could see the cunts. They were very freaked & one laughed oh that they're going to the River Queen to see the guys! I was completely taken off guard but Bridg came back immediately with "Oh, good, could you drop us off there then, cuz that's really where we're going." Well, that was too much for them but after we convinced them that's really where we were going, they asked wasn't that a fag bar & only guys & we said yeah but it was getting very mixed now & they asked what goes on there & we said nothing, just drinking, dancing, same thing as in straight bars. Well, I didn't think they really believed us til we got out of the car & as we walked toward the bar, Bridg grabbed my hand & we went in hand-in-hand for gross. Was so funny how it happened - I'da loved to hear what they said after we left. FUNNY! Met Liz there & went to The Flame, a gay bar next door to the Riviera where she met some lesbian who told Liz she really likes her & they could be lovers after Liz's operation. Kind of a boring bar & Bridg & I left, leaving Liz there, & went home.

Almost forgot - the transsexual artist mentioned Oct. 2? Well, Eldon asked me to write him just to give him support, so I figured what can I lose & did. Well, I got a very enthusiastic 3-page letter from him & he wants to correspond. Calls himself "wilton david: gleep!" whatever that is. So I'm pretty excited about writing back & forth with him.

Monday Charles met me after work & we got coffee - he had, or I should say he wanted to go to a ballet class at UWM & had a few minutes. I went later that evening to a lecture at Marquette Univ. on "Masculine Liberation" but it was a let-down. Some gay I know from GPU asked the speaker about gays' role in male lib & some closet queen in front of me commented to the guy with him after the gay said he "made lover" to other men, the closet case says "that's love???" and humphed & snickered & really got me pissed. Tried to get up enough nerve to say something to him like "You better come out of your closet soon, Mary - you're not getting any younger..." but couldn't. Charles told me he was moving & I couldn't get up enough courage to offer my place for him to say.

Tues Nov. 6 after work I left my manuscript on the goddamn bus & I was just sick about it. Charles, Bob & Tom came over for supper, altho Bob & Tom were to leave for N.Y. that day. But they couldn't get reservations. I made some marijuana brownies & Charles, Bob & I got stoned. I was in a horrid mood cuzza my manuscript & cuz I haven't fucked in over 2 weeks & I miss Jim & I felt so bad. When they left I went to bed, feeling like everyone hates me & I don't know why Charles & Bob pretend they like me - although I knew I was imagining it, I indulged myself & cried. Thurs in the mail got The Advocate Jim mailed me & it was so funny - he made little comments on the margins about the articles & by some of the gross pictures he put 'G.P.' (gross pig) & I kept finding more & more of these little notes, etc. every time I'd pick up the paper. So sweet. Friday at work Charles called & we made a date to meet at The Tux, a bar by UWM, & then go to an opera at UWM. Bob & Tom left Thurs or Wednesday, I can't remember, & I wondered if he was gonna go to bed with me again. (Tues at supper we talked how Tom found Charles a free place to live. Tom said either there or Charles'd have to live with me. Charles laughed Tom was trying to save him from heterosexuality & I said you don't have to worry about that with me around & Charles piped up & says oh no! And he tells them how I accosted him on the street for sex. With Bob there! And I was so embarrassed & that's another thing that made me depressed cuz I'm such a gross pig & I have to make boys be heterosexual to have sex with them. Later I mentioned to Charles when we were alone that he could stay at Albion if he wanted & he thanked me & said he'd be visiting me a lot. The bass player in the opera was a real doll, a classic face & soft blond hair & Charles & I kept an eye on him & I got bored with the opera & just stared at blondie & had sex fantasies about him. Then we went to the new place Charles lives. Charles had said as we left the opera "You want to screw?" Asked if he wanted the truth & told him I had my period but if he didn't mind I didn't. I felt like a gross pig girl again & was surprised when he said he didn't care. We had sex & it was so nice to sleep with someone again. Saturday went to Eldon's to work on GPU shit & he & Alyn asked me to run for vice-president or secretary of GPU in December. Don't know if I want the responsibility but sure would like the status. After Eldon's went to Charles' again. Liz came there plus some other guy in Charles' ballet & we 4 had supper.

Had a good time & mostly just noticed how pretty Charles is. Wondered if Liz liked him. Then he & his friend went to a movie & Liz & I went downtown to The Flame bar again. Got pretty drunk & these 2 men who sat next to me drunk told me how they've been together 5 yrs. & how much they love each other. Were 40 & 48 yrs. old. Told them I liked drag queens, not women. Talked a long time & they said they really liked me. Shook my hand when they left a few hours later. Some guy there who wasn't gay, but the owner's brother, asked me if I was a boy or girl - that he wasn't sure of those things anymore cuz I had no breasts (was wearing my binder).

So today I found a letter from Jim in my mailbox. Says he is loving me.

11-13-73

Well, got a few uppers. Went to yesterday's GPU mtg & before I even got inside, Don, a guy who seems to respect me or something (see Sept 4 when he said I usually have something very provocative to say), told me he was on the GPU phone line & a straight (heterosexual) male transvestite phoned & did I have any places, etc., this guy could contact about TVs. I said yeah & told him to phone me at my place later. Alyn had me read an article to the mtg. I was a little embarrassed but I've never felt such acceptance before. I've never been in a group like that - I mean like in high school, even grade school, I was always left out of things & at GPU I feel so wanted. People accept me as a female TV, even tho there's really not spozed to be such a thing. Anyway after the mtg Liz & I came to Albion & then to Alyn's & I dashed to Eldon's to get his TV file for that info & then, on my way back to Alyn's, I passed two boys about 18-20 yrs. old. One, kinda cute too, said "Hi ya toots" when I passed. I said fuck you & he said you'd love it. I said "tell ya what, you come back in 10 yrs. & we'll talk about it," and kept walking. That pissed him off but 2 seconds after I said it I regretted it. Why? I shoulda taken him on. I shoulda said "You wanna blow job?" And if he said yeah, taken him behind a building & sucked him off. I really wanted to - it'd've been so exciting. It'd've freaked him out too! I so regret not having done it & I swear I will next cute kid that pulls that shit. Wouldn't that be a turn-on? Anyway Don didn't get hold of me Mon nite but called me tonite & I gave him a batch of names, addresses & phones. We chatted & he asked me hesitantly if I was a lesbian. Told him certainly not & he asked if I considered myself a TV. Said yes, that's the closest definition I can find for what I feel. He said he had a feeling I wasn't a lesbian but wasn't sure. I tried to coax him into telling me why or how he guessed I wasn't but he didn't say. I really wonder how he could tell. Anyway he said he'd try & get this hetero TV to a mtg to meet me cuz he & I'd probably have a lot in common. Would really like to meet him, tho he's 30 & married. Would be good for me. How do I describe that I deceive

myself all day & night that I'm a boy & I feel I am - even tho I'm not even passing in society?

11-23-73

Feeling pretty down & shitty lately. Haven't seen Charles since the 15th & haven't fucked since the 14th. The 15th K. [redacted] & I smoked some dope & were real giddy & we met Charles & went to Chico's. Were very giddy & he wasn't stoned so maybe we bummed him with our silliness tho from what I hear he does the same when high - so I don't know if it's that. But I'm guessing it's cuz his performances are now. Opening nite was the 21st. I went alone, took binoculars & watched him the entire time he was on. Was he lovely! It was so hard to imagine while looking at him that I knew him & 'd fucked him. So proud & graceful & sexual. He just made me feel worse that I hadn't slept with him, or even talked to him, in so long. So I hope he's just been too busy with his performances. He has another tonite & another tomorrow & that's it. Hope he contacts me then. Thanksgiving I dressed up in a dress & nylons, etc. for fun & had Kathleen put my hair up & make-up on me. I really looked pretty & ma took all these pictures. Fun. Even had "diamond" earrings on! Bout 7 p.m. I went to Charles' like that to freak him out but he wasn't home. Today I also went there bout 4 p.m. Not home again so I left a little note saying I hoped to hear from him soon. Rat. Also Jim hasn't written or phoned in a long time (2 weeks?). Had a dream the other nite he wrote me & said he'd met MR. Right & they were so happy together. I feel awful alone these days. I got a letter from Bob, Charles' lover, already. Said he's thinking of going AC-DC (bisexual) cuz he feels gay relationships are too "fraught with problems." Wrote him back that it's not gay relations that're a hassle, it's all human relations & that he'll just get girl troubles instead of boy troubles. Also he again extended an invitation for me to visit N.Y.C. & stay with him. Hmmm. Can't even think of Christmas gift-giving & receiving. All I want are things that'll be too terrible to receive as gifts from the family such as a subscription to Transvestite Magazine. If I do go to visit Jim during Christmas - I don't know. It's gonna be pretty strange. I think I've changed a lot - come out a lot more since he left. I've felt freer to come out in like wearing jockey shorts I stole from Jim & being more vocal about myself. I can hardly bear straight bars. I knew if I came out this far it'd be impossible to go back to where I was & I wonder if that'll affect Jim & I at all... I wonder if he'll still want me the way I've become. Or what has happened to him? How's he changed? He must have in some ways. I'll be a little embarrassed around him at first - esp. with these shorts. If I ever get to see him, that is.

My mind is just a blank lately. Maybe the only way I keep from freaking in these harder times.

11-30-73

Well it's 5 a.m. Dec. 1 & I'm just so keyed up about the exciting events of Nov. 30 I just can't fall asleep & I've been laying here just having all this stuff going thru my mind. I guess I should be chronological as usual tho. After I wrote the 23rd bout midnite Charles phoned he got my note & could I come over then? So did. I think we just talked a while & drank tea & went to bed. I was elated after that bum feeling. Sat morn he was making breakfast for another gay guy in the ballet who I'd met already (Dom) & his lover & me. But they had a performance at 2 p.m. & had to split almost immediately. Went to Eldon's & worked all day on the paper with him. Sat nite Charles & I went to a party one of the ballet dancers was having for the company. A bore. Then we 2 went to the RQ & The Factory. Drunk. As we stumbled home he said something about how I was a girl & everyone knew it & everyone knew I was more a girl than any of the drag queens. And I knew, I know it's true but it just surprised me so & shocked me. I think becuz when I get drunk I let my fantasies take over so much I was shocked they weren't a reality. So I was a little pissed at Charles & he swears he doesn't even remember the damn conversation. Anyway we slept at his place again Sat nite & Sun I went home and putsed around & he came for supper. I was in a freaked identity crisis cuzza that conversation & wore a skirt & when he came he almost shit bricks & made me have a long talk with him about my crisis. Nothing was said I didn't know but I detected great dissatisfaction in his voice about my skirt & I was so much more relieved & changed almost instantly. Felt much better. He laughed, I'm sure not understanding at all. Sun nite we each went about our business at Albion - he did "prints" he paints of male faces & I read my new Transvestia mag. Eldon called & I went there to get some fliers he wanted printed at UWM. Charles & I slept at Albion & had sex for the first time in ages. So nice. Monday I reluctantly went to the meeting as I felt headachy & tired & Tues awoke with bad sinus congestion again. Off work & really slept all day & by evening I was so bad couldn't sit up. Vomited. Wed more mom came & took me to Bluemound Rd. & all day I thought I was gonna have to be hospitalized was so dizzy & crashing stabbing head pain. But by Thurs felt 100% better & am still at Bluemound now, a little congested yet.

So now get to the exciting part. Got to pick up my mail at Albion today and (1) got a letter from Jim with a wonderful beautiful invitation for me to spend Christmas with him in Berkeley. Am so happy. With the fuel shortage the airlines claim to be almost booked solid during Christmas so I have to make reservations first thing tomorrow before even talking to Jim or going thru the motions of an OK from work. He seems to be a little apprehensive as I am - wrote about hoping I don't upset the "cosmos" he's fit himself into there. Also a romantic part how he enjoys my "scintillating presence." Also in the mail (2) a letter from Transvestite Information Service (a group I just joined) with a pile of garbage on TVs and (3) a separate letter from TVIS's female TV/TS counsellor I wrote to in Chicago & she gave me an

open arms welcome & says she's dying to meet me & will drive up to Milw any weekend & phone her soon & she'll come help me pass as a boy - she has for 3 yrs., etc., etc. She dates gay women, gay men, drag queens, etc., etc. It was a fabulous letter & I'm all excited about her too. Plus there's so much work piling up for me at home & on the job, plus before I go I better get Christmas presents all wrapped & set up someone to care for Little Tipsy while gone & what should I all take & I didn't tell you: Charles said if I wasn't going to Berkeley (before I found out) I should come to N.Y.C. with him over the holidays. God! GPU elections nominations Monday, write all these people, Jim - oh I love you. It'll be so scary to touch you again & to sleep beside you - I'm afraid it'll just freak me. He told me all these transy clothes he has bought so I'm feeling less scared about revealing my jockey shorts. I love him so damn much.

12-6-73

Nice wonderful things happening. For starters yesterday I phoned that female TV counselor (see Oct. 29). The call depressed me as for one we had a horrible connection & I could barely hear her plus she'd just woke & was 1/2 asleep & had a cold. She came on real forward like all of a sudden she'd say "Well, what do you wear?" & then said I should wear a tie cuz everyone thinks you're a guy then. I thought what the screw, boys, real boys don't even wear ties! Then she'd say she's surprised how high my voice is - she thought it'd be lower & how old am I. Shit like that. I thought what the fuck I never let on I passed & she's got the wrong idea. So she's spozed to call me back whether she's coming up to Milw this week or next. Also told her my hair was long & she said almost in disgust "Oh that's got to go!" Shit. So during my lunch hour went to a hair stylist shop nearby & told the guy I just wanted him to cut it & make me look as much as possible like a boy. So after work he cut it & I had no regrets & I'm thrilled with the way it looks. Thought it strange that I'd been so concerned how flat my chest should be & didn't bother me my hair was so long but realized that's cuz I can't see my hair but can look down & see the rest of me. My distorted body-image again. So went to the RQ with Charles. Told me he has a good picture of himself I can take to show Jim. Charles met his latest "infatuation" he met while I was sick at ma's, Jeff. I'd met him before & he's really nice - cute too. A little flitty blond boy, 19 I think. Charles & I danced & after one a black girl tapped my shoulder & said I danced real good, almost as good as she did. I talked to her a while & then asked her name, she asked mine & when I told her her eyes widened & she asked if it was my real name. It was & told her so. She kept saying Sheila??? And I said yes! She was absolutely shocked & said "you're a girl?? I thought you were a boy!" Well, you can imagine how happy that made me! Jesus! Then she began the deal how I'm a woman & I should be glad & I just said yick! & it's fun being a boy. She shook her head & told me she had to talk to me later (which she didn't). Anyway all nite had my eye on a pretty boy-girl there. He was small,

thin, bejeweled & had tight girl clothes on. Was giddy & a real queen. I thought of Miss Destiny. Then found out Jeff knew him ... Roberto. Getting very drunk & Charles asked Jeff if he'd mind a 3-some with me sometime & he only smiled cutely. Told Charles he has to get me a strap-on dildo & he said he'd like to be fucked by me real much! And he said he'd get me one. Another thing I did was danced with a guy who I get the impression is a glitter-freak bisexual. See him around a lot & we always kinda heh-heh nodded greetings but we happened to bump into each other on the dance floor so danced & kissed. He's not good-looking but he intrigues me. When the bar closed Charles made me come with him & Jeff & his friends to give me a ride home & who gets in the car & sits next to me - Roberto. I almost died & he looked over at me all smiley & drunken & higher than anything & I told him to stop teasing me by smiling at me cuz I liked him. Well anyhow that ride was insane & everyone was making out with everyone else so I thought fuck you & started pursuing Roberto. We kissed & I groped him & I think he was really freaked so he started making out with the guy next to him. So I thought shit & so left him alone. But then he initiated it with me. I remember at one point he moved away & said he couldn't help it that he doesn't like me because he's "a homosexual." Told him I know goddammit! I hate girls too, and all the boys & I started saying what creeps girls are. I thought oh hell & groped him more & then all of a sudden I don't know what happened but he told the driver he was going home with me. (All the while Charles & Jeff are necking... I necked with Jeff a while too). So Roberto curls up at my feet - it was a van, not a car - and they drop us off at Albion. He was so giddy & high & I just directed him in the bedroom & he began taking off his clothes, just babbling like a giddy fag, contradicting himself over & over. I was disappointed he insisted that all clothes & jewelry come off him. Kept my clothes on, got on top him & stroked & kissed his body & sucked his cock, telling him how pretty he is. He wanted me to take my clothes off but I felt he didn't <u>really</u> & so kept them on. He got hard for about 20 mins. but as soon as I stopped sucking, licking or stroking it it went down. He kept talking the whole time about bullshit how Fri he's going to Chicago to his ex-lover and then 2 seconds later it was to N. Carolina & that he really liked me to lick his hole & then 2 seconds later he says he doesn't cuz he only likes his lover to do it, on & on & on... he got raped by a lawyer once & was in the hospital & how his older brother initiated him into his gayness, on & on... We hugged & kissed & I kissed his eyes & he smiled in pleasure. I took off my clothes cept for my jockey shorts. Told me he never fucked a girl & hardly ever had sex tho he slept with boys. I got the feeling he was a little asexual. Asked if he <u>ever</u> came & he asked if I wanted him to "come all over" me & I said sure & he thought that was disgusting. All kindsa weird stuff. Finally it's 4 a.m. & he was so high he like passed out & I went to sleep. Up at 7 to go to work & he looked so pretty sleeping there. Left a note & when I got back tonite he'd written a beautiful note back:

Sheila, I wish I hadn't been so out of it last night, but I did enjoy myself immensely. Too bad you were gone when I woke. I'm so glad to have made a new friend before leaving. Hope to see you again. Love, Robert

He was so gorgeous & I feel so bad there's no time to be with him again. My stereo was on, Joni Mitchell's album out - so I guess he listened to records a while after he woke. Wish so much I coulda woke with him. Wish I could be with him again. Charles phoned to get the scoop what happened & he said when we got out at Albion the other people in the van commented on how I didn't know what I was getting myself into by going to bed with Roberto & Charles said he & Jeff laughed & told them Roberto didn't know what he was getting himself into by going with me! But I think taking into account how high & tired we were we got along beautifully & he just drank up all the admiration & touching & all I did to him. Prettiest beauty. Wish he wasn't going. I was the 2nd girl he'd slept with. We didn't fuck but I'm not really interested in being fucked by boy-girls, but fucking them. Wish so much I could get a chance to be with him again. - I really do look like a boy with my haircut. I have a chance yet!!!

12-9-73

More fabulous things happening to me. Thurs nite Jim phoned & said my plane arrangements were fine by him. I was 1/2 asleep as he woke me. He told me something how he was having dinner with a married woman & her husband came home & found them in a compromising position. Asked how he meant, but he wouldn't say & just said that kinda stuff is happening to him all the time. Knowing him it probably wasn't anything sexual, but he alludes to it. He probably just felt his presence compromising. Told him I got my hair cut - he was surprised. He both agreed it's sure gonna be strange seeing each other again.

Fri nite Charles & I went to the RQ. Real dead there 'cept the queen that asked if I was a lesbian at that Lou Reed concert (see Apr. 28) was there. Name's Mark. So Charles & I went to the Factory. Mark's there! Looks a hell of a lot like Roberto (in fact first time I saw Roberto I thought he was Mark). Anyway Charles gave me the scoop from Roberto. It seems he went to Jeff's & told them he really enjoyed himself at my place, was surprised at how aggressive I was (he said that to me while in bed too) & that that was the first time a girl had ever "gone down on him" (sucked his cock) & he never thought that a girl would ever want to have sex with him. So I guess he really did like me. Charles said he's sure that the "word has gotten around about me" to that crowd. At The Factory, Mark walked by me & said something like "oh I love it! Chains & belts & whips! Oh I love it!" & I said "Yeah? I'll take ya on sometime." I caught him looking at me a few times & very late in the evening he's laying alone in the corner of the floor looking dejected & out of it. He was so drunk & high all night he could hardly walk. So I went over to him,

knelt beside him & said "What's the matter?" in his ear. He mumbled drunkenly "I just wanna die. I just wanna die!" Asked why, didn't he like himself, and he said he loved himself, that was just it. Told him I think he's beautiful & I started petting his hair & kissing him & he pulled me down & we kissed real hard & passionately & he sucked my neck real hard & kept holding me real hard & saying he wanted to die & then I felt him jerk convulsively as tho he was crying & I just hugged & kissed him & asked if he'd come home with me. He hesitated & said he knew I "felt that way" but he has to go to work tomorrow. I said so what? Then he started the I wanna die stuff again & we stood up & he stumbled away so I thought well fuck you then & went back by Charles. That was that. Mark & friends hung around on the other side of the bar for a long time & then left as the bar closed. On our way out a man came up to me & asked if I were a boy or girl. I said real low & quick "Guess." He was smiling (not all that bad looking either) and said "let me hear you talk again," and I shook my head, holding back my smile as Liz told me that gave me away. The guy just stood face to face with me, smiling & staring at me & said "Can I squeeze a little bit, or a lot?" I nodded but he made no move to. I said low & quick, "Are you a boy or girl?" and he said "Oh I'm all man, wanna feel?" So I took hold of his crotch & felt his cock thru his pants & nodded. He kept staring at me & smiling & then in bursts a real queen (pretty hard to tell if she was a girl or boy cept no breasts) who screeched like crazy (another giveaway) "Get yer fuckin' ass out here!!!" at him & he hurried out after her. Real high for me again. Charles & I said we guessed we were stuck with each other, went to his place & he fucked me in the ass with KY Jelly. Felt good.

Early in the night told him what I felt about Roberto. That he was a real classic queen into the "abused hurt woman" trip. Charles said he thinks most, the majority of queeny types are asexual. And that he thinks I probably learned more about Roberto than a lot of people. I think of Pauline in City of Night: "...she rushed into the ladies' room, dabbing at nonexistent tears. The scene for her, altho not what she had intended, was nevertheless complete. She was now the hurt, wronged woman...." (p. 172).

Sunday had dinner with Charles & Jeff came. We were all gonna go to the RQ but they were getting so dreamy & decided to spend a quiet evening at home together so I went myself. In Jeff's absence Charles asked if they were being too horrible for not coming & I shook my head, thinking of saying they were being too beautiful for not coming, but wanting so to be alone together & in love. I left. The RQ has having a benefit for Paul [redacted]'s court case. He's challenging the State firing him cuz he's homosexual. All the big GPU people there & Eldon's super drunk. He even tries to put the make on me & says how come he has so many friends but no one'll go to bed with him. He had to rescue me tho from a fat desperate lesbian who I could not shake offa me tho I told her I wasn't a lesbian & not interested, etc. etc. As Eldon & I made out, trying to get ridda her, Donna [redacted], a lesbian I

know from GPU, started getting on Eldon's back for rescuing me & Eldon snapped "Don't try to force something that isn't there!" So I'm sure all the lesbians are super pissed at me now. Later I tried to explain to Jay, Donna's lover, & she seemed to understand. Talked to Rick [redacted] who's running for GPU Pres next month & he told me he'd wanted me to run as VP with him! (And talking with Eldon & 2 other gays, one was probably a hustler (fat tho) & later the other gay told me the hustler liked me & said he could really see marrying a girl like that "she could go her way & I'd go mine." Told the gay the hustler was too late... meaning I already have a relationship like that with Jim.) Anyway I told Rick I wouldn't wanna be VP but I'd like to be Secretary. He said he knew I'd be good at it. Well Paul [redacted] who I've always admired got on the microphone thanking everyone so much (he's super drunk) & afterwards I went to him saying he did a good job & he hugs me & we're kissing & he's so drunk & I'm high & he says everyone is so good to him & I told him the first GPU mtg I went to I liked him right away & we're hugging & kissing & he starts crying he's so happy & says he never realized what good people he had around him & how many people loved him. So beautiful - how could anyone hate gay boys, they're so human & good. Later a girl who's in the glitter-freak bisexual group named Carol asks me to dance, we do & I give her some gum. We talk a long time & she asks if I saw the band "Death" a lot, a local now-defunct band. Said no & she says becuz I dance so well & she says Lou Reed? Yup. Says she remembers me at the Saloon - that once I was in the bathroom & asked another girl in a leather jacket for a drink from her liquor bottle. She said no & I said well fuck you. Anyway Carol said she always thought I didn't like her becuz she was present at this incident & she couldn't understand why. Told her I don't even remember the incident. She invited me to a party as the bar closed but I said no cuz I don't like going to crowds where I don't know anyone. Another of the glitter girls started being real nice. That Mark is in their crowd. But it seemed everyone loved me. Things are just going too good I'm getting scared I'm gonna be pregnant or something to offset all this happiness.

Wednesday on the bus Charles said out of the clear blue sky that the reason he said that one day that everyone knew I was a girl was cuz Bob had told him he thought I was very feminine but Charles said he just thinks I'm very human & when people are so open & honest & human, others identify them as being what they are physically. So it seems he was worrying about how I freaked when he said that.

Told Eldon how many people were mistaking me for a boy & Alyn was listening & said oh bullshit, I was obviously a girl, but Eldon stuck up for me saying "that's only cuz you know her."

I swear, everything seems to rosy & everyone seems to like me so much lately that I don't even know what's happening anymore. Things like this just never happen to me. All these gays just love me so much!

12-11-73

Well I was right about something crappy happening to put the damper on the nice shit lately. Yesterday I got a real smart-assed letter from Jim becuz in my last letter to him I tried to talk a little bit about all his whining about being afraid of gays, etc. He got real cutesy ha-ha arrogant, actually cutting out the sentences I'd written & pasting them on his letter & then underneath each pastey he'd write his comments. I just can't believe he'd be so infantile. His comments were real jive coy "I know you're dying to get the scoop ha ha" crap. I'd written that from what he's said I can only deduct that he's kind of prudish with all sex feelings except with me under which he ha-ha's: "Very bad deduction, certainly not the only one (even given your misconceptions, on which see below) though maybe the only one you have in mind." And little guess-what-I-mean shit like I'd said I got the impression he's unable to respond even if he wanted to heterosexually, outside of with me & he says "A fairly shrewd impression, insight. I once had it myself" gee & I'm supposed to go oh oh! now he doesn't have that impression... oh! dear! he's! fucking! - But the real topper was his last paragraph "Don't worry/pry about my sex life, I've kept clear of yours. If I want your help believe me I'll ask for it." - Well after getting down with all that shit I thought who the fuck does he think he is? I was pretty shaken & immediately sent off a letter saying excuse me but I didn't know we were playing these little games, I myself was trying to be honest. And that as far as his sex life is concerned "I wasn't aware it was any more sacred than anyone else's... it has ceased to mean more to me." And that I hope to hear from him soon because at this particular moment I'm not too eager to come out there. - I just don't know how he got so uppity. (Maybe a defensive measure cuz I freaked him out so by telling him about myself.) I know he & I used to play a lot of games being mysterious about our feelings, etc., but he'd been commenting here & there how he was confused & felt bad & I myself laid it all on the line to him & figured maybe he wanted to talk about himself too. I guess the thing he doesn't know is that I don't care anymore... I'm honestly not jealous nor even curious about his sex life as I think even Charles' is a lot more important to me right now - & a lot more interesting! That the drunken mumble-jumble from Roberto's pretty lips have affected me more deeply than any of Jim's recent titillating little conjectures made to make me wonder. Fuck that. And that MY sex life is in such transition that I don't even have the time much less the will to worry about his.

And that's going to be the problem when (if!) I go out there: I'm so used to talking about everything! all the thoughts & wishes-dream Charles guesses & accepts & fulfills! that I'm not going to be able to be satisfied anymore with Jim's half-flirting pretending games. I know I can get exactly what I want now - to fantasize is no longer good enough. Before it was beyond my

dreams - it was the worst perversion I wished to have a penis, to fuck a boy, to be on top & inside! But now it's only a matter of time. Because Charles wants it. He wants me. And Jim - he wouldn't even let me with my goddam finger! (Charles says Jim is "anal neurotic".) Jim doesn't even know I am a boy now. That I just don't read about pretty queens anymore. And that it isn't a terrible masturbation fantasy only anymore to bring home a boy & surprise there's another boy & we're both gonna have the pick-up. Charles suggests it! yes, he says "you can bring them home & I'll come popping outa the other room & rape him & you can suck the pick-up!" (I should've also said I found amusing he'd assume his sex life interested me anymore than anyone else's did. It's true!) I'm afraid Jim's in for more shockers than my letter about men's underwear even hinted at. How am I going to be able to all of a sudden be closety again after coming so far out and so successfully.

God, I hope this whole thing will blow over or something. What a fucking drag. And another thing: I'm surprised how really little this whole hassle even means to me. I'm not, Christ, nearly as upset as I'd have been even a few months ago. And, you know, I think if I lost him now I really will not have lost that much... only the past. (And if I did lose him it would all be over a "misconception" he thinks it's so funny to have, becuz he doesn't want to talk about it! Because he's so demure.) SHIT!

12-13-73

Talked with Charles tonite about the exchange between Jim & I & he made me feel like a real asshole for sending the snotty letter to Jim I did. I have such mixed feelings: on one hand I feel I should have disregarded Jim's snottiness because I understand how mixed up he is & freaked out, but on the other hand I think why should I let him put me down & not react in my own defense. Anyhow now I wish so bad Jim'd call so I can apologize & tell him I love him so much. Christ, I should talk about arrogance - I can get my nose up there with the best of 'm. I'm rereading earlier entries in this diary & Jim said once & is right: I fluctuate so between dependence & independence. Wish he'd call. I know if I'd lose him I'd lose all - what I wrote the 11th was bullshit.

12-17-73

Feel so good! Yesterday exchanged Christmas presents with the family & I got some good stuff, esp. a blue-grey glittery scarf I've had my eye on for some time. I felt real high & by evening I was so hyper thinking of how excellent it'd be to see Jim. But he still wasn't calling & I figured it just like him to wait til the last minute on shit like that. Today just thought & planned all day - felt like I was already there. And about 6 p.m. he phoned! I said, "Hi, T. You're not mad at me?" He said no real cheerfully & I told him I wasn't mad at him either & I love him so

much & he said he loves me too! and that he thinks it romantic that we "exchanged poison pen letters." I love him so fucking much. So told him bout the guitar hassle (I can't carry it onto the plane & baggage smashes guitars) & he said don't bring it. Glad. But he won't be able to meet me at the airport & wants me to bus from airport to bus terminal & he'll meet me there around 5-5:30 (my plane arrives at 1:00!!) I know I'm gonna get lost. Told him to look real pretty for me & he said he'd purposely look like a slob (I KNOW he'll show up dressed to kill - I love him!) He sang little parts of the new Lou Reed album I just got & I said I couldn't wait to see him & we'd have real much fun & he said yes, yes! We're both so excited & he says he loves me & I just can't wait to kiss & touch him. I know he'll love me the way I am now - all come out & happy. Like he said (see Jan. 2) I'll be the man & he can be the woman. God I love him...

12-21-73

Here I am in Berkeley. My plane left Milw at 10:30 Dec. 20. Four hour flight & I saw the Rocky Mountains & all kindsa shit from the place, the view was so clear. Landed at 1:00 & hung around the airport til 2:30 & then bussed into San Francisco. Was so tired by then, tried to sleep sitting up & at 5:20 Jim comes bee-lining in & we walk out together. He was super speedy & began talking & barely stopped for about 1/2 hr. Seems he'd had his first homosexual experience last night. Met this guy at a bar & Jim said he took him to his (Jim's) place & he (Jim) was so drunk he said he's just gonna go to sleep so he took off his clothes & got in bed. So did the guy. And Jim says, this guy got off on it but he didn't & he's scared the guy's gonna come back around again & he's so confused, he doesn't know, etc. He acted like he wasn't really all there & I kissed him & he said he really liked my haircut & I'm so beautiful & he loves me so much, he really does. He kept telling me he loves me. We went right to his place. I could tell that his mind was totally on the night before, but I thought it was great. Jim said he looked like a Terence Stamp (whom we both always loved) with black hair. And he said how wonderful it was to have me here & he really loves me so much & I'm so beautiful. He put on his clogs & a pair of silky textured black knee-length stockings (which gave him a hard-on the first time he put them on, he said!). He looked so beautiful as we went out to eat, his long hair flowing & he walks like a girl in heels with his clogs. I told him he looked like a beautiful girl & he laughed embarrassed that's what the guy last nite said. And he doesn't know why I think he's beautiful cuz he thinks I'm much more beautiful. So at the restaurant he volunteered the whole story: they'd left the bar, bought liquor & sat in a park. Jim told him (I'll call him Gay Guy) that he hoped he wasn't expecting anything & that he just couldn't & G.G. was very understanding & so kind & Jim began kissing & kissing him. So at the same time Jim's saying no, he's saying yes. So Jim brings him to his place & they talk & drink more. Well, then the story gets kinda hazy & suddenly Jim tells me he sucked the guy off!!! [Smile face] Says

he just doesn't know, he didn't like it but then 2 seconds later says he did! He spoke so quietly & sad & said he just doesn't want a homosexual relationship cuz he likes girls & would rather sleep with me anyday. And he was super paranoid that G.G. would return now that he knows where Jim lives. I think Jim made him leave, not sleep over. That part of the story was hazy too. But he kept saying what a beautiful smile the guy had. So Jim was left over from the night before but was so loving & glad to see me & he said over & over he knows now he loves me. We went to a bookstore, bought magazines & back to his place. I tried to tell him he could have 2 different worlds, girls and boys, or he could fuse them together. He didn't get mad this time when I offered suggestions! And so we slept fully clothed in each other's arms. It is so good & we're peacefully happy.

12-23-73

Everything is still beautiful. Yesterday we bussed to San Francisco & walked all over, thru Chinatown & up & down insane hills. Then back to Berkeley & ate out for supper. Seems we spent most of the time eating out but it's something we both love doing & neither of us have been lately. So we bought liquor & back to his place & drank & as we got drunk, talked. Began talking about that snotty letter exchange (he said he'd sent that snotty letter as a first impulse & even as he mailed it, realized he shouldn't have & that he really felt he blew it when he got my snotty letter & thought of sending a telegram, as I had). Then we began talking about our gender identities & he said he also felt he had a neuter identity, as I did. Somehow it just fit into the conversation & I told him the truth about Charles & I & that we had sex. He laughingly said now he'd have to try & not be jealous of all my lovers & I told him it was only Charles & told him about Roberto (I got kinda teary-eyed about that story). Well, it was true confessions time & he told me bout Linda, the married woman here he fucked. And then it seemed like I finally was let into his private world & he told me that until the Linda experience he had been impotent with anyone but me. That he even seriously thought about going to a certain sex clinic for help, but felt he had to cure it himself. And he told me he'd tried to have sex with Susan [redacted] twice!!! But he couldn't get it on. Also that he couldn't Wed night with Samuel, the guy he sucked off. Told me he'd felt so low, like the lowest person on earth when he sucked him off, that the guy didn't even move & that he (Jim) felt more like a girl then than ever. Also that complete nakedness turned him off, he found it clinical & "like a doctor's office." Anyway I was so surprised by these revealings. Really about Susan - she's so fat & ugly. Jim said she "seduced" him as had Linda. When I asked about dormie he alluded to not being able to get it on with her either & also he clearly said that he'd rather get a letter from me anyday than one from her!! But he's still not over her, but when he's not with her he couldn't care less about her, it's only when he's with her he thinks he loves her. (Fri nite I sucked him off, afterwards he turned away from me, freaked & I

figured he was freaked as I'd done to him what he'd done the nite before to another boy & it was too confusing. He admitted that was the reason & that he'd guessed I had had sex with Charles cuz I sucked so well!) Said he'd definitely like to go to N.Y. & visit Charles with me someday & that he wants to kiss him! Also told Jim my biggest secret from him - that when I have sex I must fantasize I'm a boy or I'm turned off. Said he had very few sex fantasies & got off most in masturbation on visual porno, etc. As for his "impotence" (it's not impotence if he can get it on with me, is it?) he said he's learned to live with it & to expect it & he laughs to himself when he's so teasingly sensual (& he knows he is) when he knows he can't do anything. Says everyone in Berkeley just takes for granted he's gay - people stop on the streets, one man asking Jim if he knew where he could "get a man for the nite." We walked to The White Horse, a gay bar. And he wanted to act like he wasn't with me again. Asked why & he said cuz I'm a girl, to which I said no I'm not. He began at least a little more paying attention to me. Some guy approached us & we talked a while & suddenly Jim shut up & began sulking & being a goddam baby. He wouldn't even talk to me or look at me & I got more & more pissed. Asked why he brought me there if he's just going to act like he hates me. Didn't answer. So I just sat at the bar alone. After a while I demanded we leave but he said he wanted to stay & moved away from me. So I sat the rest of the nite just waiting. At the end of the nite a guy began talking to me & I told him my man was giving me a hard time & then I saw Jim walk out the door & pointed him out to the guy, who exclaimed, "What is he, a transvestite on the side?" cuz he looks so much like a girl with his clogs on. I walked out after him & we walked home in total silence. In bed I hugged & kissed him - he babbled how he hates me so much & loves me so much. That I'm so much better than him & he just "wants all those boys so much" but doesn't even know how to talk to them. That he just wants to die in 7 years so he doesn't get old becuz his beauty is all he has. Told him he has me & don't tell me to go away like this, that I'm not better than him - I hate myself & I'm already living dead - I'm living someone else's life. We both cried uncontrollably in each other's arms & he said I knew everything & yet I know nothing & I told him I knew I didn't know anything. So he hates me cuz I can do all the things he wants to but won't let himself do. His big complaint is he can't dance, which isn't true. And that he can't get a hard-on. Bitched at him that he was placing so much emphasis on his stupid dick & he said I should talk. But he cried & cried & so did I & I said I wished we were dead together now. I It was such a drunken thing & I begged him to come back to Milw with me cuz this place is destroying him & I know so many people who'd like him so much.

So today we went shopping in Berkeley. We made only slight references to the previous nite. I asked him to come back with me again - said he couldn't but would come home as soon as he couldn't stand it anymore. Told him I hoped by that time he wasn't completely destroyed & he said no, he wouldn't do that. All day he said he loves me so so much & I had to reassure him of

my love & admiration, of which in my mind there is no question. He also told me many many times how happy he is I'm here with him.

12-25-73

Jim had to go to some Christmas dinner a lady at his work invited him to, so I'm just sitting around. He works like every other day so we get a few hours away from each other. Yesterday we went out to breakfast & he suggested we get some eggnog & brandy & have a little Christmas eve party later. So we did. I buy tons of magazines & newspapers. We sat around his room & then went to do his laundry. I sent 3 postcards: one to Bluemound Rd., one to Llamo's & one to K. [redacted]'s. Then we went out to supper, ordering wine too. Some weirdo lady who was wandering around in the restaurant approached our table & began petting Jim's hair & telling him what a pretty scarf he had on & was he a poet or an actor or what was he going to be when he grew up? Jim told her he wasn't going to grow up & he later told me he loves being the "oldest little boy" & everyone treats him like a little boy, even at work, & he really likes it. I teasingly told him I have to be his bodyguard & he said he'd like me to be. Back to his place & he made us warm eggnog & whisky & we got all fucked up & decided to go out & see if any bars were open. He is so loving towards me & every once in a while out of the clear blue sky he'll say he loves me so much & it's so good to have me there & he doesn't know what he'd be doing if I weren't here. That I hadn't at all upset his little cosmos here as he'd feared & I told him he hasn't mine either. (I've let him see my elastic breast band & glimpse of my jockey shorts. Told him I'd stole them from him & he thought that was sexy.) We sing songs to each other from Lou's new album Berlin. The few places we tried weren't open & so phoned & found The White Horse was. I was reluctant to go there cuzza the last time & said I'd only go if we were gonna have a good time & not a repeat of last time. He said that was entirely up to me, so I spoze he still feels I was cause for last time's shit. I didn't pursue the subject but sure would like to know how he figures. So on our way to W.H. stopped in another bar, Pierre's, & by then were so tired we just went back to his place. He had very nice sex & went to sleep. - On the street yesterday we passed a youngman & Jim looked at him & told me he wonders if he'd recognize Samuel (the guy he sucked off) in the daytime. From what I picture Samuel looks a lot like Lou Reed in body & hair but a face like Terence Stamp. - I wish he'd come back to Milw soon. he got a tuition reduction (from $700 to $200) for this quarter & then he said he may come back to Milw. But I think he'd fall rite into the RQ scene & I know he'd like Eldon & Charles & all my friends & he wouldn't be so confused & depressed.

12-27-73

Jim works from 11 a.m. - 6 p.m. or so today. All day yesterday it poured rain. We had had such big plans to go to San Fran. etc. but the rain ruined it. So we just sat around his room & then went out for a walk despite the rain. Went to the Univ. & he bought a notebook & then went & got a hotdog. Then to a bar, Cheshire Cat. There's some inane rule that bars can't serve liquor in a mile radius from campus so beer & wine's all. The bars around here remind me of "teen bars" & the people, as Jim'd said but I couldn't believe, did stop around 1969. Everyone's hippy yet!! The "bars" are full of grubby hippies having "heavy raps." Really nowhere. We got a little high. Jim said he'll go to school this quarter which ends Mar. 23 & then hang around a while & come back to Milw June or July. Told me what a fuckin' joke school is & how he knows he can translate much better than anyone there & has translated more works than anyone & it's a waste of time. He knows the teachers like him real much, esp. Mr. Dylan, the top shit teacher, who invited Jim to his office where they discussed Neo-Platonism (Jim's chief interest). Dylan said Jim looked like a Puritan Victorian or something like that. Jim says he doesn't want to go thru 2-4 yrs. of this bullshit just to become a professor & have to put up with a lot of students who couldn't care less anyhow. That he should just get a job & make a lot of money & forget it, like Pauly. Told him I agreed there was no high goal in life & everything is bullshit at one time or one way or another. He kept saying he loves me so much. So we were getting pretty drunk & made our way in the rain to a steak place & ate & then bussed to another "bar," Odyssey. Another nowhere bar with live entertainment which meant any asshole could get up on stage & pretend he's a star. Bad news. But laughed & drank & had a good time anyway & went back to his place bout 11:30 p.m. Still raining & still raining this morning. We plan to go to San Fran Friday nite & hit the gay bar street scene there, Castro Street. I keep telling him we're crazy if we don't go see Charles Pierce who's playing a bar there. He's said to be the best drag performer in the U.S. We're both hesitant about Castro St. but that's only cuz it's new. Probably if we find the right places it'll be fantastic. Sure hope it stops this unreal raining. While Jim was away Dec. 25 I cleaned his room best I could & he was real happy about it & thanked me so much & later said he was really possessive about his room & didn't like anyone in it & was real glad I liked it cuz I cleaned it up so nice & he likes me in his room real much. Somehow I'm a real privileged character... these days remind me of how free & close & happy we were during Franklin Pl. days. We're getting along so so well & there's no uneasy feeling or anything. The only hassle was at The White Horse & I hope there's be no repeat of it at other gay bars... in the "teen bars" he's real wonderful to me. Talked about what we can do later in the week & he suggested we go visit that Linda as she has all Lou's albums, etc. but then said no he didn't want to go there & if she came to his place first, then we could but he doesn't wanna go there first! Said she also likes gay boys & you know I bet there's a whole goddam slew of girls who like gay boys,

but they're just too closety to come out. Jim said he'd told her all about me & she wants to meet me real much. I asked what he told her & he said he told her I was a transvestite. You know I can't believe how well I'm accepted as a TV - it sure makes me feel secure. Even my love accepts it & loves me. This morn I pulled on my jockey shorts in front of him & he leaned over & kissed me. Maybe he actually likes it! [Smile face] Looks like the rain's stopped & it's clearing up. I'm going for a walk now.

12-30-73

I'm on the return flight to Milw right now. Feel sad. Jim was so depressed (he said "tired") all yesterday & this morn. He really was sad I was going & told me so. Yesterday he kept saying well, he guesses he'll do this & that now & back to budgie meals & being alone again. Friday the 28th he had to work 11 a.m. - 4:30 & then we went up into the hills behind the Univ. Really nice - could see the city lights & all but the walk was muddy from the rain & it wasn't all <u>that</u> clear visibly, plus he was so tired from work. Went to eat at a bar/restaurant. Linda, the girl he's been hanging around with from one of his classes, left a note for Jim to phone her if he wanted to do something that nite & so he debated for hours whether he thought we should go to her place or just ignore it. So as he fretted I said let's not if it makes him uncomfortable so he agreed not to - but 1/2 hour later called her to see what was going on. So we went to her place. (He said he didn't want me to see her cuz she wasn't beautiful & he doesn't want me to think he's hanging around with spamdogs.) So we sat around her place & it wasn't strained at all. She was kinda blah. Went to some bars, ran into her husband at one & it was strange. He was real nice & in fact knows about Jim. But as we were leaving the bar all of a sudden I feel this violent pulling my hair & I almost fell & when I straightened up there's her hubbie standing in front of me real crazy staring at me looking like he was ready for a punch-out. So I just stood there staring back waiting for him to make the first move. Linda says "Larry..." real whiney pleading & we still are staring a while & then he leaves. I thought what the fuck. Asked her what the deal was - did he think I was a lesbian or something & she said probably. Fucking weirdo. So we go around to more bars & it began raining (of course) & back to Jim's. I was wondering what we were gonna do but I guess it didn't occur to Jim he had to get her outa there. We were all <u>very</u> drunk & tired. Finally he said well, he guesses he'll "lend his umbrella to someone" hinting for her to leave but she refuses. He begged her to leave but she said no, she'll sleep on the floor. I was really surprised & we both had to beg for about 15 mins. before she consented to leave. Jim had to walk her home tho. Shit. Another weirdo. Anyway all in all compared to the neds there, she wasn't all that bad. Jim came home & in bed told me over & over how much he loves me & how happy he is I'm there. I knew so much he realizes he does love me. Saturday we'd planned on going to San Fran but both had bad hangovers & were tired. His legs hurt him too so we slept the day

away. He was depressed & said was I sure I didn't mind not going to the city. Toward evening went out to supper & had a good time. He cheered up a lot. We went to another bar/restaurant for something to do & sat around there a few hours. Told him I thought Linda was OK but there was something I didn't like & that was she seemed to be competing with him or even ridiculing & making fun of him by her gestures. (What I mean was, if Jim would make a very feminine pretty gesture or expression, she would go "oooo!" & copy the gesture, like camping it up or something.) I didn't even have to explain what I meant & Jim said yeah, he knows what I mean. That she copies everything others do & he remarked she did it all fucking night & it irritates him. Then he said he has to get rid of her somehow cuz she gets on his nerves or something! Later he said he knew the first time he saw my "beautiful face" that he loved me. He was so loving & said such loving things all day & night - well, all the time I was there he showered me with love. We had made plans to go stay overnite at a friend's of his who lives in S. Fran. so we wouldn't have to get up so early this morn to get to the airport as my plane left at 8:50 a.m. But later he asked if I minded that we stay at his place cuz it was our last nite together, etc. He's so beautiful. So we stayed at that "bar" looking at all the people (he pointed out 2 pretty boys to me & we admired them voyeuristically). Bout 11 p.m. went to bed. Now that I think of it maybe he wanted me to make the first move to have sex but I didn't altho we cuddled & kissed & slept in each other's arms. This morn he was sad. Had no time to have any breakfast or anything as we had to wait 1/2 hr. for the bus that took us into S.F. But he just had a long face & said he loves me & I should write real many letters. I felt almost like the sides were reversed from when I said goodbye to him at the train when he left & there was no way to cheer me up. Cried a little when I got on the plane. He'd said earlier he would watch my plane take off but as we parted he said he was going to leave right away. I feel so bad leaving him there alone in that fucked city with all those asshole people. I told him several times I wished he were coming back to Milw with me. But I know he'll return soon - said he wanted so much to come back to Milw to all his friends "and you" and meet Alyn & Eldon & everyone.

If this trip did anything it made me know he loves me more than anything & wants to come back to me. I don't feel scared about our separation any more. He'd even told Linda we'd lived together "3 years."

I love him so much & after all this time. I wish he were with me now & always. I love him...

It's 1:15 a.m. Dec. 31 & I have some additional notes: Jim expressed an interest in shaving his legs & I advised him to use cream hair remover instead & he said the worst part would be buying it. So I bought him some & he said someday when he's bored & has nothing to do, he'll do it & that that's when he experiments

with make-up too & that he'd put on eye make-up (just liner above & below) & it was real nice.

Mom is really saying she believes Jim & I are meant for one another now & she was real worried things would go bad in Berkeley but she sees now we'll always be together & I think when Jim comes back to Milw she may have dinner for us or something. After 5 yrs. it's finally hit her we love <u>each other</u>.

It's 3:30 p.m. Jan. 1, '74 and I have even more notes: Also at one of the bars he said he's surprised "Sammy" hadn't come around that whole week (the guy he sucked off). Asked & he said yeah he had mentioned I was coming so I said maybe that was why he wasn't coming around but Jim didn't seem to buy that explanation. So I said maybe he had come around but we were gone. Well, he just didn't know. I said well it's hard to say - maybe he'll come around yet or maybe you'll just run into him in a bar again somewheres. (He'd met him in Pierre's bar.) So Jim says he'd just like to be friends with him, but not have any kind of relationship or anything. But I'm glad he's at least not adverse to him.

So that's it for 1973. I'm just thinking about Jim all the time now, naturally. He doesn't seem so far away & out of reach, out of mind. I <u>know</u> he loves me & is waiting to come back to Milw to be with me. After all these months of wondering & waiting it's all paid off. I'd always thought it would - altho I was a bit hopeless at times.

I don't want an exclusive relationship with him anymore. Just so we can be together in mind always & so I can always pretend I'm him and he can be me. He's such a pretty girl & he loves me. And goddam I love him so.

1-3-74

Bought this diary in Berkeley & look where it's printed (Milwaukee)! Still thinking of Jim real much. Bob Metzger's moving to Los Angeles & gave me Sir Jeffrey. Just got her tonite & she & Little Tipsy are getting along beautifully for what we expected. Charles called me for the first time since we left on our separate vacations. He sounded a bit down - maybe only tired. I've really nothing to say....

1-6-74

Ho-hum. I'm so blah since I've returned from Berkeley. So horny too. Fri nite had supper with Charles & his lover, Jeffrey. Charles looked so goddam good but I couldn't do anything about it. Had to watch these 2 snootling around & it just made me more horny & alone. But I don't know - since I left Jim I just miss him so much more than I did before. I feel his absence so much more acutely & actually I don't even want to be with anyone but him - I think of him all the time - how he looked, what he did & said ... wish he were here so much. I dream of the day he'll return & wonder how it'll be - will he go back to Michael's? I don't think we should live together, but maybe only the first week or so he's back it'd be nice to be with him all the time. But I wish he wouldn't move back to Michael's. I hate that fucking place. I don't know - it's maybe I have my hopes up too high how wonderful it's gonna be when he returns but I just keep thinking how nice it was to be with him & want it always. His quarter is over March 28 - maybe I can convince him to come back right afterwards - he talked of staying til July. But that's twice as long as he's been gone already & I'm going crazy now that I know how nice things could be. So I've just been slopping around this place & thinking of him & always Lou Reed's new album Berlin going thru my mind. I keep thinking that album was playing constantly in Berkeley but of course it wasn't. He doesn't even have it. But we'd sung it to each other off & on. But that album makes me feel like I'm with Jim & I feel closer to him.

1-12-74

Got my first letter from Jim since I was there. I'd sent him a letter I figured he'd get on Saturday the 5th but he said in his letter he was going to call me Tues if he didn't get a letter, so he was worried. The letter was beautiful. Lately I've been wondering if I only imagined how wonderful it was out there with him & beginning to worry things aren't as good as I was sure they were. But his letter staved off those hauntings. He says he's going to quit school now. I guess just about everything is uncertain. But he has no doubts that he misses me & is homesick since I left while he hadn't been before & that he's ditching that Linda, she "impressed him as a robot" that time we 3 went out, he said. And he ends his letter "I love you the best." I wish so

much he'd surprise me at my door any minute now. I wish he was here with me - get of place OF HIS OWN & well... I'm thinking I'm dreaming again. I'm thinking of all the loneliness of last year & all the hopelessness & I thought things could never be the same. But then I get these glimpses of hope....

Yesterday Bridget & Jake came over & Charles phoned, inviting us to a party as his place. Some dip-shit cunt that lives there was throwing it & the party was a real bum. But Bridg & I drank & had our own good time. Charles was off somewhere all the time & wasn't very friendly & at the end of the eve he drove me home & said he hoped I didn't have too bad a time. I felt bad as his boyfriend is out of town & I hoped he'd sleep with me... but no. I was so disappointed... he looks so good & just teases me - he's a real cocktease, ha ha. And I get so horny. I don't <u>really</u> want him - but Jim isn't here & I'm so lonely. I want my love Jim.

1-14-74

I sure feel bum. I'm really lovesick. Left the GPU mtg tonite about 1/2 way thru. I began feeling persecuted etc. For one I was teasing around with a lesbian who's always super friendly to me & I said I hoped her lover wouldn't get jealous becuz she & I had matching cups for our coffee & she said real sharp something like "No, thanks, I know what YOU'RE into" like I was some gross pig. I felt like saying well fuck you I know what <u>you're</u> into too! And No Thanks. Shit. Then last Thurs I gave Eldon my new article I was (<u>am</u>) so thrilled with & all he said about it was he liked it but the beginning & ending quotes from Rechy have to go. And that was it. Fuck. Who the hell is he? I don't know - I think maybe I'm just being touchy. But when I came home I got a phone call from a male TV in Michigan. I guess TVIS gave him my name as a correspondent. She was older (admitted to late 30's but gave me some shit how I shouldn't ask a lady her age) & feigned a high voice. She was OK, but I could tell she was from the old school as she was surprised I had no male name, no mustache or beard hair pieces & I didn't make a man's voice. She spoke of her male side as her "brother" as do older, more conventional TVs. She was pretty interested in me & when I told her a little bout Jim she thought our relationship interesting. I really didn't know what to <u>say</u> to her but she invited me there this weekend. Told her I'd phone her Thurs. But I don't think I will. For one it's $44 round trip by plane (the boat doesn't cross the lake anymore). Another thing I don't wanna get stuck having sex with a 45-year-old grandma...grandpa? So I think I'll just blame it on the $. She said it was nice talking to me, that it was fun to "look in the mirror."

Anyway she got me to thinking & I just can't see splitting myself into my he and my she side, tho I realize male TVs probably have to. But I just can't see having a fake name etc. As for a beard/ mustache I don't <u>like</u> them & I'd only look like a 16-yr-old boy with pasted on hair anyway. Ugh. - I'm so damn lovesick.

1-18-74

Altho I haven't heard from Jim, things are actually not too bad. Some nice stuff happening. Wed Charles invited me over & we had about 1-1/2 hrs. alone before Jeffrey came. We were standing together in the kitchen & he initiated a nice kiss & hugging & as we drew back from the kiss we both said "I've missed you" to each other at the same time. It was really really nice. He said how it's kinda been uncomfortable between us lately... both trying to think of things to say, etc. & I agreed. He said we should get together more often. It sure was great cuz I was really beginning to feel rejected by him (I almost wrote "by Jim" there, Freudian slip). Then we 3 went out to the bars & at the RQ a tall queen I see there all the time complimented me saying he loves the way I walk & he saw me walking on the street & asked his friends if I was a boy or girl (they told him girl) & he just thinks I'm so cool & he'd love to ride on the back of my motorcycle if I had one. Told him he wasn't too bad himself & if I had a cycle I'd like him on the back too. He said REALLY?? It was really an ego-booster. Charles, Jeffrey & I also went to the Wreck Room, the gay leather S & M bar. I've always been scared to go there, being a girl, but once inside wasn't. Mostly older guys in motorcycle & cowboy getup & no one paid much attention to me. And after a while I began seeing how un-hard the whole scene was. Like they had some kind of raffle & all the hard guys were looking at their ticket to see if they won & then they announced everyone with a motorcycle cap or a cowboy hat on could get a free drink. How high school! I just leaned up against a wall acting hard & it was fun. We're all girls pretending we're big shot boys! HA HA

That Michigan drag Loretta sent me about 10 pictures of her so I wouldn't think her a "decrepit old lady." But too bad - she looked like someone's bitty aunt. Ugh. I phoned her Thurs & told her I couldn't afford to come there. It was really weird: he answered the phone, I asked for Loretta & he acted like he was getting a different person and then she got on the phone. Gives ya the willies. She was disappointed I wasn't coming but said I should send a picture "not of you, of your 'brother'." When I explained I didn't feel that split in half, she was real shocked & said then I wasn't a TV, "not that there's any one way you have to be to be TV," which made no sense to me. She harped on my getting a masculine name for my "brother" like John or Bob ("but not Bobby"). Shit. Told her I was called Lou a while but she felt that just wouldn't do, it's "too ambiguous." Man, what a drag (ha, ha). A drag drag.

I've been babysitting for Jake here & there & he's really a pleasure. His age (13 months) is just the most sweet as far as I'm concerned. Bridget & I are getting along well too. K. Steininger's kind of weird lately - she & Johnney are acting like fucked suburban parents.

1-27-74

So busy lately. I hadn't gotten a letter from my love since Jan. 11 & finally the 23rd I got the most beautiful letter from him that I just had to cry. He just tortures me with his beauty & I'm so frustrated. I want him back so so bad, he's so godlike, and his cries of sadness, loneliness wrench my heart. Somehow he feels he's not ready to come back, that he would be cheating himself, as he said. At first I didn't understand but now I think he has to come out there - for some reason he has to come out alone. And when he feels comfortable and worthy (he depreciates himself so much) he'll come back. And I can't wait to sleep with him in my arms again. Kiss him gently, softly.

Finally contacted another hetero female TV thru TVIS. She's 41 & lives in Clinton, Iowa. She wants to correspond & says I'm the only other one she knows too. That TVIS counselor in Chicago finally invited me down there Feb. 2 & 3 to meet the hetero drags there. Should be fun.

Eldon set me up to go to the Ball with this other male TS Elizabeth used to hang around with but ditched cuz she feels he's just fucked up. But I talked to him over the phone & he seemed rather embarrassed til I told him I crossdress too. Name's Greg - female named Linda. So Fri the 25th I had Charles & Jeffrey over for supper & then sat around. The other day I expressed a wish for handcuffs & so Johnney bought me some. We played with those. Then Jeff & I went to the RQ where I'd made a date to meet Greg-Linda. He didn't come in drag & turned out to be a real serious, depressed, boring person. Just the while I talked to him he impressed me as just a TV who can't handle it, not a TS. He's hetero too. Wants me to go with him this week to buy women's clothes cuz he's embarrassed to buy them alone.

Sunday Jan & Donna (2 older married-to-each-other lesbians) took me to a benefit the gay motorcycle club was holding at the Wreck Room. I was hesitant to go, first, cuz I felt women weren't welcomed & I wouldn't know anyone and, second, cuz I didn't want them to think I'm a lesbian too cuz I was with Jay & Donna. But it turned out to be a good time & Liz, Alyn, Eldon & other friends were there. One really nice thing happened: the Club president who's always in super leather drag & never ever looked at me much less said anything at GPU etc. came up & said hi to us all & turned to me & said it was nice to see me there. Ah, acceptance! Donna began talking to me about this guy she knows that may be "just what I'm looking for." That she's not sure, tho, what I do like but from what she's heard... Jay won't tell her anything (Jay was the lesbian who tried to pick me up & the first one in the lesbian world I actually told of my feelings)... but this guy used to do drag & he's hetero but has been gay a long time & Donna's told him about me but said she didn't really know cuz I may be into S & M, I wear leather & the guy thought that was great. And Donna said that he was wondering, tho, what I do. I told her I

just do the missionary position, but reversed, & that I like to be the aggressor. Well, anyway, she's going to introduce us at the Ball. Donna also told a story how a nun propositioned her in a lady's room offering money each time Donna comes & she's already made $5,000 off her. The story is human enough to be true.

So I'm going to rent a tux to go to the Ball. Over the phone I asked the clerk, "Well, should I just come in for a fitting then?" & he said, "Yeah, just send the fellow in next week sometime." Even when I told him he didn't get it.

Back to Donna: she said she & Jay are invited to a lotta parties where they're the only women & would I be interested in coming along sometime. Sure! So she was real wonderful to me. Jay was getting drunk & began telling someone how I was her type but she's not mine & I said "yeah, she threatens my masculinity" & Jay said "and I love you for it!" Another queen was there joking around & I got him & Paul [redacted] to dance & watched him (pretty) & Paul says, "Now I get it: you're a voyeur!!" I told him wait til my lover comes back, that he (Paul) will really like him.

Left with Eldon. He & I seem to pair off. He asked me to be a ballot counter at the Ball. He really likes me.

1-31-74

Things are slowing down a bit. I've been dreaming a lot lately at night - twice that a man came into Albion when I was there alone with the intent to hurt me. One was so realistic I woke myself up screaming - the second time I've done that in my life. Another dream was that I was in Berkeley & dropped in to see Jim & there was a boy in bed with him & later 2 girls (half-dressed) came into the room & I was upset. But one of the girls told me off to the side that I shouldn't be upset cuz he was a lousy fuck anyhow. I also remember there was a picture on his wall of men raping a boy & when I looked at it the picture came to life & I watched the rape. / Jim hasn't told his mother or sister that he's quit school. Wonder if they're the reason he doesn't want to come back to Milw.

2-4-74

Well, the trip to Chicago laid a big rotten egg. Arrived there around 3:30 Saturday & met Sandy. Had supper at her place with her lover, a big 36-yr-old woman. Sandy herself looked like a fat 18-yr-old mentally-retarded boy. Ugh. They were both nice to me, tho. We picked up another 41-yr-old fat woman & went to David's Place. Sandy had been writing me over & over how she'll introduce me to all the hetero drags & all these people who'll like me. The only one she ended up introducing me to was a queen named Vickie Lynn. Was funny cuz she (V.L.) called me over & asked why I thought that some butches like drag queens & I told her I didn't

know but that that was what I was there for. She got embarrassed & said she sure stuck her foot in her mouth there. Anyway she told me she had to ask the 41-yr-old if I was a boy or girl cuzza 3 reasons: I showed no breasts, there was nothing feminine about my face, and I was built like a boy. Anyway all Sunday Sandy & friends bad-mouthed V.L. for being among other things, "so faggoty." So the 4 of us watched the drag show which was good & as for the gorgeous Vogue magazine model-like drag who's bisexual that Sandy wrote me how she'd introduce us - Audrey Briant - she was absolutely beautiful & my "introduction" to her was Sandy pointing her out to me when she (A.B.) was on stage. Thanks for nothing. After the show we left & went to a lesbian bar. Another thanks for nothing. Spent the rest of the night there & Sandy even said, "This must be a real bore for you." The only thing there that saved me were 3 butch lesbians who you could never tell were female, esp. the bartender fascinated me. So we got in about 6 a.m. & all Sunday, til my bus left at 4:30 p.m., the 3 of them sat around talking together about people, events & good & bad times they had. I said about 25 words all day. And on my way home I could hardly hold the tears back I was so disappointed. Goddamn it.

Friday the 1st Elizabeth phoned me & we got a ride with all the drag queens to the opening show at The Factory. Good time. Walking home (got stopped by the police for wearing my handcuffs on my belt. One cop yelled out of the paddy wagon to the cop questioning me, "Is it male or female?" They hassled me about 15 mins., calling on a police call box to see if my cuffs were illegal. The red-neck copy asked me if they were some kinda fetish or something & I answered yeah. Turned out the cuffs weren't illegal. But neat to be hassled by the cops. I told them thanks for all the compliments.

So at 4 a.m. Saturday Jim phoned me. Said he'd wanted to phone before but made a promise to himself he wouldn't call before Feb. 1. I think he'd been drinking a little & kept saying over & over how very much he loves me & he thinks of me all the time & that he doesn't want me to forget him. That he wanted to be with me so much & would be back real soon. That he loves me as much mentally as physically & I'm the best person he knows. Told me how chaste he's been lately & I told him how I've been so good I could join the nunnery. He said he's afraid when I meet all these new people I'll just forget about him & that I should take care of myself becuz if anything happened to me he'd just die. He told me how just talking to me he had such a hard-on he could dial the phone with it! (How can he think he's impotent then?) I asked when was he going to stop this crazy-business & come back by me & he promised it would be very soon. He repeated over & over & over how he loves me so much & after 1/2 hour he told me that I'd have to hang up because he just couldn't.

Why, why, why does he torture us both like this? I can't imagine an excuse that would justify the pain & loneliness we both feel. No reason is good enough for him to stay away---

2-7-74

A few weeks ago, after a Monday GPU mtg, Eldon & I went to The Factory. After getting a little drunk, I went up to Duchess & we talked. After a while (and we even danced one song) a few drags walked by us & I said to Duchess why aren't there any hetero drags in Milw? Well, that just freaked him out & he said something like fortunately there aren't & something that I got the impression just the thought grossed him out & that he certainly wasn't into that! I laughed it off & said oh, well, rejected again, or something like that. Since then he's acted real offish toward me & this past Monday, after the mtg, I was standing around & he came up to me & just stood in front of me, looking as tho he was going to say something. We stood & looked at each other for almost a minute, I'd say, & then I said "Hi" & he said "Hi" like he was surprised. Then he walked away.

2-12-74

The GPU Masquerade Ball Feb. 9 was great. When I went in to rent a tuxedo the clerk asked "Is anyone helping this fellow?" Friday the 8th Eldon took Michael [redacted] to the bars & as I walked into the Factory, Eldon pulls me over & introduces me to him & Greer pulls a chair over for me & I spent the rest of the night next to him. He was a super nice guy (later Alyn & I agreed he sure "knows how to butter his bread"). At one point he said I'd look "like a dressed-up hippie" in a tux. I said "Fuck you" & he said "well, if I thought there was a chance..." I said "there is" & he was surprised & said laughingly "oh I was only kidding" & I said "I wasn't." He laughed & laughed, squeezing & hugging me saying "oh that's marvelous!!!" Sure took him by surprise. Anyway Saturday Greg-Linda came bout 7 p.m. I was so excited about my tux & told ma this made up for all those high school proms I could never go to. Soon as we arrived Eldon put me at the table to register those entering the costume contests. Some of the costumes were fantasticly gorgeous. I was getting compliments all over how good I looked & several drag queens kissed me including Duchess who asked me if I wanted a kiss! I was just drunk with excitement but Greg was El Bore & at one point a drag told him on the side to smile more cuz he was coming off too butch (he was in drag by the way). The contests were first & Duchess won the comedy contest & I was so glad. And when Eldon got up to introduce [redacted] he (Eldon) got a standing ovation & I was so proud of him. [redacted]'s act was great, as funny as he was beautiful & he sang some real serious & touching to gays songs, like "The Way We Were" ("and if we had the chance to do it all again, tell me: would we? could we?") and one he ended his show with, no one seemed to have ever heard before, about gays & being gay with the refrain "Tell me if you can, what makes a man a man." After his act there was dancing & Alyn & I danced and Greg & I danced a slow one but he was telling me he was turned on & shit, so one was

enough for me. The thing I was most happy about was everyone included me in on everything & were so so nice. I always remember how friends would ignore & exclude me when in a big crowd of other friends, but there was just no hint of that at all. I was just so happy - I was as important a friend as all the others! Well then Greg began crabbing he wanted to go cuz he was hungry & it seemed others were leaving too so we went to a gay restaurant that just opened & then to The Factory where I was to meet Charles who wasn't there so Greg crabbed to leave there too. Home about 2:30 a.m.

Sunday went to mom's wearing my tux & she took pictures of me, suggesting all these butch poses, etc. & real interested in the Ball & wanting to see my transvestite magazines.

Monday on the bus home from work Duchess & another drag get on the bus. The other drag said his & sat down a ways up, but Duchess said, "Oh, if it isn't the Butch!" & sat next to me to talk so we did, tho I was getting off in one block. He was <u>really</u> nice to me! Such a switch! And somehow his actions mean so much to me.

At Monday's meeting a lesbian told me she got a call on GPU's phone from a hetero TV who wanted counseling but there wasn't much she could do & in the end he got scared & hung up & would I be interested in handling those calls? I really felt bad it had happened & told her yes please send them to me! Now I'm thinking of getting something together for counseling them & will tell all phone answerers to send hetero TVs to me.

2-21-74

Lately my time's been taken up doing some counseling. One 42-yr-old & one 21-yr-old called GPU's phone line about their TVism. The 42-yr-old is kind of off-the-wall & asexual, I think, as he's NEVER had sex. The 21-yr-old I talked to nearly 3 hours on the phone the 16th & he came over the 17th for about 7 hrs. He's pretty confused. Anyway I've been thinking of starting like a TV rap group or something & have sent letters to 3 Milw TVs who advertised for friends in my TV magazine. Maybe, if they're not too weird, we can get something going cuz there's only so much I can say to these problem TVs & I think others may help a lot. So I've been mulling that over. Also that guy I went to the Ball with contacts me every 2-3 days to talk over his problems. Also the 16th I took the 42-yr-old to see the shows at The Factory & he really wore me out as he's so off-the-wall.

Jim sent me another super romantic letter saying he's "toying with the idea of early departure."

No real horrible things going on, tho. Sometimes something irritates me but it all irons out. Like this one creep came to GPU mtg the 11th & to the Newspaper Committee mtg the 12th & he irritated the living shit outa me. But the 19th this one guy I

thought didn't like me began telling me what a jerk this creep was & we had a real good time cutting him down.

Lately Duchess has been real nice to me & calls me "Butch" all the time.

Charles told me I may have VD, even tho I haven't been with him since mid-December. So tonite I'll have to get checked for that. Shit.

Hope this idea of a transvestite group doesn't backfire in my face. It may get going - but end up being a real pain in the ass. It's just that now TVs (esp. hetero) have NOWHERE to go - GPU is gay & so are the drag bars. Just to know & talk to others makes your TVism seem less a problem.

Wish Jim'd get his ass back here. I'm going crazy.

2-25-74

Finally someone beautiful & soft came in & out of my life. Saturday there was a party at Charles' boyfriend Jeff's place & they hassled me til I came. Lot of not too bad looking boys there but when Michael came in I knew right then him. Very thin & feminine, brown hair fluffed around his sharp featured face. So I began cruising him. Seemed he was with no one in particular & finally he came up to me & asked to see my handcuffs - had them hooked on my belt. Asked my name & introduced himself & I kind of touched his back. From then on it was kind of flirty-cruising-what next deal between us. He'd walk by me, turn to see if I was looking at him (which I always was) & then keep walking. He came up & asked me what I did. Taking it sex-wise, I answered "Just about anything." I asked what he liked & he said money. I asked how much & he said $50 grand. Told him he wasn't worth his weight n gold. Later he took the handcuffs & said he'd put them on me - I said no, I put them on him. He said no. Curious, I let him put 'm on me & then he asked for money. I told him first he takes the cuffs off & we argued back & forth & finally I got 'm off. Like every 20 mins. something'd happen between us. Finally I asked him if he was a lost case & he asked how I meant. Told him he knew damn well - for sex. He said well, to tell the truth he's kind of asexual & I said well then we'd get along good. He asked was I too? I nodded. From then on he was a lot nicer. He kept kissing this one girl tho. Then he sat alone smoking. I stared at him & he kept looking over at me & finally I went over & asked if he was so asexual, why does he keep teasing everyone & he said he likes kissing & touching. I kissed him & stroked his hair. Later he came up behind me & began kissing me real hard. Finally about 4 a.m. he came over & shook my hand & said bye. I asked if I could come with him & when he didn't answer I said, too bad, I'm coming anyhow. So the one girl he'd been kissing real much, some gila monster guy, him & I left. Walking along he was with the other girl & then a car with a friend of theirs drove up & we all

went to a restaurant. I got to sit next to him & every few mins. he'd ask me a question, "Why are you so contrary to your image?" "So people will leave me alone." He fed me some of his food. His attentions to me were very hesitant, afraid, yet I knew he was attracted to me. I could almost feel he liked me. As they were driving me home I asked him if he'd like to come with me. He asked if I had music & booze & when I answered yes, he said OK, for a little while. We sat on the couch & drank wine, listened to records. He pulled me over & we hugged & kissed. I stroked his hair, touched his face. We laid together in each other's arms, high, drifting but not sleeping. He asked more questions: my age, if I lived alone, where I worked. Told him I was transvestic & a little about TVs. Told me he was looking for someone to share their money with him. He told me I was beautiful inside & I told him he was very beautiful, that I wished I was him. He said he was like me once. But I don't know - the feelings between us were like we knew each other, but didn't. Said he liked my music and the way I touched him. It began getting light out & he went & looked out the window a while. When he came back to the couch I asked if he wanted to go lay down with me & he said we could for a little while (but we didn't) & he went & phoned a taxi. (When he said he wanted to share someone's money I said then he could be a "kept boy" & he said he'd keep himself!)

Seemed in seconds the taxi arrived. Leaving, he asked was I sure I didn't have any money. I hit him on the butt & told him to get out, that all I've got to say is he's lucky he's getting out of here alive. He left.

Somehow I think he'll be back - but then I thought that about Beau too. So I've been toying with the idea of keeping him. Maybe if he comes to see me first, I'll talk it over with him. But he was absolutely beautiful & it was like we understood each other in some strange way.

2-27-74

More remembrances of Feb. 23: Whenever he talked to me he'd lean real close & whisper it, when he just talked normally with everyone else. ** He asked what I was like in high school. Told him I had my homeroom changed 3 times (not true, really only once) cuz the kids hassled me so much. He was impressed. I said I spoze you were raped in the locker room. He said no. ** When he had me handcuffed behind my back he grabbed me roughly by the arm & said nervous & angry at the same time, "You got a ten or a twenty?" At the time I felt he was trying to scare me so I didn't react, but this demand for sex money turns me on immensely now. Because he was so so beautiful, so sure of his beauty & my desire for him - and I know I could have whipped his ass in bed! ** I've thought about him & tried to recall every move & word from him since he happened to me. I'm mulling over what I should do. I'd like to ask what sort of money arrangement he's looking for. I figure if Beau could take off with $75 plus, this guy's worth at

least that. But I'm still hesitant to have anyone else around becuz I just want Jim, and that's the truth. This guy'd be out on his ass the minute Jim said when he's coming back for sure. That could be anywhere from 1 to 5 months. ** At another point he came up to me & said what he could & couldn't offer, but I don't remember what it all was. Something like "I don't offer love or happiness, I offer only a few moments of companionship." Something like that. Wish I could remember exactly. ** I feel now that if he came back to see me first I'd definitely "talk business" with him. But I'm wondering whether I should send the word out. I don't know who, where or how to contact him so I'd have to just ask around, see who the hell knows him & ask them to tell him "Sheila's ready to talk business now." But it'd be the best if he came to me. At least I wouldn't feel he was ready to vomit on me but wouldn't just for the cash. - Oh, well. I just kind of sent the word out. Just saw the guy who had the party. He said he knew Michael "sort of" & I said oh, cuz he mentioned a business deal & I think I might be interested. Anyway if he ever does run into him, or something, the word does get around. Think I'll just sit back & wait. Eldon puts great faith in the "gay grapevine." ** He ordered clams at the restaurant & meaning to say was he going to keep the shells, I said, "Do you get to keep the shells?" He leaned over real serious & whispered, "No, you hand them in & get a refund on 'm," and then went back to eating.

3/5/74

Bout 2 a.m. March 1 Jim phoned. I figured he would - I think he'll call the 1st of the month now. Was very loving. Said he'd be back the middle of June & that he was going to do all kinds of nice things for me like wear a fur jacket & go to the bars & be real good to me so I could show them all what a beautiful lover I have. Said he's been going to a lot of new places & making a lot of friends "mostly fags" (told him those are the best kind) & he's getting into a little circle of friends. Really good.

No word from pretty boy Michael. Told 2 people to try to get the word to him but I'm still hoping he'll come around to visit me on his own. Would be so nice to sleep with him.

By the way, my V.D. test turned out negative!!!

3/10/74

Well, I've been a sick motherfucker again. For 2 wks. I've been fucking around again with sinus shit. Taking off a day here & there. Fever. Anyway haven't been to work since the morning of the 6th. I swear I've felt every inch of the inside of my sinuses. So my life has slowed down plenty. My big adventure is going to the mailbox. I wrote to a TV I was attracted to from a magazine I have & he wrote back & sent another picture I've just been staring at since. A super fantasy picture. Then Jim sent me a real good letter enclosing 2 pictures - one of him & one of his latest boyfriend. The one of him was double exposed but good & his new lover, Alan, is just gorgeous. My fantasies of them together have just been running wild. So that's me lately. My article is in Feb/March GPU NEWS. Hope I get <u>some</u> feedback from it, sure got none from my first article. I'll be going to work tomorrow. Hope I'm thru with sickness now this winter.

3/14/74

This week is going so fast I can't believe it. The big deal is ma went into the hospital for her hysterectomy (finally) & the docs found all this shit wrong with her: diabetes, hardening of her heart arteries, hypertension. So they won't do the operation til she loses 50 lbs. She's really upset - went to visit her last night & she cried in my arms.

This weekend that Sandy Skord I visited in Chicago & her lover are coming up to Milw for me to show them around - maybe. She said she'd call when she knows for sure & I haven't heard from her yet. And I have to clean Albion & do the laundry so I'll at least have clean sheets. Cleaning Albion's a job in itself. Plus I should try & think of what to feed them. - Tues nite Charles dragged me to the bar & guess who's back in Milw til next week Tues - Robert, that little queen I slept with. All night he acted like I wasn't

there & when I got drunk enough I went up to him & said, "Why are you acting like you don't know who I am?" He said oh, he's not, it's just he's SO DRUNK! I said, "again?" Anyway he leaned on me & just the feel of him got so - he was so soft - I kissed him a few times. But it seemed when I looked for him again he'd left. Sure could see sleeping with him again, altho he's not as good-looking as he was then. - Charles is going back to N.Y. on Monday. I haven't had any sex with him since Dec. but we go to the bars together & now I'll have to alone. Also Tues at the bar some kid asked if I was a "communist lesbian" & I said no, I'm a communist transvestite. He was freaked & then asked if I was male or female. He was so drunk he felt my chest (I wore my binder) & he still couldn't tell. He then felt my hips & crotch & I told him I had an operation. He said, "You're female, aren't you?" He asked my name but only to tell him if it was ambiguous so I said some people call me Lou. He approved & said I was the best drag in Milwaukee. Really great! - I also said a few words to a little blond queen who's had a looking relationship with me for a while now.

3/22/74

Charles has gone back to N.Y. Wednesday night he, Jeffrey & I took a train to Chicago to attend an opening party for a new gay bath. There were tons of people but only about 2 cuties. Charles said he's going to start calling me "he" and "him" & I told him to call me Lou tonite. So he introduced me as Lou & I didn't talk & was really fooling a lot of people into thinking me male. No liquor was served & the party, held at the bath, wasn't very good. We got to wander around & see it tho. The rooms were like closets, a bare mattress on the floor & I think a chair. That was it & barely room to move in. At the end of the evening got heavily heavily cruised by this old guy in leather. I was in my leather too & wearing my cuffs on the left side which in Milw means you're the aggressor & suddenly I realize someone told me that it meant just the opposite some other place & I wasn't sure if they'd said Chicago or not. Shit! I finally had to flee & break up Jeff & Charles' kissy-kissy to save me from this man. He'd just stared at me, standing there looking hard & I tried to look everywhere but where he was but then he stepped in my line of vision. Yuk! At midnite they began getting ready for business & everyone left but those who were gonna stay. They all went to get undressed & walk around with only a towel wrapped around their waists. Jeff had been cruised by this guy & wanted to stay a while but Charles said he didn't as he was embarrassed cuzza his bad acne. So Charles & I waited in the lobby for Jeff to get screwed by this guy & no one tried to kick me out or was freaked by me there & I was sure they all thought I was a guy. A guy who'd been there all nite & had talked to Jeff & Charles before came to talk to Charles and said to him, "What's his name?" "Lou." I nodded, shook hands. This one kind of cute but too chunky guy stood in his towel on the other side of the hall cruising me hard. When we finally left I stared back at him & we

stared all the way as I walked out. Because Charles knew the bath owner (I'd met him several times too) Dom, we got an in and got free rooms in this gay rooming house for the nite. At first they gave me a key & when we went in there's a guy in bed! We got another room. Jeffrey said I should just stay in the room with Charles & him but apparently Charles wasn't hip on that. So I got as far into a gay bath as I possibly could, being what I am. Doubt if many women have. We got 2 hrs. sleep & on the bus back to Milw at 6:30 a.m. Charles asked when I was coming to N.Y. & when I said July or August, he said couldn't I come one time earlier too. He really didn't want to leave Jeffrey & me, he said. We talked about Jim a while & I realized what a confused picture of Jim I'd presented to him - but then our story is kinda confusing. Thurs. aft. Jeffrey came to my office & we made a deal to go to Chicago together Apr. 5-6 to go to the bars plus I saw a belt down there I have to buy at the S&M store. So maybe Jeffrey & I'll be together now.

Found out my first article published in GPU NEWS was reprinted in the Detroit Liberator. Smile. Will get a copy. I submitted my new one to Ms., who sent it back with a form letter saying gee we just can't use it, and Playgirl, who sent it back saying they already "assigned a piece on the same subject." Fuckers. I'm trying others tho.

Skord never came last weekend. Didn't even have the decency to call & tell me - I had to call her. I'm just going to make up excuses so she can't come from now on. Fuck her. Kiss my ass!

Got a great letter from Jim last Sat, too. It described all how he & his new boyfriend Alan had an argument. He also said he's beginning to hate women. The letter set me off to crying & feeling so alone & I wrote a freak-out letter, thinking how rejected I felt. (I had complained to Charles how I thought Robert was acting like such a baby by pretending he didn't know me. Charles said, "Well, there ARE some exclusive homosexuals!") But Saturday nite went out with Charles & Jeffrey & Robert was at the bar, not drunk for the first time, but as lovely as ever. He greeted me, took my hand. I bought him a drink & we talked a while & he even came over to say goodbye when he left with another boy. I was so happy! Then another gay I see a lot & is real nice (John Tom) came over to me & said, "If I was ever going to... if I ever did... if I ever went straight, I'd turn queer for you!" I hugged him & told him "well put." So I snapped out of my depression & wrote Jim a normal letter too & sent them both.

Am trying to do 2 reporter-type articles for the next GPU NEWS on two events I didn't even attend & know close to nothing about. It's really irritating but feel I should at least try & make myself useful.

Ma just returned from the hospital today & doc says for her to get her family to go easy on her. I'll refrain from telling her about my exciting life - like about the baths.

3/25/74

Jeffrey told me today that his trick at the baths Wed nite asked him if he was with "that one little guy" (me!). Jeffrey blows it: "Oh! you! mean! SHEILA!!"

Another really fine letter from Jim. He allayed all my fears that he was getting to hate me cuz he said he was getting to hate women. He said he even told Alan about me the first time they met & was glad to show him my picture to prove to him I wasn't straight. And Alan even said I "look nice"!! So so glad. I'll be high on that for days.

I love that beauty so much. The weeks have been really flying by lately & June is not that far off. I just can't believe he'll be here with me soon. I won't be able to stand it, I'll die of happiness.

4/1/74

Feel kinda blah. Almost positive I'd get a call from Jim this morn but no. I only hope it was because he was making love to Alan. Maybe he'll phone tonite. Greg-Linda saw the picture Jim sent of himself & when I told him it was Jim, he was super surprised - thought it was a girl - he said you really do like femmy guys! Thinking all the time of Jim lately since Charles left - well really before that. Thought last nite how excellent it would be to support him. I don't know why. I'd just love buying him all kinds of things, having him at Albion when I get home from work. He'd be all beautiful for me, and we'd go out together. Two and a half more months & he's mine. March 1 he said he was going to do all kinds of wonderful things for me. I'll always have plenty of wine around - and a new needle so my stereo'll sound better. I'll bring flowers home to him. I want to court him as a man would a very beautiful virgin. Pay for his dinner, his drinks, and he would have to kiss me. I'd buy him jewelry and flowers and wine, scarves, perfumes, strawberries.

Got a letter from Female Impersonator magazine asking permission to reprint my second article! At the bar Sat. nite 3 of the pretty butch gays greeted me royally & one said he was really impressed by my article. I was really surprised at how excited they were to see me--

4/2/74

Feel as tho I'm slipping back to where I was a year ago... I'm getting insecure & afraid again. I know it's becuz Charles is gone & becuz my cruising attempts of these past 3 months have been fruitless (pun intended). I feel I'm just pining away for Jim &

now I'm beginning to think I'll only be disappointed when he does return: told we shouldn't see each other very often, that he's in love with Miss Anybody & can't help it, that he wants to pretend he doesn't know who I am in the gay bars & then want to go to straight bars, that he'll go back to live with Michael [redacted] & I'll be so grossed out by that pig again.

I'm feeling the same want to - don't want to feeling. Wanting to beg & beg him to come back soon & wanting to lose myself in him from need, but being constantly reminded that I'm not that important to him.

I know I'm feeling this from pure loneliness: from Charles being gone, from all my unsuccessful flirtations, that beauty Michael living upstairs from me for over 2 wks. & never once acknowledging I'm there. Jim not calling the 1st of the month as he had on Feb. & Mar. I'm just feeling so so alone & desperate. There is no one I even care to be with now.

Last night while vacuuming I found one of Jim's bracelets under my bed. I put it to my lips & cried. Remembering our lovemaking, his beauty - the way we were.

I don't know how I'm going to make it thru these next 3 months. Someone better come around, like usually - well, most of the time - does when I know I'm just not going to be able to go it alone any longer.

4/10/74

Jeffrey & I got the 6:50 train to Chicago Friday night. We got a private compartment & drank wine & talked as we watched the moon. We got really close - the first time I felt he <u>really</u> liked me. Stayed at a friend of J.'s place & we 3 went to the Gold Coast, <u>the</u> heavy Chicago S&M (sadism/masochism) bar. Bought the belt I'd been dreaming of since the baths. While waiting for it, a 60-yr-oldish man put a note in my hand. I looked at it, then at him & he gasped, "Oh, please take it!" When he left I read it: "Master, I beg too train as one of your slaves! Master, please, I beg, train me to ream, suck you dry! Your slave, Tom. [redacted]." Too too incredible! He <u>must</u> have thought me a boy! Nothing else there. Sure can't see why the place has such a horrendous reputation - I guess maybe just the presence of S&M'ers is freaky to some. Not me. Saw a guy there from GPU & he was delighted at my baths escapade. Think these guys get a real kick out of a girl trying to pass as male. Saturday morn J. & I went to the Art Institute. But I had my eyes on the most perfect art - the pretty boys. One especially. A real symphony. Then we walked all over downtown, New Town, Old Town. In and out of at least 75 stores. Bought handcuffs for J. to give Charles as a gift from me (he went to N.Y. to visit him Tues). The clerk said, "Can I help you, sir? ...uh, ma'am?" J. & I got along famously. Bought him makeup for the evening & he did

himself up extravagantly with glitter around his eyes & rouge & wore only a white sequined jacket meant to go over a sleeveless gown. Told him he was my contribution to art. First went to the Bistro, which had a 20-min. wait so we subwayed to Broadway Sam's. Not so great. Then to THE place, The Machine. $4 per person to get in tho no band or liquor there but it was so worth it. The place was beautiful: 2 floors, the top a balcony you could look on the 1st floor from. Dance floor on both levels. Balcony had all couches & booths to sit at. And yummy boys!!! And then I saw him. Said to J., "That guy is really strange. I don't know what I think of him." He was dancing: thin, my height, very short 1 inch long David Bowie haircut all standing up on top, reddish, small round face, tiny kissy-mouth & large gray transparent eyes... the kind you feel you're looking thru. Makeup enough but not overdone. Like a girl. A silver & black top, buttons open down his chest & a long lilac-purple chiffon scarf around his neck pinned on the side by a diamond circle pin. Nice blue jeans. Black platform shoes. He looked like he wasn't real - not of this world. So ethereal I was afraid of him. But the more I watched I couldn't stop. J. & I danced & I could see him watching us. I had to talk to him. Stood off worrying what I should do, lost him a while, then saw him standing off--somehow alone--looking out onto the dance floor--the lights assaulting his beauty, his eyes. No one spoke to him, noticed him, but he was all I could see. Pretended I was walking by him, took his arm, said in his ear, "I want to tell you you're beautiful," kissed him quickly on the ear & was going to run off in case he vomited or something but he took my arm & said he'd watched me dance & couldn't believe it. He was smiling, acting so pleased. Asked if I knew Suzi Quatro. Said no & he said I look just like her - she's a British singer & dresses like me. Well we each kept up the conversation, I bought him soda. Told me how he was to meet someone there who didn't show & he had no way to get home. (What a line.) Said he worked at IBM - I thought how perfect that was. Working at a place as out of reality as he. He asked who J. was. Told him I met him cuz he & I shared a lover once. He asked a little later who got the lover & when I said J., he was delighted. (I don't know his sexuality but we spoke of only gay bars tho seemed Machine was a "swinging" bar.) We danced some. He was so interested, delighted, attentive, lovely. We lost sight of J. a long time & my David Bowie (his name was Bob) said he just knew J. got mad & left. What a sweet pretty! He stayed by my side all the time. Found J., decided to leave. Asked if he wanted to come with us & he did. Outside it was light. 6:30 a.m. He had a black leather jacket with the collar up, white silk scarf, silken silver gloves which he wore & delicately held his cigarette. I love the way boys walk in platform shoes too - so sexual. And he was so normal: talked normal, acted natural. Not trying to BE anything. Only one double mattress left at the house. Tactless J. doesn't offer to fuck off so we all had to share it. Damn. I was in the middle & David Bowie & I snuggled up & fell asleep. I left all my clothes on, he only took off his sweater. But I hardly slept. Too aware of him. Woke about 9:30 & began touching him. He was 1/2 awake, 1/2 asleep. I drew off his covers & ran my fingers

lightly over his chest & back, sometimes using my nail to give him pleasure/pain. A few times he opened his eyes & looked at me but I just smiled & continued. Sometimes I'd stop & lay quietly next to him but later start again. Stroked his hair, his eyes & ears. A few times he pulled me under him, kissed me real hard. His makeup was so lovely. J. slept the whole time. Around 10:30 he got up & got his cigarettes & we sat on the bed & talked. He washed the red out of his hair & his makeup off, scratched off the black nail polish he had only on each middle finger. I watched him. He fussed with his hair for a long time trying to get one sticking-up part to lie down. Teased him. He got dressed & asked for my address. We kissed & he left. Another fleeing angel I hope to possess again... Went back to bed til 2:30. J. & I were awakened by our host & J. said to him, "You should have seen the cute little David Bowie we brought home with us... or Sheila brought home." And I thought yes, that's just what he was, a "cute little David Bowie." We just made the 4:30 train to Milw. Another nice ride almost totally alone in the sunlight together, both of us pretty damn content. - Only home around 1/2 hr. & I get a phone call from Jim. Soon as he spoke I knew he was in a bad mood but I was so high from the weekend. Told him in general about Chicago. He was quiet, when I asked the matter he said nothing & was silent, like he wished I'd quit phoning him. "Are you still coming back in June?" "I don't know" (a leave-me-alone tone) "I guess so." Said he'd been trying to call me 3 days. Told him I'd expected him on the first & felt bad when he didn't call. He humphed "April Fools." Asked him bout Alan, said he probably wouldn't see him anymore, "it's just a fruitless relationship." Told him a little of David Bowie & when I said nothing happened in bed he said "I'm sure." He was just pissed at me. When I asked the matter for the 4th time he said he just wanted to go home & sleep. So we hung up. Why does he DO that! Thought of our hassle in the bar in Berkeley. Deduced things aren't well with him & becuz I was happy, had a good time, he was envious & thus pricky to me. Just like in the bar. I honestly don't know what to do when he gets that way. My fears of April 2 could be real fears. But this is the first time I haven't been bummed by his moods. It happened 3 days ago & I haven't wanted to write him asking for an explanation or cried or anything. Just think I don't need his grief. Like I said before: those around me affect me a lot more than he does. My cute little David Bowie. I finally feel Jim needs & wants me as much as I do him & he can just learn to come back to me for a change. He wants to be the girl, okay - let him. I'm finally insane enough to wait for him to come to me like a girl should.

4/15/74

Things are fine - boring but fine. Jim mailed off a letter to me the very next day after that pissy phone call & it was a very revealing letter about his confusion & very loving. I mailed my response today. Seems he feels out of place at the same time he feels he belongs in the gay world plus somehow he feels he has to

explain himself to all his asshole acquaintances here. Dumb. Went to the bars twice this weekend by myself - the first times I've ever gone alone. It was good tho cuz I find out I'm not alone for long, I know enough people. Alyn told me I have this one guy who's into S&M real deep & who's the Treasurer of GPU believing I'm into S&M & he said they both argued back & forth whether I was or not. And Alyn said I should "keep it up" cuz I've really got Lowell convinced. Told Alyn the closest to S&M I get is heavy scratching. Left out telling him of my fantasies which nearly always involved S&M shit. He said if I could convince Lowell I was "S" he'd be grovelling at my feet. Showed Alyn my Gold Coast note & he was real surprised & exclaimed, "He didn't know!" meaning if I was male or female. Then Alyn asked my drag name, which sure surprised me. "Lou."

Sat nite went alone to a party the glitter crowd was having & invited me to. Another move that took guts. Lousy party tho. Need Jim!

4/17/74

Got a lovely phone call from my love last night. He was worried cuz he hadn't gotten a letter from me yet & again apologized for the snotty phone call last week. Said he'd be back "real soon, only 2 months" & that he'd like to start traveling & not just stay in Milw & he's thinking of Europe. He was very interested in N.Y. this summer so if he's got the travel bug we maybe could go as soon as July. He was even romantic, saying he misses my body, adding "and your mind too!" Told me about all the new flashy clothes he's gotten & about a little David Bowie boy who comes in the restaurant where Jim works all the time & they look at each other. Said while trying on some new pants in the store's dressing room he suddenly realized the store clerk (who Jim said "could hardly WALK he was so nelly") was there with him - Jim said he must've gotten his "jollies," Jim with his shaved legs & all. Funny! Well it was just a real nice call, cheered me up a lot tho his letter did too. I mentioned the middle of June, his due date back, was around my birthday - seems he hadn't even thought of it that way. I hope when here he's not extremely critical of Milw & impatient about being here - who needs a lover on the run all the time. Oh well, Have to see. He hasn't all that much $$.

Monday's GPU mtg was on S&M (sado-masochism). The jerk doing the talk (the only guy in GPU I can hardly stand, even his presence) wasn't even into S&M and just gave this hack psychological rap how they're all from unhappy childhoods & are unable to establish loving relationships. I was so pissed & the 4 or 5 other guys there into S&M didn't bat an eyelash. Talked today to this one guy at the talk; he said how I was the only one "in their (S&M) subset" who spoke up. Surprises me how people take for granted I'm S&M. I am to a degree - 90% of my masturbation fantasies involve S&M, I've always gotten off sexually on prisons, handcuffing (I've already handcuffed myself at night in bed & gone

to sleep that way), those short stories I wrote while 12-16(?) years old always had whipping, etc. I esp. like biting & scratching my partner during sex, holding their arms down above their heads. I could easily get into S&M. I'm already into the fantasy & that's a large portion of it.

4/18/74

Talked to Michael [redacted] last night. He said he's prefer if Jim didn't move back there! I'm so glad!!! In my last letter I told Jim I have no desire to place any limitations on him but that I ask he doesn't move back to Michael's cuz I seriously cannot tolerate him. It would be the best if Jim got his own place! And with Michael letting Jim know he'd rather not have him there, I might have a chance of him getting his own place! Sweet Luck!

4/19/74

John Tom commenting on how I'm dressed in a gay bar, "Sheila, nobody likes a FAGGOT!" My reply, "I do! What'd'ya think I'm here for??" We laugh.

4/26/74

Finally getting around to writing about Tues. nite. To the RQ with Jeffrey. Many pretty boys there. But one approached me & asked about Jim, saying he'd seen us 2 together for years. He was mystified by us both. We danced, were both very drunk & he said I could do anything with him I wanted. He was small, thin, soft brown hair, make-up eyes, David. Took him to Albion. He told me I reminded him of his adolescent jack-off fantasies. I told him that's all I was. He was afraid of me & I played on his fears, which he wanted, the fantasies. He'd ask if I had whips. I'd say you'll see. Undressed him but his necklaces, bracelets left on. I refused to remove any clothes (didn't all night--fantasies). Told him I was a hermaphrodite. He doubted me so asked didn't he think there were people like me? did he think we all went to N.Y.? He told me to fuck him then if I have a dick. So I made him lie on his stomach, he turned to see if I was removing my pants, but I roughly turned him over & violently shoved 2 fingers up him. He cried out, begging me to take them out, asking if he was bleeding. I held them quietly in place (tho I wanted to cruelly pump them in & out, add a 3rd finger) and he got used to them there... Later I put 2 fingers in his mouth, he closed his lips over them. I said in his ear, "Suck." (Genet) His lips, his tongue moved, he lightly sucked. I drew the fingers in & out, fucking him with it. "Suck it." His mouth tightened, he sucked harder. I was immensely turned on by my words, his submissiveness. Genet's words were caught in my throat, never said--"Go on, suck it, you little bitch." (Rechy's 'fantasy words': "Suck me, bitch.") I need a gun. Instead of my fingers (Genet) I would fuck him with

the muzzle - make him suck it - "Suck it til it shoots." Turn him over & force the end of it up between his buttocks, pump him with it, and if he cries out in pain, begs me to stop, only force it further in him, pushing it all the way in, bring it almost all the way out & shove it in again - savoring his cries & pain. If there was blood I'd lick him clean after the rape, hoping when I turn him back over to gently kiss him I'll find silent tears. - At one time he was laying on his back & I was kneeling between his legs. Took his foot & licked it, putting my tongue between each of his toes & licking there. Somehow he started telling me he wasn't a "faggot." Doubted him, asking what he was doing at the RQ then. He said looking for sex - he didn't care if it was from "a girl or a boy or a boy-girl or whatever." Later we talked of a mutual acquaintance. He said he'd love to get into his pants. - His nakedness while I was clothed bothered him. He argued with me about it a long time. When I sensed his curiosity waning, I opened my pants, revealing my jockey shorts. He was surprised & I kissed him, his kiss now stronger, more persistent. - As he got more forward his fingers touched the edge of my binder. "What's this?" I moved his hand away. - I told him he shouldn't get so drugged cuz little girls shouldn't do that. He asked if that's what he was to me, a little girl. "Uh-huh." Then he asked if I had anything I wanted him to put on. "No." - I watched him as he slept. My fantasy: I am a 45ish-yr-old convict. They put a pretty new kid in my cell. It's night & the guard finds him sleeping in my bunk. "All right, Joe, put the boy back." I don't want to be separated from this pretty young soft warm body. "Please, Olson, just let me have him tonite... please... he's all I got." The guard knows I'm not a troublemaker & that this is the first boy I've had tho a con for 12 yrs., so he walks away, lets me have him. - I slept 2 hrs. & went to work, leaving him there. When I got home at 5, of course he was gone, but had left a note that he'd taken a copy of my article, "TV Liberation" one. - I went right to bed, buried my nose in the pillows - his scent still lingering there. Jeffrey saw him again at the RQ Thurs nite.

5/2/74

Bout 10 p.m. last night I realized it was the 1st of the month & maybe Jim'd call. About 10 mins. later the phone rang. He was so beautiful. Teased him the whole conversation how I was going to hang myself, jump in the Milw River, etc., if he wasn't back for my birthday. He repeated over & over that he would be. Told me bout new clothes he bought & how he went to the Univ. to type up some of the writing he's been doing. I'd love to read that! Loved just the bits he'd done I read while there. We were both in a super good mood. I haven't received a letter from him since Apr. 12 but he told me I should be getting one today or tomorrow. It sounded so good. Another thing he said was I'm just about the only person he's writing to anymore. God, I love him so so much. We talked about Randy - Jim said he bets he's married by now. We both agreed that was too bad. I said, "I never want to get married to you, T. I just want to kiss you!" He & I laughed, he said okay. We laughed, loving each other.

On TV the other day: a 1950's greaser adjusting the rear view mirror on his motorcycle, "Man, I don't want to see where I've <u>been</u> - I want to see how <u>cool</u> I look while I'm getting there!" That sentence went thru my mind all day - that's how I am.

5/7/74

Sometimes I myself can't begin to figure out what sometimes happens to me: Saturday at the RQ I walk in & there's blondey. I can't believe I haven't mentioned him yet but I see I haven't. He & I have had a looking at each other flirty but never speaking relationship for a long time now, months & months. He's small, but not short. Sharp features, large pale eyes, blonde hair. Very delicate & graceful. Always very neat & pretty. Months ago he was standing alone (usually is) & I was very drunk, noticed his hair was cut. Went up to him, "Why'd you cut your hair?" He was super surprised I spoke to him, said, "Oh, well, it was getting so long... but it'll grow back in a few weeks." I said, "Oh, well, then I'll let it slide" & walked away. Weeks went by, sometimes we'd smile, other times pretend we'd never seen each other. A few weeks back he asked me to dance at the Factory & we talked a while. Apr. 25 very late at the RQ I stood off alone super drunk & he said, "Hey, sexy, wanna dance?" Freaked the shit outa me. We did but I was busy Apr. 25 - too bad for him. Anyway that's been the extent of our contact but months & months of flirty eyes. Anyway Saturday there he is as soon as I walked in & he greeted me with a big smile & I nodded. A little later he approaches me & asks if I'll be going to the Factory later. Said yeah & he said well he'd walk over with me, okay? and he'll be waiting on the other side of the bar. I just about shit. Hung around a while not wanting to appear to eager & scare him. Later he moved to my side of the bar, looking anxious to leave but I was waiting for Elizabeth. Went over & asked his name. "Dale." (He really looks like a Dale too, a girl-boy.) Finally we left. Eliz & I talked

most of the way but he appeared somewhat comfortable. The drag show was free so went there. He hung around by my side. We understood each other in jive, I mean, if I say or do something jivey or if he does, we look at each other knowingly & maybe smile. Returned to the RQ, the rest of the night we were together. Remember little, so drunk. He asked what made me come out. Told him I'd lived with my boyfriend 3 yrs. & he moved out on me & I decided to do all the things I'd always wanted to but never had the guts to. Asked why he did & he said he thinks he was born gay. (I assumed from that he was never with a girl.) Talked about our parents. Seems his indulge him - even let him bring home tricks when he lived with them. I imagine mommy wanted a girl-boy, naming him Dale. Suddenly 2-3 cops came in the bar, 2 others carrying a stretcher but not using it & 2 cops led out a boy wearing all white but all splotched all over with blood - he'd tried to slit his wrists. More drunk: I indulged myself, touching his hair, kissing him on the neck a few times, even remember biting him once to his surprise. Wanted to tell him how pretty he is. Told me a few yrs. ago he was attacked by some guys on the street who hit him, but he ran. And last week he was waiting for a bus & 3 guys in a car drove by & shouted, "Hey, queer boy!" & circled around but the bus came in the nick of time. (I've thought since about what they'd said to him, masturbating.) At 3:30 the bar closed. Unsure of now what, so said jokingly-serious, "Your place or mine?" He acted like he didn't hear me. We began walking (he lives 4 blocks from me) still not sure what. So I asked if he'd come home with me. Said he couldn't, his parents were visiting him tomorrow. I said I have an alarm clock if he has to get up at a certain time. But he said no. Don't remember why but remember saying to him he should've guessed by now that I don't <u>do</u> anything (meaning in bed - said it in case he was afraid of having sex with me, hoping he'd at least sleep with me). Also while walking he asked if I ever got in a fight. Told him 2 times when I was about 13 (meaning the Garde hassles). He told me not to swear so much cuz he wasn't used to it. About 2 mins. later he swore & I asked him real serious not to swear so much - I'm not used to it. When we got to Albion I said, sure you won't come with me? Said no but will I be at the bar tomorrow. Said no. He asked would I be there Tues or Thurs? Said maybe, I don't know. Said well he'll see me then, OK? So that was that. But I knew it wasn't that he didn't like me, but was a little scared.

He's as strange as he is pretty. I could feel very comfortable with him. I even <u>respect</u> him which I can't say for most guys I've tricked with. He has a sense for jive - I can't really fool him like the others. Maybe I'll go to the bar Thurs.

This aft. saw another gay I always think hates me. He'd seen Dale & I walking home together Sat. So this aft he stopped & talked so so friendly - never has before. Afterwards I walked away wondering, just amazed, "Why don't all of these gays <u>hate</u> me? <u>Why</u> do they all <u>like</u> me??"

This Sat. Eldon's showing 2 hrs. of porno movies in his home, guests by invitation only. Bet I'm the only female invited. Wouldn't miss it!

5/17/74

'Knowest thou not... that a nerve may quiver & be convulsed with actual pain while the blood is dancing & singing for joy like a nymph drunken? that to be pinched & torn by the lips & teeth & fingers of love is a delight enduring when one is past kisses & when caresses have no sting or savour left in them? that the ache & smart of the fleshly senses are things common alike to pleasure & to pain?' (quote from Romantic Agony) Really love it, so had to put it in here. - Have seen Dale several times since the 7th. We are not, it seems, good friends who will never be lovers. I so enjoy watching his body, his face, his eyes searching the bar for a male. 2 a.m. Wednesday, walking down Wisc. Ave., 3 hippie guys stop me & one drunkenly asks me to help him get a flag from the streetlight. I asked if he had $25 & he said he didn't want my body, only a little help. I kept walking & he mumbled, "Then go ta hell, ya queer motherfucker!" Elated! If he thought I was trying to sell myself to him & then called me queer, he must've thought I was male. I was a block away when he came running up behind me & asked if I was a boy or girl; said he knew I was a girl but his 2 friends bet him $5 I was a boy, that they think that only becuz I have a flat chest. Told him they were both wrong, said I was 1/2 a sex-change (the story was too hokey - from now on it's "a hermaphrodite"). Never told him if I was a female-to-male or vice versa & I think he wondered. He was all fucked up & with his 2 friends right behind us most of the way he walked with me to Albion. He'd gone back to tell his friends, "She's a queer." "Yeah, that's what I thought." I played the hard-guy, which he also challenged - saying if I was really a greaser, I'd've punched him the first time he came up to me (I'm sure: with his 2 friends there. No hard-guy'd be that dumb.) He was really obnoxious, but a real boost to my ego. - Saw Duchess at the bar. He swished by me, "Hi, ya, butch." "Hi, Dutch." A teasing look between us as he swished by. - Sitting in the cafeteria today a boy (soft long blonde curls, flawless pure skin, kissy red lips, too full tho, nice thin graceful body) sat next to me & said, "Hi, remember me?" I was really shocked, "Yes, I've seen you around," ...for months, but could never catch his eye. I never remember having any contact with him - a very beautiful boy with great possibilities, but he always dressed like such a pig. Often wears a T-shirt with 'Les Petites Bon-Bons' on it, a group of gay glitter junkies who formed a band & went to S.F. Anyway, he said I looked like I was cramming for exams (I was going thru Romantic Agonies). Told him I'd found this great book on 19th century S&M literature. "S&M?" "Sado-masochism." "Oh." What is this? all these supposedly gay hip people don't know what S&M is! This is the second time I've had to explain "S&M" to someone like that. We talked a while, mostly about being a student vs. a worker, feeling you have no direction & then finding something you're

into. Told me he had no direction, wasn't interested in anything. Told him I once wasn't either & then I found something that's kept me busy almost a year. Never said what. He almost acted like we were big friends. Soon he had to leave to take an exam. Strange. To act like we even knew each other - I felt he'd never even seen me before. Weird. - And so I finally got myself a cock. Charles gave me the catalog some months ago but I didn't order. Some kind of fear prevented me. The only thing I can imagine was I felt it would come to mean too much to me & the whole thing would get outa hand. But lately I've been getting out of hand anyhow. I've begun lush masturbation scenes, performing anal rape on myself, a boy. Needed something to do it with. Finally gave in & sent for one. Got it yesterday & I was even afraid to open the box. But finally harnessed it to myself & it was like it was supposed to be. No big deal. It felt real & I wished it had sensations. Slept with it on all nite. Have it on under my clothes now, writing this. I fantasize it is erect becuz I am alone with a beautiful boy. I want to wear it to the bar tonite & let some beauty see that he gave me a hard-on. I fantasize being fully clothed with my cock bulging in my pants as I lay in bed beside a beautiful youth - we are two boys together, tenderness, we kiss, I stroke his hair & he thinks I am really a boy - can't understand why I won't undress for him, desires to make love to the boy with him. I fear it will come to be as important to me as my jockey shorts & I won't be able to be without it. Embarrassed to let Jim know about it - just as I was at first with my underwear. I know I will want to use it in anal intercourse on a pretty boy. Afraid. Want Jim to touch it, stroke it while I'm wearing it, as tho it were really me. Afraid. He will be back soon: 4 wks. I want him to love me, accept me - all of me. Let me be his youngman.

Last Saturday Eldon had a private by-invitation-only porno movie showing & I was the only girl there. All male movies. All a turn-on. But the audience was really stale & no fun. Eldon's becoming a good friend again - after a short spring lag.

5/18/74

Two boys on the sidewalk. 1st boy: "Would you like to buy some candy, sir?" Me: "No, I don't think so." 2nd boy: "That's a sir?"

5/28/74

State of inertia, mentally & physically. Letter from Jim saying he'd paid up his rent thru June 15 so would make train reservations to leave July 3 or 5. I just about died reading that, he'd promised he'd be here by my birthday & I'd honestly been counting the weeks. And then this. Only a few letters back he chided me: "You know very well when I'll be back." He lies & toys with my deepest feelings. Since then I haven't been able to

think or feel much. Feel that I am definitely growing away from him - that just as I fluctuate between independence of & dependence upon him, I fluctuate between needing him & wanting him. Now I feel I don't necessarily want him, he could be anyone who would fulfill my need. I need someone, someone like him. I get glimpses of boys I think could fulfill this need: that blondey Dale, who's lately keeping his distance, and now I just met a new boy named Willy. Have seen him around the bars & he looks a lot like Jim & Nureyev mixed together. But this past Sunday was a GPU picnic & he was there hanging all over some fat girl. Cruised him & he knew, smiled. Alyn played matchmaker & introduced us. Lovely, tall, graceful in a ballet dancer's way, giddy, vain. He attempted to teasingly pour beer down my bosom, but realized I had none. Told him I had less there than he did. He giggled something how I had a mastectomy. Told him I did & would get the rest of the operation next year. He was real shocked & said he only knew of 2 others (other what, I don't know). But I'd've put the move on him a lot harder had fatty not been there. I knew I could love him, he would relish all the attentions I would heap on him, how I would nurture his vanity. Maybe will see him again. (After I told him I had a mastectomy he ran his hands over my chest, freaked. "She did!" Super-ego booster. He felt nothing. I am a boy.

But these are only dreams & they don't fulfill my need. I would be sufficient unto myself if they did.

Jeffrey's leaving for N.Y. tomorrow.

Maybe Jim will phone me the 1st - Friday-Saturday.

5/31/74

Do you believe that it always happens? That when I think I just will not survive, when I feel so so bad I can hardly function - that something insanely marvelous suddenly happens & I'm jet-propelled so high! Again! Willy, whom I wrote about last time I wrote called me up!!! Honest to shit! (Found out later he'd talked to Alyn who told him he'd really made a hit at the picnic. I guess W. said he noticed he did with the one all in black & was that a boy or a girl? (!!) Alyn said a girl & W. asked what I was & A. said just a girl who likes to wear men's clothes. A. said why doesn't he give me a call & gave him my #.) Anyway I was so rattled! Didn't know what to say so asked why he called & he said "well, anytime, any place...." My god! So we made a date, after hemming-hawing on both our parts, to meet Sat. nite at 1000 East, a gay bar I was only to once. Said he goes there cuz that's where the rich ones are - seems he's a hustler! Asked me if I was really "gonna have it put on downstairs," meaning get an operation for a penis. Told him I'd bullshitted him for my own ego, to get compliments. Said he really didn't feel any breasts, told him I wore a binder. Said he'd never been with a girl & I told him I had a lot of tricks so he wouldn't know the difference. He was

really feeling me out to find out where I was at, like saying he'd dress me all up like a drag queen. Told him he's the queen, I'm the drag butch. He made other references to me being a girl, told him he's the girl! Told him I would handcuff him & take him home & he said he'd have his girlfriend to protect him. Told him I'd "kick her in the cunt." He said WHAT?? I repeated it. He was so shocked, said he never swears in front of girls. Told him there he goes again! Came out that c. he was with at the picnic was only a friend he goes out with. Asked me if I took the Pill & I said no I have a whole buncha kids in the attic, I stick some under the tub, some in the basement - of course, I do! Said he just wants to warn me cuz he wouldn't even care. I said neither would I, that's why I take 'm, cuz "I'm not ready for those feminine problems." Told him I thought he was beautiful & I'd've put the move on him if he hadn't been hanging all over that c. He was so giddy & freaked - said he can't believe this, he's never been seduced by a girl like this before. Told him wait'll I see him, I'm not so hot over the phone. We talked pretty long, I thought. I just can't believe it really happened. So so glad but so apprehensive. I must be tender & loving & not up-tight about undressing!! Haven't been honest, undressed with anyone since Jim at Christmas & then we hardly did. I'm so ashamed of my breasts & c., I don't want to make him heterosexual being with me. He couldn't get sick looking at me cuz he does know what he's getting into & he initiated it. I wish at least I had no breasts. What if it was a joke & when I get to the bar, he & his friends laugh because I really came. I just have no confidence left. I want it all to turn out so nice. I want to feel loved but I'm afraid of the risk I must take. He was so so lovely & I want him to like me, think I'm attractive, stay a while--

6/1/74

And so I spend the rest of the night talking to friends - people I know from GPU, Dale, another girl. Knowing it was too good to be true, knowing it would turn out wrong. Was only in the bar with him 5 mins. and:

Him: "Oh, my God! I can't go home with you. I thought you were kidding! I thought you were a lesbian!"
Me: "I told you I wasn't."
Him: "But... you're a girl, and I'm a gay guy!!!"
Me: "So? You knew that from the start."
Him: "Oh, God! But you went into the guy's bathroom! You think like a guy!"
Me: "The queens go into the girls' bathroom and they think like girls. You know that."
Him: "I know... I think like a girl when I'm in drag... but..."
Me: "Why did you call me? You knew I was a girl. I told you what I was into."
Him: "I know, but... oh, I'm sorry! I just can't go home with you. Maybe next week..."
Me: "Oh, bull shit."

Knowing it was going to happen. And he'd acted so damned worldly. Like he'd seen it all. And then he's goddam stupid enough to let something like this shit happen. - And he was going to be my big breakthrough. I was actually going to take my clothes off for the first time since I visited Jim in Dec. I was all ready to be vulnerable becuz it had all been so clear that I was a girl & he wanted to come home with me. And then after 2 phone conversations about it (and I didn't jive him once), he says he thought I was kidding, that I was a lesbian altho I'd made it very very clear I wasn't.

6/13/74

Feeling pretty damn good lately.

6/15/74

Jim sent me a happy birthday "letter," with all kisses on it. I'm so moved, so surprised. I never expected anything like that. Yet I can't feel it - he's been gone too long. Damn it I wish he'd get his pretty little ass back here. July 5.

Nice things happening. I wrote how on May 11 Eldon had a porn film showing & I was the only girl invited. Well since then he's never told me he's having another so I really felt the guys probably complained to Eldon they didn't want a girl there, since he'd said he'd have one every other week or so. The whole thing really made me feel I revolted them - that I really wasn't accepted, they didn't want me around. Thought of asking Eldon if that's what happened but was afraid he'd say yes & I couldn't stand to know for sure... But then today he calls & tells me there's one tonite & he sure hopes I can come, cuz some other woman, who's hetero but "sympathetic" is eager to come. Eldon told her another girl'd be there too. I went sky high again. It's so hard for me to really believe they accept me.

I didn't write that May 31st Charles & Jeffrey phoned me just to say they miss me & want me to come soon, with or without Jim. I was really surprised - was sure I wouldn't hear a peep from them for weeks. Jim also phoned me the 31st but I don't even remember our conversation - he always phones at 2 a.m. or so, wakes me & then I go back to sleep right after the call & don't remember much of it at all.

Last night at the RQ Dale hung around with me all nite. Asked me why I wasn't at Beer Bust nights anymore. (That's Tues & Thurs at the RQ when they have cheap prices.) Told him I didn't make it this week but maybe next. He must've been waiting for me! SMILE. He was real open with me: a bunch of lesbians were nearby & he said to me they had "no class." I said yeah & the bad thing about it is they're ALL like that. He nodded knowingly. He stayed by

my side all nite. He's so pretty. I love to kiss him & touch him. Wish he'd sleep with me - he must be gorgeous naked. God, and warm and soft... Boy, I know Jim could slip in that role real nice. But it's so long I can't envision it.

A girl I've had my eye on at the RQ grabbed me last nite. Told her to watch out cuz I like her. She said OK see you when the bar closes. Scared me. Would like to sleep with her but no sex & she's a little too outfront, I think, to go along with that.

6/18/74

Insane thing just happened. Romanie came to see me in my office & we went off for about an hour & talked. She's just becoming involved in her first lesbian relationship & is hesitant but ecstatic. She tells me of her apartment in N.Y. which is 4 rooms & on a main street & $100 but she's upset cuz there's a cat smell to the place so is thinking of subletting it & getting another place. So tempting! Jim's been talking about moving to N.Y. & for a lousy $100 I couldn't care less about the smell. Told her all the stuff Jim & I've been into & she said I'm the most valuable person she's encountered in Milw. Gave me her address & phone in N.Y. to look her up when we visit Charles & Jeffrey. Wouldn't it be too great & insane if Jim & I moved out to N.Y. together? I really shouldn't even think of it - it's too good to be true. But the realization of my fantasies in the past have made me think <u>anything</u> can happen!

6/24/74

Last nite while going to sleep I thought of Jim coming back - next week Friday - with fear, misgivings. Afraid that he would bring back my past to haunt me. I wished that I could react & treat him as I would Jeffrey if he were returning: with joy, certainty as to where I stood, knowing we could go out to the bars and have a beautiful time. All this I am unsure of. I pray I will not fall into a jealousy feeling when he is with other women. That I do not allow myself to delve into him, burying myself, as before. That I do not expect more love from him than he wishes to give. - It has been twice the time as it was from when I last saw him. Then it was 3 mos. - now it's 6. - I have one more weekend alone without him. - I'm afraid of being hurt as I was for the last 2 or so yrs. It was such a long way down & so hard to come up. I couldn't recover again, I don't think. - I know almost for sure he will grow bored with the RQ & the Factory very quickly - when they've been all I've had this last year.

6/26/74

Read June 24th & it occurs to me that my fears may be exactly the opposite of those expressed there. I may just be afraid I <u>don't</u>

love him anymore - that I'm afraid because our end may be all my doing becuz I just don't feel the way I used to for him. But maybe that's good. My feelings have slacked off for him - naturally, I guess, his being gone for 10 mos. I'm afraid his being around will be a weight on my shoulders I can't, or won't want to, handle. That the pressure is on for me to LOVE him, have to NEED and HAVE him - but I don't feel that way now & doubt if I will as he steps off the train. So maybe this feeling of detachment will be good for us. I mean, his need for freedom, his probable flirting, his desire to travel, may be what I need. It will take the heavy responsibility of a relationship off me. - Last night at the RQ Dale hung around & flirted with me. When the bar closed, we walked home together - I walked him to his door. We get along so well & I'm so glad he doesn't mind my attentions. - A male TV from Davenport, Iowa I wrote to once phoned me today & he plans to drive to Milw Saturday & we'll go to Chicago together. It'll be good for me. - Didn't go to work today as I had a slight hangover, had no work to do there & I feel so up in the air. Mom in the hospital, Jim, etc. etc.

6/30/74

A male transvestite who's written me twice came to Milw Saturday at 11 a.m. & he, Greg-Linda & I left for Chicago about 5 p.m. His name is Tom, 47 yrs. old. He was fortunately intellectual & not off the wall like a lot of other TVs. He did make some hints to our having sex & of course I'm not even interested in a 47-yr-old pot belly, a heart patient yet. We got a motel & he rested as Greg & I went to the Blue Dahlia to see the drag show. Then back to get Tom & to the Alameda for another show. Not too exciting but a change of environment. Thinking obviously of Jim. Hope he phones so I know for sure if he's coming the 5th. Sure he will. It's as tho he's already with me, his face, his neck, his soft hair--

7-1-74
Laid awake last night thinking, thinking of Jim. Wondering if he'd call. Then about 1:20 a.m. the phone rang & I knew, of course, it was him. Yes, he'll be home as planned July 5. He said if I wanted I could go to Chicago and meet him there & we could ride to Milw together. He was very loving, promising things would be so good. Said he's really looking forward to returning. Told me he'd written me a real long letter but somehow lost it so I shouldn't expect anything from him til he returns. I was surprised he even wrote another one! Said he tinted his hair red with some herbs. He sounded very peaceful & said he was mellowing out. I too feel peaceful. My fears & anxieties of how it will be have all seemed to have subsided & I feel now that his return will ease itself into my life without trauma. Investigated today & will go to Chicago Fri morn to meet his train. As it happened in San Fran at Christmas, I don't feel we'll rush into each other's arms. Just see each other & become startled at a dream-now-in-the-flesh. We'll smile & walk away together so proud to be at each other's sides. Kiss when the pride overwhelms.

7-3-74
Am passing the time without even thinking - my mind's a blank. There's nothing to do at work so I'm just reading & sitting like a vegetable. Eldon set up a deal with the underground hippie paper to do our typesetting at their office & I'm elected. There about 3-1/2 hrs. last nite & impressed everyone how good I worked the justifier. Probably will work there all tonite & tomorrow. I enjoy it - makes me feel like I'm <u>doing</u> something half worthwhile.

It seems I'm walking around like a zombie, no thoughts, but the image of Jim in my mind. No feelings - I don't even think I'm excited. Just wonder what he'll look like, how he'll act. My main worry is that he'll treat me strange in the bars like before. But he reassured me many times things will be so good. I really just don't realize or understand he'll be here in 2 days. With me this weekend. It's been too long to even remember.

7-7-74
I think it can work but I must go at it slowly & with a vision of myself at all times. I'm still in shock at his presence & <u>have</u> felt that my past had indeed come back to haunt me. It first hit me when he said he was moving his stuff to Michael's - the one & only thing I asked him not to do, for me. And M. himself hinted he doesn't want another roommate. Luckily M. wasn't around Friday. - He is indeed beautiful. His hair he has slightly tinted red with some ancient herb solution. He wears his clogs, his legs long & lithe, graceful. It seems he walks more from his hips, his little ass rounder. He uses his hands gracefully. We visited Eldon. Then, as we walked to a restaurant we got harassed on the street for the way we looked & Jim has a policy to confront his harassers. A group of 6-7 hippie guys called us (me?) greasers, said we better get to the south side cuz this is the "freak"

section of town. I burst out laughing... Jim in clogs, earring, flowing hair, rings, these "freaks" the reverse of the whole idea that bore them (originally the long hairs the rebels against macho, the embodiment of freedom of femininity for males. Now - confronted with Jim who's several steps further in this quest, they feel their masculinity threatened. They, like the greasers of the '60's, ready to macho the "hair boys" out of existence. One of their girls calling out to Jim "you're beautiful!") They also thought I was a boy. The week had been so exhausting. I fell asleep at 9 p.m., Jim at my side. I had asked if he intends on staying at M's indefinitely, or will he eventually get his own place. Said he would probably next month. So glad.

Saturday we took his stuff to M's. I told him I didn't know if I wanted to go there but did as I wanted to be with him. Soon I was sorry I did. So long since I placed myself in so straight a scene. M's and friends' conversation bored me so & I felt my past go before me. They have nothing to offer, their lives & thoughts very much like television, like 1970, they have gone nowhere - have no promise of salvation from themselves & their situations. Wish Jim would stay away from their lethargy - that's one thing I hate about him, his boredom, lack of enthusiasm & love of life. He's got to help himself tho. Told him I won't go there anymore. He agreed & I think really understood why, tho it was not voiced. I must constantly keep a vision of my present being in dealing with Jim as a part of my life. His lethargy was one of the main reasons I didn't like him when we first met - the beat goes on. - We had planned on going to the bars & as we were about to go he said he didn't know if he wanted to cuz it was my scene & they were my friends. I was so stunned as he'd told me he'd resolved those conflicts but after expressing my surprise & lack of comprehension I let him decide & we left together. The evening was enjoyable & turned out fine. He relaxed after about 1/2 hr. We even danced - first time!! He was at ease talking with those I introduced him to. We got to Albion & had gentle, loving sex - tho drunken, unenthusiastic on my part, so tired. He was excited! We both said how we'd forgotten how nice it could be & I was enough in shock that it was as tho I wasn't even participating, but watching. I felt emotion, gentleness, love, but didn't feel able to express it naturally. Also was tight & sore & after a while I only hurt. But it came easier than I thought. I began remembering how it all went. - Today we cooked a big breakfast together & he went out with Randy, etc. Them too I must stay away from. I think I'll be able to sort it all out as we go along. - We talked of N.Y., probably the 20-28 or 27 to Aug. 4. Even talked seriously of his taking Romanie's place there and I'd move out there after a while. But we'll check it out when we go there. Both feel we should go as soon as possible.

7-10-74
We are doing very well & have run into no problems. Both feel it's best if we get to NY as soon as possible tho & out of Milw. Made plans to go July 20-28. Indulging ourselves in fantasies of moving out there, taking Romanie's place. Seems I hardly have had

time to be with him - Monday night meeting, Tues nite typesetting. He's just wandering around all day, going downtown, visiting old "friends" like Daegenhardt. Those are the people I don't even want to see & it seems he <u>really</u> doesn't either, but is straddling the fence from his old life to a new one. Said he wished I'd've come to Calif when he was more out-front about going to S.F.'s bars, etc. and that we'd've had much more fun then. Totally agree & I know he at least has glimpses of how it CAN be. He has a real fear of Milw somehow. While it seems he had no qualms about dressing to the hilt & going to the bars all the time, he's very closety here... said he doesn't know if he wants to go out this weekend, etc. I feel a little bad about that but it's nothing, it seems, I can do anything about. And NY may be just what we need to really come out together. I think Charles & Jeffrey will have a good influence on us too.

We had had beautiful sex. He stayed last nite & we were all over each other almost the entire time. One of the first times I've really been turned on KISSING. I swear his body's more lovely. He's wearing these wonderful bikini underpants that are so full. He's really gotten to be an anal-erotic too which I just love. He wears an earring all day long! Somehow his back is more muscular, his waist smaller, his ass rounder, his arms more graceful, his neck longer, his lips fuller. I can hardly believe I have him for more than a few fleeting voyeuristic hours. He swears I've gotten more beautiful & I can't understand how he thinks. I have no fear or shame of my body when he is around, but I can't feel the same way he does about it. Wish I could see myself as he sees me.

7-11-74

Just had lunch with Jim. He looks so bored & aimless. His old flame Sara saw him & greeted him enthusiastically, promising to contact him at Michael's. Jim looked pained & when she had gone, he said almost pleadingly, "Let's move to NY before I get used to Milw." We agreed we should really do it. Said he has nothing to lose - I said I have a lot to lose but I'm ready to lose it. - I had just finished writing an article on Swinburne for GPU NEWS & asked him to draw a sketch of Swin. for it. He agreed to do it almost immediately. Next told him I had this great idea that he could write an article on all those explicitly gay scenes in Greek literature that are conveniently not in any English translation. He said he couldn't do it, wouldn't know where to start, etc. but kept prodding him to at least think about it. He agreed to think about it. Seems he needs someone to tell him do this, do that - like in school --

7-12-74

Jim is so depressed it's getting me. Phoned Charles & Jeffrey to make plans & after I hung up Jim said he didn't think they were going to like him, etc., etc. Told him if he was his own sweet self they'll like him but not if he's going to be a pouty baby & he just has no self-confidence, & he said glumly "confidence in

what." He thinks he's no damn good. C & J told me they were worried what they were going to do with their lives & told them it's catching, so's Jim. Then Jim wanted to know all how old they were, their occupations, etc. Said to Jim "you don't even think I like you, do you?" He shook his head, said sometimes he thinks I just like him cuz he's "cute." Told him that wasn't so - like him cuz he's intelligent & good & just cuz he's not doing something at the moment doesn't mean he CAN'T do it. Said I wasn't doing anything til about 6 mos. ago & he was always the one doing things. He said, "Now the tables are turned & I can't stand it!" It seems to me the whole thing has developed into self-pity. I don't know what I can do but encourage him. He's not even trying to get out of this state. - He's very very cuddly & almost like he's clinging to me to save him or something. I know he doesn't have to be like this. And it's so irritating cuz he feels if he gets into anything I'm into, he's intruding on my scene!! Fancied the idea of this weekend in Chicago but he wasn't very interested in the idea even. He better snap out of this shit soon. Heaven help me!

7-15-74
Pretty fine weekend. Especially Friday: went to the bars alone. At the RQ, Dale spotted me and, beaming, came up to me like he'd been waiting for me. Tho others came up to me, etc., he stayed by my side, bought me a drink. As usual we danced several songs but then he asked me to dance & I as usual accepted, but when I got on the floor, realized it was a slow song. Just as I began protesting I couldn't dance such a slow one, he puts his arms around me to dance it cheek-to-cheek. I was absolutely stunned, said "All Right!" He held me real close, hugging and you can bet I made the best of our closeness. God he always smells so good! And he's so sexual and sensual and so good to me!

Saturday Jim & I walked down by the lake. Later Greg-Linda phoned. (I'd told Jim we'd thought of going to Chicago, he acted like he really wanted to.) Asked him then later if he wanted to & he hesitantly said yes but in about half hour changed his mind. Just frustrates the shit outa me. So the 3 of us decided to go to the bars here. Linda & I were going to go to the lesbian bar, then get Jim & go to the RQ but he phoned back esp. to ask to go to the lez bar with us! Surprised me. We had a good time tho.

Sunday Eldon & I had a 2-hour talk. He told me a lot of people in GPU are finally coming around to understanding where I'm at & have told him how much they like me. Said at first many of them couldn't figure out what I was doing & were a little scared of me. But now they're coming around. Told him how much that meant to me & he said it was apparent. He'd had 2 lesbians to his house a few nights before & they'd told him how much they like me, and Eldon explained to them I like to be treated like a gay male. They told him they'd thought I was pretty far out but it took them til now to "get to where I was." Eldon said I was going to kill him for asking, but what did I wear to work? Freaked when I told him my usual male clothes. - Jim & I leave this Friday nite for

NY. Can't wait to see Charles & Jeffrey! Hope all runs smoothly & Jim feels comfortable.

7-19-74
This afternoon we leave for New York. I'm reading thru the NY section of City of Night and remember how, a little over a year ago I was so alone, desperately trying to find where I fit in this gay world - where I knew I belonged somehow. And how, grasping in the dark, I knew I had to go to NY. I just came on this line in City of Night that I'd marked them: "Because even before I got there, New York had become a symbol of my liberated self, and I knew that it was in a kind of turbulence that that self must attempt to find itself." I remember so well my desperation at that moment. How I somehow had to throw myself into that world because I didn't know how else to find it. And, again in Rechy, only a few sentences later: "--suddenly!-- with the excitement of someone exploring a new country I discovered that world. As abruptly as that, it happened; that sudden, that immediate: One day, nothing, and the next it was there... as if a trap door had Opened."

And now, a little over a year later, I find myself on my way to NY but not in desperation. In a self-assured easiness I know I can go into an insane no-rules fag bar in NY & become part of it like that. Am going to 2 male lovers whom I dearly love, who mean so much to me - and I, somehow, to them. About the 3rd thing Charles ever said to me when we first talked was that he thought I was from NY - that I really looked like I was.

It happened so different than I felt it would. Me, ready to go crashing in. But the world welcomed me without the fear I had of it.

Only last week I told Eldon how I'd thought & wanted to contact GPU long before I did but I felt I couldn't becuz I wasn't gay & I felt I didn't belong there either. And Eldon said back, "Oh, but you do belong!"

And now, like the prodigal son, I go to NY at peace with myself - thinking of it not as the insane place I had to throw myself into & learn to survive, but as my home. I know I belong there. --

7-29-74
Jim & I arrived in NY at 9 pm Fri the 19th & returned to Milw Sun the 28th bout 7 pm. All week our schedule'd been awake around 3 pm & to bed about 5 am. Some days we had Charles for a guide, others Jeffrey, sometimes both, once neither. Saw so much - but on the whole was disillusioned about NY. It wasn't all as exciting or different as it had been cracked up to being. All the tourist sights were just like I'd seen in pictures 1,000 times & felt I'd seem them before. All the myths (subways sleazy, Central Park dangerous, "Every night is Saturday night") were proven bullshit. It was fun & new to be in a place like Times Square where all the lights are, etc, but not worth moving out there &

giving up what I have in Milw. In fact, by the end of our visit, Charles & Jeffrey decided to move back to Milw in Sept.

I'm still in shock after being there, haven't adjusted back to Milw yet. But I had a good time. It was a miracle how well Charles, Jeffrey & Jim got along. They all fell in love with each other & that's not bull. I had been worried (so had they) - figured they'd like each other but never dreamed it would be so easy. Fact is Charles & Jim plan to get an apartment together when he returns & I'm really glad. They hesitated at first, Charles said he was reluctant becuz they could very easily become involved with each other. But I feel Charles will have a definite good influence on Jim on such things as taking care of his health, getting away from drinking so much, getting a better outlook on his future, etc. - So good to be with those 2 again. They love me so much too & we all said over & over we should all move to the same city cuz we're so happy together. I needed Charles too - he's so good for talking out problems & he likes to too. He has a lot of emotions & feelings & isn't ashamed to express them - that's so important to me. Jeff cut both Jim's & my hair beautifully. Sometimes Jim & Jeff and Charles & I would pair off, sometimes vice versa. We all hit it off so well.

So saw gay NY. Went to 12 gay bars including leather & glitter ones, to a gay movie & to the cruisy gay area of Central Park twice. Saw the hustlers in Times Square (where were they all??), to the gay dance at the Firehouse Community Ctr, saw the Stonewall Inn. Our attempts to see a drag show were foiled: the big show bar I knew wasn't anymore & when we went to one place where who we thought a drag was doing impersonations of female stars, it turned out to be a real woman. I even passed a few times: once in the leather bar (A burly leather man grabs my arm as we are leaving, hostilely, "Are you into the real leather scene?" "What'd'ya mean, the REAL leather scene?" "You know what I mean!" Didn't know what to say so said "Well, I'll tell you one thing - I'm a girl." His teeth drop, he's shocked. "Now do I have to answer your first question?" "Oh, that's really wonderful! Do you know Libra & them?" "I'm not from NY." "Well come by tomorrow & I'll introduce you to the girls." "OK, if I can." But it just didn't work into the schedule) and another time at an uncrowded gay bar, me wearing my suit (I ordered a drink. Bartender: "How OLD are you?!!" Charles: "She's at least 19." Bartender: "That's a girl??!! Oh, my goodness, I'm sorry! I thought you were a young boy!" Other guys at the bar "A girl?? That's fantastic! Oh wow!!") Bet I pass more than I realize. Jim said he really likes me in a suit too & he never says if he likes something I wear or not.

He & I had a little riff too. He was really getting on my nerves walking around with us like a vegetable, never talking, never liking or disliking anything, saying he's "just baggage" and meaning it, cutting me down cuz I was enthused about something. Once told him if he dislikes me so why does he hang around me, no one's forcing him to. By Saturday I'd really had it & when he said some snide thing I locked myself in the bathroom & cried cuz I knew our relationship is going to hell. When he finally came to me told him I didn't know what but something was really wrong with

us & I felt it wasn't going to work anymore. Said he just didn't like how I wanted to change him (like saying such & such a shirt would look nice on him, etc.) but I said it was cuz I worry so much about him cuz I know he's not satisfied & that something's wrong. We held onto each other & he began to cry too, but quickly stopped but I said see you know something's wrong too. Told him I wanted to love him so much & I know I can but it's getting so hard. He too hesitates to be serious about "love" tho we say I Love You in romantic moments. Maybe we were just together too much - I'd thought that might be bad even before we went. Anyway I'd talked at length to Charles about him & he feels Jim just isn't well physically, that he's alcoholic & that's the main problem. I'm hoping when they move together things will improve. I know he's insecure about his worth, but feel once he gets his own place, a job, someone like Charles who he can relate to, a fresh & new, liberating self like Charles & gets himself out of this self-pity sitting around drinking all day slump, things will be 100% better. We <u>both</u> need Charles & Jeffrey back --

8-5-74
Am tired. Worked all weekend typesetting GPU NEWS with Eldon. This past week also showed an improvement between Jim & me. Tues he'd come to Albion in the evening very down & stayed bout an hour - very strained feelings but I decided he has to help himself, all I can do is love him. So Thurs he comes to my office very cheerful - he'd just rented a room in the derelict section downtown, not far from Albion. He was very affectionate. Told him I'd maybe see him that evening at Teddy's (straight bar) where Metzger was playing. When I showed up he was genuinely surprised & pleased. And surprised me by saying he was uncomfortable there with all those goons. I agreed fully, of course (I really feel out of it at straight bars now). So we walked to the RQ. There he acted even more uncomfortable. And then when he jokingly mouthed a record & I teased he could be a big rock star, he poured 1/2 of his beer on the floor in front of me. I was taken back & immediately walked away & stayed on the other side of the bar. In no time I was talking with friends, but saw him occasionally. When the bar closed we left together. Strained. He tried to tell me his beer pouring was in fun but he has never done things like that in fun & to me was a public display of his rejection of me. But he made out like the poor rejected soul with no friends while I was the hit of the party. I still felt rejected & at Albion had abortive sex play as we're both sore in the genital area (me with vaginitis, him a rash). Fri morn was way too tired, hung over to go to work. Took the day off. Jim was pleased & went to his room to change & returned to Albion to henna his hair. I made us a great supper, & we went to see Warhol's Frankenstein. He took his things to the movie so I figured he'd go to his room, but walking he asked if he could come to Albion. Of course!! We watched TV. Sat morn he made us a wonderful breakfast. I had to typeset & he toyed with the idea of coming to help Eldon with paste-up but went to Randy's instead. The whole time was so relaxed & loving. At Teddy's he said again "Let's move out of Milw." When I asked to

where? San Francisco? he said he didn't know. I said OK, but let's wait til the end of the year. He frowned he'd have to get a job then! I told him I'd be his sugar-daddy. Once at Albion told him I was afraid he would move away from me again & he said no, he would never do that again - just like that & sincere as hell. When talking Thurs nite how he acted I told him no one else had this problem of accepting me in the gay world. Everyone accepted me as a boy except him, and he said, "I know you're a boy. I know that better than anyone." I was shocked - the first positive thing he's said that way. But the time together was so markedly changed - his depression gone, at least visibly, most of the time. Gave him a key to Albion if he was depressed at the derelict room. He considered taking a hippie room he'd also seen instead. And yes I've been getting sick & tired of UWM job. Don't <u>like</u> it anymore - would like a change. I <u>would</u> like to move out of this city. I'm just saturated with all it has, I think. If Jim & I can only get along this well always....

8-16-74
I'm feeling so strange right now all I can think to do is write it out of my system. Greg-Linda just called me & I'm kind of shook. And I don't exactly know why - that's why it's strange. - Last weekend I went out with G-L & I saw Dale at the RQ for the 1st time in so long. G-L knew I was hoping he'd be there & what a crush I have on him. I was so glad to see him & he voluntarily hung around with me all nite. All was heaven, but then he seemed <u>very</u> interested in G-L, saying he was cute & all this. Anyhow I don't know if he was serious or not but Dale kept asking about G-L (if he's gay, etc.). I felt a little jealous & pissed cuz it seemed his interest was SO great he had to keep on & on about it, but made no advances or flirtations - they didn't even talk! Well, taking it lightly, told G-L Dale liked her & so Greg, knowing I was jealous anyway, kept asking him to dance all nite, getting a real kick out of my being left out. That's how I felt about it. At closing time Dale said to me since there's no chance for him with Linda, he was gonna cruise the streets (he never <u>asked</u> G-L). Anyway on Dale's part I don't know if he was really serious or not. It just grossed me to think he doesn't like women but'll take a hormone job. When I said that he said snidely "to each his own!" which pissed me. So my feelings towards him have cooled considerably.

But the worst was G-L seemed delighted in rubbing this under my nose, acting like he was <u>so</u> disappointed Dale hadn't <u>asked</u> him to go home with him cuz he'd've just <u>loved</u> to!!! Already pissed I told him to hurry up on back & maybe he'll still ask yet - he doesn't want to miss this big chance. He says "yeah, maybe I should..." just relishing my anger. But no, he thought it was too late. But oh, he'd've really wanted to so much! Then 5 mins. later tells me he couldn't stand Dale, he could never fuck without love & marriage, etc., etc.

So when G-L calls me today from my house it really corned me. I'd <u>given</u> him a key, but today it just brought back that little

rivalry-scene & it really irritated me he just goes inside my place any time he feels like it.

Addendum 8-19-74: Told G-L how he hurt me Sat nite, but I realize my anger was at finally seeing my limitations with those I'm attracted to.

8-19-74

Very good feelings/things now. Fri after work was still upset about the feelings I wrote then. When Jim came to Albion I was so glad to see him we had beautiful loving sex for about 1-1/2 hrs! He even tried anal intercourse on me for the first time. I felt so close to him & loved him so much I never wanted to let go. We went out fancy for supper & actually had a heart-to-heart about our personal feelings. Told him how I contemplated a sex change & he said "Don't do it, Snuffy," but said that if I did get it he'd still come by me as a boy & be my lover. I was so surprised & pleased he said that so seriously & lovingly. Told him I doubted I'd go thru with it, but what's most attractive is the mastectomy so I could have a nice flat chest. At first he said no, but soon he seemed to realize how sensuous that would be & said I'd be like a boy with a girl's doodie (what we call it) & I said yeah. The image came to him & he smiled & said yeah, that would be naughty! He really was attracted to the idea. (Told him how I felt somehow in puberty I failed to accept the different body girls get then, while boys keep their same childhood body thru life.) He also talked personally about himself, that he has an identity problem in the gay-straight sense & while he really likes boys & they turn him on, he knows he'll always be impotent with them. Said he's never cum with a boy & there's a 50-50 chance with a girl. Told him it must be purely psychological cuz he's never had that problem with me. He said that's cuz he loves me so. He also talked about his dressing, saying he's lost the desire to "dress heavy" with all the jewelry etc. & esp. makeup. Said he did it often in S.F. but never here. The reason he felt was cuz it's "passe" here. I suggested maybe it was also cuz he felt inhibited here. He agreed. Talked about his going to NY, he wanted to for a while. Said I wish he wouldn't cuz I'll be so sad without him again. He was just unsure of anything. He'd already gone to apply for jobs here (mostly short-order cook). He was just unhappy. Asked if he'd like to move into Albion (my feelings for freedom to be alone with others so nil). He said "yes" immediately but then, almost as immediately, "I don't know." As we walked home I stopped to buy milk, the checker said, "Can I help you sir?" but after 5 seconds said, "oh, ma'am!" & apologized profusely, so embarrassed tho I told him it's the best compliment I could've had.

Saturday I went to visit ma in the hospital (hysterectomy) & May & I went to Goodwill where I bought 4 shirts & a red velvet suit coat. (Haven't worn my female clothes since last year, around April--except that once on Thanksgiving. Am making plans to have them cleaned & packed away - maybe at the parents'. It strikes me as a Big Step.) Then Greg-Linda & I went out to the bars. I was kinda down. At the RQ I was blah. Blondey there but

pretending he didn't see me & I refused to go up to him after last week. Bored - bored - bored. Until Jim came in! Rushed up to him, so so glad he was there. (He told me later he came to see what I was up to!) I'm realizing I have everything with him & none of the other things I have are worth shit next to him. It was the first time he ever saw Blondey too (said he was disappointed cuz he thought he'd be so "handsome"). Also made sure to point Jim out to Blondey as my lover, making sure not to pay much attention to Blondey & all to Jim so he'd know I love only him.

Sunday he was kind of down but only as usual. Went to see a movie & out to eat fancy again. He talked about going to S.F. again. But suddenly (and it seemed sudden to me!) he suggested he have a cooling-off period - just working for a while here, make some money & then we'll go there like next year. I was so glad, said that's what I'd like to do & we could spend the winter in Milw & by, say, next summer move to S.F. together. He said OK. So that's what it looks like now. So glad! I went to bed about 10:30 & he sat up til probably midnite watching TV. When he came to bed told me while I was 1/2 asleep he'd wanted to make love to me all day but I hadn't wanted to. I was too tired to make much of a response - but today feel bad. Wish he would have indicated it or initiated it. Will tell him next time I see him. - But I don't know. It was that disappointment of last week with my former activities. My flirting came to where the shit hit the fan. It came to me that all these dilly-dallies, fantasies, could never be as satisfying as Jim's devotion & affection. I'm beginning to see the light. And hope he doesn't turn me away again. I can't think of a way to thank him truly for loving me as wholly as he does.

8-23-74

While Jim & I were at Albion Wednesday, guess who comes scratching on my window screen: that Michael from Feb. 25. Ever since that time I've known he's lived upstairs from me & I've seen him on the streets like 3 times but we both pretended we didn't see each other. Bout a week ago we passed on the sidewalk & said hi. So he stood outside & we talked thru the window about 5 mins. Introduced him to Jim. M said he'd seen me at the RQ once but I just gave him a dirty look (didn't recognize him cuz he had a beard). - Jim & I had just ended a talk on how he just felt he was another one of my many boyfriends, etc. Told him he felt that way cuz I no longer feel like I'd kill myself if he left me. He said he would if I left him (told him no he wouldn't). But at the same time: Jeffrey's back in Milw, gave me a call Thurs. Said Charles received Jim's letter about him coming out there to live awhile. Charles says fine. When I told Jim he said he'd hoped Charles would say no so he wouldn't have to make the decision whether to go or not. Of course I don't want him to go away from me, but on the other hand feel his being with Charles a while will have such a good influence on him.

When Jim wasn't around Thurs nite that Michael appeared at my door. Gave me a theme paper he asked if I'd type. Then he sat

around about 20 mins. talking about astral travelling & other psychic stuff he's into. I just watched how physically lovely he is - what a fine body. I wanted to kiss & touch, undress him. Such a pretty mouth! Thought of he & Jim in each other's arms. Said he had a nickname for me "Tweety Bird" - probably, he said, from my hair & face. Said I'm such a pleasant person to be with, so contrary to the image I project. Said he'd come down more often to listen to my records. Said OK, tho I know Jim'll be hurt if he's there. Didn't tell him M came. Doubt if I have any chance to sleep with M or anything. He appears to be too mind-oriented, or anti-physical, tho he sure takes care of his body & skin nice & knows how to dress himself attractively.

91-7 JOURNALS: Typed Transcript 1972 - 1974 20

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