

10/14/83

Dear Alyn,

I was greatly pleased to get your letter! Thank you for keeping in touch.

I'm so glad you're still active in The Cause. I didn't even know B&WMT had a contingent in Milw. You shamed me by asking if I were doing anything for The Cause, because I must admit I've been very out of it. I feel lost by the multitude of organizations here and feel I don't fit in any of them. I do speak at the Institute of Human Sexuality about three times a year and do sporadic counseling (by letter and in person) of female-to-male gay men and some writing for the F-M newsletter in Toronto. I fantasize putting out my own newsletter because the Toronto one is so lacking, but don't know if I want to get into the "transsex scene", yet would have to if I want the latest poop. Several years ago I wrote an info booklet for F-M's now distributed through Janus Info Facility, and it's still the only one of its kind. I've been writing a book review of Herculine Barbin, Being the Recently Discovered Memoirs of a 19th Century French Hermaphrodite and will send it out somewhere.

Did Eldon tell you? I was in Milw the last 2 weeks in July and apologize for not contacting any of you, but the first week I watched my dad die, the second week we buried him. I had no will or energy to spend on friends...it was all I could do to absorb everything else. I can't believe he died...it was like a religious experience for me, Alyn, a washing. He lived such a lousy life and just when things began picking up for him (he'd just gotten remarried in March), the guy kicks off. His adoring wife is shattered. It was an incredible family scene. I ran into SO many people from my past to whom I had to explain who I was...parish priest, high school counselor, neighborhood people, old girlfriends, the entire Sullivan relatives. I'm keeping a diary--someday I'll have a bestseller! Most of the time I stayed reefered in Wauwatosa and was at the hospital every day--he'd had a stroke and drifted between life and death for several weeks. I'm trying to inherit his huge Dixieland jazz 78's collection and may be back in Milw to claim it, maybe next year. (I'll be sure to visit around then.) As a Library employee, you'll appreciate this: I had just finished reading Dad by Wm. Wharton, about a man watching his father die, when I learned my father was sick. After returning to S.F. I read Life After Life, a book that has changed my life. Do you know it? People describing what it felt like as they were judged clinically dead, but resuscitated to come back and tell what it was like. Incredible.

Thanks for the clipping...I am very interested in female-to-males from history. Makes me feel like I have roots, too. I'd like to compile a book of such stories.

I'm sure my dad influenced my outlook, but while in Milw I felt like the whole city was dying. There seemed to be nothing to stay there for. I was almost always lost--so much has changed--barbershops are now drugstores, banks are now restaurants. I saw the terror of Reaganomics there, more so than in S.F.