

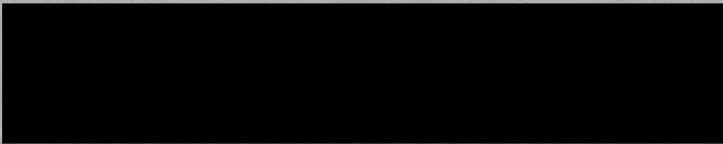
1978-79

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES

CENTER for SPECIAL PROBLEMS
2107 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, Calif. 94109

10 July 1978

Sheela Sullivan



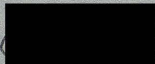
Dear Sheela -

I appreciate your writing me and letting me know how you're doing. I'm glad that you are feeling stronger and more grown-up and that you are feeling less guilt and shame over your cross-dressing and cross-gender feelings. You also sound like you're more ably and confidently handling your job and relationship with Jim.

It sounds like the TV group in Berkeley has been a real source of support & understanding for you. But I think you sell yourself short when you say that is "the one thing" that makes you "special." I wish you much success in your continued search for a way to integrate (or allow to co-exist) the various complex parts of you. Keep up the good work & feel free to call me if you ever feel I can be of assistance.

Sincerely,

Claire

 MSW

Memo from

J. [REDACTED]

Wilson®

Shila -

Merry Christmas

Thanks for everything,
+ I hope that all works
out for you the way
you want it.

Jack.

FROM JACK [REDACTED]



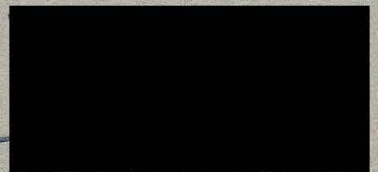
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

LUKE 2:13-14

for —

May
PEACE AND JOY
and
HAPPINESS
bless your
Christmas Season

Steve

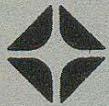


Christmas Splendor Collection



MADE IN U.S.A.

85-1323



San Francisco, Ca.

12-16-80

~~██████████~~
~~██████████~~

you requested

Attached is the "medical reference" regarding the topical use of testosterone. I did write to the Eastern Virginia Medical School and was referred to the article by David W. Smith, MD, and from there found the article by Mark Immergut, et al.

which I found at the
UC Med OR library

I realized these articles deal ~~specifically~~ with the treatment of micropenis, and, while that is not my situation specifically, at this point ~~it is~~ for all practical purposes, it is.


- ① I would like to plead my case ~~to~~, in the event you are still hesitant to prescribe an extra vial of the hormone for my use. ~~Especially since my chest surgery, I am faced daily with the importance of having an intact body. I realize that I may never have to explain why I do not "measure up," yet even the slightest increase in the length of my clitoris would give me something to feel back on.~~
- ② I know you are the doctor and you have the final say over this; still, I ~~will~~ gladly assume responsibility for being your "guinea pig." ~~in this regard~~. It is very difficult & sad to have to hide myself

daily

~~away~~, esp. now that half of my body is
"normal". ~~And~~ All I really ask at ~~this~~
~~point~~ is for something ^{visible, and} ~~to hold on to~~.
When you only have $\frac{1}{2}$ ", it seems like a lot
to be able to have one inch.

I hope that you will consider this request.
If I do not hear from you, I will get in touch.

Thank you again for all you've done. ~~for me~~.
There's no way I can express what it means to me.



STELLA -

Have enjoyed
together.

1980

year
goes

for
well

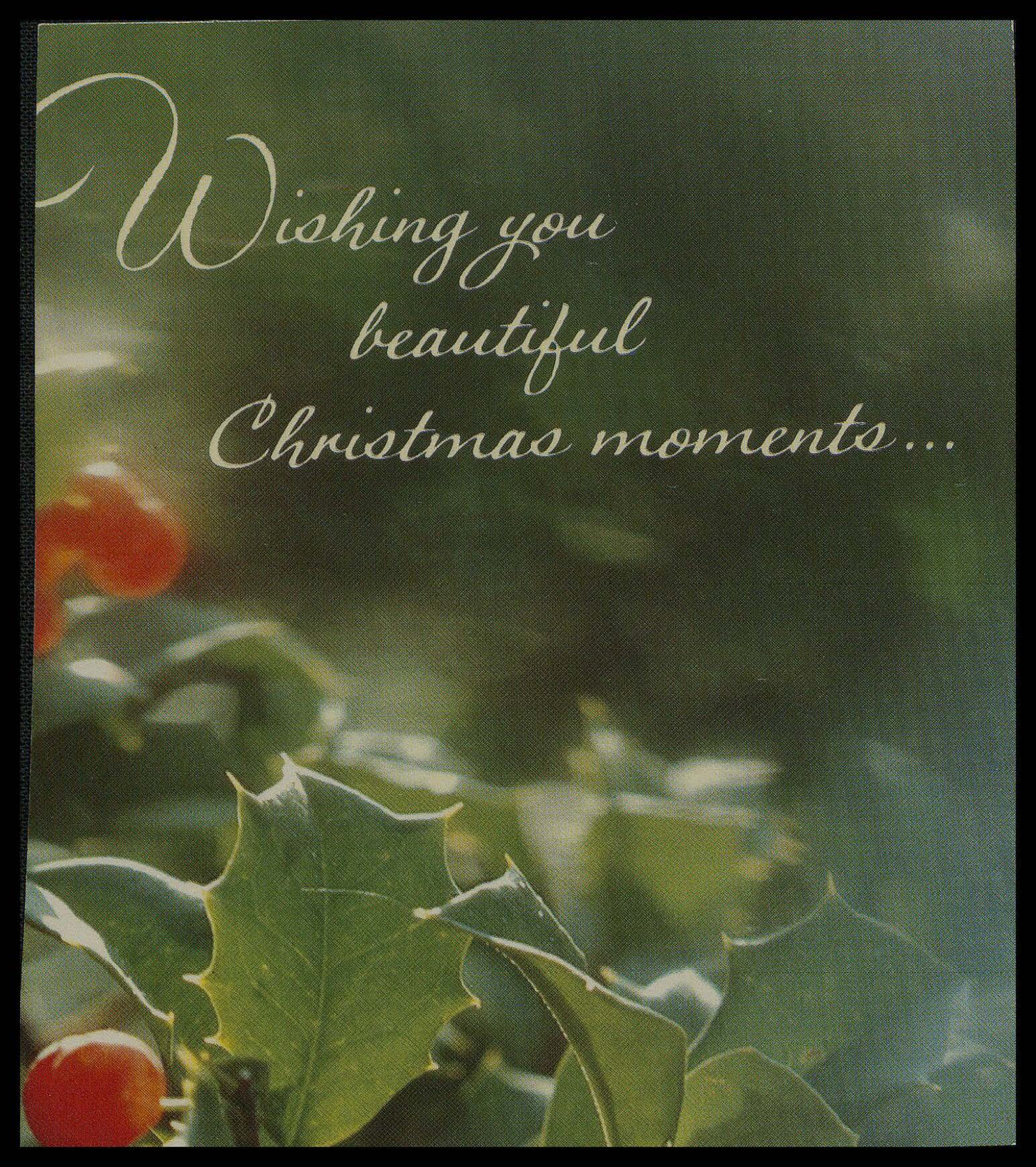
working,
will be a
you; hope

all

Jim

From JIM

my young boss at Wilson



*Wishing you
beautiful
Christmas moments...*

Dear Claire-

Thought I'd write to let you know I'm still
around and doing progressively better. <sup>(Do you know
I quit the
group several
mos. ago?)</sup>

I remember I spoke to you of my feeling of
failure and of letting myself down concerning
my cross-dressing. That basic feeling has
gone, but my desire to be "a man" + to pass
hasn't. In fact, ~~now~~ I rarely cross-dress ^{now}
and have some female clothes that even a
month ago I would have refused to wear
(open-toed 2" heel sandals!). But I still
crave a flat chest + a short-sleeve shirt.
In the women's paper PLEXUS was a listing for
a "TV/TS group for women" at the Berkeley
Gay Comm Ctr + my curiosity got the best of
me, even tho my 1st hunch about the group
was correct (sure... "for women"... who's a
woman? what women?). But, Claire, there
was one real female there - and I think
I've found someone else like me: a hetero
F → M TV. At first we were leery of
each other, but once we began talking

2 -

it was incredible how much we had in common, tho I'm more experienced & bolder in my dressing. It's a bit scary to have to "share" my scene, ~~and~~ but I think that ~~will~~ ^{could} make it more of a real part of my life instead of the haunting fantasy it has become. Hopefully we can help each other deal with it, and I'm also hoping the group (which consists mainly of middle-aged but M → F & TVs) can advise on ways of keeping this one aspect of our lives separate from the rest of our lives. [Most people are trying to get themselves "together." Now I'm trying to get myself "separate" so that I can cross-dress & pass, but ~~I don't begin to~~ ^{refrain from} thinking being "a man" is the "real me."]

I think this can be done, but understandably I'm getting a lot of heat from Jim against my seeing this group.[#] He actually said he thought the whole thing was "perverted" & that I can't

not natural as either a male or female.
As you can see, ~~he~~ he has changed
little, tho I am trying to change the ~~way~~
the strong influence he has over me. ~~✱~~ ✱ ✱

My job has really improved. The
promotion went through and I got a
10% raise and an expense account.
On top of that, I have no in-office
supervisor anymore. But, after about
a month, I've abandoned trying to be
"fulfilled" through my job. My one
and only real interest, the one thing
that makes me special, ^{may be} ~~seems to be~~
^{my} ^{satisfying} ~~the~~ only contribution ^{in my life} ~~to the world~~. I
need to discover how to use it constructively.

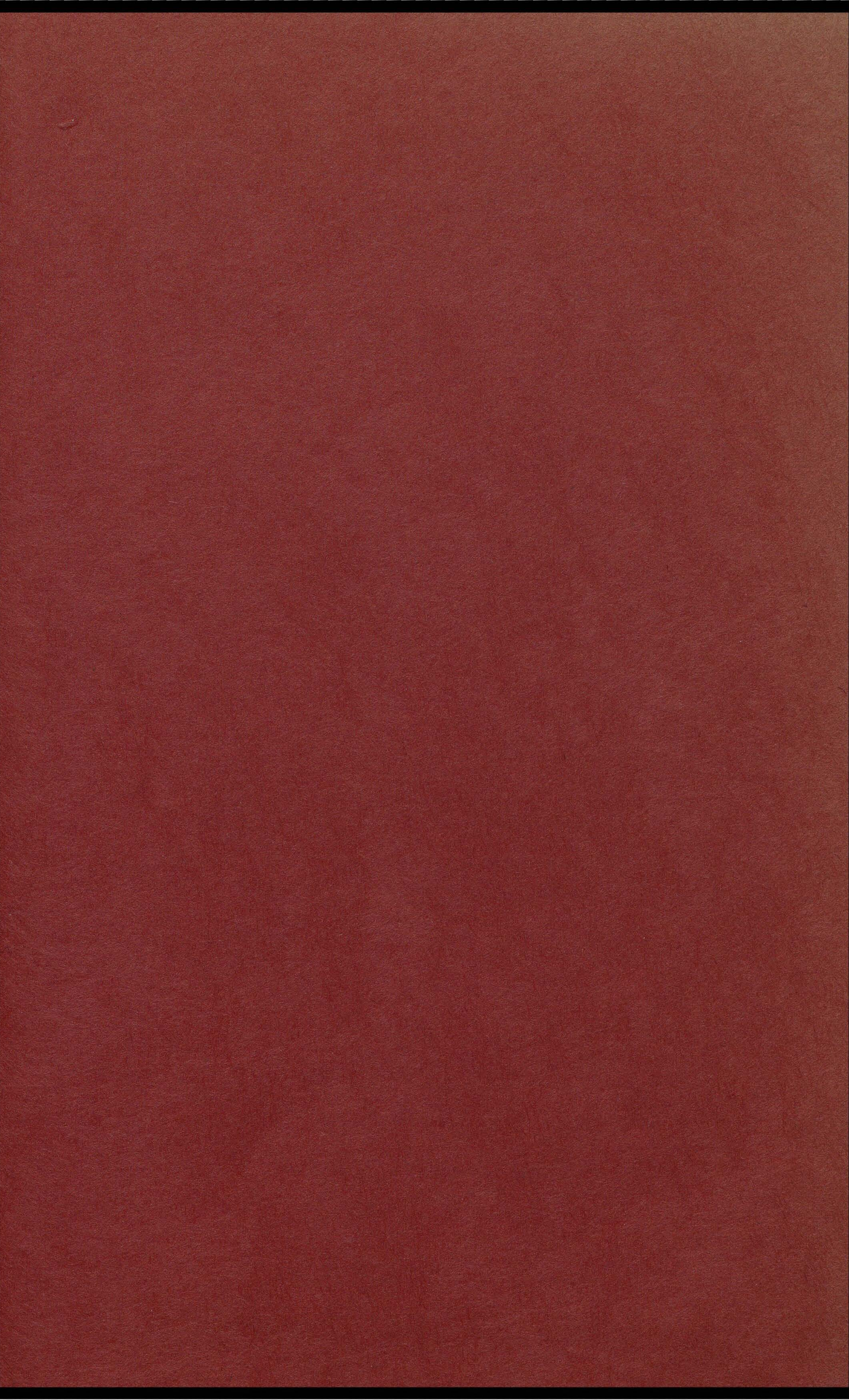
I've tried to reassure him that I
can labble but not go overboard,
and that I can control it, but he
said ^{the problem is that} I think I can, but I can't.
* (I'm trying to head off an impending crisis:
you remember how I realized my dressing
becomes more urgent when I feel a man is
"leaving" me? Jim has been talking of a
OVER

I've thought of becoming an active member of this TV group and introducing serious topics, etc., instead of letting it become a social circle.

Caire, I shy away from the male side now, when I used to shy away from the female side. I think I'm still afraid I'll fall back into that destructive path, but when I think logically, I know I won't. I'm LIKING being a grown-up woman. I look good and feel comfortable around others. And I know, if I want to really feel worthwhile, I've got to find a way to use my past ~~experience~~ (and present) experiences to help others in my shoes.

☆☆ Within the past 6 mos, I've had visits from my two M→F TV/TS friends from Milw & they were a real eye-opener. I realized that, as people, I really didn't LIKE these two ~~people~~ and that my sole interest in them was the fact that they changed over. And that just because one changes over doesn't make ~~the~~ ^{one} an interesting person at all. One can go thru all that & still be a real nowhere ^{boring} person. What a shock.

^{extended} trip to Tokyo for an extended time and has made it clear I'm not invited along.)



1-25-78

Well, glad to have a new book. Finally back to peace and quiet after the Elizabeth fiasco. She arrived Jan 4 not much closer to male than a very faint mustache, chopped unruly hair and grubby clothes. Within a few days she decided she didn't want to stay in S.F., get a job or an apt., so she proceeded to spend the 2 weeks I allotted her laying around my apt. And I mean LAYING AROUND. She barely ventured outside. She could talk about very little except her psychic/occult interest and I grew very tired of that very quickly. Even when discussing the cross-dressing and transsexualism, everything was because of some psychic experience or sign she had, etc. But I learned an very important lesson — just because one changes one's clothes doesn't mean their personality is one bit changed. All the things that irritated me about her in Milwaukee drove me nuts here. I spent a LOT of time over at Jim's place just to get away from her and have some peace with Jim. Learned to like his place. When I tried to talk her into going to a counselor at the Center for Special Problems, she told me how she couldn't because they never understand her magical reasons for

doing things. It was very frustrating and very boring. I was so glad to see her go on Jan. 20. She didn't need any of the support or sharing I wanted to offer — she knows she's right.

2-23-78

So much happening I hope I remember it all. Most importantly, the beginning of February I got a letter from GPU NEWS saying that they'd given permission to reprint my "Looking Toward Transvestite Liberation" article in a book to be published this fall. And this time it's not a small press publication, but the revised edition of The Gay Liberation Book, edited by Len Richmond and Gary Nogu^{era}. My article will be alongside ones by Gore Vidal, Allen Ginsberg, John Lennon, Huey Newton, Alan Watts — unreal!!! When I read that, my mind soared to the sky — like the first time I was stoned on hashish. I just couldn't believe someone had dug that out of the February / March 1974 GPU NEWS and that it was good enough for a national

publication (by Ramparts Press) (I am familiar with their first edition). But I am believing it now, and realizing that I AM good and I DO have something to contribute because of my experiences. Excerpt from letter from Charles 2/5/78: "What is this about failure, T.S. failure. What happened to choice ??? Did I fail at ballet? You have had an experience in life that most people never had, albeit at times painful, at others enthralling. Surely you are a specialist in an area that ^{than} few people have any idea about, ~~that~~ theorists. If you want to do research, write a book, do lectures, do TS social, mental health etc work. Success & failure are important to our own self-concept and esteem, but it all has to be in perspective and remember that the standards are often not our own. Moral: Experience is important. (Happy ones hopefully) but that's not life only." This isn't the first time I've heard all this, but I'm finally beginning to believe it. I know in the depths of my head I've always planned on writing a book (that's why I've so religiously kept

correspondence between Elizabeth + me.
There's some great stuff in there.
But one bad part - I haven't told
Jim about this ~~and~~ (the article
being published) and won't until
it has been or close to it. He's
been waiting for a year now to get
some of his short stories printed
in a small press magazine in San
Diego and has been so frustrated.
I know that if I told him about
mine, he wouldn't be happy for
me, only resentful. So it's turned
out to be a wonderful secret garden
of my mind. — Ma + dad finally
got the divorce. When I read that
it had been finalized in a letter
from Bridget, I cried really hard
and bitterly for about 5 minutes.
I'd always fantasized what a happy
childhood I had, but this divorce
brings all the terror and unhappi-
ness of those years to light. Suddenly
your past is obliterated, Ward and
June [REDACTED] have gotten a divorce.
I'm so so glad I'm how many 1,000's
of miles away from there - I don't
think I could bear it. — As for
my promotion at Wilson Sporting

Goods, The Office Manager Bill [redacted] decided to postpone it to save money by not hiring a replacement and I could continue doing both jobs. The Sales Managers were trying to go to The Top to put pressure on him to hire someone, but it was so much screwing around. Finally I got so mad I went into [redacted] + told him he had to hire someone right away or I was going to go crazy. That I couldn't bear to stamp one more water bill (I said stamping water bills ~~up~~ about five times!). That he + The Sales Managers could fool around with this all they wanted, but I was the one getting screwed in the end.

[redacted]: You think I'm screwing you?

Me: Yes, I do.

[redacted]: Well, if I wanted I could just tell Tom + Jack to get their own secretary and I would keep you!

Me: What, and I have no say in what goes on around here?

[redacted]: No. If you didn't like it, you could just quit!

Me: Well I've thought of that too, Bill.

[redacted]: No! No! That's not what I meant! Don't take it that way!

Me: Well all I know is I want to get into Tom's office, I know I can put it all together and really do something, but all I'm doing is stamping water bills all day and I can't take it anymore.

He said he couldn't do anything until ~~we~~ my vacation was over. I told him I'd forfeit my vacation if that's what was holding it up. Well, we went on & on & I was so mad I didn't hear anything he said. I was only thinking of what I was going to say next. Finally he said "OK, OK, call the State and file the job and we'll put an ad in the paper tomorrow." I said "all right, it's a deal" and stormed out of his office. Five minutes later he called me back into his office and said "you got me on this one" and he apologized & said he hopes we can continue to work together. I was on high. I said don't worry it'll all work out & I stuck my hand out and we shook hands!

Too much! I was rattled the whole evening. I was so proud of myself. — I've begun another auto mechanics



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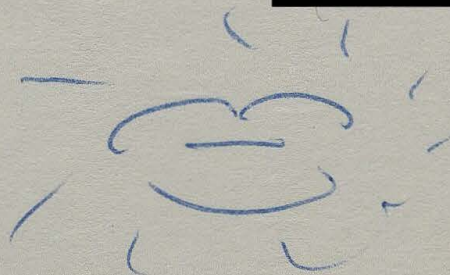
Too much! I was rattled the whole evening. I was so proud of myself. — I've begun another auto mechanics



Happy Valentine's Day

Signed

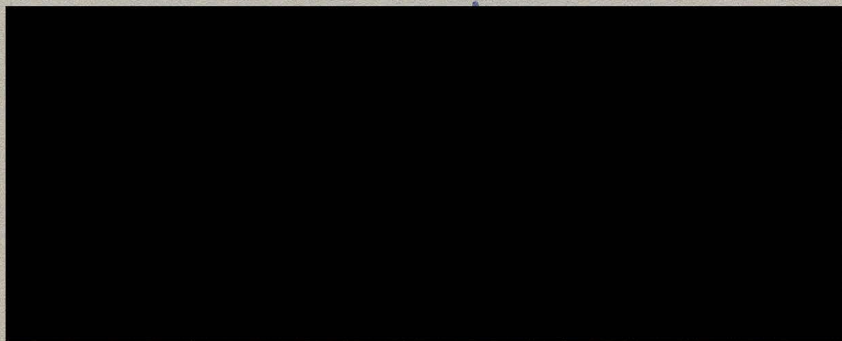
T.



class where we actually do work on cars.
— Tim + I have been getting along so so
well. Seeing each other almost every
night. There's a new communication that
was never here before and I feel so much
less threatened by him. It seems the
more I become me, the better we do. I'm
looking at him more as an individual
rather than "just Tim". When I got
the attached in the mail, I just cried.
God, I love him so so much. His beauty
of body and soul is breathtaking.



Sheila Sullivan



Had a week's vacation the week ending Feb. 18. Didn't go anywhere this time, but did things I always say I never have time for. Opened a checking acct. Bought a canary! Washed my windows. Cleaned the refrigerator. Went to the library. [On my way to my auto class a middle-aged woman stopped and said to me, "Almost perfect unisex. I can't tell if you're a boy or a girl." Not even trying / thinking of passing! "What would you gentlemen like?" So Jim & I in a restaurant (but didn't they see my women's shoes ??). The attendant in a gas station, "Yes, sir? Oh." It's just beautiful. It no longer makes me self-conscious or uncomfortable or embarrassed.] Went to traffic court over an unjust parking ticket and won my case! Had my eyes checked. Super relaxing week & I wasn't bored & didn't run out of things to do. Am going swimming with Mary Ellen at the YWCA once a week & have resumed my weight lifting after being pretty neglectful these past 6 months. Had 2 dreams these past few nights about Milwaukee: one of

dreamed Tim + I went to Albion St.
to see the place again + we got ~~in~~ in
though someone else was living there.
The other I dreamt that we (May + I)
were notified that Grandmother had
died and we were to come home for the
funeral.

3-8-78

Excerpt of letter from Eldon dated 3/21:
"Sheila, we liked your last review. Local
woman read the book and said she agreed
100% with your review. Obviously she was
disappointed. I'm delighted also that you
are finding (getting in touch with) your
feminine side. You got it, kid. You
can see things from both sides. You can
move easily between the genders, IF YOU KEEP
COOL and don't worry or brood. Accept
yourself for where you are. Don't worry
about trying to be someone else. You are
unique and beautiful. Being true to your-
self isn't easy for anyone, but if you can
keep from rollercoaster heights and depths
of emotions (which I think you do well)
- if you can understand that life is a
constant battle and that being truly
human calls for some pain as well as joy
to allow for growth. If you can learn

patience - real growth as a human is slow - you will find all the things you are and achieve much of what you want. Those of us who love you don't doubt for a moment that you can! - that you will!"

Excerpt of my letter back to him:
"Was it ever a super ego rush to see that my 'Looking Toward Transvestite Liberation' was selected for The Gay Liberation Book. Wow. I'm so proud. Little by little, things like that are happening that helps me define who I am, where I belong, of what importance can I be. It made me want to write again. Seeing what a sappy story they made of Emergence and that my writing is good - well, we'll see. Maybe someday I can come up with something really (as you would say) sock-o. I truly appreciated and needed your 'sermon'. I've read it over and over. It is difficult for me not to 'panic' when I'm sliding from gender to gender. But it is becoming less tumultuous. I've had to really wonder what good the panic is when several times lately I've been called 'sir' or 'gentlemen'."

(when I'm with Tim) when I was making no effort nor even aware that I was passing! So what's the use of TRYING to pass and then panicking? It's ridiculous that I can so easily understand and justify other people's diversions from the norm, but still find it hard to accept myself as a female who occasionally wants to be a gay man. I really think the fact that I've never met another female with the same feelings is what makes me feel so odd - even though I know there are more like me.³⁾

Gave my 3-week notice Monday that I am quitting the group therapy sessions. I've discovered that one does not have to be a social being to be a healthy being - and I feel I'm at the level of sociability comfortable for me. Mary Ellen warns that I should beware of holing myself up and only having Tim in my social sphere, and it's a good warning. I believe I can now develop friendships, keeping in mind that few friendships go to a level of real love as I would wish them. My new position at work is making me feel like an Administrative Assistant. We did a tune-up last week in my basic

auto mechanics course and I really enjoyed it A LOT. Felt comfortable with the 3 women doing the same car. I'm really feeling like my apartment is "home" and I'm fixing it up, buying pictures for the wall, cleaning Mr. Bird's cage, watering the plants, making my supper instead of eating out, loving Tim and appreciating him sitting next to me.

I feel really happy with myself and ready to leave the doubts behind.

4-9-78

Well I just can't believe how good I feel lately. It's almost too much. I'm no longer going to the mental center and glad. There was about a week after I quit that I felt freaked out and anxious but that's gone now. Upon leaving I told the group how it seemed that everything I did to get better I did intentionally, following a little plan I'd give myself. The therapist told me I should remember that. So the latest exercise I gave myself was to buy a Playboy

magazine to ~~not~~ nurture the hetero-
sexuality in me. I look at the bare
women + their bodies are pretty + sexy
+ I look at my body + it looks just
like theirs - pretty + sexy. It makes me
feel good about myself. Tim flipped
when he saw the mags, "Why did you
buy those? What do you want to look
at naked women for??" and when I
explained he calmed down. He figured
I wanted to look at women because I'm
sexually interested in them (God!
doesn't he know that's untrue YET).
We drove 100 miles up the coast on
Saturday and today we went to the
baseball game here (got free tickets
from work). Tim looked so beautiful
and attractive, sitting there in his
T-shirt and with a baseball cap on
(they were giving them away). I love
him so damn much. The guy never
stops amazing me with his beauty.
I swear if he wasn't mine I try
to make him mine. Before my eyes
he has become a man. From a skinny
boy to a beautiful tall strong man.
I'm finally full swing at my
new job position at Wilson and that
has also contributed to my mental

well-being. I'm no longer running around like an idiot trying to remember what I was doing. The pace is slower, the job has more responsibility and my new bosses give me credit for having brains and I respect them too. I feel like an adult. I no longer feel intimidated by my new bosses nor embarrassed to admit I don't know or understand something, which means a lot.

4-26-78

A thought came to me yesterday that really affected me. For so long (years!) I've been feeling badly about myself because I don't think my mind is working enough. For hours I can sit or work and have absolutely no thoughts, I feel. But maybe that's not true. I am thinking, but because they are only idle thoughts, I discount them. I guess I've figured that everyone else has original, important and rewarding thoughts all the time, while I mostly have random thoughts and only an occasional earth-shattering one. Therefore I've felt

that my brain was muddled or that I was confused and couldn't think straight. But yesterday I began thinking that all this is untrue: that most people do not have constant interesting and significant thoughts, but they go through life with simple ideas and only rarely do they come up with anything out of the ordinary. I have been poo-pooing off all of my original insights and perceptive thoughts. Like this morning at work, the new secretary is supposedly a very liberated girl. Well, her car screws up and she approaches a male co-worker about it, and even when he tells her he knows absolutely nothing about cars, she persists in describing the problem and looking to him for an answer. A supposedly liberated woman practicing blatant sexism against a man. He was terribly embarrassed, too, that he couldn't help her. When I realized the absurdity of her sexism, I was really proud of myself for my perceptiveness. These are the kind of thoughts I don't give myself credit for. I suppose they're obvious to everyone, but they're not! I've been

taking myself for granted. I don't see my good points, I expect them. Two weeks ago I was expected to attend a meeting of the Hennis sales representatives, take notes at the meeting and write a recap of all that transpired there. Well, it went so fast & I didn't know half of what they were talking about & how it was done, etc. and really felt like an idiot. At the end of the day, my boss said he could see I was rattled and I don't have to write the recap. But about a day later, when I calmed down, I WANTED to write it to see how I'd do. So I did and it came out surprisingly well. My boss used most of it and merely added a little here and there. I was really proud of myself. The May meeting is in South Lake Tahoe and, yes, Wilson Sporting Goods Company is flying me to Tahoe, putting me up at Harrah's, paying for me to attend a dinner show — all so I can take the notes. Plus just found out last week that they're putting me in for a 10% raise before my year is up

and only after about a month in my new position. I'm really taking to heart what has been repeated to me often - my worst enemy is my own lack of self-confidence. It seems to me that life is so much easier for most people and that makes me feel inferior because it's so much more confusing to me. But I'm beginning to see that I'm expecting way way too much from myself and always falling short of my incredibly high standards. I'm the one who has made my life so much harder than everyone else's. I won't allow myself to plod through it like others are perfectly content to. So I have to quit being so hard ~~of~~ on myself. I have to let up; people are ^{n't} looking ^[Freudian slip] at me or noticing my small blunders. I was so keyed up about that meeting, yet the only thing everyone noticed was how keyed up I was - not all the other things (like my not knowing the particulars of a certain topic) that were causing me to be keyed up. In other words, if I were more like other people - more easy and less demanding of myself - I would achieve that state I am looking for. Self-confidence.

5-14-78

Doing a lot of different things, mostly in an endeavor to meet new people and thereby form a clearer picture of who I am. On the 5th, Linda (Greg/Linda from Milw) came to San Francisco and stayed at my place through the 10th. It's too bad, but, like Elizabeth, I found that I no longer like many of my old friends. I guess I'd felt before that by benefit of their gender dysphoria Elizabeth + Linda were interesting people. But aside from that tiny little part of their personalities, they hold no attraction for me. I continue to be pretty amazed at how easily Linda passes, when in my eyes she still looks like a losing drag queen. Tuesday she + I + my other friend here (Sheila's her name too) went to a N.O.W. meeting (Nat'l Organization for Women). I felt only slightly uncomfortable, but it felt very much like the old GRU meetings, except that I couldn't get very excited about the issues. Wednesday I went to a meeting advertised as a ~~T~~TV/TS group "for women" in Berkeley. I realized the problem of who's a "woman" here, but half-hoped I'd find females stere going to males.

No such luck. Turned out to be 5 male middle-aged transvestites, all dressed and talking in their butch voices. I was pretty disappointed but Ken began talking to the best-looking one. He was very insightful and we talked of the problem of bringing the male side + female side together into one person. I told him I was more interested in learning how to separate the male + female sides; that that was my big problem - being able to call upon my female mind when appropriate and set aside the male mind when necessary. That the two sides intermingle to such an extent that I feel I have no control over what's going to happen next. During the meeting they voted to extend membership to a female-to-male TS (not present) who'd probably be there next meeting (in 2 weeks). This somewhat prompts me to want to go to their next meeting to meet him - but again, it's always a female-to-male transsexual and I am, and must remember I am, a transvestite. I had to reassure Jim that I was not interested in getting back to that scene, that I'd "learned my lesson," but know I'll always be interested in the topic.

5-16-78

Why is it that I'll forever have these imaginative infatuations with beautiful men? Is it that I'm displacing my own desire to be them and I'm therefore haunted by them? Haunted by my Cutey on the Bus. He still floats past my mind almost constantly. I feel he is a part of me - an actual part of my physical being. He is the youngman I want to be. I feel that if we ever went to bed together, I would feel as if I were having sex with the boy inside me. I can't believe that I must hold myself back from touching his arm, holding him, kissing him. No, Moriarity did not destroy my need for these fantasies. Thank God!

Dear Eldon,

5-26-78

I found someone like me!!! A heterosexual female transvestite. Do you know how LONG I've looked? In the feminist women's paper here was listed in their calendar a "TV/TS meeting for women." Which didn't fool me - which women, who's a woman? But I went anyway & as I expected there were 7 middle-aged straight men all cross-dressed. But during the meeting they voted to

accept membership of a female-to-male who would be present at the next meeting. Still I was suspicious - sure, female-to-male what. Surely she'd either be a lesbian or a transsexual. But my curiosity was enough that last night I went to the 2nd meeting. I thought she was a boy! We sat quietly through the meeting. She was looking at me when she thought I couldn't tell & would look away quickly when I tried to catch her eye. Maybe she didn't like me... but it seemed more that she was a little scared. After the meeting I went up to her. It was so easy for us to talk! I am far more experienced & bold than she, although we've been at it about the same amount of time (5 years). She's got a butch-er job (not meat-cutter) - swimming pool plumber! - but she works for a relative so didn't have to look for work like I did. She almost tore my \$140 suit & \$10 tie off me - she says she hasn't been bold enough to shop in the men's dept. but goes shopping as a woman "for her son" so never gets to try things on & is afraid they'd read her when making alterations. I assured her that very rarely would

anyone risk making a confrontation, even the Key might suspect her. She actually uses surgical tape on her bare skin to bind her breasts - again. She says she just thinks how much hassle women go thru to look like women. AND SHE'S NOT GAY!! She says she doubts though that any man would put up with her & I assured her there were some... Jim & I are together 10 years & he puts up with it, tho he stops when I had considered surgery (see update below). God, Eldon. I'm not alone. Everyone's just hiding. This closet even has toilet paper stuck in the keyhole! I started to give her my address & she said oh, she was trying to ask but didn't want to be too bold. But you know, after all this time, it's kind of scary to have to "share" my cross-dressing. — My only real distinguishing interest is in cross-dressing & the mental mechanics of same. I would like to get more involved in this TV group but have been getting a lot of flak from Jim. To quote, he actually said he feels the whole thing is

"perverted" + that I can't control it, or be natural - as a guy or a girl.

These may have been words said in a heated moment, but they stuck. Will keep you up-to-date. I feel I can indulge in my cross-dressing + passing, yet keep from thinking it's "really me" (i.e., TS thoughts). But it's a real mind trick. I think these middle-aged TVs can give me some pointers on how to keep the 2 halves separate.

7-4-78

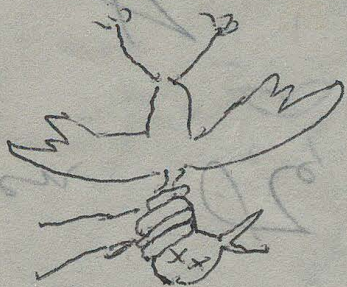
Sitting in my apt. crying because I feel so goddamn empty inside. My whole goddamn life is a waste of time - just trying to think up things to do to waste time until I die. Nothing means a goddamn thing.

x x x

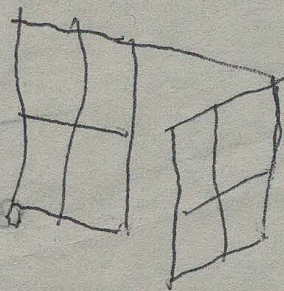
After I wrote the above I cried bitterly, rested, then went out + washed + waxed the car. Once in a while I get in an awful depression + a good cry usually washes it out of me. A lot of times I feel like living is a real joke. And I think if it weren't for Jim I'd be absolutely nothing. I wish I had a sense of worth whiteness

that so many people have on their own. I seriously think, but cannot imagine any way that I can make life seem more than just waiting to die someday. I lose myself in Tim's arms and fear the day he dies.

For a fleeting moment I thought maybe this TV group would give me a sense of worth + accomplishment. June 14 I told Tim I was going to the group. He phoned me back + told me he wanted me to be with him + not go to that group because he thinks it's bad for me. I told him he had no right to ask me to choose between him or the group. So I went to the group + my female-to-male friend never showed. I was so disappointed. Later I talked to the group president + mentioned my wish to possibly introduce some serious group discussions about mutual problems of transvestism, rather than totally allow the group to be a social club. He said that I must realize that I am a lot more intelligent than most of the other group members and that most of the group just



18. W. 12.19 you for
I got hollered
by about my hand



Boards

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Beans

Please uncover

Mr Bird when you

open the shades

in the mornings.



S.

P.S. I'm sorry I got hollered
at about the drier.

wants to dress and not talk about it. In other words, he said lay off. I left the group very discouraged + wondering why it always turns out that way. I am pretty much decided to quit going to the group.

I have the hats to visit Milwaukee + booked a flight for a week's vacation Aug 11-19.

Yesterday Jim said if I was nice he'd bring me a present. That evening he brought a gold stick pin of a fan that opens + closes. Last week we saw a concert of a "rock" group that was excellent. We've been getting along very well at some times and have scattered abrasive words. (I was going for a haircut at a unisex stylist. He got mad + told me not to cut it, that it looks ugly + I should let it grow long. I said he's not my father + can't tell me what to do. Later he said he liked the new cut.)

I continue to feel more like part of the human race, yet less like a person.

Transsexual Quits Fight for Job

Suspended transsexual teacher. Steve Dain has quit his contested job at Emery High School, ending a two-year legal struggle with the Emery School District in the wake of his sex change operation.

Dain, a Union City resident now in construction work, submitted his letter of resignation to the district's board of education on June 9, according to California Teachers Association attorney Penn Foote, who represented Dain.

Foote said Dain's decision to resign was influenced in part by the possibility of facing further hearings on the "transsexual element" of his case.

Dain, 39, was formerly Doris Richards, a popular girls' physical

Plea for Terrorists

Nicosia, Cyprus

The lawyer for two Palestinians sentenced to hang August 22 for the murder of a prominent Egyptian editor appealed to President Spyros Kyprianou yesterday to commute the sentences.

Associated Press

education instructor at Emery High School in Emeryville.

In December, 1975, Richards took six months' sick leave to

undergo the surgery at Stanford University and subsequent hormonal and psychiatric therapy.

Upon returning to school in September, 1976, as Steve Dain, he was suspended and later dismissed for falsely claiming sick leave payments.

The State Commission on Professional Competence upheld the suspension but reversed his firing and ordered him reinstated in September, 1979. Dain sought a court decision to allow him to return to teaching sooner, but lost that bid in April.

Foote said Dain would continue his separate legal efforts to win back pay from the school district.

San Francisco Chronicle
Aug 5 1978

8-8-78

Sunday Mary Ellen threw a small party at her apt. I was there about an hour when one of her old boyfriends comes in. He used to play in 'Cruisin'', a '50's band I liked. Well the guy was gorgeous + I proceeded to make conversation. Turns out he's 29 yrs old + very friendly. I was becoming more drunk with punch + wine and he + I were making eye contact + unnecessary contact. The party was thinning + suddenly it was Mary Ellen, he + I in the kitchen. And suddenly it was Mary Ellen, he + I in the bed.

The guy was tall, lean + hard. Absolutely lovely body. For me, it was like my old tripping days - but better because Mary was there to play the female and I was the voyeur, the accomplice, another youngman. I asked if he'd ever fucked another man + he said no, but he "has been..." most unusual for a hetero first-timer to be on the receiving end. I bound him to the bed with belts, and when I only had two, he asked if I couldn't find a third. With him tied down, I made him suck my fingers, whispering

Genet's beautiful fantasy words, "Suck it til it shoots...." His clear soft eyes looking up at me as he obediently sucked and I forced it farther down his throat. Later I took a belt to his butt. He was screwing May + I got behind him and fucked him with my finger. I wouldn't let him enter me, but once he got me + exclaimed, "What muscle control!" or something to that effect. Later he told May he thought that I was being very loyal to her by not letting him fuck me, because he was supposedly May's boyfriend - we laughed at that! I wanted very much to get him down good, but May wasn't very cooperative in tying him down. She later told me she was trying to watch out for him + protect him because she thought maybe the both of us were a bit much for him. I had no such impression. I could see he would have loved it. I took a scarf + ran it over his soft hard chest. I went nuts! He was incredibly submissive and didn't fight a thing.

Photo taken at
"The Top of the Mark"
Hopkins Hotel

9-3-78



9-7-78

Browsing in the S.F. Public Library yesterday, quite by accident I discovered that I am listed for my "A Transvestite Answers a Feminist" and "Looking Toward Transvestite Liberation" in An Annotated Bibliography of Homosexuality in 2 volumes, compiled by Bullough, Legg, Elans + Kepner. I couldn't believe it! listed there right alongside Harry Benjamin + Virginia Charles Hince. Told Jim + he even seemed happy for me. I've really got the hots to get writing again. Going thru a box of my

old writings, I came across a damn good little short story. Next to some of the crappy stories Eldon's been printing in GPU NEWS, mine sounds great — so I'll send it to him and see what he says.

Sure he'll print it — he has everything I've ever submitted to him.

In the library I was researching Dr. Mary Edwards Walker (Nov. 26, 1832 - Feb. 21, 1919), a famous female-to-male crossdresser, although she supposedly was not trying to pass. Not a whole lot written on her, and one book that was of course isn't in the library. (How I miss UWM's library & inter-library loan system! I could get anything!) Instead ended up getting Mountain Charley, or the Adventures of Mrs. E. J. Guerin, who was thirteen years in male attire, by E. J. Guerin and She Rode with the Generals: The True and Incredible Story of Sarah Emma Seelye, Alias Franklin Thompson by Sylvia G. L. Dannett.

I'm getting the hots to get back into some serious passing. Fantasizing getting together with Enmen, the other F → M TV I met

and going to the Castro Street area, as they all know I'm a girl on Polk St. Fantasizing how I could pick up a gay guy & go to bed with him, & pass, just so I didn't take off my clothes. (But how can I hide an elastic chest and a soft sock cock?) Tim has been so closey-closey lately that I'm going to have a helluva time just getting away to the Berkeley TV meetings. They must all think I died by now. [The last month I've been in Monterey at a Wilson Spitz Gals meeting and then Tim & I went on vacation & drove to Seattle, Portland & stayed in Vancouver B.C. three nights — so I've been absent from the group.]

9-21-78

Just got back from going to a few of my regular gay men's bars with Emmon, the female-to-male TV I've met at this Golden Gate Girls/Guys group. He rarely goes out dressed & is worried about passing, which is ridiculous since he looks ten times better than I do. So I thought I'd take him to some good places. I told him that I've looked so long

for other female-to-males, and now
that I've found her, I ~~do~~ don't know
what to do about it. Like "now what."

Jim has been very good to me.
Told him when I went to last week's
meeting & he said "be good." Also
told him I couldn't see him tonight
because I was going out with Emmon
and he said "okay, be good now."
He's giving me the space I need.
Last weekend was the greatest.
Friday night we watched the Ali
boxing match at a bar on TV and
he didn't bitch because I wasn't
acting ladylike ??? Then we went
to a concert which had a puppet
show that made tears run down
my cheeks, it was so touching (get
that). Saturday was his birthday
& I bought him a suit jacket
which looks beautiful on him
& then we went out to eat at some
bullshit expensive French restau-
rant. We also spent hours in our
latest gay bar playing pinball
(our new Saturday hang-out). The
whole weekend was so pleasant,
I was relaxed, didn't watch
myself and he didn't bitch once

about me. On the contrary, he's been very loving. He went & bought pants to match the jacket I got him and he's been looking so clean and sexy lately. He says he wants to go back to Vancouver, or Hawaii, on vacation with me again soon. It'd be the greatest if only we could continue to get along as well as we have been, plus he'd continue to give me the extra space I need to cross-dress once in a while and indulge in my interest in the topic of transvestism, thru reading & going to this group.

I sent a short story to Eldon to see if he wants it for GPU NEWS. I wrote it ~~prob~~ probably in '73-74 and it's been sitting around in my box of writing since. Just went thru the box, found it & figured it was as good as the other stories Eldon's printing lately.

Got a postcard from Charles in Denmark. Don't know if he's moved there for good or what. He never writes, just keeps sending these 10-sentence postcards!!

10-16-78

Last Thursday Jim + I celebrated our 10th anniversary. I bought a big cookie that said "Happy Anniversary" + we split it with cups of tea. I know we're both proud of being together so long.

I'm going for another week's vacation to Milwaukee Oct 28 - Nov 4. I'm pretty apprehensive about how I'll find the family - it seems since the divorce all both ma + dad do is complain about how old + sickly they are. Also haven't heard a lot from Eldon + I am hoping we can go out together one night at least.

Jim + I are still very much in love and we haven't had a run-in in so long. Before we'd see each other every other night. Well, now we see each other every day (just about) except for maybe once a week we don't. I've been going over to sleep at his place like twice a week now.

Haven't done anything new with my cross-dressing. Went to a doctor yesterday though wearing a girl's sweater + the doc said "Ye, Mr Sullivan?"

10-23 to

11-1-78

Well, Patrick's dead. Thursday 10/19 at 6:30 a.m. Mary Ellen is banging on my apt. door. She got a phone call from Bridget that Pat was in a motorcycle accident Wed nite & was in critical condition & the doc said he wouldn't last the night. My first reaction was that this was just another Sullivan freak-out exaggeration. May wanted to fly to Milwaukee immediately - I said I didn't. Went to her place, phoned ma & dad & they were upset. The clincher, tho, was when I talked to Johnny. Bert, his best friend, was driving the cycle & was already dead. He was crying & so apart that I realized the seriousness. So May was so apart herself that I made the arrangements & went over to Jim's. We laid in his bed & I told him I was leaving for Milwaukee that day (I already had vacation arrangements to fly to Milwaukee 10/27, but, you know...). We talked about his father's funeral & he was real supportive & loving. When we arrived in Milwaukee at 7:30 pm, ma, Grandmother & Kathleen met us crying, saying he'd already died & was hooked up to a respirator & they were just waiting

for us to see him one last time before they pulled the plug. So we all drive there. Pat was in intensive care & they said his brain died at 9 a.m. Thurs morn. Bridget was flipped out & said she wanted them to do an EEG on him. The brain surgeon was pissed that she insisted on it because he'd done a CAT scan & an electronic brain scan & they both read dead. But he said he'd do the EEG just to please us, but that in any case the EEG "meant nothing." Went in to see the guy laying in the bed, I got kind of shook & Bridget's Charley was there to reassure me. I just wasn't ready for it, it was so horrid to see him laying there - about all I could say was "he looks so tired." Everyone kept telling me to talk to him - I stroked his hair, plastic tubes down his throat, and could only say "you really blew it this time" Everyone was upset or crying or in shock. Apparently Johnny, Bert & Pat had been out drinking & taking speed. Johnny said while at the bar they all were hugging & crying & saying how much they loved each other. They decided to go to Pat's. They say it was a

fluke that Pat got on the back of the bike because Johnny usually rides with Bert, but this one time Pat gave Johnny his car keys + said he was going with Bert. They were going some 60-80 mph down a 30 mph street, hit a car broadside + Pat pushed against Bert, who was crushed into the side of the car. Pat catapulted over the top of the car, flew 100 feet + landed smack clean on his goddamn brain. The guy didn't have a scratch on his body, but for a few on his left hand. They say when the ambulance arrived, even tho every bone in Bert's body was smashed, they took Pat to the hospital first because his eyes were "fixed + dilated." They gave him less of a chance of living than Bert. Bert was rushed into the operating room but a broken bone had cut an aorta from his heart + it was all over. They never even checked out whether Pat had any broken bones, etc., because it was irrelevant - his brain was so far gone. Spent the night at ma's with Karl + Grandmother + had the creeps all night, hardly slept at all. Friday morn they did the EEG

+ got a very very slight flip on it which, they said, could have even been electrical interference from the hospital. I went back to the hospital + saw Pat again. This time, instead of looking tired, he looked dead. Mary Ellen lifted his eyelids + the guy's eyes looked like jello. The whole family was undone. They were to turn off the respirator that morn. Bridget + I went to Pat's flat on the East Side to get his clothes for burial. She'd also suggested that at the wake we have bulletin boards with recent photos of Pat on vacation, with his girlfriend (of 6 yrs.) Jenni, on his cycle, etc. I went to Johnny + Kathy [redacted]'s + there cried for the first time when I saw Johnny, who was really in bad shape. His face was so distorted + red + drawn, his eyes looked so bewildered + sore. Bridget went to Nanc's + met with the funeral director who told her they'd pulled the plug at 2 pm that afternoon + Pat died 10 minutes later. A lie. Later that afternoon we got a call that Pat was still on the respirator + that

Sullivan, Patrick Rory

Oct. 20, 1978, age 21 yrs. Beloved son of John E. and Nancy L. (nee Kush) Sullivan, dear brother of Kathleen, John Jr., Sheila, Bridget, and Maryellen Sullivan. Fond grandson of Erna Kush, dear lover and friend of Jenni Hoepfner, uncle of Cheyney, Jake and Brian. Further survived by other relatives and friends. Prayers 9:15 a.m. Mon. at the KAUFMANN FUNERAL HOME, Burleigh at 48th St. to St. Anthony of Padua Church, 76th and Stevenson St. for the Mass of Christian Burial at 10 a.m. Interment Holy Cross. Friends may call at the funeral home Sun. 4-9 Parish prayer service 7:30 p.m.

The doc said that now because the EEG was blipping, they couldn't unhook him from the respirator. And suddenly the EEG (which the doc previously claimed meant nothing) meant everything. That State law requires if you're donating organs you must have a flat EEG reading for 24 hrs. So the guy was still in the hospital. Friday night babysat for Cheyney, Jake & Brian while Bridget went to Bert's wake. Spent Friday nite at Bridget's & got a halfway decent sleep. Saturday was torture. He was still blipping. Kathleen & ma got a lawyer who said they could sign a brown paper bag saying they won't sue the hospital for unplugging him & take the kidneys, and it would be legal. So they went to the hospital but were met by big deal lawyers from Madison who said no matter what they signed, they wouldn't unplug him. When we heard this, Mary Ellen, Bridget & I flipped out & yelled that we weren't going to let our brother whither away into a 12 lb. pretzel like Karen Ann Quinlan & that if necessary we'd call the newspapers & TV & get the whole city on our side! Our outbursts won us no favor with Nance.

Later at [REDACTED]'s we talked with a doctor friend of hers who assured us that it wasn't "our fault" that we demanded an EEG & now they couldn't unplug him (which is what Pat's doc claimed). That State law requires an EEG on all organ donors. Bridget talked to Jenni's mother (her father is Chief Administrator at St Joseph's Hospital) & somehow they got it together with the Asst Admin at St Mary's Hospital (where Pat was) & the Asst District Attorney. They all talked it out & agreed to give us a choice: either we forget donating the kidneys & unplug the guy now, or we wait for however long it takes for the EEG to quit blipping & donate the kidneys. Johnny called a "family conference" of me, Bud, & May. I was the only one who said forget the kidneys, so they decided we'd wait it out, but have the option that if it got real long & gross we could unplug him & forget the kidneys. So Johnny went back to Ken with our decision. We were doing very little eating & a lot of drinking. I cried again & was comforted by Johnny (he turned out to be the fortress of strength

after all). I just thought the whole deal of them fooling with Pat's dead body for 3 days was gross & we should say fuck the kidneys & unhook him & let's put him in the ground where he belongs. The hospital assured us that at the most Pat had 15 brain cells alive (out of the million zillion we have) & that if he did live he wouldn't be able to see, hear, move, think, talk or anything. Just a living veggie. I also learned we were going to have a "fake wake" at the funeral home Sunday nite even tho the guy was still in the hospital & I just didn't think I could go thru with it. Johnny said if it got real bad we could just ditch to the corner bar in our "bereavement". He took me to the basement, we did some cocaine & had a great talk. I told him I fantasized having sex with him & we said yeah, someday we'll do it. Saturday morn he had been one of Bert's pallbearers, wearing his black leather jacket & sunglasses. Spent a sleepless night at Bridg's. We were told no way would those 15 brain cells last the evening. Sunday morn the family met for breakfast

at a restaurant. I felt like shit. My stomach was totally fucked up - I was on the can all Sat nite shitting orange water. Sunday afternoon Bridg + I put together the bulletin board, heading it "Gem of the Gents" which was what we called Pat to tease him. [When we were all children, Bridg, May + I once snuck Pat's Christmas present from Auntie Sis upstairs + carefully opened it... handkerchiefs in a box proclaiming "Gem of the Gents." We carefully rewrapped the gift, put it back under the tree + called him Gem of the Gents. When we opened the presents he was mad + wanted to know how we knew. It was a joke from that Christmas on that every Christmas, Bridg May + I pulled a trick on Pat. For a while us kids had to pull our names from a hat to see who opened their presents first + we'd arrange it so his name wasn't in the hat, because especially Grandmother used to coddle "poor little Patrick" because he'd always throw a fit when he had to wait for others to open their gifts. Once everyone accused us of not having his name in the hat - it was a close call, but we flipped his name in just in time for them to inspect the hat.] From 4-9 pm we had the "fake wake" at the funeral home with a closed empty casket, having to explain the guy was still in the hospital. Pretty gross.

Ma expressed anxiety at the Sunday family breakfast that she knew at 8 a.m. Monday suddenly the EEG would stop blipping - she was sure this was all bullshit so the doctors could have their weekend at the golf course. After the fake wake Bridg had a small party at her place which cheered us up a lot, lots of joking, laughing + drinking. Monday morn what ma had predicted happened. Suddenly the hospital realized the EEG machine was "broken" + a short in the wire or something was what made it keep blipping all weekend + that he was now in surgery having his kidneys removed. What a relief. I washed Bridg's kitchen floor to turn off nervous energy. Monday night at [REDACTED] the family got together except for ma + we were shocked when she came in - for once she finally came to us! Dad was reaching out to us kids a lot, but Nanc so far had kept her distance, Grandmother babying her, Bud + Mary Ann screening all phone calls to her. Tues morn at 8:30 a.m. we had a short wake at the funeral home - this time we had Pat's body in the coffin. Johnney + the others put a pack of

Science Delayed Grief, but Lent Comfort, Too

By Ron Elving
of The Journal Staff

The John E. Sullivan family held a funeral Tuesday at St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church, N. 76th and W. Stevenson Sts., after four days of watching their youngest son's life measured in readings from a machine.

John and Nancy Sullivan and their five other children lived with the uncertainty born of an age in which technology allows — and so necessitates — technical

definitions of death. They waited for science to surrender.

At the funeral, the family was joined by taxi drivers from Yellow Cab who had worked with their son, Patrick Rory Sullivan, 21. More than two dozen cabs were parked in formation in the church parking lot.

The family also had the comfort of knowing that their son's death may mean prolonged life for two victims of kidney

Turn to Funeral, page 5, col. 6

↑ not poop, dirt from
the cemetery

Funeral

Death for 1, Life for Others

From Page 1

disease and sight for a victim of blindness.

Donated Organs

Patrick Sullivan, fatally injured in a motorcycle crash a week ago, had told his family he wished to have his kidneys and eyes donated for transplant. On Tuesday, doctors at County General Hospital were preparing two potential recipients to receive his kidneys.

Patrick had a friend who owed his life to a kidney transplant. So some time ago, he told his family he wanted to pass on such a legacy himself.

The gifts of life and sight seemed priceless on this brilliant autumn day, with the rich gleam of stained glass windows inside and the colors of the trees outside shimmering in a sharp wind.

As the communion service ended and the church bell tolled, the coffin was carried to the hearse by family and friends. One young pallbearer hid tears behind dark sunglasses as the hearse doors were closed.

↳ Johnny

Police Report

The police report outlined the incident: the evening out with the guys, the drinks, the late night motorcycle ride and the crash at high speed. No helmets. The motorcyclist, William Hantke, 28, dead. The rider, Patrick Sullivan, critically injured.

It was a scenario that has been played out thousands of times and seen in nightmares countless times more.

"I just can't believe my little brother is a motorcycle accident statistic," said Bridget Sullivan.

The family went through what many another has: The call in the night, the drive to

the hospital, the grim report and the final bad news.

But in this case, getting the bad news lasted for days. In a sense, the family had to go through it twice.

Tests Showed Activity

Patrick appeared to have died Thursday, but the hospital took electroencephalogram tests for electric activity in the brain. The tests showed a trace of activity.

So the wait went on. The slight reading continued through the weekend. It seemed that electrical inter-

ference might be producing it. Then, Monday morning, the test showed that brain activity had ceased.

From the time Patrick's life was essentially lost until the time doctors could remove the organs, four days passed — four days during which the family waited, placed a death notice, held a wake, delayed the funeral and wondered whether to hope.

After the conclusive reading on Monday, the organs were removed. And on Tuesday, the Sullivans laid Patrick to rest.

cigarettes, a pen, a free drink ticket from one of Pat's favorite bars + a joint in Pat's shirt pocket, like he used to always be. Cheyney put a \$5 bill ("a fin") there too. Jenni shoved a pair of her sexiest underpants down by Pat's crotch, secretly so only a few of us knew. Pat had always said that if he didn't have a pencil behind his ear, he'd walk with a limp, + I thought we should put one there so he wouldn't walk with a limp to the pearly gates. But ma drew the line. Patrick was a cabbie + a dispatcher at Yellow Cab + when we got to the church where the services were being held, the cabbies came out in force for Pat + there were at least 30 cabs pulling into the church parking lot. It was a real upper for all of us. [Pat always had so damn many friends we used to hassle him about it. His third or fourth day in kindergarten, ma went to pick him up + the whole class full of kids yelled "BYE PATRICK" after him. Bridget,

May & I always teased him about that and now we said god, the guy can't even die without everyone going "BYE PATRICK."] The head dispatcher, a woman, drove Pat's cab first. The cabbies had sent flowers to the funeral home with a card reading "May you ride the freeways forever" because when you're a cabbie & you're on the freeway that means you'll be making lots of bucks. I sat next to Jenni in church & we exchanged "what??" looks as the priest read weird passages about men wearing bells around their waists and thieves breaking into houses - Jenni goes "What does that have to do with anything?" And to our delight, cabbie calls began coming over the P.A. system in the church. There were just too many cab radios out there! The greatest! Pat would have loved it! Johnny was a pallbearer & ma later told me that he sat the whole time in the church holding hands with Ogre. Johnny was smiling radiantly throughout. May & I were in the back seat of the limo that took us to the cemetery. Behind us were 3 motorcycles & behind them the pallbearer's car which Johnny drove. The whole way he held his left fist clenched out

The car window. Mary + I held ours out the two rear limo windows. A motorcycle cop led the funeral procession + with all the cabs pulling up the rear, we were 5-6 blocks long. The cops even blocked off streets for us. The guy went out like a goddamn mayor. At the cemetery mausoleum I cried a little, I just didn't like Patrick being in that box. I looked to Johnney for strength and across the room he gave me the clenched fist. Yeah. Later we had a party at Bluemound Rd + a lot of cabbies + Pat's friends showed up. I went in the bedroom + slept about an hour and a half. I later joined the party + Steve [REDACTED] from way back to the Gude days was super nice + affectionate. He said everyone calls him the Lone Biker, + that I'm a loner too. That night Mary + I got a hotel room just to get away from it all. Wednesday Kath picked us up + on our way to her place we passed the cemetery + decided to go in to see where he was buried. (The new policy is not to take the "bereaved" family to the hole, but to the mausoleum + then they bury the coffin later.) Went to the office to ask where his plot was + then Mary

says, "Well we just brought him in yesterday, so do you think he's already planted?" The lady was so shocked + said oh, yes, of course. That's one real neat thing - The kids took it with a fine sense of humor. [Johnny said they went to a toy store for Cheyney's birthday + there was a game called Brain Wave. He said he wanted to get it to put under the Christmas tree, "To Patrick From Santa."] Well we went where she told us + found a fresh grave. We took sticks + pressed PAT into the mud. May made a cross with sticks + a rubber band + stuck it into the mound. And then, out of nowhere, we see Nancy lurking about 20 yards away. May called her, but she began wandering in another direction. It just gave me the chills. She told us that wasn't where Pat was, so we took our sticks across where she directed us. There she discovered he was buried in the wrong plot; she was so beside herself that she left us standing there. We put our stick name + cross there where he was + went to look for her. She'd gone to the office + there they proved she was mistaken about the plot location. It was Grandpa, then

Grandmother's plot, then the Weaseljack family, then Pat + ma. (Ma had wheedled dad's plot away from him so Pat could be buried there.) Ma was furious. Later, Mary Ellen broke Kath + I up by saying, "Oh well, they're only a hop, skip and a Weaseljack away." So the final fuck-up - the burial plot was screwed up. That nite dad took Kath, Mary + I out to dinner + I ate like a pig for the 1st time since here. Stayed at Kath's Wed nite + we laid awake for 2 hrs talking about ma + our upbringing. Thurs us 4 girls walked thru a shopping center + that nite I went to see Eldon. He happily talked my ear off + took my mind off it all. He really likes me. (He's the only friend I contacted while there.) Friday spent with K [REDACTED], Jenni + Mary Ellen. Got some Greek books per Jim's request from Michael [REDACTED]. Ma saw a lawyer + told me there was no common law marriage in Wisconsin, Jenni has "no legal recourse" + that everything Pat had will go to dad + her. Us kids were furious with her. I had dinner with her, dad + Kath. Nanc couldn't understand why we were pissed at her. She tried to get me to tell her what everyone expected.

I told her that, for myself, I would want her + dad to be reimbursed for the funeral expenses + everything else to go to Jim.

She was surprised! When it seems so obvious to me! She said she couldn't understand why us kids didn't trust her to be fair in these matters + Kathleen pointed out that she promised Jenni Pat's last paycheck + now she'd gone back on her word + that's why no one trusted her. That hit like a sledge hammer. (Later, Mary told me Nanc drove right away that evening to see Jenni, but she was asleep. So she wrote Jenni a real nice letter, enclosing Pat's paycheck.) They took me to the airport. The plane made stops in Kansas City + Los Angeles. I passed on the plane + made a point to go into the men's rooms at each airport. Got home 3:30 a.m. Saturday.

Jim + I spent a typical weekend together, but here it is Monday + I'm still not back to earth. Asked Jim what he did Friday nite + he said he went out with his waitress, that he's been doing that a lot lately. He said he just wanted to be good friends with her but

he finds that he's "beginning to care" about her. He said it in such a way that I felt he was revealing something, but I let the topic die. I just wasn't ready for that now. Neither of us has brought it up since. Saturday night we had wonderful exciting sex + Sunday afternoon too. Mary Ellen says she just can't stop crying, but I just find myself preoccupied + staring into space in disbelief. It was all like a bad dream - I can't believe I was really in Milwaukee + this all happened.

Saturday before Tim came over, I sat + cried, saying to myself "now I'm just supposed to go back to the way it was + pretend nothing happened?"

It'll be a long time before I stop thinking about Pat + about death.

Like Mary said, yeah, I can believe that Patrick is dead now. But I can't believe that in 5 or 10 years he'll still be dead.

11-6-78

Dearest Johnney -

Well I was just sitting there thinking, now what can I get poor little Johnney for his birthday and, of course - what else? I finally contacted Billy and Patrick in Texas and tried my best to persuade them to come back for your b'day. All they had to say was ~~that~~ "Are you kidding? It took us years to ditch him the first time!" So here you are.

So I sat here thinking, now what can I get poor little Johnney for his birthday? My 2nd choice was my version of your "Billy" album: Brian Eno's Before and after science. "Here he comes" is about Patrick:

here he comes
the boy who tried to vanish
to another time
is no longer here with his
sad blue eyes

here he comes
he floated away
and as he rose above reason,
he rose above the clouds
he was seven feet high

here he comes

The night is like a glove
and he's floating like a dove
that captures the wind
in the deep blue sky

here he comes

The boy who tried to vanish
to another place
sees us following him all one
at a time

here he comes

after checking out each other's
supplies
and looking at the eyes of
all the others
standing in the line

here he comes

The night is like a glove
and he's floating like a dove
with his deep blue eyes
in the deep blue sky

we'll remember him

I was so delighted to find the 8-track
tape of it, had it all wrapped nice
ready to mail and May says no

dice. Took it back to get the cassette tape, no dice. So you're stuck with good ol' Lou and it's not such a bad album. Anyway you still have to get Eno's album which is superlative and you know my taste in records can't be beat.

Even out here, I still can't seem to get Pat off my mind. I know now what they mean about the spirit staying with us after someone dies. Though I can't claim to have known him, somehow I feel Pat hovering over me — like he knows me now. (Pat was only 11 yrs. old — 3 years older than Cheyney — when I began hanging around with Tim and drifting away from the family.) It makes me feel that that's what happens when you die: you watch all the people you knew and suddenly you understand why they do what they do, ~~and~~ what it is that makes them want to live, and you finally love them. I feel like I'm carrying Pat around in my heart, that he's letting me know he loves and understands me.

I'm still worried about you, Johnney, though in my days there

you turned out to be the fortress of strength. You've always meant more to me than anyone else in the family, Johnney. In fact, you made the whole funeral Tuesday into a positive day for me. May says she talked to you guys this past weekend & that you're still pretty torn up, and I wish she hadn't told me that because the whole rest of the morning I was no good to anyone, couldn't work or concentrate because I feel so lost in you.

I got super sick when I got back here too. My sinuses were fucked & I had 101° fever. Didn't even know if I could make it 5 blocks to Walgreens for drugs. But you know how well we all took care of ourselves that week — eating all the right foods, getting plenty of sleep, drinking in moderation.

May also told me that Jeffy Topsy finally gave up the fight. That Topsy was a great one — the last of the original Topsy family. Tim is going to Los Angeles over Thanksgiving and I'll have him tell Bob Metzger since Jeffy was

theirs originally. The famous Sir Jeffrey.

I'm telling you, they're dropping
like flies back here, Johnny.

You best bail out before it's all over.

Well, Johnny, it would sure be
nice if suddenly you were seized by
this incredible desire to write me a
letter before I get killed and then
you'll be sorry.

And I'm sure you know you're
very very welcome to come out here
any time to get away from everybody/
thing else. My couch and car are
at your disposal.

I love you very much Johnny
Be good to yourself

Shirley

This whole thing has
made us turn to
each other
and finally say things we always
meant to

TO JOHNNY

11-19-78

So this is the story and I tell no tale:
May + I spend a rainy shitty Sunday
afternoon. Raining, umbrellas, we drive
to Berkeley, I can't find Eno's album to
buy for you. You know those kind of
fuckin' afternoons.

May says she really wants to get
drunk. We drive back to San Fran
(because I won't "drink 'n' drive" in
Bore kly). We go to one bar, then we
go to a DISCO bar and I tell no lies,
I'm not shittin' you the actual guy
sitting next to me (FAMOUS BUT TRUE)
is Patrick. Laugh though you will.
I say hey May if this guy isn't
Patrick come here to laugh at us I
don't know what it is. It takes
her a ~~while~~ while to see the resemblance
but I don't care because I know it
was Patrick coming here to laugh at
me.

He looks just like him.

His hair is scrappy, blond,
long. He's holding a beer bottle.
He's sitting like a red. Patrick
sent the guy down to torture me.
And Patrick's laughing.

Well the end was that I finally talked to the guy + bought him drinks. Told him he was Patrick and how Patrick goes out + gets all fucked up having one holy hell of a time and goes joy riding on this motorcycle and is having the greatest time and gets killed! Well the guy's laughing and says Patrick really sound like a cool guy and he's glad. And that even before I talked to him and while we were sitting next to each other he was getting "GOOD VIBES" from me and he really hopes we see each other again. Well I just laughed, cuz I know Patrick just made the guy be there to torture me and laugh at me so I laughed too.

THAT FUCKER

11-21-78

So Tim has a girlfriend. Yesterday he tells me he's going to see a band (which he + I saw a few months ago) this Thursday evening. I got the picture immediately and while I was saying "Well that sounds like a nice, little date", he said "... with Paula." And the guy is acting super depressed, guilty and suspicious. Til finally I said "Is this something I should be concerned about?" And he says "I don't know." I was taken back, "YOU DON'T KNOW!!??" And after stammering and hesitating he says no it isn't anything for me to be concerned about and "I've gone out with her before." I said I know, that's why I'm wondering why he's acting so funny about it all of a sudden. — So that was the extent of the conversation. He was very affectionate physically.

It kind of aggravates me because he + I have talked about her before (she's the waitress at the restaurant he cooks in) and he's told me what a weirdo she is + that she only hangs around

with old black guys + was kind of into the pimp/whore fantasy scene. Real good choice of women.

All I want to know is, did he pay for her ticket to this concert? I'd shit if he did. But I know damn well she didn't. I wonder if it's in poor taste to ask him HA HA

May, Tim + I are having a Thanksgiving dinner Wednesday night, because May + I leave Thursday morning on the train to spend the weekend in San Diego, just for something to do. Tim tells me he's cooking up a special Thanksgiving dinner Thursday afternoon for this one 75 yr old grandpa who has the hots for Paula, Paula + him. Cute.

I never know how to act in situations like this. I feel like giving Tim a smart-alecky look + saying "OH, CUT IT OUT." He's always gotta be so goddamn dramatic about his infatuations. Shit, I was drooling over Cutey on the Bus for 2 years + he ^{Tim} never knew it at all. But no, he's gotta act like it's changing his whole life. Big Deal.

11-27-78

lots happening. Too much, to be perfectly frank. Mary Ellen + I took the train to San Diego over the Thanksgiving Weekend. There's NOTHING in San Diego. The high point for me was when we went into a tattoo studio where there were about 4 guys and us 2 looking at the displays. Behind a glass window a young kid was getting his chest tattooed and it really hit me. He was laying there shaking + smoking a cigarette + trying to be so cool, while he was bleeding, and I thought god, what some guys have to go through to be a man. On the train ride home I got really depressed thinking of him and his hot little romance. This is his second one since we moved out here, and I don't see any excuse this time. Sure, okay, that first time with Kerry, I was so screwed up with my fucked body image + cross-dressing that okay he had an excuse. But this time it's not like that. We've been getting along so well and having great sex + loving

times, etc. and there's just no reason he should treat me like this. When I thought of how worried I was he would find out I had sex with Ray [see Aug 8] and how I felt if he did find out I'd really be in trouble and we'd be on the rocks for sure. But does he spare my feelings? No way. I was covered with bruises from that tumble with Ray for 2 weeks and terrified Jim would know where I got them. But he thinks he can openly carry on with someone else, take her to our usual haunts (which really upsets me - I don't ever want to be there again with him after he's paraded around there with her too), talk freely about it and I'm supposed to console him and relieve him of his guilt. Or else I'm always the one who bears my wounded heart and tells him how hurt I am and please be nice to me. Fuck that. Let him console me. Let him come to me and beg me to take him back. He has no right to skip out on me at all.

Wednesday night May came over and we were to have a Thanksgiving dinner. He came $\frac{1}{2}$ hour late because

he had to buy food for "their" dinner Thursday afternoon. The whole evening was cold. I found it hard to be very loving and I felt coldness all over. When we went to bed he put on that sad record that reminds me of Pat & I couldn't hold back the tears. We laid in the bed in the dark & I cried pretty long, feeling generally shitty, and then Pat, and then laying in that cold bed with him. Finally he asked what the matter was & I said I can't stop thinking of Patrick, no matter how much I try to pretend it doesn't bother me. He never as much as reached over to pat me or reassure or hug or console. Just laid on his side of the bed, surrounded in ice. It wasn't Pat that made me cry so much. It was him.

Today I knew he'd call & I planned not to talk about his little trip. He called & I said hi. He asked what was new & I said not much. ~~He asked how~~
~~He asked how~~
~~He asked how~~ He asked how my

Trip to San Diego was + I said real nice. He immediately noticed my voice was strained, and asked what the matter was. I said I didn't feel too well. He confidently, easily asked if we were "going to have a date tonight" (which is how we always put it) + I said I don't think so. He was definitely surprised + asked why not. I said I just wanted to do the laundry and take a bath. He said okay, and "do you have something to tell Tuffy?" I said "no" and it came out real biting — "do you?" He said kind of reluctantly "maybe" and there was a long silence. And I finally said "well I don't want to talk about it...." He said "okay." There was a long silence, and again he said "okay". I said "okay, goodbye" and hung up.

And I felt a giant weight lifted off me. He can come to me because I'm finally through crawling to him. And I really feel that. I would much rather be alone than be with him under these circumstances.

11-30-78

Well this is real serious. Wednesday afternoon he phoned and asked if I was feeling any better. I said no. He asked if I wanted to see him and I said of course, did he want to see me? He said yes. And I said, but I don't want to see you unless you have some good news for me. He stammered well, he ~~guesses~~ ^{thinks we should "talk"} and I said "all I know is that I'm disgusted." He asked why, I said you know why, he said no he didn't. I said "because of your girlfriend - you mean that's news to you?" He said no, but he didn't see why I was ~~disgust~~ disgusted, but then

said "yes I do." I said the last few times we were together I just wanted him to go home. He said he felt that way too, and that his heart ~~wasn't~~ just wasn't with me. I said well I don't want to see him until he can say that his heart is with me, because I can't stand it. He says he can't help it & he's resigned to the fact that he can't stick with one person, but he doesn't understand why we can't see each other. I said "I just don't believe this is all happening" and he said "it's not what you think ... it's not that she's so great or anything" I said you know, everything was going so well & I felt so comfortable & then "all I get from you is shit." He said "that's not true." I said you know, this is your second girlfriend in the 3 years we've been out here & I can't see another 20 years of having to go through this twice every 3 years. Finally he said well I may not want to see him now, but he doesn't think I'll feel that way after a while. I didn't say anything. He said well I'll call you in a few days

& I said yeah, okay, and hung up.

Suddenly it doesn't seem so awful to think of being without him I think I could - that it would be hard to have to deal with myself & make a new life for myself, but it doesn't seem impossible. Maybe he isn't the right one for me - I never thought I'd say that and mean it. I think Patrick lying made me a stronger person, & I don't think Jim realizes this new strength. In the past I always blamed his other girlfriends on myself - that I was crossdressing, or failed him in some way, or wasn't fulfilling some need of his. And that's how this one is different: I know I haven't done anything wrong. I've loved him so so much these past months, I've felt really secure and finally settled down. This time it is all his doing and he doesn't even know where his heart is.

I just couldn't believe when he said that. The guy is a real jackass.

He & I are supposed to go to the Wilson Sporting Goods Christmas party Saturday night.

He will call me tomorrow and try to get together this weekend. But I'm going to say no. I've already asked May if she'll go to the party with me. It would actually make me ill to go with him & have to pretend in front of all those people that everything was hunky-dory between us. I just can't do it. I really feel he's done me a terrible wrong and it isn't going to go away very soon. This time he's going to have to think up a pretty good way to bring back that love and trust and security I had for him before.

12-2-78

I was in the middle of shampooing the rug & he rang the doorbell. I buzzed him in, he knocked at the door & came in. We said hi & I said I thought he had that luncheon today (with his Japanese class). He said he didn't feel like going. I sat very quiet, not touching each other & said "I don't know what to say." He began apologizing for what was happening between us, then said no he wasn't sorry because he couldn't help it, he has no control over his

feelings. I said I felt I've wasted a lot of honest feelings on him because at the slightest infatuation his feelings for me just disappear, that I could understand his infatuations but I couldn't understand how he can just disregard me + all feelings he has for me. Again he said he couldn't help himself, that his feelings for me are deeper, but these other loves are stronger + he knows they eventually go away but he also knows he'll keep falling in love like this. I asked if he ever got anything in return from these loves + he said "sometimes... but that doesn't matter." There were long silences inbetween each of our statements. I said "well, I don't think we should see each other anymore.... You're right, time doesn't mean anything." Tears started down his cheeks, but I just sat there + didn't cry. I've heard this all before, we've been here before. He started crying bitterly + said he's "deranged" (!) and mentally unbalanced + doesn't deserve anyone stable because he can't be + he doesn't deserve me + whatever I do he feels he has it coming. (Such flashes of our talk over his last fling,

Kerry!) And he said he knows he doesn't realize what he is doing to me. I said, "no, you don't." I asked him what he would want me to do, he said he ~~to~~ didn't know. I'd ask him how he felt, what he wanted, etc. He didn't know. I got pissed & said "you don't know what you want, you don't know how you feel, if you don't know then what the fuck are we doing!??" We sat real quiet, him crying, me looking away. He asked "you don't want to see me?" & I said I can't. I can't have Monday night pizza with him & pretend everything's wonderful when I know he doesn't want to be there. He said that wasn't true, that until this all started happening he really wanted to be there, and he said "I was very happy." Then he broke down sobbing. And I started crying. We sat quiet & crying on opposite ends of the couch. He gathered up his books & got up to leave & I thought he had, but then heard him in the bathroom running water & flowing his nose. Suddenly he rushed back into the room calling urgently

"Sheila! Sheila!" He stood there & I didn't look up. He said he would write me or call me. I looked at him & nodded & looked away & he acted like he was leaving again. He went in the bathroom again & rushed back into the room with that same desperate urgency (it was really creepy) calling my name again & said "You call me too, okay?" I shook my head & said "I can't." I started crying again, not looking up at him & I said "I love you so much." He broke down again & we cried separately. He was really sobbing & I got up & put my arms around him & we ~~held~~ stood holding each other & crying hard & he felt so good to hold & his arms & smell & hair & neck were so perfect & I felt so happy. And so utterly shattered. And then so secure. And so lost. For a long time we hugged, smiled, kissed & clung to each other & cried bitterly. He said "I don't believe I'm doing this!" and "I think I'm just immature". I chuckled at that. I cried & said "I don't want you to go" & he cried, we kissed & cuddled each other. We drew away

from each other + he said he had to go away from me for a while + I touched his face, he patted my cheek with his kleenex + said he knew he could never leave me anyway, he'd rather jump off the bridge. I nodded. And then he left + it took him a real long time to close the door.

It took me a few minutes + then I cried hard. Why is he doing this? I just don't understand.

I'm keeping myself busy + doing nice things for myself. Today (12-3-78) I got a hair color + got kind of a reddish glow to my hair. Went to the Wilson Xmas Dinner with Mary Ellen + we had a good time, + we went shopping this afternoon. I don't particularly feel upset, but I feel ~~sort~~ lonely + quiet. Friday I went to the bars myself + saw that kid that reminded me of Patrick (see 11-19) + we talked + had a good time. This is my big chance to do anything I please because I'm not tied down, but there's nothing I really want to do.

Mary Ellen is right. I guess I'll have to start thinking of my relationship with Tim differently than I have. The way it looks, it will never be peaceful + secure + we live together happily or even have kids. If I want to stay with Tim I'll have to resign myself to these binges of his + just wait them out until he's done with them for the time being. But to remember in another year or two, it'll be the same thing all over again. I need to make more of a life for myself here + not rely on him for my social life. But that's hard to take my life in my own grasp and be responsible for my own doings. I'm kind of afraid he'll start his heavy drinking scene again. He was so miserable + depressed that I sure couldn't see how this fling was making him so satisfied. I never asked + don't even know the extent of their relationship: if she's just going out with him + is infatuated with him too, or if he just asked her out + was paying the tickets so she went +

maybe fucked him to thank him for the fun evening, or what. I kind of don't want to know - it's irrelevant to what's going on between us any how. I ended up feeling sorry for him & thinking maybe I will call him in a week or so if he doesn't call me. But now in rethinking it, I really should wait it out until he comes to me. I want him to realize what his life is without me - make it very clear to him - I think then he'll be able to more easily choose which life he'd rather have. With me or without me. In a way it makes me love him more that he's so emotional and wrapped up in his feelings but I do wish he would assume more decisive responsibility instead of assuming this "victim of fate" stance.

Shit, I love the guy and that's it. It's 2 weeks now since we slept happily together & I don't like being alone. I miss sleeping & sharing & loving & being loved. We both love & need & want each other. What else is there to say.

I've just been skimming through the book Open Marriage + I felt ashamed of myself, felt like crying + running to Tim right away. I think I've been acting poorly + punishing him for a freedom he should have — the freedom to love and enjoy others, and not bind him to myself + cut him off from others. Right now I've decided to phone him tomorrow + ask if he'd have a drink tomorrow night with me + we can talk. I'd also like to bring him this book (Open Marriage) so he can also see that what he's doing isn't so horrible, doesn't mean he's mentally unbalanced, immature, or undeserving of a steady love from me. I've been giving him the message that I will not tolerate his infatuations. But I will. And his actions on Saturday proved to me that he isn't disregarding his feelings for me and his infatuation hasn't changed or taken the place of his love for me. I'll ask him to read the book. I hope he will.

12-5-78

So yesterday I phoned him at work & he was super surprised. I no sooner said hello & he blurted out "Are you doing anything tonight ???" real eagerly. I said no & he blurted "You want to get together ??!" I said sure, maybe we can go out for a drink or something. So we stumbled over who's place to meet at. He seemed like he wanted to quick make the arrangements & hang up. Went to his place about 8:30 pm and he answered the door real hesitantly & had a scared look of uncertainty as I came in. But I acted cheerful and happy and just pretended nothing had happened. Told him how I put the hair color in my hair, how the rug shampoo looked, and feigned deep interest in a few new albums he bought. Finally he relaxed and we began talking as tho nothing was the matter. I reached out & put him & he immediately came over by me & we kissed passionately & began hugging & kissing. He asked if I wanted to go out for a drink so we went up to North Beach and chatted away about my trip to

San Diego + his to Los Angeles, and a lot of other stuff we hadn't talked about yet. He told me he never did go to that concert ~~not~~ on Thursday night (the one he was supposed to go with Paula to). That he had made the reservations but hadn't bought the tickets yet + on Thursday he just didn't feel like going. (And I wasted so much energy being pissed about that!) We were tenderly touching and giving meaningful glances all night. ~~On~~ On the way back to his place I asked if I could stay with him the night + he said "yes, I want you to." There we had good sex + it was so nice to be in his arms again. He turned out the lights + we laid in each other's arms + he said "Snuffy, I ~~still~~ want to keep seeing Paula." I said "That's okay... I just want to know that you love me." He said "I do." And I said "I would rather have half of you than none of you" and he said "I can't be without you either." That's all we said about it and he phoned

me at work today as usual to say
hello.

God, this letter almost made me cry
What a beauty... (it's from Johnny, of course)



~~SHANE~~ SHEILA SULLIVAN



1-1-79

Well I'm glad that shit-ass year is over. One of the all time stinkers. I've got high hopes for 1979 — my resolutions are ① to do my weightlifting more faithfully (the last time I did it regularly was last September) and ② to do some writing on female transvestites.

So it's been just fine between Jim + I. Neither of us has spoken of his little affair since my last diary entry and we've been seeing each other often and I was even wondering if the whole thing had fizzled out. Jim's friend Al, from the old Randy crowd in Milwaukee, is out here visiting and we 3 spent Saturday together.

Sunday morning Al is taking a shower and Jim asks me what I had planned for the day. I said oh I hadn't really thought of it. And goddamn him, he says "I'm going to go to Paula's place to meet her brother this afternoon." I was so stunned I said "where?" He said "to Paula's. He'll probably be glued to the football games on

TV all afternoon though." I mean, I just couldn't believe it! I said "You going to take Al along?" He said "no," very certainly. Well boy I felt like a sludge hammer hit again. Why does he INSIST on telling me this shit? There was absolutely no reason to tell me as we'd already ascertained we weren't spending the day together.

Well I spent New Years Eve home reising out sweaters and sewing on buttons and writing letters. Went to bed at 11:00.

Today Tim had to work, so Al + I drove to Napa + Calistoga. From the way Al talked, I got that he spent New Years Eve alone too and of course I can only surmise where Tim was. When I called him tonight to see if he wanted to get together with me + Al, he said he just wanted to stay home tonight.

I think I'm getting ready to take another vacation from him. She sure must be a knock-out if he has to work with her 8 hours a day, yet after more

than 3 months the affair is still so hot & heavy that he has to start meeting the family. He just insists on unloading his guilty conscience on my shoulders.

I've been going out a lot on my own lately and have already struck up a few acquaintances in the local gay disco. I run into that kid who reminded me of Patrick pretty much and he sure likes me. Put a henna pack on my hair last Thursday night and it turned out really red, almost too too, but I love it. I feel like a pretty gay boy with it. It looks great with a white shirt and black suit & tie. To survive this fool Tim shit, I have to begin planning and thinking "Sheila" instead of always "Tim and Sheila." I hate it - it's not what I want for myself - but I found out it's an even bigger joke to try to leave him. I'm getting in the mood for an affair myself. Wish May would turn that Aug 8 beauty over to me. He's married & no good for her anyway.

1-7-79

So much has happened and right now I'm forcing myself to write because I'm afraid I'll forget it, and because I want to forget it. Tuesday afternoon talked to Mary Ellen about this Tim crap and she riled me up about taking it and what the shit is this. I said well what can I do? I know it's a joke to act like I'm leaving him. She said a memorable statement that I remind myself of often since: "You don't have to leave him but you can make his life miserable and be a goddamn bitch!" Wow did that sound like fun! Instead of sitting and taking it all passively, just let him have it all. Yeah. So that nite I met Tim at his place + we were supposed to go out with Al. He wasn't there (Al) when I arrived so Tim + I had some time. I got right to the point: "Did you spend New Years Eve with Paula?" He answered guiltily "Yeah, but I hadn't planned to..." "Well that really pisses me off!" I said this is turning out to be more than a little fling when it lasts over 3 mos. and he's starting to meet the family. He just looked like a

whipped puppy and shook his head that that's not how it is. When I asked well then how is it? he'd just shake his head, look down + say "I don't know." I just kept laying into him and let a lot of anger out. He said well here's an example of how it is: he was supposed to meet her at noon, and he didn't arrive til three and she wasn't here, but left a note that she'd be back at 2, but here it was already 3!! So he left a note to meet him at a bar at 5 and she never came til 7!! He demanded to know where she was + she wouldn't tell him cuz she said he'd get mad if he knew. No no he said he wouldn't be mad, he just wanted to know where she'd been. Well, it turns out she'd also taken her brother to meet her old black boyfriend!!! I sat there listening to this fool story and said well what does that tell me. All it says is what she thinks of you, and it's all a bunch of dating games anyhow: you're late so she's late and then so you're late — bullshit bullshit. Well, he said, she doesn't

love me. So I said, well what else is there to say? He said "she could never love me like you do" and I said "well maybe that's something to think about." I said "you know this whole thing is beginning to get on my nerves ... no, it always has been on my nerves - now it's starting to piss me off." He just sat there dejected + would say he doesn't know what to do. I said he better decide cuz pretty soon he's going to have 2 bitching females on his back. He mumbled I think I already have. I asked well what does SHE think is going on, is she waiting for some kind of commitment from you, he said sort of. I said well it doesn't sound like she's sitting around waiting for you is she's taking her brother around to meet her harem. Well he can't help it and he has no control and he can never trust his feelings again after this affair, that he thinks he loves me but then he gets distracted. I said I get distracted every day but you have to take ~~th~~ your fantasies and infatuations and bring them down to earth.

We also asked if I remember when I was with Michael & told him (Tim) I didn't love him anymore, I said no I don't remember ever saying that & that was 4 yrs ago & at least I learn from my experiences.

I berated him for playing "the victim" of his emotions and that he was the only one who controlled them. He said well right now he thinks he can break off with her easier than before. Then he starts telling me that he feels sorry for her because all these other guys she hangs around with all "take advantage" of her. I said oh another victim! I said we better go or we'll miss meeting Al. So we walked up to the bar & Tim says lets go into one before we meet Al. So we had a drink together. I said I wish she'd get hit by a train. He said "no I should get hit." I said well that wouldn't solve MY problem and then I took a Patrick-inspired shot "you know goddamn well SHE ain't gonna stick around to bury you!" I was just being as curt and saying anything that popped into my head. (Also at his place when I was saying it's gone on too long I even shot in "and I'm sure by now you've already slept with her" but he didn't react, only slowly shook his head that I just didn't understand

what it all was.) I really felt on top of it. He kept trying to take my hand or hug me or stroke my arm but I just moved away. Finally he says well I don't want to stop seeing her. I shrugged my shoulders & said real flippantly "Oh! well what am I supposed to say "Oh, okay!" " Well we went to the bar where we're supposed to meet Al and no Al. Tim phones another bar. No Al. Suddenly he jumps off his bar stool and runs outside and come back in a few minutes. I said what was that all about? Oh, he thought he saw Al look in (which I don't believe - why would Al have walked away then?) After a few minutes of looking downtrodden, Tim says "well I found Al." I was surprised "Where?" "He's still at Vesuvio's. I left him there with Paula." I said well that's just great! He said well it wasn't on purpose and he'd just gone there after work with her & Al just happened to walk in & see them. I was pissed and blasted "well that pisses me off... that makes me feel like a slut!" So I began saying well let's go over

Here ... cummon ... we came up here to meet Al so let's go meet him. Jim got real green and said he didn't wanna + I said we could doubledate + he said no he didn't want to go + asked "what'd'you wanna go here for?" I said well I'd like to see what she looks like + I'm sure she'd like to see what I look like, and whatsa-matter doesn't he want us to see each other? He started saying well okay, let's go then. I said okay + started collecting my change + finishing my drink. I didn't know if I was very ready for this confrontation but really enjoyed seeing him squirm. I could see he was trying to call my bluff, but when he saw I was serious he said no he didn't want to go + "what're you gonna DO?" I said "I'm not gonna do anything, why should I? He means nothing to ME!" He said that's just it! He doesn't wanna go. I kept thinking what a laughable turn of events and then poor Jim was saved because here Al comes in alone, I was kind of glad + disappointed. But I had a great time with Al

+ felt super high - in the best spirits. Al was feeling pretty good too so we mostly talked + Tim was pretty much sitting there looking grim. But neither of us paid any attention to him. We went out to eat + then to another bar where the bartender gave us a word game and I got nearly 75% or more of the answers before anyone else. I was riding high on my ego. Everyone was amazed at how great I was. The 3 of us walked back to Tim's + at the door I gave Tim a courteous peck of a kiss + said well bye talk to you tomorrow + I went home. [I made myself a good strap-on cock out of socks + wore it to sleep. Good masturbation.] Wednesday I felt good in the a.m. but more depressed as the day wore on. That night I went through my old diaries and read where we were having our first battles over another female, about Sara. And what a rude awakening to read those + read almost word for word the same things we'd said the night before and I couldn't believe these same justifications from him

and that same 'oh what can I do but wait it out' attitude from me has been going on since 1972 - over 6 years. Really brought me into perspective that yes this will not blow over and will be like this forever. Thursday had supper with my friend Sheila + Ken had a few drinks at the gay disco. Friday I felt anxious and so dragged out. They met me at a bar + I wore my black suit + tie. Well Tim asks if the suit was new cuz he'd never seen it before. AS IF. I've had it more than 2 years + could think of specific times of wearing it with him ??? Well Al made everything so easy to deal with because Tim + I didn't have to talk to each other. Again he tried to ~~the~~ play footsie with me or kiss me + I just backed off. ~~Saturday~~ Friday night Al slept on the couch + Tim + I had to share the bed, but I just laid there like a dead fish + never responded to any of his advances + if he got too persistent I pulled away. Saturday we 3 drove north on Hwy 1 + Al was

so burned out he didn't want to
drink at all that night. We sat
around my place & smoked dope
& Tim's persistent kicking my foot
or grabbing my hand, etc, etc was
started to get obnoxious & once I
really yanked away & gave him a
dirty look. He was a little better
about keeping away from me in bed
that night too. Meanwhile I kept
thinking yeah this ignoring him
is real easy when Al's here, but
what am I going to do when he
leaves? Sunday, this morning
~~out of the blue (while Al was in the~~
~~shower) I asked him if he was~~
~~seeing Paula this Sunday. He said~~
~~no, he told her he thought it better~~
~~if they not see each other this~~
~~weekend~~ while we were laying
half asleep - half awake he started
snuggling up to me & I said to him
"I feel so far away from you." He
whispered "I don't feel close either,
but I don't feel close to ANYBODY."
I said "I just feel like I've been
stabbed in the back" & I started
crying, but Al was there so I
couldn't really. I said "I feel

so happy before & when we went to Canada & from then on it's just been shit". Well he held me & for the first time I also reached out to him. A little later when Al was out of the room I asked if he was seeing Paula today & he said no, he told her he thought it best if they not see each other this weekend. We 3 watched football & I made breakfast & we drove Al to the airport. Then Al was gone & we were alone. He invited me to his place so I went. He tried to smoochy smoochy but I hugged him & all but cut it off before it got too much. I just can't have sex with him. That's more than I can take. He told me my legs drove him crazy, But the more I think of it, it's not being cunty to withhold sex (or as Patrick used to say to Jenny, "give him some wifely favors"). As I see it, the fine close secure wonderful relationship we had is temporarily off and having close fine sex is part of that good relationship. So forget it. Until that real love is here.

We went to a few bars + watched another football game. I became more ~~more~~ receptive to his grabbing my hand, etc, but not every time. The drunker I got, the spunkier I felt. I'm going to be aggressive about this and we're not going to pretend it's not happening. Out of nowhere I asked him where Paula lived and he was really taken back + looked at me disapprovingly but answered "in the Marina District." Finally I said it was getting late + I had to be getting home. We kissed goodnight + I left him standing there.

What can I say? I don't know how to handle this at all. He immediately takes the passive I'm-so-fucked-up role and all I can do is pursue this by keeping it uppermost in my mind. Yes our relationship must change a lot to cope with all this - obviously he will continue this for another 6 years. I feel as tho I'll never have that secure relaxed love I crave and also that I'll never get it from anyone but him

1-14-79

Think we've finally hit the brick wall. Wed nite we went out for a few drinks. About 11 pm I told him it was getting late, but that he could stay at the bar because I was just going home anyway. He walked me to the bus + then grabbed me + kissed + hugged me passionately. We both said we loved each other + I had to pull away to catch my bus. Friday nite we agreed to meet at a certain bar at 9 pm, but I knew otherwise. Went to get a few drinks first (where out of the blue some old guy sitting next to me told me I underestimate myself) and about 5 mins. before the shifts were to change, I walked into Ron's and sat down without looking at Tim. And, my God! This CAN'T be Paula who brought the tea I asked her for! She was a lumpy mama-mia. And not even a comely motherly type, but a large-featured horse-face. Bushy fizzy black hair pulled back in a ponytail. No shape to her figure and over her stumpy legs were black nylons with at least 3 large holes with

runs coming from Ken. I could not believe it. Just could not. I sat there calmly drinking my tea, never looking at Tim. After a while, when Paula was in another room, he came over to my table and said "So you decided to come here." I nodded. He was obviously upset. He said, "Well, where do you want to meet?" I shrugged and said "Giraffe at 9:00" as we had previously arranged. He said "Okay. Well, I'm just going to walk out of here Ken." I shrugged again and said "If that's what you're going to do." He said OK, and went in the other room. Soon Paula came out and left. Tim got his coat on + started walking around holding a knife. I must admit it made me slightly uncomfortable. (Over-active imagination?) He went in the other room again. I resigned to sit there - I wanted to watch him walk out of there without me. It was the blow I needed. But then he came over + said to me, "let's go." We left together. Went for a drink. I didn't say a thing. He said "So what made you come? curiosity?" I said,

"I just wanted to see what you'd do." I felt rather triumphant. I asked if he was mad + he said no he actually was glad I came because "I could see in the flesh and blood" and he was surprised I hadn't done it sooner. I said well, it took me a while to get up the guts and ~~that was the problem~~. (I knew that "flesh + blood" statement was to get me to say something about what a dog she was but I flatly refuse to EVER mention her looks.) I said I wasn't sure I wanted to see it in the flesh + blood - it was easier to pretend it wasn't happening. We walked to his place with arms about each other + he kept looking at me with searching hurt eyes and we kissed a few times. He tells me he + Paula had a talk yesterday. That she told him she felt he "owed her an apology" because he's been avoiding her. He told her he felt it was best and she said well, okay, she could see just continuing to be friend. But then, Jim tells me, THAT OLD FEELING FOR HER SUDDENLY CAME BACK AGAIN!!!! God, did that piss me off. He just can't let it lay - he has to keep

twisting that knife in my back. He went to his room to change and when he came down I told him I didn't want him to stay overnite at my place (as was our custom Fridays). He said OK, but do I want to go out for a few drinks? Okay. We held hands on the bus. Talked about other things, played pinball, drank... and then he was at the pinball machine a long time while I sat there thinking... I just felt nauseous seeing myself there like that... He came back cheerfully saying "That's a good machine!" But I just sat there. He put his hand on my knee, but I moved away. There was silence and finally I said, "Things sure have changed, haven't they?" I finished my drink, put my change in my pocket and walked out of the bar. He wasn't following me, and about a block away I felt so horrified realizing how useless it was to be with him. Got home + just sobbed + sobbed. It wasn't long before I heard a faint knock at the door. I yelled "Go away!" + cried + cried. Another knock + I yelled louder "Get outta here!"

and then no more knocking. I cried more + finally went to the door + opened it. No one there + I stared a long time, stopped crying, closed the door + went to bed.

Saturday morning I laid there trying to remember if it was all true. Felt desperate, scared, so alone. Went to Mary Ellen's and cried hard. I know I can't put up with him anymore. I can't pretend anymore. Talked a long time with Bridget on the phone - she just left Charlie. Spent the day with Mary and went to bed early, totally exhausted. It's afternoon Sunday and haven't heard from him at all. When he does contact me I will tell him that I'm finally ready to release him. That if his feelings for her are so strong, he should follow them and make that "commitment" to her she's waiting for. That if this love for her makes him so happy, he should go to her, because there's no happiness left between us.

And this time I won't be such an ass and go back ~~like~~ like a

did Dec. 4. December 4 - I can't believe this. Makes me sick. There's not one thing left for me in our relationship at this point. It made me sick to my stomach sitting there at that bar with him. What an ass I am.

All I can say is this love of his must be made in heaven, because it sure can't be animal desire! I just don't understand it. What a shock.

This time I honestly don't want to see him anymore. The half of him I wanted to cling to last month has nothing to offer me.

We haven't had sex since Dec 4. ~~me~~ That was the hard part to get over. Just sleeping alone every night after all these years is incredibly hard. And the last few nights we slept together made me sick.

I'm finally getting a phone (which I've never had in San Fran) and Mary Ellen says she'll be glad to give Ray my number.

I've finally "washed that man right outa my hair"

My female transvestite
friend, Emmon

1-18-79

We have not been in contact with each other since the 12th. I'm somewhat surprised that he also is not trying to get in contact with me. Could it be that he, too, felt that hopelessness that drove me out of that bar on the 12th.

Last night went to the gay disco cross-dressed. Got kind of high and came home. Cried because I miss Jim and don't know why he's gone. I know he loves me. He knows I love him. He cannot allow that peace. He seems driven to intensities when in so many other things he seeks such solid security.

Tonight went through my old writings. Read the pieces of such intense passion, the awe and fear I had for Jim when we were first together. Those feelings are not gone - I still feel them deep in my heart. After 10 years ~~he~~ he still haunts me.

I feel like I'm grieving for him.

O Jean!

My morning

He wrote that incredibly beautiful poem for me. I'll never believe he doesn't love me....

1-21-79

At 10 a.m. Friday he phones me (so early!) He asks "Can I see you tonight?" I said "Oh, I'd planned on going out with Mary Ellen tonight." He was silent and I said, "Tim, I don't think we should see each other ... at least for a while... You know, these past 3 months have just been getting worse and worse... I don't even enjoy being with you anymore." He didn't say anything. So I added, "I don't know, the whole thing has just been ... sad." He said, "I know it's been sad." There was a long silence and I felt sorry for him, he sounded so down. I asked "How've you been lately?" He hesitated a long time and then said, "Oh, all right, I guess." Then he said "Well, I'll call you again, okay?" and I said "Okay" and hung up. I got really upset after we hung up, though I was surprised how cool

I'd been over the phone. Tried to phone Mary Ellen but she wasn't there. Went to the ladies' room and cried. Oh, Jim, I love you so much.

That night Mary Ellen & I went out. She went with me to a dirty bookstore and I bought a dildo (finally! was getting tired of those desperate ~~the~~ nights searching for something in the kitchen!) We also found the bargain bin & bought some paperbacks. Later we went to the bar where Ray's (from Aug 8 '78) band was playing. We saw him there immediately. He talked to M.E. but hardly looked at me. Mary Ellen said she thought he was embarrassed. He was a very ~~reserved~~^reserved type. When he played on stage, Mary Ellen & I moved up front and watched him. He smiled down at us and at one moment I thought he winked at me, but then found he was just winking back at M.E. Got frustrated. But when they were done playing, he just about RAN up to us. The bar emptied out and Ray & I stood talking to him for a long time. Finally I asked if he had plans for the

evening. He said no. So I said "well, you're invited over to my place for a little Blue Nun - if you like blue nuns." (That's a wine.) He accepted. We waited for him to get his equipment off stage. Mary Ellen was a little nervous about the whole set-up but I knew it'd be okay. We 3 went to my place, sat around, smoked dope + drank the Blue Nun. (Before we'd gone out I'd changed the bedsheets + turned down the bed in hopes... now he was here, just as I'd hoped all week.) I gave him a tie clasp which was also a little pen knife. I went to the bathroom + later Mary told me that while I was out of the room, he'd asked her "Is she gonna make out with me?" Mary Ellen asked him back "You want to?" He said "Well it wouldn't hurt me any." Mary Ellen told me that he thought I was gay ?!!}!{? Anyway once Mary went to the bathroom + he + I started kissing passionately. Well, I was beginning to think Mary Ellen decided to stay for a three-some because the wine was gone and it was about

a little, but he started to act like he was coming, so I pulled out. He was really disappointed, but tough. I kissed him all over again & when I kissed his cock he almost hit the ceiling again! So I took his cock in my mouth and gave him a good sucking, with my finger up his ass, and he smelled so good and his cum even tasted so good. (Oh, I'd brought out my metal eagle belt, too)

Well, it was great to lay there next to him. I turned out the lights and after a few minutes I beat off, coming twice. [Oh yeah, I made him play with himself too and when he'd take his hand away, I'd take his hand & put it back on his cock. He was so pretty.] We cuddled together in sleep real good, almost as good as Tim & I do. In the morning I was interested in a little more action, but he didn't seem to be. He got dressed & I made coffee. We sat around, drinking the coffee. He asked "How gay are you?" after leafing through my Advocate & GPU NEWS. I said well I envision myself as a gay man,

that the first time I'd been with a girl was when he + Mary + I were together. Again he told me he'd been fucked in the ass by a friend of his and liked it, but another time he was too tight and he didn't like the scratchy whiskers. He asked me "who do you like to make out with?" and I said "gay guys." He said "you've really set up a challenge for yourself." I said yeah, but when it happens it's so nice! Told him I was into guy's clothes and my big fantasy was to go to a gay bar + get a guy who thought I was a guy to take me home. I asked who he liked to make out with and he said "girls" and told me how he dug wearing garter belts + nylons but never had any around, so I said "well I'll have to get some then" but he didn't acknowledge that. I wish I'd've known that before! That's probably what he wanted when he asked for female clothes. He told me the episode we had with Mary Ellen was a landmark in his life and probably one of the most erotic

4:30 a.m. and she wasn't leaving.
I threw a few unkind hints, which now I'm sorry for, and she left. I immediately showed Ray my handcuffs + chain - showed him how the handcuffs worked and weren't they interesting and since he was sitting on the bed without asking, I grabbed him + lowered him down + kissed him hard. He took off his suit jacket but I told him to leave his shirt on, that that was the fun part. He laughed. Well, I handcuffed him to the bed and he was totally passive + smiling. Even though the cuffs weren't connected to the bed, he held his wrists up like they were. I had my clothes off + didn't feel funny. The guy was so electrified - everything I did to him he almost hit the ceiling. I could hardly look into his clear blue eyes, they made me crazy. What a smooth hard body. I wrapped my chain around his beautiful chest and kissed him all over. He asked for water + then I got the idea and ran an ice cube over him. He trembled and gasped, and when I put

it between the cheeks of his pretty butt, his whole body just awake with excitement. I left it there & kissed and bit him tenderly.

Checked to see if it had all melted and when I found the little piece of ice, I ran it up & down the insides of his thighs and then stuck it back up his ass. He just went crazy! He was so incredibly responsive! I fucked him with my finger and he gasped and when I went to find some K-Y he said yeah he was going to ask for some. Almost emptied the tube between his ass cheeks and he loved it. He asked if I had anything to wear & I said "female stuff or male stuff" & he said female. Brought out my Frenchie bra & little pink slip but I didn't know if he wanted them on him or on me & I put the bra on but the slip just laid there & he wouldn't give me any indication what he wanted, so that fell through. At one point I took one cuff off him & he got up and I turned over. He knelt behind me & we screwed

times he ever had. I had wished he was more active this time, he was incredibly passive & wouldn't initiate anything, but it's probably so rare that he gets a chance to totally lay back and have someone else do everything. He said he likes to make out with people who enjoy themselves, not just lay there. I said I couldn't understand that, "you mean they just lay there & don't do ANYTHING?" He said well sometimes they'll "kiss you back." Can you believe? Well, I said about my phone a number of times but he never asked for the number & I felt disappointed by that. He left.

Mary Ellen came over in about 45 mins. Her Mr. Right & her are going to move in together. She mentioned that I sounded a little disappointed with Ray & I said yeah, he didn't get my phone number & he could have been a little more initiating and, well, he wasn't Tim. I really felt that. It was fun for the moment, but once again I'm alone.

Spent the evening with Mary Ellen & Rusty (her Mr Right). They

didn't seem to mind my presence
& Rusty even asked me to his place
to watch the Super Bowl Sunday,
but I'm here writing this instead.
Saturday I missed Jim intensely &
thought of contacting him, but know
it won't be better if I do. I already
tried getting back together with him
and it didn't help. He's got to feel
the realness of my absence and make
a choice in his life. I keep hearing
how he said after this he'll never
be able to trust his feelings again,
because he was so in love with me
before & now this happens. — So
where does that leave me?

I've been singing this song
to myself the past few days:

Well Here you go again
You say you want your freedom
Well who am I to tie you down?

...

Thunder only happens when
it's raining

Players only love ~~and~~ you
when they're playing

...

Hey, women, Hey will come
and Hey will go

My emotions range so high and so low, and other times I think I have no feeling left for him at all. I hate him for having hurt me so bad.

I think of how he came crying to me on '12/2 - crying so bitterly and I don't know what for. He said then that he'd call me "or write"; and then I couldn't stand it and had to call him right away. What a mistake. I don't want him to write me, I want him to love me as much as I love him. Obviously that's not going to happen....

I really can't comprehend this. How he can possibly go on without me like this. The pain is so deep inside me that it's hard to bring to the surface.

I'm so tired of thinking about it and I'm most tired of talking about it. I want to forget.

Sunday I was hoping we wouldn't contact each other til Feb 14 so I could surprise him with a Valentine. Today I ~~don't~~ couldn't do that. I just don't have that old love for him anymore

1-31-79

He phoned me at work this afternoon.

HIM: Hi

ME: Hi

HIM: Do you want to see each other tonite.

ME: I don't know... I don't know
what to say

HIM: I don't know what to say either

ME: I want to, but I don't think
we should

HIM: Come over.

ME: To your place?

HIM: Yeah.

ME: Okay.

And so whatever it is will be coming to a head tonite. I started crying when we hung up. I just don't want this all to happen. I had planned on saying "How're you and Paula doing?" if he called, but it wouldn't come out of my mouth. I don't want to deal with all this pain. Mary Ellen said a significant one: "Like the thing with Patrick, you just want to pretend it didn't happen." It's hardest to face the feeling that I can never turn myself over to him again.

that each returned; it was there that both were based." I wish I could believe that of Jim & I.

Saturday and Sunday nights I believe if he'd have walked into my place I'd have brought him to my bed. Monday night I think I'd have turned him out in anger. Sometimes I feel pity and sympathy and know he really loves only me. Other times I realize that he's continued this affair so long because it's what he wants most. He would not choose between us, so I forced him to choose by walking out, and he surely isn't beating down my door to win my love back. He seems rather resigned to my rejection of him. This affair MUST be making him happy or he would be running back to me for security, forgiveness, affection which we haven't shared for 2 months now.

I had a dream he & I were riding on a bus and he said something about having slept with her, and I slapped him in the face.

When the rain washes you clean
You'll know ... you'll know

...

And your loneliness like a
heart beat drives you mad
In remembrance of what you had
and what you lost
And what you had and
what you lost

Jim, you've done some real damage —

1-30-79

I haven't heard from him since he
phoned the 19th. My feelings are so
up and down.

I've been reading Nigel Nicolson's
Portrait of a Marriage and just wanted
to cry when I read: "Their marriage not
only survived infidelity, sexual incompatibility,
and long absences, but it became finer and
stronger as a result. Each came to give the
other full liberty without inquiry or reproach.
Honor was rooted in dishonor. Their marriage
succeeded because each found permanent
and undiluted happiness only in the company
of the other. If their marriage is seen as
a harbour, their love affairs were mere
ports of call. It was to the harbour

* * *

Just walked out on him. When I first came in it was very quiet + uncomfortable. Then he tells me he quit Ron's + this was his last week. I figure he quit to get away from her. We cry, kiss, stroke + hug. Then I ask if he's still going to see her. Yes, he can't stop. He has feelings for her he can't deny but he doesn't want to lose me either. We cry + I say I can't be "one of his girlfriends" + have him go places with her + then go there with me + then go there with her. That I couldn't believe it meant so much to him that it was worth hurting me so bad. That I didn't believe anything he said anymore + that he just looks right at me + lies. I cried really hard + said "I guess I should go now" but he said he wouldn't let me leave like that. I said I just couldn't keep going to work + getting up in the morning anymore. He just wouldn't SAY anything. He tried to get me to lay down next to him, but I wouldn't. Then finally I asked if she was quitting Ron's too and he nodded. Well,

Then I was pissed. I jumped up +
threw my kleenex down into the waste
basket + said "well that's just
fucking great! FUCK YOU!!"

Now you can spend all goddamn
day together! That's fuckin' great!
You can both spend nice afternoons
in the park together! I had to
come here to find this out!"
And I put my coat + scarf on
+ reached for my purse. The
finishing touch → he pushed my
purse towards me. All the while
he's saying "it's not like that..."
So I walked out + he didn't
come running after me.

2-1-79

I surprised even myself last
night. Now I know the true meaning
of the phrase "flew into a rage."
When he said she was quitting
too, I completely lost all control
of my behavior. I literally
flew into a rage. I never said
"fuck you" to any ~~one~~ ^{one} with so
much meaning! I felt the words
come right up from the pit
of my stomach. When I left

his room I went + sat in the stairway of his building for a while to calm down enough to go outside. I didn't sleep soundly at all, but half-slept and tossed and turned. This morning I fell apart at work + some of the ladies talked to me about losing their old loves, divorces, etc. I apologized to my new boss, because he just became my boss right when this all started happening in October, and I was worried about the scatter-brained impression I must have left him so far, cuz I'm just not all there at work.

And then around 3 p.m. he phones me. I couldn't believe it — was the last thing I expected. He said he just wanted to tell me I was wrong to run out of his place last night and that it wasn't so he could spend more time with her that he was quitting, but in fact quite the opposite — that it's really hard for him to spend all day with her at work and so he wanted to get away from her. And that he didn't want me to

Think that he didn't care about me, because that's simply not true. I told him I couldn't help myself, that I could just picture them sitting around Ron's going "Oh, this is a drag - let's quit." He said well, yes, it was something like that - but certainly not so he could spend more time with her. He sounded so loving and so sad - that I wanted to tell him I love him. But I didn't. He said he'd call me again sometime and he hung up. I was so glad he called. He does care. He does love me.

2-4-79

Friday at work I was in such a good mood. Decided to call Jim to see if he wanted to get together. That phone call Thursday afternoon really made a difference to me somehow - I felt the air was cleared between us. There was really nothing else for us to do. When I phoned the restaurant, there was no answer! I felt really bad then & phoned the other Ron's. They said they'd

MY VERY FAVORITE PICTURE OF
PATRICK and JENNY.

They were both such neds

PATRICK, MARY ELLEN
and JENNY

"man on the street"
photo

closed the restaurant Thursday night. So I called his hotel and left a message, and about two minutes later he called me on his ~~own~~ ^{own} (i.e., he hadn't gotten my message). We agreed to meet that evening and we went to 3 bars on Polk. It was strange to socialize with him after all that time, but he is so easy to be with. I still feel a little sad because I know our relationship will never be how I ideally envision it and I hate to see his affections tossed so freely in someone else's direction. But we can't get each other out of our lives. I know I have to somehow adjust to the realities of our relationship and that makes me sad. We had loving sex for the first time in months. We spent Saturday evening together, too. It's so good to be back with him - so much pressure is off - but that old abandon I had with him is gone. I don't want to see him as often as before - I want to keep a safe distance so I don't so readily lose myself in him.

2-14-79

No Valentine this year, sucker.

* * *
I realize all I do is write when Jim + I are at odds. Well, a lot of good things have been happening too.

Am getting more involved in the transvestite group, Golden Gate Buis/Guys. At the Jan. 25 meeting a psychologist attended who specializes in gender dysphoria (Lin [REDACTED]). A woman wrote to the organization asking about women in men's clothing so I dashed a letter off to her, reading, in part: "At present Emmon and I are the only female members who cross dress as men. We both dress and pass as men and we are both heterosexual, i.e., we'd like other men to be homosexually attracted to us. We like to think of ourselves as gay men. We have both been crossdressing for a number of years and have spent a lot of time trying to find other women who feel the way we do. We finally met each other last summer. We were very excited to hear that you had contacted GGG. Whatever your interest in female-to-male crossdressing, we'd like to meet with you." No response so far from her. About the same

time I got a card from a woman in Milwaukee who had read my short story in the January issue of GPU NEWS. It read, in part: "I have read a number of your pieces in GPU NEWS and Eldon speaks very highly of you. However it was not until I read your fiction piece in the January issue that I felt compelled to write. Your piece was, I felt, complete unto itself, well done, and very sensitively written. It pleases me so very much to see a piece written by a woman which has the gay male identity defined so well. I have been acutely aware of the fact that (altho I tend to define myself as bi'sexual) I basically identify as gay male and have for most of my adult life. It is not always easy to deal with and I find myself in some extremely difficult and frustrating situations. Still, I have found a great many warm and enriching relationships with a number of people and am learning to cope." I immediately wrote her a warm, revealing letter. No word back from her yet either. I wrote to several TV organizations asking about female transvestites and got some

great replies, tho no other female TV contacts. Virginia Prince of the famous Transvestia out of Los Angeles wrote me a very interested letter, asking me to write more about myself and to write an article for her mag. Sent for a subscription to Transition, a tabloid put out by Confide of N.Y. and the Director wrote asking me for an article. Emmon just contacted me that FACT (Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals) would like an article from me. So I have 3 publications who are dying to print anything I write. And Eldon will never forgive me if I don't give him first crack at anything I write.

So I realize that if I'm at all serious about my transvestite activism I have to get my ass going & write.

One reason that I am going to Milw Feb 23 - Mar 3: to get my research material I collected in Milw & left with Eldon when I moved out here. There especially is a notebook with several quotes from sources I'll never be able to find again. I really had it made with that UWM library. The public library is the SHITS.

Also the former director of a national modeling school contacted GGG, wanting to give sessions to the group on how to dress & pose better. I met with her at the initial interview and at our Feb 8 meeting. She really gravitated towards me & asked if I'd be her mentor, advisor, etc. because she knows so little about TVs & TSs. She asked if I'd join her in leading the talk on female-to-males because she says I really have it together and I have it more together than most real men! Maybe all bullshit - but I don't think so. Later she revealed that she's been married 12 years and just found out last year her husband is gay and he & his lover will soon be going to N.Y. & she lives alone & goes out with a lot of gay men. I am really charmed by her - she's a classy lady. We exchanged phones and I'd like to get together with her & Emmon, because I'll miss the next mtg while in Milw.

Almost got to go to a sales meeting in Salt Lake City but it was rescheduled during my vacation

so I'll miss out on that one. All expense paid by Wilson Spitz Goods.

So lot's happening. I need to focus on all this, and not on my rambling rose and his thorns.

2-19-79

Friday afternoon he gave me a small white box with a pink ribbon around it. It was a 14-kt gold necklace - very dainty + feminine design. He asked "Did you think I forgot?" I answered, "I didn't think you wanted me to be your Valentine."

Friday night and Saturday morn had good sex. I made advances Sunday but he wouldn't respond.

Mary Ellen saw an old friend of hers who had seen Tim "a few weeks ago" and said that he was "real flipped out about Sheila." That I do not understand. Why should he waste time being "flipped out" about me when he's the one orchestrating this.

I think the best thing I've said to him was that what made me feel worst was that it was all worth it to him to hurt me so bad.

We've been going out, but he's

unemployed now + getting into a little self-imposed depression, which makes him even more intolerable to be with. But we have halfway decent times and I cannot help but notice that my feelings aren't the same, my love is not as strong, my heart is not with him.

Mary Ellen's moving into a flat with her new boyfriend and I wander through the empty flat and think how Tim + I could be ... if only ... How I'd love to move in with him and have everything be like last summer when I loved him so much and he loved me. I'd love to move into a nice place with my lover and be quiet and comfortable, instead of anxious and uncertain.

I'm really looking forward to being in Milwaukee next week.

3-6-79

My trip to Beertown went very well. Stayed at Bridget's the whole time except for 2 nights when I flopped out at Johnny's (he's staying at Patrick's old place). I bought Johnny a bunch of punk albums

and put henna in his hair twice. He was very affectionate and wanted to spend a lot of time with me — Patrick's death is still affecting everyone very much ... There is a closeness that was rarely expressed before. For the first time I began to see a personality come from Brian. Before he was always such a blauto. I contacted Elizabeth, Eldon,^{Al} and Howard, who ~~showed~~ showed me some gay male fuck films. And I wandered around Milwaukee, feeling the security of family and familiarity. Looked to see if I could glance into my old place on Albion Street but it was locked up, sheets covering the windows. Wandered through the stores downtown where we had spent many Saturday afternoons — and began realizing there is nothing left for me in Milwaukee. Spent one morning in the office at H+O alone and I really wish we could coax Jack into giving Johnny that business — what a great job that would be. Johnny, Charlie + Mary Ellen could drive truck, I could whip that office into

top shape, and we could all be our own bosses. What a creative opportunity! I keep thinking if that would ever happen I would move back to Beertown, but it looks totally impossible — Jack would rather go down with the ship than turn the steering wheel over to someone who can handle it. Got Johnny and Al together, and Al bought the Kawasaki 900 motorcycle that Bert & Pat died on. (It was pushed in & mangled a little, but still good for parts.) I kept looking at Milwaukee, asking myself what was keeping me in San Francisco, feeling that even Jim out there didn't mean anything anymore....

Eldon arranged for me to get together with another woman in Milw who'd written me that she always identified herself as a gay male. We had a long talk & I really liked her. She never attempted cross-dressing or passing, but is very interested.

Johnny, Kathy + Cheyney are planning to move to Tucson this year and I tried hard to persuade them to move to Calif. instead.

Spent an evening with Al + finally got the courage to ask him what he thought of Tim's "new girlfriend." He was taken aback and, instead of answering, asked "I don't know... how are you taking it?" We had a good talk. He said just by talking with her, he could see it was just a temporary thing. When I told him Tim sprung her on me within an hour of my seeing him after Pat's death, he was genuinely appalled + said he just didn't understand Tim at all. He said he could never imagine Tim leaving me and that I should just "hang in there." He felt we should get married and that would give Tim a reason not to mess around - I disagree. I also added that I thought she was a real dog, but Al defended her, saying she's a type a lot of men find attractive. So I was happy to

talk with him about it and he was very helpful and supportive.

Upon my return to S.F., Mary Ellen told me Jim had phoned her (!!!) and she, Rusty + Jim spent Friday night out. I could hardly believe it — Jim never even liked my mentioning her name before! She said they had a serious talk and Jim asked her if it would be OK if she + he got together to talk about me, because, he said, he has no friends out here and no one to talk to about me and that it's really bad between him + me. He said he was almost crying & his chin was quivering. I just don't understand this! Why can he talk to her about it, when all he can say to me about it is "I don't know" and "It's not that way." He also gave her the routine how I'm so wonderful and together + he's such a bum. All stories I've heard before. But this wanting to talk to a friend of mine about it is really a new tactic. He more or less apologized to her for snubbing her so long since she's

Aug?
been here (since July '77). I sure think it's a step in the right direction for him to accept my friends - but I'm not even sure that's what he's up to. I'm so suspicious and bitter and distrustful of him. She said he mentioned that he wanted a vasectomy and when she asked didn't he ever want kids, he said well then he'd have the vasectomy reversed. Rusty + Mary Ellen clued him in that the surgery was irreversible. This one also takes me by surprise. Since when is he worrying about getting someone pregnant? Who is he ~~trying~~ trying to protect himself from? And for being as educated and well-read as he is, how could he NOT KNOW a vasectomy is irreversible?!? This all torments me.

~~Monday night she calls me~~

He was upset, she said, that I hadn't told him when my flight came back to S.F. and that I hadn't asked him to pick me up. But he'd never bothered to offer or ask.

I had told him about a punk club I'd gone to + he began

Talking to M. E. about it as tho she'd been there too. When she told him I had gone alone, that she hadn't accompanied me, he was totally shocked & he said twice he said it really surprised him I went alone.

I don't understand why he laments over me when he is the author of our troubles.

Monday he called me & came over to cook supper. I wasn't glad to see him, felt sad & close to crying a few times. He kept looking at me with sad searching eyes but I avoided them as much as possible. I was suspicious of everything he said.

I told him I felt jealous of Mary Ellen and Rusty because they had that nice place and seemed so happy together.

He gave me kisses and grasp my hand when we walked, but I felt tired and hopeless.

How well I know how he operates. How tired I am of the circles we go around in.

We had intense sex (he asked me if it was all right if he did this) and it was so obvious that we were both so starved for affection and sex.

It was hard to keep from crying when I saw how we were together - me feeling hollow and he acting concerned - but I don't know anymore how to react and any words I wanted to say to him to try to talk it out I realize I've said over and over before.

3-11-79

Jim + I finally had a good talk. Fri nite while in a bar he suddenly said "Sheila, I think we should talk...." I agreed. He said he could see that we aren't as close as we were before, but that if he had to choose between seeing Paula or seeing me, he would choose not seeing either of us. That he can't deny this attraction and he told me that he has slept with her [if he hadn't after 5 months, I'd've really wondered]. I told him how I'd read in my past diaries and saw that this is a pattern with him and I'm looking for a more stable relationship. He agreed there was a pattern and blamed the fact that I was his first girlfriend. Told him that didn't jibe, that I had only gone out with Larry 3 months and Ralph 2 months and that Jim was the first guy I ever saw bare or had sex with — and I don't feel I need to run around. I said I wished I hadn't been his first girlfriend because then I could have seen how he was with his

other girls before I got entangled with him and I'd've found this out about him then. Plus, I said, these aren't just little flings, it is a definite pattern that he has to get all involved with this other person. He said that he has thought of marrying me a lot but the way he is now, he knows he can't. That he and his life are so screwed up, that maybe if something does happen to give his life direction + purpose, then it'll be different because he would like to get married + have kids then. That if he does get a job ~~under~~ in Japan, he thinks that will change him. I asked why can't he ~~be~~ be a together person while being a cook in San Francisco? Does he have to be a fuck-up to be a cook? ~~that him if he ever would consider counseling because he said~~ I asked him what it was that made him love Paula? What about her? His answer was that she was neurotic like him. I asked, "and then you two reinforce each other's bad points?" He said well that's

one thing he really learned from her is that he has a lot of basic personality flaws. I asked if he would ever consider seeing a counselor. He said yeah, and I sure was surprised. So I talked up Center for Special Problems and he acted like he didn't know I went there ?? but then he remembered I did. I suggested he get career counseling maybe. He seemed like he was interested in doing that. Anyway he said he really had to have his freedom and that's why he hasn't married me. I asked what he'd say if I asked him to move in with me and he said he'd have to say no, because he likes time to himself. I said that could be arranged. We could get a place where we each have our own rooms and entrances and have a system by which we know not to disturb the other, etc. That it would be hard to set up, but not any harder than what we're doing now. But that I'm perfectly happy with the living situation as it is now - it's just I can't take his having other women.

That I think we should be able to have sex with other people, but not where it jeopardizes his feelings for me. He again said he couldn't separate love and sex, and ~~said~~ that he could while he was in Berkeley tho. I said then why can't he now? he's the same person. It's that he doesn't want to, it seems to me. He denied that he is incapable of being monogamous. But I said if any of his friends knew what ~~was~~ he was doing, they'd say he wasn't being monogamous (I meant like Al or Randy). He asked me if I was seeing anyone else & I told him no, that that surprised me because before when he was messing around I would think fuck you and go out too, but now I just don't even want to - I found it's just not satisfying in the long run. That I want someone I can count on and feel secure with, but that if he needs to obtain national acclaim before he can marry me, I don't think it'll ever happen. And that Patrick Lying has intensified my feelings that we just don't have that long to

spend our time hurting each other. He told me that if it came to which of us he enjoyed being with more, he'd without question pick me because in a lot of ways she's stupid and can't talk on many subjects at all. The only thing she's good at is reading other people because she was some psychology degree or something [I wanted to ask if she's figured out yet why she hangs around with 55 year old black guys]. He told ~~I~~ me he hasn't really even talked to her about us/ them and he doesn't know if she's sleeping with other guys or not.

I can see I'm writing this in a very disorganized manner. The flavor is just not coming thru - but what it boiled down to was his saying he's mental and she's mental so they get along well, that if something happened to straighten out his life he'd want to marry me and quit getting it on with other women, and that he's willing to work on ways to straighten out his life.

It was an extremely productive talk. He had said that he's been scared to talk with me because it always turns into an emotional triade. And that's why he got together with Mary Ellen - so he could talk to someone who knows both of us, because he has no one to talk to about all this. We both ended the talk happy and loving.

He asked how often I went to this TV group & that he didn't like being a person who was with a transvestite. I said well he is a person with a transvestite whether he liked it or not. He said he felt excluded from my life because of that. I told him he didn't have to be, he can come with me to groups & that he was invited to a group I'm going to Sunday. He said he would consider attending one with me but he can't this Sunday. Well excuse me !!! He said he didn't think my transvestism had anything to do with his flings & I told him I KNOW it didn't because I wasn't even doing it when he started this last fling &

That's why I resumed doing it: because I gave up a lot of things I wanted to do just so he wouldn't be offended, but when I see that he does what he pleases whether it hurts me or not, I figured why am I denying myself.

So I told him I wanted a secure and together relationship with someone, and asked him if it was worth my while to wait around for him to get it together. He said yes, that he thinks we will have that and it was worth my waiting for him.

But I'm not so sure.

3-14-79

told him I called Tues morn but he wasn't there - he said I know - I said how'd you know? and then figured since he was referring to it I'd asked, "Were you with Paula?" He said yeah & I said yeah I figured I asked if he'd "talked with her" yet & he said he tried to but she pissed him off so they didn't talk much.

asked if he checked out Center for
Special Problems yet. He said no
& asked where it was again.

Gave him the address.

he asked why I didn't leave a message
when I called & I said when I
found out he wasn't here, I
just got upset & I didn't want
to leave a message.

he invited me to dinner but told him
I was going to a TV mtg & asked
if he'd like to come. After hemming
& hawing & saying he would feel
uncomfortable, he agreed to come
"to see what you're doing"
of course at the last minute he
cancelled out

3-17-79

Tonight I told Jim that I have had
it. he told me he wanted to
be with Paula forever & even if
it didn't work out with her,
he would look for someone else
he really said that, looking in my eyes
I told him I hoped she would say
what he wants to hear & that
he does a better job of their
relationship than he's done with

ours.

he doesn't believe I mean it and
I'm realizing that it's gotten
so bad, that he doesn't even
take ME seriously anymore -
my word no longer means anything
I told him I wanted love too - that
these past 5 months I've gotten
absolutely nothing from our
relationship - that the only
reason I've called him was
because I'm lonely, but that
can be taken care of in other ways
that I am going to look for someone
else, because I no longer love
him

The next time we talk, it's going
to be the three of us!
it's like Milwaukee

when it's time to go,
it's time to go ...

he said that he will not stop seeing
her if I ask him to, but he
will stop seeing me if she
asks him to

can you believe he really was
saying these things to me,
soberly, looking at me with
a calm face?

he asked what do you want? do you want me to marry you?

I said no, I want to move into a place with him and be one + only - he said he couldn't do that with anybody + I said well I'm tired of dating, I'm tired of wondering where he is, I'm tired of waiting to see him + I'm not going to call him to find out ~~where~~ who he fucked the night before so I can make arrangements for him to fuck me - he said oh, it's not that way + I said that is the way it is + I have had it.

he said he hoped I did go out + meet other guys because he felt worse when I told him I wasn't seeing anyone else + this way it'll be easier for him to keep seeing her. I'm glad. He said if he stopped seeing me it'd be easier for him to see what his relationship with Paula really is, but he can't help it because he is in love with her.

but I don't care what his relationship is with her. God, help me and guide me to hold true to my word, because I am weak. he will call me, he will cry, he will beg me to take him back God, give me the strength to send him on his way — give me the self respect to find someone who will only love me, who will respect the love I have for him —

someone who will make me happy and who will be there when I need his strength the most

3-18-79

he had also said he thought we should continue to see each other, but under different circumstances. When I asked what circumstances, he said that we not sleep together. I said but you will continue to sleep with her. He said yes. I said NO WAY

he said oh, he just had to talk with Paula. I asked what

it was Kat pissed him off when he tried to talk to her the other day. He said he'd told her he'd seen me the night before + still loved me, and she started to cry, and she told him he "wasn't saying anything." I said you mean she ACTUALLY CRIED because you said you loved me. He said well he didn't know if she was really crying ??? I asked what was he wanting to talk to her about.

He said he just wanted to find out if she was sleeping with other people and if she was it would make things clearer to him. I asked "what if she isn't? What if she says 'Jim, I love only you and want to be with you forever?' So that's what you want to hear?" He said yes

HE ACTUALLY SAID YES and that even if he doesn't know her in their present relationship, he does ~~not~~ want to know her for the rest of his life

... for the rest of his life

3-19-79

I had told him that I wanted Paula to know what's going on. I said, "I'm sure she doesn't even realize what this is. I mean, to her it's just a fun little fuck, and yeah you have another girlfriend who's upset, but it's no big deal. But my whole life is falling apart." Jim said "I'm not your whole life", and I said "I know. I'm beginning to realize that."

* * *

Yesterday I was cleaning Mr Bird's cage and he was flying around and I was vacuuming and it was stuffy so I opened a window. When I was through vacuuming and turned off the vacuum, the silence was deafening. I realized Mr Bird was gone. I hadn't even been thinking, and he must have flown out the window. It was all too symbolic and I cried because Mr Bird was gone.

Mary Ellen said, it was like Patrick getting killed and a few weeks later Jeffy Topsy died.

3-31-79

When we left each other the 17th he said "I'll call you." I said "I don't want to hear from you! I've had it!" He said "I'll call you... I'll call you...."

But when he does I'm going to say "Jim, I asked you not to call me. Please at least have some respect for my feelings."

These past few weeks have seemed like months to me. I have been in amazingly good spirits + haven't really cried, but I do feel disoriented and preoccupied.

Last week Ray (from Jan 21) phoned Mary Ellen's place twice + asked for my phone number (the 1st time she wasn't home + Rusty answered). What an ego booster! But I haven't heard from him yet.

Last Saturday I bought 2 zebra finches and Sunday the female laid a little bird egg. They weren't sitting on it, tho, and the bird shop told me it probably wasn't fertile, but that I should get

Them some nesting materials and they'll build a nest and have babies. Sounds fun - think I will.

I've been dressing up and going out, but really haven't been in the socializing mood. I am amazed, tho, at how strong & together I feel about my decision not to see him. It is true that I have no loving feeling for him anymore, just a kind of pity. I'm beginning to believe that the guy actually is a loser and will be a fuck-up all his life. That, tho he has this incredible potential to be the greatest, he will never get it together. And I don't want to be forever attached to someone who is self-defeating.

I look at other men and try to picture spending years with them, but I can't imagine it.

Maybe that's the wrong attitude. I'm trying to find the right attitude, but I guess 2 weeks isn't the months I feel, and I have to let myself get over the shock of a shit-ass ending to the past 10 1/2 yrs.

4-12-79

In 2 more days it will be a month since we've had any communication. A few weeks ago the insurance payment came due and it's his turn to pay it. I simply stuck the invoice in an envelope and mailed it to him. A few days later an envelope came from him addressed to me - inside was only the money order stub to prove he paid it. I don't even care. For the 3rd month in a row I hadn't had my period, and while on the pill I often miss 2 periods in a row, this was the first time I remembered 3 in a row. I went to Planned Parenthood for a pregnancy test. March 31 Bridget and her 2 boys came here to visit Mary Ellen & I and they returned ~~to~~ to Milwaukee Apr 9. I had a fantastic time - her kids are so incredibly warm and loving. So for 9 days I didn't have to feel alone. Bridget went to Planned Parenthood with me and they said my test was negative. She and I went to hear Ray's band last Friday night. I even wore a skirt here. Ray was walking around and when he saw me he sat next to me very friendly and after a pause in the conversation

He abruptly asked "Could we have another date sometime?" I looked him smack in the eye and said "Any time. I'm game." He said "Sometimes I get this urge to dress up in women's clothes." I said "well you'll never find anyone who will understand that more than I do." And I said, "In fact, I'll stock my place with whatever you want and be sure to have it here for you. What do you like?" He got a little shy, but said, "Oh, garter belts and nylons." I said I'd be sure to have some then. When his band played, he wore his leather jacket over his bare chest and a diamond-ish necklace and leather pants and he was so sexy and beautiful. This week I spent \$9 on a sexy black lace garter belt and seamed nylons and I've masturbated picturing them on him. It's very very rare that I get off sexually on men in women's clothes, but somehow I imagine him in the garter belt and nylons and my pink slip and a necklace, and putting eye make-up on him and kissing his lips while reaching

under the slip and stroking his penis.
It makes me crazy! Sure hope he
calls real soon.

I've been extremely good to
myself, spending a lot of money,
buying a 3 foot bamboo bird cage
that Bridget & I put together, getting
tickets to see Roxy Music in April
and Lou Reed in May, and like that.

I think of him constantly.
One of Mary Ellen's old boyfriends told
her that he'd seen Tim and that Tim
was concerned about how I was.

All that went through my head was
that he shouldn't worry about how
I'm doing - he should have enough
to worry about WHAT he is doing.

I think I did myself a
favor by leaving him, considering
the way he's been this year.

I don't even wonder what or
how he's doing. It's incredible that
I seriously don't care. Mary Ellen
asked if I wanted her to call him,
just so that SOMETHING was happening.
But I honestly don't.

When I have looked back
over the mean things people have
done to me in my life, none of

Then approach the incredibly deep
hurt Jim has imposed on me.

For him to really choose another
person over me, when only last
December he cried bitter tears and
said he would rather jump off
the bridge than leave me.

And sometimes I just can't
be strong anymore and I just want
to sob and sleep. And then as soon
as that cloud came over me, it
goes away.

I bought a book 'How to Survive
The Loss of a Love':

I shall miss loving you

I shall miss the

Comfort

of your embrace.

I shall miss the

Loneliness

of waiting for your
calls that never came.

I shall miss the Joy

of our comings,

and Pain

of your goings.

and,

after a time,

I shall miss
missing
loving
you.

I'm afraid to answer the phone
and I look for a letter from him.
I can't believe he's really chosen
someone else over me.

How can I ever forgive him?
Even if he does call, even if he does
write, I will never be able to recip-
rocate. I'll have to pretend he
never called, hang up on him, drop
the letter under a stack of paper.
How can I ever believe anything he
ever tells me again? I've never felt
so utterly rejected. I cry and think,
how could he have possibly done
this to me?

One of these days I want to
write to Al to tell him Jim & I
are no longer together, but that I
want to maintain my friendship with
him (Al) anyway.

Everyone is amazed at how
well I'm doing, including myself.
Even after a month, I feel no better
or worse about it than the day we
parted -

4-21-79

So not much has changed. Last Saturday I got all fern and sat around a rather nice straight bar here, and ended up leaving with a cute enough young guy. We came to my place but I'm afraid I was too pushy and aggressive and tried to do a Ray thing with him when it just wasn't appropriate. I just can't relax and let the guy be the big make-out artist. I'm afraid if I don't do something, nothing'll ever happen. Anyway the guy never got a hard-on once, but he was warm and cuddly and affectionate. We laid in bed until 2:30 Sunday afternoon. One thing he did real nice was continually stroke my arm, back, leg, etc. Just nice to have someone laying there. He seemed like a real straight-o guy and I wasn't even thinking of him when I practically attacked him. We went out for breakfast and I gave him my phone number, but don't know if he'll call. He was probably pretty embarrassed about not being able to get it up. And I've learned my lesson about acting without thinking. I have

to take the other person's wants into consideration. - Monday evening Ray calls me finally. But his first words are: "Are you a lesbian?" I mean, really. He tells me he knows some girl who wants to get it on with another girl and he thought of introducing us. I told him in a nice way that I wasn't very interested. We chatted about music, etc. I told him I'd seen him at The Pit and he must not have recognized me, cuz I was in drag. So he starts saying goodbye, and I said well I just want to let you know I've invested in some paraphernalia and he's welcome to come try it out. (Meaning He garter belt, etc) He was very interested, but we couldn't get our schedules together this week. Maybe next. Why do I always end up the aggressor?

Not a word from or about Tim. I think I am just so thoroughly devastated that I cannot even feel I've lost someone I love. I would never have believed he'd actually go. I don't know how I'll ever be able to trust anyone who says he will stay.

4-29-79

Last Monday went to a super straight bar that was having Cheap Drink night. Who walks in but Joe - Mr. No Hard-on of my last entry. We ended up going to his place. I was very passive this time + suffered through his long hard kisses that never ended + you don't breathe for 10 minutes. Finally got in bed + I was pretty excited + he had $\frac{1}{2}$ hard-on + I sucked him damn good + he stuck his fingers up me + I was going NUTS and finally whispered "Fuck me!" Well, too bad because he just laid on his stomach. I asked him "What's the matter? Don't you want to?" He said he didn't know. I asked "Don't you like me?" He said "What kinda thing is that to say?" I felt like saying - it's the kind of thing you say when you can't get it goddam up! I was irritated this time + just rolled over + went to sleep. Forget this loser! I left in the morning rather coldly. So Wednesday at 12:30 in the morning the phone rings. It's Joe, can he come over? I waited for him in the lobby in my bathrobe til 1:30 a.m. and at 2 he calls that he's

lost. I said well let's make it some other time, cuz by the time you get here in 2 hrs. I'll have to go to work. He apologized all over. What's this guy's story?? - Didn't go out cruising this weekend. Just not in the mood. Had to write Tim a letter & mailed Friday so he should've gotten Saturday:

Jim -

I think the easiest & fairest way to handle the parking lot payment is to switch off months.

As ~~was~~ we've had no formal rent raise, I paid \$32.50 for April. So you would be responsible for paying May, July, September, etc.

The check is made out to

If you have any other ideas on how to handle this (or if you want out completely), please let me know.

Sheila

Rises me off that I have to be the one to make sure this gets done. He wants to be the Big Man but never takes the initiative to handle things. I put that "if you want out completely" in there just to stick it to him. I also finally wrote to Al and

will mail it tomorrow:

Dear Al -

Remember when we sat at K's in February + you said you could never imagine Jim leaving me?

A month + a half ago he told me he couldn't help being in love with this other girl + he only wanted to continue our relationship as friends. I told him I couldn't take it anymore. We have had no contact or communication since.

I could never believe he'd really go, Al, but now he has. It's real bad and I don't even know how to act.

I try to be logical about it, but mostly my mind is just blank. I'm writing to you because, even if Jim + I never get back together, I don't want to lose my friendship with you.

I've been getting out - saw Bryan Ferry and will see Lou Reed in May. Have you heard Manifesto? It's great! Will be interested to hear what Lou's into now.

Al, I hope you don't mind my writing you. Right now I feel so alienated I want to hang on to the few people who mean something

Dear Sheila

— I've thought of writing to you many times but I've never known what to say. I miss you alot & am curious about how you are & what you're doing. If its any consolation to you I'm not extremely happy about the way things are. Anyway I still think of you more than you know & I truly believe it would be a real loss for me if we would never have anything to do with each other again. On the other hand it would be very painful for me to see you or call you & this is the only way I could think of to keep in touch for now. Please write me back. L. — Jim.

P.S. -- I'm still not working & have almost
no motivation to really look for work
seriously. Also lost my wallet with everything
in it about 2 wks ago -- including your
sister's address for the second time. Decided
it would be better to try & be direct after all.

to me.

Love,
Sheila

I've been crying a lot more now than before. God, I can't believe he'd treat me this way.

5-2-79

Well all this time I've looked in my mailbox for a letter from him + Monday there it is. When I read it I felt shook up, ~~depressed~~ despair + helplessness, + cried suddenly. What does he WANT from me? It didn't at all say what I wanted to hear. I almost instantly decided not to answer or acknowledge it. I don't need a pep talk. It's not going to be his way. He's going to have to do a lot better than that. Then I felt bitter + vengeful.

Went out drinking last nite + considered sending him a slip of paper saying "How can you write such trite shit to me?" and that's all. But I won't.

Went to Spivey's, the bar Jim + I hung out at. Tony the bartender is the whole reason we went there. I've been planning on going there - like I planned

to write Al - and finally felt it was time. He was very glad to see me + asked "What's the beefsteak?" "He's got another girl." He seemed surprised. I asked if he'd ever brought her in + he said no, two separate times. He said Jim has asked several times if I've been into Spivey's + he ^{Jim} said he couldn't believe that it could just be over like that.

Tony has called him a bum + encouraged him to phone me but apparently he's acted like he doesn't know my number (as if). Tony made me write my number down for him. I said to Tony I can't understand how he can be so upset when he's the one with the other girlfriend. But Tony said "well, he's sufferin'." Said I can't believe Jim didn't tell him he has another girl + Tony said Jim had admitted it to him. Tony seemed totally on my side, kept shaking his head, + once he looked at me + took a punch at an imaginary tall person (Jim). He said "let me work on him" + when I left he held my hand in a reassuring way.

Dear Sheila

- I heard from Tony at Spivey's that you had stopped by. I was very glad to hear from you second hand but very sad to hear the way you're thinking. Please please stop torturing yourself & me in the process. It hurts me so much to know that you're feeling so bad -- its just extending the grief & pain needlessly.

You must know how much you mean to me. But at the same time I simply cannot overlook these very real feelings. I have to get involved with other people, & not on a superficial 'fling' level, but in a deeper, emotional way. No one is replacing you, or could. No one can attain such status with me. But by the same token I cannot pledge myself to you totally -- something holds me back, something that says wait a minute, you've left certain things undone, certain areas

unexplored which you are curious about -
sheila, I must do this. If it makes you
sad to realize this fact try & realize at
the same time the depth of the feeling I
have for you.

This is about as well as I can explain it.
It's so fucked up to me; my feelings are so
tangled up I feel like a zombie but still
I have to go through with this.

Stop pulling yourself through the same
car wash of sorrow. Things are bad enough.
Try dating someone please. This is a terrible
situation I know. Try & make the best of
it. It would make me feel a lot better &
you too, to be seeing someone. Please drop
me a line if you feel like writing.
L. - Jay

5-6-79

Wed nite I get a call from Ray. Can he come over? SURE! I ran around getting ready + trying to think of a way to smoothly do this. He came + we drank wine + chatted, and then I asked if he'd ever put on eye makeup. He said a few times, but someone else had always put it on him + he'd been thinking of wearing some when Key play (his band). I said well he'd have to put it on himself + let's do it. He didn't have to be asked twice. I was getting so hot watching him put eyeliner, blue shadow + mascara on those incredible eyes of his. He did a damn good job + even got creative, + I just watched him + suggested ways to make it easier. When he was done, I kissed him madly. God he was so beautiful. Opened his shirt + stroked his beautiful chest. Put the necklace I was wearing on him + kissed his neck where it laid. He asked, "Where's that garter belt?" + I said "Just be patient. One thing at a time or it'll be over too soon." Stripped off all his

I bit his
tits +
he said
"not so hard,
it doesn't
take much
for me..."

clothes + gave him my red lace underpants to put on + his beautiful hard cock just filled them up.

Then gave him the garter belt + seamed black nylons. He put them on, asking where I got them, saying they're "just like mommy's."

What a gorgeous thing! We stood in front of the full-length mirror + kissed + I told him what a beautiful rear end he has + I got down + sucked him good.

He was electrified - like last time - he gets so turned on + his breathing becomes little gasps + he shudders like a child. I could hardly look at him he was so lovely, I said "You make me crazy!" He took my clothes off + was delighted that I wore lacy black underpants. We laid in bed + he sucked my tit + expertly used his fingers to make me cum. And then, oh God, after 6½ weeks! he put his cock in me + I just died. We fucked good - I should say he fucked me good! He took the active role + I watched the muscles in his chest + stomach + arms and it

felt so good & when he came he ~~said~~^{whispered}
"Oh! Sheila!" which I liked very much.
Oh, it was so good. Afterwards, he
took off the nylons & had runned one.
He said "now I really look like a
street whore!" He slept overnite &
I woke every $\frac{1}{2}$ hour it seemed &
just looked at him or stroked
or kissed him. How lovely to have
him here! In the morning he drove
me to work & spoke knowledgeably of
solar energy & I kissed him &
said the evening was my pleasure
& see you again.

Sure boosted my mental
attitude. (Nothing like a good fuck?)
It all went so smoothly & was
so erotic & I'm sure he'll be back.

SHEILA

- Why not continue
with me giving you \$10.00
per month. Haven't been
driving & don't intend to
in the near future --

But just in case I
feel like it --

Jim

And of course I will not answer or acknowledge the letter.

Went to the Palms Sat afternoon to have a few drinks & began watching this young man sitting alone not far from me. He was small, delicate features, pretty eyes, white dress shirt with French cuffs & cufflinks (which makes me crazy!), and I watched him hold his cigarette prettily & thought him beautiful, except for his tightly-curved blond hair which looked like it needed a combing. (He had a tie stuck in his pocket, too, like he just got out of work.) He saw me watching him & looked around & we smiled at each other. He went to the bathroom & passing my table said "It's like a maze in here!" & I smiled & said "I'm tellin' ya, it's bad!" When he came back he asked if I'd like some conversation cuz it's no fun sitting alone & you can only look out the window so long. He talked away. He was intelligent, educated, ambitious, motivated, diversified, aggressive but not butch, and interesting! The more he talked,

Thursday I get this in the mail with \$10 enclosed. Felt like telling him I've sick of being Mr Nice Guy + paying over 2/3rds of the rent so he can have a car to haul her dead ass around in. But I won't.

Saturday I get the long letter (on the preceding page) in the mail. Again I felt despair + the only thing I could think of to unscramble my brains was to phone Bridget. We talked 1/2 hour + bitched to cheer me up + she said how DARE he tell you to date other people - it's none of his business! I couldn't understand what brought this letter on + she pointed out that Tony must have really laid it on thick to Tim how upset I am (I don't think I ACTED so upset at Spivey's), plus I wondered what makes Tim think I'm not seeing other people! Never said anything to Tony about that. Anyway I'm glad I got Tim's rap down in writing. It's the same crap he's been telling me the past 6 years, + I've always wondered if I was hearing it right. But here it is - word for word.

The more I thought "wow!" We hadn't talked long + he asked the bartender for a pen so we could exchange phone numbers. His name is Tim [REDACTED]. He said as liberal as he felt, he wasn't that open + for example, had I explored the punk rock scene? I laughed yes! + said I'd gone to several clubs. He said he felt too old (he's 31). I said well I'd gone disguised as a boy so I looked younger. He reacted in a pleased way + suggested we go sometime together. I was trying to be careful not to spring too many off-the-wall things on him that might turn him off. He asked if I'd ever been in a permanent relationship + I ended up telling him briefly about Tim. He probed whether I was waiting for him to come back + I said no, not this time, that if he wants me back he'll have to propose to me + I wouldn't expect that to happen, this year anyhow. And that I'm finally thinking I should maybe listen to Tim when he tells me he's a loser. I asked if he'd ever been in a permanent rela-

tionship + he said he'd recently ended a 6-year one with this "person" but he'd rather not talk about it because people make judgments + jump to conclusions about who + what he is + he's learned it can turn people off. I said I felt that was probably a good policy - I too am trying to downplay certain details so as not to scare people off. But we sat there talking for 4 hours + it was so easy for us to talk together + he told me he had had a 6-year relationship with another man. He wasn't sure what he is, he didn't feel gay + he didn't feel straight + sometimes he thought himself asexual + he rarely has sexual fantasies, tho he is visually attracted to both sexes. (This morning I read Hat Masters + Johnson found that 'ambisexuals'; their term for bisexuals, "have few sex fantasies + rarely fantasize about real people.") He said he'd been to bed only 3 times with women + tho he loves to be oral with women + they came + everything, none were satisfying experiences. He found that straight women all

want big butch super studs + he wasn't that, and that gay men were too limited in their lifestyles. That they all thought he was playing a game when he said he was basically straight. Then he tells me that women in tuxedos turn him on! So I ended up telling him of my cross dressing + passing experiences + that I ideally want to relate to gay men as a gay man. He was absolutely delighted. Well, all I can say is he kept saying things that made me wonder where he'd been all my life + I was suddenly seeming to be what he'd been seeking. We sat there a lot really astounded. I even told him about my 3-way with Mary Ellen + Ray and he said he wished he'd have been there.

He thought it was great it was with my sister, when most people (including Jim) would be disgusted. At the same time he obviously really liked me, he was cautious. After 4 hrs I said I didn't know what to do with him - that if he were anyone else I'd ask him over to my place tonight,

but I felt I couldn't say that to him. He said if I were to invite him he'd want to come, but not tonight because he didn't want to rush things. I promised that I expected nothing of him, wouldn't even take off my clothes if he didn't want me too, & would only maybe hug him once. He agreed to come, but in a few minutes, said he'd rather wait til some other time.

Will the guy was absolutely the greatest. Heaven-sent. A pretty youngman into both men & women, but not in their traditional roles. A guy who digs women in men's clothes! A guy who digs being oral with a woman! Who said "God knows" he's been fucked by other men! I mean, this guy was too perfect! We walked arms around each other a few blocks & made a date to have lunch Monday, as he lives close to my work. My God, I think I've really found someone & I think something good will come of this! When I went to bed I felt a little sad. Jim wants me to date. But I

don't want anything temporary
with him or with anyone else.

~~But I do~~ I want something solid.
And when he's ready to come back
to me, I may not want to come
back to him.

* * * *

Tim just phoned me tonight
to confirm our lunch date. He
said he thought of me all day
(he had to work) and all night
last night which, he said,
was the best and very exciting.
I felt he was implying he had
masturbated thinking of me, +
I told him I think we shared
the same experience. He said he
needed to go clothes shopping + I
said take me along! He asked if
I'd tell him what looked good,
etc. + I told him I was a pro at
that + that I'd never had anyone
to dress up before. He said oh, I
could dress him up all right!
He's a cute flirt. He's very talkative
+ it's easy to converse with him.
Told him I just don't know what
to wear tomorrow! I hope he's as
pretty tomorrow as he was yesterday.

5-8-79

I had to write this postcard to Jim:

Sunday morning I got a call that our parking lot was sold as of May 1 to a hotel for their lot and I had to get the car out right away. So

now we have no parking space.

I've parked the car outside Mary Ellen's ([REDACTED])

until we get another space.

It would be real nice if you could find time to locate

another space (cheapest I could find was \$50/mo. at indoor garages by my place).

Sheila

I can't believe how many changes of emotions I've been going through. Monday promptly at noon Tim came into Wilson Sporting Goods (Tim has never even seen my work). I was so excited in anticipation of his arrival. What an incredibly pretty man. We walked to a nearby sandwich shop. He said he had planned on making a lunch + bringing me to his place, but he hadn't awoken on time. The $\frac{1}{2}$

hour flew by. I felt a little uncomfortable, but when we walked back to my office, he put his arm around my waist & I felt more relaxed walking, holding onto him. He told me he'd be out of town the next few evenings but would call to tell me what his schedule is. He accounts to me for every day! and I just met him.

I am going through so many changes! All day today I felt a little down, not at all what one should feel. And I've finally realized that I feel sad over this big change in my life - leaving the era of Tim. Somehow I feel like I'm falling really hard for this Tim & I know now what they mean about being on the rebound. Yet he's been more wonderful to me in 5 hours than Tim has in 6½ months. I'm seeing that I am a desirable and worthy person - that this really fine young man would come especially for me & spend his time thinking of me.

But I'm scared to hope. I'm afraid to really feel strongly.

for him because it won't work.
Maybe it will work - I don't know.
It's hard to believe something could
work - that someone could want
the same kind of relationship I do.
He told me on Saturday that he was
looking for someone solid, someone
to live with, and God I want that
too so much. I want to rush into
his arms but I'm so afraid -
I just don't think I can ever trust
anyone like I trusted Tim because
I can't stand to be stabbed in
the back again.

This guy is making it so much
harder by being so right, so eager to
be with me, so goodlooking, so
considerate of me, so cautious
and hopeful.

I can't picture myself with
another lover - but I also can't
picture myself with Tim anymore.
It's that simple, yet it's so hard
for me to face that. I want so
bad to get together solid with
this guy, yet I'm so afraid.

5-19-79

So May 9th, the Wednesday after our Monday lunch date, I phoned Tim. I kind of woke him, as he works evenings, but he told me he had to work that weekend and so we wouldn't be able to get together.

I was really disappointed, but tried not to be too sad. However, he suggested a date on May 20 - a gay cruise of the Bay on a boat with a band and drinks and lunch, and I said sounds like fun. He said he'd make reservations for us and if we decided later not to go, because it is expensive, we could cancel. I felt bad it sounded as tho we wouldn't see each other before then, but encouraged that we still would see each other. But here it is, the evening of the 19th and I haven't heard from him since I phoned. I feel so so bad. These last few days I've been crying a lot, such deep sadness that I cry and hardly any tears come. When just about everything I've done in the past 10 years has included him, the memories are always there.

A song we listened to when we

were first together keeps going thru
my head, by Tracy Nelson of Mother
Earth:

But it's not losing you
That brings me down so low
I just can't find
Another man
To take your place

Thursday morning I mailed him
this letter:

Jim -

Rented the garage on O'Farrell
+ Leavenworth. The key is enclosed.

For your information the owner
is - - - - -

Because the rent is now \$45
I'm sure you'll agree that we should
even up our shares. I think
it's fair you pay at least \$20,
so please have it to me each month,
Sheila

And Thursday after work
this was in my mailbox:

Dear Sheila

- Let me know what's
going on about the garage.
(I'll give you some money for June --
I'm going on vacation (to Hong Kong)
next week.

Jim.

So I'm glad to hear he's going. I'm
glad to hear he's getting off his
dead ass and doing anything!
He's said before that he felt if
he did something like that, it would
"straighten him out", but I'm sure
not counting on it. The only question
I have is - has Paula promised to
wait for him until the stars fall
from the sky?

Mary Ellen said last Saturday
she + Rusty went to North Beach and
she saw Jim in Spec's bar. He was

Dear Sheila

I know what you

are going to say

-- don't know you

(and I don't know you)

next week

7.16

So I'm glad to hear he's going. I'm glad to hear he's getting off his dead ass and doing anything!

He's said before that he felt if he did something like that, it would "straighten him out", but I'm sure not counting on it. The only question I have is -- has Paula promised to wait for him until the stars fall from the sky?

Mary Ellen said last Saturday she + Rusty went to North Beach and she saw Jim in Spec's bar. He was

at the other end of the bar with his back to them, so he never even saw her. She said he was talking & laughing loudly with some fat old man & that his hair looked longer. But she was afraid he'd see her and she didn't know what to say to him, so they slipped out before he saw them.

May 13 I put a nest in my zebra finches' cage and May 14 there was an egg in it already.

This morning there's a second egg!

John, K. [REDACTED] & Cheyney, and Bridget, Jake, Brian & Charley are all planning on moving out here to SF this summer. Bridget's house is already up for sale & Kathy's goes on the market next week. That's what that Peterbilt tractor picture was that he ^{Johnney} sent me — he & Charley are buying it so they can be cross-country drivers. Patrick really shook up the works. Jack calls me every Saturday to tell me how depressed and close to insanity he is. This morn he really upset me. What a really tragic figure he is!

5-12-79

I don't know why I thought we could be any different - I don't know any couples who have stayed together for 10 years + are still happy - I don't know why I thought we could. It's too bad - it could have been very reassuring.

Thurs nite I went to see Lou Reed - my namesake, as Mary Ellen said - and Lou, oh God, he completely had me. I was lost at the foot of a god. How such a very unattractive man could hold me so really amazed me. At first I felt as tho I had to get to know him all over again from scratch, but as the evening wore on, I knew him, his every gesture, his vocal intonations. He is the perfect ageing greaser, still a smart-ass street punk, at his age. He's getting a little paunch, his butt sticks out, he was healthy as a rat. What a fairy, too! I was close enough to watch him prancing, being quite the queen - quite the ~~fag~~ - he's too old to be a queen.

Like Bryan Ferry last month, these two guys just slay me. They are such perfect MEN! Yet they aren't REAL MEN at all.

I never realized how very

political Lou's songs are.

There was a militant uprising at the last transvestite group meeting + I missed it. But the 2 originators of the group phoned me at 11:30 p.m. to appeal to me to be on their side + so as of Fri I am now the "Treasurer" of the Golden Gate Girls / Guys, in name only.

Jim phoned me Fri at work. Fortunately my friend at work answered the phone + warned me, so I knew it was him. He was uncomfortable, but went strictly to business, telling me he located a garage + had to get back to the guy with an answer in 15 mins. I dealt with him in a very business-like unemotional way - There weren't even any "how are you"s. He even had to call back a 2nd time. But it was all very official. It makes me think there really is nothing left. I keep thinking I should be more upset about his phoning than I am.

✱

I wrote the above in a bar. A youngman began talking to me.

He was a hippie-type, good conversationalist, thin and strong as hell. We ended up back at my place, smoked his hash + had sex. I told him I could put on a sexy garter belt + nylons. He asked what for? and I said I just wanted to let him know the possibilities involved. A while later he said he thought he would like me to put Ken on after all. This guy was Mr Hard On! So then I asked him to put on this white shirt and tie, and he refused to! I teased him that he was no fun. He said, well I was wearing the garter belt, isn't that enough? I said "oh, big fun for me! There ARE other people in the room, you know!" But I dropped the subject + he was a good fuck. He later said he hoped I wasn't too disappointed about the tie + I did tell him I thought that was very rude of him not to put it on. This guy was Mr Straight-o. Said no one had ever asked him to do anything like that + I told him he had to expand his horizons. He took my phone no. + left.

Will be surprised if he doesn't call me.

And then I got mail from
Johnny + this is all that was
in the envelope. That guy has
so much soul! I could hardly
hold back the tears....

over ↗

WRITTEN AT 2:00 a.m. MAY 20
DRUNK - HOME FROM THE BAR

You know that I truly don't believe for one moment that Tim won't come back. And he knows it too. And he knows I know. He'll be back.

But I wonder if he realizes how badly it hurts me not to say goodbye to him when he's finally going to Hong Kong. I want to kiss him goodbye & tell him to have a good time. I can't even say goodbye. God I love him so much. I can't believe he'd treat me so bad. I don't know how I'll ever be able to love him again.

Sheila

- Since I gave you \$10⁰⁰ for this month already I figure this should suffice for now.

L. — J.

WRITTEN AT 2:00 a.m. MAY 20
DRUNK - HOME FROM THE BAR

You know that I truly don't believe for one moment that Tim won't come back. And he knows it too. And he knows I know. He'll be back. But I wonder if he realizes how badly it hurts me not to say goodbye to him when he's finally going to Hong Kong. I want to kiss him goodbye & tell him to have a good time. I can't even say goodbye. God I love him so much. I can't believe he'd treat me so bad. I don't know how I'll ever be able to love him again.

Got this
in the mail
May 22nd

6-3-79

I'm feeling so lonesome and so alone and I badly need someone to hug + kiss + snuggle up to at night.

May 23 I phoned Tim and oh, he'd been out of town + just got back + meant to phone me, blah, blah, blah. Asked if he wanted to go to a punk rock concert Saturday + he had another engagement but would break it because it sure sounded much more fun going with me. So we met Saturday night for a few drinks + out to dinner. I wore my black suit + tie. He looked like a slob, plus buzzed his hair, but for the 1st time I saw what gorgeous muscled arms he has + he probably has a beautiful bod. Saw Ray at the concert - his band was playing - and he was all alone + I began wishing I'd gone alone too so I could've hung out with him. I just was feeling detached and uncomfortable. Realized it was cuz I didn't feel at ease with Tim + decided to "let my hair down" + if he didn't like it, he could fuck off. So I slung my arm around him + began enjoying the music + rubbing his neck + in between bands we ended up sitting on a bench

really necking + hugging + God is he
~~is~~ a GOOD KISSER. I was getting all
hot + horny. So when we left + walked
to my place I asked if he was coming
upstairs + he said he was "thinking
about it" + I said well you better
think fast cuz we're only $\frac{1}{2}$ block
away. He said "no, I don't think so."
But oh we should go to a movie this
week + he'll call me.

Well, I was pretty pissed that
he didn't sleep with me. Mary Ellen
said he's a "clit tease." So she
hell with him. I'm not phoning him
anymore + if he likes me so much,
let him come to me.

Mary Ellen + I hung out together
on Sunday May 27 + I figured it
was safe to go to Spivey's cuz Jim'd
be gone. Tony was very glad to see
me + said he was going to phone me!
I asked what was he going to say. He
told me Jim was on a package deal
(flight + hotel) to Hong Kong for 2
weeks, left May 21, returning June
4. I didn't even ask for the info -
Tony volunteered it.

Also hung out with Mary Ellen
+ Rusty ~~on~~ on Monday, Memorial Day.

Finally bought the Tracy Nelson song:

When you went away
I cried for so long
I wanted you to stay
But that was all wrong
The pain you left behind
Has become part of me
And it's burned out a hole
Where my love used to be

But it's not losing you
That's got me down so low
I just can't find
Another man

To take your place
Now you know I love you
But that wasn't enough
We both fell apart
When things got too rough
I've learned how to give now
But what good does it do
When no one can touch me
The way you used to do

But it's not losing you
That's got me down so low
I just can't find
Another man
To take your place

I know your opinion
Of me isn't good
Please try to understand
That I'd change if I could
This coldness inside me
Is starting to feel build
And a woman can't be a woman
Unless she's fulfilled

But it's not losing you
That's got me down so low
I just can't find
Another man

To take your place
There's no one can

This weekend has really been sad.
Went out last night hoping to find
a fuck, but my heart just wasn't
in hunting. Ended up at Spivey's
again + talked with Tony + another
man in his 50's who I like a lot.
Tony thinks I'll be hearing from Jim
soon - he returns to S. F. tomorrow -
but I told Tony he'll probably hear
from him before I do. Tony keeps being
very reassuring + hopeful.

This morning I wrote this +
walked it over to Jim's hotel
mail slot:

Jim -

I found us a garage that only costs \$25/mo. It's on Geary + Divisadero, but like Mary Ellen says, for as often as we've been using the car, we can take a cab to the garage when we want it and still be saving money.

The check is made out to --- and the manager of the place is ---.

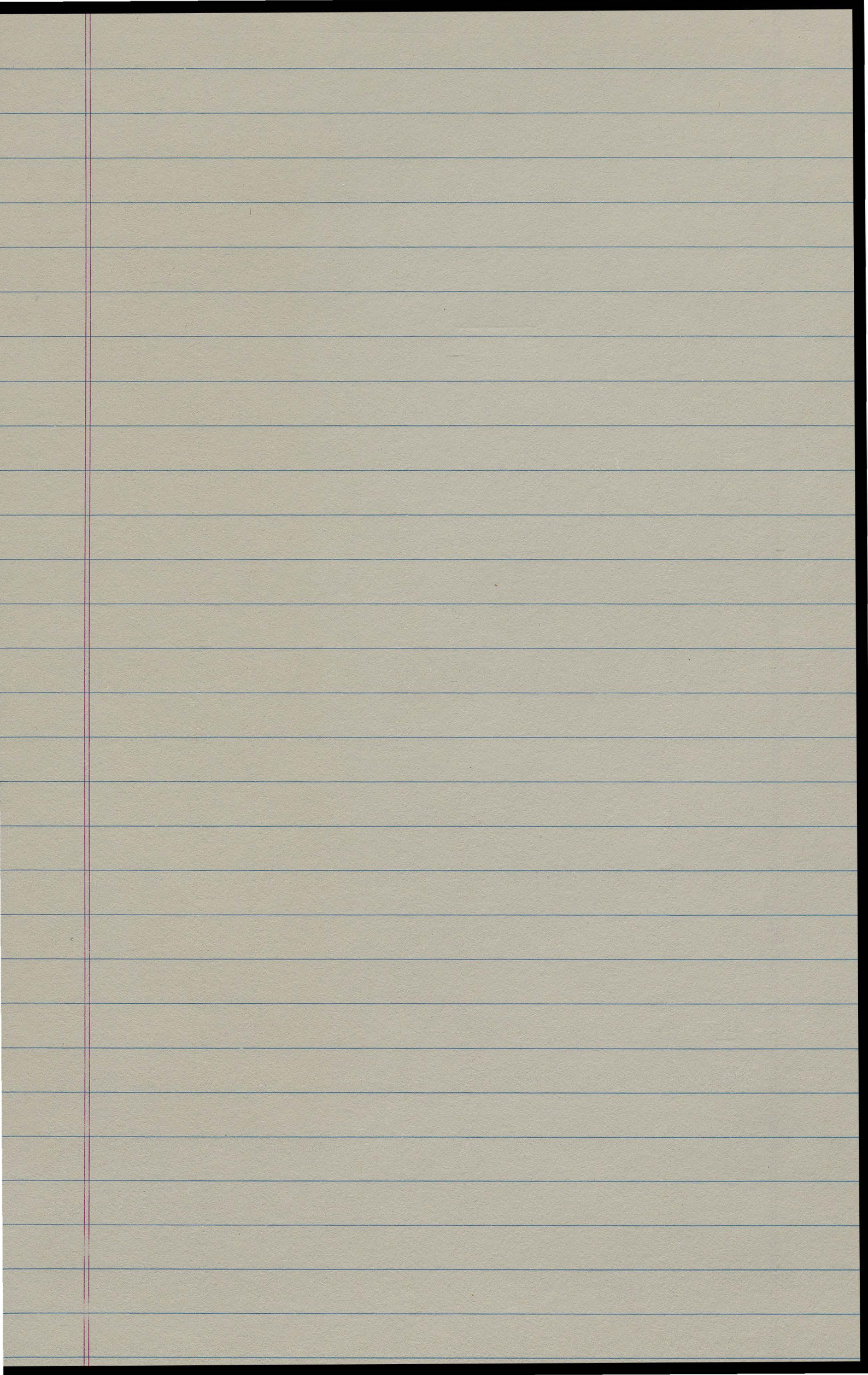
The garage key is enclosed. Be sure it's locked when you leave, it's a little tricky.

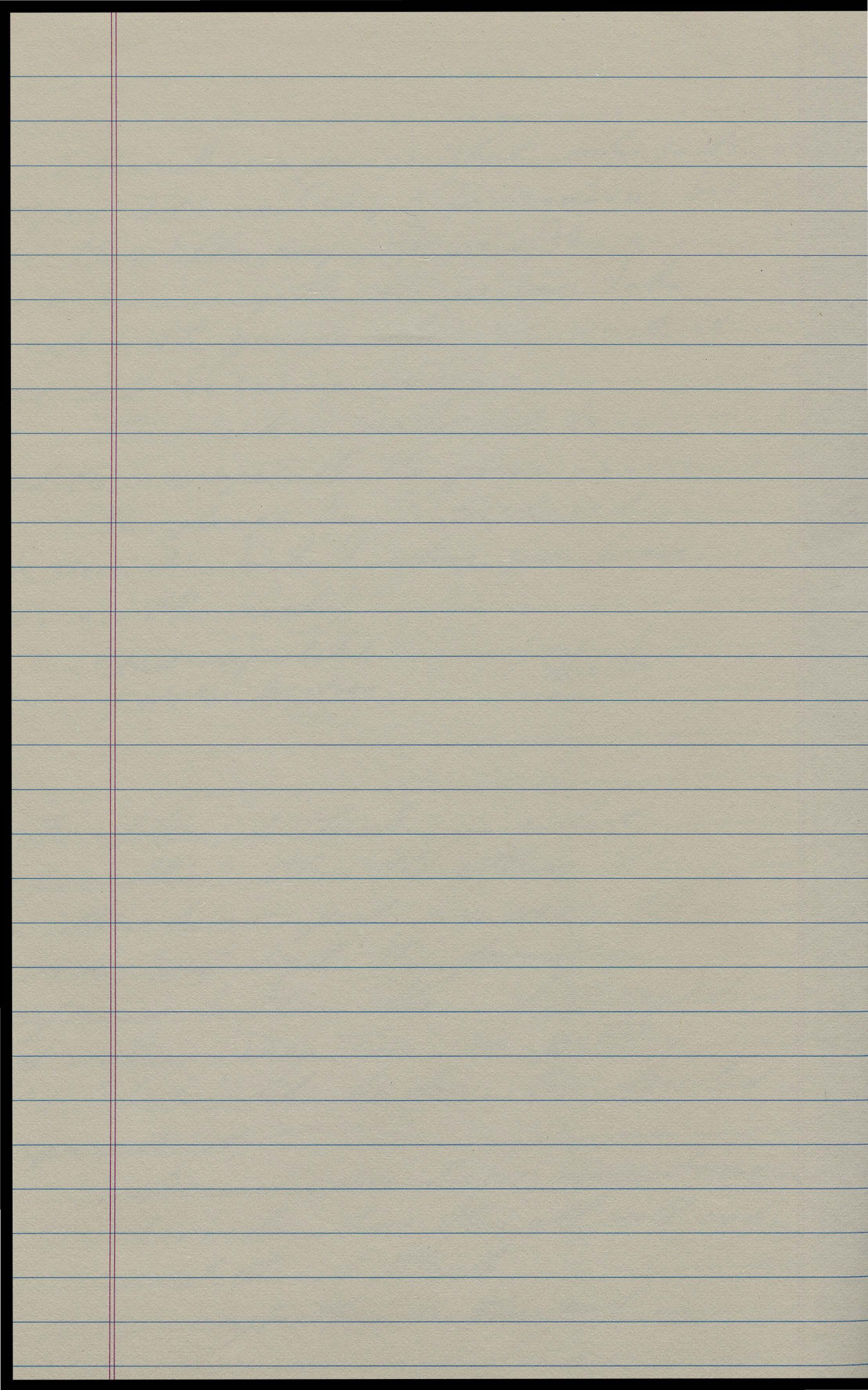
(Street map sketch
of garage location)

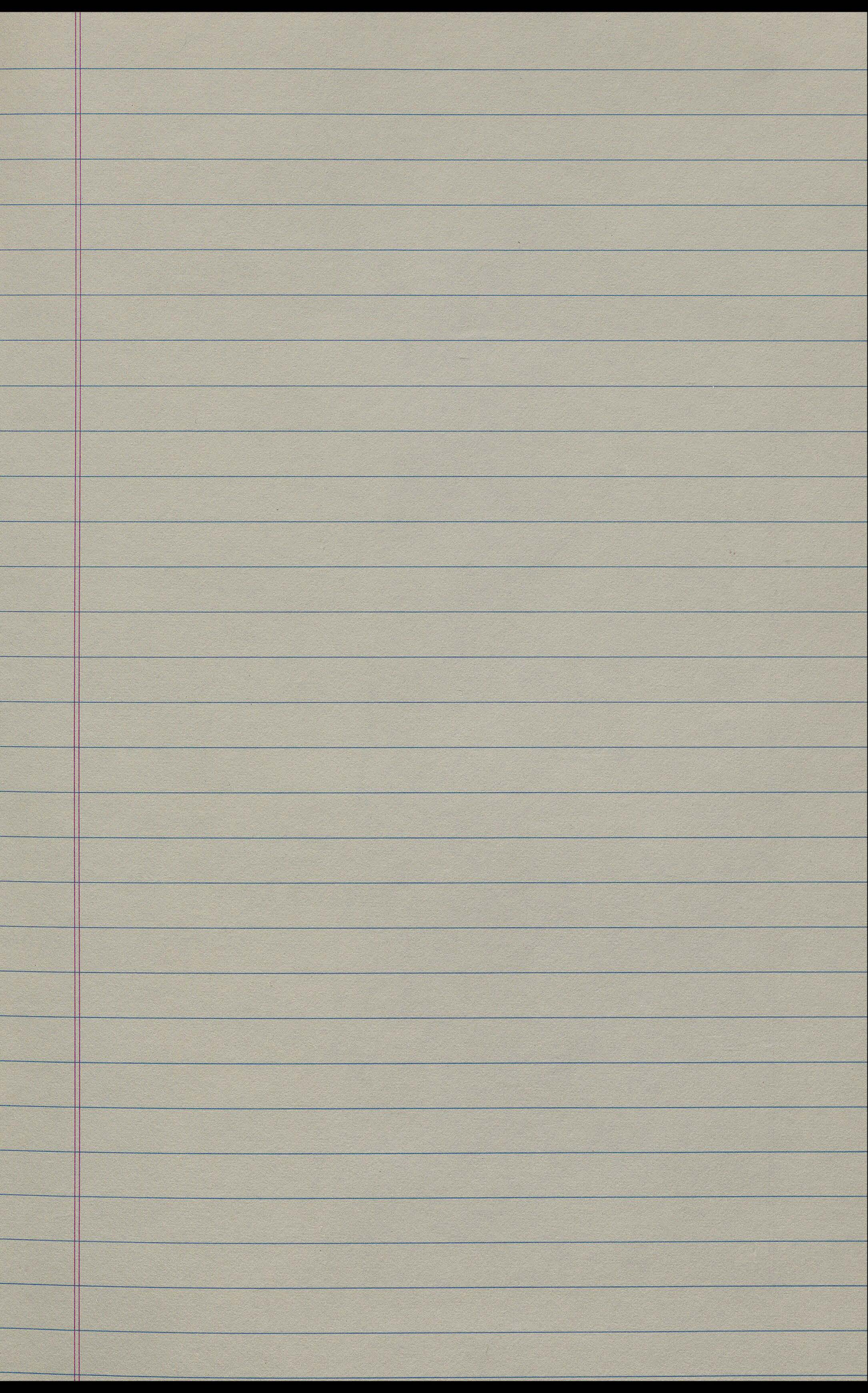
Sheila

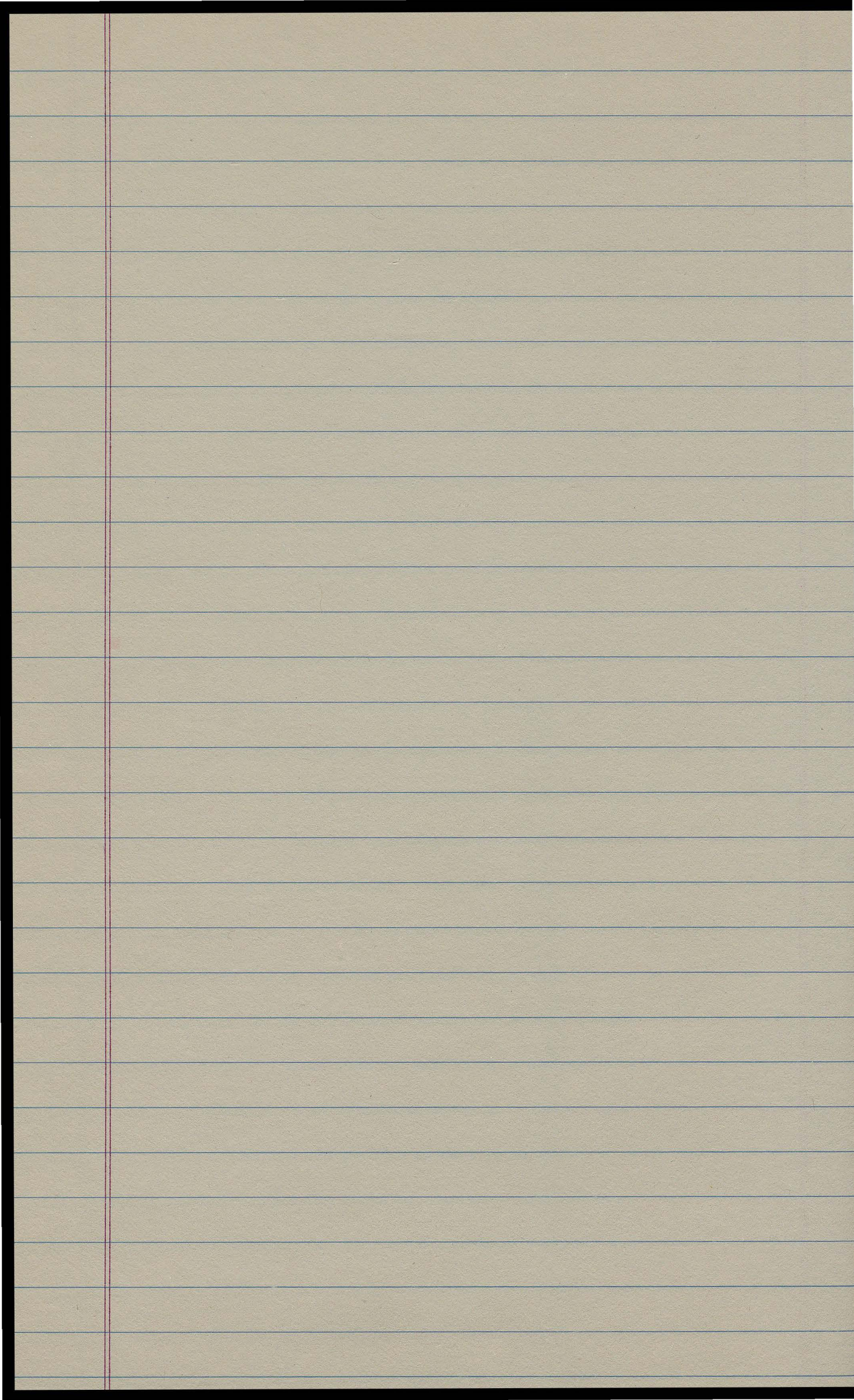
This letter, I think, is a lot "friendlier" than the others I've written him - just my using the word "us" and the familiar reference to Mary Ellen. I thought of writing "Dear Jim" or putting "L. Sheila" like he does, but decided against it -

because you know, sometimes I wonder how this all will end, and then I think maybe this is the end ...









NEW GAY LIBERATION BOOK:

Edited by Len Richmand & Gary
Noquera
Ramparts Press (Box 50128, Palo
Alto, CA 94303) \$14.00 •

The first edition of this tome appeared in 1973. The second version still retains some of the original articles by Gore Vidal and Paul Goodman. But much new material has been added.

The pictures utilized tend to emphasize gay men who are young and pretty. But this is a fairly common complaint about homophile books today.

A few highlights:
"Inside Sado/Masochism"-

"Will You Still Need Me When I'm 64?" (An impassioned defense of the older gay and his right to happiness)

"Toward Transvestite Liberation"

"The Other Side of The Couch" by Dr. George Weinberg

"Homosexuality and The Ethics of Behavioral Intervention" by Dr. Charles Silverstein

The Weinberg and Silverstein essays launch a powerful attack on those who believe change of sexual orientation is the only answer to the homosexual issue.



