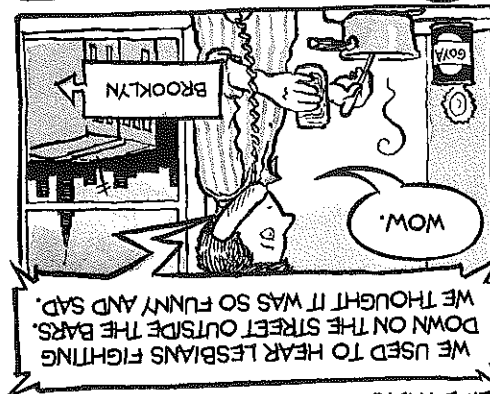


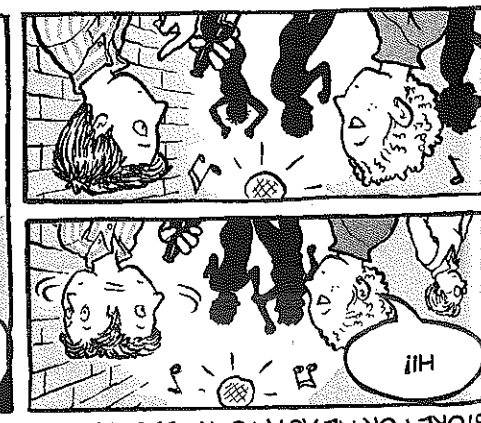
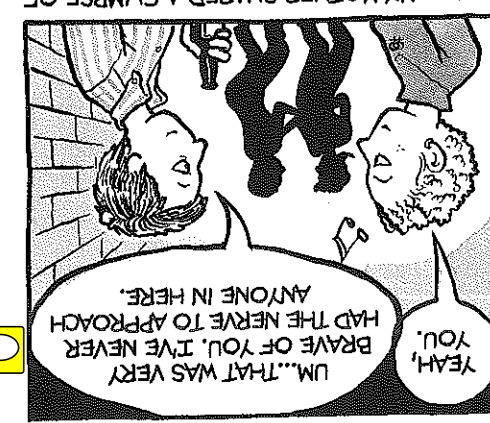


IF HER COMMENT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO SWAY ME FROM MY COURSE, IT FAILED UTTERLY. I BECAME FASCINATED WITH LESBIAN PULP FICTION FROM THE FIFTIES--THE BAR RAIDS AND THE ILLEGAL CROSS-DRESSING.



ONCE, MY MOTHER SHARED A GLIMPSE OF LIFE THERE IN THE OLD DAYS.

...BUT THE VILLAGE IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES WAS A COLD, MERCENARY PLACE.



IT'D COME TO NEW YORK AFTER COLLEGE, EXPECTING A BOHEMIAN REFUGE...

THERE WERE MANY SUCH HUMILIATIONS IN STORE FOR ME AS A YOUNG LESBIAN.