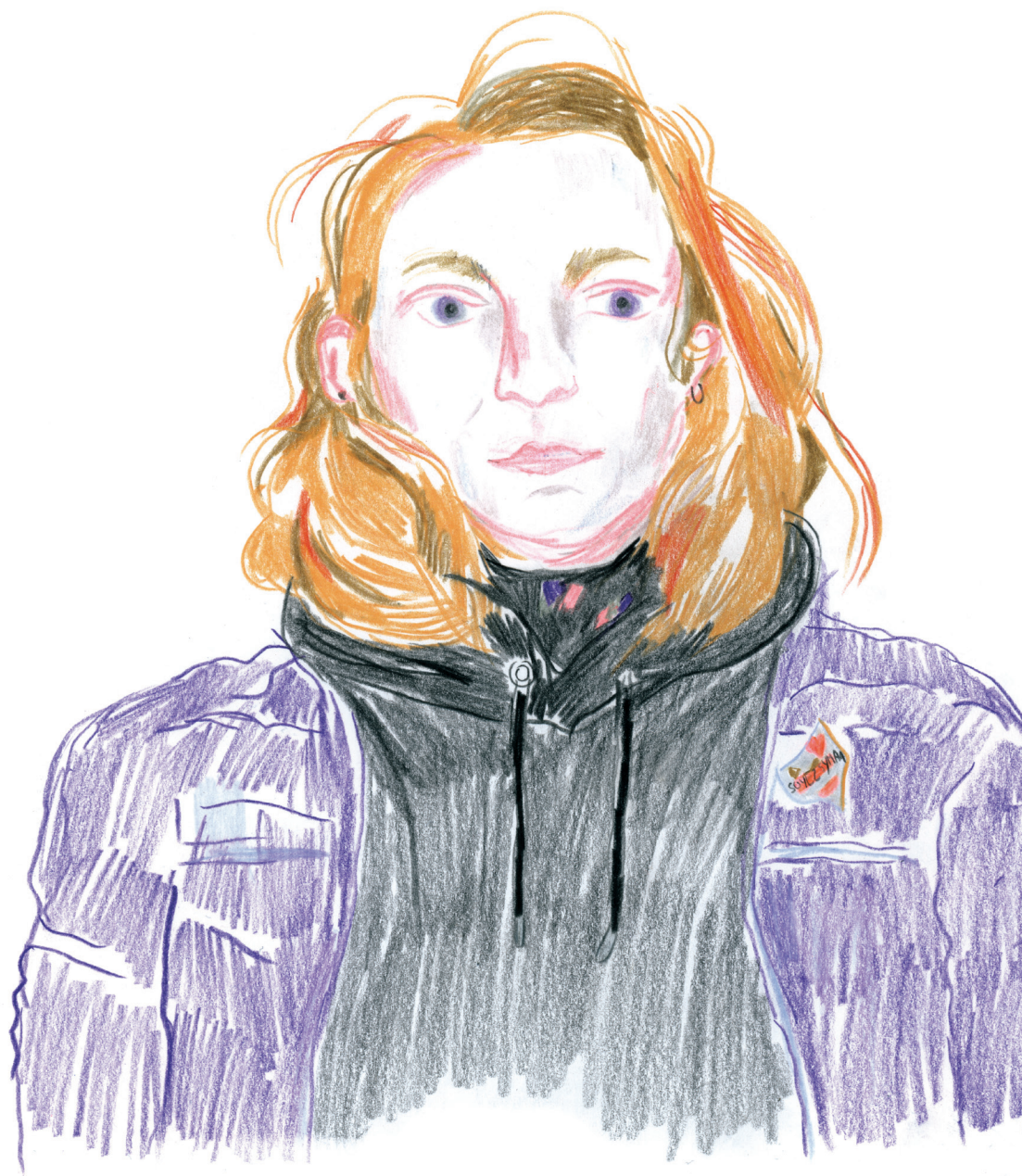




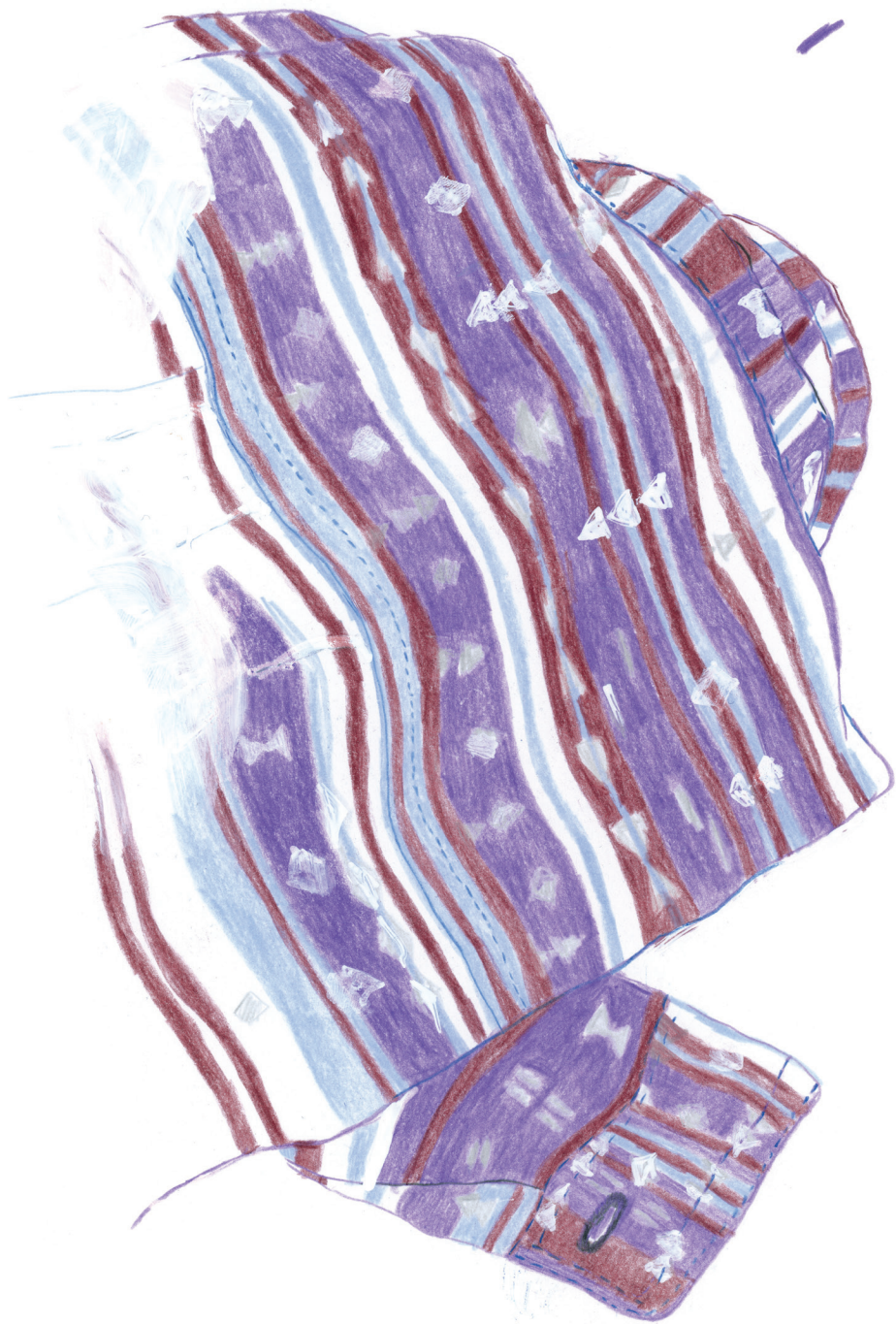


That summer, anytime
I'd see a woman with a
man, it felt like treason.



I chopped my hair off.
In France, I was mistaken
for a man three times; that
had never happened before.



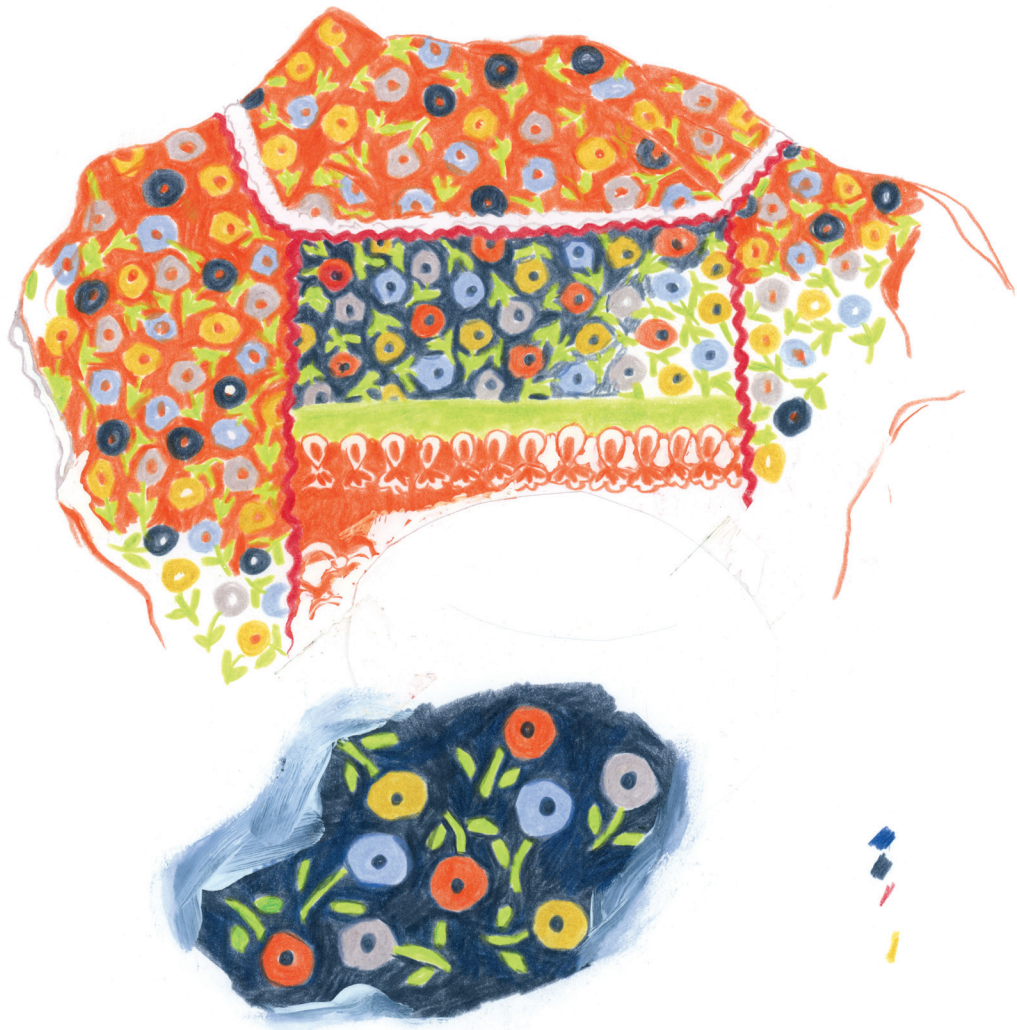


I stopped wearing dresses,
though I kept them in my
closet. I loved the fabrics.

Seeing old photographs of
me in those dresses, I'm struck
by how wrong they looked
on me.



Whatever measures of femininity
I had fallen short on, it didn't
matter anymore. I was suddenly
free of those demands.





All those years, I had tried so desperately
to be beautiful when I already was.



I started a punk band with two friends. I screamed out that I was a "queer horse"... an "unsaddled mare"... a "political lesbian", channeling Monique Wittig. I had no clue whatsoever that the concept made some lesbians bristle.



What was it about the term
that was so fraught?

I was afraid of having to perform
my new sexuality to be accepted
by them. Did I need to faint from
desire? Go on about dildos the way
Preciado does in "Testo Junkie"?

I was tired of pretending.