

How did your feelings carry through elementary school into high school?

In elementary school, I noticed other girls in class, specific girls & I was always looking at them from my desk & liking them a lot from where I was sitting. I was looking - just doing a lot of looking - I was looking at the boys too, but they seemed kinda rude & obnoxious and such, and the girls were really cute & sweet - I looked at them a lot more & thought about them a lot more. This is pre-sexual feelings; I didn't pursue anybody, I just liked the girls.

I got in trouble one time when I was in second grade - there was this one girl that I really liked a lot and when I was supposed to be doing a reading assignment one time, I was talking to this girl - I mean, I had my mind on nothing else but this girl. We were talking low, having fun in class... all of a sudden, the teacher yanked me from my chair & put me in the hallway - she was really mad at me; she said, "When you can decide that you can behave in class, you can come back in" - Well, I didn't understand why I was taken out in the first place; in the second place, I didn't like her attitude, so I walked away from the whole school I left & went home (laughter)

I didn't like that reprimanding, horrible witch-like look in her eye about me talking to another girl. I just left - I left the whole school. I just decided I could not be good for her or anybody else. The next day, I came to class & everybody was staring at me - they just kept staring & staring & staring & I felt like a real outsider. I think I've felt like one ever since that day, in every school, all the way up the line - all of a sudden, I just decided I didn't belong with any of those people, you know? I think that feeling carried completely all the way through high school - I didn't like those people & I didn't like their rules - I didn't like what they were trying to make me feel.

When did you first start having sexual feelings?

Well, that happened about age 11... there was this girl (who lived) across the street - she was another redhead. [laughs] I don't know what I had about redheads, but I liked her. We hung around together and she was kind of kooky, one of those kooky, fun people. Actually, she let me take my toy camera and photograph her - we did all kinds of goofy stuff together.

When her parents weren't home - well, soap operas were big in the 60's. She had a color tv & my parents didn't, so I was really wanting to go over there to watch her color tv... color was a fascinating thing to me back then when I watched tv; it was mind-blowing to watch everything in color - I went over there, would watch tv with her, we'd watch soap operas and stuff... and we'd decided, somehow, to go to the back bedroom & play 'soap opera' - I was the 'man' & she was the 'woman' and I'd get on top of her & kiss her. And that really thrilled the hell out of me - we were only 11. We did a lot of faking things; I don't know if we faked having sex, but we faked everything and it was turning me on an awful lot. - I suppose my puberty was coming in and I was really getting turned on by this girl. We were still playing a game like we were innocent, but it was really doing a lot more for me - her skin, her lips, her hair - everything was turning me on, terribly. Maybe it was for her... I was feeling sexual feelings at that time; I don't think she was, but who knows? I was enchanted & enthralled by this girl who would play these games with me.

I was not going to let
anybody
fool me into not knowing
what I needed
to do...



What was it like at home - did your parents start to realize what your feelings were, or did that come later... and did it cause conflicts?

Here's what my parents thought - they realized that they had a girl-child... and this girl-child was going to reach puberty & this girl-child was going to have an interest/attraction to boys and that there was a certain downside to this - because boys would do anything to have sex with a girl & possibly get her pregnant or God knows what. Boys were Danger - "Danger, Danger, Danger" - and my mom kept drilling it into my head that boys were dangerous; that they were not to be trusted, they were out for only one thing and they would use me, etc., etc. She was pretty anti-male about the whole teenager experience with boys. It was something she encouraged in one way to have a 'normal girl, but discouraged in major ways as far as the danger that is involved - There was this double-message being sent to me - "Don't get pregnant, but go out on dates," that kind of thing.

What about your dad - was he overly protective in this stage?

My dad really had no concern about this whatsoever - he was busy raising the family & doing his own thing. He never said 'boo' to me about any of it. He never had a talk with me - never. It was my mom.

Never?

No, he didn't have any talks with me. He really just didn't give a shit about that. But my mom was stressing the point that I shouldn't get pregnant in high school; She said, "Don't get pregnant, because you're going to ruin your father's name." And I thought, "Well, how hokey," - this is really hokey because if I were to get pregnant or something, that's my own downfall, not my father's name - this has nothing to do with my father. This would be my own mistake.

So at age 12, I adamantly went down to the library & I learned everything there was to learn about getting pregnant. I picked up all the medical textbooks - I learned all about intercourse, I learned all about sperm protection, I learned all about ovulation - I learned *everything* all on my own. I was a smart kid and I wanted to learn everything about reproduction so that I could take care of my parents' fears, or something. I learned my own cycle, ovulation - I knew when I could have sex & when I couldn't have sex. I got myself armed to the teeth about my impending sexual progress - I learned a lot about sex before I even had sex, because the last thing I wanted to do was to get pregnant in my own household. [laughs] I really had a scientific attitude about it.