

*Just Something That Popped Into
My Head The Other Day*

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Preface

When I began, I thought of writing a story that would encapsulate everything I wanted to say. Soon, however, I realized what an impossible task I had entered into; with all the other projects I had managed to somehow become involved in, there was little time left to devote to such an undertaking.

With these stories, I have managed to say what I wanted to say about specific aspects of life, and art.

By far the strongest piece, the diary, is the most satisfying, not only because it is more powerful, but because I have proved, possibly to no one other than myself, that I could make something meaningful out of the devastating events of my life, some of which were so close that they were very uncomfortable. It was a challenge. Looking back on my Shimer "career," I have always, though perhaps un- or sub-consciously, taken up a challenge in my writing, analytical or otherwise. Challenging in that people around me, and sometimes even myself, thought the task impossible. And, like the little kid who is still very much present in my adult form, I was motivated out of spite.

The diary also functions as an initiation into a tradition - the gay literary tradition - which seems to be blossoming in recent times. The honesty and integrity of these new writers drew me in. They seemed to be begging.

The other two stories, which are much less serious and much more playful and fun, function to bring me out of that specific tradition in the hopes of minimizing a stereotype which I, as much as anyone ever, had. Before I read any

of this new, gay, fiction, I was expecting trashy, sex-filled stories that are unworthy of any intellectual or aesthetic attention. Perhaps the worth of these shorter, less emotional stories will be overshadowed by the diary, and perhaps that's the way it should be.