

COCKSUCKING

AS AN ACT OF
REVOLUTION



One thing clearly separates faggots from men: we suck cock and take it up the ass. (We share this practice with quite a few women--particularly those outside the middle class such as prostitutes.) Along with lesbians many of us also use our tongues as often as we can to kiss and caress the erotogenic zones of our lovers. My tongue in another mouth ("French-kiss") or ass ("rimming") communicates love more concretely than (tongue breaking air) words can.

Yet attend a gay male liberation meeting, lecture, read a gay male book, newspaper, or broadside; go to a gay male bar, see a drag show, cruise the block, park or movie. Go anywhere among us faggots and our most common experience is the least talked about thing. Or if talked about, we do so in a guilty, ashamed way--as though we're doing something "naughty," shocking or nasty.

In part our silence is only good sense. Sexuality, sensuality and love can be destroyed by too much talking (tongue tiring, muck making words). But this silence also comes from two things laid on us by the nuclear-family, straight-world system: power-hierarchy and puritanism.

POWER HIERARCHY

We often accept the straight man's assumption that our sex acts in themselves express subordination. Straight men consider our love and sensual expressions as debasing, menial, declassing, servile and degrading. We sometimes share their values and mix our love and sexuality with power.

In the power system, the paragon of power is the straight man (usually white, always middle class). We are expected to ask him for sex before he would ask; at least this is the presumption in a lot of places. The laws against solicitation, fine only us for asking; and social custom backs up these laws. There are many "manly" declarations that if a faggot touches me, "I'll punch his teeth down his throat;" "He'll be sorry;" etc.

We are, nonetheless, oddly the object of rape. For a man to make another take his cock is considered the most utter form of submission that can be exacted. And it is often exacted. Older boys will often force younger ones; frat houses will sometimes make pledges fellate members. And I have seen gangs of college students from Northeastern go into the Fenway to gang fuck and beat faggots. Then in prison, *Fortune in Men's Eyes* and all that is fairly accurate. Prison amplifies outside society: if you receive another man's penis in your mouth or ass you are declassified.

Among ourselves, we fall into a similar power game, pecking order, hierarchy. In a faggot bar, a cocksucker is considered less honorable than a cocksuckee (our language doesn't even have a word for it--nor a single word for "a male who takes it up the ass" and "one who puts it up the ass of another male"). Living within a capitalist bourgeois society, we tend to compete not to be best at our thing (cocksucking, etc.) but to seem most straight.

Asking first is always considered lessening: some people will not go with someone who asks them because they assume the person is much too inferior. In *Come Out*, Perry Brass wrote: "Cruising is one of the great male chauvinist games: I can be tougher than you can be. I can hold out longer than you can hold out. I don't need you. I can't open up to you until you open up to me.... there are always the same roles.... We could begin with the extreme caricature of masculinity who believes that it is below his masculine dignity to ever approach anyone else. He will usually stand like the steadfast tin soldier for hours on end, wondering why this isn't his particular night. Next to him is the aggressive animal, the tiger stalking his way through the situation, looking at everyone but not looking at anyone. He is really looking for that perfect fulfillment of some adolescent sex fantasy (referred to as his 'type')...."

The "type" is invariably straight--some version of Tarzan, John Wayne, Mick Jagger, or Che Guevara--and usually "first world" (pink with blue

eyes). Even if your "type" isn't of the bourgeois ruling class, he usually has been formed from the image of a ruling person--a big brother, father, cousin, first sex partner or other "male identification" figure.

Rhetoric about femme-identification never matches practice. Within either the faggot subculture or the gay movement, femme identified males are least listened to, least sought after and least loved.

In being conditioned to love men, we tend to despise ourselves and other faggots. We are often super-critical of our "sisters" or peers. We rarely ever resort to fighting, and when drunk we are markedly less aggressive than straights. But *Boys in the Band*--dishonest and unrepresentative in so many ways--nonetheless presents an honest picture of how some faggots can "read each other's beads." Even the quotation of Perry Brass above has a note of this (like so much of our movement writings and meeting). We censure one another eagerly--our bars, meetings, customs, etc.--but toward straights we often show the most remarkable compassion, understanding and love. Our compassion is our strength and should be extended. But we have to stop putting each other down; that is not the way out of our oppression. At best we might become lace curtain rather than shanty faggots, but we won't be free. We must extend more love toward ourselves and other gay brothers and sisters.

The male identification with the hierarchical and power tripping world destroys love itself; the sensual and pleasurable tends to be forgotten. Sex, sensuality, our bodies, and their parts should all feel wonderful and beautiful. But our power hungry, ego-tripping male civilization teaches us that everything is power. The desire for power over others, the will to "rule," subject or enslave has curdled and nearly destroyed sexuality and sensuality. Particularly for men love becomes almost impossible as every act tends to be measured out in some pecking order.

Men tend to measure themselves by their power--not their ability to love. They order their lives by force--not by cohesion, togetherness or support. Their sexual politics takes its purest form in rape. In "forceful" rape, men use their muscles, power or some weapon (knife, club or gun) to make another person submit to their will. We faggots too often tend to lust after such men: uniformed killers (soldiers, sailors, marines, etc.), construction workers, musclemen, sportsmen, etc. All become identified with their use of force; and this force is measured in our society by their ability to rape a woman.

We faggots escape rape only by straight-fronting--that is, trying to pass as straight men--in other words, we try to disguise ourselves as rapists. Transsexuals, transvestites, "known"/"obvious" homosexuals and young boys (in descending order) share with women either first hand knowledge of rape or continual fear of attack.

Because of our culture's anti-intellectualism, we respect intellectual power less, but wit and thought are no less a means of power and rape than brawn and muscle. Men use their minds to manipulate women and weaker men to submit to them. The art of "love" for men (see Ovid's *Art of Love*) is exactly the same thing as the art of ruling (see Machiavelli's *Prince*). Men use their wit and skill to maneuver another person into an under-position (subordinate). In our society, women are forced to remain less wise than men; they are tracked on a channel from nursery to old age which weakens their intellectual (as well as their physical) capacities. Likewise, "effeminate" men are encouraged to pursue poetry, hairdressing, music, dress design, dance, libraries, nursing, or a similar field. Like women, we are thus made all the more vulnerable to men.

In seeking partners (usually subjects for rape), men always seek those seemingly dumber than they are. Young women and boys are particularly appealing because the older man just by his age has picked up a few tricks and some experience that allow him to subdue the younger person. And women know that to "please" a man, you have not only to be shorter but also seemingly stupider. Men "love" to "teach" but

LICK DICK IN '72

THE NATIONAL COALITION OF GAY ORGANIZATIONS (Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 22213) has issued a call for gay people all over the nation to come to Miami Beach to present gay demands to the Democratic Platform Committee July 13. They have organized a national network of Greyhound buses which will converge in a caravan on the beach. Those planning to go from Boston are expected to reach New York City by July 7 for an 8:30am departure. They warn that, "The Greyhound people are not gay, and they are used to doing things ON TIME!!"

they fear at all costs learning or listening because knowledge for them is only power--not something good in itself but a tool for rape. Valerie Solanas says that "The male, although able to understand and use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to grasp them emotionally; he does not value knowledge and ideas for their own sake (they're just means to ends) and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potentialities of others. On the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignorance; he knows that an enlightened, aware female population will mean the end of him."

When we complain about over-intellectualization, abstraction or ideology within the movement, we faggots (like women) are not saying, let's all be incompetent, stupid and untrained--we are saying to straight men and to straight-identified faggots: DON'T RAPE US.

Our society considers sex and love much less important than power and prestige (a mark of ruling); consequently, we tend to look down upon sex and everything connected with it as inferior. Both straight men and women seem to agree that sexual objectification degrades the object. Men giggle and believe they are making women less worthy in perceiving them as sex toys, and women feel put upon by such male chauvinist, power, ego-tripping behaviour. Straight men likewise prefer not to be seen as sexual objects--particularly not as sexual objects for faggots.

Of course, straight men like to appear strong and powerful to other men. The parts of their sexuality which they cherish are their marks of power--big cock, hairy chest, bulky muscles. But they try to repress or hide any joy they might have in being "beautiful"--particularly for other males. They fear homosexuality with such depth in part because it unmistakably involves their being sexual-beauty-love objects.

Gay males have internalized our culture's fear of sex. Although we generally like to be seen as sexual objects, gay men often ask the question of why other men only love them for their body and never themselves. Besides underlining our self-doubts about our bodies, such a question uncovers our feeling that the body is less worthy than the mind. For instance, we usually identify people by their face because it holds the brain--our organ of administration and ruling. (Some pink people, however, can't tell other colored faces apart because they can only conceive of pink people ruling; likewise some gay men can't tell one woman from another.) We need to get away from this authoritarianism. Why not diffuse our admiration to the throat, bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and many other flaps, crevices and parts of the body. Why not remember other faggots by their cock or ass; for some the latter all look alike, which means not that they look alike but that those people don't look at these parts very much. Some in shame even hide them.

As faggots the burden of this puritanism is very great. One of our responses is to continuously deny these dirty parts and the things we do with them or that straights fantasize we do. They say we are dirty; we act super clean. The order and cleanliness in many a gay house is often astonishing (although not always, a friend claims he is both a slut and a slob), and there is a stereotype (partly accurate) about our obsessive fear of dirt and disorder. I have been criticized for my fastidious standards in washing dishes.

Another related response is to perfume it up: with flowers, velvet, brocaded laces, lamps and other art, art-nouveau objects. There is a partly true myth about our being such good hair-dressers, clothing designers and interior decorators.

A contrary response--the super-"dirty"--springs from the same source as our "prissiness." Sex becomes as filthy as Puritans say it is; we grovel in it as though committing some horrible, forbidden unforgivable crime. We use cocksucking, rimming, taking it up the ass, licking balls and other physical acts less as means to pleasure and expressions of love than as ways to contaminate ourselves.

In our culture we are taught to belittle if not fear and loath any interact between mouth, cock, shit, semen, tongue, piss--or any body parts and secretions. The bourgeois have even invented a code language so they don't even have to say the words in English. The bourgeois expectorate, never spit; they urinate, never piss; they defecate, never shit; they intercourse, never fuck.

They have built a whole industry (one among many) to overcome sweat (or perspiration in bourgeois). Body odor in so many other

animals arouses love; lovers get off, get hot on each others' smells. *Right Guard, Seven Day Deodorant Pads, Mum for under the arms, Afta, Brute, and Ban.* Then for the mouth-filthy orifice--*Scope (who would dare tell you), Listerine, Lavoris, Micrin, Colgate 100.* Now we even have crotch-spray and probably on the way, ass-sprays. I have sucked cocks and balls dusted with Johnson & Johnson's Baby Powder (smells sweeter than it tastes) and other such disguises.

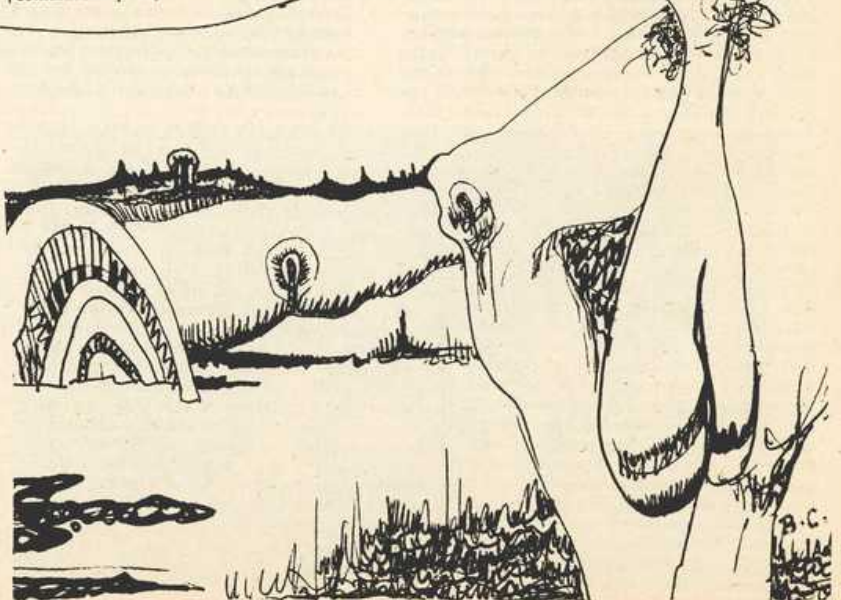
Our anal culture that values money and possessions so much obviously cannot stand body secretions. Shit seems to be the worst thing of all. You shit-head, you shit, shit on you; tough shit, shit list, dont shit on me; dont expect me to clean up your shit; I've taken enough shit; the shit really hit the fan; the shit's coming down.

Our discomfort about sex and shit come not from their inherent qualities--but from our culture. Fourier, the French socialist, recognized that many people (particularly children) are quite attracted to shit and provided for this feeling in his phalanx. I've always felt a little uncomfortable about sucking someone's cock after they had been fucking me in the ass, especially when they demanded it in a "degrading" way. Yet after doing it a few times; and after a few sponaneous rimmings--both being rimmed and rimming--I found most of the feelings about shit came from the taboo, not the actual physical presence of shit itself. And once in a memorable experience I really got into shit and sex with another man; we shared our secretions--sweat, shit, semen--and made them part of our love--through passion and feeling without either demand or coercion; I found our loving both meaningful and sensuous. Who's to say, what we did was wrong?

Shit you might say is dirty, smelly and germ carrying. True, but so also the rest of our body. Many common diseases spread through mouth to mouth contact but we still generally kiss without revulsion. And much of the tabu against semen has no biological or other "scientific" basis. Semen itself comes out clean relatively tasteless and odorless, a little sticky but otherwise inoffensive to touch. Yet how little we love it. I've never known anyone comment on the distinctive taste between the semen of a sober and drunk male; we generally don't talk about it. I have had another man passionately make love to me, suck my cock, but when I climaxed in his mouth, he ran to the bathroom and gargled. I felt somewhat squeamish myself when I had reached an orgasm in someone else's mouth and he held it and french-kissed me and we swallowed the semen together. I guess he sensed my uptightness because he caressed me gently and we relaxed; the experience became very warm (the semen, our tongues, our bodies) memorable. Wherever he is now, I love him for what he gave me.

Our anxiety and fear about these things drives us into obscenity and pornography. I don't condemn porno bookshops with their picture after picture of nude men bulging muscles and penises; these publications are generally more interesting than the *National Geographic* or *Reader's Digest*. Better to at least recognize what

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A REVOLUTIONARY

APPROACH TO OUR BODIES

AND

SEX

We have told the world that Gay is proud and have smashed the self-hatred so often associated with Gay culture. We all hope that this change is permanent. Yet on another level, self-hatred is still with us. We Gay males, like all human beings, have a basic contempt and disgust for our bodies, our bodily functions and especially our sexuality. We hide our bodies, especially our genitals, with cloth. We are revolted by our organic by-products (piss and shit) and hide behind closed doors when it becomes necessary to dispose of them. Sexuality still carries the greatest shame. With the exception of actual sexual encounters, we go to great lengths to conceal a hard-on--even if it is not associated with sexual desire. Most of us would be extremely embarrassed if observed masturbating and still feel some guilt when physically loving ourselves. We deny our physical love to our friends because they may not have the physical appearance which we passionately seek to make us forget the hatred of our own bodies.

The process of dealing with physical self-hatred will not be as simple as lifting our heads high and proclaiming our pride. But surely this self-hatred must be dealt with just as effectively as we have dealt with the other. Until we love ourselves completely, including the physical, we cannot truly love another.

Examination of our lives in relation to our bodies exposes a wide range of positive actions. We can make a conscious effort to remain nude in our homes where the function of clothing (warmth and protection) is not needed. Open bathroom doors could become the habit rather than our closed door tradition. Fear of being observed masturbating can only be overcome by having it happen a few times, not that we should make a public display but that the cautions we take to maintain privacy could be abandoned. The same is true of our sexual relations with lovers. Lastly we can begin to broaden our sexual experience and change our patterns of ego-building and ego-supporting relationships by taking advantage of opportunities for group sex within already defined groups such as collectives, roommates, consciousness-raising groups or circles of friends. More thought and especially action will yield many more possibilities.

DAMN FAGGOTS (continued)

couldn't do nothing except see. And I can tell you, folks, Jackie has very Red blood. She was packed off to the hospital shortly after. Next morning, Sandy got up and cut way more than her share of la cana. She joined the Gay caucus at lunch for a meeting, Black as black, Gay as Jeanne d'Arc, and proceeded to calmly, rationally and with patience, rap the caucus on the knuckles for its liberal racism. Sandy, are you a witch, a woman or a fucking mountain? Whatever you are, the saints preserve my little Gay soul; I fell in love with you that day, body and soul.

Act IV, scene iv - Re-enter Jackie. "But who'd a' think Jackie would'a had so much blood left in her?"

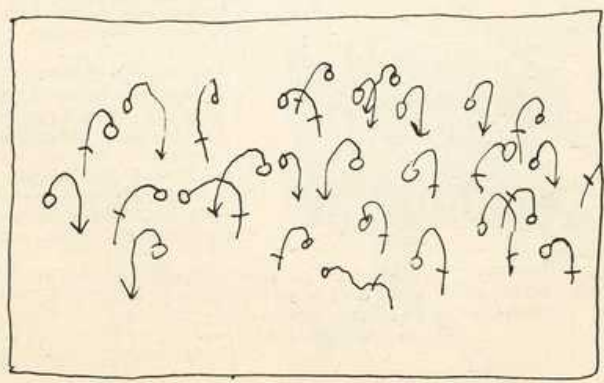
Jackie was up and screaming a day later. By then we were on tour. The Cubans came to her at noon, explaining that it was again time for her "shot" of sedatives. Jackie stood up tall, teeth gnashing, and proceeded to tell them just exactly what they could do with their Cuban sedatives. Jackie is an ADC mother with four children. She's been jamming around the Lumpen School of Hard Knocks for a long time. The air turned very blue. Jackie was physically carted away, howling, screaming and fighting every step. She spent the remainder of her time in Red Bird McThane's dungeon, Havana Psychiatric Hospital, the Bastille, San Quentin, a Rehabilitation Camp, whatever in hell they are calling it these days, no matter. We all know what it is. The comments I heard about Jackie were incredible. Three times I heard, "See, I told you homosexuality was a mental disease. Jackie is obviously unstable." Jackie joined us, righteously pissed off, for the boat ride home, just about as unstable as the Rock of Gibraltar. The fourth gross indignity came plummeting down. This time we were too numb to notice. We had been wading in shit twenty feet deep for weeks. What's another ten feet or so?

Act IV, scene v - "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps the petty pace of the Venceremos Brigade folks."

I could go on describing one gross indignity after another, but frankly, it gets a little painful. I contacted the Seattle Regional Committee upon my return. You asked if I was going to be involved in organizing for the next Brigade. I explained that I really had to spend my energies elsewhere, but that I would very much like to meet with you once to explain my position and answer any questions. "Yes, yes," said the Brigade. "Very good idea. We'll do it as soon as possible." I requested a meeting again in August. Again in October. I'm still waiting for tomorrow. Meanwhile, you are really too busy brushing up on your Marxism-Leninism to concern yourselves with the likes of me. After all, first things first. The other day I heard via the grapevine that the Gay question was raised in cadre at a Brigade meeting. The Brigade explained that no Gay people had been recruited for the Fifth Brigade. None applied, you said. Then came some standard shit about division, lack of class consciousness, blah, blah, blah. My, but Red Bird McThane even knows how and where to migrate. He followed me all the way back to Seattle, and swoops in for a bull's-eye bombing real regular-like. And folks, I'm getting really tired, weary and downright pissed off wading around in your shit.

Act V, scene i - Yet to be enacted in Birnam Wood. "Red Bird McThane shall shit no more."

Look, like I said in the beginning, I don't give a rat's ass what your position is on homosexuality, if indeed you have thought about it long enough



to write a two-minute decree. It makes no difference whether homosexuality is a manifestation of Nirvana, communist love, or leprosy. That ain't the point at all, folks. The point is that you didn't treat me very nice at all when I came a-cuttin' cane. Boiled down, it's at least a case of extremely rude manners you folks have, and it works upward from there. We have a right to fuck, to congregate, express our point of view and have a list of rights as long as three hundred and fifty very long sugar cane rows which we cut by hand, all of which you are systematically and institutionally denying. I don't know what revolution you folks are fighting up there, but I'm for the one that's going to make the world a better, more human place for people, ALL OF 'EM. Now about my laundry. Your shit has been clogging up my washing machine badly since I first heard the words "La Brigada Venceremos." I'm getting very tired cleaning up after other people's shit, particularly people who obviously aren't too friendly.

If you think you can resolve the contradictions by simply cutting (my, but there sure as hell is a lot of cutting around you folks... cut the cane, cut Jackie's arm, cut Gay people from future Brigades, cut the freedom of every Gay Cuban), you are sadly mistaken. That's not the way we do things down here in Birnam Wood. The witches know that McThane is gonna get his. The Gay caucus left Jackie's very stained Cuban work boots right there in the middle of the cane row where she stopped cutting. They are buried under a two million arroba pile of you know what. The boots are labeled, Sorry-Folks-But-Somewhere-At-The-Bottom-Of-This-Huge-Pile-Of-Red-Bird-McThane-Shit-There's-Bound-To-Be-At-Least-One. Jackie would like those boots returned to her - CLEAN!! And when Jackie says clean, she does mean spitshined. It's the least you can do after what happened to our beautiful Gay love. Pick up a shovel, folks, and start digging.

UP THE REVOLUTION.

(Footnote from the Fag Rag people: The conflict between the Venceremos Brigade and gay liberation continues. Gay liberationists were specifically excluded from the Fifth Brigade, which has already gone to Cuba and returned, and presumably we will be excluded from future Brigades. The Venceremos Brigade even issues an official policy statement justifying this exclusion. The policy of the Brigade has met with opposition from Gay Liberation people and from many other revolutionaries. Articles discussing the policy of the Brigade and of the Cuban government, including material written by Gay people, have appeared in a number of straight radical papers, including Win magazine, the Chicago Seed, the Berkeley Tribe, the Quicksilver Times and Liberation News Service [LNS]. After LNS published material sympathetic to Gay people and critical of the anti-gay stand of the Cubans and the Brigade organizers, it was barred from participation in a radical media conference held in Havana in January 1972. Since that time, LNS has declined to publish anything else concerning the conflict between Gay liberation and the Venceremos Brigade.)

Almeida (Wading in the Rain)

In the past few days I've felt surges of identity sweeping over me soothing over much of my anxiety yet life seems still largely absurd It's hard being an existentialist Especially a responsible one. Tomorrow I'll be riding the bus to Athol and watching a color TV and talking to my parents and my grandfather and his girlfriend. Back in Boston will Sunday find me and my newly formed caress content? Mellow. I circle city blocks racing to be made mellow again. Oh the pain. But I love you for it. You make me real. Don't leave for San Francisco without me. Why doesn't San Francisco come here? Dylan said "and he asked me how does it feel to be such a freak and I said impossible". At least the rats don't rustle in the garbage bags anymore. For some reason that big wind that came before the thunderstorm blowing through the corn on Mission Hill comes to my mind tonight. So it goes.



COCKSUCKING (Continued)

we actually do than pretend we don't exist; if we are going to be cocksuckers and take it up the ass, we shouldn't be afraid of looking a cock in the face. These books are admittedly plastic and unreal, but their shortcoming must be seen in their being sexless not in their being too explicit about sex organs or acts. They encourage us to use only our eyes, when we should be feeling with our hand, tongue, nose, lips, toes and ears; they make us voyeurs when we should be participants. Pornography and obscenity reveal more than we may want to see: they show how much our sex is

underlaid with guilt. Whether it be the picture or the "real thing," too much spice of looking is the feeling of sin and degradation found in doing something that inside feels wrong. We take cocks in subway men's rooms, back alleys, under trucks, and other fantastic places--but we would be "ashamed" to suck cock or be sucked in a sunny park with crowds around and watching--perhaps participating.

Our guilt ruins our pleasure. Our guilt abuses our love. We constantly are driven to search for some atonement for simple acts of love and kindness. Simply sharing our bodies makes us feel queer, outcast, unwanted; makes us despise ourselves, despise those like us and in the past has made us run after our oppressors for love, approval, support and justification. What must be eliminated is not our behaviour--it needs to be savored and multiplied--but our inside feeling of wrongness.

We must not belittle the interacts between mouth, cock, shit, piss, semen, tongue and all parts of our bodies. We must magnify these in order to get closer to ourselves and to one another, to expand our love, our gay love, to experience being with, being part of all the parts of ourselves, our bodies and others. Our love no straight man can define.