



A Cocksucking Seminar

Continued from last page.

What's another facet of his enjoying himself at the moment. It could have a lack of interest, but it could be he needs to fulfill a desire like a person's fit. If he didn't have a desire, he might look interested initially.

Joe: If I started that first, if he had a cigarette, do you think I would know how he was doing?
 Eric: I don't like the big size, but I'd have to rely on the fact that you know this org and that big around the necks his arms to illustrate.

Devil: Oh, I had a juicy one one time. It was fantastic. I wonder to god, this guy — OK, he was butch, too — he had nice tight loins; he must have been two and one half inches in diameter.
 Burr: I once had a small baseball bat.

David: ...and I sucked him. Oh, it was great.
 Nicolas: OK, creamy texture, come rolling out, come in...he wore a cock ring, too.
 [laughter] [explanation of a cock ring and its uses followed]

Question: Is orgasm an essential part of cocksucking? How much of the cock do you take in? How do you avoid gagging? Do you like the taste of come?

Joe: I think that everybody gags. That's nothing to worry about; it just happens. As for coming, I think that it's important to complete the thing. Maybe that's my business orientation — when I start a job I want to finish it. Just recently I had an experience with somebody that got very excited over me, and they came right away; they wanted to quit then. I got very upset about that. He wanted to call...he said "I'm done." That was a big turn off. I made him wait around until he got turned on again. I wanted to complete it.

Question: What about the taste of come?
 Joe: At first I didn't like come; I wouldn't taste it. Somebody talked me into it. I had a sore throat, and he said, "Take it; it's good for you." I think. He was right!

Question: How much do you want to take in?
 Joe: You don't have to take in the whole thing. The person sucking should do what he likes to do.

Steve: There are many coats where it's impossible.
 Eric: It makes things feel better.
 Joe: If he knows what he's doing...it depends on the cooperative feeling.

Burr: I rarely take all of a guy's cock in. Some men it's absolutely impossible. They enjoy it just as much. I still have problems gagging although not as much as before.

Joe: If you're really turned on by someone, and you don't think about gagging; you'd be surprised how easy it becomes.

What would you advise to the guy who's going to suck cock for the first time?

Eric: I'd say do it with someone who's not going to ram it down your throat, if you can choose. Take it easy; don't try to swallow it all at once. Let it go in very slowly.

David: My advice would be much the same. Take a little bit at a time at a comfortable rate for you. That will generally please the other person, too. It isn't too often that you come across a person who'll just ram it in.

Burr: One of the problems I had was that — yes, stimulating the guy was not what he enjoyed. I tried to do to another guy what I would enjoy myself both in fantasy and from experience in masturbating. I'd say beware that some people are very fearful. Try to build up a rapport with the person.

Eric: I don't think you should feel obliged to suck cock — to feel because you're gay you have to do that.

Chris: I don't know what advice I would give. I can remember my first time; I did everything wrong. I gagged; then I swallowed. I lost my erection. I just lay there limp the whole time. But the worst thing was the gagging. God...I choked and...the whole experience was very down. Then I started taking everything slowly putting more emphasis on hand movements and the total affair of love making, not just to take it to show that you're good. Everything slow and nice and easy. The first time I was really an eager beaver to try to prove myself because the person I was with said that you're not completely gay if you don't suck.

Eric: That's a lot of bull shit.
 Steve: Don't be too interested in the concept of "kisses". Try to enjoy what you're doing and relax. Don't be afraid of awkwardness in sexual relations; it's a thing of being at ease and getting to learn what you want to do rather than trying to fit into some standard.

How do you communicate with your partner when you do or do not enjoy a particular thing he is doing?

Joe: I like to continue with one thing for a long time. Some people like to stop and do something else. I stop them, and then I tell them.

Joe: I like to continue with one thing for a long time. Some people like to stop and do something else. I stop them, and then I tell them.

Steve: I've experienced that, too — when someone takes a little while to turn you on in a particular area, and just as you're really digging in, he goes to something else.

Eric: Yeah.
 Joe: You try to steer them back into it during the whole experience. Some people like to stop sucking, and then they'll go over your body again before they get back. I'll try to give them some indication that that's what I'd like. I'll hold their back. If not, I'll tell them. Sometimes I let a real cooperative thing. I'll just tell them to do what they want.

Eric: To be forthright without including them.
 Steve: Many times afterwards I'd like to myself that I should have said that while I was being sucked. There are things that I'd like to talk about — I might seem too demanding. Things would have been more enjoyable for both of us if I had said that earlier than just playing the scene.

Eric: Well, you're doing it; why not talk about it?
 Question: How do I feel if my partner does not swallow my come? Do I want to keep my cock in his mouth after I come?

Joe: I want him to swallow it, but if he doesn't it's OK. There is a way after you come or still keeping the stimulation that feels very good. I like it when they do that. It doubles the pleasure at the end.

Steve: I like a period of relaxation after I come — no stimulation for a little while.

Eric: I think it's very gratifying if they do swallow. They wouldn't feel bad if they don't. I don't always swallow it either. After I come I'd like to rest for the minutes before doing anything again. I don't like for someone to withdraw completely and go to sleep. I like a very mild type of love making after we both come.

Joe: Yeah, since it's very different from the hot part before.

David: I like for him to keep my cock in his mouth and twirl his tongue around at the rear of my penis rather than the head — for a little while, and then rest.

Eric: I never thought of that.
 Chris: I prefer that they swallow it but it's up to them. Usually I'm doing the pleasing and in this way I'm getting pleased. What pleases him pleases me.

"Dormitory Do" by Dan Battaglia

I'm gay and I dig it. I live in NYU dormitory, and I don't dig that but I try to make the best of it. Why I live here and why I don't move out, I won't go into now. I want, however, to relate some of the experiences of being openly gay in a dorm.

When I returned to NYU this September, I moved in with a gay brother that I had roomed with last year. We are in a two-room suite and for personal reasons (of which I'm not exactly sure) chose separate rooms. We then had two rooms each with one empty space and one openly gay person.

After about a week, a black male was the first to move in. He chose my room and decided that maybe it wouldn't be so bad rooming with a gay person. After all, his cousin's little brother is gay (I assume that would also make him his cousin), and some of them are "just as good as we are". In the meantime another straight male proceeded to move into the suite. My gay brother had completely sectioned off his half of the room by this time; and wisely in his roommates turned out to be a rather strange person as well as a "liberal" (I'll get to him later).

Little or no communication passed between me and my roommate. Finally, after about a week, he disappeared; I came in one evening and he had simply moved out. Naturally, housing sent us another prospect. This one was a real winner.

I came home about three in the afternoon one day to find someone had moved in. About 3:30 he made a brief appearance. He marched into the room and immediately shut off my stereo. He came over to me and asked me, if I lived here, I replied in the affirmative. Then he yelled (from my gay liberation poster, I presume), "are you gay?" I said "yes". He screamed "Fiiiiii" out of the room, and slammed the door. He returned 45 minutes later and while moving his things out mumbled something about theater majors. I explained that I was not a theater major but a politics major in hopes of getting rid of people like him. As it turned out, he was a theater major, but as he explained, he only deals in theater so he won't have to work with people like me.

The next day, I went down to the housing lady to tell her to please inform whomever she was going to send as that I was gay. I entered her office and

me. After he comes, if he does suck me off, then I like to coast...just coast downhill with some play afterward, nice gentle coasting.

Question: How do I like cocksucking in relation to other forms of sex? Do I like one big come or many comes? How long does it take for me to come compared to other forms of sex?

Joe: I like to get it; get highly aroused and last longer. I like to have sex all night — attempt as long as I can.

Question: What do I think about when I'm being sucked?
 David: Many times I think about sucking somebody else.

Joe: If it's an EDM thing, the whole fantasy takes. It's peak there while being sucked. You can just travel the whole thing. I experience music and many ways with very erotic music experiences.

Chris: I usually experience love scenes — something like tripping or a fantasy, dream, etc.

Joe: Many times it's good to suck off his cock. It's like you're taking control. I think of them as part of me. It's all out and sometimes, with all of this added on, it becomes really great.

Eric: I tell the same way. If I think of anything, it's what the person looks like.
 Jim: I think about the enjoyable feeling I get from it, what's happening.

Question: What are some of the problems of GG? How can GG be satisfying to both partners?

David: Sixty-nine is my favorite position. It's a mutual sex where you're both doing the same thing to each other. I can really enjoy having my feet enveloped by his legs, and I really feel part of him. It's pretty hard, though, to come at the same time.

Eric: I don't like it particularly. You don't really have to have orgasms doing GG. You can both have it some other way. It's too difficult to manage.

Chris: It's too much to handle, I'm not successful at all with it.

Joe: I don't like to suck unless it's doing GG cause there's more to it; there's a lot more fun, it's very difficult to come at the same time.

Steve: I don't think it is. Generally in a sea there's some visible sign of pleasure like turn you on. Two people who really relish each other and are outwardly demonstrative of their pleasure should have little trouble climaxing together. Feeding at ease is very important. If there's any learning involved, it's learning to feel at ease.

Eric: It might be easier if you know the person very well. It takes practice.

started to explain to the woman when she interrupted me. "Why," she wanted to know, "why do you have to tell people you're gay? If you were a Communist would you have to put up a huge poster of Lenin and tell people that you light a candle in his memory every night?" I tried to explain things but ended up leaving after she expressed a few more of her original thoughts. My room was declared unoccupiable and was left with its empty space for several weeks.

While I enjoyed my empty space, my gay brother quietly freaked with his roommate — actually, we both freaked. He often comes out with statements like "You're lucky that I accept you," or "Geez what! I just told a gay person how to get to Christopher Street."

"How did you know he was gay?"
 "From his high pitched voice; I naturally assume."
 I was pleased not to be the one rooming with him. I had my empty space. I had put the beds together and rearranged the furniture. I had purchased a monkey and built it a large cage. I was happy. This, however, soon came to an end.

This housing lady informed me (after having the room to myself for some weeks) that someone was moving in and that it would work out all right because he was ready to move in with gorilla. I told her that she was close as I now had a monkey. She freaked and started muttering that she must be a witch. I was in full agreement.

The day arrived and he moved in. It's now just five — about 11:30 each night he announces that he is going to bed and asks my guests, if I happen to have any, to please leave. This habit, however, may be cured because I plan to "liberate" him. The next time he makes an announcement I plan to start having sex with my guests (or guests).

I may be in a small room with a huge monkey cage stuck in the middle of it. I may have an out-to-bed straight roommate. I may never be able to get into the bathroom. But, things could be worse?



Gay Liberation seems to be in vogue among the chic intelligentsia this year. The SWP has its Kipp Dawson and the New York Times has its Merle Miller. One particular new left magazine which one month ago was peddling Hoover Sticks posters for \$2 now features the startling revelation that gay people are human. To some of us who have spent years in consciousness raising this amazing stuff is a sight to behold! Think of all those many months we've wasted getting our heads together when we should have been reading the New York Times and the Militant!

Thoughts on the Movement:

The year of the queer

a piss-poor third at their own game. Heterosexual impotence in one form or another is becoming commonplace among white radical groups. Their support for the black macho groups rises out of envy for cock power, the power they once held. This should serve as a good lesson to all third

movements: the gay liberation movement, the women's liberation movement, and the third world liberation movements. Working together we can create a force that will shake sexist and racist America to its foundation. The time may not be completely ripe..... but it is imminent.

by Steve Gavin

Collectivity and

Consciousness Raising

Look at the people our Liberators have chosen to represent us. It's as if they were afraid of the growing militance in the gay liberation movement; as if by using these monopoly of the mass media and by choosing "appropriate" representatives of the gay movement, they could mitigate the sting. The extent some people go to hide their own sexism!

Increasingly, also, we can tell who are those among us who had the lowest consciousness-the straight identified homosexuals who compete with each other for access to the pig media. Those who are desperately trying to show their straight friends that sexism and gay liberation can be compatible.

We in the gay liberation movement are unimpressed with the phony sweet talk of sexist America. All the media in the world cannot erase the products of a gay consciousness. It remains for straight America to face the mirror. Sooner or later all straights will face their sexism. It is written in the stars.

male chauvinism

in the liberation movement

We see many white radicals these days enrolling the virtues of various macho type of third world liberation movements. We are led, at first, to believe that the consciousness of the white left has finally been released to the dehumanizing effects of racism. Yet, these same white straight radicals omit the techniques of black consciousness-raising from their ecology script. It is as if they reluctantly concede blacks for seeking a black identity. Their guilt feelings and "bad cut pussy" prevent them from embracing such racist terms as "segregation in reverse."

But there is also one other overriding factor that enters white radicals in the defense of black male chauvinism: the gay liberation and women's liberation movement. While paying lip service to women's liberation, straight men become strong supporters of the most sexist communities of the third world liberation movements. They secretly applaud the vile machos of Linnie, British Cleaver. It is as if with one face they are expressing sympathy with women's oppression and with the other one they are desperately trying to preserve their sexist status by encouraging vicious insults to the woman they purport to adore. To straight men, "Love" means domination; the fairytale in which they live serves but to hide them from the naked truth - there can be no love with sexism.

Yet there appears to be little method to their madness. These phony radical mouths don't even ran

world male chauvinists. Let them take a good look at white male radicals. From them they can learn what they could be like in the future. The roads of sexual imperialism lead to dead ends such as these....

on joint action

Superstars exist in all movements. They create their celestial thrones in the name of a people whose liberation they purport to be working for. Actually, they displace themselves from the people they are supposed to be helping, define the people's oppression for them, and finally expect the people to follow the path they have laid. In order for you to be liberated you must come and worship us, they seem to be saying. It is not surprising to find that the paths that they create lead not to liberation but to the celestial throne they had created for themselves. Superstars use the power game to compensate for a low consciousness. Underneath their elegant rhetoric lies a tacit acceptance of the dehumanizing precepts of the enemies of their people.

We are all superstars in one way or another. As our consciousness develops we begin to see our errors of the past. Being open to self criticism puts us one step further on the road to liberation.

Recent events in the black movement seem very encouraging. Many people in that movement seem to be reassessing the road they have been traveling. Instead of working for black people, many blacks in the movement are trying to work with black people. This is a very important development. It's a development we in the gay movement should note carefully.

By putting ourselves in little group events apart from the gay community, we are only helping sexists drive a wedge between us and the gay community. Those of us who say that unliberated homosexuals are the movement's worst enemy are only playing the oppressor's game. By this statement we only demonstrate that we do not fully understand the roots of gay oppression.

Racism and sexism have a common element: dehumanization. The oppressor tries to convince his victims they're inhuman by their very existence. He creates a society whose very foundations incorporate this dehumanization and then compass his victims to function in his diabolical creation. The development of our consciousness as gay people has a definite parallel with the development of the consciousness of third world people.

It remains for all of us to develop a joint consciousness, to be able to transcend our own oppression to reach a common ground with our sisters and brothers in all true liberation

Consciousness raising is very helpful to all gay people. It is essential for every gay person to go through consciousness raising. Up to now the group techniques of consciousness raising have been effectively used by gay people to reevaluate their status in sexist society. But consciousness raising also has some drawbacks which should be kept in mind.

Many C-R groups tend to be very selective of the people they accept, and even those that are not, find that their group tends to stabilize in a way that "minimizes conflicts". In this latter case it is easy for the remaining members to rationalize that the drop-outs were those who did not want to face the political implications of their private lives. In some cases what has actually happened is that a basic segment of the original group with a common prejudice has discouraged the admission of people whose viewpoints would confront that prejudice. C-R groups can degenerate into philosophical enclaves whose members consciously reassure each other that their hangups represent gay liberation. This development is the antithesis of consciousness raising.

In its early stages C-R gives each person insight into her personal problems; this insight helps resolve them. In its later stages C-R enables gay people to transcend their own hangups to develop an awareness which encompasses the whole gay movement. This is why it is important to remain in consciousness raising. Destructive elements of the movement use C-R only to overcome their personal hangups. Once they've overcome their difficulties, they are capable of imitating the power trips of their straight counterparts.

Witness what happened to the early gay community center. While the collectives who ran the center were "gay and proud", individual members plastered their straight identified heroes on the walls. They were too preoccupied with the rhetoric of the sexist left to appreciate the implications of a gay life style. Some boasted of the selectivity of their C-R groups - how all the members were of the proper perspective: all marxist revolutionaries, anti-sexist females, intellectuals, or other closet types.

Relating within a macro-structure is an essential part of the gay liberation movement. The exigencies of the movement are dictated not only by our own consciousness but also by the oppressors who are constantly fighting the movement that endangers their sexist privileges. Isolation facilitates destructive dissension, and dissension is an ally of those who wish to destroy the movement. The future of the movement lies in the collective consciousness of the gay community not in the back yard furnaces of splinter groups.



This past year I spent several weeks in Paris, and during that time I had a small affair with a guy called Jean, of whom I recently received a letter which inspired this article. To understand my feelings about this letter I have to go back to the beginning of this relationship and to all that happened during it.

I met Jean in a small Left Bank bar without windows, called Les Nages (the clouds). It was an ordinary bar meeting except for the language, having never before carried on a relationship in another language. Jean was thirty-one and what would be described here as a typical New York East-side type, having a good job, apartment, and car. He worked for an American corporation, and as I found out the next day also spoke fluent English. As I learned to know him that night and the following ones, I felt for him and pitied him as an oppressed brother in a horribly sexist country. Sex with him proved this more to me because he would only think of having it in a simulated heterosexual missionary type position. The guilt

was so strong; without exaggeration it would take hours for him to come; and by that time I was, to be frank, extremely bored. The idea of anal intercourse, or "vulvaion" in his words, was shocking and wrong and evil of him to even think of. Being a fervent GLPer I tried to help him, to teach him with the radical gay spiel, but all he would do was agree and then say it wasn't any good because he can't fight straight society, and I'd be back where I started from.

One weekend I went to visit some friends, and when I came back I naturally called him up. I had no money at this time, and I would wander around the parks during the day waiting for night and for him to take me to dinner, bring me, and finally sleep, only in the morning he would be bright and early so the concierge wouldn't see me leave.

One Sunday he took me to Versailles and told me that this must end because he was getting married; he told me he had never had sex with a woman and wasn't able to but was getting married and giving up homosexuality because that was the right thing to do. Now, besides oppressing himself he'd also be oppressing a woman. No amount of talking reached him, and the following day I left when my money arrived. We had coffee in a small cafe before I left and he told me how he would now lead a heterosexual life. I fell so sad for him that I ended in the station while waiting for the



A few weeks ago I wrote him another letter about gay politics in New York, *Come Out!* and about a gay group in Paris. Last week I received an answer from him:

Dear Warren,
Many thanks for your letter. I am glad to know that you came back easily to New York and got a job.

As I hoped last summer to succeed in, I have completely broken with my homo inclination and begun a new life, even if I am not yet married.
So I ask you - because I am no longer interested in it, not to send me any of your paper. It is not the quality of such publications which is in question but only my new life, my new tastes.
I'll probably leave Paris within one month to have a new job in Provence.

I think that our life will deeply diverge now. Nevertheless keep sure that I wish you to succeed as completely as possible in your way.

Adieu,
Jean

I almost cried when I read to see what straight society has done to my people, not only in America but throughout the world. I can only answer this with hate to show for the cruelty and persecution done to my sisters and brothers, whether in New York, Paris, or Havana.

Wow I'd really be uptight if my family sees this.

Wow I'll really be uptight if my family sees this

Daughter no. 1 was for Daddy. Mommy had always been

her daddy's daughter, so why should she expect it to be any different this time around? She waited her turn. Daughter no. 2 could be hers. She would call her Emily Rubin, after her own fiery and stubborn maternal grandmother.

Daughter no. 2 was born two and a half years later. "We were so worried you would be a boy, that we'd have to love you anyway of course, but we wanted a girl so much. The sister that I never had." What wasn't mentioned was that Daddy's two brothers had been taken from him, one by death in adolescence, the other, mentally retarded, left as a responsibility but never as a companion. I kind of knew that Daddy had wished for a real live brother. It never occurred to me that he had missed having a sister.

Mommy's brothers had treated her bad, I guess brothers don't want sisters. So there I was born to be Julia's sister. And Mommy's.

I dig Mommy. We talk about a lot of things. I really like being with her. We've always done stuff together. And shared our reactions to those experiences. I'd still rather talk to her about some things than to anyone else. With anyone else it would take so long to come to any kind of shared language. "We talk in shorthand," she tells her friends or relatives who overhear and can't understand. We have a lot of private conversations in public. Some we have inside, like she wants me to dress up better, but I've always felt less entangled than daughter no. 1 with Daddy. I said to myself at age fourteen, "Daddy sure fucked up Julie, he aint gettin' a chance to come near I'm more able to know exactly what's hurting and I believe in my right to have my own values.

Like today we were talking and she wet her pinkies and smoothed my eyebrows. She's been doing this all my life. She picked it up from her mother, who's been doing it all my life. I've hated it all my life. I have my father's eyebrows. They're the bushiest eyebrows I've ever seen on a woman. They grow completely together over my nose. When I was in junior school, I used to tweeze away the center part and also all stray hairs underneath. To keep them in order I had to tweeze them every night. They're so full and scattered. Actually, Julie tweezed them for me the first time. She asked Mommy's permission first. "Yes, but only the center, not underneath." Julie has always liked Grandma smoothing her eyebrows. She digs it as expression of affection.

So today I got angry when Mommy went at my eyebrows. She pulled back before I could explain, with "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know you didn't like it." I kept wanting to explain to explain why it made me so angry, how it's telling me that I should be the way I am. But she didn't want to hear it. She kept saying "I've said I'm sorry, you don't have to get angry. I agree that you should have the right not to be touched."

But she also kept saying that she had a right to her feeling of wanting me to look a certain way, but that she'd not impose it on me physically.

As if that physical grooming could be half as powerful as her silent longing for me to be more feminine. The whole rest of the time we were together she had her arm around me. Because she wanted to be with me. I wanted to be with her too. More than I wanted to be with my sister, who was there too.

Who I don't get so much from when we talk. I always feel worn out from talking to my sister, I always end up being there for her, which sometimes makes me feel good, but I can't remember a time when she helped me with insight into my needs. Of course she was never encouraged to. I was conceived as her sister, not vice versa. Mommy does help me with insight into my needs.

There's only one subject that Mommy and I can't talk about. Me being a lesbian is taboo.

She began to suspect when I cut my hair off. From her comments, I thought she knew, I was really surprised when she acted so shocked when I finally stopped hedging and answered yes to one of her questions. She assumed it was only in my imagination, and that I was only doing what was fashionable at the time. That was a familiar accusation, doing something because my friends were. Funny, how the accusation never helped me get any closer to knowing what I really wanted, only farther away.

I answered her question that yes I do make love with women. And asked her if she ever had. She said she didn't want to answer that one on the phone, she wanted to talk to me in person. For months after, then we avoided making a date to talk. We'd see each other with the rest of the family, or go to dance concerts together (we've always done that) but stay away from talking about it. Finally she pressed me, we made a date for dinner. Instead, I was really thankful for her, how hard it is for her with my father sick. And other stuff too.

Then she came up to my apartment, we finally outed with it. My homosexuality, and hers. Me, proud, and basically disappointed by her reactions, because I've heard them all before, thought every one of them through, and rejected each.

She despairs that I'm gay. Despair is her words. And feels guilty that it's her "fault". Whereas I feel thankful that I'm gay and that she let me be open to a woman, her. She begged me not to tell my father, and I haven't yet.

When my sister mentions a man's name, my parents tune in expecting to share her joy. When I mention a woman's name, my mother freaks. As if every one of them was my lover. I wish that were more true than it is.

What I'm reminded of in our relationship is the classic dyke and straight lady couple, where the straight lady insists that she's not a lesbian, they just make love. Implying that a lesbian is an awful thing to be. And the lesbian stays because she likes the affection and sex, she's getting and she tries not to think about what she isn't getting.

Her homosexuality: "I've been there and I was lucky enough to escape."

She had a lover at age thirteen, and she says both of them were relieved when the girl's family moved away, thankful for help in ending something they weren't able to end for themselves. Later, "growing her sexuality," she joined a predominantly gay theatre group, but never had sex with another woman.

She said she talked to other women in the group who were also there in order to experiment with what they were. Wow, I can just see them all wanting to be noticed, but not getting it together to desire and make love to each other.

Too much. Torture. I know the place, I've been there. During World War II, she joined the army. "to drive a truck." I've always heard her say. They never let her. It is she conscious of all the gay constantly stereotypes she was acting out. Does she know I'm using it. I doubt it, she both wants it known and wants it hidden.

While she was in the army she and my father became lovers and got married. In her parents' house, by a judge not a rabbi, very rushed-on-love, in her dress uniform. Has there ever been a more butcher bridal gown.

Emily Rubin Weiner

