

writer that the ideas found in section 5-8 are more essential to S-M than usually realized by non S-M people, without denying that the pure "giving and receiving of pain" or "S-M" in the strict sense of the word, also frequently occurs.

9. One final clarification: there are "pure M's," "pure S's," and those who can switch from one role to another depending on mood and/or partner. Don't let anyone, even if he claims to have "some knowledge," insist EITHER that you must be all one or the other, OR that everyone is always both!

CRITICISMS OF S-M AND REPLIES

1. "This stuff turns me off; it positively disgusts me!" Reply: Not only do most heterosexuals say this of homosexuality in general, (and sometimes vice versa,) but a male Gay might say this of female homosexuality (and vice versa.) I imagine that we of the more radical wing in the Gay Liberation Movement would say (paraphrasing Voltaire's remark to Rousseau:) "I am disgusted by what you do in bed but I will defend to the death your right to do it." 2. "These S-M people are sick." Reply: We know that the word "sick" is merely the pseudo-scientific version of the ancient theological terms "sinful, hateful to God," and the resulting societal term "illegal." "Homosexuals are sick," "transvestites are sick" -- we've heard enough of this garbage! Just as Gay people have a wonderful time being Gay, so S-M's have a wonderful time doing their thing, and enjoyment of any kind cannot be "sick."

3. "S-M is an imitation of heterosexual role-playing." First reply: The only thing in Gay male sexual relations that directly imitates heterosexuality (as far as it can without the presence of a vagina,) is anal intercourse; since this is almost never done mutually at the same moment (as oral sex could be, in the case of "69") there's always someone who is inserting his penis in someone else's hole, in "direct imitation" (it could be said) of heterosexual role-playing. But S-M does not ADD anything to this: apart from the fact that there might also be anal intercourse, everything else (bondage, discipline, etc.) is very different from the ordinary heterosexual relationship. The most that could be said is that "Gay S-M imitates straight S-M" -- although in actuality a lot of heterosexual S-M's would be glad to imitate the much freer life-styles of the Gay S-M's. Second reply: Even assuming that some kind of imitating is going on, since when is imitation automatically bad? Are we Gays to start eating only foods that heterosexuals do not eat, wear clothing

that must avoid being the same as heterosexuals, deny ourselves experiencing any music, art, movies, etc. that heterosexuals enjoy? And even as to "role-playing:" in the "tentative notes for a political platform for Gay Liberation" that G.L.F. put together in the summer of 1970 (and on which I was privileged to have worked together with the others involved,) it says: "Roles should be explored as to determine whether they lead to the inhibiting of the person or to forming of new life-styles." In other words, roles are not AUTOMATICALLY bad, even for the radical wing of Gay Liberation; they must be evaluated by each person for himself and herself in terms of his total consciousness. What the radical Gay movement should desire is total individual freedom, which means the freedom to reject roles or to choose them if one wishes.

S M

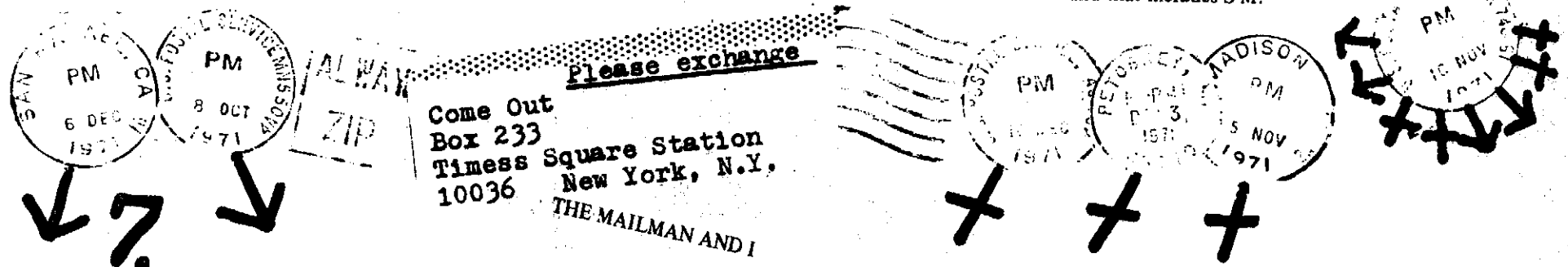
4. "S-M perpetuates violence, and the exploitation-oppression characteristic of imperialist cultures" (I regard this as the strongest criticism). First reply: When we say: "two gay S-M males met each other", we are speaking of the same kind of usually chance meeting that any two gay males may have on the streets, in the parks, in bars, at parties, clubs (incl. G.L.F., G.A.A.), etc.; in other words, two fellows strike up a conversation, get a general understanding of each other's desires, and voluntarily agree to have a try at a relationship. Neither one is forced into it. In fact (what is well-known among gay S-M's themselves but not generally known among non-S-M gays or straights), there is a much greater tendency for S-M's to make a kind of "verbal contract" beforehand as to what will actually take place between them, sometimes down to the smallest details. Both parties want a "groovy scene"; neither wants "problems". The rare exceptions where you hear of a so-called "S" beating up an unwilling "M" are no more frequent than the rare cases in which it is said "homosexuals molest little children"; these are closet cases, and the freer S-M becomes, the more accepted it becomes by our fellow-gays, the fewer such closet cases will be! S-M relationships therefore are voluntary and if a person voluntarily agrees say, to crawl on the floor as a slave, if he really digs doing this, how can we say he is "being oppressed, exploited"?

On the contrary, to prevent him from crawling on the floor at such a moment (under the misguided assumption of some theory alien to his consciousness) would be really to oppress him! Second reply: This writer is firmly united with the radical gay movement in condemning

all destructive violence against, and involuntary exploitation or oppression of any individual, cultural-ethnic group, or sexual type. But this kind of violence and oppression has been with us since the beginning of history, and may, at least in part, represent deep-seated human needs to be submissive as well as dominant. (I do not mean that the majority of people who are oppressed "want to be"! I only mean that there are enough subconscious, un-self-aware and confused S-M motivations in enough people to contribute to the perpetuation of the

crimes against humanity.) Now a theatrical representation of violence, such as a boxing match, is not going to increase real violence in the world, but if anything will tend to decrease it by providing a harmless, controlled outlet; and the more such symbolic representations exist, the more whatever S-M drives we may have (1) become raised from the subconsciousness to the conscious level where we can deal with them, and (2) are satisfied by being expressed in some way within us, purged out of us (Aristotle's theory). How much more so in the case of an actual S-M relationship between consenting people: by performing a ritual of dominance and submission, that is as ideally suited to their mutual needs as they can arrange, they not only more precisely satisfy these needs, but they also achieve an understanding of the difference between such a voluntary and ideal relationship, and the confused mess of involuntary oppression-garbage that we see around us. Such clear-cut S-M relationships therefore tend to prevent exploitation and oppression of imperialistic cultures." 5. "But won't the revolution do away with the need for even this much acting-out of S-M drives?" Reply: Only one or two generations after that "mental and social revolution that will insure total personal freedom for all" could anyone be uninfluenced enough by past history to create a purely free pattern of life for himself. We, who are still very much involved in the struggle towards that goal, are too hampered by current conditions to be able to predict and describe just what "post-revolutionary freedom" will look like. Maybe, as some radical gays say, they'll all be unattached, roleless bisexuals in those days, but it would be rash to insist on this from where we're standing now. Let us start the revolution going by granting total personal freedom right now, and in the forms that people desire right now! Let us grant freedom to all whether we would choose them for ourselves or not, and that includes S-M!

AND THE "REVOLUTION"



One day, with the joke-swapping routine established, Pete suddenly said, smiling and looking directly at my crotch, "Looks like you have a boner there."

"I guess I do," I said, somewhat embarrassed. Then Pete reached over with his hand and squeezed my cock.

It felt good, and I didn't object.

"What about you? Do you have a boner?" I asked.

Pete glanced knowingly at his own bulge. I reached over and squeezed his cock, rejoicing in the rush of pleasure I experienced.

After that, we spent the 10 minutes riding daily in the mailtruck with our hands caressing each other's crotches, always to the accompaniment of heterosexual dirty jokes.

Towards the end of spring, Pete said, "how'd you like to go to the drive-in with me?" "OK," I said. Drive-ins being synonymous with sex, I anticipated that Pete and I would go beyond our usual crotch caresses. I was a little surprised when Pete said, "I'll pick you up at your house." Well, if he thought that it appeared innocent, then I was willing to go along. I told my parents that I was going to the drive-in movie with Pete, and they showed no negative reaction or even curiosity.

The weekend came, and so did Pete in his pick-up truck, and off we went to the theatre. I don't remember what was playing. From the moment we parked the truck, if not before, we placed our hands on each other's throbbing cocks, massaging, caressing, trying only vaguely to watch the screen. I became nervous as several schoolmates drove by or walked by in the semi-darkness. Surely they will suspect, I thought. I was scared, and also I was

frustrated, so I said to Pete, "let's go somewhere else."

He started the engine and we drove out of the drive-in and down some back roads, parking at the edge of a quiet cornfield. Pete took his pants down, and I did the same. We still sat in the cabin of the pick-up, our hands now caressing the bare skin of the cocks we had previously known only behind the cloth of our pants.

I had no idea what was supposed to happen. We had never had an orgasm together, though I knew what orgasm was (from jerking off and from my other sex games with my schoolchums). I slid along the seat and tried to press my cock against Pete's hip and thighs. He suddenly turned his back to me, lifted up his ass, and urged: "Go ahead!" I did not know what I was supposed to do, or maybe I did, but in any case I felt a flash of fear and I slid back toward my door. Now I held my own cock, and in seconds, without warning, I felt my whole body tremble with climax and spurts of semen fell on the seat and on my legs.

Pete had opened the door near the driver's seat and now he stood up and quickly jerked himself off, spilling his semen on the ground. I can remember some sense of disappointment that I never really got to see him come.

Fear struck hard and fast, a furious fear unlike anything I had experienced before, though I did come to know it again in the future. I do now know exactly what I was afraid of -- the full weight of this sexist society is what I would probably call it now -- but I knew I was very afraid.

"Take me home," I said to Pete. He did. We rode in absolute silence.

I did not speak to Pete again for more than two years. I was determined to not even set eyes on him. I would not go to the post office if I saw his truck there. I made other arrangements to get home after term practice sessions.

Of course I told no one what had happened, and no one was aware of the intimate relationship between me and Pete. Except for Pete, of course. I still wonder what he was thinking. If I was scared (and oppressed) what about him? If word got out, he would have been the "dirty old man," the "pervert," the "child molester." If I decided then to make a youthful confession, I would have suffered some, but what about Pete? What about his job, his family, the small town life? Or did he somehow sense that fooling around with with me represented no danger to himself?

Two years or so after the drive-in movie incident, when I was home from college, I decided I was ready for an encounter with Pete. I saw him at the post office, and our meeting was as cold and brief as I had planned it.

"How're you doing?" Pete asked. "OK," I said. "do you still horse around?" Pete asked. I knew what he meant and I answered, truthfully but with aloofness, "Oh, now and then."

I know some people who have very negative feelings about any sexual encounters they had with older people when they were very young. I feel none of this, only a strange nostalgia about my relationship with Pete and a lingering curiosity about this man.

Contin. on page 14.

The Radical Radish Adventure - A Continuing Saga

by E. Bedoz

Part 1 - One year ago

Knit! Puriz

DYKES of the world unite! Pick up! the gun!

SOAP

Zzzzzzz (snore)

Dance Art MUSIC LIFE

Monogamy is low consciousness

A loving community of women. That's where new hip consciousness is at!

And we'll always be around to meet each others needs

FEAR OUT DYKES

?

You're quite a woman

Lets be together always.

Ohaaa

Part 2 - At this time

① The sound of knitting needles is heard from behind a locked door.

DO NOT DISTURB

FUCK

I'm not into knitting needles

②

HOPE

NECESSARY UNITED DYKES PEACE UNIAN

③

TO THE COUNTRY

④

Life Music Art DANCE

I never go anywhere without my lover.

I need to be alone

Anyone hates me

⑤

cellbaw is high consciousness

I've got 3 new lovers since that groovy gay bar opened.

⑥

KEEyah

⑦

niacin, raw cashew, and eye of bat is a good cure for anxiety.

⑧

Rootabone McDyke says We're all growing & changing

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