

Jacques de BRETHMAS

TRAITÉ  
DE  
CHASSE AU MINET

Les Editions du

P

ERCHOIR

**P**

TRAITÉ DE CHASSE AU MINET



Tantôt drôle, tantôt émouvant, toujours sensible et délicat, le **TRAITE DE CHASSE AU MINET** est une première oeuvre qui témoigne d'un talent prometteur.

Le sujet est d'une brûlante actualité : les rapports enfants-adultes.

L'auteur nous conduit au hasard de ses rencontres vers une nouvelle synthèse du problème où affection, érotisme, tendresse perdent leur identité pour se fondre en un étonnant concept d'amitié et d'amour.

En donnant la parole à ceux que d'aucuns appellent déjà ses victimes, en évitant l'aspect scientifique, en bannissant les mots en isme, en laissant s'exprimer les coeurs, Jacques de Brethmas restitue aux rapports jeunes-adultes leur authentique sérénité.

Il ne balaie pas les tabous, il les périme. Il ne s'attaque pas aux interdits, il les dénuie de tout fondement. Il ne fait pas l'apologie du sexe, il le dédramatise, tout simplement.

Son livre est une grande bouffée de fraîcheur sur un sujet-clé de l'actualité.

Jacques de Brethmas prépare un roman, **LES MILLE CHEMINS**, à paraître en septembre chez le même éditeur.



Jacques de BRETHMAS

# **HUNTING BOYS**

A treatise

Les Editions du **P**erchoir



# HUNTING BOYS

A Treatise

FROM THE SAME AUTHOR

soon to be published

LES MILLES CHEMINS, Novel  
DETOURNEMENT DE MAJEUR, Essai

LES EDITIONS DU PERCHOIR  
4 rue Marc Seguin – 75018 PARIS

Copyright © 1979 by Jacques PONGY



Jacques de BRETHMAS

# **HUNTING BOYS**

**A treatise**

Les Editions du **P**ERCHOIR

ISBN 2-903079-01-3

## NOTES

- This translation is based on the 1979 first edition of *Treatise*. The modifications made by Jacques de Brethmas in the 2014 for the Kindle version of this text (still available on Amazon) appear in italics.
- The original French title is : *Traité de chasse au minet* (*Litt. A treatise on hunting cute adolescent boys*).
- A « minet » is a term given in the 70's to refer to young, beautiful, effeminate but not necessarily gay teen boys - in other words, a cutie or a twink.
- The original 1979 *Treatise* is not divided into chapters.

For Christophe



I retrace step by step the road of our lives  
Thinking only of you, O my beloved child.  
Each mountain, each stone reminds me without ceasing  
That you lived here, O my dream child.

It was on this rock, in front of the complicit sea,  
That your lips finally offered me their delights.  
That day, the sun, with its golden rays,  
Gently caressed your naked charms.

I was caught in your clutches. I made of my love  
A great carpet of roses unrolled under your steps.  
You were all mine. I wanted this day,

The most beautiful of our lives, would not end.  
I wanted to take you to that far away land  
That those who have no friends will never see.

*J.P.\**

*\* JdB in the Kindle version*



The game room is full of weird guys playing on pinball machines. No women. There are never any women in the arcade, go figure. All the blokes stomping and stamping their feet have one thing in common, in spite of their different appearances: they're lost.

Nobody wants them. So they come here, to maintain this frightening dialogue with the machine. A machine is useful: it never says no, never sends you packing, you put a hundred francs in and it talks. It talks to you, to you, dickhead, you on whose passage everyone looks the other way; to you, dickhead, you that even the twenty-franc whore of the Rue des Martyrs doesn't want.

The little guy is hanging around, like me, from pinball machine to pinball machine, ostensibly looking at the games and, secretly, at the players. I go around, in the opposite direction, so as to find myself face to face with him.

- Do you often come here?
- Yeah, and you?
- Yes, I do. I always meet a lot of funny people here.
- Do you have a motorcycle?

Smart guy. I have my helmet under my arm.

- Will you take me for a ride? We can go to your place if you want.

At least, this one isn't stuck. As soon as he arrives, he throws his clothes on the armchair. *He hasn't even checked why I have accepted his proposal. Whether they want to or not, boys understand at first sight. He was sure.* He is proud to show himself. *You can feel that he takes pleasure in feeling my gaze on his nakedness.* He makes his body shimmer in the

sun in front of the window. He is neither beautiful nor ugly, he is just like the other thousand boys like him. He is sixteen years old, has very little hair but a huge cock, absolutely huge for somebody of his age. He knocks me over on the bed. No question of money with him. He proclaims it with some arrogance in his voice. He makes love because it gives him pleasure. You can feel that he is enjoying it. I find the nickname he still has today: "the bed breaker".

His name is Ali, but he is not an Arab. His parents are. He is, moreover, a racist devil. Born in Aubervilliers, and proud of it. Moorish, certainly, he has their appearance, their stocky body, their curly hair, their mat complexion. But everything in the way he behaves is European: the language, the accent, the culture. He belongs to what is conveniently called "the first generation". He denies his roots, hates wogs. Monkeys in clothes, that's what they are. And let's not talk about the negroes: they should be kept on a leash.

Ali is kind and affectionate. He takes the house chores to heart, sets the table, serves, carefully lines the cutlery up in the dishwasher, knowingly switches it on, listens to the murmur of the machine from askance, the way a painter would look at what he has just painted. He has a role to play, and he plays it seriously.

He is the son of a rich family. His shoes are well polished, his pants impeccably creased and his tan jacket sparkles with Baranne. His hair are light blond and bright. He stops in front of all the sex shops, and his eyes sweep what's inside: he is much too young to enter. He systematically visits each and every porno theaters halls. No photo escapes his sagacity. I approach him. His chin and his throat shimmer with a subtle down, the color of the sun. He is sumptuous. Young



boys like that really make my days. The chicks in the film are spreading their pussies in the window.

- Those porn movies... They all look the same, I say.

You rarely get an answer on the first try, but you mustn't get discouraged. I stand in his way.

- Do you often walk around here?

- No, never, this is the first time.

It's always the first time. The ice is broken, and so is the intimacy:

- What's your name?

- Pascal.

- My name is Jacques. So, you've never been here before? You'll see, it's great, you meet a lot of fun people. Do you like meeting people?

- It depends...

It always depends. Don't panic, he is hooked. I ostentatiously place my helmet under my other arm.

- Do you have a motorcycle?

One to zero. Let's go through the formalities now.

- Come on, let's go for a ride.

It's not a suggestion, not even a question. It's a diktat.

- Where do you want to go?

- I dunno.

The bike slides into the bus lane. He has proudly donned the passenger helmet. His slender legs are wrapped around the white plastic bags. As I accelerate sharply, he is forced to hold my waist tightly. The touch of his hands is delicious. Nothing is more convenient than those bus lanes. It's a pity so many buses use them, but despite this inconvenience, we gain some precious time. We are very quickly on the ring road. The bike goes up to one hundred and twenty kilometers per hour. He holds me energetically in his arms, glued to my back. I can feel his thighs pressing on my buttocks.

- You alright? I shout against the wind.

- I'm great.

I take a ramp and leave the highway. The bike slows down, the wind stops being aggressive, the sliding sound of the wheels becomes muffled.

- Here, we're close to my place, let's go for a drink, OK?

Pure coincidence, of course. *Phase one completed. Phase two can begin.* He who does not say word consents. We throw ourselves in the ramp leading to the car park and dive into the basements. The sound of the exhaust pipes reverberates on the concrete. I have a hard-on and we are not in the elevator yet. He is a little uncomfortable and it shows; he is hiding in a corner of the cabin. I look at him right in the eyes, forcing him to smile and smiling back at him: it's relaxing.

- Whisky, beer, Coke or Orangina?

- Coke.

He is interested in the high fidelity system. He chooses a Pink Floyd record. The bass makes his guts tremble. I take out a doily and some nice glasses. He is impressed by the setting, he feels like a king, it will be easy.

- How old are you?

- Fourteen and a half.

*Phew! The risks you take when you flirt...* I'm surprised, I thought he was sixteen. Youth is not as it used to be, my grandfather always said. *Let's go with it.* I opt for the direct method. At this age, it always works.

- Fourteen years old... Those are great memories for me... I had a lot of fun when I was fourteen... I had just grown hair, *I was so proud of it, I showed it to everyone!* Do you have hair?

I put emphasis on my question by looking at where his hair should be.

- Of course I do, come on!

His answer is bold, but you can see the concern in his eyes. In the blink of an eye, his fears have become certainties. He is torn between fear and envy. *Avoid fear, flatter envy, strike while the iron is hot.*

- How many do you have?

- Quite a lot...

- Let me see?

- Oh, well...

The very moment. I gently grab his belt and unbuckle it. His gesture to prevent me from doing so aborts in front of the obviousness of the moment. Like a curtain in a theater, his fly opens on a nice red underwear, an underwear barely containing something very hard.

- You are disgusting! he says, while raising his ass to let me remove his belt.

In only one gesture, I take his shoes off. Underpants and pants fly on the armchair. He is disarmed, like a small animal ready to fight back. Red as a peony, he buries his hands under his buttocks, undoubtedly to make himself believe that he won't be obliged to hide his weenie which is rising towards the ceiling. *In any case, even though he is six months short of being in compliance with the Judeo-Christian law enforced all over Europe except France, he has been drastically well endowed by nature! How can we deny him the use of such a big tool? He is almost an adult in that matter! How can you believe that, with such a tool in your underwear, you can think about anything else!*

His lips are trembling, he is moved, disturbed. I understand him. Obviously, it is a first time for him. He must not be shocked. He would be traumatized, and remain so perhaps all his life. The first time must be the right time. I smile gently at him, pull his hands out from under him *and gently draw him to me and cover him with big kisses. After a*

*few seconds, he accepts the game and returns my kisses. I slowly lead him towards the bed.*

According to the law, young people do not have any sex, so much so that the legislator can only charge two minors caught in sex-games with "mutual assault". Getting naked if you are 17 and 364 days old is not an indecent assault. The next morning, it becomes one.

This castration that society reserves to our young adolescent boys and girls can be explained mainly by two parallel and competing motivations:

1° to transfer the energy of the young people towards the bulimic assimilation of all things that are part of the education of tomorrow's the productive citizens.

2° starting from the principle that you have a better hard-on at sixteen than at fifty, this moral castration that a society led by fifty-year-olds (the average age of the deputies) imposes on its under-18s is only the expression of the sordid jealousy of those who can't have a hard-on anymore.

As a consequence, children do not have any sex. They will get one when they turn eighteen, a shameful but inevitable gift. And they will still have to cope with the fact that they will be given, at the same time but under the table - since these are things we don't talk about - a completely obsolete manual, full of pitfalls, restrictions and prohibitions. If you want to comply to this manual, get married, don't make love voluptuously because this beautiful energy of yours will later be needed for your work and, in exchange, give birth to good little workers and soldiers. If you don't, you will have to pay the price. *And that's expensive, very expensive.* Lamentable proof of the failure of our civilization, where the power of money has become greater than the respect for the codes by which it defines itself. Everything is in appearances only, but



the pressure of nature is tearing apart this this beautiful packaging.

One thing is sure, if the teen boys from the big estates and elsewhere could discreetly have sex with the partners of their choice, whether it be a guy or a girl - partners who are consenting, liberated and free of guilt - without having to hide in basements or parking lots like criminals, but in complete serenity, they would no longer have to resort to violence, take drugs to forget, go out and smash cars and buses up, or steal from grannies. Unfortunately, our society, in its greed for generosity, encourages films in which we learn how to steal and kill and heavily penalizes those films in which we learn how to love one another.

I'm willing to bet that if you could rid a young Frenchman of his indoctrination and preconceived ideas and ask him if he prefers to receive a blow job or a nunchaku blow from the kids living in the opposite block, he wouldn't choose the nunchaku.

Each one of us has a certain potential of energy to spend. Now, the problem consists in knowing if this energy must be spent in the street or in bed, in hate or in love.

*Between getting laid and fighting one another, our so-called "right-thinking" Judeo-Christian society has, in the name of good morals, deliberately opted for the second solution.*

However, Paul VI, a great purveyor of abstinence in the name of the Lord, was a connoisseur. The blows that made him famous when he was Archbishop of Milan were not precisely blown with an aspersorium. After a long period of teaching young nuncios the perfection of nature, did he not, in January 1976, in a bull whose name escapes me (this is not my passion), renew his anathema against all that was unproductive

sex, excommunicating in no particular order abortion, contraception, masturbation, divorce, homosexuality, pornography, etc...?

Let's try to put some order in his list. It can be divided into three chapters:

1° abortion, contraception, divorce. These are, let us say, matrimonial problems, and claiming to regulate them does not seem to me to be something which is within the competence of a man who has taken a vow of celibacy.

2° masturbation, homosexuality. Here, the pope cannot be accused of incompetence. Are these privileges reserved for ecclesiastics?

3° pornography, industrial exploitation of sexuality, prostitution. Well, if there were fewer prohibitions in the first two chapters, this third one would fall into disuse.

*The nauseating conspiracy of the good French families pursues, voluntarily or not, a quite Machiavellian policy of disinformation. It skillfully uses the media to promote the shameful amalgam between the natural pleasure of sexuality and the excesses of a few unfortunate perverts.*

*Unfortunately, just as we only hear about the rare planes that crash and never about the vast majority of those that arrive safely, the press only gives publicity to the sad cases in which nature and natural pleasure have been deviated from, keeps a shamefully modest silence about the freedom to dispose of one's body and to use it in harmony with nature, and is careful not to establish the gap, which is as clear as it is obvious, between the cloths and the napkins.*

*Under these conditions, one can imagine that violence, the first possible outlet, has a bright future ahead of it. The children that we raise today in the fear and shame of sexual pleasure will constitute tomorrow a generation of badly-fucked people, more frustrated than their fathers, even more*

*bitter, even more inclined to impose their castration on the society that they will receive from our hands, and also, in spite of all logic, even more astonished than we are to see their offspring taking refuge in violence.*

*The freeloader, and especially the pederast, the one who initiates young people and reconciles them with their nature, has every chance of becoming the scapegoat of tomorrow. It will be worse than the religious wars, because this blacklisting that we are preparing today, unconsciously, will unite all denominations, all religions, all political opinions in the hatred and jealousy of the badly fucked. The pederast is an ideal victim for those intolerant, because no community, not even the homosexuals, will move a finger to defend him and plead for him to be understood and his usefulness to be recognized.*

And we pretend to be surprised to see so few young people in the churches? What is the point of singing rock masses if human nature has to be left at the door of the temple? Note that I am personally very pleased with this disaffection of young people from the Christian church. It shows that the church is beginning - at last - to appear clearly for what it has always been: an instrument of profitability for the masses. *The Roman Catholic Church* has outlived its founding masters, the aristocrats, by two centuries and its keystone, obscurantism, by almost a century. Attempts to resuscitate it through Victorianism and Puritanism in the 19th century were not successful.

Yet I owe the church some wonderful emotions. I remember that Jesuit who told me, while he was buttoning up his cassock "You must come to confession tomorrow" when it would have been enough for him, in order to make me feel

less guilty, reassure me about my normality and help me convince myself that I was not a monster, to simply say to me:

- It was fun, right? Are you coming back tomorrow?

Oh, I had noticed that I was a bit of a freak around the edges, but I was far from being the only one. It took two days only for many of my comrades to "confess" the way I did. For these good priests, women were the devil. This meant that, paradoxically, I could indeed be a homosexual - without knowing it, though, but openly - and that if I wanted to make love to a girl, I would have to remain hidden.

No, no, this does not explain that. My first homosexual memory dates back to the age of six, but it didn't become significant until I was twenty. One day, in kindergarten, the female teacher had *my friend Jean-Michel* - who had been guilty of I don't know what - climb on her desk and she took his pants off in order to spank him. As I was in the last seat of the class, (yes, so soon!), I only saw his buttocks, and I conceived a frustration that made me angry. As I believed for a long time that adolescence would put a stop to my passion for my classmates, I did not attach any particular importance to this memory. But one day, after I had, with great difficulty, finally admitted to myself that this taste would no longer pass, that I would have to live with it all my life, I recognized this distant event as having been a curtain raiser.

It is not a book, but a library that you could write on the "causes" of homosexuality, and, still, you would not reach any defensible conclusion. The number of exceptions is, I know, equal to the number of explanations. The story of the possessive mother, of the absent father, can only be seriously considered as an element that has favored the evolution of certain dispositions. The root of the problem is and will remain a great mystery of nature. To want to explain homosexuality is as pretentious as wanting to demonstrate by

science why the oak leaf has seven lobes rather than four or six. What hinders the analysis of the thing are the prejudices that embarrass so many people. Whenever you deal with a truly liberated subject, you "discover" - as if by chance - that his first homophilic impulses go back to his earliest childhood. Deduce from this, if you like, that I consider myself liberated.

I can without any problem spend the night with a woman, and whenever I can, I do. *I'm not looking for it, but if it happens, it happens (Why do my boyfriends bring their girlfriends to my house? To see what I can do with them, no doubt. Well, they have seen...)*. But the company of females becomes oppressive to me during the day. I get along better with a boy because I like him to be ready in ten minutes in the morning and I like him to have the habits and the hobbies that I have. And also, of course, because he gets me hard just by thinking about him, whereas a woman has to do some serious work to get that result. I can't explain this small difference, and my claim is that it is inexplicable.

## II

That morning, while going down to get my mail, I come face to face, in the concierge's lodge, with a young postal cyclist who was bringing a telegram. He had a thin oval face and soft cheeks with a subtle shimmering fuzz. I immediately feel that punch in the gut with which my nature is warning me that it wants him. He was totally out of breath because he had been running, but he nevertheless managed to blush even more when he noticed the penetrating gaze I was screwing into his eyes. We meet again in the elevator, me going back home, him delivering his telegram.

- What floor are you going to? I say, moving my hand past the buttons of the lift.

- Third floor, sir.

- Too bad. I'm going to the fifth! I whisper to him in order to put him on the right track.

I push both buttons. These elevators are so fast... I just have the time to look at him, and him to blush again, and he literally escapes from the elevator on the third floor.

- See you, sir!

- See you!

I arrive on the fifth floor, cursing myself. Letting such an opportunity slip away! You're getting old, I said to myself. Surely, he won't come back up. I should have told him:

- Come after, I'll be waiting for you.

I didn't. It was my fault. A little unconsciously, I go to the terrace. His bike is there, leaning against the privet of the garden. He reappears after a while, a small beret running far in front of my feet. He gets on his bike, starts to ride, stops and looks up while riding down the sidewalk. I make a sign; he answers. I raise my hand to make a more precise gesture, as if to say "come on up." Too late. He turns his head and disappears around the corner.

I am enraged. Three years, I've been waiting to get a phone, but I still don't have one. We always make fun of the Belgians, but over there, they can get one in two days' time. I run down to the bistro at the street corner. A token, please.

- For a phoned in telegram?

- To whom?

I give my address.

- Text?

Quick, anything will do.

- Dead grandmother, come urgently.



I go back home, heart beating fast. I go around in circles. I try to read a book, I can't, I look at the doorbell, which is making fun of me. It finally rings. I open the door wide, my smile fades the way a vinyl record would in the middle of a concert.

The telegraph boy has hailed cheeks with big, scattered, shaggy hairs all over them, like a steppe after an atomic explosion. I take the telegram, give him a franc. I feel like biting someone or something. I let the elevator go, call it back, get down, fly to the café. A token, please.

- For a phoned in telegram?

- To whom?

I give my address once again.

- Again?

Damn, he recognized me.

- Text?

My head is empty.

- Grandfather too.

- My poor sir, we are such insignificant creatures, aren't we?

- Well, yes indeed, we are.

He really pisses me off, this one does. I dash up the stairs. I run in circles in the house. I will surely end up with a heart condition. I go to the terrace, look out into the street. That's him! By the time he takes the elevator, I have found a way to pick up the dead leaves that patience has scattered on the carpet, give myself a stroke of comb and a shot of cologne. When I open the door, I am vibrant, on the verge of disintegration.

- I knew we would meet again...

Ouch, I was too fast. He is even redder than before. It takes me a few seconds to realize that he is the one who came

too fast. He is so out of breath that he is leaning against the wall.

- Come in for a while to catch your breath.

The Auvergne bourrée: one step forward, two steps back. His mouth opens as if he was going to speak, but he says nothing. I'm troubled too, which is quite rare. It just shows the effect he has on me! He has entered. I close the door the way you would turn a page of a history book. He's in!

- Beer, coke? Sit down, get rid of your jacket, you're sweating.

He takes his jacket off. His shirt is open; I can see his naked chest. His name is Philippe. He is seventeen years old. Yes, he has problems with his father. Big ones, you could say. His father kicked him out because his new wife didn't want him. He had to drop out of high school, and take this job as a telegraph operator to survive. No, he doesn't have a home, he sleeps at the post office, on top of the mail bags, because they feel sorry for him. Yes, he has already been to Saint-Tropez. No, he didn't know that in Pampelonne, you could undress completely on the beach. No, he wouldn't mind, since we're all built the same. Yes, he has a big cock. *He is laughing, there is nothing to be ashamed of!* No, he doesn't mind showing it, in fact, he was going to ask if he could take a bath, because he is not allowed to wash at the post office. No, he is not wearing any underwear, because the only one he had was so dirty he had to throw it away. No, all in all, his cock isn't that big, but he's proud of it nevertheless, because it goes straight up, and he has a friend whose cock is crooked and it would really bother him if he had one like that.

He finds the bathtub quite nice. Even at his parents' house, there wasn't one. There was only a shower. Your place is cool. He'd like to stay, if I don't mind. His straight cock is just right for me. Mine is just right for him. He enjoys it for a

long time. We exchange our impressions, *then our sperm*. He will stay four months, four short months of paradise. Four months during which our bodies and our spirits fed each other, devoured each other. Four months which were the beginning of a new life.

One Saturday, he will not come back home. Neither will he on Sunday. Nor on Monday. On Tuesday, I go to the post office. His buddies are just coming back from the funeral. A truck... A drunk driver. No, no, he didn't suffer. It's always the best who... Did you know him? Ah! It was in your house that he...

The house is heavy with a great emptiness. The clothes I bought for him will be used to dress other boys who have lost their families. No matter what they will do, they will not replace him. Bodily matters are good in themselves; spiritual matters are even better.

### *III*

The cute adolescent boy who lives in the rich XV<sup>th</sup> district of Paris is a difficult but fascinating game. Emulating the Alexandre Peyrefittians and Marcel Guersant's dream children, he is notably characterized by a rich coat made of tweed or Woolmark. Apart from some major migrations, this type of game hardly ever leaves its relatively restricted habitat, limited in the south by the Seine, in the northwest by the Bois de Boulogne and in the northeast by the Champs-Élysées.

The cute adolescent boy does not roam much outside, even in the summer. His homey habits make him go from his home to his pub and from his pub to his club with a quick step. His aversion to sunlight is such that he is frequently driven to

school, even if distances are short. To approach him is difficult if you want to catch him during his stealthy journeys from den to den, but he becomes more accessible when he is installed in a pub or a club, which are places roughly equivalent to what we here call a café. Like any game in its den, the young adolescent boy can be smoked out. Always short of cigarettes, he will gladly accept the "Benson & Hedges" that you will hand him while asking for a light (always make sure that you have this equipment ready and provided for). Talkative as he is, he will gladly engage in a conversation with you, if you have the wisdom to choose a subject that will allow him to shine and even make a dazzling impression on you. Tell him, for instance, that you have a medium-sized car: this will allow him to brag about his father's Jaguar or Mercedes.

The quality of its flesh, the flavor of its preparation make this game the essential element of any refined orgy. Its consumption is a pleasure that can be constantly renewed. The young adolescent boy smells of Lancôme soap down to the smallest corners of his anatomy – an anatomy he will have politely prepared for you to use. He never has any of those organic smells or dubious pimples so unwelcome when one is having a really great time. Everything is refined right down to the packaging itself: you will never see any of those unattractive underwears slumped by their failing elastic, nor any of those dirty socks or clammy boots that you politely but firmly take out onto the terrace, wondering how you're going to convince their owner to take a bath.

Having one of these quality adolescent boys on your list of achievements is the best guarantee against such inconveniences. Moreover, as he lives in a solemn and paneled family environment, he is thoroughly bored at home. That's why he will gladly accept a companion who is a bit messy -

like you and me - as long as you don't let him know from the very first day that you get most of your fresh meat from Pigalle.

Even if he is gay and has already accepted it, he is not worried about the future of his race. He knows that he will always have enough money to get through society's little pitfalls without any trouble. I do not share his euphoria. I often wonder if I would not have preferred to be a peaceful father eagerly waited upon by his charming family. I see this type of character sometimes as a model and sometimes as a ghost. A ghost because he is a cog in a machine that is beyond him, that condemns him to become the young dynamic executive who will drive a powerful car, one that will bring him luck - you know the advert I'm referring to, the one in which you can see a Renault 14 driving in the sand without getting sandy, and parking on the beach without bothering anyone or without getting a ticket. When I compare myself to such a character – a character so limited and, above all, so empty of unexpectedness and initiative – I really enjoy my freedom. But when I see how his family tenderly welcomes him back home after a hard day's work, and when I compare this to the icy emptiness of the four walls that await me when I return home in the evening, this precious freedom becomes a ball and chain that I dread having to drag all my life. Ever more so as I am still at an age that makes me relatively desirable, but that won't last much longer...

There are two kinds of young adolescent boys (we'll talk about the prostitutes later on):

- 1° those who are looking for an experience.
- 2° those who are looking for a friend.

Those who are looking for an experience want to give an answer to the powerful coming from their body. Those who

are gay and do not know it yet will discover it on this occasion. Those who are not - unless they run into a bastard - will learn to respect those who are not like them. Those who won't have the courage to experience it will have ruined everything, be it the possibility of a revelation or the lesson from which they would have learned tolerance, whichever. The tragedy is that they will live their whole life with this awful prejudice of a love that could have been theirs.

It is important to make people understand that those who have experienced this will have gained everything from it and lost nothing. Homosexuality is not something you catch. For many reasons. Have you ever wondered under what circumstances you caught your heterosexuality? *Does a straight person even ask himself where and how he got his heterosexuality?*

Every heterosexual considers that his heterosexuality is innate, that it has always been in him, the same way he has always breathed and his heart has always been beating. And he is right. Why would he deny the fags a gift of nature that he takes for granted?

You do not become gay if you can do otherwise. You do not happily choose this difficult path, a path that will turn you into a pariah, an outsider, one that will force you to endure your fellow citizens' mockery and irony. The natural tendency has always been to take the easy path. Those who have chosen the other path have done so after a painful debate – accepting oneself as a homosexual – and it has led them to believe that their only possible place in society was that of an outcast. Some will even back away from such a commitment: they will believe they can choose the triumphant path and in doing so, will ruin their lives and the lives of their wives and children, all this because they didn't have the courage to be who they were.

But the reverse is never true: you do not take a path strewn with thorns when you have a natural place on the easy path which runs parallel to it. And yet, so many fathers have accused me of perverting their sons, that sobbing boy I brought back to them after saving him from suicide and from the pimps! And yet, I wasn't asking for any gratitude in return. I was only asking the father to be fair minded and polite. If his son could live at home with him, he would stay there. And if he wanted to slit his wrists, it was because he thought that it was less difficult to do than having to bear the scene his father would make after finding out the truth about his son's nature.

It is when boys need support the most, when they see that their lives will be difficult, that the precious family support is cowardly taken away from them. Reproaching a child for being what he is - that is, as he has been made - is to implicitly force him to run away or commit suicide. Almost knowingly. The tears shed by mothers in the police stations can only be seen as formalities when you have grasped the logic of the process. They are tears shed by the murderer over his or her victim.

Yes, I am hard, very hard on those "homegrown" families. Hard, because I have met too many of these intelligent and beautiful boys - they had everything to succeed and yet wanted to destroy themselves because their parents had convinced them that they were monsters who had no place in their world. I am hard because I have calmed too many nervous breakdowns, too many hysteria and even epilepsies from boys who were living in the fear of their fathers, from boys whose lives and thoughts had been ruined and polluted by the ghost, the omnipresent threat of a father whose violence appeared as a definitive obstacle to a peaceful life. I am hard because I have too often searched into these boys' wallets for

the razor blade they had just bought, perhaps with the intention of using it in my own bathtub.

Yes, I'm hard because I risked to go to jail too often each time I went and explained all this to those stubborn families, families who were proud of their sublime stupidity and would look from far away in their kitchen as if I was a pile of garbage, and me trying to explain to them things as simple and beautiful as nature and love, and them threatening me to call the police and file a complaint if "I didn't sign a confession," and they would go and fetch their dog to better convince me that I was a witch, and they would call the neighbors to beat me up and would look for my car to slash its tires, and me trying to reconcile them with their child so as to prevent him from committing a suicide that might, this time, be successful.

There is an interesting parallel to draw here between the parents' tolerance towards their son's nature and their social situation. A rich family would turn a blind eye or, at best, cover up the matter, while a lousy one, or one who has just climbed one step up the social ladder, will be the meanest and the lousiest - the "tenement families" are an exception, they belong to a separate category.

A father, following a denunciation, once arrived at my place at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning in order to fetch his 17-year-old son who had spent the night in my bed.

- Dear sir, I started when I was 15 with a toolbox on my back, and now, here I am... he told me, unwrinkling a suit which was completely obsolete in this day of heat wave.

After twenty years of evening classes, during which his wife must have mourned quite a lot, he became a school-locomotive instructor at the SNCF or something like that. Two of his children he got married before they turned twenty. We know what this kind of early marriage leads to, but we will excuse the protagonists of this kind of marriage which is, in



fact, an escape – I knew that the neighbors already had to come and restrain the father who was beating the older sister up after he had knocked his wife down and sent her packing across the living room because she was trying to protect her. As a result, her son, a lovely boy and a wonderful lover by the way, had terrible epileptic fits each time he was thinking of his father while doing something forbidden – terrible epileptic fits I had the greatest difficulty to control. It was necessary, at all costs, when we were making love or when he had to lie to be able to go out, to avoid the fatal thought that would trigger the dreaded convulsions.

This boy, even though he was seventeen years old, was to give a detailed account of his whereabouts as well as give the identity and the address of the people he had been visiting, including his classmates. You can imagine the problems he had when dealing with our relationship...

However, he could not imagine being without me in his life, even for a while. Everything he did was planned around me, directed towards me. By banishing me, his father prevented him from living, from breathing. And he thought he was a model father, a model educator - and his own child couldn't think about him without having an epileptic fit...

The best lovers are often found in the large housing estates, the tenements. Their insane living conditions forces them to do “anything” they can to change, or to provoke, *which often leads them to experience, or even have an early revelation of their homosexuality*. And I am ready to assert that the “things” they do in my bed is worth the stolen cars and broken windows by which their little comrades, who do not have the honor to please me, distinguish themselves. Always because of these insane living conditions, the parents are easily satisfied with an evasive answer as far as their offspring's schedules are concerned. The classic “I went out

with my buddies" is almost always enough, even though it does not suit the upwardly mobile bourgeois of the SNCF. *The lack of space in the tenements is indeed so stressful that a child going for a walk outside means more room and tranquility for those inside the apartments. This encourages the parents to be carefree...*

The rage to change or provoke can lead tenement boys to willingly have homosexual experiences, that is, if the conditioning of their environment does not compensate this inclination. It is a well known fact that the proletarian condition maintains, against the true interest of its protagonists, the taboos which govern those who are exploited. However, once he is out of his group, the tenement boy remains open and eager for any human contacts which are more gratifying than those he gets from his group of friends. Those contacts will make his life more exciting, a thing he cannot get from a well-groomed bourgeois. This is more or less a common characteristic of all the people from the suburbs, and especially from suburbs such as Sarcelles and the like.

The dystopian landscape of the Orgues de Flandre, which is very close to my home, is a place my motorcycle knows quite well when I go hunting. As soon as I spot a pretty face gliding across the huge backdrops of cantilevered walls, I race through the waste-soon-to-be-grasslands toward the lucky boy. I look for the 3-B-7 staircase. It doesn't exist. We talk about life in this megalopolis, its leaning walls, how sad it is at night, the stupidity of the chicks, that of the boys as well. Fighting and stealing are the only things they have in mind. He would like something else. I propose it to him immediately. Usually, it's a win, unless a friend comes along and disturbs our conversation. The boy is concerned, at the

beginning, wonders if our departure on my two-seater motorbike will be discreet enough. Later, if my frequentation is to his taste, he will ask me to slowly ride past his friends in order to show off a little. He will sleep with me once, twice, ten times, six months, a year. Yet none of this will incline him towards homosexuality or pederasty if his deepest nature does not push him towards it.

I am saying this and I can prove it. I have lived twice in my life with two boys, for more than a year. Both of them had, when we met, a common point: they were homeless because of a separated family for the first boy, and *alcoholism* for the second. Now they have two things in common: both have a good job and both are married. One has two children. Their wives both know about our common past. They are grateful to me because my darlings have become their husbands. I am the best friend of both families. They consult me almost systematically for every important decision: the choice to move outside Paris, the purchase of a car or a shop. *Their children call me "uncle"*. I wish I were not given so much importance, and I keep urging them to take complete control over their lives. I am the father they wished for and didn't have.

There's some good and some bad in the paternalistic satisfactions I have experienced. Each one cost me much much more than a child would have, if that child had been mine. The families who had abandoned them kept receiving their family allowances but in the meantime I was the one spending his own money and raising offsprings which were not even mine. I was not even allowed to claim them as my dependents on my tax return.

As of now, I am single and I am subconsciously looking for a boy who needs me, because I need him. I want to give

him the best of myself in exchange for the best of himself, for his presence, his tenderness. Why don't I get married, then?

Because there's no way I could become a cog in a society that overwhelms me and leads me astray. I cannot cope with the well-regulated family life forced upon me by the way the city is organized. I only work three and a half days a week, and I want to enjoy every last drop of freedom this opportunity gives me. I work on weekends while the hectic, violent rednecks take over the city. I go to the country on Monday and I ride on empty highways. I shop on Tuesdays and the shops are not crowded. I go to the movies on Thursdays when the theaters are empty. Being a sheep in the flock... no, anything but.

I'd rather sell myself to the devil than sign a lifetime contract which would forbid me from having sex with people who want me.... Me? Becoming this magnificent head of the family - remember the adverts? - but being the prisoner of my own life, wearing my Joe Average suit with its compulsory briefcase, pulling my last-model-better-than-the-neighbor's car into the garage of my industrial house, under the admiring eye of my slim blond wife, my three kids, my dog, my canary and *my mother-in-law*... (the goldfish couldn't make it to the window, but mother-in-laws never appear on advertisements), who could believe this? Who could be dumb enough to think that he would be able to do the same thing all his life?

Do you really believe that you have found, at twenty, the person with whom you will always want to be at sixty? A few statistics: out of ten marriages in which the average age is less than twenty-five, seven are bound to divorce within five years. Three do not make it up to the end of the year. But six out of ten divorces discard children who may one day be mine. Out of the ten boys I see, seven come from broken homes, homes

where life is unbearable (alcoholism) or homes where incomprehension reigns (because of incurable stupidity).

By dint of searching for their place in a world that does not want them, in the arms of someone who really loves them, they decide or are led by circumstances to experiment with me. This need to flee from arbitrariness, stupidity and hostility broadens their minds to something that appears to them, perhaps temporarily, but in any case profoundly true and necessary to their equilibrium: the love I have for them.

Because, for me, to love a young boy is not, as his father would understand it, to bend him and mutilate him morally if necessary in order to make him fit into an average jerk's mold which is not, thank God, necessarily the one that suits him. To love him means to awaken him to all that is good and all the things that are consequently hidden from him. It means introducing him to the pleasures of the body that has been given to him, making him vibrate in my hands the way a violinist would make love to his instrument. It means extending the horizon of his sensibility in order for him to become a complete, liberated and fulfilled man. It means to allow him to explore all the resources of his personality in order for him to find his true calling, the job he will have because he likes it and which, as a result, will not be a job anymore. It means trying to make sure that he will not be, in his life, the human robot that his father was, a slave of pro-natality propagandists such as Debré, Mirguet, and other minions of this man-machine society.

The pederast's own interest in loving a young boy is to make him be his own self, to cleanse him from the inhibiting moral pollutions which have been assailing him as soon as he was able to utter his first words, to cure him from the man-machine virus while it is still time, to exorcise the vaccinations he has had to endure so as to prevent him from being

contaminated by freedom, the desire for an intense life, by the nature and love. *To love a young boy is to give him what is necessary to prepare him to LIVE instead of existing.*

Why does society make them feel guilty about this thing (among others) which is so necessary to the psychic balance, to the metabolism: sex? Is it to make them whole men or perfect slaves? Is everything meant to be productive or not to be, including love?

The first anathema against homosexuality comes from Moses. It should be noted, however, that Moses didn't give a damn about how his people fucked, except that his people he was in charge of were puny, that he was threatened from all sides and that he urgently needed toy soldiers. We have here the first case in history of an enslavement of sexuality in order to fulfill a materialistic end. One still knew however, in those remote times, how to take advantage of life, since the Greeks, in spite of a certain ethic of the thing which is too often ignored, had for love in the largest sense of the term, a taste whose memory crossed the centuries. The Romans, who were decadent people respectful of their own decadence, discarded the rules by which the Greeks ennobled a love that has kept their name.

The Middle Ages is a period that can be described as ecological. You only had a body and it was yours to use. But the Church was gradually becoming the self-punishing instrument that the aristocracy thought could be used instead of force in order to enslave the masses. A faith based on panic was thus established, along with its demonic specters and sulfurous smells. It had the advantage of replacing, without cost but also with profit, a whole army of soldiers who exercised a rigorous control over any waste of human energy. But nature has roots so deeply planted into man that more than a few generations would be required for them to be uprooted.

Homosexuals were burned in public places because they had committed the sublime sin, the abomination of all abominations, the symbolic apotheosis of what is forbidden: sodomy. *Graphics (frescoes, stained glasses) and symbols were used to teach a people that was carefully bathed in a sea of illiteracy and obscurantism. One of the symbols of the devil was the inversion, a crude symbol of Manichaeism. Everything that was "upside down" was demonic. The upside down cross, the possessed (hanged by the feet), puking, all of these were a call to the devil. From there, it was easy to associate sodomy to a diabolical inversion... The Church, where the number of celibates generated a plethora of practitioners, had undoubtedly not asked for such a condemnation, but popular silliness provided for it...*

The bisexual nature of man was not contested at all in those times, and that this fact is unknown to us nowadays is quite a pity. Faggots were burned for the same reason thieves had their hands cut off: because they had committed the ultimate sin, "*inversion*". But popular consensus ignored the process of intention: the attraction to young boys was recognized as a natural inclination and was as renowned as the attraction to gold or jewels. You were allowed to use it, but not to abuse it, just as you could use wealth as long as you did not steal it. *The Koran forbids "spreading the seed," the Gospel is wisely silent regarding this matter.*

Alas, only money has kept its power intact until today. Regarding sex in general, and that of young boys in particular, the Christian society has become, and this was the aim they were looking for: self-punitive. The non-conforming element is automatically rejected by the well-regulated machine. All you have to do is pick it up and make an example of it. There is only room for well-machined cogs. The system has become so perfect that any non-conforming element, if it does not fit

in, will self-destruct. Better than self-punishing, the system has become... self-cleaning, the way a beautiful oven would.

The rules do not apply to our leaders: that is a fact that is deeply rooted in the past. Henri III, king and pederast by divine right, filled his court with "mignons" (etymological root of our "minet", *although these mignons were savage brigands the way a housewife-parachutist is*). In the evening, *Henri was flirting queerly downstairs*, and the royal frolics were therefore transported to the Tuileries garden, where the common people had the opportunity to see their king acting as a queen. *Hence the expression...* (Yes, I know, *that's bad joke, but I couldn't resist the temptation*). The king has disappeared, the palace has burned down, but the garden has remained - an astonishing tradition, since fags are still flirting there, four centuries later.

Ah! the Tuileries... *traditionally set* around the Orangerie, *with a recent extension on the river bank below*. If one had to illustrate the aberration and the imbalance that society inflicts on today's homosexuals, one should go to the Tuileries to make the necessary scientific observations. They come there because they can't stand going in circles at home. As a result, they plunge into the subway and emerge at the Concorde with the insane and disappointed hope that they will find today the friend of their life. Dressed in their best clothes, the ones that, in my opinion, make them look as stupid as can be, they walk around the Orangerie, almost always clockwise. Their walk is fast, their head carriage haughty, their expression disdainful. I'm a star and I'm not looking at anyone. I am sure that everyone is turning their head as I pass. This one is too small, that one too big. This one has a shirt I don't like, and that one has a beard which is far too unkempt and the one over there as a mole on his cheek



You will never please them, because you do not look like the lover of their dreams. Especially me, with my blue jeans, my biker jacket and my helmet under my arm. No one among them is the Prince Charming they all came looking for. Okay now, let me try my luck... Well, this one is neither too common nor too queer; he seems to have the right age. The texture of his clothing is good: what we have here is a “minet,” one from a good family.

- Do you often come here?

He saw me approaching. He already knows what I'm like. He turns his head the other way. It would be too much of an honor to start having a little conversation with me. What about that other one?

- Excuse me.... Didn't we meet last week at the...

A shrug. One more.

- Got a light?

- Yes, but if you want more, you are wasting your time...

An answer, *even a mean one*, is so rare. Let's dig in.

- Let's see, you came here to meet someone, right? Otherwise, you wouldn't be here, would you? So why give me the cold shoulder?

- Look, you're bugging me off. Leave me alone.

That's what you get for approaching too close to the truth. He's beautiful and he is alone. After walking around the Orangerie about thirty times, he will leave, just as beautiful, and even more alone. Having been attacked so many times, everything threatens him. And having been alone for so long, he has built around himself a universe of objects and gadgets – hence his coquetry, among other things. As a consequence, my attire, which is too common, does not belong to what he believes to be his kind.

I have known such a person: he would speed up so madly when I was approaching him that I would stop while he was

completing his run around the Orangerie. I had nicknamed him Bip-Bip, because of his surprising speed. I kept trying to approach him, the spectacle of his escape being so comical, *but painful too*. I would walk fifty meters and he would have time to do six laps of the circuit, which gave me as many opportunities to provoke him. I don't go to the Tuileries very often. He must have spent his days there because each time I visited, I would meet him. After several months of this little game, he must have regretted the insistence with which he was sulking at me because I saw him trying to suppress a smile each time his eyes met mine. Everybody knows that Bip Bip only really enjoys himself when Wile Coyote is around. One day, I couldn't stand it any longer and I grabbed him by the sleeve. His momentum was such that he did a complete turn around me before stopping. He looked outraged, but his attempt to free himself from my grip was not convincing.

- You're an idiot, I said. You're always alone, and so am I. If you think that I stink, say it outright. Why not talk? Put on the brakes, *you're going to dig a trench if you keep running running like, always taking the same route*. You're making me dizzy. Why do you always run like that? Who's chasing you? Why don't you ever talk? Just say hello, what a nice day, things like that, just to get to know each-other.

His lips are twisting. He represses something that is not a smile, and then he explodes. *Here it comes !* He is now sobbing like a fountain on my shoulder.

- The only time I answered, it was an undercover cop.

- So what? You had the chance to visit the police station on rue de Valois...

- They took me back to my parents'. I am a minor. The cop told them everything, how I had been flirting with him, that I was a faggot, everything...

- Ouch. So what happened?

- I spent two months at the hospital. Four broken ribs and a double arm fracture. Thank you daddy.

I guide him to a bench. We sit down. He is still crying on my shoulder. Now he has put his two arms around my neck. Even those who usually never see anything or anyone are beginning to look at us.

- My father came to the hospital and he threatened me. He told me that if I denounced him, he would kill me after I have left the hospital. Anyway, I'm not his son anymore. He doesn't know me anymore. I said that some thugs had attacked me.

- And where are you staying now?

- My older sister and my brother-in-law took me in.

- That's nice. Great disavowal of your family, that's what it is. Your dad sounds like a jerk.

- No. They don't like fags either. My dad said that if he ever saw me again, he'd kill me. So he's giving my sister money so she can feed me until I come of age.

- When is that?

- Next month.

- And after that?

- After that, nothing.

#### *IV*

Jacques, my darling,

I have spoken with you like I have never done with anyone. I have made love with you like I have never done with anyone. I have read your book. I will not come to live with

you. Yet I felt that it would please you and that I might have been a little more than just another boy to you.

I am unable to live in this world. I feel that I will never have the strength that you have to be able to say and write: I am a fag and I am proud of it. I have always been *at best tossed around, most often* rejected. I am not strong enough to do as you've taught me. You are too strong for me. Reasonably, I can't dream of spending my life with you either. It is you who, one day, would not want to. *Because* one day I will have a beard and long hairs. You won't like me anymore. You will want another one. I will be alone again. Since I am not worth you paying me the price of your freedom, I'd rather go away.

Don't tell me I'm doing something stupid. Besides, you won't be able to tell me. It will be done when you get my letter. I have no place in this society in which you feel so much at ease. I am unable to desire a woman and not strong enough to live with a man. Even with you, who maybe love me a little. I would be a drag, a burden, and I love and admire you too much to inflict such a handicap to you.

Don't be angry with me, I beg you. I don't want to hurt you, I don't want to make you suffer, I just want to set things right by throwing the unviable thing I am back into the void.

Everything I had before I met you was a handout from a society that didn't count on me and didn't care about me. What I got from you was not due to me. You made a mistake. I am worthless. I'm just something to be desired for a few more months. After that, I'll be nothing. So, it's worth doing it right now.

Bip Bip

The road to freedom is paved with the bodies of the innocent. One thousand two hundred minors committed suicide in France in 1975. This self-cleaning society murdered one thousand two hundred teenagers in 1975. Dare we look for an explanation? Drugs, the harmful influence of a thug, an inexplicable despair, *a heavy boredom*, a sudden depression about which parents and educators wonder...

They wonder? You must be kidding! They block out their eyes and ears so as not to be confronted with their bullshit, that's more like it! *They are worse than ostriches! The ostrich does not know very well what it hides itself by burying its head in the sand, but they know it only too well!* How many of these letters end with :

"Forgive me, dad, mom, we couldn't understand each other"

or with : "I don't belong in this world"

or with : "I'm not worthy of you,"

*not to mention the classic* "You can't understand me".

All of them, until the last one, will have had the decency not to knock their parents out with this terrible accusation: "You don't want me the way you made me, so..."

Their conditioning will have gone so far as to prevent them from denouncing their murderer; they place their own heads on the chopping block instead. Oh, homosexuality does not claim (what a horrible formula) the totality of this massacre, but one is obliged to note that its martyrs constitute more than two thirds of this frightful holocaust.

"There are a lot of dead people in your book..." said a friend of mine to whom I had just given this first part of this book to read.

Maybe there are. Less, in any case, than in life. We only ever hear about the planes that crash. The thousands arriving at their destination every day do not have the honors of the

press. If love in general, and homophilic love in particular, were not considered as abnormal, if they were not subject to censure and taboo, they would be less talked about. Are breathing or quenching one's thirst casual topic of conversations?

The Christian and Muslim are peoples who fuck badly and are badly fucked. As soon as somebody refers to this small part of his anatomy, which at first sight is insignificant, what an avalanche of prohibitions and embarrassments he has to endure! Why is our willy given so much attention? Why not focus on our fingertips instead? Numerous answers must be listed, without any particular order, because they are closely intertwined, so closely and narrowly linked one to the other that their imbrications and implications as a whole constitute a kind of circular problem whose data is not very distinct from the solutions.

First answer, because everything that is good and beautiful is automatically transformed, out of human pettiness, into a hierarchy that those who are better off really want to perpetuate. To possess more is for the individual a criterion of value, all the more so when this individual feels deprived of any other form of personal values. The truly valuable man is almost always a simple man. *What is the point of pretending to be when you are your true self?* This simplicity prevents him from ordering other individual into prioritizing the pure values they possess. As a result, the other values, the arbitrary ones, the hollow ones, *the egotistical ones*, are set up as the standard values because they cannot do without them to satisfy their thirst for distinction. *When you do not have the means to shine, you try to get rid of the others, you switch them off.* Those who have nothing to say always speak the loudest. He who loudly and complacently tells you about his latest fuck and his latest bedroomesque adventures - heavily implying:

"have you done as well?" - is always one who doesn't even know how to fuck. He who has a balanced and guilt-free sexual life will find his or her sexuality so normal and natural that he or she will not feel the need to talk about it, no more than he would speak about his breathing or his digestion. Do you ever talk about that when neither have bronchitis nor a liver attack?

Another reason: to exercise control over someone's sexuality is to control one of the most important balances of his physiological equilibrium, an equilibrium from which his fulfillment derives. To be in a position to castrate someone, even morally, is to have in your hands the most flexible and perfect instrument of submission, one that will allow you to act as you wish upon the valve that regulates the general functioning of the human machine, including his mind. You'll be able to control the energy, the blooming, the symbol of the freedom to be and to undertake. To preside over people's sexuality is to tattoo to their subconscious, in their instincts, that there is a class of chosen few "who know", and a class of sheep who-need-those-who-know. It's been a long time since the aristocracy has retrieved the clergy thanks to various annexations and alliances, and in so doing, seized this lever of control.

Another motivation of sexual prohibition is this stupid form of human jealousy which makes you believe that the happiness of your neighbor deprives you of a small piece of your own happiness and that, when you have caught something good, it is necessary to keep it, even though it is with the greatest contempt for the human aspect of the "catch" in question. MY wife, MY pussy, MY friend. Love seen as possession, to the greatest detriment of the aspect of reciprocally enriching exchange which should be the first characteristic of all human relations.

However, society becomes willingly permissive as soon as *it believes it is investing and being paid back*. Pornography is allowed, but with a 30 percent VAT; faggots can have their clubs but a Coke will cost them 50 francs and matrimonial-fucking is allowed as long as it is procreative. All of this without realizing that if we could fuck the way we breathe, there would be no more whores, no more private clubs, no more pornography, none of that. There would be much less talk about sex if there was no shortage of it, and it wouldn't sell for so much if everyone had their share of it, *as a natural right*. The desire to fuck is *inexplicable, as inexplicable as the colors on the wings of a butterfly*. It is as much a part of nature as the desire to eat or drink. Man wants to regulate what works very well without him, and he wants to explain what is inexplicable. In so doing, he contributes to its own destruction.

## V

Riding a motorbike is something very convenient in Paris: traffic jams and fines can easily be avoided, but it becomes much less funny when the weather is not so good. It is five o'clock, and big heavy drops are exploding on the pavement of the Place Clichy. When I arrive at Place Blanche, I quickly realize something which is obvious: it is too late to find a shelter, I am already completely soaked. In spite of my American army parka and my special boots, the water insinuated itself everywhere. It is not so cold, I'd better call it quits right now and head back home as fast as possible.

He stops next to me at the red light on rue Blanche. He must be about sixteen, he has long wavy hair, a fine downy moustache, and beautiful curved thighs. His moped is an old



model, with big hanging saddlebags. We look at each other, laughing. What a shitty weather! The rain is so heavy that the roads are flooded and the passing cars spray us with cold buckets of water each time they overtake us. We meet again at the red light on place Pigalle.

- Oh, blimey, what a creepy weather!

- I couldn't agree more!

We start our engines again and meet again at the red light on Antwerp Street.

- I am soaked all over, I tell him.

- Same for me.

- Are you going far?

- Bobigny.

- Holy cow!

We start our bikes. Red light at Barbès.

- Come dry yourself off at my place, if you want to. You're not going to go all the way to Bobigny in such a pouring rain...

- Well...

- Please, come on, it won't rain like this for hours, you'll leave as soon as it gets better.

- Yeah, OK then.

Red light on Marx Dormoy Street. The guy is so wet that the water is running down his jeans as if from a gutter pipe. The cars splash us with buckets of water up to knees each time they drive through a puddle. We laugh it off. We finally arrive at the car park. Two dripping trails on the dry concrete.

- Such a shower, that's crazy. But that won't last long. We'll dry off.

Someone could track us back into the house. The elevator turns into a swimming pool. We take our wet clothes off, one by one, and suddenly find ourselves both in our underwear. He has a nice little silky fuzz on his legs. Not too much, not too

little. Just the way I like them. His underwear is wet and sticks to his curled up sex. Mine is in the same state. I casually take it off.

- Can you believe it? Even my pants are soaked! Yours too, for that matter. Why not put it in the dryer?

It bothers him. He has been trying to ignore the fact that I am naked for a while but, as my attitude remains very natural, his distrust tends to fade and his curiosity starts to prevail. He is now absent-mindingly looking at me, without any *apparent* embarrassment. He is feeling the fabric of his underwear.

- It will dry, he assures me.

- Certainly not on you, buddy. Take it off, if you really want it to dry.

I feel a severe struggle going on in his mind. He's starting to feel the urge - I can see his sex relax through his underwear - but he won't admit it. *I savor the comedy of the moment.* My shamelessness is obviously *starting to* make him feel downright clumsy. *Now* he's getting a hard-on. *He must be aware of it, because* his trouble is visibly increasing. *The redness on his cheeks is certainly not caused by the shower we have just been through.* He grabs the elastic band on his hips, makes it go down, three centimeters, then up again, then down, then up.

- Oh, it will dry just fine like that! he says in a low voice as if begging for the ultimate argument that will make him take it off completely.

- Give it to me, I say, holding out my hand. The dishwasher is still warm, I'll put it on top of it to dry it off.

He looks at my ruthlessly outstretched hand eagerly waiting for his underwear, wondering if he'll accept the argument or ask me for a more convincing one.

- Come on!

I wave my hand at him.

The elastic band goes down: two centimeters. Then another two. Will he do it? It goes down all at once. He turns halfway around so as not to forsake his modesty all at once. I grab his underwear and carry it to the kitchen. I come back to see the show.

- God, you do have a big cock!

That's not true, but people like to hear such praises.

- You've got a hard-on! I add, gently reaching *for his lower abdomen. He takes a slight step back then lets it happen.*

He is now looking at his sex *coiled in the hollow of my hand*, without saying a word. His hand advances towards mine, hesitates, moves back, advances again, finally takes it. *To return the favour is often the best way to give oneself a good sense of purpose.* We are standing two steps from the bed.

It was his first time, and a very successful one at that. His name is Philippe, and *now that we have really gotten to know each-other*, he visits see me regularly. I'm the only one who's allowed to. He doesn't like faggots, *not at all*, but we're not the same.

- It's funny, he says, moving his cheek on my belly.

- It is an expression of affection, I explain. We all need that exchange of warmth.

- With a woman.

- Not necessarily, *as you can see*. With someone you like, that's as simple as that.

- Don't tell me you're a fag, otherwise I'll hit you, he says, threatening me, but *half-smiling* and without any conviction,.

- I'm no more queer than anybody else, I reassure him. I am fond of anything that is good and make me feel good, that's all. And he who doesn't have his fun wherever he is, well, he is a jerk, I add, stroking his hair.

He opens his mouth, but doesn't dare suck it right away. He gives it a little kiss, then licks it all along the shaft.

- If my friends could see me! he says.

- If you're thinking about that right now, it means there are a few of them you'd gladly do the same to!

So as not to have to answer, he takes it in his mouth, and doesn't dare stop. *In the long pillow talk we have afterwards*, he gives me his verdict:

- Giving a blowjob is the best way to share the pleasure we give. That's a great way to feel the spasms, the vibrations and the wave of pleasure you've created.

I couldn't have said it better, and I'm no beginner.

## VI

Everybody praises the splendid spectacle of Casablanca, the white city, seen from the plane. They are right: I have it in front of me and it is beautiful. Oh, I don't mean the European city, which is not worth a penny, nor the port, but this fantastic agglomeration of small cubes somewhere between both called the Kasbah. The "indigenous city", as the locals call it.

Once you seen all these wonders pass you by, the plane defecates you, with the negligent blow of its caudal scale, forty kilometers farther, in the middle of the desert, on a runway swept by a burning dust, in the middle of a platoon of armed soldiers. The long straight road that brings me back to the city is lined with a dirt track which is used by numerous donkey carts. Almost all of them are driven by children: and you suddenly discover this astonishing truth about Morocco: this country is mostly populated by children.

I have no particular taste for international hotels, they are insensitive to civilizations and dot the world with their muffled monotony, but I still try to stay there, if only to have a bathtub and the air conditioning. All of them are full. So I check in a Moroccan hotel. I won't not regret it. In fact, I'll go back.

My room is seven or eight times bigger than the concrete hutches of the Sheraton and its ilk. Thick walls give it a pleasant coolness. Three windows, among them some moucharabiehs, soften the violent luminosity and lead to a patio surrounded by a balcony. Downstairs, a small fountain gurgles between two banana trees and heaps of bushy plants whose name I don't know, but which are perhaps, I hope, mangroves or something like that, but it's always cool to mention them when you're trying to write an exotic story. The room and the bathroom are identically tiled, up to one meter fifty from the ground, with these blue large frescos used in Paris to decorate the walls of Turkish baths. There are three large carpets, but they are hung on the wall. On the floor, the bed jump and the passage are covered with a rabbane made of woven bamboo strips. I reorganize my suitcase and my outfit, and here I am, outside, ready for adventure.

The kasbah is not far, it is shamefully hidden behind a gigantic monolithic hotel and palisades covered with large neon ads. The first few streets are clearly reminiscent of the Saint-Ouen flea market: the goods on display are more or less identical, blue jeans and colourful skin bags, and the density of Arabs is roughly equivalent. At the first crossroads, ancient traffic signs indicate: "city visit - circuits number 2 and 3". So I opt without any hesitation for the street by which one "does not visit". It leads to a small square with an old, twisted cinema whose projectors can be heard backfiring all the way to the house across the street. Hordes of kids are playing on

the esplanade, groups of kids from four to sixteen years of age. Some are dressed like little Western ragmen, with torn jeans and turtleneck sweaters with pierced elbows. Others are dressed in oriental style, draped in this large fabric whose name escapes me, but not its interest: while following their frolics, I notice very quickly that they are not wearing anything underneath and that modesty is of no concern to them. When the violence of their games compromises too much the comfort of their outfit, they undress completely, fold the fabric up quietly and roll themselves inside again, with a graceful kidney stroke that engulfs them into this gigantic veil they have deployed above their head. No one pays attention to the small and often hard cocks which adorn the small fluffy pubic triangles appearing here and there in the movement of the cloth.

The street seems to belong to the children and so do the shops. It is as if we were here in the kind of country described in a children's books, a place without any adults, an oriental Timpelbach where everything is governed and executed by the youth. Hundreds of small shops of no more than two square meters are run by little boys who are sometimes barely ten years old. Here, four of them hammer the copper in a regular rhythm, feeling the dent with an already expert caress. The work is admirable. It is noon; I will come back tonight at nine o'clock: they will still be there, the same children will give me the same smiles.

No women, no girls, few men, a world of little boys. The pavement becomes more uneven, the street more narrow, the alignment of the walls more fanciful. There are two large fruit stalls on the ground, which one must literally step over to progress in a street which is becoming a tunnel. The stalls are more numerous, they touch one another. The souks. They are so narrow that half of the merchandise is hanging outside and

reaching the middle of the street, above the street vendors who have spread their goods on the ground. Pots, bags, heaps of sandals, bananas and braids of fruit form a discontinuous hedge on each side. People look at me a lot: my clear and impeccable Western dress does not allow me to melt in this crowd as I would have liked. I should have worn some blue jeans. *Two* kids start to follow me from a respectful distance. They giggle as they see me straddling the piles of garbage in front of the closed stores with a step they must find posh. I stumble on an old crate, my other foot slips on a skin of I don't know what, I stagger, hang onto a huge display of oranges which staggers but, thank God, does not collapse. Only one or two fruits fall down the pyramid and roll under the neighboring trestles. The shopkeeper doesn't yell at me, as any of our market gardeners would have done. He smiles at me, which makes me really happy. I like to see fifteen-year-old boys smile.

- So, chief, is the sea that bad?

I am amazed. These French words strangely tear through the Arabic background music. I look a bit stupid and buy three oranges, which I pay one dirham, which is surely triple the price. I see him rummaging around in his till, hesitating to give me something back, then closing the little box with a sharp snap, with a knowing look that means, "That's the correct amount, thanks."

Since there are a lot of people around, I hesitate to engage in the conversation I wanted to have with him. I smile a stuck-up smile and awkwardly walk away. The two kids walk right next to me, eyeing my oranges. I give them one each and start peeling the last one. The three of us look at each other with the air of people knowing perfectly well what they have to say, but not daring to say it. On the way, we arrive at a very curious place, surrounded by high, blind and leaning houses.

A strange gate leads to another larger square. It is a portion of the still intact old ramparts. Some boys, leaning against the big wall, arched like whores, mockingly watch me passing by with my two small beggars on my heels, eating their oranges. I'll come back later, this place looks good.

- What is this place? I ask my escort, pointing to the ground.

- Place de Marrakech, they reply in unison.

- Do you speak French?

- No, I don't!

- Ah, well, I thought... How old are you?

- Thirteen years old.

- See? You can speak French!

- Not that much. Cigarettes, cinema, whisky, Giscard d'Estaing, love.

They burst out laughing while reciting their lexicon to me.

- Do you like love? the most deluded one asks me.

- Of course I do. Everybody does, don't they?

- Love... with me?

- With me! says the other.

- No, not him! Him twelve years, me thirteen! adds the first one, raising his forearm with a closed fist to make me understand the prowesses his many years make him capable of.

- Twelve years, thirteen years, same cock! says his buddy defensively, dislodging the other one with a blow and standing right in front of me.

- So, both of us with you.

- No, no, not two. Only one.

- So, choose.

They are both in front of me, preventing me from moving forward. I look around. People are passing by, they are busy,



*speaking loudly one to the other*, without paying attention to the strange group we form.

- Choose, choose.

Things are getting serious. The twelve-year-old model is very wide, robust like a Turk, all in curves, without being really fat. His head is round, except for the chin, which is very strong; his belly is round, his wrists are round. The other one is long, thin and graceful, with ears that stick out like airbrakes in a landing position. I have a weakness for boys who are slim, probably because adding his weight to mine (I'm not what you may call slim) makes for a nice average. I choose him. Twelve-years-old accepts my decision with gravity, shakes his friend's hand, mine too, but only because I hand it to him - I don't think he would have handed it to me - and leaves with a dignified air, draping his pride in his gandoura with an august movement.

I hail him, he turns around. I fish three dirhams out of my pocket, under his interested gaze, and hand them to him.

- No! he says while taking them.

- Are you sad?

- Yes.

And he goes away with a firm and emphatic step meant to be final.

- What's your name? I ask my pupil.

- Nouredine.

- Like in the Thousand and One Nights?

- Don't understand.

- It's okay. Where are we going?

- To your place.

- I have no place, only hotel...

- To your hotel.

- It's forbidden!

- Not in Morocco. In France yes, not here.

- You think so?
- All French people think you can't.
- Do you know many of them?
- No, I don't.
- Then how do you know?
- My father told me!

Good argument – he wins.

Except for his ears, this kid is admirable and has a piercing intelligence. We go back to Marrakech square to hail a small red cab. While passing by, I quickly check to see if the two boys who were leaning against the walls are still there. One is still here. I wink at him and point to the sun and the horizon. He nods in agreement. I have a date for tonight.

There is a lot of hustle and bustle around the cabs, small red "Simca 1000" that drive you to the city for a dirham and a half if you know the correct fare, but that never give you any change if you do not. The counter is useless and runs empty. For longer routes, we haggle. An old man in a chechia is organizing the queue along the wall. He assigns to each person a car by order of arrival. But everyone is trying to cheat and steal their turn and the old man is struggling. I look to see if the people in front of us are giving him any money, I'm surprised to find that they are not. Who pays him? The cabs? I'll never know, since Noureddine doesn't know either. Our car finally arrives. The kid opens the front door, next to the driver, the place of honor in small cabs.

- Charri Mohamed Ben Djouri.

The thing starts in second gear, then goes directly to fourth gear. Before I have the time to be surprised, the car accelerates with a sharp snap. The driver doesn't flinch: we're in a sloping street so he lets his wheelbarrow freewheel noisily down and once he gets to the bottom, he unclutches, goes back

to second gear again, then to fourth gear, which he holds with a firm hand this time.

- Old car? I ask.
  - No, not old. Why old?
  - The gears?
  - Ah, camel, no gears, and he can cross the desert.
  - I would not cross one in your car.
  - But look, we've made it! he concludes, laughing.
- I give him a dirham and half.
- Three dirhams! he says, shaking his hand.
  - Why three?

- To repair the gears, he answers in the same tone he would said "checkmate".

I expect the hotel receptionist to look at me sideways and to consider the somewhat ragged outfit of my conquest with a furious look. On the contrary, he gives me a look of smiling consideration and hands me my key, as if to say "you're doing fine, foreigner! You've just arrived and you're already at it!"

- Alcohol? Nouredine asks me as soon as we arrive in the bedroom.

I bought a bottle of scotch in the duty free stores. I open it, he pours himself some in the stopper.

- Undress! he orders me.
- You too.
- No, you first.

I sulk gently. I lie down on the bed.

- If you want to see, look for yourself, I tell him, pointing to my belt.

He seems to be in a hurry to finish, strips me naked in a jiffy and considers what I have to offer with a face devoid of any expression. He is already hard. I undress him carelessly and discover an elephantine cock, and balls which are so big

that their circumference is twice as wide as the shy halo of hairs that crowns it all. It's quite funny.

I think that the size of his cock is rather big. I should have begun with the twelve year old. It's as hard as wood, quivering and all.

- Turn around, I'll fuck you, quick, he says.

- No, no, you're too big.

- Quick, quick.

- No, I'm telling you. Something else.

- Ah, too late! he moans, disappointed, showing me the first drop of semen at the end of his glans.

In order not to spoil his fun, I grab his throbbing pipeline and discreetly bring his orgasm to a good end with my mouth. It was urgent... He is not sighing, he is screaming. His little belly is convulsing right before my eyes. His thighs and buttocks harden in my hands. He shoots his load all over the place, tons of it. And he comes, again and again and again, for at least half a minute.

- Are you feeling better?

- I wanted to fuck. Why not fuck?

- No time. (I'm trying to make him forget my fear I had of his cock awhile ago).

He is starting to get dressed.

- What about me? I ask him, waving my swollen cock. You're not going to leave me like this, are you?

- I came. It's over.

The verdict is in. He drinks another shot of whisky, asks for ten dirhams, is satisfied with five and leaves, saying "see you next time" as if we were going to meet again.

I pass by the receptionist once again, without giving him back my key and walk for awhile, in search of a small cab. One arrives in the opposite direction and, seeing my signal, makes a sudden U-turn across the avenue, interrupting all the

traffic in a great din of brakes, tires *and insults*. I get in under the angry gazes of about fifty people. It is what you may call a discrete departure.

- Place de Marrakech.

This cab is so old I have the impression that we are walking instead of driving. *One would not be more shaken on a camel*. The noise it makes while driving over the paving stones exceeds largely that of the engine. We arrive under the ramparts. The young boy is still there, showing his ass. I wave him thru the window, he approaches and climbs in. He is not shy.

- Back to hotel? asks the driver who does not seem to have been born yesterday.

The receptionist greets my return with a wink and a nod and looks at me with eyes full of admiration. I hope the price of his rooms is not indexed on the number of visitors that you bring in here, because, seeing how things are going, I won't have any money left for my stay.

- What is your name? I asked my second candidate to ecstasy.

- Ali, I am seventeen years old.

Obviously, I am dealing with a professional. Once in the room, instead of asking me to undress like the other, he strips with virtuosity, and spins around for me to admire his body, as if he was presenting a fashion show. He has finely marked muscles, a thin silky fuzz on his legs and under his thighs, a triangle of hair with contours as sharp as a tattoo, and a cock that is not very big but very long, and straight – a rare spectacle, rarely seen elsewhere, as if it had been drawn with a rule. A genuine broomstick. Noticing the bottle of whisky left on the table, he asks my permission to have a drink and, like his predecessor, pours himself a drink in the stopper. He watches me carelessly while I undress. *Obviously, the*

*spectacle of my body does not interest him.* We are on the bed. I touch his cock. It has the shape of a broomstick indeed, but also its rigidity. Never seen that.

- I fuck you! he says, pushing me on the belly.

- No, me, *I fuck you.*

I know for a fact that, in the Arab civilization, the role of the person being fucked is dishonorable and that I don't have much chance to make him accept it, but it will not be said that I will surrender without protesting. True, its size is suitable, but more than that, the perfect stiffness of the utensil suggests a painless operation. Ali thus starts fucking my virginity with the conscience of a qualified workman and the regularity of a metronome.

As with his predecessor, the ascent is fast, the discharge long and powerful, but the whole thing will not take more than two minutes. These guys really know how to fuck: you barely have time to touch them, and snap, it's gone. Before touching their cocks, you have to take the same precautions as when you handle a gun, otherwise it will shoot you in your face without you having seen anything coming. As soon as he's out of my person, he washes it under the faucet and quickly gets dressed.

- What about me? I want to fuck you too.

- No, no, no, no. Me never behind. Give twenty dirhams.

- No way. Twenty if I fuck you, otherwise, five.

- No, no, me always twenty dirhams to do that, he insists, pointing to the bed where our lovemaking has just taken place.

- *He who fucks, pays. You fucked me, I did you a favor, you must pay.*

- *Like that in France. Not in Morocco.*

I take out five one-dirham coins – that's much more impressive than their small, shriveled, disgusting five-dirham bills - and I jingle them into his hand.

- That's it, it's over, I add, opening the door for him.

He walks out into the hallway, turns around, looks at me with contempt for awhile, spits at my feet and then walks away, muttering. Let this be a lesson to me, this one is too Europeanized, the street children are so much more natural.

And if you look carefully, those street children can be found anywhere. In the squares where they play, in the streets, in the shops they work in, everywhere. Looking at them is enough to have them walking by your side, offering you their love as soon as you start a conversation. *I thought that a professional boy would be better, I was punished by where I had sinned: I only got a whore. Here, sex is a natural thing, and if you want sex, ask anyone, well, almost anyone.* It's as if the children here imagine that if you're a European walking in the Kasbah, then you're a homosexual.

It may be true, deep down, this place is a real paradise. Here is one of them, leaning against the wall at the corner, with his hands behind his buttocks, his belly forward and, at the extreme part of his body, a curious bow, an attractive figurehead, a well-filled fly. I pass him by and tell myself: why not touch as if by inadvertence this prominence and see how he reacts. This is exactly what I do. I was expecting a simple graze, a real collision occurs: he is hard as iron. I take my time, walk five steps away from him then turn around to see if he has taken the hint. I am really surprised to see him not leaning against his wall anymore but walking one step behind me, a big smile on his lips.

- Are you okay? he asks.

- Yes, I'm fine.

- Make love?

- Do you want to?

- Yes, me at your house.

What is *most* extraordinary in this country is the permanent availability of cocks whose owner is solicited. In France, when by any luck you come across a boy who really is queer, the first answer you get is always full of hostility, the other person looks at you with eyes that are always loaded with a heavy misunderstanding. This is probably because the French gay man, even reputedly liberated, is always embarrassed by a certain sense of guilt, and starts by unconsciously reproaching you for having discovered him, for having approached him first (at least that's what he thinks), for having detected his homosexuality when, in most cases, you only approached him by chance, because you liked his face or his ass.

But here, not one cock is more heterosexual than the other. Instead of being, like the French, inexorably destined to be engulfed in vaginas, the purpose of a cock here is to bring pleasure, wherever it comes from. Especially if the pleasure in question is made greater with a few dirhams. But, here again, the Moroccan boy has neither the spirit nor the scruples (or the absence of scruples) of a prostitute. His first motivation is to enjoy himself, not to have money. When he asks you for charity, he only puts into practice the ancestral, tribal reflex of sharing precious things, something which is inherent to any community in a country where goods are rare and precious. When you hear "give me money because you have a lot and I don't," in fact you must understand "give me water because your gourd is full and I am dying of thirst". The example may be exaggeratedly exotic, or *socio-culturally* pedantic, but it translates very well, in my opinion, a state of mind which is unknown to us. As for me, I was unaware of it until I came here.

Later in the evening, I will catch two twelve or thirteen year old boys, employed by the hotel, stuck together in the



pantry of the floor next to my room, gently fucking each other against piles of towels: their reflex will not be to pull their panties up as fast as possible when they see me come, but to smile at me gently *without making any gesture to hide*, suggesting in doing so that I should come back five minutes later if I needed something.

But I'm going too fast. So, here I am with my boy with a hard on, strolling along the ramparts. His name is also Nouredine, he is fourteen. The idea of going to the hotel by taxi thrills him, *he must be very poor*. His sweater is patched all over, with so many different small pieces that it is impossible to tell what its original fabric was made of. *Such a patchwork, in a fashion shop in Saint-Germain des Prés, would be worth a fortune*. His face is narrow and oval, with a large, rounded, shiny forehead, *so common in this country*. He takes my hand, which frightens me a lot in this crowd. It takes me a little while to realize *not only* that nobody is paying attention to this detail, *but that many men are walking holding hands, which is a sign of friendship, nothing else*. *The next day I even saw two armed soldiers patrolling the city, they were holding hands!*

- Happy with you! he says with such a sincere air that it doesn't seem like an air anymore.

And yet another ride in a car which is as derelict as the previous ones, yet another passage in front of the hotel receptionist who grants me, this time, a greeting with a respectful inclination of the bust and a silent applause of his hands under his chin. The room amazes Nouredine II who expresses the desire to take a bath. As it is not a luxury, I accede with eagerness to this hydrotherapeutic desire and his stripping gives me the opportunity to see his cock which is beautifully hard and surprisingly huge. As the boy is rather small, wearing this gigantic thing which "precedes him

anywhere by a quarter of an hour" make him look like a crane with its arrow standing *above a building site* or like a fork-lift truck about to put its appendix under a pile of boxes before loading it onto a truck. The object swings gently, horizontally, following the movements and the gait of its owner, with the elastic oscillation of a diving board that has just ejected its diver.

I cannot resist measuring it; when he sees me arriving with a rule, the kid polishes it so as to get the best out of it. Nineteen centimeters, a diameter of forty-five millimeters, which gives a perimeter of thirteen and a half centimeters. This is the first time in my life that I have measured a cock; this point of view does not usually enter my way of considering them. But the age of its owner being what it is, this performance is worth being mentioned. Basically, this kid seems to be quite annoyed by this fifth limb. He carries it around, in front of him, almost like an infirmity. He is also so slender that one wonders at times if such an overhang will not make him topple forward. He is embarrassed by this: when its master is lying in the bathtub, the animal emerges from the water, like a fisherman's cork.

Seeing my amusement, Nouredine II comes out of the water to make a demonstration. He sits down on the bath floor, puts his arms under his thighs, bends forward and takes without any apparent effort his glans in his mouth. He makes me jealous: he does what I have always dreamed of doing and will never do. Alas, it is likely that growth and age will soon take away this wonderful ability of his.

I hope that this kid is not a fucking machine, the way his pals were. Mind you, I know lots of people who would be delighted by such a tool, but not only am I not one of them, but once a day is enough for me and that's already been done for today. By lying on his side in the bathtub and bending his

legs, he manages to immerse himself entirely in it, including his head, and performs for me a concert of bubbles that I seem to have to delight in.

I delight myself then, and in the meantime, wonder, in order to avoid having my asshole stretched, if it would not be better to unwillingly have my jaw coming loose.

Well, we'll see. The diver gets out of the water, snorts, wipes himself summarily and sits on my bed. With an engaging smile, he invites me to join him. Envy can be seen in his eyes.

- Me, fuck you.

Again! Is that the only thing they have in mind in this country? I gently say no and he does not insist. He must be used to being refused. Not everyone can accommodate such a big cock. He looks sad.

- You don't want to?

- I CAN'T.

With my hands, I try to explain that the dimensions of his garden tool render the operation impossible. I propose another program:

- I'll fuck you.

- No, *you won't*.

- So, what do you propose?

So, he takes my cock with a kind of resignation and starts to suck it. I must say, not bad at all. It is likely that the numerous refusals that he receives regarding sodomy gave him the habit, not that widespread among his less mounted peers, to finish the affair otherwise. I transform, by crawling around him, his blowjob into a sixty nine, which revives the labial efforts that he is developing on my glans. We make love with perfect synchronism, and we declare ourselves delighted. But, and it is something inevitable with a Muslim: as soon as he has come, he gets dressed and leaves. Good for you if you

have succeeded in coming too, but bad for you if you have not. Only his fun matters. This egoism has its origin, I think, in the lamentable condition of the women in these countries: indeed, many women, even now, have their clitoris excised, and this transforms them into insensitive machines whose sole purpose is to transform cum into babies. This is their lot, they are not allowed to do anything else, not even go out for a walk. We hardly see them in the street, and many of them are still veiled, at least in the Kasbah where traditions are more preserved than in the new city. As a result, when it comes to homosexuality, the only honorable role is that of the fucker. He and only he can boast about it. Love is a pleasure being shared, but a liberation, a discharge into a container which is... whatever comes handy, *a boy partner for instance*.

This conception also explains why homosexuality is, as far as the role of the fucker is concerned in any case, more or less normally admitted. Who are the fucked ones, then, who satisfy so many fuckers? *Good question*. Probably the same ones, *who sometimes surely suffer from bouts of amnesia*. But they will never admit it.

*So here is my Nouredine II, dressed and about to leave. He dawdles at the door. I know very well what he has in mind but does not dare to ask.*

- A shot of whiskey? I ask him.

I am cruel and I regret it at once. His look is imploring. For not having asked anything, he will have ten dirhams. His eyes get bigger. He takes the bill with respect, considers it, folds it carefully, gives me a cinemascope smile, approaches my cheek, places a quick kiss on it and runs away.

My teachers used to tell me that my essays were incoherent and that I would never be any good at writing even a single unfortunate postcard. We'll talk about that later, but

the proof that they were somewhat right is that I've already revealed a little bit of the suspense *a few pages back*.

Having been with three boys and the weather being not so good - I am not used to it and it makes me sweat a lot - a good bath was more than welcome. But as Nourrédine II had soaked the towels and the bathroom as well, I needed clean linen. The room doesn't have a telephone, so I go out in the hallway in search of these accessories. Opening what is indeed the right door, the one of the lingerie, I suddenly find myself face to face with my two sodomite boys who are busy doing it, guess where? deep into the linen piles. Considering the matter recoverable, I prefer not to meddle with it and return to my room. I did well: five minutes later, someone knocks and the boy who was fucking his friend, this time duly clothed, enters my room without any sin of shyness.

- I would like another towel, I tell him, holding out the wet one.

It takes only a few seconds for me to be naked and for a powerful noise of water taps to emanate from the bathroom. He enters again, without knocking this time, and goes straight to the bathtub and places on the towel rack a real bathrobe, one which is twice as big as the previous one.

- Close bath to fill it! he says, stooping to close the drain of the bathtub with the small black plug at the end of its chain.

He gets up and looks at me, laughing. He points at my dangling cock:

- Cock tired!

Seems the buggers were watching for me and I was the one who gave them the idea to fuck in the lingerie.

- Do you want more? he adds.

I always want to. My cock will be up to it, I think. For once, I take the lead:

- Shall I fuck you? he says.

- No, I'll fuck you.  
- No, I'll fuck you. You saw earlier, I fuck.  
- If you don't want to, send me your friend. *I saw you earlier!*

- Ok, but first, I fuck you. Then, I call him.

*Blackmail, that's what it is!* He will become a good businessman, that's for sure! He's got a good head. Well, as long as he has a decent cock, that could be considered as well. You don't get something for nothing. But I have to check if the capricious nature of this country has not brought me another dinosaur in the making.

- Take your clothes off, I want to see your cock first.  
- Cock is fine. You saw earlier. *You take off your clothes.*  
- *You too, take your clothes off all the same. I didn't see it before.*

He has a cock that goes sideways. Its size is correct but the shaft makes a wide curve to the left. *When aiming at the door, he is in fact fucking the window.* Well, we'll see. *Let's be a little adventurous!* If we really must have a go at it right now, I'd better postpone my bath and have one later. I turn off the taps and come back to the bed. Béchir, that's his name, is in the last preparatory stage, that is to say, he is wanking himself in order to reinforce the rigidity of his tool, *and perhaps also to adjust the shooting angle since it is a device with complex ballistics.* He lies on me, and tries in vain to penetrate me. I am willing but he is not hard enough, *and his strength is not aimed in the right direction.*

- Cock tired!

I decide to have a little fun with him. He's had it coming, after all.

- You've lost, now I screw you!

I take him like I would a potato bag, overpower his reluctance with my authority and my strength, block his legs

with mine and lie on top of him. He grumbles, but only to save his dignity. Going limp is, for a fucker, dishonorable, but surely as dishonorable as being fucked. The tragedy is that I'm not in good shape either. It's his turn to laugh now. I gather all my inner strength. The sweat of my forehead is running down on his back. I penetrate him, a little sluggishly, no doubt, but nevertheless. I am in. That's not the best fun I've had but it will be a good lesson for this scoundrel. He screams.

- Owwwwwww!

I give him perfectly useless humps, just to make him understand that he is a fucker who is being fucked. I am about to cum, my cock finally swells and makes him scream even louder. I give him much more than he promised me then casually pull out. He turns around and looks at me, he is furious. He's got a huge hard-on. See? Being fucked is not so bad after all, even for a guy like him. He handles his cock for awhile. He could put it in me but he dare not ask, his humiliation is too big. So he jerks it off. It all happens surprisingly fast: the first spurt goes up on the wall, thirty centimeters at least above the bed frame, which is already quite high. Long jerks have cover the pillow, his trunk and his face with large creamy globs. Only the last drop falls on his stomach. The bugger perhaps did not fuck, but he came much better than I did. With his sharp and pointed tongue, he licks around his mouth, greedily recovering the cum that had gone down there. The adventure ends with a silent bath, the little we have to say to each other not being of a nature to please him.

I will wait in vain for his boyfriend. This will be his little revenge. In the evening, I will visit the city for awhile, I have my appointment the next morning at eight o'clock and my plane takes off at eleven. From my trip here, I will keep the astonishing idea that there exist some countries where sex is not so dirty as it is at home, countries where its use, even

though nevertheless subjected to certain number of rules *which are not always logical*, is less restrictive and less guilt-inducing. It is true that this is a man's point of view and that those who pay a high price for this freedom are the Arab women.

## VII

I said earlier that my teachers thought I had no writing skills, no coherence in my essays, and that I would never be any good at anything but writing the unfortunate postcard. They were probably right. In that respect, that's the reason why I'm writing this book: to piss them off; paper-pushers, these people are, as good as bread but so small and petty, but they are so busy teaching rows and rows of blissful mouths that for them, a text is only valuable if the ideas it contains come in military order. That's the way we used to write, at the Lycée Poincaré, in Nancy.

I certainly do not claim that what I write is a "substantive marrow", nor that depth can hide a lack of syntax. On the other hand, I can affirm that I am a writer not in order to organize my ideas as if they were part of a military parade but because I have something to say, things that show up the way they do, just like that, without any preconceived order, the way things happen in life and nothing more. I talked about Bip-Bip before talking about Philippe, I mentioned Pascal before Casablanca because the day I wrote about Philippe, I didn't want to talk about Casablanca, because the ideas in the preceding pages had led me to this subject, or that one, for what it matters. If, on that particular day, I had wanted to deal with another topic, I probably wouldn't have said as much, or I



wouldn't have been able to express myself in a truthful manner. That's true, a story can be told following a precise scenario, with a carefully organized set of ideas; I did it, I did, and the result was a book of inordinate length. You cannot talk about you using a pile of punched cards.

I am saying this, but in the end I am not here to tell you the story of my life. First, it's not interesting, and then, it would be dishonest, since it hasn't been advertised on the cover of the book. I don't want to hear any "if I had known". You were expecting naughty things, you'll get them. I'm sure that the good old teacher who thought that my writing skills would only allow me to write a postcard text is reading me now. When he saw the title, I'm sure he couldn't resist and, by reading me up to this page, he will have demonstrated that, contrary to his claims, content can indeed replace syntax.

"There is no such thing as an exact autobiography, that's impossible," said Heine. That is a sufficiently good reason to avoid writing one, even if you think that you are interesting, which is not my case. But it is difficult to talk about your passions without talking about yourself, and your passions show clearly who you are. So, if you want to read my stories about young adolescent boys and how to get them artfully into bed, you'll have, willy nilly, to endure all the author's fantasies. And in no particular order, mind you. All I ask of you is that you be so kind as not to put this book into the porn shelf of your library. First, because if you hide it, your son will have no chance of ever stumbling upon it as I hope he will; (I have no shame) and most importantly because this is not a pornographic book.

This book is not pornographic for one simple reason: pornography doesn't give me a hard-on, or not that much. It especially makes me angry. First, because pornography is the representation of many things which are rarely beautiful,

sometimes exciting, but always inaccessible. And because I can't stand not being able to touch. Secondly, because watching other people fuck doesn't make me cum - or else, I don't need a book to jerk off. And last but not least, because it is so easy to get the models that one wonders why one makes so much fuss about their representations.

Pornography is the blemish by which our society pays for its prohibitions and its attacks on nature. It is the opium of those who are uptight, not-free, shy and badly fucked. I'm not writing to get a hard-on, I'm not writing to help you jerk off better. I only want to let you know that I have discovered not far from where you live a place, a way to discover, to rediscover an aspect of nature we prefer to ignore but which exists, truly, resolutely, intensely.

By speaking about me without talking about my love for boys, I would not only draw an incomplete portrait of myself, I would also describe a person who is not me, because all my impulses, all my feelings, all my concerns, and, let's say it, all my love and all my life are turned, dedicated, devoted to what is the most dear to my heart: cute young adolescent boys.

When you don't know anything about homosexuality, and many French people don't, you think that it is a door more or less open door from masculinity to femininity. It is ridiculous. Looking for the company of a strong person is not necessarily the prerogative of the so-called weaker sex. The proof? All those big phalocrats only looking for women in order to call them "my wife" and dominate them, all those fat jerks would be quite incapable of accommodating a companion whose "strength" would compete with theirs. The women know this as a fact, all of them: the men who respect them the most are the homosexuals.

When I find another boy, even a younger one, I treat him as my equal, at least I want him to become my equal. In order

to achieve that goal, I will share with him all the opportunities which have been provided to me, until he has made them his. I can't adhere to this phallocratic conception of the couple where one is the dominator and the other the dominated, some kind of coachman and horse relationship. Well, okay, sometimes the best horses have to admit that if they can pull the carriage, it's only because a coachman is driving it.

A young boy is a living force which lights you up and then goes. To love young boys is to condemn yourself to love what's ephemeral, because they will not be tomorrow the person you love today. Time will quickly make them wither, for they are at an age when one changes very quickly. To love them is to condemn yourself to loneliness, to the perpetual search for a passing angel, for an angel who remains so only briefly.

However, it is to be happy. It is my happiness. Because, if I had to do it again, I would do it the same way. At the risk of being morally excluded from associations in defense of sexual rights, which I almost honor though in their excesses, it is necessary here to draw the difference between the homophile or the pederast - who cultivate a natural inclination - and the transvestite or the transsexual - who are in my opinion prisoners of an anti-natural state, because, if it were to be done all over again, the transvestite would do it again as a woman. Didn't he spend all his or her life trying to become one?

For me, the first quality of a boy is to be a boy. I want him to be a good boy, very masculine and very natural. I can't stand these effeminate queers, these dubious creatures who are in between, neither man nor woman, all these mythomaniacs who live somebody else's life, all those caricatures pretending to be Marilyn - more or less - or Marlene - more or less too. I

prefer a real woman to a fake one, a true woman remaining what is best to replace a boy.

I want my boy to be natural and as close to nature as possible. I prefer a small farmer, with his fresh pink flesh, to any nightclub supplicant whose skin is as diaphanous as that of raw fish, who will turn old at a glance, as in an accelerated film, because he will smoke too much and drink too much whiskey. I prefer the smell of flowers to the smell of motorcycles, the smell of love to the smell of fucking. We have no choice but take what life has given us - to put a boy in your bed is good; to put him in your heart is better.

It's been seven months and I haven't recovered yet from the departure of this boy I have already spoken about (remember the complete lack of organization in my writings?), this boy who was so traumatized by his father that he left me. I had discovered in him a goal, a purpose in my existence. I had changed everything, oriented everything towards him. He who, two days before his crisis, had told me very seriously, and one has to be, serious I mean, to say such a thing seriously:

- Our destinies are linked.

His father had the last word, the ultimate threat. He\* did not come back anymore. Society has taken him back. Since then, I have been weary, and also very lazy, the motivation for everything I was doing has disappeared. I have lost my job, I have not done much to find another one, I hang around, I flirt all day long with silly adolescent boys, I am writing two books at the same time without much taste. I tried to see him again.

-----

\* Christophe, in the 2014 version

His whole family, even the young ones, conspires to keep me away from him. I managed to do it, though. What did he say to me, as he was leaving his high school? "I don't love you anymore!"? No. He said to me:

- Go away, if my mom sees us together, I'll get in trouble again.

He'll be eighteen in three weeks and his parents still hold him on a leash as if he was only ten. I will try to see him again, to make him understand what he took away from me: my oxygen, my taste for life, my energy. I will try again and again. He has already changed, he will change again, but who cares.

What I had with him was not only the sharing of the body, it was what we are all dreaming of, the sharing of the spirit, the sharing of life.

## *VIII*

The Pigalle game rooms are definitely prolific places. Two boys play at shooting each other on a small television screen. At each death, a little bugle call sounds, and the spectators have a great time. Among them is one that nobody is watching. He is not fat, but very strong, massive, wide, robust. That he is Spanish, that he is also intelligent, and that he has a deep inner life, is written all over his face. I put myself next to him, then glide a little to the front. My swinging hand touches his pocket, then what is around his fly. He does not move back, which is a good sign. By looking at him more closely, I notice that it is undoubtedly younger than I thought he was at first sight, probably sixteen or seventeen, and not around twenty. By dint of touching, I feel the bulge of

his sex *caressing my fingers* through his pants. Something is bothering me: he should either pull away or look at me. You don't let yourself get groped by someone whose face you have not even seen. And yet, he remains unmoved and continues to watch the game. So I go to the back of the room, determined to come back in a few seconds to resume my position as a groper, to see if he will let me start again. He takes this as an opportunity to leave. Damn it.

I was mistaken, he hasn't gone far. He is waiting in front of *the next* shop-window, contemplating some vague dildos *exposed in the dust*. I walk over and look too. We feel stupid watching such stupid things. I hook him up:

- Stupid stuff, this things are, don't you think?

No answer, but neither any of this irradiating hostility those who do not want to be talked to emit in such a case. He starts walking again, I follow him, and he does nothing to run away from me. We go side by side towards Blanche. The strip club barkers have seen me often enough not to bother me anymore, but they grab him by the sleeve and pull him towards the cash register. ENTRANCE 5 FRANCS.

He declines the offer with a few embarrassed smiles, and finally releases himself. I have stopped to wait for him, and he comes back and walks beside me.

- We should trick them, do something funny, I add. "Entrance: 5 francs" is written on their front door and nothing more, so we should let ourselves be taken in with only five francs in our pockets, and nothing more. And when it's time to pay for the drinks, that would be the surprise: no money. There's nothing they could do, not even throw us out, since we will have paid the entrance fee, *the only fee indicated*. If we are numerous enough not to be beaten up, it could be funny.

Still no answer, but a small smile which he can't repress very well. I need a can opener to get this guy to talk. Still, I'm

sure I'm on the right track, and if his body is a little rough, he must be very nice and warm. We'll have to start back from the beginning with the usual banalities.

- Do you often come here to hang out?

- No, well, yes, I do.

He has a very young voice, which contrasts surprisingly with his already mature body. It is soft to hear, the annoying thing being that he uses it so sparingly.

- I have seen you before, or so it seems to me.

- Mmmmmm.

- I like to come here. You always meet people here, don't you?

- That depends.

- Depends on what?

- Well...

- I think almost everyone comes here in order to meet someone. Why not admit it?

His reactions are unusually tight. I know I'm right but the poor guy seems utterly blocked. Operation Corkscrew, phase two.

- Do you like girls or boys?

- Girls, of course.

- Of course? Why?

- Because... of course. Everyone.

- Well, I beg your pardon.

We're approaching the Blanche subway, and he seems to be heading there. It's going to be a snatch-and-grab thing.

- It's silly to forbid yourself half the good stuff! Bisexuals fuck twice as much as the others, one time girls, one time boys. That's two. Have you ever thought about that?

- No, I haven't.

- Is it really decided? Are you adamant about this? You've got five minutes, let's have a drink.

He starts walking down the subway stairs. It's all over. I stay upstairs, then, as he disappears between the doors, I decide to follow him. If there is still a small chance, it is worth trying. More than his body, his mystery attracts me. As I enter the hall of the station, I notice that he has stopped in front of the map of the metro and that he has turned around to see if I am following him. In spite of his impassivity, I can feel that my appearance does not bother him.

- I bet you're a very shy person, that we understand each other very well, but that you're afraid, very afraid of me. Not so much of me, but of the temptation I represent for you.

He acknowledges this with a nod of his head! I knew I was right. Quick, strike while the iron is hot. I laugh gently.

- Well, you see, the hard part is over with. We often want to talk about it, but we're always wondering how we're going to get the subject on the table. One of us has to take the lead. That's been done, the ice is broken now. We can speak freely. We know that the other understands. It's better that way, isn't it?

Another silent nod of assent.

- What's your name?

- No, no.

- Well, listen to me now, you can tell me! My name is Jacques, there, that's it. What's yours?

-Antonio.

- Ah! Antonio. You have five minutes, let's go have a drink.

- No, no, I'm going home right away.

- Listen, that's too silly! We're all unhappy, you and me, each one of us in his own corner, not knowing how to get to know one another. Now that the hardest part is done, it's too stupid to let things remain that way and be left all alone, as we



used to be. If you really are in a hurry, which I don't think you are, give me your address.

- No, no, *no, no*.

- At least write my phone number down.

- No, no.

- What do you mean, no no? Yes, yes! Here, write it down.

- No, no, I don't want to.

- But why, it's too stupid, now that we know each other, not to meet again. Think of how difficult it is to meet people. Leave me your address. Come and have a drink at the café over there, come on.

- No, no, I'm in a hurry, I have to be home by six.

- Where to?

- In Argenteuil.

- Where is that?

I approach the map of the metro. He shows me the northeast suburbs. It's five o'clock.

- Listen, we've got plenty of time, it takes ten minutes to go up there by bike. *Let's have a drink, and then* I'll give you a ride back.

- No, no, I don't have time, I want to go home.

- You'll get there faster if we take my bike.

- No, anyway, I'm not the person you think I am, I'm not interested. I'm going home.

He starts unwrapping his orange card.

- Look, changing your mind at the last minute is ridiculous. How silly it is to get stuck like this. If you were really from the other side, as you say, you would have gotten angry a long time ago. The mere fact that we've been able to have this conversation up to now is proof that we understand each other perfectly. So, loosen up, damn it, I'm not going to eat you up! Are you afraid of me? Come and have a drink. Just

a drink at the café. Come on, come on. It's so stupid to stay alone once we have got to know each other. Come on, Antonio.

Almost reluctantly, he puts his ticket in the machine and goes through the gate. For awhile I think I would take a ticket as well and follow him into the subway. Are my chances really that bad? We are so close, so close. I call him from over the railing. He looks at me, as if powerless, and doesn't answer.

- Antonio! Tell me when you're coming back around here. I will be there. Tell me!

He goes away and turns at the corner of street, sending me a helpless look, as if he was being dragged down there. *As if he was being taken to the scaffold.* I will not see him again.

So many boys, blocked, traumatized, withdrawing into themselves and brooding, because they don't dare to assume who they are. I have already spoken about suicides. They are the ones we hear about. But we never here about the great silent majority of those who carry all their life this frightful ball and chain: I am different from the others, people think I am a monster, *and I cannot speak about it to anybody.*

By the way, that is, since he can speak about it better than I do, a topic that my friend Jean-Louis Bory really likes to speak about: it is easy to be a queer actor, a queer writer, a queer artist or simply to be rich and queer, or so he says, but to be a worker for Renault? A laborer on a construction site? Being a fag is relatively easy if you are part of the intelligentsia, if you belong to a certain elite that has, in general, fled the provinces to go to the capital, if you are the vanguard of a form of liberalism that could be adopted tomorrow *but which is not accepted today. Let's talk about it, but not too loudly, the pyres of Sodom are still smoking.*

People don't give anything to the average person, but they grant the most surprising largesse to those who already have, thanks to their position in the world, a bit of originality which makes them stand out. It is this beginning of marginality that one must acquire, by any means. Go on to the next level. *Cross the barrier, get out of the paddock.* From then on, the crowd no longer recognizes you as one of its own and grants you a very large amount of freedom, homosexuality being part of the package. The proof is, as shown by experience, that being a notorious faggot does not prevent you from becoming a TV news anchor, a minister, a pope, an archbishop, a singer, a diplomat, or a senior officer called to high ministerial positions.

But if you want to become a paper-pusher in a sub-prefecture, a traffic policeman, an average manager in an average bank or administration, *and even a basic employee or a simple worker*, to have Hellenic morals is almost prohibitive. Funny reaction of the proletariat which, two centuries after the storming of the Bastille, keeps preserving itself in anachronism, punishing itself and cleaning itself in the purest medieval traditions.

By what mechanisms, by what subtleties, by what internal evolutions, under what influences, under what pressures does a society evolve? What occult power, what deep energy, who, and in the name of what, can claim to influence it? Why did the Scandinavians or the Dutch succeed better than we did in elaborating their dogma of respect for the others? Do doctrines and cultures follow the laws of chance or any other measurable laws, or are they mere factors skillfully directed *ex machina*? And if so, by whom?

This brings us back to the anti-Christian doctrine that I, in a moment of anger, mentioned above. But is it really that simple? If some form of jealousy or frustration, inherent to

human nature, has been added to the papal anathemas, why have they not played out in the same way in each and every country? Does the defense of the homosexual condition require a detailed study of sexual segregation?

I think it actually goes far beyond that. *The problem is parallel, not consecutive.* I have never been able to get behind any of the doctrines of sexual emancipation without any amendment on my part. One of the oldest of the modern ones, if I may say so, is Reich's. He is in any case the first to have placed sexual freedom among freedoms in general, even arguing that it was superior to the others in that everyone was willing to conquer it with their lower bellies forward. Revolution can, must resort to sex in order to succeed...

Indeed, there is no foolish door in the kingdom of freedom, but in order to use free-sexuality as a battering ram, it would be necessary to lighten it of all the shackles twenty centuries of Christianity have entangled it with. There are too many values to be overturned for the people to decide to march with their cocks in the sun, to attack their own civilization.

There are currently two schools that promise their militants that sexual plenitude is for tomorrow. The most restless ones are from the extreme left, notably the G.L.H. (Groupe de libération homosexuel), successor of the F.H.A.R. (Front homosexuel d'action révolutionnaire) *and of the C.U.A.R.H. (Comité d'Urgence Anti-répression homosexuelle).* They are nice, but *their work suffers from an excess of democracy: I attended a long evening of debate which turned into a shouting match, during a meeting of the G.L.H. on the burning subject of knowing if it was necessary to write "homosexual" in the masculine or in the feminine, depending on whether it was the group or the liberation that was homosexual.* \*

*The debate cart swerved from one ditch to the other, the lesbians accusing the boys of phallocracy if the adjective was attached to "group," and the queers screaming recuperation when the lesbians wanted to feminize the word by subjugating it to "liberation." I left in the middle of the night, weary of this war, thinking that our cause could not march forward this way. I was called a quitter.*

The only point these nice leftists agreed on was to castigate the *supposedly* apolitical competing association, i.e. well anchored on the right, Arcadie, and its guru André Baudry, who was more than twenty years their senior. It is annoying, when preaching for tolerance and the integration of the minorities, *to tear one another apart before tackling the real problems. We must not make the wrong enemy.*

That being said, their action, in certain aspects, is not to be despised. The most pleasant aspect is the organization of forums with a distribution of leaflets in the squares and the markets, which is the only way to reach the social classes that would never have spontaneously learned about homosexuality otherwise. I remember some demonstrations, however, during which a few queers gave, with a lot of eccentricity, a vision of homosexuality that is certainly not one that the average citizen would easily accept. *If we make them swallow too much at once, we might suffocate them.*

Arcadie is celebrating its 20th anniversary without having solved its long-standing problem: how to improve its representativity. With its 50,000 members, Arcadie is now the largest organization in the world, *although* the Americans have had to federate many independent local movements to reach that number.

---

\* "group" is masculine in French, "association" and "liberation" are feminine.

*But what's the point of being so numerous if you always have to hide? By staying in the closet, Arcadie looks more like a charity organization rescuing the poor oppressed queers than the spearhead of a liberation movement!*

Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that if fifty thousand Arcadians are currently paying their membership fee, *according to Baudry*, three hundred thousand have “gone through” the movement without *staying, without* renewing their fees. *He could have wondered why.* Oh, there are a few other examples: the Communist Party has four million voters, but the Humanité newspaper has a circulation of only one hundred thousand copies.

It seems that many homosexuals do not recognize themselves in this movement because its director, André Baudry, supreme and irremovable guru, unique candidate at all the elections of this multi-layered association, has a doctrine which consist in presenting to the world a watered down homosexuality which is, to some extent, recovered by some hetero criteria (you and me, life as a couple, *union*, etc...), so that it would be accepted with some reasonable chances of success (according to him) by the segregationist crowd. One reproaches him quite commonly, without taking into account the discomfort of his position, to have become the apostle of the “baudrysexuality”, a product considered saleable par excellence, but where the homosexual does not necessarily find the raw and wild taste of his passion.

And yet, Baudry seems to be right, being the only French movement so far to have been invited by the radio and the television, supreme consecration for any self-respecting proselytizer.

*As long as homosexuals live in the catacombs, Baudry and his Arcadia will occupy a place of choice in their representation. When homosexual freedom explodes, which*

*will happen one day, this movement will seem obsolete overnight, and will fall into oblivion the way an expired product does. My personal fear is that the coming of gay freedom will not be the result of a philanthropic impulse in our society, but will be the result of a very materialistic realization of the potential market and political force that we represent. This means not only that we will all have fought for nothing, Arcadie and the F.H.A.R. included, but above all that we will have obtained only a conditional freedom, not defined by our aspirations, but framed by the system as in some kind of good neighbor contract. We will still not be able to be free faggots, we will have to console ourselves by assimilating ourselves to the model of the "legal faggot" which society wants to impose on us.*

## V

You should not treat adolescents like children, you might offend them, but you won't get a better result if you treat them like adults. The state of adolescence is a transitory one, in perpetual mutation, almost without any constant and especially without any concession or temperance of any kind. Their mind, willingly whole and idealistic, is only a narrow imbrication of concepts going from one extreme to the other with the most complete lack of logic. Moreover, the experience of others is useless, each evolution being made only empirically, each idea, even the most baroque one, being held to be valid only until a series of failures has made the necessity of its expiration evident. You should never try to reason with a young adolescent boy nor speak to him in a way

that can be perceived, even from a distance, as sanctimonious. *All you'll gain is that you'll be seen as an old fart.*

There is no *personal* preventive solution, ever. *Society as a whole should have a preventive solution, but a teenager? Don't make me laugh!* When faced with a state of mind that leads to a mistake, the most educational action will usually be to let the crap happen at least once, and to help draw the consequences afterwards. Any prior warning would only be received as an old man's drivel. After the failure, on the other hand, if the subject is intelligent, you can, without too much insistence, draw the necessary conclusions by trying, if possible, to show that the approach was stupid or ridiculous. Pride is, indeed, the most decisive argument that can be put forward when challenging a value: make it clear, without saying it openly, that the rascal behaved like a child, when you thought he was an adult, admit to being disappointed, etc. etc.

In order to use tolerance as a common educational method, you need to be really good at clenching your teeth and fists without letting your anger explode. How many abhorred records, stupid movies and crappy soap operas will you have to let him see and hear before your little darling becomes more or less acceptable!

It is not by demonstrating the nullity of bad films that you will convince him to go and see good ones, but only by the discreet self-satisfaction report that you will manage to slip in when talking about your shows, until curiosity or pride of seeing adult films will make him want to accompany you. Be warned though, the first time you will have to come up with an alibi to explain this, something like:

- I'm so bored, I'm ready to go and see anything.

You have to get used to it, if you want to go out with an adolescent boy who is presentable, it is something that



requires a lot of patience, something which must be prepared the way you would a simmered dish.

Some concepts, such as pride, are understood by the young adolescent boys, at a very high level, but others are totally unknown to them. Notably grief, theirs or *especially* that of others. While, curiously, certain apparently benign causes to which an adult generally reacts well, would lead them easily to suicide, they are capable of receiving as mere annoyance the hardest blows of fate, such as the loss of a parent or a loved one. There are examples of boys who have committed suicide because of a bad grade or because they didn't get along with their father, or sometimes simply because they were afraid of being beaten up, but there has never been a single one who has taken his own life because a parent or friend left or died.

The departure of a friend, in the homophilic sense of the term, is something they receive as a random event and an art they practice with the greatest cruelty. No matter how tenderly they loved you, you will never be more than a banal experience to be added to their list of achievements. *A line in their resume.* Drive on! Life goes on and you can go to hell and die. We see things in months and years, they only see them in days and weeks. For them, time does not pass quickly, life is infinitely dense, richer than ours, disillusioned as we already are, and a few days of absence represent a lot of water under their bridge whereas we have just started to cry.

They never hurt where they hurt us and there is no mercy to be expected from them.

- What about all the kisses I gave you?
- Do you regret them?
- And all the ones you gave me?
- You will give them to others.

I don't want to talk about it anymore. *What's the point?* I will have to forget him one day. *But I'm not going to.* Seven months after his departure, next week, he will be eighteen years old. I have already bought the postcard that I will send him. I chose a funny one, because if he knows I'm sad, his pride will be flattered, and we may well start all over again for another six months. It's silly. He knows I've been crying a lot. Somebody told him. He must be happy. No, that's impossible, he loved me so much. He still loves me so much. So why? Why?

I fuck more than anyone else and yet I am not happy. I close my eyes and dream that it is him. The softness of his body is replaceable, but not the sweet radiance, the comforting emanation in which he bathed me. Families, I hate you!

Alas, it is not him. This one doesn't smell very good and his cock is short and twisted. I walked right up to him while he was walking, riding my motorcycle on the sidewalk, among the pedestrians.

- Are you coming for a ride?

Several times, he didn't answer me. It wasn't until his ignorance of my noisy presence beside him became truly unbearable that he took it upon himself to ask me:

- Where would we go?

- Anywhere. To my place, for example...

- Your place, oh well... how much do you give?

- Why should I give anything?

- Well, then, I'm not coming.

- I only have fifteen francs, *I wasn't expecting this.* Does that suit you?

He thinks for a long time. The matter is important. To break the silence, and especially to avoid any bids, I take out of the bag the helmet reserved for the passenger and stick it in his hands. He puts it on.

- Do you often go with boys?  
- From time to time...  
- To get your kicks, or because they're "giving you something"?  
- Oh, no, to get something, I don't care about the rest.  
- What is the rest?  
- Well...  
- We nearly belong to the same generation, we're both going to get off the same way, why should one of us pay the other?

-The others do.  
- Aren't you a fag?  
- I don't care.

We've arrived. He's in the chair, hunched over, looking grim.

- What's your name?  
- Patrice.  
- How old are you?  
- Sixteen.  
- Don't make a face like that. Loosen up a bit, relax... You look like somebody who thinks we're going to do something really bad. That's just ridiculous. You know, there's what you've been taught, and there's nature. They are two very different things. The education you received defames homosexuality because it doesn't produce any little workers or little soldiers; it's just a lowly matter of profit, nothing more. As for your nature, it comes into conflict with these received ideas. It pushes you to come. Sex is something you use in order to come, otherwise the good Lord would have done it differently...

- He did it differently with me...  
- How is that?

Patrice unwraps me something which is not washed very carefully and which is a little twisted. *In any case quite stiff.* He has indeed what is called a catfish cock. That is to say, the meatus, the little hole, is not located at the end, but underneath. He shows it to me meaning to tell me that if I have to give money, it is to compensate for this misfortune.

- It doesn't prevent you from anything, you know?

My reassurance does not soothe him. And yet, a doctor saved the day by circumcising him, and such a penis works as well as yours or mine.

- After a good bath, you'll see if what I'll do to you won't make you feel good.

It's loud. The little crater under the glans is making the sound of a vacuum suction each time my lips pass over it. He has a beautiful body that twists and spasms. *His soft, flat belly rises to my face in search of greater pleasure.*

- Don't rub me there! he says, pointing to the ridge of his glans. It hurts.

- Poor little virgin! Because you are a virgin, right?

- Yes, he concedes without any pleasure, *but with confidence.*

By seeing thru him the way I did, I bring my sex skills to an indisputable level. But what is also indisputable is the extraordinary pleasure he takes under my hands. His body twists, convulses, goes into a trance, is crossed all over with spasms. His face becomes lunar, his features are transformed, expressing an *ineffable* ecstasy. He comes for a long time and pants like a draught animal. What is amusing is that given the disposition of his willy, his sperm is projected not on his belly, but on his thighs.

I feel that what I have told him earlier about his education and his nature, as basic as it may have seemed, is very new to him and has made a strong impression on him. *It seems that*

*my explanations have made their way into his little head. But I have even more important revelations to tell him.*

- You know, you're wrong to be so shy when it comes to boys, when they approach you, for example. We all have two sexual components, one straight, the other one gay. The culture *and the education* we receive, *the only model of the world we live in*, tends to favor the first one and repress the second one. Some boys are, moreover, more inclined by nature to like women, others prefer boys. *Nature has foreseen this, in principle to ensure the perpetuation of the species. I think that nature has been a little heavy handed, if we consider that two men out of three do not eat enough. So, to compensate for this galloping proliferation, it wisely provided that many boys would prefer men.* But judging from your speech, you consider yourself very straight. The proof is that you used that flimsy alibi of money to come with me. Because, and you'll agree I'm sure, fifteen francs is a ridiculous sum of money and that's not the reason why you came. *It was just not to say that you wanted to come in order to have fun, right? Because you did come to get your kicks, and you got them! You really did! Admit it...*

*He gives me a nice smile to acknowledge my explanations.*

- Then, it is necessary for you to draw your own conclusion, *I continue, undaunted. You came for pleasure, you had a great time, therefore you like boys. And you love them enough to love them all your life!*

*A small pout on Patrice's face, but still no contradiction. My speech is like a soft sodomy, it enters gently, and its recipient is modest enough to recognize that it makes him feel good.*

- You know, at your age, you think that sex games with your friends is not even homosexuality, that it is something

you do because it's fun, and that *the desire to do it* will pass when you grow up. Moreover, sixteen year old virgins like you have a little tendency to consider that women constitute an adult sexuality, with a little vulgar or vicious side, and that they have all the time they need in front of them to get there, whereas what they do with their little friends is quite clean, candid, without any risk, *without any consequence*, it's not even vicious, it's just a joke badly understood by the adults. Well, that's not true. We have to call things by their names *and recognize the obvious*. That all kids have at one time or another touched a buddy's willy, *played doctor or whoever gets the first one*, is a certainty. But my friend, when you get off with a guy like you just did with me, *it's not child's play anymore!* It's because you have a strong homosexual tendency! That doesn't mean that you won't go with women, *get your kicks or be like the others. Listen to me! When I was in the army, me and my roommates we all went to the brothel. I had to go there to avoid being rejected. It didn't kill me. My pleasure was doubled there: first, I fucked like the others, organically, it always works with a woman, and furthermore, as we were only soldiers from the rank and file, we were not rich, so these ladies took us all together and received us all in the big lounge! I was able to see all my buddies busy at it! My little secret pleasure! I was lucky, they never knew I was watching them, and to what extent the spectacle of their orgy was helping me fuck my woman! Ten guys and five women on three beds and two rugs! The women served as an alibi, their presence erased all the innuendos, no more embarrassment between us... Those who were waiting for their turn were jerking off to prepare themselves... And as it was necessary to fuck in public, with your buddies watching, for lack of being able to hide, they were overdoing it, making a spectacle of themselves, measuring themselves, turning it all into a show!*

*And what a show! They showed me more than I expected to see! The following days, I had the luxury of evoking the memory of it with this one or that one, separately, in a corner, that made him hard, so we jerked off together, and that went even further sometimes....* Finally, to come back to you, one can be bisexual, you may be bisexual, but I can predict that your taste for boys will not leave you and that you can already prepare yourself to live your whole life with it.

Phew! I observe the results of my speech. First, nothing happens. *He even laughs at my military affairs.* Then, Patrice considers his sex with a new interest. He turns it, turns it again, manipulates it, examines it, observes it from the front and from the side, *smoothes its hairs.*

- All my life?

- *All your life! But you know, we live very happily like this. Never out of order. Sail and steam. The bisexual gets laid twice when others only get laid once! You're lucky!*

I hit the nail on the head. Without a doubt, his idea of his sexuality is what I just have described to him: a child's play. *So I've opened wide doors to another world for him.* I wonder for a moment if I have not been a little strong. It is hard enough to admit to yourself that you are what life has brought you, it is crushing to be forcefully confronted with a reality that you have desperately refused. Did I really do him a favor by shining a merciless light on what he was delightfully entertaining in a gloom full of hope? In any case, I am sure, certain, that I am not mistaken. It would have been disastrous to make such a mistake. But I didn't. I only put him, too abruptly I admit, on the right track. *By denying him,* I deprived him, before term, of the marvelous alibi that childhood constitutes. *Before term? He is sixteen years old, after all, with a good-sized sex and manly hair where it should be...* Erasing childhood, *it is true,* means giving up all the excuses

that turn what is forbidden into something so delicious. Entering adulthood means giving up the innocence that allows you to ignore responsibility.

*But it gives access to other things. When the plane takes off, it loses the reassuring contact of the ground floor. But it flies, takes height, travels...*

*But what is the right proportion of true homosexuals - those who love men of the same age as themselves - and of pederasts - those who love teenagers? If we look at the homosexual milieu in the big cities, we can see that pederasts are much more numerous than we might imagine. How many couples of mature men would never commit infidelity with one of their own, but would turn to pretty teenagers and are even ready to "sandwich" them in their "conjugal" bed?*

*As for me, I had all the success I wanted and even more until I was twenty-five, but from this age on, I had to work seriously to continue to find pretty partners... In the homosexual world, it is said that one becomes "old" at twenty-five... It's not true! It is in the eyes of the pederasts that one becomes old at twenty-five. It is therefore necessary to deduce that they are the majority and that they make the law in the homosexual world...*

One theory is that pederasts have become pederasts because they have never been able to do without the company of their childhood friends and the other delicacies they shared with them. They have remained children their whole lives, they did not catch the stiffness that the adults believe they must integrate into their relationships. They have kept this lightness, this grain of fantasy, this sweet unconsciousness that presides over the society of teenagers, rich with so many wonderful things that exist only because they are inexplicable, and that only an adult fool tries to explain to them.

- My whole life, you think so?



- That's what I'm saying.

- *Why are you so sure?*

- *Have you been listening to me? Do I have to say it again? You are not looking for thousands of franc bills, that's only a pretext. Fifteen francs is good enough to reassure you, but too small to look like a prostitute. You were looking for enjoyment. You do not suffer with abnegation, you provoke with sensuality. You give yourself with delight. You give yourself with joy. Your relationships with guys bother you because of your education, your friends or your parents, in the street or in public, but you must admit that your body is not complaining, far from it! When you are intimate, your shyness and reserve disappear as if by magic and quickly give way to a quest for pleasure that is intense enough to reveal your tendencies to others and to yourself, if you want to look at yourself in the mirror.*

- Will I be a fag?

- Pretty much so. Let's say bisexual. You know, we live very well like this. If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't do it any other way.

- Do you think that to be queer is a good thing?

- Yes, I do. When I see my married friends, some of whom are younger than me, being yelled at by their wives when they're half an hour late, or being sulky for hours because they've had too many glasses of scotch when I was having a drink at their home, I'm really happy to be the way I am. *Not to mention those who, in order to get divorced, have to sell the apartment or the house they have just begun to buy. With a normal salary, you can only afford one house in your life.* One day, I went with a former friend of mine - I mean boyfriend - and his wife to do some shopping in a suburban hypermarket. When we got home, I suggested that we go for a drink in a club where I was invited. He said, "Okay, I'll go

upstairs to unpack the groceries and then I'll come back down. *Actually, his wife didn't agree and she didn't dare say it in front of me.* The poor thing was feeling tired, even though we were the ones who had carried all the packages. Well, by the time they got to the elevator, she had managed to have him change his mind. Thirty seconds later, he appeared on the balcony, *making me understand, with a gesture of impotence,* that he couldn't come out, *even by himself.* Well, you'll tell me that my vision of marriage is a little harsh and that these details are not that important. *Now, those who will tell you about "the sentimental aspect, life as a couple, love, etc..." are totally exaggerating. Straight people don't have the exclusive right to do these things!* Gay people are not beasts, or so it seems. These feelings can be experienced just as well by male couples. Actually, I'm just kidding when I say that, at least a little bit. What I find most distasteful about marriage is the obligation to go to the mayor to sign. Why is the law interfering in this commitment? I believe that, when you are sure you're in love, you needn't sign your name at the bottom of a piece of paper. That's where it should happen, I added, pointing first to my heart and then to my head.

- Yes, but if you really like her, you don't have to be afraid to sign. If you're sure of yourself...

- Seemingly relevant answer, my little darling, *but only seemingly so. That's putting the cart before the horse.* In fact, you are not really signing of your own free will, you are being forced to do so. *You are submitting yourself to a custom.*

- No, you can live with a broad without getting married. *More and more people do that.* Nobody's forcing you.

- Not literally, no, but subversively, yes. The trap of society closes in on you and doesn't let you go. First come the pressure, *the way your taxes are calculated, which are favorable to married people,* then comes the family

oppression, which can *tear a whole family apart* or have you miss an inheritance if you don't get married. Then, when your girlfriend is pregnant, she becomes legally entitled to sue you into marrying her.

- *If you love her, you have no reason to abandon her, and if she loves you, why would she sue you?*

- Theoretically, that's right. But in practice, the courts are full of them. Not all couples last long. *Nine months separate the time when she loved you enough to give herself to you and the time the baby arrives.* Nine months is a long time to wait. *When a child has arrived in the meantime, there's nothing you can do...*

- Well, it's a failed marriage...

- You're adding fuel to my fire. *But it is not ONLY a failed marriage...* The end result is that you get a kid who will grow up without both his parents. However, be objective, if you get married under duress, you know BEFORE you do so that your marriage is going to fail. So, I'm asking you again: why do it?

- But then, isn't there a solution?

- In today's society, no, there isn't any. *And I am very cool about it because my best lovers are almost always children of broken families...*

- *This is my case.*

- *You see! I must admit that you are a pretty good lover!*

- *!!!*

- *Let's be serious.* We only began to realize a short time ago that we should give a legal existence to single mothers with kids, because it's surely more beneficial for a child to be raised by his mother, even if she's single, than by a disunited couple who stays together because there is no other solution, and who throws washing dishes at each other every night. And anyway, I still consider marriage as a trap, a hook with nice

baits: tax exemption during the first year, allowances here, allowances there, facilities of...

- You're a real bastard! Don't you think that family allowances are normal and that...

- Take it easy. Two chapters. *First of all, I want to draw the line between those who get married to get the allowances, and those who get the allowances because they got married. You've heard about the "third child thing", the one that really "pays off, haven't you"? Then, if getting these allowances is normal, then there is no reason to reserve them only for those couples who are legally married. The condition to obtain them should not be because you have signed a document at the mayor's office, but because you have, or do not to have, a dependent child.*

- This is somehow true.

- *Somehow true? I practically raised a boy for several years. The boy had been rejected by his parents because they didn't want a fag in their house. So, not only was he dependent on me, but, first of all, I couldn't declare him as a dependent child until he would come of age, and secondly, his parents continued to receive the allowances even after they had kicked him out! So, if there are any allowances to be given, they should be given to those who do the work! Or else, we assume that these allowances are not normal...*

- Wait, we are five children at home, what could we have eaten without these allowances?

- Precisely, do you think it's normal to encourage people to have children on a planet where two men out of three have nothing to eat? Go ahead, guys, copulate, have kids. The more kids you have, the more money you'll get. To each new kid, a better allowance. And when you have your third kid, bingo! You don't know what you'll do with them, but it doesn't matter, you don't care, you'll be dead by the time they really

need your help. Go ahead, have kids! This type of reasoning might be the reason why there are five kids in your family...

- But since they're here, you have to help them!
- But promising allowances encourages them to do it!
- It's a vicious circle!
- A vagina is a vicious circle.
- You say that because you don't like women. You are...

What's the name for it?

- A misogynist?
- Yes, that's it. A misogynist. All fags are misogynists.

You're a real fag! Ew!

- You think it's misogyny to wonder what we'll be eating tomorrow if we keep multiplying like this?

- It bothers you because you're greedy. Look how fat you are!

- I'm stocking up. When you all starve, I'll live off my lumps of fat, like the camels!

- You said it! You're a camel!

- I have my own way of looking at things. I honestly admit that I don't have a solution that is at least immediately applicable.

- It's the way that suits you, because you don't like women and you want everyone to think like you.

- And impose homosexuality as a universal panacea? We'll have to come to that one day. Because, finally: is it true or not, that two men out of three are dying of hunger? Haven't you seen the posters in the subway?

- Yes, it's true.

- Well, then, we're waiting for your solution. If you find one, you will become very rich. I will finally be able to realize my old dream: being supported by a young teen boy and...

- You're really a jerk when you put your mind to it. I had not thought about it like that, but there must be a solution. Developing agriculture, for example.

- That would only postpone the deadline. The planet's production capacity necessarily has very precise limits. I don't mind if they are not reached today. But seeing the speed at which needs are increasing, sooner or later they will be reached.

- We've got time...

- *That's what the guy who's falling from a building says to himself when he sees the floors passing by on his way down: "so far, so good..." That's not a reason for not caring.* Besides, according to scientists, we have less time than you might think. The only credible solution is to limit the number of mouths to feed. But for that, we have to slap in the face the natalists, the profiteers, the exploiters and their propaganda tools, *the great monotheistic religions in general* and the catholic church *in particular*, who are fighting against condoms and the pill. *This cannot be done without a profound change in society.* This is why even this solution, which is the most reasonable one, is not easy to implement.

- A good war!

- Well, that's just it. The only solution that society has found so far is war. And do you really want the solution to the homosexual plight to be a most shameful one? *Come on, wise up!* It is when you observe society at work when confronted to these problems, *when you find out that it is governed by imbeciles and that it will lead to more nonsense*, that you become aware that something's not right.

- Everything you say pisses me off, because you are wrong and it still makes sense.

- If it makes sense, then I'm right. You have been taught to consider that I was wrong. *Do you think that the gospel and*

*the Koran make sense?* This is what you've been taught because, in this fucking society, those who build their fortunes with your labor need you to give birth to little soldiers and little workers *in order to get richer*. It's a sentence I repeat a hundred times a day, because it's the key sentence of *anti-sexual racism in general, and anti-gay racism in particular*: faggots piss society off because they do not contribute to making it bigger, and because society only speaks through the mouths of those who exploit it. All the other causes of *anti-homosexuality* are only consequences of the circumstances created by this axiom.

- What does it all mean?

- It means *that a system based on profit will only allow a slave to steal energy from his work each time he fucks only if, in return, he gives birth to a little worker or a little soldier in exchange for this theft. Now that this truth is programmed into popular culture, it means that the people commonly accept that each time they fuck, they have to buy, pay the price of their pleasure, by being burdened by scores of kids, without even making sure, however, that they will have later on the means to raise them properly*. As a result, they necessarily become jealous of the fags who, when they get laid, have all the fun and none of the hassle, *and who, since they have no family to support, can spend all their salaries on luxury items or leisure activities*.

- To have children is not just a disadvantage. Parents like to have kids, they love their kids, they are proud and happy to be parents.

- Of course they are. It's definitely a joy to have a few kids and a lot of money to raise them with, *and that's precisely the cliché that's shown on TV in very pretty commercials. Have you ever noticed that the products you need to clean floors only are only used in huge, beautiful kitchens, in sunny*

*houses surrounded by beautiful gardens, and those needed to clean the bathtub only work in huge marble bathrooms? The people I am concerned about live, for the vast majority of them, in apartments meant for two but occupied by six people, just like yours, by the way. It's definitely not a joy to have a bunch of kids to feed and no food to put on the plate. You even said so yourself earlier, when you said that in your home...*

- You're right, it wasn't easy every day, but my parents were happy all the same.

- Of course they were. But did they have five children because they wanted to?

- I don't know. Maybe not, since they admit they weren't expecting my little sister at all when she arrived.

- See? Of course, after she was born, *as they are good people*, they love her. The problem is whether they would have been as happy with fewer children.

- Maybe they would have. But maybe not. Some people like to have a lot of children.

- Not the majority, no, thank God. *What you're saying is true, but it would be more reasonable if the social categories who could afford them were allowed to a lot of children.* If you could only give birth to children you really want, there would be a lot less mouths to feed, a lot less. Unfortunately, and now we're back to the impasse I mentioned earlier: nowadays, people are conditioned to have children. They have been told that it is a good thing, that it is honorable. They should be conditioned to have less, *to be given the idea and the means to do so*, but for this to happen, a real change of society is needed. *Now, apart from the problem of sexual freedom, there is another fundamental problem which, I think, we do not talk about enough: couldn't we imagine a society whose purpose and means of functioning would be something*



*other than "always more, always increase, always manufacture more, always sell more..."? There will come a time when the limit is reached. Wouldn't it be better to think about it before everything blows up?*

*- You're giving me a headache.*

*- Well, give me a blowjob then, it'll take your mind off it.*

*- I don't suck.*

*- You'll have to learn. Sex education is already taught in high schools. By the time you sit for your A level, sucking will perhaps be part of the curriculum. That way, you'll get a good grade.*

*- You're such a jerk sometimes!*

*- You do like jerks like me, don't you? See? You already know quite a bit... You're not so bad! Move it down, a little bit more, go ahead, pull. There, like that. Lick underneath, not so fast, there, under the glans. Like that, good. That's where it feels good. Mmmmh... Go around, now, there, along the shaft, like that... Perfect! Good! How about that! What am I seeing there? You've got a hard-on! No need to convince yourself that you love it, here's the proof! I was sure you'd like it. I was wondering how to make you understand. Well, it's done. Have you seen that? You have a hard-on! And a very hard one, at that!*

*- You'll let me know before you come, right?*

*- I most certainly won't. You've got to reap what you've sown, drink the chalice of love, receive your share of the pleasure you're giving. I'm giving it all to you, darling. You would offend me by not accepting it. Have I ever refused your pleasure? As you can see, it's not so bad... It is the taste of love...*

The phone, for once, waits until we're done before it makes itself heard. It's an old acquaintance of mine, a boy hunter like me. He's all over the place.

- You know what happened to me, he gasps into the receiver. Eric, you know Eric, don't you?

I know Eric. One of the best-looking kids in Pigalle. Nearly the only one who is always clean and well dressed. The face of an angel but a black soul. To be tried only once, for the record, and then to be urgently removed *from the house* as a precaution.

- Yes, I know Eric. I've fucked him. *Beauty mark to the left of his navel.* What's going on?

- Well, you see, I've known him too, for a long time. I met him last winter, he often came to my house, cool and easy, you see.

I know that things are always fine with him: he pays really well. The kids like to make an example of him when I have no choice and am obliged to take out the twenty francs that I swore I would never spend. But my correspondent is rather nervous.

- He told me, he continued, that he was tired of hanging around, that he wanted to do some serious work, that he would like us to be friends and that he was counting on me to help him get through it.

- And you believed him?

- Well, yes and no. Of course, I know that's what they all say, but this one seemed so sincere...

- So?

- Well, since then, we have been seeing each other fairly often. He would come to the house as much as he wanted. I would always welcome him in. *Well*, the other day, at two in the morning, I heard the doorbell rang. I asked who it was through the door. "It's Eric, I don't know where to sleep..." I open the door. There were four guys. Eric and three other guys. "They brought me up here for a drink," he explains. I didn't have time to do anything, the four of them were already

in the apartment. They thought they had to make a big deal out of it. At the beginning, everything was fine, one of them pretended he was Eric's cousin. But after a while, he said to me:

- By the way, I heard that you are sleeping with my little cousin, I don't like that at all.

Eric acted as if he was defending me.

- No, stop, let's not talk about that, etc... etc...

Eventually, they stole everything in the apartment. Oh, it's not that I have a lot of valuable items. But they stole about two or three thousand francs worth of loot. What I regret most are the old jazz records, some of which I will never be able to find again.

- And you let them rob you?

- What can you do, one against four? If I had fought them, I would not have had the upper hand, but they would have broken more things than they could have carried away.

- And screaming, scaring the neighbors, making phone calls?

- They had ripped out the phone wires.

- Filing a complaint then.

- I can't, he's only seventeen. You know the law: *fifteen years for straight people, eighteen for gay people*. You know that I've already had some troubles with that. I can't do anything, *and they know it*.

- Personally, I wouldn't let it go. He's seventeen. That's blackmail. He'd be convicted, and you wouldn't.

- I'm not so sure. I prefer to leave it at that, yes, I do.

- You know what? I tell him, this very same night, Michel, who happens to be Eric's boyfriend, rang my doorbell barely an hour ago, *saying that* he didn't know where to sleep *either*. *Luckily, I wasn't alone and* I didn't let him in. Anyway, I never open my door at night. On the contrary, I went out on

the terrace to watch him leave. *Guess what!* He stepped into a car, *in the back*, and then the car left. *If he got in the back, it means that there were already at least two people in the front...*

- What time was it?

- About midnight.

- Well, they came from your house to my house. *They robbed me, instead of you, sort of. By default.*

- File a complaint. Eric can't prove anything. Besides, he already has a record. When a client is robbed by a whore, it's never the client who gets caught, that would be the last straw.

- It often is.

I know he's not wrong. The leniency of the courts towards thieves, aggressors and even murderers of homosexuals is absolutely revolting. What is unbelievable is that a judge working on a case of bounced checks, an assault charge, a bankruptcy, and even a traffic accident has a card on you on which he can see if you are a homosexual. As if there is a connection between your crime and your sexuality. Even before you are judged for what you are accused of, you are already considered and judged as a homosexual, *with all the opprobrium that this label can contain in the eyes of this old-fashioned, reactionary, petit-bourgeois and even almost medieval French judiciary system. Driver and homosexual, swindler and homosexual, in debt and homosexual.* It is no longer one charge, but two charges that are held against you. One for which you are going to be judged, and the other one which will influence the judge or the jurors against you. Do you seriously believe that a lot of judges are devoid of any anti-gay bias? Just look at the verdict when the victims *or the plaintiffs* are gay. The guilty party is not congratulated, but it nearly seems that way. If one day you are brought before a court of law for assault and battery or for pick-pocketing (this

is a hypothesis, of course), all you need to say is that the victim has made you an inappropriate proposition – that he's put his hand on your thigh, or something of the kind – and it's a sure fact that you'll get at least half the sentence you should have got, and generally a suspended sentence. "In the name of the French people, whose citizens are equal!" Let me laugh!

*First and foremost, I am eagerly waiting for the day when they will stop pronouncing death sentences "in the name of the French people", that will free me from a great scruple. I belong to this French people, and I affirm loud and clear that I won't allow anyone to be killed in my name. Let those who are in favor of this barbaric law of retaliation, the death penalty, assume their bloody deed in their own name, and leave alone those who do not want to become murderers, even in spite of themselves. All the governments promise to abolish the registration of homosexuals, and yet this registration still exists.*

*A few months ago, I was stopped by the police because I was riding my motorcycle on a sidewalk. As I probably look like a punk, one of the police officers, with my ID card, went up to the police car to ask by radio if I they had my name in their files. The door of the car had been left open so I clearly heard a voice on the radio answer: "faggot". What can I prove, alone against the whole police force? There are hundreds of us who are attacked like that every week. Often, the aggression is only moral. Insult. File a complaint anyway, if you dare. Often, it gets physical.*

To go hunting for young teen boys, you should only put inside your wallet the exact amount of money you intend to spend to conclude the deed. The rest of your money should be anywhere but in your socks, which is, God knows why, the first place a thief would visit if he suspect that you haven't declared everything at the customs. *So do the cops, for that*

*matter, probably because that's where they are also used to hiding their money (or their switchblade). I've always thought that the difference between a cops and a hooligan is mainly in the uniform.*

*Some people say that money has no smell. I believe that in order to have money, they will do anything, and most of all block their noses.*

## X

The small world of Pigalle is a universe that is both fascinating and repulsive. Fascinating because it is a real universe, almost a civilization. The little Pigalle hooligan does not leave his neighborhood, he will never be from the Bastille or Saint-Germain. Pigalle is a country, his country. Repulsive because it is a country full of downfalls, basenesses, strandings and shipwrecks.

Almost all the young teen boys know one another, even if they loudly and clearly affirm the opposite. They respect one another: in Saint-Germain, the gigolos expel the competitive adventurers who practice discounts, but not here: everyone has an inalienable right to fuck. Prostitutes and free teen boys rub shoulders without any friction.

Most of the neighborhood is on the same side of the avenue: facing the sun. Almost all the strip clubs belong to the same owner, and the same girls who strip here go, half-naked, from one club to the other, sometimes wearing a bathrobe and carrying, under their arm, a package with their stage clothes in it. *Because, and please don't laugh, the strippers do have stage clothes, often expensive and bulky ones.* They get ten francs for a performance of three minutes minimum, *twenty*

*seconds of which is to be done completely naked. They will endlessly reproduce this performance throughout the night, going from one club to the other. When they become too old, or if they “catch” a trick during a performance, they “drop” out of their rotation, and are then paid “by the number of bottles they sell.” They have fifteen percent of what they make people drink, and nobody is as good as they are at soaking the carpet with the precious champagne poured into the glasses. With them, a three hundred franc bottle does not last more than five minutes.*

*When I arrived in Paris, straight from my province, my first job was as a stage manager in a transvestite show. As all the club bosses know one another, one day I was called to repair a broken sound system in one of the Pigalle strip clubs. While following the cable of a loudspeaker, I discovered with amazement that the carpet had been boldly put on a metal grid under which a carefully tiled space led the spilled champagne directly to the sewer! As I was astonished, a cleaning lady came in with a hose and set about washing the floor with it as she would a common sidewalk corner. The process was undoubtedly effective, but no wonder there were bad contacts in the loudspeaker wires!*

There are no such things as clubs for young adolescent boys, clubs for call-boys, so to speak. This is a good thing. That holds pederasty above the vulgarity of the pimps. But there are connections. The gigolos have, among themselves, a real “customer market”. I have a customer worth one hundred francs for you, give me two at fifty each. All these powerful deals take place around the guarded “public conveniences kiosk” adorning the west side of the Place Pigalle. Another mafia operates along its northern sidewalk. All the waffle and French fry vendors (well, nearly of them...) take advantage of

the condition they are in to feed a battalion of hungry teen boys that they also probably give shelter to in their homes.

What about the money these boys earn? Which ones are "boyfriends" and which ones are "gigolos"? No one knows. Still, a great many of these waffle and merguez sellers give good advice to those who have decided to invest a certain amount of money in the rental of a little companion.

The nightclub barkers, contrary to appearances, are also very knowledgeable *in the boys department*. The first few days, they will harass you, even pull you by your clothes *to show you naked pictures of girls - their pockets are full of them - or* to get you into their club. When they realize that you will never be their customer, they will search the other pocket of their coat, *from which they will take out a bunch of small, mostly tender-blue, small cards whose content is likely to suit a boy lover*. But these are very costly tricks, *and perhaps sometimes even very adventurous*.

Apart from that, their favorite sport consists in capturing Japanese tourists to literally throw them into their gambling den *the way a fisherman throws his fish into his basket*. Indeed, the Japanese education, especially as far as hospitality is concerned, inclines them never to refuse an "invitation" for fear of offending the host. This means that the unfortunate Japanese, if he has not been duly warned by his companions, is the perfect victim for this kind of scam. Watch the barkers looking out for them, that's quite a show.

As for me, I'm looking out for young teen boys and that's not a show. There's nothing much to see. The best boys are the ones who seem out of place. They want to find somebody, but they don't know where to go to find one. So they come to Pigalle "because that's where all the sex shops are". They are easy to spot. They are wandering in the crowd, and they dodge you when you try a first approach, because they are basically



terrorized by the quantity of hooligans and strange fellows they come into contact with. Making them trust you is difficult, especially if you are, like me, dressed like a biker, with a leather jacket and a helmet *under your arm*. What the street boys like is not to the taste of the middle class bourgeois. But it can be done. They are the best. One of them could really become “your friend”. They bring you joy because their education and upbringing are assets the suburban rockers cannot compete against.

In this regard, I must admit to being a bit worried about the intellectual level of the average adolescent boy who will become, to my greatest fear, the French citizen of tomorrow. It's not that he is stupid, there will always be stupid and intelligent people, but I'm worried about the way the media have been able to shape their minds on their way to finding their inner truth.

I am afraid of what tomorrow will be when I see how the French are brainwashed by their press and television, living in the state of anaesthetic stupefaction of a satisfied beast, a state which prevents them at all costs from thinking. After the ready-to-cook, here is the ready-to-think.

He who wonders, who asks himself questions - I don't even mean the one who brings answers - he who simply asks himself questions, is seen as a dangerous individual. In this respect, the average citizen is carefully kept away from true culture, which is demagogically allowed to exist, but only as a privilege of the elite. The average citizens are literally maintained in this idea that culture is necessarily something boring and deeply annoying that axiomatically gets over their heads and does not concern them. Culture must remain, in their eyes, the exclusive domain of an idle social category, which has the means to devote its leisure to immaterial and

hermetic things. To materialize this goal, one takes great care, for example, to broadcast the cultural programs very late at night, at a time when the workers are sleeping their restorative sleep. "It's not for you, it's reserved for those who don't work that much and can go to bed at two in the morning". For instance: the movie club on channel Two. For instance: the jazz broadcast on France Musique. *Just ask yourself why the Maison de la Radio is located in the sixteenth arrondissement of Paris, a stone's throw from Passy and Auteuil.*

During prime time, what are we entitled to? The latest rock singer screaming that he is going to break everything, Guy Lux promoting the latest French top-model or launching a new troubadour because some billionaire has decided he would be the next trend... You can see a karate film for five francs, but it will cost you fourteen to see an art film. Fashion plays a dominating role to direct the choice of the public. They have all the difficulties you can think of to put together the new Italian political cinema, but they will find billions to shoot and launch *Jaws*, which is, let's keep it between us, one of the films that caused me this year the deepest uneasiness. Because, until further notice, the sea belongs to the fish more than to the fishermen. This film is nothing but a spurious justification of animal slaughtering, and seeing an entire theater stand up and cheer the death of the shark is one of the most pathetic crowd movements I have ever witnessed. The death of the shark saddens them but the death of a Chilean resistance fighter leaves them cold. *I can imagine the time when capital executions were carried out in public places, I suppose the crowd greeted the falling heads with similar ovations.*

Of course, as Churchill said: "Democracy is the worst of all government, except for all the others" and, even at the cost of some disorder, popular expression is preferable to the

application of an ideology. However, I would like my freedom to choose to really be a freedom, and not something that has been foreseen, presaged, organized, recovered, calculated, put into files, provoked. But what can be done about it? Try, with practically no chance of success, *to move mountains* and enlighten the few young boys that pass between my hands? I'm doing my best, if only to give back to society, in this roundabout way, the portion of shitty trouble I have to deal with because of it.

I like non-refundable investments. I never miss the opportunity to provoke a young boy, no matter how young he is, and even if I don't want him. I give him provocative glances until he understands - and he always does - that I want him, or that I will want him tomorrow and that there is a world other than the parental world. I raise doubt in him about the truth of the education he has been given. Even if I am not the one who, a few years later, will reap the fruits of this initiation, I satisfy myself by persuading myself that I have enlisted one more person to the doctrine of true freedom, *and that a prisoner has just escaped from the prison of heterosexuality*.

My boys are happy to follow me in these matters. I know how much I appeal to them. I also know within what boundaries. I understand that they can't contradict me too openly when sitting at my table or when in my bed. But I have a good sense of whether or not I am vaccinating them with a serum that will make them wonder about themselves one day. And I often vaccinate them. I pursue, under the nose of society and its supplicants - the parents - an educational work which pisses off the detractors of the faggots, because I have more credit than they have. I have more influence on these young minds than all the parents and all the educators put together, because I love my young pupils and I make them feel my love

deep down inside their bodies. They enjoy my teaching, no other teacher can say the same. And I use my influence to convert them shamelessly to the religion of those-who-fuck-around. I have the honor to displease you, Sir. I have the honor to displease you, Madam.

*One does not make a good subversive or a good protester by imposing a dogma on him. In doing so, you only create hooligans. You just have to teach them how to ask the right questions, and trust that they will find the answers. For me, the best question is: "Do you want to come?" I am rarely disappointed by the answers they give me.*

The best teacher is never the tutor that has been imposed on you. Because any imposition implies a constraint and because young people doubt the word of a person they have not chosen, and also because the person who teaches out of love will always be a better teacher than one who teaches in order to earn a living. Let's go further: the student must choose his teacher. Isn't that right, my dear Socrates?

\* \* \*

I have my techniques. For example, how do you find out the name and the address of a teen boy that you want to see again and who doesn't seem willing to give you his contact information? Remove the cover of your typewriter with the emphasis of a conjurer discovering a little rabbit under a scarf. The typewriter must be beautiful, mysterious. I, for one, have a small machine, one with a ball. Put your teen boy in front of it. Tell him to try this technical marvel. What will he write? I'll tell you: it never fails. His name and address along with the complete postal code. It works every time. Even more vicious: if he notices he has been careless and takes the paper away,

you can always read what has been written on the ink ribbon.  
You see, that's simple.

\* \* \*

Ali's mother calls me almost every day. She is unhappy: Ali beats her. Ali, so kind, so considerate when he is with us, is a real monster with her. She is a good matron, with strong proportions. She invites me to eat a couscous, which she has prepared for eight or ten people.

- Eat, eat, Monsieur Jacques. I don't want you to lack anything. There's not much here, but the little there is is yours. I'll give you some more, here you are. *Here, have another sausage. I'll put it here for you.* You know, I'm sorry about my Ali. I don't know what to do with him anymore. I manage to pay for his courses in electronics, which my colleagues at work tell me is beyond my means, and every day when he tells me he's at school, I get telegrams from the police saying that he's been caught somewhere and that I have to go and look for him over there, at the Quai des Orfèvres. So, when I bring him back, you know what he says to me, Monsieur Jacques, you know what he says to thank me?

- No, I don't.

- He says to me, like this: "If you don't give me fifty francs, I'll throw myself out the window! Can you imagine? He's my blood, this little one. I have only one! To speak like that to his mother! Fifteen years I've been bleeding myself to death to make something out of him! He has everything he wants, look, Monsieur Jacques, look how strong he is! Here, have some more couscous, I'll put some more on your plate.

*It is true that Ali is a robust and well-built boy. And the worst thing is something his poor mother surely does not know: her son has an absolutely phenomenal cock, a real*

*elephant trunk, a sure proof that his mother has indeed fed him like a goose!*

- *Here, have some more couscous, I'll give you some more. I don't know anymore.* What should I do when he says that he's going to throw himself out of the window?

- Open the window.

- What?

- And then say: Go on, jump!

- But what if he's going to do something stupid? You know, at that age...

- He won't do it. People who really commit suicide never give any warning. One day, they are found dead. Those who announce their impending death every day stay alive just to see the effects of their threats. Open the window, he'll look like an idiot. That's the only way to make him understand: make him look stupid.

- But Monsieur Jacques...

- Don't you understand that he's making fun of you any which way he can find? Don't you see that he's only pretending? And you, you believe him completely. So why would he stop? Look at him now, he's laughing.

In fact, he is smiling a very ghastly smile. He would like to eat me up for revealing his tricks. Maybe I was wrong, because now that he can't fool her anymore, he beats her to get what he wants.

He is eating at my place and I am trying to reason with him. In fact, it is he who starts the conversation by trying to make me board his ship.

- Ah, she's a bitch, she complained. I told her that if she complained I would...

- You would nothing. I can only think of one way to make you understand: for every punch you give her, I'll punch you two or three times.

- Let's start *right away if you want to...*

*The bugger knows that his physical strength is twice as big as mine. He is taking advantage of it to taunt me.*

- I'll go get my friends. When I tell them that you are beating your mother up, they will help me, *they'll think you're a bastard and they'll beat you up.*

- I can go get my friends from Pigalle too.

- You know it: don't play that game with me.

- Well, well, yes, but shit! I can't stay penniless like this. She won't give me any money.

- You just have to earn some... like the others...

- The others, well... well... the others don't have a mother like mine, no they don't.

- Yes, that's true. You probably have the best one of all. I don't know many people who would spend half their paycheck buying electronics lessons to a slacker like you! And all you do to thank her is skip school...

- *You're not complaining when I skip school to come and fuck at your place.*

- *You can come after school, I can wait. I won't complain. What do you think? That you're the first college boy I've ever dated?*

- Don't bullshit me. You're also taking the piss out of her: when she says: take him to your place, Mr. Jacques, with you such a decent gentleman, I know that my little one is safe, you have a good influence on him, going with you is good for him. My ass!

- You want me to fuck you?

- Why would I want you to fuck me?

- You said: my ass. Maybe I can do you a favor regarding that matter?

- There is no way to argue with you.

- So let's shut up. Turn around, I want to.

- Oooh, yeah, well, it's always the same with you.

- Keep complaining. Do you know any other place where they fuck you so well? Look how lucky you are: at your mother's place, you have the best couscous in Paris, and here, the best cock-fucking.

- Shut up or I'll fart.

- Don't you dare, you are going to swell up.

*Ali is always willing. I am certainly not the only one to have asked for mercy when discovering his elephantine shlong. For lack of finding partners capable of receiving him, he resigned himself to this one-way sexuality. "Resigned" is perhaps not really the right word. He takes real pleasure in it.*

What I don't quite understand is how this boy, who has received such a frustrating upbringing, has been able to become so totally free and to accept, the way he did, his homophilia at barely fifteen years of age. Probably because his mother remains, beyond convention, very close to nature.

An incident that happens to me quite often highlights the amount of bullshit that overly well groomed parents can instill in their offspring: I start talking to their pretty, well-groomed boy, and as soon as I speak the first words, the boy runs away, as if he has the devil on his tail *or fire in his pants*. Before the conversation has even taken a precise turn, while we are still talking about banalities... The homosexual monster has been described so much in all its horror that they run away before they are even sure that they have one in front of them. One day, they will run away from someone approaching them in order to give them back the wallet that has fallen out of their pocket. They can run away quite fast for that matter.

This parental bullshit really saddens me, because at least one out of ten of these kids, the one that nature will have made a queer for real, will be traumatized and repressed all his life because of all the warnings and paternal guilts. Hopefully, he



will not get married "to cure himself", that would only result in making other wives and children unhappy.

## XI

Philippe came to see me. Philippe is the boy that I flirted with on a moped under the storm and who had come to dry himself at my place. We are having a small nap after eating. He is lying across the sofa, his head on my belly. We are dressed, and this contact nevertheless soothes us thanks to its beneficial heat. He is here, I am here. I caress the back of his neck with my finger, to feel his presence. He intertwines his fingers with mine, and sucks the hairs on my arm with his dry and burning lips. We feel good.

How long do we stay here? An hour, maybe. A kind of numbness tells us that the spell is over. We are no longer on the same wave-length, we do not "receive" each other anymore. We need to move. We move. He moves.

- The weather is very beautiful, what about going for a ride on your motor bike?

- What about doing a sixty-nine before we go?

- No, later.

- *Well, if you want to*, later is fine.

We are in no hurry to make love. Each one of us knows that the other will give himself wholeheartedly later. It will be good. Something worth waiting for. Forcing us to wait is to prolong desire, and desire is already a form of enjoyment. We go for a ride. *It is indeed very hot*. One of the first beautiful days of the year.

At the red light on Flanders Street, two teens on a moped come and stop beside us. The driver must be sixteen years old,

he is blond and curly with a fluffy face *that shines in the sun*. His passenger is much younger, eleven or twelve, and very dark.

- Have you seen? As if by coincidence, a blond and a dark-haired boy, I tell Philippe laughingly.

I had had my bike cleaned the day before yesterday. It is literally sparkling. Our neighbors only have eyes for it.

- Cool bike, isn't it? asks the blond guy.

- I'm pretty happy with it, I answer.

The light turns green, and everyone starts their engines. I turn halfway towards Philippe to speak to him without having to shout.

- Shall we hit on them?

In fact, I am not speaking seriously. Not really. We would say "Let's hit on him" almost every time we saw a cute boy. But there's never been any other answer to this than a good laugh. So I'm surprised when I hear him say:

- I dare you.

- O.K.

That's the kind of adventure I like. A little bit of madness is not unpleasant from time to time. I slow down so I won't fall too far behind them. I'm lucky enough to get stopped by the next red light. I attack.

- Are you riding around?

- Yeah.

- Where are you going?

- We don't know. We're bored.

- It's true that we are bored. Shall we go for a drink?

- We don't have any money...

- At home, it's free.

- Your parents aren't here?

- No, they are not.

The smallest one asked this last question. I'm very flattered, since it means that I can still pass, in spite of my physical appearance, for someone who still lives with his parents

- Follow us!

I turn back to Philippe.

- So what now? One of them is still really young, don't you think?

- Not a problem. He'll learn.

- Obviously you're not the one who's going to jail! And besides, when there's two of them, you don't have much of a chance. Even if one of them wants to, he won't have the guts to show it to the other, for fear that all their friends will find out.

- We'll see.

Suddenly, I don't feel like it anymore. First, one of them is too young. And then, together, they'll support each other. I'm a little bored with the whole thing, and we're back at my place before I've found a parade. I am still pouring the Coca-Cola when I hear the taps running in the bathroom. Philip is going on the offensive. He is using more or less the same technique I used with him a few weeks earlier. He comes back into the living room while the bathtub is filling up.

- I feel like having a bath, he says. It's so hot, we're sweating like crazy.

And he immediately starts to undress. At first, the other two don't notice, thinking that he'll go back to the bathroom before he's completely naked. I know that he will go all the way, even if the ultimate gesture costs him a certain effort. The pleasure of exhibition, something new for him, gives him wings.

*The spectacle is on both sides: on the one hand, I am watching the expression on the faces of our guests with a lot of*

*interest, on the other hand I am searching on Philippe's face the expression of pleasure that he obviously has while making a spectacle of himself.*

*My comrade undresses quietly, without apparent expression, without useless movements and without any emphasis, simply and effectively. It takes him thirty seconds, with an extraordinary impression of innocence, to stand naked in front of us. Completely naked.*

The tallest of our guests is, for the moment, pretending not to see. The little one is staring, mouth opened wide, straight at Philippe's sex, blissfully admiring it. I love Philippe's pubis. It has a deep tuft, long and silky hair, which is so much more pleasant than the little doormats the Mediterraneans have. He must be quite excited about making a spectacle of himself, because I can see his erection growing *and stretching to a spectacular size*. With a very detached air, he goes to the kitchen, his cock swinging in front of him, and comes back with useless ice cubes. The Coke comes out of the fridge and it's ice cold. He comes back and sits cross-legged on the floor, among us. The little one is still staring at his sex. The tall blond one is starting to seriously squint at it.

- Your bathtub must be full! I say.

The nudist disappears into the bathroom, throwing me a glance which means: "Have fun now!" The eyes of our guests, deprived of their target, come to rest on me, as if asking me the justification of so much license. They are both called Bruno.

- My friend is really cool, isn't he?

- Yes, he is, says Bruno, the tall one.

- It's true, I continue, there's nothing more stupid than a guy who's afraid to show himself. A real sissy, he is. Between friends, getting naked must be something natural, right? Don't you think so?

I stare at Bruno, the tall one. He feels obliged to answer me back.

- Yes, yes, it is.

- I think it's ridiculous to be bashful. Are you bashful?

The poor boy doesn't have much choice for an answer.  
*He surely feels the trap he is about to fall into.*

- No, no, I am not bashful.

I deliver the coup de grace.

- You know, I say, what's funny is that a lot of guys boast, saying things like: I'm liberated, I'm modern, I'm not bashful. You know what I tell them? I tell them: I dare you! So, you said that you were not modest? Okay then, show us! Strip off your clothes!

The boy blushes slightly. He is moved, I can feel it. Had it been just the two of us, it would have already been done. But there is the other Bruno, the little one, his everyday friend, and probably the member of a gang.

- Oh, it's not necessary! he stammers.

- Oh, yes, it is! You said you weren't bashful, you have to *take responsibility for your words and* go all the way. Isn't that right, Bruno?

*I may be a bit cruel*, taking little Bruno to task. He quickly agrees with me, all excited, no doubt, by the prospect of seeing his big friend naked.

- Ah, you said it, you said it, buddy! he adds *to the greatest despair of his elder.*

I strike the iron while it is hot. I speak loud enough to be heard from the bathroom where Philippe, I can hear it, has just come out of his bath.

- Hey, Philippe! You know what? Bruno told us that he was not bashful but he does not dare to prove it.

- Ah, this is not right, no, sir! answers the bather, appearing in all his glory, dripping and his cock raised up, within the frame of the door.

To wipe himself, he comes and stands some fifty centimeters in front of tall Bruno and swings his sex under his nose, moving as if he were rubbing his back with a towel.

- Look, I say it and I prove it, look!

Well, Bruno is looking indeed. He is not losing a crumb of it. *He seems hypnotized by the sex that is presented to him on a silver platter.* This means that he will give in. *I can feel it.* I know it.

- Okay then, but if I do it, so does everybody else.

Something is bothering him and it is obviously little Bruno. The older boy doesn't want to undress in front of the younger one, at least not without any reciprocity. And he probably doesn't want to be the first one to undress either.

I observe the kid. He too, is literally subjugated by Philippe's nakedness. It is clear that he will gladly pay with his modesty the lesson in anatomy he is so eagerly hoping for, *along with the double satisfaction of discovering the intimacy of two boys older than him, one of them his best friend.* So I start to undress without any fear. *I know that I will be followed.*

Philippe, leaning against the doorframe, still with a hard-on, observes us, laughing. We find ourselves, the three of us, shirtless, observing one another, afraid to take the slightest advance on the others. For the final step, I set the example. *And then* little Bruno, *undoubtedly impatient*, follows me at last and is thus the first to get naked. Then comes the other Bruno, the tall one. We observe each other's private parts. Little Bruno undertakes a sort of belly dance to show us his small circumcised cock, a very stiff cock, erected at the center

of a light crown of hairs from which he unrolls the longest one with meticulousness in order to prove his virility.

As for big Bruno, he shows us with feigned modesty, a very blond, very round and silky pompom, just the kind I like to rub my nose and my cheeks in. His cock is stocky, straight, *darker than the rest of his body* and not cut off at the top.

It seems that little Bruno is fascinated by hair. After smoothing his own for a long time, he stretches his hand towards mine, and seeing that I don't prevent him from doing so, starts to examine them with care. He examines their length and density, caresses them to appreciate their silkiness, then turns to big Bruno to undertake the same observations.

- I will soon have as many as you! he says with assurance.

- Of course you will.

I approach big Bruno. I am attracted to him and he dares not resist me. The little one doesn't interfere with our lovemaking. *He observes it while jerking off with the speed of a sewing machine. Then, having cummed, he collects the fruit of his pleasure in his hand, brings it to his mouth and swallows it with delight. I am astonished by such a practice, unusual in a boy so young. Finally, having finished, he loses interest in us, switches the TV on and immerses himself in a stupid cartoon, the kind TV programs for children are renowned for.*

*The presence of this kid bothered us three older kids quite a bit. His departure gives us back an intimacy that we were missing in order to satisfy our fantasies. So we mingle with pleasure, and share a whole afternoon of pleasures without excluding any. Only the joy of making the other person come motivates us, and nothing stops us in this conquest of pleasure. Everything seems healthy, natural, clean, allowed, due, given with respect and received with warmth.*

Four hours later, I imagine big Bruno returning to his parents' house with an angelic air: "I was with friends. We went for a walk. We had a good time."

Big Bruno's double life began on that day. He had turned seventeen the day before. He likes Philippe a lot. They meet at my house regularly. I mingle with their lovemaking for a while then return to my typewriter. Its crackling will be the background sound to their love making.

This memorable day will be the only time I have seen Philippe flirting, and even then I had to give him the opportunity on a silver platter. I think that he fell on that day under some kind of exhibitionist spell, and that the bottom of his thought commanded him to, in the following order : 1° show his cock, 2° see somebody else's cock, but in no case to accomplish anything gay. Anyhow, like Monsieur Jourdain with his prose, he practices his homosexuality without even knowing he does. More exactly, he uses a disguise, pretends they are only fun parties, using the screen of adolescence to hide the inner truth from himself.

Never, all alone and left to himself, would Philippe have dared provoke another boy. Twice in his life, he gave in to the prodigies of skill, and especially of tenacity that two fags had deployed to fuck him. Both times he had cut it short just before things got too serious "because his partners looked too queer".

*Much much later, he told me about these two adventures, in the same tone he would use to confess. We got to trust each other. He knew that I would understand his doubts and hesitations, and I'm sure that, deep down inside, he hoped I would find the words that would free him from them so that he could live his pleasures without any scruples and without any shame.*



- I prefer to do it with you, he explains, *putting his cheek on my stomach*. You, at least, are not a fag.

As I have the honesty to burst out laughing, he sharpens his explanations:

- Well, you don't look like one. It's not the same with you. I have the feeling that you really are a friend, that I can really do something more than just "you know what" with you. It seems to me that the only thing a queer wants is to fuck. To them, I'm nothing but an ass. *The first one ripped two buttons off my shirt while trying to undress me in the car he had parked in the street*. As for the second one, well, I got naked, he still didn't know what my name was. With you, we don't do it the way a vicious person would; with you, it becomes an everyday act, because we're not buddies only for that, we're buddies for everything else. Do you understand what I mean?

- Good. It proves that my technique is perfect.

He throws himself at me, and pummels me with friendly, yet forceful punches.

- You're always laughing at me. Speaking with you is impossible. You always pretend to be out of your depth. We never know if we can talk seriously.

- Well, as you can see, I am like them. You just said that talking to me was impossible, well, fine, let's stop talking then, let's fuck. We're here to fuck. That's what you're here for. *Take off your clothes*.

- I don't like it when you're mean. *It's stupid to be mean for fun. We hurt each other for nothing*. I like you, you know.

- You like my cock, that's what you like.

- I don't. *And you know it*. I may know you're joking, but I don't like it. You're not supposed to joke about things like that. You're my only friend. So make fun of other people all you want, but please, not with me.

- In *Les Amitiés Particulières*, Alexandre sends Georges packing with this scathing sentence: "We only have one friend".

- It's a bit true...

- You are not going to fall in love, are you?

- That's a word I don't like.

- Darling, do you love me?

- I think so, yeah.

- Then lick my feet, come on, right now!

- Listen, spare the rod and spoil the child. I'm going to beat the shit out of you if you keep this up.

- If you love me, you're a fag. I don't like faggots! I said, pushing him back with my feet to the edge of the bed.

- Come on! Shit, I really thought you would understand...

- Of course, I understood, silly.

I take him back into my arms, because we'll have to go through the big explanation, *and it always goes better if you take it slow.*

- Of course, I'm joking, except for one thing, even if you don't like it: we're both queer. Fags aren't necessarily dumb; they're also people who love each other. At your age, you think it's just a game. It's not. Nature speaks to you as if you were an adult. Your body expresses itself, you have to take it seriously. Because of the education you have received, *and because the world we live in is as it is*, your mind refuses to hear it. But these desires will be in you your whole life, *and they will disturb you as long as you do not accept them. You have to live in harmony with yourself and with the few people you have chosen. There is no universal harmony, people are too intolerant for that. Making peace with yourself will give you the strength to face them.*

The great spotlight on reality. How many lanterns have I lit up in this way? It is always very moving. I respect other

people's thoughts, and I'm always a little afraid that, in doing so, I'm violating his thoughts a little. If being gay didn't have so many consequences, it would probably be better, more honest and also more respectful, not to disturb the opinion that boys have of themselves. If you could live the life of a gay person believing that you are not a fag, I would let them think whatever they want without any hesitation.

Alas, the life of a homophile is a difficult path, it is unwise to follow it if you are not prepared. It is a permanent war against an adversity that never lets you go, against an ostracism that keeps following you, against the racism of the fuckers who fuck the right way and sneer at you from behind your back, against the jealousy of the unhappy few who spread hatred around you, against the useless pride of the opposing majority that puts you down, undermines your morale, and leaves you alone with your contempt and loneliness. You don't go to war unarmed and untrained. Informing a boy of what awaits him before throwing him into the jungle seems to me to be an act of simple humanity. And it is Philippe's turn to receive, today, this slap of confirmation. Here he is, initiated now, recognized by his peers, fully admitted into the jungle, but also equipped with weapons sharp enough to defend himself.

- Will it be like this, I mean, my whole life?

- Yes, it will. Be aware, though, that it won't prevent you from going out with women. *But promise me, and promise yourself, that you will go with them only if you really want to, and not to look like or be like the others. Promise me?*

- *I promise.*

I always use the same sentences, they keep coming back. They are the leitmotif of those who are condemned, the hymn of those who fuck the wrong way.

## XII

Money destroys spontaneity and I like my teen boys to come for me and not for anything else. Of course, if I have to deal with a ragged and starving subject, I'll do what I have to do to fix him and I'll forgive him for having come a little for that. But I'd rather feed a boy at my table than give him money to feed himself, even if he's so hungry that he'll be unable to put the money to any other use. Sometimes, when the complainant is skillful, I will allow myself a certain amount, twenty francs, a modest flat fee of remarkable consistency since I have practiced it without any change for nearly five years, in spite of the inflation.

I consider this sum of twenty francs to be the maximum that can be considered incidental to my encounter with the boy. More than that amount could constitute a motivation, a salary, and I would be offended. That's why, when I come across one of these pretentious specimen of stars, who is not even beautiful, not even intelligent, and sometimes not even gay, who asks you for thousands of francs for some time spent in their silly company, I'm equally divided between rage and hilarity, which is, I think, the reaction an average man has when suddenly confronted with somebody who is much more stupid than he is. *I prefer to laugh at them and forget the holy anger they inspire in me, and use humor to resist giving them the series of slaps they deserve.*

I like to give them a run for their money. This kind of scene usually happens in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and often when I take my car to go there. Bikers are not popular with middle-class seducers. *In their eyes, only a car should represent an external sign of wealth, and the motorcycle, however big it is, should be only an accessory for the*

*proletarian. When I am in my car, there is no need to flirt. My car serves as a flycatcher. My favorite game is to let myself be approached, and to distort the meaning of the conversation by pretending to believe that it is he who has hit on me because he likes me, and to remain a thousand miles away from the reality of the moment.*

*Here is one now, he approached me while I was parking the car and he will engage in a conversation with me as soon as I close the door.*

- Hello. I have the impression that we have already met. We are maybe looking for the same thing?

It takes me a very short while to determine if I'm dealing with a particularly cold and stubborn jerk-off machine, in which case I'll send him packing right away. But if I judge the creature capable of answering me as foolishly as he dresses, I can't resist the pleasure of making fun of him. It's as good a way as any to have free fun with a prostitute.

- Maybe, I don't know. What are you looking for?
- Pretty boys..., he says.
- And you came to me. How charming you are.
- Pretty boys... rich boys...
- Stop it, that's too much, you're flattering me!
- Where could we go?
- Wherever you want, my dear. You proposed first, so keep the initiative.
- Could we go to my hotel?
- If you feel like it, yes, why not?

We start walking, and that's where it gets really funny. The foundations of the misunderstanding are laid, I keep digging.

- It's wonderful, you know, so much spontaneity. It's the first time I've met someone like this, who says, "I like pretty boys, where could we go?" It's amazing. I'm thrilled.

- Have you been living in Paris for a long time?

That's it. He is beginning to wonder if there is a grain of sand somewhere. Let's play the game.

- No, only three weeks.

- And where were you before?

- A small village near Saint-Flour, in the Cantal. *It's a very beautiful region, did you know that?*

- No, a little, not well. Well, I mean, a little bit. You know, I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding...

- But no, no, don't worry. We understood each other very well. I understand your fears of running into someone who doesn't like boys, and your care to avoid maintaining such an unfortunate misunderstanding until we get to your bedroom! But don't worry, in this case, we understood each other very well. I like boys too, I dare to say it now that you have started. You had the kindness to tell me that you found me beautiful, I have the pleasure to tell you that I also find you charming, and even that I want you. So everything's fine, be completely reassured!

- No, but it's not that...

- Don't worry! It must be horrible to come across a hooligan, or a moron, who becomes violent when he understands that he may have been mistaken for... let's say... for one of us. I too, when I flirt, am constantly seized by this fear, but this is not the case. We're going to have fun.

- No, but it's not that. I mean, it's not free.

- How so?

- Well, what I'm proposing is not free.

- You must be joking! Yes, it is! It will be a pleasure, I assure you! We'll have fun! Should I deduce from this that, despite your charm and your beauty, you often come across people who are rude enough to ask you for money? In Saint-

Flour, this never happens. In the end, Paris may not be as much fun as I thought.

- No, it's not...

- But it doesn't matter, it's no big deal. Forget it. You didn't offend me, I haven't heard anything. Don't worry. You were afraid to fall on a prostitute... These creatures are so hateful! But I am not, thank God. *I have everything I need to make a living.* Now, I just want to have fun, and fun only, I take a lot of pleasure in this kind of things in general, and I will really have great fun with you, because I really like you, you know.

I take him by the arm to assure him of my complete sympathy at a time of such horrible confusion. If there was a dashboard in his head, all the red lights would be on: abnormal heating, too much tension, unknown program, risk of explosion... But since I keep on speaking to him in a chastened way, he persists in believing that I am the offspring of a good rich and snobbish family, and that there is therefore money to be made. So, as long as he thinks I'm salvageable, he'll remain his cool and will try to untangle the skein I've tied him in so well. The longer he resists, the more fun it becomes.

- I'M THE ONE who gets paid! he manages to stammer.

- What do you mean? Oh, my God, but then you are a..., a..., well, a...

- Well, yes, that's the way it is, you see.

He grinds his teeth like a pepper mill.

- I'm sorry. I must have offended you terribly! I comfort him with a contrite air that would make the crowd at a funeral burst out laughing. Oh my gosh... I really implore you to believe that I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, I'm really, really sorry. But, can I ask you something?

- What is it?

- How did this happen?

- How did what happen?
- How did you become a..., well, become a..., a...?
- Well, look, that's not the problem. I get paid because I don't have any money and I need it. So, you pay or you don't pay. It's very simple, you've got to make your mind up.
- I must admit this is the first time I've been confronted with such a dilemma. It is very interesting. Apart from the principle, which I must admit is rather embarrassing, I didn't think I would ever have the opportunity to... May I ask you a few questions?
- What kind of questions?
- For example... I mean, how much do you estimate the price of...
- Three hundred francs.
- Three hundred francs! That's not cheap.
- That's the price. Room included. My buddies all charge the same amount.
- I lower my voice and lean towards him with a mysterious air.
- Tell me, for this price, what do we have?
- Well, we do it, that's what we do.
- I hear you, but what do we do?
- Well, we make love, you know.
- Okay, but, you understand, I like to know what to expect. I mean, us countrymen willingly like to spend our money when we go to the city, because, at home, we don't have this opportunity, but we like to know. Do you understand? We don't like to be disappointed. So let's say, for example, that, as an appetizer, you could, for example, make me... It's funny to talk about it like that! You could give me... a blowjob.



I whisper the last word as if I was a conspirator. He doesn't seem to like the idea of a blowjob, but seems to care about a sucker like me. No doubt in the hope to "rob" me.

- Well yes, maybe, he reluctantly answers, or so he seems. We could start like that. But let's go. We'll decide when we get there. *You know, I'm used to it. When we're on the bed, it just comes by itself, trust me.*

- Ah, no, no, no. I want to decide everything before.

I stop walking and this hesitation represents for him the disappearance of my beautiful money.

- Well, all right. We'll start like that. A blowjob.

- But... you'll give me the whole treatment, right? I hate it when one stops right before one gets his happy ending. You see, back home, we have a saying: "When the wine is drawn, you have to drink it". Do you understand me?

- Ah, no, I don't swallow.

- I basically want you to.

- Well, okay. But then, that will be it. Nothing else.

- But, a blowjob is nothing else, my dear friend. So, then, let's say I could...

- No, I said, that's it. I get naked, I give you a full blowjob and you give me my money. That's it.

- I would like to, but it's a pity for you, because with a miserable little blowjob, you won't earn much. Even if you raise the price of the Bois de Boulogne by ten percent, it will only amount to thirty-three francs. No, I rather think that, as I am about to spend a fair amount of money, you should take advantage of it. We should agree on a... a program, a menu, so to speak, that would justify this sum. It's in your best interest too, isn't it?

- Ooof...

- Ah, I see we're going to do business, the both of us. Let's say that after the preliminary blowjob, I could maybe hump you, you know, I could... fuck you, right?

- Oh, that's not going to happen! I don't get laid.

- Well then, why do you want me to pay you then? *Are you a professional or an amateur?*

- We agreed that I would get naked, and that I would give you a blow job. That's pretty good. I never give full blowjobs. So let's leave it at that. Let's go.

- Yes, but we have determined that a blowjob would cost thirty-three francs. It's not worth the trip, not for you, not for me. No, really, you have a graceful body, if you really make it your business to get laid, you shouldn't mind. I basically want to fuck you.

- I don't get fucked. I won't get fucked. Not even for fifty thousand. I'm not a fag.

- What do you mean, you're not a fag? Did we misunderstand each other, then? *Or did you lie to me?*

- We understood each other perfectly well at the beginning. But I'm not a fag. I like women. I do it for the money. I don't get fucked. Is that clear?

- Wait, I don't understand. You're not a fag, you suck badly and you don't get fucked. So forgive me, what do you do for money?

- Well, listen, for a hundred francs, I'll give you a blowjob, a real one, and then that's it. A hundred francs. Shall we go?

- But, when you think about it, that's pretty awful! How can you? Me, even for money, I couldn't go with a woman! Brrr! That's horrible! How can you go with a man if you like women?

- That's my problem. I'm not here to tell you the story of my life. I'm here to earn money by spoiling gentlemen. So, my

dear, one last favor: one hundred francs, a good professional blowjob. Shall we go? We have to decide now.

- I'm not saying no, but I'm thinking. You see, there's something that bothers me. May I ask you one more question?

The creature is getting really impatient. He would eat me up, if it weren't for the still unfulfilled hope that I'd get my money.

- Here, I said, lowering my voice. Why don't you ask the ladies for money, since you love them and don't love men?

- Because they don't give any. Well, that's not so easy...

- Of course, you have to fuck them for good. Of course... maybe... well, I think I understand, but I don't know how to tell you... Maybe you have problems with this?

- With what?

- Well... fucking women? That would explain ....

- I don't get it. Me, having trouble fucking women, why?

- Why, I don't know. But you know, these things happen. There are men who have problems...

- Are you crazy? Do you want me to show you if I have problems to fuck? Because yes, that's true, I don't like men, but when it comes to fucking, if you have any doubts, I'll fuck you up the ass. Because until now, we have talked about everything but that, but as for fucking you, I can, and more than just once!

- We don't know each other well enough for that. I'm not against sodomy, but I reserve that for the people I like and know very well. With a dating partner, like you, as charming as he is, I prefer to be satisfied with... well, a blowjob would suit me fine.

- Let's go, then.

- Yes, I'm not saying no. But you see, what bothers me is that by giving money to a young homosexual, I feel like I'm doing a good deed by compensating for the handicap that

young homosexuals have confronting a society that persecutes them, whereas giving money to a straight man like you, so that he can spend it with women, irritates me quite a bit. It's a bit of a waste, as we say back home. We have our little pride and our little clan spirit...

- Well, listen...

He camps himself in front of me, preventing me from moving forward. I feel that he is about to explode, the needle is in the red and all the warning lights are flashing.

- Well, look, it's a yes or a no, a blowjob, a hundred francs, we go or let's call it quit.

- If you're not polite, we are not going. So there.

- You're really full of shit, you are! I've wasted half an hour listening to your bullshit, all of this to get to this point. You're an asshole! A loser! A faggot!

I lean towards him and whisper something he doesn't understand because he's shouting... He has to make me repeat myself:

- What now?

- Don't you want to insult me some more? It's so good! And it's free!

I have a smile of Machiavellian ecstasy that completely disarms him.

- Insult me some more! You can even give me a few swats, if you want to! That's good! It feels good! But don't hit me too hard!

- And masochistic, too! No, I won't hit you because you like it. But you deserve it! Oh shit! What can you do to piss those assholes off, I wonder. If you hit them, they want more! You're really a jerk, you really are, a real redneck from the country.

- Again...

He walks away, his head held high, cursing like a truck having air pressure problems. I can't laugh anymore. I'm half bent, with my back against the wall. He turns around after a few meters and understands, without a doubt, that I've made a fool out of him. He takes two steps in my direction, hesitates, and then turns around again.

A small guy crosses the street and runs to me. He must have followed our altercation from the opposite sidewalk.

- Hi!

The contact is more direct, less sophisticated. Moreover, he is not wearing the precious ornaments the fauna of this district usually wears. He is clad with a worn-out leather jacket and a blue jean which is not so fresh. His eyes sparkle in the middle of his cute suburban bastard face.

- You had a fight with Poupette?

- His name is Poupette?

- No, his name is Frank. We call him Poupette to piss him off, because he doesn't like fags.

- And you, do you like them?

- Well, I do now. Since I'm here. I've learned. I used to beat them up, but now....

- Now you make them pay, right?

- Well, money, you need it. But I kind of like it. After all, it makes you feel good. *And a lot of them fags are real nice.*

I like spontaneous relationships like that. I can feel it: this kind of kid can't act with such perfection. I feel that he is sincere, and that maybe he wouldn't mind a free fling if he wasn't broke.

- So, are you going to propose to me too?

- Well, you know, I'm not surprised by anything. For me, everyone has every right. Just now, you were shouting so loudly with Poupette that I heard you were a masochist.

- Yes, so what?

- Well, it's not my thing, but I don't mind. I'll do whatever you want... tie you up, hit you, piss on you...

- How do you know all this?

- I know one of them.

- You do?

- Yeah, he gives me a hundred francs each time. I do whatever he wants. He's a nice guy.

- Do you like doing all this to him?

- You mean, am I sadistic? No, he wants to, he pays me to, so I don't care. As long as he respects me. It pleases him, and it suits me fine. That's true, I would prefer to do something else. It annoys me when he says: "Harder"! I don't like to hurt people. I prefer to do good!

*He tells me this and then winks at me.*

- Well, don't worry, I'm not a masochist at all. That boy was so stupid that I told him that to piss him off. Here, look at him.

Poupette is strutting on the sidewalk of the rue de Rennes. A car passes by, in slow motion. He bends down to look at the driver through the door. The driver tilts his head to have a look at him too. The car stops a few meters up the street. The boy climbs in, looking casual. We see them talking for a while. The car starts.

- How much does he take? my hooligan asks.

- Three hundred.

- Some people are idiots, giving that much money! he says angrily, while looking with envy at the sparkling limousine turning on rue du Four.

- Yes, that's true. Especially since he is not worth it. *He only likes women, and one can only wonder what he can do with a man.*

We walk silently for a while. I find him interesting and wonder what I am going to tell him. I suddenly feel that he is

thinking exactly the same thing about me. We are both about to talk, opening our mouths at the same time. As a result, we don't say anything to each other and burst out laughing. At this moment, the car, after turning around the block, returns in front of us and stops. Poupette gets out, looking haughty, he slams the door shut with a gesture meant to be scornful and resumes his faction on the sidewalk.

- Too expensive, my dear! my interlocutor shouts from across the street. Too expensive! The Barre plan, have you ever heard of it?

Poupette waves his hand, as if he was chasing a fly in our direction.

- Watch it, the cops are coming, I tell my young buddy. They are going to arrest him.

Four agents are indeed patrolling the sidewalk in the opposite direction, dragging their captures between them, two gigolos walking toward their doom with abnegation. *And a police bus appears precisely at the corner.*

- If they see me, they will cross and get me too! my little buddy suddenly says.

- Do you think so? On this side, we don't risk much.

- Oh yes, they do! They know me.

- Well, don't panic. Don't panic. Can you see the gray car on the corner? We'll sit in it as naturally as possible. Don't speed up. Act as if nothing was happening.

- Is it yours?

- Of course it is. I told you to sit in it, didn't I?

- You never know...

- All the same. Life must have been tough on you, hasn't it?

- Why?

- To think, for example, that I could have you sit in a car that isn't mine...

- Oh, yes indeed, I've seen some funny things. It's the job that wants it... Don't you want to start? The cops are beginning to look our way.

- What about having a drink in a bistro in Montparnasse while waiting for the alert to end, if it's alright with you?

- I'm in.

- Do you earn a living only doing... "that"?

- Yes, it's been a month now.

- Why don't you look for something else?

- I'm looking, but I can't find anything. *There's nothing but bullshit apprenticeships, you don't earn enough to make a good living, and on top of that, you don't learn anything except washing dishes and mopping floors. And then, well, you know the deal: no address, no job, and no job, no address...*

- But doesn't it bother you, to always go with people you don't choose?

- No, it doesn't. You never go to work willingly. *You only go because you have to go.* In fact, I do choose a little. And it's not really a job, I work when I want to, and never for too long.

- How did you get the idea?

- From a guy who was hitting on me in my neighborhood. At first, I wanted to beat him up, but I needed the money. So I went there to rob him. *But he was nice, we had a good talk, I told him about my problems* and he gave me some money *and said we could meet again.* He gave me an appointment in Saint-Germain for the following week. And on my way there, I saw the others. So I said to myself: "Why not me"?

- But, well, it's still... "being a whore". Doesn't that tickle your fancy a little on the honor side?

- When you're in trouble, honor won't feed you. *And anyway, you're always owned by your boss. Being a worker is the same thing as being a whore, you're still selling yourself...*

- How old are you?



- Seventeen.

We've been circling around Vavin for a while, without finding a place to park the car. We've had one snatched right from under our noses and I'm desperate.

- Can't we go to your place? my passenger suddenly asks me.

I note the abrupt use of "tu" instead of "vous", a proof that I have just been "adopted". It remains to be seen if I have been adopted for myself or for my possible profitability.

- If you want to, I answer. But I must warn you: I'm not going to make you rich. I am not that kind of person, and I don't have the means.

- Doesn't matter. It will be a change from the bistros. I'm tired of bars. I'm in there day in and day out.

- What's your name?

- Michel.

- I confess that I don't understand you very well. You're not stupid, far from it, I think you could still do much better than that. Better, from any points of view, because, between me and you...

- What do you mean? Better how? *Go on, say, if you know how, I'm listening!* Because now, anyway, I earn my money, I don't steal it, I work when I want to. I don't care about the rest. You seem to think that being a hooker is dishonorable. It's not as stupid as it seems. Like the girls, we have a place to hold in society. A mighty important place.

- How so?

- Being a hooker is a vocation. Thanks to our contribution, people keep their balance, we prevent them from blowing a fuse. The energy they spend on us is an energy that they don't use to beat their wives and kids up. At this level, it's important, isn't it?

- True, it's important to fuck. But it could very well be done free of charge.

- Not true for everyone. Picking up guys takes time and a certain amount of willpower. If you don't have either, you come to us with some money and everything works out fine. If we didn't exist, you'd have to invent us.

- If I understand correctly, you sacrifice yourself for the greater good of your fellow human beings, right? *A humanitarian organization all by yourself, aren't you?* You don't want the medal of merit, by any chance? There was this guy, a long time before you were even born, who wanted to sacrifice himself for the greater good of his fellow human beings. His name was Jesus Christ. It ended very badly for him, did you know that?

- We don't sacrifice ourselves that much. *Jesus Christ lived on public charity, he was a bum and a troublemaker. Not me. I earn my living and I keep my mouth shut. I just do my own thing. You're missing the point.* It's not that unpleasant, what I do. It's still better than screwing bolts for Renault!

- I'm not so sure.

- And anyway, if I didn't do it, someone else would.

- *There are lots of things like that, which I let other people do because I don't want to do them myself.*

- *You just invented work! Work is what you make others do for you, and in order to do that, you give them money!*

- Well, let other people do it!

- Money is what I don't want to leave them. I think I have a role to play in this society that is not more stupid than being a cop or a cobbler.

That is, of course, one way of looking at it. He isn't the first gigolo I've heard boasting like that. I end up wondering about his argumentation. I have my own idea, which is elementary. Assuming that a boy does this because he can't or

doesn't know how to do anything else, it is obvious that he will try to justify himself by pointing out the positive aspects of his situation. It's just a matter of self-esteem.

We silently drive for a few minutes, then, *when we get to the bottom of the building*, I hand him the key so that he can open the door to the parking lot.

- Hey, it's nice in here.

- I'm doing the best I can.

- Do you have a little something to eat? I have not eaten since...

- I haven't either. Let's dress the table.

- Where are the plates? I'll help you.

I am now certain that he came without any ulterior motive. His "I'll help you" indicates that he thinks that I am his equal, which would not have been the case with a boy coming with money in mind. He's here because some aspect of me, I don't yet know which one, has hooked him up. He is not sure of himself, as evidenced by all his stringy speeches meant to reassure himself, and it would not take much for him to confide in me. We continue our little discussion while eating, only interrupted by chewing silences and fork clicks. *Between two mouthfuls*, I ask him again:

- I'm going to tell you something, following what you told me earlier. I don't really care if you are a gigolo. We started talking, I think you're nice, you said: "Let's go to your place", I invite you to eat. You try to persuade me that it is important and honorable to be a prostitute. But I'm neither hot nor cold about it. Are you sure that it is not you whom you want to persuade of this?

- What do you mean?

- You yourself say that you're doing this because there's nothing else you can do. Since it offends you to find yourself in a humiliating situation, you try to transform this constraint

into a deliberate choice on your part, to transform disgrace into honor the way a pumpkin is transformed into a carriage, in order to justify yourself, to find reasons, so that you don't have to say to yourself: "I am a real jerk".

- Because you think I am one?

- What do you think?

Long silence. He is staring at his plate. Then, as if with regret :

- There may be some truth in that...

And suddenly, very violently:

- But what else did you want me to do?

The abscess has burst. I am suddenly afraid this might lead to a violent crisis. His heart must be beating very fast, his breath is rapid. He is staring at the void in front of him, not far from where I am. Then he stares at his knife, which he has clenched so hard that his fingers have turned white. I have to say something soothing very quickly, and nothing is coming. I wish his rage wasn't made of dry anger. A few tears would dissolve his sudden aggressivity, and facilitate many explanations. *To my great relief, I see them appear at the edge of his eyelids.*

I speak softly:

- Why aren't you living with your parents anymore?

- All of this, it's their fault.

The tears come back. Then, sudden appeasement. *The calm after the storm.* Now the story will flow quietly.

- Explain...

- My father is always drunk. *First thing in the morning.* My mom spends half her time cheating on him, and the other half, she gets beaten up. The only time they agree is when I try to separate them and they both turn on me and tell me to mind my own business. I'd been wanting to leave for a long time but

I don't know why, I didn't dare. *I still loved my mother a little, but mostly* I didn't know where I would go.

He speaks very quickly. He quickly pours himself a large glass of wine and empties it in one gulp. The tears leave a bright trace on his cheeks, he wipes them and looks at me, searches for my eyes, trying to discern whether I am interested in his distress or not. I move, with my glass and my plate, and sit next to him. He has hiccups now. I smile at him and pat him on his back. He answers me with a meager grimace:

- One day they broke all the dishes. I yelled at them. We're not rich enough for you to do that. It's so stupid to break everything like that. My father grabbed me like he would grab a bag and threw me out on the landing. I went down a row of stairs, on my stomach. *I cut my cheekbone on the tile floor. Look, I still have the scar.* For eight days I was full of bruises.

He shows me his cheekbone, *which indeed bears traces of his injury.*

- As I was getting up, he continues, the door opened behind my back and they threw my shoes at me. *My father shouted: "Get out, you little bastard, when you were born, we didn't want you!"* I went downstairs. When I got to the street, they threw my coat out the window. Luckily, in the pocket, there was my wallet, with some money and my papers. I never came back.

I carefully refrain from saying: "So what?" The rest of the story is about to come. He now is drained, deflated, unstressed, and that's a good thing. At the beginning, he tried a little to hide his tears, but when I handed him a towel in as natural a gesture as possible, he let them flow. It was necessary. He's better now. There are still a few things he tries to tell me, but he chokes a little.

- That night, I slept in the Orly airport terminal. We live not far away. The next day, in the parking lot in front of the

airport, I met the guy who took me to his place, he fucked me. I was in a lot of pain. He entered me all of a sudden, *the bastard. And he gave a hundred francs.* And he gave me an appointment in Saint-Germain for the following Saturday. I went there. At the last moment, I hid from him because I was afraid he would fuck me again. But I had understood what I needed to do. I stayed there.

- But, of all the people you met there, playing the gigolo, not one of them tried to find you something, a little job, to help you effectively? Some must have the means. Some were surely rich. Or powerful...

- They're the worst. The more money a guy has, the less he cares about you. A few of them chat with you, but as soon as they realize I'm in trouble, they either back off and change the subject so they won't have to share my problems, or they promise me a bunch of stuff that never happens. *But I have yet to meet the person who will really get his ass off and help me. Some, I'm sure, could have offered me a job, but they didn't.*

- Why, do you think?

- I don't know. Maybe they think that if they send me back to the street, I'll be available next time, and if I have a job, I will become independent. *Or maybe they're just what we call shameful fags, they don't want to show at work the guy they have been sleeping with at night.*

- Do you think they tell themselves all this?

That's a question I'm supposed to have all the answers to. His eyes are questioning, like the look a dog has for his master when the food is about to arrive. *Now that he's launched, he must let it all out till everything has been said.*

- A john, he continues, is only nice until we start making love, until he's cum. After that, I suddenly become undesirable, I'm given my money and suddenly I have to get out. There was no rush before, but there is. They always have

an urgent appointment or someone is about to arrive. But that's always after, never before.

- In fact, I say, trying to sum things up, they don't really care. Let's just say they are paying to have your body, nothing else. They don't want to be bothered with your problems, your moods or your sorrows.

- That's it. No matter how many times I do it, I never have a friend.

- Money and friendship never go together.

I can feel Michel meditating on this sentence. Under the table, he looks for my hand on my knee, grabs it and squeezes it hard.

- Can I sleep here?

As if the question needed to be asked. But he respects me because I knew how to listen to him. Because I was the catalyst that triggered his distressed mind into relaxation. To the others, he would have said: "Let's go to bed". To me, like a simpleton, he is asking for my permission. This candor touches me a lot.

- Even my parents, who didn't love me... For me, not being loved is a curse. *Throwing your son out into the street and telling him that since he was born, you've never wanted him, implying that you've never loved him, what a thing to do.* Anyway, like that, I learned. Of course I miss being loved, but now that I'm alone, I know how to live without it. But still, I would like... I would like someone to love me. I think that's what's wrong with my life. I'm not going to be okay until someone loves me.

Now his thoughts are clear again. He has said this very calmly and now, he is getting up to bring the dirty plates into the kitchen. Circumstances often bring me sincere boys like him, boys I don't always know what to do with. *They are real castaways of society.* When this honesty lasts, which is not

always the case - it often happens that easy money and the demon of Saint-Germain-des-Prés take over after a short abdication - when this sincerity lasts, I try to take care of them as best I can and find them a small job that will allow them to move towards a future financial autonomy. They stay at my place for a month or two until they are strong enough to fly with their own wings. This is one of the ways by which I give back to society the trouble it has caused me, by destroying, through fruitful actions such as these, the label of uselessness and harmful creature that it so readily attaches to homosexuals.

*Having said that, sometimes, I would like to find true love with one of the boys I take in. By accepting to host them, I plant my seed. As the days go by, I see if it grows. Alas, I must be a guy whom is absolutely impossible to live with, or else I have such a utopian idea of love that it is and will remain forever unattainable... We have good moments, we share some real tenderness, but the click that would make us decide to live together never happened. Good thing, bad thing?*

He asks me if he can take a bath, undresses very naturally, without any modesty or provocation. As soon as he is washed, he goes straight to the bed and snuggles in it. When, after my bath, I join him, he will gently come closer to me as if to share his warmth, nestle against my side, kiss me on the cheek and dive into slumber, like a small animal. I feel like a mother hen.

I have decided to go see his parents, to attempt a reconciliation.

- Why didn't he come himself?

- I think *he is afraid of you. Maybe you've been a little abusive at times. The last time you saw him, you hit him.* He is afraid that you will blame him for leaving.



- Are you going to see him again today? his father asks with a haughty air that belies his vulgarity and makes him look perfectly ridiculous.

- Yes, I am.

- You will give him this. Here you are. Goodbye, sir.

I go out before they throw me out. I have in my hand an envelope with the letterhead of the first instance court of Corbeil. It is open, I take out the paper which is in it and read it. A certificate of emancipation. There you are. It is easier for parents to fire their son than for a boss to fire a worker. *Emancipate, we don't owe you anything anymore, you little brat. We didn't want you in the first place, we've fed you until now, and now the game is over. You can die.*

His emancipation seems to reassure Michel. *He would have found it much more annoying if he had been sought as a runaway minor. He knows what it's like to be thrown out, he's done it before. It preserves his freedom. The fact that it's now written on a piece of paper won't change his life.* I think that even if I had managed to get his parents to ask for his return, he would not have gone. So the divorce is officially finalized.

I wondered for a long time if Michel was homosexual or not. I believe that he is not, *or not very much*: he lends himself with the best grace to my most delirious games, but, *except for some very simple pleasures*, he is rarely the one who asks. I sometimes have the painful impression, when I am making love with him, that he is paying me a rent in kind. This annoys me. If only he were more cooperative. A month after he gets a job and his first paycheck, I decide to fuck him more and more roughly until he prefers to go his own way. The results are not long in coming: after three memorable fucks, he gently announces that he must leave me in order to live his own life. By my casual attitude, I only shook the inertia that was keeping him there. "Our paths have crossed, but they are not

going side by side. I will always remember you. I owe you a lot and I won't repay you. I know you don't expect anything. We'll remain buddies. You are my best buddy, the only one who understood. *Thank you for everything.*"

This goodbye suits me. I'm left alone with my cock and my overflowing love. I'm used to it. It's happened to me so often without me desiring it that I might want it from time to time. I am grateful to him: he has been so sober and discreet. I will gladly see him again, but not in bed.

I go back to the daily routine of my life. I'm still looking for somebody who doesn't exist. I want him to be great in bed and great in his mind. The rare bird. The five-legged sheep. I want somebody from whom flows this wonderful fluid called 'it's-good-to-be-together' because we are afraid to call it 'love'.

To console myself, as it is Friday night, I decide to go to the bikers' meeting at the Bastille.

### *XIII*

My afternoon is all imbued with this morning's departure, filled with those unfinished moments that you experience when you are still under the shock of a sudden change. When I was a child, the departures had a lesser hold on me, but the arrivals had more. I would so very much like to relive those moments of powerful emotion, to feel again the blocks of ice filled my chest, the gasps that shook me, the delightful sarabands of my heart when I was pulling underwears off in the high school bathrooms or exploring the bathing suits along the poolside. The slightest fleece of hairs, the slightest down, filled me with an indescribable fear. I considered them

respectfully as the mark of a superior being, the stripes of an inaccessible virility, I caressed them as one touches a relic. I liked to show myself to challenge the forbidden. As my parents had always hidden from me, I had inexorably excluded them from the bathroom the day my first hairs had appeared, and as I could not resist showing them nevertheless, I used my classmates and my little neighbors as spectators. *The lure of the forbidden gave me wings, increased my pleasures tenfold.* My reputation as exhibitionist and voyeur followed long after I started my first year of school, *and it did me a lot of good*: it attracted towards me vocations that I would not have detected otherwise. Until I was thirteen or fourteen, I saw and touched the sexes of half my class and almost all those of my age-mates.

My experiences as a school-boy only confirmed my vocation. In my first school, from which I was, thank God, expelled after a month, cocks were so taboo that it was difficult to think about anything else. When we were in line, we had to keep a distance of more than one meter from the one in front of us in order to avoid any physical contact which, even accidental, could only be impure. Putting your hands in your pockets was strictly forbidden, because it goes without saying that you would put them there for the sole purpose of touching yourself, and, during study periods, you had to ask permission if you wanted to open the cover of your desk, because the deployment of such a screen could only hide the darkest turpitudes. In the showers, we had to occupy only every other stall, those in between having to remain empty for the salvation of our souls. The queue was long in the corridor, pants were compulsory and the use of bathrobes forbidden. There was such a big fuss about cocks that it was in our minds all day long. Even if they kept speaking about that in order not to do it, the result was that we talked about nothing else and

that this school in *Montauban* was one of the most beautiful nurseries for pederasty that the Christian church, in its great kindness, could ever put at the disposal of its future Tartuffes.\*

The second experience, in a middle-school that was immaculate in name only, very close to a large ice-lolly factory in the Haute-Marne region, had thrown me in the hands of energy conservation forerunners who, fifteen years before the crisis, ransomed the fuel with such greed that the dormitories were real ice boxes. To compensate for this inconvenience and avoid outbreaks of common cold, the good fathers found it perfectly normal for half of the interns to sleep in another pupil's bed so as to keep warm.

"Keep warm, my good little ones, meanwhile, we can use your parents' good money for something other than heating this barracks."

This is the only place I know where it could be so cold without anyone complaining. The heat wasn't switched on until November, but it was already freezing in October, so we went into winter quarters as soon as school started. Couples were formed... As the boiler was turned off at the beginning of April, while it was still freezing, we were able to extend our little habits until the vacations. As a result, we spent the whole year exchanging human warmth. The college was divided into three clans: the established couples, the swingers, and the Jesuits themselves who prowled the dormitories every night to invite the unfortunate pupils who had not found a partner to warm their beds.

---

\* Tartuffe, a hypocritical character in one of Molière's plays.

Society often gets caught up in its own bullshit: by segregating the sexes in schools, bathrooms, locker rooms, showers, boarding schools, saunas, etc., it favors those it hates, the gays, to the great detriment of those it encourages. Apart from college, my best memories are memories of boys communities, the army for instance, but above all, four stars, the cubs and the scouts.

Happy moments at shower time when I was in the army, during which I could contemplate with impunity the tools I had been dreaming of all week long. In May 1968, I participated in one of the most beautiful parties in my whole life. Guess where? At the bottom of a Transall, on top of tear gas bomb crates, somewhere at an altitude of five thousand metres above Limoges. My friends on the barricades would have loved to do the same. \*

#### *XIV*

The Bastille bikers' meeting place is perhaps the last place where the uninitiated will think of going in order to flirt. He would be quite wrong. Obviously, a small accessory is essential: a motorcycle.

Equipped with this gadget, you'll be able to mingle and meet a handsome guy whose bike has broken down, been stolen or had an accident during the week. Reduced to the status of pedestrian, the poor boy will go out of his way, and maybe more, to become your passenger.

---

\* This paragraph is absent in the Kindle version

I have spotted one, 18 or about, tall and slim, quiet and gentle. He is a mechanic in a garage and asks me what I do for a living. He seems to be a bit worried about me being a writer. I come out of a close interrogation about the mysteries of the four-stroke engine with great honor, and I think I'm rising in his esteem, but he remains skeptical about my qualities as a biker. He is skeptical about the possible compatibilities between the intellect and the mechanics. *Grey matter and sludge are, according to him, immiscible matters.* As he stands quite well on the bike, I make him twirl for a while, riding between the groups, before going down a sidewalk at sixty kilometers per hour. Now, he is conquered.

- It's still funny, he says. The people you meet here usually have a job, well... they work, well they... use their hands, you know what I mean.

Intellectuals scare him. He sees them as people who earn their living by doing nothing. *I try to light the fogies in his mind:*

- *A job is something you know how to do and that others don't know how to do, and that's why you get paid, am I right?*

- *Yes, that's it. That's why I've been studying for two years.*

- *Right.* Have you ever tried to write a book?

- No, why?

- Why not?

He is suddenly pensive. He must be remembering all the essays an intransigent teacher has crossed out in red.

- What is your book about?

Now, that's going to force me to get to the heart of the matter much more quickly than I thought. True, that's my fault. If I want to avoid that question, all I need to do is avoid mentioning that I'm a writer.

- Oh, well, it's a book about free love. About the freedom to make love with whoever you want, however you want... *a book about the stupidity of morality...* about how society uses sex for its own benefit... about the position of the free-fuckers in today's society. A lot of things like that.

I'm just beating around the bush to see how he will react.

- Free love, you mean, love without being married?

- Among other things, yes. But much more than that. Much more than that. It means sweeping away all things forbidden and doing whatever makes you feel good. And when I say whatever, I mean...

- Well, in general, young people are no longer afraid of much anymore...

- Do you think so?

One way or another, I will have to let go of it. As we have already reached the Place de la Concorde and are about to enter the Champs-Élysées, he will probably not dare counteract me too much for fear of having to walk back home. I decide to head for the Bois de Boulogne, as an introduction, and to let him see for himself a little bit more. I keep digging.

- You know, guys like you think they are really liberated, but in truth, they all are, or almost all of them are, still within the sexual norms of their grandparents. Modesty, for instance. Three quarters of the guys dare not get naked. As if they were ashamed of their bodies.

- Not me, at least.

That, my good man, will be used against you later, in due time.

- Sexuality, in truth, has no boundaries. But morality has. *But everyone listens to morals instead of listening to their bodies. That's why we all are a little bit frustrated, that's why all things nude, and sexual pleasure as well, are sensitive subjects. The attraction to what's forbidden, that's what it is.*

*But you have to dare and offer what's forbidden to yourself. Too many people confine themselves only to common things. Here, the customers of these lovely ladies, for example...*

We have just arrived at the first foliage of the Bois, after the place Dauphine, where the prostitutes are showing their tits along the avenue. I launch myself.

- Do you consider, for example, that homosexuality is part of free sexuality?

- Yes, I do. I don't really care. They can do what they want to, as long as they don't piss me off.

- Have you ever tried it?

- No, I haven't.

- Then how can you say that it would piss you off?

- Well, that's a normal reaction, isn't it. It's something special, don't you think? Men are meant to go with women.

- Who said that?

- Well, I don't know. But how else could you have children?

- Who tells you that you must have children? Can't you enjoy yourself without having children, just for the fun of it?

- Well, you can take the pill, then.

- But if men are meant to go with women, as you say, why are there homos, then?

- Well, because they want to.

- And how did they know they want to?

- I don't know. Because they tried it, I guess.

- So, why don't you try it?

- Because I don't want to.

- You're not making sense... Did they try it because they wanted to, or did they want to because they tried it?

- That's their problem.

- Have you ever thought that you could be bisexual?

- I know that such a thing exists.



- Now, you shag a boy and then you shag a girl, that's shagging twice. Bisexuals have twice as much sex as other people. Have you ever thought about that?

- Not from that angle.

- So, you see, you are not as liberated as you say you are. Otherwise, you would have thought about it, you would have tried. *My friend, there is nothing better than that.* Ever since I've found this out, I've been going at it non-stop. A shag to the left, a shag to the right, life is good. You have to dare, at least at the beginning. If it's good for the others, it's good for you too. Why shouldn't it be so, we are all made the same. Do you agree with that?

- Do I what?

- That we are all made the same. If it's good for them, it must be good for you. You're no different. At least have the courage and the balls to say that, or at least to try. Afterwards, you will be allowed to say: "I like it", or "I don't like it", and you will know why. *You don't have the stupid look of one who talks about things he knows nothing about.*

- Yeah, but I don't want to be fucked!

- When you're with a chick, do you just fuck her? Ten minutes and then it's over, is that it?

- No, of course not. We do a lot of things before.

- Which are often the best...

- I'll give you that.

- *And they can last for hours. Sometimes that's all we do. You can have great sex without fucking, in the penetrative sense of the term.*

- Yeah.

- Well, all these good things can also be done with a boy. *Caressing each other, making each other come... Life is short, a day without pleasure is a day lost and a lost pleasure. They won't come back anymore.*

We have reached that part of the avenue where the whores attract whole lines of parking space. *There are double lines, triple lines, and even inextricable traffic jams. With our motorcycle, we manage to slip in between.* Groups are forming on the sidewalk and are going deep under the foliage. I stop without warning.

- Why don't we go and have a closer look?

The paths resulting from the nightly influx are all traced between the groves. Groups are being formed, which are looking at the fuckers while jerking off. The glances are furtive, pointed at the ground, avoiding each other. People make big hooks in order not to meet, or on the contrary, come closer to see who is doing what to whom. A little afar, there is a group entirely composed of gay people, a barrier of spectators standing around a central motif of three persons. The person in the middle is being sucked from the front and sodomized from the back. This show really shocks my teammate (by the way, I must ask for his name before stripping him bare, that would be more appropriate).

- Admit that they could hide, don't you think? he says to me.

- But, what if showing themselves was part of their fun? Moreover, it makes the peeping toms happy. So everyone is happy. *If you don't like it, nobody forces you to watch.* You told me earlier that you were not modest, but does the nudity of others bother you?

- Oh, it's not that, but... *What you have here is more than nudity...*

- Here, since you're not modest, give me a little demonstration, so I can see if you haven't been boasting!

He gestures towards his belt, then quickly stops. A circular glance makes him judge that there are too many people. I move my hand towards his cock and ask him:

- Do you have a hard-on, at least?

- A little bit. Actually, yes.

*He doesn't make much of a move to hold me back. His fly looks like the Bouglione tent. He moves slowly back to escape from my caress, but I don't let go.*

*- You see, you say that it bothers you, but it's in your head only. Your body is not bothered, in fact, it is rather satisfied...*

*I massage his sex through his pants, as an answer, his body contracts itself. Its owner is beginning to smile.*

- Well, since you have such a nice hard-on, I say, what are you afraid of? Come on, let's do it!

In a wink, I open the buckle of his belt, the button of his jeans and his zipper. By the time he hesitates to defend himself, his pants have fallen to his lap. His glowing cock springs from the fly of his boxers. The object is long, thin, very hard, its deep and silky hairs smell like soap. It takes him a short while to realize that we are not spectators anymore, we have become actors. I hear the stomping of a group forming around us. Then, softly, he withdraws it back in, makes me stand up by squeezing my cheeks gently between his hands, and whispers in my ear:

- There's really a lot of people here. We should go to your place, we would be better...

## XV

The only article I ever wrote for the Arcadia magazine was a short story about the land of the left-handed. It was an idea that had germinated in my mind, I was a young schoolboy then, and I was enduring the first insults from those among my

classmates who were afraid to jerk off with me. What would you think of a free and democratic country like yours or mine, where men are supposedly born equal, a country that would keep a whole category of its citizens away from its institutions?

It has been well demonstrated that the propensity of left-handed people to use their left hand is in no way the result of ill will or any desire to be unique, but rather an inexplicable variation of nature which is as insignificant as the color of your hair or the shape of your nose. Although these rational explanations have been disseminated by press and radio alike, the population still persists, in the name of some medieval traditions and superstitions deeply anchored in its subconscious, to maintain a real opposition to this group of left-handers.

And yet, they are as dexterous with their left hand as you are with your right, as creative, as hardworking as you are. In spite of this, they are mercilessly excluded from any administrative jobs, from any political careers; they are rejected, dismissed, scorned, pointed at, to the point that the least strong among them throw themselves out of their windows to escape this permanent aggression.

They are tolerated as curiosities in those professions that are so sufficiently outside the norms that normalizing the people who hold these positions is seen as useless. The most audacious right-wingers even invite them to play the role of buffoons in their social salons, addressing them with the prudence one has when slipping a peanut to a monkey through a fence. But outside of this small core of favorites, society as a whole conspires to martyr them, repress them, insult them and make their lives impossible.

So the left-handed decide to found a nation of left-handed people. A very small minority of right-handed people are

tolerated and cared for, and they are in charge of some of the dirty jobs that can't be done with the left hand. Right-handed people from neighboring countries are obliged to apply for an entry visa or a residence permit to come here. Without forcing them to give up the use of their usual hand, they have to pass a small test on their left-handedness. If this test is successful, they are named "ambidextrous" and admitted to stay with the left-handed people. All of them choose this new life without any hesitation. They lead a life which is calm, tranquil, free of all the worries, constraints and surveillance they had to endure in their former countries. You go there as you wish, with whom you wish, the attachments binding the couples together do not have any materiality; they are only built on reciprocal love and the desire the interested parties have in remaining together. There is no question of signing any contracts that would force them to perpetuate this life together after it has ceased to be desired. The happiness of each person is assured in the mutual respect of individual liberties. Some ambidextrous people felt like returning to the other side of the fence, to their former country. They returned to the harassment and constraints under which they had once lived, and they found that their former fellow human beings did not show the slightest desire to be enriched by their cultural contribution. On the contrary, they violently blamed them for having adopted another culture and for having become different. At no time did they try to understand them. On the contrary, they began to consider them as monsters and degenerates, and did not allow them to regain the position they had in their former homeland. So the travelers packed their bags up and returned to the land of the left-handed and stayed there forever

*I have also had, for a long time, the idea of writing a novel that would be a carbon copy of 1984, but in which our two lovers would have to hide from a homosexual dictatorial*

*system in order to live their love. It would have been a fable about the fate that monotheistic heterosexual societies have in store for us poor fags. Maybe it may have been a lesson in tolerance for some homophobes... Maybe... Not sure...*

In this ancient world, a country once elected with a very small majority a president who had a very long name\*. As this president, who had been elected by a very narrow margin, was moreover as mediocre as he was pretentious, he feared that he would not be able to keep his position for long. He therefore resolved to enrich himself and his friends as quickly as he could and, in order to achieve that goal, decreed that everything could be sold.

Thus society, instead of honorably giving up on its prohibitions, as it could have in the name of freedom and tolerance, preferred to abolish them in the name of money. Films and books that had been forbidden until then became permitted but were heavily taxed. For the price of three hours of slave labor, the rich could watch the erotic romps of young girls and boys at the cinema. For the price of six hours of slave labor, they could buy books of photographs in which they indulged in their turpitude, or go to expensive establishments in which everything was allowed.

Some of those establishments were saunas equipped with swimming pools in which naked ephebes were frolicking. These ephebes could, for ten hours of slave labor, be owned in a relaxation cabin.

Another type of establishment was the dance hall: a drink there would cost no less than four hours of slave labor. You could contemplate young people of both sexes undressing while dancing languidly on specially arranged podiums.

---

\* Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

In those places, the wealthy could also, for a substantial amount of money, take to other specialized establishments the sweet young girls and the graceful ephebes they had selected during their exhibitions. *Thanks to the VAT, the republic, instead of tolerating the freedom of its citizens, became a pimp.*

Meanwhile, the average citizen could only hear about these orgies without having the means to afford them. Lacking in money, they had to resort to picking up prostitutes in the streets or boys in bushes, parks and public toilets.

To make matters worse, the rich felt that their pleasures would be more complete if they could be sure to be the only ones enjoying them. So they sent squads of armed people in the streets, in the parks and in the public toilets. Those armed squads had been trained to savagely repress any form of pleasure after having been themselves subjected to long and forceful deprivations by their masters.

One day, a group of young slaves who couldn't stand any longer being deprived of pleasure climbed the façade of the presidential palace and...

No, I can't tell you what happened to that president. It would be too disrespectful. Even in such an advanced liberal society as ours, it would not be acceptable to reveal the abuse suffered by the president on that night. The young people reminded him with the utmost severity that he was not the president of only his electors, but of all the other citizens as well, and that equality in pleasure was an equality like any others. Then, to prevent the slaves from accessing the pleasure of their masters, he tried, silly him, to remove the pleasure of the masters themselves. Thank God, he did not remain president a very long time.

Alain is a tall, slim, silky boy who looks like Tadzio in *Death in Venice*. Love with him is a sweet succession of the craziest figures. He is the only one I know who never makes a mistake, who always gives the right lick with his tongue, exactly where it is needed, and who presents his body with diabolical suppleness and surprising intuition in the exact position you want him to have. He is very mysterious. I know he lives with his parents and attends a high school in the southern suburbs. I have never been able to find out more. Sometimes he calls me to ask if I can see him. Twenty minutes later, he appears, glowing, takes a bath and wraps himself around me. I have to make do with these visits. He never lets himself be invited, never tells me anything about himself. He is a passing angel to bring ecstasy and then immediately leaves.

He has a small passion, though, which he finally told me about. He writes. A lot of morbid and even sometimes repulsive things, a lot of degrading images and symbols where his parents play the roles of tyrants or coprophages.

One day, however, he brought me some pretty well written alexandrines. I can't resist giving you the most appetizing sample, I'll work out the copyright arrangements with him:

*Antoine was complaining, his ass was bruised.  
All he wanted, when lowering his clothes,  
Was to excite a beautiful male,  
but he had found himself caught  
At the same time in his own trap and by his foundation.*

*He still wonders if, in these great moments,  
His tears were of rage or contentment.  
It was only afterwards, when at the end he saw*



*The enormity of the cock that had so delighted him,  
That he suddenly understood that the blooming air  
That he had in front of him was very small  
Compared to the one that had flourished his behind.  
Sylvain proposed to him, after such a fucking,  
  
By some old ointment, to attenuate the outrage.  
He even imagined, by a learned massage,  
To make the ointment go to the bottom of the passage.  
He thus asked Antoine to fold himself in two,  
  
With his chest flat on a strong table,  
And with a great hump that made him happy,  
He performed this kind service with ease.  
Moral: He who is taken loves to be taken again.*

\* \* \*

Of course, the seventh rhyme has no pendant and the last one neither, but who cares? The moral is skillfully recovered, the periphrases audacious, the humor discreet and at least of a taste as sure as the subject itself...

\* \* \*

Yesterday evening brought me another massive and robust boy, who followed me without a word. He agrees to do everything, but won't talk about anything. One more sex that I undressed without any emotion, one more mouth that pumped me without any greed. By the time you have finished making to love to them, they have lost what you loved them for in the first place.

Charms condemned to disappear, of which I will have been the happy and temporary beneficiary, constant renewal, perpetual questioning, certainty of not always keeping intact what you cherish, and doubt about the feelings you will have for him when he has become an adult.

They pass and you stay. Will I ever settle down? Do I belong in a closet? Will I be able to give up the pleasure of marginality?

## XVI

There was, in my grandmother's house, dull facade of a dreary row, a room on the right after you came in, icy sanctuary that nobody would go into. This room, whose windows were blinded with heavy curtains, was the most beautiful of the house. It contained the most precious furniture, the rarest trinkets, the most delicate plates, the oldest silverware. All this was wrapped in large shroud-like blankets. The kitchen's post office calendar was a familiar object to me, but the bronze above the living room fireplace, a legacy from many generations ago, which should have meant much more to the toddler that I was, this bronze only appeared to me as a meaningless foreign object, an immutable monument of metal to which I paid a solemn visit every year while on vacation, all imbued with a respectful awe that increased the coolness of the place.

This dead item was, to my knowledge, never used. It was as if it had been part of another house, next door and abandoned, which we had to take care of. I should have known the names of people portrayed on its walls with their haughty faces and emphatic poses: they were my ancestors! But they

were strangers to me. I would have liked to eat from their china, use their silverware, be enthroned from a young age in a place that sooner or later would be mine. My grandmother missed out on all these emotions, and with her, all her descendants. When my grandmother passed away, we left this room untouched for several weeks. We did not dare enter. Once the emotion had subsided, we finally entered, slowly, silently, with hushed steps, whispering, the way you would visit a crypt. Then, we got bold enough to discover the furniture, seize the trinkets, turn them over, estimate their value. All those treasures were divided between the branches of the family and lost, by their scattering, the value that I had granted them when they were all gathered there. By decorating another fireplace, the bronze lost its pride. The anonymous portraits in our hallway seem to be waiting for a buyer in an antique store.

No one, and especially not my grandmother herself, had ever been a guest in this wonderful living room, and now the treasures are all gone. Some people, like my grandmother, did not live "in order to", but "in order not to". Don't do this, don't do that... They earned money in order not to spend it, piled up wonders in order to not to look at them. Also, when I am told about the quiet streets of the provincial cities, with their houses and their sepulchral rooms, I only see cemetery alleys lined up with vaults. People are the image of their houses, and I can never live "not to live". I like calm, providing it is a lively calm, an exuberant calm if you can call it that. Calmness is the opposite of death and something other than stacking up. Serenity, that's what it is, as simple as that. It is the peaceful certainty that you'll live what must be lived, drink what must be drunk, and wear out what must be used.

I like to see neighborhoods thrive. I hate those houses that are big enough, in a vain burst of pretension, to do

anything inside. *What are the forty rooms of a castle good for? Who has forty different occupations?* I want life to burst through my windows, not in the thundering manner of the suburbs, but with the serene emanation of someone's happiness. I feed my solitude on this.

I rode a young teen back to Choisy. Children are playing in the more or less green spaces that remain between the towers. Voices, household and radio noises come out of the windows. Life here explodes perhaps a little too much, to the unwillingness of the inhabitants. But I prefer this excess to the oppressive desert of my grandmother's street. I sit on a terrace to have a drink, and also to feast a little, like a vampire, on people's lives. Balls roll away, kicked by children. A lady appears at the window of the thirtieth floor, she looks like a little puppet between her curtains. She is perhaps the mother of this delicate athlete in the making who stops next to me to tighten the wheel of his bicycle. I have just the tools he needs in my bike's saddlebag. His name is Stéphane, and he is seventeen years old. He has the time and the desire to come for a ride on my bike.

From my terrace, I watch him leave, dancing on his bike. He likes the way I am, he will come back. The little ball of my typewriter glows with the desire to know what happened. I gave it a bad education and it is too curious. But, did I know how to make it say what needed to be said in order for me to be understood? When will people realize that teenagers should not be treated as children if they are to become adults? When will we give them the right to love and, consequently, the right to be loved?

The telephone is ringing. It may be the one I've been waiting for for months, day after day and hour after hour, *someone I'm not waiting for anymore?*

