

Appendix-I (Between the Hammams and the Basements of Paris: French Productions)

English translation of FHAR (The front Homosexuel d'Action Révolutionnaire) column published on the Tout!¹

MINORS HAVE THE RIGHT TO DESIRE
15 YEARS

There are the paws spread with red, some guy's red meat, and now he's confused. He wants to run far away, fast, somewhere else. The piss sticks to his thigh through his trousers, which he took off, earlier, in a small room, under the gaze of a guy who was dying for it.

But, no mistake, he was dying for it, too. He couldn't take it anymore. At night, he'd smeared handkerchiefs, both hands buried under the bed sheets, and he could almost feel them against him, the mouths, the dicks that he was giving birth to with each rubbing. So, he had made up his mind, dragging his fly along the banks of the Seine River.

And then, the opportunity, the fear, yes, when the guy winked at him, but what, the hell, it was his right to look at the barges like everyone else... You had to make up your mind, yes or no, ...and then, he remembered, he looked so lost, the night, in the family shack, afterwards... with his smeared handkerchief and his granny's breath on his end... Never mind, the guy in question, he had like a dirty Arab face, He didn't exactly smell like roses, but he was tired of his monk's solitude.

First, he followed him to an old movie theater. The Arab, he paid, that's natural, isn't it? Scared shitless, messing up the repression... That was for today, the big thing. In the dark, his hand went down to his thighs. The other one, he didn't flinch, he kept his mouth shut, he let it go, not so unpleasant, all things considered. Must have wet them too, the man, since he stopped the fumbling hand.

THE SPECTATORS, in the dark, they were watching the western, the other one, in the toilet, he was trying to fuck him. But it stank. He had him pinned up against the urinal, and the water was wetting the kid's pants. He got out of there. Not here, it's too disgusting. He came out again, with the guy in the back.

So, change of scenery. There's a bachelor pad nearby. And here we go again for a ride. We still must give it a try. The two of them had gotten naked. The other, he was

¹ Translated from French to English by author and Vincent Passerat.

wagging his dick with a nasty smile. That's love with a man, damn it. And he insisted, the Arab, he tried to fuck him on the stomach, drooling oily spittle on him. Got pissed off in one fell swoop. Too stubborn for his taste. No more fun, a good series of smacks and no more comedy. Let's get on with it. The little one, he really couldn't get rid of the urge to do it, not with a clown, but God, no matter how queer he is, the rascal in question has got it in his wrist. You've got to fight back, man.

A vase, a bargain. You wanted my ass, you're not my taste, here's some feelings. It was more like it smashed his face in two. It splashed everywhere, all red and bleeding, in luxury technicolor. No time to say "wow, man, a crack in his portrait and rather at low tide, his dick, non-existent even.

He panicked. Not used to blood. He left quickly.

Paws spread with red, pants covered with piss, negative assessment. He's confused. He wants to run away, far, fast, somewhere else. But, after all, when you think a bit, it's gone, the urge for a cock? It's not your fault for being a virgin. It passes, but for that you must start again, to relax. Another guy, another cock, you must make yourself understood when there are fifteen banks (cocks) that you can hear: "Pee-pee touch, no pee-pee touch, little piggy". Yeah, that's right, family dating.

No peek-a-boo between gentlemen, no, no kidding. To hell with it.

*Look, this guy is nice
it's a little late tonight, but tomorrow, God damn it, yes, tomorrow...
An underage faggot.
And became joyful*

*FORBIDDEN
under 18 years old*

"Maybe if I had never gone to bed with Algerians, I would have never been able to approve the F.L.N. I would have probably been on their side, anyway, but it was the homosexuality that made me realize that Algerians were no different from the other men." Jean Genêt.

The above text appeared to some non-homosexual comrades as racist. So, we discussed among ourselves about our relationships with our Arab friends. It's true that French homosexuals, in their own way, have a certain form of racism: how could you imagine that a fifteen-year-old white boy, even a faggot, could escape racist conditioning? But we are sure that the racism of the militants, who only live out their relationship with Arabs through big words, is more alienating than ours.

First, everyone lives on the image of the old European faggot who only sleeps with little Arabs. Besides, it's never the other way around. How can we not see this as a revenge we've agreed to take on the colonizing West? Do you think we can have the same relationship with everybody or that the average French with the Arabs when we do the act that the bourgeois morality makes the most shameful?

Yes, as oppressed people, we feel a very strong solidarity with the Arabs.

WE'RE OVER 343 BITCHES

We got fucked by Arabs

WE ARE PROUD OF IT AND WE WILL DO IT AGAIN

SIGN AND HAVE THEM SIGN AROUND

*WILL THE NEW OBSERVER PUBLISH IT???*²

² Tout! April 23, 1971, France. Text by *Front Homosexuel d'Action Révolutionnaire* (FHAR). Text excerpt from the original manifesto called 'Minors have right to desire' and translated from French to English by Vincent Passerat for this research.