

Queer Theory

Readers in Cultural Criticism

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The Body
Posthumanism
Theorizing Ireland
Postmodern Debates
Queer Theory

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The Leather Daddy and the Femme

Carol Queen

AFTER THE LIGHT CHANGED

I was looking pretty boyish that evening. Maybe that's why he looked twice at the stoplight when my car pulled up next to his motorcycle. Usually guys like that are moving, you just see a gleaming blur of black and silver. But here at the light was a real done-up daddy, sitting stock-still, except for his head, which turned in response to my eyes fixed on him and found what he saw noticeable enough to make him turn again. When boy-energy gets into me I look like an effete young Cambridge faggot looking to go bad: round spectacles framing inquisitive eyes and a shock of hair falling down over one. Not classically Daddy's Boy, something a little different. Maybe tonight this daddy was looking for a new kind of ride.

A real done-up daddy, yeah. His leathers were immaculate, carried that dull gleam that well-kept black leather picks up under streetlights. Black leather cap, high boots, everything on him black and silver except the worn blue denim at his crotch, bulging invitingly out of a pair of chaps. I eyed that denimed expanse quite deliberately; he noticed. He had steely blue Daddy-eyes and a well-trimmed beard. I couldn't see his hands under the riding gloves, but they looked big, and from the looks of him I bet they were manicured. I love these impeccable daddies. They appeal to the femme in me.

And his bike! A huge shiny animal, a Harley, of course, nothing but classic for this daddy. The chrome gleamed like he did the fine polish with his tongue - or rather, used the tongue of some lucky boy. I'm more for polishing leather, myself, but if this stone-hot daddy told me to do his bike, of course I'd get right to it.

Ooh, he was looking right into my eyes, taking in my angelic Viennese Choirboy face and my leather jacket, much rattier than his with all its ACT UP and Queer Nation stickers. Does he think I'm cute enough for a walk on the wild side? I could hear it as he dished me to all the other daddies: 'Yeah, this hot little schoolboy, looked real innocent but he cruised me like he knew what I had and wanted it, so I let him follow me home.'

was it. I leaned out the window and said, just loud enough to be heard, careful to keep my voice low-pitched, 'Daddy, can I come too?'

The daddy grinned. When the light turned green he gunned the Harley, took the space in front of my car, and signalled for me to follow.

An apartment South of Market - oh, this was perfect. At three a.m. on any given night he could probably open his bedroom window and find a willing mouth down here to piss in. I've heard about *this* alley. The entryway was dark. Good. I parked my car and caught up with him there. I fell to my knees as he pulled his keys from his belt. By the time he had his door unlocked I was chewing on his balls through the denim. He let me go in that way for a minute and then he collared me and hauled me into the dark foyer. I barely had time to grab my rucksack, which I'd let fall beside me so I could get both hands on his hard, leather-clad thighs.

Inside, I pulled off my glasses and tucked them away safely in my jacket. Daddy pushed me back onto my knees, and I scrambled to open the buttons of his Levi's. I wanted his cock, wanted it big, wanted it down my throat with his hands fistfing the hair at the nape of my neck, giving it to me hard and rhythmic. I wanted to suck both his balls into my mouth while he slapped his dick against my cheeks. Cock worship in the dark, *Use me, Daddy, no, don't come yet - I have a surprise for you.*

I don't know how long I went on. I get lost in cock sucking sometimes, it's like a ritual, it disconnects me from my head, and when it's anonymous all the more so. I hadn't even seen this cock I was sucking, and that made me feel I could be anyone, even an adventurous gay boy in a South-of-Market alley, sucking Daddy's big hard dick. Any second now he could realize that I was no ordinary boy, and that gave me a great rush of adrenaline, a lust to have it down my throat. Until he discovered me I could believe this illusion myself, and with most men this was all I could expect, a cocksucker until they turned the lights on.

Daddy was moaning; guess as a cocksucker I got a passing grade. I felt the seam of my Levi's, wet where they pressed into my cunt. Jesus, I wanted it, I wanted it from him, I wanted him not to care. The scents of leather and sweat filled my head. Finally I pulled my mouth away from his dick, no problem speaking in a low voice now, shit, I was hoarse from his pounding. 'Daddy, please, I want you to fuck me.'

He pulled me up at once, kissed me, hard. That was a surprise. I was swooning, not feeling like a boy now, whatever a boy feels like, but all womanly, my brain in my cunt. And I was about to be discovered. His hand was sliding into my jacket; any second now it would fall upon the swell of my breast. This was where most guys freaked out and sent me home to beat off. That was okay, usually, but God, it would kill me to break this kiss.

other ... when his other hand followed the first under my jacket, then under my shirt, as if for corroboration, and he felt my nipples go hard under his touch. He squeezed them, eliciting a very un-boyish moan, thrusting his tongue deep down where his cock had been, so that even when he twisted my nipples into the shape of morning glories, furtled around themselves, I couldn't cry out.

The kiss went on even when one hand slid down my belly and started undoing the buttons of my jeans until there was room for him to slip a finger down between my pussy-lips, root its way, almost roughly, all the way into my cunt, pull the slick finger out again and thrust it into my mouth, where our tongues sucked it clean. The kiss lasted until he'd slid his fingers back in and fucked me all slow and juicy and excruciating and I finally broke away to beg, 'Oh, Jesus, please, make me come!' He stroked in faster, then; I came like a fountain into his hand. He rubbed the juice all over my face, licked some of it off kissing me again, then pulled me down the hall into a lit room. I felt weak-kneed and wildly dishevelled; he was immaculate yet, but his cock was out and it was still hard. For me.

Those steel blue eyes were lit with more than amusement, and when he spoke, in a soft, low, almost-drawn, I realized it was the first time I'd heard his voice.

'Well, little boy, I must say you had me tricked.' He laughed; I guess I looked a little proud. 'Do you make a habit of fooling guys like me?'

'Not very often,' I managed. 'And most men don't want what they get.'
'No, I would imagine not. A little too much pussy under that boy-drag. A man wouldn't want to get himself ... *confused*. Hey, where'd you learn to suck cock? A bathroom?'

'My brother taught me. He's gay.'

'Shit, bring him with you the next time you visit,' said the daddy. 'I'll die and go to heaven.' He pushed me back on the bed then and knelt above me: His big cock dangled above my face and at first he held me down, teasing me with it, but I begged and he lowered it to my lips, letting me have just enough to suck on like a baby dreams over a tit. 'Good girl,' he said, smiling a little, running his fingertips over my skin in a most-enticing way. The boy-energy was gone, but I didn't want to stay a little girl with a man this hot. Anyway, he wasn't acting like a leather daddy anymore.

I don't know what gets into me. When I cruise gay men as a boy, I know full well that I have to stay a boy the whole time. Unless they send me out at the first touch of curves, the first smell of pussy, they only want to play with me if I can keep up the fantasy. I lick Daddy's boots and suck his cock and get on my face for him, raise my ass up at the first brush of his cock on my cheeks. I beg Daddy to fuck my ass and promise I'll be his good boy, always. But deep inside, even as he's slam-fucking my ass and I'm screaming from

I secretly wish he'd slip and bury his meat all the way deep in my cunt. I love being the boy, but I don't like having to be two separate people to get what I want. I really want the men I fuck to turn me over and see the whole me: the woman in the boy, the boy in the woman. This daddy, this leatherman whose name I didn't even know, was the first one with whom that seemed possible -- and I wanted to make sure. I wanted to know if he would really play with me.

So again I let his cock slip from my lips. 'Daddy, will you let me up for a minute? I want to play a new game, and I really want you to like it.' He released me, looking at me quizzically as I reached for my bag and pulled the last of my clothes off. There. A femme hates having pants bagging around her ankles.

Feeling sleeker already, I took the bag into the bathroom, promising I'd be right back. Everything there, shoes, clothes, makeup. It was time to grow up. The dress was red and tight and hugged my small breasts into cleavage. Its backline plunged down almost to the swell of my ass. Black stockings and garters (the dress was too tight to wear a belt under, only a black G-string), and red leather pumps with high, high heels. The kind of shoes drag queens named so aptly 'come-fuck-me pumps'. You're not supposed to walk in them, you're supposed to offer the toe to a worshipful tongue, or lock them around a neck while you get pounded. Which is what I hoped would be happening to me shortly.

With some gel and a brush my hair went from boyish to chic. Powder on my face, then blush. I darkened my eyebrows and lashes, lined and shaded my eyes with green and violet, and brushed deep crimson onto my lips. An amazingly changed face, all angles and shadows and eyes and cheekbones, looked back at me from the mirror. One last glance: I was sufficiently stunning. In fact, the sight, combined with the knowledge that I was about to emerge from the little room into the leather daddy's view, had me soaked, my heart pounding, my clit buzzing. I got so very narcissistic when I'm firmed out. I want to reach for my image in the mirror, take her apart, and fuck her. No doubt I'd be riding this energy into the girl-bars tomorrow night, looking for my image stepped through the looking glass, out looking for me.

One last flourish, a long sheer black scarf, sheer as my stockings, flung around my shoulders, hiding nothing. I stepped back into the leather daddy's room.

He'd taken his jeans off from beneath the chaps. His jacket was off, too, hung carefully over a chair. His dick was in his hand. He'd been stroking it, staying hard. Bands of leather drew my gaze to the hard curves of his biceps. Silver rings gleamed in his nipples. I felt like a *Vogue* model who'd stumbled into a Tom of Finland painting. He was gorgeous. He was every bit the spectacle I was, body modified and presented to evoke heat, to attract sex.

He looked at me hard, taking in the transformation. I saw his cock jump; good.

'So, Daddy, do you still want to play?' I said 'Daddy' in a different voice this time, let it be lush with irony, like a '40s burlesque queen. A well-educated faggot ought to pick up on that.

There was a touch of wonder in his voice. 'God damn. I don't believe I've ever picked up anything quite like you.' Then suspicion. 'So what's your trip? Trying to turn the heathens into heis? No wonder all those other guys threw you out.'

I experienced a new rush of adrenaline. I thought to myself, *Go ahead, be uncomfortable, baby, but don't stop wanting it.* I took a couple of steps, nearing the bed enough that I could put one foot up on it. I moved into his territory, gave him a view of the tops of my stockings and the wet, pussy-redolent G-string. I narrowed my eyes. 'Did I suck your cock like a he? You think I can't take it now that I have a dress on?'

He persisted. 'Why waste this on gay men? Straight boys must fall over for you.'

'Straight boys don't know how to give me what I want.' I ran my eyes down his body. 'Besides, your cock says I'm not wasting this on you.'

He made no move to try to hide the hard-on. His voice was more curious than accusatory when he said, 'You get a perverse charge out of this, don't you?'

'Yeah, I do. But I really want you to get a perverse charge out of it.' I moved to him, knelt over him so that only the insides of my knees touched the smooth leather of the chaps. He was close enough to touch; I had to stop from reaching. This was it, the last obstacle. His hard cock almost touched me. 'I'm no ordinary boy Daddy, and I'm no ordinary woman. Do you want it? Just take it.'

There is so much power in being open and accessible and ready. So much power in wanting it. That's what other women don't understand. You'll never get what you want if you make it too hard for someone to give it to you. He proved it: he lifted his hands to me, ran them once over my body, bringing the nipples up hard through the clinging dress, pinned my arms at my sides, and brought me down into a kiss that seared and melted, a kiss I felt like a tongue in my cunt. I felt myself sliding along his body till his cock head rested against the soaked silk of my G-string, hard and hot, and he stroked against my clit over and over and over. When he released my arms, one big hand held my ass, keeping me pushed against him. The other hand was fisted in my hair. He held me fast, and once again my cries of orgasm were muffled on his tongue.

When his mouth left mine it went to my ear, talking low.

'Pretty girl, I want your cunt so hot you go crazy. You got all dressed up for me, didn't you? Pretty bitch, you want it rough, you like it like that?'

'Yes!' I gasped, still riding the last waves of come, wanting more. 'Then tell me. Ask for it. Beg me!'

He pulled the scarf from around my neck, threw me easily onto my back. He pinned my arms over my head, bound my wrists with the scarf, talking in his low daddy-voice, playing my game:

'You want it, pretty bitch? You're going to get it, Miss Special. Think your cunt is good enough for my meat, do you? Can't get what you need from straight boys? You're gonna need it bad before you get an inch of it, baby... Spread 'em, that's right, spread for me, show it to me, let me have a good look. I haven't seen one of these in a long time... You know what I usually do with this cock, don't you? Is that what you want, is that what straight boys don't give you? Want it in your ass, make you be Daddy's boy again, hummmmm?... No, you want it in your pussy, baby, I can feel it. Just shove it all inside you, you want to feel it open you up, can you take it?'

Now he was reddening my ass with slaps, the dress pulled up to my waist, and from nowhere he clicked open a knife. I gasped and whimpered, but he just used it to cut the G-string off and it disappeared again. He slapped my pussy with his cock, scattering drops of my wetness, stopping short before I came, whispering, 'Want it, pretty bitch? Want it all? And I writhed against him and begged him:

'Jesus, please, give it to me, Daddy! Please... please!'

He was a consummate tease, this daddy; I wondered dimly if his boys tried to wiggle their assholes onto his just-out-of-reach cock the way I was trying to capture it with my hungry cunt. Not so much difference between one hunger and another, after all.

He reached for a rubber, worked it over his cock head, and rolled it down the shaft. The encasement made his big cock strain harder. As he knelt between my spread-wide legs, I murmured, 'Give it to me, give it to me, give...'. And in a long plunge, he did.

It felt so good to be filled so full, with the smell of hot leather and cock and pussy and the feel of the chaps against my legs. The second thrust came harder than the first, and a look of sexy concentration played across my leather-daddy's face as he settled in for a long, hard, pounding ride.

It was my turn to talk to him as I met his strokes with thrusts of my own, letting my pinned-down body fill with the delicious tensions that would build up to even more intense peaks.

'... Oh, yeah, just like that, give me your cock, baby, fill up my pussy, yeah... Give it to me, give it to me, you know I can take it, hard, yeah, come on... Fuck my cunt like you fuck your boys' asses, make me take it from you, yeah, don't stop, don't ever stop, just try to outlast me, Daddy, you can fuck me all night, fill that rubber with a big hot load and I'll come just thinking about you, just give it to me... Just give it to me, make me, make me... come...'

And it was all lost in cries and sobs and breath taking over. Somehow he'd untied my hands and I held him and came and came and came, and the wild ride was over with half a dozen bucking thrusts. I heard his yells mingle with mine, and I reached down to pull cock and rubber free of my cunt and feel the heft of jism in my hand as we lay together in a tangle of sweaty limbs, not man and woman, just animals, two sated animals.

I drifted off to sleep and woke again as he was working the tight, sweaty dress over my head and off. My red leather shoes glowed against the white sheets. 'Hellion,' he said as my eyes opened, 'faggot in a woman's body, bitch-goddess, do you intend to sleep in your exquisite red shoes?'

I held them up for him to take off, one and then the other, and he placed respectful kisses on each toe before he set them on the bed.

'No,' I said, 'that's too femmy, even for me.'

'And what does a man need to do with you around,' he continued, pulling off my stockings, 'to get fucked? Call your brother?'

He hadn't seen all the contents of my trick bag. I reached for it and spilled it onto the floor: three dildos, a harness, and a pair of long rubber gloves fell out. I promised that in the morning he could take his pick. I was dying to show Daddy what else a femme can do.

THE NEXT MORNING

I woke to the sound of shower spray hitting tile, and for a minute I stayed groggy, listening to the hum of water in the pipes, not entirely sure where I was. I was drifting in and out of a dream, something about Harleys and red leather shoes. I heard a motorcycle rev and catch outside, and it twined itself into my dream, not waking me. But when the bike gunned and roared away, it shocked me into alertness and I remembered where I was, recognized the leather daddy's spare, neat room, and his face swam into my consciousness: I saw him pulling my pumps off and kissing each toe.

He wasn't next to me, though the bed was tousled as if two people had fucked here and shared it later in sleep. For a minute I was afraid the bike I'd heard outside was his, that he'd gone off and left me to wake in his bed and let myself out of his alley apartment. Well, maybe he'd only gone out to get us coffee and croissants or something. I wasn't sure he looked like the kind of guy who made his own coffee.

But no, the water was running in the next room. He must be in the shower, and thinking about him naked and wet in a steamy room was giving me ideas. I hoped he had lots of hot water.

I stretched like a just-roused cat and rolled out of bed. My red dress and red shoes were neatly laid over the arm of the room's one chair. The other arm, like a tireless valet, held his chaps. I remembered he had taken them off,

along with his wrist and biceps cuffs, before he returned to bed and allowed me to curl up under his musky-scented armpit. The cuffs lay with his worn leather riding gloves on the dresser-top. I picked the gloves up and drew in a long breath of the leather, redolent of his man-smell and the machine-smell of the bike, and placed them carefully back where he'd put them when he took them off.

Over the dresser hung an old silver-backed mirror with a simple, polished wooden frame, the kind of mirror his granddad had probably had. With my fingers I combed my hair into some semblance of presentability, and I rubbed away the mascara that overnight had migrated into a raccoon-mask around my eyes. That was really the most embarrassing part of being a femme, I reflected: the desire to be fucked into a stupor was definitely incompatible with wearing make-up, at least when the fucking happened right before bed.

I was not concerned with resurrecting my femme look now, however. The leather daddy already knew who I was, in that respect at least. In the whole room the only thing out of place, besides the rumpled bedclothes, was my upended trick bag. I picked up my harness and strapped it on, then chose a dildo from the three in my bag, a big one. If everything went as well as it had last night, the daddy was about to get his morning fuck. In the full-length mirror on the closet door I surveyed myself. Very much a woman, and a big latex dick curving up where you'd expect a cunt to be. I rolled a condom onto the dick and opened the bathroom door.

He was there, all right; I saw his silhouette through the opaque glass of the shower door. The glass diffused the image of the moving man inside. I watched him for a minute before I moved any closer, tightening the straps of the harness, a nylon one unlike the leather I usually wore. I'd just bought it on a lark, thinking maybe I'd want to fuck somebody in a hot tub someday and would need something waterproof – now the day was here. Reflexively I stroked the dildo, my cock now, feeling its heft. It pressed tight against my clit, and stroking it sent little waves of pleasure through me. I jacked off for a few minutes, wondering if he'd jack off to my silhouette in a shower. Then I decided it was time to step inside. I had butterfies: I always do before fucking somebody new. This was different from spreading my legs to someone's hand or cock, this was scarier. Strapping on a cock means strapping on a new kind of responsibility. I'm glad I don't have it all the time.

He was aware of my presence the minute my hand touched the door, and it was like he'd been waiting for me, waiting to see if I'd take the initiative by coming in to find him. His skin shone in the water and the rivulets that streamed down his body looked like sweat on a hot, hot day. His hair was wetted down, sleek as a seal's. Seeing him naked I caught my breath; seeing my cock he caught his.

He pulled me to kiss me and I felt the beat of the water and his mouth at the same time. His hand was on my cock already, the shower

rained down warm on us, and every stroke of his hand pressed the dildo into my clit. My cunt was as hot and wet as all the rest of me.

The shower was big, twice the size of an ordinary one. It was tiled with small gray flagstones, dark as wet pavement under the shower spray. It had a tiled bench. It also had a fancy showerhead, and he reached up and switched the spray to a fine mist, fine enough to breathe through, like a San Francisco fog but hot. Then he knelt to me and took the head of my cock in his lips.

He sucked it like it was real, and I could feel each tug of his mouth on my clit; and I could have sworn I remembered how it felt, from another life nearly forgotten, exactly how it felt to have a dick that could feel lips and tongue and teeth. I felt the amazement, the miracle I'd felt the night before: I'd found a man who would *play* with me.

The daddy had my ass cheeks in his hands, kneeling to me, and he was throating my dick. The latex gave me a dim reflection of the sensations a flesh-and-blood cock would: I felt the cock head pop in and out of the ring of muscle at his throat. No gag reflex at all. Jesus — this man was impressive. He growled around the dick, bit it, used my ass to pull me down his throat. I rested my hands on his hard shoulders and let him control the pace, and felt orgasm simmering from the rhythm of the dildo on my clit and the pressure of his big hands squeezing and parting my cheeks. He was sucking it just a little too slow to make me come — maybe on purpose. I got lost in the building sensation just as I had the night before when it had been his cock in my throat.

Gradually he picked up the pace. I laced my hands around the back of his head, just to make sure he wasn't going to stop on me, but he showed no signs of flagging. Pushing me back 'til I was supported by the warm wet tile, he humbled me into a blinding orgasm, and my first awareness when I came to was his voice in my ear, low: 'Yeah, come for me, shoot it, baby, I want that load, I want it all ...'

'My cock's still hard, Daddy,' I said, and ran my hands down his belly and grasped his dick, harder still. 'It's hard for you — are you gonna get back on your knees for me? Are you gonna let me slide my big cock deep into you?' That got his attention. He made a sound that fell somewhere between his cock-sucking growl and a whimper, and he reached past me and came up with a tube of K-Y.

'Lube it, baby. Lube my cock, that's right, get it slick. I'm gonna slide my cock up your ass. I'm gonna fuck you, Daddy.'

My cunt was humming, and I felt the foreshadow of another orgasm just from talking to him that way, just from reading the hungry energy of his response. I had the feeling I'd finally found someone with as complicated a sexuality as mine, for it was clear that he wanted it as badly from me now as I'd wanted it from him the night before.

He didn't lube it right away. He went for my dick with his mouth again, sucking so hard on it that I came again just from the insistent, rhythmic throb of the dildo's base on my clit. I yelled this time, and the sound reverberated, mixed with the hissing sound the water made on the wall of the shower cubicle. My dick was shiny with the thick saliva from his throat. It glittered on the black rubber.

I liked how surreal it looked, shiny black like that, but suddenly wished I'd brought the realistic-looking dick. Would that make it hotter for him, seeing veins and skin-like latex, Jeff Stryker's movable balls to squeeze? For a man in love with cock, how could this stylized one do the trick?

But he was growing in his throat again and I saw him stroking his own meat, the veins on it pulsing a little with each new hot gush of blood they let in, and I relaxed, remembered the time my last lover undid her 501s to reveal a dildo tucked in and covered by her shirt-tail. I had been in the bar with her for an hour and hadn't even noticed, 'til she came into the restroom cubicle with me, stood before me as I peed, and loosed each button 'til the dick popped out and ever so delicately she took my chin in her hand and brought my lips to the head of the thing. It was lavender silicone and not shaped like a cock at all. It wasn't even *meant* to be a cock, on her. She never was all that turned on to cocks, but strapping on something to fuck with, something that let her pin me to a bed or a wall and let her cunt-energy come exploding out of her and into my cunt or asshole, she liked *that* just fine. Still pissing, I took her dildo between my teeth, sucked it in deep so the slime from my throat would make it slick enough to shove into me hard when she raised me, turned my face to the wall, my skirt up around my waist, her fingers finding my clit and rubbing it with the last drops of my piss.

She didn't think of it as a cock so I didn't either, but I sure did take it seriously ... so maybe the daddy, reaching for the lube now, *really* wanted this cock, my cock, even if I wasn't hung like Jeff Stryker.

So I told him to get on his knees: I told him to give me his ass. He announced my cock and it glistened in the hot fog of the shower. He took a high crouch, bracing himself with his hands on the low bench. He growled one more time, rubbed his ass up and down my thighs, trying to capture the dildo just like I'd tried to grab his cock with my pussy the night before. The growl turned to words: he was saying, 'C'mon. Put it in. Fuck me.' My sleek daddy had metamorphosed into a horny weasel with a voracious asshole — and I knew just how he felt. I didn't have the heart to tease him, and besides, I was horny myself for the feeling of his asshole smoothly beginning to open for my dick.

I angled my cock toward his ass. The next sweep he made against me slid his hole right up against my cock head, just where I wanted him. He stopped moving, with a shudder and a moan, and leaned back against the lubed rubber dick. The pressure was beginning to open his asshole — no surprise, he was easy.

I pulled back just a little. He actually whimpered, thought I was teasing him, but I grabbed his hips and started pulling him against me, pumping him fast but not hard enough for the tip of the dildo to pop all the way in. A couple of minutes of that will drive any fuck-started man or woman insane; I ought to know. He was still trying to thrust back onto my cock, but I held his hips harder, told him with my body that even as I had given him control to fuck me last night, I would take it now, take it when and how I wanted him. A fuck is almost always better for that kind of energy; I just wanted him off balance enough to really need it. That was a gamble – until now I'd only known him as a topman, and a consummate one at that. I was already hoping he played rougher games and that I'd have the chance to give myself over to his will again. The only indication I'd had that he might be willing to bottom at all – much less to his strange, gender-schitized boy-girl from out of nowhere – was the sight of him kissing the toes of my shoes as he undressed me and laid me down to share his bed.

But the daddy had responded so immediately when I signalled my willingness to play, took me so smoothly, met me so completely, that I had a feeling he'd like being flipped – it would be just as hot to be taken as to take. I'd never tried this with a man, much less a gay one. But I'd met a couple of butch women whose *savoir faire* was really an open invitation to lay them down and fist them. Besides, I was trusting my intuition, and right now my intuition was operating out of the head of my dick. My intuition was about to sink balls-deep into his ass.

In one fast motion, on the back thrust, I released my hold on his hips. By the time I was thrusting forward I had thrown my arms around his chest and gotten him by the tits. I pulled him against me and my dick sank home. That one long stroke, the one he'd been waiting for, made him come – I felt his asshole pulse around my cock, buried deep in him now, and he moaned and gasped as I slowly, slowly started to fuck him, hardly pulling out at all, a slow deep fuck while I worked his nipples and began to whisper how good he was, how good he could take it, how good I was gonna give it to him, how fine he was with my big cock in his butt, taking it from me so nice and slow.

Then I got my footing and pulled almost all the way out. He swallowed hard, braced.

'That's right, baby,' I said, almost a croon, 'you know what comes next, don't you? What am I gonna do with my cock, Daddy? What am I going to do to you?'

'Fuck me,' he said in his cock-sucking voice, 'you're going to fuck me.' His ass was in the air. My black rubber dick shone in the water-diffused light. He was the most gorgeous fucking thing I'd ever seen, a strong nasty man impaled on my cock. If only I could give it to him right. If only I could fuck him as perfectly as he had fucked me. Before I went any further I ran my

hands down his belly, over his cock. Still straining hard – he hadn't shot yet, only orgasmed with pulses of his cock and asshole and pelvic muscles – just like me, he could come without shooting. He didn't know it yet, but I could also come and shoot, just like him, spray my lighter jizz in a scented gush.

My touch made him shudder. I had the sudden thought, accompanied by a hot pulse in my cunt, that he would take anything from me now. Fuck sex differences, fuck 'men are . . .' and 'women are . . .'. He was giving himself to me just like I had given myself to him. Penetrated, in submission, ass poised and open to me, he was mine.

I took him, not slow, not soft. I knew what he wanted. I wanted to give it to him so bad I could taste the adrenaline. I slammed my cock into his ass. I spread his cheeks with my hands, watched, mesmerizing myself, as my hips took hold of a rhythm so primal it seemed my brain had nothing at all to do with it. I pumped him as hard as I could, pumped him 'til we were both growling. I was chanting, 'Take it! Take it!' and he interrupted his alley-cat-getting-fucked noise only with an occasional guttural 'Yeah! Fuck!'

I had him by the throat. One of my feet was braced on the bench. He was thrusting his body back as hard and fast as I was thrusting in. I knew I wasn't strong enough to strangle him, but I had him just right: I could throttle him into dizziness, almost to passing out, into a vast, almost-organic plane where he would feel like he was getting butt-fucked on a cloud in heaven. I could keep him there or bring him back just by varying the pressure. The powerful feeling of having him in my hands was filling my heart as well as my cunt.

Suddenly I was acutely aware that I did not know his name. We were so raw with each other, so right, too – so intimate – even if he *did* sex like this with all his tricks. But nameless. That was hot and frightening in equal measure. It gave me both more power and less.

I changed my stroke. I angled my cock so it pumped over his prostate, and under my hands and through my dick I felt him soar up toward orgasm. I moved my hands from his throat back to his rampant cock, and my touch triggered him. With a guttural cry he shot five long, wrenching pulses into my hands, and I sank into him deeply, teeth holding the back of his neck like a cat does when it's fucking. His asshole clenched on my cock, his skin and muscle between my teeth, I thought about bringing my hand full of his jism to my lips, thought of licking the cream off my fingers – *can't* – and so I brought the hand to his mouth instead, thrust four fingers in for him to suck his own juice off me – and the hot suction of mouth on fingers triggered me into a come so strong I thought I was going to cry. I held him tightly from behind and we collapsed onto the shower floor. I became aware again, slowly, of the hot mist.

We lay all tangled the way we had the night before, a long time, silent except for our breathing returning to normal and the shower's hiss. At last

he moved his hand away from where it had been resting on my thigh and pulled my dildo free of his ass. I loosed the harness's buckles with one hand and slipped it off, my pussy returning to nestle tightly against his ass, my hand reaching around to rest on his softening cock. The silence felt neither uncomfortable nor natural, for we both were looking for a way past the fact that we did not know each other. I was tempted to pull his hand to my cunt, start us sexing again, just so we wouldn't have to talk, just to avoid breaking the spell. He closed his big hand around my hand, the one that held his dick. With the pressure I became aware of my pulse, beating fast. His thumb and forefinger closed around my wrist – he was feeling it too. That or he was measuring to see how well it would fit in his ass.

My mind was racing in the silence. I was developing a case of nerves, which seemed stupid, since five minutes before I'd been playing *Reahn of the Senses* with a man who I now couldn't think of a way to talk to. Opening lines spun through my head, but I was feeling too nervous to use them.

He shifted onto his back and pulled me on top of him. Seeing his big-dicked alley-cat girl in a lather of shyness he laughed and wrapped his arms around me and, mercifully, let me off the hook.

'We should probably have gotten introductions out of the way last night, little hellion,' he said. 'I didn't quite bargain on having this kind of a morning. I didn't bargain on ever meeting up with anything like you, in fact. I'm not even sure you're real, except my asshole's still pulsing. Do you have a name?'

'I have two names,' I said. 'The one you picked up last night is Randy. The one you fucked is Miranda.'

'Which one is with me now?'

I shook my head. 'Not sure. I'm off-centre right now. Maybe I'm in transition from one to the other. You're not supposed to be real either, you know.'

'If you're doubting my existence after fucking me into the middle of next week I guess I'd really better introduce myself. I'm Jack Prosper, and I assure you I am real, but you can keep calling me Daddy for as long as you want, dear, and I must say I *never* wind up on the floor of the shower with my tricks. Did your brother teach you to fuck ass, too?'

I giggled and nodded. 'But I've had a little practice elsewhere. Girls like to get butt-fucked too, you know. *Some* girls.'

Jack shook his head. 'Until last night, I hadn't given much thought to what girls like – not for a lot of years. But I don't think you bear much resemblance to the girls I used to know. You're queer as a three-dollar bill, for one thing. Are there more out there like you?'

I frowned a little. 'Some. Not very many.'

'Must be frustrating to be the weirdest gal on the block.'

'Jack... Daddy... I don't want to talk about this right now.' I'd turned almost petulant, buried my nose in his armpit to try to keep from thinking how unlikely it was that Jack and I would be able to relate in broad daylight, with our clothes on. Boys and girls, what a mess. Girls and girls were almost as bad. It was true that I had a hard time finding lovers willing to follow me all over the gender-and-sex landscape. If I wasn't too queer I was too kinky. If I wasn't too kinky I was too insatiable. If I wasn't that I was too slutty or even too serious. All of a sudden I was worried that Jack would realize who he'd stuck his butt in the air for, have an episode of heterosexual panic, and throw me out.

He was kind of psychic, though. 'You're too much for most people, aren't you, Randy-Miranda? Just too queer. What do you think, I'm gonna decide I don't want my dick to smell like fish?' I glared at him, then frowned and nodded. 'Child, any faggot who'd kick a love goddess with a big dick out of bed is insane, I don't care what anybody says. I don't give a fuck that you're a girl. Last I checked, you creatures were receiving far different socialization. I'll just consider this a little science project.'

I burst out laughing at that, couldn't help it.

'Besides, I believe you implied earlier that you could fist me. I've never been fisted by a woman before, and none of my friends have either. I don't think. And I *will* try anything once. You're such a complicated little animal, I might have to try you more than once. In the interests of science, you understand. Miss Miranda, how about another date?'

He rolled me onto my back and kissed me, just like the first kiss last night that undid me.

'I'm a leather daddy's science project,' I thought fuzzily as my hands found his nipple rings and tugged on them. I would crawl on my belly like a human reptile straight through the flames of hell for kisses like this. He sucked on my lower lip and my cunt started to involuntarily spasm. When we came up for breath, only for a second, I whispered, 'I don't think *this* date is over yet, Daddy,' and pulled him back down.

Intersex Activism, Feminism and Psychology

Peter Hegarty in conversation with Cheryl Chase

INTRODUCTION

In the 1950s John Money and his colleagues at Johns Hopkins University developed protocols for the treatment of infants born with genitalia that deviate from social norms for acceptable male and female bodies.¹ In 1990 psychologist Suzanne Kessler commented that Money's theory of intersexuality was 'so strongly endorsed that it has taken on the character of gospel' among medical professionals.² Since that time intersexed persons have begun to protest the violent and stigmatizing effects of those medical protocols on their lives. On 10 June 1999, I interviewed Cheryl Chase, the founder of the Intersex Society of North America (ISNA), the largest organization of intersexed persons in the world, at her home in northern California. We discussed the surgeries that Cheryl was subjected to as an infant, her discovery that she was intersexed, the formation of ISNA, and the relationships between intersex activism, feminism, and lesbian and gay politics. I transcribed our two-hour conversation and what follows is an edited version that Cheryl has read and commented on. [Interviewer]

INTERVIEWER (hereafter INT): Let's start by talking about your own story, and how you learned you were intersexed.

CC: When I was eight my parents admitted me to the hospital. All they said was 'Remember you used to have stomach aches?' We are going to look and see if everything is OK.' I just remember that the surgery was extraordinarily uncomfortable and painful. Then when I was 10, my parents told me that I had been born with an 'enlarged' clitoris. You could hear the quotes on 'enlarged' when they said it. They said a clitoris was 'something that might have been a penis if you were a boy but you are a girl and so you don't need one'.

INT: 'You don't need one'?

CC: Yes. They said 'and since yours was "enlarged" doctors removed it when you were born. The surgery was just to check everything was OK. But don't tell anyone about this.'

INT: They wanted to cover up the medical procedures?

CC: Yes. And they explained it all in terms that I had no understanding of. Then when I was about 12 I started reading books about sex. I understood there was supposed to be some focus of pleasurable sensation in your genitals but I couldn't find it. By the time I was 19 I understood that I couldn't masturbate and I wasn't having orgasms. But until well into my 30s I held contradictory beliefs. I knew that my parents had had my clitoris removed, yet I believed that eventually I would figure out where it was on my body.

INT: Did you get any psychological care as a child?

CC: My parents took me to a psychiatrist when I was 10. She gave me IQ tests and tried to interest me in having children. She gave me a plastic toy model called 'The Visible Woman', which had abdominal organs that you could replace with pregnant ones. I guess she was trying to prepare me for a future role as wife and mother.

INT: Did she know that you were intersexed?

CC: She never mentioned it directly, but she told me that I was 'medically famous', and that I was in a lot of textbooks. When I was about 19 I decided to find out who had done the clitorrectomy and why. Because that psychiatrist had said I was 'medically famous', I started reading medical journals. I came away with the hypothesis of progestin virilization.

INT: Can you explain that?

CC: Progestin is a synthetic form of progesterone; a hormone that is produced during pregnancy that maintains the uterine lining. The synthetic progestin, given to pregnant women back in the 1950s and 1960s, isn't identical to natural progesterone and sometimes it has virilizing effects on female infants. Quite a few genetic females born at that time had large clitorises and even relatively male-looking genitals because their mothers were given progestin. The solution was for the doctor to remove the clitoris. DES, a kind of synthetic oestrogen, was also marketed at that time. Then in the 1970s large numbers of cases of a rare kind of cervical cancer in young women began to appear. It turns out that DES given to pregnant women causes their daughters to have cervical cancer 20 years later. I confused DES and progestin in my mind at this time and concluded that I was at risk for cervical cancer. Anyway, I saw a gynaecologist and told him I wanted my records. When I talked to him again he told me the hospital had ignored his request and he couldn't understand why. He instructed me to ask for the records in person and gave me an undated letter to that effect. But