

# SUSAN

MINI MAG

\$2

Volume 1  
Winter Solstice

FREE  
BONUS



KNOW SUSAN'S  
BOY-FACTS!  
LEARN HOW TO  
GET YOUR GUY!

DO YOU HAVE  
'DEY'  
CHARM? 

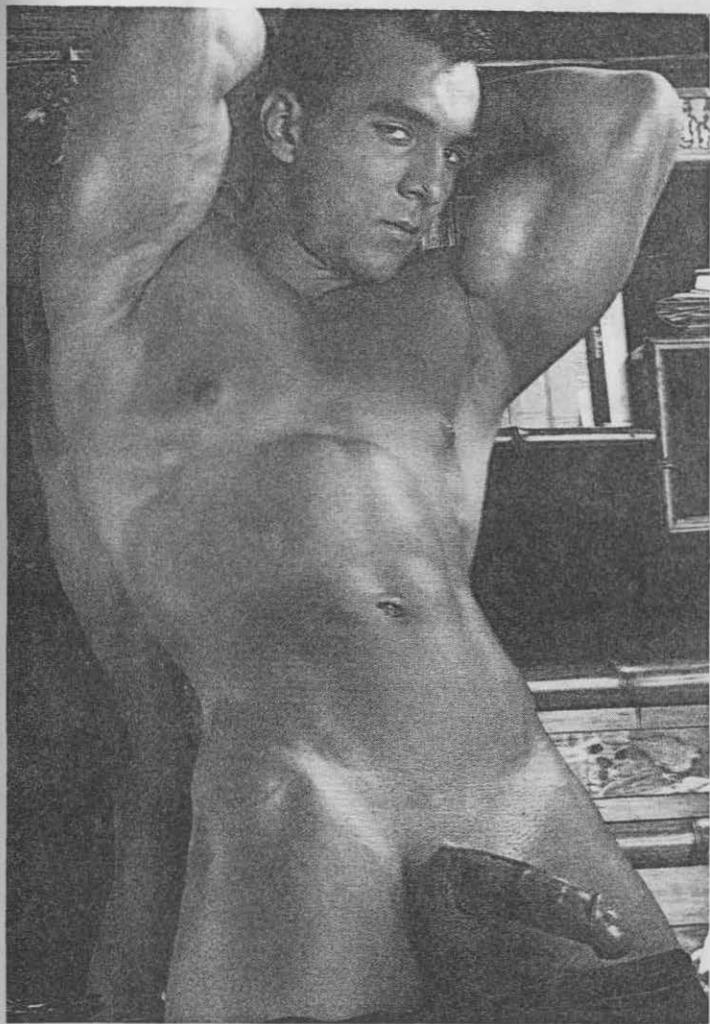
CONTEST:  
Be Susan's  
Pen Pal  
for life



SHARE SUSAN'S  
SECRETS!



this is  
the only  
official  
SUSAN  
MINI  
MAG



**THIS  
IS  
MY  
BODY**

This Mag is published quarterly - each & every Solstice and Equinox!

The inclusion of any model, spokesperson, or columnist, real or fictitious including but not limited to our Sue and her characters does not necessarily associate that person with any particular sexuality, idea, political persuasion, or gender. All models are 18 years of age unless otherwise stated. The management does not take responsibility for any words, actions, or deeds of anyone in this mag. Management is only responsible for his own individual karma and those whom he is karmically linked through this and other lives.

Rock on, Crystal Lovers.

## What's Inside? Our All-Star Regulars

|   |    |
|---|----|
| <i>ChitChat</i><br>with Philip Bahr   | 2  |
| <i>Station Identification</i><br>with Florida Joe                           | 12 |
| <i>Beauty Tips</i><br>with DeAundra Peek                                    | 26 |
| <i>Station Identification</i><br>with Florida Joe<br>(special second strip) | 34 |
| <i>GalaCtically Speaking</i><br>with Alex Miller-Mignone                    | 52 |

## Mandatory Pages

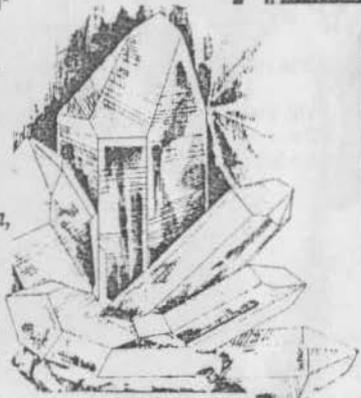
|                                  |    |
|----------------------------------|----|
| <i>Armistead Maupin</i>          | 5  |
| <i>k.d. lang</i>                 | 8  |
| <i>Love &amp; War</i>            | 10 |
| <i>Your '93 Goals</i>            | 14 |
| <i>Marky Mark</i>                | 17 |
| <i>Vatican - New Catechism</i>   | 18 |
| <i>Liza Minelli</i>              | 35 |
| <i>Subscriptions</i>             | 36 |
| <i>Wholesome Christmas Story</i> | 48 |
| <i>Queer Boys Love Good</i>      | 50 |

## Frontal Male Nudity

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| <i>Streets of S.F.</i>   | 4  |
| <i>Jake Tanner</i>       | 9  |
| <i>Adult Film Stars</i>  | 13 |
| <i>Macho Tips</i>        | 16 |
| <i>AIDS Demographics</i> | 21 |
| <i>Private Show</i>      | 22 |
| <i>One Night Stand</i>   | 33 |
| <i>This is my Body</i>   | 39 |
| <i>Kris Lord</i>         | 55 |

Omission from the previous SMM:  
Photo credit for  
"Queer Boys Love Good"  
- Hughie Dillon

*This issue is dedicated  
to the one I love -  
Dennis Davidson,  
my copain and inspiration,  
my boyfriend forever.*



Submissions, (w/ SASE)  
comments, love letters:  
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**"THE THRILL KILLERS"  
TERRORIST 'FAMILY' KIDNAPS JURY!  
STEVE BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE!**

**Thursday**  
EVENING

SEPTEMBER 30, 1976

**Special Premiere!** In Mike and Steve's most bizarre and exciting case... Steve becomes the target of a vicious terrorist, Karl Malden, Michael Douglas star. Also starring Richard Hatch, Special guest stars Barry Sullivan, Patty Duke Astin, Susan Dey, Ron Glass.

**STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO**

abc **10:00PM** 6 16

**STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO**—Crime Drama Keller (Michael Douglas) considers resigning from the force as the series' fifth season begins, but the decision is forced into the background when revolutionaries kidnap a jury trying to of their cohorts. First of two parts. Richard Hatch joins the regulars as Inspector Dan Robbins. Stone: Karl Malden. (60 min.)

- Guest Cast**
- Susan Rosen
  - Arlen Washington
  - Barbara Ross
  - Lenny Murchison
  - Bretback
  - Amanda
  - James Reid
  - Burt Taguchi
  - Gary Jelinek
  - Capt. Roy Devitt
  - Winston Stiles
  - Marie Tannenger
  - Patty Duke Astin
  - Ron Glass
  - Susan Dey
  - Fred Sadoff
  - Norman Fell
  - Paula Kelly
  - Jim McMullan
  - James Shigeta
  - Anthony Geary
  - Ward Costello
  - Gary Frank
  - Patricia Mattick



**"A girl can become anything she wants to be! All she has to do is know how . . ."**

That's Susan Dey's practical life plan and now she's telling girls everywhere just how they can follow her lead and change their lives.

*In this book, all her secrets are revealed for the first time.*



## Strengthening the Body Politic Seven Ways

- Armistead Maupin  
(originally printed in the Advocate in 1985)

### 1. Stop Begging for Acceptance.

Homosexuality is still an anathema to most people in this country - even to many homosexuals. If you camp out on the doorstep of society waiting for "the climate" to change, you'll be there until Joan Rivers registers Democratic.

Your job is to accept yourself - joyfully and with no apologies - and get on with the adventure of your life.

### 2. Don't Run Away from Straight People.

They need variety in their lives just as much as you do, and you'll forfeit the heady experience of feeling exotic if you limit yourself to the company of your own kind.

Furthermore, you have plenty to teach your straight friends and tolerance and humor and the comfortable enjoyment of their own sexuality. (Judging from *Donahue*, many of them have only now begun to learn about foreplay; we, on the other hand, have entire resorts built around the practice.)

Besides, it's time you stopped thinking of heterosexuals as the enemy. It's both convenient and comforting to bemoan the cardboard villainy of Jerry Fallwell and friends, but the real culprits in this melodrama are just as queer as you are.

They sleep with you by night and conspire to keep you invisible by day. They are studio chiefs and bank presidents and talk-show hosts, and they don't give a damn about your oppression because they've got their piece of the pie, and they got it by living a lie.

### 3. Refuse to Cooperate in the Lie.

It's not your responsibility to "be discreet" for the sake of people who are still ashamed of their own natures. And don't tell me about "job security." Nobody's job will ever be safe until the general public is permitted to recognize the full scope of our homosexual population.

Does that include the teachers?

You bet it does. Have you forgotten already how much it hurt to be 14 and gay and scared to death of it? Doesn't it gall you just a little that your "discreet" lesbian social-studies teacher went home every day to her lover and her cats and her Ann Bannon novels without once giving you even a clue that there was hope for your own future?

What earthly good is your discretion, when teenagers are still being murdered for the crime of effeminacy?

I know, I know - you have a right to keep your private life private. Well, you do that, my friend - but don't expect the world not to notice what you're really saying about yourself. And about the rest of us.

Lighten up Lucille. There's help on the way.



#### 4. Stir Up Some Shit Now and Then.

Last summer I wrote a commentary for the *Los Angeles Times* on the subject of television's shoddy treatment of homosexuality. The piece originally contained a sentence to the effect that "it's high time the public found out there are just as many homosexuals who resemble Richard Chamberlain as there are who resemble Richard Simmons."

The editor cut it. When I asked him why, he said: "Because it's libelous, that's why."

To which I replied: "In the first place, I'm not saying that Richard Chamberlain is gay; I'm simply saying there are plenty of gay men who resemble him. In the second place, even if I were saying that Richard Chamberlain is gay, it wouldn't be a libelous remark because I'm gay myself and I don't say those things with malice. I don't *accuse* anyone of being gay; I state it as a matter of fact or opinion."

Three years earlier, I confronted a similar problem with an editor at the *New York Times* who forbade me to make reference in an essay to "gay film writer Vito Russo" without some written proof from Vito - an affidavit, no less - that he was, in fact, one of *those*.

I asked the editor if the *Times* took similar precautions when mention was made of black or Jewish people. Surely there are plenty of Americans who would hate to be mistaken for black or Jewish, so why isn't there bigotry protected by the strong arm of the newspaper libel law?

"Because," said the editor, "it's just not the same thing."

And they're doing their damndest to keep it that way. When the new city of West Hollywood assembled its council last month, the Associated Press identifies three openly gay members as "admitted homosexuals." Admitted, get it? Fifteen years after the Stonewall Rebellion, the wire service wants to make it perfectly clear that homosexuality is still a dirty little secret that requires full confession before it can be mentioned at all. If you don't raise some hell, that isn't going to change.

#### 5. Don't See Your Soul to the Gay Commercial Culture.

Well go ahead, if you insist, but you'd better be prepared to accept the Butt Plug as the cornerstone of Western Civilization.

I am dumbfounded by the number of bright and beautiful men out there who submerge themselves completely in the quagmire of ghetto life, then wonder why their lives seem loveless and predictable.

What the hell did they expect?

If you have no more imagination than to swap one schlock-heavy "lifestyle" for another, you haven't learned a goddamned thing from the gay experience.

I'm not talking about sex here; I'm talking about old-fashioned bad taste.

No, Virginia, we *don't* all have good taste. We are just as susceptible to the pitfalls of tackiness as everyone else in this world. Your pissing and moaning about the shallowness of *other* faggots falls on unsympathetic ears when you're wearing a T-shirt that says THIS FACE SEATS FIVE.

Not long ago I sat transfixed before my TV screen while an earnest young man told a gay cable announcer about his dream of becoming Mr. Leather Something-or-Other. He was seeking

the title, he said, "in order to serve the community and help humanity." He wore tit rings and a codpiece and a rather fetching little cross-your-heart harness, but he sounded for all the world like a Junior Miss contestant from Modesto.

If our fledging culture fails us, it will be because we forgot how to question it, forgot how to laugh at it the very same way we laugh at Tupperware and Velveeta and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

## 6. Stop Insulting the People Who Love You By Assuming They Don't Know You're Gay.

When I began my book tour, a publicist in New York implored me to leave his name out of it, because "my family doesn't know about my...uh, lifestyle."

Maybe not, but they must be the dumbest bunch this side of Westchester County; I could tell he was gay *over the telephone*.

When my father learned of my homosexuality (he read about it in *Newsweek*), he told me he'd suspected as much since I'd been a teenager. I could've made life a lot easier for both of us if I'd had the guts to say what was on my mind.

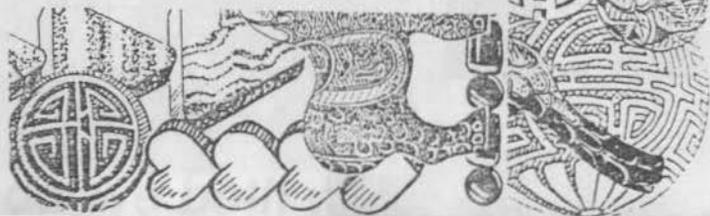
## 7. Learn to Feel Mortal.

If AIDS hasn't reminded you that your days are numbered - and always have been - then stop for a moment and remind yourself. *Your days are numbered, Babycakes*. Are you living them for yourself and the people you love, or are you living them for the people you fear?

I can't help thinking of a neighbor of mine, a dutiful government employee who kept up appearances for years and years, kept them up until the day he died, in fact - of a heart attack, in the back row of an all-male fuck film.

Appearances don't count for squat when they stick you in the ground (all right, or scatter you to the winds), so why should you waste a single moment of *your* life seeming to be something you don't want to be?

Lord, that's so simple. If you hate your job, quit it. If your friends are tedious, go out and find new ones. You are *queer*, you lucky fool, and that makes you one of life's buccaneers, free from the clutter of 2,000 years of Judeo-Christian sermonizing. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and start hoisting your sails. You haven't a moment to lose.



1992 Ingénue released (17 March). Declares she is a lesbian

k. d!

k. c

k. d. la1

*Last night I had a dream.  
I was at my old job.  
It was a very detailed dream.*

*By 10 am the next morning,  
the only thing I could  
remember about the dream was:*

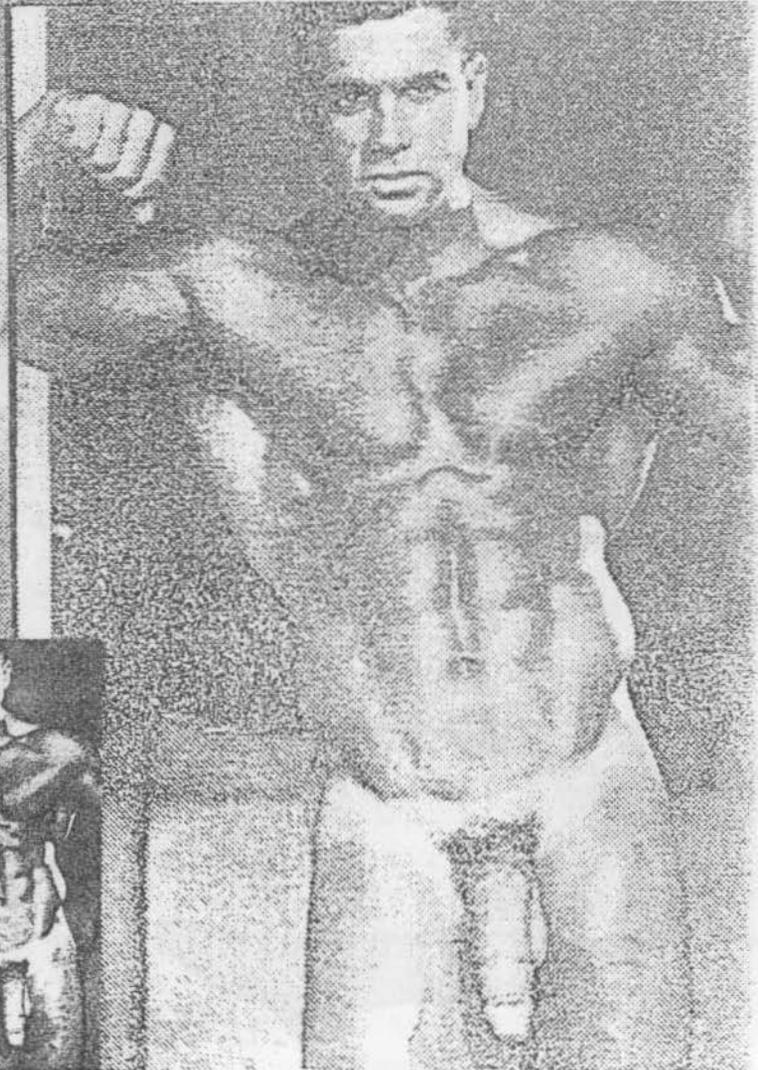
*k.d. lang was there.  
I reached over and  
touched her.*



*and he'll be big and strong...*

# Jake

*Someday he'll come along...*



*I know we both won't say a word*



# WICKED MR. BLACKWELL

BEST DRESSED WOMEN

Picks the Best & Worst Dressed TV Stars

## Susan Dey: Back to the bar

Not as an L.A. lawyer—this time it's New York, and she's serving suds in *Love & War*

By Deborah Starr Siebel

### The Ratings Race

#### Prime-Time Audience

| Rating/share, Sept. 21-27 | Season to date |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| 16.1/22                   | 12.1/21        |
| 11.9/21                   | 11.0/19        |
| 11.6/19                   | 11.5/20        |

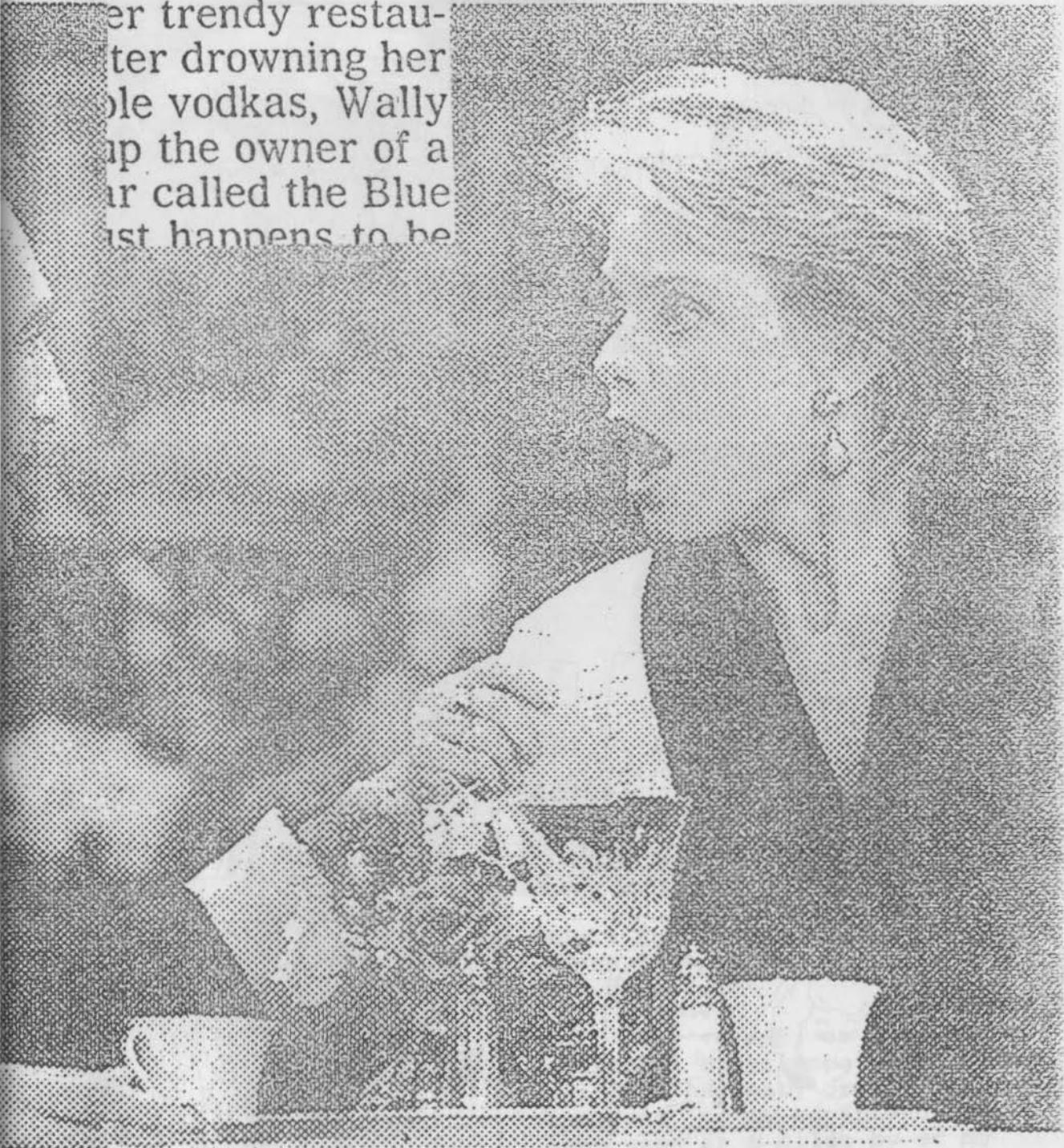
#### Most-Watched Program

- "Murphy Brown" (CBS, 29.3 rating - 41 share)
- "Roseanne" (ABC, 23.9-36)
- "Coach" (ABC, 20.0-30)
- "Cheers" (NBC, 19.6-32)
- "Harts Affire" (CBS, 19.3-29)
- "Home Improvement" (ABC, 18.7-29)
- "Love and War" (CBS, 17.4-28)
- "Murder, She Wrote" (CBS, 16.9-27)
- (Tie) "60 Minutes" (CBS, 16.9-31)
- "Evening Shade" (CBS, 16.8-26)
- (Tie) "Wings" (NBC, 16.8-27)

Susan Dey, *Love & War*: Susan Dey sizzles in textured togs that turn off the glitz, turn on the ustive style, and turn up d in the heat. Hip em-broidered vests and soft blouses add spark, sass, and spunk the Dey way. Dey read that *Love & War*, which left her "laughing because it was so ears of wanting it. I wanted *L.A. Law*. I wanted my name P-O-R-T-E every actress knows, wanting are entirely different things she'd up her chances a little time in the kitchen. "ore I was to read for Joel said to myself, 'Oh, you inter is a chef.' So I went down and made fresh pasta sauce jars stuffed with the sauce y headed over to what she "shment" of being an actress ion. And her recipe was perfect. he just impressed the hell out of English, who had already selected for the male lead. "I liked she and Jay looked together thought it was a nice

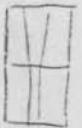
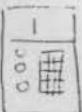


divorce in which  
er trendy restaur-  
ter drowning her  
ole vodkas, Wally  
up the owner of a  
ar called the Blue  
st happens to be



Susan Dey in "Love and War."

AND NOW WE PAUSE FOR  
STATION  
IDENTIFICATION

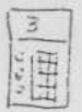


by Florida Joe

GIRLS!  
GIRLS!  
GIRLS!  
FOR THE  
ULTIMATE  
FANTASY...  
CALL NOW!



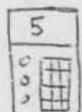
To TALK TO  
BLONDE  
GIRLS,  
DIAL 1-900-  
BLEACH



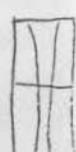
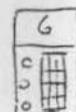
YOUR CARD IS THE  
HANGED MAN,  
BABY. THAT MEANS  
YOU'RE REALLY  
EQUIPPED!  
FOR PSYCHIC  
BABES,  
DIAL 1-900-  
LAURAMARS



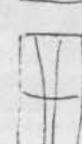
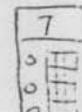
GODDAMMIT, DIANE—  
I SLEPT WITH YOU TO  
PLAY WALLY  
PORTER, AND  
DEY GOT IT!  
FOR SUSAN  
DEY WANNABES,  
DIAL 1-900-  
NOTLAURIE



WE LOOK ALIKE,  
WE WALK ALIKE,  
ATTIMES WE EVEN  
TALK ALIKE,  
AND THAT'S  
NOT ALL...  
FOR  
IDENTICAL  
COUSINS, DIAL  
1-900-PATNCAT

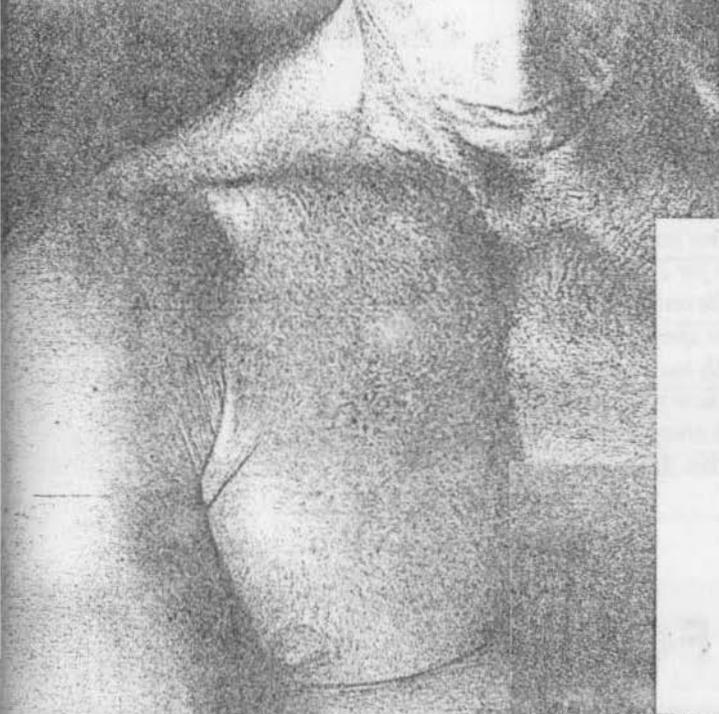


DEAR, I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT  
THE BEAVER...  
FOR ANAL-  
RETENTIVE  
MOMS,  
DIAL  
1-900-  
JUNEBUG



MARCIA ALWAYS GETS  
THE BOYS... I HATE  
HER... I'LL KILL HER,  
I WILL... AIEEEE...  
AND FOR THE  
ULTIMATE  
IN SECRET  
CONFESSIONS,  
DIAL 1-900-  
JAN BRADY





Adult Entertainment  
Stars I've known  
and done...

(ok, or I've met, or I've had a  
spiritual experience with, or  
a friend has met, or a friend  
has done, or my boyfriend has  
been used as a dildo by or my  
boyfriend has sat next to in a  
whirlpool and got yanked by...)

*It's that time of the year again. To look towards the future. When you can take some time, sit down some place quiet with yourself for a few minutes. Clear your mind and write your goals for 1993 in each of the four areas listed below. Be realistic, but never sell yourself short, and be as specific as possible. You know what you really want. Review this sheet every other month and see how you are doing! May your year be blessed with many new beginnings, lots of learning and fun, fun, fun!*

## 1993 GOALS FOR

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### Relationship

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## Health/Fitness

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## Profession/Education

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## Financial Condition

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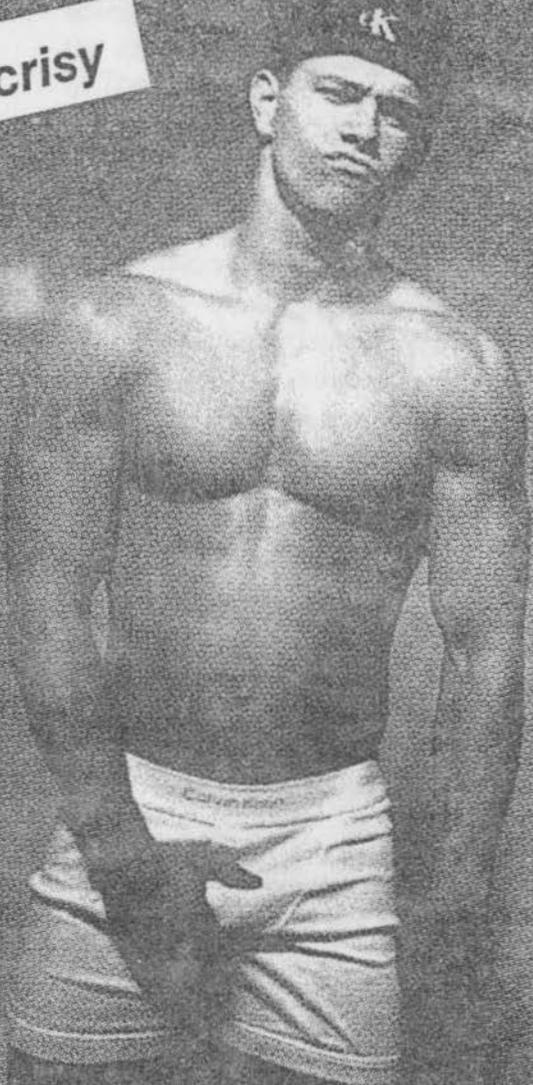
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# MACHO *tips*



**"You're such a big, hot, motherfuckin' man, what're you doin' wearin' those fuckin' girlie clothes?", the porno star asked me.**

!!boycott hypocrisy



Calvin Klein

still sucks dick!

'Tis the Season...



FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE ON  
YOUR HOLIDAY GIFT LIST!



---

### **On the Ordination of Women**

Only a baptized man may legitimately receive Holy Ordination. The Lord Jesus chose men to form the college of the 12 apostles, and the apostles did likewise in choosing the collaborators who succeeded them in their task . . . The church acknowledges that it is bound by this choice of the Lord Himself. That is why the ordination of women is not possible.

### **On Homosexuality**

Referring to Holy Scripture, which presents them as grave depravations, tradition has always declared that homosexual acts are intrinsically disorderly. They go against natural law.

(Homosexuals) do not choose their homosexual condition; for most of them it is an ordeal. They should be treated with respect, compassion and sensitivity. All manner of unjust discrimination should be avoided with respect to them . . . Homosexuals are urged to be chaste.

---

## **New Catechism for Catholics Defines Sins of Modern World**

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### **On Artificial Insemination**

Techniques that entail a dissociation of the parents, by the intervention of a person outside the couple (donation of sperm or egg, loan of uterus) are gravely dishonest. These techniques . . . go against the right of a child to be born of a father and mother known to him and mutually bound by marriage.

Practiced by the couple themselves, these techniques (homologous artificial insemination and fertilization) are perhaps less worthy of condemnation, but they remain morally unacceptable.

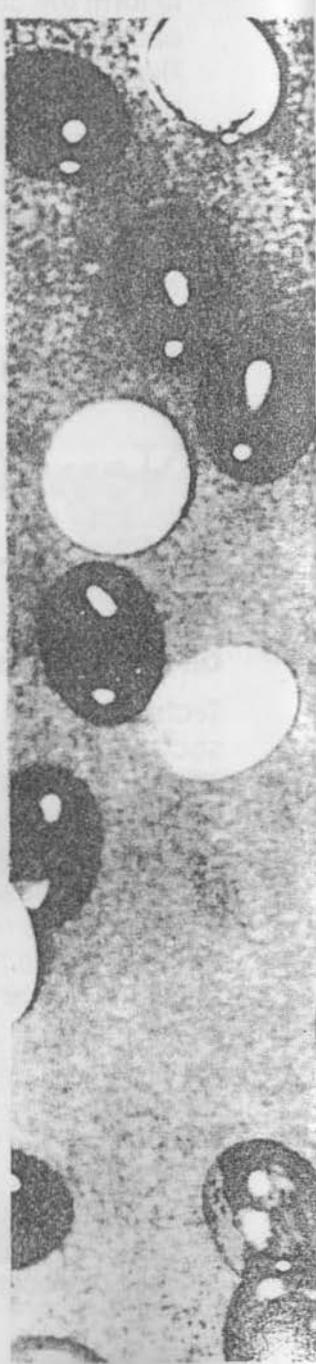
### **On Pornography**

It gravely offends the dignity of those who submit to it (actors, distributors, public) . . . It plunges all of them into the illusion of a make-believe world.

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### **On Abortion**

Human life must be totally respected and protected from the moment of conception. From the first moment of his existence, a human being should enjoy the rights of the individual, including the inviolable right of all innocent beings to life . . . Formal participation in abortion is a grave error.



Philip Bahr 06 October 1992

*sometimes I look into the mirror  
and I see this old man.  
And sometimes I look into the mirror  
and see a child.  
What do you mean I'm not going to make it?  
I've got too much to do.  
Of course I'm going to make it.*

*It seems like every time I turn around  
someone is telling me I'm not going to make it.*

*I don't know what to think anymore.*

*Everyone seems to be searching.  
Singularly we search.  
Collectively we fear.*

*every so often I get this glimpse of the future  
a glimpse of 40 years from now.*

*Does anyone really know their destiny?  
Does anyone really believe?  
Am I really in control?  
Do I believe?*

*Far off in a distant galaxy,  
another part of me  
is laughing.  
I can hear the laughter.  
Not really laughing at me,  
just laughing.  
Laughing over archaic fear.*

*I want to take the word "angel"  
and transform it into a self-description.  
Most of the time I feel more like an angel  
than a mere mortal.  
Does that make me unsuited for existence on this planet?  
I hope not.  
I'm just beginning to have some fun.*

**AIDS  
BABIES 0-5: 1%  
AIDS  
MEN 30-40: 46%  
MAKE THEM SAY IT!**

**BLACKS  
HISPANICS  
IVDU  
QUEERS  
WOMEN  
EVERYONE IS INNOCENT!!!**

**FETISH & SPECIALTY**

Club Frottage Community Ctr  
208 W 13. 1st Thurs/mo 8pm  
Demons Leather For info: c/o  
Reilly 1843 Gerald Ave., East  
Meadow NY 11554  
Girth & Mirth 201- 699-7735  
Foot Friends Box 304 NYC  
10014 212-737-6685  
Golden Showers Assn. 496A  
Hudson K95 NYC 10014  
Jacks of All Colors Safer sex  
parties. Info: 212-222-9794  
Hands On safer sex parties.  
To get on list: 121 E 31 St.  
12D NYC 10016  
He's Gotta Have It! Safer sex  
parties. To get on list: 432 E 9  
St. #6 NYC 10009  
Male Stop Bulletin Board  
Cruising with computer and  
modem 212-721-4180  
National Foot Network Box  
790 Brooklyn NY 11215  
Nine Plus Club P.O. 1267  
Ansonia Station NYC 10023  
NY Blow Buddies Info:c/o Attic  
157 8 Ave NYC 10011  
NY Bondage Club at the  
Hangout 1st & 3rd Fri/mo 8pm  
NY Hair Razors Shaving club  
Info call: Marc 212-737-6685  
NY Jacks Jerk off club. Info:  
318 W 35 St. #5C NYC 10018  
NY Strap & Paddle Assn. at  
Cellblock 28, 2nd & 4th Mon.  
Pump It Up - Master's Toy  
Chest For info write: 139 W 4  
Ave. Roselle NJ 07023  
Sexual Compulsives  
Anonymous 212-439-1123  
Society of Spankers at Zone  
dk 1st & 3rd Wed/mo  
Uncircumsized Society of  
America NY 212-777-4208

## Private Show

by Bill Barr

It had been a horrible day. Thank god it was only 4 hours. 4 hours of hell. I hated this job. It was so easy. Too easy. Why couldn't I just find a benefactor to support me so I could pursue my acting full time? There's got to be a better way, I thought as I trudged through the throngs of people rushing to Macy's and Barney's. Crazy, angry New Yorkers settling for anything just to get this day over. People rushing to get out of town at the last minute and the few even crazier people - tourists who decided to make this their final destination. Gross.

I had one delivery left to a client's co-op in Chelsea and then I was home free. No obligations. Just relaxation. Maybe I'll smoke some dope after dinner and catch a movie. I love going to movies on Christmas Eve. I'm usually the only Gentile in the audience. It's great.

The time change last month had done nothing for my attitude. Working well past dark is not my idea of a good time. Do I sound bitchy? I really don't mean to, I really am a nice guy. It's just that my career seems to be taking a lot longer to get going, and this making money thing in the mean time is working my last nerve. I stomped over to the doorman and announced myself and my intentions him. "10-C," I barked and awaited his decision.

The lobby was crowded and noisy as I forced my way into the elevator. Damn! Just as the doors were shutting, two hunks tried, without any luck to squeeze in. Man, I can't even get a good rub today. I've gotta get in a better mood or the whole weekend'll be shot, I thought as the elevator bolted upwards.

"I'll be by with another delivery on Monday afternoon. This should hold you till then," I told the client standing in the doorway. "Thanks, you too," I replied to his season



greeting. Thank god, I thought. I'm free till Monday. 3 full days to myself, my balls tingling with as much relief as my brain at the thought of my weekend. I found my way back to the elevators just in time to see my hunks from the lobby ambling off the elevator, laughing and shooting me stares immediately. "Forty bucks for nothing is typical in this city", I replied without regard of my boldness to their conversation I had managed to overhear. "Yea, man, but we really mean just about nothing," the blond jumped right in. "Christmas gifts," I asked? "Naw," replied the other one. I couldn't keep my eyes off of either of them. Those lips on the darker one. One of the true joys of being queer in New York is so many mixed race boys. Seems like the more the mix, the sexy they get. The other one was definitely WASPy. But gorgeous anyway. I usually don't go for blonds, but he was rugged enough to pass my test. They came closer, my interest in them was obvious. I unzipped my

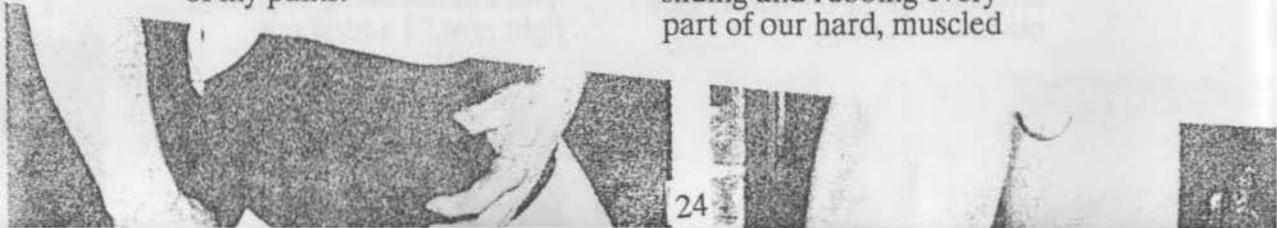
jacket and stared back and forth into each of their dreamy eyes. "We needed outfits for this evening." "We're picking up some extra bucks for the holidays," the blond spoke again. "Santa baby?" I asked rather coyly, my loins stirring slightly again. "Well, kinda", said the other boy. "We're dancing at the Roxy tonight." "It's our first time and we just picked up our costumes." "I think Sam here is a little nervous." "He's not sure if we can pull it off," the dark boy's eyes boring a hole through mine. "Have you been practicing a lot?" I inquired. "A little", said Sam. "Julio is more relaxed about doing this than me." "He kinda talked me into it." "I still think we're gonna make complete asses out of ourselves." "Heh, man, maybe we could show you what we're wearing and see if some of what we came up with is hot enough for the crowd." "Are you free, or do you have to get home or something?" Julio asked me, licking his lips ever so slightly when he paused. "No, I'm not doing anything, right now," I added not



wanting to sound too desperate. Desperate for these two fuckpieces. "Well then let's go." "I need to get out of these clothes," Sam interjected.

The house music had set the stage for the show. My holiday show of shows. I was already beginning to feel buzzed from the joint we had shared. The boys were giggling in the other room, getting ready to try out their routine. I could barely conceal the humongous bulge in my jeans when they appeared in the doorway. "Fuck," I muttered, I thought under my breath. "Well," smirked Julio. "I guess we have the entrance down pretty good". Sam sauntered over to the coffee table and grabbed the bottle of massage oil, never taking his eyes off me. He put it down on the floor next to him and began dancing. Julio had already come up from behind and they "spooned" together, swaying to the rhythms of the music, my cock keeping its own beat as well, nearly bursting through the fabric of my pants.

They gyrated together, back and forth, hypnotizing me with their glistening shaved bodies, their crotches rubbing as they faced each other. Just when I thought they might just tease me for the rest of the night, Sam knelt down, grabbed Julio's g-string with his teeth and swung around on his back sliding down to the ground with fabric in mouth. Goddamn, I thought! Julio's cock springing free with a life of its own slapped against his ripped abs as he maneuvered over Sam's face to settle down for much more than a long winter's nap. I saw this as my cue and shucked my clothes as fast as I could stand, diving immediately to Sam's crotch, ripping the stretchy fabric off his marbled torso. Instantly, Sam jumped up from the floor, grabbing the oil and barking "on the floor, next to him," to Julio like some real marine sergeant. Julio dropped to my side on the hard wooden floor and before we could taste each others breath, streams of oil were running all over us, slipping and sliding and rubbing every part of our hard, muscled





bodies, sizzling oil heated from our bodies.. And when he decided we were slick enough, Sam joined us as we sandwiched him in our slick union, tongues gashing each others, hands everywhere. We were rolling and pushing and shoving like one organism; panting and groaning like a bunch of grid-iron buddies, hungry for each other. Hungry for every last inch of each other. Cocks dripping with pre-cum, sticky oily bodies banging and thrashing in our everlasting 3-way wrestling match. We grappled for hours till I couldn't take it anymore and began jacking their members in my greasy hands, screaming obscenities and feeling both of their hands beating my cock in synch with mine. We jacked and jerked our greasy poles, waiting to shoot together, till suddenly I lost control and began screaming and tightened harder and beat faster and and screamed and moaned and lost control till I couldn't think or see or feel and opened my eyes for a split second.



Wait! Shit! What the fuck? There they were, but on the podium - together. And I was dancing on the floor, within eye sight of them. But their cocks weren't in my hands. Damn that X. I was day dreaming again. Or club dreaming. Those studs were up on the platform, g-strings in place, performing for me and 1,500 other people.

But that's ok, 'cause I was feeling great and very sexy, my body was wet and felt great when I ran my hands all over it while I danced.

I floated to the back of the club, parched and in immediate need of the water fountain. I waited and flirted with the boy in front of me, he as altered as I. It must've been dark, for when I stood upright after my turn at the cooler, I bumped right into someone. "Oh, heh man, I'm sorry," said the dark haired humpy dancer. "My name's Julio, and this is my friend Sam." "We couldn't help noticing you dancing near us."

Deundra  
Peek's



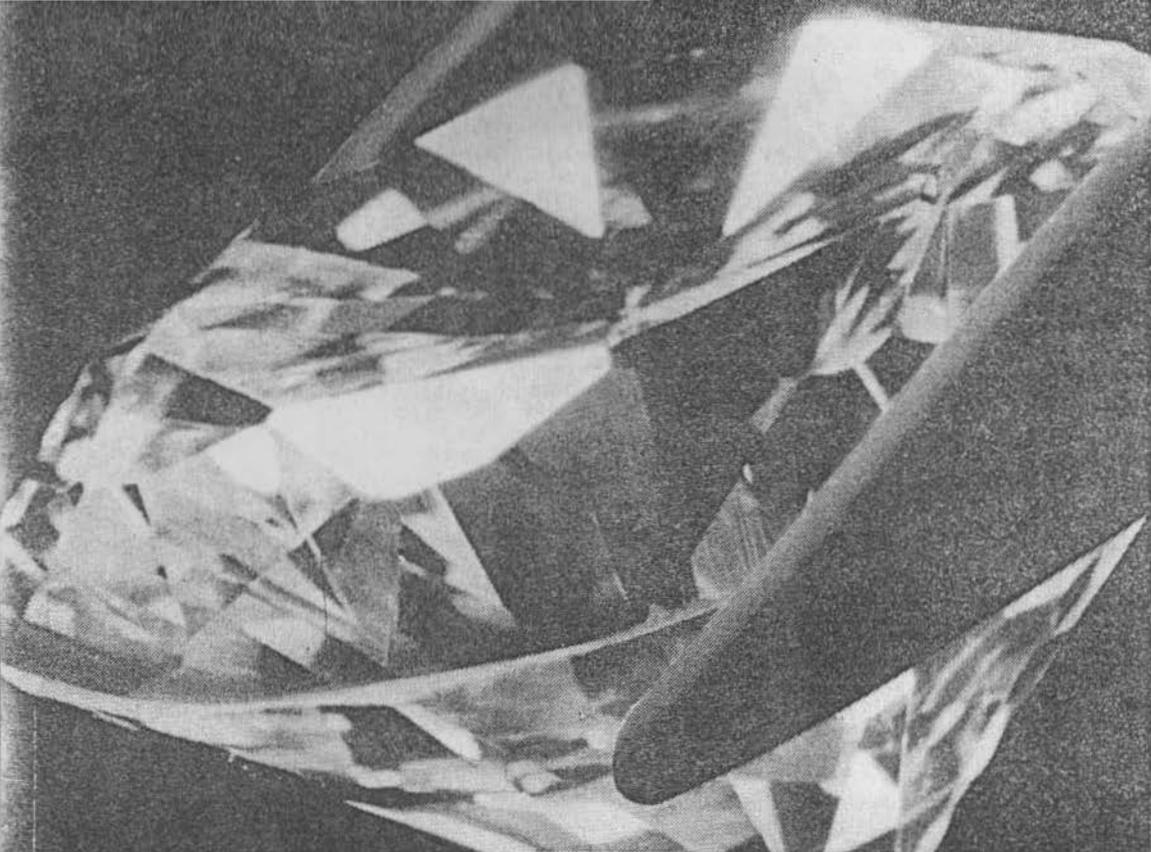
Beauty Tips

**SHE**  
**MISSED**  
**HER**  
**DEADLINE!**



SWEET, SUSAN, has been with us for many moons. And you have probably read many stories about her. So here is an up-to-the-minute set of stats so you can keep your Susan file filled!

Hair:  
Beautiful shiny brown  
Eyes:  
Beckoning blue  
Height:  
5'7"  
Weight:  
114 lbs.  
Full Name:  
Susan Hallock Dey  
Birthdate:  
December 10, 1952  
Fave Things:  
Flowers  
Home Town:  
Mount Kisco, N.Y.



We wish you well with your discoveries of these mysteries once again. Do not be confused or afraid because these things were once mysteries. The time is again at hand to prepare large numbers of people in what once a few at a time could share. The time of great changes is upon you at last. May these changes bring you growth, in your Souls and in your expressions on earth, your earth so fair. For fair it is, and your home for a time as well.

We bless you in the name of the mysteries that surround us all and guide us truly. Ever in the Light.

*from Patterns of the Whole, Vol. 1  
Healing and Quartz Crystals*

# ENERGY

# EXPLODE



This is the Year to Heal  
This is the Year to Heal



**I am Healed.**  
**I am Healed.**

# HEYOEHKAH HAKTEOYEH

There is an old native North American Indian tradition called Heyoehkah. The Heyoehkahs, or sacred clowns, were people within the tribe who "did things differently," challenged people's thinking, shook them up. Their function was to keep their people from getting stuck in rigid ways of thinking and living. They were also known as "contraries" because they lived backwards. They walked backward, danced backward, everything they did was contrary to the norm. By their living, they symbolized the shadow of the Creator God, reminding people of their spiritual center.

For gay people, the role of Heyoehkah is especially important: not only are Heyoehkahs often gay, the role of contrary is a sacred symbol of the role we play among society as a whole.

THE COLOR OF LIGHT

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR ALL OF US  
LIVING WITH AIDS



Screen Gems-  
Columbia  
Music, Inc.  
BMI  
1147  
Produced By  
Wes Farrell  
For Coral Rock  
Productions



Bell 45-160

Time: 2:59  
Rhythm Tracks  
By Wes Farrell  
Strings And Horns  
Arranged By  
Mike Melvoin

**ONE NIGHT STAND**

(Wes Farrell-Paul Anka)

**THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY**

Starring Shirley Jones And

Featuring David Cassidy

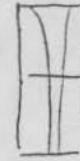
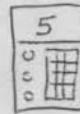
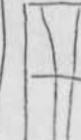
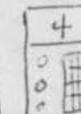
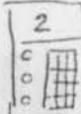
BELL RECORDS A Division of Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. NYC

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM  
FOR  
*Station*  
Identification



by Florida Joe

DARRIN DECIDES THAT  
SAMANTHA NEEDS TO KNOW  
THE TRUTH...



This is Liza's signature.  
It says "Let's have lunch".  
Liza likes to eat lunch.  
Liza likes to sign autographs.

This is an autograph for David.  
David is Hughie's boyfriend.  
They are young (relatively)  
and in love.



*This is Liza's page.  
This page is devoted  
to the memory of Judy  
and the reality of Liza.*

**Liza is bigger than life.  
Liza is an extravaganza.  
Liza is a celebrant.**

# SUSAN

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10108-0318

(Canada Add 25%

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City.....State.....Zip.....



I wonder  
if it's  
true that  
only the  
boring  
people are  
left and  
all the  
truly  
fabulous  
ones have  
died and  
are  
incarnating  
right now  
in fetuses  
around the  
globe?

Forty is fabulous when Susan Dey celebrates!!!!!!

198

MARCH

5



7  
8  
9

deCEMBER

10



11

augUST 13



14 15 16

17 18 19

***BELATED BIRTHDAY  
SALUTATIONS TO  
OUR FAV OF FAVS!!!***

You don't look a day over 17  
in most of our pictures!

# GENDER ROLES

## SOCIETAL ROLES



I don't have anyone to go out dancing with and I don't have any soy sauce either.

You don't look a day over 17  
in most of our pictures.

THIS  
IS  
MY  
BLOOD

NEW  
FORMULA!

AM  
NOT



WANT SOME FUN WITH YOUR FRIENDS?



question hypoxia  
Hints

NEW  
FORMULA!

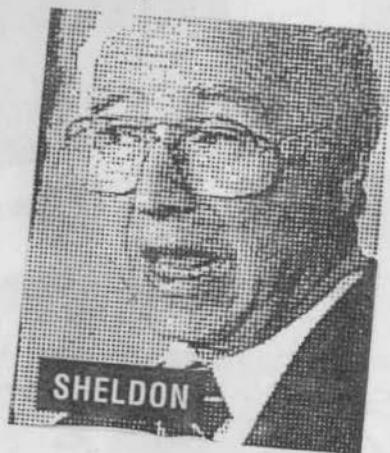
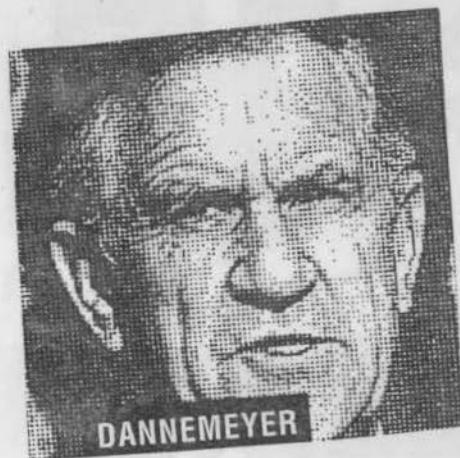
NEW  
FORMULA!



---

**WANT SOME FUN WITH NUDE GUYS?**

---



**Holiday  
Hints** !!snuff hypocrisy

LORD  
I  
AM  
NOT  
WORTHY  
TO  
RECEIVE  
YOU  
BUT  
ONLY  
SAY  
THE  
WORD  
AND  
I  
SHALL  
BE  
HEALED

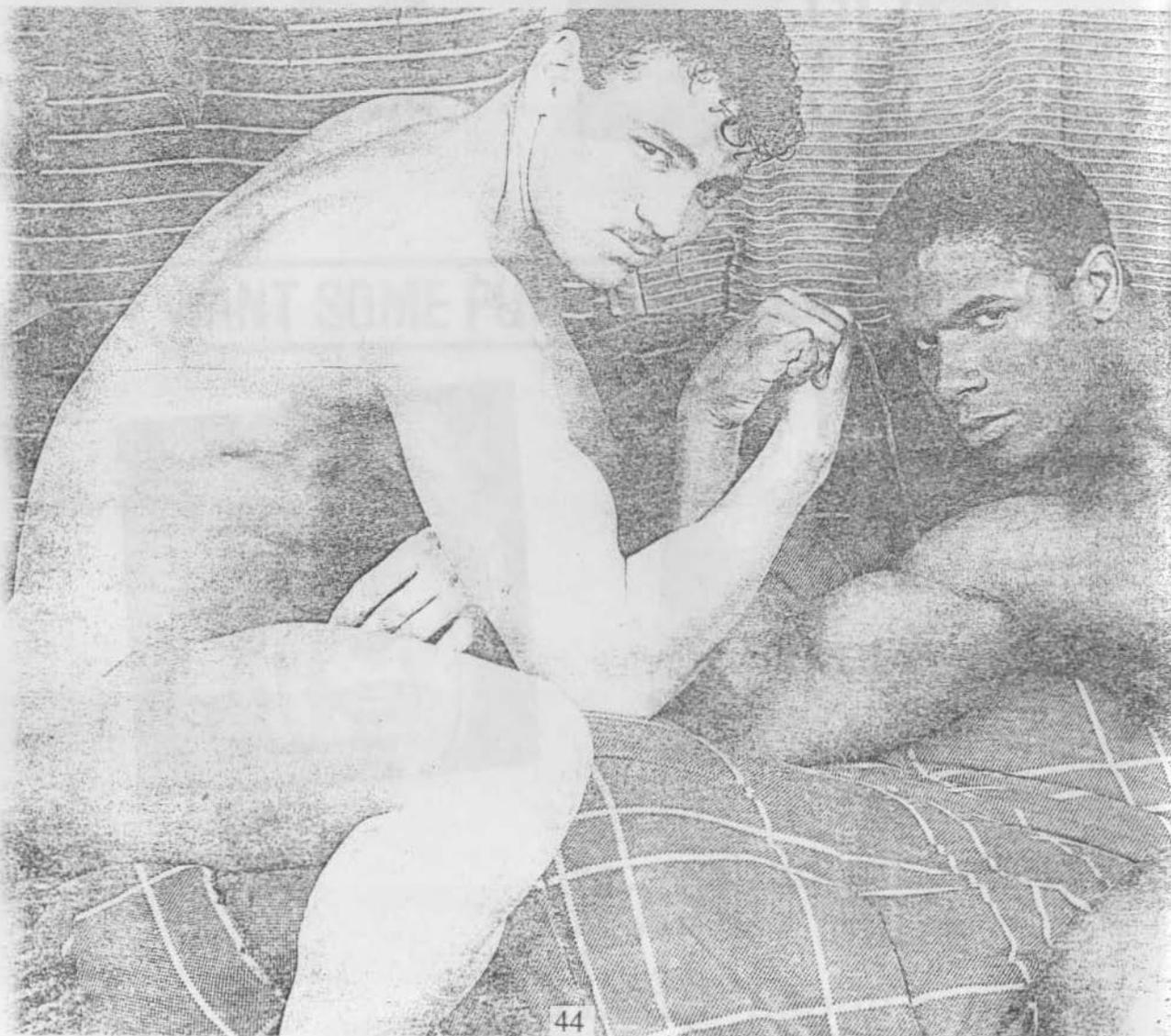
*!!question hypocrisy*

You pray  
by touching the deepest part of you  
that longs, that needs, that Is.  
Let it speak in its own language,  
more often than not without words.

*from Emmanuel's Book*

*Do  
something  
positive  
before  
you  
go  
to  
sleep*

## **PRAYER SONG THOUGHT**





*You decide!*

don't say AIDS.

It's not nice!

say *SHIVI*

(symptomatic hiv infection)

oooh, yea.

*Illness is a teaching,  
a message from the soul.  
When the lessons are learned  
the illness becomes  
a thing of no moment.*

Illness is the confusion of that particular soul  
manifesting physically  
so that the consciousness will see it.

Every part of an illness is you.

Listen to your body.

What is it saying?

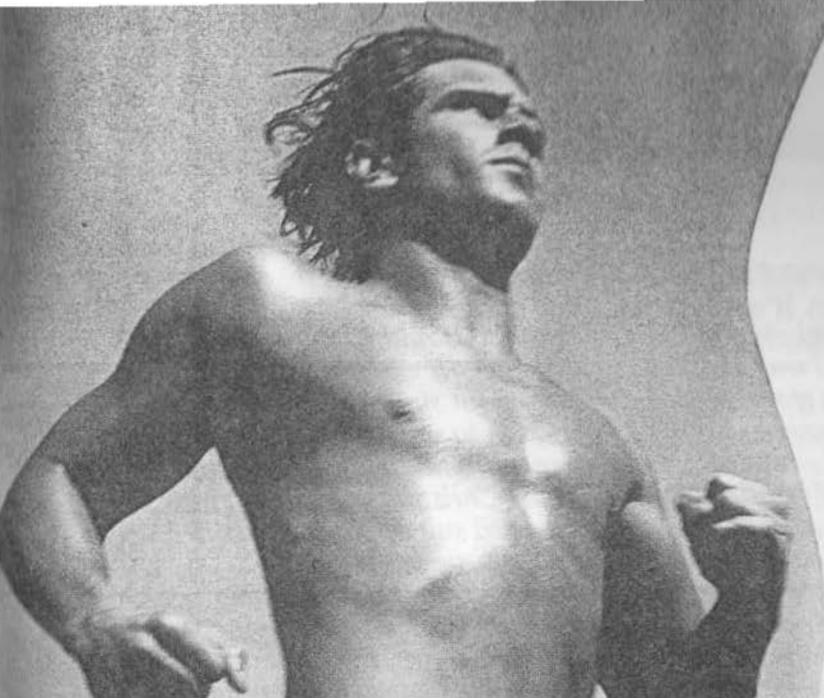
Be that part of your body.

Once you have heard the voice  
of those areas that are recalcitrant,  
the mature mind can say,  
"Let's find another way."

At that point, you quite literally  
embrace that aberrated energy within you,  
whether it is mental, physical or emotional,  
and start to de-energize it  
by simple acceptance of it.

The transformation begins.

*from Emmanuel's Book*



Many years have passed since we first did this process with you, the reader, the first time. Yes, we mean you, the reader. You have been guided to do again what all of humanity has done in the past with crystals: attune to the crystal lattices of light that are akin to you on many levels; attune to the quality of light harmonics that move at electro-magnetic frequencies within your being in time and space. Open up to the feeling of being in tune with your crystal. Now accept yourself as worthy to interact with the purest light you can imagine. Accept the light that echoes in the windows of perception that are harmonic with your crystal. You will feel a blessing in this light. For what is coming through for you is in perfect order for your Soul, and this light has a healing quality for you as a result.

*from Patterns of the Whole, Vol. 1  
Healing and Quartz Crystals*

## *I Believe*

by Philip Bahr

*I remember that magical evening as if it were yesterday. I was a very young boy, still the memory lingers as if it were yesterday. Blankets and darkness wrapped me in their warmth and comfort. Faint howls drifted upstairs as my family watched TV together, some special with Andy Williams or Bing Crosby or some other perennial Yuletide favorite. We were doing the Christmas thing, and since I was the youngest, it was off to bed for me, breathlessly awaiting the big man's show.*

*I don't remember falling asleep. I was so anxious, I can't imagine settling down enough to sleep. But I must have, for suddenly something jarred me awake. Awake from my dreams of dancing faeries, sugar plum and otherwise. I heard noises coming from the tin roof, the tin roof outside my bedroom window. Without another thought, I swept the covers away, my feet slapping the cold wooden floor and ran over to the window just in time. As my eyes adjusted, I could see several reindeer, yes reindeer, their backs to me as they prepared to take flight.*

*Stunned, I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. It was the image I had longed for since I was old enough to understand. The image I had dreamed of for so many Christmases. I didn't look for a red suit or black boots. I was mesmerized by these beautiful creatures stomping their hooves, awaiting their cue. Looking down, I spotted the prints. The snowy hoof prints that would forever be etched in my memory. Reindeer tracks on my roof.*

*I was stunned, exhilarated, overwhelmed. Before I could take in another moment, they were off, like a flash in the night. I stared into the snowy blackness, a shiver ran down my spine. Another moment passed. I found my way back into bed, content with my secret knowledge. No need to share such an event with skeptics.*

*When I awoke the following morning, the freshly fallen snow had covered the roof and any evidence of the sighting. Still I smiled as I reached for my robe. It didn't matter. I had seen it with my own eyes. And I knew it was real.*

Within seconds of closing the bathroom door, my father came back out and walked down the hallway to my mother and me.

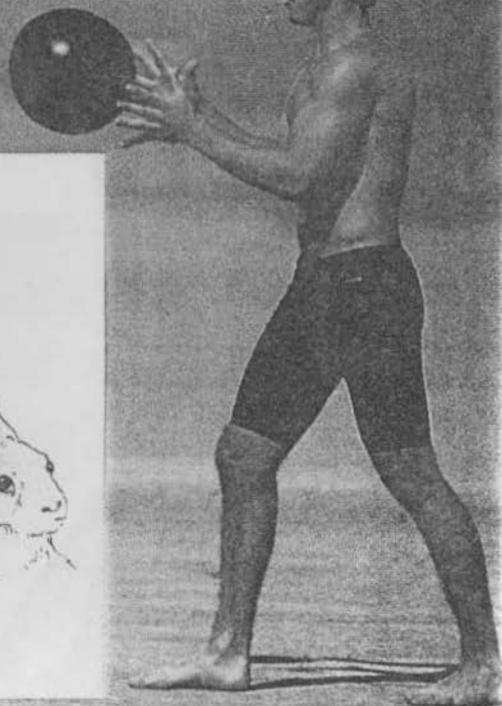
**"This will be the last year  
we'll make a mince meat pie,  
nobody's eating it,"**

he said. With that, he turned around and proceeded back to the bathroom.

## *Rules prohibiting emotional expression*



The beagle is a natural hunter.





QUEER BOYS

QUEER  
BOYS  
LOVE  
GOOD

QUEER  
BOYS  
LOVE  
GOOD

LOVE

GOOD

**QUEER  
BOYS  
LOVE  
GOOD**



1993: "Fasten your seat belts, it's going to be a bumpy year..."  
- Margo Chann(ell)ing, "All About Eve"

# GalaCtically Speaking

by Alex Miller-Mignone

Well, here we are. Winter Solstice, and 1993 looms large on the horizon. If Atlantis is slated to rise again, folks, this is the year for it.

Chief among the year's celestial events is the conjunction of Uranus and Neptune, a truly stand-out configuration which occurs only every 171 years. Uranus in the human condition correlates to the urge for freedom and unique self-expression, the ultimate indicator of individuation, as well as such things as high tech advances, space travel, revolutions and revolutionary actions, and anything eccentric, unorthodox or downright bizarre. Neptune, in the human condition, correlates to spiritual consciousness, the principles of universal love, acceptance, and unity, as well as representing anything that both dissolves or unifies, mystifies or clarifies, veils or exposes. If Uranus is inspiration and the masculine mind, Neptune is intuition and the feminine mind.

This cosmic duo will be within orb of conjunction all year, with exact couplings in February, August and October, but the conjunction has been building for years. It's been easy to see the effects on the European continent; the conjunction is occurring in the sign of Capricorn, which among other things, refers to political

hierarchy and governmental structures. Neptune has been slowly dissolving and weakening these structures, with Uranus sweeping along behind to shatter and overturn whatever remains of outmoded or nonproductive institutions. The fall of the Berlin Wall and the Soviet Empire, as well as the break-ups of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, are indicators of the earlier, Uranian-based energies of disruption and revolution. The reunification of Germany as well as current attempts to unify the European continent with one currency and the repeal of trade barriers indicate the Neptunian-based drive for unity which is indicative of the energies to be fully released at the coming conjunctions.

It isn't all sweetness and light, however. The riots in L.A. came just days after the Uranus/Neptune stations late last April, and the rash of natural disasters involving water lately can be directly attributed to their celestial proximity. Sudden devastation (Uranus) by water (Neptune) such as occurred with hurricanes Andrew in Florida and Louisiana and Iniki in Hawaii, as well as typhoon Omar in Guam and the flash floods in southern France, could be symptomatic of things to come in 1993.

On a personal level, the conjunction of Uranus and Neptune challenges us to resolve and balance one of the basic dichotomies of the human experience: on the one hand, the urge for individual freedom and independence, and on the other, the urge for union with others and with the Source.

On a cosmic level, these two are opening a vast window of

opportunity for emergence into our reality of nonphysical entities from parallel realities. Put another way, our own capacity for contact with nonphysical entities will be greatly increased.

You can define "nonphysical entity" any way you wish, whether as the traditional Judeo-Christian god, your own inner essence, spirit guides or extraterrestrial intelligence. Whatever you happen to believe in that is nonphysical, is being given access to an entirely new level that is literally a quantum leap closer to physicality as we know it than anything we have contacted before.

The basic rules by which we have existed in the physical are being rewritten at this time, and so pervasive a change brings with it the inherently inseparable dualistic co-potential that we will either mutate into a more evolutionary advanced form, or that we will exterminate ourselves enroute. Nuclear war seems a distant and unreal chimera in today's "New World Order," but perhaps Man will go out, not with a bang, but a whimper, the whimper of a dying child, a dying generation of humankind, laid low by famine, civil strife and AIDS. Unless we align ourselves to the new energies which are about to descend en masse, our generation may yet see the demise of all that is best and brightest in the human condition.

1993: a benchmark year for certain



*Alex Miller-Mignone is a professional writer and astrologer, past president of Philadelphia Astrological Society.*

**He can be reached at:  
627 S. 26th Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19146**

# Basic Rules of Beagle Care

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Ask any girl what her main problem is and chances are it will fall into one of three categories:

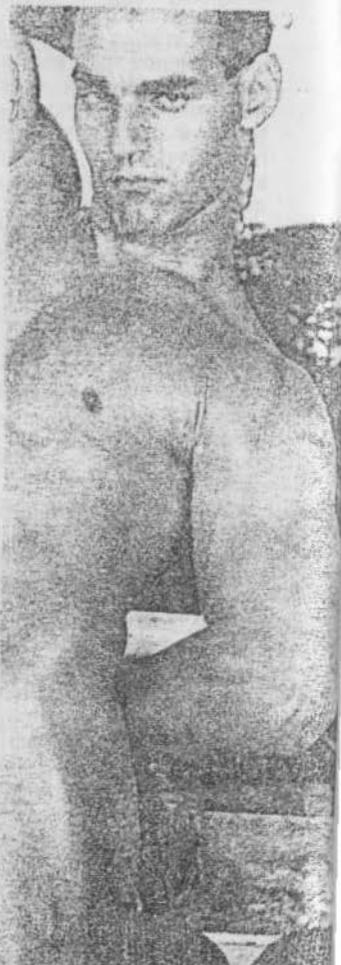
## BOYS, BEAUTY, POPULARITY

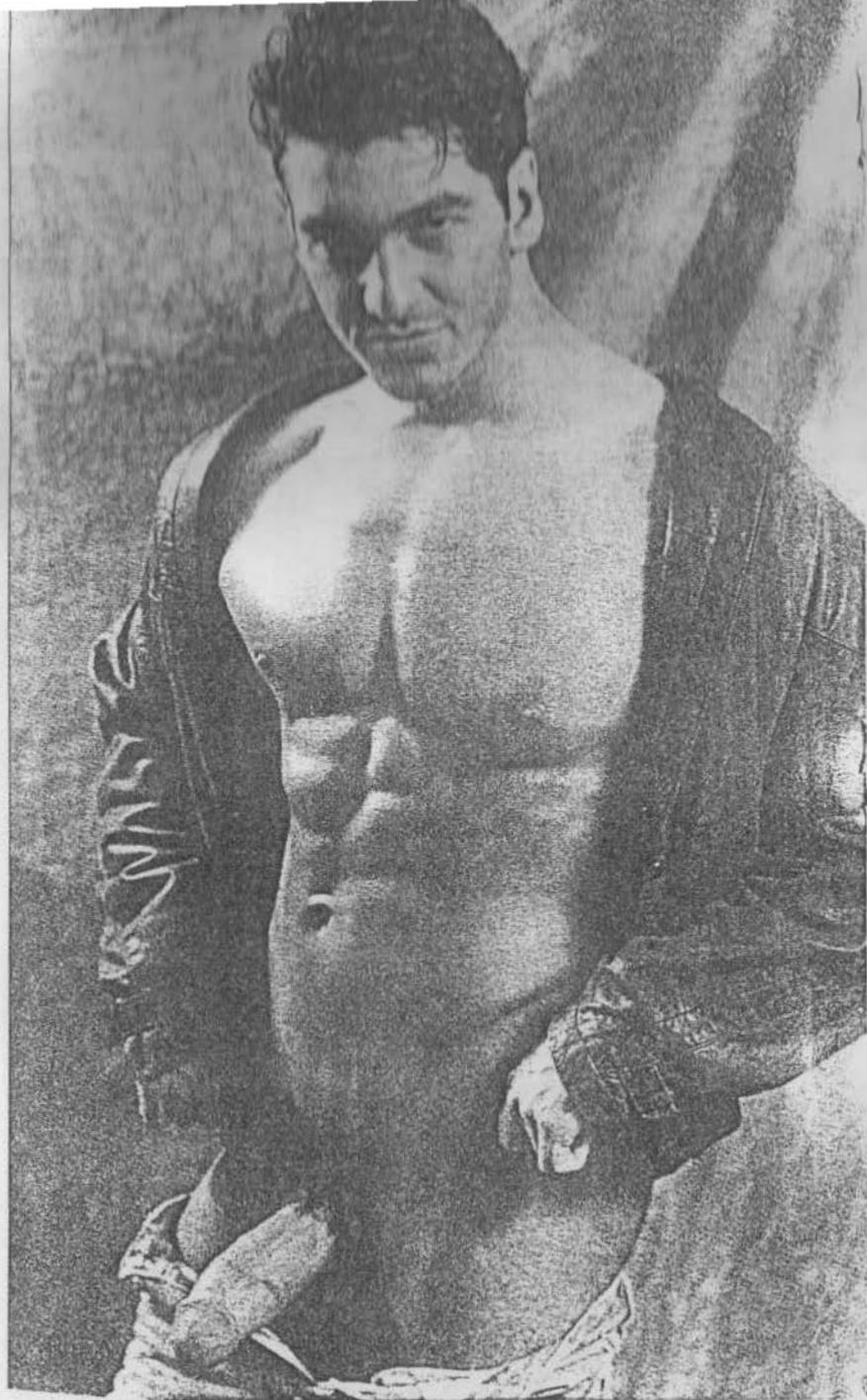
Susan Dey, star of the Partridge Family, seems to have solved her problems in every area and now she's passing her solutions along to all girls who need some good practical advice.

**CONCERNING BOYS:** whether you want to catch one, drop one, or just learn to get along with the current steady, Susan has well-plotted ideas that are guaranteed to work. (Even if you dream of dating a current rock star, Susan thinks you can and tells you how to do it.)

**BEAUTY** is not easy to come by, but it can be yours. Just read how, with determination, Susan changed herself from an overweight teen-ager into a slim actress-model in the course of a few short years.

**POPULARITY** is a combination of knowing when and how to make the right impression. Susan's secret tips on how to get along with everyone from parents to teachers to friends may open your eyes to a brand new life!





sometimes I jack it all day thinking about big muscle boys with fat cocks.



# SEASON'S GREETINGS



The Partridge  
Family

Shirley Jones

David Cassidy

Luan Platter

Barbara Bon

Brian Forster

Suzanne