SUSAN

$2

Vol. 2
Summer

MINI MAG

NUDE PRIDE ISSUE

QUEER BOYS LOVE GOOD

QUEER GIRLS LOVE GOOD

BULLDAGGER GIRLS LOVE GOOD

GRRRLS LOVE GOOD

TRANS GENDERS LOVE GOOD

HIV+ LOVE GOOD

SISSY BOYS LOVE GOOD

BI GALS LOVE GOOD

STRAIGHT BOYS LOVE GOOD

HIV- LOVE GOOD

STRAIGHT GIRLS LOVE GOOD

LESBIAN GIRLS LOVE GOOD

GAY BOYS LOVE GOOD

FAG BOYS LOVE GOOD

BOYZ LOVE GOOD

BI GUYS LOVE GOOD

DYKE GIRLS LOVE GOOD

this is the only official SUSAN MINI MAG

ChitChat

Just got done watching 4 back to back episodes of, you guessed it - The Partridge Family! (thank you Nick at Nite) My boyfriend is now certain of my insanity as he and he alone witnessed my pure joy during the past two hours.

You see that little TV show helped me through my gay adolescence. It put its arm around me and saved me from all the confusion I experienced during the early 70's. And like any good recreational drug, it gave me a break, once a week for a ½ hour from all the terror of having those queer feelings and more importantly, not knowing what to do with them.

See there was only one identified gay person in our town. A man, a hairdresser who would walk his poodle through the streets of Easton, PA checking his 'do in the store front windows, trying desperately to ignore the jeers and name calling that I could only imagine awaited me as well.

Suddenly it's 1993, almost 25 years since I first laid eyes on Susan and the rest of my Friday night family. The local town fag managed to survive, but his nephew I hear died of AIDS several years ago. Our generation had no idea what lay ahead as we jumped into that psychedelic bus each week and escaped into our Screen Gems world of teenybopper luv.

This is the last issue of Susan mini mag (GASP!). I appreciate your patience and interest as I worked my way once again through my adolescent traumas, this time in the 90's. I've put out a full year of SMM, which was my original intention. I wanted to go out while we were still on top, and judging from your letters, comments, submissions, etc. I'd say it's time. I still have over a thousand pics of Sue (unused), so who knows where she'll show up next. But now it's time to get on with life. So, enjoy this final tribute to the amalgamation of the 70's and 90's as I continue trying to make sense of this chaos. And check out the advertisement in this issue for our reincarnation (minus Laurie Partridge) coming to your news stands this Fall.

I wish you peace and enlightenment. Do with your life what you really want. There is no other way to live. Break free and fulfill your desire.

Always remember to keep on Deydreamin'.

I love you -

Philip

Ciao, Beagle!

SUSAN MINI MAG
Vol. 2 - Summer/Lammas

HOMOSEX

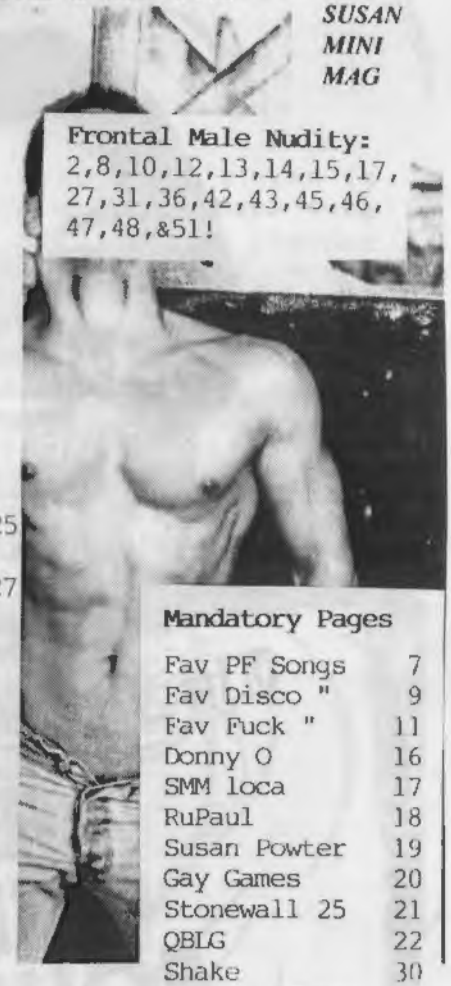
this is the only official SUSAN MINI MAG

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-Stars **Truth**

ChitChat
with Philip Bahr 2
Beauty Tips
with DeAundra Peek 5
I Think I Love You
with Gerry Gomez Pearlberg 6
Enjoy My Queer Body
with Allesandro 8
Another Sexy Story
with Bill Barr 12
the Pale People
with Moon trent 15
Two Untitled Poems
with Michael Steifel 24-25
The Centerfold
with Javier Regueiro 26-27
DisCovering DeAundra
with Mr. Roger's Daughter 33
GalacticaLly Speaking...
with Alex Miller-Mignone 39
Dating Secrets
with your friend Hughie 42
"In my Father's House
with Alternate Realities 45
My Head In Dread
with John Malatesta 48
Station Identification
with Florida Joe 49
NOW!
with Philip Bahr 51



Frontal Male Nudity:
2,8,10,12,13,14,15,17, 27,31,36,42,43,45,46, 47,48,&51!

Mandatory Pages

Fav PF Songs 7
Fav Disco " 9
Fav Fuck " 11
Donny O 16
SMM loca 17
RuPaul 18
Susan Powter 19
Gay Games 20
Stonewall 25 21
QBLG 22
Shake 30
Eric Lindros 37
Bob Hattoy 38
Harvey Milk 44
Ralph Reed 46
Thom Katt 47
Tomboy 50
My Cock 51

Susan Dey I clean my face thoroughly and often to avoid make-up build up and keep my skin glowing during those off the set hours.

special thanks to Georg Suzuki who gave me the handmade journal that became the background for the front and back covers of this issue. Goddess Mother Earth love forever and I love you.

This mag is printed on recycled paper.

This issue is dedicated to Tomboy who taught me more about myself in 15 days than I could ever have imagined. I hope the next time is better for the both of us. I love you Timothy.

Submissions,(w/ SASE) comments, love letters:
Susan Mini Mag
P.O. Box 318
Times Square Station
New York, NY 10108-0318

SUSAN DEY PRESENTS THIS MONTH'S SUPER-DREAM!

DeAundra Peek's Beauty Tips

Here's my summer beauty tip for SMM:

Y'all know that no matter who you are or what shade y'all's skin is that the hot summer sun can do y'all some kinda damage. Make sure that if y'all has to go outside to throw out y'all's vienner sausage cans in the security ditch that y'all has the proper cover-up on! It's so simple, on account a cause just like it protects the vienner itself, vienner juice is the best to use, an' not only to prevent sunburn, but to kindly soothe it as well! Before sun, spread some a the juice over all exposed areas an' let dry (durin' this stage it is not a good idea to be around pets or hungry neighbors). After sun, try a cool twist by refrigeratin' your vienners an' smearin' the jelled juice on them sun-drenched areas for relief! Not only will y'all feel better, but y'all get a snack at the same time! An', if y'all insist on layin' out in the sun, take a vienner an' cut it in half (longways) an' place over each a y'all's eyes for protection! Have a great summer, I love y'all!

I THINK I LOVE YOU

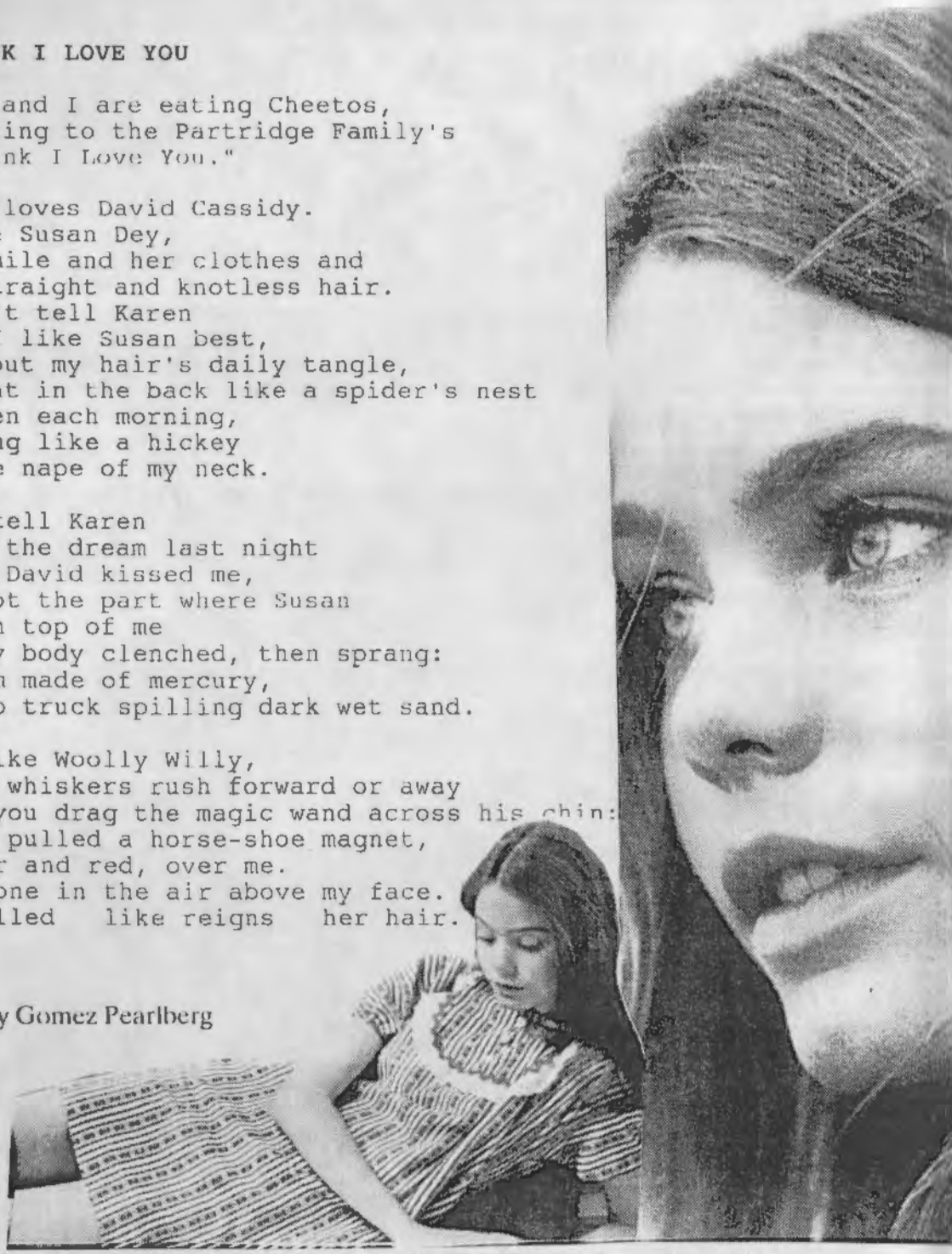
Karen and I are eating Cheetos,
listening to the Partridge Family's
"I Think I Love You."

Karen loves David Cassidy.
I love Susan Dey,
her smile and her clothes and
her straight and knotless hair.
I won't tell Karen
that I like Susan best,
or about my hair's daily tangle,
the mat in the back like a spider's nest
rewoven each morning,
pulling like a hickey
at the nape of my neck.

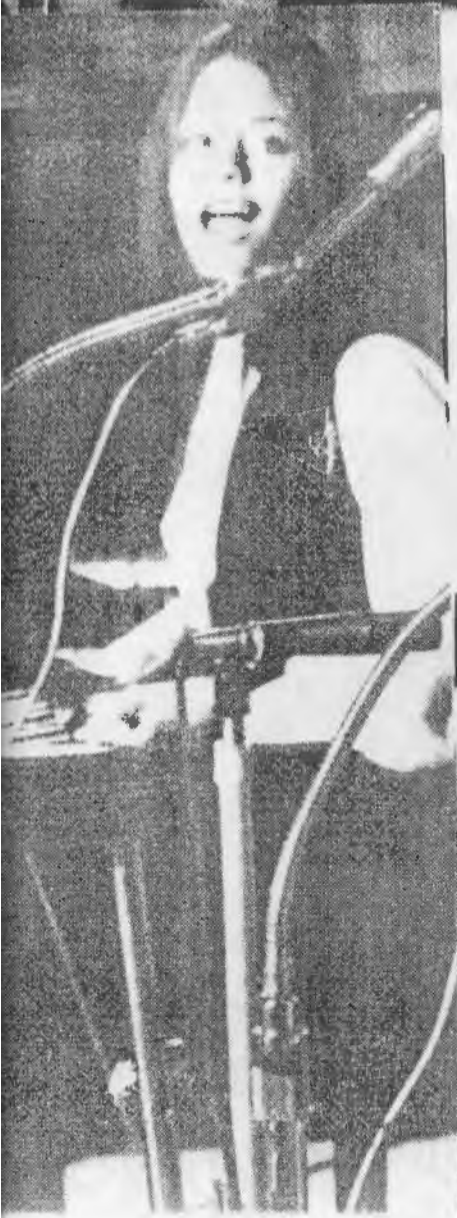
I'll tell Karen
about the dream last night
where David kissed me,
but not the part where Susan
lay on top of me
and my body clenched, then sprang:
a room made of mercury,
a dump truck spilling dark wet sand.

I'm like Woolly Willy,
whose whiskers rush forward or away
when you drag the magic wand across his chin:
Susan pulled a horse-shoe magnet,
silver and red, over me.
It shone in the air above my face.
It pulled like reigns her hair.

Gerry Gomez Pearlberg



Ms. Gerry Gomez Pearlberg has appeared in The Portable Lower East Side, Deuneuve, Apalacee Quarterly, and the New American Library's second anthology of short fiction by lesbians.

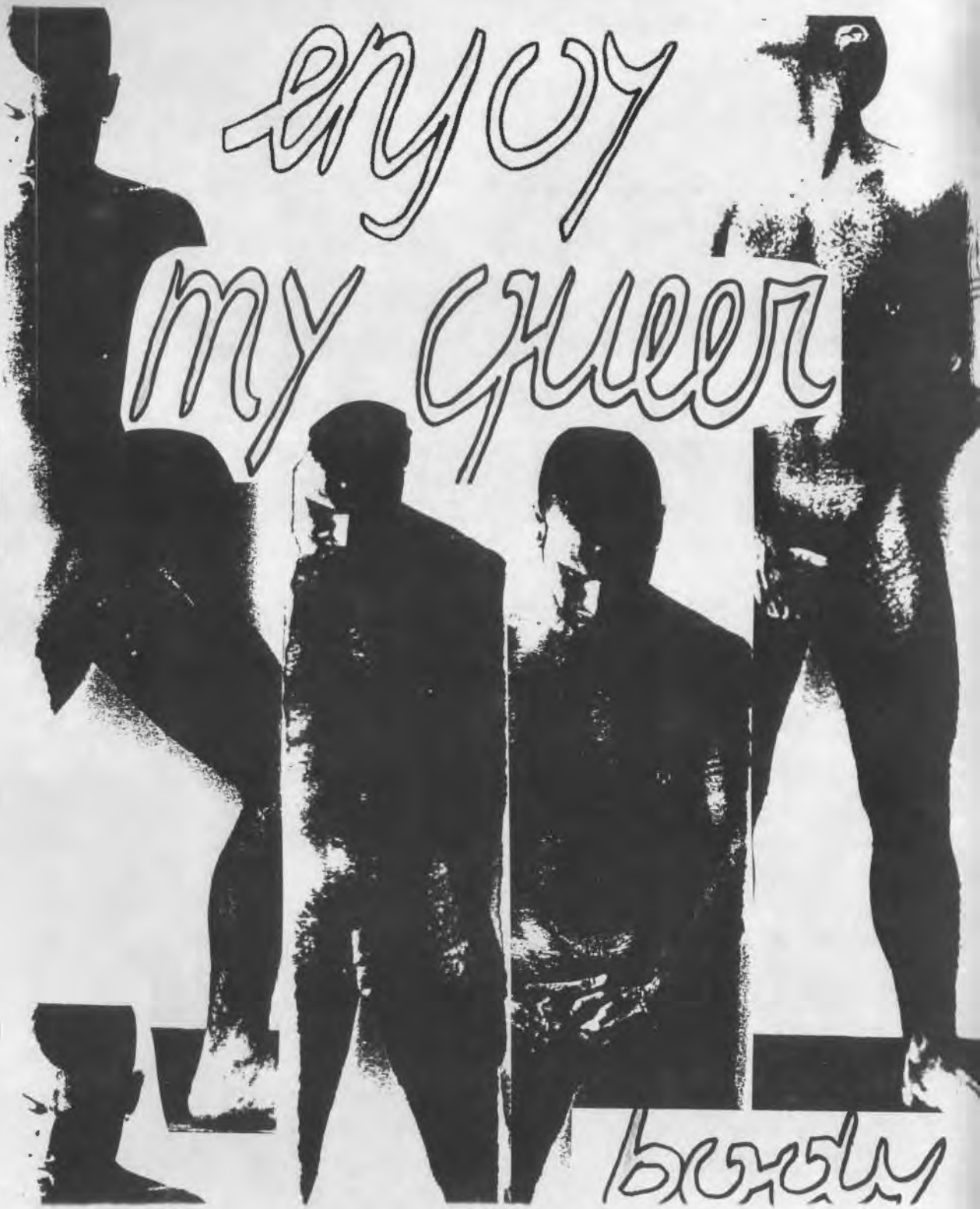


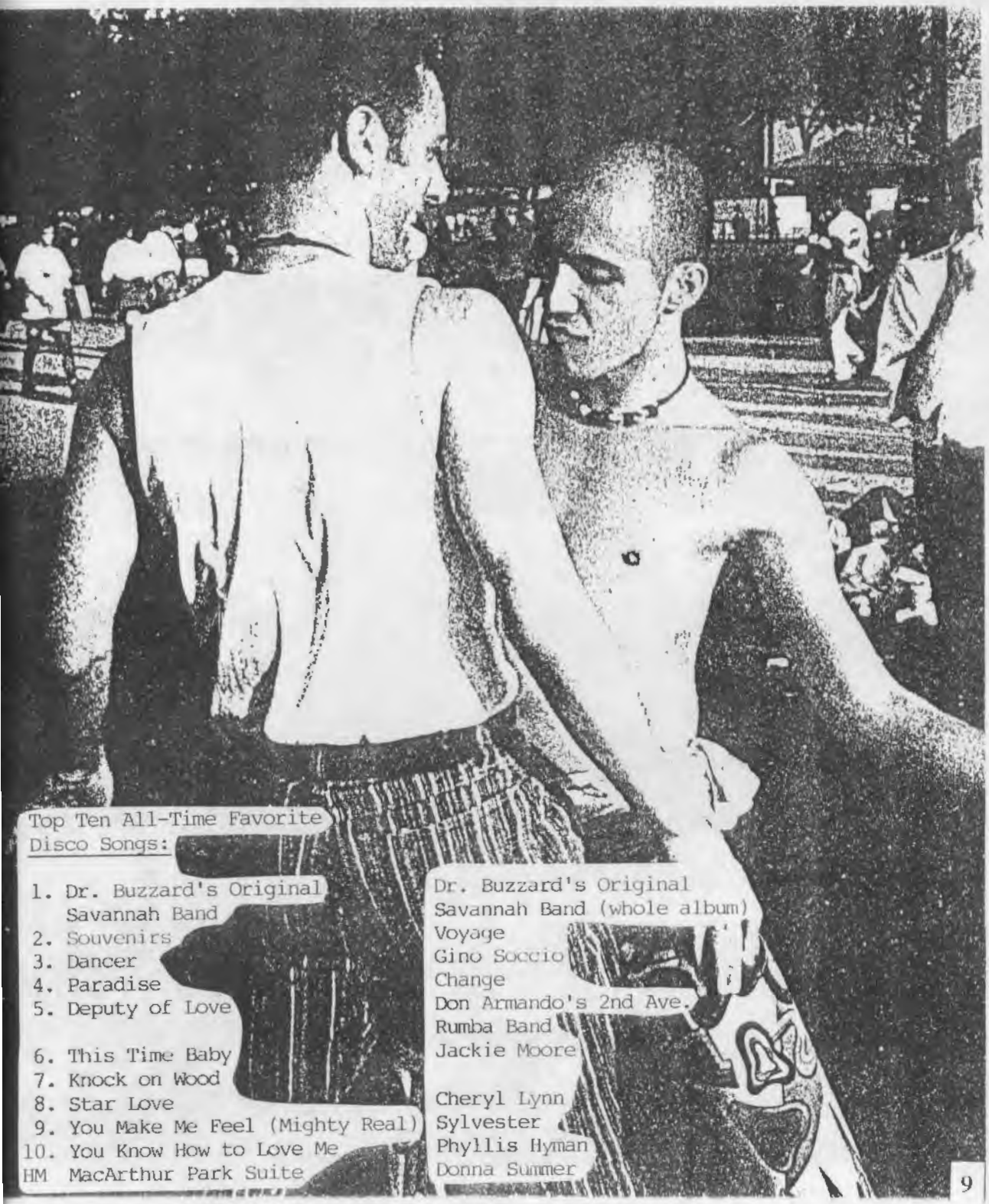
Top Ten All-Time Favorite
Partridge Family Songs:

1. It's One of those Nights (Yes Love)
2. I'm On the Road
3. Summer Days
4. I Woke Up in Love This Morning
5. Bandala
6. She'd Rather Have the Rain
7. It Means I'm in Love With You
8. I Heard You Singing Your Song
9. I'm On My Way Back Home
10. Sunshine

HM One Night Stand

Susan Dey looked like this when she started the original Partridge but now she's prettier. Really!!!


enjoy
my queer
bonsly



Top Ten All-Time Favorite Disco Songs:

1.	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (whole album)
2.	Souvenirs	Voyage
3.	Dancer	Gino Soccio
4.	Paradise	Change
5.	Deputy of Love	Don Armando's 2nd Ave. Rumba Band
6.	This Time Baby	Jackie Moore
7.	Knock on Wood	
8.	Star Love	Cheryl Lynn
9.	You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)	Sylvester
10.	You Know How to Love Me	Phyllis Hyman
HM	MacArthur Park Suite	Donna Summer

HOT TIME
(Summer in the City)

June 8, 1993

At the pier on the Hudson, naked with just a rubber cock ring on, listening to Joni Mitchell's *Night Ride Home*. There are 8 men out here at the edge. One has a jockstrap on, the others naked as I. The 8th is in his Calvin Klein underwear. 2 are masturbating. 2 more (now 10 total) walk out the pier and pause to speak to each other, to point things out.

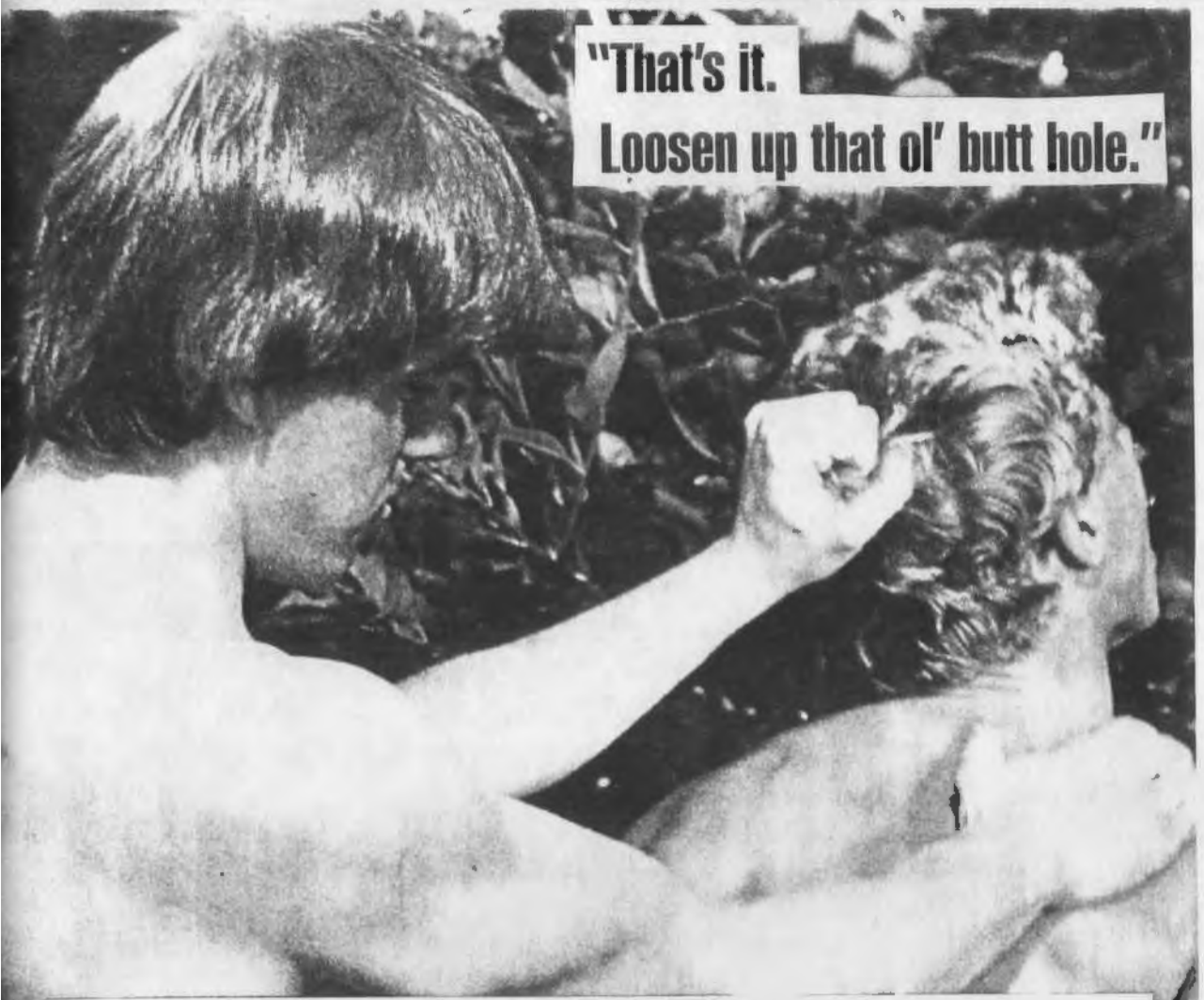
There is a building across West Side Highway. "Who you gonna get to do the dirty work, when all the slaves are free?" asks Joni Mitchell, rhythmically. The sign on the building reads Superior Ink Printing Co., the brick is brown, accentuated with natural/white above the windows and at the roof. A smokestack booms ridiculously out of the top of the building, looking out of date and ancient at the same time. I am trying to hard now (at prose) and... see even that (the word "prose) was trying too hard.

am getting too distracted wondering if the 2 "more attractive than the others" boys will do anything sexual.

June 11, 1993

At the pier again, same spot as on Tuesday. Different people. Had lunch with John Malatesta at the Good Diner. The day is 90^0 and blustery, the river is under and around me, choppy and refreshing. At least it would be if it were any other river. An unfortunate grey-green color, the water.

It is later in the day and I am listening to the Orb. My sexual energy is very powerful. I have attracted another sexually expressive man. And the storm clouds roll in as the music captures me. I am flying through the wind. He plays with his cock as I write this. The three young Japanese boys re-clothe and head to shore in anticipation of the storm. I'm thinking about leaving only because I don't want to burn too much. I can now concentrate. The man's cock grows. The other files his nails.



Top Ten All-Time Favorite
Making Love Songs:

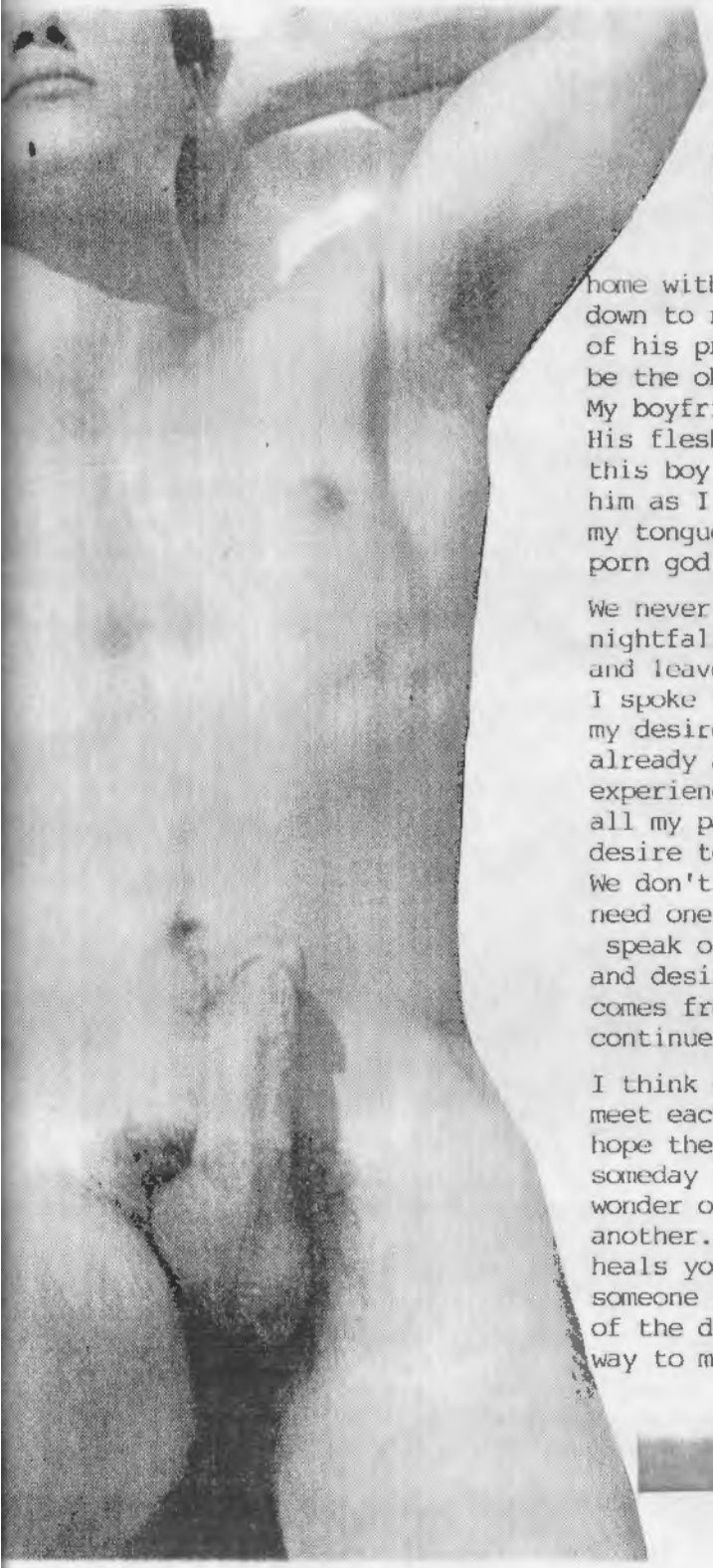
1.	Sometimes	Erasure
2.	MCMXC a.d.	Enigma (whole album)
3.	What's New	Linda Rondstadt (whole album)
4.	You Bring Me Joy	Anita Baker
5.	Get It Up For Love	David Cassidy
6.	I Need A Man	Eurythmics
7.	Blue Champagne	Manhattan Transfer
8.	La Isla Bonita	Madonna
9.	All of My Heart	ABC
10.	Love Theme from "Eyes of Laura Mars"	Barbra Streisand
HM	Take Me Home	Cher

Another Sexy Story
(or at least some thoughts...)
by Bill Barr

I spent quite some time watching his cock, wondering if he noticed my distraction while he read the Sunday paper. Which sections had he brought with him? It was long and moist and curled purposely on the end to afford me a view of its beautiful circumcision. The tasty part that needed to be squeezed, to be licked. Not just by me. By both of us.

Without purpose we had positioned ourselves in opposite directions on the rickety wooden planks of the pier. I faced the boy, who had arrived after us. My boyfriend faced the setting sun, reminding me it didn't matter since it was well before 2 pm when we arrived. I was uncomfortable on my stomach, the Valium nulling the majority of the pain, leaving enough to remind me to be gentle with my pulled muscle. No need to make it more than a week away from the gym. After all, the California trip was a mere 2½ months away. I was desperately close to my pierced navel goal.

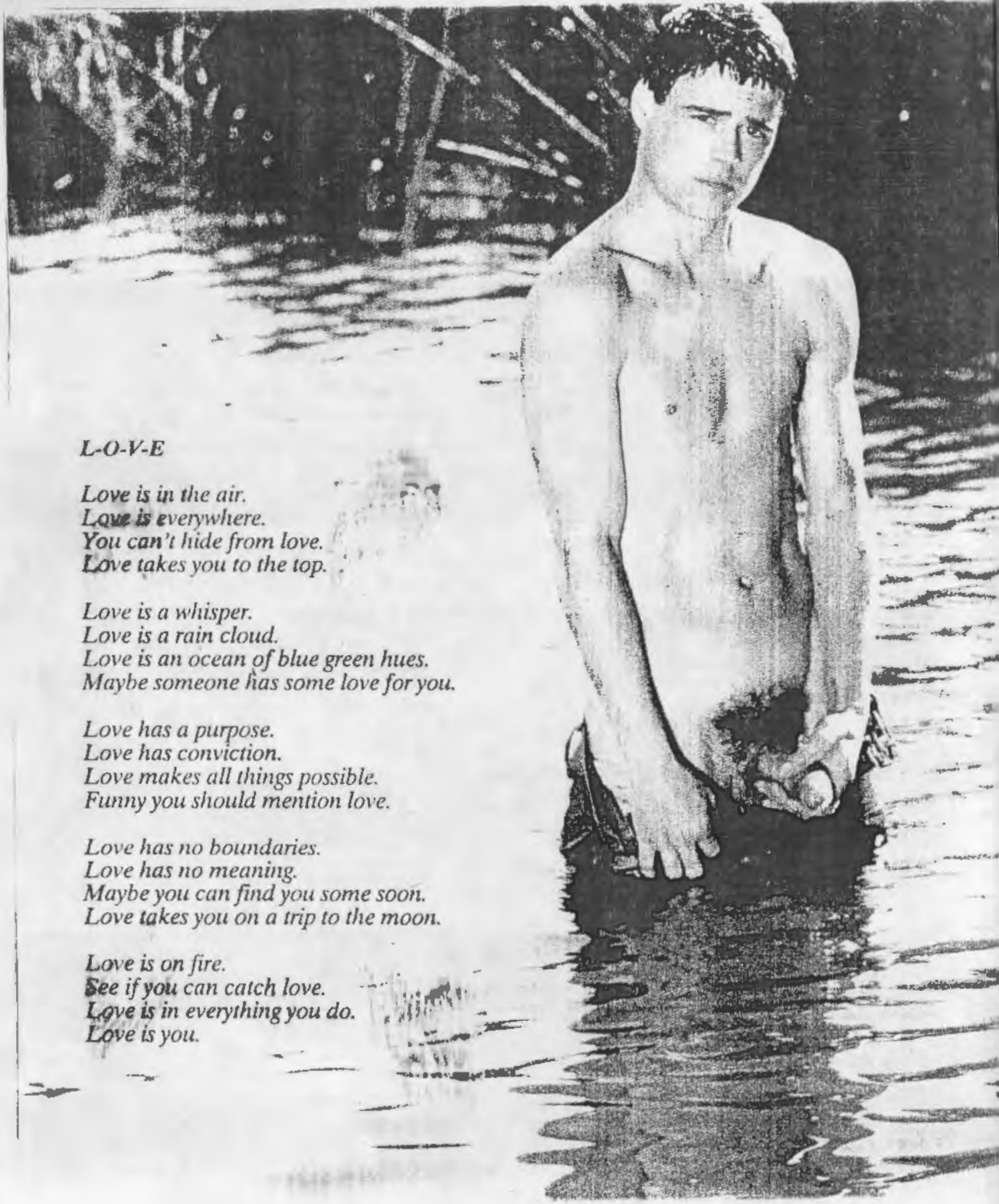
He arrived while I was resting. After chastising the near homeless queer for playing his radio without headphones, I sat up, typically bored from the lack of waves and sand and met his eyes. They bore into me, as I am sure they did to my luscious boyfriend at some point as well. We played with him, separately. Teasing him and wanting him. I imagined him coming



home with us, peeling his cut-offs down to reveal the glistening flesh of his prick. His prick that would be the object of my oral obsession. My boyfriend thinking other thoughts. His fleshy, muscled body covering this boy from the rear. Penetrating him as I watched and teased him with my tongue, spitting words fit for a porn god.

We never spoke of our desire till nightfall. We watched the boy dress and leave without a word between us. I spoke that evening of my fantasy, my desire. I was exhilarated and already anticipating another such experience as this man I love with all my passion voiced a similar desire to play a game with another. We don't want a wedding. We don't need one. We write our own rules and speak often of our what our needs and desires hold. Our longevity comes from a common ground we continue to find in each other.

I think of my friends and others I meet each day as I write this. I hope they too will find someone someday to explore this magic. The wonder of unknown, scary emotion with another. It moves you forward. It heals your body. Talk about it to someone you love. Push yourself out of the darkness. Forward is the only way to move.



L-O-V-E

Love is in the air.
Love is everywhere.
You can't hide from love.
Love takes you to the top.

Love is a whisper.
Love is a rain cloud.
Love is an ocean of blue green hues.
Maybe someone has some love for you.

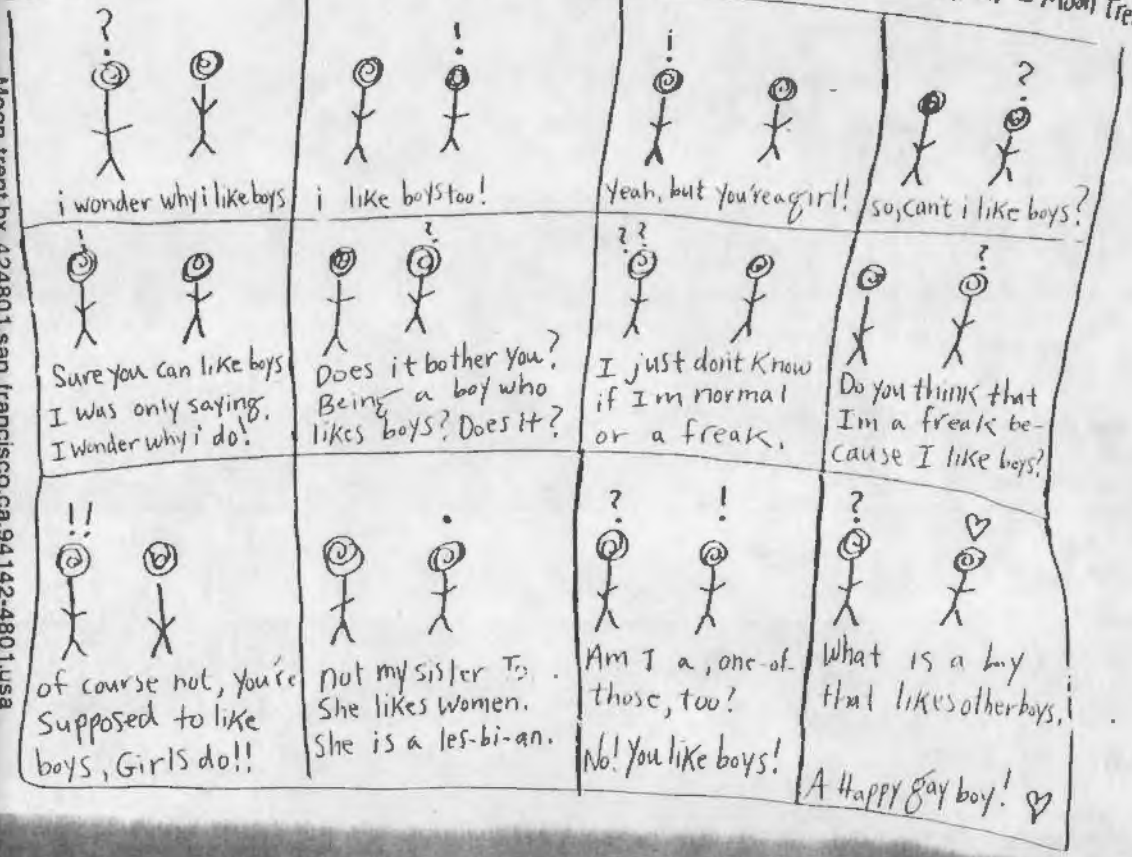
Love has a purpose.
Love has conviction.
Love makes all things possible.
Funny you should mention love.

Love has no boundaries.
Love has no meaning.
Maybe you can find you some soon.
Love takes you on a trip to the moon.

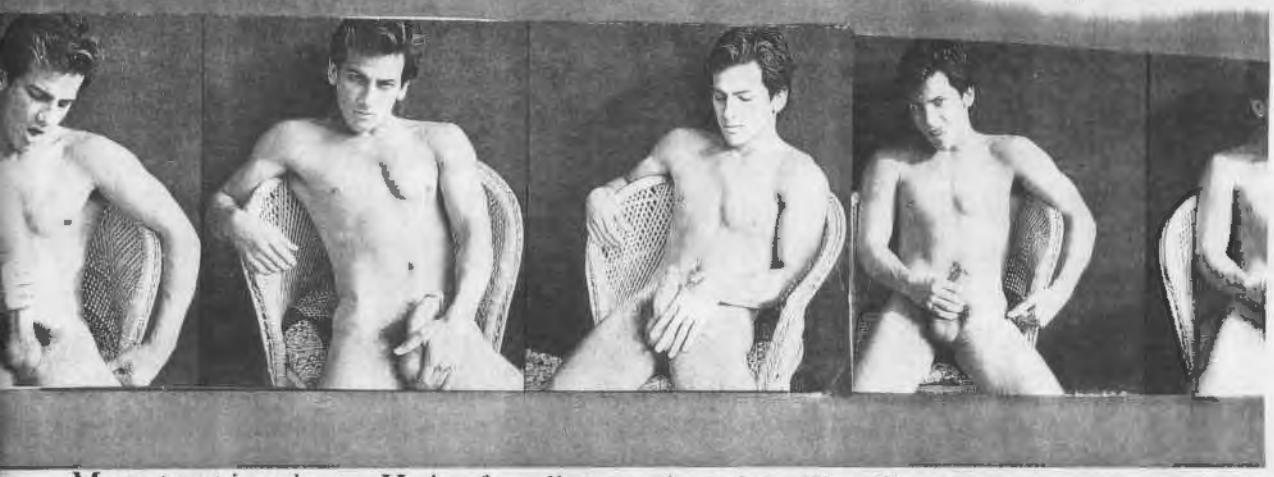
Love is on fire.
See if you can catch love.
Love is in everything you do.
Love is you.

THE PALE PEOPLE

©1992 Scarewear - Moon trent



Moon trent.bx 424801.san francisco,ca.94142-4801.usa



Moon trent is a singer. He is a founding member of the West Coast based group ***Mrs. Pale***. They record on *timmi-kat ReCords* in San Francisco.

Donny!

Make His Heart Pound!

LOVE* LETTERS from DONNY

****

50 *Private Thoughts of Love!*

donny:
LOVE LETTERS
LOVE LETTERS
LOVE LETTERS
LOVE LETTERS

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SUSAN
mini mag

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RuPaul is a revolution

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celebrating her new album release

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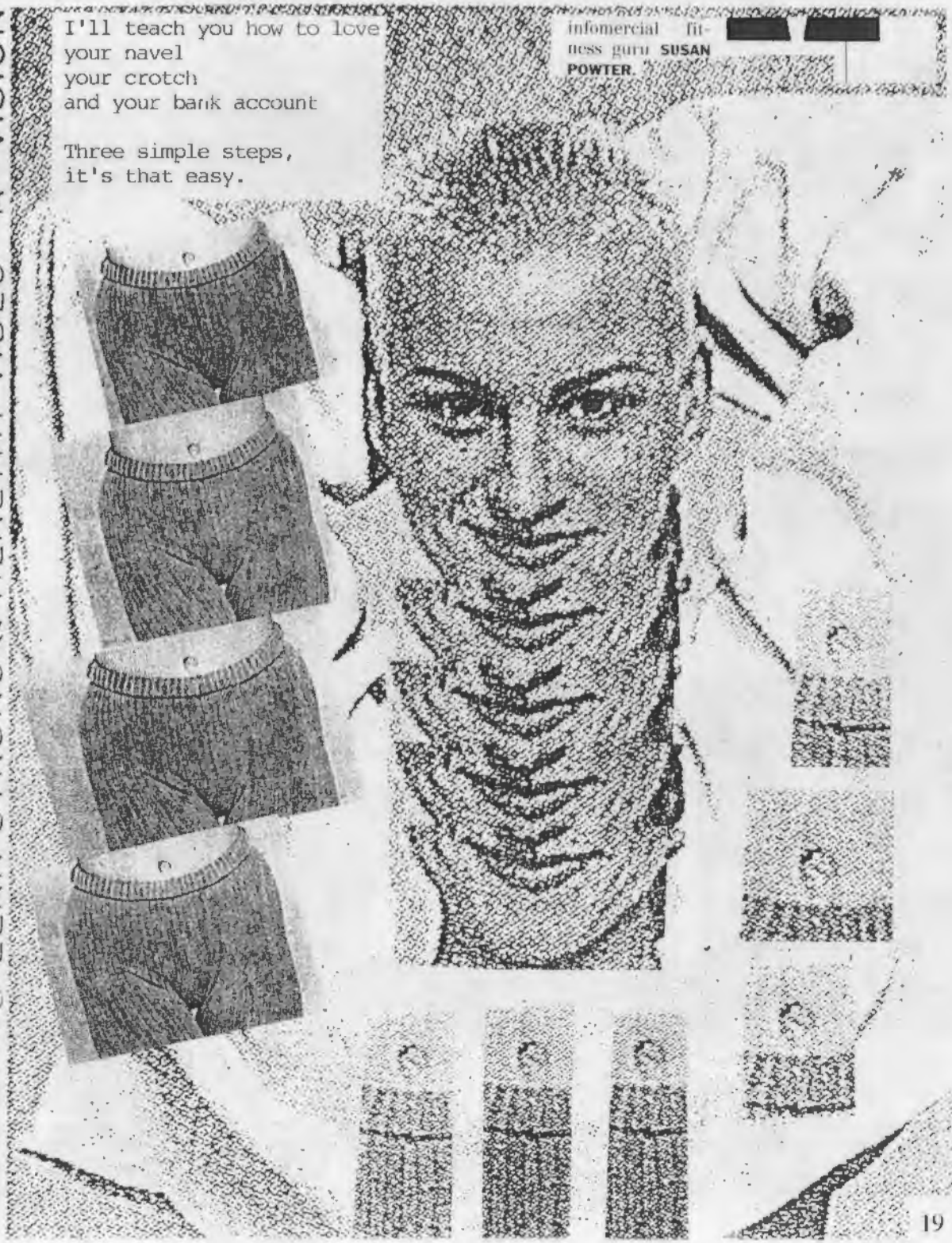
RuPAUL TO REPLACE SHANNEN DOHERTY ON 90210

a
a
revolution.

...especially in the White House.


I'll teach you how to love
your navel
your crotch
and your bank account
Three simple steps,
it's that easy.
infomercial fitness guru SUSAN POWTER.
© LEAN STRONG & HEALTHY VIDEO—A* VISION

June 18 - 25,1994

9 4

We all know the stereotyp
"sissy boys" who are always tl
to be picked for sports teams
classes, incapable of achieving
athletics, and "mannish dykes,'
tougher than most guys, bette
sports than most people, void
anything feminine. The dykes r
the best athletes, though hard

Unity '94
Queers in Sport & Art
Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival

Purpose

Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival will have an enormous impact in breaking down negative and harmful stereotypes about lesbians and gay men; in promoting positive role models, especially to lesbian and gay youth; in affirming the spirit, enthusiasm and well-being of lesbians and gay men; in promoting fitness in our community and showing what HIV-positive individuals can do; in promoting international cooperation among lesbian and gay cultural and athletic groups; in outreaching to numerous countries where lesbian and gay visibility is minimal or non-existent; and in establishing "mainstream" major corporate sponsorship for the lesbian and gay community.

s and gay men who dor
reotype, there is the op
ose the closet and stay
For all lesbians and gay
er, the Gay Games repr
ing incredible: an oppo
y the thrill of competiti
vidual and team sport
s, in an environment o
n and acceptance. At th

Gay Games IV

212.633.7474. It is also important to note that producing the Games takes resources — we need your financial support today. Please send your tax- deductible contribution to Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival, 19 West 21st Street, Suite 1202, New York, NY 10010.

Games Can Change the World

NEW YORK CITY JUNE 18–25, 1994

June 26, 1994 in New York

just a very few the Global Calendar listings...

June 18 - 25
Unity '94
Gay Games 4

On Sunday, June 26, 1994, over a million lesbians, gays, bisexuals and their supporters will converge on New York City for the International March on the United Nations to affirm the Human Rights of Lesbian and Gay people.

Come Home to Stonewall

Stonewall 25

A Global Celebration of Lesbian/Gay Pride and Protest

June 25, 1994: NYC
Worship Service for the Lesbian & Gay of Faith, Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches
Contact: 213-464-5100

June 25 - July 4
16th Annual Conference
International Lesbian & Gay Association
Contact in USA 212-620-7310, Center ILGA

June 26
International Stonewall 25 Pride Rally
Contact 212-807-80-PRIDE

June 26
International March on the United Nations to Affirm Human Rights of Lesbian and Gay People
Contact: 212-439-1031

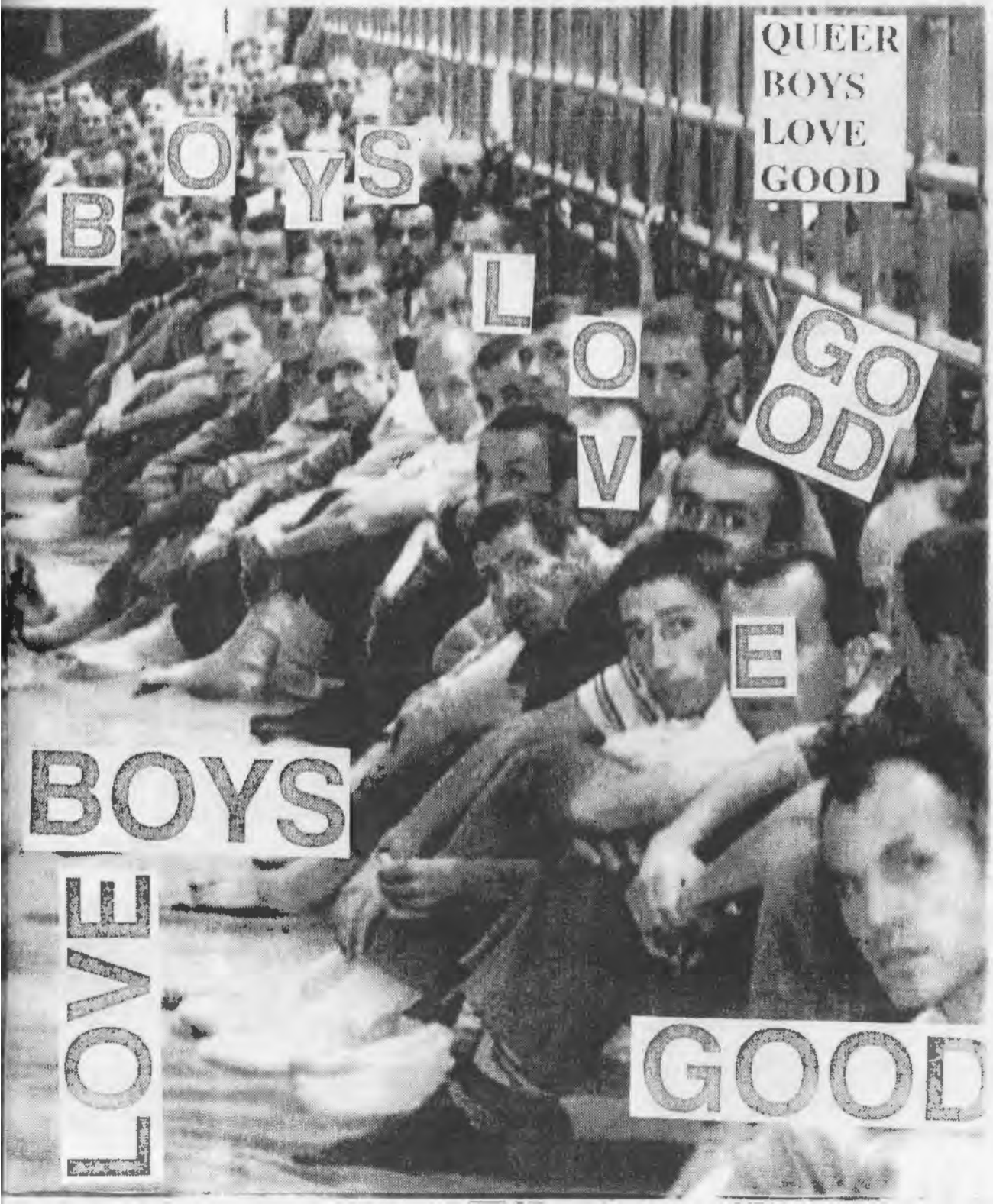
June 26
International Bisexual Conference
Contact: 212-459-4784

June 26
GALA Festival

Glorious drag queens, colorful floats, AIDS-support groups, marching bands and the full rainbow of our communities will mark the 25th anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion. We commemorate the evenings of June 27 - 28, 1969 when a small band of drag queens came to the aid of their dyke sister when she refused to enter the police van outside The Stonewall Inn. They were soon joined by a crowd of over 300 young lesbians, gays and street people who fought back against the cops and set off three days of street protests known as the "Stonewall Riots". This event was the catalyst that

Stonewall 25, Inc.
208 W 13 St.
NY, NY 10011-7799.
212-439-1031

QUEER
BOYS
LOVE
GOOD
QUEER
QUEER


QUEER
BOYS
LOVE
GOOD
BOYS
LOVE
GOOD
BOYS
LOVE
GOOD

I KNOW GENIUS WHEN I LAY UNDER IT
I KNOW A GENIUS WHEN I'M DIFFUSING BENEATH HIM
I KNOW TRUTH WHEN HIS TONGUE RIDES MY HIPBONE
I KNOW WHY MY FIGS ARE RIPE
YOU RIPEN MY FIGS
YOU MELT MY BUTTER
YOU STEW MY MEAT
YOU FROST MY CAKES
I KNOW TRUTH WHEN HIS TONGUE RIDES MY HIP
BONE BONE, OH
LASHES CRISSCROSS AS
I DRIFT INTO YOU AND SLUMBER
SLEEP OPENS THE CAGE AND
I WILL
YOUR APPROACH
SUCH GORGEOUS JAWS AND
THE ROUGH TONGUE OF A THOUSAND TEASING FINGERNAILS
SKIN SHREDS EASILY
FOR MY LION
I'M UNDONE
BLOOD SPURTS, POOLS
DELICIOUS
MY DREAMS COULD BREAK A BED

I KNOW GENIUS WHEN HE WAKES ME WITH A BLOWJOB
YOU SUCK ME INTO DAYBREAK AND
FOR A MOMENT, YES
I AM THE SUN

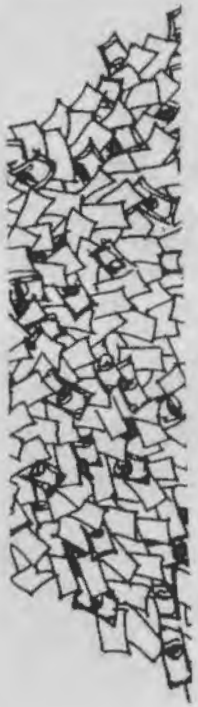
Michael Steifel
1993

$$$$ $$$$

TRUST, JOHN
THRUST, JOHN
I'LL SELL YOU MY PIECE
MY, PEACE
ITS UP
FOR SALE
MY MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY
MY CENTER
MY CORE
IS THIS PROSTITUTION?
A BAD THING?
SUCH PRIDE, SELF-DOUBT & FURY HAVE BROUGHT ME
TO YOU, JOHN
OH, JOHN
I OFFER YOU MY VENGEFUL PEACE
MY SAVAGE COMPASSION
MY CONCERN-
A SCALPEL EAGER TO CARVE OUT OUR MUTUAL
MALIGNANCY
GOSH, JOHN
I COULD RIP YOU TO SHREDS WITH MY GENEROSITY
MY HANDS MERGE WITH YOUR FLESH AND
SUBCUTANEOUS UNION APPROACHES
OH, LET ME
NO, BEG ME
TO JACK THE HEAD OF OUR FEMUR,
JOHN
COME ON
JOHN
GIVE A PRAYER FOR US BOTH
"OH, GOD!"
NOW LEAVE THE FIFTY BUCKS ON THE COFFEE TABLE
YOU PATHETIC LAZY DESPERATE FUCK.

$$$$

$$$$



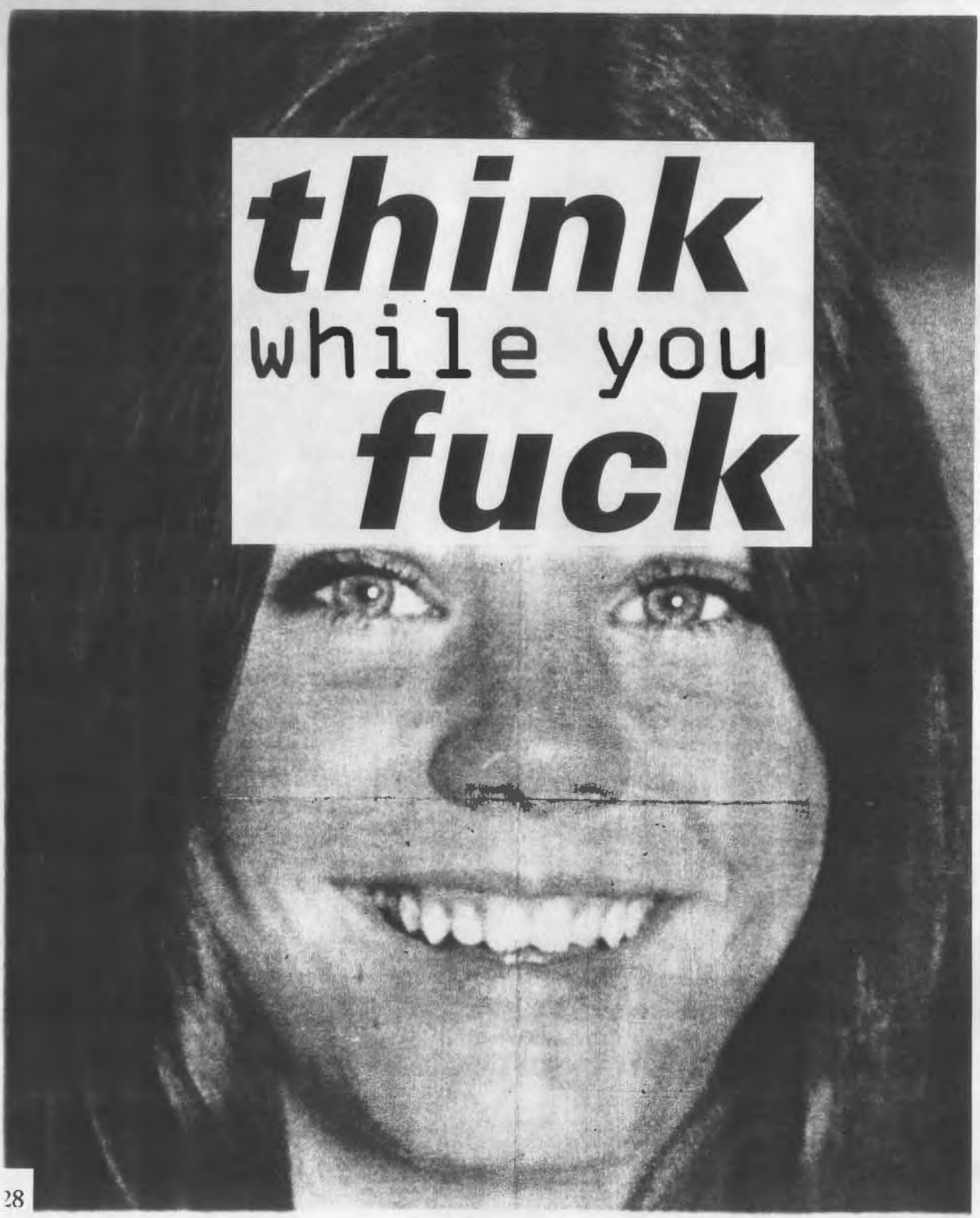
Michael Steifel
1993

I got balls *NYC June 93*

PHOTO c. Tomas Gaspar

When I first started masturbating I used to keep my balls between my legs - the stretched skin of my cock would then glow and the pleasure take me to a much awaited orgasm - these days I'm no longer hiding my balls - I shave them so they become as smooth as the mystic eggs of our forefathers - I feed them to my lovers and make sure they keep their eyes open to catch my asshole breathing or my hands stroking my cock as I am making love to myself, my horny self, my angry self, my higher self, my ecstatic self, my wounded self, - being in my power.

- Javier


think
while you
fuck

EVERY TENTH JESUS IS A QUEER.

From the boy who brought you

SUSAN

MINI MAG

Shake...it's about loving yourself.

Shake...it's about the approaching millennium.

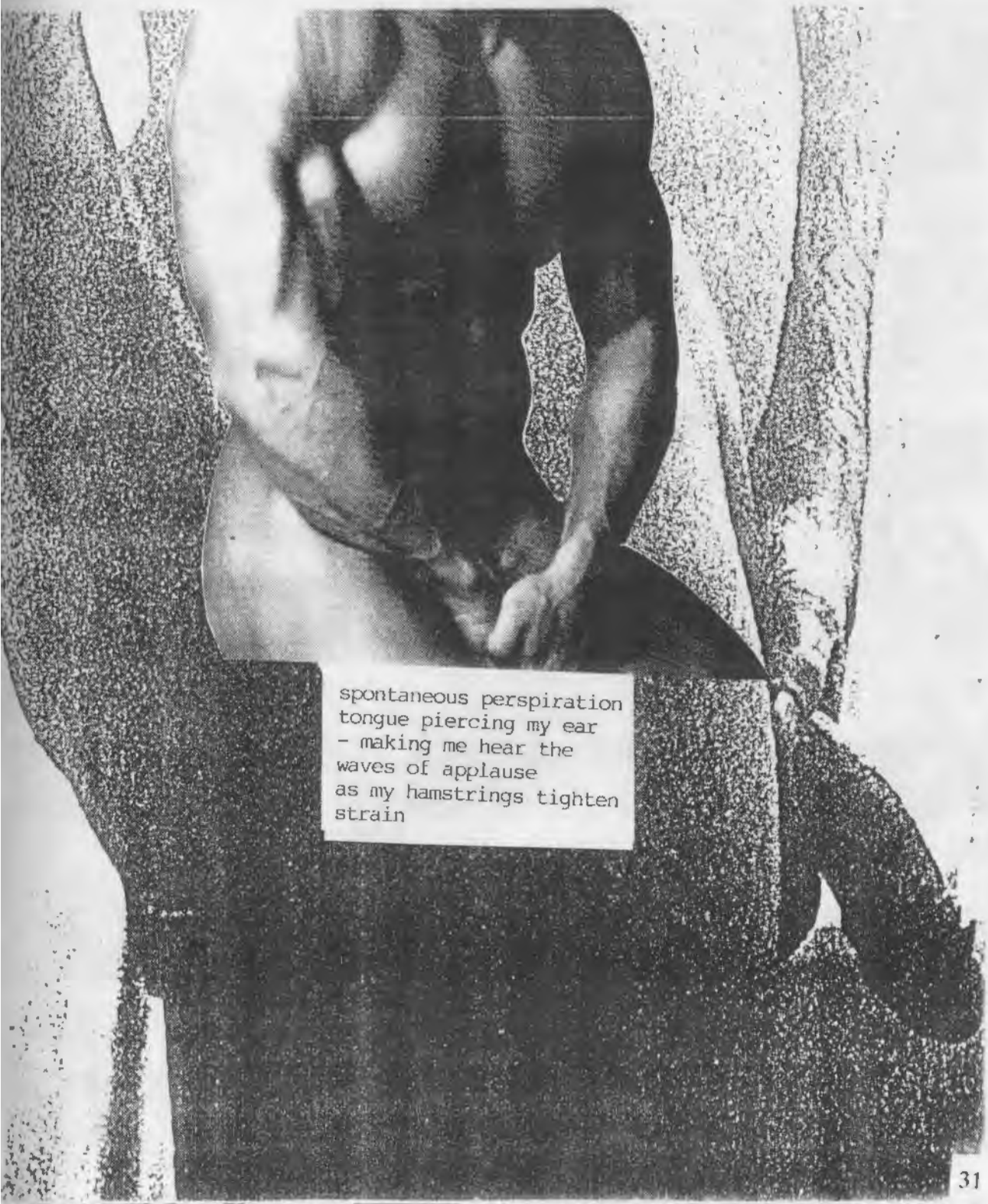
Shake...it's about healing.

Shake...it's about you.

Shake

a quarterly journal
for boys and girls who dig deeper.

Happening during the time of Scorpio 1993.


spontaneous perspiration
tongue piercing my ear
- making me hear the
waves of applause
as my hamstrings tighten
strain

SUSAN DEY

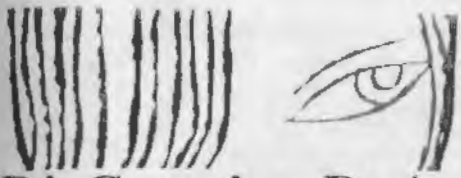
GIRL-TO-GIRL

* * *

DEY TIME — I think Susan Dey of "The Partridge Family" is one of the most attractive girls ever to appear on television. Where can I write her? — Jack February, Anchorage, Alaska.

"The Partridge Family" is filmed by Screen Gems. Write her c-o the studio, Burbank, Calif. 91505.

How to GET a "Summer Guy" & KEEP Him!



DisCovering DeAundra

by Mr. Rogers' Daughter

She entered my home with flashing trailer-park eyes. I knew her from watching her videos time and time again. One hand on the remote and the other, probing deeper and deeper as she sang to me on the T.V. But today she was here, in my living room, in the flesh. And in person, her voice dripped with an excited anticipation, anticipation of the weekend's main event. The March on Washington for Lesbian(!) and Gay Rights. You guessed the date. It was April 25, 1993 when she came into my life, my home on the day of the revolution.

She moved about her new surroundings and as she walked, I noticed her hips stretched and arched like a cat awakening from an afternoon nap in a sun drenched window. I was also anticipating the event, the March and what now could prove to be the highpoint of the weekend - finding us lazing the night away in each others arms.

"So, are ya'll ready for a good time," she asked this as though I were plural. "Yeah," I responded, pondering what this young thing named DeAundra Peek would do had she been aware of the one of me who wanted to take her then and there.

"I sure would like to see ya'll get a little bit excited!" As she spoke, she played awkwardly with the clasp on my necklace, returning it to it's special position guarding my cleavage. "You have a lovely home here, much cozier than the double-wide, oh, I do lovvvvveeeee cozy!" "Thank you," I replied, as composed as I could manage. "Would you like a beverage?" BEVERAGE??? I had never used that word before. "I have sweet tea or orange juice," I found myself saying. She declined the drink, and immediately began to inquire why I had placed the personal for a date to the March and how I felt when she responded to my ad and if I had ever dreamed that someone so famous would be accompanying me. Goodness,

GAY AMATEUR

I thought! This girl can ramble. I told her that all the other responses had been from women who wanted to be seen at the pre-rally and then disappear to a bedroom. I wondered if she would take the bait. After all, she told me she was 21, although I was sure she was years younger. She rolled her eyes and reminded me not to doubt her politicism.

Finally my pals were at the door and we were off. We rode the train with little conversation, each of us busy planning our own agendas. When we stepped out of the Metro station, we were overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of our queer revolution. My sweet Georgia Peach squeezed my hand as our eyes met for a brief moment before taking in all that the day had to offer. The drummers were drumming. Everyone in such bright colors and in the air, you could smell freedom and power and love. And Vienners. Everywhere we went, I could smell the signature scent that was DeAundra. We linked arms, she on my right and sashayed and chante-ed to the vendor area to pick up souvenirs. We giggled together like school girls at the leather man sporting his "I can't even whip straight" tee shirt. We went to find our marching order while Jesse Jackson pierced through the air, his cry for our freedom, his lesbian and gay sisters and brothers. I was overwhelmed with goosebumps, as DeAundra grabbed my arms and offered to rub it with some new Vienner anti-bump cream. I told her maybe later, and with that we were off. There were so many fun things to look at and discuss that time passed by very quickly. We fell into the rhythm of the day. We pointed our fingers and yelled ourselves hoarse, "Shame, Shame, Shame" at the right-wingers, all 20 of them to our million. I turned to DeAundra and signaled her a "thumbs-up". She grabbed me for a big ol' Southern hug. And I have to admit, I rarely meet another gal who can match my hugs. But that DeAundra, she's quite a big gal. And it was the hug that made us realize we would not be at the March much longer. The day was winding down as our passion for each other was mounting.

LOVE STORY

Without a word, we returned home on the train. Without even one sweet sentence out of her delicate, youthful mouth, I took her and she took me. We made love to "Can't Get Enough of Your Love", the Taylor Dayne remake, under the steps of my pool deck till the wee hours of the morning. And when we were done and she was sleeping soundly in my arms, it was then I decided to bronze the steps and have a plaque placed there in her honor, in our honor. I think something commemorating her coming out as a lesbian. A sistah. Doin' it for herself. You see, to the rest of the world, she'll always be a naive teenage superstar singing sensation. But I know the truth.

I took her that historical evening not so long ago. And she loved it.

Beagles are wonderful companions, gentle, playful and even-tempered. They are affectionate and adore children.

Dear Editor:

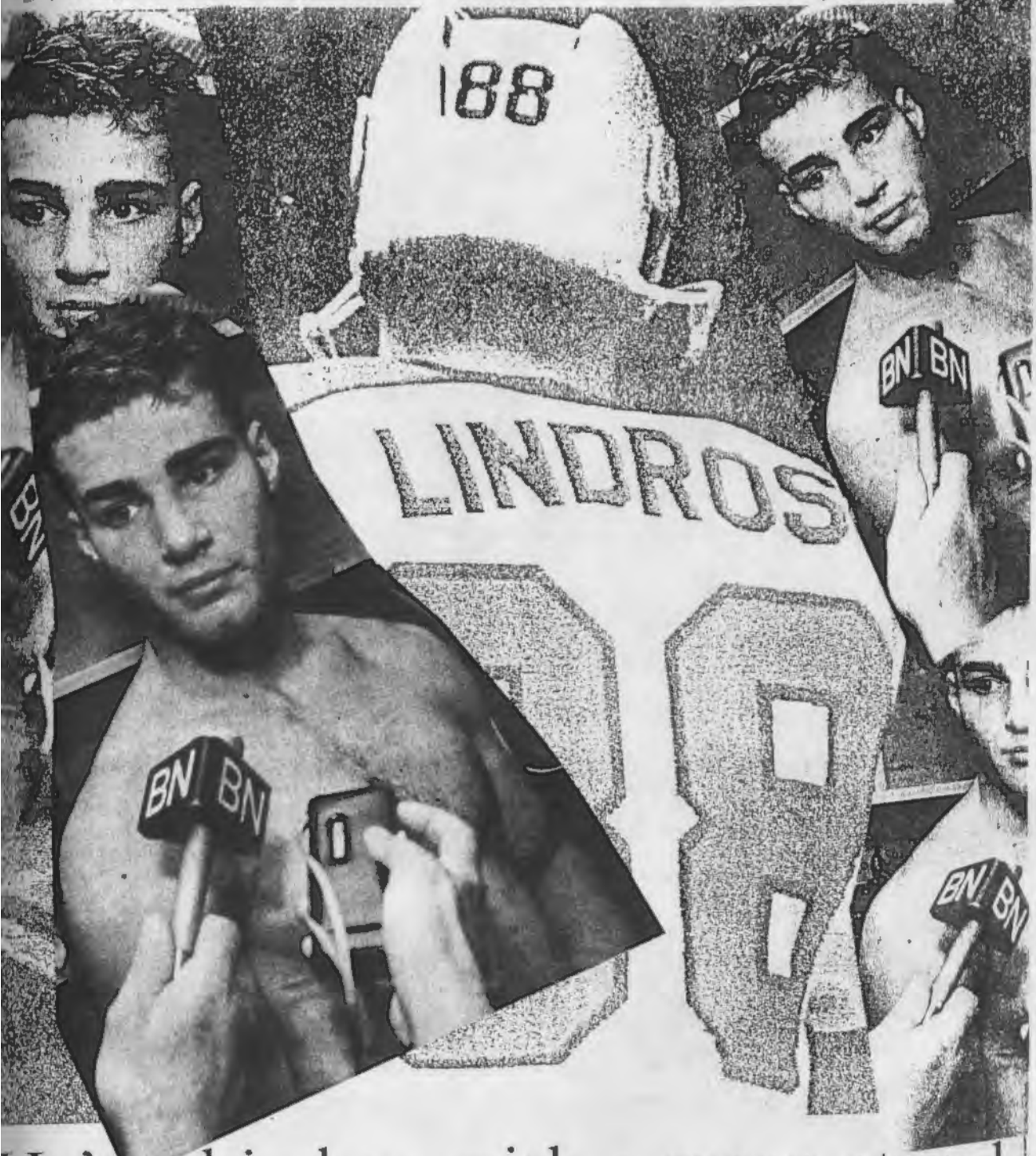
I've been buying TEEN PIN-UPS for a long time. But I've never seen a centerfold of Susan Dey. Please put one in. Also, can have her address?

Michael Conforti, Riverhead, N.Y.

Dear Michael:

Turn to page 28 for a sensational pin-up of Sweet Sue, then turn to page 26 for a cute color pin-up of Susan. Because everyone wants to

What if he's still growing? At 6 feet 4 and 235 pounds, the 20-year-old Lindros stands a head taller than most players and has become hockey's latest pinup.



He's a big boy with a mean streak

POSITIVELY ✢ POSITIVE

QUEER TROUBLE MAKERS LOVE GOOD

'If they fire me, I'll go to work in a lesbian bakery,' Hattoy says.

ACTIVE ✢ SEXY ✢ OPEN

On most days, Hattoy tries not to dwell on the agony of his predicament. Sometimes, though, he can't help it.

"Yuppies, young kids, come up to me at the White House and say: 'It's so great what's happened to you, Bob. All that fame from your AIDS speech.' And I'll say, 'Well, thank you, but there's a down side.' And they'll say, 'What's that?' And I'll say, 'I have AIDS'

"And believe me, I would trade with them. I would rather work in a bakery and not have AIDS than work in the White House with it." ■

SUPER! Sexy!

QUEER TROUBLE MAKERS LOVE GOOD

...especially in the White House.

Sensational! That's

Hattoy in the limelight at the Democratic convention.

GalacticaLly Speaking...

by Alex Miller-Mignone

If you've been thinking about a career move, this may be the year for it. 1993 witnesses the waxing Saturn/Pluto square, a time of breaking down old forms so newer and better ones may thrive.

The collective is feeling the urge to change and transform (Pluto) things like career, government and financial structures and hierarchies of all kinds (all Saturn). This is a waxing square, with Saturn pulling ahead of Pluto, so the emphasis is on action; no think tanks this year - the watchword is "change," and change now!

The pattern sees three exact hits: March and October 1993 and January 1994, but the energy will be felt throughout the year. On a personal level, if you're ready for a change (or even if you're not), this pattern will support a major shift in job or career.

On a more inward, psychological level, we are being challenged to rewrite the limiting life scripts which structure our reality. Saturn is limitations, boundaries, rules, regulations and restrictions: it is "can't" and "should." "Don't do this;" "you ought to do that." The square to Pluto says, "why?" It opens us to the reality that most of our limitations are self imposed or grafted onto us in childhood from parents, teachers and others.

Saturn is also structure, form, organization and reality framing. Pluto is the great and powerful prefix: "RE-".

"REstructure."
"REform."
"REorganize."
"REframe your reality."

It is ultimately, <u>your</u> reality, after all. Saturn is also responsibility, and the square is showing us that we have a responsibility to ourselves and others to reclaim our power to order our existence as we see fit. To make our own rules and accept responsibility for our lives. To regenerate (Pluto) ourselves by examining and discarding outmoded life scripts which foster limitation and disempowerment, replacing them with an internal structure which affirms life and choice, and embraces constant change.

Will we be up to the challenge of the cosmos? Only time will tell...

PSYCHIC POWER

***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

THE WAR ON AGING

2. Why Do We Age?

BLOOD AND TEARS

Seems as if every time I come out of my fog, I keep coming back to this issue of HIV and aging. Have I missed something over the past couple of years or has no one considered making the connection before?

Why don't researchers ask people who've been exposed to the virus, what should be researched. Even random questionnaires would be helpful.

Everyone I know talks of some sort of aging process happening to them. Stiff joints, shortness of breath, early greying, premature hair loss, occasional memory loss, these are just the tip of the iceberg. Are we all just paranoid? Are we aging naturally? Or is the stress of this virus and the social ramifications aging us more rapidly?

Are there correlations between older humans and people in various stages of the disease process?

Alex Miller-Mignone writes "*Galactically Speaking...*" for Susan mini mag. He is an incredible astrologer and is now available for personal readings to our readers. Make sure you mention SMM when you call.

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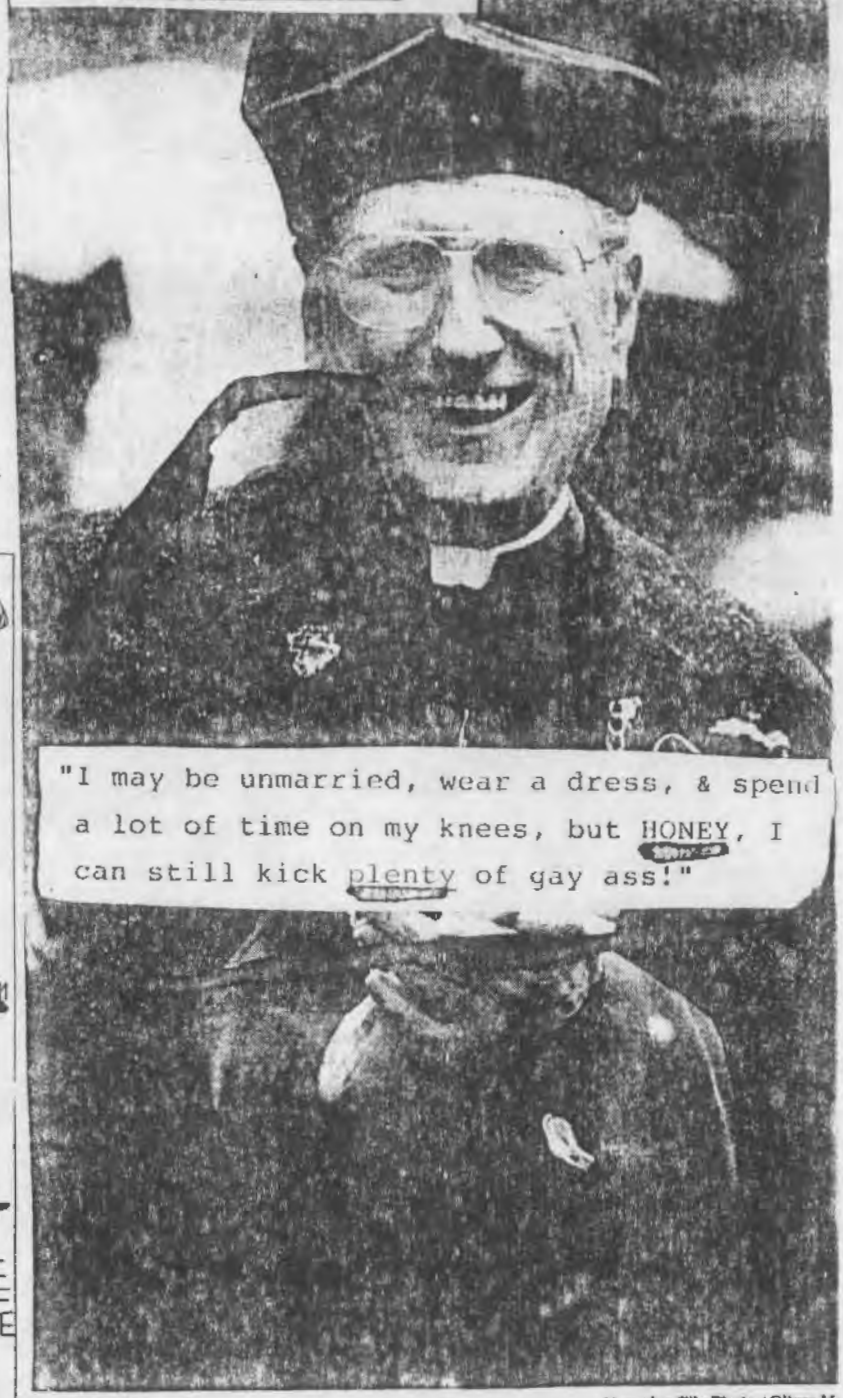
ALEX MILLER-MIGNONE

ENEMY OF GAY COMMUNITY?
(First of series)



Newsday File Photo / Oliver M

PRAYERS & POLITICS. O'Connor smiles at St. Patrick's Day marchers.

Dating Secrets
by your friend Hughie

HERE IS SOMETHING EVERYONE MUST KNOW:

Breaking up is hard to do.

And when two men are involved, it can be downright confusing.

Some men are very straight forward when breaking up. They'll invite their "soon to be ex" over, cook his favorite meal, then tell him he's seeing his best friend. Still, other men seem to have an aversion to ending a relationship. They prefer to take the passive mode, allowing the relationship to self destruct. They can't be bothered by dramatic farewells, the questioning of motives, endless discussions, closure therapy. They are bored and want out. "Click, dialtone, goodbye. Yes, on your mary way." To quote RuPaul.

I remember the first time a boy broke up with me. I was 17 and had been in a pseudo affair, for four years with the boy who lived across the street. It was Friday night and as usual, I went over to Larry's to suck some cock. That evening he told me that he didn't have time because his girlfriend Sarah would be there shortly. He never called me again. I guess Sarah gave good head too! It was all down hill from there. More recently, a doorman told me that my date was not coming down. Ever!

Everyone, with the possible exception of _____(fill in your current fav porn star), has a story like the above. You may have dated a few weeks, or a few years. You may have shared a cab or an apartment. The details never matter. For some reason, he thinks the decision to break up is none of your business.

You sense a break-up is brewing and try to get your partner to sit down and fess up. No deal. The average queer male gets this "beam me up Scotty" look on his face as soon as you mention the word *discussion*. He treats you as if your trying to serve him a subpoena. Then, when you finally get the nerve to ask him what the fuck is up, he pretends you're imagining the whole thing. It's all part of the game, and evidently the winner is the one who can quit the game without ever talking about. But don't think I'm jaded or anything. Read on. There's more.

Most fags think that even making a phone call is excessive when ending a relationship. "What's the point?", they want to know. The humane thing, they've decided, is not to call, but instead to disappear like the Lone Ranger. Meanwhile, I've been washing me hair with the water off - just in case he calls. And just in case he does call, I have hourly updates on my machine as to my where abouts. "I'm at work now, but I'll be back by 6." "I'm at the gym." "I'm taking out the trash,

Weird & Useless Information

I'll be right back." Meanwhile, his machine has the same message as always, "I'm not home, see ya."

Stranded without an explanation my friends always seem to comment, "What did you do this time to chase him away?" "He seemed so nice, kind of kept to himself." But of course, I know the truth.

It's a rare and brave man that breaks up in person. Most likely, he has a 12-step program and does volunteer work. He'll say things you've heard before. "I'm unable to make a commitment." "I don't have time to be the boyfriend you deserve." Then he'll add, "I hope we can eventually be friends." "I'd really miss your company."

One more thing before I go. I've just gone through another break-up. Don't ever date a man under 25. Oh, and next issue, I'll be joined by my co-host for this column Dan. We'll be giving you the latest tips for successful dating in the gay 90's .

Your Friend Hughie is Susan mini mag's Philadelphia scene correspondent. His column is a regular feature new this issue.

"We must destroy the myths once and for all...shatter them. We must continue to speak out and, most importantly, every gay person must come out. As difficult as it is, you must tell your relatives, you must tell your friends (if indeed they are your friends), you must tell your neighbors, you must tell the people you work with, you must tell the people in the stores you shop in...Once they realize that we are indeed their children, that **we are indeed everywhere**-every myth, every lie, every innuendo will be destroyed once and for all. And once you do, you will feel much better!" HARVEY MILK (November 8, 1977)

CASA DI CARNALE presents:

"In my Father's House are many Mansions..."
by 'Alternate Realities'

It's out there, I know.
The reality.
My reality.
The One I signed up for.

The one with the palm trees.

The one where I'm happy,
and more: content.
Where I'm successful,
and liking it.

The one where he is there
like the God
and it feels so good to worship.

The one with the palm trees.

It's out there.
I know.

And I'm gonna find the sonofabitch.

"...if it were not so, I would not have told you."

Quotes from Jesus Christ.

'Alternate Realities' is another dimension of Alex Miller-Mignone who is a writer and astrologer. He writes 'Galactically Speaking' for Susan mini mag and lives in Philadelphia.

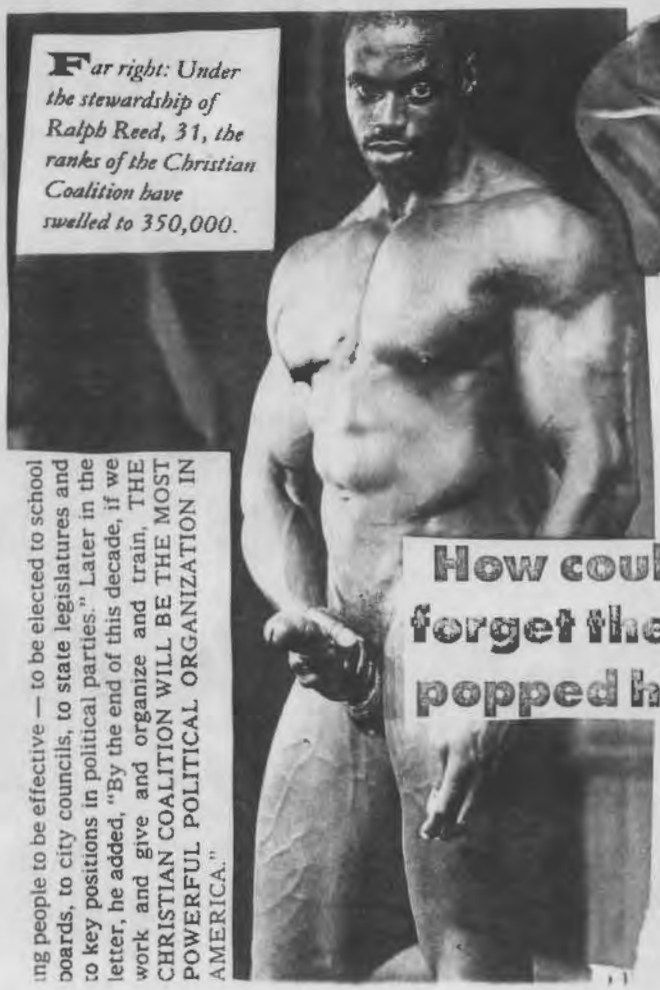
Christian Coalition

The Sex Party Of The Century

But this whole issue, as Christie Adkisson already knew, was almost beside the point. Randy Miller, the ostensibly moderate candidate, was anti-abortion and was even opposed by many gay activists. For once, the Christian conservatives felt, the battle was being fought on their terms; that groups like the Christian Coalition could finally force a halt to what they see as a militant homosexual agenda and the decline of traditional morality.

"People are concerned," Christie Adkisson says. "They care. They recognize the importance of their involvement now."

Homosexuals have had a methodical plan, says a Christian Coalition member. 'That's why we've had to wake up.'



Far right: Under the stewardship of Ralph Reed, 31, the ranks of the Christian Coalition have swelled to 350,000.

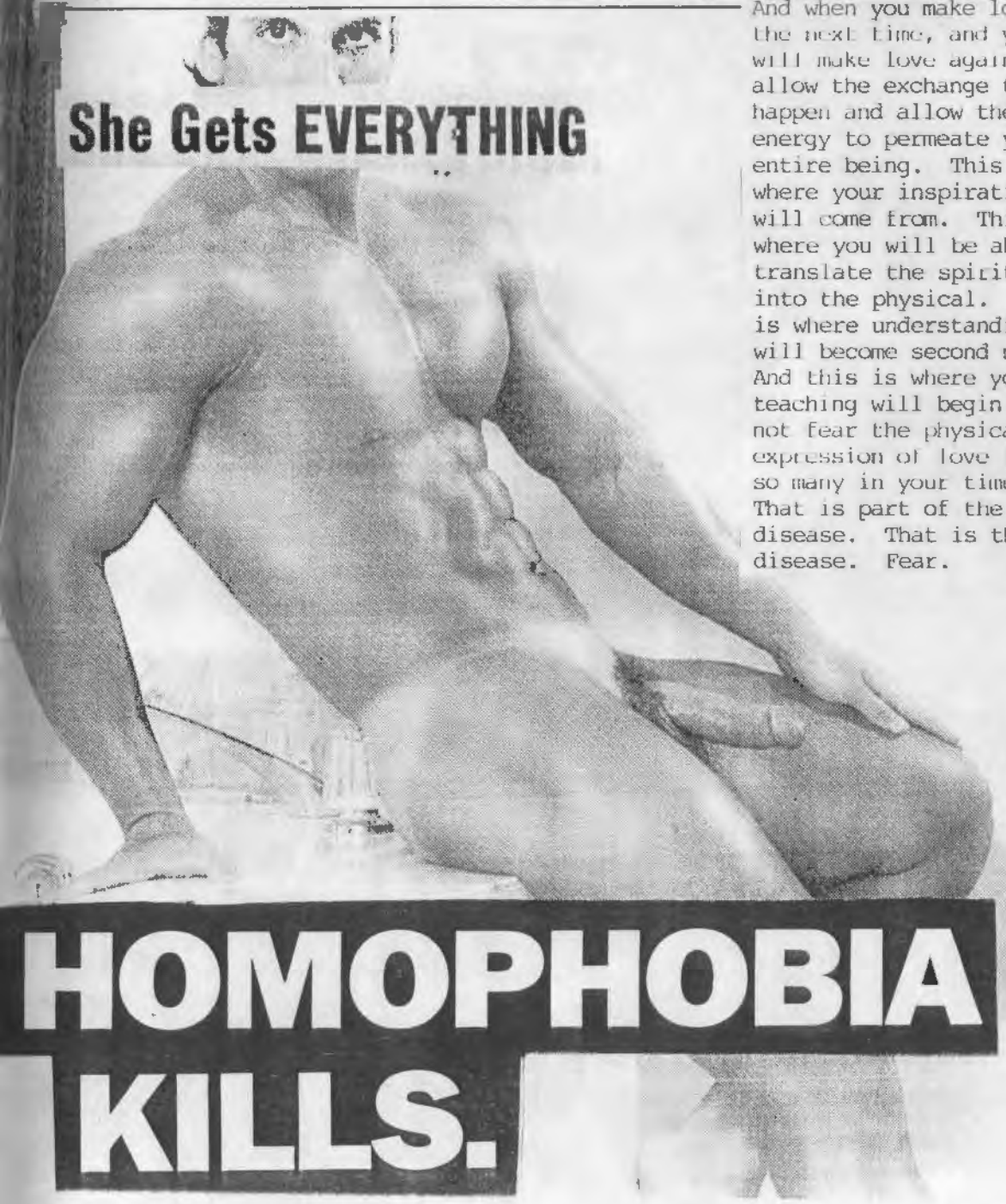
ing people to be effective — to be elected to school boards, to city councils, to state legislatures and to key positions in political parties." Later in the letter, he added, "By the end of this decade, if we work and give and organize and train, THE CHRISTIAN COALITION WILL BE THE MOST POWERFUL POLITICAL ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA."

How could he ever forget the man who popped his cherry?

Come out Ralph Reed and make peace with yourself. Stop hating your brothers and sisters as much as you hate yourse You are a fag. A big fag. A big homo hating fag. Handle it and fill yourself with love.

BUTCH

Getting asked out on a date is the greatest thing that can happen to a girl—and also the scariest, especially if she's not exactly sure about how to act! Don't worry—Susan Dey's going to tell you some of her dating secrets and maybe they'll work for you!



She Gets EVERYTHING

And when you make love the next time, and you will make love again, allow the exchange to happen and allow the love energy to permeate your entire being. This is where your inspiration will come from. This is where you will be able to translate the spiritual into the physical. This is where understanding will become second nature. And this is where your teaching will begin. Do not fear the physical expression of love like so many in your time. That is part of the disease. That is the disease. Fear.

HOMOPHOBIA KILLS.

My Head In Dread

by John Malatesta

---1

He thought I was a home boy
but he saw I was a gay boy.
He thought I was a bro' to him
not a different breed than him.

Ipsy, bitsy spider lost
you're only a web supporter.
I thought you were a butterfly
disguised as a caterpillar,

---2

One day
on the way
to subway A
A guy
passed by
who yelled
You must die!

I heard a girl laugh
a beer bottle smash.
I heard a hand slap
erroneous rap.

The guy who passed by
who yelled you must die
yelled *All faggots die*
all faggots must die!

Something meta-more
something in store
something errupt
removing the cupped.

I wished he were dead
my gun to his head.
Smelled blood on the ground
heard the gun's righteous sound.

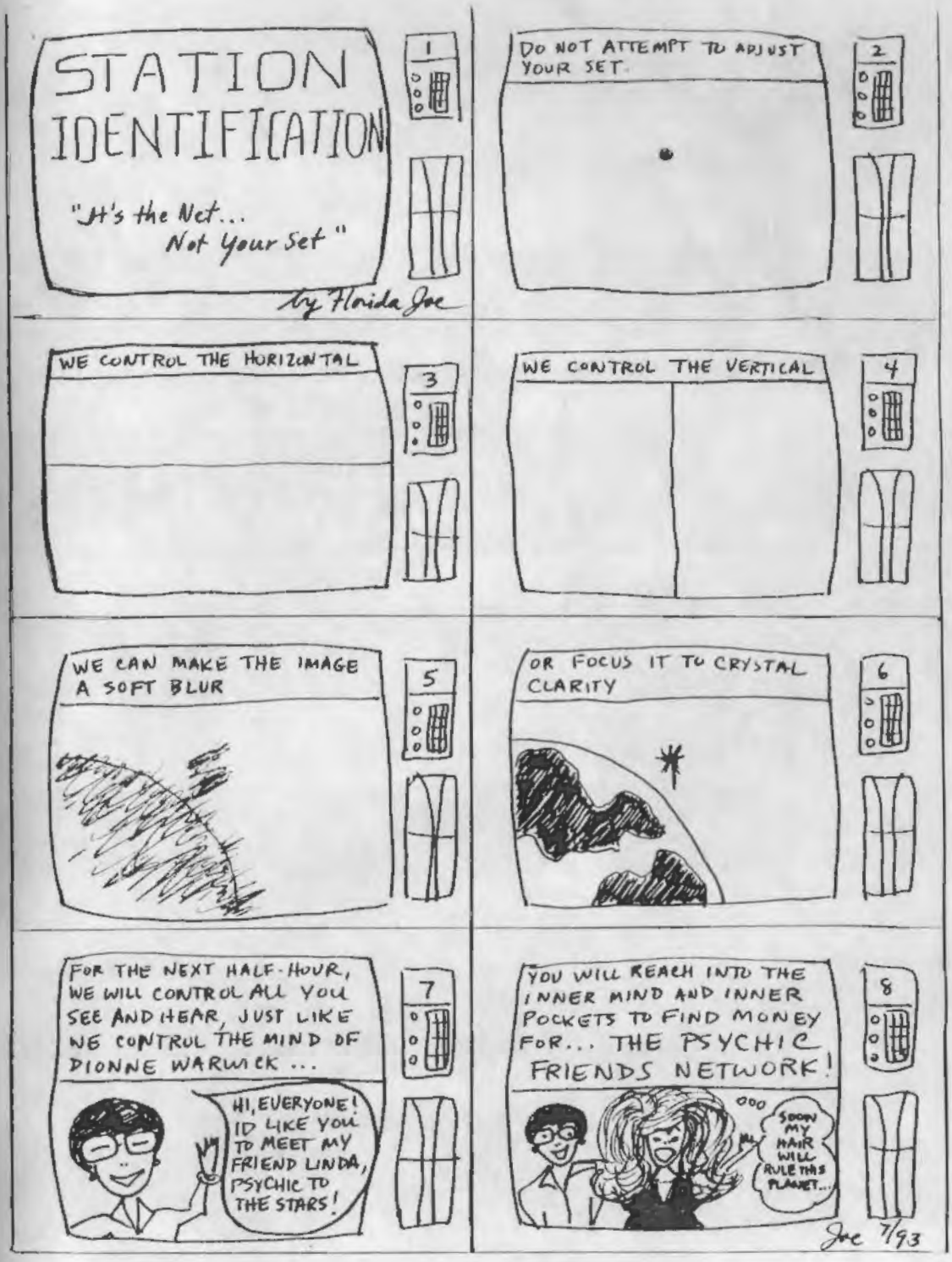
The gun's righteous sound
I heard the gun's sound.
Saw blood on the ground.
Heard the gun, heard the sound.

---3

So I copied his hair
and copied his wear
with apathy walk
with very little talk.

---4

He thought I was a home boy
fuck!
just a gay boy.


STATION IDENTIFICATION
"It's the Net... Not Your Set"
by Florida Joe
1
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ADJUST YOUR SET.
2
WE CONTROL THE HORIZONTAL
3
WE CONTROL THE VERTICAL
4
WE CAN MAKE THE IMAGE A SOFT BLUR
5
OR FOCUS IT TO CRYSTAL CLARITY
6
FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR, WE WILL CONTROL ALL YOU SEE AND HEAR, JUST LIKE WE CONTROL THE MIND OF DIONNE WARWICK ...
HI, EVERYONE! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FRIEND LINDA, PSYCHIC TO THE STARS!
7
YOU WILL REACH INTO THE INNER MIND AND INNER POCKETS TO FIND MONEY FOR... THE PSYCHIC FRIENDS NETWORK!
SOON MY HAIR WILL RULE THIS PLANET...
8
Joe 7/93

beautiful tribal dog

NOW!

So, what is it about healing yourself that scares you?
People do it everyday.
You can do it.
You know you have all the tools you need.
You've already started the process.
You yourself have acknowledged it has begun.

So, why can't you see the light at the end of the tunnel?
Others see the changes in you, noticeable changes.
They comment and compliment and urge you on.
You are doing the work.
Each day you are doing the work.

So, which mirror do you have to look into to see what is really going on?
To see the changes and the beauty and the reality of your healing.
To see what the others have already seen and continue to see.
You have to find that mirror.

So, when are you going to allow yourself the truth?
Not the god-awful truth.
The purity and possibility of your own personal truth.

So, where will you begin?
Remember, this is the last hurdle.

Take a deep breath and smile, knowingly.

Philip Bahr
1993

SEX HEALS

Simplicity

FASHION NEWS

IT'S YOUR LIFE STYLE

young and zippy

career bound

gals on the go

9648

(See Page 2)