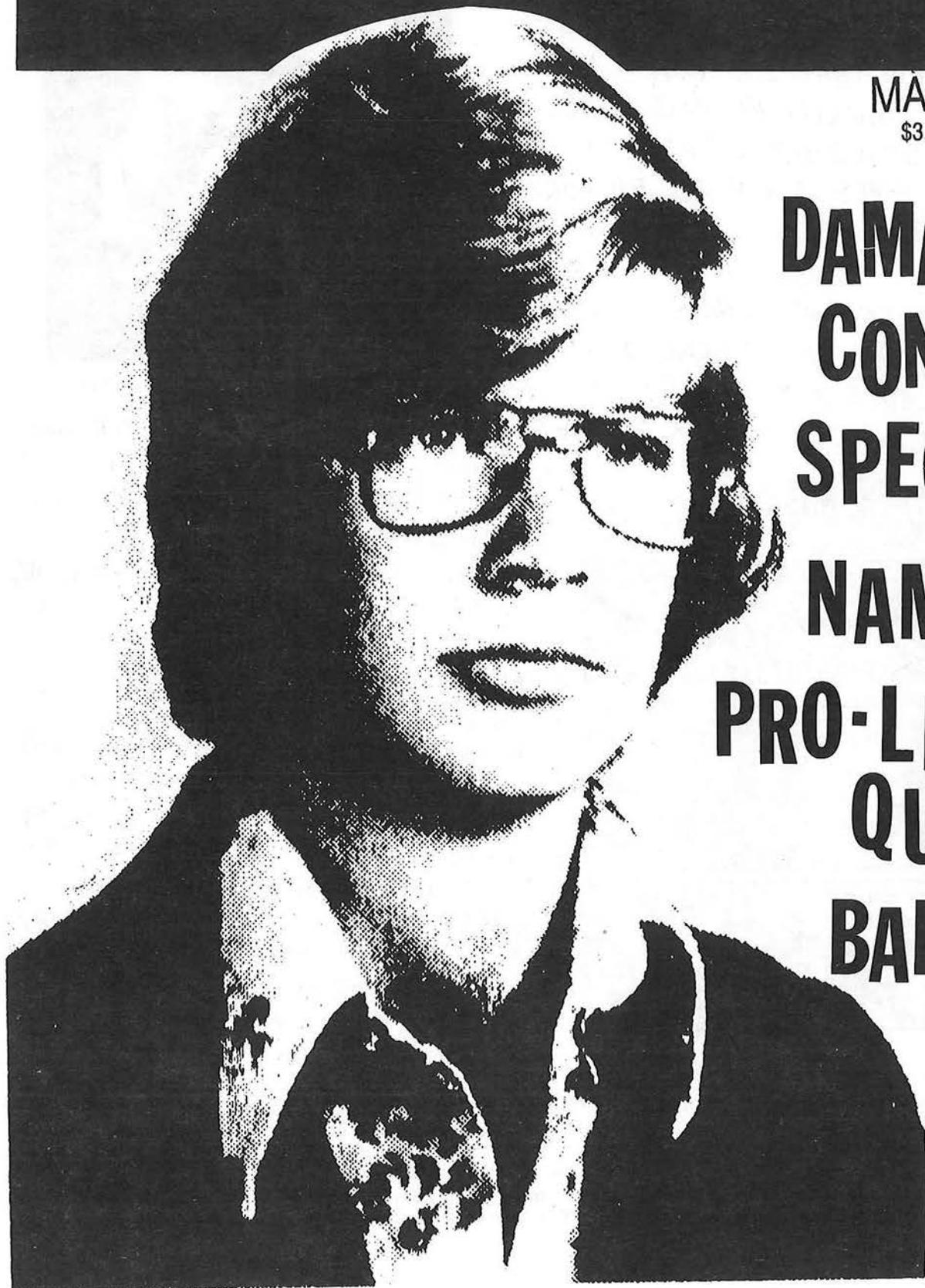


# TEEN FAG

MAGAZINE

\$3.00 Issue #4



**DAMAGE  
CONTROL  
SPECIAL:**

**NAMBLA**

**PRO-LIFE  
QUEERS**

**BAD BAD**

**HOMOS**

# TEEN FAG

P.O. Box 20204, SEATTLE, WA 98102



Hi AGAIN EVERYBODY! YEAH I KNOW IT'S BEEN A WHILE BUT SOMETIMES THAT HAPPEN'S. NOW THAT I'M BORED WITH CABLE TV I SHOULD RESUME A REGULAR PUBLISHING SCHEDULE... SINCE I ACTUALLY WROTE (AND TYPED!!) A REAL "EDITORIAL" THIS ISSUE I'M KEEPING THIS PART SHORT. IF YOU WANT TO BUY AN AD IN TEEN FAG, WRITE + LET ME KNOW (THEY'RE CHEAP!!)- IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN ORDERING MULTIPLE COPIES, I GIVE DISCOUNTS ON ORDERS OVER TEN (COPIES)- BACK ISSUES ARE ALL SOLD OUT! LOOK FOR

A COMPILATION OR ISSUES 1-3 THIS SUMMER! CONTRIBUTIONS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME - ISSUE #5 WILL HAVE A "MEDICAL" THEME, SO ANY THING VAGUELY CONNECTED IS PREFERRED (DRUGS, OPERATIONS, ETC..) CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

BUCK ROTH ; CARLA FIGEROVIA ; TOM KIPP; SARAH BELL; DION HANSEN; KATHY SAWHILL; TIM COOK; MILES LONG; TOM CRITES; TONY ARENA; BLAIR WILSON; DAVID KELLY; D.B. Vel Veeda; JON WALT; MARC CRISAFULLI; CAMILLA BEA BEA  
SPECIAL THANKS TO: MARK WESTWOOD, TIM WICINSKI and Cynthia Connolly!

MY NAME'S GORDON GORDON  
THANK YOU FOR BUYING MY ZINE!

POEM BY HAL SIROWITZ

## FOR YOUR EDUCATION

ART BY BLAIR WILSON

#416 B WILSON © 1993 H SIROWITZ © 1993



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# editorials

Welcome to the newest issue of Teen Fag. I realize it's been a bit of time since I last published an issue, and many of you haven't heard from me during this time, but rest assured that every thing is going well for me here in (sometimes) sunny Seattle. So many things have been happening since I last wrote, that if I wanted to, I could probably just fill up this entire issue with my own ranting and ravings... but I don't want to do that. Instead I think I'll just make a few quick points about some of the things that have been on my mind lately.

First off I'd like to mention that it was very disappointing how many people decided to vote in the last national election. With so many conservative Republicans insinuating how much they hate queers, poor people and minorities in the past, I'd have thought people would have turned out in record numbers to vote and keep them out of office. I guess I was wrong, since now the Congress (and television news reports) are over run with these types promoting and pushing for their version of an America which will benefit big corporations (and themselves), much more than it will anyone else. If these people really cared about the citizens of this country they'd be taking a good hard look at laws that benefit greedy businessmen, instead of single mothers and prisoners. Is it really that difficult to figure out that bankruptcy laws and bail outs do more to keep this country in the red than benefits to poor people, or prisoners having their own tv's?

In this kind of political environment it's also hard to imagine any sort of national gay civil rights legislation even being considered. Since the queer community also encompasses all other sorts of groups (such as single mothers, minorities, prisoners, etc.), who are being more directly threatened by the Government, any sort of focus on gay rights is equally diminished. There's only so many hours in a day that anyone can spend dealing with political shit; when you also have to work, eat, sleep, go to school, look after the kids (or whatever), any sort of time spent on politics is eventually going to boil down to whether you want to look out for your ass, or your dick (so to speak). Since the majority of the queer community can easily camouflage themselves within the general population, it's not hard to predict that our individual asses are going to be our main concern. If it's a choice between sexual/political freedom/equality and money, is there really that much of a choice? I don't think so.

Many queers rightfully deride President Clinton because he's given up on many of his campaign promises to us, such as letting openly gay people serve in the military, but is that really any reason to jump ship to the Republican Party or even apathy? At least he acknowledged our existence as citizens and considered queers important enough to give lip service to, as opposed to the hostility we've received from his opponents. While the Democrats are no better than the Republicans when it comes to sucking up to big business, at least the Democrats don't appeal to the Christian Right and other queer bashers, (many of whom don't want you to know they're part of the Christian Right). As this last election has shown, apathy and disappointment is the greatest force working against us when it comes time to vote and I think it would be a big mistake to

let it happen again.

The quickest and most obvious side effect from the last election, was Clinton's firing of Surgeon General, Joycelyn Elders, for mentioning masturbation publicly. Needless to say her remarks were a breath of fresh air in the political arena, and her subsequent dismissal a shock to most reasonable people. I don't exactly remember what she said, but basically it was to the effect that masturbation isn't something to be ashamed of and that young people should realize that it's a good way to satisfy their sex drive, at least until they're emotionally ready to engage in sex with someone else. I don't think she mentioned that mutual masturbation is also a good way to engage in physical play with someone else, without actually having any sort of penetration. It's fun. It feels good. And it's very very safe, (just watch out for any open cuts on your hands). I don't think anyone would be disappointed if their first sexual encounter with a new partner was mutual masturbation, and if things go well, you can always engage in other activities later.

For those of you who wish to further explore the eroticness of self masturbation, there's a newsletter called *Celebrate The Self* which is published by Factor Press. It's totally about male solo sex, and there's an ad for it elsewhere in this issue.



BLAIR WILSON

Since the last issue came out I've received a few inquiries concerning the name of this zine - Teen Fag, and my age, which is 34. When I came up with this name it never occurred to me that people would mistake me for a teen, or that anyone would think that I was trying to pass myself off as one. It's just a name I came up with one night. The first issue was almost finished and I wasn't happy with the names I had already decided on (it was either going to be "Light Bulb" or "Fly"). Suddenly I came up with the name Teen Fag and I loved it. It was eye catching; it had the word "fag" in it, which made it an obvious queer zine; I had always liked the names of punk zines, such as "Teen Pig" and "Sick Teen"; and it brought to my mind different aspects of my life, growing up as a gay kid in the Midwest, which continues to influence how I look at things today. I find the name very motivational, because it helps



me remember how I looked at things then, as well as now.

With Teen Fag, I'm not attempting to create a queer "Sassy" (or any other sort of zine which is published by adults for kids), it's just the name for my zine. If teen's actually read and like Teen Fag, then I'm as happy as I would be if anyone did, although truthfully I doubt if many do. Instead I imagine they see it on the newsstand, or see it listed somewhere, and think about someday being "out" enough to buy a copy for themselves. (Maybe you guys are already buying it, I dunno.) I can't pretend I know what it is that today's teen's are interested in, because I don't, and I can't tell teen's the best way to guide their lives, because I'm still trying to figure out how best to run mine. But because the word "teen" is in the name of this zine I do make a few conscious efforts to make Teen Fag accessible to everyone. Like avoiding anything that could be considered pornographic, so retailers can't deny the sale of this zine to anyone on the basis of age. Ideally kids should be able to buy and read anything they want to, but unfortunately that isn't the case in this country, so in Teen Fag I won't publish any frontal nudity. But that's pretty much it.

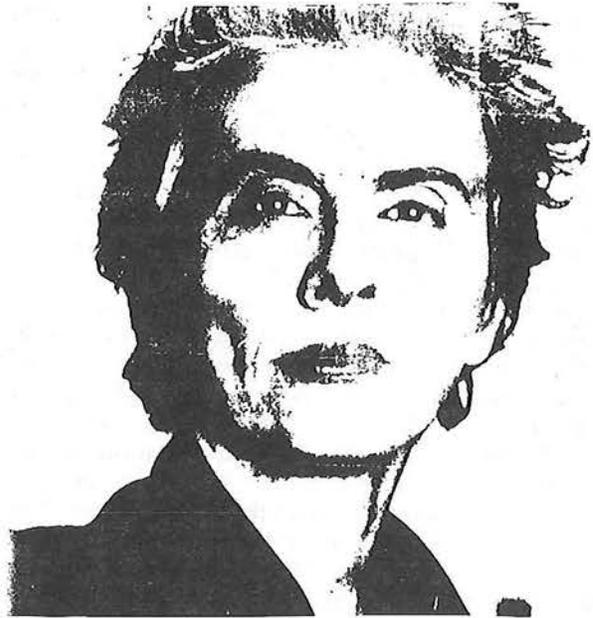
Still these questions that have been directed towards me have made me slightly paranoid (one of my more charming traits) and I wonder if I should change the name of this zine. Certainly the inclusion of the NAMBLA ad in this issue isn't going to convince some people that I don't have some sort of hidden agenda going on. I'm curious to what you readers think. Should I change the name of this zine? Should I mention my age in each issue? Am I too concerned about a non-issue and stop worrying about it? Please tell me.

This issue is my "Damage Control Special" and a salute to all the queers that the main stream gay community would like you to forget about. At least they'd like you to forget about their sexuality. I've always found these people fascinating for some reason, especially the serial killers. I don't know if this is part of the myth of gay male self-hatred that I'm always reading about, or because I've always liked scary monsters. Obviously there's many more people out there I could have also focused on under this theme (drag queens, ex-gay Christians, etc), but for now this is my humble effort. Hope you like it. Chow!

gordon<sup>2</sup>

## Why I Hate Camille Paglia

By Dion Hansen



Where do I begin? There was a time, back when I was still Catholic and closeted, when I would have *loved* Camille. We both admire the hidden pagan and S/M elements lurking below the surface of Catholic pornography--oops, I mean iconography, with its nubile nude young martyrs in bondage, and the not-so-hidden Isis/Ishtar symbolism incorporated into portraits of the Virgin Mary. We both love porn. The topics that she writes about are the same ones I have always been interested in: art, sex, religion, sex, politics, fashion, philosophy, and sex. When she's at her best, it's hard to put her books down, even when you totally disagree with her point of view.

One of my main problems with her is that she complains that feminists bitch and whine too much. Tell me, what the fuck else does this screeching banshee do for a living besides bitch and whine? Have you ever seen her on TV before? Her voice sounds like cross between the Harriet Olsen character from Little House on the Prairie and the buzzing of a mosquito, and she won't shut up.

Lesbians, according to her, are humorless "sleeping bags with legs" who contribute absolutely nothing to our culture. She's very bitter because, as she admits, she couldn't get laid for a whole decade, until just last year. No, it wasn't her unpleasant personality that turned off self-respecting dykes. No. The entire lesbian world is to blame for that. Come on, you have to either be ugly, or really disagreeable--or both--if it takes you ten years, two books, and several TV appearances before you can find someone dumb enough to sleep with you. She complains that dykes aren't sexually free enough. Maybe not. Women, gay and straight, are socialized to block out sexual desire. But then again, most dykes and bi-chicks I know have an easier time getting laid than she does.

When asked for her opinion on lesbian chic, she bitterly replied that she didn't know any chic lesbians. Sure, she'll praise Sharon Stone's homophobic, sexist character in Basic Instinct, but she would like straight America to believe that real life fashion-conscious dykes, like Femme2Femme, '70's supermodel Chia, and Jenny Shimizu don't exist.

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 AH CLUB "SOVERZE MY CARES AWAY"  
 GOD IS MY CO-PILOT "WHAT DR.'S DON'T TELL YOU"  
 ✓'s to Dennis Camaci PLEASE...



Oh, and those stupid dykes don't know anything about music either. They all listen to mushy wimmin's music. For all her praise of aggressive rock music, she doesn't mention Tribe 8, Fifth Column, or the riot grrrl phenomenon.

She talks about how porn is fun, and how fucked-up Andrea Dworkin is. Very good, but you don't need Camille to tell you that. Read Pat Califa, Suzy Bright, and On Our Backs magazine. Watch videos by Annie Sprinkle and Candida Royale. Go see Karen Finley and Holly Hughes perform. Instead of wasting time whining about how Penthouse degrades women, these feminists create their own porn. These women are the constructive ones. Paglia is the whining victim. The average straight guy assumes that all feminists are a bunch of rabid Dworkin clones who want to slice his dick off because he has a subscription to Playboy. Since Annie and Pat don't get any TV airtime like Ms. Paglia, and since he isn't likely to walk into a gay bookstore and peruse a copy of The Advocate, how can you blame him? Camille, who should know better, and

who can reach more people than Suzy can right now, does little to dispel this myth. She barely acknowledges that pro-sex, anti-censorship feminists even exist, and the one time I ever saw her mention On Our Backs it was to complain about its lack of technical sophistication. It may be a few years before a slick, glossy, dyke version of Playboy appears, but at least it's a step in the right direction. These women are pioneers, and have much more in common with Paglia's feminist role models, Madonna and Amelia Earhart, than Paglia herself will ever have.

She also thinks that gay activists shouldn't use the term "homophobia." Jesse Helms, the Pope, and Phyllis Schlafly aren't homophobic. We should not even try to challenge them, much less use any kind of language that could address the problem. Magickians believe that if you can identify a demon by name, you can control him. If homophobia is not given a name, then it is very hard to identify, let alone discuss or fight. Camille, who describes everything in mythological terms, obviously knows about this. Yet, for some reason, she denies it. This is the reason she hates Michael Foucault (whom she accuses of intentionally spreading the HIV virus--without offering any tangible proof). Foucault's writing addresses the power of language to alter our reality. The more she attacks him, the more she proves his point. If words had no power, she wouldn't feel threatened by his. And she wouldn't be as famous as she is. How can a professional lecturer go around the country speaking to everyone who'll listen that words have no power? Once you realize this, the spell of Camille's "logic" is broken.



One of her stupidest brainfarts has to be the way she deals with spirituality. She may have a point when she questions why queers would even want to embrace Christianity in the first place, but I disagree with her when she defends bigots who justify their hatred with dogma. I pretty much look at that the same way I view the gays-in-the-military issue. There's a lot of things I don't like about the military, but fags and dykes should have the same freedom to join if they wish.

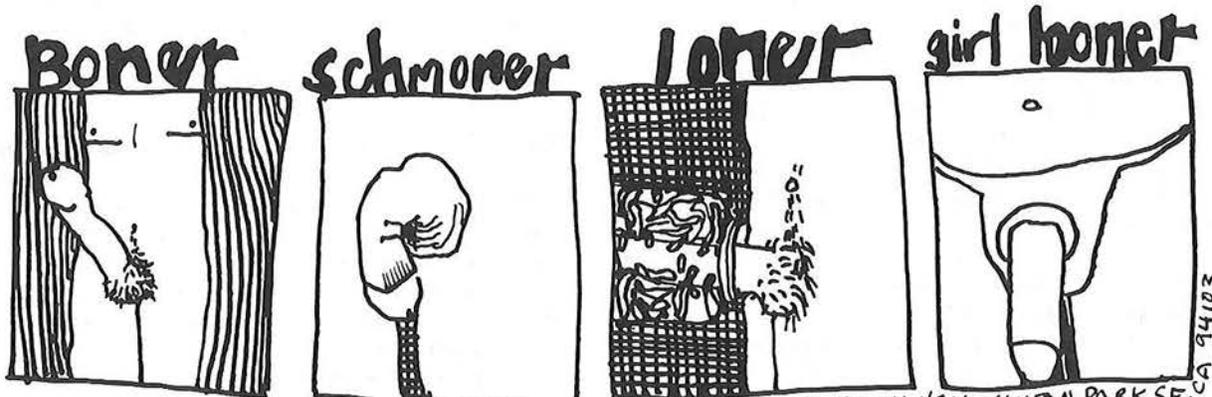
Back in 1991, the Special Committee on Human Sexuality of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) issued a report urging greater tolerance for non-traditional sexual expression. But, eventually, the report was voted down at the 203rd General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. Paglia condemns the report because Mosaic law does not tolerate homosexuality. If she's such a stickler for Old Testament taboos, why doesn't she rant against eating pork and shellfish? And where does the Golden Rule fit in with all of this? She says, over and over, how the world religions have, over thousands of years, become "the repository [suppository?] of spiritual wisdom," so debate on sexual ethics is presumably a dead issue.

I like Clive Barker's approach much better. On a radio interview on San Francisco's KPFA, he said:

"The imagery of the Christian church is in some ways immensely potent because it's charged up with imagery and ideas which belong to the ages. They don't just belong to the Christian church, they belong to our subconscious, to our collective unconscious. I want to have those images back, I want access to those images, without feeling that they just belong to Jerry Falwell. We should claim that stuff back from those guys."

A lot of his stories, including The Damnation Game and The Great and Secret Show deal with death-and-resurrection/salvation themes. In Imagica, the Christ-like hero, a character named Gentle, allows a gay friend of his to give him a blowjob. I think this is a lot more subversive than anything Camille has ever said about spirituality and sex.

more →



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## Camille's hate letter cont....

Let's face it. If we want to defeat these proposed anti-gay initiatives, we need the support of all those liberal, middle class, suburban Protestants out there whom Paglia scorns in her book Sex, Art, and American Culture. I would hope that Christians realize that homophobia is un-Christian. What other alternatives are there? You can't just expect these people to wake up tomorrow and become urban bohemian atheists or something. Besides, Mel White and Matthew Fox can reach a lot of people who might not listen to what Michelangelo Signorelli or Luke Sissyfag have to say.

The only people more depressing than Camille are the pathetic, masochistic queerboys who worship her. I'm talking about the self-loathing closet cases in the media and entertainment industry who dream of being gang-raped by Eddie Murphy, Axle Rose, and Mel Gibson. Jaded apolitical party boys who want some nazi skinhead fuck to kick their teeth in with 16-holed Doc Martins. Log Cabin Club fags who want Ollie North, and Rush Limbaugh, and Jesse Helms to pee on them. Even if you don't have enough imagination to dream up better fantasies than that, at least have the decency to act out your demented scenes with like-minded sickos only. Do it in your dungeons, bedrooms, or even out in public (if you can get away with it) for all I care. Just don't bring your masochism with you into the political arena, where you'll drag non-consenting, self-respecting queers down with you into your own private hell (heaven?).

Ms. Paglia is a psychic vampire who feeds off of all the self-destructive and self-hating elements all too common in QueerWorld, and it doesn't look like she'll go hungry anytime soon. I'd like to see someone drive a stake through her heart, but I doubt she has one.

## House Niggers Of The New Right: Gay Republicans

### *Who and Why are They?*

by Miles Long

Just as there were informers among the Jews in the Nazi concentration camps, there is a small but surprisingly powerful group of dicksucking buttfucking felching snowballing queens who enjoy doing everything that fags do the world over, except for one albeit major glitch: they've hitched their ideological stars to a political party that is hell bent on their very destruction.

Gay Republicans are as oxymoronic as they come, with the emphasis on moronic. Why would anyone vote, let alone actively support and campaign, for a political institution that has used you and your comrades as a lightning rod of neanderthal rage in a cheap cynical ploy to garner votes from stupid, scared, ignorant imbeciles? Their betrayal of their sexual compatriots makes Judas look like a jaywalker. Don't doubt it for a minute. We are the niggers of the 90's. The Republicans will use us to win the White House in '96, just as they used blacks in years past to gain political ascendancy: scare the average white (straight) voter with their worst nightmare. Remember George Bush's infamous Willie Horton ad? Replace that with the image of



For 15 years, the North American Man/Boy Love Association has spoken out for the dignity and humanity of men and boys who are erotically attracted to each other. While strongly opposed to sexual coercion and child abuse in any form, NAMBLA distinguishes between love and abuse and challenges all laws and customs that fail to make that distinction, and which refuse to empower young people to make decisions affecting all aspects of their lives.

Erotic love between men and boys exists, often underground, in most cultures. It has prospered in many. NAMBLA strives to serve as the beginning of a viable and credible culture of man/boy love for our time and seeks to give men and boys hope for their liberation.

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some screaming queen and now you get the idea.

Given the precarious national psyche, it won't take much to shock the yokels and send us into some sort of post-modern pogrom. Hell, there's a group of us out there, already eager to help our sworn, mortal enemies do just that. These shameless, self-deluded, self-loathing selfish bastards have sold their souls for some halfassed seat at the political table, on the backs of their brothers and sisters. Malcolm X once asked an audience of middle class blacks what white racists called black Ph D's. The answer: Nigger. Likewise, homophobic sexually-repressed assholes have no less contempt for gay Republicans simply because they may vote the same way. They'll kill all the fags and let God sort'em out.

So who are these pathetic white boys begging for table scraps from a club whose members shit on us daily? Let's take a look at a handful of the most egregious examples of *Republicana Homosexualis*.

**Steve Gunderson** - GOP Congressman from Wisconsin, finally ousted last year, not by ACT-UP, but fellow Republican B-1 Bob Dornan, the skinhead storm trooper Congressman from Southern California. Gunderson's record is checked at best on gay and AIDS issues up before votes in the U.S. House of Representatives. He's viewed as a "moderate," which these days means that he'd allow welfare mothers to live and might keep public schools open, as long as everyone's praying. When our revolution comes, Gunderson's gonna wish it were God descending on him and not us. She would show him mercy. We shall not.

**Marty Hill** - Head of the California chapters of the *Log Cabin Clubs* - the official gay Republican political coven. Hill and Frank Ricciazzi, who was appointed by California Governor Pete Wilson to some useless post in the Department of Motor Vehicles, vowed to support Wilson *no matter what*. No matter what? Gee, even if they were the only two homos left in the Golden State, after everyone else had been rounded up and shot? And then there were none. Don't kid yourselves, girls. You two would be in the same mass graves as the rest of us.

**Terry Dolan** - This particularly evil specimen was director of the *National Conservative Political Action Committee* (NCPAC), which perfected the art of direct mail fund raising in the late 70's and early 80's, helped elect Ronald Reagan to the presidency, and was allied with such sinister figures as Richard Vigurie and Jerry Falwell. Dolan was mostly closeted (for obvious reasons), but was an infamous cruiser on the DuPont Circle gay bar scene in Washington. He died of AIDS several years ago. If he hadn't died of the disease, he should have been tried as a war criminal in the larger struggle against the Plague. No gay man has probably done more to fight AIDS awareness, prevention, treatment and research than this open sore of a human being.

**Andrew Sullivan** - This youngish (30), bookish (nerdy glasses, Ivy League education, British background) little pigfucking shitbag is somehow editor of the ostensibly liberal opinion rag, *The New Republic*. He's written apologies for Reagan's reign and the conservative case for gay marriage (those awful fags will finally settle down and stop putting their dicks in everyone). More Catholic (and anti-choice, anti-woman, and anti-democratic) than the Pope, he reminds you of Evelyn Waugh, especially if you remember that Waugh was an early Hitler sympathizer who raised money for the Fascists in Spain. Sullivan, in his young fagey fashion, supports fascism here and now. How *avante garde*.

**David Brock** - A writer for the *American Spectator*, a nasty right wing propaganda rag, the *Pravda* of the Tories. He penned a libelous book excoriating Anita Hill and venerating Clarence Thomas and another piece extolling the virtues of Dan Quayle. His biggest fantasy is to be gang

raped by every flag-waving fag-bashing god-fearing red blooded red-necked weirdo floating down the pike of American consciousness. Someone please give him an enema and shut him up. He bores me.

How can there be gay conservatives (note there are no lesbians in this select club of sickos)? What do we possibly have to conserve! We are not full citizens of this country! We have little protection under the law. the U.S. constitution does not acknowledge us. We are the untouchables of American society, entirely outside the social and sexual caste system. These men have slept with the enemy. And for what? The greater good? Think again. for their own greed and twisted ambition. They can only repent and confess their sins now, because come the revolution, there will be no room for collaborators!

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Claiming he was repeatedly raped, murder defendant Darrell Cloud is suing for damages from the estate of the Whitman Middle School teacher he killed and the Seattle School District.

The attorney representing Summers' estate could not be reached for comment.

The suit alleges Summers requested Cloud be his teaching assistant, which required him to spend one period each school day with him.

Later that school year, Summers took Cloud to his home, gave him alcohol, showed pornographic films and discussed sex, the suit alleges.

The following summer, Summers began raping Cloud, it claims.

There is no evidence any other alleged victims have been discovered.



Cloud has pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity to a first-degree murder charge.

Darrell Cloud, who has been charged with first-degree murder in the shooting death of teacher Neal Summers, was ordered yesterday to enter Western State Hospital for a mental evaluation to determine if he is competent to stand trial.

Cloud, sporting a goatee, chatted easily with Browne during the hearing, whispered questions to his attorney and signed documents drafted by prosecutors concerning his mental evaluation.

Darrell Allen Cloud was found mentally competent yesterday to stand trial.

King County Superior Court Judge George Matson ruled that the 25-year-old Seattle man is competent after defense attorney John Henry Browne said he would not challenge findings by Western State Hospital psychologists.

Western State Hospital staffers said in a report last month that Cloud suffers from delusions and believes he is the target of a bizarre government conspiracy. But they said that should not keep him from going on trial because his mental condition can be stabilized through medication.

Darrell Allen Cloud, who killed a teacher who had molested him for years, was alternately portrayed in court yesterday as a cold-blooded killer who took the law into his own hands and as an innocent young man who was driven to insanity by sexual abuse.

Whitman Middle School teacher Neal Summers was gunned down as he entered the school on the morning of Jan. 31, 1994.

"Neal Summers was a teacher and this is what he taught," Browne told jurors. "He taught fear. He taught anger. He taught anxiety. He taught depression.

Cloud, who had been sexually abused by Summers since he was 14 years old, acknowledges killing Summers but has pleaded innocent on grounds of insanity.

To acquit Cloud, jurors must find that he suffered from a mental disease or defect and was either unable to tell right from wrong or was incapable of understanding his actions at the time of the killing.

Cloud believed he was acting under orders from "the secret police" when he drove to the school and shot Summers,

King County Superior Court jurors listened intently yesterday to Darrell Allen Cloud's tape-recorded confession to police that he killed Whitman Middle School teacher Neal Summers following a decade of sexual abuse.

In his confession, Cloud said he was driven to shoot Summers to stop the abuse and, he said, to protect other boys.

"I don't feel I'm right. I don't feel I'm wrong. . . . You can call it lowdown. You can call it rotten. You can call it evil. You can call it instinct. I don't know. I had to do something," he said.

"I hope some good somehow is going to come out of this - for me or somebody else he could be pursuing somewhere down the line," he said.

"I don't feel like a victim, but I do feel victimized at the same time," Cloud said on the tape.

Summers pressured him repeatedly to get other young boys to come to the teacher's house for sexual activity, Cloud said. He insisted he always turned down those requests and said he went along with Summers' abuse hoping that it would keep him from going after other youths.

"It was just wearing and wearing and wearing," he said in the taped statement. "It was like, 'How am I going to handle this?'"

Cloud told police he didn't know for sure he was going to kill Summers when he picked up his assault rifle, drove to Whitman Middle School and parked across the street from the entrance he expected Summers to use.

"I drove to the spot. It looked good. There were no obstructions. And I just waited," he said.

When he spotted Summers about to enter the school, he put his rifle out the passenger window and fired a shot into his former teacher's back, he told police.

Cloud said he didn't know how people would feel about his actions, but couldn't stand by and let things continue.

"I can't say I've saved myself. I can't say I've saved anyone else. At this point I can only hang on for the ride, I guess."

For an acquittal on grounds of insanity in this state, a jury must find he suffered from a mental disease or defect and was either unable to tell right from wrong or was incapable of understanding his actions at the time of the killing.

"It is my opinion he was insane at the time of the shooting, that he was of belief that he was instructed by secret police to kill this man at the time of the shooting and that his actions were not illegal," Dr. Varley said in his report discussed before jurors yesterday.

Varley said it wasn't until his third interview with Cloud that evidence of his delusion emerged. Cloud told Varley on orders of secret police he had to kill "five scumbags," before his Feb. 9, 1994 district court case on a weapon-brandishing charge.

Moments after finding Darrell Cloud guilty of murdering the man who had sexually abused him for years, jurors rushed past the taunts of Cloud's irate father.

The verdict, which came after nearly 12 hours of deliberations over three days, sparked an angry courtroom outburst as Cloud's anguished family members and friends struggled to control their disappointment.

"Neal Summers wins again!" Cloud's father, Bill, cried out in disgust. He bitterly called jurors "jackasses" as he stalked out of the courtroom.

Bill Cloud said the verdict will be appealed.

"The message this verdict sends is that it is OK for teachers to rape kids and children in school," he said. "That's the answer the jury came up with. Neal Summers wins again. Darrell gets 20 more years of agony and torture."

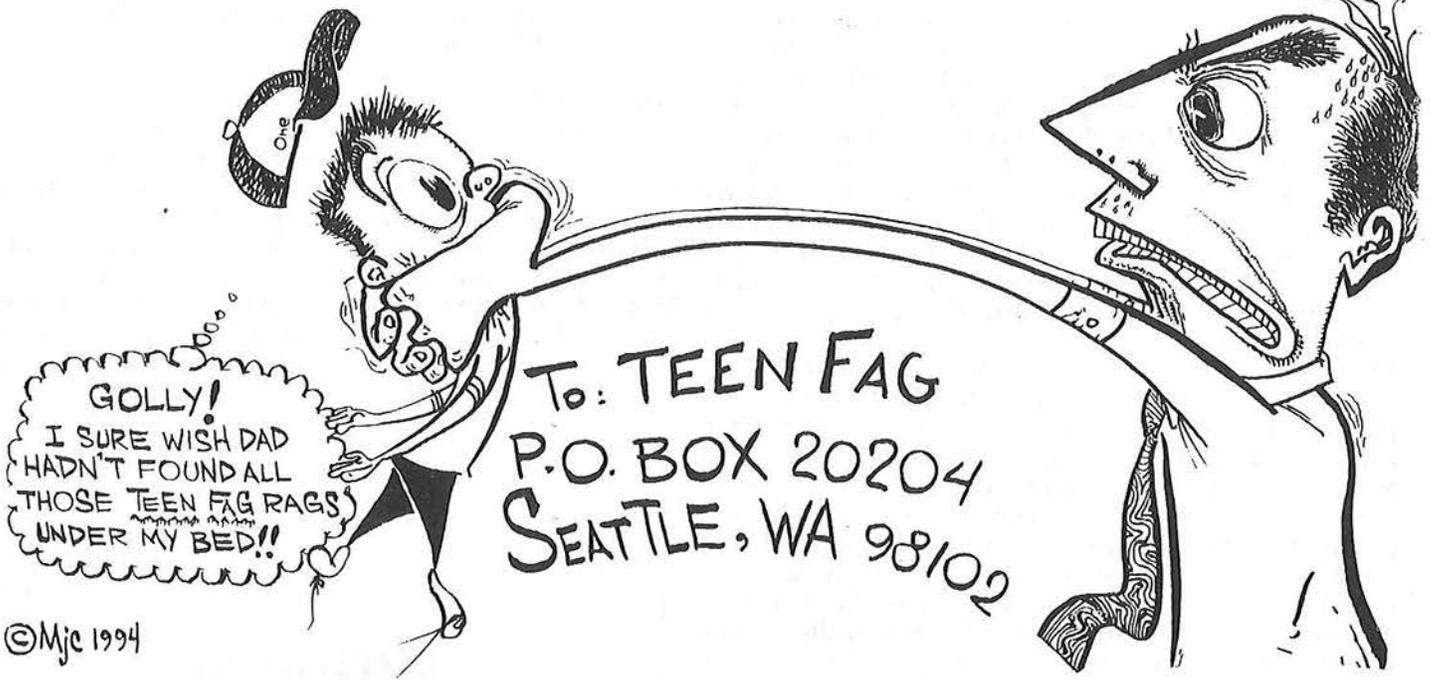
Bradshaw said the message isn't that teachers have the right to rape students, but that people n't have the right to take the v into their own hands.

"Neal Summers deserved to be prosecuted. Darrell Cloud deserved to be prosecuted. The Verence is that Mr. Summers received vengeance and Mr. Cloud will receive punishment," the prosecutor said.

State law requires a minimum punishment of 20 years in prison for first-degree murder. It permits

Cloud, who has been taking anti-psychotic medication, stared stoically as he was led away after the verdict.

LOCAL NEWS WS



Hi Gordon,

....The one thing that made me and my bisexual boyfriend choke was your review of Bi-Girl World. When you wrote that "bisexuals are too straight to be queer"... "and "bisexuals seem as mysterious to queers..." you implied that bi-folks ain't queer. I would agree that lots of lesbians and gay men are "confused" by bisexuals but that bisexuals are every bit as queer as you and me. When a bi-guy or bi-gal is dating/fucking/loving someone of the same gender, how can you consider them un-queer? Even when they're dating a different gender, they still have a big queer heart. I know you weren't trying to be mean but bi-folks have a harder time than most because everyone distrusts them and few are willing to accept them. I don't know any bi-folks who consider themselves straight....

Bi for now,

\*REB (FAnoRAMa zine)\*

*Oops! That was a mistake on my part. I meant to write "homos", not "queers." I'm so use to using the words homos, queers and fags interchangeably that I used a "general" word when I really meant a "specific" one. My apologies and thanks for pointing that out REB!*

Gordon, ol' chum:

Thanks for the charitable words about PLF in your last issue. I'm working on the next PLF as if I had the means to pay for it; we'll see what happens. I want to interview Vanessa

Del Rio, who has expressed interest.

"Teen Fag kicks ass, with lots of intellectual snacky-treats to mix your metaphors." -Rick Hall. I hope you can use that quote. I have some destructive criticism to offer, unsolicited and unwarranted.

I think blow jobs are fairly safe. One might call this a self-serving opinion 'cause I'm pretty much heterosexual... however, I will occasionally eat a woman's period if the mood is right. We all have to draw a line somewhere, and this is a murky area. But my digestive fluids haven't let me down yet.

Regarding Frances Farmer: it's a tragic story, but I consider her a martyr to "mental health" practices, far more than a victim of the sometimes rabid anticommunism of the time. Keep in mind the horrible things Soviet heretics were subjected to that no one will ever publicize. The post-McCarthy era made "red-baiting" extremely unfashionable, yet those abuses continued, criticized in the west only by a handful of rightwing kooks. Just a thought. Anyway, that, and the ACT/UP scree, made me think that you need a good articulate Libertarian type in Teen Fag, except I'm too busy with my own thing. Just be careful, unless you wanna turn into Ben Is Dead or something.

Rege Satanas.

Love, \*Rick (Panty Line Fever zine)\*

Hi Gordon,

Just got the latest Teen Fag... loved it. One thing though... There is a

STIGMA against going to bath houses. Not a Stigmata! Stigmata are the holes that were left in Jesus Christ's hands when he was nailed to the cross!

"M" sounds cool! it's very inspiring to read about people like that!

The Frances Farmer story was very very interesting! I never really knew what the whole story was. I'm glad you published that cause it was well written and informative! did you see the movie "Frances" with Jessica Lange? I have not but I hear it's very good. I think I'll rent it now that I've read your article.

The Seattle Teacher/Student Murder Scandal: I do not understand. If Darrell was 24 and no longer in High School, why did he feel he had to kill Neal? Is it definate that Neal was gay? Could it be just an excuse Darrell thought up to get away with murder? ...Perhaps not if Darrell's wife confirmed that he told her 3 years ago about the molestation. BUT ...why didn't the wife urge Darrell to press charges then if that's true? No matter how you look at this case... it can't be compared to a Lorena Bobbett situation...For one thing Darrell didn't live with Neal in an abusive situation, so he could have just said "no!" when and if Neal ever called him on the phone and said "come on over to my place for sex!" ...I mean what would Neal do then? Say "or I'm gonna tell you're wife?" That wouldn't have worked because she already knew.

Darrell on the other hand could quite easily have said "I'm gonna tell the School Board if you keep bothering me." I'm sure that would have been more effective than a cold shower to cool Neal down. Ya know? No matter how you look at this case there is SOMETHING not being told. It just doesn't add up.

Ciao (or should I say Chow Chow?), \*Tony Arena (Violin Outbreak! zine)\* I thought the movie "Frances" was only okay. It made me mad that Hollywood had to insert a 'boyfriend' into the story and make it look as if it was Frances' fault that all those awful things happened to her. For example: If she would have listened to her boyfriend and went to Canada to get married, (as the movie suggests,) then she never would have been committed that last time and received the lobotomy. As far as I can tell this 'boyfriend' never existed. There's a low budget film called "Committed" that's much better at giving a glimpse at what really

happened to Frances Farmer, and is worth looking if you're interested.

Dear Gordon,

I'm really sorry your paycheck is late.. I don't know what happened

that I sloughed your time card.. it won't happen again!

I also wanted to let you know how much I appreciated your sharing your 'zine with us. What a lot of energy, work, time, and expense for you! The Frances Farmer story was of special interest to me because I have worked in the mental health field so long.. what a snake pit image it evoked.. and how telling of the times.. although I hear some Western State stories today of almost equal horror.

I felt that the strongest and best done article was the "bathhouse interview." You did such a good job on all fronts.. choosing a person to interview who has insight into the environment and into himself.. using your own insight into the person to ask the right questions to help him articulate his thinking.. and choosing a topic the demystifying of which can be of interest to a wide audience.

Because we live in Ballard, the glimpses into the teacher-student killing were of interest to me, but I didn't feel either were as focused as they might have been. Perhaps you tried to make too many points in too brief a space. Is a significant portion of your

audience intended to be teens? (I just hypothesize so, based on the name.. maybe it's just a pun.) Because if so, the complexities of life for gay jocks in high school certainly deserves a more in-depth discussion.

\*Wanda\*

Hi Dudes-

I saw the review of Teen Fag in Screw and I'm enclosing \$3.00 cash for a copy + postage.

Please send brochures/lists of ANY XXX printed items/videos, etc. GAY, BI, LEZ, & ORGIES! (ANY IMPORT-ED?)

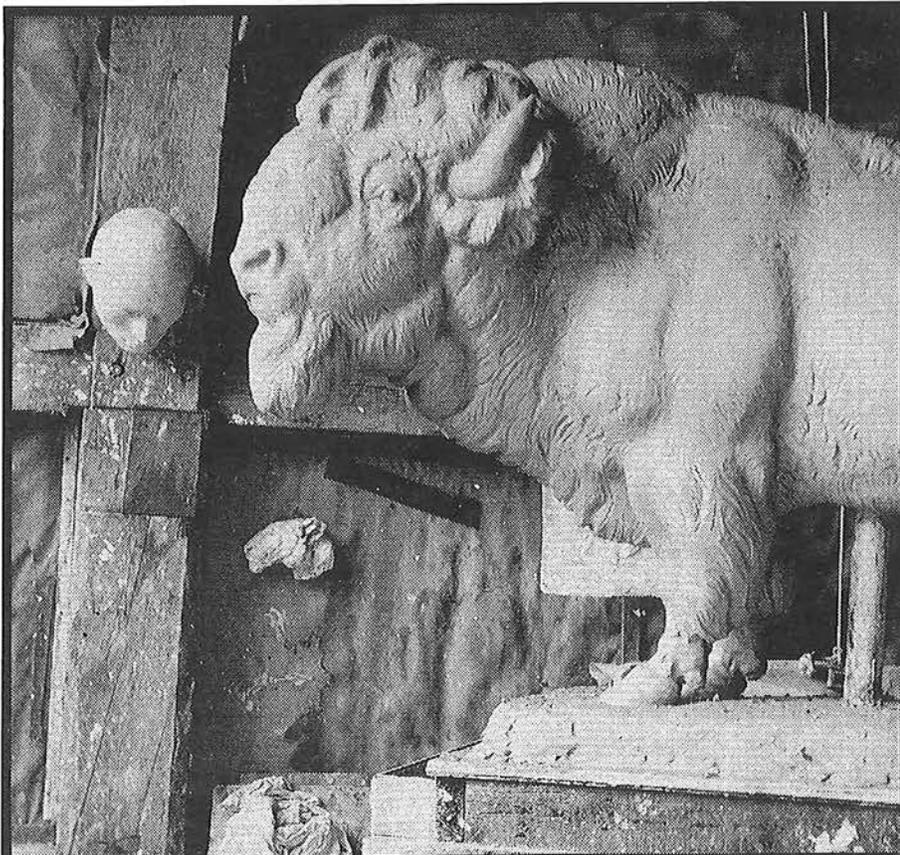
I'm an avid collector with an avid (HOT NUTS!) for BLACK & ASIAN ASS! My thick 10" Danish schlong loves to see ASS RIMMINGS & PLUGGINGS! Oh... I'm BI... GUYS & GALS or combinations are GREAT!!!

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P.S.- I am over 21 years of age and will not allow minors to view any adult XXX items.

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Earlier this year I received a press release that introduced me to the anti-abortion queer organization called P.L.A.G.A.L. (Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians) and I was intrigued. I never suspected that such an organization could exist and thought that pro-lifers hated homos almost as much as they hated abortionists, if not more so. Obviously I was mistaken as PLAGAL does indeed exist and apparently thrives at an unusual fringe in what is one of the most explosive political debates of the 90's. -gordon

# PRO-LIFE QUEERS

A Teen Fag Reader Asks: "What is This?"

by Kathy Sawhill

Tom Sena, the founder of the *Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians* (PLAGAL), formed the organization after he experienced an extended period of inner questioning and reflection. Sena says that he has always believed that a fetus is a human being and subject to same basic rights as all human beings, (i.e. to live and breathe on this planet), yet as an out gay man he found it easier to go along with what he terms "the monolithic stance of gays and lesbians." This stance being that abortion should be an unlimited right with no stigma attached to it. Over the years he began to feel his specific belief that "an unborn child is an unborn child" was being marginalized by the general beliefs of the gay and lesbian community. Consequently, in 1990, he formed PLAGAL to provide a voice for himself and any other pro-lifers who happened to be gay.

Based in Washington D.C., Sena founded PLAGAL to promote the pro-life cause and to oppose *abortion on demand*. "Regarding cases of incest, rape or threats to the life of the mother" Sena explains, "each individual member of PLAGAL naturally differs in opinion. There are those who support little or no exceptions and those who support exceptions in the case of health and life risk to the mother." As a group alliance, however, PLAGAL generally disfavors giving women complete control over their choice to use abortion.

PLAGAL's argument against abortion is simplistic: an unborn child is still a child and that it is wrong to take away the rights of any human being. One of the main arguments consistently stressed in PLAGAL literature is the increasing evidence that homosexuality can be determined in the fetal stage. With the detection of gay genes homosexuals could, in this horrifying, futuristic scenario, be wiped out before their first breath of air. While the gay and lesbian community, as a whole, insists that all human life deserves protection and respect, the ambiguity lies in whether or not the fetus is a human. As Joe Beard, PLAGAL's current secretary/treasurer, explains, "once you come to the conclusion that the fetus is a human being, it changes the whole thing." Abortion, in pro-life eyes, is murder. According to many PLAGAL members, this puts abortion in the same category as KKK activity and gay-bashing. If homosexuality can be detected in the womb, surely gays and lesbians will be bashed there as well.

Still it's amazing that many PLAGAL members equate their personal experience as gays and lesbians who have



had their civil rights abused (because of their sexual orientation,) to those of unborn fetuses. They seem to disregard the plight of the pregnant woman who is being told by society what she can and cannot do with her body; not unlike what is the ultimate aim of right-wingers whose main objection to homosexuals is what they do with their bodies. That women should have complete control over their bodies seems to be seen as a *special* right and not a *human* right in PLAGAL's eyes and is something that should ring familiar with any gay person living in a state where these differences are bantered about every election year.

Sena says "Pro-life and pro-choice advocates alike are guilty of over simplifying the stance that women have a right to privacy and that the fetus is part of a woman's body. PLAGAL believes in equal respect for the rights of all: mother and child. However," he explains, "a child in the womb has developed a unique genetic code and no other part of a woman's body does this. A fetus is not a liver or a pancreas that can be removed. In other words, a fetus is a human, with equal rights, living within a woman's body."

Ultimately, PLAGAL sees itself as a voice for gays and lesbians who have come to and accepted the belief that an unborn child is a child and therefore has the right to live; they are advocates for the rights of the fetus. Just as Sena abhors violence against the unborn child, so he abhors the violence against abortion clinics. "These bombings, murders and bashings are not genuine pro-life activity," says

Sena. "They are, rather the result of a few isolated individuals and are not endorsed by the leaders of pro-life organizations."

PLAGAL's reception in the notoriously homophobic setting of pro-life organizations has been positive. At the *March for Life* three years ago in Washington D.C., Sena says "Three or four people carried large neon pink signs bearing the slogan *Gay People Against Abortion*. Other pro-lifers approached the PLAGAL members and said things like, 'you are welcome,' 'thank you,' and 'glad you're here.'" Sena describes a group of college students running towards them explaining, "I don't believe it! Can I shake your hand?"

"There is a great deal of openness," says Sena although normally PLAGAL "plays it by ear" when net-working with other pro-life organizations. While Sena doesn't like to use the word *accepted*, (he finds it demeaning in this context,) PLAGAL members find that other pro-life organizations are open to them. *Feminists for Life* are very receptive. "Others are wary when we meet and talk." There is not a whole lot of prejudice, just the "garden variety of misunderstandings." Once people start talking, homophobic "misunderstandings" clearly become less important or are dispelled into the greater issue at hand: Pro-life.

Since it's founding PLAGAL has expanded across the United States. They have members in 28 states and Joe Beard cites large concentrations in New York, the west coast, St. Paul, Minneapolis and D.C. Besides D.C. there are organized groups in Rochester, Boston, Philadelphia, central Pennsylvania, and St. Paul. "We are looking for PLAGAL groups anywhere else we can," says Beard and people have expressed interest in Portland, San Francisco,

San Jose, Jacksonville, Chicago and Ann Arbor. At present, PLAGAL boasts a rough estimate of 290 individual activists, one third of which are women. The groups in Rochester, Omaha and Central Pennsylvania are headed by women.

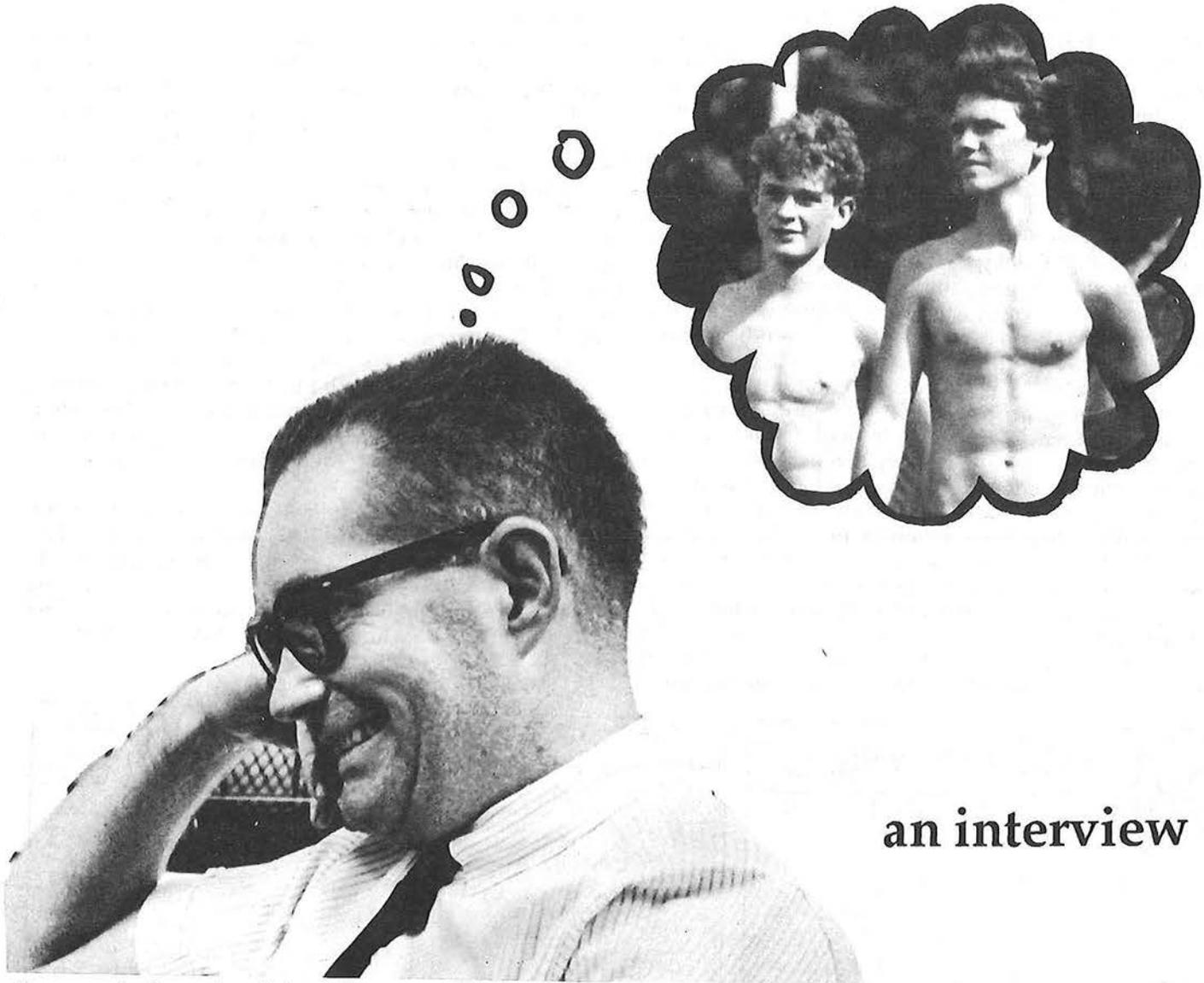
PLAGAL is strictly an educational organization, informing their members of important bills in Congress but does not participate in political lobbying. What members do politically is up to the individual. Once a year they leaflet Gay Christian churches and Beard says that PLAGAL finds they have better chances with Catholic and Baptist gay churches. Other activities include participation in the annual *March of Life*, January 22 and *Gay Pride* in Boston, Philadelphia, D.C., and St. Paul. Recently, they sponsored a panel discussion of the link between abortion and breast cancer featuring two pro-choice "experts" in biostatistics and medial ethics, Dr. George Bonney and Dr. Ian Schenk. The discussion was moderated by the Vice-President of *Feminists for Life*, Ms. Susan Gibbs.

Beard stresses that although PLAGAL is not interested in "make-work" tactics, they are open to more pro-life activity, including individuals speaking to pro-life groups at college campuses and other groups interested in the discussion.

A non-profit organization, PLAGAL is funded by membership contributions and dues. Their newsletter, *PLAGAL Memorandum*, is available to members and friends of the *Pro-Life Alliance of Gays and Lesbians*. Any one seeking more information is invited to write the at: Post Office Box 33292, Washington, D.C. 20033 Tel: (202) 223-6697



# The North American Man/Boy Love Association



## an interview

Few organizations today elicit such strong emotions, from both the gay and straight communities, as the **North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA)** does. NAMBLA is mostly made up of gay men who advocate, among other things, lowering of the legal age of consent for sexual relations. As their name suggests, NAMBLA believes that consensual, loving relationships between men and boys can and does exist, regardless of what the law and popular opinion dictates. Naturally, conservative politicians, religious leaders and many others strongly disagree and point to NAMBLA as one of most glaring examples of how morally bankrupt the gay rights movement is. For the most part, many gay rights activists tend to agree and NAMBLA is often seen as one of the main obstacles to wide spread gay acceptance of gays in America.

Despite the support of such well known gay figures as Harry Hay and Alan Ginsberg, NAMBLA constantly finds itself on the defensive in the queer community. At this year's **Stonewall 25** celebration, in New York City, gay organizers succeed in banning NAMBLA from participating in it's march on the United Nations. In an attempt to isolate NAMBLA, Stonewall 25 organizers claimed that NAMBLA had no place in a celebration of gay pride, nor did the issues NAMBLA raises have anything to do with the historic Stonewall riots. Other groups, such as the **Radical Faeries** and the **Lesbian Avengers**, disagreed and together, along with NAMBLA, created the **Spirit Of Stonewall** which held it's own march to the U.N. on the same day.

Regardless of the intellectual controversies, to many people NAMBLA is nothing more than an organization of pedophiles; dirty old men who want to make it legal to have sex with children. Yet upon reading their publication, the **NAMBLA Bulletin**, the issue of NAMBLA doesn't seem so black and white. Certainly some of their literature is devoted to fantasies concerning sexual adventures with underage boys, but there's also lots of practical advice for members who are troubled by these thoughts, as well as reports on the various laws which are sweeping the nation.

Recently I had a chance to talk to **Bill Andriette**, who edits the **NAMBLA Bulletin**, about the history and goals of NAMBLA. Since I was doing this interview over the phone (and long distance) I didn't get a chance to ask him everything I might have wanted to, but this should be a good start for anyone curious about this ultra controversial group of people.

**Teen Fag:** When was N.A.M.B.L.A. formed? ...and by who and where?

**Bill Andriette:** N.A.M.B.L.A. was founded in (I believe it was) 1979 and it was founded in Boston. It emerged from the gay community in Boston in the midst of a sex scandal, that was being inflamed by a local district attorney who was up for reelection. A number of men were being charged for having sex with teenage boys and it was being blown all out of proportion. But in particular what was got the gay community concerned was that the D.A. had set up an anonymous tip line that people could call to turn in their neighbors who they thought might be doing something suspicious. This was obviously a major threat to civil liberties and particularly was a threat to gay men.

**Teen Fag:** Sort of like a witch hunt?

**Bill:** Yes. So a committee formed within the gay community in Boston called the Boston-Boise Committee to deal with these dangers to civil liberties from the witch hunt and also to protect the rights of the boys involved, who were being dragged through the police and court system, that looked like it maybe was against their will. The gay community in Boston, at that time, was probably better organized than the gay communities in any other American city. Not only was it better organized, but it was also probably one of the most radical; this was the home of the Gay Community News which was, for a long time, was kind of the newspaper record of the gay movement in the U.S.. So the Boston-Boise Committee sort of became the focal point of gay activism in Boston for the years that it existed. They also did other things, like they protested "tearoom" arrests at the Boston Public Library... but they focused this alleged Revere sex ring. (Revere is a working class part of Boston where this was supposedly taking place) and they were remarkably successful. They got the D.A. to drop the anonymous tip line, they got lots of critical publicity about the whole thing in the Village Voice and other progressive media places. The charges ended up... pretty much fading away.. maybe a dozen men got probationary sentences or something, but the fabled sex ring of the tabloid headlines never materialized.

**Teen Fag:** So the name of the committee came from the Boise, Idaho sex scandal?

**Bill:** Yes, precisely. Back in the 50's there was a similar kind of hullabaloo in Boise, Idaho which was chronicled in

a book published in the early 60's by this Time Magazine correspondent, John Gerassi I think his name was, and for the time... his book was very critical of what had gone on... it was very liberal, sort humane plea for tolerance for these poor homosexuals, rather than throwing them in jail... it wasn't a very liberated document, but for the time it wasn't too bad. The Boise part of the name of the Boston-Boise Committee was... the idea was: could we prevent something like that from happening in Boston?

**Teen Fag:** So NAMBLA came from this committee?

**Bill:** The Boston-Boise Committee never really took a stand on boy love or age of consent issues. It focused on civil liberties and it stuck to it's more main stream point of view. But one of it's unintended, or maybe not so unintended consequences was getting a critical mass of man-boy lovers together and working together. At the end of it's tenure, when it successfully stopped the tip line and successfully helped get the D.A. defeated... at the end when it's work was finished the B.B.C. sponsored a conference on "Man-

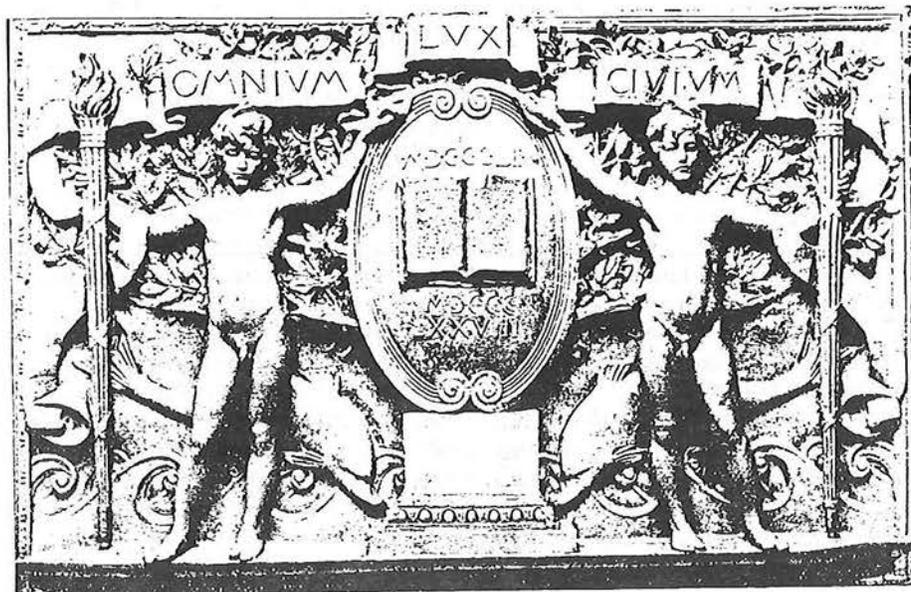
Boy Love and the Age of Consent" (I think was the title of it). It was at this conference, which many fairly prominent people came to..(a Boston University psychiatrist, a number of clergy people, social workers who dealt with gay youth) and also men and boys who had relationships with each other. At this conference a group of men and boys caused and formed NAMBLA. So that's how NAMBLA got founded.

**Teen Fag:** Was there a regular cruising spot for men to pick up boys in Boston? I'm assuming that these people never really talked to each other much until that D.A. started to harass them....?

**Bill:** Well, Boston has had up until recently sort of a cruising... a place where sort of young hustlers could be picked up. But I think there are probably a number of different scenes in Boston. This scene in Revere, this working class, sort of old suburb of Boston... there was another scene that was going on there, and had gone on for perhaps generations...

**Teen Fag:** Was it like a teenage call boy service?

**Bill:** No, nothing like that. It was teenage boys going over to this one guy's house where they would drink beer, smoke pot and they could get blown. It was an informal kind of thing. Things like that had been going on... if you talk to people up there... things like that had been going



## NAMBLA CONTINUED...

on for as long as anyone can remember, so it wasn't anything out of the ordinary.

**Teen Fag:** *So at the first meeting they decided to call the group the North American Man Boy Love Association?*

**Bill:** I think at that caucus they initially called it something slightly different, but still with the acronym N.A.M.B.L.A., but it ended up being NAMBLA as we know it today.

**Teen Fag:** *Do you think that NAMBLA would catch as much heat as it does if it had a different name?*

**Bill:** I think at this point any cosmetic change like that wouldn't have much effect

**Teen Fag:** *But I mean initially....?*



**Bill:** Well... the name is part of what... it always been part of NAMBLA's character to be extremely up front about what it is and that's certainly reflected in the name. But it's also reflected in NAMBLA's publications and NAMBLA's purist ideology. So all those pieces fit together and I'm not sure it would've, in the end, caught much less heat by having a more conservative name, if it was still radical in the other senses.

**Teen Fag:** *How many members do you think there are in NAMBLA?*

**Bill:** There are about a thousand.

**Teen Fag:** *Are there regular meetings?*

**Bill:** No. In the early days NAMBLA was much more of a face to face kind of organization, with the main kind of glue of the organization was people who knew each other and met at meetings. Over the years, as the situation for man/boy lovers has worsened, and as repression has increased, it's become increasingly difficult to even have meetings of any kind. Where NAMBLA use to have local chapters and the newsletter was an addition to them, the cherry on the sundae, now it's just the reverse. Producing publications is the main thing NAMBLA does. The main way the organization stays connected.

**Teen Fag:** *This is because of the harassment of members when they showed up to meetings?*

**Bill:** Yeah, it's a variety of things. That's the biggest. We've had meetings raided by tabloid tv crews... people with hidden cameras coming to meetings trying to out people attending NAMBLA.... we've lost meeting spaces at gay community centers, or like in San Francisco at a public library meeting room, where we met for years without any trouble. So it's becoming increasingly difficult have meetings. Also as the laws have gotten more and more repressive, we're are the point where possessing a photograph of a naked person under eighteen can send you to jail.

**Teen Fag:** *That wasn't always the case?*

**Bill:** This stuff is very recent, that was in the past couple of years... under the new crime bill that just passed: stating intention to travel to another state, or to another country, to have sex with someone under 16, even if it's legal in that state or that country, is now a federal felony where you can get 10 years in prison. So with things like that, it becomes increasingly difficult to organize boy lovers and put them sort of face to face. Which is a pity because many boy lovers are very isolated and they really need the support of others. They need to be part of a community in order to get some sense of who they are and how their feelings can fit into their lives, in order to figure out how they can survive in a society that wants to destroy them. And how they can survive within the limits of the law. That's, I think, one of the important functions that NAMBLA has: to give help when others come... to come up with some sort of rational way to live and to survive, through this very tragic and repressive period.

**Teen Fag:** *They don't only want to prosecute you by what you do, but now they want to try to prosecute you for what you think... ?*

**Bill:** Right. In Canada, possession of the NAMBLA Bulletin is punishable by 5 years in prison and selling or distributing the Bulletin is punishable by 10 years in prison. Simply because of the text. Any text that advocates or can be construed as supporting relationships between men and boys can be prosecuted as "child pornography."

**Teen Fag:** *But they have a lower age of consent don't they?*

**Bill:** Yeah they do. In some ways... there are probably thousands and thousands of people who would not be in prison in the U.S. if we had laws like Canada's. When it comes to actual sexual contact their age of consent is set at 14 national, where in the United States it hovers between 15 and 18, and more toward the later.

**Teen Fag:** *What do you mean it "hovers" ?*

**Bill:** It varies by state. The west coast tends to be pretty uniformly 18... in other big states: New York is 17; many states have it at 16; there's a couple of states where it's a little bit lower...

**Teen Fag:** *That's also for same sex...?*

**Bill:** Yeah. I don't think there's any state where there's a difference between the homo and heterosexual age of consent. Of course there are many states that criminalize all homosexual activity.

**Teen Fag:** *Are there any heterosexuals in NAMBLA?*

**Bill:** Certainly. Some people are members just because they support what we stand for. There are women who identify with girl lovers. There are people who just support what we stand for and who have a range of sexual feelings and sexual identities. NAMBLA's always been a homophile organization, and that's a tradition from which

we come. We've always welcomed anyone's support and all forms of consensual sexual expression.

**Teen Fag:** *Do think our society views women and girls differently than it does men and boys?*

**Bill:** Oh certainly. Woman-girl love is nowhere on the map in our culture. It's not represented. It's not discussed. Even lesbians don't represent it or discuss it. In general women's sexuality is rendered invisible and not seen as terribly threatening, so...

**Teen Fag:** *So there isn't a need for a female version of NAMBLA?*

**Bill:** Well there might be. There's was an interesting... there's a sort of academic journal that comes out of the Netherlands called *Pidaca* (?), the subtitle is "the journal of pedophilia" and they did a special issue two years ago, that was edited by lesbians, and it dealt with woman-girl love. So it is kind of a... it's sort of a subterranean phenomena, but it does certainly exist I think.

**Teen Fag:** *Like very underground?*

**Bill:** I don't know if underground is the word, but it's certainly shrouded. I think it's very unorganized, there's no... you know... people do it, but they don't conceptualize it real clearly.

**Teen Fag:** *Do NAMBLA members generally have the same ideas or goals concerning what the organization is about? I know there's a constitution.....*

**Bill:** There's probably a fair amount of divergence... In the gay community there's a very ... you know, the institutions of the gay community and the ideology of the gay community is very well established and everyone sort of has the same argument's at their lips. Whereas NAMBLA is the only thing there is for boy lovers really, so it attracts people who probably come at this from very different perspectives. NAMBLA's always been very inclusive... it's pretty much welcoming anyone... certainly welcoming all boy lovers and welcoming anyone who subscribes... who goes along with what we think. But I think there's a wide diversity of opinion within NAMBLA. For instance: there will be people who think that we should be fighting for just lowering the age of consent; there are people who are very uncomfortable with sexual relations involving pre-adolescent boys, they're much more comfortable with adult-adolescent relationships; there are people who think that NAMBLA's way too "in your face" and that it's very misguided in that way; there are people who think we need to be more purist than we are, and so forth. As in any group, you'll find lots of different factions and disagreements and constituencies.

**Teen Fag:** *What about lowering the voting or drinking ages? Is that ever discussed?*

**Bill:** Oh yeah. In general NAMBLA's very hostile toward any sort of rigid age barriers like that. We think that it's

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important that young people be given... they have the ability to do, whatever falls within their competence. We think a competency test would be better and make more sense, than rigid age barriers. Just as our society has come to recognize that it's wrong in all kinds of ways to have racial barriers or sex barriers, in the same way, just on purely a symbolic level, it's very demeaning to say that if you're under eighteen, or under twenty one, you're not able to buy alcohol or cigarettes, you're not able to make those kinds of choices for yourself. On a practical level it just seems that letting people make those kinds of choices and giving them the power to make those choices, puts them in a better place to actually begin to make wise choices. Rather than trying to pretend that after you cross a certain age boundary, then just by dint of the years you've lived, you'll have the wisdom to do the right thing.

**Teen Fag:** *Are there any cultures where man/boy love is accepted today?*

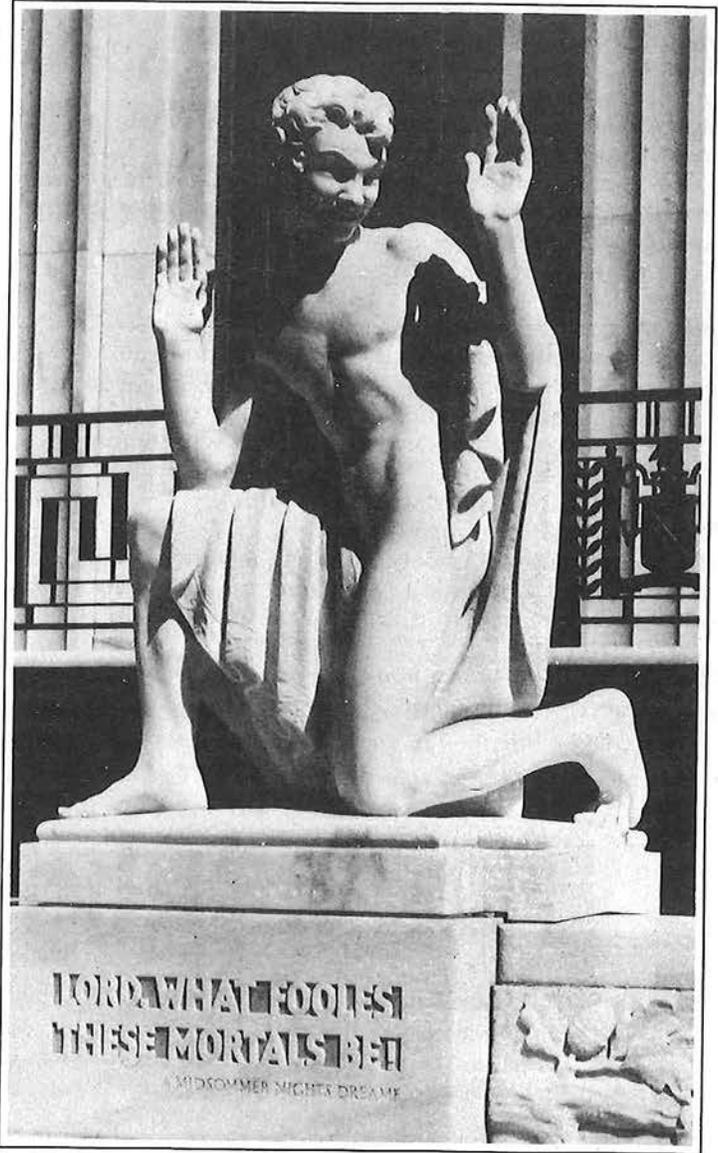
**Bill:** Well there's virtually no society where it's as severely punished as it is in the U.S. I think one of the really sad things is how the repression of boy-lovers has become normalized. Particularly within the gay community. I just saw an issue of Gay Times, from London, that has a big article on these two gay men getting ten year sentences for sex with teenage boys. It's a major article in a monthly magazine. People get ten year sentences, twenty year sentences and thirty year sentences routinely. Just by reading the local papers in the last two weeks I can think of four cases where men have gotten thirty or forty year sentences for sex with teenage boys and it's utterly routine. These were relatively small articles in the newspaper. The gay press doesn't carry it at all, whereas in England, in this national British gay magazine, this is a major story.

**Teen Fag:** *They're reporting on American cases?*

**Bill:** No, it's a British case. So what's happening in the United States right now is unbelievable... it's unprecedented... and no one is discussing it. It does not figure in... When progressives, liberals and gay activists sit down and say: "What are the problems in our society today? What are the fault lines along which violence and hate and divisiveness advance?" This never comes up. What's happening to us does not exist. We do not exist. When this discus-

**(Hillary) Clinton** proposes a very different solution. She wants to abolish minority status, to give children and adolescents the same rights as adults, and to integrate them as fully as possible into our adversarial system of justice. She condemns the state's assumption of parental responsibilities, not because she has any faith in parents themselves but because she is opposed to the principle of parental authority in any form. When we treat young people as dependents, she argues, we discourage them from taking responsibility for themselves. Moreover, the assumption that adults know best is contradicted, in her view, not only by massive evidence of parental incompetence but also by disagreements that come between parents and children. After all, Clinton argues in "Children Under the Law," children can have "strong opinions" of their own. Why should the law listen only to their elders?

*excerpt from "Hillary Clinton, Child Saver"*  
by Christopher Lasch  
Harper Magazine, Oct. 1992



sion takes place in the gay community it's always on an very abstract, denatured level. It ends up becoming a debating point; people will say, "What is the age when someone can consent to sex? What does informed consent mean?" And we'll have these abstract discussions as tens of thousands of people are rotting in prison... as the laws are getting more and more draconian... no one is dealing with that reality.

**Teen Fag:** *Why do you think the gay community no longer cares? What do you think has made this a non-issue?*

**Bill:** Well I think the gay movement has been mainstreamed... on a certain level it's been extremely successful... in changing the way the media talks about homosexuality and changing the political landscape around certain kinds of homosexuality. And they've been bought off... the movement as a political movement has been bought off. I think you can draw parallels between what's happened here and what's happened to the intellectual class in some place like the Soviet Union; where thanks to State largess and the fact that people were bought off and the people who weren't bought off imprisoned or sent to labor camps or executed... then you ended up with a whole generation... a whole cadre of... a couple generations of pacified intellectuals, pacified writers and teachers and academics... who churn out the party line. They simply sold

their souls in the process and that's what I think's happening to the gay movement. Today we have a cadre... a political class in the lesbian and gay movement that's completely corrupt, that's completely bankrupt, that's lost its voice, that mouth an empty rhetoric whose only purpose is to preserve and advance the patronage machine that it benefits from... the jobs... the AIDS industry... the access to politicians... the pats on the head that they try to get from government institutions... and that's what the gay movement is about basically. Our culture, our newspapers, our magazines; our media are all focused toward serving this patronage system. So that's what I think has happened. On the political level I think things are utterly dismal, culturally things aren't so dismal.

**Teen Fag:** *What happened when NAMBLA got kicked out of the International Lesbian and Gay Association (ILGA)? That was a politically-money motivated thing wasn't it?*

**Bill:** That was a hypocrisy of the lesbian/gay political class. ILGA was a group that had taken, over the years, very strong positions about the right of young people to consent to sex... That putting people in prison was not the way to protect young people from sexual coercion... The importance of allowing sexual minorities to organize and to be represented. Then suddenly, when they had the chance, they thought of preserving their status at the U.N. by booting out boy-lovers...

**Teen Fag:** *Wasn't the U.S. Government involved in this somehow?*

**Bill:** The Senate passed a resolution, I think back in February, saying that the U.S. would cut off 118 million dollars of funding to the U.N. every year, if there was any group affiliated or associated with the U.N. in any way, that had itself or had any sub-group or member that tolerated, supported, condoned, (or whatever) pedophilia. So based on that threat, ILGA kicked out NAMBLA. Of course in the end, the U.S. moved against ILGA anyway because there remains other groups in ILGA that have been supportive of boy-lovers, or have sub-groups which are focused on boy-love. The U.S. has said it's going to work to get ILGA booting out of the U.N. anyway and effectively that's happened.

**Teen Fag:** *How did you come to join NAMBLA?*

**Bill:** Well I joined NAMBLA when I was fifteen... back in 1980.

**Teen Fag:** *How did you hear of it?*

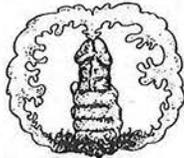
**Bill:** I grew up outside of New York City and I realized I was gay when I was about twelve, so I began within the next year or two, to go into the city and sort of figure out what it meant. "Now that I know I'm gay, what does it mean?" So I would go to the gay book stores and read the gay press and stuff when I could. So I was reading Gay Community News, which came out of Boston, which was where NAMBLA was beginning to happen and there was all kinds of stuff in it's pages about NAMBLA. It was fairly controversial. The more I got exposed to the gay media... and the kinds homoerotic images I found there, the more I

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## NAMBLA CONTINUED ↓

sort of felt alienated by it and thought of myself as being much more attracted to boys, than to the muscle men I was seeing when I opened Christopher Street or Honcho or whatever. So part of my interest in joining NAMBLA was that they seemed to be talking about the kind of eroticism that I found most compelling. The other reason was that I... through the gay youth group I had joined... I was dating a man in his early twenties. I felt that... this was a relationship that I helped initiate and jumped through numerous hoops in order to keep going... since I was living at home and couldn't get phone calls, so we had to talk to each other from pay phones... I had to travel like forty miles to see him... things like that... so I sort of felt like I knew about...

this was a relationship that was illegal, I was supposedly being raped under New York state law... so I felt like I knew that NAMBLA relationships could be consensual and be good things. So those were the two reasons I was interested in NAMBLA. It wasn't until I got friendly with a girl in my high school class who was a lesbian, that we began to both sort of explore the gay scene together, that I had anyway of contacting NAMBLA. She let me use her address to get the bulletin and to get membership information. So I wanted to join for some time before I was actually able to.

**Teen Fag:** *So what did you think NAMBLA was going to be like? Did it live up to your expectations?*

**Bill:** I don't think I had any perceptions beforehand. I remember the absolute thrill that I had when I first saw NAMBLA literature, I really felt like I had found people who felt like I did and it was a great feeling. I became involved with NAMBLA fairly intensively early on. They were a real interesting bunch of people. They were very welcoming of me. In retrospect, the idea of a fifteen year old popping into a NAMBLA meeting, you can image why... I can see why I was welcomed. But I was also welcomed into the work of the organization, I was taking trips into the city to type stuff for the Bulletin and I was writing press releases. So I took to that aspect of it and the people I met then are still some of my best friends, fifteen years later.

**Teen Fag:** *Were there other young people involved with NAMBLA then?*

**Bill:** There were some yeah. Over the years there's always been some boys who are involved at any give time. Most of NAMBLA's membership is very adult, but there were some young people yeah.

**Teen Fag:** *What do you think the main purpose of NAMBLA is now, or will be in the future?*

**Bill:** I think the main value of NAMBLA is just that it gets boy-lovers together and thinking about our feelings. Who we are and what we could be; where we fit in and what all this means. We can provide a minimal amount... minimal but still significant amount of support for each other in a very hostile world. I think it's a mistake to look at NAMBLA, as it often is seen in the gay media and other places, as an essentially political organization, or that the positions that it takes are what it's fundamentally organized to advocate. Those positions are not all that relevant to the main work that NAMBLA does, or the main value that NAMBLA has. They're somewhat tentative positions rather than the agenda that NAMBLA's advancing. They're sort of starting points for discussion. So I think it's important to see NAMBLA as more of a meeting ground, rather than a fundamentally ideological organization.

## TWO LETTERS THAT RAN IN THE SEATTLE GAY NEWS RECENTLY.

### Gay community must disown NAMBLA

Your excellent article on the Freedom Day Committee Forum in the Nov. 18 issue quotes Dennis Bejin of NAMBLA saying that "Gays and Lesbians need to recognize that boy lovers are part of the Gay community."

Mr. Bejin needs to recognize that some bank robbers, car thieves, and embezzlers are part of the Gay community too, but that is not a source of pride.

Pedophilia is a disgraceful crime, regardless of the genders of the criminal or the victim. No organization that advocates criminal behavior deserves to be represented in the Freedom Day celebrations. Please be assured that I support Gay Pride. Since our daughter came out to us about six years ago, my wife and I have started two chapters of PFLAG and have helped at least two other chapters to get started. We have spoken to churches, schools, and universities; at political rallies; to official bodies; and to our coworkers. We canvassed door-to-door in the 1992 measure 9 wars in Oregon. We are active members of WCF/HOW, The Eastside Network, NOLTF, HRCF, etc. My wife coordinates the speakers bureau for the Seattle area. We have marched with Pride in San Francisco and here in Seattle.

We never miss a chance to teach the public that members of sexual minorities are normal people and, therefore, they should not suffer discrimination in employment, housing, etc. The flip side of our position is that members of sexual minorities should receive normal treatment from society for their crimes as well as for their contributions. The existence of NAMBLA undercuts the efforts of all of us who are working for Gay Pride.

In pedophilia, the number of adults present during the sex act is ONE. Therefore, pedophilia is just an elaborate — and cruel — form of masturbation. The gender of the participants is not important. Society censures pedophilia because the non-adult will have to live with the memories of being betrayed and used. The resulting bitterness and alienation will probably cost society some price. If we are lucky, counselling will be enough. If not, we can expect the sort of vengeful lawsuits, assaults, and murders that are too common today.

We would all be better off if the NAMBLA people could grow up before they create the desire for more vengeance. To start the healing process, the Gay community must disown NAMBLA — and any other groups which advocate disgraceful behavior.

FDC should eject NAMBLA. If the pedophiles receive clear rejection, appropriate counselling, and the promise

of acceptance when they mature, we can hope that they will develop emotionally to the level where they are capable of participating in sex with TWO adults present.

David Stocks

### Pedophilia: an orientation, not a crime?

I am taking *SGN* to task for publishing an inflammatory and hateful letter written by David Stocks and directed at Dennis Bejin, who is a member of NAMBLA. Mr. Stocks' commendable support of the Gay community aside, his letter is rife with inaccuracies and is unnecessarily abusive.

First of all, pedophilia is not in and of itself a crime. It is a sexual orientation. Second, NAMBLA does not advocate breaking age of consent laws. It does advocate changing these laws, but that is not a crime.

However, what is most disturbing and revealing about Mr. Stocks' letter becomes apparent when you substitute the word homosexual for the word pedophile in his letter. Let's try a few lines: "[Homosexuality] is a disgraceful crime"; "[homosexuality] is just an elaborate — and cruel — form of masturbation"; "We would all be better off if [homosexuals] could grow up before they create the desire for more vengeance."

Haven't we all heard this kind of crap before? Why are we allowing our community newspaper to serve as a mouthpiece for such bigotry directed at a minority within our own community?

I am not taking a position here for or against NAMBLA's goals with respect to sexual conduct. This is fertile ground for debate. I do, however, wish to point out that sexual orientation can be age-specific as well as gender-specific and that it therefore makes no sense for Gays to do unto boy lovers as straights have done unto Gays — namely, censor them and bash them with lies.

The Gay media have a responsibility to frame the debate on man/boy love in such a way that it does not contribute to the hypocritical discrimination of another sexual minority. All this requires is to clearly distinguish between sexual orientation and sexual conduct. Whether or not people should engage in safe sex, sex in public restrooms, or sex with 12-year-olds — these are issues the Gay community can, and should, debate. But a person's sexual orientation is not debatable. The Christian right has a field day confusing orientation with conduct. Since when are we following their lead?

And why am I having to tell you guys this — of all people!??

Chris Johnson



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A clown can get  
away with murder  
JOHN WAYNE GACY

Homosexuals are similar to heterosexuals in many ways. We eat, sleep, shit and pay taxes (sometimes,) just like people in the straight world do. Hell, some of us even breed, believe in God and join the Republican Party! Although it's not always obvious, there's: queer rock stars; queer politicians; queer teachers; race car drivers; doctors; mechanics; convenience store clerks; filmmakers; football players; trash picker uppers; police officers... there's been at least one queer President... and I wouldn't be surprised if there wasn't at least a queer astronaut or two. We're everywhere and doing everything there is to possibly be and do. But sometimes members of the greater queer community are not always engaged in such socially correct modes of behavior; some of us are bad as well. Sometimes homos are very very bad.

Of all the bad people in our society today, serial killers (of all sexualities) are noteworthy because of the terror they force us to face. Often they lurk about, mingling with people on a daily basis, watching and waiting for the perfect moment to strike out at their victim, without anyone ever realizing the threat. Some famous serial killers, like Ted Bundy or John Gacy, are so skilled at hiding their anti-social tendencies, that they are able to build up amazing head counts before anyone suspects that something may be "odd" about them. Other killers, such as Jeffrey Dahmer and Ed Gein, are not as skilled at keeping people from realizing their weirdness, but are somehow able to escape detection, either through dumb luck, or their communities inability to sense their danger.

More often than not, male serial killers hunt the people they are attracted to sexually and it's often speculated that

some queer sociopaths become serial killers, partly due to the homophobia they encounter as children. While practically all young queers encounter homophobic attitudes from their family, friends and cultural surroundings, there's something particularly fragile in these young, malleable minds, that predisposes to them the tendencies to kill as a part of their sexuality. For some reason these self-hating thought patterns don't take hold in girls, as female serial killers usually kill children, hospital patients, or as in the case of Aileen Wuornos, men. Still it's nothing more than speculation to say that male queer serial killers have homophobia to blame for their deviances and that they are much different from straight serial killers. Only time will tell, as queer sexual orientation becomes more acceptable in our culture, if assimilation somehow decreases the number of homo serial killers. But, as suggested by the title of the 1971 Rosa Von Praunheim film: "It Is Not the Homosexual Who is Perverse But The Situation in Which He Lives," it probably will.

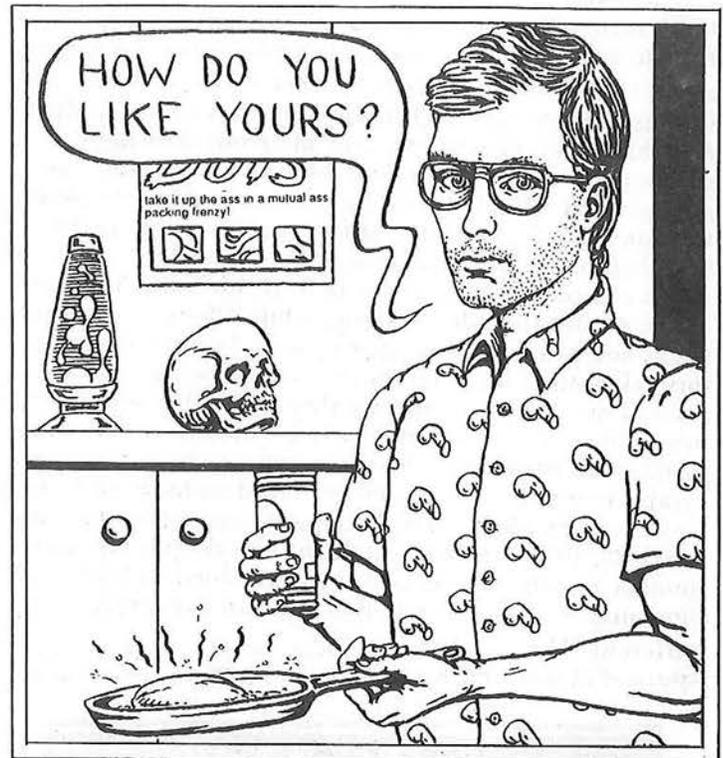
Even if queer serial killers somehow vanished off the face of the earth, there would still be a plethora of bad homo's about, just as there would still be bad hetero's if *all* the serial killers disappeared. Greed, power and even excitement have always compelled people to do evil acts through the years, and homo's can be as nasty as they come. For these people, it's debatable whether sexual orientation had anything to do with their actions, and they'd possibly be just as bad if they had been born straight.

On the following pages Teen Fag presents: ten (or so) of the most interesting, despicable and sometimes pathetic cases, of our favorite bad, bad homo's.

# Jeffrey Dahmer

by Fuckin' Crites

Jeff Dahmer had a groovy fuck pad. He brought a lot of guys home to see it, usually with the promise of a party, some fooling around and maybe a little cash for some photos. He picked 'em up as young as 14, and would sometimes bus them in from as far away as Chicago. Once there his new friends would check out his cool blue lava lamp, the Dali poster, his killer Siamese fighting fish, Jeff's collection of gay porn, and most especially his copious quantities of alcohol. But after a few beers and blowjobs, Jeffrey liked to switch to harder stuff. Rum and Coke and sleeping pills for his new buddy, while Jeff went and got his special leather strap. When the young guest passed out, the foreplay would consist of strangulation, leading to his still warm body being fucked and eviscerated. That is, except in the rare cases where Dr. Dahmer first injected muriatic acid into the victim's brain in his attempts to create a lobotomized love slave. Polaroid pictures of the evening's games would join Jeff's collection of snuff and home autopsy shots. If Dahmer really liked him he'd keep a little more, throwing unneeded portions into dumpsters or a bedside barrel of hydrochloric acid. Although he only admitted to eating one man's bicep, because it was so big, when he finally got popped he had a heart in the freezer too, which he admitted he had planned to eat later. Chances are he had a little more than that on some of those lonely wasted nights, as neighbors always said he took out a lot more trash than he brought home groceries. 'Cause you see, Jeffrey Lionel Dahmer was Wisconsin's drunken, gay bar cruisin', flesh eatin', body mutilatin', queer, child molestin', corpse rapin' killer honky.



T. CRITES

To use a colloquialism, Jeff liked dark meat. And he liked it in more ways than one. Although he would deny this taste for the minorities which he continually picked up, and at times even claim that he hated the swarthier races, Jeffrey Dahmer was probably just feeling guilty about his love of black cock. An equal opportunity destroyer, the majority of Dahmer's lovers and victims were

CONTINUED...

## Dahmer TV

Earlier this year NBC's *Dateline* presented a show about serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer and his parents, Lionel and Joyce (who are now divorced). Hosted by Stone Phillips, the segment contains interviews with all the family members both separately and (in Lionel and Jeffrey's case) together. At the beginning of the program Lionel speculates about the drugs Joyce had taken while pregnant, as well as the difficulties she had when giving birth to Jeffrey. Joyce meanwhile denies taking any drugs or having an unusual pregnancy. She assumes that Lionel's faulty memory is his way of blaming her for their son's tragic destiny. Later in the program Stone, Lionel and Jeffrey had this interesting exchange:

**Stone Phillips:** The two of you never really communicated all that much did you? As father and son.

**Jeffrey Dahmer:** Not on any deep, deep level. No. We talked about superficial things. We never really had a real deep heart to heart talk about what was going on inside our own minds.

**Stone:** Why do you think that was?

**Jeff:** Because... from about fifteen years on up a great deal of my thoughts were basically unsharable.

**Stone:** Did you ever consider talking to your parents, to your dad, about homosexuality?

**Jeff:** No, because early on I really didn't know that much

about it myself. All I knew was that it was something that was to be kept hush-hush... not talked about. Not even thought about. So I just kept it all within me and never.. never talked about sexual issues at all really.

**Stone:** If Jeffrey had come to you and said "I'm a homosexual" how would you have reacted?

**Lionel Dahmer:** I think I would have started him in a program to... to try to change his thinking.

**Stone:** So you would not have been accepting?

**Lionel:** No... no.

**Stone:** Do you believe to this day that he is, as a homosexual, living in a state of sin?

**Lionel:** If you believe in the inspired word of God, which I do, that is sin. Repugnant to...

**Stone:** Do you think Jeff was ashamed of his homosexuality?

**Lionel:** I think so.

**Stone:** He certainly hid it from you?

**Lionel:** Hmm-mm, he sure did.

**Stone:** Do you think if you had been able to talk about that, in a more open way, that it would've helped?

**Jeff:** Talking about it, I don't think, would've made that much difference. Because like I said, there were things going on in my head that I would never have opened up and talked about with anybody.

Dahmer continued....

black men, although he spiced his twisted program of affirmative action with Laotians, Hispanics, a few white guys and a Native American boy. He seemed to prefer the delightful dangers of rough trade: all but 5 of his 17 dead men had criminal records, and after one bad night out cruising he woke up to find himself in bondage as a stranger slid a big long candle up his ass. His was an attraction which urged him to fuck and suck his partners both before and after he killed them, and to keep their pricks and balls in pails or jars of formaldehyde. Additional tidbits were kept for noshing, while others, such as the skulls and heads of 11 conquests, were kept for masturbatory relics, trophies of lovers who would never leave him.

Dead men don't say no, and they can't ditch you for another lover. This fear and hatred of rejection has been mentioned many times during examinations of Dahmer's bizarre motivations, and can be traced as far back as his childhood loneliness and the ugly divorce of his parents. In the 20/10 vision of psychological hindsight, this and a number of other issues should have stood out as great blooming warning signals that this kid was growing up different. Hey, childhood sucks, and everybody gets spurned at one time or another. But Jeff was consistently

caught acting in a deviant manner, throughout his entire life in fact, and never requested or received any kind of intervention which prevented his reign of murder.

His father claimed Jeff was "molested" by a neighbor boy when he was 8. About that time Jeff was learning how to use his chemistry set to remove the flesh and fur from the bones of small animals. Only he knows if he found his experiments by the side of some road or tortured and killed them himself. When he was very young Jeff started jacking off to visions of schoolboys and dead bodies. Always a solitary child, by 14 Jeffrey had experienced the friendly muse of booze, and often showed up at high school stinking on gin or scotch. Despite an IQ figured in the 140 range, his performance was piss poor. He liked to expose himself to children. He preferred the whining of Ronnie James Dio to the lyrical stylings of Ozzy Osbourne.

All of these problems were surmountable, but Dahmer went beyond help when he successfully bludgeoned, dismembered and pulverized the hitchhiker who may have been his first lay. Over the years he kept slaying the men he was attracted to, eventually working up to killing four in less than a month. Although he was an alcoholic, had a shitty menial job, got robbed and mugged frequently, dropped out of college, didn't have any friends, lived in a bad inner-city neighborhood, was dishonorably discharged from the army, seemed to be a homosexual of the ego-dystonic variety, was convicted of sexual battery and enticement of a minor, always failed to impress his probation officer, and suffered suicidal bouts of depression, he led a charmed life of criminal fantasy. He was never a suspect in any of the murders until the very end. Perhaps his self-styled Satanic ceremonies actually worked; he admitted a fascination and practice in the occult, and there was definitely a touch of perverse voodoo sex magick in his ritual hunting and killing. Especially in the fashion he would pose and manipulate the bodies of the dead, ejaculate in and study their organs, possess them physically through intercourse and absorb their strength by eating their flesh and keeping their heads. Smooth and streetwise enough not only to entice each of his victims into his lair, he was also able to convince cops and paramedics to return a drugged and bleeding underage Laotian boy to his "care" when witnesses to a questionable scene dialed 911. Even as the officers drove away laughing at the "lovers' quarrel", Dahmer was killing, raping and cutting up the lad.

He was caught when one who got away led police back to his apartment. At his trial he changed his plea to guilty, as of course his initial defense of not guilty due to mental disease or defect would have been trounced. During his murder spree he'd been able to work, pay rent, date, feed his fish and visit his P.O.. Besides, he'd broken probation by killing all those people. He was sentenced to 957 years.

Jeff Dahmer was a big bug in the system. He did some of the weirdest, most evil shit imaginable, but because he was also a smart, polite, good-looking loser he was all but ignored by the world. He fooled people so well that he was able to slide around the conventional limitations of legality and normalcy to kill unhampered. And there are a lot of guys like him. Some have been caught with even higher body counts; some are still out there. It's a pretty sobering example of what a misdirected search for affection in the modern age can bring. Even his apartment number, 213, seems to express his desires: 2/13 = B/M = Be Mine. He just wanted to be loved. Is that so wrong?

## THE NATION

# Dahmer slaying suspect saw 'evil'

### Called himself Christ, saw whites as oppressors

By Dennis Cauchon  
USA TODAY

Christopher Scarver thought he lived in a state of grace, that he was the son of God. And whites, he declared, were evil abusers of black men.

Now, he's the main suspect in the Monday beating death of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer, who said he killed and cannibalized young men because he thought he was the devil.

Prison officials were silent Tuesday about what may have motivated the beating of Dahmer and inmate Jesse Anderson, who survived.

Scarver, 25, serving a life sentence for murder, is in isolation at the maximum security prison in Portage, Wis.

He was the only inmate on janitor duty in a gymnasium bathroom with Dahmer and Anderson when the attacks occurred. Scarver's prison uniform was covered with blood when the others were found, prison officials said.

Dahmer's skull had been smashed and his face was hardly recognizable, said the coroner and prison officials.

Anderson was in a coma Tuesday night at the University of Wisconsin Hospital in Madison.

Norbert Kurczewski, a family friend, said Anderson's family and physicians had discussed removing life support.

Dahmer's body was in the morgue at a local hospital. His stepmother, Shari, told the Akron *Beacon Journal* that Dahmer's will called for cremation. She said his remains should be placed in an unmarked grave so people "can't spit on it or whatever they want to do."

Dahmer's parents made the rounds of tabloid TV shows Tuesday. His father, Lionel, told *A Current Affair* he'd like his son to be remembered for being truthful "so that all 17 of the victims' families would know the fate of their loved ones."



**MURDERERS:** Christopher Scarver, right, shot four bullets into a white co-worker he'd never met. Jeffrey Dahmer, above, killed 14 black men.

His mother, Joyce, told *Hard Copy* her son "didn't deserve to die this way." Dahmer confessed to killing 17 young men, eating some body parts and having sex with some of the corpses.

Anderson was also in prison for murder. While officials say there's no reason to believe race was a factor in the attack, race was an issue in each man's crimes.

Fourteen of Dahmer's victims were black, and police were criticized for not investigating reports of missing black men more seriously.

Anderson, 37, a successful white businessman, said two black men stabbed his wife to death in a parking lot in 1992 outside a suburban Milwau-

# Roy Cohn

From the start

by Tom Kipp

Any serious student of history finds over time that a perfectly loathsome individual appears about as often as Halley's Comet. Usually even the most heinous of figures can be seen to possess some kernel of mitigating charm, a smidgen of (seldom-tapped) decency, or the legacy of some piece of work or work of art worth attending to.

Perhaps Roy Cohn's 4-decade run in the public eye could be said to have evinced some such factor ("I believe in miracles... you sexy thing"), but if so I would suggest it to be thoroughly insignificant in scale, if not outright inadvertent!

We're discussing a rare species of SCUMBAG here, after all, and I intend to convince Teen Fag's loyal, extensive readership of said fact, whilst aiding and abetting every reader's opportunity to wallow in the festering emotional/ethical sewer that was Roy Cohn's life and career here on the planet!

Citizen Cohn (Doubleday, 1988), his definitive biography written by Washington Post reporter Nicholas von Hoffman, lays out the evidence carefully, coolly, evenhandedly and MOUNTAINOUSLY that Cohn was all I've claimed and a thousand times worse. Its very understatement turns out to be more indicting than any hysterical attack, no matter how clever or vicious, could ever be.

It would be impossible to convey the comprehensiveness of von Hoffman's achievement herein; rather my role is that of conduit - whetting potential readers' appetites with choice tidbits and the promise of far more.

Citizen Cohn systematically demolishes the man's pretensions - to being an effective lawyer, to being a good friend and, in an especially apt turnabout, to being a fag-loathing PROUDLY HETERO ass man about Gotham City.

Instead we find a pitifully soulless, pointlessly driven, All-Time Champion of Self-Hating Denial (about being gay, contracting AIDS, jeopardizing his legal career and reputation via ludicrously reckless behavior). "Self-knowledge is so difficult to come by," as my friend J. K. Manlove likes to say.

And, on top of all that, von Hoffman shows us a world class wealth-fame-power queen, anxious to suck millionaire (or especially billionaire!) dick, so to speak, at every opportunity, and desperate to ingratiate and surround himself with major political/financial power players (e.g. Sen. Joe McCarthy, Si Newhouse, Rupert Murdoch, Ed Koch, Ronald Reagan, Donald Trump, J. Edgar Hoover, like that), the more odious, the better, as far as Cohn was concerned.

Citizen Cohn was adapted for an excellent HBO movie (of all things) starring James Woods as good ol' Roy in 1992. Woods' reptilian sliminess, devious manic energy, stunningly convincing petty rages, and astonishing hauteur bring Cohn to life with an admirably unalloyed vengeance.

While the film necessarily compresses Cohn's remarkably eventful life into a brisk 2 hours, it certainly captures the distinctly fetid atmosphere that clung to him like a bad

suit. Not to be missed - but read the book first!

Roy Cohn's stern father Al Cohn was a prominent New York City judge and political figure from the late 1920s through the 1950s who cast a long shadow upon his wunderkind son, while his mother Dora came from wealth and was never satisfied with either their arranged marriage or her husband's income (quite considerable by the standards of the 1930s and '40s when Roy was growing up).

Roy Cohn shot to prominence during the Anti-Communist hysteria that swept the U.S. after World War II. As legal counsel and right hand to the egregious, eventually discredited Wisconsin Republican Senator, Joseph McCarthy, Cohn proudly shared responsibility for the vicious, cynical persecution of countless Americans, and the destruction of careers, reputations and, even, lives.



Most notoriously, Cohn presided over the trial which led to the executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg on charges of (??charges??) treason and espionage, a hideous spectacle that wouldn't likely have occurred in anything less than the climate of Red-baiting hysteria that Messrs. McCarthy and Cohn were foremost in fueling.

Cohn was, by most accounts, an extreme "mama's boy" - the death of his mother Dora in 1967 is described by many who knew him well as the "major fault line" in his life - and his chronic inability to marry puzzled close associates during those pre-Stonewall Dark Ages. Cohn was actually engaged twice, once to no less a celebrity talking head than Barbara Walters, with whom he eventually maintained a 30-year "sibling" friendship.

No one was ever considered "good enough" for Dora's little boy, however, and so even the thoroughly advantageous (for Roy) match with *Bawbwa* came to nada.

"Cohn-*tinued*" next  
page →

# Roy Cohn, Aide to McCarthy And Fiery Lawyer, Dies at 59

## *The Fixer*

Roy Cohn's duplicity was so well-known and oft-exercised that he often claimed credit for the ruination of public figures and for brokering deals between the powerful - one example being New York mayor Ed Koch's endorsement of Ronald Reagan in 1980, as opposed to fellow Democrat Jimmy Carter. Though many of these claims rest on dubious evidence (or Cohn's "word"!), others seem more credible.

Cohn claimed, for instance, that he'd greased the wheels for the Vice-Presidential nominations of Thomas Eagleton (Missouri) in 1972 and Geraldine Ferraro (New York) in 1984, so that he could sunder them later with revelations to the press about Eagleton's electroshock therapy and the alleged mob involvement of Ferraro's husband, thereby crippling the Democratic campaigns of George McGovern and Walter Mondale, respectively.

In any case, his or other's backroom machinations helped foment the terribly deceptive electoral landslides, and the hubris that accompanied these illusory "mandates". The toxic scandals which are associated with the reelections of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan seem inextricable from the attitude of cynical malevolence so perfectly embodied by Roy Cohn. The supreme arrogance seemingly concomitant with 60-40 election margins, it can be argued, led polarizing Chief Executives and, more to the point, their

fiendishly self-aggrandizing minions to assume a stance of unbridled power and opportunism, achieving in the end an hubristic venality that sundered the nation, as well.

It's difficult even to imagine a 1990s America without the mortifying, putrid stench of Watergate, Cambodia, "Christmas Bombings", impeachment proceedings, multi-trillion dollar national debt, Savings & Loan scandals, Iran-Contra malfeasance, brutal, bullying "wars" with puny alleged "threats" to U.S. security (Grenada, Panama, Iraq), and rampant homelessness and handgun violence clinging to it's collective footwear and undergarments. Festering, in fact, like goopy fecal crust in Saddam's 125° summer heat.

But much of this particular "legacy", if you will, was eminently avoidable, was achieved only through the craven shortsighted paranoia and systematic covert activity epitomized by crass insiders such as Roy Cohn. How would we have managed without that asshole? Quite well, I'm afraid.

## *The Star*

Roy Cohn was caught up, though, in a good deal more than (scummy) politics-as-usual. He famously indulged jet set proclivities at every conceivable juncture; whatever Roy may have thought about Oscar Wilde - assuming he ever did - it is difficult to imagine anyone better living up to Wilde's brilliantly cynical aphorism from The Picture of Dorian Gray, "the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it."

Cohn left precious few of these "unyielded to" along his

way and, because he commanded such clout in New York City, he was perfectly suited to play "belle of the ball" at Studio 54, that coke-sniffing, glitterati-worshipping embodiment of everything the Christian/Republican Right Wing most abhors.

In the late '70s period when Studio 54 achieved a level of decadent glory and wretched EXCESS unseen since Caligula's Rome, Roy Cohn was the club's attorney, and represented its owner Steve "Prison Time" Rubell, as well. He was also considered its most important regular customer - his birthday galas were said to be the most lavish events ever held in that "High Disco" pleasure palace. And, in exchange for his services, Cohn enjoyed the run of the place, completely free of charge.

## *The Closet*

Perhaps the most odious aspect of Roy Cohn's behavior was the relentless hypocrisy with which he attacked gay rights measures, organizations and leaders, while at the same time living the life of a big-spending homo libertine. Incidences of Cohn addressing right wing organizations and railing against gays or their civil rights gains while invariably accompanied by handsome young loverboys are legion.

His denials when specifically questioned about either his homosexuality or having contracted the AIDS virus were absolute and unvarying even from his deathbed. The combination of deeply-closeted self-loathing, cynical political deal making, resolute dishonesty with regard to paying debts or taxes, and wanton disregard for legal or business ethics (he was eventually disbarred) mark Roy Cohn as a man so thoroughly detestable as to virtually defy comparison!

Yet somehow he believed his yammering lies and fabrications would benefit his seedy-to-the-nth reputation. A memorable 60 Minutes confrontation with Mike Wallace near his death was a splendid opportunity to come clean about his sexual orientation and health, but for Cohn such self-revelation (or self-knowledge) was inconceivable.

Rumors that Roy Cohn was gay circulated for decades; by his last years more people doubted that Freddy Mercury or Elton John were gay than Cohn! The pathetic, self-delusional lengths to which he went to keep his "secret" seem mind-boggling, especially given his evident intelligence and canny strategizing acumen in every other area of his life.

Toward the end I wish someone he trusted had said, "Roy, babe, *everybody* freakin' knows!"

Which is not to minimize in any way the havoc and pain that "The Closet" has wreaked upon millions of persons, though in Roy Cohn's case one is tempted to say he deserved far worse for vehemently upholding its tyranny across the expanse of a powerful lifetime when he could have come out without significantly endangering himself or, heaven knows, his reputation. That sort of honesty was something he had neither the courage nor the inclination to display.

# John Wayne Gacy



On the evening of December 11, 1978, fifteen-year-old Rob Piest vanished from a Chicago suburb, after going to see a contractor about a job. While disappearing teenagers were usually of little concern to the police, the Piest case happened under very unusual circumstances. Rob's mother had just arrived at his place of employment to give him a ride home, but before Rob could leave with her, he needed to go outside to talk to John Gacy, who was waiting in a car in the parking lot. This was the last time anyone ever saw Rob Piest alive. Except for his killer.

Up until he chose Rob Piest as his victim, John Wayne Gacy was on a roll. For over three years he was on a killing spree that eventually claimed the lives of over 30 young men and no one had suspected a thing. But then why should they? John Gacy was a model citizen; a friendly neighbor, with ties to the local Democratic Party and the owner of a successful construction business. The twice divorced Gacy seemed a bottomless pit of energy, who always had time to help others. He dressed up as a clown to entertain hospitalized children. He helped people shovel their driveways in the winter time. He hired teenagers to work in his business at above minimum wage. Yes, John seemed like a good man.

But appearances were especially deceiving in Gacy's case. To many people he was the straightest of heterosexuals, but at the same time he was leading a second life of sadistic homo-sex that would sometimes lead to murder. Neither his second wife, or later live-in male lover suspected this evil side to the usually friendly Gacy, although there's no doubt they both knew that something was going on behind their backs. Gacy loved having sex and he often would go cruising downtown Chicago late at night and bring his partners back home, regardless of who might also living with him at the time. While no one who lived with Gacy has ever admitted knowing about the murders, Gacy tortured and killed all his victims at home, disposing of the bodies beneath the floor in a crawl space under his house. By the time Gacy's killing spree was over the space under his house was packed to capacity and Gacy had to resort to throwing the bodies into a nearby river.

Gacy never murdered all of his sexual partners and often

the ones that he did choose to kill were the one's least likely to be missed, such as street hustlers. Sometimes Gacy's victims were his own employees, but these boys were looked at as runaways, rather than murder victims, because Gacy hid the bodies so well. Rob Piest though was not a runaway and due to his parents insistence the police finally did a computer check on Gacy, only to discover his spotty past. In 1968, Gacy had been convicted of sodomy with an underage boy and during the 70's he been charged with battery numerous times. Once the police learned this, it was only a short time before they obtained a search warrant to his house and made their infamously grisly discovery.

At first no one realized the extent of Gacy's crimes, as the bodies were slowly discovered and exhumed from the crawl space. But as the number of bodies began to add up and the now emotionally disheveled Gacy began to make his confession, the world began to collectively shudder. By the time the bodies were finally counted Gacy had the distinction of being the most prolific serial killer America had ever seen.

Obviously guilty, Gacy spent over ten years on death row in an Illinois prison. Spending his time writing to pen pals, which eventually numbered over 100,000 and creating the paintings for which he is now most famous for, Gacy also decided that he was innocent of the murders and fought his death sentence through numerous appeals. No one believed him though and he was executed by lethal injection early last year.



WHO IS THIS UGLY MAN?  
TURN THE PAGE TO FIND OUT!!

## WHY IT'S

# J. Edgar Hoover

As director of the F.B.I. for almost five decades, J. Edgar Hoover was the #1 police officer in the United States, as well as one of America's most amazing political survivalist. Beginning his political career during the Harding administration, Hoover served under seven other presidents, despite his questionable practices which included blackmail and wiretapping. It wasn't until after his death that the public learned the truth about J. Edgar Hoover.

Beginning his career during post World War I, Hoover made a name for himself in the harassing and deporting of suspected communists and revolutionaries. Thousands were arrested and had their civil rights violated during this early *red scare*, which in reality was an attempt by the government to take the steam out of the labor and socialist movements of pre-Depression America. It was during this time that Hoover developed his detailed file system which kept track of over 400,000 assumed radicals. These "files" would eventually become one of Hoover's most powerful weapons against both citizens and unfriendly politicians.

By the 1930's, when Edgar had complete control over the newly established F.B.I., his main concern was that he wouldn't survive the change in government from Republican to Democrat. Although the previously incompetent Bureau was now an efficient, scientifically based crime fighting organization, Hoover still felt the need to create a *war on crime* in order to hold on to his job. So-called public enemies such as John Dillinger, Ma Barker and Baby Face Nelson easily fit the bill for Hoover's public relations coup: they were colorful characters; they were relatively easy targets; and they weren't nearly as dangerous as organized crime. The media event was a great success and the legends of these "vicious" bank robbers and the "valiant" G-Men who brought them down, persists even to this day.

While Edgar's war on the public enemies did much to glorify him in the public's eyes, not all his political foes were as easily won over. It was the F.B.I.'s efficient job against sabotage during World War II, that eventually did the trick. Although there is some speculation that Hoover knew about the impending attack of Pearl Harbor and didn't report it due to inter-government jealousies, President Roosevelt expanded the F.B.I.'s powers by asking Edgar to gather intelligence on Fascist/Communist activity in

the United States. These powers included Roosevelt's approval to use illegal wiretapping.

Wiretapping is an important weapon when used against an enemy such as those the nation faced during WWII, but Hoover didn't just use this power to gain information about America's foes. Edgar also used the bureau's spying abilities against people he didn't like. One of the main people he didn't like during the war was President Roosevelt's wife Eleanor. The F.B.I. spied on her constantly and knew practically everything concerning her various friends and affairs (which included both women and men.) Even the President himself wasn't immune to Hoover's snooping, as the F.B.I. apparently had files on his sexual dalliances as well. Knowing that the prudish American public would be scandalized by these sexual revelations Roosevelt was forced to leave Edgar in office, at least until after his last election. Unfortunately President Roosevelt died before taking any decisive action against Hoover.

In the post-War years, Hoover rediscovered the Communist scare that had launched his career. Edgar happily leaked the F.B.I.'s secret files on suspected reds to Senator Joe McCarthy and helped launch one of America's most embarrassing moments. While the media and the government gave a great deal of attention to the Red Menace, which ultimately ruined the lives of hundreds of innocent people, in reality agency informers probably outnumbered actual members in the Communist Party. While the nation panicked, Hoover's F.B.I. flourished because no one in the government dared to take the seemingly un-American stance and oppose this charade.

As with Roosevelt, all the Presidents following him were helpless to fire Edgar because of the files he had about them: Truman had a past involvement with organized crime; and Eisenhower, Johnson and Nixon had all engaged in extramarital affairs in the past. Most especially President Kennedy, who continued to have mistresses while in the White House, was vulnerable to Hoover's blackmail. While all of them seemed to have no love for Edgar and wished to be rid of him, none of them dared face the political repercussions that doing so would create.

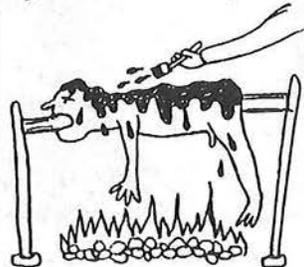
President Kennedy and his brother Robert, who was the Attorney General at the time (and coincidentally Edgar's immediate supervisor), detested the devious Hoover. Robert Kennedy had to brow beat Hoover into even admitting that organized crime existed, since he had denied its existence for years. By this time it is debatable whether Edgar even cared about capturing criminals as much as he cared

Hello my name  
is Ottis Toole



I make reel  
good B-B-Q

my B-B-Q sauce  
is especially  
good on boys.



boys are good eaten.  
girls ain't bad either

I once had a  
Boyfriend name  
of Henry Lee Lucas.



We liked to travel  
and kill people  
for fun.



about holding on to the power his position had amassed. Hoover had become a vindictive and grouchy old man who spent most of his energy on digging up dirt on anyone he perceived as being a threat to his position. Vietnam protesters, rock musicians, suspected homosexuals and especially civil rights advocates were all targets for his hatred. Edgar particularly had a dislike for Martin Luther King Jr. and harassed him endlessly by spreading rumors about his sexuality, wiretapping his phone and spying on his sex life.

Soon after Edgar died in 1972, disclosures of his latter-day excesses became general knowledge to an outraged public. Programs such as COINTELPRO, which was a plan to punish Hoover targets who were neither convicted nor even suspected of illegal activities, tarnished the F.B.I. in the eyes of many. Still the organization survived the death of Edgar and indeed remains as a monument to his influence on American politics in the 20th century.

*(A complete list of J. Edgar Hoover's activities would fill this zine; for more information you should consult the local library.)*

## Aileen Wuornos

by Dion Hansen

Aileen "Lee" Wuornos, and Tyria Moore lived in poverty together for years in Daytona Beach, Florida. Tyria rarely worked, so Aileen supported the both of them with her pressure steam cleaning business. Although Aileen also supplemented her income by prostitution, they constantly moved from one cheap motel to another, often not having enough money to pay the rent. Aileen would occasionally disappear for a few days, turn a bunch of tricks, and return to Tyria with big wad of cash. Besides that, as Wuornos later claimed at her trial, if her "johns" tried to hurt her, rape her, or weasel out of paying her, she would also shoot them, "borrow" their cars and sell their belongings to pawnshops.

Beginning in the fall of 1989, a number of men were slowly being discovered murdered throughout the state of Florida. Although all of them were over 40, shot with a .22 and stripped of their possessions, the police didn't realize that the killings were the work the same murderer or murderers. Not even when each of the victim's cars were found miles away from the crime sites and wiped clean of finger-

Aileen "Lee" Wuornos after her arrest. (Courtesy Daytona Beach News-Journal)

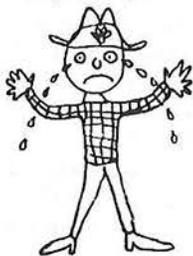


prints, did the police suspect the presence of a serial killer in their midst. It wasn't until the body of a former police officer was found, viciously murdered under the same circumstances, did they begin to link all the cases together. Fortunately for the police they already had a major clue.

In the summer of 1990, Aileen and Tyria had planned a romantic July 4th getaway, until Wuornos drove the car off the road and totaled it. They decided to abandon the car because it belonged to one of Aileen's victims. Neighbors and people passing by, who tried to help the two women, got suspicious when they begged the witnesses not to call the police. By the time the cops did show up, Aileen and Tyria had disappeared. After tracing the car's license plate number to a man reported missing since early June, the police then made sketches of the two women based on the witnesses' descriptions. Although these sketches were fairly accurate, they were never released on a state-wide level, because the authorities wrongly assumed the crime to be a local one.

MORE →

Henry took my  
cuzin to Texas  
and left me  
in florida



I was sad

I burned down  
some houses cuz  
I like big fires



I'm Happy →

now I live in a  
prison and draw



pictures for  
my friends and  
pen pals

WILL you Be  
my friend?



After the ex-cop's murder and the police went to the media with some of the information they had (but not the sketches), Moore went to Ohio to live with her parents. Although Aileen provided for, protected, and obviously loved her very much, Tyria resented Lee's possessiveness and violent temper. Tyria knew about Aileen's murders, but pushed it all to the back of her mind, not wanting to bring up the subject, or so she claims. Moore also said that, every now and then, she considered leaving the relationship, but worried about how Lee would react. Once the authorities began closing in, however, Tyria found the courage to flee the state and her murderous lover.

Soon after Moore left the state, another dead man and another car wiped cleaned of fingerprints, was found. This time the police released the sketches and within days they had numerous tips identifying the women as Wuornos and Moore.

Although Aileen had used various aliases and fake I.D.'s, her fingerprint on a pawnshop receipt gave the police her real identity. Wuornos, who had been depressed and homeless ever since Tyria left her, was eventually arrested on an outstanding weapons charge. Upon Aileen's arrest, the police had found a key to a storage unit in her possession and when they searched the unit, found many items linking Wuornos to the murdered men.

The police had also tracked down Moore and flew her back to Florida. Tyria was very willing to help the law and agreed to help get Aileen to confess to murder. Moore allowed them to tape her phone conversations with Ai-

leen. Even though the police didn't believe Moore had anything to do with the killings, they had her tell Wuornos that she too was a suspect, and was afraid of going to jail. Aileen, still very much in love with Tyria and very protective of her, promised to do everything she could to prevent that, even if it meant turning herself in. She eventually did.

The most bizarre part of Aileen's story is when fundamentalist Christian horse breeder Arlene Pralle, only six years older than Wuornos, legally adopted Aileen. Pralle convinced Aileen to drop her original lawyers in favor of her friend Steve Glazer, a born-again Messianic "Jew for Jesus", the same lawyer who helped Pralle adopt Wuornos. By this time, Aileen already had one guilty verdict against her. Glazer, who had no previous death penalty experience, outraged members of the legal community when he and Pralle talked Wuornos into pleading no-contest to four other murder charges, giving her four more death sentences. "Why not go for it? She could be home with Jesus," said Pralle in Nick Broomfield's documentary *Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer*. Pralle, the compassionate "mother" that she is, received \$10,000 from the filmmaker for her story. She originally asked for \$25,000.

Arlene Pralle was not the only one to make money off of Aileen. Even before her arrest, local cops were allegedly busy making movie deals to sell their story. One cop who dared to look into the allegations was harassed and eventually demoted for his efforts. Aileen's public defenders and Tyria also got movie deals.

Aileen now says that she wants the chair. No wonder.

## Gaetan Dugas: Patient Zero



page 28 TEEN FAG

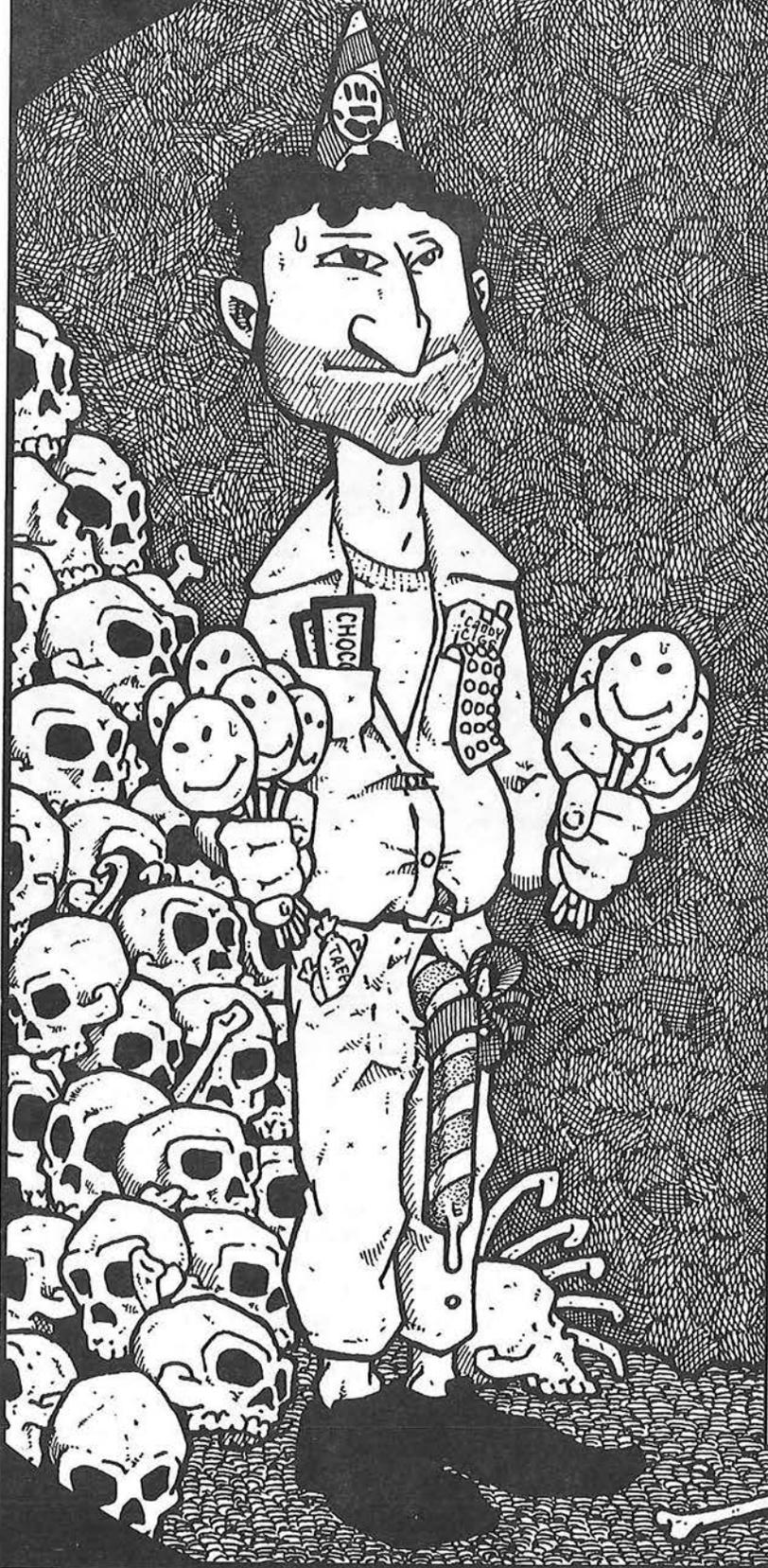
Gaetan Dugas was the ugly duckling who had become a swan. Growing up gay in a working class neighborhood of Quebec wasn't easy and the effeminate Dugas was often teased by the other kids; yet by the late seventies his sandy blond hair, cute face and well toned body was the pinnacle of desire in America's now flourishing gay scene. And he knew it.

Gaetan's charms could win him any man he wanted and his job as an airline steward gave him ample opportunity to do so. City hopping from one gay hot spot to another, he often spent his time off in cities such as San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. In the pre-AIDS years of the late 70's and early 80's the sex was both hot and easy to obtain, especially for one as beautiful as he. Since Gaetan had an insatiable appetite for sex these were the happiest of times for both himself and the ones lucky enough to be chosen by him. Unfortunately these were also the days when Gaetan was first exposed to the HIV virus.

While no one is exactly sure where the virus first came from, the fact that Gaetan Dugas was one of the first people exposed to it seems certain. The first sign of his exposure was what was then known as *the gay cancer* Kaposi's sarcoma. At the time Gaetan was concerned that the purple lesion on his face was going to ruin his good looks, but was confident that he would ultimately be cured of the cancer. Since Kaposi's sarcoma was such a rare form of cancer and linked to people also suffering from other ailments (which would eventually be known as AIDS), Gaetan eventually became known to researchers studying the early stages of the disease.

(CONTINUED SECOND FOLLOWING PAGE)  
FOLLOWING

# DEAN CORLL: BAD HOMO 1939-1973



**DEAN CORLL** WAS THE ORIGINAL "man with the candy", luring young neighborhood boys away with promises of a "party" and sweets he had made in his mother's candy factory. Of course, the party would sometimes get a little out of control, what with Corll and his band of scrappy ragamuffins huffing glue and paint fumes until the wee-uns went to nighty night land, only to wake up strapped to Corll's homemade torture rack, being treated in an appalling manner by the candy man, who, it turns out, was *not* a nice man at all. Corll's party games ended in murder more often than not, and with the help of two teenage accomplices named Wayne Henley and David Brooks, he raped, tortured, and murdered at least 27 hapless boys from the Houston, Texas neighborhood known as The Heights. When Corll turned on Henley in a violent sexual attack, the teenage Renfield shot his master six times in the back, snuffing Corll's candle at the tender age of thirty three. When authorities finally caught wind of this murder-mania in their midst, Brooks and Henley fell all over each other in their zeal to spill their guts. Both were convicted of multiple murder and are currently serving out life sentences. Corll is currently still dead.

'94  
VelVeeda

## Patient Zero continued...

According to Randy Shilts' book *And The Band Played On*, doctors slowly became aware that the mysterious diseases affecting gay men were sexually related and suspected that Gaetan Dugas played an unwitting role in spreading the virus. Of 248 infected Americans diagnosed as having AIDS in 1982, at least 40 had been either sexually involved with Gaetan, or had sex with someone who had. This lead researchers to code-name Dugas as Patient Zero in their studies.

Although doctors warned Gaetan that the virus was sexually transmitted, he refused to believe them. Gaetan's self-esteem was intertwined with his sexual prowess and he adamantly refused to give up having sex. Besides, "cancer" wasn't a contagious disease as far as Gaetan was concerned and even if it was, in his twisted logic, he thought that if someone had given it to him; then it was all right to give the disease to someone else!

Despite the protests of his doctors Gaetan continued to cruise the bars and bath houses after he knew he was infected. Shilts' book reports that the promiscuous Dugas had the habit of having (unprotected) sex at the then flourishing bath's, only to tell his horrified partners of his infection after they were through. "I've got gay cancer," he'd say. "I'm going to die and so are you."

While living in San Francisco, Gaetan's outrageous sexual practices began to become common knowledge within the gay and medical communities. Some health professionals considered the legality of imprisoning all people with AIDS as a way of stopping Gaetan from infecting any further people. Meanwhile, local politicians began debating the city-wide closure of all bath houses mostly because of Dugas. When people began threatening Gaetan on the streets, telling him to get out of town *or else*, he finally got the hint and moved back to Canada.

For almost four years after being diagnosed with the cancer, Gaetan continued to amaze and horrify those who knew of him, due to his (relatively) continued good health and his inability to stop having sex. He was never able to reconcile his own role in transmitting the virus and vocally protested anyones attempt to convince him otherwise. While it's uncertain whether he ever fully understood what it was he was doing to his partners, there's little debate on how he convinced many that gay men couldn't control their sexuality, even if they knew it was going to kill them. Ironically Gaetan Dugas died of kidney failure and not an AIDS disease, in 1984. He was 32 years old.

## LEOPOLD & LOEB

While in their late teens, Nathan Leopold, Jr. and Richard Loeb had a very fascinating relationship: Leopold had a passionate interest in Loeb and Loeb had a passionate interest in committing crimes. Although both were from prestigious Chicago families Leopold would help Loeb perform criminal acts (usually petty larcenies) simply for the thrill of it. In exchange, Loeb would submit to Leopold's passionate desire for hot man sex. Affluence, high I.Q.'s, and the fact they were never caught leading these double lives led them to commit what would at the time be called the crime of the century.

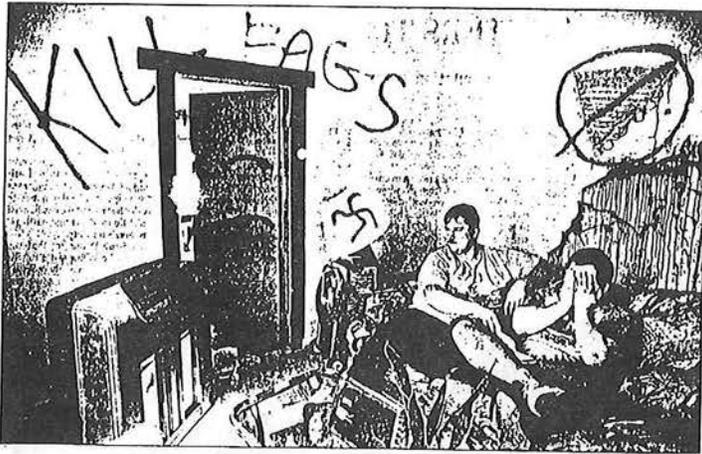
Believing themselves to be criminal masterminds, Leopold and Loeb haphazardly planned an "unsolvable" murder in the spring of 1924 and they thought the plan was simple. All they had to do was kidnaped some other rich student, kill him and collect the ransom. Since they were young rich students themselves, Leopold/Loeb believed no one would ever guess that they were the culprits, leaving them to enjoy the thrill of the crime. Not to mention a little extra spending money. Unfortunately that's about all the planning they bothered to do.

Leopold and Loeb drove around their very own neighborhood before settling on Loeb's distant cousin, Bobby Franks, as their victim. After enticing young Franks into their rental car, Loeb viciously stabbed the child four times in the head with a chisel. Once young Bobby was dead, the duo stopped off for a pleasant five course meal, before driving out to the countryside to stuff Bobby's lifeless body into a desolate drainpipe. When all of this was accomplished, they nonchalantly went home, after sending the Franks family a ransom note for \$10,000.



The first serious snag to their "perfect crime" occurred when someone quickly found the body, because they had accidentally left Bobby's foot sticking out of the drainpipe. The second fatal flaw was the discovery of Leopold's prescription eye glasses at the scene of the crime. From this point on it was an easy matter for the police to link Leopold/Loeb to the ransom note (which was written on Loeb's typewriter), the rental car and other various clues. Neither had very convincing alibis, since they never thought they would be suspects to the murder, and it was only a matter of time before both confessed.

Due to the legal expertise of the famous (and expensive), defense lawyer, Clarence Darrow, Leopold and Loeb were spared the electric chair and instead sentenced to life plus 99 years in an Illinois penitentiary. They lived as lavishly as they could and reportedly remained partners, until Loeb himself was murdered by a prisoner who didn't appreciate his sexual advances. Nathan Leopold was eventually paroled in 1958 and wrote a book about himself called *Life Plus 99 Years*. He also married a woman in the 1960's, then died in obscurity in the early 70's.



In what was once their sitting room, Eric Sturgis, left, and partner Lee Brovold sit stunned after their house was vandalized and messages of hate, including swastikas and death threats, were painted all over their house. Damage was estimated at \$80,000.

## The Tacoma Three

It was the hate crime that rocked Tacoma, Washington. On the weekend of July 31, 1994, two gay men and their lesbian housemate returned home after attending the gay pride festival in Vancouver B.C., only to find their house devastated. Their refrigerator was toppled over; antiques were destroyed or stolen; water pipes had been broken; the floors were covered with a mixture of food and broken glass; and graffiti was painted throughout the home with messages such as "kill fags," "get out fags," and "sinners." The damage was so extensive that police originally estimated the cost at \$80,000.

To many this vicious crime only confirmed what an awful and intolerant city Tacoma was for gays and lesbians. When police questioned the victims it was discovered that for weeks they had been bombarded with harassing phone calls and once had a rock, painted with a swastika, thrown through their window. The extensive nature of the crime and harassment sent a collective shudder through the souls of many in the Seattle-Tacoma area, in both gay and straight alike.

Still the outpouring of support from their neighbors and the community at large was incredible. Volunteer organizations immediately offered to repair whatever damage they could, and donations of both household goods and money poured into the hands of the unlucky trio. A local bank set up a special relief account for the victims that ultimately raised close to \$1,600. As a city, Tacoma was embarrassed at the publicity the hateful act had given them. At a rally held the weekend after the incident, local politicians condemned the crime and demanded the police to capture the perpetrators.

Thanks to tipsters and several calls to the CrimeStoppers television announcements, the police finally solved the case. On September 12th they arrested Lee Brovold, Eric Sturgis and Michelle Murray - the roommates who lived in the vandalized house!

According to police, the trio faked their own hate crime in order to cash in on rental insurance they had bought mere days before the incident. Collectively the victims had made claims for over \$50,000 and Brovold and Sturgis (who are a couple) were arrested just as they were getting ready to flee the state. Besides the insurance claims, the main evidence against the three came when police discovered several storage units, belonging to the roommates,

containing many of the items originally listed as stolen. These units were discovered after a tipster told the police that the roommates actually had hidden some of their possessions prior to the crime. Also found in the units were many of the donations the sympathetic community had given them.

Although they all had originally pleaded not guilty, eventually both Sturgis and Murray withdrew this plea and entered "Newton pleas". By doing this they don't technically admit guilt, but acknowledge they could be convicted if the case came to trial. Brovold meanwhile has pleaded guilty to first-degree theft and malicious mischief, which supposedly makes him the mastermind behind the crime. None of the three are expected to serve jail terms for more than six months.

Needless to say this final turn of events has shocked not

only Tacoma's gay community, but everyone who had given the trio their support and donations. By faking violence against gays they've given homophobes yet another reason not to take these crimes seriously - and by using a hate crime as a means for personal gain, they have planted seeds of doubt in peoples hearts. The next time such a crime happens citizens might not be as quick to help out if they remember this incident.

Bad Bad Homos!



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# zines

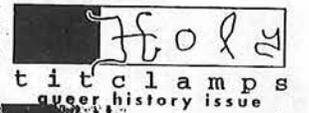
If you like Teen Fag then you may be interested in some of the other fine zines that exist in the publishing world. Since not all of these zines can be found in stores, you may have to write to the publishers in order to obtain a copy. Here are a few guidelines: Send Cash, not checks (often these magazines are published by people with no way of cashing personal checks or money orders. For example: I can't cash a check made out to *Teen Fag*.); say exactly which issue you want on a separate piece of paper; and mention how you heard of them (publishers like to know this). Remember, zine publishers are people, not businesses, so a little kindness and a few extra stamps go a long way! Happy reading.

**Cornhole #1:** This is a good natured queer-zine from Seattle that has a real pacific-northwesterly feel to it. This is obtained by publishing a story of a guy cruising around all the Seattle hot spots looking for a "date" (he ends up going home to reread his copy of *Teen Fag*!), there's also a homo erotic story about a native american and the origin of maize (although I'm not really sure the Ojibway tribe is

from this region.) Other items include: pictures of guys with suggestively placed corn cobs; a comic; recipes; a sex fantasy; reviews; and an informative piece about the homophobic stereotypes presented in the books of Dennis Cooper and the protests they've incited. (\$2., 516 E. Union #311, Seattle, WA 98122)

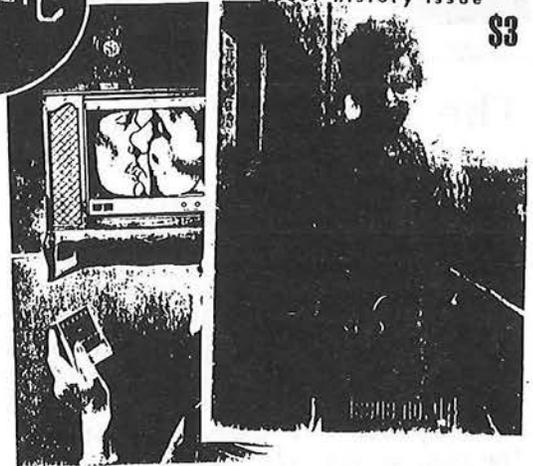


Spring 19  
Vol. 1, No  
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For Mature I

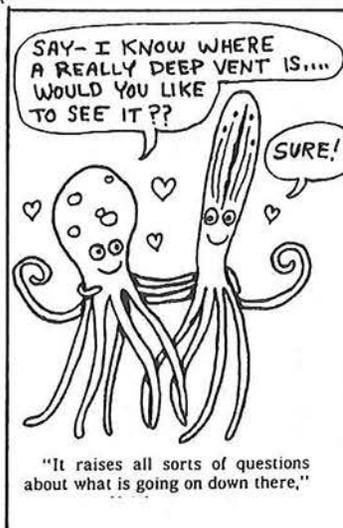
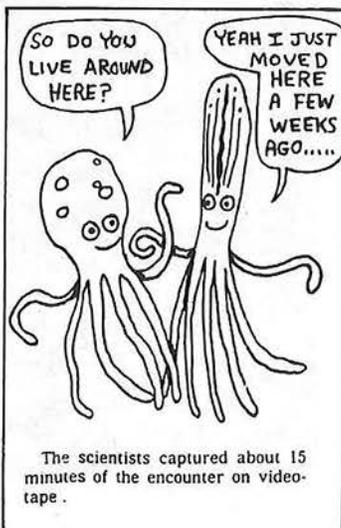
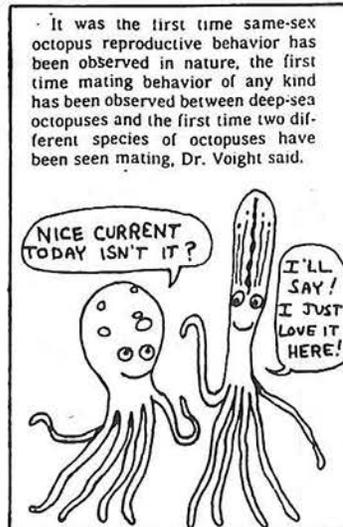
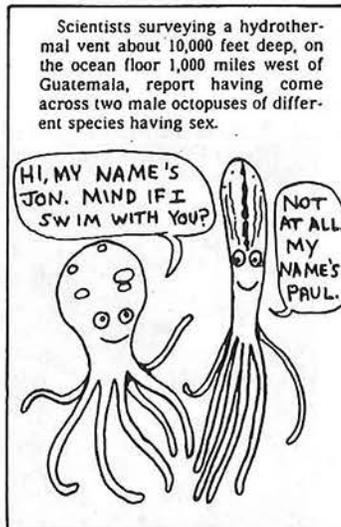


\$3

- Dennis Cooper
- \*
- Seattle's Fag Scene
- \*
- Queer Theory
- \*
- Reviews and More



## Sex Life Of Octopus



**Holy Titclamps #14:** The focus of this issue is "Queer History," but instead of trying to publish a complete time-line, editor Larry-bob presents a glimpse of the past via personal stories and biographies of lesser known queers. The personal stories include: a punk in San Francisco (79); a runaway from Iowa (early 70's); an altar boy (date unknown); the singer of a punk/new wave band (late 70's); and a rural dyke (early 80's?). The biographies are of actor Ernest (Bride of Frankenstein) Thesiger and the founders of modern day anarchy: Sergei Nechaev and Mikhail Bakunin. There's other personal anecdotes, as well as the most complete queer zine listing you'll find anywhere (except in *Fact Sheet Five* where the Holy Titclamps list is reprinted). Holy Titclamps is one of the most thoughtful, informative and consistent queer-zines that I know of and definitely worth checking out if you haven't already done so. (\$3., Box 590488, San Francisco, CA 94159-0488)

**Outpunk #3:** Outpunk (the zine) is published by Matt, who is also the force behind Outpunk the record label, so a lot of this zine is devoted to the queer/punk music scene. While there surprisingly isn't any record reviews, there is: a great tour diary from Pansy Divison (who's been touring with Green Day); a few assorted mail interviews with some "queercore" bands such as Sister George and Fagbash; Tribe 8 news; queer-punk do's and don'ts for heteros; and (naturally) current info on what's happening with Outpunk Records. Besides the music related stuff there's a really cool interview with a punk who is HIV+, a piece about gay skinheads and a three part article/interview that tries to demystify the S&M/leather scene, and lots more. As a whole Outpunk is very reader friendly and has a youthful approach that doesn't assume that everyone has lots of experience with gay culture. (\$2., P.O.Box 170501, San Francisco, CA 94117)

**The Polished Knob #4:** This is an interesting homo sex zine that supposedly only publishes true life experiences. I say "supposedly" because it's hard for me to understand how you can tell if someone's really telling the truth about their past sex life, especially when it's written down and not face to face. Still almost all of the pieces contained in *The Polished Knob* have the ring of truth to them. There's a couple of stories about guys who had early sexual experiences with their brothers, another story about a guy who likes to give himself enemas and a couple of other pieces concerning men remembering their first experience with masturbation. All of these seem like very truthful accounts to me, as does the guy who talks about having sex with his cars and loads the story down with so many details that you'll know how to do it yourself (without injury) after you've read it. While I may not totally believe the stories about sex in commercial airplanes, or with soon to be wed best friends, it still didn't inhibit me from enjoying the tales and thinking to myself: "well, why not?" There's also book reprints, zine reviews and much more! (\$3.95., P.O.Box 487, Boston, MA 02134-0004 Age statement required)

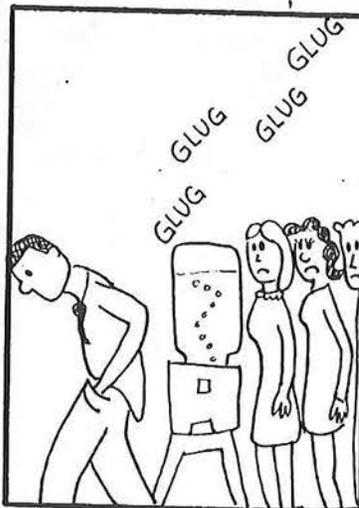
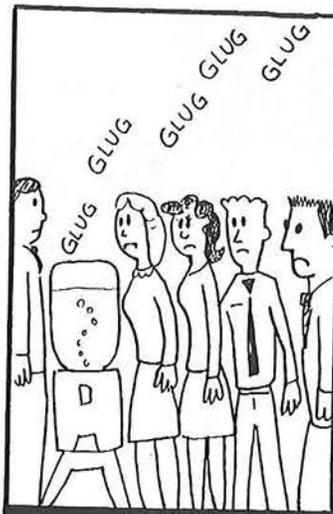
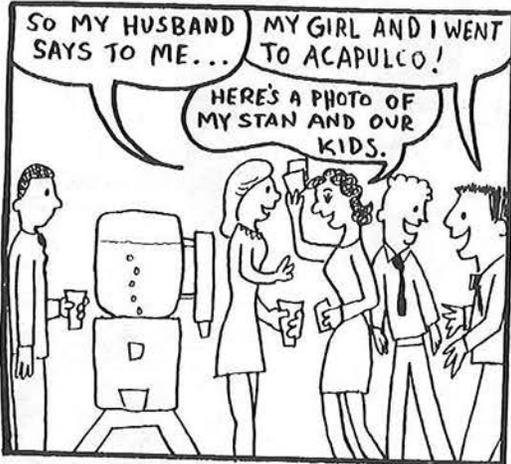
**Concerned Muthers #4 & 5:** Comics seem to be the primary focus of this British queer/punk zine, because each issue has a lot of them. #4 has comics by Robert Kirby, Sina and Jeremy Dennis amongst others. This issue also

has an article about the various homophobic characters that exist within the pages of DC's *Vertigo Comics* series. Issue #5 has a bunch of comics also, as well as: some thoughts about the death's of filmmaker Derek Jarman and Kurt Cobain; a couple of stories (one about a dyke who fell in love with her boss and the other about a girl who has sex with the bass player of a band); a rant about stupid indie rock people; poetry; and more. A lot of the writing seems very sincere and full of youthful outrage, so I suspect that *Concerned Muthers* is actually more "teen" than *Teen Fag!* (\$3., Box 385A, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 7YJ, UK)

**RapturePuss (June '94):** "My Tumor Issue" is what the cover to this zine says and it also has a color picture of the tumor in question on the cover. But aside from a couple of short pieces written by people about their past tumors, the bulk of this issue is a mixed bag of fiction and facts that seem mostly geared for a lesbian audience. There's an interview with a dancer, who talks about the murder of her co-worker; a piece about female ejaculation; a lesbians and cancer article; an editorial that suggests that more (abused) women should take the Lorena Bobbitt route; and many well written fictional pieces. The various topics and interesting graphics make this one of the more interesting zines I've read lately. (\$3., 323 Broadway E., Box 202, Seattle, WA 98102)

# STRAIGHT and NARROW

TONY ARENA



# music

## Mukilteo Fairies

Closet Check 7" (Outpunk)

Special Rites 7" (Kill Rock Stars)

The Mukilteo Fairies belt out fast and furious queer love songs on these two records (of sorts anyway...), often playing and singing so fast that you can't imagine them reproducing the songs exactly the same way each time they perform. This might sound like a nightmare of a band to some of you, but for those who are into classic hardcore punk, this is really quite good; an equal balance of catchy riffs and lyrics sandwiched between audio anarchy that keep the record(s) moving along without becoming monotonous. The Fairies' pissed off/fuck you attitude is especially reflected in the lyrics which often pertain to closeted boyfriends, potential boyfriends (who are afraid to come out of the closet), and other sorts of frustration (some obviously sexual and some not). There's anger and urgency found in their music that I haven't encountered on vinyl in a long time.

## Pansy Division

Deflowered-cassette (Lookout Records)

Because Pansy Division's songs are mostly punk-pop songs with silly or frivolous sounding lyrics, my first instinct is usually to dislike it whenever I hear something new by them. This sort of music hasn't appealed to me since I liked The Knack, or other such childlike obsessions, I tell myself. But something keeps drawing me back to them - possibly the fact that they are the most well known and out queer rock band - I'm not sure why. Yet upon repeated listenings I start to relax and eventually begin listening to the lyrics a bit closer, realizing that what I first thought of as frivolous, is sometimes quite insightful. Although sung in a happy manner, some of the topics they sing about (like idealistic body types, intimacy and AIDS) are quite eloquent and thoughtful. Since much of pop/rock history is firmly embedded in heterosexuality, Pansy Division's simple homo-love songs have begun to carve a new niche in the social/musical landscape; one where gay people don't have to use their imagination to pretend that the songs relate to them, because the lyrics leave little to the imagination. These are homo-punk-pop-rock-love songs. And although the music itself

isn't very challenging or revolutionary, the fact that it's not disco/dance music, and that the band is so accessible and popular, is. Their successful tour dates with Green Day only goes to show, what I like least about Pansy Division, is probably what other people like best, and I have no problem with that.

## Tribe 8

Fist City -CD (Alternative Tentacles)

Allen's Mom 7" (Outpunk)

If Pansy Division is the most well known queer punk-rock band, then Tribe 8 is certainly a close second, although being queer, and having queer song content, is the only thing they really have in common. Tribe 8's music is heavy at times, fast and furious at other points, and sometimes

both simultaneously. Instead of following traditional rock-pop song structures, Tribe 8's musical approach is more diverse and bombastic, sometimes having the appearance of being mini rock operas, without many repeated guitar riffs or discernible choruses. With many bands this style of playing could be a liability, yet for Tribe 8 it works well with the lyrics, which often seem to be telling a story and moving to a conclusion, as opposed to lingering on any one point. While this is not exclusively the case for every single song, the accumulative effect of their material makes it seem so. It's a tough, complicated sound, but then this is a tough, complicated band, and because Tribe 8 is comprised of all women, their music presents a striking challenge for audi-





ences outside their regular San Francisco/punk communities. While there certainly has been many all women rock bands in the past and present, none have been as thunderous as this one and their overt lesbian lyrics, (most of which pertain to s/m relationships), have placed them at the forefront not only of queer rock, but that of women's music as well.

#### Heatmiser

Cop and Speeder -CD  
(Frontier Records)

Unlike the other queer oriented bands that I'm reviewing this issue, Heatmiser are the most restrained when it comes to announcing their sexuality. After reading the press kit that came with the CD I got the impression that only one of the singer/song writers is gay (and the others straight I guess), but while listening to the music this bit of information didn't really matter since all of the songs are written from a personal, yet vague point of view. Little slices of life that leave much to your imagination and could easily pertain to any sort of relationship, queer or otherwise. Likewise most of the lyrics also seem to be about bad relationships and give this CD a rather melancholy feel to it. There's often a sense of sadness or regret to the words, as well as feelings of confusion about what went wrong. Certainly this is inspirational material for many songwriters (and poets), yet Heatmiser avoids being just a sad song singing band, because of their varied music. There's a good mixture of both fast and slow tempos, that keeps things sounding fresh from song to song, and prevents the CD from being as depressing as I've so far described it. They play in a style that's at times easiest compared to other post-punk bands like Fugazi, because of the strong rhythm and dissonant guitar work, but at the same time strays from this comparison due to their willingness to play more

straight forward rock. In all I liked this CD quite a bit and give it a big thumbs up.

#### Fifth Column

36C -CD (K Records)

Without sounding like complete throw backs to an earlier time, Fifth Column seem to draw much of their musical inspiration from earlier punk/new wave bands like the Raincoats or Slits, as opposed to modern styles like riot girl or grunge stuff. Lots of mid tempo rhythms layered with textured guitar and an occasional organ, accompanied by mostly harmonic vocals that sometimes turns into shouting or talk-singing. This gives the CD a rather haunting sound that has a certain quirkiness to it, that is comforting and disturbing at the same time. While this sort of describes the majority of the CD there are a few exceptions, such as the song All Women Are Bitches: Repeat!, which has a rousing rock feel to it. The lyrics also add to the haunted feelings I get from this, because I'm often not really sure what they're singing about when I read the lyric sheet; a lot of it seems like it could be dream fragments or partial references

to personal relationships - but at the same time when I listen to the music without looking at the lyric sheet I get a different impression altogether, as if they're singing lesbian love songs. Maybe that's just what I want to think? But as I've stated elsewhere in this issue, I prefer music that leaves something for my imagination anyway.

#### Team Dresch

Personal Best -CD

(Candy Ass/Chainsaw Records)

You'd think that Oregon must be a fairly repressive place, because of the highly publicized anti-gay proposals that come from there (which regrettably affect Washington State as well...), yet as evidenced by this release from Team Dresch - political antagonism must breed artistic creativity. From the opening notes of the song "Fagetarian and Dyke" to the ending of "Screwing Yer Courage", Team Dresch play and sing with an urgency and passion that is equal to their ability to write and perform excellent, well crafted and diverse music. Some of the songs are hard rockin' numbers with punkish tempos, while other's are almost ballads (but only in com-

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parison), which makes defining the Team Dresch sound a difficult task. There's a hard rock sensibility to many songs that often blast off at the beginning and threaten to become a rage-fest, but then gracefully glide into a more melodic interlude. On other songs the melodic vocals take the forefront and woo you into a pounding chorus. It's kind of floppy floppy music, but is consistently held together because of the vocals and lyrics which not only sound good, but are interesting as well. Anger, hope and love all seem to be equally represented in the poetic lyrics and are sung as passionately as the music that accompanies them. While Team Dresch's lesbionic attitude puts them at the crest of the queer (punk) rock being produced lately, they shouldn't be overlooked by anyone who enjoys good, solid, listenable music.

**various artists**

**Outpunk Dance Party -CD (Outpunk)**  
It doesn't matter whether you've been listening to queer punk music for some time now, or if you're just now beginning to discover it - this CD is a "must have". Besides including more recorded and well known bands like *Pansy Division* and *Tribe 8* (see above), *Outpunk Dance Party* also in-

cludes a host of other lesser known bands, some who've released records and/or CD's previously and some who have not. It's a rich cross section of bands that include all types of musical styles - from the glam rock of the *Hyperdrive Kittens*, to the striped down sound of *Power Snatch* and the hardcore thrash of *Mukilteo Fairies*. The points of views are equally as varied; the band *Jolt* sings about coming out of the closet, while *Double Zero* has a song about S&M love and *CWA (Cunts With Attitude - I think)* sing about seducing someone else's girlfriend. The other bands on here include *Sister George* who represents the queercore, UK scene with a crunchy punk tune called "Handle Bar"; a quirky gothic/vampire song by *Sta-Prest*; and a whacked out song by Austin's *Swine King* (which includes ex-Big Boy, Randy Biscuit Turner on vocals). With all the different kinds of music and production values represented on *Outpunk Dance Party*, the compilation is surprisingly consistent when compared to many other punk samplers. If you're at all interested in current queer rock music, I can't think of one good reason why you wouldn't want to check this CD out.



**Fagbash  
Horns/Whore's Blues/Jason -7"  
(Adult Crash)**

I've heard quite a few good things about this band after they played in Olympia last year, so I was happy to find this record... and I wasn't disappointed. Fagbash have a slow moving guitar sound that resembles both modern rock bands like Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, as well as more standard blues bands with it's deliberate simplicity. Despite the uncomplicated guitar work, Fagbash get a lot of "bang for the buck" (so to speak) by utilizing a minimal amount of distortion and other effects that fill out the sound, without over powering the vocals. The singing, which is a mixture of slow moving enunciations and off key harmonizings, works amazingly well in this setting and adds to the bluesy feel of the music, while also suggesting a more punk-ish edge. The lyrics are somewhat difficult to understand with any degree of clarity - is the singer a whore? Why doesn't Jason "feel right"? What about those horns? It really doesn't matter - it's catchy, infectious music from a band that's definitely worth keeping an eye (and ear) on.

**Owl killed after terrorizing senior citizens, killing dog**

GREENVILLE, Maine - A great horned owl that terrorized a senior-citizens development and killed a dog in front of its owner was shot dead by game wardens yesterday.

The owl was the prime suspect in the disappearance of several cats, and it had stripped the neighborhood clean of squirrels and birds.

"When people tried to get out of their houses it would swoop down on them," said Paul Fournier, spokesman for the Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife.

Robert Shufelt said the bird attacked his dog Bandit when he took it outside Wednesday before daybreak.

The owl lit the 20-pound poodle-Pekingese mix into the air and out of sight. Moments later, Shufelt said, the dog dropped from the sky.

"I tried to get the dog, but the owl came down on it," he said. "When (the owl) was standing on the dog, he was up to my belt buckle. It opened its wingspan up and hissed at me."

- Seattle Times news services

**I SICKEN ME**

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BLAIR  
WILSON #414  
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# comics

Boiled Angel #'s 7 & 8 and Superfly #1 by Mike Diana  
Baby Sue Vol.4, #3 & 4 by "LMNOP"

Publisher/cartoonist Mike Diana found himself in a great deal of trouble early last year because of his comic/zine **Boiled Angel**. On March 31, 1994, the state of Florida found Diana guilty of publishing a "lewd and obscene" publication and was sentenced to three years probation, fined \$3,000, ordered to take a journalism ethics course and to do eight hours a week of community service work. Furthermore, the judge ruled that Diana was prohibited from drawing anything "obscene," even in the privacy of his own home.

Since Mike Diana is the first cartoonist ever to be found guilty of creating art, his case has gotten a lot of attention in various publications such as *The Stranger*, *Nothing Sacred* and *Motlier Jones*. Diana's plight reminds many of similar controversies (such as Robert Maplethorpe's photographs or 2 Live Crew's cd's) and reconfirms the public's fear of Government censorship of the arts. Naturally when the State wants to suppress something (and it becomes known), more people want to see it. Anything "lewd and obscene" enough to get a cartoonist convicted in Florida will end up on many people's "must checkout list" (mine included), but is **Boiled Angel** as horrible as the courts make it out to be?

Of the two issues available, **Boiled Angel #7** is the one that most lives up to it's subtitle as "the boiled bible of blasphemy and filth." There's sacrilege galore as Diana and his various contributors poke fun at Christ, the Bible, crucifixes, priests and other religious icons. One comic, by Diana, relates the story of a young boy being fucked by a priest through a (glory) hole in the confessional, which isn't so bad considering what happens to the boy after the priest mysteriously disappears from the church. Elsewhere, there's pictures of Jesus with a huge cock, being worshiped by his devoted followers, as well as pages that have been ripped from a Bible.

**Boiled Angel #7** doesn't only concern itself with religious matters as many of the comics and spot illustrations depict the raping and killing of children, women and sometimes even men. When you consider how the court viewed this book, you'd expect these acts to be glorified somehow, but that isn't the case: the murder's are bloody, gory affairs; the rapes are violent and horrible; the villains have no redeemable features. While there is a cynical, humorous approach to most of the comics, it's really no more outrageous than what you can read in the newspaper or see on TV - just a bit more graphic.

Perhaps the most disturbing pieces presented in issue #7 are in the text, which is ironic when you consider the fact that Diana didn't even write them. One example is reprinted from a book called *Killer Fiction* which describes the murder and mutilation of a woman, from a sexual deviant's point of view. Another text piece is a long poem-like missive written by Gomez Robespierre, who could be viewed as a modern day Marquis de Sade, and include lines like: "... nothing you think and say and do can stop me, I'm the defiler of what's already befouled." It's creepy

inclusions like these that truly make **Boiled Angel** a horror zine, as opposed to a horror comic.

**Boiled Angel #8** also has plenty of sacrilegious humor, baby killing and irredeemable characters. One Diana story concerns a woman who is raped, given L.S.D. and mistakes her baby for a turkey and cooks it! Unlike the previous issue where the text pieces added to the horror presented by the art, in #8 the main focus seems to be on these written parts. The interview with serial killer Otis Toole is chilling because of his disregard (or inability) at showing regret over killing and cannibalism. Equally interesting is the interview with convicted author/killer Gerard Schaefer, who claims to be imprisoned because of his graphic depiction of serial murders, instead of his actual crime(s).

**BABY FUCKED DOG FOOD!** 



a scary story from **Boiled Angel #7**

I suspect that Diana was having a creative block during this time because there really isn't much of his work in this issue, instead he relies heavily on his contributors and the results are a bit uneven because of it. Robespierre, who creped me out before, has a lengthy piece in #8 which is boring and hard to read. Likewise much of the contributed artwork is rather tame, when compared to #7, and seems out of place. Still there's enough amusement to be found within the pages of **Boiled Angel #8**, but if you're going to choose either one or the other, I recommend buying #7 first.

Diana really gets to strut his stuff in **Superfly #1**, which is a book devoted completely to his comics. The stories in **Superfly** contain a wide variety of fucked up characters and outrageous situations, which remind me of early John Waters' movies. There's abused children, deformed addicts, evil drug pushers - all the sort of people "polite society" would like to pretend doesn't exist in the real world.

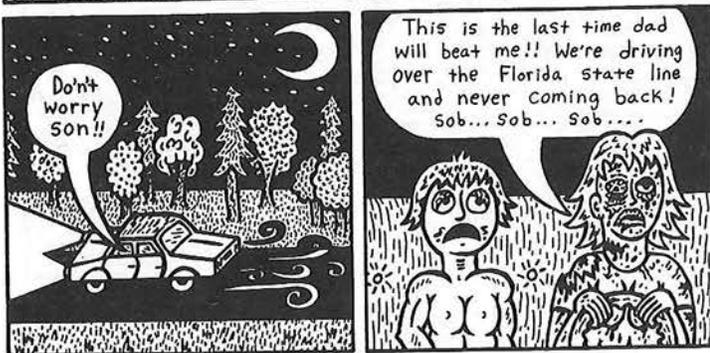
Yet rather than presenting these characters as anti-heroes, like Waters sometimes did, Diana instead shows them to be victims of circumstance and of their personal situations. For example, in one story, a boy is given three wishes, but eventually dies a bloody death due to his own inexperience and greed. In another tale, an abused child is given L.S.D. and has an amazing trip, only to be brought down after he is discovered by his evil mother.

Just as Diana's characters both parody and reflect the insanity of real life, so does his artwork. Diana's drawing style is cartoonish and surreal which gives a comical tone to the horrors he writes about. Using a stark black and white style (with no grays), Diana's cast seems goofy and unthreatening at first glance, but then their faces become shattered, their bones begin protruding, and the whole panel fills with a mixture of both blood and tears which are often indistinguishable from each other. Perhaps it's this drawing style that has gotten him the most (unwanted) attention. Many people, who don't often read comics, seem to mistake his cartoonish style of drawing as something that is intended for children.



Questionable humor? Baby Sue # 3

But when taken as a whole, an issue of Baby Sue is more complex than it's individual parts might suggest, because the scope of LMNOP's "victims" is so vast. In the world of LMNOP the torture of dogs (*A Study in Starvation*, from issue #3) is considered as equally funny as Jesus saying that he likes to drop acid and murder old women (*An Interview With Jesus*); a comic where an African-American woman calms her daughter by telling her "it's okay to hate white people", is placed next to a comic where a Caucasian father tells his son to "take all the drugs you want." Because of the variety in LMNOP's targets, it's hard to believe that any red neck points of view are instinctual, as much as they are calculated. Hence, Baby Sue has the feeling of parody, not only of red neck humor, but that of a sociopathic personality as well.



URBAN TRAGEDY AS PRESENTED IN SUPERFLY

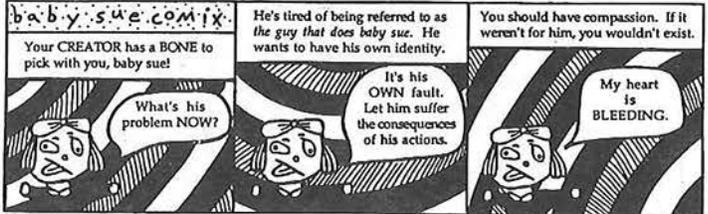
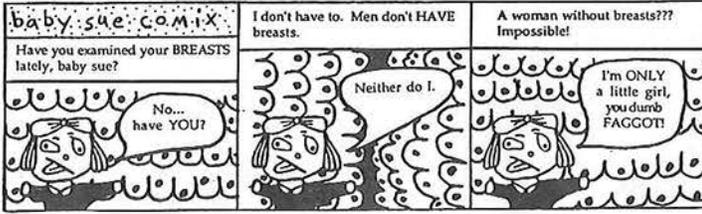
While it's no fault of Diana's that these people are ignorant of the comic medium, it's not surprising that these same people react with such horror upon discovering his work; it is horrible, but then it is a horror comic. Life in America is one horrific story after another, and both Superfly and Boiled Angel do an excellent job of relating this terror we have of our society, in an entertaining and non-threatening way. It's the fact that he may have been cut down by the Government, at perhaps his creative peak, which is ironically the biggest horror of them all.

In *Baby Sue* comics/zine there's a similar sort of humorous, anti-social, horrific look at American culture, like you would find in Mike Diana's publications. But where Diana mostly records the actions of others, *Baby Sue's* creator, the mysterious "LMNOP", appears to have adopted these soci-



ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM BABY SUE #3

None of LMNOP's creations reflect this sociopathic parody as well as the *Baby Sue* strip itself, which is a three panel comic depicting an obnoxious looking girl with her tongue sticking out. The character, *Baby Sue*, never changes her position or expression from panel to panel, and has on going conversations with a disembodied voice, amidst an ever changing, psychedelically inspired background. Usually the disembodied voice is the voice of reason, which reacts and tries to persuade the otherwise intolerant and of-



**BABY SUE HERSELF FROM BABY SUE VOL. 4, # 4.**

fensive Baby Sue towards compassion, or (at the very least) socially tolerant behavior. It's like observing a battle of the wills inside LMNOP's mind, as the two opposites gracefully jostle back and forth and around each other, in their desire to have the final word. But in the end, the socially incorrect Baby Sue always has the final word, and the voice can do nothing but play along with her abusive world views. If LMNOP is a true sociopath, as opposed to a parody of one, then Baby Sue is the demon that lurks within him; always threatening to escape, if not kept complacent by his ability to draw comics, create zines and henceforth give it a voice.

I'm not totally convinced that this is really the case though, because of the contributions LMNOP has made to various zines over the years, especially queer ones (*Teen Fag* included.) Although I've never met him, I've always regarded LMNOP as a "he" and the inclusion of the *Telepathic Savannah Death Trip* comic in issue #4, may be the first real glimpse of himself that LMNOP has ever shown his readership. In the story LMNOP and his friend (partner?) visit a bar where gay serial killer Gary Ray Bowles stalked a local victim. Does this imply that LMNOP is a queer? Perhaps. And if it does, then it gives new insight on some of his work, especially the work that makes fun of

gay people. There's a thin line between queer parody and queer satire, that to some may mean nothing more than hate vs. self-hatred, but to others, especially queers who are alienated by the gay mainstream, there's the point of view that reconfirms the instinct to avoid gay assimilation - to mainstream gay culture, as well as mainstream American culture.

Unfortunately there's no real way of knowing which it is, parody or satire (or both), and because a lot of the humor in Baby Sue is loaded with racial stereotypes and seemingly intolerant views, many of the jokes have a double edged sword; are you laughing at the absurdity of it, or do you secretly agree? Are you disturbed because racism and intolerance really exists in others, or are you disturbed because it exists in yourself? Each issue of Baby Sue elicits a variety of emotions along with the laughs, and can only be recommended to those readers who don't take everything at face value, have a thick skin, or a masochistic streak.

*Boiled Angel* #'s 7 & 8 (may be out of print?) and *Superfly* #1 (\$3.50, plus \$1 for postage) are available from: Michael Hunt Publishing, P.O.Box 226, Bensenville, IL 60106. Ask for a catalog.

*Baby Sue* (volume 4) #'s 3 & 4 are \$3 each. c/o: Baby Sue, P.O.Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111.

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# Crazy Christian Conspiracy Comics Part 1 -The Conspiracy Begins

A long time ago in a certain somewhere 'way up there' a certain 'son' grovels before a certain 'father'

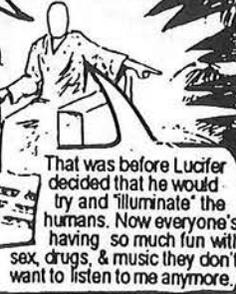
Junior, as you're aware I've worked hard these last couple of centuries to get these humans to believe I'm 'God'. I handpicked the Hebrews to be my 'Chosen' and I've been kicking ass ever since.



I've knocked off Ba'al, Ash To-Reth, Milcom, Chermosh & Molech. My Jews have slaughtered the Moabites, Hittites, Ammonites, Zidonians, & the Phillisines. You'd think I'd be happy.

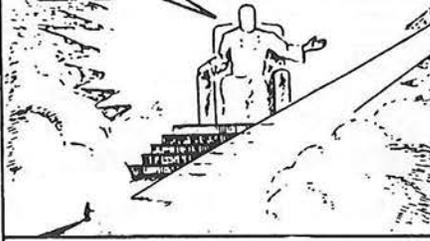
But Nooooo! No matter how many massacres I stage, no matter how many plagues I spread, no matter how many Prophetrans I send down to stir things up and put the fear of 'God' in those humans, I still don't have complete control and it's all due to that brother of mine, Damn that Lucifer!

But Dad you yourself said that when Great Aunt Eris left you and Unc the Farm you were suppose to share it equally. A straight split.



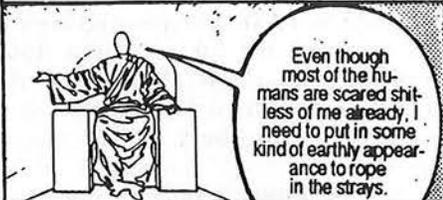
That was before Lucifer decided that he would try and 'illuminate' the humans. Now everyone's having so much fun with sex, drugs, & music they don't want to listen to me anymore.

But that's all over now. I've come up with a plan that's going to put an end to all this 'Life's a party, sit back, mellow out, and enjoy it' crap that Lucifer's been spreading. I'm God and I know what's best for these humans - and you, my 'son' are going to play a big part in this and I hope for once you don't fuck up.



And so begins The Great Battle for the souls of those beings who inhabit the dirtball called Earth. These dumb creatures are about to become the unwitting dupes of THE CRAZY CHRISTIAN CONSPIRACY.

Jehovah begins to outline his Master Plan to his 'son' Jesus who finds himself promoted to a new position of responsibility within the family firm.



Even though most of the humans are scared shitless of me already, I need to put in some kind of earthly appearance to rope in the strays.

'God' explains that he's decided to borrow an idea that a lot of his competitors have been using for years. He's going to use the old 'Son of God' routine and revamp the whole Hebrew religion thing so that he can broaden his potential market base to include the Gentiles. The Jews have been profitable for him, and helped wipe out a lot of the competition, but facts are facts, despite their rapid breeding rate, the Hebrews are never going to produce enough souls in the long run. So Jehovah is going to set himself up as the 'God' of All People.

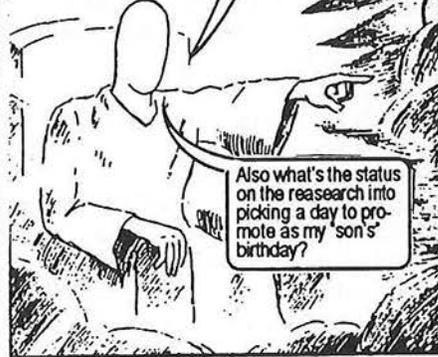
Even though Jehovah didn't actually create the humans he (along with all the other 'gods') has manipulated them long enough to know how easily they're suckered by a good con. He also knows that when it comes to humans it's always better to stick with the tried and true. The Virgin Birth angle has worked for others and he figures it'll work for him too.



So, despite the feeble protests of the hapless Jesus, 'God' arranges a little miraculous event one cold wet winter's night in a smelly stable out in back of a booked up motel in the low rent district of Bethlehem. Much to the disgust of Jesus he was wrapped in 'swaddling clothes and laid in a manger'. Off to a great start!

Back at Conspiracy Central, Jehovah gives dictation...

Make sure you're getting all of this. And remember to put in the part about the angels and the shepherds. Oh yeah, I decided to go ahead with the Wise Men thing. I think that will really class up the story.



Also what's the status on the reasearch into picking a day to promote as my 'son's' birthday?

We've come up with the date of Dec. 25th. It's currently the date that the sun worshippers use to celebrate the birth of Mithros. It shouldn't be too hard to substitute your 'son' for their 'sun'. There's a team working on it.



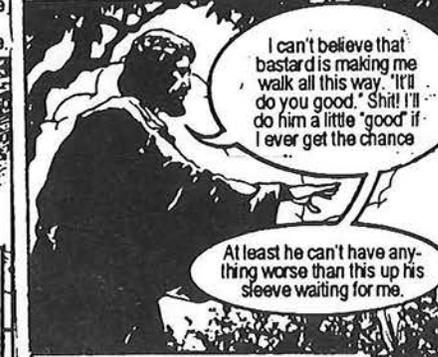
Jehovah signs off on the memo, and so the 'Christmas Project' gets underway. The Christmas team will be working with the 'Church of Rome' project to come up with an implementation date tentatively scheduled for somewhere around 200 to 300 A.D.

The boys in Marketing have also decided that we should skip the whole 'childhood stories' angle and jump right ahead to adulthood. We might throw in that one story about Jesus arguing with the Temple priests but for the most part, Jesus the Boy will remain a mystery to everyone.



In the meantime, I've contacted a few people I know and Jesus is going to be getting some cross-training from some of the best 'holymen' on Earth. These guys are going to teach him all of the tricks of the trade and before he knows it, Jesus will be spouting the bullshit with the best of 'em. He's already been given his itinerary and he's on his way.

Having received his marching orders, that's exactly what Jesus does - all the way from Galilee to the magical mystical land of Tibet where he is going to receive the best training that money can buy.



I can't believe that bastard is making me walk all this way. 'It'll do you good.' 'Shit! I'll do him a little 'good' if I ever get the chance

At least he can't have anything worse than this up his sleeve waiting for me.

Don't speak too soon Jesus, because little do you realize, the 'best' is yet to come....

For a copy of the 'Gold' Collectors Item Limited Edition of Crazy Christian Conspiracy Comics # 1 "The Big Lie?" send \$1 to CCCC, P.O. Box 378, Richmond, VA 23203. Don't face the CC Conspiracy alone, order today and Praise Dobbs!

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