

# teen fag 3

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WHO WAS

FRANCES  
FARMER?

ARE  
BLOW JOBS  
SAFE?

ALL ABOUT  
BATH-  
HOUSES!

INTERVIEW WITH

"M"

AND  
MORE!

Greetings Gentel-ones,  
thanks for buying the  
latest Teen Fag.

I feel like I should  
apologize for the price  
increase (which is  
quite substantial locally,  
- the plain truth is I ran out  
of money! I underestimated  
what the cost of publishing #2 would  
be and overestimated my ability to  
raise the cash through ads. There's lots of  
hidden costs in putting out a zine like: postage;  
dealing with distributors (aka phonecalls); and  
using the computers at Copy Mart to print the  
text out. - that I never really considered. If  
it wasn't for a generous donation by a friend the  
money for this issue wouldn't exist. So by raising  
the cover price I'm trying to raise the cash to  
publish #4 and establish some sort of self-reliance.

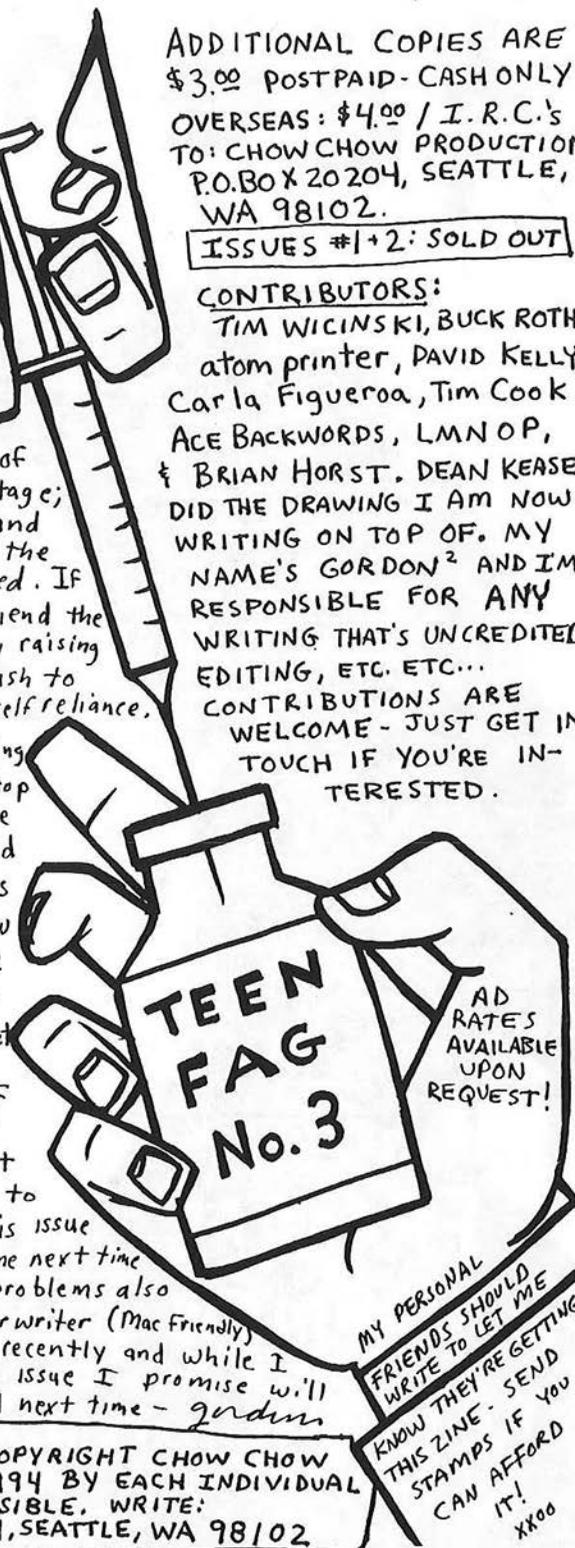
I'll try to be more aggressive about obtaining  
more ads - but it's difficult to do that on top  
of everything else. On the positive side: the  
last two issues sold very well and got good  
reviews! It'd be nice to find more stores  
to sell Teen Fag in though, so if you know  
a store that might be interested let me  
know! I do my distribution personally  
so I find: addresses, phone #'s and contact  
names very useful. Besides distribution  
I could also use help in other aspects of  
the zine: comics; writing contributions;  
letters (from people I don't know). I've got  
plenty of ideas if you don't know what to  
write about. The letter page got "bumped" this issue  
because there's so many pages but I'll print one next time  
if anyone writes. I'm still have technology problems also  
so if you know where I can buy a cheap lazerwriter (Mac friendly)  
let me know. I took a short writing class recently and while I  
didn't have time to apply it to this issue. next issue I promise w'll  
- Be more coherent. till next time - *gordon*

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# Bath Houses for Men: an interview with my friend Pete

The gay baths are establishments that have long intrigued me because of their reputation for easy, impersonal sex. Upon first learning of them I imagined porno movie orgies come to life: naked men fucking and sucking in giant hot tubs with reckless abandon. They seemed a mysterious combination of sexy and sleazy. When AIDS became a well known epidemic, all the baths in the city I lived in (Washington D.C.) were closed for "public health reasons" and I assumed that this was the case throughout the country. I'm not sure when I first realized that "baths" still existed, since my original fascination had faded, but eventually I noticed that there were a few in Seattle. Part of this awareness came from talking to my friend Pete, who sometimes goes to them and has no shyness when mentioning it. Recently we were sitting around, talking about the baths, when I got the idea to interview him for Teen Fag. Although he had some reservations about talking into a microphone, Pete still agreed to do it and here's what he had to say.....

**Gordon:** How old were you the first time you went to a bath house?

**Pete:** 29 or 30.

**G:** Had you ever thought about going there before?

**P:** Not much.

**G:** Did you know what a bath house was before you went in there?

**P:** Yeah... but I thought it was going to be a lot scarier than it was.

**G:** What exactly is a bath house?

**P:** It's a place with a lot of water and naked men getting into highly sexually charged interactions.

**G:** Is there big bath tubs or swimming pools or.....?

**P:** Sometimes there's saunas or jacuzzis... there's showers always.... there's steam rooms sometimes... sometimes there's little gymnasium set ups.....



**G:** Are all these things in the same room?

**P:** No, there's different rooms. I've been to three or four different bath houses and they had different types of facilities. One just might have a steam room and that's all.

**G:** Why did you think they were going to be scary?

**P:** I thought people would force you to do things you didn't want to do, or come on way too strong.

**G:** What happened the first time you went to one? What made you decide that it wasn't so scary?

**P:** Basically nobody forced themselves on me. People might touch you without your consent, but you can get away from them. I think the first time I went in I... somebody brought me back to their room... people have the option in most places of just getting a locker or getting a room... and he brought me back to his room. He... basically we just jerked each other off and I think he went down on me...

**G:** Were you drunk?

**P:** Was he drunk?

**G:** Were you drunk?

**P:** Was I drunk? No, I don't think I was drunk. I may have had some wine... I probably had a drink in me. I wouldn't go entirely drunk.

**G:** The only reason I'm asking' is that you seem sort of unclear...

**P:** Oh. Well... I remember him wanting me to suck his dick, but being like... "No. You can get AIDS this way"... I have a double standard about that.

**G:** What made you decide to go the first time?

**P:** Desperation. Not having any physical outlets or physical contacts with men. I hate bars and I live a really isolated lifestyle.

G: *What do you think the differences are between bars and bath houses?*

P: You don't have to talk in bath houses. And you don't have to worry about going home with a creep, or having a creep come to your home.

G: *Because you stay there....?*

P: Stay at the bath house? Yeah.

G: *So if somebody touches you and you don't want any thing to happen, what's the tactful way of getting yourself out of that? Is there certain etiquette involved?*

P: You just move their hand away. Or move yourself away. Usually people won't touch you unless they make eye contact with you... and you can avoid that.

G: *Well that's kind of similar to a bar....*

P: Well people aren't going to have sex in a bar and people like to talk you up first in a bar.

G: *People generally go to the bath houses particularly for sex....*

P: Yep. Well I've had some good conversations with men there. Some interesting ones with men I would never know otherwise.

**"...you don't have to worry about going home with a creep, or having a creep come to your home."**

G: *You didn't have sex with them?*

P: Sometimes... sometimes not.

G: *I wouldn't think that most people go there to have conversations.*

P: No. Sometimes they're surprised. Sometimes they answer your questions and others don't.... I like friendlier terms ... there's a lot of people who are ashamed to go there, who are in there. I feel okay about going there.

G: *Is there a typical sort of person who goes there?*

P: It's extremely diverse. Probably more diverse than any other sort of place you would go. All ages and races.. classes.. than in any one place.

G: *So there's usually a lot of people there?*

P: No. Sometimes there's... like a week day afternoon there's barely a dozen. Sometimes there can be a hundred. On friday and saturday nights it's real busy and I dislike it on those nights.

G: *Why?*

P: Because there's enough people there for people to develop self consciousness about it .... and form

sort of alliances or.... I guess your behavior becomes more circumspect. There's less privacy. You walk into a room and instead of two people being in there, there may be twenty. You're unlikely to make contact in a crowded room. When I go there I'm not particularly interested in finding a really cute guy or....

G: *And you suspect that's what other people are there for?*

P: Yeah.

G: *When you said that people are more self-conscious when there's more people there, what do you mean by that? What are they self-conscious about?*

P: What impression they're making on all these people.....

G: *Like they're performing in front of everybody?*

P: Yeah.

G: *So after you went the first time, you decided it was okay and that you would go again?*

P: Yeah, I decided that it was okay. I eventually came to realize that if I go there not to prove something about how desirable I am, but to go to make some kind of pleasant physical contact, then I was going to have a good time. I just... you know, went there for skin. It was good if I actually needed that or thought I needed that.

G: *Why would you go otherwise?*

P: Low self-esteem... figuring that I could go there to conquer... or get somebody to give me a blow job... something like that. What I was after was physical gratification, rather than some kind of ego gratification which some how just left me... it was a waste of time. I ended up feeling bad whether I got it or not.

G: *About the "ego" one...?*

P: Yeah.

G: *Why would you feel bad?*

P: Because! It's an ugly situation... I don't know, instead of just dealing with it on an animal level, which kind of feels good. To be in a hot room with horny people... it's nice if there's a certain understanding about it and you respect other men the same way you respect yourself.

G: *Do you usually have a good time when you go?*

P: Yeah, because I leave if I feel uncomfortable. If I feel crummy, I just leave. A lot of times I'll have had jerked off earlier in the day, just so it's not all

about a sex drive, it's also about making physical contact with somebody. Touching them and what-  
ever... That's the big thing actually, the touch  
part.. with sexual permission.

G: *Have you had any bad times?*

P: Yeah, I've had bad times.

G: *When you didn't leave in time?*

P: Yeah, when I didn't leave in time. Frankly it is  
very superficial. There are times I've looked more

attractive in my life  
and less attractive. If  
you're not attractive  
you're going to have a

more difficult time  
making contact. It's  
sorry but true and I've

really come to accept that  
about us, about men, but  
we do make superficial

assessments. It's not a  
whole, it's just part of our  
sexuality. That you find

some people more desir-  
able than certain others.

G: *What do you mean  
by desirable?*

P: They're hotter.

They make you horny.

G: *In what way?*

P: They seem vital.

That they'll give you  
something... they'll  
give you something that

you want.. by touching.  
They have some quality  
that you may be envious

of, or that has certain  
value to you.

G: *Just by being good looking?*

P: Yeah. Well, maybe also the way they move. It's  
very external. How they wear their hair... their  
facial expressions... how at ease they are.

G: *Do you think that most people who go to the  
bath house are at ease?*

P: Oh no. Definitely not. Not most of them... Well  
it changes, it depends on the time. Late at night on  
a weekend... often late at night isn't good, because  
men often get desperate. Like they'll come from



the bars, having expected a certain kind of... con-  
tact or conquest or whatever and they'll have not  
gotten it. So.. they'll feel like they have to... to  
make somebody, seduce somebody, have sex with  
somebody. So they go to the baths and they're  
kind of ashamed of the fact that they have to go  
to the baths instead of being able to make it at the  
bars. It's kind of like "second chance". So they're  
kind of angry about it and they don't think much

of you, because they don't  
think much of themselves.

G: *Can you generally spot  
these people?*

P: No. Well...

They're drunk. They don't  
smile at you. That's a kind  
of significant thing.

If somebody can smile at  
you, then they're a lot  
more likely to feel okay

about being there. Usually  
they're staring... it's pretty

predatory in a way.

G: *Have you ever accidentally  
gotten in a situation with  
someone who was unpleasant?*

P: Yeah, but you can get out of  
it. You can get out of it really  
quickly. More so than if you'd

gone home with somebody  
from a bar. That's what's  
good about it. You can't

really tell what people are up  
to a lot of times at bars..  
or anywhere. And you can't

tell what they're like  
sexually either. Whether

they want to be crude or  
whatever... too aggressive

basically.

G: *Hostile..?*

P: I've never gotten into any situation that's real  
hostile, in terms of... maybe just a snotty comment,  
but no physical violence. An attitude that can be  
demeaning though.

G: *How do you break away from someone with a  
bad attitude?*

P: You just leave. You just say that you got to "get a  
drink a water", or "go take a piss", "this isn't  
working"... any excuse is good enough.



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G: A popular impression is that bath houses' are just one big orgy...

P: No. Generally the case is men going off to rooms in couples and having sex. Sometimes they'll do it in the showers. Sometimes there's more than two men, sometimes there's three, or four. But rooms full of men all in contact is a real.... I've maybe seen five men together, which is unusual.

G: Do you think there's a certain stigmata against going to the bath houses? People seem to look down on them. Do you think that's fair?

P: Yeah, in a way it's fair. I mean ideally you should be able to make connections with people in your normal day to day life, rather than having to go to this separate institution to find sexual partners. But if you're not able, or not willing to make contacts in other ways, you can have experiences there that are okay. But they're often limited and they're often dead end. Relationships that are taken outside of the baths generally don't work.

G: Have you ever seen anyone after meeting them in at the baths?

P: Several people. One's a friend of mine still. We never really became boyfriends, but we're friends. Another one's a difficult friend, who almost became a boyfriend. Other guys I'll say hi to on the street. I'm almost proud of the fact that I go to the bath house. All my friends know I go.

G: How do most of your friends react?

P: They worry about me, but I tell them that I'm safe, which I am.

G: Is safe sex practiced at the bath houses?

P: Yeah, they give you condoms... as many as you want. But I think there's a lot of unsafe sex there. You see men with the door to their room open, just lying there on their stomachs, facing the wall like they want to get fucked and they don't care who it is. Or whether they're wearing a condom or not.

G: That seems like a rather depressing thing to see. Does that ruin your time....?

P: It's their choice. It makes me angry that they just don't care. There's also the question of how safe blow jobs are, which is kind of a gray area that I don't think most gay men have resolved.

G: I think they're pretty unsafe.

P: Yeah, I act on the premise that they are unsafe.

G: Are you implying that most people at the baths don't?

P: Right. Well, a lot of people.

G: How expensive is it to go to a bath house?

P: Generally you have to pay a membership fee and it's around ten dollars per time.

G: How much is the membership fee?

P: Depending on the place, it's about ten-fifteen dollars a year.

G: And for ten dollars you get a locker?

P: Yeah, a room costs more. It really depends a lot on the place though.

G: Do they vary a lot from place to place?

P: Yeah, I think so. Some are cleaner.

G: Cleaner in what way? How are they dirty?

P: Greasy carpets for example. Poorly lit, dirty bathrooms, foul smell....

G: What would you tell someone who was going to the bath houses for the very first time?

P: I'd say jerk off first, then think again.

G: Why?

P: Because you'll be more responsible about your behavior.

G: But why the "think again" part?

P: Because you should think twice about anything that's potentially dangerous or hurtful. There's a way people become addicted to things that sometimes hurt their self esteem. They define themselves as somebody who goes to the bath house, so it becomes a guilty pleasure. It can be dangerous to separate your sexuality from the rest of your life and from deeper connections to people.

G: But if you're fairly good looking, confident about your sexuality and just looking for an immediate release, then it's generally okay to go to the bath house?

P: You don't have to be good looking.

G: You implied that earlier...

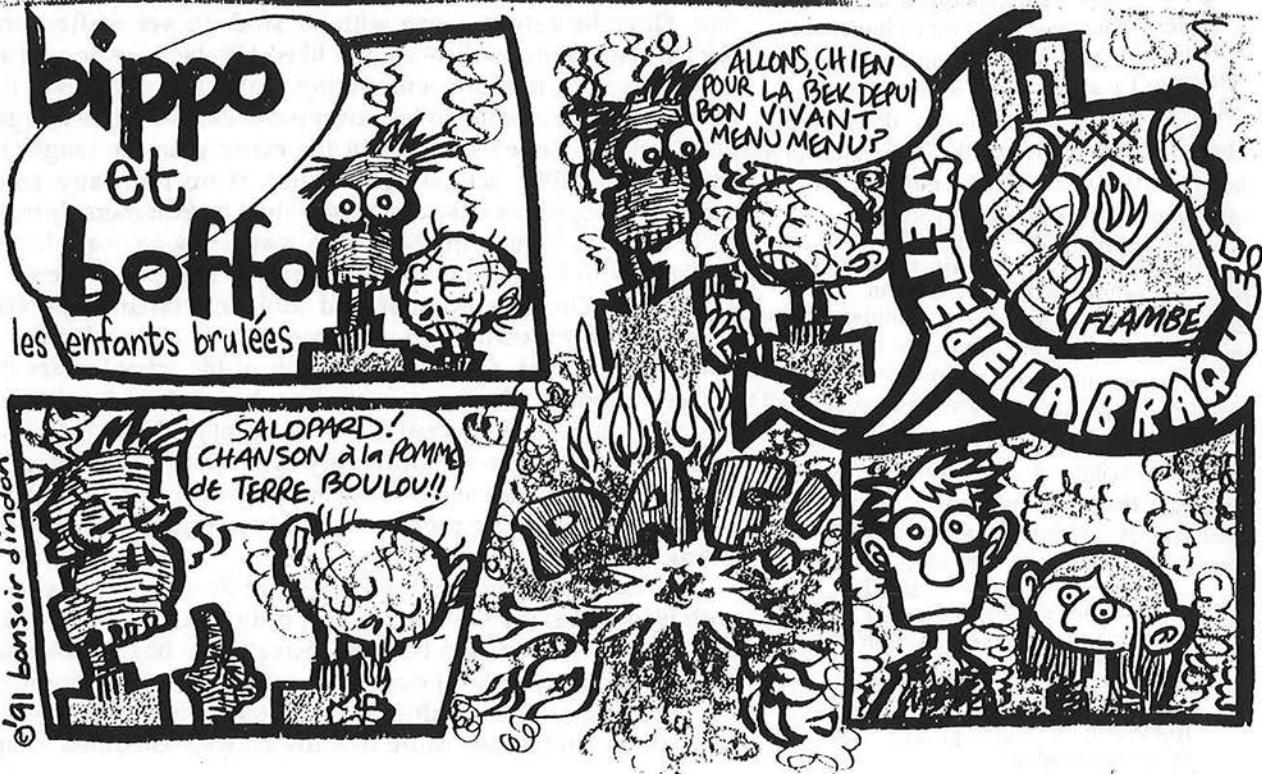
P: No, I implied that it was going to be easier for you to make contact...

G: So, if you're a fat old man you can go too?

P: Yeah and you can make contact with other fat old men.

- FIN -

IF YOU LIKE THE NAMES + ADDRESSES MAY BE FOUND IN ANY ISSUE OF THE SEATTLE GAY NEWS.



## SEATTLE'S TEACHER/STUDENT



### NEAL SUMMERS

Just who was Neal Summers: Dedicated teacher? Caring mentor? Scheming pedophile who maintained a sexually abusive relationship for 10 years with the man accused of killing him? "He was a nice fellow. He had a lot of friends, mainly men friends," Friends say Summers didn't date.

"He had kids here all the time," known as a dedicated teacher who acted as father figure and role model for a generation of students a teen-ager saw no hint of improper behavior. "He wouldn't open a beer for me until I was 21," my mom questioned what is this strange adult man doing with a bunch of boys? I told her, don't worry about it, he's normal. "He supplied beer for underage kids said a youth who attended the parties.

The adult's public image is often so positive that victims remain silent out of fear that no one will believe them. students openly questioned Summers' sexuality and wondered why only boys went on field trips.

questions and rumors about Summers had circulated over the years among some students "They'd call him 'pervert,' 'queer.' just a punk kid making a rude comment. Summers proposed that they masturbate together. when Neal was about 15. a reputation not known to adults in the community.

Prosecutors said yesterday they have kids not identified anyone else who says Summers molested him during his 15 years at Whitman.

"He wouldn't take advantage of kids — or anyone," said Diane Rockwell, a sixth grader. "Mr. Summers is nice."

Neal Summers, a teacher at Seattle's Whitman Middle School, was shot in the back by a high powered rifle as he entered the school at 6:30 A.M., January 31, 1994. The city was shocked at this senseless slaying on public school grounds, but even more startling was the revelation that Summers' murderer was 24 year-old Darrell Cloud, a former teacher's aide of the victim.

It wasn't that Cloud had murdered the teacher that shocked the community as much as it was the reason. Apparently Summers and Cloud had been involved in a ten year sexual relationship that began when Cloud was a freshman in high school. An initial report in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer quoted an inside source as saying that Cloud admitted the murder and gave "frustration over their on again, off again relationship" as the motive for the killing.

This revelation scandalized the city.

Neal Summers was a model teacher who always had time to spend with his students. Summers, who was single, often spent his after school hours by taking students on weekend trips to the San Juan Islands, playing basketball or pool with them, and hosting yearly barbecue parties. Students liked Summers because he was a strict, yet fair teacher with a good sense of humor. Often he kept in touch with his students years after they left his class. Summers' colleagues liked him because he was always energetic, friendly, and willing to pitch in when ever the school needed someone to take over a difficult task, like reorganizing class schedules. Never in the many years he taught in the Seattle Public School System had there been any complaints or suspicions of sexual misconduct by Summers. Instead he seemed to be one of those rare teachers who truly loved working with kids and always had time to share with them.

Darrell Cloud, a popular and athletic student, was also known by his acquaintances as a good person, although a bit ill tempered at times. Cloud spent much of his school years involved in sports. After graduating from high school, he went to Washington State University, where he played football, and was later recruited to the University of Washington, to play on the varsity baseball team. Cloud had a history of exhibiting a bad temper at sporting events and had been reprimanded by his coaches many times in the past.

A short-lived marriage Cloud was, in during college ended with his wife asking for a restraining order against him. During the marriage Cloud had become increasingly hostile towards her and had also spoke of committing suicide. She and her family both feared Cloud after he threatened her with both a baseball bat and a gun. More recently he was scheduled to ap-

# HOMO-MURDER SCANDAL

pear in court to face charges that he waved a hand gun from a car in downtown Seattle while intimidating other motorist.

Although the Summers/Cloud relationship ended tragically, it's the fact that it existed at all which seems most startling to the public. Attempts were made by the police to discover if Summers had any similar sexual encounters with other students, but to no avail. Summers' had been teaching since the mid-70's, and had many young men alone in his house or on trips, yet so far there's no evidence that he ever had sex, or attempted to, with anyone other than Cloud. It's possible that Summers had sexual relationships with other adults, but so far there's been no mention of them by the police or the newspapers.

Currently Cloud is out on bail and his attorney seems to be gearing up for a defense using the "battered-person syndrome." This controversial theory is similar to the defense used by both Lorena Bobbitt (who cut off her husband's penis), and the Mendez brothers (who murdered their parents.) Basically it is used to prove that a crime is somewhat justified, because the "abused" person felt there was no other way to get out of the relationship with their "abuser."

Controversy and intrigue also surrounds the case, because it's been recently revealed that Summers' home was burglarized shortly after his murder. Files, video tapes, and other unknown objects were stolen from the home, and the press speculate whether or not these objects were taken to prevent police from discovering the identities of Summers' other under-age sexual partners. Unless they are found though, their importance to the case will remain a mystery.

Meanwhile the community still has many unanswered questions: How did Summers and Cloud's illicit coupling continue so long unnoticed? Why did a teacher of Summers' caliber involve himself in a sexual affair with a student? What can be done to prevent this from happening again in the future?

Assuming that Cloud was being molested against his will, it's easy to guess why he never told anyone. High schools are not exactly known as homo-friendly atmospheres; at high school, being called "a faggot" is the ultimate insult. If Cloud did expose his relationship with Summers, he not only risked disbelief by the authorities, there was also the chance that other students would have found out. Cloud could have become labeled a faggot. After a while, everyone would have forgotten about Summers, but Cloud would have still been there to hear his fellow students speculate on whether or not he sucked a cock, got his ass fucked, or anything else their imaginations may have come up with.

Because of Cloud's interest in sports he had a lot to lose by exposing his situation. Boys into sports (jocks) are notorious fag



## DARRELL CLOUD

And exactly who is Darrell Cloud: The 24-year-old former student accused of murder? Celebrated athlete? Hotheaded gun nut? Helpless victim of abuse? is a young man remembered with words like "trust" and "confidence" and "all-American" one of the prize guys," He had so much talent," violence would be "out of character." He attempted suicide twice and ran away from home three times, his mother said,

"He threatened her with a base ball bat and gun," said the former father-in-law. Cloud was charged in District Court with "displaying a weapon to intimidate." Witnesses at that trial said Cloud attended looking like a "skinhead," "He asked me, 'Do you have any secrets?' . . . Then he got real quiet.

The girlfriend told them "Darrell had beaten up Neal Summers a couple of times for trying to get in his pants," recalled one of the former students.

A tearful Darrell Cloud told his wife three years ago he was distraught over his sexual relationship that had begun when a high school freshman.

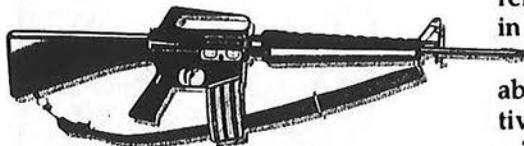
"Our suspect here is very unsure of his sexuality," a police source said. "It's a very confusing thing for him. He said he was always afraid of what people would think of who he was and what he was doing, and that really bothered him.

Cloud told his friends he wanted to hide a rifle because he was being investigated in "another brandishing case,"

MORE →

## SUMMERS-CLOUD CONTINUED

The report from the weapon was so loud several others in the building believed there had been some sort of crash or explosion. A teacher ran into the hallway and found Summers lying among strewn papers and books. Summers asked her, "I heard an explosion, what was it?" The weapon is an AR15, the civilian



version of an M16 military rifle. The semiautomatic weapon shoots a bullet at over 3,000 feet per second and costs about \$1,000. He killed Summers with a single shot aimed at Summers' heart and fired from 150 feet away. Police he shot Summers in the back at Whitman Middle School early Monday "to end years of sexual abuse." Police were led to Cloud by three childhood friends who said he tried to hide a rifle in their home. Experts say rape is a common symptom of sexual abuse and that men are likely to explode with angry outbursts.

Cloud told police the relationship temporarily ended when he was attending college, but the two men renewed a sexual relationship other regularly up to the day of the murder.

"Just like with battered women, people lose their sense of self and become disempowered," he said. "Does it at some magical point turn from an oppressive, abusive relationship to a consensual one? Can it ever be voluntary if someone is conditioned by abuse for so many years?"

Maleng said the case "is a dramatic example of the destructive nature" of sexual abuse. But he said there was no evidence of physical violence by Summers against Cloud. "This is the first time I've heard that rape is not violence, "If this was a woman or a girl, we would

all be hearing 'rape, rape, rape,'"

The tragedy of teachers preying on students for their sexual gratification has become a distressingly familiar story.

Police said Cloud, then an eighth-grade student, met Summers in 1983 and their sexual relationship began during the next school year.

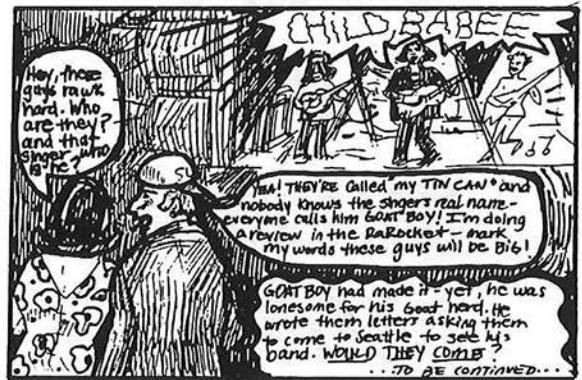
Cloud faces a maximum penalty of life in prison with the possibility of parole.

haters. These are the boys who usually work the hardest at confirming their manhood, and homos are not seen by them as being particularly manly. Quite the opposite actually. Admitting any sort of homosexuality, willing or not, could have ruined young Cloud's chances of ever being able to participate in local sports, without fearing harassment. To opponents and teammates alike, he would have been the faggot. If Cloud was in the relationship with Summers against his will, it was definitely in his best interests not to let anyone know about it.

Why Summers kept his sexuality secret is more understandable; gay teachers in public schools are not looked at very positively. Our society has the opinion that openly gay teachers will somehow turn previously heterosexual students into homosexuals. Public schools are so sexually conservative that it's an uphill battle just to teach students how to protect themselves from AIDS, and homosexual teachers stretch the boundaries of what's considered tolerable by many politicians, parents, and even some students. By looking at Summers' past it's an easy assumption that he loved working with teenagers. If parents or the School Board knew that Summers was gay, it's doubtful he would have been allowed the close contact he previously enjoyed. Most likely administrators might have automatically assumed he was teaching only as a way to get close to young boys.

It's believable that Summers never had the intention of entering into a sexual relationship with a student until after he became a teacher. As any closeted gay person can tell you, hiding your sexuality is a perverse way to live; everyone around you is allowed to live openly but for some reason you feel you can't, and this fear isn't natural. It's never mentioned if anyone close to Summers knew that he was gay, and it's doubtful anyone did. Summers is an example of a "closet case" gone bad, an example of a perverse situation creating a pervert, not the other way around. If this is true then both men were victims of homophobia.

Currently there are two anti-gay-rights initiatives that could be on the statewide ballot this November, I-608 and I-610. (This is what all those Hands Off Washington signs are referring to in case you didn't know.) Both of these initiatives prohibit public schools from "promoting" or "supporting" homosexuality, which in plainer language means: Teachers are not allowed to talk about it. Yet homophobia in the public schools is a problem that educators and students must be taught to deal with. Students must be told the truth about homosexuality: that it's natural for some people and nothing to be looked down upon; and they must also be actively discouraged from discriminating against gays, the same way they are discouraged from being racists and sexists. This is the only sensible way to avert another Summers-Cloud tragedy from ever happening again.





On November 19th about 300 queers, lesbians, freaks and other activists gathered at Seattle Central Community College to march on APEC and Bill Clintons dinner at the Westin Hotel. People from all over Puget Sound came to target Bill and his \$2,500 a plate dinner with a little political dissent. On my way down from work I thought that the warning on ACT UP's flyer, the part about the potential for being maced, was a good sign of a militant showing against the front man for murder all over the world.

At SCCC a large crowd of cold and somewhat giddy people were passing around leaflets and signs about everything from NAFTA to healthcare, but the majority of people were there to protest the lies that Bill told during his presidential campaign. He lied about lifting the HIV+ immigration ban, lied about releasing the Haitian refugees, lied about any real funding or action on AIDS research and lied about his stand on gays in the military.



**KILLING  
TIME  
IS  
KILLING  
PEOPLE**

The fact that he lied so much was no surprise to me, but I hate him just the same. Unlike myself a lot of the attendees didn't seem to be activists at all, just people with a long list of grievances, who had truly had enough and they expected to be heard.

After some tired speeches and an orientation from the ACT UP organizers and SCCC's 'triangle club' we started marching toward the Westin. Chanting, "BILL CLINTON YOU CAN'T HIDE, WE CHARGE YOU WITH GENOCIDE!!!" The marchers immediately took to the street, heading downtown along Pine to cheers and jeers from passersby and bus passengers. Dozens of people joined in at this point, and so did about a dozen of the Seattle Police Department's bicycle pigs who rode the centerline and told people to stay to the right of it. As they slowly rode next to me I kept looking at their toe clips, knowing that I could easily elbow one into oncoming traffic, say a bus, and they wouldn't be able to stop me.

I kept waiting for the Police line that would stop us short of our destination. Someone had brought an American flag with multi-colored stripes as some kind of 'rainbow' concession to reality, it kept swatting me in the face because of the wind and I wanted to burn it just like a 'real' one. What the fuck? Many of the protesters commented on the military gay ban, 'who gives a shit', 'why join anyway?', 'why would anyone. . .', and as a veteran I definitely agree.

Downtown there were pigs everywhere, just like all week, but they were too busy 'guarding' hotels and dignitaries to stop us. Soon however, I realized, that there were plenty of pigs left for us. Within one block of the Westin, as more police began taking an interest, the legal observers\* started to panic, telling everyone to get out of the street or we might get arrested. This was accompanied by the bike pigs attempting to make some kind of a barricade with their bicycles. This didn't work as they were too slow, as usual, to respond to people cutting through traffic en masse.

After that failed the bike pigs then rode ahead, and as we came around the corner and saw the front of the Westin, we also saw a line of 70+ cops there. The pigs were able to pull it off this time. With a barricade of bike pigs to the left, six horse pigs in front of us, and the largest group of pigs directly in front of the hotel - the marchers however, largely stayed in the street.

Although a lot of people wanted to move forward to the steps, and the police, the legal observers after conferring with the pigs started saying, "get out of the street now or you'll be arrested." This is not what the pigs said but whatever; people moved onto the nearby triangle park slowly, showing their reluctance to have given up so easily. The planned plate smashing commenced shortly thereafter, it was supposed to represent the dinner plates inside and the ruling classes 'business as usual' attitudes being smashed. Before each person smashed their plate they would speak in to the mic that was provided. Although some really cool things were said the overall effect to me was loud passivity. "Voting: a trap for fools" - Jean-Paul Sartre



Anyone who thought that any good could come out of this country simply by changing the puppet-head is ignoring the lessons of history. Camelot did exist, but it was a murderous, rapacious little sidebar to the same old shit. Bill has since decided to fund more federal police, bomb Iraq again, fund secret wars in Latin America, backpedal on healthcare, and occupy Somalia just like the 'real' Kennedy's. All of this crap is one big program called 'business as usual', kill the poor, the queers, the homeless, the immigrants, people of color, anything for business. It's time to drag the politicians out of their closets.

The need for protests about AIDS and other forms of murder inside and outside this country, are obvious; less obvious is how to tactically pull these demonstrations off.

One problem is the question of what level of protest is appropriate. This came up during the war on Iraq, and I say that damn near anything that you can do is appropriate. What is inappropriate is diverting people away from direct action and channelling them into electoral politics. This is what Sartre was talking about in the above quote. The fact that if the landowning, corporate, and ruling classes make all the rules for the elections, do you think that you can win playing by their rules?

-Atom Printer

## Confront Clinton!

Friday 19 November '93

4:00 Pre-rally Action@ Volunteer Park info: 726-1678

5:30 Rally at SCCC (Broadway & Pine)

6:00 Candlelight March to Westin Hotel (5th & Stewart)

## Show Your Outrage!

Fact: Clinton courted the queer community and since has met with the murderous pope in Colorado, and refuses to condemn the O.C.A./C.A.W.

Fact: Inaction on a lesbian and gay civil rights bill.

Fact: Clinton lied about enacting the Presidential National Commission on AIDS report.

Fact: Clinton signed the HIV Immigration Ban into law. The liar campaigned to rescind it.

Fact: Don't ask, don't tell. Clinton sold us out!

## Unleash Your Power!

Bring whistles, drums, pots & pans, lights and candles.

Bus trans. provided. We need volunteers.

Call 726-1678 for more info.

Initiated by ACT UP/Seattle & Community Volunteer Cmte.

## No More Promises President Clinton Act on AIDS!

\* Legal Observers are usually obtained by the groups organizing a particular demonstration, especially if the potential is there for arrests. Their function is to prevent the police from illegally arresting people, and to serve as witnesses in any trial that would result from any arrests. This is, as you can imagine, quite useful. Often the American Civil Liberties Union will provide them from their rosters of student and other legal types, in this case I'm not sure where they were from.

# INTERVIEW WITH

# M

BY TIM WICINSKI

M is a small, thin woman in her mid-40's, who's political comics appear in various publications. Usually in the standard, single panel format, M's work stands out because of it's surface crudeness and emotional intensity. Ragged landscapes and distorted faces are often featured predominantly in her work, giving the reader the impression that not only is M reporting on the destruction of society, but that she's living it as well. The effects of clear cutting, rampant industrial sprawl and insidious political maneuverings are just a few of the topics M passionately brings into her strips. Her comic is featured each week on the front page of the Anderson Valley Advertiser (AVA), a small newspaper from Mendocino County California, where she also lives. Because the AVA and M strive to keep people informed of the corruption around them, M is cautiously private about herself and her true identity. Anderson Valley is a small community, where simple misunderstandings evolve into long running disputes, and upset readers have been known to vandalize the property of both the newspaper and it's employees. Tim W. spoke to her last fall about her recently self-published book, entitled "Cartoons by M", her art in general and what ever else she cared to reveal.

Cartoons by M is available for \$12 postpaid from Anderson Valley Books, PO Box 459, Booneville, CA 95415.



*TF: You draw many cartoons about local county things and it seems as if you have a good depth of knowledge of the people in the area...*

*M: I try to keep up with it: read; go to meetings; whatever it takes.*

*TF: Do you go to the county board of education meetings?*

*M: Ive been to them, I dont go to them regularly. Other people are covering them, it's incredibly time consuming.*

*TF: So you focus more on the drawing then?*

*M: Yea, lately I haven't had much time to do that.*

*TF: You said that on the phone.*

*M: No, I work a regular job by necessity, the art is an avocation. I wish it could be different. Most artists, at least for an artist with anything to say, is not going to be able to make any money off of it.*

*TF: I know you probably dont get paid much for the paper, but how about the book? How is that going for you?*

*M: Its going pretty bad. money wise its a total loss*

as far as Im concerned. I made many mistakes in the way I did it.

TF: *How so?*

M: The choice of printers, the production methods, my inexperience - I didnt know that much about offset printing. Promotion was a problem - you mail a book out, and it goes down a black hole and you never hear from whomever you mailed it to again.

TF: *Do you feel it tougher being out here in Booneville versus being in San Francisco, or do you think it would be tough in general?*

M: For the success of the book, I dont know. For producing a book its definitely tougher to be in an area where there's not any resources for production. Its harder getting decent stats...the printer was too far, charged far too much, poor job. I wouldnt recommend that printer to anyone. They didnt take care of the inking of the press. They sure didnt do a decent job of photography. It shouldn't be tough, there aren't half tones in pen and ink. Its totally black and white. Its line art, they just werent attentive, the printer didnt care that much about what they were doing. I thought because they were a small press that maybe they would.

TF: *Did you send copies of it up to Fantagraphics, places like that?*

M: Yea, I sent one to Fantagraphics. That was a black hole. I sent a bunch out to different places, publications, book distributors, even stores who might want to carry it...very little response. I've concluded that unless you actually have connections and friends you're not going to get anywhere with any publication.

TF: *You think it scares them away that you take a stand?*

M: They'd rather look at the Far Side or something. They dont want to see something that says be as radical as reality.

TF: *Do you think part of it could be that a lot of your stuff is very local oriented? If you dont know who the Board of Ed boss is in town, you might not get many of the jokes?*

M: That may be true...I was hoping some of the more all encompassing political stuff would be enough to appeal to a wider audience. People dont think it applies to them.

TF: *There seems to be a fair bit of hatred in your cartoons. There seems to be much anger... Does it feel very catharsis for you to draw the way you do?*

M: No, I dont see it as any kind of therapeutic thing. I see it as work. I see it as hopefully something that will advance consciousness some way or make people think.



TF: *What influences your work? Your style is different.*

M: Drawing wise, just sheer drawing wise, I like to look at the woodcuts of the artist Albrecht Durer. He was a 15th/16th century artist who really spaced and is very good. His drawing was incredibly tight. I always thought this guy was just a technician showing off how realistically he can render whatever -- every hair on a bunny. When I saw these woodcuts, I thought wow, he was on a much higher level of thoughts than the medium itself and how he used it. I also like another artist of that period the landscape etchings of Peter Drügel. Those are things I like to look at as some

INTERVIEW: IT CONTINUES...

## INTERVIEW WITH M....

kind of ideal, if I were really a good artist that's what I would want to shoot for. But as far as cartooning goes I don't have time. You're just...trying to come up with a joke first, something for a punch line, and then you're trying to go straight the best way you can. As for other influences, Ed Herman and George Grosz. early 20s, I really like his stuff....

TF: *The guys with the woodcuts, were they really fine work? They weren't religious or anything?*

M: Some of them were religious but they were totally spaced out! It wasn't the substance of it so much, but the way it hit your eye. Something about the way he pushes the image off the page into your face was the way it appealed to me more than the details or what he was saying religiously or anything like that. It was just the technique, the technical that really was something I wish I could do better.

TF: *How long does one of your drawings take?*

M: It depends on which one, but I'd say between thinking and drawing and revising and stuff, you're

easily pissing away at least a day. Usually I try to get a small rough pencil sketch going and pick one out of 4 or 5 that's going to be it. I still underestimate the amount of time that it's going to take. probably even the simplest one, like the surfer one, just the drawing itself, I'm going to say took at least 4 hours. doesn't look like it - shouldn't of taken that long, and a really good artist could of done it better. I made a lot of changes.

**"both on a fantasy level and on a real level, men have it a lot better"**

TF: *Do you ever look at Maximum Rock & Roll?*

M: Yea, I get that, I really hate that magazine.

TF: *Why do you hate it? It's a pretty ugly rag...*

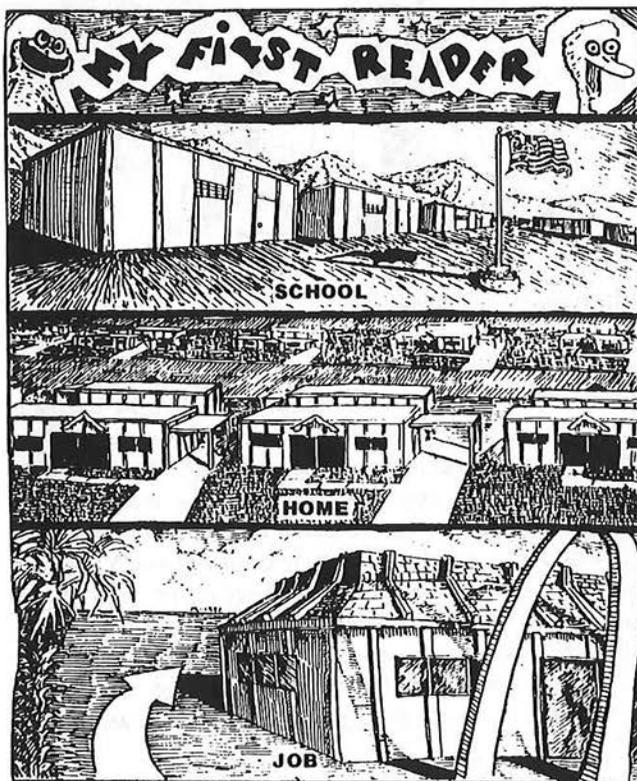
M: Oh shit. You hit that on the head. It's gotten better the last couple of years, but there is something so repetitive about it. Some of the columnists are really complete assholes, and others of them are the sort of people who are pontificating about their worldly experiences how they fucked everything and everybody. It's so repetitive that after awhile...I fucked everything that moved and I'm only 21 - how many of these can you read before you get completely turned off of sex? Some of the columnists I like and I think it's good in some ways I thought that during Desert Storm they did a decent covering it, but their information seemed a little out of date by the time it would come out: old news, old commentaries.

TF: *They also have problems listening to the wrong people and not thinking things through.*

M: Yea, they have a real free press, and they are trying to be really open-minded. Part of the problem with the punk scene is there's a faction of it - I'm sure not setting myself up as an expert on that, because I don't know much about it - but there seems to be a really nihilistic undercurrent to it and that itself bothers me.

TF: *Does it seem dead end or fatalistic?*

M: It's nihilistic. It's not based on real experience. They haven't participated in local activities, yet they're rejecting activism without something else - everything is either not stylish or not beautiful.



Maybe they're right, maybe its fucking futile, but what else can you show me? At least try. I think they are closed in - this is just an impression too, I dont know any MR&R people. All I know is when since I started reading it about 3 or 4 years ago, the personnel are still the same, saying the same thing. In some ways they are as intolerant and close-minded of others things as any other scene. They seem to have their king makers. A lot of their columnists are constantly noting what another of their columnists said last month, and commenting on that. Like who gives a shit? I think they are permeated by a philosophy that is totally self-involved and involved in this kind of narcissistic scene where they don't care, they don't give a shit. Then say they don't care because its hopeless and they can't change the system or something. Well, a paper as big as MR&R could. It's big enough that it could influence enough young people to get pissed off enough.

TF: *Do you think they could have a bigger sway than something like MTV? I heard Clinton went and gave some speeches to the MTV crowd. do you think they got to the heart of the matter anymore or less than...*

M: I think that MTV is a terrible tool of the corporate media and is just there to brainwash and mind numb. Both musically and artistically it sucks. Id much rather look at some tiny underground scene.

TF: *Even if they're just talking to themselves?*

M: I mean there are certain things that are being said in here, at least saying something about people. You might say MTV is saying something, but theyre following the Clinton line for gods sake. Doing it with the facade of being super-hip and really radical.

TF: *Some of the nicer things MR&R does is much like what the AVA does in the letters section. Where a lot of people write in, but a lot of them are long and do they really say anything?*

M: I have to admit I stopped reading a lot of it. I just got so disgusted with it a couple of years ago. I usually read one or two things. Some of the others I read just to piss myself off. Prove to myself what a shit the magazine is. Mykel Board...who is that woman Katy ODell, lord give me a break.

TF: *I dont remember what she writes about...*

M: Well, she is basically anti-women. Writing



about all her vast sexual experiences. Calls herself a sex worker, theres several of them. All the women writers seem to be all sex workers. Their whole attitude towards women is the sex worker outlook on womens issues. Usually, as with most young women, they havent experienced heavy amounts of discrimination or misogyny.

TF: *Do you think its generational?*

M: Its definitely age-related. By the time your 30, you'll understand. When you hit 30.. it progresses from 30 to 40 to 50.. you'll understand misogyny in a big way. It just hits you in the face. You become a non-person right away, starting at age 30. Men dont see it. You become somewhat invisible. You realize right then youve been fucked over by the system big time. Nothing you ever do will have importance or be taken with the same level of seriousness. You understand that big time, and it hits you in a concrete way if you stay in the same place, if you got a job and don't go anywhere, you're a drone.

CONTINUES →



TF: *When did it start wearing off on you?*

M: I'd say since...when did I dye my hair? When I stopped it was a big change for men, appearance wise, in the way people treat me. I just gave up. I've given up on having any sort of romantic boyfriend. It's just not seen that way by men after a certain point. Then you just go on and do whatever's left.

TF: *Do you ever think men probably feel the same way?*

M: No, most men my age are still looking at women age 20, 30. Still think of romantically pursuing. I still have romantic fantasies. I've pretty much concluded I'd have to be looking at a guy who is 75 years old with a chance of him being attracted to me. Whereas a man my age can look at someone 10 years junior, and she may look back at him.

TF: *Maybe, but maybe only with disgust.*

M: I think both on a fantasy level and on a real level, men have it a lot better at every age than women. They just do. You're a superfluous person once your age 30. After age 40, you're completely superfluous to the needs of society or men. Personal

or in any sort of functional level. There is nothing you can do that means anything.

TF: *I've worked in companies down in the valley where white men are the norm. If they need a woman for diversification they'll hire one for personnel.*

M: Even on sort on an artistic level: you're not going to see many woman artists out there taken seriously.

TF: *Or if they get any recognition it'll be a Cathy kind of thing?*

M: (laughter) Yea, she's so bad. its embarrassing, just like Hillary Clinton, its embarrassing. Her Nancy Reagan looking up at Bill starry-eyed. Not just that, but she's come up with this horrendous health plan thats just going to screw everybody. The only advantage is for big insurance. It's a complete sell-out, plus shes using her image as a liberated woman to promote this fucking sell-out, its grotesque... she had a chance

TF: *She seems like an intelligent person, a possibly good role model. But all the pictures I see of her, she is dressed rather exorbitantly new hairstyles, new dresses...*

M: I suppose that goes with the territory. I can get by all that cosmetic shit, but I can't get by her selling out the people when she could be a great role model. I expect more out of women, and that's probably a big mistake. When they do get into power they always end up disappointing too.

TF: *Do they feel like they have to? Do they feel more apt to co-opt?*

M: I dont know why they feel that way, I really don't. By the time you've gotten to that position of power youve sold out to all sorts of people.

TF: *Do you see any good women role models?*

M: I dont see any good role models, period, right now. I cant name any names right now...or the people I might admire are just ordinary people.

TF: *Like social workers, someone like that?*

M: People who perform really minor functions that no one cares about or even just people that are "day to day" good people. I can't think of anybody off the top of my head in power whom I admire.

TF: *What do you think of women who are educating themselves, getting higher degrees, and trying to make a name in the workforce? Do you think its the right way, or the wrong way?*

M: Im not sure...Im not sure the work ethic is something to pursue at all anymore.

TF: It's something many people are attracted to.  
M: I'm not sure career ambitions in this day and age are admirable.  
TF: It seems weird to give yourself over to a company, and think they will take care of you.  
M: Sure, its not a good thing to believe. It's shown

## "the American dream is not reality"

as something not to have any faith in. It's always a mistake to think the system cares about you. Or that you'll be rewarded for hard work.

TF: Especially if you're a woman?

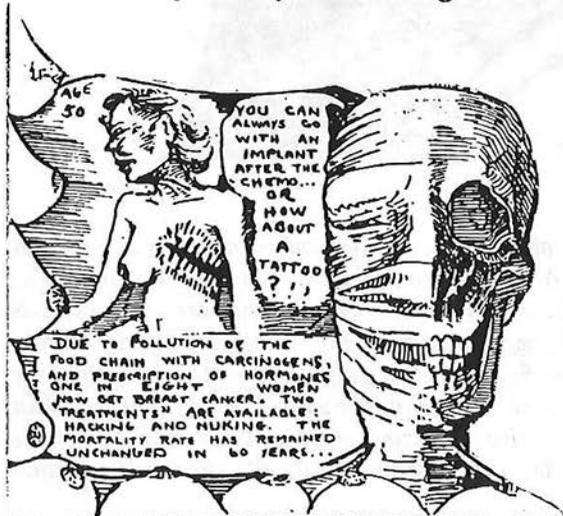
M: I think its true for many men, but of course its definitely true for women, because as a woman you're definitely going nowhere.

TF: Did you ever have any higher education?

M: I have a BA in fine arts. UCLA.

TF: So you went to school and tried stuff?

M: Well, a BA in art is an utterly worthless piece of paper. I wrote to the graduate Art Dept. at Berkeley a few years ago. They only accept people who are doing fine art. So I asked them if political material would fit into their definition of fine art, enclosing a few copies of my stuff. I got a long letter back from the graduate school head saying No. He had this phony baloney definition, very pretentious, of what fine art is. Then at the end, a P.S. "why don't you recycle these materials as that would be the politically correct thing to do?" So I



wrote him another letter blowing holes in his theory of what fine art is by pointing to lot of famous art through history that was politically based or had some kind of message. I got another long letter back from him, very bitter in tone, like How dare you defy our sacred precepts? He was totally into art for arts sake.

TF: Some of your drawings, I wasn't sure how to approach them. These ones on women, I thought there was some good intensity. It seemed too hard to ask questions about what drives you to draw stuff like this. Did you have some person experiences with mastectomies?

M: They are not drawn from personal experiences. I've known people and read enough on it - most women have a real, justified fear.

TF: You hide behind a certain cloud of anonymity. Why do you feel the need to do so?

M: Around here, with the politics, you're really subject to all kinds of crazy redneck stuff. We've had people break in here and smash computers; cars were vandalized right out front. There is some serious hate going on around here. Its chickenshit I know, but I dont think it serves any purpose to subject myself to that kind of hate and get injured. This is a small publication, but if the reaction is that heavy, you have to wonder.

TF: Do you get many people writing and complaining about the cartoons?

M: No. Occasionally someone will write in about the cartoon, but it's mainly the writing. I'm honored they put me on the front page, but the paper would go on without the cartoons. Even if you don't think in terms of capitalism, the system itself, the wage slave system, job system, and the American dream is not reality. Its a brainwash itself.

TF: Do you think its a cop out?

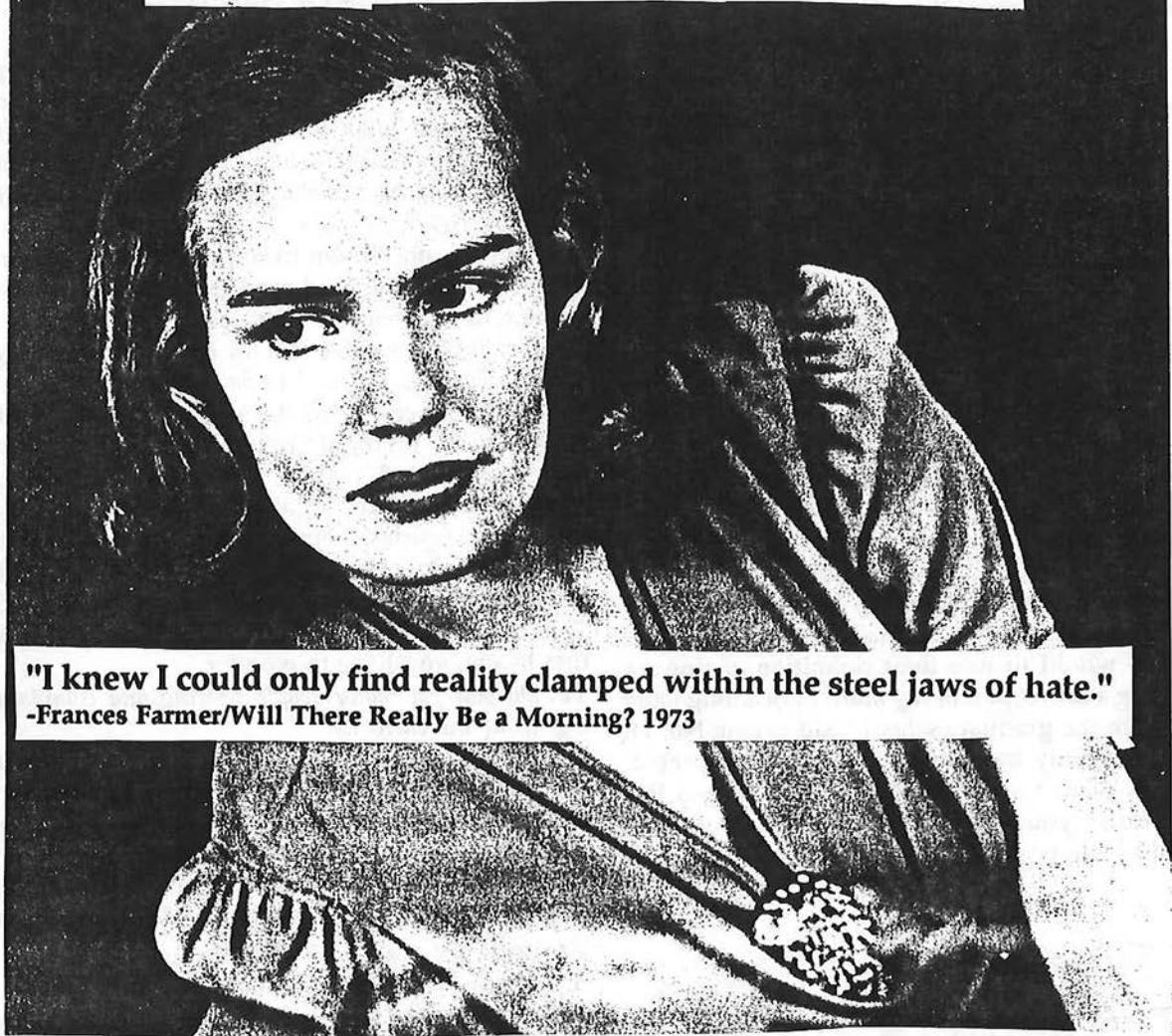
M: I think many people still believe there is some reality to it. It's failing obviously to anybody who looks around. It's going to fail them and it's going to fail everybody.

-END

"Best weekly newspaper in America" - Alexander Cockburn

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# FORMER GLAMOUR GIRL SENTENCED TO JAIL



"I knew I could only find reality clamped within the steel jaws of hate."  
-Frances Farmer/Will There Really Be a Morning? 1973

## The Frances Farmer Story

Frances Farmer's name almost always comes up in books about great Hollywood scandals and tragedies (such as Hollywood Babylon written by Kenneth Anger). A popular, independent actress from the 30's, Farmer seemed a bit ahead of her times and she paid dearly for it through various arrests, scandals and eventual commitments into mental institutions. On Nirvana's most recent release, In Utero, there's a song called "Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge on Seattle", bringing to my attention that she was some how connected to this city. I was curious to find out why Nirvana lyricist Kurt Cobain thought that Frances would want revenge against a whole city and what part did the city of Seattle actually play in her story. By going to the library I was able to discover many details concerning Frances' shocking life that I now reprint in abbreviated form.

Frances Farmer was born in Seattle, the last of four children, in 1914 to Ernest and Lillian Farmer. Ernest was a rather unremarkable lawyer that often took a back seat to his (often estranged) wife Lillian, who was a rather eccentric and controversial woman. Some of the early newsworthy achievements documented about Lillian include: breeding red, white and blue chickens; single handedly forcing nutritional reforms at local bakeries; and firing a pistol, loaded with blanks, at Ernest in his downtown office in order to publicize their private grievances. Despite her mothers antics, Frances' childhood seems to have been as unremarkable as any other little kid growing up during this time.

Frances first caught the publics attention in 1931 when she wrote an essay entitled "God Dies", while attending a West Seattle high school. The essay was entered into a national writing contest and won, bringing Frances unwanted attention for her seemingly sacrilegious attitudes. When the local churches and newspapers condemned her as representing "the godless attitudes of young people today", Lillian sprang to her defense taking every opportunity available to counter attack her accusers for their unconstitutional points of views. Most likely Frances found this whole episode embarrassing and hated the attention she was getting in the newspapers. Lillian's active participation and exuberance at not letting the issue die quietly was a forerunner for things to come in Frances' life.

A few years later as a drama student at the



1 At 8 months (1914), Frances Farmer was the plump daughter of a Seattle lawyer.

University of Washington, Frances again got attention in the local media as an exciting and talented actress. The teachers, other students and public all considered her Seattle's brightest star and the one most likely to "make it" to Hollywood someday. Frances on the other hand was more interested in going to New York and performing on Broadway, where in her opinion, there was more challenging and artistic pieces of work being done. When the Seattle-based socialist newspaper *Voice of Action* held a contest with the grand prize being a trip to Russia (via New York), Frances' friends and supporters all pitched in to help her win the trip. Although Frances didn't dislike the idea of going to (communist) Russia, it was definitely getting to New York that prompted her to enter the contest in the first place.

In 1935, when Frances won this contest, the United States was a country obsessed with political and social change. World War II and the Great Depression were still a few years away, but the country was already on a back slide compared to the affluence of the twenties. There was a lot of debate, especially in the labor movement, about how the country should follow in Russia's footsteps towards a more socialized society. While not achieving the state of paranoia that would later characterize the Cold War, many Americans still strongly opposed anything that even remotely reminded them of communism. When it was announced that a twenty-one year old college "coed"

**A Seattle Mother's**  
**WARNING AGAINST RED TEACHERS**  
 Parent Unable to Halt Girl's Trip to Russia  
**"SCHOOL INFLUENCED"**

"If I must sacrifice my daughter in Communism I hope other mothers save their daughters before they are turned into radicals of our schools."

In these words, Mrs. Lillian V. Farmer last night declared of possible harm to her 17-year-old daughter, Frances Farmer, University of Washington drama student, from the influence of the school at the expense of the Value of Action, local radical newspaper.

Since Mrs. Farmer was the first in a subscription contest started by the publication, her mother has been making every effort to keep the girl from accepting the "trip" and visiting Russia—on an airplane as she is to do.

**GIRL DEFERS TRIP**  
 But her daughter declared last night that she is determined to go to New York to board a steamer for Russia.

Meanwhile, a committee for a banquet tomorrow night at the Y. U. C. at 4th and Pacific St. Farmer was to be formally awarded the prize—\$1,000—by the Y. U. C. Board, general secretary, soon treating the radical nature of the meeting.

"If only Frances may never return if she goes there," Mrs.



FRANCES FARMER

**SAFETY OF GIRL, HER WORRY**  
 Mother Afraid Russians Will Turn Daughter Against U-S.

Mrs. Farmer publicly protested last night against the "trip" to Russia of Washington drama student, Frances Farmer, awarded a \$1,000 prize by the Y. U. C. for her part in a contest to raise money for the Y. U. C. Board, general secretary, soon treating the radical nature of the meeting.

"If I must sacrifice my daughter in Communism I hope other mothers save their daughters before they are turned into radicals of our schools."

In these words, Mrs. Lillian V. Farmer last night declared of possible harm to her 17-year-old daughter, Frances Farmer, University of Washington drama student, from the influence of the school at the expense of the Value of Action, local radical newspaper.

Since Mrs. Farmer was the first in a subscription contest started by the publication, her mother has been making every effort to keep the girl from accepting the "trip" and visiting Russia—on an airplane as she is to do.

**GIRL DEFERS TRIP**  
 But her daughter declared last night that she is determined to go to New York to board a steamer for Russia.

Meanwhile, a committee for a banquet tomorrow night at the Y. U. C. at 4th and Pacific St. Farmer was to be formally awarded the prize—\$1,000—by the Y. U. C. Board, general secretary, soon treating the radical nature of the meeting.

"If only Frances may never return if she goes there," Mrs.



LILLIAN FARMER  
 Daughter's Trip

It, they say that the "outing" in Russia, of Communism is all they ever think of. They say, who would be a danger to a nation of pure

**GIRL LEAVES ON TRIP TO RUSSIA**

FRANCES FARMER CONTINUED..

was being sent to Russia, courtesy of a communist newspaper, the newspapers were outraged. Once again Frances and Lillian were front page news, with Lillian pleading for her daughter not to go, denouncing "red teachers" and generally giving the papers plenty of anti-communist quotes. Frances went anyway.

Sticking with her stated plan, after returning from her trip abroad Frances stayed in New York. Through various friends she had a few contacts with which she had hoped to use to break into the theater there. She was especially interested in working with the *Group Theater* which was an experimental company that had a left-wing slant to their work. Amazingly she never had the chance to break into the theater, because she was "discovered" by an agent, given a screen test and sent off to Hollywood as a contract actress for *Paramount*. All within a month from the time she returned from her trip.

Once in Hollywood she did all the regular things that contract actors had to do during the days of the "big studios". Learn how they want you to walk, learn how they want you to talk, learn how they want you to look and naturally take plenty of screen tests. To an actress who had her sights set on the stages of New York, the "assembly line" acting they expected you to do in Hollywood must have been dull. Still Frances did a good job of it, because within five months of her arrival she had her first part. It was in those first five months that she also exhibited her first signs of professional rebellion when she married actor Leif Erickson without "studio permission".

After being cast as a featured player in two "B films", Frances got her first starring role in a movie titled *Come and Get It*. In the movie she definitely had an important part and in honor of this *Paramount* decided to have the world premiere in Seattle. People in Seattle must have been amazed at this event, since less than a year ago she was the center of such a well publicized scandal. Now that she was a movie star everyone wanted to forget that that had happened and she was treated to a total red carpet treatment. Receptions, interviews, even the Governor was there to pay tribute to her. Unfortunately for them Frances couldn't pretend she had never known these people and

more than once pointed out to them, to their faces, that she was indeed the same Frances Farmer they had denounced as godless and a commie. So-called respectable citizens were insulted by her indifference to popular opinion and her obvious disgust of them. They wouldn't forget this visit for years to come.

Meanwhile Frances went back to Hollywood a bona fide star and made a series of movies co-starring people like Cary Grant and Ray Milland. She was only twenty-two at the time and highly regarded as one of the brightest new stars around, if not the brightest. Yet despite her popularity she refused to play the part of the star and determin-



edly held on to her independence. Not only by refusing to wear makeup and driving an old car, but also by organizing rallies and making speeches to publicize things like the injustices of migrant farm workers. Almost all her spare time was used volunteering for different organizations and "radical" causes during this period. Frances was not only the most independent "actress" Hollywood had ever seen up to that point, she was the most independent actor "period".

After only being in Hollywood a little over a year, Frances got a reluctant break in her contract to do some "summer stock". Breaking box office records and getting great reviews eventually

brought her talents to the attention of the New York theater crowd. It particularly irked Paramount when she realized one of her goals and accepted an offer to work with the Group Theater. Their performance of the left-wing play, *Golden Boy* became a hit and now Frances was a huge star on Broadway as well. Officials in Seattle were shocked that Frances would desert the prestige of Hollywood to work in a unknown communist theater group. As the most famous person ever to come from Seattle they were embarrassed and angry that she was such a radical.

At this point Frances' successes came to an end. First she was involved in law suit with her original agent (who claimed she owed him money), then Paramount forced her back to Hollywood to perform in a degradingly bad motion picture. Once back in LA she was force to deal with her not too successful husband, who apparently was jealous of

**"Our favorite patient, a display of patience, disease-covered Puget Sound  
She'll come back as fire, to burn all the liars, and leave a blanket of ash on the  
ground"**

**-Nirvana/Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge on Seattle, 1993**

her fame and the realization that their relationship was heading towards divorce. By the time she was able to return to the Group and take *Golden Boy* on the road, she was preoccupied, tired and her performances suffered. Frances was the best thing to ever come their way and the Group exploited her for all they could, not only with the money her fame could bring them, but also for publicizing the many different causes in which they were committed to, such as the Spanish Civil War. Soon after the tour she went to work on another stage production which bombed.

After taking a few easier jobs, working in radio and summer stock, Frances once again returned to the Group. By now her marriage to Erickson was publicly over and Frances tried to bury herself in her work to forget her personal problems. Unfortunately this didn't work and this play was also a flop. This set back, along with the Group's continued insistence that she be their spokesperson, convinced Frances that it would be best if she separated from them. While she agreed with what they were trying to do politically, she also (right-

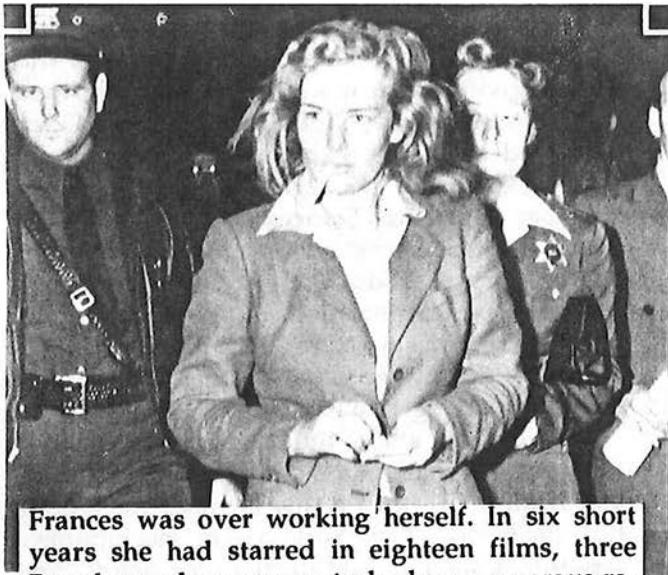
ly) suspected that they were taking advantage of her because of her fame and wealth (Frances was always giving them money). Not wanting their biggest asset to leave, Group leader Clifford Odets instigated an affair, with the then romantically vulnerable Frances in a successful attempt to prolong her departure. Frances fell deeply in love with Odets, but after she was contracted to do yet another Group production, he unceremoniously dumped her. Emotionally devastated, Frances was unable to continue working on the play and as a result was fined by the Theater Guild and had her reputation damaged in New York.

After taking a brief time off, Frances returned to Hollywood and starred in a couple of films. She had made more than a few enemies during the time she spent in New York, due to uncomplimentary things she had said during interviews about the movie business. As a result, the parts she was

given were less than exciting, considering her talent and experience. When Frances went back east to do some theater, she also found that she was less than welcome there, because of the negative publicity she got when leaving the Group. Professionally frustrated, Frances then decided to disguise herself and leisurely drove across the country on her own, eventually returning to Hollywood. Refreshed and determined, she quickly pounded out three more movies, before disappearing once again from the public eye.

Reappearing some time later, back in Seattle, it was discovered that Frances once again decided to do some traveling on her own. Rumors had been spreading about how she was becoming a drunk and while it is almost a certainty that she was drinking more than she once had, it's really doubtful that it had turned into a serious problem for her. Frances' last "personal" interview happened during this time and in it she seems positive and refreshed from all the traveling she'd been doing, as well as satisfied with the last few movies. Yet despite all her positiveness, it's also a certainty that

MORE →



Frances was over working herself. In six short years she had starred in eighteen films, three Broadway plays, seven stock plays, numerous radio productions, as well as countless personal appearances. Frances was also addicted to Benzedrine, which was first given to her as an appetite depressant years earlier. At this time amphetamines were an over the counter drug and little was known about their addictiveness or about their side effects which include sleeplessness, exhilaration and erratic behavior. Judging from reports concerning Frances' famous temper, it's probable that a lot of it was drug related.

The United States had already entered World War II in October 1942, when Frances was pulled over by the police, for driving with her lights on in a "dimout zone". While being lectured, Frances apparently copped an attitude with the officer and he arrested her for drunk driving. No doubt because she was a celebrity (and a woman) she was given the outrageously stiff sentence of 180 days in jail, suspended. It's never explained how this came to happen, especially since she never had an attorney or took a breath test, but most likely she was too tweaked out on the speed to give much of a rational argument. Regardless of how all this happened, Frances' career was in serious trouble. A female star getting arrested for drunk driving in the 1940's was big news, no matter how innocent she claimed to be. Her agent suggested that she get out of town for awhile, so she accepted a job with a film to be made in Mexico. While in Mexico she became very ill with "turista" (also known as Montezu-

ma's Revenge), which forced her to give up the film, leave the country and once again lay low as she recuperated.

Frances returned to Hollywood, amidst rumors that she was deported from Mexico for "undesirable behavior" (!), only to discover that her house had been rented out in her absence. Not only were all her things put into storage for her, but she was to later charge that many of her personal items were missing or stolen (including her diaries!). Obviously the rumors about her were not going to stop, so Frances decided to fight back the only way she knew how, which was by going back to work. It would be surprising if Frances wasn't taking lots of speed during this time, considering how stressful her life must have been. Undoubtedly this had a lot to do with her state of mind one morning, when on the set of her current film project, she got into an argument with a hairdresser and dislocated her jaw. When the hairdresser decided to press charges the police were only too happy to oblige, as they had a warrant out for her already for not paying all of her fine from her previous arrest.

Storming Frances' room in the middle of the night, the police chased the nude and frightened woman into the bathroom as she tried to find something with which to cover herself. While being led to the police station, she was beset upon with jeers and flashbulbs from the photographers who "just happened" to tag along that night. Without sleep or an attorney, an angry Frances appeared before a judge in the morning, who took his revenge upon her for being rude and sarcastic, by sentencing her to 180 days in jail and as Frances cried out that she hadn't a lawyer, the judge turned and walked away, ignoring her. Begging for a phone call and being refused, Frances made a dash for the phones, only to be tackled and dragged screaming from the courtroom. Later at the Los Angeles county jail Frances, who was now in a straitjacket, struggled and screamed at the police and reporters who mocked her as she was being booked in. By the time she was finally being led to her cell, Frances seemed exhausted and relieved. While it didn't look as if she would get the lawyer she kept requesting, it did look as if she would finally get the rest she needed. 180 days worth.

Unfortunately for Frances a psychiatrist named T. H. Leonard took an interest in her case. California law then allowed any psychiatrist who was interested to examine people, if they had any reason to suspect their sanity. Since he had never met her personally, Dr. Leonard's reason was totally based on what he read about Frances in the newspapers. The court quickly placed Frances into the doctor's hands, where she reportedly was uncooperative in answering any of his questions. Dr. Leonard diagnosed Frances' hostile and sarcastic attitude towards him as being "manic-depressive psychosis" and suggested that she be sent to an appropriate treatment facility. A hearing was then ordered in which the doctors (and her parents), discussed the different aspects of her life that exhibited mental illness, such as her political affiliations, her alleged breakdown in Mexico and her behavior in court. While the Farmers wouldn't agree to totally committing Frances, they did agree that she needed some kind of treatment. Since Frances was totally broke (yet another reason to prove she was ill), she was sent to a private sanitarium courtesy of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Although the press was having a field day reporting that Frances had been found insane, in reality no one, including Frances herself, felt that her commitment was anything more than temporary. At first she somewhat seemed to enjoy her enforced vacation, but as time went on her inability

## Frances Farmer Pleads Guilty, Asks Probation

to get herself released made her moody and irritable. The psychiatrists working with her took these mood changes to mean that Frances needed more radical treatment and eventually tricked Lillian into granting permission for insulin shock therapy. The idea behind insulin shock (which is no longer used), is that it causes the patient's mind to fall apart, so that the psychiatrists can then put it back together in a more "realistic" pattern. This devious treatment was given to an unknowing Frances the first time under the guise of a vitamin shot and one can only imagine what it's horrible affects must have been like, not only on her mind, but on her body as well. Despite weeks of these cruel and (most likely) illegal treatments, Frances remained strong enough to escape to her sister's house in nearby Venice. Since Frances was never legally declared insane, Lillian (who was mad about being tricked) was able to secure her release and took her home to Seattle.

Throughout the winter of 1943-44, Frances stayed with her mother as she recuperated from the side effects of the insulin shock. As she began to recover, Lillian decided that it was time for Frances to return to Hollywood to rebuild her career. At the same time, Frances had decided that she didn't want to act anymore and instead wanted to focus on her writing abilities (she was originally a journalism major). This led to bitter arguments between the two, as Lillian refused to believe that anyone would ever willingly give up the life as a Hollywood star. Lillian constantly harassed Frances about this and even tried to arrange film offers on her own. When Frances absolutely rejected this, Lillian became convinced that years of "communist influence" had driven her insane and began to have "mysterious" meetings with various local officials to discuss her problems with Frances. In 1944, all that was needed



PLEASE CONTINUE...

was a complaint by an "interested party" to begin a commitment proceeding against someone. Once accused of insanity, you were considered an insane person and could therefore be arrested. After Lillian signed such a complaint, one morning Frances was eating her breakfast when three "attendants" suddenly appeared, shoved her into a straitjacket and took her to the psychiatric ward of Harborview Hospital.

For years Frances had both knowingly and unknowingly, antagonized the "city leaders" in Seattle. Ever since she first got national attention by writing the "God Dies" essay, she had continued to embarrass them by embracing and publicizing communism and other forms of radical politics. When she returned to Seattle for the premiere of "Come and Get It", she had all but spit in their faces and certain members present at her commitment hearing weren't about to forget about it. Particularly the Honorable Justice John A. Frater, who happened to be in charge of her hearing, as well as the leader of a group known as the *Ameri-*

## **Outlaw Communists, Witnesses Suggest At Probe of Films**

*can Vigilantes of Washington.* Frater was known at the time as a powerful, political conservative and merciless jurist, who had made a name for himself by busting radicals in the 1920's. Unlike at a criminal trial, the fact that he had publicly denounced Frances in the past would not disqualify him from presiding over her sanity hearing.

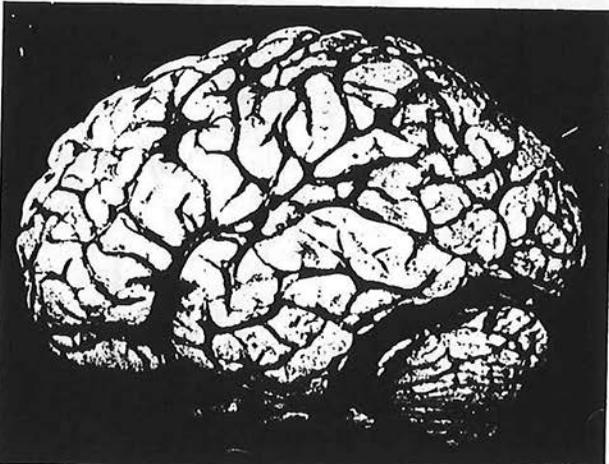
For Frances' commitment hearing, Judge Frater had selected a young attorney named Charles Stone to act as her legal guardian. For unknown reasons, Stone (who years later committed suicide) waived Frances' right to a jury trial, leaving Frater as the sole jurist. Also involved in the hearing was Dr. Donald A. Nicholson, who was one of the leading psychiatrists in the nation and undoubtedly called in due to her being the most famous person ever to fall into the psychiatric industries clutches. Dr. Nicholson was instrumental in forming the opinion (of the government) that psychiatry (hence psychiatrists), should be the sole arbitrators of mental health in our society. So far

## **Drastic Overcrowding At State Hospital Bared**

reaching and powerful were the opinions that Nicholson helped formulate, that it wasn't until the 1970's, that the undisputed authority of organized psychiatry was finally broken. Frances never had a chance as they declared her as having schizophrenia and shipped her off, literally screaming, to the Western Washington State Hospital in Steilacoom WA.

When Frances was brought to Steilacoom, the run-down, over crowded and under staffed facilities where shocking even by 1944 standards. Orderlies, as well as patients, stood around and gawked, as she was unceremoniously stripped and tossed into a room full of crying and screaming women. Frances was "treated" there for over three months and during that time she was subjected to both electroconvulsive-shock therapy and hydrotherapy. At first she was angry and uncooperative, but as time went on she seems to have either begun to respond to the treatments or at least pretended to. Regardless of what was really happening in Frances' mind, the doctors there were pleased with her "progress" and it was with much pride that Dr. Nicholson announced her completely cured.

When Frances was released the court gave Lillian complete control over her life. She could not work or leave the house without her mothers permission. (Lillian, who was still convinced that Frances should to go back to Hollywood, called a press conference the very day of her release to pa-



rade her refound mental health in front of the reporters). Frances realizing that she would either end up in Hollywood or Steilacoom if she stuck around, did perhaps the only thing any sane person would do under these circumstances. She ran away. Her escape was short lived, but as a result Frances was then taken to her aunt's house in Nevada, where she was far away from her friends and could be watched more easily. A few more escape attempts soon followed and the newspapers began running reports on her erratic behavior. Everytime she was caught Frances tried to find someone who would help her or believe that she wasn't crazy, but since she also kept saying that she didn't want to go back to Hollywood, nobody believed her.

Back in Steilacoom the doctors were outraged by these events because they had publicly announced that Frances was completely cured, yet here she was running loose in Nevada, threatening their professional reputations. They began calling Lillian, telling her that Frances was not really



**"Without a firm religious faith to bolster her confidence and give her peace of mind, the work stress took its toll."**

**-Edith Farmer Elliot/Look Back In Love, 1978**

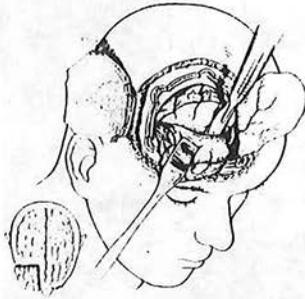
cured and had only been "acting" normal in order to get released. Lillian, on the other hand, was calling the press quite often, in order to update them on Frances' continuing recovery and eventual return to films. By the spring of 1945, Frances did seem to be recovering and she was returned to Seattle. One day when Frances went to visit some friends in Tacoma, her mother freaked out about it. Apparently on a whim, Lillian phoned the police and had Frances sent back to Steilacoom as soon as she returned home. This time Frances wouldn't be released so quickly.

For five years, Frances would be a prisoner of the notorious Steilacoom Mental Hospital. As a readmitted patient, she was labeled as incurable and placed in the hospital's violent ward, which was a pre-Civil war building with dirt floors. The ward was an uncontrollable mass of criminals, retardards, old people and the like, who were treated no better than caged animals, fighting each other

for a place to sleep or a scrap of food to eat. The orderlies at the time were mostly from the nearby penitentiary and rape was a regular part of life here. Often soldiers from local bases would pay off the orderlies in order to have sex with the patients and naturally the famous movie star was frequently the object of their violence. Frances endured all these things and more, yet somehow she was still able to hold on to her personality and showed extraordinary resistance to the institution.

Her stubbornness to secede infuriated the doctors and Frances was becoming a hero to the other patients for her ability to take all their cruel punishments and still remain rebellious. Nothing they did to her could break her will, which had no doubt harden through years of injustice and confinement. Organized psychiatry had been given almost absolute power over the mental health of the citizens and now this power was being focused on upon her. Every experimental drug and treatment then being developed was tested on her, even LSD, yet still they never had more than just temporary results. Frances' fame, both within and outside the world of psychiatric medicine, had turned her into the most coveted lab specimen available. A few people were able to sneak into

*THIS WAY PLEASE →*



Steilacoom to see Frances during this time and it is reported that while she was terribly frightened and exhausted from all the treatments, she definitely didn't seem to be insane. Still nobody would act to get her released and all of these reports were ignored.

The years 1947-48, were the beginning of the United States' rabid paranoia concerning communism and the government began pressuring psychiatrists to develop a treatment to cure it. Mrs. Farmer often spoke out against communism and blamed it as being responsible for Frances' continued commitment, but Mr. Farmer didn't seem to take such a view. Although he remained quiet during most of Frances' problems, letting Lillian instead do and say what she wanted, when told by the doctors that they were considering giving her a lobotomy, he adamantly objected and threatened a lawsuit. Rumors suggest that Steilacoom was involved with the CIA's "experimental psychiatric program" and that they were also cooperating with

the government to "remake" Frances, (who had had communist ties in the past). Around this time a Dr. Freeman had developed something called a transorbital lobotomy, which was less obvious than the old style, because the surgeon entered the patients brain from under the eyelid and left no scars. Dr. Freeman came to Washington towards the end of 1948 and it is widely believed that at this time he gave Frances one of these "revolutionary" treatments, because after his visit she would never be the same.

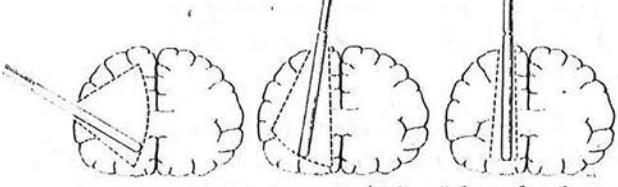
The staff at Steilacoom was excited by the remarkable improvement in Frances' attitude and cooperation. They released Frances to her mother in 1950, at the age of 36, because Lillian had had a partial stroke and needed someone to help care for

her. Upon her return to civilization there was no hint at all of the "old Frances", who became the maid of the household and frequently referred to herself as a "faceless sinner". For three years she lived an isolated life taking care of her parents, with their threats of returning to Steilacoom dissolving any kind of independence she may have still had. Since Frances was obviously much more manageable, the family eventually got her competency restored so that she could get a job and help with the finances. Taking employment sorting dirty laundry, Frances began making friends at work and eventually began going out for drinks afterwards. The lobotomy had left her with poor "ethical judgment" and she became known as a hard drinking woman, as well as an "easy lay". Frances remarried in 1954, to a local engineer named Alfred Lobley, but after six months she did something no one expected her to do at the time- she gathered together a few things and bought a bus ticket out of Seattle, never to return.

Frances successfully disappeared for over three years, making a new life for herself in Eureka CA., as a receptionist. Fearful that she'd be discovered Frances was careful never to make friends and mostly stayed home, drinking heavily. For years she lived in obscurity under the name Frances Anderson (her legal married name), until the Social Security office finally tracked her down to inform her that her mother had died. Disturbed by the fact that someone was able to find her, Frances



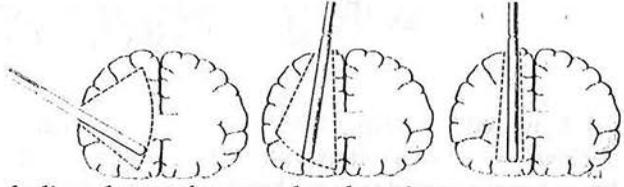
As a prelude to her comeback, she obtained a job as a clerk in a San Francisco hotel.



soon moved to San Francisco with a "show business consultant" who had recognized her at a local bar. Some how he had convinced her that show business was in her blood and to believe that he could somehow remake her career.

The year was 1957, when Frances was "rediscovered" working in a hotel in San Francisco. She was suddenly in demand because other actresses had recently written popular true-confession styled books and mental illness was currently the "in" thing. Reporters were interested in talking to her, various television programs, like *The Ed Sullivan Show*, wanted her to appear, stock theater parts were offered. Yet despite all the positive attention and work she was not well and had great difficulty memorizing her lines, as well as frequently going to her jobs drunk. Her years of treatment had destroyed her natural acting talents to the point where she wasn't even very good as a character actress. The most embarrassing low point of this time is when she appeared to be little more than a "spaced out zombie", on the television show *This is Your Life*. As interest in her as a performer started to fade, Frances began doing true-confession interviews in the press, that were not only humiliating, but also full of inaccuracies that proved her mind was certainly not all there.

When even small theater parts were no longer offered to her, Frances found herself stranded in Indianapolis with no money or no where to go. A local television station suddenly came to her rescue offering her the job of hosting their afternoon movie program which, after she accepted, they renamed *Frances Farmer Presents*. On the show Frances was little more than a human robot and every thing she said had to be written down for her first. She was able to buy a house with her earnings and basically settled into her role as the cities most famous and eccentric drunk. For almost six years Frances played the role of local celebrity and movie host, when she was invited to appear on *The Today Show*. They wanted to profile her "amazing recovery" from mental illness and alco-



holism, but unfortunately when the questions were asked she couldn't do more than mumble and rant about her parents. This incident humiliated her and as a result she was too upset to go back to work, instead staying home and getting drunk for weeks on end. When Frances finally did go back to work, it was often in a state of intoxication and eventually she was fired.

During the next couple of years Frances became an almost total recluse, staying home with the curtains closed and drinking a lot. She did write a poem that was published, appear in a local play and give a few dramatic readings, but her creative abilities never really recovered from Steilacoom and she eventually stopped doing even these things. By now, Frances had become totally dependent on her relationship with Jean Ratcliffe who had become her closest personal friend in Indianapolis. After being fired from her job, Ratcliffe moved in and took over the responsibilities of running her day to day affairs, quite possibly becoming her lover as well. After losing all their savings in a failed business venture, Frances and Jean were forced to move into a run down house outside of town and it was there that Frances suddenly became very ill. She was diagnosed as having cancer of the esophagus and after a long and painful four months, Frances Farmer died in the charity ward of a local hospital at the age of fifty-six.

### FRANCES FARMER, ACTRESS, 56, DIES

Star of '30's Was n Original  
Version of 'Golden Boy'

Special to The New York Times  
INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 1 —  
Frances Farmer, a leading figure on the stage and screen in the 1930's, died in the Community Hospital here this afternoon, of cancer of the esophagus. She was 56-years old, and lived on a farm in northwest Indianapolis.

She starred in the original Broadway version of Clifford Odets's play, "Golden Boy" in



END

# ARE BLOW JOBS SAFE?

Blow jobs. Giving head. Getting your cock sucked. No matter what you call it, oral sex is a part of many peoples lives, but how safe is it? Are you exposing yourself to AIDS/HIV by giving or receiving a blow job? There's lots of media attention about always using a condom when having sex, but does this also apply to sucking a cock? I recently did a poll among my friends and heard two different answers to this question: the first being that all sex is risky, including oral; the second opinion was that the risk of catching HIV from a blow job was minimal - especially if you're on the receiving end. Nobody thought that it was completely safe. Personally I also had my doubts, but had no concrete evidence either way, so I called two of the AIDS hotlines in town to hear what they had to say.

very often that you're going to find a penis so big that it'll split your lips open, and your teeth to keep any damaging friction to a minimum. Since saliva doesn't transmit the virus just sticking a dick in your mouth isn't likely to give you HIV, unless it has an open wound or something equally gross.

The main danger involved with unprotected oral sex (ie. no condom) seems to be the presence of HIV in fluids that the penis emits. This doesn't mean that it's okay as long as it doesn't ejaculate, because traces of HIV have been found in the pre-cum juices. Theoretically, if HIV comes in contact with any part of your blood it's then possible for the virus to be passed on. An irritated gum or possibly even a small ulcer, are two such places where your blood stream could be exposed and not be no-



The hotlines I called were the *Northwest AIDS Foundation* and *The AIDS Hotline and Prevention Project*. As soon as I asked them about the safeness of oral sex, both "counselors" had a recited answer telling me that no sex is the only totally safe sex and blah blah blah. It sounded like they answered this question so often they could do it in their sleep, but I tried to listen carefully anyway. "But don't stomach acids kill the HIV virus?" I asked, trying to break free from their recital. Asking a specific question did the trick as each then became more personable. The following is what I learned from the hotlines and from reading some of the pamphlets I picked up afterwards.

Of the three main forms of sexual activity (vaginal, anal and oral) oral sex is definitely the least risky. It's not mentioned anywhere why it's safer, but I came to the conclusion it's because the mouth is the biggest opening of the three. It's not

ticeable. The cases where people have contracted HIV after only engaging in oral sex are few, but it happens. My guess is - it doesn't happen more often because not many people only have oral sex.

Unsurprisingly this danger also applies to cunnilingus. Over the years the instances of women catching HIV have been increasing, especially in teenagers. Most cases seem to stem from male-female sexual encounters, though there are rising reports of women catching the virus from other women and it can only be assumed that vaginal pre-cum is as potentially hazardous as men's.

Like teenage girls, the number of teenage boys catching HIV is also increasing. This is because many are inexperienced with sexual issues, don't talk about "safe sex" or prepare for sex ahead of time. Often they don't actually plan on having sex, as much as they "hope" to, so chances are that neither partner will have a condom when the time

comes and they get "lucky." Another misconception is that most teens think that other young people are either virgins or unlikely to have been exposed to the virus yet. People in their twenties with HIV are one of the fastest growing groups (regardless of gender or sexual orientation), and many got the virus while in their teens.

To say that HIV/AIDS is a confusing problem would be a big understatement. Some people exhibit symptoms of the virus right away, while others go years without knowing they have it. When tested for HIV it can be months before you'll show any "positive" signs of it, and doctors are not sure why.

Since so little is known it's hard to positively answer the question "are blow jobs safe?". The answer seems to be both yes and no. If you're the person who's being sucked there's always the chance that you're also the person with HIV, and could accidentally give it to someone else. If you're the person doing the sucking, you're also the person who's most at risk if there isn't a condom in use. So I'd say the answer to this question is - no, if there's not a condom being used. But if there is, and it's over a big fat juicy penis, then the answer is - yes!



I'm not a trained AIDS counselor and there are many facts left out of this article, because I felt they were common knowledge. Things such as: the difference between AIDS and HIV; the importance of using latex condoms; and what it means to be "HIV positive." If you have questions concerning these or any other aspects of AIDS/HIV, you should contact one of the many free organizations that specialize in this information. In Seattle I called: the Northwest AIDS Foundation (206) 329-6923 and the AIDS Hotline/Prevention Project (206) 296-4999. These and other services can be found in any Yellow Pages under the heading "AIDS" or "Gay and Lesbian Services".

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Refuse & Resist! is a national organization for people who refuse to go along with the whole right-wing agenda. We unite with people of many different viewpoints to expose the political program behind the New World Order, and organize people to defeat it.

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## zines

**dishwasher #11.** In this zine "dishwasher pete" chronicles his adventures, as he attempts to wash dishes in each of the fifty states. Pete goes to some out of the way places, and in this issue he publishes a diary of his stint working at a ski lodge in Colorado. The writing style is friendly and chaty, much of the time explaining the different scams he's doing on the job, such as how he got free lodging and extra food. Another piece in this issue is about the time Pete called different branches of the armed services: to ask if they'd let him join and "wash dishes for his country". Pete has a good work ethic and takes great pride when relating how he quits his different jobs, which is not only funny, but inspirational as well. (\$1., dishwasher, PO Box 4827, Arcata, CA 95521).

**Bi-Girl World/ Bisexuals....** hmmm, you just got to wonder about them.... people who occasionally sleep with the opposite/same sex: too straight to be queer, too queer to be straight, caught in a blurry middle ground of sexual orientation. Sometimes I wonder why they just don't come out of the closet and stay there. Do they really like it both ways? I'm just kidding, but in a way bisexuals seem as mysterious to queers, as queers must seem to straights. Bi-Girl World is a personable, friendly zine that discusses and shares what it's like being in this position - which in reality is probably not as unique as it is under-represented. That the zine has many contributors seems to show a lack of adequate outlets for bisexual writers, and in turn benefits BGW by giving it many different perspectives. Each issue contains articles, fiction, poetry, etc. - all containing distinct experiences and ideas centered around the topic of female bisexuality. Some of the subjects in the latest issue include: teenage trauma; fantasizing about girls; sharing female energy with men; Sandra Bernhard; and famous historical bi-women. You don't have to be bi-girl to find this zine enlightening or entertaining. (\$2. c/o Karen/BGW, 99 Newtonville Ave., Newton, MA 02158)

**ROTTEN FRUIT #20** I found this zine to be very interesting because it presents a wide variety of topics and ideas, in a very personal manner. One story in this issue is about a boy "bragging" of his first sexual experience, in which he admits treat-

ing the girl poorly afterwards and regrets it; another piece is about ex-friends, who no longer act friendly, and how that can make you feel. Much of Rotten Fruit relates to topics of an intimate, emotional nature and the best example of this is the interview with a 17 year old girl who had an abortion. It's a powerful piece that not only brings up the pros and cons of abortion, but also shows how this one person still had her doubts and regrets concerning it afterwards, and how the abortion has affected her life and relationships with men. Not everything in the zine deals with such serious topics; there's also poetry, vague ideas, and some fiction as well, but the over all effect is more like personal correspondence than a structured magazine. Because Rotten Fruit is edited by four people, two men and two women, I was impressed that they were able to maintain this level of intimacy throughout the whole zine and I look forward to their next issue. (\$2./? , Rotten Fruit, 816 Coss Cir., Westerville, OH, 43081)

**Black Sheets #3** ...kinky ..queer ..intelligent ..irreverent; those are the words that this zine uses to describe itself on the cover, and are a fairly accurate description of what you'll find inside it. This newest issue is loosely centered around the theme "family values" and as the main article there's an interview with gay/s&m parents, talking about raising a child, while maintaining a normal sex life. It's an intriguing interview that offers new insights to what family values actually are. Another article, written by one of the men suing the (Washington D.C.) government for the right to marry his male partner, brings up

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good points for legal homo marriages. One of the more irreverent pieces speculates on the sexuality of Jesus Christ, as well as what His family values might have been - I liked this idea quite a bit, especially since the author lists Bible quotes mentioning possible references about Jesus' sex life. In depth reviews of music and zines; poetry; fiction/true stories (I can't tell which); and plenty of sex positive advice and comments round out this issue. Black Sheets isn't necessarily a "gay male" queer zine, it just sort of reads that way since most of the contributors write from that perspective. (\$6., Black Sheets, P.O.Box 31155-PR3, San Francisco, CA 94131 - age statement required.)

# PANTY LINE FEVER

RON JEREMY  
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AFRAID OF SEX

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**Panty Line Fever #5** This beautifully produced zine mostly concerns itself with (hetero) sex related subjects, so it's no surprise that there's plenty of tit's n' ass within it's expertly laid out pages. What really caught my attention in this issue though is the in depth interview with porn star Ron Jeremy! Anyone who has watched any amount of straight porn should at least be familiar with what Mr. Jeremy looks like: he's that chubby, hairy dude, who appears in tons of X-rated films,

and has been known to stick his own dick in his mouth. Not your typical porn star by a long shot! Rick, the editor/publisher, gets big brownie points in my book for this one because Jeremy is a fascinating interviewee: he has lots to say about the porn industry; his career; and has a personality that leaps off the page. The rest of the zine is pretty good also, but of particular interest to some Teen Fag readers will be the photo of G.G. Allin lying dead in his bed! **Panty Line Fever** could very well be the ultimate New York City zine ever. (\$4., Panty Line Fever c/o Rick Hall, P.O.Box 20265, New York, NY 10009 - age statement required.)

OMNI PRESS Has sent in a set of trading cards, featuring G.G. Allin, that I'm sure all true G.G. collectors will want to check out. Each card has a picture of G.G., from different phases of his career (including death!), with a quote of his on the back. Also included is the "Liz" card, who was the groupie that appeared with G.G. on his last two talk show appearances, and contains part of her interview from the Jane Whitney Show (reprinted in Teen Fag #2). Omni also put together a G.G. Allin booklet, that contains mostly different pictures and quotes than those on the trading cards, and also includes a few song lyrics. Even more timely are the new series of "Jacko" cards, featuring Michael Jackson and his child molestation scandal. All of these products seem to be silk screened, and are printed on glossy, heavy stock paper. Very Fancy! (G.G. Allin cards: \$5/set; G.G. Allin book: \$3; Jacko cards: \$2/four cards; or send a stamp for more info to: Omni Press, P.O.Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030)

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## MUSIC REVIEWS

**STAR PIMP** Seraphim 2802 - CD (Boner Records) The music on this CD is very hypnotic; pulsing back and forth in my consciousness even when I'm not listening to it. Not in an unpleasant way, but more like a gentle throbbing that coaxes me into playing the CD again and again. It's like tribal music with disjointed guitars, weaving up and down, back and forth, over a steady, pulsing drum beat. The vocalist meanwhile speaks, sings and howls, displaying her wide range of both pitch and style; as if the singer of the Sugar Cubes had been merged with Yoko Ono. In fact there's a song on the CD called Yoko Phono that I thought was appropriately titled, because the vocalist seems somewhat familiar with Yoko's recordings. Star Pimp do have melodic moments, although these are still of a chaotic nature and definitely not Top 40 material. I like this CD quite a bit and recommend it to those who like relaxing music, that's also challenging and a touch aggressive.

**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT** Straight Not -CD (Outpunk).

God Is My Co-Pilot is a punk band that plays short, aggressive songs and sometimes include unconventional instruments such as a didjeridoo, cello, and bagpipes. Most of the 26 songs rarely extend over 2 minutes, and often contain odd timings and noises, giving the pieces epic qualities despite their brevity. Since some songs are centered around a steady beat, and others a squall of noise, it's the vocals

that give a semblance of continuity. The vocalist, Sharon, sings, talks and shouts the words in a way that sounds personal, rather than studied or detached. Perhaps it's because this is the bands first full length release on the queer-run Outpunk that inspires this personal touch - the liner notes sort of implies this. It's difficult to always tell what she's singing about, (without reading along with the lyric sheet), but there's plenty of tunes about looking and thinking

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about girls, from a girl's point of view. It's nice to catch snatches of queer positive lyrics throughout the CD, but it's the whole sound, both musically and verbally, that I find appealing about it.

**SMUT** Blood, Smut and Tears - CD (Spanish Fly Records) Although definitely a metal band, Smut shows more hardcore/punk influences than most groups I've heard lately. They're less heavy, and more thrash, which gives the

I think I have WORMS, turtle dove!



Ooooooo! Now THERE'S one to be proud of.



(Gulp) Thanks! I'm so EMBARRASSED! Having WORMS and all!



LMNOP

impression that they must have an active moshing scene at their concerts. This sort of music is usually very basic in both appeal and execution -you either like it or don't, as long as the band doesn't suck (and they don't) - yet Smut's female vocals set them apart in the genre. Because not many women are singing in thrash bands yet, there's some novelty in that aspect of it, but there's also the fact that she sounds good. The differences between women's and men's singing styles (in hard rock) has always seemed an obstacle to women vocalist being popular with fans. Smut's vocals not only command the aggression that thrash music expects, but also avoids sounding whimpy during the slow parts.

**SLANT 6 Soda Pop Rip Off -CD** (Dischord Records)

Although the bare bones playing and all girl line up of Slant 6 seem similar to the "riot grrl" approach, this release sounds more influenced by early-80's pop groups, such as Wire. The songs are short and to the point, relying upon catchy rhythms and guitar riffs to drive in the point, before moving on to the next one. Like most good pop songs the lyrics are poetical and obscure, which lets the listener interpret them for themselves. Don't let my use of words like "poetry" and "pop" mislead you into think-

ing that Slant 6 are an arty, wank-off sort of band though. They rock through 16 songs in barely over 30 minutes and the energy and style in which they play is only a few steps away from the garage.

**PAVEMENT Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain -CD** (Matador Records) A couple of years ago Pavement was being called the next Nirvana by the music press, but for some reason the band failed to become a household name. With this newest release that may be rectified; Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain is one of the catchiest rock-pop releases I've heard in a long time. A cross between the Beatles and the Grateful Dead for the "alternative nation" - the new Pavement record is compelling to listen to because of the music's seeming simplicity, and the vocal's easy going nature. The only thing that could possibly inhibit the band's popularity is that the music won't easily cross over into the heavy metal market, which is how Nir-

**TWISTED IMAGE** by Ace Backwords ©1993



vana and Pearl Jam become so popular. The fact that many of the songs were pleasantly stuck in my head, long after hearing them, is more than I can say about most new music I've heard lately.

**SILKWORM In The West -CD** (C/Z Records) This prolific band's latest release is a mixture of guitar pop and angst driven rock, that relies on the moods and emotions their music creates, as much as it does catchy rhythms and vocals. Containing three male singers who have over-lapping styles and range; listening to Silkworm is similar to talking to someone's twin without first realizing it. All have a lyrical approach to the vocals, often refraining from repeated verses and choruses, giving the impression that they're possibly singing stories and not just songs. The feelings of the vocals often change through the course of a song, and add a narrative quality; some songs start out quietly, slowly gaining strength and passion as they progress, and eventually end in a fervent climax. Musically the band plays rhythms and riffs, that are not only engaging during the more popish moments, but also enhance the complex nature of the vocals. Shrewdly the guitars and drums create tones, often going in separate directions, only to

effortlessly rejoin when a distinct impression is needed. Silk-worm sounds like no other band, and their unique style leads itself open to many interpretations. I read something recently, that described the band as playing "adult rock," so if being intricate and original is also being adult, then I'd have to agree.

**various-** Eat Yer Greens -LP (Booger Records) This compilation is loaded with socially irredeemable "bands" with names such as V.O.M.I.T., Carbolic Enema and Chocolate Piledriver - and song titles like: Drugs Drugs Drugs; Sex Kills; Rat Colon Tumor; and Rock N' Roll and Drugs.

Definitely not an album for the faint of heart or the easily annoyed, since many of the recordings have production values as low as the values of the performers themselves. Some of the groups are "traditional" guitar & drums outfits, while others appear to be single person studio recordings, and as is usually the case with compilations, the entertainment value of each varies from track to track. I find the tape mixing pieces to be boring, but the tracks that seemed to be done by actual bands are funny and good. Especially noteworthy were V.O.M.I.T. and the Mark Chapman Experience whose records I'll keep an eye out for in

the future.

SINGLES and 7"s

**FIFTH COLUMN/GOD IS MY CO-PILOT** split single (Outpunk) The song "Don't" by Toronto's 5th Column is a preview from their K Records full length, and is a quirky rock tune that reminds me of either the Slits or the Raincoats (I'm not sure which.) The song's fairly short and left me wishing they had contributed more to the record, so I guess that's the whole point. NYC's Godco is more satisfying because they do three songs, (although they're almost the same length as the single 5thcol song.) The three songs sound very sim-

**Toyland** by David Kelly © 1994

My little brother Tim and I always ride our bikes after school. The best trips are to the Fred Meyer on Pacific Highway - though it takes a long time to get there it's worth it because Toyland is there.



Toyland has every toy from every commercial you have ever seen, even the new ones that are on Saturday morning. They have the new Mickey Mouse Candy Factory that I want.



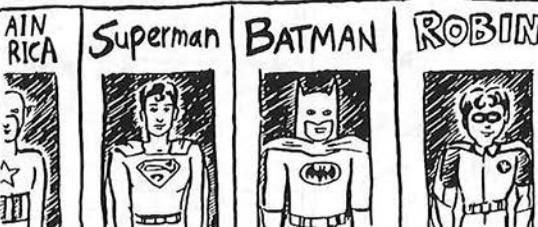
Tim saw the new Smash 'Em Up Derby that George who lives across the street from us has. He even took them out of the box - something I'd never do!



I secretly did want to go look at the new Barbies but not with my brother around. So instead I went to look at all of the new G.I. Joes.



Right then I saw them. They were brand new Superhero dolls. But they are called Action Figures, not dolls. They have every superhero you can think of: Superman, Batman, Robin, Captain America and Spider-Man. Each in their own box with a neat picture on the back to cut out. They are really cool!



And then I saw the one I had to have ...



llar to the songs on their CD and I suspect that they were recorded at the same time, so I'll refer you to that review for more info. I liked these songs also and this record is a good way to check out the band before buying the CD, if you're not sure you'll like it. **THE HYPERDRIVE KIT-TENS** Rock 'n' Roll Drag Queen (Outpunk) This gender-bending queer band seems to be influenced by bands like New York Dolls or perhaps more appropriately Wayne/Jayne County, (who was a transsexual rock star in the late 70's.) The Kittens have a glam rock approach to their music, and while I like the idea behind the songs presented here, in execution they seemed a little too polished and brief. I'd really like to see them live though, because judging from the music style and the cover art, I'm sure their songs are better experienced live. **PANSY DIVISION** Touch My Joe Camel (Lookout Records) This is my first experience with this whimsical queer band and it's rather what I expected. Nice clean pop song structures, with silly lyrics - not that I don't like this song; I do. It's a catchy song that accurately articulates how the Joe Camel character looks just like a dick with balls. Still my interest in novelty songs is limited and this isn't something I feel the need to hear more than once or twice. The B-side has cover songs of the Buzzcocks' Homosapien and Roxy Music's Trash, and I didn't care for either of them. **THORSEN 3** song ep (Meat Records) This unique Tacoma metal band connects all their songs with a Viking theme! The

A-side is rather long winded and concerns a mythological battle, but the B-side has a catchier tune: it's sort of a love song from the point of view of a Viking, to a woman whose family he had killed. Perhaps the subject is a bit morbid, but it's a really cool song. The last song is a quick blast compared to the others, and while I'm not sure what the lyrics are about, it's still a good song. Two out of three is damn good odds, and I think their CD is out now, sooo..... **THE KENT 3/ THE DISAPPOINTED** split single (no label) Kent 3 is a happy sounding punk band with catchy vocals. The songs come bouncing off the record in a way that reminds me of old Descendants or Ramones, yet not as riff heavy. The vocals almost sound snotty in execution, but are rather friendly in tone and as a result makes for pleasant listening whether this was their intent or not. The first song by The Disappointed has a little bit of that garage-surf thing going on in their sound - it's pretty cool and makes you want to tap your toe

to it. The vocals are obscured by the singer's slurring and growling of the words and works well with the music. The second song is a silly song that has an English punk feel to it, very different from the first song and annoying also.

**various** Those Pre-Phylloxera Years (Box Dog Sound) This record contains six songs, by six bands, and is split between noisy pop and noisy tape antics. As usual with these sorts of compilations, it's the tape manipulations, that seem constructed by a single person (after smoking pot?), that I find boring. The "pop" songs on the other hand are quite good. Neutral Milk Hotel, The Mountain Goats and Duh all show exceptional talent in crafting good, if not always solid sounding tunes, that need to be heard if you're into underground pop. The fact that all three of these groups are on the same side of the record is most helpful and considerate.

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## Comics

Lately I've been actively looking for good fiction comics whenever I've gone into the shops. With my disdain of super hero titles and science fantasy comics at an all time high, I've noticed that almost all the comics I've been buying are either humor books, or autobiographical ones. Not that I don't enjoy either of these types, but it did get me wondering if comics were beginning to fall into another rut of sorts. Comics should be able to successfully tell any sort of story imaginable, yet it seems that most of those available recently have been limited to these aforementioned categories. Naturally, what people buy dictates what publishers produce and the stores sell, so the readers are as much to blame as anyone in this lack of variety, but I refused to believe that nothing in the category of general fiction was being produced. I was relieved to discover that there were a few titles published recently that fit my description of "general," and also at prices that I could afford.



ABOVE: AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH  
RIGHT: A DETAIL FROM BLUEBEARD #2

**An Accidental Death** - illustrated by Eric Shanower, written by Ed Brubaker (Fantagraphics Books) This is a short story about a young man's recollections of when his family lived at the naval base in Guantanamo, Cuba. As the title suggests - somebody accidentally dies there. Written in the first person narrative, the main character, Charlie, reveals the events surrounding this death and his own major part in the drama. The dialogue is realistic, giving the reader a sense that the author, Brubaker, actually lived the events he's relating, although the bio at the end assures us he didn't. Since both Brubaker and artist Shanower lived at Guantanamo at different times, their knowledge of the locale merges together well.

Many times there are panels without any dialogue, that lets the pictures tell the story, something I doubt would happen as frequently if both creators weren't familiar with the scenery. Shanower's art works exceptionally well with this type of story. He's skilled at making distinct individuals and expertly recreates the Cuban scenery and suburban-styled military housing. The art is detailed and never lacks from the absence of color - especially the night scenes, which are dark and shadowy, but not overly so. *An Accidental Death* is published as a single issue comic and as such, is a good read for a minimal amount of money.



**Blue Beard #1, 2** - written by James Robinson, illustrated by Phil Elliott (Slave Labor Graphics) These two issues contain the first four chapters of a story about two serial killers. The two men, one playing the gentleman and the other his servant, involve themselves with rich, eligible women along the coast of Europe, and after securing access to the women's money through marriage, either arrange for a fatal accident or just outright murder her. Because the killers are adept at their masquerade, often no one is even aware that a crime has taken place, except for a detective



ABOVE: BLUE BEARD #2

who frustratingly pieces the clues together well after the murder has happened. Each chapter is narrated from a different point of view - the detective; a third party to the crime; and in one instance, the victim through her diary. This method of story telling keeps the writing fresh and interesting as each character has a distinct way of relating the facts as they know them. Meanwhile the pictures reveal a more detailed account of the crime, often showing things that no one knows except for the killers themselves. Although neither the writing or art is stylistic, and often it's hard to distinguish one character from another, together they work very well. The text and pictures seem to weave around each other, creating a near perfect story telling device that is unique to comics and I like how the art work does more than just illustrate the text, and visa versa. Both creators I'm sure will improve over time and I look forward to seeing them do so if they keep producing work in this genre (fiction, not serial killers). I suspect that issue three may be the final installment, but I wouldn't mind if the story ran a few issues longer, because it's interesting! Back issues shouldn't be too hard to find at most general comic book stores, if you ask for them.

Love and Rockets #43 by Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez (Fantagraphics Books) It's impossible to write about comic fiction and not mention Love and Rockets. The Hernandez brothers are mostly responsible for bringing fiction back into American comics when they began their (then self published) book over ten years ago.

Both Hernandez's create their stories separately: Gilbert's stories mostly concern the inhabitants of a small (Mexican?) village called Palomar, and seem influenced by the writings of Gabriel Garcia Marquez. The interrelationships between the characters are intertwined through a series of blood relations, romantic affairs, illegitimate children, and long lasting friendships. Often Gilbert's stories contain sub plots that give clues to their tangled lives, but it's almost impossible to keep them all straight with out referring back to old issues. The stories about Palomar and it's inhabitants frequently move freely through time, sometimes following the characters lives from beginning to end in a single episode, as a method of explaining their current circumstances or relationships. This method of writing is not only complex, but fascinating as well, because it adds depth and dimension to the characters and situations. Jaime's stories are usually more contemporary in that they focus on a younger cast of characters. An easy way to describe his stories would be if Archie Comics were: post punk; interracially mixed; and mostly women. Many of his characters



ABOVE: TWO PANELS BY JAIME HERNANDEZ FROM LOVE AND ROCKETS.

are interrelated as well, but their relationships are often based on common interests: music; professional wrestling; love affairs; and of course friendship. Jaime also uses time as a way of explaining his characters further, but his use of time is often in the form of complete stories rather than the fluid back and forth method used by his brother.





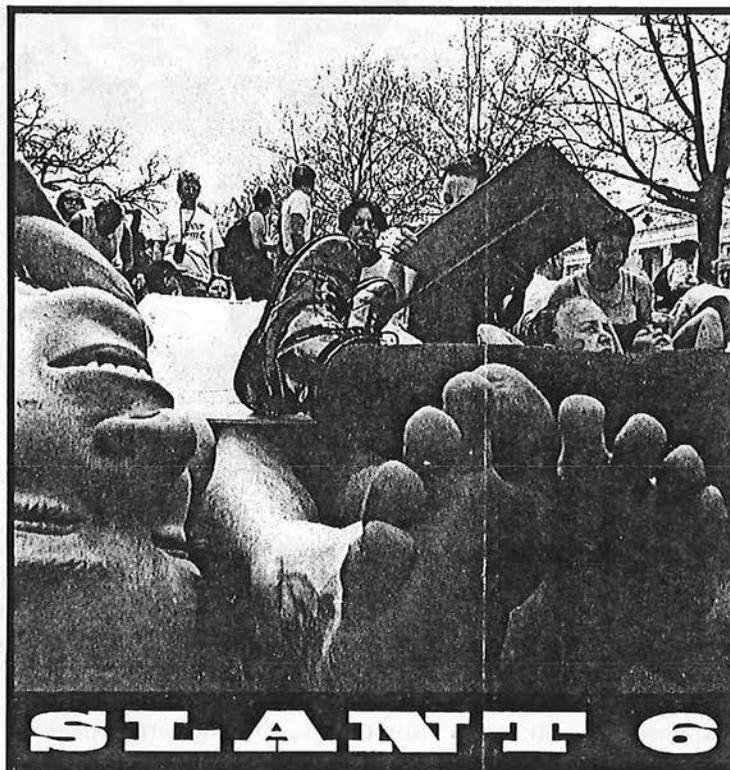
ABOVE: GILBERT HERNANDEZ' CONTINUING SAGA OF PALOMAR AND IT'S RESIDENTS. LOVE AND ROCKETS # 43

→ Hence Jaime's stories are a bit easier to follow and perhaps more straight forward. Besides the fact that the brothers have mostly hispanic casts, they are also similar in their use of strong female protagonists, and their realistic portrayals of both hetero and queer relationships.

Artwise, again both brothers are similar in the fact that each is highly skilled in their craft: creating definite individuals; presenting varying perspectives; and impressively use black to convey color. Picking up an individual issue of Love and Rockets could be rather confusing to new readers, because most the stories are continuations from previous issues. A better introduction would be one of the reprint books that are more complete, easier to digest and not a bad deal for \$13.

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