

# Infectious predator's killing a public service

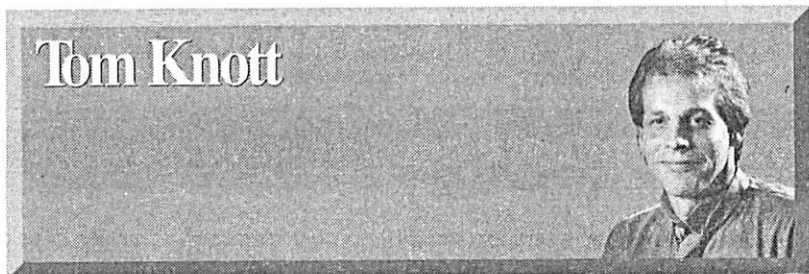
**D**arnell McGee's despicable life was extinguished as he sat in a car on a boarded-up street in St. Louis last January.

The shooter fired one shot into McGee's heart, and that was it for the 28-year-old loser known as the "Boss Man."

It was, as it turns out, a public service, intended or not.

The Boss Man trafficked in crack and sex. He was good at both. He drove nice cars and enjoyed an incredibly active sex life. Health officials in St. Louis have spent the last nine months discovering just how incredible it was. Their work has not been easy.

The Boss Man was HIV-positive at the time of his death. He had known he was HIV-positive since 1992. The condition did not curb his sexual appetite or increase his sense of responsibility to others. He was the father of at least 14 children and a destroyer of lives. He had unprotected sex with an untold number of females, some as young as 12, and has been linked to at least 30 cases of



HIV infection.

He was a sexual predator who, fortunately, is no longer in a position to hurt people in the St. Louis area.

There was an efficiency about his end that is lacking in the state of New York, where authorities are only now trying to come to terms with a Darnell McGee-like supertransmitter in their midst.

His name is Nushawn Williams, and his tally of victims rises each day.

Mr. Williams, like the Boss Man, is a piece of work who traded drugs for sex from one side of the state to the other. He is, judging by his picture, hardly a heartthrob. Sadly,

there are no standards among the desperate and the misguided and the young. Mr. Williams, like the Boss Man, lacked a moral compass. He preyed on young girls, some barely old enough to menstruate.

The state, intentionally or not, apparently was a co-conspirator of sorts in Mr. Williams' love life. When he would show up in the county jail on occasion, his HIV-positive status was withheld from law-enforcement officials because of confidentiality rules.

Even now, the sheriff's office was only allowed to release Mr. Williams' photo and name to the public after getting permission from a judge. Even now, as the

tales of horror trickle to the front page of newspapers, AIDS activists wonder if the judge's decision was the proper one.

People have a right to their privacy, including their medical records. But they compromise that right when they pose a threat to society.

Mr. Williams is no different from other sexual predators: the pedophile and the rapist. Privacy is his chief accomplice, publicity his chief antagonist. The predator, like the cockroach, scurries from light.

Mr. Williams' days as a predator are not necessarily numbered. He is charged with statutory rape involving a 13-year-old girl — not attempted murder, as his terminal-disease-spreading actions would warrant in most states. New York is one of the few states that lacks statutes regarding the willful spreading of HIV.

The Boss Man, fortunately, did not fall into the ever-maddening legal abyss. There was no hand-wringing at his street-spun trial, no slick legal

maneuvering, no Barry Scheck. There was only a shot from a .45-caliber gun, and the quality of life in St. Louis was improved considerably.

Police in St. Louis are not certain if the motive was revenge. They don't think it was robbery. The killer did not take the Boss Man's wallet, although he went through his pockets.

With the Boss Man, the motive could have been anything. Take a number. Get in line. He was the father of at least 14 children, and not a good father. He was a purveyor of death. He was a crackhead who had been shot three months before his death after an argument over a car stereo. The shooter in that case accused the Boss Man of stealing his car's sound system.

Only the killer knows why he eliminated the Boss Man, and he has not come forward to collect his key to the city.

The Boss Man in St. Louis, Mr. Williams in New York: There could be other supertransmitters out there. The thought is frightening.