Surviving AIDS,
Party Poorly Planned,
Tales From the Front,
Second Coming Out,
Ask Mr. Science,
The Secret Origin of
Captain Condom,
and Much More!

PISS JESSE
From the bowels of the mighty Kaiser-Permanente flagship, your slightly under-the-weather Serene Editor, increasing his formal participation in the HIV phenomenon by spending a week inside, greets you, peer ing one-eyed and drugged through a fog of flower perfume, dictating my slurred but probably still quite immortal verbiage to the infamous Santa Tom Rielly, a man of incredible generosity and energy but whom I would describe as being overly concerned about his place in the post-AIDS world.

Most parts of me that were broken are now fixed. Unfortunately, in my effortless morphine-buffed passage through the much-feared ordeal of bronchoscopy, a great deal of special bronchoscoping noise got into my eye. It is, in case you didn’t already know, impossible to cry out with a tube down your larynx. So as not to be making soundless help, help me face, attempting to draw attention to my plight, the artificial snot did a bad thing to my eyeball. Or perhaps it was the hours of attempting to find the thing that I sure thought was in my eye. Anyway. It’s broke.

So, I find myself once again dragged and in pain and much more than half blind. Luckily, I come from a long and dirty line of poor white trash sharecroppers who evolved to live on dirt and rocks, and for me, it is necessary. Despite a tendency to die of heart attacks at age forty, and a dismaying pretension for particularly unnerving stress, we are rather hard to kill, being as we are for more or less human nutrition. We are even the heavy-swarmin' cockroach, an essential part of any new system. Issue. Subscribe! Don’t miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to examine the cultures and contours of my stick-like and slightly tattooed face with special guest, Mr. Thor. And maybe Mr. Ed, if we can cajole him into it...

DPN has been getting some fun press. If you send an SASE, we will send you a copy of our clippings file, or sheet, as it currently stands. Big Fun, really.

So. You have it. My attempt to deliver under duress a witty, topical, and queer-as-hell editorial blab. Hope it flew. Incidentally, George Bush is a piece of shit.

[This editorial continues on page 5 and transmogrifies into a book review.]

Congratulations to Mike Cannon
Mike entered, and thereby won, the Guess Tom’s T-Cell Contest. Also, thanks to Mike for guessing optimistically high. He’ll get one of our fabulous prizes, though we all know what he REALLY wants. Since the T-Cells du Tom have chosen such a propinquitous number, (see graphical representation below) he is starting a baseball team for them. So our new contest is to name that team. The winner (chosen by editorial whim) gets a little plastic baseball.
Oh, Those Achy Veins!

Got phlebitis from health care givers repeatedly jabbing needles into your veins? Here's help: Soak a hand towel in hot water and then pop it into the microwave. Heat it to whatever temperature you can stand and place the hot-hot-hot towel in a baggie to use as a compress on that tender, throbbing vein. Mmm, much better. (Courtesy of D. Lamb)

Stool Samples

Have trouble holding those little Dixie cups and swabbing the stool sample before it hits the water in the toilet bowl? Put a sheet of Saran Wrap loosely across the bowl, underneath the seat, to catch that puppy. You can then scoop the morsel into the speci-pack at your leisure. (For diarrhoea, we recommend a bowl that will never, ever be used for cooking again. Eeee!) (Graciously researched by your diligent Editors)

Resource Information: AIDS Community Research Consortium

The AIDS Community Research Consortium, based in Redwood City, (that's here in CA, sorry!) offers a network of 40 doctors in cooperation to share information, and generate new information about our buddy HIV. The member physicians are distributed all over the Peninsula and South Bay. There are many, many cases of infection in the Bay Area but outside of San Francisco, that do not have the same easy access to knowledgeable HIV care. the ACRC is attempting to change this. Of course, it's only here in the Bay Area, but hey, something is something. So, they are running a rather large number of community trials, for a diverse spectrum of HIV related problems. They also offer a public information series, on Wednesday nights? (I lost that part of the info package. Just call and they'll tell you.)

The most laudable thing about the ACRC is that it is chartered to make outreach to under treated communities. It is actually chartered and dedicated to developing and maintaining outreach to HIV infected women, IV drug users, members of the various communities of color, and other disenfranchised ethnic groups. On the Peninsula, the HIV picture has already skewed away from just hags, which is still is mostly here in the city, at least as far as real live AIDS.

So, if you live in Santa Clara, San Mateo, or southern Alameda counties, maybe you should call them up.

Incidentally, two of the main physicians in the group have both been my personal doctor over a long period of time, and they are good. Also Nurse Brian is also a swell and competent fellow, so I'd feel pretty good about going here for care.

ACRC, 1048 El Camino Real Ste A, Redwood City CA 94063, (415) 364-6563, fax (415) 364 9001.

Project Pentamidine

As most of us know, aerosol pentamidine prophylaxis is the best thing to happen in the HIV world ever. The Big Killer pneumocystis, has been rendered almost preventable. Pretty swell, eh? Unless you don’t have insurance or for some other reason can’t get it for free, and the fact that it can cost up to $250 per treatment for the drug alone, aside from the nebulizer and the doctor visit.

Jack Erdmann has an arrangement with a Mexican distributor where you can buy up to a three month supply for $59 per dose. It's easy and it's legal. The Project has been growing rapidly, which means that there are a lot of us in this boat.

So, call, or have your doctor call, Project Pentamidine, Jack Erdmann, 60 Lovell Ave, Mill Valley CA 94941. (415) 388-2105, fax (415) 381-2084.

Mister Manners' Courteous Responses to Stupid Questions and Comments

After being diagnosed with AIDS, I discovered that I kept hearing the same things over and over. Below are the five most common questions and comments with appropriate responses. Upon being diagnosed, I suggest you photocopy and distribute these to well-meaning family and friends. It will save everyone so much time.

1. You’re so brave, I don’t know how you do it.

I don’t. Bravery is when you disrupt your everyday schedule to save an infant from a burning building or a senior citizen from a mugger. Having AIDS is not brave...it’s IRRITATING!

2. Are you trying the latest treatment?

Yes, but give me a moment to catch up, it takes time to infuse myself with Chinese cucumber juice, boil my blood and hug a teddy bear in front of the mirror while telling my reflection, “I love you, I love you.”

3. I feel guilty because I’m HIV negative.

Alright, then hand over your savings passbook, negotiable bonds and any Certificates of Deposit that are due to mature SOON right over to me. Giving is a divine act which should ease your conscience.

4. Look at this as a learning experience.

I do. I’ve learned that insurance companies consider a cough in 1987 a pre-existing condition that will cancel my policies, Social Services requires my death certificate as evidence of AIDS before dispensing benefits and that doctors always want more blood.

5. We’re all dying, I could get hit by a car at any moment.

Good! I hope you do.

(Courtesy of K. Reeves)

Travel Insurance

Hey kids, don’t forget to include the travel insurance when you run up that credit card bill with airline tickets. In most cases you can get a policy, for about $40, that will return you to civilization and proper medical care no matter where you are in the world (even if they have to fly you first class). Talk to your travel agent. Also, long plane rides are more stressful than you’d think. Allow yourself the day or two to recoup before attacking the side of Kilimanjaro or touring the steel mills of Cartagea.

(Courtesy of Mystery Mike)

A million thanks to A Different Light bookstores for more success than we ever imagined possible.
HOSTESS WITH THE TOXOPLASMOSOMEST: Surviving AIDS by Michael Callen

The editorial, continued. The book review in a moment.

Still at the hospital, we play Urinal Hide, a game by which the night staff delight themselves at the expense of the patients. You are admonished to pee in a plastic, hand-held urinal thingy, and then they give you a whole lot of serious drugs, starting with AZT IV, and then hide the thingy. In the middle of the dark, bewildered night, you arise, bladder bursting, and grope about until you find and use, with great relief, the Blessed Thingy... If this happens, They Win. If you don’t find the thingy, and find yourself helplessly prowling about your key, or if you’re Mr. Resourceful like me, and try to staunch some of the flooding by using your bedside water pitcher, etc, spreading the problem to the table, you win. The waggish prankster may...

find that cleaning up a urinal joke the patient won is deterrent to further practice games unless it is with less drugged patients or almost time for shift change.

My score: 1 bed, 2 floors, 1 tabletop. Their score: some 19 episodes of hopping around, desperate searching aggravations. Why at this game? You decide. I get to go home and they must stay, but they’re getting paid to do it and I’m paying them.

We all know the clichés about male nurses being a bit, er, classified. Well, at my beloved H. M. O. (Kaiser SF) there are more shrieking, delightful, outrageous, totally obvious, lono-queen ladies than you’ll find at a drag ball, which is run in a lot of ways but really counted when in the middle of a really horrible overheated, humid, airless, “none of these nurses speak proper English, let alone has any interest whatever in my problems.”

Night from Hell, I was rescued by an angel from heaven, or the equivalent, a gentle dark Queen Nurse who laid his warm hands upon me and healed my weary soul. He took especial care of me till dawn and I was released. I love San Francisco.

Mr. Callen has gotten a divorce and a haircut since this picture was taken.

Now, at last, the editorial becomes a review of Michael Callen’s book, Surviving AIDS. Well written, easy to read, it presents some contro- versial ideas that deserve attention, although I didn’t agree with him on many of them.

Number one Nipe is “AIDS is not caused by HIV.” Mike gives his reason: AIDS is STD-ridden (some 20 different things, many repeated)’s whose weird example is that it’s destroying your immune system, and destroying lifestyle that’s the root cause. I present myself, less than 100 sexual partners in the last five years of them boosters, I’ve had gonorrhea once, warts once, (effortlessly eradicated), the crabs a few times, and AIDS. Cranky Editor Biffy led an even more Republican sex lifestyle. Him. Not with you on that one, Mike. Of course I am absolutely in a gay, I don’t agree with him on the idea that overreaching your immune system makes things more easier for HIV when you finally do introduce it into the soup.

My second disagreement is on the subject of AZT. Mr. Callen calls AZT not just ineffective, not just massively toxic, but carcinogenic and impotence-causing to boot. My experience with AZT is that it is effective for a while, massively toxic, and I was taking the muscle-destroying 1200-mg regime during my most sexually active period in several years. And that’s as Tommy Top, and my sexuality was in its huge throbbing self throughout. What do you think about the carcinogenicity? Well, the sudden upsurge in lymphomas in HIV people did come along about the same time as the wide-spread use of AZT. The jury’s still out on this one. One of the reasons given for the rise in cancer in generic patients who have lived at least three years with an AIDS diagnosis, must be that they are committed to life, aggressively so. Now, it’s pretty easy to be aggressively committed to life when you aren’t sick, so part of why they have a “good attitude” is that they have a reason to. It’s kinda difficult to chimp up when you’re drowning in a sea of misery, no “good attitude.” I don’t mean hug your teddy, Louise, Puke-Puke staff. I mean like I said before, aggressive commitment to life. Some people think they are, as well. See the marginal quote below for a ferine.

We're the best way to survive AIDS is not to die. Doctors are getting so much better at handling OIs that AIDS may soon become a string of treatable infections, whatever the HIV may be up to. Sounds pretty damn encouraging to me. So like I said, I’m certainly not dying today. Tomorrow? Well, as we all know, tomorrow is another day.

I would like to commend Mr. Callen for being very clear that not only is he not a moony-go- roundy, spiritual crystal snob, but a rigid rationalist and fierce atheist. Me too. Rah, rah.

Finally: A reviewer called us “unabashedly nationalistic.” Well, #1 is pretty USA-biased, but we’re just getting started. We know that AIDS is a global problem, more so maybe than a lot of “AIDS activists” who seem to be USA gay man oriented... Fags are no longer It, boys and girls. The whole world has it, and no money, no drugs, no treatment, and not much hope for any change for a long time. Kinda makes ya wanna puke, eh? But anyway, this is spooed to be a humor magazine. Know a good knock-knock joke?

To spite you, I lived!” - "Lela", from her story in the book.

The most important thing about this book is the idea that AIDS is not a death sentence. MC presents 13 interview/bios with people who have lived at least three years with an AIDS diagnosis, many of them lots longer than that. He found that there isn’t much commonality among any of the folks, except that they are committed to life, aggressively so. Now, it’s pretty easy to be aggressively committed to life when you aren’t sick, so part of why they have a “good attitude” is that they have a reason to. It’s kinda difficult to chimp up when you’re drowning in a sea of misery, no “good attitude.” I don’t mean hug your teddy, Louise, Puke-Puke staff. I mean like I said before, aggressive commitment to life. Some people think they are, as well. See the marginal quote below for a ferine.

Totally excellent adventures in Lesbian and Gay art and writing.

Some address as DPN, send $2 for the next issue.

GAWK MAGAZINE
That Party Poorly PLANNED

So there it was, our new abode in Surf City, styled straight out of the Atomic Age. Stainless steel kitchen, kidney shaped furniture, swimming pool, cathedral ceilings...not bad for three starving college kids in a town notoriously short of living space. And what better way to inaugurate our McCarthy-era house than to throw a paranoid McCarthy-era housewarming? One gay man, one straight, one bisexual, and two hundred of our most intimate personal friends, invited to review provocative material and dress appropriately for the reception of President and Mrs. Eisenhower (no small undertaking, considering they're both dead).

It was called "The House on Un-American Activities Party." Central to the theme was the large interrogation room, where subversive films such as "Like a Horse" and "The Bigger the Better", as well as certain prophylactic devices (they were once considered obscure, you know) were on display. If we had known what was to happen, we might have done without the interrogation room - or kept it, but installed video cameras.

The party began to go downhill when a well-built guest named Spuds had one too many Kahlua and creams. At that point his blood alcohol level became high enough to liberate the hearty wench trapped inside, and he wandered through the house peeling off his clothes, inviting people to caress his definition and fondle his vasularity. Like a moth in search of its destiny, he followed the flickering blue glow of the television screen into the interrogation room, where he became the self-appointed floor warden.

"You, suck his dick! You, roll over so I can see what's going on! And you! Rub some of that stuff on your ass!" Who could refuse?

Something that probably wasn't in the program was the disaster that my good friend Spike and some trollop named Rocky were silently brewing in the corner. What was a rather extended session of foreplay was taking some interesting turns. Apparently one finger went in, then another, and then Spuds! Rocky's fist just slipped right into Spike's ass. Imagine that! Spike, being experienced and conscientious, had made sure that Rocky had a couple layers of condoms stretched over his hand. He hadn't anticipated any drilling for Vegemite that evening, and was unprepared when Rocky hit a gusher. Fortunately the carpeting had been well covered with dropcloths.

I was at the front door explaining to Mr. Policeman that we did indeed have our noise permit (the town is big on noise permits, requiring the written consent of residents on your block), and that no, our neighbors couldn't possibly be complaining since they were all here, contentedly swimming naked in our pool. After having satisfied Surf City's finest, I began my benevolent housewarming rounds, only to be confronted by a panicked exodus from the interrogation room. One of the fleeing hordes was coherent enough to explain the nature of the disaster, and I rounded up one of the other hosts and took action. We descended upon the scene with our sanitary gloves, our disinfectant, our flashlights and hose. It was all over in a flash.

I was called away to another crisis - weenie depletion at the Bar-B-Q, and the next chapter unfurled. I said that Spike was responsible, right? Well, the first thing he did when he realized what happened was to scoop up the offensive material and head off for the bathroom, naked, trailing a streamer of slimy shit. Now, you know those lines to the bathroom at big parties. People jealously guarding their places. Needless to say, Spike had no trouble making it to the head of the line, only to find that the door was locked. I wonder what the poor woman who was in there thought when she saw who was next.

Spike rid himself of his burden, then went back out for Rocky. No problem, he had toddled down the hall after Spike, trailing his hand along the wall. Spike threw Rocky into the shower, and jumped in behind, leaving the bathroom door unlocked (after all, decontamination shouldn't tie up the facilities for those who merely want to use the toilet).

So who's the first person to want to use those facilities? Spuds, of course, wondering everywhere he went. He locked the door, and as he piddled, he saw what looked like two people getting it on in the shower, and began to make various lewd comments. Rocky, remembering that the hearty voice belonged to someone exquisitely cute, reached out and grabbed Spuds by his underwear, causing him to urinate all over the floor. Thank God it wasn't my own bathroom.

This was the scene that confronted me when I broke into the bathroom through the window (more people were waiting in line and they were getting cranky). "Gentlemen," I said, "We have designated places for this sort of thing, and the bathroom isn't! Now if you'd like, we can all go out back where I'll hope you down." That was enough to dispense them. The worst was over.

Spuds' motor coordination failed around 2:00 am, and he staggered into my bedroom. I checked up on him periodically to make sure that whoever was unsuccessfully trying to rut with him wasn't also soilng my linens or rummaging through my treasured possessions. When Spuds woke the following day, he claimed amnesia and wondered why his nigh were so red. I burst the slightly shit-stained tatters of his Calvin's in his face. "You don't remember how this happened, do you?" I'll always remember the look of absolute horror on his face. It almost made the traumas of the evening worthwhile.

I found one of the housemates in the abused bathroom, busily scouring away at a bathtub ring of Biblical proportions. "Goddamn guests," he muttered, "how'd they manage to do this?" Having crashed in the living room, he hadn't seen the trail of destruction that led from his room to the tub. I didn't have the heart to tell him the bathroom wasn't the half of it. He'd find out soon enough.

Get any hair-raising experiences? Send 'em on in!
Whoops! We almost had an honest-to-goodness centerfold for you all, but it didn’t quite work out. Fortunately, there were these old slides lying around in my desk, just waiting to be used. This is for the sex crazed maniacs (all three of you) who’ve been writing in wanting to see more of Your Crankyness. There! 500 square centimeters of bare flesh, including my bellybutton (share the fantasy). And that’s all you’re going to see unless we get a little more reader participation in this department. In order to get more, you’ll have to show more. We’re not saying that you must flash your all, something mildly naughty or even a decent portrait shot would do. Come on! With a print run of only fifteen hundred copies, Mom is probably not going to see it.

When meeting your Cranky and Serene Editors, women must bow and men must curtsey.
Another dateless Saturday night and I sit, depsected, on the couch. Sigh. It's only nine o'clock. The Sunday New York Times lies in disarray on the carpet. I have already thumbed my way through the Arts and Leisure section, hoping for a large facsimile of Cher suitable for framing. Nothing this week. Why don't they give us fags a ten cent discount, we never bother with the Sports. It's straight into the trash on the corner, before we've even come home.

Well, I could be adventurous and take a nap and wake up to the dissonant alarm at midnight and cab down to the Spike and spend a few hours looking bored drinking overpriced club sodas and return home at four with a bleated bladder and a distended prostate. Or I could simply lift the receiver and dial 550-TOOL. After all, last month's bill was only eighty dollars. It takes only a moment to decide.

Thanks to the miracle of phone sex, the man of my dreams (5'9", 155, salt and pepper hair, 38, hard muscular build) is on his way to my apartment. He should arrive in less than half an hour. I decide to wait to tell him my seropositive status until after my latex-wrapped pulsating manhood is twelve inches deep into his tight-gripping love canal. OK, so maybe I'm lying. Who cares, so long as we have antisepitic safe sex.

Fuck. I haven't shaved in several days. My face feels like sandpaper and maybe my Dream Lover isn't into dermabrasion. I go into the bathroom and lather up.

Quick: He should be here in fifteen minutes. I take a few cautious strokes, then glide my way through the cream like a hot knife through butter. A maschino-red cherry blot appears in the whipped cream of my chin. I begin bleeding profusely. What am I, related to some Russian Czarina? "Clot dammit!" I swear to myself. HIV-infected blood pools into the basin. More gushing than blushing beauty, I stick on a Bandaid, apply pressure.

A little shaving cream on my ear. Gently, I take my washcloth to wipe it off, knocking my earring into the sink. Of course it teeters to the trap of the drain. Where are my tweezers? I have none. Unfortunately I am no drag queen manqué. The time I painted my nails red for Halloween, I had not had the necessary foresight to obtain nail polish remover beforehand. The following morning, sheepish, hands-in-pockets, I went to the A&P for this compulsory cosmetic. And of course, the gentleman behind the counter asked that most insulting question: "Are you an actor?"

This is the second stud I lose. I had gotten my ear pierced a scant month ago at the imbecilic age of 33, slow learner that I am. A Bart Simpson earring that I found at the hallmark cards shop inspired me. Bart Simpson seems inappropriate for sex. I try to insert another earring, a tiny hoop. My sinistral ear starts bleeding.

I take off the Bandaid on my chin. How can anyone possible have sex with a Bandaid on the chin? Once again begins the flow. Two Bandaid later I find myself still a fount of blood.

What am I to do? Awash in a sea of infection and disaffection, mired in anxiety and despair, dropping T-cells by the minute, I sit and stare at my ghastly reflection in the mirror, praying for coagulation. Studmeister is on his way in the cab, ready for action. I'm locked in the bathroom, crying over my dowry of precious diseased bodily fluids.

Of course, he never shows. I don't have his number. He doesn't call with explanations.

Evidently, Some Higher power is teaching me a lesson.

Two hours later, when the bleeding has finally subsided, I dial that elusive number again. This time, I go to his place.

David B. Feinberg, author of Eighty-Sixed and the forthcoming Spontaneous Combustion, subsists on a diet of anxiety, sarcasm, sex, and AIDS activism in nerve-shattering New York City. He also lives in fear of being confused with the dozens of other David Feinbergs that live in NYC, all of whom are far more depraved than he, and sets fire to those who neglect to use his proper middle initial "B".
I was at a friend’s house the other day, and decided it was time.
“I have something to tell you.”
(Pause) “I’m HIV-positive.”
“I know.”
My mind ran through the list of mutual acquaintances who could’ve told him. I took this as another piece of evidence that when people say they aren’t going to tell anyone about your status, they don’t really mean it. “Who told you?”
“Nobody did. I could just tell. I know a couple of people who are positive and they all have the same sort of resigned outlook that you do.”
“I see. You mean you figured I was positive.”
“No. I knew. I could tell.”
“No, you mean you had a very good idea. You don’t know these sorts of things for sure.”
“No, I knew this just as well as I know anything.”
(If could see I wasn’t going to get anywhere on this issue.) “Oh, all right, so tell me a little more about this “resigned outlook” you were talking about.”
“Well, I didn’t mean it to sound that way. I mean, it is a resigned outlook, but that sounds worse than it really is. I just mean you have a kind of resigned tone, not quite depressed, but sort of like that. It’s hard to put into words.” He paused for a moment. “It’s not like you’re totally given up, but…”
“Well, what do you expect? This is a really tough time for me. Since I found out I was positive, there’ve been lots of times where I was really happy, but you haven’t seen me like that yet.”
“I know.”
“No you don’t. All of my friends who are positive agree with me on this: people who are negative just don’t know what it’s like.”
He said nothing.
“I used to think I knew what it would be like. When I first decided to get tested, I thought not knowing was just as bad as knowing would be. But nothing really prepared me for what it was like. You just don’t know how it is to sit across the table from someone and having him say the results are positive.”
“I bet it sucks.”
You gotta remember, safe sex doesn’t bother you as much as it bothers me. You grew up with rubbers, I was used to honest-to-goodness no-rubbers-do-whatever-you-want. I don’t think you know what it’s like to suddenly have some of your favorite things taken away like that.” (Pause) “About this resigned outlook. I know what you mean. I don’t always have the enthusiasm as I’d like to, but I’m sort of used to that now. It’s interesting, though; before I knew I was positive, I never really realized how many day-to-day decisions are based on your assumption of how long you’re going to live.”
“But you can’t assume you’re not going to have a normal life! You have to make plans for the future. If I were positive, that’s the only way I could keep going.”
“It’s not that you don’t make plans for the future, it’s just that I can’t lie to myself, y’know? I can’t tell myself that everything’s fine when it isn’t. This is something I have to live with every day.”
Any of us could die tomorrow.”
“That’s true, but I’m not any one of us. There is a positive side to this, however. I do things I might not have made time for otherwise. I don’t deny myself the experiences I want to have.”
“Are you on AZT?”
“No. My doctor says I shouldn’t yet. But it really sucks, y’know – ask ten people, and you get ten answers. You end up deciding for yourself. I wish I could leave, and come back in about 100 years. By that time, we’ll be doing things not too look like the dark Ages. AZT reminds me of when they used to treat syphilis with arsenic.”
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“You could try it and see how it goes.”
“1 didn’t try for a long time, and then about a year ago I was feeling really depressed and I went to one. It wasn’t bad and I got something out of it, but I got tired of hearing the same shit every time, and besides, I don’t really like doing anything in big groups. I’d rather get support from my friends.”
“Who knows about your being positive?”
“Most of my friends, but I haven’t really told my family yet. I would make them sad, and I don’t want that. I’d feel really stupid because they kept telling me to be careful and I kept telling them they had nothing to worry about.”
“Are these the same issues you had to face when you came out to them?”
“Hmm. Well, yeah. But it’s not like they told me when I was a kid to be careful because I was gay.” (Pause.) “Uh, maybe they did.”
“So are you gonna tell them?”
“I’ll think about it. I’m really not sure that I want to yet, so I’ll wait for awhile.”
“But you tell people to come out to their parents.”
“I’ll think about it. Okay?”
“Very well.”
“Look, I’m sorry if I got annoyed at you. This isn’t easy for me. Sometimes the whole thing just makes me want to scream. You be careful; you don’t want to be positive, take my word for it.”
“It sounds to me like you’ve given up on a lot of things that you don’t have to. Like when you were complaining how little you like safe sex. I don’t like rubbers either, but I got used to them, and sex is still pretty great. I think if you set yourself up to be positive, then you’ll never enjoy it.”
“You’re not giving me much credit. I use rubbers, yeah, but it’s still not as fun as buttfucking the way God intended it. I miss the taste of cum, too. A guy at a free clinic once told me that maybe science could invent some substitute. Even if they did, I’d still miss the experience.”
*Our friend has obviously not read Manners on page 4.*
I should be dumb and blind if I should fail to discern the wonders of the universe revealed at every turn and high among these miracles is one that's seldom sung: the way an asshole opens up in welcome to a tongue.

To vegetate, immobile, in the sun’s ennobling rays can give perspective to a mind enchanted by busy days and most effective of the ways that sun restores the soul is lying on your stomach, letting son invade your hole.

O quiet calm of solitude! O best of company!
in such a crowd as this, what other heaven could there be? For people make my spirit small; to boredom they incite me; but when I’m sick of sucking dick, my own can still excite me.

The willow bending on the shore, the robin in its nest are symbols, ciphers, metaphors for what we love the best; for visceral effectiveness, herewith my nomination: a man beneath me, ass upraised, inviting penetration.

Our bodies are a mystery; I sometimes sit and brood on how it is that we can take such pleasure in our food. Food is really only something that we would die without - and equally essential to my health is trouser trout.

The limberness of gymnasts is a trait I much admire And innocence is often invitation to inspire So when I meet a boy who could be nicknamed ‘FlexiBilly,’ I knock his knees behind his neck – and then I fuck him silly.

by Spunk

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**ASK MISTER SCIENCE!**

Gee, Mr. Science, what are you going to do?

Look Billy, I’m going to prove that water is a liquid!

But Mister Science, aren’t you going to help us?

Now watch how this potato can conduct electricity!

But Mister Science, Jimmy and Mikey and Bobby and Teddy are dead already.

See how mold grows in the Petri dish?

So are Sammy and Ronny and Jerry and Johnny.

Aren’t magnets fascinating, Billy?

Arty, Louie, Stevie, Danny...

Tadpoles! Nature’s magicians I call them!

Mister Science, I don’t feel so good myself.

Billy, did you know that rust is really a slow form of burning? Ox-idation we call it in the science business. Yes, we sure can learn a lot from science, Billy. What have you learned today? Now Billy, are you paying attention? Billy? Billy?

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**FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM!**

**THE ORIGIN OF THE CAPTAIN**

by Beowulf Thorne and Tom Shearer

AN IMAGE FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION: CLAY CARPENTER, UNTIL RECENTLY A FAIRLY HAPPY, HEALTHY URBAN HOMOSEXUAL MAN LIVING WITH HIV. UNFORTUNATELY, CLAY'S FIELD TRIP TO THE AMAZON HAS BEEN ENLIVENED BY A SAVAGE CASE OF TOXOPLASMOSIS, AND HE'S NOT DOING WELL. NOT DOING WELL AT ALL.

WE SEE CLAY IN ONE OF HIS LUCID MOMENTS, HIS MIND RACING FROM THOUGHTS OF HIS ACCELERATING DECREPITUDE TO THE PROBLEM OF HOW HE'S GOING TO EXPLAIN TO THE LOCALS THAT HE WANTS HIS ASHES SPRINKLED OVER REX CHANDLER'S BODY. CLAY IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A MOST UNUSUAL VISITOR...

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[from The AIDS Dance by Rondo Mieczkowski. Other portions of The AIDS Dance have appeared in Poetry/LA]
THERE'S A PLAGUE LOOSE IN THE WORLD, CLAY. YOU'RE DYING OF IT RIGHT NOW. I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU HELP ME. I CAN PUT YOUR HIV INTO REMISSION. I CAN GIVE YOU CERTAIN POWERS.

NO YOU FOOL, YOU'RE HAVING A SACRED VISION! I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE RUBBER TREE!

THERE'S A PLAGUE LOOSE IN THE WORLD, CLAY. YOU'RE DYING OF IT RIGHT NOW. I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU HELP ME. I CAN PUT YOUR HIV INTO REMISSION. I CAN GIVE YOU CERTAIN POWERS.

I THINK I SAW THIS IN A MOVIE ONCE.

NO, I SHALL GIVE YOU A HELPER. BEHOLD!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! LEAVE ME ALONE!

IF I LEAVE, CLAY, YOU WILL SURELY PERISH!

OH. JUST ME AGAINST THE WORLD, EH?

NO, YOU MUST GO OUT AND FIGHT HIV!

HI BOSS!

I'LL GET YOU MY LITTLE PRETTY, AND ALL OF YOUR T-CELLS TOO!

OH. MUERTE ES MUY SIMPATICO, SEÑOR!

MUERTE ES MUY SIMPATICO, SEÑOR!

NO, YOU MUST GO OUT AND FIGHT HIV!
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! ME, A SLUG, AND A TREE AGAINST HIV, OR I'M DEAD?

YOU SELFISH PIG! THIS CONCERNS THINGS MUCH GREATER THAN JUST YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES! GREATNESS IS OFTEN THRUST UPON THE UNWILLING, AND YOU'VE CERTAINLY HAD ENOUGH THINGS THRUST UPON YOU IN YOUR LIFETIME, EH?

I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO PLAY SUPERMAN IN THIS WORN-OUT BODY!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

NOW WHAT?
AND NOW I MUST GO, CLAY, BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN...

FAREWELL!

OF COURSE NOT! YOU ARE NOW...

I SEE. SO WHAT DO THE LETTERS STAND FOR? CLAY CARPENTER?

WAIT! THERE'S SO MUCH I STILL NEED TO KNOW! WHAT ARE MY SPECIAL POWERS?

HOW DO I GET HOME? WHAT'S MY NEW INSEAM? HOW DO I SMUGGLE A THREE-FOOT SLUG THROUGH CUSTOMS?

DON'T!

I'M NOT SURE!

THIS COULD BE INTERESTING...

WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?

I GUESS NOT.

© 1989 Beowulf Thorns
GET FAT, don't die!

One of the most exciting aspects of the HIV Early Retirement Plan is what it may do to your innards. Nausea and diarrhea can become an everyday menace, and, depending on the individual, can be caused by germs, medications for those germs, or both. Fortunately, there's quite a bit that can be done, both in the doctor's office and at home.

NAUSEA
With nausea, the biggest risk (aside from ruining your silk pj's) is that you will stop eating, making you much more vulnerable to infection. If vomiting is a problem, your doctor can give you an anti-nausea medication that you take before you eat. What you can eat will also make a difference. Here are some suggestions:

- Eat cold foods.
- Try drinking clear, cool beverages like fruit juices or ginger ale.
- Drink clear soups and bouillon.
- If you don't mind the idea of fruit-flavored boiled cow hooves, Jello also goes down without making much of a nuisance.
- Try eating lots of small snacks every two or three hours throughout the day. If you start feeling queasy while eating, stop. Take a rest and come back to it later.
- Avoid strong-smelling or strong-tasting foods.
- Try not to eat in a place where other people have been frying up a storm, since those scents can really kill an appetite.
- Having someone else prepare your food can make a lot of difference. Nothing seems very tasty after savoring over a hot microwave.
- People tend to feel less queasy first thing in the morning, so don't forget that big, healthy, well-balanced breakfast.
- Keep your window open, fresh air does wonders for an appetite. (Unless, of course, you live over a bus station.)
- Finally, eat as much as you can stand every day, to stock up on the calories you'll be needing for the times you might feel less fortunate.

DIARRHEA
If it doesn't bother you going in, it'll try to get you coming out. Diarrhea can be a serious problem, because it can dangerously dehydrate you, leaving you weakened and underweight. When diarrhea becomes severe, contact your doctor as soon as possible. It's very important that you still eat and drink, and here are some ideas:

- Drink more than just water. You need minerals too. Try fruit juices, nectars, and drink mixes.
- Eat bananas, mangoes, and other high mineral fruits.
- Avoid caffeine in foods and beverages.
- Be careful about milk products. Many people with HIV become sensitive to lactose (milk sugar). Eat low lactose foods such as aged cheese, yogurt, or anything with the brand name lactaid, provided you can tolerate it.
- Eat low fat foods such as lean meats and 1/2 fat dairy products.
- In a world obsessed with fiber, you have permission to eat low fiber foods, including white rice, white bread, and cooked vegetables and fruit without the skin.
- Melt or stir in the great equalizer. It works for the runs as well as constipation.
- Wear sensible underwear. Wrestling with a girdle in a time of urgency is like a trip to Hell.
- Liquid diet supplements like Ensure tend to put more water into your intestines, which can make things worse.
- Keep your doctor up-to-date on your condition.

As always, check with your doctor before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she may have additional dietary advice based on your special needs.

Now, about those recipes: don't be shy! Danny-Mae was the only one who sent anything in. Shame on the rest of you!

— B. T.

Biffy Mae's Totally Amazing Gumbo

1 large red bell pepper
1 large green bell pepper
2 medium yellow onions
2 medium shallots
1/3 cup olive oil
1/2 tsp. ground oregano
1/2 tsp. sage
1/2 tsp. red pepper flakes
3 square feet fish sauce (optional)
1 28 oz. can crushed tomatoes, plus 1 can of water
1 6 oz. can of tomato paste
7 Tbsp. molasses
2 cups cut okra, fresh or frozen
1/2 lbs. roast chicken (the scrappy little pre-cooked chickens at the grocery store, sitting under those hot lights somehow defying salmonella, work just fine — or roast it yourself. Marcus Mae's roast chicken recipe follows.)
1-1/2 lbs mild or sweet sausage
Clean and chop the bell peppers and onions. Mince the shallots. Sauté with olive oil in a large stew pot until the onions are translucent. Add the oregano, sage, pepper flakes, and fish sauce, and stir for a minute more. Add the crushed tomatoes, water, tomato paste, and molasses; stir till evenly blended. Add the okra, cover, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for an hour or so. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching.

Meanwhile, if you're going to cook your own chicken, do it now. Bone it when done*.* In a pan with just enough oil to cover the bottom, sauté the sausage until browned. Chop the chicken and sausage into bite-sized bits. Add the chicken and sausage to the stew pot and simmer for another hour, stirring occasionally. Take this time to clean up, you've made a terrible mess! Serve with bread, baked potatoes with sour cream and butter, and a simple salad smothered in high calorie dressing.

Marcus Mae's Roast Chicken of the Ages (Also works for turkey)

1 plump 3-1/2 lb chicken
1 large yellow onion paprika
poultry seasoning ground pepper to taste
2 cups chicken broth

Wash, gut, and clean the chicken. Remove the stubborn little tail, for all the evils of the world dwell there. If you want to cook the heart, gizzard, etc., too bad, because I think they're disgusting. Feel the onion and cut it in half. Lightly score the cut face of the onion. In a bowl, mix a generous amount of paprika and poultry seasoning, and this will cover pretty well. Dip the scored face of the onion into the paprika mixture, and scrub the entire surface of the chicken with it. (It may take both onion halves to do this, since they tend to fall apart.) The skin of the chicken should be basted, though not necessarily even, brick color. Stuff the used onions inside the chicken. Put the chicken, breast side up, in an oiled baking dish or Dutch oven. Pour the chicken broth around the chicken. Bake uncovered at 375° for two hours (this is not a misprint), basting liberally every 15 minutes. If you have faith, the chicken will be crispy and golden brown on the outside and melt-in-your-mouth tender on the inside. (If you do this with turkey, it'll take a lot longer, depending on the weight of the bird.) If you're making this for gumbo, save all the fat and juices from the bird and pour it into the soup pot.

Danny Mae's Fat Boy Shake

1 chocolate instant breakfast
2 Tbsp. malt
2 Tbsp. Ovaltine
2 Tbsp. powdered milk

Add to one glass of whole or extra rich milk and drink.

Dee-Luxe Shake
To the above, add:
2 scoops chocolate ice cream
2 scoops peanut butter

Mix in blender and enjoy.

ENLIST!

Your Diligent Editors could always use a few more bubble-butt surfboy slaves to help us fold, staple, stuff envelopes, lick stamps, and otherwise satisfy our depraved whims. If you'd like to help out, drop us a line describing your various, uh…talents, and how we can get in touch with you.
CONDOM CORNER

In the idealized world of most safer sex literature, you just read the instructions and the condoms work the right way, first and every time. But what if something does go wrong? Here are some of the common ways that rubbers can fail, and tips to avoid them the next time.

The condom won't unroll on your dick. Take a look at it. You might be putting it on inside-out. When you hold the condom to put it on, make sure that the ring of rolled latex is on the outside. Imagine that you are putting on the rubber in the same way that you would roll a fine silk stocking onto your foot. Try to keep even pressure all the way around the edge of the rolled rubber as it goes on. Use your thumb and index finger like you were making the "OK" sign (or, if you're from Greece, the "asshole" sign) rather than "pinching" it into place with a couple of fingertips.

The condom feels like it's getting tighter and tighter while you're using it. It is. Take it off and try again with a new one. There might not be enough lubricant on the inside of the rubber, causing your penis to get jammed further and further into the condom with every slightest stroke, until everything is crammed into the tip. This is not only painful, but can break the rubber as well. Make sure your thingie is all lubed up, or put a small dab, no more than 1/4 teaspoon, of water-based lubricant inside the reservoir tip, or on the head of Mr. Happy, before you put on the rubber.

The rubber slips off. In this case, there might be too much lube inside the condom, and it has worked its way down to the base so that the rubber can't maintain a grip on your wienie. Take off the condom, dry off a little, and put another one on. A neat trick is to pull the rubber underneath and around your balls. Presto! A cock-ring! For that matter, try using a real cockring. Condoms vary in their stretchiness, so you might have to experiment with different brands. (Then again, there are those Mentors if you're feeling brave.) Also, rubbers tend to slide off after you come, so grab the condom at the base of your penis and pull out as soon as possible after you shoot. Finally, try a tighter brand, such as Beyond, Crown, or Skin Less Skin. (No, I don't know who names these things. Ask Dear Abby.)

You or your partner get the dreaded "rubber burn." Ouch! This time there might not be enough lubrication on the outside of the condom (or inside your partner for that matter). Latex needs more lubrication than skin, so slap your favorite water-based lube on everything in sight. If you're using a spermicidal lubricant (always a good idea), you might be allergic to the spermicide, most commonly nonoxynol-9, and should try either a lube that uses a different active ingredient or one with a lower concentration of nonoxynol-9.

The condom breaks. Several things might have gone wrong. Oil-based lubricants will ruin latex. Never, never use them. Long fingernails, especially those Lee Press-Ons, can snag the rubber as it's being put on. If you didn't squeeze the air out of the reservoir tip of a condom before it was put on, it might burst during sex. If this happens and you notice it right away, pull out, dry off a little, and put a new condom on*. If you are into extra-long marathon lovemaking sessions, take off the old rubber and put on a fresh one every hour and then. Two ultra-thin rubbers, doubled up, are about as thick as a regular rubber and lots stronger.

It can happen here: The rubber breaks at the worst possible time, right in the middle of your orgasm. When your dick's plunged into your partner (or vice versa), and you're undeniably distracted. Not to sound smarmy, but prevention is probably the best way to avoid a toxic spill. Pull out just before you come and pretend you're in a porno movie, shooting your wad all over your partner's rippily stomach or firm round buttocks. Sometimes these things just happen, though, so here's what to do:

Don't panic and most importantly, DO NOT douche! Douching will only push the come further inside, and might irritate the rectal lining, increasing the likelihood of transmitting infectious organisms. The experts agree that the best thing is to douse the rectum in question with a contraceptive foam, which generally has a 15% or higher concentration of spermicide. This concentration is far higher than needed to kill HIV, cells infected by that virus, other disease causing organisms, and sperm cells. The efervescent foam will completely saturate the affected area and, hopefully, neutralize any wicked viruses.

Don't try to substitute foam for condoms, because foams by themselves are not as effective as an integral physical barrier. Foams are available from your local drugstore or pharmacy.

*No complaining about expense, now. Your health is worth the price of a few extra rubbers.

B. T.
Porn Potato came across this film quite by accident. A friend had been sent out to find something, and came back with "Michael Parks in it," and he came back with Foxhole. My little voice said to me, "Spud, (Porn Potato's little voice always calls himself Spud) it's not even worth contestant to yourselves those military-themed movies are. Where there's the military, there's KP. Where there's KP, there's rough trade peeling potatoes. Yes, Spud! potatoes! Your brothers and sisters being layed alive, having their eyes gouged out by knives and their skin slowly and inexorably removed piece by piece! Having their still-living, disemboweled, nailed bodies cast into boiling cauldrons of water to be poached, mashed, and converted into some bland homogeneous pap to be blindly shoved into the gaping and even hungry maw of the military-industrial complex! And glorifying the Vietnam era, to boot! Well, what can you say? Porn Potato doesn't like that.

Foxhole opens with Michael in his room on base, typing a letter back to a buddy stationed at home. Michael has definitely outgrown chickenpox, but not quite aged into beef. Something in between, like veal, and con fed at that. Anyway, Michael as Private Veal is doggedly typing away on the standard army issue Hermes Rocket, recounting to his buddy the action that he's encountered to far. Action without battle? We soon see.

Scene One opens with Private Wanker doing what he likes best, masturbat- ing his big thing through the steering wheel of his jeep while he waits for Captain Straightlace to finish an unnecessarily long inspection of some building. Straightlace shows up a little too soon though, catches Wanker practicing his long distance shooting, and demands an explanation. Wanker's reply: "Ain't you seen, sir, I'm trying to get a load off...When you have a cock as big as mine, it demands attention...Would you like to stroke it for me, sir?"

Straightlace is not above a little male bonding, and apparently enjoys wanking off while Wanker through the steering wheel. Not quite photographic enough, so the next thing we see is Straightlace on his knees in front of Wanker, both stripped down to their regulation olive drab socks. Then Wanker throws Straightlace down style over the jeep, the virtual condom appears, and Wanker ploughs Straightlace's amazingly sculpted butt. They try several positions, before ending up with Straightlace lying in the helicopter squat on Wanker's faceplate. Wanker seems to care a lot about his partner's enjoyment on going on about Straightlace's earlobes, and really getting excited about the other's orgasm. Porn Potato likes that.

They both come buckets like soformed performers, then there's this awkward silence. Just what does a superior officer say when he's been fucked silly by an enlisted man? Why, "show up a little more quickly when you report for duty," of course!

Scene Two finds Vealchops entering the base's strictly primitive shower room for a rough hour physics and outdoors with overhead tanks. The place is pretty much ready occupied by Surfboy. Veal turns on the water in his stall and they both start a game of watch-me-fuck-you. Wonderful execution. The furtive glances, the shy looks, an embarrassed smile, the steam of the afternoon rising off of their sweating bodies, and lots and lots of soap suds, all against the backdrop of the sky. It's a massive blue sky, rosy light, with dracena and Ficus benjamin in the background. Wait a minute! Ficus benjamin! They're native to the Amer- ica. Porn Potato thinks he ought to know his vegetables, after all.

Anyway, Surfboy finally gets around to sticking his dick through a con veniently placed knot

 Porn Potato will be on vacation during the next issue. Don't miss the guest review by his pal, Smut Squash!
People will really get your message when you use our informative eye-catching Meat Market symbols! Only $5.00 apiece! Specify by number when you place your ad.

TO PLACE AN AD: So here's the way the Meat Market works, friends. You can say anything except "straight acting." The first 50 words are free, every word after that is 10¢ each. Use your first name, nickname, or pen name, and your P.O. Box. Don't list your home address or phone number. If you don't have a P.O. Box, we'll assign you a DPN basket and your mail will be forwarded.

TO REPLY TO A DPN BASKET: Write your letter and place it in a stamped envelope. Write the DPN basket in the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope into another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, huh?

Two Boys and Two Weimaraners
Been together seven years and now live in suburban Philadelphia where we spend all of our money on the garden. One blond and from Scotland. One American East-coaster. Very alienated vegetarian atheists desire fun correspondence from similarly displaced or lonely. Very dirty thoughtfully. Reply to Basket #7.

Where the Hell is Cazenovia?
It's where retired porn stars go to commune with Nature. All sociable types who find themselves in the vicinity (NW of Madison) are welcomed for kafeklatsch and general companionship. Scott, Rte 2 Box 1215, Cazenovia, WI 53924.

Wanna See My Damocles Sword
Honor and duty aside, your Cranky Editor was hoping that DPN might attract some studmeat who are not afraid of you-know-what. I'm a 26 year old student, 6'1, 160lb, with blond hair, green eyes, only moderately promiscuous, and have a big voice. That's me on page 9, and with my luck they'll find a cure for HIV and the picture will come back to haunt me when I reach high political office. Strapping, shapely, versatile, I am a decade of my age are encouraged to reply; relationship possible if you don't mind being a study hall widow from time to time, but don't expect children. Write your Cranky Editor.

Somewhere in Alabama
Are you living healthy with AIDS in Northern Alabama? Do you like to suck dick, lick hot hairy balls? Do you like to make love in strange places? Are you looking for a lover or just a good weekend? Well, I'm all of the above! I'm 6'2, 148 lbs, blond/brown, 7-1/2" cut and horny! Drop me a few lines – Let's get together! Reply to "Alabama Al", P. O. Box 703, Albertville, AL 35950.

Tall Man in San Jose
Well-versed, fortyish gent, asymptomatic positive, tall and naturally thin, seeks compatible local. I like cooking, eating, travel, quiet evenings at home, and being well-plundered in bed. Reply to Basket 8.

Boy, am I Skinny!
Yes, your Serene Editor is now also your Skeletal Editor and usually not real horny these days but I'm real funny and always like new friends and besides we needed a space filler. Write me direct, Skeletal Editor, here at the FOG Press offices. Hurry, 'cause I'm putting that weight back on fast.

Well, we figured out what we think we ought to do here in this section, since it's obviously way too small to provide any sort of exhaustive listings. We are going to focus on publications, with an ongoing list of HIV newsletters, etc., that we became aware of, with the Editor's choice highlighted each time. We will also continue to list organizations who specifically asked to be listed. We will make a specific note for publications that do feature extensive resource listings.

Our Featured Mag this time is the PWA Coalition Newsletter, a product of the People with AIDS Coalition in San Francisco. It is a big, fat, radical but inclusive Thang, 70 pages in the one I'm looking at. Lots of news, info, and the amazing Iris de la Cruz, "Iris with the virus", the other all AIDS special issue. This issue has also hulk has run across. She's way funny. Ho, ho. Anyway, this is good stuff and should be subscribed to. Absolutely massive resource listing for the New York area. It's $5 to subscribe or $5/pa. If you're a gentile, free to AIDS/ARC people, unless you're wealthy in case you should pay, you tightwad.

Here's the groups that asked to be listed this time
We are the Sierra AIDS Council, P.O. Box 1062, Somora, CA 93870. Our phone number is (209) 533-2890. We publish a newsletter for seropositives in the Sierra foothills, and cover Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador, and Alpine Counties.

PWA Coalition/Hawaii, P.O. Box 11782, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 496-4PWA. Monthly meetings, newsletter, informational and social support.

ACT UP Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 948-4PWA. Accessing Creativity To Uproot Policy That Doesn't Recognize the rights and meet the urgent needs of all HIV+ people and people with AIDS.

The Hemlock Society. Biffy thought we should list this. It is empowering to know that you can make this decision if your want to. As the say, "there is never a good time to die, but there are certain more pleasant ways."

The Bay Times has an extensive resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or $3 a year, (C4 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 288 7th St. S.F.CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI perspectives and offers other services. 558-9051, 800-334-7422 in Calif, 800-822-7422 elsewhere.

Other resources we had room to repeat, all in SF:
AIDS Benefits Counselors 673-3780. Free help to AIDS or ARC persons dealing with bureaucracy.
Gay Asian Pacific Alliance Coalition (GAPAC). Project Call 387-4066 or 541-0237.
Healing Alternatives Foundation 1748 Market St. S.F.CA 626-4053. A buyer's club and information clearinghouse.
Operation Concern 626-7000 Support & counseling.
PATH Project 626-8455. Antibody-rich plasma from healthy seropositives may help the more damaged, and the PATH people are trying it out. Plasma donors, volunteers, and money are needed.
Project Open Hand 559-0660. Food delivered to you at home. I get this and the food is good and abundant.
Shanti 777-2273. Various forms of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!
The official DPN button, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: “Porn Potato Likes That,” “Porn Potato Doesn’t Like That,” and “GET FAT, don’t die!” in black and white. $1.00 each.

Tired of those nasty old Trojans but don’t know where to turn? Try Captain Condoms Original Party Pack! 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. No assembly required. $4.00

Be the belle of the ball in this fashionable T-shirt featuring the “You’re soaking in it!” graphic that graced our first cover. Black on white. 100% cotton. Specify large or extra large. $10.00

Thought-provoking DPN postcards! Xerox on cheap cardstock. Specify “Piss Jesse” (pictured here), or “You’re Soaking in It!” 50¢ each.

Please use the order form on Page 10.
Inside This Issue:
Surviving AIDS,
Party Poorly Planned,
Tales From the Front,
Second Coming Out,
Ask Mr. Science,
The Secret Origin of
Captain Condom,
and Much More!

PISS JESSE
From the bowels of the mighty Kaiser-Permanente flagship, your slightly under-the-weather Serene Editor, increasing his formal participation in the HIV phenomenon by spending a week inside, greets you, peering one-eyed and dragged through a fog of flower perfume, dictating my slurred but probably still quite immortal verbal effusion to the infamous Santa Tom Rielly, a man of incredible generosity and energy but barely adequate typing skills.

Most parts of me that were broken are now fixed. Unfortunately, in my effortless morphine-befuddled passage through the much-feared ordeal of bronchoscopcy, a great deal of special bronchoscoping nose goo ran into my eye. It is, in case you didn’t already know, impossible to cry out with a tube down your larynx. So, as I lay there making sounds too me to help me face attempting to draw attention to my plight, the artificial shot did a bad thing to my eyeball. Or perhaps it was the hours of attempting to find the thing that I sure thought was in my eye. Anyway. It broke.

So, I find myself once again drugged and in pain and much more than half blind. Luckily, I come from a long and filthy line of poor white trash sharecroppers who evolved to live on dirt and rock if necessary. Despite a tendency to die of heart attacks at age forty, and a dismaying predilection for particularly unattractive forms of cancer, we are rather hard to kill, being as we are the more or less human equivalent of the hearty and disgusting cockroach.

In my own personal case, since I’m so brave, noble, and un-cockroach-like, I continue my occasional lapses into rurality and tendency to fart in church, something obviously happened. What? Well, I think it had to do with the time I was about to rim this one-old-timer for ten bucks and Jesus came down and gave me a goose and He said, “Silly goop, if you go up classy, just switch and lick My assie!” So I did. Lost the ten bucks but became the delicate result of an insectoid miracle, metamorphosing at the final instar not into a beer-swilling hog, but rather into the glorious butterfly of the modern gay man that I am today. Or modern queer man, if you prefer. Naked dicks may give me AIDS but names will never hurt me...

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, AIDS certainly has its teeth in me, but I feel damn good and you can count on me for some while yet. I don’t really expect things to get gnarly for at least a year. The earliest... I realized today that I am going to live to be 33, and 34 is not out of the question. 35? Who knows? When I was 27, I thought I’d be dead by now, and I sure ain’t dait yet, buckaroo!

But I am turning as much of the work as I can over to Beowulf, since my periodic spells of the vapors make it hard for me to service your needs in a timely fashion. I will remain as a pretentiously titled highlight of the masthead, an editorial yip-yapper, and a free-floating article maker. And I think if you hope and pray and say your little rosary beads every evening, I will purrhaps be your nekkid centerfold in the next issue. Subscribe! Don’t miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to examine the plates and photographs in my stick-like and slightly tattooed form avce special guest, Mr. Theo. And maybe Mr. Ed, if we can caple him into it...

DPN has been getting some fun press. If you send an SASE, we will send you a copy of our clippings file, or sheet, as it currently stands. Big Fun, really. So. You have it. My attempt to deliver under duress a witty, topical, and queer-as-hell editorial blab. Hope it flew. Incidentally, George Bush is a piece of shit.

[This editorial continues on page 5 and transmogrifies into a book review.]
Resource information: AIDS Community Research Consortium

The AIDS Community Research Consortium, based in Redwood City, (that's here in CA, sorry!) offers a network of 40 doctors in cooperation to share information, and generate new information, about our buddy HIV. The member physicians are distributed all over the Peninsula and South Bay. There are many, many cases of infection, in the Bay Area but outside of San Francisco, that do not have the same easy access to knowledgeable HIV care. The ACRC is attempting to change this. Of course, it's only here in the Bay Area, but hey, something is something. So, they are running a rather large number of community trials, for a diverse spectrum of HIV related problems. They also offer a public information service on Wednesday nights? (I lost that part of the info package. Just call and they'll tell you.)

The most laudable thing about the ACRC is that it is chartered to make outreach to undertreated communities. They specifically are dedicated to developing and maintaining outreach to HIV-infected women, IV drug users, members of the various communities of color, and other disenfranchised ethnic groups. On the Peninsula, the HIV picture has already skewed away from just fags, which is still mostly here in the city, at least as far as real live AIDS.

So, If you live in Santa Clara, San Mateo, or southern Alameda counties, maybe you should call them up.

Incidentally, two of the main physicians in the group have both been my personal doctor over a long period of time, and they are good. Also Nurse Brian is also a swell and competent fellow, so I'd feel pretty good about going here for care.

ACRC, 1048 El Camino Real Ste A, Redwood City CA 94063, (415) 364-6563, fax (415) 364 9011.

Project Pentamidine

As most of us know, aerosol pentamidine prophylaxis is the best thing to happen in the HIV world ever. The Big Killer, pneumocystis, has been rendered almost preventable. Pretty swell, eh? Unless you don't have insurance or for some other reason can't get it for free, and the fact that it can cost up to $250 per treatment for the drug alone, aside from the nebulizer and the doctor visit.

Jack Erdmann has an arrangement with a Mexican distributor where you can buy it up to a three month supply for $59 per dose. It's easy and it's legal. The Project has been growing rapidly, which means that there are a lot of us in this boat.

So, call, or have your doctor call, Project Pentamidine, Jack Erdmann, 60 Lovell Ave, Mill Valley CA 94941. (415) 388-2105, fax (415) 381 2084 — T. S.
HOSTESS WITH THE TOXOPLASMOSTER
Surviving AIDS by Michael Callen

The editorial, continued. The book review in a moment.

tell, the hospital, we play Urinal Hide, a game by which the night staff delight themselves at the expense of the patients. You are admonished to pee in a plastic, hand-held urinal thingy, and then they give you a whole lot of serious drugs, a fluid IV, and then hide the thingy. In the middle of the dark, bewildered night, you are crying, bladder bursting, and grope about until you find it and use, with great relief. Some of these things work. But if you can't find the thingy, and find yourself helplessly peeing down your leg, or if you're Mr. Resourceful like me, and try to staunch some of the flood by using your bedside water pitcher, etc. spreading the problem to the table, you win. The wagging prankster may.

find that cleaning up a urinal joke the patient won is deterrent to further practice of Urinal Hide. Well, easy to read, it presents some controversial ideas that deserve attention, although I don't agree with him on many of them.

My score: 1 bed, 2 floors, 1 table-top. Their score: some 19 episodes of hopping around, desperate searching aggravation. Who wins the game? You decide. I go to go home and they must say, but they're getting paid to do it and I'm paying them.

We all know the clichés about male nurses being a bit, er, sissified. Well, at my beloved H. M. O. (Kaiser SF) there are more shrieking, delightful, outrageous, totally obviously, loon-queens than you'll find at a drag ball, which is in a lot of ways a really counted when in the middle of a really horrible, overheard, humid, airless, "none of these nurses speaks English, let alone has any interest whatever in my problems" Night from Hell. I was rescued by an angel from heaven, or the equivalent, a gentle dark Queen Nurse who laid his warm hands upon me and healed my weary soul. He took special care of me till dawn and I could be released. I love San Francisco.

Now, at last, the editorial becomes a review of Michael Callen's book, Surviving AIDS. Well, easy to read, it presents some controversial ideas that deserve attention, although I don't agree with him on many of them.

Number one Nope is "AIDS is not caused by HIV." Mike gives his reasons, and presents himself, STD-ridden (some 20 different things, I think), as the example that it's destroying your immune system, and it's your lifestyle that's the root cause. I present myself, less than 100 sexual partners, less than half of them hookers, I've had gonorrhea once, warts once, (effortlessly eradicated), the crabs a few times, and AIDS. Cranky Editor Biffy led an even more Republican sex life of 3-15 partners. Not with you on that one. Mike. Of course I am absolutely in agreement with him on the idea that overhauling your immune system makes it break, and I have no problems with the idea that a broken immune system makes things lots easier for HIV when you really do introduce it into the soup.

My second disagreement is on the subject of AZT. Mr. Callen calls AZT not just ineffective, not just massively toxic, but carcinogenic and impotence-causing to boot. My experience with AZT is that it is effective for a while, massively toxic. Mr. Callen was taking the muscle-destroying 1200-mg regimen during my most sexually active period in several years. And that's as Tommy Top, and my mighty boner was its huge throbbing self throughout. What do I think about the carcinogenicity? Well, the sudden upsurge of lymphomas in HIV people did come along about the same time as the wide-spread use of AZT. The jurors still sit on this one. One of the reasons given for the rise in cancer in the general population is that people are simply living long enough to get it, and We the Afflicted have scads more time to live and get new things than we used to. Anyways, Callen presents a clear and comprehensive list of reasons, and references why he believes this (the whole book is carefully and thoughtfully researched and you owe it to yourself to take a gander.

My own opinion on the AZT issue? AZT is a sleighhammer. It is being used because people don't understand that it is a probe, and no wonder it breaks people. I think it buys a little time for the healthy people, LOW doses with scrupulous monitoring for anemia and muscle damage. I think if you're sick and you take AZT you're crazy. I think that DDI is the same sort of thing, dangerously strong and used altogether too liberally already. My neuropathic feet and my battle-scarred liver agree, too. Incidentally, about neuropathy: My neuropathy has a buzz for me, but low dose Efavrid me freed in two weeks from a four-month imprisonment at home because I couldn't walk. My world is transformed. Talk to yer doc.

Michael also thinks you should stop by from government drug studies. I think so too. They will happily give you a toxic dose until you are really sick, if you are strong enough to keep eating poison. If you legitimately want to be in a study, you can go to a community-based one where the people making the rules will give a fuck who you are. If it can't afford real medical attention, go on a government study, throw away the medication, and lie. It's not your fault that this barbaric country refuses to provide the national health care plan you are guaranteed in any civilized country. If they won't give you something as important as medical care, then you deserve to live. Lie, don't die.

The most important thing about this book is the idea that AIDS is not a death sentence. MC presents 13 interviews/bios with people who have lived at least three years with an AIDS diagnosis, many of them lots longer than that. He found that sometimes there isn't much difference between these folks, except that they are committed to life, aggressive to do. Now, it's pretty easy to be aggressively committed to life when you aren't sick, so part of why they have a "good attitude" is that they have a reason to. It's kinda difficult to chin up when you're drowning in a sea of misery and drugs. When I say "good attitude" I don't mean you're happy. Unhappy, Louis. Puke-Fuking Enough. I mean I like I said before, aggressive commitment to life. See the marginal quote below for a ferine.

So, the best way to survive AIDS is not to die. Doctors are getting so much better at handling OIs that AIDS may soon become a string of treatable infections, whatever the HIV may be up to. Sounds pretty damn encouraging to me. So like I said, I'm certainly not dying today. Tomorrow? Well, as we all know, tomorrow is another day.

I would like to commend Mr. Callen for being very clear that not only is he not a moony-goony Death Teddy, spiritual crystal, nonface, but is a rigid rationalist and fierce atheist. Me too. Rah rah.

Finally: A reviewer called us "unabashedly nationalistic." Well, #1 is pretty USA-biased, but we're just getting started. We know that AIDS is a global problem, not just a string of treatable infections, whatever the HIV may be up to. Sounds pretty damn encouraging to me. So like I said, I'm certainly not dying today. Tomorrow? Well, as we all know, tomorrow is another day.

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That Party Poorly PLANNED

So there it was, our new abode in Surf City, styled straight out of the Atomic Age. Stainless steel kitchen, kidney shaped furniture, swimming pool, cathedral ceilings...not bad for three starving college kids in a town notoriously short of living space. And what better way to inaugurate our McCarthy-era house than to throw a paranoid McCarthy-era housewarming? One gay man, one straight, one bisexual, and two hundred of our most intimate personal friends, invited to review provocative material and dress appropriately for the reception of President and Mrs. Eisenhower (no small task, considering that they're both dead).

It was called "The House on Un-American Activities Party." Central to the theme was the large interrogation room, where subversive films such as "Like a Horse" and "The Bigger the Better," as well as certain prophylactic devices (they were once considered obscene, you know) were on display. If we had known what was to happen, we might have done without the interrogation room - or kept it, but installed video cameras.

The party began to go downhill when a well-built guest named Spuds had one too many Kahlua and creams. At that point his blood alcohol level became high enough to liberate the hearty wench trapped inside, and he wandered through the house peeling off his clothes, inviting people to caress his definition and fondle his vascularity. Like a moth in search of its destiny, he followed the flickering blue glow of the television screen into the interrogation room, where he became the self-appointed floor warden.

"You, suck his dick! You, roll over so I can see what's going on! And you! Rub some of that stuff on your ass!" Who could refuse?

Something that probably wasn't in the program was the disaster that my good friend Spike and some trollop named Rocky were silently brewing in the corner. What was a rather extended session of foreplay was taking some interesting turns. Apparently one finger went in, then another, and then whoops! Rocky's fist just slipped right into Spike's ass. Imagine that! Spike, being experienced and conscientious, had made sure that Rocky had a couple layers of condoms stretched over his hand. He hadn't anticipated any drilling for Vegemite that evening, and was unprepared when Rocky hit a gusher. Fortunately the carpeting had been well covered with dropcloths.

I was at the front door explaining to Mr. Policeman that we did indeed have our noise permit (the town is big on noise permits, requiring the written consent of residents on your block), and that no, our neighbors couldn't possibly be complaining since they were all here, contentedly swimming naked in our pool. After having satisfied Surf City's finest, I began my benevolent hostess rounds only to be confronted by a panicked exodus from the interrogation room. One of the fleeing hordes was coherent enough to explain the nature of the distress, and I rounded up one of the other hosts and took action. We descended upon the scene with our senatorial gloves, our disinfectant, our flashlights and our cameras, but all trace of the poop was gone. And so were some of the sheets. Ugh.

I was called away to another crisis - weened depletion at the Bar-B-Q, and the next chapter unfurled. I said that Spike was responsible, right? Well, the first thing he did when he realized what happened was to scoop up the offensive material and head off for the bathroom, naked, trailing a streamer of soiled linen. Now, you know those lines to the bathroom at big parties. People jealously guarding their places. Needless to say, Spike had no trouble making it to the head of the line, only to find that the door was locked. I wonder what the poor woman who was in there thought when she saw who was next.

Spike rid himself of his burden, and went back out to the problem. No problem, he had toileted down the hall after Spike, trailing his hand along the wall. Spike threw Rocky into the shower, and jumped in behind, leaving the bathroom door unlocked (after all, decontamination shouldn't tie up the facilities for those who merely want to use the toilet).

So who's the first person to want to use those facilities? Spuds, of course, wondering where everybody went. He locked the door, and as he piddled, he saw what looked like two people getting it on in the shower, and began to make various lewd comments. Rocky, remembering that the heady voice belonged to someone exquisitely cute, reached out and grabbed Spuds by the underwear, causing him to urinate all over the floor. Thank God it wasn't my own bathroom.

This was the scene that confronted me when I broke into the bathroom through the window (more people were waiting in line, and they were getting cranky). "Gentlemen," I said. "We have designated places for this sort of thing, and the bathroom isn't it! Now if you'd like, we can all go out back where I'll hose you down." That was enough to dispel them. The worst was over.

Spuds' motor coordination failed around 2:00 am, and he stiffled in my bedroom. I checked up on him periodically to make sure that whoever was unsuccessfully trying to put with him wasn't also soiling my linens or rummaging through my treasured possessions. When Spuds woke the following day, he claimed amnesia and wondered why his nipples were so sore. I thrust the slightly shit-stained tatters of his Calvin's in his face, "You don't remember what happened, do you?" He looked at me in the look of absolute horror on his face. It almost made the traumas of the evening worthwhile.

I found one of the housemates in the abused bathroom, busily scouring away at a bathtub ring of Biblical proportions. "Goddamn guests," he muttered, "how'd they manage to do this?" Having crashed in the living room, he hadn't seen the trail of destruction that led from his room to the tub. I didn't have the heart to tell him the bathroom wasn't the half of it. He'd find out soon enough.
Darn! Our Centerfold is Sick!

Whoops! We almost had an honest-to-goodness centerfold for you all, but it didn't quite work out. Fortunately, there were these old slides lying around in my desk, just waiting to be used. This is for the sex crazed maniacs (all three of you) who've been writing in wanting to see more of Your Crankyness. There! 500 square centimeters of bare flesh, including my bellybutton (share the fantasy). And that's all you're going to see unless we get a little more reader participation in this department. In order to get more, you'll have to show more. We're not saying that you must flash your all, something mildly naughty or even a decent portrait shot would do. Come on! With a print run of only fifteen hundred copies, Mom is probably not going to see it.

POSTCARDS

gonna buy me a mailbox and put it on my grave so I can keep up to date on the progress of AIDS

I'll put a mailbox on my grave you can send me your literature send colorful pamphlets from your meetings send biographies of yourselves printed on expensive paper

mail me copies of your paychecks and uneaten pastries from your meetings mail me a picture of Cardinal O'Connor send me all of it every single paper all of it when the mailbox is full stick the envelopes around in the dirt make a nice design with them when it rains they will deteriorate like I did

the ink will wash from the paper and soak into the ground special delivery

the more expensively printed items will take longer to fade like my lesions below

in lieu of a headstone stack up cartons of death certificates make it pyramid shaped and top it with my plastic-coated medicaid card it will reflect the sun and draw the curious to read my mail

John Sullivan

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Yes! Admit it! You're tired of lurking in unsavory places like bookstores and having to satisfy yourself with the last dog-eared copy of the Diseased Parish News in stock. You know you want to SUBSCRIBE to DPN so that it will arrive on your doorstep, printer fresh and free of those curious things that bookstore browsers leave behind.

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Nantucket and Fruit filled are the preferred Pepperidge Farm Cookies to be offered.
Another dateless Saturday night and I sit, dejected, on the couch. Sigh. It’s only nine o’clock. The Sunday New York Times lies in disarray on the carpet. I have already thumbed my way through the Arts and Leisure section, hoping for a large facsimile of Cher suitable for framing. Nothing this week. Why don’t they give us fags a ten cent discount, we never bother with the Sports. It’s straight into the trash on the corner, before we’ve even come home.

Well, I could be adventurous and take a nap and wake up to the dissonant alarm at midnight and cab down to the Spike and spend a few hours looking bored drinking overpriced club sodas and return home at four with a bloated bladder and a distended prostate. Or I could simply lift the receiver and dial 550-TOOL. After all, last month’s bill was only eighty dollars.

It takes only a moment to decide.

Thanks to the miracle of phone sex, the man of my dreams (5’9”, 155, salt and pepper hair, 38, hard muscular build) is on his way to my apartment. He should arrive in less than half an hour. I decide to wait to tell him my seropositive status until after my latex-wrapped pulsating manhood is twelve inches deep into his tight-gripping love canal. OK, so maybe I’m lying. Who cares, so long as we have antiseptic safe sex.

FUCK. I haven’t shaved in several days. My face feels like sandpaper. Maybe my Dream Lover isn’t into dermabrasion. I go into the bathroom and lather up.

Quick. He should be here in fifteen minutes. I take a few cautious strokes, then glide my way through the cream like a hot knife through butter. A maraschino-red cherry blot appears in the whipped cream of my chin. I begin bleeding profusely. What am I, related to some Russian Czarina? “Clot dammit!” I swear to myself. HIV-infected blood pools into the basin. More gushing than blushing beauty, I stick on a Bandaid, apply pressure.

A little shaving cream on my ear. Gently, I take my washcloth to wipe it off, knocking my earring into the sink. Of course it teeters to the trap of the drain. Where are my tweezers? I have none. Unfortunately I am no drag queen manqué. The time I painted my nails red for Halloween, I had not had the necessary foresight to obtain nail polish remover beforehand. The following morning, sheepish, hands-in-pockets, I went to the A&P for this compulsory cosmetic. And of course, the gentleman behind the counter asked that most insulting question: “Are you an actor?”

This is the second stud I lose. I had gotten my ear pierced a scant month ago at the imbecilic age of 33, slow learner that I am. A Bart Simpson earring that I found at the hallmark cards shop inspired me. Bart Simpson seems inappropriate for sex. I try to insert another earring, a tiny hoop. My sinistral ear starts bleeding.

I take off the Bandaid on my chin. How can anyone possible have sex with a Bandaid on the chin? Once again begins the flow. Two Bandaid later I find myself still a foutant of blood.

What am I to do? Awash in a sea of infection and disaffection, mired in anxiety and despair, dropping T-cells by the minute, I sit and stare at my ghastly reflection in the mirror, praying for coagulation. Studmeister is on his way in the cab, ready for action. I’m locked in the bathroom, crying over my dowry of precious diseased bodily fluids.

Of course, he never shows. I don’t have his number. He doesn’t call with explanations.

Evidently, Some Higher power is teaching me a lesson.

Two hours later, when the bleeding has finally subsided, I dial that elusive number again. This time, I go to his place.

David B. Feinberg, author of Eighty-Sixed and the forthcoming Spon¬taneous Combustion, wins the prize for a diet of anxiety, sarcasm, sex, and AIDS activism in nerve-shattering New York City. He also lives in fear of being confused with the dozens of other David Feinbergs that live in NYC, all of whom are far more depraved than he, and sets fire to those who neglect to use his proper middle initial “B.”
I was at a friend’s house the other day, and decided it was time. “I have something to tell you.” (Pause.) “I’m HY-positive.”

“No, I know.”

“I know.”

My mind ran through the list of mutual acquaintances who could’ve told him. I took this as another piece of evidence that when people say they aren’t going to tell anyone about their status, they don’t really mean it. “Who told you?”

“Nobody did. I could just tell. I know a couple of people who are positive and they all have the same sort of resigned outlook that you do.”

“I see. You mean you figured I was positive.”

“No. I knew. I could tell.”

“No, you mean you had a very good idea. You don’t know these sorts of things for sure.”

“No. I knew this just as well as I know anything.”

(I could see I wasn’t going to get anywhere on this issue.) “Oh, all right, so tell me a little more about this “resigned outlook” you were talking about.”

“Well, I didn’t mean it to sound that way. I mean, it is a resigned outlook, but that sounds worse than it really is. I just mean you have a kind of resigned tone, not quite depressed, but sort of like that. It’s hard to put into words.” He paused for a moment. “It’s not like you’ve totally given up, but…”

“Well, what do you expect? This is a really tough time for me. Since I found out I was positive, there’ve been lots of times where I was really happy, but you haven’t seen me like that yet.”

“I know”

“You might be resigned too if you knew you were positive.”

There was a smirk on his face that said he saw I was getting defensive. “I imagine I might.”

“You guys who are still negative don’t know what it’s like. You really don’t?”

“I think I have a pretty good idea.”

“No you don’t. All of my friends who are positive agree with me on this: people who are negative just don’t know what it’s like.”

He said nothing.

“I used to think I knew what it would be like. When I first decided to get tested, I thought not knowing was just as bad as knowing would be. But nothing really prepared me for what it was like. You just don’t know how it is to sit across the table from someone and having him say ‘the results are positive.’”

“I bet it sucks.”

“You gotta remember, safe sex doesn’t bother you as much as it bothers me. You grew up with rubbers; I was used to honest-to-goodness no-rubbers do-whatever-you-want. I don’t think you know what it’s like to suddenly have some of your favorite things taken away like that.” (Pause.) “About this resigned outlook. I know what you mean. I don’t always have the enthusiasm as I’d like to, but I’m sort of used to that now. It’s interesting, though; before I knew I was positive, I never really realized how many day-to-day decisions are based on your assumption of how long you’re going to live.”

“But you can’t assume you’re not going to have a normal life! You have to make plans for the future. If I were positive, that’s the only way I could keep going.”

“It’s not that you don’t make plans for the future, it’s just that I can’t lie to myself, y’know? I can’t tell myself that everything’s fine when it isn’t. This is something I have to live with every day.”

“And any of us could die tomorrow.”

“That’s true, but I’m not one of us. There is a positive side to this, however. I do things I might not have made time for otherwise. I don’t deny myself the experiences I want to have.”

“Are you on AZT?”

“No. My doctor says I shouldn’t. But it really sucks, y’know – ask ten people, and you get ten answers. You end up deciding for yourself. I wish I could leave, and come back in about 100 years. By that time, what we’re doing now will look like the dark ages. AZT reminds me of when they used to treat syphilis with arsenic.”

“Can you try it and see how it goes.”

“I could try it and see how it goes.”

“Do you have any support groups?”

“I didn’t for a long time, and then about a year ago I was feeling really depressed and I went to one. It wasn’t bad and I got something out of it, but I got tired of hearing the same old crap, same old time, and besides, I don’t really like doing anything in big groups. I’d rather get support from my friends.”

“Who knows about your being positive?”

“Most of my friends, but I haven’t really told my family yet. I would make them sad, and I don’t want that. I’d feel really stupid because they kept telling me to be careful and I kept telling them they had nothing to worry about.”

“Aren’t these the same issues you had to face when you came out to them?”

“Hmm. Well, yeah. But it’s not like they told me when I was a kid to be careful because I was gay.” (Pause.) “Uh, maybe they did.”

“So are you gonna tell them?”

“I’ll think about it. I’m really not sure that I want to yet, so I’ll wait for awhile.”

“But you tell people to come out to their parents.”

“I’ll think about it. Okay?”

“Very well.”

“Look, I’m sorry if I got annoyed at you. This isn’t easy for me. Sometimes the whole thing just makes me want to scream: you’re careful; you don’t want to be positive, take my word for it.”

“It sounds to me like you’ve given up on a lot of things that you don’t have to. Like when you were complaining how little you like safe sex. I don’t like rubbers either, but I got used to them, and sex is still pretty good. I think if you set yourself up to believe that, then you’ll never enjoy it.”

“You’re not giving me much credit. I use rubbers, yeah, but it’s still not as fun as buffing the way God intended it. I miss the taste of cum, too. A guy at a free clinic once told me that maybe science could invent some substitute. Even if they did, I’d still miss the experience.”

“I’ve never tasted anyone’s cum.”

“No even your own?”

“Oh, I’ve tasted my own. But I didn’t think it was anything special.”

“Everyone’s tastes different, you know.”

“I know.”

I smiled. “Being positive has its good points. My dad used to tell me that when I got old, all my injuries would come back to haunt me. Now I don’t have to worry about things like that.”

“That’s awful. You shouldn’t say things like that. You really are resigned to dying.”

“It’s so much fun to make those kinds of jokes around negative people.”
I should be dumb and blind if I should fail to discern the wonders of the universe revealed at every turn and high among these miracles is one that’s seldom sung: the way an asshole opens up in welcome to a tongue.

To vegetate, immobile, in the sun’s enobling rays can give perspective to a mind enchained by busy days and most effective of the ways that sun restores the soul is lying on your stomach, letting son invade your hole.

O quiet calm of solitude! O best of company!
in such a crowd as this, what other heaven could there be?
For people make my spirit small; to boredom they incite me,
but when I’m sick of sucking dick, my own can still excite me.

The willow bending on the shore, the robin in its nest are symbols, ciphers, metaphors for what we love the best; for visceral effectiveness, herewith my nomination:
a man beneath me, ass upraised, inviting penetration.

Our bodies are a mystery; I sometimes sit and brood
on how it is that we can take such pleasure in our food.
Food is really only something that we would die without—and equally essential to my health is trouser trout.

The limberness of gymnasts is a trait I much admire
And innocence is often invitation to inspire
So when I meet a boy who could be nicknamed ‘FlexBilly,’ I knock his knees behind his neck—and then I fuck him silly.

by Spunk

Gee, Mr. Science, what are you going to do?
Look Billy, I’m going to prove that water is a liquid!
But Mister Science, aren’t you going to help us?
Now watch how this potato can conduct electricity!
But Mister Science, Jimmy and Mikey and Bobby and Teddy are dead already.
See how mold grows in the Petri dish?
So are Sammy and Ronny and Jerry and Johnny.
Aren’t magnets fascinating, Billy?
Arty, Louie, Stevie, Danny...
Tadpoles! Nature’s magicians I call them!
Mister Science, I don’t feel so good myself.
Billy, did you know that rust is really a slow form of burning? Ox-

[Ask Mister Science!]

by Beowulf Thorne and Tom Shearer

THE ORIGIN OF THE CAPTAIN

AN IMAGE FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION: CLAY CARPENTER, UNTIL RECENTLY A FAIRLY HAPPY, HEALTHY URBAN HOMOSEXUAL, LIVING WITH HIV. UNFORTUNATELY, CLAY’S FIELD TRIP TO THE AMAZON HAS BEEN ENLIVENED BY A SAVAGE CASE OF TOXOPLASMOSIS, AND HE’S NOT DOING WELL. NOT DOING WELL AT ALL.

WE SEE CLAY IN ONE OF HIS LUCID MOMENTS, HIS MIND RACING FROM THOUGHTS OF HIS ACCELERATING DECRIPITUDE TO THE PROBLEM OF HOW HE’S GOING TO EXPLAIN TO THE LOCALS THAT HE WANTS HIS ASHES SPRINKLED OVER REX CHANDLER’S BODY. CLAY IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A MOST UNUSUAL VISITOR...

[from The AIDS Dance by Rondo Mieczenowski. Other portions of The AIDS Dance have appeared in Poetry/LA]
THIS IS IT! I'M DYING!

OH, GOD, I'M DYING AT MCDONALD'S!

CLAY!

RIGHT, AND I HAVE TO GO OUT AND FIGHT EVIL, YES?

NO, YOU MUST GO OUT AND FIGHT HIV!

NO YOU FOOL, YOU'RE HAVING A SACRED VISION! I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE RUBBER TREE!

THERE'S A PLAGUE LOOSE IN THE WORLD, CLAY. YOU'RE DYING OF IT RIGHT NOW. I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU HELP ME. I CAN PUT YOUR HIV INTO REMISSION. I CAN GIVE YOU CERTAIN POWERS.

I THINK I SAW THIS IN A MOVIE ONCE.

NO, I SHALL GIVE YOU A HELPER. BEHOLD!

IF I LEAVE, CLAY, YOU WILL SURELY PERISH!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! LEAVE ME ALONE!

DEMENIA HAD TO WAIT TO THE VERY END!

HI BOSS!

NO, YOU'RE HAVING A SACRED VISION! I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE RUBBER TREE!

OH, JUST ME AGAINST THE WORLD, EH?

MUERTE ES MUY SIMPATICO, SENOR!
AND IF YOU REALLY CAN DELIVER, MY REWARD WILL BE TO HANG AROUND WHILE ALL OF MY FRIENDS DIE ONE BY...

YOU SELFFISH PIG! THIS CONCERNS THINGS MUCH GREATER THAN JUST YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES! GREATNESS IS OFTEN THRUST UPON THE UNWILLING, AND YOU'VE CERTAINLY HAD ENOUGH THINGS THRUST UPON YOU IN YOUR LIFETIME, EH?

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! ME, A SLUG, AND A TREE AGAINST HIV, OR I'M DEAD?

I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO PLAY SUPERMAN IN THIS WORN-OUT BODY!

NO...

CORRECT.

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

MMM! NICE!

I, UH, GUESS I'LL TAKE IT.

NOW WHAT?

GO HOME.

YOU HAVE WORK TO DO!
FAREWELL!

OF COURSE NOT! YOU ARE NOW...

WAIT! THERE'S SO MUCH I STILL NEED TO KNOW! WHAT ARE MY SPECIAL POWERS?

HOW DO I GET HOME? WHAT'S MY NEW INSEAM? HOW DO I SMUGGLE A THREE-FOOT SLUG THROUGH CUSTOMS?

I SEE. SO WHAT DO THE LETTERS STAND FOR? CLAY CARPENTER?

AND NOW I MUST GO, CLAY. BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN...

FAREWELL!

HMMM, MAYBE THIS REALLY IS A DREAM AFTER ALL!

WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?

I GUESS NOT.

WHAT'S MY NEW INSEAM?

THIS COULD BE INTERESTING...

TO BE CONTINUED.
One of the most exciting aspects of the HIV Early Retirement Plan is what it may do to your innards. Nausea and diarrhea can become an everyday menace, and, depending on the individual, can be caused by germs, medications for those germs, or both. Fortunately, there’s quite a bit that can be done, both in the doctor’s office and at home.

**NAUSEA**

With nausea, the biggest risk (aside from ruining your silk pajamas) is that you will stop eating, making you much more vulnerable to infection. If vomiting is a problem, your doctor can give you an anti-nausea medication that you take before you eat. What you eat can also make a difference. Here are some suggestions:

- Eat cold foods.
- Try drinking clear, cool beverages like fruit juices or ginger ale.
- Drink clear soups and bouillon.
- If you don’t mind the idea of fruit-flavored boiled cow hooves, jello also goes down without making much of a nuisance.
- Try eating lots of small snacks every two or three hours throughout the day. If you start feeling queasy while eating, stop. Take a rest and come back to it later.
- Avoid strong-smelling or strong-tasting foods.
- Try not to eat in a place where other people have been frying up a storm, since those smells can really kill an appetite.
- Annoying someone else prepare your food can make a lot of difference. Nothing seems very tasty after swallowing over a hot microwave.
- People tend to feel less queasy first thing in the morning, so don’t forget that big, healthy, well-balanced breakfast.
- Keep your window open, fresh air does wonders for an appetite. (Unless, of course, you live over a bus station.)
- Finally, eat as much as you can stand every day, to stock up on the calories you’ll be needing for the times you might feel less fortunate.

**DIARRHEA**

If it doesn’t bother you going in, it’ll try to get you coming out. Diarrhea can be a serious problem, because it can dangerously dehydrate you, leaving you weakened and underweight. When diarrhea becomes severe, contact your doctor as soon as possible. It’s very important that you still eat and drink, and here are some ideas:

- Drink more than just water. You need minerals too. Try fruit juices, nectars, and drink mixes. Eat bananas, mangos, and other high mineral fruits.
- Avoid caffeine in foods and beverages.
- Be careful about milk products. Many people with HIV become sensitive to lactose (milk sugar). Eat low lactose foods such as aged cheese, yogurt, or anything with the brand name Lactaid, or skip milk entirely for a while.
- Eat low fat foods such as lean meats and 1% dairy products.
- In this world obsessed with fiber, you have permission to eat low fiber foods, including white rice, white bread, and cooked vegetables and fruit without the skin.
- Metamucil is the great equalizer. It works for the runs as well as constipation.
- Wear sensible underwear. Wrestling with a girdle in a time of urgency is like a trip to Hell.
- Liquid diet supplements like Ensure tend to put more water into your intestines, which can make things worse.
- Keep your doctor up-to-date on your condition.

As always, check with your doctor before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she may have additional dietary advice based on your special needs.

Now, about those recipes: don’t be shy! Danny-Mae was the only one who sent anything in. Shame on the rest of you!

- B.T.
**CONDOM CORNER**

In the idealized world of most safer sex literature, you just read the instructions and the condoms work the right way, first and every time. But what if something does go wrong? Here are some of the common ways that rubbers can fail, and tips to avoid them the next time.

The rubber smells like burnt erasers, has a foul flavor that somehow reaches your mouth in the middle of fucking, is so thick that only the Catholic Church would approve of it, or is coated with gritty stuff that looks like wet sugar. You’re obviously using a Trojan or Lifestyles Extra Strength. Don’t be fooled into thinking that’s all there is! Please try some other brands.

The condom is discolored, dried out, brittle, or just “looks funny.” Don’t use it. It was probably stored improperly. Remember that heat and light will seriously weaken latex, and rough handling can tear condom packaging. The best temperature to store condoms at is between 50 and 90°F.

The condom is torn when you take it out of the wrapper. Don’t use it. Make sure you push the condom away from the edge of the wrapper as you are going to tear. Also, be sure that the condom does not snag on the sharp edge of the torn package, or on your fingernails or chastity belts.

The condom won’t unroll on your dick. Take a look at it. You might be putting it on inside-out. When you hold the condom to put it on, make sure that the ring of rubber latex is on the outside. Imagine that you are putting on the rubber in the same way that you would roll a fine silk stocking onto your foot. Try to keep even pressure all the way around the edge of the rolled rubber as it goes on. Use your thumb and index finger like you were making the “OK” sign (or, if you’re from Greece, the “asshole sign”) rather than “pinching” it into place with a couple of fingertips.

The condom feels like it’s getting tighter and tighter while you’re using it. It is. Take it off and try again with a new one. There might not be enough lubricant on the inside of the rubber, causing your penis to get jammed further and further into the condom with each mighty stroke, until everything is crammed into the tip. This is not only painful, but can break the rubber as well. Make sure your thirsty is all lubed up, and put a small dab, no more than 1/4 teaspoon, of water based lubricant inside the reservoir tip, or on the head of Mr. Happy, before you put on the rubber.

The rubber slips off. In this case, there might be too much lube inside the condom, and it has worked its way down to the base so that the rubber can’t maintain a grip on your weenie. Take off the condom, dry off a little, and put another one on. A neat trick is to pull the rubber underneath and around your balls. Presto! A cock ring! For that matter, try using a real cock ring. Condoms vary in their stretchiness, so you might have to experiment with different brands. (Then again, there are always the rubbers like burnt erasers that you’re feeling brave.) Also, rubbers tend to slide off after you come, so grab the condom at the base of your penis and pull out as soon as possible after you shoot. Finally, try a tighter brand, such as Beyond, Crown, or Skin Less Skin. (No, I don’t know who names these things. Ask Dear Abby.)

**CONQUER THE NINE RUBBER GREMLINS!**

CRUSTY

NAGGLY

SCRATCHY

PINCHY

ITCHY

SOGGY

STINKY

DROPPY

FORGETFUL

You or your partner get the dreaded “rubber burn.” Ouch! This time there might not be enough lubrication on the outside of the condom (or inside your partner for that matter). Latex needs more lubrication than skin, so slap your favorite water-based lube on everything in sight. If you’re using a spermicidal lubricant (always a good idea), you might be allergic to the spermicide, most commonly nonoxynol-9, and should try either a lube that uses a different active ingredient or one with a lower concentration of nonoxynol-9.

The condom breaks. Several things might have gone wrong. Old condoms will run late. Never, never use them. Long fingernails, especially those Lee Press-Ons, can snag the rubber as it’s being put on. If you didn’t squeeze the air out of the reservoir tip of a condom before it was put on, it might burst during sex. If this happens and you notice it right away, pull out, dry off a little, and put a new condom on. If you are into extra-long marathon lovemaking sessions, take off the old rubber and put on a fresh one every now and then. Two ultra-thin rubbers, decimated up and about as thick as a regular rubber and lots stronger.

It can happen here: The rubber breaks at the worst possible time, right in the middle of your orgasm when your dick’s plunged into your partner (or vice versa), and you’re understandably distracted. Not to sound smarmy, but prevention is probably the best way to avoid a toxic spill. Pull out just before you come and pretend you’re in a porno movie, shooting your wad all over your partner’s ripply stomach or firm round buttocks. Sometimes these things just happen, though, so here’s what to do:

Don’t panic and most importantly, DO NOT douche! Douching will only push the come further inside, and might irritate the rectal lining, increasing the likelihood of transmitting infectious organisms. The experts agree that the best thing is to douche the rectum in question with a contraceptive foam, which generally have a 15% or higher concentration of spermicide. This concentration is far higher than needed to kill HIV, cells infected by that virus, other disease causing organisms, and sperm cells. The effervescent foam will completely saturate the affected area and, hopefully, neutralize any wicked viruses.

Don’t try to substitute foam for condoms, because foams by themselves are not as effective as an intact physical barrier. Foams are available from your local drugstore or pharmacy.

— B.T.
Porn Potato came across this film quite by accident. A friend had been sent out to find something, anything, with Michael Parks in it, and he came back with Foxhole. My little voice said to me, "Spud, (Porn Potato's little voice always calls himself Spud) it's not even worth considering. You know how those military-theme movies are. There's the military, there's KP. Where there's KP, there's rough trade peeling potatoes. Yes, Spud, potatoes! Your brother and sisters being flayed alive, having their eyes gouged out by knives and their skin slowly and inexorably removed piece by piece! Having their still-living, dismembered, naked bodies casually cast into boiling cauldrons of water to be poached, mashed, and converted into some bland homogenous pap to be blindly shovelved into the gaping and ever hungry maw of the military-industrial complex! And glorifying the Vietnam era, to boot!" Well, what can you say? Porn Potato doesn't like that.

But still, there was the allure of Michael Parks, and Porn Potato's gamutopheties eventually won out over his conscience. He was pleasantly surprised.

Foxhole opens with Michael in his room on base, typing a letter back to a buddy stateside. Michael has definitely outgrown childhood, but not quite aged into beef. Something in between...like veal, and corn fed at that. Anyway, Michael as Private Veal is doggedly typing away on the standard army issue Hermes Rocket, recounting to his buddy the action that he's encountered so far. Action without battle! We soon see.

Scene One opens with Private Wanker doing what he likes best, masturbatong his big thing through the steering wheel of his Jeep while he waits for Captain Straightlase to finish an unnecessarily long inspection of some building. Straightlase shows up a little too soon though, catches Wanker practicing his long distance shooting, and demands an explanation. Wanker's reply: "As you can see, sir. I'm trying to get a load off...When you have a cock as big as mine, it demands attention...Would you like to stroke it for me, sir?"

Straightlase is not above a little male bonding, and apparently enjoys Jeepophilia too, since he eagerly blows Wanker through the steering wheel. Not quite photographic enough, so the next thing we see is Straightlase on his knees in front of Wanker, both stripped down to their regulation olive drab socks. Then Wanker throws Straightlase doggy style over the Jeep, the virtual condom appears, and Wanker ploughs Straightlase's amazingly sculpted butt. They try several positions, before ending up with Straightlase doing the helicopter squat onto Wanker's flagpole. Wanker seems to be enjoying it, not that he's enjoying his enjoyment, chewing on Straightlase's earlobes, and really getting excited about the other's orgasm. Porn Potato likes that.

They both come buckets like good performers, then there's this awkward silence. Just what does a superior officer say when he's been fucked silly by an enlisted man? Why, "show up a couple of hours early when you report for duty," of course!

Scene Two finds Vealchops entering the base's erotically primitive shower facilities: rough hewn plywood outdoors with overhead tanks. The other stall is already occupied by Surbey. Veal turns on the water in his stall and they both start a game of〈wanks〉...and it's on.

Wonderful execution. The fortunate glance, the shy looks, an embarrassed smile, the steam of the afternoon rising off of their glistening bodies, and lots and lots of soap suds, all against the backdrop of a mauve sky, roy blue, with dracena and ficus benjamina in the background. Wait a minute! Ficus benjamina? They're native to the Americas. Porn Potato ought to know his vegetables, after all.

Anyway, Surbey finally gets around to sticking his dick through a conveniently placed knot in the wall between the stalls, and Vealchops shows that all that expensive orthodonture wasn't put to waste. Surbey gets into it, punching his cock in and out of Vealchops's mouth. (Ouch! Doesn't he get splinters from the plywood?) They take turns a few times, with Veal back on his knees nursing Surbey's climax.

But wait, the fun's not over yet in the land of zero refractory periods! Vealchops goes over into Surbey's stall, where they exchange lots of deep meaningful looks, awkward gropes, and impassioned kisses. You can almost taste the subliminal battle for who'll be on top. Surbey wins the war of wills, and Vealchops eagerly bends over to accept Surbey's enlarged covered dick. ("Why lambskins?" Porn Potato wonders.) "In the middle of Southeast Asia, with all its rubber plantations, latex condoms should be government issue! By now there's no more water falling from the shower head, the two of them having no doubt depleted the entire base's weekly ration, but that doesn't stop them. Lost in their labyrinth of desire, they both shoot their wad. Not as far as Wanker, and certainly as copiously. Porn Potato thinks.

As an aside to all of this, Dick Masters was watching from the roof of a nearby shack. He pulls out his mighty organ and falls off his ladder never to be seen again. Oddly abrupt, don't you think? Porn Potato wonders if he inured himself to the fall and couldn't continue the shoot.

Foxhole continues on with much more of the same high quality stuff. There's Private Hawkface and Sergeant Shapely in the infirmary teaching Dr. Bob the meaning of the term "Lucky Pierre." There's more of those green lambskins, which Shapely seems to have a fetish, considering that he goes wearing on Dr. Bob's feet through them. Then we have Sergeant Slut and Private Pride standing out in the field, in a foxhole, with magically multiplying sandbags to cushion their inevitable position in every imaginable position. Finally, we're back in Vealchops's quarters, where his roommate reads Vealchop's letter to his shoulders and gets all hot and bothered (despite that fact that both of them are wearing those damn green socks).

Well, Foxhole certainly was a surprise.

Porn Potato was expecting racial slurs and tasteless scenes involving amputees and wheelchairs, but the truth was far better (to be sure, white Nikes on all the upturned feet would have been nicer than those fuzzy socks, but you can't always get everything you want). The models all had not-unapproachable good looks, seemed to enjoy themselves, and really cared for their partners. (Imagine! A topman who cares about his partner's orgasm! The fact that this scene novel is certainly an indictment of our culture.) The porn talk didn't steal the show, and was kept at a decent volume beneath the pleasant Costello Presley score. Another truly remarkable thing about this film was the way risk reduction was handled. The condoms were neither ignored nor produced with overdone flourishes. In the field, we see Sgt. Slut grab the condom package, open it and actually put the rubber on. Black home, Vealboy's roomie is seen removing the rubber before he comes. In both cases, dispensing with the virtual condom genie added to the intensity of the scene.

What about the troubling military packaging? Just as easy to put private boys in fattigues (after all, some poor souls really do go for a man in a uniform). In the words of Sgt. Slut as he pulled his throbbing dick out of his pants, "Fuck the war, look at this!" Porn Potato couldn't have said it any better. On a scale of one to five eyes, Foxhole opened four. Porn Potato says check it out.
People will really get your message when you use our informational and eye-catching Meat Market symbols! Only $5.00 apiece! Specify by number when you place your ad.

TO PLACE AN AD: So here's the way the Meat Market works; friends. You can say anything except "straight acting." The first 50 words are free, every word after that is $1 per word. Use your first name, nickname, or pen name, and your P.O. Box number. Your ad will run for one week. If you don't have a P.O. Box, we'll assign you a DPN basket and your mail will be forwarded.

TO REPLY TO A DPN BASKET: Write your letter and place it in a stamped envelope. Write the DPN basket in the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope into another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, eh?

Two Boys and Two Weimariners

Been together seven years and now live in suburban Philadelphia where we spend all of our money on the garden. One blond and from Scotland. One American East-coaster. Very alienated vegetarian atheists desire fun correspondence from similarly displaced or lonely. Very dirty thoughts okay. Reply to Basket #7.

Where the Hell is Cazenevbia?

It's where retired porn stars go to commune with nature. All sociable types who find themselves in the vicinity (NW of Madison) are welcomed for kaffeklatsch and general companionship. Scott, Rte 2 Box 1215, Cazenovia, NY 13035.

Wanna See My Damoclean Sword?

Honor and duty aside, you Cranky Editor was hoping that DPN might attract some studmeat who are not afraid of you-know-what. I'm a 26 year old student, 6'1, 160lb, with blond hair, green eyes, only moderately promiscuous, and a loving weenie. That's me on page 9, and with my luck they'll find a cure for HIV and the picture will come back to haunt me when I reach high political office. Strapping, shapely, versatile lads within a decade of my age are encouraged to reply; relationship possible if you don't mind being a study hall widow from time to time, but don't expect children. Write your Cranky Editor.

Somewhere in Alabama

Are you living healthy with AIDS in Northern Alabama? Do you like to suck dick, lick hot hairy balls? Do you like to make love in strange places? Are you looking for a lover or just a good weekend? Well, I'm all of the above! I'm 6'2, 148 lbs., blond/brown, 7-1/2" cut and horny! Drop me a few lines — Let's get together! Reply to "Alabama Al", P. O. Box 703, Albertville, Al, 35950.

Tall Man in San Jose

Well-preserved, fortyish gent, asymptomatic positive, tall and naturally thin, seeks compatible local. I like cooking, eating, travel, quiet evenings at home, and being well-plundered in bed. Seeks to Basket 8.

Boy, am I Skinny!

Yes, your Serene Editor is now also your Skeletal Editor and usually not real horny these days but I'm real funny and always like new friends and besides we needed a space filler. Write me direct, Skeletal Editor, here at the FOG Press offices. Hurry, 'cause I'm putting that weight back on fast.

BLOW BUDDIES

DUO/GROUPS/PARTIES

LOCAL AND NATIONAL NETWORK

FIND OUT WHAT ALL THE TALK'S ABOUT! FOR FREE INFORMATION, SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE TO: BBUUSA/dpn

584 Castro St., #395
San Francisco, CA 94114

Well, we figured out what we think we ought to do here in this section, since we're too small to provide any sort of exhaustive listings. We are going to focus on publications, with an ongoing list of HIV newsletters, etc. that we become aware of, with the Editor's choice highlighted each time. We will also continue to list organizations we specifically ask to be listed. We will make a specific note for publications that do feature extensive resource listings.

Our Featured Mag this time is the PWA Coalition Newsline, a product of the People with AIDS Coalition in New York. This is a big, fat, radical but inclusive Thang, 70 pages in the one I'm looking at, lots of news, info, and the amazing Iris de la Cruz, "Iris with the virus", the only other AIDS-sick writer this disease hulk has run across. She's way funny. Ho, ho. Anyway, this is good stuff and you should subscribe. Absolutely massive resource listing for the New York area. It's 835 pages large for a year! If you're a gentle, free to AIDS/ARC people, unless you're wealthy enough to pay, you're tightwad, you'reavytowed.

Here's the groups that asked to be listed this time.

We are the Sierra AIDS Council, P.O. Box 152, Arnold, CA 95223. Our phone number is (209) 533-2873. We are a small AIDS foundation in the Sierra foothills and cover Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador, and Alpine Counties.

PWA Coalition/Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96829. (808) 948-4FPA. Monthly meetings, newsletter, informational and social support.

ACT UP Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96829. (808) 948-4FPA. Accessing Creativity To Uptop Public Policy that does not recognize the rights and meet the urgent needs of all HIV+ people and people with AIDS.

The Hemlock Society. Biffy thought we should list this. It is empowering to know that you can make this decision if your want to. As they say, "There is never a good time to die, but there are certainly more pleasant ways." P.O. Box 21042, San Francisco, CA 94119, (415) 776-1140.

Publications

AIDS Treatment News is an outstanding, succinct newsletter devoted to monitoring developing and experimental treatments. From A.T.N. P.O. Box 11152 SF CA 94114, (415) 255-0558. Highly Recommended by your Serene Editor.

SF AIDS Foundation supplies a very good, chock-full-o-info resource guide for infected people. It's 835 pages large for a year, and mail willbe extensive. We have listings for infected people in San Francisco. There are lots of forms of support available that you may not already have. We publish BETA, a good, non-technical resource. Free in SF. 861-3397. In Calif: (800) FOR-AIDS.

PWA Health Group 31 West 26th St. (4th Floor) NY NY 10010 publishes Notes on AIDS. We are on the Underground, a very straightforward and sensible newsletter. Eight times a year, and free. Donations are not spurred. (212) 689-5291.

Gay Men's Health Crisis publishes Treatment Issues, 129 W. 20th St. NY NY 10011, (212) 807-6655.

The Bay Times has an extensive resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or $32 a year, ($24 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 288 7th St SF CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI perspectives and offers other services, 558-9051, 800-334-7422 in Calif. 800-822-7422 elsewhere.

Other resources we had room to repeat, all in SF:

AIDS Benefits Counselors 673-3780. Free help to AIDS or ARC persons dealing with bureaucracy.


Gay Asian Pacific Alliance Community HIV Project. Call 387-4566 or 541-0577.

Healing Alternatives Foundation 1466 Market St SF CA 94103. A buyer's club and information clearinghouse.

Operation Concern 626-7000 Support & counseling.

PATH Project 626-8455. Antibody-rich plasma from healthy seronegatives may help the more damaged. And the PATH people are trying it out. Plasma donors, volunteers, and money are needed.

Project Open Hand 558-0600. Food delivered to you at home. I get this and the food is good and abundant.

Shanti 777-2273. Various forms of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!
LOOK!

Exciting merchandise from DPN!

The official DPN button, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: “Porn Potato Likes That,” “Porn Potato Doesn’t Like That,” and “GET FAT, don’t die!” in black and white. $1.00 each.

In black and white.

GET FAT, die!

Porn Potato doesn’t like that!

PISS JESSE

Tired of those nasty old Trojans but don’t know where to turn? Try Captain Condoms Original Party Pack! 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. No assembly required. $4.00

Be the belle of the ball in this fashionable T-shirt featuring the "You’re soaking in it!" graphic that graced our first cover. Black on white. 100% cotton. Specify large or extra large. $10.00

Thught-provoking DPN postcards! Xerox on cheap cardstock. Specify “Piss Jesse” (pictured here), or “You’re Soaking in It!” 50¢ each.

Please use the order form on Page 10.