“We believe that a publication such as yours is not the appropriate vehicle for teaching HIV prevention. Rather it encourages a free wheeling life style which helped bring this disease to the epidemic proportions we are now facing.”

Carol A. Hale, Executive Director
Permian Basin AIDS Coalition, Odessa, Texas
Inside This Issue:
What to Do Once You're Dead,
HIV Merit Badges,
Inkblots on Ribbons,
Love Letter to Newt,
And Much More!

JESSE HELMS:
"Deliberate, disgusting, revolting conduct"
"We've got to have some common sense about a disease transmitted by people deliberately engaging in unnatural acts." —Sen. Jesse Helms (R-N.C.)

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION
It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Just use the handy coupon on page 38. Someone already tore it off? Then send $10.00 (US$12 Canada, US$20 International) for one year (4 issues) or $3 ($4 Canada, $6 int.) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, c/o Men's Support Center, P.O. Box 36584, Oakland, CA 94664. Please don't subscribe for more than one year at a time, for the future is mysterious, Questions? Leave a message at (510) 333-3412 xyes, it's a new phone number! or send email to dpnmall@netcom.com. You'll be glad you did.
Jesse Helms Makes Me Sick

The “Senator from Philip Morris,” Jesse Helms of North Carolina, made headlines back in July by attempting to derail renewal of the Ryan White act which provides hundreds of millions of dollars for AIDS care. The bill, which was sponsored by over two-thirds of the senators, including presidential hopeful Bob Dole, passed easily—but not before Helms got off a couple of pithy soundbites. Why should we pay for something people did to themselves, he asked, particularly when that activity was disgusting and perverted?

The irony of this coming from the strongest advocate of the tobacco lobby is being driven across the nation. Should we stop research on lung cancer because many of its victims inflicted it on themselves, by smoking? And there are plenty of us who consider cigarettes disgusting, if not exactly perverted.

It makes you wonder how long Helms can keep on spouting this tripe, before he becomes a major embarrassment to the Republican party. Word from inside the Beltway is that Helms (and also 92-year-old Strom Thurmond) is so sensitive that he often doesn’t know what day it is and will soon be reduced to wearing adult diapers (like Ronald Reagan, who had them specially cut down so as not to show).

At a recent debate Helms referred repeatedly to Kim Sam II, the dictator of North Korea, as “Kim Sam the Second.” As head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he should have known better, and his embarrasing handled tried to rectify the problem for the next day’s debate by spelling out the name phonetically in his briefing notes (“Kim Sam ills”). Helms then proceeded to denounce “Kim Sam the Third.”

It was this incident that convinced me that, at this point, it’s just as well to have Helms around. If he were bumped off or retired, he would be replaced by some young, vigorous non-zealot representative like Philip Morris et al. But the seat is Helms’ as long as he wants to keep it, and he certainly doesn’t care if his personal escapades weaken his party.

So if anybody out there with zero T-cells was thinking of bumping off that tobacco-soaked sack of shit as a departing act, please wait. I have a better idea, which I’ll reveal in due time.

“AIDS terrorism” is a potent notion. The idea is that PWAs, despairing of our lives and enraged by our treatment, will revenge ourselves on the world by deliberately spreading our disease or by gory suicide bombings. In practice, it has never occurred in real life, unless you count the occasional PWA charged with murder for biting an assailant.

There are a number of reasons for this. While I might consider suicide, and would certainly enjoy taking a few members of Operation Rescue or some Christian Militatmen with me, I’m not about to do it until I’m pretty sure that all my good time has been used up. But when I finally do get too worn down to want to live anymore, will I still be able to bring off such a strenuous activity as suicide bombing?

And if I do have any energy, I’d probably prefer to spend it in some more rewarding way, like writing scurrilous pieces about Operation Rescue and the Christian Militia.

Finally, I don’t think that terrorism is a very useful political tool for the left in America. Let’s face it, all the gun nuts are right-wingers. If orchid growing or interior design had terrorist potential the gay community would be quite formidable, but the fact is most gays can’t tell an assault rifle from a vacuum cleaner. And although the right seems to get away with all sorts of murderous violence—witness Operation Rescue’s unimpeded firebombing campaign against women’s health clinics for the past two years—any sign of militancy from the left routinely brings down massive government intervention and repression.

A recent situation in France illustrates this very clearly. A small group of fundamentalists (or someone imitating such a group) set off a few bombs in subway wastebaskets, killing several innocent bystanders. The bombers don’t doubt feel very powerful from the attention they’ve received and at the chaos they’ve churned up. The government responded with a massive crackdown on all Muslims and Algerians are afraid to leave their houses for fear of mob violence or police harassment. Several liberal Muslim refugees, fleing fundamentalist executioners, are being denied visas and left to die. The net effect of the bombing campaign has been to make the lives of several million Muslims in France a living hell, and to end up justifying the government’s repressive measures.

So if the bomber’s goal was to change France’s racist policies or to improve the lot of Muslims, they failed miserably. If their goal was to make trouble and feel good, they may well consider themselves a success. But I would argue that you can still make trouble and feel good without causing all those negative side effects.

After all, if some PWA were to blow up himself and Helms, the Republicans would be relieved of a growing embarrassment, the Christian Coalition would get a nice martyr, and the gay and H1Ver communities would get a massive police crackdown. So please let’s, don’t even think about it. There are better ways to accomplish your goals.

The notion came to me the other day when I tossed my cookies at one of the finest restaurants in town. I’m increasingly subject to these random waves of nausea, and find them rather embarrassing. No matter how much you explain to a friend that it’s the drugs you’re on, they can’t help but take it as a criticism when you vomit a meal they’ve prepared all over the kitchen table. These spells are most likely when I have a full stomach, particularly of spicy
food, and are often sparked by taking a pill. It goes down wrong, I gag, and up comes dinner.

So, one arranges a lobbying meeting with the reactionary legislator of your choice. You’ll probably have to use a cover story, since even the Uncle Tom’s Cabin Gay Republicans can’t get in in the old days. Say you’re from Christians for Forced Sterilization, or the Tobacco for Kids Coalition and you’ll probably have no trouble.

About an hour before the scheduled interview, stop for a large heavy spicy meal of low quality food—I recommend cheap Indian—and take as many nausea-inducing drugs as you have. Personally, I take six meals that would make any normal person sick to their stomach.

Then, when you’re introduced to the reactionary big-wig, quickly pop your “trigger pill.” Any large awkward pill likely to get caught on the way down is good for this role. I find the double-strength Bactrim tablet ideal—it’s large chunky bulk and its deeply beveled edge make it almost impossible to get down. I occasionally fancy myself about these pharmaceuticals its designer should face in Hell—an awful sickness which could only be temporarily assuaged by taking a hundred Bactrins in just one minute. Let him (or her) go hacking and gagging through eternity, like I do every night when I force one down.

So I’d declare something like “Senator Dole, I have a personal message for you from America’s People With AIDS” and pop the Bactrin—and promptly vomit a stomach load of vile filth on the creep.

Your victim will quite obviously find the experience extremely unpleasant and I, for one, would take as much joy and satisfaction from such an encounter as I would from blowing us both up. They can’t even charge me with anything, really, since I can always claim it was a spontaneous and uncontrollable event. “I’m just a poor, sick man,” I’d sob to the camera. “I can’t believe they’re saying I did this on purpose. Don’t they have any compassion for the dying?”

There’s no evidence that AIDS can be passed by vomit, or even that this theoretical reason to think it could be. Of course, biting can’t transmit HIV either, and several PWAs have been charged with murder for biting someone. But biting is clearly an aggressive act, intended to harm, while vomiting is (usually) an involuntary response to distress. I’ll argue, quite simply and literally, that Bob Dole—or Jesse Helms, or whoever—made me sick.

While my target would get a certain amount of sympathy, I think he would also come in for a great deal of ridicule. And I’d not only get my sound-bite in the media, but I’d live to appreciate it. I occasionally fancy myself about these people who do make us sick, or at least impede us from getting better or staying alive, which is just as bad. Let’s just spread the sickness around a little. If my stomach gets any worse I’ll start attending Republican campaign rallies, and puke violently on the supporters of Jesse Helms, Gramm, and Dornan.

I’ll spray wildly and then loudly apologize “I’m sorry; I can’t help it; I’ve got AIDS!” and watch while they scatter panic.

So many say, “Jesse Helms makes me sick.” Maybe we should put our money where our mouth is and show the world instead of just telling them about it. —M.B.
Dear Craney, Humpy, & Sleazy:
I have received two DPNs and love them both, as do most of my friends. It is so important in all of the pain and sadness of AIDS to be able to laugh—your magazine provides that laughter. As I said, most of my friends enjoy DPN, except for one person. He got really pissed, as if I had written these things, and has never spoken to me again. Fuck him! But I guess it is difficult for her to speak with that Ketz in her mouth. Everybody wanted to borrow my DPNs until I finally got sick of it and now I just tell everyone to get their own damn subscription.

In our interview with Larry Kramer that you don’t get enough feedback. By the way, we hate Larry and don’t feel indebted to that cretin at all. As a matter of fact, we resent it because we think we are a group, so we think they are being disloyal to everyone who was ever poisoned by that toxic drug AZT, so we hope that scathing faggot burns in hell. I can relate to not getting any feedback because I put out a client newsletter for an AIDS project that has two hundred clients, and I rarely get any feedback at all—it is frustrating!

We love AIDS Barbie, we are envious of her beautiful lesions! We think that she probably got the virus from her sewer sexual liaisons with GI Joe, who is a long term non-pro-TI-

To the Editor:
Am I a Shit?
This may seem like a stupid question. Of course I am. But I think I am even a bigger shit now than ever. You see, I haven’t told my boyfriend that I’m HIV positive. Actually, it’s because I had AIDS Barbie and GI Joe’s violent sexual history, but it is secretly happy as he has continued to test negative despite years of repeated exposure to GI Joe’s toxic semen.

Oh yes, we love AIDS Barbie and have taken it one step further by getting a manicurist and naming her Polly Portacath. She has a hospital bed and I’ve fixed up the spare bedroom, of course she is very happy and well cared for. All of my friends bring their manicurists over on Sunday afternoon for a support group and potluck dinner, and then we trade drugs.

DPN has gotten us through some gloomy times, and I have our imagination working overtime. I’m sure you will be hearing more from me and maybe my cheap-ass friends will get their own subscriptions.

Joe IRVIN
SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI
P.S. I would love to be your centerfold boy, but I took your advice and got fat and not die!

Our Ken and G.I. Joe have their own stories to dust off the back cover of this issue.)—Ed.
a while before I started to feel comfortable telling people I was positive. From my own informal observations, I’d say that most people become more open about their serostatus with time. It’s partly a kind of laziness; it’s too much trouble to keep it secret. I also learned that it’s pointless to ask people to promise not to tell anyone about your serostatus. They’ll promise, but they don’t really mean it.

Only a couple of people have ever asked me about how and when I’d tell my partners about being positive. I think lots of people are curious to know, but most of them think it’s too personal a question to ask. And I’ve never seemed to be uncomfortable for you—if I were in your shoes, I’d tell him soon. As you pointed out, the longer you wait, the sticker gets. I know, picking the right moment can be a bitch. Just when he’s about to come is probably not the best time. If he does say yes, please let us know it’s okay with you. The details should make for some very interesting reading.

This sounds like something our readers would enjoy. Along with often making me laugh out loud, and sometimes getting my gigantic phallic semi-hard (see [1] above), DPN always makes me think. That’s almost as wonderful as having my dick sucked all day long. Sometimes better. DPN needs to be required reading for every closet-case, f-risky-nell, Republican-voting douche-bag in D.C., as well as 95 percent of the “Democrats”.

[1] Don’t get too discouraged. Believe that there are lots of people—gay, straight and bi—who you’ve never met who care about you. I’m one. And in my clumsy way, I’m working within my tract-home hell to make a difference with you, not at you or for you. [Huh?—Ed.]

Continue to rag long and hard and deep on our methods (we like it like that), but don’t ever doubt our motives. [Huh?—Ed.]

[2] Of course you’ll want to print this crudely essay as a letter to the editor. Go right ahead, but don’t even think about one of your oh-so-predictable, pixy, last-word, hack-me-to-shreds editor’s note! Used to be a journalist, buddy. I can fuck with your mail, ruin what little credit rating you have left, and/or get you signed up for every damn music and book club there is. If you want a cat fight, bitch, you’ll get one.

With affection,

CASEY MILLER
DALLAS, TEXAS

P.S. I’m not originally from Texas, but I’m fitting right in, don’t you think?


[2] Hire and pay me a ridiculoussalary. I’m anxious to offer the fun you all must be having in putting together DPN.

[3] Keep up the honesty and mercilessness. Along with often making me laugh out loud, and sometimes getting my gigantic phallic semi-hard (see [1] above), DPN always makes me think. That’s almost as wonderful as having my dick sucked all day long. Sometimes better. DPN needs to be required reading for every closet-case, f-risky-nell, Republican-voting douche-bag in D.C., as well as 95 percent of the “Democrats”.

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With affection,

CASEY MILLER
DALLAS, TEXAS

P.S. I’m not originally from Texas, but I’m fitting right in, don’t you think?

Thanks for the, uh, kind words.

I will have you right out to subscribe if we would only “do” you. Thanks—but as your “gigantic phallic” only gets “semi-hard” from DPN, we regret that we’ll have to pass on your offer.

A number of circumstances have been responsible for our les-than-promising publishing schedule of late, but leaving our dicks in various holes for too long hasn’t been one of them.

We get our mail in Oakland, but we publish out of someplace even cooler.

We’ll pass along your photo-layout suggestions to future centerfold and Page Two models.

Handling up as a ridiculously large salary is decidedly not in the cards.

We’ve never spent any time in Texas, so we can’t say how well you’re fitting in—but we’ll take your word that you’re doing just fine. —Ed.

Dear Stud Master Leather Daddy News (Boxholder 1600):

In response to your personal ad ISO submissive life partner, you are the man of my dreams. I will do anything to fulfill all your needs. I will give you every cent of my Social Security disability checks. You can tie me to your bed and call me Hillary (oh please please), just thinking about you makes me so crazy sometimes stay in bed all day, stunned.

I am the only one for you, sir. I understand your deepest passions. I too fantasize about putting on a pin-striped suit and taking money from the unemployed, elderly, and disabled. I too dream of selling books to publishers who need favors from me. I too long to visit orphanages full of poor children and prisons full of black men. What particularly endears you to me is your avoidance of AIDS issues. Aren’t you just weary of all those sick people whimpering and complaining and clamoring for money and assistance and a cure?

I know I am. (You mentioned in your ad that you are involved with Congress. If you know any Congresspeople, maybe you can encourage them to stop ignoring around with those sick people. I mean, if you stop funding them, they’ll all die out soon enough and no one will have to worry about them.)

But, my beautiful Master News, I finally knew you were meant for me when you described divorcing your first wife on her hospital bed. What kind of special courage must have taken? Dare I call it noble? I hope you’ll love me at least well.

As requested in your ad, I’m enclosing an $8 out of myself in a scenario I know you’ll like. The sling is mine.

Please, Daddy News, call me soon. I can’t keep my desire for you in check much longer. You are always in my thoughts and dreams. Please call me soon and say you will be mine forever. I want to be the one to give you what you so richly deserve.

Love,

Your Number One Fan

P.S. Do you know Jesse Helms? I’d love to meet him and give him something very special.

Page 9

Get Fat, Don’t Die!

Bill Brest, the esteemed editor of Black Sheep, notes that the very act of reading our recipes gives him heartburn. Well, Bill, this one’s for you.

Patricia Mae’s Most Revolting Oysters

1 quart arrowroot oil (palm kernel oil or coconut oil will do in a pinch)

3 eggs

1/3 cup heavy cream

2 tsp. brandy cream

26 plump, shocked oysters drained butter

Get out your fry pan and fry the avocado oil. If you’re using a stove-top, heat the oil just until short of smoking. Thoroughly beat the eggs and add the cream. Dip the oysters in the batter, dredge in the bread crumbs, and deep fry until a golden brown. Drain and serve with drawn butter for dipping.

Sanitized fun, gal bladder attacks; see: this didn’t work, that’s because you don’t like. While you barely touch your portion (HIV-induced nausea), it’s not the same. The feel of raw cooking something— they’ll be dead by morning. When confronted by the police, you can blame it all on dementia. Enjoy.

Bananás a la Diff

1/2 cup unsalted butter

1/3 cup brown sugar

1 tsp. Grand Marnier

4 big bananas, peeled and sliced

Vanilla ice cream

Melt the butter in a skillet and add the brown sugar, stirring until the lumps have disappeared. Add the Grand Marnier (do not substitute orange rum, it is a single bar bit until the syrup is bubbly. Add the banana slices and simmer until tender. Serve warm over ice cream.
The Well-Fed Welfare Queen

Poverty is an ugly thing. Poverty means holes in your socks. Poverty means keeping unsavory company in the waiting room of the public health clinic. At its worst, poverty means picking through garbage cans for dinner. Although I've never actually gone dumpster diving, there have been a few times in my life when I came close. One impoverished episode was (of course) during college, when I was a starving student at the University of California at Santa Cruz. The town is surrounded by agricultural communities, and big trucks laden with fresh produce would lumber through. On lucky days, the trucks would roll over bumps on a poorly maintained block of Highway One, where the open carts would leave a few pounds of green beans, carrots, or maybe tomatoes. This same block was on the way to school, so I'd stop to check it nearly every day. A little dirty after being scooped out of the gutter, but hey, it was free. Meanwhile, a downtown grocery store was kind enough to gently stack crates of bruised and therefore unsellable apples and pears next to the proverbial dumpster, no messy diving required. Unlike the cornucopia in the gutter, I had to wake with my fellow indigents for this goodness.

These days I'm fortunate, my last employer's long-term disability plan keeps me wondering where my next meal is coming from. Nevertheless, keeping fed and well-nourished is a serious issue for all parials on a limited or non-existent income. In the following pages, I'd like to discuss ways of stretching your dollar for a variety of methods, be they moral, amoral, or immoral. You get to decide what's best for you.

What's for free?

Free is a nice thing for a welfare queen. Free means there's enough money left to buy medication, or that you can go out for cappuccino with friends. Food stamps are one of the first free things that come to mind. These are coupons minted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, redeemable for food items only—no booze or tobacco. To receive food stamps at no charge, you must be really poor. For the less-than-really-poor, food stamps may be purchased at a discount, say $75 buys you $100 worth. It turns out that most of us are less than less-than-really-poor, and can't get food stamps at all. One can, however, buy food stamps from someone who does receive them, for as little as 20¢ on the dollar. You can now go to bed with a full tummy, and your client now has the hard cash necessary to score those forbidden and self-destructive cigarettes and booze. Needless to say, this has both legal and karmic consequences. On the other hand, food stamps are nearly as fungible as cash to the grocer, and capture is unlikely. Some towns offer pan-handling vouchers that socially responsible citizens may give to beggars, with similar redemption restrictions. These too may be exchanged for cash at a discount.

The USDA also makes surplus food available. "Surplus" food results from farm subsidies, where the Fed buys huge quantities of agricultural staples to keep farm prices stable. In abundant years most of these foodstuffs end up in the landfill, but some are graciously doled out to the poor. Whole milk wind up as surplus cheese and butter, but sometimes powdered milk can be had. I've tried all three on several occasions, and let me tell you that the first two are really gritty. I can't help but imagine some defense contractor rendering the milk between orders for napalm or nerve gas. The dry milk, on the other hand, is good. I recently discovered a nutritional supplement. Similarly, the Fed-bread should be avoided if at all possible, but the bulk flour is usually just like the store-bought item.

Next comes good-old-fashioned charity. If you have problems accepting handouts from blue-haired elderly ladies, remember that accepting a donation with dignity is as gracious an act as giving it. General purpose poor-panties usually cough up the products of their canned food drives, which can seem a little bland after a while. For a better deal, some AIDS organizations offer a weekly bag of groceries more likely to include fresh produce and milk. The American Cancer Society here in San Francisco has been known to give out cases of Carnation Instant Breakfast, though they often ran out of the chocolate flavor. The best deal of all are groups like Project Open Hand, which delivers hot dinners for a sliding fee scale. Open Hand, in turn, relies on the charity of grocery stores and restaurants. The drawback is ground round, and lots of it. Where there's ground round, there's meatloaf. Not just any meatloaf, but hearty meatloaf provençal, Cajan meatloaf, or teriyaki meatloaf loblaws. They do try, and at least it's not Hamburger Helper.

Land of the cost-conscious shoppers

The world of the checkout line is more complicated than the bread line. The most obvious "savings opportunity" is the coupon. (Why am I even bothering to mention so basic and universal an item? Because I've found that there are a few things you might not have heard of) Beware, coupons are devices to sell a product, not to promote your welfare. Too many people fail to ask themselves, "Do I really use that frozen mashed potatoes?" If so, do you regularly use the deluxe variety, which is probably what the coupon is for. Obviously, $.50 off a brand that costs $1.00 more than what you normally buy is no bargain. It is possible to subvert the system and direct the greed back to its source. You see, not only does the store get reimbursed from the manufacturer for the face value of the coupon, but a handling fee is paid as well. Therefore, the store has little incentive to look very closely at the coupons submitted. If you wait for the total to be rung before handing over your coupons, What's in a name?

Despite eddies to the contrary, we still judge books by their covers. Accordingly, there are seemingly no limits people will go to in the pursuit of making that all important first impression. Location has always mattered; businesses and people routinely go out of their way to secure impressive-sounding addresses and phone numbers. With the advent of the Internet as the universally-acknowledged Important Place To Be, the rush is on for candy-sounding domain names and astringent analogues of place names. After all, there are only so many cute, short, memorable names to go around. Speculation are snapping up domain names, hoping to sell the rights to them some day for whatever the market will bear. By convention, Internet domain names for US businesses usually end in.com (for "commercial"). If at 8DNP we were to register our own classy Internet address, we'd already missed a few opportunities. The domain names .com was registered in 1984, .net in 1995 (the latter belongs to a software company in Las Vegas). .us.com was registered in 1994. Although nothing shocks us, we must say we are impressed by the domain-name-grabbing spree Becton and Gamble made earlier this year. In August of 1995, B2C registered beuche.com, to-ing and fro-ing, for $550,000, and who knows how many other valuable pieces of electronic real estate. For those who want to stake their claims, plenty of fun domain names are still up for grabs. Most HIV-related Or names are still unclaimed (aids-lekspadda.com and aids-lsle.com, for example). Go ahead, be the first one on your block!
About DPN...
The issue of DPN you hold in your hot little hands was designed using nothing but the next-to-latest digital publishing technology. That’s right, we haven’t upgraded our equipment since the last issue, and with the fast-moving nature of the computer industry (and our relentlessly publishing schedule) that means everything we have is now as old as the dinosaurs. But — we’re still tech-weenies and we just love it when our readers get excited. We can accept Mac or DOS files (plain ASCII files, if possible) and most kinds of tape (check with us before sending tapes). Email is cool; we’re dpnmail@netcom.com.

If you don’t have a computer, don’t despair — you can write your articles with a pen and we’ll use them. If we think they’re cool. We’re all dying, demented, or lazy (or possibly all three).
The editors would like to thank all those who helped make DPN #10 possible: Daniel Bao (your token oppressor of non-pariah of color), Kira Ok (awesome cover and p. 38 Illustrations), Kira, Jay Moman, Steve Wilson, Sasha Vodnik, and of course all who submitted material — irrespective of whether it wound up in this issue. "My Place Like Home" and "Fun With Buddy’s Meds" are from the series "The Buddy Poems" by Lesley Newman, author of Vehister Has Two Mommies and other good stuff.

The checker is unlikely to verify that they match the items purchased. Obviously this won’t keep you fed for free, since even the daintiest checker is likely to notice the disparity between a fistful of coupons and a small bag of groceries. Warning: do not attempt this with any coupons bearing a bar code. The checker may not be keep track, but the laser scanner will. One last coupon idea. Writing an obnoxious letter of appreciation to the manufacturer of your favorite items may get you some thank-you coupons that are more generous than the ones you find in the paper.

Another way that consumer opportunity re- evolves around slightly damaged packaging. Americans really like their consumer goods to look pretty, and as a result, only the Japanese spend more on packaging than we do. When the cost of the box exceeds that of the contents, it’s not surprising that a dentist container translates as a relatively low loss of value. Dented cans may end up being marked half-off, while the contents are uneaten. (Dented cans are not an indication of botulism. However, beware of cans that are bulging.) A torn box or crushed corner is also benign, since the product probably has an inner bag to maintain freshness. Sometimes you can do better than scrounge the reject pile of your local store and go to a place that specializes in dented cans, crushed boxes, lopsided labels, and esthetically challenged produce. Moreover, you get the thrill of seeing items that are normally encountered only in the restaurant trade; a 20 lb. can of kiwi fruit makes a memorable housewarming present. A couple of my college buddies point out that you can go a step further and dent your own cans. This is done by placing the side of the can against the edge of your grocery shelf and leaning on it. Remember to read the label of something held in your other hand will camouflage this move. Leave the can behind, and it appears in the bargain bin the next day. Similarly, breaking the cellophane wrapping of a steak will cause the beef to turn an alarming color around the rent. It’s actually grey, but it often looks green when surrounded by the normal red of the unaltered portion. It too will end up in a shelf discount area. Warning: do not use this cost cutting tech-nique with any other meat besides beef. I was never able to figure out how my friends had the time to do this surreptitious sabotage, purchase the deflowered merchandise the following day, go to classes full-tilt and then homework. The closest I have come to this is to carry a small pen-knife and cut off the unwanted stems from produce like broccoli or asparagus.

Finally, there’s the new secular temple of the nineties, the bulk-food or warehouse store. These places are great if you have a small warehouse of your own to store these bulky treasures, otherwise forget it. I go to Costco every week just for the amazingly cheap gallons of Odwalla orange juice. The rubs of frozen lasagna do well for parties, and the meat, well, half a cow will fit in the refrigerator somehow. Lastly, the bull of stress trouble using up by the pallet is too lit- tle paper, whose household scarcity is directly proportional to my declining T-cells. Bon appetit.

—B.T.

 Truly Tutti Frutti Flies

T hose clever rascales at the National Institutes of Health are at it again. Through some clever genetic manipulations, they have managed to create queer fruit flies. Or fruit fly fruits. Whatever.

What Drs. Ward Odenwald and Shang-Ding Zhang of the NIH did was transplant a gene that causes the normally red eyes of fruit flies to come out white. By making the alteration in male embryos, they were able to prevent the females from developing. Warning: do not use this cost cutting technique with any other meat besides beef. I never was able to figure out how my friends had the time to do this surreptitious sabotage, purchase the deflowered merchandise the following day, go to classes full-tilt and then homework. The closest I have come to this is to carry a small pen-knife and cut off the unwanted stems from produce like broccoli or asparagus.

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Truly Tutti Frutti Flies

by Lou Ceci

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—B.T.
When she hears the word AIDS, she thinks of shoulder pads.

Another Fabulous Outfit, another fund-raising event. Who is it this time. Liz? Barbara? Bette? She hopes in her heart that it won't go on too long about how many bags of groceries the money raised will provide...it would cut into the entertainment factor.

She does get all misty-eyed when she thinks about poor Halston. Although she didn't know him well, she did that him up at a benefit once and talked about kitchen utensils, good framing shops, that sort of thing. "He was so charming!" she'd always say in hushed, reverential terms.

Other than that, studio brush with fame, she never knew any other "AIDS Victims" as she is known to call them. Oh sure, she'd bumped the occasional baby at a Pediatric AIDS event—"The real innocents," she'd say. But it's hard, and perhaps risky, to embrace a gay man with lesions when you're sporting a dramatic and backless Valentino gown. Anyhow, she didn't travel in those circles. Men with lesions could not usually afford $160,000-a-plate dinners, and if they could, they at least had the decency to cover them up with a light foundation.

Don't get her wrong. She thinks AIDS is a terrible disease, and she wouldn't wish it upon anybody. "AIDS is bad. AIDS is bad," she's been known to mutter under her breath like a loopy mantra from Mister Rogers' neighborhood. She just doesn't like those vocal few who would interrupt a speech or throw blood on church steps. After all, she's sure the big THEY out there—that comforting gang of government officials and researchers—are doing their best to find a cure.

And she does give generously and goes to all the major events. And, she puts on her studded Red Ribbon pin at every single one of them—except for the time she got her dates mixed up and wore the purple ribbon to that Celebrity Rollerblading Tournament. Everyone was a little puzzled, except for Denzel of course, who gave her a big hug. The picture of the two of them did turn up in the following day's METRO section. The helmet and the elbow pads made her look so sporty, and her social calendar went bonkers for a while. And boy did the quality of the benefits improve after that. Cancer. Multiple Sclerosis. And the crème de la crème, the Screen Actor's Guild Retirement Fund! She got to meet all of her old favorites. What was it like working with Dana Andrews? Was Thelma Ritter really as nice they said she was? Are you still in touch with Mickey Rooney?

Oh yes, back to that AIDS thing! They even asked her once to sit on the Board of Directors at a prominent AIDS Organization. One catered meeting a month and free passes to all the fashion shows. She rejected her calendar and couldn't believe that, yes, she really was too busy to make such a commitment. She'd make a mental note: "Write an extra generous check to them this month, and ask if members of the Board of Governors have to attend meetings." That would be her way in—she was sure of it. All of the prestige and none of the fuss. There was just so much else to do.

When she stopped working, she thought her word would slow down—but, really, there aren't enough hours during the day to get it all done anymore. "How did I ever work and do all this?" she pondered. And then—just as she thought, she checked her watch, muttered something about a Women in Film luncheon, looked in the mirror to straighten her Chanel suit, and she was out the door. "I'll see you at the Walden Pond thing on Sunday!" I guess I should have told her that this Sunday was Heal the Bay, but I'm sure she'll look fabulous either way.

When he hears the word AIDS, he thinks of frequent flier miles.

Another hand to shake, another game of phone tag. The Conference on Differently Ablled Lesbian's of Color Facing Early Life Traumas and AIDS-related Dementia was a little on the disappointing side. After all, where were the workshops on Transgendered Visually-challenged Asian Pacific Islanders with KS? But boy does Boston shimmer during the fall season—and he did get to press the Bell of a few key CEOs.

It's not like it used to be: AIDS, with a few grass roots organizations in a few queer-heavy cities. No, no—"It wasn't as bad as all the documentaries," she resented her calendar and couldn't believe that, yes, she really was too busy to make such a commitment. She's got thousands of people with expense accounts traveling to this conference or that symposium, "It's a good thing," he'd say. "The bigger the business, the more seriously the issue is taken. If it's taken any seriously, they'll find a cure that much quicker. And if not, well at least it provided jobs for a lot of people."

He's secretly terrified that somebody will find out that he's really HIV negative. His name has been synonymous with AIDS for so long, it would wreck his career. But with all the travelling back and forth between the two coasts, he looks just haggard enough all the time to pass. He's got each public appearance timed down to the millisecond. Enter, smile, meet and greet, say a few words about bureaucracy, red tape and homophobia, read that old chestnut AIDS poem tucked in his breast pocket (the blue hair always weep), smile again, meet the press, record a few PAs, on to the next meeting. Whew, is he exhausted! But it's going to pay off some day. Even if they don't cure AIDS, his resume will shine like a beacon.

He learned early on that it's more important to offend as few people as possible than it is to actually accomplish anything. Of course, he doesn't tend to get snippy with his subordinates. He's a master at slowing down the process by tripping people up on semantics. They're not gay; they're men who have sex with men. They're not "AIDS Patients," they're people living with HIV disease or people living with AIDS. It's not therapy; it's complimentary therapy. They're not "bisexuals," they're multiply-abled, choice-enhanced, sexually-stratified entities. And so on.

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GET FAT, don't die!

Jefter Mae's
Black Eyed Peas

1 large yellow onion, chopped
2 3 minced shallots
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 pound of cooked ham, cut into thin chunks
1/2 cup chopped parsley

Heat the olive oil in a skillet. Add the onion, shallots, celery, ham, and spices. Saute until onions are translucent. Stir in black-eyed peas and simmer for 25 minutes and salt to taste. This dish home can be made more aromatic (and more approachable) by the addition of shredded cabbage or mustard green. You can also swap your favorite in seasonings mix for the spices listed.

Bifly Mae's
Deforestation Salad

1 cup spaghetti olive oil
1 teaspoon basic vinaigrette
1 teaspoon dried thyme
1 teaspoon diced red pepper
1/2 teaspoon toasted pine nuts

Mix olive oil and vinegar until mixed. Toss in the lettuce. Sprinkle with pepper and grated cheese to taste. Drain the palm hearts and cut into 1/4-inch pieces. Top the bed of lettuce with palm slices and tossed pine nuts. 1 cup toasted pine nuts, 2 cups black-eyed peas
The sound bite heard round the world. A witness for the prosecution. Jack of all trades. Nothing got done, but he used the word “perspicacious” and that counts for something, doesn’t it?

The funny thing is...he’s lost countless friends to AIDS. In fact, I heard his lover isn’t doing very well. You’d think there would be more urgency in his voice—if not his actions. Maybe he’s just resigned. Maybe he’s numb. Maybe he feels there’s nothing left to do except climb that ladder.

When I hear the word AIDS, I think of diarrhea.

I think of strange diseases with too many syllables and consonants all running together. Coccidiodymcosis. Cryptococcosis. Histoplasmosis. Isosporiasis. Maybe he’s numb. Maybe he’s thinking of food poisoning, T-cells, condoms, and cucumbers. I’ve been thinking of diarrhea.


I think of acronyms up the wazoo. PCR. KS. PEP. ACTG. HPMPC. MAC. HTLV-III. IV. I think of water-based lube with nonoxynol-9. Nonoxynol-9—it all sounds like some science fiction series.

I think of 45 pills a day, side effects, and more pills to combat the side effects. I think of lives cut short.

I think of wasted opportunities...and mixed messages. HIV is harmless—it’s AZT that’s killing us. No, HIV is multiplying in our lymph nodes even as we speak and AZT works, but only for a while.

I think of resurrected clichés. Everyone dies. I could get hit by a bus tomorrow. I’ve learned to stop and smell the roses. I appreciate life more. I’ve discovered my inner child and it’s nurturing me back to recovery. The same tired recycled themes. I’ve been Kübler-Rossed to death—and I bypassed the first four stages!

I think of doctors on billboards and best-selling authors and International Conferences held in impossibly expensive countries.

I think of a hierarchy of innocence. The babies and the hemophiliacs and the dental patients; halo, halo, halo. The gay men and the drug addicts—uh, tak, tak—lifestyle choices.

When I think of AIDS, I think of T-shirts and slogans. ACT UP. FIGHT HEPARENCE=DEATH. ACTION=LIFE. NOBODY KNOWS I’M HIV+. Wouldn’t it be great to have one that said, “I’M HIV+ AND I’M A FIGHTER!”

When I think of AIDS, I think of the disappointment on faces when the lab work comes back... “Not as we had hoped.” I think of the people sitting at home as their lives close in on them. Being alone. Being afraid. Being afraid of being alone.

But sometimes, when I’m not concentrating too hard, I also think of unbelievable courage. The ability of a man to proudly swim in a public pool while covered with KS. I think of the optimism on the face of the woman in the “Be Here For The Cure” T-shirt who can barely cross the street.

I think of physicians who give their home phone numbers and deeper numbers to patients, who break the rules and sneak them onto trials, or hand them experimental drugs under the table. I think of the AIDS service worker who won’t hesitate to stay ‘till 9 that night to make sure the buddy shows up at the client’s house. Or the one who can joke about his bad hair day while losing a battle with toxin in the hospital.

But soon enough, I lose those warm and fuzzy feelings and the scary stuff bubbles back up to the surface. Thoughts of needles and hollow cheeks and shit-filled diapers. Like those dreams about falling only knowing that you’ll probably hit the ground before you wake up.

Before AIDS, I always thought a suppository was a banking term. Now I’m all too familiar with enough medical terms that I could open up my own practice...and my own pharmacy to boot.

When I hear the word AIDS, I think of tickling clocks. Of another day gone by. Of another day without a cure. And another day without hope. And then another day with hope. And then another day goes by.

When she hears the word AIDS, she thinks of shoulder pads.

When he hears the word AIDS, he thinks of frequent flyer miles.

When I hear the word AIDS, I think of diarrhea.
**Just Call Me Grace**

Oh my goodness, graceless me!

More than a grunt, less than an “I’m there.”
It appears my warning was quite less than fair.

A shot in the mouth, the rest in the air,
dancing streams leaping across face and hair.

Thru Levolor blinds by pale moon of night,
his’s showered in nectar, bathed in milky light.

A major faux pas, in this room dimly lit,
I groped for my clothes and spout “Go ahead, spit.”

---Michael Searce

**No Place Like Home**

At a family reunion
my mother serves alphabet soup
The letters H RV swim before my eyes
I blink: my imagination
or a cruel cosmic joke?
Speaking of cruel jokes
my cousin has one:
One stockbroker says to the other

---Leslea Newman

**Fun With Buddy’s Meds**

Pour them
into a jar and shake it
to a Tito Puente tape
Buddy always liked a Latin beat

String them
into necklace & earring sets
and wear them to a drag ball
Buddy did love to accessorize

Feed them
to the rats in the hall
and watch them puke all night
Remember Buddy’s sick sense of humor?

Line them
up on a table
take a hammer
smash them
one by one by one

---Leslea Newman

**Kiss or KS**

“No girl did that,” the kid in my class said.
True enough, but I was marked in other ways. I didn’t need the International, the RamRod, Man’s Country. Lips, honey, lips are the way all the way down when you can’t see in the dark, though he has just lit his lighter so you can see what you can’t see though you know it’s there because your knees are cold and he’s one of the few who said a word:

“People are so impersonal here,” he says,
unzipping, placing his hand on your head
and when he’s done he’s off.

“I saw you as soon as you walked in,” he dared me, as I did too, the tips of my fingers entering the threads ripped at the knee, thicker than the spare black hairs there.
Mouth in mouth, one bar stool leaning, the barkeep said, “Boys, I’ll let you know when I have to separate you,” so we went
from Sneakers to Ty’s to Boots and Saddles,
all the same stories, another beer, another kiss
another kiss, another kiss, my neck in love, blushing.

“What do you want to do,” he asked
and weighing the D train versus the alley,
the choices stiffening and my head spinning round his tongue, his tongue,
take that tongue back home
and my neck, oh my neck please I can’t take it
with my hand on his head
working real hard
and at work the next day there are more tongues wagging, moving, caring the question:
did he have a kiss or KS?

---Steven H. Koenig

I dance in the eyes of my Lord
and only I, though I dance for so many more,
and as my feet touch the coals
and my skin the flame,
only I dance for so many more,
and as my feet touch the coals
and my skin the flame,
only the guilt is as great as the shame
that wrecks my unhallowed grave.

And the pit was black
and the room was red,
whose pious latches elude the grasp,
for lo, I become an example to the godfearing, an exhibit in their cathedral of the damned

And the room was molten in its redness,
but held its shape
(as is the way with divine things)
by the light of a thousand whispers whispering in turn,
best you not touch the walls, lest you adhere screaming to the screaming metal and burn!

And best I found not to breach my gate,
for Azrael stood on the other side of my cell,
and demanded of me, who am I,
to be wandering about so freely,
within the confines of hell?

---Beowulf J. Thorne

George McGovern: Happily married for 50 years.
Newt Gingrich: Once divorced.
There are some people who claim that they can easily recognize "the look"—those subtle signs of wasting that reveal the ravages of HIV to the sharp-eyed observer—even in PWAs who've hardly progressed at all. They claim that a certain hollowness of the cheeks is definitive, even when the person involved is, overall, quite healthy.

I don't buy it. An early stage HIVer just doesn't look any different than an uninfected person. Consider the "Ad vera guy," the study hunk who models in the ads for the otherwise-obnoxious food supplement bearing marketing PWAs. Maybe it's the magic of modern photography, but careful examination of the ads fails to reveal even the slightest hint of "the look" to my discerning eye. Of course, a snadmunf as healthy as the "Ad vera guy" doesn't need their nauseating confection, but that's beside the point.

In the old days it was easy to spot a "long-term survivor" because we were the ones who looked like death warmed over. Of course, you only had to last more than a year in those days to be counted as a "long-term" survivor. Nowadays there are PWAs who've weathered more bouts of PCP than a dog has fleas, and they don't necessarily look any worse off than the average suburbanite (who have a subtle "look" of their own, as distinctive in its own way as the HIV look).

All this makes it harder to judge at a glance just how "progressed" a given HIVer is. The shortcut to this is to find out their T-cell count—in the past I've suggested that PWA socials have name tags that give the wearer's most recent T-cell score—but this is unreliable. Some PWAs have serious trouble at 500 T-cells, others zero them out without ever encountering an OI (though I suspect this is rare); some retain hundreds of T-cells for years, while others lose them all within a few months of infection.

The exact degree of progression can be a matter of great importance while cruising. Many HIV-negatives won't have anything to do, sexually or romantically, with an HIVer. And some HIVers won't date negatives at all, to avoid tiresome debates over safety and, in the case of infection, blame. Some HIVers take pride in our long history, of OIs, and scorn to associate with long-term survivors who got their diagnosis on the basis of a single small KS lesion; others want to avoid highly-progressed "dead meat specials" who take up space in the Rolodex only to die on you in a couple of months. So tricky, so inconvenient!

We can take much of the guesswork out of progression estimation by the issuing of Opportunistic Infection Merit Badges. Similar to the service badges worn by military personnel, which to the educated eye reveal where and when the soldier served, or the merit badges awarded to Boy Scouts, the OIMBs will document their wearer's status at a glance.

A number of potential badges are provided for the use of you or your friends. Cut out the attached badge designs, color them in, and mount them on pins or buttons. The well-heeled may choose to mint fancy, bejeweled versions of the standard pins, just as some prefer diamond-studded variations of the ubiquitous red ribbon.

We encourage the use of multiple badges to portray multiple bouts of the same illness. For example, if you've had several rounds with PCP, it would be appropriate to wear a copy of that badge—a stylized "flat tire" icon—for each encounter. Of course, badges should be displayed in proper sequence. If you had a spell of PCP, then the onset of KS, and then another bout of PCP, this should be documented with a PCP badge, then one portraying the KS leopard, and finally another PCP marker.

If an OI is particularly unusual or complicated, its badge may be supplemented with extra ribbons or stars. Not all badges need refer to OIs. Some will document the use of certain anti-virals, and others can testify to visits in this or that hospital or clinic. (Presumably there will be little call for badges denoting residency in hospices, since—as with reach mushroom—many check into them but few check out.) If a novel drug was taken under experimental circumstances, this warrants the addition of a guinea pig ribbon to the badge.

Finally, the whole patch of badges should be topped by an adjustable T-cell marker, which gives the latest count. Truly cutting edge PWAs can list their most recent branch DNA viral load test results.

The outcome will be an array of badges and ribbons which tell the educated viewer, at a glance, just how progressing your HIV disease. It will particularly be useful for health care providers, who instead of taking lengthy histories will instead be able to briefly study a PWA's array of service badges, ribbons, badges, etc. For example, even casual observation of me clearly reveals some of the ravages of AIDS, but if you never knew my "pre-morbid" weight you might easily underestimate just how far gone I am.

But a careful study of my OIMBs would quickly reveal my obscenely low T-cell count (17 at last testing), the fact that I've had PCP, peripheral neuropathy, MAC, wasting syndrome, Cryptococcal meningitis, and herpes, and that I've taken every nucleoside analogue known to man. This would allow those who want to fawn over or avoid me to act accordingly, and avoid the frustration of mistaken acquaintanceship.

In those arenas where the state of HIV progression is held to correlate highly with Political Correctness the non-morbid (but I don't fully understand) an impressive array of OIMBs will be your passport to public worship. "My god, a yard's worth of badges and he's still alive!" they'll mutter. We encourage unrepentant HIVers to get their OIMBs today—show the whole world just how sick you really are!

—M.B.

George McGovern: A loving father and grandfather.
"Naughty love, to what dost thou not compel our mortal hearts...? If it rage, it is no more Love, but burning Lust, a Disease, Phrenzy, Madness, Hell. 'Tis death, 'tis an imbecile calamity, 'tis a raging madness... A vehement perturbation of the mind, a monster of nature, wit, and art... manfully rash, wildly timid, furiously headlong, bitterly sweet, a caressing blow..."

Robert Burton, The Anatomy of Melancholy

"What happened to you last week?" someone would ask when you reappeared. "Clementina." My face would take on a grim and rueful expression as I walked to the VD clinic at Clementina and Fourth in the cool morning air. Leaving behind the respectable financial district throngs, I'd pass empty, chain-link fenced lots, the ancient, lost-looking red brick hulk of St. Patrick's, the gapping hole that would be Mocone Center. Inside the nondescript stucco building and up a flight of stairs, the waiting room teemed with love's nervous martyrs, pacing or seated on rows of multicolored plastic chairs.

It had the atmosphere of a rowdy detention hall, the mood electric, shameful, defiant, changeable. One angry couple screaming their re-

bleeful poems ("This drive-in's no fun/ I'll never go back again/ watching, from rows of parked tables/ a panicked epic of string and tendril/ on the ceiling...") while a pint of red-

black blood was siphoned into a plastic poun, taken away and sepa-

rated from its straw-colored plasma, and then, chilled and dense, slowly returned to my vein at the end of an

"And it pleased the king..."

Newt Gingrich: Didn't even serve in the National Guard.

I gladly stopped selling plasma when I got a job at Banana, a forty-

year-old downtown bookstore. There I was taken in by Jeff Murray, an older (thirty-one?) gay man who quickly became my big brother, mentor, and best friend. He would stand behind the checkout bar at Banana, which was raised up five inches from the checkerboard linoleum like a pulpit, and silently preach from The Book of Dick, sat-

ing men as they browsed the re-

minder tables beneath the faded and dusty day-glo orange Bangaree

pamphlets, hanging tethly the length of the store, and buzzing me up to the front for anyone special.

I'd pick up the staticck black interscder phone in the shipping room to hear Jeff's sotto voce

"Psychology—halfway down the aisle. I think I'm in love."

Jeff and I had sex a couple of times, then he tossed me into the deep end and returned to the hunt. Each morning as we emptied the creasing book cart and dised the latest bestsellers, we'd compare notes on the previous evening, sounding like a couple of jaded tarts.

"You trick?"

"Did I trick? I don't know how I'm standing here! It had to be the biggest cock I've ever seen!" Talking to Jeff about his conquests was like collecting folklore—you just listened and appreciated, you didn't doubt. They always had dicks of Paul Bunyan dimensions or per-

fect asses, unless they didn't, and then he could be scathing: "It was like my little finger, and naturally he wanted to fuck me! Jesus! It was like living under a goddam sewing machine!"

I learned about the clap. Jeff would come slamming through the swinging shipping door light-

ing a cigarette, and seconds later would come stomping out of the toilet: "I think I'm getting it again!" When it came to gonorrhea, Jeff was as full of superstition as an old peasant woman. For a while he would stand behind the checkout bar at Banana, which was raised up five inches from the checkerboard linoleum like a pulpit, and silently preach from The Book of Dick, sat-

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fect asses, unless they didn't, and then he could be scathing: "It was like my little finger, and naturally he wanted to fuck me! Jesus! It was like living under a goddam sewing machine!"

I learned about the clap. Jeff would come slamming through the swinging shipping door light-

ing a cigarette, and seconds later would come stomping out of the toilet: "I think I'm getting it again!" When it came to gonorrhea, Jeff was as full of superstition as an old peasant woman. For a while he would stand behind the checkout bar at Banana, which was raised up five inches from the checkerboard linoleum like a pulpit, and silently preach from The Book of Dick, sat-

ing men as they browsed the re-

minder tables beneath the faded and dusty day-glo orange Bangaree

pamphlets, hanging tethly the length of the store, and buzzing me up to the front for anyone special.

I'd pick up the staticck black interscder phone in the shipping room to hear Jeff's sotto voce

"Psychology—halfway down the aisle. I think I'm in love."

Jeff and I had sex a couple of times, then he tossed me into the deep end and returned to the hunt. Each morning as we emptied the creasing book cart and dised the latest bestsellers, we'd compare notes on the previous evening, sounding like a couple of jaded tarts.

"You trick?"

"Did I trick? I don't know how I'm standing here! It had to be the biggest cock I've ever seen!" Talking to Jeff about his conquests was like collecting folklore—you just listened and appreciated, you didn't doubt. They always had dicks of Paul Bunyan dimensions or per-
obvious, "What about your lover?"

"Oh, Martin doesn’t mind. He thinks you’re very attractive. Actually, he wants to have a three-way.

I finally lost my ardor for Jonah after he gave me the clap a second time and then, following a particu-
larly impressive bout of lovemaking, stared longingly into my eyes and asked if I'd mind urinating in his
mouth.

After Jonah, my dance card at Clementina began to fill up. Sometimes the tickle and drip
would only be urethritis, or "strain," sometimes I’d be summoned, hav-
ing been reported as a contact by some ungentlemanly sex partner. When you were diagnosed with gonorrhea, you had to sit in a sour little room with a counselor, a calendar spread out in front of you, and try to match names and phone numbers up with the previous ten days. This was seldom a simple task.

In May of 1979, I came stumbling home drunk one evening and tricked with a previously unmet neighbor in the building’s narrow and jerky elevator. We rode to the second floor holding on with our pants around our ankles and took turns fucking each other in the gravel, fried up by the smoky tumult and stress of the White Night riots at Civic Center several blocks away.

There was a line of men reading newspapers and drinking coffee waiting for the clinic to open when I made my way there the following week, suffering both "fore" and "aft," as clinic jargon put it. Inside, it was like the booking room after a big bust. "Did you wait?" someone shouted to a friend. An ill-tempered doctor kept growling conflicting in-
structions to "spread both cheeks!" and "hold the wall!" as he attempted to show a huge Q-tip up my tender bum, and twice I went sprawling.

Several weeks later my mother made her one shot visit from Texas to inspect my lifestyle, and we had to ride down in the elevator once with my leering rooftop fling, of whom she unkindly remarked, "Is that man mentally retarded?"

In early 1980 I fell in love with a cute, stocky, bespectacled guy I'd met at a friend's party. Allan was quiet, serious, intelligent, and initially very interested in me. The sex was often sporadic, sometimes a little later, and then I got a call from the clinic telling me some-
one recently diagnosed with syphilis had listed me as a contact. This meant that I, in turn, had to call up five people and advise them to get blood tests, not knowing which of these was the one who already knew. This included Allan, who was icy when I called—as well as my friend Gina, who'd discovered my bisexu-
ality, and her ex-lover Arthur. "I didn't know you still did it with Arthur," I said.

"I probably won't after this," she said.

You couldn’t escape the clinic without a visit to the blood draw table. At some point in those early days I signed the first of an endless series of release forms allowing several extra tubes of blood to be taken and tested for exposure to Hepatitis B. That was the beginning of the new phase of the Hep Study—which at first coincided with my first check-ups and treatments for the clap, and then, as years passed and my STDs dwindled, became the sole purpose of my walks to Clementina. Now I was signing up every few months for blood-taking and injections of ex-
perimental Hepatitis B vaccine (or, as it turned out, a placebo vaccine, and a year later, the real thing), and going to the clinic became a kind of public service. The people who drew my blood and took down my re-
sumes to the sex-contact and drug use questionnaires were friendly, re-
spectful, and grateful. I'd stroll back to work wounded and virtuous, a cotton ball taped to the crook of my arm, with the rate, warm feeling of having done a clear, un-
complicated good thing.

If the vaccine worked, I might never get Hepatitis B and a lot of other peo-
ple could avoid it. Thus was born my secret su-
persition: By taking part in the study of letting my blood at ap-
pointed intervals, I stayed off the Bad Thing.

On my quarterly visits to the clinic, I saw the shifting outline of my life limned and quantified in the batteries of questions I answered about the number of partners with whom you had sex to or-
gasm since your last visit greater than ten? Twenty? Thirty? Number of times you placed your penis in a partner's rectum? Number of times a partner ejaculated in your mouth? On average, of the three days a week on which you drank alcohol, how many drinks did you have? Over time my answers went from belligerently high numbers to wisefullly low.

Then the Hep Study was over and several years passed without my going to the clinic. The AIDS mushroom cloud bloomed in a sort of nightmare slow-motion. Nobody I knew gotVD anymore. When the HIV test debuted, I didn't rush out for it; I assumed I hadn't been infected.

I heard about the AIDS death of an ex-boyfriend of mine in October of 1985, the night before I was to move in with my new lover. When that lover sickened a year later, we both got tested. We were positive of course, and Jack was diagnosed with PCP. I wasn't much bothered by her results; all of my attention was on

Jack and his staying well. Jack had had AIDS for over a year when someone from the clinic got in touch with me again, like an old lover calling after years to see how your life's ended up. The AIDS Cohort Study, it was now called, the strange statistical word cohort always suggesting a small group, of people, rather than lin-
liminally, cohort. Now I heard for the first time that everyone you bump into has blood at the CDC in Atlanta—row upon row of vials, like old bottles of amyl lodged in the back of the freezer, little homunculi lined up like toy soldiers on a shelf or ancestors in a family crypt, only the one date on each: December 11, 1978; June 4, 1979; May 12, 1980; June 12, 1982. The person at the other end seemed to be waiting for me to shuffle and drop the phone, but I was only fascinated. As with all the T-cell counts and P-24 Antigens we beta test results since, waiting for the next piece of information was like dangling over a bottomless

pit and then being pulled back onto firm ground.

I signed another release form and antibody tests were run on an array of thawed-out samples of my blood, each one further back in time. I imagined myself being sniffed into the past with every resuscitation of blood, becoming more transparent here in the present. "Some people don’t want to know," they said.

"I do. When?"

"June 12, 1982."

June 1982: I’d been pining over a bad-news boyfriend I’d broken up with the previous fall, running around with my friends Gary and Michael and Gina. Amid my fre-
quent complaints about not finding a lover, I’d been having lots of sex. In the months leading up to that June I had what is now termed "unsafe sex" with a blond dentist on vacation from her teaching tour in Saudi Arabia who admired my straight teeth; a former high school
Dear Diary,

Hot fuck last night. No, not as hot as the one I wrote about around two months ago, but pretty fucking hot. I was walking home, minding my own business (yeah, right) when I saw him. Kinda tall, kinda skinny, and smooth. Average length weenie (but fairly thick).

I was from out of town—said he was gonna catch a plane in the morning. It figures... all the hot ones either live far away, or have a few lovers, or something. He took me to a friend’s place he was staying at a few blocks away.

He let me know right away who was going to fuck who—at least, that’s how I interpreted his grabbing my ass as soon as we embraced. That’s normal, I guess he wanted me to know. I wasn’t particularly averse (I grabbed for his weenie to let him know I wasn’t particularly averse). We were very much on the same wavelength sexually—we didn’t need any words.

I blew him, he blew me, I blew him some more, and he fucked me. I figured he must’ve been positive when he went to fuck me without grabbing me for his weenie to let me know whether I was positive or not. No negative guy would have ever have been so calm about rubber. No negative guy would have even before he came, taking a risk like that. He pulled out before he came.

I have to admit I felt a little weird afterwards. I have no problem with unprotected butsex with guys who are also positive, but it has made protecting butsex with guys who are also positive, but it has made protection more complicated. I didn’t want to get my hopes up. I didn’t feel like expending the energy necessary to go to a bar or anything, and although I got a lot of looks on the street, I don’t necessarily translate into would not break eye contact at all—and I nagged him back to Brian’s apartment. I became more positive, but didn’t leave me wanting without asking, so I didn’t bother with a rubber. Guys who know they’re infected have it written all over their faces.

He was in a little bit of a rush to go after we fucked. Maybe they didn’t want to know anything else about me, nothing to taint the fantasy image. Maybe he had a lover. I was content with things as they stood, and I didn’t ask.

The trade show was kinda boring.

---

Dear Diary,

If this handwriting is a little hard to read, it’s because I’m writing this on a flight home from San Francisco. I was out for a trade show, but I only had one day at the end to myself. I stayed at most of the time while I was there.

San Francisco is not Boston. Sigh. The entire city is a cruising area; I got more attention from guys in three days than I normally when you’re on vacation, but even so, sex seems to be in the air itself.

I only have one trick to report, but it was a good one. I had pretty much resigned myself to sexual window shopping on this trip, partly cos I was pretty busy the whole time and partly cos I had just didn’t want to get my hopes up. I didn’t feel like expending the energy necessary to go to a bar or anything, and although I got a lot of looks on the street, I don’t necessarily translate into wouldn’t break eye contact at all—and I nagged him back to Brian’s apartment. I became more positive, but didn’t leave me wanting without asking, so I didn’t bother with a rubber. Guys who know they’re infected have it written all over their faces.

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The trade show was kinda boring.

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Jock-A-Holics Detox

Ecclesiastes tells us that there is nothing new under the sun, which makes us all creatures of ritual, habitually ap­peasing our various fetishes without much thought to their origin. But as tired as that hairdo from 1985 is, or as passé as the leather jacket encrusted with slogans of liberation was several years later, they all seemed profound, really new when we first adopted them. The truth is, life is full of these first times; seminal events that forever contour our psyches. So let us look back a little bit to some of our firsts: our first kiss, our first time in the locker room, our first bra, our first jockstrap...

Our film Jock-A-Holics opens in an unidentified underwear store somewhere in the gay ghetto. It’s well appointed, with a chic rotating mannequin torso sporting an epic sized athletic supporter. Business must be slow, since the manager, a young preppy with pouing be­stung lips is wanking off over an open skin magazine. He just gets his equipment put away when the last customer of the day walks in, a lad in need. Turns out that that the lad used to be a ninety-eight-pound weakling, but thanks to Charles Atlas, he’s ready to try out for the team. Hot dang! There’s only one problem: the Rookie’s got to get a jockstrap, and he doesn’t know the first thing about buying one. Fortunately, he’s come to the right place.

The Rookie isn’t in the dressing room for more than a minute before the Preppyman materializes to provide that extra bit of customer service. Fit is terribly important it seems, and Preppyman sees to it that the fit between his supple lips and the Rookie’s young dick is as secure as possible. The next thing you know, they’re screwing on the dressing room floor (Porn Potato certainly hopes there aren’t any pins hidden in the carpet). Preppyman peels off his power-drag to reveal a smooth, tight, slightly over­tanned body and bulging boner, clad in his own jockstrap which he toasts as the dressy casual garment of the nineties. The Rookie himself is a fey young thing, with approachable good looks and nice abs. Porn Potato likes that.

What’s more, he manages to pull off an aw-shucks boyish nervousness despite being the jaded pornqueen that he is. Porn Potato likes that, too. When the time comes for the Rookie to pay for the serv’... uh, the mer­chandise, Preppyman magnanimously gives him the supporter, one jock lover to another.

Now things get interesting, with Rookieboy on the field practicing football moves with his older brother. The brother is positively primordial, a hybrid between an advertisement for racial purity and the missing link. The two bicker in the early morning, Rookie asking Link things like “Do you have to touch my balls like that?” (If that bothers him, wait until he sees what happens to you when you score a touchdown.) Link, disguised with such silliness, stalks off to the men’s room, where the moment of truth awaits. While piddling, Link notices that his baby brother isn’t wearing a cup, Rookieboy counters that his big bro’ is getting a hardon. “What do you expect,” Link grumbles, “...getting me up so early... I didn’t have time to take care of myself.” They decide to forget the morning practice entirely and focus on this more pressing need. They lose their jerseys but keep their armor on, making them look like PVC gladiators. Link is built solid, seemingly as wide as tall, with one really captivating trait: his dick has the same color, texture, and flexibility as those cheap pink dildoes one sees in the smith shops. “Do you wanna kiss?” asks the Rookie. “I dunno... do you?” responds Link. “Do you wanna sixty-nine?” the Rookie inquires later. “I dunno... do you?” Link answers. Then one of them finds a rubber in the other’s shoe (in a shoe!). “Even fuck with a rubber before?” the Rookie queries. “I dunno... have you?” And then, while sucking on Link’s dick with all the relish of a Tootsie-Pop, the Rookie bas his eyes and innocently responds, “Nooooo...? So not only does Link lift Rookieboy’s ankle and penetrate his end-zone, but he smooches his lit­tle brother through the Rookie’s jock­strap. Now that’s teamwork!

Now we cut to the locker room, where life finally catches one of those elusive waterboys whose ab­sence the studs are always lamenting. Thinking that no one else is around, Waterboy is busily pilfering the team’s soiled supporter. Turns out that the Preppymonster collects and carefully labels celebrity jockstraps, and he’s willing to pay top dollar for them. But Link is rather protective of his jock, which he inherited from his brother in the previous vignette and so he and Waterboy decide to screw instead. (Waterboy actually manages to pilfer the jock anyway.)

Later on, Swimboy stops by the locker room, where Waterboy helps him shave for the big meet. Swimboy’s a little uncomfortable with the necessary intimacy, and tries to lighten the mood with conversation, which only causes things to become more intimate. It turns out that Swimboy is going to audition for a movie, the sort of movie where shaved balls are re­quired, and he was wondering if Waterboy could do a little favor. Waterboy relents after a little prodding, but then de­cides that Swimboy should practice his moves before the big screen test. These boys are very similar in build, though Waterboy is quite a bit more Herky than his film star counter­part. But what one really notices are the pecs both these guys have. Pecs. Huge pecs. Pecs that project into the last area code. Pecs that turn like thunderheads on the Arizona hori­zon. What can one say? Porn Potato likes that. Waterboy’s got one little

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"Ecc. 1:9. And furthermore: "Again, if two tie together, then they have heat; but how can one be warm alone?" (Ecc. 4:11, remarkably upbeat considering the source.)
Porn Potato wonders about that athletic supporter, now in tatters from all its mileage. Did fearless volunteers sputter on it in marathon sessions to get it to yellow so convincingly from one scene to the next, or was it lightly poached in tea or nicotine instead? It seems the roving jackstraw is the linchpin of the story, not the performers. This creates a bizarre solipsistic universe where the garment is the only element imbued with any reality. The elasticity of the waistband mimics the flexibility of spacetime, creating transient waveforms in the shape of young men. The bifurcated leggings harp back to lost symmetry and the closed loops of fabric constrain human history. We're left with the object fetishizing the person, rather than vice versa.

Jack-A-Holics is definitely a fuckfilm worth watching with the soundtrack turned on. The dialogue is amusing and is delivered with something approaching decent acting. The sound director has done a great job, the score being peppered with musical puns that make fun of the scenes they accompany. Waterboy's sound expression was a bit of a drag, as were the dust bunnies stuck to Link's butts. (Next time, please use a leaf-blower to clear the soundstage.) On a scale of one to five eyes, Jack-A-Holics opened four. Porn Potato says take the chance.

—P.P.

A Recipe for Rectal Tarts

(or, just add feces and stir)

by Michael Scarce

First concocted in the experimental kitchens of "Dr." Paul Cameron's Family Research Institute, this recipe is perfect for today's busy and healthy lifestyle. It's a steamy dish sure to become a chosen-family favorite!

His name is Chef Paul Cameron, culinary wiz of our day. Promiscuous and gay men make his moral dish quite gourmet.

He cooks up hazards of queerness, finding danger in tiers of fruit—recipes of peril from the Family Research Institute.

"The rectum is a mixing bowl!" for a rich medley of disease—chosen-family favorites, made for multiple guests with ease.

Rectal tarts are guilty pleasures much more decadent than Sodom. Their heat is sure to be scorching, so take care to grease the bottom.

And please don't forget the rimming, or the bowl just won't be the same. Clean-as-you-go is the rule here, and hygiene is the name of the game.

Next, blend together a mishmash of semen, lube and salad. This confection of infection is much sweeter than Godiva.

Note: this is not a portrait of Billy Mae.

Don't try this one at home, kids!
You can get laid—just ask the editors how.

You're Soaking in It!®

"Roy & Kimberly"

$50 each.

Be the belle of the ball in these hand¬
some 100% cotton Hanes Beefy™'s.

1

The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President!

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The graphic that graced our first cover. Red-and-black-on-white. $10.00 each.  

Large or Extra-Large.

$10.00 each.

2

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Captain Condom Fan Club

This formidable design features our hero in his classic stance.  

Blue, yellow, and black on white.  

Sized in Large or Extra-Large.  

$10.00 each.

KISS ME, I'm a diseased pari¬

Additional safer-sex and condom awareness items can be purchased from the Condom Resource Center. These include many 1-shirt designs, buttons, pendants, and literature for health advocates. Write the CRC for a free catalog at the same mailing address as DPN.

This t-shirt is your Humpy Editor's.

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I'm Soaked

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