NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION
Ah strongly urge you to thoroughly considah the contents of this magazine before you purchase it. Mah constituency has informed me that the attitude of the Diseased Pariah News displayed here in these pages is an affront to all that is decent and cherished in Americah. DPN further asserts that Ah wear certain articles of female clothing while engaging in passive chiral intercourse. This is nothing but pure slander!...Ah dress up like a lumberjack, fireman, or cowboy, as any normal human male would. Once you have broken this seal, there is no turnin' back! Don't say that ah didn't warn you.
Inside This Issue:
The Cranky Editor Wants His Butt Back,
Aloofa Lee Thargia, CN, Adventures with ACT-UP,
Life Expectancy, and More Meat than Ever Before!

The readers write back!
CONTENTS:

2 ........................................ Page Two Boy Scott O'Hara
3 ........................................... The Reader's Bite Back!
5 ........................................... Cranky Words: Kills You Permanently
7 ........................................... Memoirs of a Working Boy, III & IV
9 ........................................... Aloofa Lee Tharga, RN
11 ........................................... Adventures with ACT-UP
15 ........................................... Life Expectancy Center Page......The Amazing 3-D DPN Centerfold
17 ........................................... Scared
18 ........................................... Honey, I'm Home!
20 ........................................... Further Adventures of Captain Condom
23 ........................................... GET FAT, don't die! (Nausea Revisited)
25 ........................................... Condom Corner: Accessorize!
27 ........................................... Film Review with Porn Potato
29 ........................................... The Mini Meat Market and Resource Page
31 ........................................... Rampant Commercialism Here at DPN!
Back Cover ................................ Back Door Boy Aleks Campbell

The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We are a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. We encourage people with HIV to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment will be the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION
Hurry, before the prices go up! It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Simply use the coupon on page 31. Someone already tore it off? Then send $7.00 ($10 Canada, $15 International) for one year (4 issues) or $2 ($3 Canada, $5 Int'l) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, California 94131. Questions? Leave a message at (510) 891-0455.

Special thanks to our legion of bubble-butt surtboy slaves: Daniel Bean-counter, Steve Moneybags, Miss Mapp, the Mad Typographer of Pixel Street, Mighty Lino Jeff, and Sensual Lino Annie (an honorary surtboy slave).
The clear favorite here was true-life experiences, followed by smut (pictures and stories were neck-and-neck). We like true-to-life experiences too, and we'll print as many good ones as we can. Send us your best stuff. You know the real reason we make DPN is to get smutty letters from readers.

Poetry was clearly the least popular item. Anti-poetry people evidently aren't prone to mincing words, with comments like "barf-a-rama" and "no way" being typical. We occasionally get pieces that move even your Barbarous Editors, so we'll abide by O'Hara's Law: no more than one piece of verse per issue.

We like the suggestion of an advice column. We prefer not to make up our own questions, though, so send yours to Aunt Kaposi, c/o DPN. Most anything is fair game, but no questions on diagnosis or treatment, please; we aren't physicians.

As much as we hate to disappoint 3 out of 4 subscribers, DPN will remain quarterly for the foreseeable future. Doing four DPNs a year is plenty of toll for your overworked, underpaid Cranky Editor. You still want a bi-monthly DPN? Large, noodle-stringed endowments from wealthy (even anonymous) beneficiaries will be gratefully accepted.

DPN: a biodegradable magazine for biodegradable people.

We want to thank our loyal subscribers who took the time to fill out and return the red response cards that were included with DPN #3. We read your comments, all of them. We're delighted to see that y'all aren't shy or anything. Here's what we learned:

A number of subscribers pointed out that gloss is harder to recycle. What? You mean people actually throw out their DPNs, rather than piling them in the basement like old National Geographics? We're hurt. Anyhow, the point is moot — gloss isn't our style. Look for a two-color cover, and maybe even a fold-out centerfold, complete with some suitable gimmick (volunteers?). We'll see what we can do, including using 100% digestible (for silverfish, at least) soy-based inks. Our favorite comment: "Fuck the upscale shit — let them read Town & Country."

No one said they want DPN to be shorter. Interestingly enough, the just-right beers out the longers by a small margin. We love hearing that our size is just right — who doesn't? To the correspondent who checked "longer", and added "it can never be too long": you've never read Byte magazine, have you?

We at DPN like quality more than quantity. The magazine will be around the same size or slightly larger.


**YOU ARE AN INSECT!**

Do you anxiously wait for your friends to receive their copy of the Diseased Parish News so that you can read it too? Do you invite yourself over to discuss Western gardening, but what you really want is to furtively thumb through that little zine on the coffee table? And just why haven't you subscribed yet? Are you afraid to admit something? Are you shy-closeted? Well, hon, it's time to get over it, because your friends probably already suspect, and if they don't now, they will when you start looking like a Jenny Craig addict or develop spots.

So c'mon! Do your conscience and your ego a favor by SUBSCRIBING to DPN. You'll get your copies printer fresh and without coffee rings, to hide under the bed when your parents come visiting or whatever else you please.

A subscription is only $7.00 to DPN, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131. Hurry, before the rates go up!
ADVERTISING RATES

Why advertise? Because unscientific research has shown that each copy of DPN is seen by an average of 17.3 people. With a print run of 2,500 copies, that's 43,000 individuals who are touched by our guided hand, and who could be touched by yours.

FULL PAGE: 30pi x 45pi (6-1/3" x 7-1/2") $450
HALF PAGE: 25pi x 45pi (4-1/8" x 7-1/2") $300
THIRD PAGE: 12pi x 45pi (2" x 7-1/2") $150
SIXTH PAGE: 12pi x 22pi (2" x 5-2/3") $75

We trust that ad art will be in keeping with the style of the magazine. We offer design consultation for an additional fee. There is a 15% discount for two or more insertions. Sorry, we can't do bleed or colors.

TECHNOPHILIA

If Macs make you moist, DPN is the place! DPN was produced without any manual paste-up whatsoever. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal art (including Captain Condorn) was rendered using Adobe Illustrator, and photos were retouched in Adobe Photoshop. Composition and assembly were performed on a Macintosh fci in QuarkXPress. Photos were scanned on Apple (with Abaton 8-bit Upgrade) and Microtek flatbed scanners. Proofs were run off a Personal LaserWriter MT, and final output was to a Linotronic 330 imageretter at 2540 dpi/100 ppi. Printing was by offset lithography. Sorry TrueType. DPN was set entirely with Adobe typefaces.

The overwhelming majority of our loyal readers think the Cranky Editor should be able to earn a living from DPN. If only it were so! For those of you who are concerned about rampant graft at FOG Press, we do buy ourselves pizza from time to time. (Hey! You spend an evening putting those little "not sanitized for your protection" stickers around 2,500 copies of the magazine and see if you want some sort of compensation.)

As far as Biffy coiling, some readers had their own interpretations of "screw him" and "bondage." Hmmm.

One of the things that we repeatedly hear about AIDS is that, one way or another, we'll get some kind of national health care system out of it. I don't have any rosy pictures of our elected officials voting for it out of heartfelt sympathy for those with chronic conditions. Rather, I see self-interest as the key. Imagine if you will, a vaccine for HIV is at long last discovered, but it's fantastically expensive, requiring a dozen initial injections, close monitoring, and a series of boosters every two years. Everybody will want it, still fearing after all these years that you can get AIDS from toilet seats. Do you think that Senator Snot from Iowa will go before his constituents and say, "Shucks, folks, you just ain't worth it."? No, he'll be screaming, like everyone else, that national health care is long overdue.

What form would our own national health care system take? Since we would be the last or next to last industrialized nation to have one (depending on whether South Africa beats us to it), we'd have all sorts of examples to choose from: Canada, Great Britain, all of Europe. Well take heart, dear readers, for your Cranky Editor has seen the future of socialized medicine in America. It's a health plan that exists today, and it's called Kims You Permanently (KP) to its friends.

As you would expect from the leader of the free world, KP has some of the best facilities on the planet. Their equipment is the most up to date. Their specialists are without parallel. Their nurses will chop up your Viconid tablets and sprinkle it over an ice cream if it will make you feel better. The only problem is that you need a signed note from the Surgeon General before getting proper treatment.

The laws of the market don't apply to KP. Since treatment through them is the right of their members (citizens for the national health care analogy), and their financial base is limited (as it would be for tax revenue), fiscal conservatism is king. If that involves a little foot dragging, so much the better. For example, if 100 people come one day complaining of appendicitis, and they are all told to wait a month and come back if they are still feeling ill, only about half will. Never mind that they other half died or saw real physicians, KP has just saved itself hundreds of thousands of dollars.

HIV causes grave worries at KP. After all, its symptoms and
**Memories of a Working Boy**

by Scott O'Hara

---

**Episode Three: Tenderloin**

Okay, admittedly, the title of this little piece is misleading. The memories are physically anchored in the Tenderloin, but the atmosphere is anything but seedy. There was a law school living there with whom I had a protacted fuck-buddy relationship—again, a misleading term, since he was literally opposed to fucking. He'd been fucked twice in his life, he said, and hated it both times—once when he first came out, in the '70s, and once, more recently, by a man he's been known to become his ex-lover. Not surprisingly, his oral technique was superb. My cock is not a beginner's size, but he was unadulterated—and furthermore, he taught me a thing or two about observation. Without his tutoring, I might never have gotten to where I am today. I wish he were still around to enjoy the results.

Memories of Bob, though, inevitably lead to the first time I saw him. Class, how many of you have fond memories of the beloved Tenderloin, Strand, back when Thursdays were gayporn days? Raise your hands, please. I didn't show up quite every week, and often enough that there were a few familiar faces, and his wasn't one of them. I believe he was the only person I ever went home with from the bar—and he was quite complicit about staying for the end of the movie. Always had this

irrespective rating for movies/videos—maybe because he'd been in one. One of the Gage Bros. films. And, come to think of it, I'd had a role like that one. I might have a little more respect for the medium myself...unfortunately, the majority of the roles I came in for were what might be called Lavenstein roles—not scenes I care to review. Poor judgment on my part.

The nadir of my career came with a video called—no, I don't suppose I should name it on the other hand. I don't want any of you remembering it—Hung & Hungry, in which not only does the boy on the box cover have a dildo shoved in his pants to give him a fake erection, but the cumshots are mostly larded with milk. Cold milk, straight from the refrigerator. All over my chest and stomach. Three different times, for camera angles. Believe me, fans, even notoriety is worth this sort of treatment.

To end on a happier note—oh, carry me back to old Savige, yes that's where I belong... Once again, you really can't go home again—but that was just the better part of the year's home. I wrestled there, jerked off an onstage, won a contest or two, and met a lot of long-term friends in the back rooms. Even in a place like that—which might well be called a dump, there is a certain air, a team spirit—and I did play it up a lot with my fellow performers. That part of the life, I miss. Sarge, who pierced my tits, downstairs, after a performance; John, who later played the cop in a film with me; and David, the shy one who attracted me like a magnet. (My stirrings were sleek.) I think I must truly have been "innocent" still, whatever my past; because when David smiled at me, and agreed to accompany me to dinner, I remember feeling like a petted puppy: all but rolling over to have me my belly scratched. Puzzled, he asked, "Hasn't anyone ever been nice to you before?" And oh, of course people had been hundreds; if not thousands. "Not someone I respect," was my reply, and I still can't see how truthful it might have been; but yes, there's a large part of me that would like to be that innocent again.

Did I promise happy ending? Matter of opinion, I suppose; but I think I've gotten one.

---

**Episode Four: Litland**

Some of you have probably noticed that in three episodes, I have yet to get nitty & gritty about sex. Yes, Virginia, there is a reason for this. I'm fairly good at rendering situations and contexts, leads-ins and conflicts, well enough to give the average reader a hardon; this is the very stuff of erotica. Where I fall down is the transcription of the moans & groans of the sex act. So I generally fall back on the "omniscient reader" technique: flatten the reader, tell him he already knows what's happening or about to happen, "so why should I describe it for you?" Read Lady Chatterley's Lover, you'll find the same sort of evasion. Besides, the hardon quotient of graphic terms derives from the rarity and taboo associated with them—repetition dulls them. Now, if David had been my real-life partner, if I have neonu¬menmen about sex...I'm not because I'm trying to make my writing into great erotica. I'm just plain uncomfortable with the notion of my movies; you'll see me grunt & groan, squeal like a stuck pig whenever I get stuck, and generally make more noise than two bull elephants in the mating season, but I use no words; I become absolutely inarticulate. Or, in those rare cases where I do speak, as for instance in the mind-boggling 'Wussy' scene, you can be sure it's due to a director wanted to nail a scene, you must believe which he will not be deterred. There are advantages to scripts, but only if the actors are equal to the role. I'm afraid I never felt quite up to it.

The advantage to my Neanderthal approach to sex is that you can tell me I'm having a good time. More than I can say for some of my co-workers. I don't blame them (mostly I blame the directors—but if I had been as uncomfortable as these guys seem to be, I'd have quit after the first day. Haven't you noticed? The ones who make all the noises they're having a great time—but keep their eyes closed and their heads thrown back so they don't have to look at their partners? Who act like they're digging ditches, not having sex? Call me old-fashioned: I like guys to be turned on to each other.

And the funny thing is, it's usually in the 'rape' scenes—or at least, 'coercion by ostensibly straight boy' scenes—where the top has the hardest time keeping it hard. It's especially annoying, watching an aggressor tell his victim what he's going to do to him, repeatedly, not on camera. But the guy isn't not a boiled noodle. And it puzz¬les me no end that, if two guys did hit it off and start sucking up a storm, the director inevitably tells them "Okay, boys, it's time to fuck." Boing! limp dick time again. You know, I could really just get off on a scene in which there was no fucking, for a change. A scene where the director tells the guys "I don't care what you do, but whatever it is you do, have a good time." Unfortun¬ately, the Gage Brothers aren't making videos anymore.

There is a video—Wild Oats, I believe; I'll have to check them—where the scene is, if I'm not mistaken, the longest oral scene I've ever seen. For twenty minutes they go at it like two booby constrictors trying to swallow each other—and I nearly had to come. But with¬out last there's no longer any point to it. I'd rather watch him raking leaves.

Does anyone else find it ironic that, although the fiction is that the aggressors are taking their pleasure with the victim, in fact the guy sucking & getting fucked is usually the only one enjoying himself?

Is all of this sour grapes? Am I bitching and moaning just because I had to do too many of their turkeys? I suppose that's part of it. I mean, it is especially painful watching myself do all the things I've just described. But mainly, I marvel that the two scenes in which I was the 'co¬cred' bottom are two of the hottest things I ever did—the one in Gage wasn't generally regarded as a bottom. So in a way, yes, I'm mourning the fact that I missed the 'best. Fathom that one if you can.

Mostly, though, I'd just like to get one message across to directors: as a member of the audience, I like to watch videos that aid my imagination, rather than trying to replace it.
ALOOF AL LEE THARGIA, RN
by Timothy Mahon

"Oh mon... how on eart am I gonna get trew another day at dis place." Aloofa lamented while repinning her long unruly dreadlocks back up under her crisp unsullied white hat. "All doze folks with der TB, der cancers, and dah lord above knows what else, coughin' and spittin' up all over me all dah time! I can't be takin' much more of dis, ya know!"

But her bemoaning went virtually unnoticed. Nurse Aloofa Lee has been bellyaching that same old litany of woe every weekday morning since she arrived on the doorstep of Costa MasDinero County health service, seemingly a lifetime ago. Her alma mater, the Caribbean University for Nursing Trollops and Yammerers, or CUNTY, had only prepared her for part of the pivotal role she was soon to play in the lives of her charges to be.

“What we need to have for this facility to function is inexperience and inexperience!” or so the Costa MasDinero board of health as they began staffing their HIV clinic. Enter Aloofa Lee Thargia, RN. “Yes, Ms. Thargia, we have just the spot for you in our newest clinic helping just the kind of long-suffering, pox-riden patients for which you are just ideal!” She wondered what they could possible have meant.

Nurse Lee was beset by bilthensomeness that first day until, dreadful locks to the wind, she sidled out of the transit station and navigated her way to the insignificant edifice where a small hand-made sign read: The Nancy Reagan Clinic. “Just 'say no' to HIV treatment” someone had ruefully scrawled in the margin. “What dah hell is dis HIV anyway?” she wondered aloud as she disappeared into the doorway. “Muss be some kinda new burt control or someting.” On a wall nearby, an ersatz spraycan dilettante had already answered her: "HIV = Help Innocent Victims!" "Is dat what dis HIV is?” she pondered.

Aloofa had seen pictures of the wretched and woebegone in textbooks back at CUNTY, but never really had "hands-on" experience until her first day on the job; where she finally discovered what HIV was really all about.

"And juss what do you patients think I'm gonna do witch you, smellin' like dat and askin'all deez questions? How do i know where dah bathroom is? You'll just have to hold it until mah break is over! Do ya think you are dah only one around here wit a full bladder, do ya, huh?"

With this shock-treatment orientation, Aloofa began to sense that there was yet another meaning for HIV: Hapless Indigent Vegetables. "Dare must be some kinna big mistake here, ya know!" she protested. The CUNTY recruiters had assured her of a cushy, good paying job. She had pulled up stakes and travelled all those miles, and endured those many long weeks of correspondence school just to end up playing nursemaid to the doomed dregs of society. After all, she had her pride!

But, on the other hand, it was a job. And she was 5,000 miles from home. So what if she was miserable, there seemed to be plenty defenseless fops and powerless picayunes to inflict it on. "Well, she finally announced, "Less be gettin' this show on dah road. We only got one doctah today, and he ain't had his M.D. for long, so you juss better be savin' anything complicated til next time, OK?"

"And if any of dem, bloody wheelchairs goes rollin' over deez toes of mine, der will be no mercy! Tink about it..."

NEXT WEEK: Nurse Aloofa gets a needle stick.

We buy
LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES
FROM TERMINALLY ILL PEOPLE
FOR CASH.

THAT'S ALL WE DO.
THAT'S ALL WE HAVE EVER DONE.

NO HASSLES...EVER!

AMERICAN LIFE RESOURCES CORPORATION
1-800-633-0407

If you're not dying, they're not buying! DPN says check 'em out.
ADVENTURES WITH ACT UP
Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Prison
by Brint Butchart

Being the goody-goody that I was born and raised to be, I never quite expected to find myself in prison. That just didn’t happen to middle-class WASPs like me. Of course, I was raised in the "Liberal" tradition, and felt no scorn for those who might find themselves in prison, but held a firm belief that if they had been raised with the same advantages and educational opportunities I had, they would feel no compulsion to commit illegal acts. People in prison were victims of society, and deserved to be treated with love, compassion and understanding, and also deserved to be kept locked tightly away from society until they were compassionately loved into feeling remorse for their acts of crime, with no desire to do them again.

Sometime after I was inoculated with these values as a child, I realized I was Queer. Sometime after that, I received "The Test Result." Still happily asymptomatic, I did all of the good middle class things: donated money to AIDS relief and research organizations, donated even more money to my doctor’s early retirement account, attended support groups, played with metaphysics, ad nauseam. Living in Orange County (that bastion of liberalism and home to our friends William Dannemeyer and Rev. Lou Sheldon) as I do, this course of action seemed the right thing. I trusted that by following this plan I would build up enough good karma that the government and my insurance company would take care of me when I got sick. After all, I wasn’t one of those “bad” people, like IV drug users or prostitutes. I paid my taxes and would never think of rocking the boat, other than the fact that I occasionally voted for the Peace and Freedom Party candidate in elections.

Lo and behold, my disease progressed. Practically overnight, the 15 extra pounds I was carrying around my waist, and then some, got lost somewhere. While laying awake at night, I was sure that with every drop of sweat shed by my feverish body, T-cells were disappearing by the dozens. My doctor happily confirmed this diagnosis, and kindly put me on AZT. "Don’t worry about the side effects,” my wiser and more experienced friends told me, “they’ll go away eventually.” I settled into a routine of taking a pill and ten minutes later vomiting profusely. The vomiting eventually worked itself into bouts of chronic fatigue, for which my doctor prescribed speed. Toilet paper became a major household expense. Threats of losing my job due to “excessive use of sick time” made me thankful that the enlightened Orange County Board of Supervisors had rejected an HIV anti-discrimination ordinance a few weeks back. After all, my illness and continued employment were causing morale problems for my office. “As a manager,” I was told, “you are losing credibility with your employees.”

All the good karma that I had built up flew out the window as I was politely told by the County Health Nurse that I earned too much money to qualify for free AZT, and my insurance company let me know that all of those T-cell counts before I got sick indicated a pre-existing condition, the expenses for which they were sadly unable to provide coverage. Of course, if I had any medical condition that was not HIV-related (a hangnail, say), they would be happy to extend coverage (after I met my deductible, of course).

But what does this have to do with prison, you ask? I’m getting to that. I had met some members of ACT UP/Orange County in passing one day. After talking with them about what they were doing in Orange County I decided that they seemed somewhat normal, and since I had nothing better to do Friday night, I decided to attend one of their meetings. My desire to become better acquainted with the cute blond sitting in the corner kept me coming back, but shortly I realized that these like-minded people were fun, and I enjoyed the meetings with or without the blond.

Shortly after I began attending, they started discussing the “Sacramento Action.” Seven or more. It was at the ACT UP chapters from all over the state took part. The Sacramento Action was planned to call attention to the need for health care for people with AIDS, especially women with AIDS, in the California State Prisons. I learned that prisoners with HIV are denied basic health care, and are not given medical information about how HIV is spread. Of course, that wasn’t surprising once I discovered that many prison healthcare workers (note that I didn’t say doctors – they usually don’t get doctors, much less HIV specialists) believe...
and the cute blond at my side.

It was a successful action politically. Dr. Khoury had a meeting with some of our members at 3:00 that afternoon, five hours after we had been taken away by the police. An unplanned but fortuitous event occurred when some members actually ambushed Ronald Reagan itself in the Rotunda of the State Capitol. As they shouted at him, "Murderer, murderer," he turned, smiled, and waved. Nancy, not pleased, whispered in his ear, grabbed his hand, and rushed him away. Dr. Khoury, testifying later that day before that State Legislature, was questioned about our demands. Needless to say, he made a fool of himself.

Being in prison was boring, but getting there was loads of fun. The highlights included the cuisine and the plainclothes guard the women in our party affectionately named "Butt Man." Butt Man spent his days roaming the jail videotaping us, especially as the women pleased. Nice that someone should enjoy his work.

I'll definitely be doing this again. Unfortunately, Blondie will not be at my side the next time I'm in prison, since another earlier arrest on similar charges makes it unlikely that he can risk arrest again. I'll let you know how it goes. Like we say here in Orange County, "We're ACT UP. Fuck you!"
I confess. I am one of those HIV queens with two major concerns: How To Stay Alive and How To Get Safely Laid. I am also one of those who thinks - yes, now get ready to press your ME-TOO buttons and be properly ashamed of yourselves - HIV is essentially just a fog problem.

Well listen to this: for the longest time my AIDS support group has been an exclusively gay affair - just us girls - but last Monday, what with various and sundry OIs making the rounds on the regulars, I found myself right in the middle of a STRAIGHT GROUP! Imagine my surprise when I realized I was no longer center stage! Luckily I had my Kleenex with me (a girl scout is always prepared). I mean, I knew I'd have to deal with death and condoms and broken nails, but never thought I'd have to deal with second billing.

One of the men, who married his wife AFTER he found out he was positive, (and that's already more than I can swallow without a couple of Valium) wanted to know if there was any way to "strain [his] semen" of the virus so that his wife (innocent of our little house guest) could have his baby. Well, hell, I thought: hats off to the Never-Say-Die-Contingent of the Mom and Pop clubs of America! This is a new category of concern entirely from the ones my ovaries have been roaring about since my diagnosis. I don't know anyone in the seronegative set who's that head-up about having my baby.

And now for AIDS Comes to The Little House on the Prairie, one of the women in the group wanted to know if anyone knew a good lawyer because her husband was trying to get custody of her two daughters on the grounds that she is "potentially an unfit mother." Seems the man is concerned she'll get dementia before he does and won't be able to mix pabulum right. And I thought I was going to write the chapter on real-life loser dice-rolls! I've had some nasty husbands in my day, but they never got to that level of blatant crudeness.

No, my dears, the truth is we just don't have the corner on the misery market anymore. And when you come to think of it, we never really did. I mean, I started thinking: we gay men have become so special to ourselves with the special kind of whammy that HIV has on a body, that it hasn't occurred to us to think how common a thing it is, and has been, historically, to look at life as a 35 year shot at best. I mean, things are looking up in the life expectancy department even for us, but really, you don't have to go back to the barbarian hordes for life expectancies the duration of a struck match.

And what's the life-expectancy of a five-year-old untouchable in New Delhi these days? Is Mother Teresa putting out any statistics? Or just giving everybody a nice warm feeling in their tummies before they croak at fourteen? I'd be interested in hearing the chances of a four-year-old in southern Iraq to make it to next Tuesday, much less next year.

It's clear to me that the boat we're in is awfully crowded and I'd wager more than half of these sailors never heard of HIV for all the miseries they've got, and a good half of those would be happy to trade.

Now, don't get me wrong. Any asshole who tells me to count my blessings would be numbering his days on his nuts. What I'm saying is: look at the big picture, white boy. Sure, we're probably all going to croak sooner than we'd like, but you can't get laid if you're busy feeling special. I say: give me that ordinary thing!
The Totally Amazing DPN 3-D CENTERFOLD

DPN would like to welcome Byl Hulse as our first centerfold. "But why emulate other skin magazines?" you may ask. Well, your Prurient Editors have thought about this for awhile, and decided one of our goals is to eroticise the person with HIV. That's the reason why you see so much smut in this magazine. We're all still sexual creatures, no matter how much our ever-so-concerned sero-negative caregivers would like us to live in saintly abstinence, so there's no reason why we shouldn't find ourselves and others like us attractive. If you think that you have something that the readers would like to see, send us some shots of yourself. Centerfold pix should be 8"x10", but 3"x5" will do for initial submissions.

To take full advantage of this amazing cylindrical anamorph, place a mirror-finish cylinder in the circle at the center of the image. A roll of mylar works the best, but a mirror-finish vase or aerosol can will do in a pinch.

View the reflected image on the cylinder from between a 45- and 65-degree angle. The reflection on the cylinder will appear to have normal proportions, and an almost three-dimensional appearance.

DPN October 1991

© 1991, DPN, Inc.
"And I kissed him."
"I would have, too. Poor guy."
"He leaned forward and I kissed him."
"Good for you. He must have been scared. Five years. The doctor just came out and said it, just like that?"
"You're not scared?"
"For him?"
"For us."
"Everyone's scared."
"I don't mean everyone. Just us. You and me. Because I kissed him."
"Where have you been the past decade? We can't get it because you kissed him."
"I mean I kissed him. I really kissed him, on the lips."
"It's okay. You can't catch it that way. You know that."
"A long kiss."
"I know. Just us."
"Now, I'm scared."
"Oh?"
"Not of it! I know better than that... Of the meaning. We agreed, just us."
"The kiss didn't mean what you think."
"You were scared to tell me."
"Because I know what scares you."
"You love him?"
"Yes. But, I'm here, with you."
"We're still just us?"
"Still."
"Not an in-love kiss?"
"Just a love kiss."
"He must be scared."
"Very."
"An important kiss."

**HONEY, I'M HOME!**

(by Link Alexander)

Slipping into my apartment, I pop the hasp on the lock with a click, and then flip on the light. It feels good to finally be home. I just finished my last errand of the day: a covert meeting with this charming young man to whom I sell my AZT.

It seems an equitable exchange all the way around. You see, he's on a DDC study. The people running the study would, of course, prefer that he not use both these drugs so as to collect "clean" data. However, he seems to have his own agenda; he wants to stay alive.

I guess I can support that.

On the other hand, I personally don't trust those silly nucleoside analogues. (Okay, so I spent years taking little plastic baggies filled with non-descriptive white powders from cute bikers and injecting the contents into my arm. And now you can't get me to touch anything without extensive studies on long-term toxicity. Times do change.) So...with AZT being the only thing that conservative of 'Kaiser Perman is willing to supply, I take those fabulous ten dollar prescriptions and sell them for one hundred and fifty bucks. Quite a tidy profit margin, eh? Besides, it enables me to afford my oh-so-expensive-but-alternative-treatment-friendly private physician. Thank goodness for prescription plans.

I walk into my living room and am greeted by three cats, Toxo, Clara, and lil' Cyto (that's short for Toxoplasmosis, Chlamydia, and Cytomegalovirus). They're staring at me with that guilty little we-throw-up-something-on-the-an-swer-machine look on their faces. Rather than check, I slump down onto the couch and grab the remote. I'm just in time for "Bewitched", my favorite show. (I must confess that I'm in love with Larry Tate.)

Oh, you may be curious about my choice of kitty nomenclature. Allow me to explain. Every couple of weeks or so, I change their names to either A) Some treatment I've been hearing about, B) That treatment's side effects, or C) The name of my latest diagnosis. This helps me to pronounce those words better. Then, when I talk to my doctor, I sound intelligent and well-informed. (I just changed their names from Neutripenia, Levamisole, and agranulocytosis.) The only drawback, however, is that the kittens just won't mind.

As the TV turns my mind into a grey Slurpee, I try to think of the gifts in my life that just wouldn't be conceivable without this epidemic. After DPN and Bob Ross undermining any credibility he may have had by his attempted hatchet job on Ruth Brinker, I draw a blank. My mind devotes itself to Darren, Sam, Endorra, and especially Larry, and I fall asleep.

by Daniel Jaffe
CAPTAIN CONTEST

Who is the lucky person who won the “Give the Captain a New Hairdo” contest? No one. That’s right, no one. That’s because no one entered! Okay, okay, Will Frederic did send in a submission, but he broke a rule so basic that it wasn’t even mentioned in the guidelines: No sideburns. Will was also rather presumptuous in his re-designing the Captain’s outfit as well. Shame on you, Will, but you win fabulous prizes for trying.

Lots of people sent in cards and letters begging for the Captain’s “do to remain just the way it is. Our pal Wendell Ricketts summed it up the best... “Mr. Thorne, you can’t change Captain Condom’s hairstyle, you just can’t.” As a first-time reader, I realize that this is slightly forward, but... See, Captain Condom and me, we had an immediate connection. He’s (chink) perfect. In fact, Captain Condom is my God. He gets my honker thumping. He has Merchant-ivy hair! Alight, it’s not like I’m a fetishist or anything, but I do have this thing about the little bang of hair that falls over certain boys’ eyes, just so... You can brush it out of the way, chew on it — and it’s the perfect fuck-min, yes it is. (Can I get an “Amen”?) Please. Don’t cut Captain Condom’s hair.”

Well, Wendell, you’re obviously a man of taste and distinction. How could we say no? You too get fabulous prizes.

(Cranky Words continued from page 6) Complications can result in a severe financial burden for the group. Moreover, the frustration for idealistic young doctors about not being able to save their charges from death and debilitation is bound to take its toll. With that in mind, KP has simplified its guidelines for HIV to lessen the strain it causes on its staff. It’s called “T-Cell 200.” Here’s how it works:

If a patient is ill and has a T-cell count of less than 200, he’s a loss. When the triage nurse makes a decision as to who will get the one remaining oxygen tent, the wretched clone with pneumocystis or the sixteen-year-old virgin with a sprained ankle, it goes to the virgin, of course. After all, she has so many more productive years ahead of her making babies, and she was probably an innocent victim of that cheerleading accident anyway.

If a patient comes in complaining of HIV related problems, but has a T-cell count higher than 200, he is told that “[insert complaint here] is not an AIDS defining OI,” and that he should go home and try to be less of a hypochondriac. For example, your Cranky Editor went in to KP complaining of what they described as “merely” tonsillitis. Tonsillitis without tonsils? Sounds more like a lymphatic problem to me. Such questions are invariably answered with, “We’re the doctors here, son,” although the nurse took the chance to add her own, “Pain builds character, young man.” It was only after I had developed (temporary) facial paralysis, lost 10 pounds from not being able to eat (mostly in my butt), and brought unsuitable threats from my outside physician that KP started to believe I wasn’t faking.

The outside physician is the key to proper treatment. If medicine is to be a right in this country, it will be like every other right we have, something that has to be fought for to get and to be maintained. In my case, I have Dr. McShane, who I hardly ever see in the flesh, but who helps me navigate the treacherous passages of KP’s labyrinthine system. Sometimes merely invoking his name is enough: “Dr. McShane? Oh no! Why did you say that name while I am wearing my best white pants? No no...” For more recalcitrant MDs, gentle phone calls usually suffice.

So the question of whose national health care model we as a nation will follow has been answered: the Soviet’s. Well trained doctors but long waits and nonexistent services if you stay within the system, and much better care the more creative and tenacious you are outside the rules. Russians bake cakes and offer other hard to find delicacies to their doctors in order to get immediate treatment afterhours or on the weekends. I wonder if that will work here. — B. T.
ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A SLEAZY WEASEL...

AND A CUTE LITTLE BUNNY RABBIT

THE SLEAZY WEASEL USED TO HANG AROUND THE MUD WALLOW AND COMMIT UNSPEAKABLE ACTS.

WHEREAS THE CUTE LITTLE BUNNY RABBIT ONLY DID IT IN THE MISSIONARY POSITION, AND NEVER ON A SUNDAY.

BECAUSE THE SLEAZY WEASEL REMEMBERED THE OATHING OF HIS FRIENDS MR. TOAD AND MS. MINK, HE ALWAYS USED A CONDOM...

WHEREAS THE CUTE LITTLE BUNNY RABBIT FELT THAT SINCER THE PRESIDENT COULDN'T SAY THE 'T-WORD,' IT WASN'T HIS CONCERN. HE CONTRACTED THE 'HIV-WORD,' WAS SUCKED UP BY THE 'POP-WORD' AND DIED.

...AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS "BETTER A SLEAZY WEASEL THAN A DEAD BUNNY RABBIT!"

AND... ANY QUESTIONS?

YEAH... HOW COME THEY CLOSED ALL THE MUD WALLOWS?

"Further Adventures of Captain Condom #4" © 1991 Beowulf Thorne
GET FAT, don't die!

NAUSEA REVISITED

In DPN #2, we took a look at nausea and ways to combat it. Biffy Mae neglected to address one of the most profound forms of nausea, that caused by chemotherapy. Chemo is basically poison, but a special kind that is absorbed more readily the faster a cell is growing. Since cancer cells tend to grow explosively and out of control (kind of like the Department of Defense under Republican administrations), they will theoretically succumb to the poison first and die. Unfortunately, there are a few other kinds of cells in your body that have a high growth rate, namely those in the stomach, intestines, and your hair. So your stomach, which normally renewed itself once every four days, begins to feel miserable (as if the new Telly Savalis look wasn’t insult enough).

Your doctor can prescribe a number of anti-nausea drugs with mixed results, but one you might want to look into is an old but somewhat controversial solution: marijuana, or more specifically, THC—tetrahydrocannabinol. (Oh, wipe that shocked look off of your face!) Aside from the counter-barf effect, the appetite stimulating qualities of THC are renowned, just the thing to keep up your strength while taking bugkiller.

Pharmaceutical grade THC comes in two varieties. One is government issued marijuana cigarettes. Now, Biffy Mae has not had the pleasure, but trusted sources say they’re pretty awful. Apparently the Feds burn all the good stuff they seize, and grow second rate skunkweed on their plantations because they don’t have official access to the latest California hybrids. Too bad. Besides, smoking is a beastly thing to do anyway.

The other source of THC that bears the Kiss of Nancy is prescription strength THC capsules. We’re not kid- ing by saying “prescription strength”, either. The potency of the drug (none of it goes up in smoke, and there are no other inhibitors) can lead not to euphoria but dysphoria, where you’re too busy sitting around willing your head not to explode that you forget to eat, which was the reason you were taking THC in the first place.

To this dilemma, Biffy Mae offers a humble alternative: the pot brownie. Just think, your medicine is distributed throughout the plate of confections, so you can control the dosage. Capsules, on the other hand, are much harder to have or quarter. What’s more, you can avoid that kitey litter taste of your basic pot brownie by taking advantage of some simple chemistry. THC is fat soluble, so you can leach it out into butter and cook with that. No need to get stems and leaves caught in your teeth. Here’s how it works:

Biffy Mae’s Electric Butter

Melt two sticks of butter in a heavy saucepan. When melted, snout one bag of finely broken up, high grade marijuana on low heat for about 15 minutes. Drain out the butter and reserve. When the pot drogs have cooled off enough to handle, stirring them out for any butter that’s trapped inside. If you want to be really efficient, boil the drogs in water to loosen the trapped butter. It will come floating to the top. Put the water in the refrigerator, and the butter will solidify so it can be scooped off easily. The butter comes out clarified, but still makes fine browines, cookies, or banana bread. The food will taste much better than cooking with leaf marijuana directly, but will still have a slightly herbal flavor.

Now remember, we’re offering this purely as a medicinal alternative to classic anti-nausea therapy. Heaven knows, we at DPN wouldn’t want to be accused of promoting prurient drug use, no no. THC comes with a variety of side effects, including im- munosuppression, fatigue, and photophobia, so dis- cuss it with your doctor, whatever route you decide to take. For the reader’s edification, we have included a classic brownie recipe.

Biffy Mae’s Classic Brownies

4 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup (two sticks) butter
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts, pecans, or hazelnuts

Preheat oven to 350°F. Microwave chocolate and butter in a large nuke-safe bowl on HIGH for about 2 minutes, or until the margarine has melted. Stir until the chocolate has melted. Add sugar and stir until well blended. Stir in eggs and vanilla until completely mixed. Mix in flour until well blended. Stir in nuts. Spread on to a greased 13"x9" baking pan. Bake for about 40 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool in the pan; cut into small squares.

High Calorie Cooking with Biffy Mae

While taking your electric butter, be sure to keep some in reserve in case you need to quickly kidnap your son or nephew who is now in the nuke kitchen with a 10 oz. microwave-safe casserole dish.

Johnny Mae’s Microwave Macaroni and Cheese

2 cups milk
3 tablespoons cornstarch
2 cups grated cheddar or mozzarella (about 6 ounces)
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
Freshly ground pepper
6 cups cooked macaroni (about 2 cups dry)
6 slices crisp bacon, crumbled

[Ingredients in brackets are optional. ] Combine the milk and cornstarch in a 10" x 8" microwave-safe casserole dish and cook, uncovered on HIGH for 4 minutes. Whisk in cheese, salt, and pepper, cover, and cook on HIGH for 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Serve hot.

To cook bacon in the microwave. Arrange six slices of bacon on a nuke-safe dish covered with four layers of paper towels. Cook on HIGH for 6 1/2 minutes. If you’re starting with frozen bacon, it can be a bitch to separate the frozen slices. Do like Johnny Mae and cut chunks off crosswise, cut bacon, and defrost (or HIGH for 30 seconds if your nuke has no defrost setting). Separate and cook. For reheatable portions, wrap portions in two layers of plastic wrap (car- cinogenic — we should live so long) and freeze. To defrost, heat on HIGH for 3 minutes. Decant into bowl and cook till bubbly.

Page 23

Biffy Mae’s Classic Cobbler

1 stick butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup Bisquick
1 cup milk
4 cups fresh or frozen blackberries, blueberries, cherries, or peaches (about one bag frozen)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Melt butter and pour into the bottom of a 9"x 9" Pyrex baking pan. Mix sugar, Bisquick, and milk in a bowl until all the big lumps are gone. Don’t overmix! Pour the batter over the melted butter in the baking pan. Sprinkle the fruit over the batter and bake for 45 minutes to an hour, or until the top of the cobbler is bubbly and golden brown (cooking time varies with the fruit used). Serve warm with vanilla ice cream. (Before adding the fruit, you can season the peaches with a little cinnamon, the cherries with a touch of ginger, but leave the berries plain.)

Gretchen Mae’s Fat Man’s Delight

3/4 cup chocolate wafer crumbs
3 tablespoon butter, melted
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup confectioner’s sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons confectioner’s sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla again
1/2 cup chopped salted pecans

Combine the crumbs and melted butter, pat half on the bottom of a greased 8” square pan and chill. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, beat well. Spread over crumbs. Whip the cream, gradually beat in sugar and vanilla. Spread over the top. Sprinkle with pecans and re- maining cookie crumbs. Cover with aluminum foil and freeze till firm. Remove from freezer, top with one cup of tomatoes, bacon, onions, and cooked macaroni. Nuke, uncovered, on HIGH for 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Serve hot.

Saimonella Warning: Even Dear Abby says you should watch out for uncooked eggs. Biffy Mae has yet to have a bad experience, but you never know. Use caution if you are susceptible.
ACCESSORIZE!

All that is latex is not necessarily a condom.

All condoms should be made of latex, but all that is latex is not necessarily a condom.

Huh? What else is there? Well, there are other kinds of oral sex you know, rimming and cunnilingus. (The readers will please forgive that last word. We try to avoid bristly Latinate jargon around here, but the alternatives “pussy licking” or the author’s personal favorite, “rump chewing,” would certainly have us on someone’s hit list.)

Rimming (anilingus for you naughty MPHs who are slumming tonight) may not be the most virulent way to pass HIV, but it is a great way to catch hepatitis-B or amoebas. And for cunnilingus, the jury is still out on exactly how much risk it poses, though it would stand to reason that it increases during menstruation. So what do you do if you wanna dog down on your partner but are concerned about these issues? Try a latex dam.

Latex dams, known also by the alliterative “dental dam” are thin sheets of latex originally used by dentists for horribly invasive procedures like root canals. To soothe the anxious patient, they come in a variety of colors and flavors, including vanilla, strawberry, and maple.

From so ignominious a start, some clever soul made a momentous discovery: For a good time, firmly grip the sheet of latex between both hands, press it against your partner’s eager butt-hole or pulsating vulva, and do whatever you normally do, through the latex. (No, we’re not being evasive on this point; it’s just not our place to lecture you on style.) Be sure to mark the dam with a non-reversible letter, so you don’t inadvertently confuse your partner’s side with your own and catch cooties.

Now, let’s get real for a second here, folks. Dental dams were originally designed for oral surgery, not oral sex. The latex is thick and clunky, and our fearless bubble-butt surfboy slaves have complained of rubber burn and tongue fatigue. Never fear, gentle readers, help is at hand. Simply take a rubber, preferably thin and lube-free (try Gold Coin, Saxon Ultra Thin, Crown, or Beyond) and snip off the tip with a pair of scissors. Then cut through one side of the rolled condom and unroll. Voilà, a sheet of latex much thinner than any industrial dam!

Still tastes like thousand year old balloons? Try smearing a little Astroglide on it. The high glycerin content will cancel out that fatal flavor.

Another potential route for HIV infection is through cuts on hangnails on your fingers. So, just as you hoped that your dorm’s Food Service employees wore gloves to keep from contaminating your din din, you can wear gloves to protect your partner and yourself during fingerfucking and fisting. The fun thing is, you don’t have to tell people about gloves. Leave a box out in some waiting room and they’ll start putting them on, snapping them into place and doing Dr. Strangelove impersonations.

For the economy minded, there are finger cots: little rubbers for individual fingers. Perfect if you’re dating Little Miss Beginner and a glove is too intimidating.

The FDA has just started setting guidelines for latex gloves, so the quality varies quite a bit. Our fearless volunteers preferred Digitex brand for its neutral color, odor, and flavor. Ansell, maker of fine garden hoses worldwide, was on the bottom of the list due to their sulfurous smell. Veterinary gloves are the hot item right now because of their fashionable elbow length, and yes, if you’re really into walking on the wild side, some brands offer a strawberry flavored glove. Ask your dentist.

By the way, there have been no studies about the effectiveness of using Saran Wrap for sphincter chewing, despite what you’ve seen in the porno movies. It seems that there are little pores that might let infectious agents through. If you just gotta use it, our pals at the Condom Resource Center suggest taking two sheets of plastic wrap and smearing some spermicidal lube between to make a safer sex sandwich. Any bugs that could cross that kind of barrier would have infected you from doorknobs or toilet seats a long time ago.

- B. T.
Some people would say that ol’ Porn Potato lives in his own reality. Really now, just because he expects all the men self-lubricating and capable of multiple ten-minute orgasms with no refractory periods. Or maybe it’s the way he holds his arm behind his back just so when fucking some twinkle, or pulls his shirt over his head in that ridiculous way (still leaving the arms through the armholes) while being serviced in the stand-up sex points. No, it’s not that Porn Potato lives in his own reality, he’s living in some woman’s, that of the porn-buying public.

Ya’ see, porn is a self-contained world, one that the customer defines by what he purchase. When was the last time you saw Wanda 1984 go to the grocery store to Porn Star Dickthrob of Prurient America. What can you say? Porn Potato likes that.

We start off with Kevie in the bedroom of some sleazy North Hollywood flat (as evidenced by the deafening freeway noise coming through the window). Although he’s supposed to be the star, the real entertainment is the unseen director and the things he says.

“Don’t wear any watches or jewelry while modeling, they leave distracting tan lines... You look much better with your chin down; always face the camera with your chin down... Turn your butt the camera and spread those cheeks...”

Whoops! This action yields an unsightly porncrime! The hair in Kevie’s crack contrasts painfully with his otherwise smooth exterior. Porn potato doesn’t like that, and neither apparently does the director. A disembodied hand wielding electric clippers saves the day. Ahh, much better. Director Bill (Bill? William? William Higgins? Porn potato sinks to his knees in awe) asks our young hero to come for the camera. Kevie-kins a little reticence, what with the bright lights and all the attention. But maybe if Michael (Henson) took his clothes off, he could get it up, yes? Not quite, but maybe if Mikey were to fuck Kevin... Director Bill: “I dunno, do you want to fuck him?” Mike: “I dunno. Does he want me to fuck him?” Kevin: “I dunno, do you want to fuck me?” Such enthusiasm.

“Well, this is highly unusual for an interview, but OK. You like it doggy style, don’t you? Oh, on your back...all right, Michael!” You see, Mikey is going to be Mr. Williams first film fling, and Director Bill is concerned about destroying the magic of the moment, as though Kevin’s hymen were still intact or something. He ends up prying them apart, so the “interview” can continue in a more orthodox manner.

Our hero finally does shoot his wad, but doesn’t want to turn his ramp to the camera. Why? Because he stuck a buttplug when no one was looking. “Shame!” says the director. Michael is shocked. The unseen cameraman giggles. Amazingly enough, Kevin blushes in embarrassment, where throwing his legs up and getting plowed in front of the camera did nothing. Porn Potato likes that, too.

After the interview, the viewer is treated to scenes of the high gloss, shrink wrapped Kevin Williams that we all know and love. Among those is his debut on the flickering cathode ray tube, the massage scene from “Big Guns”. Also included: the legendary “twinkie on a lazy susan” vignette from “Hot Rods”, and a rare Kevin-as-Top-Man scene from Bad Boys’ Club. Somehow the tart seems more sweet now that Porn Potato has seen the kneading of the dough. On a scale of one to five eyes, The Best of Kevin Williams opened three-and-one-half.

The unseen cameraman giggles. Amazingly enough, Kevin blushes in embarrassment, where throwing his legs up and getting plowed in front of the camera did nothing. Porn Potato likes that, too.

After the interview, the viewer is treated to scenes of the high gloss, shrink wrapped Kevin Williams that we all know and love. Among those is his debut on the flickering cathode ray tube, the massage scene from “Big Guns”. Also included: the legendary “twinkie on a lazy susan” vignette from “Hot Rods”, and a rare Kevin-as-Top-Man scene from Bad Boys’ Club. Somehow the tart seems more sweet now that Porn Potato has seen the kneading of the dough. On a scale of one to five eyes, The Best of Kevin Williams opened three-and-one-half.

The unsect camerman giggles. Amazingly enough, Kevin blushes in embarrassment, where throwing his legs up and getting plowed in front of the camera did nothing. Porn Potato likes that, too.

After the interview, the viewer is treated to scenes of the high gloss, shrink wrapped Kevin Williams that we all know and love. Among those is his debut on the flickering cathode ray tube, the massage scene from “Big Guns”. Also included: the legendary “twinkie on a lazy susan” vignette from “Hot Rods”, and a rare Kevin-as-Top-Man scene from Bad Boys’ Club. Somehow the tart seems more sweet now that Porn Potato has seen the kneading of the dough. On a scale of one to five eyes, The Best of Kevin Williams opened three-and-one-half.
Page 29

People will really get your message when you use our informative 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 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 WRITE 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?

Topoeca

He’s 6’3”, mid 30 and weighs 190 lbs. He’s got eyes of blue and he likes hung studs, active, positive, and smart, no time for duds. Come, fill my Basket #10, do it now with your hand, get it off in the mail to the suave witted man.

Significant Figures

Gay white mathematician seeks amicable numbers. Let’s conjugate until we’re powerless—not just in standard position, but also at various rotations about the pole. I’m positive, complex, smooth, solid, circumscribed, and n years old (where n = 1 is a Mersenne prime). Reply to Basket #90.

They Call Me Peter Because That’s my name. I’m 26, 511, 150 lbs., with thick furry thighs. I live in Portland, Oregon, but travel frequently throughout the USA, leaving a trail of pestilential bodily fluids in my wake. Interests: Russian novels (in the original), cowboy boot-shopping, motorcycle rides. I’m seeking contacts in the Northwest and nationwide for dinner, conversation, and/or unapproachable vile sex acts. Please, no New Agers or twinkies. Send photos and a short essay describing what you’d do to my thick stickoduck to Basket #12.

Door Number One

Come Nibble on the Crumbs Left Over From A Bacterial Banquet

Well, the germs may have gnawed on the best parts of Your Cranky Editor, but what’s left over is still pretty tasty. You should know me by now, but if you don’t, you can buy the back issues of this magazine to find out. I’m 6’1”, 155#, dishwasher blond hair, green eyes, and fulfill the staff requirement that all DPN editors must be hung at least one standard deviation above average. I have an incurable case of postphalisa, so send me your cards, letters, and proposals of marriage direct to me at DPN world headquarters.

Oh, our poor little resource guide, the garbage can of DPN! Does anybody really read this thing? Well, you’d better, ‘cause there’s a secret message buried in the following passages, and if you can decode it, you’ll win a date with our very own Humpy Editor!

BEING ALIVE

BEING ALIVE is a frighteningly comprehensive monthly newsletter servicing the Greater Los Angeles area. Published by the People With HIV/AIDS Action Coalition, it is a vital information center for the Southland, even if they do tend to be a bit dry (no one’s perfect). Issues are chock full of practical medical information, in terms of home advice, knowing your diseases, and announcement of medical protocols.

The October issue, for example, contains one of the best articles on CMV retinitis that I have ever seen. Part of it was reprinted from literature put out by your buddies at Syntek, makers of the phantom drug gancyclovir, and included is its visual calibration grid that you can use to test your eyesight everyday.

Also included is an announcement of a Peptide T study being performed by USC. This includes detailed questions and answers about the study, plus eligibility requirements. Another article explores the differences between psychological changes in response to living with AIDS, and full-blown AIDS dementia. Articles on dietary advice, and advice to be a (forgive me) staple in this paper, and a synopsis of the major articles is provided in Spanish.

BEING ALIVE is capable of introspection, too. Last month’s issue dealt with some of the questions about accepting tainted money from Philip Morris, as well as the merits of moving or keeping the VIIIth International AIDS Conference in the U.S.

BEING ALIVE is a state but solid and extremely informative HIV resource. A six month subscription is $12.00, $20 gets you a year. Poor folks can get it for free, and donations are not spurned. Drop them a line at 4222 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 105, Los Angeles, CA 90029

POSITIVE PLUS

Here’s a brand new newsletter serving the Lehigh Valley area of Pennsylvania. Being the first issue, it’s a bit high on introductory sorts of stuff, but then we know what that’s like, don’t we? Nice approach on living with AIDS as opposed to suffering from it. Positive Plus will generously loan an electric typewriter for thirty days to people so they can write articles. Check ‘em out. Subscriptions are free, write Consumer Committee, AIDS Service Center, P.O. Box 1800, Bethlehem, PA 18016. They will also graciously accept your tax-deductible donations.

ReneW your subs!

This issue closes the first year of DPN, and we couldn’t have done it without you, yes you, our dear readers. If we could, we’d take each and every one of you into our warm bosom and smother you with kisses. But since that isn’t possible, we can only say this: Renew your subscriptions, your calendars! If your mailing label says “Paid through issue #4”, then this is the last you get. Send in those tender greenbacks before the price goes up with the next issue! There’s no excuse, unless of course you’re dead, in which case why haven’t you put us in your will, hmm?

WHAT’S NEXT?

Don’t miss DPN #5, the First Anniversary Issue. At least it would have been if we were on time, but what do you expect from a magazine run by sick people, after all? Our New Year’s Eve issue is the First-and-A Half Anniversary Issue. We’ll welcome Sleazy Editor Michael Botkin, dabbler in Dildoes in the Condom Corner, ride through Dystopia with Sid Gagliardo, see Biffy Mae issue the DPN Taste Challenge for dietary supplements, watch Captain Condom be terribly PI, and of course the incredible surprise that you’ll have to wait to see, heh heh!

Have you renewed your subscription yet? Do it on page 32!
Rampant commercialism here at DPN!

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

Totally cool stuff!

Be the belle of the ball in these handsome 100% cotton T-shirts!

"The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? Why, you're soaking in it!" The graphic that graced our first cover. Red and black on white. Specify Large or Extra-Large. $12.00 each.

"Official Condom Tester" Commissioned by our friends at the Condom Resource Center, this epic design (first seen in Condom Corner) will attract the attention of everyone fromiterate service station attendants to presidents and kings. Red and black on white. Specify Large or Extra-Large. $12.00 each.

Offical DPN buttons, 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. 2-1/4 inches in diameter. $1.00 each.

Tired of those nasty old Trojans but don't know where to turn? Try Captain Condom's Original Party Pack! 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. $4.00 each.

I WANT IT ALL!

- Please RENEW my existing subscription for only $7.00 (US$ 10 Canada, US$18 International).
- Please send me a NEW SUBSCRIPTION to DPN (four issues) for only $7.00 (US$ 10 Canada, US$16 Int'l). Please start me with issue __#4 or ___#5__.
- Please send me BACK ISSUES of DPN for only $3.00 each (US$ 5 Canada, US$ 7 Int'l). I would like (please check) ___#1, ___#2, and/or ___#3.

TOTAL for Merchandise and Magazines (California residents add appropriate sales tax)

Please make checks out to Forge-of-God Press, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131

"I certify that I am at least 18 years of age"

Page 31

Both these men have sinned in the eyes of our Lord.
The Diseased Pariah News is available from these fine bookstores:

1. A Different Light; San Francisco
2. City Lights Bookstore; SF
3. Rainbow General Store; SF
4. Diesel, A Bookstore; Emeryville
5. A Different Light; W. Hollywood
6. A Different Light; Los Angeles
7. Category 6 Books; Denver
8. People Like Us; Chicago
9. Oscar Wilde Books; New York
10. Giovanni’s Room; Philadelphia
11. Cody’s Books; Berkeley
12. Glad Day Books; Boston
13. Tower Books at Selected Locations (Inquire Locally)