The Diseased Pariah News (DPN) contains countless blatant depictions of homosexual activity, both pictorial and literary. In addition, our philosophy of laughing in the face of death and debilitude is bound to unsettle the squeamish. DPN is intended for the entertainment, enlightenment, and education of individuals of hearty mind and robust will who are at least eighteen (18) years of age, and who agree not to foist this august publication upon minors, nor to tie people of any description to vinyl easy chairs and show them the contents herein against their will. By breaking this seal you have agreed to these terms. If you decide later that you don’t like the contents of DPN, too bad. Life is sometimes full of unpleasant truths. Thank you, Senator Helms, and have a nice day.
NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION
The blood of 86,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? You're soaking in it!

The PWA Primer,
A Short History of Sex,
AIDS Testing in Prisons,
Valley of the Ultratwinkies,
and Other Fascinating Things!

From the people who bring you GAWK Magazine!
Welcome to Our Brave New World!

And now for Something Different. Not something completely different,” cos many publications address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What’s so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there’s much about life that is purty darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we’re hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We should warn you that our editorial policy does not include the concept that AIDS is a Wonderful Learning Opportunity and Spiritual Gift From Above. Or a punishment for our Previous Badness. Nor are we much interested in being icons of noble tragedy, brave and true, stiff upper lips gleaming under our oxygen noses... We are not saints nor devils, just a bunch of theology, feeling, art, writing, and romance in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seraphimic guilt. We hereby encourage submissions of art and writing by infected people. Please include a SASE if you would like your submission returned. Payment is the satisfaction of being famous. Contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

DPN subscriptions are available for $5.00 for one year (4 issues) or $1.50 for a sample issue. Please mail cash, checks, or money orders made out to Tom Shearer to DPN, PO Box 3431, San Francisco, California, 94131.

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Tommy’s T-Cell Count


100 200 300 400 500

Hey kids! want to win fabulous prizes? Just guess Tommy’s December T-cell count. The lucky guesser who comes the closest to the actual number, while not going over, will win a dinky, some nonoxynol-9 lubricant, or a genuine DPN make-your-own-Potato Kit.
Here are some of the things the world is willing to give you, just because you have an AIDS diagnosis. They will give you some of these things if you only have an ARC diagnosis, especially if you wrestle with them a bit. Phone numbers are area code 415.

Most of these suggestions are specific to San Francisco, but you probably have a local equivalent. You might have to search a little.

1. Register with the AIDS Foundation. Go to their benefits meeting or call just their phone number (864-5855) for their benefits booklet. Get a food bank card. Get a discount card for health food stores.

2. Call BALIFF (Bay Area Lawyers), and make a will and fill out the Durable Power of Attorney forms. 864-8186. Lawyers), and make a will and fill out the Durable Power of Attorney forms. 864-8186.


5. Call Pac Bell for low income phone rates. 811-6222.

6. Call DMV for the forms to get a disabled parking placard for the car. Get one whether you have a car or not. You can use it in any car.

7. Subscribe to all the HIV newsletters we list in the Resources section.

8. Get a support network. Buy some supportive friends or join a group.

9. Find a masseur/sex who gives PWAs discounts. Almost as good as sex. Don’t give up sex, though.

10. Go to Project Inform, or any local HIV Prevention program. 558-9051.

11. Discover the library at Healing Alternatives Foundation. 626-2316.

12. Apply for Social Security benefits as soon as you can stand to. It takes forever.

Some handy HIV hints:

1. When in doubt whether to take a tranquilizer, take one.

2. When in doubt whether to eat or not, eat. Eat some more. Mmm! Isn’t that delicious?

3. Never make a doctor’s appointment before 10:30 am. Getting up early is barbaric.

4. Always take a written list of your disabilities and concerns with you to the doctor. Otherwise, you will forget something important. Don’t accept unsatisfyingly brief or obscure answers to your questions, either.

5. Get a bony butt? Embarrassed to carry a pillow with you? Don’t want to wear one of those drag fanny packs? Put your pillow in a backpack, and then sit on that. Everyone will think you’re one of those silly queens who carries all his cosmetics with him everywhere and they won’t even notice your dwindling heimie.

The UCSF Coping Project is a study of fellers who are the partner of other fellers who have an AIDS diagnosis. The point of the study, aside from “get lots of grand money so we can pay our rent,” is to follow said fellers for two years and see what sort of effect being in this enviable situation has on their lives, with an accent on how well, not how poorly, they handle things. I could tell them all they need to know: “It’s going to be a source of major stress in their lives, especially if their Other Fella croaks, which some of them will handle admirably, and some of them are going to seroconvert.” End of study. Fifty thousand dollars, please.

Unfortunately, nobody ever listens to me, or asks my opinion on these great issues, so instead they are going to interview the study, er, study participants every two months for two years, give them a nice cup of tea, ask them how they feel, what is working well in their approach to life & PWAs partnering, and that sort of stuff, check their T-cells every six months, and give them $20 a visit for mad money. I’d sure like to have somebody pay me to talk to them, like $20 an hour, which seems a little silly, but hey, yes it is. And they even come to your house to do some of the interviews. If you live in SF.

I’d sign up in a minute if I wasn’t so single. Which is probably why I’m the Serene Editor. Just the same, any nice thirtyish gentlemen who look about 14 should call me right up. Still have that wash-n-wear wedding gown…

No I don’t. I’m lying. That’s just ridiculous. I think that mean virus has invaded my sense of humor, that’s what I think.

Back to reality: Call or write UCSF Coping Project, Box 0886, SF 94133-0886, (415) 497-9177. Tell them you read about it here.

pariah (puh-RYE-uh; also PEAR-ee-uh) n. [Tamil paraiyan, drummer < parai, a drum: the pariah was a hereditary drumbeater] 1. A member of one of the lowest social classes of India. 2. Any person despised and rejected by others.

Now you might ask, as did I, “What if both my pokey-snoogums and myself are diseased?” The envelope, please! The answer is: Nooooo problem. I think you can even enroll in the study as each other’s partner, which seems a little silly, but hey, we like silly things here at DPN.

Another nice thing about this project (besides the $20) is that the perpetrators seem to view partners of PWAs as some kind of hero, and let me tell you, m’dear, that your little ego will love it. It’s just good to feel noble once in a while, yes it is. And they even come to your house to do some of the interviews. If you live in SF.

That’s right, Judy, your life would have been a whole lot easier with a DPN subscription. Don’t make Judy’s mistake, lurching around tawdry places like bookstores, foraging through piles of inferior publications only to discover that the last copy of DPN was sold hours ago! Subscribe, and have DPN delivered xerox-fresh to your doorstep, free of wrinkles and other curious things that bookstore browsers leave behind. A one year subscription (4 issues) costs only $5. Try a sample issue for $1.50. Send your tender little greenbacks, stamps, or checks/credit orders made out to Tom Shearer to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.
Dear Robert,

I went to a reading the other day to hear Mr. East Coast Writer. I talked to him afterwards because I knew him through my artist friend Ron who used to do book covers for his East Coast Press. I used to go over to Ron's house and look at his paintings and drawings and he would read my poetry. We'd sit for hours and drink lots of strong coffee and talk. Ron would talk about his latest boyfriend. I would talk about the joys of celibacy. Ron always talked longer about the joys of celibacy.

Anyway, I went up to Mr. East Coast Writer after his reading to say hi and see if he had heard from my friend Ron lately because I hadn't. He hadn't either but he had written me and complimented me on my poem which was just published in that new one more queer rag, Throat Papere, which was very sweet of him, although the poem was kind of raunchy and bitchy. Now I felt obligated to compliment him on the story that he had just read. It was well written but one of those generic 'Manhattan-queen-looks-for-the-memory-of-truer-love-on-Fire-Island-stories. Talk drifted, however talk does that, to new writers and I told him about you, that you would be in the new Men's Anthology. Mr. East Coast Writer stood next to me who had one blue eye and one green eye – it was very disconcerting. He was staring at me during the reading every time I sneezed and I was sneezing a lot because the privity hedges were blooming. It reminded me of how in Province-town Danny trimmed the privet hedge in front of our rented 200 year old broken down cottage into a five foot tall cock and balls that was most effective when you were slightly dusted with snow or blooming with white blossoms.

So when I said your name, the green-eyed, blue-eyed man interrupted and said, "Robert? Robert from Detroit?" and I said yes, because that is where you're from. He remembered you from the late 70's when he met you at a party.

I'm trying to remember – that must have been before I lived with you in San Francisco in 1978 with all those other people, because you never went to Detroit for a visit except for your father's funeral. Our Mission District flat was filled with all sorts of drag paraphernalia, dildos and whips on the walls, hats and cheap Woolworth's jewelry and four stuffed animal heads (three goats, one deer) which would seem to glow in the morning light. Someone said we should videotape the house and document it because my gloves do not match my boots. I just want a simple pair of black latex surgical gloves, Do Men's Anthology. Mr. East Coast Writer stood next to me who had one blue eye and one green eye – it was very disconcerting. He was staring at me during the reading every time I sneezed and I was sneezing a lot because the privet hedges were blooming. It reminded me of how in Province-town Danny trimmed the privet hedge in front of our rented 200 year old broken down cottage into a five foot tall cock and balls that was most effective when you were slightly dusted with snow or blooming with white blossoms.

I distinctly remember the phone call about your father's death. It was dawn and whenever a call comes that early in the morning I always expect 'death'. I thought one of my parents had finally died but no and ten years later they are still alive although most of my friends aren't. The phone rang and you didn't yell for anyone to pick it up so I went back to sleep. I learned later that your father had died and I thought of you on your porch chenille draped in your purple wooden bed with the hooks and chains you installed yourself taking a valium that you had saved for this occasion and I felt sorry for you even though your father was no great shakes, I felt sorry that you had to go back to Detroit and endure the agony of relatives' funerals which is different from the agony of funerals of our friends and if I hear any more talk about how ridiculous it is to have funerals of someone having a "good death" I'm going to take my fist which I prefer, on occasion, to use for more intimate aspects of making love, and why do they not make black surgical gloves? The medical establishment really is totally inept if you're talking victims let's talk fashion victims because my gloves do not match my boots. I just want a simple pair of black latex surgical gloves, Do Men's Anthology. Mr. East Coast Writer stood next to me who had one blue eye and one green eye – it was very disconcerting. He was staring at me during the reading every time I sneezed and I was sneezing a lot because the privet hedges were blooming. It reminded me of how in Province-town Danny trimmed the privet hedge in front of our rented 200 year old broken down cottage into a five foot tall cock and balls that was most effective when you were slightly dusted with snow or blooming with white blossoms.

See Robert I am no longer as preternaturally calm as you used to say and I used to be. The last time I was up in San Francisco we decided that whenever obituaries appear in the local gay paper we will use a photo of us giving the
Well, y'see, it was like this. Mr. Reasonable Editor (that's me) had been feeling kind of inadequate for several weeks. Occasionally feeling inadequate is nothing new; except the several weeks part, and I figured I'd name all my T-cells. I thought I'd name all my T-cells Helen. As in Helen de Troy. Helen so far.

After Larry, Moe and Curly? That's two Moes. Moe and Jack? Now the latest thing down here is naming your T-cells. What comes right now the rage is winning. We're going to go out like a finger to the whole goddamned world. We're going to go out like a lion reasons why

I was getting confusing so I took a wrinkle in my already splendid HIV adventure. HoweI had to go into the doc's, who scratched his head, saying, "Well, you have looked at me for a long time but it's not pneumocystis, so I'm going to give you a year. What a goofy world.

As usual, picked up in a government lab and driven to an obscure address. Convinced everybody's symptoms, my date was none other than "rarely homopathic" Jesse Helms. The Senator looked quite fetching, if a bit cliche, in his black garters, sequined stockings, and lace leotard. Jesse was no mood for chit-chat.

As usual, I didn't even have to say, "I have a year of you all, and I'll drink anymore?"

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AIDS Testing Problems in Federal Prisons

by Adam Starchild

I first became concerned with the constitutional issues involved in mandatory HIV testing in the summer of 1987, when President Reagan issued an executive order requiring testing of all federal prisoners. At the time, it was purely an academic and political exercise, as I was concerned with the government’s intrusion on civil liberties.

My suspicions about the program turned out to be well founded, because a few months later the Federal Bureau of Prisons (BOP) issued its own regulations to implement the presidential, and the HIV test became a condition of release. This made the federal prison system unique, as I believe because a few months later the BOP. Meaning the test result.

testing program, he made a point of going to the hospital to have them check his file and be sure he had everything needed for his HIV test.

I helped Leo write to his U.S. Senator, and to the director of BOP. Meanwhile, the prison hospital was scheduling Leo for a new HIV test. It took several days to set up an appointment for a lab technician. The letter to the BOP director had some effect, as the prison received a call authorizing yet another test for Leo with the results to be checked immediately at the local hospital instead of waiting for the lab in California to report on the first sample.

This led Leo to be released quickly enough that he lost only ten days, but still ten days that he should not have spent in prison.

Next was Luis. Luis had been one of my students when I was an inmate instructor in the high school class at Danbury prison, and Luis and I had eventually been moved to the unfenced camp outside the prison. Luis had tested positive in December, but was still allowed a short furlough at Christmas. In late January he was told that he could not be released to a halfway house because of the positive HIV test result.

Protest letters went out to congressmen, legal aid groups, and every source of help that we could think of, and a letter was published in one newspaper. This activity proved very beneficial. The BOP usually tries to intimidate prisoners who have tested positive, saying “You don’t want to fight this and have your name all over the newspapers, do you?” This usually works.

But Luis had called their bluff by having his letter published even before they could try this threat, and his halfway house waiting period has finally processed and he was scheduled for release on April 25th.

On April 22nd, when he took his routine papers around to be signed by all prison departments, the doctor refused to sign because of the positive test result. Since that result had been discussed with the parole officer and the halfway house as part of the application procedure, this last minute cancellation was especially cruel.

Nothing in Luis’ situation had changed — he had never been sick and it was only a positive test, not an active case. The doctor had tried to shore up his position by claiming that Luis had swollen lymph nodes, difficult to diagnose without any examination, and this supposedly made Luis a Group III case. The statement was medically untrue, but terrified Luis. The doctor strengthened it by saying, “I don’t sign release papers for terminal cases.”

Protests — they are strikes of plastic — that stick to their walls until they can’t break. The others have to stay off when they get hit back to the stimulus. The full threat is, “You won’t have your name on over the newspapers, will you?”

This usually works.

But Luis had called their bluff by having his letter published even before they could try this threat, and his halfway house waiting period has finally processed and he was scheduled for release on April 25th.

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A week later Luis was moved from the camp to the main prison, and a week after that to a higher level prison, all on the ground that he might escape. If that were true, one would think they would have made the move at the same time they cancelled the release, not after leaving him in an unfenced camp for a week. More likely, they wanted to cut Luis off from legal help and media attention.

Although Luis was no longer around, I continued to fight, and the New York Times published my guest editorial on the case. A variety of interviews followed, and Luis was eventually sent to a halfway house in late June.

The treatment of prisoners who test positive is a very sensitive political issue, as there is no legal authority for their detention, and there is no right to a hearing. It is also creating a dangerous precedent — if it can be done to one prisoner, for that is what they really are, then it can be done to any citizen off the streets.

Adam Starchild is currently incarcerated for tax fraud. Oops.

AD RATES

DPN and its sister publications, GAWK, are eager to print your commercial advertisements.

DPN and GAWK offer the same low, low rates:

Business Card: $5
1/4 Page: $10
1/2 Page: $20
Full Page: $40
Mark I. Chester: Diary of a Thought Criminal

San Francisco photographic genius Mark I. Chester presents a show of his recent work, entitled "Diary of a Thought Criminal." The show is a "visual diary" of Chester's response to a world that is moving toward greater democracy and freedom while the U.S. moves toward more fear and more restrictions on freedom of thought and expression.

The show's spectrum of images runs from classic nudes to the sort of brain-stimulating sexo-mystico-nightmare-wet dream offerings that make a Chester exhibit such a unique thing. Forget fashion photographers like Mapplethorpe. Go see Chester. The true cutting edge of gay photography. No, he didn't pay me to say that.

The exhibit is at the Mark I. Chester studios, 1229 Folsom St, SF. Hours are Saturday and Sunday, 1 pm to 6 pm. Show runs from September 14th through October 21. $2 suggested donation, but the impoverished will not be turned away. The show is closed for the Castro Street Fair, Sunday October 7, so that the artist can cavort in the street with the rest of us homos.

-T.S.

Captain Condom first appeared in 1988 as part of a series of fliers for the Condom Co-Op Project, a student-run safer sex collective at the University of California, Santa Cruz. The Adventures of Captain Condom first appeared in GAWK Magazine #1, and was scheduled to move to DPN, permanently. Outcry from the GAWK readership and a massive letter-writing campaign made us realize the error of this decision. The two-page Captain remains with GAWK, while DPN readers will be treated to the huge, throbbing Further Adventures of Captain Condom.

The Condom Co-Op at UCSC would love your support. For more information, write the Condom Co-Op Project, Student Center Box 80, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064.
HI, WELCOME TO PURE CLUB! MY NAME'S BEN. I SEE THAT YOUR TEST PAPERS ARE IN ORDER... GOOD! LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND!

AS YOU KNOW, PURE CLUB WAS FOUNDED BY DECENT YOUNG MEN WHO LIKE MEN, AS A WAY OF MEETING ONE ANOTHER.

YOU'LL NOTICE THAT I DIDN'T USE THE WORD "GAY." THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE NORMAL AROUND HERE. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING PESTERED BY CLONES, HAIRDRESSERS, DRAG QUEENS, OR LEATHER FREAKS... HEH, HEH, THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP THE STEPS, MUCH LESS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!

SO RELAX, HAVE A MILLER LITE, AND REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE AT PURE CLUB...

SAFE PEOPLE, NOT SAFE SEX!

DAMN! THE LID ON MY AMYL BOTTLE IS STUCK AGAIN!
MEANWHILE...

GOD, I HATE THIS PLACE!
I'M SO SICK OF WATCHING
MY FRIENDS DIE. AT LEAST
JOHN'S GOING HOME...
THIS TIME.

STRANGE, IT SEEMS TO GET A LITTLE LESS
GUT-WRENCHING EVERY TIME, BUT I DON'T
KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD THING OR BAD.
AM I LOSING MY HUMANITY AS I LOSE MY FRIENDS?

...OR IS IT JUST THAT I'M SO TIRED?

HEY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

CLAY! MY GOD, IS THAT
REALLY YOU? YOU'VE SURE
CHANGED! WHAT'S WITH
THE SUPERMAN DRAG?

NEVER MIND,
IT'S A LONG STORY.

WELL, THANKS FOR
CHECKING UP ON
ME. IF YOU HADN'T
CALLED, I WOULD
HAVE HAD TO TAKE
THE METRO HOME.
NOW I FEEL HUMAN AGAIN! THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT BEING IN THE HOSPITAL HAS LEFT ME HORNY AS HELL. I COULDN'T JERK OFF FOR A WEEK, ALWAYS AFRAID SOME NURSE WOULD CATCH ME!

WELL, I TOOK AN OATH TO PROTECT AND SERVICE, ER...SERVE!

HERE, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT PREDICAMENT!

WELL, I SURE WON'T SAY NO! ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU A LOT...

...WE ALL HAVE! YOU WERE GONE SUCH A LONG TIME, DISAPPEARED IN BRAZIL OR SOMETHING, THAT WE THOUGHT YOU HAD, WELL, YOU KNOW. ANYWAY...HEY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT! HOW DO YOU PUT THE RUBBER ON WITH YOUR MOUTH?

IT JUST TAKES PRACTICE! NOW THAT YOUR GUN IS MUZZLED, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH IT?
DAMN MEDICATION! DON'T TAKE AND YOU DIE. TAKE IT, AND YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD.

LETS SEE IF WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY.

AHH, THE TRUSTY BARFATORIUM...

JESUS! THAT'S DISGUSTING!

WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST LEAVE YOU IN THE HOSPITAL TO DIE? IT'S YOUR FUCKING FAULT THAT I HAVE TO MOVE AND JUST LOST MY SECURITY DEPOSIT!

HE'S ONE OF THOSE CREEPS FROM THE PURE CLUB. I GUESS HE AND HIS FRIENDS COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF LIVING NEXT TO A PWA. THEY'RE SO JUVENILE! HARASSING PHONE CALLS, VANDALIZING MY CAR...I FINALLY HAD TO GET A COURT RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST HIM. THANK GOD THIS IS HIS LAST DAY NEXT DOOR! HE SHOULD MOVE TO FULLERTON AND LIVE WITH OTHER PEOPLE LIKE HIMSELF!
LATER THAT DAY...

AND THEN HE SLAMMED THE WINDOW? BOY, HE'S SURE A REAL CREEPI!

NOT TO WORRY, SLIMAC. A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT BEN'S ABOUT TO GET A RUDE SURPRISE...

POSITIVE?

I'M SURE YOU WERE, YOU LITTLE SNOT, BUT WHAT SORT OF PRECAUTIONS DID YOU TAKE?

UHHHH...

I SEE... WELL, MR. SIMON, I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOTHING THAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

BUT WHAT ABOUT COUNSELING? SERVICES? EMOTIONAL SUPPORT?

I'M SORRY, MR. SIMON, THOSE PROGRAMS HAVE ALL BEEN CANCELLED. NEXT ELECTION, DON'T VOTE REPUBLICAN! HAVE A NICE DAY!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! I MEAN, HE'S GOING TO NEED HELP EVEN IF HE IS AN ASSHOLE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO ANYTHING?

THE END, FOR NOW.
What you will see in this hallowed column probably flies in the face of everything that you have learned about nutrition. While we're not knocking what Mizz Johnson taught you about the four basic food groups, the truth is that classic dietary guidelines often fail to address the specific needs of people living with HIV and AIDS.

Malnutrition and weight loss can be a significant problem, especially if you're too tired to cook or changes in taste perception due to some nasty infection make it easier to down a twinkie's heart. It can make you lucky at that next orgy, it can make you die. Malnutrition and weight loss can be a significant problem, especially if you're too tired to cook or changes in taste perception due to some nasty infection make it easier to down a twinkie's heart. It can make you lucky at that next orgy, it can make you die.

A high-fat, high-protein diet is recommended for people with AIDS. There are a couple of reasons for this. First of all, when you suddenly drop weight, you tend to lose about 10 to 15 percent of what you originally weighed, regardless of what your original weight was. If you are already underweight, this is even more dangerous, so it's best to be at or a little above your ideal weight.

Secondly, a fortified diet will help you recover from a bout of illness. This is especially true if your appetite is weak, and every bit of food you can choke down must work to its full advantage.

Here are some tips that dieters recommend to boost calories and protein:

- Add lots of butter, margarine, cream cheese, sour cream, cheese, and mayonnaise to your vegetables and starchy foods.
- Use whole milk, cream, half-and-half, or a high-calorie non-dairy creamer in cooking and on cereal.
- Add whipped cream or frosting to desserts. Bread and fry fish, meat, and chicken.
- Drizzle liberal amounts of sauce or gravy over your food.
- Use honey on toast and cereal, and in coffee or tea.
- Add dry milk to foods to boost calories and protein.

Adding more food can take their toll as well. Not only does being undernourished reduce your chances of getting lucky at that next orgy, it can make you much more susceptible to illness, and we'll have none of that.

### Biffy Mae's Gingerbread Pudding

4 cups stale gingerbread (recipe follows), cut into 3/4-in. cubes
3 eggs
1 1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place cubed gingerbread in a deep 2 quart baking pan or soufflé dish. Mix eggs, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Pour over gingerbread in dish. Place dish in a larger baking pan filled with just enough hot water to reach halfway up the sides of the pudding dish. Bake pudding for 30-45 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold.

### Jeffrey's Thai Chicken Curry

Approx. 2 lbs. boneless chicken
1 tablespoon grated fresh ginger
4-6 scallions, chopped
3 tablespoons peanut oil
1 large ripe mango, peeled, pitted, and chopped

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 9-in. square pan. Cream shortening with sugar until fluffy. Add egg and molasses and mix well. In separate bowl, sift together flour, salt, baking powder, soda, and spices. Alternately add applesauce and dry ingredients to egg mixture. Beat well. Pour into baking pan and bake for approximately 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Set aside for about a week to get nice and dry.

### Austin's Vanilla Poached Pears

4 Bosc or firm Comice pears
2-1/2 cups water
3/4 cups sugar
1/2 vanilla bean, sliced lengthwise
3-1/2 inch strip lemon peel

Put the pears and cut in half. Use a spoon to carefully remove the seeds and narrow fibrous core. Bring water to boil with sugar, vanilla bean and lemon peel. Stir to dissolve sugar, then lower heat to a simmer. Add pears and cook them gently until they are translucent around the edges; then remove and place in a bowl. Scrape the seeds out of the cooked vanilla bean and place the pod in the bowl with the pears. Pour the poaching syrup back over the pears, discarding the lemon peel, and refrigerate until chilled. Serve with a small scoop of Häagen Dazs vanilla bean ice cream. Very elegant and sure to win that twinkie's heart.

### Cooked rice for four

Cut chicken into bite-size pieces, toss with ginger and scallion. Heat oil in wok or heavy skillet over high flame. Add chicken to skillet and sauté until cooked throughout. Add mango and generous squirts of fish sauce, stir for a few minutes, then add coconut milk. Reduce heat to medium and simmer until slightly thickened. Add red curry paste gradually and taste. It's quite potent, so be cautious. Add baby corn, zucchini, mushrooms, and cook until vegetables are tender. Serve over rice with condiments. Serves four.

### Gingerbread Pudding

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 2-1/2 cup measure. Place 3/4 cup molasses and 3 tablespoons peanut oil in a small bowl. Pour into pudding dish. Add 3/4 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla extract, and 3/4 cup milk to the pudding dish. Mix eggs, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Place dish in a larger baking pan filled with just enough hot water to reach halfway up the sides of the pudding dish. Bake pudding for 30-45 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold.

### Vanilla Poached Pears

4 Bosc or firm Comice pears
2-1/2 cups water
3/4 cups sugar
1/2 vanilla bean, sliced lengthwise
3-1/2 inch strip lemon peel

Get Fat, Don't Die presents strategies for dealing with HIV- and AIDS-related dietary problems. In addition, we'll publish our readers' own taste- tempting high-calorie recipes.

### Speaking of Fat...

A high-fat, high-protein diet is recommended for people with AIDS. There are a couple of reasons for this. First of all, when you suddenly drop weight, you tend to lose about 10 to 15 percent of what you originally weighed, regardless of what your original weight was. If you are already underweight, this is even more dangerous, so it's best to be at or a little above your ideal weight.

Secondly, a fortified diet will help you recover from a bout of illness. This is especially true if your appetite is weak, and every bit of food you can choke down must work to its full advantage. Here are some tips that dieters recommend to boost calories and protein:

- Add lots of butter, margarine, cream cheese, sour cream, cheese, and mayonnaise to your vegetables and starchy foods.
- Use whole milk, cream, half-and-half, or a high-calorie non-dairy creamer in cooking and on cereal.
- Add whipped cream or frosting to desserts. Bread and fry fish, meat, and chicken.
- Drizzle liberal amounts of sauce or gravy over your food.
- Use honey on toast and cereal, and in coffee or tea.
- Add dry milk to foods to boost calories and protein.
- Spice up cereals and desserts with raisins, dates, dried fruit, chopped nuts, granola, or brown sugar.

Piggies beware! Although this is your carte blanche to eat heartily, don't snarf those marshmallow pies and Ho-Ho's at the expense of good nutrition. It's also a good idea to eat heartily, don't snack on those marshmallow pies and Ho-Ho's at the expense of good nutrition.
CONDOM CORNER

Through some fundamental flaw in the design of the Universe, when people think of condoms they tend to think of Trojans. If they don’t know any better, when they go shopping for condoms they buy Trojans, and then wonder why their sex life sucks. Ahh, that alluring Trojan packaging; mmm, that amazing Trojan smell! Well, fear not! Help is at hand! This column will help you decide what to look for in condoms and show you how to make them as enjoyable as possible. All condoms are by no means created equal, and there are few less equal than Trojans.

One of the first things to consider when shopping for condoms is how they feel, which is caused by what they’re made of. Condoms suitable for safer-sex use are made from latex, a natural form of rubber harvested from trees found in Southeast Asia and South America. The latex is then processed to make it stronger and more elastic. Because of regional variations in the rubber plantations, and differences in manufacturing, the feel of the latex varies from brand to brand. Some condoms may seem unusually tight, while others are as stretchy as taffy. This alone can be a deciding factor in picking a rubber, since some people think a tight condom is a secure condom, while others find tightness really uncomfortable.

Some brands of condom are made of a portion of a lamb’s intestine. These “lambkins” are fairly expensive, smell awful, and have a higher risk of breaking than latex condoms. Lambkins are also porous, and may allow infectious organisms to pass through, making them unsuitable for safer-sex use.

The next thing to think about is the shape of the condom. They can be straight-sided, tapered at the base, or contoured. Contoured condoms allow extra room for the head of your penis, to increase the sensation and lessen the chance of the condom slipping off. Someone whose thingie has a prominent head will probably like these the best. A condom that tapers will fit more snugly at the base, creating a sense of security and acting like a natural cock ring. On some men, however, these might seem uncomfortably tight, and a straight sided rubber should be used instead. Most latex condoms also have a small nipple-like reservoir at the tip, to allow extra room for semen, so you can pop it when you spooge.

Natural rubber can be off-white, yellowish, or almost colorless and transparent. Some manufacturers entice their customers by dyeing their condoms various colors. Some gentlemen like having a green weenie, it seems. Some rubbers may have flavors as an additional novelty, such as Kiss of Mint, which sort of tastes like nasty, mutated spearmint chewing gum.

Other condoms have ribs, bumps, or ridges on their surfaces. These are intended to add sensation for either or both partners, depending on whether the texturing is on the inside or the outside of the condom. Some rubbers are even embossed with elaborate patterns, such as Flancy, which have rosebuds on them. Despite these special effects, many people say they can’t tell the difference between textured and smooth condoms. Certainly nobody can tell the difference between rosebuds and simple bumps.

Condoms are also packed in different kinds of lubricants. Most are “dry lubed”, which really isn’t’ dry at all, but a light silicone gel to keep the rubber supple. Others are “wet lubed”, with more gel. In addition, some condoms may have a spermicidal agent on the inside and/or outside, which gives a little additional protection against HIV.

Finally, there’s the most recent advance in condom science: adhesive condoms such as Mentor. Mentors have a strip of the same material used on Post-It notes, which sticks lightly to the skin (sometimes not so lightly). The advantage is that the condom will not come off accidentally, if ever, even if the wearer loses his erection. (No need to worry about performance anxiety.) On the other hand, these rubbers are a bit complicated, coming wrapped up in a disposable applicator that prevents the condom from sticking to itself while in the packaging. People sometimes mistake the applicator for the condom itself, and wonder why the whole thing makes their penis look like some infernal device from Mars. Many men only use Mentor once. Penis sensitivity and stickiness seems to be quite variable. Ow!

Have any tips or ideas to add to our collection of condom lore? Send them in and we’ll print them in this regularly occurring column.

The best way to find a condom that you like is to shop around and try them all. This isn’t always practical, since some only come in huge boxes, and not all stores carry all brands. To help you out, we’re offering Captain Condom’s Original Party Pack, which contains 15 assorted condoms, 3 lubricant samples, and instructions, for $3.00. Send cash or a check/money order made out to Bouvill Thorne to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

You must always share your Pepperidge Farm cookies with your friends.

Page 26
Mamarrer starts "somewhere in Oregon" with young Timmy (Domino) desperately trying to hitch a ride. A truck driven by Rich Chandler finally stops to offer assistance. Mr. Chandler is no stranger to picking up young wads in movies, but he now looks a bit of a fool in the cliche hitching the back of the truck. The scene shifts to a future home, where they... (This's Oregon anymore. His exact line: "I need a change, a new beginning. I'm moving to San Francisco." And storygoes, with much footage of countrieside and a drive across the GoldenGate Bridge. Once in SF it's merely a matter of finding a job and place to hang his deck strap. But not without a little car trouble first!

Chandler's truck breaks down in some neighborhood near the Castro. Fortunately, this happens to be across the street from an auto repair place, and specific Brad Mitchell offers to take a look. After the repairs they check in to the Yard and bend the over the pool table, we're treated to one of the more common phenomena of erotic video: Chad Douglas. Simply billed himself in the credits, he pops into the film like some random vacuum fluctuation, brutally homoerotic sex shows that instantly... (This's Oregon anymore. His exact line: "I need a change, a new beginning. I'm moving to San Francisco." And storygoes, with much footage of countrieside and a drive across the GoldenGate Bridge. Once in SF it's merely a matter of finding a job and place to hang his deck strap. But not without a little car trouble first!

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The alarm rings at seven, and our friend Rich must choose between going to work for consummating his relationship with Domino's inhumanly well sculpted butt and getting fired for being late. Now, here's where PornPotato notices a couple of interesting things. First of all, Rich Chandler has some of the sweetest teeth that Porn Potato has seen in a long time. Then there is the problem of Mr. Chandler's acne-marred butters. Maybe it's only an advertisement for the new line of unribbed condoms.

Meanwhile, Tom/Rex buys a paper and reads the classifieds. The job interview script has the usual take on the usual, but missing receptionist Rick Coleman shooting daggers at him as he leaves. Rich Chandler is the only one left. Noticing Rich's curiosity, Dick reveals the hideous separation of the halves of the office. This causes Ricky even more consternation, and he confronts Dick after the interview to ask what that was. Between him and Rex, Dick explains to Rich that it was just an interview, but to further reassure him, Dick pulls out his garrapon trans-organ and some Nick that "you're the only one my dick is for.

We are then treated to what must be one of the most surreal events in the annals of porn. The way Rick's asshole ever so slowly consumes Dick's cock reminded Porn Potato of those egg-eating snakes which are capable of distending themselves to incredible dimensions. (Porn Potato is not complaining, mind you. In fact, the whole event is actually quite hot. If you've been watching this video with the mute button on, this is a good place to treat yourself to the dialogue, because the sounds of surprise and distress are most genuine. Dick, being multigendered, is much more generic with his partner of authority, using it as a means to an end. This is the most realistic, with Dick fucking two stud's hole and suddenly being confronted by the replica of one engine by Jeff Hardy. They're, while perfectly smooth, seems calculated. We're treated to the same old characters: the thieving usher, the ever-ready secretary, the dominating boss. This perpetuation of pathological stereotypes is consequence, to the two that Porn Potato asks the question, "Are porn fantasies always more than just a sexual fantasy?"

In the usual ways, Porn Potato's failure to adopt more radical suicide reduction techniques and their quixotic disclaimer, "Consult a physician be for what is a fairly erotic and very well, carved on the back..."

Stud #1, a good boy, apparently rubbers in his rubber, because one mysteriously appears out of thin air during a scene change. Porn Potato at first wonders why the condoms seemed to be on the verge of slipping off throughout most of the piece, despite Stud #1's insistence, and discovers that Porn Potato noticed that Stud #2's asshole had been shaved recently, and the stogie was sticking the rubber! Let that be a lesson to you! After a variety of positions, the two studs have sex on top, and then Stud #2 shoots his cum, and an amazing distance. Porn Potato likes that.

In the next scene, Stud #3 is in Coach's office, discussing how he can better improve his game. He has seen his young rival, simple Chad Douglas, variously and disappear as needed. Gridiron's not exactly a football player, but has noticed a couple of scenes, and Coach wants him to... (This's Oregon anymore. His exact line: "I need a change, a new beginning. I'm moving to San Francisco." And storygoes, with much footage of countrieside and a drive across the GoldenGate Bridge. Once in SF it's merely a matter of finding a job and place to hang his deck strap. But not without a little car trouble first!

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The DPN Meat Market

We at DPN, ever eager to help our adoring fans meet one another so that they may better sing our praises, offer the exclusive DPN Meat Market. The guidelines are simple: you can say anything legal you want, except "straight acting." The first 50 words are free, every word after that is 10¢. 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 get forwarded to you.

To reply to a DPN basket: Write your letter and place it in a stamped envelope. Write the DPN basket number in the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope in another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, eh?

CGMHW+ widowed (and bored with the role) willing to bare his soul in a high risk publication

I’m looking for someone who remains droll in the face of disaster—pragmatic without collapsing into folksiness, camp or Broadway little at yourself and don’t expect marriage. Put versatile, self employed, well travelled and schooled, financially men sharp. Sound worth the price of a stamp? Reply to DPN Basket #3.

The Glamour AIDS Victim

In Santa Cruz, real I am. Sometimes having it gets me down, but then I think of what Louise Hay & the other new agers say, that AIDS is really a blessing and a message and a lesson, and I say “What a crock of shit! Fuck you!” Write to Basket #6. I just turned 26 and love to get mail.

Bend Over

I’m 31, tallish, hungish, good-looking in a somewhat avant-garde way. My new AIDS diagnosis hasn’t affected my bender. Cute youngubbable post-twinny substance may have a DPN Basket #2 quick, before I die or something.

The DPN Resource Guide

There are far, far too many HIV helpers & organizations for us to list here, and besides we are not really sure yet what we are trying to offer in this feature, so it will change a lot as we figure out what our focus is. To save space we mostly list only phone numbers. Area code 415 unless specified. Note that most of these organizations are desperate need of your tax-deductible donations.

Publications

Our vote for most important HIV publication goes to John James’ AIDS Treatment News. Every two weeks a new helping of rational, intelligent, apparently unbiased analysis of new developments, promising treatments, unpromising treatments, political issues, and stuff like that. I consider this newsletter an absolute must. Don’t depend on newspapers articles written by scientifically illiterate nincompoops for this vital information.

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Art with a Boner

Facing the grave makes life fresh & exciting, doncha know, especially when you don’t smoke, drink, or take other drugs. I’m 5’10”, 175 pounds, brown hair, green eyes, Irish descent, 8¢. Reply to DPN Basket #4.

Mixed Marriage

Healthy brunette couple, together a total of 117” tall, 330 pounds, 14” of incredible manhood, and 54 years old, one sensitive, the other negative, looking for tender, versatile, and intelligent white women to spread out between our hot loaves. Bulging muscles preferred but not a must; but being cute, congenial, and having a gay-positive attitude is essential. Reply to DPN Basket #3.

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But...But it's not my fault! I inherited this problem from the previous administration!

An administration in which you were Vice President for EIGHT YEARS! Now put your fingers back in that bowl and deal with it!

"Just say no to the PWA running dog lackies of the gay imperialist corporate media swine." – Johnny Noxzema, BIMBOX magazine
The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? You're soaking in it!

Inside This Issue:
The PWA Primer
A Short History of Sex
AIDS Testing in Prisons
Captain Condom
and Other Great Things!
Welcome to Our Brave New World!

And now for Something Different.
Not something completely different, cos many publications address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We want to show you that our editorial policy does not address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We want to show you that our editorial policy does not address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We want to show you that our editorial policy does not address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We want to show you that our editorial policy does not address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We want to show you that our editorial policy does not address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of humor. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, we have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills everybody, and there's much about life that is pury darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection.

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Your Cranky Editor Isn't the only one who can be the DPN coverboy or centerfold. You can be, too! Send us a picture, at least 5.5 by 5, matte finish, clothing optional, and we'll make you a star! Please include a signed note saying that you're at least 18 years of age. (Photo by Max Marshall)

Your Cranky Editor
& IRRESISTIBLE FORCE
Beowulf Thorne

Your SERENE EDITOR
& VOICE OF REASON
Tom Shearer

ART DIRECTION & LAYOUT
Beowulf Thorne Graphics

PRINTING SERVICES
Peacock Publishing

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!

The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We provide a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes

Pariah News! What a concept! Issue One: Self-Pity. Issue Two: Self-Pity. And so it goes. Lucky for the world, I never made that poetry thing, but I did eventually start GAWK, a Fagazine of the Yards. When Visual Genius Beowulf joined the GAWK staff, or maybe when he told me he was positive, I told him about the Name Without a Publication. He was most delighted, and extremely enthusiastic about using the skills we were honing in GAWK to make a DPN. And so it was born. And now you may participate in its growth. Send us money. Do you have any idea how much it costs to send a magazine to medical school these days? – T.S.
The PWA Primer

Here are some of the things the world is willing to give you, just because you have an AIDS diagnosis. They will give you some of these things if you only have an ARC diagnosis, especially if you wrestle with them a bit. Phone numbers are area code 415.

Most of these suggestions are specific to San Francisco, but you probably have a local equivalent. You might have to search a little.

1. Register with the AIDS Foundation. Go to their benefits meeting or just call them (864-5855) for their benefits booklet. Get a food bank card. Get a discount card for health food stores.

2. Call BALIFF (Bay Area Lawyers), and make a will and fill out the Durable Power of Attorney forms. 864-8186.


5. Call Pac Bell for low income phone rates. 811-6222.


8. Call DMV for the forms to get a disabled parking placard. The car. Get one whether you have a car or not. You can use it in any car.

9. Find a masseur/so who gives PWA discounts. Almost as good as sex. Don't give up sex, though.

10. Go to Project Inform, or any local HIV awareness program. 538-9051.

11. Discover the library at Healing Alternatives Foundation. 626-2316.

12. Apply for Social Security benefits as soon as you can stand to. It takes forever.

Some handy HIV hints:

1. When in doubt whether to take a tranquilizer, take one.

2. When in doubt whether to eat or not, eat. Eat some more. Mmm! Isn't that delicious?

3. Never make a doctor's appointment before 10:30 am. Getting up early is barbaric.

4. Always take a written list of your problems and concerns with you to the doctor. Otherwise, you WILL forget something important. Don't accept unsatisfyingly brief or obscure answers to your questions, either.

5. Got a bony butt? Embarrassed to carry a pillow with you? Don't want to wear one of those drag fanny things? Put your pillow in a daypack, and then sit on that. Everyone will think you're one of those silly queens who carries all his cosmetics with him everywhere and they won't even notice your dwindling heinie.

6. Subscribe to all the HIV newsletters we list in the Resources section.

7. If you like DPN, maybe you'd like GAWK. Same address, same price.

Get a support network. Buy some supportive friends or join a group.

UCSF Coping Project

The UCSF Coping Project is a study of fellers who are the partner of fellers who have an AIDS diagnosis. The point of the study: aside from "get lots of grant money so we can pay our rent," is to follow said fellers for two years and see what sort of effect being in this enviable situation has on their lives, with an accent on how well, not how poorly, they handle things. I could tell them all they need to know: "It's going to be a source of major stress in their life, especially if their Other Fella croaks, which some of them will handle admirably, and some of them are going to seerocious convert." End of study. Fifty thousand dollars, please.

Unfortunately, nobody ever listens to me, or asks my opinion on these great issues, so instead they are going to interview the study, er, study participants every two months for two years, give them a nice cup of tea, ask them how they feel, what is working well in their approach to life & PWA partnering, and that sort of stuff, check their T-cells every six months, and give them a $20 a visit for mad money. Golly. I'd sure like to have somebody pay to talk to them, but the only time anybody ever offered money, it wasn't to talk, and they don't even do that anymore. Darn.

I'd sign up in a minute if I wasn't so single. Which is probably why I'm the Serene Editor. Just the same, any nice thirtyish Gentleman who look about 40 should call me right up. Still have that wash-n-wear wedding gown...

No I don't. I'm lying. That's just ridiculous. I think that mean virus has invaded my sense of humor, that's what I think.

Back to reality: Call or write UCSF Coping Project, Box 0886, SF CA 94143-0886, (415) 497-9177. Tell them you read about it here.

-T.S.

UCSF Coping Project

1. A member of one of the lowest social classes of India. 2. Any person despised and rejected by others.

Got a modem? Modernise the AIDS bulletin board, (415) 626-1246.

That's right, Judy, your life would have been a whole lot easier with a DPN subscription. Don't make Judy's mistake, lurking around tawdry places like bookstores, foraging through piles of inferior publications only to discover that the last copy of DPN was sold hours ago! Subscribe, and have DPN delivered xerox-fresh to your doorstep, free of wrinkles and other curious things that bookstore browsers leave behind. A one year subscription (4 issues) costs only $5. Try a sample issue for $1.50. Send your tender little greenbacks, stamps, or checks/money orders made out to Tom Shearer to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.
Dear Robert,

I went to a reading the other day to hear Mr. East Coast Writer. I talked to him afterward because I know him through my artist friend Ron who used to do book covers for his East Coast Press. I used to go over to Ron’s house and look at his paintings and drawings and he would read my poetry. We’d sit for hours and drink lots of strong coffee and talk. Ron would talk about his latest boyfriend. I would talk about the joys of celibacy. Ron always talked longer than I did.

So Ron threw a party and that’s when I met Mr. East Coast Writer. I sent him some of my poems later to see if he was interested in publishing them but he wasn’t. I guess maybe I should have fucked him at the party. But I was in my celibate phase then although I did think about it because he was kind of cute in a Manhattan topsider-ish kind of way and you know how a man with a book turns me on.

I once fooled around with a Big Time Writer during a boring conference at a Holiday Inn when I was still in college. It was very late at night and everybody was drunk. Mr. Big Time Writer asked me if I would like a “nightcap” in his room. As we were having sex, I realized that I hadn’t had my session with him yet, the one where he critiques my writing. I said, “I hope this won’t taint your opinion of my poetry.” As he came up for air he said, “Oh no...I’m a professional.”

Anyway, I went up to Mr. East Coast Writer after his reading to say hi and see if he had heard from my friend Ron lately because I hadn’t. He hadn’t either but he remembered me and complimented me on my poem which was just published in that new gay literary rag, Throat Puppets, which was very sweet of him, although the poem was kind of raunchy and bitchy. Now I felt obligated to compliment him on the story that he had just read. It was well written but one of those generic Manhattan-queen-looks-for-the-memory-of-true-love-on-Fire-Island-stories. Talk drifted, however talk does that, to new writers and I told him about you, that you would be in the new Men Do Men Again anthology when a guy standing next to me who had come up for air and I greeted him it was very disconcerting, he kept staring at me during the reading every time I sneezed and I was sneezing a lot because the privat hedges were blooming. It reminded me of how in Provincialtown Danny trimmed the privat hedge in front of our rented 200 year old broken down cottage into a five foot tall cock and balls that was most effective when it was slightly dusted with snow or blooming with white blossoms.

So when I said your name, the green-eyed, blue-eyed man interrupted and said, “Robert? Robert from Detroit?” and I said yes, because that is where you’re from. He remembered you from the late 70s when he met you at a party.

I’m trying to remember – that must have been before I lived with you in San Francisco in 1970 with all those other people, because you never went to Detroit for a visit except for your father’s funeral. Our Mission District flat was filled with all sorts of drag paraphernalia, dildos and whips on the walls, hats and cheap Westchester’s jewelry and four stuffed animal heads (three goats, one deer) which would seem to glow in the morning light. Someone said we should videotape the house and document it because it was a sort of shrine to something but nobody could say quite what.

I distinctly remember the phone call about your father’s death. It was dawn and whenever a call comes that early in the morning I always expect death. I thought one of my parents had finally died but no and ten years later they are still alive although most of my friends aren’t. The phone rang and you didn’t yell for anyone to pick it up so I went back to sleep. I learned later that your father had died and I thought of you on your purple chenille bedspread in your purple wooden bed with the hooks and chains you installed yourself taking a valium that you had saved for this occasion and I felt sorry for you even though your father was no great shakes, I felt sorry that you had to go back to Detroit and endure the agony of relatives’ funerals which is different from the agony of funerals of our friends and if I hear one more queen talking wistfully about someone having a “good death” I’m going to take my fist which I prefer, on occasion, to use for more intimate aspects of making love, and why do they not make black surgical gloves? The medical establishment really is totally inept if you’re talking victims let’s talk fashion victims because my gloves do not match my boots. I just want a simple pair of black latex surgical gloves, do you know where I can get some please let me know I never did know how to shop for accessories and I was saying if I hear “good death” meaning don’t struggle, don’t fight, just throw your legs in the air like a dead dog, one more time I will take my aforementioned fist and punch that queen right in the nose.

See Robert I am no longer as preternaturally calm as you used to say and I used to be. The last time I was up in San Francisco we decided that when our obituaries appear in the local gay rag we will use a photo of us giving the
Well, y' see, it was like this. Mr. Reasonable Editor (that’s me) had been feeling kind of inadequate for several weeks. Occasionally feeling inadequate is nothing new, except the several weeks part, and I figured that it was just another delightful wrinkle in my already-splendid HIV adventure. However, I kept getting worse and finally I had a friend turn me in to the physicians. I was by this time not really in condition to do my own trottting... Anyway, they looked at me for a long time and said, “Well, you have pneumonia, but it’s not pneumocystis, so far. It was getting confusing so I kept getting worse and finally I kept getting — I’m trying to walk the line of my career I spent in research articles, cartoons, artwork, advertisements, personal stories, and recipes. The editorial guidelines are pretty broad: whatever you as a Disased Pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. We can’t pay for entries, but you’ll get some DPN postcards and the satisfaction of seeing your work in print. Anonymous works and pen names are fine, include a brief bio about yourself if you wish. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you would like your work returned. Mail your submission to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

contributors
DPN does not exist in a vacuum, you know. To be more than the Big and Tommy Fan Club we need your ideas, stories, essays, research articles, cartoons, artwork, advertisements, personal stories, and recipes. The editorial guidelines are pretty broad: whatever you as a Diseased Pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. We can’t pay for entries, but you’ll get some DPN postcards and the satisfaction of seeing your work in print. Anonymous works and pen names are fine, include a brief bio about yourself if you wish. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you would like your work returned. Mail your submission to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

I FISTED JESSE HELMS
A True Story
by I. N. Lying

As most of my friends know, I am a former prostitute. The most lucrative part of my career I spent in Washington, D.C., securing the needs of the powerful & closeted. One trick in particular may be of interest to DPN readers. I was, as seen, laid up in a government limo and driven to an obscure address. Confirming everybody's suspicions, my date was none other than "rabidly homophobic" Jesse Helms. The Senator looked quite fetching, if a bit cliché, if — he screamed, in his black garbets, sequined stockings, and lace teddy. Jesse was not mood for talk. Mr. P., however, was wearing a soft patient man, and he continued to tape his story for his new visitor. Meanwhile, Mr. Gonzales' day continued to deteriorate. He was by this time shouting at the doc's, who scratched his head, said, "Well, there's a million reasons why you might be feeling this way. Give us your blood and go home. "The next morning, they called me. "We think you should come right over here so we can treat your crypto-cococal meningitis." Pausing only to look that up and see that it is one of the AIDS-defining OIs, I took myself over there. They put me on a gurney and abandoned me for several million years, listening to my neighbor Mr. Gonzales' Bad Day. Mr. Gonzales did not speak much English, and was apparently in a little trouble getting his needs met. When I first arrived, Mr. Gonzales was making a tiny little whimpering sound, and then began to say, in an piping, car-toon-like voice, "Alt!" (Ow! in Spanish) "Aiyi-yi-yi!"

I wanted to go advise him that he should cry out in a deeper, more authoritative voice if he wanted the respect of his medi­cal care provider, but the light was hurting my eyes so much that I was unable to come out from under the blanket. Besides, I don't speak Spanish. My other neighbor, Mr. Prunegobblor, was having a better day than either Mr. Gómez or me. Mr. P. was telling the hordes of doctors who kept coming to ask him what his problem was, "I'm 70 years old, y' see, and I don't want to be in here! I should feel up to 100%, but I just don't think I'm feeling quite up to where I ought to be." I heard Mr. Prune's story quite a few times, since none of the inquisitors seemed to be writing it down or talking to each other. Mr. P., however, was a soft patient man, and he continued to repeat his story for his new visitor. Meanwhile, Mr. Gonzales' day continued to deteriorate. He was by this time sweating and phone number he said when he comes to San Francisco he will

It's my party and I'll die if I want to.

Page 7
Summer of 1987, when President Reagan issued an executive order as I was concerned with the requiring prisoners. At the time it was purely government's intrusion on civil liberties. My suspicions about the because a few months later the Federal Bureau of Prisons issued its own policy - if an inmate needed an emergency furlough, the prison system unique, as I believe all other prison systems require testing on arrival rather than departure. Even emergency furloughs for death or serious illness were included in this policy - if an inmate halfway houses because their HIV tests were not on file. In one case, an older man from Puerto Rico, nobody had told him that he had to take the test and then wait for the results. He was going to a crowded halfway house in Puerto Rico, and by the time the test results came back the halfway house had used the bed and he had to wait still longer for an opening.

About one week after that incident, a very close friend, Leo, had a problem with his release to a halfway house. Leo had been a frequent and vocal critic of nonsensical prison policies. Since Leo wisely didn't trust the prison authorities, and had seen others delayed in release because of the HIV testing program, he made a point of going to the hospital to have them check his file and be sure he had everything needed for his release. But a week later - when it came time for Leo's release there was no record of his HIV test.

I helped Leo write to his U.S. Senator, and to the director of BOP. Meanwhile, the prison hospital was scheduling Leo for a new HIV test. It took several days to set up an appointment for a lab technician. The letter to the BOP director had some effect, as the prison received a call authorizing yet another test for Leo with the results to be checked immediately at the local hospital instead of waiting for the lab in California to report on the first sample.

This let Leo be released quickly enough that he lost only ten days, but still ten days that he should not have spent in prison.

Next was Luis. Luis had been one of my students when I was an inmate instructor in the high school class at Danbury prison, and Luis and I had eventually been moved to the unfenced camp outside the prison. Luis had tested positive in December, but was still allowed a short furlough at Christmas. In late January he was told that he could not be released to a halfway house because of the positive HIV test result.

Protest letters went out to congressmen, legal aid groups, and every source of help that we could think of, and a letter was published in one newspaper. This activity proved very beneficial. The BOP usually tries to intimidate prisoners who have tested positive, saying "You don't want to fight this and have your name all over the newspapers as having AIDS, do you?" This usually works. But Luis had called their bluff by handing them a problem they didn't expect, before they could try this threat, and his halfway house application has finally processed and he was scheduled for release on April 25th.

On April 22nd, when he took his routine papers around to be signed by all prison departments, the doctor refused to sign because of the positive test result. Since that result had been discussed with the parole officer and the halfway house as part of the application procedure, this last minute cancellation was especially cruel.

Nothing in Luis' situation had changed - he had never been sick. Although Luis was no longer claiming that Luis had swollen lymph nodes, difficult to diagnose without any examination, and this supposedly was a Group III case. The statement was medically untrue, but terrified Luis. The doctor emphasized it by saying, "I don't sign release papers for terminal cases."

A week later Luis was moved from the camp to the main prison, and a week after that to a higher level prison, all on the ground that he might escape. If that were true, one would think they would have made the move at the same time they cancelled the release, not after leaving him in an unfenced camp for a week. More likely, they wanted to cut Luis off from legal help and media attention. Although Luis was no longer around, I continued to fight, and the New York Times published my guest editorial on the case. A variety of interviews followed, and Luis was eventually sent to a halfway house in late June.

The treatment of prisoners who test positive is a very sensitive political issue, as there is no legal authority for their detention, and there is no right to a hearing. It is also creating a dangerous precedent - if it can be done to prisoners, for that is what they really are, then it can be done to any citizen off the streets.
Mark I. Chester: Diary of a Thought Criminal

San Francisco photographic genius Mark I. Chester presents a show of his recent work, entitled "Diary of a Thought Criminal." The show is a "visual diary" of Chester's response to a world that is moving toward greater democracy and freedom while the U.S. moves toward more fear and more restrictions on freedom of thought and expression.

The show's spectrum of images runs from classic nudes to the sort of brain-stimulating sexo-mystico-nightmare-wet dream offerings that make a Chester exhibit such a unique thing. Forget fashion photographers like Mapplethorpe. Go see Chester. The true cutting edge of gay photography. No, he didn't pay me to say that.

The exhibit is at the Mark I. Chester studios, 1229 Folsom St, SF. Hours are Saturday and Sunday, 1 pm to 6 pm. Show runs from September 14th through October 21. $2 suggested donation, but the impoverished will not be turned away. The show is closed for the Castro Street Fair, Sunday October 7, so that the artist can cavort in the street with the rest of us homos.

-T.S.

Captain Condom first appeared in 1988 as part of a series of fliers for the Condom Co-Op Project, a student-run safer sex collective at the University of California, Santa Cruz. The Adventures of Captain Condom first appeared in GAWK Magazine #4, and was scheduled to move to DPN permanently. Outcry from the GAWK readership and a massive letter-writing campaign made us realize the error of this decision. The two-page Captain remains with GAWK, while DPN readers will be treated to the huge, throbbing Further Adventures of Captain Condom.

The Condom Co-Op at UCSC would love your support. For more information, write the Condom Co-Op Project, Student Center Box 20, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064.
HI, WELCOME TO PURE CLUB! MY NAME'S BEN. I SEE THAT YOUR TEST PAPERS ARE IN ORDER...GOOD! LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND!

AS YOU KNOW, PURE CLUB WAS FOUNDED BY DECENT YOUNG MEN WHO LIKE MEN, AS A WAY OF MEETING ONE ANOTHER.

YOU'LL NOTICE THAT I DIDN'T USE THE WORD "GAY." THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE NORMAL AROUND HERE. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING PESTERED BY CLONES, HAIRDRESSERS, DRAG QUEENS, OR LEATHER FREAKS. HEH, HEH, THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP THE STEPS, MUCH LESS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!

SO RELAX. HAVE A MILLER LITE, AND REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE AT PURE CLUB...

SAFE PEOPLE, NOT SAFE SEX!

DAMN! THE LID ON MY AMYL BOTTLE IS STUCK AGAIN!
MEANWHILE...

GOD, I HATE THIS PLACE! I'M SO SICK OF WATCHING MY FRIENDS DIE. AT LEAST JOHN'S GOING HOME... THIS TIME.

STRANGE, IT SEEMS TO GET A LITTLE LESS GUT-WRENCHING EVERY TIME, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD THING OR BAD. AM I LOSING MY HUMANITY AS I LOSE MY FRIENDS?

...OR IS IT JUST THAT I'M SO TIRED?

JOHN?

CLAY! MY GOD, IS THAT REALLY YOU? YOU'VE SURE CHANGED! WHAT'S WITH THE SUPERMAN DRAG?

NEVER MIND, IT'S A LONG STORY.

HEY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

WELL, THANKS FOR CHECKING UP ON ME. IF YOU HADN'T CALLED, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO TAKE THE METRO HOME.
NOW I FEEL HUMAN AGAIN! THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT BEING IN THE HOSPITAL HAS LEFT ME HORNY AS HELL. I COULDN'T JERK OFF FOR A WEEK, ALWAYS AFRAID SOME NURSE WOULD CATCH ME!

WELL, I TOOK AN OATH TO PROTECT AND SERVICE, ER...SERVE!

HERE, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT PREDICAMENT!

WELL, I SURE WON'T SAY NO! ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU A LOT...

WE ALL HAVE! YOU WERE GONE SUCH A LONG TIME, DISAPPEARED IN BRAZIL OR SOMETHING, THAT WE THOUGHT YOU HAD, WELL, YOU KNOW. ANYWAY...HEY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT! HOW DO YOU PUT THE RUBBER ON WITH YOUR MOUTH?

IT JUST TAKES PRACTICE! NOW THAT YOUR GUN IS MUZZLED, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH IT?
DAMN MEDICATION! DON'T TAKE AND YOU DIE. TAKE IT, AND YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD.

LETS SEE IF WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY.

AHH, THE TRUSTY BARFATORIUM...

SLAM!

WHO THE HELL WAS THAT?

JESUS! THAT'S DISGUSTING!

NEXT MORNING...

WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST LEAVE YOU IN THE HOSPITAL TO DIE? IT'S YOUR FUCKING FAULT THAT I HAVE TO MOVE AND JUST LOST MY SECURITY DEPOSIT!

HE'S ONE OF THOSE CREEPS FROM THE PURE CLUB. I GUESS HE AND HIS FRIENDS COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF LIVING NEXT TO A PWA. THEY'RE SO JUVENILE! HARASSING PHONE CALLS, VANDALIZING MY CAR... I FINALLY HAD TO GET A COURT RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST HIM. THANK GOD THIS IS HIS LAST DAY NEXT DOOR! HE SHOULD MOVE TO FULLERTON AND LIVE WITH OTHER PEOPLE LIKE HIMSELF!
NOT TO WORRY, SLIMAC. A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT BEN'S ABOUT TO GET A RUDE SURPRISE...

IN THE USUAL MANNER, I SUPPOSE. WHAT SORT OF PRECAUTIONS DID YOU TAKE?

I WAS VERY PICKY!

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SIMON.

BUT HOW?

POSITIVE?

I'M SURE YOU WERE, YOU LITTLE SNOT, BUT WHAT SORT OF PRECAUTIONS DID YOU TAKE?

UHHHH...

I SEE... WELL, MR. SIMON. I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOTHING THAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

BUT WHAT ABOUT COUNSELING? SERVICES? EMOTIONAL SUPPORT?

I'M SORRY, MR. SIMON, THOSE PROGRAMS HAVE ALL BEEN CANCELLED. NEXT ELECTION, DON'T VOTE REPUBLICAN! HAVE A NICE DAY!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! I MEAN, HE'S GOING TO NEED HELP EVEN IF HE IS AN ASSHOLE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO ANYTHING?

NO.

THE END, FOR NOW.
GET FAT, don't die!

What you will see in this hallowed column probably flies in the face of everything that you have learned about nutrition. While we're not knocking what Miss Johnson taught you about the four basic food groups, the truth is that classic dietary guidelines often fail to address the specific needs of people living with HIV and AIDS.

Malnutrition and weight loss can be a significant problem for us folks. There's the obvious problem of dropping weight due to some nasty infection, but being too tired to cook or changes in taste perception due to certain medications (including our favorite, AZT) can take their toll as well. Not only does being undernourished reduce your chances of getting lucky at that next orgy, it can make you much more susceptible to illness, and we'll have none of that.

GET FAT, Don't Die presents strategies for dealing with HIV and AIDS-related dietary problems. In addition, we'll publish our readers' own taste-tempting high-calorie recipes.

Speaking of Fat...

A high-fat, high-protein diet is recommended for people with AIDS. There are a couple of reasons for this. First of all, when you suddenly drop weight, you tend to lose about 10 to 15 percent of what you originally weighed, regardless of what your original weight was. If you are already underweight, this is even more dangerous, so it's best to be at or a little over what the insurance company's charts say you should weigh.

Secondly, a fortified diet will help you recover from a bout of illness. This is especially true if your appetite is weak, and every bit of food you can choke down must work to its full advantage.

Here are some ways that dietitians recommend for calories and protein:

- Add lots of butter, margarine, cream cheese, sour cream, cheese, and mayonnaise to your vegetables and starchy foods.
- Use whole milk, cream, half-and-half, or a high calorie non-dairy creamer in cooking and on cereal.
- Add whipped cream or frosting to desserts. Bread and fry fish, meat, and chicken.
- Drizzle liberal amounts of sauce or gravy over your food.
- Use honey on toast and cereal, and in coffee or tea.
- Add dry milk to foods to boost calories and protein.
- Spice up cereals and desserts with raisins, dates, dried fruit, chopped nuts, granola, or brown sugar.

Piggles beware! Although this is your carte blanche to eat heartily, don't snarf those marshmallow pies and Ho-Ho's at the expense of good nutrition. It's also a good idea to check with your physician before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she might have some suggestions for tailoring a diet to your special needs.

And now, mouthwatering recipes from Biffy Mae's Secret Archives. Let me know what you think.

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**Biffy Mae's Gingerbread Pudding**

4 cups stale gingerbread (recipe follows), cut into 3/4-in. cubes
3 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2-1/2 cups whole milk

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place cubed gingerbread in a deep 2 quart baking pan or souffle dish. Mix eggs, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Pour over gingerbread in dish. Place dish in a larger baking pan filled with just enough hot water to reach halfway up the sides of the baking dish. Bake in a 350°F. oven for 30-45 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold.

**Stale Gingerbread**

1/3 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 well beaten egg
3/4 cup molasses
2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
2 tablespoons powdered ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon powdered cloves
1 cup regular applesauce

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 9-inch square pan. Cream shortening with sugar until fluffy. Add egg and molasses and mix well. In separate bowl, sift together flour, salt, baking powder, soda, and spices. Alternately add flour mixture and dry ingredients to egg mixture. Beat well. Pour into baking pan and bake for approximately 30-35 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Let sit around for about a week to get nice and dry.

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**Biffy Mae**

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**Jeffrey Mae's Thai Chicken Curry**

Approx. 2 lbs. boneless chicken
1 tablespoon grated fresh ginger
4-6 scallions, chopped
3 tablespoons peanut oil
1 large ripe mango, peeled, pitted, and chopped
3/4-squiris fish sauce*
1 oz. can coconut milk*
2 teaspoons (or to taste) red curry paste*
1 oz. can baby corn*, drained, slit lengthwise
2 medium zucchinis, cut into shoestringsLeaves, chopped mint, and shredded coconut as condiments

Cut chicken into bite-size pieces, toss with ginger and scallion. Heat oil in wok or heavy skillet over high flame. Add chicken to skillet and saute until cooked throughout. Add mango and generous squirts of fish sauce, stir for a few minutes, then add coconut milk. Reduce heat to medium and simmer until slightly thickened. Add red curry paste gradually and taste. It's quite potent, so be cautious. Add baby corn, zucchini, mushrooms, and cook until vegetables are tender. Serve over rice with condiments. Serves four.

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**Austin Mae's Vanilla Poached Pears**

4 Bosc or firm Comice pears
2-1/2 cups water
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 vanilla bean, split lengthwise
1/2 inch strip lemon peel

Peel the pears and cut in half. Use a spoon to carefully remove the seeds and narrow fibrous core. Bring water to boil with sugar, vanilla bean and lemon peel. Stir to dissolve sugar, then lower heat to simmer. Add pears and cook gently until they are translucent around the edges; then allow and place in a bowl. Scrap the seeds out of the cooked vanilla bean and place the pod in the bowl with the pears. Four the poaching syrup back over the pears, discarding the lemon peel, and refrigerate until chilled. Serve with a small scoop of Haagen Dasz vanilla bean ice cream. Very elegant and sure to win that twinkle of his heart.

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Biffy Mae is currently single.
CONDOM CORNER

Through some fundamental flaw in the design of the Universe, when people think of condoms they tend to think of Trojans. If they don’t know any better, when they go shopping for condoms they buy Trojans, and then wonder why their sex life sucks. Ahh, that alluring Trojan packaging: mmm, that amazing Trojan smell! Well, fear not! Help is at hand! This column will help you decide what to look for in condoms and show you how to make them as enjoyable as possible. All condoms are by no means created equal, and there are few less equal than Trojans.

One of the first things to consider when shopping for condoms is how they feel, which is caused by what they’re made of. Condoms suitable for safer-sex use are made from latex, a natural form of rubber harvested from trees found in Southeast Asia and South America. The latex is then processed to make it stronger and more elastic. Because of regional variations in the rubber, the latex varies from brand to brand. Some condoms may seem unusually tight, while others are as stretchy as taffy. This alone can be a deciding factor in picking a rubber, since some people think a tight condom is a secure condom, while others find tightness really uncomfortable.

Some brands of condom are made of a portion of a lamb’s intestine. These “lambskins” are fairly expensive, smell awful, and have a higher risk of breaking than latex condoms. Lambskins are also porous, and may allow infectious organisms to pass through, making them unsuitable for safer-sex use.

The next thing to think about is the shape of the condom. They can be straight-sided, tapered at the base, or contoured. Contoured condoms allow extra room for the head of your penis, to increase the sensation and lessen the chance of the condom slipping off. Someone whose thingie has a prominent head will probably like these condoms.

The final choice is going to be a lot of personal preference. You can feel this happen.

A condom that tapers will fit more snugly at the base, creating a sense of security and acting like a natural cock ring. On some men, however, these might seem uncomfortably tight, and a straight sided rubber should be used instead. Most latex condoms also have a small nipple-like reservoir at the tip, to allow extra room for semen, so you can’t pop it when you spooge.

Natural rubber can be off-white, yellowish, or almost colorless and transparent. Some manufacturers entice their customers by dyeing their condoms various colors. Some gentlemen like having a green thingie, it seems. Some rubber manufacturers may have flavors as an additional novelty, such as Kiss of Mint, which sort of tastes like nasty, mutated spearmint chewing gum.

Other condoms have ribs, bumps, or ridges on their surfaces. These are intended to add sensation for either or both partners, depending on whether the texturing is on the inside or the outside of the condom. Some rubbers are even embossed with elaborate patterns, such as Flancy, which have rosebuds on them. Despite these special effects, many people say they can’t tell the difference between textured and smooth condoms. Certainly no-body can tell the difference between rosebuds and simple bumps.

Condoms are also packed in different kinds of lubricants. If you don’t send them to us, we don’t want them.

Most are “dry lubed”, which really isn’t dry at all, but a light silicone gel to keep the rubber supple. Others are “wet lubed”, with more gel. In addition, some condoms may have a spermicalid agent on the inside and/or outside, which gives a little additional protection against HIV.

Finally, there’s the most recent advance in condom science: adhesive condoms such as Mentor. Mentors have a strip of the same material used on Post-It notes, which sticks lightly to the skin (sometimes not so lightly). The advantage is that the condom will not come off accidentally, if ever, if the wearer loses his erection. (No need to worry about performance anxiety.) On the other hand, these rubbers are a bit complicated, coming wrapped up in a disposable applicator that prevents the condom from sticking to itself while in the packaging. People sometimes mistake the applicator for the condom itself, and wonder why the whole thing isn’t all one piece. It might look like some infernal device from Mars. Many men only use Mentor once. Penis sensitivity and stickiness seems to be quite variable.

Have any tips or ideas to add to our collection of condom lore? Send them in and we’ll print them in this regularly occurring column.

The best way to find a condom that you like is to shop around and try them all. This isn’t always practical, since some only come in huge boxes, and not all stores carry all brands. To help you out, we’re offering Captain Condom’s Original Party Pack, which contains 15 assorted condoms, 3 lubricant samples, and instructions, for $3.00. Send cash or a check/money order made out to Beowulf Thorne to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

You must always share your Pepperidge Farm cookies with your friends.

Page 25

DPN is your friend.

Page 26
The sex here is rote and unimaginative. Then there is the problem of Mr. Tullrtly goes out, and
they have the decency not to do
Donnramer starts...somewhere in
illustrious assistance. Mr. Chandler is no stranger to
attractively trying to hitch a ride.

Chandler's truck breaks down in some neighborhood near the Castro. Fortunately, this happens to be right across from an auto repair place, and mechanic Brad Mitchell offers to take a look. After he moves the truck back to the shop and is
bending over the fender, we're treated to one of the more unusual phenomena of erotic video: Chad Douglas. Simply
listed as "herself" in the credits, he pops into the film like some random vacuum fluctuation, brutally
strong, and absolutely anything, and disappears, leaving the storyline un
orning. True to form, Dick of Porn savagely pumps Brad until he looks like he's about to cry, but
comes instead. Although Dick spews prodigious amounts of cum, Douglas's dick is strangely... Dick
Hms, says Porn, perhaps he
had quite a little scene to be edited out? We may never know.

Meanwhile, Tom/Rex buys a paper and reads the classifieds. The only one he is interested in is
he schedules is amusing, with the
but ting receptionist Rick Coleman shooting daggers at him as he sees how the boss (Dick Masten) eyes Chandler's main
turns Dick's status from
enlivening the broadcast with these high gloss portrait shots, artfully done face and bums, but no ac
Shinya, saying, "You see,..we're just...well...we're not sure... Our thing is... well... it's a"

Need we say more? Cut to Rex and Jeff in
Mr. Hardy would seem to be a
nipple sucking vampire, because of
has the most painted expression on his face. He's been the star of this story. Rex and Jeff
giard their pelvicis in the usual way, and
In Jeff's eyes, it looks like he's enjoying himself, keeping his hardon and sharing it with getting
PornPotato likes that, too.
The scene cuts to Rex, sitting on the balcony,
for new life, a
as

A good place to treat yourself to

Almost gay identified, with the
tne\sion of pathologist stereotypes is
the thieving hustler, the ever-ready secr
ts, most
toon, this

Change. PornPotato's special guest was

characters seem particu
larity identified, with the

because it was only two bucks at a video

Parental warning...

Porn Potato's special guest was

because it was only two bucks at a video

Parental warning...

Porn Potato's special guest was

big.
The end of this

Macrammer starts...somewhere in Oregon...with young Tony (Domino) desper
ately trying to hitch a ride. A truck driven by Char...finally stops to offer
assistance. Mr. Chandler is no stranger to
attractively trying to hitch a ride.

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We at DPN, ever eager to help our adoring fans meet one another so that they may better sing our praises, offer the exclusive DPN Meat Market.

The guidelines are simple: you can say anything legal you want, except "straight acting". The first 50 words are free, every word after that is 10¢. 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 you.

To reply to a DPN basket: Write your letter and place it in a stamped envelope. Write the DPN basket number in the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope in another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, eh?

CWMHV4+ widowed (and bored with the role) willing to bare his soul in a high risk publication

I'm looking for someone who remains droll in the face of disaster -pragmatic without collapsing into fakultons, camp or Broadway show tunes; a man who's intelligent, creative, critical, adventurous, and determined to do more than just survive. I'm a northern European type, 38, 6'2", considered handsome, adventurous, and determined to do more than just survive. My new AIDS diagnosis hasn't affected my boner. I'm 31, tallish, hungish, good-looking in a somewhat... your little at yourself and don't expect marriage the first time you... your little at yourself and don't expect marriage the first time you...

Bend Over and elope. Put the DPN basket number in DPN and mail to Attn: DPN, 11530 No. Market St., SF CA 94103. Please write the DPN basket number in DPN and mail to Attn: DPN, 11530 No. Market St., SF CA 94103.

The Glamour AIDS Victim

In Santa Cruz, really I am. Sometimes having it gets me down, but then I think of what Louise Hay & the other new agers say, that AIDS is really a blessing and a lesson, and I say "What a crock of shit! Fuck you!" Write to Basket #6. I just turned 26 and love to get mail.

I've Got the Danger Penis

But then you probably already know that. Relatively stable 25 year old design student seeks other adventurous good-looking men for mutual sodomy and oral copulation. I'm 6'1, 160 pounds, with blond hair, green eyes, a very smile, and a big... er, condon collection. So, if you're well groomed, between 20 and 40, 5'8" to 6'4", firm and lean to tight and muscular, can laugh a little at yourself and don't expect marriage the first time you make love to someone, take a chance (after all, you've already bought this magazine) and drop me a line at DPN Basket #6. Your photo (copy) gets mine.

Bend Over

I'm 31, tallish, hungish, good-looking in a somewhat avant-garde way. My new AIDS diagnosis hasn't affected my boner. Cute young buggerable post-twinkies should write DPN Basket #2, quick, before I die or something.

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We are not responsible for any trauma caused by your not getting a date from your ad.
But...But it's not my fault! I inherited this problem from the previous administration!

An administration in which you were Vice President for EIGHT YEARS! Now put your fingers back in that bowl and deal with it!

"Just say no to the PWA running dog lackies of the gay imperialist corporate media swine." – Johnny Noxzema, BIMBOX magazine