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and Much More!

The Shocking Truth Behind Tom Shearer's Memorial Service!
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HOME: San Francisco.
AGE: 31.
PROFESSION: Software engineer.
HOBBY: Defacing billboards.
LAST BOOK READ: Perfect Pitch by Nicolas Sloinstein.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Getting my picture in DPN.
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: Because I can.
PROFILE: Fearless, foolish, friendly, non-computer-nerd type.
QUOTE: “I’ve had just the right amount too much.”
SCOTCH: None. Scotch is vile.
“Darn!”

One of our editors is dead!

Can DPN withstand the test of fire?”

by Your Cranky Editor

First of all, know your Toms: Tom S. (Tommy), the dead guy; Tom E., his erstwhile boyfriend; Tom R., Tommy’s friend, patient advocate, and all-around swell guy.

The call came late morning, April 8, Tom R’s voice saying that I’d better get to the hospital, because Tommy was on his last legs. Well, it wasn’t unexpected, but now? I had spent a few hours with him the night before, where we shared the bonding experience of cleaning yogurt from his oxygen hose. I paused for some cold pizza, and then hopped the bus to the Kaiser hospital.

When I reached Tommy’s ward, I looked into his room and saw the usual things: his hospital roommate watching TV, Tommy’s friends, Tom R., Tom E., Glenn, Joel; his brother, Squeak; and a stranger, standing around his bed. But a couple of things were odd: the fact that the blinds were drawn and everyone was so quiet. The answer was obvious to me: Tommy was asleep, and everyone was taking care not to disturb him, since he’d been having trouble resting lately. I tiptoed around the dividing curtain and was horrified. “Tom,” I said to myself, “Your color looks terrible! How did you get so jaundiced over night?” I still hadn’t caught on, but Tom R. mercifully prevented me from committing a horrible faux pas in front of the family by apologizing for not calling me, and telling me that Tom had just croaked. (He would have wanted me to use that word, honest!)

Well what do you say? I’m glad, because I wasn’t really looking forward to home care, anyway? Gee, it’s nice that Denise (Tommy’s sister-in-law) won’t have to change Tom’s diapers? Silence seemed to be the most eloquent thing. I stood around feeling awkward while Tom R. and Tom E., both of whom appeared infinitely more wise at the moment, talked with Squeak and the stranger, who turned out to be the Kaiser morgue-man. The attendants were waiting for us to leave, apparently not wishing us to see whatever secret and arcane things they do with the stiff before they wheel it into the basement. And the bed, I wondered, what do they do about that? Change the sheets, obviously, but is there some sort of ritual decontamination? Or do they just spray the vinyl surface of the inflata-mattress with Windex and put on a new set of linens for the next patient?

Everybody had already gathered Tommy’s things, except for the lonely looking oxalis plant that Tom E. had given Tommy earlier in the hospital stay. It was a special ornamental variety with red and purple leaves, and during a really bad night Tommy had hallucinated it into some menacing creatures made of slabs of liver. Call me strange, but with a history like that, I just couldn’t bear to see it thrown away. It’s doing quite well in the bathroom now.

On the way out, I couldn’t resist one small desecration of the corpse. Ever since Tommy had started his dfd trial, he’d had severe peripheral neuropathy. He called it the Polynesian Firewalk, and would kick whoever tried to wiggle his toes.

Which is just what people visiting him in the hospital would try to do. He’d gotten pretty good at aiming for the face. Anyway, I grabbed his limp digits and gave them one last tug, for old times sake.

Both the Toms suggested lunch, and looked like they needed it. Tom E. had stayed up with Tommy and had the pleasure of watching his breathing get shallower. While I was on my way to Kaiser, Tom R. had stopped by the Newsweek office to pick up advance copies of the article about DPN. He was rushing back to show Tommy in time, while talking to Tom E. on the car phone as he said, “He dying...he’s dying...he’s dead.” Needless to say, Tom R’s already excited driving habits became even more adrenaline-inducing.

After lunch we went to the Neptune Society, the bargain basement cremation place, or as Tom R. calls it, “Akbar and Jeff’s Cremation Hut, where the elite meet to be heat to a crispy treat!” That’s right, for only $795, they bag ’em, burn ’em, and urn ’em. The perfect post-mortem plans for the ecologically responsible gay man, but membership has its privileges, so sign up while you’re still ticking!

What was the first thing we saw when we walked into the lobby? A huge wall unit, filled floor to ceiling with lovely optional upgrade urns. That did it, the stresses of the day and the previous night continued.)
finally broke through and we lost our composure. No, we didn't start crying; we were just very emotional. The translators probably wouldn't have minded that. We burst out laughing at the tacksiness of it all, much to the chagrin of the realists, and the translator, Paul, said, "Show a little respect for the other patrons!"

We were hustled off to a waiting area to sit on a nice empire sofa with matching endtables. Upon which sat a box of Kleenex and some lovely vases... nope, more urns. In fact, there were everywhere on every horizontal surface, and not one alike. This one looked like something from the Ming dynasty, and that one was Art Deco. Here was one that looked like the electrode of a van de Graaf generator, and there was one artfully primitive. And little tiny ones, perfect for holding toothpicks or Q-tips, hmmm.

Naomi-the-counselor beckoned us into her office, also fusing with herrecipositories. Did we mind if a trainee sat in with us? No, but would she ever be the same? Heh, heh. Actually, Naomi's poise was pretty impressive, but considering the era and location, we probably weren't the first band of irreverent and cranky Queers she had to deal with. She expertly steered us through the bureaucratic maze and paperwork. Who gets the cremains? Tommy had stipulated that Ma Shearer got half and I got the other. No more, no less, we were reverently assured, along with a little presentation about how the Shaker-Bake was done. There wasn't a chance that one box of ashes would get mixed with another. Actually, "ashes" is a misnomer. Even after torching the casket departed and the cremated person's life and soul stuff remains, mostly teeth and the big bones like femurs. They grind those up. Wouldn't want the stuff to be recognizable human, after all. Mrs. Shearer would get hers in a brass shipping container, whereas I'd have to pick mine up in a cardboard box. Unless, of course, I'd like to upgrade to one of those lovely... um, I'll pass, thank you.

With all this talk about carefully dividing the ashes ("Up to seven different ways!") I asked the obvious question: Is that what those little bitty urns are for? When one's portion isn't big enough to fill a full sized one? "No," Naomi said, "Those are for babies." Eeeek!

The day wound down from there. Some people left, and others came over to offer their condolences. A few of us went out to dinner, and took Tommy's favorite hand puppet, a sickly green dragon, with us. We took turns with the dragon and found that it could talk about things that we as individuals weren't quite ready to face yet.

What a strange day. I felt as though I were trapped on the set of Longtime Companion. Goodbye, Tommy, we'll all miss you a lot.

What does all of this mean? Or the inevitable burning question, "So, humor magazine, what's so funny about this?" Well, I got back half of Tommy's ashes (the other half is, and will be damned if it doesn't look just like the stuff you bread shrimp with before deep frying.

Seriously though, the reality of Tommy's death isn't funny. But then, neither is it funny that the first President to preside over the age of AIDS couldn't make himself say the name of the syndrome. Or that a septuagenarian senator would obstruct prevention programs because he would rather see his nation's children die than "promote de¬
viant sexual behavior." (all the while forcing us to endure to¬

baco subsidies and its retinue of smoking related deaths). Or... well, you know enough about this yourself, you fill in the blanks. What can I say about this situation? You can either laugh or cry, but crying gives you the cow's feet.

DPN is a magazine of shared experiences, shared goals, and, maybe, shared memories. I guess that one is never ready for the test of fire, no matter how many times it has hap¬

pened in your life or how long you've prepared. An example is the fact that while Tommy and I discussed the future of DPN at length, I still feel a little nervous. I pretty much handled the entire production of issue #2, but it was still nice to have suf¬

ficient approval. DPN will continue, but its flavor will in¬

evitably change and grow. As the word editor, Tommy wanted every scrap of wisdom, both his and that of the other writ¬

ers, squeezed onto the page with nothing thrown away, doing it all, until everything was a sea of six point type. Those of you who have read GAWK #4 (nicknamed "the magnifying glass issue") will understand it, being the illustrator and layout guy, wanted to subordi¬

nate everything to the appear¬

ance of the page, sometimes at the expense of content, a thing you have seen so far was the un¬

easy truce between us. Until I can find a qualified person who wants to do DPN, as opposed to doing things for DPN, I'll be winging it alone, trying to strad¬

dle the unstable ground between those two extremes. This is the first such issue. Let me know how I'm doing.

— B.T.

THE GOLDEN PARIAH AWARD

DPN's first Golden Pariah, a coveted award bestowed by editorial whim, goes to Mr. X, the now infamous truck driver who contracted HIV by fagbashing. According to a letter written to The Lancet by a physician, Mr. X reported getting "large quantities of blood" on his hands while practicing this favorite sport. Presumably, the HIV got into his system through cuts in his skin caused by repeatedly punching suspected homosexuals in the face. In what can only be described as xenophobic justice, Mr. X had to quit before the use of the pariah award. Seriously, this was the only way he could have gotten HIV because he had been impotent for at least a decade. The fact that our society allows, and even condones, this sort of behavior is sickening.

All we here at DPN can say to Mr. X is this: Serve you right! We hope that you receive the same lack of compassion that you no doubt would have shown any person with HIV. In fact, why don't you save us all a lot of misery and just do the honorable thing, shoot yourself in the head. Unfortunately, not that you have nothing to lose in your tiny, empty life, you'll probably continue this sort of contemptible activity. Well, don't get any ideas and come over here, because if anything happens to one of us, there are notes in safety deposit boxes across the country naming you as prime suspect. Look forward to getting your award in the mail, asshole. If we can find you.

DPN is made possible by the wonders of desktop publishing technology. We're not saying it's the only way to run a zine, but if you've got a hardware fetish, it's particularly nip¬

ple-harding. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal art (including Captain Condom) was rendered using Adobe Illustrator, and photos were adjusted and retouched in Adobe Photoshop. Composition and assembly was performed on a Macintosh IIci. Pictures were scanned either by Abaton or Howk flatbed scanners, and proofs were run on a Personal LaserWriter NT. Final output was to a Linotron 330 at 2540 dpi/700 dpi. Printing was by offset lithography. The print run of DPN #3 is 2,500. (So we lied.) DPN #3 takes up approximately 6,770 K on disk.

His suggestion: The Underachievers.

Congratulations to Scott O'Hara for winning the "Name Tommy's T-Cells" contest.
The gimmick here is that each installment in the ongoing saga will describe, in as much detail as I can stomach, one of the times that I might have gotten AIDS. I write about how you, too, can get AIDS, but presumably everyone reading this is the Right Sort of People and already has it. Whether or not I ever get to the right episode (and who knows? not me) is fairly irrelevant, as long as I manage to keep the readers and editors entertained.

**Episode One: Hawaii**

This was my beach bum phase. Actually, since I never learned to surf, you may be a bit presumptuous. But I was living just two blocks from the beach, and working as a janitor at a club just off the beach. Well, all right, the baths. And you don’t have much in the way of physical needs in Hawaii — I could have (and did from time to time) slept on the beach and lived on the sum I stubbed at Diamond Head. Maybe “beach bum” isn’t too far off the mark.

So I was feeling not too unattractive. In shape, tanned, just 21. Perhaps I was a trifle over-confident. Fucking arrogant is more like it. Then Joey showed up. Isn’t that how it always is? The snake wriggles into Paradise and instantly gives you a hardon. He was visiting from the mainland, S.F. in fact — with his lover, who’d never been to the islands before. Before we get into the jokes about ‘giving him a proper le’l that makes every current and former resident wince, I must protest that I’ve always been an honorable type: I wouldn’t think of deliberately setting out to seduce anyone’s lover. Both lovers at once, though — that’s another matter entirely. It’s one of my favorite positions. So I went at it, with a will, hard guiding, that is. Went body-surfing with them for the whole day at Makapuu, and watched their bodies turn an alarming shade of red. Scratch that. So the next day, they had other friends to visit on the North Shore. And the day after that — oh, something happened. It was the day before departure that I finally got them down to the tubs for the evening.

Let me date this. Pre-‘HIV Disease’; pre AIDS’; even pre- ‘GRID’. It was still just a ‘Gay Cancer’ then. And the baths were a pleasuredomed, not a political arena.

What happened that night? I suspect that you know as well as I do, and if you don’t, I’d like to know how you acquired this quaint little virus. Besides, this also dates to the middle of my drug-induced haze that lasted for a year or two, and to be certain of the details I’d have to consult Joey or his lover, and neither is available. But we must have had a ball-busting good time, because I went to the effort of looking them up on my next two visits to The City. I guarantee that if one of us was previously infected, the other two had the perfect opportunity to acquire it.

So we were lying there, pretty thoroughly exhausted, in the movie room — that’s another thing that’s changed: you could make it in the movie room without being yelled at — and Joey turned to me. (No, not exactly, he stayed himself; but he rolled on his side) and in an admiring tone of voice, said “You could make a career of this.”

So I did.

**Episode Two: Bonny Doon**

You all know how difficult it can be to guess what the weather’s like on the other side of Twin Peaks. Now imagine hard it is to guess the weather sixty miles down the coast. Can’t be done. Best you can do is wait for September, drive down the coast every morning, every day, and wait for the fog to burn off. If it doesn’t, you go home and come back tomorrow. At least, that’s what you do if you’re filming [porn] then, but as I say, I’d been sent to the produce market that morning, before leaving, to pick it out. I named him Dennis. I’ve never liked to fuck anonymously. And Dennis was the only one of the three who, I’m certain, couldn’t have given me AIDS. Perhaps this wasn’t quite what my mother had in mind when she told me that veggies were good for me, but it might have something to do with Ms. Browning’s elegant phrase “vegetable love.”

On a cautionary note, I would recommend that those of you who are of such a persuasion to avoid zucchini. Those little hairs on them seem inoffensive to skin, but can be quite abrasive to more delicate parts. I’ve successfully jostled zucchini, I think, are strictly for oral satisfaction. (And if anyone has a good, high-calorie cucumber recipe, send it in to Biffy Mac immediately. I need inspiration.)

Anyway, I played it safe (on at least one level): I fixed cucumber salad that evening.
I had a dream about AIDS. I'd just left a job working for this rich man, he had all these treasures in his house, and I used to run his high-tech security system. Closed-circuit TV, computers, the works.

I come back at night to get my pay, and as I walk across the grounds, an enormous German shepherd comes bounding up to me. The rich man keeps these watch-dogs as a back-up to the techno-security system, but I know the German shepherd will recognize me, and he does. Licking my hand, and nuzzling his face into me to be petted. The whole dream felt like it was going to be a nightmare — you know when you have a film of dread over your dream, and you're just waiting for the punch line?

Another of the guard-dogs comes galloping out of the night, an enormous black Doberman pinscher. He is all muscle, and beauty and grace. His body is lean, sleek, hard. To watch him move is to watch pure physicality, an incredible athletic grace and power. I think the word sexy, and I realize, "yeah, that's right."

Yet he scares me, because I know he is much more vicious than the German shepherd, and I expect him to attack me. But he recognizes me, and runs around me playfully, licking my hand, and I pat his firm side.

Next comes a horse. I know him too, and I love him. He too is powerful, muscular — beauty in motion — "sexy." He comes to me at a full gallop, grabs my upper arm in his teeth, and stops on a dime, spinning me around, a little rough but playful, doesn't even bruise my arm. I pat his side, sleek, strong, sensual — a beautiful animal.

The alarm clock went off, and I got up to take my AZT. It was 4:00 am, and I lay down again and thought about the dream. It always felt threatening, something bad was going to happen, but the animals were always affectionate, loving.

I lay there, half-asleep, I guess, thinking about the dream, and then I knew how it was going to end, and why it was a nightmare:

The rich man comes out and sees his animals being friendly to me. He realizes that I'm the only one in the world who can rob him, I'm the only one who can get through his security, because I know his computer system, and his animals love and trust me. So he takes a gun and holds it to my temple. As I lay there, vulnerable and afraid, the dogs thump their tails against the ground, happy to be with us. They don't know what's happening. In a minute, when I'm dead, they'll sniffle my body, and whimper, and not understand.

I don't regret the attraction, the affection, my readiness to enjoy the physical, the erotic in them, nor, certainly their love for me. But it has left me in danger, and I am afraid.

An excerpt from Lives of the Saints, a novel in progress.
NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION
Scientific evidence has proven that the Diseased Pariah News (DPN) promotes boners among shirtless young men who work at book binderies on hot summer days. By purchasing this copy of DPN, you are not only condoning, but encouraging this behavior (and whatever else they do to relieve themselves after the shift is over). Given that, we recommend that you buy several copies of DPN. DPN is intended for the entertainment, education, and enlightenment of individuals of hearty mind and robust will who are at least eighteen (18) years of age, and who promise to have sex in any position but the missionary, and always on a Sunday. By breaking this seal, you have agreed to these terms.
CONDOM CORNER
SPECIAL REPORT

A Lube FOR ALL REASONS
by Buzz Bense

Remember the most important thing about lubricants and condoms: Oil and condoms don’t mix! Use ONLY water-based lubricants with condoms. Oil quickly weakens the latex of a condom, and will leave you with a rude surprise.* So if you and a partner are using condoms, avoid baby oil, mineral oil, vegetable oil, Vaseline, cold creams or lotion. Use ONLY water-based lubricants.

Properly lubricated condoms won’t break as frequently. Although you might find that the lubricant on the condoms is adequate, many people prefer to add extra lubricant to provide more slip, since latex may need more lubrication than bare skin. Others dislike the gels that are packaged with condoms which sometimes are googy, slippery, grainy, or just taste terrible. Here are some of the things to watch out for when shopping for lubricants:

Spermicides

We will probably see more and more lubricants that include germicides and spermicides. The best active ingredient so far is nonoxynol-9, which has been used for years in contraceptive foams and gels. Nonoxynol-9 is a mild detergent which effectively kills sperm and germs (including HIV and herpes, and many other STD germs) on contact by making the bugs pop like overfilled water balloons. It can provide back-up protection in case the condom spills, leaks or breaks, and is appropriate for either vaginal or anal intercourse. However, some people are allergic to it and will find it mildly irritating to mucus membranes. A small number of women report yeast infections after using it.

The percentage of n-9 in a product is important. Research studies use a 1% formulation as a baseline, in order to quickly kill micro-organisms that are present. Not all lubricants contain this percentage, and the concentration can get diluted when the lube gets spread throughout one’s insides.

Nonoxynol-9, unfortunately, has a distinctly sharp, chemical taste that will curl your tongue, and a numbing sensation that will haunt you for hours afterwards. Don’t use it for oral sex. If you want the back-up protection of a spermicide, use a separate lubricant, and apply it generously. Spermicides should only be used as a backup to condoms, not by themselves.

Rehydration

This a 25¢ word for a simple fact of using condoms and lubricants. Because they are water-based, all lubricants will inevitably dry out and lose their slip. But it’s very easy to make them slippery again. You just add a little bit of water — rehydration! There are a number of ways you can do this — just have a little bowl of water on the nightstand, and flick a few drops on the junction when necessary. Or you can use a small plastic squeeze bottle, atomizer, plant mister, or “Rambo” water machine gun. It’s all a matter of style and your level of brazenness.

K-Y Jelly

K-Y Jelly is the oldest and most commonly known lubricating gel. It’s the one the doctor uses to make inserting an enema bulb, scope or speculum less trying. That is exactly why K-Y was formulated — to lubricate medical instruments. Lubricating fleshy body parts is another matter. For this, K-Y is not so great. Oh, it’ll work OK. It won’t damage a latex condom. But...it’s not great. And it’s so medical.

K-Y doesn’t feel as slippery as some other products, even when fresh. It seems to dry out faster, and it gets really gummy, which can be irritating, both to you and your private parts. Although it has little taste or smell, the overall sensation with the skin is just not wonderful.

And let’s face it, the packaging (a metal toothpaste-like tube) is the pits. It feels cold and unsensual, and its easy to squeeze out MUCH too much if not carefully handled. And if you should roll over on it, or step on it, watch out!

Utilitarian and functional, K-Y is best left to the clinical environment of the doctor’s office, not the bedroom.

Spermicidal Gels

Various products fall under this category — Ramses jelly, Koromex, Conceptrol, Ortho cream and Gynol II. All of them are water-based. All of them were formulated to be applied to a diaphragm, and help seal and kill sperm. They all contain nonoxynol-9 as the active ingredient, varying from percentages of 2% to 5%. This higher per-

*You can test this yourself by smearing a little oil on an inflated rubber and seeing how quickly it bursts.

(Continues next page)
A lot of you Captain Condom fans have been complaining that our hero’s tired old circa-1983 coiffure is just too unhip for a radical dude of the 90s. Well, here’s your chance to put your money where your mouth is, because you can GIVE THE CAPTAIN A NEW DOO! That’s right, you create the perfect hairstyle for the Captain, one that can’t garde yet manageable. The perfect coiffure is an excellent idea for his safer sex vocation yet completely lock-proof. The winning entry will become Captain Condom’s official new hairdo, to be featured in subsequent episodes! Don’t be shy! Send your designs, along with a few words describing it, to us at DPN, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131. You’ll be glad you did.

In a pinch, Probe or ForPlay make a good emergency hair gel. 


Page 14
GET FAT, don't die!

**ORAL THRUSH**

If you're like ol'Biffy Mae, then oral thrush (Candidiasis) has probably visited your household many times. The discomfort associated with thrush does more than just cramp your romantic style; it can make trying to eat a living horror. As I said before, I won't tolerate any of my boys getting skinny without putting up a fight. Here are some things to do if you're having problems with thrush:

- Eat things that are friendly to tender mouthparts. Soft, non-irritating foods like eggs, cream soups, pudding, ground meat, baked fish, soft cheeses, cooked fruits, and noodle dishes. Hard-to-eat things like peanut butter or kashi should probably wait for another day.

- Avoid spicy or acidic foods and drinks. Kung pao chicken will leave you wishing to confess the location of Jimmy Hoffa's body. Carbonated drinks and salty soups may also cause some discomfort. Apple juice and milk (if you're having no problem with diarrhea) will be nice to you.

- Serve food cold or at room temperature.

- Dunk toast, crackers, and cookies in milk or tea to soften them up.

- Don't be afraid to look like a gimp! Use a straw to drink to soup or juice. It works for yours truly.

- No one has proven yet whether a regimen of (ugh!) Listerine will prevent candidiasis, but hey, it can't hurt.

- The medicine for candidiasis comes in two varieties, one for oral infection, and the other for vaginal. They both taste nasty. The trick is that you usually take the oral kind four times a day,

whereas if you don't mind the idea of chomping on a vaginal suppository, it only has to be taken once a day. Ask your doctor.

**TASTE PERVERSIONS**

This isn't the same as your best friend suddenly deciding to redecorate with Sears mock-opulent furniture. The truth is, many medications (AZT, pentamidine, amphotericin B, metronidazole) and conditions (like thrush) associated with HIV can alter the way we taste foods. Some liken it to a metallic taste, sort of like having a bloody nose all the time. If eating has become a gruesome experience, here are some things to do:

- Meat can be the most affected of all. If it starts to taste bitter, use alternate protein sources such as cheese, eggs, poultry, yogurt, tuna, and nut butters. There's probably something out there that will taste okay. Also try marinating meat in soy sauce, wine, or fruit juice. Some vegetables such as broccoli, cauliflower, bok choy, and Brussels sprouts may also seem bitter. Test them individually and eliminate them from your cooking if they ruin the stew.

- Serve protein foods at room temperature.

- Sweet things don't seem to change flavor as much as meats and vegetables. See if meat tastes better with a fruit glaze or sweet-and-sour sauce. Add fresh or canned fruit to milkshakes and ice cream.

Don't forget that everyone is special, so check with your doctor before making any radical changes to your diet. Finally, here are some recipes that our readers sent in (it's about time!).

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**Biffy Mae's Rags-to-Riches Chicken**

1 large chicken, cut up, or 4 large chicken breasts or 4 hindquarters.

- salt and pepper
- flour
- 1/2 stick butter
- 2 cans cream of chicken soup
- another 1/2 stick butter
- 2 dashes of Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 red bell pepper, chopped
- 1 cup frozen carrot slices
- 1 cup frozen peas
- Bisquick

Preheat oven to 375°F. Wash and prepare the chicken. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and dredge in flour. Butter a 9" x 13" Pyrex baking dish, and arrange the chicken in the dish. Put little dabs of butter on top of the chicken pieces. Bake for about one hour, or until the flour coating begins to turn golden brown.

Meanwhile, prepare the cream of chicken soup per the label's instructions, but substitute whole milk for one half of the water. Leave on some simmer. In a large saucepan, melt the remaining half stick of butter and sauté the mushrooms. When the mushrooms have cast off most of their water, add the Worcestershire sauce and red bell pepper, carrots, and peas. Cook for a few minutes more, until the new vegetables are just cooked. Add the prepared cream of chicken soup and simmer for a few more minutes.

Pour the vegetable sauce over the chicken in the baking dish. Bake for another 30 minutes, until the sauce is golden and bubbly. Ten minutes before serving, make biscuit dough according to the Bisquick box instructions, and drop in dollops on top of the vegetable sauce in the casserole dish. Serve when the biscuits are done. A meal in itself!

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**Randy Mae's Comforting Onion Soup**

6 medium yellow onions
- 1 stick butter
- 1 teaspoon ground pepper
- 3 tablespoons brandy or cognac (optional)
- 6 cups water
- 3 tablespoons D. Bronner's mineral bouillon
- 2 cups heavy cream
- lots of grated whole milk mozzarella
- toasted French bread, or with or without garlic

Peal and chop the onions. Melt the butter in a heavy bottomed soup or stew pot, and sauté the onions over medium heat until they are golden brown and caramelized. (This will take quite some time, first with seemingly no change, until poof! they're on the verge of being overdone, so be careful.) Add pepper, brandy, wine, mineral bouillon, and water. Bring to a boil, then reduce to just simmering. Add the heavy cream, and stir thoroughly. Pour soup into individual broiler-safe bowls, top with tost, and sprinkle cheese over the top. Pop into the broiler for a few minutes, until the cheese is melted and bubbly. Serve with baked potatoes, a salad with dressing, and don't forget the dessert!

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**Margie Mae's Sassy Wine Cake**

1 1/4 cups shredded coconut
- 1 1/4 cups pecans
- 1 package yellow cake mix*
- 1 package instant vanilla pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup neutral flavored vegetable oil, such as safflower

Preheat oven to 350°F. Whirl the coconut and pecans in a food processor until fine. Grease a Bundt pan and coat with coconut-pecan mixture. In a bowl, mix the remaining ingredients and beat 500 strokes (the batter, you fool). Pour batter into the coated pan. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes, or until a knife inserted slightly off-center comes out clean. Cool on a rack for half an hour, then turn and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Thanks to the miracle of modern polymer chemistry and the fact that it's loaded with oil, this stick-to-the-ribs confection will stay fresh forever.

*You can use chocolate cake mix and chocolate pudding too. Poor or some other sweet wine can also be substituted for the sherry. In fact, just about any booze will savor this yummy but horrifying bakery item.

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Special thanks to the women who invited Biffy Mae to a Lesbian sex party.
Can one be spiritual at the memorial service of an atheist and not appear hypocritical? We at DPN answer a hearty YES. Take all of the teddy bears that your loved one ever received and burn them! Let the smoke from those good wishes float heavenward, or at least into the next-door neighbor’s open window. Louise Hay literature makes the best kindling, but in the absence of that, charcoal lighter fluid works in a jiffy. (Beware: burning teddies can give off noxious fumes.)

Photos by Edwin Peacock.
“I knew something was wrong when she started vomiting at the dinner table!”

“I know he isn’t dead yet, but my mother has indisputably turned into Chief of Staff John Sununu, I suspect that a faulty satellite dish may be involved,” reports avid DPN reader Eric Ward of San Francisco.

It was a typical Sunday dinner, she served up mangled wieners with tuna fish and announced, “We were going to have liver but your father didn’t make any money this month.”

The conversation progressed in its usual downward spiral: My father said he wasn’t hungry and passed out in his plate, Mom steered the conversation towards her favorite topics...“What’s wrong with using vermiculite in meatloaf? Your brother just turned his first billion in real estate, have you been checking the ‘help wanted’ section of the papers...? No one else in my bridge club has a son who’s been in therapy for eight years, what’s your problem anyway? What is all this hysteria about recycling, who has time to put their newspapers on the curb? I listened to that Tracy Chapman album you loaned me, someone should shoot her and put her out of her misery. Do you really believe that Rock Hudson was gay? History repeats itself, you know, I think it’s high time we started feeding democrats to lions again.”

She was just serving up Tang sorbet for dessert (‘Your father didn’t make any money last month, either’) when her eyes rolled back in her head and she started puking fish emulsion fertilizer all over the nylon flower arrangement.

“You feeling okay mom?” I asked.

She started in this low, spooky voice: “Get the NEA on the phone and tell them I said they were a bunch of Fucking profane anti-Christian Sodomites...blooorksplaatl!...Let’s tell’em they have to get their phones forward to Dial a Prayer, or else!!!!...Get me my skis and the jet, I feel a toothache coming on ....blooorksplaatl!”

A faint smell of brimstone and ural-nal ice cakes began to commingle with the vomit. The cat stopped grooming herself in mid-groom.

“Are you still taking your prednisone mom? Excuse me just a minute.”

I exited to the bathroom, puzzling—“Mewing and puking, puking and mewing, now what would Miss Manns suggest?... She just needs something to calm herself down, perhaps she has become overtired.”

I dug through my father’s side of the medicine chest “Hmmm, aspirin, Valium, Thorazine, Lithium... There’s gotta be something stronger than these.” That’s when my eyes landed on the Walgreens Super Saver size bottle of Phenobarbital-in-a-Drum. I snuck into the kitchen, dumped a shot into a snifter and went back to the dining room.

Mom was standing on her chair screaming, “I’m Chief of Staff John Sununu don’t fuck with me fellas don’t fuck with me fellas don’t fuck with me fellas!”

I slipped up beside her and put the snifter in her hand “Try some of this John, it’s Sivowitz.”

She slammed it without even looking at the glass.

“Liquoring me up with that Commie shit, eh George? Well you must think I’m some kind of lightweight can-dyass and I’m here to tell you it’ll nevereverevereverevereverevereverever forever!!!!”

She dropped the glass and fell to the floor. I dragged her out to the Toyota and tied her in with some Bungee cords. We tried a long drive in the country, but she would only come to periodically and start screaming “Tract houses are God’s Houses...Tract houses are God’s Houses” and continue vomiting profusely all over the car. I finally had to drop her off at Pets are Wonderful Support where I told them she was a new volunteer. She/he’s still out there, probably cleaning your cat’s litterbox.

Ed. Note: According to reports, everyone who’s ever met Eric’s mother thinks she’s wonderful and wonders how she ever got stuck with such an impudent, embarrassing, and expensive son.
INSIDE DANTE'S...

I'VE BEEN DYING TO COME BACK TO THIS PLACE

I THINK IT'S BEEN AT LEAST A YEAR SINCE I FELT UP TO SLEAZING

SO MANY MEMORIES... MOSTLY OF REJECTION

WOW! THE MEN LOOK BETTER THAN EVER!

BUT SOMETHING SEEMS A LITTLE STRANGE...

I'LL PUT MY FINGER ON IT IN A MINUTE.

BUT I GUESS THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW. TIME TO GO HUNTING!
I SWEAR I KEEP HEARING SOMETHING. ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE WHISPERING...HEY!

OH, MY GODDAMMIT!
I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE SNEAK UP BEHIND AND GRAB YOUR ASS! IT'S SO...

OH MAN, PUT IT IN NOW! PLOUGH MY ASS!

YOU GOT IT!

JUST AS SOON AS I PUT THIS ON...

WH— WHAT? A RUBBER?

I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME!

LET'S GO OVER TO THOSE BUNKS!
SURE! MAXX PLUS, MY FAVORITE BRAND...

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

SURE! MAXX PLUS, MY FAVORITE BRAND...

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

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IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

SURE! MAXX PLUS, MY FAVORITE BRAND...

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?
HMM. DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS THE RUBBER BAND?

I SURE SCARED HIM OFF!

IT REALLY SCARED HIM OFF.

MAYBE NEXT TIME WE COULD DISPENSE WITH THAT LITTLE...

...MY GOD! WHAT AM I THINKING?

HOly JESUS CHRIST!

WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU?

DAMN, MY COVER’S BEEN BLOWN!

HEY, STUDIO BOY!

YOU’RE BREAKING THE RULES. YOU’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SEE ME!

NOW, WHY DON’T WE JUST PRETEND THAT THIS ALL NEVER HAPPENED?

AND THAT SUGAR DADDY OF YOURS, DADDY? IT WAS LYMOPHIA, I think...

YOUR OLD SMOOCHIE-KING STEVE WAS MEAN, WASN’T HE? WELL, THAT WAS NAUGHTY OF YOU, PNEUMOCYSTIS. YOU KNOW HOW UPPITY THOSE KIND CAN BE!

I REMEMBER YOU!

I’LL GET YOU MY LITTLE PRETTY, AND ALL OF YOUR ELEVEN TO!

THAT VISION IN THE JUNGLE... YOU’RE IT! YOU’RE THE VIRUS!

YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU’VE KILLED JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WHO’S EVER BEEN IMPORTANT TO ME!

OH, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? I CAN’T HELP MYSELF.
W damn! This superhero business is going to be a lot tougher than I thought!

so much for the promised "special powers".

where'd everyone go? scared away? shit!

well, if i can't get my dick wet, i can at least jerk off to a video.

i think you need a little help with that, boy!

i dunno. i don't think i'm in the mood anymore. maybe... hey!

wow! a black rubber! where do you get those?

come back to my room and i'll tell you.

the end of the beginning.

© 1991 beowulf thorne
Boy, you kids are in for a real treat this quarter, see, 'cause Porn Potato's off to beautiful Baja to watch the eclipse, and he's left his pal, Smut Squash (that's me), with the run of the roof cellar. You're not gonna get any of that high falootin' symbology or paradigm shit (heh, out o' me, see?), 'cause I've been doing this sort of thing since before O' Spuds was a speck of pollen attached to some bee's rear end, and this time, we're doing things my way. So grab a beer, flip on the VCR, sit down, and shut up. This won't hurt a bit.

The film we're gonna talk about today is More of a Man, from All Worlds Video. It's about time we saw something in the way of an independent producer in these parts, and I'm happy to say that I picked an outstanding example.

As the film opens, we find Vito (Joey Stefano) in a dark room full of candles and other spooky Catholic paraphernalia—which should only be sold through head shops if you ask me—beseeching the Virgin Mary to cleanse his mind of uncouth thoughts. Boy, is this kid in for a surprise, 'cause it's obvious he's been praying Oh Mary instead of the Virgin Mary, if you know what I mean.

The action gets started when Vito, apparently has this thing for bus stations, decides that a few minutes sitting around feeling awkward in the rest room is just the right way to pass the afternoon. He wipes the toilet seat like his mother taught him, and plops down.

I'd like to take this opportunity to mention how hot Joey Stefano looks in this film. His hair hangs casually in his eyes, he has a slight swagger, he's lost his baby fat, and a little bit of coaching has improved his acting...in other words, he's the ultimate bad boy. (Would you believe that Falcon's been thinking of turning him out to pasture? "Overrevised"?)
THE MINI MEAT MARKET

People will really get your message when you use our informative and effective Meat Market symbols! Only $5.00 apiece! Specify by number when you place your ad.

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

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

Frisky, functional PWA seeks AIDS adjusted, safe, sane, amusing, intelligent proportional plamates. Once a slut, always a slut, but safely these days, of course. Politically radical, feminist consciousness and atheism a definite plus. ENJOY 150 lbs, tall, tan, and with good potential. FIND a good sex. I travel lots, so write me wherever you like: 302 N. La Brea, Box 179, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

Blond dude, 31, nice body, likes outdoor sex, dissomant music, indoor sex, bike riding, less dissomant music, rock climbing, and fun sincere friends. Hoping to here from study types everywhere, although sex with every one will be a challenge if you're not in the San Francisco Bay area. Send interesting letters to DPN Basket 99.

What can you do for DPN? Simple: sleep with the editor. However, (and don't let 'em) Porn Potato fool you. I was the one who turned him on to Michael Parks, see? He still would have been foddering his stamens over Fat Charlie (it had been years)... but I've never gone into vegetables, I'll be first in line, not Spam understood!

THE DISEASED PARIAH NEWS RESOURCE GUIDE

This is a capricious section highlighting various groups and publications that we come across in our travels. If you would like your organization to be listed in the resource guide, tell us a little about yourself and we'll print it.

The Neutype Society offers cremeation and memorial services in the Northern California area. Their dignified, non-nonsense approach is designed to help lessen the emotional and financial strain related to death. You can order a tray for the disposal of cremains including scattering in the Pacific Ocean, and shipment to the person of your choice. I think I'll have mine sent to George Bush, with a note thanking him for everything he's done. For further information, contact the Neutype Society, 1275 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133. Telephone: (415) 771-0717.

PWAline is a Minneapolis-based bimonthly with a good mix of informative articles, art, photography, literature, and an irreverent touch. Send $5.00 for a year (Yay)! $5.00 donation is requested but "not necessary if enough is to be generated." PWAline, Sabath Global Community Center, Suite 303, 310 East 38th St., Minneapolis, MN 55409.

Recommended Reading

PWA Coalition Newsletter. A product of the AIDS Coalition of New York, this big, fat, sassy publication has lots of news and an immense resource guide to the New York City area. The suggested subscription is $35 per year, but free if you're an AIDS/ARC person. Write them at 31 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10010.

AIDS Treatment News is an outstanding, succinct newsletter devoted to monitoring developing and experimental treatments. From A.T.N. PO Box 411526 SF CA 94141, (415) 295-0598.

SF AIDS Foundation supplies a very nice AIDS resource guide for infected people in San Francisco. There are lots of forms of support available that you may not know of. They also publish BETA, a good, non-technical resource. Free in SF, 861-3397. In Cal (800) FOR-AIDS.

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

Gay Men's Health Crisis publishes

Treatment Issues, 129 W. 20th St., NY NY 10011, (212) 807-6655. Ask about GMHC's wonderfully dirty safer sex comics.

The Bay Times has an extensive resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or $32 a year, ($24 disabled persons rate) by subscription. The San Francisco Bay Times, 588 7th St, SF CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI Perspectives and offers other services. 558-9261, 800-334-7422 in Cal (800) 822-7422 elsewhere.

WHAT'S NEXT? Don't miss the next exciting issue of the Diseased Pariah News! In DPN #4, we'll share the continuing saga of Scott O'Hara's Memoirs of a Working Boy; cheer to Brint Butcher's getting married while wearing a DPN "T-shirt;" be touched by poignant words from Patrick McGrath and Dean Swayand; and listen to the follies of Alba Lee Thurlay, RN.

WE WANT YOUR OLD SMUT Are you tired of your old printed porn? Just don't seem to blow your skirt up anymore, but you're too much for it to just throw away? Well, send it to DPN. We can use it for incidental graphic props, for templates, and all sorts of perverted things. HARD CORE stuff only, please. Mail it class printed matter to save money. Generous contributors will receive a coveted DPN button for their efforts.

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I WANT IT!

Yes! I'll admit it! I'm tired of lurking in unsavory places like bookstores and having to satisfy myself with the last dog-eared copy of the Diseased Pariah News in stock. I want to SUBSCRIBE to DPN so that it will arrive on my doorstep, printer fresh and unsullied.

☐ Please send me a one-year SUBSCRIPTION of four issues for only $7.00 (US$10 Canada, US$18 International). Start me with (please check) the current issue (#3), or the next issue (#4).

☐ Please send me a SAMPLE ISSUE for only $2.00 (US$3 Canada, US$5 International). I would like to see (please check) the current issue (#3), or the next issue (#4).

☐ Please send me a BACK ISSUE for only $3.00 each (US$5.00 Canada, US$7.00 International). I would like (please check) #1, and/or #2.

Please send it to (print clearly):
Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________

Signature: ____________________________
(I certify that I am over 18 years of age.)

Please include any additional subscriptions on a separate piece of paper.

I would also like the following exciting DPN merchandise:
(Please specify size and quantities)

☐ DPN T-Shirts at $12.00 each Subtotal __________
(____ size Large; ____ size Extra-Large)

☐ DPN Buttons at $1.00 each Subtotal __________
(____ Kiss Me! I'm a Diseased Pariah; ____ Porn Potato Likes That;
____ Porn Potato Doesn't Like That; ____ GET FAT, don't die!)

☐ DPN Postcards at 50¢ each Subtotal __________
(____ "You're Soaking in It!": ____ Piss Jesse)

☐ Captain Condorm's Original Party Pack at $4.00 each Subtotal __________

Total for Merchandise AND Magazines __________
(California residents add 7% sales tax.)

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