So whet your appetite with Diseased Pariah News® instead. That’s right, DPN™ is real meaty entertainment for real live PWAs (and their friends & loved ones) who prefer chocolate brownies and robust laughter to stale pita bread and wimpy New Age affirmations. But be forewarned! DPN™ is more than a mouthful, and by breaking this seal you have stated that you are an individual of at least eighteen (18) years of age, and that you have consented to display your exquisite taste by viewing the adult matter herein. In addition, you agree not to feed DPN™ to a person of any description against their will, even when shredded into little pieces and mixed with cinnamon flavored Wheatina®.
NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION
Join us at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, the single largest medical research facility in the world. Here, the best and brightest minds of our great nation have selflessly devoted themselves to the most urgent task of our time: conquering HIV. After a decade of toiling away at their noble cause, a breakthrough seems almost at hand! What earth-shattering findings will be announced? What eagerly awaited miracles are to be revealed to an expectant world?

Inside This Issue:
Welfare Queens,
Hunting Serocloseted Republicans,
Those Pesky Little Blood Stains,
Applied Rudeness,
Louise Goes Haywire,
And Much More!

NIH: NOT INVENTED HERE!
The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We are a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and soro-negative guilt. We encourage people with HIV to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment will be the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION
It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Simply use the coupon on page 38. Someone already tore it off? Then send $10.00 (US$12 Canada, US$20 International) for one year (4 issues) or $3 (US) ($4 Canada, $6 Int'l) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, c/o Men's Support Center, P.O. Box 7122, Oakland, CA 94607. Residents DO NOT PAY TAX. Please return any questions to (510) 651-0455.

Special thanks to our golden photographer, kahuna bubble-butt surboy slave Francis G. for helping us get our ISSN.

Page Two Boy Nick Trevor
Editorial: The Complete Welfare Queen
DPN Meat Market
Pariah Chase: Hunting Sincerely Republicans
DPNensored by (most of) the presidential candidates
GET FAT, don't diet looks at those nasty food stains
Social Protocol for the Medically Indigent by Tab Lloyd
How to Leave the Morning After
An Awful Realization by Douglas Saylor
Buttdicking Saved My Life! (a DPN Reader Profile)
DPN Centerfold Boy Kevin Bryson
Porn Politics: The Long Box of Justice
Gait by David Bear
Memoirs of a Working Boy Part VI by Scott O'Hara
Further Adventures of Captain Condom
New and Improved, Low Calorie, Nutritious and Delicious

RECIPE:
Mike Brown's Calorie-Packer Rash
Biffy Mae's Sexually Repressed Pecan Pie
Robbie Man's Tofu Fruit Shake
Shortie Mae's Green Bean Casserole
Biffy Mae's Impossible Leftover Potluck
Mysterious Cheese and Nut Loaf
potatoe's Nut-Crunch

Diseased Pariah News is Nasty Nick's magazine, STATIC, at hip locations in the Santa Clara valley. Page 2
Sleazy Wisdom

Three years ago, shortly after I first moved to San Francisco, I attended an ACT-UP "welcome committee" new-members' orientation and there met my first "full time activist", who advocated quitting one's boodocking corporate job, living off disability, and using the time thus liberated to serve The Movement.

On the one hand, I couldn't help noticing that such a deal made the most sense for a "golden lifeboat" like him: his job at a Fortune 500 company had left him well endowed with an excellent disability package, good health care, a paid-off late model Volvo, and a large apartment's worth of Beidermeyer furniture. On the other hand, I had to admit that he was, in fact, one of the most tireless and effective AIDS activists in the region, so that I wasn't inclined to begrudge him a little comfort at home after he toiled so hard on the front lines. And then I acknowl¬edged that his general strategy, with a little fine tuning, made a lot of sense for a lot of HIVers.

This is because getting tagged by a Danger Penia radically changes most of the values in an HIVer's life equations. "Work" and Advancement in a Proper Career suddenly seem to cost more and pay off less. Having Good Times and doing Important Stuff now rather than "a few years from now" (yeah, right: in hell, maybe) become a priority.

Add to this the significant benefits available to an Officially Disabled Dead Meat Special, especially in ultra-supportive San Francisco.

Finally, consider the likely need to spend increasing amounts of time on health maintenance at the very moment you find yourself with less energy than ever before. By the time you finish doing the arithmetic, you find the balance has shifted heavily against gainful employment in favor of gainful enjoyment—at the public trough, if at all possible.

This raises certain practical and ethical issues—for example, if instead of becoming a Full Time Activist with your liberated hours you just keep them for your own personal use, is this "ripping off the system" and thus politically incorrect? What if your definition of "disabled" is significantly more generous than the Fed's official line on the topic is,

exaggerating your symptoms a fair bargaining technique, or simply squeezy welfare cheating?

There are the old bottom-line issues. Can you really live on half of what you used to? Even if it means getting half-time pay for no-time work? What about getting—and paying for—health care, in this country that links said care to one's job?

Can you lay aside your aspirations to eventually become a full status Gappie (Gay Urban Professional), even though in fact you spent most of your life as a poor fig, but with a surprisingly high "discretionary income"? Without your job to define who you are, can you keep a coherent sense of worthiness, or will you just tail-spin into depression, drug abuse and death (not a bad description, by the way, of 90% of the general population's occupational life), your declaration of "disability" becoming an awful self-fulfilling prophecy?

Finally, what are the mechanics of leaping from the elusive security of employment into the vast and patchy safety net skallywagging spanning the yawning abyss beneath? These questions, and many more, will be dissected in detail below. Becoming a complete welfare queen may not be a good deal for you—right now. But you should always be aware of it as a possibility, as it's one of the best deals currently available for diseased pariahs in these United States.

I'm sorry, but try as I might, I simply find it impossible to take ethical objections re: ripping off the Fed very seriously. They screw you and milk you so badly at every turn that anything you can scam them out of, short of blatant welfare-cheating, counts as only partial reparations for their mean-spirited stupidity.

Are one JFW's food stamps for a year really an inferior investment for the USA than spending the same amount of money on a single toilet seat for Air Force One? If you can bind the Fed by their own stupid and contradictory rules to fund your poetry writing or graffiti campaign, or cooking yourself nice fattening meals and this as good a use of your own fucking tax dollars (and those of your friends and family) as "lending" them to Israel so they can buy war-toys and/or build more Zionist trailer parks in...
Glamor is inappropriate during hard times. Cute boys are boring." —A DPN subscriber in Boston.
DPN Meat Market

We thought we'd have to reprint tired old personals from a previous edition to fill this section, but two diligent readers have delivered us from that horrible fate. Here they are.

19 YEAR-OLD COLLEGE STUDENT; 6'1", 160 pounds, brown hair and eyes. I enjoy theater, writing, and even hot sex. Seeking positive people for correspondence, friendship, romance and/or sex. I live in Lawrence, Kansas, is there anyone around? Reply to DPN Basket #15.

LONELY BUT ATTRACTIVE AFRICAN AMERICAN; gay male, 47, seeks affectionate, intelligent, and sensual guys, 28-55 for friendship, sex, or pen pals. I live in the Boston area, am 5'6", 170 pounds, brown eyes, brown hair, clean shaven, smooth, and HIV+ for seven years. Young looking (mid '30s) and very horny. Into Fr/Gr A/P, and versatile, hot, sweaty sex. No New Age health nuts. Recreational drugs, tobacco, and alcohol certainly acceptable in moderation. Safe sex. Phone sex okay, send phone number. Race unimportant. Send your letter. Put it in an envelope. But a stamp on that envelope. Write the basket number on the envelope. Put that in another envelope. Address it to us. Put a stamp on that envelope.

Since our two boys have discreetly chosen DPN baskets [free] for their politically correct [you can say anything but "straight acting"] listings [first 50 words free, 10¢ apiece thereafter], you gotta do something special. Write your letter. Put it in an envelope. But a stamp on that envelope. Write the basket number on the envelope. Put that in another envelope. Address it to us. Put a stamp on that envelope. Mail it. We'll forward it. Under some circumstances, the editorial staff may also even forward envelopes sent without accompanying postage, but not before reviewing them first for our amusement.

Conservatives with AIDS? Why, the thought is positively un-Christian! Are they suffering from God's punishment for electing Pete Wilson governor of California, or merely for having sex on the Lord's day? Who are these ghastly creatures and what could they possibly look like? Well, you need not search any further than Pacific Palisades, Georgetown, or the Hamptons. That's right! There could be HIV+ Republicans in your very own neighborhood, being a burden to our health care system while voting for a thousand points of light. Here are a few tips for field watching the seroconverted.

Don't bother looking for the dead giveaway: spots. The seroconverted live in mortal fear of this condition, and are loath to leave the house when it presents itself. By the time they reach this point, they have either killed themselves or are spending an eternal holiday at L'Institute du Prairie.

In the absence of this one clue, the chase becomes more subtle, and ultimately more rewarding. Keep this in mind, though: no one clue is an indictment of pariahhood, but if you find three or four, you're definitely on the right track. Happy hunting, and remember, there are no bag limits.

PARIAH CHASE!

You too Can Spot Seroconverted Republicans
In Your Very Own Neighborhood!

Tailored business attire may be replaced by looser Armani styles.

Sudden appearance of private physician's home phone number on office speed dialer. Don't bother looking for the dead giveaway: spots. The seroconverted live in mortal fear of this condition, and are loath to leave the house when it presents itself. By the time they reach this point, they have either killed themselves or are spending an eternal holiday at L'Institute du Prairie.

Paged
DIRTY POLITICS

DPN Snubbed by Most of the Major Presidential Candidates!

Wouldn’t it be nice, we thought, if DPN could help its readers make the oh-so-hard decision of who to vote for this November. It seemed so simple; we’d make a list of questions, send them to the Presidential candidates and their running mates, and print the fascinating answers we’d receive. How naïve of us. For one, we believed that we’d get our asses in gear and have DPN #7 in subscribers’ hands before Election Day. Even more naïve, we figured that the candidates (or at least their minions) would care enough to write back. The sad truth is that answering questionnaires from cranky, irrelevant HIV humor magazines is low on candidates’ lists of priorities, even when the questionnaires arrive by certified mail, accompanied by user-friendly prepaid return envelopes. We sent out seven questionnaires; we got back one bona fide response and one form letter.

“Due to the numerous questionnaires received by the campaign, the President is unable to answer each inquiry individually.” Thus spoke George Bush’s Deputy Director of Communications (totally bunch title, doncha think?). “However, we are happy to send you the campaign fact sheet (sic) reflecting the President’s position on this issue. We hope you find it useful.” Uh, thanks. It made splendid bird cage lining. “If you have any further questions, please feel free to call” (We hasten to point out that no phone number was given in the letter.) Anyhow, nothing in the Bush camp’s fact sheet addressed any of the questions we posed, nor was any of it particularly amusing, so we’re not inclined to print any of it here.

Pseudo-candidate Henry Ross “I quit because they were fixin’ to smear my daughter” Perot couldn’t be bothered. “Bill Clinton and Al Gore yawned. But! We did hear from André Marrou, the Libertarian Party candidate for President. They’re number three—they try harder, I suppose. Our questions, and Mr. Marrou’s responses are reproduced below.

1. In your view, what is the single most important contribution US Government can make to help combat AIDS?
   “Get the F.D.A. out of interfering with introduction of anti-AIDS drugs—such as AZT and DDC.”

2. Some western European governments fund secretly explicit AIDS-prevention educational materials. Do you feel this could be an appropriate use of US taxpayers’ money?
   “No. Would be better to provide, say, a prize for development of an AIDS cure.”

3. The National Commission on AIDS has criticized President Bush for not providing leadership in dealing with the AIDS crisis. Do you agree with the Commission’s position on this point, and why?
   “Yes. Bush is homophobic, and only via intense public pressure has his F.D.A. approved use of AZT and DDC.”

4. What is the closest relationship you have (e.g., friend, family member, colleague, acquaintance) with someone who has AIDS or is HIV+?
   “Close personal friend who recently died from AIDS, and another friend who is HIV-positive.”

5) Had you heard of Diseased Parish News?
   “No.”

6) Have you seen a copy of Diseased Parish News? (If yes, did you like it?)
   “Yes. Yes.”

Imagine our surprise! From his answers to questions 5 and 6, it would appear that not only did Mr. Marrou make an effort to locate and procure a copy of DPN after receiving our letter, but he appreciated our sick brand of humor, and admitted it. Pretty bally for a candidate on the ballot in all 50 states, we’d say. We also like the call-a-spa-de-a-spa-de attitude evidenced by the statement “Bush is homophobic”. Could you imagine Bill Clinton saying that?

As a project of a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation, DPN makes no political endorsements. Our remarks about the candidates (e.g., “George Bush is a wanker”) should not be construed as recommendations or criticisms, nor should loaded question #5 in our questionnaire be seen as a jab at George Bush (even though he is a wanker).

What did we learn from all this? Oh, several things. We learned not to get our hopes up about getting responses from Presidential candidates. And we’ll make sure that in 1996, whatever’s editing DPN starts early enough to finish the issue with the election article some time before November.

—T.A.
STAINS

1. For blood and shit, make a poultice out of salt and a little water. Scrub the stain and rinse it thoroughly.

2. For cum, egg, milk, sweat, vomit, or piss, scrub with baking soda and rinse.

3. For ink, both felt tip and ballpoint, spray some hairspray or Lysol into a paper towel and blot the stain. Beware! Some aerosols may leave stains themselves, so test on an inconspicuous place first. Avoid Aqua-Net Extra Hold and other high lacquer formulas.

4. For gravy, salad dressing, lipstick, or other grease-based oaf, don’t use water. Instead, scrape off as much as possible with a blunt knife. Then, take some lighter fluid, turpentine, benzene, or any other industrial solvents you may have handy, and apply a few drops directly onto the stain. Brush from the center outwards. Like hairspray above, test on the fabric first.

5. For wine, coffee, soft drinks, juice, booze, and other dark water-based stains, apply a couple of drops of dishwashing liquid and scrub with a moist cloth. Flush with water and pat dry. —B.T.

GET FAT, don’t die! (special report)

As some of us know all too well, getting sick is a great way of ruining that favorite pair of silk pajamas. All it takes is an IV in the arm, a tray of hospital food, or maybe a specimen container at the bedside, and you’ll come face to face with those nasty little...

SOCIAL PROTOCOL FOR THE MEDICALLY INDIGENT

by Tab Lloyd

The term “social worker” sounds like someone you employ to keep the list of what dress you wore at what party... "My social worker said one more funeral and I’ll have to buy a new black outfit, I’ve worn them all already this season." "My social worker said I should hand address each form and include a personal invitation to lunch when I submit my application to Medi-Cal." "My social worker suggested I dress down for the SSI interview. She believes casual attire is most appropriate."

Actually I’m lying, my state social worker won’t even answer her phone, let alone give me advice on “social protocol for the medically indigent.” I’ve had to guess at what Ms. Manners would do if she were in my shoes (probably look to see if they matched).

When sending correspondence to your worker, add a personal touch—there’s nothing like a handwritten note to make someone remember you. I suggest something like: “I’m so glad you enjoy reading my Social Security Disability Award letter. I’ve enclosed a gummed pad of 200 copies so you won’t have to ask for it again. Just peel one off whenever you need it,” or perhaps just “Don’t worry if you lose this again, I’ve sent copies to your supervisor and my lawyer. I’m sure either of them will happily supply you with additional copies should you require them. Sincerely, Bruce.”

In dealing with one’s social worker, never refer to her as a “stupid ass cunt,” unless you want her to destroy all records pertaining to your eligibility. Social workers share techniques of bureaucratic sabotage as a kind of bonding experience. Of all the things they do, they do this best. Kissing ass is the best method of avoiding social worker sabotage—but if you must release tension and anger, first tell your social worker you suffer from Tourette’s syndrome. This will allow you to call him a “fucked out hole,” or her a “fifty ass bitch,” and maybe a “murderous shit-eating whore” without retribution. You’ll feel better, and your file will have a greater chance of making it through your cathartic experience intact. If correspondence and telephone calls don’t do the trick, you’ll have to grant your social worker a personal appearance. Here are a few tips: wear clothes at least five sizes too large, accessorize with a hospital ID bracelet, and it’s perfectly okay if your shoes don’t match your ensemble (or each other). Let’s talk hair—the chemo look works best, but if you can’t pull it off, simply mouse all your hair forward for that popular “guinea pig uncombed pillow case rub” look.

Sometimes the wait to see your worker can be interminable. Speed up the process by feigning projectile vomiting. Tomato soup is too frightening, and pea soup is too dramatic; try a neutral cream of mushroom. Once inside, coughing and drooling help, but I find repeated references to diarrhea while squirting and clenching any paperwork you are given will waive any unnecessary or repetitive steps. Finally, keep a moist sponge in your pocket, so when complete, the interview ends with a nice damp handshake. Chances are, next time you’ll be able to conclude any business over the phone with a minimum of formality.
Haywire
Louise, the Morning After

W e’ve picked on Louise Hay a lot around here at DPN. For those readers who don’t know much about her, or wonder why she’s one of our favorite targets, here’s why: her philosophy istucked. I could say “misguided”, or “extreme”, but that wouldn’t do it justice.

Louise Hay is, of course, the creator of countless self-help books, audio tapes, and coloring books that tell us we’re in control of ourselves. “We create every so-called ‘illness’ in our body.” You thought parasites caused scabies? No, it’s probably “infected thinking.” In Louise’s world, blackheads are caused by anger, baldness is caused by fear and tension, and bladder problems come (of course!) from being pissed off.

“We are each 100% responsible for all our experiences,” sez Louise. This keystone of New Age philosophy is said to be empowering, liberating, rejuvenating, and so on. But does it hold water? If a meteor crashes into my house, am I 100% responsible? Is my roommate also responsible? Louise Hay can’t be bothered with such inquiry; critical thought ain’t her long suit.

A sense of 100% responsibility implies that getting sick represents failure. A frustrating thought to be sure, but not to worry, it’s perfectly possible to hold that belief without being upset at yourself for having failed. Remember, you have complete control over your thoughts in the New Age.

To Louise Hay, there is truly no “accident” to what we are responsible for. We choose our parents, for example. “Each one of us decides to incarnate upon this planet at particular points in time and space.” Birth defects are karmic in origin, she says. No exception—no explanation—you just gotta believe.

There are no accidents, Louise tells us. It is surely no accident that Louise Hay books are lacking any credible arguments to back up her metaphysical assertions. But hey, the New Age isn’t about splitting hairs. Why waste your energy being skeptical when you could be healing yourself with affirmations?

Louise Hay has special words for gay people. She says that because we’ve been told for so long that we’re bad, we can’t help but think bad thoughts. Artfully suggesting her conclusion, she adds “It is not surprising that gay men were among (sic) the first to experience the dread disease, AIDS.” She then chides us for being preoccupied with beauty and youth, and continues: “Because of the ways gay people often treat other gay guys, for many gay men the experience of getting old is something to dread. It is almost better to die than to get old. And AIDS is a disease that often kills.”

The conclusion, again only implied, is that AIDS is appropriate for gay men, given our bad attitudes.

This talk is the ranks of garbage. You get infected with HIV when it’s introduced into your bloodstream. The universe didn’t single out gay men for a tailor-made disease because of their thoughts. Louise Hay is on a par with fundamentalists who insist that AIDS is God’s punishment for homosexuality—except that the fundies have the balls to say it explicitly, and Louise Hay carefully leaves her embarrassing conclusions unstated.

Don’t get me wrong—I’m fully convinced that my mental state has a tremendous influence on my health. However, my concept of mental health does not include believing simplistic drivel.

What’s more, Louise Hay books are torturous to read. They’re strangely devoid of wit, and I have real problems trusting any purported spiritual leader who doesn’t have a good sense of humor. Louise Hay talks about humor, she tells us it’s good—but she doesn’t say anything funny. She blows every opportunity; think of the fun she could’ve had with an explanation of what causes hay fever. (But no, it’s “Emotional congestion. Fear of the calendar. A belief in persecution. Guilt.”)

Louise Hay doesn’t speak well of medical doctors. She says they treat only the symptoms of illness, not the causes. This is surely true in many cases, but if you relied just on Louise Hay books, you’d have a hard time knowing where doctors are useful and where they aren’t. If I had rabies, I’d rather have it treated with drugs than repeat Louise Hay’s unsupported affirmation. A truly holistic approach to health care looks for valuable techniques from all sources.

However, it’s hard to be wrong about everything, and Louise Hay has some things of merit to say. You don’t need her books, though; I’ll summarize the good points here.

Don’t harbor anger, resentment, fear, or guilt. Work to transcend your perceived limitations. Love yourself. Don’t get stuck thinking about the past. Listen to what your body tells you. Eat well. Don’t lie to yourself, and remember: the New Age is neither. —T.A.

Page 13

I had an Awful Realization

...That “A” guys get AIDS. I always thought they were immune to it, you know, in those big old houses in the suburbs and all. Someone tipped me up and I got this invitation to an “A” gay pity party. I had only once before gotten an invitation to an “A” party, but that was ten years ago when I was young and beau—well, I was young, anyway. I had no money, though, so I couldn’t play ball with the big boys.

Anyway, back to this gala event. A perky young blond answered the door, announcing the group as “Positive Pride” (naturally they couldn’t have had the word AIDS in there— “A” guys don’t get AIDS, they’re only HIV+.) Anyway, he explained that this was purely a social group, and they had no affiliation with any other organization working for PWAs. He stressed that the stayed out of politics. Well, I was disappointed that there was no great cause to rally behind. You see, San Diego has this lovely Junior League called, “Gay Graduates”, precious men who work for food and toiletries for the queers they would certainly never entertain in their homes. I was expecting something a little more than that.

I came bounding in with my new, tasteful “Kiss me, I’m a diseased parish” T-shirt. No one spoke to me. They were all in designer clothes and looking ever so chic.

“So, I asked one young thing. “Did you make it to the ACT-UP rally last night?”

He gave me a chilly look and left.

My heart was sinking. It was like being on the deck of the Titanic while the band was playing some old hymn. And as much as I had secretly envied the “A” crowd that I never had access to, I felt so sorry for these men. They had led gilded lives, and were now facing their first sorrow—as much as they could. I overheard one man (who wouldn’t give his real name) talking about his therapy group. It was with some closeted shrink downtown who was charging the party boys $100 an hour to bemoan cruel fate.

I finally had to leave. I had a sick feeling. I was at Norma Desmond’s New Year’s Eve party. No one told them they weren’t “A” any more, that the world had changed. And as I left, passing the expensive sports cars until I found my own little wreck, I actually tried to pray to some god for them. I had never had anything, and AIDS was just one more adversity in my life. But those men, who had been used to the best and finest must have been devasitated the most... —Douglas Saylor
GET FAT, don't die!

Mikey Mae's Calorie-Packer Hash

2 to 4 tablespoons fat from a leftover meat or butter
About 1 cup meat scraps pulled off a carving or bone, finely chopped
1 large onion, chopped
1 bell pepper, red or green, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
2 cups leftover or fresh veggies, finely chopped
Fresh pepper to taste
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup leftover gravy, or stock or milk
2 eggs per person

Heat the fat or butter in a heavy skillet and brown the meat bits until they're crispy (about five minutes). Remove with a slotted spoon and set aside. Sauté the onion, bell pepper, garlic, and any fresh vegetables you decide to use until they are wilted and the onion is semi-transparent. Add the leftover veggies and the meat and cook on medium for five to ten minutes, occasionally breaking up the yummy crust that forms on the bottom of the skillet. Add the leftover gravy, Worcestershire sauce, and several grinds of pepper. Cook for another 3 minutes, or until the liquid is absorbed. Portion the hash onto plates. Quickly scramble or fry two eggs per person in the same pan, for the traditional garnish, and place on top of the hash. Serve with buttered toast or English muffins, and strong coffee thickened with milk. This will feed two to four people, depending on your appetites. The addition of beets yields Red Flannel Hash, full of old world charm. Bon appetit!

...Welfare, cont'd from page 6

On the one hand, leisure and stress-free living; on the other, endless toil and aggravation with no realistic prospect of improvements. I hesitated no further, and have been living happily ever after.

Basic Mechanics

To qualify for all these goodies, you have to be demonstrably disabled (which, please note, does always require actual disability). An HIVer with more than 500 T-cells will have a hard time convincing any authority that they need to retire unless they've had a serious opportunistic infection. Conversely, any HIVer with less than 200 T-cells is justifiably considered a de facto person with AIDS (even though the official CDC policy change codifying this was never actually implemented).

The Social Security people, the ones who decide if you get benefits or not, will want to see some evidence of illness. If you simply declare yourself fatigued, I don't know how they could disprove it—but they're really looking for more concrete stuff. A recent stay in the hospital is a good qualifier for disability. Otherwise, be prepared to explain how and why you can no longer work.

I braced for the above interrogation as described above, but it never happened. I was never asked for details, just a confirmation of my diagnosis, and my benefits were routinely granted.

In general, I think it's appropriate to dress down when going in for welfare agency appointments. Black leather "ACT UP" type jackets and mollusks seem to evoke skepticism and defensive-ness from social service workers. I found that wearing my slightly older clothes—which are now too large and kind of hang on me—enhanced that all-facilitating Dead Meat Special effect.

My personal example is one of someone who's dropped into the "safety net", but if you led even a slightly more productive occupational life than I did you may well be eligible for significantly more generous retirement benefits. If you earned good wages for most of the past ten years, you paid a small fortune into Social Security and are now entitled to a corresponding monthly stipend. Some people get about $1000 a month in benefits this way.

If, even better, you actually worked for a company that has its own retirement/disability package, you could be sitting pretty. Your benefits could include a monthly amount and perhaps would include continued health care coverage.

Health care is, ironically, a separate matter from disability. Being covered when I declared disability, and living in California with its HIPP program, I was able to extend my existing coverage. If you have a private policy, you must continue it yourself. Medicare pretty much covers all basic medical costs—but you're not eligible until 29 months after you retire.

You can always just throw yourself on the public mercy on this issue, too. Most counties have safety-net coverage for the destitute, but this is usually pretty poor quality. HIV care in San Francisco is a striking exception: even our street people get world-class cutting edge treatment (which even the well-insured probably don't have access to back in the Midwest or South). But what I hear about public-access HIV care in Chicago, or even New York City, terrifies me.

Getting married to a sympathetic friend of the opposite gender who has good job-related health coverage works pretty well. Actually, if the Powers That Be didn't discriminate against gays and lesbians re: marriage, I could and should

be covered legitimately by my partner's insurance.

Finally, some disabled people supplement their benefits by working "under the table" for cash. Officially, of course, all such earnings should be reported and will be deducted from your benefits. But many evade this requirement, pointing out that as long as nothing gets reported to your Social Security number they have no way to find out.

What to do with your time

Once you've quit your job and arranged for your monthly living and health care expenses, what should you do with your now-free time?

In my case, I was already spending about 10 hours a week just on health-related issues. Now I spend more time looking for interesting foods, cooking them, and eating them. I also read a lot more, and write a whole lot more. Some people get involved in politics or research—becoming the newly-traditional "full-time activists". Others devote themselves to reviving their sex lives. You could become the notorious editor of a fabulous zine, or the fabulous editor of a notorious one.

Chances are there are a number of things that you wish you had done, or feel that you should have been doing all along. Go ahead and do them now; at government expense, if possible. Drop us a note and let us know how it worked out.

At the bottom line, the vast majority of people, HIVers and otherwise, would be far better off quitting their jobs and redirecting their lives to more personally meaningful endeavors. But HIVers have less time to waste than most, and after physical exhaustion, that's why so many of us are becoming "Complete Welfare Queens. As I used to say about graduate school: it beats working for a living!"—M.B.
Like all of our lust objects, Kevin will receive fabulous DPN merchandise as compensation for having been ruthlessly objectified. Would you like to share in the embarrassment of riches? Then show us what you got!

In 1979, at the tender age of 17, I began my sordid and nefarious path to hell by picking up a middle-aged man cruising downtown London, Ontario, Canada (population: 300K) halfway between Detroit and Toronto) in his car. He, of course, thought I was hustling. I just wanted sex. A Holiday Inn was the ultimate destination of our ride. Razor burn, room service, and the realization that not everyone had the same destination in life. I wanted to try everything I had read the year before in the Joy of Gay Sex (miraculously on the shelf at our main public library). He wasn't too anxious, but I made him fuck me. I liked it. I liked it a lot. Now, 1992: me, Kevin Bryson, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., brown hair (what little is not buzzed off), hazel eyes,ChartData count: 40 with one bout of PCP—clinically AIDS! Medications: ddCI, Dapone®, Zovirax®, with an occasional special treat of Ketoconazole® if I'm a good boy. On AZT for 2½ years before deciding it was lacking in both excitement and coolness. The current obsessions: escaping Toronto, the dullsville city I now live in; making and starring in HIV porn—unsafe, nasty sex for the DPNation; obtaining enough Seconal® to act out Sharon Tate's death scene in "Valley of the Dolls"; Henry Rollins (ex-member of Black Flag) of the Rollins Band—ultimate stud from hell; Wigstock, N.Y.C.; finding an HIV boy into tattoos, buzz cuts, boots, rough sex, and trouble who is searching for a buddy to live out a final "Living End"/"Thelma and Louise" type of exit from this earth. Regrets? Well, I guess I wish the term "demon seed" had remained fiction along with Linda Blair's head spinning, and projectile vomiting, rather than becoming a real life horror movie that's fucked up all of our lives. But regrets? No. I still like getting fucked. Live fast, die hard. —Kevin Bryson
CENTERFOLD BOY

Age: 30
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 150 lbs.
CD4 Count: 40
Medications: ddc, Dapsone®, Zovirax®, Ketoconazole®

KEVIN BRYSON
THE LONG ROD OF JUSTICE

Porn Potatoes looks forward to the day when porn films will be judged by the same standards as other movies. We've all been weaned on fuck films without decent acting, interesting plots, realistic dialogue, and high production values, so that we're taken aback when a porn flick actually offers such goods. Now, although Porn Potato likes being taken aback as much as the next sap, it'll be a great day when we expect porn films to be good films all around.

Porn Potato goes a step in the right direction; it's not groundbreaking, but it shows a genuine attempt to have the characters and plot add to the sexual tension rather than get in the way.

The action starts with a chase sequence—just the kind of low-content scene that they run the opening credits over in real movies so that latecomers to the theatre won't miss anything serious. Rookie blond cop Axel Garrett chases a drug runner in black high-tops through a junkyard, ultimately cornering him and another young dealer in a garage—but not before posing for a moment with his gun in front on his crotch, casting a suggestive shadow on the wall.

This achievement earns Rookie Boy points with his boss, Lieutenant Deskockey, who gives him the break he's been waiting for: detective work. Our hero shows up for his new assignment in street clothes as requested, but evidently not the kind of duds that his new partner Detective Openshirt had in mind. Not to worry, though; Openshirt happens to have just the outfit handy in his desk drawer—ripped jeans (wouldn't ya know, they fit Rookie Boy) and a white tank top. Openshirt makes small talk while Rookie changes his clothes: you know, the typical stuff that detectives must say to one another, like "are you married?" and "hope you got a big dick". Oh no, Porn Potato groaned, it's going to be a seduce-the-eager-young-employee scene... but no, it's just Rookie Boy being shown the ropes about working on the vice squad. He's moved on to fighting serious crime.

Their first gig together is to bust fags at a local restroom. All Rookie has to do is wait for guys to hit on him, but he's confused. It all seems so complicated—but being a dedicated officer, he gives it the old college try. Before long, a young man wearing a baseball cap comes in, and after the customary waiting and glancing period, grabs Rookie's sweet (and not totally soft) dick at the urinals. (The background music at this point reminded Porn Potato of Mission: Impossible). Rookie, on edge but keeping his cool, signals his partner to come in and make the arrest—but evil Openshirt instead walks around to where he can watch the action through a grating.

Rookie Boy is really bewildered now; his partner has flaked, and Baseball Cap wants to do him on the spot. All kinds of wheels are turning in his head (though you'd never know it from the expression-free face). He agonizes over the decision for a moment or two, and makes the right choice: he gets his rookie weenie sucked. That weenie, by the way, is a fine specimen: sleek, ample, genuinely hard—and squirts like no tomorrow. What's more, there's a real sense of tearoom tension and intrigue, making this Porn Potato's favorite scene in the whole movie.

Afterwards, while Rookie is washing up, Baseball Cap warns him that the vice squad occasionally stages out the bathroom. Rookie is all ears—especially when Cap tells him that the cops can be bought off. More wheels turn in Rookie's head.

It only takes one more stakeout for Rookie to catch on that his partner routinely gets bought off, beat off, sucked off, and more. Openshirt's modus operandi is to fuck the hottest items he can find, and then bust them—unless they grease his palm, as it were.

Meanwhile, as fate would have it, Baseball Cap has moved into the apartment next to Rookie Boy's, but our hero is too scared to accept his invitation to come over and play—for now, anyway. Rookie would rather stay at home and do strange things with his clothes and video camera.

Back at the office, Lieutenant Deskockey has a hot assignment for Rookie and Openshirt: he wants them to pose as hustlers and infiltrate a high-class escort service. Porn Potato had always wondered what top-drawer call boys wear to work, but now he knows: they wear black Chippendale-dancer outfits. Our hero looks more than a little out of his element, and Pimp-man smells a rat. But what better way to remove any doubt than with an audition? It's off to a secluded spot in a limousine, where Pimp-man has the two undercover cops fuck in the back seat. A lucky coin toss saves our hero from having to play bottom.

Kiss Off distinguishes itself by setting the sex sequences in suspenseful situations—Porn Potato likes that. Unfortunately, the film is marred by an awkward ending. The vice squad's corruption gets to be too much for Rookie Boy, so he quits. At the same time, he starts coming to terms with his sexuality, and dates Baseball Cap. It sounds nice and wholesome, but the dialogue is wooden, and the final sex scene—the garnered conclusion to a tale of deceit and treachery—still looks like trade. We never see Rookie Boy take a dick in his mouth or elsewhere, not even during an idyllic outdoor romp with Baseball Cap. It would also help if Rookie were capable of more than two different facial expressions.

Kiss Off opened three of Porn Potato's five eyes. On the plus side, there's real tension and intrigue, nice meat, and some cum shots that are actually satisfying to watch. On the minus side, so-so dialogue, occasional sound problems, and a some-
A face came into soft focus right under the crucifix. There had been no audible intrusion, just the tingly sensation that he was being watched. Duffy sat up, accidentally knocking the telephone off the night table. It hit the floor, making a sound like a car accident. Duffy watched silently as Bruce, his ex, steepled to retrieve the phone and set it back in place, angling it so that it was nicely offset by a fat pile of paperbacks and a thin display of carnations. He wondered how long Bruce had been there and why he had chosen to make an appearance.

"Hello, Dovey."

"Hello, Boo Boo..." Duffy's I.V., the telephone wire, and the television cord had braided themselves around one another like some fast-growing single vine. He began trying to extricate himself, weaving over and under. "What time is it? How long have you been here?" Just after eleven, I had to come when heard. And I brought you this." Bruce was bouncing a bulky Baldacci's bag. He was looking around with the pathetic, indulgent expression usually reserved for sick puppies or the supernumeraries. "I can't really... eat this stuff." In the bag there was a brioche, frangipane, and assorted bon bons, all delightfully packaged and wrapped. Bruce shrugged and began peeling an almost rock. "You're still on that horrible macrobiotic diet, I suppose," Bruce sighed, the chocolate staining his teeth the color of fresh shit. He stood up abruptly, began pacing, and took in the room as if for the first time. He fingered the gun metal display, peeling at the inscriptions. "Private room. Nice view. Will you be here long?" "Duffy had been over it so many times that the whole speech was already memorized. He would embellish or contour it slightly just to entertain himself. The speech concerned ferocious stomach illy eviscerating 19th Street. A volunteer was waving some brightly colored envelopes at him. "Lots of friends," she was saying. "Lots of mail." Duffy closed his eyes, wishing it would all just go away.

Twenty-five minutes later Duffy was sitting on the bed having a quiet chat with Doctor Lobatto. He had inhaled a vial of aerosolized Pentamidine while sitting inside the orderlies' rolling chamber, which reminded him of the isolation booth on a game show. The technician had filled five glass tubes with dark blood using three different needles, claiming that his veins "kept closing up." His blood pressure and temperature had been fairly close to normal. The kitchen had, once again, sent up the wrong meal. There was a card from Aunt Polly and a long, weepy letter from a college friend he hadn't seen since graduation. Bruce had excused himself to go smoke and, as yet, had not reappeared. Vicious Mario had called with the sad message.

"Mr. Duffy! You're scheduled to receive a treatment." The orderlies were followed by a nurse's aide in a hairnet and gloves carrying a tray, who announced it was "Lunchtime!" Behind her was a technician who had come to draw blood and the head nurse who strapped a band around Duffy's arm and began pumping. "Put this under your tongue," she ordered, slipping in a disposable thermometer. The phone was ringing. A jackhammer was noising away under 19th Street. A volunteer was waving some brightly colored envelopes at him. "Lots of friends," she was saying. "Lots of mail." Duffy closed his eyes, wishing it would all just go away.

Get Fat, Don't Die!

Buffy Mae's Sexually Repressed Pecan Pie

1 lb. deep dish pie crust
3 egg
1 cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup butter
1/4 cup sunflower seeds

Preheat oven to 375°F. Thoroughly beat the egg and add the sugar and corn syrup and mix well. Stir in the vanilla. Put the butter and chocolate chips in a microwave bowl and microwave it on HIGH for about a minute, or until the butter has completely melted. Take it out and stir until all the bits of chocolate have dissolved. Mix this into the rest of the pie ingredients, and fold in the pecans. Pour into the pie crust and bake for 45 to 50 minutes, or until the pie has set. Serve with whipped cream.

Robbie Mae's Gnarly Tofu Fruit Shake

Here's a high calorie and high protein shake that can be enjoyed by macrobiots and macrogeeks.

1/2 ounce package soft (silver) tofu
8 ounces apple or apple-juice juice
1 banana
1/2 cup blueberries, or raspberries, or weedless grapes
1 or 2 banana slices
1/2 cup maple syrup, or honey for more sweetness (optional)

Drop everything into the blender and blend, blend, blend. Enjoyment of this ambrosia depends entirely on the tofu you use, good different brands can have widely varying tastes and textures. Try Mar's Nut found in the red and blue artisic box. Don't use the kind that sits in an open bucket of water at the grocery; it will contain the excrement of squirrels, and who knows who touched it before you get there.
shortie mae's green bean caserole

2 packages frozen green beans
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can french fried onions
1 tablespoon Accent

Preheat oven to 350° F. Cook the green beans according to the package directions. Drain, and mix in the condensed mushroom soup, onions, and half of the onions would be enough for the recipe. Bake for 15 minutes. Sprinkle remaining onions on top, and bake for another 5 minutes. Ideal for those last minute potlucks.

Bitty Mae's Impossible Leftover Quiche

3 to 5 cups leftovers
1/2 cup dark rye slices
2 cups shredded Swiss cheese
1 cup mayonnaise
2 eggs

Whisk together mayonnaise and eggs. Ladle contents over thankful leftovers and bake.

Preheat oven to 350° F. The idea here is to take all of those nasty food scraps remaining from last night’s meal and transform them into the perfect brunch centerpiece for the Annual Palo Alto Blue-Hair Lawn Bowling Coalition. Almost any cooked vegetable or meat will do. Just pick out any cigarette butts, good red flint, and line the pie crust with it. (Bitty Mae strongly urges you to use frozen pie pastry, which is the pinnacle of Western civilization. And don’t forget to let the crust thaw out so it won’t stick with a fork.) Sprinkle the Swiss cheese over the ground beef. Thoroughly mix the cream and egg yolks, and add the dash of nutmeg and ground pepper to taste. Pour over the contents of the pie crust, and sprinkle the top with paprika. Bake for about 30 minutes, or until the quiche has set and the top is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold. Bitty Mae is particularly fond of corn, or scones w/ sausage at starting ingredients.

get fat, don't die!

...GALL, continued

news that Peter had slipped into a "walking" coma. Then Doctor Lobatto had blown in—heart attack as usual, an invisible anesthetized ballgown over his OR blues.

"It looks a little iffy," Lobatto proffered, apologetically, bartering his long lashes, "but keep your chin up and look on the bright side." Lobatto's most valuable asset was his forked tongue; he used it to describe both devastation and groundless hope with the same peppermint-scented breath. "Gall bladder problems are common with high HIV infection, but it's hard to isolate the problem or verify the other organs infected. You have several choices: number one, a laparoscopy, involves the insertion of a small tube in your abdomen, through which air is pumped. When you're good and full we go in and look around. Two o'clock is the simplest removal of your gall bladder—you can live without it." A woman in the next room screamed as if she were dying or giving birth.

"And three? What is three?"

Doctor Lobatto twirled his pen in his mouth as if it were the stem of a rose. "Three, three, wait and see. What we've been doing: Rest, rest, rest. None of those naughty fats. And antibiotics until you blow.

Duffy was still trying to imagine what it would feel like to have someone blowing air into his stomach through a tube as if he were a flat tire. Doctor Lobatto's tone became girlishly conspiratorial.

"But I can't recommend number three legally or medically. Surgery wants to cut you open right away so that they're not liable. In case it's something more serious..."

Duffy already had made the obvious choice. His fever and pain were down; the Bactrin was dripping into his arm; he didn't feel like he was going to die, at least not this week.

"I'd like to wait. Let's see how I feel tomorrow..."

Lobatto raised his stethoscope over one shoulder like a mink stole and disappeared in a puff of explosives. His voice trilled away down the hall like a flock of songbirds migrating south.

Duffy tried to imagine a gall bladder: its position, shape, texture, and color. "What did it do? How did it live without it?"

Why was it rebelling against him when he had made such an effort to treat his body with love and respect? He knew that it had to do with processing fats and that gallstones were formed when something crystallized and that they were extremely painful. He knew that the gall bladder was involved, somehow, in the production of bile, which, in symbolic terms, was associated with anger.

He also knew that he was feeling weak, drained by fevers, the throbbing in his gut, the parade of doctors, surgeons, interns, registered nurses and various onlookers who had been passing by his bed, poking him where it hurt the most. They had wanted him to know his pain.

He stood and stretched, careful to keep his arm below the level of the hanging bags of fluid. Easing himself away from the bed, he bent left and right, around and back. The fibers and vessels that had been sleeping awoke and surged with fresh vigor. It felt good to move a little, to be in his body.

The door opened again, barging him hard in the elbow.

"Hello? Is anyone in there?"

It was a priest. This was a Catholic hospital. The priest smiled, a friendly, eminence's smile, and, gesturing toward the bed, said, "Sit down, son. And let's talk about your soul."

The phone rang again—

...a vague acquaintance, the friend of someone's lover. Duffy launched into enthusiastic gabbing, hoping that it would discourage the solicitors. He then was conversing quietly for some time, the priest lobbing queries designed to test Duffy's susceptibility to salvation. Duffy—a confirmed agnostic—deflecting these volleys with polite but firm retorts. When the priest finally capitulated, Duffy cut the call in mid-sentence.

"Bye now, I've got to go."

It was too late to continue stretching. He had a pile of books which he had gotten too intellectual or brazenly cheap, with the trash in his gut, the parade of doctors, surgeons, interns, registered nurses and various onlookers who had been passing by his bed, poking him where it hurt the most. They had wanted him to know his pain.

On Channel 2 was the amazing story of the midwestern lad who had both arms ripped off by a piece of farm equipment. Oprah was grilling a reformer child molester. Previews of a rescue show with rained bodies being carried into a triage. The end of an action film: three exploding helicopters. A minute-by-minute recap of the Jeffrey Dahmer trial. Excerpts from Bush's State of the Union address.

There was a knock announcing a tiny, round figure in surgical scrubs. He could see two happy eyes twinkling between the mask and bonnet—the rest was covered. The blue smurf was dragging a transport stretcher. The operating room was waiting, it clearly was.

Duffy was taken aback. "For me?"

"You are expecting surgery? You have been scheduled for a cholecystectomy."

"But my doctor just left here an hour ago. We agreed that we were going to wait. He said that surgery may wait until tomorrow."

"Come now, Mr. Duffy, I have my order right here. It's very common for patients to have cold feet. But in just a minute, you won't be feeling a thing."

The orderly unhooked both sides of Duffy's bed. Padded fabric was brushing against his bare skin.

"No, really. I'm not going with you. You should talk to my doctor. He's in charge, right?"

"Mr. Duffy, are you being difficult?"

"No, I just—"

"Shall I tell the surgeon you refused?"

"Can you at least check my chart, or—"

"Mr. Duffy..."

The dark eyes seemed to...
brimming. There was the acidic nuzzle of blue limins in motion, the static generated by man-made fibers. The orderly backed away, head bowed, into the shadows. Duffy pitched his other slipper at the door, scoring a resonating slam. The phone rang, announcing a new round.

Duffy's mother was on the cordless at B. G. Rasmussen's Sherry-Netherlands aerie. Duffy heard the melodic clink of fine china in the background: tea was being served. Duffy's mother was more subdued now, weeping gently. He heard reassuring chirps and clucks and knew that she was surrounded by a small flock of doting hens. These ladies were charring at tea; later, over cocktails, they would be throwing things.

"I know how hard this is for you, Mother. There's no need for you to blame yourself... It really could be a lot worse."

Duffy realized that he had said the wrong thing as his mother's emotions suddenly turned shrill. He could hear Mrs. Rasmussen in the background calling for brandy. Then the line went dead.

It was now quite dark. Duffy sat in the silence for several minutes, focusing on his breath. He knew that stress, tension, and anxiety were, for him, deadly poisons. It was strange that most people seemed to thrive on these things, as if they were manna. He barely noticed the nurse who brought in the dinner tray (boiled beans, a puree of beef, and a fancy fruit cocktail) or the pimply resident who asked him to cough, then went away, frowning. He was quite numb when Bruce returned, wearing a different outfit, but with the same shouting thing.

"Sorry I had to leave before, it's just that this place is so stressful. You know hospitals aren't my thing," Bruce looked from Duffy to his dinner and back again.

"You look thin—aren't you eating enough?" is the aerie.

Duffy was watching one of Duffy's old shirts, with the sleeves cut off. His hair was perfectly sculpted, a gentle tsunami that crested and fell over his right temple. Duffy detected the unmistakable bouquet of Egoiste, sickening him as it blended with the fumes of steaming beef.

"Going out tonight?"

Duffy sat down at the table and turned his back to the phone.

"Dinner at Maryanne's with Joe and Joseph, then Splash and—who knows?" Bruce was twirling the silver chain that he wore, making it shimmer and shorter and shorter. "Here's the thing, Dove. I need strength right now more than ever. Every time I turn around there's a new temptation. At last, I'm on the verge of off passing trays into my lap. At dinner, I get physically ill watching everyone else enjoying their magnificats. And when I go out at night I pick up half-finished beers that have been left on the bar. Other people's backwash! That's desperation!"

"Sounds...difficult."

"I know I need help. The Program says that it's all about forgiveness. Forgive yourself. Being forgiven. Easy does it. One day at a time."
This one's same sorts to managed were at forming we actually, after it hit 90 for an keep that but had poppers: (fetish).

In Buena Vista bird's-eye ever there his to remembers he'd invited me to apartment—anyone who owned tights for real. My phone, hot-diggity! But never them, possibilities: those blocks apart or in the Castro—actually, we showed up at many of the same sorts of functions. I was still performing at the Campus then, so my evenings were fairly chaotic, but I still managed to take in my bite of culture.

One afternoon, he'd invited me over to his apartment—anyone who was ever there remembers it vividly: the bird's-eye view of the best parts of Buena Vista Park—to take some photos. In tights, naturally (his primo fetish). We had a great time, and the photos, when I saw them, were eye-poppers: I'd owned rights for years, but had never realized what I looked like in them, or the inherent possibilities. Hot-diggity! But after we were finished, and relaxing with a cup of coffee, we got into the depths of his fascination with the image, particularly, with cartoon characters. Now, I grew up without television, so I can only speculate about what it's like for a gay boy of six or seven to watch tights-clad superheroes jumping around the TV screen. Bob described it all too clearly for me, though. Again, he had the knack for creating a fantasy from scratch and inserting it into your libido fully-formed. By the time he got out his custom-made Superman costume to show me, I was all worked up. I asked him, with a strange sort of hunger, if I could borrow it for a few days. He agreed; I rushed home with it, and promptly put it on, began posing in front of the mirror and figuring out how to jerk off in and out of it... and I got a sudden urge to call him and let him know how good it felt.

Once again, phone sex is not my thing. Emphatically. Phones make me nervous; talking about sex in graphic terms embarrasses me. With Bob, though, anything was possible: he was, after all, the man who defined phone sex for the stage. We had a brief, mind-blowing trip, both of us came, and I told him to be at the Campus next evening for the 10 o'clock show.

Yeah, I did it. Started out as Clark Kent, to a tape of the Superman theme, followed by cries of distress, at which point C.K. looked around, found a "phone booth" and tore off his suit, and the rest is pretty predictable. The audience ate it up: they always liked watching acts that could be rationalized as Art, rather than just Jackoff Shows. And I found it unexpectedly sexy, jerking off while still wearing tights. The management demurred, though—not vigorously, I had carte blanche around there, but they thought that performers should strip all the way. Always. Okay, it wasn't worth making a fuss over, and I'd had my fun. I still think it was one of the best shows I ever did. It impressed Bob too. I guess two months later, he presented me with the script of his latest play, in which there was—voilà—the character Skip ("as in Skip to the good parts," he explained to me), doing a show very like mine. The play is called Come Again, and of course no respectable theater will touch it.

Okay, no unsafe sex in this episode. No Hollywood backstage wheeling 'n' dealing. Just some brilliant soft-core photos, a dirty phone call, a jack off show in tights, and a fucking literary event (unproduceable). Some of my fondest memories. Thanks, Robert.
NOT ONLY DID I HAVE TO SUFFER COUNTLESS INIGNITIES, NOW I'VE GOT A SELF-STYLED MANAGER ON MY BACK ALL OF THE TIME.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'NEED SUPERVISION'?

AND LEFT SLIMAC HOME ALONE WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!

FORTUNATELY, YOUR LANDLADY HAS BEEN TAKING CARE OF HIM!

SHAME ON YOU, CLARENCE!

YOU FритTER YOUR TIME AWAY IN HEDONISTIC MARATHONS...

GET THROWN OUT OF NEARLY EVERY MAJOR CLUB IN TOWN...

COMMIT AGGRAVATED ASSAULT...

END UP IN COUNTY JAIL...

WHAT ARE YOU SMIRKING AT?

OH, NOTHING. WE'LL JUST HAVE UPDATE THE MONOGRAM ON YOUR TUX!

LIKE THE LAST ONE YOU LOST?

THE LABEL SAYS "100% POLYESTER!"

THAT'S RIGHT.
NOW, IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, WE'LL GET YOU NICE LYCRA SUIT...

CLARENCE?

WHAT ARE YOU SNICKERING AT?

CLARENCE?

THE LABEL SAYS "100% POLYESTER!"

NOW DON'T YOU START?

OH, NOTHING.
WE'LL JUST HAVE UPDATE THE MONOGRAM ON YOUR TUX!

THAT'S RIGHT.
NOW, IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, WE'LL GET YOU NICE LYCRA SUIT...

CLARENCE?

YOUR REAL NAME IS CLARENCE?

CLARENCE?

YOUR REAL NAME IS CLARENCE?

CLARENCE?

YOUR REAL NAME IS CLARENCE?
IT'S YOUR NEW CAR! A 1963 CHRYSLER TURBINE!

CM, I HAD THAT SILLY TOY TAKEN AWAY. BESIDES, THIS MODEL IS MUCH MORE FITTING OF YOUR NEW STATURE...

WHY IT'LL RUN ON VIRTUALLY ANYTHING! GASOLINE, ALCOHOL, DIESEL, NAIL POLISH REMOVER.

...THE PERFECT VEHICLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE!

ON TOP OF THAT, EVERYTHING LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE THESE DAYS...

THE INSULTS DIDN'T END WITH THE CLOTHING...

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S YOUR NEW CAR! A 1963 CHRYSLER TURBINE!

BUT...MY MUSTANG...

OH, I HAD THAT SILLY TOY TAKEN AWAY. BESIDES, THIS MODEL IS MUCH MORE FITTING OF YOUR NEW STATURE...

WHY IT'LL RUN ON VIRTUALLY ANYTHING! GASOLINE, ALCOHOL, DIESEL, NAIL POLISH REMOVER.

...THE PERFECT VEHICLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE!

ON TOP OF THAT, EVERYTHING LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE THESE DAYS...

THE INSULTS DIDN'T END WITH THE CLOTHING...

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S YOUR NEW CAR! A 1963 CHRYSLER TURBINE!

BUT...MY MUSTANG...

OH, I HAD THAT SILLY TOY TAKEN AWAY. BESIDES, THIS MODEL IS MUCH MORE FITTING OF YOUR NEW STATURE...

WHY IT'LL RUN ON VIRTUALLY ANYTHING! GASOLINE, ALCOHOL, DIESEL, NAIL POLISH REMOVER.

...THE PERFECT VEHICLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE!

ON TOP OF THAT, EVERYTHING LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE THESE DAYS...
I almost hesitate to ask... but how's work?

Almost as strange as life with the rubber woman...

There's been a some kind of people's rebellion in Malaysia, and our best rubber plantations happen to be smack in the middle of that mess...

...and I have to get in there and do some damage control.

Before they start carving up the province in the name of land reform.

Are you sure that you want to unload all of it?

That's right. All the tire and chemical stock.

Firestone, Dow, Michelin, Carter Wallace... all of it.

I leave for Kuala Lumpur next week.

No rest for the wicked, eh?

No rest for the corrupt?

At least not for the corrupt?

But not without doing a little damage control of my own...

Further Adventures of Captain Condom #7 © 1992 Beowulf Thorne

To be continued.
Thought-provoking DPN postcards! Red and black on matte finish cardstock. Ask for “You’re Soaking In It!” or “Roy & Kimberly.” Sorry, “Piss Jesse” no longer available. 50¢ each.

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

Thought-provoking DPN postcards! Red and black on matte finish cardstock. Ask for “You’re Soaking In It!” or “Roy & Kimberly.” Sorry, “Piss Jesse” no longer available. 50¢ each.

KISS ME, I’m a diseased pariah! Feeling paranoid about being the only one you’ve brought home about your sexualities? Lay your T-shirt on the table for sure! (And he will have no choice but to compliment you on your fine taste in clothing and behavior.) Black and red on white. Large or Extra-Large. $12.00 each.

This torso belongs to your Hunty Editor. (He’s single.)

---

I WANT IT ALL! Please RENEW my existing subscription for only $10.00 (US$12 Canada, US$20 International).

Please send me a NEW SUBSCRIPTION to DPN (four issues) for only $10.00 (US$12 Canada, US$20 Int’l). Please start me with issue #7 or #8.

Please send me BACK ISSUES of DPN for only $3.00 each (US$4.00 Canada, US$7.00 Int’l). I would like (please check): #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, and/or #6.

Think you’re sooting in iff, JwW- I Wo- I Ws Ud Condom? Cmkri Cdv? n^, Cmform tidrdismd mmmmd! dom fan Club design fmtur dsssid stancd, and bkck OR white, or Em-Large. $12.00 each.

Figures lost on modest hammer. Be this the fall in these head- some 1989, Jesus Christ. Tn

The head of over 100,000 VJMTS who have aided an Me, President? who are soaking in all them red thong up and down on white. Large or Extra-Large. $12.00 each.

Official Condom Tester: Commissioned by one of theClub. Condoms are on hand during sex at Condom Club. Test your condon’s ability to attract the attention of the AIDS interventionist. It will surely be an experience you will never forget. $100.00 each.

Here is public demand! Captain Condom Fan Club Chaps have done design features that are prominent in the classic dance. Only, red, and black on white. Large or Extra-Large. $10.00 each.

KISS ME, I’m a diseased pariah! Feeling paranoid about being the only one you’ve brought home about your sexualities? Lay your T-shirt on the table for sure! (And he will have no choice but to compliment you on your fine taste in clothing and behavior.) Black and red on white. Large or Extra-Large. $12.00 each.

Official DPN buttons, featuring the invincible Condomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: "Porn Potato Likes That," "Porn Potato Doesn’t Like That," and "GET FAT, don’t die!" in black and white. 2-1/4 inches in diameter. $1.00 each.

I would like to order the following exciting DPN merchandise (please specify sizes/quantities):

- "You’re Soaking In It!" T-Shirt at $12.00 each (size Large; size Extra Large)
- Condom Tester T-Shirt at $12.00 each (size Large; size Extra Large)
- Captain Condom T-Shirt at $14.00 each (size Large; size Extra Large)
- Kiss Me... T-Shirt at $12.00 each (size White; size Extra Large)
- DPN postcards at $0.50 each ("You’re Soaking In It!")
- DPN buttons at $1.00 each ("Kiss Me, I’m a Diseased Pariah!"
- "Porn Potato Likes That!
- "Porn Potato Doesn’t Like That!
- "GET FAT, don’t die!"

Captain Condom’s Original Party Pack at $4.00 each.

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

Please make checks out to FOG Press, c/o Men’s Support Center P.O. Box 38686, Oakland, CA 94664

Buy our products or be useless by the standards of Western society.
Ask for Diseased Pariah News at these fine bookstores:

A Different Light, San Francisco, CA
A Different Light, Los Angeles
A Different Light, West Hollywood
City Lights Bookstore, San Francisco
Cody's Books, Berkeley
Harold's Newsstand, San Francisco
The Naked Eye, San Francisco
Printers Inc., Mountain View
Rainbow General Store, San Francisco
South Raymond News, Pasadena
Tower Books, Mountain View
Valley Women's Books, Fresno
Category 6 Books, CO
Reader's Feast, Hartford, CT
People Like Us, Chicago, IL
Glad Day Books, Boston, MA
Sons & Daughters, Grand Rapids, MI
Sons & Daughters, Southfield
A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis, MN
Dreamhaven Books, Minneapolis
Sisters and Brothers, Albuquerque, NM
A Different Light, New York, NY
Oscar Wilde Books, New York
Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia, PA
Powell's Books, Portland, OR
Sundance Natural Foods, Eugene
Affi News, Seattle, WA
Bailey-Coy Books, Seattle
Beyond the Closet, Seattle
Bulldog News, Seattle
Fremont Place Book Co., Seattle
Left Bank, Seattle
M Coy Books, Seattle
Red & Black Books, Seattle
Steve's Broadway News, Seattle
Tower Books at Selected Locations (Inquire Locally)
L'Androgyne, Montreal, Canada
Little Sisters, Vancouver
Octopus Books, Vancouver
This Ain't the Rosedale Library, Toronto
Prinz Eisenherz, Berlin, Germany