

May 16, 1997

Dear All Things Considered:

Like many artists, I was saddened by your May 16, 1997 story about the Christian Action Coalition and their traveling road show of objectionable NEA-funded art, but I couldn't help but be amused as well.

As you said, the CAC is hoping to shame wavering Republicans back to their agenda—zeroing out the NEA—by parading in their districts the raunchiest tidbits of NEA material. It's a wonderful idea, but hardly original. Beginning in 1933, and coming to full fruition in 1937, The Nazis sponsored similar exhibitions titled *Entartete Kunst*, or Degenerate Art. In it were included the works of such liberal, immoral, licentious, Jewish, or otherwise objectionable menaces to society as van Gogh, de Stijl, Matisse, Cézanne, Rodin, Picasso, and countless others, all culled from the German countryside.

These works were mounted alongside banners with such helpful captions as, "The harlot is elevated to the moral ideal", "Stupidity and impertinence...pushed to the limit!", and "The niggardizing of the visual arts...". Although the shows were popular, the Nazi organizers were unable to tell whether the visiting throngs were there to reconfirm their moral ideals, or just wanted a cheap thrill.

There is a happy side to all this. Hitler and company may be long gone, but museums in Los Angeles, Chicago, as well as the Smithsonian Institution recently (as late as 1992) hosted a wonderful exhibition on the phenomenon of the *Entartete Kunst*. There, Americans could gaze at, listen to, and read some of the same provocative things that sent the Nazis into such a tizzy. I can only hope that the works of Serrano and Mapplethorpe will be hanging in the same hallowed halls, and with such august company, fifty years from now.

Sincerely,



Beowulf J. Thorne [say "BAY-uh-wolf"]
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P.S. There was some debate over what to do with the "degenerate art" once the shows were over. The original plan was to burn it publicly in 1939—the Nazis did so love to cook—and that's what happened to much of the work. Fortunately for us, Göring, Goebbels, and a few other of Hitler's cronies saw the chance for a quick buck and sold the confiscated works illicitly, even as they pilfered a few for themselves. That's why the world still has them today.

*letter mailed 5/17/97, e-mail backup will follow
enclosures*

for your own amusement: I'm a 32 year old graphic artist whose works have included high school science textbooks, health education material, and technical illustration of nuclear power facilities.



Diseased Pariah News
P.O. Box 641893
San Jose, CA 95164

August 5, 1992

H. Ross Perot
The Perot Group
12377 Merit Drive Suite 1700
Dallas, TX 75251

Dear Mr. Perot:

Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly journal by and for people with AIDS or who are HIV-positive. Each issue contains a variety of articles, including news, fiction, and humor, and our readers in America now number in the thousands. For our Fall issue, we plan to include an article on the views and achievements of this year's Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates. People with AIDS (and their family and friends) are very sensitive to candidates' views on health issues, and we love to vote.

Although you are no longer a Presidential candidate, I am sure that our readers would be interested in your views. I know that you have a very busy schedule, but I hope you can find the time to answer a few short questions. A questionnaire (the same one as is being sent to all the candidates) and a stamped courtesy reply envelope are enclosed. Even if you choose not to answer all of the questions, any responses at all will be greatly appreciated. We hope you can return the questionnaire to us at your earliest convenience to help us make our press deadline.

Thank you very much for your time.

sincerely,

Tom Ace
Features Editor

encl.

July 25, 1992

Dear DPN,

Love your newsletter. Here's some poop from down South here in San Diego.

I had a startling revelation today. "A" gays get aids. I always thought they were immune from it, you know, in those big old houses in the suburbs and all.

Someone fucked up and I got this invitation to an "A" gay aids party. I have only once before in my life got 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, explaining that this group, "Positive Pride" (naturally they couldn't have had the word "aids" in there--"A" gays 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 PWA's. He stressed that they stayed out of politics. Well, I was disappointed that there was no great cause to rally behind. You see, San Diego has this lovely gay Junior League called "Gay Graduates" and they are these precious men who collect food and toiletries for the queers they would certainly never entertain in their homes. I was expecting something a little more like that.

I came bounding in with my new, tasteful "Kiss me, I'm a diseased pariah" T-shirt. No one spoke to me. They were all in their designer clothes, 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 and 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 would not give out his real name) talking about his therapy group. It was with some closeted shrink downtown who was charging the pretty boys \$100 dollars 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 stars anymore, that the world had changed. And as I left, and passed 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 little life. But those men, who had been used to the best and finest must have been devastated the most...

DOUGLAS B. SAYLOR Ph.D.
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31 August 1992

CALORY-PACKER'S HASH

Special to Diseased Pariah News
by Michael C. Botkin

INGREDIENTS

2 to 4 Tablespoons of fat from a left-over roast, or butter.
About a cup of meat scraps pulled off a carcass or bone, finely chopped.
1 largish onion, chopped.
1 bell pepper, red or green, chopped.
1 clove garlic, minced.
2 cups of leftover vegetables: e.g. potatoes, carrots, etc. that were cooked with the roast, finely chopped. Fresh veggies (cooked if necessary) and/or beets (yields "Red Flannel Hash") can be substituted.
Fresh pepper, several grinds worth.
A shot of Tabasco.
A shake of Worchester sauce.
1/2 cup of liquid: gravy from the roast is ideal; stock or milk can be substituted.
2 eggs per person (this recipe serves two to four, depending on the actual quantity of the left-overs and the size of the appetites involved).

TOOLS

One large, cast-iron frying pan.
Large cutting board and a good cleaver for chopping.
Big spatula.
Bowl for beating eggs.

RECIPE

This recipe offers a tasty, high-fat dish while frugally and efficiently using up leftovers. It's based on combining all the uneaten components from a previous night's elaborate dinner. It assumes that you've recently served a simple roast (e.g. a chicken, a turkey, beef, or pork) along with a fair number of root vegetables (carrots, potatoes, celery, etc. -- ideally cooked in the roasting pan with the meat and thus well basted with its fat), and that you therefore find yourself on the morning after with a poorly picked carcass or bone, a number of cold baked vegetables, and some congealed drippings or gravy.

This may not sound that promising, but this classic recipe circumvents two serious problems with left-overs: dryness and diluted flavors. It does so by adding fat, tasty liquids and in general concentrating aromas to revive the food's essences.

It takes about forty minutes to prepare.

HASH RECIPE -- page 2 -- MCB/DPN

This recipe works equally well with the scraps of just about any kind of roast: chicken and turkey often produce many tasty but hard-to-get-at scraps which remain on the carcass, as do on-the-bone beef and pork roasts. Elegant dining ettiquett does not permit gnawing on these things at the table, but nothing prevents you from discreetly picking them clean in the privacy of your own kitchen the next day.

You begin by taking these salvaged tidbits, chopping them finely, and frying them (ideally in a large cast iron skillet) in the melted, residual fat from the roast (e.g. the schmalz that floats to the top of leftover, chilled chicken juices) for about five minutes. Use butter if you don't have leftover fat, but unlike the butter the fat will help enhance the hash's natural flavor.

Remove when crispy and throw the finely chopped vegetables into the remaining fat -- you may need to add some butter if there wasn't enough fat. The vegetables used can vary but should always begin with the fresh onion, bell pepper and garlic, followed by the leftover potatoes and other tubers that were braised with the meat. If you want, you can throw in a couple of beets to produce "red flannel hash", and almost any other leftover cooked vegetables you have lying around the house can be added to increase bulk.

Return the meat to the pan with lightly fried veggies and cook for about five or ten minutes, occasionally breaking up the yummy crust that forms on the bottom and chopping up the vegetables and mixing them in. Then add the leftover gravy*and several grinds of black pepper. If you don't have gravy you can substitute milk, or stock -- but gravy will give the best flavor. Mix in and let fry for another five minutes, or until the liquid is well absorbed and more crust has formed.

Portion the hash onto plates. You can quickly scramble or fry two eggs per person in the same pan, for the traditional garnish. Serve with buttered toast or english muffins and hot, strong coffee lightened with real milk.

As you can see, this is a high-protein, high-fat, and high-cholesterol meal: perfect for calorie packers. The wide range of possible substitutions gives you a lot a flexibility and leeway for creative variations. Anyway, what else were you going to do with that carcass? The Truly Frugal, if getting two meals out of one bird isn't enough for them, can also make soup stock out of the well-picked bones.

Bon appetite!

P.O. Box 953
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4/30/92

Dear Mr. Thorne:

I've never been prouder to see my name in print than nestled, so to speak, among your fine pages. All my city friends have been instructed to purchase the current issue of DPN - if there are any left at Oscar Wilde after my shopping frenzy there last week. You should call them - they will want to reorder.

I've enclosed another endless epic of angst and debauchery for your perusal. This one may be too long - unless you consider little tiny letters or a two-part serialization. If you don't like it there are several other pieces I have in mind for you, all equally wretched.

I'm planning a trip to your fair city sometime this summer and I hope that we'll be able to meet in person. Until then - stay well and keep 'em coming.

Peace, Love and Sperm,

Your Catskill Mountain Pariah,

DAVID BURNS

David Burns

P.O. Box 953

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GALL

by

David Burns

"Yes, mother...No, mother...Anything you say, mother."

Duffy's mother was on the phone in the marble bathroom of her Sutton Place pied-a-terre, throwing up. Duffy was lying in a hospital bed somewhat further downtown, trying to remain extremely calm.

"I hope you feel better, mother. I'll call you back in a little while."

A small philippina nurse with a moustache appeared in the doorway carrying a serving tray crowded with styrofoam containers. "Break-fass," she sing-songed, the two syllables spanning an octave. Duffy lifted the lid off the biggest dish, revealing a turd-shaped glob of steaming eggs and a few limp sausages.

"Ah, miss?" He was never quite sure how to address them. "My doctor told me not to eat any fats. He ordered a special diet for me. It's noted in my chart. Do you think I could exchange this?" The nurse looked from Duffy to the sausages and back again, suspiciously, as if she was linking them in the complicity

of some crime. She snatched the tray away and left the room, never to return. The phone rang.

"Mother, you really don't have to do this...It's actually not that serious...I know what Doctor Canard says, but he's a plastic surgeon, not an AIDS specialist...I just think that funeral arrangements might be a little premature." Another, slightly different philippina nurse was at the door, brandishing a syringe. She was wearing a powder blue face mask and a bright yellow plastic smock.

"I have to go now mother, there's someone here...I know... I love you too."

The nurse was tearing open alcohol preps. "Time for your medication, Mr. Rodriguez. Please roll over." Duffy started to follow suit, then realized the error.

"But I'm not Mr. Rodriguez. I'm Mr. Duffy."

The nurse compared the chart at the foot of Duffy's bed with the order form in her hand. "But where is Mr. Rodriguez?" she asked, scanning the room as if he might be hidden somewhere. She stormed out, leaving the door open.

Outside, in the hall, a man with an eastern european accent and an african-american woman were arguing loudly. A convoy of gigantic food-service carts was rolling by, squeaking. Duffy pitched one of his slippers at the heavy door and it closed with a satisfying click. It was quiet and soon he felt himself

drifting.

*

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, stooped 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 jungle 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 I heard. And I brought you this." Bruce was bouncing a bulging Balducci's bag. He was looking at Duffy with the pathetic, indulgent expression usually reserved for sick puppies or the superannuated.

"I can't really...eat this stuff." Inside the bag was a

brioche, fromage du chevre and some assorted bon bons, all delightfully packaged and wrapped. Bruce shrugged and began peeling an almond roca.

"You're still on that horrible microbiotic 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 get well cards Duffy had on display, peeking 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 cramps and high fevers and the advice of his internist, Dr. Lobatto, that he check in to his friendly neighborhood emergency room. There was a brief summary of the many gothic tests he had submitted to in confirming a prognosis: acute inflammation of the gall bladder, a not uncommon side effect of HIV infection. Bruce was still moving around the room, coming into and out of focus. "Just what is a gall bladder?" he asked. But before Duffy could answer Bruce had moved on to other things.

"I was at a party on Friday night and Santiago told me you were here again. It's been so difficult going out since I started The Program and hearing that...well, it actually made me slip a little. I woke up the next day, just miserable, and I knew...I knew if I came, you would understand. I really need

your support, Dove."

Warning signals were going off in all directions and Duffy was preparing himself for some Major Drama. The door opened and a pair of masked orderlies backed in, dragging a cumbersome apparatus the size of a refrigerator.

"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 in 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 noisily eroding 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 both 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 news that Peter _____ had slipped into a "walking" coma. Then Doctor Lobatto had blown in - wearing, as usual, an invisible antebellum ballgown over his OR blues.

"It looks a little iffy," Lobatto proffered, apologetically, batting 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 HIV infection, but it's hard to isolate the problem or verify the other organs infected. You have several choices: one, a laproscope, 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 would be the simple removal of your gall bladder - you can live without it." A woman in the next room screamed as if she was dying or giving birth.

"And three? What is three?"

Doctor Lobatto twirled his pen in his mouth as if it was 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 bloat."

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 was 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 had already made the obvious choice. His fever and pain were down; the bactrim 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."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow..." Lobatto tossed his stethoscope over one shoulder like a mink stole and disappeared in a puff of expletives. 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 could he 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, residents and curious onlookers who had been passing by his bed, poking him where it hurt the most. There had been no painkillers. 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, banging him hard in the elbow.

"Hello? Is anyone in here?"

It was a priest. This was a Catholic hospital. The priest smiled a politician's large, empty 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 solicitous reverend. They had been conversing quietly for some time, the priest lobbing queries designed to test Duffy's susceptibility to salvation; Duffy - a committed agnostic - deflecting these volleys with polite but firm returns. 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 were either too intellectual or brazenly cheap, with raised, metallic titles and die-cut covers. The TV remote was around here somewhere.

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 reformed child molester. Previews of a rescue show with ruined 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.

There was a knock announcing a tiny, round figure in surgical cerulean. 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 is waiting," it declared.

Duffy was slightly taken aback. "For me?"

"You are expecting surgery? We have you scheduled for a colostomy."

"But my doctor just left here an hour ago. We agreed that we were going to wait. He said that surgery may not be necessary."

"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' 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 be brimming. There was the acidic rustle of blue limbs 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-Netherland 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 charming 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 nurse's aide who took his temperature (now climbing) 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 shit-eating grin.

"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 so thin-aren't you eating anything?" He was wearing 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?"

"Later on. Dinner at Maryanne's with Joe and Joseph. then

Splash and - who knows?" Bruce was twirling the silver chain that he wore, making it 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 lunch martinis jump off passing trays into my lap. At dinner I get physically ill watching everyone else enjoying their margueritas. 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. Forgiving yourself. Being forgiven. Easy does it. One day at a time."

The silver chain was cutting into Bruce's neck and fingers. He released it, making a tiny tinkle. The small cross it carried spun around madly, flashing light in all directions.

"That's why I came here in the first place," Bruce continued. "We had a bad time breaking up and we both behaved less than perfectly. I'm tired of the shade, the coldness. I want you to know something Duffy. I have to tell you this so that I can be free." Duffy watched a small, wet crystal moving from Bruce's cheekbone towards his jaw. There was sweat collecting in the hollow of his neck. His eyes were puffy and full. Bruce leaned down close to Duffy's face and said

"I forgive you."

The next thing was a blur of white nurses going in and out,

surrounding his bed with the artillery of their profession - urinals, trays, bedpans - and chattering among themselves in a language he had never heard before. The phone was ringing. In the next room muffled voices were raised in conflict. He felt the slippery fluid going drip drip drip into his veins and noticed that outside the window it had begun to snow.

*

Later he woke up, soaked and alone. He realized that his fever had spiked again. He pressed the call button, hoping that the nurse would bring him some ice packs.

Long minutes passed and he was still alone. He was counting each deep inhalation, pulling the air down into his gut. He noticed that his hands were trembling. He rang again.

Some time later he began seeing red flashes. He could just make out the shape of his slippers in the shadows behind the door. He pulled himself upright, put them on and sat on the edge of the bed.

When the red flashes turned into fireworks Duffy knew that he had had enough. His anger was like rocket fuel - it propelled him forward into the bright hallway, dragging his IV pole by its plastic leash. Rows of silent doors stretched away forever. It was hard to believe that behind each one of them someone was suffering.

Duffy was still alone. He noticed that his blood was backing up into the IV tube: a beautiful, scarlet bracelet. He was hunched over with the pain in his gut and his head was just about to rip open. It started in his spine, rising, then shooting out the top of his skull.

"What is this SHIT?" Duffy screamed, although no one was there. "Where are you when I need you? Doesn't anyone care that I'm in pain? Are there any human beings here? Is this torture? Am I invisible? Am I insane?"

A disembodied voice from inside a dark doorway told him to shut up.

"Why should I shut up? Why should I stay calm? Why should I be forgiven? I'm the one who's sick! And I'm angry! ANGRY!"

There was a sudden storm of limbs and faces that burst all around him - voices filled with horror and contempt that thundered and crashed and the feeling that he was being swept away by a raging current, fast, but to where he didn't know.

THE END

How I Got AIDS #7: Buena Vista

This one's different. This is how I definitely did *not* get AIDS.

I met Bob Chesley at the Los Angeles premiere of **Jerker**, and was instantly in awe of him. Anyone who can come up with that sort of intense fantasy, who can keep an audience hard in their pants for 90 minutes without ever showing dick, has a mind to be reckoned with. My talents impressed him, too, so we hit it off pretty well. I saw him often after that, socially: at his place, or mine (two 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 tights for years, but never really realized what I looked like in them, or the possibilities inherent in them. 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; it can only be a matter of speculation for me what it's like for a gayboy 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 of 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 the 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 phonesex 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 the tights. The management demurred, though--not vigorously, I had carte blanche around there; but they thought that performers should strip down *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--voilà!--was the character of 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 theatre will touch it.

Okay, no unsafe sex in this episode. No Hollywood backstage wheeling'n'dealing. Just some brilliant softcore photos; a dirty phonecall; a jack-off show in *tights*; and a fucking literary event (unproduceable). Some of my fondest memories. Thanks, Robert.

Permian Basin AIDS Coalition
1522 North Grandview Avenue
Odessa, Texas 79761

11/20/91

Dear Mr.Thorne,

We would like to be taken off your mailing list. We are a public service organization dedicated to educating and providing services for individuals who are HIV positive. This means persons from all segments of society not just the gay community.

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

Sincerely,



Carol A.Hale, Executive Director

Dear Wulf -

Here's a photocopy of the male perineum from Clemente.
Let me know if you want to make a scan, which will
reveal the well-rendered puckers of the bumhole so much
better than this lowly reproduction.

So much fun reviewing *Safe Sex for Aryan Youth* with you.
In spite of its Raphaelicity and our thoughtlessly jaded
comments, it *does*, I think, have a place in this world
for horny little boys curious about ^{less obvious} ~~other~~ uses of their and
others' bumholes. Therefore I recommend it for use in
sixth grade health classes, but not for classes in Interior
Decoration or Shakespeare.

Cheerio!

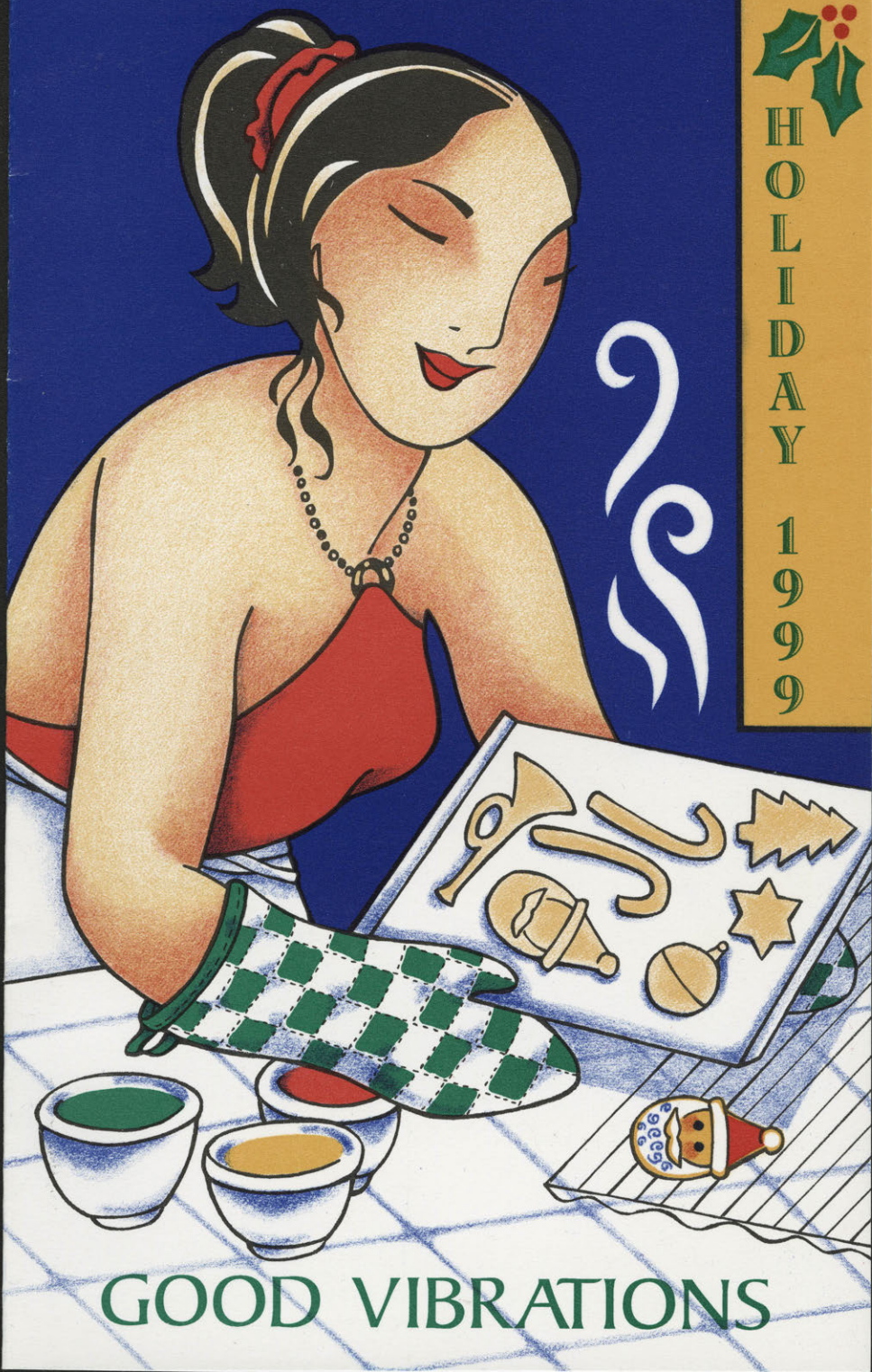


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GOOD VIBRATIONS

Good Vibrations
wishes you many wondrous
orgasms in the New year



from the staff of
Good Vibrations, The Sexuality Library
and Down There Press



July

Live in Oakland with plenty of room for overnite guest. As you can see, sodomy is sometimes self inflicted and not half the fun as hot flesh pounding and clawing to reach the ultimate flame that burns deep within the inter sanctum of my mind and tortured body constantly wailing for extinguished relief if only for a short time before some ember rekindles and starts the flame again.

I dream of double condom phallic symbols of manhood not asking but demanding interior muscles to tighten the yolk and remove not only the top one but also the bottom one if the God's allow. Baal has not favored me thus far this year. Even the enclosure does not show me in all my glory. My ass is much smaller than appears.

If you can make me whimper with total estas give me a call.

Hi JACK!

7 MARCH

How's it going Buddy? I got your letter today — GREAT TO HEAR FROM YOU. THANKS FOR ANSWERING MY AD IN THE ADVOCATE (# 4040078). YOU REALLY SOUND LIKE A HOT GUY AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER.

MY NAME IS RICK. I'M 24 YRS OLD, 5'10", 150 LBS, BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES. I'M CONSIDERED GOODLOOKING, GOT A SMOOTH DEFINED MUSCULAR BUILD, FUNNY, HEALTHY AND I'M VERY STRAIGHT ACTING AND APPEARING. I'VE ENCLOSED A PICTURE — HOPE YOU LIKE IT? NORMALLY I WOULDN'T SEND A NUDE PHOTO TO SOMEONE I DIDN'T KNOW — BUT I GOT GOOD VIBES FROM YOUR LETTER SO I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU.

BASICALLY I'M AN OUTDOORS KIND OF GUY. LOTS OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE. I LIKE TO CAMP, BACKPACK, HUNT, FISH, SWIM, SKI, CANOE AND RAFT.

I'm DEFINITELY A JOCK. I LOVE SPORTS. FOOTBALL, WRESTLING, BASEBALL, SOFTBALL, TENNIS, RAQUETBALL, WEIGHTS AND RUNNING. IN HIGH SCHOOL I WAS AN ALL-STATE WRESTLER MY JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS.

SOME OF MY HOBBIES ARE OLD CARS, CARPENTRY, HORSES, PHOTOGRAPHY, SCI-FI / ADVEN MOVIES, MUSIC, TRAVELING GOOD TIMES WITH GOOD FRIENDS AND LOTS OF GOOD HOT SEX WHEN I CAN FIND IT.

SO WHY AM I RUNNING AN AD IN THE ADVOCATE? FIRST! I'M SO FUCKIN' HORNY ALL THE TIME — I'M ABOUT TO FREAK OUT. I'M NOT MUCH INTO THE GAY SCENE SO ITS REALLY DIFFICULT TO MEET OTHER GUYS. I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LOVIN SINCE JANUARY AND I'M ABOUT TO LOSE IT BUDDY!

SECOND! I'VE HAD THIS ITCH TO MOVE FOR ABOUT A YEAR NOW. I WORK CONSTRUCTION — BUILDING HOMES AND SOME COMMERCIAL REMODELING. ANYWAY I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD MEET UP WITH THE RIGHT GUY — I'D BE WILLING

TO TAKE A CHANCE AND RELOCATE.
I'M NOT REALLY LOOKING FOR A COVER.
I'M NOT RUCING IT OUT — BUT I'M
LOOKING MORE FOR A BUDDY — A GOOD
FRIEND ETC. SOMEONE WHO'S INTO THE
SAME KINDS OF THINGS AS ME.

SEXUALLY I'M VERSITUE AND OPEN
MINDED. ALWAYS READY WILLING AND
ABLE TO TRY NEW AND EXCITING IDEAS.
I GUESS I CAN GET INTO MOST SCENES
AS LONG AS ITS FUN AND HEALTHY.
I'M ALWAYS HOT AND HORNY AND CONSIDER
MYSELF TO BE EXTREMELY PASSIONATE.
I'M ALSO AGGRESSIVE AND EXPECT ALOT
FROM MY SEX PARTNER. I GIVE 100%
AND WANT THE SAME IN RETURN. I'M
HEAVY INTO SUCKING AND FUCKING AND
I THINK WE BOTH HAVE THE RIGHT
EQUIPMENT TO SATISFY BOTH NEEDS. I
ESPECIALLY GET INTO BODY WORSHIP. I LOVE
HAVING SOME HOT DUDE WORK ME OVER
FROM HEAD TO TOE — THEN FINISH ME
OFF BY DEEP THROATING MY BIG MEAT WITH
SOME GREAT HEAD. I'M HUNG BIG TOO —
9½ LONG AND 6" THICK. WITH HEAVY COW
HANGERS FULL OF THICK RICH CUM. AND I'M
NOT EASILY SATISFIED EITHER AND REALLY

GET INTO MARATHON SESSIONS.

I COULD GO ON AND ON - BUT I
THINK YOU GET MY DRIFT? I THINK
WE'RE BOTH MAN ENOUGH TO HANDLE IT
ALL.

I THINK ONCE YOU GET TO
KNOW ME YOU'LL FIND THAT I'M REALLY
AN INTERESTING GUY. HONEST, SINCERE,
HARDWORKING, DOWN TO EARTH AND A LOT
OF FUN TO BE WITH.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS FEEL
FREE TO ASK ME ANYTHING. I'LL BE AS
OPEN AS I CAN.

TAKE CARE AND I HOPE TO HEAR
FROM YOU REAL SOON. HAVE A GOOD
ONE!

LATER -

Rick