



Mr. David Marsteller
1462 SW 23rd Terr.
Miami, FL 33145

The Humane Society of the United States

Aug. 22, 1999

Hi Sweeties!

Sorry to hear that DPN is going to stop. I read about Wulf's passing in POZ. I'm going to miss DPN.

Getting a new issue every so often was like getting a letter from a favorite friend. I was meaning to write a story, but... oh well.

I have the issues from 6 on, so I guess I'll take issue 3 to complete my subscription. I guess you're out of buttons etc.?

Warm wishes to you all.

David Marsteller

DAVID MARSTELLER
1462 SW. 23 TERRACE
MIAMI, FL 33145 *
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #12

Horace Pippin (American, 1888-1946)
Pink Flowers, 1941
Oil on canvas board, 10 x 14 in.
© Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia
Bequest of David J. Grossman in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Grossman
and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Speiser 1979.1.4

Published by Gallison Books

36 West 44th Street

New York, NY 10036

3301/135

This notecard and its envelope are manufactured in
the United States using soy based inks and recycled paper.



Sept. 9, 1999

I was surprised to get you # 11 today.
But thrilled at the same time. This was a
great, sardonic magazine — loved it.

Sorry to hear that Browulf passed on.
Loved his work & dancing.

I am enclosing my label. Send me
whatever you have of old issues to make
up my subscription. Thanks & love,
Kenrell

William L. Payne
73 Campbell Ave #2
Revere, MA 02151

DPW,

I am a PWA who has ^{7/7/97}
heard good things about your
organization. Please send me
any information you have on
how to receive information and
literature from DPW.

Thank You,

Wm L. Payne

William Payne

GALEIE SLAPHANGER
RÖSENER MANZSTRAAT 67
3026 TL Rotterdam
Holland
tel/fax 010476g153

Dear friends,

We are a small alternative shop in Rotterdam.
We sell on a non-commercial base, lp's, cd's, singles and t-shirts of bands and comic-artists.
The music is mostly experimental, ska, noice, punk, lo-vi and garage.

We also sell comix and fanzines from Holland and abroad.
UNDERGROUND is the main thing.

We also have a small galery, were young artists can hang there artwork.

We would like to sell your products as well,
on incomiment. Our take is 10%.
There we are small and make little or no profit.

Other thing like posters, buttons, caps etc.....are very welcome.

If we arouced your interest, please contact us.

Greetings,
Galerie Slaphanger!

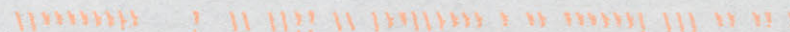
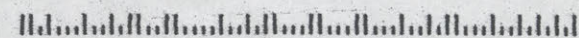
Pieter Zandvliet

Pieter Zandvliet

Galerie Slaphanger
Rösener Manzstraat 67
3026 TV Rotterdam
Tel./fax: (010) 4769153



DISEASED PARIAH NEWS
P.O.Box 30564
Oakland
CA 94604
USA





September 15, 1999

Forge of God Press
P. O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

To Whom it May Concern:

David Crader is no longer with the South Plains AIDS Resource Center. Please remove our organization from you mailing list.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Sue Tadlock

610 Eldron Drive
Miami, Florida 33166-7136
October 3rd, 1997

DPN

P.O. Box 30564

Oakland, CA 94694

DPN:

Please send me a complimentary
issue of Diseased Pariah News.

I am interested in reading your
magazine. I'd also like to receive
subscription information.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Scott B. Johnson
SCOTT B. JOHNSON

ROBERT HEIKAUS
86 GRANT ST. #2
DENVER, CO. 80203-
4085

It is still a blow when you
find out some more people
have passed. I AM NOT
A HIV+ person, but need
to know what my friends,
AND OTHERS, feel, need,
hate, and hope for.

The only issue I've gotten
is #10. Besides the one

You just sent me,

#11.

SEND what is available.

This is all very, sad.

Robert

ROBERT HEIKAUS
86 GRANT ST #2
DENVER CO 80203-4083 *
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #14

Dear Grieving and Therefore Cranky Editors,

Well, it made me sad that the universe as I know it has collapsed a bit further. Not unexpected, and actually amazed that I received notification.

As to your offer for back issues for the remainder of the subscription (I'm paid through the magic number 14), I actually have ALL the issues of DPN (except that #1 seems to be the reprint). If, on the other hand, you still have t-shirts about...I continue to love my "You're Soaking In It" t-shirt and regret not having "Hug Me" and possibly Captain Condom (although I am partial to rodents). Should merchandise still be awaiting dispersal, like the ashes, like the fading memories, like...oh-h-h...I'm getting all melancholy again...then I'd be most pleased to be notified, have the remaining subscriptions be deducted from the cost (I'm cheap. Yes, I am cheap) of said merchandise, and then would send a check for remainder.

You could e-mail, should you be so inclined and connected at : amontg@yahoo.com

or write a dear and personal letter to: Ames Montgomery, 141 East Third St, Apt 5D,
New York, New York, 10009

If the merchandise has vanished, like an endangered species, like the hopes of a fading generation, like...oops...then I really don't need any back issues, just a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou. The weather should be nice, though.

Thanks for the memories, *Sigh*

Ames Montgomery.

March 7, 1991

Beowulf Thorne
Diseased Pariah News
P. O. Box 31431
San Francisco, California 94131

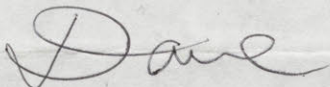
Dear Beowulf,

What a completely ecstatic experience meeting you. I'm sending a copy of my exciting speech, along with the novel which you must read. I met Tom later and acted triflish because I guess I feel that my submission to DPN was a trifle in that I didn't do fifteen drafts and sweat blood and get bullied by my evil editor and humiliated by my friends in writing it; it was just an evening pleasure. I'm under the misapprehension that writing had to hurt to be good. I'm enclosing the two photos which actual came out (not very good). Yes, I have duplicates and the negatives! So watch out: this may end up haunting you.

It's way too late (12:40). I just took my very first Septra this evening and am awaiting the hideous rash any day now. My nebulizer had a short circuit, and I think I've been fucking it up anyway; I'd rather take pills. So much for pentamidine for the time being. My friend Glenn is back in the hospital: he left on Monday and returned on Thursday. We had a delicious Kentucky Fried Chicken lunch on Tuesday. Tomorrow it's lunch with Dennis the priest with the overactive libido. Life is so glamorous in New York City. Do come and visit sometime, preferably while the T-cells are above 300. My apartment is not wheelchair accessible. Has it stopped raining yet? Does all of San Francisco want to get on its knees to thank me for bringing the rain? OK, do the more attractive ones want to get down on their knees?

I have your real address somewhere else in my pile of papers. Hi to Tom. I told everyone that I was in DPN 2, so please don't go out of business or I'll be embarrassed, like with the FAME thing. I'll send a copy of that once I find it in my endless files if you still want.

Love and kisses,



David B. Feinberg
774 Ninth Avenue, #2FN
New York, NY 10019
(212) 489-1549

BEOWULF THORNE

\writing\outwrite

March 5, 1991

This is the first thing I've handwritten in years, so I have no idea how long it will take to read. Due to time constraints, please refrain from hissing until the end.

Kenny told me it was difficult to find an HIV+ person to be on this panel. I spoke to one writer (Allan Barnett) who didn't want to be on an AIDS panel because AIDS doesn't define him as a writer, his writing does. Another writer (David Wojnarowicz) told me he wasn't given a choice, he was just dumped on an AIDS panel. So here I am, in the absurd position of being on a panel organized by someone who had written a less-than-flattering review of my first novel and has somehow neglected to mention this to me and has no idea what an unbelievably petty person I can be. I feel somewhat less legitimate than my other panelists because I'm as-yet asymptomatic. I suppose the inability to maintain a relationship for more than fifteen minutes after orgasm my count as a disability. My disabilities are primarily psychological, and I had them long before HIV. My symptoms so far have been mild side effects from prophylactic drugs and diagnostic tests, and a generalized dread. Sometimes I imagine that I had a false positive test in '87 and it's just a lab error or freak coincidence that my t-cells have been steadily declining and that the slight fatigue I feel at times is hypoglycemia or sugar letdown or side effects from poison pills or depression or age or laziness or psychological stress and as a result the value of X is decreasing where X is the number of stops on the subway before mine that I am willing to get off to pursue a cute boy and that maybe I'm taking AZT and Zovirax and pentamidine and naltrexone and Z-bec vitamins and lysine and vitamin A for nothing and maybe I won't get sick and develop opportunistic infections and wither away watching cable TV once I finally get around to ordering it (I got a TV when I tested positive) and working on my posthumous Bruce Chatwin-esque essays and maybe I'm not HIV+ after all and I wonder if this is denial or one of those twelve steps to hell that someone placed a banana peel for me to slip on and then the voice of Bette Davis or Lynn Redgrave, if you prefer, booms, "Butcha are, Blanche, Butcha are."

For the past five years I've been writing almost exclusively about AIDS: I suppose I've pigeon-holed myself into another subgenre: there's the Latin-American school of magic realism, the post-Sadean body mutilation work of Bret Ellis and Dennis Cooper, and my specialty, gay Jewish humor for HIV positive men whose t-cells hover around 200. This is equivalent to the evolution from network broadcasting to cable narrowcasting. I'm sure this is progress. I think I'm indexed on some editor at the New York Times' rolodex under gay AIDS-related humor, having reviewed two books in that category to date.

I don't consider myself disabled, just disappointed. My doctor recommended I contact someone in San Francisco to get on a Chinese herb protocol. As usual I procrastinated. Then I saw Woody Allen's Alice and the effects of herbs on Mia Farrow. When I realized I might be able to conjure up Alec Baldwin as a former

lover, I was all gung ho on the idea. At my next visit, I told my doctor I hadn't gotten around to it yet and he asked me my most recent t-cell count; then he told me it was ok, my count was too low for the protocol anyway.

I'm another example of that odious bugaboo, a white male socialized in this patriarchal society, a mess of all the isms which I combat as best as I can: a sexist feminist, a homophobic queer, a self-loathing narcissist, an antisemitic Jewish atheist, a leaden prose stylist, with trace elements of looksism, ageism and ableism. I believe a distinction can be made between sexual predilections and tastes and ismic behavior: for example, a gay man who sleeps with men exclusively isn't exhibiting sexism against women in this.

I was at the gym a few months ago and Michael, a therapist who is definitely in the top ten on the Billboard chart of sauna pigs, said, "HI, DAVE, HOW ARE YOU? HOW ARE YOUR T-CELLS?" and I said "fine" and he said "I'VE BEEN DOING INTRAMUSCULAR ALPHA-INTERFERON FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS AND I FEEL GREAT, MY T-CELLS WENT UP THREE HUNDRED POINTS" and I said "great" and he said "YOU REALLY OUGHT TO TRY IT, THE ONLY DRAWBACK WAS THE FLU-LIKE SYMPTOMS I EXPERIENCED" and I said "I'll think about it" and then I fled to the gym floor and wondered whether Michael ever needed to use a speakerphone and thought maybe I could try to recruit him to ACT-UP demos to lead chants where we didn't have permits for megaphones and wondered whether this was a new ism, internalized HIV-o-phobism or just personal privacy or simply the desire to tell others one-on-one my seropositive status myself before, during, or after seduction attempts.

I once saw a panel where a black lesbian feminist (Jewel Gomez) spent her entire speech denying she was speaking for all black lesbian feminists. I'm embarrassed that on some level my work is just one prolonged apology, including this speech. I've felt fraudulent my entire life: at this conference, surrounding myself with writers somehow legitimizes the doubt that I am a writer. I feel spectacularly unqualified to talk from the viewpoint of AIDS symptomatic individuals. Nevertheless, I think it's important to publicly self-identify as being on the HIV-AIDS spectrum. It's difficult. I wrote a piece about taking AZT for the Village Voice biweekly AIDS column last March and told my mom about it so she wouldn't read it on page six gossip columns first and then the piece was bumped for a newsworthy item. IT has been continuously bumped for newsworthy items and I doubt it will ever see the light of day. I wrote an extremely personal piece on AIDS drugs and problems with the system of drug development and approval for FAME: FAME went under with my article at the presses. I sent it to WIGWAG and the next day I read WIGWAG went under. If anyone knows of any bothersome magazines better left unpublished let me know and perhaps I can sink them too.

I'm wearing a Diseased Pariah button ("Kiss me, I'm a Diseased Pariah") given to me by DPN's cranky editor to coopt and reclaim a derogatory term, albeit with a black humor smirk, much as "queer" has been recently reclaimed. I think it's great when

bisexual women identify as lesbians (Holly Hughes), when straight men and women support ACT-UP (Steve Keith's brother-in-law, Pam Earring). I was initially somewhat conflicted when I found out an HIV negative person claimed he had AIDS to a news reporter at an ACT-UP demo last year (Walter Armstrong): was he cheapening the suffering and nobility of someone who did have AIDS? But in ACT-UP New York, we have made a conscious decision to say we are all HIV positive if arrested so the police don't split us up. The HIV negative person was giving us solidarity.

I'm living in prospective dread. Sometime I feel I'm an accident waiting to happen. Maybe I'd be a more appropriate panel member in five years; maybe that would be too late. It may end up to be a narrow window of vulnerability. Now I'm on the sidelines, vicariously experiencing symptoms through hospital visits, treatment and data newsletters, medical reports, and the Physicians Desk Reference. I'm waiting in line for the amusement park ride. I have that increasingly popular fantasy to booby trap myself with dynamite near death and explode in anger literally and figuratively at Jesse Helms. I have a goal of getting five books out, enough to make a mark, although this is shockingly egocentric; I feel like a dog marking trees and fire hydrants for posterity. It is extremely doubtful that issue will ever result from my spilt seed, unless someone can ultracentrifuge HIV out of my semen. On the other hand, I know, like every other teenager (my psychological age), that I will live forever.

Certain autobiographical elements inevitably filter into my fiction. I try to deal with sex as honestly or dishonestly as I do in life. In Eighty-Sixed, I felt it was important to be graphic about sex, since I am extremely graphic about that truly obscene subject, death. The Puritan in me consciously avoid the erotic: I didn't want to pander or arouse. I wrote the most graphic scenes with clinical detachment. Blame it on 6,00 years of Jewish guilt. If I can't have fun, why should anybody else? My next book, Spontaneous Combustion, a collection of stories disingenuously marketed as neither novel nor short stories, follows the continuing saga of Benjamin Joseph Rosenthal. It contains several stories with strong sexual content. In one story, Benjamin has a relationship with a seronegative person. I deal with elements of disclosure, sexual risks and safe sex here. Gays call straights breeders. I myself am a person without color. I'm sure we'll come up with a derogatory term for neggies soon enough: aseptic? hermetically seal? sheltered? or maybe just shy. David Wojnarowicz and Phil Zwickler collaborated on a short movie called Fear of Disclosure (title?) where Zwickler on voice-over talks of a sexual apartheid arising between positives and negatives. Yet I certainly don't feel people have an unalienable right to have sex with whoever one wants. It takes two to tango (or in certain cases, more: adultery requires at least three). The slippery paradox is that when you disclose your HIV status to someone mature it usually won't make a difference; however, if you are responsible enough to disclose your status to someone

whose emotions are more in control, he will respond with visceral fear, no matter how safe the sex might be. I personally am annoyed at those who don't get tested now. People who say HIV doesn't cause AIDS might as well say that sperm plus ovum don't cause pregnancy. Those intangibles who aren't tested who don't want to have sex with those who have been are intellectually fraudulent. Yet, every informed individual has a perfect right to make any decision she or he wants to. I personally feel much more comfortable having intimate relations with someone who is HIV positive. A writer (John Fox) told me tha he would say he was HIV positive, but not that he had AIDS. There are levels of stratification: people who only have sex with blonds with t-cell ranges of 250-350 and penises between five and nine inches. AZT phobes may have difficulty dating AZT philes, much as carnivores do dating vegetarians. Characters in my stories use subtle ways of disclosing their status, by saying "I started going to ACT-UP after I tested positive" or "my nebulizer's broken - may I borrow yours?" or "After I tell you I'm HIV positive and you run screaming from the room, can I give you a sensual massage using only my tongue?" It's become just one more potentially disastrous secret to divulge to a prospective boyfriend, along with "I'm incapable of long-term relationships", "I have a lover", or "I live in New Jersey."

In another story, Benjamin meets someone at a PWA coalition singles tea. There disclosure is of course unnecessary. Practically everything is disclosed during the question period where Michael Callen or a yenta of similar dimensions asks exceedingly embarrassing questions to the group which responds yes or no by raising hands.

I wrote a very long story ("Snap out of it!" which I will be reading a portion of at the Crossing Press/James white review reading this evening) where Benjamin starts taking AZT and eventually reconciles himself to his status. He worries about the embarrassing prospect of having his beeper go off at an inopportune moment during a failed seduction. For him, AZT is the acronym for A Zillion Tricks. His new pickup line is "I'm taking A Zillion Tricks - care to be A Zillion and One?"

Miss Letitia Thing, my own Miss Manners, has much germane advice for sex for the HIV antibody positive: Avoid bleeding in public; keep a styptic pencil ready for accidental cuts; don't do infusion therapy during sex; be careful to stay clear of IV hookups; be gentle in the thorax area to those with hickman catheters; use mouthwash after pentamidine; hide your nebulizer under the bed from the squeamish; don't invite dates from Narcotics Anonymous when you're doing painkillers; poppers can obliterate almost all indecorous odors.

I wrote Eighty-Sixed under a generalized dread. I took the HIV antibody test the morning that I delivered my manuscript to my editor, expecting a chance of 1 in 100 of acceptance and a slightly higher edge on turning out positive. After I got my results, I became consumed with the insane fear that the normal publication delays for such trivial things as editing, catalog

copy, getting blurb quotes, selling it at a sales conference, and then getting advance orders from bookstores was all part of a conspiracy to delay so I might have a posthumous publication - books of the recently deceased sell so much more, and there's a lesser likelihood of an audit by the estate; no one would be constantly nagging to be taken on a publicity tour, and so on. Although earlier drafts of a few stories in Spontaneous Combustion were written before, the bulk of them were written under the malevolent cloud of HIV-positivity. The content appears to me to be the same anxiety-ridden prose.

Writing is hard enough without disability. I go through endless avoidance activities: dusting the plastic blowup pink flamingos, checking for the mail hourly, cleaning ashtrays although I don't smoke. I even have a full-time job programming computers and mismanaging personnel exclusively designed to aid in avoidance. I was hysterical after dapsone turned my entire body into a five-foot radish. When I underwent the horrors of that latter-day Eichmann, 1-800-MD-TUSCH, it was nearly impossible to read, let alone write, although I did get the idea in my darvon-induced haze to use Pet Shop Boys Behavior CD for the structure of my next novel: the first chapter "being boring", the third "How do you expect to be taken seriously" and so on. The following examples of abnormal stress may or may not be true. It is difficult to write a review of a Canadian novel for an esteemed publication that is due the following morning (not, as previously assumed, the day after) at midnight when discovering a crab louse that had somehow miraculously escaped three cleansings with A200. It is difficult to write notes for a session on disability and sexuality in a far-away city between bathroom sprints after drinking a gallon of colyte flavored with sugar-free crystal-lite lemonade, in preparation for a colonoscopy the following afternoon, another senseless diagnostic test undergone at the request of MD-TUSCH in the interest of better bilking the insurance mill.

HIV/AIDS pretty much covers the spectrum of disability: people can go blind, become paralyzed, get dementia. Some drugs have side effects of lowering desire. Robert Ferro wrote a beautiful scene in Second Son where two men with AIDS simply slept together. In Afterlife, Paul Monette honestly described sexual dysfunction in a relationship between two HIV-positive AIDS widowers. Robert Indiana wrote of sex, desire, and neurotic fear of AIDS in Horse Crazy. In my book Eighty-Sixed, I wrote a reductum ad absurdum list of safe-sex guidelines in the age of anxiety. Allan Barnett's "Philistogyny" ~~Obscure~~, which has the distinction of being the first story in The New Yorker with a gay man who has had more than two sexual partners in the past ten years, had a touching love scene between two ex-lovers, which for purely esthetic reasons didn't make it into the magazine. Peter McGeehee's exuberant freewheeling sex in Boys Like Us seems just like the old days, only now with condoms.

HIV/AIDS differs from many disabilities in that it is generally progressive, thus short term. A few years ago the five

year fatality rate after defining opportunistic infection was eighty-five per cent. With medical progress, AIDS is evolving into a chronic, manageable disease, like diabetes, but this may not happen for the same five years, or for ten years, or for more. It's hard for me to write about AIDS: it's difficult to face yourself, confront your worst fears. I'm by nature a cynic, a pessimist. On the other hand, it's cheaper than therapy. On the (third?) hand, my former therapist died last year: I need not specify of what. It's also difficult to write about sex. Sex is a very private act. A certain part of me doesn't want to reveal everything, the frailties contained in the sexual act. But the best writing for me confronts the most difficult issues. Being a New York creature, I thrive on stress.

My editor has given me complete support in writing about sex and writing about HIV - although he wouldn't let me include "Queer and Loathing at the FDA" in my collection because he felt it would confuse people into thinking that my writing wasn't fiction at all. Books dealing with HIV/AIDS aren't going to sell like Danielle Steele, but neither are books with primarily gay content. I write about sex and sexuality in a safe context as most do - even Dennis Cooper's ritual disembowelment scenes don't involve HIV transmission. My aim is to reflect experiences of being HIV positive and experiencing gay life so people can recognize their feelings and feel less isolated. There are 1.5 million estimated HIV positive individuals in the US. This estimate hasn't changed over the past few years. I guess we can all stop demonstration and go home: the epidemic is over, according to the government. Meanwhile, I'll sit here anxiously, waiting for the barbarians - those dreaded opportunistic infections - and fighting through ACT-UP demos and zaps every step of the way.

Halloween, 99

Dear DPN folks,

I just received your issue #11. It had been so long since I'd received your zine that I'd forgotten about it. I'm delighted, though, that you managed to get out a wonderful final issue.

I've loved your publications from its beginning, and really will miss it. Thanks for all the work and energy you placed into it every issue.

I never did receive issue #10, so if you can work it out, please send me a copy.

Thanks again, and best of luck.

Robert LaRivière

33 Q ST NE

Washington DC 20002-2105

Crescent Wrench Books & Infoshop
2116 Burgundy, New Orleans, LA 70116
Phone: (504) 944-4907

Dear

The Crescent Wrench Collective would like to distribute your magazine in our bookstore/infoshop. We feel we can distribute 5 copies of each issue. We would like to have them on consignment with payment and returns due 30 days after the receipt of the subsequent issue. We would prefer not to have to send whole copy returns, but if that is required it's acceptable. We are an all volunteer-run, not-for-profit project and would appreciate the best terms you can offer us. If you can offer us 40% or greater off of the cover price please send us your current issue now and we'll get started, otherwise contact us and let us know your terms.

Thank you,

Chantel C. Guidry
Crescent Wrench Collective Member

1401 N Street, NW, Apt. 804
Washington, DC 20005-4816
22 September 1999

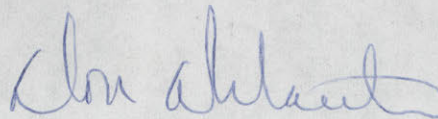
DPN
c/o Men's Support Center
PO Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

Dear DPN:

I had at times wondered whatever happened to DPN—I missed receiving it. I was glad to receive issue number 11 today, then heartily sad to read that this would be the last. Please accept my sincere condolences on the death of Beowulf Thorne (as well as the magazine). He was a sick, twisted individual that, had I known him, I could conceivably have called him friend.

I would be proud to receive two back issues of DPN, an eminently collectible magazine. I have issues 8 through 11. My first choices would be issues 6 and 7, if still available. If not, any of the first four issues would be fine. I'll leave it up to you to choose for me.

Sincerely,



Donald L. Delauter

DONALD DELAUTER
1401 N ST. NW #804
WASHINGTON DC 20005
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

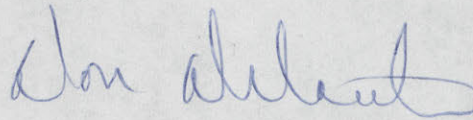
1401 N Street, NW, Apt. 804
Washington, DC 20005-4816
22 September 1999

Owner/Manager
Lambda Rising Bookstore
1625 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20009-1013

Dear Owner/Manager:

I recently received what turns out to be the final issue of DPN, the *Diseased Pariah News*. In it, your store is specifically mentioned as one of a number of "deadbeat bookstores and distributors" that have withheld payments due pending DPN's acceptance of your terms—one of several reasons why DPN is ceasing publication. You at one time stocked the publication (I believe I bought my first issue at your store). If you still owe DPN money (as they claim you do) as a result of carrying the magazine, why don't you pay what you owe and let DPN wrap up its business operations properly? Pay your bills! Besides being the right thing to do, the money can certainly be put to good use by the Men's Support Center of Oakland, California.

Sincerely,



Donald L. Delauter

 cc: DPN
c/o Men's Support Center
PO Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

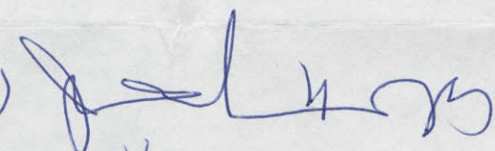
SEPT 06, 1997

DEAR "GENTLE" MEN:

I NEED TO LAUGH. I'M WHITE & 41. Y.O. WHITE
MALE. I'VE SEEN #S 1, 2, & 3 (A FRIEND HAD
THEM), BUT WOULD LIKE TO GET AVAILABLE
BACK COPIES & YOUR NEXT ISSUE. PLEASE
ADVISE COST, ETC., BY RETURN MAIL.

THANK YOU.

WESLEY,

YOURS TRULY, 

JAY WEIR - GALLON

821/6 CENTRE STREET

JAMAICA PLAIN / BOSTON / MA 02130-2748

TEL/FAX: 617.524.8144

8 28 97

Hello DPN

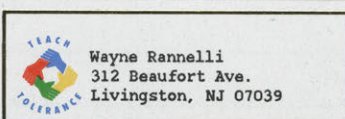
Thanks a ton for the call-back.
Great to know you're still there. Please
send me the following order for now.

DPN 1-9 / 1 ea @ 3 per	27 00
DPN 10 / 3 @ 3 per	9 00
OI Badges : @ 1 Swt. AZT x 2	7 00
@ Nausean x 2	
@ CMV	
@ T Cell 500	} 1 ea
@ T Cell 200	
Postcard - 5 of each design	5 00
	48 00

Please send to my 39 year-old
diseased queer ass.

Thanks,

Wayne Rannelli





POS INDONESIA

KARTUPOS
CARTE POSTALE



PENGIRIM - EXPEDITEUR

Mr Steven

PO BOX 1247

Semarang

Indonesia

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17/TGA/1996

(Kode Pos)

ALAMAT - ADRESSE

Diseased Pariah News

PO BOX 30564

Oakland, Ca 94604

USA

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(Kode Pos)



TO : Diseased Pariah News

I got your address from my penpal.

Please give me samples about Diseased Pariah
News.

Thanks & write back so on.

3921 Quail Circle
Myrtle Beach, SC 29579

27 July 1997

Diseased Pariah News
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

Dear Diseased Pariah News:

Enclosed is one poem to be considered for publication. The title is "The Pope of the Church of Affliction."

I welcome and greatly appreciate any and all comments or suggestions you may have.

Thank you,
Peter E. Murphy
Enclosure (1)

THE POPE OF THE CHURCH OF AFFLICTION

Here I am, a future star
I'm going to go far
So grab your seat
And take the heat
I've started a new religion
I'm the Pope of the Church of Affliction
I play the part of
Death as modern art
Worn out and tired
Romantically uninspired
Life isn't fair
I'm painfully aware
Yet I bow and worship
While my T-cells dip
It's immunity's final stand
AZT lends its hand
My alms to St. Retrovir
May He grant another year
I bless Sister Protease
Muse of the viral race
I've been baptized in neuropathy
Crucified on morality
I pray Dignity won't die
The Government cares? – a big fucking Lie!
I sing the hymns of survival
To create a cellular revival
So Congress will see the truth can't be ducked
And Jesse Helms can say he's been fucked
By the Pope of the Church of Affliction!

Peter E. Murphy
3921 Quail Circle
Myrtle Beach, SC 29579
(803)236-6243
WORDMAN26@aol.com

Greetings DPN?

Enclosed is an order pulled from
your last couple of issues - I think
If you're out of any particular
button, merit badge, et al, feel
free to substitute any missing part
of the order w/ any other cool
stuff you do.

And, incidentally, if your merchandise
offerings have expanded, I'm interested.
Please enclose your latest order form if
it includes new & terrific stuff.
I am truly impressed w/ the professionalism
& fabulous artistry of your graphic work!
Thanks much!

Love, peace & sperm!

Thomas

S

Thomas F. Starzl
2910 19th St
Boulder, CO 80304

Nov. 10, 1997

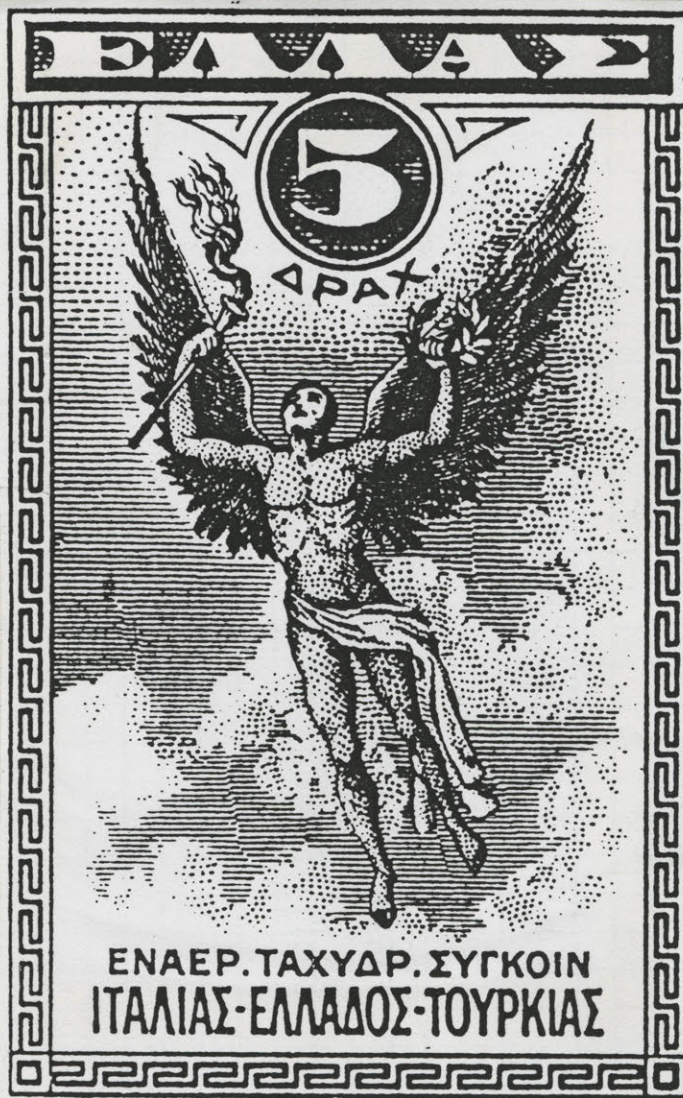
Hello DPN -

ENCLOSED is \$37, which is \$10 FOR
A SUBSCRIPTION TO START WITH #11 (WHENEVER),
AND \$27 for BACK ISSUES 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & 10 -
AS #4 is SOLD OUT, I UNDERSTAND.

THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR QUICK
RESPONSE. ALSO, THERE'S NO URGENCY IN
GETTING THIS PACKAGE TOGETHER - SURE, I
WANT IT, BUT WHENEVER IS FINE. I CAN'T BELIEVE
ISSUE #1 IS STILL AVAILABLE... GREAT!

SINCERELY,
BRON TAYLOR
2116 N. 112th ST. #304
SEATTLE, WA 98133





4 july 97

Dear folks of DPN,

Thanks for sending the issue of DPN number ten, albeit seven months later than when i expected. it was worth the wait- one of the most fantastic zines i have received in quite some time! i had forgotten that it was a zine for HIV + people, and by HIV+ folks; as casey miller wrote in his letter in issue ten, i too am now an HIV wannabe! its seems so fun and intense! i must see more of DPN, so please send me the latest issue, and later on i'll send for some back issues. and i will be sure to let my friends, especially the HIVer's^{know} of your wonderful existence. i like just about everything- from pictures of men with their hand on their penis! to the recipes, and the scathing articles, dark humor, parody, poetry, and other tidbits. it is a strange coincidence that your cover illustration on issue ten is nearly what i had in mind when writing to the political newsletter "pink noise", in DC, when, in suggesting they use some graphics, suggested something like jesse helms with a fistful of cigarettes up his butt. i couldn't have drawn it better in my mind. my compliments to OD! and, please tell me in which issue appeared AIDS Barbie? that i must see, as your back cover of issue ten with KS Ken cohorting with GI Joe is so right on!

and i have a favor to ask of you- i very much like the "forge of god press" logo that is on the envelope- however mine was rudely blotted out by the overinked stamp cancelling machine. do you have a copy on letterhead or something else that you could send me? i would be eternally grateful. i will send you a copy of my zine "homomiltia", when indeed i complete it. if you don't mind, i will give you a mention.

looking foward to the latest issue- please- i hope it doesn't take very long- if i was an HIVer i could say i might not be around that long!, but alas, i plan on living well over 100, because it will be nice to be able to say, "i remember when AIDS was around".

All the best to each and every,

QUEER LOVE ON YA,

stefan

stefan smith
uralská 9
praha 6
16000
czech republic

PS: please send my latest issue of DPN to my "summer residence" at the following, less expensive for your postage, address:

stefan smith
29 Deering St.
Portland, Maine 04101

P.S.S. SORRY, THESE ARE MY LAST TWO DOLLAR BILLS, I HOPE THE STAMPS WILL SUFFICE IN LIEU OF A GREENBACK.

Susan Beth Forrest
643 1/4 N Spaulding Avenue West Hollywood California 90036
Ph 213 852 0761 Pgr 213 397 4088

12 February 1998

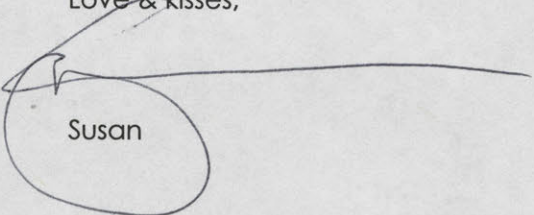
Diseased Pariah News
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

To Whomever:

I am sending y'all a check for \$30 for all back issues. I'd gladly send another \$30 for the next issue as well.

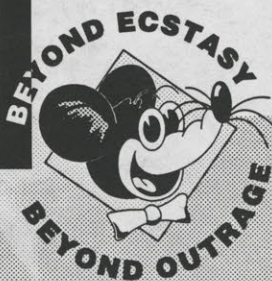
Anyhow, I'm anxiously awaiting future issues. Let me know if you want any submissions. I have a photo shoot that you might like.

Love & kisses,



Susan

DPN



Dear Readers:

We didn't mean to be so late—honest. I know how much of a drag it is to wait this long, and I apologize. But we would rather keep our low cover price and the freedom that comes from not having to appease advertisers than turn DPN into a bland commercial magazine, putting out issues like clockwork. Even so, we know we can do better next time, and we will. The good news is we're still alive and kicking, as evidenced by the copy of DPN #9 now in your hot little hands.

Now, there are a few things you can do for us. First of all, if your mailing label says "paid through issue #9", it's time to renew your subscription. Second, and every bit as important, *please send us stuff*. DPN needs your articles, stories, centerfold models, letters to the editor, recipes, screenplays, confessions, threats, suggestions, reactions, propositions, pleas, manifestos, cartoons, criticisms, complaints and (only if it's really good) poetry. When mundane matters like survival compete for the DPN staff's time and energy, nothing helps keep morale up more than feedback from readers—all kinds.

sincerely,

Tommy

Your Humpy Editor

A Project of the Men's Support Center
Fax MD 94-2539060, JSSN 1064-8143

That's right, I still want DPN bad! Here's my \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 International) for another four issues. Please send my subscription to:

DAVID M HALPERIN

Name: 87 BURREN STREET

Address: NEWTOWN NSW 2042

AUSTRALIA

DMHalperin

Signature (I am at least 18 years of age)

☒ This is a **RENEWAL** ☐ This is a **NEW SUBSCRIPTION**
but a new address

Diseased Pariah News
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

510.891.0455

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 ___#8, or ___#9.
- ☐ Please send me **BACK ISSUES** of DPN for only \$3.00 each (US\$5 Canada, US\$7 Int'l). I would like (please check): X #1, X #2, ___#3, X #4, ___#5, ___#6 and/or X #7.

Please send to (print clearly):

Name: Francis Gaglizerdi

Address: 106 Pinnacle Rd

Plainville, CT 06062

Signature: Francis Gaglizerdi

(I certify that I am at least 18 years of age)

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

- ___ "You're Soaking..." 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 Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ **DPN postcards** at **50¢** each
(___ "You're Soaking in It!")

Louie Crew

P. O. Box 30, Newark, NJ 07101
201-485-4503, Internet:lcrow@newark.rutgers.edu

08-25-1997

Editor
Diseased Pariah
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

Dear Editor:

I hope that you will publish the material which I sent over three months ago. Please use the SSAE to confirm that you received it and to suggest a date by which you expect to decide.

This letter marks not my impatience, but my distrust of the U. S. postal service. I am receiving on average 15 pieces of mail each month not addressed to me. I suppose they disperse my own mail just as erratically, such are the perils of living in the epicenter of the crack cocaine use in America.

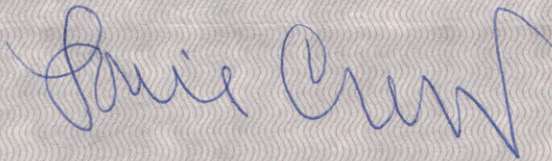
I apologize for my computer's lack of personality.

For your information:

The last 2524 publishers to look at my work have averaged 2.4 months deciding.

As of today, editors have published 1186 of my works.

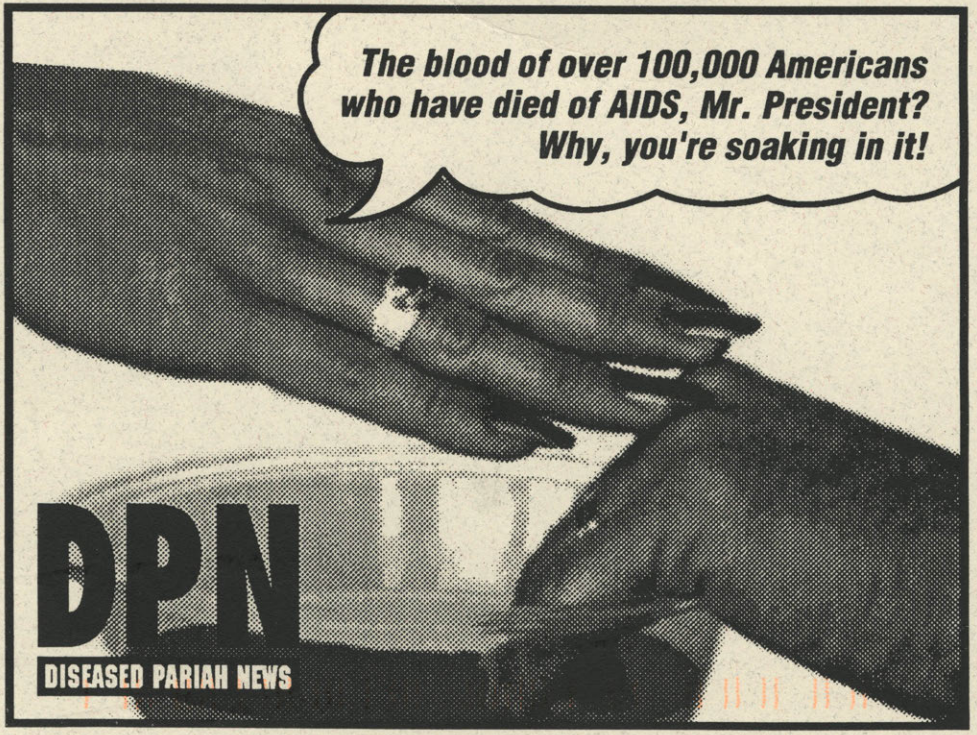
Faithfully,



Regarding my Poetry:

Quean of the Float
His Unroyal Lowness Quean Lutibelle Proffers
Found in the Ladies' Can at the Cathedral Church of St. James

Submitted: 05-12-1997



*The blood of over 100,000 Americans
who have died of AIDS, Mr. President?
Why, you're soaking in it!*

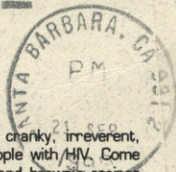
DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS



beyond ecstasy, beyond outrage!

The Diseased Pariah News is a chunky, irreverent, insightful forum of, by, and for people with/HIV. Come share your thoughts, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. A sample issue is \$2, yearly subscription is \$7. Send check or money order to DPN, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.



RON ALEXANDER
1605-1/2 SAN PASCUAL ST.
SANTA BARBARA, CA 93101
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #12



Card

DPN % MEN'S
SUPPORT CENTER

P.O. BOX 30564

OAKLAND, CA 94604

SAY IT'S NOT SO !!
DPN has been on island
inf sanity in the hysteria
this epidemic has engendered.
Your mag (and its dead +

Press Box 1661

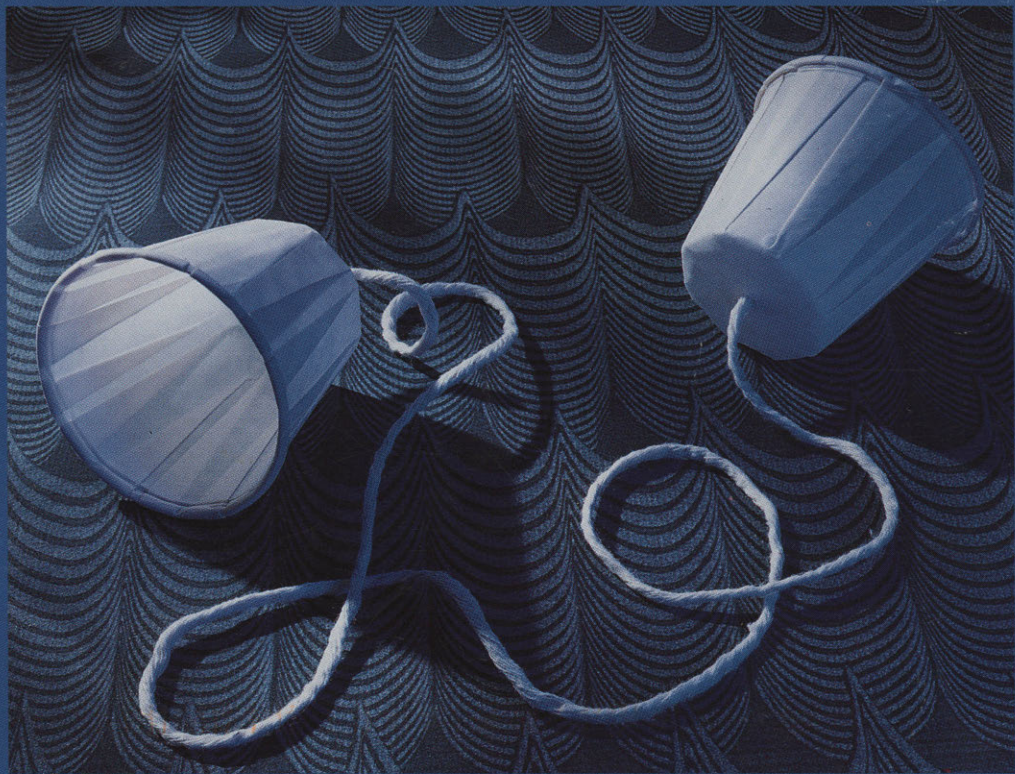
©



"Oncomouse"

living editors) will be
missed. Oh, yes, and

Send me issue #10 - the only one I missed.
Thanks, Ron



9-14-99- greetings- we
received one P.P. mag
yesterday- I'm writing
to ask you to remove



Dennis Walsh
132 Mason St.

Santa Cruz 95060

from the list-
he died in 1994

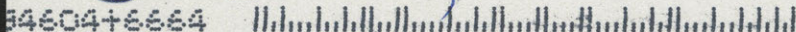
Thanks

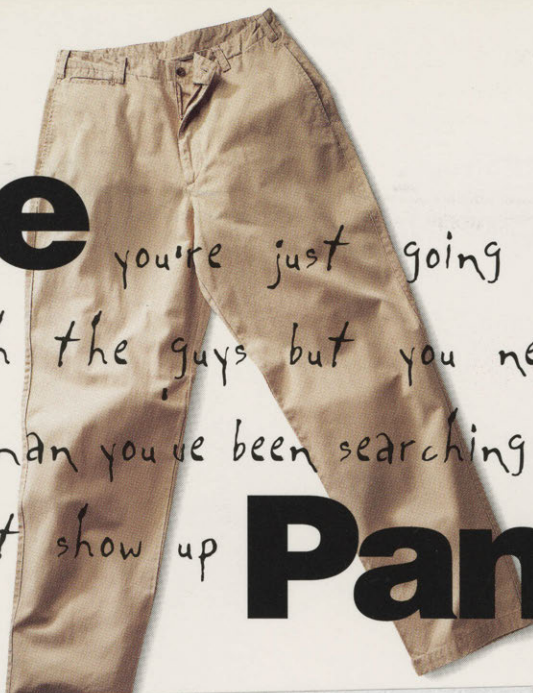


men's support
Center

P.O. Box 30564

Oakland CA
94604

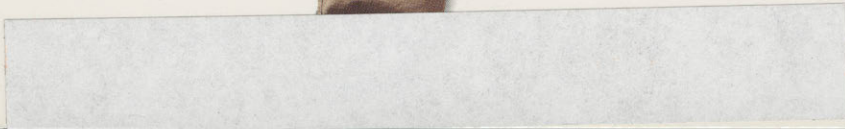




Nice

you're just going out for
a drink with the guys but you never know
when the woman you've been searching for since
puberty might show up

Pants.



DOCKERS®

FLAT FRONT KHAKI

Dear DPN

Really sorry to
see you come to an
end. Send me
any old issues
that you have.

all the best
KB Unger

KATHLEEN BELL UNGER
A MEDICAL CORPORATION
2000 VAN NESS AVE.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13



DPN

% Mens Support

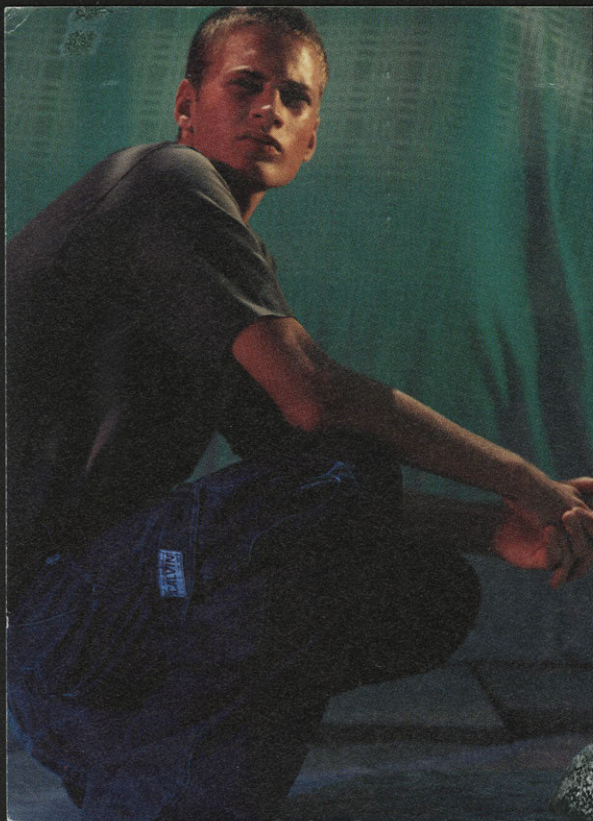
Center

PO Box 30564

Oakland, Ca

94604





CK
Calvin Klein Jeans

CK Calvin Klein Jeans
Cargo jean in authentic stonewash. 100% cotton, waist sizes 29-34, 36, 38,
made in USA. \$78.00. Young Men's.

Earl R. Sutton
6241 Penrod
Detroit MI 48228-3871



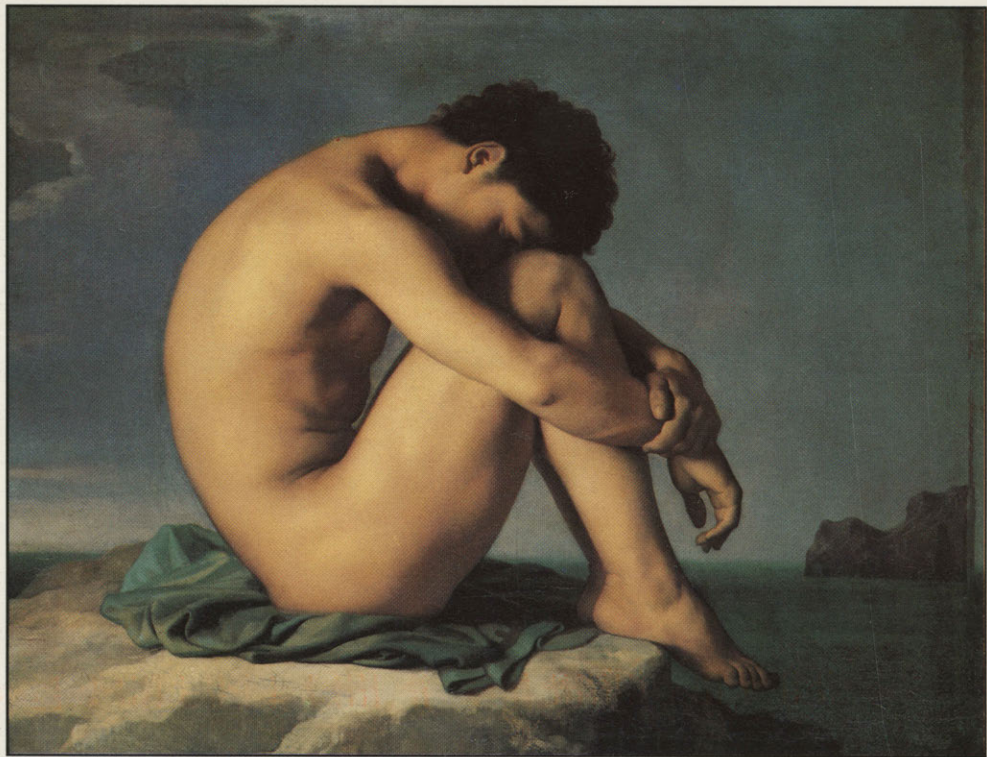
infer

T.W.I.M.C.:

PLEASE SEND SUBSCRIPTION RATE AND BACK
ISSUE INFORMATION
SO THAT I CAN SUBSCRIBE
ORDER BACK ISSUES OR
BOTH. THANK YOU.

THE LATEST and GREATEST

DPN
PO BOX 30564
OAKLAND CA 94694





To Tom Ace et al
Thanks for
A job well done.
The last issue of
DPN is a great
tribute. Fun, too!

Always a fan,
Ed Sikov



© MICHAEL G. GUTRATH VERLAG, AUGUSTA STRASSE 1, 52070 AACHEN, GERMANY, TEL. (0)241/60 33 22



Force of God Press
PO Box 30564
Oakland, CA
94604

Jeune Homme Nu

Painting by Flandrin (1809-1864)

MG 281

COCKSURE

BRAND



PRODUCE OF U.S.A.

California **ASPARAGUS**

COCKSURE CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS

JAMES FERREIRA
47 WEST ST.
PORTLAND, ME 04102 *
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13



Dear DPN: How sad to
see you go (truly). And
just when I was "getting
into you." please send me
your choice of DPN back
issues, any between #1 →
#9. Thank you for your
inverance. It will be
missed. — Jim.

DPN
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA. 94604

1219
© THE AMERICAN POSTCARD CO. INC. NYC
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED PRINTED IN CANADA

Please send me whatever
back issues are available up through
#8. I've got 9-11.

I've enclosed \$15- to cover any extra
costs. If I owe you more, let me know.
I'm very sorry you're closing up shop;
even sorer that your friends/colleagues are dying.
I wish you well!

ROSS BARNHART
14718 MERIDIAN AVE. N.,
Shoreline, WA 98133 *
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #14

barns @ biostat. washington.edu

Please send #1 #2 #3

Sorry to lose
your news.
DPN

Thanks

If you sent any issues will do

Jeffrey

JEFFREY LYNN GAUGH
935 E STREET
ARCATA CA 95521
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #14



FORGE

**Of God Press
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604**

DPN-

Please send me back issues
#8 & #9 in place of the
rest of my subscription.

Any t-shirts (or other
merchandise) left?

Thanks.

MIKE KOSITZKE
P.O. BOX 3632
COLUMBUS OH 43210-1106 *
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13



THE AMERICAN RADIO RELAY LEAGUE RADIOGRAM



VIA AMATEUR RADIO

NUMBER	STATION OF ORIGIN	CHECK	PLACE OF ORIGIN	TIME FILED	DATE 7-3-98
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To DPN —

THIS RADIO MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED AT

AMATEUR STATION WGR	PHONE
OWNER GREG BUSHNELL	
STREET ADDRESS 109 WORCESTER PL	
CITY AND STATE DETROIT 48203	

I enclosed my
old renewal form

Please send me the latest DPN.
I sent a check to renew my subscription
a year ago & no DPN. I also called X2
to inquire. I've enclosed another check
to receive your publication. I'd also like
to submit something for consideration.

SENDER'S ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER FOR REFERENCE	FROM STATION	LOCATED AT	DATE	TIME	OPERATOR
	TO STATION				THANKS DPN

YOUR REPLY TO THIS MESSAGE WILL BE HANDLED WITHOUT CHARGE BY THE RECEIVING STATION WHOSE ADDRESS IS SHOWN ABOVE. AMATEUR RADIO OPERATORS AND MEMBERS OF THE A.R.R.L., LICENSED BY THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION, OFFER TO THE PUBLIC A MESSAGE SERVICE WITHIN THE U. S. A. AND ITS POSSESSIONS WHERE POSSIBLE. AS MESSAGES ARE HANDLED BY RADIO AMATEURS SOLELY FOR THE PLEASURE OF OPERATING, NO COMPENSATION CAN BE ACCEPTED BY A STATION OWNER, SO DELIVERY IS NOT GUARANTEED BY THE LEAGUE OR ITS MEMBER OPERATORS. AMATEURS ARE NOTED FOR THEIR WORK IN PUBLIC EMERGENCIES. FURTHER INFORMATION ON THIS INTERESTING HOBBY MAY BE OBTAINED DIRECTLY FROM A.R.R.L. HEADQUARTERS, WEST HARTFORD, CONN. LITHO - U.S.A.



A Project of the Men's Support Center
P. O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604

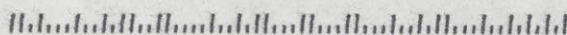
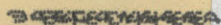
NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
OAKLAND, CA
PERMIT NO. 1794

CHUCK FRUTCHEY
574 CASTRO ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #14

Please send 3 copies
of #1 if you have them.
Otherwise, any 3
back issues



DPN
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland CA



Wednesday, Sept. 22

Dear Pariah Brothers,

Well, ok, not really brothers. But I'm feeling sentimental to think we're losing DPN. You guys and your magazine have been more important than you might realize, certainly more important than Time, Newsweek, or __ (fill as you like) __ and, in your own way, more important than Beta. Gee thanks, I hear you saying, but it's meant as a heart-felt compliment.

If it's not too late, I'd like a copy of issues 1, 2, and 3. I'm enclosing some cash for postage or bagels or whatever a few bucks buys these days.

(or another copy of # 11

Markham Hirt
777 Duncan St.
San Francisco, CA 94131

SEP 22 1981
2:00 PM
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

Hi — would
you sent

Me →

MARTY JONES
422 W. 22nd ST., #3
NEW YORK, NY 10011-2504
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

copies of issues 1, 2, or 3
to finish out my subscrip-
tion? Thnx, &
Good luck tots.

September 28 1999

1615 Que St #804 NW
Washington, DC 20009

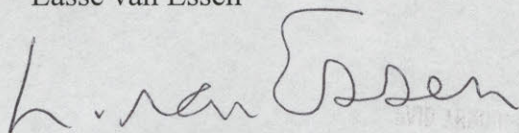
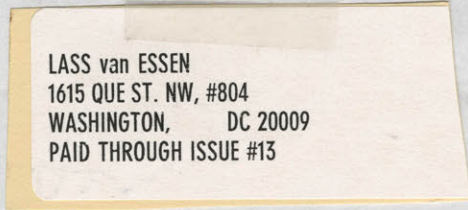
Dear Pariahs:

I'm sorry to hear you're giving up on DPN: It has been a wonderful little magazine. I'll also be sure to yell at Lamda Rising Bookstore in D.C. on your behalf for mistreating you so.

I'd love to get some back issues of DPN that I don't currently have. They would be issues 1,2,3 and 6.

Good luck to all of you at DPN

Lasse van Essen

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Lasse van Essen". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Lasse" and last name "Essen" clearly distinguishable.A rectangular yellow label with black text, affixed to the bottom of the envelope. The text on the label provides the sender's address and a note about the magazine subscription.

LASS van ESSEN
1615 QUE ST. NW, #804
WASHINGTON, DC 20009
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

JOEL MARTINEZ
1806 MISSOURI ST.,
HOUSTON, TX 77006
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

10/14/99

DANIEL —

CONGRATS ON OPN #11 — I KNOW
WOLF IS LOOKING ON WITH
PRIDE (IN A WOLFIE SORT OF
WAY, OF COURSE).

I HOPE THINGS ARE GOING WELL WITH
YOU AND THE CONDOM RESOURCE CENTER.

CAN YOU PLEASE SEND 2 COPIES
OF ISSUE 5 (MY ISSUE) TO MY
FRIEND JOEL MARTINEZ — MAILING
LABEL ENCLOSED.

ALSO, IF YOU ARE ALLOWED TO SEND/SELL
ANY ISSUES TO LOST SUBSCRIBERS, I
COULD "USE" 2 MORE — HERE'S MY
ADDRESS (YOU CAN BILL ME & I WILL
GLADLY DONATE TO THE SUPPORT CENTER / CRS.):
1851 COLUMBIA ROAD NW # 602
WASHINGTON, DC 20009 202/265-6779

THANKS & TAKE GOOD CARE!

KM

ISABEL AUERBACH
2529 ANZA ST
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94118
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

Please send issues
#7 and #3.

I'm especially eager to get #7
since I don't seem to have it.
If you're out of 3, send
anything.

September 17, 1999

Michael Mack
1613 Barry Ave. #3
Los Angeles, CA 90025

DPN
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

Please send me a copy of DPN back issue #7.
Enclosed is my mailing label showing paid
through issue #12.

Thanks,
Michael Mack

MOONSONG
6002 32 AVE. NW
SEATTLE, WA 98107
PAID THROUGH ISSUE #13

PLEASE SEND BACK ISSUES
#1, #2, OR #3

THANK YOU

Hi, Saw your ZINE address on
Web site. I find it interesting
may I please have a Rush! Purchase
Cash price \$3.00

P-TOWN POS./PWA COALITION

ATTN: ~~SEAN CURRENT~~ MARK BAKER

P.O. BOX 1465

PROVINCETOWN, MA 02657 *

PAID THROUGH ISSUE #12

DPN Back Issues

Issues
#1-3, 6-10

PROVINCETOWN POSITIVE
PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION

P.O. Box 1465 • Provincetown, MA 02657 • Phone/Fax 508/487/3998

October 20, 1999

Diseased Pariah News
c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564
Oakland, CA 94604

Dear DPN:

Provincetown Positive is saddened to read that *DPN* will soon no longer be published, and sad to hear of the passing of so many of your staff...

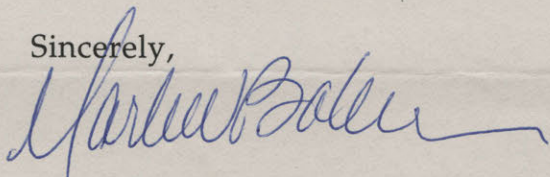
In order to preserve your work, we would like to have as complete a set of *DPN* as possible for our Reference Library.

To that end, I have enclosed a check for \$21.00 - this pays for 7 back issues and 1 additional back issue that we are due as we were paid through Issue #12.

Please send us: Issues #1-#3 and #6-#10. If there are any additional Issues #4 and #5 (realizing that they are out-of-print), please send those as well and bill us. If for some reason the \$21.00 does not cover all charges, please send the issues and bill us accordingly.

Thanks for *DPN* throughout the years, and our staff wishes you good luck in your future endeavors!

Sincerely,



Mark W. Baker
Editor, *Provincetown Positive*
PP/PWAC