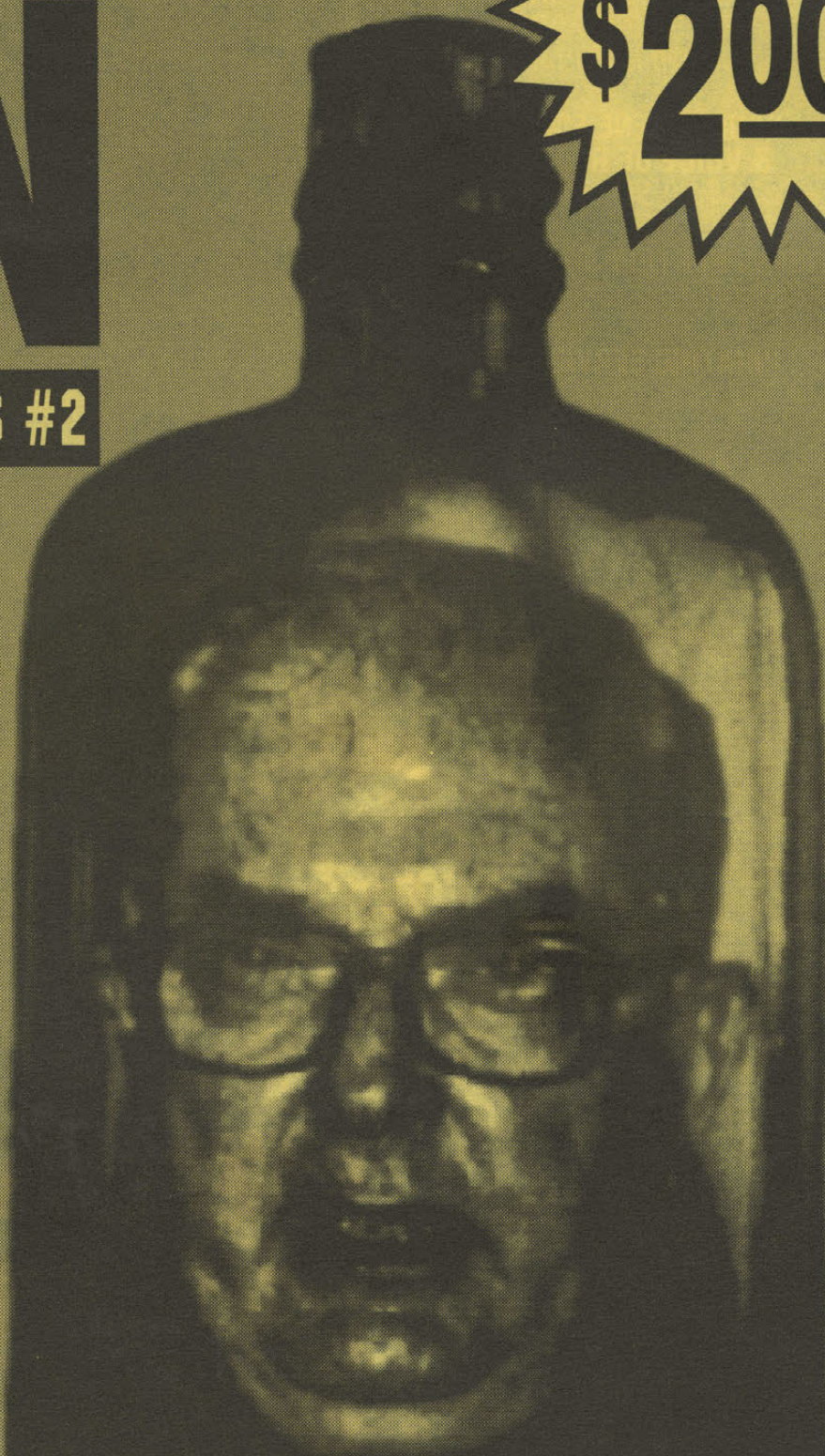
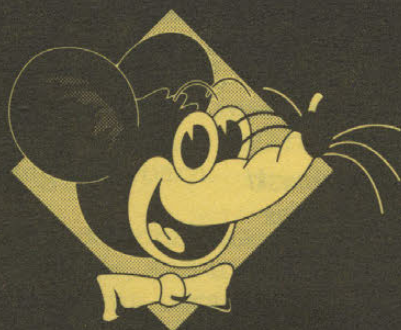


DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #2

\$200

*Inside This Issue:
Surviving AIDS,
Party Poorly Planned,
Tales From the Front,
Second Coming Out,
Ask Mr. Science,
The Secret Origin of
Captain Condom,
and Much More!*



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The *Diseased Pariah News* is a mostly 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 sero-negative guilt. We encourage infected people to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment is the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

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We'll happily trade subscriptions (and ads) with other publications of our ilk.

Special thanks to Noel Money-bags; Linotype Bob; Hard Drive Atticus; Bed-n-Breakfast Dan; Stacey, Porn Purveyor of the Peninsula; Steven Proofreader; Proselytizers Gary and Rondo; our army of paper-folding bubble-butt surf boy slaves; and Mike Gunderloy for many reasons.

CONTENTS

The Serene Opinion	2
Kibbles and Tips: More Ideas for Dealing with HIV	3
Book Review: Surviving AIDS by Michael Callen	5
True Story: Party Poorly Planned (A Hostess' Real Life Nightmare)	7
What You've All Been Asking For	9
Postcards by John Sullivan	10
Tales From the Front by David B. Feinberg	12
Second Coming Out by Tom Ace	13
FlexiBilly by Spunk, Mr. Science by Rondo Mieczkowski	15
Further Adventures of Captain Condom: Secret Origins	16
Get Fat! Don't Die (Biffy Mae Battles Gastric Distress)	23
Condom Corner: Troubleshooting Your Latex	25
Video Review with Porn Potato: Foxhole Gets Four Eyes	27
The Fabulous DPN Meat Market	29
The DPN Resource Guide	30

DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS

#2

Hey kids, this is Gary. He's our page one boy. Will you be the next? Or maybe you'd rather be the centerfold. Just send us a matte finish photo, at least 3.5" x 5" (preferably bigger), black & white or color with lots of contrast. Tell us a little about yourself, and give the photographer some credit too. Please include a signed note saying that you're old enough to attend "R" rated movies unsupervised.

THE SERENE OPINION

From the bowels of the mighty Kaiser-Permanente flagship, your slightly under-the-weather Serene Editor, increasing his formal participation in the HIV phenomenon by spending a week Inside, greets you, peering one-eyed and drugged through a fog of flower perfume, dictating my slurred but probably still quite immortal verbiage to the infamous Santa Tom Rielly, a man of incredible generosity and energy but barely adequate typing skills.

Most parts of me that were broken are now fixed. Unfortunately, in my effortless morphine-befuddled passage through the much-feared ordeal of bronchoscopy, a great deal of special bronchoscoping nose goo ran into my eye. It is, in case you didn't already know, impossible to cry out with a tube down your larynx. So, as I lay there making soundless help me, help me faces, attempting to draw attention to my plight, the artificial snot did a bad thing to my eyeball. Or perhaps it was the hours of attempting to find the thing that I sure thought was in my eye. Anyway. It's broke.

So, I find myself once again drugged and in pain and much more than half blind. Luckily, I come from a long and dirty line of poor white trash sharecroppers who evolved to live on dirt and rocks if necessary. Despite a tendency to die of heart attacks at age forty, and a dismaying predilection for particularly unattractive forms of cancer, we are rather hard to kill, being as we are the more or less human equivalent of the hearty and disgusting cockroach.

In my own personal case, since I'm so brave, noble, and un-cockroach-like, despite my occasional lapses into ruralism and tendency to fart in church, something obviously

happened. What? Well, I think it had to do with the time I was about to rim this one-legged man for ten bucks and Jesus came down and gave me a goose and He said, "Silly goose, if you want to grow up classy, just switch and lick My assie!", so I did. Lost the ten bucks but became the delicate result of an insectoid miracle, metamorphosing at the final instar not into a beer-swilling hog, but rather into the glorious butterfly of the modern gay man that I am today. Or modern queer man, if you prefer. Naked dicks may give me AIDS but names will never hurt me...

Meanwhile, back at the hospital: AIDS certainly has its teeth in me, but I feel damn good and you can count on me for some while yet. I don't really expect things to get gruesome for at least a year, at the earliest... I realized today that I am going to live to be 33, and 34 is not out of the question. 35? Who knows? When I was 27, I thought I'd be dead by now, and I sure ain't daid yet, buckaroo!

But I am turning as much of the work as I can over to Beowulf, since my periodic spells of the vapors make it hard for me to service your needs in a timely fashion. I will remain as a pretentiously titled highlight of the masthead, an editorial yip-yapper, and a free-floating article maker. And I think if you hope and pray and say your little rosary beads every evening, I will purrrhaps be your nekkid centerfold boy next issue. Subscribe! Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to examine the planes and contours of my stick-like and slightly tattooed form avec special guest, Mr Theo. And maybe Mr. Ed, if we can cajole him into it...

DPN has been getting some fun press. If you send an SASE, we will send you a copy of our

clippings file, or sheet, as it currently stands. Big Fun, really.

So. You have it. My attempt to deliver under duress a witty, topical, and queer-as-hell editorial blab. Hope it flew. Incidentally, George Bush is a piece of shit.

[This editorial continues on page 5 and transmogrifies into a book review.]

Congratulations to Mike Cannon

Mike entered, and thereby won, the Guess Tommy's T-Cell Count contest. Also, thanks to Mike for guessing optimistically high. He'll get one of our fabulous prizes, though we all know what he REALLY wants. Since the T-Cells du Tom have chosen such a propinquitous number, (see graphic representation below) he is starting a baseball team for them. So our new contest is to name that team. The winner (chosen by editorial whim) gets a little plastic baseball.

9

AD RATES

Business Card	\$5
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DPN heartily encourages advertising from businesses and service providers within our community, and offers a 10% discount for ads that run for two or more consecutive issues. We also can provide inexpensive graphic services if you don't have camera ready art. Call (415) 864-5434 for details.

Oh, Those Aching Veins!

Got phlebitis from health care givers repeatedly jabbing needles into your veins? Here's help: Soak a hand towel in water and then pop it into the microwave. Heat it to whatever temperature you can stand and place the hot-hot-hot towel in a baggie to use as a compress on that tender, throbbing vein. Mmmm, much better.

(Courtesy of D. Lamb)

Stool Samples

Have trouble holding those little Dixie cups and snaring the stool sample before it hits the water in the toilet bowl? Put a sheet of Saran Wrap loosely across the bowl, underneath the seat, to catch that puppy. You can then scoop the morsel into the speci-pack at your leisure. (For diarrhea, we recommend a bowl that will never, ever be used for cooking again. Eeew!)

(Graciously researched by your diligent Editors)

Resource information: AIDS Community Research Consortium

The AIDS Community Resource Consortium, based in Redwood City, (that's here in CA, sorry!) offers a network of 40 doctors in cooperation to share information, and generate new information, about our buddy HIV. The member physicians are distributed all over the Peninsula and South Bay. There are many, many cases of infection, in the Bay Area but outside of San Francisco, that do not have the same easy access to knowledgeable HIV care. the ACRC is attempting to change this. Of course, it's only here in the Bay Area, but hey, something is something. So, they are running a rather large number of community trials, for a diverse spectrum of HIV related problems. They also offer a public information series, on Wednesday nights(?) (I lost that part of the info package. Just call and they'll tell you.)

The most laudable thing about the ACRC is that it is chartered to make outreach to undertreated communities. They specifically are dedicated to developing and maintaining outreach to HIV-infected women, IV drug users, members of the various communities of color, and other disenfranchised ethnic groups. On the Peninsula, the HIV picture has already skewed away from just fags, which is still is mostly here in the city, at least as far as real live AIDS.

So. If you live in Santa Clara, San Mateo, or southern Alameda counties, maybe you should call them up.

Incidentally, two of the main physicians in the group have both been my personal doctor over a long period of time, and they are good. Also Nurse Brian is also a swell and competent fellow, so I'd feel pretty good about going here for care.

ACRC, 1048 El Camino Real Ste A, Redwood City CA 94063, (415) 364-6563, fax (415) 364 9001.

Project Pentamidine

As most of us know, aerosol pentamidine prophylaxis is the best thing to happen in the HIV world ever. The Big Killer, pneumocystis, has been rendered almost preventable. Pretty swell, eh? Unless you don't have insurance or for some other reason can't get it for free, and the fact that it can cost up to \$250 per treatment for the drug alone, aside from the nebulizer and the doctor visit.

Jack Erdmann has an arrangement with a Mexican distributor where you can buy up to a three month supply for \$59 per dose. It's easy and it's legal. The Project has been growing rapidly, which means that there are a lot of us in this boat.

So, call, or have your doctor call, Project Pentamidine, Jack Erdmann, 60 Lovell Ave, Mill Valley CA 94941. (415) 388-2105, fax (415) 381 2084 — T. S.

Mister Manners' Courteous Responses to Stupid Questions and Comments

After being diagnosed with AIDS, I discovered that I kept hearing the same things over and over. Below are the five most common questions and comments with appropriate responses. Upon being diagnosed, I suggest you photocopy and distribute these to well-meaning family and friends. It will save everyone so much time.

1. You're so brave, I don't know how you do it.

I don't. Bravery is when you disrupt your everyday schedule to save an infant from a burning building or a senior citizen from a mugger. Having AIDS is not brave...it's IRRITATING!

2. Are you trying the latest treatment?

Yes, but give me a moment to catch up, it takes time to infuse myself with Chinese cucumber juice, boil my blood and hug a teddy bear in front of the mirror while telling my reflection, "I love you, I love you."

3. I feel guilty because I'm HIV negative.

Alright, then hand over your savings passbook, negotiable bonds and any Certificates of Deposit that are due to mature SOON right over to me. Giving is a divine act which should ease your conscience.

4. Look at this as a learning experience.

I do. I've learned that insurance companies consider a cough in 1987 a pre-existing condition that will cancel my policies, Social Services requires my death certificate as evidence of AIDS before dispensing benefits and that doctors always want more blood.

5. We're all dying, I could get hit by a car at any moment.

Good! I hope you do.

(Courtesy of K. Reeves)

Travel Insurance

Hey kids, don't forget to include the travel insurance when you run up that credit card bill with airline tickets. In most cases you can get a policy, for about \$40, that will return you to civilization and proper medical care no matter where you are in the world (even if they have to fly you first class). Talk to your travel agent. Also, long plane rides are more stressful than you'd think. Allow yourself a day or two to recoup before attacking the side of Kilimanjaro or touring the steel mills of Cartageña.

(Courtesy of Mystery Mike)

A zillion thanks to A Different Light bookstores for more success than we ever imagined possible.



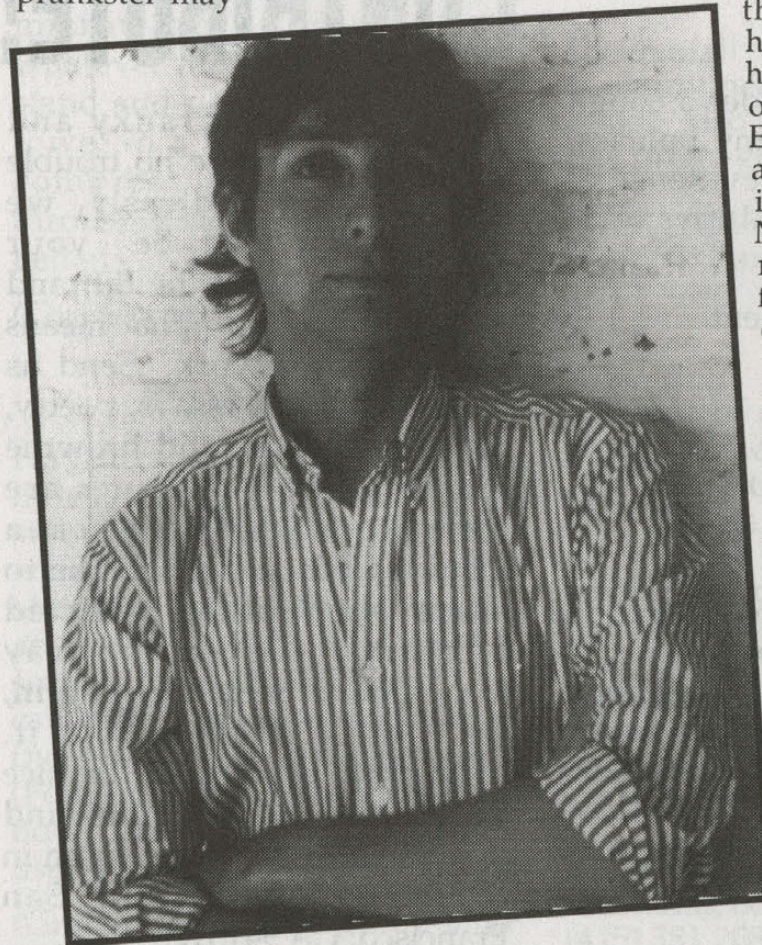
CONTRIBUTE!

Although Your Cranky and Serene Editors have no trouble pontificating endlessly, we want DPN to be your magazine, not just the Biff and Tommy Fan Club. That means we want your work. Send us your art, stories, essays, poetry, research articles, and brownie recipes. The guidelines are pretty loose: whatever you as a diseased pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. Given the way things have been trickling in, we'll most likely accept it. Even if we don't, we'll be nice about it, 'cause that's the kind of guys we are. Send 'em on in to us at PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

HOSTESS WITH THE TOXOPLASMOSTEST: *Surviving AIDS* BY MICHAEL CALLEN

The editorial, continued. The book review in a moment.

Still at the hospital, we play Urinal Hide, a game by which the night staff delight themselves at the expense of the patients. You are admonished to pee in a plastic, hand-held urinal thingy, and then they give you a whole lot of serious drugs, a fluid IV, and then hide the thingy. In the middle of the dark, bewildered night, you arise, bladder bursting, and grope about until you find and use, with great relief, the Blessed Thingy. If this happens, They Win. If you *don't* find the thingy, and find yourself helplessly peeing down your leg, or if you're Mr. Resourceful like me, and try to staunch some of the flood by using your bedside water pitcher, etc, spreading the problem to the table, *you* win. The waggish prankster may



Mr. Callen has gotten a divorce and a haircut since this picture was taken.

find that cleaning up a urinal joke the patient won is deterrent to further practice of this game, unless it is with less drugged patients or almost time for shift change.

My score: 1 bed, 2 floors, 1 tabletop. Their score: some 19 episodes of hopping around, desperate searching aggravation. Who wins the game? You decide. I get to go home and they must stay, but they're getting paid to do it and I'm paying them.

We all know the clichés about male nurses being a bit, er, sissified. Well, at my beloved H. M. O. (Kaiser SF) there are more shrieking, delightful, outrageous, totally obvious, loon-lady queens than you'll find at a drag ball, which is fun in a lot of ways but really counted when in the middle of a really horrible overheated, humid, airless, "none of these nurses speaks English, let alone has any interest whatever in my problems" Night from Hell, I was rescued by an angel from heaven, or the equivalent, a gentle dark Queen Nurse who laid his warm hands upon me and healed my weary soul. He took especial care of me till dawn and I could be released. I love San Francisco.

Now, at last, the editorial becomes a review of Michael Callen's book, *Surviving AIDS*. Well written, easy to read, it presents some controversial ideas that deserve attention, although I don't agree with him on many of them.

Number one Nope is "AIDS is not caused by HIV." Mike gives his reasons, and presents himself, STD-ridden (some 20 different thingies, many repeated) 70's whore (3000 partners), as the example that it's destroying your immune system by crazed lifestyle that's the root cause. I present myself, less than 100 sexual partners, less than half of them boofers, I've had gonorrhea once, warts once, (effortlessly eradicated), the crabs a few times, and AIDS. Cranky Editor Biffy led an even more Republican sex/drug life. Hmm. Not with you on that one, Mike. Of course I am absolutely in agreement with him on the idea that overchallenging your immune system makes it break, and I have no problem with the idea that a broken immune system makes things lots easier for HIV when you finally do introduce it into the soup.

My second disagreement is on the subject of AZT. Mr. Callen calls AZT not just ineffective, not just massively toxic, but carcinogenic and impotence-causing to boot. My experience with AZT is that it is effective for a while, massively toxic, and I was taking the muscle-destroying 1200-mg regimen during my most sexually active period in several years. And that's as Tommy Top, and my mighty boner was its huge throbbing self throughout. What do I think about the carcinogenicity? Well, the sudden upsurge in lymphomas in HIV people *did* come along about the

same time as the wide-spread use of AZT. The jury's still out on this one. One of the reasons given for the rise in cancer in the general population is that people are simply living long enough to get it, and We the Afflicted have scads more time to live and get new things than we used to. Anyway, Callen presents a clear and complete list of reasons and references why he believes this (the whole book is carefully and thoroughly referenced) and you owe it to yourself to take a gander.

My own opinion on the AZT issue? AZT is a sledgehammer. It is being used as if it were a delicate laser probe, and no wonder it breaks people. I think it buys a little time for fairly healthy people on LOW doses with scrupulous monitoring for anemia and muscle damage. I think if you're sick and you take AZT you're crazy. I think that DDI is the same sort of thing, dangerously strong and used altogether too liberally already. My neuropathic feet and my battle-scarred liver agree, too. Incidentally, about neuropathy: Mexitil was a bust for me, but low-dose Elavil freed me in two weeks from a four-month imprisonment at home because I couldn't walk. My world is transformed. Talk to yer doc.

Michael also thinks you should stay away from government drug studies. I think so too. They will happily give you a toxic dose until you get really sick, if you are silly enough to keep eating poison. If you legitimately want to be in a study, go to a community-based one where the people making the rules will give a fuck who you are. If you can't afford real medical attention, go on a government study, throw away the medication, and lie. It's not your fault that this barbaric country refuses to provide the national health care plan you are guaranteed in any civilized country. If they won't give you something as important as medical care, then *steal* it. You deserve to live. Lie, don't die.

The most important thing about this book is the idea that AIDS is not a death sentence. MC presents 13 interview/bios with people who have lived at least three years with an AIDS diagnosis, many of them lots longer than that. He found that there isn't much commonality between these folks, except that they are committed to life, aggressively so. Now, it's pretty easy to be aggressively committed to life when you aren't sick, so part of why they have a "good attitude" is that they have a reason to. It's kinda difficult to chin up when you're drowning in a sea of misery and drugs. When I say "good attitude" I don't mean hug your teddy, Louise Puke-Puke Hay stuff. I mean like I said before, aggressive commitment to life. Some of these people are angry as hell. See the marginal quote below for a ferinstance.

So. The best way to survive AIDS is not to die. Doctors are getting so much better at handling OIs that AIDS may soon become a string of treatable infections, whatever the HIV may be up to. Sounds pretty damn encouraging to me. So like I said, I'm certainly not dying today. Tomorrow? Well, as we all know, tomorrow is another day.

I would like to commend Mr. Callen for being very clear that not only is he not a moony-goony Death Teddy, spiritual crystal snott-face, but is a rigid rationalist and fierce atheist. Me too. Rah, rah.

Finally: A reviewer called us "unabashedly nationalistic." Well, #1 is pretty USA-biased, but we're just getting started. We *know* that AIDS is a global problem, more so maybe than a lot of "AIDS activists" who seem to be USA gay man oriented... Fags are no longer It, boys and girls. The whole world has it, and no money, no drugs, no treatment, and not much hope for any change for a long time. Kinda makes ya wanna puke, eh? But anyway, this is spozed to be a humor magazine. Know a good knock-knock joke?

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That Party Poorly PLANNED

So there it was, our new abode in Surf City, styled straight out of the Atomic Age. Stainless steel kitchen, kidney shaped furniture, swimming pool, cathedral ceilings...not bad for three starving college kids in a town notoriously short of living space. And what better way to inaugurate our McCarthy-era house than to throw a paranoid McCarthy-era housewarming? One gay man, one straight, one bisexual, and two hundred of our most intimate personal friends, invited to review provocative material and dress appropriately for the reception of President and Mrs. Eisenhower (no small undertaking, considering that they're both dead).

It was called "The House on Un-American Activities Party." Central to the theme was the large interrogation room, where subversive films such as "Like a Horse" and "The Bigger the Better", as well as certain prophylactic devices (they were once considered obscene, you know) were on display. If we had known what was to happen, we might have done without the interrogation room - or kept it, but installed video cameras.

The party began to go downhill when a well-built guest named Spuds had one too many Kahlua and creams. At that point his

blood alcohol level became high enough to liberate the hearty wench trapped inside, and he wandered through the house peeling off his clothes, inviting people to caress his definition and fondle his vascularity. Like a moth in search of its destiny, he followed the flickering blue glow of the television screen into the interrogation room, where he became the self-appointed floor warden.

"You, suck his dick! You, roll over so I can see what's going on! And you! Rub some of that stuff on your ass!" Who could refuse?

Something that probably wasn't in the program was the disaster that my good friend Spike and some trollop named Rocky were silently brewing in the corner. What was a rather extended session of foreplay was taking some interesting turns. Apparently one finger went in, then another, and then *whoops!* Rocky's fist just slipped right into Spike's ass. Imagine that! Spike, being experienced and conscientious, had made sure that Rocky had a couple layers of condoms stretched over his hand. He hadn't anticipated any drilling for Vegemite that evening, and was unprepared when Rocky hit a gusher. Fortunately the carpeting had been well covered with dropcloths.

I was at the front door explaining to Mr. Policeman that we did indeed have our noise

permit (the town is big on noise permits, requiring the written consent of residents on your block), and that no, our neighbors couldn't possibly be complaining since they were all here, contentedly swimming naked in our pool. After having satisfied Surf City's finest, I began my benevolent hostess rounds, only to be confronted by a panicked exodus from the interrogation room. One of the fleeing hordes was coherent enough to explain the nature of the distress, and I rounded up one of the other hosts and took action. We descended upon the scene with our sanitary gloves, our disinfectant, our flashlights and our poopscoops, but all trace of the spoor was gone. And so were some of the sheets. Uh-oh.

I was called away to another crisis - weenie depletion at the Bar-B-Q, and the next chapter unfurled. I said that Spike was responsible, right? Well, the first thing he did when he realized what happened was to scoop up the offensive material and head off for the bathroom, naked, trailing a streamer of soiled linen. Now, you know those lines to the bathroom at big parties. People jealously guarding their places. Needless to say, Spike had no trouble making it to the head of the line, only to find that the door was locked. I wonder what the poor woman who was in there thought when she saw who was next.

Spike rid himself of his burden, and went back out for Rocky. No problem, he had toddled down the hall after Spike, trailing his hand along the wall. Spike threw Rocky into the shower, and jumped in behind, leaving the bathroom door unlocked (after all, decontamination shouldn't tie up the facilities for those who merely want to use the toilet).

So who's the first person to want to use those facilities? Spuds, of course, wondering where everybody went. He locked the door, and as he piddled, he saw what

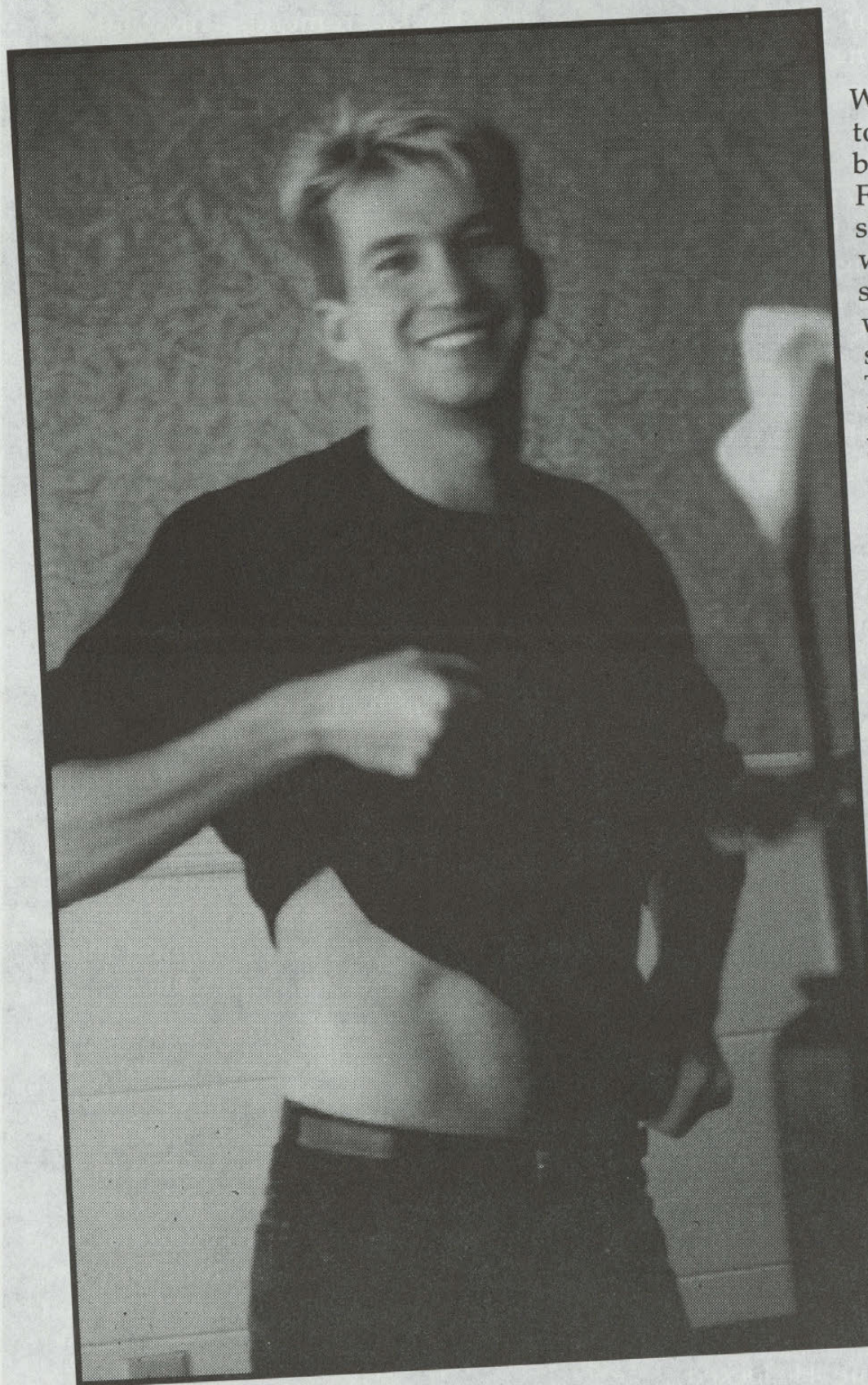
looked like two people getting it on in the shower, and began to make various lewd comments. Rocky, remembering that the heady voice belonged to someone exquisitely cute, reached out and grabbed Spuds by his underwear, causing him to urinate all over the floor. Thank God it wasn't my own bathroom.

This was the scene that confronted me when I broke into the bathroom through the window (more people were waiting in line, and they were getting cranky). "Gentlemen," I said, "We have designated places for this sort of thing, and the bathroom isn't it! Now if you'd like, we can all go out back where I'll hose you down." That was enough to disperse them. The worst was over.

Spuds' motor coordination failed around 2:00 am, and he stalled in my bedroom. I checked up on him periodically to make sure that whoever was unsuccessfully trying to rut with him wasn't also soiling my linens or rummaging through my treasured possessions. When Spuds woke the following day, he claimed amnesia and wondered why his nipples were so sore. I thrust the slightly shit-stained tatters of his Calvins in his face, "You don't remember how *this* happened, do you?" I'll always remember the look of absolute horror on his face. It almost made the traumas of the evening worthwhile.

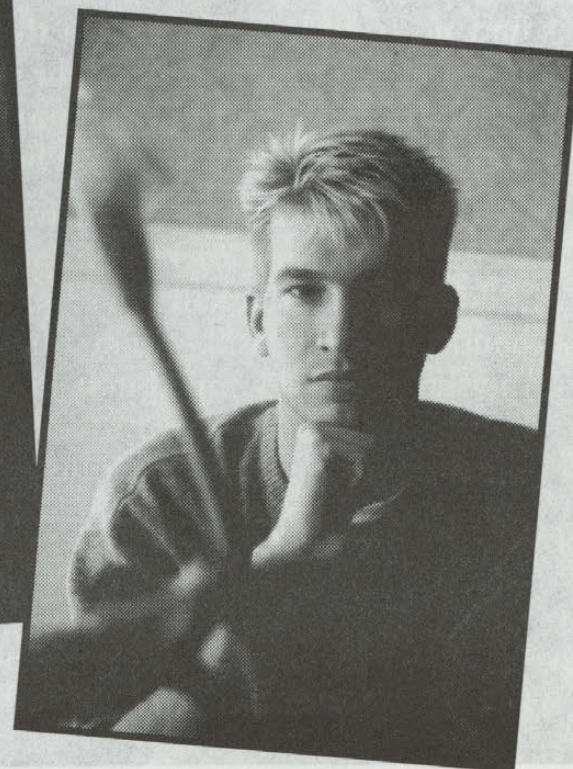
I found one of the housemates in the abused bathroom, busily scouring away at a bathtub ring of Biblical proportions. "Goddamn guests," he muttered, "how'd they manage to do this?" Having crashed in the living room, he hadn't seen the trail of destruction that led from his room to the tub. I didn't have the heart to tell him the bathroom wasn't the half of it. He'd find out soon enough.

Darn! Our Centerfold is Sick!



Photos by Max Marshall

Whoops! We almost had an honest-to-goodness centerfold for you all, but it didn't quite work out. Fortunately, there were these old slides lying around in my desk, just waiting to be used. This is for the sex crazed maniacs (all three of you) who've been writing in wanting to see more of Your Crankyness. There! 500 square centimeters of bare flesh, including my bellybutton (share the fantasy). And that's all you're going to see unless we get a little more reader participation in this department. In order to get more, you'll have to show more. We're not saying that you must flash your all, something mildly naughty or even a decent portrait shot would do. Come on! With a print run of only fifteen hundred copies, Mom is probably not going to see it.



POSTCARDS

*gonna buy me a mailbox and put it on my grave
so I can keep up to date on the progress of AIDS*

*gonna buy me a mailbox and put it on my grave
so I can read the charts that downplay infection
rates in my area*

*I'll put a mailbox on my grave
you can send me your literature
send colorful pamphlets from your meetings
send biographies of yourselves printed on
expensive paper*

*mail me copies of your paychecks
and uneaten pastries from your meetings
mail me a picture of Cardinal O'Connor*

send me all of it every single paper all of it

*when the mailbox is full stick the envelopes
around in the dirt
make a nice design with them
when it rains they will deteriorate
like I did*

*the ink will wash from the paper and soak
into the ground
special delivery*

*the more expensively printed items will take
longer to fade
like my lesions below*

*in lieu of a headstone stack up cartons
of death certificates
make it pyramid shaped and top it with
my plastic-coated medicaid card
it will reflect the sun and draw the curious
to read my mail*

John Sullivan

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PI/dpn, POBox 1501, Pomona, CA 91769*

TALES

Another dateless Saturday night and I sit, dejected, on the couch. Sigh. It's only nine o'clock. The Sunday New York Times lies in disarray on the carpet. I have already thumbed my way through the Arts and Leisure section, hoping for a large facsimile of Cher suitable for framing. Nothing this week. Why don't they give us fags a ten cent discount, we never bother with the Sports. It's straight into the trash on the corner, before we've even come home.

Well, I *could* be adventurous and take a nap and wake up to the dissonant alarm at midnight and cab down to the Spike and spend a few hours looking bored drinking overpriced club sodas and return home at four with a bloated bladder and a distended prostate. Or I could simply lift the receiver and dial 550-TOOL. After all, last month's bill was only eighty dollars.

It takes only a moment to decide.

Thanks to the miracle of phone sex, the man of my dreams (5'9", 155, salt and pepper hair, 38, hard

Your Editors have seen the earring.

FROM THE FRONT

by David B. Feinberg

muscular build) is on his way to my apartment. He should arrive in less than half an hour. I decide to wait to tell him my seropositive status until after my latex-wrapped pulsating manhood is twelve inches deep into his tight-gripping love canal. OK, so maybe I'm lying. Who cares, so long as we have antiseptic safe sex.

Fuck. I haven't shaved in several days. My face feels like sandpaper. Maybe my Dream Lover isn't into dermabrasion. I go into the bathroom and lather up.

Quick. He should be here in fifteen minutes. I take a few cautious strokes, then glide my way through the cream like a hot knife through butter. A maraschino-red cherry blot appears in the whipped cream of my chin. I begin bleeding profusely. What am I, related to some Russian Czarina? "Clot dammit!" I swear to myself. HIV-infected blood pools into the basin. More gushing than blushing beauty, I stick on a Bandaid, apply pressure.

A little shaving cream on my ear. Gently, I take my washcloth to wipe it off,

He's not lying.

knocking my earring into the sink. Of course it teeters to the trap of the drain. Where are my tweezers? I have none. Unfortunately I am no drag queen manqué. The time I painted my nails red for Halloween, I had not had the necessary foresight to obtain nail polish remover beforehand. The following morning, sheepish, hands-in-pockets, I went to the A&P for this compulsory cosmetic. And of course, the gentleman behind the counter asked that most insulting question: "Are you an actor?"

This is the second stud I lose. I had gotten my ear pierced a scant month ago at the imbecilic age of 33, slow learner that I am. A Bart Simpson earring that I found at the hallmark cards shop inspired me. Bart Simpson seems inappropriate for sex. I try to insert another earring, a tiny hoop. My sinistral ear starts bleeding.

I take off the Bandaid on my chin. How can anyone possible have sex with a Bandaid on the chin? Once again begins the flow. Two Band aids later I find myself still a fount of blood.

What am I to do? Awash in a sea of infection and disaffection, mired in anxiety and despair, dropping T-cells by the minute, I sit and stare at my ghastly reflection in the mirror, praying for coagulation. Studmeister is on his way in the cab, ready for action. I'm locked in the bathroom, crying over my dowry of precious diseased bodily fluids.

Of course, he never shows. I don't have his number. He doesn't call with explanations.

Evidently, Some Higher power is teaching me a lesson.

Two hours later, when the bleeding has finally subsided, I dial that elusive number again. This time, I go to his place.

David B. Feinberg, author of Eighty-Sixed and the forthcoming Spontaneous Combustion, subsists on a diet of anxiety, sarcasm, sex, and AIDS activism in nerve-shattering New York City. He also lives in fear of being confused with the dozens of other David Feinbergs that live in NYC, all of whom are far more depraved than he, and sets fire to those who neglect to use his proper middle initial "B".

The Second Coming

OUT

by Tom Ace

I was at a friend's house the other day, and decided it was time. "I have something to tell you." (Pause.) "I'm HIV-positive."

"I know."

My mind ran through the list of mutual acquaintances who could've told him. I took this as another piece of evidence that when people say they aren't going to tell anyone about my status, *they don't really mean it*. "Who told you?"

"Nobody did. I could just tell. I know a couple of people who are positive and they all have the same sort of resigned outlook that you do."

"I see. You mean you figured I was positive."

"No. I knew. I could tell."

"No, you mean you had a very good idea. You don't know these sorts of things for sure."

"No. I knew this just as well as I know anything."

(I could see I wasn't going to get anywhere on this issue.) "Oh,

all right, so tell me a little more about this "resigned outlook" you were talking about."

"Well, I didn't mean it to sound that way. I mean, it is a resigned outlook, but that sounds worse than it really is. I just mean you have a kind of resigned tone, not quite depressed, but sort of like that. It's hard to put into words." He paused for a moment. "It's not like you've totally given up, but..."

"Well, what do you expect? This is a really tough time for me. Since I found out I was positive, there've been lots of times where I was really happy, but you haven't seen me like that yet."

"I know"

"You might be resigned too if you knew you were positive."

There was a smirk on his face that said he saw I was getting defensive. "I imagine I might."

"You guys who are still negative don't know what it's like. You really don't."

"I think I have a pretty good idea."

"No you don't. All of my friends who are positive agree with me on this: people who are negative just don't know what it's like."

He said nothing.

"I used to think I knew what it would be like. When I first decided to get tested, I thought not knowing was just as bad as knowing would be. But nothing really prepared me for what it was like. You just don't know how it is to sit across the table from someone and having him say 'the results are positive'."

"I bet it sucks."

You gotta remember, safe sex doesn't bother you as much as it bothers me. You grew up with rubbers; I was used to honest-to-goodness no-rubbers do-whatever-you-want. I don't think you know what it's like to suddenly have some of your favorite things taken away like that." (Pause.) "About this resigned outlook. I know what you mean. I don't always have the enthusiasm as I'd like to, but I'm sort of used to that now. It's interesting, though; before I knew I

was positive, I never really realized how many day-to-day decisions are based on your assumption of how long you're going to live."

"But you can't assume you're not going to have a normal life! You have to make plans for the future. If I were positive, that's the only way I could keep going."

"It's not that you don't make plans for the future, it's just that I can't lie to myself, y'know? I can't tell myself that everything's fine when it isn't. This is something I have to live with every day."

"Any of us could die tomorrow.*"

"That's true, but I'm not any one of us. There is a positive side to this, however. I do things I might not have made time for otherwise. I don't deny myself the experiences I want to have."

"Are you on AZT?"

"No. My doctor says I shouldn't yet. But it really sucks, y'know - ask ten people, and you get ten answers. You end up deciding for yourself. I wish I could leave, and come back in about 100 years. By that time, what we're doing now will look like the dark Ages. AZT reminds me of when they used to treat syphilis with arsenic."

"You could try it and see how it goes."

"I could try it and see how it goes."

"Do you have any support groups?"

"I didn't for a long time, and then about a year ago I was feeling really depressed and I went to one. It wasn't bad and I got something out of it, but I got tired of hearing the same shit every time, and besides, I don't really like doing anything in big groups. I'd rather

get support from my friends."

"Who knows about your being positive?"

"Most of my friends, but I haven't really told my family yet. I would make them sad, and I don't want that. I'd feel really stupid because they kept telling me to be careful and I kept telling them they had nothing to worry about."

"Aren't these the same issues you had to face when you came out to them?"

"Hmmm. Well, yeah. But it's not like they told me when I was a kid to be careful because I was gay." (Pause.) "Uh, maybe they did."

"So are you gonna tell them?"

"I'll think about it. I'm really not sure that I want to yet, so I'll wait for awhile."

"But you tell people to come out to their parents."

"I'll think about it. Okay?"

"Very well."

"Look, I'm sorry if I got annoyed at you. This isn't easy for me. Sometimes the whole thing just makes me want to scream. You be careful; you don't want to be positive, take my word for it."

"It sounds to me like you've given up on a lot of things that you don't have to. Like when you were complaining how little you like safe sex. I don't like rubbers either, but I got used to them, and sex is still pretty great. I think if you set yourself up to believe that, then you'll never enjoy it."

"You're not giving me much credit. I use rubbers, yeah, but it's still not as fun as buttfucking the way God intended it. I miss the taste of cum, too. A guy at a free clinic once told me that maybe

science could invent some substitute. Even if they did, I'd still miss the experience"

"I've never tasted anyone's cum."

"Not even your own?"

"Okay, I've tasted my own. But I didn't think it was anything special."

"Everyone's tastes different, you know."

"I know."

I smiled. "Being positive has its good points. My dad used to tell me that when I got old, all my injuries would come back to haunt me. Now I don't have to worry about things like that."

"That's awful. You shouldn't say things like that. You really are resigned to dying."

It's so much fun to make those kinds of jokes around negative people.

Just in case you were wondering, DPN is a shining example of desktop publishing at its finest. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal drawings (including Captain Condom) were rendered in Adobe Illustrator, and photographs were retouched with Adobe Photoshop. The photos were scanned using a Howtek Scanmaster flatbed scanner and a Nikon 3500 35mm slide scanner. Final assembly was done in Quark XPress on a Macintosh IIci. Proofs were run on a Personal LaserWriter NT, and the final output was done on a Linotronic 300 at 2400 dpi/100 lpi. Printing was with offset lithography. DPN #2 takes up approximately 8,950 K on disk.

*Our friend has obviously not read Mr. Manners on page 4.

I should be dumb and blind if I should fail to discern
the wonders of the universe revealed at every turn
and high among these miracles is one that's seldom sung:
the way an asshole opens up in welcome to a tongue.

To vegetate, immobile, in the sun's enobling rays
can give perspective to a mind enchained by busy days
and most effective of the ways that sun restores the soul
is lying on your stomach, letting son invade your hole.

O quiet calm of solitude! O best of company!
in such a crowd as this, what other heaven could there be?
For people make my spirit small; to boredom they incite me;
but when I'm sick of sucking dick, my own can still excite me.

The willow bending on the shore, the robin in its nest
are symbols, ciphers, metaphors for what we love the best;
for visceral effectiveness, herewith my nomination:
a man beneath me, ass upraised, inviting penetration.

Our bodies are a mystery; I sometimes sit and brood
on how it is that we can take such pleasure in our food.
Food is really only something that we would die without –
and equally essential to my health is trouser trout.

The limberness of gymnasts is a trait I much admire
And innocence is often invitation to inspire
So when I meet a boy who could be nicknamed 'FlexiBilly,'
I knock his knees behind his neck – and then I fuck him silly.

by Spunk

ASK MISTER SCIENCE!

Gee, Mr. Science, what are you
going to do?

Look Billy, I'm going to prove
that water is a liquid!

But Mister Science, aren't you going to
help us?

Now watch how this potato can
conduct electricity!

But Mister Science, Jimmy and Mikey
and Bobby and Teddy are dead
already.

See how mold grows in the
Petri dish?

So are Sammy and Ronny and Jerry
and Johnny.

Aren't magnets *fascinating*,
Billy?

Arty, Louie, Stevie, Danny...

Tadpoles! Nature's magicians I
call them!

Mister Science, I don't feel so good
myself.

Billy, did you know that rust is
really a slow form of burning? Ox-
i-da-tion we call it in the science
business. Yes, we sure can learn a
lot from science, Billy. What have
you learned today? Now Billy, are
you paying attention? Billy? Billy?

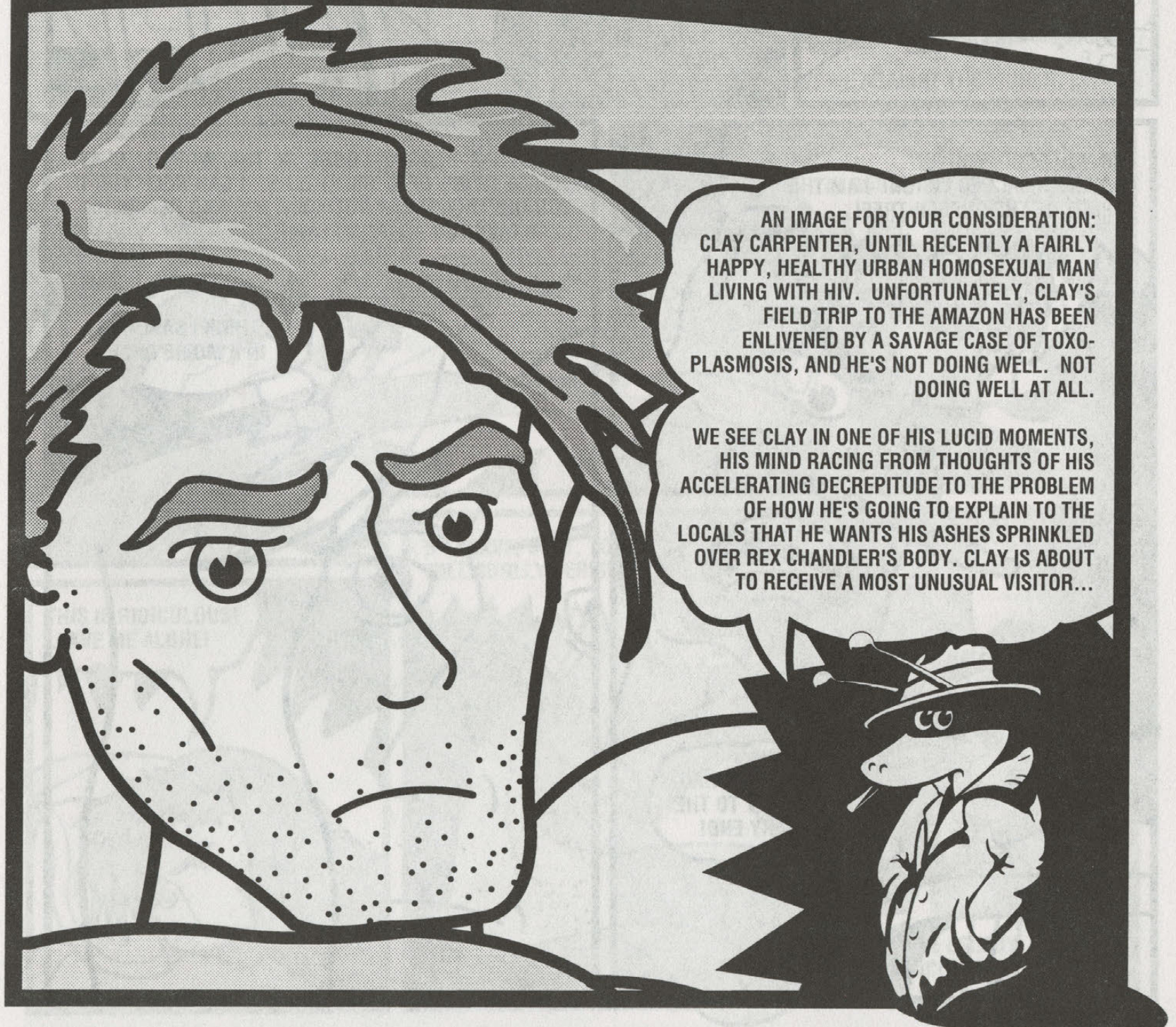
[from The AIDS Dance by Rondo
Mieczkowski. Other portions of The AIDS
Dance have appeared in Poetry/LA]

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM!

#2

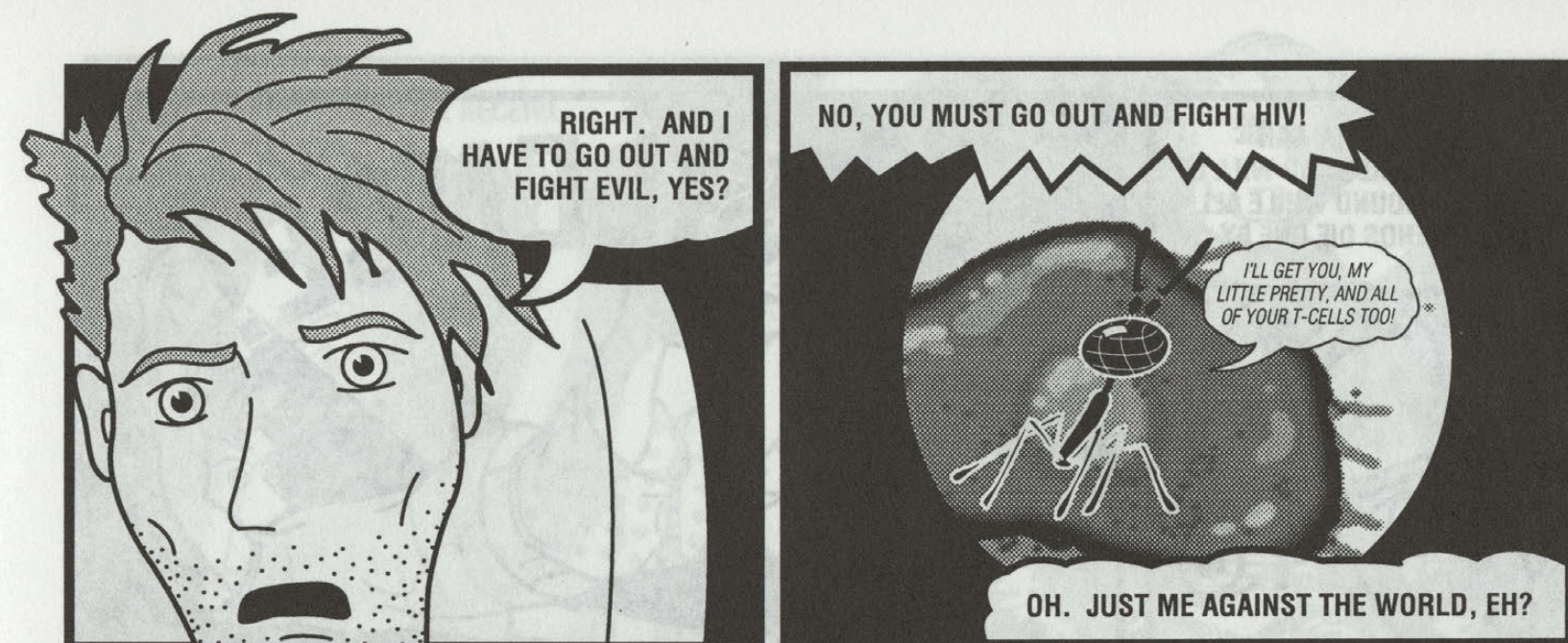
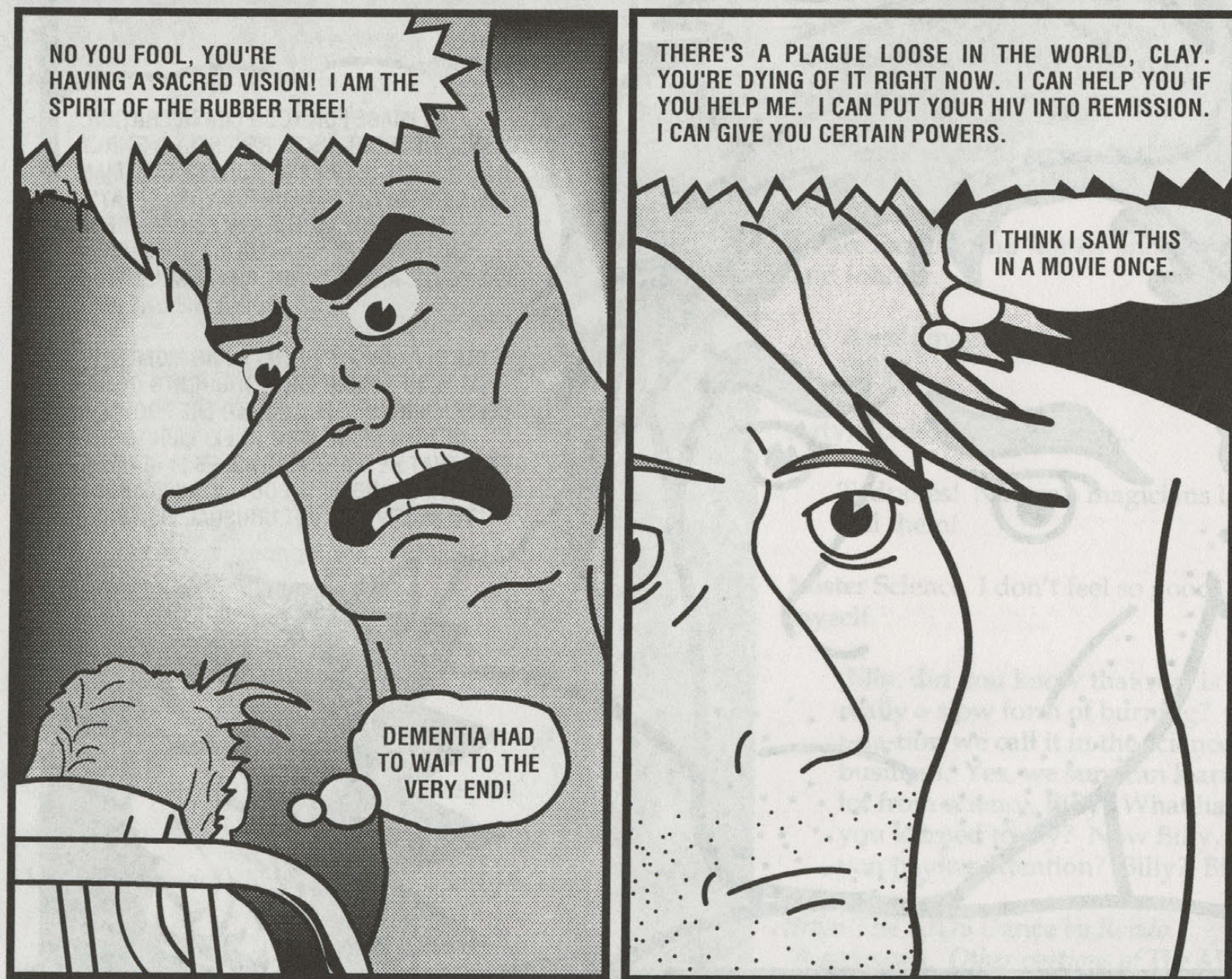
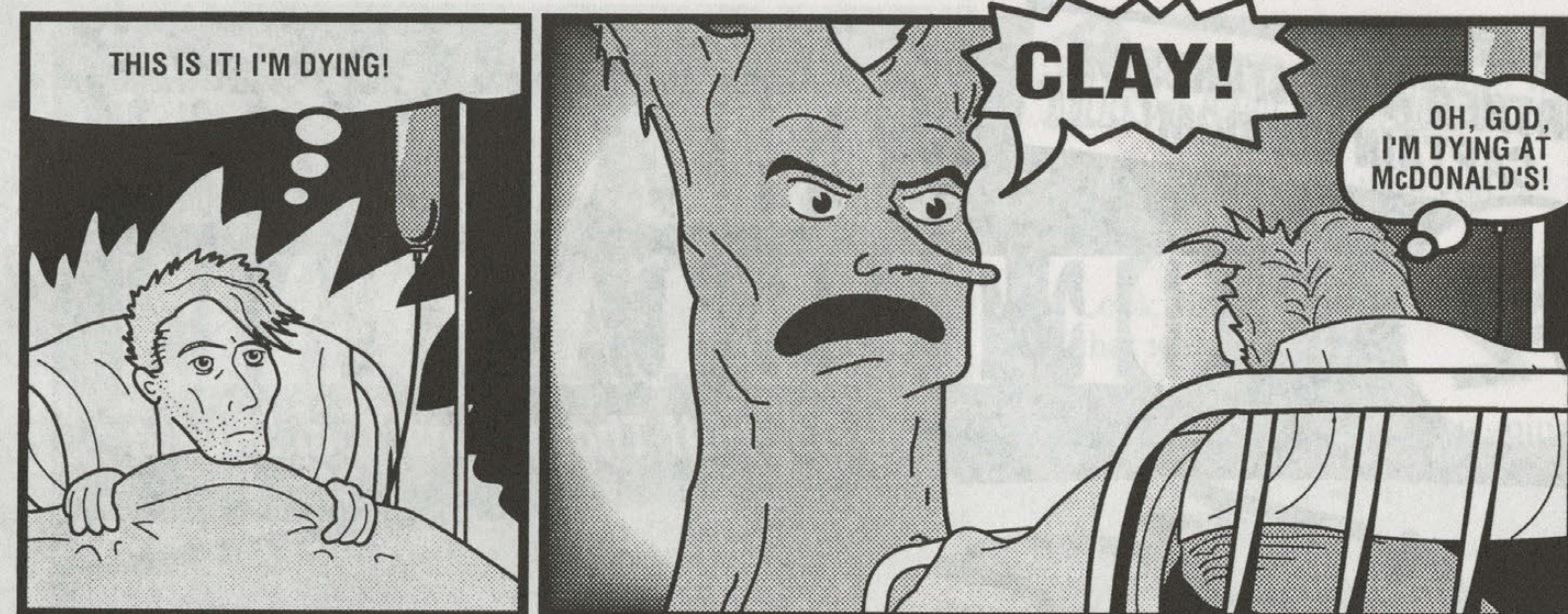
THE ORIGIN OF THE CAPTAIN

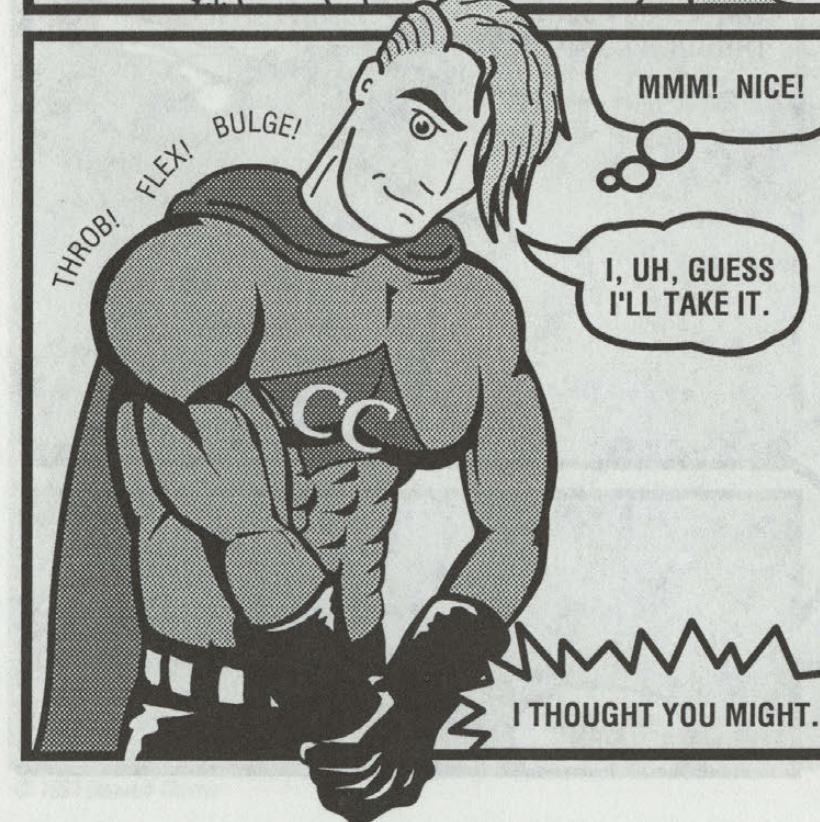
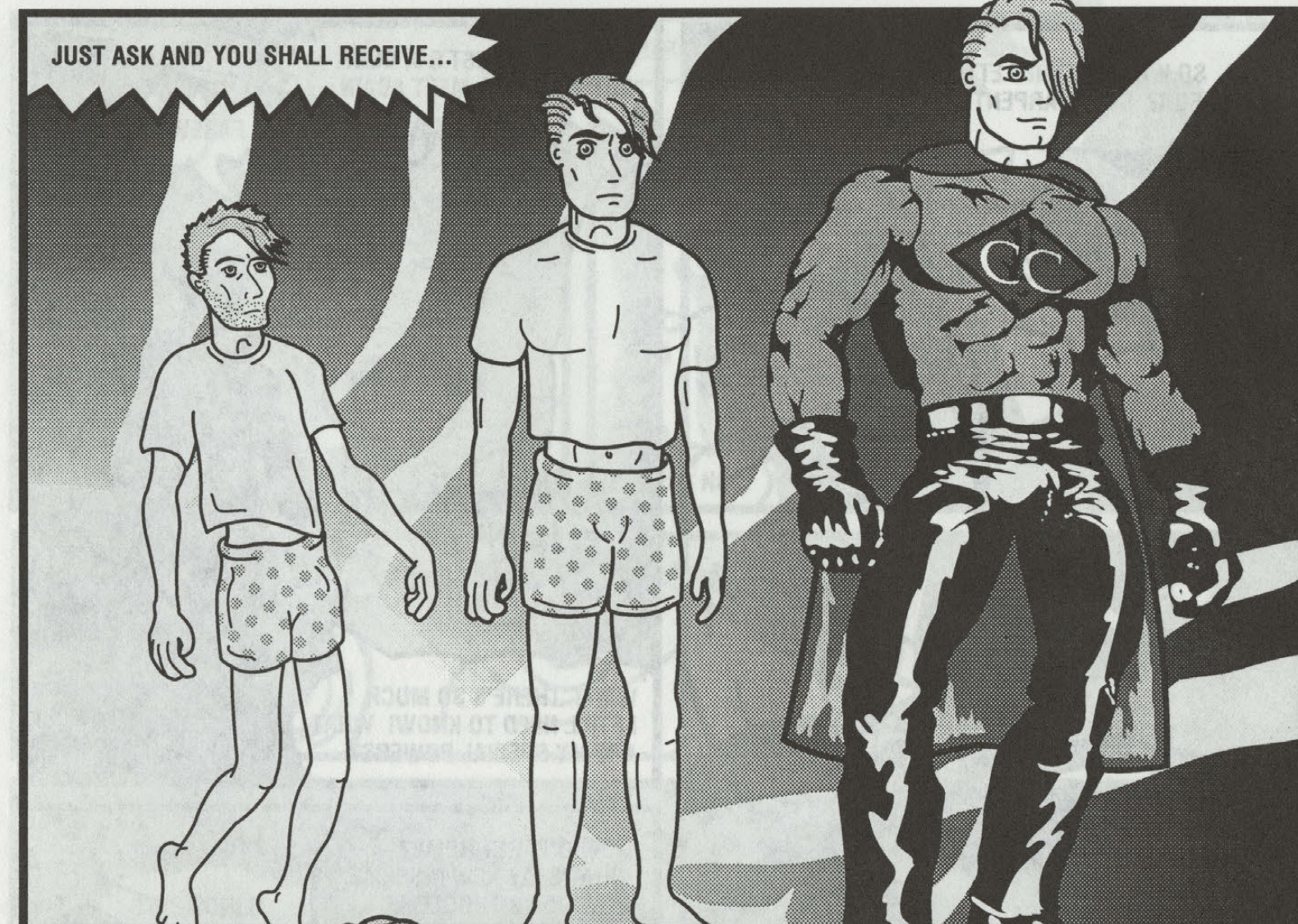
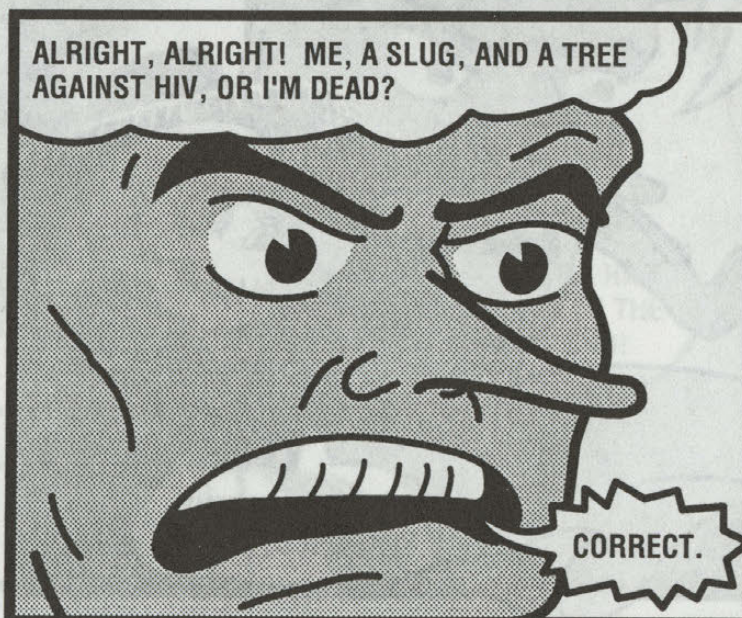
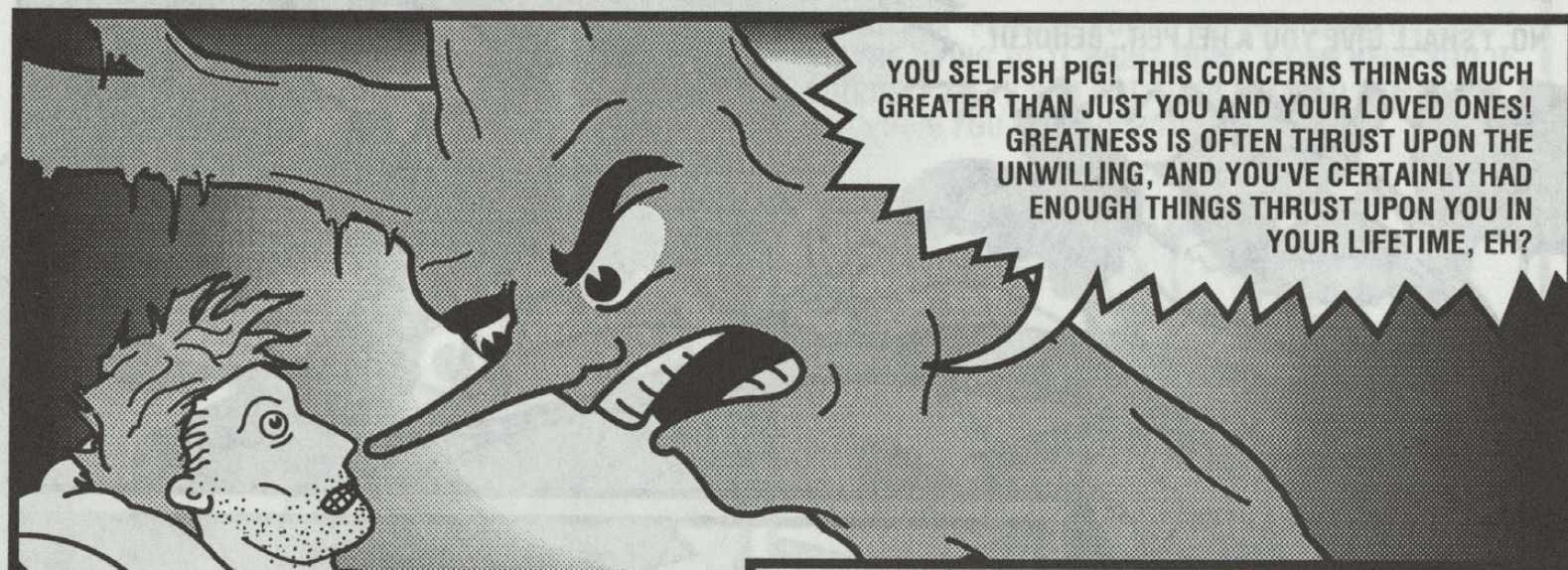
by Beowulf Thorne and Tom Shearer



AN IMAGE FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION:
CLAY CARPENTER, UNTIL RECENTLY A FAIRLY
HAPPY, HEALTHY URBAN HOMOSEXUAL MAN
LIVING WITH HIV. UNFORTUNATELY, CLAY'S
FIELD TRIP TO THE AMAZON HAS BEEN
ENLIVENED BY A SAVAGE CASE OF TOXO-
PLASMOSIS, AND HE'S NOT DOING WELL. NOT
DOING WELL AT ALL.

WE SEE CLAY IN ONE OF HIS LUCID MOMENTS,
HIS MIND RACING FROM THOUGHTS OF HIS
ACCELERATING DECREPITUDE TO THE PROBLEM
OF HOW HE'S GOING TO EXPLAIN TO THE
LOCALS THAT HE WANTS HIS ASHES SPRINKLED
OVER REX CHANDLER'S BODY. CLAY IS ABOUT
TO RECEIVE A MOST UNUSUAL VISITOR...



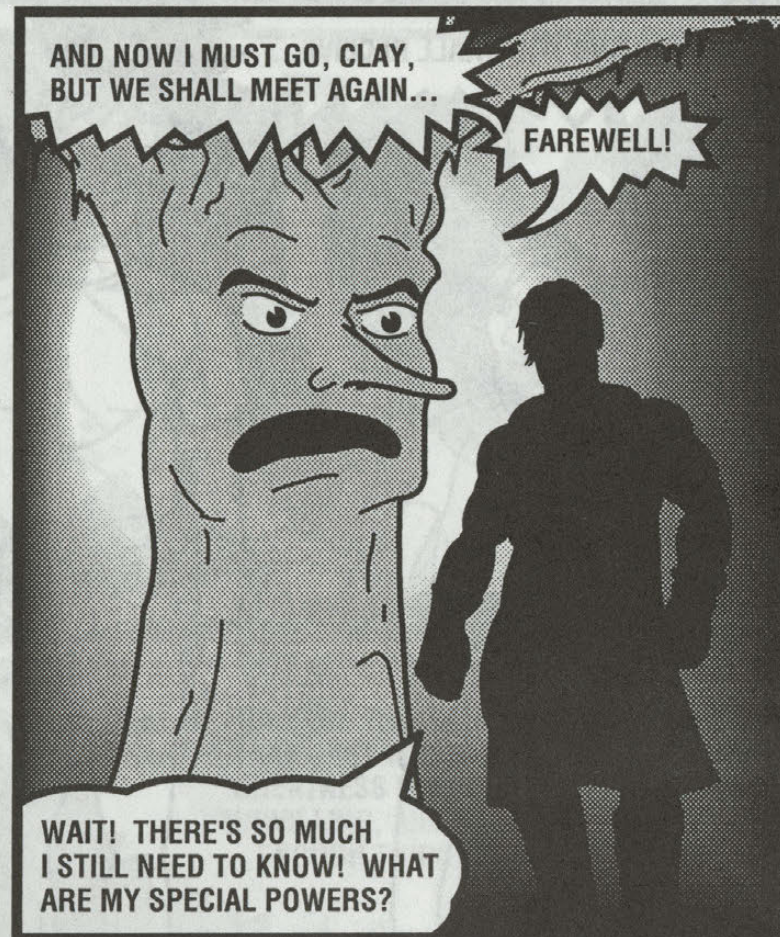




I SEE. SO WHAT DO THE LETTERS STAND FOR? CLAY CARPENTER?

OF COURSE NOT! YOU ARE NOW...

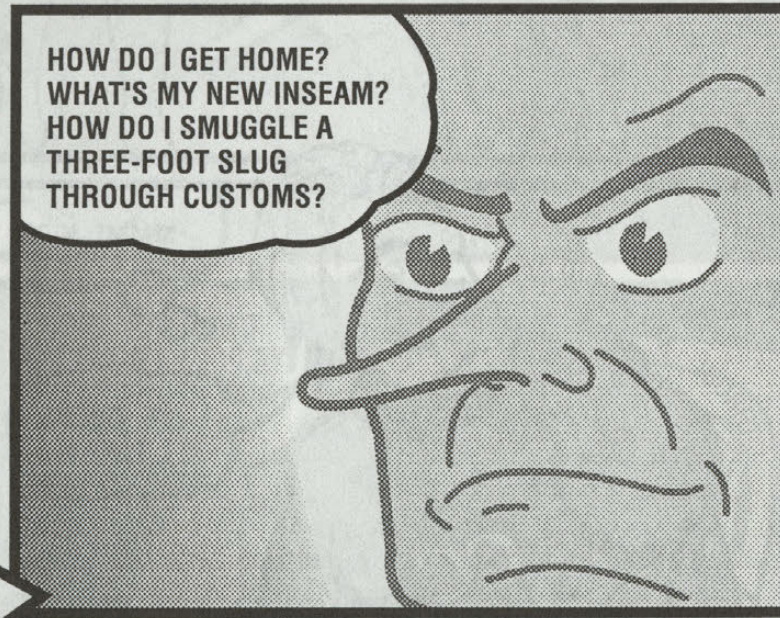
CAPTAIN CONDOM!



AND NOW I MUST GO, CLAY, BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN...

FAREWELL!

WAIT! THERE'S SO MUCH I STILL NEED TO KNOW! WHAT ARE MY SPECIAL POWERS?



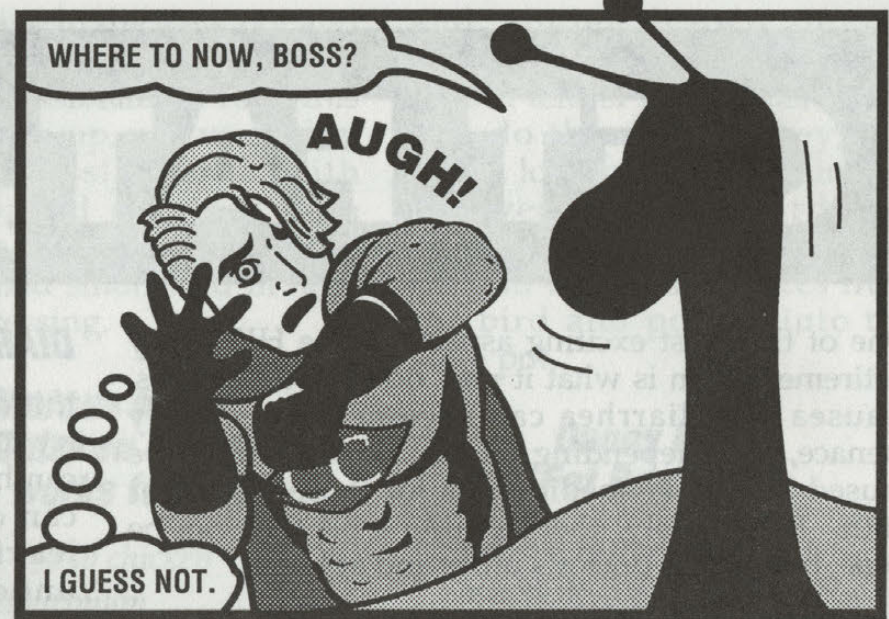
HOW DO I GET HOME? WHAT'S MY NEW INSEAM? HOW DO I SMUGGLE A THREE-FOOT SLUG THROUGH CUSTOMS?



DAMN!



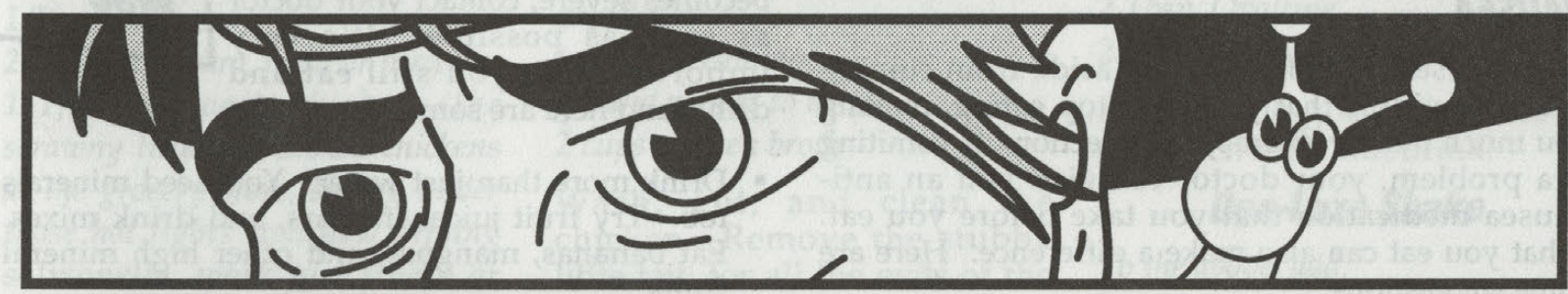
HMMM, MAYBE THIS REALLY IS A DREAM AFTER ALL!



WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?

AUGH!

I GUESS NOT.



THIS COULD BE INTERESTING...

TO BE CONTINUED.

GET FAT, *don't die!*

One of the most exciting aspects of the HIV Early Retirement Plan is what it may do to your innards. Nausea and diarrhea can become an everyday menace, and, depending on the individual, can be caused by germs, medications for those germs, or both. Fortunately, there's quite a bit that can be done, both in the doctor's office and at home.

NAUSEA

With nausea, the biggest risk (aside from ruining your silk pj's) is that you will stop eating, making you much more vulnerable to infection. If vomiting is a problem, your doctor can give you an anti-nausea medication that you take before you eat. What you eat can also make a difference. Here are some suggestions:

- Eat cold foods.
- Try drinking clear, cool beverages like fruit juices or ginger ale.
- Drink clear soups and bouillon.
- If you don't mind the idea of fruit-flavored boiled cow hooves, Jello also goes down without making much of a nuisance.
- Try eating lots of small snacks every two or three hours throughout the day. If you start feeling queasy while eating, stop. Take a rest and come back to it later.
- Avoid strong-smelling or strong-tasting foods. Try not to eat in a place where other people have been frying up a storm, since those smells can really kill an appetite.
- Having someone else prepare your food can make a lot of difference. Nothing seems very tasty after slaving over a hot microwave.
- People tend to feel less queasy first thing in the morning, so don't forget that big, healthy, well balanced breakfast.
- Keep your window open, fresh air does wonders for an appetite. (Unless, of course, you live over a bus station.)
- Finally, eat as much as you can stand every day, to stock up on the calories you'll be needing for the times you might feel less fortunate.

DIARRHEA

If it doesn't bother you going in, it'll try to get you coming out. Diarrhea can be a serious problem, because it can dangerously dehydrate you, leaving you weakened and underweight. When diarrhea becomes severe, contact your doctor as soon as possible. It's very important that you still eat and drink, and here are some ideas:

- Drink more than just water. You need minerals too. Try fruit juices, nectars, and drink mixes. Eat bananas, mangoes, and other high mineral fruits.
- Avoid caffeine in foods and beverages.
- Be careful about milk products. Many people with HIV become sensitive to lactose (milk sugar). Eat low lactose foods such as aged cheese, yogurt, or anything with the brand name Lactaid, or skip milk entirely for a while.
- Eat low fat foods such as lean meats and 1% fat dairy products.
- In this world obsessed with fiber, you have permission to eat low fiber foods, including white rice, white bread, and cooked vegetables and fruit without the skin.
- Metamucil is the great equalizer. It works for the runs as well as constipation.
- Wear sensible underwear. Wrestling with a girdle in a time of urgency is like a trip to Hell.
- Liquid diet supplements like *Ensure* tend to put more water into your intestines, which can make things worse.
- Keep your doctor up-to-date on your condition.

As always, check with your doctor before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she may have additional dietary advice based on your special needs.

Now, about those recipes: don't be shy! Danny-Mae was the only one who sent anything in. Shame on the rest of you!
— B. T.

**High
Calorie
Cooking
with
Biffy
Mae**

Biffy Mae's Totally Amazing Gumbo

- 1 large red bell pepper
- 1 large green bell pepper
- 2 medium yellow onions
- 2 medium shallots
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 1-1/2 tsp. ground oregano
- 1-1/2 tsp. sage
- 1-1/2 tsp. red pepper flakes
- 3-4 squirts fish sauce (optional)
- 1 28oz. can crushed tomatoes, plus
- 1 can of water
- 1 6 oz. can of tomato paste
- 1 Tbsp. molasses
- 2-4 cups cut okra, fresh or frozen
- 1-1/2 lbs roast chicken (the scrawny little pre-cooked chickens at the grocery store, sitting under those hot lights somehow defying salmonella, work just fine – or roast it yourself. Marcus Mae's roast chicken recipe follows).
- 1-1/2 lbs mild or sweet sausage

Clean and chop the bell peppers and onions. Mince the shallots. Saute with olive oil in a large stew pot until the onions are translucent. Add the oregano, sage, pepper flakes, and fish sauce, and stir for a minute more. Add the crushed tomatoes, water, tomato paste, and molasses; stir till evenly blended. Add the okra, cover, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for an hour or so. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching.

Meanwhile, if you're going to cook your own chicken, do it now. Bone it when done*. In a pan with just enough oil to cover the bottom, sauté the sausage until browned. Chop the chicken and sausage into bite-sized bits. Add the chicken

*Take the bones out, that is.

and sausage to the stew pot and simmer for another hour, stirring occasionally. Take this time to clean up, you've made a terrible mess! Serve with bread, baked potatoes with sour cream and butter, and a simple salad smothered in high calorie dressing.

Marcus Mae's Roast Chicken of the Ages (Also works for turkey)

- 1 plump 3-1/2 lb chicken
- 1 large yellow onion
- paprika
- poultry seasoning
- ground pepper to taste
- 2 cups chicken broth

Wash, gut, and clean the chicken. Remove the stubby little tail, for all the evils of the world dwell there. If you want to cook the heart, gizzard, etc., too bad, because I think they're disgusting. Peel the onion and cut it in half. Lightly score the cut face of the onion. In a bowl, mix a generous amount of paprika and poultry seasoning, and however much pepper you like. Dip the scored face of the onion into the paprika mixture, and scrub the entire surface of the chicken with it (it may take both onion halves to do this, since they tend to fall apart). The skin of the chicken should be a light, though not necessarily even, brick color. Stuff the used onions inside the chicken. Put the chicken, breast side up, in an oiled baking dish or Dutch oven. Pour the chicken broth around the chicken. Bake uncovered at 375° for two hours (this is not a misprint), basting liberally every 15 minutes. If you have faith, the chicken will be crispy

and golden brown on the outside and melt-in-your-mouth tender on the inside. (If you do this with turkey, it'll take a lot longer, depending on the weight of the bird.) If you're making this for gumbo, save all the fat and juices from the bird and pour it into the soup pot.

Danny Mae's Fat Boy Shake

- 1 chocolate instant breakfast
- 2 Tbsp. malt
- 2 Tbsp. Ovaltine
- 2 Tbsp. powdered milk

Add to one glass of whole or extra rich milk and drink.

Dee-Luxe Shake

- To the above, add:
- 2 scoops chocolate ice cream
- 2 spoons peanut butter

Mix in blender and enjoy.

ENLIST!



Your Diligent Editors could always use a few more bubble-butt surfboy slaves to help us fold, staple, stuff envelopes, lick stamps, and otherwise satisfy our depraved whims. If you'd like to help out, drop us a line describing your various, uh...talents, and how we can get in touch with you.

CONDOM CORNER

In the idealized world of most safer sex literature, you just read the instructions and the condoms work the right way, first and every time. But what if something does go wrong? Here are some of the common ways that rubbers can fail, and tips to avoid them the next time.

The rubber smells like burnt erasers, has a foul flavor that somehow reaches your mouth in the middle of fucking, is so thick that only the Catholic Church would approve of it, or is coated with gritty stuff that looks like wet sugar. You're obviously using a Trojan or Lifestyles Extra Strength. Don't be fooled into thinking that's all there is! Pleeese try some other brands.

The condom is discolored, dried out, brittle, or just "looks funny." Don't use it. It was probably stored improperly. Remember that heat and light will seriously weaken latex, and rough handling can tear condom packaging. The best temperature to store condoms at is between 50 and 90°F.

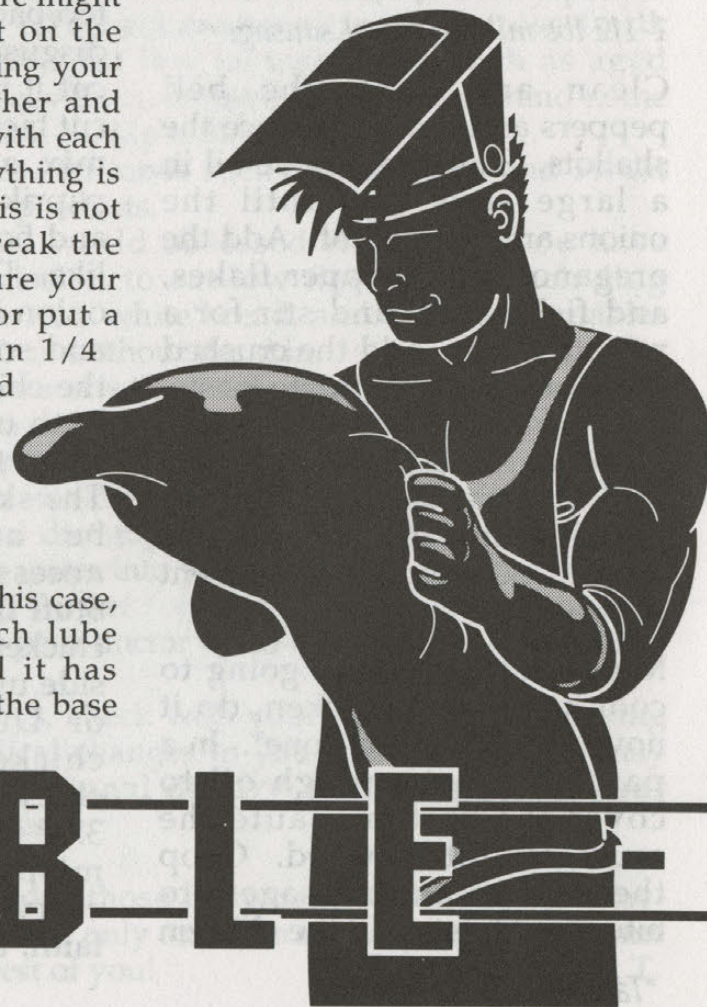
The condom is torn when you take it out of the wrapper. Don't use it. Make sure that you push the condom away from the edge of the wrapper you are going to tear. Also, be sure that the condom does not snag on the sharp edge of the torn package, or on your fingernails or chastity belts.

The condom won't unroll on your dick. Take a look at it. You might be putting it on inside-out. When you hold the condom to put it on, make sure that the ring of rolled latex is on the *outside*. Imagine that you are putting on the rubber in the same way that you would roll a fine silk stocking onto your foot. Try to keep even pressure all the way around the edge of the rolled rubber as it goes on. Use your thumb and index finger like you were making the "OK" sign (or, if you're from Greece, the "asshole" sign) rather than "pinching" it into place with a couple of fingertips.

The condom feels like it's getting tighter and tighter while you're using it. It is. Take it off and try again with a new one. There might not be enough lubricant on the inside of the rubber, causing your penis to get jammed further and further into the condom with each mighty stroke, until everything is crammed into the tip. This is not only painful, but can break the rubber as well. Make sure your thingie is all lubed up, or put a small dab, no more than 1/4 teaspoon, of water based lubricant inside the reservoir tip, or on the head of Mr. Happy, before you put on the rubber.

The rubber slips off. In this case, there might be too much lube inside the condom, and it has worked its way down to the base

so that the rubber can't maintain a grip on your weenie. Take off the condom, dry off a little, and put another one on. A neat trick is to pull the rubber underneath and around your balls. Presto! A cockring! For that matter, try using a real cockring. Condoms vary in their stretchiness, so you might have to experiment with different brands. (Then again, there are those Mentors if you're feeling brave.) Also, rubbers tend to slide off after you come, so grab the condom at the base of your penis and pull out as soon as possible after you shoot. Finally, try a tighter brand, such as Beyond, Crown, or Skin Less Skin. (No, I don't know who names these things. Ask Dear Abby.)

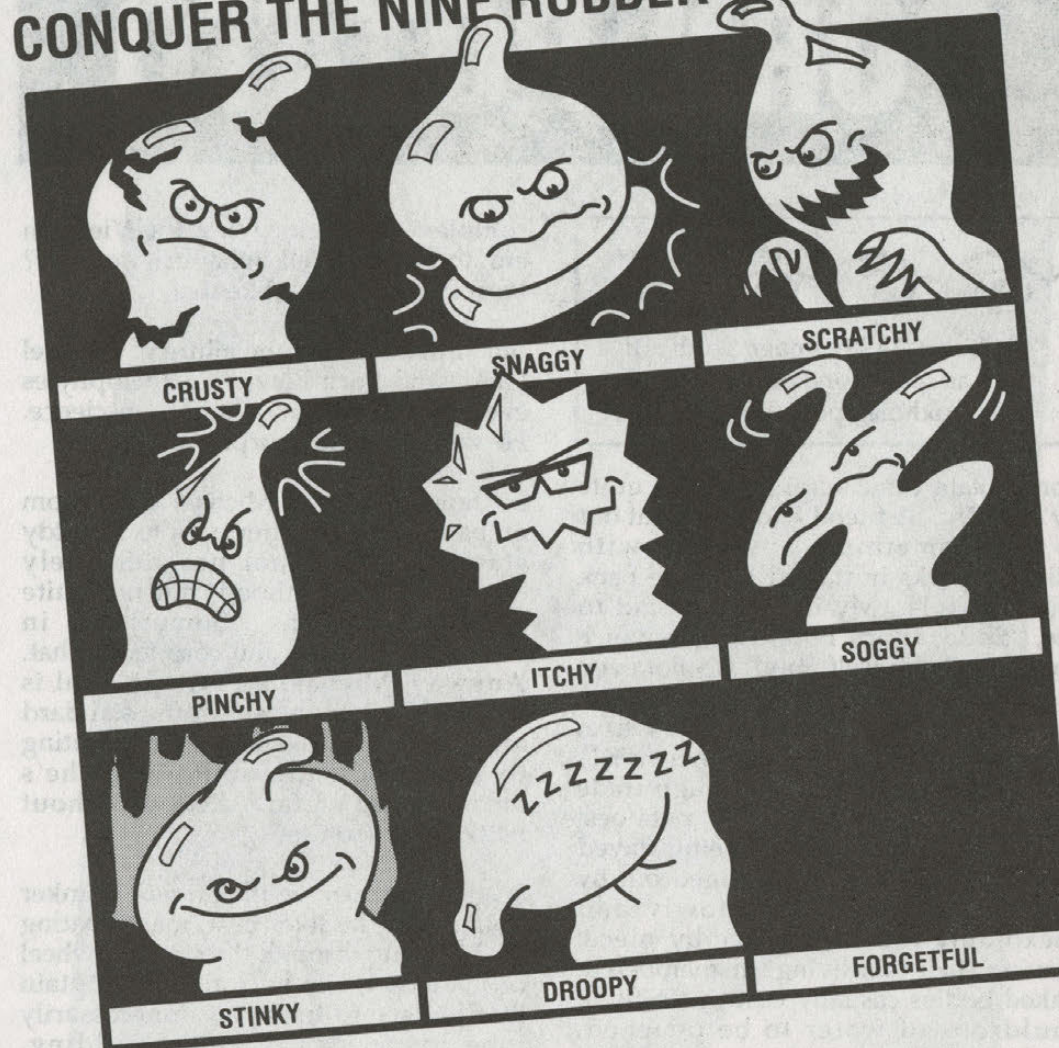


You or your partner get the dreaded "rubber burn." Ouch! This time there might not be enough lubrication on the *outside* of the condom (or inside your partner for that matter). Latex needs more lubrication than skin, so slap your favorite water-based lube on everything in sight. If you're using a spermicidal lubricant (always a good idea), you might be allergic to the spermicide, most commonly nonoxynol-9, and should try either a lube that uses a different active ingredient or one with a lower concentration of nonoxynol-9.

The condom breaks. Several things might have gone wrong. Oil-based lubricants will ruin latex. Never, never use them. Long fingernails, especially those Lee Press-Ons, can snag the rubber as it's being put on. If you didn't squeeze the air out of the reservoir tip of a condom before it was put on, it might burst during sex. If this happens and you notice it right away, pull out, dry off a little, and put a new condom on*. If you are into extra-long marathon lovemaking sessions, take off the old rubber and put on a fresh one every now and then. Two ultra-thin rubbers, doubled up, are about as thick as a regular rubber and lots stronger.

It can happen here: The rubber breaks at the worst possible time, right in the middle of your orgasm when your dick's ploughed into your partner (or vice versa), and you're understandably distracted. Not to sound smarmy, but prevention is probably the best way to avoid a toxic spill. Pull out just before you come and pretend you're in a porno movie, shooting

CONQUER THE NINE RUBBER GREMLINS!



your wad all over your partner's ripply stomach or firm round buttocks. Sometimes these things just happen, though, so here's what to do:

Don't panic and most importantly, DO NOT douche! Douching will only push the come further inside, and might irritate the rectal lining, increasing the likelihood of transmitting infectious organisms. The experts agree that the best thing is to douse the rectum in question with a contraceptive foam, which generally have a 15%

or higher concentration of spermicide. This concentration is far higher than needed to kill HIV, cells infected by that virus, other disease causing organisms, and sperm cells. The effervescent foam will completely saturate the affected area and, hopefully, neutralize any wicked viruses.

Don't try to substitute foam for condoms, because foams by themselves are not as effective as an intact physical barrier. Foams are available from your local drugstore or pharmacy.

— B. T.

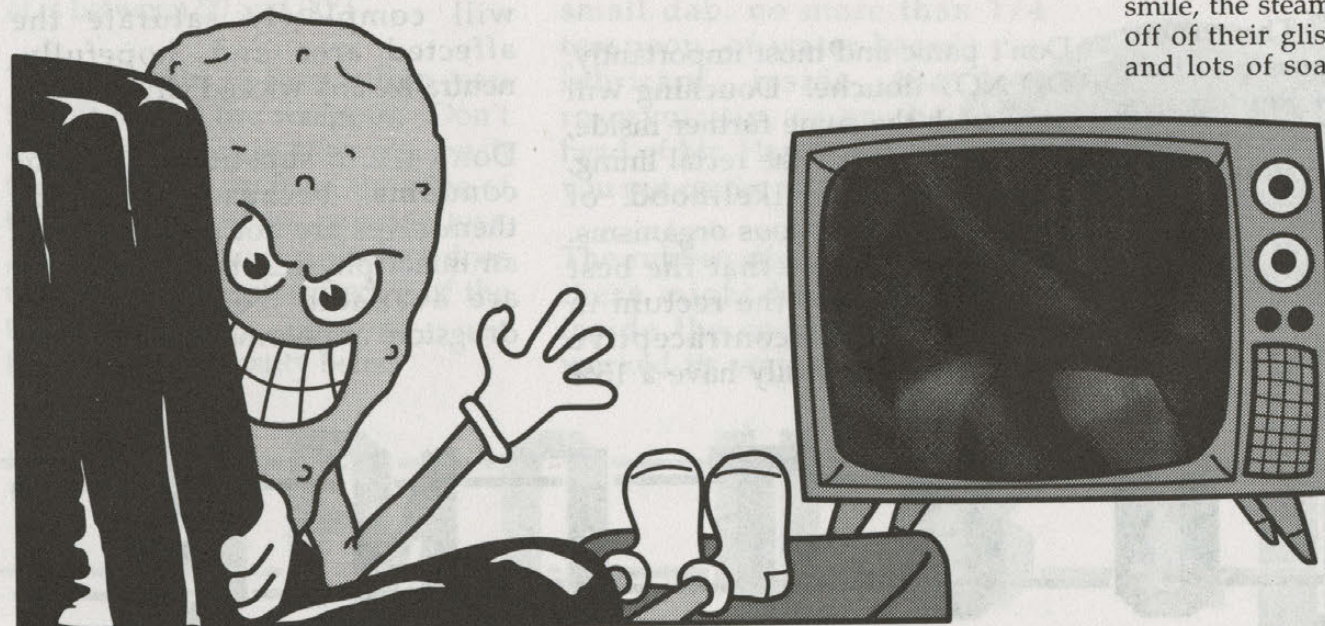
TROUBLE SHOOTING

PORN POTATO



Foxhole (© 1989 Image Studios)
On a scale of one to five eyes,
Foxhole opened four.

Porn Potato came across this film quite by accident. A friend had been sent out to find something, anything, with Michael Parks in it, and he came back with Foxhole. My little voice said to me, "Spud, (Porn Potato's little voice always calls himself Spud) it's not even worth considering. You know how those military-theme movies are. Where there's the military, there's KP. Where there's KP, there's rough trade peeling potatoes. Yes, Spud, potatoes! Your brothers and sisters being flayed alive, having their eyes gouged out by knives and their skin slowly and inexorably removed piece by piece! Having their still-living, dismembered, naked bodies casually cast into boiling cauldrons of water to be poached, mashed, and converted into some bland homogeneous pap to be blindly shovelled into the gaping and ever hungry maw of the military-industrial



complex! And glorifying the Vietnam era, to boot!" Well, what can you say? Porn Potato doesn't like that.

But still, there was the allure of Michael Parks, and Porn Potato's gametophytes eventually won out over his conscience. He was pleasantly surprised.

Foxhole opens with Michael in his room on base, typing a letter back to a buddy stateside. Michael has definitely outgrown chickenhood, but not quite aged into beef. Something in between...like veal, and corn fed at that. Anyway, Michael as Private Veal is doggedly typing away on the standard army issue Hermes Rocket, recounting to his buddy the action that he's encountered so far. Action without battle? We soon see.

Scene One opens with Private Wanker doing what he likes best, masturbating his big thing through the steering wheel of his Jeep while he waits for Captain Straightlace to finish an unnecessarily long inspection of some building. Straightlace shows up a little too soon though, catches Wanker practicing his long distance shooting, and demands an explanation. Wanker's reply: "As you can see, sir, I'm trying to get a load off...When you have a cock as big as

mine, it demands attention...Would you like to stroke it for me, sir?"

Straightlace is not above a little male bonding, and apparently enjoys Jeep-ophilia too, since he eagerly blows Wanker through the steering wheel. Not quite photogenic enough, so the next thing we see is Straightlace on his knees in front of Wanker, both stripped down to their regulation olive drab socks. Then Wanker throws Straightlace doggy style over the Jeep, the virtual condom appears, and Wanker ploughs Straightlace's amazingly sculpted butt. They try several positions, before ending up with Straightlace doing the helicopter squat onto Wanker's flagpole. Wanker seems to care a lot about his partner's enjoyment, chewing on Straightlace's earlobes, and really getting excited about the other's orgasm. Porn Potato likes that.

They both come buckets like good performers, then there's this awkward silence. Just what does a superior officer say when he's been fucked silly by an enlisted man? Why, "show up a couple of hours early when you report for duty." of course!

Scene Two finds Vealchops entering the base's erotically primitive shower facilities: rough hewn plywood outdoors with overhead tanks. The other stall is already occupied by Surfboy. Veal turns on the water in his stall and they both start a game of watch-n-lather.

Wonderful execution. The furtive glances, the shy looks, an embarrassed smile, the steam of the afternoon rising off of their glistening bodies, and lots and lots of soap suds, all against the backdrop of a mauve sky, rosy light, with dracaena and Ficus benjamina waving in the background. Wait a minute! Ficus benjamina? They're native to the Americas. Porn Potato ought to know his vegetables, after all.

Anyway, Surfboy finally gets around to sticking his dick through a conveniently placed knot-

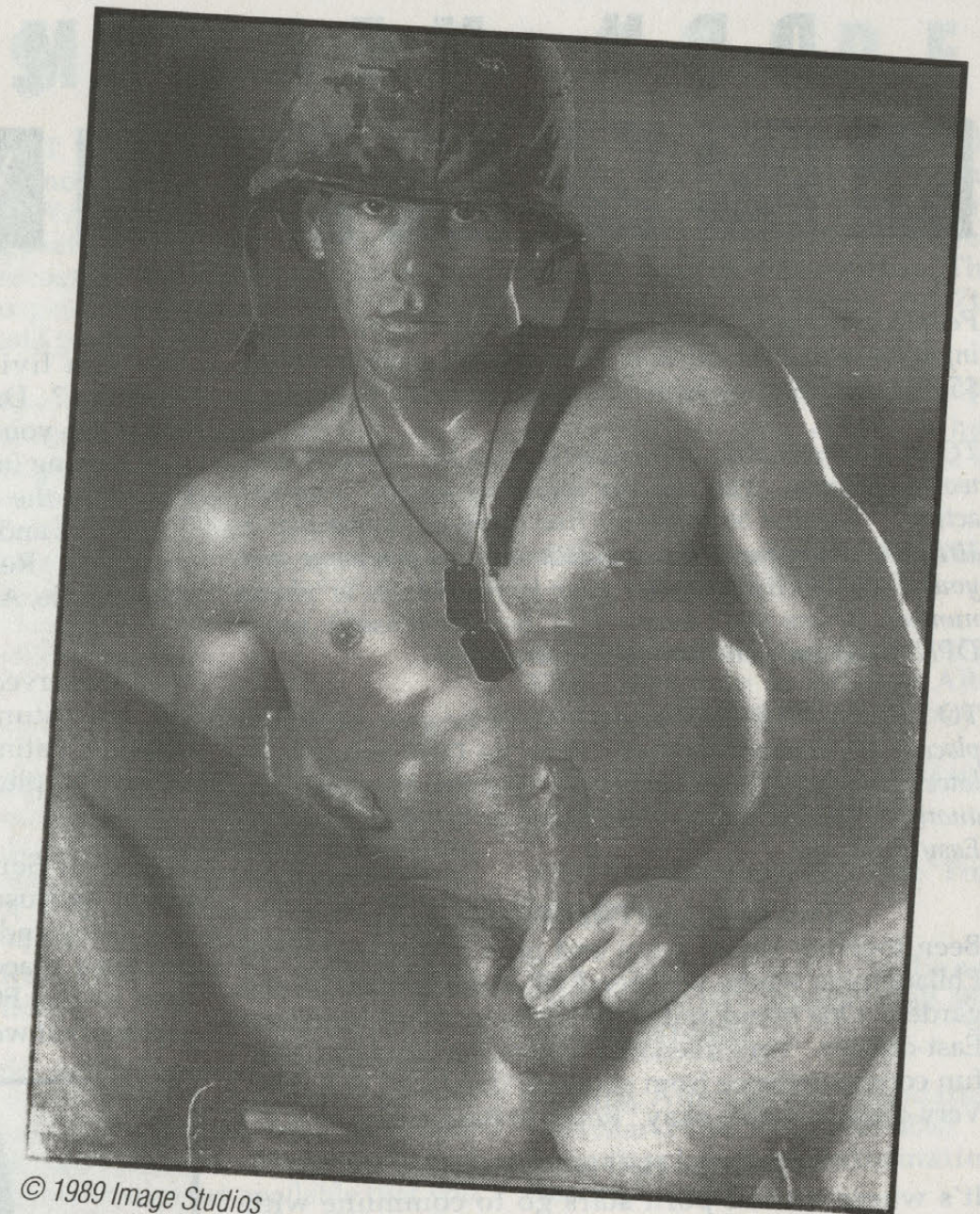
hole in the wall between the stalls, and Vealboy shows that all that expensive orthodonture wasn't put to waste. Surfboy gets into it, pumping his cock in and out of Vealcake's mouth. (Ouch! Doesn't he get splinters from the plywood?) They take turns a few times, with Veal back on his knees nursing Surfboy's climax.

But wait, the fun's not over yet in the land of zero refractory periods! Vealchops goes over into Surfboy's stall, where they exchange lots of deep meaningful looks, awkward gropes, and impassioned kisses. You can almost taste the subliminal battle for who'll be on top. Surfboy wins the war of wills, and Vealcake eagerly bends over to accept Surfboy's lambskin covered dick. ("Why lambskins?" Porn Potato asks himself. "In the middle of Southeast Asia, with all its rubber plantations, latex condoms should be growing on trees."). By now there's no more water falling from the shower head, the two of them having no doubt depleted the entire base's weekly ration, but that doesn't stop them. Lost in their labyrinth of desire, they both shoot their wad. Not as far as Wanker, but certainly as copiously. Porn Potato likes that.

As an odd aside to all of this, Dick Masters was watching from the roof of a nearby shack. He pulls out his mighty organ, and falls off his ladder never to be seen again. Oddly abrupt, don't you think? Porn Potato wonders if he injured himself in the fall and couldn't continue the shoot.

Foxhole continues on with much more of the same high quality stuff. There's Private Hawkface and Surgeon Shapely in the infirmary teaching Dr. Bob the meaning of the term "Lucky Pierre." There's more of those green socks, for which Shapely seems to have a fetish, considering that he keeps chewing on Dr. Bob's feet through them. Then we have Sergeant Slut and Private Prude stationed out in the field, in a foxhole with magically multiplying sandbags to cushion their bodies in every imaginable position. Finally, we're back in Vealchop's quarters, where his roomie reads Vealboy's letter over his shoulders and gets all hot and bothered (despite that fact that both of them are wearing those damn green socks).

Well. Foxhole certainly was a surprise.



© 1989 Image Studios

Porn Potato was expecting racial slurs and tasteless scenes involving amputees and wheelchairs, but the truth was far better (to be sure, white Nikes on all the upturned feet would have been nicer than those fuzzy socks, but you can't always get everything you want). The models all had not-unapproachable good looks, seemed to enjoy themselves, and really cared for their partners. (Imagine! A topman who cares about his partner's orgasm! The fact that this seems novel is certainly an indictment of our culture.) The porntalk didn't steal the show, and was kept at a decent volume beneath the pleasant Costello Presley score. Another truly remarkable thing about this film was the way risk reduction was handled. The condoms were neither ignored nor produced with

overdone flourishes. In the field, we see Sgt. Slut grab the condom package, open it and actually put the rubber on. Back home, Vealboy's roomie is seen removing the rubber before he comes. In both cases, dispensing with the virtual condom genie added to the intensity of the scene.

What about the troubling military packaging? Just an excuse to put pretty boys in fatigues (after all, some poor souls really do go for a man in a uniform). In the words of Sgt. Slut as he pulled his throbbing dick out of his pants, "Fuck the war, look at this!" Porn Potato couldn't have said it any better. On a scale of one to five eyes, Foxhole opened four. Porn Potato says check it out.

DPN MEAT MARKET



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

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

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

Two Boys and Two Weimaraners

Been together seven years and now live in suburban Philadelphia where we spend all of our money on the garden. One blond and from Scotland. One American East-coaster. Very alienated vegetarian atheists desire fun correspondence from similarly displaced or lonely. Very dirty thoughts okay. Reply to Basket #7.

Where the Hell is Cazenovia?

It's where retired porn stars go to commune with Nature. All sociable types who find themselves in the vicinity (NW of Madison) are welcomed for kaffeeklatsch and general companionship. Scott, Rte 2 Box 1215, Cazenovia, WI 53924.

Wanna See My Damoclean Sword?

Honor and duty aside, your Cranky Editor was hoping that DPN might attract some studmeat who are not afraid of you-know-what. I'm a 26 year old student, 6'1, 160#, with blond hair, green eyes, only moderately promiscuous, and have a big weenie. That's me on page 9, and with my luck they'll find a cure for HIV and the picture will come back to haunt me when I reach high political office. Strapping, shapely, versatile lads within a decade of my age are encouraged to reply; relationship possible if you don't mind being a study hall widow from time to time, but don't expect children. Write your Cranky Editor.

Somewhere in Alabama

Are you living healthy with AIDS in Northern Alabama? Do you like to suck dick, lick hot hairy balls? Do you like to make love in strange places? Are you looking for a lover or just a good weekend? Well, I'm all of the above! I'm 6'2, 148 lbs., blond/brown, 7-1/2" cut and horny! Drop me a few lines - Let's get together! Reply to "Alabama Al", P. O. Box 703, Albertsville, AL 35950.

Tall Man in San Jose

Well-preserved, fortyish gent, asymptomatic positive, tall and naturally thin, seeks compatible local. I like cooking, eating, travel, quiet evenings at home, and being well-plundered in bed. Reply to Basket 8.

Boy, am I Skinny!

Yes, your Serene Editor is now also your Skeletal Editor and usually not real horny these days but I'm real funny and always like new friends and besides we needed a space filler. Write me direct, Skeletal Editor, here at the FOG Press offices. Hurry, 'cause I'm putting that weight back on fast.

BLOW BUDDIES

DUOS/GROUPS/PARTIES

LOCAL AND NATIONAL NETWORK

FIND OUT WHAT ALL THE TALK'S ABOUT!
FOR FREE INFORMATION, SEND A SELF-
ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE TO:

BBUSA/dpn
584 Castro St., #395
San Francisco, CA 94114

DPN RESOURCE GUIDE

Well, we figured out what we think we ought to do here in this section, since it's obviously way too small to provide any sort of exhaustive listings. We are going to focus on publications, with an ongoing list of HIV newsletters, etc. that we become aware of, with the Editor's choice highlighted each time. We will also continue to list organizations who specifically ask to be listed. We will make a specific note for publications that do feature extensive resource listings.

Our Featured Mag this time is the PWA Coalition Newsline, a product of the People with AIDS Coalition in New York. This is a big, fat, radical but inclusive Thang, 70 pages in the one I'm looking at, lots of news, info, and the amazing Iris de la Cruz, "Iris with the virus", the only other AIDS-is-funny writer this diseased hulk has run across. She's way funny. Ho, ho. Anyway, this is good stuff and you should subscribe. Absolutely massive resource listing for the New York area. It's \$35 (or more) for a year if you're a gentile, free to AIDS/ARC people, unless you're wealthy in case you should pay, you tightwad.

Here's the groups that asked to be listed this time

We are the Sierra AIDS Council, P.O. Box 1062, Sonora, CA 95370. Our phone number is (209) 533-2873. We are a small AIDS foundation in the Sierra Foothills, and cover Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador, and Alpine Counties.

PWA Coalition/Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 948-4PWA. Monthly meetings, newsletter, informational and social support.

ACT UP Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 948-4PWA. Accessing Creativity To Upset Public Policy that does not recognize the rights and meet the urgent needs of all HIV+ people and people with AIDS.

The Hemlock Society. Biffy thought we should list this. It is empowering to know that you can make this decision if your want to. As they say, "There is never a good time to die, but there are certainly more pleasant ways." P.O. Box 210436, San Francisco, CA 94119, (415) 776-1140.

Publications

AIDS Treatment News is an outstanding, succinct newsletter devoted to monitoring developing and experimental treatments. From A.T.N. PO Box 411256 SF CA 94141, (415) 255-0558. Highly Recommended by your Serene Editor.

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

PWA Health Group 31 West 26th St. (4th Floor) NY NY 10010 publishes Notes from the Underground, a very straightforward and sensible newsletter. Six times a year, and free. Donations are not spurned. (212) 689-5291.

Gay Men's Health Crisis publishes Treatment Issues. 129 W. 20th St. NY NY 10011, (212) 807-6655.

The Bay Times has an extensive

resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or \$32 a year, (\$24 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 288 7th St. SF CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI perspectives and offers other services. 558-9051, 800-334-7422 in Calif, 800-822-7422 elsewhere.

Other resources we had room to repeat, all in SF:

AIDS Benefits Counselors 673-3780. Free help to AIDS or ARC persons dealing with bureaucracy.

AIDS Emergency Fund 441-6407. Money for those who need it.

AIDS Legal Referral 864-8186. Free legal help.

Gay Asian Pacific Alliance Community HIV Project. Call 387-0466 or 541-0237.

Healing Alternatives Foundation 1748 Market St. SF CA 626-4053. A buyer's club and information clearinghouse.

Operation Concern 626-7000 Support & counseling.

PATH Project 626-8455. Antibody-rich plasma from healthy seropositives may help the more damaged, and the PATH people are trying it out. Plasma donors, volunteers, and money are needed.

Project Open Hand 558-0600. Food delivered to you at home. I get this and the food is good and abundant.

Shanti 777-2273. Various forms of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!

LOOK!

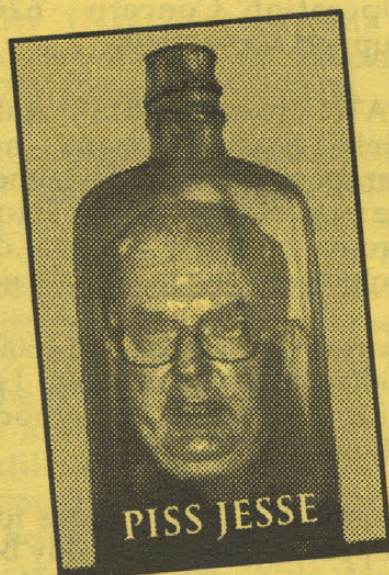
**Exciting
merchandise
from DPN!**

The official DPN button, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. 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. \$1.00 each.



Tired of those nasty old Trojans but don't know where to turn? Try Captain Condoms Original Party Pack! 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. No assembly required. \$4.00

Be the belle of the ball in this fashionable T-shirt featuring the "You're soaking in it!" graphic that graced our first cover. Black on white. 100% cotton. Specify large or extra large. \$10.00



Thought-provoking DPN postcards! Xerox on cheap cardstock. Specify "Piss Jesse" (pictured here), or "You're Soaking in It!" 50¢ each.



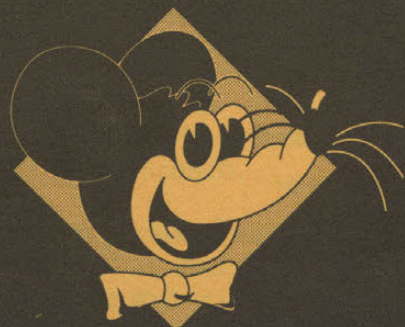
Please use the order form on Page 10.

DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #2

REPRINT

*Inside This Issue:
Surviving AIDS,
Party Poorly Planned,
Tales From the Front,
Second Coming Out,
Ask Mr. Science,
The Secret Origin of
Captain Condom,
and Much More!*



PISS JESSE

**YOUR CRANKY EDITOR
& IRRESISTIBLE FORCE**
Beowulf Thorne

**YOUR SERENE EDITOR
& VOICE OF REASON**
Tom Shearer

ART DIRECTION & LAYOUT
Beowulf Thorne Graphics

PRINTING SERVICES
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SUBSTITUTES!**

The *Diseased Pariah News* is a mostly 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 sero-negative guilt. We encourage infected people to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment is the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

It's very easy. Use the coupon on Page 10. No coupon? Send \$7.00 for one year (4 issues) or \$2 for a sample issue. DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, California, 94131.

We'll happily trade subscriptions (and ads) with other publications of our ilk.

Special thanks to Noel Money-bags; Linotype Bob; Hard Drive Atticus; Bed-n-Breakfast Dan; Stacey, Porn Purveyor of the Peninsula; Steven Proofreader; Proselytizers Gary and Rondo; our army of paper-folding bubble-butt surf boy slaves; and Mike Gunderloy for many reasons.

DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS

#2

Hey kids, this is Gary. He's our page one boy. Will you be the next? Or maybe you'd rather be the centerfold. Just send us a matte finish photo, at least 3.5" x 5" (preferably bigger), black & white or color with lots of contrast. Tell us a little about yourself, and give the photographer some credit too. Please include a signed note saying that you're old enough to attend "R" rated movies unsupervised.

CONTENTS

The Serene Opinion	2
Kibbles and Tips: More Ideas for Dealing with HIV	3
Book Review: Surviving AIDS by Michael Callen	5
True Story: Party Poorly Planned (A Hostess' Real Life Nightmare)	7
What You've All Been Asking For	9
Postcards by John Sullivan	10
Tales From the Front by David B. Feinberg	12
Second Coming Out by Tom Ace	13
FlexiBilly by Spunk, Mr. Science by Rondo Mieczkowski	15
Further Adventures of Captain Condom: Secret Origins	16
Get Fat! Don't Die (Biffy Mae Battles Gastric Distress)	23
Condom Corner: Troubleshooting Your Latex	25
Video Review with Porn Potato: Foxhole Gets Four Eyes	27
The Fabulous DPN Meat Market	29
The DPN Resource Guide	30

THE SERENE OPINION

From the bowels of the mighty Kaiser-Permanente flagship, your slightly under-the-weather Serene Editor, increasing his formal participation in the HIV phenomenon by spending a week inside, greets you, peering one-eyed and drugged through a fog of flower perfume, dictating my slurred but probably still quite immortal verbiage to the infamous Santa Tom Rielly, a man of incredible generosity and energy but barely adequate typing skills.

Most parts of me that were broken are now fixed. Unfortunately, in my effortless morphine-befuddled passage through the much-feared ordeal of bronchoscopy, a great deal of special bronchoscoping nose goo ran into my eye. It is, in case you didn't already know, impossible to cry out with a tube down your larynx. So, as I lay there making soundless help me, help me faces, attempting to draw attention to my plight, the artificial snot did a bad thing to my eyeball. Or perhaps it was the hours of attempting to find the thing that I sure thought was in my eye. Anyway. It's broke.

So, I find myself once again drugged and in pain and much more than half blind. Luckily, I come from a long and dirty line of poor white trash sharecroppers who evolved to live on dirt and rocks if necessary. Despite a tendency to die of heart attacks at age forty, and a dismaying predilection for particularly unattractive forms of cancer, we are rather hard to kill, being as we are the more or less human equivalent of the hearty and disgusting cockroach.

In my own personal case, since I'm so brave, noble, and un-cockroach-like, despite my occasional lapses into ruralism and tendency to fart in church, something obviously

happened. What? Well, I think it had to do with the time I was about to rim this one-legged man for ten bucks and Jesus came down and gave me a goose and He said, "Silly goose, if you want to grow up classy, just switch and lick My assie!", so I did. Lost the ten bucks but became the delicate result of an insectoid miracle, metamorphosing at the final instar not into a beer-swilling hog, but rather into the glorious butterfly of the modern gay man that I am today. Or modern queer man, if you prefer. Naked dicks may give me AIDS but names will never hurt me....

Meanwhile, back at the hospital: AIDS certainly has its teeth in me, but I feel damn good and you can count on me for some while yet. I don't really expect things to get gruesome for at least a year, at the earliest... I realized today that I am going to live to be 33, and 34 is not out of the question. 35? Who knows? When I was 27, I thought I'd be dead by now, and I sure ain't daid yet, buckaroo!

But I am turning as much of the work as I can over to Beowulf, since my periodic spells of the vapors make it hard for me to service your needs in a timely fashion. I will remain as a pretentiously titled highlight of the masthead, an editorial yip-yapper, and a free-floating article maker. And I think if you hope and pray and say your little rosary beads every evening, I will purrrhaps be your nekkid centerfold boy next issue. Subscribe! Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to examine the planes and contours of my stick-like and slightly tattooed form avec special guest, Mr Theo. And maybe Mr. Ed, if we can cajole him into it...

DPN has been getting some fun press. If you send an SASE, we will send you a copy of our

clippings file, or sheet, as it currently stands. Big Fun, really.

So. You have it. My attempt to deliver under duress a witty, topical, and queer-as-hell editorial blab. Hope it flew. Incidentally, George Bush is a piece of shit.

[This editorial continues on page 5 and transmogrifies into a book review.]

Congratulations to Mike Cannon

Mike entered, and thereby won, the Guess Tommy's T-Cell Count contest. Also, thanks to Mike for guessing optimistically high. He'll get one of our fabulous prizes, though we all know what he REALLY wants. Since the T-Cells du Tom have chosen such a propinquitous number, (see graphic representation below) he is starting a baseball team for them. So our new contest is to name that team. The winner (chosen by editorial whim) gets a little plastic baseball.



AD RATES

Business Card	\$5
Quarter Page	\$10
Half Page	\$20
Full Page	\$40

DPN heartily encourages advertising from businesses and service providers within our community, and offers a 10% discount for ads that run for two or more consecutive issues. We also can provide inexpensive graphic services if you don't have camera ready art. Call (415) 864-5434 for details.

Oh, Those Aching Veins!

Got phlebitis from health care givers repeatedly jabbing needles into your veins? Here's help: Soak a hand towel in water and then pop it into the microwave. Heat it to whatever temperature you can stand and place the hot-hot-hot towel in a baggie to use as a compress on that tender, throbbing vein. Mmmm, much better.

(Courtesy of D. Lamb)

Stool Samples

Have trouble holding those little Dixie cups and snaring the stool sample before it hits the water in the toilet bowl? Put a sheet of Saran Wrap loosely across the bowl, underneath the seat, to catch that puppy. You can then scoop the morsel into the speci-pack at your leisure. (For diarrhea, we recommend a bowl that will never, ever be used for cooking again. Eeew!)

(Graciously researched by your diligent Editors)

Resource information: AIDS Community Research Consortium

The AIDS Community Resource Consortium, based in Redwood City, (that's here in CA, sorry!) offers a network of 40 doctors in cooperation to share information, and generate new information, about our buddy HIV. The member physicians are distributed all over the Peninsula and South Bay. There are many, many cases of infection, in the Bay Area but outside of San Francisco, that do not have the same easy access to knowledgeable HIV care. the ACRC is attempting to change this. Of course, it's only here in the Bay Area, but hey, something is something. So, they are running a rather large number of community trials, for a diverse spectrum of HIV related problems. They also offer a public information series, on Wednesday nights(?) (I lost that part of the info package. Just call and they'll tell you.)

The most laudable thing about the ACRC is that it is chartered to make outreach to undertreated communities. They specifically are dedicated to developing and maintaining outreach to HIV-infected women, IV drug users, members of the various communities of color, and other disenfranchised ethnic groups. On the Peninsula, the HIV picture has already skewed away from just fags, which is still is mostly here in the city, at least as far as real live AIDS.

So. If you live in Santa Clara, San Mateo, or southern Alameda counties, maybe you should call them up.

Incidentally, two of the main physicians in the group have both been my personal doctor over a long period of time, and they are good. Also Nurse Brian is also a swell and competent fellow, so I'd feel pretty good about going here for care.

ACRC, 1048 El Camino Real Ste A, Redwood City CA 94063, (415) 364-6563, fax (415) 364 9001.

Project Pentamidine

As most of us know, aerosol pentamidine prophylaxis is the best thing to happen in the HIV world ever. The Big Killer, pneumocystis, has been rendered almost preventable. Pretty swell, eh? Unless you don't have insurance or for some other reason can't get it for free, and the fact that it can cost up to \$250 per treatment for the drug alone, aside from the nebulizer and the doctor visit.

Jack Erdmann has an arrangement with a Mexican distributor where you can buy up to a three month supply for \$59 per dose. It's easy and it's legal. The Project has been growing rapidly, which means that there are a lot of us in this boat.

So, call, or have your doctor call, Project Pentamidine, Jack Erdmann, 60 Lovell Ave, Mill Valley CA 94941. (415) 388-2105, fax (415) 381 2084 — T. S.

Mister Manners' Courteous Responses to Stupid Questions and Comments

After being diagnosed with AIDS, I discovered that I kept hearing the same things over and over. Below are the five most common questions and comments with appropriate responses. Upon being diagnosed, I suggest you photocopy and distribute these to well-meaning family and friends. It will save everyone so much time.

1. You're so brave, I don't know how you do it.

I don't. Bravery is when you disrupt your everyday schedule to save an infant from a burning building or a senior citizen from a mugger. Having AIDS is not brave...it's IRRITATING!

2. Are you trying the latest treatment?

Yes, but give me a moment to catch up, it takes time to infuse myself with Chinese cucumber juice, boil my blood and hug a teddy bear in front of the mirror while telling my reflection, "I love you, I love you."

3. I feel guilty because I'm HIV negative.

Alright, then hand over your savings passbook, negotiable bonds and any Certificates of Deposit that are due to mature SOON right over to me. Giving is a divine act which should ease your conscience.

4. Look at this as a learning experience.

I do. I've learned that insurance companies consider a cough in 1987 a pre-existing condition that will cancel my policies, Social Services requires my death certificate as evidence of AIDS before dispensing benefits and that doctors always want more blood.

5. We're all dying, I could get hit by a car at any moment.

Good! I hope you do.

(Courtesy of K. Reeves)

Travel Insurance

Hey kids, don't forget to include the travel insurance when you run up that credit card bill with airline tickets. In most cases you can get a policy, for about \$40, that will return you to civilization and proper medical care no matter where you are in the world (even if they have to fly you first class). Talk to your travel agent. Also, long plane rides are more stressful than you'd think. Allow yourself a day or two to recoup before attacking the side of Kilimanjaro or touring the steel mills of Cartagena.

(Courtesy of Mystery Mike)



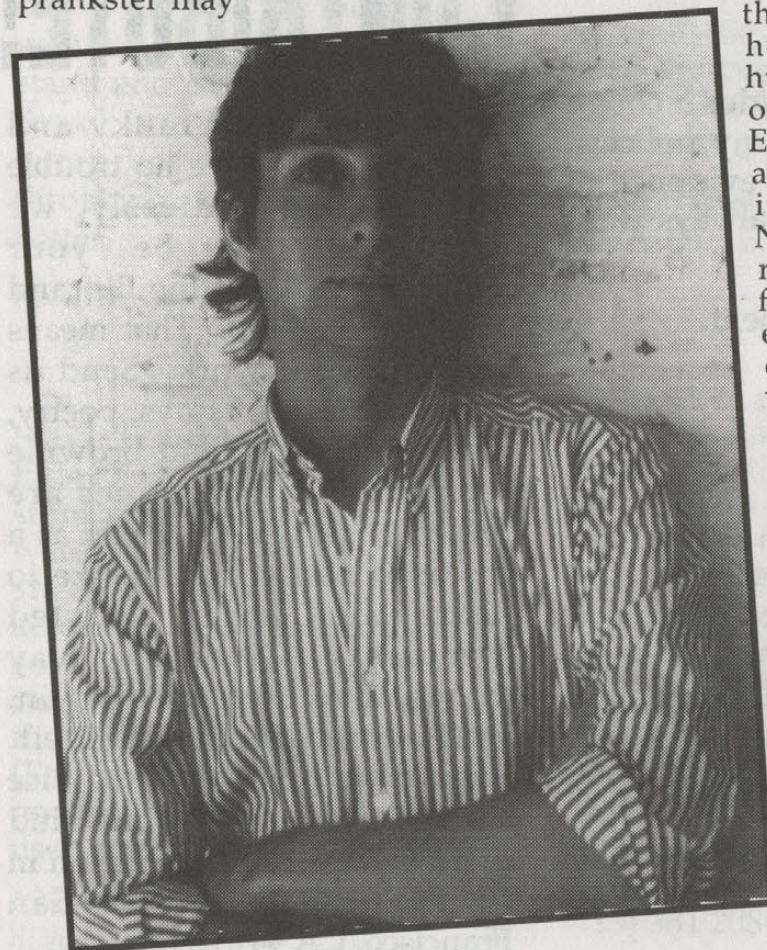
CONTRIBUTE!

Although Your Cranky and Serene Editors have no trouble pontificating endlessly, we want DPN to be your magazine, not just the Biff and Tommy Fan Club. That means we want your work. Send us your art, stories, essays, poetry, research articles, and brownie recipes. The guidelines are pretty loose: whatever you as a diseased pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. Given the way things have been trickling in, we'll most likely accept it. Even if we don't, we'll be nice about it, 'cause that's the kind of guys we are. Send 'em on in to us at PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

HOSTESS WITH THE TOXOPLASMOSTEST: *Surviving AIDS* BY MICHAEL CALLEN

The editorial, continued. The book review in a moment.

Still at the hospital, we play Urinal Hide, a game by which the night staff delight themselves at the expense of the patients. You are admonished to pee in a plastic, hand-held urinal thingy, and then they give you a whole lot of serious drugs, a fluid IV, and then hide the thingy. In the middle of the dark, bewildered night, you arise, bladder bursting, and grope about until you find and use, with great relief, the Blessed Thingy. If this happens, They Win. If you *don't* find the thingy, and find yourself helplessly peeing down your leg, or if you're Mr. Resourceful like me, and try to staunch some of the flood by using your bedside water pitcher, etc, spreading the problem to the table, *you* win. The waggish prankster may



Mr. Callen has gotten a divorce and a haircut since this picture was taken.

find that cleaning up a urinal joke the patient won is deterrent to further practice of this game, unless it is with less drugged patients or almost time for shift change.

My score: 1 bed, 2 floors, 1 table-top. Their score: some 19 episodes of hopping around, desperate searching aggravation. Who wins the game? You decide. I get to go home and they must stay, but they're getting paid to do it and I'm paying them.

We all know the clichés about male nurses being a bit, er, sissified. Well, at my beloved H. M. O. (Kaiser SF) there are more shrieking, delightful, outrageous, totally obvious, loon-lady queens than you'll find at a drag ball, which is fun in a lot of ways but

really counted when in the middle of a really horrible overheated, humid, airless, "none of these nurses speaks English, let alone has any interest whatever in my problems" Night from Hell, I was rescued by an angel from heaven, or the equivalent, a gentle dark Queen Nurse who laid his warm hands upon me and healed my weary soul. He took especial care of me till dawn and I could be released. I love San Francisco.

Now, at last, the editorial becomes a review of Michael Callen's book, *Surviving AIDS*. Well written, easy to read, it presents some controversial ideas that deserve attention, although I don't agree with him on many of them..

Number one Nope is "AIDS is not caused by HIV." Mike gives his reasons, and presents himself, STD-ridden (some 20 different thingies, many repeated) 70's whore (3000 partners), as the example that it's destroying your immune system by crazed lifestyle that's the root cause. I present myself, less than 100 sexual partners, less than half of them boofers, I've had gonorrhea once, warts once, (effortlessly eradicated), the crabs a few times, and AIDS. Cranky Editor Biffy led an even more Republican sex/drug life. Hmm. Not with you on that one, Mike. Of course I am absolutely in agreement with him on the idea that overchallenging your immune system makes it break, and I have no problem with the idea that a broken immune system makes things lots easier for HIV when you finally do introduce it into the soup.

My second disagreement is on the subject of AZT. Mr. Callen calls AZT not just ineffective, not just massively toxic, but carcinogenic and impotence-causing to boot. My experience with AZT is that it is effective for a while, massively toxic, and I was taking the muscle-destroying 1200-mg regimen during my most sexually active period in several years. And that's as Tommy Top, and my mighty boner was its huge throbbing self throughout. What do I think about the carcinogenicity? Well, the sudden upsurge in lymphomas in HIV people *did* come along about the

same time as the wide-spread use of AZT. The jury's still out on this one. One of the reasons given for the rise in cancer in the general population is that people are simply living long enough to get it, and We the Afflicted have scads more time to live and get new things than we useta... Anyway, Callen presents a clear and complete list of reasons and references why he believes this (the whole book is carefully and thoroughly referenced) and you owe it to yourself to take a gander.

My own opinion on the AZT issue? AZT is a sledgehammer. It is being used as if it were a delicate laser probe, and no wonder it breaks people. I think it buys a little time for fairly healthy people on LOW doses with scrupulous monitoring for anemia and muscle damage. I think if you're sick and you take AZT you're crazy. I think that DDI is the same sort of thing, dangerously strong and used altogether too liberally already. My neuropathic feet and my battle-scarred liver agree, too. Incidentally, about neuropathy: Mexitil was a bust for me, but low-dose Elavil freed me in two weeks from a four-month imprisonment at home because I couldn't walk. My world is transformed. Talk to yer doc.

Michael also thinks you should stay away from government drug studies. I think so too. They will happily give you a toxic dose until you get really sick, if you are silly enough to keep eating poison. If you legitimately want to be in a study, go to a community-based one where the people making the rules will give a fuck who you are. If you can't afford real medical attention, go on a government study, throw away the medication, and lie. It's not your fault that this barbaric country refuses to provide the national health care plan you are guaranteed in any civilized country. If they won't give you something as important as medical care, then *steal* it. You deserve to live. Lie, don't die.

The most important thing about this book is the idea that AIDS is not a death sentence. MC presents 13 interview/bios with people who have lived at least three years with an AIDS diagnosis, many of them lots longer than that. He found that there isn't much commonality between these folks, except that they are committed to life, aggressively so. Now, it's pretty easy to be aggressively committed to life when you aren't sick, so part of why they have a "good attitude" is that they have a reason to. It's kinda difficult to chin up when you're drowning in a sea of misery and drugs. When I say "good attitude" I don't mean hug your teddy, Louise Puke-Puke Hay stuff. I mean like I said before, aggressive commitment to life. Some of these people are angry as hell. See the marginal quote below for a ferinstance.

So. The best way to survive AIDS is not to die. Doctors are getting so much better at handling OIs that AIDS may soon become a string of treatable infections, whatever the HIV may be up to. Sounds pretty damn encouraging to me. So like I said, *I'm* certainly not dying today. Tomorrow? Well, as we all know, tomorrow is another day.

I would like to commend Mr. Callen for being very clear that not only is he not a moony-goony Death Teddy, spiritual crystal snot-face, but is a rigid rationalist and fierce atheist. Me too. Rah, rah.

Finally: A reviewer called us "unabashedly nationalistic." Well, #1 is pretty USA-biased, but we're just getting started. We *know* that AIDS is a global problem, more so maybe than a lot of "AIDS activists" who seem to be USA gay man oriented... Fags are no longer It, boys and girls. The whole world has it, and no money, no drugs, no treatment, and not much hope for any change for a long time. Kinda makes ya wanna puke, eh? But anyway, this is spozed to be a humor magazine. Know a good knock-knock joke?

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"Fuck You! Fuck You! Fuck You!"

To spite you, I lived!" - "Lela", from her story in the book.

That Party Poorly PLANNED

So there it was, our new abode in Surf City, styled straight out of the Atomic Age. Stainless steel kitchen, kidney shaped furniture, swimming pool, cathedral ceilings...not bad for three starving college kids in a town notoriously short of living space. And what better way to inaugurate our McCarthy-era house than to throw a paranoid McCarthy-era housewarming? One gay man, one straight, one bisexual, and two hundred of our most intimate personal friends, invited to review provocative material and dress appropriately for the reception of President and Mrs. Eisenhower (no small undertaking, considering that they're both dead).

It was called "The House on Un-American Activities Party." Central to the theme was the large interrogation room, where subversive films such as "Like a Horse" and "The Bigger the Better", as well as certain prophylactic devices (they were once considered obscene, you know) were on display. If we had known what was to happen, we might have done without the interrogation room - or kept it, but installed video cameras.

The party began to go downhill when a well-built guest named Spuds had one too many Kahlua and creams. At that point his

blood alcohol level became high enough to liberate the hearty wench trapped inside, and he wandered through the house peeling off his clothes, inviting people to caress his definition and fondle his vascularity. Like a moth in search of its destiny, he followed the flickering blue glow of the television screen into the interrogation room, where he became the self-appointed floor warden.

"You, suck his dick! You, roll over so I can see what's going on! And you! Rub some of that stuff on your ass!" Who could refuse?

Something that probably wasn't in the program was the disaster that my good friend Spike and some trollop named Rocky were silently brewing in the corner. What was a rather extended session of foreplay was taking some interesting turns. Apparently one finger went in, then another, and then *whoops!* Rocky's fist just slipped right into Spike's ass. Imagine that! Spike, being experienced and conscientious, had made sure that Rocky had a couple layers of condoms stretched over his hand. He hadn't anticipated any drilling for Vegemite that evening, and was unprepared when Rocky hit a gusher. Fortunately the carpeting had been well covered with dropcloths.

I was at the front door explaining to Mr. Policeman that we did indeed have our noise

permit (the town is big on noise permits, requiring the written consent of residents on your block), and that no, our neighbors couldn't possibly be complaining since they were all here, contentedly swimming naked in our pool. After having satisfied Surf City's finest, I began my benevolent hostess rounds, only to be confronted by a panicked exodus from the interrogation room. One of the fleeing hordes was coherent enough to explain the nature of the distress, and I rounded up one of the other hosts and took action. We descended upon the scene with our sanitary gloves, our disinfectant, our flashlights and our poopscoops, but all trace of the spoor was gone. And so were some of the sheets. Uh-oh.

I was called away to another crisis - weenie depletion at the Bar-B-Q, and the next chapter unfurled. I said that Spike was responsible, right? Well, the first thing he did when he realized what happened was to scoop up the offensive material and head off for the bathroom, naked, trailing a streamer of soiled linen. Now, you know those lines to the bathroom at big parties. People jealously guarding their places. Needless to say, Spike had no trouble making it to the head of the line, only to find that the door was locked. I wonder what the poor woman who was in there thought when she saw who was next.

Spike rid himself of his burden, and went back out for Rocky. No problem, he had toddled down the hall after Spike, trailing his hand along the wall. Spike threw Rocky into the shower, and jumped in behind, leaving the bathroom door unlocked (after all, decontamination shouldn't tie up the facilities for those who merely want to use the toilet).

So who's the first person to want to use those facilities? Spuds, of course, wondering where everybody went. He locked the door, and as he piddled, he saw what

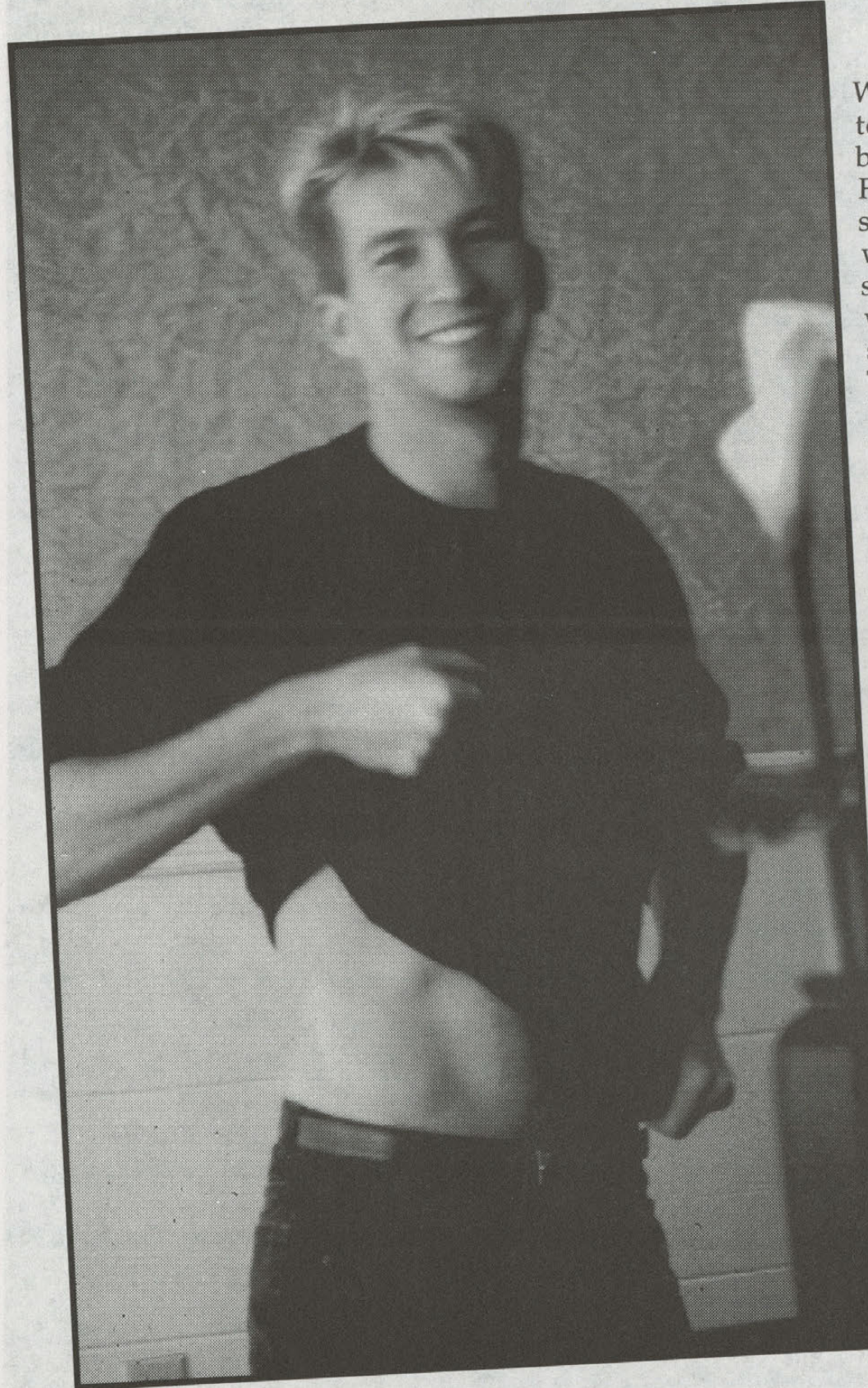
looked like two people getting it on in the shower, and began to make various lewd comments. Rocky, remembering that the heady voice belonged to someone exquisitely cute, reached out and grabbed Spuds by his underwear, causing him to urinate all over the floor. Thank God it wasn't my own bathroom.

This was the scene that confronted me when I broke into the bathroom through the window (more people were waiting in line, and they were getting cranky). "Gentlemen," I said, "We have designated places for this sort of thing, and the bathroom isn't it! Now if you'd like, we can all go out back where I'll hose you down." That was enough to disperse them. The worst was over.

Spuds' motor coordination failed around 2:00 am, and he stalled in my bedroom. I checked up on him periodically to make sure that whoever was unsuccessfully trying to rut with him wasn't also soiling my linens or rummaging through my treasured possessions. When Spuds woke the following day, he claimed amnesia and wondered why his nipples were so sore. I thrust the slightly shit-stained tatters of his Calvins in his face, "You don't remember how *this* happened, do you?" I'll always remember the look of absolute horror on his face. It almost made the traumas of the evening worthwhile.

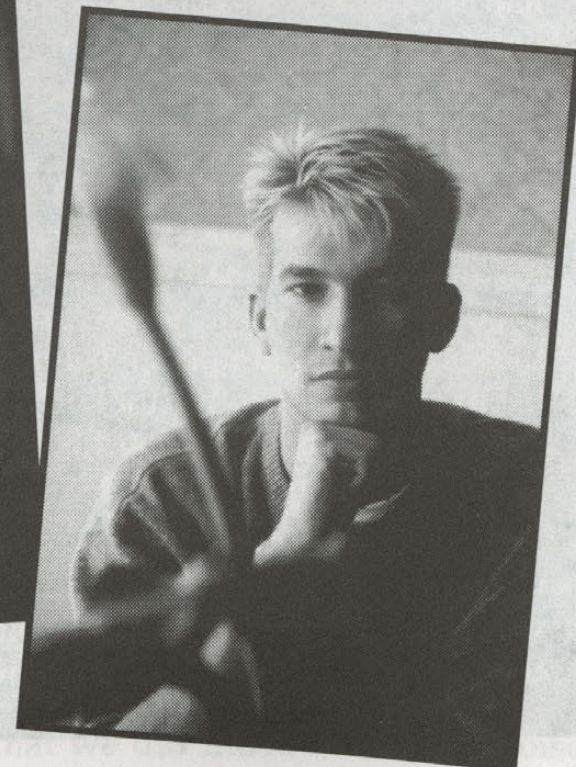
I found one of the housemates in the abused bathroom, busily scouring away at a bathtub ring of Biblical proportions. "Goddamn guests," he muttered, "how'd they manage to do this?" Having crashed in the living room, he hadn't seen the trail of destruction that led from his room to the tub. I didn't have the heart to tell him the bathroom wasn't the half of it. He'd find out soon enough.

Darn! Our Centerfold is Sick!



Photos by Max Marshall

Whoops! We almost had an honest-to-goodness centerfold for you all, but it didn't quite work out. Fortunately, there were these old slides lying around in my desk, just waiting to be used. This is for the sex crazed maniacs (all three of you) who've been writing in wanting to see more of Your Crankyness. There! 500 square centimeters of bare flesh, including my bellybutton (share the fantasy). And that's all you're going to see unless we get a little more reader participation in this department. In order to get more, you'll have to show more. We're not saying that you must flash your all, something mildly naughty or even a decent portrait shot would do. Come on! With a print run of only fifteen hundred copies, Mom is probably not going to see it.



POSTCARDS

*gonna buy me a mailbox and put it on my grave
so I can keep up to date on the progress of AIDS*

*gonna buy me a mailbox and put it on my grave
so I can read the charts that downplay infection
rates in my area*

*I'll put a mailbox on my grave
you can send me your literature
send colorful pamphlets from your meetings
send biographies of yourselves printed on
expensive paper*

*mail me copies of your paychecks
and uneaten pastries from your meetings
mail me a picture of Cardinal O'Connor*

send me all of it every single paper all of it

*when the mailbox is full stick the envelopes
around in the dirt
make a nice design with them
when it rains they will deteriorate
like I did*

*the ink will wash from the paper and soak
into the ground
special delivery*

*the more expensively printed items will take
longer to fade
like my lesions below*

*in lieu of a headstone stack up cartons
of death certificates
make it pyramid shaped and top it with
my plastic-coated medicaid card
it will reflect the sun and draw the curious
to read my mail*

John Sullivan

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TALES

Another dateless Saturday night and I sit, dejected, on the couch. Sigh. It's only nine o'clock. The Sunday New York Times lies in disarray on the carpet. I have already thumbed my way through the Arts and Leisure section, hoping for a large facsimile of Cher suitable for framing. Nothing this week. Why don't they give us fags a ten cent discount, we never bother with the Sports. It's straight into the trash on the corner, before we've even come home.

Well, I *could* be adventurous and take a nap and wake up to the dissonant alarm at midnight and cab down to the Spike and spend a few hours looking bored drinking overpriced club sodas and return home at four with a bloated bladder and a distended prostate. Or I could simply lift the receiver and dial 550-TOOL. After all, last month's bill was only eighty dollars.

It takes only a moment to decide.

Thanks to the miracle of phone sex, the man of my dreams (5'9", 155, salt and pepper hair, 38, hard

Your Editors have seen the earring.

FROM THE FRONT

by David B. Feinberg

muscular build) is on his way to my apartment. He should arrive in less than half an hour. I decide to wait to tell him my seropositive status until after my latex-wrapped pulsating manhood is twelve inches deep into his tight-gripping love canal. OK, so maybe I'm lying. Who cares, so long as we have antiseptic safe sex.

Fuck. I haven't shaved in several days. My face feels like sandpaper. Maybe my Dream Lover isn't into dermabrasion. I go into the bathroom and lather up.

Quick. He should be here in fifteen minutes. I take a few cautious strokes, then glide my way through the cream like a hot knife through butter. A maraschino-red cherry blot appears in the whipped cream of my chin. I begin bleeding profusely. What am I, related to some Russian Czarina? "Clot dammit!" I swear to myself. HIV-infected blood pools into the basin. More gushing than blushing beauty, I stick on a Bandaid, apply pressure.

A little shaving cream on my ear. Gently, I take my washcloth to wipe it off,

He's not lying.

knocking my earring into the sink. Of course it teeters to the trap of the drain. Where are my tweezers? I have none. Unfortunately I am no drag queen manqué. The time I painted my nails red for Halloween, I had not had the necessary foresight to obtain nail polish remover beforehand. The following morning, sheepish, hands-in-pockets, I went to the A&P for this compulsory cosmetic. And of course, the gentleman behind the counter asked that most insulting question: "Are you an actor?"

This is the second stud I lose. I had gotten my ear pierced a scant month ago at the imbecilic age of 33, slow learner that I am. A Bart Simpson earring that I found at the hallmark cards shop inspired me. Bart Simpson seems inappropriate for sex. I try to insert another earring, a tiny hoop. My sinistral ear starts bleeding.

I take off the Bandaid on my chin. How can anyone possible have sex with a Bandaid on the chin? Once again begins the flow. Two Band aids later I find myself still a fount of blood.

What am I to do? Awash in a sea of infection and disaffection, mired in anxiety and despair, dropping T-cells by the minute, I sit and stare at my ghastly reflection in the mirror, praying for coagulation. Studmeister is on his way in the cab, ready for action. I'm locked in the bathroom, crying over my dowry of precious diseased bodily fluids.

Of course, he never shows. I don't have his number. He doesn't call with explanations.

Evidently, Some Higher power is teaching me a lesson.

Two hours later, when the bleeding has finally subsided, I dial that elusive number again. This time, I go to *his* place.

David B. Feinberg, author of Eighty-Sixed and the forthcoming Spontaneous Combustion, subsists on a diet of anxiety, sarcasm, sex, and AIDS activism in nerve-shattering New York City. He also lives in fear of being confused with the dozens of other David Feinbergs that live in NYC, all of whom are far more depraved than he, and sets fire to those who neglect to use his proper middle initial "B".

The Second Coming

OUT

by Tom Ace

I was at a friend's house the other day, and decided it was time. "I have something to tell you." (Pause.) "I'm HIV-positive."

"I know."

My mind ran through the list of mutual acquaintances who could've told him. I took this as another piece of evidence that when people say they aren't going to tell anyone about my status, *they don't really mean it*. "Who told you?"

"Nobody did. I could just tell. I know a couple of people who are positive and they all have the same sort of resigned outlook that you do."

"I see. You mean you figured I was positive."

"No. I knew. I could tell."

"No, you mean you had a very good idea. You don't know these sorts of things for sure."

"No. I knew this just as well as I know anything."

(I could see I wasn't going to get anywhere on this issue.) "Oh,

all right, so tell me a little more about this "resigned outlook" you were talking about."

"Well, I didn't mean it to sound that way. I mean, it is a resigned outlook, but that sounds worse than it really is. I just mean you have a kind of resigned tone, not quite depressed, but sort of like that. It's hard to put into words." He paused for a moment. "It's not like you've totally given up, but..."

"Well, what do you expect? This is a really tough time for me. Since I found out I was positive, there've been lots of times where I was really happy, but you haven't seen me like that yet."

"I know"

"You might be resigned too if you knew you were positive."

There was a smirk on his face that said he saw I was getting defensive. "I imagine I might."

"You guys who are still negative don't know what it's like. You really don't."

"I think I have a pretty good idea."

"No you don't. All of my friends who are positive agree with me on this: people who are negative just don't know what it's like."

He said nothing.

"I used to think I knew what it would be like. When I first decided to get tested, I thought not knowing was just as bad as knowing would be. But nothing really prepared me for what it was like. You just don't know how it is to sit across the table from someone and having him say 'the results are positive'."

"I bet it sucks."

You gotta remember, safe sex doesn't bother you as much as it bothers me. You grew up with rubbers; I was used to honest-to-goodness no-rubbers do-whatever-you-want. I don't think you know what it's like to suddenly have some of your favorite things taken away like that." (Pause.) "About this resigned outlook. I know what you mean. I don't always have the enthusiasm as I'd like to, but I'm sort of used to that now. It's interesting, though; before I knew I

was positive, I never really realized how many day-to-day decisions are based on your assumption of how long you're going to live."

"But you can't assume you're not going to have a normal life! You have to make plans for the future. If I were positive, that's the only way I could keep going."

"It's not that you don't make plans for the future, it's just that I can't lie to myself, y'know? I can't tell myself that everything's fine when it isn't. This is something I have to live with every day."

"Any of us could die tomorrow.*"

"That's true, but I'm not any one of us. There is a positive side to this, however. I do things I might not have made time for otherwise. I don't deny myself the experiences I want to have."

"Are you on AZT?"

"No. My doctor says I shouldn't yet. But it really sucks, y'know - ask ten people, and you get ten answers. You end up deciding for yourself. I wish I could leave, and come back in about 100 years. By that time, what we're doing now will look like the dark Ages. AZT reminds me of when they used to treat syphilis with arsenic."

"You could try it and see how it goes."

"I could try it and see how it goes."

"Do you have any support groups?"

"I didn't for a long time, and then about a year ago I was feeling really depressed and I went to one. It wasn't bad and I got something out of it, but I got tired of hearing the same shit every time, and besides, I don't really like doing anything in big groups. I'd rather

get support from my friends."

"Who knows about your being positive?"

"Most of my friends, but I haven't really told my family yet. I would make them sad, and I don't want that. I'd feel really stupid because they kept telling me to be careful and I kept telling them they had nothing to worry about."

"Aren't these the same issues you had to face when you came out to them?"

"Hmmm. Well, yeah. But it's not like they told me when I was a kid to be careful because I was gay." (Pause.) "Uh, maybe they did."

"So are you gonna tell them?"

"I'll think about it. I'm really not sure that I want to yet, so I'll wait for awhile."

"But you tell people to come out to their parents."

"I'll think about it. Okay?"

"Very well."

"Look, I'm sorry if I got annoyed at you. This isn't easy for me. Sometimes the whole thing just makes me want to scream. You be careful; you don't want to be positive, take my word for it."

"It sounds to me like you've given up on a lot of things that you don't have to. Like when you were complaining how little you like safe sex. I don't like rubbers either, but I got used to them, and sex is still pretty great. I think if you set yourself up to believe that, then you'll never enjoy it."

"You're not giving me much credit. I use rubbers, yeah, but it's still not as fun as buttfucking the way God intended it. I miss the taste of cum, too. A guy at a free clinic once told me that maybe

science could invent some substitute. Even if they did, I'd still miss the experience"

"I've never tasted anyone's cum."

"Not even your own?"

"Okay, I've tasted my own. But I didn't think it was anything special."

"Everyone's tastes different, you know."

"I know."

I smiled. "Being positive has its good points. My dad used to tell me that when I got old, all my injuries would come back to haunt me. Now I don't have to worry about things like that."

"That's awful. You shouldn't say things like that. You really are resigned to dying."

It's so much fun to make those kinds of jokes around negative people.

Just in case you were wondering, DPN is a shining example of desktop publishing at its finest. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal drawings (including Captain Condom) were rendered in Adobe Illustrator, and photographs were retouched with Adobe Photoshop. The photos were scanned using a Howtek Scanmaster flatbed scanner and a Nikon 3500 35mm slide scanner. Final assembly was done in Quark XPress on a Macintosh IICI. Proofs were run on a Personal LaserWriter NT, and the final output was done on a Linotronic 300 at 2400 dpi/100 lpi. Printing was with offset lithography. DPN #2 takes up approximately 8,950 K on disk.

I should be dumb and blind if I should fail to discern
the wonders of the universe revealed at every turn
and high among these miracles is one that's seldom sung:
the way an asshole opens up in welcome to a tongue.

To vegetate, immobile, in the sun's enobling rays
can give perspective to a mind enchained by busy days
and most effective of the ways that sun restores the soul
is lying on your stomach, letting son invade your hole.

O quiet calm of solitude! O best of company!
in such a crowd as this, what other heaven could there be?
For people make my spirit small; to boredom they incite me;
but when I'm sick of sucking dick, my own can still excite me.

The willow bending on the shore, the robin in its nest
are symbols, ciphers, metaphors for what we love the best;
for visceral effectiveness, herewith my nomination:
a man beneath me, ass upraised, inviting penetration.

Our bodies are a mystery; I sometimes sit and brood
on how it is that we can take such pleasure in our food.
Food is really only something that we would die without –
and equally essential to my health is trouser trout.

The limberness of gymnasts is a trait I much admire
And innocence is often invitation to inspire
So when I meet a boy who could be nicknamed 'FlexiBilly,'
I knock his knees behind his neck – and then I fuck him silly.

by Spunk

ASK MISTER SCIENCE!

Gee, Mr. Science, what are you
going to do?

Look Billy, I'm going to prove
that water is a liquid!

But Mister Science, aren't you going to
help us?

Now watch how this potato can
conduct electricity!

But Mister Science, Jimmy and Mikey
and Bobby and Teddy are dead
already.

See how mold grows in the
Petri dish?

So are Sammy and Ronny and Jerry
and Johnny.

Aren't magnets *fascinating*,
Billy?

Arty, Louie, Stevie, Danny...

Tadpoles! Nature's magicians I
call them!

Mister Science, I don't feel so good
myself.

Billy, did you know that rust is
really a slow form of burning? Ox-
i-da-tion we call it in the science
business. Yes, we sure can learn a
lot from science, Billy. What have
you learned today? Now Billy, are
you paying attention? Billy? Billy?

[from The AIDS Dance by Rondo
Mieczkowski. Other portions of The AIDS
Dance have appeared in Poetry/LA]

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM!

#2

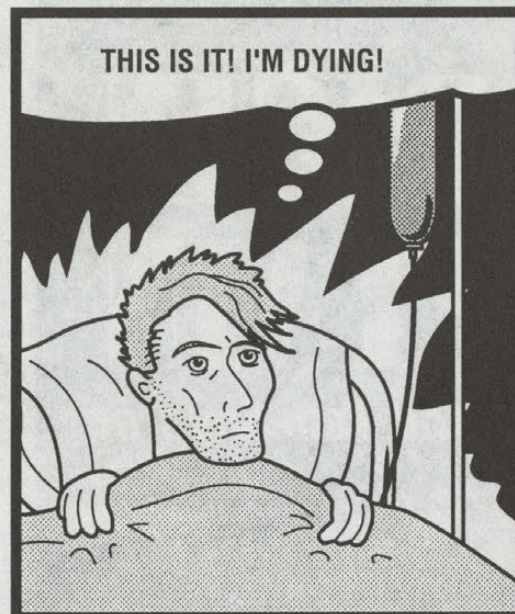
THE ORIGIN OF THE CAPTAIN

by Beowulf Thorne and Tom Shearer



AN IMAGE FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION:
CLAY CARPENTER, UNTIL RECENTLY A FAIRLY
HAPPY, HEALTHY URBAN HOMOSEXUAL MAN
LIVING WITH HIV. UNFORTUNATELY, CLAY'S
FIELD TRIP TO THE AMAZON HAS BEEN
ENLIVENED BY A SAVAGE CASE OF TOXO-
PLASMOSIS, AND HE'S NOT DOING WELL. NOT
DOING WELL AT ALL.

WE SEE CLAY IN ONE OF HIS LUCID MOMENTS,
HIS MIND RACING FROM THOUGHTS OF HIS
ACCELERATING DECREPITUDE TO THE PROBLEM
OF HOW HE'S GOING TO EXPLAIN TO THE
LOCALS THAT HE WANTS HIS ASHES SPRINKLED
OVER REX CHANDLER'S BODY. CLAY IS ABOUT
TO RECEIVE A MOST UNUSUAL VISITOR...



THIS IS IT! I'M DYING!



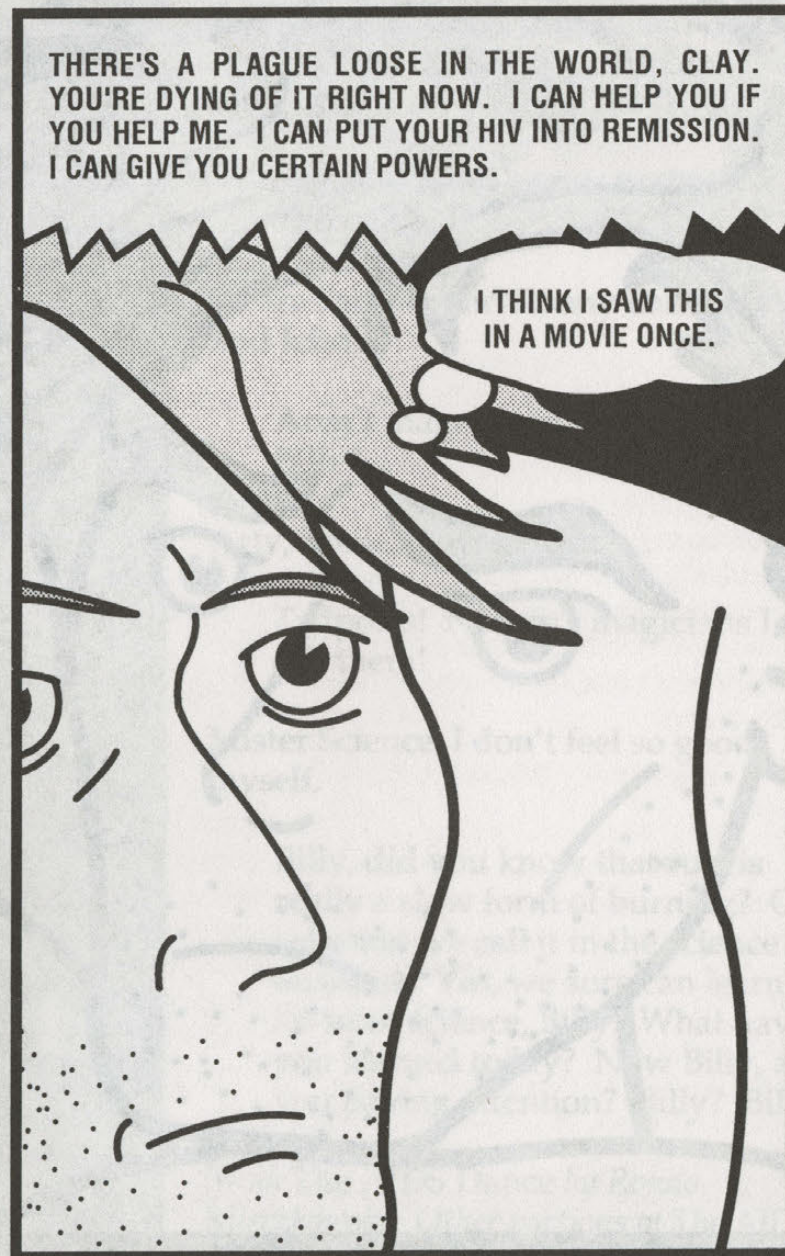
CLAY!

OH, GOD,
I'M DYING AT
McDONALD'S!



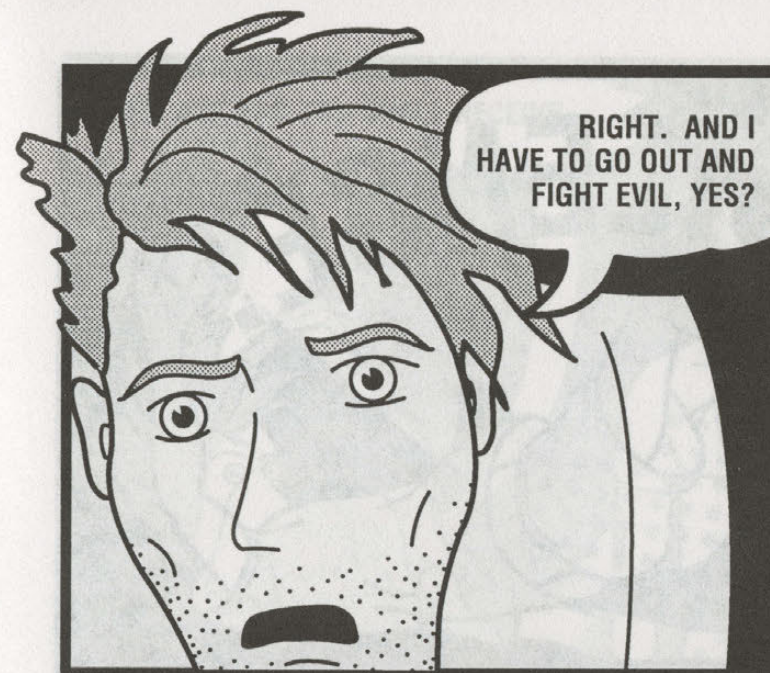
NO YOU FOOL, YOU'RE
HAVING A SACRED VISION! I AM THE
SPIRIT OF THE RUBBER TREE!

DEMENTIA HAD
TO WAIT TO THE
VERY END!

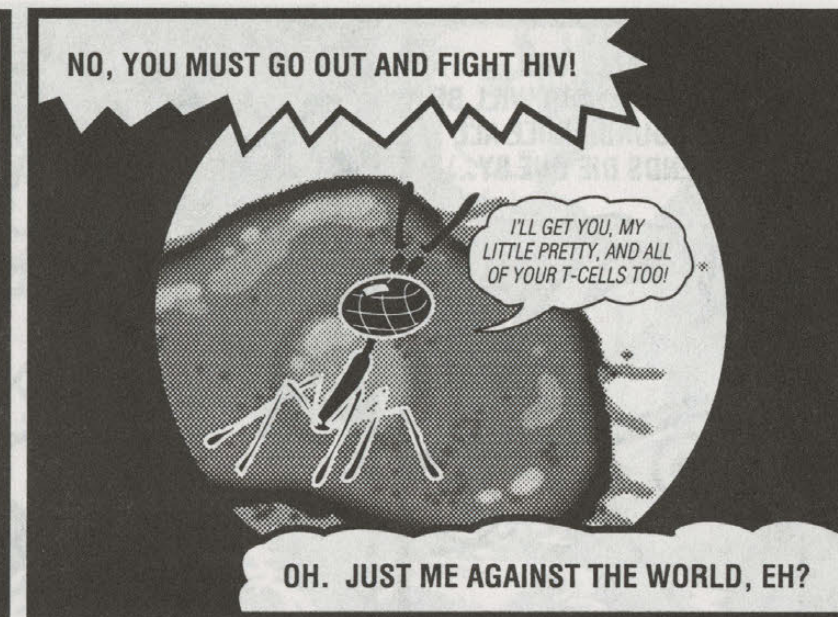


THERE'S A PLAGUE LOOSE IN THE WORLD, CLAY.
YOU'RE DYING OF IT RIGHT NOW. I CAN HELP YOU IF
YOU HELP ME. I CAN PUT YOUR HIV INTO REMISSION.
I CAN GIVE YOU CERTAIN POWERS.

I THINK I SAW THIS
IN A MOVIE ONCE.



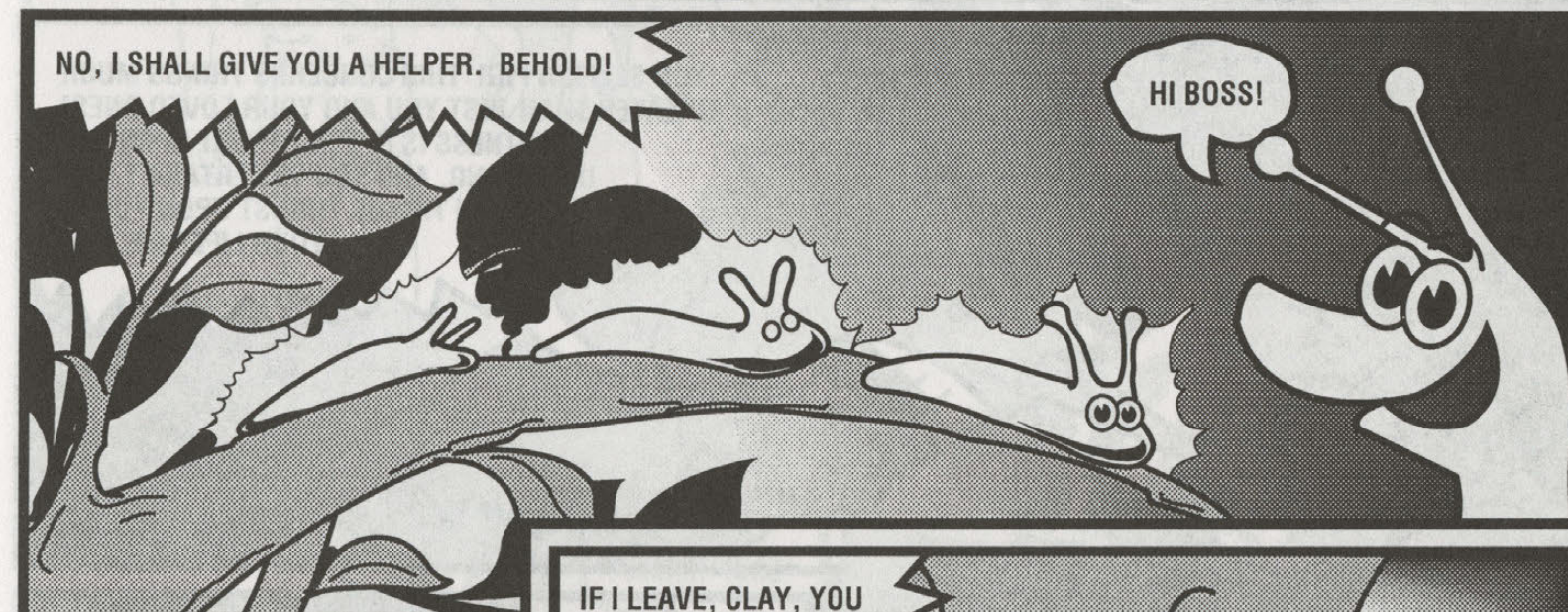
RIGHT. AND I
HAVE TO GO OUT AND
FIGHT EVIL, YES?



NO, YOU MUST GO OUT AND FIGHT HIV!

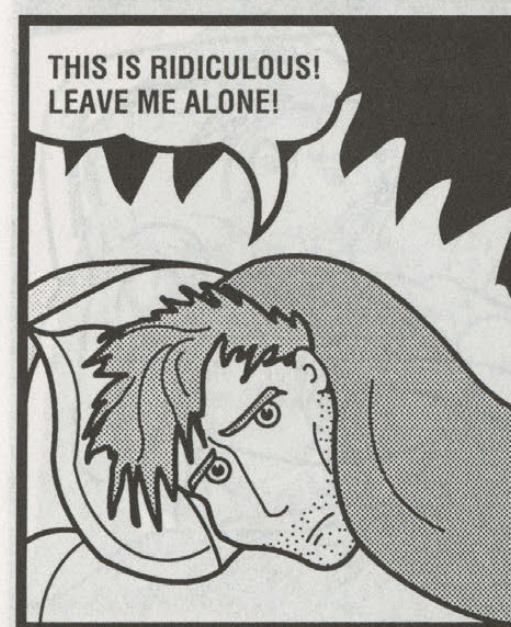
I'LL GET YOU, MY
LITTLE PRETTY, AND ALL
OF YOUR T-CELLS TOO!

OH. JUST ME AGAINST THE WORLD, EH?

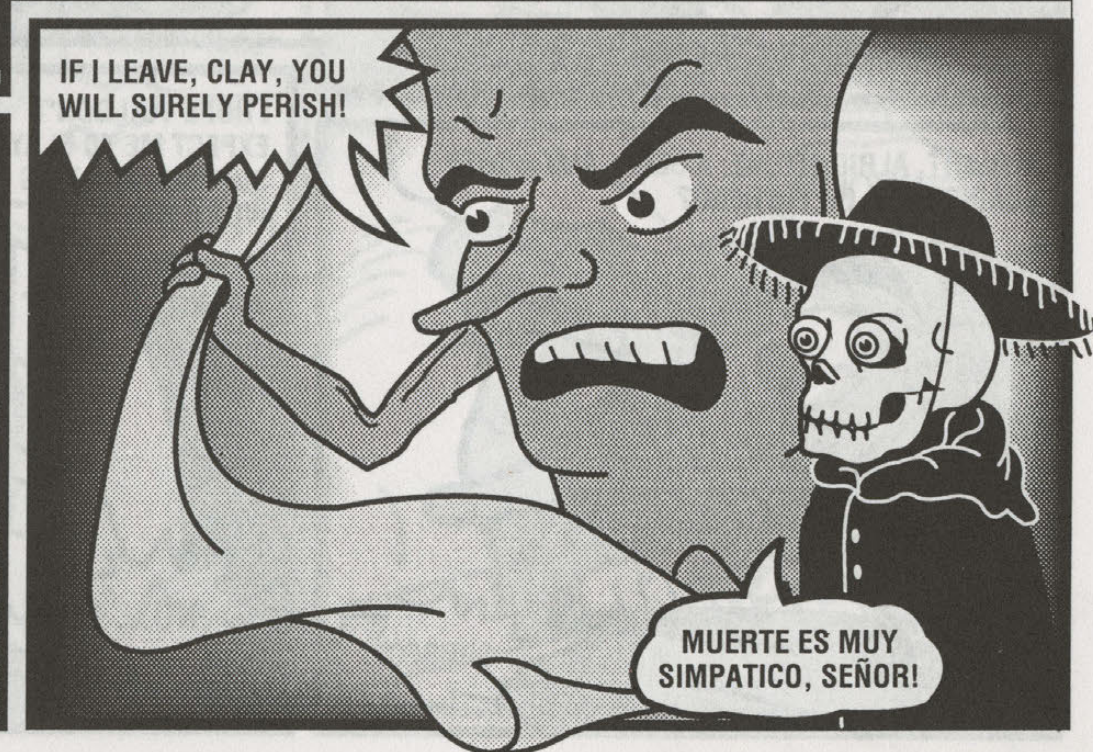


NO, I SHALL GIVE YOU A HELPER. BEHOLD!

HI BOSS!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
LEAVE ME ALONE!



IF I LEAVE, CLAY, YOU
WILL SURELY PERISH!

MUERTE ES MUY
SIMPATICO, SEÑOR!

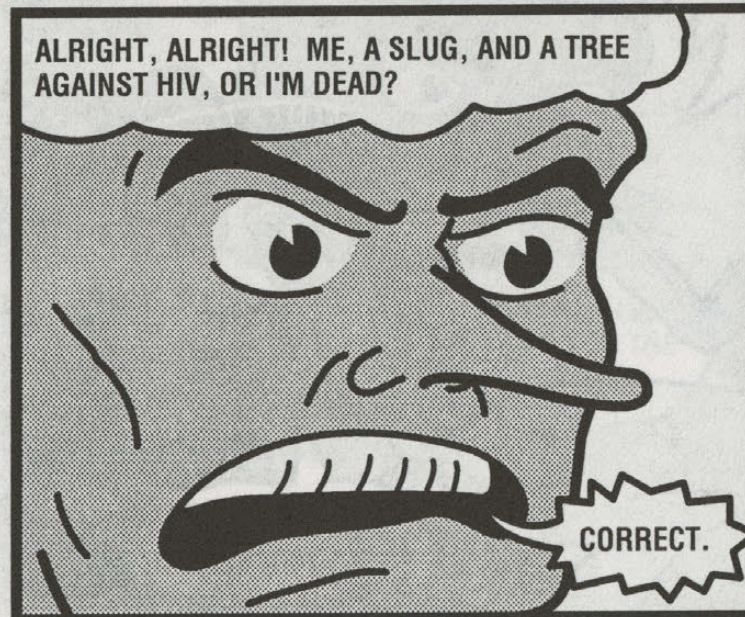
AND IF YOU REALLY CAN
DELIVER, MY REWARD WILL BE
TO HANG AROUND WHILE ALL
OF MY FRIENDS DIE ONE BY...



YOU SELFISH PIG! THIS CONCERNS THINGS MUCH
GREATER THAN JUST YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES!
GREATNESS IS OFTEN THRUST UPON THE
UNWILLING, AND YOU'VE CERTAINLY HAD
ENOUGH THINGS THRUST UPON YOU IN
YOUR LIFETIME, EH?



ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! ME, A SLUG, AND A TREE
AGAINST HIV, OR I'M DEAD?



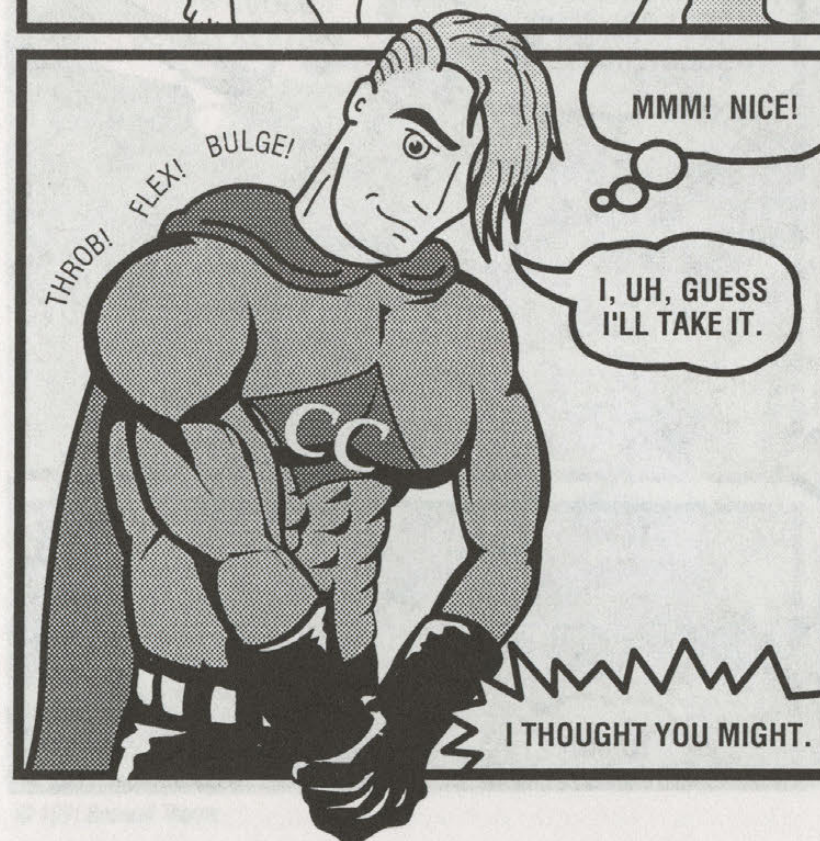
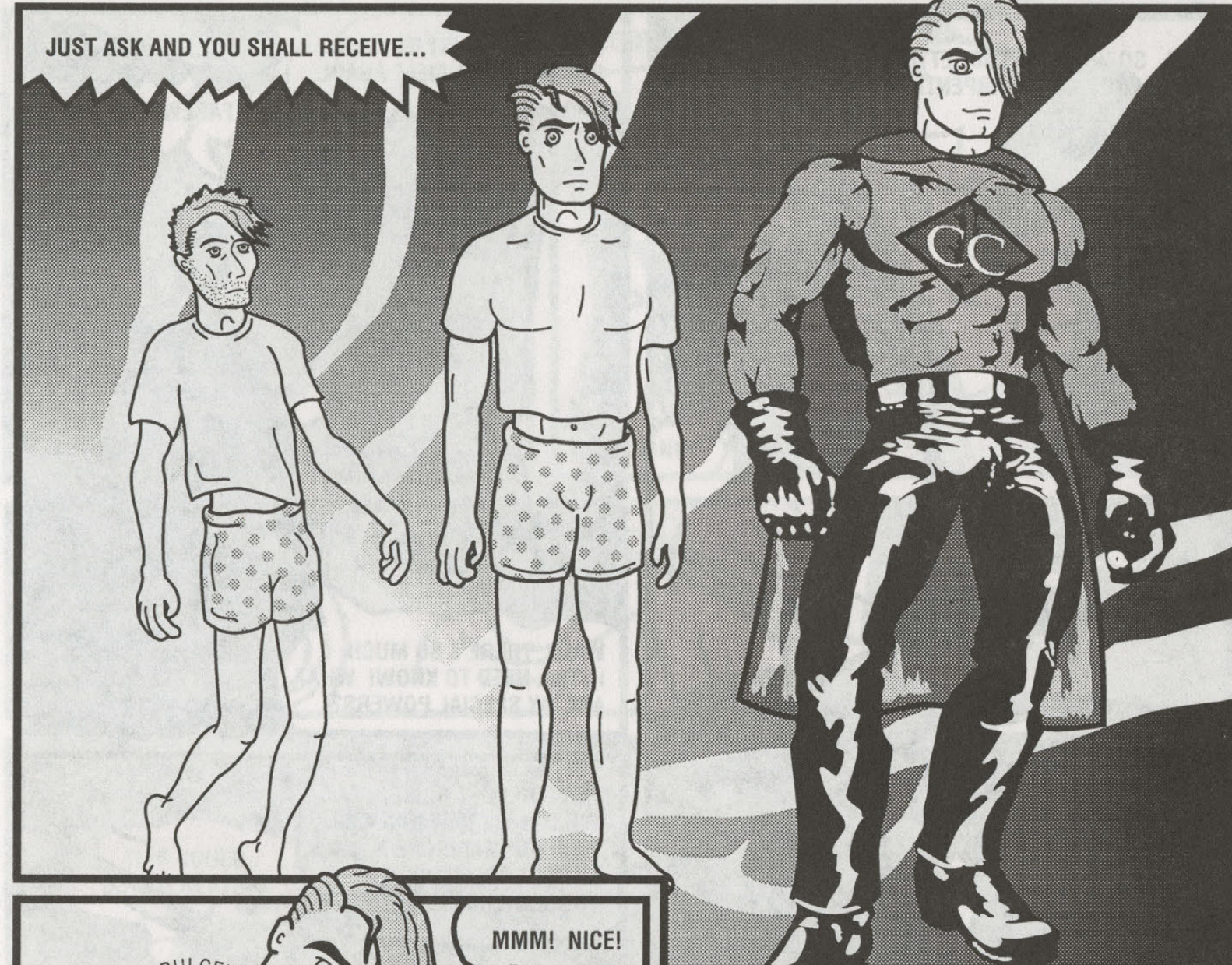
CORRECT.

I HOPE YOU DON'T
EXPECT ME TO PLAY
SUPERMAN IN THIS
WORN-OUT BODY!

NO...



JUST ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE...



I SEE. SO WHAT DO THE LETTERS STAND FOR? CLAY CARPENTER?

OF COURSE NOT! YOU ARE NOW...

CAPTAIN CONDOM!

AND NOW I MUST GO, CLAY, BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN...

FAREWELL!

WAIT! THERE'S SO MUCH I STILL NEED TO KNOW! WHAT ARE MY SPECIAL POWERS?

HOW DO I GET HOME? WHAT'S MY NEW INSEAM? HOW DO I SMUGGLE A THREE-FOOT SLUG THROUGH CUSTOMS?

DAMN!

HMMM, MAYBE THIS REALLY IS A DREAM AFTER ALL!

WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?

AUGH!

I GUESS NOT.

THIS COULD BE INTERESTING...

TO BE CONTINUED.

GET FAT, *don't die!*

One of the most exciting aspects of the HIV Early Retirement Plan is what it may do to your innards. Nausea and diarrhea can become an everyday menace, and, depending on the individual, can be caused by germs, medications for those germs, or both. Fortunately, there's quite a bit that can be done, both in the doctor's office and at home.

NAUSEA

With nausea, the biggest risk (aside from ruining your silk pj's) is that you will stop eating, making you much more vulnerable to infection. If vomiting is a problem, your doctor can give you an anti-nausea medication that you take before you eat. What you eat can also make a difference. Here are some suggestions:

- Eat cold foods.
- Try drinking clear, cool beverages like fruit juices or ginger ale.
- Drink clear soups and bouillon.
- If you don't mind the idea of fruit-flavored boiled cow hooves, Jello also goes down without making much of a nuisance.
- Try eating lots of small snacks every two or three hours throughout the day. If you start feeling queasy while eating, stop. Take a rest and come back to it later.
- Avoid strong-smelling or strong-tasting foods. Try not to eat in a place where other people have been frying up a storm, since those smells can really kill an appetite.
- Having someone else prepare your food can make a lot of difference. Nothing seems very tasty after slaving over a hot microwave.
- People tend to feel less queasy first thing in the morning, so don't forget that big, healthy, well balanced breakfast.
- Keep your window open, fresh air does wonders for an appetite. (Unless, of course, you live over a bus station.)
- Finally, eat as much as you can stand every day, to stock up on the calories you'll be needing for the times you might feel less fortunate.

DIARRHEA

If it doesn't bother you going in, it'll try to get you coming out. Diarrhea can be a serious problem, because it can dangerously dehydrate you, leaving you weakened and underweight. When diarrhea becomes severe, contact your doctor as soon as possible. It's very important that you still eat and drink, and here are some ideas:

- Drink more than just water. You need minerals too. Try fruit juices, nectars, and drink mixes. Eat bananas, mangoes, and other high mineral fruits.
- Avoid caffeine in foods and beverages.
- Be careful about milk products. Many people with HIV become sensitive to lactose (milk sugar). Eat low lactose foods such as aged cheese, yogurt, or anything with the brand name Lactaid, or skip milk entirely for a while.
- Eat low fat foods such as lean meats and 1% fat dairy products.
- In this world obsessed with fiber, you have permission to eat low fiber foods, including white rice, white bread, and cooked vegetables and fruit without the skin.
- Metamucil is the great equalizer. It works for the runs as well as constipation.
- Wear sensible underwear. Wrestling with a girdle in a time of urgency is like a trip to Hell.
- Liquid diet supplements like *Ensure* tend to put more water into your intestines, which can make things worse.
- Keep your doctor up-to-date on your condition.

As always, check with your doctor before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she may have additional dietary advice based on your special needs.

Now, about those recipes: don't be shy! Danny-Mae was the only one who sent anything in. Shame on the rest of you!
— B. T.

**High
Calorie
Cooking
with
Biffy
Mae**

Biffy Mae's Totally Amazing Gumbo

- 1 large red bell pepper
- 1 large green bell pepper
- 2 medium yellow onions
- 2 medium shallots
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 1-1/2 tsp. ground oregano
- 1-1/2 tsp. sage
- 1-1/2 tsp. red pepper flakes
- 3-4 squirts fish sauce (optional)
- 1 28oz. can crushed tomatoes, plus
- 1 can of water
- 1 6 oz. can of tomato paste
- 1 Tbsp. molasses
- 2-4 cups cut okra, fresh or frozen
- 1-1/2 lbs roast chicken (the scrawny little pre-cooked chickens at the grocery store, sitting under those hot lights somehow defying salmonella, work just fine – or roast it yourself. Marcus Mae's roast chicken recipe follows).
- 1-1/2 lbs mild or sweet sausage

Clean and chop the bell peppers and onions. Mince the shallots. Saute with olive oil in a large stew pot until the onions are translucent. Add the oregano, sage, pepper flakes, and fish sauce, and stir for a minute more. Add the crushed tomatoes, water, tomato paste, and molasses; stir till evenly blended. Add the okra, cover, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for an hour or so. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching.

Meanwhile, if you're going to cook your own chicken, do it now. Bone it when done*. In a pan with just enough oil to cover the bottom, sauté the sausage until browned. Chop the chicken and sausage into bite-sized bits. Add the chicken

*Take the bones out, that is.

and sausage to the stew pot and simmer for another hour, stirring occasionally. Take this time to clean up, you've made a terrible mess! Serve with bread, baked potatoes with sour cream and butter, and a simple salad smothered in high calorie dressing.

Marcus Mae's Roast Chicken of the Ages (Also works for turkey)

- 1 plump 3-1/2 lb chicken
- 1 large yellow onion
- paprika
- poultry seasoning
- ground pepper to taste
- 2 cups chicken broth

Wash, gut, and clean the chicken. Remove the stubby little tail, for all the evils of the world dwell there. If you want to cook the heart, gizzard, etc., too bad, because I think they're disgusting. Peel the onion and cut it in half. Lightly score the cut face of the onion. In a bowl, mix a generous amount of paprika and poultry seasoning, and however much pepper you like. Dip the scored face of the onion into the paprika mixture, and scrub the entire surface of the chicken with it (it may take both onion halves to do this, since they tend to fall apart). The skin of the chicken should be a light, though not necessarily even, brick color. Stuff the used onions inside the chicken. Put the chicken, breast side up, in an oiled baking dish or Dutch oven. Pour the chicken broth around the chicken. Bake uncovered at 375° for two hours (this is not a misprint), basting liberally every 15 minutes. If you have faith, the chicken will be crispy

and golden brown on the outside and melt-in-your-mouth tender on the inside. (If you do this with turkey, it'll take a lot longer, depending on the weight of the bird.) If you're making this for gumbo, save all the fat and juices from the bird and pour it into the soup pot.

Danny Mae's Fat Boy Shake

- 1 chocolate instant breakfast
- 2 Tbsp. malt
- 2 Tbsp. Ovaltine
- 2 Tbsp. powdered milk

Add to one glass of whole or extra rich milk and drink.

Dee-Luxe Shake

- To the above, add:
- 2 scoops chocolate ice cream
 - 2 spoons peanut butter

Mix in blender and enjoy.

ENLIST!



Your Diligent Editors could always use a few more bubble-butt surfbay slaves to help us fold, staple, stuff envelopes, lick stamps, and otherwise satisfy our depraved whims. If you'd like to help out, drop us a line describing your various, uh...talents, and how we can get in touch with you.

CONDOM CORNER

In the idealized world of most safer sex literature, you just read the instructions and the condoms work the right way, first and every time. But what if something does go wrong? Here are some of the common ways that rubbers can fail, and tips to avoid them the next time.

The rubber smells like burnt erasers, has a foul flavor that somehow reaches your mouth in the middle of fucking, is so thick that only the Catholic Church would approve of it, or is coated with gritty stuff that looks like wet sugar. You're obviously using a Trojan or Lifestyles Extra Strength. Don't be fooled into thinking that's all there is! Pleeese try some other brands.

The condom is discolored, dried out, brittle, or just "looks funny." Don't use it. It was probably stored improperly. Remember that heat and light will seriously weaken latex, and rough handling can tear condom packaging. The best temperature to store condoms at is between 50 and 90°F.

The condom is torn when you take it out of the wrapper. Don't use it. Make sure that you push the condom away from the edge of the wrapper you are going to tear. Also, be sure that the condom does not snag on the sharp edge of the torn package, or on your fingernails or chastity belts.

The condom won't unroll on your dick. Take a look at it. You might be putting it on inside-out. When you hold the condom to put it on, make sure that the ring of rolled latex is on the *outside*. Imagine that you are putting on the rubber in the same way that you would roll a fine silk stocking onto your foot. Try to keep even pressure all the way around the edge of the rolled rubber as it goes on. Use your thumb and index finger like you were making the "OK" sign (or, if you're from Greece, the "asshole" sign) rather than "pinching" it into place with a couple of fingertips.

The condom feels like it's getting tighter and tighter while you're using it. It is. Take it off and try again with a new one. There might not be enough lubricant on the inside of the rubber, causing your penis to get jammed further and further into the condom with each mighty stroke, until everything is crammed into the tip. This is not only painful, but can break the rubber as well. Make sure your thingie is all lubed up, or put a small dab, no more than 1/4 teaspoon, of water based lubricant inside the reservoir tip, or on the head of Mr. Happy, before you put on the rubber.

The rubber slips off. In this case, there might be too much lube inside the condom, and it has worked its way down to the base

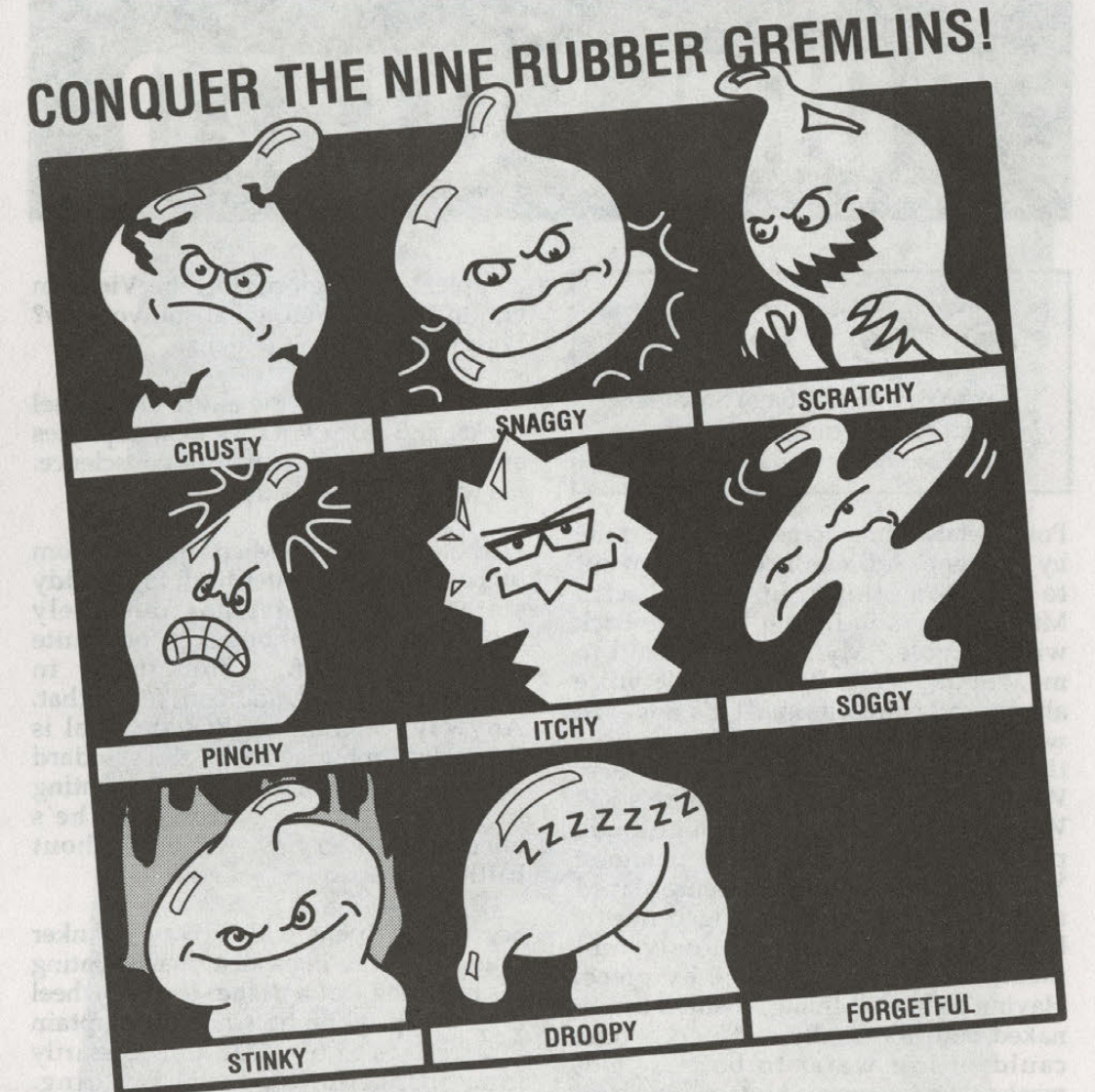
so that the rubber can't maintain a grip on your weenie. Take off the condom, dry off a little, and put another one on. A neat trick is to pull the rubber underneath and around your balls. Presto! A cockring! For that matter, try using a real cockring. Condoms vary in their stretchiness, so you might have to experiment with different brands. (Then again, there are those Mentors if you're feeling brave.) Also, rubbers tend to slide off after you come, so grab the condom at the base of your penis and pull out as soon as possible after you shoot. Finally, try a tighter brand, such as Beyond, Crown, or Skin Less Skin. (No, I don't know who names these things. Ask Dear Abby.)



You or your partner get the dreaded "rubber burn." Ouch! This time there might not be enough lubrication on the *outside* of the condom (or inside your partner for that matter). Latex needs more lubrication than skin, so slap your favorite water-based lube on everything in sight. If you're using a spermicidal lubricant (always a good idea), you might be allergic to the spermicide, most commonly nonoxynol-9, and should try either a lube that uses a different active ingredient or one with a lower concentration of nonoxynol-9.

The condom breaks. Several things might have gone wrong. Oil-based lubricants will ruin latex. Never, never use them. Long fingernails, especially those Lee Press-Ons, can snag the rubber as it's being put on. If you didn't squeeze the air out of the reservoir tip of a condom before it was put on, it might burst during sex. If this happens and you notice it right away, pull out, dry off a little, and put a new condom on*. If you are into extra-long marathon lovemaking sessions, take off the old rubber and put on a fresh one every now and then. Two ultra-thin rubbers, doubled up, are about as thick as a regular rubber and lots stronger.

It can happen here: The rubber breaks at the worst possible time, right in the middle of your orgasm when your dick's ploughed into your partner (or vice versa), and you're understandably distracted. Not to sound smarmy, but prevention is probably the best way to avoid a toxic spill. Pull out just before you come and pretend you're in a porno movie, shooting



your wad all over your partner's ripply stomach or firm round buttocks. Sometimes these things just happen, though, so here's what to do:

Don't panic and most importantly, DO NOT douche! Douching will only push the come further inside, and might irritate the rectal lining, increasing the likelihood of transmitting infectious organisms. The experts agree that the best thing is to douse the rectum in question with a contraceptive foam, which generally have a 15%

or higher concentration of spermicide. This concentration is far higher than needed to kill HIV, cells infected by that virus, other disease causing organisms, and sperm cells. The effervescent foam will completely saturate the affected area and, hopefully, neutralize any wicked viruses.

Don't try to substitute foam for condoms, because foams by themselves are not as effective as an intact physical barrier. Foams are available from your local drugstore or pharmacy.

— B. T.

TROUBLE-SHOOTING

PORN POTATO



Foxhole (© 1989 Image Studios)
On a scale of one to five eyes,
Foxhole opened four.

Porn Potato came across this film quite by accident. A friend had been sent out to find something, anything, with Michael Parks in it, and he came back with Foxhole. My little voice said to me, "Spud, (Porn Potato's little voice always calls himself Spud) it's not even worth considering. You know how those military-theme movies are. Where there's the military, there's KP. Where there's KP, there's rough trade peeling potatoes. Yes, Spud, potatoes! Your brothers and sisters being flayed alive, having their eyes gouged out by knives and their skin slowly and inexorably removed piece by piece! Having their still-living, dismembered, naked bodies casually cast into boiling cauldrons of water to be poached, mashed, and converted into some bland homogeneous pap to be blindly shovelled into the gaping and ever hungry maw of the military-industrial

complex! And glorifying the Vietnam era, to boot!" Well, what can you say? Porn Potato doesn't like that.

But still, there was the allure of Michael Parks, and Porn Potato's gametophytes eventually won out over his conscience. He was pleasantly surprised.

Foxhole opens with Michael in his room on base, typing a letter back to a buddy stateside. Michael has definitely outgrown chickenhood, but not quite aged into beef. Something in between...like veal, and corn fed at that. Anyway, Michael as Private Veal is doggedly typing away on the standard army issue Hermes Rocket, recounting to his buddy the action that he's encountered so far. Action without battle? We soon see.

Scene One opens with Private Wanker doing what he likes best, masturbating his big thing through the steering wheel of his Jeep while he waits for Captain Straightlace to finish an unnecessarily long inspection of some building. Straightlace shows up a little too soon though, catches Wanker practicing his long distance shooting, and demands an explanation. Wanker's reply: "As you can see, sir, I'm trying to get a load off...When you have a cock as big as

mine, it demands attention...Would you like to stroke it for me, sir?"

Straightlace is not above a little male bonding, and apparently enjoys Jeep-ophilia too, since he eagerly blows Wanker through the steering wheel. Not quite photogenic enough, so the next thing we see is Straightlace on his knees in front of Wanker, both stripped down to their regulation olive drab socks. Then Wanker throws Straightlace doggy style over the Jeep, the virtual condom appears, and Wanker ploughs Straightlace's amazingly sculpted butt. They try several positions, before ending up with Straightlace doing the helicopter squat onto Wanker's flagpole. Wanker seems to care a lot about his partner's enjoyment, chewing on Straightlace's earlobes, and really getting excited about the other's orgasm. Porn Potato likes that.

They both come buckets like good performers, then there's this awkward silence. Just what does a superior officer say when he's been fucked silly be an enlisted man? Why, "show up a couple of hours early when you report for duty." of course!

Scene Two finds finds Vealchops entering the base's erotically primitive shower facilities: rough hewn plywood outdoors with overhead tanks. The other stall is already occupied by Surfboy. Veal turns on the water in his stall and they both start a game of watch-n-lather.

Wonderful execution. The furtive glances, the shy looks, an embarrassed smile, the steam of the afternoon rising off of their glistening bodies, and lots and lots of soap suds, all against the backdrop of a mauve sky, rosy light, with dracaena and Ficus benjamina waving in the background. Wait a minute! Ficus benjamina? They're native to the Americas. Porn Potato ought to know his vegetables, after all.

Anyway, Surfboy finally gets around to sticking his dick through a conveniently placed knot-

hole in the wall between the stalls, and Vealboy shows that all that expensive orthodonture wasn't put to waste. Surfboy gets into it, pumping his cock in and out of Vealcake's mouth. (Ouch! Doesn't he get splinters from the plywood?) They take turns a few times, with Veal back on his knees nursing Surfboy's climax.

But wait, the fun's not over yet in the land of zero refractory periods! Vealchops goes over into Surfboy's stall, where they exchange lots of deep meaningful looks, awkward gropes, and impassioned kisses. You can almost taste the subliminal battle for who'll be on top. Surfboy wins the war of wills, and Vealcake eagerly bends over to accept Surfboy's lambskin covered dick. ("Why lambskins?" Porn Potato asks himself. "In the middle of Southeast Asia, with all its rubber plantations, latex condoms should be growing on trees."). By now there's no more water falling from the shower head, the two of them having no doubt depleted the entire base's weekly ration, but that doesn't stop them. Lost in their labyrinth of desire, they both shoot their wad. Not as far as Wanker, but certainly as copiously. Porn Potato likes that.

As an odd aside to all of this, Dick Masters was watching from the roof of a nearby shack. He pulls out his mighty organ, and falls off his ladder never to be seen again. Oddly abrupt, don't you think? Porn Potato wonders if he injured himself in the fall and couldn't continue the shoot.

Foxhole continues on with much more of the same high quality stuff. There's Private Hawkface and Surgeon Shapely in the infirmary teaching Dr. Bob the meaning of the term "Lucky Pierre." There's more of those green socks, for which Shapely seems to have a fetish, considering that he keeps chewing on Dr. Bob's feet through them. Then we have Sergeant Slut and Private Prude stationed out in the field, in a foxhole with magically multiplying sandbags to cushion their bodies in every imaginable position. Finally, we're back in Vealchop's quarters, where his roomie reads Vealboy's letter over his shoulders and gets all hot and bothered (despite that fact that both of them are wearing those damn green socks).

Well. Foxhole certainly was a surprise.

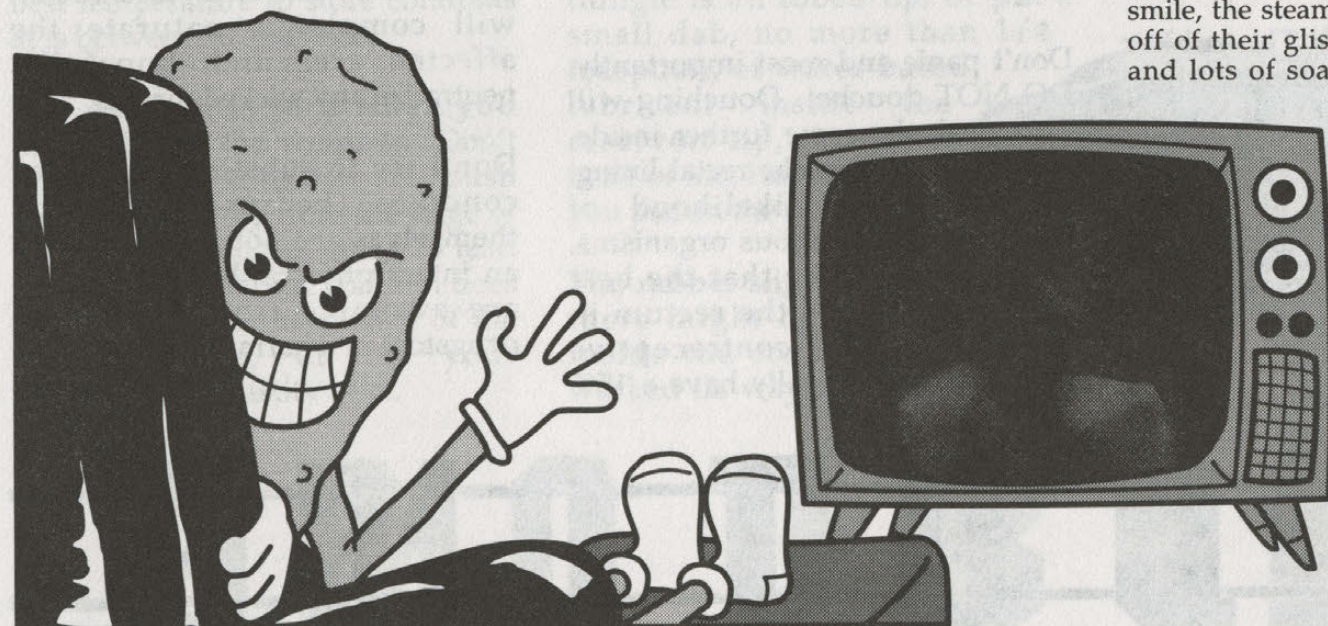


© 1989 Image Studios

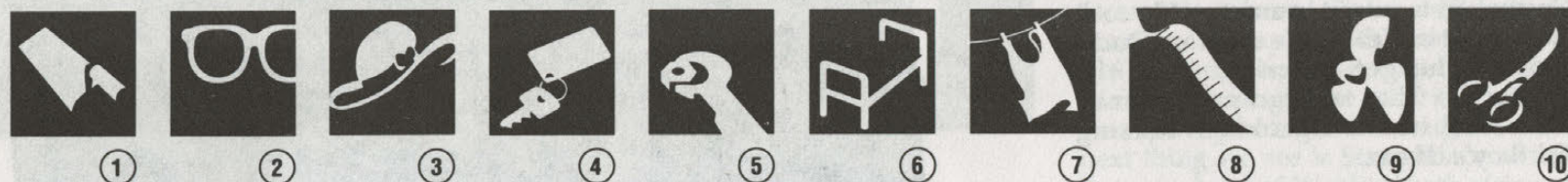
Porn Potato was expecting racial slurs and tasteless scenes involving amputees and wheelchairs, but the truth was far better (to be sure, white Nikes on all the upturned feet would have been nicer than those fuzzy socks, but you can't always get everything you want). The models all had not-unapproachable good looks, seemed to enjoy themselves, and really cared for their partners. (Imagine! A topman who cares about his partner's orgasm! The fact that this seems novel is certainly an indictment of our culture.) The porn talk didn't steal the show, and was kept at a decent volume beneath the pleasant Costello Presley score. Another truly remarkable thing about this film was the way risk reduction was handled. The condoms were neither ignored nor produced with

overdone flourishes. In the field, we see Sgt. Slut grab the condom package, open it and actually put the rubber on. Back home, Vealboy's roomie is seen removing the rubber before he comes. In both cases, dispensing with the virtual condom genie added to the intensity of the scene.

What about the troubling military packaging? Just an excuse to put pretty boys in fatigues (after all, some poor souls really do go for a man in a uniform). In the words of Sgt. Slut as he pulled his throbbing dick out of his pants, "Fuck the war, look at this!" Porn Potato couldn't have said it any better. On a scale of one to five eyes, Foxhole opened four. Porn Potato says check it out.



DPN MEAT MARKET



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

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

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

Two Boys and Two Weimarers

Been together seven years and now live in suburban Philadelphia where we spend all of our money on the garden. One blond and from Scotland. One American East-coaster. Very alienated vegetarian atheists desire fun correspondence from similarly displaced or lonely. Very dirty thoughts okay. Reply to Basket #7.

Where the Hell is Cazenovia?

It's where retired porn stars go to commune with Nature. All sociable types who find themselves in the vicinity (NW of Madison) are welcomed for kaffeeklatsch and general companionship. Scott, Rte 2 Box 1215, Cazenovia, WI 53924.

Wanna See My Damoclean Sword?

Honor and duty aside, your Cranky Editor was hoping that DPN might attract some studmeat who are not afraid of you-know-what. I'm a 26 year old student, 6'1, 160#, with blond hair, green eyes, only moderately promiscuous, and have a big weenie. That's me on page 9, and with my luck they'll find a cure for HIV and the picture will come back to haunt me when I reach high political office. Strapping, shapely, versatile lads within a decade of my age are encouraged to reply; relationship possible if you don't mind being a study hall widow from time to time, but don't expect children. Write your Cranky Editor.

Somewhere in Alabama

Are you living healthy with AIDS in Northern Alabama? Do you like to suck dick, lick hot hairy balls? Do you like to make love in strange places? Are you looking for a lover or just a good weekend? Well, I'm all of the above! I'm 6'2, 148 lbs., blond/brown, 7-1/2" cut and horny! Drop me a few lines - Let's get together! Reply to "Alabama Al", P. O. Box 703, Albertsville, AL 35950.

Tall Man in San Jose

Well-preserved, fortyish gent, asymptomatic positive, tall and naturally thin, seeks compatible local. I like cooking, eating, travel, quiet evenings at home, and being well-plundered in bed. Reply to Basket 8.

Boy, am I Skinny!

Yes, your Serene Editor is now also your Skeletal Editor and usually not real horny these days but I'm real funny and always like new friends and besides we needed a space filler. Write me direct, Skeletal Editor, here at the FOG Press offices. Hurry, 'cause I'm putting that weight back on fast.

BLOW BUDDIES

DUOS/GROUPS/PARTIES

LOCAL AND NATIONAL NETWORK

FIND OUT WHAT ALL THE TALK'S ABOUT!
FOR FREE INFORMATION, SEND A SELF-
ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE TO:

BBUSA/dpn
584 Castro St., #395
San Francisco, CA 94114

Metamucil is as close as one should get to metaphysics.

DPN RESOURCE GUIDE

Well, we figured out what we think we ought to do here in this section, since it's obviously way too small to provide any sort of exhaustive listings. We are going to focus on publications, with an ongoing list of HIV newsletters, etc. that we become aware of, with the Editor's choice highlighted each time. We will also continue to list organizations who specifically ask to be listed. We will make a specific note for publications that do feature extensive resource listings.

Our Featured Mag this time is the PWA Coalition Newslite, a product of the People with AIDS Coalition in New York. This is a big, fat, radical but inclusive Thang, 70 pages in the one I'm looking at, lots of news, info, and the amazing Iris de la Cruz, "Iris with the virus", the only other AIDS-is-funny writer this diseased hulk has run across. She's way funny. Ho, ho. Anyway, this is good stuff and you should subscribe. Absolutely massive resource listing for the New York area. It's \$35 (or more) for a year if you're a gentile, free to AIDS/ARC people, unless you're wealthy in case you should pay, you tightwad.

Here's the groups that asked to be listed this time

We are the Sierra AIDS Council, P.O. Box 1062, Sonoma, CA 95370. Our phone number is (209) 533-2873. We are a small AIDS foundation in the Sierra Foothills, and cover Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador, and Alpine Counties.

PWA Coalition/Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 948-4PWA. Monthly meetings, newsletter, informational and social support.

ACT UP Hawaii, P.O. Box 11752, Honolulu, HI 96828. (808) 948-4PWA. Accessing Creativity To Upset Public Policy that does not recognize the rights and meet the urgent needs of all HIV+ people and people with AIDS.

The Hemlock Society. Biffy thought we should list this. It is empowering to know that you can make this decision if your want to. As they say, "There is never a good time to die, but there are certainly more pleasant ways." P.O. Box 210436, San Francisco, CA 94119, (415) 776-1140.

Publications

AIDS Treatment News is an outstanding, succinct newsletter devoted to monitoring developing and experimental treatments. From A.T.N. PO Box 411256 SF CA 94141, (415) 255-0558. Highly Recommended by your Serene Editor.

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

PWA Health Group 31 West 26th St. (4th Floor) NY NY 10010 publishes Notes from the Underground, a very straight-forward and sensible newsletter. Six times a year, and free. Donations are not spurned. (212) 689-5291.

Gay Men's Health Crisis publishes Treatment Issues. 129 W. 20th St. NY NY 10011, (212) 807-6655.

The Bay Times has an extensive

resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or \$32 a year, (\$24 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 288 7th St. SF CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI perspectives and offers other services. 558-9051, 800-334-7422 in Calif, 800-822-7422 elsewhere.

Other resources we had room to repeat, all in SF:

AIDS Benefits Counselors 673-3780. Free help to AIDS or ARC persons dealing with bureaucracy.

AIDS Emergency Fund 441-6407. Money for those who need it.

AIDS Legal Referral 864-8186. Free legal help.

Gay Asian Pacific Alliance Community HIV Project. Call 387-0466 or 541-0237.

Healing Alternatives Foundation 1748 Market St. SF CA 626-4053. A buyer's club and information clearinghouse.

Operation Concern 626-7000 Support & counseling.

PATH Project 626-8455. Antibody-rich plasma from healthy seropositives may help the more damaged, and the PATH people are trying it out. Plasma donors, volunteers, and money are needed.

Project Open Hand 558-0600. Food delivered to you at home. I get this and the food is good and abundant.

Shanti 777-2273. Various forms of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!

LOOK!

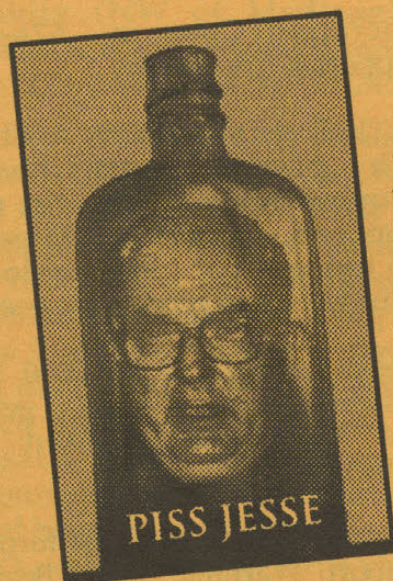
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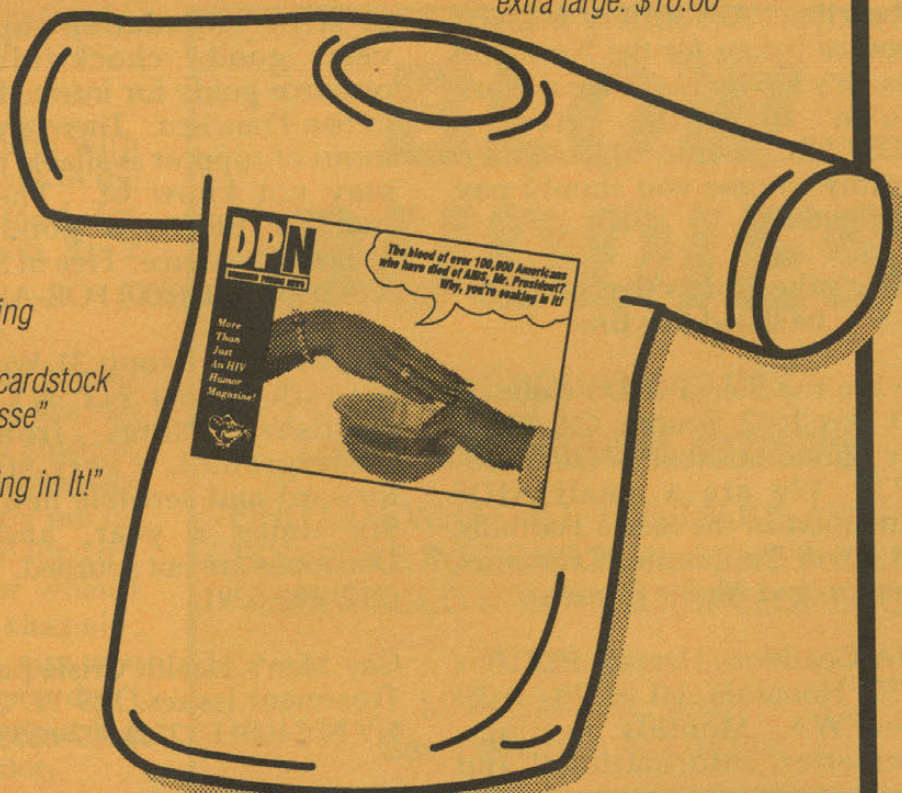


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Please use the order form on Page 10.