

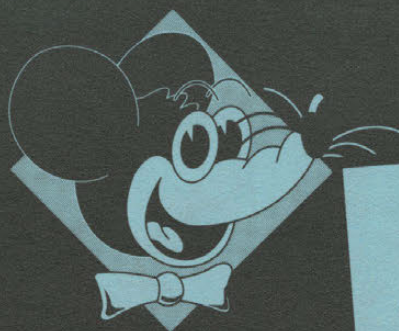
DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #3

\$200

Inside This Issue:

*My Mother is a Channel
for John Sununu,
The Memoirs of a
Working Boy,
Golden Pariah Award,
A Lube for All Reasons,
and Much More!*



**The Shocking Truth Behind
Tom Shearer's Memorial Service!**



**YOUR CRANKY EDITOR,
ART DIRECTOR, ILLUSTRATOR,
& IRRESTIBLE FORCE**
Beowulf Thorne

YOUR LITTLE EDITORS
Tom Ace; Miss Mapps,
the Mad Typographer of Fleet S

ARCHITECTURAL SERVICES
David Zink-Brody

PRINTING SERVICES
Laserform (415) 366-7180

**ACCEPT NO
SUBSTITUTES!**

The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We are a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. We encourage people with HIV to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment will be the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Use the coupon on the back cover. Someone already tore it off? Then send \$7.00 (\$10 Canada, \$18 International) for one year (4 issues) or \$2 (\$3 Canada, \$5 Int'l) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, California, 94131. Questions? Leave a message at (415) 891-0455.

We'll happily trade subscriptions with other publications of our ilk.

Special thanks to our legion of bubble-butt surfboy slaves: Stacey Chan, Dr. John Ruark, Homer Peavy, Steve Simon, envelope lickers yet unrealized, and Lino Jeff, who saved the day.

DISEASED
PARIAH
NEWS

3

CONTENTS

Page Two Boy Tom Ace	2
Cranky Words: Darn! One of Our Editors is Dead!	3
The Golden Pariah Award	6
Memoirs of a Working Boy, by Scott O'Hara	7
A Dream, by John Wagenhauser	9
18 Things That Turn Our Stomachs Worse Than AZT	10
A Lube for All Reasons (Condom Corner Special Report)	11
Contest #3: Give the Captain a 'Doo!	13
GET FAT, don't die! (Biffy Mae battles thrush)	15
Zen and the Art of Teddy Bear Burning	17
My Mother is a Channel for John Sununu, by Eric Ward	19
Further Adventures of Captain Condom	20
Film Review by Guest Critic, Smut Squash	31
Those Tacky DPN Personals	33
Things You Might Want to Know About	34

TOM
DPN PROFILE
ACE

HOME:
San Francisco.

AGE: 31.

PROFESSION:
Software engineer.

HOBBY:
Defacing billboards.

LAST BOOK READ:
Perfect Pitch by Nicolas Slonimsky.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Getting my picture in DPN.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:
Because I can.

PROFILE:
Fearless, foolish, friendly, non-computer-nerd type.

QUOTE:
"I've had just the right amount too much."

SCOTCH:
None. Scotch is vile.

Hey kids, wanna be in pictures? Just send us a 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.

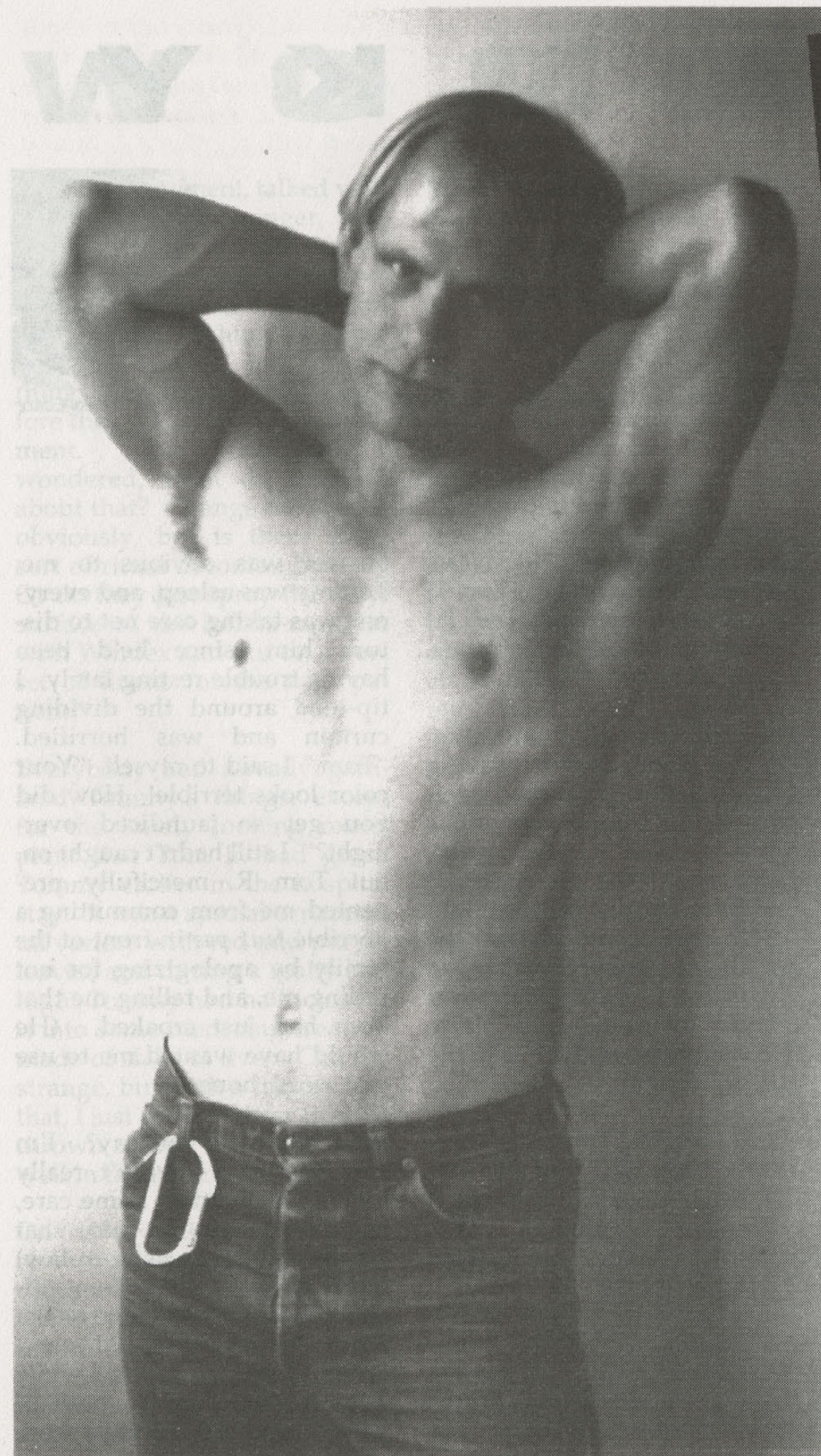


Photo by YCE, using the model's camera.

CRANKY

"Darn!

One of our editors is dead!

Can DPN withstand the test of fire?"



by Your Cranky Editor

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

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

When I reached Tommy's ward, I looked into his room and saw the usual things: his hospital roommate watching TV, Tommy's friends, Tom R., Tom E., Glenn, Joel; his brother, Squeak; and a stranger, standing around his bed. But a couple of things were odd: the fact that the blinds were drawn and everyone was so quiet. The

answer was obvious to me: Tommy was asleep, and everyone was taking care not to disturb him, since he'd been having trouble resting lately. I tip-toed around the dividing curtain and was horrified. "Tom," I said to myself, "Your color looks terrible! How did you get so jaundiced overnight?" I still hadn't caught on, but Tom R. mercifully prevented me from committing a horrible *faux pas* in front of the family by apologizing for not calling me, and telling me that Tom had just croaked. (He would have wanted me to use that word, honest!)

Well what do you say? I'm glad, because I wasn't really looking forward to home care, anyway? Gee, it's nice that Denise (Tommy's sister-in-law) won't have to change Tom's diapers? Silence seemed to be the most eloquent thing. I stood around feeling awkward while Tom R. and Tom E., both of whom appeared infinitely more

WORDS

wise at the moment, talked with Squeak and the stranger, who turned out to be the Kaiser morgue-man. The attendants were waiting for us to leave, apparently not wishing us to see whatever secret and arcane things they do with the stiff before they wheel it into the basement. And the bed, I wondered, what do they do about that? Change the sheets, obviously, but is there some sort of ritual decontamination? Or do they just spray the vinyl surface of the inflata-mattress with Windex and put on a new set of linens for the next patient?

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

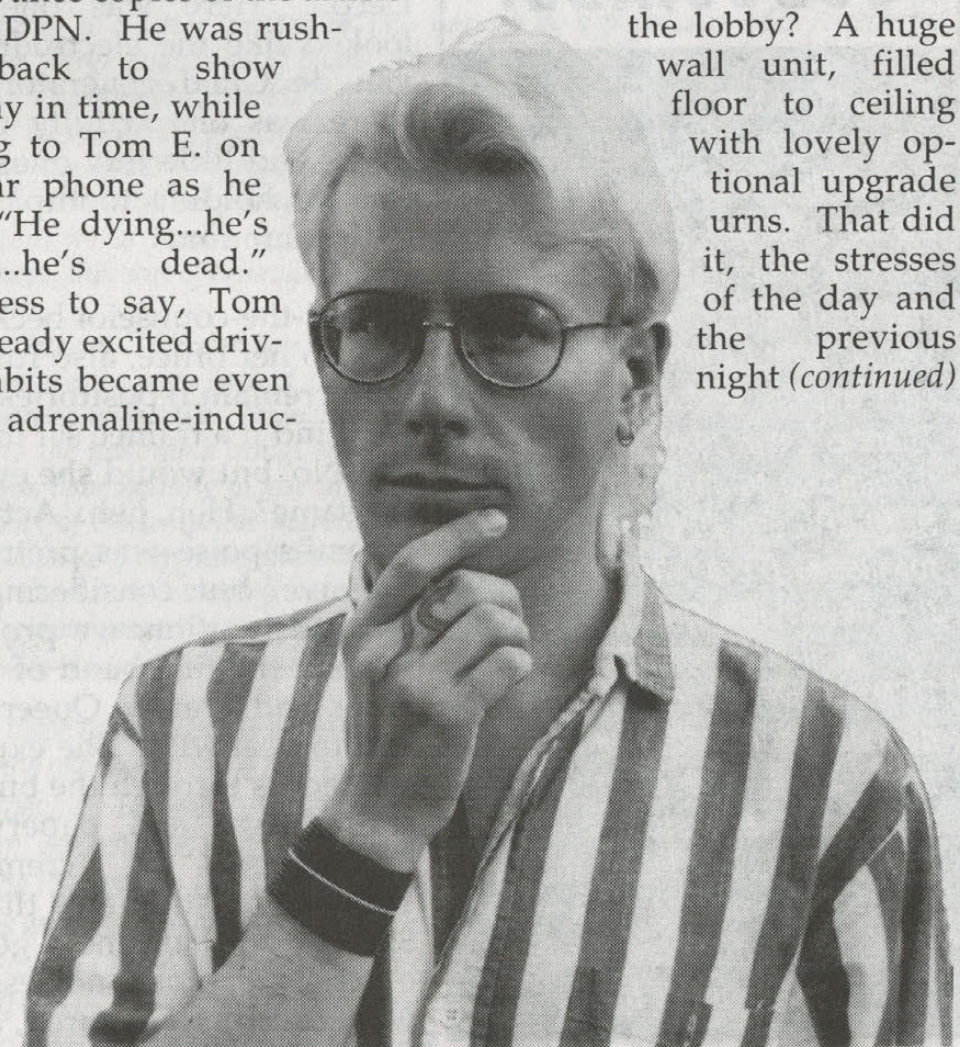
On the way out, I couldn't resist one small desecration of the corpse. Ever since Tommy had started his ddI trial, he'd had severe peripheral neuropathy. He called it the Polynesian Firewalk, and would kick whoever tried to wiggle his toes.

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

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

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

What was the first thing we saw when we walked into the lobby? A huge wall unit, filled floor to ceiling with lovely optional upgrade urns. That did it, the stresses of the day and the previous night (continued)



...whereas I took this one.



The tabloid tale: You realize it's the end of the month and you still haven't bought your copy of the Diseased Pariah News. So you rush out to get it, risking life, limb, and the finish of your shiny new Vespa, only to find that the last copy of DPN was sold hours ago! There is a way to avoid such life-threatening trauma, and that's to SUBSCRIBE to DPN. That's right, for just \$7.00 (a whole dollar off the newsstand price), you can have a quarterly subscription of DPN delivered to your very doorstep, printer fresh and free of folds, tears, and other curious things that bookstore browsers leave behind. Just fill out and mail in the form on the back cover. (Canadian and International rates are also listed on the back.)

finally broke through and we lost our composure. No, we didn't start crying; the proprietors probably wouldn't have minded that. We burst out laughing at the tackiness of it all, much to the chagrin of the receptionist. "Please," she said, "Show a little respect for the other patrons!"

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

Naomi-the-counselor beckoned us into her office, also fulsome with cremain repositories. Did we mind if a trainee sat in with us? No, but would she ever be the same? Heh, heh. Actually, Naomi's poise was pretty impressive, but considering the era and location, we probably weren't the first band of irreverent and cranky Queers she had to deal with. She expertly steered us through the bureaucratic maze and paperwork. Who gets the cremains? Tommy had stipulated that Ma Shearer got half and I got the other. No more, no less, we were reverently assured, along

with a little presentation about how the Shake-n-Bake was done, so there was no chance that one set of ashes would get mixed with another. Actually, "ashes" is a misnomer. Even after torching the dear departed in the blast furnace, fairly solid stuff remains, mostly teeth and the big bones like femurs. They grind those up. Wouldn't want the stuff to be recognizably human, after all. Mrs. Shearer would get hers in a brass shipping container, whereas I'd have to pick mine up in a cardboard box. Unless, of course, I'd like to upgrade to one of those lovely...um, I'll pass, thank you.

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

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

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

• • • • •

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

Seriously though, the reality of Tommy's death isn't funny. But then, neither is it funny that the first President to preside over the age of AIDS couldn't make himself say the name of the syndrome. Or that a septuagenarian senator would obstruct prevention programs because he would rather see his nation's children die than "promote deviant sexual behavior" (all the while forcing us to endure tobacco subsidies and its retinue of smoking related deaths). Or...well, you know enough about this yourself, you fill in the blanks. What can I say about this situation? You can either laugh or cry, but crying gives you crow's feet.

DPN is a magazine of shared experiences, shared goals, and, maybe, shared memories. I guess that one is never ready for the test of fire, no matter how many times it has happened in your life or how long you've prepared. An example is the fact that while Tommy and I discussed the future of DPN at length, I still feel a little nervous. I pretty much handled the entire production of issue #2, but it was still nice to have Tommy wave his hand in bene-

ficient approval. DPN will continue, but its flavor will inevitably change and grow. As word editor, Tommy wanted every scrap of wisdom, both his and that of the other writers, squeezed onto the page with nothing thrown away, until everything was a sea of six point type. Those of you who have read GAWK #4 (nicknamed "the magnifying glass issue") will understand. I, being the illustrator and layout guy, wanted to subordi-

nate everything to the appearance of the page, sometimes at the expense of content. What you have seen so far was the uneasy truce between us. Until I can find a qualified person who wants to *do* DPN, as opposed to doing things *for* DPN, I'll be winging it alone, trying to straddle the unstable ground between those two extremes. This is the first such issue. Let me know how I'm doing.

— B. T.

THE GOLDEN PARIAH AWARD

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

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

DPN is made possible by the wonders of desktop publishing technology. We're not saying it's the only way to run a zine, but if you've got a hardware fetish, it's particularly nipple-hardening. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal art (including Captain Condom) was rendered using Adobe Illustrator, and photos were adjusted and retouched in Adobe Photoshop. Composition and assembly was performed on a Macintosh IIfx. Pictures were scanned either by Abaton or Howtek flatbed scanners, and proofs were run on a Personal LaserWriter NT. Final output was to a Linotronic 330 at 2540 dpi/100 lpi. Printing was by offset lithography. The print run of DPN #3 is 2,500. (So we lied.) DPN #3 takes up approximately 6,770 K on disk.

HOW I GOT AIDS

by Scott O'Hara

Memoirs of a Working Boy

The gimmick here is that each installment in the ongoing saga will describe, in as much detail as I can stomach, one of the time that I *might* have gotten AIDS. I would write about how you, too, can get AIDS, but presumably everyone reading this is the Right Sort of People and already has it. Whether or not I ever get to the right episode (and who knows? not me) is fairly irrelevant, as long as I manage to keep the readers and editors entertained.

Episode One: Hawaii

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

So I was feeling not *too* unattractive. In shape, tanned, just 21. Perhaps I was a trifle over-confident. Fucking

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

Let me date this. Pre-'HIV Disease'; pre'AIDS'; even pre-'GRID'. It was still just a 'Gay

Cancer' then. And the baths were a pleasuredome, not a political arena.

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

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

So I did.

Episode Two: Bonny Doon

You all know how difficult it can be to guess what the weather's like on the other side of Twin Peaks. Now imagine how hard it is to guess the weather sixty miles down the coast. Can't be done. Best you can do is wait for September, drive down the coast every morning, early, and wait for the fog to burn off. If it doesn't, you go home and come back tomorrow. At least, that's what you do if you're filming [porn] there, because gooseflesh is not very attractive on film. Hardons wilt under heavy fog. And besides, part of the illusion we try to convey via celluloid and videotape is that California is always sunny. And in my very first foray into the demimonde of Hollywood, I *would* run into a director who insisted on natural, outdoor settings. Yes, the results were spectacular, worthy of a National Geographic special; but the trauma! The expense! The loss of sleep!

Anyone want to guess how many trips we made down the coast? Each time, getting up before dawn, douching and doing make-up, skipping breakfast and driving sixty miles — and likely as not, sitting around shivering for three hours before heading home. Not that we did this every day; we'd have all rebelled. But the whole process took about a month — the longest I've ever spent on a "set."

Just a word or two, for those of you who still have romantic notions about sex on the beach: you haven't *lived* until you've been fucked using lube with sand in it. Even jerking off becomes a seriously masochistic act.

Eventually, of course, the weather cooperated, and we got all the scenes filmed. The most memorable (for me) was being, um, "disciplined" by a "farmer" and a "cop" and a cucumber. The cucumber was real — I'd been sent out to the produce market that morning, before leaving, to pick it out. I named him Dennis — I've never liked to fuck anonymously. And Dennis was the only one of the three who, I'm certain, *couldn't* have given me AIDS. Perhaps this wasn't quite what my mother had in mind when she told me that veggies were good for me, but it might have something to do with Ms. Browning's elegant phrase "vegetable love."

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

Anyhow, I played it safe (on at least one level): I fixed cucumber salad that evening.

JOIN US!



DPN doesn't exist in a vacuum, you know. To be more than the Biff and Tommy Memorial Fan Club we need your ideas, stories, research articles, advertisements, personals, and recipes. The guidelines are pretty broad: whatever you as a Diseased Pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. Considering the way things have been trickling in, we'll most likely print it. And even if we don't, we'll be nice about it, 'cause that's the kind of guys we are. We can't pay, but you'll get a nice shiny DPN button. Please include a SASE if you would like your work returned.

I had a dream about AIDS. I'd just left a job working for this rich man, he had all these treasures in his house, and I used to run his high-tech security system. Closed-circuit TV, computers, the works.

I come back at night to get my pay, and as I walk across the grounds, an enormous German shepherd comes

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

Another of the guard-dogs comes galloping out of the

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

Yet he scares me, because I know he is much more vicious than the German shepherd, and I expect him to attack me.

But he recognizes me, and runs around me playfully, licking my hand, and I pat his firm side.

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

A DREAM

by John Wogenbauer



Here's a favorite of Ronald Reagan: The first doctor says, "I've got the solution for treating AIDS patients! I serve them a diet of crepes and sole." "What does that do?"

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

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

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

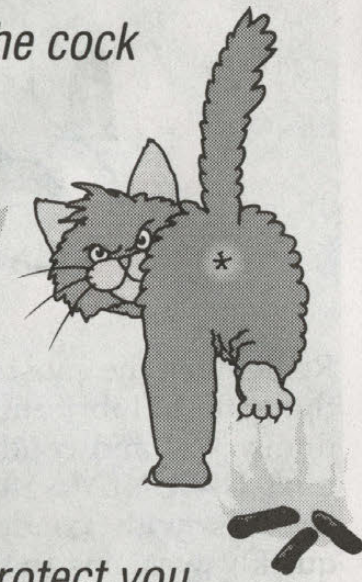
I don't regret the attraction, the affection, my readiness to enjoy the physical, the erotic in them, nor, certainly their love for me. But it has left me in danger, and I am afraid.

An excerpt from *Lives of the Saints*, a novel in progress.

asks the second, "That's not a cure." "No, it's not," says the first, "but the advantage is that I can just slide dinner under the door and avoid touching them."

18 Phrases That Turn Our Stomachs Worse Than AZT

18. *If you've got the time, I've got the cock (Oops! Wrong list.)*
17. *Avoid cat feces!*
16. *You look really good. Really.*
15. *Gee, I thought you were dead!*
14. *Straight acting GWM, HIV-, seeks same.*
13. *Trust me.*
12. *Does your mother know?*
11. *Don't worry, there are laws to protect you from that kind of discrimination.*



10. *You're angry.*
9. *A promising new protocol!*
8. *You need to look for the deeper meaning in all of this.*
7. *Bend over. Lie down. Open your mouth. (Oh, other contexts, other lives!)*
6. *That arm just doesn't seem to want to give me a vein today.*
5. *Otherwise you're fine.*
4. *I know who gave this to me.*
3. *Are you sure you're all right?*
2. *Let's not play the numbers game.*
1. *It's not the numbers; it's how you feel.*

1580
2390

by Patrick McGrath



NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

CAUTION!



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

A Lube FOR ALL REASONS

by Buzz Bense

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

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

Spermicides

We will probably see more and more lubricants that include germicides and spermicides. The

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

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

Nonoxynol-9, unfortunately, has a distinctly sharp, chemical taste that will curl your tongue, and a numbing sensation that will

haunt you for hours afterwards. Don't use it for oral sex. If you want the back-up protection of a spermicide, use a separate lubricant, and apply it generously. Spermicides should *only* be used as a backup to condoms, *not* by themselves.

Rehydration

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

K-Y Jelly

K-Y Jelly is the oldest and most commonly known lubricating gel. It's the one the doctor uses

to make inserting an enema bulb, scope or speculum less trying. That is exactly why K-Y was formulated — to lubricate medical instruments. Lubricating fleshy body parts is another matter. For this, K-Y is not so great. Oh, it'll work OK. It won't damage a latex condom. But...it's not great. And it's so *medical*.

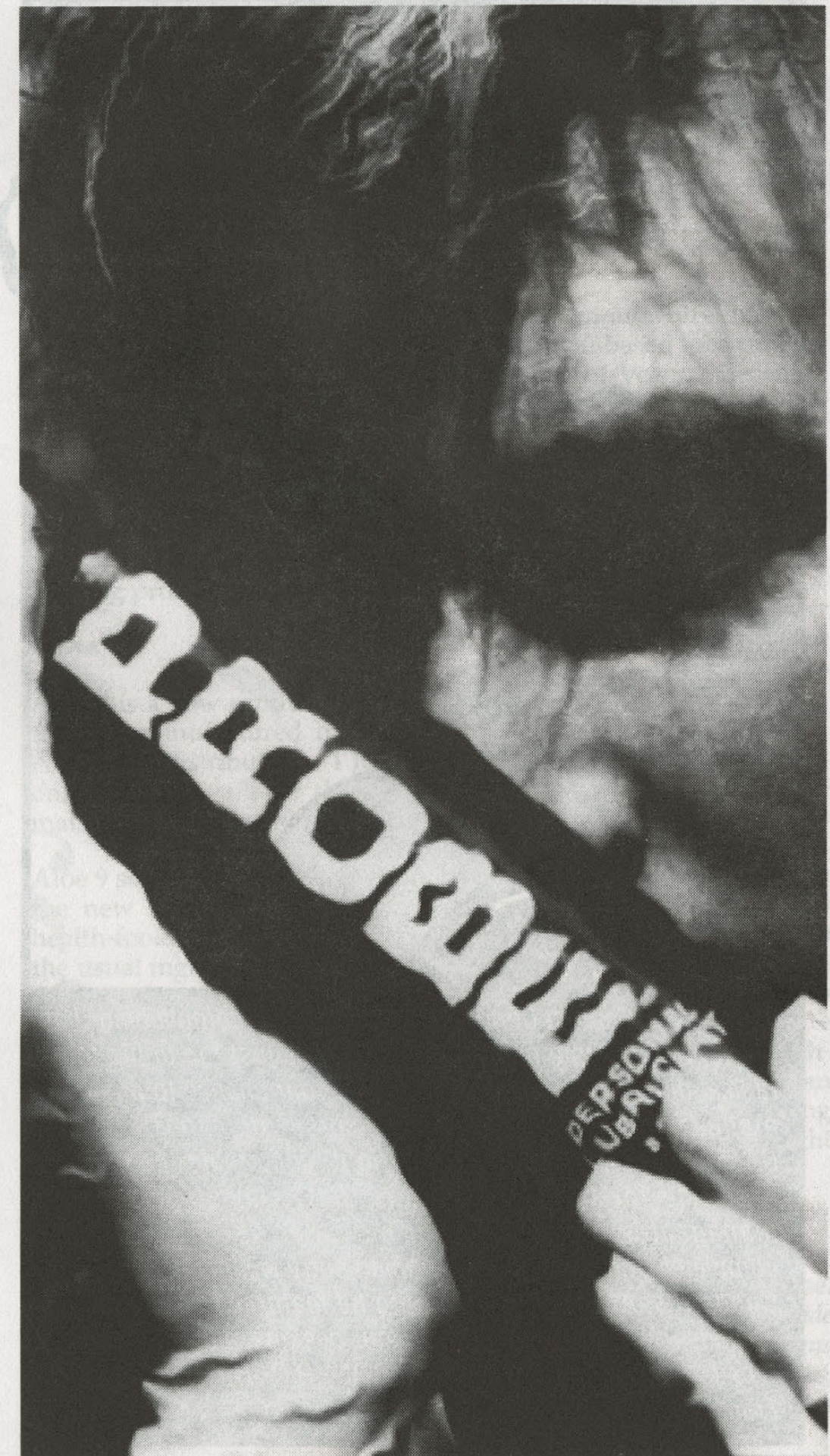
K-Y doesn't feel as slippery as some other products, even when fresh. It seems to dry out faster, and it gets really gummy, which can be irritating, both to you and your private parts. Although it has little taste or smell, the overall sensation with the skin is just not wonderful.

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

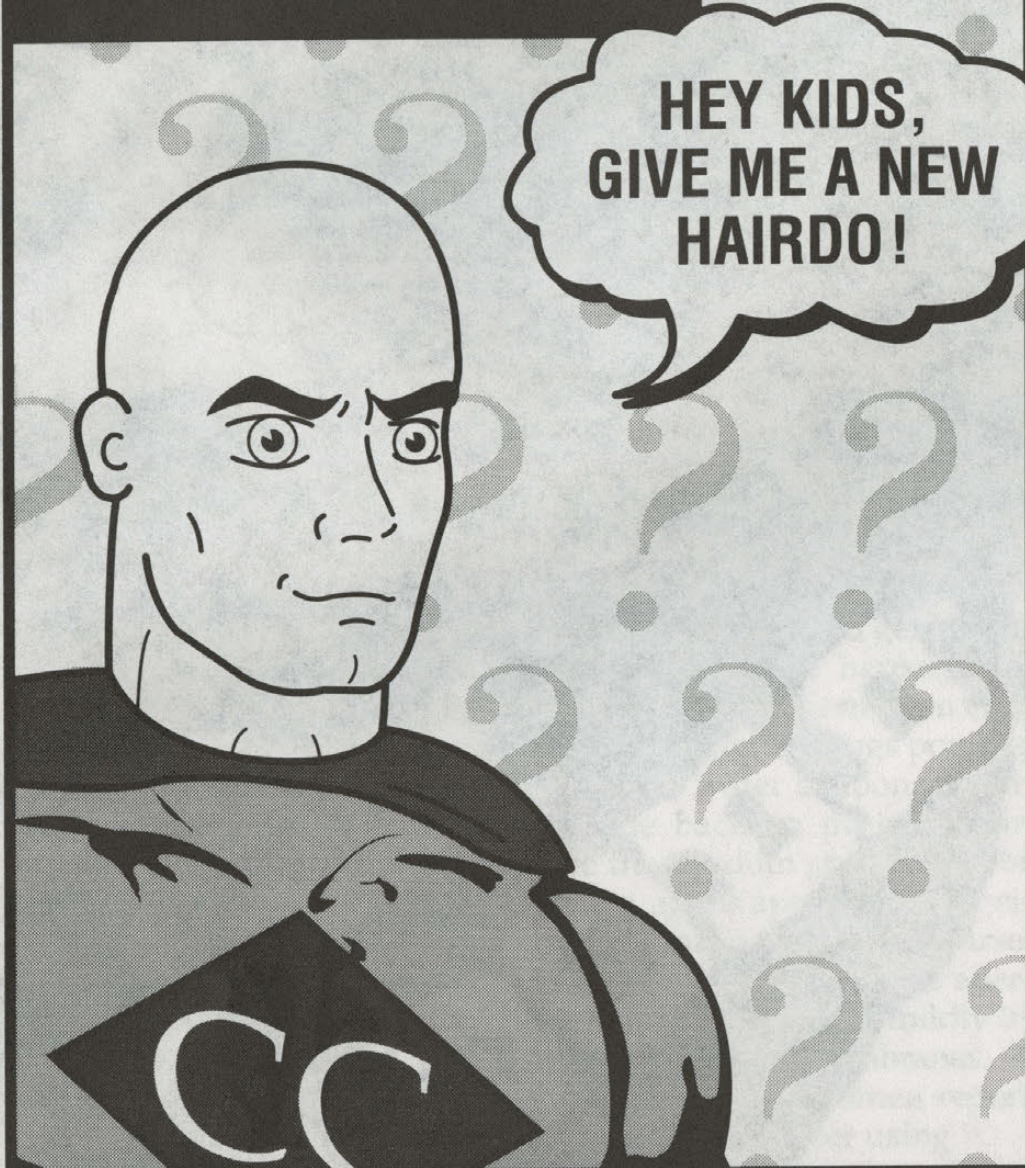
Utilitarian and functional, K-Y is best left to the clinical environment of the doctor's office, not the bedroom.

Spermicidal Gels

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



DPN CONTEST #3:



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

centage of n-9 makes them very powerful against sperm and germs. But as a sexual lubricant, they're no fun.

The texture of this gel is very firm and gooey. Clings great to a diaphragm, but has very little slip. It feels more like rubber cement when on your body, rather than a natural fluid.

These gels will not harm latex condoms, but they also won't make your favorite movements more sensual.

Astroglide and Probe

Both of these products have been around for a while, but they don't have very wide distribution. They are sold mainly in sex boutiques and specialty shops, but usually are not in middle-American drug stores. Neither product contains nonoxynol-9.

The products are very similar. They are *very* slippery in texture, and feel quite pleasant on the skin. Both are totally transparent, Astroglide having a slightly sweet taste, whereas Probe is pretty much flavorless. Astroglide stays moist and slippery longer than Probe, and both re-hydrate well. In fact, Probe re-hydrates so well that a swig of it in a dry mouth does wonders for what might otherwise be sand-paper-like fellatio.

On the minus side, these lubricants are thinner in body, and have more of a tendency to drip. Probe is quite "stringy," that is, when squeezing from a container into your hand, it makes

wet strings between the two, which can drop or splotch or just be annoying. Astroglide is less so, but still has a tendency to be little stringy.

Astroglide and Probe are pleasant, superior lubricants for sex with maximum slipperiness and a sensual texture. They would be especially good for someone allergic to nonoxynol-9.

PrePair and ForPlay

PrePair and ForPlay are identical products manufactured by the Trimensa Corporation. The only difference is in the packaging. These personal lubricants have been around for about 10 years, and were the first to include nonoxynol-9 in their recipe. They have a well-deserved reputation for consistent quality. They are also achieving wide distribution across the U.S. in pharmacies and drug store chains.

Prepare and ForPlay have a nice consistency that doesn't drip or string, and good slipperiness. They don't dry out fast, re-hydrate well, and wash off (or out of the sheets) in a snap.

These lubricants have a substantial amount of nonoxynol-9. Although none of the manufacturers state the percentage of this ingredient, we understand that PrePair contains 1%, an amount that is effective.

I have only one gripe with both versions — the dispenser on the package. It is a round plastic dome with applicator/stopper, that needs to be pulled up to dis-

pense the product. If you already have some lube on your hands and they are slippery, it's almost impossible to get the top open. Your fingers slip and strain, and eventually you may have to use your teeth to release the darn thing. The top needs grippers or ridges to make it easier to open. ForPlay is available in a large 16 oz. container with a pump dispenser that is *perfect*. You can pump out some of the lube, and the rest is never contaminated or exposed to dirt.

Consistent quality, wide distribution, good sensual properties, and germicidal protection all add up to excellent, pleasure enhancing products.

Aloe 9

Aloe 9 is a new product on the market, manufactured by Dyn American Distributing. I have only seen it available through mail order or their 800 number.

Aloe 9 seems to be appealing to the new age health-conscious, health-food consumer. Besides the usual ingredients in a lubricant, it also contains *Aloe vera* gel, vitamin E and nonoxynol-9. How much of these ingredients it contains, and their purported value, I don't know. Aloe vera is supposed to be good for the skin, and helps heal burns. So maybe if you're scorching hot... Well, it makes an interesting pitch.

This is a fine product. It is crystal clear with a good texture — not runny or stringy. It has excellent slip and a pleasant feel. It also has a taste that is not un-

pleasant, sort of a citruslike flavor.

An excellent lubricant that feels good, looks good. I hope they are able to get wider distribution in mainstream stores.

Elbow Grease Gel and Hot Gel

This L.A. manufacturer has produced an oil-based lubricant for a number of years. Recently, they have brought out these new water-based products, touted as "the All-American lubricant." They appear to be clones of the PrePair formulation, nearly identical in appearance, slip, and taste. They also contain 1% nonoxynol-9. However, on their dispenser bottle, they have put small ridges around the top to help gripping. Yay!

The Elbow Grease Hot Gel is a unique product. It contains menthol, which produces a sensation of warmth. On the skin, this feels like a slight tingle, on mucus membranes the effect is somewhat greater. The lube tastes like a menthol cough drop. This formula may be too much for some people's delicate parts. But for those sexual athletes, the smell of locker room liniments and the surprising warmth may be just the right stimulant.

Copyright © 1991 Condom Sense. Originally published as "A Guide to Lubricants". Buzz Bense designs condom packaging for Mayer Labs, and manages 890 Folsom, San Francisco's safer sex clubhouse.

GET FAT, *don't die!*

ORAL THRUSH

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

- Eat things that are friendly to tender mouthparts. Soft, non-irritating foods like eggs, cream soups, pudding, ground meat, baked fish, soft cheeses, cooked fruits, and noodle dishes. Hard-to-eat things like peanut butter or kashi should probably wait for another day.
- Avoid spicy or acidic foods and drinks. Kung pao chicken will leave you willing to confess the location of Jimmy Hoffa's body. Carbonated drinks and salty soups may also cause some discomfort. Apple juice and milk (if you're having no problem with diarrhea) will be nice to you.
- Serve food cold or at room temperature.
- Dunk toast, crackers, and cookies in milk or tea to soften them up.
- Don't be afraid to look like a gimp! Use a straw to drink to soup or juice. It works for yours truly.
- No one has proven yet whether a regimen of (ugh!) Listerine will prevent candidiasis, but hey, it can't hurt.
- The medicine for candidiasis comes in two varieties, one for oral infection, and the other for vaginal. They both taste nasty. The trick is that you usually take the oral kind four times a day,

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

TASTE PERVERSIONS

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

- Meat can be the most affected of all. If it starts to taste bitter, use alternate protein sources such as cheese, eggs, poultry, yogurt, tuna, and nut butters. There's probably something out there that will taste okay. Also try marinating meat in soy sauce, wine, or fruit juice. Some vegetables such as broccoli, cauliflower, bok choy, and Brussels sprouts may also seem bitter. Test them individually and eliminate them from your cooking if they ruin the stew.
- Serve protein foods at room temperature.
- Sweet things don't seem to change flavor as much as meats and vegetables. See if meat tastes better with a fruit glaze or sweet-and-sour sauce. Add fresh or canned fruit to milkshakes and ice cream.

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

— B. T.

**High
Calorie
Cooking
with
Biffy
Mae**

Biffy Mae's Rags-to-Riches Chicken

1 large chicken, cut up, or 4 large chicken breasts or 4 hindquarters.
salt and pepper
flour
1/2 stick butter
2 cans cream of chicken soup
another 1/2 stick butter
2 dashes of Worcestershire sauce
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 red bell pepper, chopped
1 cup frozen carrot slices
1 cup frozen peas
Bisquick

Preheat oven to 375° F. Wash and prepare the chicken. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and dredge in flour. Butter a 9"x13" Pyrex baking dish, and arrange the chicken in the dish. Put little dabs of butter on top of the chicken pieces. Bake for about one hour, or until the flour coating begins to turn golden brown.

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

Pour the vegetable sauce over the chicken in the baking dish.

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

Randy Mae's Comforting Onion Soup

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

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

Margie Mae's Sleazy Wine Cake

1/4 cup shredded coconut
1/4 cup pecans
1 package yellow cake mix*
1 package instant vanilla pudding mix
4 eggs
3/4 cup neutral flavored vegetable oil, such as safflower
1 cup sherry wine ("The cheaper the better!" says Margie Mae)
dash ground nutmeg

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

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

ZEN

and the art of

TEDDY BEAR BURNING



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

Photos by Edwin Peacock.

HORRIFIED READER REPORTS:

MY MOTHER IS A CHANNEL FOR JOHN SUNUNU!

"I knew something was wrong when she started vomiting at the dinner table!"

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

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

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

She was just serving up Tang sorbet for dessert ("Your father didn't make any money last month, ei-

ther") when her eyes rolled back in her head and she started puking fish emulsion fertilizer all over the nylon flower arrangement.

"You feeling okay mom?" I asked.

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

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

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

I exited to the bathroom, puzzling... "Mewling and puking, puking and mewling, now what would Miss Manners suggest?..... She just needs something to calm herself down, perhaps she has become overtired."

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

Mom was standing on her chair screaming "I'm Chief of Staff John Sununu don't fuck with me fellas don't fuck with me fellas don't fuck with me fellas!"

I slipped up beside her and put the snifter in her hand "Try some of this John, it's Slivovitz."

She slammed it without even looking at the glass.

"Liquoring me up with that Commie shit, eh George? Well you must think I'm some kind of lightweight candyass and I'm here to tell you it'll nevereverevereverevereverever wooooooooooooooooork."

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

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

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM! #3

IT ISN'T JUST LIKE THE MOVIES

by Beowulf Thorne



We FIND OUR HERO RETURNING FROM HIS FIELD TRIP TO THE AMAZON, HAVING BEEN TRANSFORMED FROM LOWLY CLAY CARPENTER, DISEASE RIDDEN HULK, TO CAPTAIN CONDOM, THE WORLD'S PREMIER SAFER SEX SUPERHERO. WHAT BETTER WAY TO START HIS MISSION, CLAY THINKS, THAN GETTING LAI...ER, FIELD TESTING HIS RENOVATED BODY. SO HERE HE IS, AT THE CITY'S MOST INFAMOUS BATHHOUSE, DANTE'S, READY TO EXPLORE HIS NEW FOUND POWERS OF PERCEPTION.

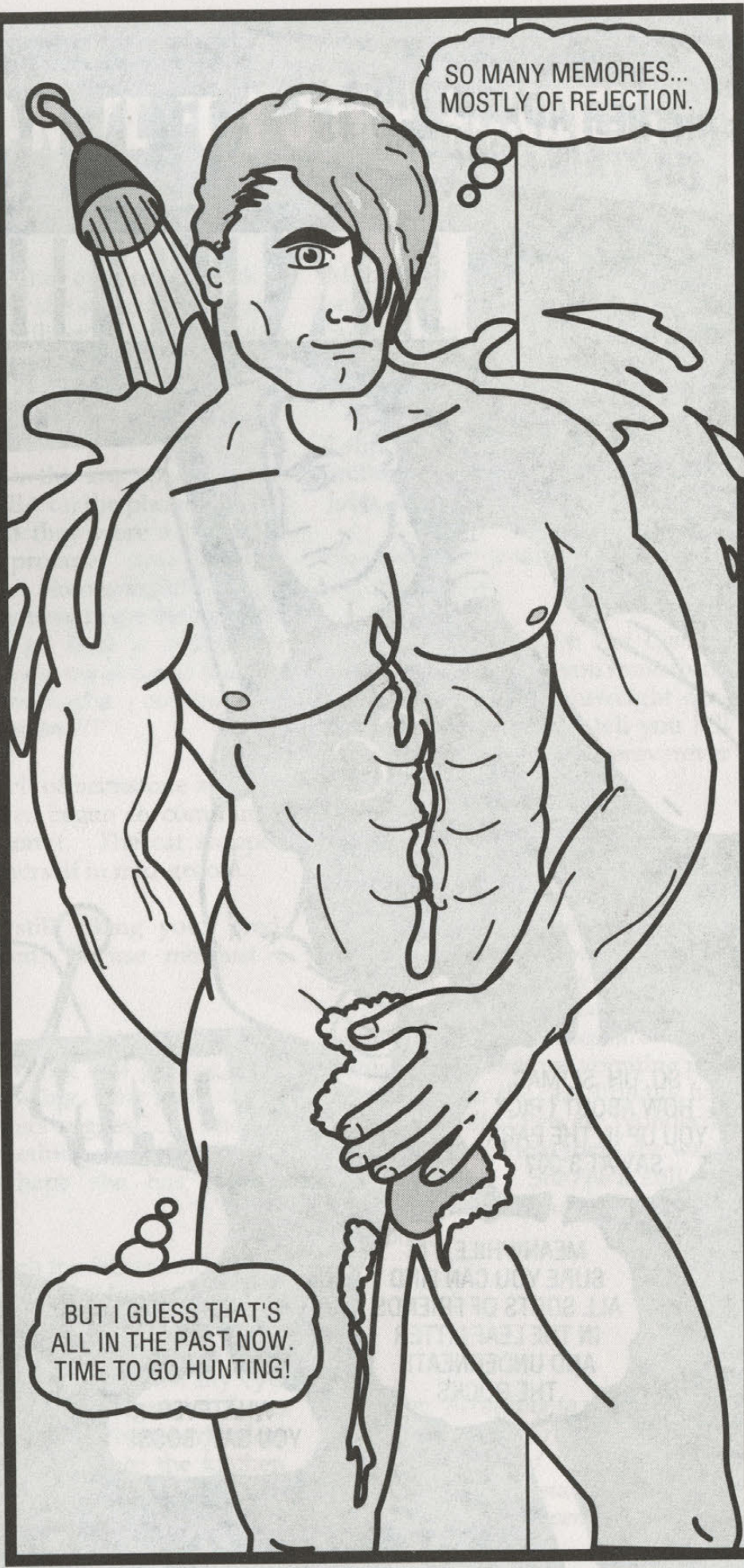
BUT IS IT REALLY THAT EASY, FIGHTING IGNORANCE AND EVIL? DOES ONE NEED TO WEAR A TRAINING BRA BEFORE STEPPING INTO SUPERMAN'S BRIEFS? WE'LL SOON SEE...

INSIDE DANTE'S...



I'VE BEEN DYING TO COME BACK TO THIS PLACE

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



SO MANY MEMORIES... MOSTLY OF REJECTION.

BUT I GUESS THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW. TIME TO GO HUNTING!



WOW! THE MEN LOOK BETTER THAN EVER!

BUT SOMETHING SEEMS A LITTLE STRANGE...

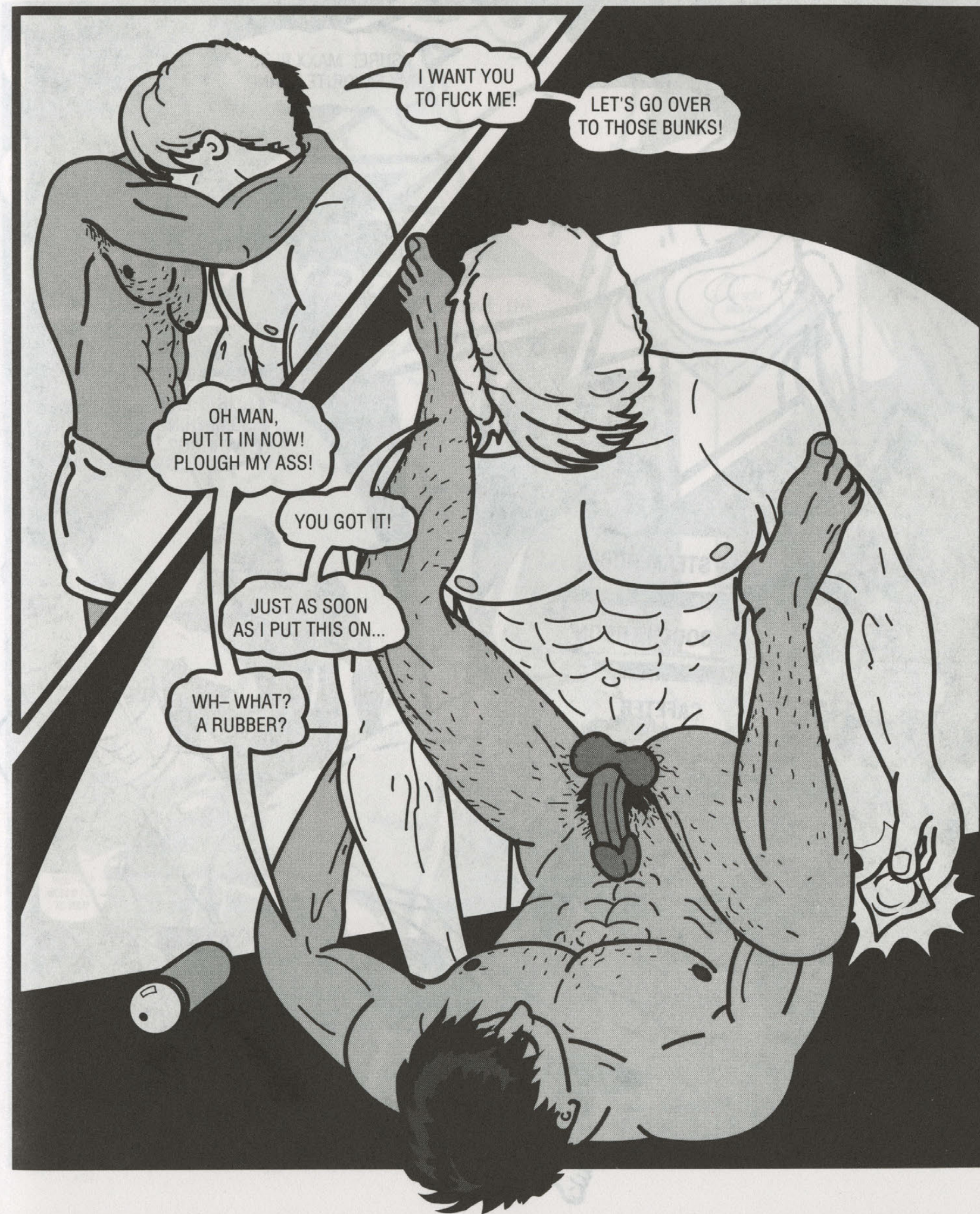
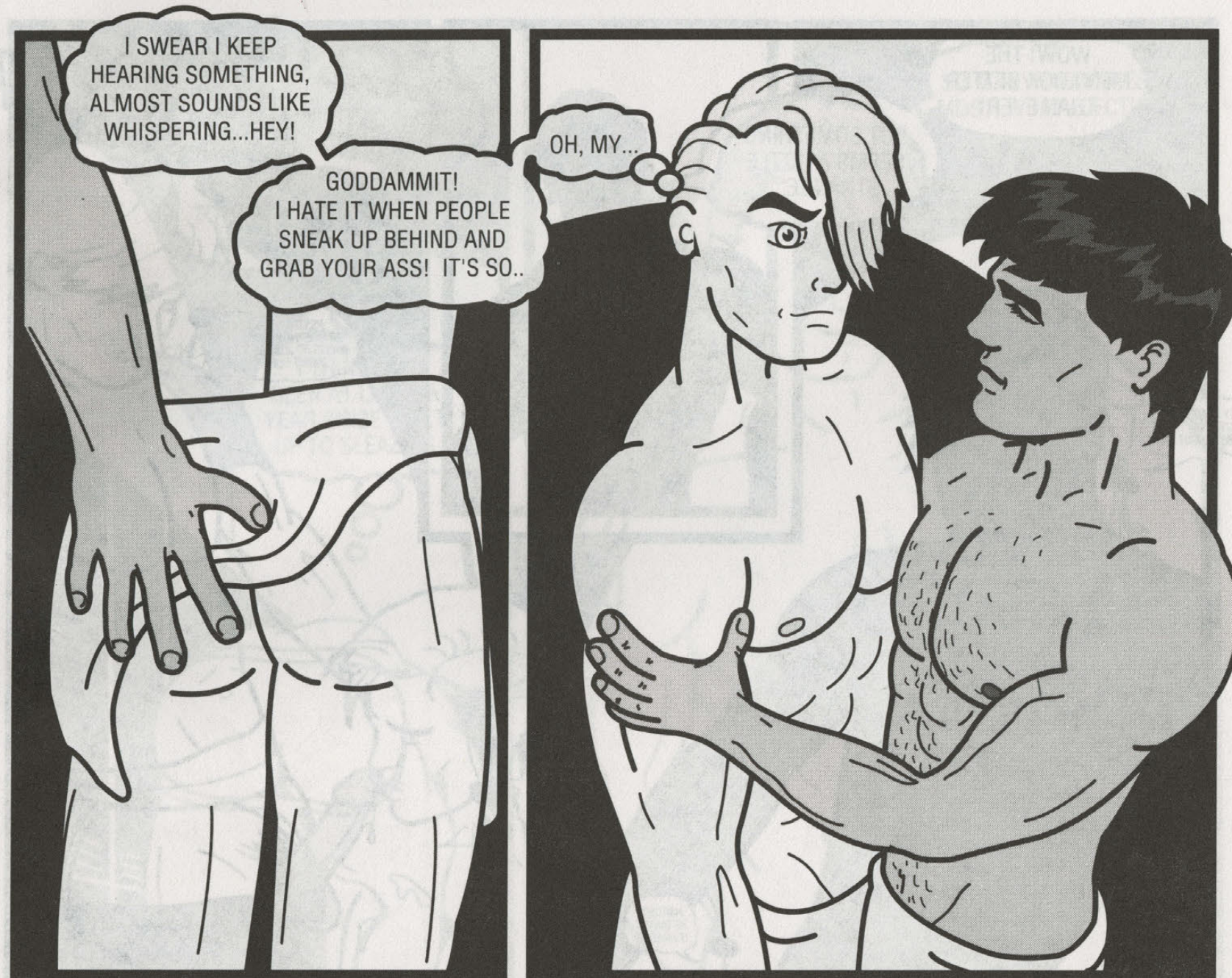
I'LL PUT MY FINGER ON IT IN A MINUTE.

PSST! LOOK AT HIM! HE REALLY WANTS IT! JUST ONCE WON'T HURT!

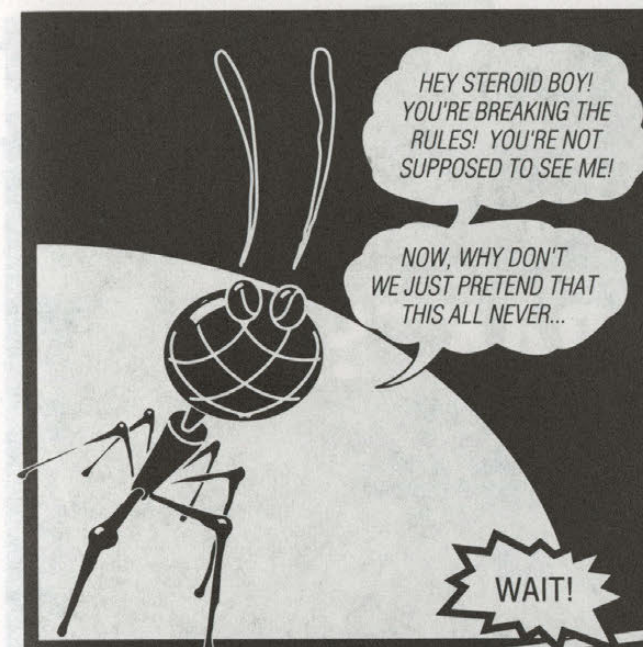
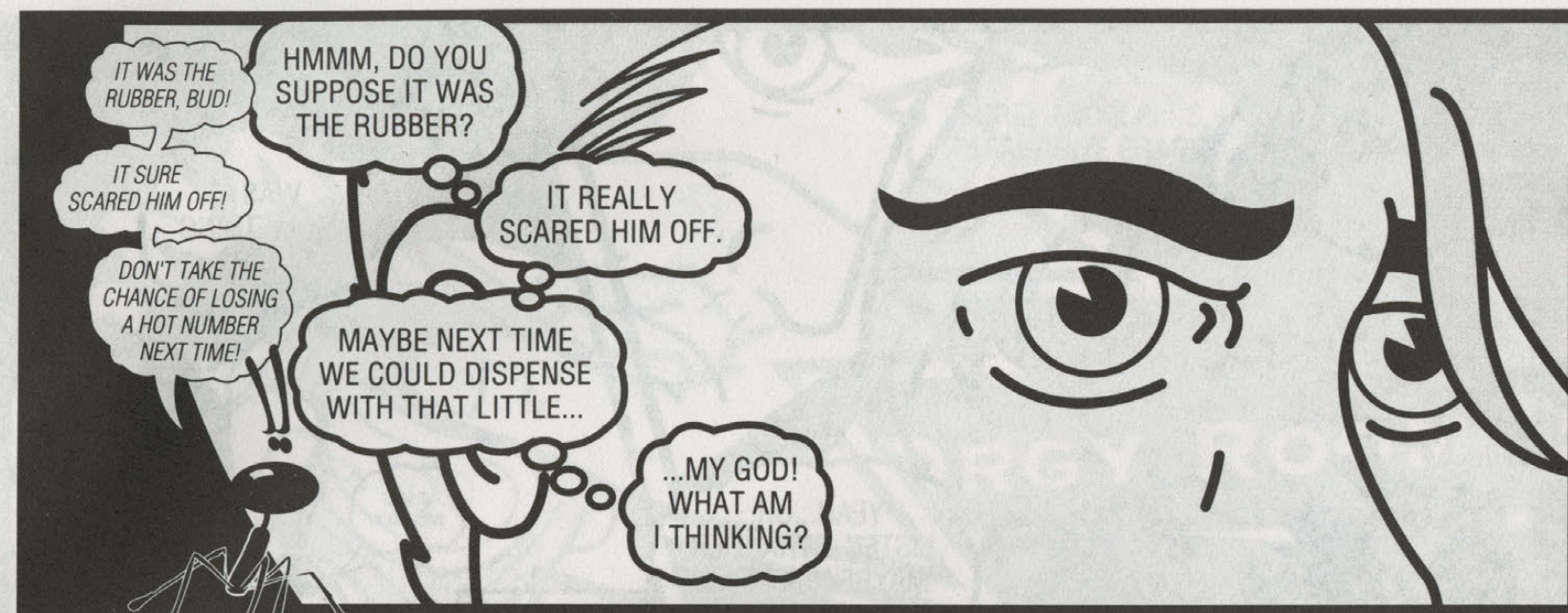
PSST! REMEMBER! TOP GUYS DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AIDS!

GO AHEAD! SWALLOW IT! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

HARDER! HE WANTS IT HARDER!









PORN POTATO SMUT SQUASH

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

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

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

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

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

my secret source confided. It's just like them to mismanage their resources like that, and not recognize when an actor has truly come of age.)

Anyway, Vito notices this big hole in the wall facing the toilet. What could it be? (As though he's not been acquainted with them before.) There's a SILENCE =DEATH sticker next to it, perhaps the tip of the pink triangle is pointing to it, a message maybe? Before long, the Man in Flannel (Michael Parks) appears in the other stall, smoking up a storm and playing with his big meat. Vito starts stroking his own more modest textbook-spec weenie, and the mutual scoping is made all the more convenient by the fact that the two toilets face each other (a men's room feature that this tired ol' vegetable has yet to come across). Flannelman's cigarette smoke meanders its way through the gloryhole in sensuous, fertile white wisps, surely an invitation. Then Flannelman gets on his knees and Vito obliges by pumping his mouth through the partition.

Flanny puts his own succulent rod through the gloryhole, but Vito's a real man, see? He'll have none of that fag shit. So the Man in Flannel tempts Vito's dick a little more, before putting his own through the wall again, this time a little more insistently. Okay, okay, thinks Vito, maybe just a little. Next thing you know, they've both got their clothes off, and Flannelman's wearing a rubber and pummeling Vito's tanned ass, with the camera exactly straight-on with the wall dividing the two stalls. Now that's a hot effect! The eye strains to fill in what's going on between that intervening half inch of plywood, while Joey's butt gyrates invitingly and Michael's dick plunges in and out of the void. Kind of a pornographic version of the saw-the-lady-in-half trick. See, Vita-boy? Doesn't hurt a bit. As Flannelguy gets close, he rips off

his rubber and butt surfs Vito until he shoots his big wad all over his back.

Whew! Now there's a well-done scene. At no time do you see all of both models, but that basic constraint just amplifies the sexual energy. The director deserves blowjobs on demand for the rest of his life.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, er...soda fountain, our hero confides to Belle (Chi Chi LaRue), his best friend in the whole world, that strangers keep making naughty propositions to him in bus station lavatories. Belle, smart cookie that she is, asks what he was doing there in the first place, as if she didn't already know. Enter Duffy (Michael Henson), he'll be watching the store for a couple of days. But now he's off on a hot date, 'cause he's got flowers and everything. "Lucky girl" Vito mumbles, to which Belle asks, "How do you know it's a girl?" "'Cause he's a Dodgers fan!" Vito replies.

Dodger's fan or not, Duffy's about to have this big smoochie-fest with his blond boy-thing. It's a big anniversary or something, with champagne and candles, perfect except for Duffy's pesky ACT-UP buddies who keep calling and spoiling the mood. Duffy seems content to ignore them, but Blondie, who's seen this all before, gets more and more bent out of shape. "I wanna fuck you!" they say to each other, but Blondie, who hasn't been the Penetrator lately, gets his way. Come on, Duffy! It won't hurt a bit. Except for...Dang! That phone again!

On the other side of town, Vita-boy, who's having a crisis of manhood, strolls into Zen's Tattoo Emporium, looking for just the right sort of mean skin illustration to scare all of those nasty pansies away. He's greeted by Da Vinci – or should that be Michelangelo? (Played by a very hosed looking Rick Donovan.) Da Vinci ushers Vito into the back room to view the extra special tattoo patterns, where our hero discovers the most ugly one imaginable. Yep, you guessed it, that rotten skull thing hanging from a branch by its hair.

"I get a hardon whenever I get a tattoo," says Da Vinci, "and whenever I give one." Vito seems to understand, since he's got a raging boner too, which he

starts to stroke. Tut, tut! "No beating of meat, no movement of any kind," admonishes Da Vinci, "Not while I'm working on you." But ya' can't keep a hardon without beating! That's when Da Vinci pulls out the ol' penis pump and saves the day. As he's finishing Vito's tattoo, he asks, "Think you'll shoot a big one? A man-sized load?" I'll save the answer for you t' find out.

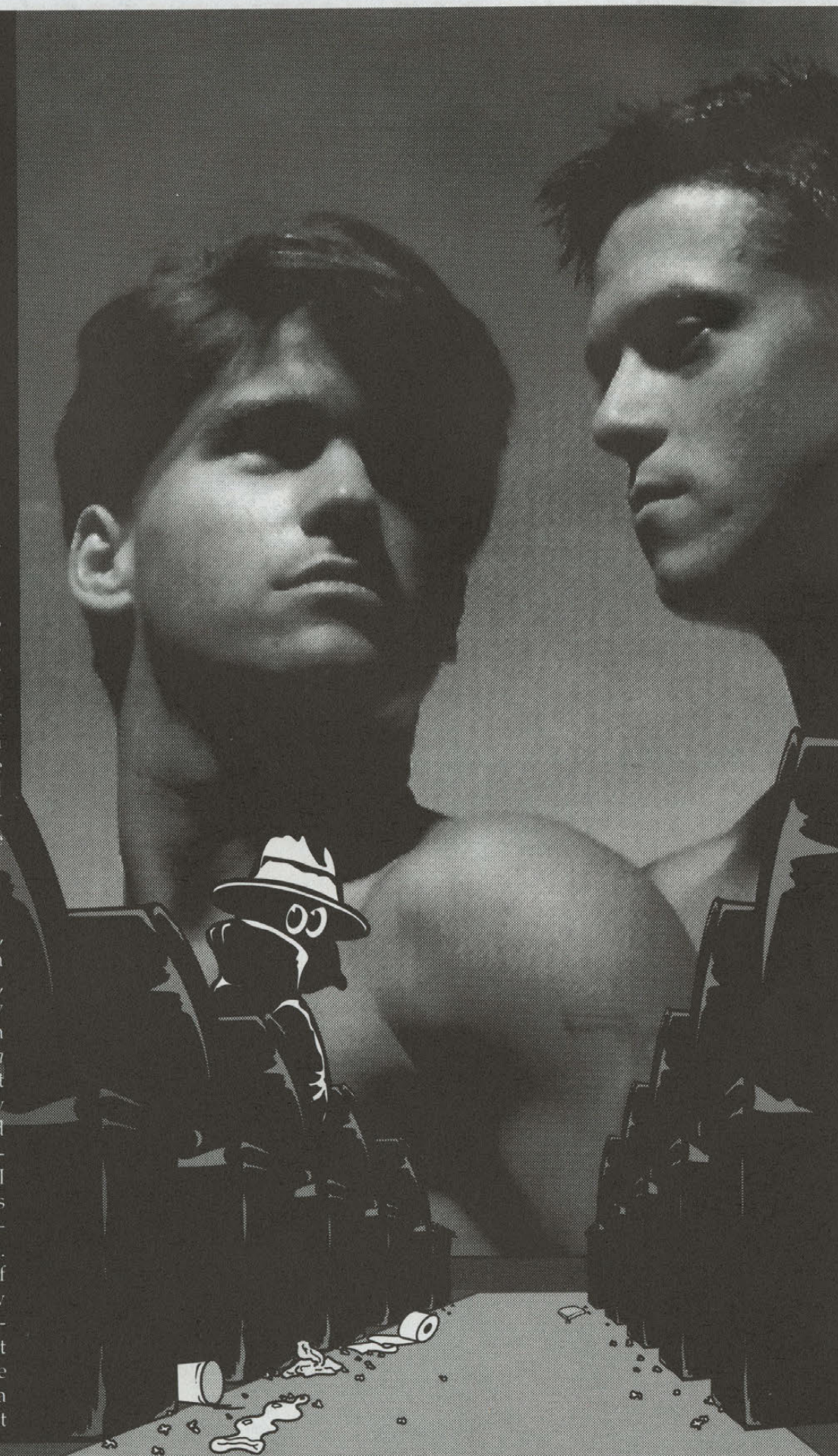
Poor Vito, unclean thoughts, unclean acts! Not even a real live girl can rescue his damned soul, 'cause as Tartina blows him in the cab of his pickup, she magically transforms into Duffy. All under the benevolent and approving gaze of the little Mary figurine on his dash. Vito, Vita-boy, Vicodin, when will you learn?

Dejected, our hero slinks into Another World, a homo bar where he promised to see Belle sing her gig. All the patrons take notice of what's inside Vito's blue tank top and white Angel Flights, but Vito ignores them, horrified/fascinated to see Duffy moonlighting as a bartender. Belle treats us all to a classic queer liberation song ("...I'm more of a woman than you'll ever get, and more of a man than you'll ever be!"), and gives our hero a big smooch, just so everyone else knows exactly who the ditty was for.

At this point, Random Young Stud #1 starts fondling Random Young Stud #2, and they begin to fuck, right there on the bar. Where do they think they are, D.C.? (Last time Uncle Smutty saw something like that, it was in D.C., in that seedy old place next door to *La Cage*. The live entertainment that evening was a much younger Joey Stefano, who was blowing what looked like some baby Republican while another performer shoved a big dil...but I digress...) Vito, watching raptly, lets Random Young Stud #3 raise his flagpole under Duffy's approving gaze. Stud #1 and Stud #2 will have none of that, so they peel Stud #3 of Vito, throw Vito to the floor, and plough him in every imaginable way. Come on Vito, it won't hurt a bi...hey, what's that on the other guy's dick, chicken skin? No, a Rough Rider. Ouch! Well, maybe it will hurt just a little.

Continues next page.

Photograph © 1990 by All Worlds Video.



(Video review with *Smut Squash* continues) Wow! This film's really special. Hot video, great camera use, this wonderful "welcome to the house of fun" musical score, and what you *don't* see is as exciting as what's painted on your cathode ray tube in lurid detail. So many of the big production houses and directors (Falcon, Image, Matt Sterling, you name it) follow a set formula for sex, blowjob-sixty-nine-buttfuck, blowjob-sixty-nine-buttfuck, like some strange mantra. It's good to see the pattern broken up a little, the roles of top and bottom (or, as ol' Spuds would say, gender stereotypes) made a little more ambiguous.

On the other hand, you do see the important things, namely the rubbers. I agree with ol' Spuds that the invisible condom genie is one of the most counterproductive things to ever come out of video. Well sleep tight, kiddies, 'cause all of the actors put on their own rubbers, and correctly too. I might fault the Man in Flannel though, 'cause someone gave Michael Parks the wrong brand of rubber to use. A mighty dick like his needs a relax-fit contour condom to allow for his ample cock head. The non-contour job he was wearing pinched his weenie in a way that made yours truly wince. Uncle Smutty recommends Magnum, or maybe Harmony brand rubbers, and would certainly be the first to volunteer helping with some private fittings....

Then there's the issue of Vito's attitude problem. Sure, he's rough trade (well, maybe soft trade), but we do see him grow up during the film. I won't spoil the surprise for you kids, but it all has a gay-positive, if slightly corny, outcome. This is all much better than the traditional role of trade in gaysmut, where we're all expected to kowtow before the engorged boner of the breeder oppressor, with no personal redemption in sight. Perhaps that's the mindset of those nasty cigarette-sucking old trolls at you-know-where, but *this* nasty old troll thinks a little better of himself.

I was ambivalent about Chi Chi LaRue's number in the bar, but hey, this is the age of multimedia. I was hoping that he'd take off a wig or something, a la Victor/Victoria, and Vito would realize that his life-long mother figure was a guy, but no such luck. And for some reason, this old vegetable found Michael Henson and ACT-UP difficult to assimilate in the same frame, but who knows what might happen to someone when they leave Catalina Video. Actually, the film makes the best of all of the actor's abilities, even used up ol' Rick Donovan came across sexy in a demented sort of way. The whole way the writer wove Joey's existing tattoo into the story was a stroke of genius.

More of a Man is just the sort of refreshing thing one can expect from a fine independent producer. If you can't afford to buy it, by all means ask that your local video rental place carry it. Uncle Smutty recommends *More of a Man* highly, and thinks that All Worlds Video deserves your support.

(And don't let ol' Porn Potato fool you. I was the one who turned him on to Michael Parks, see? He still would have been fondling his stamens over Rex Chandler if it hadn't been for me! But if Michael ever gets into vegetables, I'll be the first in line, not Spuds, understand?)

THE MINI 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?



Frisky, functional PWA seeks AIDS adjusted, safe, sane, amusing, intelligent proportional plamates. Once a slut, always a slut, but safely these days, of course. Politically radical, feminist consciousness and atheism a definite plus. I'm 35, 155 lbs, tall, tan, and Greek bottom. LOVE group sex. I travel lots, so write me wherever you like: 302 N. La Brea, Box 179, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

Blond dude, 31, nice body, likes outdoor sex, dissonant music, indoor sex, bike riding, less dissonant music, rock climbing, and fun sincere friends. Hoping to here from studly types everywhere, although sex will be a challenge if you're not in the San Francisco Bay area. Send interesting letters to DPN Basket #9.



What can you do for DPN? Simple: sleep with the editor. How can you meet a C-grade celebrity? Simple: sleep with the editor. How can you be assured of getting published in DPN? Simple... Seriously, folks, your Cranky Editor is always up to meeting fun people for ongoing wild romps, but I detest one night stands. I'm still 26, 6'1, 160#, with blond hair, green eyes, and a mighty organ perfect for mutual French and Greek pillaging. I travel throughout California, and I can even talk intelligently about art. Come on, don't be shy! Write me direct here at DPN.

THE DISEASED PARIAH NEWS RESOURCE GUIDE

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

The **Neptune Society** offers cremation and memorial services in the Northern California area. Their dignified, no-nonsense approach is designed to help lessen the emotional and financial strain on relatives and loved ones. Options for the disposal of cremains include scattering in the Pacific Ocean, and shipment to the person of your choice. Think I'll have mine sent to George Bush, with a note thanking him for everything he's done. For further information, contact the Neptune Society, 1275 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133. Telephone: (415) 771-0717

PWAlive is a Minneapolis-based bimonthly with a good mix of informative articles, art, photography, literature, and an irreverent and ungrateful attitude. (Yay!) A \$5.00 donation is requested but "not necessary if money is tight." Write to PWAlive, Sabathani Community Center, Suite 303, 310 East 38th St., Minneapolis, MN 55409.

Other Goodies

The Hemlock Society. 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

Ball Club. A worldwide communications network for men who have 'em and men who want 'em. Same address as **Positive Image**, a communications network for men who are HIV+ or have AIDS

related concerns. Send SASE for info from P. O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

Blow Buddies. Duos, groups, parties. Local and national network. Find out what all the talk's about! For free information, send SASE to BBUSA, 584 Castro St #395, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Recommended Reading

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

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

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. Ask about GMHC's wonderfully dirty safer sex comics.

The Bay Times has an extensive resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or \$32 a year, (\$24 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 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.

WHAT'S NEXT?

Don't miss the the next exciting issue of the Diseased Pariah News! In DPN #4, we'll share the continuing saga of Scott O'Hara's *Memoirs of a Working Boy*; cheer to Brint Butchart's getting arrested while wearing a DPN T-shirt; be touched by poignant words from Patrick McGrath and Dean Swaydan; and jeer at the follies of *Aloofa Lee Thargia*, RN.

WE WANT YOUR OLD SMUT

Are you tired of your old printed porn? Just doesn't seem to blow your skirt up anymore, but you paid too much for it to just throw away? Well, send it to DPN. We can use it for incidental graphics, drawing templates, and all sorts of perverted things. **HARD CORE** stuff only, please. Mail it third class/printed matter to save money. Generous contributors will receive a coveted DPN button for their efforts.

I WANT IT!

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

- ☐ Please send me a one-year **SUBSCRIPTION** of four issues for only \$7.00 (US\$10 Canada, US\$18 International). Start me with (please check) the current issue (#3)____, or the next issue (#4)____
- ☐ Please send me a **SAMPLE ISSUE** for only \$2.00 (US\$3 Canada, US\$5 International). I would like to see (please check) the current issue (#3)____, or the next issue (#4)____
- ☐ Please send me a **BACK ISSUE** for only \$3.00 each (US\$5.00 Canada, US\$7.00 International). I would like (please check) #1____, and/or #2____

Please send it to (print clearly):

Name: _____

Address: _____

Signature: _____

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

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

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

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

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

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

____ Captain Condom's Original Party Pack at \$4.00 each Subtotal _____

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

Make all checks out to Forge-of-God Press
Mail to POBox 31431
San Francisco, CA 94131

LOOK!

**The World of DPN
 lies at your fingertips...**

Be the belle of the ball in this handsome T-shirt featuring the "You're soaking in it!" graphic that graced our first cover. Black and red on white. 100% cotton. Specify large or extra large. \$12.00



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



Porn Potato likes that!

Porn Potato doesn't like that!

GET FAT, don't die!

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. 2-1/4 inches diameter. \$1.00 each.

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

