



NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION



Ah strongly urge you to thoroughly considah the contents of this magazine before you purchase it. Mah constituency has informed me that the attitude of the **Diseased Pariah News** displayed here in these pages is an affront to all that is decent and cherished in Americah. **DPN** further asserts that Ah wear certain articles of female clothing while engaging in passive chiral intercourse. This is nothing but pure slander!...Ah dress up like a lumberjack, fireman, or cowboy, as any normal human male would. Once you have broken this seal, there is no turnin' back! Don't say that ah didn't warn you.

DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #4

\$200

*Inside This Issue:
The Cranky Editor
Wants His Butt Back,
Aloofa Lee Thargia, CN,
Adventures with ACT-UP,
Life Expectancy,
and More Meat than
Ever Before!*



The readers write back!

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

**YOUR HUMPY EDITOR
AND INTERNATIONAL LIAISON**
Tom Ace

YOUR SLUMMING PHOTOGRAPHER
Bob "The Big Boys' Disk" Smith

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**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

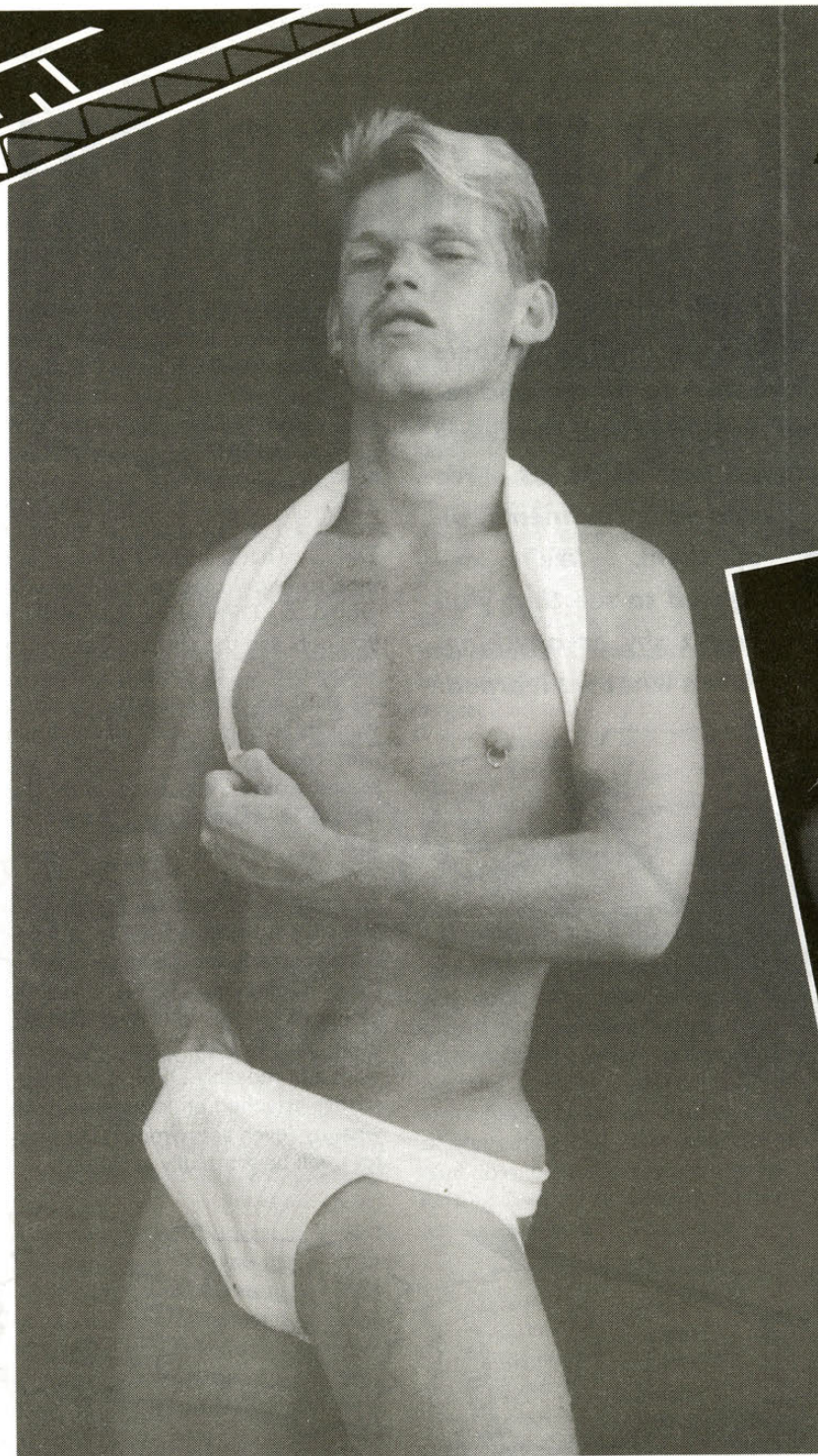
Hurry, before the prices go up! It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Simply use the coupon on page 31. Someone already tore it off? Then send \$7.00 (\$10 Canada, \$18 International) for one year (4 issues) or \$2 (\$3 Canada, \$5 Int'l) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, California, 94131. Questions? Leave a message at (510) 891-0455.

Special thanks to our legion of bubble-butt surfboy slaves: Daniel Bean-counter; Steve Moneybags; Miss Mapp, the Mad Typographer of Fleet Street; Mighty Lino Jeff, and Sensual Lino Annie (an honorary surfboy slave).



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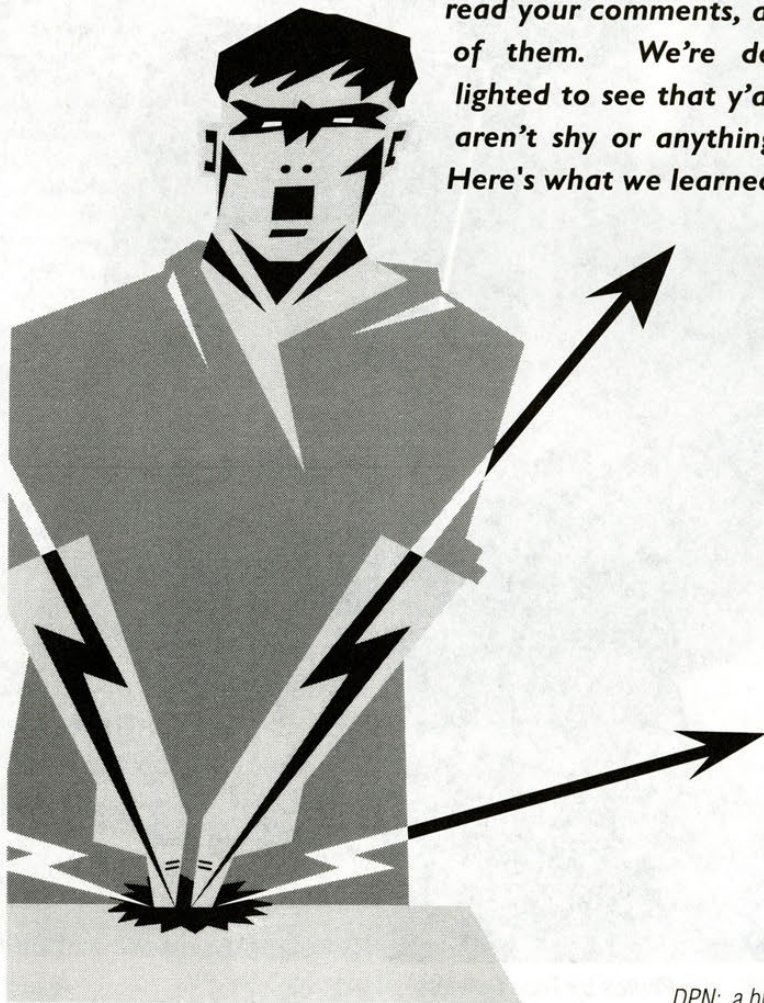
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Hey kids, wanna be in pictures? Just send us a photo, at least 3.5" x 5" (preferably bigger), black & white or color with lots of contrast. Tell us a little about yourself, and give the photographer some credit too. Please include a signed note saying that you're old enough to attend 'R' rated movies unsupervised.

THE READERS WRITE BACK!

We want to thank our loyal subscribers who took the time to fill out and return the red response cards that were included with DPN #3. We read your comments, all of them. We're delighted to see that y'all aren't shy or anything. Here's what we learned:



I would like to see DPN become:
☐ A bi-monthly rag (6 issues per year).
☐ Remain quarterly (4 issues per year).

Subscribers voted 3-1 in favor of a bi-monthly DPN. That's heart-warming; it's nice to know that so many of you would buy DPN more frequently if you only had the chance. For those who want us to remain quarterly, we trust it's only because you don't want us to burn out or water down our content, right? Maybe we biased some responses with the phrase "bi-monthly rag." Aren't we evil?

As much as we hate to disappoint 3 out of 4 subscribers, DPN will remain quarterly for the foreseeable future. Doing four DPNs a year is plenty of toil for your overworked, underpaid Cranky Editor. You still want a bi-monthly DPN? Large, no-strings-attached endowments from wealthy (even anonymous) benefactors will be gratefully accepted.

I would like to see more of the following in DPN:
☐ Smut (pictures). ☐ Smut (stories).
☐ More regular or semi-regular features.
☐ Non-fiction and newsy articles.
☐ True-life experiences. ☐ Fiction ☐ Poetry.

DPN: a biodegradable magazine for biodegradable people.

The clear favorite here was true-life experiences, followed by smut (pictures and stories were neck-and-neck). We like true-to-life experiences too, and we'll print as many good ones as we can. Send us your best stuff. You know the real reason we make DPN is to get smutty letters from readers.

I think DPN should be:
☐ Longer. ☐ Shorter. ☐ Its just right.

Poetry was clearly the least popular item. Anti-poetry people evidently aren't prone to mincing words, with comments like "barf-a-rama" and "no way" being typical. We occasionally get pieces that move even your Barbarous Editors, so we'll abide by O'Hara's Law: no more than one piece of verse per issue.

We like the suggestion of an advice column. We prefer not to make up our own questions, though, so send yours to Aunt Kaposi, c/o DPN. Most anything is fair game, but no questions on diagnosis or treatment, please; we aren't physicians.

I would like to see these technical features become a regular part of DPN:
☐ Two-color cover. ☐ Full-color cover.
☐ Glossy cover. ☐ Fold-out centerfold.
☐ Glossy centerfold.

A number of subscribers pointed out that gloss is harder to recycle. What?! You mean people actually throw out their DPNs, rather than piling them in the basement like old National Geographics? We're hurt. Anyhow, the point is moot – gloss isn't our style. Look for a two-color cover, and maybe even a fold-out centerfold, complete with some suitable gimmick (volunteers?). We'll see what we can do, including using 100% digestible (for silverfish,

at least) soy-based inks. Our favorite comment: "Fuck the upscale shit – let them read Town & Country."

No one said they want DPN to be shorter. Interestingly enough, the just-rights beat out the longer by a small margin. We love hearing that our size is just right – who doesn't? To the correspondent who checked "longer", and added "it can never be too long": you've never read Byte magazine, have you?

We at DPN like quality more than quantity. The magazine will be around the same size or slightly larger.

I would like to see:
☐ Lots and lots of DPN merchandise.
☐ You're getting too commercial.

By 5-1, readers want lots and lots of DPN merchandise. The message is clear: DPN paraphernalia is way cool. You don't want to be caught dead wearing last year's gay activist fashion when you could be wearing a DPN T-shirt. Isn't it more fun to be on the leading edge of something big? Get your DPN stuff now, before everyone else has it. Our favorite comment: "please, no 900 numbers." Don't worry.

About Captain Condom:
☐ Keep him. ☐ Longer stories.
☐ Lose him. ☐ Shorter stories.
☐ Serialize stories over several issues.
☐ I would like more sex and violence.

Please Go To Next Page

YOU ARE AN INSECT!

Do you anxiously wait for your friends to receive their copy of the *Diseased Pariah News* so that you can read it too? Do you invite yourself over to discuss Western gardening, but what you really want is to furtively thumb through that little 'zine on the coffee table?



And just why haven't you subscribed yet? Are you afraid to admit something? Are you sero-closeted? Well hon, it's time to get over it, because your friends probably already suspect; and if they don't now, they will when you start looking like a Jenny Craig addict or develop spots.

So c'mon! Do your conscience and our egos a favor by **SUBSCRIBING** to DPN. You'll get your copies printer fresh and without coffee rings, to hide under the bed when your parents come visiting or whatever else you please.

A subscription is only \$7.00, to DPN, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131. Hurry, before the rates go up!

ADVERTISING RATES

Why advertise? Because unscientific research has shown that each copy of DPN is seen by an average of 17.3 people. With a print run of 2,500 copies, that's 43,000 individuals who are touched by our gilded hand, and who could be touched by yours.

FULL PAGE:
38pi x 45pi (6-1/3" x 7-1/2") \$450

HALF PAGE:
25pi x 45pi (4-1/6" x 7-1/2") \$300

THIRD PAGE:
12pi x 45pi (2" x 7-1/2") \$150

SIXTH PAGE:
12pi x 22pi (2" x 3-2/3") \$75

We trust that ad art will be in keeping with the style of the magazine. We offer design consultation for an additional fee. There is a 15% discount for two or more insertions. Sorry, we can't do bleeds or colors.

TECHNOPHILIA

If Macs make you moist, DPN is the place! DPN was produced without any manual paste-up what-so-ever. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal art (including Captain Condom) was rendered using Adobe Illustrator, and photos were retouched in Adobe Photoshop. Composition and assembly were performed on a Macintosh IICI in Quark XPress. Photos were scanned on Apple (with Abaton 8-bit Upgrade) and Microtek flatbed scanners. Proofs were run off a Personal LaserWriter NT, and final output was to a Linotronic 330 imagesetter at 2540 dpi/100 lpi. Printing was by offset lithography. Sorry TrueType, DPN was set entirely with Adobe typefaces.

87% of the readers who have an opinion want the Captain to stay. Longer stories, shorter stories were equally requested - what's an editor to do? Probably do longer stories, some serialized. More sex and violence.

Comments included: "Make his bulge bigger"; "Get a grip on him. Is there a point?" (I've had a grip on him, and it's blunt, not pointy); "Too male oriented"; "I want to see his dick"; "...You can't please everyone, that's for sure.

Bonus Question:

- ☐ I think the Cranky Editor should be able to earn a small but reasonable living off of DPN.
☐ Screw him! Let Biffy toil in drudgery and bondage like the rest of us!

The Forgotten Question:

- ☐ I think DPN should be more politically correct.
☐ Fuck PC! As long as gay men are the "guilty" victims of AIDS, we deserve our own magazine!

The overwhelming majority of our loyal readers think the Cranky Editor should be able to earn a living from DPN. If only it were so! For those of you who are concerned about rampant graft at FOG Press, we do buy ourselves pizza from time to time. (Hey! You spend an evening putting those little "not sanitized for your protection" stickers around 2,500 copies of the magazine and see if you want some sort of compensation.)

As far as Biffy toiling, some readers had their own interpretations of "screw him" and "bondage." Hmmmmmm.

For the suggestions I have marked, I would be willing to pay a fair price per issue of
☐ \$2.50 ☐ \$3.00 ☐ \$4.00

A clear majority of readers said they'd pay a fair price of \$3.00

Does anyone need an answer to this one? We see from your comments that DPN subscribers (with a few wimpy exceptions) want no pussyfooting and no apologies.

A number of readers asked for things that we could use some help with. We write about what we understand best; we use so many gay male themes because we're homo boys. "Put up or shut up" is the operating philosophy here at DPN. You want to see stuff written from a different point of view? Send us some. You want a letters column? You know what to do.

A request from a subscriber in New York: "please print a key to your classified symbols." We thought they were pretty obvious, but here goes. #1 is a cleaver; #7 is a tank top on a clothesline; #8 is a tape measure; #9 is a propeller. Any further questions? - T. A.



C r a n k y W o r l d s

One of the things that we repeatedly hear about AIDS is that, one way or another, we'll get some kind of national health care system out of it. I don't have any rosy pictures of our elected officials voting for it out of heartfelt sympathy for those with chronic conditions. Rather, I see self interest as the key. Imagine if you will, a vaccine for HIV is at long last discovered, but it's fantastically expensive, requiring a dozen initial injections, close monitoring, and a series of boosters every two years. Everybody will want it, of course, still fearing after all these years that you can get AIDS from toilet seats. Do you think that Senator Snort from Iowa will go before his constituents and say, "Shucks, folks, you just ain't worth it."? No, he'll be screaming, like everyone else, that national health care is long overdue.

What form would our own national health care system take? Since we would be the last or next to last industrialized nation to have one (depending on whether South Africa beats us to it), we'd have all sorts of examples to choose from: Canada, Great Britain, all of Europe. Well

take heart, dear readers, for your Cranky Editor has seen the future of socialized medicine in America. It's a health plan that exists today, and it's called Kills You Permanently (KP to its friends).

As you would expect from the leader of the free world, KP has some of the best facilities on the planet. Their equipment is the most up to date. Their specialists are without parallel. Their nurses will chop up your Vicodin tablets and sprinkle it over vanilla ice cream if it will make you feel better. The only problem is that you need a signed note from the Surgeon General before getting proper treatment.

The laws of the market don't apply to KP. Since treatment through them is the right of their members (citizens for the national health care analogy), and their financial base is limited (as it would be for tax revenue), fiscal conservatism is king. If that involves a little foot dragging, so much the better. For example, if 100 people come one day complaining of appendicitis, and they are all told to wait a month and come back if they are still feeling ill, only about half will. Never mind that they other half died or saw real physicians, KP has just saved itself hundreds of thousands of dollars.

HIV causes grave worries at KP. After all, its symptoms and

SUBMIT!



Bad little boys and girls who criticize the contents of DPN but don't themselves contribute will be forced to clean this bathroom at an undisclosed location in Long Beach, California. That's right, DPN is more than just the Biff and Tommy fan club; we need YOU! We need your stories, articles, true-life experiences, advertisements, personals, ideas, and recipes. The guidelines are pretty broad: Whatever you as a Diseased Pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. We're getting pickier these days, but we're still nice guys. We can't pay, but you'll get a nice, shiny DPN button for your efforts. Please include a SASE if you would like your work returned to you.

HOW I GOT AIDS

Memoirs of a Working Boy

by Scott O'Hara

Episode Three: Tenderloin

Okay, admittedly, the title of this little piece is misleading. The memories are physically anchored in the Tenderloin, but the atmosphere is anything but seedy. There was a law student living there, with whom I had a protracted fuck-buddy relationship—again, a misleading term, since he was rabidly opposed to fucking. He'd been fucked twice in his life, he said, and hated it both times—once when he first came out, in the '70's, and once, more recently, by a man who was soon to become his ex-lover. Not surprisingly, his oral technique was superb. My cock is not a beginner's size, but he was undaunted—and furthermore, he taught me a thing or two about obsession. Without his tutoring, I might never have gotten to where I am today. I wish he were still around to enjoy the results with.

Memories of Bob, though, inevitably lead to the first time I saw him. Class, how many of you have fond memories of the balcony at the Strand, back when Thursdays were gayporn days? Raise your hands, please. I didn't show up quite every week, but often enough that there were a few familiar faces, and his wasn't one of them. I believe he was the only person I ever went home with from the Strand—and he was compulsive about staying for the end of the movie. Always had this

irrational respect for movies/videos—maybe because he'd been in one. One of the Gage Bros. films. And, come to think of it, if I'd had a role like that one, I might have a little more respect for the medium myself...unfortunately, the majority of the roles I came in for were what might be called Tenderloin roles: not scenes I care to review. Poor judgment on my part.

The nadir of my career came with a video called—no, I don't suppose I should name it—on the other hand, I don't want any of you renting it—*Hung & Horny*, in which not only does the boy on the box cover have a *dildo* shoved in his pants to give him a basket, but the cumshots were mostly faked with milk. Cold milk, straight from the refrigerator. All over my chest and stomach. Three different times, for camera angles. Believe me, fans, not even notoriety is worth this sort of treatment.

To end on a happier note—oh, carry me back to old Savages, yes that's where I belong... Once again, you really *can't* go home again—but that's what it was for the better part of the year: home. I wrestled there, jerked off on stage, won a contest or two, and met a lot of long-term friends in the back rooms. Even in 'a place like that,' which might well be called a dump, there is a certain, um, 'team spirit,' and I did play around a lot with my fellow performers. That

part of the life, I miss. Sarge, who pierced my tits, downstairs, after a performance; John, who later played the cop in a film with me; and David, the shy one who attracted me like a magnet. (My titrings were steel.) I think I must truly have been 'innocent' still, whatever my past; because when David smiled at me, and agreed to accompany me to dinner, I remember feeling like a petted puppy: all but rolling over to have me my belly scratched. Puzzled, he asked, "Hasn't anyone ever been nice to you before?" And oh, of course people had been; hundreds, if not thousands. "Not someone I respect," was my reply, and I still can't see how truthful it might have been; but yes, there's a large part of me that *would* like to be that innocent again.

Did I promise 'happy ending?' Matter of opinion, I suppose; but I think I've gotten one.

Episode Four: Litland

Some of you have probably noticed that in three episodes, I have yet to get nitty & gritty about sex. Yes, Virginia, there is a reason for this. I'm fairly good at rendering situations and contexts, lead-ins and conflicts, well enough to give the average reader a hardon; this is the

very stuff of erotica. Where I fall down is the transcription of the moans & groans of the sex act. So I generally fall back on the 'omniscient reader' technique: flatter the reader, tell him he already knows what's happening or about to happen, "so why should I describe it for you?" Read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, you'll find the same sort of evasion. Besides, the hardon quotient of graphic terms derives from the rarity and taboo associated with them—repetition dulls them. Now, I freely admit that the reason I euphemize is not because I'm trying to make my writing into great erotica; I'm just plain uncomfortable with 'dirty talk.' Watch any of my movies: you'll see me grunt & groan, squeal like a stuck pig whenever I get stuck, and generally make more noise than two bull elephants in the mating season, but I use no words; I become absolutely inarticulate. Or, in those rare cases where I *do* speak, as for instance in the mind-boggling 'Wussy' scene, you can be sure it's due to a director who has a precise script from which he will not be deterred. There are advantages to scripts, but only if the actors are equal to the drama; I'm afraid I never felt quite up to it.

The advantage to my Neanderthal approach to sex is that you *can* tell I'm having a good time. More than I can say for some of my co-workers. I don't blame them (mostly I blame the directors)—but if I had been as uncomfortable as these guys seem to be, I'd have quit after the first day. Haven't you noticed? The ones who make all the noises like they're having a great time—but keep their eyes closed and their heads thrown back so they don't

have to look at their partners? Who act like they're digging ditches, not having sex? Call me old-fashioned: I like guys to be *turned on* to each other.

And the funny thing is, it's usually in the 'rape' scenes—or at least, 'coercion by ostensibly straight boy' scenes—where the top has the hardest time keeping it hard. It's especially annoying, watching an aggressor *tell* his victim what he's going to do to him, repeatedly, while pretending that his dick's not a boiled noodle. And it puzzles me no end that, if two guys *do* hit it off and start sucking up a storm, the director inevitably tells them "Okay, boys, it's time to fuck." Boing! limp dick time again. You know, I could really get off on a scene in which there was *no* fucking, for a change. A scene where the director tells the guys "I don't care what you do, but whatever it is you do do, *have a good time.*"

Unfortunately, the Gage Brothers aren't making videos anymore.

There is a video—*Wild Oats*, I believe it's called—with what may be the longest oral scene I've ever seen. For twenty minutes they go at it like two boa constrictors trying to swallow each other—and you hardly notice it's so long (the *scene*, you filthy pervert), because they are two of the most turned-on guys you've ever had the privilege of viewing. Cocks like rocks. I doubt that the cameraman stopped shooting once. The scene *cries* to be capped right there with a cumshot; but nosirree, fucking is required. So they get into position, as directed, and it takes fifteen minutes to get an insertion. I don't expect

our pornographers to be Einsteins, but wasting an opportunity like that is positively criminal.

The worst offenders in this line, of course, are the *real* straight boys. I understand the motivation; it's called Money. (Straight porn pays even less than gay.) But there are few things more boring (to me) than watching a guy have sex without lust. Sex without love I can take; but without lust there's no longer any point to it. I'd rather watch him raking leaves.

Does anyone else find it ironic that, although the fiction is that the aggressors are *taking* their pleasure with the victims, in fact the guy sucking & getting fucked is usually the only one enjoying himself?

Is all of this sour grapes? Am I bitching and moaning just because I had to do too many of these turkeys? I suppose that's part of it. I mean, it is especially painful watching myself do all the things I've just described. And again, I marvel that the two scenes in which I was the 'coerced' bottom are two of the hottest things I ever did—though I wasn't generally regarded as a bottom. So in a way, yes, I'm mourning the fact that I missed the boat. Fathom *that* one if you can.

Mostly, though, I'd just like to get one message across to directors: as a member of the audience, I like to watch videos that *aid* my imagination, rather than trying to replace it.

ALOOF A LEE THARGIA, RN

by Timothy Mahon

"Oh mon..., how on eart am I gonna get trew another day at dis place." Aloofa lamented while repinning her long unruly dreadful locks back up under her crisp unsullied white hat. "All doze folks with der TB, der cancers, and dah lord above knows what else, coughin' and spittin' up all over me all dah time! I can't be takin' much more of dis, ya know!"

But her bemoaning went virtually unnoticed. Nurse Aloofa Lee has been bellyaching that same old litany of woe every weekday morning since she arrived on the doorstep of Costa MasDinero County health service, seemingly a lifetime ago. Her alma mater, the Caribbean University for Nursing Trollops and Yammerers, or CUNTY, had only prepared her for part of the pivotal role she was soon to play in the lives of her charges to be.

"What we need to have for this facility to function is inexpediency and inexperience!" or so the Costa MasDinero board of health as they began staffing their HIV clinic. Enter Aloofa Lee Thargia,

RN. "Yes, Ms. Thargia, we have just the spot for you in our newest clinic helping just the kind of long-suffering, pox-ridden patients for which *you* are just ideal!" She wondered what they could possible have meant.

Nurse Lee was beset by blithesomeness that first day until, dreadful locks to the wind, she sidled out of the transit station and navigated her way to the insignificant edifice where a small hand-made sign read: The Nancy Reagan Clinic. "Just 'say no' to HIV treatment" someone had ruefully scrawled in the margin. "What dah hell is dis HIV anyway?" she wondered aloud as she disappeared into the doorway. "Muss be some kinda new bert control or someting." On a wall nearby, an ersatz spraycan dilettante had already answered her: "HIV = Help Innocent Victims!" "Is dat what dis HIV is?" she pondered.

Aloofa had seen pictures of the wretched and woebegone in textbooks back at CUNTY, but never really had "hands-on" experience until her first day on the job, where she finally discovered what HIV was really all about. "And juss what do you patients think I'm gonna do witch you, smellin' like dat and asking all

deez questions? How do i know where dah bathroom is? You'll just have to hold it until mah break is over! Do ya tink you are dah only one around here wit a full bladder, do ya, huh?"

With this shock-treatment orientation, Aloofa began to sense that there was yet another meaning for HIV: Hapless Indigent Vegetables. "Dare muss be some kinna big mistake here, ya know!" she protested. The CUNTY recruiters had assured her of a cushy, good paying job. She hadn't pulled up stakes, travelled all these miles, and endured those many long weeks of correspondence school just to end up playing nursemaid to the doomed dregs of society. After all, she had her pride!

But, on the other hand, it was a job. And she was 5,000 miles from home. So what if she was miserable, there seemed to be plenty defenseless fops and powerless picayunes to inflict it on. "Well, she finally announced, "Less be gettin' this show on dah road. We only got one doctah today, and he ain't had his M.D. for long, so you juss better be savin' anyting complicated til next time, OK? And if any of deez bloody wheelchairs goes rollin' over deez toes of mine, der will be no mercy! Tink about it..."

NEXT WEEK: Nurse Aloofa gets a needle stick.

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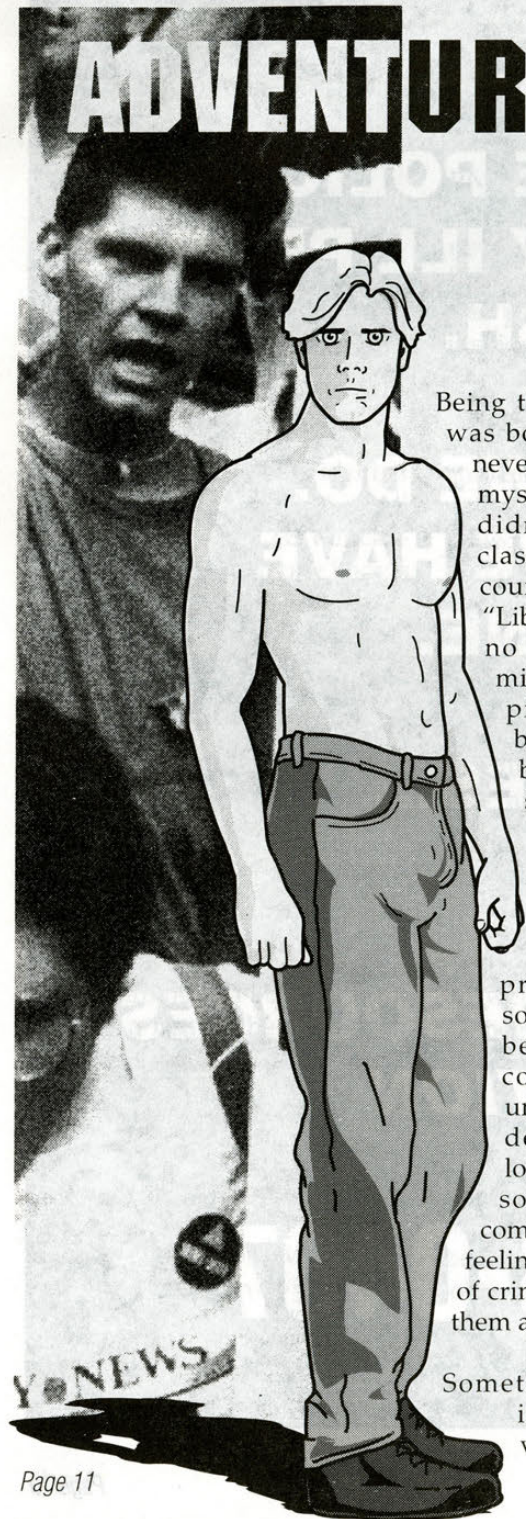
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If you're not dying, they're not buying! DPN says check 'em out.

ADVENTURES WITH ACT UP

Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Prison by Brint Butchart



Being the goody-goody that I was born and raised to be, I never quite expected to find myself in prison. That just didn't happen to middle class WASPs like me. Of course, I was raised in the "Liberal" tradition, and felt no scorn for those who might find themselves in prison, but held a firm belief that if they had been raised with the same advantages and educational opportunities I had, they would feel no compulsion to commit illegal acts. People in prison were victims of society, and deserved to be treated with love, compassion and understanding, and also deserved to be kept locked tightly away from society until they were compassionately loved into feeling remorse for their acts of crime, with no desire to do them again.

Sometime after I was inoculated with these values as a child, I

realized I was Queer. Sometime after that, I received "The Test Result." Still happily asymptomatic, I did all of the good middle class things: donated money to AIDS relief and research organizations, donated even more money to my doctor's early retirement account, attended support groups, played with metaphysics, *ad nauseam*. Living in Orange County (that bastion of liberalism and home to our friends William Dannemeyer and Rev. Lou Sheldon) as I do, this course of action seemed the right thing. I trusted that by following this plan I would build up enough good karma that the government and my insurance company would take care of me when I got sick. After all, I wasn't one of those "bad" people, like IV drug users or prostitutes. I paid my taxes and would never think of rocking the boat, other than the fact that I occasionally voted for the Peace and Freedom Party candidate in elections.

Lo and behold, my disease progressed. Practically

overnight, the 15 extra pounds I was carrying around my waist, and then some, got lost somewhere. While laying awake at night, I was sure that with every drop of sweat shed by my feverish body, T-cells were disappearing by the dozens. My doctor happily confirmed this diagnosis, and kindly put me

on AZT.

"Don't worry about the side effects," my wiser and more experienced friends told me, "they'll go away eventually." I settled into a routine of taking a pill and ten minutes later vomiting

profusely. The vomiting eventually worked itself into bouts of chronic fatigue, for which my doctor prescribed speed. Toilet paper became a major household expense. Threats of losing my job due to "excessive use of sick time" made me thankful that the enlightened Orange County Board of Supervisors had rejected an HIV anti-discrimination ordinance a few weeks back. After all, my illness and continued employment were causing morale problems for my office. "As a manager," I was told,

"you are losing credibility with your employees."

All the good karma that I had built up flew out the window as I was politely told by the County Health Nurse that I earned too much money to qualify for free AZT, and my insurance company let me

On May 6, 1991, dozens of Indignantly Righteous Homosexuals descended upon the office of Dr. Nadim Khoury to protest the treatment of California inmates with HIV. This was called the Sacramento Action, and Brint Butchart was there, getting arrested while wearing a DPN T-shirt.

know that all of those T-cell counts before I got sick indicated a pre-existing condition, the expenses for which they were sadly unable to provide coverage. Of course, if I had any medical condition that was not HIV-related (a hangnail, say), they would be happy to extend coverage (after I met my deductible, of course).

But what does this have to do with prison, you ask? I'm getting to that. I had met some members of ACT UP/Orange County in passing one day. After talking with them about

what they were doing in Orange County I decided that they seemed somewhat normal, and since I had nothing better to do Friday night, I decided to attend one of their meetings. A desire to become better acquainted with the cute blond sitting in the corner kept me coming back, but shortly I realized that these like-minded people were fun, and I enjoyed the meetings with or without the blond.

Shortly after I began attending, they started discussing the "Sacramento Action". Seven or more

ACT UP chapters from all over the state took part. The Sacramento Action was planned to call attention to the need for health care for people with AIDS, especially women with AIDS, in the California State Prisons. I learned that prisoners with HIV are denied basic health care, and are not given medical information about how HIV is spread. Of course, that wasn't surprising once I discovered that many prison healthcare workers (note that I didn't say doctors - they usually don't get doctors, much less HIV specialists) believe

that HIV can be spread through touching someone with it. This belief is apparently shared by the Director of Health Services for the Dept. of Corrections, Dr. Nadim Khoury. I heard other horror stories, like the woman who died of AIDS and was kept in her cell for three days because no one on the prison staff would touch her corpse. Or another woman with HIV who had a yeast infection for five months and was refused treatment until she was unable to walk. Prisoners being denied toilet facilities at night. One inmate was prescribed a high calorie diet by his physician. The prison authorities' response was to add an additional peanut butter and jelly sandwich each evening to the regular fare. This is what is passing for health care for inmates.

I decided to take part in the Sacramento Action. It sounded like fun, it gave me a chance to spend the weekend in San Francisco before heading off to Sacramento, and the cute blond from the meetings was going too. Although my activism is not motivated by lust, it couldn't hurt.

On May 6, at 9:00 am, Nineteen Righteously Indignant Homosexuals, both fags and dykes, descended on the Department of Corrections. Some ACT UP members had been writing Dr. Khoury for five months requesting a meeting, and had been ignored.

He knows now not to ignore ACT UP. The staff was in an uproar. "Please don't breathe on me, I don't want AIDS." one of them pleaded. We circled through the office in a peaceful, nonviolent sort of way, handing out our list of healthcare demands for prisoners, pasting stickers on every available surface, and blowing up a condom balloon or two. The police were slow to arrive, and we ran out of stickers, so a sit-in in Dr. Khoury's office seemed the appropriate thing to do. He sweated profusely as he huddled behind his desk, as far away from us as possible.

When the police arrived, most of them with rubber gloves but (after some lobbying from members outside), *sans* riot gear, they were reluctant to arrest us. They politely asked us to leave, and we somewhat less politely refused. As we were hauled off into the paddy wagon and taken to be processed, I realized that I had thoroughly enjoyed myself. It felt good to know that we had demanded attention from the government and received it. After all, society can only be judged by the way it treats people on the bottom rung. It was interesting to have to tell the nurse at the County Jail what AZT was for, its recommended dosage, and other Interesting Facts About AIDS that she had never heard. My good deeds were rewarded, as I was thrown into my cell

with the cute blond at my side.

It was a successful action politically. Dr. Khoury had a meeting with some of our members at 3:00 that afternoon, five hours after we had been taken away by the police. An unplanned but fortuitous event occurred when some members actually ambushed Ronald Reagan Itself in the Rotunda of the State Capital. As they shouted at him, "Murderer, murderer..." he turned, smiled, and waved. Nancy, not pleased, whispered in his ear, grabbed his hand, and rushed him away. Dr. Khoury, testifying later that day before that State Legislature, was questioned about our demands. Needless to say, he made a fool of himself.

Being in prison was boring, but getting there was loads of fun. The highlights included the cuisine and the plainclothes guard the women in our party affectionately named "Butt Man." Butt Man spent his days roaming the jail videotaping us, especially as the women peed. Nice that someone should enjoy his work.

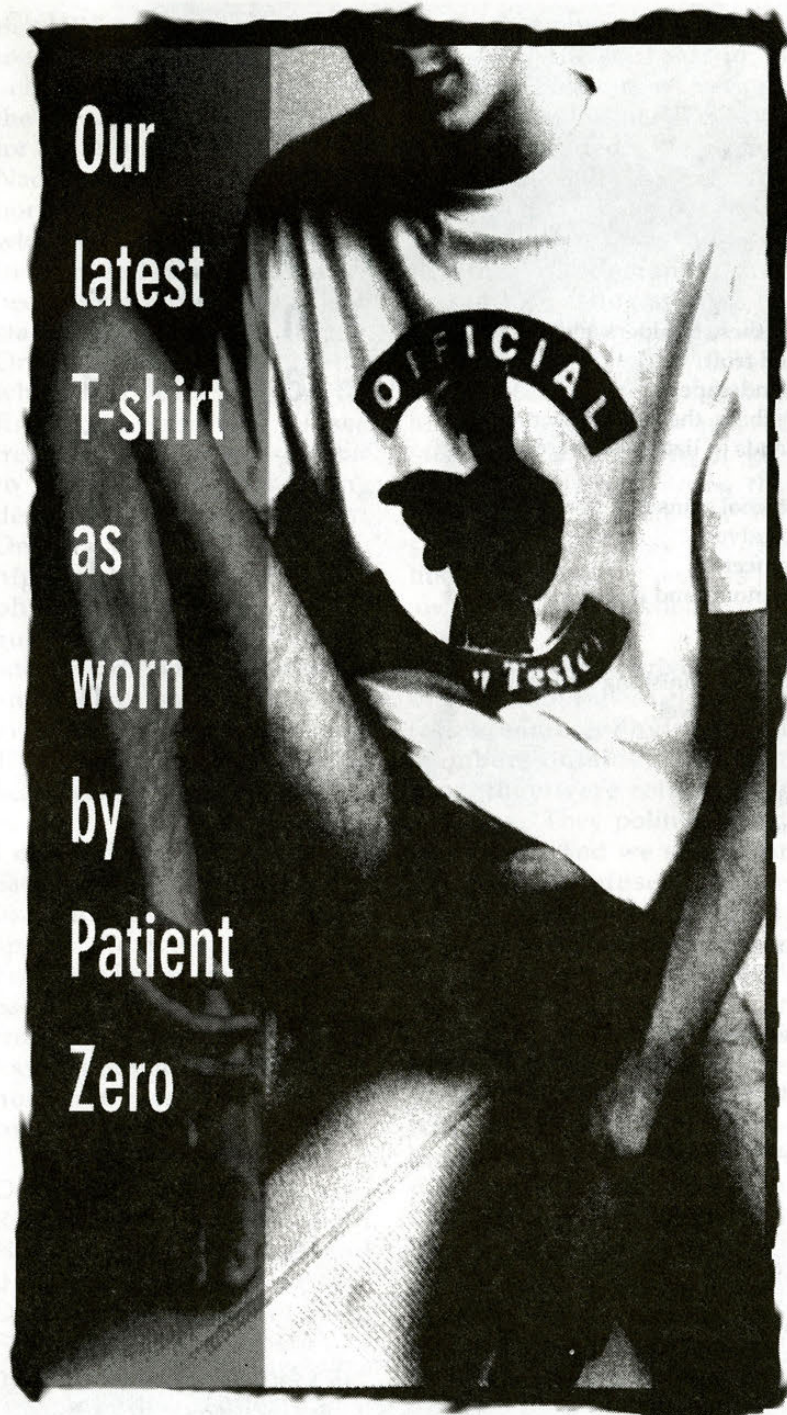
I'll definitely be doing this again. Unfortunately, Blondie will not be at my side the next time I'm in prison, since another earlier arrest on similar charges makes it unlikely that he can risk arrest again. I'll let you know how it goes. Like we say here in Orange County, "We're ACT UP. Fuck you!"

Stones for Casting

There were lizards lying loose below these boulders and stones. I plucked at them. They were ripened fruit that scattered and blended into the landscape. At times the ground came alive with them, the ground seemed electrified as thousands upon thousands of lizards scattered north, scattered towards the ocean. They brushed against my naked feet, cool skins like silken material being dragged across my ankles and calves. Like living sandals they engulfed my feet. As more came out of hiding, they ran north and into the ocean. The sky was crystal blue, clear except for an occasional passing cloud. Transparent thin clouds that, like wraiths, vanishing almost unnoticed. And the ocean herself was one motioning jewel, captivating, changing. Ever changing in both shape and color. Her smell and winds ran through me, it was a pleasant experience like souls touching, hearts beating together. There was an amazing attraction, an incredible draw to plunge oneself within her depths. To be engulfed. To be overtaken. Such a pleasurable torment. I fought her call. I watched wild and timid creatures plunge in. They slipped in and below. Where was it that they went? Was there some incredible opening? A womb of life? Transfixed I stood, almost as if in battle. A standoff. It was her and me. It took great strength to stray off as I did; to not succumb to the unknown pleasure. I marched against the tides. I walk against conformity and plunge myself into a different pool of enlightenment. I stand neither above nor below those passing for a plunge into the beautiful sea. As an equal I greet and surrender to the calls of my wilds. I succumb to enchantment and gather no stones for casting.

by Dean Swaydan

Our
latest
T-shirt
as
worn
by
Patient
Zero



by
Patrick
McGrath

I confess. I am one of those HIV queens with two major concerns: How To Stay Alive and How To Get Safely Laid. I am also one of those who thinks — yes, now get ready to press your ME TOO buttons and be properly ashamed of yourselves — HIV is essentially just a fag problem.

Well listen to this: for the longest time my AIDS support group has been an exclusively gay affair — just us girls — but last Monday, what with various and sundry OIs making the rounds on the regulars, I found myself right in the middle of a STRAIGHT GROUP! Imagine my surprise when I realized I was no longer center stage! Luckily I had my Kleenex with me (a girl scout is always prepared!). I mean, I knew I'd have to deal with death and condoms and broken nails, but never thought I'd have to deal with second billing.

One of the men, who married his wife AFTER he found out he was positive, (and that's already more than I can swallow without a couple of Valium) wanted to know if there was any way to "strain [his] semen" of the virus so that his wife (innocent of our little house guest) could have his baby. Well, hell, I thought: hats off to the Never-Say-Die-

LIFE EXPECTANCY

Contingent of the Mom and Pop clubs of America! This is a new category of concern entirely from the ones my ovaries have been roaring about since my diagnosis. I don't know anyone in the seronegative set who's that head-up about having *my* baby.

And now for *AIDS Comes to The Little House on the Prairie*, one of the women in the group wanted to know if anyone knew a good lawyer because her husband was trying to get custody of her two daughters on the grounds that she is "potentially an unfit mother." Seems the man is concerned she'll get dementia before he does and won't be able to mix pabulum right. And I thought I was going to write the chapter on real-life loser dice-rolls! I've had some nasty husbands in my day, but they never got to *that* level of blatant crudeness.

No, my dears, the truth is we just don't have the corner on the misery market anymore. And when you come to think of it, we never really did. I mean, I started thinking: we gay men have become so special to ourselves with the special kind of whammy that HIV has on a body, that it hasn't occurred to us to think how common a thing it is, and has been, historically, to look at life as a 35 year shot at best. I mean, things

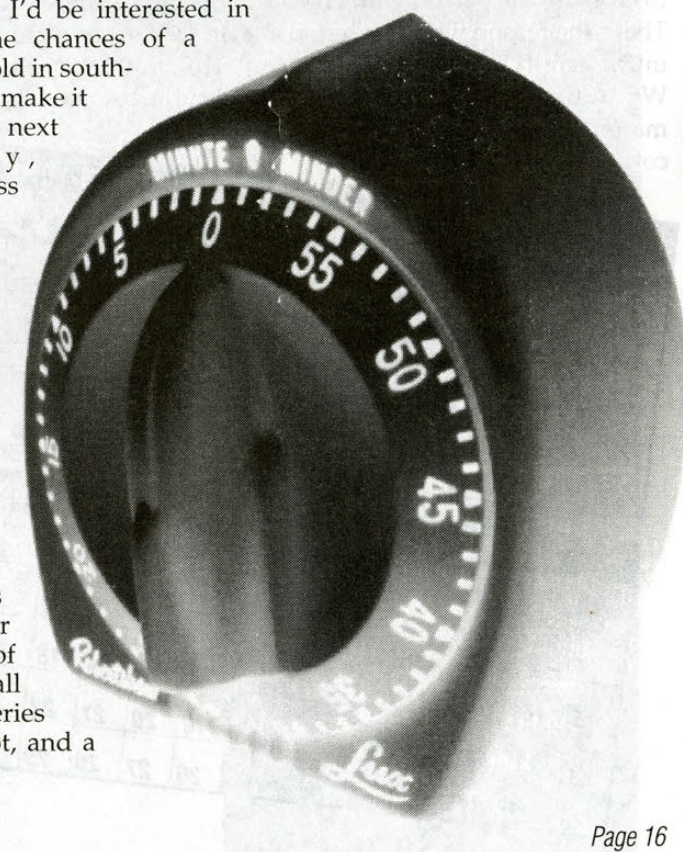
are looking up in the life expectancy department even for us, but, really, you don't have to go back to the barbarian hordes for life expectancies the duration of a struck match.

And what's the life-expectancy of a five-year-old untouchable in New Dehli these days? Is Mother Theresa putting out any statistics? Or just giving everybody a nice warm feeling in their tummies before they croak at fourteen? I'd be interested in hearing the chances of a four-year-old in southern Iraq to make it to next Tuesday, much less next year.

It's clear to me that the boat we're in is a w f f l y crowded and I'd w a g e r m o r e than half of these s a i l o r s n e v e r heard of HIV for all the miseries they've got, and a

good half of those would be happy to trade.

Now, don't get me wrong. Any asshole who tells me to count my blessings would be numbering his days on his nuts. What I'm saying is: look at the big picture, white boy. Sure, we're probably all going to croak sooner than we'd like, but you can't get laid if you're busy feeling special. I say: give me that ordinary thang!



The Totally Amazing DPN 3-D CENTERFOLD

DPN would like to welcome Byl Hulse as our first centerfold. "But why emulate other skin magazines?" you may ask. Well, your Prurient Editors have thought about this for awhile, and decided one of our goals is to eroticise the person with HIV. That's the reason why you see so much smut in this magazine. We're all still sexual creatures, no matter how much our ever-so-concerned

sero-negative caregivers would like us to live in saintly abstinence, so there's no reason why we shouldn't find ourselves and others like us attractive. If you think that you have something that the readers would like to see, send us some shots of yourself. Centerfold pix should be 8"x10", but 3"x5" will do for initial submissions.

OCTOBER 1991												
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Your Humpy Editor's Birthday

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Your Cranky Editor's Birthday

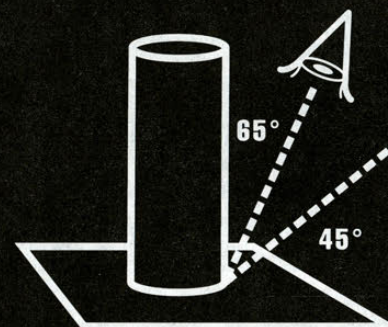
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CHRISTMAS (This is a hint)

JANUARY 1992												
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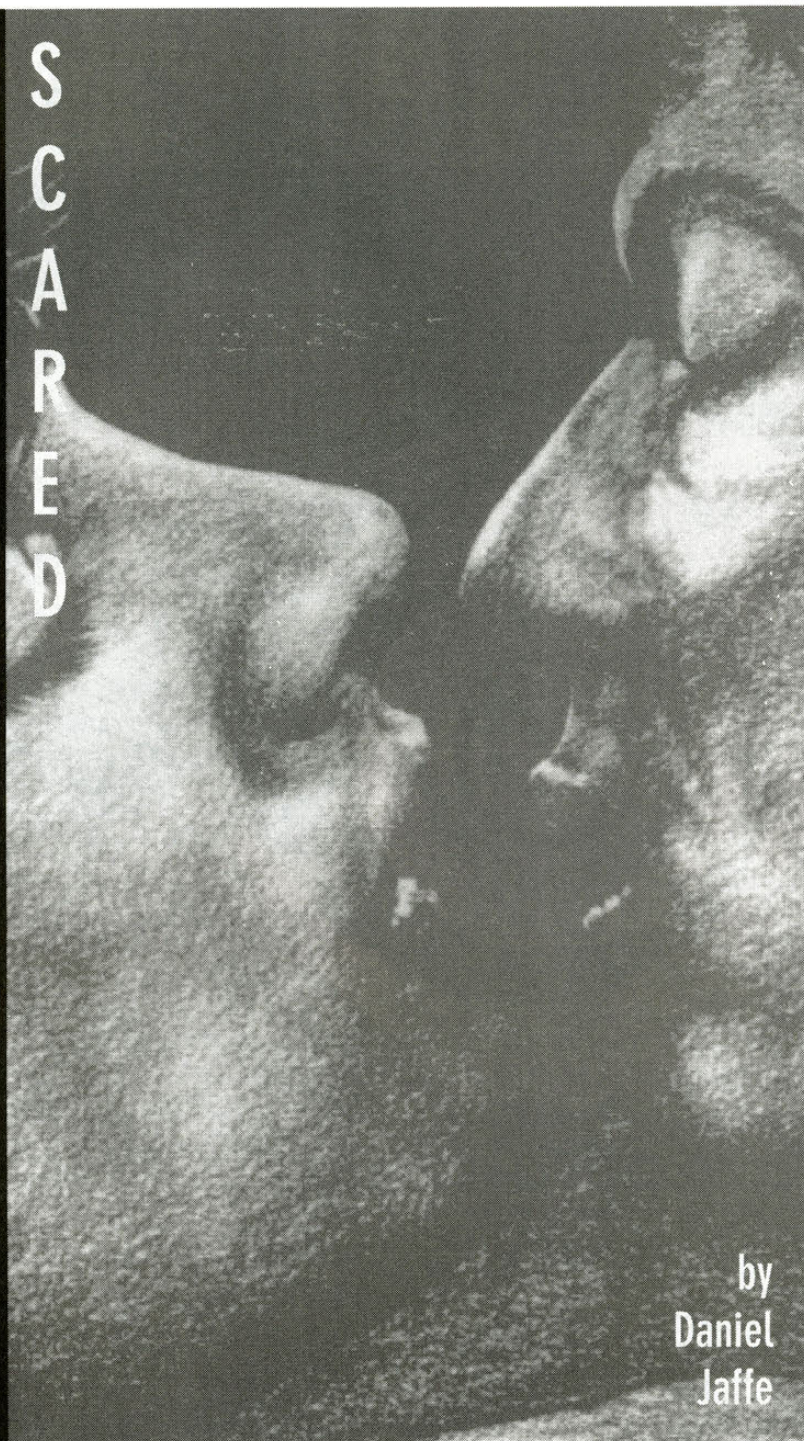
To take full advantage of this amazing cylindrical anamorph, place a mirror-finish cylinder in the circle at the center of the image. A roll of mylar works the best, but a mirror-finish vase or aerosol can will do in a pinch.



View the reflected image on the cylinder from between a 45- and 65-degree angle. The reflection on the cylinder will appear to have normal proportions, and an almost three-dimensional appearance.

"And I kissed him."
 "I would have, too. Poor guy."
 "He leaned forward and I kissed him."
 "Good for you. He must have been
 scared. Five years. The doctor just
 came out and said it, just like that?"
 "You're not scared?"
 "For him?"
 "For us."
 "Everyone's scared."
 "I don't mean everyone. Just us.
 You and me. Because I kissed him."
 "Where have you been the past
 decade? We can't get it because
 you kissed him."
 "I mean I kissed him. I really kissed
 him, on the lips."
 "It's okay. You can't catch it that way.
 You know that."
 "A long kiss."
 "Long? You mean — another man?
 But we agreed. Just us."
 "I know. Just us."
 "Now, I'm scared."
 "Of ...?"
 "Not of it! I know better than that...
 Of the meaning. We agreed, just us."
 "The kiss didn't mean what you think."
 "You were scared to tell me."
 "Because I know what scares you."
 "You love him?"
 "Yes. But, I'm here, with you."
 "We're still just us?"
 "Still."
 "Not an in-love kiss?"
 "Just a love kiss."
 "He must be scared."
 "Very."
 "An important kiss."

S
C
A
R
E
D



by
Daniel
Jaffe

HONEY, I'M HOME!

by Link Alexander

grab the remote. I'm just in time for "Bewitched", my favorite show. (I must confess that I'm in love with Larry Tate.)

Oh, you may be curious about my choice of kitty nomenclature. Allow me to explain. Every couple of weeks or so, I change their names to either A) Some treatment I've been hearing about, B) That treatment's side effects, or C) The name of my latest diagnosis. This helps me to pronounce those words better. Then, when I talk to my doctor, I sound intelligent and well-informed. (I just changed their names from Neutripenia, Levamisol, and agranulocytosis.) The only drawback, however, is that the kittens just won't mind.

As the T.V. turns my mind into a grey Slurpee, I try to think of the gifts in my life that just wouldn't be conceivable without this epidemic. After DPN and Bob Ross undermining any credibility he may have had by his attempted hatchet job of Ruth Brinker, I draw a blank. My mind devotes itself to Darren, Sam, Endorra, and especially Larry, and I fall asleep.

Slipping into my apartment, I pop the hasp on the lock with a click, and then flip on the light. It feels good to finally be home. I just finished my last errand of the day: a covert meeting with this charming young man to whom I sell my AZT.

It seems an equitable exchange all the way around. You see, he's on a DDC study. The people running the study would, of course, prefer that he not use both these drugs so as to collect "clean" data. However, he seems to have his own agenda; he wants to stay alive.

I guess I can support that.

On the other hand, I personally don't trust those silly nucleoside analogues. (Okay, so I spent years taking little plastic baggies filled with non-descript white

powders from cute bikers and injecting the contents into my arm. And now you can't get me to touch anything without extensive studies on long-term toxicity. Times do change.) So...with AZT being the only thing that conservative ol' Kaiser Perm is willing to supply, I take those fabulous ten dollar prescriptions and sell them for one hundred and fifty bucks. Quite a tidy profit margin, eh? Besides, it enables me to afford my oh-so-expensive-but-alternative-treatment-friendly private physician. Thank goodness for prescription plans.

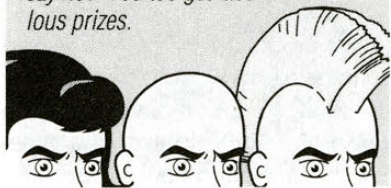
I walk into my living room and am greeted by my three cats, Toxo, Clara, and lil' Cyto (that's short for Toxoplasmosis, Clarithromycin, and Cytomegalovirus). They're staring at me with that guilty little we-threw-up-something-on-the-answering-machine look on their faces. Rather than check, I slump down onto the couch and

CAPTAIN CONTEST

Who is the lucky person who won the "Give the Captain a New Hairdo" contest? No one. That's right, no one. That's because no one entered! Okay, okay, Will Frederico did send in a submission, but he broke a rule so basic that it wasn't even mentioned in the guidelines: No sideburns. Will was also rather presumptuous in his re-designing the Captain's outfit as well. Shame on you, Will, but you win fabulous prizes for trying.

Lots of people sent in cards and letters begging for the Captain's 'do to remain just the way it is. Our pal Wendell Ricketts summed it up the best... "Mr. Thorne, you **can't** change Captain Condom's hairstyle, you just can't. As a first-time reader, I realize that this is slightly forward, but... See, Captain Condom and me, we had an immediate connection. He's (choke) perfect. In fact, Captain Condom is my God. He gets my honker thrumming. He has... Merchant-Ivory hair!! Alright, it's not like I'm a fetishist or anything, but I do have this thing about the little hank of hair that falls over certain boys' eyes, just so... You can brush it out of the way, chew on it — and it's the perfect fuck-rein, yes it is. (Can I get an "Amen!"?) Please. Don't cut Captain Condom's hair."

Well, Wendell, you're obviously a man of taste and distinction. How could we say no? You too get fabulous prizes.



(Cranky Words continued from page 6) complications can result in a severe financial burden for the group. Moreover, the frustration for idealistic young doctors about not being able to save their charges from death and debility is bound to take its toll. With that in mind, KP has simplified their guidelines for HIV to lessen the strain it causes on its staff. It's called "T-Cell 200". Here's how it works:

If a patient is ill and has a T-cell count of less than 200, he's a loss. When the triage nurse makes a decision as to who will get the one remaining oxygen tent, the withered clone with pneumocystis or the sixteen-year-old virgin with a sprained ankle, it goes to the virgin, of course. After all, she has so many more productive years ahead of her making babies, and she was probably an innocent victim of that cheerleading accident anyway.

If a patient comes in complaining of HIV related problems, but has a T-cell count higher than 200, he is told that "[insert complaint here] is not an AIDS defining OI." and that he should go home and try to be less of a hypochondriac. For example, your Cranky Editor went in to KP complaining of what they described as "merely" tonsillitis. Tonsillitis without tonsils? Sounds more like a lymphatic problem to me. Such questions are invariably answered with, "We're the doctors here, son," although

the nurse took the chance to add her own, "Pain builds character, young man." It was only after I had developed (temporary) facial paralysis, lost 10 pounds from not being able to eat (mostly in my butt), and brought unsubtle threats from my outside physician that KP started to believe I wasn't faking.

The outside physician is the key to proper treatment. If medicine is to be a right in this country, it will be like every other right we have, something that has to be fought for to get and to be maintained. In my case, I have Dr. McShane, who I hardly ever see in the flesh, but who helps me navigate the treacherous passages of KP's labyrinthine system. Sometimes merely invoking his name is enough: "Dr. McShane? Oh no! Why did you say that name while I am wearing my best white pants! No no..." For more recalcitrant MDs, gentle phone calls usually suffice.

So the question of whose national health care model we as a nation will follow has been answered: the Soviet's. Well trained doctors but long waits and nonexistent services if you stay within the system, and much better care the more creative and tenacious you are outside the rules. Russians bake cakes and offer other hard to find delicacies to their doctors in order to get immediate treatment afterwards or on the weekends. I wonder if that will work here.

— B. T.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

CAPTAIN CONDOM!

#4

A READER FROM LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, WROTE IN WITH A COMPLAINT ABOUT THIS COMIC STRIP!

BLEACHED HAIR? SHAMEFUL VANTY!

HE FELT THAT LAST ISSUE'S **CAPTAIN CONDOM** WAS TOO OBSCENE, AND WAS UNCOMFORTABLE SHOWING IT TO HIS STRAIGHT FRIENDS!

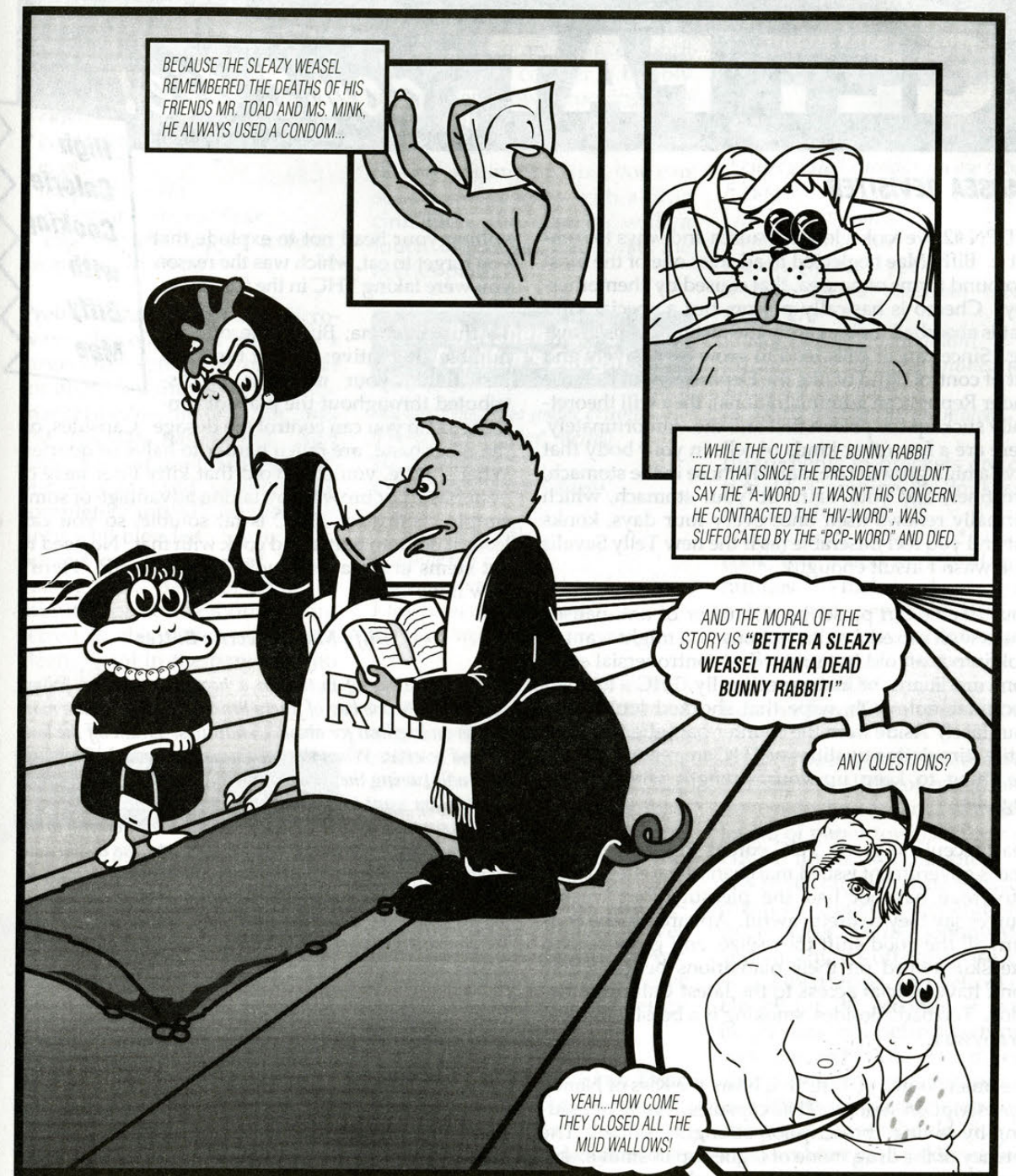
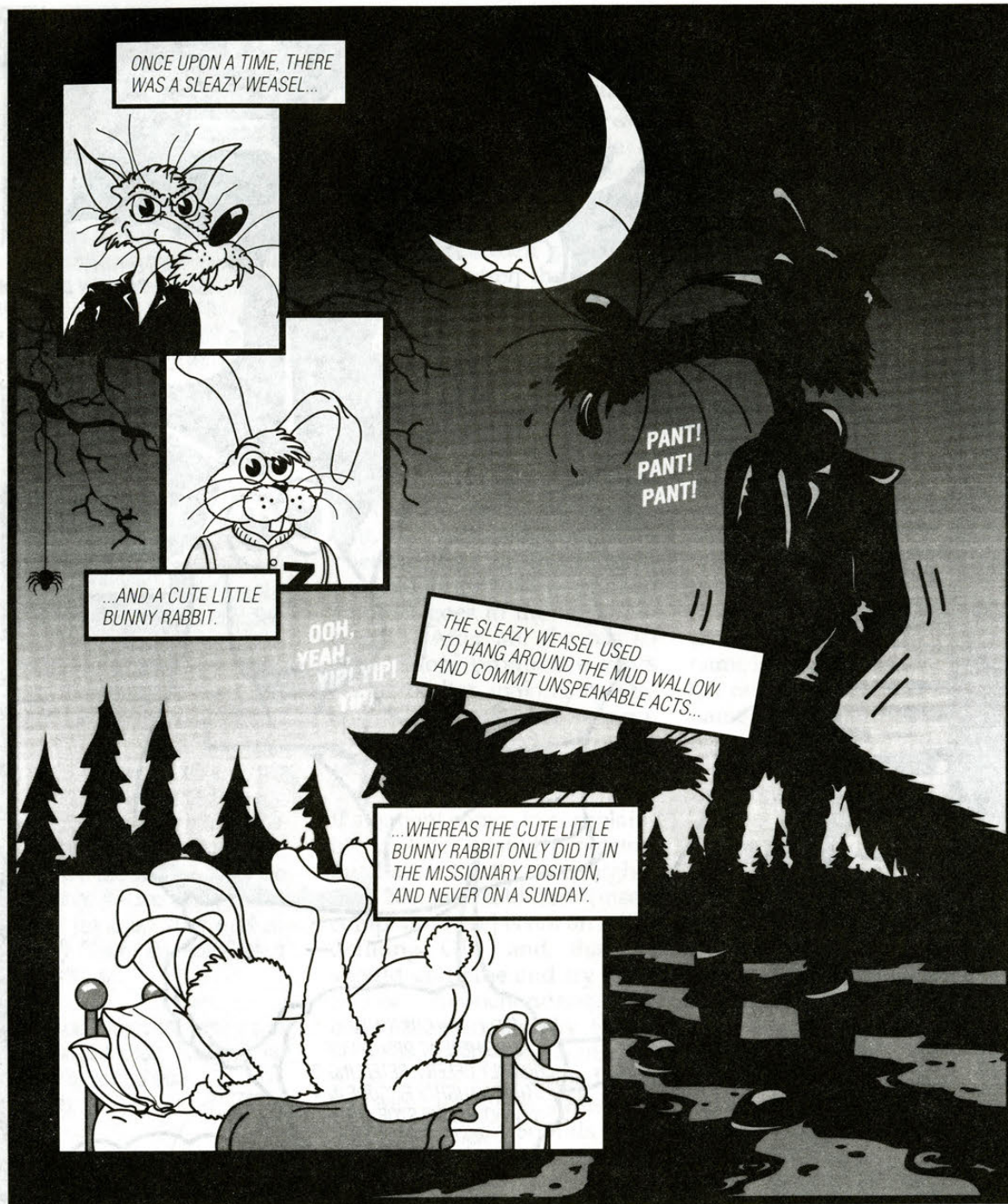
ICKY SLIMEY SLUG PRESSED AGAINST BARE SKIN!

STUBBLE ON CHEST. WHAT WOULD THEY SAY BACK IN LOUISVILLE?

WEARING NOTHING BUT A BATHTOWEL? SCANDALOUS!

WELL, THE CUSTOMER IS KING HERE AT DPN, SO WE HUMBLBY OFFER A RETELLING OF THAT NAUGHTY EPISODE IN A WHOLESOME STORYBOOK FORMAT. PRESENTING...

THE SLEAZY WEASEL AND THE BUNNY RABBIT!



GET FAT, *don't die!*

NAUSEA REVISITED

In DPN #2, we took a look at nausea and ways to combat it. Biffy Mae neglected to address one of the most profound forms of nausea, that caused by chemotherapy. Chemo is basically poison, but a special kind that is absorbed more readily the faster a cell is growing. Since cancer cells tend to grow explosively and out of control (kind of like the Department of Defense under Republican administrations), they will theoretically suck up the poison first and die. Unfortunately, there are a few other kinds of cells in your body that have a high growth rate, namely those in the stomach, intestines, and your hair. So your stomach, which normally renews itself once every four days, konks out and you feel miserable (as if the new Telly Savalis look wasn't insult enough).

Your doctor can prescribe a number of anti-nausea drugs with mixed results, but one you might want to look into is an old but somewhat controversial solution: marijuana, or more specifically, THC – tetrahydrocannabinol. (Oh, wipe that shocked look off of your face!) Aside from the counter-barf effect, the appetite stimulating qualities of THC are renowned, just the thing to keep up your strength while taking bugkiller.

Pharmaceutical grade THC comes in two varieties. One is government issued marijuana cigarettes. Now, Biffy Mae has not had the pleasure, but trusted sources say they're pretty awful. Apparently the Feds burn all the good stuff they seize, and grow second rate skunkweed on their plantations because they don't have official access to the latest California hybrids. Too bad. Besides, smoking is a beastly thing to do anyway.

The other source of THC that bears the Kiss of Nancy is prescription strength THC capsules. We're not kidding by saying "prescription strength", either. The potency of the drug (none of it goes up in smoke, and there are no other inhibitors) can lead not to euphoria but *dysphoria*, where you're too busy sitting around

willing your head not to explode that you forget to eat, which was the reason you were taking THC in the first place.

To this dilemma, Biffy Mae offers a humble alternative: the pot brownie. Just think, your medicine is distributed throughout the plate of confections, so you can control the dosage. Capsules, on the other hand, are much harder to halve or quarter. What's more, you can avoid that kitty litter taste of your basic pot brownie by taking advantage of some simple chemistry. THC is fat soluble, so you can leach it out into butter and cook with that. No need to get stems and leaves caught in your teeth. Here's how it works:

Biffy Mae's Electric Butter

Melt two sticks of butter in a heavy saucepan. When melted, sauté one bag of finely broken up, high grade marijuana on low heat for about 15 minutes. Drain off the butter and reserve. When the pot dregs have cooled off enough to handle, wring them out for any butter that's trapped inside. If you want to be really efficient, boil the dregs in water to loosen the trapped butter. It will come floating to the top. Put the water in the refrigerator, and the butter will solidify so it can be scooped off easily. The butter comes out clarified, but still makes fine brownies, cookies, or banana bread. The food will taste much better than cooking with leaf marijuana directly, but will still have a slightly herbal flavor.

Now remember, we're offering this purely as a medicinal alternative to classic anti-nausea therapy. Heaven knows, we at DPN wouldn't want to be accused of promoting prurient drug use, no no. THC comes with a variety of side effects, including immunosuppression, fatigue, and photophobia, so discuss it with your doctor, whatever route you decide to take. For the reader's edification, we have included a classic brownie recipe. — B. T.

**High
Calorie
Cooking
with
Biffy
Mae**

Biffy Mae's Classic Brownies

4 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup (two sticks) butter
2 cups sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1-1/4 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts,
pecans, or hazelnuts

Preheat oven to 350° F. Microwave chocolate and butter in a large nuke-safe bowl on HIGH for about 2 minutes, or until the margarine has melted. Stir until the chocolate has melted. Add sugar and stir until well blended. Stir in eggs and vanilla until completely mixed. Mix in flour until well blended. Stir in nuts. Spread on to a greased 13"x9" baking pan. Bake for about 40 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool in the pan; cut into small squares.

Biffy Mae's Classic Cobbler

1 stick butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup Bisquick
1 cup milk
4 cups fresh or frozen blackberries,
blueberries, cherries, or peaches
(about one bag frozen)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Melt butter and pour into the bottom of a 9"x 9" Pyrex baking pan. Mix sugar, Bisquick, and milk in a bowl until all the big lumps are gone. Don't overmix! Pour the batter over the melted butter in

the baking pan. Sprinkle the fruit over the batter and bake for 45 minutes to an hour, or until the top of the cobbler is bubbly and golden brown (cooking time varies with the fruit used). Serve warm with vanilla ice cream. (Before adding the fruit, you can season the peaches with a little cinnamon, the cherries with a touch of ginger, but leave the berries plain.)

Gretchen Mae's Fat Man's Delight

3/4 cup chocolate wafer crumbs
3 tablespoon butter, melted
1/2 cup butter
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla again
1/2 cup chopped salted pecans

Combine the crumbs and melted butter, pat half on the bottom of a greased 8" square pan and chill. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, beat well. Spread over crumbs. Whip the cream, gradually beat in sugar and vanilla. Spread over the top. Sprinkle with pecans and remaining cookie crumbs. Cover with aluminum foil and freeze until firm. Remove from freezer and let stand 20 minutes before serving.

Salmonella Warning: Even Dear Abby says you should watch out for uncooked eggs. Biffy Mae has yet to have a bad experience, but you never know. Use caution if you are susceptible.

Johnny Mae's Microwave Macaroni and Cheese

2 cups milk
3 tablespoons cornstarch
2 cups grated cheddar cheese (about 6 ounces)
[1/2 teaspoon salt]
2 tablespoons butter
Freshly ground pepper
6 cups cooked macaroni (about 2 cups dry)
[2 tablespoons grated onion]
[1 can shole tomatoes, drained and cut in 1/2 in. cubes]
[6 slices crisp bacon, crumbled]

[Ingredients in brackets are optional.] Combine the milk and cornstarch in a 10" x 8" microwave safe casserole dish and cook, uncovered on HIGH for 4 minutes. Whisk in cheese, salt, butter, and pepper. Fold in tomatoes, bacon, onions, and cooked macaroni. Nuke, uncovered, on HIGH for 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Serve hot.

To cook bacon in the microwave. Arrange six slices of bacon on a nuke-safe dish covered with four layers of paper towels. Cook on HIGH for 6 1/2 minutes. If you're starting with frozen bacon, it can be a bitch to separate the frozen slices. Do like Johnny Mae and cut chunks off crosswise, cut in 1/2 inch strips, and defrost (or HIGH for 30 seconds if your nuker has no defrost setting). Separate and cook. For reheatable portions, wrap portions in two layers of plastic wrap (carcinogenic – we should live so long) and freeze. To defrost, heat on HIGH for 3 minutes. Decant into bowl and cook till bubbly.

ACCESSORIZE!

*All
that
is
latex
is
not
necessarily
a
condom.*

All condoms should be made of latex, but all that is latex is not necessarily a condom.

Huh? What else is there? Well, there are other kinds of oral sex you know, rimming and cunnilingus. (The readers will please forgive that last word. We try to avoid bristly Latinate jargon around here, but the alternatives "pussy licking" or the author's personal favorite, "rug chewing," would certainly have us on someone's hit list.)

Rimming (anilingus for you naughty MPHs who are slumming tonight) may not be the most virulent way to pass HIV, but it is a great way to catch hepatitis-B or amoebas. And for cunnilingus, the jury is still out on exactly how much risk it poses, though it would stand to reason that it increases during menstruation. So what do you do if you wanna dog down on your partner but are concerned about these issues? Try a latex dam.

Latex dams, known also by the alliterative "dental dam" are thin sheets of latex originally used by dentists for horribly

invasive procedures like root canals. To soothe the anxious patient, they come in a variety of colors and flavors, including vanilla, strawberry, and maple.

From so ignominious a start, some clever soul made a momentous discovery: For a good time, firmly grip the sheet of latex between both hands, press it against your partner's eager butthole or pulsating vulva, and do whatever you normally do, *through the latex*. (No, we're not being evasive on this point, it's just not our place to lecture you on style.) Be sure to mark the dam with a non-reversible letter, so you don't inadvertently confuse your partner's side with your own and catch cooties.

Now, let's get real for a second here, folks. Dental dams were originally designed for oral surgery, not oral sex. The latex is thick and clunky, and our fearless bubble-butt surfbuy slaves have complained of rubber burn and tongue fatigue. Never fear, gentle readers, help is at hand. Simply take a rubber, preferably thin and lube-free (try Gold Coin,

Saxon Ultra Thin, Crown, or Beyond) and snip off the tip with a pair of scissors. Then cut through one side of the rolled condom and unroll. Voilà, a sheet of latex much thinner than any industrial dam!

Still tastes like thousand year old balloons? Try smearing a little Astroglide on it. The high glycerin content will cancel out that fatal flavor.

Another potential route for HIV infection is through cuts and hangnails on your fingers. So, just as you hoped that your dorm's Food Service employees wore gloves to keep from contaminating your din din, you can wear gloves to protect your partner and yourself

during fingerfucking and fisting. The fun thing is, you don't have to tell people about gloves. Leave a box out in some waiting room and they'll start putting them on, snapping them into place and doing Dr. Strangelove impersonations.

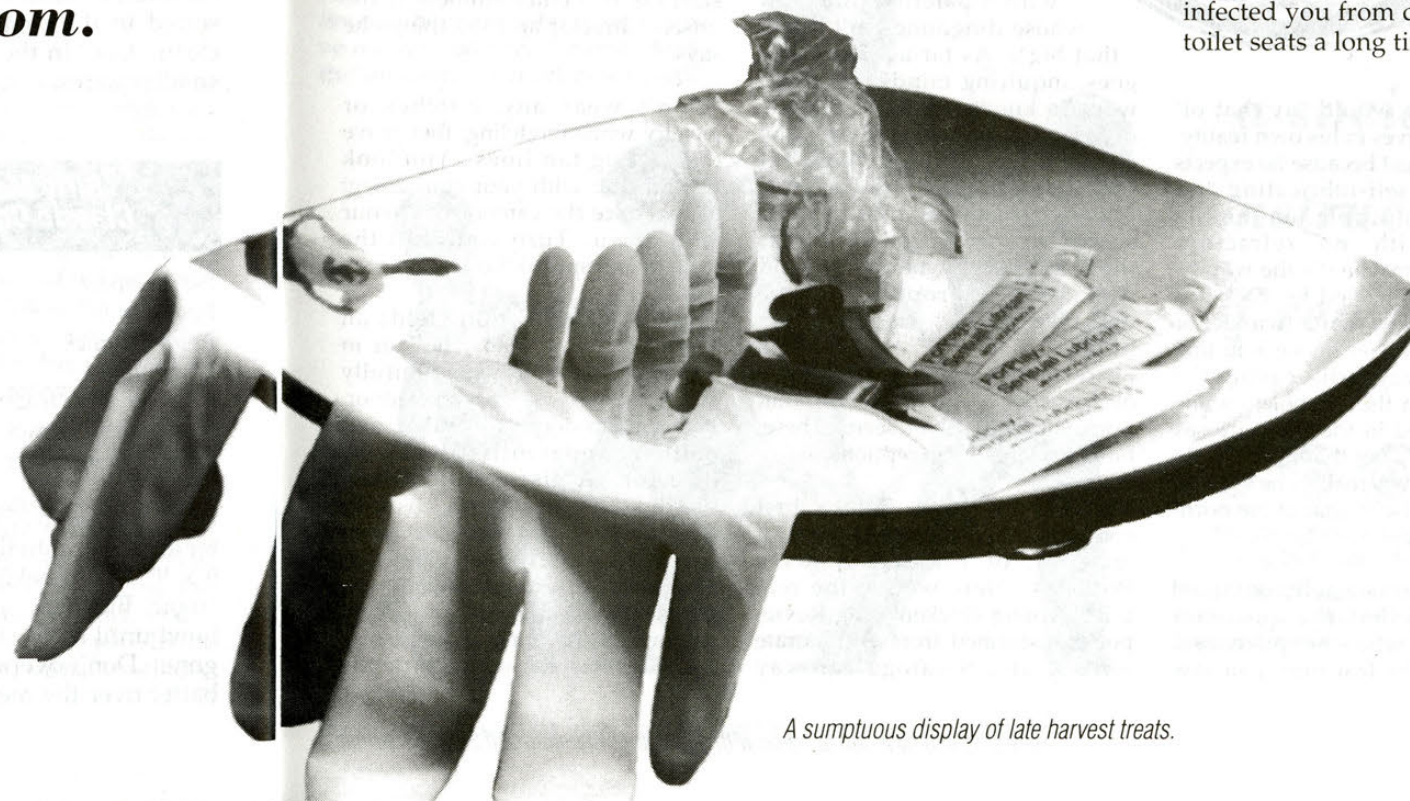
For the economy minded, there are finger cots: little rubbers for individual fingers. Perfect if you're dating Little Miss Beginner and a glove is too intimidating.

The FDA has just started setting guidelines for latex gloves, so the quality varies quite a bit. Our fearless volunteers preferred Digitex brand for its neutral color, odor, and flavor. Ansell, maker of fine garden hoses worldwide, was on the bottom of the list due to their

sulferous smell. Veterinary gloves are the hot item right now because of their fashionable elbow length, and yes, if you're really into walking on the wild side, some brands offer a strawberry flavored glove. Ask your dentist.

By the way, there have been no studies about the effectiveness of using Saran Wrap for sphincter chewing, despite what you've seen in the porno movies. It seems that there are little pores that might let infectious agents through. If you just gotta use it, our pals at the Condom Resource Center suggest taking two sheets of plastic wrap and smearing some spermicidal lube between to make a safer sex sandwich. Any bugs that could cross *that* kind of barrier would have infected you from doorknobs or toilet seats a long time ago.

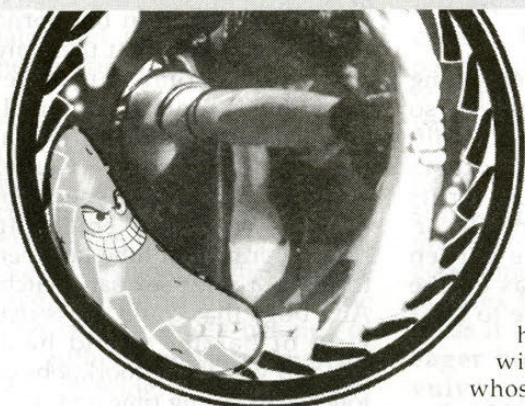
- B. T.



A sumptuous display of late harvest treats.

DECONSTRUCTING PORN

The Opening Up of Kevin Williams



Some people would say that ol' Porn Potato lives in his own reality. Really now, just because he expects all the men self-lubricating and capable of multiple ten-minute orgasms with no refractory periods. Or maybe it's the way he holds his arm behind his back just so when fucking some twinkie, or pulls his shirt over his neck in that ridiculous way (still leaving the arms through the armholes) while being serviced in the stand-up sex joints. No, it's not that Porn Potato lives in his own reality, he's living in someone else's: that of the porn-buying public.

Ya' see, porn is a self contained world, one that the customer defines by what he purchase. When was the last time you saw

"The Making of *Bigger Than Life*"? Sure, there's the "Jeff Stryker File" or whatever that flick is called, but it's a retrospective of the film legend, not the five-foot-six pock-marked creature who has to put his makeup on with a palette knife, and whose dingdong isn't really that big*. As far as the reality goes, inquiring minds just don't want to know. You can see the occasional camera man in the classic Gage Brothers films, but they have no pretense of plot. There was also an amazing orgy scene of a film called *Rushes* (terrible movie), where the sound was mixed improperly and the dull, blase voice of the director can be heard giving the models instructions. It also features some outtakes at the end, the only that Porn Potato has ever seen. These, however, are rare exceptions.

That's why Porn Potato just couldn't keep his eyes (all five of 'em!) off of *The Best of Kevin Williams*. Here we see the real thing, young chicken wing Kevie-poo transformed from an illiterate boxboy at a Saratoga Safeway

grocery store to Porn Star Dickthrob of Prurient America. What can you say? Porn Potato likes that.

We start off with Kevie in the bedroom of some sleazy North Hollywood flat (as evidenced by the deafening freeway noise coming through the window). Although he's supposed to be the star, the real entertainment is the unseen director and the things he says.

"Don't wear any watches or jewelry while modeling, they leave distracting tan lines...You look much better with your chin down; always face the camera with your chin down...Turn your butt the camera and spread those cheeks..."

Whoops! This action yields an unsightly porncrime! The hair in Kevie's crack contrasts painfully with his otherwise smooth exterior. Porn potato doesn't like that, and neither apparently does the director. A disembodied hand wielding electric clippers saves the day. Ahhh, much better. Director Bill (Bill? William? William Higgins? Porn potato sinks to his knees in awe.) asks our young hero to come for the camera. Kevie-kins a little reticent, what with the

bright lights and all the attention. But maybe if Michael (Henson) took his clothes off, he could get it up, yes? Not quite, but maybe if Mikey were to fuck Kevin...Director Bill: "I dunno, do you want to fuck him?" Mike: "I dunno. Does he want me to fuck him?" Kevin: "I dunno, do you want to fuck me?" Such enthusiasm.

"Well, this is highly unusual for an interview, but OK. You like it doggy style, don't you? Oh, on your back...all right. Michael!" You see, Mikey is going to be Mr. Williams first film fling, and Director Bill is concerned about destroying the magic of the moment, as though Kevin's hymen were still intact or something. He ends up prying them apart, so the "interview" can continue in a more orthodox manner.

Our hero finally does shoot his wad, but doesn't want to turn his rump to the camera. Why? Because he snuck a buttplug when no one was looking. "Shame!" says the director. Michael is shocked.

The unseen cameraman giggles. Amazingly enough, Kevin blushes in embarrassment, where throwing his legs up and getting plowed in front of the camera did nothing. Porn Potato likes that, too.

After the interview, the viewer is treated to scenes of the high gloss, shrink wrapped Kevin Williams that we all know and love. Among those is his debut on the flickering cathode ray tube, the massage scene from "Big Guns". Also included: the legendary "twinkie on a lazy susan" vignette from "Hot Rods", and a rare Kevin-as-Top-Man scene from Bad Boys' Club. Somehow the tart seems more sweet now that Porn Potato has seen the kneading of the dough. On a scale of one to five eyes, *The Best of Kevin Williams* opened three-and-one-half.

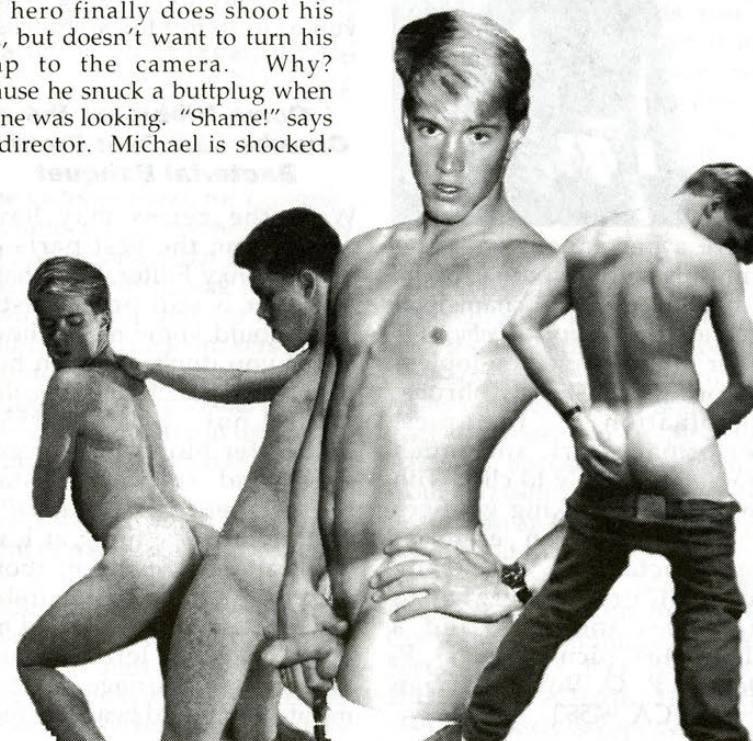


Is
porn
actually
a social
construction
of reality?



The Best of Kevin Williams
(© 1990 by Catalina Studios)

On a scale of one to five of Porn Potato's eyes, this movie opened three-and-one-half.



height, try to calculate his weenie size the next time you see him in a full length shot.

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?

Topeka

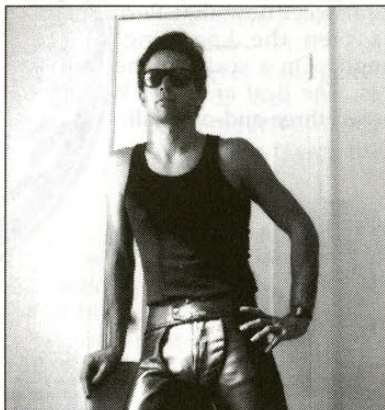
He's 6' 3", mid 30 and weighs 190 lbs. He's got eyes of blue and he likes hung studs; active, positive, and smart, no time for duds. Come, fill my Basket #10, do it now with you hand, get it off in the mail to the suave witted man.

Significant Figures

Gay white mathematician seeks amicable numbers. Let's conjugate until we're

powerless—not just in standard position, but also at various rotations about the pole. I'm positive, complex, smooth, solid, circumscribed, and n years old (where $n-1$ is a Mersenne prime). Reply to Basket #∞.

Door Number One



Share a permanent vacation with this spirited poseur of 38. A blue-eyed sexual chameleon (i.e., whatever you like baby), his other interests include topless motoring, acid-loving shrubs, combination therapies, performance art, and much more. He's likely to click with an adorable-looking younger guy who has an edge of unpredictability, a strong survival urge, allergies to cigarettes and pets, and a Playmate® picnic cooler. P. Deane, P. O. Box 1404, San Ramon, CA 94583.

They Call Me Peter

Because That's my name. I'm 26, 5'11, 150 lbs., with thick furry thighs. I live in Portland, Oregon, but travel frequently throughout the USA, leaving a trail of pestilential bodily fluids in my wake. Interests: Russian novels (in the original), cowboy boots, singing, motorcycles. I'm seeking contacts in the Northwest and nationwide for dinner, conversation, and/or unspeakably vile sex acts. Please, no New Agers or twinkies. Send photos and a short essay describing what you'd do to my thick studcock to Basket # 12.

Come Nibble on the Crumbs Left Over From a Bacterial Banquet

Well, the germs may have gnawed on the best parts of Your Cranky Editor, but what's left over is still pretty tasty. You should know me by now, but if you don't, you can buy the back issues of this magazine to find out. I'm 6'1", 155#, dishwasher blond hair, green eyes, and fulfill the staff requirement that all DPN editors must be hung at least one standard deviation above average. I have an incurable case of postalphilia, so send me your cards, letters, and proposals of marriage direct to me at DPN world headquarters.

Resource Guide

Oh, our poor little resource guide, the garbage can of DPN! Does anybody really read this thing? Well, you'd better, 'cause there's a secret message in burried in the following passages, and if you can decode it, you'll win a date with our very own Humpty Editor!

BEING ALIVE

Being Alive is a frighteningly comprehensive monthly newsletter servicing the Greater Los Angeles area. Published by the People With HIV/AIDS Action Coalition, this is your one-stop information center for the Southland, even if they do tend to be a bit dry (hey, no one's perfect!). Issues are chock full of practical medical information, in terms of home advice, knowing your diseases, and announcements of medical protocols.

The October issue, for example, contains one of the best articles on CMV retinitis that I have ever seen. Part of it was reprinted from literature put out by your buddies at Syntek, makers of the phantom drug gancyclovir, and included a sort of visual calibration grid that you can use to test your eyesight everyday.

Also included is an announcement of a Peptide T study being performed by USC. This includes detailed questions and answers about the study, plus eligibility requirements. Another article explores the differences between psychological changes in response to living with AIDS,

and full-blown AIDS dementia. Articles on dietary advice seem to be a (forgive me) staple in this paper, and a synopsis of the major articles is provided in Spanish.

Being Alive is capable of introspection, too. Last month's issue dealt with some of the questions about accepting tainted money from Phillip Morris, as well as the merits of moving or keeping the VIIIth International AIDS Conference in the U.S.

Being Alive is a staid but solid and extremely informative HIV resource. A six month subscription is \$12.00, \$20 gets you a year. Poor folks can get it for free, and donations are not spurned. Drop them a line at 4222 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 105, Los Angeles, CA 90029

POSITIVE PLUS

Here's a brand new newsletter serving the Lehigh Valley area of Pennsylvania. Being the first issue, it's a bit high on introductory sorts of stuff, but then we know what that's like, don't we? Nice approach on living with AIDS as opposed to suffering from it. *Positive Plus* will generously loan an electric typewriter for thirty days to people so they can write articles. Check 'em out. Subscriptions are free, write Consumer Committee, AIDS Service Center, P.O. Box 1800, Bethlehem, PA 18016. They will also graciously accept your tax-deductible donations. — B. T.

Announcements

RENEW YOUR SUBS!

This issue closes the first year of DPN, and we couldn't have done it without you, yes you, our dear readers. If we could, we'd take each and every one of you into our warm bosom and smother you with kisses. But since that isn't possible, we can only say this: Renew your subscriptions, you worms! If your mailing label says "Paid through issue #4", then this ish is the last you get. Send in those tender greenbacks before the price goes up with the next issue! There's no excuse, unless of course you're dead, in which case why haven't you put us in your will, hmm?

WHAT'S NEXT?

Don't miss DPN #5, the First Anniversary Issue. At least it would have been if we were on time, but what do you expect from a magazine run by sick people, after all. Call it the First-and-a-Half Anniversary Issue. We'll welcome Sleazy Editor Michael Botkin, dabble in Dildoes in the Condom Corner, ride through Dystopia with Sid Gagliardo, see Biffy Mae issue the DPN Taste Challenge for dietary supplements, watch Captain Condom be terribly PI, and of course the *incredible surprise that you'll have to wait to see, heh heh!*

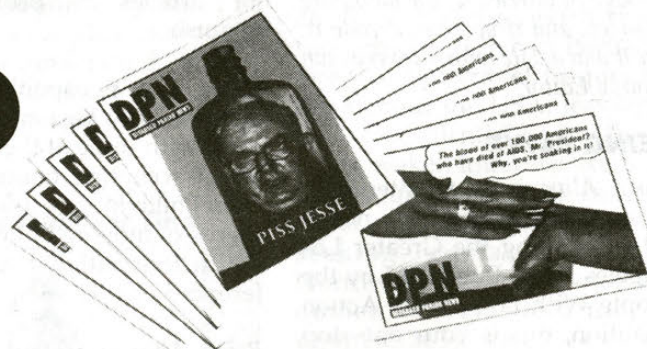
LOOK!

**Rampant
commercialism
here at DPN!**

1

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

Totally
cool stuff!



2

3

Be the belle of the ball in these hand-
some 100% cotton T-shirts!

**"The blood of over 100,000
Americans who have died of AIDS,
Mr. President? Why, you're
soaking in it!"** The graphic that
graced our first cover. Red and
black on white. Specify Large or
Extra-Large. **\$12.00 each.**

"Official Condom Tester"
Commissioned by our friends at
the Condom Resource Center,
this epic design (first seen in
Condom Corner) will attract the
attention of everyone from
illiterate service station
attendants to presidents
and kings. Red and black
on white. Specify Large
or Extra-Large. **\$12.00
each.**



4



Official DPN buttons, 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 in
diameter. **\$1.00 each.**



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

5

I WANT IT ALL!

- ☐ Please RENEW my existing subscription
for only \$7.00 (US\$ 10 Canada, US\$18
International).
- ☐ Please send me a NEW SUBSCRIPTION
to DPN (four issues) for only \$7.00 (US\$
10 Canada, US\$18 Int'l). Please start me
with issue ____#4, or ____#5*.
- ☐ Please send me BACK ISSUES of DPN for
only \$3.00 each (US\$ 5 Canada, US\$ 7
Int'l). I would like (please check): ____#1,
____#2, and/or ____#3.

Please send to (print clearly):

Name: _____

Address: _____

Signature: _____

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

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

- ____ DPN postcards at \$50 each
(____ "You're Soaking in It!"
____ "Piss Jesse")
- ____ "You're Soaking..." T-Shirt at \$12.00 each
(____ size Large, ____ size Extra Large)
- ____ Condom Tester T-Shirt at \$12.00 each
(____ size Large, ____ size Extra Large)
- ____ DPN buttons at \$1.00 each
(____ "Kiss Me, I'm a Diseased Pariah!"
____ "Porn Potato Likes That!"
____ "Porn Potato Doesn't Like That!"
____ "GET FAT, don't die!")
- ____ Captain Condom's Original Party Pack at
\$4.00 each.

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

**Please make checks out to
Forge-of-God Press, P.O. Box 31431,
San Francisco, CA 94131**



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- ② City Lights Bookstore; SF
- ③ Rainbow General Store; SF
- ④ Diesel, A Bookstore; Emeryville
- ⑤ A Different Light; W. Hollywood
- ⑥ A Different Light; Los Angeles
- ⑦ Category 6 Books; Denver
- ⑧ People Like Us; Chicago
- ⑨ Oscar Wilde Books; New York
- ⑩ Giovanni's Room; Philadelphia
- ⑪ Cody's Books; Berkeley
- ⑫ Glad Day Books; Boston
- ⑬ Tower Books at Selected Locations (Inquire Locally)