

NOT SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Readers should be aware that **Diseased Pariah News #6** is one sex obsessed issue. That's right, it's sex obsessed because it was composed in Spring, yes Spring, that glorious season of engorged partrurient fecundity, that exalted time of rutting, sprouting, issuing, ejaculating, enlarging, thrusting, trembling, bursting, dampening; insects are fornicating, stamens are flinging their planty milt into the air, sheep are copulating, the sap is flowing, conifers are hurling great golden globules at the magnificent mountain majesty [pant, pant]...well, you get the idea. **BE FOREWARNED**, this is the most explicit issue yet. By breaking this seal, you have stated that you are at least **18 years of age**, and have consented to viewing police nightsticks, candypink dildoes, and cartoon penetration. If you decide later that you don't like the contents of DPN, that's just too bad. Try cutting off your nose to spite your face.



DPN

DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #6

\$3

*Inside This Issue:
Part of the Solution,
Seropositive Sushi,
Candypink Dildoes,
DPN Clip Art,
Innocent Victims,
And Much More!*



Captain Condom Goes to Jail!



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

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

**YOUR SLEAZY EDITRIX
& PROTECTOR OF THE STREETS**
Michael Botkin

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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.

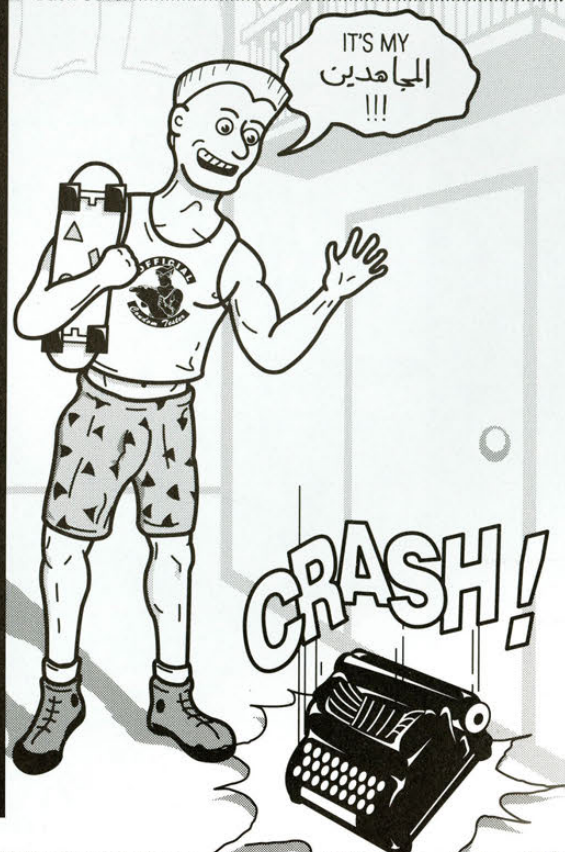
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Thanks to bubble-butt surfboy slaves Francis G., Bob B., F. Tyler S., Arion S., Daniel Beancounter, Jake the Snake, and the one and only Mighty Lino Jeff.

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	Back Cover.....More of Nicolas



Here's porno-bear puppet Nicolas, a Hungarian contributed from our Paris correspondent. Still fresh and clean after all these years, and actively pursuing a life of overeating and under-sleeping. While living in state-donated housing for PWAs, overlooking the beautiful Canal St.-Martin, he is host to classically Bohemian Paris soirees, dens of Bilious green smoke, Wybarowka, and Babels of language. Highly amused by DPN, he wants everyone to know: Cabaret Voltaire, Mapplethorpe, Siouxsie, Nina Hagen, over-endowed and undemad-ing, Black, Hand-Tinted Photographs, Amsterdam Weekends, Beer, heavy-cream Pastry, "the female condom", the unshaven



look, steak and fries, Boris Vian. Advises never more than 3 boy-friends at once. Hello from over the Waves.

DIALING FOR DEADBEATS!

A year has passed since Tom Shearer (the Dusty Deaditor) kicked the bucket, and in many ways he's still with me. For about a month after he died, I was sure that I could hear him shuffling through the kitchen or gargling in the bathroom as I was waking up in the morning. Later, I learned to associate Tommy Jo with a different sound...that of the telephone.

RRRing... "Hello, Mr. Shearer? Please call Citibank VISA at once, it's a matter of some importance...click*"



Marc Geller

The telephone. And the voices at the other end of the line. Voices of women who could only have been elementary school librarians in a previous lifetime. Voices of men who were once substitute chemistry instructors. Voices that made spoken words metastasize with extra syllables as they clicked at you through their long chitin-covered mandibles.

Tommy left behind a myriad of unpaid bills, you see. When the stiffed establishments found out that they were permanently uncollectible, their agents vented their frustration at me. That is, if they believed that Tom was really dead. I'd get a call one day, say from Tom's credit union, and tell the agent of Tom's death. He would sound genuinely concerned, even offering condolences, but the next day a different person from the same agency would call, asking to speak to Tom. This would be repeated ad infinitum.

I took to faxing copies of Tom's death certificate to MasterCard,

VISA, Macy's, JCPenney (Ugh! Tom, how could you?) and all the others, hoping that would convince them. I seriously toyed with the idea of putting a pinch of his ashes through the envelope windows of his bills, which I was forever returning marked DECEASED.

A move and a phone number change mitigated the harassment somewhat, but I still get calls. I've tried to direct the collection agencies to the executor of Tom's estate, but they seem to feel that, since I was the last person to live with him, I must know the secret location of Tom's mattress full of money. My friends wonder why I use an answering machine to screen my calls.

There are resources aplenty to help PWAs in dealing with threats, harassment, and guilt that may come from billing offices. Surviving loved ones, family members, and housemates, on the other hand, seem to go neglected. Here are a few suggestions from experience:

- 1) Unless you are the beneficiary of the Dear Departed's estate, you are in no way responsible for his financial oversights. After weeks or months of harassment, you might start to feel responsible. Don't.
- 2) Regarding the above, there is no legal recourse that any collection agency can take against you, no matter how much they may threaten.
- 3) If you are continually harassed, demand to speak with the bill collector's supervisor. Explain that if the obnoxious phone calls or letters do not stop, you will report them to the Better Business Bureau, Ralph Nader, David Horowitz, Dear Abby, the police, and anyone else that you can think of.
- 4) Here's the tricky one. Creditors can go after the dead guy's estate, even if it's been divvied up among the beneficiaries. This really applies only to cash awards, since any durable goods worth less than a house or car would have lousy resale value at an auction. If he was smart, your loved one would have converted all of his liquid assets into merchandise anyway.

The night after Tom died, some of his friends and I went rifling through his closet for goodies, since his wardrobe wasn't covered by his last will and testament. I admit that the nifty shirts I claimed probably weren't paid for, but I feel no guilt whatsoever. After all, that's why I'm paying 19.8% interest on my credit card.

— B. T.

GET FAT, don't die!

Biffy Mae's Totally Chocolate Torte

1 cup + 2 tablespoons unsalted butter
8 ounces semisweet chocolate
2 ounces bitter chocolate
6 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup dark brown sugar
3/8 cup cake flour
6 ounces toasted finely chopped pecans*
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

This treat may seem a little involved, but it's definitely worth it. If you can't make it through the egg-white part, foist this job (and the task of reading this fine print) onto your practical support volunteer. Use the best semisweet chocolate you can find (Biffy Mae uses Ghirardelli's semisweet chips). Preheat your oven to 375°. Butter an 8-inch or 9-inch springform pan, and line the bottom with waxed paper. Toast the pecans in the oven for about five minutes, or until they smell nutty. Chop them finely in a blender or food processor. Cut the butter into small pieces and nuke it and the chocolate in a glass bowl on HIGH for 2 minutes, or until the butter melts completely. Take out the bowl and stir the mixture until the pieces of chocolate have melted. (Be sure the bits have all melted, you don't want to come across a piece of bitter chocolate when you eat this thing.) Separate the eggs, and beat the sugar and vanilla into the yolks. Add the egg mixture to the chocolate a little at a time, then add the flour and pecans. Warm the egg whites in a metal bowl over a gas flame or in warm water. Add the cream of tartar and beat until they form rounded peaks. Spread the egg whites over the chocolate mixture and fold the two together. Pour into the springform pan and bake for 30 to 40 minutes, or until the sides have set but the center still wiggles when the pan is shaken. Cool completely, turn onto a serving dish, and carefully peel off the waxed paper. Mmm-mmm! Feel those arteries harden! Serve with whipped cream.

* About one cup.

GET FAT, don't die!

THE SICKNESS WITHIN

Guerny Mae's Faux Dan-Dan Noodles

2 Tablespoons peanut butter
2 Tablespoons soy sauce
2 teaspoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon freshly ground ginger
1/2 teaspoon crushed red pepper
(optional)
1 minced garlic clove (or 1 teaspoon
prepared garlic)
1 Tablespoon red wine vinegar
8 ounces linguini
1/4 chopped scallions or chives

It's Vegan! It's balanced! It's politically correct! Mix the peanut butter, soy sauce, sugar, ginger, red pepper, garlic, and vinegar in a bowl. Cook the linguini according to the package directions and drain. Toss the linguini with the peanut sauce, and sprinkle with the scallions or chives. Serve hot or cold, anytime, anywhere.

Sassy Mae's Sincere Noodle Kügel

3 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups whole milk
4 ounces cream cheese
1/2 cottage or ricotta cheese
1 cup raisins or currants
1/2 cup melted butter
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
8 ounces egg noodles

It's ovo-lacto! It's balanced! It's less politically correct! Mix everything but the noodles. Cook the noodles according to package directions, and add to the everything else. Bake at 400° for an hour, or until the top turns crusty.

b That was the sickness within.
y
D The Witch cackled and spat a warm brown clump.
e Through the blackness of night she flew on her broom
a haloed by stars, planets, and a feeble crescent moon.
n Wet greasy hair flapped about the crown of her head like
S garden vipers thrusting their venom. The Earth, the cities
w below would take ill, unconscious that above she spat.
a Her. It was her, the Typhoid Mary unconscious that all
y would die by and by.

d On and on she flew...like the sickness within.

a The rivers will flow carrying her tainted breath.

n She spat a curse. The recipient grew great exaggerated
stretch marks about the buttocks, thigh, belly.

These stretch marks in turn grew even thicker stretch
marks. Eventually this new skin thickened into folds
that folded on top of folds on folds. Thick skinned.

Thick coarse hair, like boar bristles sprouted.

The tough leathery hide doubled in weight once,
twice, three times.

Below, the legs buckled, snapped off at the knees.
Where thick calloused folds of skin bulged, hooves
sprouted. A coarse curly tail sprouted out from the spine.
A human pig formed, grunted. A final greedy plea
for sanity shrieked out. Unleashed.

The thug of a witch flew on.

PART OF THE SOLUTION

by Lou Ceci

It's Rodney King's fault. I wouldn't be here now if he had had the good sense to react peaceably. I mean, he was breaking the law, and surely he knew it. Obviously, the jurors knew it, or they wouldn't have acquitted the peace officers.

It was the other way around when I got arrested. I didn't do anything wrong. In fact, I was trying to stop the whole thing—well, one person anyway—when everything unravelled.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Perhaps I should tell you who I am, and then you'll appreciate the mess I'm in.

I've always regarded myself as a discreet person, well-informed, quiet, certainly not someone anyone would regard as "gay." The few times I have met "gay" people at "gay" events, they always ended up mocking me for my conservative opinions (I never even bother telling them I'm a registered Republican—and proud of it!). One even said I suffered from "internalized homophobia." This coming from a man in a dress—with earrings! Who do you think has the problem here?

Timothy was an exception.

Or so I thought. It was the last time I went to a student mixer. I graduated with my accounting degree two years ago, but I still enjoyed the mixers. Everyone seems so fresh and unassuming. Timothy seemed to be just what I was looking for: clean-cut, reddish-blond hair, a nice, fit body (though looks aren't everything), and very straight-acting. We got along well together, though we didn't discuss politics. We were going to have our first "night out" the first weekend in May.

I like the term "night out." It doesn't imply all the mushy stuff that a "date" does.

But Rodney King ruined all that. I didn't even know the verdict had been announced when I was walking home from my job that Thursday night. There were people bunched up on the sidewalk, but I thought nothing of that. There's always some brouhaha on the streets in San Francisco; it gets so that you don't even notice it.

But as I was standing there on the curb, a huge crowd of chanting, yelling people came marching by. I wasn't even paying attention to what they were saying. I was annoyed

that I would have to wait until they passed before I could get to my BART station and was thinking of a way to get around them.

Then I saw Timothy. He was in the middle of a clump of disreputable-looking young people with ratty-looking leather jackets. He had his fist in the air and he was yelling.

"Tim?" I said, half to myself in disbelief. "Timothy!?" I yelled, but he didn't hear me. Of course not. It's my considered opinion that people participating in demonstrations rarely hear what the people on the sidelines are saying.

So, without thinking, I dashed into the street and caught up with him.

"Timothy," I said, grabbing his arm and pulling it down.

"Max!" he said (you'll pardon me if I don't use my real name, but I've had quite enough publicity as it is, thank you very much). "It's great to see you!"

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"Rodney King!" He picked up the chant again: "Rodney

Continues on the next page.

GET FAT, don't die!

Biffy Mae's Bolsheviks in Paris

3-4 slices cooked bacon, crumbled
1 Tablespoon vegetable oil
2 Tablespoons butter
2-3 medium yellow onions, peeled
and chopped
1/4 pound small button mushrooms,
sliced
2-3 carrots, sliced into ovals
2 pounds beef suitable for stewing
(round, topside, or chuck), cut
into 2 inches cubes
flour
3 Tablespoons brandy
4 cups red Burgundy*
1/4 green beans, snapped into 1-1/2
pieces
1 teaspoon lemon or lime juice
salt and pepper
egg noodles
sour cream

Heat the butter and oil in a stew pot and brown the onions, mushrooms, and carrots — stirring constantly — until the onions are translucent and lightly caramelized (about 10 minutes). Remove the veggies with a slotted spoon and set aside. Dredge the beef bits in the flour, and brown on all sides in the stew pot. Add the booze, cover, and simmer for about three hours. If it smells funny at first, don't worry, it'll get better. Add the cooked veggies, plus the green beans, lemon juice, and salt and papper to taste. Cook for another hour. Prepare the egg noodles according to the package directions and drain. On individual plates serve the beef on a bed of noodles with a generous dollop of sour cream. Hungry after all that time? Dig in!

...Solution, continued

King under attack! What do we do? ACT-UP, Fight Back!"

I was stunned.

"What the hell has ACT-UP got to do with the King case?" I yelled in his ear. He gave me the most peculiar look.

"Come on, Max," he said. "You're kidding, right?"

"I am not kidding!" I said, growing frightened. I could see a line of police about a block ahead of us. They were lined across the street and not moving.

"It's the same thing," Timothy said. "Justice is justice. That jury condemned King because he was black, not because of anything he did."

"What do you mean, 'condemned'? King wasn't on trial, the police were."

"No, Max, the police weren't on trial. The system was."

"If this is a civil rights thing," I said, looking at the crowd, "where are all the black people?"

Just then, someone behind us heaved a chunk of concrete through a store window. We turned around to see a young black man walking away from the shattered glass.

"Well, silly me for asking," I said.

He looked at me in disgust. "Max, you are a piece of work. Why aren't you behind the Orange Curtain along with all the other Republican faggots?"

Well, that was that. My par-

ents still live in Orange County, and what gave him the right to assume I was Republican? So I started walking away.

Remember that: I was leaving.

But I had to get in one more shot. I turned back to him and yelled, "When's the last time a black man marched for your rights, huh?" I really had to shout because the crowd noise was getting deafening and someone was yelling things over a bullhorn.

"Justice is justice," he yelled back, or, "Liberty cannot be divided," or some such slogan. Then, to top it off, he yelled, "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem!"

That was too much. I mean, the whole march was just too *deja-vu*, but to have cliches thrown at me—and cliches from the '60s at that! I turned and started forcing my way toward the curb.

I was, as I've already pointed out, leaving.

But the crowd was too thick. I could barely see three people ahead of me (I'm not all that tall), and when I could catch a glimpse between people, all I saw were blue uniforms. "Illegal assembly," someone was blaring from a bullhorn, "if you do not disperse immediately..."

"Let me out of here!" I screamed. "I've got to go!" I think I caught one policeman's eye for an instant. "Police!" I yelled. "Help! I've got to go!"

"They've got to go!" a shrill woman pressed next to me

yelled. "Police have got to go!"

"The pigs have got to go!" a boy in a leather jacket with PROMOTE HOMOSEXUALITY stickers plastered on it yelled. He turned around to about six almost identically-clad youths and shouted rhythmically, "The pigs have got to go! The pigs have got to go!"

They took up the chant and soon the whole mass of people pressed up against the police line was screaming in a frenzy, "The pigs have got to go! The pigs have got to go!" I was wedged tightly between the shrill woman and a large black guy with greasy dreadlocks. No one could hear me.

Suddenly, there was a roar, a surge forward, and we all tumbled to the ground. "Look out, man" the guy in the dreadlocks said, but I couldn't tell what he was talking about. I looked up to see the policeman whose eye I'd caught. His baton was raised. I remember noticing he had a nice moustache. Then I blacked out.

I don't really know what happened to me. Maybe I panicked. Maybe I hurt my head falling to the ground. Maybe there were narcotics in the air or something. But the next thing I knew, I woke up in a cell with about thirty other people. One of my shoes wasn't my own. What woke me was an insistent beeping that seemed to be coming from my right front jacket pocket. I reached in and pulled out a narrow cigarette case with a digital clock set in its face. When I opened it, the beeping

stopped, but it was empty. Then I remembered I hadn't been wearing a jacket. I ripped it off and stared at the day-glo orange letters.

PROMOTE HOMOSEXUALITY, it said.

I threw it to the ground. "Jailer!" I yelled, then felt stupid. What do you call the person in charge of a jail? "Jailer" sounded like something from a Western. "Bailiff! Warden! Aw, shit..." and I slumped to the floor. A guy in his mid-thirties with a crewcut came over and sat next to me. "They haven't been by for the past four hours. Here," he said, proffering his own little cigarette case. It had three white capsules with little blue bands. I gave him a quizzical look. "It's okay," he said. "I've got enough at home." He gave me a wry smile. "I kept the leftovers when my lover died."

"Jailer!" I yelled again to the empty hallway. This time, I got an answer.

"Shut up, fairy, or I'll give you something to yell about." There was a chorus of chuckles from an unseen bunch of men. "He'd probably like that," one of them said, and the invisible chorus chuckled again.

After another nightmarish hour, we were released.

Then my troubles really began.

Continues on the next page.

Your motives are transparent to us!

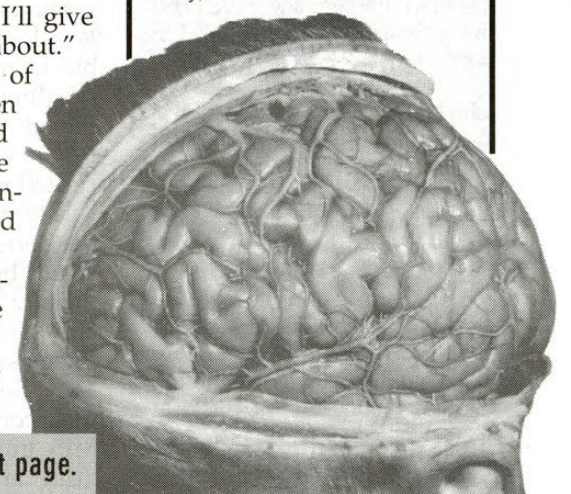
That's it. We see you there at your friends' potlucks, furtively eating brioche crumbs and individual serving packets of sugar, hanging around the coffee table stealing glances at a copy of DPN that you didn't pay for!

We at FOG Press have scientifically proven that dishonesty with DPN can lead to terrible bouts of cryptococcal meningitis. The only way to avoid this fate is to SUBSCRIBE to DPN.

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Hurry, before it's too late!



*About your cooking wine: You shouldn't pour from the bottle what you wouldn't be willing to drink from the glass.

Licentious Lychee

Licentious Lychee's analysis and rating of your favorite porn stars' cum shots.

Jeff Stryker: 3 spurts. For all the noise he makes, you'd expect gallons to be spewed from that thang, but the actual amount is just average. The first and sometimes second spurts have some distance, but the rest just plops down.

Rex Chandler: 2 spurts. From all of the marketing hype, I had hoped that the blond superstud would have a tremendous flow, as if a dam had burst. The climactic event has always been disappointing in amount and distance. Such tiny globules from such a big man. (One spurt awarded for consistency.)

Neil Thomas: 4 spurts. Lychee's personal favorite. Unbelievably long projectiles rocket incredible distances. Not just the first few spurts mind you, but nearly every squirt is worthy of awe. Also deserving of mention is the lightning speed of his flying semen. And left-handed to boot.

John Davenport: 3 spurts. He shoots as far and fast as Neil Thomas, but his strands are very short. Actually they are not strands but really just beads of cum. Does have long orgasms, though.

Scott Bond: 4 spurts. A relative newcomer to the world of porn. He can't seem to discharge very far, but makes up for it by emitting 8 to 10 thick, continuous ropy strings of spooge. All that from such small gonads, too.

—L.L.

...Solution, continued

I thought the best way to put the whole thing behind me was to go to work the following morning and immerse myself in the actuarial tables. I construct mathematical models of various population segments so our company can predict the profit and loss on the health-care plans it offers. I can really get involved in the numbers, and I feel my work has some genuine impact. The policy makers pay attention to my models.

But I barely got started before a series of interruptions ruined my concentration entirely. First, there was Decker. Decker's a typical office geek: white shirt (even when something just a shade more colorful would be more flattering), dark tie, close-cropped dark hair, clean-shaven. He hangs around a lot with a guy who joined the MIS department two weeks ago. The MIS guy is athletic-looking, tan, with a thick black moustache and rather startling blue eyes. I've been meaning to find out his name. But it was Decker who interrupted me.

He was hovering around the coffee machine when I arrived, but I ignored him (as I usually do), got my morning cup, and went to my desk. Then I saw him speaking to Mr. MIS. Something went awry in their conversation, because the MIS guy walked off looking grim and Decker just stood

there with his mouth open for a while. I plunged back into my actuarial tables and didn't notice Decker standing in front of my desk until he cleared his throat.

"I, uh . . ." he stammered.

"Yes?" I said.

"Look," he said, "I know we're not exactly best of friends or anything, but . . ." And he seemed to grind to a halt. I was getting embarrassed. Finally, he blurted, "I heard what they did and I think it stinks. I just want to tell you, I think you've got a lot of guts."

Not best friends? Not hardly! Last month, I saw him corral a fellow office worker by the coffee machine. He was telling some dreadful Jeffrey Dahmer joke in a loud voice I'm close enough to the machine, so I heard every word. He roared at his own punchline, but the other guy just gave a mortified smirk. I thought it was in extremely bad taste, but of course I didn't say anything. And now, he was trying to compliment me. What a hypocrite! "Thanks," I said.

Then, at noon, Elaine, the black receptionist on our floor, stopped me in the cafeteria line. "I saw that tape on TV last night."

"Huh?" I said. I had gone straight to bed.

"The videotape of the march," she said. "It was on the news. What a terrible thing."

"It was disgusting!" I said bitterly, remembering it had killed what little chance

Timothy and I had of making it.

"You know, I never expected support from someone like you, but I guess I should have known. You know, my sister died of AIDS last year."

"What?" I said, and "Huh?" and, "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know." I was baffled.

"I guess we're all in this together."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Just like Rodney King said."

"Who?"

She looked dismayed for a moment, then her eyes twinkled and she started to laugh. "Oh, you!" she said. "You know, I've always said you had the sharpest sense of humor." And she disappeared into the dining room, chuckling.

Later that afternoon, for no apparent reason, a small potted orchid showed up on my desk. Then a miniature stuffed bear. All the rest of the day, whenever I glanced out from my cubicle, the MIS guy was looking at me. I was so startled the first time, I forgot to look away and we must have stared at each other a full thirty seconds. I was a nervous wreck the rest of the day.

It got worse at home.

I finally saw the videotape. An announcer was saying, "Among the most vocal of the protesters was this group from ACT-UP San Francisco," and there was a shot of Timothy and me, him with his fist in the air, looking stern and angry, and me right next to him, look-

ing pissed as hell and yelling. I was paralyzed, glued to the screen. Over the soundtrack came, "Rodney King under attack! What do we do? ACT-UP! Fight back!" The announcer, a pleasant woman with a bad dye job, continued in voice-over: "Police said they had to act when the crowd began to break through the police lines and seemed about to erupt into violence," and there was the shrill woman, the homo-punk, the Rastafarian—and me! I leapt from my seat. "No!" I yelled. And this was not just a local broadcast. This was a rebroadcast of last night's local news coverage on national TV! On CBS! They have no right, I kept saying to myself, they have no right! That isn't me! That's not what happened!

Then they cut to an interview with the Rastafarian. It was apparently after the arrests were made. How come they arrested me and not him? Where was the reason in that?

"It don't matter, man," he was saying, "you be black, you be junkie, you be queer. Babylon don't want you, they rip you off. And they gonna say it's your fault, man, and they gonna call it justice." Then he spat.

"Charges about mistreatment after the arrests were also flying," said the woman, and a familiar-looking guy with a crew cut came on the screen: "The guy right next to me in the cell was out of AZT and they wouldn't let him out to

get his medicine. Would they have done that to a diabetic? To someone with heart disease?"

"What did they say when he asked for his medicine?" an off-camera voice asked.

"They said, 'Quit your yelling, faggot, or we'll give you something to yell about.'"

"No," I muttered. "No. 'Fairy,' not 'faggot'." Stunned, I turned off the set and wandered into my darkened bedroom and lay down, fully clothed.

Hours must have passed while I lay there, staring at the ceiling. This isn't happening, I kept saying to myself. This isn't my life. They can't do this.

The phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello, son?"

"Dad!" I said, suddenly relieved. "Boy, I'm glad to hear your voice. It's been the strangest day."

"It's been a strain for us, too," he said. My heart froze. "But . . ." and suddenly, he stopped. There was a little choking noise.

"Dad?" I said, alarmed.

"But I want you to know, we support you. We're behind you on this."

"Dad, it's not . . ."

"Here's your mother," he said suddenly.

"Sweetheart?" said Mom. "Sweetheart, we want you to know that if you want to come

Continues on the next page.

...Solution, continued

back at any time, you know you can. You can have your old room back. It's just like you left it."

"Mom!" I cried, desperate.

"Well, not exactly like you left it. We took down the pictures of the President, of course. After we heard, that is."

"Heard what?" I demanded.

"Now, that's okay, dear. Here's your father again."

"Son? Son, I want you to know..." he stopped, choked. I was dumbfounded. "We love you son. We've always loved you. And we always will." His voice was so tight with emotion I could barely make it out. I could hardly speak myself. "Dad," I managed, then fumbled into silence.

"Good-bye son," he said. There was some hurried whispering from my mother. "Good night, son," he said. "Good night." And he hung up.

I don't think I slept at all that night. Or the next. At the office, someone watered my orchid every day before I came in. I didn't think they should. I think they were killing it. A second teddy bear arrived, this one in a leather harness. A stack of mail whose envelopes suggested greeting cards piled up on my desk. None of them had return addresses,

and all they had on the front was my name. I only opened the first one. It rhymed. I didn't open any after that.

On the third day of my ordeal, I snapped. I was sitting at my desk, reading e-mail because I had been unable to concentrate on my formulations for over two days. I had just begun to read an announcement about a change in insurance coverage offered by our company when the Vice President of Human Resources came up to my cubicle.

"Max," she said, "I'd like a little chat with you."

I knew it. I'd known it was coming since I saw that damn tape. I stared at her like a sheep stares at a butcher. She's not bad, Sharon Williams, for a butcher.

"What are 'human resources,' anyway?" I asked her. "If we're 'resources,' what does that make this place, a 'strip mine'?"

She acted like she didn't hear me. "Would you like to come to my office?"

"Why?" I said, rising, "everyone here knows everything, don't they?" I looked around at faces turning our way and heads popping over the edge of cubicles.

"We think, perhaps, a little administrative leave, or..."

"What?" I said, feeling the anger rise. Over Sharon's shoulder I could see Elaine, shaking her head sadly.

"It's okay, Max," Sharon

said in a condescending yet soothing tone. "It's okay. We have a non-discrimination policy in place. There's nothing..."

"Non-discrimination policy? Against what?! What am I being discriminated against? What!" I had had it. Nobody had a right to poke into my private life like this! Nobody!

"I am not sick!" I yelled. "I'm perfectly fine! Everyone just leave me the fuck alone!" I spun around on my heel and stormed out of the office. Or at least, that's what I wanted to do. Instead, I ran smack into a messenger delivering an enormous balloon bouquet. His vision was completely blocked by the brightly colored mylar balloons and he couldn't see where he was going. We collided head on. The last thing I saw was my face, red and perspiring, reflected in about twenty mylar mirrors. Then I hit the floor and the lights went out.

And I woke up here. The fucking balloon bouquet is tied to the foot of my bed. "As soon as I'm able," I say, "I'm going to rip those cheery little messengers of hope to pieces and use the strings to strangle someone." The guy in the next bed turns his KS-splotched face to me.

"Yeah," he says. "It's a real bitch, ain't it?"

I snort in disgust. "How would you know?" I say, and turn my back to him.

A CAPSULE REVIEW

by Sando Counts

My relationship to pills dates back to my childhood. One of my earliest memories is of my parents making me chew those awful chalky children's aspirins, because I was deemed too young to swallow one. While I was listening to this explanation, I was wishing they would just hand it to me and let me swallow the damn pill. I knew I could do it.

This was in the late fifties, when they used to tell us about the bright consumeristic future technology that our benevolent corporate masters were going to bring us through Science. Science was to be the panacea for the world's ills, and they used to promise things like, "In the future, we won't eat, we'll all take just one food pill a day."

Somehow that vision of the future hasn't come true. I'm still eating. Ravenously, voraciously, gluttonously, hedonistically. And I am taking pills. Handfuls of them. Heaps and heaps of pills every day. More pills than I could ever imagine in my futuristic dreams. And as for

Science...it's rapidly losing its high tech gloss as it joins the other discredited religions which have committed perversions in the name of something good.

If you thought I was going to offer you tips on how to swallow pills, forget it. Lots of guys tell me they can't swallow pills, but I find this hard to swallow, as it were. I knew a sword swallower in the Circus who could take 22 inches of sword down his throat, so I find the thought of someone who can deep throat ten inches complaining about swallowing a little pill ludicrous. Someone of our age and background has no business with a gag reflex, anyway.

Just stick a handful in your mouth and knock them back with some water. water. Or do like my friend Birdie does with her cats: put the pill on your tongue, get somebody to hold your mouth shut and rub your throat downward until you swallow it. It might work on humans.

I recite my AZT's, I mean, my ABC's. Vitamin A, acidophilus, Acyclovir, Atarax, vitamin B

complex, Bactrim, beta carotene, borage oil, vitamin C, Chlorella, Clorithromycin, Fluconazole, garlic oil, Imodium, lysine, multi-mineral, multi-vitamin, Prozac, Zidovudine, zinc. Instead of teaching Mother Goose, they should have children memorize the PDR.

I ingest thousands of dollars in pharmaceuticals, and not one of them gets you high! Forget the Magic Bullets! Mother's little helper, where are you? It's Valley of the Dolls goes twelve step! Jackie Susann's placebo hell! One pill makes you smaller, the other makes you...nothing! Pill after costly pill with no discernible effect!

I don't know. I honestly can't tell you if any of these pills has any benefit whatsoever, other than make my doctor and a few pharmaceutical companies rich. On the other hand, if all these pills do keep me alive, then the ability to swallow pills is definitely a survival technique. Those who can't, die. Pharmaceutical Darwinism at its best. My advice: keep working on that gag reflex using any method that works for you.



GET FAT, don't die!

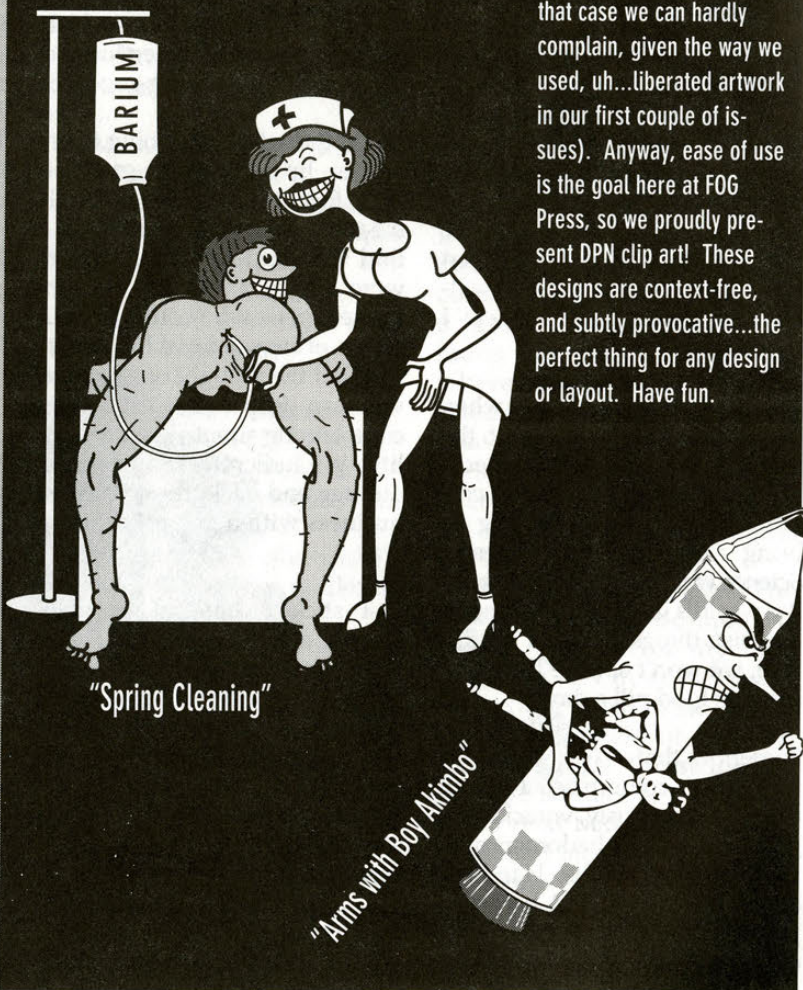
Biffy Mae's Killer Chocolate Gelato

1 pint half-and-half
1-1/2 cups sugar
12 egg yolks
2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
10 ounces semisweet chocolate chips
6 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 quart whipping cream
2 teaspoons vanilla

Warm the half-and-half and the sugar in a saucepan until the sugar dissolves. Whisk the egg yolks slightly and add them to the half-and-half. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens into a custard. (It'll coat the spoon when it's ready.) Set aside. Melt the butter and chocolate in a glass bowl in your microwave set on HIGH for two minutes, or until the butter completely melts. Take out and whisk until the pieces of chocolate have melted completely. Add the custard a little at a time to the chocolate. Add the cream and vanilla, and chill. Make according to the instructions on your ice cream maker. If you don't have one, don't despair! Put the batter in a heavy bowl in the freezer, and gently fold the mixture every 20 minutes until it has set. The fat content of this taste treat is so high (over 20%) that it prevents ice crystals from getting too big as it freezes, so constant stirring is not necessary. Serve with cookies or shortbread.

DPN

CLIP ART



One of the things we at DPN noticed when we went to SPEW 2, the big 'zine conference in Los Angeles, was how many other home-made publications were using appropriated DPN artwork. We were extremely flattered, with one exception (and in that case we can hardly complain, given the way we used, uh...liberated artwork in our first couple of issues). Anyway, ease of use is the goal here at FOG Press, so we proudly present DPN clip art! These designs are context-free, and subtly provocative...the perfect thing for any design or layout. Have fun.

HOW I GOT AIDS, PART VI

Memoirs of a Working Boy by Scott O'Hara

This one's a little bit odd, since I left Grants Pass in '79 and haven't been back for more than two days running since. And it's questionable whether even today there is a documented case within 50 miles. Among other things, it's the seat of Josephine County, which you may remember from the news a while back as the locale of an 'AIDS-free Zone' initiative. Made the cockles of my heart go all warm and fluttery to think that I was born there. If I still lived there, I'd hesitate before becoming 'documented'.

Anyhow, back to the question at hand: how would I have gotten the bug in good ol' G.P.? Short of time traveling, which is what my visits back there always remind me of anyway, but in the other direction.

Answer: I wouldn't have. Except perhaps in the most general of terms. I spent a good deal of time there learning how to do the things that later backfired on me, and I contracted a serious case of Living there, which could be said to have led directly to AIDS. That is to say, I spent the years '75 - '79 learning that Life Is A Banquet, and making a pig of myself.

My first opportunity (or at least, the first one that I had guts enough

to grab) came along in the person of a friend of my sister's who was on a bicycle tour around the country, and who stopped in for a weekend. I was eager to show him around; even then, I had a weakness for well-developed calves, and he had an 80-mile-a-day habit. Yum. I'd also been 'warned' in advance that he was gay. Wedding bells. For 24 hours I dogged his footsteps, making myself as obviously available as I possibly could—then broke down and asked him if something was wrong, didn't he like my looks, why hadn't he made a pass at me. I think I scared the poor fellow out of his wits (bear in mind, I was only fifteen), but he eventually cooperated...and then skeedaddled for the California border bright 'n' early the next morning.

After that it was a little easier.

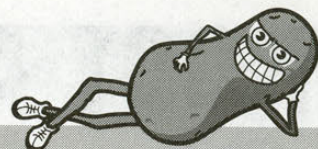
Five years had gone by before I realized what was *really* wrong with this picture. I mean, I'd been jerking off over the Sears catalog and Parr of Arizona for several years before I finally met this guy; and yet, if they'd caught him, he'd *still* be behind bars. I have a friend who is locked up for five years right now for a similar 'crime'. Do I understand? No.

So, like I say, I have been back for

the occasional visit. Twice, I've even shown up with boyfriend in tow. They always treat him real formal and nice, but there's a certain tension in the air. So I don't stay too long. Some polite conversation; we have lunch; we leave. I can usually keep my claws retracted. How difficult is it? Well, I strongly suspect that they voted *for* that AIDS-free Zone. Nevertheless, they're making progress—they won't talk about AIDS with me, but my father recently sent me a clipping about a 'doctor' who uses high-frequency waves to vibrate the dear little virus to death. I hated to break the news to him, but the fact is, I've already *been* to a disco, and it didn't work. (I don't wish to devalue experimental treatments, but my father has a habit of picking up on the oddest of the odd. Like father, like son?) And I send him clippings about the experimental aircraft association, which meets in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, near where I live. Somehow, I think just that one concession—letting him know that we *do* share some interests—has allowed him a whole new perspective on AIDS. Me, too.

And if that initiative came up again today, you know? I think they'd vote against it.





POMO HOMO PORNO



*Fetish © 1991 by Video Voyeur
opened three eyes out of five.*

One of the legacies of the 80s that really irks Porn Potato is the zap-proof commercial. These are the ones that hypnotize you with their short tight clips, saturated colors, and that annoying "monkey-cam" roving viewpoint. The remote is in your hand, you hate the product, and yet you are rendered powerless to zap to another channel. Perhaps the flickering sights and sounds induce petite epileptic seizures, leaving the viewer susceptible to suggestion.

Porn Potato puts the blame for this tyranny directly on the shoulders of MTV. Music videos were the archetype for this style of advertising (after all, music videos are nothing *but* an advertisement). And from such an innocuous beginning, this soundbite-driven method of

presentation has come to permeate every part of society, from TV (commercials and Saturday morning cartoons), through the print media (People Magazine, USA Today) to presidential campaigns (Ronald Reagan and George I-Think-The-Halcion-Is-Getting-To-My-Brain Bush). And now there is porn.

You know that you're in for something different the moment you look at the box *Fetish* is packaged in. Instead of being upholstered in the usual flesh-tones, there's a grainy image in pale blue and black, just like a closeup on a TV screen. Some more conventional photos on the back of the box look enticing, luring Porn Potato to rent it. He was pleasantly surprised.

Fetish makes no pretense of plot. The porno starts of with two young bucks and their motorcycles, motohomos if you will. Well, Motohomo Uno is polishing the seemingly luscious black and chrome curves of his crotch rocket, and we all know where that leads. Strangely enough, Motohomo Duo is already banging the bishop as we

can see in the reflection of Motohomo Uno's rear view mirror. The two boys eventually dispense with this silliness and start to conjugate in the usual ways. Both Motohomo Uno and Motohomo Duo are extremely attractive to Porn Potato, but the image quality was so murky that the controls of the monitor got fouled with lube as your humble reviewer tried to jerk off and adjust the brightness at the same time. Porn Potato doesn't like that.

Next we meet Solohomo, the only real live performer in a strange multimedia fuck-orama. Strobe lights and slides of Athletic Model Guild boys and other primeval porn flash on the walls, providing a backdrop as Solohomo peels off his white shirt and pants with excruciating slowness. To make things even more frustrating, the sequence of events is recursive, so just when you think you're going to see Solohomo's weenie, he's got his clothes on again. After a couple of weeks, Solohomo is at last naked and beating off, and my, it's worth the wait. Glabrous, curvacious,

callipygian; Porn Potato likes that. Solohomo makes a small concession and favors us with a conventional cum scene, but not without a few teasing flashbacks to his clothed form.

In a slightly less artificial vignette, we find Blojohomo, who is servicing Protohomo and Zoöhomo. The music and the videography are inextricably enmeshed in this piece, and it staggers about drunkenly, dragging us along with it whether we want to or not. In defense, Porn Potato will admit that all three were quite comely in an it-just-grew-like-that sort of way. (When was the last time you saw a porno model with thinning hair?)

Finally there's Dodohomo, a young lad who's obviously done something bad, because he's being blindfolded and interrogated by Nonohomo. According to Nonohomo, "You got a right pretty mouth there boy, I bet you give a mean blowjob!" Didn't Porn Potato hear that line in *Deliverance*? Fortunately, both men are considerably more attractive than Ned Beatty. Not only does Dodohomo end up demonstrate his oral technique, but he also takes Nonohomo's nightstick, with lots of kissing in between. (What? Kissing? For that matter, Dodohomo looks quite capable of overpowering Nonohomo, but chooses not to. Must be the mirrored sunglasses.) This last story is the most processed of them all.

Rather than seeing a moving picture, we are treated to a chain of captured stills, grabbed off the tape every few seconds. In addition, the chrominance is turned way down, giving everything a rich sepia tone.

Fetish is very not bad for a one-camera movie. It was obviously produced on a tight budget, yet these constraints were fashioned into stylistic statements. The models are attractive in unconventional ways, and all the stories are gay-positive, even the interrogation. On the other hand, the jittery nature of the editing is awfully distracting, given that no one scene lasts longer than six seconds.

Despite the title, *Fetish* has no overt displays of fetishism. On the other hand, the overproduced nature of the video depersonalizes the models, leaving the video tape the object the fetish, and the viewer the fetishist. (Talk about audience participation!) On a scale of one to five eyes, *Fetish* opened three. Definitely rent it for an orgy, but don't try jerking off to it alone.

— P. P.

Fetish presents a luscious, varied, and unrelentingly unstable parade of sexual imagery. A feast for the eyes and ears but empty calories for the loins.



GET FAT, don't die!



& The Seropositive



One of my biggest fears about the HIV Early Retirement plan was how it would affect my diet. Even in my most impoverished student days, one of the few luxuries that I allowed myself on this foul and stinking Earth was to be able to eat well. It was with some trepidation that I took the one free consultation with a nutritionist that my health plan so generously provided.

In a cramped office in the basement of the health center, with harsh fluorescent lights and tattered posters of the four basic food groups, a dour woman handed me a mimeographed list of dietary no-no's. It contained few surprises: no unpasteurized cheeses or dairy products (goodbye, imported Brie), no raw eggs (so long, Caesar salads), no undercooked meats (the end of my London broils), and no sushi. I had expected that last one, and still

wasn't quite sure what I was going to do about it. Then she went off the deep end:

"Oh, and you should add 'no bottom feeding fish, cooked or raw.'"

What? I hadn't heard that one before. She went on to explain how bottom feeding fish were evil because they spent the entirety of their lowly lives sucking scum from the floors of rivers. Apparently no amount of cooking could rid them of this resultant contamination. I was about to buy this line when I realized that Ms. Johnson was from the South (Georgia, it turned out). Well, we know that in the South, "bottom feeding fish" means catfish, and we all know who eats catfish down there, don't we? My dietician was letting childhood racial prejudices cloud her judgment. And if people couldn't be objective about cooked fish, how could they possibly deal with the

raw stuff? From gentle clucking to rabid prognostications of doom, a lot of my friends objected to my eating sushi.

The major fear when consuming sushi is that you will get parasites. This usually means anasikiasis (tapeworm infestation), but to a lesser degree roundworms and protozoa like amoebas. Parasites differ from bacteria in that they are complex organisms, more closely resembling us on the cellular level. A medication that will kill parasites is likely to make the host sick as well. (After 14 days of Flagyl® and 21 days of Yodoxin® to treat dysentery — not caught from sushi — I can attest to this.) Someone with a tapeworm has to take a vermifuge for as long as a year to make sure that the thing is dead.

This sounds pretty scary, but we casually face other dietary risks daily. The chicken you buy shrink-wrapped in the grocery store has a good chance of harboring salmonella, and the incidence of anasikiasis from sushi is equal to that of trichinosis (another kind of worm) from pork. In the case of tapeworms and trichinosis, most infestations occur from food that was prepared at home, not what was eaten in a restaurant.

At a reputable sushi bar, the chefs are maniacally fastidious and have had at least seven years of training. Most of the fish was caught the previous day by Japanese fishermen and flown stateside within 24 hours. Sushi masters believe (rightfully so, I think) that American fishermen don't know how to handle and transport any fish that isn't destined for a tuna can. This is the reason why sushi can be so expensive. Some things like salmon, salmon roe, and sea urchin may be

from local waters, but they suffer from a markup that puts them on par with the imported stuff.

So much for the upscale restaurants. When I'm poor and still want sushi, I go to a couple of places that are cheaper, but where the quality of the fish is noticeably compromised. Here is where any danger from sushi probably lies. Can we apply risk reduction at the sushi counter like we do in the bedroom? Is there such a thing as safe sushi? It turns out that there is.

The word *sushi* refers to the rice, not raw fish as many people believe. Generally speaking, there is *nigiri*, a morsel of rice topped by fish; and *maki*, a roll of rice and seaweed around fish and/or vegetables. There is also *chirashi*, which is pieces of fish on a bed of seasoned rice. Raw fish without rice is *sashimi*, something you have to ask for specifically. Much of the fish that goes into sushi is actually cooked, as you can see highlighted in the box to the right. In addition, there are other dishes that the sushi chef can provide that are made with cooked fish, such as boxed sushi and broiled delicacies. So if you want to enjoy sushi with your friends, but are concerned about the possible health effects, there are still lots of items that you can try.

There's still one lingering worry, that of salmonella, which any raw meat can carry. Cooking kills it, but when the cooked items sit alongside and in contact with the raw stuff under the sushi counter, there's still a chance of contamination. I can't offer any pat answers for this, except to strain the risk reduction analogy again: you have to decide if this is something you are comfortable with. It's a risk that I'm willing to assume. — B. T.

Biffy Mae's Guide to Sushi

Nigiri

Akagai (ark shell)
Amaebi (raw shrimp)
Anago (fresh water eel)¹
Awabi (abalone)
Ebi (shrimp)²
Hamachi (yellow tail)
Ika (squid)
Ikura (salmon roe)
Inari (fried bean curd)³
Kaibashira (scallop)
Kani (crab)²
Maguro (tuna)
Mirugai (clam)
Saba (mackerel)
Sake (salmon)⁴
Tako (octopus)²
Tamago (cooked egg)²
Tobiko (flying fish roe)
Toro (fatty tuna)
Unagi (sea eel)¹
Uni (sea urchin)
Uzura (raw quail egg)
Vegetables (seaweed, soybeans, carrot, daikon, spinach, etc.)

Maki (rolled sushi)

California Roll (crab², avocado, cucumber)
Salmon Skin Roll (salmon skin¹, cucumber, sprouts)
Tempura/Spider Roll (shrimp tempura³/soft shell crab³ and cucumber)
Any roll with vegetables and/or cooked fish.

1) broiled; 2) boiled/steamed; 3) fried; 4) smoked.

CANDYPINK

Are you tired of Candy Pink Dildos? I know I am. With the revelation during the Christo murder investigation that there were more than 15,000 18x6 dildos in the New York area (thus rendering untraceable the single clue) many questions arose about dildo availability. I've been thinking and working on the subject, and I'd like to share a few of my findings. My study consisted of two parts: a survey, and a focus-group market analysis.

There are over 285 Ma'n'Pa sex shoppes in greater Los Angeles, and each one has a consistently monotonous selection of dildos. The average shop will have approximately 86 different varieties of candypink dildos in shrinkwrap wall-display cardboard mounts. Their sizes range from the babyfingerlike 1 inches to mammoth fireplace-log units usually stacked and not shrinkwrapped.

Unfortunately, in all this selection, fewer than 4% will be black, and those black units will typically be superficially blackcoated, subject to decolorizing abrasion with normal usage. In my sample

dildo location, I found only three black units, which I shall refer to by a lengthxcircumference index, with attached attributes: 6x3, 8x4, and 16x4+sure-griphandle. One of the units was integrally colored, and therefore subject to superior wear-and-tear characteristics, the unit with a bicycle-formed sure-griphandle. Curiously, two dildos in the collection were integrally colored non-human hues: green and steel blue. Price was proportional to volume.

"Behind-the-counter" dildos, loose-packed, sometimes were found to include integrally black dildos with laminated foreskins. Their occurrence was so rare as to be negligible in the final statistics.

Once I had ascertained the sore lack of integrally black dildos in the open market, I could only wonder if the market was really interested in being penetrated by a large variety of new samples, or if it was relatively inflexible: I began focus group studies.

First I prepared a kit. I engaged the services of a small collection of black pornstars, and equivalently endowed white pornstars and took a collection of purely clinical

photographs of their genitalia from a variety of angles: flaccid, tumescent, expressing urine, semen, catheterized, all the previous in condoms (condoms being white, black and a neutral olive). I then took photographs of available dildos, and dildos of my manufacture.

I created a series of questions for subjects to impartially provoke dildo-consciousness and a questioning of need: a sampler—

Do you prefer the luscious black dildos or the candy-pink white ones. Should there be a dildo equivalent of an 18-hour bra. Should the dildo be gripped by one or two hands. What do you feel is a maximal size. Do you purchase by volume or by weight. Are you irritated by the lack of flexible foreskins.

My target focal groups were in three settings: small suburban malls at 7 P.M., Ma'n'Pa sex stores at 2:30 A.M., and corporate boardrooms during annual meeting intermissions. Surprisingly, the small suburban malls proved to be the most fruitful for honest replies and introspective analysis.

Most middle-aged men and women were distressed to find that black dildos were not commonly available, and cited such as a continuing example of systematic racist practices. Teenage boys and girls were reluctant to provide analysis of their reactions, but with prodding yielded interesting replies. A few people asked if they might take samples to examine at their leisure, to create a basis for a more cogent analysis of their needs: they were provided with such. All disapproved of non-integral coloring, feeling that dishwasher safeness was a necessity. Those respondents who participated in both verbal and plethysmographic testing yielded results that surprised even them, which I loosely summarize: 87% of males and females responded to (1) flaccid black penises, sheathed and unsheathed, and (2) naturally colored black dildos. Candypink dildos provoked little or no response from most subjects. Interestingly, the greater the contrast between the glans and the prepuce in the target (penis, dildo) the greater the response: I attribute that to the 'contrast' factor.

(In further studies along this line, I found that the greater the surface reflection/surface color ratio the greater the response. Black dildos and penises, visually consisting almost entirely of specular reflections, were the most successful.)

All respondents received a coupon redeemable for 1 8x5 vibratory candypink raisedbump dildo to facilitate their participation in the study.

Graphed responses showed linear tracking to lengthxcircumference index.

My own test dildos were high affectors of response: double-construction coral pink core shaft with a laminated integrally black outer sleeve, foreskin constructed from polymacron—a plastic for fluidity once lubricated, safety handle with "grips when wet" Pirelli-rubber bicyclegrip nubs.

My findings have been verified by Fortune-500 independent accounting agencies, and utilized by King/World associates to create a new line of dildos for Afro-American aficionados. Test results may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope.

I thank:

Art Center College of Design
for use of their plastics
design laboratories;

BBDO West
for their design of the kit and
sample forms and cups;

King/World Associates
and especially Merv Griffin
without whose help this study could
never have published;

Bausch and Lomb
for providing me with 200 lbs. of
clinical-grade polymacron-A;

Eastman Kodak
for their generous donation
of film and processing;

Advocate MEN
for contracting to supply
me with test-kit models;

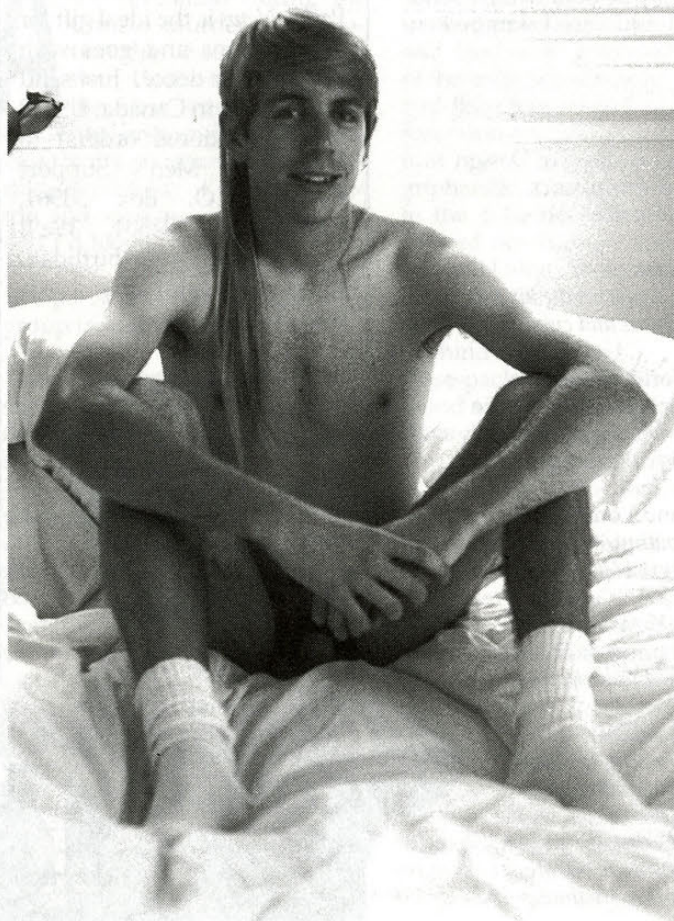
Le Sex Shoppe (Pty.) Ltd.
for 15,000 8x5 vibratory
candypink raisedbump dildos.

Give DPN to a Friend!

Like syphilis, *Diseased Pariah News* is the gift that keeps on giving. Do you know someone who's having a hard time dealing with an HIV diagnosis? Or a troubled friend, lover, or parent of someone with HIV? Buy them a year's subscription and tell them to sit down, shut up, and get over it! *Diseased Pariah News* is the ideal gift for all occasions and goes with any color or decor. Just send \$10 (US\$ 12 in Canada, US\$20 for international orders) to DPN, c/o Men's Support Center, P.O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604. We'll even forward your birthday, Xmas, or sympathy cards with the first issue.



Letter From an **INNOCENT VICTIM**



Dear Deviant Hordes of Virus Carriers:

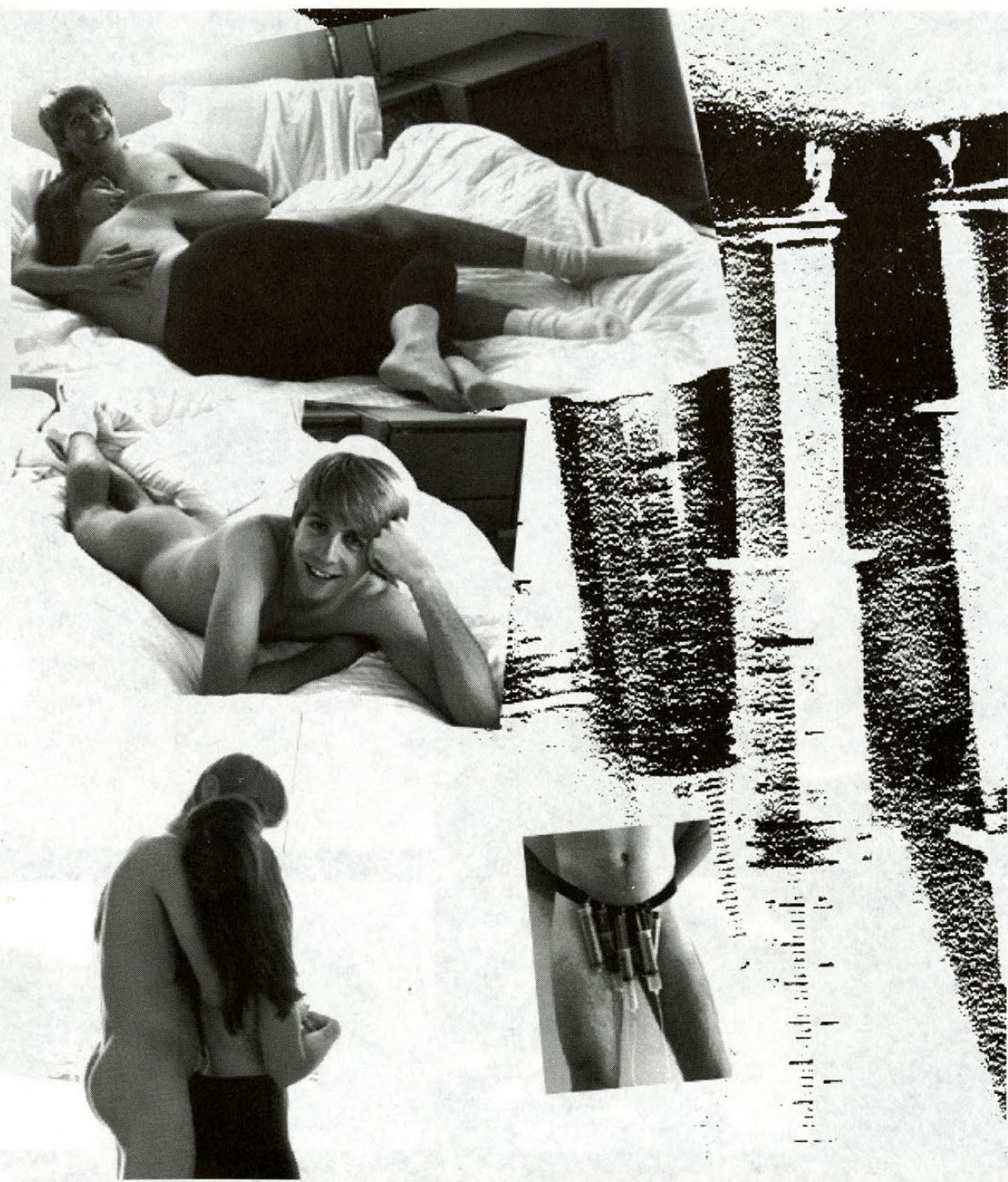
Unfortunately, I wasn't doing anything fun when I picked up this virus. I was shooting up as a pre-adolescent hemophiliac. As an "innocent victim", I got the key to the Ryan White Memorial Executive Washroom. I share this privilege with my comrades in blinding white pure innocence, the AIDS Babies.

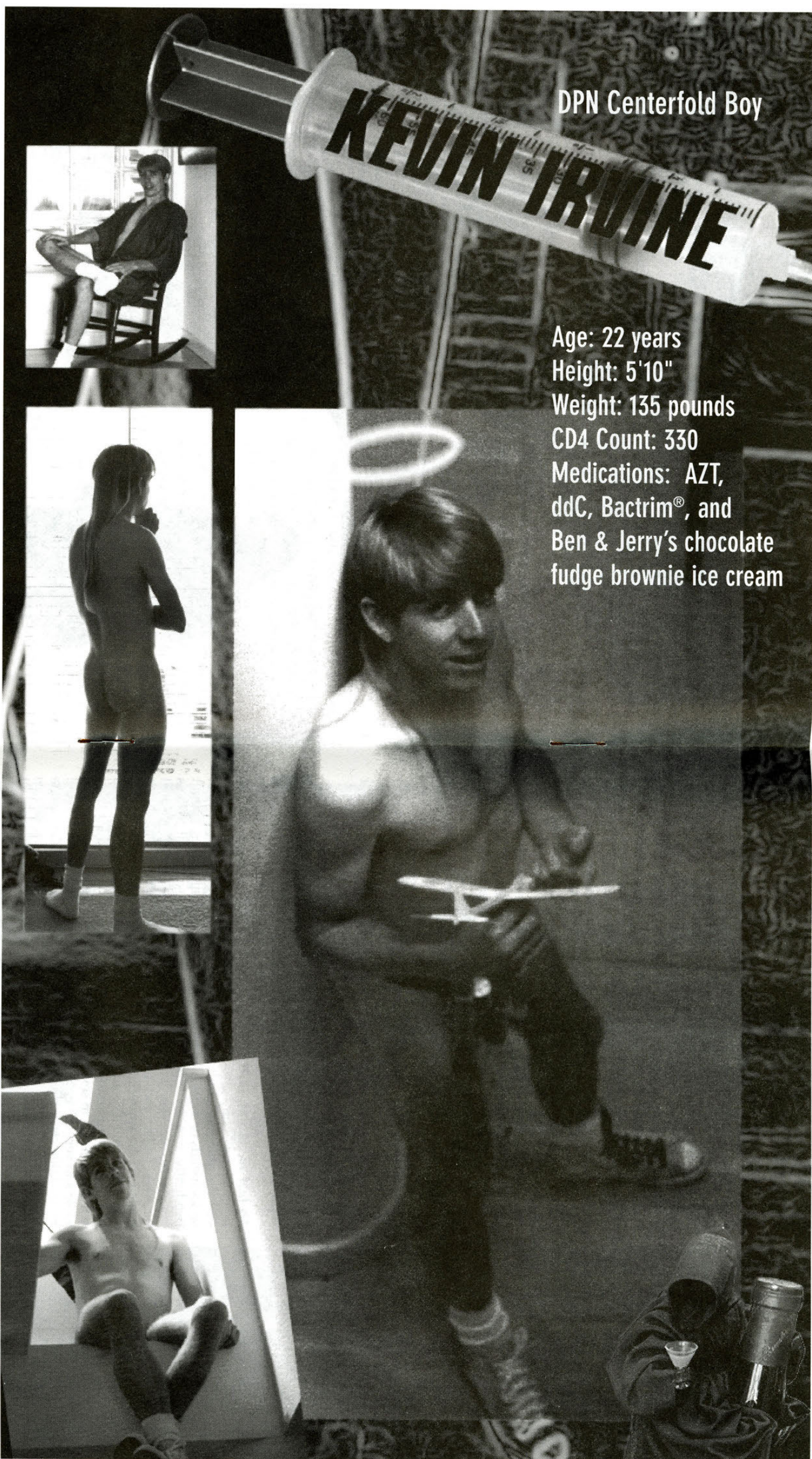
The details: I am 5'10", 135 pounds (and trying to change from 2% to whole milk), 22 years old, and am holding a steady course at 330 CD4s on a constant diet of AZT, ddC, Bactrim®, and Ben & Jerry's ice cream; lip smacking good. I live in pristine Palo Alto, California, and work with developmentally disabled adults. I am an atheist and abhor teddy bears.

Seriously, though, being perceived as an "innocent victim" means that some people will indignantly insist that I "didn't do anything wrong" to get HIV; and the hemophilia community, by and large, has chosen to segregate itself from the larger HIV community. On the other hand, it is the liberal, heterosexual white male's wet dream to be a member of an oppressed minority, so maybe I've got it made.

Love, your token breeder (not anymore)

Kevin





DPN Centerfold Boy

Age: 22 years
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 135 pounds
CD4 Count: 330
Medications: AZT,
ddC, Bactrim®, and
Ben & Jerry's chocolate
fudge brownie ice cream

TECHNOAUSEA

Desktop publishing technology makes our nipples explode with delight! Throw down your glue-sticks, Bestine shackles, and Letraset yokes of bondage! Join the electronic age, for DPN was produced with no manual paste-up whatsoever.

Text was composed in Microsoft Word, drawings (including Captain Condom) were rendered in Adobe Illustrator, and halftones were edited in Adobe Photoshop. Photographs were scanned on a Microtek flatbed scanner, and video stills for Porn Potato were downloaded with a Computer Eyes Pro video capture card. Final assembly was done in Quark XPress on Engine of Creation with the help of Servant of Wrath and Gaping Abyss. Final output was to a Linotronic 300 through a RIP 2. Cover separations went to a Lino 330 through a RIP 4. Both were sent at 100 lpi over 1200 dpi. DPN #6 has a print run of 3000, and was printed by LaserForm of Redwood City on recycled paper. We are an Insignia-, Lithos-, and Futura-free zone, and are proud to say that we have never used TypeAlign, ever.

We like it that way.

The Famous DPN Resource Guide

Infected Faggot Perspectives.

"Dedicated to keeping the realities of faggots living with AIDS and HIV disease in your face until the epidemic is over," IFP is offensive, nasty, crude, and reckless--in short, our kind of zine. It's perfect coffee table literature for when straight and/or seronegative people come to visit. The tone is angry as fuck, with its own deliciously vicious brand of wit. Get it, read it, send them stuff. Ten bucks for six monthly issues, or free if you're infected and can't afford it. Infected Faggot Perspectives, P.O. Box 26246, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

Food For Thought is a volunteer organization "dedicated to meeting the nutritional needs of all persons living with

AIDS/ARC in Sonoma County". If you live up there, and wondered how to get food or how to help other pariahs, talk to these people. Their newsletter, *The Dish*, has Sonoma County resource information and other fun stuff, and is free for the asking. Food For Thought, 6544 Front Street, Forestville, CA 95436, or (707) 887-1647.

Oops! We told you all about *The AIDS Stack* in the last issue, but forgot to give you some of the pertinent info. To recap, *The AIDS Stack* is a hypercard file available from Artsavant, 2117 Avon Street, CA 90026, (213) 666-7481. It's published quarterly, and is available for \$25.00 for a single issue, and \$75.00 for a four issue subscription.

The Equally Famous DPN Meat Market

My first ad. GWM, 19, 6'2", 177, long blond hair, grey eyes, smooth swimmer's build, hung, seeks friends or more. I'm independently wealthy, speak five languages, am very tolerant of people's faults, and just want someone who appreciates me for who I am. I'm HIV+ and in good health, but your status isn't important to me. I'm sexually versatile and very adventurous. My many interests include mountain bike riding, knitting, gourmet cooking, carpentry, Scrabble®, climbing (lead 5.12),

philately, fuchsias, bagpipes, tropical fish (cichlids), glass blowing, and pyrotechnics. If you don't like silly jokes, submit your own personal ad! That's right, if it weren't for fictional young men, the DPN Meat Market would be totally empty this time. Your DPN editors can't very well run their own tired old ads issue after issue; we need your help. It's free! It's fun! It's socially responsible! Bona fide ads only, please, and let us know if you want a DPN basket number for forwarding.

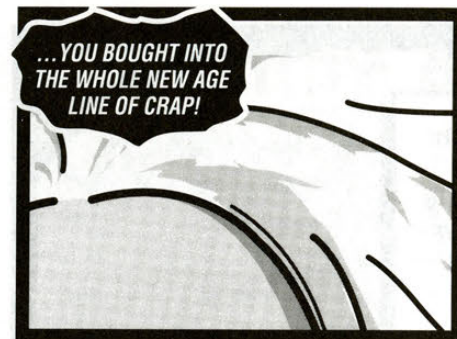
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

CAPTAIN CONDOM!

#6

IN THE LAST EPISODE, OUR HERO DISCOVERED THAT HIS BEST FRIEND, JOHN, WAS A CLOSET NEW AGER. CLAY WAS LEFT DISTURBED BY JOHN'S OFF BRAND OF SPIRITUALITY, AND WE NOW FIND HIM AT JOHN'S MEMORIAL SERVICE, TRYING TO RECONCILE THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS...

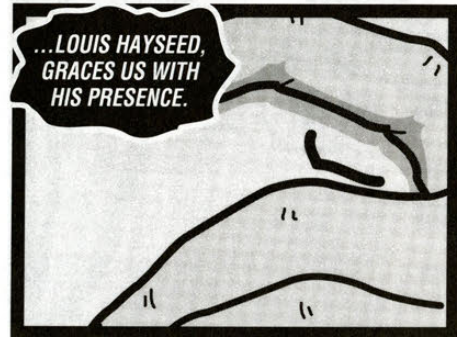
OH, JOHN...IT WAS MUCH MORE THAN JUST A CRYSTAL AND A TAPE!



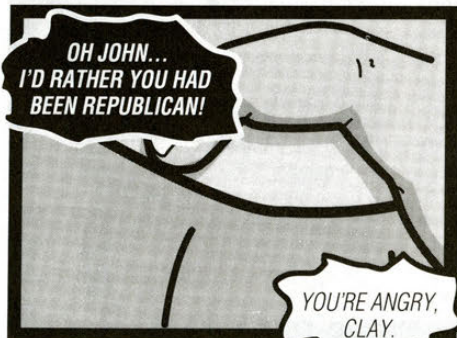
...YOU BOUGHT INTO
THE WHOLE NEW AGE
LINE OF CRAP!



ALL OF THESE
FLAKY PEOPLE...AND THE
GREAT GURU HIMSELF...



...LOUIS HAYSEED,
GRACES US WITH
HIS PRESENCE.



OH JOHN...
I'D RATHER YOU HAD
BEEN REPUBLICAN!

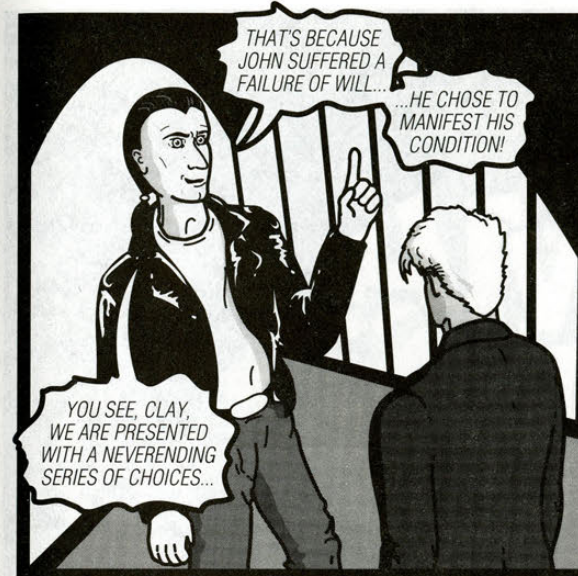
YOU'RE ANGRY,
CLAY.



NO SHIT! THAT
WASN'T A EULOGY YOU
JUST READ, LOUIS...

...THAT WAS
A CHARACTER
ASSASSINATION!

AKBAR & JEFF's
Cremation Hut
"Where the Elite Meet
to be Host to a
Crappy Toast"



THAT'S BECAUSE
JOHN SUFFERED A
FAILURE OF WILL...

...HE CHOSE TO
MANIFEST HIS
CONDITION!

YOU SEE, CLAY,
WE ARE PRESENTED
WITH A NEVERENDING
SERIES OF CHOICES...



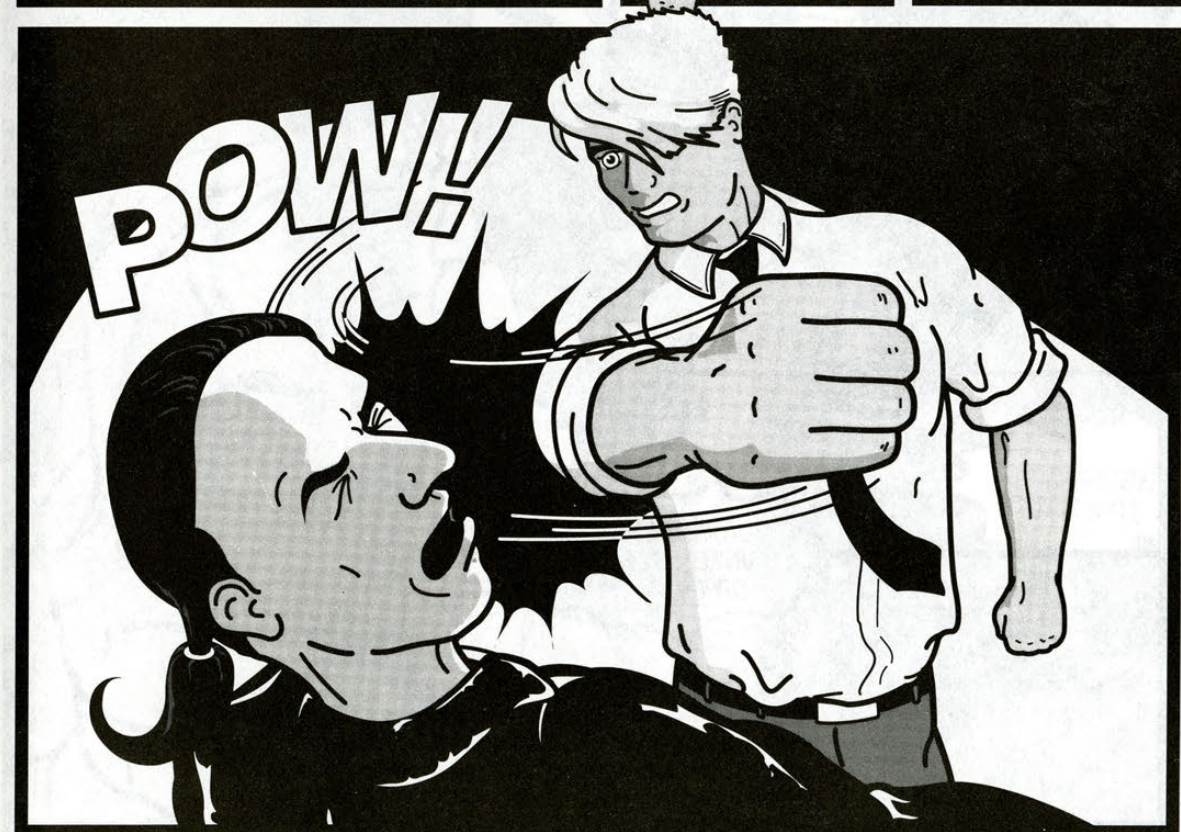
...EACH A MARVELOUS
LEARNING OPPORTUNITY!

...OF SCIENCE, WE REMAIN
MERELY MORTAL, LIKE JOHN.



IF WE LET OURSELVES BE
BOUND BY THE TEACHINGS...

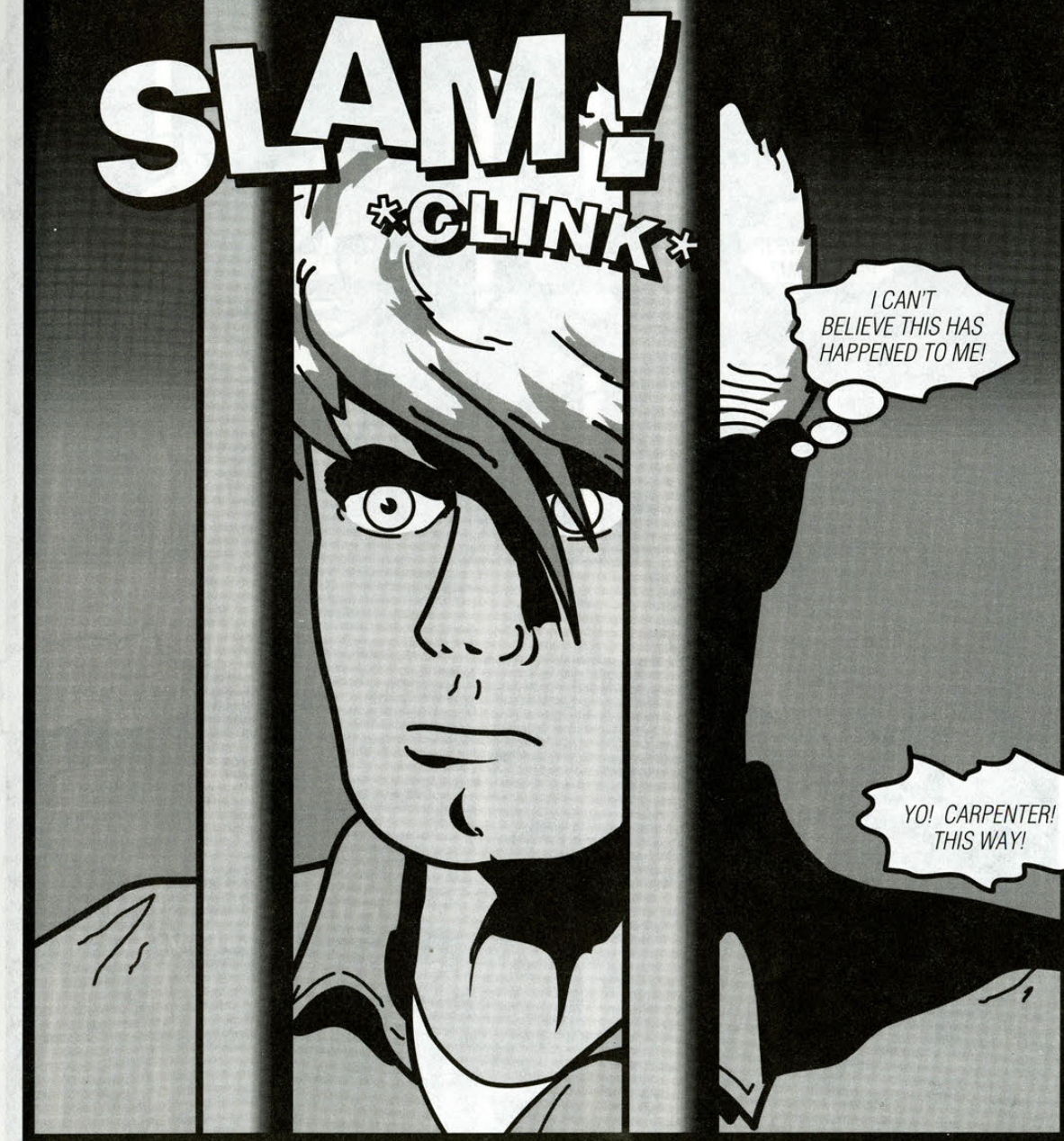
AS I SAY IN MY NEW BOOK...HEY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE —

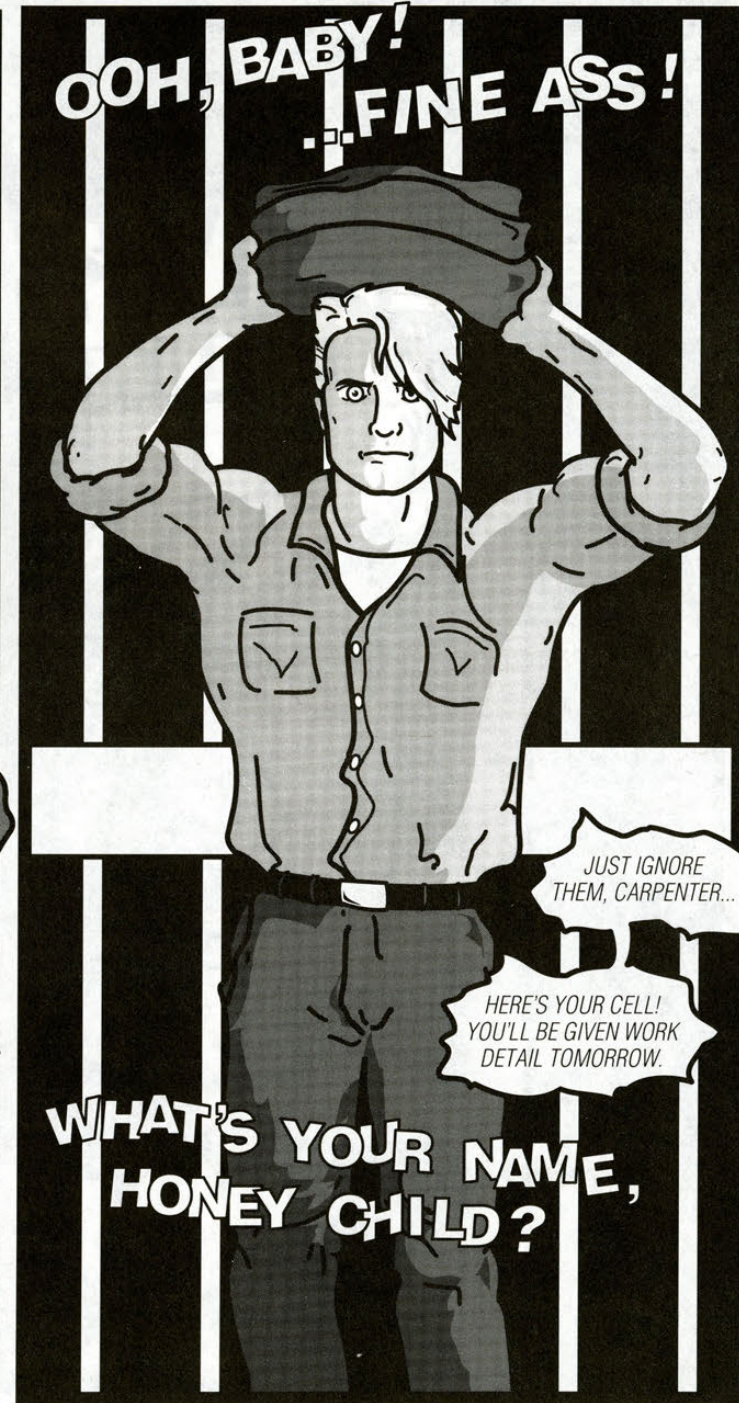


POW!!



A FEW DAYS LATER...





THE NEXT DAY...

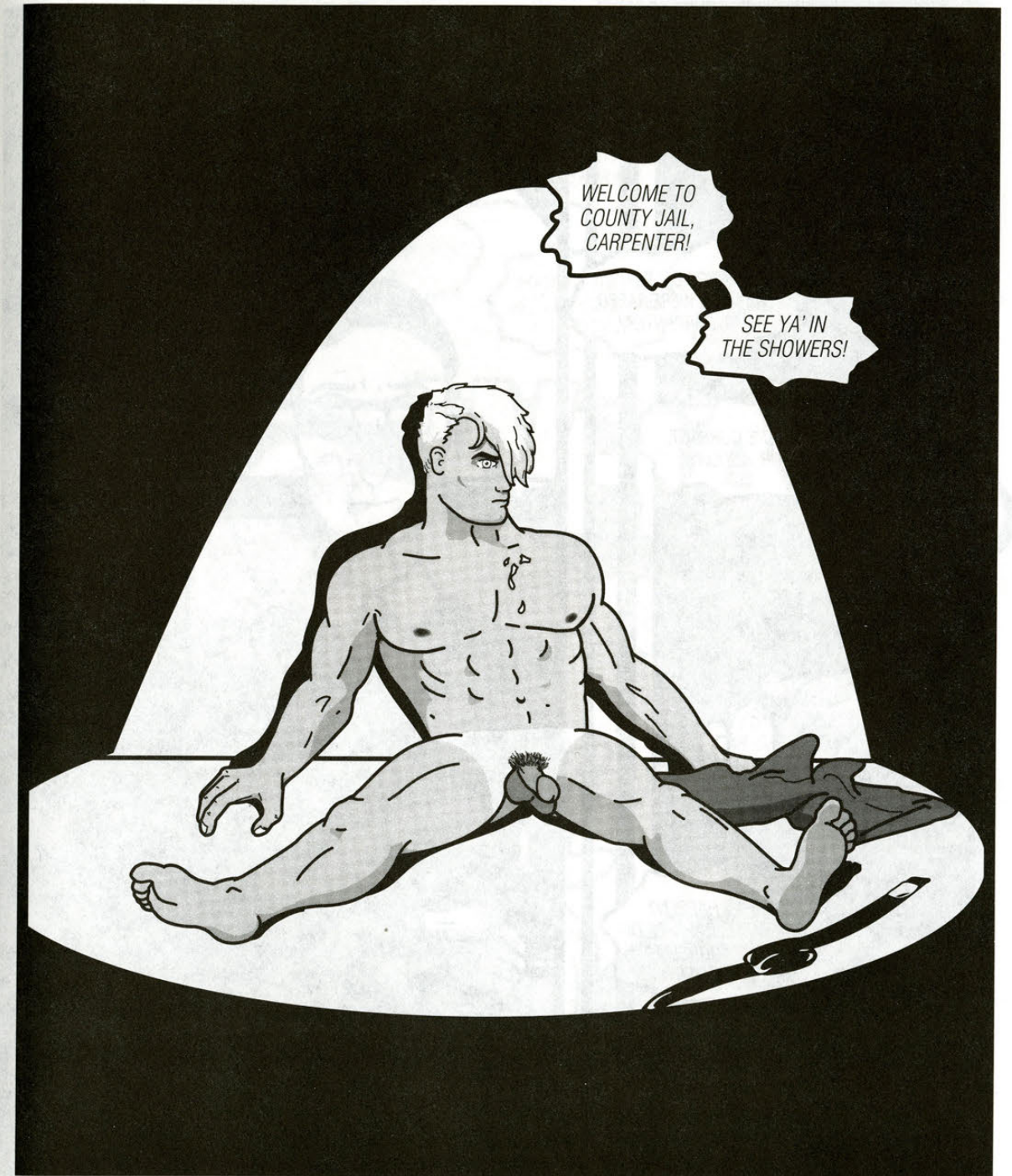






JEFF STRYKER RENDERED ACTUAL SIZE.





LATER THAT DAY...

DR. NADIM KHOURY
PRISON PHYSICIAN

...AND YOU SAY
THAT YOU WERE RAPED,
MR. CARPENTER?

THAT'S CORRECT,
DR. KHOURY.

YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?
YOU LOOK QUITE CAPABLE OF
DEFENDING YOURSELF,
MR. CARPENTER.

THERE WERE THREE
OF THEM! AND THEY TOOK
ME BY SURPRISE!

WHY?

I'M AFRAID THAT
IS IMPOSSIBLE,
MR. CARPENTER.

BECAUSE SEX
BETWEEN INMATES
SIMPLY DOES NOT OCCUR
AT THIS FACILITY!

THAT'S BULLSHIT! I WANT
PROTECTION FROM THOSE MEN,
AND I WANT A SYPHILIS TEST!

...AND WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT, YOU SHOULD HAVE
THEM TESTED FOR HIV.

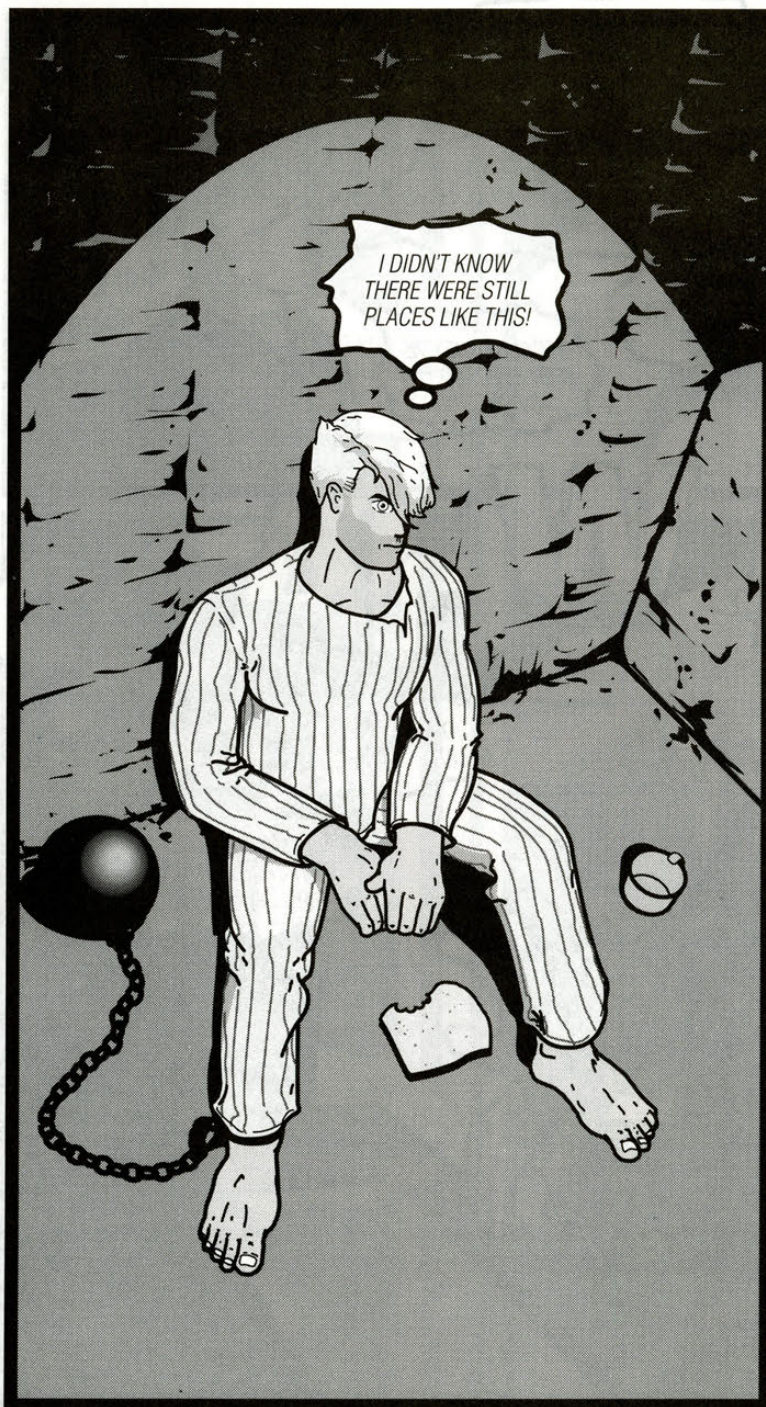
REALLY,
MR. CARPENTER,
WHY?

BECAUSE THEY'VE
BEEN EXPOSED...I'M
HIV POSITIVE.

WHAT?

D-DON'T GET
ANY CLOSER!

I HAVE JUST
THE PLACE FOR YOU,
MR. CARPENTER!



TO BE CONTINUED.

LOOK!

Buy our products and make us rich!

1

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.



Totally cool stuff!

2 3

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

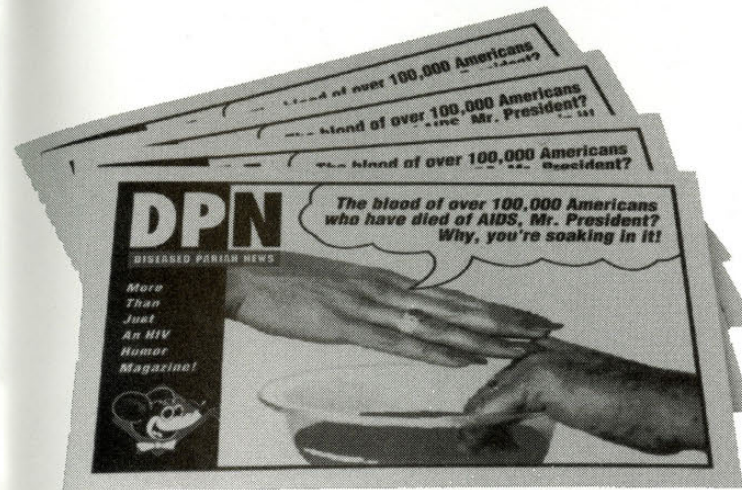
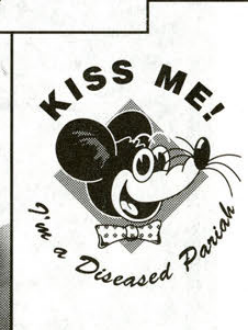
"The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? Why, you're soaking in it!" The graphic that graced our first cover. Red and black on white. Specify Large or Extra-Large. \$12.00 each.

"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

5



6

Thought-provoking DPN postcards! Red and black on matte finish cardstock. Ask for "You're Soaking in It!" or "Roy & Kimberly". Sorry, "Piss Jesse" no longer available. 50¢ each.

7

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.

New limited edition T-shirts!

Here by popular demand! "Captain Condom Fan Club" This handsome design features our hero in his classic stance. Blue, yellow, and black on white. Specify Large or Extra-Large. \$14.00 each.

"KISS ME, I'm a diseased pariah" Feeling awkward about telling the boy you just brought home about your sero-status? Let your T-shirt do the talking for you! (And he will have no choice but to compliment you on your fine taste in clothing and literature.) Black and red on white. Large or Extra-Large. \$12.00 each.



I WANT IT ALL!

- ☐ Please **RENEW** my existing subscription for only \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 International).
- ☐ Please send me a **NEW SUBSCRIPTION** to DPN (four issues) for only \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 Int'l). Please start me with issue #6, or #7.
- ☐ 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, #3, #4 and/or #5.

Please send to (print clearly):

Name: _____

Address: _____

Signature: _____

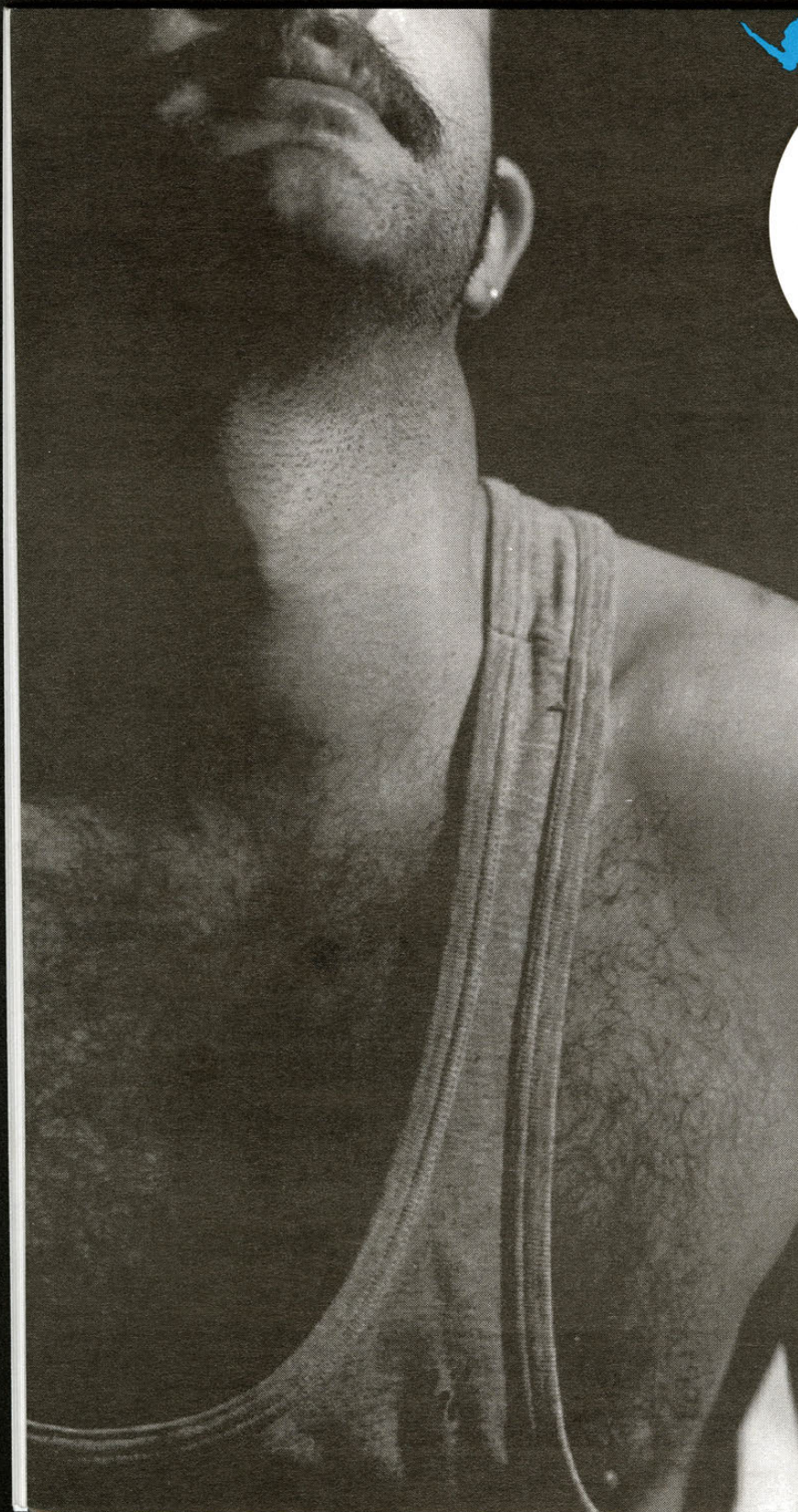
(I certify that I am at least 18 years of age)

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

- ___ **DPN 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!")
- ___ **"You're Soaking..." T-Shirt at \$12.00 each**
(___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ **Condom Tester T-Shirt at \$12.00 each**
(___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ **Captain Condom T-Shirt at \$14.00 each**
(___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ **Kiss Me... T-Shirt at \$12.00 each**
(___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ **DPN postcards at 50¢ each**
(___ "You're Soaking in It!"
___ "Roy and Kimberly")
- ___ **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
FOG Press, c/o Men's Support Center
P.O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604



Ask for Diseased Pariah News
at these fine bookstores:

A Different Light, San Francisco, CA
A Different Light, Los Angeles
A Different Light, West Hollywood
City Lights Bookstore, San Francisco
Harold's Newsstand, San Francisco
Last Word Newsstand, Guernville
Printer's Inc., Mountain View
Rainbow General Store, San Francisco
South Raymond News, Pasadena
Valley Women's Books, Fresno
Category 6 Books, Denver, CO
Lambda Rising, Washington, DC
Reader's Feast, Tampa, FL
People Like Us, Chicago, IL
Glad Day Books, Boston, MA
Sons & Daughters, Grand Rapids, MI
Sons & Daughters, Southfield
A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis, MN
Dreamhaven Books, Minneapolis
Brothers & Sisters, Albuquerque, NM
A Different Light, New York, NY
Oscar Wilde Books, New York
Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia, PA
Powell's Books, Portland, OR
Sundance Natural Foods, Eugene
Alfi News, Seattle, WA
Bailey-Coy Books, Seattle
Beyond the Closet, Seattle
Bulldog News, Seattle
Fremont Place Book Co., Seattle
Left Bank, Seattle
M Coy Books, Seattle
Red & Black Books, Seattle
Steve's Broadway News, Seattle
Tower Books at Selected Locations
(Inquire Locally)
L'Androgyne, Montreal, Canada
Little Sisters, Vancouver
Octopus Books, Vancouver
This Ain't the Rosedale Library, Toronto
Prinz Eisenherz, Berlin, Germany