citing
merchandise
from DPN!

GET FAT, die!

Born Potato
ds'nt like fat!

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

The Shocking Truth Behind Tom Shearer's Memorial Service!
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DPN PROFILE

TOM ACE

HOME:
San Francisco.
AGE: 31.
PROFESSION:
Software engineer.
HOBBY:
Defacing billboards.
LAST BOOK READ:
Perfect Pitch by Nicolas Slonimsky.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Getting my picture in DPN.
WHY I DO WHAT I DO:
Because I can.
PROFILE:
Fearless, foolish, friendly, non-computer-nerd type.
QUOTE:
“I’ve had just the right amount too much.”
SCOTCH:
None. Scotch is vile.

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

Photo by YCE, using the model’s camera.
“Darn!
One of our editors is dead!
Can DPN withstand the test of fire?”

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

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

When I reached Tommy’s ward, I looked into his room and saw the usual things: his hospital roommate watching TV, Tommy’s friends, Tom R., Tom E., Joel; his brother, Squeak; and a stranger, standing around his bed. But a couple of things were odd: the fact that the blinds were drawn and everyone was so quiet. The answer was obvious to me: Tommy was asleep, and everyone was taking care not to disturb him, since he’d been having trouble resting lately. I tip-toed around the dividing curtain and was horrified. “Tom,” I said to myself, “Your color looks terrible! How did you get so jaundiced overnight?” I still hadn’t caught on, but Tom R. mercifully prevented me from committing a horrible faux pas in front of the family by apologizing for not calling me, and telling me that Tom had just croaked. (He would have wanted me to use that word, honest.)

Well what do you say? I’m glad, because I wasn’t really looking forward to home care, anyway? Gee, it’s nice that Denise (Tommy’s sister-in-law) won’t have to change Tom’s diapers? Silence seemed to be the most eloquent thing. I stood around feeling awkward while Tom R. and Tom E., both of whom appeared infinitely more wise at the moment, talked with Squeak and the stranger, who turned out to be the Kaiser morgue-man. The attendants were waiting for us to leave, apparently not wishing us to see whatever secret and arcane things they do with the stiff before they wheel it into the basement. And the bed, I wondered, what do they do about that? Change the sheets, obviously, but is there some sort of ritual decontamination? Or do they just spray the vinyl surface of the inflata-mattress with Windex and put on a new set of linens for the next patient?

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

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

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

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

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

What was the first thing we saw when we walked into the lobby? A huge wall unit, filled floor to ceiling with lovely optional upgrade urns. That did it, the stresses of the day and the previous night (continued).
finally broke through and we lost our composure. No, we didn't start crying; the proprietors probably wouldn't have minded that. We burst out laughing at the tackiness of it all, much to the chagrin of the receptionist. "Please," she said, "Show a little respect for the other patrons!"

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

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

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

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

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

What a strange day. I felt as though I were trapped on the set of Longtime Companion. Goodbye, Tommy, we'll all miss you a lot.
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the "Name Tommy's T-Cells" contest

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

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

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

DPN is made possible by the wonders of desktop publishing technology. We're not say-
ing it's the only way to run a zine, but if you've got a hardware fetish, it's particularly
sizable-hardening. Text was composed in Microsoft Word, internal art (including Captain
Condorn) was rendered using Adobe Illustrator, and photos were adjusted and retouched
in Adobe Photoshop. Composition and assembly was performed on a Macintosh IIci.

THE GOLDEN PARIAH AWARD

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

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

His suggestion: The Underachievers.

B. T.
HOW I GOT AIDS

by Scott O'Hara

Memoirs of a Working Boy

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

Episode One: Hawaii

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

So I was feeling not too unattractive. In shape, tanned, just 21. Perhaps I was a trifle over-confident. Fucking arrogant is more like it. Then Joey showed up. Isn't that how it always is? The snake wriggles into Paradise and instantly gives you a hardon. He was visiting from the mainland, S.F. in fact — with his lover, who'd never been to the islands before. Before we get into the jokes about 'giving him a proper lei' that makes every current and former resident wince, I must protest that I've always been an honorable type: I wouldn't think of deliberately setting out to seduce anyone's lover. Both lovers at once, though — that's another matter entirely. It's one of my favorite positions. So I went at it with a will. Tour guiding, that is. Went body-surfing with them for the whole day at Makapuu, and watched their bodies turn an alarming shade of red. Scratch that evening. And the next day, they had other friends to visit on the North Shore. And the day after that — oh, something came up. It was the day before departure that I finally got them down to the tubs for the evening.

Let me date this. Pre-'HIV Disease'; pre'AIDS'; even pre-'GRID'. It was still just a 'Gay Cancer' then. And the baths were a pleasuredome, not a political arena.

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

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

So I did.

Episode Two: Bonny Doon

You all know how difficult it can be to guess what the weather's like on the other side of Twin Peaks. Now imagine how hard it is to guess the weather sixty miles down the coast. Can't be done. Best you can do is wait for September, drive down the coast every morning, early, and wait for the fog to burn off. If it doesn't, you go home and come back tomorrow. At least, that's what you do if you're filming porn. There, because gooseflesh is not very attractive on film. Hardons wilt under heavy fog.

And besides, part of the illusion we try to convey via celluloid and videotape is that California is always sunny. And in my very first foray into the demimonde of Hollywood, I would run into a director who insisted on natural, outdoor settings. Yes, the results were spectacular, worthy of a National Geographic special; but the trauma! The expense! The loss of sleep!

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

"ACT-UP...uses the First Amendment excessively." — George Bush
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Just a word or two, for those of you who still have romantic notions about sex on the beach: you haven't lived until you've been fucked using lube with sand in it. Even jerking off becomes a seriously masochistic act.

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

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

Anyhow, I played it safe (on at least one level): I fixed cucumber salad that evening.
I had a dream about AIDS. I'd just left a job working for this rich man, he had all these treasures in his house, and I used to run his high-tech security system. Closed-circuit TV, computers, the works.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An excerpt from Lives of the Saints, a novel in progress.
The rich-ch-dogs technology is clearly the way to go, and I know I'll do it. But it is a nightmare to be a dog, and you're punch out of the night, an enormous black Doberman pinscher. He is all muscle, and beauty and grace. His body is lean, sleek, hard. To watch him move is to watch pure physicality, an incredible athletic grace and power. I think the word sexy, and I realize, "yeah, that's right."

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

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

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

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

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

**Spermicides**

We will probably see more and more lubricants that include germicides and spermicides. The best active ingredient so far is nonoxynol-9, which has been used for years in contraceptive foams and gels. Nonoxynol-9 is a mild detergent which effectively kills sperm and germs (including HIV and herpes, and many other STD germs) on contact by making the bugs pop like overfilled water balloons. It can provide back-up protection in case the condom spills, leaks or breaks, and is appropriate for either vaginal or anal intercourse. However, some people are allergic to it and will find it mildly irritating to mucous membranes. A small number of women report yeast infections after using it. The percentage of n-9 in a product is important. Research studies use a 1% formulation as a baseline, in order to quickly kill micro-organisms that are present. Not all lubricants contain this percentage, and the concentration can get diluted when the lube gets spread throughout one’s insides.

Nonoxynol-9, unfortunately, has a distinctly sharp, chemical taste that will curl your tongue, and a numbing sensation that will haunt you for hours afterwards. Don’t use it for oral sex. If you want the back-up protection of a spermicide, use a separate lubricant, and apply it generously. Spermicides should only be used as a backup to condoms, not by themselves.

**Rehydration**

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

**K-Y Jelly**

K-Y Jelly is the oldest and most commonly known lubricating gel. It’s the one the doctor uses to make inserting an enema bulb, scope or speculum less trying. That is exactly why K-Y was formulated — to lubricate medical instruments. Lubricating fleshy body parts is another matter. For this, K-Y is not so great. Oh, it’ll work OK. It won’t damage a latex condom. But...it’s not great. And it’s so medical.

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

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

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

**Spermicidal Gels**

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

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* You can test this yourself by smearing a little oil on an inflated rubber and seeing how quickly it bursts.
haunt you for hours afterwards. Don't use it for oral sex. If you want the back-up protection of a spermicide, use a separate lubricant, and apply it generously. Spermicides should only be used as a backup to condoms, not by themselves.

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

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

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

**Astroglide and Probe**

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

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

On the minus side, these lubricants are thinner in body, and have more of a tendency to drip. Probe is quite “stringy,” that is, when squeezing from a container into your hand, it makes wet strings between your fingers which can drop out to be annoying. As a result, it is over so, but still has a little stringy.

Astroglide and Progland, superior lubricants with maximum slip, have a sensual texture that would be especially good for someone allergic to nonoxynol-9.

**PrePair and ForPlay**

PrePair and ForPlay products manufactured by Trimensa Corporation are a bit different. These personal lubes have been around for a while, and were the first to use nonoxynol-9 in any lube. They have a well-deserved reputation for condoms. They are also available in drugstores and distribution across the country, in most pharmacies and health chains.

PrePair and ForPlay have the consistency that I prefer—thicker, string, and gooey. They don’t dry out, rehydrate well, and work well with rubber-based latex condoms. These lubricants contain a minimal amount of nonoxynol-9. Although none of the manuals state that this ingredient is present, I have had reports that PrePair contains 0.1% nonoxynol-9, and ForPlay contains 0.5%. I have only one small bottle of PrePair and ForPlay, so I don’t know if I will ever be able to test this theory.

In a pinch, Probe or ForPlay make a good emergency hair gel.
The texture of this gel is very firm and gooey. Clings great to a diaphragm, but has very little slip. It feels more like rubber cement when on your body, rather than a natural fluid.

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The products are very similar. They are very slippery in texture, and feel quite pleasant on the skin. Both are totally transparent, Astroglide having a slightly wet strings between the two, which can drop or splotch or just be annoying. Astroglide is less so, but still has a tendency to be stringy.

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

**PrePair and ForPlay**

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

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

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

I have only one gripe with both versions — the dispenser on the package. It is a round plastic dome with applicator/stopper, that needs to be pulled up to dispense the product. If you already have some lube on your hands and they are slippery, it's almost impossible to get the top open. Your fingers slip and strain, and eventually you may have to use your teeth to release the darn thing. The top needs grippers or ridges to make it easier to open. ForPlay is available in a large 16 oz. container with a pump dispenser that is perfect. You can pump out some of the lube, and the rest is never contaminated or exposed to dirt.

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

**Aloe 9**

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

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

This is a fine product. It is crystal clear with a good texture — not runny or stringy. It has excellent slip and a pleasant feel. It also has a taste that is not unpleasant, sort of a citrus-like flavor.

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

**Elbow Grease Hot Gel**

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

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

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

• Eat things that are friendly to tender mouthparts. Soft, non-irritating foods like eggs, cream soups, pudding, ground meat, baked fish, soft cheeses, cooked fruits, and noodle dishes. Hard-to-eat things like peanut butter or kashi should probably wait for another day.

• Avoid spicy or acidic foods and drinks. Kung pao chicken will leave you willing to confess the location of Jimmy Hoffa’s body. Carbonated drinks and salty soups may also cause some discomfort. Apple juice and milk (if you’re having no problem with diarrhea) will be nice to you.

• Serve food cold or at room temperature.

• Dunk toast, crackers, and cookies in milk or tea to soften them up.

• Don’t be afraid to look like a gimp! Use a straw to drink soup or juice. It works for yours truly.

• No one has proven yet whether a regimen of (ugh!) Listerine will prevent candidiasis, but hey, it can’t hurt.

• The medicine for candidiasis comes in two varieties, one for oral infection, and the other for vaginal. They both taste nasty. The trick is that you usually take the oral kind four times a day, whereas if you don’t mind the idea of chomping on a vaginal suppository, it only has to be taken once a day. Ask your doctor.

TASTE PERVERSIONS

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

• Meat can be the most affected of all. If it starts to taste bitter, use alternate protein sources such as cheese, eggs, poultry, yogurt, tuna, and nut butters. There’s probably something out there that will taste okay. Also try marinating meat in soy sauce, wine, or fruit juice. Some vegetables such as broccoli, cauliflower, bok choy, and Brussels sprouts may also seem bitter. Test them individually and eliminate them from your cooking if they ruin the stew.

• Serve protein foods at room temperature.

• Sweet things don’t seem to change flavor as much as meats and vegetables. See if meat tastes better with a fruit glaze or sweet-and-sour sauce. Add fresh or canned fruit to milkshakes and ice cream.

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

— B. T.
Biffy Mae's Rags-to-Riches Chicken

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

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

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

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

Randy Mae's Comforting Onion Soup

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

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

Margie Mae's Sleazy Wine Cake

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

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

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

The gesture was sincerely appreciated, even if not entirely appropriate.
ZEN

and the art of

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

Photos by Edwin Peacock.
"I knew something was wrong when she started vomiting at the dinner table!" 

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

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

The conversation progressed in its usual downward spiral: My father said he wasn’t hungry and passed out in his plate, Mom steered the conversation towards her favorite topics... "What’s wrong with using vermiculite in meatloaf? Your brother just turned his first billion in real estate, have you been checking the ‘help wanted’ section of the papers?... No one else in my bridge club has a son who’s been in therapy for eight years, what’s your problem anyway?... Are you still taking your prednisone mom? Excuse me just a minute.”

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

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

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

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

She slammed it without even looking at the glass.

“Liquoring me up with that Commie shit, eh George? Well you must think I’m some kind of lightweight candyass and I’m here to tell you it’ll nevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverneverererevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereverevereven...
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM! #3

IT ISN'T JUST LIKE THE MOVIES

by Beowulf Thorne

We find our hero returning from his field trip to the Amazon, having been transformed from lowly clay carpenter, disease ridden Hulk, to Captain Condom, the world's premier safer sex superhero. What better way to start his mission, Clay thinks, than getting laid...er, field testing his renovated body. So here he is, at the city's most infamous bathhouse, Dante's, ready to explore his new found powers of perception.

But is it really that easy, fighting ignorance and evil? Does one need to wear a training bra before stepping into Superman's briefs? We'll soon see...

SO, UH, SLIMAC, HOW ABOUT I PICK YOU UP IN THE PARK, SAY AT 3:00?

MEANWHILE, I'M SURE YOU CAN FIND ALL SORTS OF FRIENDS IN THE LEAF LITTER AND UNDERNEATH THE ROCKS

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS!

THAT'S IT, YOU TURD! GO COMINGE WITH YOUR WARM-BLOODED BRETHREN AND LEAVE ME TO MAKE DO WITH INVERTEBRATES!
INSIDE DANTE’S...

I’VE BEEN DYING TO COME BACK TO THIS PLACE

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

SO MANY MEMORIES... MOSTLY OF REJECTION.

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

WOW! THE MEN LOOK BETTER THAN EVER!

BUT SOME SEEM STRANGELY...
WOW! THE MEN LOOK BETTER THAN EVER!

BUT SOMETHING SEEMS A LITTLE STRANGE...

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

DON'T LOOK AT ME. I'M REALLY HUNGRY. JUST ONCE, PLEASE.

WONDER IF I'M HUNGRY,
I SWEAR I KEEP HEARING SOMETHING, ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE WHISPERING...HEY!

GODDAMMIT! I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE SNEAK UP BEHIND AND GRAB YOUR ASS! IT'S SO...

OH, MY...
I WANT YOU TO F**K ME! LET'S GO OVER TO THOSE BUNKS!

OH MAN, PUT IT IN NOW! PLOUGH MY ASS!

YOU GOT IT!

JUST AS SOON AS I PUT THIS ON...

WH- WHAT? A RUBBER?
WAS IT SOMETHING I DID?

YEAH... UH... LISTEN, STRANGER, MAYBE NEXT TIME, OKAY?

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

FUCK WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THAT RUBBER? IS HE BEING SICK?

DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MADE YOU KNOW WHAT?

I DUNNO, MAYBE HE WASN'T SICK OR SOMETHING.

AND I KISSED YOUR MOUTH OUT, YOU KISSED HIM AFTER ALL.

WHY NOT FIND SOME OTHER SAFE GUY WHO DOESN'T NEED RUBBERS!

SURE WAS JACK!
HMMM, DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS THE RUBBER?

IT WAS THE RUBBER, BUS?

IT SURE SCARED HIM OFF!

DON'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF LOSING A HOT NUMBER NEXT TIME!

IT REALLY SCARED HIM OFF.

MAYBE NEXT TIME WE COULD DISPENSE WITH THAT LITTLE...

...MY GOD! WHAT AM I THINKING?

HOLY JESUS CHRIST!

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU?

DAMN! MY COVER'S BEEN BLOWN!

YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU'VE KILLED JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WHO'S EVER BEEN IMPORTANT TO ME!
Hey steroid boy! You're breaking the rules! You're not supposed to see me!

Now, why don't we just pretend that this all never...

Wait!

I remember you!

I'll get you my little pretty, and all of your T-cells too!

That vision in the jungle... you're it! You're the virus!

Besides, technically... it wasn't me who did in your dear and departed.

Your old smooche-king, Steve, was his name. Well, that was nasty ol' pneumocystis. You know how uptight those fungi can be!

And that sugar daddy of yours, don't it was lymphoma, I think...

Hey! What are you doing?! You can't just...

Squeeze

Pop!

You motherfucker! You've killed just about everyone who's ever been important to me!

So? What did you expect? I can't help myself!
DAMN! THIS SUPERHERO BUSINESS IS GOING TO BE A LOT TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT!

SO MUCH FOR THE PROMISED "SPECIAL POWERS."

WHERE'D EVERYONE GO? SCARED AWAY? SHIT!

WELL, IF I CAN'T GET MY DICK WET, I CAN AT LEAST JERK OFF TO A VIDEO.
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I THINK YOU NEED A LITTLE HELP WITH THAT, BOY!

I DUNNO. I DON'T THINK I'M IN THE MOOD ANYMORE. MAYBE... HEY!

WOW! A BLACK RUBBER! WHERE DO YOU GET THOSE?

COME BACK TO MY ROOM AND I'LL TELL YOU!

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

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

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

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

Continues next page.

Photograph © 1990 by All Worlds Video.
THE MINI MEAT MARKET

People will really get your message when you use our informative and eye-catching Meat Market symbols! Only $5.00 per square column inch. 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 number or the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope into another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, eh?

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

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

What can you do for DPN? Simple: sleep with the editor. How can you meet a C-grade celebrity? Simple: sleep with the editor. How can you be assured of getting published in DPN? Simple... Seriously, folks, your Cranky Editor is irreverent and ungrateful. A $5.00 donation is requested but "not necessary, money is tight." Write to PW, P.O. Box 303, 310 East 81st St., Minneapolis, MN 55409.

Other Goodies

The Hemlock Society. As the editor said: "There is never a good time, but there are certainly pleasant ways," P.O. Box 2, San Francisco, CA 94119

Ball Club. A worldwide communications network for men and women who are HIV+ or have
**THE DISEASED PARIAH NEWS RESOURCE GUIDE**

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

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

Telephone: (415) 771-0717

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

**Other Goodies**

The Hemlock Society. As they say, “There is never a good time to die, but there are certainly more pleasant ways.” P.O. Box 210436, San Francisco, CA 94119

Ball Club. A worldwide communications network for men who have ‘em and men who want ‘em. Same address as Positive Image, communications network for men who are HIV+ or have AIDS related concerns. Send SASE for info from P. O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

Blow Buddies. Duos, groups, parties: Local and national network. Find out what all the talk’s about! For free information, send SASE to P.O. Box 44, 584 Castro St #395, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Recommended Reading

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

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

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

WHAT’S NEXT?

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

WE WANT YOUR OLD SMUT

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

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

☐ Please send me a one-year SUBSCRIPTION of four issues for only $7.00 (US$10 Canada, US$18 International). Start me with (please check) the current issue (#3)____, or the next issue (#4)____

☐ Please send me a SAMPLE ISSUE for only $2.00 (US$3 Canada, US$5 International). I would like to see (please check) the current issue (#3)____, or the next issue (#4)____

☐ Please send me a BACK ISSUE for only $3.00 each (US$5.00 Canada, US$7.00 International). I would like (please check) #1____, and/or #2____

Please send it to (print clearly):
Name:
Address:
Signature: (I certify that I am over 18 years of age)

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

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

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

☐ 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!)
Subtotal:

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

☐ Captain Condom's Original Party Pack at $4.00 each
Subtotal:

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

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

The World of DPN lies at your fingertips...

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

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

The official DPN button, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: "Porn Potato Likes That," "Porn Potato Doesn't Like That," and "GET FAT, don't die!" in black and white. 2-1/4 inches diameter. $1.00 each.

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