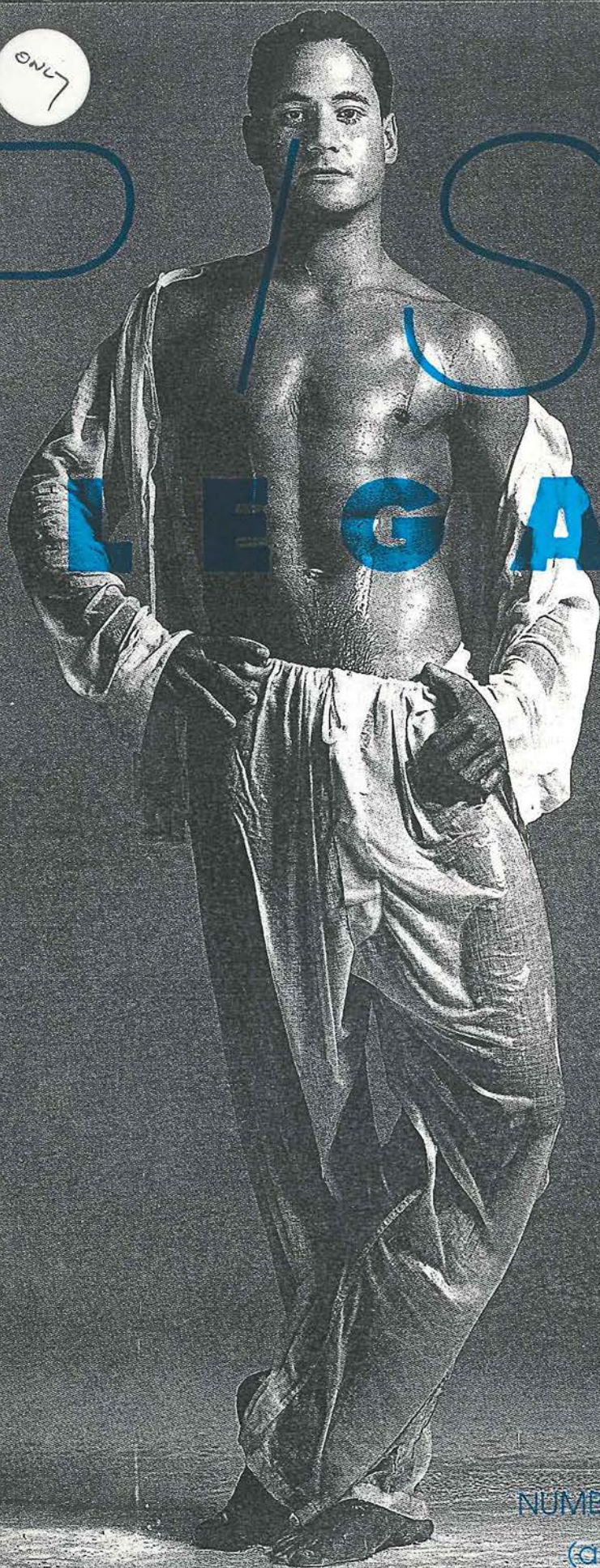


QUEEN SPACE ONLY

SPRING 1991

PRISSES ELEGANT



NUMBER 1 (REISSUE) \$1.99

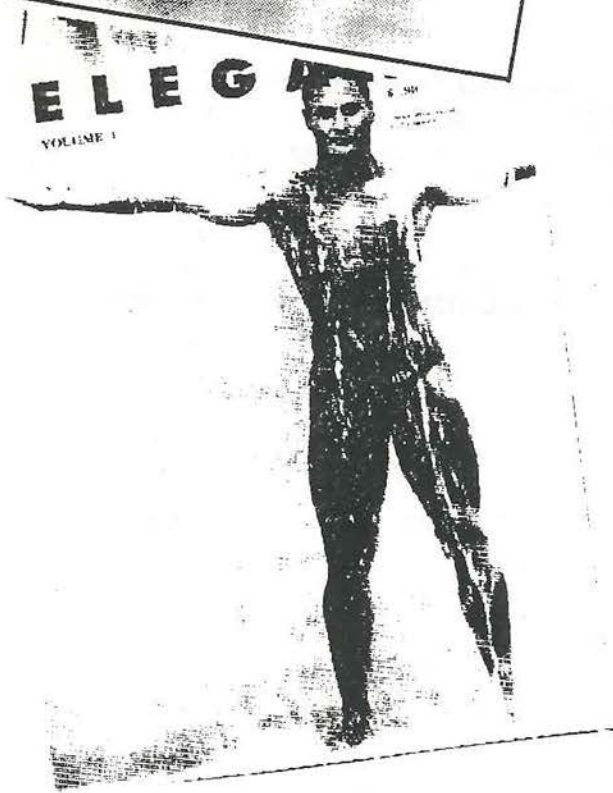
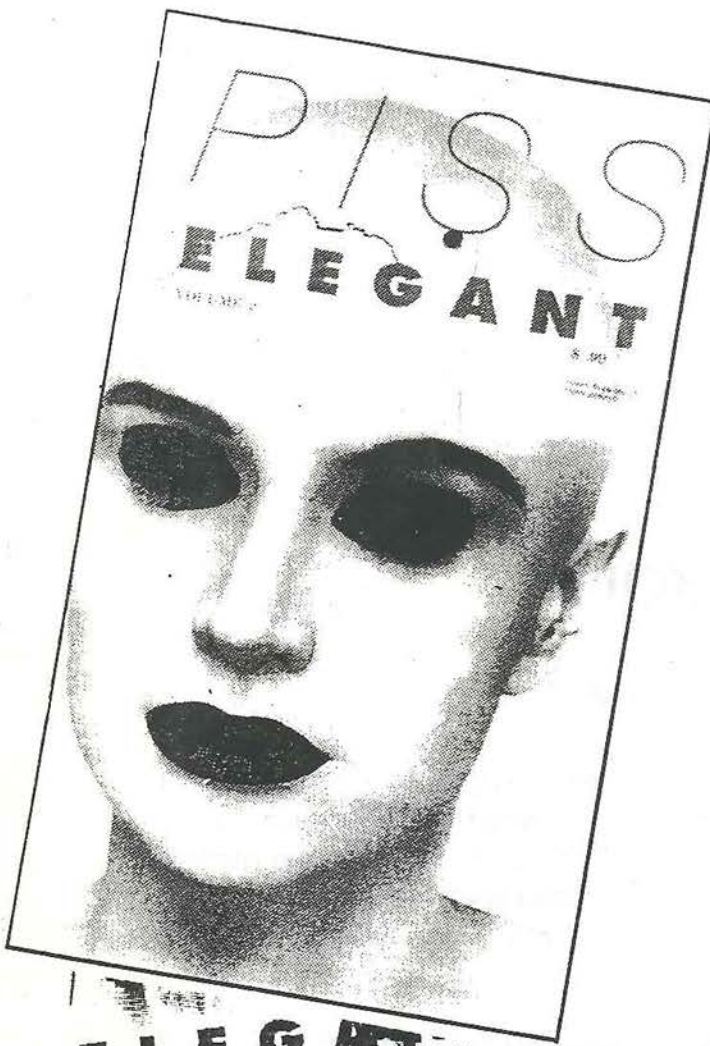
(a bargain at any price)

THE
CONTRARY
IS ALSO

TRUE

HOMO *ture*

EMMA
CORN



Yes, **PISS ELEGANT** still exists, though in a new shape. It has become increasingly apparent to us that our little bastard child is too popular to continue in it's former format (two 11x17 sheets of coated eighty pound paper, with posters on each sheet and a story, that continued with each edition, on the reverse). What we thought would be a fun lark (and it has been!) has grown into a monster.

While our other publication, **HOMOfure**, has gotten rave reviews in national and local publications, as well as all the other queer 'zines, and has nearly doubled its circulation from the first issue, **PISS ELEGANT** has enjoyed popular support from the very day.

We don't know why this is, but are happy to try to meet this demand in a fashion that will allow us to continue our other endeavors and let us put out **PISS ELEGANT** more frequently. So, we have settled on the format you are holding in your hands. We are also planning on various improvements to enhance your enjoyment of the 'zine. We are planning on publishing regularly and we are planning to offer subscriptions (see the credits for more information).

We are also recruiting staff to help with the distribution and other production oriented duties. Reluctantly, we have also decided that **PISS ELEGANT** needs to have it's own editorial identity separate from **HOMOfure**.

This issue reprint the first installment in our continuing story. We will reprint the second installment in our next issue, which will be out in June 1991. Our third issue, which may be under the hands of a new editor, should come out sometime later this summer.

The HomoCo

Inventory

by Christian Huygen

Well, at least I've started dreaming again. I had this one dream where I was making out with this really beefy guy, but I can't tell you who it was because he is a local artist, he's this kind of famous local artist, he makes these really enormous metal things that move, and spin around, and blow each other up.... So maybe, for the sake of anonymity, we'd better just call him "Mark Pauline."

So me and "Mark" are in the clinch, we're wasting no time, and all of a sudden our clothes just disappear--like clothes do sometimes, you know? And I'm dumbfounded, I'm transfixed, I'm staring at his chest. I mean, I don't know what "Mark's" chest is like in real life, but in my dreams it's got sheerly monumental proportions. And not only that: his nipples are pierced--but not in the usual way, with a little gold ring set into the flesh of the nipple. No, no, "Mark Pauline" has got these **brass nails** driven straight into his chest, so that all that's showing is the little round head of the nail, right in the center of each aureole.

And I thought that was **so hot**.

So, "Mark" and me, we're really going at it by now, when all of a sudden "Mark" **panics**. He totally freezes up. "Oh, my God," he says, "what are we **doing**? What in hell am I **doing**?"

So I go, "Uh, well gee, Mark, I dunno ... for a minute there is kind of seemed like we were **fucking**--do you mind?"

So that was one dream I had.

Continued from previous page

Then I had this other dream where either I had done something really terrible, or else I had just been diagnosed with a life-threatening disease. I decided that the only sensible thing for me to do was to commit suicide. The method I chose was to take a butcher knife--a really huge butcher knife--and very methodically cut all of my vital organs in half. I could feel the weight of the knife in my hand; I could hear and feel the knife slipping between my ribs to get at the soft organs underneath.

I started with my heart. I cut it in half, really cleanly, and the two halves went on beating. They went on pumping blood, but there was nothing holding the two pieces together. There was nothing to keep them from slipping out of place. I went ahead and did my liver and kidneys and stomach and spleen.

Sometimes I had to turn the blade to fit it between my ribs.

When I finally got finished, I realized I had **done the wrong thing**. I went to the hospital, and in the emergency room they sewed up the places where I had cut through my skin. I had thin red scars all over my chest. But they didn't do anything about the fact that I cut all my organs in half. I lay there in the hospital bed in agony, for what seemed like hours, with the broken skin of my chest covered by brittle papery bandages, and all of my organs floating inside my chest.

Then I had this dream that I kissed someone and the taste of his blood came into my mouth. It was late; he was lying half-dead in the street; some roving gang must have found him alone; he'd been beaten and broken and dropped in the gutter. I could still hear the sound of boots fading around the next corner; I could still hear the sound of voices yelling "Faggot!" "Fucking queer!" I knelt on the ground and gathered him up in my arms--because I am the hero of this particular dream--and embroidered on the inside of the collar of his jacket were the words: Love Conquers All.

So I kissed him.

And then the taste of his blood was in my mouth. I don't know if you ever tasted blood in your mouth, but when it happens there's nothing that can make it go away.

I helped him stand up. We brushed the grit and broken glass from his clothing with our hands. He said he thought he could walk if I'd hold him up.

I said I'd hold him.

SHITHEAD: WINKY "SHITTY AID"

BOY AIDS SURE IS
A TERRIBLE DISEASE...

I GUESS SO, WINK

-IT'S FUCKIN' UP MY SEX
LIFE!

'MEMBER DOSE ENRICHIN'
OL' DAYS, WINK...

...WE WUZ EXCHANGIN'
BODILY FLUIDS ALL
OVER DA PLACE!

NOW WE'RE REDUCED
TO RUBBERS N'
WACKIN' IT!

...AND BEING SURE
ARE
NEEDLES STERILE...

IT'S LIKE BEIN'
A FUCKIN' TEEN-
AGER AGIN!

I WISH SOMEBODY
COULD DO SOMETHING...

-WE KIN DO
SOMETHIN', WINK...

...AN' I KIN
SEE IT NOW-

-A FUNDRAISIN' EVENT!
LIKE BAND AID N' LIVE AID N'
HANS ACROSS AMERICA!

-A LATEX SEX CHAIN
ALL DA WAY AROUN' DA
NATION - AT TEN BUCKS
A HEAD - PARDON
DA PUN...

...WE'LL
CALL
IT...

DAISY CHAIN
U.S.A!

This Disease Is A Fucking War

By Kelly Doyle

She had given in to resistance from the first. Fiercely independent and challenging the conventional, he wasn't destined to be a small town boy. As he matured, she also grasped that there was little about him that she understood. She only knew that a wife and a family were not for him.

He had his friends, boys who mostly kept to themselves. Their anxious, upturned faces were met with a wall, a wall designed to prohibit, forbid and deny. Her personal struggle had been quiet resignation, reading the few outdated magazine articles she could find and watching Phil Donahue, trying to understand, trying to accept. But she always loved him—he was all she had.

One day he told her he was ready to leave the only home he had ever known. She had both dreaded and expected this day. While he packed, she recalled another day long ago and a young husband also about to leave their home, preparing to go to war.

When the telegram came, she didn't open it. Somehow, she had known. His burial was quick and simple, attended only by the family and a few friends. Her mother held her hand and told her, "Child, this war is like a disease. All the pretty boys are dying."

The sharp click of the locks on the suitcase snapped her back to the present. He was ready—a bus to New York, a new life. They said goodbye as she fought the tears and the growing emptiness.

He found a job, then another and then a third. His letters made her head spin. He lived fast but always took the time to write. Each letter contained a little money, "to make your life easier," he wrote. The men that he mentioned in his letters changed with each writing and she quit trying to remember. She wrote him back with news of the family, Aunt Ida's operations, the cousin's marriages and children, and about the town he had left behind. She added the money he sent to her savings, thinking perhaps that she would surprise him with a visit later on.

Continued from page five

She remembered barely noticing the first news reports with mentions of a "Gay Plague" and death. As the reports became more frequent, she began to listen and read.

They made her shiver and grow cold; her letters began to encourage caution. His were wildly enthusiastic about life and love. He still sent money which she continued to save, but now it was for a later time, a greater need. She continued to read: "Six Months and Doubling," "Entire Cities In Dread." She understood little, except that she had to continue to read. She felt alone. He passed over her worry as trite and dismissed the relevance.

His letters slowed at first, then stopped. She called and didn't recognize his voice. "Come please, if you can," he said, "I'm sick." She held his hand and listened to the machines at work. All that reading finally paid off. She now knew that what he needed most was her loving care and understanding.

She left him only to shower, down the hall from his room. The nurses understood. She confirmed her pride in him and the memories of the joy he had given her. For a few hours, their only communication was through their eyes. When he finally spoke, he apologized for her distress and suffering. She passed over his worry as trite and dismissed the relevance.

His eyes held hers for a last time and then closed. She silently kissed his forehead. The machines stopped and the nurses had to help her up to leave the room. Outside the hospital, she sat down on a bench and finally wept.

The service had been quick, attended only by the family and a few friends. She said nothing. Words wouldn't help. She put her hand on the plain, wooden box, "Child, this disease is like a war. All the pretty boys are dying."

She put away the books and magazines. She no longer needed to read. She had grown tired.

Later, she watched as the boy down the street left--a bus to New York, a new life. She dusted the books and magazines off and went to give the worn pages to his mother. She knew that this boy had always been different.

"Read," she told the woman and walked away. "All the pretty boys are dying." She sat down in front of her house and wept.

Groovy.

We really like it ... neat layout!

*Very art directed with deft use of color, stickers,
overlays*

You is be slick and designy!

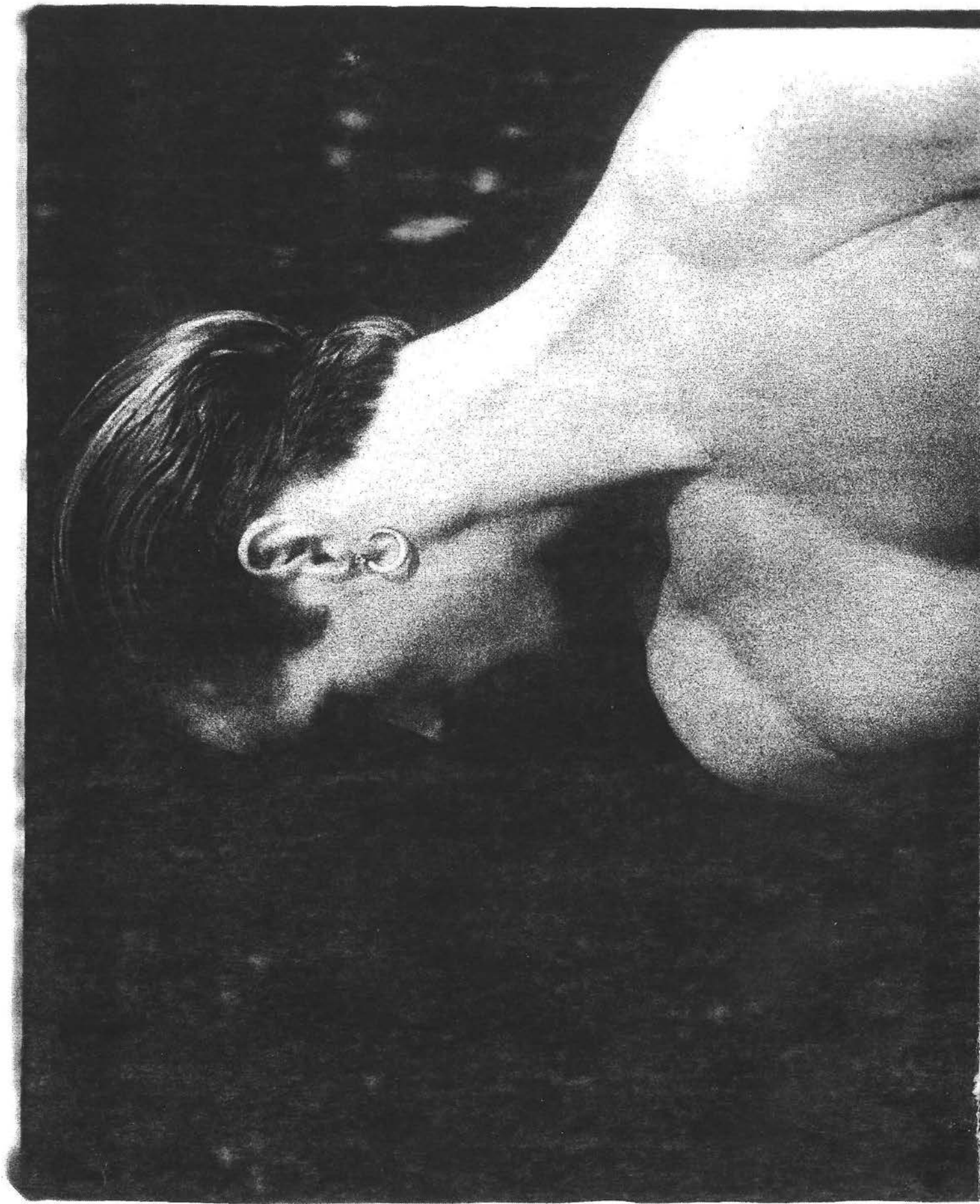
A brand new gorgeous looking homozine that strikes a perfect balance between the arty-farty poetry and literary fagzines and the real slutty ones ... beautiful typesetting and graphics ...

Elegant to look at ... worth a look.

A new 'zine of gay culture which strongly protests the attempts of anyone trying to ignore or suppress even the darker, underground, flamboyant side of their world. Thus, they are as upset at middle-class gays as they are at prejudice straights. But they are not humorless; this is a multifaceted artistic romp, with stickers and photos and essays ... and much more. A well done new entry.

Comments and reviews (in order of appearance) by: Holy Tit Clamps; Fuck Men; Thing; Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine; Punk Beat; Thing; and, of course, Fact Sheet Five.

H O M O *ture*







Kiss This Thing Goodby

2:00 p.m.

Ben was enjoying the sunshine. Even though his was fucked-up, he took pleasure in everyday life--the chaos, cheerful vulgarity, anonymous mystery. I should write that down, he thought. It sounds like I know what I'm talking about. Ben opened up his journal and started scribbling. He wrote in it at odd hours because he thought it made him appear serious. He wanted to be known as an artist or, at least, a writer, even though he knew he had no talent. The boy he was dating at the moment, like everyone else he met at Club Uranus, was an artist of some sort.

He reread the particular journal entry of the night he met Andrew: Went dancing last night. Took half a hit of acid. I didn't have much money and don't usually have much to drink on acid. Anyway, it's easier to run into Martin if I'm stoned. Jerry kept buying me drinks all night. I ended up giving them to Kiko. I think he's an alcoholic. Not that I really give a fuck, at least he gets me drugs. I didn't dance much, at least I don't remember it, but my socks were wet when I took them off. I ended up at this boy's house. I've seen him on campus. One of his friends insulted me, I think. He told Andrew, the guy who fucked me, that he was just interested in me for my ass. Since he ended up fucking me all night, that's probably true. I think, because of the acid, that I just felt removed, like I wasn't there. Like I could look down and see him pump away on top of me. And I would look at my self and think that I look just like a corpse. His friend, I think his name was Tommy, said that I had "negative ass". I'm not sure if that's good or bad.

He closed the journal, cut up and took the rest of his acid and walked back to work.

2:00 p.m.

Andrew and Doug were fighting.

"Everyone is cute at his age."

"You know what your problem is, Doug?"

"No, but I'm sure you are going to share your opinion with me nonetheless"

"Your problem is that you're still in love with me."

"Fuck you, Andrew. Your problem is that you can't bear the thought that the whole world doesn't want to get into your pants."

2:45 p.m.

Ben was trying to think of which excuse he hadn't already tried. He walked over to his boss's office. Crossing the threshold, he tripped and hit his chin on the edge of the metal desk. Mitch looked up at him with the expected stupid expression and said, "Yeah?"

Ben righted himself and tried to stand up straight. He wobbled a little and tried to catch his breath. Mitch had an expression Ben couldn't decipher. Everyone thought Mitch was stoned at least half of the time he was at work; he spoke slowly and always had a vacant look about him. At the moment, his eyes were bright instead of glassy but he showed no other facial expression.

"I think ..." Ben rasped, "I ..."

"What!?!"

Continued from page eleven

"I feel ill." Ben finally croaked out.

Mitch paused for a few minutes, then pulled open his left drawer. Ben's eyes lit up when he noticed some shiny black pills in a little baggie but Mitch reached for a form and dug it out. "Here, sign this," he said, handing a blank form to Ben "and then go home."

2:47 p.m.

He leaned over a sink in the bathroom and splashed water on his face. From his locker he pulled out a sweatshirt. Acid always made him feel like it was freezing cold. As he walked out of the office, he noticed a cute messenger boy heading to the escalator. Nice butt, he thought. He bit his lip and kept staring at the messenger while the boy shifted his weight from foot to foot.

He sped up as the boy reached the first floor to keep him within distance. He stopped and pretended to look at his wrist as if he was trying to figure out the time while the messenger bent over his bicycle to unlock it. He looked up as the boy adjusted his ass on the seat of the bike. The boy pointed in Ben's direction and started to peddle. As he came within a few feet from Ben, he blew him a kiss and laughed.

3:10 p.m.

Ben was trying to decide if he'd been flirted with or insulted as he took a seat on the bus. He gave up thinking, stuck the ear plugs in, turned on his walkman and let the music take over.

3:30 p.m.

At West Portal, he finally opened his eyes. Daniel, his best friend, had got on the train and was standing over him and poking his chest.

"What's going on?" Daniel asked.

Ben laughed. "Rock and roll!"

Daniel pushed his way through the woman sitting by the aisle and sat on Ben's lap.

"While you had your eyes closed, it looked like you were eating something."

"Hmm," Ben replied, "I must have been dreaming about food."

"I don't know if it was food," Daniel laughed. "Ever since we were little kids, you always had something in your mouth. So give."

"Give? Give what?"

"You know what I mean. Share whatever your on."

"Daniel, it was my last hit. Besides you make more money than I do, get your own drugs!"

They finally came to their stop and struggled off the bus.

3:30 p.m.

Andrew overshot the curb when they got to the corner, and Doug involuntarily squeezed his chest. Andrew turned his head slightly and hissed in Doug's ear, "Your cruising, literally ..."

They finally arrived at his apartment complex and, as Doug got off the motorcycle, he noticed Andrew made no attempt to stop the engine.

Are you coming in?"

"No, I have things to do."

"What things?" Doug couldn't avoid the whiny tone that crept into his voice.

"Things."

With that final note, Andrew gunned the motorcycle and sped off.

4:27 p.m.

In Daniel's dorm room, Ben started to play with his friend's Barbie dolls. He started to put vintage 1950's gowns on some of the male dolls: Allen, Brad and Derrick. He took the 50's wedding gown and put it on doll with the rooted hair, Rocker Ken. He tried to create an upsweep bee hive hairdo with the doll's hair and placed him in between the other male dolls.

Then, taking the men's satin bathing suits, he put them on the female dolls: Barbie, Stacey, Francie, Twiggy, and P.J. He arranged them opposite the male dolls and started to paint brassieres, bustier and tops on their upper torsos with mascara and lipstick. He put the tuxedo on Christy.

"Hey, that's my good make-up!" Daniel said, half-jokingly.

Ben looked up, lifted his butt off the bed, wiggled it a bit and said, "I'll make it up to you" with a smirk.

Daniel got his homework assignment out and sat on the other bed. He couldn't concentrate. Every few minutes he would stare out of the corner of his eye and watch Ben. His shirt had ridden up his back and his pants had been pulled down.

Continued from page twelve

He could see the waistband of his underwear and the mole on Ben's butt. Unconsciously licking his lips, he wondered why he was so attracted to Ben.

With a pair of scissors, Ben started cutting clumps of his hair. Daniel jumped up and took the scissors away from him.

"What the fuck are you doing!?"

"I'm going to make wigs for the Kens."

Daniel slapped him several times. Ben started to cry. "Why do you always do this to me."

"Benny, Benny." Daniel took Ben in his arms and started to rock him.

"You should be nice to me, but you aren't. You don't really like me, do you." Ben stated in a flat voice.

Taking Ben's left hand, Daniel put it on his hard on and asked, "What do you think this means."

"That just means you want to fuck my ass!" Ben shouted and, breaking away from Daniel's grip, he grabbed his things and ran out the room.

7:00 p.m.

Andrew used the spare key to let himself in the room. Ben was lying face down on his bed. He looks so cute in that position, Andrew thought to himself. God, I'd love to be inside that ass right now.

He walked over to the empty desk and turned the lamp on. He pulled open the desk drawer and pulled out some of Ben's porno magazines and started to read.

7:00 p.m.

This is just like a bad movie I've seen to many times, Kiko thought. Doug was on his knees in front of him and had been sucking on his dick for the last twenty minutes. Doug looked up, and looked at Kiko, wondering if all this effort was worth it. He didn't look quite as cute in his bedroom as he had last night at Chaos. He jaws hurt and he wished Kiko would at least act like he was getting off on the blow job.

7:40 p.m.

He turned the faucet on and checked the temperature of the water. God, I look awful in this light. Kiko took a cloth and washed his dick. He took a leak and walked out to the bedroom. "Well, gotta go. This was fun, we have to get together again." Doug nodded his head but said nothing as Kiko walked out of his apartment.

8:30 p.m.

Kiko had trouble working the key to his front door but finally opened it and sat on the bed. Doug hadn't been that bad, in retrospect, but someone should tell that boy to keep his clothes on. He was one of those people who were nothing without their costume--in Doug's case, homo punk clothing. Of course, he has a pretty face and I would sit on it if he shaved first.

9:00 p.m.

Doug decided to take a nap before going out and was undressing as the phone rang. It was Andrew, calling from Ben's dorm room.

"So, what are you up to later on?"

"Do you really care?" Doug replied.

"Of course."

"Well, I guess I'll check out Screw and The Stud."

"Ok, then I'll meet up with you at The Stud at midnight."

9:10 p.m.

Andrew decided he was wasting his time at Ben's; he was cute and fun sex but was obviously out cold for the night. For a second he wondered what it would feel like to fuck him while the boy was passed out but the idea gave him the creeps.

11:15 p.m.

The doorman at Screw turned to his friends and whispered, "Here comes a disaster in blue jeans." They both laughed as Doug came up to the door. He paid his money and walked in the bar. For a change, there were some unfamiliar faces, but the music was the centurion dance thunder gloss the dj was known for. The cutest boy there had a thoroughly blank look on his face and Doug decided it was time someone bought that boy a cocktail--he could certainly use one.

Midnight

The doorman at The Stud looks eminently fuckable with his new, shaved-to-the-skin, haircut. Andrew thought he was good looking, if unapproachable. He glanced at the crowd as he worked his way to coat check. Typical, he thought. The expected black clothing, mousse abuse, and verbal posing. But Andrew was out hunting boy flesh and did not intend to let a few personality flaws bother him.

After he got rid of his leather jacket and ordered a drink, he surveyed the crowd. He smiled at a few people he knew and fought his way to the back of the bar. Once he got to the cigarette machine, he lit up and started to plan the rest of his evening.

Wet

By Edward Berrones

I'm lying here in piles of my own sweat, I keep brushing hair off my face that I no longer have ... disco music is blaring from the stereo, music so bad it would make my hair hurt, if I had any. The neighbors have already complained, and its their stereo.

My body hurt everywhere. I said yes, too quickly. It was too painfully eager a response, I knew. So did they. They had used my body like it was a piece of their stereo equipment.

I just stood there, under the shower head, letting the hot water pour down on me as I sing lyrics to two or three different songs. Since I don't know the words to any one song, I just combine several.

One of them had turned to the other and said, "He has the look." "Yes," replied the other, and then they both had turned towards me.

I spit in my hands and apply the spit to my boner, slicking it up. The water has gotten luke warm by now, so I turn away from the stream. I spit and slick, spit and slick, until it feels like my hand is somebody's mouth, like a really good blow job, where all you feel is the wetness and the friction, I pretend I'm kissing Tony, I have my tongue in his mouth, I touch the side of his body. It feel warm, very warm, and I shoot off in my hands and collapse against the wall, water still pouring over me.

I tried to talk to them, to reason. But they gut grimaced and kept talking to each other, as if I wasn't there. The only spoke directly to me once.

I like the wetness, the watery, damp feeling, but it ruins everything. I lie in the sun again, occasionally dipping into the pool. I think about being dry but I can't even remember how it feels ... its been such a long time.

They wrapped the cords around my hands and legs. The one that had approached me first looked me directly in the eye. He said, in almost a whisper, "What was it?" I didn't understand. He repeated his question. I just shook my head. He started to slap me, gently at first, then harder. The other guy came up to him and finally told him to stop. "Sam," whoever he was, didn't like it when the "face was fucked up."

The apples in the bag were green. I picked up the bag and tried to count how many there were but my hands were slippery, covered with the suntan lotion I had been applying profusely all over my body and the water from the pool, where I would occasionally dive to cool off; the bag feel from my hand and the apples, one by one, in loud, splashing waves, fell into the water, bobbing and floating at the top.

I made my choice. It may not have been a good choice, it may not have been the best choice, but it is the choice that I made and I have to learn to live with that.

Venge

by D. Watt

I know this major asshole. in the middle of the night I call and count to three before hanging up. some nights I call five, six times.

I like to wake him. after the second call, when he answers he's completely awake. I want this--to have him lie there wondering in the dark who the fuck is doing this?

Dawn purpling, I roll from my lover's arms, reach for the phone one more time. the angry answer like a tranq eases me to sleep.

HAVE YOU READ THAT THING ON ANNE FRANK IN YOUR CLASS YET? SHE WAS OUR SAME AGE ISNT THAT WEIRD. I HAD TO WRITE A PAPER ON IT AND I PRAYED TO GOD FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THE THING, BUT BRENDA HE DIDN'T SAY NOTHING TO ME BACK. I KNOW I AM PROBABLY LIKE AN ANT TO HIM AND BIG DEAL ABOUT MY PAPER BUT LOOK WHAT HE SAID TO ANNE FRANK WHEN SHE PRAYED AND MILLIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE AND NOT JUST THEM BUT HOW ABOUT BACK DURING THE SLAVES BECAUSE I KNOW THEY PRAYED TOO.



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SPRING 1991 NUMBER 1 (REISSUE)

PISS ELEGANT, Spring 1991, Number 1 (REISSUE), first printing (of the reissued edition), was published in San Francisco, California in the spring of 1991 with an initial press run of 350. **PISS ELEGANT** is published four times a year, once in the spring, twice in the summer, and once in the winter.

The original edition of **PISS ELEGANT**, number 1, was issued in June, 1990, with a press run of approximately 600 copies as two 11x17 sheets of eighty pound coated paper, printed on both sides, with "high contrast images" "generally of unidentified beefcake" photographs accompanied by a "diary story." This edition is now out-of-print and unavailable.

SUBMISSIONS: Submissions of fiction, prose or poetry, as well as fine artwork, illustration or photography, are invited and appreciated. We reserve the right to edit or crop all submissions, but will do so only with the prior knowledge and concurrence of the contributor.

Writer/Poets: written contributions will be acknowledged within thirty days if you enclose a pre-addressed, postage pre-paid envelope and we intend to use your piece. If we do not intend to use your piece, we will return it to you if you have enclosed a pre-addressed, postage pre-paid envelope. Otherwise, get over yourselves.

Illustrators/Photographers: do not send originals; send a good photocopy instead with a pre-addressed, postage pre-paid envelope (otherwise we will mail you art to Tom Jennings for his wall). You will hear from us within thirty days one way or another.

All contributions should be addressed to **PISS ELEGANT**, Post Office Box 191781, San Francisco, California 94119-1781.

We close our "offices" down for the fall months, between September and Halloween, though this is when we have our annual party. Of course, we do arrange to have someone answer our mail and fill orders for single copies during these months, as well as acknowledging subscription requests.

SAMPLE COPIES: Single copies now retail for \$1.99. Retailers interested in featuring **PISS ELEGANT** should write to us at Post Office Box 94119-1781, San Francisco, California. At this time, the only retail agent authorized to carry **PISS ELEGANT** is the local branch of A Different Light, 489 Castro Street, San Francisco, California 94114, (415/431-0891) though we anticipate that this will change effective March 1, 1991.

Sample copies are available by mail by sending \$3.00 in cash to the same address, Post Office Box 191781, San Francisco, California, 94119-1781. (We will, however, accept the equivalent in postage as well, BUT JUST FOR SAMPLE COPIES.) DO NOT SEND MONEY ORDERS AND DO NOT SEND CHECKS. YOU WILL GET NOTHING FROM US IN RETURN! Request for sample copies will always be filled by the most recent edition in stock prior to the receipt of the request, even if you read a review of a particular edition and write requesting that copy.

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CREDITS: The exterior and interior cover pages were designed by Fluffy Boy. The remaining pages were designed or pasted up by Fluffy Boy or Lewina Watson. "Kiss This Thing Goodbye" was written by Edward, Kelly and T.L. Riley, with an invaluable assist by Linda and Miles. This story continues in further editions of **PISS ELEGANT**. It is reprinted in its entirety from the original edition of Number 1, issued in 1990. "Venge" was written by D. Watt. "Inventory" is a commissioned monologue, and was written by Christian Huygen.

"This Disease Is A Fucking War" was written by Kelly Doyle from a story suggested by Mark Fisher. It has appeared in somewhat different form in various local publications in the southeast. "Wet" was to be a performance piece and was written by Edward Berrones. All contributors retain further reproduction rights to their work and you may contact them in care of this publication. All other contents of this 'zine are copyright 1991 by The HomoCo.

IM SORRY YOU
DONT LIKE ME.
BUT;
'BEAUTY IS IN THE
EYE OF THE BEHOLDER',
AND IM HOLDING
FAST, ^{WHILE} ~~AND~~ YOU
DONT KNOW
WAAT YOU'RE
MISSING.

