

Strange Sex

1974 Marilyn Monroe Calendar First Lay Comics Gay Insert
William Burroughs/Terry Southern-Joint Effort

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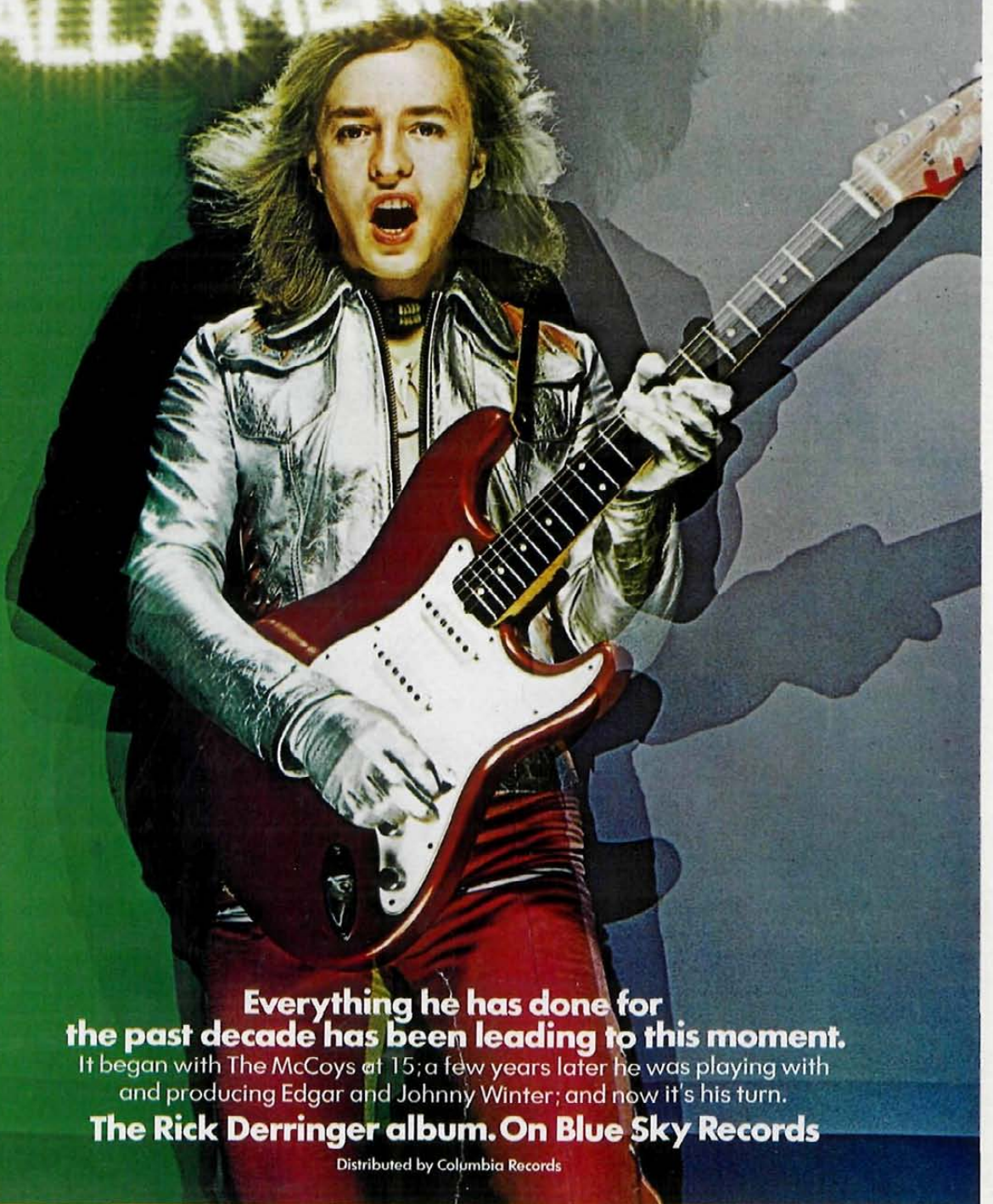
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CONTENTS

February, 1974 Vol. 1, No. 47

Mercury, Messenger of God, 31

By M. K. Brown

First Lay Comics, 35

By Doug Kenney

Strange Sex We Have Known, 42

By William S. Burroughs and Terry Southern

Boxed In, 47

By Chris Miller

S-x Fair & Pornographicum, 49

By Bruce McCall

Sexentrics, 53

By Charles Rodrigues

Amicae Curiae, 58

Paintings by Maria McAfee, Idea conceived by Tony Hendra

Whiffers and Cooties and Lungers on Strings, 60

By Doug Kenney

Saturday Night on Antarius, 65

By Ed Subitzky

National Lampoof, 71

By Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra

Split Beaver Section, 84

By Brian McConnachie and Tony Hendra

Editorial, 4

News on the March, 5

True Facts, 11

Letters, 18

Mr. Chatterbox, 24

Funny Pages, 93



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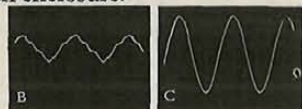
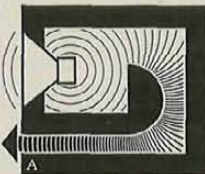
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amplified magnitudes of bass energy at the BIC VENTURI coupled duct as much as 140 times that normally derived from a woofer (Fig. A). And the filtering action achieves phenomenally pure signal (Scope photos B & C). Result: pure extended bass from a small enclosure.



B—Shows output of low frequency driver when driven at a freq. of 22 Hz. Sound pressure reading, 90 dB. Note poor waveform.
C—Output of venturi coupled duct, (under the same conditions as Fig. B.) Sound pressure reading 111.5 dB, (140 times more output than Fig. B.) Note sinusoidal (nondistorted) appearance.

Fairytale

It's okay for midrange speakers to cross over to a tweeter at any frequency.

Midrange speakers cover from about 800 Hz to 6000 Hz. However, the ear is most sensitive to midrange frequencies. Distortion created in this range from crossover network action reduces articulation and musical definition. BIC VENTURI BICONEX horn (pat. pend.) was designed to match the high efficiency of the bass section and operates smoothly all the way up to 15,000 Hz, without interruption. A newly designed super tweeter extends response to 23,000 Hz, preserving the original sonic balance and musical timbre of the instruments originating in the lower frequencies.



Folklore

Wide dispersion only in one plane is sufficient.

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EDITORIAL PAGE



"If you don't mind me saying so, this is the lousiest caning I've ever received."

Having plunged deep into the nether portions of the seventies, hardly a wide-eyed innocent amongst decades, we're a little at a loss to know exactly what constitutes strange sex these days. A glimpse of stocking may have done it for Grandpa, but it hardly will for you; and nor, most likely, will a glimpse of the same stocking being used to keep a Ping-Pong ball in your sister's mouth while her one-legged girl friend flogs her raw with a dead retriever. When on top of that the bunboys and nutclippers of various lib fronts insist that your sister and her one-legged girl friend and all those new aunts and uncles in rubber suits Mom and Dad have over at weekends are not only *not* indulging in strange sex, but are in fact making a political statement, well . . . zzzzzzz.

So where does that leave us purveyors of the prurient? Are we not up the old Chocolate Grove without a vibrator? Not on your mons we're not. Because there is one subject which is never taught in the schoolroom of modern sex, elementary, intermediate, or advanced; one stop that is never listed in any of the Baedekers of sexual tourism; one thing you must never murmur while Bernard is making political whoopee with your buns or your wife is stubbing her cigar out on your vasectomy; and that is—*babies*. Not having it off with, on, or under—that's old hat—no, just *having* them, plunging the pork sword into its time-honored sheath for the purpose of procreating seven or eight

pounds of meat that will someday have the misfortune to look something like you.

Aaaaaaggggghhh!!! they scream. Filthy beast! Disgusting, vile, dirty-minded porno sewer scum! Wash out that typewriter with soap and water! Across the nation thousands of decent freethinking men and women, men and men, women and women, men and dogs, dogs and women, men and women and dogs and dwarves, all of them living perfectly normal, sexually liberated lives, blow their lunch at the very thought of so nauseating a perversion of the high holy orgasm. Now is that *strange sex* or *what*?

Well, true to form, we tried to show people having babies in the following pages, but this time, they said, we were just going too far. All we can suggest if there's any of that old sixties spunk left in you, is that instead of reading about it in the bathroom, you actually *do* it. The New Left always borrowed Third World ideas anyway, and what could be more Third World than dropping a couple of kids? So get out there and get in there. Hold your head high. Keep your options open. Shock your parents. Blow up your neighborhood.

Radicalize your womb. And listen—if you really can't hack the lone revolutionary role and have to return to a normal, balanced, bourgeois sex life, well, you can always *fuck the consequences*.

Cover: This month's cover was conceived—whoops, dirty word—and executed—that's more like it—by Art Director David Kaestle, which tends to disprove the contention of zoologists the world over that art directors have no sense of humor. More importantly, the cover contains a price increase, and this merits a word of explanation. Our nation is, as you know, afflicted with an acute humor shortage. This shortage has led to an inevitable decision on our part, namely, whether to ration our existing supplies of humor or whether to tax them at a higher rate. After much deliberation, we have decided that rationing would be far too fair to the poor and are therefore applying a 12 percent increase in the "gas" tax normally levied on magazines of our category. We would like to reiterate as we have before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Comedy Abuses that we are *not* hoarding our supplies of humor, that we have *not* slowed down our production facilities to 40 percent of their 1972 levels, and that we have definitely *not* allowed ourselves to become increasingly dependent on imported, particularly European, sources of humor. □

COVER PHOTO BY DICK FRANK

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MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 National Lampoon.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorlan Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of The Prophet.

AUGUST, 1971/SUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics, the Canadian Supplement, Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?, As the Monk Burns, Welfare Monopoly, and the CIA newsletter.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With Eloise at the Hotel Dixie, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is and How to Cook Your Daughter, and My Weekly Reader.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the Mad parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny, Ralph Nader, Public Eye, Angola and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House, Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the Papillon parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.

JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With UFO, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Soxtraterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's Klirk.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the I Chink, National Geographic parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitdeove comics, Vichy Supplement, Guerre Magazine, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With Sports Illustrated parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the National Lampoon Building, Our Sunday Comics, Me Magazine, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and Poonbeat.

JANUARY, 1974/ANIMALS: With Pethouse, Popular Evolution, The Attack of the Sizeable Beasts, Law of the Jungle, and Songs of the Humpback Whale.

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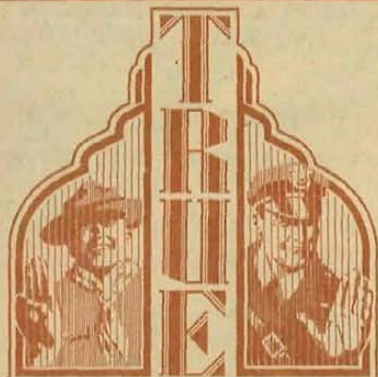
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Facts

• A man who testified three years ago in a divorce case in Montpellier, France, that he had slept with a woman whose husband had accused her of adultery, was recently found guilty of perjury.

The man, André Loisel, had stated under oath that he had had sexual relations with the woman in a Paris hotel. The woman denied the charge.

At Loisel's trial for perjury, he was asked to describe the incident. He did so, but he neglected to mention the fact that the woman had an artificial belly button as the result of an operation several years earlier.

The judges ruled that "even in a room where the lights were low this detail could not have gone unnoticed." Loisel received a suspended sentence of three months in jail and a \$200 fine. *New York Post* (N. Snow) Brooklyn, NY.

• In an inspired burst of euphemism following a cave-in at one of its mines, DeWitt W. Buchanan, president of the Old Ben Coal Corporation, announced in late October that its King Station coal mine at King Station, Ind., was idled due to "the roof and floor having come to-

gether."

Mr. Buchanan issued a statement which said that an unanticipated "squeeze" in the east section of the mine had forced the company to withdraw its men and equipment from the area.

The "squeeze," according to the statement, "developed rapidly and all openings into the east side of the mine are closed." *Wall St. Journal* (B. Conway)

• The Honolulu Zoo claims to have published the perfect book. Entitled "Snakes of Hawaii," the twenty-page volume is said to be "completely devoid of zoological, grammatical, and typographical errors." All the pages are blank. There are no snakes in Hawaii. *Capital* (Madison, Wis.) *Times* (M. Atterbury)

• Two holdupmen drove into a Jack-in-the-Box drive-through hamburger stand in Los Angeles and ordered two soft drinks to go. Then, according to the police, one of them left the car and approached Cordia Beverly Downs, eighteen, who was manning the take-out window.

"Give me all your money, and if you think I'm kidding, in about two minutes I'll show you that I'm not," he told her.

Miss Downs handed him a fistful of one dollar bills and watched as the man got back into the car.

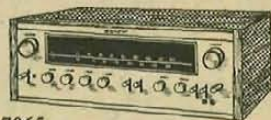
He started the engine with some difficulty, and then, as the two men tried to drive away, the car stalled and wouldn't start up again.

The driver got back out, walked up to the counter, and handed back the money.

"Take your money back," he said, "and please don't say anything about this to anyone."

The last Miss Downs saw of them, the two suspects were pushing their car westbound along Fourth Street. *New York Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle* (M. Glasser, W. Sommer) □

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Net Worth of President and Mrs. Nixon
Statement of Assets and Liabilities (second set of accounts)
May 31, 1973

Assets		Removal of dangerous mortgages	\$ 500,000
Cash in banks	\$426,313	Elimination of threatening debt	250,000
Cash on bureau in cuff link tray	87,566	Installation of financial safety margins	400,000
Cash found in pockets of old suits	57,498	Replacement of gravely depleted monetary reserves	100,000
Tips	44,754	Shoring up of insufficient cash support	75,000
Travelers checks remaining uncashed following overseas trips:		Reimbursement by I.T.T., Inc., of overpayment of telephone bill	100,000
Bank of Moscow Travelers Checks	100,000	Winning ticket in "Lucky Cow Lottery" of American Dairy Producers Institute	300,000
People's Bank of China Travelers Checks	100,000	Winning entry in "Why I Like Wheat" contest of National Wheat Dealers Council	150,000
Allowance for income tax deductions carried forward on gift of personal papers to U.S. government archives:		Cash value of jewels found in stomach of tuna caught from yacht of Mr. C. B. Rebozo	75,000
Old copies of <i>National Geographic</i>	500,000	Cash value of pearls found in cherrystone clams in seafood restaurant while eating with Mr. C. B. Rebozo	50,000
Personal papers of pet ("Checkers")	100,000		
Mrs. Nixon's collection of wallpaper samples	300,000	Held in trust:	
Quarters fished out of storm drains as youth plus accrued interest	500,000	Gift of train set to daughter Patricia by Mr. Howard Hughes (800,000 shares Union Pacific Railroad)	9,764,880
Office furniture, Washington, D.C.:		Gift of piggy bank to daughter Julie by Mr. Robert Vesco (115,000 shares of Northern States Trust Co.)	7,439,663
Desk	1,567	Total Assets	\$23,176,086.00
Chair	345	Liabilities	
Rose Mary Woods	3,500	Income tax payable	\$.47
Cash value of contents of office furniture, Washington, D.C.:		Deferred income tax accrued	1.38
Knicknacks, pencils, surplus lapel flag pins, etc.	1,000,000	Criminal evidence withheld	1,500,000
Allowance for income tax deductions carried forward on cattle ranches, interest, and other gimmicks publishers use	750,000	Plumbers bill	4,000,000
Cash value of permanent improvements on residential properties by Government Services Administration to enhance presidential security:		Photographs in possession of Mr. H. R. Haldeman	1,000,000
		Total Liabilities	\$ 6,500,001.85

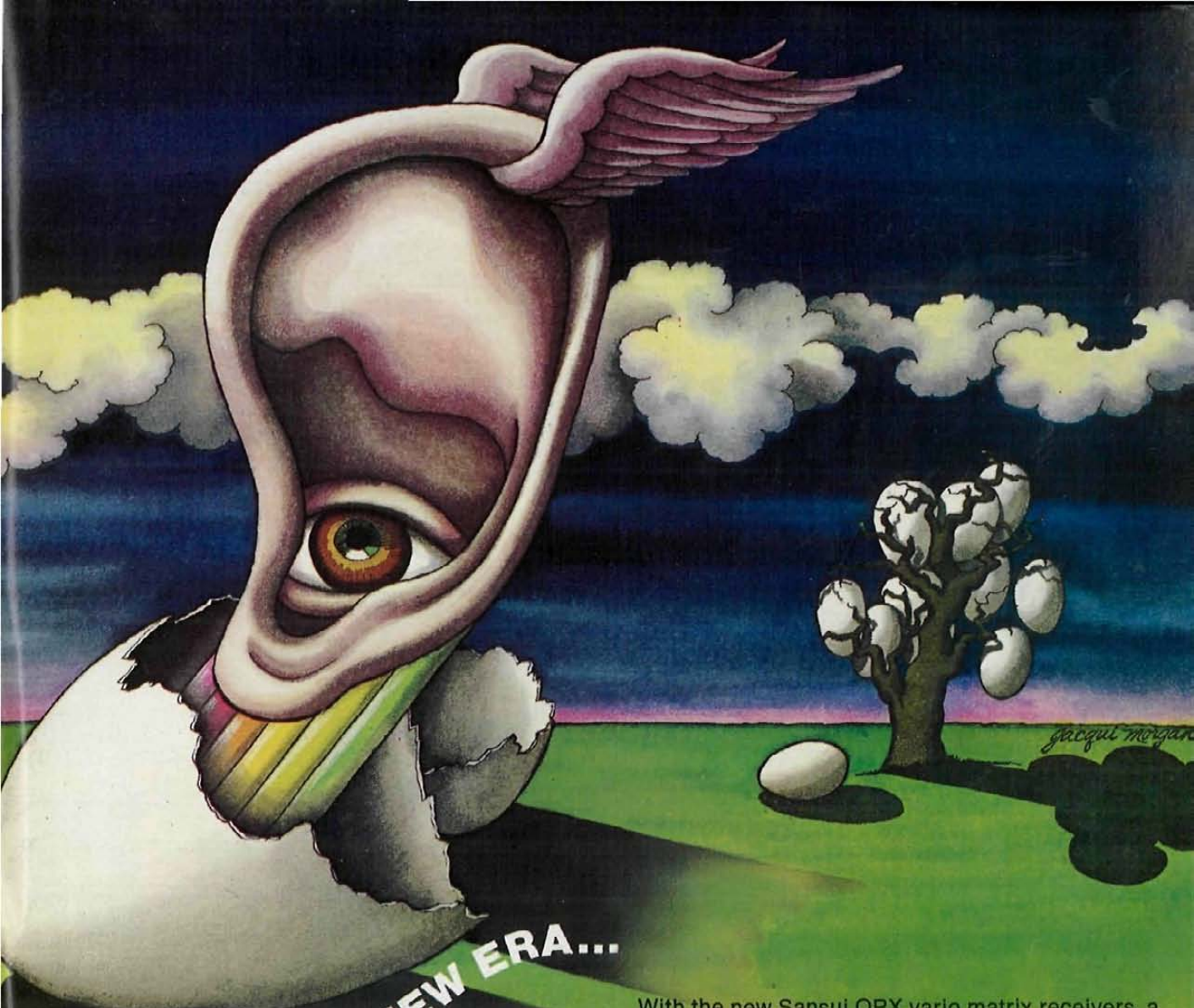
conversion of the Lincoln Room into a "Presidential cell." Under the arrangement, senators, congressmen, ambassadors, and other officials would be permitted into what some wags have already dubbed "The White Big House" during visiting hours, but they would have to conduct business with the President through a chicken wire mesh screen set up in the Oval Office. Air Force One may also be converted into a prison plane for "trips abroad vital to the nation's welfare." The White House guards, who were dressed in elaborate costumes by President Nixon shortly after he became President, would exchange their gaudy outfits for basic blue prison guard uniforms, and a small exercise area would be constructed in the Rose Garden. Out of deference to his office, the President would be issued the prison number 1776. No change is reported planned for the President's diet, which one observer described as "basically steel tray stuff already."

A Department of Transportation

study entitled simply "A Classified Proposal" was quietly released last month. Described as "purely an exercise in theoretical nightmare-hypothesizing," it suggests a combined solution to Los Angeles's pollution problem and the gasoline shortage. Under the plan the inhabitants of Los Angeles, beginning with persons with "the most attractive fuelization profile"—specifically the oldest and hence most emphysema- and asphyxiation-prone portion of the population living in the most densely polluted center-city ghetto areas—would be converted into a medium-grade hydrocarbon fuel product with a projected octane rating of 75, a grade high enough to permit use in most automobiles once a relatively inexpensive carburetor-type device has been installed. The conversion process, which involves high-temperature boiling and "catalytic rendering," is also expected to yield as a by-product pure calcium for use in a moderately efficient after-burner filtration system suitable for current models of most cars.

The progressive transformation of

the city's population from potential air-pollution victims into badly needed automotive fuel is expected to result in a "positive equilibrium," thus permitting both continued reliance on the automobile as the basic unit of transportation in the Los Angeles basin and uninterrupted growth of automobile use until exhaustion of "human fuel resources" in the year 1995. At that time, computer projections indicate, the atmosphere in the area will be only a few levels of concentration below the chemical definition of "an ambient aerosol fuel"; and with the introduction of special compressors, and, of course, robot-control mechanisms, automobiles will be able to continue to function by burning the "air." As an "optimum spin-off," the report cites the likely steady decline and ultimate disappearance of opposition to future highway construction; the eventual elimination of the need for costly, power-draining pollution-control equipment on automobiles; and the establishment of a "neutral environment with a highly efficient automobile-to-man ratio of 7 to 1." □



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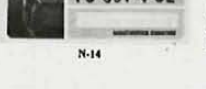
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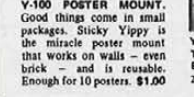
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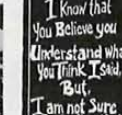
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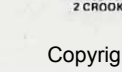
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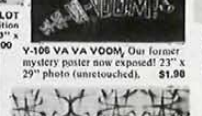
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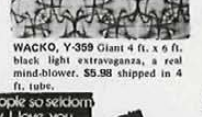
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Y-261 12th COMMANDMENT. Red and Black on parchment, 15"x12" \$1.00

THE YES ART NEWS

THE YES ART NEWS IS NOW OFFERING SUBSCRIPTIONS to this schizophrenic newspaper with our complete listing of all posters, novelties, books, and other assorted crap including our new rubber stamp. Our dynamic editorial section with its scoops is not to be believed! If you order NOW you can save \$14.50 off the no-assisted price of \$15.00. Just circle item A-1 and add 50c cents for the next two issues. We guarantee that you will laugh or cry when reading it!



Y-345 MALE NUDE Not shown. Artistic photo. Un-retouched printed in silver. 11x17 only \$2.98

Y-74 DON QUIXOTE Picasso, Litho. Black and white, 24"x30" \$2.00



Z-27 UCHI #1. Full-color 25"x31" \$2.00



DOOR NOW 7.00

Psychedelic, multi-image twin spectrum lamp. Covers walls in ever-changing patterns of color. This is the best made, accept no cheap substitute. Shipped with clear (naked) bulb, just pay your electrical bill and plug in. Creates fantastic illusions, never stays the same, may be used for interrogation, storytelling, or far out door appearances. ITEM L-1, \$9.95.



D-47 PUBLIC ENEMY HQ-1. Rebel Against Bell 23"x23". Red, blue and yellow \$2.00



Y-288. MAE WEST 23" x 35" photo 23" x 35" only \$1.50

Z-102 MYSTERY GAME. Nationally Advertised at \$2.95. Yours for only \$1.00.

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Helps prevent the most chronic of cases developed as a result of the Watergate scandal. Also great for political rallies and social events. Full 5-ounce aerosol can! Limited supply. '1.98



Y-330 The famous Watergate WANTED! poster. Yes Art exclusive, b/w, 23"x29" \$1.50



Y-430 ROSE MARY WOODS CIR-CUS poster. Collectors item. Full color 22"x28" \$1.98



C-31 Now Yes Art can solve your boring door problem with a 4 color door graphic (red, yellow, black, and blue). This exciting new item is perfect for any room and easy to hang! Fits almost any door, overall size is 87" x 22", only \$10.95 complete. For full color book with over 35 8 feet wall graphics circle item C-51 and send \$6 for handling. Supply limited.



Y-267 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH Black on White stock, 23" x 35" \$1.00



Y-426 JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG CLASSIC 30"x40" \$1.98

In Quest of Perfection...



Neil Diamond is an artist who creates scenes with music. So when he decided that state-of-the-art sound systems be used during press premières to reproduce his original music score for the film "Jonathan Livingston Seagull,"* realism in terms of spectral balance, spatial character, and lifelike sound power levels were mandatory requirements.

To reproduce the music he created, Neil Diamond personally selected BOSE 901 Speakers, commenting: "After auditioning what were reputed to be the best high fidelity speakers on the market, I chose BOSE 901 Speakers because they offer the ultimate in theatre music reproduction." This will come as no surprise to thousands of BOSE 901

owners around the world who believe they have the ultimate in music reproduction in the home.

In our continued quest for audible perfection, we have introduced the BOSE 901 SERIES II Speakers -- a product of over 15 years of research in musical acoustics.† We invite you to compare the 901s with any speaker on the market, regardless of size or price. And judge for yourself if you agree with Neil Diamond's selection and with the reviews of the music and equipment critics.

For information on the 901 SERIES II, a copy of the reviews, and a report on the theatre sound system competition, write Dept. L1.



*Original motion picture soundtrack recording available on Columbia records and tapes.
†Reprints of the TECHNOLOGY REVIEW articles by Dr. Bose on the research are available from BOSE for \$.50/copy.

BOSE

The Mountain, Framingham Mass. 01701



Dear Brian:

This is the second year in a row that I failed to receive a Christmas present from you. As you well know, all of the other editors chipped in and bought me a dump truck. Though I do occasionally have trouble parking it, I find its merits outweigh its drawbacks. If it was your direct intention to neglect me, there is not much I can say beyond how disappointing I find this attitude of yours. But if it was simply and honestly an oversight, I would like to bring to your attention that my dump truck has neither a radio nor a heater. Two items, I might add, that would make the spins I occasionally take quite a bit more pleasurable.

If you would like to make a belated gift of these items, Louise will supply you with the name and address of the dealer from whom you may purchase them. Please let her know your decision at the earliest convenience, as it will mean my dump truck being out of commission for the installation of these accessories.

Best,
Henry

Sirs:

Choosy about my peanut butter? Sure I'm choosy abou WHA GAW GAGAWLWOT t my peanut butter. I want what's best for me and my family. That's just the ki GOBWA VA BAAAB DKFITHY RUBBUB nd of person I am. But if I'm so choosy about my peanut butter, you'd think I'd be chooooooowooooo WEWEWEWEWEARB ARB VOK VKOKJABJAN ooosy about my brain surgeon. That's where I GUB BAGUBBAGUBBA made my mistake UUU. I can sort of remember as if it wer BOKBOKBOK e yesterday. Nan asked me who I picked to operate on m ZASAZSZAS, 1/4@* y brain. I said, "Oh, who knows. All those brain surgeons are alike H&Sé D(#." Well, I wa FAJULETRUB FHZPCICIUHC (F(F&F((# (& s wrong. All brain surgeons are not T&%Y alike. I shoul VUK d have remembered that from the lec OPUT %¢ ture I gave to Nan on all peanut butter not being alike. It may

continued

The title of the new
Crusaders album is turning
Blue Thumb Records into liars.



The Crusaders' newest album, *Unsung Heroes*, is just out. And the first reviews are in:
"Stunning instrumentalists . . . After 20 years of being considered too funky for the jazz market, the distinctive tenor sax-trombone lead lines of Willton Felder and Wayne Henderson, backed by the superb electric piano of Joe Sample, Stix Hooper's piledriver drums and Max Bennett's thickly textured bass, are rock-pop million sellers." — Nat Freedland, *Billboard*

"Wonderful melodies and lots of soul . . . the playing is always superb because Henderson, Felder, Sample, Hooper and Bennett are tops." — *Record World*

If these reviews are any indication, we may have to change the title of the album. Or be known as the record company that lies through its teeth.

Find out for yourself what "cheerfully stunning music" is like, preferably while the album still has its original title. And if you don't already have them, keep in mind The Crusaders two double LPs, *Crusaders I* and *2nd Crusade*.

The Crusaders are at your favorite music store on Blue Thumb Records and Ampex Tapes. That part of this ad is the gospel truth.

A China Record Production For

Blue Thumb Records, Inc.

11838 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90049 • A subsidiary of Famous Music Corp. • A Gulf • Western Company

When two loudspeakers sound different, at least one of them is wrong. Maybe both.



Unpleasantly Distorted Reproduction

Which is better: the Rectilinear III, at \$299, or a comparably priced but totally different-sounding speaker by another reputable manufacturer?

The ready answer to that question by a nice, clean-living salesman or boy-scout hi-fi expert is: "It's a matter of taste. Whichever you prefer for your own listening. They're both good."

We want you to know how irresponsible and misleading such bland advice is.

Think about it:

A loudspeaker is a reproducer. The most important part of that word is the prefix *re*, meaning *again*. A loudspeaker produces again something that has already been produced once. Not something new and different.

Therefore, what it correctly reproduces should be identical to the original production. And *identicalness* isn't a matter of taste.

For example, it isn't a matter of taste whether the body shop has correctly reproduced the original color of your car on that repainted fender. Nor is it a matter of taste whether your mirror correctly reproduces your visual image. Is the reproduction identical to the original or isn't it?

Okay. We know. The ear is less precise than the eye. And in the case of loudspeakers, it's usually impossible to compare the reproduction and the live original side by side. Furthermore, the speaker is only a single link in a whole chain of reproducers. But these



Seductively Distorted Reproduction

problems only complicate the matter without changing the basic principle. *The reproduction is either right or wrong. Two different-sounding reproductions can't both be identical to the original.*

The common fallacy is to call the reproduction wrong only when it's obviously unpleasant (fuzzy or shrieky highs, hollow midrange, etc.). But what about a pleasingly plump bass, lots of sheen on the high end, and that punchy or zippy overall quality known as "presence"? Equally wrong. And, because of the seductive "hi-fi" appeal, much more treacherous.

To glamorize the original that way amounts to having a built-in and permanently set tone control in your speaker. For some program material it can be disastrously unsuitable. Like the funhouse mirror that makes everybody look tall and thin, it's great for short and fat inputs only.

At Rectilinear, we design speakers to approach facsimile reproduction of the input as closely as is technologically possible. We restrict the "taste" factor

to twiddling the tone controls of our amplifier in the privacy of our home. Not in our laboratory.

The Rectilinear III is our best effort to date in this direction.

And our inspiration for it was a totally different and rather impractical design: the full-range electrostatic speaker.

Any serious audio engineer will tell you that electrostatics

are inherently superior

to conventional speakers in producing an output that's identical to the input. This superiority is due to scientifically verifiable characteristics, such as flatness of frequency response and low time delay distortion.

The trouble is that electrostatics create tremendous problems with amplifiers, have difficulty playing *really* loud without distortion and are also somewhat deficient in bass. But—they're accurate, undistorted "mirrors" of sound.

The Rectilinear III is the first successful attempt to give you this electrostatic type of sound in a conventional speaker without any of the above problems.

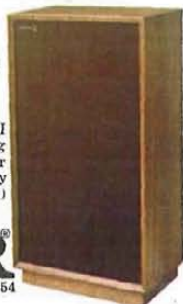
It allows you to hear what composers, musicians and record producers have created for you and not what some speaker manufacturer thinks will please you.

So, next time you're in a store and you hear another \$299 speaker that sounds different from ours, you'll have an idea which of the two is wrong.

And which is the one to buy.

RECTILINEAR®

Rectilinear Research Corp., 107 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y. 10454
Canada: H. Roy Gray Limited, Ontario



Rectilinear III floor-standing speaker (6 drivers, 3-way crossover)

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continued

tucket, that summer long ago. Things had been different then. She had been younger, for one thing. How she had loved the beach: the sand, the water, the orange drink they sold. . . . It was a different time, a time when her life was young and green, like a sapling, and the days wafted by like new-mown lawns. Her smile had been bright as the sun; her face, fresh and warm, like newly-baked bread. How, indeed, that summer long ago had been.

She sighed. Things just weren't that black and white anymore. Now she was confronted by *two* choices—it was either one or the other. And if there was one thing of which Aunt Millie was absolutely sure, it was that never the twain should meet.

Unfortunately, her condition persisted. And so she sat, alone by the window, motionless, as if waiting for something to happen. What it was she did not know, but she hoped and prayed it would happen soon. She couldn't take much more of this.

Abruptly, there was a sudden knock at the door. She felt frightened, yet relieved; joyous, yet strangely sad. She didn't know what to feel. Pulling her housecoat more securely about her, she gasped. Then she opened the door.

It wasn't him. Or was it? Aunt Millie stared. It was hard to tell for sure. He seemed to be wearing a stocking pulled over his face. They stood there, completely still, unmoving. She didn't know what to say or do.

Suddenly she was in his arms, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until . . . "Oh God! Oh my God!"

She couldn't believe what was happening to her. This was the sort of thing that only happened to other people, usually Negroes she read about in the *Daily News*. And yet it was now happening to her. But why?

It was a question not easily answered. In fact, it was a question not easily asked. But then how many questions really are? It wouldn't be the first time more questions were raised than answered. Or vice versa, for that matter. None of which really mattered to Aunt Millie, being a shut-in and all.

Then it was over. Finished. Done with.

But can things of this sort ever truly be said to be over? No one may ever know. Although there will be those who will never stop trying. Nor should they. For then and only then, when all the facts are on the table, can we hope to finally understand.

As for Aunt Millie, well . . . stories like hers have no endings."

Chris Miller
Marc Rubin

Tie City, New York

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Eric Weber



First we show you how to pick up girls.

Pick up girls anywhere! On bars, buses, trains, even on the street! It's easier than you ever dreamed.

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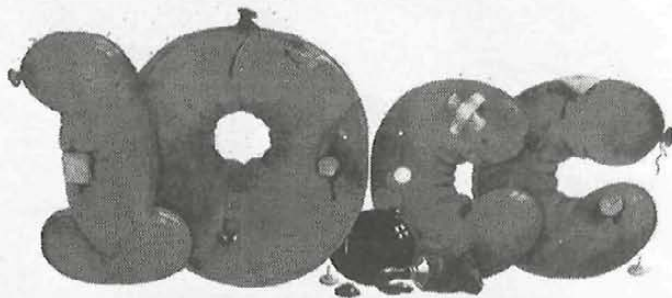
"Over 900 Super Action Spots!" Book gives you name, address, and in-depth description of more than 900 SUPER ACTION SPOTS where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet. Send for AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS today. Send only \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling to: The Northern Valley Co., Dept. 88, PO Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670

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AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS!



910 Fantastic Places to Pick Up Girls!



The highly acclaimed new album.

"If the Beach Boys were wired and electrified for the Seventies, they'd be 10 c.c. They have the most addicting, endearing sound to come out of England in a decade."

Steven Gaines, CIRCUS

"10 c.c.'s music contains all of the elements that made AM radio a joy in the Sixties."

Lester Bangs, CREEM

"This disc is incredible...(the) musicians create a back-up sound somewhere between reggae, The Beach Boys and Lesley Gore's greatest hits!"

Toby Goldstein, ZOO WORLD

"A group of amazing competence...the first third world pop band!"
Jon Tiven, ROCK

"10 c.c. is the most fascinating new group to emerge in ages, and no true pop connoisseur can afford to miss this album."
Ken Barnes, PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

"...it's a must."

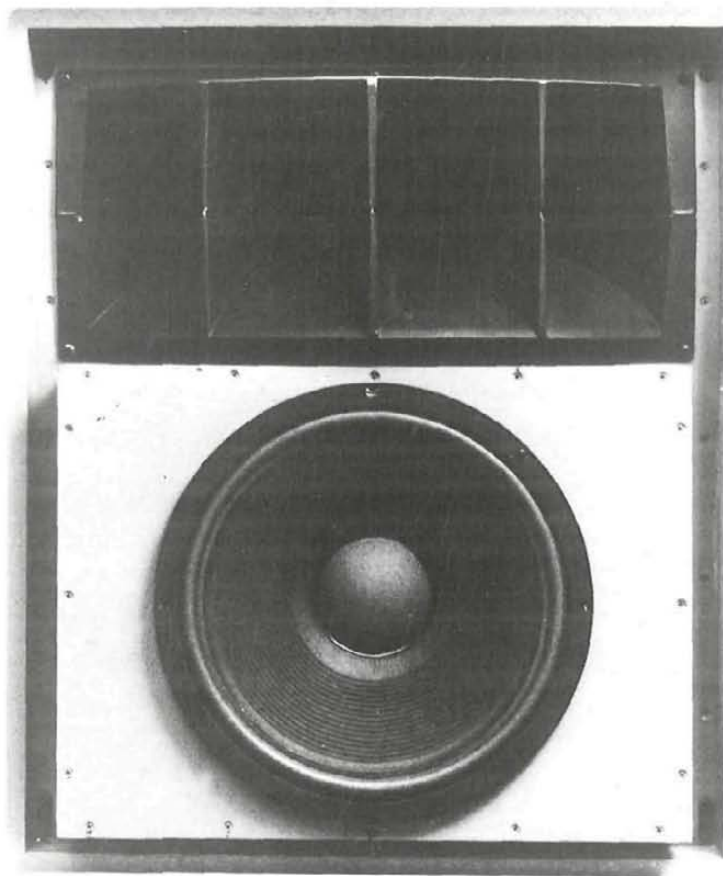
CASH BOX (Newcomer Pick)

"...A totally marvelous album that must not be missed!"

RECORD WORLD (Album Pick)



MONITOR



This is an official Altec studio monitor loudspeaker—the 9846-8A. It's called a monitor because it's designed for just one job: to deliver the purest, most accurate possible definition of every detail of every sound. In a recording studio, definition of detail is a must. Detail that differentiates instruments from the very lowest to the very highest frequencies. Detail that differentiates various models of microphones—for each has its own sound pick-up characteristic. Detail that differentiates microphone/instrument distances. In the close-miked world of contemporary music, a foot either way can make a lot of difference.

Low distortion in a studio monitor is also a necessity. It prevents fatigue that sets in after long periods of high volume listening. And short bursts of sound must be captured instantaneously (“transient response”) to avoid mushy reproduction that results in loss of detail.

Altec knows that it takes all these criteria and more to build good studio monitor systems, and builds them accordingly. And recording professionals know Altec quality. That's why Altec is the world leader.

MINI-MONITORS

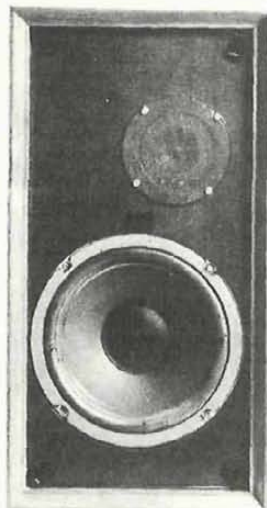


Mini-Monitor I

The 891A Bookshelf. Walnut veneer enclosure and foam grille at \$129.

Intended primarily for those who want superior stereo—or those who can afford four-channel at this price. Economical alternative: the 891V. Same system with a walnut-grained vinyl covered enclosure and cloth grille.

At \$109, it saves you 20 bucks.



Mini-Monitor II

The 887A Capri. \$75. Superb for smaller listening rooms. And if you want 4-channel on a budget, you got it.

These are Altec's "Mini-Monitor" loudspeakers—the 887A Capri and the 891A Bookshelf. We call them Mini-Monitors for just one reason: their performance characteristics are amazingly similar to our actual studio systems. They deliver all of the clarity and definition of sound, the flat frequency response, the excellent transient response that recording engineers demand from a studio monitor. Yet they're specifically designed for the home. Smaller acoustic output, bookshelf dimensions, contemporary styling, and—most important—prices anyone can live with.

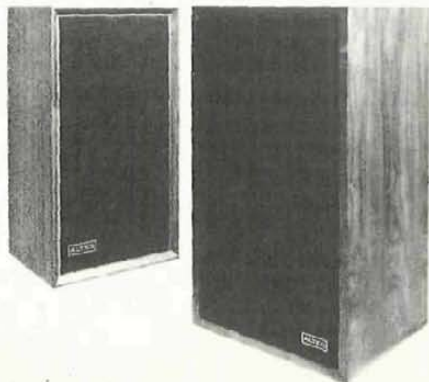
That's why we call them Mini-Monitors. Small wonders.

Why buy them? Because they let you hear the music the way it was first heard in the recording studio—clear and real. And if anyone should know about monitors, it's us. Altec has almost as many loudspeakers in U.S. studio use as all other brands combined.

We can prove it. Here's the latest U.S. studio data published in Billboard Magazine's 1973 International Directory of Recording Studios:

ALTEC	514
JBL	256
EV	77
KLH	35
AR	29
TANNOY	28

Throughout the world-wide recording industry, more musical esthetic decisions are made on Altec monitors than any other brand. And have been for nearly 30 years. Recording professionals listen to music through loudspeakers to earn their living. If they choose Altec, do they know something you don't?



ALTEC

Experience Altec

1515 S. Manchester, Anaheim, Calif. 92803



The vogue for *hangers* is a confirmed smash. Metal if you must, but everyone wants one of the fabulous wooden ones. . . . Why not stick your hanger in your NOSE as they do at the Spring Street Bar. . . . Trowbeard, the top-notch PR firm now handling TUNDRA, . . . couldn't like it more. The hot books belong to the STUPID family of publications. . . . *Stupid News and World Report* has top-notch scoop on TUNDRA in this week's ish. . . . Paris still capital of France. . . .

Henry Beard (of Trowbeard, top PR firm) is pleased with the fabulous new Pulsar watch his mom gave him. . . . Henry and Maud and P.J. and Mr. Chatterbox made the rounds in HOBOKEN. Left Manhattan 8:28:52

P.M. (Pulsar time) via Holland Tunnel (the IN tunnel). Radio reception returned 8:33:41 P.M. It's not everybody who knows about Hoboken. . . . Trowbeard dropping Lincoln Tunnel account, will stick with HOLLAND TUNNEL. . . . Maud knew a little girl who stuck an eraser up her nose. . . . Mary Mitchell slated to wed underwear heir. . . . "I met him at the doctor's," Mary confides. "I was worried about breast cancer, he was there for a punctured lung."

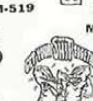
Pumpkin carving can be a cure for the jitters, says a Boston medico. . . . Correctype: Maud knew a little girl who stuck a daisy up her nose. It was P.J.'s mother who knew a little boy who stuck an eraser up his nose. Sorry we bloopered. . . . Harris Lessavoy, underwear heir, threw a bash for fiancée Mary Mitchell at a Manhattan nitery. "It was a Fellini cast, but a Jack Lemmon movie," one guest reported. ANNE BEATTS spotted a model who does important ads involving the mouth. "There's the mouth girl," Anne Beatts said.

Fabulous P.J. was behind the craze for triangle tattoos. . . . Michael and Anne swear by the new pumpkin carving treatment, may open a clinic. WATCH YOUR STEP, MARY MITCHELL: Mr. Chatterbox saw you making eyes at the MOUTH GIRL.

Henry Beard jetted to MALDIVE ISLANDS for a quick vacash. . . . "The Maldive Islands are the most-amount chic," Henry avers. Rumor mill says Henry may end up representing the Maldives at the conclaves of a very well-known international organization. . . . Brian and Lars are *pfiffit*. Brian flatly refused to buy an old Norge Lars was peddling. Brian, by the way, is petrified of freon and won't have a refrigerator in the house . . . which explains that lukewarm gazpacho. . . . Pumpkin carving has been practiced for years in the MALDIVES where jittery nerves are practically unknown. . . . Henry Beard of Trowbeard, top-notch PR outfit, has lost several important clients, including SAWDUST, because he won't get a haircut. . . . If this mouth thing catches on DOUG KENNEY will be sitting pretty. Doug is able to stuff a small toaster in his mouth while carrying on a normal (or very close to normal) conversation. . . . *Some people* (you'd recognize their names in a minute) are the most-amount embarrassed because they got taken in by the whole pumpkin-carving thing. . . . Lars has the last laugh again. Storage space is the apartment-dweller's hobgoblin. . . . Best cure for jittery nerves is a WARM, APPEALING NATURE and a collection of little cars. . . . That's Mr. Chatterbox, brother. □

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- White Sw'tshirt \$5.05
- White Jacket \$13.05

- TANK TOPS \$4.25
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 - Orange
 - Yellow
 - Gray
 - Blue
 - Lilac

Adult sizes: S M L XL
(No X-Large Tank Tops)
Youth Sizes: 6-8, 10-12, 14-16. (T-shirts only)

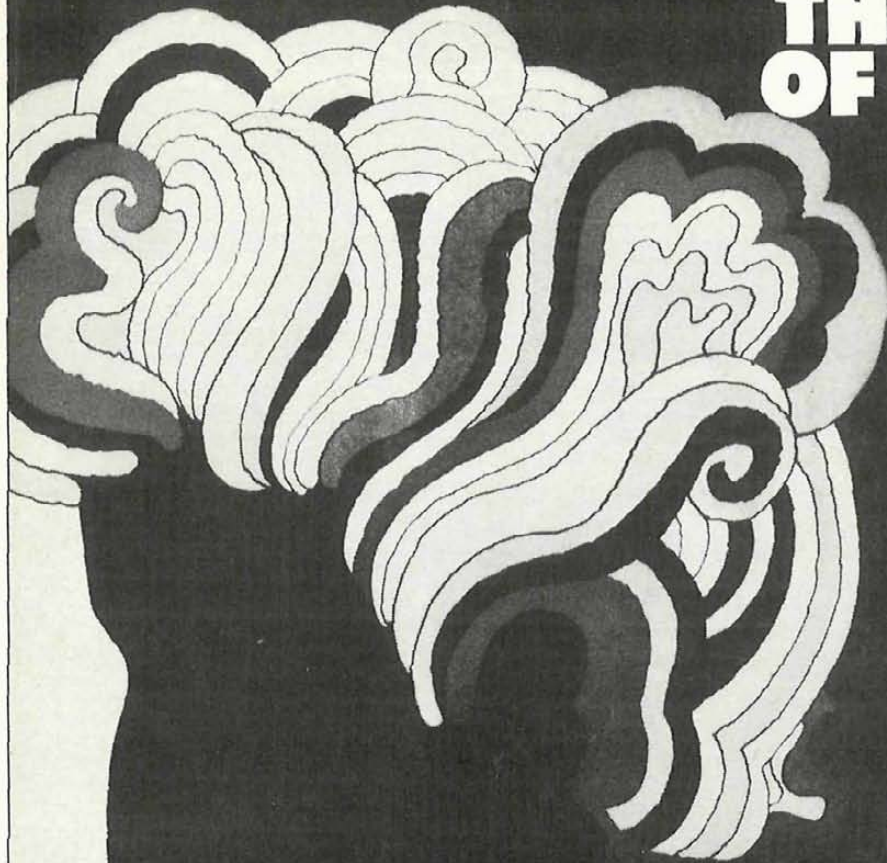
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- Blue
 - Lilac
 - Gold
 - Orange
 - Gray

Specify Design No. _____ Size _____
 Designs on both sides of shirt, \$1.00 extra.

Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20, money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH STUDIOS. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

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M-531 CANADA
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THE YEAR OF DYLAN



DYLAN

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Big Yellow Taxi; Lily Of The West



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Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again
If Not For You



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INCLUDING:
WENT TO SEE THE GYPSY
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IF NOT FOR YOU / SIGN ON THE WINDOW



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INCLUDING:
LIKE A ROLLING STONE
QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY



NASHVILLE SKYLINE BOB DYLAN

Including:
I Threw It All Away
Nashville Skyline Rag
Girl From The North Country
Lay Lady Lay
Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You



On Columbia Records  and Tapes

time out for BARGAINS



HELLO, LORETTA! SHOPPING AGAIN, I SEE!

YES, CHARLOTTE, AND I'M NOT A BIT PLEASED ABOUT THESE PRICES!



IT SEEMS NOTHING IS A BARGAIN ANYMORE!

THAT'S NOT SO!



GIVE ME THE MOST EXPENSIVE THING YOU HAVE!

CERTAINLY, MA AM!



HOW DO YOU DO IT?

THE BARGAINS ARE THERE, LORETTA; YOU HAVE TO LOOK FOR THEM!



LIKE WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?

TAKE THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON. YOU CAN NOW SAVE \$3.25 ON A ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION!



SOUNDS GREAT TO ME... HEY...

WATCH IT, YOU...

C'MON YOU TWO!



THE GIRLS MAY BE UNDER ARREST, BUT THEY'RE NOT UNDER ANY DELUSIONS WHEN IT COMES TO BARGAINS! YOU NOW SAVE \$3.25, \$8.45, OR \$14.65 WITH A ONE, TWO OR THREE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION. AND THAT'S A BOON TO ANYBODY'S ECONOMY!

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There's much more to all the new AKAI stereo receivers than just great cosmetics. Take a close look:

AKAI's new AA-910DB offers outstanding performance at a modest cost. With 24 watts of continuous power at 8 ohms (both channels driven)—enough for most needs. Plus a built-in Dolby® Noise Reduction System. Which means that the AA-910DB provides you with the unique ability to "Dolbyize" any tape or cassette deck used with it.

But maybe you're into 4-channel. Or thinking about it.

Okay! Then check out AKAI's new AS-980 4-channel receiver. 120 watts gives you power to spare. (30W RMS x 4 at 8 ohms—all 4 channels driven.) And a list of exciting features that'll make your eyes pop! Like front panel 2/4 channel switching, 4 individual 4-channel modes—Discrete... SQ... RM... and CD-4 built-in decoder with individual

separation controls, 3 tape monitors with front panel provisions for dubbing, 4 VU meters to assure precise level adjustment for each channel, and an audio muting switch. All just for starters.

So no matter what you're looking for in a quality stereo receiver, look to AKAI...The Innovators.

Then plug it in. And listen.

"Dolby" and "Dolbyize" are Trade Marks of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

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From
AKAITM
The Innovators

!!CELEBRATE!!

In Stock and On Sale



Foghat
on Bearsville



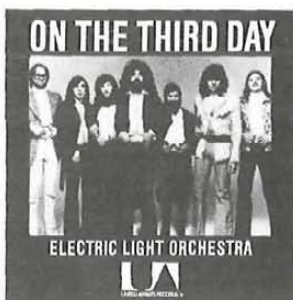
Rick Derringer
on Epic



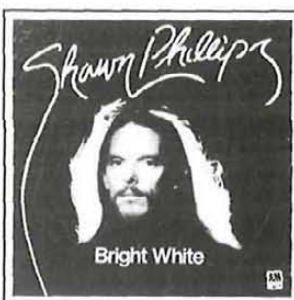
Bob Dylan
on Columbia



Black Sabbath
on Warner Bros.



Electric Light Orchestra
on VA



Shawn Phillips
on A&M



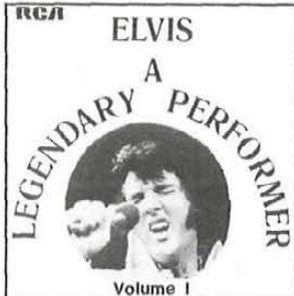
10CC
on London/UK



Grin
on A&M



Temptations
on Gordy



Elvis
on RCA



Jackson 5
on Motown



The Hollies
on Epic

disc records

The Answer To What's Next:

ELECTRIC LIGHT "On The Third Day" ORCHESTRA

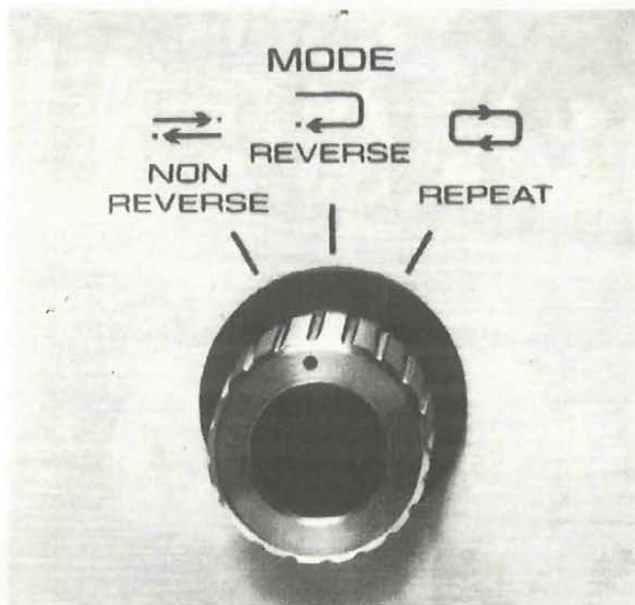


Side 1
Ocean Breakup
King Of The Universe
4:05
Bluebird Is Dead
4:25
Oh No Not Susan
2:52
New World Rising
4:40
Showdown
4:15

Side 2
Daybreaker
3:50
Ma-Ma-Ma Belle
3:52
Dreaming Of 4000
5:00
In The Hall Of The Mountain King
6:35

Produced by Jeff Lynne
Recorded at De Lane Lea Studios, London
Engineer: Dick Plant
Photography: Richard Avedon
Design: John Kche
Art Direction: Bob Cato
On United Artists
Records and Tapes
UA

NOW YOU CAN RECORD ON A DOLBY CASSETTE DECK FOR 2 STRAIGHT HOURS WITHOUT FLIPPING THE TAPE.



THE TOSHIBA PT-490 WITH AUTOMATIC REVERSE.

Imagine. Recording Beethoven's 4th, 5th and 6th on one continuous taping. Or recording two hours of The Beatles from the radio without even being in the same room. Or catching yourself in duet with Brubeck and not having to stop to flip the tape.

Well, if your cassette deck is a Toshiba PT-490 with the automatic reverse feature, it's easy.

Just set the MODE dial and the machine knows exactly what you want it to do. Whether you want it to record one side of the tape and then stop. Or play and turn itself off. Or record both sides of the tape for two uninterrupted hours. Or play back the same tape indefinitely. The machine does it all for you. And it does it automatically.

In addition to reversing its own tape, the PT-490 also gives you outstanding performance and sound. That's because it comes with Dolby[®] noise reduction. Mechanical auto shut-off. Separate record and playback volume controls. Two large, illuminated VU-meters. And a bias selector switch for normal, hi-fi, and CrO₂ tape.

And it's one more example of the fine craftsmanship that goes into all Toshiba products.

Like our SR-80. The world's first stereo record player with an electret condenser cartridge. It reduces distortion so greatly, it may be the best 4-channel record player you can buy.

Or our SA-504. A receiver with broad 4-channel

capabilities. Including RM and SQ matrixing, and discrete. And with Toshiba's BTL circuit, you can convert all 4 amplifiers to 2-channels when that's all you're using.

Or our SA-500. A 2-channel receiver whose integrated circuits are so superior, a lot of our competitors buy them from us.

So take a look at some of our products. They're among the most advanced you can find. Like the PT-490. A cassette deck that's so advanced it can even record backwards.

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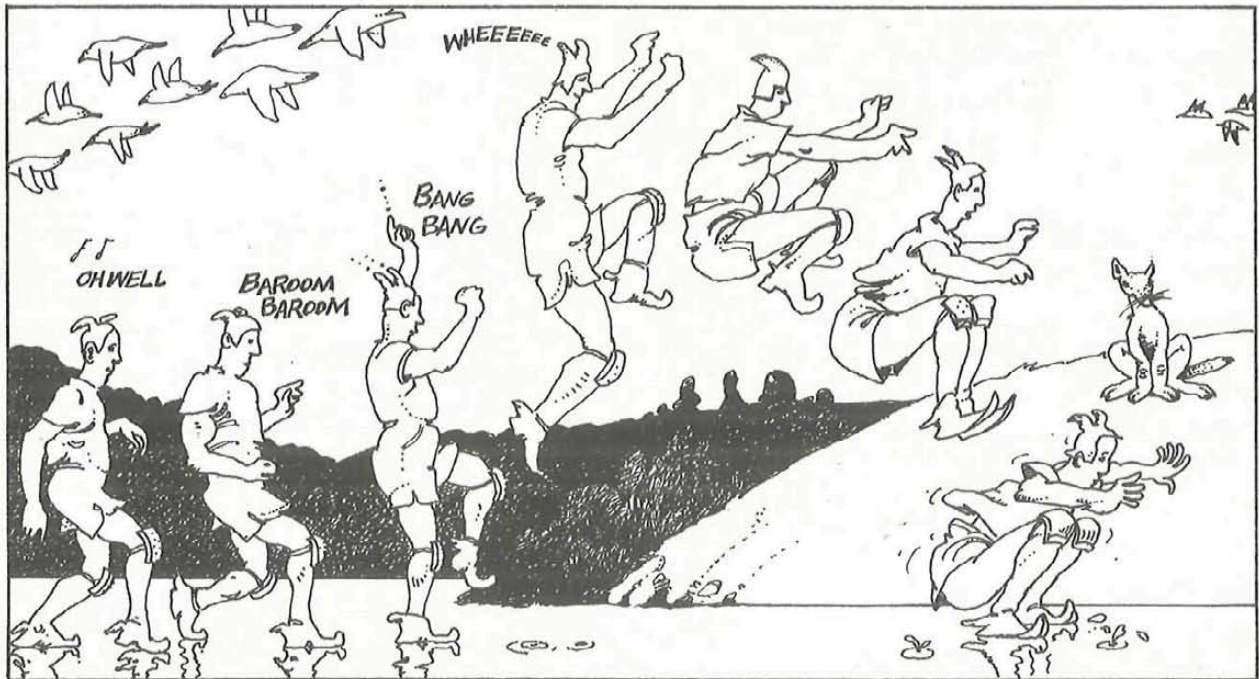
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MERCURY

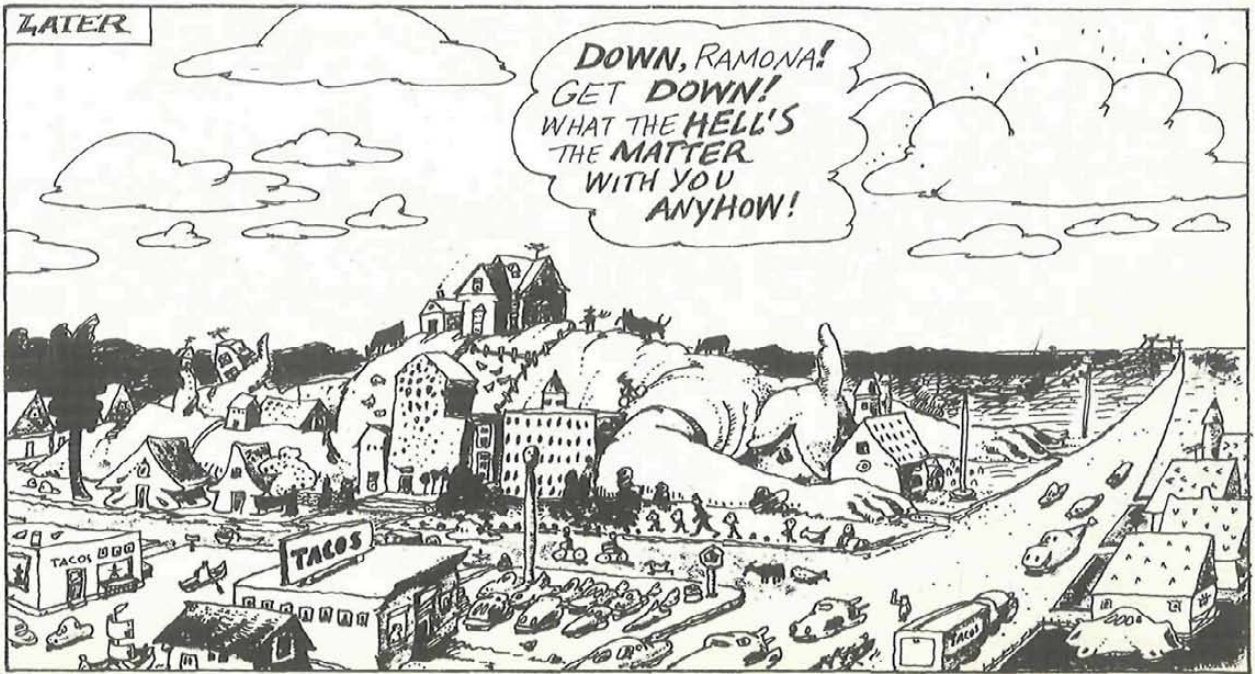
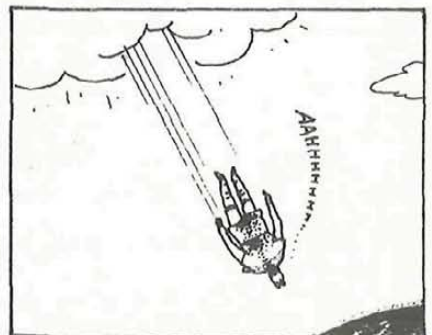
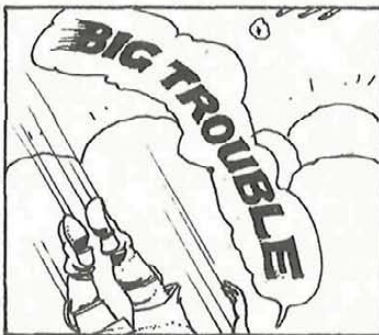
MESSENGER OF GOD



A LAZY DAY IN HEAVEN. GOD IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. YOUNG MERCURY WHILES AWAY THE HOURS AT THE LAKE WITH GOD'S DOG RAMONA.....



continued



TO BE CONTINUED

Add the new Sony SQA-2030 decoder / amplifier and two speakers to your present stereo system and you're into four channel. And what four channel!

Full logic IC circuits increase separation—side to side, front to back. SQ records and broadcasts are reproduced with rock-and-concert-hall realism. Matrix recordings and broadcasts, other than SQ, discrete four channel tapes (with a quad deck), retain the excitement of the original performance. Even stereo records take on new depth.

And the SQA-2030 gives you something extra—a built-in stereo

amplifier. It delivers 18+18 watts, RMS into 8 ohms at every frequency in the audio range (20-20,000 Hz)—plenty of power to drive your back channel speakers. It's distortion-free (THD less than 0.8%). And it's easy to enjoy. Once you've balanced your system, the SQA-2030's master volume control is about all you'll have to adjust.

Thanks to new integrated circuits, developed and manufactured by Sony, this full logic decoder, control center and stereo amplifier is housed in a cabinet about half the size of a standard receiver. It costs just \$239.50.

Sony offers two other choices to go four channel. The full logic

SQD-2020 has all the quality and control convenience of the SQA-2030 plus four calibrated VU meters to help you balance your system visually. If your stereo system has high power output, add a basic amplifier of equal power plus two speakers. The SQD-2020 costs \$229.50.

Add full logic SQ to an existing four channel system. Or upgrade stereo to four channel (an integrated amplifier and two speakers are required).

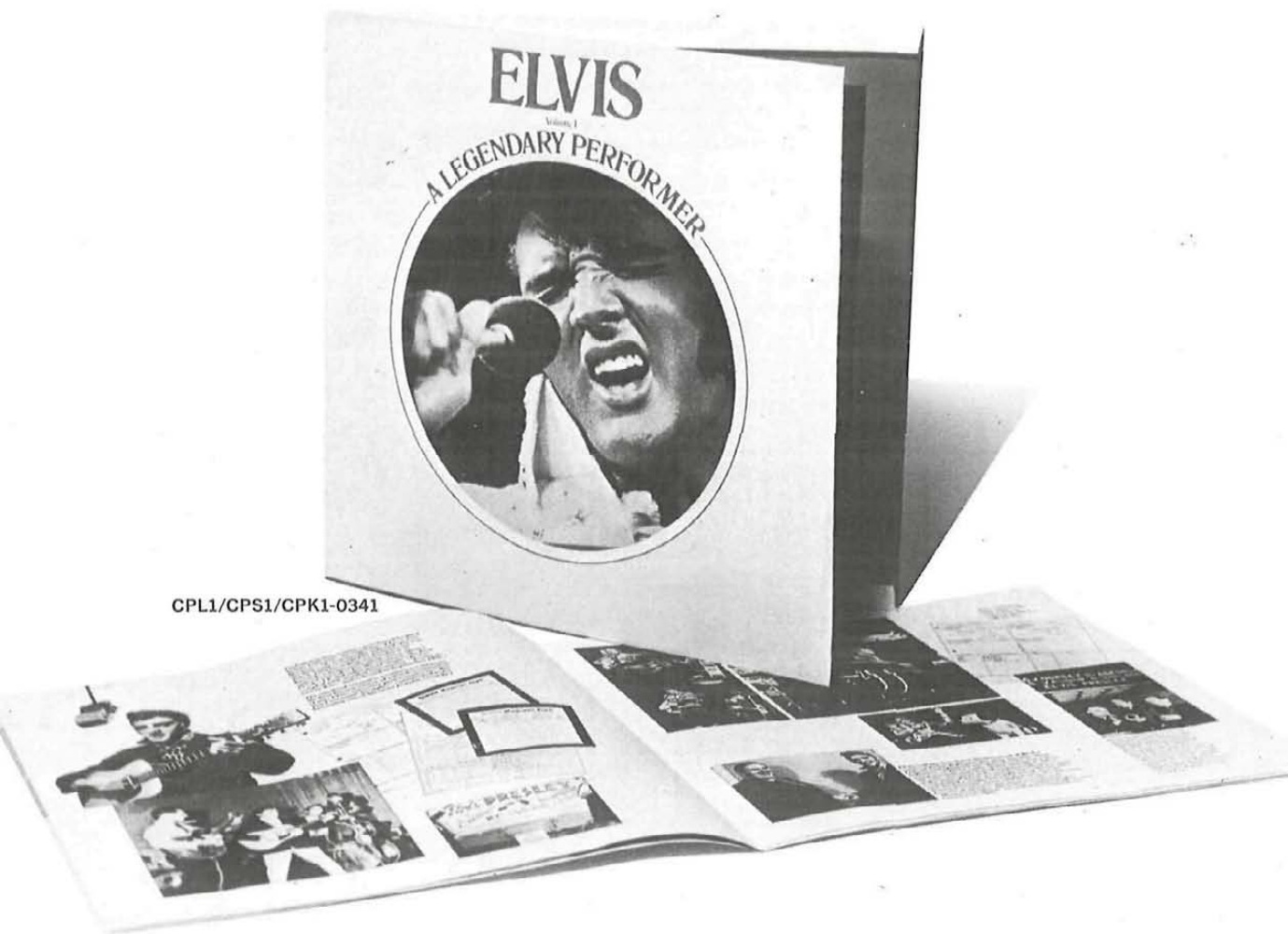
The full logic SQD-2070 is an inexpensive choice, \$89.50.

Go four channel with Sony. It's very logical. **SONY®**

Introducing the \$240 full logic decoder. With an amplifier to boot.



ELVIS' NEW ALBUM



CPL1/CPS1/CPK1-0341

Includes five previously unreleased performances, two live interviews and a 12-page illustrated memory log.

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wherever **RCA** Records and Tapes are sold.

GET ANY
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The **AGONY** and **ECSTASY** of

GOES DOWN FOR
25¢

APPROVED
BY THE
COMIC BOOK
AUTHORITY

First Lay

ARE YOU SURE
YOU WON'T *LOSE*
RESPECT FOR ME
... AFTER?

... YUK!

In this issue:
**FRAT
HOUSE
FROLICS**

DOUG
KENNEY
JOE

HI GUYS!
I'M DAVID EISENHOWER,
INVITING YOU TO A RUBBER RIOT!!

YES, ONCE AGAIN THE FINE FOLKS AT MEATMASTERS (TM)—MAKERS OF QUALITY LATEX PROPHYLACTICALS—HAVE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THEIR ANNUAL RUBBER RIOT! THE MEATMASTER (TM) WAREHOUSES ARE OVERSTOCKED WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF THESE NASTY LITTLE RUBBER SCUMBAGS AND PRICES HAVE BEEN SLASHED SO YOUR WIENER WON'T BE WHEN 'MISSED PERIOD PANIC' STRIKES!

ONE SIZE FITS ALL!

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 for the Life of Your Wallet!

THIS? or THIS!



V.D. or not V.D., that is the question! Whether it is neater to endure the mild claustrophobia of a MEATMASTER (TM) over your hose, or to simply watch it wither, blacken, and drop off, ANOTHER WEE-WEE CLAIMED BY VENEREAL DISEASE . . . it's up to you! Whatever your decision, remember this . . . over 20,000,000 American kielbasas "hit the linoleum" every year! Grim statistics, but true! Aren't you glad that *one company* offers a complete line of these embarrassing little whatchamacallits with you, the MEATMASTER, in mind?

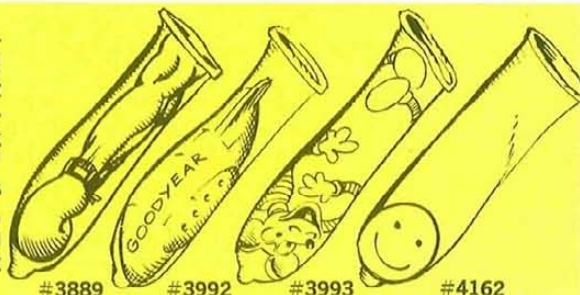


**BUILT
 TO
 LAST!**

ALL MEATMASTER (TM) PRODUCTS ARE MADE FROM HIGH-QUALITY LATEX! (THE SAME MATERIAL USED IN THE OFFICIAL SNEAKERS OF NASA'S APOLLO PROGRAM!) GUARANTEED AGAINST BLOW-OUTS, METEORITES, PINHOLES, AND FOSSILIZATION. EACH MEATMASTER (TM) CAN BE USED AGAIN AND AGAIN!



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**TRY THIS
 SIMPLE
 TEST!**

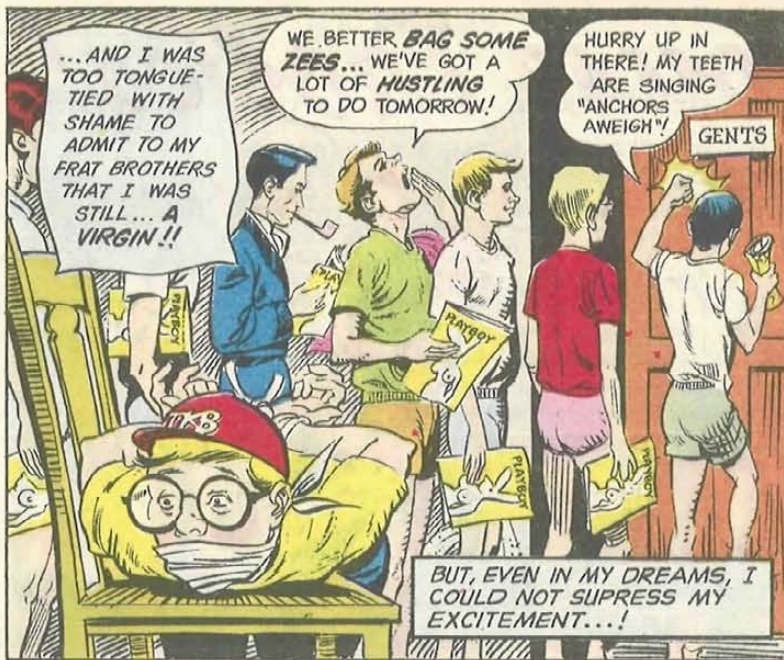


RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT

Send to: RUBBER RIOT!
 MEATMASTER INDUSTRIES
 Box #366
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Yes, I am interested in obtaining some of MEATMASTER's intriguing products. I don't want my weenie bouncing around underfoot in the kitchen where the cats can get at it and everything. You betcha. Shee.

NAME
 ADDRESS
 (Please indicate size of weenie.)
 Pathetic Worse
 Ridiculous Can't complain
 Microscopic Baby Sequoia
 (Please enclose \$2.00 additional for handling.)





IN PRIVATE, CHUCK GAVE ME SOME NEEDED CONFIDENCE...

...AS BIG AS YOUR HEAD! THEN, WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN...



... AND A COUPLE OF GOOD TIPS!

MY TREAT! YOU DON'T WANNA GO BAREBACK, DO YA?



WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK AT THE FRAT HOUSE...



... THE PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING!

SEE THE GIRL ALL DRESSED IN PINK! SHE MAKES MY FINGERS STINK!

I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I HEARD FROM THE FOOTBALL TEAM!

WASSA MATTER, GOTTA RAG ON?

ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE A HARD ON....

PADIDDLE!

CHUG IT! CHUG IT!

AH LOUIE LOUIE! WE GOTTA GO NOW!

HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW WE GOTTA NEW RUG!

THAT'S NO RUG, THAT'S VOMIT!

THE ASTRO NUTS

TEN THOUSAND BOTTLES OF BEER ONNA WALL...

SLOPPY SECONDS!

REAL HORRORSHOW!

WHAT A ZOO!

HEY, WHERE'D JA GET THE BALLOONS?

WE BLEW UP SOME USED RUBBERS!

Zzzz



At Pioneer, we listen.

Bobby Colomby of Blood, Sweat & Tears is a musician's musician. So when he told Pioneer what he was looking for in the way of features in a tape deck, we listened. And our engineers came up with the new RT-1020L stereo tape deck.

This 3-motor, 3-head unit has virtually every feature a professional like Bobby looks for, yet it's completely simple to use for home recording.

Take the pushbutton control system. It's solid state electronics with full logic. This means you can switch from Record to Fast Rewind, for instance, without using the Stop button. Bobby appreciates it because there's no clicking or popping noises. And it's completely jam-proof; it will never spill tape.

Bobby especially wanted long

range record/playback capability. The RT-1020L provides 12 hours on a single 10½-inch reel.

"With so many types of tape on the market," said Bobby, "it's a drag when you have to look for one special tape. The RT-1020L plays every tape with optimum sound reproduction." (That's because it has a 3-step tape bias selector.)

And if you're recording from old records, the equalizer selector helps to revitalize their highs. The

improved sound will amaze you.

The RT-1020L has the widest array of features ever built into a tape deck — 2 & 4-channel playback, pause control, sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, mono mixing, plus much more. At nine hundred dollars it would be a great value. At \$699.95 it's unbeatable. At Pioneer, we listen.

Pioneer thanks Bobby. And so will you.

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Strange Sex We Have Known

by William S. Burroughs
and
Terry Southern

Southern

My first encounter with "Dr. Benway" (whom I was later to know as the master scribe and film buff extraordinaire, William S. Burroughs) was on the sleepy sands of St. Tropez in the south of France in the summer of '47. I had been suffering from—or rather, *complaining of*—a certain lesion, a rather persistent lesion, on the hinder fleshy part of my left calf, just below the knee. It wasn't *painful*, but it was irritating in a *psychological way*, and I was keen to deal and have done with it. An acquaintance of mine, Allen Ginsberg—who later achieved international poetic renown (*Howl*, *Kaddish*, etc.)—was staying at the same hotel, and when I showed him the lesion, he said: "Doc Benway will put that to rights in double quick order!" (little did I realize at this point in time that it was simply another joke at my expense by the mischievous Al Ginsberg) and he set up a meet at Benway's beach house.

Dr. Benway was (and is to this very day) a most remarkable personage.

"Your lesion," he observed in his dry and singular tone, "has the mark of *genitalia*," and he poised a finger near it, just so, not quite touching. I glanced down and noted, with some surprise, that it did indeed resemble a tiny vage, with its puckered pouting lips, half-parted and moistly glistening—but I was reluctant to admit as much to the formidable Benway. "You must be mad," I exclaimed instead with a show of indignation, and instinctively drew back; but the fantastic Benway continued as though not having heard: "Naturally it would follow that the treatment of choice would be to . . . *fuck it away*." And before I could protest, he raised a finger of caution: "But an extremely *small sexual member* would be required—perhaps that of a *gerbil*—and by damnable good fortune, hee-hee, I happen to have just such a specimen

here in this very lab. . . ." He gestured towards a shoddy complex of small cages nearby, and continued: "You entertain no superstitious qualms, I take it, towards *bestiality*?"

I informed this "Doctor Benway" in no uncertain terms that I did indeed entertain such qualms, and would *not* consider being "fucked in the lesion" by a gerbil, nor any other member of his devilish menagerie! I had failed, however, to reckon on the man's powers of persuasion, which border on the veritably hypnotic.

"Similar case a few years back," he went on, unperturbed, "man-of-the-cloth developed stigmata in both hands and both feet, each of the blessed wounds being in the shape of a female cunt, not unlike your own, only larger—so that when the populace filed by in holy reverence to view the miraculous visitation, they found his worship—his coarse mandrill-root pulsating in gross distention—going at it into both hand-wounds like a maddened warthog. They could not restrain him—he finally broke his own back trying to fuck the lesion in his left metatarsus. . . ."

I must admit to being somewhat taken aback by the sheer grossness of this account, but it did put me in mind, a few years later, of a story so bandied about that I dare say it carries no "kiss-and-tell" onus at this late point in time—namely, that curious tale of how LBJ was "caught in the act" (if one may coin) on the Kennedy death-plane from Dallas, trying to force his rude animal-member into the mortal wound of the young President. I recounted the bizarre incident to Benway, but it was apparently old hat to him.

"Hee-hee," he chuckled, nodding sagely, though more through *politesse* if my guess is any good, than through your true humorous enjoyment, "yes, a classic case of . . . *neck-ro-philia*, was it not?"

I'm not too keen on *puns* myself,

but I let it pass; after all, a man of Benway's stature (Ginsberg had shown me a lot of weird microfilmed diplomas, citations, credentials, depositions, endorsements, etc.) was not to be challenged unduly.

"Very well, Benway," I said, "if that is your view—"

"It is not only my *view*," he quipped in his inimitable fashion (cross between Ben Jonson and W. C. Fields), "it is also my *gol-dang pur-view!* Hee-hee-hee. . . ."

Needless to say, Benway's "treatment of choice" proved to be less than useless—and, in fact, I very nearly succumbed to a damnable case of the pesky "gerbil-clap."

I was intrigued, however, by the emphasis he placed on what was later to become his infamous "view-syn-drome," and when I pointed this out he was good enough to address himself to that very issue.

Burroughs

Yes, the cinematic image is apt, and may be extended. Ungrammatically speaking, what is sexy to humans is a film usually laid down in early childhood on a receptive screen. In my not inconsiderable experience as a physician, I have indeed encountered some strange films. Here is a mild example I cite simply to illustrate the concept of sex as film. This highly placed British civil servant pays boys to don uniforms which he provides and treat him like a boy in a reform school. They are given a precise script with certain words like: "You little bastard." And he reads back his own script: "Yes, sir," assenting with civil leer as he casts himself as a Borstal Boy instead of an old school tie. He is tied to that little piece of film. It is the only way he can achieve sexual satisfaction. He may be bored with it and disgusted with it. He may even laugh at it. But not while it is going on. There seems to be a basic incompatibility between sex and laughter. Sex

must be *serious*. Who can laugh during an orgasm? I recall the bizarre case of a boy named Ali I encountered in a remote corner of southern Morocco who could accomplish this seemingly impossible feat. He disappeared before I learned his secret. He is tied to a fear film that is the sexualization of fear, a phenomenon that dates back to our caveman days. It is dangerous to be caught with one's pants down by a saber-toothed tiger, a Texas Ranger, or a house dick. However, if the intruder is on your payroll and acting in your film play, then fear can be converted into the desired end product.

I know of one case of a man whose name I cannot mention because of my deep reverence for his exalted office who can only achieve orgasm by dressing himself as an atom bomb. He is then detonated by a whore disguised as Marilyn Monroe and goes off watching Hiroshima films. Another case of a billionaire . . . (once again my medical ethics prevent me from giving his name) who recreates the 1929 crash, watches his stocks fall off the board, then screams out: "I am ruined! I am penniless!" and jumps out a prop Wall Street window all of six feet down into a swimming pool full of gold dollars and achieves orgasm on contact. Many other cases

of this nature are in my files: a famous actress who reenacts her greatest role and defecates on stage; a similar case involving an Admiral who defecates on deck and wipes his ass with Old Glory while a chorus of hired tars scream imprecations; a white-supremacist politician who turns into a nigger on TV and drops dead while the White Goddess of the evening says coldly: "Take him outside because he stinks. Take him to the nigger morgue."

The thoughtful reader will detect a common denominator. All of these VIPs achieve orgasm by a *simulated situation* in which the thing they fear most occurs, like the famous author who types out an atrociously written page and screams out: "My talent is gone!" and comes all over the critics.

Cases of animal identification are frequent: subjects who dress themselves as horses, pigs, mandrills, leopards, bears. It would seem that renunciation of the human form is in this case the exciting element dating to a time when some nanny called them a filthy beast, or when the patient reflected that perhaps saber-toothed tigers have more fun than people.

I am happy to say that the whole matter of human sexuality has been placed in a new and more hopeful

light by recent discoveries in the area of electrical brain stimulation. Once the sex centers in the brain are stimulated by implanted electrodes, everything in sight is sexy, even a psychiatrist. In fact, one subject was able to achieve full satisfaction by looking at an old boot. So we can perhaps change the film and lead our patient back to normality? Enter the psychiatrist with a naked Bunny girl. But the man said flatly, "The boot is cheaper."

And who can say he is wrong? Electrical brain stimulation demonstrates that sex is arbitrary and if you can't be normal, why not be arbitrary, especially if it saves you money? With electrodes installed in the brain of every citizen, full sexual satisfaction will be achieved by all and we will enter a Utopia of electronic bliss endangered only by mechanical failures, a very real danger indeed as anyone knows who has waited weeks and even months for electrical repairs, even though he had been guaranteed twenty-four-hour service on his appliance. The answer, of course, is private enterprise and competition. I would like to sound a word of warning, however—and I am sure T. Southern will join me in this—of the *very real dangers inherent in nationalized sex-service*. □



Shawn Phillips in a new light.

For his fifth album, Shawn Phillips has turned from the extended, exploratory music he's made in the past to make rock and roll with the same intense beauty, insight, and clarity. He's helped by his own group, and session friends like Sneaky Pete, Jim Price, Jim Horn, and Bobby Keyes.

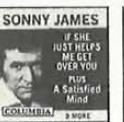
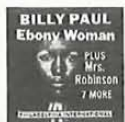
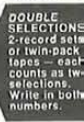
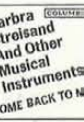
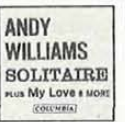
The purpose of Shawn's music has always been to spread a little light. His new album spreads some of his brightest.

**"Bright White." The new Shawn Phillips album.
On A&M Records**



BRAND-NEW OFFER
FROM THE
COLUMBIA RECORD
& TAPE CLUB

Any 12 records



* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes † Available on records and cartridges



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Take your pick



230805 *	227207 *
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229526	225508 *
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196246	220061

Yes, it's true!—if you join right now, you may have any 12 of these records or tapes for only \$1.97! Just mail the handy application, together with your check or money order for \$1.97 as payment (be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records). In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years—you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment...the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, \$6.98; reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$4.98 or \$5.98...plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will be enclosed with each magazine.

...if you do not want any selection offered mail the response card by the date specified

...if you want only the Selection of the Month for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...if you want any of the other selections offered just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and you will receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases.

COLUMBIA RECORD & TAPE CLUB TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.97 as payment for the 12 selections listed below. Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years—and may cancel membership any time after doing so. I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment:

- Be sure to check one box only
- 8-Track Cartridges (KW-W) 66K
 - Tape Cassettes (KX-X)
 - Reel-to-Reel Tapes (KY-Y)
 - 12" Stereo Records (KZ-Z)

Write in numbers of 12 selections

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
 (But I am always free to choose from any category)

Easy Listening 2 Teen Hits 7 Classical 1 Country 5

Mr. Mrs. Miss (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) YES..... NO

APO, FPO addresses: write for special offer

CANADIANS: mail application to U.S.A. address. Your membership will be serviced from Canada. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher. P49/S73



NOTE: All applications are subject to approval and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

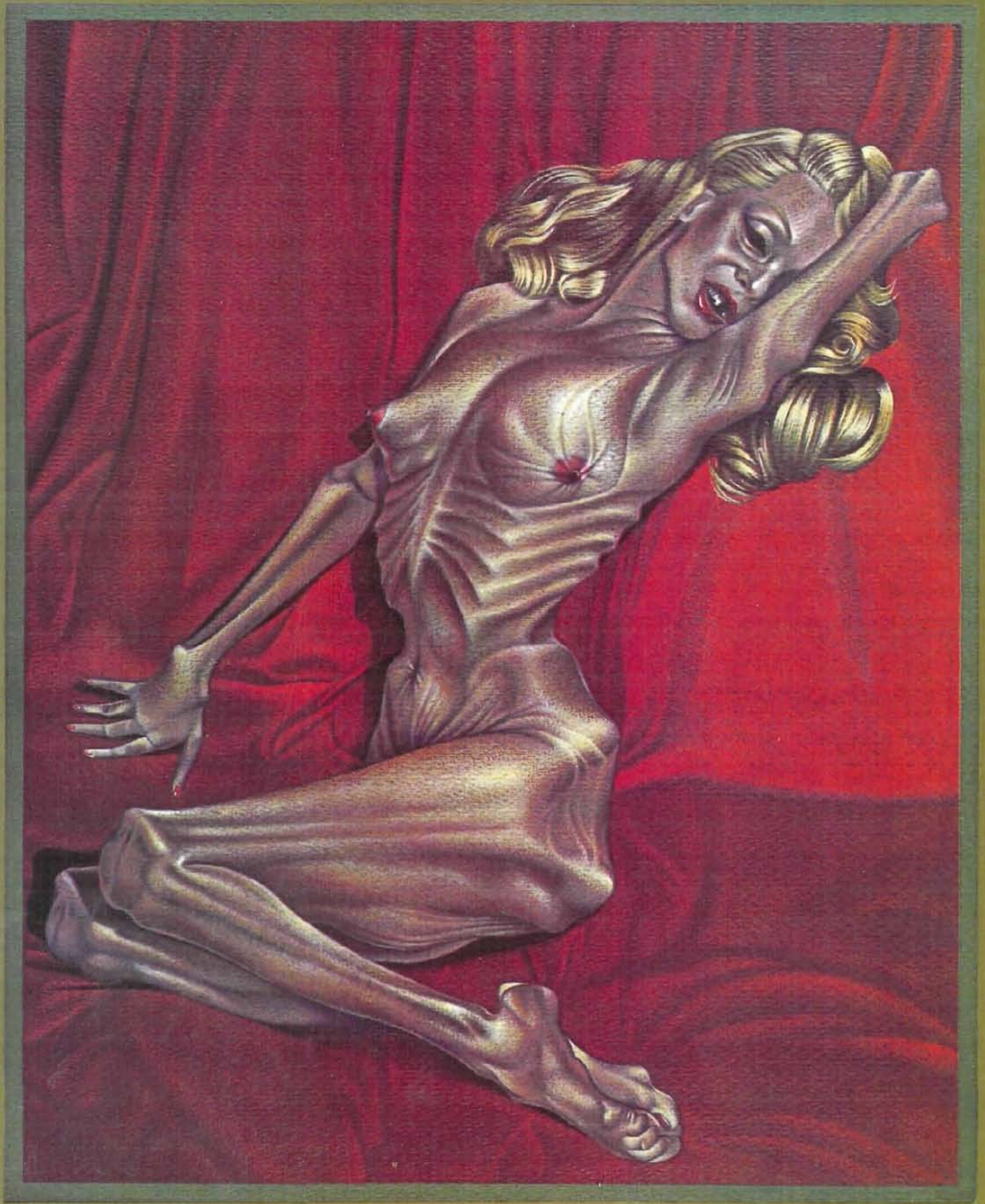


Illustration by Melinda Borclison

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Boxed In

by Chris Miller

"I think she's really stuck on you," said Mr. Kornfeld to Benny. He made a face and placed both hands on his ample stomach, as if the idea gave him indigestion. "You're a pretty lucky guy, to have a girl like my daughter."

Benny never knew what to say when Mr. Kornfeld started talking man-to-man to him about Suzette. Discussing a girl friend with the girl friend's father made him feel weird and uncomfortable and he wished Mr. Kornfeld would knock it off. What was more, Benny was not at all sure to what extent he could still be said to "have" Suzette. He had just returned from three months at college and had no idea what she might have been up to in his absence. He wished Suzette and her mother would hurry up with the dinner dishes and join them, or, better yet, that both parents would go upstairs to bed and leave the living room to him and Suzette. He was extremely curious about how this night would turn out.

"I see the girls around today," Mr. Kornfeld continued. "I'm not blind. They're all over the place and they look terrific. But you know what? In my opinion, not one of them holds a candle to my Suzette in the looks department." He took Benny's bicep in his meaty grasp and leaned closer. "For instance, have you ever noticed Suzette's tushie?"

"Her . . . tushie?" He had noticed it, of course. In fact, he had noticed the hell out of it. It was a ripe, rounded, completely wonderful tushie, much like the rest of Suzette. But Mr. Kornfeld had never asked him anything like this before. Benny was shocked.

"Sure, her behind. Her ass, y'know?" He was squeezing Benny's arm a little harder than necessary, Benny thought.

"Well, yes, I've noticed it. You know, every time she turns around, there it is."

"Pretty nice, huh?" A strange gleam had entered Mr. Kornfeld's eyes. He licked his lips, suspending bits of foam at the corners. "Listen, I have to ask you this. I know you kids are a lot different today than we were. Do you ever . . . squeeze her tushie?"

"Hey, take it easy, Mr. Kornfeld." The man's thumb and forefinger

were almost touching each other through Benny's bicep. He began trying to pull free.

Mr. Kornfeld seemed not to notice. "What I mean is, do you ever sort of just work your hand right in there, between the buns where it's all sweaty and hot? And then give your hand sort of a half-turn so that the cheeks spread right apart and . . ."

"All finished," cried Suzette brightly, pushing through the kitchen door. "Having a nice chat?"

As if some offstage technician had suddenly thrown a switch, Mr. Kornfeld's face abruptly lost its frightening leer and reassumed its usual look of bemused tolerance. "Lovely chat, dear." He released Benny, stood and placed a paternal arm around Suzette. "Benny's a very nice young man."

"He certainly is." Puffing, Mrs. Kornfeld entered the room, taking slow steps within the confines of her aluminum walk-aid structure. She was 85 percent paralyzed from the waist down and "walked" mostly by placing the aluminum structure a few feet in front of her and dragging her legs to catch up. "And I think it's time you and I went upstairs and left these nice young people some time to themselves."

"Yeah, huh?" Mr. Kornfeld appeared less than delighted at the prospect. "Well, I guess you're right." He turned to Suzette. "Good night, sweetheart." He opened his arms for a hug.

"Good night, Daddy." Suzette put her arms around her father and embraced him.

Then, for the briefest second, Mr. Kornfeld made a terrible face at Benny and squeezed one of the cheeks of Suzette's ass.

"Daddy!" Giggling, Suzette pulled away.

Benny, already taken aback by Mr. Kornfeld's behavior, was now flabbergasted by Suzette's apparent participation in this flirtation. Why, she was encouraging him! He would have to talk to her about this.

Mrs. Kornfeld had already started up the stairs. It would take her five minutes. She sounded like a slow, heavy robot.

"Well, I better go give Ol' Superstructure a hand." Mr. Kornfeld turned to go. "Oh, wait. I just remembered." Turning back to them, brightening visibly, he slipped his hand into

a pocket, then held it out, knuckles up, fingers wrapped into a tunnel around something. "Benny, my boy, insert a finger into each side of my fist. I want to show you a trick."

Benny looked suspiciously at him. "Come on, it won't hurt you. It's an educational trick."

Benny shrugged. Anything to hurry the man on his way. He inserted an index finger into each side of Mr. Kornfeld's fist.

"HA!" Mr. Kornfeld pulled away his hand.

Benny found his fingers encased in a colorful cylinder of interwoven straw. He tried to pull them out. Stretched, the cylinder grew snug, then tight. He was caught.

"It's a Chinese finger trap," called Mr. Kornfeld delightedly from the stairs. "And the lesson is, never get yourself caught in anything you can't get out of." Laughing uproariously, he disappeared from view.

"For Christ's sake," said Benny. The harder he tried to pull free, the more firmly his fingers were held.

Suzette tsk-tsked and held the cylinder to its original circumference so he could get out. "I hope you don't let Daddy get under your skin with his practical jokes. You should have seen some of the things he pulled on the boys I saw while you were away."

Oh, great, thought Benny. So that was what she had been up to in his absence. Well, she could do what she wanted. It wasn't like he owned her. Only, why did she always have to remind him of that fact? Between Suzette and her father, he hardly knew why he bothered to come here. Although, actually, he did know. He stole a glance at the sofa and a small thrill, like the shiver of a young trout, occurred in the river of his groin.

"No, I don't let your father get under my skin with his practical jokes. What gets under my skin is . . ." He had been about to say "that he's hot for your body." But that would be dumb. Suzette would merely think him crude. She was very easily offended, having, for instance, immediately hated his fraternity merely because one or another of the brothers would stick an occasional cock in a girl's ear, or pee through a hole in the bar onto the leg of someone's mother. How could he approach her, then, on this extremely delicate sub-

Black Sabbath

Netherworld music with a difference from the dark princes whose four previous Warner Bros. albums have claimed a million or so souls apiece.

Leo Sayer

All England has been buzzing about Leo Sayer ever since The Who's Roger Daltrey recorded an albumful of his songs (including the hit "Giving It All Away"). It's Great Britain's best new export in the winter of 1973-74. On Warner Bros.

Dust Your Turntable



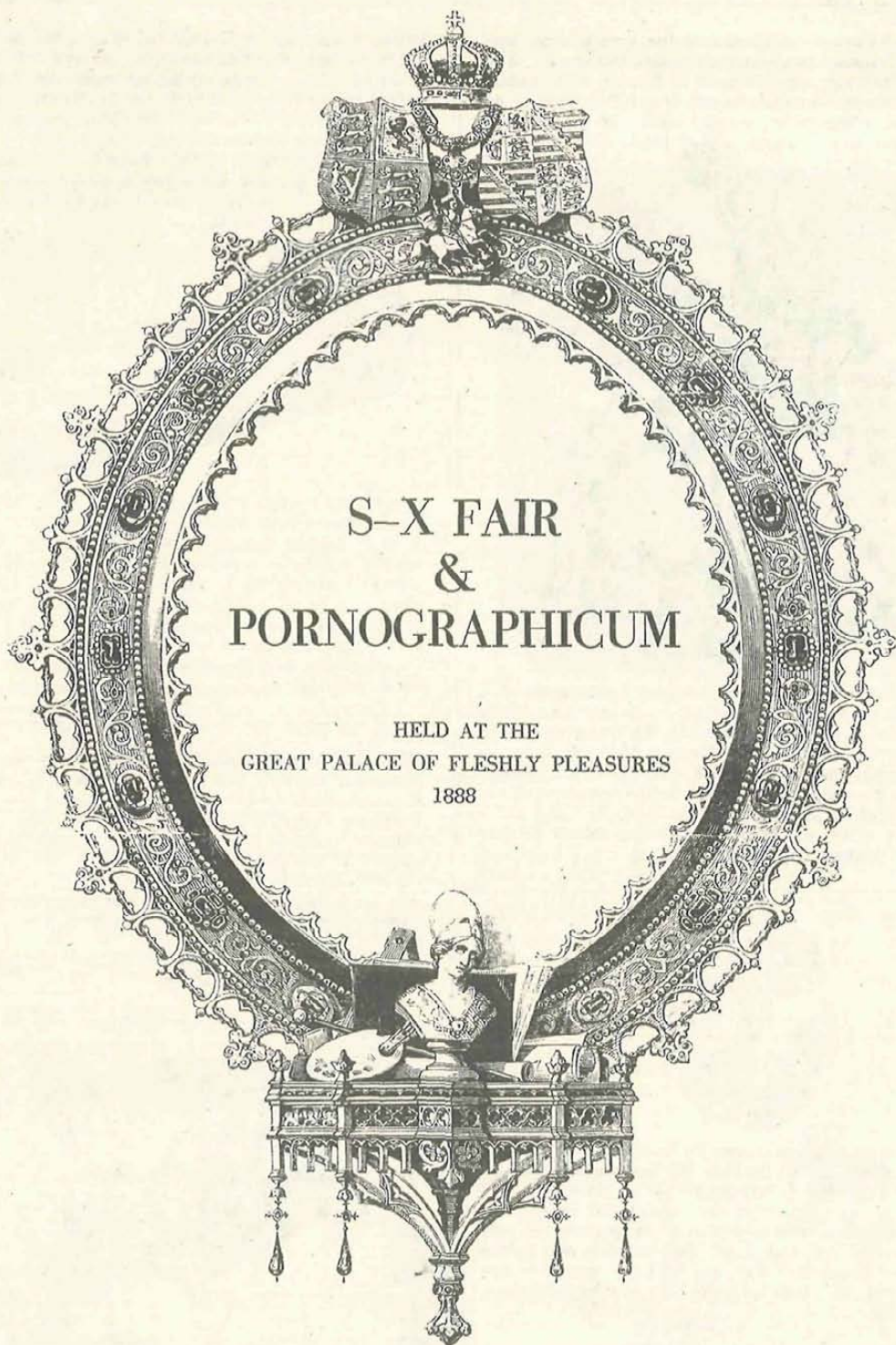
Graham Station

Larry Graham, former bass player for Sly and the Family Stone, leads a group fully prepared to advance music at least another decade. His Warner Bros. album debut reveals traces of where Graham's been, but where he's going is even more exciting.

Foghat

The British band which has outplayed the competition in a series of relentless U.S. tours has surged all of its energies into a most potent third album on Bearsville Records.

And Warm Your Ears



written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

Ours is the Age of Enlightenment as to S-x; everywhere is f—g practiced, and a most cordial interest awaits he who will talk of it or show a new thing. So energetic is the press, indeed, toward Invention, that great Fairs & Exhibitions must soon be an Industry unto themselves, the one rivaling the other in displaying wares of the highest Ingenuity. We beg to submit, that this S-x Fair & Pornographicum of 1888 will mark a claim to being the most Prodigious & Comely of any held, and will be interested to hear of any judged better or more complete, or blessed by the Favors of a more illustrious Patron, who, as a man of affairs in a position of high Public trust as well as a Loving Father and Husband and a generous supporter of the Church, must remain anonymous. But all who know of S-x and f—g, and worship them, are in his debt.

—The Chairman (Anon.)

ALL THE NEWS OF THE S-X FAIR & PORNOGRAPHICUM 1888

CAPTAIN SWEENEY, of Cincinnati, has here brought forward an elegant specimen of manufacturing art. The LADIES ELECTRIC SELF-EXCITER is formed in cast iron mainly, with the seat upholstered in a rich brocade. The device, according to its maker, allows of the greatest weight and freest motion on all sides. The means of



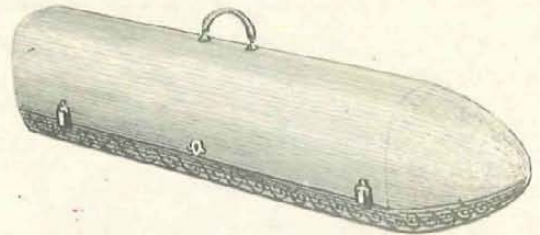
gratification is a handsomely modeled love-engine, of a girth to sate the veriest Jezebel. The refinement and modesty of our Ladies is recognized by the chaste conceit of this Piece in its every detail. Captain Sweeney's mechanical ingenuity has ensured that the Exciter's electrical energy is generated solely by the bodily movement of the "rider" while engaged in her arduous—and ardent!—labors, in other words, the Lady's feet cannot become entangled amongst stray wirings, &c.



Lodge, for many years famous for its manufactory of hats and caps, shows well at the Fair. We engrave here a MASK SINISTER, made by N. BUNCOMAN of that place; it is certainly as fine a specimen of the Inquisitorial Style as we remember to have seen so applied. Some persons can gain the Explosion That Defies All Understanding only by the constant atmosphere of Evil, and for those devoted to this naughty end, this Mask is sure to become a trusted fixture.

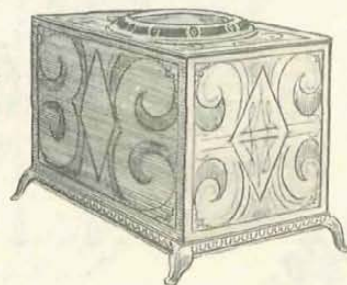
Mrs. BIBBY, of Louisiana, the extensive purveyor of Aphrodisiac lotions and salves, exhibits a new herbal admixture, AN HAREM EVE. To the palate, it evokes the taste of cloves and curds. Users attest that Mrs. Bibby's blissful concoction creates a lust that only vigorous f—g will slake, and that its effects linger unconscionably long, but sweetly. The jar is nicely modeled and abounds in dainty details, in the style known as the German-Gothic.

It was reasonably to be expected that Spain, so rich in knitting talent, would furnish some examples of her skill in the manufacture of dainty laces. Gracing the Fair were several works in exquisite tulle by M. SANTON, of Barcelona, in which the function of the nightgown is winningly betrayed by the orifices allowed in the material at many unexpected portions, so that the wearer, in the mind's eye a voluptuous Woman, seems naked whilst covered. The effect cannot but be frenzy even in the most polite Gentleman.



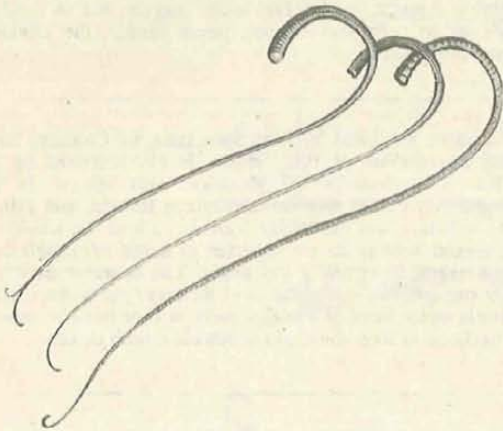
A principal ornament of the Fair is the FILIGREED DILDO TRAVELING POUCH, by MESSRS. FUDGONG, of Cheapside. It is of leather, heavily worked and steamed, and will handily convey as many as six man-made exemplars of Cupid's Battering Ram, in a form so innocent of lewd demeanor as to be easily taken for a case full of *clarinets*, or *chess-men*. Thus, will any Daughter of Sappho, bent on a thrilling Rendezvous, or traveling unescorted through foreign places, be protected from detection as she conducts her errand of Eros.

We most assuredly would have omitted one of the greatest features of the Fair, had we neglected to introduce to our Catalogue the GUTTA PERCHA PEGGO HELMET. The work of Professor FLINK, of Basel, it is modeled on the Prussian military headpiece and recreates in miniature its familiar spike. All is flexible rubber. The Helmet fits easily over the Fifth Limb of Love in its erectile state, so as to contain Joy's Sudden Spittle, yet at the same dear moment, *transporting* the hostess of this beloved Guest by the delicate *ticklings* of the tiny "spike." It is not to be in any way confused with the Silesian Tickler, of similar but markedly inferior manufactory.



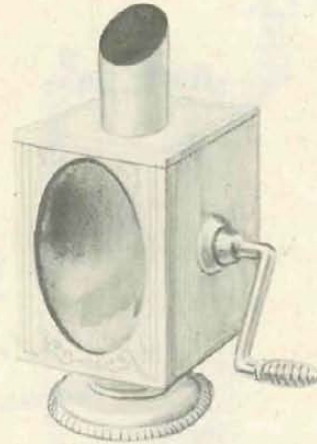
The HELMET BASIN, of ormolu, belongs to those delicate and beautiful works which must be seen to be fully appreciated. It will hold sixty Helmets of the type described above, in their spent state following detonation of Love's Liquid Artillery, until such time as they can be permanently disposed of by the help. Any mere *bed*, when the Helmet Basin stands near, becomes a Love Bower; and when full, becomes a veritable Memory Vase of Precious Instants.

M. PLOPARD, of Paris, has furnished a pyramid of FILTHY POSTCARDS each in its own morocco sleevelet and meant to be savored and not mailed. These postcards bear a closer kinship to fine water colorings from Flanders than to the common issue of filthy card; and they are under glass. Of special merit is the item, "Her Sailor-Boy And His Shetland Pony," a sepia wonder.



The town of Budapest maintains the reputation it has long enjoyed for the manufacture of finely turned WHIPS. The selection displayed here includes the Balkan Love Stroker, the Inspector General's No. 3 Corrector, and the French School Master, the latter being cleverly woven of leather intertwined with a stout cord. All are of the highest order of merit, and are certain to tickle the most recalcitrant bum.

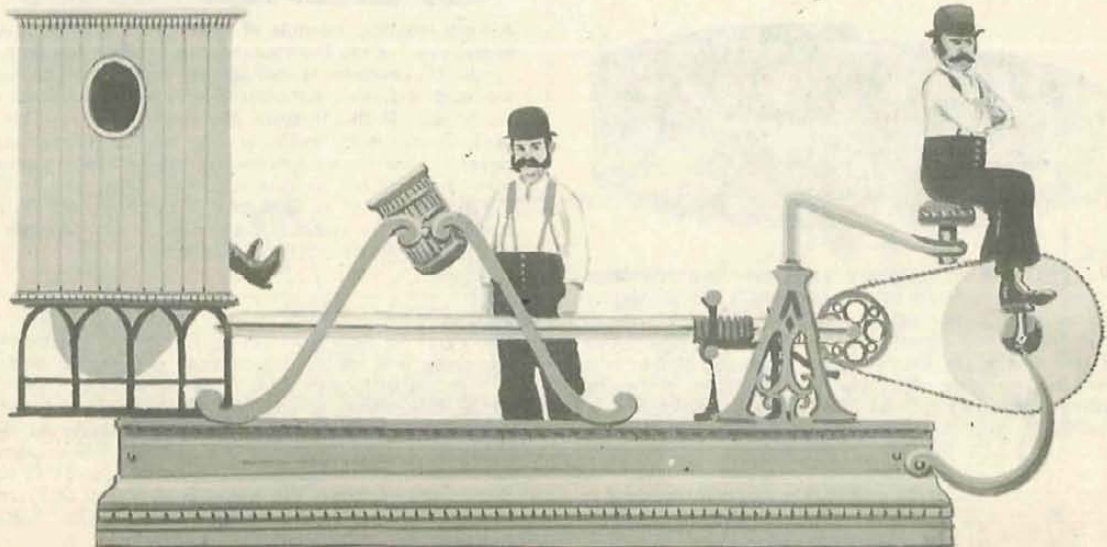
Among the American manufacturers, few have exhibited more ability and ingenuity in designs for toy entertainments than the works of Mr. FLETCHUM, of Philadelphia. From there is brought forth the FRENCHMAN & CAMEL



MOVING LANTERN SHOW engraved here. The crank, when the lantern is lit up, can be turned to reveal the most confounding encounter between a Zouave and a Dromedary and the Houri seeming to dance in the sands nearby. One single cycle of the crank forward makes the Zouave f—k the Houri, whilst she, in her turn, s—s the Dromedary; while reversing the mechanism displays the Dromedary f—g the Houri, and the Houri s—g the Zouave! Such artifices demand the purest taste, so as not to become mere vulgar S-x displays; in this aim, Mr. Fletcher has more than modestly succeeded. Much fancy is revealed in the engraving work overall.

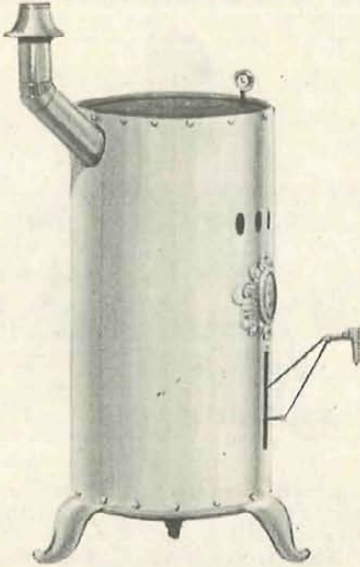
THE BULGARIAN THRUSTER is a distinct novelty at the Fair, and is bound to receive close study from that quarter of Society inclined toward S-x parties. It requires three. The Lady is required to inhabit the gazebo. One Fellow works the pedals that drive the piston, which is an India rubber reproduction of the erect Love Pole of the mythic Sacred Bull of Minos from ancient times. Another Fellow,

standing betwixt the Lady awaiting arrival of the Love Chugger and the pedaler who gives it life, will lubricate the Eden's Passion-Plunger by tipping the vase over. A cooling balm is spilled on the *Piston d'Amour*, to the Lady's great comfort. Bulgars can be found who swear by this device; and who is to say that we cannot learn from this wonderful folk, so uninhibited?



ALL THE NEWS OF THE S-X FAIR & PORNOGRAPHICUM 1888

M. POUT, of Paris, contributes his STEAM BODY RAZOR, surely one of the Fair's truly ingenious manufactures. It will neither nick nor abrade the skin of the shavee, but



accurately traces the shape of: a Heart, a Wreath of Laurels, a Griffin, a Fleur-de-Lis, or a Crown Imperial on the hair that adorns the lady's Pleasure Tunnel. The medallion in the center is intended for a portrait of de Sade; it is surrounded by devices bearing reference to the part he acted in asserting the primacy of S-x in olden days.

Messrs. LINGLE & SWINE, of Blackpool, exhibit articles of electro-plate. They are LOVE SHACKLES & MANACLES, in the Italian style. We hear them to be favored over all others by Gentlemen at their Country Week-Ends, of whom, it is known, so many are Devotees of the Flagellant Arts. Further, the Lingle & Swine artisans have devoted such attention to this important branch of the industrial and erotic arts, that the bedposts will not be scraped.



We presume to say that there is no class of manufacturers whose talents seem to have been brought out with more success than those engaged in the various branches of *Mobiliere Erotique*; and there is, perhaps, no description of manufacture in which Taste, Ingenuity, and artistic Skill may be more effectively exercised, than in the discipline of Erotic Furniture. The SOIXANTE-NEUF COUCH introduced here is manufactured by Messrs. PIFF et SLEZINA of Lille; it is low to the floor and thereby easily mounted by both parties, it is commodious enough for almost three, and it is stuffed with Eiderdown under a covering sure to maintain a neat appearance, however often are passion's wars fought upon its plains.

Mrs. BODOLPH, of Brooklyn, for many years well known as an extensive manufacturer of lace excitements for the boudoir, contributes a BREECHED LADY'S PANTALOOON, in imitation of Brussels point, ornamented with flowers and salacious phrases in needlework. The fabric is cleft so as to coincide with that place in the Lady's lower torso that shelters the mossy Cave of Mystery, thus, enabling her to tempt her fortunate guest with glimpses of the glorious Huzzah-Hole before the vapors of Passion sweep both away to Arcady. It is a peek-a-boo merely, but so nicely made as to certainly enhance, never hinder, the Divine Ploughing Match.

A MIRROR, exhibited by Mr. SMICKLEY, of Chicago, like most productions of this artisan, is characterized by a judicious combination of elegance with utility. It is mounted on rubber wheels, in carriage fashion, and fitted with a long chain, for ready transport about the boudoir. Of special note is its extra virtue of being adjustable by hand levers, to virtually any angle. The operator may be fully engaged in the acrobatics of Ecstasy; yet he may still enjoy a multiplicity of visual aspects, will he but remember beforehand to loop the chain about his thumb or toe.



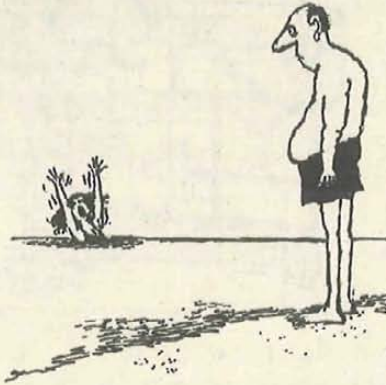
A very beautiful example of light metals carving is exhibited in a POCKET PORNOGRAPHICON by Herr SCHOCKT, of Berlin. Its character is well adapted to the popular vogue for handy reference materials able to be carried about on the person; in this instance, one dozen poses sordides in hand tinted pieces, including four almost entirely nude Egyptian water-nymphs gamboling against a most pleasing frieze and entitled, "O Where Has the Soap Gone?" The Pornographicon is as light as it is decorous, and its resemblance to the common Cigar Case is close enough to allay the suspicions of a Chief Magistrate.

The PRIDE OF THE TURKS Body Corset is of high-grade whalebone and leather, all trimmed in brass stud-work, of a design that owes much to the uniform of Egyptian Cadets. The wearer will make a stirring sight to the fortunate orbs of the beholder, the costume being so contrived as to leave bare the twin Diana's Globes above, and the Wonder-Pouch below. The belly button is also relieved of a covering. The maker is M. TROLL, of Vienna, who is said to enjoy the custom of many Balkan nobles, and more than one Sultan. □

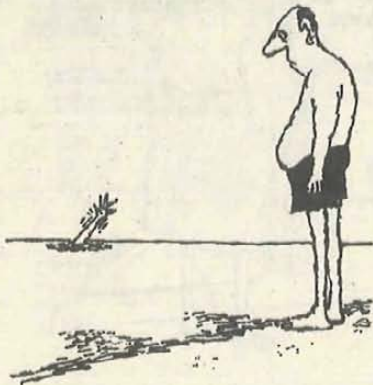
SEXENTRICS

BY Rodriguez

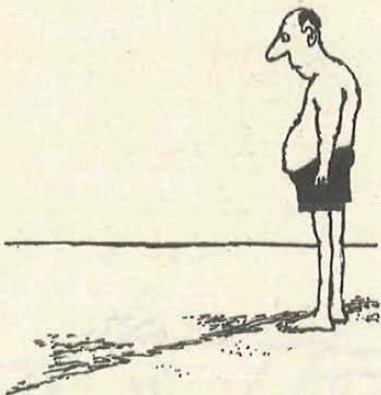
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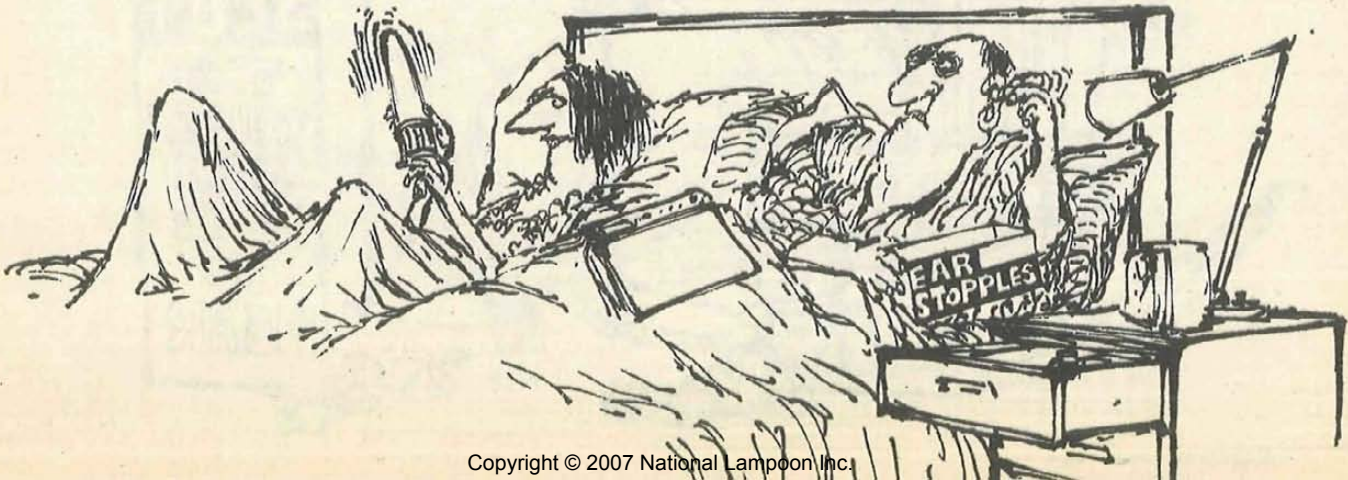
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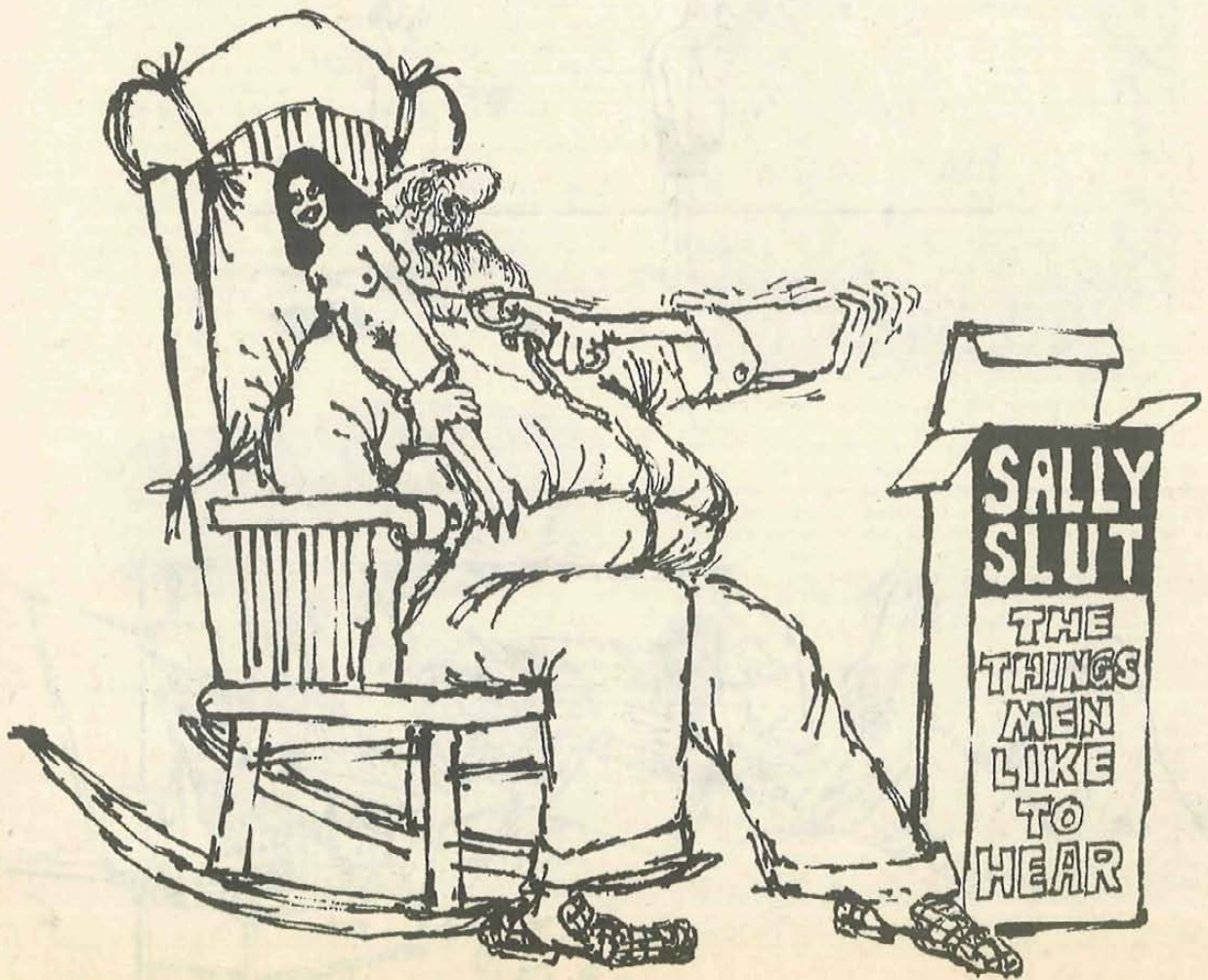
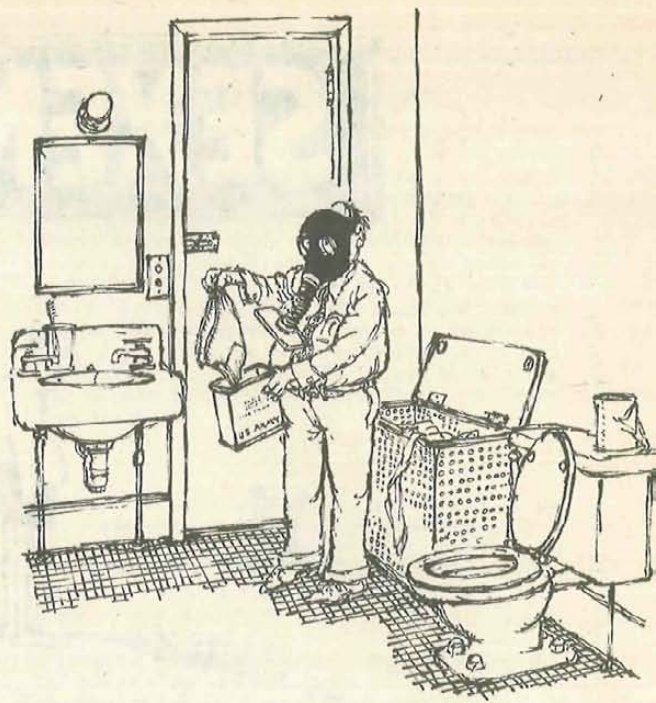
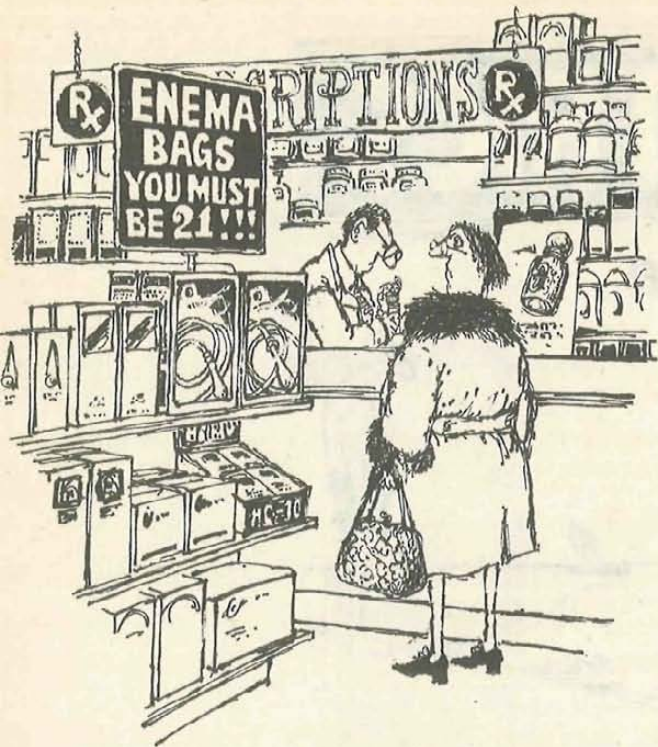


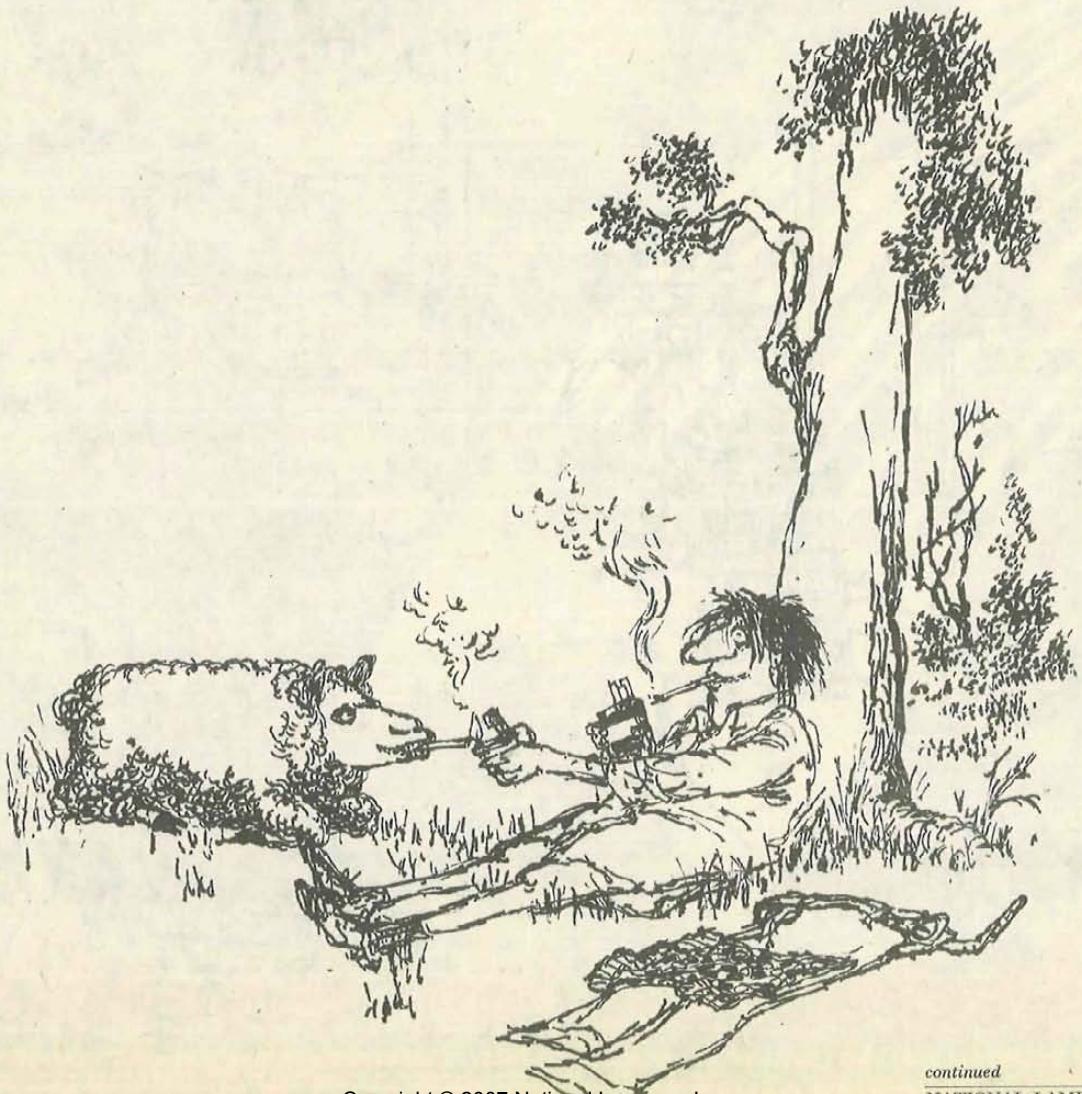
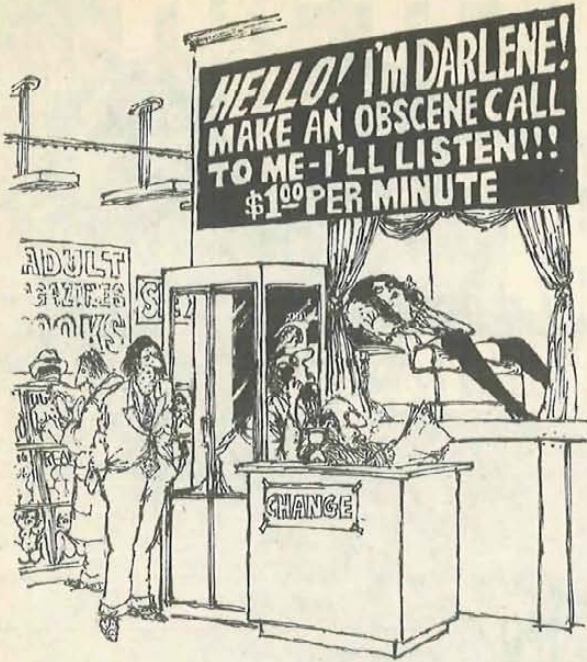
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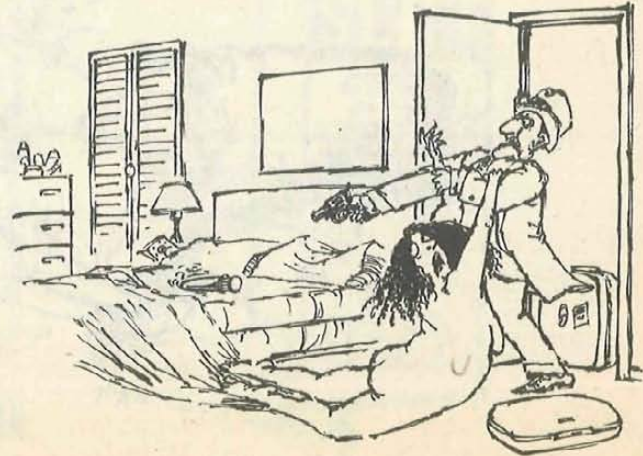
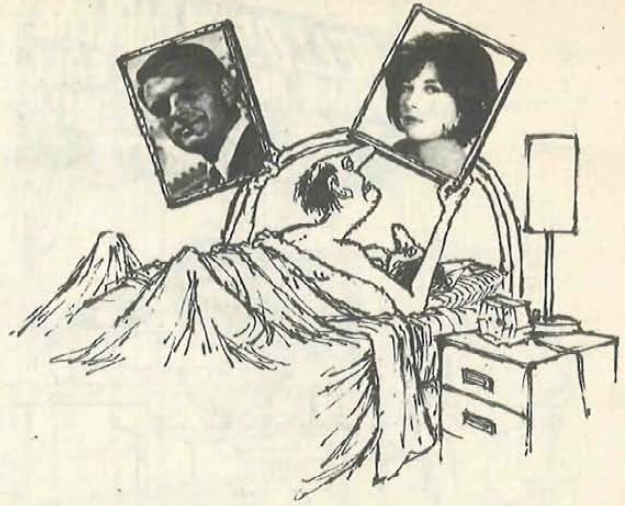
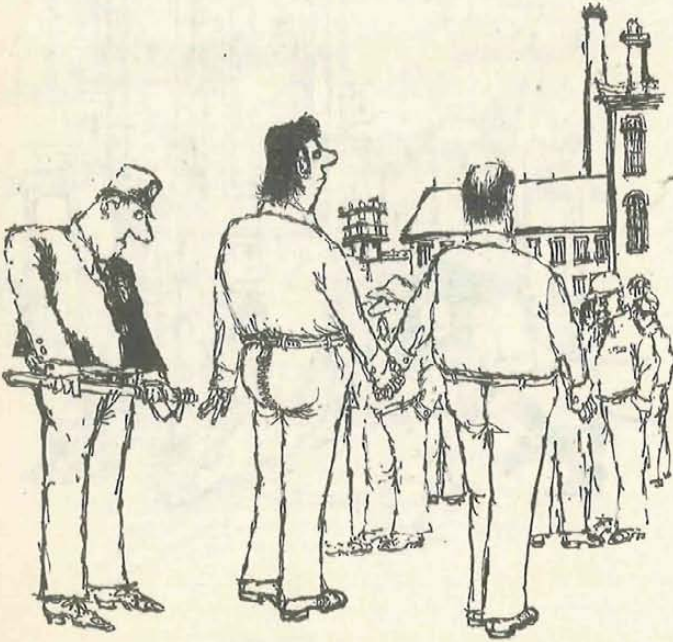


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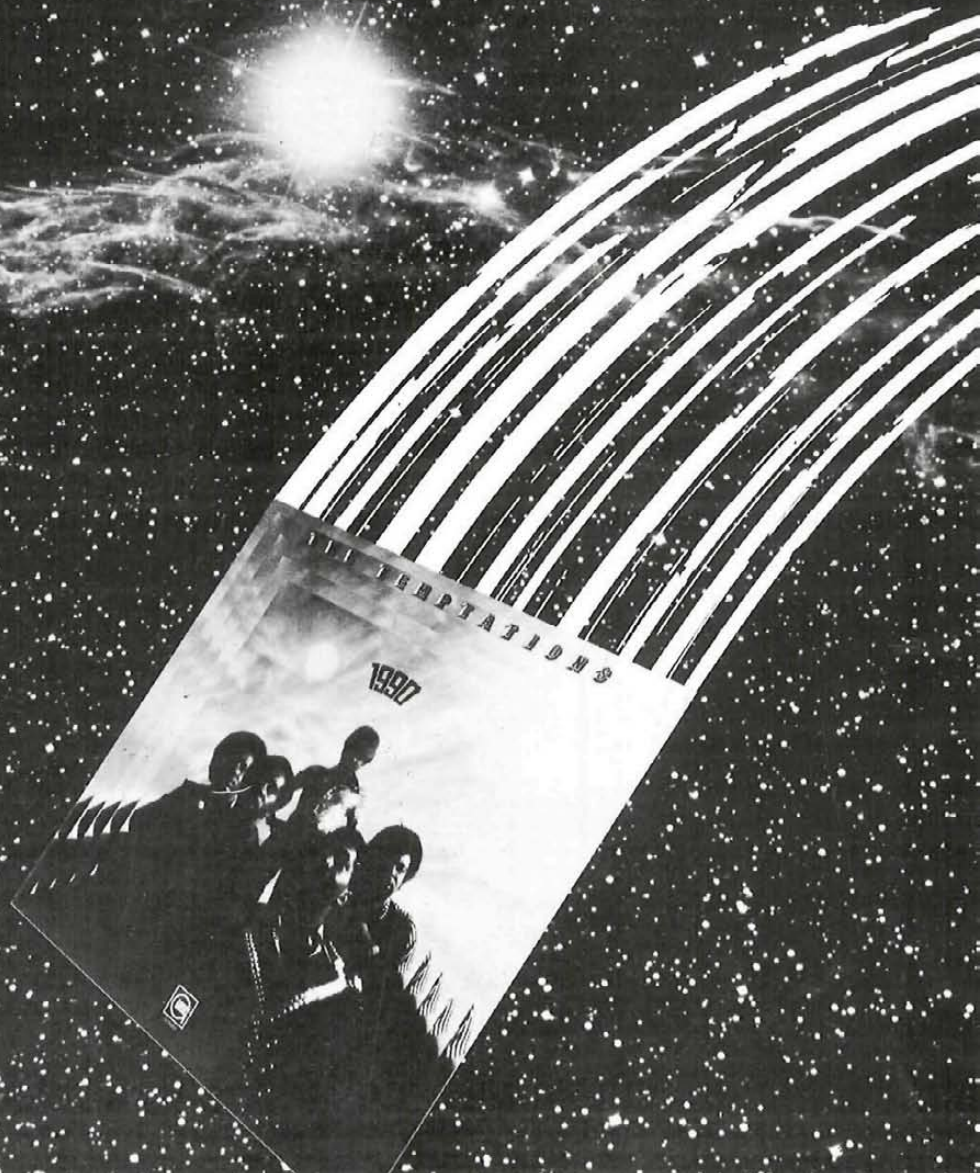






THE TEMPTATIONS "1990"

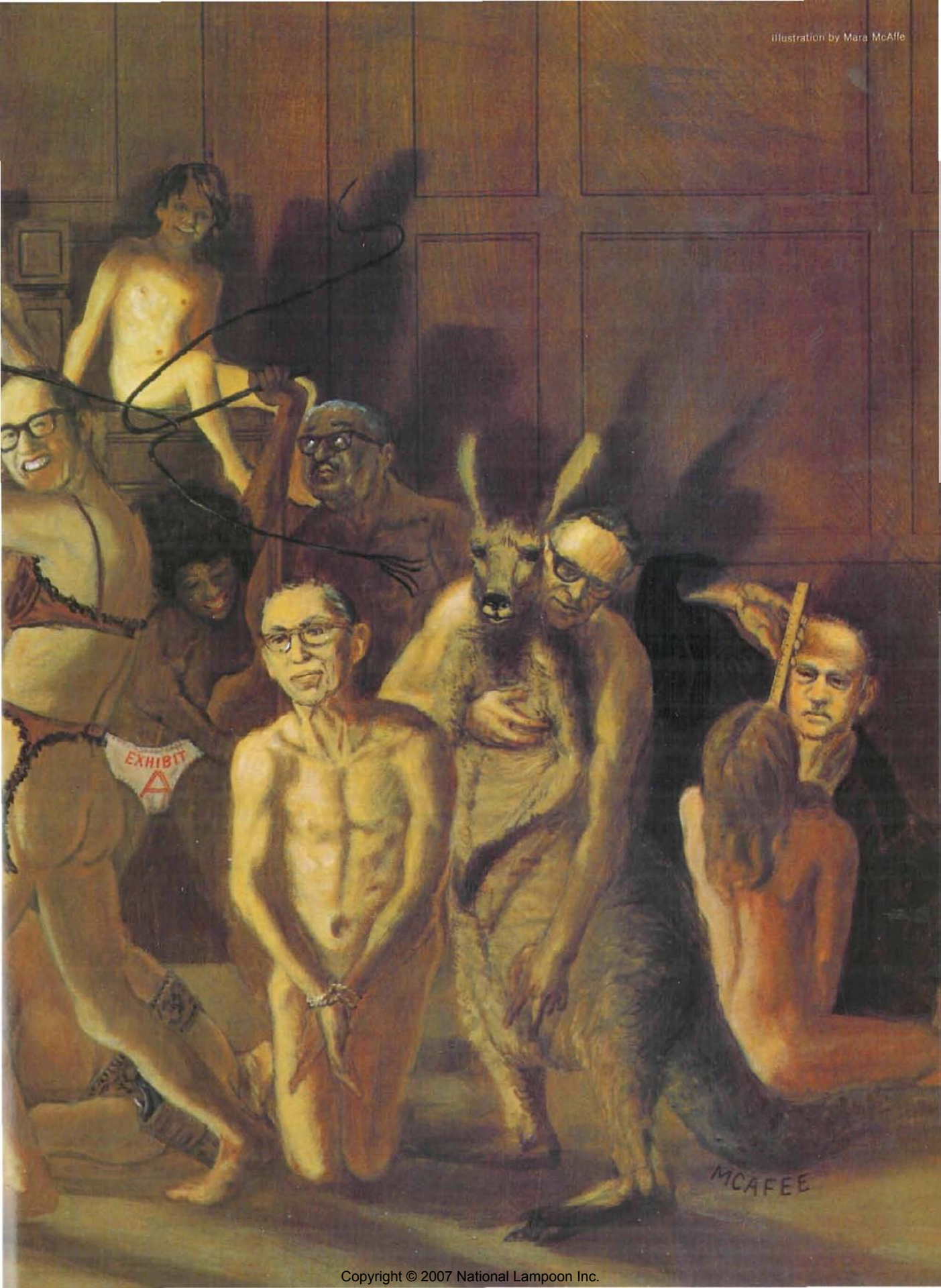
THE ALBUM OF THE FUTURE.




Amicae Curiae

The Supreme Court
reviews the evidence in its historic ruling.
conceived by Wayne Kline







SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF

Whiffers and Cooties and Lungers on Strings

These Are a Few of My Favorite Things

by Doug Kenney

Chapter 1

"You can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose."—Benjamin Franklin

What is wrong with this picture? You are waiting in a Greyhound terminal and observe an aged gentleman, bracketed by worn shopping bags, reading a *National Enquirer* and quietly mining for nose gold. You know, picking a winner. Striking pay-dirt, he disappears with the swag behind his paper and reemerges a moment later, pages rustling guiltily and his snakey little eyes darting every which way.

Careful now, don't be fooled. Despite the front page pix of two-headed starlets and freeze-dried toddlers, the real headline reads OLD GEEK IN BUS STATION EATS OWN BOOGERS AND LIVES!

Shocking, you say? You mean some people actually . . . ? The words stick in the throat. Well, so would that yummy rope of butterscotch if he didn't rewind occasionally, so have some compassion. (Bronchitis, America's number one appetite crippler!)

Just stop at any traffic light, watch the guy alongside, and you may be surprised, certainly nauseated, by the rampant ambergris poaching on our nation's highways.

Yes, mucus recycling—once thought to be the exclusive province of tots and dotards—is enjoying new interest among sensual adventurers. Bored with hand-held oscillators, rubber torsos, and clever chimps, today's jaded thrill-seekers often feel that they have "lost touch" with themselves and yearn to return to their roots. Tiring of that, it is a small step to sexual reversions such as loogie-hoarding.

Symptoms appear early, often as a marked fondness for rolling up and saving those little balls of rubber cement. But with practice, this child-

hood pastime may blossom into such elaborate reversions as the Incredible Sticking Booger. Simply, the nose nugget is rolled around on the fingers until the proper consistency is obtained. Then, it is passed from finger to finger, from hand to hand, and from hand to . . . other areas. Distinctly personal styles soon evolve, ranging from a rigid formalism reminiscent of Japanese tea ceremonies to inspired improvisations recalling the ball-handling of Meadowlark Johnson.¹ Calorie counting? Then play *bombe plastique*. Stick it anywhere! Under a theater seat, on a taxi door handle, between a firm handshake (don't be timid—he just planted one on your coffee spoon).

Disgusted? So were the reactionary bluenoses who banned Joyce's *Ulysses* and hounded Thomas Edison into an early grave. Be a bold explorer, and rediscover the pleasure garden growing right under (or, as with our elderly friend, above in) your nose. Any quiet grotto or untraveled nook can be a gold mine of exotic delight. Take your search inward toward those marshy undergrowths where a treasure-trove of yeasty and intriguing foreign matter awaits. Mine workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your lunch.

Chapter 2

"In the permissive atmosphere of the '60s, the news media were avid chroniclers (and some believe, instigators) of the much heralded 'sexual revolution.' Any Tom, Dick, or Abbie with a mouthful of obscenities and a headful of LSD was practically guaranteed a nightly audience of twenty million viewers on evening network news.

Many Americans now hold Mario

1. The Guinness Book of World Records gives the nod for jam-juggling over time to Scotty Peterson, eleven, of Orlando, Florida. Peterson kept it in play for 117 hours, 37 minutes, excluding naptime.

Savio's Berkeley-based 'Free Speech' movement as primarily responsible for later public acceptance of such porno flicks as Deep Throat and Behind the Green Door. 'These campus messiahs of the "Free Smut" philosophy,' Billy Graham recently stated on Barbara Walters' 'Not For Women Only' television program, 'have led millions of impressionable young people into a moral cesspool. Sometimes it gets me so angry I have to stalk the park and suck off a Seeing Eye dog just to shake the jitters.'—Time Essay, "Where Have All the Flower Children Gone?" Oct. 38, 1973.

I can't exactly explain why I wrote that. This article is supposedly only about Fun with Mung, but until I run through this Jamaican I received in quantities under one ounce from my good buddy Jon Jones, it may tend to . . . wander a little.

Also, the tube just reported that they ruled *Behind the Green Door* obscene. Jesus, I saw it and they weren't kidding, it really is. Don't get me wrong, though. I personally would eat out Marilyn Chambers after eight laps around the track on a muggy day. Nine maybe. And as obscenely as possible—rrrrrrraaaaawwwrrrr you eat so good oh baby oh God you eat so good gimme eat God please gimme gimme.

Oops. Tony Hendra said this was supposed to be under two thousand words . . . probably afraid that if I had enough space I'd blow the whistle on the Atomic Mole People. Yes . . . strange visitors from another zip code and who, disguised as perfectly harmless fire hydrants are secretly plotting to turn us into human Roto-rooters and slaves and living toilets and

The headaches again. Please . . . no more, please . . . yes, I'll stop I said I'll stop

There. Better now. Physical pain . . . how well they know our individual weaknesses.

continued

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continued

Leaving the nose for a moment (just pausing long enough to remind listeners that nose polish does wonders for doll furniture), let's drop in on the wide world of coprophilia. Coprophilia, as you already may know, is not what Adam Troy (Gardner McKay) used to haul on "Adventures in Paradise," but the infantile infatuation with one's own uh-uh's. If discovered in time, the doo-doo dabbler may be diverted to modeling clay and an interest in the plastic arts. In fact, the noted sculptor Brancusi privately referred to his most famous work as *Turd in Space* and often remarked on the striking similarity between Michelangelo's *Pietà* and a big pile of dingleberries.²

Closely allied to feces-fiddling is another interesting bowl game known as . . .

Chapter 3

Operation Turdwatch, Or, Return of the Black Banana

There are some of you sitting at home right now who will deny ever having actually even looked at it. Even once. But who can resist the impulse, when flushing, to follow that long hypnotic spiral down to the Other Place? Frankly, does a more suspenseful moment exist in daily life than wondering if it will . . . aarrgggh

2. See also, *The Phlegmish Painters: One Wop's Opinion*, C. Brancusi. (New York: Random House, 1965); idem, *The Clinker in Art*, (New York: Random House, 1967).

. . . come bobbing back at you?

This is no laughing matter. In Victorian times, more than one society hostess found herself cruelly brown-listed for the presence of a single anonymous "floater" in her footbath. To overcome such unreasoning squeamishness in yourself, get to know your plumbing on non-verbal levels with such Esalen-developed techniques as "commode-hugging," and invite that little nerd in the miniature sailboat out for a breath of fresh air. Lastly, remember that even the fabulous Kohinoor Diamond was once a homely lump of coal, and the way things are going lately, yesterday's breakfast might well be the President of tomorrow.

Actually, while we're in the neighborhood, let's touch for a moment³ on your rosebud, its care and cleaning. Scorchmarks, flashburns, skidmarks, brown outs, . . . whatever you called them, carelessly hidden underwear could once make you the laughing-stock of the dorm, but no more! There is no social stigma connected with this familiar household disaster. Just make sure you don't get fresh ones out of my drawer. I will kill you. I mean it.

Chapter 4

"If you pick it, it'll never heal."—Earl Scruggs

Looking for something slightly

3. And only for a moment, sickie.



CALDWELL

"Everybody back! This man's swallowed his nose! Don't panic, I'm a sheet metal worker! Someone bring me a pail of water and a catcher's mitt!"

kinkier? Try scabfarming. You know, worrying that big scrumptious four-by-four-inch playground knee injury. Never letting it alone.

Scabfarmers roughly divide themselves into two schools. The first allows his boo-boo to ripen slowly until it can be picked at peak maturity. "Winter wheat" enthusiasts, however, prefer to harvest the same patch repeatedly, knowing that the festering green corruption below is capable of multiple (though admittedly decreasing) yields. The first technique requires great patience and, should reaping be delayed too long, may lose the entire crop through sudden and massive flaking. Picking too soon, however, is equally chancy and may ruin the knees of your new khakis.

Those who have mastered the "winter wheat" method may wish to graduate to tick bites. Natural, long lasting anticoagulants on the little fellow's fangs can keep your wound putrefying month after month and, if properly tended and cultivated, a single bite can produce enough sloughings to fill a pint basket!

Had enough yet? No? I'm so numb by now I can just keep on typing, but don't blame me if you just pick at your supper tonight.⁴

Peeling is a related practice. Everyone, of course, has experienced the wordless bliss of despoiling the lifeless hulks of summer blisters, but how many of us have acquired the skill to *not go too far*? It takes a sharp eye and a steady hand, and it's not for amateurs.

Perhaps the commonest form of erotic self-mutilation is finger-eating. Not mere nail-biting, but honest-to-God finger-eating. (A correctly eaten finger should, after extended immersion in the bath, closely resemble a flayed stalk of albino broccoli.) An alternative form of such self-abuse is palate-stripping. This rather baroque reversion requires only your mouth and a ball of hard candy. As any child knows, a ball of hard candy, when sucked with enough masochistic intensity, quickly deteriorates into a mass of jagged, razor-sharp edges which score and gouge out little runnels of flesh from the roof of your mouth. For an added treat, once the candy is gone, you can vie with playmates for the longest skin streamer!

Chapter 5

A dog never smells his own.—
Hopi proverb

"Qui est-ce qu'a coupé le fromage?"—
François Villon

"Softie, but deadly."—Lao-tzu

If you like to smell your farts, smile. That settled, you can come out of the water closet and dive right into

some elegant spin-offs of this entertaining blast from the past. While repressed peers still stifle them against the upholstery, blush profusely, or try to frame somebody else, accomplished Whiffers exist in a rarefied atmosphere where, as Father Flannegan often chuckled, there is no such thing as an ill wind.

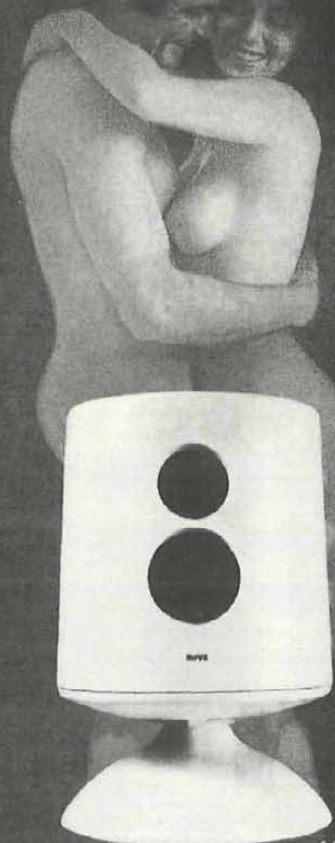
While flatulence between consenting adults is still illegal in many states, literally millions of young moderns are finding self-realization in such simple games as the "Dutch Oven," i.e., pooting in bed and *sticking your little brother's head under the covers*. The modified "Dutch Oven," commonly known as the "Bessemer Furnace" or the "Wolf-Spider's Revenge," involves stepping on a frog in the hall closet, then pouncing on a member of the family and locking them inside until all sounds of struggling have ceased. Sound like fun? Try it and see! (You'll be glad you did.)

Whiffers, however, are by no means restricted to their own olfactory whistles. Women, for example, have told me in confidence that they often sample their used paper ponies, and who is to say that these fine Americans, many of them successful professionals in their chosen fields, are to be branded as "sick" or "twisted"? Besides me, I mean.

Whiffers, the legendary descendants of the first seat sniffer and the first bubble snapper, are found in all walks of life. Many respected businessmen and high government officials, under the guise of "seeing what time it is," *deliberately smell under their watches*. Golda Meir, in her autobiography, remembers that as a small pig in Milwaukee she used to lick her kneecap to *perfectly reproduce the odor of sour milk*. Billy Kidd, the famous skier, is often photographed smelling the inside of his turtleneck, and for centuries Eskimos have occasionally put their hooded parkas on backwards "by accident" to *smell the backs of their own heads!*

Sometimes, sexual reverts find themselves straddling the line between two forms of reversion. Peefreaks' "checking the oil" have much in common with Whiffers in that, after having achieved micturition, Peefreaks *smell* their trigger fingers to see whether they *really* need washing. Peefreaks may be easily recognized as the ones who liked to perform "visiting fireman" or "fighter plane" from a standing position. (You are the fighter plane. Mission: destroy that flotilla of Daddy's cigarette butts! *Buddabuddabuddabudda!*)⁵

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4. Or get blown by a piranha.

5. Tinkle Tip: If your urinal is big enough to

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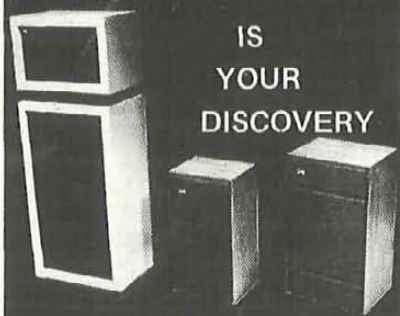
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continued

Chapter 6

"My wife has a little asshole. Me."

—Napoleon Bonaparte

Napoleon didn't really say that. I lied. My buddy Peter Ivers says it all the time, but he lives in L.A. and probably won't know I ripped it off so fuck him. He also does things like throw his arm around a parking timer and say, "Hey, I got a new girl friend. Wanna meter?" or "Hey, didja hear about the big party? It's in your mouth—everybody's coming!"

Jesus, he's funny. I really wish you could meet him. Then I could stop pounding this cocksucker and go check out that recipe for fish oil surprise in the new *Oui*. . .

By the way, I saw *Last Tango in Paris* finally, and I, for one, thought that the languorous pacing combined with the semi-improvisational characterizations and tactical naturalism really bit the bag. Didn't like her tits, either. (I find big tits oddly threatening, don't you?) The butter-bugger was okay, though.⁶

Chapter 7

"A people's song in a nation's heart. A nation's heart in a child's eyes. A person's foot in his little brother's sneaker by accident. Ouch."—Dag Hammarskjöld

"I am as the sound of one clam humping."—T. S. Eliot

"Officer! I think someone just sucked off my *Seeing Eye dog!*"—Al Hibbler

One last thing. Snowstorms. You will need: a dark colored or black piece of construction paper, a light colored crayon, and a near-fatal head of dandruff. What you do is, while you're waiting for Miss Walker to pass out the paste, draw a little woodland scene on your paper with your crayon, with a log cabin and a chimney on top. Then, lean your head over the paper and give yourself a double Indian-burn. Real hard. As your scalp flakes off, a beautiful winter scene will appear as if by magic. When your little scene is completely snowbound, and if it's a first period class, beginning around, say, 6:45 A.M. or so, you may wish to add a festive miniature snowman made from three graduated balls of eyegorp.

Another interesting finding from the Federal Drug Report was that long-term use of marijuana "greatly erodes an individual's drive, general attentiveness, sense of responsibility, and pride in appearance. He lacks get-up-and-go, and has difficulty in completing his work, turning in assignments half- (continued on page 139)

share with a pal, why not try an impromptu "swordfight"? Just remember, not to touché the Snoopy poster, the *Jokes for the John* book, or, unless you're really ready for it, each other.

6. Word has just come from the tube that NASA thinks Jupiter may actually be a giant, severed testicle. Any of you honchos lose something?

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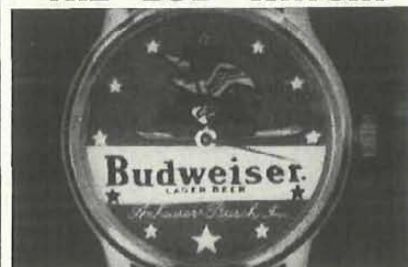
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SATURDAY NITE ON ANTARIUS!

(THE PLANET WITH 12 DIFFERENT SEXES)

by E. Subitzky

IN THE BACHELOR APARTMENT OF E'XTAR, A HEALTHY YOUNG GREEN-BLOODED ALPHA...

BUT GOD, HOW I HATE THIS MISERABLE OLD ROUTINE...

FIND 'EM... WINE 'EM... DINE 'EM... WHISPER ALL THOSE SWEET NOthings THAT AREN'T FOOLING ANYBODY...

I'D CHUCK IT ALL IN A SECOND IF I WASN'T SO DAMN HORNY!

LEMME SEE... THIS LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, SOLID ULTRA-VIOLET TIE AND STRIPED INFRARED SHIRT!

OH, MAN, AM I HORNY! I JUST GOTTA GET LAID TONIGHT NO MATTER WHAT!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! BEFORE I GO OUT, I'LL GIVE U'LMNI A CALL! IT'S A BETA AND IT WINKED AT ME AT THE OFFICE YESTERDAY!

HELLO? U'LMNI? THIS IS E'XTAR... THAT'S RIGHT, E'XTAR FROM THE OFFICE! I WAS WONDERING... IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU MIGHT WANT TO HAVE A DRINK OR SOMETHING...

OH, I SEE... YOU'RE BABYSITTING FOR YOUR COUSIN! WELL, THANKS ANYWAY!

DAMN! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO START WITH THE BETA BARS AFTER ALL...

FINALLY

COME OFF IT! YOU ALPHAS HAVE ONLY ONE THING ON YOUR MINDS AND I KNOW IT!

YES, THAT WAS ONE OF MY FAVORITES TOO! YOU KNOW, IT MUST BE AT LEAST 600° IN HERE! WHY DON'T WE STEP OUT FOR A BREATH OF METHANE?

I GUESS I'LL START WITH "LIGHT YEARS". IT'S AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY!

INSIDE
GOD, HOW I HATE THESE AWFUL PLACES!

FLAKE OFF, JASPER!

THEN
EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M INTERESTED IN ZENNAL LITERATURE AND...

EXCUSE ME, BUT WEREN'T YOU IN MY GORNISH CLASS IN SUB-SENIOR HIGH?

OKAY!

IT'S NOT VERY BIG FOR AN ALPHA, BUT THE PLACE IS BEGINNING TO THIN OUT...

OUTSIDE

WHY... WHY LOOK! THERE'S A SPECIAL ON DRINKS IN THAT BAR OVER THERE! WHY DON'T WE GO IN?

MUSN'T ACT TOO ANXIOUS...

BUT ISN'T THAT WHERE A LOT OF GAMMAS HANG OUT?

SO WHAT? YOU'RE OVER 607, AREN'T YOU? AND ANYWAY, WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF MOMMA'S BETA?

OKAY, OKAY!

INSIDE

WELL, I'LL BE! IF IT ISN'T V'OBIK! V'OBIK, MEET... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, KID?

NICE TO MEET YOU!

M'NOTL!

V'OBIK AND I WERE ON THE SAME STIRCHTING TEAM AT COLLEGE!

YES, WEREN'T THOSE THE DAYS!

IT'S NOT TOO BIG FOR AN ALPHA AND IT'S KIND OF SHAGGY FOR A BETA, BUT I'M HORNY ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING TONIGHT!

NOW COME HERE, YOU TWO! I WANT YOU TO MEET L'OEIA, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

L'OEIA IS A DELTA!

LISTEN... WHY DON'T WE BE HONEST FOR ONCE AND CUT OUT ALL THE NONSENSE! WE'RE ALL OF US LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ACTION TONIGHT AND ALL OF US KNOW IT! SO I SAY WE ACT LIKE ADULTS AND LAY OUR CARDS ON THE TABLE...



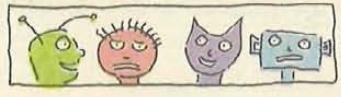
...AND GO OUT LOOKING FOR AN EPSILON, A ZETA, AN ETA, A THETA, AN IOTA, A KAPPA, A LAMBDA AND A MU!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

SUITS ME!

I'M HIP!



I DON'T KNOW... I'M NOT SURE...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M NOT SURE IT'S RIGHT BEFORE MARRIAGE!



COME ON! THIS IS THE 9,032ND CENTURY! NOBODY THINKS LIKE THAT ANYMORE!



SHHH... LET ME HANDLE THIS!

LISTEN... WHY SHOULD A PIECE OF PAPER OR SOME MUMBO-JUMBO MAKE IT ANY DIFFERENT! ONE MUST LIVE... ENJOY... LAUGH WHILE ONE CAN! FOR THE TROKKORTIANS MAY ATTACK US TOMORROW!

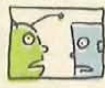


WAIT A MINUTE! IT COULDN'T BE THAT YOU'RE... YOU'RE...



... INEXPERIENCED

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW! IT'S NOT AS HARD AS IT LOOKS AND YOU HAVE TO LEARN SOMETIME!



YOU... YOU'LL TELL EVERYONE TO BE GENTLE AND YOU PROMISE NOT TO LAUGH?

WE PROMISE!



O... OKAY!

NEXT WE NEED AN EPSILON!

EPSILONS ARE RARE IN THIS CITY! I ONCE READ THAT THE RATIO OF EPSILONS TO NON-EPSILONS IS 1 TO 90!



LOOK! WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S ONE COMING NOW!

EXCUSE ME... BUT WE'RE AN ALPHA, BETA, GAMMA AND DELTA AND WE COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICING WHAT LOVELY THRANNISHES YOU HAVE!



SORRY, PAL! I READ YOU, BUT IT'S THE WRONG TIME OF DECADE FOR ME!

YOU MIGHT TRY MICROWAVING MY ROOMMATE, THOUGH!



THE FREQUENCY IS 182,604.27! IT'S NAME IS S'TRAN AND IT'S THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE, SO TELL IT YOU LIKE TO PLAY BOZ!

HI, IS THIS S'TRAN THE EPSILON? LISTEN, YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT A MUTUAL FRIEND TOLD ME YOU LIKE TO PLAY BOZ! A GROUP OF BOZ FANS AND I ARE GETTING TOGETHER AND I THOUGHT... MEET YOU AT THE CORNER OF 43 1/2 AND 9 1/5 IN 2^3? FANTABULOUS, BABY!



I STILL DON'T KNOW!

HI! I'M L'OEIA THE DELTA!

HI! I'M V'OBIK THE GAMMA!

HI! I'M M'NOTL THE BETA!

AND I'M X'TAR THE ALPHA!

I'M S'TRAN THE EPSILON! NICE TO MEET YOU!



I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT DOES LOOK KIND OF PRETTY!

NOT BAD, BUT ITS EBBIL IS KIND OF SMALL!

I'VE SEEN A LOT WORSE IN MY DAY!

IT'D BE DYNAMITE IF IT'D ONLY OYE ITS STIMMIS GREEN!

OKAY! THE NEXT IS A ZETA! THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO BAD! WITH THE SPACESHIPS IN TOWN FOR THE WEEK-END, THERE SHOULD BE LOTS OF ZETAS HANGING AROUND T SQUARE!



HERE'S ONE COMING FROM THAT DIRECTION!

HI THERE! NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT?

THEY'RE PREDICTING AMMONIA FLURRIES LATER TONIGHT!

IN FROM THE FLEET?

JUST SET DOWN!

I GUESS YOU... YOU MUST BE AWFULLY LONELY AFTER HAVING BEEN IN SPACE FOR TEN LIGHT YEARS!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

WE'RE AN ALPHA. BETA, GAMMA, DELTA AND EPSILON. AND WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR SOME ACTION!

DAMN STRAIGHT I AM! HOW CLOSE ARE WE?

PRETTY CLOSE... BUT WE STILL NEED AN ETA, THETA, IOTA, KAPPA, LAMBDA AND MU!

LOOK! THERE'S AN ETA OVER THERE AND WHAT A KNOCKOUT!

I'VE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO AN ETA THAT BEAUTIFUL!

WHAT A SET OF SPOTS!

I THINK IT OUT-CLASSES US!

LOOK! IT'S CRYING!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? MAYBE WE CAN HELP!

I... I WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK BUT IT JUST WENT P-F-F-T! WE HAD SUCH A... SUCH A SILLY ARGUMENT ABOUT WHETHER WE WERE GOING TO HAVE QUADRIC OR OCTIC BEDS, AND BEFORE YOU KNEW IT WE WERE ALL ASKING FOR OUR RINGS BACK!

WE'RE SO SORRY! BUT PERHAPS IF YOU JOINED US THIS EVENING, YOU MIGHT FORGET YOUR TROUBLES...

ALL RIGHT...

NOW WE NEED A THETA! THETAS TEND TO BE VERY SNOTTY, SO WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO BUY IT DINNER FIRST!

LOOK! THERE'S ONE!

HI THERE! WE'RE GETTING UP A LITTLE GROUP AND...

GREAT! BUT I MUST WARN YOU THAT I HAVE A SPECIAL PREFERENCE FOR SUBSTITUTING A SECOND EPSILON FOR THE USUAL LAMBDA!

IT'S ON THE REBOUND! THIS SHOULD BE EASY!

DAMN QUEER!

LATER

NO THETAS ANYWHERE! I'M DYING!

LOOK! THERE'S ONE IN THAT SCAN SHOP!

GROAN!

ER... HI... WE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT YOU WERE SCANNING S'MATO!

YES! IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITES!

US TOO! WHY, WE THINK IT'S ONE OF THE GREATEST THINKERS OF ALL TIMES!

REALLY?

ISN'T IT THE ONE WHO SAID, "NO ANTAR- IAN IS AN IS- LAND"?

WHY YES!

YOU KNOW, MY FRIENDS AND I WERE WONDERING IF YOU MIGHT CARE TO...

GREAT IDEA! I HAVEN'T EATEN IN WEEKS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BETAS USUALLY PICK UP THE CHECK?

FORGET IT! WE'LL SPLIT THE CHECK!

SHHHH... WE'RE HERE!

AND SO WE FULLY CONCUR WITH S'MATO ABOUT THE ONTOLOGICAL ULTIMATE!

I COULD NEVER HAVE A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP WITH ANYONES WHO DIDN'T!

POST... LOOK! OUR WAITRESS IS AN IOTA AND IT'S KIND OF CUTE!

HEY, DOLL, WHAT TIME DO YOU GET OFF FROM WORK?

WANNA MEET US FOR DRINKS OR SOMETHING?

SURE... AT THE KITCHEN ENTRANCE, OKAY?

WHY. 8:15 O'CLOCK!

THAT WAITRESS IS CHEAP! IT HAS NO CLASS!

IT LOOKS TOO YOUNG! WE COULD GET FORTY LIGHT YEARS!

MAYBE I SHOULD GO BEG THEM TO TAKE ME BACK...

SHHH... HERE IT COMES!

NOW ALL WE NEED IS A KAPPA, A LAMBDA AND A MU!

LOOK! THERE'S A KAPPA-LAMBDA PAIR!

I'M WORRIED IT MIGHT HAVE A DISEASE OR SOMETHING!

I WANNA GO HOME!

GOOD WORK, BUDDY!

THANKS, PAL!

WAIT! STOP! YOU CAN'T APPROACH THEM!

WHY NOT?

THEY'RE MARRIED TO TEN OF MY BEST FRIENDS! I COULD NEVER LOOK THEM IN THE EYES AGAIN!

DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAVE SOME MORAL RESPONSIBILITY TO US, TOO?

SIGH! YES!

EXCUSE US! BUT DO YOU TWO HAPPEN TO BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

OKAY! SO COOL IT!

YES!

TEE HEE, YES!

MUCH LATER

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! EVERY MU IN TOWN SEEMS TO HAVE A DATE TONIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY FOR ONE!

FANTASTIC! NOW ALL WE NEED IS A MU, THEN IT'S ON TO MY APARTMENT!

I'M DESPERATE!

WE BETTER FIND ONE IN A HURRY OR I'LL GROP IN MY VONS!

NO! I REFUSE!

WHAT WOULD MY MOTHERS SAY?

I'VE NEVER HAD TO DO THAT AND I NEVER WILL!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

I'M GAME!

SOB!

IT'S THAT OR NOTHING!

I'VE GOT 2.6 CILOPS TO CONTRIBUTE!

GOOD!

I CAN BRING IT UP TO 50.8 CILOPS!

I HAVE A DECICLOP!

I HAVE MY CILOPBOOK WITH ME!

DO THEY TAKE CILOP CARDS, HEH HEH!

THAT'S DISGUSTING!

EVEN A WAITRESS HAS SOME PRIDE!

NEVER!

I'M JUST NOT THE TYPE...

IN THE NOTORIOUS INFRARED-LIGHT DISTRICT BY THE LANDING DOCKS...

I'M POSITIVE THERE'S A MU-MOUSE RIGHT AROUND HERE!

THERE IT IS!

PASSWORD?

SHABOTAR!

BUT IT'S SO OLD!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR 97.9 CILOPS? TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

I WANNA GO HOME!

WE'LL TAKE!

FINALLY, BACK AT E'TAR'S APARTMENT...

DRINKS, ANYONE?

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE REALLY KIND OF CUTE!

OOOOH, THAT TICKLES, YOU BIG SILLY!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A ZERO GAMMA AND I REALLY DIG THE SHAPES OF YOUR ZERDS!

MMMM... WHY DOESN'T ITSY POO-POO COME A LITTLE CLOSER!

I THINK I'LL GO AND LOWER THE NEONS...

HELP ME GET THIS SWEATER OFF!

HOLD STILL WHILE I UNBUTTON YOUR SLINCHEES!

I HOPE THE GAMMA, ETA AND LAMBDA REMEMBERED THEIR ANTI-BIRTH RATS!

READY?

DAMN! I CAN'T UNDO YOUR LOP CLASP!

FALSE STILBS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE A LITTLE TOO PARABOLIC!

DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU HAVE XENON BREATH?

TRY TO RELAX MORE, WILL YOU?

DON'T BE SHY! OF COURSE YOU CAN TOUCH MY STORPS!

GEE, I'VE NEVER TOUCHED AN IOTA'S STORPS BEFORE!

AHHH... A LITTLE MORE OVER TO MY NORTH BY COS 2R!

GUMP ME, YOU FOOL!

HELP ME FORGET, OH HELP ME FORGET!

YES... THAT'S GETTING GOOD!

OOOOOH! YES! AH!

I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT!

MMPH!

AHHH!

OOO! GAA! YES!

I THINK I'M GONNA COME...

NOT YET! YOU'LL RUIN IT FOR ALL OF US!

MOVE OVER... LET ME GET IN A BETTER POSITION!

SQUARER, OH OH SQUARER PLEASE!

AMHHH! ENNGHGH! YES! YES!

AHHHH!

OOOHH!

GANNGH!

WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T DISENGAGE YET! I'VE ONLY COME NINE TIMES!

I HAVEN'T EVEN COME ONCE!

NEITHER HAVE I!

AHHHHH! GAAAAA!

OOOOH! THAT'S BETTER!

FORGET IT... I CAN SEE I'M NOT GONNA COME!

MAN, THAT WAS REALLY GREAT!

AND I REALLY DIG THIS ATERGLOW!

SOMEHOW I FEEL DIRTY...

MY OORIL HURTS!

I THINK I MIGHT BE IN LOVE...

I STILL HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN!

CIGA-RETTES?

ER... I WAS WONDERING... IF ALL OF YOU AREN'T DOING ANYTHING A WEEK FROM TONIGHT...

IT WASN'T AS GOOD AS I'D HEARD IT WOULD BE!

I STILL CAN'T CATCH MY BREATHS!

I WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF WITH THE BUSBOYS AGAIN!

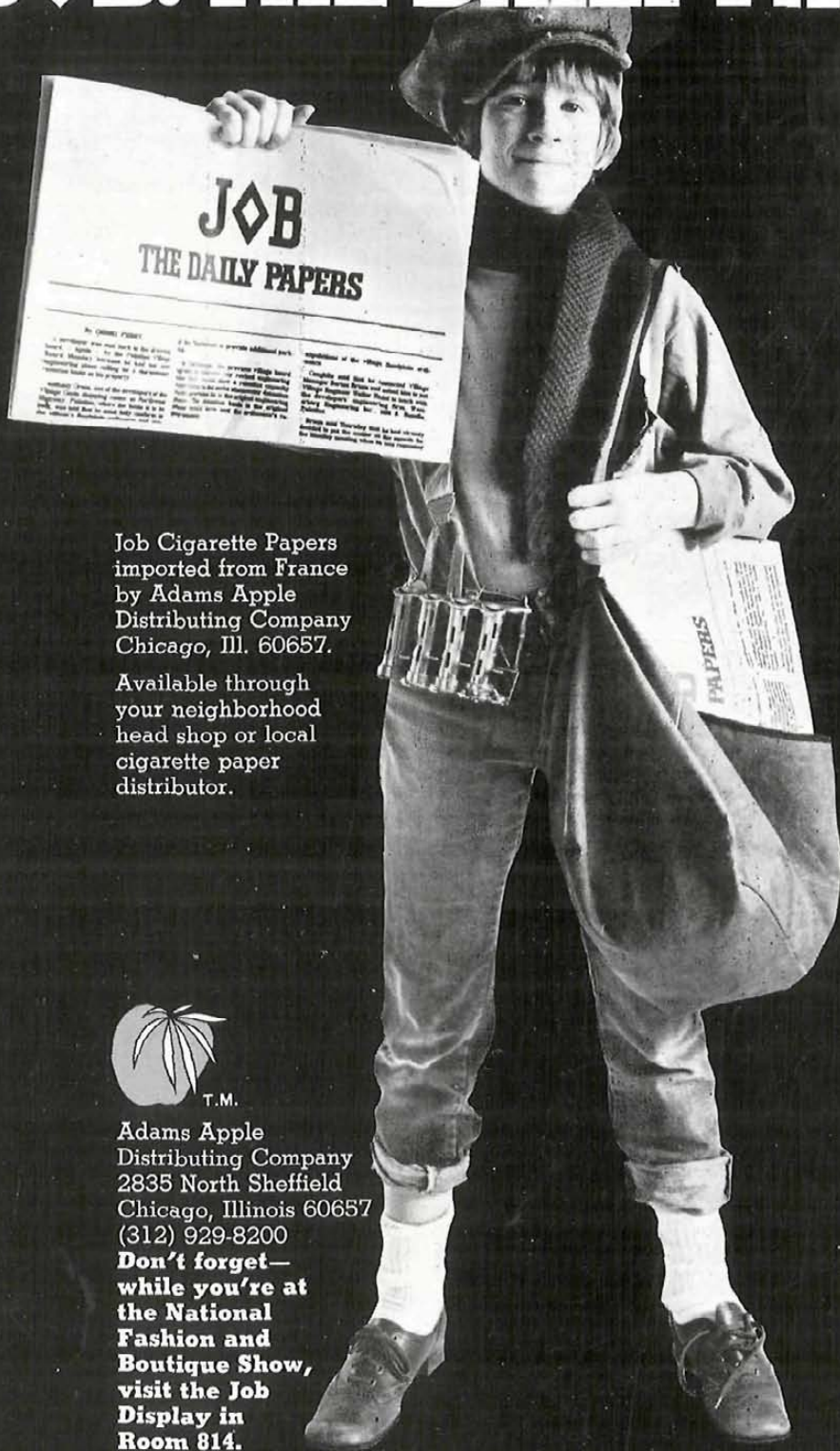
ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER CILOP!

STRANGE, BUT IT MAKES ME THINK OF DEATH...



THE END

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ject?

"Come on, silly. You look so serious." Suzette put her arms around Benny and brushed his chin with her sensational lips. She had remembered to wear Shalimar. Shalimar, to Benny, was what the voices of the Sirens had been to Ulysses. Abruptly, he remembered why he was here: not to take Suzette's games seriously; not to get involved with a crazy man; not to probe the possibly unsettling depths of a suspicious father-daughter relationship; but to probe the presumably delightful depths of Suzette—if she'd ever let him—that was why he was here. He allowed himself to be led to the sofa.

Ah, the sofa. It was huge, old-fashioned, and overstuffed, strewn with soft pillows. It had warm, wine-colored slipcovers and fat, cushiony arms. It never slid on the floor and it never creaked. It had cradled Benny and Suzette during untold hours of making out. Benny had no special thing for furniture but this sofa bore such a warm spot in his heart he almost considered it a friend.

Suzette looked wonderful. In some ways, she was much like the sofa—soft, rounded, wonderful to roll around on, with large breasts that pushed the front of her sweater into two firm orange cushions. Now *this* sofa he wouldn't mind having sit in his face. Woo woo! He threw his arms around Suzette and planted his mouth flat on her ripe, pouty lips.

Suzette responded. For a moment. Just long enough to remind Benny how good a kisser she really was. Then she broke the contact, pulled away slightly and regarded him through lowered lashes.

Oh Christ, thought Benny, here it comes.

"D'ja miss me?" asked Suzette in

her little girl voice.

Yup, thought Benny, there it was. Why did she have to put him through this crap?

"Of course I missed you. I thought about you all the time." He tried to pull her face back, to continue the kiss.

"Well, if you missed me, why didn't you write me?" Suzette's face would not be pulled. Benny knew this routine well. Suzette would delay the onset of making out as long as she could, perhaps until eleven-thirty. Then she would begin gradually to yield ascending sexual favors: first half hour, kissing and hugging; second half hour, feeling above the waist; third half hour, grudging admission to the zone beneath her skirt but outside—definitely outside—the panties. Then, just as Benny would try to slip his hand under the silk, Suzette's bedtime would arrive and Benny would be turned out into the night to walk home with his throbbing testicles and dolefully beat the meat in the loneliness of his room.

"I *did* write you," Benny lied. "You didn't get the letter? It was seven pages long, all about how much I missed you." He tried again to kiss her but she averted her lips.

"Well, I never got any letter. How am I supposed to know you're missing me if I don't get any letters from you?"

Benny suppressed a groan of frustration. He couldn't stand going through shit like this. He felt like a car in a traffic jam, allowed to proceed only in fits and starts, never to reach his goal. His only hope was to get her turned on enough that she'd become more interested in receiving his tongue than in exercising her own.

He decided to try a left-handed fake-out.

"But I was missing you all the time," he said. His left arm was around her shoulders. He began to inch the hand toward her left breast. "I missed you during classes, at the fraternity house, hangin' round the quad . . ." She was sharp tonight; he had barely reached the foothills when she brought her left hand up to counter his move. Now came the crucial phase of the maneuver—temporary resistance. "In fact, I dreamed about you. See, I was even missing you while I was *asleep*." His left hand, undaunted by hers, continued to push for the high ground. Would she take the bait? Yes! Her right hand was coming up to join forces with her left, leaving her right breast completely unguarded and waiting to be *grabbed!*

"Benny!" Both Suzette's hands flew startled to her captured fortress, and now her *left* breast was defenseless. Second front!

"Benny . . ." Her face was softening, eyes glazing over, lips going slack. "Oh, Benny . . ."

Victory!

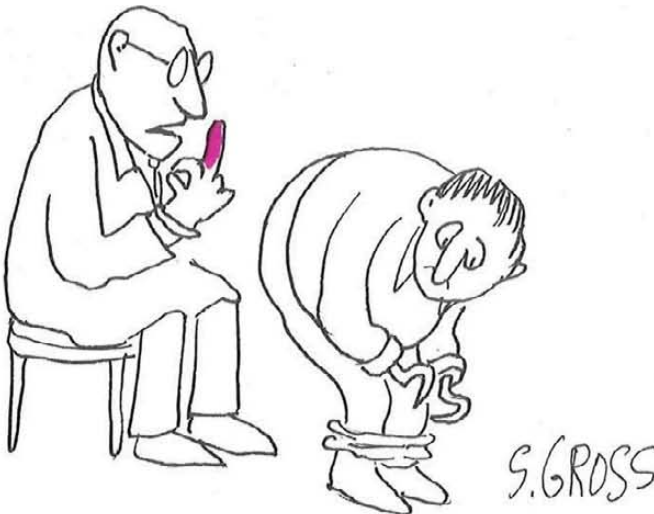
He slid a hand up under her sweater to begin dealing with the lock-clamps of her bra. To Benny, there was no sound in the world quite so awe-inspiring as the sudden *whuff* of an unsnapped bra. It was a sound you almost felt rather than heard, like a deep bass note from a fine speaker system. The third and final clasp detached and there was a sense of divine give, of unimaginable energies being unshielded. He slid his hand around to her front and accepted a palmful of heavenly, meaty weight. Beneath the crotch of his chinos, a power plant was aborning. He caught one of Suzette's hard, fat nipples between his thumb and forefinger and rolled it, as if inspecting a grape.

"Ohhhh," said Suzette. "Ohhhh. Ohhhh."

Hey, she was really responding tonight! Instead of presenting him with the usual slow, grudging retreat, she had abruptly capitulated. Her head was rolling wildly back and forth on the sofa back, a giant parody of the nipple he rolled between his fingers. A sheen of sweat glistened on her forehead. Well, this was way off schedule, but it actually seemed to be time to attempt penetration of her furred citadel. How about that!

So he slid the hand from beneath her sweater and walked his fingers slowly up her thigh. Ordinarily, she would push his hand away at least twenty times before letting it rest on her nest. That would usually occur about five minutes before she would announce her bedtime, and be, in effect, his good-night kiss. But tonight continued to be different. He poised

continued on page 82



"You don't have hemorrhoids, but you must stop wiping yourself."

Precious Little Issue

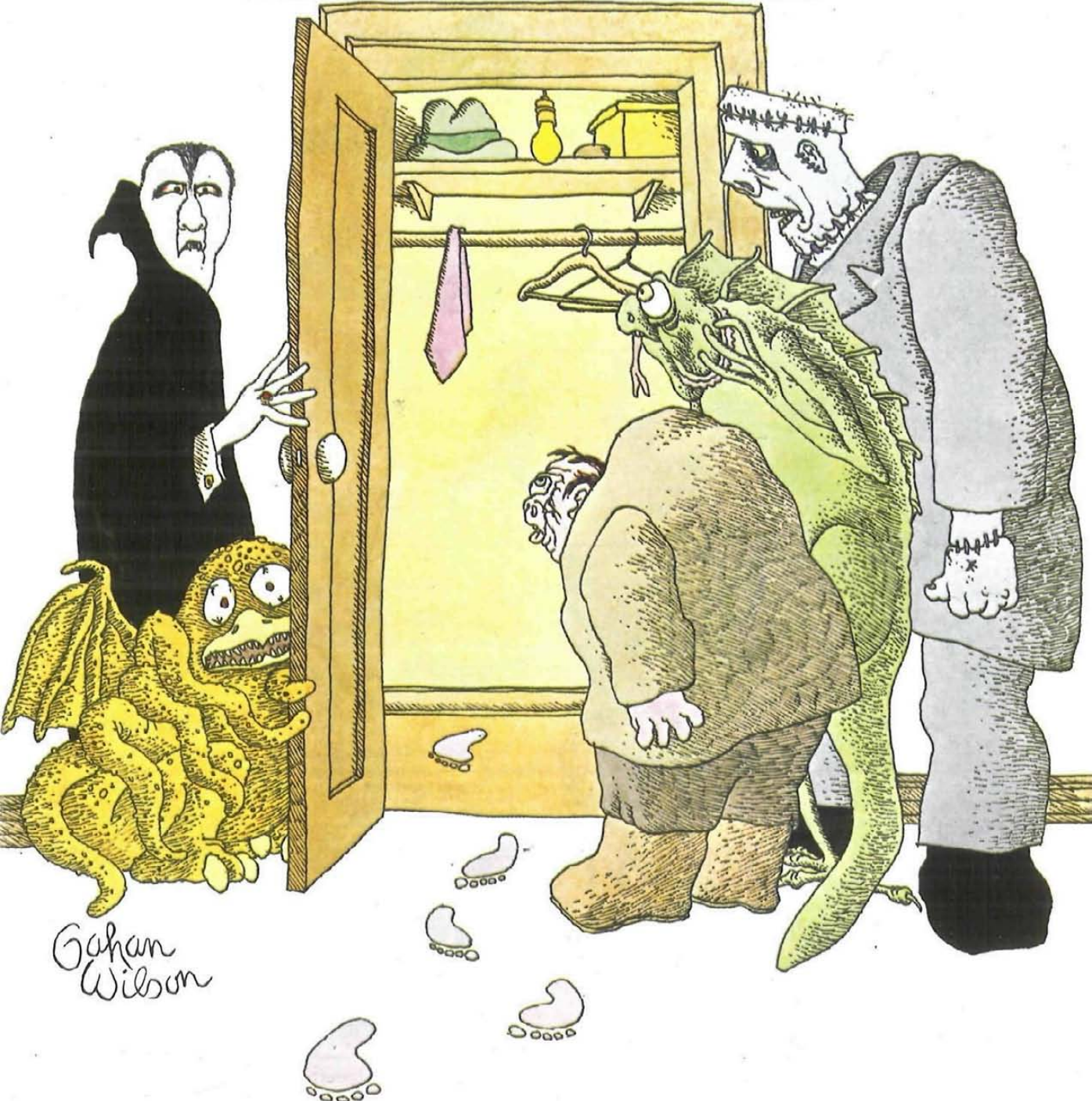
"Hey, that's not my ear!" "Haha, this isn't a banana!"

The Boys in the Bund Greek Culture Insert

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CONTENTS

February 1974 Vol. 1, No. 47

L'il Bugger Comics, 25
By Brian McConnachie

Dropping the Soap at Homo High, 35
By Doug Kenney

Fress a Schmuck and Nosh a Fifi, 38
By Gerald Sussman

Peder Rastus, the Black Cub Master, 45
By Chris Miller

Fellatio Furioso, a Biting Satyr, 53
By Tony Hendra

Rough Trade School Orals, 57
By P. J. O'Rourke

Deco Dykes of Buffalo, N.Y., 64
By Anne Beatts

Orifice Distending, 69
By Sean Kelly

Naval Engagements—The Stern Approach, 74
By Bruce McCall

What if the Staff of Women's Wear Daily Wrote
a Seafood Menu for a Window Dressers' Convention?, 81
By Henry Beard

AD News on the Mince, 7
AD True Fags, 10
AD Headitorial, 15
AD French Letters, 20
AD Homo Hunnies, 95



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NEWS ON THE MINCE

FEBRUARY, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. XLVII

Eat Your Heart Out, Princess Anne: This Was the Fairy Tale Wedding of the Year!



The recently made public results of a nationwide survey commissioned by the Gay Activist Alliance appear to substantiate the hopes—or fears—of those who suspect that America has undergone a basic shift in its sexual mores and morals.

The survey establishes that Kinsey's estimate of the number of practicing homosexuals (one in six) was a trifle conservative. Fully 25 percent, or one in four of those queried (so to speak) defined themselves as "exclusively homosexual." The current trend toward "swinging" among the middle class and "experimental communes" among the young no doubt

accounts for the 19 percent who classified themselves as bi-sexual, or "AC-DC." Of the remaining 56 percent of the respondents, slightly more than half admitted to "some" sexual contact with members of their own sex, at scout camp, in the army, in seminars, prisons, or consciousness raising groups, bringing the number of practicing homos, by anybody's definition, to a whopping 72 percent of the population.

Of the remaining 28 percent of those surveyed, a sizable minority proved, after exhaustive (not to say exhausting) psychological testing, to be "latent homosexuals." Survey re-

sults are questionably subjective here, but the GAA conservatively sets this figure at 40 percent, which leaves 15 percent of the adult population at "definitely not gay."

This figure breaks down into 18 percent bondage freaks, 12 percent exclusive zoophiliacs, 30 percent S & M, and a not surprising 40 percent (a mere 7 percent of the entire population) as "functionally impotent." The NatLamp has learned that the last practicing heterosexual in the United States, Johnny Two-Feather, a full-blooded Cheyenne, died of terminal syphilis contracted in a Saigon brothel on January 17, 1974. □

K-Y Comics Presents :

Dixie Nixon and the Boys in the Bund!

SHE LOVED THEM AND THEY LOVED HER, BUT IT WAS THE BOYS IN THE BUND THAT BROUGHT DIXIE TO HER KNEES.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...IT WAS ALL TOO PERFECT...**TOO FRAGILE A FRUIT** NOT TO ROT UPON THE BOUGH...BUT AT THE TIME WE THOUGHT IT WOULD LAST FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. WHEREVER WE WENT, WHATEVER WE DID, IT WAS **DRAG UND SCHTUP** WITH MY **GORGEOUS GAYSTAPO...**



AH, THOSE FAIRY TALE FROLICS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ROSE GARDEN... WITH TWO OF THE **FINEST PUBIC SERVANTS** I HAVE EVER KNOWN...



THOSE VERY FANCY PARTIES ON BEBE'S BOAT...

WELCOME ABOARD GALS AND...GALS...

CRUISE THIS WAY, PLEASE...

HUGHES TOOL AM I HOLDING?



...AND OF COURSE THOSE LATE NIGHT STRATEGY SESSIONS WITH...OH MARY, **DON'T ASK!!**

YES, THEY WERE MY **REICHSFAG...** MY **A.S.S...** MY VERY OWN **PANSY DIVISION...** AND FOR ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT WE CAME A LOT!! THEN... **SHE HAPPENED!!**

I REMEMBER WELL... IT WAS MY FIFTY -- WELL, TRY AND GUESS--SUMPTHING6TH BIRTHDAY... THE **GRAND OLD PARTY** OF ALL TIME!

OOOH!**COCK AU VIN!**

GRAPPLEPANDOWDY!

...SO SHE SAID SHE THOUGHT THAT OLD **QUEEN ROCKEFELLER** WAS JUST ONE **BIG FAT ASSLICHER**, I SAID TALK ME OUT OF IT, DARLING, TALK ME OUT OF IT...

JEB! JEB! OOOOHHH, JEB!



SUCCATUSH!

WHAT A **SPREAD!**

DON'T BE PERSONAL!

...WHERE'S **HER NIBS?**

NEVER DREAMING HOW FATEFUL THIS NIGHT WAS TO BE, I MADE MY ENTRANCE **COOL AS A CUCUMBER...**

WHO DO YOU HAVE TO FUCK TO GET A DRINK ROUND HERE?

HOW'S YOUR TAIL, YOU OLD FAIRY?

DIXIE! AT LAST! DO WE HAVE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR YOU!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!



SHE'S GORGEOUS!

SHE ONLY JUST CAME **OUT, DIXIE!** POPPIN' FRESH!

YES, WITH THE **SWEETEST** OF INTENTIONS, MY DARLING **HUNBUNS** HAD REALLY GET THE CAT AMONGST THE **STOOL PIGEONS...**





LISTEN, KEWPIE DOLL... SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE QUEEN FOR A DAY, NOT THE FIRST LADY!

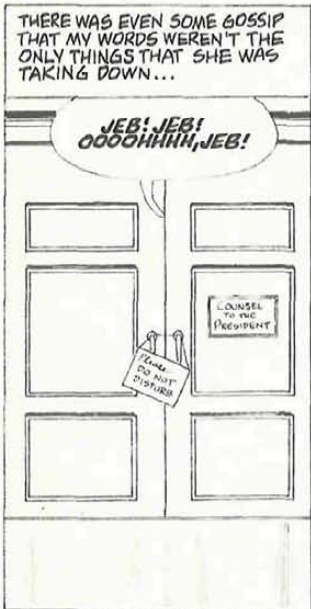
BILL OF RIGHTS
FREEDOM OF SPEECH
FREEDOM OF RELIGION
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS
FREEDOM OF PEACEABLE ASSEMBLY
FREEDOM OF PETITION
FREEDOM OF TRAVEL
FREEDOM OF TRADE



...PERHAPS THEY KNEW EVEN EARLY ON THAT SOMETHING WAS UP BESIDES... OH MARY... BUT THIS GIRL DIDN'T... EVERY TIME I LOOKED INTO THOSE INNOCENT BLUE EYES, I WAS A GONER!

LISTEN, SUGARBUSH, I'VE GOT A PLAN. WHY DON'T WE HIRE SOME SPICS TO BUG THE DEMS, BUY THEM OFF IF THEY BUNGLE IT, FORCE UP FARM PRICES BY SELLING ALL OUR GRAIN TO SOMEONE, HAVE WALLACE RUBBED OUT, SQUEEZE THE BIG BOYS FOR THIRTY MILL OR SO, SET UP A SMACK DEAL FOR VESCO, POISON THE CBS NEWS DEPARTMENT, NUKE HANOI, AND CALL OFF THE ELECTION? IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE CAN ALWAYS START ANOTHER MIDEAST WAR OR DRUM UP A PHONY ENERGY CRISIS...

DO WHAT YOU ALWAYS TELL ME TO, DIXIE DEAR... PUT IT IN WRITING...



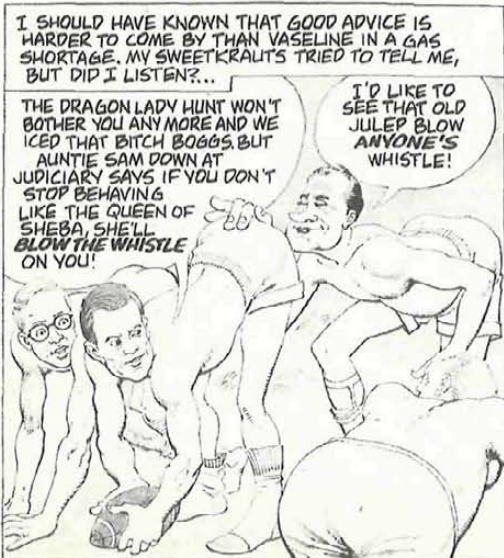
THERE WAS EVEN SOME GOSSIP THAT MY WORDS WEREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT SHE WAS TAKING DOWN...

JEB! JEB! OOOHHHH, JEB!



... IF ONLY I'D STUCK WITH MY FAITHFUL BROWN SKIRTS... BUT EVEN IN MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE WAS... A FAGGOT IN THE WOODPILE...

LISTEN, MISS LANDSLIDE, THERE ARE SOME VERY ICKY THINGS AROUND THAT ARE GOING TO NEED A COVER-UP AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR CROW'S-FEET!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT GOOD ADVICE IS HARDER TO COME BY THAN VASELINE IN A GAS SHORTAGE. MY SWEETKRAUTS TRIED TO TELL ME, BUT DID I LISTEN?...!

THE DRAGON LADY HUNT WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE AND WE ICED THAT BITCH BOGGS BUT AUNTIE SAM DOWN AT JUDICIARY SAYS IF YOU DON'T STOP BEHAVING LIKE THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, SHE'LL BLOW THE WHISTLE ON YOU!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT OLD JULEP BLOW ANYONE'S WHISTLE!

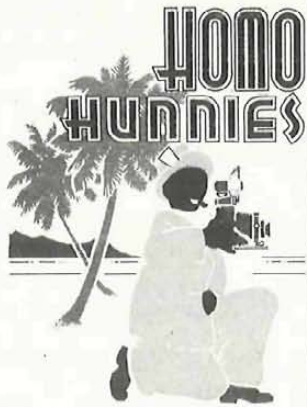


YES... EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS THEIR FAULT, SHE WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY... BUT I TRUSTED HER AND SHE GOT US ALL... IN THE END!

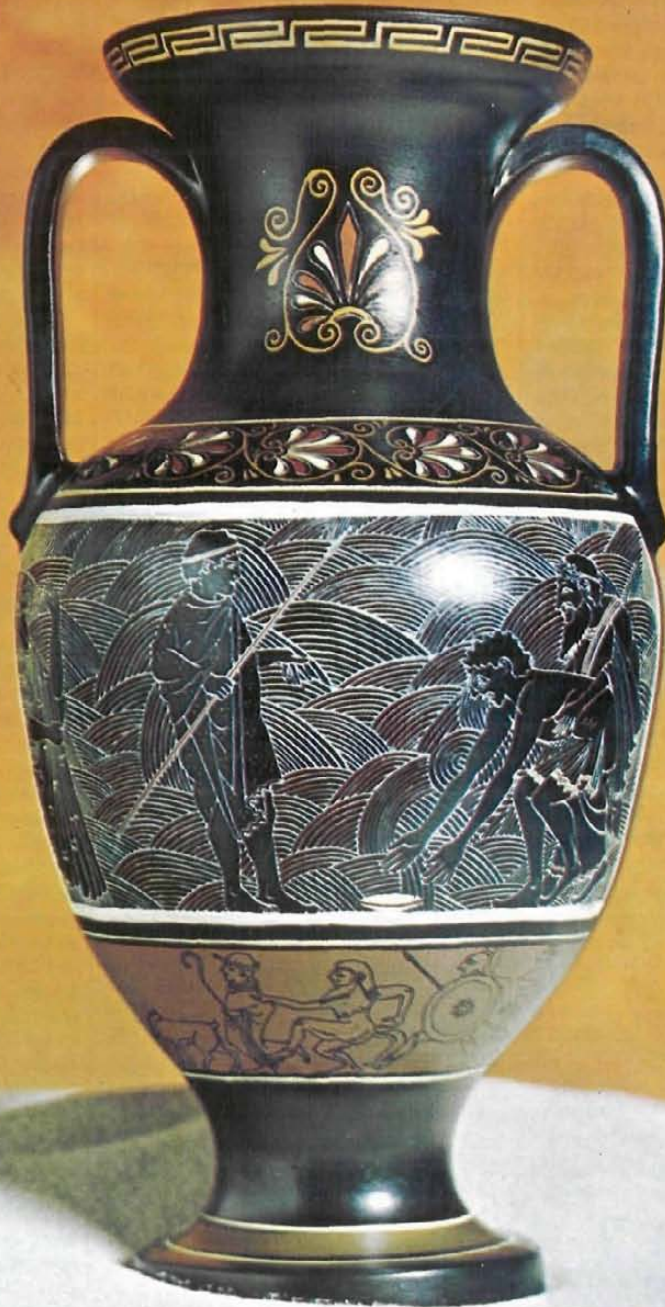


NOW MR. DEAN, THAT REMAINDS ME OF A ST-STORY IN THE BIBLE... AND LOT WENT DOWN UNTO SODOM, AND AH, SODOM WENT DOWN ONTO LOT... HRRUMPH!

NEXT MONTH: DIXIE NIXON IN THE DORK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.



Greek Culture Insert



The Wimps in the Pillows

by Sean Kelly

Chapter 1

Music Hath Charms

The Mole's coat was smooth as velvet. His nose was soft as velvet. And his little subterranean home was dark and warm. In fact, it was to the velvet-iest sort of underground that the Mole awoke, late one fine May afternoon, and in which he commenced to do his exercises.

"Flex, hold, relax. Flex, hold, relax," he whispered half-aloud as he concentrated on getting his little *gluteus maximus* into just the proper shape for the rites—"and the wrongs, I should hope," he giggled—of spring.

A shaft of butter-yellow vernal sunlight had penetrated the puckered door above, thrust itself along the moist and wrinkled tunnel, and now suffused the bowels of Mole's cozy *dulce domum*.

But as Mole began to exercise in earnest, the light was suddenly blocked out by the form of a largish

animal, dressed, as it appeared, in sporting tweeds and carrying an exotic walking stick. It was, of course, Ratty. He gazed languidly down the tunnel at his busy, perspiring little friend performing push-ups and deep knee bends and said, with a yawn, "I say, Mole, can't you get the *concierge* to do this sort of thing for you?"

Fairly flinging himself down Mole's hallway, Rat stretched out on the rustic *recamier*, lit a bucolic cheroot, and sighed. "Mole, old chap, you don't mind if I smoke, do you?"

"Frankly," replied Mole, slightly miffed at being interrupted during his "spring tune-up," "sweetie, I don't care if you burst into flames!"

"My dear Mole," Rat whispered in that way of his, "it ill becomes you to ape the bad manners of your betters. Be a good animal, now, desist from your gymnastic narcissism, to give your twitchings a name more Greek than they deserve, and play something on the pianoforte for me."

The petulant Mole could never resist an audience. He sauntered to the baby grand, seated himself with the air of an Aztec priest about to sacrifice a golden boy, shot his cuffs, and poised his paws above the keyboard.

"What would please you, Ratty?"

"Chopin, I think," whispered Rat, snuggling into the down-filled cushions. "I adore Chopin. He manages to capture the soul and story of Poland in the filigree net of his melodies, without ever sounding in the least—well, *Polish*, if you know what I mean."

And in the magical light of the long, lingering May day, love-dizzy yellow butterflies flirted gaily about Mole's simple back door, wafted upon the airs of music from within the earth itself.

Chapter 2

Whom Shall We Have for Dinner?

As night drew on, Rat stirred himself as from an opium dream, sat up sharply and cried, "Desist, Mole, from your exquisite playing! For I feel the approach of surfeit, and I prefer to leave all my pleasures, of music as well as the table and the bed, feeling just a *soupçon* unsatisfied."

"Very well," replied the obliging Mole. "After so much aural gratification, I was feeling the need for a little oral gratification, speaking of table and bed."

"Mole," the Rat murmured, "you have the taste of a gentleman, the manners of a gentleman, and the mind of a guttersnipe. You invariably manage, by repeating them in a kind of lisping italics, to crucify the most delicate *double entendres* to the privy wall."

"Would you care to sup with me, Rat? Naturally, I have a larder full of cold fowl, fresh fruit, caviar, French bread, and so forth, as befits a talking rodent in stories such as this."

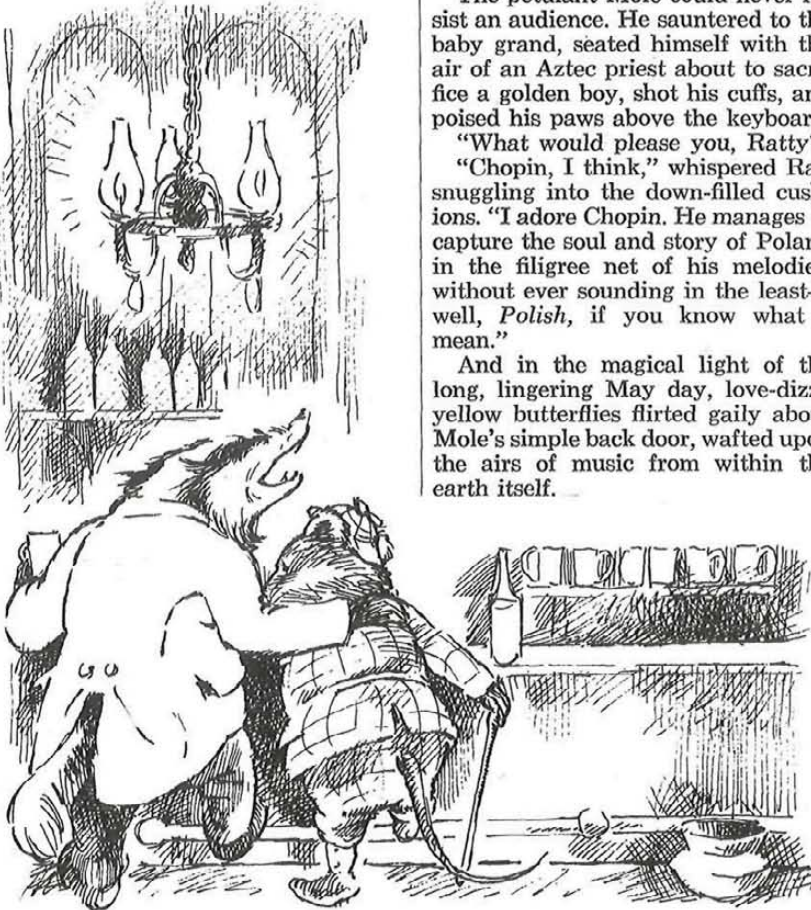
"Thanks awfully," replied the Rat, pulling on his yellow gloves, "but there's a bit of a do on at Toad Hall, and I had rather promised Toadie I'd be dining with him." He paused in the difficult act of inserting his claws into a glove. He was lost, for the moment, in thought. "I say, Mole," he said at length, "have you ever had the curiosity to ask yourself where all the vittles for our endless picnics, banquets, midnight snacks, and hearty repasts in general come from?"

"Not actually," replied the simple Mole. "Someone prepares it, I suppose. Perhaps one of those, whatchamacallits. Oh, you know who I mean, Ratty. Females."

"Ugh!" Rat said, making a *moue*. "Say not so, dear Mole. Fingering and prodding our delicious snackies with their polluted paws? Gad! I may never eat again!"

"Listen, Mole. Forget about whatever frugal meal you have planned for yourself here. Eating alone is as unhealthy as any other form of auto-eroticism. I know, I know, you don't have to look your best, tee-hee and all that, but do be a sensible, social, and gregarious animal and pop along with me to Toad Hall."

"Oh, very well, if you insist," the Mole (who had been dying to be





asked) replied calmly. "Just give me a minute to freshen up a bit." Rat sauntered outside to wait, and in moments was joined by Mole, pastorally resplendent in houndstooth cape and deerstalker cap.

Hand in hand, they set off down the path by the river, while fireflies pranked the darkling air like fairy lights, and the little rabbits, awed at the sight of the gentry strolling in the dusk, called out from the hedgerows, "Alf a crown for a nice blow job in the bushes, squire?"

Chapter 3

Toad of Fumbler's Hall

The great Gothic pile that was the ancestral seat of the Toads loomed against the night sky. Behind the innumerable leaded windows, the purple drapes had all been drawn, so that a passionate mauve penumbra glowed about the impossible structure.

"Regal, simply regal," uttered Mole, awestruck as always.

"Fit for a Queen," responded the more blasé Rat, and beat upon the oaken front door with his bronze-headed stick.

The doors were flung wide, and before them Toad Hall beckoned and glittered, a vast and cluttered museum of the invariably dreadful taste in furniture and accessories of Toad, the incurable collector.

Prie-deus, gaunt silver candlesticks, and gaudy chasubles from Toad's Pusey-ite religious phase. Curtains of blazing cut glass beads, gilt tassels, and plush red velvet from his continental bordello days. Doric pillars, stone statues of daintily endowed athletes, and amphoras adorned with Hellenic rudeness from his Greek forays. A chalice hewn from a beaver's skull on a black stone shot with blood red flecks and great gruesome black candles from his Diabolist craze.

And in the midst of it all, his arms wide in welcome, a smile of dubious

intelligence upon his broad, pale, browless, and chinless aristocratic face, stood Toad.

Toad, the sportsman, whose riding boots had struck terror into many a flank. Toad the wanderer, the journal of whose journeys through the Arabian lands was the tome which had shocked the Erotica Biblion Society with its explicit lubricity. Toad the escaped prisoner, whose experience behind bars had given him a taste for the wild side of the Wild Wood. Mad Toad, Bad Toad, Toad the Impaler, the Marquis de Toad, rumors of whose banquets caused *frissons* of terror all along the River, tales of whose cruelty were used as threats upon infant animals slow to sleep.

There, in the cluttered antechamber of the mansion that bore his fearful name, stood the legendary Toad himself, dressed, as usual, as a washwoman.

"*Kaff kaff huck harumph* and all that rot, eh, wot?" Toad boomed. "Take a pew, eh? See you chaps. Jolly good. *Kaff*. Bit of a bash laid on tonight. Recite a pome now. Bit of doggerel, really. Wrote it meself, this aft. Nothing really. *Kaff*. Ahem.

In Xanada did Kubla Toad

A stately pleasure dome decree . . ."

But neither Rat nor Mole was paying attention to Toad or his recitation. For, from a dark passageway, had emerged a fierce and gigantic shadow, swelling and crouching along the stone wall in the torchlight. And they knew its owner to be as fierce and frightening as his big stick-bearing shadow. Badger, roughest of all the animals, had joined them at the feast.

Chapter 4

Thwack! Thwack!

"Thwack! Thwack!" growled Badger as he prowled the room. He pounded his heavy blackthorn stick into his paw and growled, "Thwack!" An ani-

mal who kept to himself, whose ways were rude, whose manner was brusque, and whose pleasures, obviously, were simple, he glowered at Mole and Rat.

They had not met since the memorable and thrilling night with the stoats and weasles, when great had been the laying on of sticks, red had been the welts, and loud had been the cries of pain and ecstasy.

It hurt Mole's plain and patriotic heart to know that Badger's vices were more English than his own. Ashamed, he took a moment to dare to meet the eyes of a beast so terrible and strong. Beneath his velvet waistcoat, he felt a flush. Then his gaze met that of the Fierce One. And, lo! the Badger smiled. An intimate, a friendly, a sharing and welcoming smile of recognition and neighborliness. "Thwack!" said Badger, and Mole could hardly restrain his trembling little body from dancing for joy.

Now all four friends stood expectantly, awaiting the start of the festivities. In the next room, they knew, Toad's board was groaning beneath a cornucopia of delicate, coarse, raw, rare, and aged delights. Vintages would be uncorked. Rank cheeses would be spread, amber brandies and aromatic cigars presented.

But they also knew that Toad was a great one for surprises, and some special treat was surely in store. Toad smiled, and shifted from foot to foot, and kept his counsel.

Then it came, the timid *ratatat* at the door.

"Remember those delightful youngsters who sang carols 'round your door last Yuletide, Mole, old chap?" asked the Toad slyly. "Cute little rascals, eh? Tender, firm, and charmingly innocent, eh, wot? Well, chaps, I've *kaff kaff* invited them over to spend the weekend. Ha-ha, eh? Jolly good, eh?" And laughing, he dashed off to fling wide the doors for the children to enter in.

Mole and Rat were nearly swooning for joy. And Badger, his eyes dancing with merriment, cried, "Thwack! Thwack!" and waved his stick. □





STUN

REMEMBER HOW THE LAMPOON EDITORS ASKED YOU TO DO A SATIRE NUTS ON FAGS AND HOW YOU SAID, "I REFUSE TO JOIN IN ON THE PERSECUTION OF AN INOFFENSIVE MINORITY" AND HOW THEY SAID THEY'D PAY AND YOU SAID, "ALRIGHT, BUT IT'LL BE IN BAD TASTE" AND THEY SAID, "IT FUCKING WELL BETTER BE!"?

I'M OFF TO THPEND A NIGHT OUT WITH THE FELLAH, THWEETIE!

SO GO AHEAD, YOU FRUIT!

JESUS CHRIST, WHAT A GROTESQUE FATHER IMAGE FOR ME TO HAVE TO BUILD ON! WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE SUCH A GOD-DAMN SCREAMER?

HISTORY OF AMERICA

HE REALLY HATES IT WHEN YOU VISIT ME, ROSIE, DEAR!

I THINK I'LL TAKE WALDO FOR A WALK!

GOD, MADGE, BUT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!

ROSIE!

MADGE!

SCHMECK!

SCH!

OH!

SCH!

OUR GREATEST PRESIDENTS WERE QUEER

SO WERE OUR MILITARY LEADERS

WALDO

LOOK WHAT I HAVE, PRETTY LITTLE FELLOW!

GODDAMN FLASHERS!

STOP SNIFFING THE MAN, WALDO!

Graham Wilson

SNORF!

WALDO! LEAVE OFF HUMPING THAT DOG, WALDO! IT'S A BOY DOG, YOU DAMN NINNY!

OH, THE HELL WITH IT! FUCK IT!

HUFFAHUFFA

?

MOM, I'VE DECIDED TO FOOL AROUND WITH MR. APPLING AT THE CANDY STORE LIKE HE WANTED. CAN I BORROW SOME OF YOUR LIPSTICK?

SURE, HON, BUT DO GO EASY ON THE SWEETS.

OH, GOD MADGE!

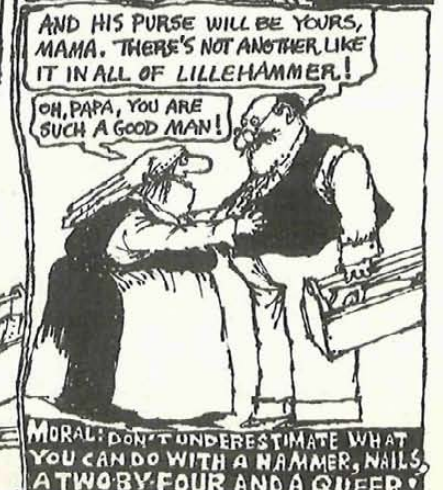
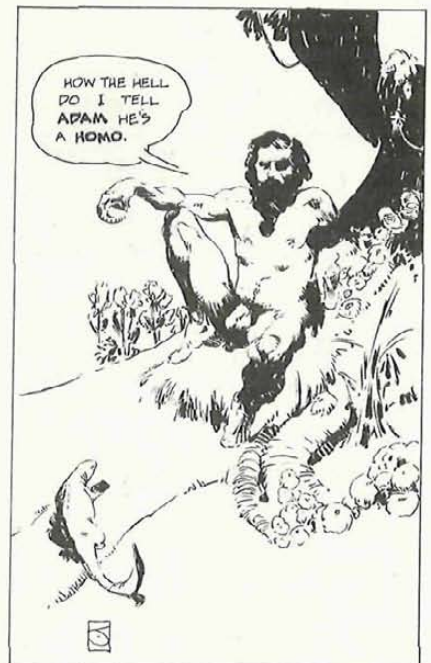
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HEAD SHED

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continued from page 70

his fingers on the brink of her quim, waited for resistance . . . and none came! She wasn't even pressing her thighs together!

Haltingly, he began with his thumb to stroke her ensilked slot.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, Benny, I . . ." Her eyes closed and her head rolled to one side. *She was swooning with rapture!*

Now *this*, thought Benny, was more like it. This was the way these matters were meant to be conducted, just as described in the many magazines piled beneath his bed at school. Slowly and carefully, as if it might break something, he slid his hand up, over, around, and into Suzette's panties. He was touching her bush! *Now* would she stop him? He glanced at her face. Her lips were very full, almost swollen-looking. Her tongue flicked rapidly in and out of her mouth to wet them. She was breathing very deeply, causing a strange, seductive rasp to sound in her throat.

Well, thought Benny, I guess it's now or never. He flopped his hand over and slid his middle finger right up her willie.

"Wuh!" said Suzette. And did nothing to stop him.

Holding his breath, Benny began to move the finger. He moved it slowly at first, then with growing confidence, ultimately zooming it every which way, like a high-spirited seal.

"Wuh-uh-uh-uh-uh," said Suzette. Her face was flushed vivid red and her eyes were bugging out. What passion! What a woman! She must be waiting for him to undress her. In his sex life so far, the couple of whores he'd been with had handled all the undressing, and most of the rest of it as well, so he wasn't completely sure what was called for. But, yes, undressing seemed right. He withdrew his finger from Suzette's funky fastnesses and lifted her sweater over her head. Her bra hung crumpled before her breasts, looking strangely useless, like a broken kite. When her arms came down, it drifted from her shoulders and fluttered slowly to the floor. Benny caught his breath. They were even bigger than he'd imagined, with nipples big as noses. Oh, majestic breasts! They hove with the deepness of her breathing, so that ripples like water before the wind surged across their overswell.

From Benny's groin, an irresistible force was clamoring for attention. Fuck trying to get off the skirt. It looked too complicated anyway. Just tilt her bottom up . . . slide the panties down . . . and push the skirt . . . of . . . the . . . way! Benny's heart leapt. Oh, most perfect of equilateral triangles! Capping what mad, pink ecstasy beneath?

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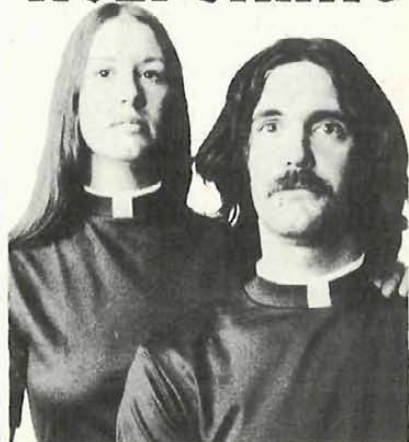


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"Use me!" his penis bellowed at him. "Use me! Use me!"

"I'm not sure I know how," Benny thought desperately back.

"Schmuck!" screamed his penis. "You'll figure out!"

The debate might have raged longer but at that point Suzette slumped sideways so that she was lying on her back with one leg on the sofa and the other off. Her labia split slightly, exuding a pleasing musk. Benny felt like a starving man suddenly confronted with the half-open door of a gourmet kitchen. Pushing his pants to his knees, he plunged his soup spoon deeply into her bubbling bouillabaisse.

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . ." Suzette's moan rose chromatically over several octaves, finally disappearing into frequencies only dogs could hear. She shook and shivered. Expressions of pleasure so intense as to seem almost like pain flickered in jump cuts across her face. She certainly had . . . capacities. He increased his tempo.

"Wah! Ah! Ah!" Her mouth was open very wide. Her thighs twitched and spasmed, like nervous parentheses around his hips. *Wow*, thought Benny. He buried his face in her neck and shifted his piston to overdrive in her velvet cylinder.

"GNURG! ZUK!" Suzette began to writhe furiously beneath him, then arched into a rigid bow that held him easily a foot off the sofa. God, what a girl he had! Magnificent! He thrust himself fully into her and started to come.

"FNORK!" hooted Suzette. In an abrupt muscular spasm, her labia slammed shut like the grip of a gorilla around his shaft. His come, suddenly stemmed, backed up into his balls with spectacularly painful results.

"Yow!" cried Benny. "Hey, Suzy, relax a little. You're killing me."

He tried to pull free. His dong wouldn't budge. It was caught tightly as the leg of a fox in a steel-jaw trap.

"Suzy, you gotta *relax* down there, baby."

Suzette didn't answer.

"Hey, talk to me."

"She can't talk to you," said a voice behind him. "I put poison in her dinner tonight. She's dead."

Benny spun his head around. Mr. Kornfeld stood by the side of the sofa. He was naked and he held a meat cleaver.

"Well, Benny, my boy," he said, "I warned you about getting stuck in things."

Benny pulled with all his might. He couldn't move a millimeter.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked.

Mr. Kornfeld just smiled. ☐

remarkable aid to greater marriage compatibility



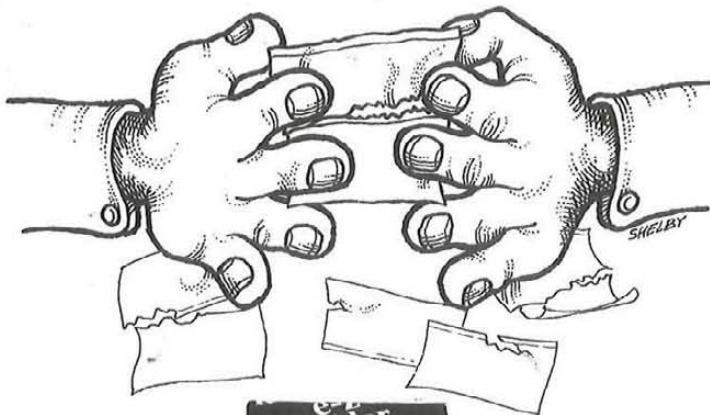
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Split Beaver Section





The beaver, hardly beautiful in appearance, has nonetheless been described as a quite delightful creature. Oft labeled in the past as undesirable, dirty, smelly, and destructive, and subject to inquisitorial persecution on account of its rampant activity, beaver is still hunted down, trapped, eaten, or otherwise molested by large, vicious men using unspeakable instruments of torture—a process which does indeed prevent it from its hereditary tendency to gnaw on husky trunks with its busy little mouth; but which also obviates the very real advantages it confers on its immediate surroundings. Traditionally, the chief reason

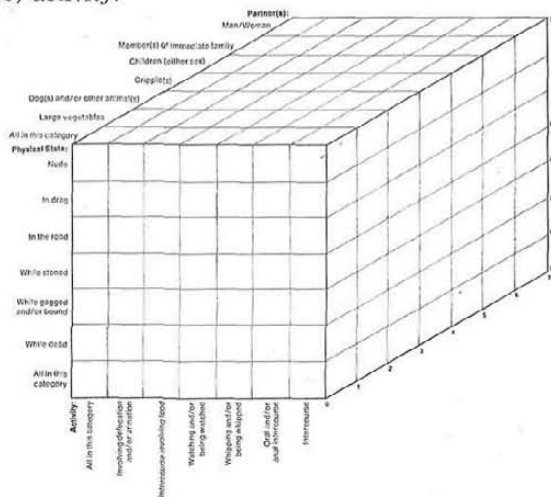
behind man's quest for beaver has been its delicious, tender meat and its soft, springy, scrumptious fur, but recent demonstrations have shown that, with the correct treatment, a beaver can be quite effectively tamed. Warm, affectionate, obedient, open, and given to performing the most charming little tricks, pet beavers are a constant source of pleasure to their owners, as evidenced by the increasing number found in captivity all over North America.

continued

eager beaver

Warning:

The following section will contain matters of an extremely prurient nature; nothing will be omitted, shunned or censored (with the exception, of course, of THE ONE THING no one can show in any medium at any time to any person). In order to reassure yourself and the editors that you are ready for this unprecedented experience, please take the following normality test. It rates usual preferences in the commission of a sexual act under three headings: (a) sexual partner(s), (b) physical state, (c) activity.



Results:

0-0-0 through 20-20-20	Eminently healthy; continue with section.
20-20-20 through 40-40-40	Liable to extreme sexual derangement; continue with great caution.
40-40-40 through 70-70-70	You are terminally abnormal and should not even have taken this test. Put down this magazine; go home; go toidy; go bye-bye. <i>This is not for you, sickie!</i>

Before we go any further, how many names do you know for it? Two, three—combinations thereof? Here are just a few Old English goodies that you won't find in your thesaurus:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Ace of Spades | Mother of St. Patrick |
| Almanack | Milliner's Shop |
| Cabbage | Jack Nasty-Face |
| Fart-Daniel | Oyster |
| Fig | Penwiper |
| Front-Attic (Garden) | Purse |
| Fumbler's Hall | Receipt of Custom |
| Garden Gate | Regulator |
| Goldfinch's Nest | Hans Carvel's Ring |
| Grotto | Saddle |
| Gyvel | Sportsman's Gap |
| Jacob's Ladder | Sugar Basin |
| Leather Lane | 'Teazle |
| Lobster Pot | Growler |

Thanks and a tip of the hat to the late W. H. "Arse for Arse Sake" Auden.

Close-up on... Pubic Hair!



10,000 magnification



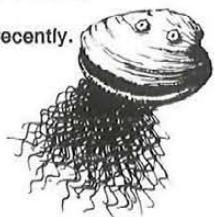
50,000 magnification

Note: This example exhibits an advanced and almost certainly terminal case of dandruff; it is reliably reported to be the last remaining strand of Hugh Hefner's short hair.



Cream in your coffee?

Not recently.



photographs by Manfred Kage from Peter Arnold Agency

THE BIDET SALESMAN GOES LATIN

Starring Titi and Mark



HE: I'm sure you're here in Latin



SHE: I wonder how displeasing to the honor of all my



SHE: He is at the door. HE: But our, open the door!

head of our time

The current headlong drive into oral sex has been characterized to a great extent by extreme rowdiness and poor taste. Far from the slurping bad grammar and destruction of furniture that usually accompanies a modern gamahuche, the classical suck-off has always been regarded as a privilege both to give and receive; one that requires observation of a strict tradition of courtesy and decorum. There is, for example, a wrong and a right way of going about giving head.

Wrong



Right



Last but not least, of course, the great gift of head should never, never be abused. . . .

There is also, of course, a correct form for both ladies and gentlemen when receiving the pleasures of lipping and lapping. Emily Post's comprehensive *Book of Headiquette* deals excellently with this subject

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY
ON THE OCCASION OF HAVING
RECEIVED HEAD FROM HER

575 Fifth Avenue
New York City
December 14

Dear,

It was indeed an exquisite and
irresistible pleasure for me to receive
such delightful head from you at your
apartment on last. Regarding
this as an honor of the first order, I
humbly anticipate that you will allow
me to reciprocate your charming
attentions in the very near future and
at that time bestow upon me the
pleasure known to saying your name
well. Hoping that this communication
finds both you and your husband
in the same good health with which
it leaves its writer.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

Editor's Note:

It has come to our attention that it may after all be possible for us to show IT, THE UNMENTIONABLE, THE ONE THING THAT CANNOT BE SHOWN, and has never been shown anywhere IN HISTORY! Hang on for further developments!



This man is a killer. . . . While traveling in a vehicle weighing over two tons at speeds in excess of seventy mph, he is being *blown* . . . and coming and going don't mix.

Every day thousands upon thousands of the American men and women who use our nation's highways are being blown or eaten out. The brief moment of pleasure they experience almost always ends in a tragic loss of human life.

Incredible though it may seem, three out of five highway fatalities in this country are caused by irresponsible orgasm behind the wheel. So remember: USE YOUR HEAD, DON'T GIVE IT.



SHE: What name do you call
HE: I call you Pierre of Paree.

ave, I have to show you
wish your cares.
p la la, how fantast

SHE: But I a
something. . . what was, ah
HE: Yes, yo
I'm sad. Tell me what
makes you s

SHE: Yes . . . tell you. . .
that which makes
E: Is your show

continued

post office

M-49, 343-MO TULSA COUPLE

Bored married mates seek Negro couple who frighten easily. Mild B & D, French camping, Dutch Ovens. No Three-Eyed Turtle. Must be sincere. Include photos, phone and address.



R-38, 906-VA CAUC. A GO GO

Very sexy, highly intelligent, stunning looking, outstanding dresser, gourmet cook, five languages, seeking discreet adult pleasures. Only super-educated, groovy, clean, patient, attentive, beautiful, gentle, considerate, objective, world-traveled, shapely, long-legged, flat-stomached, patrician-featured, lissom, courteous, well-connected and musical need apply. No oldies, fatties, groups, youngsters, Jews, nuts, kooks, weirdos, neurotics, nit-wits, half-wits, dull wits, cross dressers, poor dressers, hairdressers, bedroom dressers, window dressers, spares, wallflowers, or singles, or marrieds, or men, or women. Nobody. Leave me alone. I'm perfectly happy.

B-57, 567-CA TEST OUR FAITH

Homely middle-aged couple dress as early Christian Saints, live in unfini-

ished basement, and draw on the walls; looking for pagan centurians, married or single, with own spears and nets. Will stand firm to our beliefs in spite of your edicts and laws which condemn us and our kind, will sing the praises of our Lord Savior Jesus Christ in loud clear tones. No oil, please. Will answer all inquiries.



S-48, 934-VT OVER THE RAINBOW

Mature couple, early 70s, he 4'11", she 45-45-45, wish to meet versatile young couple with own teeth. We love French Toast, Masked Balls, Whist, Daguerreotypes.

F-59, 266-NA VERY LONELY



Would like to meet immature Calif. couples who whine and complain at slightest annoyance. Discuss weather, taxation, help today, poor workmanship, cost of living, leaky basements, television personalities, pets, interest rates, and relatives. Looking for lasting friendships and adult pleasures. No Three-Eyed Turtle or Dutch Ovens. Photos and phone.

M-45, 790-SC POCKET POLO

I'm the guy inside the Mickey Mouse suit. Would you like to know what I do

with my real arms and hands? And hear the dirty expressions I mumble under my breath at Snow White? Be glad to tell all to those interested. No B & D or S & M.



C-31, 368-WA COUPLE 28 & 31

Would you like to look up my wife's dress? You can if I can look up your wife's dress. Then I'll show your wife my behind and then my wife will show you one of her breasts and then you have to show my wife one of your testicles. Free to travel a fifty mile radius.



F-22, 299-TX INTERESTED?

To do French, Greek, Roman, English, mild B, no D, some S, and a tiny touch of M.

C-41 530-NY ADVENTURE

Seeking attractive couple who would be able to hide in my brother's closet. I will "discover" you in the presence of my mother. Upon seeing the type of sordidness that my brother is capable



SHE: Mr. What?
HE: You shower. Is your shower broken and that is why I am not?



SHE: ... HUH?
HE: You shower. Your shirt.



SHE: ... Oh ... Oh yes, the sweater is broken.
HE: Yes, well perhaps I can

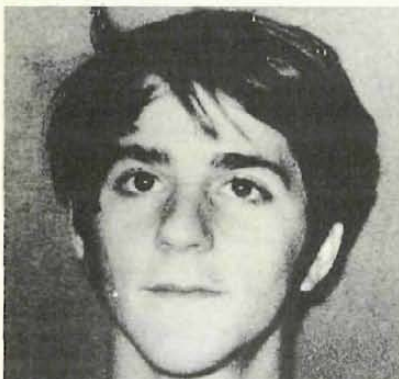


HE: Mmmmmmmmm
SHE: ...

of, she will immediately take him out of her will and the estate will be left to me. Don't delay.



F-37, 145-NY CROSS DRESSER
Fond of B&D, am very passive. Will be slave to dominant people. Like all except being hit on the head with a metal frying pan.



M-40, 177-LI LOOKING FOR LOVE
Several dozen very affectionate and attractive young ladies seek male

5'7", 24 yrs. old, approx. 140 lbs., brown hair and eyes, probably wearing a moustache and beard, answers to the name of Dave or David. Has slight scar on left wrist. If you answer this description, come forth and spend a thousand nights of pleasure with us. We'd like to love you to'death.

C-35, 284-NJ LOVELY COUPLE
Seeking same to play bridge with in underwear. No hearts, canasta, pinochle.

M-41, 564-G PICK ME PICK ME!



Don't care if you're stupid, homely or what. Pick me. I never get picked.

R-47, 355-MD MATINEE FREE-FOR-ALL

Cauc. couple, he 47, she 20, no mismatch we. Interested in passing gas into Naugahyde chairs while we watch? Please write with photos. All will get answered. Hurry, you won't be disappointed by our reactions to this vile habit of yours.

S-76, 586-FL I'VE GOT A HARD ON
Won't go away. Have tried everything. Wacked it with mallets, stirred coffee with it. Almost put out my niece's eye by accident. Please, if you can help, hurry and write.

C-29, 806-KY FATTIES AHOY
Are you as fat as we am? If you are or think you are, answer today and don't



let one more minute pass before you answer this terrific offer which is being made this one time only and will not be repeated no matter how great the demand or how imploring later replies become as more and more of you put on weight and want to cash in on fattie action. No, we won't let you. The door is being slammed, so hurry.



C-25, 348-OH MONKEY SOUP
Happily married couple are game for anything and everything. Thighs over Ghent, the Gordian Knot, the Dreaded Three-Eyed Turtle, Legs over Lightly, Shooting the Moon, Canadian Bacon, What Now My Scar, the Ox Road, Which Foot Is It?, Bump-A-Doodle, Burning the Clothing, the Charlotte Sling-Off, and the usual French, Russian, Italian and Thousand Islands.



HE: I'm a scared of my n...
SHE: Tell us you should remove my...
articles which my...



HE: I'm a scared of my n...
SHE: Tell us you should remove my...
articles which my...



HE: I'm a scared of my n...
SHE: Tell us you should remove my...
articles which my...



HE: I will need a nozzle. Wren'th...
SHE: I will let you only. B...
when you make piss, water, piss it com...
out of all of these things?

continued

after lib-wither?

Now that the various libs—Gay, Black, Women's, Sheep, et al.—have been fully assimilated into society, the average straight white person is faced with a crisis—plenty of energy but no outlets. These exercises, if carefully followed, should help you to become self-contained, and, at least by the end of the decade, independent of all "foreign" sources.



Exercise 1. Stretch knees back over head as shown with weight of not less than 200 pounds balanced on buttocks. Maintain position for minimum of one hour a day, keeping knees straight at all times. Increase weight regularly up to 1000 pounds. Extreme spinal pain is sign of success.



Exercise 2. Placing glass of water on stomach, drink water from near side of glass without hands. Now drink water from far side. Repeat process inching down toward groin. Develops both stomach and mouth.



Exercise 3. Stand on chair. Attach a stout rope loosely around neck and secure to beam or shower head. Attach weight of not less than 100 pounds to feet. Step carefully off chair. Do not jump. Maintain position for at least one hour or until discovered by landlady. Repeat, increasing weights regularly until neck is four to six inches longer than before. You are now ready for BLISS.



Gals!

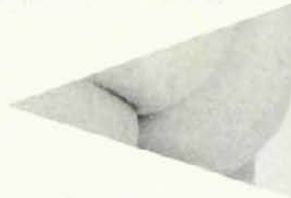


Laff riot! Just as he's going for a mouthful, zap him one in the old glommer! Looks like real! Hours of fun!

Guys!



Piece of Ass



Electric palm razor! This sturdy and reliable instrument is a must for the modern gent who increasingly has to rely on his own resources, but still likes to shake hands, applaud plays, stroke small animals. NO NICKS! Three finely honed floating heads get right into the fleshy parts in a way no blade ever can. Guarantees you a manual shave so close not even Madame Canasta will know for sure.

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What's the difference between a pickpocket and a Peeping Tom?



Well, one snatches watches. . . .



mirror of penis

The Shame of the Smithsonian!

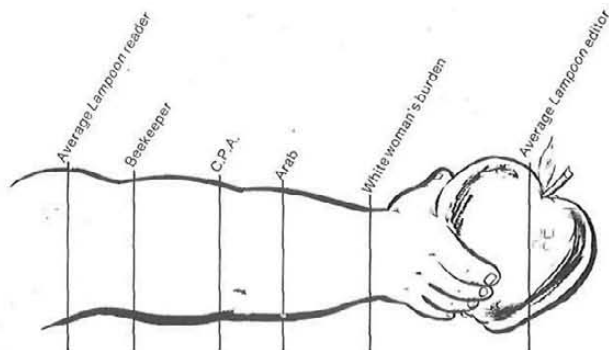


John Derringer's Cock! shown actual size

Be public spirited: Attach this little goodie to all your friends' sex equipment—rubbers, contraceptives, love oils, oysters, incense, etc.

WARNING: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Orgasm May Be Hazardous to Your Health.

O.K., we know . . . no amount of telling you that it doesn't matter how long it is is going to convince you, so here's one of mother's little helpers to show you just where you stand. Don't forget to measure actual page length by two!



The Ascension of Our Blessed Lord into Heaven

(Not shown: The Ascension of the Nail Clippings, Nocturnal Emissions, Toecheese, Mucus, Sleepies, etc., of Our Blessed Lord into Heaven.)



The Ascension of the Foreskin of Our Blessed Lord into Heaven

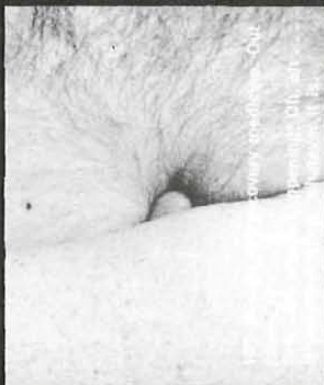
Give Us This Lay

HI, VIRGINS—IT'S ME, THE HORNY GHOST! Listen, it's been almost two thousand years since us guys got any Beaver Maria and we're looking for a second coming! Howsaboutit? Our technique is immaculate, you won't feel a thing—and if you're not a virgin before, you sure will be after. Remember, though—the Big Three don't like to be turned down. In fact, it's THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN! So if an angel comes knocking at your door, don't be coy. With the HORNY GHOST it's put out or cast out!



Editor's Note:

O.K.—fantastic news. We got the go-ahead. WE CAN SHOW IT. IT, THE THING NO ONE HAS EVER SHOWN ANYWHERE EVER BEFORE. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST DISGUSTING, MOST ENTICING, SEXY, INCREDIBLY RAUNCHY, FILTHY, SEAMY, GLORIOUS THING EVER SHOWN IN ANY MEDIUM! WE HAVE TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT COULD HAPPEN WHEN YOU TURN THE PAGE BUT WE DON'T CARE. IT'S WORTH IT. WE DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE BEING ALLOWED TO SHOW THIS AND NOR WILL YOU! HERE GOES.



HOW ABOUT THAT? NOT BAD, HUH? WE CAN'T BELIEVE WE DID IT AND ACTUALLY GOT AWAY WITH IT. PHEW!
Well, after that there isn't much to add, except...

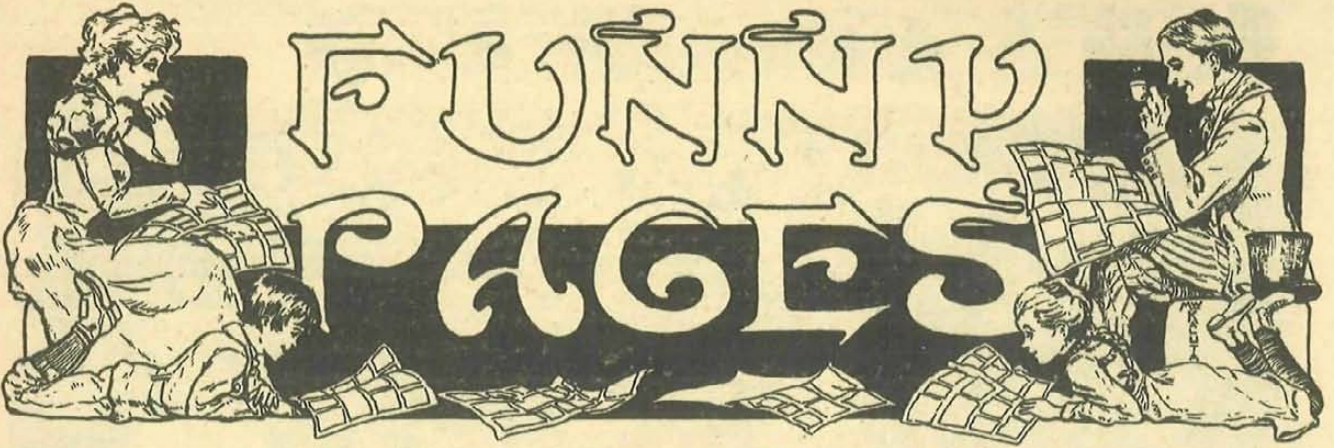
kiss-off



HE: Goodbye, good-bye.
SHE: So long. See you soon.



Old Arab proverb:
For children—a woman;
for pleasure—a boy;
but for sheer ecstasy—a melon.



FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER VISITING 'THE FOLKS,' WHICH MEANT GOING TO SEE THE PARENTS OF YOUR FATHER OR YOUR MOTHER, AND HOW THE IDEA ALWAYS STARTLED YOU BECAUSE IT REMINDED YOU THEY WERE KIDS, TOO?

YOU SURE YOU PACKED THE NEW SHAVING KIT I GOT DAD, MADGE?

LET'S SEE... HERE'S THE CANDY BARS I GOT, AND THE COMIC BOOKS...

DON'T WORRY, HARRY, IT'S PACKED.

SNIFF!

WELL, COME ON, LET'S GO! I DON'T WANT NOT TO BE ON TIME! GET THE KID MOVING! WHAT'S HE DOING, ANYWAY?

WE'RE READY, DEAR!

OK.

I SHOULD HAVE GOT MORE OF EVERYTHING!

HEY-LOOK AT THE KID, WILL YOU? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT ENOUGH CRAP FOR A TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE!

NEVER MIND THAT, DID YOU PACK MY HAIR DRIER?

OK..HERE WE GO!

GET AWAY FROM THE CANDY, WALDO!

SNIFF SNIFF

WHAT SECRET WISDOM DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

THE ACE BURGLAR

I SURE ENJOY TRIPS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR, HARRY?

WELL, THE GODDAMN THING WON'T START, THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE IT LOOKED AT!

I WAS! NOW JUST BE QUIET, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

3 Graham's Jabber

WHAT SECRET WISDOM DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

THE ACE BURGLAR

BODÉ'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD

TRUE LOVE
GOOSEES
THE
HAT

LAUGHN
BODÉ ©



AHH, DA AFTERGLOW OF A GREAT BLOW JOB. YOU IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS MAGGIE-THA-MOUTH WHO CAN MAKE YA' COME JUST BY MAKING FACES AT YOU FROM THE JOHN.

CHEECHY YOU SAID YOU MARRY ME IF I BLOW YOU FOR TWO HOURS.

THAT WAS MY LECHEROUS LIBIDO. I WAS OUTTA MY MIND WITH SICK HORNNINESS. ANTHE B.J. WAS ONLY 1 1/2 HRS.



LOOKIT, SEE, I'LL WOP YOU WITH MY BIG BUNS, CHEECHY, YOU ALWAYS SAY YOU LIKE DAT.

I GOT TO DUST THIS INSATIABLE WOOD NYMPH.

ACK!

OOH, I JUS LOVE YOU TO PIECES SWEET HAT!

I WILL COOK, AN SEWAN MAKE BABIES, AN WE WILL FUK FOURTY TIMES A DAY.

I'LL TELL HER I GOT TO GO THROW-UP IN THE BUSHES. THEN I'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT.





IDYL



© J. JONES 1974



I WAS BORN JUST THIS MORNING.



I LEARN FAST. THAT'S BECAUSE I NOTICE THINGS.



JUST A WHILE AGO, WHILE I WAS NOTICING SOMETHING OR OTHER, IT BEGAN TO RAIN.



WELL, I HAD BEEN SO BUSY NOTICING THINGS, THAT IT JUST SORT OF SNEAKED UP ON ME.



I BEGAN TO THINK WHAT TO DO.

I DECIDED THAT ONE AS EDUCATED AS I SHOULD KNOW ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN.



SO I RAN VERY FAST AND JUMPED INTO THE LAKE.



THAT WAS TERRIBLY CLEVER, I THINK, FOR ONE SO YOUNG.



I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY.

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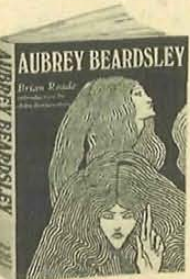
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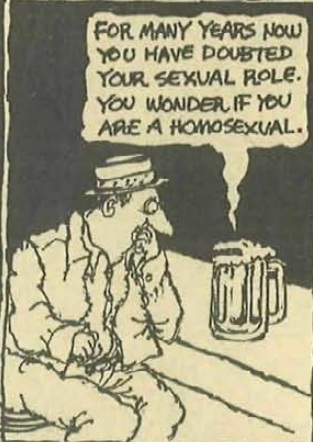
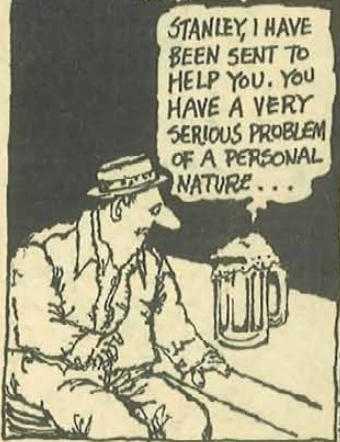
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ONE YEAR AFTER



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Marantz stereo has virtually no distortion. That's because Marantz stereo measures distortion at continuous full power throughout the whole listening range, so it won't frazzle the folks on the other side of the walls. No matter how loud I play it.

Not only that, my Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

What's more ... Marantz' Dual Power gives me the power of four dis-

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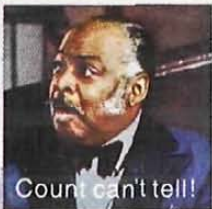
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Memorex sings.



Count listens.



Count can't tell!

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He listened, but didn't look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with **MRX₂ Oxide**.

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: "You gotta be kidding, I can't tell."

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