

SEX CANDY FOR HAPPY MUTANTS!

GOING BOING

\$3.95 number 10

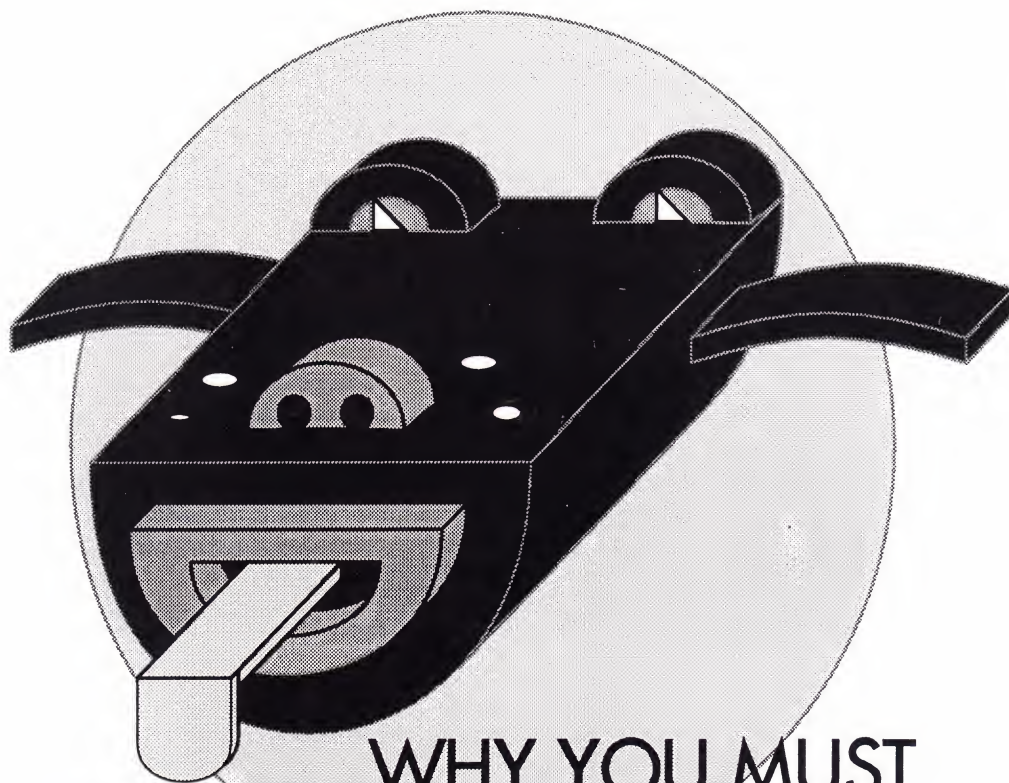
Aphrodisiacs

CyberSex, Inc.

Terence McKenna

Holy Whores!





WHY YOU MUST SUBSCRIBE

Excuse me, do you subscribe to **bOING-bOING**?

Nope. Never will, don't like it.

Fair enough. Hey, have you seen our puppy, Howdy? He's black and white, and weighs only about seven pounds. Happy little feller, always wagging his tail and coming up to strangers.

Well, that narrows it down to a couple of million mutts. Who knows whether I saw him or not?

We have reason to believe that he may be paying you a visit soon.

Good. I don't like **bOING-bOING** but I do like puppies. When I see him I'll be happy to send him your regards.

Thanks! But just make sure Howdy doesn't get any of his saliva on you.

Why? I've always heard that dog spit is

very clean, more sterile than Evian water, or something like that.

Oh, we assure you that Howdy's saliva is free of bacteria or viruses of any kind. The one million Howdy clones we set loose on the planet are entirely resistant to such vermin. **No, I wouldn't worry about the germs. Just watch out for the CRUD.**

I told you – **DOGS HAVE CLEAN MOUTHS!** The only crud is in your ears, pal, and I'm about to knock it loose if you don't go away!

Allow me to explain. You see, CRUD is an acronym for Cognition Reducing Ultramicroscopic Devices. A drop of Howdy's saliva contains millions of invisibly tiny robots that penetrate human skin and

rapidly make their way to the head, where they go to work on the brain.

Wha-?

They're pretty amazing devices, actually. You can program them to destroy very specific brain sites. In the case of Howdy, we've designed the **CRUD** he carries to destroy the pleasure centers of the central nervous system, making it impossible for the affected person to experience orgasm, hunger satiation, taste, or smell.

Hey, that doesn't sound so good. Why do you want to hurt everybody like that?

We'd never think of letting our Howdys lick just *anybody*. Howdys are very special dogs. A marvel of genetic engineering, though someone like you would never know that. We designed Howdy with a sense of smell far more sensitive than that of normal canines. They can easily recognize people who've touched subscriber's copies of **bOING-bOING**, which are treated with a special chemical odor that Howdy can't stand. So Howdy only approaches people who don't subscribe to **bOING-bOING**. People like you.

Keep that CRUD-loaded pup away! Here's my \$14 (\$20 International), just make sure you spray that Howdy-repellent on all four issues you send me!

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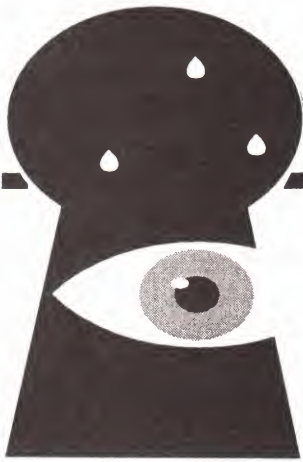
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Illustrations from U.S. Patent No. 4,524,760—A belt to be used in zero gravity that allows "one partner to exercise control of the movements of the hips of the other partner during the act of sexual intercourse."

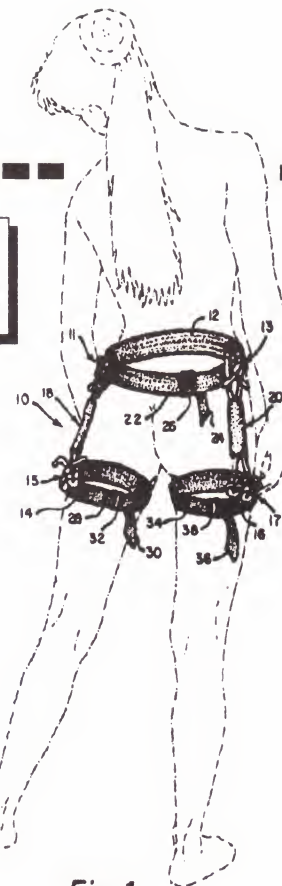


Fig. 1



THE TICK IS A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY CRITTER. It begins life by climbing a tree and clutching onto a

branch. Once cozy, it shuts itself off almost completely. One of the few parts still operating in the bloodsucking arachnid is its sensitive nose. You see, mammalian sweat contains trace amounts of butyric acid, an extremely powerful-smelling substance, and evolution has given the tick a world-class sniffer to exploit this odoriferous fact of nature. When it gets a whiff of butyric acid, the tick is instantly transformed from a sleepy bug into a bloodlust-crazed epidermis-burrower. It leaps from the branch and (if it's lucky) onto the hide of an animal loaded with savory blood. "Where there's butyric acid, there's lunch," says the tick, as it proceeds to chew a tunnel to its feast.

Is there any kind of signal that can cause such a powerful reaction in the not-so-happy-go-lucky critter known as Homo Sapiens? You bet there is! (Otherwise I wouldn't have told the tick story.) It's any combination of phonemes, pixels, pheromones, sounds or squiggly lines

that say SEX. The slightest hint of sex trips all sorts of mental images into action, see-sawing and pumping like steampunk mechanisms built by an insane calliope-maker. Even sex-haters can't prevent the visual loops from running. Their subconscious keeps dropping quarters into the slot, forcing them to watch the show.

The difference between a human and a tick is this: If a tick behavioral scientist squirts a little butyric acid into the air to trick a

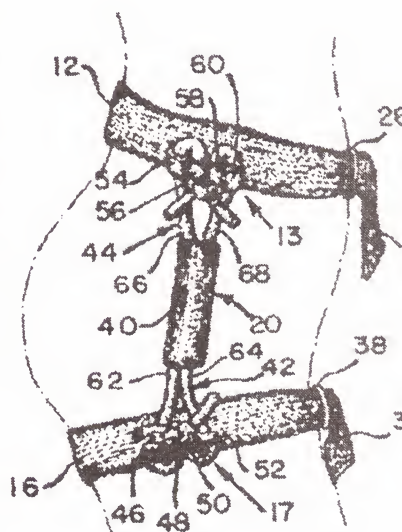


Fig. 2

tick into dropping from a branch, the tick will hit the ground, scratch its tiny flat head for a moment, and then clamber back up to its favorite spot in the tree. But if a human is tricked into thinking about sex when it's unavailable, it'll create one of many ingenious substitutes for the real McCoy. Humans like to trick themselves, because sex turns on parts of the brain that demand frequent sexual stimulation.

This special issue of **boING-boING** is about sexually motivated behavior and phenomena. Think of it as a paper sex toy that you can use over and over. Go ahead, attach your eyeballs to the following articles and let them stroke your brain until neurotransmitters spurt out of your ears. 🍷

MARK



bOUNCING bACK



Dear bOING-bOING:

WITH SEX ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

This paper has been sent to you for good luck. The original has been worn out from having passed through the hands of so many people. It has traveled around the world 69 times.

The luck has now been sent to you. You will experience great sex within four days of receiving this letter, provided you send it on! Since the copy must tour the world, you must make twenty copies and send them to others. This is no joke. Send no money. Send copies to people who need to get laid within 96 hours.

After he passed this letter on, a Montana Spinach Control Officer got his penis stuck in a cow-milking machine and had the longest series of orgasms of his life. John Elliot tried to pick up a prostitute, but, because he broke the chain, was picked up by the police instead. When they searched his home, they found magazines of little boys which they showed to his neighbors. In a suburb of Paris, Don Lora's trousers were ripped by an unsatisfied erection, 51 days after failing to circulate the letter. However, before this happened, a condom machine gave him three condoms for the price of one. (was this the consolation prize?)

Do note the following: Herbert Pudstrom received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make twenty copies and send them out. A few days later he encountered her in a red-light district making more than he had every paid her at work. General George Patton, who sent the letter on, saw what he thought was a quarter in the street. When he bent down to pick it up, a beautiful woman in a miniskirt walked by, and he got a great view. His aide, Colonel Roger Bumswiver, who did not pass on the letter, tried to pick up a similar object but was fucked up the ass by a desperate gay when he bent over. Heywood Daddit, an unemployed

chicken choker, received the letter and forgot that it had to leave his hands within 96 hours. His wife then went bowling with his best friend and never returned. Later, after finding the letter again, he mailed twenty copies. A few days later he got a wife and discovered that his old wife, who he thought was wonderful, had made love to him like a dead salmon for all these years! Alan Fairchild received the letter and, not believing, threw the letter away. Nine days later he spilled hot coffee in his crotch.

In 1987 the letter received by a young woman in Texas was faded and barely readable, so she did not realize that this paragraph applied to her. She promised herself she would retype the letter and send it on, but she put it aside to do later. She was plagued with problems including herpes and other venereal diseases she contracted in her futile attempts to find Mr. Right in a singles bar. The letter did not leave her hands in 96 hours. She finally typed the letter and found a man with a 10-inch penis.

You must distribute at least twenty copies within 96 hours of receiving this letter. Those who do will find their love lives more fulfilling. Those who do not will be doomed to one-night stands with mechanical devices.

Enjoy,

A person who didn't break the chain

Dear bOING-bOING:

Hey there, just picked up #8 of bOING-bOING and my girl, Sarah, and I both enjoyed it. I especially liked the Shiner interview (Sarah got me to read SLAM, which I'm thankful to her for). Good to see folks like Denny Eichhorn and Mike Gunderloy in there, as well as the reviews. I wish Eichhorn provided a picture of the man in the chair—I would've demanded a copy from the source—I'm fascinated by that image. Jeez... I'm appreciative of the comics coverage and inclusion of strips as well. Enclosed is a copy of my latest comic for the funnybook review section, Milk and Cheese #3. Hope someone likes it some. Also the enclosed is Sarah Dyer's Mad Planet zine

for review porpoises and bathroom reading.

Thanks for your consideration and best with bOING-bOING always --

Yours truly

Evan Dorkin

Staten Island NY

Hi Evan,

bOING-bOING likes *Milk and Cheese* (\$2.50 + \$1.00 s&h, Slave Labor Graphics 983 S Bascom Ave., San Jose CA 95128) and *Mad Planet* (\$1.00, 543 Van Duzer St, Staten Island NY 10304) and wishes a pox on anyone who won't buy them.

Dear Head-bOINGers:

When I received bOING-bOING #9 the other day, it was like a breath of fresh, oxygen-enriched air. It's very pleasing to read a small-press zine that doesn't have half-assed production values and editorial standards to match. Both of these qualities are top-shelf in bOING-bOING.

I particularly enjoyed Clifford Pickover's "There Will Be Soft Cattle", and Jerzy Rugby's article on the Ramones. I could have wished that Jon Lebkowsky's column could have been more meaty and in-depth, but I suppose that like myself, your readership is already pretty well-educated on the subject. Please don't try to expand your zine reviews so far as to lose your main focus. Stay tight; keep the edge. If bOING-bOING stays this good, count me in for the whole ride.

By the way, #9 had one article by Bruce Sterling, one about same, and found him mentioned in (by my count) three others. Not that I'm complaining; if anyone should be a major personality in bOING-bOING, it's him, and he is one of my all-time favorites. I was just wondering if this is a regular thing.

Keep up the good stuff, and don't thaw out.

Yers

R.J. Fildes

Kent, OH

boING-boING #10

"Mutating Simian Brains Since 1988"

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Carla Sinclair



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Gareth Branwyn



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CYBERSEX, INC.

Starting in early February 1993, *boING-boING* and *Club Fuck!* will co-sponsor a series of events at night-clubs in Los Angeles. This mind-warping confluence of modern primitives and happy mutants will include fringe technology, dancers, bondage & discipline performances, weird computer tricks, interactive fiction, a smart bar, body painting, and other activities we dare not print. Don't deny your mind and body the extreme treatment we intend to foist upon SoCal simians! Call *boING-boING* 818/980-2009 or the *Fuckline* @ 213/896-8264 for the latest developments.

SCUZZY

That reality-bending network of rube-trickers, the Cacophony Society, has formed a Seattle chapter. Their newsletter, the *Hi Stepper News*

(subscriptions \$10/12 issues), promises fun-filled events such as Laundromat mail art shows and a baby Jesus tour. For further information, call 206/634-3828 and ask for Lucas T. McGoof, or write to *Seattle Cacophony Society Incorporated (Scuzzy)*
PO Box 31848
Seattle, WA 98103-1848

XOCHI STACK 1.0

Xochi Stack 1.0 is a free HyperCard stack on psychedelics that runs on the Macintosh computer. Profiled in this educational stack are MDMA and LSD, as well as an Aztec deity devoted to traditional sacred plants of Mexico. You can find the stack on The Well BBS under the LIB service of the HYPE conference (HyperCard). If you aren't on The Well (shame on you!) but have internet access, then Email lordnose@well.sf.ca.us and he'll set you up with the softgoods.



These companies conduct random pee-sniffs of their employees' urine for metabolites associated with illegal drugs:

AT&T
CostCo
Dell Computer
Dow Chemical
Domino's Pizza
EDS
E-Systems
General Dynamics
Harrah's Lake Tahoe
Home Depot
Kodak
Litwin Engineers
Mobil Oil
Motorola
Ogden-Erc
Portland General
Texas Instruments
TRW
Xerox
Unisys



These companies have made public statements AGAINST pee-sniffing:

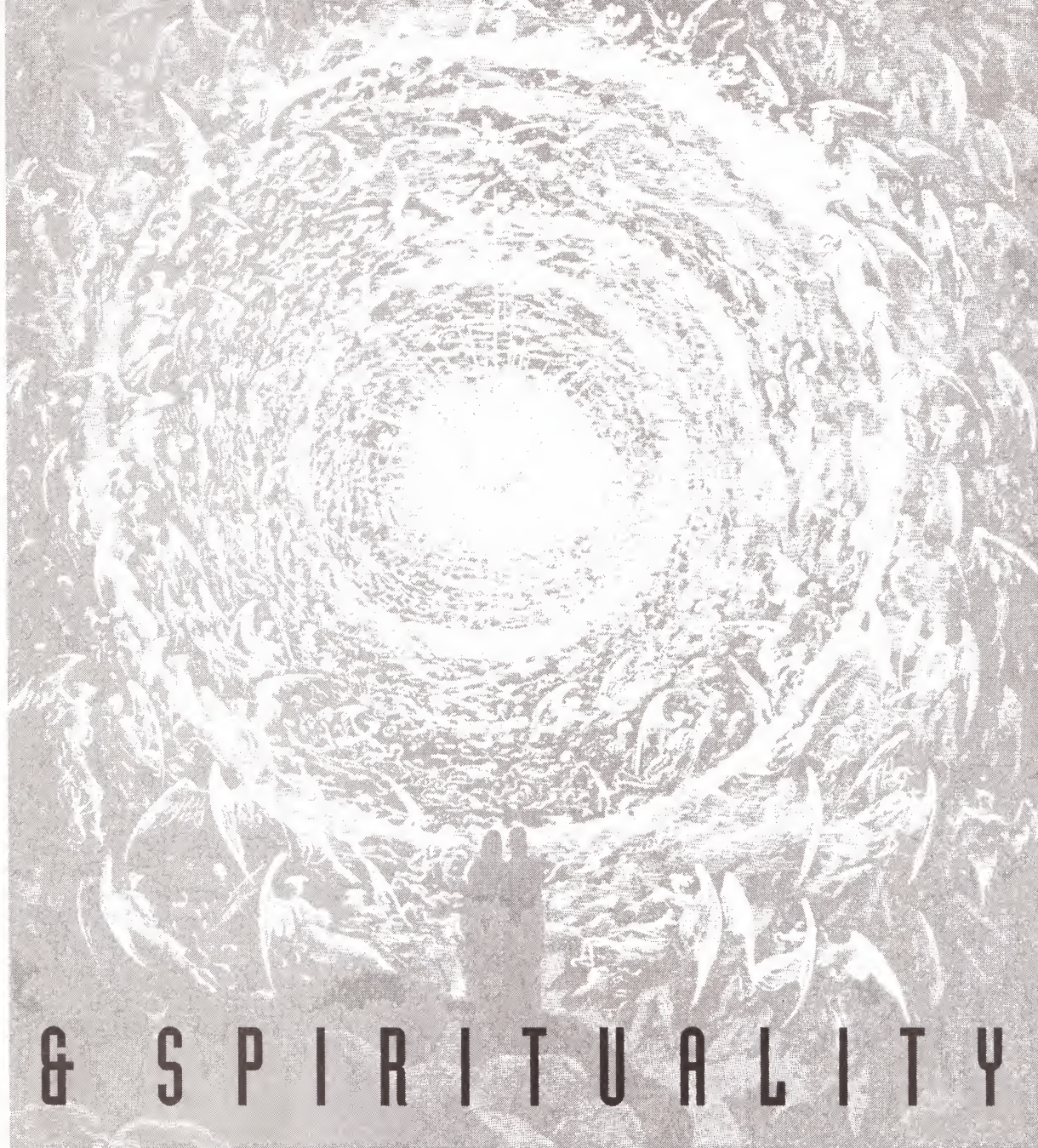
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Atlanta Research Group
Basis Automation
Borland Intl
Interactive Technology
Mentor Graphics
Microsoft
Oracle Corp
Rapid Dvt. Systems
Santa Cruz Operation
Tandem Computers

Source: The Great Usenet
Piss List Monthly Posting.
To receive an updated list every month send Email to piss@dixie.com and set the Subject : line to send.



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P S Y C H E D E L I C S



& S P I R I T U A L I T Y

----- A SPECIAL ISSUE -----

Ram Dass • Myron Stolaroff • Roger Walsh • Jean Paul Sartre • Bruce Eisner • Gracie & Zarkov

The critically-acclaimed quarterly journal of the Western Inner Traditions takes a penetrating look at drugs & the spiritual path in issue #26, Winter 1992-93.

Gnosis

Available mid-December to mid-March at your local bookstore or for \$6 (U.S.) postpaid from: P.O. Box 14217, Dept. B San Francisco, CA 94114. U.S. Subscriptions: \$20/yr. CA residents add 8.5% sales tax on all orders.

neurotica



A thirty-year-old Los Angeles cocaine user reported that he was no

longer satisfied having sexual intercourse with "biological units." A career musician, familiar with electronics, he was able to develop a biofeedback contrivance that could register changes in penile erection and transmit the information to an Apple computer. He would mechanically masturbate via an automatic vacuum device, developed to provide sexual stimulation for people who could not masturbate because of spinal injury. The biofeedback penile information would program the computer to project varying degrees and kinds of pornographic footage, excerpted and stored from a database of four hundred pornographic video tapes. The whole experience was augmented by repeated and heavy use of cocaine.

— *Craving for Ecstasy, Milkman/Sunderwirth*

Idaho couple Kurt and Kristy Wadsworth had some rasslin' fun with the big boys at the IRS recently. Seems Kristy, seven-months pregnant with twins, walked to her front door to see five men in civilian clothes playing dog-pile on her husband. One of the men had Kurt in a choke hold. Kristy, being the spoilsport, tried to pull the men off. She was shoved away so hard by

an IRS agent that she went into premature labor. One of the 'lil nippers died at birth and the other has permanent physical damage. The IRS agents who were playing with the couple didn't have a warrant, nor were the Wadsworth's taxes in question.

— 10/4/92 *USA Today*

The University of Texas is selling a bugs-in-your-food detector kit. Just put a drop of the juice in your Cream of Wheat, and if it turns green — you're in luck! Your food is full of bugs. The U.S. Department of Agriculture allows 2 insects per kilogram of grain.

A California law aimed at squelching kiddie porn was used against art photographer Jock Sturges, whose photos of naked children are often shown in museums. His equipment and negatives were confiscated by letter-o'-the-law cops who wouldn't give them back for almost two years until they couldn't find a jury to indict him.

— 11/92 *Redbook*

A 15-year-old boy from New York was arrested for taking over Toronto's 911 emergency system in October. The youngster hacked his way through a security shield by routing computer transmissions through large systems in

the U.S.

The way-

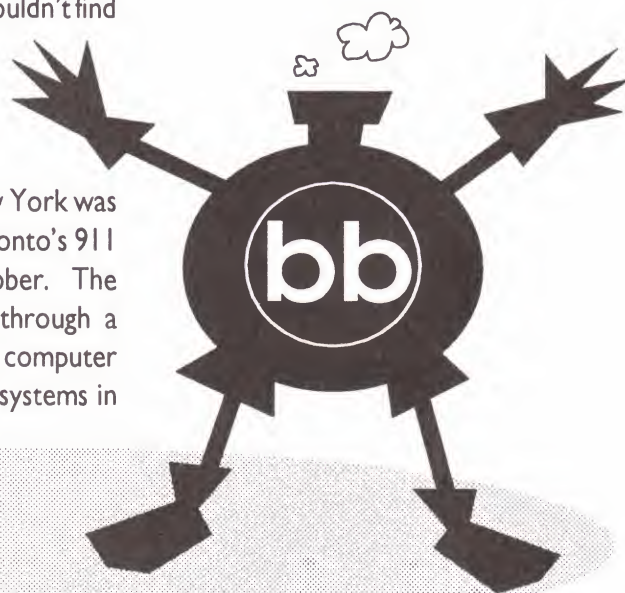
ward lad used his home

computer to control police, fire people and paramedics like little chess pieces, sending them all over town to respond to his false alarms. Detective Willie Johnson said "That made us angry."

— 11/7/92 *Toronto Sun*

Agents of the DEA, LA County Sheriff's Department and other police agencies burst through the front door of Don Scott's Ventura, CA home, because they thought he was growing MARIJUANA in his closet. Don was sleeping when the cops shoved his wife through the house. When she screamed "Don't shoot me! Don't kill me!" Don woke up and ran into the living room with a pistol. The cops told him to put the gun down. As his arm dropped, he was shot twice in the chest and died instantly. A subsequent search of the property revealed no marijuana or anything else illegal.

— 10/13/92 *SF Examiner*.



Carla Cranks Alcor, a Cryonic Preservation Company

COLD-HEARTED PRANK

Alcor: (receptionist) Alcor Foundation.

BOING-BOING: Yes, hi, I'd like to speak to someone in the freezing department.

The what?!

You know, the people in charge of signing people up.

Uh, one moment please. Your name?

My name is Katie.

(pause)

Hi this is David. *(name has been changed)*

Hi! This is Katie. I live in Los Angeles, and I was wondering how much it would cost to freeze my arms.

To freeze your arms??

Yeah.

Hmm (nervous chuckle) uhh, actually, that's not something I think we've ever done. I don't know if it's not something we would ever do. But I'd be the wrong person to talk to about that. I'm the membership administrator, I get people signed up for cryonics.

Well what other parts have you frozen then?

Well we either freeze a person's whole body or just their head. Can you explain to me why it is you only want your arms frozen?

Because that's the best part of my body.

Er...um...a...(another nervous chuckle) Are you talking about after your death you want them frozen?

Well, yeah. Everyone always compliments my arms. My arms are great. They're tan, thin and very smooth. So I want to freeze them.

Hmm, well, why don't you hold on a second.

Okay.

(pause)

Hi, it's David again. Uh, I just spoke with our vice president, and he said that's just something we cannot do.

How come?

Well, he didn't give me specific reasons for it, but he was very emphatic.

What does that mean?

Well I, uh, he was, (chuckle) it's definitely, uh,

No?

Yeah, definitely (chuckle) that we, we, we won't do that. Our basic purpose is, uh, the uh,

Well what if somebody needs arms later on? Mine would be great.

Well actually, uh, I don't know how much you know about cryonics or anything, but uh, by the time we have the technology to bring these people out of suspension, the actual cloning of cells will be a very simple thing. You might want to have your tissue samples stored at a tissue storage bank or something. That's where the pattern that makes your arms what they are is - in your DNA. But, uh, our basic purpose is people who want to take the chance to continue to live by having themselves frozen when and if they die. But we're not really here to freeze body parts.

Hmm, well you said that you freeze heads.

Well, when we just freeze heads it still carries out our main motivation, which is getting the person to the future. Your brain is basically what contains who you are. You can cut off your hand or your arm, and you still have all your memories, all of your personality. Of course you'd still be psychologically altered, but you would be the same person. Whereas, if I cut off a part of your brain, uh, you would be a completely different person. The basic reasoning for just freezing your head is the technology required to reverse what's wrong with the patient, you know, what caused them to die in the first place will be much more advanced technology than that required to just clone cells. . .

Oh boy.

. . . and basically just grow a whole new body.

Huh. Well I really wouldn't want to just leave my brain.

Well if you don't freeze your brain, then you're not really freezing you, you're just freezing a part of you. Our interest isn't really in having organ donations or body-part donations - it's in attempting to transport people to the future, where technology can repair what's wrong with them and help them to continue their life.

Oh, I don't think my brain is smart enough for that.

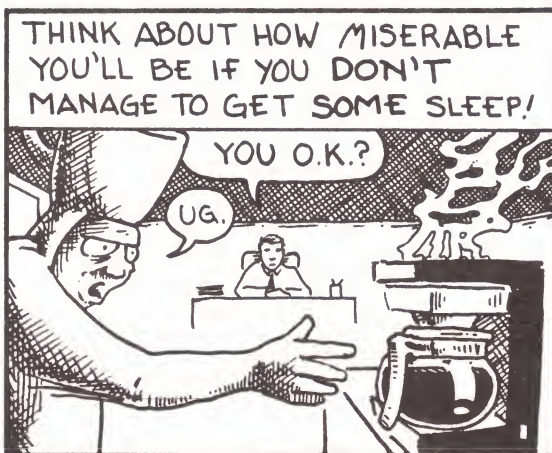
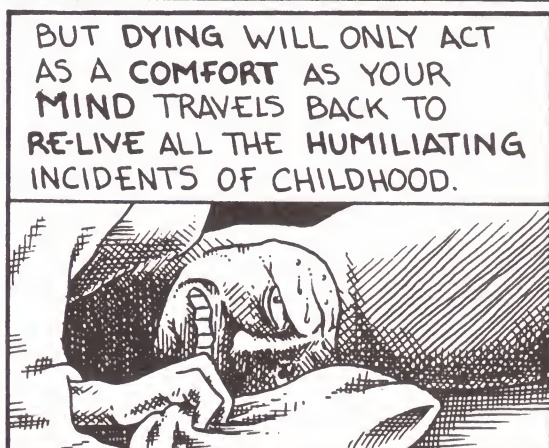
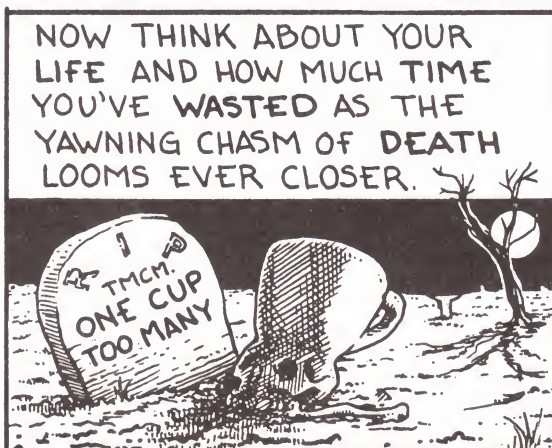
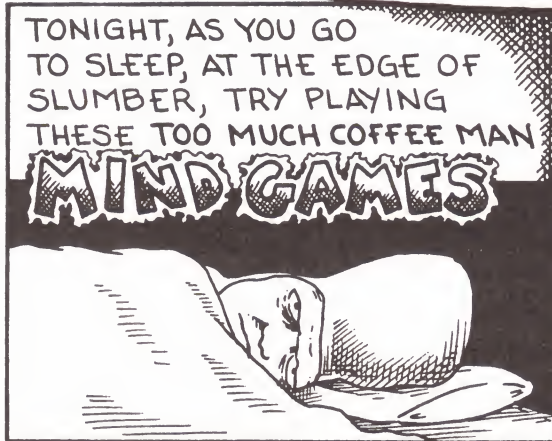
Okay. No problem.

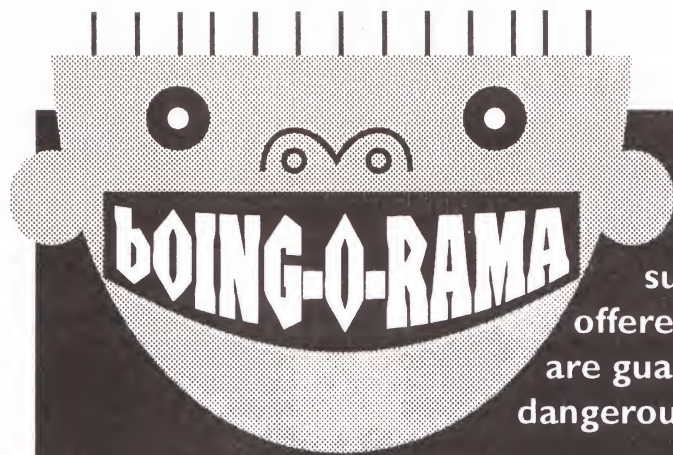
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created by Peter Sugarman and bOING-bOING's own Gareth Branwyn

and has lots of stuff by Mark Frauenfelder and other

b O I N G - b O I N G

collaboratos.BCP! also features

essays and reviews

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\$15, paperback, 534 pp

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& John Morgenthaler

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#7: Build your own Brain Toy, Robert Anton Wilson article. (Supplies are running low.) **\$15**

#8: The editor of PIHKAL bares all, Lewis Shiner interview, Antero Alli interview, Motorola's Urine-Sniffin' Facists. **\$6**

#9: Rudy Rucker & Bruce Sterling articles, artificial life, nanotech clothing, home surgery on your pet. **\$5**



Gopod Yes! Gimme this stuff:

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A REAL MAN

Fiction by Bill Eakin

I met her at the S&M³ club, in the Ecstasy bar.

SHE WORE THIN
BLACK GAUZE
AND SPARKLING
SYNTHOHAIR.

She sat down next to me and said, "Hi. You're cute."

"I make a hobby of it."

"Are you a real man?"

"Of course."

"No, I mean are you real?"

"What the hell do you think?"

"Look, don't bullshit me. 99% of the guys in here are physiograms."

I looked up at the central projection sphere high above the dance floor and nodded at her: yes, 99% of them were. "I want you to show me a good time," she said, and she opened her legs slightly.

I said, "S&M?"

"I—I'd rather not. I just want—look, I haven't had a real man for two years. Just those damned projections."

"Why should I go with you?" The scarcity of real men meant that males could be picky. Very picky. It had been that way since the great epidemics of 2023.

"Well—" She faltered, "I have two clones. We can triple your pleasure."

She motioned with her head to two of the countless dancers on the other side of the bar. Identical.

"It looks like they've already found partners," I replied. She shook her head. "Physiograms."

"How can you tell?"

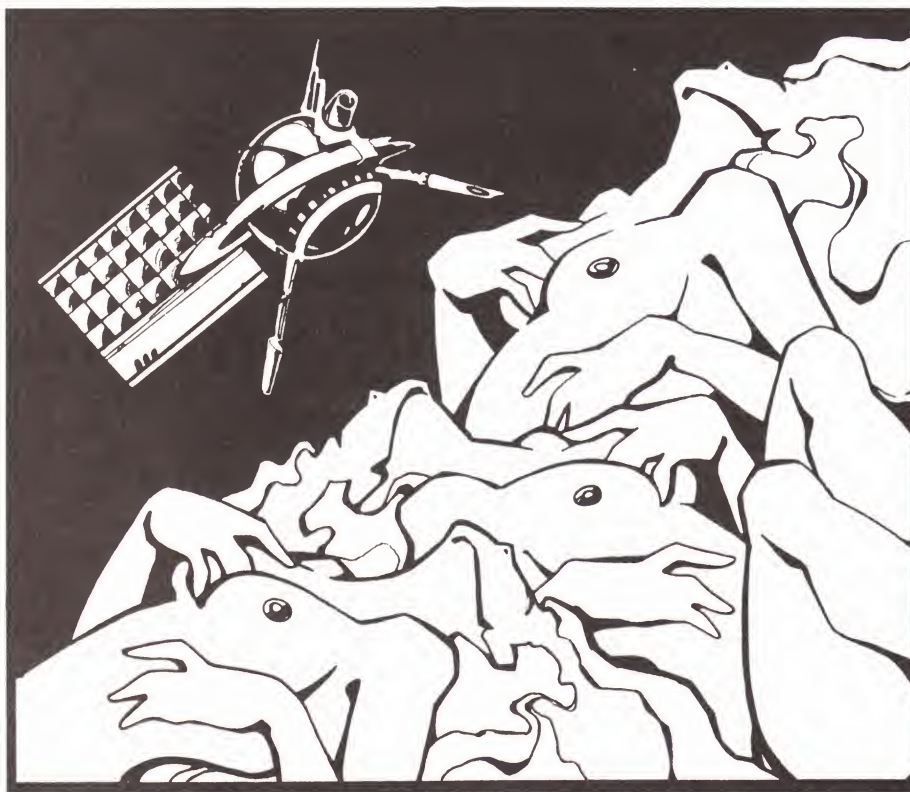


Illustration by Darick Chamberlin

into S&M."

"Why'd you come here then anyway?" I motioned to a waiter to bring me a vial of soma.

"Some of the women at work said this was the best place to meet real ones."

I nodded. "One of the best places. Does the best business in town, too."

I put soma in my veins, let her do the same, then she paid for it. In a moment when the

wild rushing sensations stopped, we shot across the crowded dance floors to get her clones.

Soon we were free of the laser-light misty atmosphere of the S&M³ and were in her electric car, hurtling out of the metropolis and into the forest. It was a beautiful evening. The stars were out. There were none of those sunspots or electromagnetic storms that could ruin an evening. There was just clear night air.

We drove as far as I had ever been into the forest and Mara-1 looked at me as she turned the wheel and pulled the car to a stop. "I half-expected you to disappear when we walked out the door."

Mara-2 in the seat behind me put her arms around my neck. I let her unbutton the top of my shirt. "Here? In the woods?"

"We've been needing pine-covered ground for a long time. Simple, beautiful, real."

"They wouldn't leave the club."

I looked again at the projection sphere. It was hard to imagine being a computer-generated physical being who disintegrated outside the club, beyond the invisible rays of direct projection.

"They wanted to take us into back rooms—"

"Why didn't you go?"

"I told you. I've seen too many back rooms."

"You three haven't been here before. New in town?"

"Yes. And hungry."

I smiled wryly. "Fine. Okay. Let's do it. But first I need a spike of something."

She smiled at me and I knew what she was thinking. Physiograms don't shoot up.

"We'll wait for you," she replied.

"Don't you want some?"

She hesitated, then said, "All right. Drugs. But no violence. We're really not

I kissed Mara-2's slender hand, and we got out into the cool night. The four of us walked into the woods a long distance over the shamrocks, gentle grasses and ferns of the forest floor. The air felt good. The pine, oak and birch around us made me feel renewed. I said, "I've never been this far out."

"It always amazes us how few people from the metropolis come out here," replied Mara-3, putting her arm through mine. "It's as if neon and VR and laser and hypermusic are the only things they know."

I nodded. "They can't even see the stars." I looked up and caught a glimpse of a faint satellite, moving across space.

"This is real," said Mara-1. "Damn, this is real."

We came to a halt below a massive old hardwood, perhaps a white oak. Sprigs of mistletoe wavered in the breezes of the highest limbs. I pointed this out, and one by one the Maras kissed me, then did so once again, longer, and then it started. I had never felt anything like it, and I knew from the way they responded to my caresses that they enjoyed it too. More than enjoying it, we all reveled in the warmth, tenderness, wildness, clarity, reality of it all.

They tasted good to me. They treated me well, lovingly. I did the same for them. Eventually, after the highest and wildest, then slowest and most tender moments they each gradually fell asleep.

• • •

I sat up awake, enjoying the forest at night, enjoying the sensations of my body. And then I felt a flicker. I looked at my watch. 5:03 closed at 2 a.m., and it was almost that now.

I sighed, stood and walked a few meters through the trees.

Mara-3 stirred, stood and followed me. "Where are you going?"

I looked at her and felt a brief pang. I shrugged out embarrassment. "5:03 features the newest technologies—" I felt another more serious flicker.

Oh—" she gasped.

"We've gone satellite." And then I was gone. I just barely caught a final look at her face: a sense of surprise, momentary anger, or hurt, and then something else. The new technology was going to pay for itself in no time. We had three new regulars. ♣

PETER, PETER, ACID EATER

by Thomas Lyttle

Peter Stafford's books about psychedelics are almost as old as I am. His first book, LSD: The Problem Solving Psychedelic came out during the Summer of Love in 1967.

Written with Holly Golightly, the main character in Truman Capote's Breakfast at Tiffany's, it catapulted the authors to international psychedelic stardom. Peter followed with a brilliant and adventurous career - two more books on psychedelics - Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty and his most famous - The Psychedelics Encyclopedia.

Peter is known as the great psychedelic storyteller. I caught up with him in Santa Cruz at the home of Barry Crombe - one of the founders of the Psychedelics Education Center. -Thomas Lyttle

Peter Stafford : Recently Terence McKenna spoke at The Bridge Conference on psychedelics. He talked about the failure of psychedelics to stop the war in Iraq. He said, "If you smoke, smoke more, and if you deal, deal more." I thought that was a bold statement.

BOING-BOING: That's interesting, considering that many major wars were started because of drugs. Wouldn't increased drug dealing lead people to fight over who has the most marbles? I guess my understanding of human nature is different than Terence's. Certainly that's a good point.

I was just talking to somebody in the agricultural/drug community about the invasion of Grenada, for instance.

The invasion of Grenada was completely drug-based. Grenada is the world's top producer of nutmeg, which as you know fuels the whole amphetamine industry. And George Bush and Dan Quayle's family have a lot invested in the amphetamine industry through legitimate pharmaceutical firms.

What led you to start writing about the psychedelic experience?

Well, I suppose it has to do with John Beresford, one of the more interesting actors on the psychedelic stage. I was teaching a course called "Psychedelics: Their Uses and Implications" at the Free University of New York on 14th Street. I went with a couple of my students to an uptown hotel to see John Beresford lecture on the effects of LSD. In 1960, John Beresford purchased what I consider to be the most important allotment of LSD from Sandoz, who was then making it legally. This LSD was labeled Lot No. 00047. John was a pediatrician at a New York hospital. He wrote Sandoz asking for four doses. But he made a fundamental mistake, and ask for the amount in MILLIGRAMS instead of MICROGRAMS! Soon thereafter arrived a gram of the stuff with a bill for \$285.

I heard that Dr. Beresford was somehow involved with Michael Hollingshead, "the man who turned on the world."



R. Cobb Cartoon from *Psychedelics Encyclopedia*

Yeah ... they distributed this gram of acid to such people as Paul McCartney, Tim Leary, Ram Dass, Ralph Nestler, Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, Charles Mingus, Dizzy Gillespie and about 2,000 others.

The Psychedelics Encyclopedia is probably the best known of your books. It has sold over fifty thousand copies through its first two incarnations.

You know, I've only seen one USED copy of the book for sale. I went to grab it in a used book store, but I was broke and when I came back it was gone. And I've had friends who have never swiped anything in their lives and they end up stealing copies from the libraries - it's a real popular book.

How do you account for this book's longevity? Why does it keep popping back into the picture?

Well, it's because I'm basically a good "sorter-outer." In a lot of other books on psychedelics people have commented on how they got involved; some of their trips, etc. I do this to some extent in my earlier books also. But in the ENCYCLOPEDIA I leave all that out. I only really make two comments. I just kept things a bit more simple minded. Let's just have a history of it all. I wanted to review the botany, the chemistry, the physical effects and all the various preparations, etc. Of course, I had the best in the business also go over everything just to make sure.

Some people get themselves into trouble using psychedelics, sometimes. There are at least four or five pages in this new book specifically on how to deal with this sort of situation, should it come up.

So, by telling people how to deal with bad trips, or good ones, are you saying "go ahead, use these psychedelic substances?"

I hold to the same position as the famous psychedelic chemist, Sasha Shulgin, who has said about psychedelics, "I will champion them forever!" ♣

Psychedelics Encyclopedia, third edition

by Peter Stafford. 1992, 512 pp, softbound \$24.95 + \$4 s&h [California add 8.25% sales tax] Ronin Publishing, Box 1035 Berkeley, CA 94701, ISBN 0-914171-51-8

Talking about that very chrome, way-dangerous, white-man interface

BRENDA LAUREL

Brenda Laurel wears a Big Wig in the user interface & virtual reality worlds. She's editor of THE ART OF COMPUTER HUMAN INTERFACE and author of COMPUTERS AS THEATRE. She's got an MFA & PhD in Theatre & she's also among the first women programmers. — Spiros Antonopoulos & Andrea Barnett

b OING-boING: Is there anyone working on sexual interface?

BRENDA LAUREL: I'm sure there are — you know about the famous VIRTUAL VALERIE hack (CD ROM porn game from Reactor--ed). Also the most crowded expo at a recent conference was the 900 number people—who want to figure out how to bring phone sex into the world of virtual reality.

But with VR you have the potential of losing sexual stereotypes...

You do, but the problem is the guys who are thinking about it are the guys whose business it is to sell those stereotypes. And so it becomes another means of enforcing the gender landscape rather than a means of liberation.

I think that female sexuality in its chaoticness is incredibly threatening. So when I bitch about pornography, men say "you just don't like sex." Well, let me tell you something (laughs). I like to think of myself as a lizard and I can tell you stories about lizards that would curl your tail. I guess my point is that I don't think VR is good at pornography. VR's not good at sex, but it's good at erotica, let's put it that way.

Erotica as...

If you look at sex, if I were to say what senses are most important to me, it would go something like touch, taste, smell, sound, sight. You look at virtual reality, what senses does it get? Sight, sound, maybe touch, no taste, no smell. It's upside down. But as erotica, those things work. Erotica is visual. Erotica is auditory a lot of the time. I mean, the art form of erotica. Pornography, the pornography business, depends on the lie that I'm going to give you a sexual experience by presenting some really coded erotica.

What about stuff like sensors on dildos —

stuff like that which translates to imagery or sound?

There's no reason why that can't happen and I'm sure somebody is doing it.

Do you think being a woman raised in our society gives you a unique perspective in the computer science world and computer media?

Oh sure (groans). I can remember back in 1976 when I went to my first consumer electronics show—I was still writing code in those days, bad code I might add—and people came from all over the conference to see the lady programmer. It was a big deal.

So I've lived this weird life of being inside and outside at the same time as sort of a token. But it's not been tokenism in the sense that no one's ever given me a job because they wanted to say they had a woman working for them. It's more that guys always seem to punch me and say how does this feel? I'm sort of the canary in the coal mine. I'm very glad of it—I think it's a good perspective. It lets me see things that are maybe different from what other people see.

So would you consider yourself a feminist in any sense?

Oh sure, in every sense I can think of. I'm very proud of that.

How does that apply to your work?

Well one real obvious way it applies to my work is I think about women as participants with the technology as an audience—I really focus myself. That leads to thinking if we were assuming an all-male audience I wouldn't be able to do a lot of the work that I do, as easily at least.

For instance, the story telling project I'm working on now. Storytelling is a very female-dominated profession. It's typed to a female audience. But in general I don't think it makes that much difference. Most of the men I know now I would describe as feminists too.

How do you envision the evolution of computer media and computers in our daily lives?

Well I really think that television is going the way of the buffalo in our lifetime. And I think that there's a lot of scary and hopeful possible successors to it. If you want to draw battle lines, then the war to be waged most surely now is to think clearly about who

is likely to own the interactive media of the future.

Like the Department of Defense, or ...

Or is it the phone company or broadcast companies? The broadcast leviathans, people who are the one-way culture police? What is conviviality? What is the electronic town meeting? How does that work? Right now, we're winning, because the cowboys are so far out on the Internet that no one can catch them, but that's not going to be true forever.

And as the cable TV people start looking at cable as a delivery system—I mean, you've got these eeny-weeny boxes with eeny-weeny band-widths—it's a paradigm that could win. It's a distribution infrastructure which will immediately limit how convivial the medium is, how much we can contribute to it. So as a person who wants to subvert that eventuality, then the only thing you can really do is build really compelling examples of how allowing people to enter their own context in large band-width kinds of ways, will make somebody money.

Like the Well? (Whole Earth Review 'Electronic Link BBS)

Yeah, or how providing infinite diversity in infinite combinations is a money-making proposition. Proving that to a broadcast person is damn near impossible unless you have examples that just blow people's heads off. As far as I'm concerned, anyone who's an activist in this field ought to be building those examples—myself included.

The Computer Scientists for Social Responsibility had a discussion this afternoon about the L.A. riots, and their responsibility as programmers and designers for the social impact of their technology. They gave examples of Apple giving computers to the city schools and teaching kids to use them. Which is okay, but it's not going to solve any of the deep rooted problems.

This is a big issue in multimedia right now—multiculturalism is a hot button. IBM has expropriated it. They have a new slogan: "Multimedia is multicultural." They'll show you little movies of Indians running on windows and Black jazz musicians talking to you about their craft and it's all in this very chrome, white-man interface and that's way dangerous. The fact is that letting kids mess with the structure of a database to manipulate the context of it does not constitute empowerment. Empowerment is about content for children, and ultimately about form and structure too, but for children it's about content.

Is that it? Thanks for talking to me—it's always nice to get a chance to bail out my reputation as a tight-ass structuralist. ☺

by Jon Lebkowsky

ONE OF THE YOUNG TURKS OF CYBERPUNKDOM was finding my interest in Lenny hard to understand: wasn't he just a junkie who spiked himself to death? Would I have wanted to live next door to this guy, have him shooting up in my bathroom while my kids peered through the crack in the door?

Cyberpunk fictionoids are packed with references to drugs, so the junkie thing might be Lenny's link to today's world, but oddly enough I seldom think about drugs when I think of Lenny. It's not a drug thing, but a fringe thing. When I think of Lenny, and when I think of the sixties, I see grainy b&w Alphaville visions of urban and academic fringes, my first exposure to an alternative culture where, at the time, Lenny Bruce was as fringe as you could get...along with his compadre Paul Krassner of THE REALIST, who'd been a standup comic himself and was writing a column called "The Naked Emperor." And then there was Thomas Pynchon, a surreal sponge slopping over with reams of drug-stained prose...and Bob Dylan, Philip Dick, William Burroughs, Maurice Girodias (of Olympia books and EVERGREEN REVIEW), Charles Bukowski, Tuli Kupferberg, Tim Leary,

FICTION

THAT BLEEDS TRUTH

world of calculated denial, war machines hidden in the basement and hate generators buried beneath teevee whitenoise. But denial is tough for some who're so sensitive that Truth is a thorn in the side that won't go away.

Lenny was like that, he couldn't buy into such denial, when the world included motherfuckers, cocksuckers, queers, perverts, and hidden demons. The police busted him for obscenity three or four times, they hauled him into court where he had to defend somebody else's interpretation of his act. Yet he kept performing, and evolved a meta-act that included commentary on the court's interpretation of his various bits.

Compare this to what Bruce Sterling calls the "hacker crackdown," where cops raid bbs nodes, the contents of which they can't begin to understand. Lenny did a bit about police mentality.

The origins of law are in tribal customs that set a social contract to protect everybody, so that we don't dump on each other. As

the laws grow more complex and diffuse, we hire cops, and create courts, because it's gotten hard to interpret what constitutes a crime. It's tough for the cops to know who to bust. If a concerned, apparently upstanding, citizen reports a crime, and the cop doesn't know enough about the context to determine whether a crime's actually been committed, he'll make the bust and leave it to the courts to decide...meanwhile, the bustee is out megabucks for legal defense. Ruined, perhaps, financially and psychically. That's what

happened to Lenny: is it any wonder that he spiked himself? The courts were breathing down his neck, he was broke and dependent on others for his legal defense. Drugs made him feel better, and the ultimate injection took his pain away for good.

Lenny often gets the credit/blame for the kind of confessional comedy that standups perform today, comedy that doesn't know restrictions

on language and thematic content. But Lenny was different from today's average standup in a couple of ways: first, he was truly funny, and second, he told the truth. He wasn't busted because of his language, and it wasn't for free speech that he continued to stand and fall, one bust after another. It was for Truth.

Lenny made it clear, if you read his stuff, that he really wanted to respect authority, that he didn't want to fight the establishment or any of that crap. What he wanted to do was tell the Truth, as he saw it: the emperor'd left his stuff at the laundromat and, as he once said, we're all the same schmuck. In his world there were people who wanted to fuck and would play any kind of twisted game to make it happen, and there were perversions of power on every street corner, and there was such amazing denial. (Big problem in the 50s, denial, not much better now.)

When they busted Lenny, it was like they were trying to tell him that his life, his reality, had no existence. This word, cocksucker, that got him into such trouble, was an Evil Word representing a closet reality. Do you think it's better because these words are no longer taboo? Do you think it's a better world where Eddie Murphy and Andrew Dice Clay can appear right there on television and talk gutterphile blue streaks?

Naw, man, we're still in denial. We still lie about the essential barriers that stand between us, pretend they're not there, avoid community, avoid heart, avoid real love... Lenny Bruce loved the characters he described, you could tell. He loved his audience. Could you say that about Eddie Murphy or any of the ten dozen standups that parade across the teevee screen every week of the year?

We're still in denial, yes. Maybe not about the mechanics of sex, but about the gestalt of Love.

"My concept? You can't do anything with anybody's body to make it dirty to me. Six people, eight people, one person — you can only do one thing to make it dirty: kill it. Hiroshima was dirty. Chessman was dirty."—Lenny Bruce ●

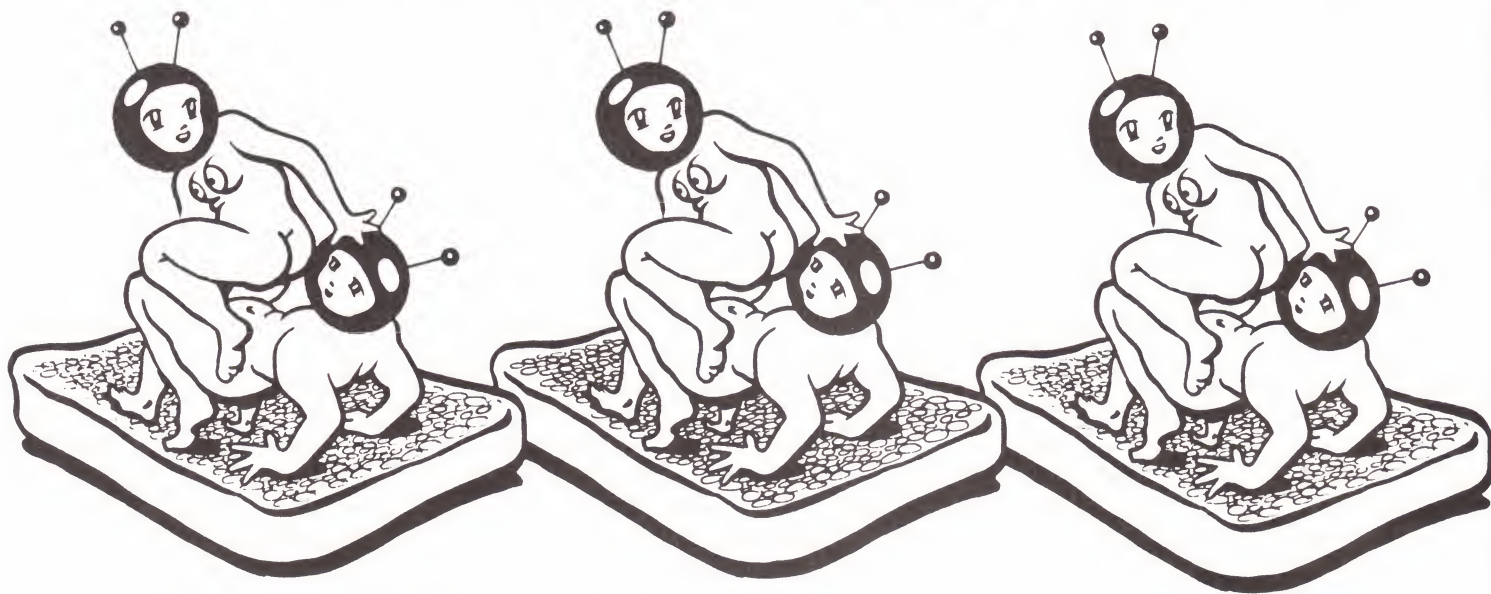
etc. Tech wasn't central to this picture. It was an evolving concern, especially in the context of McLuhanesque media study (though nobody'd quite envisioned the PC, since we were still using punch cards to feed data to monolithic flea-brained CPUs). Tech was the subject of a few crazy sf novels and, of course, Pynchon's GRAVITY'S RAINBOW ("They put the control inside!")

These folks were on the fringes, living the truth of the street, alienated from the bourgeois



Mark Neville

Bottled Libido



aphrodisiac review by Mark Frauenfelder & Paco Xander Nathan

When two people are attracted to one another, the rush of lust they feel is caused by amphetamine-like chemicals produced in the brain. The speed buzz doesn't last forever though, and after a year or two, if the couple stays together, their bodies start producing endorphins, a natural opiate-like substance. Apparently, this is nature's way of getting the mating pair comfortably addicted to each other. Trouble is, lots of people like sex on speed more than during an opiate nod. As William Burroughs points out, junkies are satisfied to stare at their shoes for eight hours straight when they've got heroin pulsing through their systems. On the other hand, if you ask any Methedrine freak what their favorite activities are while speeding, they'll tell you that "making the beast with two backs" is third only to high-speed, info-sparse babbling, and taking more speed.

The chemical condition of the brain is not the only thing that can degrade sex. The hassles of an overscheduled life, with time-slices eaten up by fatigue and stress, further burn out the sex drive. Top the situation off with a stubborn habit of routine sex void of novelty, and fucking can start to become a drag.

The bOING-bOING solution? Aphrodisiacs—drugs creating mental and physical states that make sex more fun. Aphrodisiacs work in different ways: Some temporarily make you stop fretting about your problems so you can









enjoy sex. Some work by increasing your desire for sex. Others work by alleviating physical problems that prevent good sex.

Of course, aphrodisiacs alone aren't a cure-all for sexual ailments. Brigitte Mars, our fave herbalist from Boulder, Colorado has this to say:

"Aphrodisiacs might help to prolong lovemaking, such as giving the feeling of numbness or something like that, or they might affect the mind. The brain is the really big sex organ. That's where it's all perceived — all the wonderful, pleasurable sensations. So many of the substances that are regarded as aphrodisiacs are also mind-altering substances.

Looking for an aphrodisiac is not as important as having a healthy, strong physical body. People want a quick fix like, 'what's going to make me be able to get it on really great tonight?' But the big picture should be, 'how can I have real strength and vitality so that it can be like that all the time?'"

With the above advice in mind, we asked experts and people in the sheets, er streets, what their favorite aphrodisiacs were. We even developed this handy iconographic guide for the info-byte junkie. (Uncle Sam has made some of these things a no-no, so don't ingest anything labeled with icon #8 or you'll destroy the moral fiber of our nation and end up living in a cage for several years.)

 Enhances perception	 Increases desire and/or releases inhibitions	 Facilitates erection	 Prevents premature ejaculation
 Improves natural lubrication	 Reduces sexual exhaustion	 Truth in advertising	 Illegal

Warning: Many of the substances listed here are dangerous when improperly used. Before you decide to use any aphrodisiacs, consult your physician.

(Unattributed quotes are responses from a survey conducted on the Internet)

Alcohol 2,5

Booze can help people jump over the confining walls of their own inhibitions - and into various beds. Many women also find that a nice drink will help them lubricate.

"You're too drunk to fuck" — Jello Biafra

Amyl Nitrate 2

"According to the upcoming dish-and-tell, SENATOR, by Ted Kennedy's former chief of staff, Ted used to fuel his kinky/pervert sex orgies with cocaine and lots of amyl."

"Amyl used to be fun, the vasodilatation makes for a seemingly more intense orgasm; also increases pain tolerance for rough stuff. It can also provoke a brief rush of animalistic lust. I have seen it make a submissive literally drop to her knees; she tells me that it intensifies her submissiveness."

Cactus Flowers 6

The cactus known as *Cereus grandiflorus* has a heart stimulating effect that has been used to reduce sexual exhaustion. 'Sposed to make the old thumper go pitter-patter like a teenage rabbit.

Chocolate 2

Dosing on chocolate gives a person a feeling similar to that experienced after sexual orgasm. Like the song sez: "When you can't be with the one you love, love the Mars bar you're with."

Cocaine 1,2,4,6,7,8

Alkaloids like cocaine and benzoic esters like Solarcaine have been used by women as anesthetics to desensitize overstimulated clits (good heavens!) to extend sexual play. Alkaloids can also help a man focus to avoid premature ejaculation. In general, all stimulants can be used to some extent to re-energize people when they feel exhausted.

"Cocaine isn't a sexy drug per se, to me; some may find the money/power thing a turn-on, though."

Cubeb Peppers 1

Dried, unripe berries of *Piper cubeba* tend to stimulate mucous membranes and therefore can make naughty parts go all tingly for both women and men.

Damiana 1,2

The herb *Turnera aphrodisica* is a muscle relaxant, a diuretic and a circulation booster that produces a relaxing, dreamy state which often leads to erotic thoughts. Damiana liqueurs are commonly served at orgies.

"What damiana does is increase nerve sensitivity, so you feel more sensitive. So it's good for frigidity or general uptightness. It's good for self-consciousness. There's not that much research that's been done on damiana, although traditionally it's been used since ancient Aztec times, and I know in Mexico you can buy Damiana liqueur and it's designed to be a love tonic." — Brigitte Mars

"It makes a nice cordial but I haven't found it to do anything real." — Richard Miller

DMSO 3

Hey look, Dimethyl sulfoxide can be used for more than LSD squirt guns! On contact with skin, DMSO produces a warming, stimulating effect. DMSO has been used (sparingly!) to help produce erections among the flaccid.

Ginseng 6

Asians have used ginseng preparations to help men improve their vitality for ages. Generally works as a stimulant, but the actual components are VERY complex.

Hemp 1,2,3,7,8

Cannabis has a long and lurid herstory of use as a sex drug. Actually, smoking a LOT of wacky weed will probably kill your sex drive, but a little bit does wonders. On one hand, cannabis use tends to release people from their inhibitions, so they can be free to enjoy sex more. On the other hand, many people deny their sexual impulses, funny ha ha, until they get Really Stoned and just let their lusts freely rampage. This property has created far too many embarrassing situations. Pot also enhances the senses and intensifies the sex experience.

"Sex without pot is never quite as good as sex with pot." — Norman Mailer

"In the earliest stages of intoxication, the will power is destroyed ... moral barricades are broken down, and often debauchery and sexuality result." — former U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger

Kava Kava 1,6

Pacific islanders use kava kava preparations as narcotics in ritual work. Generally relaxes and leads to nice,

deep dreams. However, the resin can also be used to slightly anesthetize a tired clitoris in case you wanna "try, try again!" for that big O.

The active ingredients in kava kava affect spinal activity. Small amounts can lead to euphoria and relaxation, while larger doses can result in hallucinations and good feelings in the genitals.

Kava kava pyrones are not water soluble, so you must first grind the root into a powder and blend it with oil before taking it. You can also let it soak in your mouth and let your saliva enzymes release the goodies.

Kelp 6

Seaweeds contain essential minerals that are important in hormonal balance. Munch on some maki to recoup lost iodine, etc., which may help improve sexual vigor if you're feeling burnt out.

LSD 1,2,6,8

"LSD can be a wildly potent aphrodisiac with the right set."

"Some of the most amazing and intense sex I've ever had has been on acid."

"Some of the most confusing sex I've ever had has been on acid. 'So did we fuck or what? Do you know?'"

Luuuuuudes 2,8

Methaqualone (sold as Quaaludes) make people relax. Ha ha, what an understatement!! People who are typically uptight often feel sensual and erotic whenever they finally begin to relax. They DO things!

MDMA 2,8

"Wait at least 6 weeks" used to be the bumper sticker commonly found in areas where people were using ecstasy. People on E develop a shared sense of empathy, which some mistake as physical attraction. This often leads to relationships that dissolve due to massive incompatibilities as soon as the couple's Xperience wears down.

"MDA and MDMA are good for interpersonal communication, including sex; major boner action here."

"Hey kids, why do you think they call it ECSTASY?"

Pheromones 2

Pheromones (from *pherin*: to carry, and *hormone*: to stir an impulse) are odorless airborne chemical messages (Their vectors - human skin cells which molt from the human body at a rate of 1,000 cells per square mil-

limeter per hour) that enter small pits in each nostril, called the vomeronasal organ, or VNO. In non-human animals, scientists confirm that it is connected by nerves to the hypothalamus, which controls nervous and hormonal systems, and affect the nervous system, causing changes in behavior. The pheromone system is a complex piece of human wetware just now being discovered.

A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* reports of a company called Erox, whose studies indicate that the aphrodisiac quality of pheromones increases "sensitivity rather than sexuality," according to David Dolberg, a molecular biologist and patent lawyer for Erox.

But it's a memetic pheromone, the scent of money-to-be-made, that has perfumeries ramming the gates of Erox.

While many perfumes now contain pheromones of non-human animals, scientists are beginning to think that pheromones are species-specific. In other words, wearing musk deer-based perfume won't get you laid, but you might get an antler in the butt from an amorous bovine interested in increasing his harem.

Pollen 2

Pollens contain substances that promote sex hormone production. That's why bees are so horny, and possibly why lovers give each other flowers.

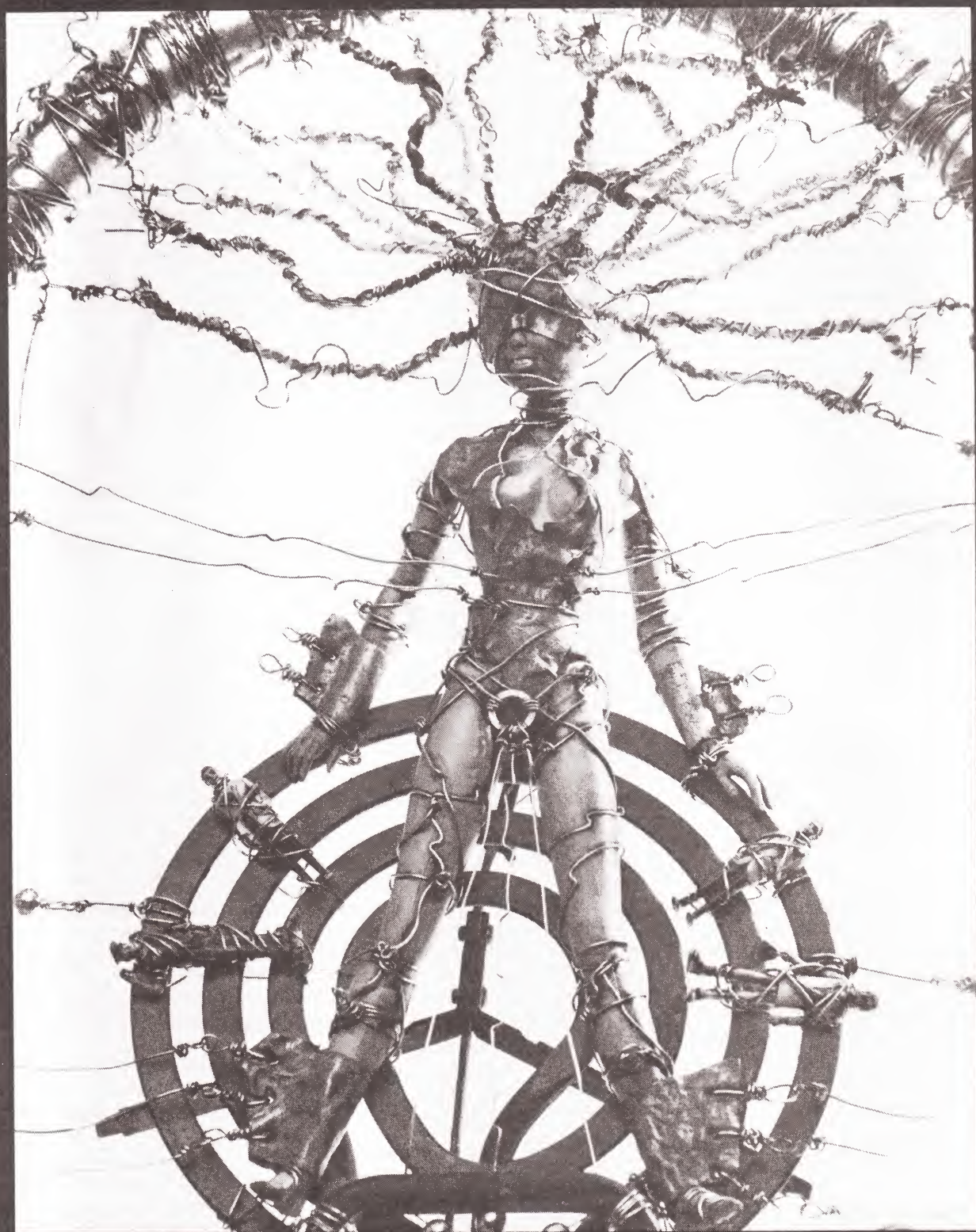
Psilocybin 1,2,6,7,8

Magic 'shrooms can lead to a whole lotta good clean fun. They really help people cut through their inhibitions, their cultural trance, their overly-serious self-perceptions, etc., i.e. they make you Giggle. Sex while hallucinating can be tricky; you might not be sure what you're doing, to whom and/or on which planet. But you'll probably drop the bullshit and tell your partner things you'd never even admit while not zooming. Good sex over a long run means more than just rubbing the proteins, it means sharing and caring; people who zoom together get to know each other, come to care about each other.

Pumpkin Seeds 2,3

Time to go carve those Jack 'O Lanterns, 'cause the gypsies have long known that regular ol' pumpkin seeds promote the production of male sex hormones and boost vigor. Trick or treat!

Continued on page 28



VIRTUAL SEX

fucking around with machines

People can be pretty ingenious when it comes to obtaining a solo orgasm. Novelty is an important ingredient in the mix, and our friend Technology is happy to wrap itself around this basic human need. Critics of technologically-assisted orgasm worry that some people will become so engrossed in virtual sex that they'll never want the real thing again. Who cares? Any genetically-driven behavior to have sex exclusively with machines isn't going to remain in the gene pool for long. In the meantime, folks who are happy rubbing their genitals with vibrators and suction devices should be congratulated for not being a vector for sexually-transmitted diseases.

We asked our bOING-bOING editors to explore some of the current and future possibilities for technosex. Jon Lebkowsky focused his binoculars on the end of the 90s for a look at a couple of sexual contraptions pumping their way over the event horizon, while Barry Atkinson conjured up an alternative version of the present, no doubt already being realized in a cloud of solder-flux haze by a confluence of cigar-chompers and hackers with their pockets full of founder's shares. — Mark

Sculpture: René Cigler Photo: Ruggero Fatuca

THE ARCADE

by Jon Lebkowsky

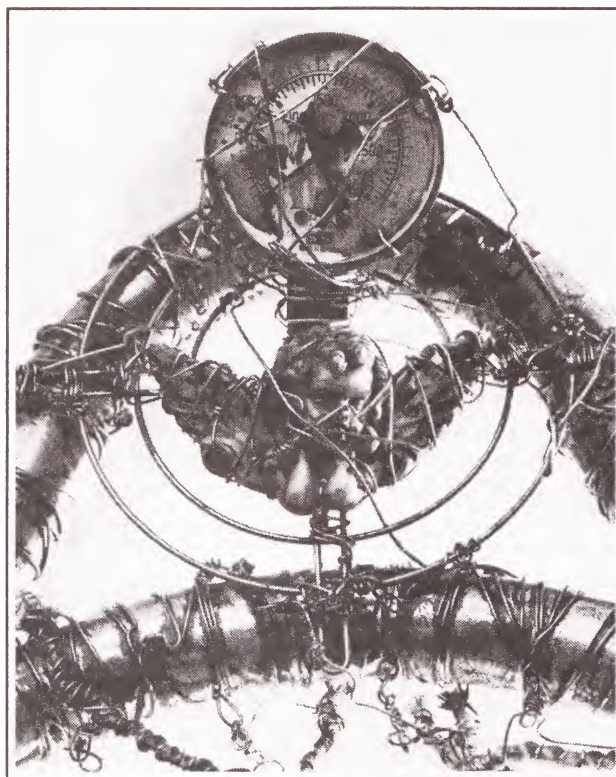
It's 1999. I relax in a chair that fits me like air. I'm wearing a body glove, a stereovisual helmet, and a smart-condom sheath, which are being fed coordinated audiovisual and tactile stimulation by a high speed multimedia minicomputer. I'm holding twenty tokens, each worth \$100.00, or 100 seconds.

Inserting the first token. A shock: I've caught the loop somewhere in the middle. Monique Softique sits astride my loins...the smart-condom is instantly erect, pulsating with the sensation of Monique's vagina. The chair begins to rock with the rhythm. I suddenly remember to press the button inside the chair's arm, and I'm zapped to the next program...

A kiss brushes my lips. Annette backs away from me, her hands fumble at the buttons of her blouse. Her breasts fall free...

Blank. I forgot to insert the next token. I do so, and Annette appears again. She's stepping out of her panties as she reaches for me...and I'm trying to concentrate on the damn tokens, pumping them into the machine. The seconds advance in the timer display to the far right in my field of vision, disguised as a clock on the wall.

1,843 seconds, and counting. Annette rubs against me, and again I become erect. Her pixels



are slightly ragged, but at this point I don't care.

I notice that my own body is lean and muscular, no trace of the customary flab. I have the sensation of removing my clothes, though it's strangely dissonant because I'm not really moving my arms. Quickly I am naked, holding Annette, kissing stroking pumping pulsing, lost in sensation.

1,015 seconds left. I tire of Annette. Press the button again, and Jill is beneath me, screaming through a quaking cyborgasm. Whups! Too soon

for that, press the button again.

Wanda is face down on the bed, her vagina saluting my thrust. I hold her breasts in my hands, kneading them as we both groan. I'm growing sore, but it hurts real good. I press the button.

235 seconds left. Jamie is beneath me. She has wrapped her legs around my waist as I squeeze her in my arms. The pressure is intense, hypnotic. Sweat is pouring off me. Sensation explodes in waves and I collapse. Or think I do: the scene keeps playing, but it is like a fading dream. Then, very suddenly, the seconds tick off and the program blanks.

The sleazy downside of virtual reality: how will it play in the triple-X arcades of the future? "Masturbation enhancement" is an obvious byproduct of VR, as it was an inevitable byproduct of the invention of the mass market

videotape. Brave new ways to commodify and dehumanize sexual experience, yes, and isn't it thrilling?

Perhaps more palatable is the potential for INTERACTIVE VR sex. Imagine VR networks that allow virtual representation of the body, like the arcade, only interactive. You construct a form for yourself, or select an off-the-shelf avatar. Pull on the body glove, helmet, etc. and dial into a virtual singles bar. That attractive lady at the corner table who's sitting alone? The girl of your

dreams? The girl of her own dreams, as well: she's constructed herself using available technology, and if she doesn't quite suit, you can negotiate modifications.

You "leave" together and take a few minutes to construct a room. You talk, hold hands, kiss... more romantic than the arcade, though just as unreal. The sex is incredible because you've negotiated complete compatibility. And afterward, you can smoke a virtual cig without physical effect. And of course exposure to AIDS is not a consideration.

Then there are some folks who just can't dig sex unless it's fired by esoteric fantasy. Take this couple I used to know, Slag and Darlene. I was in town visiting, staying at their apartment. I came home 'round midnight; nobody answered the door. Long time, no response, so I left, not a little bit pissed off. Astronauts were dancing on the moon, and I had no way to watch the show! (I found a lady who tuned me in 'til her husband came home...but I digress).

The next day I made a high-volume call to Slag, fairly raked him over the coals, until he calmed me down and told me what happened.

It seems that Darlene couldn't get off without the right kink: Slag had to leave for a half hour, then pull a stocking over his head and crawl through the window, where he'd surprise her dusting the dishes or arranging bone-white geraniums in a bowl. He would grab her from behind, and as she pretended to struggle, he would bind her this way and that, tearing off an item of clothing here and there until she was tied naked to the bed in one of two or three positions, and he had to get the position right or the whole act would crater.

When I knocked on the door, Slag was real close to the right position, and he was just about to close the deal. Hearing my knock, though, he lost the rhythm.

Darlene, sensing his distraction, lost the fantasy. She broke a mighty yawn and fell asleep. Knowing he'd lost her interest, Slag figured he might as well make the leap for the door, but he tripped over one of the ankle-ropes and fell with a thud and a crack (his tibia).

This story illustrates the dangers associated with kinky sex, but the VR version is completely safe. You can do whips, clamps, brooms, toasters etc. without leaving marks. Cool enough for the sadist, but what of the masochist, who wants to feel the edge between pain & pleasure? We can envision VR tech that's wired to cook neurons, producing various shadings of pain/pleasure...something like wearing a cattle prod. CIA guys, don't let the dictators get hold of this one!

Experiencing a little gender confusion? Eager to explore the other side? Log in as the opposite sex... who hasn't been curious to know how the other half lives/loves?

There are technical questions that need resolution for this teledildonic technology to work. We can envision a body suit that processes tactile data, or a smart sheath that fits the penis like a glove, simulating the sensation of a moist earthquake vagina. A similar fitting for the vagina would simulate the thrust of a throbbing erect penis. But how do you give a woman the sensation that she has a penis? Or a man, that he has a vagina? We might have to fry those neurons sunny-side down for this one....

Beyond play and fantasy, virtual sex has

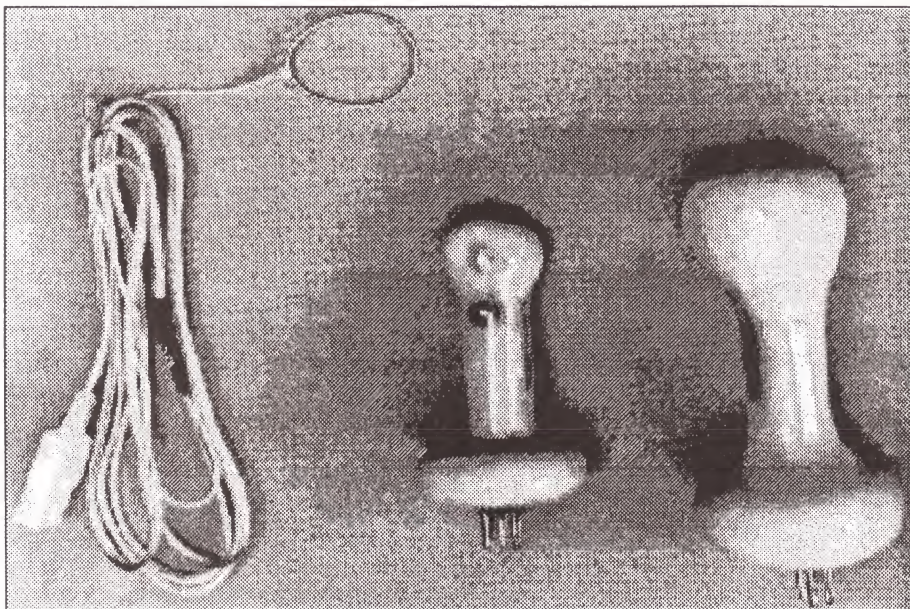
serious, almost spiritual implications. Remember the virt.sex scene in "Lawnmower Man"? The lovers were morphed so that they merged into a cosmic event so intense that death of the ill-prepared young woman resulted. This vision, like much of the rest of the film, took a negative view of VR technology, but before it went nuts, this cyberspace love scene presented the striking vision of souls merging in virtual space, a union beyond three dimensional constraints. In this possibility is the hope that virtual sex will be more than another shallow form of shadow-show.

How much does the weight and substance of the process depend on intent? If your intent is lustful, as in the arcade, and if lust itself is an illusion, then virtual sex is just another empty technological trick. On the other hand, if transcendent love is your intent, a higher form of union, then virtual sex is potentially consciousness-expanding...a technology in which two become one, and one becomes all.

CYBERSEX, INC.

by Barry Atkinson

It's Cumming! Yes Ladies and Germs--it's true, Virtual Sex is here! Show me a machine that you can have sex with and I'll show you a multi TRILLION dollar industry. Build a better mouse-trap... How bout a better synthetic vagina, inflatable love doll or dildo? I'm not talking VR and body suits here - that could take years! I'm just talking about a quantum improvement on the



Brain Toys For People Who Think With Their Genitals...

by Paco Xander Nathan

We're not talking about the "Joy Of Sex" here, we're talking "Joy-sticks Of Sex"... Yeh, that's right: penile strain gauges and vaginal probes. Hook up one of these units, whichever seems most appropriate, to your unit and prepare to party.

existing masturbatory aids using today's existing technology. No Cray nor even Silicon Graphics workstation required.

Vice is the world's greatest commodity. Just ask any drug kingpin, tobacco company, liquor store owner, pimp or casino buff. As a kid, I can remember advertisements in the back of porno mags touting "The Amazing Auto-Suck!" - a device that plugged into your car's cigarette lighter and gave you head on the way to work. For all I know, it may still exist, but this is 20 years later. Imagine if you will, a similar product utilizing state of the art technology and high tech marketing:

**CYBERSEX INC. is proud to announce
AUTOEROTICA 2.0!**

Autoerotica 2.0* is the Multimedia title you've been waiting for. Perhaps it is the single piece of software that will finally convince you to plunge into the exciting world of Multimedia computing. Autoerotica 2.0 is now available on CD ROM with your choice of a huge variety of sexual appliances (male and female). What distinguishes Autoerotica 2.0 from other Multimedia porn? Well for starters, there's our complete line of appliances in a variety of shapes, diameters, lengths, depths, girths, textures and colors (one for every need and orifice!) and the great thing about our CyberSex appliances is that they connect easily to your serial ports! No slots required! And you can use up to four appliances simultaneously! (COM1 thru COM4 supported). All Cybersex appliances are waterproof and dishwasher/autoclave safe, so hygiene isn't an issue.

How does AutoErotica 2.0 work? It's easy! Just attach your appliances to the desired serial

ports, insert the 2.0 CD into your CD ROM drive and type FUCK_ME at the C: prompt. AutoErotica will auto detect the appliance(s) in use and prompt you for partner information. AutoErotica allows you to use one of our preset live action video partners/programs or create your own from our huge library of included live action footage/imagery. Version 2.0 allows you to select all of your partner's attributes - Face, Hair, Chest, Build, Skin Tone, Body Hair - even tattooing and pierces (genitalia size is determined by the connected appliance). Version 2.0 comes with 20 preset partners or you can configure your own using the included faces and body parts library - or order an additional library. We even offer a library of popular celebrities! You're into Sheep? Tree Squirrels? Arthropods? No Problem! - order our new bestiality series (complete body parts of over 400 species on one CD!). All of our live action video images were digitized in full SVGA resolution for unheralded realism.

While your partner (he/she/it) gyrates on screen, you will hear true 16 bit digital STEREO (or "MOANO" as the case may be) sound. The visual gyrations of your partner, the sound, and the solenoids and pneumatic actuators in your appliance(s) are completely synchronized. Speed can be manually controlled using the up and down arrows or automatically programmed. Version 2.0 also allows input from galvanic skin response electrodes and pulse rate detectors that allow AutoErotica 2.0 to determine your level of excitement and speed up as you approach climax! For you "control freaks" there's our new manual override/enhancement capability that gives new meaning to the terms "joystick",

"trackball" and unprecedented adventure using your mouse (gerbil?).

Have some favorite sexual imagery? Digitize it and import it into AutoErotica! We'll take care of all the animating. Our new Morphing feature even allows you to change the attributes of your dream lover midstream. Watch Madonna turn into Traci Lords then into Molly Ringwald and back into Madonna as you climax! For really kinky fun use two or more appliances simultaneously and have your partner change sexes! A virtual Multimedia Orgy!

Use AutoErotica 2.0 on a Multimedia equipped laptop and give new meaning to the concept of "LapTop Computing"! Whether at home or on the road, we're sure you'll agree that AutoErotica 2.0 from Cybersex Inc. is the ultimate Multimedia Porn system!

Is this real? Of course not. Or is it? I have a hunch that it might be soon. At the 1992 UCLA Multimedia Roundtable (where "Insiders Debate the Future") the point was made that VCRs took off because people wanted to watch porno movies in the privacy of their homes and the Minitel system (in all homes in France) took off when soft porn services were added. Is this the boost that Multimedia desperately needs? Literally hundreds of companies are investing in the concept of dildonics (or whatever you want to call it). There is definitely a market. The most frightening thing about this is that the AutoErotica 2.0 scenario described above is graspable today. All of the concepts mentioned are attainable NOW on a PC platform with EXISTING technology. Will we see something like this soon? Only time will tell. ☘

* Requires a Multimedia equipped machine with at least one serial port and 8MB ram. 486 / 33 highly recommended.

Electronic transducers will then measure the play-by-play of your Big O.

For women, there's the photoplethysmograph-myograph combo. The former part provides a photoelectric cell to detect color changes in the vaginal wall during vasocongestion (i.e. the process of getting hot and bothered). The latter part detects electrical activity generated by quivering muscle movements during orgasm.

For men, the penile strain gauge has a flexible rubber band that encircles the base of the penis,

expanding as your member engorges with blood. Electrical conductivity in the band changes as it stretches.

Electronic nooky-quantifiers have been around for a while. Some are connected to radio transmitters so that sex experiments can be conducted at home. Others are used to test accused sex offenders while they're shown pictures of tots in the buff. Better yet, some enterprising individuals have even taken the initiative to connect sex gauges and probes to computer systems, for "erotic multimedia biofeedback" in a rather enticing form of cybernetic

linkup. The computer generates erotic visual/audio/tactile stimulus, the DNA-Unit enjoys said stimulus all the way down to their naughties, then the probe quantifies results and completes the feedback loop to help the computer learn how-to-please. If only adolescence could have been so easy.

"That's it, just a little more to the right..." Now, doesn't this provide a wonderful research methodology for Artificial Intelligence? ☘



HOLY WHORES!

BY D'ARTEMIS HART(wo)MANN, M.A.

Kevin Banks

The Sacred Whore seems an enigma to most people.

Try to explain Her to a friend not versed in esoterica or occultisms and you'll surely see raised eyebrows, or disgusted grimaces. The adjective "sacred" means worthy of religious veneration, something declared or made holy. Prophetic texts are called sacred, as are a variety of rituals and icons; even particular mountains or rivers are considered sacred. But whores? Prostitution is defined as the use of sex to gain something: money for the street hooker, fame for the untalented Hollywood starlet or security for the suburban housewife who married for the sake of fear. Such being the case, Sacred Prostitution might be defined as the use of sex as a means to gain God/dess and to attain enlightenment!

"Holy Whores!" your friend exclaims. "Blasphemy! Nonsense! An oxymoron!" Yet the term Sacred Whore is not oxymoronic, but redundant. Diving into the etymology of the words "whore" or "harlot," we find that the split of priestess and prostitute is a relatively recent one. Barbara Walker, in her *DICTIONARY OF WOMAN'S MYTHS AND SECRETS*, points out that the Hebrew word HOR means a cave, pit, or dark hole. The Spanish word for whore, PUTA, derives from the Latin term for a well and pit, but the Latin term for grave (a hole in the earth) was PUTICULI, which meant womb of rebirth.

To be likened to such dark empty amorphous things was NOT considered derogatory. The Latin had its root in Vedic, where the word PUTA is defined as pure and holy. The cave, the pit, the hole, bottomless black lake were metaphors synonymous with the Great Goddess - she who is unnamable, that primordial darkness from which all life (light) is born. The Everything and The Nothing. Holy, Holy, Wholly. The Sacred Whore at work WAS the Great Goddess.

These ideas have not been completely lost. The Hebrew folk dance named the HORA, a tradition at many a Jewish wedding, was named after the circle dances of the sacred harlots. Such holy harlots were often "brides of God" similar to modern nuns who call themselves the "brides of Christ." The holy harlots did not only play the part of "bride of God," however, but were set apart to give birth to Sons of God; in other words, these women took on the job of exchanging man-animal to man-god.

Ishtar, the Great Whore of Babylon, was sometimes called the Goddess HAR, as she was mother of the Harlots. These Harlots were not prostitutes as we know them, but priestesses, sorceresses, prophets, and healers. In her book *WHEN GOD WAS A WOMAN*, Merlin Stone informs us that the Hebrew word ZONAH means both prostitute and prophetess. Sacred Whores were known sometimes as the "Holy Virgins" of Goddesses, such as Ishtar, Asherah, or Aphrodite; the famous Vestal Virgins are thought to have practiced secret sex magical rites, in honor of the Roman Matriarch Vesta.

In the case of these priestesses, "virgin" did not mean that the hymen was intact or that these women were kin to the immaculate mom of J. Christ. A virgin was an

unmarried woman, a woman who claimed ownership of herself. (Think of Athena, the maiden goddess, who jumped off a cliff rather than submit to wed-lock.) But the Holy Whores weren't man-hating feminists either. The function of the Holy Virgins, the Holy Whores, was to dispense the grace of the God/dess through sexual worship, by sharing their bodies with worthy male initiates and each other.

The idea of going into a womb - a cave, a pit, a hole, a lake, a river—in order to attain a new life of spirit stems from the Neolithic period (approx. 15,000 b.c.e. - 5,000 b.c.e.) when the common belief system deemed the main God/dess female. Gods were not absent, but served primarily as consorts for the Great Goddess, or played the roles of sons of the Great Goddess, as in the figures of Horus and Jesus. (Put the Virgin Mary back together with Mary Magdalene, and you have a Holy Whore and the mother of a man/god, an evolved man.) The Great Goddess was All; the son represented the Self-Realized human (male or female).

In these early days, before the patriarchal entity (NOT MEN IN GENERAL, but an imbalanced masculine force) imposed itself upon the cultural reality and insanely forced the Goddess underground, women were seen as the mediators between the Goddess and the tribe. A woman could access the power of the Goddess, it was thought, because she could more easily identify with Her. (The opposite became true when God/dess had a sex change.) But, before the science of physiology explained away the mystery, women seemed magical, almost frightening. They bled in synch with the phases of the moon and each other, for days without dying. They bore the babies and from their breasts came milk, the sustenance of life.

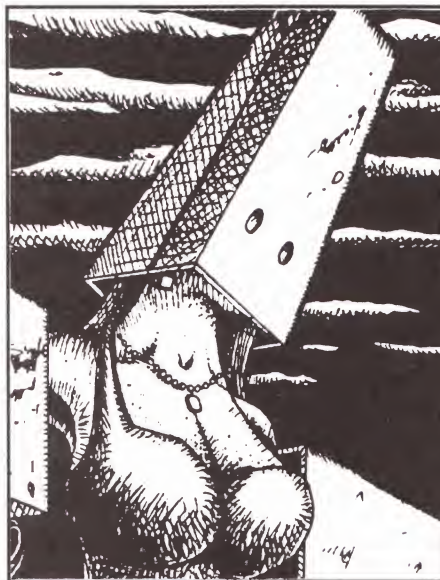
Women were healers, later known as witches. While the men went out to hunt, women explored, gathered the food, and gained knowledge of medicinal herbs and produced magical cures for the snake bites of their men. Women were privy to divine wisdom — The Delphic oracles listened to Pythons and Eve took the advice of a serpent. I speculate that woman's "innate" ability to tune into the Goddess was facilitated by her knowledge and use of magical herbs, particularly psychotropic botanicals.

When God was definitively female, women had the edge. It was thought necessary for a man to go through a woman (literally) in order to achieve contact with the Deity. Male devotees of the Great Goddess would offer gifts, undergo painful or humiliating preparatory rituals, wait years, fast, and give just about anything up for the opportunity to be initiated by a Sacred Whore, and in doing so, they attained the power of the Great Goddess, as well as the opportunity to contact what some modern magicians/shamans, pagans might refer to as the True Will, Higher Self, or Holy Guardian Angel.

Priestesses took their homes in the temples, de-

voting their lives and their bodies to the Goddess. Herodorus wrote that by law, Babalonian brides would prostitute themselves at the temple for seven days prior to their marriage in order to appease the Goddess, who disapproved of monogamy. (She is all excess and no restriction.) By "doing time" as a holy whore the pre-nuptial maiden made herself blessed and could now give herself as the gateway to bliss to her beloved hubby. The profession also became a refuge to women who wished to keep claim of themselves. In Hellenic Greece, courtesans maintained a status legally and politically equal to men, while wives were reduced to servants.

The idea that a man needed a woman in order to attain apotheosis, or give birth to the potential God/dess hidden within himself, still lives between the lines of many "patriarchal" religious texts. Crowley had his



Scarlet Woman, Simon the Mage had his whore, and Jesus had Mary Magdalene. In fact, Magdalene means "she of the temple-tower." Fundamentalist Christians believe that the door to the kingdom of Heaven is opened to those re-born of fire and water, but sex-centric traditions such as Tantra, alchemy, and paganism persuade us to experience our divinity by immersing ourselves in the fires of sexual passion and the baptismal waters of the happy holy hooker.

So what happened to the Sacred Whore? Sexually-empowered women, let alone whores, are often seen as threats, bitches, dykes, ball-busters, etc., by both women and men alike. Sexually independent women - once respected as sacred vessels of Goddess — are now demoralized to evil temptresses, obstacles between man and a heaven full of sexless wimps. Mad violence against women is also increasing as confused men take to raping prostitutes and sexually attractive women, only to murder them afterwards, cursing them

for causing their lust. And millions of women deny themselves orgasmic pleasure because they are taught that "good girls don't" from a society that worships a bachelor god, a god without a beloved, a god that abstains from the joys of sex.

The loss of the concept of the Sacred Whore creates a societal imbalance. Many men are stuck playing roles of toughness, strength, and eternal courage, while women learn at an early age that submission and passivity is the ticket to survival. Anyone who has indulged in kinky sex games will tell you that both roles contain joys, but to play only one and never the other brings monotony, sadness, or dangerous obsession. Without the embodiment of the Sacred Whore, in every woman, society twists dysfunctional and self-help books become the biggest sellers in the publishing industry.

The Patriarchal entity is a tyrant who feeds on

Millions of women deny themselves orgasmic pleasure because they are taught that "good girls don't" from a society that worships a bachelor god, a god without a beloved, a god that abstains from the joys of sex.

control, Power Over. The Holy Whore is a manifestation of Power With, Power Shared, and Power For All. Think of the Strength card in Tarot: A woman holds the Lion's mouth open; a woman has identified and taken control of her power. Lion = Leo = Fifth Astrological House = Creative Power. Crowley changed the name of the card to Lust, and changed its numerical value to 11, thus assigning it the same cabalistic value as the High Priestess (2), which some Tarot scholars interpret as the holiest card in the deck. (Many other decks, including the popular feminist deck, MotherPeace, have incorporated this numerical change.)

The word Lust is derived from the words luster, light, and originally meant "religious joy." Strength, Light, Lust, Holiness—all one. In Crowley's rendition, the lion is the many-headed beast of Revelations and the Whore of Babalon rides the beast. In the commingling of beast and Babalon, a great power is realized. Crowley called the state of Lust eroto-comatose-lucidity, where a magickian might connect with Universe, converse with his/her Angel, or imprint his/her Will on

Astral Planes.

Speaking of Beasts and Beauties—re-read the original fairy tale or indulge yourself in the magick of Cocteau's film version. Interpret Beauty as the Sacred Whore, she has gone to live with the Beast to gain the life of her father, who stole one of the Beast's prized roses and was to be killed for it. The Beast woos Beauty, painfully and pitifully; he wants her but knows he is ashamedly ugly and animalistic. He pines away and would die, but she sees beyond his mask, sacrifices her ego (makes herself sacred) and goes to him. When she gives herself to him with a kiss (the best you could do with a myth disguised as a children's story), he is reborn as a gorgeous prince. Once again, apotheosis, the birth of the humangod from the commingling of the beauty and the beast.

But powerful women—holy-sexy women—are scary. The Goddess is more than Mother and Whore, and you can't invoke two aspects without the third joining in the party. The Sacred Whore is also the Crone, the Destroyer, the eater of men. She is witch and

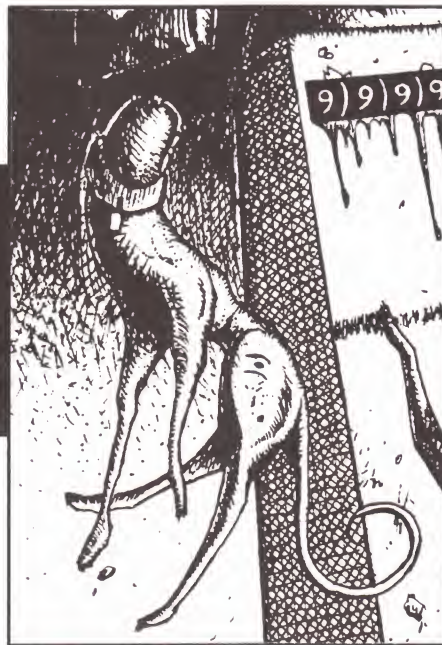
The Sacred Prostitute is that woman who has reclaimed the sacredness of her body, particularly her genitals.

vampiress, as depicted in Keats' 18th century poem "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (the beautiful Woman without mercy). Here the Sacred Whore is femme fatale as she sucks the life force (Sexual energy) from her enchanted victim, growing stronger, while he fades away. The integrated woman is akin to Kali giving birth with one hand while squatting over her dead consort Shiva and devouring his entrails. Not a pretty picture, especially if you're working on becoming alike to the god Shiva. But the Sacred Whore (when in full power) controls the higher rites of passage, and is the mistress of both death and life in that order. She is Mut, Great hut, Great Mother of Death, and also Isis, whose love makes possible the higher birth of Horus from the inert Osirus. Love/Sex is linked with death. Renaissance poets called orgasm the little death. Scorpio rules sex, death, and transformation (i.e. initiation). Love is the key to evolution. Sex + Ritual = the most secret and powerful magicks. Through love we become the chrysalis, we sprout the angels' wings that will fly us to God/desshood.

Of course, women can't flock to temples and set up camp as Holy Whores in this day and age without being arrested. But a change in the way women see

themselves, and in the way men see women might be a start. Every woman can invoke the Holy Whore into her life with pleasure. A Jungian psychologist, Nancy Qualls-Corbett, describes the Holy Whore as "a woman, who, through ritual or psychological development, has come to know the spiritual side of her sexuality, her true Eroticism, and lives this out according to her individual circumstances." The Sacred Prostitute lies on all of life's walks. She is a woman who has reclaimed her Self and connected with her will. Most importantly, she is that woman who has reclaimed the sacredness of her body, particularly her genitals.

But reclaiming our right to free-womb (this is your job, too, guys) is not an easy task. A few months back, a television network aired an episode of Murphy Brown that depicted the protagonist, an unmarried woman,



having a baby. This independent woman was not punished! cried the Puritans. She did not die, or suffer emotional trauma, nor lose her friends or her job. The moral majority pricked up its ears and our former vice president, Dan Quayle, flew to Hollywood to tell high school students and the media that the message that the program intimates is an evil one. "It suggests that it's OK to bear illegitimate babies," Quayle said. Ludicrous! Illegitimate means against the Law. How can a baby be against the law? Whose law? Yahweh's? St. Augustine's? George Bush's?

Terence McKenna, in his book *FOOD OF THE GODS*, speaks of the stupidity of declaring plants, particularly psychotropic plants, illegal. "Nature should be legitimized," McKenna states most logically, while the former Vice President of our "free" country preaches that babies born to mothers are illegal. Quayle's words are chains tied round the breasts of the Sacred Whore,

a chastity belt made out of spikes - spikes that plunge into Her lush, white thighs. Quayle and his buddies are tentacles of a jealous patriarchal entity that fears the Sacred Whore will usurp his throne if he gives her an inch (although she'd rather have the bear skin rug by the fireplace).

Conscious Rebellion & Let's Get Yahweh Laid!

What can we do? First and foremost: pay attention to what the purveyors and promoters of degenerate cultural realities—advertisers—are telling you. This goes for men and women. How are women to re-claim their sacredness, their goddess power if they are fed the message that they are "sick" with PMS or menstrual cramps two weeks out of every month, if they are told their yonis stink, that they need douches, feminine deodorant spray, deodorized tampons. It's hard to invoke the Love Goddess when you believe your body is imperfect. Refute Big Brother! "Yell" at the TV. Take black markers to the ads in Vogue magazine. Honor the menstrual cycle. Change the language associated with it, call it moon time or bleeding time, instead of the vulgar "rag" time. Have wonderful messy sex when you or your partner are menstruating. Fertilize your plants with menstrual blood. Work on erasing the programming that says a woman who sleeps around is a slut. It's a hard job, but we can do it.

It's my current belief that this world's chance of surviving—and of healing—is dependent on the reclamation of the Female aspect of deity (Goddess) and Her integration in the minds of the people en masse. We will evolve in the images of the God/desses we created and Yahweh is, sadly for us, and all the living things on this beautiful blue-keen planet, a miserable and grouchy god, and usually on the verge of suicide. (Just watch the evangelists pray for Armageddon.)

Yahweh's not happy alone on the mountain, perhaps he thought he would be, but he's made a mistake. So it's up to us - as alchemists, as magickians, brain-change technos, and perpetually-evolving futants—to help the pitiful god acknowledge his Mother's bountiful tit, and to make holy whoopee with his Great Whore! As above, so below. God/dess is as the people act. 🍆

Diana Rose Hart(wo)mann, M.A., is an agnostic pagan who works and plays as a freelancer for the EIA (Evolutionary Intelligence Agency), a club open to any individual who passes an easy entrance exam. She believes that permeation of the institutions of media, politics, technology, and education by the EIA — ASAP — is the only way to feed the evolutionary monster, and keep it from transforming itself into a bloody revolution, as it has been known to do when it doesn't get its way.

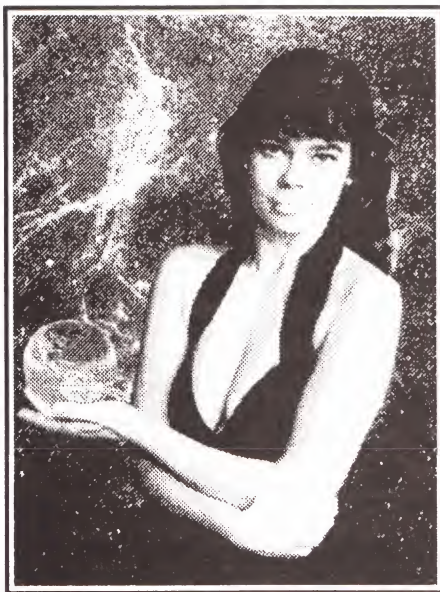
Sex and the Future Come Together

FUTURE SEX review by Carla Sinclair

I was disappointed after reading the first issue of *Future Sex*. Yes, both components of the title were there. The magazine was definitely geared toward sex. The cover showed us a softly photographed naked woman holding a knife behind her back. The insides mostly contained nude photos of women with big bazooms, and had a few articles like "Lucid Sex Dreaming," and "Brave New Porn!" Some futuristic aspects also accompanied the magazine, including pages of text superimposed over a grid-like background with molecular diagrams scattered about, an article about VR sex, and a few graphics that suggested electricity and high tech.

But if all I wanted was sex and tech, I'd be reading *Playgirl* and, er, *BOING-BOING!* I was hoping that *Future Sex* would better fuse these two subjects together, so that the sexy photos would be done in a hot, eccentric, digitally tweaked, metallic kind of way. A few shots of men would be fun too! I was also hoping for more meaty subjects I could sink my teeth into. I wanted to read about salacious stuff that had fallen off the edge, into recondite territory.

So here I was, ready to throw *Future Sex* into



Future Sex editor Lisa Palac

the dud category, when suddenly issue #2 hit the newsstands. Phew! Even the cover is more interesting and future-sexish, with a floating guy and gal clad in VR data bikinis. Their gear is actually computer graphics superimposed over the photo. Pretty cool.

The articles are a bit juicier and closer to the other side. You can read about "smart aphrodisiacs," "Nixpix" - an adult BBS which contains X-rated stories, pictures, and correspondence, and an interview with Mike Saenz, who designed MacPlaymate and is now working on the dominating DonnaMatrix, his version of "the per-

fect virtual girlfriend." An article about an ex male X star ("What, Me Impotent?") isn't new-fashioned at all, but had me laughing. In fact, a few of the articles were written with a fun sense of humor.

The photo department, unfortunately, is still weak. The women are attractive, as they were in the premiere issue, and the pictures are artistic. So if that's all they are going for, and if that's all that readers are expecting, then great. No problem. But do we need yet another magazine with the same old kind of nude looks and poses? Why play it so safe?

Future Sex has come a long way in the space of only two issues. The layout is pretty sharp, and the contents, both written and pictorial, have been injected with more wit and style than it had before. It'll be interesting to see how the magazine progresses. After all, how much future/high-tech can be incorporated into something as primitive and basic as sex? Will there be anything left to write about after another issue or two? I hope so! ♦

Future Sex

Quarterly

Sample \$4.95; 4-ish subscription \$18

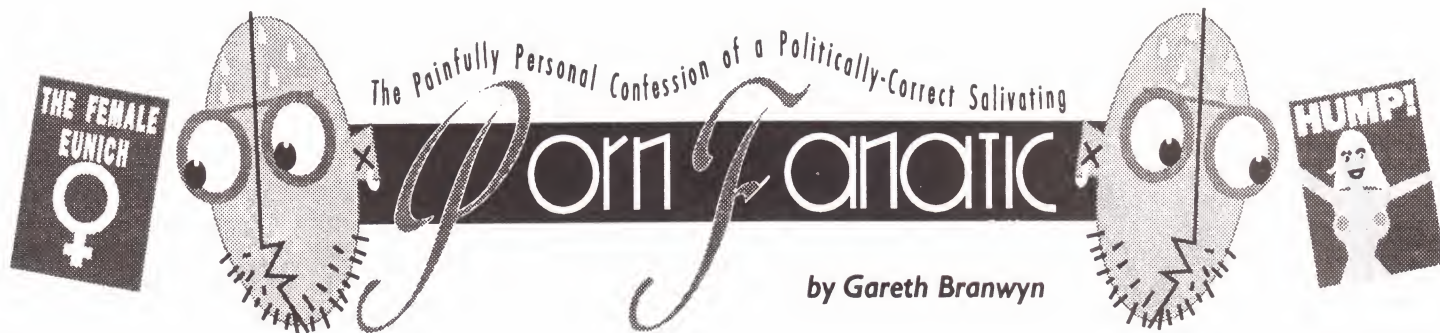
(Int'l US \$48)

ISSN 1061-6977

1095 Market Street #809

San Francisco, CA 94103





"It doesn't matter where you get your appetite, just as long as you eat at home." —Sufi Sales

K, so maybe I'm not THAT politically correct (though I'm not even sure what PC means). What I AM is basically a nice, well-adjusted (hey, no laughing!) guy who has a world of respect for women, doesn't find myself "at odds" with them, regards them as equals, friends, etc. I can't say I came through the feminism of the '70s unscathed, but I did learn a lot of useful things about the politics of the sexes, the issues that are important to many women, etc. This journey left me more cynical but also more sensitive and, I hope, a bit wiser. I guess you could say I'm "post-politically-correct." The point is, I don't think I'm terribly sexist and I'm usually successful at not objectifying women in real time, that is, not letting my sexual obsessions get in the way of communicating with them. But on the other hand (and here comes the confession part), I do have an undying obsession with female curvilinearity and with women as sexual beings. I LOVE pornotica in all its forms (books, films, comix, mags) and I spend frightening amounts of time thinking about pure and (not-so-) simple sex, sex, SEX! Does this make me a bad person?

My friends call me Gareth "Full Disclosure" Branwyn. My wife is probably upstairs right now breakin' out in a cold sweat knowing that I'm at my 'puter writing an article about my dedication to Eros. Sorry dear, I can't help myself. I'm on (e)mission from God! I want to convince the world that SEX is GOOD, that SEX IS HOLY, that all we need is MORE SEX! I'm convinced that the world would be a much better place if everyone got jungle fucked* on a regular basis. What's

George Bush's problem? Margaret Thatcher's? Phyllis Schafley's? Pat Robertson's? That's right, they all need to get fucked!!! In the 1980s, feminist author Deena Metzger published an article in THE SUN magazine arguing this very point. She presented the concept of the "Holy Prostitute" as a legitimate form of peace work (I'll leave that one alone). She posed the question: "How might warmongers, members of the fanatical right, and happy-haters in general, change if they could experience some moments of deep sexual ecstasy and intimate communication with another human being?" Subscribers to this newagey, politically-correct journal were outraged. They wrote angry letters, canceled their subs, and chastised the editor for publishing such blasphemy. I thought her idea was brilliant, if for no other reason than she was brave enough to go against the gnarly grain of short-sighted feminism.

Everything that surrounds the so-called "sex culture" fascinates me too. I like the images, the rituals, the products, the clothing, the wacky toys! Of course, I don't like EVERYTHING about sex culture. I realize that in many ways, the commodification and control of sex, and the sexual exploitation of women are root diseases in our culture. But, at the same time, there is a possible world, a "northwest passage," of healthy sexual expression that can be glimpsed in the twisted funhouse mirror of our current sex culture. And besides, this article is a meditation on what's GREAT and underappreciated about sex and its many accouterments.

People only seem to ever want to talk about sex when they want to talk about it in a creepy, twittery, naughty, or repressive way. I want to talk about sex like you talk about the weather, or sports, or what your kid did at school today, or like something fun you saw on TV. Some people say you should keep sex private, keep it in your bedroom (keep it in your pants!). Well it's been there for a long time and I don't think it's having as much fun as it could. Sex is powerful Ju Ju! People are transformed by it, bewildered in it, addicted to it, disgusted with it, thrilled through it, and hopefully, better off because of it. Anything that generates this much power should be out in the open where we can all talk about maximizing our experience of it. George Carlin has a great rap about how culture and religion take two of the most primal needs we have, shitting and screwing, and they try to control them. We can't relieve ourselves on the ground, we can't fart when we want to, we can't discuss our enjoyment of elimination and, God forbid, we certainly can't openly discuss the details of our sex lives. Carlin goes on to say that these primal urges, joined by eating and breathing, are the input/outputs that "close the loop" with our environment. They "ground" us to the rest of nature. Controlling these I/Os is a powerful way of controlling and civilizing the masses. Sex is deep, sex is dark, sex is uncivilized. Given the strategy of repressing these urges as a means of herd control, talking openly about sex and cultivating an expansive sexuality becomes a revolutionary act. Anyway, as my Snoopy coffee mug used to say: "Civilization is overrated."

***Jungle Fuck:** A sex act that is so overwhelmingly pleasurable that you forget yourself, you go wild, you totally let go, you grunt like a dog. Some comedienne I saw, one sleepless night in TV-land, has a theory that the only relationships that last are the ones with a high occurrence of jungle fucks.

Welcome to Sex World

My enjoyment of porno movies is made possible by a complete suspension of real-world concerns. I view these movies as a doorway into some kind of utopian world where sex has no consequence in the screen character's lives (or that these characters have NO life outside of sex). It's like that movie *Sex World* where all the partners are sexual automata. To me, all porn flicks are populated by randy automata who are programmed for a single purpose: to satisfy my raging libido. This approach to porno is a literal dream come true for me. My first "wet dreams" were consistently based around the following fantasy: I would be in a school, a grocery store, a hospital, or some other populated public place. I had the power to "freeze" everyone in place. I would walk around 'til I found the woman I wanted to have sex with and then I would stroke her face to bring her to life. Of course, since it was my dream, she was always as horny for me as I was for her. These dreams were very intense and sometimes I would wake up in the middle of them having my orgasm. There was this delicious moment "between worlds" where I wondered if I wasn't actually having sex with someone. Sometimes when I watch porno by myself, I can create an "interface" with the film that is so strong, I recall that early dreamstate.

The Land of the No Morning After

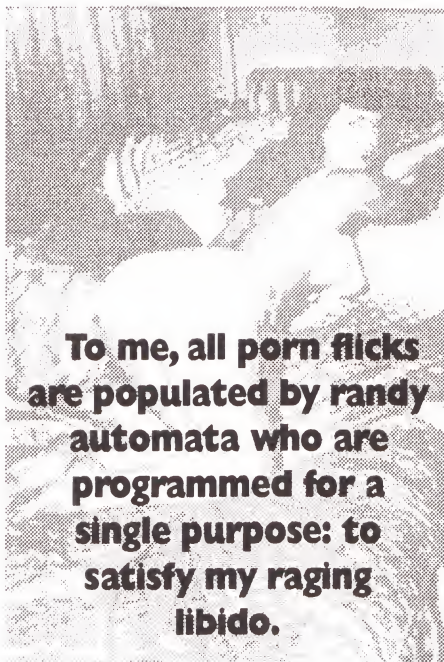
I came out of the sexual revolution of the 1970s. I experimented with just about every sexual experience, and almost always, in situations of anonymous sex, orgies, threesomes, etc., something would go terribly wrong...someone would feel left out, or they would freak, or they'd feel shameful or guilty the next morning. The emotional confusion that surrounded the experimental act always made the act seem not worth the effort. So, after many frustrated encounters, I decided to cancel my membership to Plato's Retreat, stay in a monogamous relationship, and to indulge my insatiable need for variety and (extramarital) experimentation only through "virtual sex:" porno and sex culture. This keeps everything neat and tidy. In the real world, I have a solid relationship based on trust, love, years of shared experience, and good jungle fucks, while in my virtual sex life, I'm a nymphomaniac that screws anything that moves. (And, of course, the fantasy sex world is a great source of inspiration for my physical sex life.) It's the perfect arrangement. I don't have to worry about jealousy, falling in love with more than one

person, tangled commitments, and sexually transmitted diseases. NO MORE MORNING AFTER! Luckily I have a wife who is open minded enough to let me have an overly active fantasy life.

Sex is Life!

In many ways, I'm probably more of a ribofunk than a cyberpunk. I like hot more than cold, rhythm over lead, delirium more than speed, sex before rock and roll and drugs, Shapers over Mechanists.

The fire in my belly tells me that intensity is what keeps life moving. The most intense expe-



To me, all porn flicks are populated by randy automata who are programmed for a single purpose: to satisfy my raging libido.

riences I have on a regular basis are during sex. I want to maintain that intensity, to move me deep into those funky currents of existence. I want all my life to be as intense as sex!

So...all this talk about heat, funk, and sex has gotten me worked up. I think I'll go put on some rhythm-heavy, butt-shakin' music, get out the massage oil, slap on a porn tape, get naked, and wait for the small but mighty woman to come home from work. While I'm gone, why not entertain yourself with this interview I did with a bigtime porn star:

Porn Star Mecca

There is but one sin and that is when a woman invites a man to her bed and he does not go.

—Nikos Kazantzakis

This woman is very beautiful. Much more beautiful than with all that airbrushed make-up she wears in her many X-rated films. She's disarmingly warm, friendly...real. My palms are sweating. I've seen this

woman do and have done to her everything imaginable between two (or more) fleshy humans. I've fantasized about her, beat off over her, and gone to great lengths to imagine myself occupying the same space as her. And here I am. I'm unable to deal with the dissonance of this person and THOSE sexual fantasies. I decide to leave the fantasies at home and to get to know this cool person instead.

The porn star says we should conduct the interview in her bedroom. I gulp down an "OK." Her room is a Freudian analyst's dream. The bed in the center is a showy brass poster. One side of the room is covered with stuffed animals and family memorabilia, the other, in mirrors that superimpose the bed (and its activities) over the girlie room side.

The porn star sits on the bed in her tight striped jersey and take-no-prisoners tights. She coyly pats the bed, inviting me to join her. It's times like these that my arthritis seems the most cruel. I tell her I need to sit next to the bed. She accommodates by lying on her stomach with her head towards me, legs bent, playfully kicking the air. Little does she know but that very position is the trigger image that often...oh never mind. She lights up a cigarette. I do too. Weird thing is, I don't smoke!

BTW, the porn star I'm interviewing asked to remain anonymous. Instead of changing her name to something stupid like Patty Plenty (and risk naming an actual star!), I decided to leave her name generic. My apologies to the real person who is certainly one-of-a-kind and anything but generic. Evidence: When she laughs, she laughs with her whole body, doubling over, squinching her eyes and flashing her teeth. It's not particularly sexy, not very elegant. It's just one of those "maximum fun" laughs that instantly wins you over.

BOING-BOING: I want this interview to be casual, so I don't have any particular order to my questions.

Porn Star: Anything you want.

[the mind boggles]How do you think people's perception of "The Business" differs from what it's really like? **[Porn people only say "porn" when they slip up. They try to call it: "The Business."]** Well, I always think of it as just that, a business. Besides the fact that there's sex involved, everything else is the same as in any other line of work. You have to be responsible, you have to show up on time, do your job well, that kind of thing. Most people think there are a lot of drugs on the sets which isn't true. The companies that I work for anyway don't allow it. I'm sure it goes on, but probably not any more than any other type of

business...certainly not within the entertainment business. And there also isn't any other sex going on around the set besides the screen sex. That's another common misconception.

How many people are usually on a set?

You mean crew? The sound man, the man who holds the mic, the director, the cameraman, and two technicians. As far as the actors, the scenes all are timed out differently, so you usually only see the ones in your scene.

Is it usually the same crew?

Yeah, there's a small handful of them out there. It's a pretty close-knit organization. There aren't many outsiders. They try to limit people who just want to get on the sets to ogle the girls. Like I'll see a new gaffe and he'll hardly be able to do his job he's so nervous and aware of what's going on, and then I'll see him again in a couple of months and he could care less about what's going on in front of the camera. Once you've been around it for a while, it just becomes another job. The novelty wears off.

That's the problem with taking anything that you love and making it into your line of work. It would seem really weird to me to take something that I find as interesting as sex and making that into a job. I mean: [advertiser's voice] "SEX: that's my job!"

[giggles] But it's still FUN! I'd much rather do this than be a secretary or work in a department store or whatever. People always ask me: "Don't you feel degraded and exploited in this line of work?" I'd feel much MORE degraded working as a clerk in some store for minimum wage. I guess it would be different for different people, but for me, I'd rather do what I'm doing now. Obviously this is not a line of work I can do forever, it's a profession with a time limit, but...

...you do get paid RATHER well for the brief period you're involved.

Exactly.

There's so little "insider" information about the porn biz. I'm especially ignorant about the production of porn movies: how many days, how many takes, etc. I mean, are the sex scenes shot in order from foreplay through orgasm? Are they shot out of sequence?

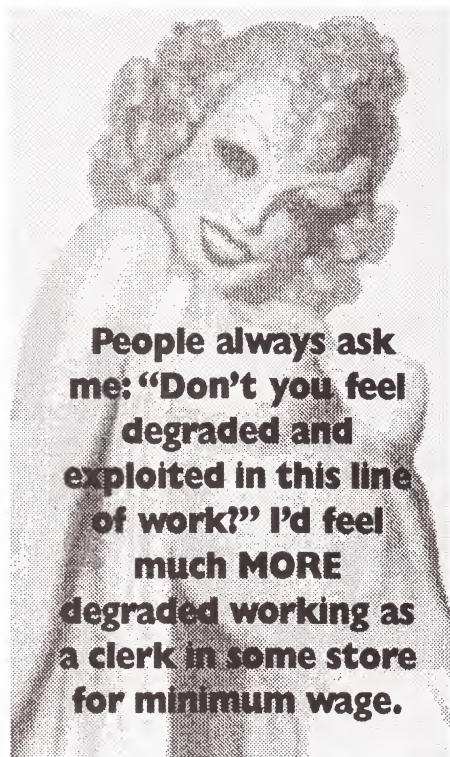
The storylines are shot out of sequence just as in mainstream films. As far as the sex scenes...well...sometimes with new girls, they'll have to do lots of stops and starts to get it right, but with people who've been in the business for

a long time, who know what shots they're looking for, the camera angles... When I'm having sex on camera, I'm aware at all times where the camera is and what angles are needed. So, for those of us who've been around, we can often go through an entire scene without having to cut.

So you go through the whole "act" without stopping?

Yeah, pretty much. Well, now that guys wear condoms, they stop while the guys pull the condoms off, or sometimes they'll pan up to the girls boobs or something while the guy takes it off.

Oh, you mean they pull the condom off



in preparation for "the money shot" [pornspeak for "the cum shot"]?

YEAH! I think it's good that they're wearing condoms now 'cause it puts out a message that you need to be cautious out there. And, if Hyapatia Lee or Tori Wells think it's OK to use a condom, then it's OK for me to use one too.

I totally agree. But I also feel disappointed when I see a condom on screen 'cause it reminds me that this is real life, not fantasy. The appearance of rubbers sort of destroys that envelope of utopian sexuality I try to wrap myself in while viewing porn; it tosses me back into the real world. But from a sex

worker's point of view, I totally understand it. Which brings me to my next question. What does someone have to have emotionally and mentally to be successful in this business?

Well you definitely have to be strong emotionally, have a good business sense, and so on. Otherwise you can get so wrapped up in it that it goes WAY to your head, or you feel so ashamed of what you do that you get into drugs or whatever. That happens to girls. But that's also true for any branch of the entertainment business. I don't think porno should be singled out.

Yeah, it's a danger in any sort of business where people are almost literally consuming you...if you aren't strong, they'll just take all of you away. You have to put up a barrier to prevent that or you're lost.

[emphatically] YEEEESS!

How thoroughly do you try to separate the "real" you from your screen personality? I mean, [PS] is not your real name and obviously, on screen you are playing a character. Are you successful at separating these two people or is there leakage between the two?

Oh I definitely separate them. When I do public appearances, it's especially difficult. I love meeting my fans and I want to continue the fantasy of who they think I am, but I don't want to get too close to them. I try to keep a distance. And when I do movies, it's fun to play the characters. I mean, I've always been somewhat of an exhibitionist. I love to flirt with people. But I have to keep the two people separate. If they started intertwining, then I wouldn't know who I am. But I find the acting part very fun, putting on the make-up, getting my hair made up, wearing the sexy clothes. It's really fun!

How are the women in the business treated? There are a lot of women in porn who say they have a lot of power because the business basically revolves around them, and there are other people who say that's bullshit, that porn is a totally male domain. What do you think?

Well it's definitely the women who sell the videos, that's what sells it. There are definitely women who get taken advantage of because they don't know any better — I mean it's amazing...girls who'll do three anal scenes for a hundred dollars or whatever...without a condom!! As I said, you have to be very sharp and aware of what's going

on. If you survive in the business, once you've gotten a following, then you're treated very well. Again, it's not very different from any other high-profile business, if you're not smart, and if you're prone to abuse, you will be taken advantage of.

Does the porn business attract people who are prone to abuse?

Well, I think only in the sense that they don't have a lot of good sense, in terms of money, about what jobs to take. Not in terms of sexual abuse or physical abuse. All those stories about locked sets and people standing there with guns, that's all bullshit. You're free to walk off the set whenever you like. You can come and go as you please. They don't care 'cause they've got lots of other girls waiting in the wings. But if you stick it out, you can get to a point where you can demand what you want, and because of your popularity, they have to listen to you. I think girls should try and get to this point as quickly as possible, but that takes smarts. You've got to move fast 'cause you've only got a good five to seven years. You can make a ton of money that can set you up for a long time if you play your cards right and think about the future.

Seka seems like a good example of a smart businesswoman. She hasn't acted in years, but she's still making money on mail order selling her videos, magazines, clothing, and other stuff.

Yeah, I do that. I have a fan club. I really enjoy it.

What sort of fan mail do you get?

Most of them, 80% of them, are really nice thoughtful letters. I get a few pieces of hate mail and bible thumpers. I get some really crude ones, talking about my body parts and this and that, but most of them talk about how much they enjoy me and my movies.

What would be an example of a piece of mail that was really positive, that made you feel really good?

Well I like the letters that are short enough that I have time to read them. I mean, if people write me a book, I can't read it. The coolest ones are where they want to know about the REAL me. Of course, I'm not going to tell them [laughter], but it's sweet that they ask. You know...they want to know how my cats are doing, how school's going, things like that.

How do they know those things about you?

Well, if they're a member of my fan club and they write, I'll tell them a few things. Ya know, they'll ask what else I'm up to or what things I enjoy, so

I'll tell them I have cats, that sort of thing. I try to answer their letters.

I don't want to pry into your private sex life, but I want to ask you about how your sex acting on screen might differ from real life sex. I mean, don't you find a lot of the sex on screen rather formulaic?

Well, the big difference between personal sex and video sex is that, in video sex, the camera has to always be considered. That automatically limits what you can do. When I first got into the business, I was having sex on camera like every day. I didn't have sex in my personal life for 6 months. When I finally did, half way through it,



I thought, oh no, where's the camera! It freaked me out. And you definitely do things in video sex you wouldn't do in real life. Like, I had sex in a sink in one video, and the whole time I'm thinking 'get this goddamn faucet out of my ass!' [laughter]

Do you ever watch sex vids yourself?

I only watched one before I got into the business. I remember thinking it was so totally wild that these people were having sex in a car. There was this one scene with people having sex in a van and I just thought it was SO hot! Then, cut to three years later, and I'm now in the business and I'm having sex with that same guy from the van! It was so weird. I don't watch them now 'cause I

know too much about them and I know everybody in them. It's not a fantasy anymore. I watch my own work on occasion, you know I'll gather up my recent releases and go through 'em, but it's all business. I look to see what I was wearing, how I looked, how my acting was, things like that.

Do you look at other actors' performances? Do you look at other women and think "oh she's so bad," or "he's such a pig," or whatever?

No, not really. I don't really get into that. I think each person's style should be their own, should just be natural. I don't want to be influenced by another girl's approach. I don't really like to watch other girls live on the set either. Lots of them are totally faking their enjoyment of the sex and that turns me off. I think you should get more into it than that. They'll be moaning and groaning and as soon as the director says "cut," they'll leap up and say [assumes bad ass voice] "Gimme a cigarette!" Of course not all of them are like that, but some are. Sometimes I'll watch a video scene or two, just for fun, but not too often.

What about funny things that have happened? Give us some porn bloopers.

Porn bloopers! Now THAT I would watch. [laughter] Any time Ron Jeremy's on the set, it's really funny. You could make a whole blooper tape of just him. He's so incredibly funny. He totally cracks me up. He's so charged all the time, I don't know where he gets all his energy. And I KNOW it's not chemically induced! He's a natural comedian. Gosh, let's see...other funny stuff...I can't think of anything right now.

Well just jump in if you do. What about the mundane work-a-day stuff? (like faucets up your butt)

[giggles] Well there's a lot of things like that. Being uncomfortable. Or, one funny thing is when we do a location at someone's house, ya know, some guy owns it and he lets us use it. He'll be on the set watching, acting real nonchalant, like it's no big deal having porn stars in his house, and then, half way through the first sex scene [starts laughing], I'll look up and he and his friends will be COMPLETELY staring. It's all just too much for them. Or, if the owner has a dog, and in the middle of a scene [more laughing] you'll feel some wet thing on your leg and the dog will be there checkin' it out!

Oh yeah, I love that, when cats and dogs walk on camera, and they don't even

bother to edit them out. I'm also pleasantly surprised when it looks like the actors are **ACTUALLY** enjoying themselves.

Yes, I like that too.

I remember a scene with Shauna Grant and, I think it was Peter North. They looked like they were having so much fun and the communication between them seemed genuine. That one scene was tremendously erotic.

What about male porn stars, do they get much attention?

Oh yeah. Like Ron Jeremy...a lot of guys like him 'cause they can relate to him. He's a little overweight...

A little?!

[laughter]

...but HE can get all these girls. I went with him

to the Rolling Stones concert and he was mobbed with all these guys saying "Man, you're the best. We love you, you're our idol." The women might get more attention overall, but the guys are more recognizable in public. They don't look so different from the videos, whereas the women are all made up on screen.

Do you get recognized on the street?

Yeah, I do. But I can go for weeks and not get recognized and then I'll get recognized 5 or 6 times in a week, which seems like a lot to me. Then there are a lot of people that I think vaguely recognize me but they don't know how or where. It's so great 'cause I always bet it hits them later on.

[laughter]

Do you have women fans?

Yeah. But not a whole lot. Maybe 3% of my fan club membership for instance. I get some dykes that are hot for me now and again.

How about famous fans?

I was in Nashville dancing and someone came to my dressing room and told me that Travis Tritt wanted to come back and meet me. I thought she said Travis Twit [laughs]. I didn't let him in. I didn't want him in my dressing room. He can meet me in the bar along with everyone else. And if he doesn't have the courage to approach me in public, then screw him! Arsenio Hall has mentioned me on his show several times...stuff like that.

[someone comes in the room to say we need to wrap it up]

OK, one last question. What do you all eat on the sets?

Lots of Pollo Loco!

AHHH!!!! [what we had just had for dinner and what I had eaten entirely too much of during my stay in LA.] ♡

APHRODISIACS...

Continued from page 15

Sarsaparilla 2,3

It may seem like a soda flavoring, but sarsaparilla is also the commercial source for testosterone. Okay, everybody, lock up your daughters!

Spanish Fly

In the back pages of some of the bottom-feeder porn mags, you can still find column-inch ads for Spanish Fly. The ads usually have a cartoony illustration of a woman on a couch, lustfully attacking a smiling wolf with a tuxedo and top hat who winks knowingly at the reader. The copy reads: "The word 'no' won't be in her vocabulary when you give her our imported Spurious (or Ersatz - the typical reader of *Bent-Over Bimbos* will think it means "extra special") Spanish Fly." Actually, Spanish Fly is made from the wings of *Cantharis vesicatoria* beetles and is a highly toxic urinary tract irritant--a no bueno bug. Thankfully, the stuff they sell in the magazine is usually a mixture of saccharine and pepper.

Thorn Apple 1,2

Thorn apple contains atropine and hyoscyne, both are toxic. When mixed with a salve and rubbed on the genitals, it causes hallucinations and sexual excitement.

Vasopressin 1,6

Drugs such as coffee, LSD, speed and cocaine make your pituitary gland speed-up vasopressin production. A whiff of aerosol vasopressin can wipe out the day-after groggies caused by stimulant burnout and bring back mental clarity. Some people claim that orgasms feel better with a shot of V.

"Vasopressin did not do much for me, sexually or otherwise."

Yohimbe 1,3

A West African evergreen tree contains an alkaloid in its bark that'll give men boners when they take it. It also causes a pleasant spinal tingling, and is mildly psychedelic. Many health food stores sell yohimbe powder in pill form, but as it sits on the shelf, its potency decreases, and so will yours. If you want to experiment with Yohimbe, the best way is by getting some of the actual bark and making your own extract.

In the late sixties, a prescription drug containing yohimbe called Afrodex was tested in a double-blind study on a group of 21 men. They were first given a placebo. Before the test began, the men reported having an average of three orgasms a week. On the placebo, they reported having eight orgasms weekly. On Afrodex, they had an average of twenty-three orgasms each week.

Caution must be taken when dicking around with yohimbe. It's a MAO-inhibitor, so avoid tryptophans for 12 hours before and after ingestion of yohimbe, otherwise, your blood pressure can skyrocket.

"One that really works is Yohimbe. Yohimbine hydrochloride absolutely will keep you hard. It is used mostly in animal husbandry. Yohimbine hydrochloride used to be on the black market. They'd take a couple of pinches or smoke it and get a stimulant body high. It's more of a depressant but it hits the central nervous system the same. Yohimbe can form a serious MAO situation that is not healthy to your heart when combined with the wrong common foods." - Richard Miller

Thanks go to Richard Miller and Brigitte Mars for their time and knowledge ♡

THE MAGICAL AND RITUAL USE OF APHRODISIACS

by Richard Alan Miller, 1992, Inner Traditions

SEXUAL ENERGY ECSTASY

*by David and Ellen Ramsdale
1991, 377 pp, softbound, \$14.95 + \$2.50
s&h [California add 8.25% sales tax], Peak Skill
Publishing PO Box 5489 Playa Del Rey, CA
90296, ISBN0-917879-03-1*

PSYCHEDELICS ENCYCLOPEDIA, THIRD EDITION

*by Peter Stafford. 1992, 512 pp, softbound
\$24.95 + \$4 s&h [California add 8.25% sales
tax] Ronin Publishing, Box 1035 Berkeley, CA
94701, ISBN 0-914171-51-8*

My Lil Sex Robot



**Kerin and Darby of BEN IS DEAD
review vibrators from Good Vibrations**

THE SMOOTHIE (\$12)

Darby: The first vibrator I ever tried, and almost my last since it was so useless. I got it during a time in my life (not long ago) when I thought I needed a penis shaped thing up me to really have an orgasm. Boy was I wrong. First of all, I kept changing the batteries thinking they just were too old, or not alkaline enough or something. Then, eventually, it got to the point where I thought I was maybe a bit inadequate... couldn't cut it... didn't have what it took.... It's nice to know that my only problem was that this thing

was a piece of shit. The most fun I get out of it now is to leave it lying around the house when more reserved people come over, just to see their reaction. They have a sign at Good Vibrations directly in front of the battery powered vibrators which clearly states the advantages and disadvantages. "Inexpensive," "Portable," and "Perfect for camping trips or entertainment while trapped in rush hour traffic" don't compare to "Of poor quality," "Delivers vibrations too gentle for women," "Limited lifespan," and "Lacks versatility." I took that as a "you can do better than this" which, after testing out these prod-

ucts, seems to have been an accurate assessment.

Kerin: Call me old-fashioned, but considering that I'm a virgin, and want my first penetration to be special, I didn't use the Smoothie, the G-spotter, or the Rabbit Pearl. I was tempted, but I know that saving my hymen for my Prince Charming or Princess Charming with a strap-on will be more romantic than sticking a piece of latex covered rubber up my cunt.

(HITACHI) MAGIC WAND (\$40)

Darby: This is my personal favorite. It's actually the first vibrator I've ever used, besides the Smoothie (which I don't even consider a vibrator but more like a pin-head dildo). I never really knew exactly how people used electric massagers as vibrators. I didn't think it'd work unless I

could shove it inside; and there was no way this thing was going to fit. It's a pretty decent sized item (you're not going to be able to carry this thing around in your purse, okay), and it's a bit

noisy as well (kinda like a vacuum cleaner—you'll hear a knock on the door but you might not hear someone coming in the house if they have their own set of keys). This is the vibrator that Good Vibrations recommends and I think it's because it gives a good vibration. Ten orgasms in one day is my new record—and that's without even trying. Just wait till I'm off deadline.

(Note: This and other plug-in type vibrators have a 25-30 minute limit, and should be turned off when they get too hot. There's also a double headed Hitachi—I can't imagine!)

Kerin: Darby praised this sucker so much, I thought I'd cum until the world blew up. I ended up disappointed. This vibrator, in the first place, is way too big. It looks like an elephant prod. Secondly, it makes so much noise. Which is fine and dandy if you live by yourself or your roommate is deaf. But I was at my parents' house, and my mom thought someone had come to mow our lawn. True, it did make me cum, but the drawbacks just didn't make me enjoy the orgasms as much as I did with my cute little Oster.

Also, the vibrations were a little more diffused, and I like concentrated clitoral stimulation. Oh well.

THE OSTER (\$28)

Kerin: This little guy is just god-head. The first time I used it I came within two minutes. Then I followed Joani Blank's advice in the book *Good Vibrations* where she says to go for the second orgasm, which I always had a problem

doing (or attaining manually). So, I did, and ended up coming five times. The best attachment is the clit tickler, with the rounded head. It fits so perfectly in between your cunt lips. The other attachments are kinda obsolete, although this one round comb like attachment is great for a scalp massage (which is fast becoming the staff's new addiction). What I love most about this vibrator is the fact that it's so lightweight, and small and that it doesn't make any noise (or hardly any). And the vibrations are so yummy, especially when you put it on "high". Throb, throb. This is the one for me.

Darby: All those attachments look pretty enticing but it's brawn, not beauty, that wins the most points. The Oster's centralized vibration and lack of overdrive place it in the top ten category, not for orgasm, but for the best scalp massage I've ever had. Now don't get me wrong, it's got more umph than those battery powered has-beens, but geez, these guys build blenders for christ sakes, they must have the technology.

G-SPOTTER (\$8)

Darby: The G-spot attachment looks like your dream come true. A rubber device that is placed atop the head of the Magic Wand. This is designed to give you internal stimulation, while you can receive clitoral stimulation at the same time. It felt good, and I'm sure, given time, I can learn to enjoy it fully (i.e. work it into my busy schedule). For those who "report a certain sensitivity" to their G-spot—look no further!

THE PINK PEARL (\$16)

Kerin: Thinking that there was nothing louder than the Magic Wand, I turned this little egg shaped beauty on and found I had a miniature leaf blower in my room. When this thing's on low, it doesn't make as much noise, but it's also almost useless. What a predicament. I tried sticking it inside, and it muffled the noise somewhat, but it didn't do much else. It felt good—but after a few minutes, it got boring. Kinda like, "Yeah? Now what?" I guess, if you're desperate, this would



Continued on page 41

MARC LAIDLAW

interviewed
by rudy
rucker

Marc Laidlaw is an occasionally bearded, tidy young man with pink cheeks. He loves to talk, and while talking, often starts imitating other people's voices. He and his wife Geraldine both have a lifelong fascination with magic and the occult. He was raised in Laguna Beach near Los Angeles, spent some time at the University of Oregon, and presently pays the bills by typing at a legal firm in San Francisco. Laidlaw used to own a large snake, and dabbles in the art of photography. He sometimes gives his name as Ira Maddaw of Dim Crawl. AL Laidlaw's first novel *DAD'S NUKE* (Donald I. Fine, 1985) is about a future California in which people

RUDY RUCKER: DAD'S NUKE and KALIFORNIA both feature strange, incestuous families. I'm almost scared to ask this, but what kind of family life and childhood did you have?

MARC LAIDLAW: For the purposes of fiction, it would be hard to top the family as a strong dramatic unit. All the conflict you need for a story is right there, ready-made, waiting to be blown out to cosmic proportions. This is not to imply that the bizarre characters in my stories are based on my family, which is a largely mild-mannered bunch not exactly conducive to compulsive page-turning.

The weirdness of my own childhood simply stems from the luminous intensity of experience at that age, and I imagine this is universal. My parents were teachers. Our home was quiet and full of books. My mother kept us busy with art projects, when my brother Brian and I weren't waging dirt-clod wars in the cactus-covered hills behind our house. I made a grave for an unnamed cowboy, with a soupbone sticking out of it; I drew time machines, secret passages, treasure maps, mad science laboratories. So my childhood is a reservoir of strangeness, a mix of twilight-colored fairytale pictures and sun-cracked Los Angeles streets.

When I was 10, my parents divorced and Brian and I moved with my mother to Crystal Cove, a secluded seacove near Laguna Beach (now a State Park), where I began to read obsessively to

escape the gloom and isolation I felt during the long off-seasons when we seemed all alone in the cove among rows of empty old decrepit houses. When I started writing, nothing could have been further from my escapist wishes than to write about my domestic problems; but in the early 80's I read R.D. Laing's *SANITY MADNESS AND THE FAMILY* which made a huge impression and suggested what fertile ground the family could be for exploring the effects of twisted sf technology. I now feel the sort of affinity toward "Family" that Asimov must have felt toward his *FOUNDATION* or Tolkien toward *MIDDLE EARTH*: it's a favorite turf to which I expect I will return again and again.

In the late '80s you published several issues of a zine called *FREESTYLE*. What was the idea behind *FREESTYLE*?

The four issues of *FREESTYLE* were hand-lettered goofs, full of my cartoons and ramblings, and as much of the work of friends as I could solicit and cram into it: Michael Blumlein, Pat Murphy, Richard

Kadrey, John Shirley, and of course yourself. It had a steadily dwindling circulation, centering on an ever more rarified group of core readers, and it died when I moved back east for a year in 1988.

Originally *FREESTYLE* was all surfing imagery. The name itself came from an ad in a surfing magazine, and we all laughed at that, sitting around in Pat and Richard's living room. An auspicious moment, I think: a movement conceived in laughter, designed to collapse under its own weight.

The longest-lived motto of freestyle seems to be "Write like yourself, only more so." Freestyle is a completely subjective philosophy, and for me it answered my need to be all things to all people. I cannot walk into a bookstore or library without wishing I had written every volume of worth on the shelves—that I could somehow have encompassed all the experience and emotions necessary to have written every kind of book. Great novels, trivial conceits, humor, horror, science fiction—I can hardly pick up a book without thinking, "Why can't I write like this?" This has an unsettling effect on my own fiction, where passages influenced by Jane Austen overlap with ones styled after ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT.

Have you ever been surfing?

I love BODY surfing. Nothing between you and the water — nothing to spring up and hit you in the head. I've got horrible



live in security compounds, and many people have their own nuclear reactors. Maturation of children is speeded up by a process called "time-baking." NEON LOTUS (Bantam, 1988) features a female Tibetan heroine who brings together some magical Tibetan symbols and frees her country. Laidlaw's latest and best book, KALIFORNIA (St. Martin's, 1993) is about a family who are all wired in such a way that they are constantly broadcasting their sensory experiences to a mass audience of devoted fans.

As well as his novels, Laidlaw has published dozens of short stories and odd pastiches in such venues as ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, OMNI, and the MIRRORSHADES and SEMIOTEXT(E) anthologies -- Rudy Rucker

balance, and could barely roller-skate, let alone skateboard or surf. I would love to have learned to surf, but let's face it, the time for that was when I lived in Laguna where the water was warm and I was a gawky, sunburned teen. San Francisco's tides are frigid. Today, I would probably break my neck to the sound of teenaged laughter. But I love to imagine surfing...that's what fiction's for.

In your recent story, "The Vulture Maiden," you returned to the "Free Tibet!" theme you developed in NEON LOTUS. What is the situation in Tibet, and why are you so concerned about it? What does Tibet mean to you?

I have a very deep attachment to Tibet which is compounded of awed longing and sadness. I first became aware of Tibet in about 1980, when I first saw a photograph of the Potala. I'd had no idea such a palace ever existed on this planet. It looked as strange and majestic as an artifact of High Martian culture. I was devastated to learn almost simultaneously that this civilization, still the most compelling to me of all Earth's cultures, was on the edge of extinction due to the depredations of Communist China, which has occupied Tibet since 1959.

I was amazed that no sf writer had ever really explored the Tibetan milieu, and I thought that doing so would be more rewarding than simply inventing yet another planetary civilization. For what it's worth, I hoped to introduce the typical reader to (1) the terrible political situation in Tibet and (2) the amazing form of Buddhism that developed there. Religion plays a big role in most of my stories, but Tibetan Buddhism is the one that interests me most keenly—it seems to me the most psychologically concise, and simultaneously the most cosmic, of the systems I have

encountered.

I pray that someday Tibet will be free again, and its native people will be able to regain their culture and their dignity. I hope that by imagining solutions—no matter how fantastical—I can plant seeds that may someday bear unimagined fruit.

DAD'S NUKE has an interesting virtual reality sequence: the PIV or "Plug-In Vacation" where the family gets into their van and they all plug in and think they've gone to Yosemite. And the super-television in KALIFORNIA is a kind of virtual reality too. What is it that interests you about virtual reality?

For me, virtual reality (and its many sf cousins that predate the actual hardware currently going by that name) are simply wonderful plot devices. I turn to them when I want to achieve some "surreal" effect in a story, while giving it more muscle and bone than a simple dream sequence or hallucination allows. Usually these scenes are bald homages—and betray my deep indebtedness—to Philip K. Dick, who sometimes staged such scenes around VR-like mechanical devices, but just as often used metaphysics and mental illness to achieve the same ends. I hope that eventually I will have the literary skill to jettison the contrived sf devices, and simply allow my characters to go mad or see god without recourse to fancy apparatus.

People sometimes read interviews with writers in the hopes that it will help them to be writers too. So let me do those people a favor and ask you this: How do you write? Like, what's your schedule and how do you get yourself to actually do it?

I have never been less disciplined than I am today. When I was in high school, I found it relatively easy to convince myself to sit down at the typewriter and bang away for hours, days, weeks on end. I got a lot out of my system by doing that, and hammered out some of the major dents that absolutely had to be taken care of before I could figure out how to write decent, original stuff. Such as the reams of Lovecraft imitations. But back then, it wasn't exactly hard to find the time.

These days I have a tedious, mind-numbing full-time job, a wife, a baby on the way, and far too much to do. But somehow I keep managing to write. I'm never sure exactly how or when I do it; my schedule doesn't seem to allow it...but I guess time is more elastic than we give it credit for. I used to write at work, in the interstices of my secretarial job—DAD'S NUKE was written entirely at the office; but lately I find I need peace and privacy to really enjoy writing. Which leaves evenings and weekends. By forcing myself to work for an hour one night, I find it easier to work for two or three hours on subsequent nights. But it's always hard to come home from a day at the word processor and then turn on my own computer, unless I'm really excited about some idea. When I don't have any compelling idea for a story, but desperately need to feel creative, I'll draw or play in the darkroom. There are weeks and months when I don't write a thing, but if I'm at least drawing occasionally, or doing something creative, I still feel fairly satisfied.

What, in your opinion, is the meaning of life? What's it all for?

See next question. ☛



KALIFORNIA

"Laidlaw has the moves to put him in that rare place where hipness meets wisdom. This book sings as it flies."

--K.W. Jeter

"In Kalifornia, Marc Laidlaw comes into his own as a master fabulator and major new writer. Marvelously inventive, wildly funny, Kalifornia is a stunning excursion into the State of the Future."--Rudy Rucker

"As brilliant a satire on the future of media and popular culture as any of Pohl and Kornbluth's classic works. This is an unforgettable novel."

--George Zebrowski, author of *Macrolife*

KALIFORNIA BY MARC LAIDLAW
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS -- FEBRUARY 1993
WATCH OUT FOR IT!



spacetime

+tsunami

Terence McKenna Interview

by Carla Sinclair

Terence McKenna is one of the few who's been able to jump the girdling walls that ensnare most people's thoughts and ideas at an early age. His reality is fresh. In his words, he's an edge-runner, an authentic explorer of the bizarre. What's weird is what's hot. He sees conventional thoughts on life and history as a dying breed, about to be replaced by some techno-future that is enigmatic even to him. He has been studying and experimenting with plant psychedelics for two and a half decades, and says "psychedelics are the petrol for the gas tank of any spiritual vehicle."

His fascination with plants goes beyond hallucinogens. He helps run a rescue project for rare and endangered plants on the big island of Hawaii. Most of the plants are sent from South America, and are grown and preserved in McKenna's botanical garden. Info on the plants are stored in a database. Although the project is used mostly as a green archive, McKenna hopes researchers will someday study the plants.

Terence gives a psychedelic presentation of his ideas on language, communication, and virtual reality in his video, *Experiment at Petaluma*, produced by Rose-X. He is the author of *The Invisible Landscape*, *Food of the Gods*, and *The Archaic Revival*, and is featured on many audio tapes, which are worth getting if only to hear his wonderfully poetic narration and enchanting voice. Terence shared some of his reality with me over the telephone, which will hopefully give us all a glimpse over those girdling walls. - Carla Sinclair

BOING-BOING: I just read *Archaic Revival*, which was interesting. What do you mean when you say we are going to be unrecognizable to ourselves by 2012?

Terence McKenna: Since I don't work for any academic institutions or feed at any government or corporate trough, I'm free to think anything I want about reality. And I think the phenomenon which most people can agree is happening is that time appears to be speeding up in human history, for example, or in the twentieth century, or in the last 25 months. So rather than see this as just something trivial or an artifact of the act of perceiving it, I would like to think that it's real, that time is in fact speeding up. When you look back at the history of the universe, you see that this has been going on for a long

long time. Things have been happening faster and faster and faster.

Do you mean speeding up physically?

Yeah. So that for instance, immediately after the birth of the universe, there was a long period of time where the only thing that was happening was that it was cooling. The amount of energy was so high that you couldn't get molecules, you couldn't get stable structures, you couldn't even get atomic systems. The universe was very simple and very hot. As it cooled, it became more complex. Each drop in temperature allowed new things to happen which built on previous new things which had happened. So, for example, first you get electrons settling into orbits around nuclei, then you get atomic chemistry for the first time. The universe cools, and time passes, and you get molecular chemistry - bonds of

lower strength that can form only at the lower temperatures coming to existence. That allows complex polymers to form.

Well how does all of this make our earth spin faster to speed up time?

Bear with me. So this process of complexification is going on in nature. When you look at it, you realize that it happened faster and faster. It took a long time for there to be life, or just for planets to form, and stars to settle down. Then once you get life, you get a very rapid

proliferation of form, and by rapid I mean in scales of hundreds of millions of years, and then you get higher animals. After that you get animals like ourselves, and you get language, and culture, and writing, and electronic media. Each of these steps occurs more and more quickly, leading to the conclusion that human history and the presence of tool making, poetry making, and thinking creatures on this planet have something to do with being caught, or you might otherwise say, fortunately positioned very close to a kind of anomaly that is haunting space and time. You can think of it as a collision with a hyper dimensional black hole.

We and our universe and everything in it are being sucked closer and closer into the presence of something which seems to be made out of pure idea. It's very hard to English, but it explains basically what's going on on this planet — why it is that 50,000 years ago, shit-hurling monkeys decided to set off on the long march toward the space shuttle, and an integrated global economy, and toxic pollution, and the whole ball of wax? A process of some sort unique in nature was unleashed 25 - 50,000 years ago. From that point on there was a tremendous push into symbolic expression and the cultural consequence of symbolic expression which is technology. And now, we've run the nut right off the end of the bolt, and the planet's finite limits are being reached. But the process shows no sign of slowing down. So rather than see it as some apocalypse or some terrible flaw of human fate run amok, I see it as a natural phenomenon. Human history is not our fault.

The world is getting weirder and weirder by leaps and bounds. It's moving faster and faster. It's very science fiction. You have potentially human life-extinguishing epidemic diseases, at

the same time that you have whispers of cold fusion and journeys to the stars. Meanwhile people are meeting little rubbery beings in their bedrooms in the middle of the night, and having rectal examinations. All this crazy shit is going on which is called the melt-down of Western civilization at the end of the second millennium. Then if you toss psychedelic drugs into the mix, shamanic plants and this sort of thing, and make journeys out into the archi- tectonic superspace of the culture, you quickly realize the cosmic egg is cracking.

But Terence, what does the weirdness of everything have to do with time?

Well weirdness, when you analyze it, means unusual connections. Connections between things which would ordinarily not be connected. This was the perception of surrealism. Another way of thinking, what time speeding up means, is that all boundaries are beginning to dissolve - boundaries of space and time - and everything is beginning to coalesce into some kind of organometallic-human-machine-cultural-spiritual-material interphasing amoeboid something that is spreading like a coral reef around the planet. In order to not freak out and see it as the end of everything, you have to think of it as under control, first of all. So then the question is, of what? I think it is controlled by something like the Gaian mind.

Gaian mind?

Yes, the planet is some kind of organized intelligence. It's very different from us. It's had 5- or 6-billion years to create a slow moving mind which is made of oceans and rivers and rain forests and glaciers. It's becoming aware of us, as we are becoming aware of it, strangely enough. Two less likely members of a relationship can hardly be imagined - the technological apes and the dreaming planet. And yet, because the life of each depends on the other, there's a feeling

toward this immense, strange, wise, old, neutral, weird thing, and it is trying to figure out why its dreams are so tormented and why everything is out of balance.

The culture is melting down. It's happening, and nobody knows where it leads. They're doing computer modeling, some of which indicates that it's too late, that if men of good-will and

ence. The next 30 years will stand your hair on end, guaranteed, because it's barely begun. Right now, we are living in the golden twilight of Western Civilization. The long afternoon of Cartesian rationalism. Ahead lies agricultural failure, atmospheric disruption, ethnic warfare, sexually transmitted diseases, propaganda, superdrugs, AND a whole bunch of good stuff. But it's going to be a white-knuckled ride to break

through at the end of time, because there is so much to be unleashed. What's happening is we're turning into something else.

We're now in the process of answering your original question which was why did I say we would be unrecognizable by the year 2012? Because we cannot continue to be recognizable and survive. We monkeys love a good fight, so now the pressure is coming on. The kissing has to stop, and the struggle will be wild and woolly, but we're intelligent. We're survivors.

And finally, what does this faster and faster mean? What it means is that time will eventually go so fast that the rest of the future - all of it - will happen in a few seconds. This is similar to the bubble-like expansion of space and time at the birth of the universe. There will be a contraction of space and time at the end that will be similar to the bursting of a bubble. That's what I think lies at the bottom of the basin of attraction that is pulling us toward itself and that seems to be located in the late months of 2012.

How did you choose 2012?

Well that is a complicated story, my dear.

It's too soon. Pick a later date.
Seems soon to you does it?

Oh yes.

Well when I chose it it was twice as far away. It's true though, it does feel like we're kind of rushing towards it. On the other hand, if you have an exponential collapse, it can really catch you by surprise. The burst of the universe must have caught somebody by surprise.



women of good-will came forward everywhere and took control, it would be too fucking late. I don't think so. I think that there's some very large plan in all this that doesn't come from God Almighty or anything like that. It comes from biology. It's the architecture of evolutionary breakthrough that is etched into every molecule of DNA on the planet. It's going to happen - the egg shell is breaking. The womb is ruptured, and there is no way out now but some kind of journey down the very frightening birth-canal of experi-

So what's 2013 going to be like?

Well that's a good question. That's like asking, "how shall we imagine what we in principal cannot imagine?" But on the other hand, there are ways to approach it, and model it. I think what's going on is some kind of conquest of dimensions. The previous dimension in which you've been embedded becomes a unified plane from your new point of view. Maybe what is happening is that culture is somehow going to bootstrap itself into a kind of intellectual hy-

perspace. And then the question is, where is that? Is it enfolded into the eyelash of a fruit-fly? Can we become as viruses and just drift in the stratocumulus clouds? I don't know, but it's not my business at this point to know that. I think we have a lot to go through. I think that people don't understand. As the Firesign Theater used to say, "Everything you know is wrong." But that is a very liberating understanding, because if everything you know is wrong, then all the problems you thought were insoluble can be framed dif-

ferently. And there's a way to take the world apart and put it back unrecognizably. We don't really understand what consciousness is at the really deep levels. With some of the tryptomine hallucinogens, you see into possibilities where questions like, "are you alive?" "are you dead?" "are you you?" seem to have been transcended. I think people have a very narrow conception of what is possible with reality, that we're surrounded by the howling abyss of the unknowable and nobody knows what's out there. ☹

Timewave Surfer Dudes

by *Paco Xander Nathan*

The software launching on my DOS system emits a bold statement:

"Timewave Zero version 4.07. Copyright 1989, 1991 Lux Natura. A precision instrument for exploring the theory of time as a fractal wave derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching Hexagrams. Based on extraterrestrial communications to Terence McKenna. Software developed by Peter Meyer. Published by Dolphin Software. Please press a key to begin..."

Welcome to Time Hacking.

As Terence sez: "Newton's conception of time is that of pure duration, a measure without structure; Timewave Zero presents time as a fractal." The skinny is that TMcK had been diving into calendrics, researching across time and Gaia, pondering alternative theories. Then he went South to nibble on his own preferred version of Rainforest Crunch with some Amazon yage heads. Bingo. Cut deep enough into your psyche with indole alkaloids and you'll end up meeting some Other Dudes. Okay, okay, you don't even need drugs, just try systematic lucid dreaming or meditation: we're not alone. Anywhere or anywhen else you go, if it's deep enough, therein lies an experience that our evolutionary level of consciousness just can't quite grok. Symbolize 'em as aliens, pixies, gopod or Elvis, the point is we all have a lot to learn that cannot be put into words.

So Terence learned a bit about a certain mathematical function, later found to be a fractal, but hey this was back in 1971 before fractals had even become trendy. He started playing with numerical sequences in the oldest section of the I Ching. From this he arranged a table to generate a function, which math buddies at Berkeley ID'ed as a really trippy fractal... *Timewave Zero*.

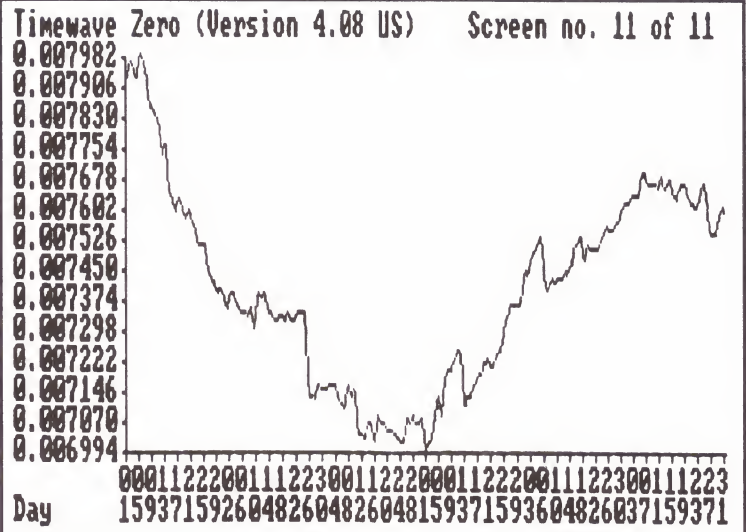
TWZ, as the user's manual states, "correlates history with the ebb and flow of novelty, which

is intrinsic to the structure of the universe." The fractal zig-zags through advances and declines, extropy and habituation, leading to a zero point at 21 Dec 2012. This is a singularity, which corresponds with the end-of-the-line for the Mayan calendar as well.

Hmmm... McKenna's work charts Time as the ebb and flow of Novelty and Habit. Chaos guy Ralph Abraham describes the zero date as a chaotic strange attractor leading to some event or non-event. Maybe 2012 isn't Armageddon, but rather a launching point for an ultra-chaotic suprahistory. Okay, so just how many shrooms did Arthur Clarke ingest while writing "Childhood's End" and whom did he meet?

Programmer-au-poil Peter Meyer has done an exquisite job of presenting TWZ on a common denominator PC platform - DOS 2.10 or later w/o even any graphics adaptor card required. Peter's implementation of TWZ provides a solid, intuitive framework for exploring the fractal, from any target date or timespan. We sat around an open fire in my backyard one moonful night, sipping a nice Cabernet and time traveling...

"Look at this huge drop into novelty," Peter noted, "in February to April 1996 - this is the steepest drop in the wave in the 1990s. It's the fourteenth lower trigrammatic resonance in the 67-year cycle of another steep drop occurring in early 1525. That was when the German Peasants Rebellion was occurring, an event which touched off 150 years of religious wars. "In the



second half of the 20th Century the wave peaks on February 12, 1968, then begins a long descent into novelty which bottoms out on February 14, 1992. From then to the zero date of December 21, 2012, there are many ups and downs, indicating an exciting run up to the end of history and a leap into a mode of being whose nature we can only now just begin to glimpse."

In a time when the Just Say No crowd has monopolised the airwaves, TMcK presents a very complex story, admonishing hardcore heads to chase after botanical arcana instead of better living through chemistry. So authorities dismiss him as New Age nonsense (grin). It's a shame that good hallucinogens are so tough to find in these drug war days (wink). Why, you almost have to crawl through jungles just to get high anymore (snicker). In fact, soon the authorities will have wiped out rainforests and with them any hope of a psychedelic revolution (open belly laugh). ☹

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Naughty Bits

QUICK PEEKS AT PORN

Femme's Fast-Forward Festival

by Gareth Branwyn

Over the years I've heard lots of rumors about a "classier" porn company run by women called Femme Video. It always gave me hope to think that someone out there was trying to make intelligent porn, especially geared towards women and couples. It took this issue of BOING-BOING to finally motivate me to contact Femme and see what they had to offer. They sent us review copies of 6 of their videos and I am here to tell you that they are goddess awful (at least 5 out of the 6).

My wife and I spent 6 nights watching these flicks and neither of us experienced anything beyond the slightest arousal until the last film, *THREE DAUGHTERS*. Of all six, *THREE DAUGHTERS* is the only one I'd bother watching again, and even that would see only "light rotation."

Femme seems to be under the impression that women viewers want more story, more foreplay, and more after-sex tenderness in their porn. While this may be the case, their interpretation of all these elements is absolutely miserable. The acting and production values are as poor as any other porno company, only here, the ridiculous plots and vacuous dialogue go on FOREVER. And then, when they finally get down to having sex, the Femme directors are so F/X happy that they kill any sexual momentum with goofy graphics and stunningly bad editing. We laughed out loud more than we moaned and groaned. We spent most of our viewing time with a throbbing thumb on the fast-forward button instead of a throbbing sexual organ in our respective pants. The only thing that Femme videos have going for them is the lack of those hairy plumbing shots that most porn directors are obsessed with and a genuine desire to show women being pleased. In most of the

all-too-infrequent sex scenes, the women were the center of the action. In several of the scenes, the after-sex parts seemed genuinely playful and tender. But all this is a long way from the "superior erotic entertainment" that these films and their media hype promised.

After five nights of sleepy non-aroused viewing, *THREE DAUGHTERS* came as a welcome surprise. It's the story of a young girl who is discovering her own sexuality as she spies on her two older sisters getting it on with their boyfriends. While the plot is tried and true porn fare, the treatment is more intelligent and even touching in parts. There are some actual hot sex scenes in this one, and the editing is spare on the overbearingness and F/X that plague the other films. I don't know that this is worth owning, but it's definitely worth renting.

The overall failure of these films comes as a great disappointment to someone who loves the idea of watching other people fuck on film, but who finds the truck driver mentality of most porn less than ideal. The intentions of Femme owner/director Candida Royalle may be admirable, but her results are not much better than her redneck male counterparts. For my money (and libido), the most successful "classy" porn flick to date is still Andrew Blake's *NIGHT TRIPS*, even if its affected urbane ambiance makes it look like a perfume commercial.

Femme Distribution
588 Broadway, Suite 1110
New York, NY 10012.

Skid Row Crackheads Get Horny Too

by Barry Atkinson

I live six floors above Hell. Downtown L.A. Skid Row. My loft looks out over all the slime and filth and poverty

and sadness and desperation that is the flipside of the American Dream. The Buck stopped before it ever got here.

This being the Sex Issue, I decided it was high time to see what a sex shoppe in hell could possibly be like. There are two "adult book stores" and a "XXX theatre" within a block-and-a-half of each other on my street. (I wonder if any of this has to do with why I can't get a date?) Anyway, this street is pretty hardcore even during the daytime, but I decided that to do this thing right, I had to pay my visits at night. Friday night. I decided to dress down. Way down. And act a little psycho. (No one fucks with you if they think you're psycho!)

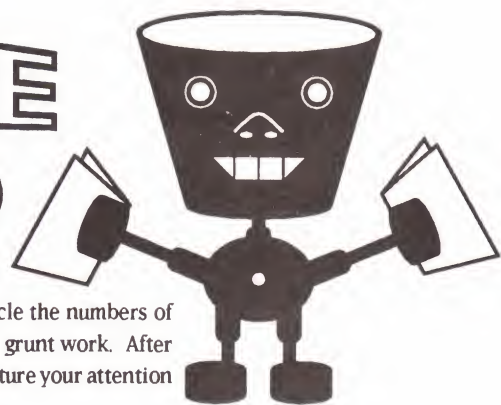
First stop is a hellhole creatively named "Adult Bookstore". The entry is through two dirty, oily pieces of plywood hung like saloon doors, that flap shut as you pass them. Oops. I'm in. Do I really want to do this? A weird guy (surprise, surprise) looks up from the counter and says "one dollar to come in". Uh, Okay, what for? Well, it seems it's just a filter to keep the riff raff out - they give you back your buck when you leave. The place is spartan. Maybe 20 different mags, the usual latex and rubber playthings, some lubes and such, no other customers. No big deal.

Next stop is the scary one. 5th and Main. Smack and Crack corner. Possibly one of the gnarliest corners in downtown L.A. I would be stressin' 'cept for the six pack I slammed to get up the nerve to pull this off. Serious pimpmobile in front. Some hype with a hyperthyroid accosts me out front peddlin' "rockzipsmack" in a big blur. Huh? I give him a look that tells him he better get the fuck away from my face before I dismember him (I'm 6'4", 220). Deviants of all sorts are in front of this place. This makes the last place look like Marie Calendar's. This one is creatively named - you guessed it - "Adult Bookstore". Must be a chain. Unlike the last one, this one is teeming with

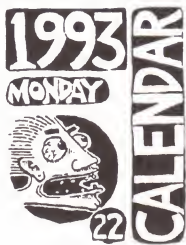
fluorescent light and glass windows all the way around - covered with craft paper (they went all out) - "Adult Bookstore" painted with tempera on the outside of the craft paper. This is creepy. What the fuck am I doing here? Oh well, I came this far. Time to venture in - couldn't be any worse than the outside. Or could it? I walk inside. Simon Barsinister is manning the register. He's got a handlebar 'stache and a collection of facial scars that send a jolt down my spine. His tattoos - well, let's not talk about his tattoos. I give the place the once-over. A couple of wiggled-out dudes are checking me out between glances at the mags. I can feel the tension in a big way. A million coulombs of current dancing through the air. The big mag section here offers photos of vaguely human creatures plugging every imaginable orifice, using various body appendages and household items with little regard for fit, cleanliness or comfort. Nice. What more could I ever possibly need? And for only \$10!

Some kook walks in who apparently thinks he's someone—big daddy pimprack I suppose. If looks could kill, I'd already be on the slab with a tag hanging from my big toe. This is my cue—I'm outta here! As I walk out, three BIG ex-con lookin' dudes are in my face making weird gesticulations with their heads. I don't like it but street rule! I says - "never let 'em see ya sweat". I keep my cool—they wanna sell me some skanky lookin' flea bag for \$10—they assure me she's "what I need." Uh, no thanks. Just lookin', No money! Uh, thanks anyway. Hey man, wanna buy some rock? I got some finewauneeee. I reach into my pocket and put my finger on the trigger of my 50K stun. Ahhhhhh. Everything's gonna be alllll right. I'm wigglin' a bit—it's as intense as it could be, short of me bleeding profusely, so I scam. A few doors up is "XXX Theatre." (These guys really have the naming conventions down.) Nothing is posted on the marquee but some slob is there to take my money. No, I can't do it. Visions of sticky seats or some wank landing his wad in my hair. Hell I wouldn't go to a place like this in Beverly Hills, much less Skid Row! ♦

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BB10

ASK DR. SERGIC

CONSCIOUSNESS TECHNOLOGY BY PACO XANDER NATHAN

Hero to you in his own regular column. Larri Sergic is a really nice guy. He's got an immense background in biochemistry, neuropharmacology, and in helping identify and treat human psychiatric disorders. Of course, being ever the crypto-extropians, we love the part about Disorder. And we're tickled pink and bouncing in pure Schumann resonance that Larri has volunteered to help out all the wealthy, well-healed masses who buy and read this column vigorously each quarter-turn around that glowing, congealed mass of nuclear fishin' which we commonly refer to as "the Sun." But hey it's just like Nietzsche said, "Some days you stare at the Abyss, and some days the Abyss stares at you."

So please, ask anything you'd like to ask. Anything that twisted little orb atop your shoulders can manage to fester, because Dr. Sergic has an answer. In fact, he's got several answers, at least one for each of your multiple personalities. Moreover, Larri is not afraid to speak the truth. He's not too intimidated to say things that even the AMA will get pissed about having released, because he's anonymous.—Paco Xander Nathan

In this issue's ConsTech column, we'd like to preview a proposed regular feature for bOING-bOING, entitled "Ask Dr. Sergic"... As many of our readers are aware, a dear friend and child psychiatrist named Lawrence Sergic, MD, has frequently donated the fruits of his neurotransmitter-soaked noggin to our teleological cause. By contributing his wisdom, experience and, at times, even generous supplies of some rather dangerous chemicals to help our bOINGing staff tread the hallowed ways of neuroelectronic shamanism, Larri Sergic has done more to accelerate Consciousness Technologies than any living human, alien, or "none-of-the-above" that we personally know.

Now we'd like to return the favor by introducing our

Er, uh, Larri? A guy here has a question for you...

I've got an answer... 52.

Is Dr. Sergic a "real person" ?

Brother, we are all really only virtual beings.

A reader writes... "When I trip on shrooms or acid, I see tracers. But when I'm no longer high, the tracers are still there. Am I going crazy?" Signed: Chips 'n Dips.

Dear Mutant Munchies... The tracers were there all the time. Now you can finally see them.

A reader writes... "How come these brain toys don't work for me?" Signed: Brain Toyz In The Attic.

Dear Toyz... Probably, I think what's happening is your brain is filtering out the signals as noise; your brain is already highly tuned. It's not being lulled into any false sense by these toys. You're not sick, just more highly evolved.

It'd be like a kid who's been to Disney World, then goes to a little arcade or ferris wheel, and it's just not any big deal anymore. Like someone who flies a helicopter, then is not impressed by a bicycle. If you meditate on EEG, and experience the effect of drug states, those things were already there... Like being in a forest, only the

moss is not real anymore because the landlords have been given the signal and They're coming for you. The man with the cordoned beret is a hand-crafted amalgamation of robotics and kinetic sculpture, the group continues. Won't anybody stop him? If you are happy, and you know it, clap your hands.

Oh shit, what have I been saying?

A reader writes... "I'm in Central Texas, where everyone has been tripping lately with a white powder called Brome. It's weird - they say it's like a cross between acid and opium. So you can take this, but the onset comes like four hours later, then the tripping is more powerful than acid."

Is there a question?

A reader continues, defensively... "Is this stuff like acid or is it an opiate? People were using it again the next morning, and I've never seen that done with acid."

Bromides were used a lot in psychiatry, but most of us have stopped using them on patients, except the ones we really like. What you're talking about is called Dextromethorphan Hydrobromide, ie. the fun stuff in Robitussin. I hear that a lot of teenagers in Florida drink

bottles of cough syrup just to trip, which is pretty funny, considering all the wonderful opportunities for kidney damage. Supplies floating around Texas are supposedly pure Brome from a US farm-a-sooty-cull company that shall remain Un-named. People claim that 800mg does the trick, but sources close to our office have found 400mg to work just fine. Expect some cramps, not really nausea or MG seed kind-o cramps, but enough to make you wanna lie on your back. Just look around at parties for people sweating, giggling and lying on their backs like armadillo road kills: Bromage. Onset takes a few hours, with hallucinations lasting for several hours. Effects continue for a couple days, including impaired motor function or temporary paralysis. But overall a very nice ride. If you see any aliens or elves on the way, be sure to say hi for me, okay?

A reader continues to continue... "So, like, if I fry my brain, should it be basted?"

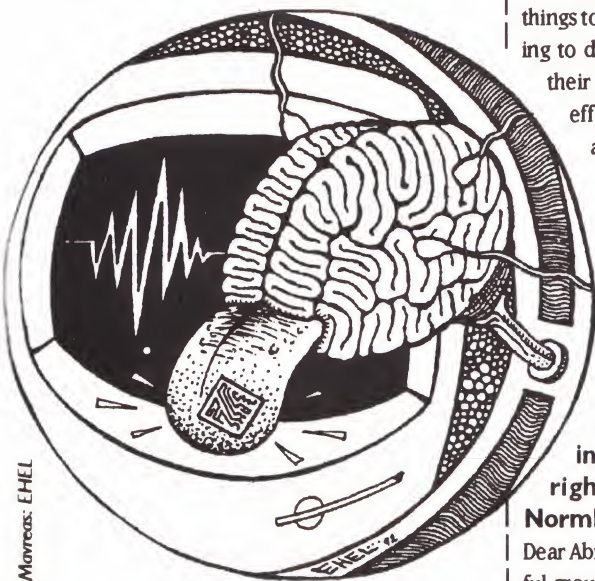
Yes, but only with low-salt butter to avoid a sodium/potassium crossover.

A reader writes... "Dear Dr. Sergic. I really love Millie's take-out, thank you for pointing that out to me. Say, I spend a lot of time plugged into my computer terminal. Are there any good resources I can use, online, cheaply, to learn more

about experimenting with dangerous chemicals?" Signed - Kid Amine.

Dear Kid... I take it you're not a goat, otherwise I'd have to switch my advice about MAO inhibitors. So anyway, glad to hear that you've learned how to survive in Marin County. Yes, there are several wonderful online resources available to squidheads like yourself. First off, if you have access to Usenet and Netnews, you should really check out two newsgroups: "alt.psychoactives" and "alt.consciousness" which have a lot of fluff but occasionally feature good discussions. Also, check out an email list called the "Mind Machine Digest" which talks about lots of neat brain gear: send a message to "mind-l-request@asylum.sf.ca.us". They also have FTP access for a list of patents and vendors of brain machines.

There's another good email list called "Leri-L Metaprogramming Mail Service" which you can subscribe to by emailing Scotto at "moore7004@iscsvax.uni.edu". This is a great place to chat with other people who experiment with mind frying chemicals and inducing alternative states of consciousness, much like yourself. They also trade a lot of digitized empathy for each other's travails. In the recent words of one Lerilander "Leri-L remains for me the most interesting locus of activity in the Net that I have yet found."



Moreas: EH

On the muchomedia front, check out a highly recommended Hypercard stack (4.5 stars in PXN's "Xanderism Guide To Psychoactive Neuroelectronix") at the "SUMEX-AIM.STANFORD.EDU" anonymous FTP host, under the following:

ftp>cd info-mac
ftp> cd card
ftp> get xochi-10.hqx

A reader writes... "Dear Dr. Sergic. I met this man at a Bondage & Domination party last month and we had fantastic sex all night, but lately he won't return my calls or letters." Signed - Forlorn In Sacramento.

Dear Ann, go write your own gopod-damn column. Look, sex between consenting adults is not a contract and I'm sick of ghost writing for your pitiful readers. That was you riding the magic ponies back at Miss Manners' party last month, or was that with your sister Abby? It really doesn't matter, since you're twins anyway.

A reader writes... "Dear Dr. Sergic, what is a Gonzo Field Effector?" Signed - Vincent Blackshadow.

Dear VB... The term you must be talking about is called the "Ganzfeld Effect" and it's basically low-level, low-cost sensory deprivation. Here's a simple way to try the GE: take a ping-pong ball, cut it in half, then tape on half over each of your eyes, assuming you share a humanoid genetic/physiological structure and possess two eyes. Now sit back, relax and stare toward a bright light. Your eyes will go numb, but hopefully your brain isn't. Many people report seeing dream-like sequences. Just remember: GE brings good things to life. Performance artists are even starting to distribute ping-pong ball goggles among their audiences before light shows for GE effects. Otherwise, if you're not talking about brain machines, then go check out any of the local bars near Aspen.

A reader writes... "Dear Dr. Sergic. I think all the political organizations working on marijuana reform are great, but what about other psychedelics? I'm a high school junior now, and I'd like to major in psychedelics in college. Can you point me in the right direction?" Signed - Abbie Norml

Dear Abnormal... No problem. There is a wonderful group known as MAPS - Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies, Inc. You can reach them at:

MAPS
1801 Tippah Ave
Charlotte, NC 28205
704 358 9830
704 358 1650 fax

This non-profit pharmaceutical firm endeavors to make academic research into the benefits of psychedelics legal again. Founder Rick Doblin is a Harvard graduate student who's spent a lot of time working with US policy makers; lately, the FDA has even cooperated. So you might want to subscribe to the MAPS newsletter for US\$30 and continue your journey that way.

A reader writes... "Dear Dr. Sergic. I'd like to learn how to quit smoking. Are there any computerized tools to help me free myself from utter and unabashed slavery to the American Tobacco Growers Association?" Signed - Hacking and Weazing.

Dear Hacker... Certainly. There is a wonderful new software package for MS-DOS called "Suggestion Software, Reduce Smoking" that does exactly what you're talking about. This package, written by David Claywell of David's Designs Software in Lilburn, Georgia, uses a wonderful array of consciousness technologies on a regular IBM-compatible to improve communications with your subconscious mind. The technology is elegantly simple: word pair choices, selected melodies, color preferences, all these subliminal techniques combine to tell you to dump your personal smokestack envy. Consider your PC now to be a therapeutic tool. Hey, isn't that what everybody needs? Better communications with their own mind? Call it "personal PBX software." Better yet, for only \$39, call up David at 404 921 5355 and place your order.

Got any parting shots to implore upon our Gentle Readers, at this close of your fantabulous debut?

Yes, breathe deeply and remember to SMI²LE. ☘

Thank you Lawrence Sergic, MD. And please remember that Dr. Sergic has a catalog available of profit-generating merchandise, such as the "Dr. Sergic Prescribes A Free-Drug Warplace" bumper sticker and the ubiquitous machine-screw stickers, which you can use to deface all those nasty, mind-altering "I <heart> my dog" bumper stickers. Larri is even applying for a 900 telephone number so you can call him anytime for advice and consultation.

So what's your problem? Dr. Sergic has an answer!

Questions: L. Sergic, MD
c/o Paco Xander Nathan
2118 Guadalupe, Suite 195
Austin, Texas 78705 USA
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To join the list or send a message, email to:

✓ fringeware@wixer.cactus.org

Talking about the Fringe vis-a-vis Mainstream in cyberculture... one happy customer sez: "It's kinda like coral reefs: the whole structure seems pretty, but mostly dead--meanwhile all the life is out on the edge." It's been that way for a long time, and will probably continue. So let's go find the Fringes!

Thanks - BCNU soon!

FRED13

A one liner dialogue generator AI ... by robitron
\$199.95 (3.5 HD or 5.25 HD, DOS or Unix)

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Terence McKenna's fractal wave describing Time & Novelty ..by Dolphin Software
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Correlates between Maya and Western dates ..by Dolphin Software
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Evolutionary "biomorphs" software ..by Richard Dawkins
\$10.95 (DOS 3.5 or 5.25)
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MENSTAT 2.0

Fertility planning software, lunar calendar/herbalism
hypertext database ..by Sudona
\$99 (Windows 3.5)
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DAY DREAMER

Brain machine that Timothy Leary calls "the LSD flight simulator" ..by Alpha Odysseys
\$14.95 (primate head shape only)

SPACE/TIME FABRIC HATS

Reversible piecework floppy hats w/recycled electronics & FringWare logo ..by Rolling Thunder
\$14.00 (primate head shape only)

VIRTUAL REALITY PLAYHOUSE

Each chapter has a demo from a VR software vendor
\$22.95 (DOS 5.25)

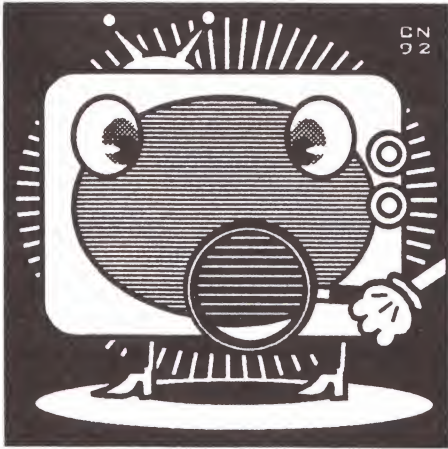
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VIDEO REVIEW

Claudia Newell



EXPERIMENT AT PETALUMA (1992, 30 min., VHS, \$29.95 + \$3 s&h, One Way Media. 1035 Guerrero, San Francisco CA 94110)

EXPERIMENT AT PETALUMA is a neat self-referential test of Terence McKenna's ideas about why some language technologies work better than others. Terence sees ordinary language (written and spoken) as the "closest thing to a miracle in the natural world." People are the

only animals that mosaic over the "blooming, buzzing confusion" of the world with words, replacing the unknown with the known.

Because "language is the stuff of the world," Terence wants to start using **VISIBLE** language. He points out that words are interpreted in the brain visually, because people associate a higher "signal clarity" to visual input. Communication tools such as VR give people the ability to "see" what the other person means much more "clearly" than spoken or written language. (And since this is Terence talking, we're reminded that tryptamine drugs like DMT present the tripper's field of language as something that's beheld visually.)

Terence wants virtual reality systems that are driven by speech operated synthesizers: you say something into a microphone, and it becomes a picture that conveys intent much more clearly than spoken language. (My only complaint with converting the spoken word to pictures is that I'd miss hearing Terence's wonderfully high-pitched, tightly-punctuated speech.)

Rose*X, the producers of **EXPERIMENT AT PETALUMA** took Terence's ideas to heart and

have succeeded in making the **OUTSIDE** of Terence McKenna's head look as strange and wonderful as what's going on **INSIDE**. Layers of ancient drawings mixed with state-of-the-art video manipulation techniques slide transparently over McKenna's face, which blossoms into spiral fractals, crystal columns, and negative reflections.

Stick a copy of **EXPERIMENT AT PETALUMA** into your VCR and soak up the novelty juice! [MF] ♦

Terence McKenna Video

The Experiment at Petaluma
Roxe-X's mind bending psychedelic
video experience with McKenna
-- 30 min.

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One Way Media
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VIBRATORS...

Continued from page 29

work. Or, if you have earplugs. Actually, since this thing is so small, it's ideal for travel - as long as you don't care who hears you.

Darby: This remote control egg-like device looks like it might contain Silly Putty, but that isn't the case. The speed control here is a gradation between high and low with the sound effects ranging between that of hair clippers and a lawn-mower. Now, personally, I don't think this thing is worth sounding like a lawn-mower. It's small and made of cheap plastic and looks like a Barbie version of a real vibrator. This thing might be more fun if you shoved it up your ass whilst using another form of stimulation elsewhere. Silly Putty has a definite advantage if "quality time" is what you're looking for.

THE RABBIT PEARL (\$54)

Darby: As a virgin vibrator user, I'd heard from numerous sources that this was the one. From the looks of things it seems like it's got a lot going for it. It's a transparent pink in color, with a dick-shaped piece which, half way down, has small balls inside that rotate around. That part is

controlled by one of the remote's switches. The other switch controls this weird rabbit that does a speed-buzz on your clit. After a few minutes of this tease I threw it aside and grabbed my trusty Hitachi and got the job done. The good thing about this, for those who can get off, is that it probably isn't as intense which could give one more time to make up those masturbatory fantasies which the Hitachi leaves no time for.

POCKET ROCKET (\$16)

Kerin: This little vibrator was so cute, Darby and I were fighting over it the minute we got it. Of course, she won by sticking it down her pants. Slut. Anyway, I got my hands on it finally, and I don't think I want to give it back. It's so tiny, but it does the job! And it's totally quiet. Like, you could be in the back seat of a car and you could get off without anyone knowing. I came two times the first time I tried this. This is my second favorite.

Darby: Talk about convenience! When I saw this cute little gadget I said yes, yes, yes!—Hoping that it could deliver the thrills wherever, whenever. This thing is a great take-along for those long road trips. Doesn't drive you wild but gives you a bit of a kick when you need one. It ain't bad for a quickie neck massage either, when no one else is interested.

IN CONCLUSION

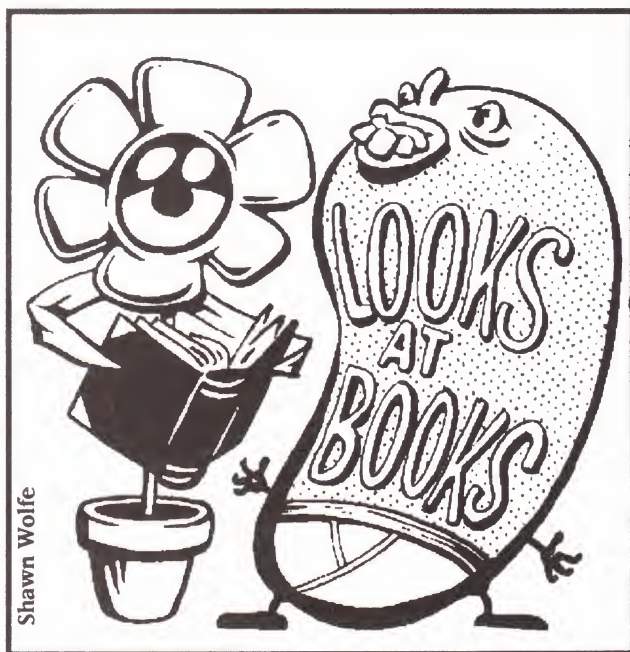
Darby: My vote, hands down, must go to the Hitachi. Keeping in mind that Good Vibrations has been selling this item for fifteen years, I can't understand why this unit's shortcomings could not have been corrected. Surely we are at a technological stage where a more compact, quieter, but more powerful vibrator could be devised. I think it's about time we get NASA involved.

Kerin: The Oster, due to its compact size and quietness, wins top prize in my book. I think massagers, altogether, are far superior to any battery powered plastic thing you stick up your cunt. If you're one of the millions of women who have trouble attaining orgasm, you should definitely invest in a massager, lock yourself away for a day or two, and learn what it feels like to cum and cum and cum. ♦

Thanks go to Darby and Kerin for letting **BOING-BOING** reprint this article, which originally appeared in the fantabulous **BEN IS DEAD** Magazine. You **MUST** subscribe: \$15/6 issues PO Box 3166 Hollywood CA 90028

GOOD VIBRATIONS

1210 Valencia St.
San Francisco, CA 94100



CAD - A Handbook for Heels (by various authors. 1992, softbound, Feral house, ISBN: 0-922915-09-1)

The word Cad in this book title does not refer to computers. This is a book written in the style of men's magazines of the fifties when men were red-blooded males. This is not a publication for the new-age sensitive guy. At one time some men were known for being cads, the George Sanders type; smooth, good looking and totally treacherous. Yuppies in sneakers are not qualified to be cads. If they read this publication, though, they might pick up a few pointers. Many women do, after all, admire dangerous and reckless men. More women have fallen for hard-drinking steak eaters than sprout munchers.

This is a book for men with genuine testosterone coursing through their veins. Here are provocative pictures of women with really big boobs. Tips on mixing cocktails. An interview with sleazemeister and tit fancier Russ Meyer. There is even a "true confession" by jazz trumpeter Chet Baker, telling tales of heroin, cocaine and women. Here it is, over a hundred pages of real guy stuff: Booze, broads and dirty jokes. Isn't this what PLAYBOY was supposed to be about before it specialized in self-righteousness and gynecology? [Julian Macaffery]

THE GET OUT OF JAIL FREE BOOK (by Maxwell Hutchinson. 1992, 92pp, softbound, \$10.00 + \$4 s&h, Loompanics Books, PO Box 1197 Port Townsend WA 98368, Catalog \$4, free w/order, ISBN 1-55950-085-9)

Ollie North isn't just a jingo who cheated and

lied his way out of jail, only to write a book full o' lies. He's also a jingo who set a plan in motion to nullify the Constitution and Bill of Rights during national emergencies and conduct massive dragnets to imprison undesirables.

Are you on Uncle Sam's A-list? Do you have reservations in the mansion-like underground bunkers set up for the President's friends and family, the Bilderburgers and members of the Trilateral Commission? No? Then when you are locked-up in the "subversives' stockade" dear comrade, you'll be wishing that you had read

this book.

Author Maxwell Hutchinson begins THE GET OUT OF JAIL FREE BOOK by describing some recent escape attempts, and comments on what the escapees did right or wrong. Other chapters explain how to smuggle escape equipment into prison, build ropes and bombs, cut through fences, build ladders, make handcuff keys from ball point pen refills, keep dogs from finding your scent, create disguises, improvise weaponry, and prepare your body for an escape with special types of exercise (grip, as you might guess, is very important).

According to Hutchinson, the most important element to a successful escape are friends on the outside willing to stick their necks out for you. He explains how they can be most effective, and how they can minimize their risk of ending up being your cellmates.

Obviously, it's not going to be easy to get this book once you get behind bars. If you're involved in activities that might land you in the hoosegow, get this book and memorize it. [MF]

LIFE AFTER TELEVISION (by George Gilder)

George Gilder hates television. To be more specific, he hates the programming on television. LIFE AFTER TELEVISION is Mr. Gilder's vision of a utopia where the telecomputer has replaced the television. He believes the telecomputer will eliminate mass media, and allow individuals to create and distribute the type of programming that's far and above the intellectual capability of the average TV network executive.

Gilder's telecomputer is a PC that can play video images at 30 frames per second. It's in your home and it's hooked up to an ISDN network. The telecomputer is an interactive receiver, transmitter, and processor. It will allow you to create and exchange the programming among the members of your subculture.

Gilder gives us an overview about the technology of the telecomputer. He explains how it works, and the current technical obstacles impeding its progress. However, his view about how people are going to use the telecomputer is rather simple. He assumes once people have this technology in their homes they will know how to use it to obliterate the mass media. He believes everyday people have the ambition to create their own entertainment programming.

The subtitle of LIFE AFTER TELEVISION is **The Coming Transformation of Media and American Life**. However, Gilder fails to offer any vision for the transformation of American life with the telecomputer. There are many legal and societal issues that have to be examined before anyone will ever be able to experience Gilder's technology utopia.

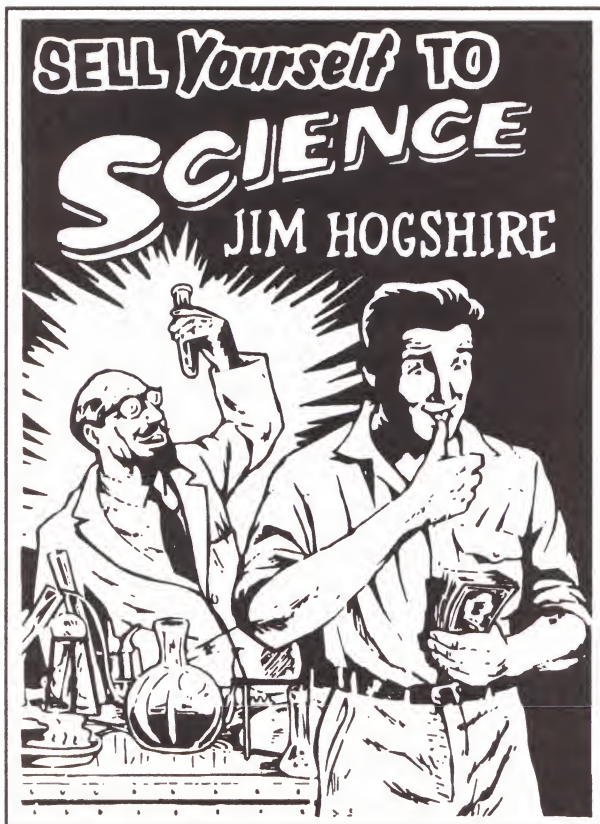
Gilder hates mass media so much that he does not recognize that the telecomputer will just be another new product for the media industry. Where can you find your subculture programming, and who will store it? It's most likely that it will be the mega media corporations.

What if someone hates your programming so much that they digitally mutate it or plant a virus in it? Is this behavior going to require law enforcement? Will mutating or sampling digital programming be illegal? You won't find any answers to these questions in Gilder's book. LIFE AFTER TELEVISION is the typical utopian babble of the past 30 years about how computers are going to make life better for the individual and eliminate the old industrial tyrants. Not recommended. [Robert Campanelli]

SELL YOURSELF TO SCIENCE (by Jim Hogshire, 1992, 160pp, softbound, \$16.95 + \$4 s&h, Loompanics Books, PO Box 1197 Port Townsend WA 98368, Catalog \$4, free w/order, ISBN 1-55950-084-0)

Why shouldn't people be able to ingest any substance they feel like having or say "no" when stupid people in the government force them to fight in stupid wars? Because you don't own your body, you merely borrow it from your rulers.

So is it any wonder that you can't sell off your body parts to the highest bidder? Doctors and



hospitals rake in millions of dollars every year by transplanting organs which are given to them without cost, thanks to laws prohibiting organ sales. These laws are not only unconstitutional, but they kill people who need organs and are unable to get them on time, because the free-market that would normally create national organ banks is forbidden to do so.

Jim Hogshire, author of *SELL YOURSELF TO SCIENCE*, explores these laws, and has found lots of ways for you to make money by renting your body to pharmaceutical firms for human guinea pig experiments. He lists drug-testing sites and explains in detail how to sign up and what to expect. He also reveals the world market of organ sales, and how to get a piece of the action in exchange for a piece of yourself.

SELL YOURSELF TO SCIENCE is well-written in a crisp, humorous style, and the illustrations by Mark Zingarelli are great. I give this book an "A." [MF]

THE NEW HACKER'S

DICTIONARY (Edited by Eric S. Raymond, with foreword and cartoons by Guy L. Steele Jr. 1991. 431 pp, MIT Press)

This is a great book. You should buy it immediately unless you have absolutely no interest in computers, in which case you should get a life

first and THEN buy the book.

If I had my way, I'd end the review here, having said everything really necessary, and let them use the space for a Kata Sutra cartoon. But if mere vigorous assertion fails to persuade you, read on.

This is a great book because it's about the people who invented computing, and are still inventing it. In the process of defining several hundred bits of hacker slang, it describes how people were in the early days of computing, and how they are now, and how they got the way they are. Any group defines itself by the jargon it creates, and Eric Raymond teaches us all we need to know about hackers simply by defining the things they've done to the English language.

This would no doubt have been great reading even if it had been written with a straight face.

But the question didn't arise; Raymond's tongue is firmly in his cheek. E.g.: "Also, note that all nouns can be verbed. E.g.: 'All nouns can be verbed . . .'"

In describing hacker-style writing, he notes that "Dry humor, irony, puns, and a mildly flip-pant attitude are highly valued - but an underlying seriousness and intelligence are essential." And that's the perfect description of the style he has achieved in this book.

Raymond does tend to editorialize a bit. More than a bit, actually; he doesn't miss a chance to condemn what he considers to be obnoxious programming practices, languages or machines. But most of these flames are dry and understated (for example, the cross-references, at the end of the OS/2 entry, to 'vaporware,' 'monstrosity,' 'cretinous,' and 'second-system effect').

The book ends with a collection of hacker folklore, including the blank-verse epic "The Story of Mel, A Real Programmer," the AI Koans, and a "Portrait of J. Random Hacker" - a wonderfully accurate pseudo-demographic description of the people who make up the hacker culture. Is *THE NEW HACKER'S DICTIONARY* perfect? Not quite. The next edition should lose the cartoons; they're sophomoric, and embarrassingly out of place beside the dry and sophisticated humor of the text. Worse, some of their pointers are broken - that is, the number sequence that is supposed to lead from one cartoon to the next,

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for those who want to read them in chronological order, has a couple of errors.

But where else will you find, for instance, that one attoparsec per microfortnight is approximately equal to one inch per second? Or an example of the canonical use of 'canonical'? Or a definition like "A cuspy but bogus raving story about N random broken people?"

Now do you believe me? This is a GREAT book. You should buy it immediately. [Steve Jackson]

HACKER: The Computer Crime Card Game (by Jack Kidwell, 1992, Steve Jackson Games)

In 1990 Steve Jackson Games was raided by the U.S. Secret Service. They lost all sorts of equipment and game manuscripts, including GURPS Cyberpunk. (The Secret Service called it a "handbook for computer crime.") HACKER is the game based on their experiences. So boot up your plain clone, fire up your modem and hop on the net.

HACKER is loosely based on SJ's ILLUMINATI game system: cards (computer systems) are drawn to form the net, counters (your accounts) are placed on the cards, and dice are rolled to see whether your hack succeeds or not. The object is to have 12 accounts and therefore become Master Hacker. Sounds easy right? Read on.

Hacking on a system is relatively easy, but if you really spank on your roll or you improve your access, you can achieve root access. "Don Pardo tell (your name) what he wins!" "Well, Jack, he gets bonuses for his future hacks, invulnerability to a system administrator's housecleaning, and a year's supply of Turtle Wax."

So what makes hacking so tough? ICE and your fellow hackers, that's what. Hitting ICE will blow you off your system, but it can be avoided somewhat with an ICE Breaker in your expansion slot. Your fellow hackers are another problem. They will narc on you, crash systems, clean house, and play so many raid cards on you the authorities will have to stand in line to bust you.

HACKER seems to flow smoothly with 4 or 5 players though it is a long game; you can decrease the number of accounts needed to win to 10, or 8 for a shorter version. More than half the deck consist of special cards, leading to fierce card wars at times. My biggest beef with the game is that it doesn't lend itself to alliances and backstabbing (the finer points in life)—ILLUMINATI is a good game for this. HACKER is very much every human for himself, a straight bolt towards the finish line. So if you're inclined to munch pizza and cola, sit in front of your Hackintosh, and work your way into WysiWizards, FOO-BAR or ComSecMilNavPac, check out HACKER [PXN]

JELLYFISH MASK (by William Ramseyer, 1992, 59 pp, softbound, 9.95+1.50 s&h [CA residents add 7.25% sales tax] Buy Yourself Press, PO Box 2885, Atascadero, CA 93423-2885)

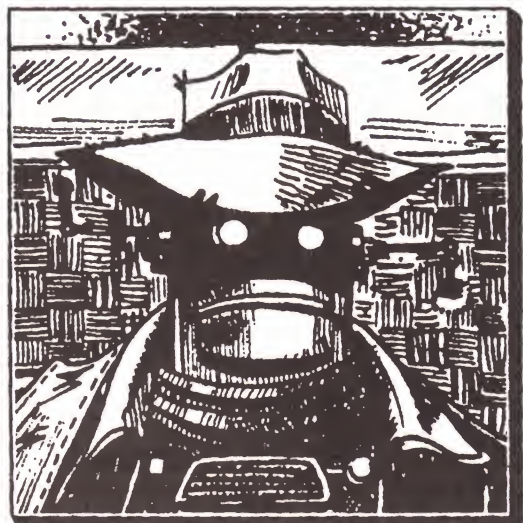
If you've been reading BOING-BOING from the beginning, you'll remember the stories by William Ramseyer, the ones that made reality look so strange that you had a hard time deciding what you could believe anymore. Ramseyer's new stories in JELLYFISH MASK are even weirder; they come at you like a happy clown, but you soon discover that the clown has filed teeth and an appetite for human hearts and brains.

Rudy Rucker says: "JELLYFISH MASK is a terrific collection of twisted short short stories in the fine fine superfine tradition of Fredric Brown. William Ramseyer is some kind of crazed genius."

Robert Anton Wilson says: "JELLYFISH MASK should be banned, censored, forbidden and burned by the public hangman. Otherwise it may destroy all the delusions necessary to preserving the lunacy that governs every nation on Earth."

Kathryn Otoshi, the illustrator and graphic designer for JELLYFISH MASK, has done a great job of capturing the mood of Ramseyer's stories. Recommended. [MF] ♦

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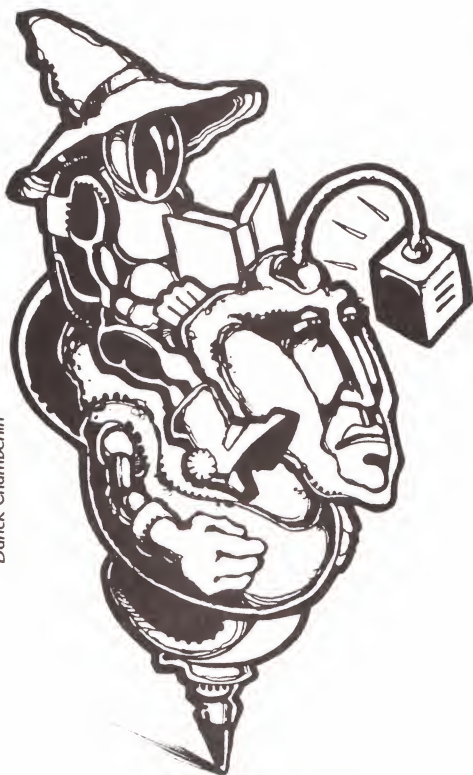
CATALOG REVIEW

CEIS CATALOG (Free, PO Box 3246 Ashland, OR 97520) The Center for the Exploration of Inner space catalog sells brain toys, tapes, T-shirts and Durk 'n' Sandy powdered drink mixes. I don't know anything about the \$200 plus LED-blinkers for sale here, but I do know that the more I play with flashing light brain toys, the less impressed I become with them. The catalog is worth checking out, though. [MF]

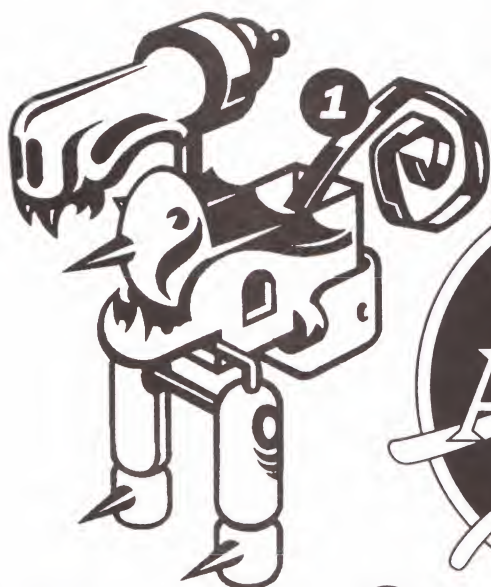
THE WHOLE TOON CATALOG #8 (Free, 1450 19th Avenue NW, Issaquah, WA 98027, 206/391-8747, Fax 206/391-9064) 100 page cartoon catalog full of books, magazines, laserdiscs and videos. Claymation, Japanimation, Disney, and the "Gods of Cartoons"—UPA! Wotta selection: Animated commercials from TV yesteryear! Bell Science Series! Gerald McBoing Boing! Drool, slobber, spend! [MF]

DREAM DRESSER BOUTIQUE (\$10, PO Box 3787, Washington, DC 20007) If you're a fan of fetish clothing, you'll find plenty to sniff in the new DREAM DRESSER catalog. This 32-page full color catalog has leather, latex, lingerie, restraints, fantasy fashions and lots of erotic gear for "indoor gaming" (as they call it). Curiously, it's all for women, or at least the catalog shows only women. (Don't men get to play dress up too?) At \$10, the catalog is definitely over-priced. I would suggest writing to get on their mailing list and then seeing if you get the catalog for free. I signed up for the free brochure and then got the catalog sent even though I didn't order it. The price of the catalog is reflective of the price of the merchandise, which is exorbitant. Thigh-high boots will cost you \$400 while a full restraining outfit will tie up 500 bucks, suggesting that you might actually have to BE a rich, power-hungry fascist to dress like one. [GB] ♦

Darick Chamberlin



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BEER NUTZ #1 & 2

by Wayne

Tundra Publishing

48pp, b&w

#1 \$2.95, #2 \$3.95 + \$1.00 s&h (each)

Recipe for Beer Nutz:

3 ripened male humans, dull-normal intelligence
Several dozen 12-ounce bottles of beer

1. Pluck three humans from meaningless jobs.
2. Insert into small saloon.
3. Pour beer into humans' gullets.
4. Sit back and watch the fun.

Luther, Humphrey and Bink are the Beer Nutz, a trio of hard-drinking buddies who believe that the universe doesn't exist beyond the walls of Scottie's Bar. They meet every night to polish off some pitchers and kill each other with their clever wit. When Humphrey calls his beer "Shorts" ("Stroh's" spelled backwards) Luther laughs so hard that foam shoots out his nose. (No doubt the joke was just as funny when he said it the night before.) When they come up with thirty six different ways to say "defecate," ol' Bink thinks it's so funny that he births a Baby Ruth right in his drawers.

I read issues #1 & 2 in a single sitting, and I started to feel like a fourth member in their group. Buy *Beer Nutz* at your local comic book emporium and join us!

"Scottie!! How 'bout a pitcher over here!!!"
—Mark



BEER NUTZ © 1992 by Wayne

CUD #1
by Terry Laban
Fantagraphics Books
24pp, b&w
\$2.25 + .50 s&h

When I found out that Terry Laban killed his great comic, *Unsupervised Existence* (see *BOING-BOING* #4), a little piece of me died with it. I quit my job, wrapped my body in elastic bandages, and wriggled my way from Colorado to California like a worm, eating only those items which happened to get scooped into my mouth, and sleeping only when cruel children pelted me with rocks large enough to knock me into temporary unconsciousness. I figured that if I suffered greatly enough, the Great Santa Claus in the sky might rebalance the world by forcing Laban to bring back *Unsupervised Existence*.

Instead, Laban created *Cud*. Thank you Santa-God!

There are three stories in *Cud* #1: a fable for modern day artists, a hilarious send-up of Chandler detective novels called "Muktuk Wolf'sbreath" and my favorite, the first chapter about Bob Cudd (the same character from *Unsupervised Existence*), a college graduate with a degree in performance art who goes to the big city to stake his claim.

Read *Cud* twice. Once for the excellent stories and once again to suck up the eye candy that bursts from each panel like a bed of mutant mushrooms: street junk, rubbery/fleshy/gangly people, cool furniture, grungy buildings, and great *Amanita muscaria* visual hallucinations.—Mark

FROM INSIDE

By John Bergin

6 issues. 48 perfect-bound pages. \$4.95 each.

(Available at a FINER comic shop near you OR

directly from Tundra for \$6.95)

Artist/musician John Bergin's work all exists in the same world of perpetual darkness and droning ambiance. His artistry lies not so much in his ability to maintain this consistently dark vision (which he does with a vengeance), but in his ability to build a rich and complex world

inside this singular dimension. He has an uncanny ability to dance right on the edge of suffocating nihilism, while providing just enough oxygen to sustain life. The beauty of the art uplifts you, while its devastating message crushes you to dust.

From *Inside*, Bergin's latest series of 6 books to be published by

CUD © 1992 by Terry Laban

Tundra (a company with a name that suits Bergin's sensibilities), is an apocalyptic tale of a young woman who wakes up in a world of nightmares within nightmares. She finds herself on a long train that is slowly chugging its way across landscapes of desolation and despair. Rivers of blood, collapsed structures, mountains of snow, and a plague of death threaten the train's inhabitants from without, while the main character contends with these and various internal struggles such as hunger, the memories of her lost husband, and her biggest internal "threat," the imminent birth of her baby. The complexities of her deep personal dilemma (Is there anything left for her baby to be born into?) and the dark surrealism of her world are driven into your heart with the steel railroad spikes that open and close each volume of the series. From *Inside* constantly implodes and explodes, moving from fears inside (claustrophobia) to fears outside (agoraphobia), from hope to despair, from power to broken compliance. And that's just the tip of the iceberg! As a reviewer once said of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, "There's enough symbolism here to keep an analyst busy for the rest of his life."

In a recent letter, I asked John to explain the significance of a memory sequence the main character has about a stuffed animal. His response provides a holographic slice through which the whole series can be viewed:



"When she was little she had a stuffed toy animal - a horse named Doody. It had a music box inside and she loved the horse because of the music it made. She would often hit her brother—playfully—with the toy, and the music box would hurt him. Knowing he couldn't stop her from playing with Doody, her father cut the music box out. She remembers the sound of the scissors...and the hands going inside. She was too young to understand the concept of a music box, so she had no idea that such an ugly little black box was inside Doody. She was horrified. Her father tried to console her by winding up the music box to show her that it still worked. But the music was brash and ugly without Doody's stuffing to muffle it. Doody was sewn back together with gold thread. She still loved him, but he wasn't the same. She put herself to sleep at night by rubbing the stitches and remembering the music."

For anyone who has seen Bergin's previous work, you know what acuity he has with black and white imagery. His simple, almost flat artwork, is rendered with such an eye for communicating mood and visual



FROM INSIDE © 1992 by John Bergin

balance, that full color seems almost unnecessary. I have to admit I was a bit apprehensive about his move to color, but he appears to have

made the transition without losing the stark beauty that is his hallmark. The colors in *From Inside* are rich sepia tones, blood reds, and fiery shades of orange. And, of course, the whole thing is still shrouded in lots of gloomy graveyard black.

You might think of *From Inside* as *Sophie's Choice* directed by Ingmar Bergman, with a little David Cronenberg thrown in for good measure. But none of these silly analogies do Bergin justice. John is a true top-drawer original, "someone to watch," as they say. I can't recommend *From Inside* highly enough.

(BTW, John has a new catalog of all his books and music along with friend James O'Barr's work. The catalog, called *Grinder*, is available from PO Box 45182, Kansas City, MO 64111)—Gareth

Fantagraphics

7563 Lake City Way
Seattle WA 98115

Tundra Publishing, Dept. BG

320 Riverside Dr
Northampton, MA 01060
(413) 585 7822



FROM INSIDE

**BY
JOHN BERGIN**

"This story reaches down and touches the soft frightened place in your heart that you have forgotten about...or you wish you could have. Haunting. Beautiful. Unforgettable."
—Lewis Mott, *Detroit Metro Times*

"A DaVinci of the Macabre, Bergin thrusts his bloody fingers wherever a hole appears." —*Alternative Press*

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Zine review!

Late Summer. I'm in Westwood (ug!) to see the director's cut of Blade Runner. I duck inside a mag store to kill some time. My friend Mike says "Dude, check this out!" It's some day-glo zine with a psycho thriller cover. I'm not impressed but give it the nod. I buy it and check it out over dinner. High Shock Value. Two days later a friend up north calls and says "Dude, you've gotta check out this zine called ANSWER Me!" Next day another friend calls and asks "Hey Barry, have you ever heard of this zine called ANSWER Me!?" Next day I log onto The Well, and blaring in the middle of the bOING-bOING

conference is a review from Jerod Pore touting the ultimate zine ever - ANSWER Me! Later, same day, I get a call from another friend asking, "B, you ever heard of a zine called ANSWER Me!?" Never in my short tenure as a zine person have I heard so much buzz about a zine. Hell, I don't even like the zine - it encompasses everything I hate in life - Racism, Gangs, Serial Killers, Sexism, Satanism, and worst of all, as espoused by the zine's editor/publisher - Egoism! I guess this is the point. What can you say about a zine that attracts this much attention - be it bad or good? I SAY ANYTHING THAT GETS THIS MUCH HYPE IS CERTAINLY WORTH CHECKING OUT!

Next topic: Contrary to what I laid down last issue—ummm, I'm eating these words and they do taste good—FACTSHEET FIVE LIVES! Yes, I know, I said it wouldn't happen, but it has. A one Mr. R. Seth Freidman has decided to resurrect the zine legend in this latest chapter of the Zine of Zine's saga. Look for it in January or thereabouts. For more info contact Factsheet Five c/o R. Seth Friedman @ P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117 - He claims it will be in the tradition of Mike G. who, incidentally, gives it his blessing. Good Luck Seth! Till next time, Later—Barry

Announcing the Quarterly Vermilion Piglet Award

A zine chosen for the Vermilion Piglet Award represents the coolest, swellest, best mind-humping zine from the stacks, bags and piles of zines that pour into our offices for review. It's simple to enter the contest: if you send us anything that even vaguely resembles a zine, then you're automatically in the running (whether you want to be or not).

The beautiful Vermilion Piglet Award statue is made of solid buckminsterfullerine and stands a proud 6cm tall. We will present a certificate of award for the best zine we review in each issue of bOING-bOING. (When the price of buckminsterfullerine drops to 5 cents per metric ton, the winner may redeem their certificate for the statue. Until then, they must be satis-

fied with an interim prize: something that we dig up from one of the cardboard boxes laying around the office.) This time around, we are awarding the winner with a brand spanking new copy of *THE WORLD OF ZINES*.

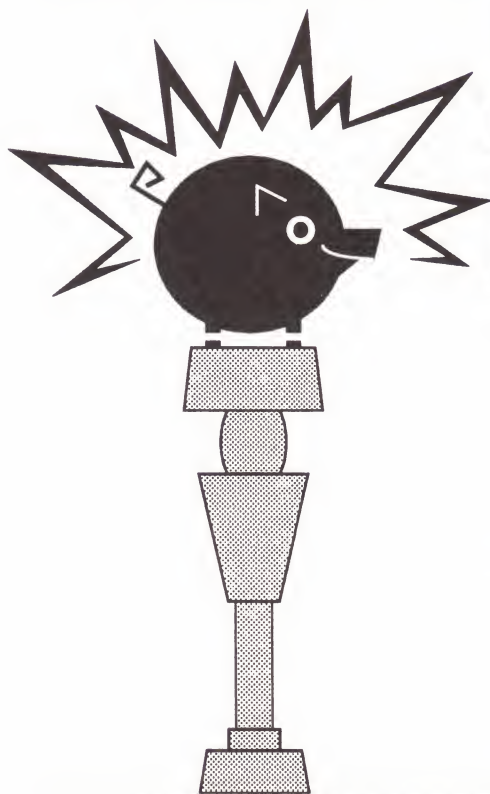
And the Vermilion Piglet goes to:

F (\$1.50 or \$7/5 issues, 1800 Market Street #249, San Francisco, CA 94102)

Content ●●●●

Production ●●

Lurking within these tame-looking eight pages of typewritten text are hilarious/terrifying tales of government idiocy, amazing facts and figures from the world around us, commentary to piss off people of all stripes and affiliations, and lots of tasty zine reviews. Intelligent, funny, scary. Zines don't get no better than this, buoys and gulls. (8 pages, standard, stapled in the corner)[MF]



RATING SYSTEM FOR CONTENT

- ☒ Thud -- no bounce, worse than watching paint dry.
- One bOING -- makes you chuckle, smirk or grunt, but you forget why after you read it.
- Two bOINGs -- average zine. Probably worth your while to check out.
- Three bOINGs -- neat stuff. Good for plagiarizing and/or saving for later.
- Four bOINGs -- you get more out of this than you put into it. Pure Flubber!

RATING SYSTEM FOR PRODUCTION

- ☒ Horrible layout makes it painful to extract any brain-juice.
- Pretty confusing and messy.
- Average job. Gets the point across without being much fun.
- Nifty! Content is presented in an easy-to-read or overdesigned-but-kool format.
- Eyeball kicks galore! Who cares what it says, you can stare at it for hours!

ALPHABET NOIR, A Portrait in 26 Pieces (\$1.25, Cafe Armageddon, 3307 Westland Drive, Austin TX 78704)

Content ●●●●

Production ●●●●

The narrator in ALPHABET NOIR used to have a girlfriend named Sylvia, and he doesn't really like her anymore. The story is composed of 26 chapters, each having to do with some aspect of Sylvia. The first paragraph is called "A is for Ambergris," the second is called "B is for Bilingual," and the final chapter is called "Z is for Zimbabwe." Author Wayne Alan Brenner pulls off this bit of experimental writing with great success. It's fun to read the little details about Sylvia—her obsession with coffee, her blueprint for utopia, her relationship with her father—and it's interesting to think of

why the narrator chooses to include certain details about Sylvia and portray her in certain ways. I'd be surprised if this wasn't fact with a thin layer of fictional varnish. (When ordering, make sure to ask for Brenner's two-page "That Night in Bedrock" story!) (4 1/4 x 6.75, 28pp, typeset) [MF]

AQUARIAN RESEARCH

FOUNDATION (\$25 or donation/12 issues 5620 Morton St Philadelphia PA 19144. Phone 215/849-3237)

Art & Judy Rosenblum have been studying and teaching throughout the alternative lifestyle scene for many years. Communal living groups, natural birth control, astrological birth control, psychic birth control, male birth control, safe sex groups for teens, etc. Face it, even the Amish used to practice "bundling"... These days, when so much of the personal health care info (esp. for sex info) gets "screened" by the AMA or Republican political action groups, 'tis refreshing to find people like the Rosenblums who actually travel to Eastern Europe to compare notes with the kind of doctors who don't get to play much golf. Astro/psych memes come straight outta standard medical techniques used outside the US. [PXN]

ASSEMBLEGE (For a copy, email a request to rapotter@colby.edu)

ASSEMBLEGE, published by Russel Potter, is an electronic zine highlighting techno music and the rave culture. Issue #1 features an overview of the U.S. east coast rave scene by Laura La Gassa. Robert Hooker's "Reflection of a Rave Generation," looks at the social differences between the genXers who grew up during the cold war, and the ravers who are growing up after the cold war. "Kickin' Phase" by Errata Stigmata outlines a 12-point program to create the various forms of Techno music. ASSEMBLEGE also features music and rave reviews. [RC]

ATTITUDE PROBLEM #12 (2.50 or \$10/4 issues, Bhandu Scott Dunham, PO Box 703, Clarkdale, AZ 86324)

Content ●●●

Production ●●

I feel the same way after reading ATTITUDE PROBLEM as I did after watching Christian Slater's movie PUMP UP THE VOLUME - like I just want to liberate myself from all of society's boundaries and say FUCK YOU to anyone or anything trying to hold me back. AP is a nonconformist skate rag

that is geared toward the younger crowd who are intelligent, informed, critical of the status quo, and still having lots of fun.

This issue is filled with comix, easy to grok poetry, articles that point out the stupidity of racism, lots of interviews with all sorts of creative neophiles, and a long editorial that tells young people how foolish they are if they don't vote ("We think we are not voting, but actually we are: we are voting for letting the narrow-minded, conformist attitudes of a dying generation run the country and the planet.") With the way AP is laid out and folded, it's sometimes difficult to find the right page, but the pages are definitely worth looking for. (15 pp, tabloid size, newsprint)[CS]

CHOP FOLD AND GRIND #2 (\$3, P.O. Box 1286, Lombard, IL 60148)

Content ●

Production ●●

I can enjoy comics & stories that don't make sense to me, as long as they pluck some hidden strings in my psyche. But the fare offered in CHOP FOLD AND GRIND falls flat, the only exceptions being John Porcellino's five-page tru-life comic "The Blueberry Tree," an Ian MacKaye poem illustrated by editor Dan Grzeca, and a short piece called "Jacob." (63pp, 7x8 1/2, typeset)[MF]

CRASH COLLUSION #1 (\$2.75, PO Box 49233, Austin TX 78765)

Content ●●●

Production ●●●

I like this first issue of CC a lot. It starts out with an article about UFOs by weirdness researcher Paul Rydeen, and follows with a review of little-known hallucinogenic plants, including a source list for mail order psychedelic plant shoppers. CC also studies Fortean-style phenomena, such as the Marfa Mystery Lights, and reviews books and zines. High-quality brain-stim! (20pp, 8 1/2 x 11, typeset) [MF]

CYBERVISION #3 (\$1.00 PO Box 14207, Dinkytown Station, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

Content ●● 1/2

Production ●● 1/2

This zine covers the latest in Edge scene and has a tap on the pulmonary of Youth Culture. For example, a feature in issue #2 scoops the latest teen hack, called "coasting". The idea is to let your car coast from the top of a hill

all the way down and through an intersection w/o using brakes. "It's like, most of the people really care, so they like stop for you anyway," claims rad coaster Ian Flucks. "I hate the way people say this is too dangerous, I mean only 12 of my friends have been killed so far and that's like 1:3 odds. Besides, my uncle works for Brake Check so I know other people's cars are cool enough to stop before they hit me." Well worth the price. (4pp, glued, typed.)[PXN]

DERELICT SPEEDBALL #1 (\$1 or \$4/4 issues, 28 Hillside St, Suite 666, Boston, MA 02120)

Content ●●
Production ●●

This is a promising first issue. I liked Maura Jasper's guide to riding Greyhound Buses. I was bored by Professor Oeleas' prediction that the USA is doomed. SWEAT LEAF is a well-drawn one-page comic about marijuana in the caveman days. The best thing here is BRAIN DEAD NED ROWLEY'S HANDY GUIDE TO SHIT, a scat-happy investigation into the wild world of caca. My issue came with a limited edition color print of an ape head laying in a bed of thorns. (28 pp, typeset)[MF]

FEH! (\$2, 147 Second Avenue #603, New York NY 10003)

Content ●●●
Production ●●

The only poetry zine I can bear to read. It's really funny. (24pp, 7x8½, typeset) [MF]

FRIGHTEN THE HORSES: A DOCUMENT OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION (\$5.00 4 / \$16, 41 Sutter Street #1108, San Francisco CA 94104, Include a signed statement that you are over 18 years of age!)

Content ●●●●
Production ●●●

FRIGHTEN THE HORSES explores sexual diversity within the chaotic context of an American sexual revolution complicated by AIDS and left/right political polarization. The MEANING of sex is more obscure than ever. The American cultural machine, having dropped the pretense of enlightenment, proliferates confused signals about sex, some seeming to originate in the Puritanical fundament, others from the 60s 'free' sex movement. Both approaches seem to deny the human essence of sexual encounter. Whether you suppress sex or celebrate it, the issue is its meaning, its humanity, its

intimacy. And that, I think, is what FTH is about. The great thing about FTH is that it tackles the confusion head-on, with guts and determination. It refuses to bury sex and accommodate a return to the Puritanical denial of love's body. [JL]

FUGITIVE FACTSHEET #5 (\$2, Liam Brooks, 2704 French Place #202, Austin TX 78722)

Content ●●●
Production ●●

A miniature version of FACTSHEET FIVE — twelve pages of interesting zine reviews. This'll do until the "real thing" is resurrected, and will probably keep cranking along even then. (12pp, 7x8½, typeset) [MF]

HI-STEPPER NEWS #2 (\$10/12 issues, PO Box 31848, Seattle WA 98102-1848)

Content ●●●½
Production ●●

The Cacophony Society, a nontribe of pranksters who sprouted from the Oakland sewers several years ago, spread their spores last year to LA, and now Seattle. Looks like space-needle people have some treats in store for them next year: a CarArt Cruise, a Laundromat Mail Art Show, and Dollarbill rubber-stamping festivals. (5-8pp, 8½x11, loose sheets) [MF]

HOAX #1 & #2 (\$?, 64 Beechgrove, Brecon, Powys, LD3 9ET, WALES)

Content ●●●½
Production ●●

Remember how much fun playing ding-dong-ditch and making crank phone calls used to be? Well HOAX #2 is filled with reports of even funnier, more adventurous pranks that clever tricksters have performed on innocent, confused humans. One such prank that kept me in guilt-ridden snickers was performed by a group of "crank activists" who passed out 1,500 flyers advertising one hour of FREE shopping (with a time and date) at a particular store. The store manager's first reaction to the flyer was one of "absolute horror." He did manage to prevent the formation of a wild-eyed scrambling mob, but was hit with a bomb scare the following morning. (Apparently this manager had ruffled somebody's feathers.)

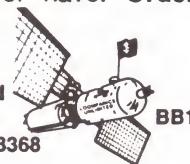
This devious zine also tells its readers how they can join in on the fun. Issue #1 includes The 10 Commandments of Pranking, hoaxes that can be done to people's food and beverages, festive

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INTERACTIVE! The Quest for Magic

by Tod Foley
Nonfiction/Technology, 350 pp

The time is right for this book: a primer on Interactive Fiction technologies. The book will describe the origins of interactive artforms and will trace their development from the Eleusinian Mysteries all the way up to computers and MultiMedia, including early interactive Novels and Plays, Video and Computer Games, Role-playing Games, Computer Networks, Multi-User Dimensions, Interactive Art installations, Interactive TV experiments, CD-ROM and other data storage technologies, Interactive Theater, and "Virtual Reality." The final chapter will examine current trends, technologies and theories, and make predictions concerning the future of entertainment media. Interviews with many people, including Howard Rheingold and Brenda Laurel.

We would like to talk to artists and theorists who are interested in having their work included in **INTERACTIVE!** Please call or write:

AS IF PRODUCTIONS
8055 Wakefield Ave
Panorama City CA 91402

pranks to be performed over the holidays, and even the more contemporary "cyber-pranx."

Nobody better mess around with a HOAX subscriber! (28 pp, 8½x11½, Typeset)[CS]

THE INFO JOURNAL #67 (\$4.00 to The International Fortean Organization PO Box 367 Arlington VA 22210-0367 44 pages)

THE INFO JOURNAL is the longest-running Fortean publication. What's "Fortean" you might ask? It's something strange and anomalous, and preferably documented. Named after Charles Hoy Fort, who chronicled over 10,000 cases of really weird events. This issue covers a ley (an alignment of churches and other holy sites, thought to be over some line of electro-magnetic force) in Worms, Germany; accounts of strange meteorological phenomena in the nineteenth century; UFOs; the odd statues left by a civilization that flourished in what is now Georgia, USA; ball lightning; pennies falling instead of hail during a thunderstorm; killer bees and many more odd and wonderful happenings in a world stranger than most people would believe. Plus reviews of books and other publications of interest.[JP]

KAGEENA #6 (4-ish @ \$25 air or \$20 surface, Box 15438, Vlaeburg, Cape Town 8018, South Africa)

Content ●●½
Production ●●●

According to this zine, KAGEENA refers to a tricky god who can transform itself into innumerable forms, and symbolizes "illusive, hard to define, creative freedom." This issue includes "The History of Hemp" by Jack Herer (swiped from EARTH ISLAND JOURNAL) and an article about Cyberpunk by Timothy Leary (I have a hunch this was swiped too, but don't hold me to it.)

KAGEENA is a non-profit publication filled with poetry, comix, and global/cultural awareness information - all good and interesting. The main problem I have with this zine is the lack of oomph. Besides lots of pretty graphics, it's a bit dry in the personality department. But for BB readers who are humorless and environmental, this is definitely worth checking out. (38 pp, 8½x11½, typeset)[CS]

MERCURY ARTLINK #1 (\$2/ish or \$8/8-ish sub, PO Box 282, Rhinebeck, NY 12572)

Content ●●½
Production ●½

Each MERCURY ARTLINK will focus on a Western traditional holiday. Its premiere issue is dedicated to Samhain, the Celtic New Year, more commonly known as Halloween. Holidays usually mean no work and good food, but if you want to know MORE, like the history, myths, philosophies and religions behind these celebrated days, check out this zine. (8 pp, 8½x11, typeset)[CS]

MOKO #1 (\$?, Texas Union #398, PO Box 7338, Austin, TX 78713)

Content ●●
Production ●●

MOKO is a little (as in skimpy) comix-zine. Five comix are all you get (1-2 pages each), but they're all pretty sharp, clean, and funny, especially Shannon Wheeler's "Too Much Coffee Man." (7pp, 7x11, Typeset)[CS]

RALPH & REGGIE #2 (\$2, Dr. Joe Guy Pan, 2118 Guadalupe St #179, Austin TX 78705)

Content ●½
Production ●●

A minicomic with artwork that combines the fat goofiness of Vaughan Bode with the foreground/background-indistinguishability of S. Clay Wilson. The story is about a dead Michael Landon, a dead flying pig, a dead rat and a bum. They run around a lot chasing each other. It has some fairly funny parts, but I couldn't really get into it. (40pp, 7x8½, minicomic) [MF]

THE REALIST (\$12/6 issues, Box 1230 Venice CA 90294)

Content ●●●●
Production ●●

Editor Paul Krassner remembers the time he lost his virginity in the offices of MAD magazine; Rick Springer explains why he smashed a crystal eagle statue next to a befuddled and wobbling Ronald Reagan, and Susie Bright shares her dream about fucking Dan Quayle. Brilliant, as always. (8 pp, 8½x11, typeset)[MF]

UNSHAVED TRUTHS #2 (\$4.95 2507 Roehampton Dr Austin, TX 78745-6964 quarterly)

Content ●●●
Production ●●

Crazy Wisdom! Put in perspective: my friend Suze buys all kinds-o New Edge zines, but never reads 'em much. "They're too overwhelming, too

busy." Suze got a gift copy of UNSHAVED TRUTHS; she read it all in one sitting. "Finally, a zine with human element, stories I can relate to.." Must be the n-dimensional Zen Koans sprinkled about UNTRU that lend its comfy-thwack-on-the-noggin air - sparse layout, succinct illos, good fictionoids, clever poems & tight essays.

Editor Jon Lebikowsky's "Cyberstroika" portends an info-age where Internet provides our enviro-politico. Len Bracken's "Andrea" narrates an anarchist party operative/hooker, exchanging free tricks on DC suits who'll listen to the lust of liberty. WELL-maven Mark McD reveals a real-life slacker story that Gen-X didn't have enough guts to tell.. Fave part: C.A. Rumbaut continues a serial "Diary of a Programmer" that goes beyond LIQUID TV for mind wrench, and MUCH, MUCH MORE. Oh yeh, check out cover illos.. er, uh, gee, could that be a transmogrified bodily part? You get a feeling after reading UNTRU of playful tweak, gentle paranoia. Slippery mucous sensation vibration that "consensual reality" has been pierced and New Territories remain unexplored on the Other Side. Master, what is the sound of one cerebral hemis-fear clapping? (44pp, Standard, Typeset)[PXN]

URINE NATION NEWS #10 (\$2 or \$10/6 issues to Digit Press PO Box 920066, Norcross, GA)

Content ●●●½
Production ●●

This is one of those zines that gives me a buzz when I see it in the mail box. Editor David Ross has been jacked around by his pee-sniffing employers for a few years now, and UNN is his way of fighting back—by informing people about the sham of the decade, better known as the War On Drugs. This issue looks at the ridiculous forfeiture laws that give drug cops the power to take money and assets from anybody they want for any reason, without arresting them or charging them with a crime. And it's nearly impossible for the victim to get their stuff back without paying out lots of money to lawyers. The cops get to drive around in confiscated Mercedes and sell mobile homes at auctions and buy cop toys with the proceeds, while the American people thank them for getting their rights flushed down the toilet. Read UNN and find out who really makes the big bucks in the underground drug trade. (8 pages, Standard, Typeset)[MF]

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UNDER ONE SKY #6 (Subscription
\$20. Heather Lotruglio 2249 E. 21st St.
Brooklyn,
NY 11229 USA)

Production ●½

Content ●●½

The cover states 100% Hardcore. This zine covers the U.S. east coast techno and rave scene. Four pages of charts from Techno DJs from the U.S and Europe. Scene reports about various east coast raves. There's an article about the computer nets, including the address of rave-oriented mailing lists. Interviews with the Ragga Twins and Mundo Muzique. Reviews of hardcore techno singles. (23 pages, 8½x7.) [RC]

THE URBAN HERBALIST (\$3/4
issues PO Box 7338, New York, NY
10116-4629)

Content: ●●●●

Production: ●●

Gonzo femme zine run by The HAGS (herbally aroused gynecological squad) "for herbal healing, self-help healthcare and sexual adventure for and by women." Herbalism for city dwellers. DIY safe sex: "how to make/use a latex dam (men: read this or else)". Self-help info, cervical self exam: "Get to know your pussy." Sex info/juju. Diagrams, lots of diagrams! Resource listings, networking, bumper stickers that read: "Men Who Don't Believe In Women's Rights Should Fuck

Themselves", and more! [PXN]

WORLD DOMINATION REVIEW

#2 & #3 (\$2 each, PO Box 762, Madison,
WI 53701-762)

Content ●●½

Production ●●½

This is like one big BOING-BOING "Welcome" with a few "Exciting News" (remember those in the earlier xeroxed days of BB?) sprinkled in for good measure. WDR's paranoid rants and satirical reports on the sly goings-on of our oh-so-wonderful-government kept me laughing from beginning to, well, almost the end. The humor is definitely fun, but I kept on hoping for at least one substantial piece that had some real bits of information for my brain to sponge up. (15pp, 8½x11, typeset)[CS]

XEROTIC EPHEMERA (\$3.50,

Permeable Press, 350 Townsend St, STE
409-A, San Francisco, CA 94107)

Content ●●

Production ●●

They've got poetry, fiction, zine reviews, and an analysis of abortion in America as viewed according to the "C-STEP" (how it affects Cultural, Societal, Technological, Economic and Political concerns) model. Looks like a good job overall, but I was BORED. I guess I shouldn't have tried to read it during the broadcast of "A Very Brady Christmas." (48pp, 8½x11, typeset) [MF] ☺

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TUPPY OWENS

MY FAVORITE SEX MANIAC!

THE 1993 safer SEX MANIAC'S DIARY

Reviewed by Mark Frauenfelder

In her introduction to this very cool little hardbound book, Tuppy Owens recalls how she got the idea for *THE safer SEX MANIAC'S DIARY*. Twenty years ago, she realized that all the diaries she saw for sale were boring, and she decided to make her own, filling it with "dates and porno to give myself a turn-on every day." Her homemade product was so nifty that she printed 25,000 copies and sold them all in three weeks.

This is the 20th Anniversary Edition and it's stylishly crammed with color graphics, quotes, sex tips and lists. It begins with a short guide to safer sex, followed by a sexual horoscope, and guides to swinging clubs, fetish clubs, naturist clubs, sci-fi sex clubs, and sacred sex clubs. There are lists of erotic celebrations, love hotels, sex shows, brothels, bulletin boards, and tips for playing sex games. The front cover is a collage of sex photos garnered from different magazines and it ought to keep you occupied for a long time. The flip movie in the corner is neat. The actual diary section has illustrations of different sex positions for every day of the year. Different condoms are reviewed every week, and you'll find a sexy quote from an author, actor or wiseguy on every other page.

YAY! Tuppy doesn't preach. She's sex-positive and welcomes all forms of consensual sex between adults.

NAY! Many of the illustrations are from the late Clovis Trouille, a fine painter

with an active imagination. I just wish that they weren't reproduced at sub-postage stamp size. The only other problem I have with *THE safer SEX MANIAC'S DIARY* is that the text is sometimes printed against a busy background, making it hard to read. (Even though you'll probably go blind if you were to read the entire book, you can always stop as soon as you need glasses.)



Tuppy Owens: hip, horny, happy!

THE safer SEX MANIAC'S BIBLE

Reviewed by Gareth Branwyn

This pocket-sized book is both an encyclopedia and a travel guide to the wild and wonderful world of human sexual behavior. Tuppy Owens covers just about every sexual preference and practice with respect and playful curiosity. The book is divided up into sections such as "Clubbing," "Shopping," "Performing," "Playing," "Traveling," "Talking," "Looking." Each section starts with an explanation of the subject, sexy games and ideas, and etiquette suggestions. Here's a listing found under "Performing:"

Lap Dancing: Astride, either facing or backwards, you sway your bottom in time to the music, bounce up and down on your

chosen member of the audience and encourage and discourage him to your own whim. Penetration is out of the question, and in most places, naked cocks are not allowed. It's kosher cock and pussy teasing. Safer sex for the audience of sex shows.

These are followed by resource listings of groups, products, and publications. The "travel guide" section gives a country-by-country, state-by-state listing of brothels, clubs, swing groups, etc.:

Holland: The country of sexual tolerance.

Amsterdam... At "Haarlemmerstraat 150" the house is filled with naked girls and has one big bed so you can have as many girls as you like as long as you don't mind sharing the bed with other customers. The "Love Inn" is a family-style brothel with everyone together and no

time limit. "Hairotics" offers a haircut and wonderful blowjobs.

The book is well laid out and expertly desktop published (by Ms. Owens herself). It sort of looks like a *Peterson's Field Guide* (to Human Sexual Behavior). ♦

THE 1993 safer SEX MANIAC'S DIARY

Tuppy Owens
Hardbound
ISBN 1-872819-07-9
\$20
PO Box 4ZB
London W1A 4ZB
ENGLAND

THE safer SEX MANIAC'S BIBLE

Tuppy Owens
Hardbound
\$12.95 + 3.50 s&h
The Sexuality Library
1210 Valencia Street
San Francisco, CA 94110



ZIP.2 ALL IS LOVE *From the journal of Rudy Rucker*

ONE LONG WEEKEND IN AUGUST, MY SON AND I WENT BACKPACKING IN YOSEMITE. The trip was utterly wonderful. The first day was Thursday, we got a late unhassled start from San Jose, and drove up to Tuolumne Meadows, getting there about 6:00 PM. We got a Wilderness Pass for free from a ranger-girl in a booth in the parking lot, we'd been worrying about getting the pass, but if you are willing to backpack to at least four miles from the road, you can just walk on in. We've been here in CA for six years, and I used to try and get reservations at the (actually quite shitty, I now realize!) Curry Company campgrounds at Tuolumne Meadows, and there would never be a spot available, even if you called in February for next July. But if you're willing to backpack in with all your food and your tent for at least four miles, why then, brother, you can stay wherever you dang please. Simply treat the wilderness well and leave it as you found it. And now, finally, thanks to the energy of my son, we were able to do it. I used our old frame pack, he used his new internal frame pack, he bought a bunch of dehydrated food and a miniature alcohol stove, we used light old "Pup", the pup-tent we bought the kids in Killeville gradeschool, and we

each have a down sleeping bag and cheap sponge-rubber sleeping mat. The High Sierras at last!

So Thursday night, Conrad and I are a little worried about how we are going to get four miles off the road before the dusk of 8-9 PM, and also which way we, uh, are actually going to be going. "Which trailhead?" the ranger-girl asks. "Uh, do you have any recommendations?" "We're not allowed to recommend." "Which is less crowded?" "This is Yosemite in August." So first we say Cathedral Lake south of Tuolumne and towards Yosemite Valley, and then we change our minds and go back and get the Pass changed to Glen Aulin north of Tuolumne, and then as we hike towards Glen Aulin we find the path too used-looking, deep and padded with sand, and what-the-hey, branch off towards the Young Lakes six miles North and 2000 feet up.

The Young Lakes trail is deliciously deserted, but there is no way we are going to make it up there before it finishes getting dark. We spot a stream on the map and hike that far, then head up the stream a few hundred yards into genuine wilderness. Reassuringly, there is a fire-ring back in the woods near the stream, we pitch camp there, rapidly and anxiously, as night falls fast. There's a gibbous

moon making silvery shadows in the empty woods around us. The alcohol stove misfires, but we get a campfire going — it keeps away the spooky moonshadows — heat up some water, mix it with dried Wild Tyme turkey dinner, the water isn't very hot, we are very hungry, we eat dry food mix in puddled spicy water, the fire dies down, we get the food hung from a treebranch with a counter-balance in the prescribed Yosemite bear-bag method (a ritual in itself).

Next morning we're still alone in the woods. We make it up to Young Lakes, we find an isolated campground, a stream to ourselves. That night the bears hit us. I knew it was coming, sort of, as I'd hung the food rather low, and right behind the tent, at 4 AM or so I hear the bag hit the ground and give out a great yell of warding-off and sheer terror. I get my shoes on, run outside, the white bag of the food is on the ground, but it's too dark to see the bear, I'm terrified, I yell — obscenities are inadequate in this situation, instead I yell things like YAH — grub up a rock and throw it towards the grunting or gobbling sound of the bear over there in the dark. Conrad comes out with our candle lantern and extra candles. He lights a candle on the rock under

the bent Donald Duck dead sapling pine that I'd tied the Barks bag to. The candle on the Yosemite pluton looks as creepy as The Exorcist. This is very creepy. I feel at the torn food bag, "The salami is gone," I cry, "The salami is all gone!" But I hoist the remaining food up to the tip of the sapling again. Meanwhile there is frost on everything. Pup is sagging down to touch us, stiff with ice. In the dark, one waits for the Sun to return as one would wait for a returning God. Blessed sleep doth knit up the ravelled sleeve of care. At seven AM the first ray of Sun strikes me getting out of the tent. Not only is Conrad's salami safe in the bag, the clean tail end of my salami is in grass, not dented by beartooth. Next is Conrad's Powerbar and his bag of gorp, gorp chewed open, all chocolate gone, then another Powerbar. The two remaining freeze-dried dinners are intact, and so are the dried eggs. Victory! We won! We kept our meat! Actually Conrad cared more about the Powerbars than he did about the salami, the salami was just my obsession.

After salami and eggs for breakfast, we left the packs in our camp and did an amazing tour of Ragged Peak Saddle, the Teeth of Death, Quartz Pipe, Hyper Young Lake, Fresh Bear Shit, Wrong Valley, Compass Reading, Home, The Fort, all quite incredibly Alpine, more Alpine than the Zermatt of today (lacking, on *faut dire*,) the Matterhorn and the 15,000 foot peaks. On our map and compass tour, Conrad and I peaked at 11,200 feet, on a level with northeastward-stretching sea of High Sierras and with the Cathedral Range to the south. The peak was of exfoliating plutonic granite, each of us on a tooth. Good solution to whether to muscle the other one aside, both of us wanting to beat the other one, but loving and wanting to defer, but really wanting to beat...so we got on the two top fins. Getting down, I said to Conrad, "It was nice that we each had our own peak to be on. Of course mine was just a bit higher, but..."

"MINE was higher!"

That night we made our dehydrated Shrimp Cantonese just right with the highly effective alcohol stove. At this time I finished the pint of 100 Proof Old Granddaddy I'd had in camp these days, a third of a pint per night. The whiskey being so harsh, on this last night I mixed it in the only glass I had: my aluminum eating pan. We had a tiny cooking pan, a flat eating pan and two spoons. Plus two salamis and the baggies of gorp and the Powerbars. The whiskey was beautiful in the beating ozoneless sun in the filter-pumped water in the aluminum pan. Our filter-pumper is a handheld porcelain filter, in blue polystyrene is the filter, and the pump is a blue polystyrene barrel with a white syringe pump, a white soft hose connects the syringe pump to the odd job filter that nipples into the business

end of the device. We bear-bagged the food really well this time, in a position nearly matching the Yosemite Map mandated dimensions of 12' OFF THE GROUND, 10' FROM THE TRUNK, 5' FROM THE BRANCH. The night before on our Donald Duck tree it had been 7' from the ground with the bent dead pine too spiny to mount. So the bear had reached 7' up in the air and I'd been yelling at him in my T-shirt, glasses, and sandals? Not this night, no thanks, we hung the food high, and the frost didn't even come down and we slept like babies.

Sunday morning at 7 AM I'm up to greet the dear Sun. I get dressed in my short-sleeved thick cotton dark blue with snaky patterns of paisley brocade shirt, my tan wool V-neck sweater, my mole knickers from this summer in Zermatt with the Velcro fastenings, my cotton lined nylon defective Polo windbreaker from on sale at NY Macy's, my blue cotton socks and my mountain boots from Zermatt like 20 years ago, 1972, the year Conrad was born. He's still fast asleep, I tell him I'll be back in an hour and I head cross-country up the stream that leads from Lower Young Lake to Middle Young Lake, and then up a grassy ramp to Upper Young Lake, I see one bear-bag on a tree up here, I skirt around it, around another fold in the Valley and here I am alone alone alone, not a sound in the sky, I am here at the shore of a beautiful glacial lake. "Take off your clothes and swim," says a mind voice. I wade in, delicately rupturing virgin sediment, then slump forward into the breast-stroke. The water was acceptably tepid. I rubbed my pits butt and hair in the water, got into the depth, swam underwater 10 feet deep then surged up in terror of potential tentacled death-monster beneath the world of air.

I was born again in that water. I got out and looking at a feldspar-chunked granitic pluton I realized ROCKS ARE ALIVE. I'd always drawn a line in the past, sort of a time-scale chauvinist, right, with only plants and animals alive. But now after the Ragged Peaks hike with Conrad, where he found an amazing crystal well, a disk that was the surface cross-section of an ancient volcanic heat-tube vent on the side of the plutonic exfoliating granite we'd clumb, and after all the amazing chunky knobs in the speened surfaces, look dude, ROCKS ARE ALIVE.

So now I fully had the web vision of Nature. In the past like everyone I'd learned to see the plant/animal ecology as a web. And on my own I'd come to think of the air as alive since it is eternally performing a programmable analog vortex computation. But I'd never thought of rock as alive, and now looking at these rocks, these rocks are as alive as college-age Green Party fund-raisers at your door, these rocks are like down with the program.

I've always known All is One in a bloodless

intellectual's way but now, bathed in the live pellucid waters of Upper Young Lake, drying off on the cotton lining of my red coat, I saw how very wonderfully precisely this life here on Earth doth fit. Everything reaching out to each other, the plants the water the rocks the animals the air and even mankind, not the spoiler, but the thinker the pattern maker, the plants are pattern makers the rodents peeping and darting are pattern makers...but why and wherefore? What cause and what sense the patterns? I scan and reject my outgrown fads of physics and math, which are only human beauty fern flower grow, no, math is not the answer, math is only part of the pattern that is the question. Why?

I ponder this down the boulder rodent stag water air moss shrub grass soil-filled Conrad-found ramp towards The Fort and our campsite. Here is all this fabulously interlaced organic God-like beauty of Nature and why? I turn and stare at the Sun, close my eyes, raise my hands, and

LOVE

Love is the force that grows the world. Love and beauty. Everything is beautiful because everything loves to be beautiful. All of us in the Web love each other, we love to churn out better patterns for the others in the Web to love.

GOD IS LOVE

Conrad and I hiked cross-country around Ragged Peak and over the hoof-lands to Dog Dome and the car, I thought I'd lost my keys which was great to do to Radboy who always loses keys himself. We hadn't seen ourselves in mirrors for three days and each of us in the car mirror thought ourself looked terrible but the partner looked fine. Like you only really notice your OWN appearance. We drove like across the street to the Curry Tuolomne Grill, Conrad ordered two cheeseburgers and salads, I bought a six and called Audrey, then went back to eat the burger with the Rad Dude.

Next to us is a table of hiker-bums, two women and two men, drinking beer and selling random shoes. We go to the Men's Room, a concrete hutch hard by the grubby patio. As I use the urinal I notice on the floor of the closest stall a man's shorts underwear and T-shirt. The man's foot is visible with a corn plaster on the pinkie and a frighteningly distended vein in the side of the foot. Rhythmic grunting. Conrad has peed and is washing hands, I say to him, "Don't you think it's pretty unusual to take off all your clothes to take a shit," and laugh, and point at the suspect stall. And now from this angle we can see pink cotton women's panties on the concrete floor as well. It's like a punchline. ALL IS LOVE. ☘

BLESSED ARE 7

AN INTERVIEW WITH NATHALIE OF LORDS OF ACID BY GARETH BRANWYN

The Belgian techno band Lords of Acid ("LUST," Caroline Records) have been described as the musical equivalent of a steel vibrator. Their "hard-edged" sound and sexually explicit lyrics have won over legions of randy club dwellers. When we were thinking about what music to cover in this issue, The Lords psychically reached out and tickled the palm of my hand (and we all know what that does to a boy). We tracked Nathalie down by phone in her Belgian home and heavy-petting zoo. After lots of awkward fumbling with recording gear, adjusting to international phone lag, and "performance anxiety," we began. I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that I was talking to the down and dirty diva who likes to sing: "I want to sit on your face." -Gareth

NATHALIE: [in a medium-weight Belgian accent. Giggling.] Hello?

BOING-BOING: Hello.
Hello, are you there?

Yes, I'm here.
And where is here?

Pardon?
Where exactly am I calling?

Virginia.
Oh. Well, HELLO Virginia! [more giggles]. Hey, this is FUN!

Do you ever get tired of getting calls from strangers — tired of talking about yourself?

Most of the interviews are about Lords of Acid and not about me, so I don't have the feeling I have to bare my soul every time.

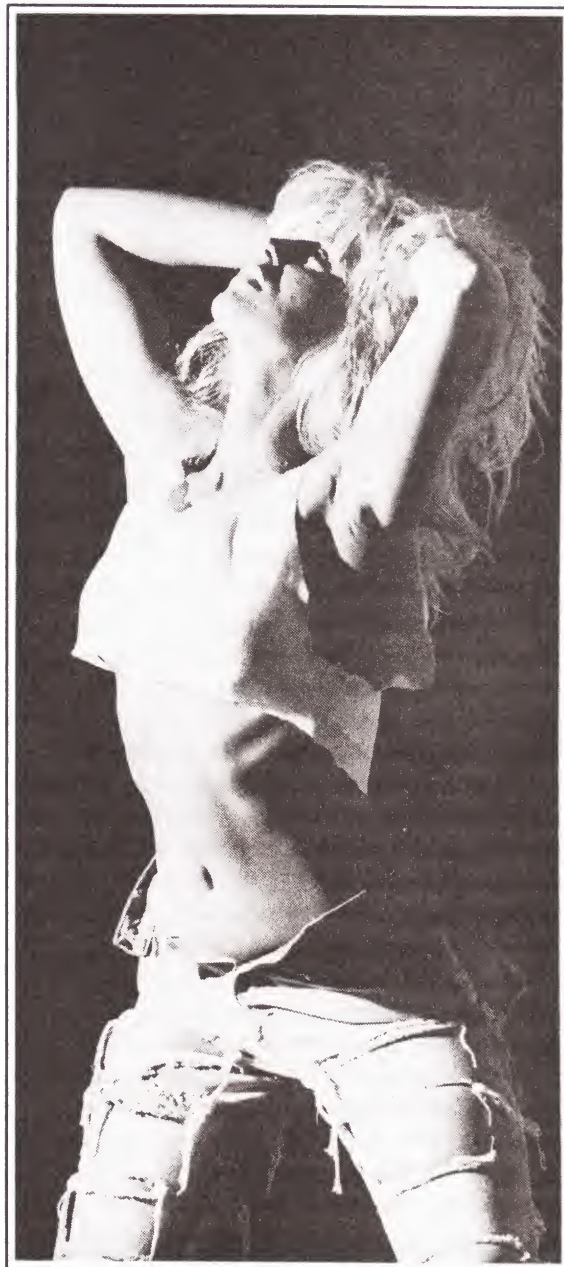
Well, we're hoping you will bare yourself this time. We're doing an issue of our magazine about sex. We wanted to focus in on the fun, wild, and playful sides of sex...so we thought what better band to cover than Lords of Acid.

Yes...I see.

How did you get involved with Lords of Acid?

I started out singing in an all-women band. We never had a record deal 'cause we couldn't

decide how to approach our music. Our music was pretty soft and the other ladies wanted to make it even softer. I wanted something hard, with a sharper edge to it. We had fun, but it was never that serious. So, I was on vacation and met Dirk and we started talking about music. He liked my idea of doing a band that was a little harder than the stuff that was coming out of Belgium at the time. When I was a teen, I was very into hard rock, so I wanted to combine that influence into the New Beat sound, you know the heavy synthesizer and metal percussion sounds, and so forth. So we had the idea for the sounds and when we started talking about what we wanted most to express, we realized it was sex. That was the deep emotional fuel we wanted to use to drive our music. We wanted to take all the feelings you have about sex — during sex — and just shout those out in a free way. Not made up into some pretty little package, but the raw expression of good hot sex. As soon as we found this "voice," everything else came together. We thought about calling ourselves the Lords of Sex, but sex is so misunderstood.



This is Nathalie, not Gareth

HE OVERSEXED!

Each person relates to that word so personally.

How do you relate to the word sex?

Well, most people think that sex has to be part of love, and in a way I can see that, but sex can also just be SEX, pure physical activity. And that physical experience can be so high, so incredible that we should be able to cry out about it. So, I express it in lyrics like "I want to sit on your face" [giggles] 'cause that's one of the highs of sex for me.

Yeah, I think sex can be such a great form of self-expression if you're uninhibited about it. And to see it only as a subset of love and commitment is selling sex way short. The thing that you were saying about people not celebrating and talking about their sex is one of the reasons I think our society is so fucked up. We repress all that and what sex we do experience we don't talk about, so we have no feedback, no benefit of other people's experiences. I think the Christian morality around sex pervades our culture so completely, that even non-Christians suffer from Christian morality.

It's true. When I was a young girl, before "I did it" as you all say, sex looked like one big mysterious adventure. I couldn't escape it, everyone else was doing it so I figured I had to too. It was very scary at first, but otherwise it has stayed one big incredible adventure. Even though it's with the same person every time, it's always different — it never starts the same, it never is the same, and it never ends the same.

Exactly.

It's hard when I talk to people about sex in this way, they think I'm being philosophical about it or unrealistic — that sex can't be that good. Well I know it can!

Who is the other woman, Jade 4 U, that is credited on your records? [some people claim that Jade and Nathalie are the same person -

editor]

She's a very good friend of mine, and a singer of course, who helps out on the records. We get together often, have a couple of drinks [laughs], or a LOT of drinks and we start talking about our relationships and our sexual adventures. And, out of this we'll come up with something like "I want to sit on your face." Honestly I don't know what the inspiration for that was.

A lot of good face-sitting experiences I would imagine. [laughter]

Well, we just tell each other our most intimate and moving experiences. We don't hold anything back. I mean, there is nothing particularly beautiful about sitting on someone's face, it doesn't really look that great, but if the feelings are there, it becomes beautiful.

I don't know, I think it looks pretty great, too.

I guess so, but with the deep feelings, it is so much more.

I like looking at porno movies and photos of people doing it 'cause I like the way the bodies interact. It's very aesthetically pleasing to me as well as more deeply erotic

It's just such a shame that there are so few good, erotic porno films on the market. In most of the films, they're not really having sex, they're just going through the motions. There's nothing sexual about them. In a good porno film, the adventure starts long before the intercourse

happens and then I enjoy it and I want to see EVERYTHING that they do!

Does Lords of Acid tour?

At the moment we are not on tour. I really want to tour America. To tell the truth, I'm surprised that Lords have sold so well in America. I mean, I don't think you all are allowed to talk about sex as much as we are.

That's true. It's very sexually repressive here in the US. But within the kind of techno/club culture that your music is played in, things are much more sexually open and expressive. For instance, I can tell you that when

"I Sit on Acid" is played at our local techno clubs, people pour onto the dance floor and go nuts.

It gives me chills to think that something that I have done can give so many people pleasure like that. That's wonderful! I want to create music that has that kind of dance excitement where...maybe you're a little tired and you've had a bad day, but you hear that tune and you have to go with it. It pushes you into another world, a fun and freer world.

What are your live shows like? Are they totally sex crazed?

That is the most difficult question to answer. Dirk has tried several times to put an actual act together, and we work on the act, but then when we get on stage...boom...the act is gone in about 2 minutes and we're back to improvising. We just go out there and try to express what we're saying.

So is it a very sexually-oriented act?

It's sex as I feel it and would like to express it, but

without actually having sex on stage. That wouldn't be allowed. It's the dry way of sex. You know...the dry way?

You mean dry humping!?

Yah...[not sounding too convinced that that's what she means].

Have you had problems with the sexual nature of your act?

No. I've only had one incident where security guards rushed on stage and carried me off.

What were you doing wrong?

I wasn't doing ANYTHING wrong as far as I was concerned! They thought I was doing...that thing...what you call...like I got on my knees and I pulled Dirk's dick out...

Giving him a blow job?

Yes! But I didn't do it. His pants were closed. We just did the moves. The security people were behind us so they couldn't actually see what was happening. They just picked me up and carried me off! [laughs] The audience got so mad 'cause they knew that nothing illegal had happened and they were getting so into it they felt interrupted.

Where was that?

In Brussels at a big New Beat festival.

What is the club scene like in Belgium at the moment? Is it very wild?

There are a lot of big clubs, but the scene has gotten old and predictable. Everyone still comes out and they dance, but they're just going through the motions. Everyone is asleep now and they need to be woken up again. What did you mean by wild?

Outrageous dress and behavior, flaunting and flirting. For instance, at a New York club recently they had a party called Squirt. The invitation to the event was a 10-page mini porno mag with nude photos of the people involved with the club. Each photo had a suggestive statement like: "Come to the party and I'll make YOU squirt." I didn't go to the party so I don't know how overtly sexual it was, but they sure seemed to be inviting it.

Oh, I think that's a great idea! I wish someone would do a party like that here.

One of the things I like going out to clubs for is to get sexually stimulated (my wife too). We see all these great

looking sexy people, we dance a lot, which I find very erotic, and then we go home and do it like rabbits. It's a great build up.

Yes! That is what our music is all about. The adventure begins at the club and it continues at home. I get very excited too as the performer. I used to bring people up on stage with me and undress them. That really turned me on.

Since so much of your professional life is concerned with sex, does that change your personal sex life?

No, at least not in a bad way. I have always had such a great sex life, the best I can imagine...I mean I hope there's more to discover, and I think there is, but I always wanted to get up and tell people how great sex can be. So I'm happy to do that.

You know, I wonder what percentage of people would actually say: "I have a great sex life?"

I hope a lot.

Yeah, but I bet over 50% would say no. You're probably right. But that's so sad. I wonder then "why me?" Do I just see the trees better than others? Are they somehow greener for more? Are my colors more intense?

I think the emotional and cultural "junk" around sex is so deep for lots of people. There is so much baggage that comes with it that it's sometimes hard to just express oneself fully and freely. And of course, religious guilt is big. Were you raised in a religious family?

Yes, Catholic.

Me too.

I'm still a Catholic. I experience my religion as a great freedom and not something that was in the way. I never saw religion and sex as a conflict. I decided it could never be wrong to enjoy another person so much. I don't think God would deny anyone something so beautiful and high as a good sex experience. The guilt about sex must have been created by humans out of jealousy and selfishness.

But what you just said is against the fundamental beliefs of Christianity. You are not suppose to have a good time in this world because you're atoning for the original sin. Pleasure and abandonment like you're talking about is wrong

by Christian standards because it takes you deeper into the world of the flesh and away from the world of God and HIS church. I think this is so totally ingrained in our culture that anyone out in public who looks REALLY happy or is in an ecstatic state or who looks like they're deviating from the norm, gets a tremendous amount of social pressure. I think our culture is afraid of the kind of decadent pleasures you express in your music and I blame a lot of that on religion. [climbs off soapbox].

Well, I still believe there is a God and if I have the feeling deep inside of me that he approves of what I'm doing, then no priest or pope or anybody else is gonna tell me differently. I think Christianity has many good, positive things about it, like not killing anyone, not stealing from anyone, loving everyone...

Yeah, but then religions like Christianity have been responsible for a huge amount of the killing and robbing and....anyway...maybe we should talk about something else. [quickly changing gears] **I read in your press sheet that at one of your performances, Dirk just disappeared into the audience.**

That's true. He was standing there and the next thing I knew, he was flying deep into the audience. I thought: "something is VERY wrong here." And he didn't come back. It's the first time he actually "had me" on stage. [laughs] I didn't know what to do, he totally disappeared so I had to improvise. I asked him later on why he jumped and he said he didn't know, he just felt like it. I said OK, but the next time you do it, come back!

[laughter] Please come back soon!

Exactly, don't leave me alone out there.

So, what are your plans for the future, both personally and with the Lords?

Well, in terms of Lords of Acid, both Dirk and I want to take it all even further. We want to get harder and farther out, but still reachable by an audience. Personally, I want to buy a big dog, that's all I can think about right now.

What?

I want a big, big dog and I want to call it Sam. I love to live with animals, my birds, my fishes, my dogs. They're so real, so honest, they don't think about anything. I LOVE animals! 🐾

NEO-LUDDITE COMPUTER SOLUTION

by Peter Sugarman

The computer industry is a chicken on growth hormones, sloshing around in a nutrient bath with its head cut off. Hardware is out of date as soon as it's installed. Program bloat is rampant, outstripping ever larger hard disks. As sacrifice on its neolistic alter, feature-itis demands the constant obsolescence of programs no one has had time to learn in the first place.

It's out of hand, dripping on the floor. I read an article describing the technical hoops a consumer needs to jump through to "enjoy" the new MPC (Microsoft's Multimedia PC) standard. The next day, I read how the Mac has succeeded in completely losing its ease of use. It's getting to be impossible to judge whether a program will even RUN on all of the mutant Macintosh variations proliferating out there. We're growing diseased silicon mushrooms, not information appliances. It's amazing that the corporate sponsors who've subsidized this industry are STILL willing to put up with this nonsense of growth for growth's sake. Zaiabatsus pump billions into personal computers and get no bottom line productivity payback. Microsoft, IBM, Apple, and the rest of their ilk are leading us around by our throbbing mouse-button fingers!

Enough and more than enough! This illusion of progress must end. Hear now the news: the debut of the Neo-Luddite Computer Solution (NeCS). Our sound-bite slogan is "Off the Treadmill!"

It's time to get off this fevered merry-go-round. It's not the latest and the greatest that we need, but the low and the slow. We need to go forward- into the past!

What adds up to progress? Positive change in your life! We work with software, not hardware. A program is only as deep as your familiarity with it. It is in that familiarity that human augmentation begins to take place and the computer starts to make life easier for you. It's between you and the box; it's got nothing to do with some diseased marketing type.

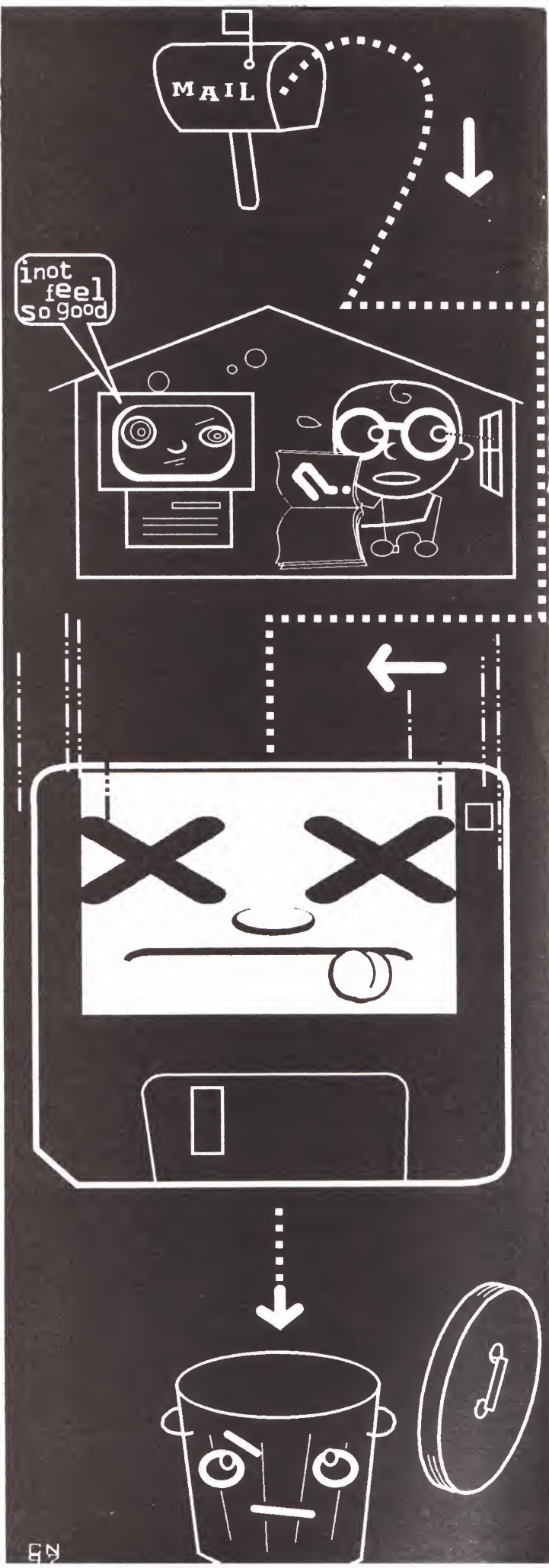
Computer progress? Enough for now! Those in the 'puter biz lose track of the big picture. Most people don't understand or even care about computers. Mac software of the late 80's delivered functionality way past what most people had experienced. But not way past what they can understand and derive benefit from.

So here's the deal. First we choose a hardware platform - a Volkswagon "Beetle" of a 'puter. Something durable, portable and relatively sprightly, like a PowerBook 100. Then we select an operating system that's STABLE, rather than bleeding edge. Finally we come up with a suite of Pretty Good Software, consisting of an integrated package that provides basic Word Processing, Spreadsheet, Database, and Telecom capabilities. Add a few special purpose programs, to cover Graphics, Multimedia Authoring, and Desktop Publishing. Mix in online tutorials and enough help to make the timid confident and the novice productive.

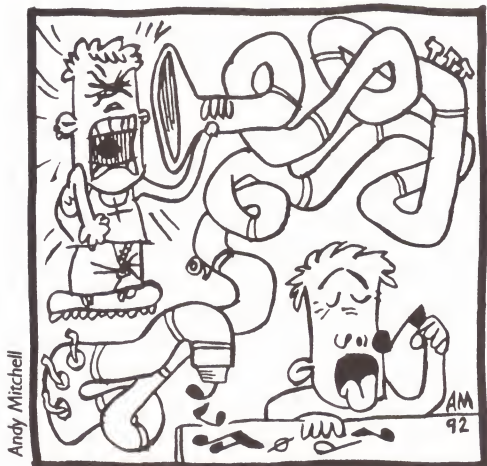
Pick up your 'puter. Learn one set of software. Do NOT come back for at least ten years. After that, you MIGHT be eligible for your next computer solution. But only if you've truly outgrown what you've worked with for the last decade.

There's precious little simple left in this world. Neo-Luddites know, there's enough future shock for all of us. There's no reason to put up with feature shock as well. ☛

Claudia Newell



MUSIC REVIEW



Andy Mitchell

MANIFESTATION VOL. III

Manifestation III (Awefull Records) is a street-wise compilation of industrial, ambient-industrial, noise, and the like from the Houston area and elsewhere. I've heard plenty of these home grown compilations and this is one of the best. Manifestation is a varied musical journey through a shadowy landscape of Boschian characters, Crowlean magick, and inverted Christian imagery. Silent Records has recently come up with the category "Cult" to describe techno-occultic music. This CD surfs the edge of that category. The disk starts off with a band called Tuesday's Delusion (Houston) doing a song entitled "Running Away." It's breathy female chantings reminded me very much of the "space whisper" jams of the '70s acid tribe Gong. Cyclops Joint

(Houston) follows with three varied contributions, from the Puppy-like corrosive horror of "Bleeding Pure Air" to the rusty industrial of "Carnival..." and the avant garde ambiance of "Stone Horizon." Two bands, Pleasure Center (Houston) and Alquima (Mexico) paint a series of 7 gothic-industrial soundscapes which call to mind such bands as Controlled Bleeding. The weakest part of this chain-link fence is the band Cecilia - - (Buena Park, CA), and even they're not THAT bad. They sound a bit like a cross between Siouxsie and the Banshees and 10,000 Maniacs. "Folk goth" you might call it. Jesus Penis (Houston) makes a lot of dark noise and calls it "Christ is a Fungus" and "Lethal Injection." Several skittish Braxton-esque jazz numbers are provided by I.M.U. (PA). Interestingly enough, their tune "Out of the Shadows" also reminded me of the band Gong (why on Earth would that band be haunting this record?) Bringing up the...ah...rear is Stinkerbell (Houston). They feed Bananarama's cover of "Venus" through a linear accelerator and come up with a punked-up "Venus (I'm Your Penis)" For your very own copy of this excellent basement CD, send \$10.00 (postpaid) made out to Don Avera at: Bureaucracy of Hope, PO Box 541241, Houston, TX 77254. A catalog of other BOH titles is available on request.—Gareth



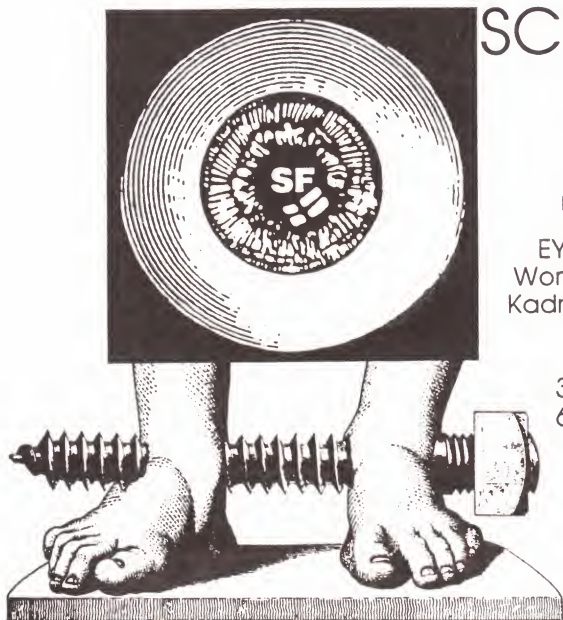
Michael Lavine

DAISY CHAINSAW

These Black and Decker flower children look like TANK GIRL comic book characters brought to life. Guitarist Crispin Gray could be Ziggy Stardust's younger brother. Singer Katie Jane Garside, wrapped in a threadbare nightgown, is a wig-wearing, tiny mass of nerve tissue burning at 107 degrees Fahrenheit. Drummer Vince Johnson and bassist Richard Adams have that angly "musician's mug"—you can't imagine these guys doing anything EXCEPT rock'n'roll.

The music is a psychic shock-bomb with just enough pop mixed in to make it stick to your brain. Katie sometimes sings very slowly, with the carefully-metered actions of a possessed toy doll barely able to conceal its rage. Suddenly a spray of molten fury rips indiscriminately through anyone within earshot, as the band explodes into the sound of aluminum cans being shoved down a garbage disposal.

Daisy Chainsaw's live shows are not to be missed. The rapid ebb and flow of manic energy that the band splattershorts through the club makes the audience seem like a bunch of screwloose special effects props wired directly to the mixing board. Bare-footed, bald-headed Katie slashes lipstick across cross-dressing Crispin's face (who accepts the violation in a most dignified manner). If this sounds like fun, you'd better hurry to their next show—singer Katie says that the world is going to end in six years. Or get their debut album, ELEVENTEEN on A&M records.—Mark



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EROS COMICS:

Fantagraphics Taps a Faucet of Filth by Gareth Branwyn



BIRDLAND © 1992 Gilbert Hernandez

In 1990, Fantagraphics was up against the financial ropes. That's right, FANTAGRAPHICS, the alternative comic company that could easily have been voted "most likely to succeed." The monstrous mainstream success of *Batman*, *The Ninja Turtles* and their many imitators, and market tie-ins was spelling doom for the alternative comix market. Vendors with shrinking budgets were forced to choose between big money-making titles or unsure bets from struggling gnat-size publishers. Fantagraphics owner Gary Groth had two choices; he could either go bankrupt or he could pander to a sure-fire market. He chose the latter. The pandering could have taken many forms. He could have jumped on the Mutant Vigilante Carebear wagon, but instead, he chose a far more risky (at least in terms of his reputation) endeavor. With the creation of Eros Comics in 1991, almost overnight, Gary Groth became a prolific smut peddler. And I say we're all a lot better off because of it!

When Fantagraphics sent me their new Eros catalog, I knew I had to scam as many of these titles as possible. I put on my journalist/reviewer hat and gave them a call. Several days later, my mailman hobbled up our walkway with two massive envelopes covered with Hernandez, Bagge, and Clowes imagery. After reading about 30 comix and spending a lot of time punching the bedsheets, I feel obliged to pay for my guilty pleasures via the following reviews:

Think of *Ironwood* as "Emmanuelle Goes To Middle-Earth." The cast of characters includes: a horny female Pegasus, a Pandora with a big surprise in her box, an airship of gorgeous female sailors, and a stud muffin who screws them all and then turns out to be a dragon in human form. There's lots of hot sex sandwiched in between the tried and true tropes of the sword and sorcery genre. If you like your smut

wrapped in ancient maps and illuminated by candlelight, *Ironwood* will spin you some good yarns AND tighten your trousers in the mean time. I'm definitely gonna follow this one to the...ah...climax.

I am shocked and embarrassed to tell you that the two Eros titles that interested me the most were the sleaziest

and the most derogatory towards women. Part of me was grossed out and downright angered by the misogyny of Anton Drek's *Wendy Whitebread*, *UndercoverSlut* even as my loins were leaping to attention. I found this arousal weird since I usually don't get turned on by "cruel sex" and definitely not by violence against women. I guess the thing that turned me on the most was the outrageous cover-to-cover screwing coupled with the idea of a female cop who ends up getting screwed by those she is supposed to be arresting. (Must be some sort of gender and authority inversion working my libido overtime.) The thing I found wholly offensive was Drek's obvious pleasure in creating his Mr. Misogyny character. Mr. Misogyny rapes women, dunks their heads in toilets, violates their backsides, and pees on them.

This is all rendered with a light-hearted tongue-in-cheek tone that is (I guess) suppose to make it funny. Didn't work for me. I don't know what to make of my mixed reactions to this one. I guess it all just goes to show that our hard sexual wiring is not all that easy to trace. My second guilt-ridden pleasure (did I mention that I was raised Catholic?) was *Karate Girl*. In this cum-happy epic, an alien super-babe lands on Earth and starts killing off men with vampyric to-the-death blowjobs. Only *Karate Girl*, an Earth-bound mondo-babe in her own right, can stop this cosmic menace. Turns out, on the alien's all-female planet, the chief source of nourishment is found in the juice of a multi-headed penis-shaped plant. Everyone lives happily ever-after when *Karate Girl* and her friend Lady America get the penis-dependent alien a job as a hooker. I found *Karate Girl* just the right...ah...flavor of politically incorrect raunch without the bitter aftertaste of *Wendy Whitebread*.

G. Levis' *Liz and Beth* is a hot-to-trot journey through the lives of two "lipstick lesbians." They

please each other in every imaginable way, they swing with other ladies, and they periodically — just for the hell of it — screw hunky guys. The sex is moderately kinky with spanking, light bondage, strap-ons, and even an enema scene. I plan to keep a CLOSE eye on my new friends Liz and Beth.

Two hyper-stacked lady lovers follow each other through successive life times in *2 Hot Girls on a Hot Summer Night*. Written by Terry Hooper and illustrated by Art Wetherell, this porno-for-the-reincarnation set will also appeal to twittering big boob enthusiasts of all ages.

Gilbert Hernandez joins in on the perversion with the three volume *Birdland*. You've got your strippers, your horny psychiatrists, your voyeuristic bug-eyed aliens, and lots of "splootchy," "slidey," "glub-glub" action. Pale in comparison to *Love and Rockets* but entertaining in its own right.

By far, my favorite book in the new Eros line is their *Eros Forum*. The Forum, much like the letters column in *Penthouse*, takes real-life sexual encounters and gives them visual expression through the eyes of Eros artists (Willingham, Wetherell, Hoyle, Windham, and others). The first issue had 4 stories. One in particular was a big turn-on, presenting a totally new twist on phone sex. Titled "All Hung Up," and rendered by a suspiciously named Simon De Beaver, it concerns a couple who has swinging fantasies, but no desire to actually "flesh" them out. One day, the wife gets the idea of calling a 900 number and letting the woman on the other end join in their love-making. Of course, being a firm believer in "better living through technology," this one got me hotter'n an overworked extension cord! Still haven't convinced my wife that we should let our fingers do the walking, but I'm workin' on it!

Other titles in the Eros line include Milo Manara's *Butterscotch*, R. Crumb's *Id*, and Craig Maynard's all-gay *Up From Bondage*.

If you want to get a very balanced and thoughtful overview of pornographic comics and the artists and controversies they attract, I highly recommend the special sex issue of Fantagraphics' *The Comics Journal* (Issue #143, \$5.00). It has very insightful interviews with R. Crumb, Alan Moore, Anton Drek, and Kate Worley along with articles exploring censorship, feminism and porno, and sex in Japanese comics. ●

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Periodicals

DID YOU LAUGH HYSTERICALLY TODAY? Well, you would've if you had read a free copy of my brand new and exciting monthly newsletter, "STRANGE, BUT TRUE NEWS." It contains nothing but amazing and amazingly funny "weird" news items. My strange, but true "weird" news items are completely authentic and they'll leave you laughing your head off. You just plain won't believe some of them, but they're all true. Read about the 68-year-old Seattle woman who was pronounced dead, only to come back to life at the morgue. Read about pets who were buried, then reappeared at the family's doorstep. You won't believe the one about the guy who burned down his garage and part of his neighbor's property just to kill one cockroach. Then there's the Albany, New York gynecologist who exposed himself to more than 700 women and girls and had his license reinstated! Did you know Cornell University invented an "artificial" dog that breeds 12,000 flies a day? Read why. There's the 9-year-old boy who took police on an extended high speed chase, as he smashed roadblocks throughout Utah. There's the woman who was arrested in Bogota, Columbia for having an exceptionally huge butt. A cow in the Seychelles was arrested for taking part in a demonstration against the government and was marched off to jail. Well, there's just too much to outline now. So, here's your chance to get in on the ground floor of this new and exciting newsletter. To receive your free copy today, simply send your SASE to: "STRANGE, BUT TRUE NEWS" 626 Lawn Meadow Drive, Richardson, Texas, 75080. Send for your free copy now and get ready to laugh and shake your head in amazement. "STRANGE, BUT TRUE NEWS" is published monthly and when you write, we'll send you information on how you can become a regular contributor to the newsletter. Be the first to receive a copy of our premiere issue.

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ANSWER Me! Volume 1 #1, #2 (\$4.50 [\$2.50 at Tower Records] to Jim Goad 6520 Selma Avenue Suite 1171 Hollywood CA 90028 76 and 100 pages, respectively. No ads, no typos, no bullshit!)

I've had a hard time reviewing this zine. I have this obsessive need for everybody who can read English to read this zine. That's right, I mean you. Run down to Tower Records, right this instant, or get out an envelope and stuff it full of cash immediately! There is no doubt about it, ANSWER Me! is the greatest zine in the history of print. Jim and Debbie Goad, the husband-and-wife publishing team, earned the distinction of the most ovary and balls laden social scientists on the planet. Hell, they even started a new and important branch of social science, misanthropology: the study of why people are so STUPID and why most of them should die, soon. Ask yourself if you are brave enough to go down Crenshaw Boulevard in South Central L.A. to find Iceberg Slim and interview him? To spend the Fourth of July in Bakersfield? To talk to the uzi-toting Vietnamese gangs of Orange County? To subject oneself to not one but four different 12-step programs, once while under the influence of the vile substance to be 12-stepped away? To put interviews with David Duke AND the Geto Boys AND El Duce of the Mentors AND Anton LaVey all in the same magazine? Could you drive for 24 hours up and down Sunset Boulevard, stopping only for coffee, pot, bad food, baseball and the occasional riot and murder? To print a photograph of one of Jeffrey Dahmer's carefully dissected victims? Sure I'm maniacally fannish about this, tough shit! As Mr. Goad described himself, "I'm the most dangerous thing around, white trash with brains." Yeah, me too, so fuck off if you don't like it. I've never encountered the anger of my cultural heritage expressed so eloquently.

Logo.Motive #1 (\$6.00 to More! Productions PO Box 3101 Berkeley, CA 94703 40 pages email more@lever.com)

Hot & yummy stories for all persuasions indeed, from dreamtime bestiality and magic/realistic casual encounters to Father fixations and the depths of despair that comes with mutually impossible desires or the loss of perfect lovers. Severe domination fantasies and arty photos. Plus one of the more enthusiastic and unpretentious guides to publishing a zine I've read. You cannot be disappointed with LOGO.MOTIVE.

Unclassified Volume 4 #4 (\$20.00 a year to Association of National Security Alumni 921 Pleasant Street Des Moines, IA 50309 24 pages)

UNCLASSIFIED is a scary zine of cloak & dagger stuff one would think exists only in the shadowy world of hard-core conspiracy theory buffs. Wrongo. While the article on the confirmation hearings of head spook Robert Gates contained little earth shattering information (except for breaking the BNL scandal before the mainstream press), the article from a disgruntled former employee of the State Department confirms what was otherwise relegated to the fringes of reason: that many consulates and embassies have more Agency employees than State department employees. More bad news about INSLAW, coming from a Congressional report to be held until after the election. How the CIA treats former assests: they all seem to land in jail with all the paperwork missing. For the true paranoid existence, one could subscribe to *Unclassified* and *Full Disclosure* and have all your mail read.

HOMOtore #5 (\$4.00 to HOMOtore PO Box 191781 San Francisco, CA 94119-1781 36 pages)

HOMOtore has the most strikingly beautiful pictures of nekkid men I've seen, most well composed and executed. Photos that illustrate slice of life'n'death (sex and dying, sex and dying - the epitaph of a blank generation?) stories with something more, much more than big dicks, tight buns and intense body modifications. Granted, the intense tattoos and piercings are interesting studies themselves. Plus gossip and HOMO PATROL comics.

The Hardcore #5 (L1.50 to Jael Nuit PO Box 1893 London N9 8JT 36 pages)

THE HARDCORE should appeal to bOING-bOING fans. It's loaded with cyberpunk comix and slipstream fiction. In "A Kalifornian Khaos Kinetropic Kollage" a Brit goes to the left coast and finds that Blade Runner was a docudrama. Reviews of eurocyberculture products and the strange places at which they retail. ☛

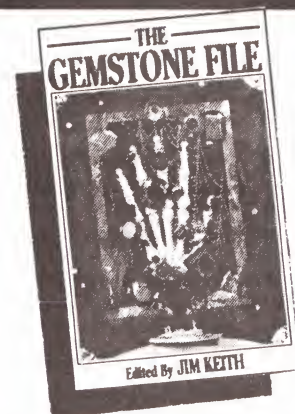
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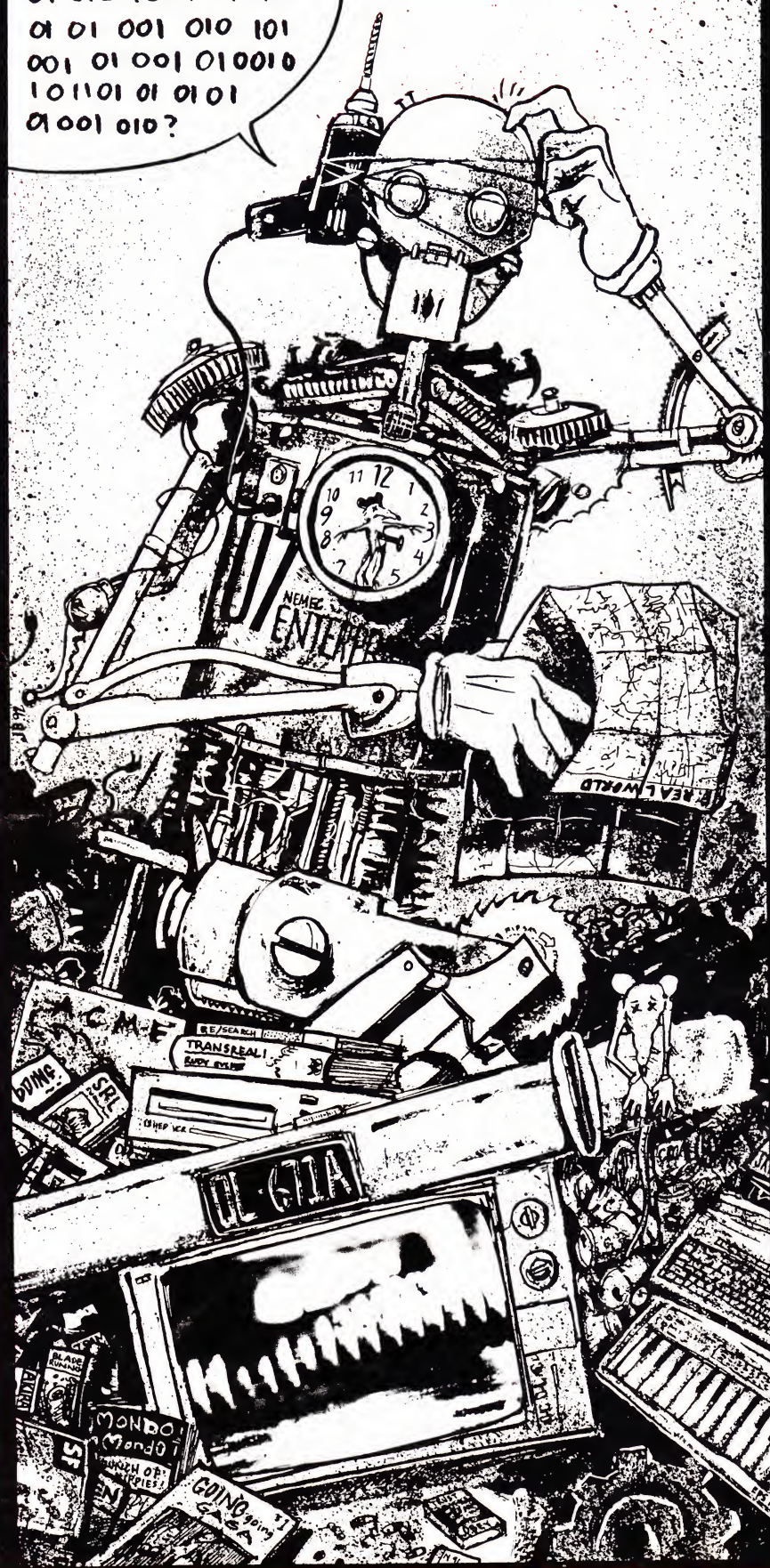
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