

EXPOSÉ: THE B-GIRLS OF HOTKISS HOUSE

# GROIN

"BRING BACK  
THE GREAT  
WHITE QUEEN  
OF QUAN SET"



APRIL 75¢



"I FOUND  
THE FABLED  
ACAPULCO  
GOLD HORDE!"

EXCLUSIVE  
INTERVIEW

*Anton  
La Vey*

Sorcerer of  
San Francisco

**GROIN TRACKS  
THE DREAD  
MAN-ANIMAL**

A Stanford CHAPARRAL  
PARODY of Men's  
Adventure Mags.

RUGG





*An Important Message*  
**To Every Man And Woman**  
*In America*  
**Losing His Or Her Hair**

If you are troubled by losing your hair, you're only one of millions of normal Americans. Most young Americans aren't especially noted for their hair. American hair lack is truly a national problem. Should *you* contribute to this growing problem by failing to remedy your own lack of hair? Is there any guaranteed way to prevent you from losing your hair, perhaps at a crucial time in your life?

We here at the Foundation for the Prevention of Hair Deficiency think we have the answers. You *do* have a responsibility to watch out for unwitting hair loss; the national image is at stake. Hair throughout history has been an important aspect of the "total man." Samson lost his hair and look what dire catastrophe ensued. It is a true and rarely known fact that the natives of the Aleutians, largely through their attention to keeping their hair, have been able to maintain their civilization longer than any other comparable culture. Julius Caesar is said to have been bald when he died under the knives of his hairy "friends."

And now, you too can prevent unnecessary hair loss. It costs less than nothing per day and will reward you ten-thousand fold to use our experimentally-tested and laboratory-proved new method of hair loss prevention. How does it work? It's simple. We just don't go to the barber any more. You'd be amazed at how quickly most people accumulate hair. Within two to five months, we find we have more hair than we really need. Within a year, we find it completely unnecessary to wear a shirt—since hair, nature's natural clothing, protects us from the ravages of the elements IN THE WAY THAT NATURE INTENDED!

**HOW OUR METHOD WORKS ON YOUR SCALP**

The development of this amazing new method for accumulating hair was perfected in our own laboratories after years of research under a Federal grant. We tested many individuals, men and women, for months. In almost every case, we found that by simply staying away from the barber, hair accumulated with amazing rapidity! Why was this true? Well, we found that the reason so many people lack hair is because they continually have it cut off! Frequent hair-cutting, furthermore, tended to reduce the total amount of hair per individual in ONE HUNDRED PERCENT of cases tested! What did we conclude from these amazing experiments? (1) Hair loss in nine out of ten normal cases is completely unnecessary, (2) hair loss among our young people is largely attributable to their habit of visiting the barber, in most cases, at least once in every three weeks! (3) the result, in ONE HUNDRED PERCENT of the tested cases, of halting this unsanitary destructive practice was THE UNQUALIFIED INCREASE IN THE INDIVIDUAL'S AMOUNT OF HAIR!

**OUR REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY IS GUARANTEED!**

We offer to you in this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. If you treat your scalp for four weeks using our method of BARBER ABSTINENCE, you will get MORE HAIR. BARBER ABSTINENCE works by putting an end to hair loss due to scissors, razors, and electric shavers—the most common natural enemies of human hair. So try BARBER ABSTINENCE and see!

**SOME COMMENTS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS**

"I used to be a non-entity with a crewcut. Then I tried BARBER ABSTINENCE and I've had dates every week-end!" —Mary Ann K., Miro, Flo Mo, Stanford.  
 "Before we tried BARBER ABSTINENCE we were nowhere men." —John, George, Ringo and Paul, Liverpool.  
 "Now I have more hair than even Bolgani the gorilla—and all because of BARBER ABSTINENCE! Kreegah!" —Tarzan, Darkest Africa.  
 "You guys will never run on my team!" —Chuck T., Stanford.  
 "This is to inform you that your program of BARBER ABSTINENCE will not be acceptable to members of our firm." —General Louis H., U.S. Army.

You too can have huge amounts of hair! Write us now for our free details! Be the hairiest man on your block!

BARBER ABSTINENCE, LTD.  
 c/o Hairy Head  
 Stanfrod, Caligula

Please send at once your FREE illustrated brochure entitled "BARBER ABSTINENCE for Skinheads." I understand I am thereby obligated to never get another haircut as long as I live. No clean-cut salesman will call.

Name ..... Address .....

Color of Hair ..... City.... State ...

Former Barber ..... Former Job ....

Rush this No Account Coupon Today!

Earn Up to \$10,000 per Perpetrated Accident

**PERPETRATE ACCIDENTS**

**ALIBIS FURNISHED**

**LAWYER FEES PAID**

No prior experience needed. Minimal education required. YOU PERFORM A REAL SERVICE WHILE ENJOYING A BIG-TIME CAREER. As an accident perpetrator specialist you will (1) Perpetrate Accidents and (2) Collect Money as the representative of wealthy organizations.

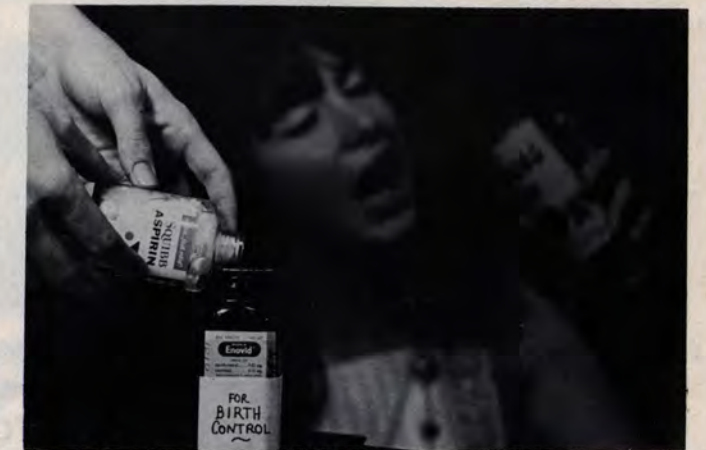
No other business offers you greater opportunities. Here's why: The huge, rapidly expanding Accident Perpetration field right now distributes more money than any other service industry. And it's rapidly expanding, too. Over 200 MILLION ACCIDENTS will be perpetrated in 1967 alone; at least one million in San Francisco alone, as various Labor Unions, Corporations, and Mobs require special Accident Perpetration.

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Already hundreds of men we have trained are earning special bonuses for perpetrating clean accidents. Gang warfare is increasing as the mobs find big business and Labor Union competition getting tough; more and more, accidents are needed.

**WE GUARANTEE YOU A JOB**

We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school. Write today. Let us show you how easy it is to Perpetrate an Accident.



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Painter's Union  
 Local #001  
 Oakland, California

Please rush me your free book, "Perpetrating Accidents for Fun and Profit."

Name .....

Address .....

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



**AMAZING NEW PROCESS**  
**SELF HYPNOSIS**  
**BANISH PAIN, DEVELOP**  
**MANLY SELF CONFIDENCE**

The essence of this amazing and enjoyable process lies in its ability to reduce tension, calm jittery nerves, levitate the mind, kill germs, break social ice, and put you in proper spirits for mixing with your fellow man. This process is simple: just visit Ernie's and stock up.







Photograph by

*Hans Roth*

173 University Avenue  
Palo Alto, California  
324-2224

Peninsula Creamery is proud to present Ann Gault of Storey House. Peninsula Creamery is also proud to present its famous milkshake and other fine dairy products.

APRIL 1967

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GROIN is published by the Stanford CHAPARRAL as a parody. All correspondence should be sent to us at the Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, California. The real editor is Mike Rugg; associate editor, Kanderson; business manager, Guilford Gaylord; art editor, Andy Strawn; advertising sales manager, Phil Schneider; photo editor, Jeff Kane; women's manager, Patty Figone; writing consultant, Richard Manuck; circulation manager, Richard Festinger. Any resemblances between persons, places, or events depicted in this magazine and real persons, places, or events, are probably intentional for purely satirical reasons. Take a yeti out to lunch this month.

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# GROIN TO GROIN ANSWERS

Dear Groin,

I am twelve. I scrutinize every Groin I can get my hands on. My parents think Groin is dirty. I like them. Who is right? Signed, Tommy J., Hartford City.

Dear Tommy,

Although children should ordinarily obey their parents, your case is an exception. Clearly, they are sexually repressive and literally ignorant.



*Pelican, feeding its young in a nest.*

*Dear Sir or Madam as the Case May Be:*  
In the Your Last Issue: Joel Beck, cartoon, now, in the past and in the future, is a feature of the CALIFORNIA JOURNAL. Through a long standing courtesy, we allow other humor magazines to reprint, provided money is sent or credit given. We are disappointed, now, originally you are too poor to send money (although whatever you could send would be appreciated), if not by us by the governor—whenever he may be. Therefore, give credit where credit is due, not to the Journal (which copied Beck from us) but to us. We anxiously look forward to the short note which will appear in your next issue giving credit and appreciation.

*Prissy*  
Bruce Hestell

*PS: Please excuse my typing as my mechanical arts class was out because of the budget.*  
*PPS: Don't laff, you've got David Herrie.*

Dear Groin,

The guys in our platoon have decided that I should write to tell you that Wilma Lee Chuffa, your Groin Goodtime Gal for July, August, and September has been unanimously elected "Miss 103rd Underwater Mess-kit Repair Battalion, Charlie Co., 2nd Platoon, USMC" for this month. Some of the guys fixed up a little statue of Wilma out of adobe and yucca spines and we wonder when she can come and get it from all of us. It get awful lonesome up her in Adak and the guys sure would appreciate a real close up look at a real live genuine woman as beautiful as Miss Chuffa. In case she can't come personally, we send her with a piece of cellophane smeared with oleo-margarine and coaldust so she can mash it against her nipple and send it back to us. Lots of guys think it will make a swell design for our platoon guideon. Signed, Dennis Garcia, USMC.

Dear Dennis,

Wilma is with Bob Hope in Viet Nam right now and moreover, like all the girls in our magazine, she has no nipples. Sorry about that, marine.



Miss Chuffa

Dear Groin,

I am a student at Santa Lupe Junior High. I'm a pretty girl and well-developed for my age. I read your magazines and I think they're the most. I just don't swing with the prudish Victorian morality of my parents. Virginity is no longer my piece of pie. Sexual liberation has been long in the coming in this neurotic repressive society, and it is magazines like Groin that keep the revolution going. It was the thrilling life depicted in your magazine that led to my first love affair. Now my father is suing you for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Just thought I'd warn you. Signed, Prissy P., Milpitas.

Dear Prissy,

Among other things, you should have kept your big mouth shut.

Dear Groin,

I am planning on giving an informal sex party for the neighbors. What kind of invitations would be appropriate? Signed, Mrs. Little, Berkeley.

Dear Mrs. Little,

What a lovely idea! Unfortunately, Emily Post has little to say about such parties. Perhaps you should send engraved invitations for a thé dansant and then surprise your guests.

Dear Groin,

There is a beautiful seventeen-year-old girl who works in the office of the company where I am a tool-sharpener. I love her desperately, but I am fifty-five and misshapen. When I told her I loved her, she kicked me in the hump. Please tell me how I can win her love. Signed, Quasimodo Smith, Cleveland.

Dear Mr. Smith,

This silly girl is obviously oblivious to the advantages offered by a mature and experienced male. Win her with romantic tales of your previous exploits.

## GROIN ON SAFARI

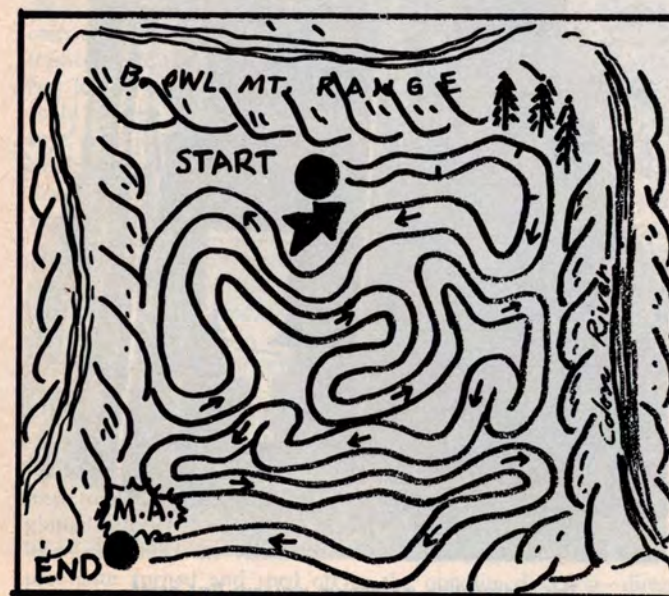
We braved fantastic perils in keeping our vow to ...

# "BRING THE DREAD MAN-ANIMAL BACK ALIVE!"

When we first heard of the dread man-animals, we laughed too. But the more we heard about fantastic sightings and reason-defying incidents involving secretaries, Fuller Brush men, and Boy Scouts out in the woods, the more the beckoning call of the wild beckoned and called—until we at last resolved to go on safari, after the DREAD MAN-ANIMAL! Either we would find it, disprove the reports as complete nonsense, or DIE IN THE EFFORT!

by Sir Hairy Simian with Sir Godfrey Jodhpur

Our search began in a dingy one-room newspaper office in the wilds of British Columbia. There an heroic editor had compiled a file of seven thousand five hundred twenty-two and one half documented sightings of the man-thing, despite the fact that he was subjected to almost unbearable public ridicule. We deduced from this evidence that there might be a slim chance that the man-animal did in fact exist. Tom Burp, the brave and courageous and bold young editor, was a quiet and unassuming man. We had no reason to doubt the validity of his research.



Map, depicting our four-year harrowing ordeal.



Sir Hairy Simian in full gear.

Thus we decided to begin our hunt immediately—*vowing to bring the man-creature back alive, or die trying!* To this end, we hired forty rugged mountain men as bearers. These sturdy individuals had been raised in the malevolent Trinity Mountains since birth. Each was well-skilled in forest lore. Some knew how to build a fire. We also enlisted the aid of an aged and wizened Indian named Heehu from the local Hooha Indian Reservoir. (Heehu of the Hoohas—get it? heehuhahahoo!). He told us he knew where the man-beasts lived and that his tribe spoke of them in hushed whispers as if they were demagogues.





The trail of the dread man-animal began here.

We purchased our badly needed supplies in a local supermarket. Among our purchases were five hundred cases of TNT (we didn't need that much, but it was a two-for-one sale), forty three-cell Police Model flashlights with extra-life Eveready batteries, pre-dried eggs (from dyhydrated hens), five kilos of Aunt Jemima's Maple Syrup (we had to wait a bit for it), two packages of Jello Instant banana creme pancake mix, twelve British Jungle Model .303 high-powered rifles with telephoto sights, suitable ammunition, five cases of Lucky All-American beer (6/89¢), numerous Odds and a few Ends, five army surplus TU-gore parachutes, four tons of cracked oatmeal, two reels of high porosity nylon thread, and a Sunbeam electric knife with can-opener attachment. Thus equipped, we took a Greyhound to where we began our epic trek through the wilderness of the baleful Trinity Mountains near Muff Creek—where a construction crew had been massacred by a horde of man-animals only days before we arrived.

The forests of the Trinities are incredibly dense. We found that we could progress through the mazes of common oak trees, (*arielis calibantis*), and thick veldt grass at the rate of only five feet per day—if we skipped rest periods. The underbrush was so thick that we frequently found rabbits who had died of starvation, struggling to free themselves from the thorny death grasp of the bushy manzanita, the deadly dandelion, and the poisonous thistle. Often we had to climb hills so steep that we fell back two steps for every step forward. There was constant danger from mudslides.

On the fifteenth day of our arduous journey, as we made a routine investigation of one of the rare clearings that dot that tangled mass of fetid vegetation, our eyes were confronted with a sight never before beheld by living man. There, before our incredulous gaze, two giant relics of the Cretaceous Era were colliding in a horrifying battle to the death. Sir Godfrey Jodhpur, our eminent historian of the Cretaceous, identified the two beasts. One was no less than the infamous Dionysus Rex—perhaps the most powerful reptile ever to stalk the North American Plains. The other, said Sir Godfrey, was a Horn-beaked Mingus—a rare variety of what school children know as the Triceratops, differing from that voracious herbivore by having *one less ulnar vertebrae!* Seeing these living fossils, so near to us and yet so far away (we were running like hell), we could only realize that modern science remains in ignorance about much of our planet. While we spend billions to send rockets to the moon and Mars, we still don't know all there is to know about Mother Earth. If this ter-



Incredible beasts like this dionysus rex threatened our very lives at every moment!

rifying incident did anything for us, it was to shore up our creaking backbones in our search for the man-animal. Nothing conceivable could deter us; no conceivable force could halt us; we could conceive of nothing that could stop us—as we pursued our quest: *to find the dread man-animal—or DIE TRYING!*

Two agonizing years later, our intrepid band met with what could have been most certain tragedy—had it not been for the astounding resources of Sir Godfrey's almost omnipotent intellect. We were lost. We knew by our Boy Scout compasses that we were heading in the wrong direction. Suddenly, through the stygian night, we saw what appeared to be civilization. Lights flickered ahead of us as we moved silently through the thick overgrowth. As we drew nearer, our eyes came to behold a fantastic scene. There before us, hundreds of huge automobiles were thundering along on a wide ribbon of concrete, honking violently. We knew what we had to do: **WE HAD TO CROSS THAT FREEWAY!** Mustering up our courage, we sent



This rudimentary mechanism was our first proof of the man-thing's use of tools. It implies a giant step in the creature's evolutionary status (cf. Anthro 1).

five of our bravest mountain men into the mad melee of steel and polished chrome. The first man was cut down by a mammoth PIE truck, just as he was about to take the last step that would have gained the Other Side. The second man, after being sent spinning by a brush with a speeding dark sedan with Texas plates, was splattered by a huge Porsche that never wavered in its implacable course. Three more men died horribly before Sir Godfrey Jodhpur, our eminent expert on freeway crossing, yelled "Stop!" We sat down and waited in hushed reverence as his calm, steady voice said, "Why don't we go down there and use the overpass?" As the immense wisdom of his simple words sunk into our minds through our matted hair, we gave out with a spontaneous "Huzzah for Godfrey!" that echoed noisily over the land, waking birds and stuff. It was moments like these that stand among our most treasured memories.

Another agonizing year of trekking found us nearer our goal. As we rounded a hairpin bend in a deep and verdant valley that we had been exploring for several weeks, we came upon a plot of land that had been cleared in an eerie, foreboding manner. Three-hundred-foot-high redwoods, some with diameters up to fifty-six feet at the base, lay strewn around upon the ground like a child's pick-up sticks. We surmised that only a creature with immense strength could have ripped those trees out of the earth. As we stood, awestruck, gazing upon the horrendous devastation, we came to the grim realization that even should we find the man-animal we had **NO CONCEPTION OF HOW TO APPROACH IT!**

At this juncture, Sir Godfrey Jodhpur, our eminent expert on sub-hominid psychology, came to our rescue. This rugged intellect theorized that if the dreadful animal-men were, as their name implied, both man AND animal, then one would logically expect them to have both the intelligence of man and the superior senses of the animal. Sir Godfrey reminded us, too, if widespread reports that the man-animal could terrorize humans from great distances. Thus, he concluded brilliantly, *paraķinesia* was at issue here: for obviously, the mysterious beasts used a highly developed form of ESP (extra-sinuuous projection,—ed.) for their protection.

As we stood, listlessly, listening to Sir Godfrey expostulate the intricate psycho-mathematics of his theory, our faithful Indian guide Heehu noticed a fresh trail leading away from the mass of wrecked-up trees. Calling on all his keen-edged tracking ability, Heehu soon led us deep into the forest. It was uncanny how Heehu could see the two-foot deep footprints which were imperceptible to our civilized eyes. Then, as we rounded a gnarled tree, we found our first evidence of the man-thingie's ability to make and use tools; a rudimentary mechanism constructed in a tree (see photo). As we examined the device, we felt closer to our elusive quarry than we ever had before. Moreover, we were astonished at the close parallel evolution thus exhibited. Now, perhaps, was the time when Sir Godfrey's theories should be put to the test of reality. Quickly, as we had been trained, we formed a circle. Linking our elbows and knees, Sir Godfrey led us as we beamed ESP's with all the passionate intensity we could muster. For hours, which became days, and then weeks, we kept up this relentless beaming. All the while we sat hushed and expectant, praying that the man-beastie would hear us and know that we were devoid of fear and hostility. For should the monolith sense fear and hostility, where were we then?

Not quite unexpectedly, nothing happened. Reluctantly, we rose, prying our stiffened elbows apart and unlocking our atrophied knees. Sir Godfrey Jodhpur, valiant spirit though he was, was truly dismayed. His faith in an orderly world-view had been shattered. He began to berate himself unmercifully, tearing his hair in mental anguish; until, with a desperate cry, he ran off madly into the forest, laughing like a raped wombat. Concerned, we followed.

What next transpired may well seem beyond belief: and yet, let us remember that Providence works in Strange Ways. Sir Godfrey, rounding a gigantic sequoia, ran pell-mell head-long into the glutton belly of the DREAD MAN-ANIMAL HIMSELF! This collision affrighted the valiant Sir Godfrey to such an extent that he post-haste turned and sped off in the opposite direction—directly away from that which he had sought so avidly for so many years! The incredible irony of it!

The beast, meanwhile, ran in the opposite direction, evidently upset and dismayed at seeing the gallant Sir Godfrey so distraught.



Sir Godfrey Jodhpur, our eminent expert on inertial navigation, points out the direction of the man-beast's lair.

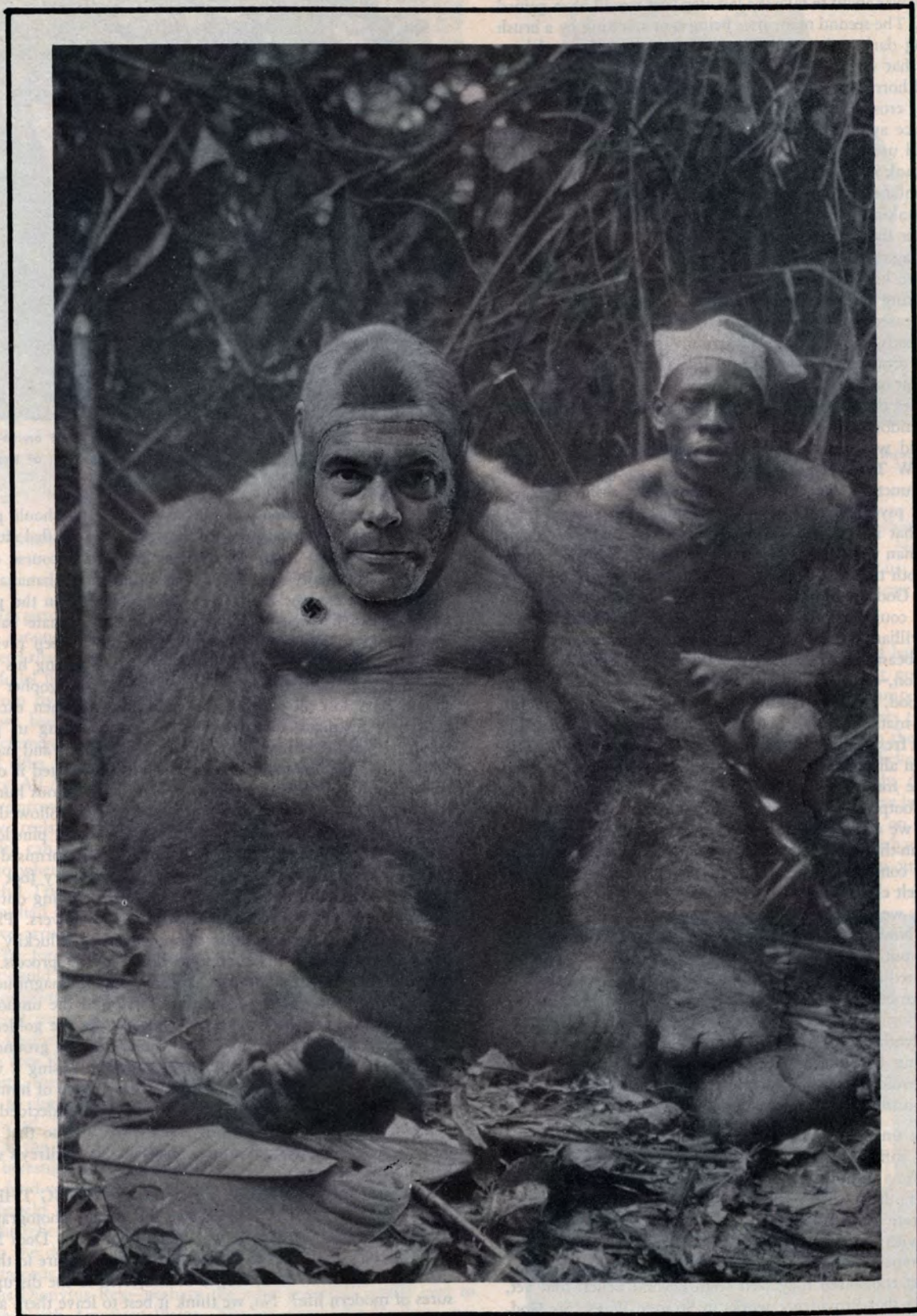
This left us in a quandary of sorts as to whom we should pursue. Our humanitarian instincts prevailed, however, and we fled after Jodhpur.

In his mad rush, Sir Godfrey pursued a course of reckless abandon, eventually slipping on an unfortunate banana slug that someone (we surmise a picnicker) had left lying on the path. Godfrey's excessive speed, coupled with the unfortunate banana slug, caused him to somersault magnificently into a deep ravine, where we eventually recovered him intact, after first prying his head from where it was tightly wedged in an abandoned gopher hole. We should have lost all trace of the man-thing by then except for an extremely fortunate turn of events. Heehu, seeing us pursue Sir Godfrey, had taken fate into his own nery palms and had plunged wildly after the man-animal. As Heehu later related it over a welcome cup of Peruvian magé back at camp, the vicious hunk of beast had glanced behind him to see if he were being followed. Thus he failed to perceive the presence of a large whorled pine-log that lay directly in the middle of his intended path! (We surmised it was left there by a logger). The man-creature's huge hairy foot struck the log with a resounding thud, and he tripped, toppling out of control down a steep incline covered with wild yellow flowers. Plummeting down the slope, the man-beast caroomed off of a luckily positioned tree stump, striking his grotesque head in the process. The unbelievable force of that impact, approaching in magnitude the old proverbial meeting of the irresistible force and the unmoveable object, stunned the monster. And Heehu, seizing the golden opportunity, placed his pocket Minolta flash camera on the ground, propped the man-animal up into a sitting position, and (using a very tricky time exposure) managed to snap one solitary photo of himself posing by the beast. As the creature began to stir, Heehu decided not to remain in that part of the woods any longer, and to that end raced back to where we were placing ice-bags on Sir Godfrey's sadly swollen, but intact, head.

Although we failed in our attempt to BRING THE DREAD MAN-ANIMAL BACK ALIVE, we did obtain photographic proof of his existence. Perhaps it was better that way. Does Man, after all, have the moral right to expose that idyllic creature to the chaos of the modern world? Is it, too, to be subjected to the disrupting pressures of modern life? No, we think it best to leave them as they are, living their lives in peace and serenity. (Choke!)

**TURN PAGE FOR FIRST AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF DREAD MAN-ANIMAL!**





First authentic photo of the dread man-animal. Heehu, our faithful Indian guide, poses beside stunned beast.

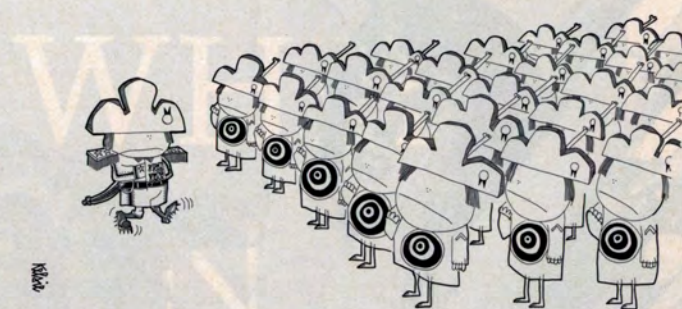
# GROIN'S GROANERS

A fellow we know walked into a bar in a small Texas town, got himself a beer, then turned to address the local crowd. "Lyndon Johnson is a horse's ass," he proclaimed. Instantly, fifteen men jumped up and beat the poor fellow to a pulp. When our friend had recovered enough to pull himself up to the bar, he said to the bartender, "I didn't know this was Johnson country . . ." To which the bartender replied, "It ain't, stranger, it's *horse* country."

The hungover couple dawdled over a mid-afternoon breakfast. The night before they'd held an incredibly wild all-night party in their fashionable country home.

"Honey, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the library last night?"

His wife looked at him, drowsily reflective, then asked, "About what time?"

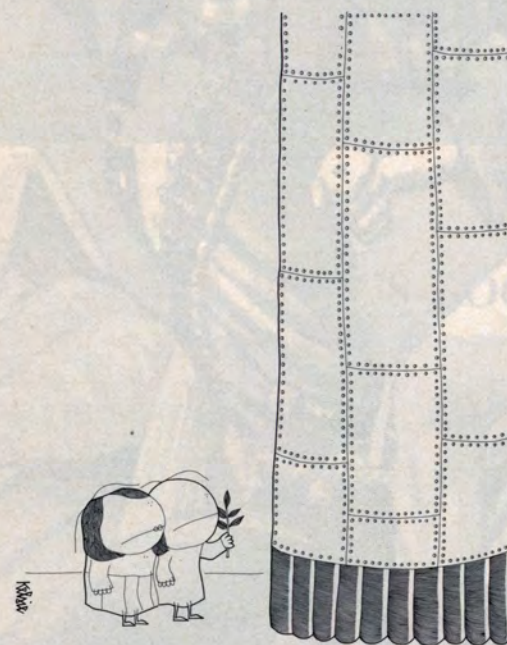


"Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"  
 "Yes, it is . . ."  
 "Do you save bad women?"  
 "Yes . . ."  
 "Well, save me a couple for Saturday night!"

Professor: "Who was the first man?"  
 Blushing coed: "I'd rather not say."

Once upon a time there were three bears. One of them married a giraffe. The other two put him up to it.

He: "I'd like a single room for my wife and myself."  
 Clerk: "Yes, sir. The only thing we have left is on the fourteenth floor."  
 He: "Okay. Is that all right with you, dear?"  
 She: "Sure, mister."



The first night at home after a long trip, the salesman was teaching his young son how to count.

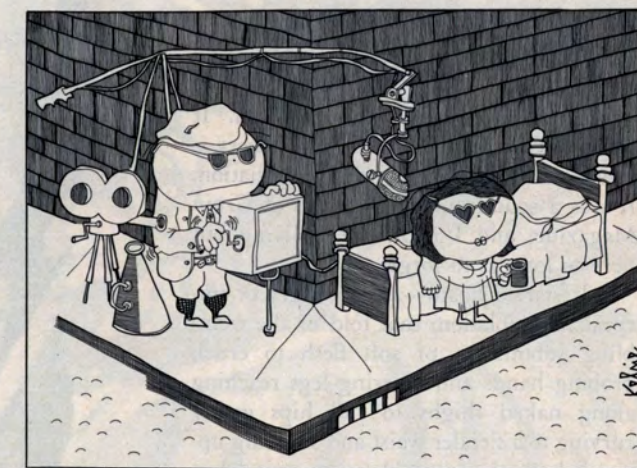
"What comes after 10?" he asked.

"The man next door," replied the lad.

What happens when you cross an elephant with a prostitute?

You get a three-quarter ton pick-up.

A great way to get rid of fleas is to take a bath in alcohol and then sprinkle yourself with sand. The fleas get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.



Dear Reader: Picked up any filthy stories in the pool hall lately? Write them (if you can write) down on a piece of paper and send 'em to us. We print anything.



Only I stood between the beautiful blonde girl and Ho Chih Minh's diabolical torture brigade. I knew the fiendish things they had planned for her. I had to stop them.



by Captain Trash Cans

as told to Lynn W. Kling and Richard Manic

Suddenly a scream pierced the jungle silence.

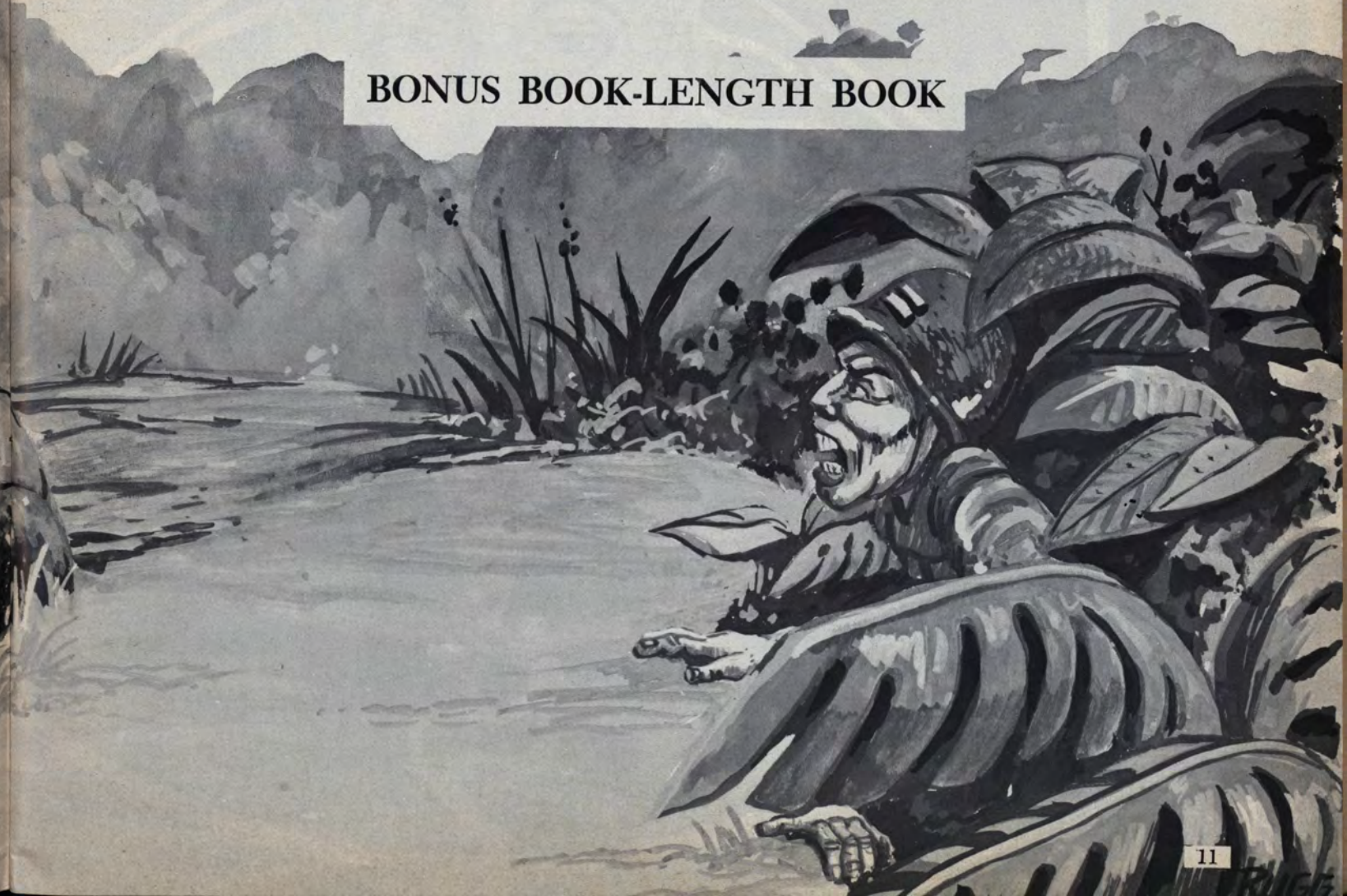
Then, there was another scream. It was a woman's cry, a white woman's cry—a wail of hopeless agony and humiliation. It was a sound out of the pages of *Groin Magazine*, and I hadn't been living out here so long as to forget.

It started again—an abject cry of unspeakable violation, that told of the trembling submission of soft flesh to cruel, probing hands and tapering legs reaching along naked thighs to full hips gently curving to a slender waist and shooting upwards beneath a torn blouse to reveal luscious, high-pointed breasts. There is only one sound in the world like that. I knew I had found the hideous torture lair of the Viet Cong guerrillas.

(continued on page 27)

# BRING BACK THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN OF QUAN SET

BONUS BOOK-LENGTH BOOK







# ANTON LAVEY

## SORCERER OF SAN FRANCISCO

*An exclusive interview with Anton Szandor LaVey, San Francisco's only full-time sorcerer and spiritual head of the Satanic Church.*

As we waited outside the door at 6114 California Avenue, an ocelot pushed his head through the curtains of a window, eyed us briefly, and disappeared. He spent most of the rest of the afternoon curled beneath the keyboard of his owner's electric organ. His owner is Anton Szandor LaVey, former circus roustabout and animal trainer, police photographer and amateur hypnotist, and presently practicing sorcerer and spiritual leader of the Satanic Church of San Francisco. LaVey is a soft-spoken man, his head is completely shaved, and he sports a devilish goatee, if you'll pardon the pun.

LaVey maintains an interest in music and the arts. He does some painting, of which our own art expert, Rugg, said "shows good control of the medium." His musical tastes run toward the classical, but he likes some of the Fillmore-Avalon music, too. Still, he prefers Verdi, Puccini and Wagner to the Jefferson Airplane.

Recently Mr. LaVey has been the object of an unusual amount of press coverage. The first articles appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* early this year when LaVey performed what was likely the first Satanic Church wedding in San Francisco. Then he received more publicity when his neighbors complained to

the local authorities about his five-hundred pound lion, Togare. After a few court skirmishes, LaVey was booked on a count of violating Section 415 of the California Penal Code, which forbids citizens from allowing "strange and unusual sounds to emit forth" from their homes.

When we called on Mr. LaVey, he had just begun baby-sitting for a friend's two-hundred and eighty pound jaguar. He was in the process of building a cage for Kitty, the jaguar, underneath Togare's den on the back porch. We watched, from a safe distance, as LaVey went up to the jaguar and pushed it around so we could take some pictures. Kitty was a little moody at the time and occasionally took a swipe at LaVey or clutched his feet to chew on his legs. But LaVey, who had learned how to handle wild animals with the Clyde Beatty animal show, merely belted the big cat on her head a few times and she calmed down a bit.

The eventual result of LaVey's generous gesture in caring for the jaguar is now history. Togare evidently didn't approve of Kitty moving in on his territory and began roaring and tearing up the floor of his cage. To calm him down, LaVey brought him into his bedroom where he occasionally slept. But Togare was not to be so easily pacified and began

by Kanderson  
with illustration and  
photos by Rugg.





The sorcerer of San Francisco spoke to us in the pleasant surroundings of his living room, which doubles as a shabbat-room on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights.



A cat, appropriately black, is just one member of LaVey's menagerie.

to tear up the bedroom. He chewed up an antique chair, ripped down some curtains, and mutilated a pair of LaVey's wife's boots. LaVey called the police and they called the humane society, which called the zoo. With only a modicum of trouble (one humane society officer was slightly mauled) they removed Kitty from the premises. This placated Togare a bit, but the next afternoon he evidently remembered Kitty and took his anger out on a water pipe. With their basement flooded, the LaVey's decided to send Togare to the zoo. Now they're looking for a hopefully more amiable black leopard.

Of course the most intriguing aspect of Anton LaVey is the fact that he's a self-proclaimed sorcerer. This distinction has netted him the interest of a number of national and international magazines—*Argosy*, *Playboy*, *Die Stern* and *Paris Match*, to name a few. Newspapers around the world have carried articles on his activities. While we interviewed him, he pulled a clipping from a Paraguayan newspaper out of his mail.



The Satanic symbol over LaVey's fireplace gives the room a macabre atmosphere.



LaVey has no skeletons in his closet—but there is one in his dining room.

The usual reaction one has to someone who calls himself a sorcerer is that he must be either a con-man or a nut; LaVey is emphatically neither. He's not a con man; he is very serious about his interest and involvement in the "black arts." He conceives of his Satanic religion as a viable one. And while harboring no undue or exaggerated expectations of success, he would like to establish branches of his church around the world. The temples of the Satanic Church would include "pleasure domes" in lieu of confessionals and would be places where people would be free to engage in religious devotion to the more worldly aspects of existence. One places LaVey in the philosophical position of advocating "equal time" to development and enjoyment of both one's spiritual and one's bodily nature. Although LaVey, like all of us, has no aversion for money, his primary motives in his activities are not monetary. He began his involvement in mysticism and witchery as an amateur adept, so to speak, and eventually became well-known among lo-



Togare, who now resides in the S. F. Zoo, frequently slept next to LaVey's bed.



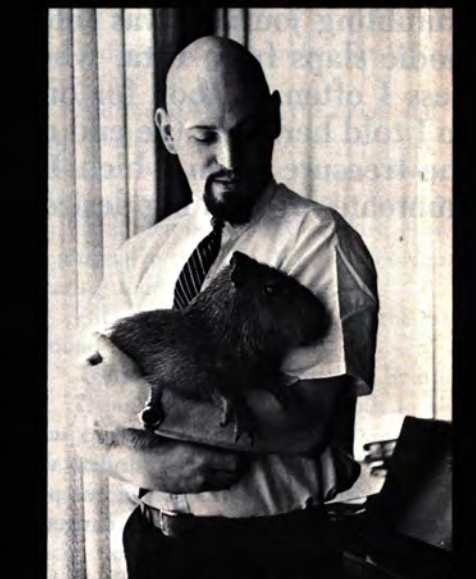
LaVey's home abounds with stuffed animals, such as this rat which adorns his bookcase.

cal devotees of the occult. Pressure from friends and acquaintances pushed him into making mysticism his full-time occupation.

When we asked LaVey how a twentieth-century man could be a sorcerer without some embarrassment about placing himself in a position normally occupied only by "nuts." His answer to us put a rational perspective upon the problem. The "black mass," LaVey told us, was first instigated as an act of rebellion on the part of certain people who were oppressed by the medieval Church. It was, he said, in effect a kind of "psychodrama" which, because of its nature, gave its participants certain psychic relief. To see the symbols of Church authority desecrated as they are in the black mass is to relieve the oppressed participants of their anxiety when confronted with the symbols.

LaVey continued to make a distinction between the guiding premises of the Satanic religion and ordinary churches. Most churches, he said, give their alle-

(continued on page 38)



LaVey said of his Capybara, Asmodeus: "If you're going to do things in a big way, you may as well have the world's largest rodent." (It now weighs 25 lbs.—may grow to 250 lbs.)



LaVey pushed Kitty around as if she were an alley cat. But fortunately, Togare didn't get along with her so well.





Risking many perils . . .

# "I Found the Fabled Acapulco Gold Horde"

I raced down the dark, smoky tunnel tripping, falling, grabbing for handholds. My stumbling journey was interrupted by periodic slaps from Rita, whom in the darkness I often mistook for outcroppings, (or so I told her.) At the end of the tunnel lay the treasure upon which I hoped to consummate my burning desire for Pedro . . .

by Rip N. Stabb

My trusty guide, Pedro, walked at my side; wrinkled, crusty Indian women scurried into their houses at our passing.

"These are indeed dangerous people, Bwana," breathed Pedro.

Indeed, they were. And Pedro was one of them. I had picked him up as a prize in a cockfight in Juarez. Pedro had come into the bedroom while his exotic wife, Rita, and I were just finishing a discussion of Mexican-American relations.

I'll always remember Rita. Tall, olive-skinned, vivacious, lascivious, tempting, pulsating, aggravating, and she wore a skirt. Pedro was her poor, hen-pecked husband; Rita wanted a man, and I could only give in to her pitiable condition.

Pedro and I were on our way to seek the famed ruins of Tzeltzelpototlap, where, according to the eminent Com. Turk Thrust, a member of our Club, millions in Aztec gold were just waiting to be carried off, if the ruins could be located. It was more than mere chance that Pedro and I had met. Pedro, it turned out, had inherited the map to a private outhouse in back of his childhood residence, and just behind the privy, he was sure, were to be found the ruins for which many men have died.



Yes, it seems, there was a curse to Tzeltzelpototlap. Rumors had drifted back to the Club concerning the complex tunnels entering into the ruins.

Whoever entered the tunnels faced one of two fatal ends: either they contracted a mysterious disease termed the "Mitla two-step," a horrid tropical infection nending in paralytic convulsions on the bathroom floor, or the explorer was engaged in a never-ending Monopoly game with mysterious savages. Pedro advised me, in muted tones, that late at night one could hear floating over the privy:

"I'll trade you the Pennsylvania Railroad and Electric Works for Boardwalk."

or:  
"You're dead now, gringo, you've landed on Marvin Gardens, which has three 'Casas de Putas.'"

Pedro could not translate the full horror of that last phrase.

Pedro and I crossed the town, and, as rain clouds drew over the sleepy village, I began to feel a rumble in my stomach. After a quick deviation into someone's cornfield, I felt better. Pedro, however, was beginning to tremble. We were obviously nearing the abandoned outhouse.

All of a sudden, I could see the large mound towering above me.

"That's it, Bwana," quaked Pedro.

I quickly cuffed Pedro, both to shut him up, and to remind him that we were in Mexico, not Africa. I can clearly recall my own feelings at finding the lost ruins of Aztec Tzeltzelpototlap: olive-skinned, vivacious, lascivious, pulsating, and aggravating. The mound looked a hell of a lot like Rita.

We inched our way up the slope, wading our way through discarded beer cans, copies of *Human Sexual Response*, and Operation Match results.

"Your people are the rudest of savages," I remarked to Pedro, "throwing their trash into the open, like pigs."

"Si, Sahib," he oozed, and I had no choice but to cuff him. Obviously he was either overcome with fear or he was in the wrong story.

"That is the tunnel," sighed Pedro.

I nodded, and we entered. All was dark, but the odor was overpowering.

"Is this the outhouse, or the ruins, Pedro?"

He gave no answer. Obviously, there was more to finding lost treasure than the mere toting away of tons of bullion. A nasty fall brought me back to my senses.

"This way," trembled Pedro.

(continued on page 45)





Leap Frog Anyone?

## HOLLYWOOD

As of late, Janet Fondle's role in "Blushing Brimstone" has been cut short by the unforgiving clippers of the censor boards. Her fans are in an uproar, because they like to see as much of her as possible in every movie. When Janet was asked to comment on this situation she said, "My position is well-known and I don't feel it bares repeating."

## CRIME

Last Wednesday Delores Slander escaped from the women's penitentiary after 4¾ years of solitary confinement for lewd behavior at a campfire girl's meeting. SHE WAS RECAPTURED THIS WEEKEND IN A DOWNTOWN DOCTOR'S OFFICE. When asked what prompted her daring escape she answered, "I had to see a doctor because I was afraid I might be pregnant."

## SHORT SHOTS

The Ecumenical Council says religion is on the upswing in the U.S.—would you believe, God? ...

## HIGH SOCIETY!

A NEW DANCE CRAZE HAS SWEEPED THE DISCOTHEQUES OF LONDON AND NEW YORK. IT'S CALLED THE SLOP—YOU STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR AND MOVE YOUR BOWELS.

## FASHION WORLD

From the great studios of Paris comes the moral question of "HOW HIGH CAN THE HEMLINES GO?" PRESSURE IS BEING APPLIED TO FASHION DESIGNERS from an unsuspected sector—the sanitation dept. The S.D. feels that part of their job is to see that the material is lowered to its old level.

## ART

A budding new artist Martin Shlump has hit upon a new art form—IT'S CALLED SLOP ART. When Martin went off his diet 3 years ago, he had a garbage disposal problem. He found his creative genius working even in the solution of such a base problem. His creations range in price from \$700 to \$11,000 and each work comes with a five year's supply of Florient.

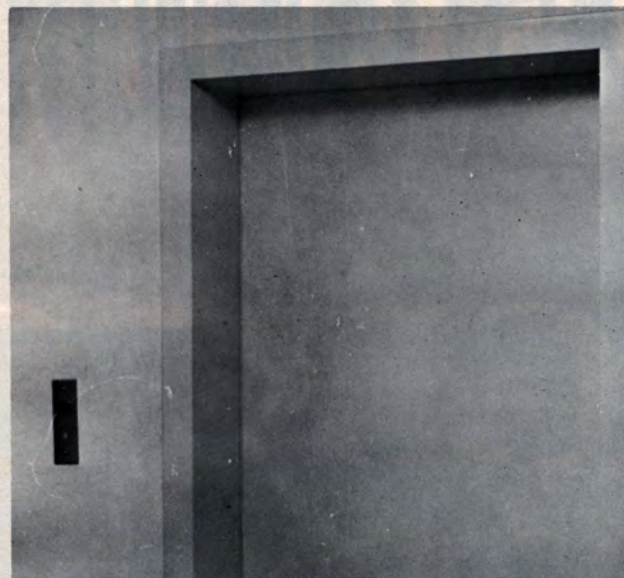


Slop Art

# EXPOSED: THE B-GIRLS OF HOTKISS HOUSE



**Behind the thick veil of respectability, these innocent-looking coeds have dedicated themselves to the promotion of fast and free and easy living!**



Forbidden photo reveals B-girls' secret elevator.

Harold was just another ordinary college man getting his kicks. At three a.m., one misty morning, he walked surreptitiously out of the front door of a seemingly quiet residence for coeds. As he approached his shiny new Cortina, a high-intensity flashlight gleamed directly in his face. "That yer car, buddy?" a deep voice boomed. "Yeah," Harold muttered, slightly nervous. "Well, ya can't park it here. This is only faculty and staff. Lemme see yer ID." Harold promptly produced his California Driver's License, Student Body Card, Social Security Card, Carte Blanche, Selective Service Card, Shell Oil Credit Card and a photostat of his birth certificate. "That all the identification ya got, sonny?" the cop asked.

Harold was lucky. He got off with a warning. But hundreds of other college boys have received citations costing them up to \$5.00. Harold's warning was only one of



Appointments are kept by this phone girl who also serves as a B-girl "extra" during rush . . .

the growing number of incidents that are part of the campus cops' new crack-down on the shenanigans going on inside the coeds' plush new dorm. That residence was, of course, the infamous Hotkiss House. And Harold had been having a time with one of the even more infamous B-girls of Hotkiss. This is their story, as gathered by two intrepid reporters from the dedicated Groin staff.

We talked with several of the Hotkiss girls one evening not long ago. What we saw there was amazing. The girls spoke freely with us, obviously not in the least concerned with what we heard . . . and saw.

Rosalind (not her real name) is typical of the Hotkiss B-girl stereotype. Like all these girls, she was soft-skinned, slim-bodied, with the generous hips and rounded breasts that made Hotkiss known far and wide as a college boy's paradise. Rosalind is a willowy blonde. Her hair hangs straight down, falling on her perfectly formed shoulders. Her full mouth quivered as she spoke to us of her life at Hotkiss. We asked her how she operated. "I pick up my turkeys (slang for 'johns') in the Student Union. They get impatient waiting there at noon trying to get food in the crowd. I just offer them a home-cooked meal and take off from there. Works every time."



We thought this dish-water blonde was giving us the ol' come-on.

Campus rules keep men out of Hotkiss at what the public considers to be the prime time when the Hotkiss B-girls could operate. Actually, the girls operate around the clock. We asked a striking brunette (who we'll call Marcie) how the girls got around the "social regulations," as the school administration so quaintly terms them. She told us about the secret elevator. "The secret elevator," she said, "comes out in a steam tunnel that runs below the building. From there the guys have to walk about five blocks to a man-hole cover near the Branner's, that's a pig farm northeast of here. It's easy, once somebody shows you the way. Or you can get a map at Tresidder."

The girls asked us if we'd like to stick around when the evening's festivities began and of course we couldn't say no to an offer like that. Besides, a cute little dish-water blonde with big blue eyes was giving us the ol' come-on.



Beatrice poses without shame in her revealing nightie.

By nine o'clock, the parties were really going. Under the liberalized campus liquor regulations, the girls were licensed to sell liquor to their customers from 11:00 a.m. until 2:00 a.m.—in compliance with California state law. We sat in Judy's (that's not her real name, neither) room as men wandered about the halls, drinking and talking with the girls. Some couples retired to the privacy of individual girl's bedrooms for private games of casino, monopoly and scrabble. In one room, we saw a game of strip chess in progress. A good time was had by all.

We asked one of the girls, a lithe and pert redhead, if she thought that Hotkiss represented a step forward in what has been called the Sexual Revolution of the Sixties. Jill (that's not her real name, but you'd never know, would you?) told us she didn't think so. She said that the girls living in Hotkiss were living the same way that secretaries, telephone operators, and professional models had been living for years. "The only difference is that we came to the university. They stopped with a high-school education. But nobody claims they're too young to run their own lives." We couldn't have put our own opinion any better.



Couples indulged in orgiastic games such as strip chess.

In fact, we find Hotkiss House to be one of the most enlightened establishments we've ever seen in our long association with institutions of higher education. We did see some instances of behavior that was perhaps a little too uninhibited. While we were sitting around getting smashed on the girls' rotgut, for example, a comely young thing named Beatrice (that is not her real name, really) actually strode into our presence clad only in a brief and revealing nightie (see photo). We were completely taken aback, at first, especially when she sat down on a nearby couch and crossed her curvaceous gams. Another shocking instance occurred somewhat later when Priscilla (?)



Rosalind, who picks up her men at the Student Union.

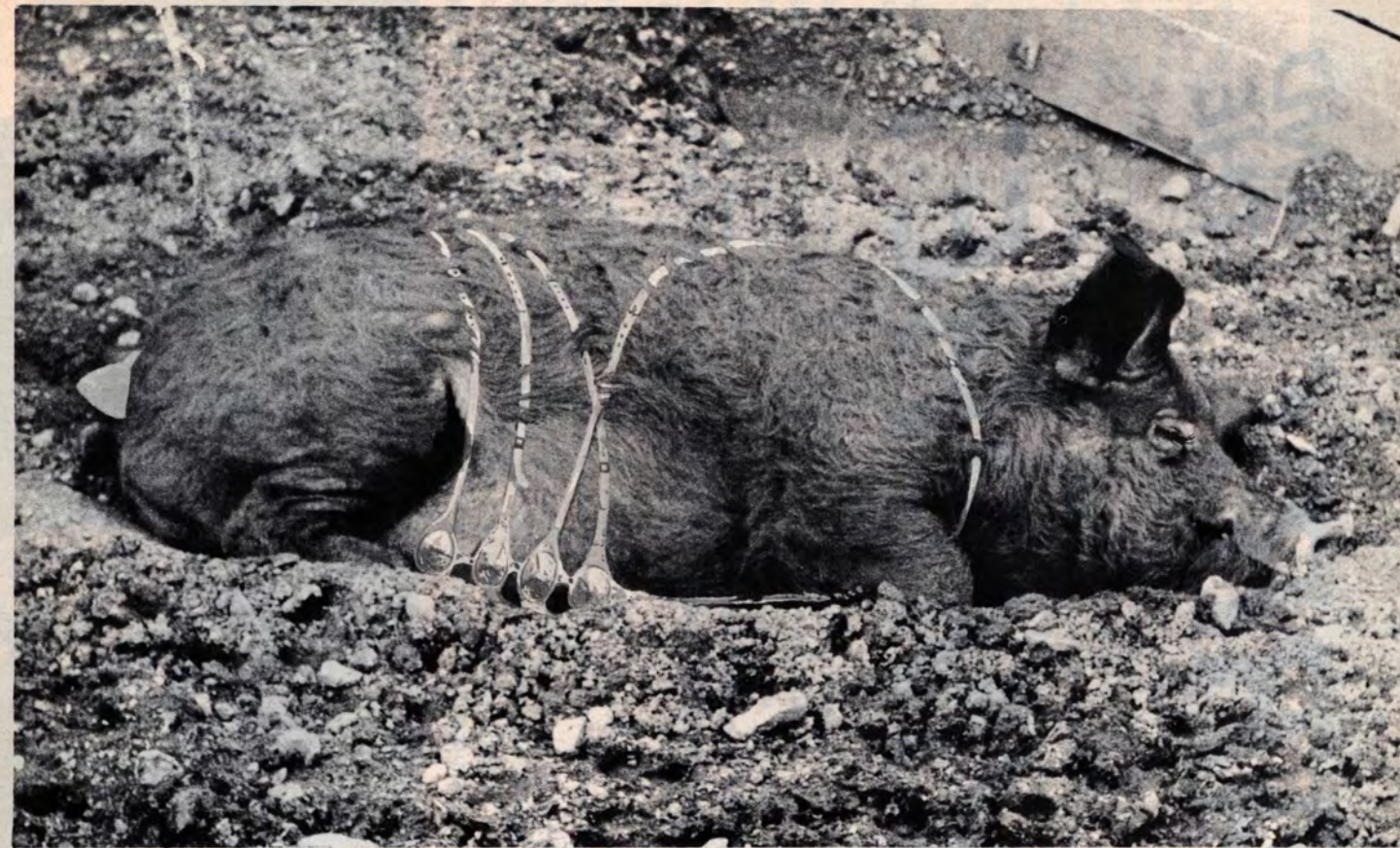
began to pare her toenails, right in front of us! But this sort of wild behavior is nothing when compared to the sort of thing that goes on nightly in suburbs and offices across the nation (see "Nympho Secretary Pool at Bell Telephone," *Groin*, August, 1963, or "The Great Felton Wife-Swap," *Groin*, June, 1959).

Someday, of course, the university will realize that the efforts of the campus cops to stop the nightly revelry at Hotkiss are merely punitive, and more restrictive measures are sure to come. And, eventually, they'll probably be forced to close the place down. But when that sad day comes, it will mark the passing of a great institution, the B-girls of Hotkiss!



Behind the thick veil of respectability these innocent-looking  
pigs have been raised in a way that is not only  
humane but also very profitable. The pig  
is a very intelligent animal and it is  
able to learn a great deal from its  
surroundings. It is a very curious  
animal and it will explore its  
environment with great interest.  
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can survive in a wide variety of  
climates. It is a very useful  
animal and it provides us with  
meat and leather. It is a very  
important part of our food supply.  
(S) William H. Miller

# GROIN'S *Cutie Pie* OF THE MONTH



Patricia lives in a sty at the Branner's place. She says that life on the Farm is a titillating experience. Patricia hangs around home, for the most part. She's just naturally homely, we guess. We asked Pat to tell us about herself. "Oink!" she said, with a sexy smile. Patricia, or "Trish" as her friends call her, measures a solid 40-40-40. She has the best figure at the Branner's. Her ideal man, said Trish, would be someone who didn't boar her. (Yes, that was a bad joke.) Trish takes Western Civ because it's required. In Western Civ Trish learned that the world was a harsh

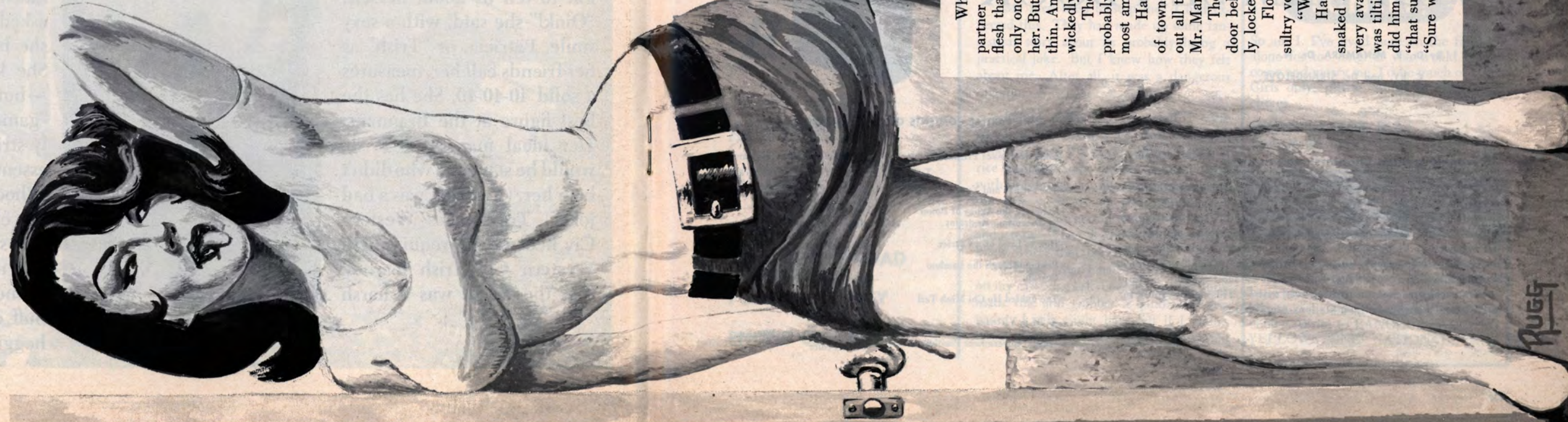


one. She learned that she was going to have to work hard until someday she might find herself her certain someone to bring home the bacon. (These jokes stink almost as much as Patricia.) When we asked Trish to pose for us, she blushed like a pink pig. She knew what we wanted—but she was game (get it? "game"? get it?), and quickly stripped down to her bare essentials—which isn't much. Whoever heard of a pig wearing clothes anyway? All we can say is that now that all you nerds living in the Wilburness have seen Pat in the buff, don't get any ideas about hogging her all to yourself!



BONUS  
FICTION

# HARRY AND THE NYMPHET



Harry's mind worked feverishly, trying to find some way to plank his nymphet niece. And then she fell right into his lap!

by Sam Pseudonym



When Harry first decided that his office needed a new secretary, he also knew who she was going to be. His partner in his private real estate business had a niece who wanted a summer job. And his niece was a piece of flesh that Harry just could not believe. Her name was Flora and she was nineteen years old. Harry had met her only once, but that was enough. Her lissome body had driven him wild. She had been wearing a parka when he saw her. But even in the parka, Harry could tell she had a pair of breasts the size of pineapples. Her waist was incredibly thin. And her stretch pants had revealed a marvelously curved posterior. When she walked, she flicked her hips wickedly. Harry liked that kind of a girl.

There were only two problems. Harry's wife, Marie, was already suspicious. And Harry's partner would probably never let Flora out of his sight. Harry thought and thought and thought. How could he manage the most amazing coup he'd ever attempted?

Harry's chance came one summer afternoon when Marie was on vacation and his business partner was out of town on business. Harry was alone with luscious little Flo. If he didn't take his chance now, he might miss out all together. Punching the button on his intercom, Harry called Flora into his office for some dictation. "Yes, Mr. Martin," her voice had said sweetly.

The minute she had opened the door, Harry knew she was his. She flashed a wicked smile as she closed the door behind her. Leaning back against the doorknob, she had simultaneously licked her cherry-red lips and deftly locked the door. "Wow," thought Harry, "she's more than I bargained for!"

Flora promptly crossed the room and sat on Harry's lap. "What's happening, big boy," she said in a very sultry voice.

"Well, Flora," said Harry, "I think it's time we had a little down to earth..."

Harry never finished what he was going to say. Her full ripe mouth crushed his own hot mouth and her hand snaked around his ample shoulders, while his right hand groped for a pineapple and his left hand grabbed a very available handle on his desk drawer. Not that Harry wanted to fondle his desk, but his executive desk chair was tilting back at a wild angle and he had to grab the desk drawer handle to keep from tipping. Lot of good it did him, though, for as it turned out, Harry and Flora and the chair went down in a heap. "Geez," said Flora, "that sure was some tumble we took there." Her body was pinioned by Harry's one hundred seventy pounds. "Sure was, baby," replied Harry, his mouth eagerly seeking her cute little ear. (continued on p. 69)

RUFF





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# BEER!

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GREAT WHITE QUEEN  
Continued from page 11

Not three days before, I had been sitting at my usual table in the Taiwan On, when one of my men delivered into my hands a top secret communication. I stared hard at the message:

Great white Queen of Quan Set kidnapped. Abductors believed to be VC terrorists working for the Hanoi Playboy Club. (would you believe...)

Intercept and Destroy enemy unit. Save and return Queen to Saigon Officer's Club. (P.O. Box 0001)

Hanoi Playboy Club... Would you believe... P.O. Box 0001. Certain features of this message were obviously conceived in a highly sophisticated code language, inscrutable to myself, of course, but absolutely necessary in assignments of such a confidential nature. They might strike the untrained eye as a crude attempt at humor on the part of District Command Headquarters, but nothing could be further from the truth. The truth was, this was no ordinary assignment. Few men had ever beheld the Great White Queen. I was one of them. Headquarters obviously knew how much she meant to me. That was why they had given me the task of bringing her back.

My men tried to stop me. I had expected this. They had made up some fantastical story about its probably being a practical joke. But I knew how they felt about me. After all, it was a dangerous mission.

Before dawn my jeep and I were speeding up Highway 14. Not far along, I spotted fresh VC tracks, off the road in a rice paddie. Some people confuse these with peasant tracks, but the expert can tell the difference.

Soon I was hot on the trail of the VC abductors. When I heard the screams, I knew where they had taken her.

I knew what I had to do. I snapped on my cartridge belt, checked out my automatic rifle and grabbed a handful of grenades. I still might have left if I hadn't heard the girl's sobbing pleas, and guessed



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### LONELY?

So am I. I've lived here on the farm all alone for too long. If you would like to come and marry me, I'd be much obliged. Girls only, please. Must be able to do chores.

MAYNARD HICK, Box 4 East Osage, Iowa

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UNLIMITED PORNOGRAPHERS GUILD BA-2

what those VC were doing to them. Maybe I was foolish, but it's not every day you get to see a Viet Cong torture lair. "Hell," the high-pitched screams seemed to say, "Where are you gonna find another show this good—not in Saigon." It was true. Out here you'd have to go a long way to beat it.

My military instincts told me to go to the nearest American base camp for men and air support. But my latest issue of *Groin* told me different. I gripped by 45 and crawled cautiously through the jungle undergrowth.

Suddenly a shot rang out. A slug whizzed through the tall grass and ripped into a rubber tree nearby. It was my 45.

I froze on my knees and listened. I was calm. I knew exactly what I was doing. Several minutes went by as I waited for someone to return my fire.

If I had known then of the incredible ordeal to follow, I would have abandoned the mission right there.

An angry voice broke the stillness. "Heyyy out dther! Vhats' all the hazerei?"

Two small men, wearing summer suits, popped out of the dense wall of the jungle. I jumped to my feet and, charging forward, had them quickly surrounded.

"All right, where did those screams come from," I demanded. They acted as if they didn't understand me, but I saw through their Oriental deception. "You'd better talk fast," I told them, "I don't have to take prisoners."

"So who's a prisoner, already?" the one on the right glared. "Ve're Tannenbaum and Shapiro, Tailors, Brooklyn, New York. Prisoners isn't our line. So what's your schtick, big man vith all the guns, and sweaty, too? 'Course, vith fabric and tailoring like that, what vould you expect?" A reply like that was not unusual in my experience. It was just a matter of giving it the right name.

"I'm Captain Canns, United States Army," I snapped back, "and you're under arrest as suspected VC."

"Funny, you don't look Vietnamese, Bernard." (you can tell a commie a mile off with a comment like that)

His friend answered, "Likewise, most certainly, Seymour." (two commies)

I knew they were lying, and sure enough, when I searched their suitcases, I discovered five pair of black pajamas!

I thrust the pajamas into their faces. "Ha," I snorted, "now I suppose you're going to tell me you've only been supplying Charlie with his black pajamas. You can't fool me. You are Charlie."

They had another story ready, even better than the first one. "Supplying? Ve're buying! Ve're starting a revolution in pajama design. Our new line of black pajamas, modeled after the famous guerilla suit, vill really be big this year. Of course, alterations vill have to be made—the kind of cuff the VC's running just von't sell. We'll try a continental cuff, shrinking in the lapels, fancy border, embroidered monogram—you know, give it some class, and of course, quality fabrics. By the vay, vhat do you do for sleep-wear, Mr. Canns?"

Before I could answer that I slept in my underwear like a real man, I felt a garrot go tight around my neck. As the other one tried to grab my arm, I turned and thrust my rifle, butt first, into the gut of the would-be strangler, knocking him to the ground. Stunned by the lightning speed of my blow, he looked up from his prone position and, still gripping the tape measure he had wielded against me, remarked: "I guess a '15' von't do."

I had had about all I could take of this confusion. What were they trying to do to me? It had to be more than making me a pair of pajamas. Then it came to me. In training, I had learned about the Viet Cong's special "thought reform teams,"

who operated back home in the guise of university professors, "liberal" senators, student demonstrators, advocates of free enterprise and less government control, members of minority groups, Jews, Negroes... but what were they doing here in Vietnam? Of course! They had been sent over to wipe me out before I could accomplish my mission.

"Your brainwashing days are over," I informed them. "I'm taking you in, but I have a mission to complete first. Any funny stuff and I'll wash your brains with a 45 slug. Move out!"

I had been wildly slicing and thrashing my way through the dense undergrowth for some time now—heedless of the noise I was making, heedless of the unending array of booby-traps, punji stakes, and snipers' bullets, those two Jewish tailors, and all the other diversions that lay in my path. As I dragged myself over some of the sweetest VC infested swampland in the Mekong Delta, even at the point of exhaustion, the thought of that girl kept me alive and moving. I was near a stream, at the base of a hill, when suddenly I came to an opening in the jungle foliage.

(continued on page 32)

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(continued from page 29)

Almost at once, my eyes fell upon an unmarked brown paper envelope, innocently perched on a rock in the center of the clearing. I rushed to the spot, thinking, of course, that the packet might contain top secret intelligence material. I ripped it open. A set of very unusual pictures, as it turned out, though not exactly what I had been looking for—I'd seen these before. I had gotten to the third of these "studies" when gunfire broke out all around me.

A VC trap! The Charlies had planted the pictures as bait! I dove behind the rock, taking the packet with me.

The shooting went on for several minutes. I riddled the jungle with bullets, and hurled grenades at everything in reach, but the enemy fire kept coming. Then, above the din of the raging battle, there came an ear-piercing shout:

"CUT!!"

The shooting ceased abruptly, and out of the jungle leaped a heavy-set man, dressed in a black beret, flowered shirt and Bermuda shorts—with a quirt like mine in his left hand.

"Tannenbaum" seemed to know the guy. "Abie, so how's by you? You're maybe shooting a film, a nice documentary?"

"Not a chance, Bernie. We're filming a var story, live. You have no idea about the expenses these days. So ve figured ... cut out the high price of union labor, set costs, temperamental actors by filming live. Ve'll splice, get a story out of it. So who'll know the difference. Ve'd have to be muschuga to do otherwise, vorse than buying retail! Say, who's the soldier?"

"That's Captain Canns, Special Forces." Tannenbaum nodded in my direction.

"Good, may be ve can use him. Mr. Canns, over here, please. Hurry up, ve haven't got all day. (*What was happening!*) Pick up that artillery piece. Charge the cameras. Hold it! Hold it! Could you move in a little faster, Canns, and let's have that gun up a little higher ... Marvin, would you get make-up in here—the sweat on his face, it's glaring in the cameras ... All right, let's have it again (*would I ever get to the VC torture lair*) ... No, no, no! Your blocking's all wrong. You're still not moving fast enough. I vant you to go over to that side. When you move in vith that anti-tank gun, you have to pause, look hard, fire—but not in time. As you leap over that rock, you almost make it, but not quite—your head is pierced by a bullet. Got it? Okay.

(continued on page 34)



Marmaduke Lipschitz, author of SUPER FUNG-KU, and world-famous authority on SUPER FUNG-KU, is the only SUPER FUNG-KU instructor in Milpitas recognized by the International SUPER FUNG-KU Federation in Manila. Spending seven years with the Huks in darkest Philippines, Lipschitz learned the ancient oriental ART of SUPER FUNG-KU thoroughly. In 1943, he was awarded the 13th degree orange belt. He now resides in a wheel chair in his home on Orchard Avenue.

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(continued from page 32)

Okay nothing! The brainwashing had failed, so now I was in line for a bullet! They were headed back for their firing positions. Before they could disappear into the jungle, though, I opened up on them with my automatic. I sprayed the clearing with bullets, but somehow they got by my barrage, and gripping my arms, they dragged me to the far side of the clearing. "Mr. Canns, you think I'm out here for my health. Let's get the timing right this time."

"Just a God-damned minute!" I demanded. "Who the hell are you."

"Kaplan, Kaplan the Director. Take Two! Shoot!"

"Kaplan" disappeared from the clearing, and I was again being fired on from all sides. I leaped behind the rock, just dodging the bullet aimed for my head.

Again, "CUT" rang through the clearing.

"Look, Chickeebaby, var is just not your schtick. That bullet missed you by a full two inches. Your timing is all wrong. I'm afraid ve can't use you, sweetheart. That's all for this scene. What a waste. See yuh, Bernie. Ve've gotta be on location for 'Napalm in the Sunset' in three hours."

The hard core brainwashing expert does not give up easily. He will go to any

lengths to throw his victim into a state of hyperconfusion, after which he proceeds to break down the subject's authority and self-respect. They would have liked nothing better than for me to take them in—and make a fool out of myself. I decided to leave them here, but they weren't going to get away without telling me where the Great White Queen was. I grabbed Kaplan by his spongy arm. He decided to talk.

"Ooooh, you mean G.W.Q.—what a girl, yeeeahh. Ve just finished shooting the vildest sequence vith her this morning. Unfortunately, the censors vill probably dump half of it, but vill have a ball in the cutting room. I'll give the scraps to my son—he'll be the fraternity here."

"The girl, the girl," I rasped, "Where is she.?"

"She's up at the village, already."

Before the "already" had died in my ears, I was charging up the trail, my objective only minutes away.

I peered through a clump of bushes at a group of neatly laid-out huts. It occurred to me that they might be waiting for me. I'd get the drop on them quickly enough. I crept stealthily forward until I had reached the clay wall of the first dwelling.

With no mean effort, I rammed the muzzle of my machine gun through the wall, and

shouted, "I'm giving you the count of ten to get out of there." Suddenly I heard voices on the other side of the wall.

"Keep down, Doc, Miss Kitty—Mr. Dillon's gonna circle around and we'll pin him in a cross fire in front."

"Keep quiet Chester. He'll hear you."

Facing insurmountable odds, I extracted my piece from the wall of the hut, kicked in the door, and drew a bead on . . . a small woman perched before her television set?!! "All right, Miss Kitty, where's Doc and Chester," I demanded.

The only reply I got was: "Quiet, please, the Marshal is sneaking up on Black Jake. Say, what are you doing, interrupting my 'Gunsmoke' re-runs. 'Combat' isn't on 'til 7:30."

Then she started up just like the other three. I could tell she had been trained in the same school of brainwashing.

"Look at you, running around the jungle like some kind of a roughneck. We had kids like you in our neighborhood back home—real troublemakers, real goniffs. And listen, you don't know how disappointed I'll be in you if you pull that trigger. Why don't you calm down, wash up and have a nice, hot bowl of chicken soup. And young man, you can march over and repair that door and put that clay

back in the wall where it belongs. (Would this ever stop?) Hey, do you expect to grow a potato patch behind your ears and oi vei, those fingernails! On second thought, wash up before you come into my house."

As I turned to leave, I spotted a platoon of VC marching upstream. I ran around to the other side of the hut, and braced my automatic rifle against the wall. Man, was I going to fry these fish!

Suddenly, a hand clamped around my rifle barrel, yanking the gun from my grip. It was that old lady again, erupting with another verbal barrage.

"This kind of carrying on, I'm not having in my town. If you want to be a roughneck, you better go back to swinging in the trees. They were just like you before, always playing it tough. Now, we're doing a roaring souvenir business and I'm not going to have you disrupting the trade. But listen, 'Ruth Fefflemann Enterprises' needs an extra salesman. If you reformed yourself, perhaps we could make a deal. Of course at first, you'd be working on a straight percentage basis, but if you established yourself with the VC. . . ."

I couldn't take any more of this. "Listen, Mrs. Fefflemann," I pleaded. "Just tell me where the Great White Queen of Quan Set is, and I'll leave."

Her words were music to my ears.

"This is Quan Set. She lives down the street."

That was all I needed to know. I started off down the street, but Mrs. Fefflemann was bent on barring me from my object: "A real chorus girl, that one. But my niece, cultured, plays the violin. A lovely girl. She'd make any boy. . . ."

I hurled the white picket fence and smashed in the door of another cottage. The light was dim, but from the threshold, I could make out the generous outlines of her feminine form, reclining full-length on a cot at the far end of the hut. As I approached, she looked towards me—her eyes dilated with feverish excitement.

"Oh, you come in here with your big, beautiful body," she purred.

I could see how those native boys wouldn't satisfy her. I drew off my clothes. Her urgent pleas begged fulfillment.

"Hurry up, baby," she moaned, as I moved to embrace her.

Her long, platinum blonde hair fell over the front of her pink negligee. Beneath the silky transparent peignoir, I could

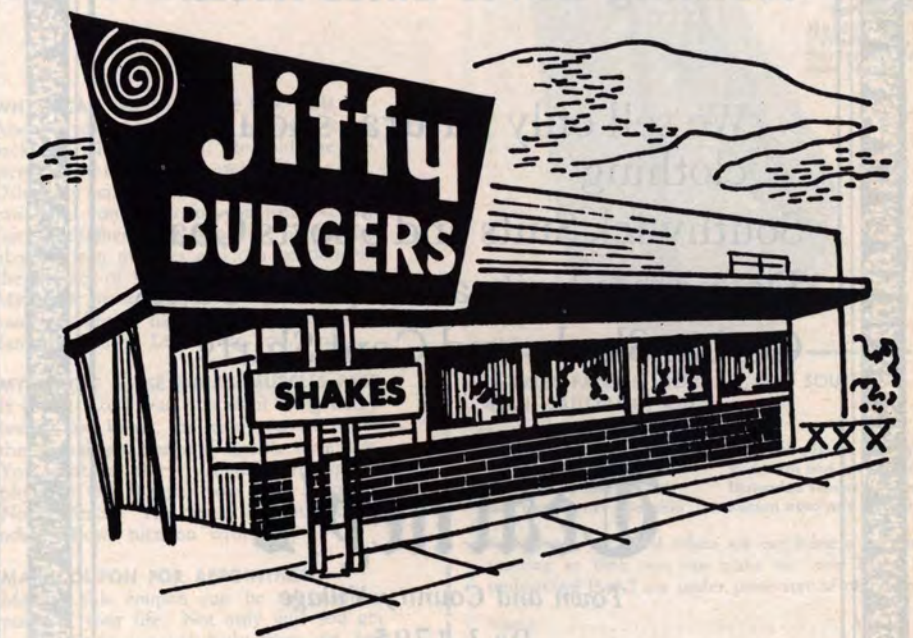


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see every movement of her ... COMBAT FATIGUES!!! Instantly, I reached for my rifle. Thrusting the bayonet forward, I pushed aside the peignoir and uncovered the name—Harvey Fensterpoque! "Are you the Great White Queen of Quan Set?"

"Jeess, sweets, iss the Pope Catholic?" Obviously, the situation required delicate handling. I leapt back and roared, "What do you think you're doing, soldier? This is a MAN'S ARMY!"

"I know, I know!!" was the eager reply.

"All right, soldier, can it! (I would try a more stern approach) Snap to and take off that God-awful wig. And while you're at it, wipe that make-up off your face. You're on report."

"Oh, don't be such a ssavage, the party's just beginning."

My bayonet repulsed his advance.

"Oh well, you're just like all the rest," he sighed, "probably chasing that girl, the one that always hangs out at Ruth's."

I bolted from the hut, and rushed back to Mrs. Feflemann's. Peering through a window, I saw the two tailors, the movie director, Mrs. Feflemann and it had to be, it could only be, the Great White Queen. I threw open the door and trained my gun on her captors. They looked terrified.

"A naked man," the two women shrieked and fainted.

"Where? Where? I'll get the God-damned pervert! But, I could see no one in the room but the three other men, fully dressed.

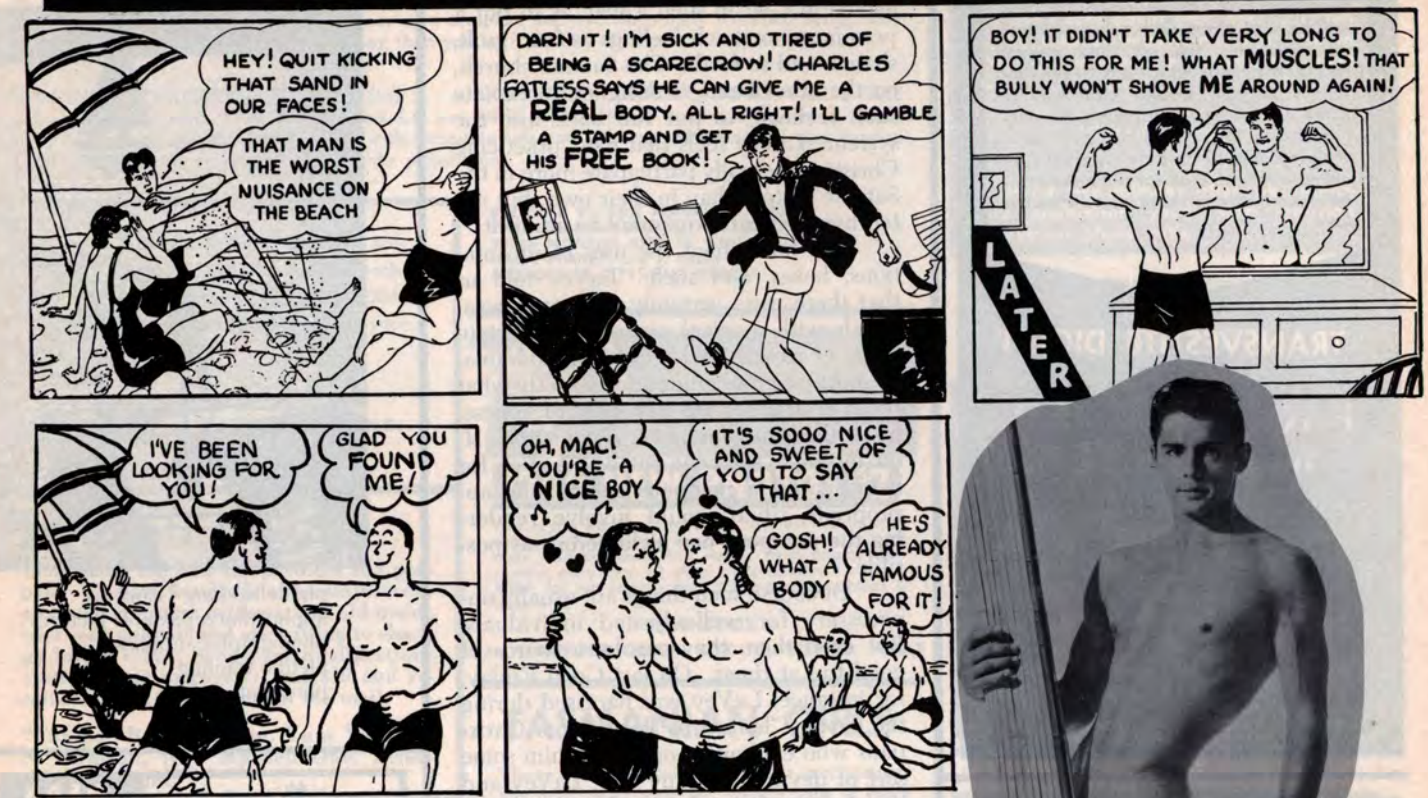
Kaplan addressed me sarcastically, "Don't look now, Nature Boy..."

Shapiro chimed in, "Maybe he's hinting for a summer suit?"

Under the circumstances, I had no choice but to accept his offer.

Well, with fabrics and tailoring like that, with such beautiful garments, who could ever go back to fatigues? Say, listen, Manic, Kling, tell your readers, if it's a good suit they want, Shapiro, Tannenbaum and Kanz of Brooklyn will give them 20% off.

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### THE SECRET OF HOW I MADE MY MUSCLES

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. I'd pack and stuff my clothes with all kinds of padding. But taking a shower in gym class with all your clothes on is almost as embarrassing as revealing a meagre body to all the guys. Then one day, as I gazed disdainfully at my thin wrists and puny biceps, I said to myself, "Gee, I thure with I had big muthcles." Suddenly my fairy godfather flew in the window. As I gaped at him in astonishment, he suddenly reached out and gently tapped my shoulder with his magic purse. Immediately I was transformed into a person with the kind of Greek God body I'd always dreamed about. "But why," I asked him, "why all this for me?" "Oh," he replied, "you're thuch a good boy!" And off he flew.

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About a year ago, my fairy godfather came back to visit me again. He told me the secret of his magic purse and made me one. Using my scientific magic purse method, I can build your body for you just like my fairy godfather built mine. It only takes about fifteen minutes and can be done in the privacy of your own pad. My magic purse has turned over five thousand weaklings like you into men with fantastic builds. Let it help you, too!

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## ANTON LA VEY

Continued from page 15

giance to God in such a way as to put a premium on such feelings as fear, guilt, shame, and so forth. The Satanic church, on the other hand, is designed to expiate such feelings, to put fun back into the system. LaVey feels that most practicing Christians actually participate more in the Satanic system than in their own, but are too hypocritical or ignorant to admit it.

But how about the uses of incantations, hexes, and such? LaVey told us that there were certainly not any special rituals with magical powers; but certain kinds of rituals could, like psychodrama, be most psychotherapeutic. Exactly what ritual is appropriate depends, of course, upon the situation being dealt with. If, for instance, someone came to LaVey for help against a pompous enemy, the appropriate ritual would involve rendering the pompous one as ludicrous as possible.

Of course such things are usually unnecessary for well-adjusted individuals. But even then, they can be a source of good fun at times. On last Good Friday, for instance, LaVey was harassed during the day by "hate calls" from super-Christians who evidently considered him some sort of devil . . . At any rate, LaVey and his circle performed a retributory parody of the Crucifixion in the evening and they all had a good time delivering this symbolic retort to their vehement critics. (Christ's role, by the way, was taken by a man who formerly had been an advisor to Billy Graham . . .) Of course they kept the ritual private and subdued. "We were going to whip him around the block," grinned LaVey, "except we thought the neighbors might get a bit upset."

LaVey's interest in the occult extends beyond the kind of "religious psychotherapy" we've just described, however, and he is a member of an international secret organization of sorcerers. He could not reveal the name of the organization to us, of course, since we weren't affiliates. The group is organized around the study and practice of "black magic" (as opposed to the "white magic" of ordinary churches.) Advocates of the occult also go in for such things as the study of levitation, teleportation, and extra-sensory perception, among other things. LaVey himself believes that human psychic powers are little understood, that instances of mental "miracles" deserve further investigation. He believes that untapped psychic forces have great potential. Members of his circle have told him that they have seen "blue sparks" surrounding him when he is in the midst of a ritual. LaVey himself tends to discount this, though he does not find it particularly unsettling or surprising. It could be a very natural out-

(continued on page 44)

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If you are lonesome, it may be useful to ask yourself why people shun you like some sort of two-legged tumor. Think a moment. Does your face look like a relief map of the Andes Mountains? Are you fat or skinny? Deformed? Are you suffering from mind rot? Or are you just absolutely revolting? Tell us about it. Don't hand us a bunch of B.S. We know you're ruined or you wouldn't be writing us. We happen to be in the comic book business and if you are as reamed, seamed, and creamed as we suspect, you'll make good copy. HAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! —M. deSade, 32 Bugger Pl., Pollution, Ky.

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# Is Your English Holding You Back?

You can soon speak and write perhaps like a good college graduate should however if you let me help you and assist you for just one minute a day, depending on the number of days you are willing to pay me to.

## LET'S BE FRANK

If you have ever been ashamed of your colloquial low class speech I can save you from years of disappointment. You see, none of each of us can get farther then his ability to speak and write good english like me.

I have met countless people who are being held back in their jobs and social lives without knowing it because they couldn't speak or talk good.

## What about You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good english? Just ask yourself these questions:

Do you ever have trouble reading the labels on the candy bars in your lunch box? Do you often get confused in the liquor store? Even with all you have to offer do you still get held back from that important promotion because you still can't read the numbers on your wrenches and have to ask for "a big one" sometime? Can you read this advertisement?

## Be honest with yourself

If people laugh at you when you try your best to explain in good english that you grow the best coffee beans from the sunniest hills—or if they shrug and walk away when you try and get acquainted with them in the bar perhaps your english is at fault. Admit it—that letter you sent LBJ telling him where he could stick this country wasn't answered because you can't write good.

## The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good english *without going back to school*. Over the years (for a small sum) I have helped thousands of

men and women stop making embarrassing mistakes in english, increase their number of words they know, become loved and liked by all, grow a new head of hair, and make millions of dollars, right in their own homes.

## Here's What to do

I can help you too if you will give me money and one minute of your day so you can master good english. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly you can stop being ashamed of your poor english.

**Question:** Why are I supposed to care if I can talk or write good?

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. You can't get ahead in this world if you don't know how to speak or write good. Think how much better off you will be if you, through the wonderful power of glib speech and masterful writing can con your way to a fortune like I'm doing.

**Question:** What does "glib speech" mean?

**Answer:** It means you can sell that fifty-two Hudson you are still making payments on to the friendly Mexican family next door for fifty dollars down and fifty a month for the next five years.

**Question:** Wouldn't I have to go back to school to learn good english.

**Answer:** No, not any more. This is a myth propagated upon you by the commie pinkos who teach in our schools. Keep away from school. You can learn how to read and talk good by sending your money to me—I will teach you everything you need to know in only one minute of each day.

**Question:** What can I do about the commies in the schools?

**Answer:** First you take my easy course in english. If you ever finish that enroll in my course in getting a high school diploma at home. When you finish that enroll in my course in home electronics. Perhaps when you have finished them (if you ever do) you may be allowed to teach at Stanford.

**Question:** How do I know your course works?

**Answer:** There are thousands of letters in my files from people of all walks of life who I have helped. Send your coupon in along with five dollars mailing and handling fee and I will send you the names of some of these people.

**Question:** Are there other advantages to be obtained from a command of good english?

**Answer:** Yes! The more long words you know the more you can impress your friends.

**Question:** How long will it take me to learn to speak and talk like a college graduate?

**Answer:** In some cases people only take a few months to learn good english. Others never do. It is up to you to set your own pace, though I don't recommend more than two minutes a day. However, for a slightly larger sum I can get you a special accelerated program which will show you quick results. I have a whole file of quick results, which you may obtain if you are interested.

**Question:** Where shall I send my money to learn how to read and write good?

**Answer:** Mail your checks and money to me, Don Blunderer, c/o Chaparrel office, Stork Publications Bldg., Stanford U.



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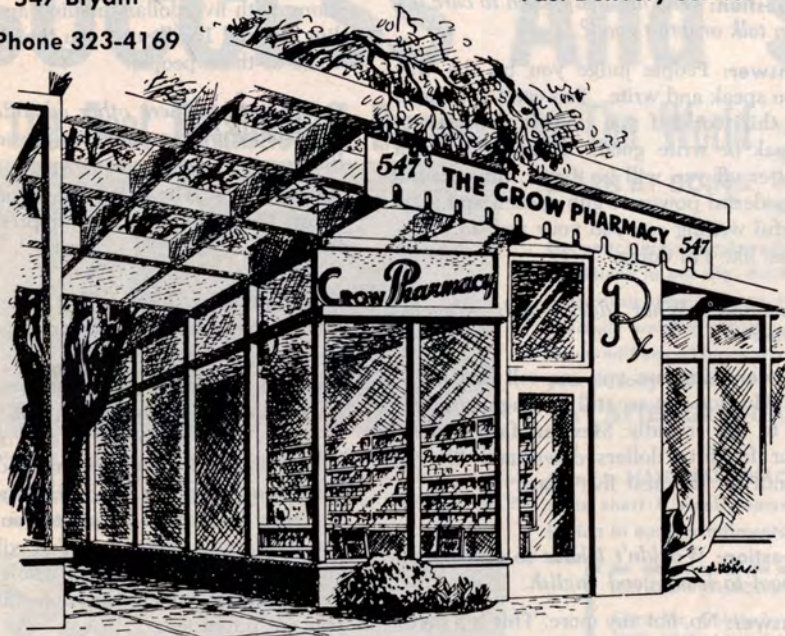
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(continued from page 38)

come of great emotional states experienced in a certain type of environment. The environment, LaVey said, is crucial to good witchery. This, he said, may be why "scientific" experiments involving certain controls and in clinical settings usually fail to produce "evidence" of psychic feats such as ESP and teleportation. What is needed is an environment that includes "glamor." Glamor has been associated with witchcraft since the Middle Ages. Witches are not supposed to be ugly, according to LaVey. In his work he has come across many women who claim to be witches, many of them very ugly, too. They just don't measure up to LaVey's standards.

Music is sometimes an important part of the proper setting. Just as Gregorian chants are used with good effect in "white magic" churches, LaVey feels that Ravel's "Bolero" is great for sabbats.

We asked LaVey if he'd used any hexes lately, and what they were like. He replied that he had put various curses on Proposition 16 (the anti-pornography measure on last November's ballot), evidently with satisfactory results. He'd also used a little "magic" to get out of a contract he'd signed with a San Francisco night club that had hired him to liven up the place in the face of general North Beach financial troubles. LaVey had attempted to produce a night club act with a macabre atmosphere. Unfortunately, he was not given the kind of support he needed for a successful business venture. He couldn't keep the bartenders in their white "alchemist's smocks," the waitresses took off their devil's horns and put their pink ribbons back on, and a series of ghoulish wall paintings failed to materialize as LaVey had wanted them. Furthermore, the shows LaVey produced weren't played according to his specifications. The three-piece rock band (which had a miserable dearth of numbers it could play) would break into a hill-billy tune just when things on the stage began to get really strange.

LaVey's position in the ranks of sorcerers is a respectable one. He is permitted to use certain mystical ikons in his rituals that are jealously guarded in occult circles. Among these is the infamous "Crystal Skull," a life-size skull carved out of white quartz that was found in an Aztec temple in British Honduras. It had evidently been used by the Aztecs for their own black magic rituals, since it was housed in an obsidian niche. LaVey has come into contact with many such artifacts: "hands of glory" (hands cut off hanging felons), the Russian ikon called the "Virgin of Kazan," and various shrunken heads.

Perhaps we have in Anton Szandor LaVey a candidate for Stanford's \$400,000 unfilled chair for the study of parapsychology!

## I FOUND THE ACAPULCO GOLD

Continued from page 17

I flicked on my flashlight and was overcome by primitive etchings which had obviously been scratched in the darkness of centuries ago: "Josephina loves Miguel," and queer drawings, seemingly a hand with the third finger raised above the others. Pedro recognized that I was visibly impressed.

"Feelthy pictures, Patron?"

I had no choice but to cuff him again, for his insolence.

"Ten pesos, and not a centavo more," I rebuffed, just to keep him quiet.

It was soon after entering that we encountered our first danger. Pedro and I had been inching along the right side of the tunnel. Somehow sensing danger, I instructed Pedro to walk ahead of me. He suddenly slipped, grabbed on to me, and almost pulled me with him.

"Get your hands off me, you're ruffling my Abercrombie and Fitch Afrikaner Coat."

"Sorry, boss, but I almost fell 400 feet."

I shined my flashlight into the abyss, and indeed it was true.

"Clever thinking, Pedro." I was secretly tiring of his pathetic excuses.

Behind us we heard a noise. Pedro and I froze, scarcely breathing. I told Pedro not to breathe, but these savages have a silly way of ignoring everything you say. The footsteps drew closer, and, all of a sudden, out of the black into the black emerged lovely Rita, sultry like a Siamese cat, savage like a she-bitch lioness hunting her prey.

"Rita," I whispered, "Why have you come here?"

"I cannot live without you, bambino," she mouthed.

"Follow the script," I breathed as I kissed her heaving, exciting ear.

It was now obvious that we couldn't turn back. Rita had to go with us, come hell or high water. Pedro got out the map and located us.

"According to this map, we are but 31 feet from the great treasure."

My heart leaped with joy. I was 31 feet from becoming the world's richest man.

"You lead me to that gold, Pedro, and I'll see that your *Groin* subscription is renewed."



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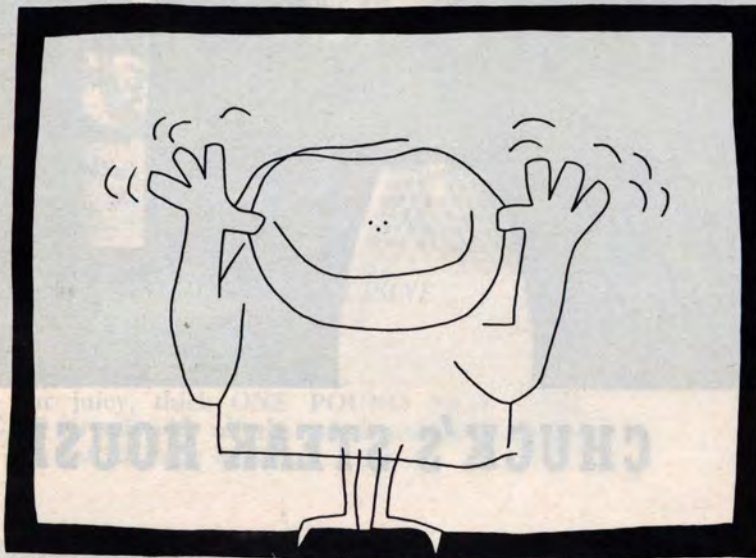
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As we rounded the next turn, something happened that I thought was going to spell the end for all our adventures. Inadvertently we stumbled upon a smoky den of dark-skinned natives dressed in beads, wild-colored dress, and adorned with woolly beards, seated in a circle. They were participating in a ritual that convinced me that these were truly the last of the famed ancient Aztecs. Pedro translated their entrancing dialogue:

"Pass the pipe."  
"Watch out for the tin foil."  
"Is this hash?"  
"No, gold, and keep it down."

I wheeled on Pedro and asked what they meant by "Gold." He said nothing, but beckoned that I follow him to the treasure. My mind was at a halt; how were we to elude the savage headhunters? Thoughts raced, and I hit upon a conclusion that would not only save Pedro and myself, but secure the gold as well. Our only hope was to offer Rita as a sacrifice.

It was with tears in my eyes that we passed Rita into the hands of the Aztecs. In return, they offered us a brownish-black substance that Pedro warned me to ignore. I soon consoled myself—after all, she never would have returned to Pedro, and the fellows at the Club would simply not have tolerated her. As Pedro and I rounded the last curve of the tunnel into the treasure room, I said a silent goodbye to her, never expecting to see her again.

The room was filled with the same brownish-black substance that one of the Aztecs had offered to me in exchange for Rita. I was crestfallen.

"What's the meaning of this, Pedro, old kimosave? Talk fast."

"Why boss, you wanted gold, didn't you?"

"But Pedro, this is hardly gold."

"Sure it is, boss, Acapulco gold. What do you want for the few lousy pesos a day you pay me?"

"Then, it's all a lie? What they said about the gold?"

"No, not entirely, boss. Have a puff."

(That was the start of an adventure which will fill yet another issue of *Groin*. —ed.)

I did see Rita once again, though, and I shall never forget the guilt which I felt about having been responsible for her sorry condition.

She and I met in Cuernavaca, and the story she told me is yet another adventure which will fill the pages of *Groin*. But let me only tell you that the headhunters released her to buy matches one day, and she has never been the same since.

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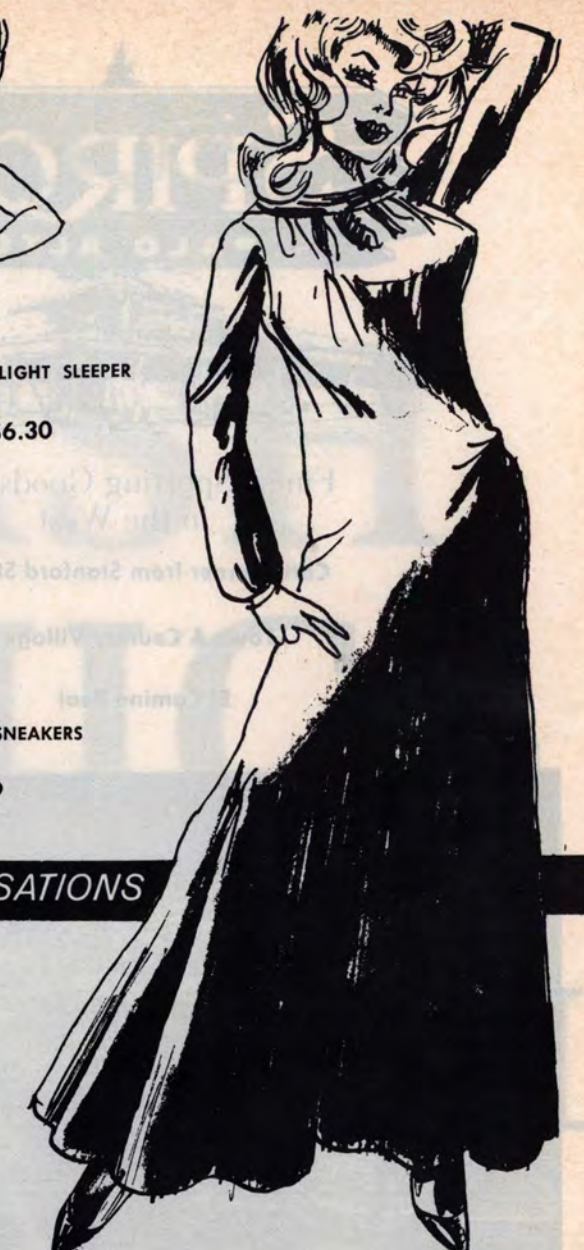
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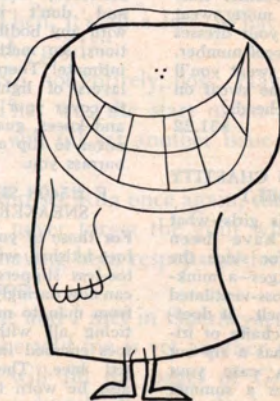
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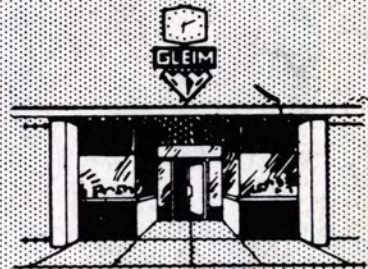
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