MY OWN MAG

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featuring

Margarine Group
Ansell Hollo
Ray Gosling
Kith Huagrove
Perfume Jack
Auntie Wendy
etc etc etc

0 etc
Bacon & Raisins

by Margarine Group

Our fission staff pissed a pleasant festered season at the c-country home of "Randy Fried" Pelvis, the retired singer, who was celebrating the publication of his memoirs entitled Sixty Possibilities in a Closed N.C. "Present at the seasonal splat-tering was the miasmous barb Hastapha Bogus who entered armed us peacelessly with repeated anal dissertations on "How to make a Curly Cossack Bepinette in Five (very)Easy Recipes."
The juggle of the ball occurred when the entire staff of "Private Rowe" arrived in a rose-bewrecked, self-propelled sash-tube, spilled in through every aver-tunity and hopulated violely on the whore waving Britsh hags the while and farting pretty minims out on the crisp air (ch assay and onion.) The walk-on drew to a none with the ritual churling of the Pule Boggs ver a sloc fire by hop-henry rub -bereld ball girls. "O-h,"cried he with nas 1 splendour, "Oxion will get you for this."
Our picture overleaf de-picks the wedding of Angora Tamp-on-Pip to Henry four-Warmerskin. The ride swore blue organs and a posse of leather roses.
POSITIONS VACANT.


Occupantess, Ring Dr. Frankenstein, W 19 0000. Please ask.

Aging statesman, very extinguished, requires female companion, 9-13 yrs. Send photograph Box 0000.

Skilled engineer wanted to connect pneumatic drill to dentist's chair.

HIG TITT.


Noble family urgently requires photographer.

Vivascutist required. Apply Koda Bear House, Whipnade.

Private Tutor wanted for debutante. Must be proficient with abacus, alphabet, whirling douche, and knitting needle.

THE REGULAR ARMY NEEDS YOU. Apply NAAFI Mobile Sexual Relief Unit, Aldershot.

Wanted. Male companion. Send measurement.

PERSONAL.

Long John Silver says Blue Lagoon gone dry.

Tell Wecker Bingo only answer now. Oohly calling. Hope to be released in time for Aldershot.

Log限ts okay but why white? HELP! I can walk again.

improve your tango with BUMMY GUM.
from H.B. ANSELM HOLLO

In the Rain of Time
Smoking a pipe /
talking to cobblerls /
failing in love /
getting lost in the fog /
weeping /
smoking a pipe writing a poem on
falling in love
on getting lost in the fog /
weeping / tearing it up
smoking a pipe /
writing another /
failing in love again / while
fucking another /
smoking a pipe / talking to painters /
talking to them / while fucking / &
smoking a pipe thus
inventing Cubism /
listening to gargoyles / clochards
& the bells in your head
as they open your head / to remove
a War /
failing madly in love / with a
redhead /
fucking madly in bed /
your brain comes loose in your head
the pipe still smoking
poor Guillaume lies dead

from H.B. KEITH INSGROVE

For Stan
Men I know
Died once
They wouldn't
Let him in,
Slammed the
Door
And ate his brain

--he don't
look so good
but fits anyhow.
from H.B. RAY GOSLING.

and I am a child, just a child walking along the quayside. There's a taxi coming towards me, very fast with its headlights full on yet it's daylight. I move to the side of the road. Hear a truck coming behind me and all of a sudden I'm on that truck, a B.R., articulated truck with a sub machine gun in my hand past Proctor & Gamble, Thomas Hedley's wharehouse. I let fly with the gun into all those big wholesale Green Shield stamped gigant size packets of Deo and Tide and Surf and there is foam everywhere everywhere foam. The bystanders they'll never catch you and you're sunny and spring with a nice in the air and I feel fabulcious great great great, feel the sweat wrinkling the after-shave and there is a clutter of children playing football on a waste patch I see my brother Johnny you come up here he says: I have to think of my wife end kids. You don't know what it's like having kids. The love you can have for them. To think that your spunk did that - Ah Johnny you beat him and I shoot him down and the rest of the children. There are old women screaming and there is the waw, how, of the police and the fire engines and still the truck carries on up past the town hall to the Gray Memorial and there on the Grey Memorial stands the Lord Mayor in his full regalia and he presses a button and the sparkler he holds in his hand lights up and titters and a rocket comes down from the sky and he smiles and a voice says Dominus Vobscum and the guard "Marble Arch: All change: Marble Arch: We go no further."

from H.B. AUNTIE WENDY

Kitty at Keep-Away Farm.

Young Kitty Hunter, disfiguring hair removed from face, arms, legs, is spending a year on her Uncle Joe's Smanda Stretch Medicated Protection Sheets. 7/6 post free, known as Keep-Away Farm because you can now destroy all superfluous hair on Upper. She meets friends with Heather Foster, the gold or silver CRIABLE ERA daughter of LIP, CHIN, ARMS & LEGS by a Unique Treatment with a neighboring farmer, only to discover that this is and has a penetrative action lifting out the actual roots between the Hunters and the Fosters caused by the shooting of Lasting Results. Our process will leave your skin attractive. Because of this, they are forbidden to meet but secretly they continue, free from disfiguring HAIR. Hundreds of Uncle Joe's, so breathtakingly exotic that Cleopatra would have been their first customer, send Kitty to stay with unsolicited testimonials from delighted users of all ages. She secretly follows LUST FOR LIVING by JOHN B. LUST through a tunnel which explains the full story of superfluous hair. Troubles lead to the cellar of Keep-Away Farm, where they vainly search for Crescent pre-shaped cups completely covered in glittering Gold or Silver thread. Peggy Smith knocks some INTESTINAL FITNESS by C.L. THOMSON over and, when they rush off, Kitty scoops fullest cleavage, deepest plunge, without covering, lying on the floor and picks it up just as lightly wired under cups for perfect control. Uncle Joe appears behind her.

NOW READ ON!
Perfume Jack

The Story So Far:

Perfume Jack is instructed by his chief to find the missing criminal Mr. Marvel who has only recently been released from Sing-Sing. P.J.'s first port of call is the apartment of faceless molly called Sister Ectony who informs him that Mr. Marvel had a plastic facelift whilst in Sing-Sing and can only now be recognised by truly committed criminals. P.J.'s Federal badge makes his task impossible. NOW READ ON!

BUT — AS PERFUME LEAVES THE APARTMENT HOUSE —

_DIRTY_ COUPS DON'T FIND MR MARVEL

I'D DO ANYTHIN' AGAINST DAT TRAMP UPSTAIRS — I WANNA WARN YA MR. MR MARVEL'S BEST FRIENDS ARE SUCCOFAC'T N' HIM UNDER A MATRESS IN BLINDWORM'S PLACE SICK BAY.

SICK BAY

THE MIS

HARRY MARVEL

THE MATRO SHOW

ONE DIME SIR