



# ask the sexpistol

This column is usually written by Premature Parenthood, 121 E. 62nd Ave., phone 345-8900. But this week the sexpistol is sick, and University vice president Ray Halk has agreed to hand out advice to sexually frustrated students stupid enough to write in.

I'm a single junior. And though I'm 20, I can't seem to

achieve orgasm through masturbation. Try and try as I might, I am unable to climax. And believe me, I try. I have no problem reaching orgasm with my boyfriend, however. Do you think there is something wrong with me?

Yes! You are in dire need of assistance! I suggest you run, not walk, to your clergyman and ask him to pray with you. Young

lady, chastity is the most prized object you can own. Do you think any self-respecting man will marry a girl who is not a virgin? And I am surprised at you. What kind of woman are you? Doing THAT! If you were my daughter, you'd get a regular whipping!

Can a man give another man gonorrhea through oral sex,

like, I mean, if they're homosexuals?

How would I know? You think I'm a pervert?

What are blue balls? And how does a guy get them?

They are most often used for playing racquetball, but are also used for handball. They come in an airtight canister, and are extremely squishy. I've found the

best place to get them is in the P.E. department when no one is looking. If you can afford to buy some, you can find them at almost any sporting goods store. They're probably cheaper at Bi-Mart.

I'm having a problem with my husband. He can only reach sexual satisfaction if I tie him to the bed with coat hangers, rub his body with insecticide, beat him with a rubber hose, stuff his mouth and other orifices with dirty sweat socks, and let our St. Bernard urinate on his body. Then he has me lick him clean. Do you think this is abnormal sexual behavior?

No, not really.

I never thought I'd be writing to the sexpistol — at least not until I met Roxanne. I think I now have a tale worthy of sharing with your readers.

I'm a University geology student doing field work near Mount St. Helens. We were doing some rather mundane geologic experiments, and thinking about that evening when we'd get to go into town and mix it up with some of the University of Washington coeds who also were here in the red zone doing geology work.

Well, we were washing down some jo-jos with some brews when into the bar walks the most beautiful woman I ever laid eyes on. She had formations that would rival my other love — St. Helens. Well, she sat beside me, and I bought her a beer. It wasn't long until we were in my jeep cruising up the road to a favorite little place of mine near the volcano.

Well, I carefully laid out a blanket and began looking at her mountains. She commented on my stalagmite. Soon we were probing each other's crevices with whatever devices we could. I was measuring the heat of her magma with my probe. It wasn't long before I felt my lava beginning to flow, and I erupted fireworks in the sky.

Then Roxanne said she felt the earth move. I screamed. The earth moved again, and I suddenly realized the volcano was exploding. Needless to say, we retired to a safer location and continued our explosive relationship. What a blast!

Oh, dear.

## Legislator tells paper to fuck off

SALEM — State Rep. Max Lichen, I-Nowhere, berated the Immorald on the floor of the Legislature Tuesday, taking issue with columnist Greg Flotsam's choice of language in a recent article.

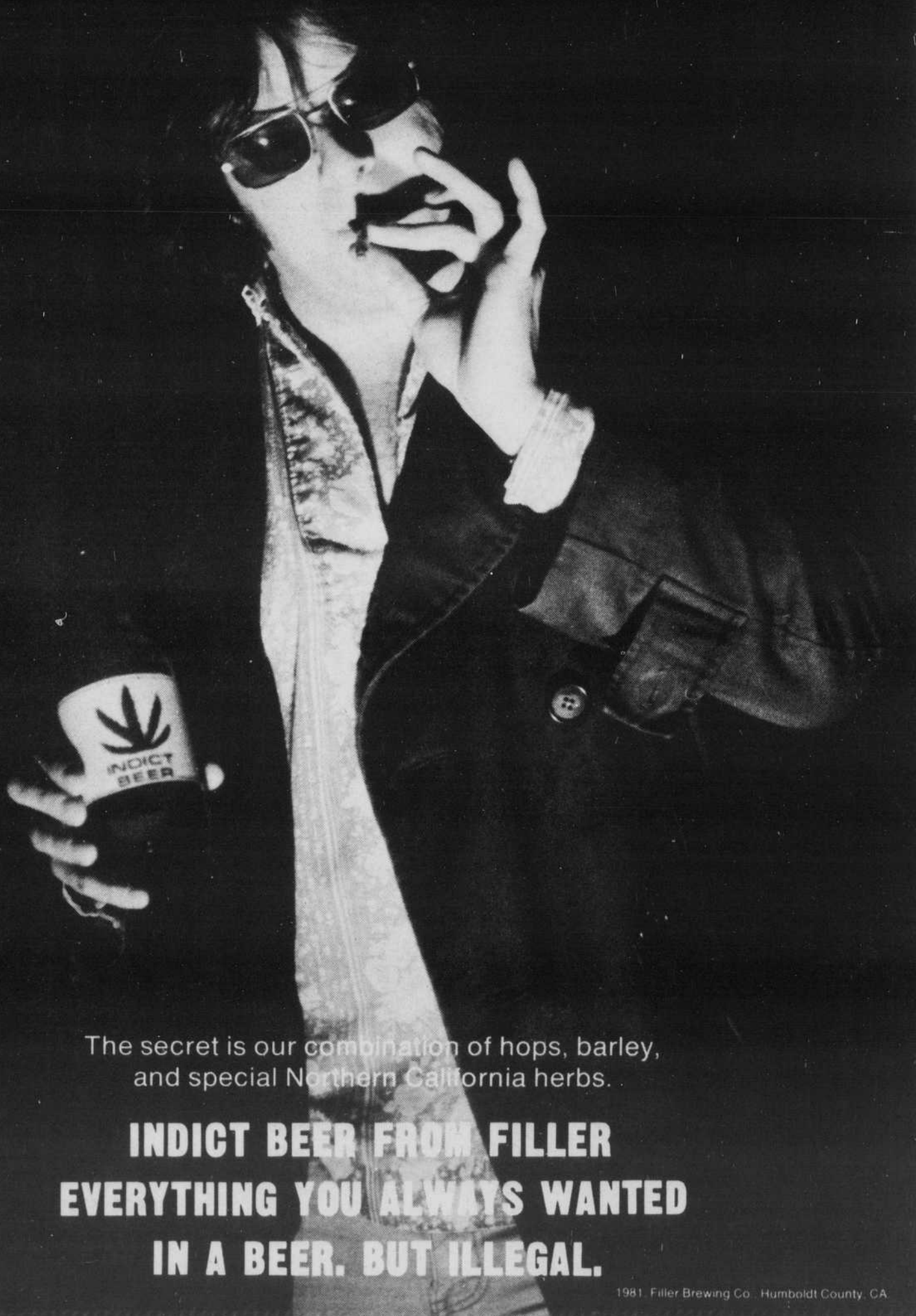
"I think it is piss-poor that bastards like Flotsam who have their heads up their asses can write such bullshit like that," Lichen said. "Give me a fucking break!"

Flotsam, in his "An Opium Den of One" column, had used the words "geez-Louise" and "gosh-darn" in asking for legalization of home-manufactured heroin.

Wednesday, April 1, 1981

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