

**R
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BY DEMAND

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RELAX

EDITOR:

C. T. SPRAGUE

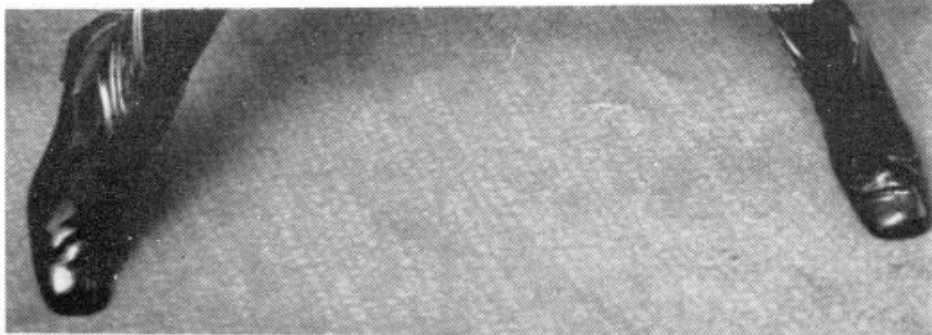
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BY DEMAND



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It's terrible. We've gone right off our food. We twitch all day. We shout at poor Horace, our office boy. At night we lie clutching the sheets, muttering quietly.

All this is because of the young lady on the right. Isn't she beautiful? She's Erica. Erica Raffael. That's what we mutter at night. "Erica Raffael . . . Erica Raffael . . ." over and over. On the tube train in the morning, the wheels go "Erica Raffael, Erica Raffael", and we sometimes chant it in time to the wheels. Perhaps that's why people have been looking at us so oddly lately . . . Then we usually give the ticket collector our sandwiches, and when we get to the office take out our train ticket and smoke it.

We've not been ourselves lately. We even write poems. Like this one:

"If we ever made money, a sizeable lot,
We'd work out a plan that we're sure wouldn't fail.
We'd search near and far, up hill and down dale,
Until we acquired a comfortable yacht.
Then far away o'er the seas we'd sail,
With lovely Erica, Erica Raffael."

It might not be Tennyson, but it sums up how we feel.
We think we're in love.

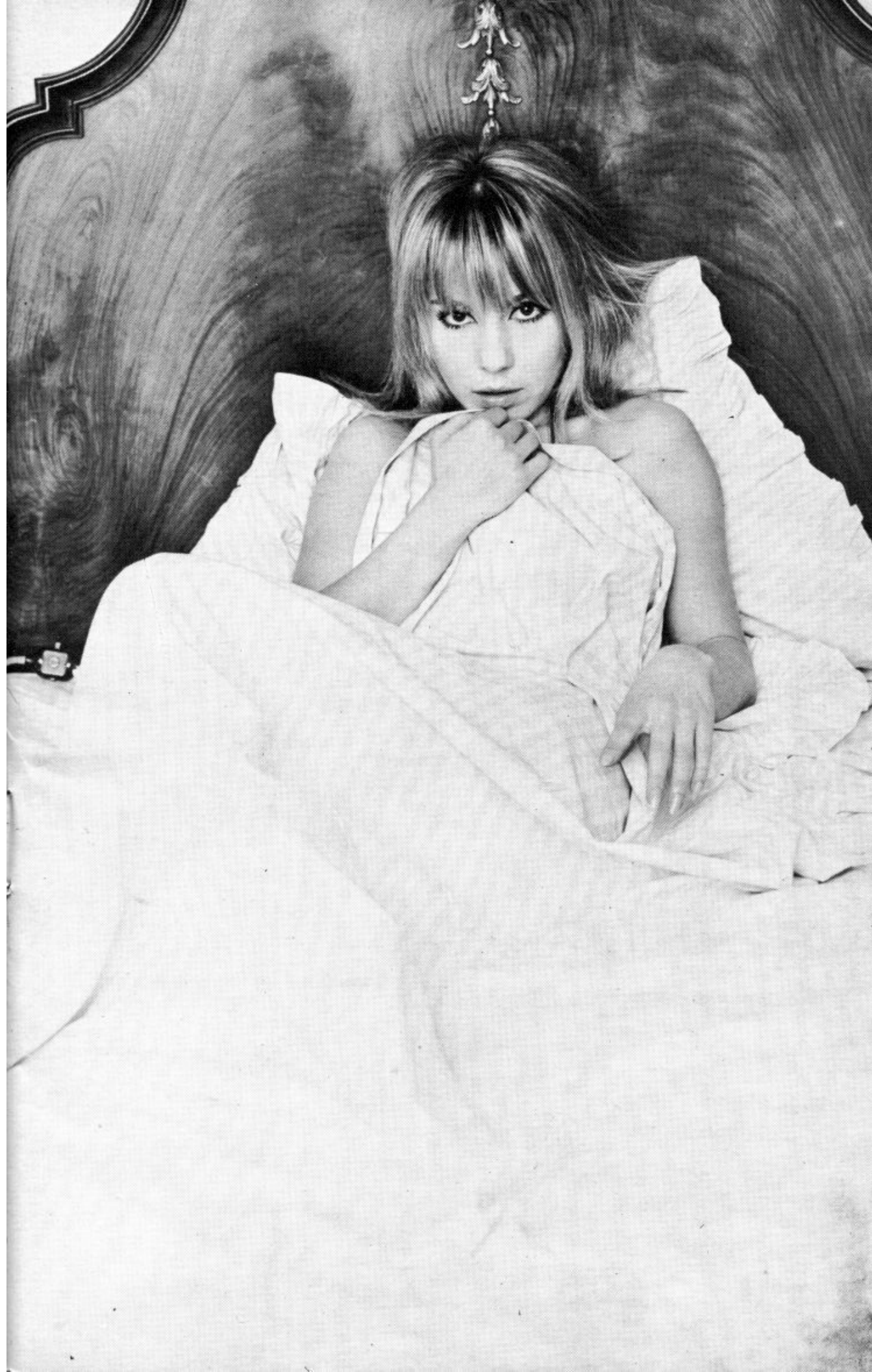
Our colleagues sneer at us. "You've always been like this," they say, curling their unpleasant lips, "ever since Maisie von Grubelpfeiffer in Form IIIB." "A lot you know about it!" we say. "And anyway, we were never involved in that rather—sordid—episode." Then they just laugh nastily and walk away. The trouble is they've got no sensitivity. Even Horace Pubes, our disgusting office boy, makes fun of us. We might make some trifling error like drinking our ink and filling our fountain pen with Maxwell House, and Pubes will say, "You must be in love—or something," and give a sinister snigger. It's no use. We can't work here among all these awful people. We shall run away to the highlands of Scotland to contemplate. We'll take some pictures of Erica with us, to help our meditation . . .

We shall be publishing more pictures of Erica in future . . .

















WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We don't think we know anyone
Who can smoulder like Daliah
Talk about burning glances,
We're hot and cold all over.

Daliah is a film star
Which isn't surprising really
When you consider
The way she smoulders like that.

The best way of making her smoulder
Is to pronounce her name wrong.
So in case you ever meet her
We'll help you out.

It's Daliah, *not* Dahlia
That's Dali, as in Salvador,
Followed by Ahhh !
Which is a fairly natural reaction.

And it's Lavi as in
"C'est la vie!"
Although any red-blooded Frenchman
Meeting Daliah is more likely to say
"Vive la difference!"

Her latest films are
"The Spy with the Cold Nose"
and "The Silencers".
We can't wait for the next one.



AN ADVENTURE * WITH NINA *

When we first saw Nina Barratt, we were very impressed. "Gosh," we said, "how cute!" Which is what we say when we are impressed. Shall we invite her round for a cosy *tête à tête* over a few glasses of Polish White Spirit, we thought, or shall we do the decent responsible thing and arrange for a RELAX photo session, so that our readers will benefit as well? Well, of course, there was only one thing we could possibly do. We were just going to buy three crates of Polish White Spirit, when we remembered our landlady, Mrs. Pugh. Before she was a landlady, Mrs. Pugh used to be a bouncer in a weightlifters' club. "I don't mind you entertaining females in your room," she once said to us, jowls quivering, "as long as they are over sixty, only stay until eight, and you leave your door ajar." A very romantic soul, Mrs. Pugh. She's the only woman we know who has a Great Dane as a lap-dog. Mr. Pugh used to be a very quiet, inoffensive man, who worked in the sewers. One day at knocking-off time he didn't come up. His mates, standing round the top of the manhole, just heard his voice floating up. "I've just realised," he called. "I prefer it down here!" He's never been seen since, and presumably to this day, he still wades round happily. One day we may join him.

So we went round to see our photographer. "How would you like to go down to Brighton," we said, "and take some pictures of Nina Barratt?" "Yes, by all means," he said. "I suppose you couldn't lend me a fiver, only I seem to be a bit low in Polish White Spirit." "None of that," we said firmly. "You keep your mind on your work." He used to be a very reliable fellow. He was an industrial photographer until the day when he was photographing a factory, and wandered into the ladies' changing room by mistake. Somehow after that he seemed to lose interest in machines . . .

So we arranged the session. But that evening we got a reversed charge call from Brighton. We knew it was our photographer—he's never dialled a number in his life. "What is it?" we said. "She's not here," he replied miserably. "She just didn't turn up." It wasn't till Monday that we got the full story. You see, we received this letter from Nina . . .

Dear Ed.,

I'm terribly sorry. I really tried. But just everything went wrong. You see, I was just past Dorking, when I stopped to stretch my legs. A man was riding past on a bicycle, and as he went past for some reason he kept staring at me, and rode straight into a tree. He sat there in the middle of the road, still staring.





I thought : 'He's in a state of shock!' and so I grabbed a bottle of brandy from the back seat. At least, I thought it was a bottle of brandy. In fact I had two bottles on the seat, and in my confusion I took the one containing engine oil. Still, the poor man drank it all, without seeming to realise. He just kept staring at me in that funny—dazed—way.

Anyway, I picked him up, and soon he was cycling off again, still staring back at me. Then I thought : 'I'll put some oil in the engine,' and it wasn't until the car wouldn't start that I realised that I'd poured in a bottle of best brandy. I don't think I put it in the right place, either.





'Well Nina,' I thought. 'This is no good. You'd better change the wheel.' I always change the wheel when there's something wrong with the car and I can't think what to do. After all, you never know, do you? It might start straight away. They're very complicated things, cars.



But it didn't make any difference. All that happened when I started up was a great puff of smoke, and a few bits dropped out of the engine. Well, I didn't want to be late, and as there was a road-works a little way further on, I decided to borrow something . . .

And so I was off. The only trouble is that steamrollers don't go very fast, although I did manage to touch seventy going down one hill. But on the slow bits it took so long that I didn't get into Brighton until midnight, and your photographer wasn't there any more.





So I decided to go back. The only trouble was that I got on to the wrong road, and got hopelessly lost. And somehow I ended up back in London again. Still, everyone was most courteous; all the cars made way for me very quickly.



Anyway, it's parked outside my house now, and I wonder if you can get rid of it for me please. Only it's sinking into the road a bit, and my Dad is getting very upset about it all. I'm sure you'll know what to do with it.

Love,

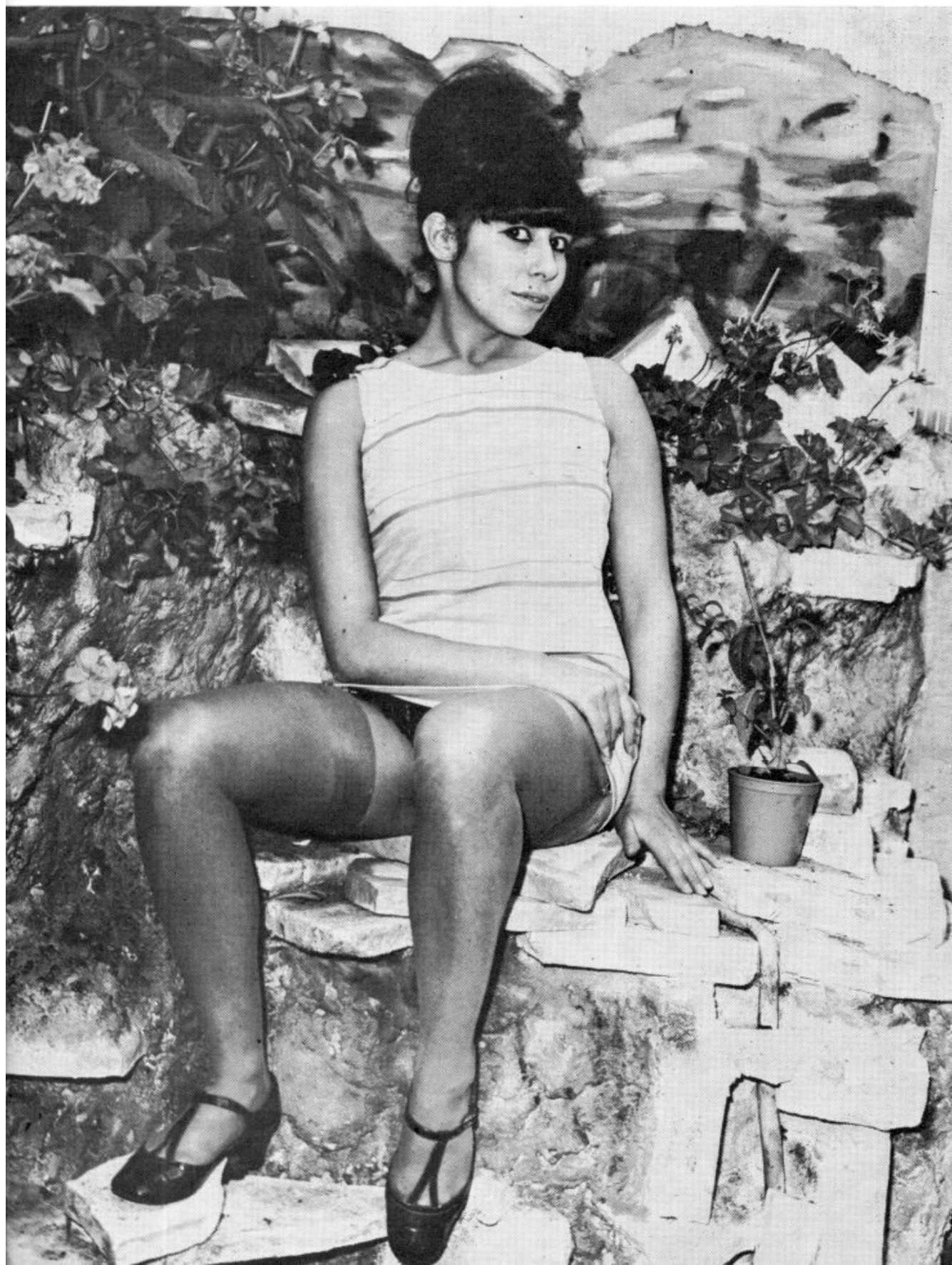
Nina.





This is Jill Tasman. Jill is a very keen amateur. Gardener, that is. Jill has planted this rockery herself, and looks very proud of her achievement. We don't blame her—she's clever as well as beautiful.

When Jill shows us round her rockery, we sometimes wonder if she senses our pulse. We are certainly conscious of Jill's vitality.



Jill says that you have to love your plants; give them affection to help nurture them. Then they'll grow up big and strong. We feel sure that if we were a poor defenceless flower we'd wilt under Jill's smouldering gaze.



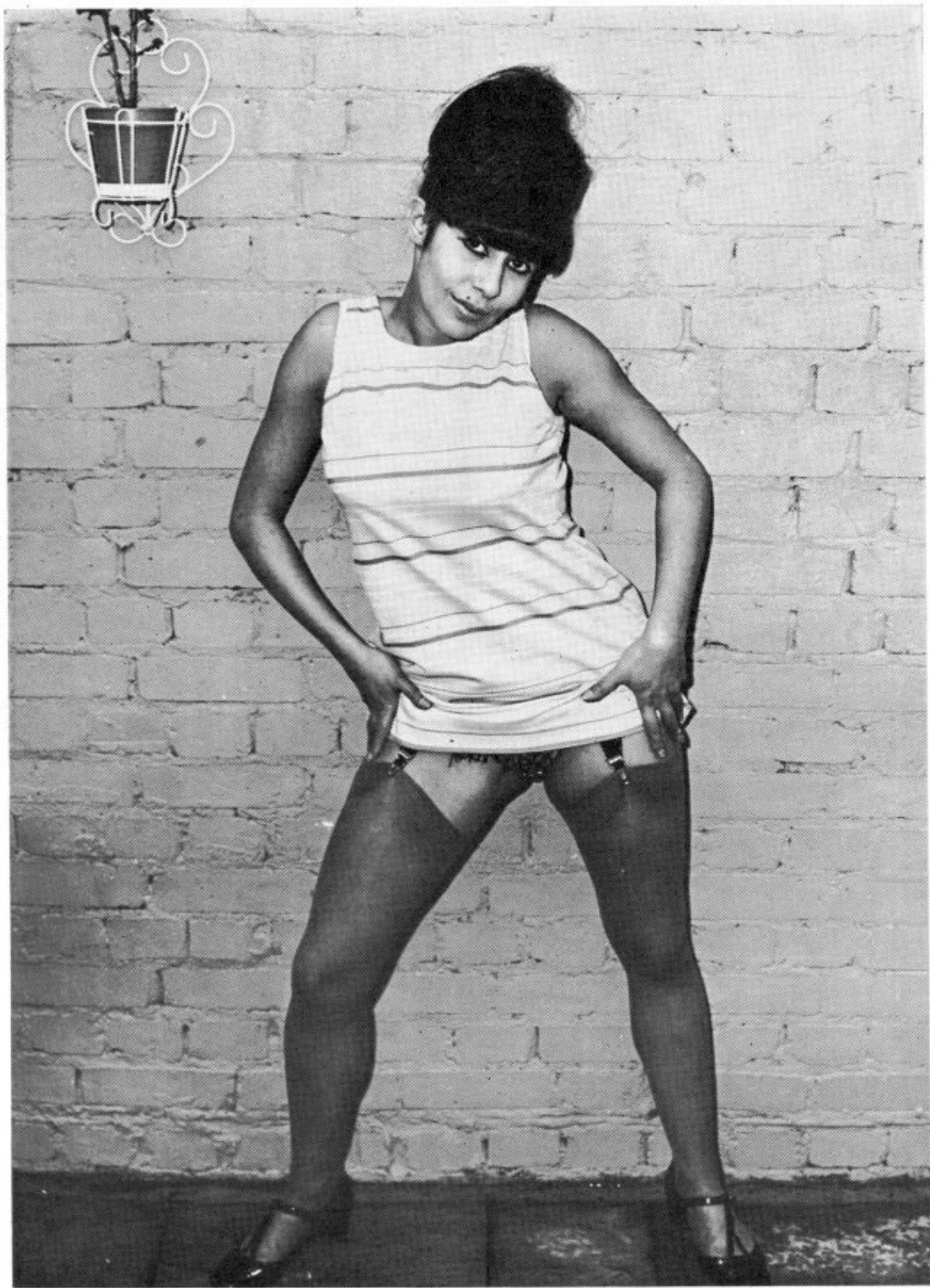
Jill believes that all plants make sounds that only some people can hear. She never picks any flowers because she says that she can't bear the screaming noises they make.







Jill believes that it's not enough just to plant some seeds and hope that they come up. She says that you've got to be in tune with the soil. You have to sense the pulse of the earth, and feel the vitality of all growing things.





It would be too much for us. Within a few weeks we'd succumb to White Spot, or become infested by greenfly. But what a way to go, with Jill to comfort us !

If we were a plant, we know what noises we'd be making. We would say all day : "Oh Jill ! Oh Jill ! Oh Jill ! . . ."



ADULT READING from BOOKS IMMEDIATE....

FEMALE SEX PERVERSION—Maurice Chideckel, M.D.

A study of the sexually aberrated woman. Ignorance, superstition and persecution face the female deviant, and the woman is more severely condemned than the man. This book examines the reasons behind female homosexuality, disturbing childhood experiences, immaturity, frustration of natural urges—factors which combine to make a person abnormal. This book includes case histories which give insight into the tortured minds of these women, the forms their deviations take and the ways in which their minds work. 9/6

THE HIDDEN PLEASURES OF LOVE—W. F. Robie, M.D.

Reveals the true secret of sexual pleasure. Many examples are used to show how men and women can make the sexual experience more exciting and more meaningful, with the ecstasy of complete fulfilment. For the answers to all your questions, you must read this book. Complete and unabridged. 9/6

THE ART OF LOVE—W. F. Robie, M.D.

The fact that this book is in its fourth re-print in England alone proves it is the most successful, most helpful and most famous book ever published on how to achieve and maintain complete sexual happiness. Lovers who desire the maximum from their relationship should read, study, discuss and then profit from THE ART OF LOVE. 9/6

FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY—Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

The most complete and comprehensive study on the problem of lesbianism. It includes case histories, methods of homosexual gratification, personality and psychology of the lesbian, latent homosexuality and prevention and treatment. To understand the lesbian, this is a book that must be read. 9/6

JULIETTE or VICE AMPLY REWARDED—Marquis de Sade

Juliette is a celebration of the triumph of vice. Her world is devoid of any emotional content except the pleasures of degradation—a world exclusively devoted to evil, and, in de Sade's own phrase 'the divine ecstasy of destruction', which is portrayed in the minutest detail. Beyond any doubt this book is one of the most fascinating and vivid creations of the corrupt imagination ever to be wrought by a human mind. 9/6

THE SEXUAL SIDE OF LIFE—Don James

Behind closed doors of modern society there are an extraordinary amount of tortured minds. The promiscuous Don Juan and the compulsive nymphomaniac... the homosexual and the lesbian... the sadistic rapist and the timid voyeur... the frigid wife and the impotent husband. How do such people become what they are? What forces drive them to commit unacceptable social acts? How can they be helped or cured? These are only a few of the questions posed and answered frankly with the aid of case histories in this comprehensive study of normal and abnormal patterns in love today. 9/6

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS—Allen Edwards

Uncensored, it is the world-wide best-seller on sexual culture of the East. A comprehensive guide to Oriental sex customs and practices including homosexuality, bestiality, heterosexuality and autoerotic. Informative and significant, The Jewel in the Lotus points up the underlying similarities and illuminating contrasts in sexual behaviour throughout the world and, thus, contributes to a deeper understanding of our own attitudes and customs. 9/6

THE ANANGA RANGA OF KALYANA MALLA or THE HINDU ART OF LOVE

A sequel and a companion to the KAMA SUTRA, this and only this is the Sir Richard Burton translation of the classic and long suppressed Hindu marriage manual. This book was originally conceived to prevent boredom and indifference and to instruct husband and wife in the various ways of both giving and receiving sexual delight. This Lancer special edition is the first to make this long-suppressed classic available to the English speaking world. 9/6

THE PERFUMED GARDEN

A manual of erotic technique. To achieve sexual pleasure is it necessary to know the many names given to physical variations of the private parts of the female and male or what they look like? Must one know methods to increase the size of the male sex organ and learn descriptions of unusual sexual positions before one can have a happy sex life? The author considered this information important and included it in this book alongside even more exotic and esoteric details. This edition is complete and unexpurgated. 9/6

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MORALS—H. E. Wedeck

More than 200 illustrations in 314 pages showing various love scenes, orgies, communal baths and other sex activities. This book is a survey, with words and pictures, of sexual conduct through the ages. It enables the reader to understand current moral values relating to love and sex in the light of their historical setting. It also examines such related themes as the nude in art, the bed and bath-house as erotic stimulants; and the sadistic and orgiastic impulses released by major social upheavals.

Contents: Prostitution; The Bath; Erotic Paganism, Exhibitionism; The Bed—an amatory factor; Masochism; sexual slavery; flagellation, deviations and aberrations; incest, crimes of passion; fetishism, phallic symbolism. 10/6

HOUSE OF PLEASURE—Joe Greene

Big, bold and adult, House of Pleasure is an unforgettable account of the fanciest, most expensive palace of joy in San Francisco. It's success was due to the way Madam Frances Lundeen trained her girls in all the amorous arts. The delights she offered for sale made her the most popular madam in San Francisco. Published by Castle Books, it makes exciting and daring reading. 9/6

THE ADVENTURERS—Harold Robbins

From the author of The Carpetbaggers comes a bigger and even better novel, The Adventurers. Their polo ponies, Mediterranean villas, private planes, high fashion, orgies and women—always women, provide copy for the columnists, but Robbins has gone behind the scenes to tell us the stories of the family blackmail, the swapping of wives, mistresses, rape and fortunes. A book you cannot afford to miss. 10/6

THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION—R. E. L. Masters

A candid and unbiased appraisal of an organised minority which threatens to become a powerful social and political force. In this uncensored, unexpurgated, amazingly honest book, the author takes you deep into the homosexual mind and withholds nothing. You may be astonished, excited or horribly fascinated; but you will never forget what you read in this book on the 'new' society. 9/6

LOVE AND RESPONSE—W. F. Robie, M.D.

This book is the key which opens the door to more fascinating sexual experiences. From the case histories contained, you can learn from other peoples intimate relationships the way to a more rewarding sexual fulfilment. All the major misconceptions and problems are discussed frankly and openly and inhibitions dispelled. 9/6

THE RAPTURES OF LOVE—W. F. Robie, M.D.

Talked about, read about, thought about, yet complete sexual happiness still remains elusive. But the heights of sexual joy can be reached. With the help of this candidly enlightening book, you will learn how love can be enhanced and deeply pleasurable sexual experience enjoyed to the fullest. 9/6

'COCCINELLE'—REVERSE SEX—Mario A. Costa

The complete and unabridged case history of the most famous medical phenomena of all time. 64 illustrations. Revealing for the first time in this exclusive interview, not only the physical and mental agony of these inbetween years, but the uncensored facts of how undecisive Nature was finally overruled with the assistance of the SURGEON'S KNIFE. 9/6

PASSIONATE TIGRESS—John Saxon

Wild urges raged unchecked in the enticing body of Belle, an untamed man-crazy temptress who knew that the only way to get what she wanted was to take it—she took and discarded men as casually as she discarded her clothes when she seduced them, but could find no release from the torments of her tingling, fleshly desire until she met Chuck... 9/6

THE OFF-LIMITS WORLD—Carla Josephs

The only taboo in 'The off-limits world' is to be 'straight'. Once in a while, an innocent stranger walks into the sticky web and is trapped in a realm of lust and passion gone wild. Men who pretend to be women, women who pretend to be men and even odder creatures trapped somewhere in the wasteland of in-between sex. The lusts and passions that drive these people are as uncontrollable and unfettered as their weird ways of life and dizzyingly tangled love affairs. 9/6

WHO SEEK IN SHADOW—Vin Fields

Drifting and tormented, she was torn between giving herself to a woman—and selling herself to a man . . . so she did both and played both ends against the middle to find herself trapped. 9/6

DARK TRIANGLE—Dale Greggson

Love between two women can be a bond to be broken only by death or by another, more alluring woman. 9/6

BRAND OF SHAME—Donna Richards

Earl and Jan Spencer's marriage of convenience was an ideal arrangement for them—for he had no interests in the lusts of the flesh, and she was a confirmed lesbian. Next door, however, the situation seethed, as ripe, voluptuous Sonia Bolt could no longer contain the wild, restless urges that set her yearning body on fire. The off-beat love they chose set them apart, but they flaunted their depravity to the world. 9/6

WORLD WITHOUT MEN—Trudy Starling

Secrets of a stripper—she stripped for men, to torture them. Only other women fully enjoyed her body. 9/6

THE PATH THEY CHOOSE—Cathy Jordan

The love Laura and Melanie shared was glorious and ecstatic until the normal world learned of it and their tender affair was no longer secret and the outraged world turned on them viciously. They had to run but they soon discovered that each stage of their flight was a downward step on a spiral staircase plunging headlong into degradation. And then came the final irony, when they had to flee from each other! 9/6

THE MILLION DOLLAR NIGHT—Lewis Poole

Sex was the bait, and the big sale depended on the wild depravities of those few passion-filled hours. 9/6

THE COLOUR OF LUST—Orrie Hitt

An explosive new novel of forbidden passion and a warped flesh hunger that could never be satisfied. 9/6

PASSION POOL—Orrie Hitt

A twisted triangle—he wanted the blonde, the blonde wanted him but she was his father's wife. 9/6

THE SWEET SMELL OF SIN—Ron Saxon

Sex and money were all that existed for him—and all he existed for. Nothing could stop him from getting richer and more powerful; nothing could bottle up his huge, ferocious lusts. Nothing except his own greed. 9/6

THE CONSTANT URGE—Donna Richards

Alone and lost, Jenny Hofer wandered into the 'gay' bar by accident. She was not to leave it alone. Not after Trini Jackson also on the loose and with a continuous, gnawing need for fulfilment, saw her and fell in love with her. What followed was a storm of turbulent emotions, as their voluptuous young bodies found satisfaction time after time but their minds groped in territory they did not understand. They felt condemned to a life in the shady places, to the furtive lovemaking, to the eventual misery . . . misfits in both 'straight' and abnormal society. Desperately, they sought answers—and the answers were even more surprising than the questions. 9/6

NAME

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ADDRESS

**PLEASE SEND ME THE
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SEND CASH/CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER TO: BOOKS IMMEDIATE, 4, EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD, LONDON E14.









Who says that people can't get rocketted to stardom nowadays? Annette Day will tell you that it's just not true. One minute Annette was at her London home, then before she knew what was happening she was off to Hollywood to be co-star of Elvis Presley's latest film, 'Double Trouble'. Her first film, too. So take heart, things still do happen like that today!









WHO WOULDN'T BE A CANDLESTICK MAKER...



if you had to supply your wares to Jenny? Jenny always lights her house with candles, because she feels that it's somehow more—romantic. We agree. So do the candlestick makers. In fact they queue up outside Jenny's front door, trying to get her to buy. All in the interests of business, of course.

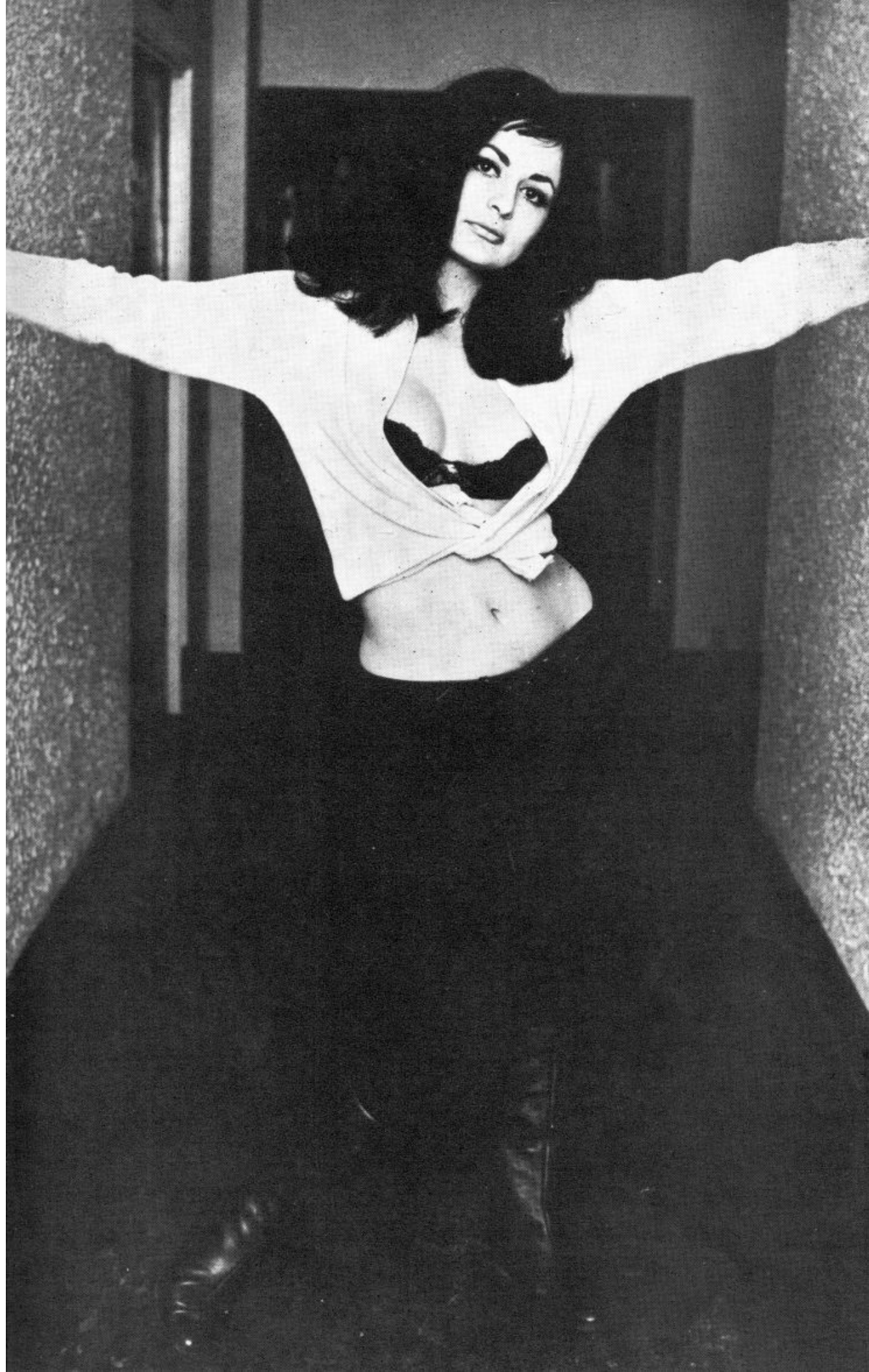






If you happen to be a candlestick maker, why not call round and see Jenny Lane. Mind you, Jenny is very sensitive about one thing. Whatever you do, don't make any wisecracks like : "Didn't they write a song about your sister Penelope?" Jenny's been right off the Beatles lately.

















This girl is
currently
appearing in
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NEW magazine
for men
it's a **MUST....!**



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