

VANILLA MILKSHAKE

Expires June 15, 1991



Surgeon General's Warning:

Vanilla Milkshake can cause swelling, hot flashes, lust attacks, wet spots, excessive masturbation and spontaneous combustion.

Reach Out...

100% Bitch Material



Call Now!
1-900-AND-DO-ME

It takes at least 30 minutes to do these girls, \$1.00/min

Bound by Desire

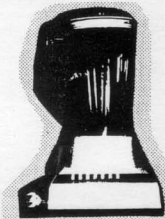
Bound by Desire (B/D) is a women's S/M support group. The group welcomes all women (Lesbian, Bi, Straight, Transsexual) who show a positive interest in S/M, B/D, leather, fetish, or fantasy with other women.

Write to:

Bound by Desire

PO Box 26583

Austin, TX 78755





VANILLA MILKSHAKE

Essential Household Appliance

3 in one! Let's talk thrill, passion, and gut-wrenching orgasms. Just switch on **Vanilla Milkshake** and stimulate your vagina, clitoris, and anus all at the same time!

Got that hollow, unsatisfied feeling? Well Ms. Latex, PhD, will fill you up with her fist-full-of-fun, stories, greeting cards, sexy dyke action! Or for more satisfaction write to Boy Toy, she will describe her hot hand-pumping jack-off butch dick! Cheap trash five dollars. Send Money to Vanilla Milkshake Farms.



p. pol. ad. by Bound by Desire

Product Specifications:

Edited by: Slut Latex and Boy Toy
Typesetting by: Boy Toy and Slut Latex
Photos by: Boy Toy and Photo Booths around town

A dash of artificial flavoring provided by Elizabeth, Ami, Heidi, and Laura.

Vanilla Confession: Some Photos and lengthy quotes are swiped from various sources

June 1991 issue \$2.00

© 1991 Slut Latex and Boy Toy
Produced in Austin, Texas

A Mac and Xerox rag

VM 707 West 21st St. AustinTX 78705

By Slut Latex

In Drag

Dykes with Dicks

Hot. Femme Fuckable dyke.

That's what I thought the first time I saw Pat, at a dyke/fag student rally. Short black hair swinging around her face as she turned her head to talk to someone, her voice breathy, her movements quick and nervous, but graceful. Even though I hate cigarettes I liked to watch her smoke them, just to see her lips open and surround something.

I started to edge my way through the people in the crowd, who were quick enough to move back once they saw my shaved head.

Or maybe it was the trashy red lipstick, black fishnets under a slutty short skirt. Oops, guess I'm not politically correct again.

Rallies like this bore me- I crave intensity and extremes. No one talking in the restless crowd, but the speaker droned on and on, the same tired speech I'd heard over and over that semester. But that's not the point. I was cruising her body smooth brown and sweating in the noon sun.

Luckily she smiled at me and I said hi, but just then the anarchists started to chant in unison thru a megaphone

and she shouted this is a drag, let's go sit in the shade somewhere and talk. Her warm eyes sparkled at me like she knew exactly what I was thinking.

Pat's open enthusiasm made me feel strong, powerful, and more clearheaded than usual. Like it was understood this was a pickup attempt and that was ok and it was all friendly not sleazy. When she got flighty and flirtatious, even with the oppressively dull rally or protest or gathering ritual or whatever going on all around us, I got raunchy and bold in response.

We kept talking after the "event" ended. I said she should come to the university lesbian meeting next week but she laughed and gave me a playful slap. I got her phone number though. She said where DID you get those combat boots? And she liked my dress a lot.

So I'm not saying Pat made me feel butch- far from it. Around her I just wanted to be totally aggressive. But I was paralyzed by a desire I'd never really had before- had to think hard about what it meant.

When I found out- only after meeting her a few times- that my new crush

was in fact a cute queer boy, I was embarrassed at my mistake about his gender, laughing at myself as if I could forget my desire for her. I even felt regret, guilt, ashamed. Weird.

My own intense and painful reaction surprised me, and I thought about it for weeks, also fantasizing in class or when work was slow at the club. Questions. Would I have such a crush if I had known from the start that Pat was a man?

My uncertainty about his femininity now was a threat to mine, a sort of infiltration or parody of womanhood. The radicalesbians were already down on me enough in this town. No one would think I was Really a Dyke if they knew I still had this terribly un-PC desire.

How could I do it? And what would he think? Since my crush didn't just go away, could dykes have dicks?

I'm in drag when I wear a dress and lipstick, why not make it more complicated, completely fuck with gender identity. Using my body, clothing, and actions to play out gender roles all the time. But fucking with a dick? Why not just do it? Just because no one I knew talked about it, but they all act offended at porn suggesting we all use them. Maybe I'm male-identified. But I want it. How

silly. Why haven't I done it before?

Finally I went out and bought a big lavender strap-on cock.

I started to play I was a boy, a fag, a dyke in drag wearing a man's button-down shirt and pants. The clothes help make the fantasy more convincing. Clothing, jewelry, and other accessories don't seem superficial or "artificial" to me- they become extensions of my body, a part of my identity. Maybe I'll ask him out on a date tomorrow. What will I wear?

Jeans, maybe leather pants, with the bulge of my ever-ready, ever-hard cock showing through. I'd talk cruelly to him, provocative, holding his wrists down, pinning him to the ground. He's kneeling to me now, begging me to let him suck me off. I'd call him a cocksucking little fag and tell him how well I was going to fuck him.

Continued on page 12.



DIRTY PLOTTE

Comics by
Julie Doucet

Order from
publisher:

Drawn and Quarterly,
4550 Boyer St.,
Montreal, Quebec,
Canada, H2J-3E4.
\$7.95/yr. 4 issues/yr.



WHAT IS SAFER SEX ?

Safer sex is sexual contact which avoids the exchange of body fluids using common sense and creativity.

Make Risky Sex Safer:

- Use latex gloves for finger penetration and fisting.
- Use latex dams or cut non-lubricated condoms to hold over your partner(s) vulva and/or anus during oral sex.
- Use condoms to cover sex toys, dildos, vibrators, and penises.
- Use a water-based lube. The use of lube will help prevent tears in latex. Oil-based lube and heat are bad for latex, so don't use Vaseline type products.
- Don't share razors or needles. If you must reuse needles, first clean them with a solution of 1 part bleach to 9 parts water, and don't forget to then rinse the needles with pure water.

Go Wild:

Body fluids are fun and delicious, but sex can be just as enjoyable without them. Don't let your initial uncertainty with new sexual behaviors stop you! Get Creative: try voyeurism, consensual and safe B/D and S/M, tribadism (body to cunt rubbing), and breast play.

**Steal a condom from a boy
Take it home for your toy**



D i c k

Get it, put it on
Jack off for the mirror
butch girl

Watch yourself
wrap big hands
around and

Beat your meat
ram it home, bitch
penetrate

throbbing love muscle
slick hot rod fuck pole

Watch it move
pump that power between your legs
so real and hard and thick in your grip



By Slut Latex

DYKES, JACK OFF

when you read this poem

**can't help but stick fingers down your pants
gripping the whole crotch.**

Bitch, just do it. I'm talking to YOU.

I'm not going to look, it's ok.

Fuck yourself, I'm listening

to your ragged breaths come faster

making me clench my legs together.

I want to feel it thru the phone

or the pages of a book like an electric jolt

Please sir let me

suck your hard dick

just how you like it

while you pinch your own

big butch nipples

I'm begging you to let me

swirl at least one lick

around its head, then

dip my head sucking in

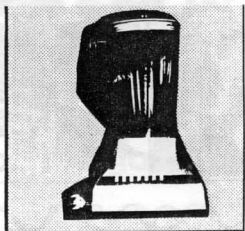
every inch, for you,

sir, pulsing my rhythm

on your hidden clit

BY SLUT LATEX





C u n t

Look, my cunt
is my whole body
and clit that fucks
anything anything

mouth like another
cunt sucking mine
smashed into your chin

tight seam of my jeans and
another hand to surround
grab onto reach out for
feet the backs of my knees and

cunt wrapped around
the surface of I don't make sense

with the whip biting our thighs,
cunt on stage watching you,

crotch in your face
and you like it, you like it

By Slut Latex

FRESH FISH MARKET

TUNA

MACKEREL

TROUT

69¢ lb

22¢ lb

71¢ lb

The SUSHI PAGES

NO GLOVE
NO LOVE



Catch of the Day

...This isn't like the usual tuna, it's kinda juicy and soggy. Sushi, sushi, juicy sushi. And they are eating me up. I've got my party going.

-karen
finley

Stripping the Product

Baudrillard's
difference between
the obscene &
the
pornographic.
Obscenity
is OK
because it is

liberating,
transgression.

Pornography, in its vulgar
"hyperreality", is "sex neutralized by
tolerance".

Does he really think his definition applies
to what I produce as a porn writer? Does he
think he knows what I feel when I'm on
stage grinding my crotch in some straight
white boy's face? Yeah sure, I'm a barely
tolerated product, an object for boys in
academia to vulgarly consume.

Conveyer belt pornography for
Baudrillard is exemplified by Japanese
"vaginal cyclorama".

"Prostitutes, their thighs open, sitting on
the edge of a platform, Japanese workers in
their shirt-sleeves, permitted to shove their
noses up to their eyeballs within the
woman's vagina in order to see, to see
better- but what?" (Seduction)

This is "the moment of absolute
obscurity. . . of visual voracity that goes far
beyond sexual possession".

Baudrillard. is disgusted by mass
production. I'd rather play with production,
not be a snob about it.

Any supermarket, etc. mass produced
goods intensely veiled with layer upon layer
of packaging. Does Baudrillard eat Twinkies

By Slut Latex

late at night, or does he never touch
anything but a non-pornographic (yet
still capitalist) crossaint?

Today's sexual product is in its special
container, inside tight, formfitting
shrink-wrap, sealed in a brightly
decorated cardboard box, draped in veil-
thin tissue paper and put in a bag for us
when we buy it!

Every product we buy is seducing us,
we tear off its coverings one by one in a
frenzy of desire.

There's a whole science of disguising
the product to make it look better, like
more for your money, more desirable.
How much air can we puff into this bag
of chips to make it look bigger, but still
convincingly full? Food photography
never uses the real thing. White glue for
milk, plastic syrupy sauces, etc. But we
know Coke is it, the real thing. Naked.
This is what we're getting. We like to
buy things we can handle, touch, try it
out to see if it works, if it fits. . .

So the vag-o-rama is certainly not
unexpected. No wonder that, if you can
buy a cunt, you would want to inspect it
closely, wonder what's inside?

Imagine a sort of "Consumer Reports"
porn magazine, scientifically comparing
the feel, quality, and behavior of
different body orifices! Not so you know
which one to "buy" but to set up an
elaborate game of constantly changeable
pornesthetics.

Continued on page 13.

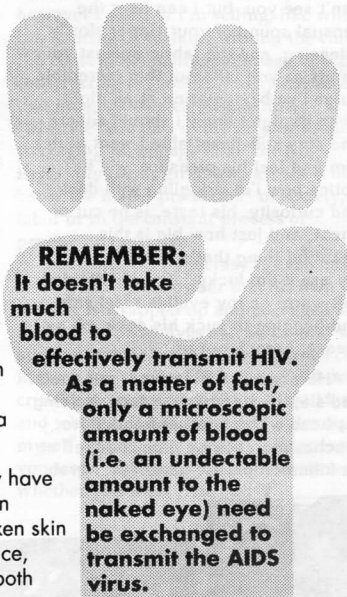
"we tear off its coverings one by one in a frenzy of desire"

NO GLOVE NO LOVE

Use gloves to prevent the exchange of blood and vaginal fluids during vaginal and anal finger fucking and fisting.

If you think that gloves are not necessary when you fuck or fist a non-menstruating woman (or a man), consider the following:

- ◆ Spontaneous bleeding is always a possibility during intercourse—even if it has never happened to you... there's always a first time.
- ◆ You or your partner may have paper cuts, blisters, bitten fingernails, or other broken skin which you might not notice, especially when you're both turned on.



REMEMBER:
It doesn't take
much
blood to
effectively transmit HIV.
As a matter of fact,
only a microscopic
amount of blood
(i.e. an undetectable
amount to the
naked eye) need
be exchanged to
transmit the AIDS
virus.

SLICK, SLIPPERY, and SENSUAL: Latex gloves are sexy and fun. Try one on for size— and squeeze on some lubricant. And don't forget to clip your fingernails...

TRY MASTURBATING with one or two gloves to see how good it will feel to your partner(s)!

In Drag continued

Imagine that he revels in the humiliation, wants to be dominated, forced, maybe raped by a hot leather clad boy like me. Luckily I have a blindfold handy- its velvet darkness descends over his eyes.

Master, i'm nothing, i'm your toy. i can't see you, but i can hear the sensual sound of your zipper slowly releasing, and the fabric against your hands as you take out that incredible bulge i've been staring at all night. Even though i know i should submit and stay still- insatiable i want to lick him and feel his pleasure, will he notice how i'm wriggling with desire and curiosity, his taste, is he cut or uncut, and just how big is this beautiful thing that's going to fuck my ass if i'm lucky. The blindfold is soft warm on my eyelids i feel safe and begging to suck his cock, oh sir, please, I reach out to

"How rude!" I play outraged queen and slap him across the face, holding his head with my other hand. If he touches my cock he'll be shocked at its inhuman plastic hardness. I grab

his shirt collar and throw him, face down, to the carpeted floor, forcing his hands behind his back.

He's so rough with me, it feels good- i know it's a game but still i'm afraid, helpless. Now he's whispering in my ear biting me, his knee between my legs, open, so vulnerable i almost feel him inside me. i can smell his masculine cologne. He's making me tear open the condom wrapper with my teeth, but already his gloved and lubed fingers are squirming hard through my tight asshole and it's so hard to concentrate, especially now, in this position on my knees, bent over as he is sliding in and never quite all the way out of me

He's breathing harder now, he didn't even seem to notice when I slid my fingers out and slipped in my thick cock. I was afraid he'd be too tense. If I get the rhythm right, thrusting— the base rubs right against my clit. Good thing I've been dancing lately, the stripper's bump and grind worked up the right muscles for this. Part of me feels so fucking forceful and strong, part of me wants to just melt, the way this looks in the mirror, damn we look hot in this leather.

Those shoulders, so submissively bent. Boy, you should see yourself, you're so fucking hot! I wish this dick went both ways. Can he come just from anal penetration? I think the gloves are under the bed. Yeah, if I reach around in back of my thigh I can get my fingers up her dripping wet cunt. Come on, bitch, I want you to take every inch of my throbbing fuck pole, i'm going to ram it all the way in, dyke, you better get ready for it! ▼



Stripping the Product Cont.

"In a non-fetishistic culture (one that does not fetishized nudity as objective truth) the body is not, as in our own, opposed to the face, conceived as alone rich in expression and endowed with "eyes": it is itself a face, and looks at you. It is therefore not obscene, that is to say, made to be seen nude. It cannot be seen nude, no more than the face can for us, for the body, is- and is only- a symbolic veil, and it is by way of this play of veils, which, literally, abolishes the body "as such", that seduction occurs." Baudrillard, Seduction

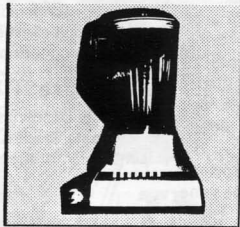
When I strip, it's not any more or less mass production. I'm the product revealing itself, revealing that it can be packaged to produce any image desired, and that when it's unwrapped, you get to see the naked, real thing. The "objective truth" of my body.

But it wouldn't sell if I took it all off. . . the makeup, the powder, the perfume, the high heels. The skin I'm wrapped in. The body that hides me, the body that says "girl" makes me money; it's not like anyone cares or imagines who I think I "am". They pay for the image of desire. Just like the product with cool packaging and accessories, instructions, descriptions, pictures, costs more to the enraptured, seduced consumer.

If we're going to buy anything we can accept that the packaging is part of what we're buying. I like an album with pictures, the words on the inside color graphic design jacket. My favorite record has a hologram of Madonna directly on the vinyl, like a tattoo!

I accept that there is no REAL ME. I own myself and I can market myself however I want. If I'm selling, like when I'm dancing or walking around the club, I'm consciously selling an image. I accept constructing my identity- why not accept that image, looks, clothes, actions, "lifestyle" are part of the flexible identity-packaging we engage in all the time. Especially for us girls, who are used to being the main "producers" of society, in labor or in the constant process of producing our selves.

Baudrillard's hypocrisy is even more clear when you consider that his own writing is wrapped up and packaged and stacked up on shelves and SOLD and we stick our noses in it like a wide-open cunt, looking for The Real Thing. Bad old porn critics dissecting what Baudrillard Means and whether it is True or not. I'll wrap myself up now and you can take as long as you want to decide what's really there and whether you want it or not. ▼



Bad Girls

Bare Their Bottoms!

They're Waiting For You...
Give Them What They Deserve!



S C A T M A N I F E S T O

Society for Cutting Apart Teachers

You are the grader. Ideas and papers get grades. They are not discussed and improved; they are graded. The end. There is no time for improving or for learning. You are swamped with papers, all handed in On Time. You must hand them back On Time. You do not have time to reread them or discuss them individually with each student. Student? No, just machines cranking it out, like we squeeze shit out into the toilet. And you are the turd inspector. You make sure we produce enough to meet the quotas on time everytime. You are the one who decides if it get flushed into the system or just sits there.

Before my shit gets packaged, sold and consumed it has to get rubber-stamped by the Government Inspector, who is paid by the State to rate it Grade A, Grade B, Grade C, etc.

Just like Amerikan moms are supposed to regulate the process of toilet training. At least teachers get paid for it.

Public school lunches in Amerika use Grade D meat. The brown cardboard boxes say "Grade D but Edible".

No one is around to wipe our asses. Caked with shit it gets thicker. Eventually our whole bodies will be encrusted with a solid layer of shit, enabling us to support the decaying structure of the establishment.

One day I wiped my own butt and decided that I would never shit for the establishment again. Then I took a Government class and failed. I need to get out of this stinking institution before I suffocate in the feces it makes me sit in everyday. To get out I need to shit a few more times. I'm a bit constipated though—I don't want to share my precious turds with anyone. I need to escape this place...so I bear down real hard and push. It comes out four days late. It no longer matters what it looks like. It almost doesn't matter that its there. The Machine would die if everyone shit four days late. You would have nothing to do but wipe your own butt.

This is a democracy- a shit machine. All people are created equal. All people are treated the same. We are the same...why don't you give us all the same fucking grades.

Patriarchy

"Grown men force-feeding young boys to produce the perfect shit. The perfect taste, the perfect smell, the perfect color, the perfect length, the perfect size shit. Let it drop and suck it back up. Let it drop and suck it back up."

Karen
Finley

The Solution

Don't eliminate
ideas
Don't eliminate
expression
Don't eliminate
cooperation
Don't eliminate
opportunity

Eliminate SHIT

Eliminate Deadlines
Eliminate Grades
Eliminate Institutions



Figure 1. Experimental setup showing the robot and task panel used for the valve manipulation experiment.

Imagine discovering a continent vast that it may have no end to its dimensions. Imagine a new world with more resources than all our future greed might exhaust, more opportunities than there will ever be entrepreneurs to exploit, and a peculiar kind of real estate that expands with development.

Imagine a place where everyone leaves no footprints, where goods can be stolen an infinite number of times and yet remain the possession of their original owners, where businesses you never heard of can own the history of your personal affairs, where only children feel completely at home, where the physics is that of thought rather than things, and where everyone is as virtual as the shadows in Plato's cave.

Institute name S

Address S

Research S

Project S

Project name S

Participants S

Target S

Software Project S

Function S

City S

Number N

Street S

Team S

Industry S

Budget N

Start S

Project budget N

Operating system S

Target machines S

Operating system S

Company S

Company name S

Location S

Employee S

Address S

Monthly wage S

Status S

Monthly wage S

Status S

Monthly wage S

Status S

Legend

Inheritance

remains a frontier region, across which roam the few aboriginal technologists and cyberpunks who can tolerate the austerity of its savage computer interfaces, incompatible communication protocols, proprietary barricades, and legal ambiguities, and general lack of useful maps or metaphors. Certainly, the old concepts of property, expression, identity, movement, and context, based as they are on physical manifestation, do not apply in a world where there can be none.

The City of Civilized Sex

P e r s o n a l s

Send responses to: Personal Vanilla Milkshake; Box#; 707 W. 21st St; Austin Tx 78705

Radicalesbian Feminist Creeping Out of the Closet

Uppity politically correct Dworkinite looking for a big bad butch that can drive her thick lesbian cock as well as she packs it. I'm into bondage, humiliation, cock-sucking and anything else that will shut my squawky non-anything-ist (save feminist) mouth up. You can find me at any anti-Porn, anti-Sex, anti-Freedom Of Expression Rally.

Lost Little Boy

"Last time I saw her she was wearing a black mesh tank top that hung loosely over her pierced nipples, and slick leather pants tucked into knee high riding boots. She's a fierce femme whose smile makes little boys in briefs and combat boots quiver in the anticipation of a spanking". If you can help me find my mommy please write to Mama's Boy, Box 11.

Bitch wants hubby N.O.W.

Aspiring femme politician seeks goodnatured student butch to live in house nearly rent-free. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours! I'd love to lick diet pepsi off your muscular body. Call soon and get free political stickers and pickup truck rides.

Are Your Crystals Bursting with Negative Energy?

If your crystals are all intact, you're obviously not getting the kind of punishment you deserve. Goddess of the Orange Hanky seeks submissives for warm, intimate glowing experiences. No drugs, alcohol, cigarettes, or junkfood. Send a description of your hottest nature fantasy to Luna, Box 71.

Grad Student Jock Lookin' for a Wife

I won't settle for anything less than a nervous bitch who wears her finger nails short on the right and like razor blades on the left. If you fit this description and are gonna get rich as a lawyer, please send a photo and your credit card to Amelia at Box 28.

Have you seen the Beaver?

Loving Mom lost her little Boy. I miss running my hands thru her flattop before I smack her hard for talking back. This baby butch needs me to undress her at night and tuck her in as much as she needs my handprints on her butt and my fingers in her cunt. Please send me a mother's day card today! Box 217.

Blow Up Doll

Dress me in vinyl and rubber, and enjoy 3 pleasure satisfying orifices! I talk, I suck, fuck, and bite! Just get between my legs and blow me up, then I'm waiting for your hard throbbing butchness to fill my hot mouth, slippery cunt, and waiting anus. Best of all when you are done I get up by myself and go back in the closet. All for only \$295 or equally generous offer.

Cum to Dr. Mistress Latex, PhD

Real Hot Femme WritingThat will Blow you away. And More. All for five dollars plus postage. Special Pair of Penny cutting scissors thrown in if you order now! Other Stuff From Ms. Latex: Real Hot Fiction and Fantasy using your name and your special Friends names too. Need a Bedtime story for your little pet? Act fast write to Ms. Latex and she'll get out her Pen. Hot Femme writing, Box 68.

This Could be your ad

Monogamous? You think you're happy with your lover? Well, it's all going to end at some point, so put an ad in VM before it's too late. Become a complete slut and break up your relationship FAST! For only two dollars per issue we guarantee you will get answers to your ad.

GET IN THE
SPOTLIGHT

AT

VANITIES

S/M Club Fun

Now at Vanities...you can join in the action!

Our all-girl strippers will turn you on as you watch them strut their stuff on stage.

P L U S, we provide a special spotlight for you **FREE OF CHARGE** if we see you do any "kinky", group, butch/femme, butch on butch, or S/M sex. Just grab your baby butch's dick, and our big bad Sex-police girl will shine a light on you with her scary night-stick. Thrill to the humiliation of being exposed as Not a Real Lesbian, or enjoy the free publicity, exhibit and flaunt yourself. Dress in leather and we'll stare at you, harass you, and make trouble from the minute you walk in the club. Maybe if you're lucky our free escort service will show you to the door!

Exhibitionism Encouraged

SALE!

Sleaze Mistress

- very cheap
- new or used
- top performance

Everything MUST GO

69 % off SALE on all sluts, babes,

mistressess, bitches in stock

Top quality at warehouse prices

Satisfaction guaranteed

First come first serve

Best selection in town

Hey you-all, cum on down to

Slut Warehouse 12217 Dyke St. Utopia, TX 76234

Find the fuckable femme that fits your special needs at

SLUT WAREHOUSE

LATEX



for her



How To Pick Up Girls!

FREE CATALOGUE...NEW TITLES.

• How To Pick Up Girls • 100
Best Opening Lines • How To
Make A Woman Laugh • Where
to Meet Women • How To Be
Good-Looking • Mail for FREE
catalogue to:

SYMPHONY CATALOG

Dept. RS88 Box 515. Tenafly, NJ 07670

SUCK CLIT FAST

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

10 easy steps to success

☐ **YES!** Send me

more info about

SECRET CLIT SUCK

NAME -----

Address -----

Latex Action Co-op

707 West 21st ST.

Austin, TX 78705



Secret dental dam
vacuum suck-pop
process, easy to
learn! Quick
results or money
back. Maximum
latex pleasure,
mind-twisting
hard, intense, fuck-
n- suck fun!

My clit throbbing against the warm, smooth latex as I lower my cunt
to your hot, searching tongue, then I grind slowly into the moist heat.

FUCK WORK !

Drill 'Em AND Service 'Em

BY YOURSELF

Vibra Suck - A deluxe vibrating deep penis stimulator. Battery operated multi speed lets you set the thrills, or maybe she can help you along. The inner sleeve contours to your shaft, giving an all-sensuous feeling very 'close' to this item's pleasure sensation.

...multi speed...
...helping to trigger the "G-Spot" for
...shaft, made of soft flesh-like latex
...conforms gently to your inner self.

STEADY PRODUCTION

It's hard to beat a

Girl Scout latex dong

The Strongest Line of Defense against Leakage

concocted
commodities