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GEM

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NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE SEAL

Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

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UP YOUR RECORDS

by Arch Doolittle

If you're trying to set a sex record, eight-play is better than fore-play. And while there is no standard book, these will have to be considered official unless you can prove you can do better

THE RECORD FOR THE LONGEST ORGY in history was recently established by a group of college students on a beach in Southern California. There were 57 members in the group, and they engaged in uninterrupted sexual intercourse for a record of four days, four hours and fifteen minutes. "We were shooting for a week," said a spokesman for the 56 males in attendance, "but she said she had to go home and study for her exams." The young lady later denied this accusation; she said she left because she found herself becoming sexually aroused.

The hippiest orgy on record took place in Hot Pants, Nebraska, when one of the young females in attendance—who had been smoking pot and was reportedly higher than the nipples on a nine-foot nympho—sort of blew the whole affair. The exact time is not recorded.

The strangest orgy on record occurred in 1916 when for three days and nights it rained Spanish Fly on the small town of Limp, Oregon. On the morning of the fourth day it began to rain condoms. This was about three days too late to do anybody any good, however, and nine months later the population of the town increased by a staggering 50 per cent. The town fathers, which included just about every male past the age of puberty, voted to change the name of the town to Rigid. They said it seemed more appropriate.

Susan Will of Suburbia, N.J. holds the record for attendance at wife-swapping parties. During the three year period, Susan attended 368 of these get-togethers. "That record would be one helluva lot harder to beat," Susan says. "But my husband found out about it and made me stop going.

The longest female orgasm ever recorded was epxerienced by Velvet Tush of Uppin, Me., who quite by accident, she insists, slipped and landed astride the agitator of her washing machine. "Took the goddam firemen six hours to get me off," she said later. "But that was because they spent the first five watching, sending out for beer and pretending they didn't hear me yelling for them to pull the goddam plug.

The shortest female orgasm was had by Sarah Luvsit of Climax, Texas, when she and her husband, who was supposed to be out of town, came at the same moment. No comment is available from the late Sarah Luvsit.

Henry Cocker whose origin is unknown, holds the record for seducing more women than any other man in history. When he expired recently, the victim of a rather bizarre accident during which he got his tongue caught between a mattress and a set of bedsprings and was throttled, he had seduced a grand total of 6,256 women. The secret of Henry's success was something of a mystery among would-be seducers, even though he himself always said that women succumbed to his evidence because he "kissed them on their belly buttons." A diary, discovered after his death, revealed that this was indeed so—but he had kissed their belly buttons from the inside! Another factor that may have added greatly to Henry's sexual appeal is the fact that, as an autopsy showed, he had warts on his tongue.

The largest male organ on record was owned by a fellow named Small Peter whose mother was either blind or had a somewhat kinky sense of humor for giving him such an

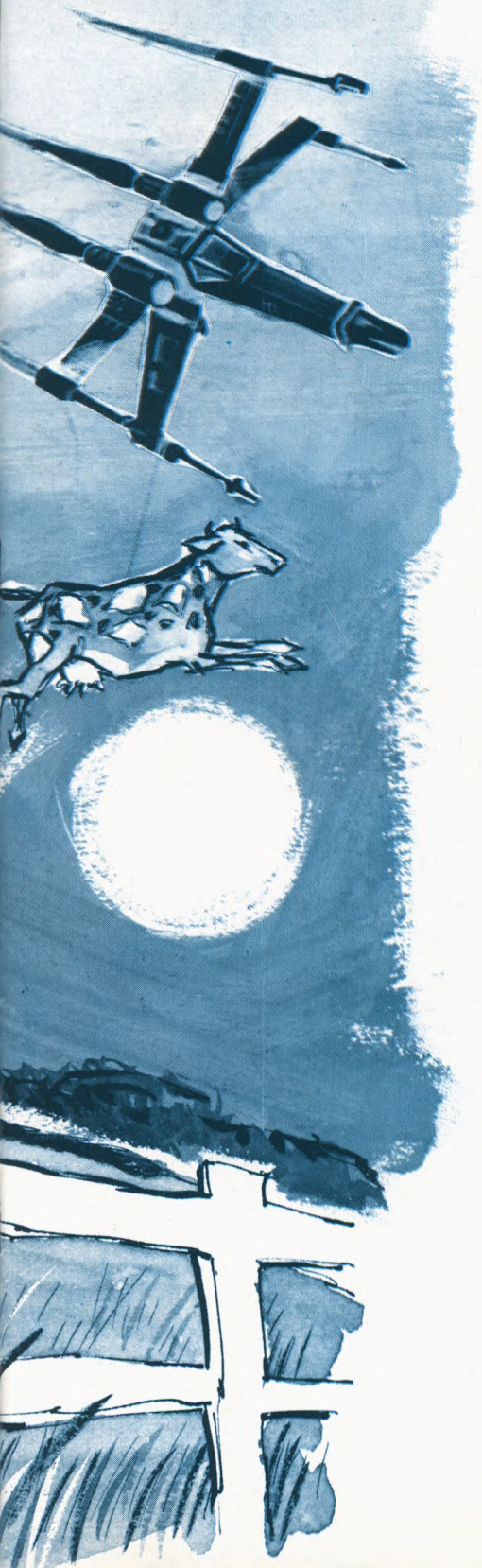
(continued on page 53)

SEX
RECORDS
V. martin

HAVE YOU HEARD
THE TRAVELING
THE FARMER'S

THE ONE ABOUT EARTHMAN AND DAUGHTERS

by John L. Vanguard



No matter what you think, with "milking" like this, it's absolutely no wonder the "cow" jumped over the moon

Teresa Layn was tired. Unable to walk a step any further in her condition, she sat down on the damp grass at the edge of the woods. The thorns and branches had scratched her cheeks and torn her blouse and skirt into rags. The white blouse was spotted with drops of blood along with a mixture of dust and particles of leaves and flowers that filled her hair. She brushed back the hair from her eyes and looked down at her feet. They were bleeding from the cuts. She has lost her shoes somewhere back in the soft marshland.

She wanted to cry, but held back as she wondered what had become of her husband? What had happened to him? Where was he? Where?

In desperation she rose from the soothing damp grass and looked out across the open land, the pasture, spotting a dim light in the darkness of the night and the quarter moon. As she walked towards the light, pain shot constantly through her body as her weight fell on each foot. But the thought of help kept her going. Tears ran silently down her cheeks, washing away the blood and dust in the streaks.

When she was close enough, she saw that it was a farm house with a corral and a barn. She stopped and held onto the corral for support when the light suddenly went out. She closed her eyes for a second and thought, thank God. Someone was inside, home.

She walked up to the doorway and knocked. It was a soft knock as that of a child, for she had been without sleep for two nights and a day. She heard the voices inside the house stop talking and footsteps as they approached the door. The bolts were thrown as the light came back on again. The door opened wider and wider.

Teresa Layn welsomed the light and the warmth of the room as the cold wind bit her backside.

A young woman stood in the open doorway. She was in her early twenties, long black, shoulder length hair blew gently in the wind. And even Teresa Layn, in her condition, could see that she was beautiful. The woman wore only a thin slip of a dress over her body that was long legged. With the aid of the light, one could see

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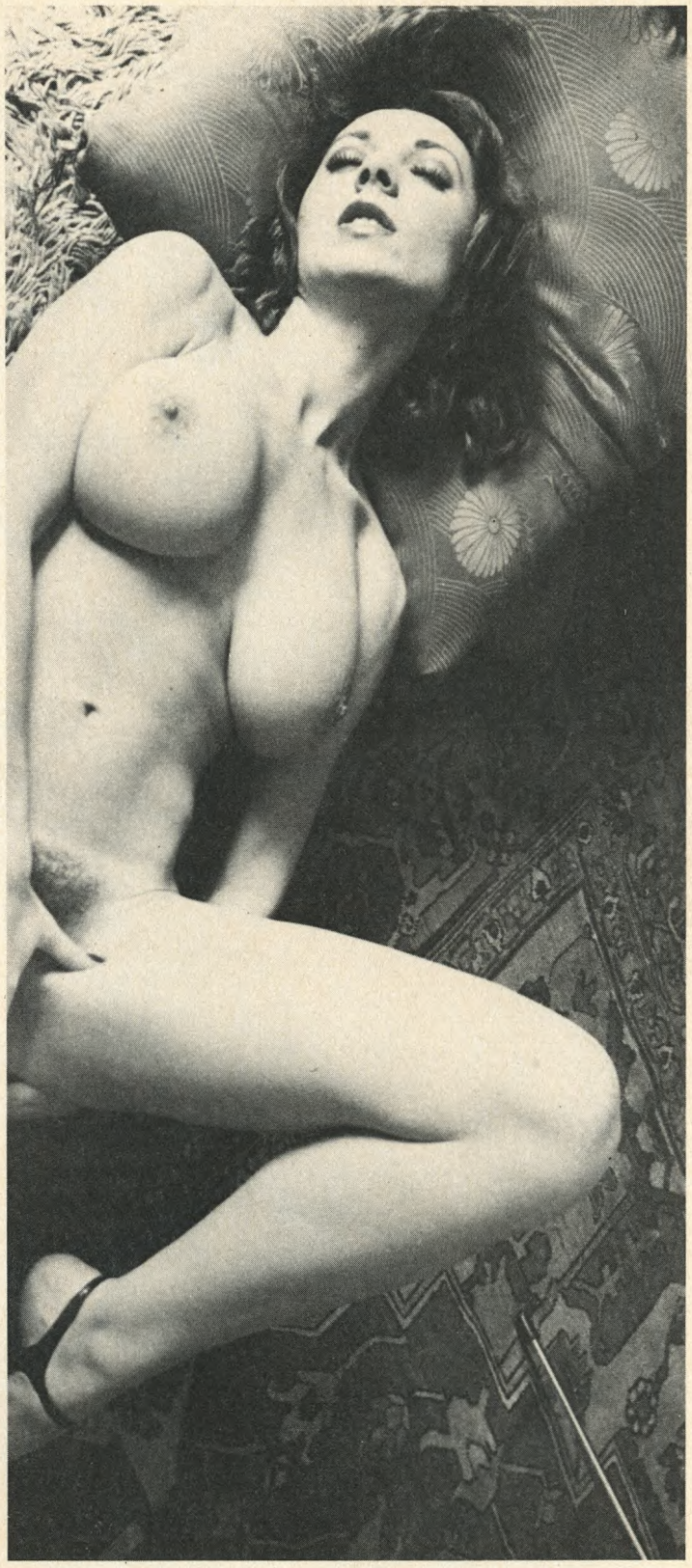


HANA

Pretty pussy-cat Hana, from the isle of Brittania, provides pleasures for the palate as well as for the eye. This comely British bird is an expert on British cuisine, and is currently head chef at The Shepherd Lad, a popular London eatery. After dining at this restaurant,

our continental correspondent was so impressed with his meal that he sent his card to the kitchen, desiring to pay his compliments to the chef. A few minutes later, Hana appeared at our man's table. So taken was he with the damsel's sensual bod that he became

momentarily tongue-tied as he attempted to express his pleasure with the meal. Hana soon put him at his ease, and over a glass of wine he persuaded her to share her ample charms with our appreciative readers. Failure to do so, he reasoned, would not be in keeping with the

traditional spirit of cooperation between John Bull and Uncle Sam.

Hana feels that it's time that the American public got a taste of English cooking, and is

(continued on page 58)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

In a supermarket we met a pretty girl wearing a T-shirt and rolling across her bosom was the message: "Of all my relations, I like sex best." We chuckled appropriately and asked her if she knew why sex is so popular.

"No. Why?"

"Because it's centrally located."

She laughed so hard she damn near upset her shopping cart. As the sage says, a joke isn't old if you never heard it before.

The Golden Girls of the Golden Gate

A survey reports that the most sexually active teen-age girls in the nation live in San Francisco. No wonder Tony left his heart there!

"This Pistol is Loaded— Lay Me or Else!"

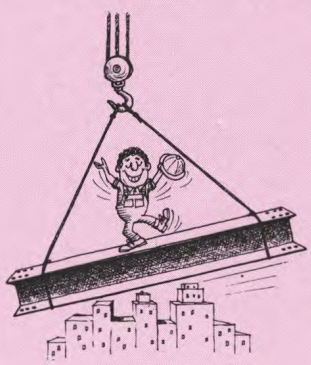
Joyce McKinney, a U.S. Beauty Queen, got into a spot of trouble in London. Scotland Yard charged her with rape. The complainant, six-feet two and 250 pounds, claims he was forced at gunpoint to have sexual intercourse with her three times. We can't wait for Tex Antoine's comment on this.

The Naked Truth About Girl Athletes

Various learned articles have stated that women are not truly interested in the size of a man's genitals. (One sometimes suspects they were all written by fellows with short peckers). Now there is this big flap about women being banned from male locker rooms at the conclusion of a baseball game, basketball contest or hockey free-for-all. Boy reporters are sometimes allowed in and girl reporters say they are being denied equal rights if they can't approach an athlete when he is sweaty, smelly and naked to ask him, "Why did you throw that home run pitch in the ninth inning?"

Opponents of the lady journalists declare that all these women want is a chance to see jocks in the buff. Nonsense and bullbleep. Most of the heroes are ready to give these comely lasses a private showing at any time. What the women want is what they say they want: Equal Opportunity.

E.O. should work both ways. Men with pencils and microphones ought to be welcomed into the shower rooms of the women's Olympic swimming team, the L.P.G.A. and the feminine tennis tourneys. A few years ago it would not have been much of a treat for the boy reporters to behold Amazons in the buff, most of whom would have come in second in a beauty contest vs. Yogi Berra. But lately lady athletes have displayed such pulchritude that they'd be smashing as center-folds. Under Equal Opportunity we intend to take our press card into a ladies' locker room and ask the golf champ, "Don't your big boobs interfere with your swing? Would you say they cause you to slice? Don't they disturb your putting?"



We may get killed by a seven iron but remember, we did it all in the interest of Equal Opportunity for Men.

Bright Sayings of Hot-Pants Females

Lynn Caine in "Lifelines" quoting a woman friend on the subject of mens' screwing ability: "No matter how they are in bed, the fact that you've been to bed with them gets over a hurdle and then you can settle down to getting to know each other. It's easier to talk once you've had sex."

We'll fornicate to that!

Perfumed it Ain't: The Anti-sex Scent

A Canadian inventor has invented something he believed is a rape-repellent. If about to be attacked, a woman could let loose a spray that would make her smell like a polecat. We doubt it will work. Rapists are skunks, themselves.

Dirty Doings On License Plates

In New Jersey, for $5 extra, you can get personalized license plate for your car. Most people want to put their name or initials on the vanity plates. But lately some smarties have been trying for obscenity, according to a State Motor Vehicles official and they're keeping their blue noses alert to sniff out such hanky-panky. For instance, a lady psychiatrist who wanted "LIBIDO" on her plate was turned down. But

(continued on page 61)

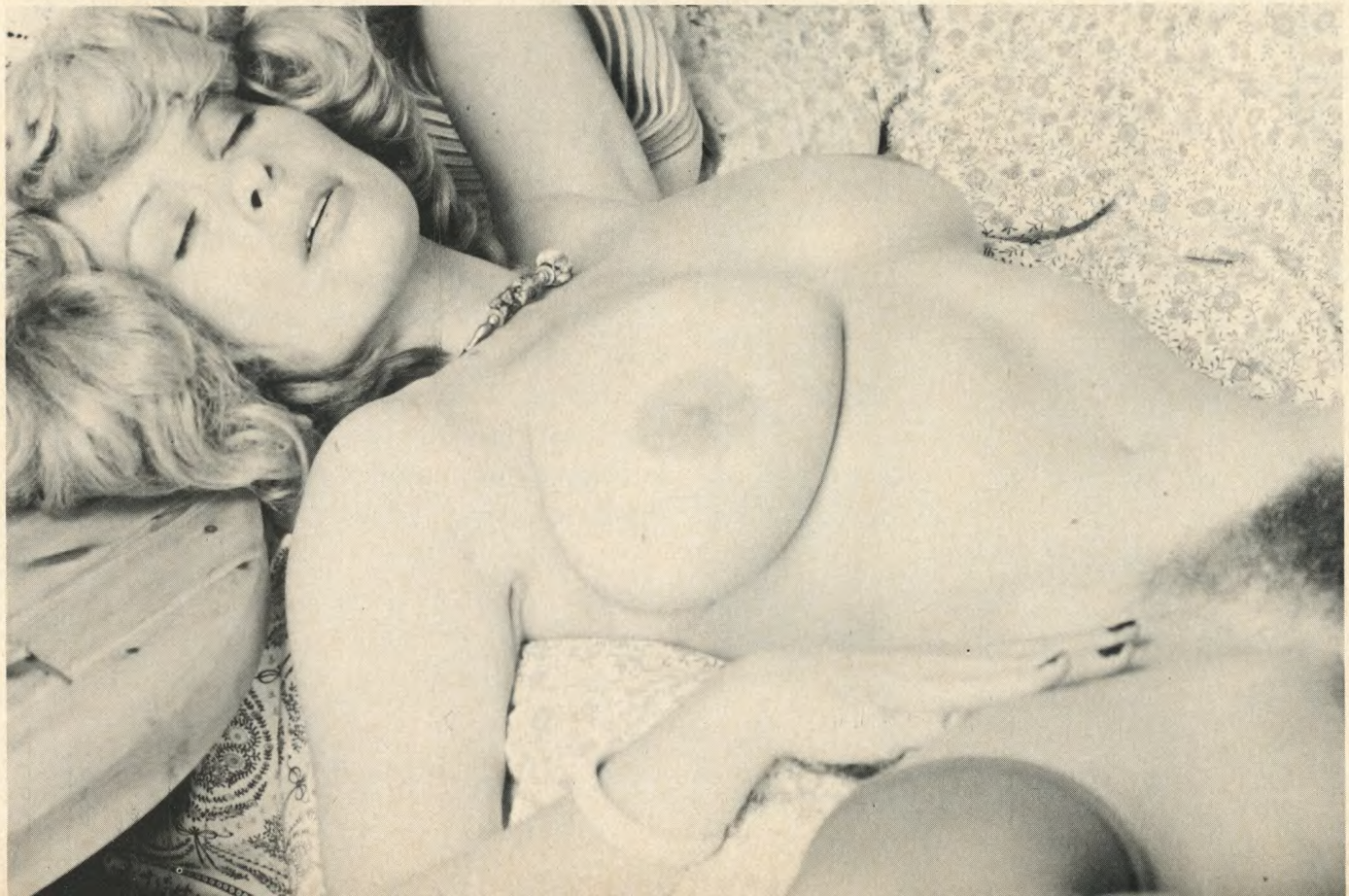
JOSIE

This pretty blonde gal sure looks good to us. A cosmetician by profession, Josie is in the business of helping others to look their best. In addition to her nine-to-five gig at a posh New York beauty salon, Josie does some modeling on the side. We feel fortunate that she found time to fit us into her busy schedule.

It's always a pleasure to run across someone who really enjoys their work. "My job at the beauty parlor is rewarding in many ways," super-shaped Josie told us. "I get a sense of satisfaction in helping other chicks to emphasize their strong features. And I frequently deal with film and TV celebrities, who swap their beauty secrets with me."

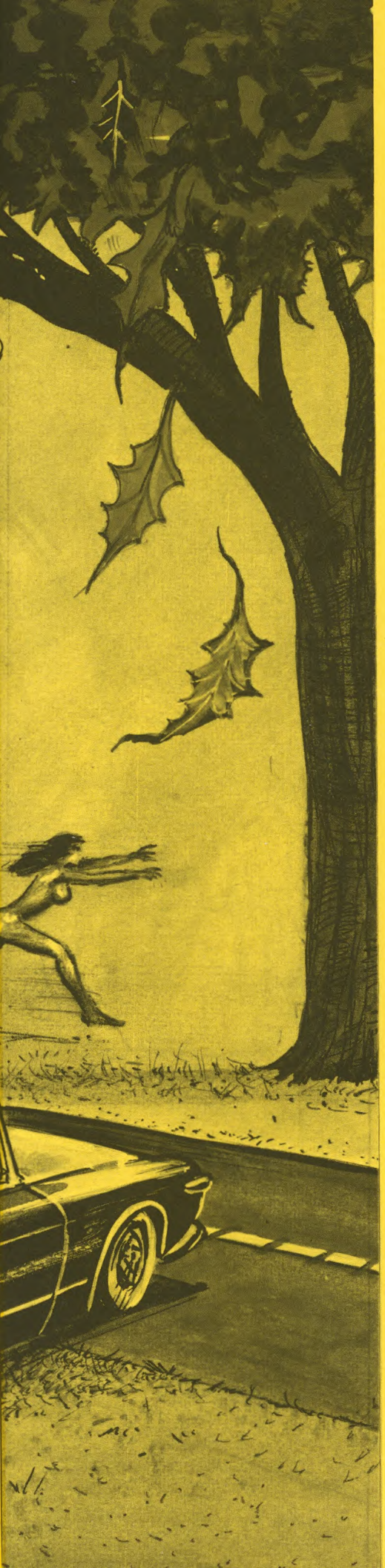
Josie possesses natural beauty that creams

and powders can't do much to improve upon. Nonetheless, she's constantly experimenting with new cosmetics, hoping to improve on existing formulas. She hopes to eventually market an original line of make-up, but she feels this goal is several years off. "You've got to have plenty of bread up front to launch a successful company, and I'm not going to set myself back by stepping in before I'm ready," she says. In the mean time, she's begun writing a beauty column for one of the Big Apple's several neighborhood newspapers. Response has been positive and negotiations have begun for syndicating the column.



When Josie finds some leisure time, she likes to relax at home with her four cats, all named Boots ("they're easier to remember that way," she says), and go bowling with a few of her friends from the salon. We've never seen her bowl, but we can attest that this sexy-knockout has scored a devastating strike on our hearts. □

VOLUME
HB 23
STAND BY
Billy



A frolic in the country can turn out to be a bust—in more ways than one. But leave it up to some ingenuity and a CB

THE PICNIC

by K. L. Jones

"What the hell are we doing out here anyway," George asked.

None of the others bothered to answer. Alvin smoothed out the blanket he was sitting on and pretended he hadn't heard. Tony shrugged, not in reply, but simply because there was nothing else to do. Randy just stood with his back to the others and stared across the empty field.

"Whose idea was this picnic anyway," George asked.

"I think it was Alvin's," Tony said, plucking a blade of grass.

"No," Alvin said. "It was Randy."

Randy shook his head:"Tony's," he said.

Tony didn't bother so say anything. He knew it had been George's idea. And George didn't like being reminded that some of his ideas were real bummers.

"You guys want to do something?" Alvin asked.

"I had something to do," Tony said, throwing away the blade of grass. "But I came out here instead."

"You know what we need? What would really make this picnic swing? Some chicks," Randy said.

"Aw, man, don't torture us." Tony said. "We off in this wilderness. And we alone."

"You guys don't want to do anything?" Alvin asked again.

"I'm going to put my ears on," George said.

"Ears?" Tony asked.

"That means he's going to play with his newest toy. The CB in his car," Randy explained.

"I was just thinking we could play ball," Alvin said.

"Ball? Who the hell wants to play ball?" Tony said.

"Well, I was just thinking we could play ball, except we don't have a bat."

"Uh-huh," Tony said. "We don't have a ball either."

"Speak for yourself, Tony," Randy said.

"Anyway, I was just thinking we could play ball," Alvin mused. "If we had a bat. And if we had a ball."

(continued on page 69)

"Mr. Clark's balls just fell off."

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

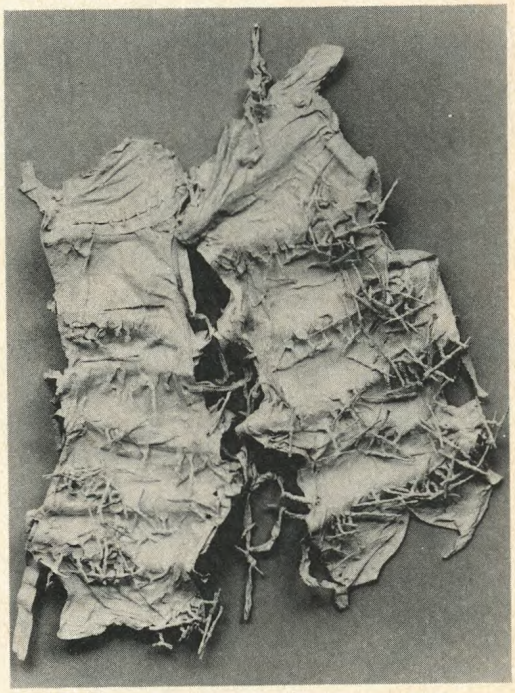
Here's the ultimate in art for you. For a fee, The Crow's Nest Art Gallery in La Porte, Texas will do a custom sculpture, in clay or bronze, of you from a photo.

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

New adult board games were shown at the Variety Merchandise Show at the New York Colliseum. Among them were "Xaviera's Happy Hooker Game," "Lie, Cheat and Steal" and "Seduction." A sample hazard from "Seduction involves removing an article of clothing and stimulating the person you are pursuing. It takes two to play any of these games which is after all, better than playing with yourself.

Serge G. Mironovitch's monumental novel, "The Kiev Encounter," touches on the turbulent days of Old Russia, but goes further with sexual encounters than Tolstoy or Dostoevesky ever did. There are the customary rape scenes of peasant girls by Czarist soldiers but added are explicit, minute physical descriptions. "He hooked his fingers into her panties and lowered them to the floor. Maria stepped out of them, but not before he had slipped his open hand between her legs and felt a warm, moist softness in his palm . . . He pressed his hardness against her buttock and cupped her breasts, one in each hand, watching the large nipples grow firm." Neither Tolstoy or Dostoevesky could have written this because X-ray vision wasn't invented in their time.

Henny Youngman tells about the much-travelled executive who walked into a Chicago drug store and asked for a package of rubbers and a package of dramamine. The druggist promptly obliged, but couldn't help asking: "Sir, if it



One of Kathleen Ferguson's plastic and fabric sculptures from her Nobe Gallery "Fadistic Objects" show, mistakenly listed as "Sadistic Objects" in a guide. Photo by D. James Dee.

"If You Don't Stop It, You'll Go Blind" is the name of a new R-rated comedy playing all over the country. The still above bore the quote, "We can save your wife, mister, but the cowboy is a goner." Proclaiming itself as a "super low brow" farce, it features Ursula "Uschi" Digard, one of our all-time favorite BUF champs. Her ultra-stacked presence plus the fact that the movie is loaded with laughs makes it a don't-miss.

makes you seasick, why do you do it?"

Next December's Christmas cards are already being shown to the trade. Among them are some cute X-rated greetings from Mister B. Card Company in Miami such as: "Fondle me with care," and "The least you can do is give me an obscene phone call."

If you read Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin's book, "Compassion and Self-Hate," you will discover: Prostitutes do not have hearts of gold . . . prostitutes are not experts about sex. . .there is no correlation between hair color, beard growth, nose length, foot size, etc. and sexual appetite or ability . . . pornography attracts and stimulates both sexes. Illiterates have it over literates in this case because they can, just by keeping their eyes open, discover the same things without having to read Dr. Rubin's book.

In AIP's epic, "The Great Scout and Cathouse Thursday," Lee Marvin plays Lee Marvin and the BUF Sylvia Miles plays a rough, tough madam named Mike. Thursday is the name of the youngest girl in the brothel. Says Thursday, played by Kay Lenz, "Mike hardly ever lets me go with the customers. She saves me for herself." There's also an Indian, Joe Knox, played by Oliver Reed, who takes advantage of his dose of clap to get even with the white men. "You heard of Typhoid Mary," he boasts, "well, I'm going to be known as Pox Knox." William Jennings Bryant also shows up in the picture but one of the characters objects to his wanting to give women the vote. "Might as well give women the right," he snarls, "to pee standing up." Lee Marvin, a woman's libber at heart, rebuts the comment with, "You wouldn't know Christian charity if it bit you on the ass." Lee, the gentleman always, puts a saucy tongued chick in her place with, "I never spanked a lady in my life, but in your case I'll make an exception." As you

see, "Cathouse" is a Western with true Southern, Eastern, Northern overtones.

Sylvia Miles, bosomy star of Michael Winner's far-out film, "The Sentinel," mused: "I hope this doesn't start a rash of lesbian parts for me. It could ruin my reputation as a nymphomaniac."

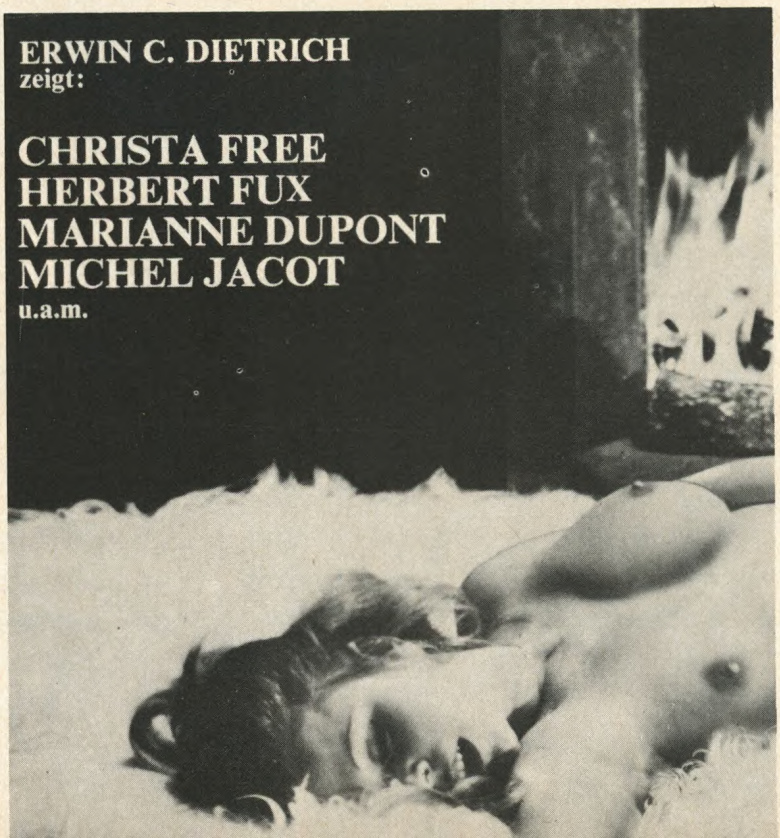
Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., author of "The Life and Times of Bobby Kennedy" remarked when interviewed, "I object to the popular synonym for homosexual. *Gay* used to be one of the most agreeable words in our language. Its appropriation by a notably morose group is an act of piracy."

In Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," which was presented Off-Off-Broadway, the tough-minded, female lead comes off with the best line: "I have a virgin streak in me, Somehwere . . ."

It was only natural (or unnatural) that the gigantic money-maker "The Devil in Miss Jones" would span a series of spin-offs and take-offs. And although there wasn't much left to take off, it happened. Especially in West Germany. First came "Der Teufel in Miss Jones" starring the gorgeous, BUF Christa Free who finds more than her match in Herbert Fux. Both erotic and surreal, Christa play a nympho, "too hot for hell." It also touches deftly on the age-old question: is there sex after death?

And let's not forget the sequel, "Was Geschah Wirklich Mit Miss Jonas?" ("What Really Happened to Miss Jones?") touted as the greatest sex tale since "The Story of Oh." This time Christa plays a nympho call girl whose picture is spotted in a magazine by a multi-millionaire who decides to put private dicks on her tail. The hot tail trail leads first to a photographer, a dancing teacher, a coutourier and finally to a racy nightclub. It all ends up with her reaching porno queen status when the right producer-seducer enters.

Promotion art from Elite Film's "Der Teufel in Miss Jonas," starring Christa Free and Herbert Fux—a great name for an adult pix actor.



This sexy, sultry brunette appeared a while back in last October's BUF Swinger, and reader response was terrific. It's no surprise that guys go for Donna, for she sports a pair of shapely knockers that would please even the most discriminating BUF buff.

A professional fashion designer, Donna has just completed a new line of unisex swimwear

DONNA

Gem of the
Month

which will be on the market within a few months. She expects her creations to sell briskly, although she confides that when it comes to swimming, she opts for skinny-dipping, herself.

When we called on this long-haired beauty she'd just returned from a two-week vacation in the Bahamas. "I just love it there. The beach, the food, the friendly folks. If I didn't have my business connections here, I think I'd pack up and move down to the islands."

Donna is currently involved in designing a new line of formal evening wear. "Now that

the hippie thing is dying down, I think people are going to get into getting dressed up again. You know, white tie, tails, evening gowns, the whole bit."

Another daring innovation of Donna's is the creation of a unisex T-shirt with no print or pictures on it. "I know it's unconventional, but I like to think of myself as a pioneer. I'm inspired by Yves St. Laurent and Diane Von Furstenburg, but I've never copped any of their ideas."

Donna's designing ability comes in handy,

for she often finds it difficult to find fashionable clothes that will accommodate her substantial Big Up Fronters. "I wind up making most of my own dresses," she says. "It's fun actually, and the things I make are a lot better-looking than the stuff in the stores."

It's tough to find a gal who's a whole lot better-looking than delectable Donna. This chick knows how to dress, but we dig her even more au naturel. □

Each Spring he brought great joy to all the townspeople but he had one trick that really thrilled the maidens

THE JOYFUL JUGGLER

by Maria D'Marco

An easy stride, one could even say amble, carries him along the path to town. Graceful carriage eases his body through each motion—reminiscent of the clean flow of a Tennessee Walker. Large, sculpturesque hands rise and fall through the air. Fingers with a gently tapered beauty seem to be always reaching. Face of dark amber is embellished with angular features—eyes juniper green and lips ever forming an amused smile. His high-rising nose knows only the fragrance of honeysuckle. His breathing is the care of the rhythm of his being—free and easy, quiet and unhurried.

A small white bird reels round his dark umber curls and alights softly, as though she has found the perfect nest. His smile flashes wider and he puckers his lips to whistle to his companion. The tune is delicate and swoops from high to low, almost with a tease. The little bird ruffles tiny feathers and with pure contentment joins in the song.

From the pouch slung across his back, the Juggler draws a small handful of plump seeds and offers them to his feathered friend. She is delighted and carefully nibbles at one.

He is now very near the town and sounds of many voices laughing and singing over the hill. There is a celebration begun—to greet the new season we call spring, and the Juggler is always called to join in the festivities. The people love him for his skill and tricks, but more so for the joy he carries with him and so cheerfully gives to all.

He laughs aloud at the thought of the coming festivities and the memories of pleasant times past. He knows the tricks the elders will call for—old favorites guaranteed to delight them. And he knows also the tricks the children will cry for, ones with balloons and objects shaped like animals to be tossed high and spinning. But the tricks he remembers with the most anticipation are the ones the tender young women ask for, tricks of marvelous agility and bountious rewards.

Yes, the Juggler has good reason to whistle his merry tune with his little friend and to now slightly quicken his pace.

As he walked between the two ancient oaks that formed a natural entrance to

"You fools! I said be sure he's well hung—not well strung!"

the town, a small boy shouted a greeting and ran to meet him. The youngster ran full speed crying, "Catch me, Juggler! Catch me!" and leaped into the Juggler's ready arms. Both laughed heartily and as the boy was swung into the air, the little bird flew off to find a more stable perch. The Juggler seated the boy on his shoulders and they made their entrance into the heart of the fair.

There was much pointing and laughing at the two and all rejoiced that the Juggler had arrived. Everyone gathered 'round and soon questions of his good health and fortune were replaced by pleas for favorite tricks. The Juggler waved a hand and announced that he would honor the boy's request first as he was first to greet him upon his arrival. At this, the boy gleefully clapped his hands, and scrambling to the ground said he wished to see the kittens and the stars. The juggler smiled and pulled from his pouch six kittens fashioned from the softest fur and six stars of clearest crystal, The boy held his breath and all became quiet—for the Juggler was about to begin.

With deftness and speed, he twirled each star into higher and ever higher arcs—they spun like tightly wound up toys—catching the sun's light 'til they glistened like diamonds. Then he tossed each toy kitten in such gentle swoops all seemed to move in slow motion. The stars and kittens mingled and flew and soon those watching were certain they were dancing. The boy watched, amazed, as one-by-one a kitten and then a star paused in the Juggler's hands and then dropped into his pouch. Soon there was just one of each leaping into the air—now alone—now together, but always the rhythm remained the same.

The Juggler smiled at the boy and called him nearer. Then told him to hold wide each large pocket on his linen shirt. The boy stepped forward, stretching out his pockets as the two final dancers reached their highest peak, lightly touched and fell to rest—one in each pocket. The boy laughed in surprise and retrieved his new gifts for a gaze of bedzzlement. The Juggler had never before done such a thing and the boy knew it was great honor. He bowed deep to the Juggler and then ran to display his treasures to the others.

It was now time for feasting and music and merriment for all. The Juggler strolled through the crowd, doing tricks as they were requested. Laughter and happiness followed in his wake and good cheer was the password before him. He enjoyed their mirth and when someone could not imagine a trick for him, or were perhaps too shy to say, he would spin a silly story out of their own thoughts until they laughed with recognition.

And as evening drew near those about him were more and more the young girls of the town. Walking by, they would ease and dip close, to brush the edge of his cloak or to cause the tip of one of his fingers to caress their softness. It was a constant movement—advance and retreat, weaving and rippling waves lapping against the fringe of him—a sensation of gathering intensity which excited and delighted him. In an ebb of this flow the small boy appeared at his elbow. He held the hand of a radiant young woman whose eyes seemed to covet the ground just before the Juggler's feet.

The boy pulled the Juggler close and whispered, "She is like the diamond-fire in your crystal stars and the downy softness worn by your tiny kittens."

The Juggler smiled beyond all his smiles, bowed deep and replied, "You do me great honor; wise and wonderous boy, for a gift of such beauty could I ne'er deny!"

With that, he began whistling a quiet tune and walked slowly from the crowd. The girl matched his every step, never hesitating for an instant, and as he swept his cloak about her, she was bathed in his warmth.

The shelter prepared for the Juggler's one night stay was on the side of the hill that overlooked the town. The walls were sweet cedar branches and the roof honeysuckle vines. The floor a carpet of young pine needles and pallet down-filled, linen-covered.

So, to this place of fine fragrance and tender textures did he bring her; in the dusk of the day, in the eve of twilight. He gave her fruits, both ripe and dried, and a clear nectar to ease her throat. And as the stars bloomed 'cross the ebony-blue sky, he caught her gaze and softly asked what trick she wished him to perform.

She turned to speak, her breath like lilacs after a warm rain, "I would wish, fair Juggler, for a trick of greatest joy. You possess a staff, which I'm told, rises above all others and has explored every crevice of beauty and worth in this land. Could it be within your powers to juggle *me* atop this magnificent pole?"

With a toss of his head and a hearty laugh, the Juggler did reveal his great staff, one of such girth and stature as to make the girl gasp. "My staff and I are at your service, bold angel," said he and he lay back with a flourish. Eyes wide and twinkling, the girl threw high her skirts, grasped the Juggler's hands and then, perched upon his sturdy shaft, she cautiously raised each sweet leg in the air.

Balanced thus, she was soon to be in most profound ecstasies as the Juggler proved his skill—the girl held almost motionless in the cool night air by the rigid, but ever undulating, juggling staff.

So, through this night of sweet rapture, the girl reveled in wanton delight. And never lost her succulent perch during that writhing Dance of Farewell to youth's hidden flower—that pink-throated orchid which delights all Jugglers. □

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

LAURA

Here at the office, we spend many a leisurely hour thumbing through the rare treasures buried in the BUF Archives. When we came across this stupendously endowed lass from the BUF past, we knew we had to share her charms with our newer readers, who may have missed her debut appearance several years ago. Laura hails from the city of Amsterdam, and was tending bar here in the States when she first graced our pages. This

super-structured Dutch treat is undoubtedly one of our Big Up Front Hall of Famers. An amateur pop artist back then, Laura told us that she never drank while tending bar because she was "high on life." We get high just feasting our eyes on Laura's phenomenal anatomy, and we're sure you'll get off on her too. □

"That's a deal!"

But neither of us moved. We just stood glaring at each other. And then the stupidest thing happened—she began to cry. When I picked my jaw up from the floor I heard myself say, "Please, Evelyn, please don't cry. . . ."

She sniffed loudly and wiped her nose. "What'd ya call me?"

I bit my lip, then forced a laugh. "Evelyn . . . . I called you Evelyn."

"She yer ol' lady, mister?"

"Nah, we just lived together. She ran out on me . . . two weeks ago . . . we-we had this quarrel, you see, and she stormed out . . . and never came back. And she claimed she loved me, the phoney bitch."

Miss Lovely grinned slightly. "You must be a dog to live with, hey."

"Maybe you're right."

She kept right on grinning, and I felt like belting her—but her perfume filled my guts full of butterflies. I tore off her dress and pulled her to the floor. *She was loving it, the slut!* My eyes burned as I feasted then upon her heaving chest. I nervously groped for her bra-clips.

"Big-boy sure knows how to be friendly."

I tore away her bra. Dark, erect nipples . . . almost like Evelyn's . . . All of a sudden I envisioned Evelyn underneath me, assuring me that all was forgiven.

"Whatsamatter, fella, didja forget how?"

I pushed my hand across her face not hard, but not gentle, either, and she squealed like a hamster. "Go ahead," she panted. Hit me. Hit me!"

"Are you nuts?"

"Yes, and evil, too! I'm a screwy, evil bitch, so hit me!"

So intense was her plea that I slugged her in the mouth. "More," she rasped, as blood seeped over her bottom lip.

I kissed her heavily and felt her blood trickling into my mouth. "Love me, Evelyn," I groaned.

"I love you! And I am not Evelyn!"

"Goodbye, dear, the druggist is here with my prescription."

I ripped off her panties.

Afterwards, I managed to find a washcloth in the rubble. I rinsed it in cold water, then pressed it to her puffed-up lip.

We remained silent for a long while, then she said softly, "Harold, are you intending to . . : wait for Evelyn to come back?"

"Why do you ask?"

" 'Cause I'm getting the feeling you really care about *me,* god-dammit."

"I thought tough-fisted prostitutes like yourself are immune to such sentiment."

"I'm not a prostitute!" she protested. "Not . . . in spirit, at least."

We fell silent once more. I thought about Evelyn; wondered where she could have run off to. Perhaps she really meant it when she said that she never wanted to lay eyes on my homely face again.

"Harold?"

I turned to Miss Lovely, slouched on the sofa, resting her bare legs on a stack of newspapers and holding the washcloth to her swollen lip.

"Stay with me, Harold. How 'bout it?"

I couldn't answer her, so I just stared.

"We could hit it off, I think. We seem to be good for each other."

I was taken aback, for no woman had ever said that to me before. "Do you honestly mean that?"

"The trouble with me," she sighed, "is that I've never been a dishonest person."

I made love to her again; this time she begged me to be gentle.

And when it was over we lay entangled in each other's limbs, woozy and content. As I felt myself drifting off to sleep, I vaguely wondered what Miss Lovely's real name was. I would ask her first thing in the morning. □

British Bird

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making tentative plans to start a chain of fast-food restaurants in the U.S. The outlets, to be called "Bubble and Squeak," after the traditional English dish, will offer such time-tested British favorites as shepherd's pie, spam and chips, and boiled vegetables.

An ardent follower of contemporary music, Hana is very much into the exciting punk-rock

scene in England. "I just love Johnny Rotten of the 'Sex Pistols'," she says. "I feel he speaks for my generation, but I must admit I'm revolted by the way he and the others in the group carry on and beat up on unsuspecting bystanders and vomit on old people."

We're eagerly awaiting Hana's arrival on our shores. Even after we've sampled her gourmet cooking, we suspect that Hana herself will still be our favorite British dish. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

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one guy is driving around with a five-letter dirty word in Yiddish because nobody in the bureau knows the language. The censors' work is cut out for them. For instance, on what grounds could they disapprove of F-U-2?

Or: 4-Q-2?

Lady Journalist
Gets Scooped in Bed

The leading female political reporter of The Philadelphia Inquirer admitted she had had an affair with one of Pennsylvania's biggest politicians and had accepted ten grand in presents from him. This was a no-no. How can you write unbiased stories about a politico if you're shacking up with him? An executive of the newspaper summed up his own attitude thus: "I don't care if my reporters are screwing elephants—as long as they're not assigned to cover the circus."

The "Missouri Waltz"
in a Bawdy House

Harry Truman was from Missouri and that makes him a Southern President, sort of. He was certainly saltier than any Holy Ned from Dixieland we have had since. At a White House reception he once said he'd like to have been a piano player in a whorehouse. The Secretary of Labor said, "That would have been too bad because then we would never have known you."

The President of the United States eyed the Secretary through his glinting spectacles and asked, "Why be so high and mighty as though you had never been in a whorehouse?"

Are Latins Really
Lousy Lovers?

A scholarly chap who admires BUF babes has sent us what he calls a dirty poem in Latin. Goes like this:

Aureolis futui cum possit Galla duobus
et plus quam futui, si totiem addideris:
aurecles a te cur accipit, Aeschyle, denos?
non fellat tanti Galla. Quid ergo? Tacet.

Oh? You knew that all along, did you?

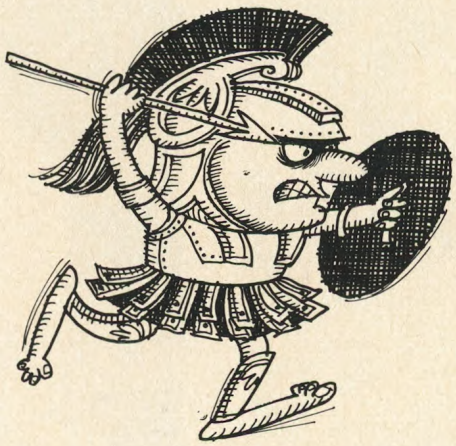
Well, for the benefit of the rest of us dummies, our scholar has presented a translation which will seen below. The verse is from "The Epigrams of Martial." Martial was, to give his square name, Marcus Valerius Maritalis, an author who lived in Rome in the first century A.D., a time when most of us were not even born. He was famous for his ribald (translate "sexy") epigrams.

All hail old Marc! Here is how the above verse translates according to James Michie, also a BUF fan as far as we can learn:

We all know Galla's services as a whore
Cost two gold bits; throw in a couple more
And you get the fancy extras too. Why, then,
Does your bill, Aeschylus, amount to ten?
She fellates for far less than that. What is it
You pay her for? Silence after your visit?

Femme Fuzz
Smacks a Smacker

A traffic violator in Tulsa tried to get out of a ticket by kissing the Police Ms. who was arresting him. He got fined $51 for assault and battery against an officer. So let him kiss that off! □



UP YOUR RECORDS

continued from page 53

a dozen straight partners. This record is of special interest because, as Jerry said after the records was established, 'It aint too often you can get them straight guys to go for it."

Robinson Crusoe holds the record for nonstop doing his own thing. From Monday morning until Thursday evening, he sat around taking matters in his own hand. But he was able to give it up when Friday finally came around.

The record for conducting the most classes in sex-education is held by Sherry Crunt, a young teacher from Balls Falls, Idaho. She has given carnal knowledge to more than 4,000 eager young male students. The charges against Miss Crunt are still awaiting final disposition.

Jack Hoff once stood on his head for three days. Then his wife began raising all kinds of hell about it and made him get off.

The coldest day on record occurred at Webang, Minn., on Dec. 3rd, 1969. although the exact temperature was never recorded, it is known that it was so cold that exhibitionists in the city's parks were walking up to girls and describing themselves.

Intercourse, Pa., holds the record for the hottest August 12th. It was so warm several young girls reported that their pantyhose had melted. Some observers insisted these girls had been at a pretty wild party that day and the weather had nothing to do with the state of their underwear. Any way you look at it though, it must have been pretty darned hot.

Little Boy Blue is said to have blowed his horn; Teddy Longnecker, of Horny, R.I., broke his neck trying to see if this was possible. Seems it wasn't .

And finally, Sally Bothways, of Acee, D.C., has been arrested well over a hundred times—for riding her bisexual on the public streets. Those arrests are a matter of public record.

And if that isn't official, we don't know what is. □

ARLENE

This guitar-pickin' sweetheart hails from the great city of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Our Southwestern correspondent first encountered her

while trying out some instruments at Tulsa's Guitar House. It seems that both Arlene and our man were admiring the same sunburst Gibson ES-335, and this led to their striking up a conversation. Later that evening, at Cain's Ballroom, Arlene was persuaded to pose and share her charms with our readers.

Originally a classical guitarist, Arlene has forsaken the acoustic instrument in favor of playing country music and Western Swing on a vintage Gibson Byrdland. After majoring in music and receiving her degree, she completed a master's thesis consisting of an analysis of the guitar styles of the various lead guitarists with Ernest Tubb's Texas Trubadours. Her paper covers Jimmy Short, "Butterball," Billy Byrd, Leon Rhodes, Steve Chapman and Pete Michaud. Arlene's in-depth rhythmic and harmonic analysis of solos by these guitarists on Tubb's records is a brilliant work of country music scholarship that should cause quite a sensation when it is published later this year.

Arlene's eye-opening good looks, sensual shape and hot guitar licks never fail to cause a sensation wherever she goes. □

continued from page 20

followed by a look of total shock. They looked from the picture to her then back to the picture.

Teresa noticed the strange looks on their faces.

But before any of the three women could reply, a series of noises shattered the sudden quiet of the dining room. A loud noise. A continuous noise. A loud mooing sound entered the room from the outside.

Teresa looked at the three women in a state of fright.The three women showed no signs of fear. "It is nothing," Alexandra said to Teresa. "It is only the cows letting us know that it is time for their evening milking," she said the words calmly, still carrying the look of shock and surprise from seeing the picture.

Alexandra looked towards Anesta and then at Teresa Layn. "If we don't milk them daily, we won't get any sleep at night." And to Anesta. said, "It is your turn tonight."

Anesta stood up from the table. Alexandra looked at Teresa Layn, "Would you like to help in the milking?" She made no comment on the picture.

Teresa looked at her and thought; how can I refuse after the kindness and warmth that they showed me. "I would love to," she said at last and stood up from the table, joining Anesta. She would ask them later about finding her husband.

Together, Teresa and Anesta walked out of the house and across the footpath to the barn from where the noise was coming. The mooing was continuous now.

Anesta opened the barn doors and put on the light. As the barn lit up, a look of shock and surprise came over Teresa's face this time. There, in front of her, chained and shankled on raised wooden beds, filled with straw, were twenty-four men. Twelve on each side of the barn, still mooing, but more quietly now at the sight of Anesta.

Teresa looked at Anesta but found herself speechless.

Anesta saw the look of shock on her face. "Cows," she said, thinking of the picture.

"Cows!" replied Teresa Layn, looking around the barn at the chained men. Men without even a loin cloth on them.

"They must be milked daily," Anesta continued. "Especially the younger ones or we wouldn't ever get any sleep at night." The mooing stopped now. "The older ones can go a day or two without milking," Anesta said, walking towards a machine in the corner of the barn. And turning towards Teresa, said, "This is the milking machine. It is a new invention."

Teresa Layn saw that it looked like a vacuum cleaner with many suction tubes instead of just one. The tubes were made out of rubber.

"It is faster now. Once we had to milk them manually. It was a long and tedious job, but the cows seemed to enjoy it that way better and the productivity was higher." She shrugged her shoulders.

Teresa looked at her, at the machine and at the poor men lying in wait.

Anesta walked down the aisle, bringing the machine with her. She placed the machine in the middle of the aisle and taking one of the tubes, walked over to the first man.

Teresa walked further down the aisle, to the back of the barn and horror filled her eyes. She looked down at her husband, chained and waiting. He didn't seem to recognize her, even though, they were looking each other in the eyes. Now Teresa understood the look of shock of the three women's faces. She wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. How could any woman in her right mind be married to a cow? They must have thought.

Teresa continued to stare down at her husband. She wondered, what did they do with the sperm, so called milk? Her thoughts were interrupted.

"Would you like to milk one or two?" Anesta asked in a boring tone of voice, seeing her just standing there.

Teresa looked up at her then at her husband. "Yes, I would like to." She pointed to her husband and said, "This one O.K. with you?" She realized that they didn't recognize her husband due to the shape he was in now and the age difference in the picture. And to them, all cows must look alike! When you seen one, you seen them all.

Anesta shrugged her shoulders, "O.K. with me," she said and pointed to one of the rubber tubes.

"No!" Teresa injected sharply. "I would like to milk this one manually."

Anesta looked puzzled and bored."If you like," she said. "It makes no difference to me which way you do it,."

Teresa left Anesta to her tubes and sat down on the stoop by the straw bed. She leaned down and patted her husband on the forehead, whispering into his ear, "I am here. Don't worry, we'll find a way out of here. Be patient." He stared up at her without a word, but let out a short moo now and then.

"Poor thing," Teresa whispered. "What have they done to you. I must get the space car fixed and refueled. And then I will get you out of this place." A faint recognition came to his eyes and face. He tried to force a smile but couldn't.

Anesta looked up from her milking at Teresa and seeing that everything was going fine, went back to her own chores satisfied.

The men remained quiet as the milking continued.

Teresa smiled at the thought of the men helpless before two women, dressed in only a transparent dress, displaying their charms in front of him. And then, she thought of her husband and whispered once more, "Forgive me, dear." And with no further say, started to "milk" her husband.

As Teresa continued to manually relieve her husband, she wondered what they did with it? Export it, maybe? Was there a shortage of it somewhere in the galaxy? Were

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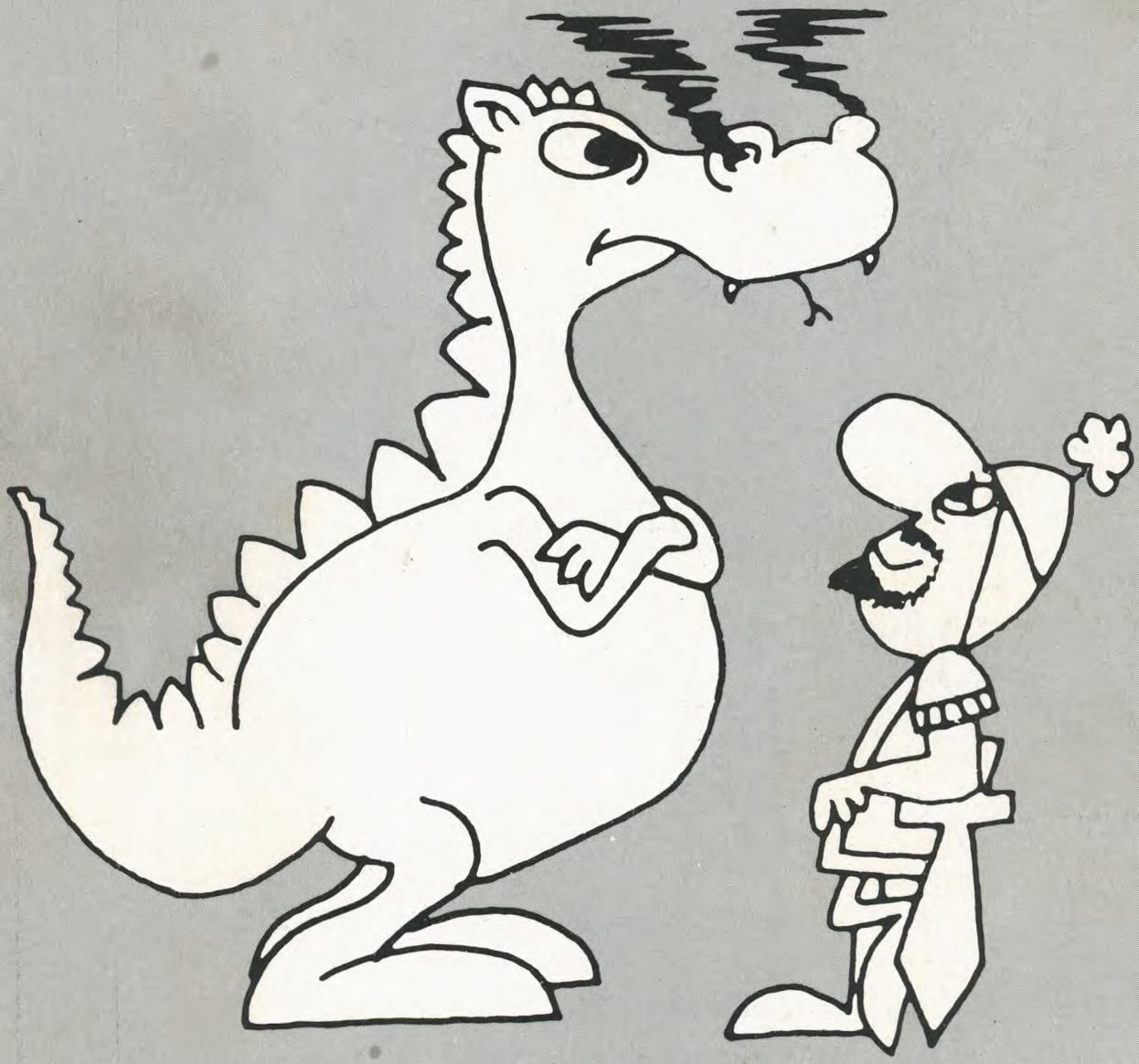

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