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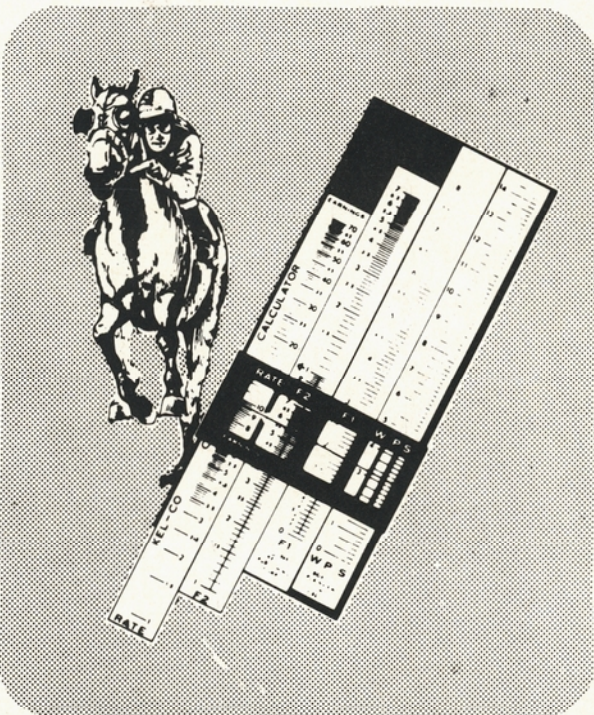
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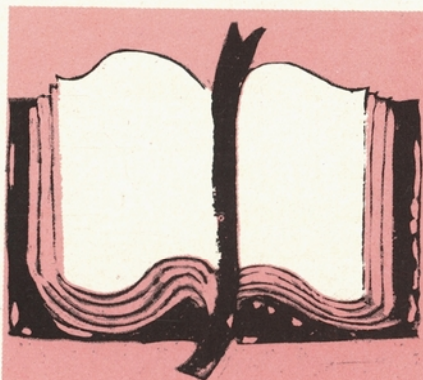
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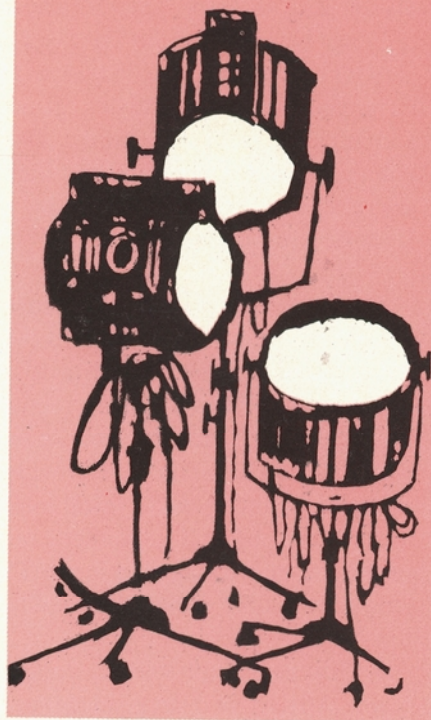




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**PASS**  
IN REVIEW

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## RECORDS

Here's good news for opera buffs. The late Vittorio Giannini's rarely played opera, *The Taming of the Shrew* is now available on a new recording from CRI. Giannini drew upon Shakespeare's sonnets and "Romeo and Juliet" as well as the comedy in composing the libretto,

producing a rather muddled product, but the music, especially as sung on this LP, makes it a must.

Beethoven's massive *Mass in C, Op. 86* is something to reckon with, and Carlo Maria Giulini gets it together right on the new Angel recording. With the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra and four impeccable soloists, Giulini herewith proves himself a maestro.

Twenty yards of garden hose, a jaw harp, rubber bands etc. Get the idea? Five players give their all on these and 53 other "instruments" on the new disc, *Kagel: Der Schall* (Deutsche Grammophon). The Kölner Ensemble for New Music does the honors, and the results are nothing short of weird. *Der Schall* means "the sound," you must hear this for yourself.

*Ockeghem: Missa Caput* (Lyricord) is an arresting, 15th century work stylishly played by the Capella Cordina. Conductor Alejandro Planchart fills out the second side with six Motets and Chansons by Ockeghem. Another good reason for the resurgence of Renaissance music.

A pleasing collection of popular classics comes over well on Seraphim's low-cost LP, *Dukas: L'Apprenti Sorcier*. In addition to the title piece, Pierre Dervaux and the Colonne Concerts Orchestra have included Ravel's *Bolero* and Saint-Saëns' *Dense Macabre*. Familiar, yes, but flavorful.

*Brahms Symphony No. 3 in F, Op. 90* is coupled with the same composer's *Tragische Overture, Op. 81* on a recent release from Phillips. The performances establishes Bernard Haitink as one of the top contemporary conductors. The Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra offers a sensitive and inspiring interpretation of both works.

Berio's *Epifanie and Folk Songs*

(RCA) with the composer conducting and Cathy Berberian as soprano soloist is a new recording of complex and thought-provoking music. "Epifanie" is filled with literary quotes from Proust, Joyce, and Brecht among others. The theme of the work is the epiphany as found in Joyce's "Dubliners;" a sudden revelation, often rising from a mundane situation, that reveals a higher, sometimes metaphysical truth. Miss Berberian admirably handles the great technical difficulties posed by the piece.

Rock operas with religious themes seem to be all the rage these days, and *The Survival of St. Joan* (Paramount) adds to the collection. The work concerns itself with the legend that the Bishop of Beauvais allowed another girl, similar in appearance to Joan, to be burned in her place. But the important thing here is the music, and the music's pretty good. So is the band, a group called Smoke Rise, which does a fine job.

*Touch* (Ampex) is the recording of the off-Broadway hit musical about a commune which features some pleasant pop-rock tunes performed by a group of very capable singers. The score by Kenn Long and Jim Crozier contains tunes in a variety of styles, steering aside of the monotony that often characterizes musical theatre. The Plowright Players do a fine job, and are backed by thoughtful arrangements.

Wishbone Ash is a new English group, recently named #1 New Group of the Year by London's *Melody Maker*. *Pilgrimage* (Decca) displays the talents of this quartet quite admirably. Wishbone Ash mixes jazz and rock themes, relying heavily on the twin guitar work of Andy Powell and Ned Turner. The group is weak in the vocal department, and could use some better original material. Nonetheless, some fine music here.



A minor ragtime revival seems to be in the making. Joshua Rifkin's recent Nonesuch recording of Joplin's work has introduced many to the classic syncopated music that bloomed at the turn of the century. Biograph has now released an album entitled *Scott Joplin-1916* which features piano rolls played by Joplin himself as well as classic rags interpreted by other pianists.

*Love It To Death* (Warner Brothers) is a desperate-sounding title, and the music of Alice Cooper heard here is desperate. But it is relevant, considering the crisis-pitch of our times, Vietnam, etc. The song that says it all is "I'm Eighteen." This album is a real scream.

Jethro Tull has definitely arrived with appearance of their latest effort, *Aqualung* (Warner Brothers). The ever-expanding musical talent of the group is there and the cuts have a distinct metaphysical quality, with no less a subject than God for most of them. The statements are innovative but honest, two qualities often lacking in pop music.

Acoustic music seems to be making a painfully slow return to the popular scene. *Frazier and DeBolt* (Columbia) with Ian Gunther on the violin has made incredible inroads in this department. Their original material such as "Gypsy Solitaire" and "Them Dance Hall Girls" are quiet masterpieces in songwriting. The whole experience is topped off by the Beatles' "Don't Let Me Down."

The Soft Machine is a British group playing some really exciting and together modern jazz. Their fourth LP, simply entitled *Fourth* (Columbia) is perhaps their best work yet. Mike Ratledge (keyboards), Elton Dean (alto sax and saxello), Robert Wyatt (drums) and Hugh Hopper (bass guitar) team up with Roy Babbington

(bass) and Alan Skidmore (tenor sax) to produce some beautiful and fascinating sounds. The Soft Machine has much in common with some of the American experimental jazz artists, but theirs is a more electric (not rock, however) sound.

Tim Hardin's *Bird on a Wire* (Columbia) is a departure from his usual fare in that he relies mostly on other people's material. This album runs the whole gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. Mr. Hardin's voice has an amazing capacity to express pain. There's a tendency towards over-production here, and the new original material is none too good. Vocally and instrumentally, there's a real looseness here, giving Mr. Hardin and his fine crew of musicians much room to work in. Mr. Hardin's rendition of Leonard Cohen's "Bird on A Wire" is worth the price of the album.

#### BOOKS

*The 12-Year Reich* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) by Richard Grunberger is one of the more insightful volumes to date on the Third Reich. Mr. Grunberger concentrates on everyday life during the Hitler regime, painting a realistic picture of German life at that time. Students of the Second World War on German history, or anyone interested in the period, will find this book indispensable.

*Stories and Prose Poems* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is a collection of short pieces by the man who gave us "A day in the life of Ivan Denisovich." Alesandr Solzhenitsyn's work is in the tradition of socialist realism, but realism, but is not always kind to the Soviet Regime. Solzhenitsyn turns his attentions in these stories to village life, and the Stalinist beurocracy among other subjects. His verse lacks the power of his prose, but the volume is well worth getting for the short stories.

*A Melon for Ecstasy* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) by John Fortune and

John Wells is a riotous comic novel satirizing many aspects of sex in our current society. Fortune and Wells spoof the pornographic novel and develop some really hilarious scenes, revealing themselves as masters of the situation comedy.

The city of Kiev in 1918, caught between the end of the first World War and the beginning of the Bolshevik takeover, is the scene of Mikhail Bulgakov's *The White Guard* (McGraw-Hill). Written in 1924, Bulgakov's work became famous in Russia through a stage adaptation. The present edition, translated by Michael Glenny, will hopefully bring Bulgakov the recognition he deserves here.

*Anagrams* (Doubleday) by David R. Slavitt is an impressive novel by former film critic for Newsweek. Mr. Slavitt is a literary scholar whose training is exhibited in his work. Slavitt's novel uses the language to its greatest capacity, playing games and intricate tricks with words. *Anagrams* involves a poet and the literary circle he travels in, casting a sarcastic eye on all involved.

*Snake in the Grass* (Delacorte Press) by Hal Kanter is a comic novel dealing with the television world of the fifties. Kanter, active producer, writer, and director, knows what he's talking about and provides some side-splitting, and cynical looks into the era of live TV. Kanter's tale of the rise of a young man in the TV jungle makes for some solid reading.

A Jew in an anti-Semitic world, a North African of European culture, a non-Moselm native of Tunisia. These are the perplexing identities of writer Albert Memmi and it is this plurality that pours such sensitivity into his novels. *The Scorpion* (Orion Press), like his others, is set in Tunis. Memmi's skill creates that teeming, polyglot city down to the last texture and taste. A trip in every sense of the word.



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# FANCY TRICKS

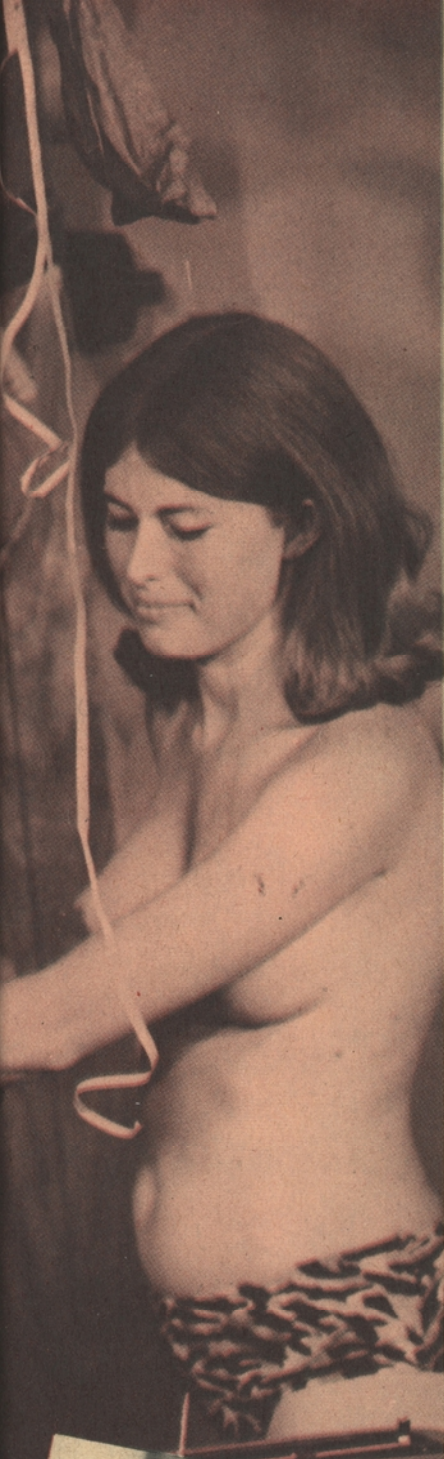
by Bud Holiday

*Hey, big spenders! Here's a private club where the elite meet to freak and (bleep)!*

Sex simply for sex's sake doesn't put it all together anymore for many excitement-seeking business executives. \$100-per-night call girls are old hat to the sated money boys who have their pick of pretties. That's why a private club for big spenders, just across Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, known as Belle Ami's Ball Garden, is getting the fastest action from the fat cats. At the end of the day busy bigwigs come to relax with stunts and games in place of pipes and slippers. For example, the tensed-up businessman can calm his nerves by playing Six-hole Stud Golf. In this pastime, the links lover is handed a golf club and a ping pong ball while six wondrously-endowed young ladies stretch out nude on a lush green carpet and spread their legs. The fellow putts the little ball from one girl to another, trying for a hole in one in each case. Male visitors play either singly or in competition just like on a regular course, except the green fees are much more expensive than at Pebble Beach and there is more than a cocktail to enjoy at the end of the game.

Group participation was never more popular than in the "Balloon Romp," a specialty of the house at Belle Ami's swinging Ball Garden. This far-out stunt requires three bedfuls of blown-up balloons with

(continued on page 61)



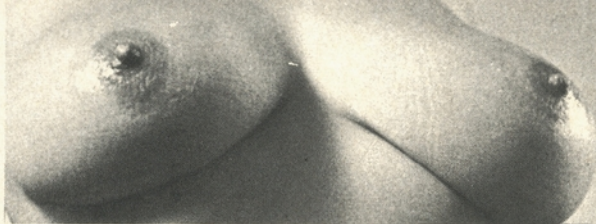




*"Open up, Cecilia. What I've got for you, I can't slip under the door!"*



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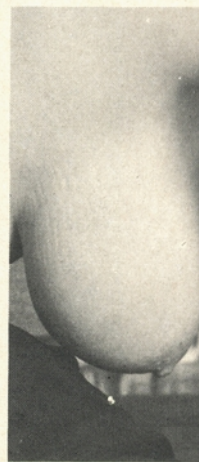
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# EVIE

This delightful and buxom swinger is an aspiring actress and student of the theatre. Her unique talents and fine figure ought to land her on Broadway in less time than it takes most struggling actors to get bit-parts in summer stock. When we arrived at Evie's pad for the photo session she told us of an opening she had attended the previous evening. "I guess I'm prejudiced against it because I saw it under adverse conditions—the curtain was up." She explained that the

author, a "name" playwright, had not actually written the script. "It was ghost-written pretty badly," she said. "In fact, it was haunted."

Evie's been supporting herself through modeling while she tries to make the big-time in the show-biz world. She works without pay with an avant-garde theatre group that gives her a chance to really work out. "Although I'm aiming for Broadway," she told us, "I know it'll never allow me the







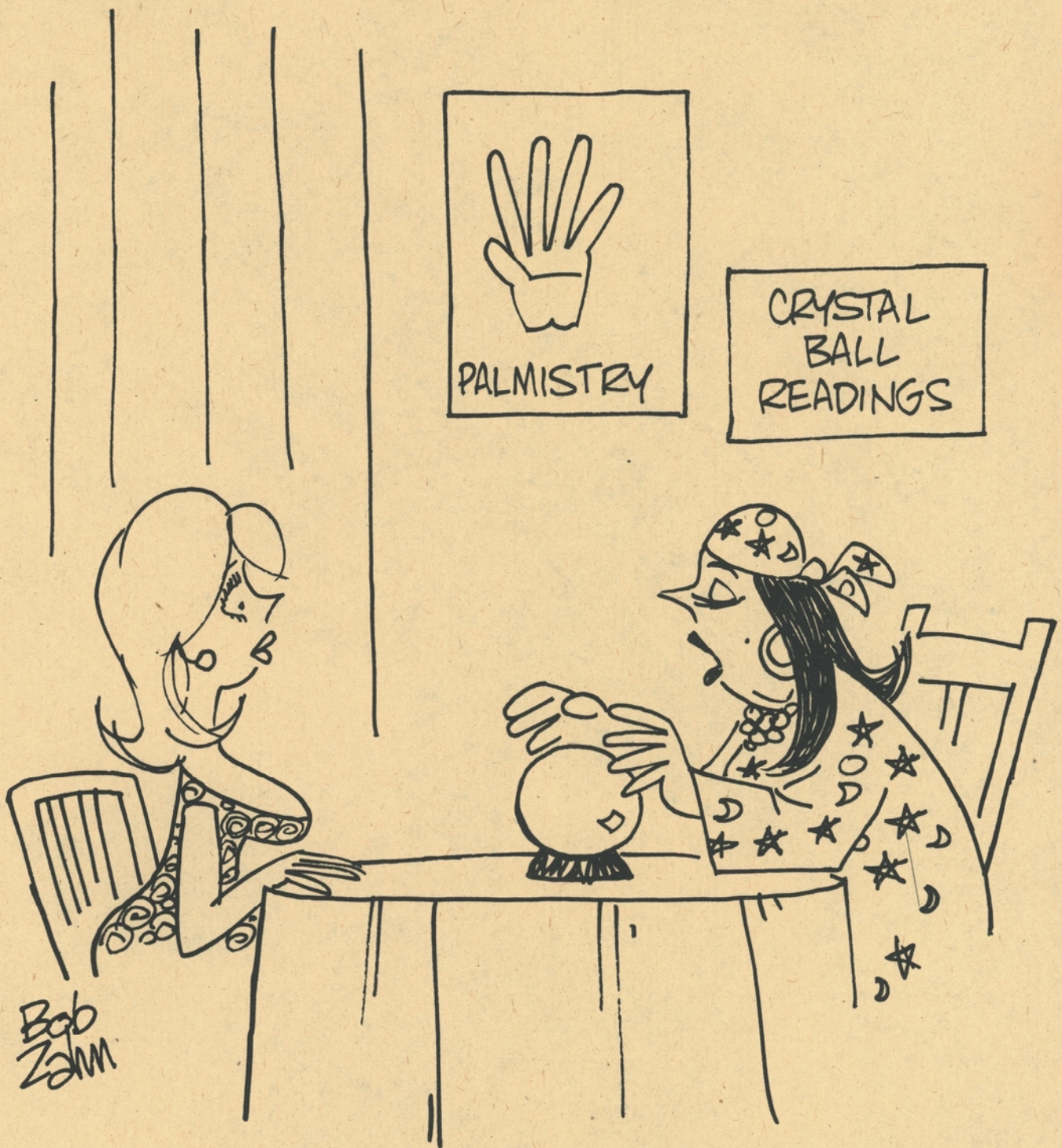


freedom of expression I get working with the cats downtown."

Evie, who's a physical fitness fiend, excused herself while she fed her dog, a ferocious looking thing that we couldn't place at all. We enquired as to the pooch's name. "Well," she replied, "I call him Sandwich because he's half-bread." In apology for this awful pun, Evie offered us a delicious Italian meal of veal scallopine with mushrooms, revealing her talents are not restricted to the stage world.

"I know I'll have to hustle a lot to get things going for me, but I think I'll make it," Evie told us. Even if we don't see her name in lights this year, she's still a candidate for the Anatomy Awards. ☐





**"You're going to meet a tall, dark, handsome man and get knocked up!"**







# The \$atanic Love and Money Cult

*Witches, bitches and pulled-down britches make for a hell of a bang-up sex business*

Self-styled witches and warlocks are doing a bang-up business these days selling sex. Just walk into an occult shop in most any city. There, among zodiac symbols and other strange signs, you can buy for a fistful of dollars an exotic love potion or a weird magical device that is specifically designed to bewitch the girl of your dreams. Or you may purchase a devilish hex, some object or act, that will hopefully make your chief rival for her body as impotent as a bread stick. If you are a do-it-yourself type person, there are books on black magic for sale that will guide you in creating crazy recipes and teach you mysterious incantations that should hip her or hex him, depending on your preference. In other words, the Devil is getting both his jollies and fat fees from hordes of romantic souls who believe in Satan's magic, and who pony up their hard-gotten bucks for charms, concoctions and mumbo-jumbo love spells that they pray will improve their sex life. As your probably suspected, the buyers are generally women. For example, a popular occult shop in Santa Cruz, California, sells as a piece of magic for \$12, the skin of a beaver which has been dipped into a sweet-smelling solution. Once a female rubs this against her personal parts she becomes irresistible to the opposite sex. Or so she is told. A phallus-shaped length of rubber, the size of an apothecary plunger, smeared with a special paste, is featured by a New Orleans shop, and guarantees intercourse with the Devil himself. Price: \$9.95.

In Eugene, Oregon, females take polaroid pictures of the men their hearts beat for to the Voodeaux Store. For a mere \$24, wax replicas are made for the women to sleep with. Such dolls are supposed to assure marriage with this perfect soul mate within a short time.

The Witch Wanda, an enterprising Midwestern sorceress, concocts a unique love potion for her female clients. The love-hungry dame who comes to her is told to snip off curls of her pubic hair,

by Jock Budd



which the witch mixes with a dried, leafy ingredient and rolls into a foul-smelling cigarette. Then on a Sunday night when the moon is new, the woman is urged to inveigle the man of her choosing into smoking the peculiar "weed." Wanda's recipe assures each client that once a fellow smokes the cigarette he will become her love slave forever.

Basically the modern witch's magical mixture dates back to the Middle Ages when female disciples of Satan considered their pubic hair a material for love. In those days, the hair was baked into breads and cakes and offered to their sweethearts.

On the Pacific Coast, a warlock has a good thing going in more ways than one. He never wants for money or sex. Representing himself as an agent of Satan, the black-robed, bearded opportunist travels up and down the Coast from San Diego to Seattle collecting fees and violating virgins and numerous other willing women.

He claims that to strengthen both the female body and soul and to make of herself a "true woman," a girl must be fused with the Prince of Darkness. To accomplish this remarkable feat, the clever disciple of Lucifer nakedly sexes with her and "injects the Dark Force of Satan" into her yielding body—all in full view of his faithful followers.

Believe it or not, young women pay dearly for the privilege of being ravaged publicly, and after the startling rites, usually performed on a moonlit beach at midnight, the warlock passes his copper collection bowl into which a handsome amount of money is piled.

Many of today's champions of witchcraft follow this same train of thought. To a number of them, the performance of the sexual act is an integral part in the worship of the Devil and his demons.

A would-be witch historically is required to have sexual intercourse

with Satan, and as a conclusion to the ceremony, each initiate is made to kiss the Devil's buttocks. At such a ritual, the Devil may appear in the form of a goat or a huge dog.

In the witch trials in Salem, for instance, witches invariably confessed to various perversions and obscenities. They admitted that they had to mate regularly with their master as a reaffirmation of the evil bond between themselves and the Ruler of Hell. Likewise, sexuality was a means of gathering new recruits to the witches' fold.

A modern application has been put to this ancient belief as a means of making money.

At the *Witch's Tit*, an occult hut in the Southwest, a trio of self-styled



witches promise "a visit to hell" to any man who has fifty dollars and a masculine urge in his double-knit slacks. In a dimly-lit room, resembling something decorated for a Halloween party, amidst stereophonic sounds of low moaning, piercing demonic screams and the howling of dogs, a male customer is taken into the arms and depths of Satan's apostles on earth.

Following his nocturnal visit to the *Witch's Tit*, one farm implement salesman remarked: "As a kid I always thought that witches were ugly old crones who flew on broomsticks. These young witches are really dolls—and, man, how they fly!"

In the black arts, witches are believed to have the power of trans-

forming themselves into various animals, particularly cats and dogs. Thus it is not surprising that animals are being sold at fancy prices across the country, represented as demons in animal form.

Popular books and movies, such as *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Mephisto Waltz* have done a great deal to stimulate interest in Witchcraft. Women are paying plenty for reddish, perfumed oils to put in their bath water, or green creams to blob on their foreheads. They are drinking strange-tasting liquids while dreaming of sacking out with that hard-to-get chap who hasn't yet given them a tumble.

And now we come to the BIG question: *Does witchcraft really work?*

The experts say there is little doubt that these so called "witches" or "warlocks" can sometimes produce results. Because, and only in this sense, forceful, wishful and positive thinking can produce wonders in achieving satisfactory sex, according to leading psychologists.

The story of Margaret, a lonely Mississippi librarian, helps prove the point. Shapeless in her tweedy suits, flat-heeled shoes, silver-rimmed spectacles and tightly-bunned hair, Margaret was a sorrowful virgin approaching 30, sans interest in her by males of any kind. As a last resort, Margaret sought the help of a Biloxi witch who sold her a purple candle.

"Go to the beach at midnight," counselled the witch. "Toss aside all of your clothing. Let your hair fall about your shoulders. Hold this lighted candle towards the moon and hum the love song you know the best over and over again."

Margaret followed her instruction to the letter, producing a ripe, lush body that had been hidden by her drab attire. That very night she lost her virginity to a shoe salesman who was strolling the beach. □





*"You got it? — I'll dash in there madly waving my gun and then order you to take off your clothes and lie on the floor!"*





# SUSAN

New Orleans, home of America's traditional jazz, is also the home of our knockout blonde swinger. And swing she does, for she's a working member of a jazz band that performs material from the early New Orleans days through the swing era, doubling on clarinet and slide trombone. Susan's predecessor in the band was another gal who evidently didn't share her good looks. "They say a pretty girl is like a melody," Susan said. "Well, from what I hear, she must have been the Spike Jones arrangement."

Susan's favorite musicians include King Oliver, Johnny Dodds, Jelly Roll Morton,













and Coleman Hawkins. She played for us a few selections from her vast collection of vintage jazz. One of the numbers she put on the stereo was a rare recording of Johnny Dodds accompanying blues singer Blind Blake on "C.C. Pill Blues." "Blake has always been one of my favorite guitarists," Susan said. "He plays that thing just like a piano!"

Voluptuous Susan first started getting into music as a child, when the family would get together and sing to the accompaniment of a player piano. Her mother had a few old records of King Oliver's band, which she







practically wore out. In high school, she joined the band playing clarinet, and pretty soon was turning out hot licks to the astonishment of everyone.

Susan told us about her brother, a hot rod racer. "When Joe was a kid he decided he wanted to be a racing motorist, and ma and pa decided not to stand in his way. He never did make much money at it though. He's doing all right now, however. He's working with 5,000 people under him."

"Really?" We asked. "What does he do?" "He mows lawns in a cemetery," she replied.

Susan invited us to hear her band play that evening. We'll admit that she plays some pretty hot stuff, but she can make our temperature rise without her instrument. □











*He picked her up on Times Square and she was quite a broad even for Broadway*

# Miss Lovely

*by Fred D. White*

I was trying to lose myself in the frenzy of Times Square—to forget who I was or why I was by plunging myself into the squalid sea of neonlights and vagabonds. It was my way of holding the future at bay, you see, of keeping the past from sucking me back. At first I pretended I didn't see her—I had hooked myself onto one too many lovelies, and had been badly burned. I hurried in the opposite direction—toward a movie house. But I looked back. *Damn* me, I looked back. And she was sauntering down 42nd Street, seemingly oblivious of the pandemonium around her. She moved as though she were superimposed upon the scene by some uncanny technique of trick photography. I expected some guy to block her path any moment and strike up a negotiation. Hell, she probably wouldn't settle for less than fifty. She was wearing a white velvet mini, and her skin was nearly as white. Rich jet-black hair flowed down to her shoulders, almost the way Evelyn's did. Evelyn . . . I knew I would never see her again. The thought tore me up.

I turned away, clenching my teeth. Get your

ass into that movie house, a part of my brain screeched. It was no use. She came closer, and I was done in. I stalked right up to her and rasped, "Good evening, Miss Lovely."

Her full-lipped mouth, moist and glittering, twitched slightly and her eyes—enormous eyes—registered a distant surprise at my words. She continued walking, and I figured that was part of her game. "Listen," I said, walking alongside her, "could I take you to dinner? Nowhere around this asylum of a street, though."

"Where?" she clipped, not moving her head.

Before I could think of a place, she asked dryly, "Can you spend a bill?"

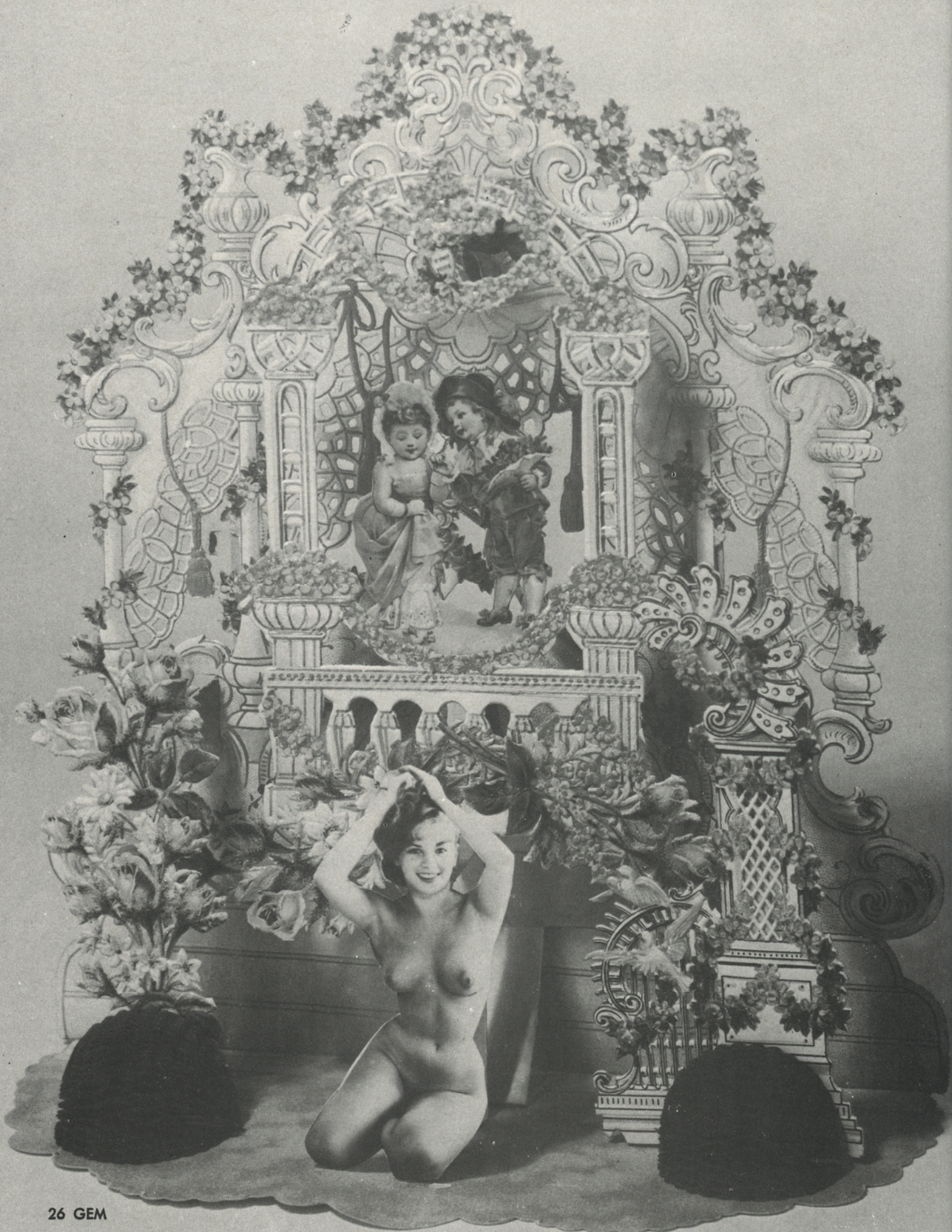
"A *bill*! You don't mean a hundred—"

She began walking faster. "That's my price, fella," she muttered.

I kept pace with her, hating myself for doing so—but she had that kind of aloof bitchiness that really intrigued the hell out of me. I stabbed in the dark: "Look here, I don't wanna take you beddy-bye," I lied, "just to dinner in a respectable, quiet place where you can listen to my problems and I can listen to yours—and

*(continued on page 80)*







by Paul Brock

*Snatching a fast look  
around the world at  
the big issue made  
over a little tissue*

# The Surprising Status Of Virginity

One intriguing result of the sexual revolution and Women's demand for sexual equality is that a girl's virginity is no longer insurable. Lloyds of London says so, and Lloyds is the world's leading insurance underwriter. The historic decision arose out of an Italian father's anxiety about his nineteen-year-old daughter. He was afraid she might lose her virginity before marrying. Though living in Bolzano, Northern Italy, the unidentified father's real home is Sicily where loss of virginity can play havoc with a girl's marriage prospects. He applied for an insurance policy against the risk of his daughter losing her virginity while working as a waitress in Germany. He wanted the insurance company to pay out 1,000,000 lira (\$1,610) if the girl turned out to be no longer in a state of chastity when she returned to her home.

The perplexed insurance company asked Lloyds for some advice, since they seem able to arrange almost any form of insurance cover, including dancers' legs, exotic performers' breasts, singers' voices, violinists' hands and belly dancers' navels.

Lloyds finally decided the risk of keeping a girl pure and virginal was too big a risk. "Loss of virginity in this day and age is a moral hazard which our underwriters could not be prepared to accept as a risk," a spokesman said.

But a Peruvian insurance company promptly stepped in with the boast that they accept risks involving every aspect of human folly and frailty, including loss of virginity. They cabled Lloyds in London extolling the virtues of Italian women and saying that they would be delighted to accept the risk.

The price of one million Italian lira has not, unfortunately, been matched by other nationalities intent on answering the question "what price virginity?" In Yugoslavia, for instance, the communal court of Visoko decided recently that \$175 was quite enough to pay for initiating a female into the joys and techniques of total togetherness. Blonde

*(continued on page 51)*



**ANN** Here's a preview of sensuous Ann,



our Gem of the Month. See pages 39 - 46







# SNATCH





# HED!

by Bill Maury

*Up Alaska way, our big-nosed hero  
discovers passion isn't frozen by  
all the icy tundra, and figures when  
in Nome, do as the Nomans do . . .*



Yessir, folks, a missing wife is no fun. Especially when she is swiped by another guy. That's what happened. I was the swiper. Up in the northern part of our newest state they do it all the time. It's not always easy, though. When you walk off with another guy's slumber pal you're always taking a risk whether you're in New Jersey (my home state) or way up in Alaska. But up there it's more of a game. A game where you might end up with a new bride or a harpoon in the back. Or both. I didn't go up to Alaska to get a girl. I went up there because I got bored with bartending in Jersey. That's what the docs tell you to do when you're fed up—take off. So I did. I got sick of being a listening post for drunks whose wives pushed them around and whose bosses exploited them. So one night after I mixed my last rye high and rolled out the last drunk I packed my bag and said the hell with it. The next day I was taking the thumbtrail across the country. I picked Alaska as my goal because a smart guy could stash away some dough, I've heard it said. Prices were high, but wages were higher. Since I'm a pretty smart guy, I figured Alaska was for me. Tony Kralick goes to Alaska. Just like a TV adventure story.

I had lots of luck with rides. Even though I'm 6 foot 3 and weigh two hundred and plenty, lots of drivers pick me up. You see I got a big nose and all the psychologists say a man with a breezer like I got can't be dishonest. It's the guys with little noses you have to watch out for. Maybe the drivers who picked me up did it to protect them from trouble-makers, who knows? Within a week I was in





*"The best thing that ever happened to me was when you  
passed your bar exams!"*



Seattle. From there I got a job as a deckhand on a freighter that looked old enough to be friendly with the Monitor and the Merrimac, and I worked my way up to Alaska. When I finally got there, it impressed me plenty. Some parts were thriving and business-like like any other place in the U.S., but in some areas it reminded you of all those Nanook of the North books you used to read. There were prospectors and promoters and wildcats speculators and some wild animals. The place really jumped. It cost a buck a drink and a half-dozen green bills for a steak. But I wasn't here to drink or to eat steak. I was up here to make some dough, tuck it away and go back to Jersey and open up my own business.

Since I'm trying to get out of the bartending business, naturally my first job is bartending. I like their hiring technique up here. No applications, no questions, nothing. I was walking by a saloon and a big moustache followed by a moon face came at me.

"You," the face said. "You with the king-size nose."

I turned and looked at him.

"You want a job?"

"What kind?"

"What kind? What kind do you think? This is a saloon. A bar. Want to tend bar?"

"And the pay?"

"Good pay and tips. Now if you want the job come on in. That is if you can get that schnozz through the door."

He went back in and I followed. Inside I picked him up by the shirt. "I got my beezer inside and now I may toss you outside. Ever been flipped out of your own saloon before?"

"Put me down, please," he begged. "You're embarrassing me in front of my customers."

Well, after that we got along fine. The salary was good and the tips were great. I ate at the place

and slept in a little room upstairs. In six weeks I had saved \$600. Try and do that in Jersey behind a bar. But Alaskan drunks are the same as Jersey drunks. They just talk slower. I was getting fed up. Then one night a guy came in who made it possible for me to get out of the mix-and-listen ranks.

The guy was some sort of professor from Washington, D.C. He worked with the Department of the Interior. Right now he was on vacation, but he was still doing some research on his own.

His job was studying people and he was interested in Eskimos. He knew a lot but wanted to learn more. He needed some guy to stand guard for him, protect him from whatever trouble came up. We hit it up and he asked me to come along. It would take four weeks and would pay \$1,000. I took off my apron and that was that.

The professor, Dr. Jonathan Stegler, was well equipped for the trip northbound. He had a sled of dogs and lots of food. He explained he was interested in studying the primitive bands way up north near the Arctic. That was up where every day was Icecapades day. My teeth were chattering from the cold, but with all those furs and occasional nips from a jug of brandy, I began to get used to it. He handled the cold okay. He was short and sort of frail, but he must have been pretty tough.

I asked him what he was getting out of it. He said satisfaction and knowledge. I asked him if that was the only reason. No, he said, there's a pile of dough involved in lecture tours, articles and films when he got back. *That* I understood.

I was glad when we reached our destination. You can get pretty tired of looking at dogs' rear ends for three weeks. It was about 10 below zero. Maybe 20 below in the shade. But I was getting used to it, and the professor said once I started

eating blubber it would seem just like Atlantic City.

"This group here is called the Loniroks," he explained when we saw our first development of split-level igloos. I'll tell you right now, it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. There's nothing to do but sit around and wait for whales, sharks and polar bears to show up.

But it was an education. I learned that these Eskimos were very kind to travellers. Back home we give travellers a shot of booze and a free meal. Up here, they let you borrow their wives for a while. Now that's a nice gesture—if the women don't look like the polar bears, or the whales.

The first Eskimo we met put down his harpoon long enough to see we were friendly. The Eskimo and the professor began jibbering away and pretty soon the prof came back to me with a big smile on his face.

"They're friendly," he said. "We can stay. He says they have something for us."

"Probably an Eskimo pie," I said. The professor didn't get it.

The old man, who apparently was Lord Mayor of Iceville, gave us a private igloo. Fortunately it had a large entrance which I needed. I spent a little time cultivating a friendship here and there with some of the prettier Eskimo girls. Couple of them were really shapely. You could see that despite the yards of fur they kept between them and the outside world.

And that nose-rubbing bit is the truth, I found out. Naturally this made me a big hit there. My beak isn't bashful at all and on some mornings the little Eskimo girls would come from miles around to stare at me. Wild. I could have been the Romeo of the frozen north. It's too bad some American girls don't think so much of rubbing noses. Well, that's geography, I guess.



The professor explained all this wife-stealing bit to me. It seems that when a gentleman desires another's wife, he tries to steal her away. Some wives are picked up bodily and carried away, whether they are willing or not. If the husband should want his wife back, he gets his friends together and that could mean war. However, if the husband doesn't particularly want her back, but wants to save face, he asks for something in exchange. Maybe like 40 pounds of blubber or a new fur coat. The deal is made and all parties are close friends and both men are sworn to share a mutual interest in any children born to the stolen woman. The deal is called "nuliinuroak," and it means that no one is shamed or disgraced and what the hell, let's have a drink and forget it.

"What happens if the wife wants to run off with another man?" I asked.

"Never can tell," he said. "Maybe the first husband will fight to get her back. But then, he may be happy about her leaving. Or, he might kill them both some night while they're sleeping. That's been done too, you know."

"Passion's the same all over," I said, philosopher-style.

"Right," agreed the professor, "in reality the climate has very little effect on man's passion. Up here with all the ice and freezin temperatures, man's blood boils and his emotions are aroused as they would be at the equator. Passion isn't frozen by all the icy tundra."

"I'm not worried about the tundra," I said, "It's the lightning that bothers me."

The professor didn't get it.

A few days later by my watch, I came upon the prettiest girl in the area. Tell you the truth, she was one of the most attractive girls I had ever seen and that includes Hoboken. She was shy and sweet. Her eyes were like a little doe's. She

made me feel like a man who was there to protect her. She really sent me. She was maybe 20 or 21. She was slim and graceful. Then I learned the bad news. She was married. I told the professor about her, how sweet and how gorgeous she was. And also, about how she was carried.

He pondered that and then said, "Why don't you steal her?"

"Naw, it's not right."

"They do it up here all the time," he said calmly. "It's something to consider. I mean if she's as nice as you say she is."

I had the feeling the professor was suggesting I steal the girl just so he could find out how an Eskimo would react to a white man stealing his wife. You got to watch these professors. They'll do anything for an experiment.

I went outside to think it over. Steal her. Steal pretty Nanka. It's against all my principles. You just don't do that in America, and we're in America—Alaska is a state. Still, in each state they have different laws. You can gamble in Las Vegas in a swank casino, but try it in New York and you go to jail. Besides, Nanka was only one of three wives. Chances are her husband wouldn't even miss her. No, that's a lie. He'd miss her. The guys other two wives looked like overfed polar bears. And Nanka was a beauty. Nanka Kralick. Sounded great.

That night I saw Nanka again. We didn't talk much, but we held hands real good. For the first time she opened her big fur parka and I felt her waist. Real slim and trim. And the way she looked at me. I said good-night and she gave my nose a quick little bite before ducking into her tiny igloo. That decided it. I would steal her! Up here lots of people did it. When in Nome, do as the Nomans do. Well, we weren't exactly in Nome, but we were close enough. Tomorrow night I'd take Nanka for my own.

Sweet little Nanka was married to a burly guy named Likaki. The guy was a great warrior and harpoon artist, having led the whole Arctic Circle league last year in whale-killing. In a fist fight, of course, I could mangle him, so that didn't worry me. But I'd have to protect myself against a long-distance call from a harpoon, should Likaki take offense. Well, I'd find out soon enough.

As the stars twinkled dimly overhead, I left our igloo and clambered over the icy ground to Likaki's igloo where sweet Nanka lay sleeping. I hadn't told her about the plan because in her girlish excitement she might have given it away. I wouldn't want to shove my head into her igloo and crawl face into a harpoon. Likaki had treated her badly (Nanka had indicated to me) so I was sure she would follow me. After that, who could tell what would happen?

I neared the igloo and got down on all fours to slither through. I had never been in her place before and I found that the entrance was pretty narrow. Since I'm built like a barn I had a rough time slipping through. I finally made it and stared around in the eerie half-light inside. Likaki was sleeping by himself in the far end of the enclosure. Two other wives were sleeping on his left. Nanka was on the other side of the igloo, sleeping soundly, her face a lovely mask of contentment. Slowly, very slowly, I inched my way over to her. I tapped her gently on the forehead. She stirred. I whispered her name. She opened her eyes, recognized me immediately and smiled.

I beckoned and she caught on right away. She sat up and looked over at her husband, who was still sleeping peacefully. She began looking around for some of her belongings. I whispered for her to forget them. I would buy her plenty of stuff back home in Jersey. She kept

(continued on page 70)





# LES GIRLS

The two nude women looked like one as they lay entwined on the bed in each other's arms. Pressing their breasts and bellies against each other, they showered each other with kisses. Soon the rapid movements began. The one on top rotated her body with increasing speed, keeping her eyes fixed on the other's face, all the while murmuring sweet nothings. Then a hurricane of sexual urgency seized her. Her bottom wildly oscillated and gyrated with jerks, thrusts and shoves as she frenziedly pressed

against her partner with a rapid jogging motion. Suddenly, the girl on the bottom stiffened and became almost rigid. Her arms gripped her female love on top more tightly than ever as a spasm of sexual release shot through her body. Her partner also experienced convulsive vibrations and tremors in rapturous ecstasy.

This episode of lesbian lovemaking didn't take place in the privacy of a bedroom. It occurred on your neighborhood movie screen — (continued on next page)



but one of a dozen or more films that have been released in the past 18 months in the U.S. that deal with lesbianism. And the flood of lesbian love epics shows no signs of abating.

One of the latest lesbian flicks is "99 Women" and it's mighty crude compared to "The Killing of Sister George." It's aimed strictly at the level of mentality of those whose lips move when they read comic books.

The movie falls back on the old women's prison picture plot as a pretext for a little sadism and lots of heavy-handed lesbian sexploitation. The setting is a kind of Devil's Island. Mercedes McCambridge, as a female martinet, presides over the women's prison in a ranting and raving style. And when she isn't yelling, she's locked in a passionate embrace with one of her pretty charges.

What accounts for the new Hollywood film craze for lesbian love?

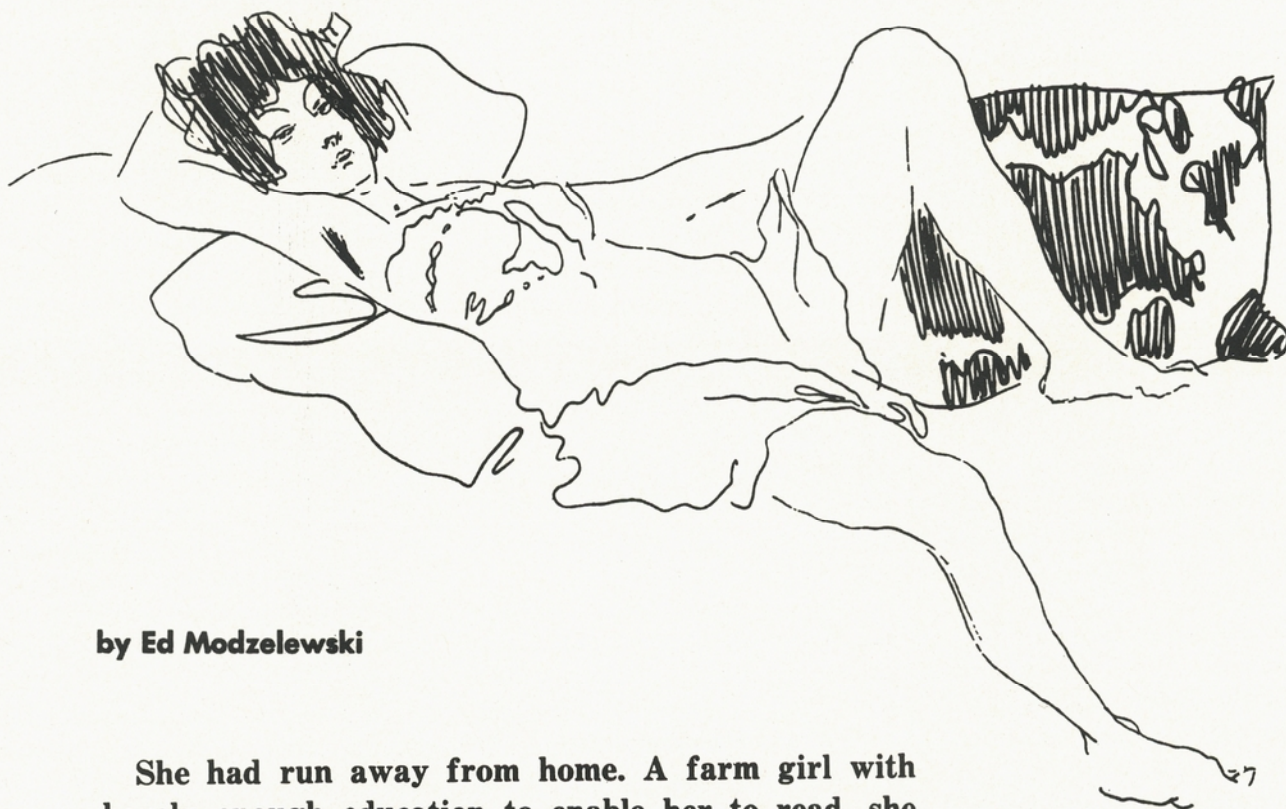
Say film critic Richard Schickel: "A dozen movies about the gay life may seem a trifle much in one year, but it must be remembered that something like 300 films are released in the U.S. annually. And considering that better than a quarter of Kinsey's female respondents admitted to having had some lesbian experience, 12 films about the subject does not seem excessive—especially when you recall that through all of movie history prior to 1968 the matter remained essentially untouched. Thus, last year could be seen as one in which a certain balance was restored."

Actually, the new boom in movies dealing with lesbian love can be attributed to moviemakers sensing a fast buck for the sake of sensation. Male homosexuality is a subject of distaste for most men and nearly all women. Lesbianism, on the other hand, seems to be a fascinating subject to both men and women. And as long as it remains so, there will be a helleva lot more movies concerning lesbian love. □





*Bread was the broad's real name and she sure went for the dough...*



by Ed Modzelewski

She had run away from home. A farm girl with barely enough education to enable her to read, she came into Alfie's bar in the Soho section of London to make her fortune.

The other girls eyed her suspiciously as she entered the bar. She had spent the money that she filched from her parents and paid for a week's rent at the rooming house that she had read about in the magazines which her father had forbidden her to read; the rest of her money went for the clothes she wore.

She was a fairly tall girl, not yet twenty, with ash-blond hair that fell to the middle of her back, straight, except for the curl on the ends. She wore a bright yellow mini-skirt and a tight-fitting black sweater.

She sat at an empty table, the skirt riding up over the tops of her black net stockings and exposing her milk-like thighs. Her face was cream with a pale pink coloring at the high part of her cheeks. Her short nose turned upward slightly, and when she smiled to the others, her green eyes sparkled between the narrow slits. She was really something.

*(continued on next page)*

# New Girl On The Hustle



## NEW GIRL ON HUSTLE

*continued from previous page*

The girls buzzed jealously. Each of them had something special about them that attracted the men, but this newcomer seemed to have it all; nature had bestowed her gifts in abundance upon her.

The waiter brought over a pint of ale. She sipped some, swallowed, and made a face while shaking her head. The top of her full torso shook as she did so and the few men that were in the place sighed in unison.

One of the girls came over to her and introduced herself to the pretty newcomer.

"My name is Lizzie. What the hell are you doing here?"

"Do sit. My name is Bread; Genevieve Bread. My friends call me Ginger."

Lizzie sat, eyeing the pretty lass.

"I want to make my fortune here," Ginger continued. "I read all the books and magazines about you girls and I want to try it." Ginger Bread seemed quite excited.

"A fortune? That's a good one." Lizzie slapped the scarred wooden table with the palm of her hand and laughter aloud.

"Yes, and perhaps you can help me," Ginger said rather shyly.

"Help you? How?" Lizzie seemed interested.

"Well, I've never done it before," the pretty girl sighed, her breasts heaving against the tight sweater.

"Just set the price and get paid beforehand, honey," the older girl stated.

Ginger dropped her gaze to her hands which were in her lap.

"Oh, no," Lizzie exclaimed. "You mean, you've never not even in the hay or . . . ?"

"No, never." Ginger's face reddened.

Lizzie stood up, told her to go back home, and left, latching on to the balding gent that was arguing about the soccer game.

The other girls heard much of the conversation and were talking and laughing about it. Nevertheless, the best-looking man in the place went over to Ginger Bread and within fifteen minutes walked out with her.

She was back an hour later and out again within a half-hour with a debonair chap.

When she came back later that evening, the other girls did not laugh at her any longer, but took her in as one of them although they were all jealous of her young beauty.

A few of them came over to the table where the lovely, new professional sat and exchanged pleasant-ries with her.

"You must be at least a fortie," Kelly said. She had flaming red hair and wore a dirty green dress. She was a bit flat-chested.

"Two quickies. You've started in fine style," Mimi, the brunette from across the channel, exclaimed. She hadn't had a payment in a fortnight.

"I turned a trick myself tonight," Lizzie, the last of the group, stated. "It makes me hungry; let's eat."

The others agreed.

Not Ginger Bread.

"I've no time for that. I have to make my fortune first." She got up on a signal from the gent with the beckoning finger over in the corner.

They left after a minute of conversation.

"That Bread, she'll never last if she doesn't eat regular," Lizzie said to the others. They nodded and ordered their meal.

The following few days saw Miss Bread in and out with many men. The girls talked about her endurance. No one ever saw her eat.

Toward the end of the week, Ginger looked as if she had lost a lot of weight. The others cautioned her to take care of herself.

"I've no time to eat. I must make my fortune," she would reply to their entreaties.

Her pink cheek turned sallow and the sparkling green eyes appeared

to sink into darkened hallows. She lost her cheerfulness, and some of her customers. She was not as attractive as before, and had to adjust her price accordingly. Her face was beginning to show the strain, her bust sagged and her ribs showed through her skin. She wore the same yellow mini-skirt, only now it came down to the top of her knees due to the weight she had lost.

Every morning she took her payments down to the Big Ben National Bank of London, where she had her account. She couldn't resist temptation and she seduced the teller, banking his payment also.

By Thursday of the second week, she looked a shadow of her former self. Her posture, formerly upright, was now bent. Her complexion turned yellowish, her eyes barely opened, and the dirty yellow mini-skirt continually slid off her boney hips.

She was not out Friday night. Saturday morning the girls crowded around the ambulance.

"Bread is very sick," Lizzie announced sadly.

"I saw her as they put her into the ambulance," Kelly cried. "I think she is going to die."

"I think so too," Mini said. She tried to make the ambulance driver. It was no go. She hadn't had anyone for four weeks.

Mary was crying. "If only she would have eaten, she would have been okay."

That night, Bread died.

The next day the minister asked the girls at the funeral if any of them would like to say a few words over her still form. The girls all looked at each other, then the other three stared at Lizzie.

Lizzie took the prayer book from the minister's hand and fumbled through the pages. Unable to find a suitable passage, she closed it tearfully and stated, "We all knew that BREAD COULD NOT LIVE BY MAN ALONE." □



# ann

Ann is the town librarian in a small Minnesota town and we understand that since she took over the job, the city literacy rate has increased fifty per-cent. "Life in a small town can be boring if you don't do something about it," Ann said. On weekends, this blonde dynamo and her friends go sky-diving from a privately owned plane. "It's a real thrill, sailing through the air," she told us. "It's one of the most exciting sensations I've ever experienced." One of the most exciting sensations we've ever experienced took place on







our first meeting with Ann. With the UFOs and all, there have been some pretty far-out shapes flying through the air, but our sensationally shaped miss beats 'em all.

Ann has had a lust for danger and excitement since she was a kid. In her teens she joined up with the local motorcycle gang. "They're not really as bad a bunch as the papers make them out to be," Ann told us. "I learned an awful lot from them about bikes, motors, and mechanical stuff."

From motorcycles Ann went on to hot rods and dragsters. There can be few, if any, wo-







**Gem  
of the Month**











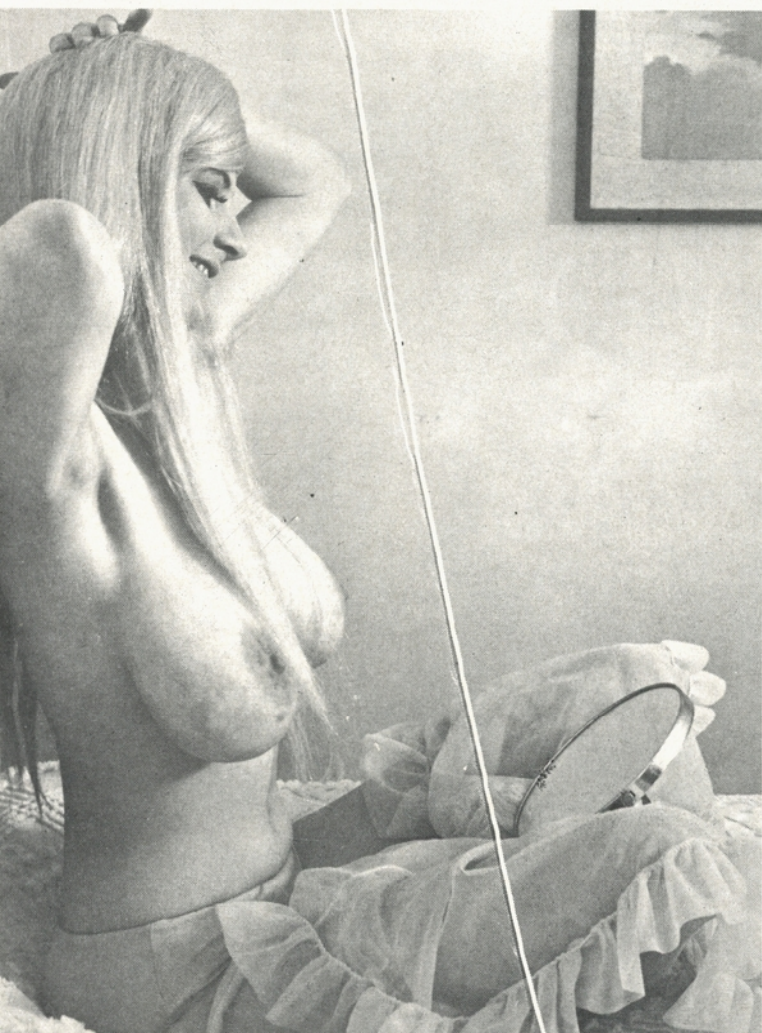




men around besides Ann who have completely customized and souped up a dragster themselves, and then drive the thing themselves in competition. Ann's present wagon has a candy-apple-red Model T body with chrome exhaust pipes and other dazzling features. The combination of Ann and her hot rod always creates havoc on the race track. Ann often has to leave the track in her







car at top speed to get away from the onslaught of male admirers.

In order to pay for the extravagant custom car jobs she was doing, Ann became a librarian and also began modeling to get some extra money. Ann's financial crisis was fortunate for us; without it her charming face and terrific figure would never have found their way into our pages.

Being a young lady of action and the type who'd rather go out and do things rather than staying home and reading about them, Ann may not remain a librarian for long. "I've applied to become an airline stewardess," she told us, "and I should be working in a couple of month." On land or high up in space, this gal is out of sight! ☐





# THE GENERATION YAP

by Doctor Fifty



Sex drive in a man reaches its peak at age 18. Sorry, you older chaps, but from then on it's all down hill. I know this is a scientific fact because I got it from that scientific TV documentary, "The Hollywood Squares."

But drive and satisfaction are not necessarily the same thing. Fellows over 30, over 40 and over 50 can enjoy boudoir badminton. Often their greater experience gives more pleasure to the ladies involved.

Now I can't swear to this because I'm not *that* old yet, but Charlie Weaver of those same Hollywood Squares has a scientific report that says a male's interest in intercourse, after being on a downward chart to then, takes a turn upward at age 65. This news should be enough to keep guys age 64 from swallowing too many sleepy pills.

## PROM PROMISCUOUS

A chief widener of the Generation Gap is that young men tend to think that older men are no longer interested in Pussy Galore. And old gaffers of 35 or so get uptight when they hear about co-eds being permitted to co-habit. Sometimes they denounce undergrad permissiveness as immoral and swear they will no longer make donations to the college of their choice where such goings-on are going to.

In a nutshell, they're jealous. They're sore because they're not the ones making out with the campus cuties. Their attitude is, "If I can't

have it, why should anybody have it?"

Of course, they *did* have it when they were in their late teens and early twenties. It may have been a little harder to get—and who can say it wasn't more enjoyable because difficult?—but any fellow of moderate enterprise and ingenuity could fulfill the great slogan of those days, "Piece Now!" As Dorothy Parker said in those ancient times, "if all the girls who attended the Junior Prom were laid end to end, I wouldn't be surprised."

## CUDDLING IN A CANOE

College men of the past couldn't have got into a women's dorm without being very sneaky, but couples were able to do their thing in convertibles, canoes, haylofts, doorways, bosky dells, tunnels-of-love and probably on any trampolines not in use.

So the Gap between alumni and undergrads seems to be that the latter are getting it easier, not necessarily more.

Now a teenager may rise up and say, "That proves it. Your generation is full of hypocrites. You were as sex mad as anybody but you didn't admit it."

Much truth in that charge. An anecdote comes to mind:

CLERGYMAN: Mr. Smith, why don't you join the church?

SMITH: Parson, I'll tell you the truth. There are too many hypocrites in it.

CLERGYMAN: Join up. There's always room for one more.

\*

Do I charge that there are hypocrites among the young people today? You bet I do. Unless you're a hermit in a cave, it's impossible to get through a day without being a hypocrite.

A definition from Webster's New American Dictionary:

*hypocrite* (hip o krit) n. One who pretends to be what he is not.

OK. How about one who pretends to be a scholar but actually enters the Halls of Ivy only for the plethora of poontang available there?

How about one who gets the bird into the kip by telling her he admires her beautiful brain when he really means her big boobies?

How about the one who says he is using those so-called dirty words to promote freedom of speech when, in fact, he is using them only because he knows they turn his groupie on?

Hypocrisy, pals, isn't exclusive to any generation. I certainly think it should be exposed (except mine) whenever possible. I hail people of any age who are trying to throw out the prudes and get some more honesty into attitudes and discussions about sex.

But I'm damned if I'll yield to some acne-cure customers who claim to be the first in the field.

If they discovered sex, how did they get here?



# CHARLIE CHAN'S HOUSE CALL

by  
Bob  
Schochet

Charlie Chan is aware of number 1 son's curiosity concerning Oriental belief about American girls. Charlie Chan has confession to make to number 1 son . . . Honorable detective just as curious.



Is this to  
have here,  
or to take  
out?

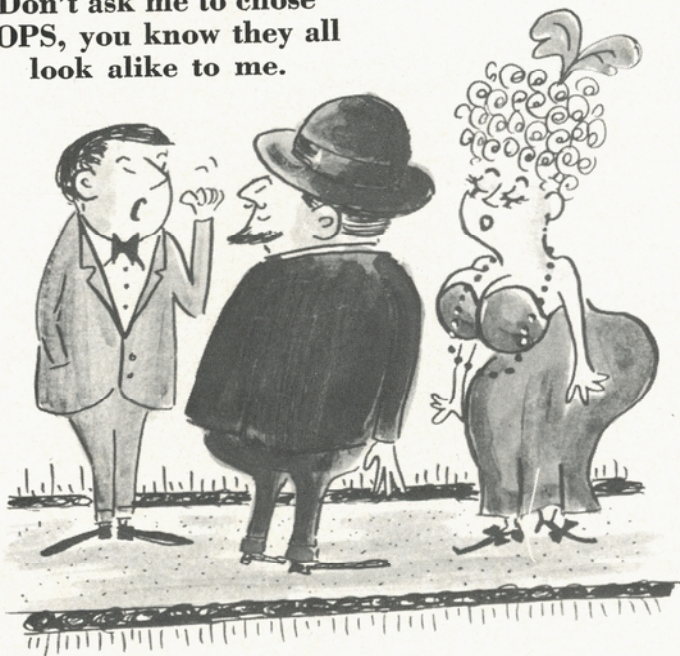
You can have your choice of either  
ONE from column "A" and ONE from  
column "B," or TWO from column "B"



SCHOCHET



Don't ask me to chose  
POPS, you know they all  
look alike to me.



Is said  
that after  
indulging  
in American  
dish, one gets  
craving again  
in just one  
hour!



If young  
lady wishes  
to contact  
Charlie Chan,  
she can look  
in *Yellow  
Pages*.



Hey, POPS, where are  
you going so soon?



From words  
of wise old  
Chinaman.  
"Always  
leave field  
of action  
when  
weapon  
is out of  
ammunition!"



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## WHAT PRICE VIRGINITY

continued from page 27

bombshell Badema Ismic, 19, testified that boy friend Himzo Clinic took her home and kept her there to "show her all the advantages of married life." A year later Himzo left to serve his two-year stretch with the army. He didn't bother to make the relationship legal. When he returned, Badema said, he told her to pack her bags and go. A local court sent Himzo to jail for three months for seduction. Badema alleged that her chance for marriage had been reduced and she asked \$288 in damages to compensate her for her lost virginity. The court decided that was too much. It ordered Himzo to pay the girl \$175 plus five per cent interest for the three years in which she had failed to receive a single marriage proposal.

This feminine and fatherly concern with loss of virginity is by no means restricted to foreign countries in spite of recent relaxations in sexual mores. Prospective bridegrooms in the U.S. are a lot more concerned about virginity than they, or the brides-to-be, admit. In one recent survey carried out in California, of 5,000 men questioned 62 per cent flatly stated that they would prefer to be the very first to teach their wives about sex.

As sexologists have pointed out, there is an interesting attempt on the part of the younger generation to proclaim its emancipation from moral traditions, but more of them are still following the old traditions.

It certainly looks as though, in spite of everything, virginity will always be in fashion. This is probably why the ultimate in feminine deception is being practiced by the women of Japan. Seriously taking to heart Western ideas, to the effect that virgins are more to be prized by men than girls who have already been deflowered, thousands of Japanese ladies are having themselves "fixed" surgically.

The operation named "jinko shojo" is giving them back their virginity in the form of a mended or artificial hymen. Perfected by a Tokyo gynecologist, the "jinko shojo" operation guarantees that a lady's lover will never know that she has been "indiscreet" with a previous male partner. Already over 60,000 Japanese women, paying about \$60, have become virgins again. The operation takes about twenty minutes, and only local anaesthetics are used.

The modern Japanese male makes it quite clear that he too prefers chastity in a girl in spite of the great drive for sexual equality. To be given the first opportunity to possess such a girl physically is a great honor and a fillip to his ego. Maidenly modesty is still a very potent sexual charm to most Japanese men.

By contrast it is scorned in the Scandinavian countries. For decades

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the Swedish male has been thinking over the perplexing question of virginity in females, and has decided he is better off without it. Instead of having to reconcile himself to the traditional pale, retiring attitude of the average bride on her first night, the new groom insists that she should be "with it" sexually. In short he wants his bride to share his love with as much enthusiasm as he, himself, can bring forth.

Just a few years ago, it was un-

(continued on page 77)





Photo is from the film, "Adrift."



*The grieving young wife's void was filled by a handsome doctor who certainly had the right prescription for her*

# THE STONE OF TRUTH

by Ted Bradley

There was and even to this day exists within the walls of Rome at the foot of the Aventine Hill a strange stone. It has the dimensions of a millstone and on it appears the ferocious face of a creature, half-man and half-beast with the mouth open. It is known even now as the *Stone of Truth* and for the following reason: In olden days when people needed to swear a solemn oath to satisfy their accusers, they thrust their hands into the open mouth; if they lied, the stone jaws would close and the guilty one's hand would not be freed until he had made a full confession. But if there was no guilt, the jaws would stay open and the accused was absolved. Back in those days there lived in Rome a famous captain by the name of Scipio Torcatus, descended from the Caesars. He was married to a Roman lady whose virtue and beauty were paralleled. She was Aenea Sabellina, a 23-year-old personification of feminine charm and sensuality. Captain Torcatus often had to leave his household to fight in the many battles the Romans were always waging. But his wife was never unfaithful to him, despite

the many temptations that were thrown in her way. However once Torcatus fought in a battle against the barbarians in which many Roman soldiers died. And for long weeks after the battle had been fought, there was no news from Torcatus, so that finally everyone began to believe that he had perished in the fray. When Aenea finally realized that her beloved husband was probably dead, she fell seriously ill immediately. No doctor who came to her side could help her. Her family grew frantic, and summoned a young doctor who was considered to be the most talented of his trade. Apart from being very talented, the young doctor, called Arsinius Rufus, was also very handsome. He visited the fair patient and was instantly captivated by her charm. In a few days, as he sat alone with her in her bedroom, the fires of love were kindled in his chest.

Before long he made bold to tell her how he felt. Imagine his joy to find Aenea responding favorably to his words, obviously as taken with him as he with her. Nevertheless, for some time, Aenea rejected his advances, but finally,

*(continued on page 61)*



# THE RAPE FAKERS

by Buck Tracy

*Many deadly and daffy  
dames falsely claim  
criminal assault and  
it's the poor guy who  
pays, pays and pays*







It was the night of the swinging office party and Lisa, a married steno, was stretched out on the top of a desk on the fifth floor. She had on a skimpy, see-through, knit dress that was bunched up above her ample breasts, and her shoes and underthings were tossed carelessly on the floor. Edward, her department head, lay next to her. "Had enough, baby?" he asked.

"Not near enough," Lisa grinned drunkenly. "Help me on to the next desk. I want to do it on every damn desk in the whole damn building." And she tried to carry out her promise.

Later that evening, sobered and suddenly fearful of the consequences of becoming pregnant while married to a man who had undergone a vasectomy and become sterile, Lisa ripped her panty hose and charged Edward with rape. Her charges might have stuck, except, luckily for the executive, his and Lisa's willing antics had been observed with interest by a female filing clerk and a mail boy smooching over by the water cooler. Their testimony to police got Edward off the hook.

Just as with Lisa and Edward there's a credibility gap in many of today's rape reports. In many instances, women prefer to lie that they have been sexually assaulted rather than tell the truth. Sometimes a runaway girl will tell her family that she was abducted, stripped and raped, rather than explain the real reason for her absence. A wife who has stayed out all night, sleeping around, may attempt to cover her indiscretion by telling her husband she was raped. Occasionally a scheming female will attempt to blackmail a man by threatening to report him for raping her.

And it is a fetish with some women, whose heads are not on exactly straight, to report imaginary sex crimes on themselves. Their kicks come from detailing intercourse, sodomy, sadism and what have you which never happened. A self-styled rape "victim" whom we'll call Claudia said she was returning home alone from a party late one night in Salt Lake City when she ran out of gas on the highway. As she sat pondering what to do, a van pulled

*(continued on page 77)*







# WENDY

"Instead of just lounging around with our beautiful models at their homes, why don't you hoist yourself off your kasaba and visit some of these joyous young ladies at their jobs?" our editor suggested politely, accompanying his remarks with a couple of hits on the head with a large stick. "Why not go see Wendy where she works instead of waiting around until she gets home and visiting her at her pad?"

Naturally we huffed indignantly (the only way we know how to buff), and snorted in an offended manner: "Okay, boss, a housecoat doesn't have to fall on me. I can take a hint."

So we jumped into our Hint (a six-cylinder, fin-tailed model from England), and drove out to Goodman & Looselady where Wendy works as an interior decorator. Her foreman, Tex Tiles, told us Wendy was in a conference but would be through shortly. Seems a bunch of wealthy Texans wanted a clubhouse decorated entirely with a motif representing their state.

The conference room door









opened and Wendy strode out with a smile.

"The eyes of Texas are upon you," we called cheerily.

"And that's just the way I want to keep it," she replied. "Some of these guys didn't want to stop with the eyes."

"You mean," we said, "setting up the punchline with great aplomb, "some of these Lone Star Staters have designs on their designer?"

"Well, that about sums it up," she said, "but I'm going to get even with them. I'm going to design a clubhouse with a room for each major city in Texas. And you can just bet where I'm going to put El Paso."

Her eyes gleamed at the thought of her clubhouse design and she offered to lead me around her place of employment as my boss had suggested so subtly.

It was an interesting tour.

We saw a room where they made edible car seat covers for tourists stranded without food in the desert. We saw non-skid slip covers for love seats. And then she took me to the antimacassar room. "Well, hello, doily," we said. The tour with Wendy ended shortly thereafter. □









## THE STONE OF TRUTH

*continued from page 53*

reasoning that there is no point in being faithful to a dead husband, she decided to give herself up to the delights that Rufus offered her.

Thus, as he entered her bedroom one day, she surprised him by waiting for him naked on her bed, covered only by a thin white sheet, which revealed more than it hid of her supple body. Realizing that the happy hour had come, Rufus wasted no time. Throwing his own clothes off, he gently pulled the linen away from her nudity, revealing one of the most beautiful sights that any man's eyes could behold.

He gasped, dizzy with excitement, and placed his hand on a darling-soft hill of flesh, while his lips covered hers, his tongue exploring deep.

Aenea did not remain passive for long. Her love-starved body cried out with delight as once again male hands touched her in those intimate places, and a man's body pressed on top of hers.

For many days their loveplay continued, Rufus having full access to her through his profession of doctor. However one day a letter arrived from far away, in which Torcatus, the husband whom everyone believed dead, sent word that he was alive and well.

In a few days the captain arrived back in Rome, and no one gave him a more royal and loving reception than his wife Aenea. But Torcatus' relatives, who had grown suspicious of her, warned him that she had been engaged in some reproachful goings-on.

Torcatus did not believe them, but since they suspected his wife, his honor was at stake, so he tried to unearth the truth. But nothing came to light, for Aenea and Rufus were very careful, and stopped seeing one another as soon as Torcatus came back.

One day Torcatus said to Aenea, "My dearest one, although I have absolute faith in you, my family is making my life impossible, for they believe that you have betrayed me

with another man. To end their suspicions once and for all, I want you to come with me and my relatives to the *Stone of Truth*, and take the oath."

Aenea was taken aback by his request, but she could not refuse without appearing guilty, so with secret fear, she agreed to go the very next day.

But as soon as she was free she ran to Rufus, and told her lover about the disastrous developments. But Rufus calmed her down, and after thinking about it for a while, he told her that he had the solution to the problem. He told her that the next day, on her way to the Stone, he would meet her on the way, disguised as a farmer. "I'll be carrying a pair of tweezers for pulling out thorns," he said, "along with some other tools. When you see me, you must pretend that you have a thorn in your foot. Then I'll step forward, and before anyone can stop me, offer to remove the torn with my tweezers. In the meantime, though, I'll insert a real thorn in your foot, and then remove it."

"I can't see where all this is leading," the puzzled Aenea told Rufus.

"Do not worry," he reassured her. "You must say this oath and no other. Lean over and let me whisper it into your ear."

Next day everything happened the way Rufus planned it. Aenea complained of a pain and submitted her foot to a passing "farmer," who extracted a thorn with his tweezers. Then she proceeded to the Stone, her husband and relatives walking right behind her.

Thrusting her hand deep into the fierce jaws of the Stone, she said in a firm voice: "I swear that since my marriage to Torcatus no other man has touched my person except that good man who just now pulled the thorn from my foot."

The terrible jaws stayed open, and those who had accused Aenea went home red in the face. Torcatus was proud of Aenea who remained faithful ever and after. This is a fairy tale, you know. □

## FANCY TRICKS

*continued from page 7*

three couples taking an active part, one couple per bed. The race is to see which couple can complete their copulation while pricking the least balloons. A magnum of imported champagne is awarded to the winning couple.

In "Bananas," a male guest strips for action and sits facing a beautiful member of Belle Ami's glamorous staff. The gal is likewise unclad. Now a banana is dangled on a string between the two. From the starting signal each one tries to peel the banana with his or her teeth and take bites out of it without moving out of the chair or without using hands in any way. If the man eats most of the fruit, he enjoys a free romp in an upstairs bedroom with his shapely partner. If he loses, it costs him a hundred bucks.

Other stunts and games range from the simple fingerpainting of a curvy creature by applying bright pigments onto her naked body all the way to a special version of the kiddie game of post office that has more to offer than kisses in a darkened room.

The Ball Garden is the inspiration of a gorgeous 28-year-old, ex-secretary named Aggie who now calls herself Belle Ami. As the brains behind the beauties and the balling, she has discovered a shure-fire method of pocketing several thousands of dollars each week from bankers, stock brokers, ad agency guys and other elite gentlemen. "I used to earn \$90 a week typing in an office and the boss expected me to go to bed with him just for kicks and job security," Aggie admits. "I knew there had to be a better way."

For several years, Aggie confesses that she turned semi-pro, peddling her pelt after office hours to build up a stake. A 38-23-36, raven-tressed beauty with dark bedroom eyes, Aggie had no trouble whatsoever building up a rich clientele eager to pay for the pleasure of her



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company. Then, for a time, she shopped around until she found a secluded old farm house on five acres of ground in Marin County, a stone's throw from San Francisco, which she purchased and converted into an exclusive bunny hutch.

"I recruited office girls like myself who were sick and tired of taking dictation five days a week for a pittance. I pointed out how the attractive working girl could make a better career for herself by selling her curves on a quick-turn-over basis."

At first Aggie's hideaway was operated like an out-and-out house of prostitution, and it did only reasonably well financially. "The expense-account boys came, laid out their loot—and left," Aggie recalls. "It was like selling meat in a butcher shop. No class."

Then the **BIG IDEA** came to Aggie like a light bulb going off in her pretty head when she attended an artists and models masquerade ball in Sausalito. "Around midnight the men and women started playing kiddie games and it was a riot of laughs.

"I remember how one man had to look through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars and walk a line of zig-zag string—really hard to do—to reach his prize, a girl lying on a bed a couple of rooms away.

"Then there was this good-looking model made up like a bird, wearing nothing but feathers glued all over her body. A bunch of fellows rolled dice to see who got to pluck the feathers off her, one feather at a time. Everyone at the party enjoyed watching the girl get plucked.

"The very next day I started remodeling our house, putting in play rooms and calling it Belle Ami's Ball Garden. Since we had our grand opening nine months ago and the word got around to the wealthy playboys, it's been go-go-go every weeknight, and the weekends are simply fabulous," says Belle Ami nee Aggie with a wink of her eye.

The Ball Garden girls are all

whiz-bang beauts, literally balls of fire. Beneath the panties and bras which they seldom wear, lie figures smouldering with hot calculating passion which can be brought to flame for no less than a hundred dollars a trick.

In addition to the fancy games these super swingers play—and there are more than a dozen "lookers" in the group—the girls dance, serve food and drinks, or just circulate among the men visitors looking love-ly and desirable. They average about \$35 an hour, sometimes more, depending on how often they put out.

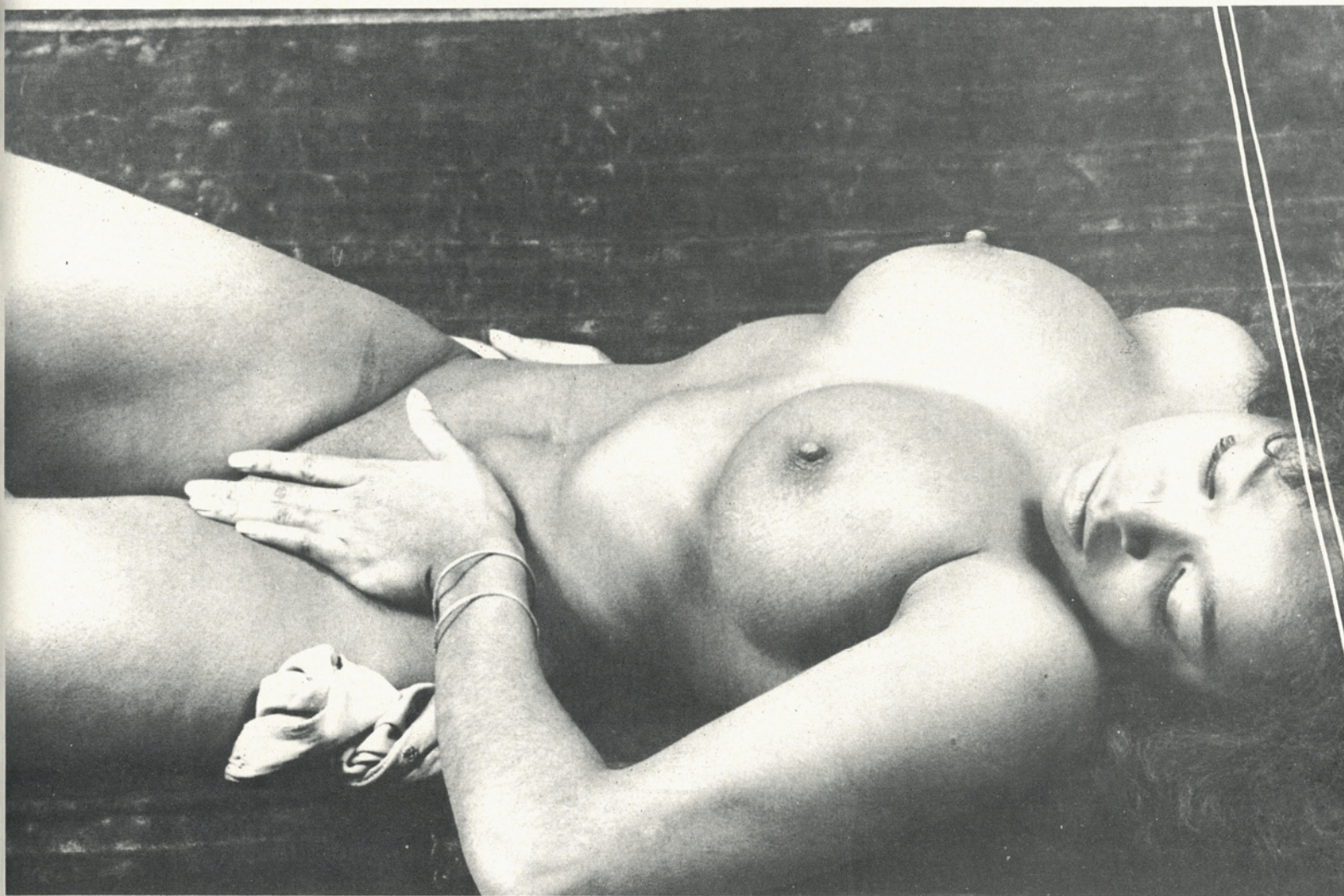
Belle Ami's girls are definitely liberated (at least from nudity hang-ups), but there's not a woman's libber in the beauteous bunch.

The Ball Garden welcomes only the highest-class clientele, many from the finest families. Each guest pays a \$25 admission fee and everything else costs extra. And absolutely no women visitors are permitted.

The comments of a top-salaried California public relations man perhaps put in best perspective the reasons for the overwhelming success of Belle Ami's place: "Every man, regardless of his age, at some time or other, likes to put on a funny hat or wear a lampshade on his head. No fellow is ever too old to make like a kid. If the game he is playing pays off in sex with a well-turned little number, that's the frosting on the cake. Laying out a hundred for a straight roll in the hay with a beautiful doll is okay, and I'm not knocking it, but at the Belle Garden they've added the element of contest. It's purely psychological, but it's a winning thing!"

Thus the answer to that old question, "How you gonna keep them down on the farm?" has been given a modern and convincing touch by a former typist named Aggie and her ex-stennos. Their answer is to stock the old farm with ample head of fun-loving executives with green-stuffed wallets who wish to relax and enjoy *fancy tricks*. □





# Billy Jo

This dazzling show-stopper originally hails from St. Louis, Missouri but now resides in Chicago, where she's training for a nursing and hospital administration career. Billy Jo is shy upon first meeting, but all those who know her are as charmed by her warm and friendly personality as by her stunning anatomy. "When I first came up here," she

told us, "I was pretty confused, I guess. I had to get a job and put some money together, so I worked for the phone company for a while. You'd be surprised how many cranks call up just to hassle the operators. One guy calls up and starts to proposition me, so I told him where to go. 'Do you realize who you're talking to?' the jerk says. 'I happen to be the





toast of the town! 'Well, I replied, somebody ought to drop an egg on you!' "

Billy Jo finally settled down and began training as a nurse in a Chicago hospital. "Ever since I was a kid," she said, "I've had the desire to help others out, and I think this is really my calling." Nursing talents aside, one look at Billy Jo could raise the spirits of any ailing fellow. Over lunch, Billy Jo began to tell us about the hospital. "Some of the doctors are really egomaniacs, bragging all















the time,' she told us. " 'I grafted an arm on a man and now he's a professional ballplayer,' boasted one doc. 'I grafted a leg on a guy and now he's one of the best track stars in the world,' bragged another. 'That's nothing,'

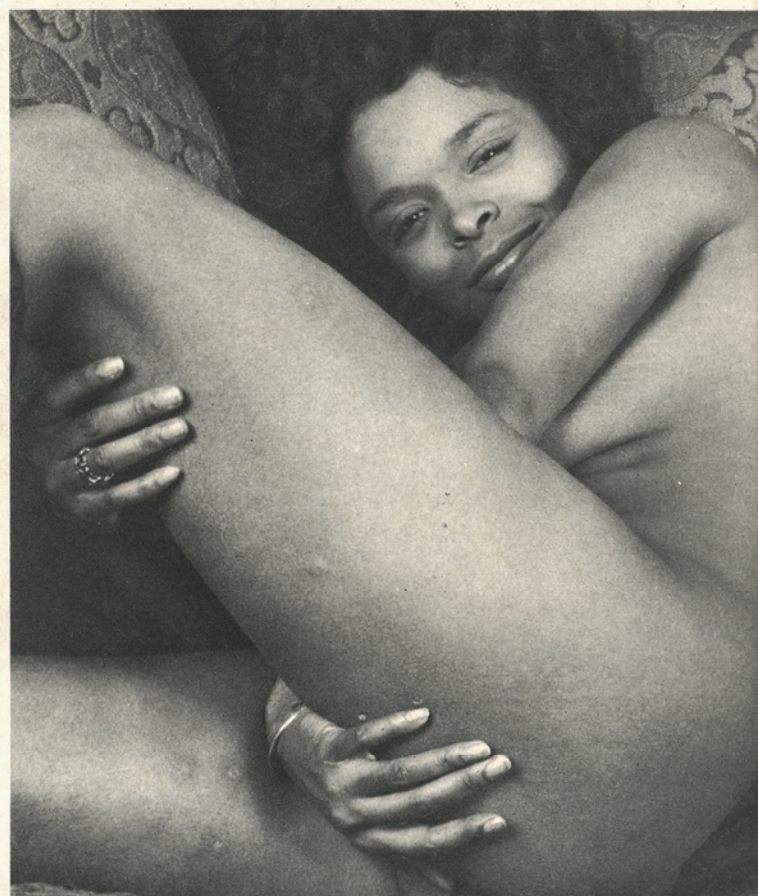
said a third. 'I grafted a smile on a jackass and now he's a congressman.' "

Billy Jo is also a talented musician, her interests centering on the country blues. "Some of the most creative bluesmen came from my





home town, St. Louis," she said. "Henry Spaulding, he's one of my favorites. Ever hear him do 'Cairo Blues'?" We replied in the negative, at which point she proceeded to take out her 1931 chrome-plated National guitar and perform the number, which she followed by a slightly off-color number entitled "Keep it Clean," learned from a recording by another St. Louis singer, Charlie Jordan. We're no musicians ourselves, but let's say our "Ode to Billy Jo" lies in these revealing photos. □





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## SNATCHED!

continued from page 34

digging around. Were women the  
same all over the world? Come on,  
come on! Finally she nodded and we  
started out. I was tense. You can't  
blame me. This was the first wife I  
ever stole.

Nanka slipped out of the igloo  
entrance without looking back.  
Good. She wouldn't miss her hus-  
band at all.

I looked back at Likaki. He was  
still sleeping. I began sliding through  
the entrance. Suddenly . . . halfway  
out . . . I got stuck! I couldn't move!  
I was wedged in that little opening,  
my face out toward the sky and my  
rear end inside the igloo. I pushed,  
shoved and tried to wriggle. No  
luck. Nanka grasped my hood and  
tried to pull me out. No use. I  
wouldn't budge! I had the awful  
feeling that soon I would feel an  
angry harpoon being flung into my  
posterior. I pushed and squirmed  
harder to get free. Nothing. I  
reached my hand back and found  
that there was an icy cornice that  
juttied inward. That was preventing  
my escape. On the way in it didn't  
bother me, but now it struck out  
enough at such an angle that it  
hooked my hips and kept me im-  
prisoned.

Suddenly I felt a pair of hands  
on my backside. I hoped they were  
friendly, I said to myself as all sorts  
of wierd pictures ran through my  
brain. The hands began to shove  
me. Great. I was inching forward.  
The hands shoved harder. Finally I  
broke past the barrier and tumbled  
outside. Nanka kissed my nose pas-  
sionately, she was so happy.

Before leaving, I turned and tucked  
my head back into the igloo door-  
way. "Don't know which of you gals  
helped me," I whispered loudly,  
"but thanks a lot, sweetie. Maybe  
some day I'll come back and give  
you a push."

You say crazy things when you're



giddy with delight. I wondered which one of the other two wives had pushed me. Maybe both. I figured they were jealous of Nanka's beauty and would be happier when she was gone. If I knew anything about women, they teamed up to push me free and be rid of Nanka forever.

Nanka and I spent the night snuggled together in an abandoned igloo about a half-mile away from the main settlement. I had noticed the place earlier and figured it was a perfect spot for our honeymoon. I remember her stroking my nose gently as I dozed off, safe and happy with my beautiful Nanka pressed against me.

I slept well, but when I awoke I was aware of someone or something in the little igloo with us. I looked at Nanka who was still sleeping. Then I felt something on my leg. *Tied to my ankle was a huge husky dog!* That's right. Ever wake up with a dog tied to your legs? Someone had crept in and leashed a dog to me. A wedding gift? I didn't know all the customs up here, but I do know that if someone yelled "Mush" during the night, this beast would have dragged my carcass all over the frozen north.

The rope was tied in such a way that I couldn't undo it. My knife was back in the igloo I shared with the professor, so I'd have to get back there if I was ever to free myself of my unwanted companion.

It's a strange feeling walking a half-mile with a 90-pound dog on your leg. You forget whether he's a beast tied to you, or whether you're a beast tied to him. Makes you doubt the so-called superiority of humans.

I shook the professor awake. He looked at me, then at the dog. "You stole Nanka?"

"How could you tell?" I asked.

He pointed to the dog. "Him. Nanka's husband must have awakened during the night and trailed

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you. He tied the dog onto your leg."

"Why do a silly think like that?"

"It's not silly to him. It's a face-saver. You see that means he found you out and caught you unguarded. He could have killed you, but he showed himself a gentleman of valor. A less honorable man would have harpooned you while you slept. You have outraged him, but he chooses to take the graceful way out, thereby proving to himself at least, his superiority."

I wiped a lot of perspiration from my brow. "Thank heaven he's a gentleman. Well, what now? Will he try to steal her back again?"

"Depends. If he wants her bad enough he'll try."

"He wants her bad enough." I said realistically. "The girl's a beauty. Tell you one thing though, he's not getting her back. I'll twist that harpoon around his neck and give him a steel collar. I stole Nanka and she's mine. I'm taking her back to Jersey."

"Congratulations," said the professor. We shook hands. "I'm about ready to leave anyhow. We'll pack and leave tonight."

And we did. The trip back was easy and uneventful. When we reached Nome, Nanka and I said good-bye to the professor. We stayed at a hotel for one night and I taught Nanka a few American words. I booked passage on a ship to Seattle and she learned a few more words. On the train trip cross-country, Nanka learned to hold a pretty fair conversation. I had bought her some clothes and you should have seen the men drool over her when she came into view. She was mine and I was proud of her and madly in love.

We got back to Jersey and with the dough I'd saved, I opened up a nice, clean laundromat. It started off fast and then took off from there. I picked the right spot, I guess. Things were going great. I felt settled now, secure, part of the

typical suburban picture.

Nanka got Americanized pretty fast. In no time at all she joined two or three women's clubs. We started making dough, so we left our garden apartment and bought a home farther out. Nanka learned about styles and cosmetics and was more beautiful than ever. She learned to buy expensive clothes and wanted me to take her out to the nicest places. I did, because I was proud of her. She began entertaining in a way I thought only the rich did. The money from the laundromat wasn't enough. I dipped into our savings. Nanka was becoming a social celebrity. Suddenly we were getting our names in the local paper. To keep up with my fast-growing reputation as a social gadfly, I had to take a part-time job. Right. Bartending. More drinking men, more stories, more tales of woe.

Only this time, instead of listening, I was talking and those customers got their ears full about what happens when a man from Jersey marries a beautiful Eskimo girl who becomes a shining light in suburban society. She had begun to nag and whine for more and more and I had one hell of a time keeping her satisfied. One evening while telling a friend about it, I stopped short.

Something clicked in my brain. It helped myself to a double shot. New Jersey hadn't changed Nanka. Of course not. She was like this back in Alaska, complaining and dissatisfied about the way Likaki had treated her. She was still complaining, dissatisfied, driving me like a husky dog.

Then it came clear to me. Like a vision. It was as if someone had been holding his hands over a picture and then took them away, giving me a clear view. Now I knew who gave me the shove through the igloo door so I could run away with Nanka. It was Likaki! That sly old bastard! He knew... he knew. □



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# LOLA

Lola is a sexciting gal who likes to spend her time in and near the water. Her father, a fisherman, named her after the famous Lola Montez, reputed to be one of the most beautiful women who ever lived. Lola has taken up her father's line of work, part time, and, in addition, is a lifeguard during the summers. "Some men who really can't swim too well like to go out into the deep and rough waters to impress their families and girlfriends," Lola told us, "and then run into serious trouble. They're so dumb. Last season, one guy started having trouble in the deep water and began hollering, 'Help me, save me, I'm the father of eighteen children.' That was a helluva time for the guy to start bragging."

Lola finds fishing a very rewarding means of livelihood. "I know it sounds corny," she said, "but I still find something romantic about it, going out alone in the boat, fishing, and then preparing a meal from some of the fish I've caught." She served us a delicious meal of swordfish she had caught herself the previous day. As we continued our dinner, Lola told us of a recent revival of the famous fish opera, "Porgy and Bass."







In high spirits, we told Lola we went for her hook, line and sinker, but Lola wouldn't go for our flattery bait and went on to tell us about her fishing exploits. Like many fishermen, Lola has a tendency to exaggerate sometimes when speaking of fish. "I caught a fish so big yesterday that when I pulled him in, the tide went out," she told us. She then proceeded to show us her home aquarium, which contains many rare specimens. One of my fish was very musical," Lola said. "He grew up to be a piano tuna." Lola may exaggerate sometimes when speaking of fish, but with the help of our cameraman's photos, we won't be accused of exaggerating when saying that Lola is stupendous. □





## WHAT PRICE VIRGINITY

continued from page 51

heard of for any American woman's magazine to even hint to its readers that loss of virginity before marriage could be anything but a terrible tragedy. The fact that some of them treat it impartially today is in itself significant of the scope of the virginity revolution.

One important facet of it is the belief, subscribed to by many modern doctors, that sustained virginity in both males and females is definitely harmful to health and long life. The normal human being has two primal urges—self-preservation and sex. The sex need cannot be destroyed any more than the need to eat.

It is possible for a virgin to triumph over natural desire, but she—or he—pays for it. Frigidity like impotence, is a common result of too long a period of sexual abstinence and, of course, a well-known cause of divorce.

While sexologists are by no means recommending that girls lose their virginity and indulge themselves promiscuously before marriage, they do say that mentally, loss of virginity can be beneficial.

One thing is for sure. The popular concept that virginity is dead is untrue. It is still a very important issue in our mores—a big issue about a small tissue. ☐

## THE RAPE FAKERS

continued from page 55

up, two men jumped out, forced her out of her vehicle and into theirs. "I was too shocked to resist," she told police, admitting that she was also slightly intoxicated.

According to Claudia's story, she was driven to a barn or garage on the outskirts of the city where she was disrobed, washed completely with alcohol, tied to a wall by the wrists, then raped and molested for three hours. At dawn, she said, she was taken back to her car and left there where she was eventually found sleeping by a city patrolman.

Claudia's story had a lot of discrepancies, foremost of which was the medical examination that, surprisingly enough, proved that the 27-year-old "victim" was a virgin!

In Philadelphia an unmarried saleswoman of 33 sued her landlord for \$25,000 damages for failure to repair a window in her apartment. It was his fault, she charged, that a bearded intruder, wearing a checkered shirt and levis, climbed through the broken window, and held a knife to her throat while he raped her ten times in one hour.

The case was laughed out of court, and the police inspector who testified commented that he had considered issuing "an all-points bulletin for Superman."

To Moms and Dads in Oklahoma City, Penny, 18, as first appeared the perfect baby sitter. To begin with, she liked little kids and the tots liked her. Secondly, Penny was dependable. Parents could count on her to watch over their little ones without worrying about the teenager inviting boys in for a ball, popping pills or smoking pot. And in the third place, Penny's rates were reasonable. What's more, Penny was pretty. Her natural blonde hair and fresh, toothpaste-ad smile were strictly All-American Girl. Yet Penny's firm young breast, under the loose sweater, beat with greed and a gimmick.

When an unsuspecting Dad drove her home late in the evening after her sitting chores, Penny managed to have a great deal of bodily contact with him. She showed a lot of shapely leg and sat in such a way that their thighs often touched. At times she'd maneuver herself so Papa would brush her un-bra'd beauties. Penny knew exactly what she was up to and she derived a great deal of pleasure from the sexual power she held over the older man. Since a Dad is human after all—otherwise, he wouldn't be a parent—the night eventually came when he was aroused to such a point that he parked the

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car in a secluded spot, slipped her panties down Penny's sleek legs and took action in the backseat of the family heap.

That's when it hit the financial fan. Once penetrated, Penny put it to Dad and demanded a regular pay-off. Otherwise, she'd cry, "Rape!"

"You wouldn't want that to happen, Daddy-O?" the little schemer smiled through white, even teeth.

Papas paid and paid and paid until one oil company executive rebelled at Penny's blackmail and told the whole story to police. As it turned out, the pretty Penny had eight sweating husbands in her grasp.

Margaret, a women's libber in New York City, faked a rape (as it was later revealed) merely to provide material for a dramatic speech she voiced at a "speak out" sponsored by a radical group of feminists.

Claiming to have been assaulted sexually in Central Park by a man who dragged her into the bushes and wrapped her coat around her head to muffle her screams, Margaret demanded the ultimate defense for women—"Castrate the rapist!"

"They take the gun from the murderer, the bottle from the alcoholic, the needle from the addict," Margaret shouted at the meeting. "Why isn't the weapon taken from the rapist? I say, cut him off where it counts!"

Her suggestion was received with thunderous applause from the militant feminists.

There is an old saying that "Nice girls don't get raped." Many mothers caution their female offspring to "keep your legs together, keep moving and no man can get inside you." This is not true, of course, but, in many instances, the girl may encourage violation of her body when it actually does occur.

There are the "Third Martini" rapes that start with a social drink in a cocktail lounge and end up with a sexual confrontation that the woman hadn't bargained for.

A young lady meets a clean-cut,



pleasant chap at a party, invites him to her apartment afterwards and ends up with her clothing torn off, her body sore and aching and her face split open when the eager beaver hits her with a flower pot or a heavy ash tray.

The gal hitchhiker, in boots and mini skirt, who gets into a car full of men and winds up on a lonely road subject to gang attack and other indignities.

The young virgin who moves into a "swinging singles" apartment house and becomes "too embarrassed to scream" for fear of what the neighbors will think.

The lonely lass who goes on an ocean cruise, a meet-a-mate resort weekend or a skiing trip with strangers and proceeds to "tease" everything in pants. Until some guy gets tired of her games and forces the issue—with force.

But we're more concerned here with the females who scream they were assaulted when not even a finger was laid on them. For whatever reason women fake rape the man is put into a tight spot. Because such a six crime is so personal and rarely witnessed, it is the woman's word against the man's, and if she is lady-like with a clean personal history, the more plausible her story becomes, even when she is lying through her teeth.

As has been pointed out in this piece, fake rapes often backfire on the females who perpetrates the sexual lie. Take John and Agnes and good-neighbor Bud in a Charlotte, N.C., suburb as an example. Sexy Agnes, married to John, had eyes and an itch for bachelor Bud next door. She tried every trick in her book to lure him into her bed. But when Bud told her to "buzz off," the wrath of a woman scorned prompted Agnes to tell her husband that Bud had raped her while John was off on his milk route. Enraged John grabbed his shotgun and blew Bud's brains out. Then he killed Agnes. She had gotten plugged—but it wasn't the way she wanted. A suitable finish for a sordid tail. □

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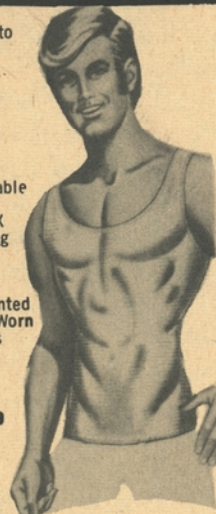
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## MISS LOVELY

continued from page 25

I wouldn't mind it one god-damn bit if we became . . . friends in the process."

She continued walking. The bitch. "It'll cost you one-zero-zero, mister."

"Fifty's all I could possibly—"

"Awright, get a cab." She adjusted her hair and delicately slid her arm around mine. The sudden transformation in her was just too much for me, and I tripped over my feet trying to flag down a hack.

I was just about to tell the cabbie what restaurant to go to, when Miss Lovely said in her terse, dry voice, "Forty-sixth and Ninth."

I could have slugged her—that was walking distance. "What's there?" I whispered as angrily as I could.

"Can I have a cigarette?"

We lit up. I was getting teed off, and felt like splitting the scene now.

But all of a sudden she squeezed up to me and rubbed her leg against mine and blew smoke onto the lapels of my sportcoat. Her perfume intoxicated me in a way that booze never could.

*Hell, I complained to myself, I'm trying to see her as a human being but she insists on playing the chippy role.*

After we got out of the cab she led me up 46th Street to what I assumed to be a brothel-hotel. I stopped in my tracks, but she pulled me forward. "It ain't what you think—I live here," she said.

"Say, d'ya always pull men around like this?" I snapped at her as we climbed the steep, narrow stairway. The odor of dampness and stale food wafted into my nostrils and seemed to settle in my throat.

"You had it coming."

"Hell if I did—you you just

wanna run the show—I know your type."

"And you wanna play the man-and-wife game" she yelled so loudly I expected everyone to come rushing into the hallway. "You're itchin' for a fight."

After five flights of stairs we arrived. She unlocked her door and we entered. "Now, I ain't the wifey type, buddy," she said as she switched on the lights. The appearance of her pad backed up her words 100%—the mess damn near scared me to death. Crumpled, dirty linen, piles of magazines and plastic dishes, cosmetics, pillows, newspapers were all over the place, virutally burying the furniture. The walls were peeling and heavily cracked; shades covering the windows were so tattered it seemed useless to even have them up.

"Like I said, fella, I ain't the wifey type."

"I never expected you to be."

"Hey, I bet you always give your lays that 'Miss Lovely' shit, doncha? And wantin' to become friends and having dinner in a respect—"

"No! Only . . . the ones that look friendly—like yourself—and there aren't too damn many I've come across who look friendly."

That seemed to grab her, if only for a second. She looked me over as though I were some beef roast she was about to slice, and sneered, "You can really sling the ol' b.s., cantcha mister? Now fork over the fifty tomatoes."

"You're for the whole night, now." I pointed authoritatively at her."

"Jeez! You're go goddamned tight I can't believe it. Okay, okay, let's have it."

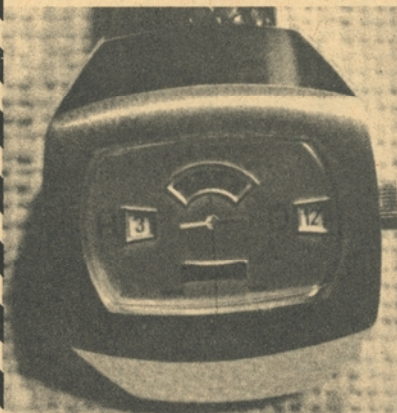
I gave her the dough, almost yielding to the urge to shove it down that creamy-white throat of hers."

She crammed the money into her purse, then began unzipping her dress.

"Hey, not so fast, Miss Lovely—not so damned fast!"

She glared at me. "I knew I shoulda insisted on a hundred and not a cent less. You're just like the

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rest of 'em, mister."

"My name is Harold."

"I'm thrilled. You call me Slut."

"Miss Lovely."

"That's phoney shit. Slut! I ain't ashamed of what I do. It's the oldest—"

"Yeah, yeah—the oldest profession. What *is* your name?"

She shoved over a pile of newspapers and junk, and lo! there was a soft underneath; but I couldn't decide which was uglier—the sofa or the junk she threw off of it. "The last time I told my name to a man, I regretted it, mister." She plopped down on the sofa, letting the hem of her mini slide clean up to her hips. My mouth suddenly felt like a desert.

I had a tough time finding my voice. "So you . . . think all men are the same?"

"Better believe it. All the same. Puppets every one. Someone should invent another goddamn sex—someone with a little more imagination."

I was to amuse at her bitterness to argue the matter. Her splendid shapely legs were burning into my brain. Dammit! I hadn't frolicked in the sack since Evelyn packed up and left, and if I jumped Miss Lovely now (and man oh man I was dying to), it would be over in a couple of minutes, and bye-bye fifty bucks. With that kind of money, I was determined to get *companionship* as well as a good lay. "You refuse to be friends," I scowled.

Miss Lovely began squirming on the couch, rubbing her hands up and down her milky thighs, and grinning. "Awright, let's be friends. Me Jane. Come an' get um, Tarzan."

"Is that how you act with all of your customers?"

She sat bolt upright. "That's what they want! And that's what *you* want admit it. I'm runnin' a business, mister. Supply and demand. Ain't that what this country's all about? Supply and demand!"

"I demand that you be friendly, and knock off your goddamn trollopy antics!" I screamed at her.

She stood up, open-mouthed,

walked up to me. "You know what I think I'm gonna do?" she hissed. "I'm gonna give you back forty dollars—keepin' ten for *handling* charges—and kick your ass the hell out of here."

"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



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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!"

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.

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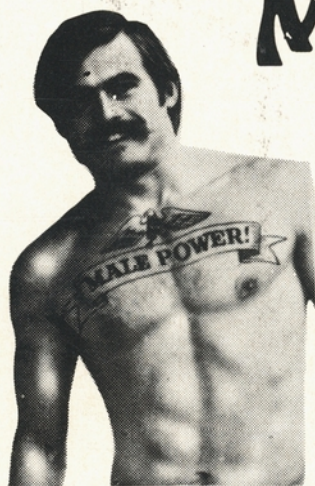
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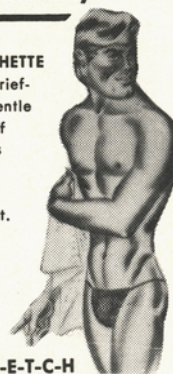


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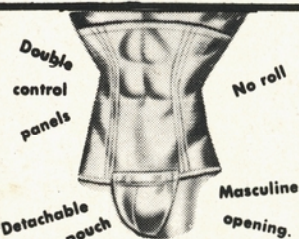
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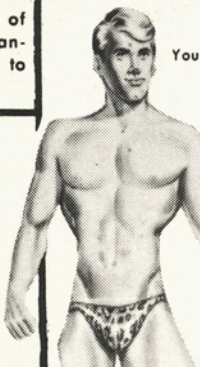


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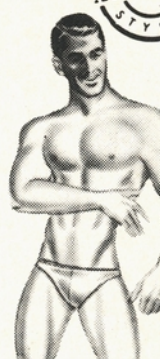
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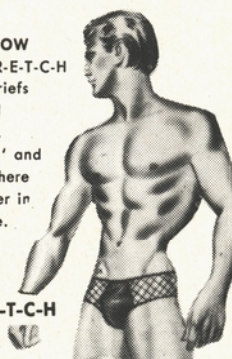
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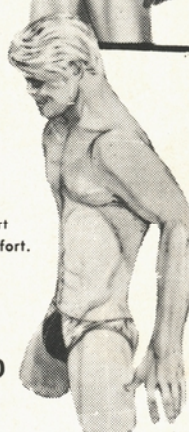


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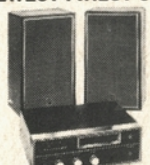
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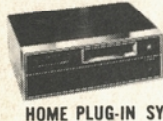


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