

GEM

49361
NOVEMBER 1977
\$1.75



A Laughback To The Good
Old Days Of Burlesk Comedy
**THE SHRINK AND THE
SCREWED UP SHREW**

TV Giveaway Show
Creates Excitement,
Hysteria—Mayhem
DEAL ME IN!

How To Put Some New
Zest In Your Love Life
SEX WEEKEND IN N.Y.

A Service For Dingalings
DIAL FOR SEX INFO

FEATURING ENORMOUS ANN
SUPER BUF HALL OF FAMER
PLUS D-CUP DORA AND
COVER GIRL CHARLOTTE

Quickies And Snatches
From The Adult World
Of Entertainment
GEM'S RATED X DIGEST



BY POPULAR DEMAND! A Brand New Second Edition!

What All You Lovers Of Giant-Size Breasts
Have Been Writing And Waiting For

THE BUF BONANZA No. 2

Another Titillating Tableau Of Titanic Boobs

Here is the follow-up of the greatest collection of huge bosomed gals ever assembled in one volume that you have been clamoring for, and this one is even better, for it contains the standouts of all the magnificent girls that have appeared in Gem and The BUF Swinger since the first Bonanza. You'll pop your eyeballs as you gaze at page after page of these mouth-watering, lip puckering, mountain-size mammaries; marvels of nature in all shapes, and way-out sizes!

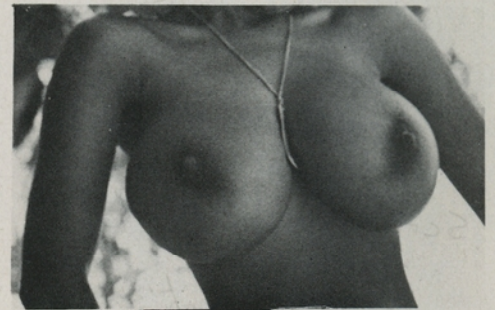
DON'T BE SHUT OUT. THE FIRST BONANZA SOLD OUT COMPLETELY.
ORDER NOW AND AVOID BEING DISAPPOINTED!

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

ONLY \$5.00

Breast-Taking Thrills On Every Page

**This Pictorial Pleasure Treasure Can Not Be Purchased
Anywhere Else**



G & S PUBLICATIONS, INC.
303 West 42nd St.
New York, N. Y. 10036

Dept. BUF
1177

Gentlemen:

Yes, please rush me _____ copies of BUF BONANZA No. 2 @ **\$5.00**
(Foreign: **\$6.00**)

I hereby represent that I am over the age of 21.

I am enclosing \$_____ in full payment.

☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Do not send cash)

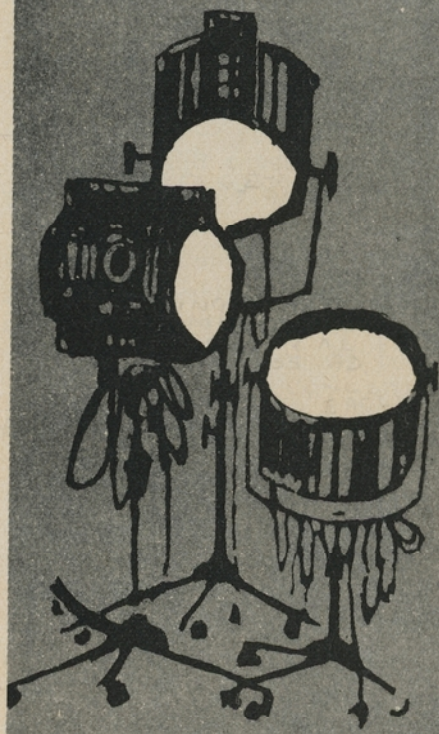
Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



986076 **PASS** 986076
IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Dinah Washington: The Jazz Sides (Mercury/EmArcy Jazz Series) contains some of Dinah's finest recorded work. Unlike the commercial sides she recorded, this material is straight-ahead jazz, with

plenty of room for the musicians to stretch out. Dinah's blues roots show throughout, but she never succumbs to the excesses that blues singers performing jazz material are prone to. The sides here feature some unique arrangements by Quincy Jones. Guitarist Barry Galbraith provides sensitive accompaniment as well as playing in the ensemble work. Paul Quinichette lays down some Lestorian sax, and the impeccable pianist Wynton Kelly is always perfect behind Dinah. This two-disc set offers some of the best Dinah Washington available on record, and no-nonsense blowing by a large cast of top jazzmen, "I Could Write A Book," "Easy Livin'," and a previously unreleased "If I Had You," are among the highlights.

Richie Kamuca: Drop Me Off In Harlem (Concord Jazz) is a rare gem, one of those one-of-a-kind jazz albums that fans cherish for years to come. Kamuca, one of the most under-rated tenor saxophonists in jazz, plays in a deeply emotional, swinging, Lestor Young-derived the rhythm section here is laid-back and perfectly suited to Kamuca's style. Dave Frishberg handles the piano chores, while Concord regulars bassman Ray Brown and guitarist Herb Ellis (performing unamplified) round things out. Kamuca is heard in various combinations with all three, and even contributes a vocal on Frishberg's lovely "Dear Bix." Kamuca's tone, phrasing and improvisations are things of great beauty, and this album should rank as a classic.

From his days with the Monkees, through his six RCA albums, Michael Nesmith has remained one of the most interesting and innovative performers and songwriters on the progressive country scene. *Michael Nesmith: From A Radio Engine To The Photon Wing* (Pacific Arts/Island). Nesmith is at his best here, with evocative, sometimes philosophical lyrics combining with lovely melodies. "Casablanca

Moonlight" and "Wisdom Has Its Ways" are highlights.

Milton Nascimento: Milton (A & M) is a strikingly beautiful album in which the great Brazilian singer-songwriter-guitarist is joined by a large cast of excellent musicians for some stunning music. An awesome variety of rhythms and tone-colors are provided by Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Airtio and Hugo Fattocuso, to name a few of the musicians present. "Nothing Will Be As It Was," and "Clove and Cinnamon" are particularly striking.

Barbara Mandrell: Lovers, Friends, and Strangers (ABC) is another fine set of contemporary country songs from the beautiful Ms. Mandrell. There's some excellent material here dealing with life and love, including the current hit "Married, But Not To Each Other." Ms. Mandrell has a sincere, appealing delivery and is a fine instrumentalist as well as a singer, as anyone who has seen her live shows can testify.

Ray Reed Sings Traditional Frontier and Cowboy Songs (Folkways) is an excellent presentation of both familiar and seldom heard cowboy songs. Mr. Reed has a pleasing voice and a sincere delivery that really makes these songs come across. He accompanies himself on the guitar in a straightforward and appropriate manner. Even if you've heard these tunes a hundred times before, you can't help but be entranced by Mr. Reed's performances. The haunting "Sioux Indians" and the epic "California Joe" are standouts.

Performing solo is the most difficult setting for a jazz guitarist. With no rhythm section, one must have a wealth of ideas, not to mention technique, to rely upon. Joe Pass is one of the few guitarists able to master this challenging situation. *Virtuoso No. 2* (Pablo) is a testament to his artistry. While Pass' earlier

solo album dealt mostly with time-honored standards, the current disc finds him tackling more recent compositions by Chick Corea, John Coltrane, and Clifford Brown. Pass' treatment of "Feelings" is beautiful, as is his improvisation on Corea's "Windows." For good measure, a few old favorites, such as Errol Garner's "Misty" are thrown in as well.

Dillard/Hartford/Dillard: Glitter Grass From The Nashwood Hollyville Strings (Flying Fish) is an unusual bluegrass/country/folk/rock collaboration. Doug and Rodney Dillard are joined by John Hartford for some original and appealing music featuring the instrumental and vocal talents of all three. There's tasty dobro from Rodney, eccentric five-string banjo from Hartford, solid banjo from Doug and good singing and writing by all three. "Bear Creek Hop," a fiddle-banjo duet featuring John and Doug, is a knockout. Hartford's infectious "Two Hits and The Joint Turned Brown" is bound to find favor among those disposed towards the weed.

N.C.C.U.: Super Trick (United Artists) is the New Central Connection, is a seven man outfit that developed out of the music programs at North Carolina College. These young men are all fine musicians, and play a distinctive brand of funky jazz and R'n'B. These are talents to be reckoned with, as the solos here prove. "Sleepy Time Is Over," "Bull City Party," and "Washing Machine" are standouts.

The British group Them, featuring Van Morrison, occupies a special place in the annals of rock history. As purveyors, of arrogant, white R'n'B, they have no peers. *The Story of Them* (London) offers material recorded from 1964 to 1967, never released in the United States. The seeds of Morrison's mature writing and vocal style can be heard

on "Philosophy," "Fridays Child" and the classic title tune. Them rank with the early Rolling Stones as the great early British punk-rockers, from the days when punks were punks. *The Story of Them* is an important collection, not to be missed.

Cajun Social Music (Folkways) recorded and annotated by Gerard Dole, is an excellent companion to the recent "Cajun Home Music" release. The music here was recorded at Louisiana gumbo and parties in 1975, and features a variety of excellent Cajun performers, including Nathan Abshire, Milton Melancon, Marc Savoy, Allie Young and Adausas Thibodeaux. "Bosco Stomp," "La Valse De Lawtell" and "Un Homme Marie" are among the tunes.

Dave Frishberg: Getting Some Fun Out of Life (Concord Jazz) spotlights an unusual and individual keyboard artist. Frishberg is an eclectic, drawing on a wide variety of influences (Waller, Ellington, Bix, Jelly Roll Morton, Tatum). While paying tribute to these past masters, he manages to succeed in sounding like himself. One side of this disc is devoted to imaginative piano solos, while the other side gives Frishberg a chance to display his talents as an arranger and his Hoagy Carmichaelish vocal stylings. Bob Findley on trumpet and Marshall Royal on alto sax contribute some fine work here. Frishberg's original song "Dear Bix" and his interpretation of "Wonderful One" are our favorites.

Narvel Felts: The Touch of Felts (ABC) offers a nice mixture of oldies and new tunes from the country singer. Felts possesses a big voice and really packs a wallop on "I Don't Hurt Anymore" and "Somewhere Between The Laughter And The Tears." Other strong numbers here include "Warm And Tender Love" and "When We Were Together."

Trumpet ace Dizzy Gillespie gets down to a funky/rock set on *Free Ride* (Pablo). The music here, composed and arranged by Lalo Schifrin, is rhythmic, danceable, and a far cry from bebop. Dizzy meets the challenge admirably, and proves himself very adept in this groove. Among the supporting musicians are trumpeter Oscar Brashear, sax man Ernest Watts, and guitarists Ray Parker Jr. and Wa Wa Watson. "Love Poem For Donna" a particularly beautiful composition, is our favorite.

Louis Armstrong: Snake Rag (Chiaroscuro) consists of out takes from Louis' 1959 "Satchmo Plays King Oliver" lp for Audiofidelity. Louis is in good shape here, and digs into these New Orleans favorites with enthusiasm. There's great trumpet on "St. James Infirmary" and "Chimes Blues," and a good helping of Armstrong's unique vocal stikings too. Rounding out the date are Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Trummy Young, trombone; Billy Kyle, piano; Mort Herbert, bass; and Danny Barcelona, drums. Those who maintain that Louis' trumpet work deteriorated in this period of his career are advised to give this disc a good listening.

Barney Kessel/Herb Ellis: Poor Butterfly (Concord Jazz) finds the two guitarists teaming up for a swinging session. Ellis and Kessel compliment each other nicely, Ellis having a softer sound and a more fluid style, Kessel providing impressive chord-melody work and hard-swinging solos lines. Monty Budwig on bass and Jake Hanna on drums provide a solid cushion for the plectrists' solo excursions. The arrangements are thoughtful and tasty, and there's a nice balance of ballads, riff tunes and up-tempo swingers. "Make Someone Happy," "Monsieur Armand" and "Blueberry Hill" are among the winners here. □

WILL MARTIN/*editor*
 R. B. KENDENNIS/*managing editor*
 DICK DOWNE/*associate editor*
 BILL BRADY/*art director*
 BARBARA AMY LEE/*subscription*

GEM

VOL. 19 NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1977



FEATURES

- 6 **SEX WEEKEND IN N.Y.** **Leon Gersten**
One man's way of changing his sex fantasies into realities.
- 8 **THE SHRINK AND THE SHREW** **John Tomis**
He wanted to keep on trucking—she wanted to go all the way.
- 18 **DIAL FOR SEX INFO** **Maury Williams**
Just press your finger in the right slot—and dingaling!
- 28 **DEAL ME IN!** **Steven M. Krauzer**
This TV giveaway show creates a lot of excitement and mayhem.
- 31 **GEM'S RATED X DIGEST** **Paul Steiner**
Quickies and snatches from the adult world entertainment world.
- 44 **THE BIG SCORE** **Bill Maury**
He was a gridiron hero and the gals wouldn't leave him alone.
- 47 **MUCHO MACHO** **Twibell Young**
For example, a guy who keeps his socks up with thumbtacks.
- 54 **FAT GIRLS ARE BEST IN BED** **Frank Thistle**
For heavyweight scoring don't overlook the fat of the land.

PICTURE THIS

- 10 ANN
- 22 CHARLOTTE
- 34 DORA
- 36 GEM OF THE MONTH
- 48 DANIELLE
- 62 TRUMPET M-M-MARVEL

DEPARTMENTS

- 3 PASS IN REVIEW
- 21 SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS **Orson A. Round**
- 57 VICE VERSE **Edgar Allan Poet**

Picture Credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated.

GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 303 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies: \$1.75. Subscription rates: 6 issues in U.S. and possessions: \$9.00; 12 issues: \$18.00. Foreign: \$10.00 and \$20. Unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity in names and places mentioned in fiction and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. Entire contents copyright 1977 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

NON-PORNOGRAPHY



CODE SEAL

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

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

This skit doesn't come from the great old days of burlesque comedy—but it certainly could have



THE SHRINK AND THE SCREWED UP SHREW

by John Tomis

Early one Monday morning, Mrs. Viola Goesdown went for her weekly session of guidance and counseling. She entered the waiting room and took a seat in the office. She has a long history of nymphomania.

"The Doctor will see you in a moment," the hale receptionist said, an unemployed actor from a limp-wrist revue who breathed heavily into the intercom, "Mrs. Goesdown to see you again, Sweets."

"I'll be with her in a second," Dr. Duckworth Finn said, getting up from his desk and tripping over a waste paper basket on his way to the window.

Duckworth Finn, or "Ducky," as he affectionately liked to be called, got into the sex therapy field because he had nothing better to do with his time. He had really wanted to be a long distance trucker so he filled out the form on the back of a match book. Somehow his form got mixed up and sent to the wrong place. And for his trouble, Ducky received eight hundred pounds of junk mail and a license to practice psychology. At first he wasn't too happy with the situation since he had already spent money on a leather jacket, a CB radio and a few dozen Trojans he figured he'd need on the road.

But that was all in the past. He now found that he could make a decent living by simply sitting back, nodding his head occasionally, and doodling on a piece of paper as he listened to the weekly complaints of frustrated housewives like Mrs. Goesdown.

He looked out the office window and saw the big rigs barreling past on Route One. "I've got to get back on the road one of these days," he muttered, opening the

window to wave at the passing trucks. When he was hit by an empty beer can hurled from one of the truck cabs, he looked up to the sky and exclaimed, "This will be a great day!"

Returning to his desk, he finished the last sentence in his new book, "Orgasm and Irregular Verbs." Hitting the intercome buzzer, he told the receptionist to send in Mrs. Goesdown.

Viola Goesdown was a shapely woman in her mid thirties. She was dressed in a short tight skirt and a tight sweater, revealing the most mountaininous set of jugs Ducky had ever seen. He thought if she ever ran quickly across a street, she might choke herself to death. Embarrassed to stand when he saw her, Dr. Finn remained seated behind his desk.

"Good morning, Doctor Finn," she said, sitting next to him and crossing her shapely legs. It was a real tease.

"Please," he said softly, "call me Ducky. Now, what seems to be the problem, Viola."

"Please," she insisted, "call me Mrs. Goesdown."

"Fine," he said, unable to take his eyes off the trucks that moved by the window. "So what's new with you?"

"I need your advice," she said, shifting in her seat. With each movement, her shapely body seemed to entrance Ducky deeper and deeper into the hypnotic world of sensual delight.

"Mind if I smoke, Doctor?"

"Not at all. It helps many people to relax. By the way, do you smoke after sex?"

"I don't know," she replied, "I never looked."

(continued on page 17)

HOW TO HAVE A "DIFFERENT" SEX WEEKEND IN NEW YORK





by Leon Gersten

Though I love my wife dearly, I've always dreamed of making it with the Cleopatras and Helens of the world, classically unattainable perfection of womanhood. In my earthier moments, I fantasize about ordinary women, attainable and real. But what I never knew was obvious: The most exciting affair could be had with my own wife. Here's how it went.

At a lull in the predictable monotony of our suburban life, my wife turned to me and whispered, "Let's get away and have an affair." So I called the fashionable Barbizon-Plaza in New York City, one of many high-class hotels that feature "Escape" weekends at reduced rates, room and Sunday brunch included. I coolly made the reservation and shooed my wife into the car, along with our hastily-put-together valise. The time had come to add some much-needed romance to our lives.

But having an affair with your spouse requires more than a reservation and a hasty decision; it demands imagination. For example, as I parked the car, I thought of the game we would play when I reached the room. For the affair to work we would have to assume new identities, as if we were meeting for the first time. I looked forward to the challenge.

When I rang the bell my lovely wife greeted me in a saffron-colored negligee. She stood there in her most seductive pose. She was Helen, Circe and a seductive Siren all in one. All my fantasies blended together in this one beautiful and alluring woman.

"Hello, I'm Jim O'Connell, the advertising executive you met at the party last week, remember?" She did, and I was ushered in, offered a drink and some very palatable conversation. We played our parts to the hilt, asserting and retreating, being charming and demure, acting winsome and debonair. I was the man of the world, she the woman of experience. We were relaxed, natural, letting passion take its own course. And it did.

Perhaps the greatest boon of a rendezvous is the opportunity to relish those moments of privacy away from the kids and the insistent clang of the telephone. Here, we could pop open our bottle of champagne, watch the fizz lick over that top, and sip heartily while we looked deep into each other's eyes. We talked as we had never talked before, being very sensitive to each other. Even a hot bath in an elegant hotel has a special effect on the senses,

(continued on page 20)





ANN

We recently dropped by Arturo's; a Greenwich Village night spot that features bluegrass jam sessions. Before we even had

the old D-18 out of the case, our ears were stunned by the sound of "Fire on The Mountain" being played flawlessly, at a





breakneck tempo on the trumpet! Our eyes just about popped out of their sockets when we discovered that the musician performing this incredible feat was a super big-busted babe named Ann, who easily qualified for membership in our exclusive BUF Hall of Fame. The excitement was almost too much to bear when this stupendously endowed damsel





invited us to tune up and accompany her on "Monores Hornpipe."

Later that evening, over a pitcher of beer,



Ann explained to us that she's a professional lingerie model by day, and a country / jazz trumpet player by night. Influenced by such





masters as Roy Eldridge, Alex Brashear and Bob "Hot Lips" Hipkens, she's developed her own style on the instrument. "I've only

recently begun to play fiddle tunes on the trumpet," she explained. "Ken Kosek, a great fiddler and a swell guy, has been showing me a

(continued on page 62)

THE SHRINK AND THE SHREW

continued from page 6

"That joke has been around a long time," Ducky said.

"So have I," Mrs. Goesdown said, placing one cigarette in her mouth and another between her legs. Noticing the doctor's amazement and surprise, she said, "It's a trick I learned one summer at camp. It's a bad habit, I know. But I'm trying to cut down."

"What beauty! What form!" he exclaimed.

"Thank you, Ducky," Mrs. Goesdown said, brushing back her shoulder length hair.

"No, not you!" he said, pointing toward the window, "Just look at that big rig! Did you ever see anything like that in your life!"

"Yes, on a 7 foot basketball player. But all he wanted was to dribble around instead of putting me in the hoop and scoring over and over." She paused as she saw he was still gazing out the window. "Why don't you go back on the road, Doctor?" she asked, removing all of her clothes and placing them on a bust of Beethoven which sat atop Ducky's desk.

"I'd love to," he replied, "but I tried it once. I was beaten to a bloody pulp at a truck stop on the Jersey Turnpike."

"Why was that?" Mrs. Goesdown asked, unzipping his pants and grabbing his throbbing member. His was a member in good standing. "Why was that, Doctor?"

"Please, Mrs. Goesdown, never talk with your mouth full. Now what was I saying? Oh, yes. I was beaten because the other truckers discovered my name. You can imagine what happened when I told them my name was Ducky Finn."

"But why didn't you change your name?" she asked returning to her seat.

"I did. I changed it to Ducky Dorn. And I was trounced again. But

someday, I'll go back on the road. I've got to. But let's get to you. After all, that's what we're supposed to be talking about. Your problems, not mine."

"Yes, you're right," she said. "Well, after I read your advertisement in the personal column of 'The New York Review of Boobs,' I knew you'd be the person to help me and my husband with his problem."

"Your husband, Brad?" Ducky asked, reaching for the banjo he kept under the desk.

"Yes, You see, Brad's really into furniture."

"Is he an interior decorator?" Ducky asked, pausing between verses of "Truck Stop Momma."

"No, he's into furniture. *Really* into furniture!" Mrs. Goesdown said, her voice rising, her breasts falling.

"That could be painful," Ducky said, realizing that this sounded like quite a story. He thought about writing it up and sending it off to "Erotica's Digest."

"It was painful," she went on. "I came home one night and saw Brad stuck in the frame of our folding patio lounge chair!"

"How long has he had this unusual attraction to furniture?" Ducky asked, strumming on his banjo.

"As long as I've known him. First it was the couch in the living room. Then the expensive dining room set! Some nights, he'd come home late with the smell of polish on his breath. Told me he had work to finish at the office. I knew he was secretly seeing a leather recliner at a furniture show room. But he really went too far with that patio chair. I had to rush him to the emergency room!"

"Did he lie on the stretcher?" Ducky asked, getting up to clean the windows.

"Lie on it? He went wild with that stretcher! Just his type of material! It

was so embarrassing. Luckily, the intern in charge knew exactly what to do."

"What was that?"

"He put Brad under a sedative and then proceeded to bang the ass out of me!"

"Incredible! But wasn't the emergency room full of people?"

"No. There was just one other patient. A famous gay dancer, Mr. Ben Dover. He was unconscious after trying to climb a flag pole from the wrong end."

"And what about your husband?"

"Brad? His rod was bent at all angles. It looks like a pretzel," she laughed. "Now he wants to work as a freelance exhibitionist in New York. He left me last week."

"An exhibitionist, you say?"

"Yes," she replied, playing with her mammoth boobs, "That's what I said. Are you hard of hearing?"

"What?"

"Well," she continued, "getting back to my story. The intern and I were going at it pretty good when the door opened and in walked the head surgeon. He was upset, to say the least."

"At seeing you two?"

"Oh no, that didn't bother him. He was upset because he had accidentally cut off a man's leg in the operating room. The patient went wild and threatened to sue and take him to court."

After waving to another truck, Ducky mentioned, "Well, I'm sure that patient will lose the case."

"Why is that, Doctor?"

"He won't have a leg to stand on."

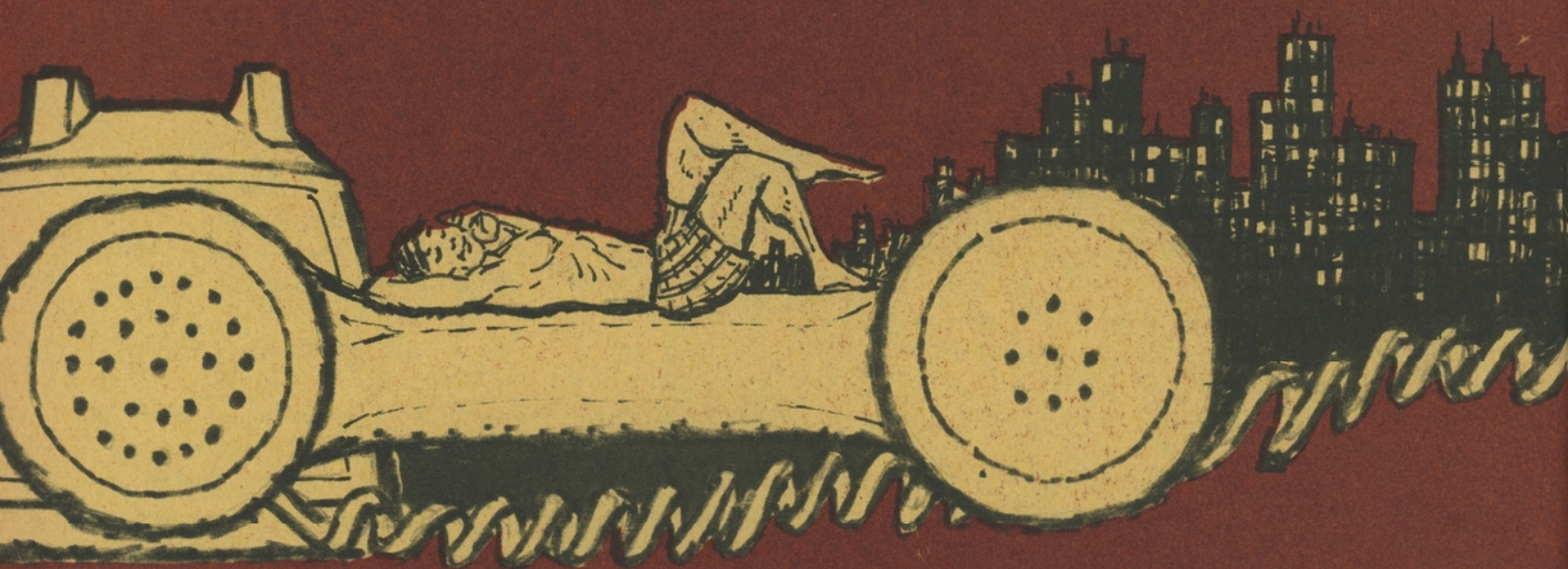
"That joke is as bad as the orgy I went to last night," she remarked, placing the bust of Beethoven between her legs.

"Orgy? Where?" Ducky asked, taking out a pad and pencil to write down the address.

"In the apartment building a few miles from my farm. The superintendent is quite a stud. Calls himself Ramrod. The party was at his

(continued on page 58)

DIAL~FOR



(New York City, the place where you can dial for just about everything, has come up with a new gimmick. Dial-for-Sex-Info has been created because city officials feel there are so many people out there walking around with unanswered questions about sex. We can't be sure, but we like to imagine the conversations might go something like this).

MAN: Hell, Dial-sex-info?

GIRL: Yes. Can I help you?

MAN: Well, I think so. Well, my mother thinks so. She got me to call. I know all I need to know about sex, but she made me call.

GIRL: I understand. What is your question?

MAN: Uh . . . uh . . . okay . . . here it is. Where do babies come from?

GIRL: Are you putting me on?

MAN: Does the stork bring 'em?

GIRL: Get off the line, will you, turkey? Some poor sap out there may be in real trouble.

MAN: No. Tell me. So I can tell mama! I paid my dime! (there is a click as the girl hangs up.) Now what will I tell mama? (Phone rings again at Dial-Sex-Info.)

GIRL: Dial-Sex-Info.

MAN: Yes. I really didn't want to call—but I began getting signs I need help.

GIRL: What kinds of signs?

MAN: When I called a girl up for a date I dialed with my middle finger.

GIRL: That's a tip-off, all right. Go ahead, sir. Let it all hang out.

MAN: I did. That's why the neighbors called police.

GIRL: Go on, sir.

MAN: Well . . . I'm 28 years old and I never . . . well . . . I've never been in bed with a girl. Never went all the way.

GIRL: You poor sucker!

MAN: No. Not even that.

GIRL: You mean you are a virgin? In this day and age? You don't know anything about the sex act?

MAN: Well, once my cousin Tom, he's married, let me watch him and his wife from behind a curtain. When they got done he snuck out and told me that nine months later they would have a baby.

GIRL: What was your reaction?

MAN: I asked if they had to wait nine months, why did they hurry up so much for at the end?

GIRL: What did he say?

MAN: He didn't say anything. he was laughing too hard.

GIRL: Well, all I can say is that I can't help you get your feet wet . . .

MAN: Tom didn't use his feet. He used his . . .

GIRL: Just a figure of speech. Perhaps you'd better find a nice, slut of some sort and let her show you the ropes.

MAN: I don't go in for sado-masochism. Or bondage. I

SEX-INFO

by Maury Williams



just want to know about plain old sex.

GIRL: For a virgin, you know a lot of sex terms.

MAN: I read subway graffitti.

GIRL: I see. Well, I say get a girl, go to it and that's the only way you'll learn.

MAN: You wouldn't come around and show me, would you?

GIRL: Hey, listen, fella. What kind of a girl do you think I am?

MAN: Well, I mean, you talk so dirty and all...

GIRL: You better go now, Mack. I helped you all I can.

MAN: And I appreciate it. It should help me get over the hump.

(Hangs up. Phone rings again).

GIRL: Dial-Sex-Info.

MAN: Go ahead, make me laugh.

GIRL: Laugh?

MAN: I must have the wrong number. I thought this was dial-a-Joke.

Sex is no laughing matter.

MAN: Then why does my wife keep giggling at me when we make love?

GIRL: You did have the wrong number. You should try Dial-a-Prayer.

(Hangs up. Phone rings again).

GIRL: Dial-Sex-Info.

FEMALE: Could you explain where my erogenous zones are?

GIRL: Well, briefly, they're your neck, your inner arms, your throat, breasts... lower abdomen...

FEMALE: Hold it. Would you repeat the last couple please. My boy friend's here in the booth with me and I want him to hear.

GIRL: Your throat, breasts... lower abdomen... inner thighs...

FEMALE: Hear that, Stanley? Inner thighs... aaahhh. That's it... breasts... oh, Stanley... lower abdomen... gentle, gentle, Stanley...

GIRL: Miss... can I help you?

FEMALE: No, Stanley's doing fine... aaaaaa... ooooooh (Girl hangs up phone. It rings again).

GIRL: Dial-Sex-Info.

MAN: I've got a question, miss.

GIRL: Please hurry up. It's late and I'm tired.

MAN: Okay. What's a semen bank?

GIRL: That's one of the first intelligent questions I've fielded all day. A semen bank is a repository for male sperm. It is taken from a male volunteer, stored in a frozen vault and later injected into a woman whose husband is sterile and who can't become a father.

MAN: Oh... that's exciting... real exciting.

GIRL: Glad I helped you. Hope you profit by that knowledge about semen banks.

MAN: I don't know about that. But I know one thing...

GIRL: What's that?

MAN: I'm going out right now and make a night deposit.

SEX WEEKEND IN N.Y.

continued from page 9

both physical and sensual. We loved ourselves in an aura of contentment and joy at having a few very special hours to deal with ourselves as people.

After the make-believe tryst, we raced town to the movies and clenched hands for two hours, scrunching popcorn into each other's mouth. Even the complaints of those around us did not sway us from our new-found playfulness. We necked in the dark as we had done so many years before, ignoring the tense moments of the film. How nice it felt to be young and in love.

We walked arm in arm down Fifth Avenue, pretending to buy everything in sight, regardless of the cost. I selected outfits that would suit my lady, and she pointed to a wardrobe that would handsomely cover my body. It was the kind of intimacy that only two very-much-in-love people would share, and even the mention of quality material was arousing. How delicious to grace your lover's body and thus stimulate her heart. Later, we skipped in the street, averting the manic movements of taxis.

To sustain an affair with your wife you have to eat in a very special place. Ambiance, preferably the Continental sort, is essential for romance is built squarely on what the eye transmits to the heart, then to the stomach. We selected one restaurant that appealed to us from the outside, with its French cuisine and darkened interior that glowed with candle-light. Being escorted to a corner table by a very decorous maitre d' enhanced the experience. Since it was our one-in-a-lifetime fling, we ordered the most expensive items on the menu, bottressing the fare with vintage wine. As we sat supping and sipping, we felt the sensuality that good food generates. How titillating it all was, for my wife

and me, to face each other across a table, our faces shadowed by the flickering candle. This indeed was the high spot of a so-far very eventful day.

As I lay across the sections of the Sunday *New York Times*, I turned to my wife and confessed, "We have been married almost twenty years but I feel as if I just fell in love." The softness of the bed and the warmth of her body helped to imprint a memorable moment. We slept the night entwined in our personal glory, and we awoke to the new day with the prickly sensations of renewed love. Even the Sunday brunch in the Barbizon-Plaza's restaurant, a sumptuous meal served with a drink

of your choice, passed unnoticed as we folded hands across the croissants. "I'll never forget this heavenly weekend. Thank you, my lover," she told me. All I managed to say was "It was your idea, and a beautiful one at that."

We returned to the predictable monotony of our suburban home, but we were never the same. An escape weekend may not be a solution to marriage in trouble but to one with fire in it yet, it is a sure way to rekindle the flame. I recommend it highly but especially to those men who fantasize about gorgeous hunks of women, for, after all, the best affair they may ever have is with their own wives. □



"Smile, friend, you're on Candid Camera!"

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Germany Swings Like a Pendulum Do

One of our far-flung correspondents reports from Munich that he visited the Hugendubel Book Store there and saw a volume entitled, "Die Fuck Maschine." Unfortunately, he didn't send a translation.

Come Again, Men And Come Again!

Thirty housewives have long known that coupons can help hold down the budget. They squirrel away chits that will get them 50 cents off on a pound of coffee, 30 cents on a detergent or 10 cents on a flea collar.

Now, fellows, we can get into the act with a reduced rate for screwing. A brothel in Lincoln County, Nevada, offers Premium Coupons that give a discount for return trips.

You could call it lay-away plan.

No Mention of Orange Juice Or Anita Bryant

One has to feel sorry for persecuted minorities. And it's sort of sad when one Queen (beauty) lashes out against the other Queens. But take heart, Gay people. The way you're recruiting, you may soon be the majority.

(And some of us are so old we can remember that when a chap "came out of a closet," he faced the irate husband and said the classic line, "Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a streetcar!")

Whatever Happened to Jail Bait?

Never-wed females from 15 years

old to 19 were interviewed. It turned out that 55 per cent of them had been screwed. (The other 45 per cent may have lied to the interviewers).

This cope comes from a nationwide survey of 2,200 young birds conducted by two profs at Johns Hopkins University. They conclude that the chicks are losing their cherries at earlier ages in 1977. (The professors expressed the idea more delicately than that).

It was also pointed out that teenyboppers are more interested in effective contraceptive devices than in Barby Dolls or Captain Kangaroo. And the word "No!" apparently is not in their vocabulary.

Kiss and Tell for \$100,000

"I like Ike!" said millions of Americans and they elected him President. Lot's of Americans like Mame, Ike's first lady, too. And they probably like Kay Summersby. She was a WAC who served as the General's chauffeur in Europe, she was an attractive woman, they had an affair—so she says.



Nice, romantic arrangement. We hope Ike and Kay were very happy. Now Kay's story has been sold to TV for \$100,000 but she won't be laughing all the way to the bank because she is, alas, no longer with us. The evil that men do lives after them—if the *Woman in the Case* has a pencil.

Bright Sayings of Hot Pants Females

"She felt the base of his penis throbbing as all the filaments flew flew into her womb and hopefully caught."

Erica Jong in "How to Save Your Own Life."

A New Meaning for "The Senate Whip?"

Most taxpayers are tired of being screwed by politicians but there are some lucky girls in Washington who make up to a hundred gees a year from just that. They are prosties who lay lawmakers.

Nearly half the members of Congress regularly patronize the *Love For Sale* collies. This info is supplied by Sam Janis and Barbara Bess, a psycho team who spent seven years making a survey of the sexy scene in D.C. They interviewed madames, call girls, hookers, sado-masochists and other government workers.

They discovered that some of our noble representatives go for the whips and chains bit. "We know one politician, an older chap long prominent on the national scene, who has put at least eight women in the hospital, but he has enough money to pay off," they report.

On the other hand, they found

(continued on page 53)





CHARLOTTE



While having our Sunday brunch at an outdoor cafe on New York's fashionable Upper East Side, we spied this alluring young lass perusing the current issue of the John Edwards Memorial Foundation Quarterly at a table just across the way from us. This unexpected touch of class, combined with the fair damsel's beguiling countenance, set our hearts to pounding ferously. Determined to have her pose for us, we stepped over and introduced ourselves.



Within minutes we had engaged the object of our affections in an animated discussion of Ray Whitley, Rex Griffin, Patsy Montana, and other favorite performers. An aficionado of cowboy, country and Western music, Charlotte is currently working on her masters degree. Her thesis deals with the influence of pop / vaudeville performer Emmitt Miller on Jimmie Rodgers and Bob Wills. This controversial issue is debated heatedly in learned circles, and Charlotte believes her paper will shed some new light on the subject.

Charlotte's extensive collection of out-of-print records is envied by many country music connoisseur. Her holdings include Kitty Wells' original RCA 78s, and the rare 45 on the Torino label of Ray Odom performing "Your Breaking Heart." This latter item has drawn many a





collector to Charlotte's door, but she refuses to part with it at any price.

Upon completing her thesis on Emmitt Miller, Charlotte plans to commence work on a book dealing with women in country music. The book will cover Molly O'Day, Kitty Wells and Jean Shepherd, right on up through Tammy Wynette, Dolly Parton and Olivia Newton-John.

A devotee of Scientology, Charlotte finds that studying the works of L. Ron Hubbard helps to keep her head together. We're not much on these new-fangled spiritual disciplines, but we find that after contemplating these revealing photos for a few minutes we're feeling just fine. □







DEAL ME IN!

This TV giveaway show creates a lot of excitement—
and hysteria—and mayhem—and total chaos!

by Steven M. Krauzer

Standing in the rain outside a television studio dressed as a rabbit would have made Allen feel foolish, if it weren't for the other people in line with him. On his right was a giant papier-mache head of Harry Truman, supported by two stubby legs in black tights. On his left, a woman of at least three hundred pounds wore a flesh-colored leotard and a long blond wig. "I'm Lady Godiva," she confided when she caught Allen's glance. She looked more like a massive Polish sausage. There was a cigar with four legs, and a walking turnip, and a husband and wife dressed as a three-toed sloth. The only thing the bizarre crew had in common was the hope of being picked as a contestant for "Deal Me In"—America's Televised Trading Post.

From across the street Melissa waved encouragement, and Allen raised a paw in response. Simultaneously, the studio door opened to reveal the show's producer, and pandemonium erupted. A fat man in a ballet tutu collapsed to the wet pavement, sobbing uncontrollably. Somebody's grandmother, wearing a union suit and a black Afro wig, dropped to her hands and knees in a frenzy and sunk her teeth into the producer's calf, thrashing spasmodically even as she was dragged off by two burly studio cops.

As the producer limped backwards in retreat, Melissa approached. He jumped nervously when she tapped him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Potts?" Melissa said, and when he nodded she thrust the photograph in his face. Potts turned ashen. Allen watched and smiled, aware that the photo showed Fred Potts' son Ziggy in a police station. What made the photo of value to Allen and Melissa was Ziggy's unique apparel: a flower-print dress, black mesh stockings, a feather boa, and a bouffant blond wig.

Melissa said something, and Potts shook his head, but it was clear from his expression that he was licked. Everything was going according to plan, and Allen knew he would be picked. The only thing bothering him was a funny smell he couldn't put his finger on. Then he got it: in the rain, his fur was starting to mildew.

Fred Potts watched from the edge of the stage as the stagehands set up the

(continued on page 68)



"For a living? I'm a taste tester for Poongtang Fem Spray company."

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

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

In his hilarious boffo show, "The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World" at NYC's Promenade Theatre, Dick Shawn spoofs practically every leading entertainer who ever played Vegas or TV. "Isn't it strange," he asks, "That the two things we do behind closed doors is what everybody has to do—proving we're all horny and full of shit." One of the highlights is his rendering of a "now" song: "Squeeze my lemon and let the juice run down my leg . . ." And: "You never know what pain is until you're circumcised at 38."

Pun-demonium reigned when, during the Museum of Modern Art Film Dept.'s "Salute to Walter Lantz," the creator of Woody Wood-

pecker, Mr. Lantz revealed that he got the idea for the sharp-beaked pesky bird during his honeymoon!

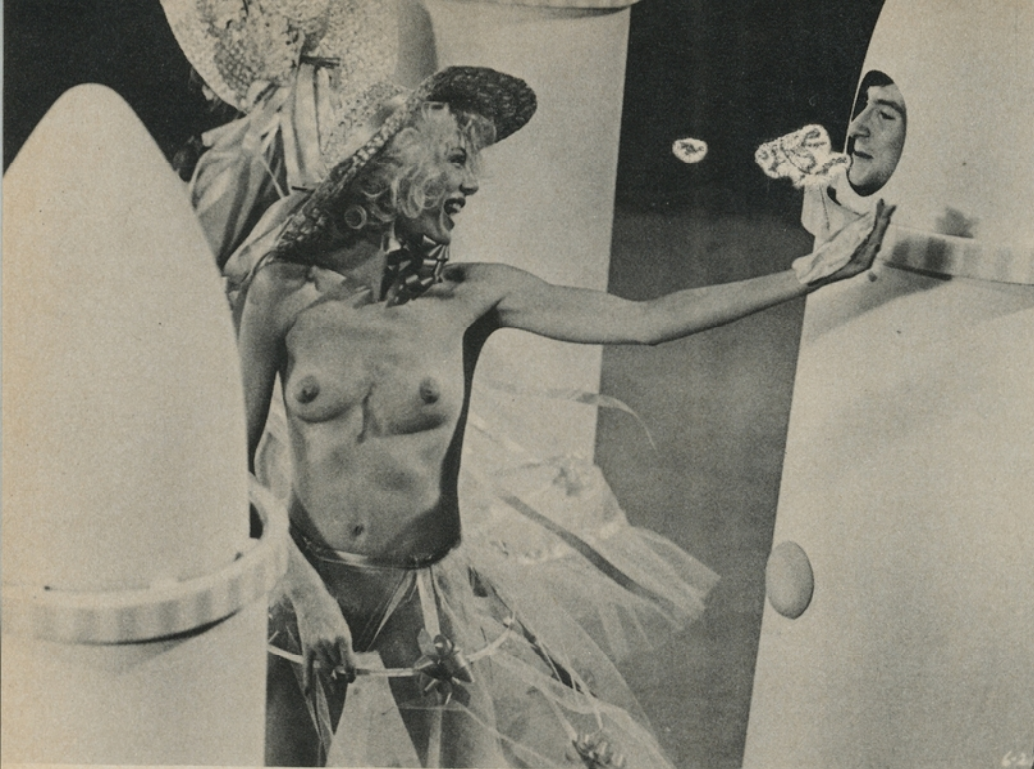
In the Whitney Museum's New American Filmmakers series, the spoof, "Super Vision," pummels TV and TV viewers from all directions. One guy complains that his wife is so addicted to TV and commercials she's become "just a feminine hygiene spray." There are also many hilarious bed scenes in which one partner or another is horny for sex, but the other first wants to watch a certain program to the end.

Norman Kean, producer of Broadway's "Oh, Calcutta!," the nude musical, says he has been getting requests from members of



Top: Painting by Paul Matthews at the Varidian Gallery.

Below: "Theogony," an etching by Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso's "Faun Unveiling Woman," both shown at the Modern Museum's Ambroise Vollard show.



As the promotion art to the right advertises, these photos are from "The First Nudie Musical," an Albert Schwartz and Imre J. Rosenthal presentation. It's a campy, uninhibited farce involving the problems of raising money and putting on a "porno" musical. One of the highlights is a "dancing dildo" routine [top] and in the 1920-type scene on bottom the fellow seems to be doing pushups, backside style.



nudist colonies who want to see the show unclothed. Kean has been turning down their requests saying: "Our policy is to feature nudity on the stage, not in the audience."

In the movie-version of the best-seller, "The Other Side of Midnight," Susan Sarandon tells a guy on the make: "If you don't love me, don't lay me." He promptly says he loves her—and lays her. Seductive French actress Marie-France Pisier, who started doing nude scenes for top directors long ago, plays a woman who climbs the ladder to fame and success by climbing in and out of men's beds. And don't miss the famous "ice-cube" scene. It may unfreeze your sex-life!

In his latest book, "Mauve Gloves and Madmen, Clutter and Vine" (Farrar, Straus, Giroux) brilliant culture-vulture author Tom Wolfe gives the once and twice-over to all the goings—on and coming-offs in contemporary America with pimps, prosties, and prudes galore. Telling about two Wall Streeters fighting over a cab, Tom writes: "They're like burlesque comedians hitting each other with pig bladders . . . blown-up condoms."

AIP's "The Day That Shook The World" depicts dramatically the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria on June 1914 which set off World War I. "Why is a nice girl like you going to military maneuvers at Serajevo?" a young man asks the nubile blonde he just met on the train. "Who says I'm a nice girl?" grinds the young whore.

Universal's "MacArthur," starring Gregory Peck, is pretty much the true story of General MacArthur. As absolute ruler of Japan, after seeing to it that Japanese women are given the vote, he is informed that "something terrible has happened"—a

prostitute has been elected to the Japanese House of Representatives." "How many votes did she get?" asks MacArthur. When told she got 256,000 votes, the Supreme Commander comments, "What a loyal clientele she must have."

Northal Films, which gave us last year's best foreign film, "Cousin, Cousine," now has come out with an outrageous, bawdy spoof titled, "The First Nudie Musical." At a fund-raising session when the porno musical is being suggested, a would-be investor asks, "How in hell are we going to get guys who can screw and carry a tune?" Later at the auditions, a gum-chewing blonde, asked for her performing credentials, replies, "I've performed fellatio." She's hired after demonstrating one of her "special orgasms." And so it goes in this "All-singing, all-dancing, all-f---g musical." Other stand-out scenes: a "dancing Dildo" routine and a tango called "Perversion" sung by a bare chantootsie.

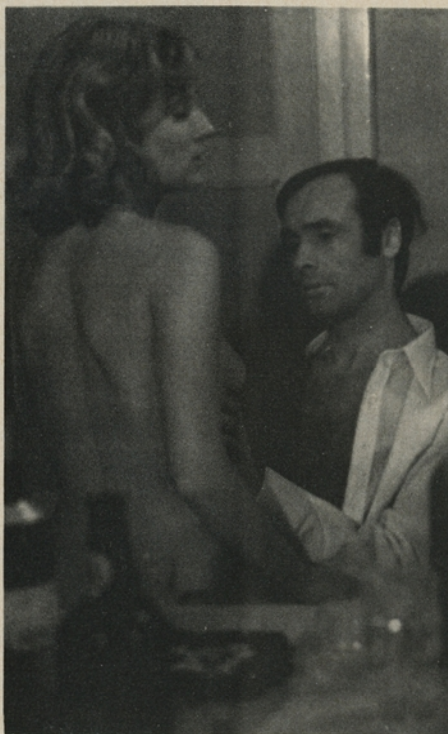
The famous Paul Taylor Dance Co. had a sensational run at NY's City Center. Commented the staid NY Times of one of the ballets, "Image's costumes, inspired by ancient Crete, were only slightly less bare-breasted for the women than the men." Someone sitting near your reviewer put it more explicitly when he cracked: "If they were cut any lower, they'd step on their own nipples."

In the film version of H. G. Well's "Empire of the Ants," nubile Joan Collings plays an aggressive real-estate developer who likes to order men around. Says Joan to her No. 1 assistant: "You're so terrific in the sack you're almost worth that big salary I'm paying you!"

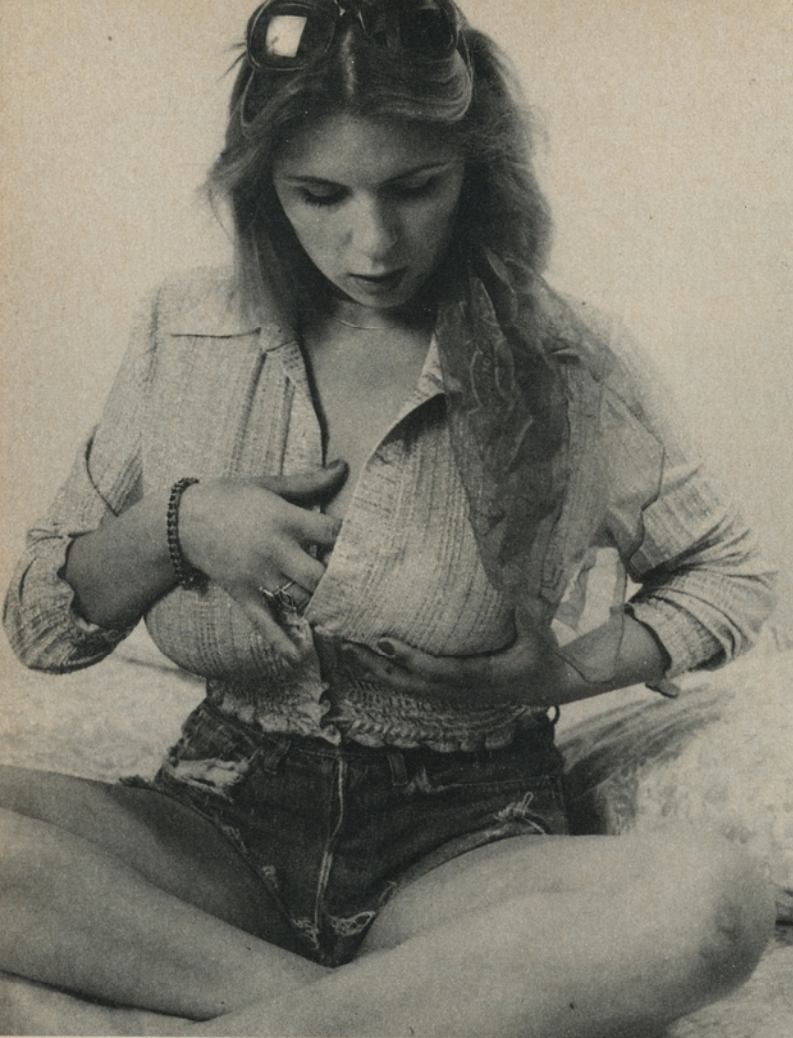
T-shirts proclaiming: "TIT FOR TAT"—positioned just right up front—can be had at NYC's Deco-Dence boutique. □

OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

TO: _____
FROM: _____
DATE: _____ **TIME:** _____
PHONE: _____
MESSAGE: _____



Above: A novelty gag item is this handy pad to record obscene calls. Put out by Sigma Marketing Systems, it was shown at the N.Y. Stationery show. Left: A scene from Cambist's stimulating import, "Girl On Her Knees" whose theme seems to be that variety is the spice of human and sexual relations. Note the serious look on the fellow's face as he plays "doctor" and examines the lumps on the girl's chest. Judging from the look on her face, he is prescribing the right treatment.



DORA

We first encountered this trim and sexy young lass while attending the annual Jimmie Rodgers Day festivities in Meridian, Mississippi. When we heard an alluring female voice singing the old favorite "Everybody Does It In Hawaii," we followed our ears to the source of the beguiling melody. Needless to say, we were duly impressed when we discovered this golden-brown haired beauty picking a vintage herringbone Martin guitar and singing a medley of Rodgers tunes. "I've loved the Rodgers' songs since I was a little girl," Dora told us. "Pa was a railroad man,





Gem of the Month









based in Mudflap, Arkansas, and I guess he identified with the 'yodelling brakeman.' He

had every record Jimmie ever cut, even the ones with the Carter Family. This guitar was







pa's pride and joy; Jimmie was passing through town once, on a personal appearance, and he picked a tune on this guitar."

In addition to playing the songs of Jimmie Rodgers, Dora has been carrying on the

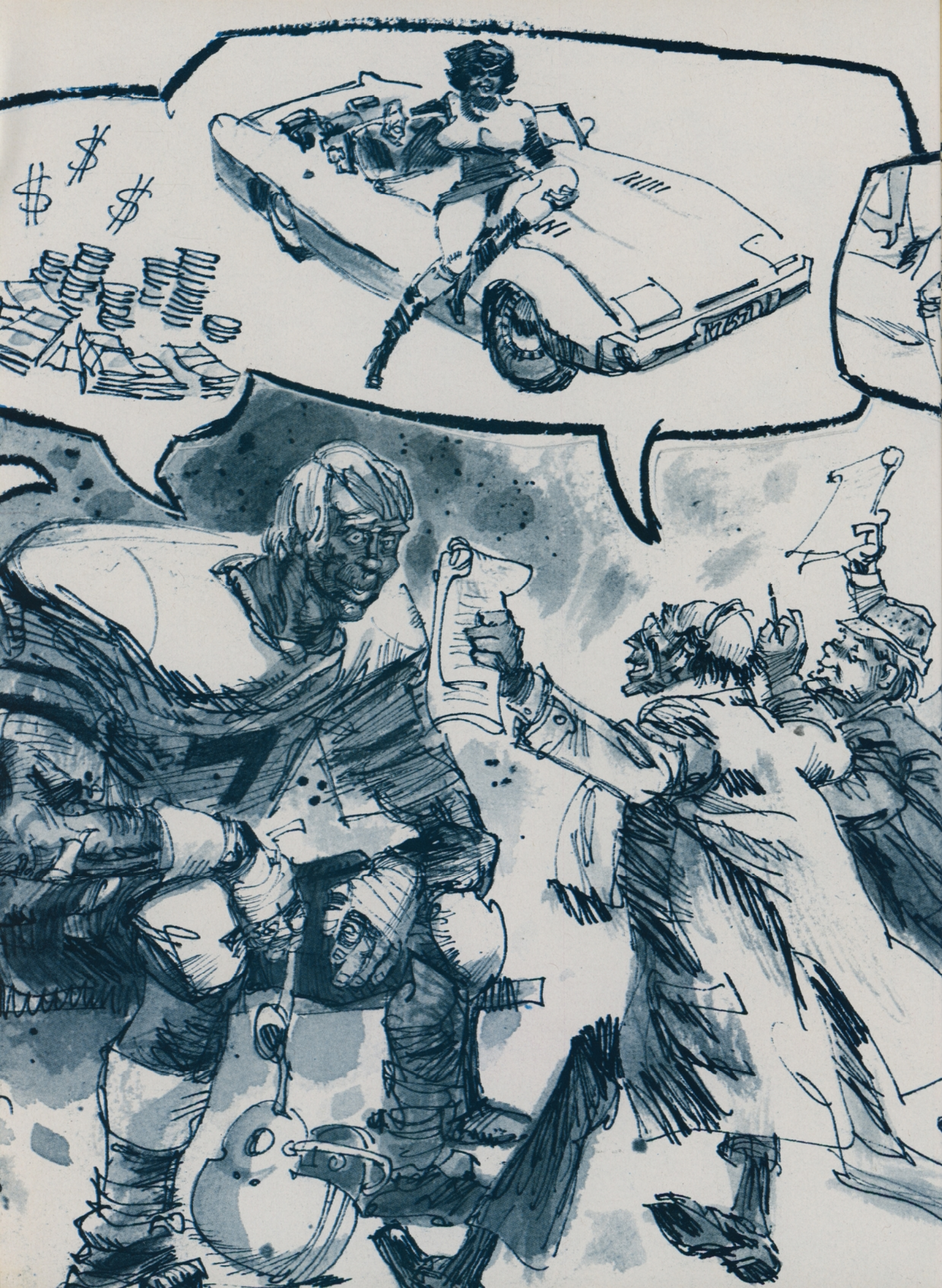
tradition with some outstanding original tunes, such as "Blue Yodel Number 756" and a dazzling flat-picking guitar instrumental "The Rover Coil Rag." She's currently shopping around for a record label, and we suspect it



won't be long before we find her picking and yodelling her way into the hearts of millions of music lovers.

Among Dora's other plans for the future are a book on railroad songs, on which she's become an expert. We're sure Dora's recording and writing projects will meet with success. After you check out these pics, you won't be wondering why we toot our whistle over adorable Dora. □





Everyone sought the services of this football hotshot:
big-time colleges, the pros and girls—girls—girls!

THE BIG SCORE

There's no doubt about it, Harry "Hip Hip" Hooraw was the finest halfback ever seen at old Kentucky State Teachers. But you know that already. What you don't know is what really happened to this man who would have put Red Grange, Gale Sayers and Jimmy Brown running back to the bench in embarrassment.

Fresh out of high school where he averaged four touchdowns a game, Harry was besieged with offers from the biggest schools in the nation. Alabama offered him a girl a week plus \$200 spending money and a white Cadillac. Notre Dame offered him a shot at the priesthood. University of Southern California said he could keep a live girl in his room, one in the locker room and another in the shower. However, Harry had his own moral code. He wanted to be a teacher. He figured eventually he would turn pro, but he wanted to go to the finest school available to train him for the teaching profession. Hence, Kentucky State Teachers. The rest is history.

Playing in the Ozark 8 Conference, "Hip Hip" led the Pedagogues, as they were called, to two conference titles, both undefeated seasons.

Not overly large, "Hip Hip" was smooth, fast and as elusive as a water bug in heat. The pro scouts started sliding surreptitiously into town to see him play. Word was getting around. He had a "can't miss" lable on him. And that's the way the coeds saw him. He was, in fact, a raw, healthy, virile, baby-faced young man of 20 who picked 'em up and laid 'em down with consummate ease. On his own personal scoreboard, Harry figured he had bedded 75 of the college's 250 future teachers of America's youth. He could recommend at least seven of them for sex education instructors.

Then it happened. The scandal that rocked the nation. The infamy that brought Kentucky State Teachers to national acclaim. If that's the word. Harry was caught in flagrante delicto with the dean's wife at midnight on the football field, under the goal posts. "Harry scored again," said the campus wags.

The faculty didn't think it was so funny. Many of the more conservative minded gentlemen of the group who were against Harry in the first place, voted to dismiss him immediately. And so he was gone. Kentucky State's dreams of three straight

(continued on page 60)





Mucho Macho

by Twibell Young



To you an orgy with six gorgeous girls is a "handy sex pack."

You strut confidently into a tough neighborhood bar and ask for a Peanut Butter Malted.

You're so active, every few weeks you have to send your waterbed out for a retread.

You are asked by a research center to will your sex organ to science for study.

At a nudist wedding everybody can see that you're the best man.

You keep your socks up with thumbtacks.

Women call you a "one-hour drycleaner." That's because you work fast and leave no ring.

Down in Mexico you can walk with a huge sombrero twirling in your lap.

Babes think you're a magician, thanks to your fancy slide of hand. Your hand is quicker than a thigh.

Sandpaper jockey shorts keep you from itching.

Long hung? You're closer to the ground than a pregnant dachshund.

If you had your life to live over, you'd live over a whorehouse.

As a kid you played Post Office. Now you play Pony Express because there's lots more horsing around.

You know a lot about women—mostly from what you've been able to pickup.

When a gal says you're really hung, she says a mouthful.

You write with a fountain pen filled with your own blood.

At a nudist dinner you keep smiling even after someone spills hot coffee in your lap.

That's not hair on your chest—it's steel wool.

You can ball a gal in a hammock with both ends tied to the same hook.

Immediately following your vasectomy you jog home eight miles.

You can watch a tennis match while wearing a starched collar.

Your little black book is labeled "Future Shack."

King Kong looks at yours with envy.





DANIELLE

Continuing our presentation of past favorites, here's super-popular Danielle, a BUF sexpot who should never be out of sight for too long. The last time Danielle was around we called a taxidermist and ordered a few stuffed lions sent to our office which we had fixed up like a den—we were trying to get Danielle in the lion's den. You know we're lyin', but it's the absolute truth that Danielle is a lot of female with a big-boobed figure that can make an animal out of us—and countless other wolves too.











SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

one statesman who likes to be tortured by a whore while talking politics on the phone. If his phone was bugged you might hear: "Senator, about that farm bill (Ow!) I discussed it with the committee chairman (Oooooooooo!) and (Yiii!) he said (Ouch!) we ought to lay it (Oooooof!) on the table. (Groann!)"

Did you used to wonder where they got the inspiration for that song, "The Fool on the Hill?"

Do G-Men Give G Ratings?

Under its new Show and Tell policy, the federal government released an item from the hitherto Top Secret FBI Rule Book.

It says, "The bureau must take a common sense view in these obscene-matter cases, not a prudish one." It advises agents not to bother about pinup pictures, art poses, nudist photographs, parlor novelties or other exhibits obviously not obscene of which are of highly questionably obscenity." Concentrate on hard porn, was the word.

Does the phrase "parlor novelties" refer to massage parlor novelties?

Betty Co-Ed Says, "Let's to Bed!"

Girls are more aggressive than they used to be. So look out, fella, you may get raped!

Debbie, a cute high school senior is one of the new breed who doesn't believe in waiting around for a boy to make the first move. "We hold all the cards. If a girl wants a lay she can get it. If a boy wants it he can be turned down."

Alma, a Hunter College freshman says, "I don't wait for guys to come up to me. If I want to go to bed with a guy I let him know it."

Fonzie marks up his conquests on the bathroom wall. Young females are doing likewise, if not on a wall

then in a notebook or diary, according to Dr. Michael Raifman, head of the Long Island University Adolescent Clinic.

Looks like the *Go Go Girls* have been supplanted by *Go Get 'em Girls*.

Hooray!

Could Fun City Profit from Porn?

The New York Daily News has a feature called SPEAK OUT in which it invites readers to phone in their views on various timely topics. A recent forum on porn brought this interesting response:

Pornography never mugged, raped or killed anyone. To keep it clean, the city could operate porno dives and bookshops in back of the OTB parlors.

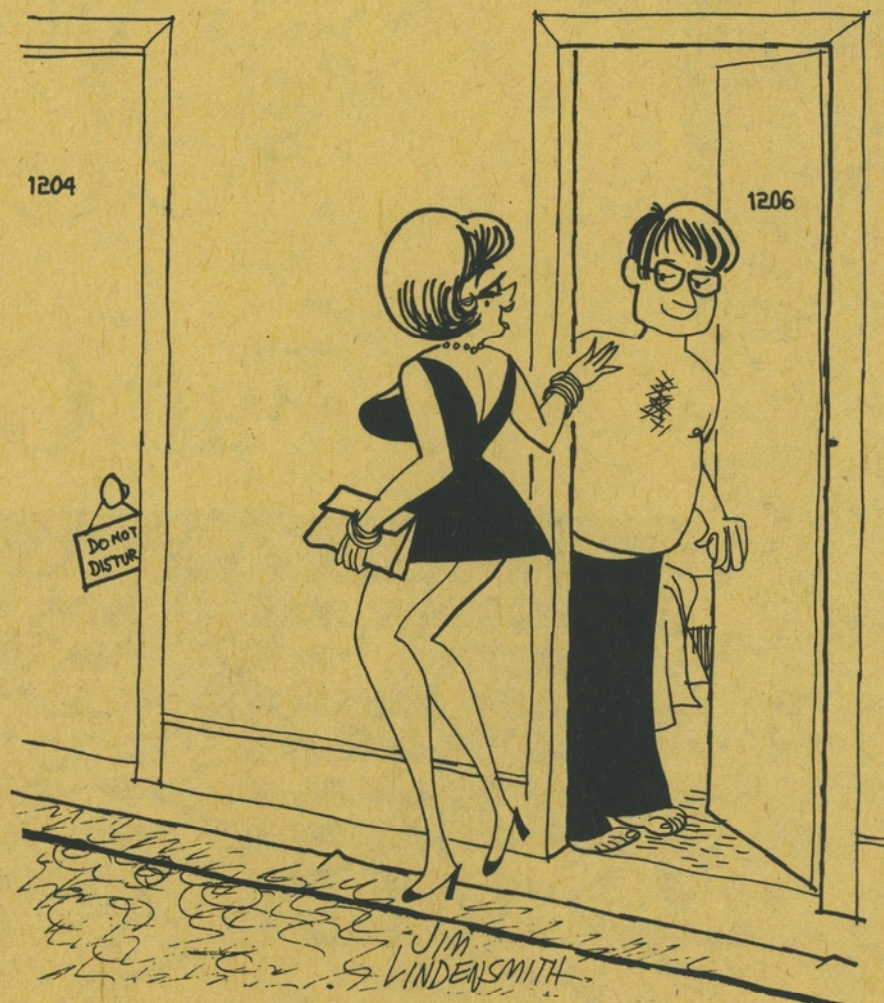
Leonard Sheikin,
58, retired, Manhattan

Leonard's interesting idea deserves some serious thought and after giving it serious thought, we are inclined to turn it down. A man may be a sex fiend and he may be a horse-player but he can't be both at once. You can't pick the bangtails while thinking of bangs.

Perry Mason Never Had a Case Like This

If you are a whore, did it ever occur to you that you are offering a "gratification of a basic physiological and psychological need involving the most intimate and private activity of a person?" That's what the mouthpieces say you are doing. A firm of New York attorneys laid that on in defending their client, a bordello operator.

Makes sense, of course. Boiled down it says, "If a fellow needs a fuck, I'm ready to oblige." □



"Call me anytime, Mr. Smith, I'm in the yellow pages."



Fat Girls Are

Ever ball a fat chick? Well, if you haven't don't knock it. And if you have, you know damn well that fat girls are better in bed than their slim sisters. How come? They try harder, that's what. When it comes to sex, what guy in his right mind wouldn't prefer a passionate fat girl with plenty of bounce to the ounce in bed, than a slim girl who just lies there like a stick of wood? Remember, it takes two to tango. Man does not live by sex alone—he needs a partner, an active, hot one in the sack. And it's just plain old common sense that plump

pussycats are going to try harder to please you sexually because they are No. 2 in the world of women. American society has long emphasized the beauty of being slim. And fashion designers have always put a premium on tall, willowy models as having the most desirable figures. As a result of all this, fat girls and women have considered themselves outsiders looking in from the sidelines at their slim counterparts who seem to be getting all the fun out of life. Fat girls generally feel unwanted and left out of things. They are literally starved for

Hey, swingers, push your weight around where it counts . . .



Best In Bed

by Frank Thistle

love. In fact, one theory has it that girls who are starved for love eat too much in compensation. The more they eat, the fatter they get and the more they hate themselves. It's a vicious cycle that never seems to stop.

But are fat girls really unloved? Dr. Bernadette Massie, a British psychiatrist specializing in marital problems, points out that the divorce rate is up to 84 percent higher in countries where wives count calories. "The United States can blame its many divorces, neurotic women and broken homes on underweight women,"

she says. Chew on that fact for a bit.

And listen to the observation of Jean Kerr, author of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. She said: "Think of the happy marriages you know about. How many of the ladies are still wearing size 12? I've been giving this a lot of thought and I have been examining the marriages in my own troubled circle. What I have discovered is that the women who are being ditched are one and all willowy, wand-like and slim as a blade. In fact, six of them require extensive padding even to look flat-chested . . ."

Actress Elizabeth Taylor also sees danger in being too skinny. "A woman worrying about staying thin," she says, "can create a bundle of nerves that will drive her husband out into the night. A man wants a home where he can relax and enjoy his family, without confusion or worry. Give him that, and if you have a fanny as big as a streetcar, it won't matter."

According to two University of Michigan researchers, the "typical" American husband of an overweight woman can probably persuade her to shed some poundage, but he doesn't really want to. Although many of the husbands are making their wives miserable over their weight, the men are afraid of the possibility that they would slim down, reports Richard Stuart and Barbara Davis. "A few feared that if a wife lost weight, she would be unfaithful," Stuart says. "An extra 100 pounds was used by these men as a modern chastity belt. Some feared that it would force a readjustment of sexual patterns in the marriage. They had worries about their own inadequacy and justified these on the basis of their wives' unattractiveness. There are a lot of trade-offs in these marriages," he added. "In exchange for the wife's eating, the husband would get to drink a lot or watch TV constantly."

Without a doubt, there are as many theories about being fat as there are about sex hangups. More recent research reveals a thesis that obesity in women is more akin to sex than to sauces and sweets. It is not fun to be fat, new studies concede, but in a curious way, to many fat women, it is satisfying. Large numbers of large females actually eat too much, not because they are starved for food or starved for love, but because they want to be obese, and thereby unattractive to men. Such women, say researchers, have a psychological need to be unattractive—because they are either afraid of their own sexual drives, or have

guilt feelings about sex.

Edith Miller Berman, director of research for The Diet Workshop, and Morton B. Glenn, M.D., past president of the American College of Nutrition have conducted what is referred to as "a thoughtful study of the emotional reasons for obesity in women." Married women with too much avoirdupois sometimes use their obesity to castrate their husbands, Berman and Glenn charge, "because they are afraid to compete with them or by forcing the husbands to admit that they can't attract anybody better." They claim husbands sometimes prefer fat wives, because they are afraid to compete with them, or because they can criticize them for being fat.

But getting back to why fat girls are best in bed—and we mean single fat girls. Married women who have let themselves go to pot, physically speaking, may not be worth a damn sexually, I don't really know. My wife generally tips the scales at 115 pounds. Her weight fluctuates a pound or two depending on my nightly (or noontime—or morning) "poundings."

But single fat girls who have never been the belle of a ball (no sexual meaning intended) will really put their heart and soul into a bedroom bout. And everyone knows what big hearts fat girls have. Right?

But there's one rule that should be followed when balling (sexual meaning intended) a fatty. Never let her get on top of you. She could crush you to death. An even worse fate might befall you if your sex organ slips out of her in this position while you are both going at it hot and heavy. We don't have to finish the picture, do we. The safest sex position is probably the conventional one of the male on top. But there are other delightful possibilities.

Now listen to the case history of a chubby cutie named Claire, a Los Angeles kindergarten teacher who has been overweight 30 of her 39 years. "I have a fellow who loves

me fat—and I am fat. But he says I'm not fat enough! I wonder if I'd lose him if I lost weight? I guess mine's a typical story," sighed the 210-pound brunette. "I grew up with an older sister who was always 'the pretty one', while I was 'the sweet one.' Her boyfriends treated me as a joke when I wanted to be a sex symbol. I decided if I couldn't have a sex life, I might as well eat away."

And eat she did, adding pound after frustrating pound. At 19, a boy seduced her. "I was desperate for any kind of attention," Claire explained. "John and I didn't love each other, but we liked sex and became, well, good at it. The more we were together, the more weight I lost. Then John found somebody else and I tried to content myself in the kitchen."

"Now some guys come on with me out of curiosity. They wonder how I look nude or what it's like to make it with a fat girl. Frankly, I can get very passionate in the dark. But this guy I'm going with now likes all the lights on—even mirrors. Basically, I'm no different than anybody else. Except that I try harder. Most fat women do."

What did we tell you, fellows?

Claire continued: "Most people think sex is reserved for slim people. It's time they realize that fat people are human beings with sex drives equal to their own."

Claire belongs to the *Aid Fat Americans*, a fat-is-beautiful organization with its own computer dating service. It is limited to fat people and those who prefer fat dates. "Our immediate goal is to place some fat sex symbols around," she says. "It's hard to live in a sex-oriented society that worships slimness. My girl friend is 30 and she's never even been propositioned. But as she often says—who wants to sleep with a fat virgin?"

Guys, maybe you should contact Claire and get her friend's phone number. She'll probably give you the greatest lay of your life. □

VICE VERSE

by Edgar Allen Poet



An amorous fellow named Pratt
Told a comely young wench of Sand Flat,
"After kissing and hugging,
How about us two frugging "
She sneered, "You can speak plainer than that! "

"As to sex," purred sweet Barbara Jane,
I like a bit now and again
And again and again
And again and again
And again and again and again."

On a maiden a man once begat
Bouncing triplets named Nat, Pat, and Tat;
'Twas fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding:
She hadn't a spare tit for Tat.

Said a swinging young chick called Dolly
"While some say that sexing is folly,
If they'd just compare sex
To psychological wrecks,
They'd admit then, that sex is quite jolly!"

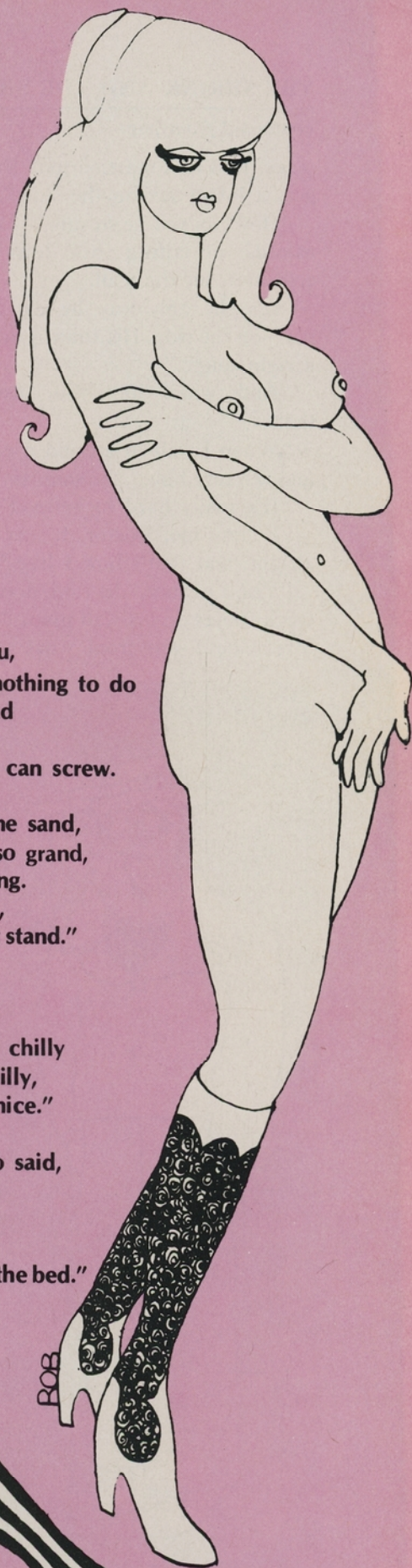


Remember the lass from Peru,
Counting hairs 'cause she'd nothing to do
She's now learned instead
To lay in her bed
And see how many men she can screw.

Said she, as she spread on the sand,
Diddling on the beach isn't so grand,
For it tortures me scraping.
While I enjoy the japing,
It's the sand in my gland I can't stand."

A gal whose particular vice
Was to make dildoes of ice
Explained, "While they're chilly
And perhaps somewaht silly,
They COOL my device very nice."

It was Benjamin Franklin who said,
"A pillow case over her head
Makes every damn dame
Exactly the same,
Once you have her laid out on the bed."



THE SHRINK AND THE SHREW

continued from page 17

place. And he's married too? But he gets a lot of sex on the side."

"How can you be so sure?" Ducky asked, polishing his hub cap collection on the wall.

"It's the only way he can have sex—on the side. His shaft is bent at a right angle."

"And when did you discover that?"

"When I walked around a corner and ran into him," she said, smiling.

"It's really hard to believe!"

"Believe me, Doctor. It was hard alright, and that's how I like 'em."

"Yes, I'm sure," he said, doodling truck routes on his wall map. "Now, Mrs. Goesdown, from what you've

said, it seems to me your life is rather dull. You need a little more excitement and adventure. Have you ever thought of bowling?"

"Balling?"

"No, bowling," Ducky said, glancing at his watch and realizing he should be on his way. He had been asked by the local architectural society to dedicate an erection in the center of town.

"Well, Doctor, I've thought of taking up a hobby. But I'd like to be able to use my talents."

"I can think of a few," Ducky said, smiling. "You should go out and see more people. My diagnosis is that you're limiting yourself."

"It's hard with cleaning the house and all. Now that Brad has left me, I have to tend to the farm myself. And

those animals need caring for, if you know what I mean."

"Perhaps you'd find fulfilment by joining a charitable institution or cause."

"Like F.U.C.K.?" she asked.

"What's that?"

"Friends United for Cats and Kittens."

"No," Ducky said, "I think the less you have to do with animals the better, Mrs. Goesdown. You need something that would give you contact with people."

"Well, for a while back, I was running house parties and demonstrations for the housewives in the area. I sold quite a few items."

"Such as?"

"Well, tupperware dildoes were a big, big seller. But to be honest, I don't need other people. I need someone who understands me. Ducky, what do you think of me personally? You must be quite a strong individual to sit back and listen to people like me all day long."

"Well," he said, rising and putting on his leather jacket, "that's just it. I find all these stories rather dull. I think I'm going to get out of this crazy business."

"But what will you do?"

"Go out and get that trucker's license I've always been talking about. Maybe I'll find a little excitement on the road. Say, why don't you come along?"

"Me? Really? But what about Brad and my friends? And all the animals?"

"Fuck 'em!" Ducky said, stuffing his mouth with a big wad of chewing tobacco.

"I already did!"

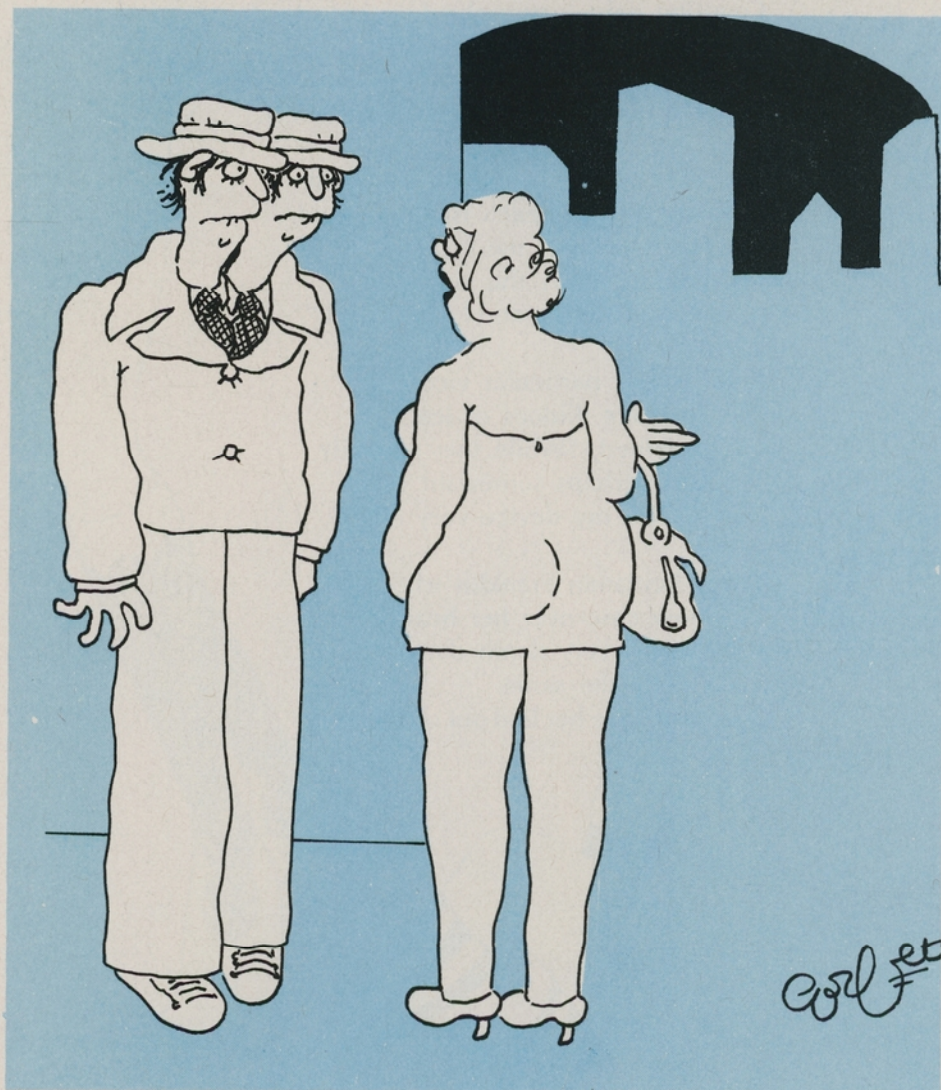
"Yes, Viola, I mean Mrs. Goesdown, why not join me? We'll have a ball!"

"Ball? Now you're talking."

"Yes, come with me on Route One!"

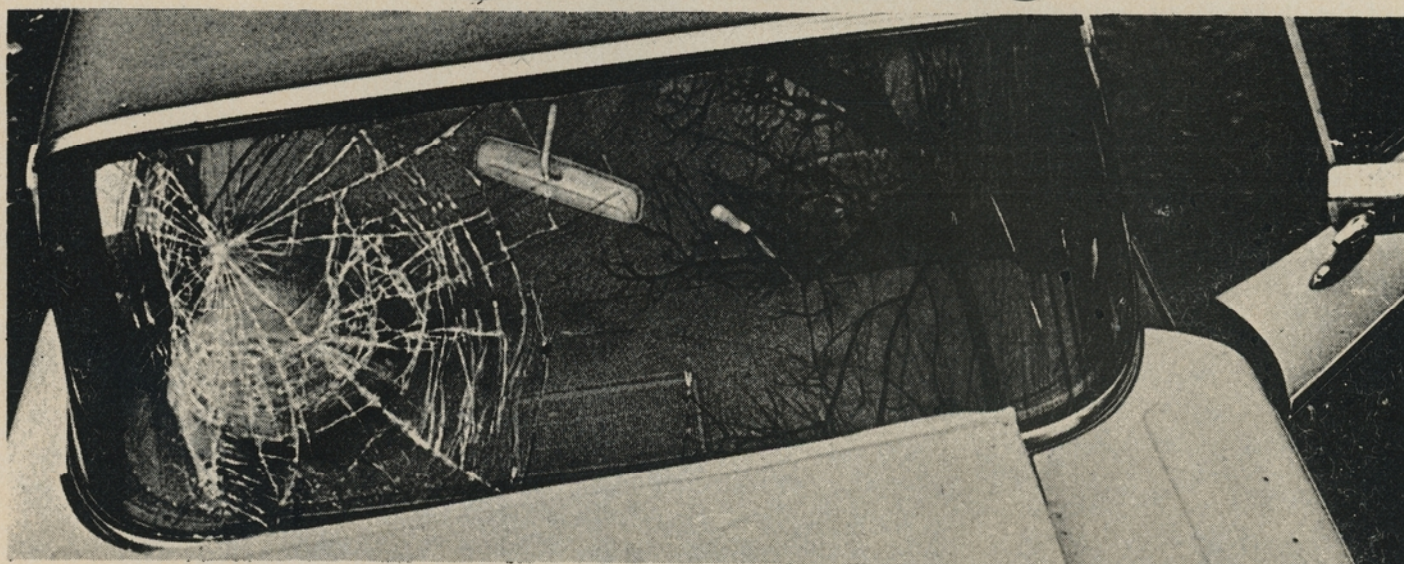
"But how far can we go on Route One, Ducky?"

Smiling and taking her by the hand, he said, "All the way, sweetie, all the way." □



"Sure, but I'll have to charge you double."

THE PARTY'S OVER.



All too often, when the party ends, the trouble begins.

People who shouldn't be doing anything more active than going to sleep are driving a car. Speeding and weaving their way to death.

Before any of your friends drive home from your party, make sure they aren't drunk.

Don't be fooled because they drank only beer or wine. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't kid yourself because they may have had some black coffee. Black coffee can't sober them up well enough to drive.

If someone gets too drunk to drive, drive him yourself. Or call a cab. Or offer to let him sleep over.

Maybe your friend won't be feeling so good on the morning after, but you're going to feel terrific.

DRUNK DRIVER
BOX 2345
ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND 20852

B-1

I want to keep my friends alive
for the next party.

Tell me what else I can do.

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION • NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAFFIC SAFETY ADMINISTRATION

THE BIG SCORE

continued from page 45

crowns went down the tube. Harry was disgusted with himself. Despondent. Distraught. He decided he would join the Merchant Marine and pay for his sins. Before he enlisted however, he was corraled by a noted network television personality and cajoled into pouring out his feelings.

As fate would have it—and it does have it from time to time—a certain Mrs. Amanda Bugner, a 49-year-old widow listened. Mrs. Bugner was one of the three richest women in the world and happened to be the owner of a fine female football team, the New York Pets. Mrs. Bugner had been without a husband for seven years. Men found her unattractive although they were drawn to her money. She hadn't been in bed with a man for as long as she could remember. She was, in fact, hard up, hot to trot and tingling for action.

She sat up immediately and felt a sudden mysterious libidinous urge when the good-looking, almost delicate-featured Harry "Hip Hip" Hooraw appeared upon her screen. Unfortunately, Mrs. Bugner was slightly deaf, and depended upon her lady-in-waiting, Marie, to aid her over the parts she couldn't pick up clearly. She sat and watched the interview.

"It's been pretty rough on you, I guess," said the interviewer, also known as Howard.

"Yes," conceded Harry with a charming smile, "it's been very hard on me."

Watching intently, Mrs. Bugner asked Marie. "What did he say?"

"Hard on him."

"What!?"

"He says hard on him," repeated Marie.

"Wow! I hope they pan down," ejaculated Mrs. Bugner.

The interviewer probed more deeply. At each statement by Harry, Mrs. Bugner turned to Marie for clarification. "What was that,

Marie?" And Marie dutifully told her.

"He likes to get under the center. That's where the action is."

"He says sometimes he enjoys two-on-one coverage."

"Something about piling on."

"He said spearing shouldn't be outlawed."

"He says his favorite play is a Split End Left 69."

At that, Mrs. Bugner whooped in pre-orgasmic frenzy. "I've got to get that man."

At the sign-off, Howard asked Harry if he had any advice for future football running stars. "Yes," intoned Harry gravely, "tuck it under your arm, look for the hole and hit it hard."

Mrs. Bugner whooped again and shouted to Marie: "Get him! Get that man! I want him for my own pet. Money is no object!"

And so, Harry "Hip Hip" Hooraw became the personal private property of Mrs. Amanda Bugner, owner of the New York Pets female football team. He lost a little weight and seemed to be a bit paler than usual, but Mrs. Bugner fairly bloomed in their relationship. "Yes," she giggled, "Harry knows where the end zone is. He likes to score."

Everything was going along swimmingly. Harry was ensconced in her apartment unbeknownst to sports writers and gossip columnists. Mrs. Bugner kept him locked away in solitary confinement except when she climbed into the sack with him. She was on top of the world, when she wasn't on top of Harry. Her stocks were paying off and the Pets were heading toward the championship.

Then disaster struck. Midge Hellerding, star running back, broke her tibia. Nancy Shugrue, running guard, came down with pleurisy. Ann "Boom Boom" Bustamone, fullback, came down with pregnancy. The team lost three games in a row. Coach Eleanor Fartcher put in a plea for help.

Amanda Bugner who wanted so much to win the flag for the first time, sat and pondered. Actually, she sat on Harry and pondered. She enjoyed the woman paramount position since she could control the action. As she bounced up and down, her mind was on the move, matching her pelyvis. Then, just before letting out a joyous ecstatic moan, she yodeled, "I got it!"

"I hope so," said a spent Harry, now 15 pounds under his playing weight.

"How would you like to play with an entire girls' football team?" she asked a weary, wan Harry.

"Can I call the plays?" he asked shakily.

And so it came to pass that Harry "Hip Hip" Hooraw became Harriet Harrison, star running back of the all-girl New York Pets. He was reluctant at first, for it was a sharp comedown from his previous exalted status. He had been sought after as one of the nation's leading jocks. Now here he was buckling on a bra to play with a rag-tag collection of bulky-thighed females.

"How about a quick opener?" he asked in the first practice.

"Later, sweetie pie," laughed Angel De Matosa, tight end. "Right now, let's play football."

So disguised as a woman, "Hip Hip" helped the Pets move toward the title, so coveted by Amanda Bugner, who had given Harry a reprieve from his sexual duties as long as he played a winning game. "Time off for good behavior" was the way Harry put it.

The officials don't look too closely in ladies' football. After all, it's not the National Football League. And Harry, smooth-faced and clean-featured, certainly could pass for a female. And he did. Passing for three touchdown in the game that brought the Pets to the play-offs.

At the celebration that evening after the game which brought victory over the Baltimore Broads, Angel De Matosa, who seemed to have the hots for Harry, said: "Look, if we win



"You are very fond of flonging your dong."

Sunday, I mean if we beat the Chicago Chicks, you can hump everybody on the offensive team."

"Really?" said Harry, putting on his game face.

"You got it. I polled the girls. They're ready."

"Including the extra point kicker?"

"Sure," said Angel. "All the way."

"You got it, sister," said Harry. His mind swivel-hipped through the crowd. Eleven girls. Busty Benson. Aileen Snodgrass. And the wildest one of all Natalie Attired a physical freak, the only living woman—certainly the only living woman football player—who had three breasts. Harry was up for Sunday's game.

Naturally Mrs. Bugner didn't know of the girls' secret agreement with Harry based on the game's outcome. She had scheduled her own private party with Harry after the

contest. In fact, she had the pillow already in place on the big, wide king-sized bed.

Harry ran wild. Or, Harriet did. He carried the ball 21 times for a shattering 258 yards and four touchdowns. The Pets won it, 35-20. Harry, numbled slightly from the pounding taken on the field, staggered into the dressing room and prepared for the onslaught. He had been up for the game, now, after a cold shower that revived him, he was up for the action. It would take place right there in the dressing room away from all prying eyes.

"Okay," said Harry, stepping out of the shower naked and raring to go, "send 'em in one by one. Start off with the kicker and then go right through the line-up."

Place-kicker Anita Goodbody came in. Harry finished her off with such gusto she threatened to penalize him for unnecessary rough-

ness. . . but smiling up at him.

"First down, 10 to go," shouted Harry in wild glee.

And so they visited him, one by one. By the time he got to the right end, Harry was worn. The fullback drove him to severe shakes. The quarterback ended it all with a final thrust that sent Harry reeling. He had scored with them all except Natalie Attired, the three-breasted girl. He was about to join in sexual congress with her when he collapsed and died.

The funeral was well-attended. Observers say Harry "Hip Hip" Hooraw, also known as Harriet Harrison, died with a smile on his face.

"Yes," reminisced Angel De Matosa, "he really scored with us all."

"Unfortunately," said Natalie Attired, fingering her third breast, "he missed the extra point." □



TRUMPET MARVEL

continued from page 16

bunch of tunes. He really has taught me a bushel about a bluegrass music. I've also been hanging out with Art Baron, a trombone player who's worked with Ellington and Stevie

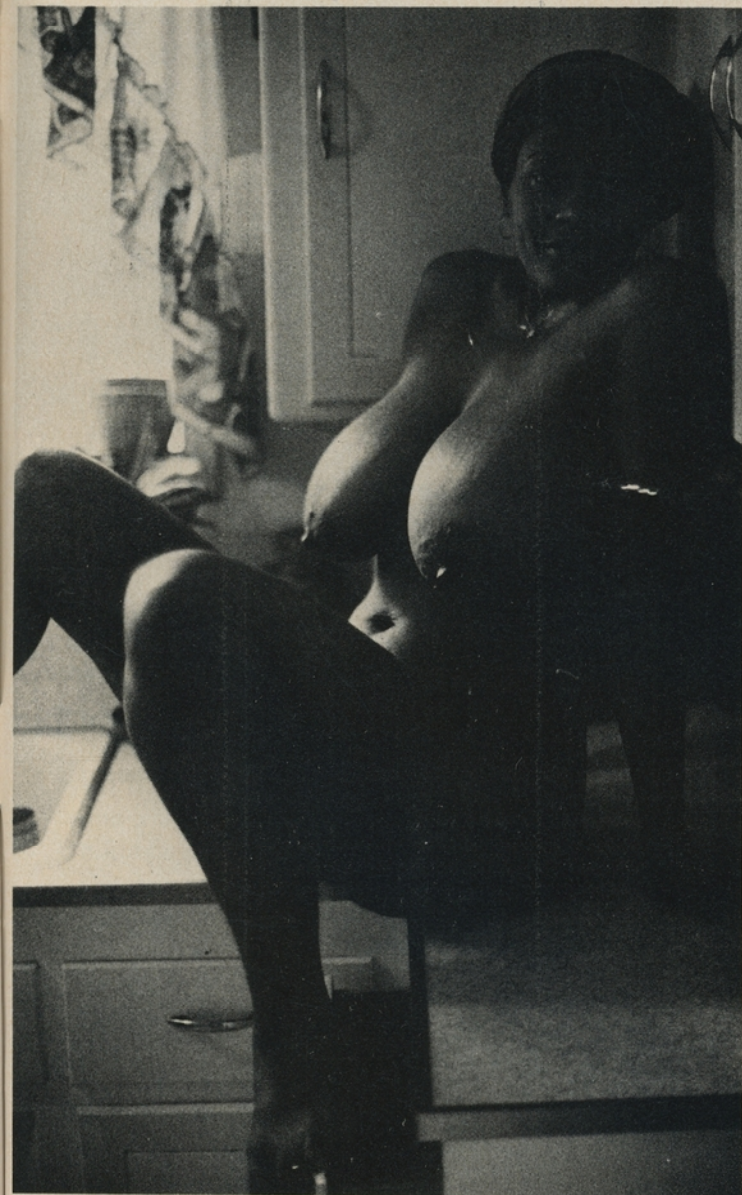






Wonder. Art has been real helpful, and has given me a lot of pointers on my technique.





This sultry Mammoth Mammaried Marvel has all the finer aspects of femininity cherished by the highly discriminating Big Up Front buff. So strike up the band and play a stately fanfare as we induct her into the ivied halls of the exclusive BUF Hall of Fame. □



DEAL ME IN!

continued from page 29

arrangement of boxes, doors, and curtains that hid the booty for which the "Deal Me In" contestants had come to trade. Potts had a lot on his mind. First, there was Lana, the pretty model who simpered about on stage to add a bit of wholesome sex to the show. Potts had just ditched her as his mistress in favor of an eighteen years old Eurasian usherette, and Lana had sworn revenge. Then there was Melissa, parked in the front row of the audience with the manila envelope of photos in her lap. Last, but far from the least of his worries, was Dink Weed, the host of the program, who was exhibiting every sign of a nervous breakdown.

Potts had just come from Dink's dressing room, where he found the handsome host, matinee idol to America's housewives, washing down a couple of fifteen-milligram Dexedrines with a tumbler of Wild Turkey. It had been necessary for Potts to plead and threaten for fifteen minutes before Dink agreed to perhaps pick the guy in the rabbit suit. When Potts left, Dink was muttering darkly about "professional ethics."

At that point Dink appeared backstage next to Potts, but said nothing. His eyes were focused on the boxed-off area of the audience known as "The Trading Pit," but which Dink thought of as The Sty. To his addled perception, it was a Hogarthian nightmare of strange and menacing half-humans. The hand of panic closed around his throat like a garotte.

The announcer spoke Dink's name, and wild applause rocked the auditorium. Dink willed his legs toward the stairs to The Sty, stumbling once but recovering just in time to avoid the clutch of a female midget wearing a fireman's hat and boots. The Dex-Wild Turkey

combination careened wildly through his fear-constricted veins and made a beeline for his benumbed brain. Through sheer force of will he turned to face the camera, clothes and toupee impeccable, a smile like a death mask on his face.

Allen sat patiently through the first half of the show. The first contestant, a man dressed as a Spanish dancer, traded a pair of castanets for a two-year supply of molasses. He traded the molasses and his bolero hat for a stereo-television-automatic bar home entertainment center, but turned down the chance to trade for the mystery box on stage, much to the audience's vocal chagrin. Next came the Truman head, and when he was given the choice between a walnut veneer fibreboard bedroom set and a chance at the curtain, the crowd chanted, "The curtain, the curtain, the curtain." The Truman head went with the crowd, and the prize turned out to be a goat in heat.

"Have you ever known a goat that wasn't in heat?" Dink cracked, trying vainly to make his glazed eyes twinkle as he introduced a commercial.

As soon as the red light on the camera winked off, the Truman head kicked Dink in the ankle. The smile remained pasted on Dink's face as he hopped around on one leg. Potts, unable to watch further, slipped backstage in search of the Wild Turkey bottle.

As it turned out, it was fear not of Fred Potts but of Allen that made Dink pick the rabbit. Fortified by two more Dexes during the mid-show commercial, Dink returned to The Sty to find Allen looming directly in front of him. Dink became riveted to the spot, frightened out of his twisted wits by this hideous rabbit mutant, this Japanese-horror-movie of an animal. For one horrible instant, Dink thought he was going to be eaten.

His smile seemed cemented on. Dink tried to wet his lips, but his mouth would not unlock. He moved forward and put a hand on Allen's shoulder, convinced that the only way to mollify the rabbit was to pick him. "Fucking rabbit, the lucky bastard," someone in The Sty said.

"And here we have a rabbit," Dink managed.

"You bet," Allen said brightly.

"That's great, just great," Dink warbled. "And welcome to Deal Me In."

It went off without a hitch. Allen traded the bunch of wilted carrots he had stashed in the rabbit suit for two hundred pounds of garlic-and-onion flavored potato chips and four gallons of jalapenos bean dip. He gave this up for the envelope in Dink's hand, which turned out to contain an all-expense paid weekend for two at Pismo Beach, with two nights lodging at the Pismo House. For his final trade, he was offered the door on stage, next to which Lanastood showing more leg than Potts would have preferred. "The door," the audience howled, and the disgruntled voice of the Truman head said, "Yeah, take the goddamn door."

"I'll take the door, Dink," Allen said.

"And here it is," Dink crescendoed. "You've won"—the door swung open—"a toilet!"

Melissa leaped to her feet and started for the stairs at the side of the stage, as Potts came charging out from stage left. Melissa waved the envelope of photos. Potts shrugged and gestured toward Lana. The crowd wailed for Allen's lost weekend.

Then Lana sashayed across the stage to the toilet and lifted the seat. From the bowl, she scooped huge handful of greenbacks, which she pressed to her body, rubbing the money against her shoulders and breasts and stomach, and even slipping one hand between her legs,

grinning as she did at Potts.

Dink stated down from The Sty. His mouth was open, and he had forgotten for the moment where he was. The camera faded to commercial, as Lana threw wads of cash into the air.

By the end of the show, Dink was perspiring freely through his make-up, and a nerve in his left thigh was twitching. It was time for the Super-Trade, when the show reached its apex of greed and the half-humans became utterly unpredictable. Dink's sweat had the faint odor of bourbon. He felt hot, then cold, then hot again.

When the camera came up on him, his smile had become a leer. The Dex was bopping around his brain like a gigolo at a garden party. With tremendous effort and a visible

tremble, he brought himself under some sort of control.

"And now," he said, "let's see who our two Super-Traders are going to be." A strained, mechanical note was creeping into his usually rich voice.

The Styters leaped to their feet *en masse*, yelling "Me Dink, pick me!" This triggered in Dink an instant attack of paranoia. To his eyes they seemed to blend into a kaleidoscope pattern, but one without sense or symmetry, advancing at him with menace. He threw one arm up in defense. As it happened, he was pointing directly at Allen.

"Hot damn," Allen said, and stepped into the aisle. Dink took a step backward. Allen peered at him, then placed a paw on his shoulder. "Hey man," he said, "are you all right?"

The smile snapped back onto Dink's face. "And for our other Super-Trader," he said, like a tape that had just been turned back on, "how about . . ." Dink stopped in mid-sentence and let out a yelp. He looked down, then grabbed at the hand fondling his fly. A stunning, dark-haired girl dressed as the Dragon Lady, with a red silk dress slit to the thigh, came up with the hand. She shrieked with joy, clapped her arms around Dink, and kissed him on the lips. Allen recalled that she had already won a microwave oven, a 50-cc Vespa, a rare yak, and a lifetime supply of yak pellets.

The Dragon Lady plastered herself against Dink's side and cooed into his ear. Allen stood to one side. One the stage, Lana stood between two doors. Allen and the Dragon



"I'd sure like to get a peek into that box."

Lady would each trade everything won so far for one of them. The prize was either ten thousand dollars in cash, or some worthless piece of junk.

Dink disentangled himself from the Dragon Lady and gave her first choice. "I'll take Door One, Dink," she crooned. "One has always been my lucky number." She rubbed a tit against Dink's arm, and glared at Allen defiantly. He looked down toward Melissa for reassurance, but both she and Potts were gone.

"Okay, Super-Traders," Dink said. "Down on stage in front of your doors."

Allen and the Dragon Lady faced each other on stage, glaring like Sumo wrestlers. Lana struck a model's pose between them, while Dink watched in a trance, his whole body quivering with nerves and Dex.

"And now," Dink quavered, on the brink of collapse, "Open the Doors!"

The crowd gasped. Behind each door was a folding card table, and on each table a leather briefcase. Allen and the Dragon Lady rushed to their tables and fumbled open the bag. Allen gave a low whistle. The money was all in twenties, each pile wrapped with a paper band that said "One Thousand Dollars," just like in the movies. He picked up a pile and ruffled it. At that point, an unladylike bellow came from the other side of the stage.

"Shit!" the Dragon Lady snarled. "This briefcase is full of dog crap."

Fred Potts appeared from stage right, Melissa behind him. "Dammit, Lana," Potts said, "why couldn't you let bygone be by-gones?"

Lana smiled at him, saluted with her middle digit, and exited stage left, blowing a kiss to the crowd, which was now either cheering or screaming. Dink stared down with eyes the size of sunny-side eggs.

The Dragon Lady came barreling around the partition after Lana and

slammed into Allen instead. Allen grabbed at hers they went down—and her dark hair came off in his hands! Underneath was a heavily made-up bald man in his forties.

"Holy shit," Dink screamed from The Sty, and spit on the carpet. "You poisoned me, you queer son of a bitch." He raced down the stairs and dove at the stage, landing hard on the Dragon Lady, who had stood up and was about to kick Allen in the head. Allen rolled out of the way. Two cameramen raced by, mortal fear in their eyes. The crowd's noise had turned ominous.

Dink yanked the Dragon Lady back to his feet and delivered a tremendous kick in the balls. It made a sound like a melon hitting the sidewalk from the fifth story. The Dragon Lady screamed and stumbled backwards into Fred Potts, who threw him off the edge of the stage. The people in the front rows closed on him, kicking and stomping and shouting.

Dink, now completely over the edge, dove on top of Allen and tried to tear his rabbit ears off. Melissa raced across the stage, grabbed the second briefcase, and upended the dog-do on Dink's head.

An ugly roar escaped the crowd. Dink was the man who made the trades; shitting on him was like kicking a Girl Scout. The crowd surged toward the stage.

Potts started away stage left, the good briefcase under his arm.

"Potts!" Melissa hollered. "You haven't seen the last of those pictures." Potts stopped short. A rugby ball shot by, narrowly missing him. From elsewhere on the stage came the sound of ripping cloth, followed by a woman's screams. Melissa yanked Allen to his feet and pushed him toward Potts, then followed.

Dink had been knocked out by the briefcase. Now he came to, wiped the dog turds from his eyes, and looked up. He was lying on his back, and his field of vision was completely filled

with a huddle of grotesqueries surrounding him and leering down with insane parodies of concern on their faces. Fear and Dex short-circuited something, and Dink's lights went out with a soft plink.

The Cadillac limousine cruised west on Sunset toward Bel Air, careening through the dusk. Potts and Melissa sat in the front seat. In the back, separated by a glass partition, Allen sat with Lana, whom they had found hiding in the car, scared witless, certain the crowd was after her.

"Aren't you hot in that rabbit suit?" Lana asked Allen, passing him the half-empty bottle of Johnny Walker she had liberated from the car's portable bar.

"I don't have anything on underneath," Allen said.

"Hmmm," Lana said meaningfully.

Pott's shoulders slumped, and he seemed to sigh frequently as Melissa talked to him, occasional holding up the pictures or gesturing toward the briefcase of cash. Allen felt sorry for him. He sipped from the bottle, then tapped on the partition.

"Hey, take it easy, Mr. Potts," Allen said when Melissa slid back the glass. "Forget 'Deal Me In.' I've got an idea for a new show you could do. You get two married women, see, and you strap them into these special chairs on stage. Then you bring in their husbands and each picks a lever and pulls it. You call the show *One Hundred Thousand Dollars or One Hundred Thousand Volts.*"

"Cool it, Allen," Melissa said, but she was grinning. "Potts and I still have business." She slid the glass back into place.

Allen shrugged and turned to Lana. She was kneeling on the seat beside him, wearing only panties. She grinned, then reached up to draw a curtain across the partition. She crooked one finger at Allen.

"Here, bunny, bunny," she said coyly. □

WHY GAMBLE?



You Can't Lose On This Daily Double The BUF Swinger and GEM

Subscribe Now and You'll Win, Place and.
Show on the raciest reading track in the country.

Racing is the Sport of Kings and a subscription to both these thoroughbred "mags" will make you the King of Sports. Don't tarry down the home-stretch. You don't even have to wear jockey shorts to get in this winner's circle; all you have to do is fill out the coupon and send in your dough.

GM-1177

- ☐ 6 issues each Gem and The BUF Swinger at \$18.00
(Foreign \$20.00)
- ☐ 6 issues Gem at \$9.00
(Foreign \$10.00)
- ☐ 6 issues The BUF Swinger at \$9.00
(Foreign \$10.00)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Subscription Dept., G & S Publications,
Inc., 303 West 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036

**ALL WE
CAN TELL YOU IS
THAT MEN WHO
DON'T SMOKE
LIVE ABOUT
6 YEARS LONGER
THAN MEN WHO
DO SMOKE.***

If you want someone to help you
stop smoking cigarettes,
contact your American Cancer Society.



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

*This fact taken from a research study is based on the smoker who at age 25 smokes about a pack and a half of cigarettes a day.