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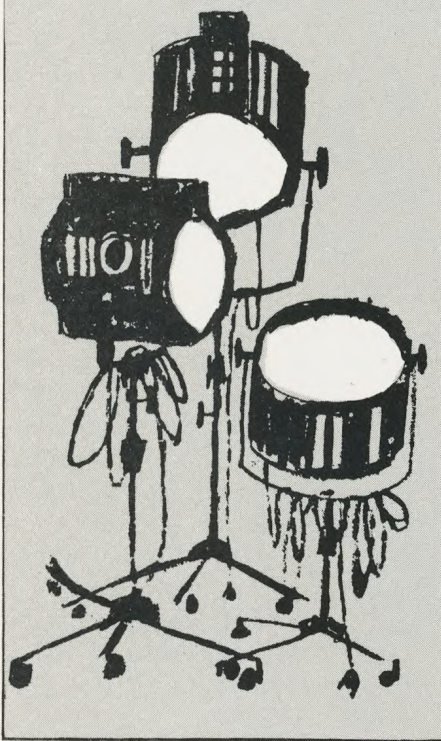
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PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

We seem to be in the midst of a rockabilly revival, and a number of companies have been digging into the vaults to reissue long unavailable material in this genre. *Starday-Dixie Rockabillys, Vols.*

One and Two (Gusto) present a good selection of feverish rockabilly from obscure artists. There's a load of good stuff here from the likes of Link Davis, "Groovey" Joe Poovey, and Rudy "Tutti" Grayzell. The tunes are fired by plenty of hot rockabilly guitar from artists who, unfortunately, remain nameless.

Pacific Steel Co. (Pacific Arts) offers inventive playing from five of the more innovative pedal steel men on the current scene. Tom Brumley, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Jay Dee Maness, Al Perkins, and Red Rhodes all get to show off their latest licks in this program of original tunes. This is certainly one of the more interesting steel albums to appear since the classic "Suite Steel" of some years back, on which Kleinow, Maness, and Rhodes also appeared. There's plenty of tasty playing on the standard electric guitar here, too, provided by Al Casey, Billy Walker, Bobby Warford, and Andy Samuels.

Jay McShann: Confessin' The Blues (Inner City) is a solid set of mostly blues from the veteran Kansas City style pianist. McShann, who first caught the public's eye with his 1941 big band, is heard here in a 1971 quartet session recorded in Paris. Bassist Rolando Lobligois, drummer Paul Gunther, and the late guitarist T-Bone Walker provide relaxed support for McShann's swinging piano romps. McShann plays down his talents as a vocalist, but he's a highly effective blues singer as well as being one of the greatest exponents of the KC piano style.

Mary Lou Williams has been on the jazz scene for some forty years now. Her career as pianist has spanned the swing, bop, and post-Coltrane eras. The mere

fact that she's played with both Andy Kirk and Cecil Taylor is an indication of her stylistic range. *Mary Lou Williams: My Momma Pinned A Rose On Me (Pablo)* is a presentation of original blues, ranging from straight-ahead to "outside" playing. Ms. Williams, in her liner notes, expresses her conviction that modern jazz with sophisticated harmony can still be played with a basic blues feeling. The music contained here leaves no doubt as to the truth of this theory. Cynthia Tyson contributes a few soulful vocals, and Ms. Williams herself effectively sings the title tune.

Earl Coleman: A Song For You (Xanadu) is a mellow set from the deep-voiced vocalist. Few singers can deliver a ballad as effectively as Coleman. There's no fancy scat singing or showy vocal gymnastics here — just a beautiful voice, carefully phrased, enunciated lyrics, and a whole lot of feeling. Coleman's most famous recordings are those he made with Charlie Parker in 1947. The present session finds him in excellent voice and in fine company. Tenor man Al Cohn is on hand, along with pianist Hank Jones, bassist George Duvivier, and drummer Leroy Williams. It's hard to choose favorites, but "The Very Thought of You," and "Wave" are high on our list here.

Davey Graham: The Complete Guitarist (Kicking Mule) is a finely crafted set from the British finger-style guitarist. Graham, like his peers John Renbourn and Bert Jansch, has been influenced by a variety of ethnic folk musics as well as by blues and jazz. The program here includes jigs and reels as well as blues and a Horace Silver tune, "Sarah." Graham possesses that rare combination of chops, sensitivity, and taste; this record is proof that he's one of the most accom-

plished finger-style guitarists currently on the scene. From Kicking Mule, POB 3233 Berkeley CA 94703.

Johnny Guarnieri (Classic Jazz) features the stride pianist in a 1975 set recorded in Paris. A veteran of the Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw bands and a contributor to countless classic sessions, Guarnieri is a solid two-handed pianist in the tradition of James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. He's got a left hand that just doesn't quit, and that's something you just don't hear these days. Supported by guitarist Jimmy Shirley, drummer Jackie Williams, and bassist Slam Stewart, Guarnieri romps through favorites including "My Honey's Lovin' Arms," "Cherokee" and "Indiana."

Willie Nelson: There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight (United Artists) offers vintage Willie from his pre-Outlaw days. Recorded with strings and Hollywood session musicians who don't play a lick of country, Willie's sound here may surprise his recent fans. This reviewer, for one, is partial to Nelson's older recordings. Willie's unique phrasing and vocal delivery are heard at their best on the standards "I'll Walk Alone," and "Am I Blue."

Dialogue: Slam Stewart and Bucky Pizzarelli (Stash) is a swinging duet session from the two seasoned jazz artists. Stewart's bowed bass solos, to which he sings in unison, have amazed jazz listeners since the late '30's, when he appeared on the scene with Slim Galliard, Art Tatum, Lester Young, and others. Bucky performs on a seven-string guitar and demonstrates his masterful accompaniment style, as well as providing chord solos in the tradition of George Fan Eps, Carl

Kress and Dick McDonough. "Jersey Bounce" and, the flag-waver, "I Got Rhythm" are standouts. From Stash Records, PO Box 390, Brooklyn NY 11215.

The New Lost City Ramblers appeared on the scene twenty years ago during the "folk boom" and were one of the first groups to introduce true old-timey styles to urban audiences. Mike Seeger, John Cohen and Tom Paley (replaced by Tracy Schwarz in 1963) are all multi-instrumentalists and knowledgeable in the music's roots and traditions. *The New Lost City Ramblers: 20 Years/Concert Performances* (Flying Fish) offers two discs' worth of spirited Ramblers material, ranging from fiddle tunes, country ragtime, early bluegrass, Child ballads to Carter Family tunes. A must for old-timey buffs and Ramblers fans.

Aspiring rock guitarists will dig *David Bennett Cohen: Rock n' Roll Guitar* (Kicking Mule). Mr. Cohen has played with The Blues Project and Country Joe and The Fish, and he's a versatile rock player adept at a number of styles. Here he illustrates techniques used by Chuck Berry, The Allman Brothers, Bo Diddley, Jerry Garcia, and other rock greats. Cohen offers plenty of musical pointers in his liner notes, and a booklet containing all the album's arrangements may be purchased from Kicking Mule.

Lorraine Feather: Sweet Lorraine (Concord Jazz) is the singer's debut album, and she's assembled a crack team of jazzmen to support her. Miss Feather, daughter of jazz critic Leonard Feather, is really more of a "legit" singer than a jazz vocalist, although she's obviously no

stranger to the idiom. Her vocal renditions of Miles Davis' "Four" and "All Blues" are particularly impressive and show off her range and vocal chops to good advantage. There's plenty of good playing from saxists Scott Hamilton and Ted Nash, guitarists Herb Ellis and Joe Diorio, and a steaming rhythm section consisting of pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Chuck Domanico, and drummer Jake Hanna.

Laurindo Almeida: Concerto De Aranjuez (Inner City) is an engrossing set from the Brazilian guitarist. Almeida plays an acoustic, classical guitar, and performs jazz and classical compositions as well as native Brazilian bossas and sambas. Almeida is a master of dynamic shading, and he brings to standard tunes new harmonies and individual touches. He performs solo here, placing his personal stamp on a variety of material. His Gershwin medley and interpretation of Vidre Joaquin Rodrigo's "Concerto De Aranjuez" are equally absorbing.

The Roches (Warner Bros.) is the long-awaited album by the trio of Maggie, Terre and Suzy Roche. The Roche sisters' material and vocal sound is unique and totally free of the cliches which govern the airwaves today. The girls' individual voices and unique trio arrangements are a joy to the ears. Their songs are re-freshingly eclectic and range from the humorous to the dead serious. Maggie's lyrics are particularly potent, as in "The Married Men," and "Damned Old Dog." And hats off to producer Robert Fripp, who has resisted the temptation to over-produce. What we hear is the girls and their guitars, with discreet support from Fripp and a few others.

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GEM

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

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DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

by Jane Dolinger

Our beauteous world adventurer reports on some kinky sex rites from the African veldt to the Amazon

As an adventure writer I have traveled to many remote and little known areas of the world in search of the bizarre and unusual and as a result of these many forays have come to the conclusion that the primitive tribes living in the Amazon Basin as well as on the African veldt can teach us a thing or two when it comes to kinky sex games.

Take the Kikuyus, for example. Centered around Nairobi, they constitute the largest tribe in Kenya and number well over 2,000,000. The Kikuyus first came into prominence back in 1953 when Jomo Kenyatta together with Dedan Kimathi, formed the dreaded movement known as the Mau-Mau, whose terrorist activities were designed to cast off the British yoke of colonialism and ultimately resulted in Kenya's independence. Today the natives of this thriving East African nation still live quite primitively when compared to our standards, but from personal observation they appear to enjoy themselves much more than many of us in the Western world, especially when it comes to matters of sex.

I had come to Kenya for a photographic safari, but never quite made it. It's easy to see why

After spending several days traveling through the bush country and visiting at least

a dozen villages I quickly learned what life was like in a polygamous society. A Kikuyu man may have as many wives as he desires but each must bear a child yearly. As it sometimes happens, a woman will fail to conceive and immediately it is assumed that she is sterile. In order to eliminate any doubt, the husband has the right to invite all of his male friends to his home to try their luck at impregnating her. No stigma is ever placed upon a child borne of these extra-curricular sexual activities.

When special friends visit the man of the house, his wives are all invited to help entertain the guests. If the visitors are forced to spend the night, the wives exercise a unique freedom amounting to polyandry in that each is permitted to invite one of the guests to sleep with her in her own hut. This is regarded as "social intercourse." But it is deemed a grave offense for a wife to secretly lure a man to her home, and such an act is classified as adultery. There is an old Kikuyu saying that "before a man embarks upon the adventure of visiting another man's wife, it is advisable for him to arm himself, for there is no mercy for one who entices another man's woman or steals his cattle."

According to tribal custom, when Kikuyu girls reach the age of puberty they must

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"We can't sleep, either."

SECRET TAPES FROM A HOOKER'S BEDROOM

by Ozzie Ding

"It's gonna cost you twenty-five bucks, mister — and that's hole-sale."

"Candy, let's you and me play elevator. My shaft has gone up — now you can go down on it."

"Absolutely no more credit, Mr. Clamburn! You're into me for too much already."

"Those pussy treats are not for my beaver — they're for my pet kitty cat."

"Your vaginal spray is real fragrant — but don't you realize, Lulu, it's helping to destroy the earth's protective ozone layer?"

"You amaze me, doll. I didn't think you could unscrew a light bulb like that."

"Do you know the sounds a woman makes when she's having an orgasm?"

"No, what kind does she make?"

"I was sure you didn't know."

"How did a nice girl like you become a prostitute?"

"I learned that when a struggling secretary quits struggling, she doesn't have to be a secretary."

"Say, Cissy, I've got that time of month. Could you lend me a couple of hundred bucks until I get back on my back?"

"My goodness, Mr. Davis, I've never had a landlord quite like you before. I wonder if I could pay a few months' rent in advance?"

"I don't mind being in the dog house provided I can get my tail outside."

"I'll screw men of any denomination, but I prefer those with fifties and hundreds."

"Pay in advance? You wouldn't buy a car without driving it first, would you?"

"You're a Citizen Band freak? Wonderful! I always give a breaker an even suck."

"If the government puts in wage and price control, I won't be able to raise the cost of tail."

"Mr. Harvey, for fifty bucks I'm open to any suggestion."

"Sorry, Mr. Robinson, I honor only one credit card in my profession, it's called Master Discharge."

"You're an accountant? Tell me this, in filling out my tax returns can I figure depreciation on my snatch?"

"Just get it up, honey. No — not that. I mean the \$50." ☐







EVE

The state of Pennsylvania has given us the liberty Bell, John Coltrane, and now, Eve. This radiant Harrisburg gal is a model by profession, and we think she's a blast. Eve often has occasion to model the latest fashions in undergarments, and she's particularly partial to black lingerie. "It makes me feel so sexy," she confided. "I could go for days without wearing anything else. The designers often give me free samples because they know I'm into it. They tell me I'm real easy to work with."

We also found Eve a pleasure to photo-





graph. She transformed our drab studio into a regular Garden of Eden when she exposed her enchanting and bountiful charms. Eve looks great in black lingerie, but we dug her even more when she modeled her birthday suit. This blonde bombshell really got our motors running as she struck a series of provocative poses before our cameras.

Speaking of motors, Eve is something of an



auto buff, and she transports herself around town in a customized candy-apple red XKE that turns plenty of heads. "I know that car inside and out," she told us. "My boyfriend,





who works in a garage, taught me all about the engine, the transmission — the whole works in fact. I'm a great gal to have around when your car breaks down."

We figure that slick-figured Eve is great to have around in any situation. Our acting is a little rusty, but we'd sure like to play Adam with Eve. □

DIFFERENT STROKES FOR...

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undergo a circumcision operation which is performed by the village witch doctor or sorceress. I was permitted to witness one of these extraordinary rituals which took place on a Saturday morning in the village of Wahita, a short distance from Nairobi.

As I approached the small settlement where a large crowd had gathered, I heard the pounding of drums and the frenzied shrieks of spectators who were milling about a rickety old table covered with a large cowhide. Moments later from one of the mud-and-wattle huts, six women emerged, their voices raised in a weird chant. Around their necks they wore garlands of wild flowers. Leading them was the witch doctor, an older woman wearing several strands of beads and carrying in her hand a piece of bamboo about three feet long, decorated with feathers and with a V-shaped cleft in one end. The last to emerge was the young girl who appeared to be about twelve years of age. Her body was concealed with a dirty white piece of cloth and her face was covered with ashes. She seemed to be on the verge of tears. Reaching the table she lay down upon the cowhide and at the command of the witch doctor four burly young women leaped forward, each grasping the girl's limbs, spreading her legs wide apart. While the drums throbbed and the shouts accelerated to a frenzied pitch, the witch doctor stepped forward and leaning over the girl's prostrate form, opened her vagina with her fingers and then in one deft stroke, snipped off her clitoris with the bamboo stick. The wound bled profusely but the girl did not cry out. Moments later, she was carried away to an isolated hut where she would remain until the wound healed.

Later, while talking to Peter, my guide, I learned that the Kikuyus had been practicing this ritual for untold centuries.

"Our women," he explained, "are very hot-blooded and passion-

ate and snipping off the clitoris has a tendency of cooling their sexual ardor. In our tribe, a woman must remain a virgin until marriage and she is much more apt to do so if circumcised in this manner. If nothing else, it tends to discourage promiscuity."

Because of this operation girls are allowed unlimited freedom in mating games with the young men of the village. The most popular is called *ngweko*, which means "fondling," and it is considered an excellent way for young people to get acquainted.

At night parties are held in one of the mud-and-wattle huts where boys and girls sing tribal songs and drink native beer. But the moment things get dull, a man will suddenly spring to his feet and shout: "Let's cut the grass!" And that's the cue for getting down to the nitty-gritty. Couples who have never met before hide away in the darkened shadows of the circular room and after stripping from the waist up, lie on reed mats and fondle each other. But under no circumstance are they supposed to engage in intercourse. For those who have known each other previously and are considered "good friends," the courting game takes on a more liberal aspect. They disrobe completely, indulging in every sexual excitement, but still refrain from copulation. Understandably, this takes a great deal of will power. Of course, it must be remembered that because of the clitoris removal the girls remain less responsive, to a degree, under the roving hands of their partners. In most instances, it is the men who have to suffer.

When I first heard about *ngweko* I must admit I was a bit dubious. It's rather difficult to put two young people in close proximity without something happening. So one afternoon I cornered a young woman who regularly attended *ngweko* parties and asked her to tell me what really happened at these soirees.

"Well," she said giggling, "having sexual intercourse isn't the only way of obtaining relief." She intimated that the young couples

often engaged in oral love-making. "There's nothing wrong with that," she remarked, "and it makes both of us happy." She also told me she wouldn't be surprised if occasionally some of the couples engaged in intercourse. "There's nothing stopping them," she admitted, "the room is dark, so none of us can actually see what's going on."

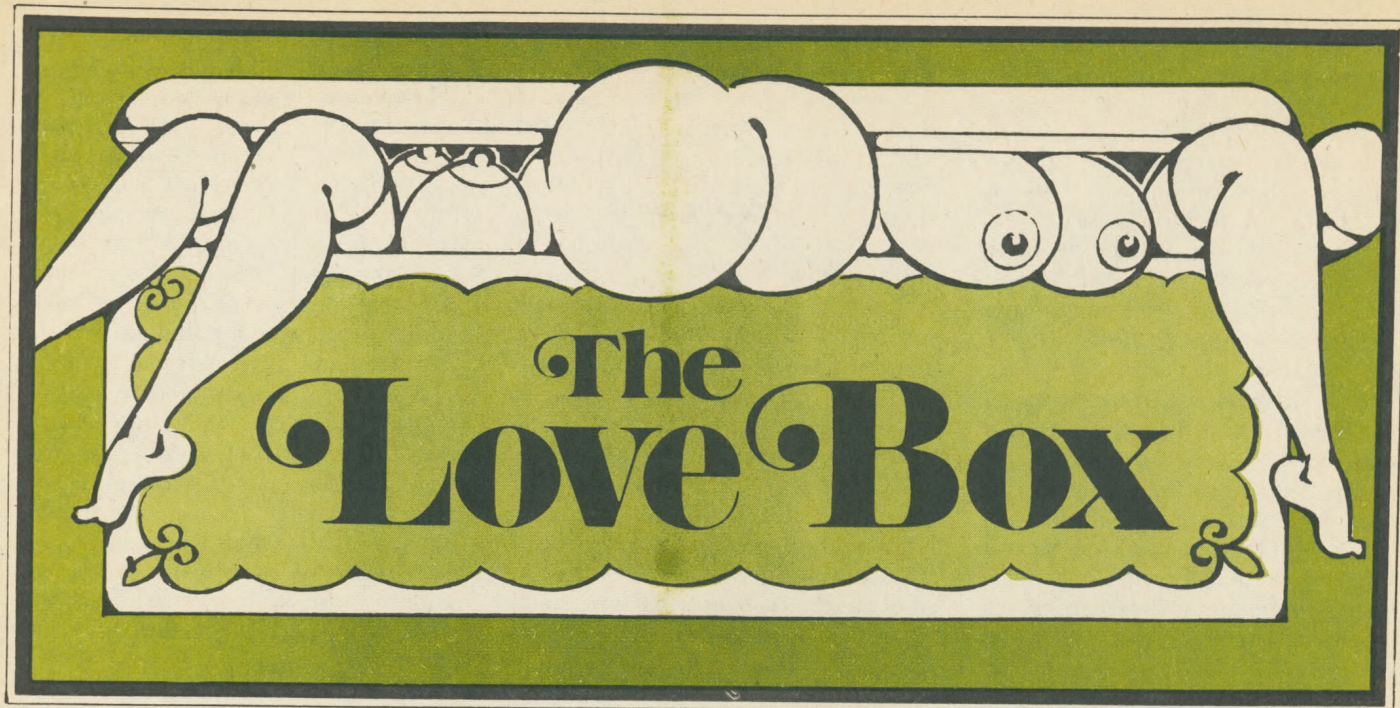
Like many other African tribes, the Kikuyus are steeped in black magic and witchcraft, and their magicians perform secret rites in which potions and elixirs play an important role. Perhaps the most unusual of all is their "love magic," especially when applied to those wishing to dedicate their entire lives to nothing but making love to all of the females who strike their fancy, whether married or single. These men are known as "love seekers," and in fact, actually enjoy the status of "holy men," roaming the countryside at will, taking their pleasures wherever they find them.

The "love seeker," dressed only in a short loin cloth, is easily identifiable by strange symbols painted on his face and body. He carries a long staff and wears a plumed headpiece. But before one can become an official love seeker he must in the presence of a witch doctor forever renounce all worldly possessions, including cattle, sheep and goats. Thereafter he is taken out in the bush to a hyena hole, where he falls to his knees and proceeds to place his head into the hole. The witch doctor, standing behind him, solemnly asks if he is ready to "pursue gluttonously the art of love in the same manner as the hyena devours human flesh." When the young man answers affirmatively, the witch doctor smartly smacks his buttocks several times with a small magical bag containing special herbs and leaves designed to give perpetual potency.

When word of his presence spreads throughout the village, the love seeker becomes a popular man and the object of every women's attention, all of whom are eager to test out his amorous techniques.

It is difficult for those of us in the

(continued on page 60)



The Love Box

Bigger Than Life

I just had to write and tell you about the astounding results I got from a company that advertises in most of the girly mags. I sent away for a penis enlarger and they sent me a pump-like gadget and some cream. And man, did it ever work. My penis is twice the size now! That's the absolute truth, and the doctor says there's a good chance that the swelling will go down if the infection ever clears up. Meanwhile I've got a flame-red pecker that's as sore as a boil and hurts like hell even to urinate.

Charles Quigger
Chicago, Ill.

We sent your letter to Bigger Prong Co. and they thank you for the plug. They say they're going to use your letter in their promotion copy — the part about your being twice as big.

Rear Action

By accident I fell against a girl getting into a revolving door and we both got into the same slot. Damned if she didn't push back with her soft behind against my crotch. It doesn't take me long

to get a message, so I started that revolving door going 90 miles an hour and I slipped it to her from the rear right then and there! We were going around so fast nobody could see what we were doing. Talk about exciting ways to get it.

Ralph Astis
Phila., Pa.

That's what we call a whirlwind courtship. We presume you two have been going around together ever since.



Think Big

A couple of months ago I told my girl friend I was moving out because I was tired of her small breasts. I guess she was really stuck on me because she went and had a silicone job on her boobs and now she's got a pair of big beauties I just love. But she has changed. Now she's telling me to get a silicone job on my penis or else pack my suitcase and take a powder.

Dan Ebesen
St. Paul, Minn.

Proving once again — don't fool with Mother Nature.

Liquor License

The old saying "candy is dandy but liquor is quicker" is true. I've been taking out a babe for a couple of months but I just couldn't get her to come across until I got her drunk one night. I got in all right, but it was lousy — she puked all over me.

Wally Ashe
Memphis, Tenn.

Sport, the drinks were on you.

Jekyll And Hyde

My fiance is a well-educated, reserved man who is always

very proper in his speech. But when we have sex, he seems to be transformed into another person. He keeps shouting and describing every aspect of sex in the vilest gutter language imaginable. The moment we're finished he reverts back to his holier-than-thou way of talking. I used to think he was trying to turn me on with his vocal obscenities but now I suspect it's his way of turning himself on. It really burns my ass and I'm tempted to tell him to fuck off.

Irma Cratchett
Boston, Mass.

Easy, sweetie, you're turning us on.

Bowled Over

I like a fellow very much and I go along with practically everything he wants me to do. But he's getting just too kinky. The other night he wanted to make love in the toilet bowl but I wouldn't do it.

Fara Wayne
Des Moines, Iowa

You don't really like him — in fact, you don't give a shit about him.



That Warm Feeling

My girl friend used to be kind of frigid but now she's got the

hottest twat in town. I swab it all the way up as far as I can go with Heet.

Paul Bonner
Nantucket, R.I.

Here's hoping she doesn't get heart burn.



Bite Your Tongue

Magazines are always advertising penis enlargers. I think some enterprising company would make a fortune if they came up with something to make tongues bigger.

Philip Olbeck
New Orleans, La.

You said a mouthful.

Pardon The Gag

Some men are just mean. I met a nice young fellow in a bar and was sort of flattered that he was so taken with me since I was about fifteen years older than him, even though I still am very attractive. He was so pleasant I treated him to a few drinks and then invited him to my apartment. But he sighed and whispered that he had to be honest with me — he could only perform sexually when he tied and gagged the woman. I've always figured different strokes for different folks, so I told him

it would be all right. To make the story short, when we got to my place, he tied my hands and feet and put a kerchief in my mouth. Then the lousy bastard stole everything he could carry out!

Lana Buttram

Los Angeles, Cal.

So what else is new, you old dingbat! You got the screwing you deserved.

Cool Customer

My girl and I are always thinking up something new. Last week she made me stand with my dong inside the refrigerator until it was frozen stiff. But she sure gave me a good time thawing it out.

Jack Bardo
Salem, Or.

Terrific! But if she ever has a hankering for a red hot pecker and nudges you towards the broiler, you're in trouble.



Close Quarters

I live in a new house where the walls are paper thin and I'm afraid it's going to shorten my life. You see, the bedroom of a pair of newlyweds is right next to ours and every night — all night long I can hear them

screwing like crazy. I keep getting aroused and have been making love to my wife like I did forty years ago when I was a young man. But it's taking its toll. I'm losing weight and feeling tired all the time. I hope that young guy gets a pain in his penis like I got in my heart.

Harry Brugner
Cleveland, Ohio

We hear there's been a complaint about your wife — she keeps singing all day long.



Stretching It

I run an all-night coffee shop and an old hooker who comes in a lot tells me that years ago she had a John with the biggest dick she ever came up against. She swears that he penetrated her in the snatch and that the top came out of her mouth. She is kind of short but can you believe that?

Oscar Jaracek
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Never mind what we believe, can you swallow that?

Hungry For Love

I have a problem in a way. My girl and I got into a little thing of our own. Before we have dinner,



my gal sits on the table, picks up her dress, opens her legs and pulls my head to her quiff, saying, "Bon Appetit". I dig it, but it does become somewhat embarrassing when we're in a restaurant. Yet I don't want to hurt my sweetie's feelings. What should I do?

Art French
Dallas, Texas

Put a hound's mask over your face. The other diners will think you're a lap dog.

Ear! Ear!

You've heard the expression "in one ear and out the other". That's the way I give it to my girl.

Tom Blackley
Pensacola, Fla.

It also describes the condition of your girl's head — empty.

The Soft Life

Lately I've had the good fortune to be in a position to meet lots of beautiful girls. It's something I've always dreamed about and now it has come true. What's even better is that these

girls are stacked and ready to trot. I have no trouble getting them up into my pad and into my bed. But each time I'm ready to sock it to them, my penis goes limp. It won't rise to the occasion. It's driving me crazy. Maybe you can help.

Victor Sharrow
Racine, Wisc.

We don't know if we can help but we do have a suggestion. Tie a string around that pecker of yours, pull it back between your legs — and crap on it! That's what a lousy prick deserves.

The Wrong Climate

The girl who works for me has nifty tits. She never wears a bra and her nipples stick out like twin turrets, looking as if they're going to poke holes right through whatever she's wearing. Anyways those titties have been tantalizing me for so long that last winter I tried to get them in my mouth. But she was wearing a thermal undershirt and wouldn't take it off. Man, I sure was frustrated.

Doug Marra
New York, N.Y.

Don't feel too bad. If she was wearing a thermal undershirt it must have been a cold day — and she evidently wanted to keep her chestnuts warm. □



SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Hard-core porno films make money. X-rated movies make money. R rated and PG rated cinemas cash in. And good, wholesome, for-all-the-family productions are so poorly attended that the famed Radio City Music Hall totters on the brink of extinction.

Now you might deduce from this that nobody in the entire U.S. of A. wants to see any pix that don't display frontal nudity, explicit sex and words that would make an army mule blush. Not so. There's still a giant audience that admires Doris Day for fighting to save her virginity against suave Cary Grant. They like John Wayne as the tough cowboy who never goes upstairs to screw the saloon girls. They adore Lassie as a heroine, even though the part is played in drag.

All these people watch movies in their video salon. Some of them have not bought a ticket to a movie since their first antenna was installed. Their stay-at-home attitude is probably why "famuly" films have not drawn well. Why go out in the rain and hail and sleet and snow when you can get it in your living room for free?

So there is a special set of customers for porno and X-rated films. We assume they are young swingers who don't sit glued to the TV at night. In fact a recent survey revealed that the flesh flicks are patronized more by youthful, well-educated persons than they are by ignorant Dirty Old Men.

Well, if you noticed, TV is

slowly, cautiously but surely moving in a bawdy direction. Sex is suggested, licit and ill. Some of the milder "dirty" words are used. Wet T shirts and near nudity give a good idea of the female form. And jiggle shows, like Charlie's Angels, get high ratings. A jiggle show is one in which the ladies bounce their titties like a Harlem Globetrotter bounces a basketball. In their honor, television has been renamed The Boobie Tube.

Down in Tupelo, Mississippi, just a chip shot from the birthplace of Elvis, there is a preacher man, the Rev. Donald E. Wildmon, who is doing battle against the lechery of TV. He has a xerox machine and a hundred or so volunteers who comprise the National Federation for Decency. They monitor video shows noting cusswords, blue jokes, wiggling derrieres and other samples of sin. Then they bombard sponsors with protests.

They struggle for donations and sometimes are short of postage stamps. Now if the porno people are half smart they'll support the Federation for Decency with a large hunk of bread from their ill-gotten gains.



It would be enlightened self-interest. They should want television to be *decent*. If it is not, then who would bother to go out in the rain, hail, sleet and snow to lay hard-earned bucks on the box office of a skin-flickery?

What Part of a Dame Causes You to Flame?

One of the electronic marvels that supplies us with useful information posed the question: Who are the most faithful husbands? Leg men? Those who look fondly on fannies? Fellows who admire a chick's chest?

If any of you BUF fans were thinking of getting married, forget it. Those who dote on asses make the best husband material, it was reported. Make your own comment.

Burlesk Boy Shows Everything's Bigger in Texas

Strippers ain't what they used to was. In Dallas one of the hottest followers in the noble profession of Gypsy Rose Lee is somebody named Pat Bagwell — and the first name isn't Patricia. Bagwell is an incredible hunk who bills himself as "The All-American Male Stripper."

In the great tradition of ecdysiasts, Patrick appears on the stage of a dinner theater reasonably clothed and begins casting aside garments one at a time until he is down to a rhinestone jock strap. "Take it off! Take it all off!" cry the ladies out front.

Of interest is the fact that his main fans are not, as you might expect, screaming groupies —

(continued on page 70)





DIDI

Didi, that talented lass from Merry Olde England, has received so much fan mail following her previous appearances in our mag, that we knew our readers would never stop bugging us until we ran her again. We can understand our reader's admiration for this rare British bird — Didi's stupendous chestal assets are perfectly suited to the taste of the enthusiastic BUF aficionado.

This busty damsel, whose long silky hair is



more blond than ever, is an aficionado of late Victorian arts and crafts, and is following in the footsteps of the great William Morris.

Our photographer, who had hit it off well with Didi at her first session before our cameras, was anxious to resume their animated discussion of the Victorians, Morris, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites. Before Didi had even doffed her duds the two were engaged in an in-depth discussion of the aesthetic philosophy of Walter Pater. We may not know much about aesthetics,





but we know what we like, and Didi's magnificent globes sure appeal to our sensibilities. We don't doubt for a moment that Rossetti would have forgotten about Liz Siddal if he'd had a seductive model like Didi to work with.

After the photo session, Didi invited us to join her at a concert at which a number of Charles Ives's songs were performed. We found much of the music dissonant, but a glance over at Didi's BUF duo was sufficient to strike a warm chord in our hearts. □



All the couple wanted was a quiet place along the shore where they could make love by the sea and that's just what they got

BEACH HEAD

by B.H. Abbey

Some years ago, when Eileen and I were spending summer weekends together at the beach, we would leave Washington early Saturday morning without knowing — until we had crossed the Chesapeake Bay Bridge — whether we'd spend the two days in Delaware or Maryland, since we never made reservations.

Our method saved planning ahead but had one drawback: Often, by the time we reached the shore most accommodations had been filled.

One Saturday in June, about midway in our trip, we had a flat tire. And by the time I'd fixed it, our usual thin prospects for locating a room were further reduced. Driving up and down the hot, shimmering highway — the ocean so tantalizingly close — I'd just begun wondering, aloud, whether this time there was no room for us anywhere, when Eileen pointed to a yellow frame house set down in a kind of declivity.

"There," she said.

And out front dangled a wooden "vacancy" sign.

A few cars were parked nearby; bathing suits, drying, hung in the yard. I turned the wheel hard, bumping us down the sandy incline. As we got out, a middle-aged woman, shielding her eyes with a bare arm, opened a screen door.

"Is the room still available?," I called to her.

Her gaze gave Eileen and me equal time.

"How long do you want it for?"

"Today and tomorrow. We'll be leaving Monday morning."

"I charge the three-day rate."

"That's okay."

"Well, then, come and take a look."

In the kitchen, another woman — who closely resembled the other — sitting in a straight-backed chair, smiled at us but said

(continued on page 53)







"Officer, I want to report a peeping Tom!"

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:

"When I was in the hospital" reports comic Henny Youngman, I had a day nurse and a night nurse. In the afternoon I rested up." Henny defines a Peeping Tom as "a guy who's too lazy to go to the beach."

At a retail jewelry show at the NY Hilton, one firm did great offering buyers "Heavenly Hookers" — which turned out to be chains and bracelets to hook charms on.

The nitty gritty of the meat-market model world is explored in the bare-all flick "Yum-Yum Girls." Melody Pearson, 18, from Duncan Falls, Ohio,

arrives in the Big Apple to start a glamorous modeling career. Right off she finds out that the quickest and cheapest way to get a portfolio together is to pose for compromising shots not thinking that they may haunt her all through her career. She's seduced by an agent who "handles" her in the truest sense of the word. "Sexual promiscuity is the key to modeling success," he tells her over and over again.

Porno queen Samantha Fox is the star of "Bad Penny," a boffo sex comedy which gives you a close-up look at a real NYC swinger's club called "Night



There are loads of delicious-looking dishes in "Yum Yum Girls" which bares the "meat-market model world."



Moves'' where much of the fast and furious action was filmed. The flick's first sex scene: fellatio followed by some lively intercourse on top of a Ship Ahoy pinball machine. A variety of sex fantasy scenes follow — a girl who fancies herself pastry and can't wait to be eaten. There's also a switch on the old Cowboys and Indians game — squaws screwing cowboys, cowboys screwing squaws. Among "Bad Penny's" many climaxes is an "African Roulette" sequence featuring six gorgeous young black women. A male player must place his tool into one of the girls' mouths. Looks great but the problem is that while five of the females are hungry for male meat, one of 'em is real hungry — she's a cannibal!



Two scenes from German import "Office Girls" showing that the 9 to 5 routine isn't all that bad. In the top shot the guy seems to be taking inventory and in the other, the typewriter indicates they're the right type for each other.

Joey Adams told of a movie star with an ego so great he even underwent a sex change operation so he could screw himself.

Florence King's novel, "Wasp, Where Is They Sting?" (Stein & Day) discusses an upper-class housewife who's always improving herself for her husband: "She must decide whether to sweep the floor or exercise her vaginal muscles."

WPIX-FM disk jockey Mark Simone says: Dolly Parton is the only singer who can bend over and touch her toes without using her hands. She doesn't need a bra — she needs a forklift."

Remember the luscious blonde, Carol Conners, from "Deep Throat?" and as Chuck Barris' announcer on NBC's "Gong Show"? Now Carol is appearing in Gail Palmer's "The Erotic Adventures of Candy." Carol plays Candy, college student and "the world's last 20-

year-old virgin.” And her Daddy would like to keep her that way, at least for a while. Candy, however, equipped with a pair of firm 40’s, has other plans.

Right off Daddy catches her seducing his young Spanish gardener which sends him to the hospital with a heart attack. Dutiful daughter Candy pays him a series of visits, each one of which results in a variety of sexual misadventures, such as suffering a near-rape by Daddy’s identical twin brother. It’s the sort of thing that makes sexy Candy cry, “Uncle!” Her next sexcapade is a handsome jock who claims to have a “deformity” — which turns out to be a full 14½ inches! Candy is finally “saved” by the leader of a pseudo-religious sect dedicated to the spiritual but coupled with sexual advancement. Throughout Candy gets advice from Georgina Spelvin who plays her experienced aunt. Sample Spelvinisms: “When I traveled in Italy, I got so much Dago-donging I stopped menstruating and started minestroneing.”

The XXX-er “Candy Stripers” boasts a trio of hospital volunteers (one of ’em is Amber Hunt) who show incredible enthusiasm for keeping everyone in sight healthy, horny and hard. Sharon Thorpe is the head nurse — in the truest sense of the word, but the others never fall far behind. There’s practically nothing these medics and para-medics won’t try to relieve the ailing. In fact, they hardly ever wait to take the bandages off.

Smart guys who collect postage stamps, specializing in Nudes on Stamps, may already be aware of it — The Blue Tit bird had been pictured on a recent 4-pence British stamp. So all you tit lovers, get moving!



“Studying Form” is the apt title for this winning painting of a British betting parlor by Mike Francis. Courtesy Nicholas Treadwill Gallery, London.



At a recent solo exhibition in New York City’s Phoenix Gallery of the work of artist Anna Bisso, “Breasts No. 2”, was one of many standouts.



KITTEN

For the first time in our long history of publishing we are featuring the same Big Up Front champion in back to back issues of our two magazines. We are referring, of course, to the monumental, red-hot pussycat, Kitten, whose



Gem of the Month









full moniker is Francesca Natividad. She is currently highlighting the September issue of BUF Swinger and we decided not to wait to feature her in Gem. So here she is, in all her glory. To us she's the eighth wonder of the world, the greatest boon to mankind since the



invention of the wheel. If Venus de Milo had arms, she'd use them to cover up the envy showing in her face. If all this suggests we're ga-ga over this go-go gal, you've got it straight. For us, she's "it" — the ultimate in sex appeal and feminine pulchritude.



As you know, Kitten is starring in Russ Meyer's way out sextravaganza, "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens," which has received a great deal of publicity in the media. Kitten herself has made many personal appearances to hype up interest in the movie, and if anyone can stir up a storm, she's the one to do it. Also appearing in the film is the legendary Uschi Digard, one of our all-time BUF Hall of Famers and we are spotlighting her in our "Thanks For The Mammaries" feature in this issue also.

What an issue! What a pair! We're referring



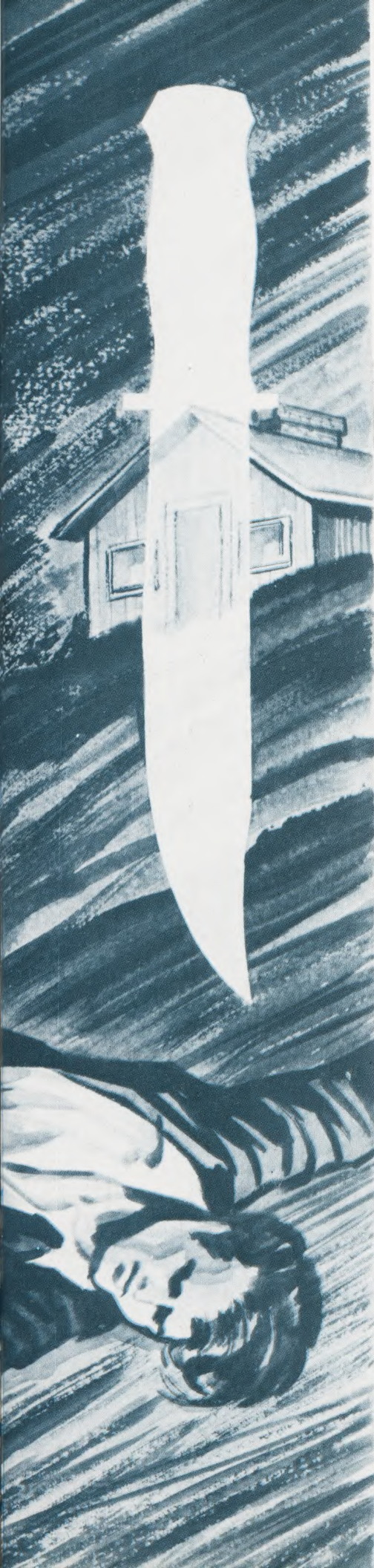


to Kitten and Uschi. What a great pair! We're referring to Kitten's bulging beauts. We're

thinking of changing our name to Katz — so Kitten could become the Katz meow! ☐







DEADLY INTERVIEW

by L.C. McCall

As a reporter he was sitting on a front page headline story but one look at the girl and he forgot all about deadlines

A chilly rain began just as I reached the gravel road off the main highway through a thicket of pine to Harroway's cabin. I'd been there twice before. This time I wasn't leaving until I saw him.

Cecil Harroway never granted press interviews, but Roy Estlow, the editor of the Morning Times told me to hang around Harroway until he did.

"Stay there all week if you have to," Estlow said.

Cecil Harroway was an avante garde painter just flakey enough to be irresistible to art buffs and young, rich women with nothing else to do. The news that Harroway had grandly condescended to lecture at the local college for a fat fee in two weeks was greeted akin to the Second Coming.

The cabin was dark and there was a lazy curl of smoke drifting from the chimney. As I got out of the car, the curious smell in the air tripped a switch in my memory bank. Like the time my squad trapped four Viet Cong in a tunnel in the Mekong and wasted them with a flame-thrower.

The cabin door was open. Harroway was home, but deadlier than hell from several knife wounds in his chest! He was lying half in and out of a dying fire in the fireplace. Apparently the murderer hoped for a complete job but the fire wasn't big enough and the body was just simmering a bit.

The killer must have taken Harroway by surprise because the room was neat and clean.

I got the hell back to the highway as fast as the Ford would take me. The rain was harder now, driven by gusting winds that limited visibility. I had just got around a long, sweeping curve on the mountain road into town when I picked up two red tail lights through the swirling rain. Somebody had ridden a big,



"Oh, it's you."

black Continental Mark V into the rock wall. I half skidded to a stop behind it, rolled down the window and smelled the anti-freeze. The Lincoln wasn't going anywhere.

She came out of the car, dark and stunning, a white car coat stuffed with feminine flesh in all the right places. And she had matching boots and was alone.

"I couldn't see... I skidded off the road," she called out.

"You were probably going too fast. Where you headed?"

"Back to the city."

"Be my guest."

She looked at the car, the teeming rain that soaked her and the isolation, walked back to the car, turned off the lights, locked it, and climbed into the seat beside me. The light skirt went right up to her mid thighs as she did and the message went right to my genitals.

I handed her one of my business cards, trying to put her at ease. She read it out loud: "Tom B. Hill... a reporter!"

"It could be worse. I could be a professional rapist. Who are you?"

"Stella Fuller. My dad is Ben Fuller. You ought to know him. He owns the paper you work for."

"What are you doing up in the mountains alone in the middle of the late fall — and all alone?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth," she replied coolly.

"I came up to interview Cecil Harroway."

She looked up quickly, as if I'd touched a raw nerve. The color drained from her pretty, oval face as if I'd pulled a plug.

"You know him?" I said.

"A little."

I didn't tell her about finding Harroway with his guts slit. Here I was sitting on the biggest scoop in my short newspaper

career and I was afraid to open my mouth.

About that point in time, we rounded another bitch of a curve and skidded to a stop, my front wheels half submerged in rising water from a mountain stream that had overflowed and washed away a small bridge. I threw the Ford into reverse and backed out of danger.

"My God, we're trapped!" she said, fear rising in her voice.

I backed up the road a long way before finding a wide enough spot in the road to turn around.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"Nowhere. It's nearly six o'clock in the evening and getting dark. There's some summer cottages about a half mile up the mountain. That'll be it for the night... unless you got a better idea."

"We could detour around the bridge."

"No way am I going to roam around in a car on these mountain mud paths in the middle of a goddamned monsoon. You can sleep in the car."

She didn't say another word about detouring.

The first two cabins were locked, but the third one was easy to break into. There was a living room, small kitchen, two bedrooms and a nice fireplace. The previous inhabitants had very kindly left two cans of spaghetti, a half can of instant coffee and a butane stove that worked. While Stella prepared the food, I got a fire going.

Half an hour later, we were sitting cozily in front of the fireplace eating the spaghetti. After the initial shock, she took the circumstances in stride. The hot coffee thawed her gradually until she seemed to be enjoying it. We could have been honeymooning, it got that relaxed.

I tried to find out how well she knew Harroway. Seems she was on a committee from the college to arrange the details for his lecture. It sounded okay to me.

"Did you get to see him?" I asked.

She lit a cigarette and blew smoke toward the ceiling, almost too deliberately, before answering. She shook her head.

"I got hopelessly lost. Did you get to interview him?"

"I must have taken the same wrong turn you did."

I got up to poke the fire and while doing so thought about the bottle of Jack Daniels out in the car.

"Listen, I got a fifth of booze outside. It's going to get chilly later on. It might be just like central heating if we took a couple of belts."

"Why not?" she said.

It was downhill from there on. We had three quickies which she took in stride and her eyes took on a kind of smoky look, as if the brain behind it had almost stopped working. But the rest of her took up the slack. She leaned over as we sat on the divan, put her arm around me and kissed me on the cheek.

"You're a hell of a good looking guy for a reporter, Tom B. Hill," she teased.

I kissed her on the lips, hard and long, and when she pulled away, she went into the bedroom and came out wearing nothing but a bra and panties. Up to then, the car coat and fall suit she wore had camouflaged a round, firm and shapely body. She was full-breasted with half-dollar sized nipples, slim waist and deep, curving thighs. I unhooked her bra, spilling her round firm boobs into my hands, the nipples swollen in heat. We were on our feet now, and her voice came deep and husky as she jammed her pelvis into my

(continued on page 69)



THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

USCHI

As our regular readers know we've been overtaken by nostalgia and have been running a "Thanks for the Mammaries" series featuring the great models of yesteryear figuring they'd







be a terrific treat for newer readers who have never seen them, as well as bringing back fond memories for older fans. Well, there were no models greater nor more popular than Uschi Digard who's now appearing in movies in Hollywood. She's currently being featured in "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens" along with Kitten Natividad. Previous to that she appeared in "Lisa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Shieks."

Trivia question for you Uschi fans: how many of you remember that she once posed as a blonde? Many readers probably never even





knew it. So as an extra special treat, we're including some of these rare blonde Uschi poses as well as with her own deeper colored

tresses. For fair-haired or dark, she makes our hair tingle with excitement. To sum it up, Uschi still makes us gushy. □

BEACH HEAD

continued from page 28

nothing. She then looked away.

We were led up a flight of stairs that had an open window on one side and a glass wall — the kind that reveals blurred images through its rippled surface — on the other. At the landing, the woman opened the door to a room that had obviously been part of the hall; three of its walls were vertical wood slats; the fourth was that glass.

"We use it only for weekend people," she said.

Eileen looked at me but spoke to the woman.

"Doesn't it get hot without a window?"

"Those louvers open," the woman said, and went to turn a handle that parted the horizontal strips of glass, upward. At once, a breeze swept in.

I looked at Eileen.

"We'll take it," I said.

The rate was about average and when I went downstairs to pay and get our luggage, the woman wrote a receipt. It was rubber-stamped, "Paid — Maud and Clara Webb, Props." and signed, "M. Webb."

Eileen and I wasted no time getting into bathing suits, down to the beach, and into the ocean. The weather was glorious and Sunday was a repetition of Saturday; we spent all day in or near the water. Monday morning, as we were getting into the car, Miss Maud appeared.

"Will you be back next week?"

I couldn't very well tell her that neither Eileen or I ever planned that far ahead — for a room or otherwise — but before we could reply, she said, "You don't have to reserve, but if you return, I'll charge only for two nights."

The following Saturday, both women were waiting when we arrived. There were fresh flowers in the room; the brightly-colored bedspread was new; sunlight streamed from the hall window through the already opened louvers.

They could have been twins — the lines, the hollows, in their face shaped identical patterns.

"They're probably lonely," Eileen said. "They were so pleased to see us."

There were several other guests in the place — the owners of those cars and bathing suits — but we didn't get to talk much to any of them, aside from a greeting as we came and went.

On our third visit, the weather turned, and it began raining soon after we unpacked. We stayed in the room all afternoon; we read; made love; dozed. When I awoke, it had stopped raining and the last of daylight penetrated the glass wall.

I reached for my watch on the small bedside table and as I turned — careful not to waken Eileen — something caught my eye. I stopped moving for a fraction, just long enough to verify what I thought I'd seen, then lay back, hearing only the watch ticking in my hand.

I wondered whether I should tell Eileen. She wasn't at all squeamish. Once, at a picnic, finding ants on her food, she'd brushed them off and resumed eating. But when she awoke, I said nothing.

We got dressed, had a seafood dinner, and drove to a boardwalk a few miles up the highway. I did some swinging at baseballs in one of those batter's cages and Eileen won a coffee mug for tossing plastic rings around empty wine bottles.

When we got back to the room, there was an extra blanket at the foot of the bed and a small transistor radio on the dresser; the lamp, with its pink chintzy shade, was on.

Sunday, the weather cleared and we spent the day at the beach, swimming, and playing bridge with a couple we met there. On Monday morning, as we were leaving, both sisters came to see us off and Miss Clara, shyly, gave Eileen a paper

bag filled with colored pebbles.

"See you next week," Miss Maud said, as we drove off.

The following Saturday — even before we'd put on our swimming things, — I said to Eileen, as though the thought had just occurred to me, "Let's move the bed. If we turn it lengthwise, we'll get more of the breeze."

The bed was more cumbersome than heavy and we had no trouble pushing its tall headboard against the wall. When we returned from the beach, late afternoon, neither of the sisters seemed to be around, nor when we left for dinner; nor all of Sunday.

In the morning, when we left, Miss Maud did not come out to say goodbye, as she had each time before. And the following Saturday, when we arrived, neither of them greeted us. There were no flowers in the room; the vase, itself, was gone and so was the radio. When I went downstairs to pay, Miss Clara was in the kitchen, alone; she gave me the receipt without a word.

We did not see Miss Maud the entire weekend, though we could hear them talking whenever we used the stairs. As we were leaving Monday, Miss Clara waited until we were in the car before she came out and walked quickly toward us.

"Maud says to tell you we'll need the room —" her voice was a helpless squeak, "For the rest of the summer."

"Okay," I said, and swung the wheel toward the highway.

"We enjoyed staying here," Eileen said, "Enjoyed it a lot."

So we spent the remaining weekends in several different places, up and down the shore, as we had done earlier. We took our last trip to the beach in late August and by Thanksgiving Eileen and I were no longer together. She may have resumed going to the shore with someone else the following summer — I wouldn't have known — and perhaps, even, stayed again at that house. But I never told her, then or later, about the tiny splintered nick in the wooden wall just above the bed or, behind it, the staring eye. □



Lost in The Bush

by Martin Winkler



Came the mile-long interstellar vehicle. Came it from the planet Hysterica IV, located 81,346 light years beyond infinity. Through impossible distances in space and time did it come. Easily. For time and space were but playthings to Hystericans.

Only one occupant did the marvelous spaceship contain: it was the woman, Glurka (Hystericese for "Florence"). And, spacious as the ship was, it could barely accommodate Glurka's super-Amazonian dimensions. In her zamidranned (stockinged) feet, she stood 502 feet tall. Proportionately huge, too, were her magnificent appurtenances: Bust, 35,996 inches; waist, 25,850 inches; hips, 35,996 inches — practically a perfect 36-26-36. Her hair resembled nothing so much as an ebony-green river, running casually to her coccyx. Her eyes were two aquamarine swimming pools (kidney shaped). Her mouth was an acre of red roses. And her skin — hundred of yards of it — was leaf green velvet.

Unhappily, however, Glurka, by Hysterica IV standards was a midget. To worsen matters, she was the only midget in all the planet, where the average height for females was 1320 feet — about a quarter-mile. Therefore, since finding a mate at home was patently impossible, Glurka decided to try her luck elsewhere. "What the hell," she told herself pluckily, "somewhere



**Here's a hoary tale
that has an
earth-shattering climax**

in this universe there's got to be some shrumpy guy who'd go for a klüberchok (petite) type like myself."

So off she flew, much to the relief of her parents (who had been socially ostracized for years because of their undersized offspring), to search for love and fulfillment, with a flerg (song) in her hair and a grenxit (rose) in her heart.

As fickle Dame Fate would have it, Glurka's little spatial runabout developed engine trouble as she was flying over the remotest part of the Himalaya Mountains on the planet Earth. And, being typical of her Earthly sisters in at least one respect, Glurka was thoroughly unfamiliar with the mechanical workings of her vehicle. "Ohshit," (Hystericese for "gosh darn it") she swore. "I knew I should have had that ten-million mile checkup. Who the hell's gonna have spare parts for a Hysteriford on a crummy little planet like *this*?"

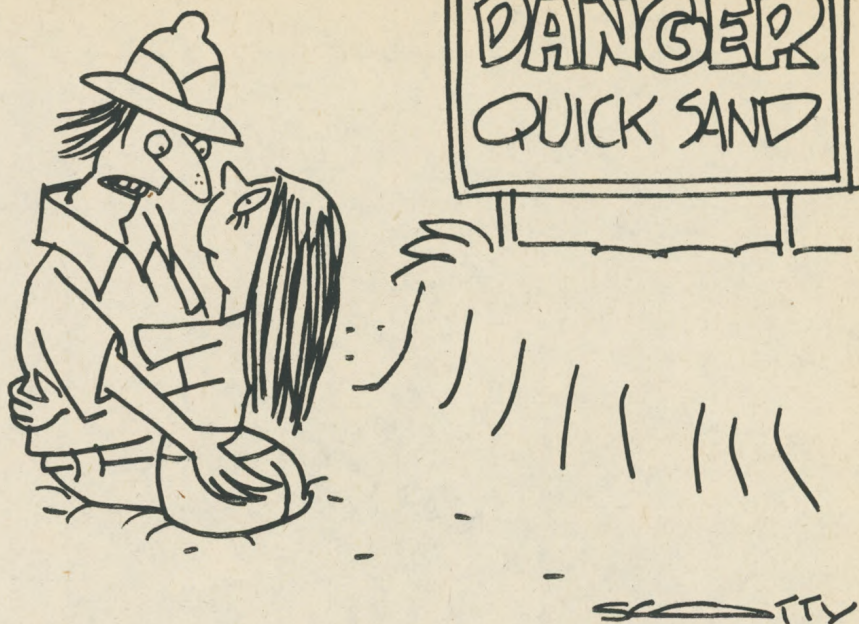
The answer, of course, was, "No one."

Fortunately, Glurka managed to land her spacecraft safely. Bruised, but not seriously, she tremblingly emerged into the atmosphere of Earth. And became the first green woman to discover Mount Everest.

Eureka! The air was breathable, the trees were edible, and the clouds were drinkable. Glurka could survive physically, although food for the soul seemed as remote as ever. The only really bothersome thing was the heat. On Hysterica IV the average temperature in Haxchapit (July) was 108 degrees below zero. But by divesting herself of all her garments, Glurka found her surroundings somewhat more comfortable.

And there she stood, in all her naked, glorious greenery—the mid-geet become colossa.

Came a traveler; an average-sized Earth man — sick and weary of the world — determined that he would live henceforward the



"We better make it a quickie."

existence of a hermit, free from the insanity of his fellow beings.

His name was Sheldon.

Came Sheldon. Into the declivity between the two enormous Himalaya peaks where now dwelt — all unbeknownst to him, of course — the tremendously beauteous Glurka-Florence.

Sheldon looked round him. And what he espied was good unto his eyes. "Here," he sighed contentedly, "shall I spend my days in joyous solitude. And, to be safe from marauding beasts of prey, I shall build a 'nest' high up in the safety of this immense green tree. Hmm, interesting tree. I've never seen one quite like it. Those bare branches (how like human arms they seem) must be a mile in height. And this double trunk which joins so high up . . . there, in that central patch of dark foliage, shall I make my haven from the world."

Slowly, cautiously, did Sheldon commence his ascent. The climb was difficult, but somehow pleasant. "What odd wood," mused Sheldon silently. "Warmest wood I ever felt. Something like velvet. Nice."

Rather a goodly length of time

later, Sheldon arrived. "How splendid," panted the enchanted man. "What warmth! What protection from the elements! Now let's look into this foliage . . . how cozy. Only it's very difficult to see out. Oh, well, I'm sure I shall soon get used to it. And to the dampness, too . . . I almost feel as if were in the tropics."

A sudden tremor in his new-found home made Sheldon reach quickly out for a hand-hold. "My God," he breathed, "is there to be an earthquake?"

Then the thunder began. But it was the strangest sounding thunder Sheldon had ever heard. Had he not been certain that he was alone, Sheldon could have sworn that it was the collective moaning of a thousand ecstatic females.

Then it stopped. And all was calm again.

True, Sheldon was smaller than the shrumpy guy of Glurka's dreams. But he was, at least, *something*.

As for Sheldon, his bliss was the bliss he had thought reserved only for angels. He had found an earthly Paradise . . . in the jolly of the valley green giant. □



MARIA

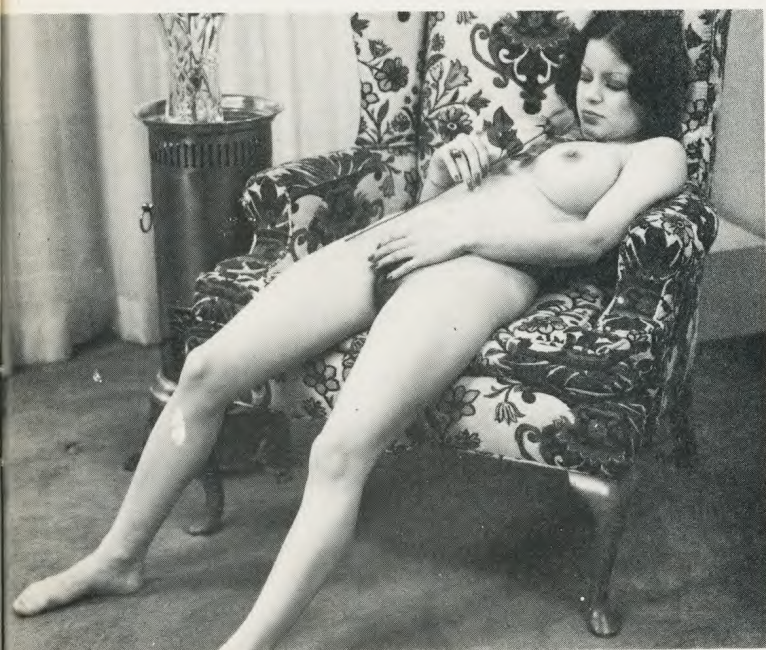
Our gallery of international cuties boasts a bevy of knockout babes from many nations. One of them is sultry, sensuous Maria who originally hailed from

Barcelona but relocated in The Big Apple where she teaches at the high school level.

"I'm not only teaching Spanish now," she said,







"but Home Economics, Latin Culture, and Underwater Basket-weaving as well. The kids just eat it up. They're so eager to learn, it makes going to work a real pleasure."

In addition to maintaining a heavy teaching schedule, Maria still finds time for an active social life. She's currently dating a veterinarian, but she doesn't see prospects for marriage. "I'm allergic to cats and dogs," she explained. "I break out something terrible when they're around."

We break out with squeals of pleasure when we're around this sexy seniorita. If we were her boyfriend veterinarian, we'd get rid of the mutts and meow-meows and specialize in exotic animals to make sure we wouldn't lose out with exotic Maria. □

DIFFERENT STROKES FOR...

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civilized world to believe that millions of people still worship at the pagan altars of fertility gods and indulge in such bizarre and unusual sexual customs. But who is to say that they are wrong and we are right? Many people to whom I have spoken insist that we in the Western world are completely unrealistic when it comes to matters of sex.

Within the great Amazon Basin of South America live many strange and primitive Indian tribes. Some of them have never even had contact with the outside world. Each morning the men leave at dawn on hunting or fishing expeditions while the women busy themselves washing clothes at the riverbank, searching for food in the Rain Forest, working at their looms, preparing meals and taking care of the children. Let's face it — at its best, jungle life is often extremely dull. Little wonder that the Indians, in order to relieve the monotony, eagerly look forward to the only pleasure available to them — uninhibited sex.

Quite a few years ago gold fish swallowing was the "in" thing among college students, but that isn't half as exciting as a sex game called "*chupe de pescado*" or "fish suck," enjoyed by the Motilone Indians living along the *Rio Orinoco* in southern Venezuela. Say what you will about savage Indian tribes, but the fact remains — they can teach today's ultra-sophisticated playboys a few tricks they never even dreamed existed.

Whenever a Motilone gets an urge to indulge in this unusual form of eroticism, he first visits a nearby stream and in a matter of minutes catches a half-dozen or more minnows, ranging from three to six inches in length which are kept alive in a bucket. Later he inserts these small fishes, head first and one at a time, into a woman's vagina. What excites the girls is quite obvious. The squirming and wriggling of the fishes titillates the clitoris causing not one, but several orgasms. While the fishes wiggle

furiously, the Indian super stud retrieves them with his teeth and tongue, first biting off the tails before swallowing them while they are still alive. Saving the tails is very important as it is the only way in which the Indians can determine who swallowed the most fish during any given performance, and the winner, of course, is looked upon with envy by his fellow contestants. Could it be that the expression "a piece of tail" originated right here in the Motilone village? Recently one young warrior named Madanga, set a record by downing 27 minnows in less than an hour, much to the ecstatic delight of his turned-on sexpot.

While the Motilones practice polygamy, there is no such thing as a marriage ceremony and whenever a man tires of a spouse he simply tells her to shove off and that's that! All during the darkened hours of the night, the men are on the prowl, going from one mosquito net to the other, keeping their women happy and contented. How they accomplished this was most ingenious and certainly original. One such pleasure device is a string of feathers carefully stitched into the skin of the penis, which according to the women, sends them into spasms of erotic delirium. Still another and even more effective custom is the placing of the stiff eyelids of a wild boar, with their accompanying bristles, around the penis. But the *piece de resistance*, according to the married women I talked with, is the paw of an ocelot, claws still intact, which the Motilone studs deftly attach to their ding-a-lings.

From the trackless jungles of the Amazon have come stories of a tribe of Indians often referred to as "monkey people," who believe themselves to be closely related to the anthropoid ape. I know this to be true because on one of my many expeditions into the Peruvian jungle, quite by accident I came upon an Indian tribe which I later identified as Shipibos. No sooner had I banked by canoe at the edge of the river than dozens of Indians hurriedly left their palm-thatched

huts and rushed down to meet me. What they saw was probably unbelievable — a strange fable from the outside world suddenly appearing before them — but what I saw was unbelievable, too! The Shipibos had elongated heads that looked as though they had been squeezed through a giant wringer. Many of the women were cuddling monkeys in their arms while one full-bosomed beauty was actually nursing one of the hairy beasts at her breast. There must have been hundreds of monkeys in the village, for as I began walking toward the large communal hut, they set up a furious chatter jumping around the dirt floor in wild abandon, all the while screaming at me malevolently. And then an amazing thing happened — one young woman stood in front of the hut, clapped her hands and began talking in a strange language which the animals seemed to understand as they ceased their howling and screeching immediately, allowing me to enter peacefully.

It took several days to learn more about the strong bond between the monkeys and the Shipibos. First of all, unlike all other tribes, these savages not only refuse to eat monkey meat, but believed these furry animals have supernatural powers and actually worshipped them as dieties. Of course animal worship goes back untold centuries. The Egyptians considered crocodiles, cats and beetles to be sacred, and even today the East Indians worship cows. But to the Shipibos the monkey represents a sex symbol and they regard it as their High Priest of Fertility. This, too, is the reason why these Indians still flatten the foreheads of their children in a bamboo vise, so they will more closely resemble the physical features of the anthropoid ape. Amazingly, each woman of the tribe had three or four of these animals living with her constantly as companions, and heaven only knows what else! The monkeys ate with them, walked with them into the deep jungle, talked to them, and even slept with them. Nor to my knowledge did any of the men



complain. The monkeys simply had first crack at the "goodies," and no one disputed their rights.

What actually went on inside their mosquito nets I'll never know, but this much I can say. Often when their men were gone from the village on a hunting expedition that took them deep into the interior for several days or weeks at a time, I would wake up during the night to hear the women tittering and giggling and talking that strange monkey gibberish which the little beasts seemed to understand. But of one thing I was certain. They weren't playing tiddlywinks!

Almost from the beginning of recorded history women have worshipped the male organ, or at least a reasonable facsimile, as a symbol of fertility. Phallic worship was practiced among the early Greeks and Romans and even today the phallic symbol can be seen in various countries throughout Europe and Asia, including the

frescoes in the ruins of Pompeii and on ancient coins, medals and statuary in Greece.

I suppose it can be said without fear of contradiction that women of the Western world might also be classified as phallic worshippers. Isn't it true that they fondle it, cuddle and kiss it? The only thing that distinguishes them from their more primitive cousins is the fact that so-called "civilized" women worship the male sex organ in private while others do it publicly. Let's take the Corinahuas, a primitive tribe living along the Curaray River in Ecuador. Once each year the Corinahuas celebrate a three-day orgy dedicated to *Yambin*, their God of Fertility.

With a huge bonfire burning in the center of a clearing and under the light of a full moon, the members of the tribe gather in the open field and avidly watch as about 12 beautiful young naked girls suddenly appear carrying a huge phallic symbol, testicles and all, carved from wood

and with the aid of their witch doctor place it in an upright position where all may see and revere it. Then in a colorful ceremony and to the incessant pounding of drums, the women join hands and dance frantically around it, stopping intermittently to toss wild flowers at its base or to encircle the phallic symbol with their arms, kissing it passionately and rubbing their hot little bodies against it. But the huge phallic symbol is not the only one to be found in the village. Every woman in the tribe keeps a small replica carved from balsa wood in her hut.

And there you have it. If you'd like a different kind of sextrip, take a trip down the Amazon. And once there, it's only a short hop to Kenya where you might want to apply for the job of "professional love seeker." What I'm trying to do is open up an entirely new world for your sexual pleasures — they're there waiting for you, but it's up to you to follow through. □



CRYSTAL

When you're hot, you're hot, and this gal with the bulging frontispieces is a real sizzler. Crystal's recent appearance in our mag touched off a major heat wave among our

readers. We received such a heap of mail about this sweetie that we dispatched our camera crew to Falls Church, Virginia, for a new shooting session. One thing about Crystal





is crystal clear—she's got the Big Up Front form that titillates all BUF admirers.

Coming from a family that has been in the glass-blowing business for many generations,

Crystal has taken up the family craft and works in the shop producing exquisitely detailed hand-blown glass objects. She takes great pride in her work, and prefers to do by hand





many operations usually performed by machines nowadays. "You lose some of the quality, the master touches, when you go over to machines. My customers appreciate the extra care, time and craftsmanship.

We're sure you'll appreciate Crystal's

superbly crafted female anatomy. This super endowed sexpot has plenty to offer, and we're mighty proud to have her appear on our pages. Whenever we think of this Falls Church charmer, we want to sing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." □



COPPING OUT or LAST LICKS

by Jim Delphi



Lou Bracken had been a cop in the city for almost thirty years, and had seen a lot of strange things happen on his beat. After awhile, he had become hardened to the strange goings on of the city. He thought he had been everything. But then something happened that surprised even him. He had been on his beat, walking past the new art theatre where they were showing the new movie "I Am Passionated Purple." Suddenly he saw a young fellow kicking an old, white-haired gentleman. He rushed over and grabbed the young guy by the collar. He was about to clobber him with his night stick when the young guy protested, claiming that the old geezer had asked him to kick him. The old man nodded and said it was true. The cop took his hands off the young fellow while the old man, tears in his eyes, related this story.

"Many years ago, when I was a young man I picked up a young girl on the street. She was dressed very shabbily and told me she was down on her luck and had not eaten in several days. I took her to my apartment, and though I hadn't much myself, fed her a large meal of chicken, roast beef, potatoes, canned string beans and salad. For desert she ate half a chocolate cake and a pint of ice cream. After this feast she sat back looking very happy and full. The color had returned to her cheeks, and she looked quite attractive. She smiled and asked me, "Now is there something else I can nibble on?" Angered by this seeming ingratitude, I kicked her out of my apartment. But as she was leaving, she turned and, staring me in the eyes, said, "Someday you're going to think about what I said. And when you figure it out, you'll ask the first man you see to kick you." Well, officer, just this evening I realized what she meant." The cop turned to the young guy and said, "Kick him again, buddy!"

DEADLY INTERVIEW

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full-blown hard.

"Crazy . . . crazy . . . but I want it!"

She began breathing erratically, as if some inner defense mechanism had abruptly come apart, piece by piece.

There was no resistance when I laid her back on the divan, penetrating quickly and deeply into the soft, thick acreage of coal-black hair between her waiting legs. As I pumped her in measured cadences, she built to a tremendous climax, moaning and clawing as if the route there was a mixture of pain and pleasure. When it came, it blew her away in a series of frenzied cries and gasps, her nails burrowing into the flesh of my shoulder blades. My own surge erupted with the force of a howitzer, hurried and urged by her reckless thrusts against my loins. When it was over, we stayed coupled for a long time, too spent to disengage.

We didn't need the fire for the rest of the night, just the booze. When morning came, we were lying together in one of the beds with the sun coming through the blinds and there was a clean, blue sky overhead.

I got a road map and found a detour into the city. On the way, she said very little, being more interested in listening to the car radio. I was listening too, for a news bulletin that didn't break. The thought struck that she might be waiting for the same thing.

Home for Stella Fuller was in a very exclusive part of the city. The house was a massive pile of Tudor architecture, half lost in a forest of tall trees and thick shrubbery. When she got out of the car, I told her I wanted to see her again, bosses daughter notwithstanding.

"I'll call you," she said.



ENGLEMANO

"Ahh — a perfect upstairs and a perfect downstairs maid."

"I got a life-size picture of that."

"I really will, Tom," she promised. Then she waved and went into the house.

On the drive into town, a special news bulletin came over the radio that they had found Cecil Harroway's body. The coroner decided that he had been killed sometime between two and four the previous afternoon. If he was right, then I had missed it by less than an hour.

Estlow wanted to know where the hell I had been. I told him about the storm washing out the bridge and that I had holed up in a cabin up on the mountain. He bought it, mostly because the area weather-shiffers had been going ape about the two inches of rain and the flash flooding.

The papers played the Harroway murder to the hilt, especially the *Morning Times*. That is, until the police found a

batch of love letter in Harroway's effects written by Stella Fullerton on her very own personal initialed stationery. Fortunately, however, they found a few more batches, neatly arranged in alphabetical order from other Harroway admirers. All were on the society register and the police had more suspects than they could handle. The Harroway murder promised to keep half of the lawyers in town in groceries for the next two years.

I didn't quite know what to do next. I thought about calling Stella to offer my services, but it was a sticky wicket any way you looked at it. I was still agonizing over it when Roy Estlow called me in his office one day, a puzzled look on his face.

"I just got a flash from the Ivory Tower. Ben Fuller wants to see you pronto. What the hell is it all about?"

"It's new to me. I've never even met the man."

At 11 o'clock I was ushered into Fuller's private office on the top floor, complete with oak paneling, indirect lighting, deep pile carpeting and grotesque paintings on the wall. And also Matt Donovan, Chief of Homicide and Stella Fuller.

Ben Fuller was in his middle sixties, gray and urbane in a \$500 suit, but looking as if he hadn't had a good shit in a long time. He shook hands perfunctorily and said:

"Let's get right down to it, Mr. Hill." I noticed he used the word "mister", so I figured he needed something from me. He certainly did.

"My daughter Stella is a suspect in the Harroway murder because of some letters she wrote to him," Fuller began.

Donovan nodded. "What we need is an accounting of her time from two that afternoon until the next morning. She says she was with you all the time."

In the ensuing silence all I could hear was Ben Fuller and his daughter holding their breaths. Talk about the moment of truth! I hesitated, looking aside at where she sat, edgy and red-eyed. All I could think of was that Harroway had been killed two hours *before* I ever laid eyes on her.

I nodded. "That's right. Cabin No. 16 in those summer"

Donovan interrupted. "Yeah, we know where they are. We'll check it out."

"You'll see a lot of what we left there," I said. "Like an empty bottle of Jack Daniels and two cans of spaghetti."

Donovan shook hands all around, and hinted that the Fullers had nothing much to worry about after all. When he was gone, Ben Fuller stuck out his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Hill. You have been very kind."

Just as I closed the door behind me, Ben Fuller said only three words to his daughter, none too civilly:

"How could you!"

Stella called me the next day and we have become quite a happening in the local society columns. She has been screwing me blind and wants to get married. I can't quite make up my mind. See, nobody ever went to trial for the murder of Cecil Harroway. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

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they are white-haired grandmas. During one performance a 68-year-old woman climbed on stage and helped him unbutton. And when he got down to his rhinestone G-string, a 73-year-old dame hollered, "Stop teasing!"

Now that he's the darling of Senior Senoritas, Patrick Bagwell says sadly, "The only old lady who didn't approve of my act was my mother."

National Pastime Ain't Baseball

What is your favorite way of spending spare time? Forty-five percent of the men voted for fucking-fay; their Number One choice. But only 26 per cent of the women balloted that way, which may be one reason massage parlors get so much business from husbands. And 25 per cent of the wives said their pet recreation was *sewing*, the old sew and sews!

This news comes from a survey — what else? — conducted by *Psychology Today*. Persons interviewed were given a choice among 96 recreational possibilities. And 37 per cent of the ladies turned down such delights as going to church, watching TV, visiting neighbors, hemstitching and screwing — in favor of *reading*!

We who publish print would

be delighted with this result if we could believe it. But is there really a femme with soul so dead that she'd rather curl up with a good book than a good bookie?

All the News That's Unfit to Print

Tallulah Bankhead was a vivacious actress of marvelous talent and eye-catching sex appeal. She was brash with a witty tongue and never did anything to knock down the bawdy stories about her that made the rounds.

Her name popped into print again recently when the bouncy New York Times killed a column by John Leonard on sex and love mainly because he had quoted Talloo as saying, "I don't know what I am, dahling. I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic. And the others either give me a stiff neck or lockjaw."

One of our investigative readers wants to know, "What position gives a girl a stiff neck?" Why don't you experts write in?

Meanwhile, here is a favorite Bankhead story. An admirer who wanted to get his dong into her bush had been pestering her for a long time. Finally, tired of resisting, she gave him the key to her apartment. "Be there at 6 o'clock, dahling," she said. "And if I'm not there, go ahead without me."

Glue Your Lips to Hers And Get Stuck

Among our younger subscribers, the term for kissing is now "suckface." Apt, but will the poets go for it? One thinks of "Just a Suckface in the Dark," "Suckfaces Sweeter than Wine," "Suckface Me Again" and "Ooo That Suckface!"

But by altering just one consonant it could be made popular with felatio fans.

**UNCUT ADULT FEATURES
ON COLOR VIDEO CASSETTES**



"Misty Beethoven"



**Naked Came
The Stranger**

DEEP THROAT

KINKY LADIES

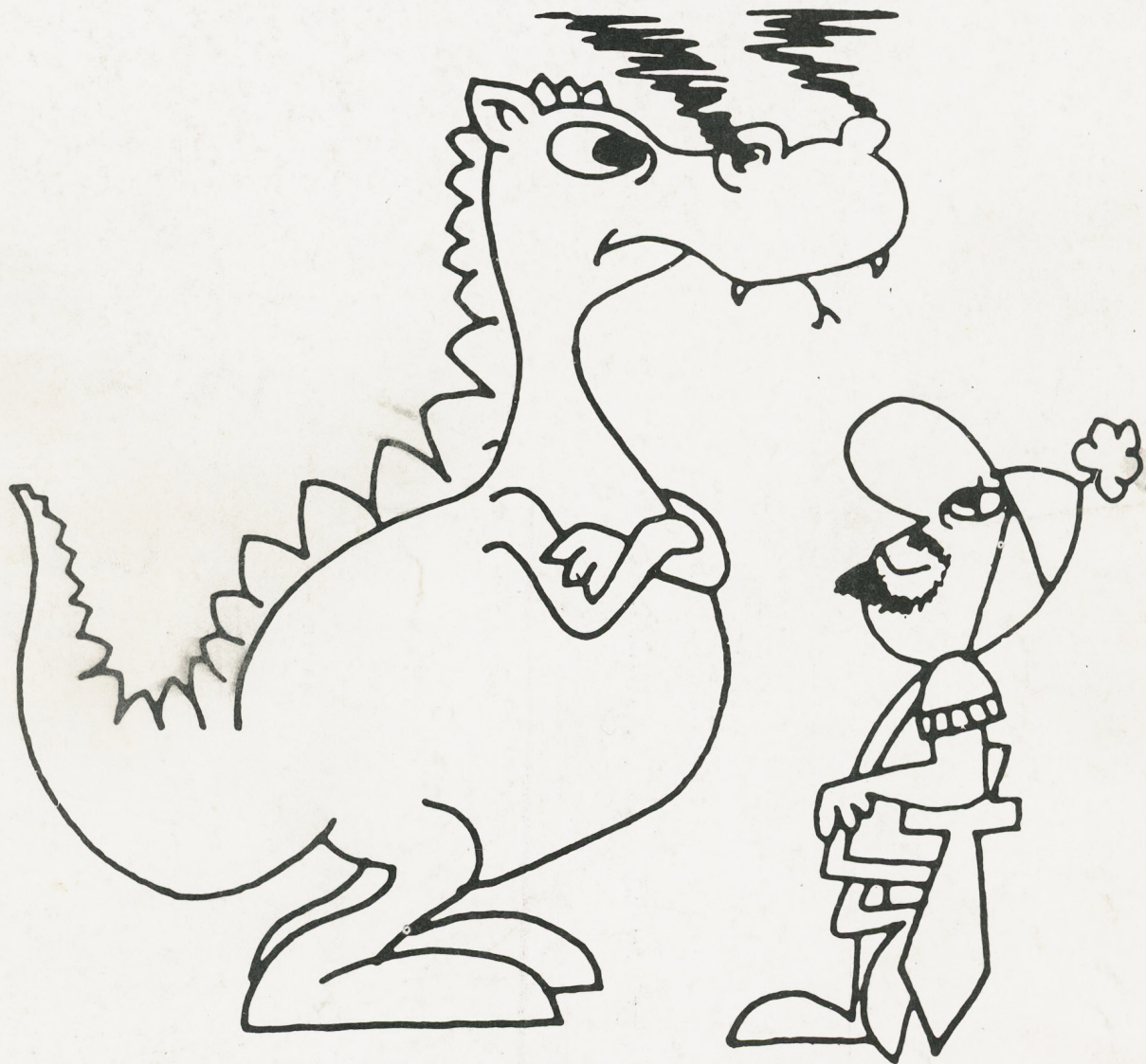
OF BOURBON STREET

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

[illegible]

1.50

Perform a death-defying act.



Stop smoking.

Give Heart Fund
American Heart Association

