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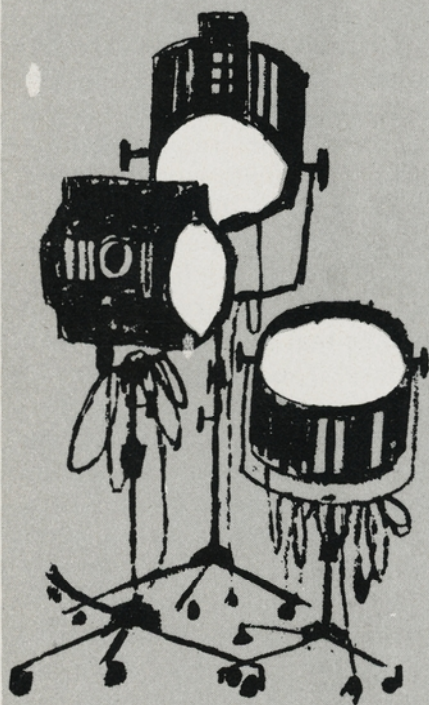
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PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Art Pepper: *Today* (Galaxy/Fantasy) is the best of Pepper's recorded efforts since he made his "comeback" a few years ago. The current set includes both originals and standards, and gives the alto saxist plenty of

room to display his lyricism, wealth of ideas, and formidable chops. While most of the bop altoists contented themselves with copping Bird-licks, Pepper forged his own style. On this waxing, Pepper has the benefit of a crack rhythm section consisting of pianist Stanley Cowell, bassist Cecil McBee, and drummer Roy Haynes. "These Foolish Things" and "Mambo Koyamo," a Pepper original in a Latin groove, are standouts.

Jennifer Warnes: *Shot Through The Heart* (Arista) proves once again that Miss Warnes is the most distinctive of the current rock-pop femme chirpers. She also reveals herself to be an excellent songwriter with three memorable originals. Andrew Gold, who has contributed to a number of Linda Ronstadt's recordings, is on hand with tasty guitar and piano. The title tune, Jesse Winchester's "You Remember Me" and the David-Bachrach oldie "Don't Make Me Over" are favorites here. She chooses her material carefully and uses her gorgeous voice with thought and taste, avoiding the blandness exhibited by most of her contemporaries.

Dizzy Gillespie: *The Sonny Rollins/Sonny Stitt Sessions* (Verve/Polydor) reissues two memorable sessions from 1957. There's plenty of no-holds-barred bebop blowing here from all parties. A crack rhythm section consisting of pianist Ray Bryant, bassist Tom Bryant, and drummer Charlie Persip is in attendance on both dates. "Haute Mon," with its intricate rhythms, is particularly impressive, with soaring solos by Diz and Stitt. Ray Bryant has always been a fine blues man, and can be heard to good advantage on "After Hours."

Mick Goodrick: *In Passing* (ECM/Warner Bros.) shows

Goodrick to be one of the most inventive, tasteful, and sensitive guitarists on the contemporary jazz scene. Goodrick is known for his work with Gary Burton, and the music here is in much the same groove established by the Burton groups. He's a modern player, yet he avoids the frenetic noodling displayed by many of his contemporaries. His harmonies and chordal conceptions frequently bring to mind the work of Ed Bickert. Goodrick is joined by saxist John Surman, bassist Eddie Gomez, and drummer Jack DeJohnette. The quartet works together well, providing some relaxed and engrossing music.

Bob Black: *Ladies on The Steamboat* (Ridge Runner) is the five-string banjo picker's first solo waxing. Black is a solid and inventive player, as anyone who has heard him with Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Boys or Buck White's Down Home Folks can attest. Here, Black concentrates on fiddle tunes he's arranged for the banjo. He always articulates the melody well, and never resorts to flashy runs for their own sake. Kenny Baker, Buck White and Norman Blake are among the contributing bluegrass notables. From Ridge Runner Records, 7121 W Vikery, Fort Worth TX 76116.

Gloria Belle: *A Good Hearted Woman* (Southern Belle) is solid traditional bluegrass from one of the few female vocalists in bluegrass. Miss Belle possesses a powerful, bluesy country voice in the Molly O'Day tradition. Her singing certainly packs a lot more wallop than the country-rock girl singers heard on the airwaves these days. Gloria's ex-boss Jimmy Martin and his Sunny Mountain Boys provide backup on some of the tunes here. Dobro king Mike Auldridge, banjo picker Chris Warner and bass man Tom Gray are also among the participating musicians.

"Just Over The Stars," "When Will I Be Loved" and the title tune are standouts. From Eddie Crook Company, PO Box 213, Hendersonville TN 37075.

Lenny Breau: Five O'Clock Bells (Adelphi) is a stunning album of solo guitar. Breau's earlier albums are out-of-print, making this recording particularly welcome. The guitarist's roots are in country music, but these days Breau plays jazz almost exclusively. He plays finger-style on both electric and classic guitars, weaving lush harmonies that mark the music as his own. Breau utilizes artificial harmonics and flamenco technique in unlikely places, adding a personal touch. "Days of Wine and Roses" and McCoy Tyber's "Visions" receive especially brilliant treatments from Breau on this disc.

Steel guitar buffs will dig *Lloyd Green: Ten Shades of Green* (Midland). Green is probably the most sought-after studio steel man in Nashville. He always seems to play the right thing in the right place, and he's appeared on countless hit records. His artistry is showcased to good advantage on this album, on which he's assisted by a number of top Nashville studio players. Green is not a hot player ala Emmons or Chalker; he's a smooth country player with a wealth of ideas. From Midland Records, 9535 Midland, St Louis MO 63114.

Grandpa Jones Family Album (CMH) is a sterling two-disc old-timey set from Grandpa and his clan. Grandpa's love and respect for traditional country music has been passed on to his children, who contribute to the album both vocally and instrumentally. Marsha Jones turns in several tunes on the Autoharp; Mark is

heard on banjo, dobro, and guitar, and Alisa offers a lovely voice and melodies on the hammered dulcimer. Grandpa is in fine form himself with lively singing and old-timey banjo. Ramona, Grandpa's wife, is a solid fiddler and mandolinist. Norm Cohen's informative liner notes are an added bonus. It will be a long time before we see another old-timey package as satisfying as this one.

Fans of fifties-style instrumental R'n'B will dig two recent reissues on the Starday-Gusto label. *Bill Doggett and His Combo: 16 Bandstand Favorites* is a classic disc from the organ combo, showing off the groups style with ballads, blues, and jump tunes. Doggett's swinging organ and the succinct, bluesy guitar stylings of Billy Butler are featured throughout. *Earl Bostic Plays 16 Sweet Tunes* offers stomping, no-holds-barred alto sax. Don't be fooled by the "sweet tunes" label. Bostic can be mellow when he wants, but "Stranger in Paradise" and "Love is A Many Splendored Thing" are riveting performances taken at bouncy tempos. The saxist's big sound, incredible chops, and inspired way with a melody are a joy to hear.

Buddy Emmons and Lenny Breau: Minors Aloud (Flying Fish) is a session of straight-ahead blowing from the steel guitarist and guitarist. Both Emmons and Breau have their roots in country music, but the music here is strictly in the jazz groove. Emmons has probably been more successful than any of his peers in adapting the steel to jazz. His soaring improvisations, together with Breau's unique finger-style comping and solos, make for rewarding listening. Pianist Randy Goodrum,

bassist Charles Dungey, and Drummer Kenny Malone perform the rhythm section chores.

Cal Tjader: Here (Galaxy) is a steaming set from the jazz vibes man. Recorded live in San Francisco in 1977, Tjader is heard with a cookin' little band that shines on Latin and Afro-Cuban rhythms. Clare Fischer's electric piano and Bob Redfield's guitar work are particularly noteworthy. Tjader has been on the scene for a long time, but he's never really received the recognition he deserves. He can be swinging, funky, or lyrical, as the occasion demands. "Tu Crees Que" and "Morning" are our favorites here.

BOOKS

What do Oscar Wilde, the late Roman Empire, Mick Jagger, and the disco life-style have in common? They're all decadent, or so the public would believe. In *Decadence: The Strange Life of An Epithet* (Farrar, Straud, and Giroux) Richard Gilman tells us that the term has been so abused that it has become meaningless. The author examines a number of "decadent" artists and cultural phenomena, and finds the label to be misleading and inappropriate. This mini-lesson in cultural history is insightful and to the point.

Silky! (Harper & Row) is a compelling detective novel by Leo Rosten, whose previous works include *H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* and *The Joys of Yiddish*. Rosten's detective is a hard-boiled dick with a repertoire of one-liners worthy of a veteran borscht belt comedian. A dazzling plot and a cast of motley characters make for suspenseful reading and plenty of laughs as well.

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GEM

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

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

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FORECASTING

Oh, those Weather gals! You know, those fair-in-height, weight and figure broads-casters who practically obliterate the National Weather Map on your T.V. screen with their frontal systems. No doubt they've forecasted heavy accumulations of inaccurate meteorological predictions. But when it comes to YOU forecasting a weather gal's sexuality, this guide should get you flooded with dates offering ninety percent of likely warm days and hotter nights with never a cooling trend...

Even if a weather gal isn't snowbound, an opening line is still essential. Like maybe ask her up to your apartment to see your weather cock. Vane-minded girls may reply that they can weather your cock or anybody elses.

Seek out the gal with the exceptionally warm front — predicting that you're the relief in sight.

Even though the weather girl may be pointing out her Central Plains conditions, you should be concentrating on the conditions over her Rockies. This is sometimes called weather-stripping her with your eyes.

Of course, you'll want to date that weather gal who claims that her day's high is 69. She'll blow from the south with steadily rising force and you won't need a Beaufort's Scale to measure the balmy effects her winds will have on you.

Some weather gals you shouldn't even try to date. They have mean temper-atures. And you may want to avoid the bondage freaks, those who insist on 20 to 30 knots.

Naturally, all weather gals aren't fair. A couple of them in the rural farm states have terrible planting conditions. And you might not be attracted to those girls who check for their shadows — on Ground Hogs Day. They belong to that "folksy" school of weathercasters. You

know, those old-fashioned girls who carry crickets in their boxes.

There are ways to get around the weather gal who claims you have only a thirty percent chance. Present her with a novelty gift, a fifth of whiskey in a barometer decanter. As the barometer drops your chances should greatly increase.

Weather gals who take indoor thermometers to an X-rated movie house may be out to prove that temperatures aren't the only thing that rise during porno-flicks.

And about that swinging weather gal who expects 8 to 10 inches, if her name is Gale, heed her warnings. She may, in front of millions of viewers, mention your name during a Small Craft Advisory.

Just because a weather gal isn't a sailor's delight doesn't mean she can't tide you over. Ask her if she's interested in a project concerning the natural rises and falls.

If you can get your hand within radar range of a weather gal's wettest spot, you may discover that it's also her most tropical.

And above all, avoid the weather gal who has one lover in the winter, another in the spring and still another in the summer. The only place open for you, then, is the fall guy!

WEATHER GIRLS

by Brent Centers





A true account of the writer's only involvement in a hard-core porno film that wound up with an explosive climax. Only the names of the principals have been changed to protect the not-so-innocent.

THE SKINNED FLICK

by Will Menard

"You interested in writing a script for a porno film?"

That was the first phone-call of the morning. Pete, a fiftyish producer-director-cameraman, always financially on his ass, who'd roll a camera on anything if it'd produce the cash for rent, food, booze, and keep his Hawaiian girl-friend in disposable douches and The Pill. Once, ten years past, we had teamed up on a shark documentary off Mazatlan. In appearance an Ernie Borgnine-type.

"Not," I replied, "the crud they run in those hole-in-the-wall crappers!"

He flared. "Now what are you talking to me like that for? I mean quality porno, like 'Emmanuelle,' 'The Opening of Misty Beethoven,' 'Story of Joanna,' 'Liza,' 'Vanessa,' 'Love in Tokyo,' classical porno like that."

"Well," I said, "if the money is good, and, more important, and, in hand. Percentages, too."

"I already have some dough for a starter. We'll be working with high-class twat, Will-baby! And you'll be participating all the way."

Twenty minutes later he picked me up at Hollywood and Vine. "Off the top of my head, Will, I was kicking around the idea of doing a

science-fantasy porno in the trend of Star Wars and Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Any ideas off the cuff?"

I have the habit of freaking-out in a story conference. "A flying saucer landing here with gorgeous outer-space studs and nymphos to screw earth-people to death."

Pete frowned his evaluation. "Now, why would they want to do that to us?"

Still straight-faced. "If there are any space-people, they must be pissed-off at us for polluting their atmosphere with all the satellite hardware we've been tossing onto the moon and around Mars and Venus. And then there are our aerosol sprays contaminations, loaded with fluoro-carbon gases, freon, industrial sulphur dioxide, endangering their protective ozone-shield, as well as ours, that absorbs the harmful ultra-violet rays coming from the sun. Hell, Pete, can't you imagine the acid-rain we must be causing on other habitable planets way out there in space, ruining their vegetables, killing off their sea-life and domestic animals."

"Oh, hell, yes, Will-baby!" he shouted, slapping the steering wheel. "I'm reading you loud and clear! If I was in outer-space, I'd get sore as hell myself!"

Wasn't it in a James Bond movie, or was it a Dean Martin film, where Ursula Andress

(continued on page 17)





LINDSEY

If big-boobed blondes are your cup of tea, then you'll go for this British sweetie in a big way. Lovely Lindsey sports a pair of Big Up Front Melons that will have you drooling down the front of your Pierre Cardin dress shirt. She's a fun-loving chick who enjoys a good time, but she's also an avid reader of fiction and philosophy. "I'm not one of your





dumb blondes," she proclaims. "I like to get out there and shake it, but I also know exactly what's coming off in the world. I get your American magazines 'Time' and 'Newsweek' every week."

Lindsey is a fashion-conscious gal, and recently she's been getting into the popular Western look. While visiting the U.S.







recently, she passed through Tulsa, Oklahoma and picked up some new duds at Johnny Lee Wills' Western Clothing store.

"I'm so proud of my new Stetson," she beamed. "I think that the cowboy look is going to be the next big thing over here."







An acid reader, Lindsey always seems to have her nose buried in a book. "My favorite American author is Thomas Wolfe. I especially liked "You Can't Go Home Again". Faulker and Hemingway are very good, too."
The guys in Merrye Olde England must be a

little bit merrier with blue-eyed Lindsey around to look at. When we told her we'd be visiting London soon, she offered to show us the sights. Confidentially, the only sights in London we haven't already seen enough of are Lindsey's twin BUF beauties. □

THE SKINNED FLICK

continued from page 9

fired bullets from the nipples of both tits?"

Pete was delighted. "Can't you see a space-stud aiming his ginormous dong to launch a laser-beam, or an outer-planet chick firing deadly ovarian projectiles from her pussy, to paralyze earth-people for all kinds of kinky outer-space screwing and buggery, huh?"

We were now rolling westward on The Strip beyond Beverly Hills. Braking at a stop-light, he impulsively handed me five one-hundred dollar bills. "For good faith. And there's more where this comes from." He winked salaciously. "There'll be *fringe* benefits, you know, that pubic-fuzz fringe. These porno actresses can be very obliging."

"Attractive porno actresses, since Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers and Catherine Earnshaw established prices, are expensive now. Are you going to be able to afford them?" I asked.

"I've posted some notices around the swingers' clubs. We're going to one now, owned by one of my investors. I'll even consider talented amateurs if I have to, just so they're fresh and pretty. No broken-down boobs or Joy-boxes like run-over old boots for my production."

I also reminded him, "Special-effects camera work that'll be needed for a space film is rather costly."

"Way ahead of you," Pete interrupted. "I know a semi-retired Swede cameraman living up in one of the canyons here who will jump at the chance to work on deferred salary. He's a horny old bastard who'll blow his mind for a chance to larrup some choice pussy."

He swung into a parking lot flanking a health spa club, a rambling single-story structure with a well-manicured lawn that had the appearance of economic stability."

"My investor-friend Clarence is making a fortune here. Wednesday, Saturdays and Sundays for the swingers. Mondays for the gays,

and Fridays S&M show-time nights."

The foxy blonde receptionist passed us through to a huge gymnasium with its muscle-building equipment. "We can film the big interiors here," Pete commented.

A short pudgy man, about forty, in white duck pants and sweat shirt, came out of a slide door and approached us, grinning. He startlingly resembled the President's brother Billy. He was introduced as Pat.

He told Pete: "Clarence's waitin' foh you-all in the back office." He pumped my hand hard. "Deelight-ed, dee-lighted, indeed! Might help you with the script once you get an idea of the facilities heah." He led me toward two swinging doors leading into another area.

There was a bulletin-board just inside the hallway on the wall, and, in passing, I paused briefly to scan a notice under *Personals*: "Carl S, I'm truly sorry. I luv you. I need u. Please call me at home. Bruce C."

"Yeah, Monday nights they take ovah heah. Last week they did terrible things to a dummy made up to look like Anita Bryant. Ah personally think they-all are gettin' outa hand, you know goin' political, paradin', gettin' into religion. Ah think they-all shoulda kept a low profile."

We passed through two more swinging doors and were in another hallway lined on the left by a series of uniformly spaced doors. He led me into one of the cubicles, sound-proofed, with a speaker on the ceiling, a puny-type bed and wall hooks for clothes.

"Foh the SandM geeks, with their whips, dog-harnesses, brass-studded gloves, belts, ropes, handcuffs, wooden paddles, dildoes, you-all know the kinda shee-yut they use to do cruel sexy things to each other." He was peering down through a two-way mirror into a space below, a sunken chamber lined with mirrors and trimmed in red and black vinyl and with torture-dungeon props. He manipulated a rheostat on the wall." Ronnie, the gay director of our shows, is rehearsing a couple of

chicks for tonight's performance.

The petulant voice of an out-of-patience fag filled our cubicle: "Oh, my aching ass, Hiliary, shove at least two thirds of that rubber cock up her cunt! She's well lubricated with KY-jelly. Anyway, I'll bet she's taken bigger *real* dongs than that! And scold her! You're supposed to be punishing her!"

A frail man who looked like Woody Allen was seated cross-legged on an ancient Inquisition rack. A stunning blonde, almost a double for Joey Heatherton, suspended by leather cuffs to chains from an overhead rafter, was being tormented by a Jane Fonda look-alike.

Ronnie screamed: "Come on, Hiliary, lemme hear you revile her."

The rubber penis was now deep into the moist slit, and the prodder began her abuse: "Oh, you stupid bitch, I warned you what'd happen if I caught you screwing a man! Prefer whangs, do you? Well, you're gonna get plenty now!" The trussed beauty began whimpering, pleading for forgiveness, squirming, at the same time pumping hard on the dildo.

Pat turned off the rheostat, led the way out into the hallway. "Mebbe ah'm old-fashioned, but I jest don' dig that kinda sadistic shee-yut." He gestured ahead, "I wantcha to see the Orgy Center."

It was a dormitory-style, windowless room, with vinyl-covered exercise-mats at regular spaced interval along each side-wall, a turkish towel draped over a wooden bar at the head of every pad. Pat remarked: "Natch, we have private rooms for those who don' dig the mass-screwing." He gave more details of the Swingers Club operations: "We have 'about two hun'ed couples on the books, at twenty bucks admission. No single chicks or studs allowed in the Orgy Room. Seventy percent of the members are married or goin' steady, ordinary folk livin' out in the valley, some down in the beach cities."

Pat steered me to a bar in the main gym, poured us both a beer.

(continued on page 68)

The Love Box

Twin Action

My identical twin brother and I have a great thing going for us. We take turns going into strange bars and picking up a willing girl whom we take home and, without her knowing it, take turns screwing her. By the time the girl leaves in the morning, she thinks I (really us) are Superman.

Burton McIntyre
Spokane, Wash.

We don't want to upset you, Burt, but we have an 18-year old office boy who's been dating, simultaneously, a set of 23-year old twins and by the time he leaves them in the morning they KNOW he's Superman.

Hypnotism For The Layman

At a party my wife and I attended recently, one of the guests, a good looking young guy, proceeded to hypnotize everyone. It was a barrel of fun — that is until we came home and I noticed that when my wife undressed, her panties were missing. She admitted that the guy had laid her while she was hypnotized. By the time she realized what had happened, it

was too late. I lost my cool and threatened to kill him. But when I drove over to his house, he refused to open the door. Instead he tossed down a book with a paper clip on one of the pages. One sentence was underlined which said that no one under the influence of hypnotism would ever do anything they didn't want to do. Is this true?

Walter Carlin
Westport, Conn.

If it isn't, it's certainly a great excuse.



About A Bout

I'm a light-heavyweight fighter whom some of you may have seen on TV in an emergency bout after Shavers kayoed Norton in one round on National TV. Anyway I read in either Gem or BUF (I subscribe to both) that it was a myth that sex before a fight weakened a boxer. Against my manager's orders, I sneaked a piece the night before my last fight against Irish Eddie Murphy and thanks to your article, got the shit kicked out of me.

Bobby Wright
Toledo, Ohio

Don't blame the article. We looked up your record and, sex or no sex, you would have had the shit kicked out of you. This way at least you got one good bang in.

To Pay Or Not To Pay

I'm an unemployed actor in hiding from the police as my ex-wife, who makes 40Gs a year as an advertising executive, is determined to put me in jail for not paying child support. She just wants to even the score for my walking out on her. How

about an article telling women that if they want men to back their Equal Rights Amendment they should show men that they believe in ERA for the men, too — such as paying child support when they are in a better position to do so.

Hal Phillips

Nantucket, Rhode Island

Our staff, as usual, was scanning the Racing Form and sport pages when we suggested your article. Unfortunately the only ERS they're familiar with is the Earned Run Average — and the only score they're interested in is with a member of the opposite sex.

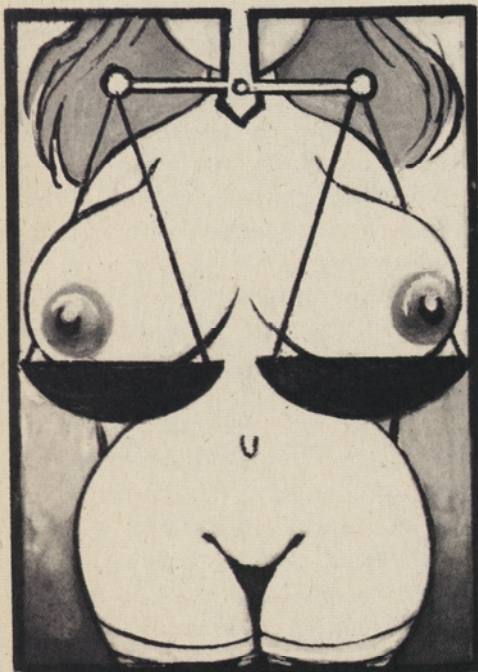
A Mouthful

Bust sizes are always given in inches. Are they ever given in pounds? The guy who works next to me in the shop insists that his newest girlfriend has a pair of tits that weighs six pounds. Is that possible?

Fred Hornsby

New Orleans, La.

Anything's possible. Just warn you friend, though, that if he ever gets his mouth around one of those boobs and she makes a sudden wrong move, he's going to lose his front teeth.



A Woodland Nymph

I've been living in a cabin in the woods with my older brother who recently brought home a bride, a knockout whom he had met at a nudist camp. Every morning after he drives off to work, she walks around stark naked driving me crazy as her big tits flap about and her legs are always spread wide apart when she sits — all the time



having, perfectly innocent conversations with me. She never gets dressed till shortly before my brother is due home. Do you think she's trying to tell me something, walking around in the buff, or is it that being a nudist it really doesn't mean anything to her?

Name Withheld on request

Same for the address

If you're afraid to ask her, ask your brother.

She Was Pricked

I am a lesbian. Last week I went to one of the gay bars for women in Greenwich Village where I live and was lustily attracted to a beautiful, well-tailored blonde who I kept pouring drinks into. I could

sense that she was looking for someone more attractive than me, but I finally talked her into coming up to my place. I lost no time taking off my clothes and finally persuaded her to do so when I discovered that this was no she, but a transvestite — and a phony one at that! When I ordered "it" out of my house, he proceeded to kick the crap out of me and raped me. This letter is a warning to anymore of those phonies around. I now keep a knife in the drawer of my night table and if this ever happens again, I'll give the bastard a sex change right there and then.

Francie Holiday

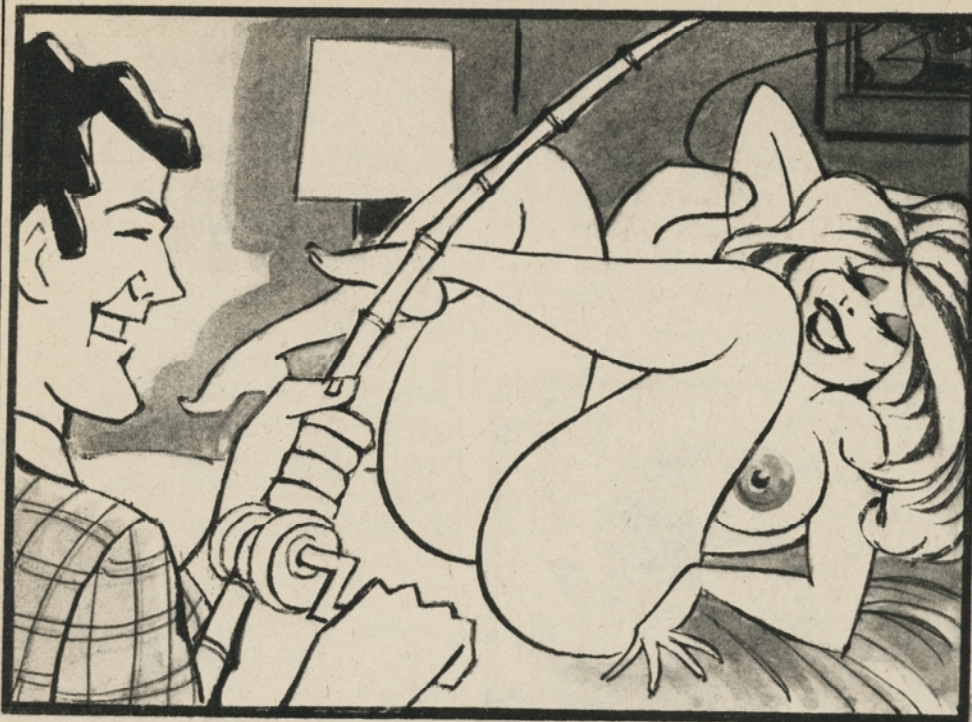
New York, N.Y.

If you really keep your word, Francie, you'll have balls.



A Fish Story

I'm new in town and don't know many people. One day I got an ear ache and visited the local doctor who turned out to be a guy in his late thirties with loads of stuffed fish hanging all over his walls. When he saw me looking at them, he asked if I



was interested in fishing and when I said yes he invited me to go fishing with him the following Sunday morning. I was to meet him at his house at 5 A.M. and so that I wouldn't wake his wife, he said he'd leave the front door open. I was to join him in the kitchen for a cup of coffee and then we'd be off to one of his favorite fishing spots. Come that Sunday, I arrived at the doc's house promptly, let myself in and made my way to the kitchen — but no doc. I knew he couldn't have overslept or the door wouldn't have been open. So I sat down and waited for him. But when fifteen minutes went by and there was no sign of him, I began to suspect something was wrong. Maybe he had opened the door and gone back upstairs and fallen asleep again. It's happened to more than one earlybird fisherman. Anyway I quietly climbed the steps to the first floor where I assumed the bedroom would be and opened the door quietly. No doc — but lying on the bed,

naked, was the most terrifically stacked redhead I had ever seen. Beautiful big, melon-shaped breasts with pink nipples just the way I like them and practically no waist, but big hips and flaming red pubic hairs that proved she was a natural redhead. The instant reaction in my pants told me I better get out of there before I was tempted to try something that would result in getting locked up. But as I turned to leave the room, my bulging erection hit the door and it slammed closed. The redhead jumped up, but made no attempt to cover herself. She took a good look at me and said, "You must be the new guy in town who was supposed to go fishing with my husband. Didn't you see the note he left you in the kitchen?"

I was unable to take my eyes off her but she didn't seem to mind. "No," I said, "I didn't see the note. That's why I went looking for him."

"Well, he had an emergency operation, so the trip had to be called off. But since you're here

and I'm up, I might as well get you a cup of coffee." She threw on a man's shirt but didn't bother to button it and her boobs kept bouncing out of the unopened front as I followed her down to the kitchen. "I might as well be a widow," she said, handing me a cup of coffee. "He's either treating patients at the hospital or out fishing. the shirt was now completely opened and she made no attempt to close it as she went on talking. "You're better looking and younger than any of the other men the doc goes fishing with. That bulge in your pants — is that a compliment to me or just that you haven't met any other women in town yet?"

"It's you," I said, truthfully. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met."

"In that case," she replied, "If I cause it, I should do something about it." Rubbing her hand gently over my crotch, she said, "My, it's feels like a big one, but seeing is believing." Then, she took my hand and led me back to the bedroom. She helped me off with the fisherman boots and before you knew it we were both in bed going at it. Two hours later she sent me home to make sure I wouldn't be there when the doctor came home. The next day the doc called me to apologize for not being able to keep our date, but promised to call me the next free Sunday he had so we could go fishing. After what happened I feel funny about meeting him. Do you think I should accept the fishing date if he calls me?

Tom Sharkey
Pine Hills, New Jersey

We'd say definitely yes — especially if there's any chance that he might be called out on a emergency operation again.

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Olden tyme porno stories would often feature priests and nuns and other religious folk. The filthy fictioneers were well aware that a lot of people get their jollies reading about holy people who are just as sinful as the rest of us.

As indicated, these were mostly "made up" tales and it's probably true that most clergymen and sisters are as devout as they seem to be.

Therefore, when you get a true story about a flaky reverend it can be a shocker, as in the case of a Methodist minister in Illinois who is accused of representing himself as a Playboy photographer and offering a cutie \$1,000 a shot if she would pose in the nude for him.

Katherine Newell, 21, was tending to business in her Katie's Florist Shop, when the phony photog came in and made his proposition. He said he'd be back later with a contract. Katie is no dummy. She checked with the magazine and learned they had no cameraman on their staff of that name and description. Katie told the cops, they staked out her shop and nabbed the guy when he came in with the fake contract.

Associated Press tells us his name is Patrick Quigg, he's a 25-year-old bachelor and his title is assistant pastor. At last report he was free on \$3000 bond after being charged with soliciting and forgery.

Of course, in this day and age merely trying to con a woman into posing nekkid for a

snapshot surely can't be a heinous crime. But when a preacher does it, Tsk! Tsk!

Be alerted: Not everyone is pleased with reports of clergymen gone astray. I once presented this Golden Oldie riddle to a charming young Catholic girl:

What fun does a priest have?
Nun.

She would not speak to me again for three weeks.

Wolfe is a Real Wolf And He Made Guinness

Glynn Wolfe is 70 years old and he just recently married a 20-year-old beauty. (That should happen to you and me!) What makes the item special is that this was the 23rd marriage for this hectic hubby, entitling him to a listing in the Guinness Book of Records. Good health, Champ! Most of us can hardly stand *one* wife.

No Nudes is Good News If They Ain't Pretty

The outstanding statesman of our time must be Luigi Barzini, former membe of Milan's parliament, who has proposed a law requiring that persons who go about naked should have a legal permit.

We all hate government rules and regulations over our natural rights, but Luigi has a point. "Ten years ago the nudists

seemed like Greek gods and goddesses," says he, "but today with women who have gone all to pieces and paunchy, ill-formed men you get the feeling you're at a huge, open-air medical inspection."

He would ban such uglies and issue permits only to those whose bodies would beautify the landscape.

Bravo, Luigi!

"I Don't Want No Gay Looking at the Family Jewles!"

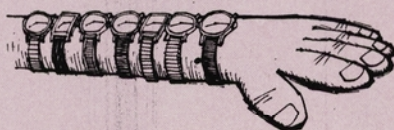
Homosexuals have been getting the dirty end of the stick for a long time. They have been looked down upon as swishes, fairies, fruits, dykes and perverts. Only recently have some braver members of their clan come out hollering for equal rights.

Well and good, maybe. But as in all cases of a minority uprising some members of the majority feel threatened. Such as Sgt. Ronald Hansen, a husky member of the San Francisco Police Department.

Frisco has been recruiting Gay Fuzz. Ronald doesn't object to that but he doesn't want to undress in front of queers.

He said, "I don't know how you feel, but I don't feel I should have to dress or undress with a homosexual officer standing next to me at his locker, possibly looking at my body. I grant it may not be the best looking one, but it's mine. And I feel I have the inherent right as to who looks at it as much as the

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DIONNE



Let's give a great big BUF welcome to the latest addition to our gallery of spectacularly stacked damsels. Dionne is a Big Up Front champion if we ever saw one, and we're pretty excited about having her in our mag. We think you'll agree that Dionne, with her long black

hair and super mammoth mammaries, cuts quite an impressive figure.

Needless to say, Dionne is a gal who gets plenty of passes from the fellows. But don't get fresh with this babe. A former martial arts instructor in the Army, this is one chick not to



be messed with. More than one wise guy has received a well-placed pop in the kisser from Dionne. "I can take care of myself, and I don't have to put up with some pool-room Casanova with itchy paws. Everyone, women especially, should be trained in basic self-defense techniques. I still give classes at the

YWCA, and the women always tell me how much better they feel once they've learned to fend off an attacker."

In addition to giving classes in the martial arts, Dionne is currently taking classes in modern dance and ballet. "I love popular and classical dance," she says. "They allow me to





express myself in different ways." Dionne is conversant with all the latest steps, including The Crab, The Hokey-Pokey and The Bunny Hop.

Dionne found her Army training to be a valuable experience. "It really helped me to find myself," she says. "I loved singing all

the Army songs, like 'Sound Off' and 'Gee Mom, I Want To Go Home'".

You can't blame us for sounding off about the latest Mammoth Mammariel Marvel to grace the hallowed corridors of the BUF Hall of Fame. D-cup Dionne has just what it takes to turn us on. □







All he wanted to do was go fishing. But a small-town, blouse-busting female sheriff was setting her own trap that night

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

by Agris Lapins

I was glad when midnight finally rolled around for that meant that my watch was over with and my three days of fishing could begin. I didn't even bother to change my uniform at the station house, I headed straight for home.

When I arrived at my apartment I stripped off my uniform, threw my service revolver in my desk drawer and got into my civies. Then I gathered up all my lures and fishing tackle and headed down to the underground garage where my T-Bird was parked. I threw the whole shebang into the trunk, got in the car and peeled out of the subteranean garage just like Batman and Robin would out of their cave.

I had a five hour trip ahead of me before I'd get to the lake where the guys would be waiting for me. I wanted to get there in time so I could cast off at dawn with them. After that, time wouldn't matter anymore, it would be like the saying goes, "let the good times roll."

Three hours out of the city my T-Bird was purring along the deserted highway like a contented Tom cat, when I approached this burg called Maiden's Hollow. It's sign indicated a population of 269 and a posted speed limit for 25 mph. What a crazy name for a town and I wondered where the hollow was or for that matter who the maid was.

I looked ahead and saw the road shoot straight through the town, which looked deserted like a grave yard. The two dozen or so buildings that lined the main drag were all dark. What the hell I thought, I'll barrel through there so fast they won't even know I passed by.

I thought I had made it through the burg when I glanced in my rear view mirror and spotted a red flashing light gaining on me.

(continued on page 60)



"Please! Rock me a little to break the suction."

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:

You might think Italian master filmmaker Fellini's "Orchestra" rehearsal is stuffy, dignified and intellectual. Far from it, it's almost as bizarre and erotic as his famous "Satyricon" or "Casanova." Most of the fun begins when orchestra members start discussing their instruments — musical, as well as sexual. When a cellist calls the violin female, seductive, a female violinist sharply disagrees, calls it virile and phallic. A contra-bassoonist laments his "ridiculous fart-horn." "Why are flutists so baty?" asks someone. "Because they blow and blow," comes the reply. "The violin is the heart of an orchestra and the clarinet is

its cock!" exclaims another orchestra member. A musician's "revolt" follows. Graffiti is scrawled on the walls: "Make Love Not Music" and "Screw Wagner." During the fiery finale a sexy pianist and a male colleague make out on the floor, right smack under the piano. No mean feat, considering that the pianist continues chewing a bagel all the while. No "porno music" has ever been better.

Said a Soho Weekly News reviewer about Universal's "Dracula": "Dracula (Frank Langel-la) and Lucy (Kate Nelligan) have an interminable solarized orgasm in which red hues and



For insatiable discomanics: costly disco nudes all covered with thousands of glittering mirrors. From Olympic Decor, N.Y.

STRIP Dice



Here's a novelty fun game for swingers: Strip Dice. Put out by H.A.P. Enterprises, it showed at N.Y. Coliseum Gift Show.



Shown is an intriguing scene from the sex sizzler, "Mystique," put out by Reeltime Distributing Corp. It's promotion copy reads: "Is it real or is it the ultimate fantasy? No matter — it's the most!"

sunbursts equal passion and climax." If you ask us, this "Dracula" sucks.

English actor Dirk Bogarde's fascinating autobiography, "Snakes and Adders" reveals that at one time the star "even had to sew up the flies of his trousers to protect himself from overexcited female fans."

"I wanted to be the first woman to burn my bra," amply-endowed Dolly Parton told an audience. "But the trouble is it would have taken firemen four days to put it out."

The film "Mystique" features the renowned Georgina Spelvin, in the role of a famous photographer, Alma, who retires to a country estate and soon becomes subject to a rich fantasy life involving her doctor and her various models. The real action begins as soon as Cosima (Samantha Fox) enters Alma's life and body. Cosima, a free spirit, brings her friends, both male and female, into the house and Alma soon finds out about sex, love, lust, violence, and destruction, sexual and physical. Exotic Cosima, by now completely in charge, orders and an endless

round of sexual activities in which she is the main participant. Alma suffers but in the end the old adage, "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" prevails, and she becomes a full member of the bizarre group.

If it weren't for such institutions as the Whitney Museum and Museum of Modern Art and their vast film departments, movie freaks would rarely get to see certain avant-garde and underground works of scatological content. MOMA, for instance, showed the 175 minute flick, "Lost Lost Lost" by vet-

eran avant-gardist Jonas Mekas. His cinematic diary features his "Rabbit Shit Haikus," in the course of which Mekas tells the tale of the "man who wanted to know what was at the end of the road — and when he finally came to it he found a pile of rabbit shit."

"Robins Nest" offers a hilarious cinematic first: a chick who asks her date of the evening to open a recalcitrant bottle of champagne by sticking it between her thighs. "Don't worry, she assures him, 'I've got the tightest pussy in town.'"

Just what we always needed — a profusely illustrated book on the world's oldest profession. "Prostitution — An Illustrated Social History." Published by Crown, provides 336 pages worth of travels around the world. There seems to be nothing that authors Vern and Bonnie Bullough have neglected as our guide through the brothels of Europe, Asia, Africa as well as America. In most exciting and explicit pictures they prove to us that multiple partners were not unusual in ancient Greece, three males sharing the wealth of a well-endowed prostie. Fortunately this type of action has been preserved for our voyeuristic generation on ancient bowls and vases. The book pays special attention to such things as "The Pox and Brothels for Kings & Commoners," calling royal mistresses the hookers they really were. Illustrations of prehistoric sex scenes will really amaze you, but contemporary "massage parlors" and "sex emporia" are not neglected.

At a Friar's Club banquet in the Grand Ballroom of the N.Y. Hilton, while such luminaries as ex-mayors John Lindsay and Abe Beame listened with rapt attention, Milton Berle, toast-

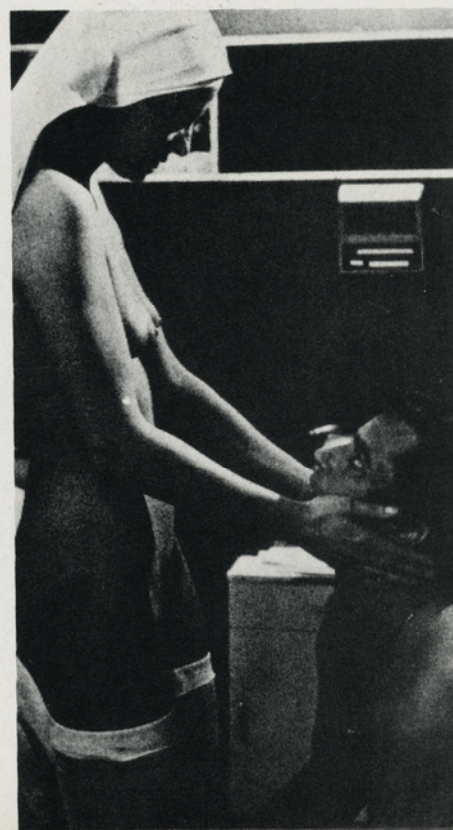
master, laced into the senior citizen aspect on the dias: "What a group! They all look like they screwed Queen Victoria." Berle continued: "We needed this affair like Zsa Zsa needed a twat-widener."

"Playbill, always in the forefront of "cleaning up the Broadway theatre district," informed its readers that it was none other than the celebrated critic George Jean Nathan, reviewing "The Rose Tattoo," who called playwright Tennessee Williams "a genitalman of letters."

In a monologue about Georgia and the Carter clan, comic Joey Adams said: "Plains is so small, the local hooker is still a virgin."



Above is that delectable dish, Laura Antonelli, starring in "Till Marriage Do Us Part." Below, a scene from "Violation" in which a novice nursing nun is seduced by a surgeon.







USCHI

Here's an extra special treat for all you loyal devotees of Bufdom. We're priviledged to offer an exclusive shooting of the great, spectacular Uschi Digard. This is the first

time in four years that this magnificent female specimen has posed for a magazine pinup set.

As many of you probably know, Uschi has been mighty busy with film appearances

Gem of the Month









(she's appeared in several of Russ Meyer's classics) and other activities. And here's something that most of you probably don't know — this brainy gal speaks thirteen (count 'em) languages, and is kept busy translating foreign films.

"I could dig getting into more serious acting" Uschi says. "I'd like to do a one-





woman, Off-Broadway show performing a dramatic interpretation of the works of Herbert Lafalatin whose greatness hasn't been discovered yet. But his writing is very

vivid, and poetic. I just need to round it out a bit."

What sure doesn't need any rounding out are Uschi's famous mind-boggling curves, of



which we never could get enough. The big-time Hollywood moguls have been keeping an eye on Uschi, too. "I've been offered a lot of roles lately, but I'm waiting for the right part to come along."

Be patient, Uschi, your dream role will soon materialize. Right now we're feverishly working on a film play about the girlie magazine business, in which the greatest pin-up queen of the era (that's you, Uschi) has a

(continued on page 50)





One of his main pleasures after work was to go running, but a single look at lovely Mai made him stop dead in his tracks

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

by Henry Rhodes

I'm not a nut about physical fitness but since my return from Viet Nam in 1973, I have tried to keep myself in good shape. That's one of the reasons I began to run at least a mile every night, the other one is Mai.

I saw her at the playground for the kids in the apartment complex where we live. I pass by it on my route as I leave the complex and go down the road that runs by the new freeway. I have to go by it on both leaving and returning to the apartments.

My routine each evening is to come home from work, have a drink, dinner with my wife, Betty and then run a mile or two.

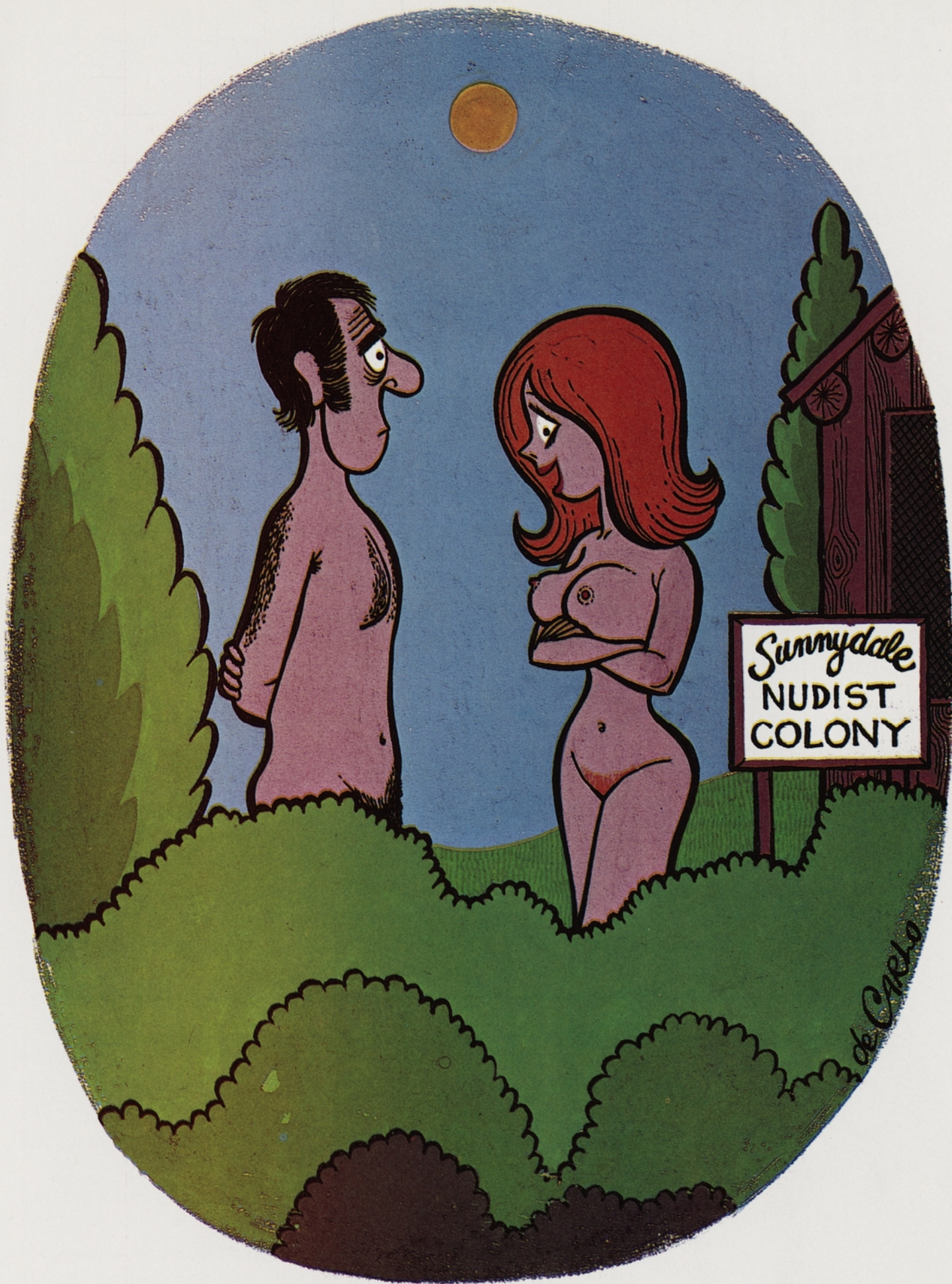
Betty and I have been married since my return from Viet Nam and we have had the usual fights, arguments and separations, but we have always been able to talk out any big problems before they got out of hand. Betty works as a legal secretary for an old high school friend of mine and I'm an insurance underwriter. No, I'm not the man that knocks on your wife's door while you are at work and scores with her. I'm the man that sets the rates on the policy after the salesman who sold it to her reports that in her most intimate conversation she revealed the fact that she felt her husband was about to have a heart attack and she wanted to be sure she was covered.

The first time I saw Mai, I was drawn immediately to her petite figure and almost hip length raven hair. I've never been much on Orientals, however I'm a sucker for long hair on a tiny frame. She was playing with a little girl, obviously hers that was about two years old.

I did not stop the first time and it was almost a week before I saw her again.

"You can clean up your mess as soon as you find whatever it is you're looking for," said my wife as I dug through the old





"Haven't I seen yours somewhere before?"

Army trunk I had not unpacked since my return from Viet Nam. "I'm looking for an old sweat shirt. It should be in here somewhere."

I had mixed emotions about wearing it, for blazed across the front was the emblem of the Fifth Special Forces Group, the unit I had served with in Ap Binh Tay, Viet Nam. I didn't want people who saw me to think I was super gung ho but I knew it would immediately give Mai and me a topic of conversation, which I would be able to carry on in limited Vietnamese.

It took two nights before she was close enough to see the words on the front of the shirt as I passed by her.

She was coming to the play area as I approached the road leading out of the apartments. When I got even with her I slowed to a walk, and then stopped and bent over to tie the laces on my sneakers. She was directly in front of me when I straightened up.

Our eyes met and I smiled as she read the message across my chest. I felt like a man walking down Times Square with a sign that said, "Eat at Joe's, let's hump."

"You were in Viet Nam?" she asked in very good English. "Yes, I was there from 1971 to 1973," I replied in Vietnamese, after taking a deep breath and saying a little prayer.

She almost blew my doors off as she began to rattle off a full conversation in her native tongue. All I could say was "Cham, Cham, Slowly Slowly". She got the point and spoke very slowly and I was able to keep up with most of the conversation. The words I did not know, she gave me in English.

I found out she was from Can Tho in the Delta, and had married

an American Officer in late 1969. She had been in the States since 71.

Her husband had resigned his commission and was now working as a pilot for a major airline. He was away a great deal of the time and she did not have many friends in his circle of acquaintances. Only one other pilot in the area had a Vietnamese wife. They sometimes got together and cooked their native food, but that was about it. She, like Betty and I, had no close friends in the apartments.

It usually took about an hour for me to make my run, and my time was fast slipping away, so I told her I ran every night and I hoped to see her again. With that I turned and jogged back to the apartment, having run only about a thousand yards in all that night.

"Are you going to wear that dumbshirt again? Sometimes I think you wish you were back over there or that you think you are playing Army." My wife critiqued my wardrobe as I dressed.

My heart was beating as if I had already made my rounds as I approached the play area. Mai was there. I knew the only running I would do tonight would be back to the apartment, if Mai would talk to me.

"Why do you do this every night?" she asked as I stopped in front of her. Tonight she was wearing a yellow halter top and matching shorts that showed she wore neither bra nor panties. She must have had some French blood in her for her breasts, although small, were firm and full, unlike the tiny almost non-existent ones of the pure Viets.

"Do you get tired each night?" she asked.

"Yes, but it's worth it," I replied hoping she could

understand the double meaning I tried to put into the words.

"Maybe, she said, "some night I can meet you at a club house and give you rub down in steam room."

I could hardly believe what she was saying. I had just been given the opportunity to be massaged by this lovely young creature. My thoughts drifted back to some of the steam and cream joints I had visited in Viet Nam. Surely this dainty person before me had not worked in one.

I could not wait to leave the house the next night.

"I think I'll try to make an additional mile tonight. I think I can do three now without having a complete breakdown," I lied to my wife as I left the house. "I'll be back in about two hours." Mai had told me on Monday that her husband would be out of town tonight. I hoped I could bring tonight's conversation around to the massage session she had hinted about.

When I got to the playground Mai was there but her daughter was not. I knew tonight was the night.

"We will not be able to go to steam room, but you come to back of my apartment. I let you in," Mai said and left.

I made my best time as I cleared the distance to her apartment. Once there I went directly to the back lawn where she soon met me. "Come in now," Mai opened the door for me. "You go take very hot shower and come back to this room. I be ready for you." With that I was usured into the bathroom and was handed a large towel.

It wasn't a hot shower I needed, it was a cold one. This was something that did not seem possible. Here I was in Mai's apartment having my body

(continued on page 53)



PAT

The show business world is filled with interesting personalities, and we're not just talking about starlets and aspiring actresses. Take, for example, the tall statuesque gal now pictured before you. Pulchritudinous Pat makes her living as a theatrical agent, and handles the careers of a number of well-known stars of stage and screen. A mature





woman with a good business sense, Pat enjoys her work, and shares in the excitement when one of her clients lands a juicy part.

We were pretty excited ourselves when full-figured Pat consented to doff her duds before the BUF cameras.

Although Pat is heavily involved in the business end of theatre, she admits to doing a bit

of amateur acting on the side. She's been taking classes and has appeared in a number of off-off-Broadway productions. "I'd like to get into directing eventually.

We'd like a chance to direct our personal attention to Pat. We're not acting when we proclaim we'd like to stage a romantic scene for two with this well-stacked agent. □





BRAINY BUF CHAMP

continued from page 42

torrid affair of the heart with the handsome editor of the magazine (that's us.) The role will be tailor-made for Uschi — and even though we've never had any drama experience (and to tell the truth, we're not so handsome either) we won't have to act to convince everybody we're head over heels in love with her. And so are all of Uschi's loyal fans who undoubtedly appreciate this super special rare new appearance of this big star.





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LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

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virtually steamed by the spray that poured forth from the shower head above me.

I could stand it no longer. With a final blast from the nozzle, I stepped out on the cool tile floor and wrapped the towel around me. I did not bother to dry.

I did not call out, but rather I walked firmly and confidently into the living room. There on the floor was a large quilt and kneeling at one end of the coverlette was Mai, dressed in the same manner as I. She was also wrapped in a towel.

"Come, lay here, and I will make you feel better." She patted the floor in front of her. As I dropped to my knees, she pulled the towel from around me and pushed me gently to my stomach. Fortunately for me she gave only a light shove, for although my spirits were willing, my body was not. The erection between me and the floor could have been used to cut holes in bricks, I was sure. I had to get it into position before I could have even think about laying down.

She began with my shoulders and gently kneaded the muscles of my back down to my hips and legs. She took her time and rubbed me with some type of oil as she went.

She placed both her hands on my side and pulled me toward her. "You turn over now." I could feel by the way she plied my back muscles, that she was no cherry when it came to giving massages. I wondered, again, if she had learned it in one of the thousands of steam and cream joints in Viet Nam.

I did not hold back. I turned over as directed and let her see how I felt. She wasted little time rubbing my chest before she got down, literally, to the business at hand. As she bent forward to

take me in her mouth, I pulled the towel from around her. She looked just as I had expected her to. Firm flat tummy with a tiny waist and ass. Her breasts were the classic European type — they would have easily fit into a champagne glass. However, I didn't have one handy and she was bent too far over for me to take them in my mouth, so I fingered her nipples as she worked on me.

In less than two minutes it was over for me. She had no intentions of doing anything for me except giving me an excellent honking. Try as I might, I could not get her to let me do anything with her or to her as we lay together while I tried to regain my strength and senses.

"Ngay mai, Ngay mai, we make love perhaps. You must go now." With that profound statement, she got up and went to her bedroom to dress. It took me a while to figure out what she had said.

Since Vietnamese is a diacritical language, each word has five different meanings, depending on the inflection of the voice. I remember one time in Saigon, I jumped into a taxi and in my best Vietnamese told the driver to take me to church. What I meant to say was take me to the local cat house.

Mai had told me that tomorrow we would make love. In her custom that may, in fact be tomorrow, or it may be next month or even next year, but it was a definite commitment on her part.

I was ready for round two the next Wednesday when Mai's

husband left for Chicago." I'm getting good on the long runs now," I told Betty as I got ready to leave the apartment." This week I'm going to try for three miles." That should give me the extra time I needed, I thought to myself.

"You know, I've been thinking, it would do me good to get out and get some exercise with you. If you don't mind and you promise you won't leave me, I'll try to run with you. I bought a sweat suit today just so I could go with you."

How do you tell your wife you do not want her to go with you because you have a sure piece of ass lined up in the park. You don't. You take her with you and hope for the best.

For the first time since I met Mai at the playground, I hoped she would not be there tonight. Once again the Gods of luck were to frown down on me.

I could not avoid seeing her as we neared the park. Mai was standing by the brick gate that led to the play area. As we got even with her, she looked first at me and then at Betty. My heart was in my throat as I saw Mai get ready to speak to us.

"Ngay Mai, Ngay Mai," she said as we passed.

"Did you understand what she said, Tom?" Betty had heard me speak enough of the language to recognize it when she heard it. Fortunately for me she did not understand it — or she would have translated it to "Tomorrow, Tomorrow."

"Yes, I understood completely. It was an old Vietnamese greeting. It means the best of luck to you", I lied.

Perhaps tomorrow will never come since Betty has taken to jogging like a duck takes to water and she runs with me every night.

We still see Mai occasionally, and she still greets me with "Ngay Mai, Ngay Nai." □





If you think the worst thing that can happen is to get a gal into a motel bed and find out she just lies there — read on!

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT

by Jess Key

An item in a gossip column recently detailed what has to be one of the most embarrassing experiences known to man. Seems a young man went to a motel with the estranged wife of his closest friend and co-worker in a large advertising agency. While he and the woman were about to "become one," as some say, she did the worst possible thing imaginable—she died. Died! Right there and then in bed.

Aside from the obvious difficulties that must later ensue after such an occurrence, it seems that the most delicate moments came when the fellow caught short in near flagrante delicto—let's call him Jim—had to inform his pal Harry about the disastrous event. His phone call probably went something like this:

Hello, Harry? How you doing, old buddy? Oh, is it that late? What? Oh, nothing much. How are things going on that Brettsler account? Great. Doing a fine job there, friend. No, that's not the main reason I called. Just wanted to mention it in passing. Hmmm? Yes, I've had a few. Martinis, right. You like Manhattans, fine. Wait . . . don't hang up!

See, Harry, I'm in a bit of a bind here. Well . . . you know your wife? You know her very well. Too well. How long since you've seen her? Three months. Me? Oh, I saw her tonight. That's why I'm calling, old buddy.

Happened to bump into her at the Stanfields' party. Didn't know she'd be there. Just looked across a crowded room and there she was.

Well, you know those Stanfields. We tossed down a few martinis together and well, the next thing you know, some wise guy bellhop is giving us the fishy eye while he brought us to our room here. But Ellen told him off real good.

Of course I didn't use real names when we signed in. What kind of clown do you think I am? Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lozenge. Hmmm . . . Eighteen dollars for a double room. No swimming pool. Actually I didn't bring my trunks and Ellen didn't have a suit with her. Anyhow, we . . . what's that? Oh . . . a place called Shadyside Motel. What do you mean it's a dump? Of course, if we were going to spend a week or two I'd get a better place, but for a one-night stand, what the hell . . . right?

(continued on next page)

Oh, about Ellen. Well, we were pretty beat from boozing and so we sort of prepared for bed . . . for sleep! Sleep. Sure, twin beds. Actually we didn't have much to talk about. A little boring, in fact. So between yawns we said goodnight to each other, and somehow, in all the excitement she started to . . . well . . . don't rush me, Harry. It's just as difficult for me to tell you as it is for you to hear this.

Well, she just sort of gasped and bingo—it was all over. No, I'm not complaining . . . what's that? That's one of the reasons you threw her out? It was *always* bingo and it was all over. No . . . no, Harry. You're not getting the message.

Your wife's out of it. Ellen went south. Ellen's . . . dead, Harry.

Harry! Harry . . . yes, right in the motel with me . . . I don't think I was prepared for that kind of reaction, Harry. Go ahead. Go ahead. I'll wait till you stop laughing.

Right . . . what a way to go. I should have known you'd come up with one of your cheap wisecracks.

I didn't really think it was that bad between you. She was a bit of a bitch though, wasn't she? The things you must have had to put up with, old friend. Rough.

The thing I *really* wanted to talk to you about though is that . . . well . . . I was wondering if you could pop on over here and sort of take her off my hands . . . so to speak.

What? Your station wagon. We could each grab a side and slide her right in the back. No one would see us. If anyone did, we'd just say she passed out. What's that? Why can't you? You had your driver's licenses suspended and you'd get in trouble. So that's the way you help an old buddy out, is it?

What do you mean I made my bed, now lie in it? That's positively indecent, Harry. And you with 15 years at one of the nation's leading ad agencies. I'm shocked, Harry.

And whose fault is it in the first place? Yours, buddy, yours. Perhaps if you had been just a bit nicer to her this whole thing wouldn't have hap-

pened. In times like this she should be home at your side. Hmmm? You didn't even want her at your side when she was alive. I see.

Frankly, Harry, I don't have time for your childish remarks. You're sitting pretty and I'm on the spot. I've got a reputation to think about. How do you think this is going to look in the papers? Harry, let me tell you—if I go I'm dragging you with me. I don't know what I'd do, but I'd do something, you can count on that, old buddy.

Hmmm? What? I should fold her up and put her in my suitcase and . . . Harry! That's disgusting!

Look, I have to do something pretty quick. Your rep's on the line too, pal. So that's it, eh? Okay, you can't help a buddy out. Not noble, not noble at all. I'm going to try to get my head together and come up with something. Got a couple hours yet to think. Hold it, there's someone at the door.

(Calling) Yes? Oh, room service. Breakfast order? Yes, orange juice, coffee, bacon and eggs. Two orders, right. Hold it! Make that *one* order.

(Back to Harry) Harry . . . okay, friend. I'll handle it somehow. See you in the office first thing Monday. Got a few details to iron out on Consolidated Mattress. Right. Good-night, buddy. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

homosexual has to his sexual preference."

What Hansen wants is separate locker rooms for straights and gays. It's hard to believe that his well-being would be endangered if the gay got a look at his wang, but Ron is on solid ground in the old tradition of separating the girls from the boys.

But if he gets his wish, what is to prevent some of the women's lib crime-writers from invading the locker room and bringing along fag friends? One can only hope that Hansen's billy club is potent enough to ward off all invaders.

How Many Times, a Night Is Semi-annually?

Bet no pollster ever came around to quiz you about your sexual habits, right? So where do those Nosy Parkers find the people they interview?

The question arises following a poll conducted by the American Academy of Family Physicians. It revealed that doctors engage in fornication an average of 1.7 times per week, business executives do it 1.6 times and farmers rank last with only 1.1 times.

I'll warrant you don't know any guy in any occupation who would admit to getting laid that seldom. Typically a man will say he does it several times *every* night with matinees on Wednesday and Sunday. Even the rare chap who isn't getting *any* will lie about it. The pollsters ought to go back for a recount.

Bright Sayings of Hot Pants Females

It used to be said that a gentleman would never kiss and tell. A lady, ditto.

But no more. The girls have discovered there's lots of bread to be made in the screw-and-tell business and books pour out bragging about the VIP's they've been bedded by. Latest author in the field is Jacqueline Park, sometime Hollywood starlet, and she sure does drop names. Jackie claims to have had liaisons with Joe DiMaggio, Cary Grant, Arthur Godfrey, Henry Fonda, Walter Winchell, and Dick Powell among others.

Her book is called "Goodbye, Jack Warner," an allusion to the late movie mogul with whom (she says) she often shared a casting couch. She doesn't have much good to say about old Jack, calling him a liar and a sheapskate. It's not nice to speak ill of the departed but you don't get on the best-seller lists being nice. □



DENISE

This slender but superbly-endowed young lady makes her living as an English teacher in New York's public school system, and we think she's the greatest thing to happen to education since the invention of the pencil.

Denise is concerned with the low level of literacy she encounters at the high school level, and is constantly devising new ways to get kids interested in the classics.

"The teenagers seem to go for comic





books, so I'm preparing a new line of contemporary and nineteenth-century novels abridged into comic form, sort of like the old Classics Comics. If the kids go for them, we'll go for national distribution."

That would be great, but not as great as the way Denise's assets are distributed on her shapely and sexy form. We may have been on the bottom in Ding Dong School but we're smart enough to know that this gal is in a class by herself.



LAYING DOWN THE LAW

continued from page 29

"Shit! Where the hell did he come from," I mumbled to myself.

I eased up on the gas and slowed the Bird down so I could pull over to the side of the road. I realized that that breaking the law was going to cost me some big bucks and there was also no excuse on my part for pulling a dumb stunt like that. After I came to a halt, I shut off the engine and waited for the law officer to approach my car.

"Well, well, aren't we in a big hurry tonight," an authoritative but definitely female voice broke the suspenseful silence.

I turned my head and gazed up at an amply filled out Sheriff's uniform with a silver star pinned above the left bulging breast, which was straining along with the right one to get out of the confining brown shirt. My eyes wandered downward and took in a small waisted, broadhipped female body inside some tight fitting official looking pants. A broad bullet-studded gunbelt circled the delicate waist while holding up a holstered thirty eight caliber revolver. I brought my head back up and looked into a very beautiful but stern looking face and said:

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize I was going that fast."

"I've heard that one before," she said with a mocking smile while displaying a set of evenly formed pearly white teeth.

"At any rate, I'm sorry," I replied feeling real guilty.

"May I see your license please," she asked in an official tone of voice while opening her citation book.

I complied with her request and handed over my drivers license. She studied the vital statistics on it while glancing at me occasionally for physical verification.

"Well, this one is going to cost you Mr. Collins," she said while making some entries in her citation book.

"I wasn't going that fast and please call me Jack," I protested weekly, hoping to get on the better side of her.

"Fast enough, Jack. My radar clocked you out at sixty-two miles an hour in a twenty-five mile zone. That's thirty-seven miles over the limit. At five dollars a mile, you owe this county one hundred and eighty-five dollars," she said matter of factly.

"That's ridiculous, officer. I haven't got that kind of money on me now," I protested.

"Well then, you can tell that to the judge in the morning," she said flatly.

"What do you mean?" I asked in alarm. "You're not really going to lock me up?"

"I'm hauling you in," she said while reaching for the hand cuffs hanging from her belt.

"You can't do that. I'm a law officer myself, I know my rights," I protested.

"In that case it's going to be a pleasure to take you to the station and treat you with the same courtesy and respect you big city cops use," she said with a snicker in her voice.

"Do you really think this is necessary? I'm good for the money, just give me the ticket and I'll be on my way."

"Yes, I do think it is necessary. I want to return the courtesy like when I was picked up in your town for running a red-light a year back," she insisted.

"Okay, but forget about the cuffs. I'll come in peaceably."

"Okay, just follow me back to town," she said with a peculiar grin on her face.

I made a U turn in the middle of the highway and followed her squad car into town. I sure as hell couldn't figure out her

reasons for doing this, unless it was to get even for having been locked up herself. But one thing I knew for sure, she sure was a good looker with those forty-inch boobs and broad hips which were built for some heavy humping.

When we arrived at the tiny station house, the place was shut tighter than a drum. After unlocking the front door, she guided me inside and shoved me through a back door where the single jail cell was. When I was inside the cell she ordered:

"Now strip!"

"What?" I asked in surprise.

"You heard me. Strip!" She said with authority.

"What is this?" I asked in disbelief.

"This is a strip and search, like your big time cops do back in the big city," she replied seriously.

"Of all the dum . . ." I started out saying when she cut me off.

"Now do it or I'll slap a charge of resisting an officer on top of your citation," she said in a menacing tone of voice.

I began to strip. Besides who'd want to resist her, there was too much of her. It was all in the right places too, if only I could get my hands on it all. When I was down to my shorts and T-shirt I stopped.

"Come on, get it all off," she ordered.

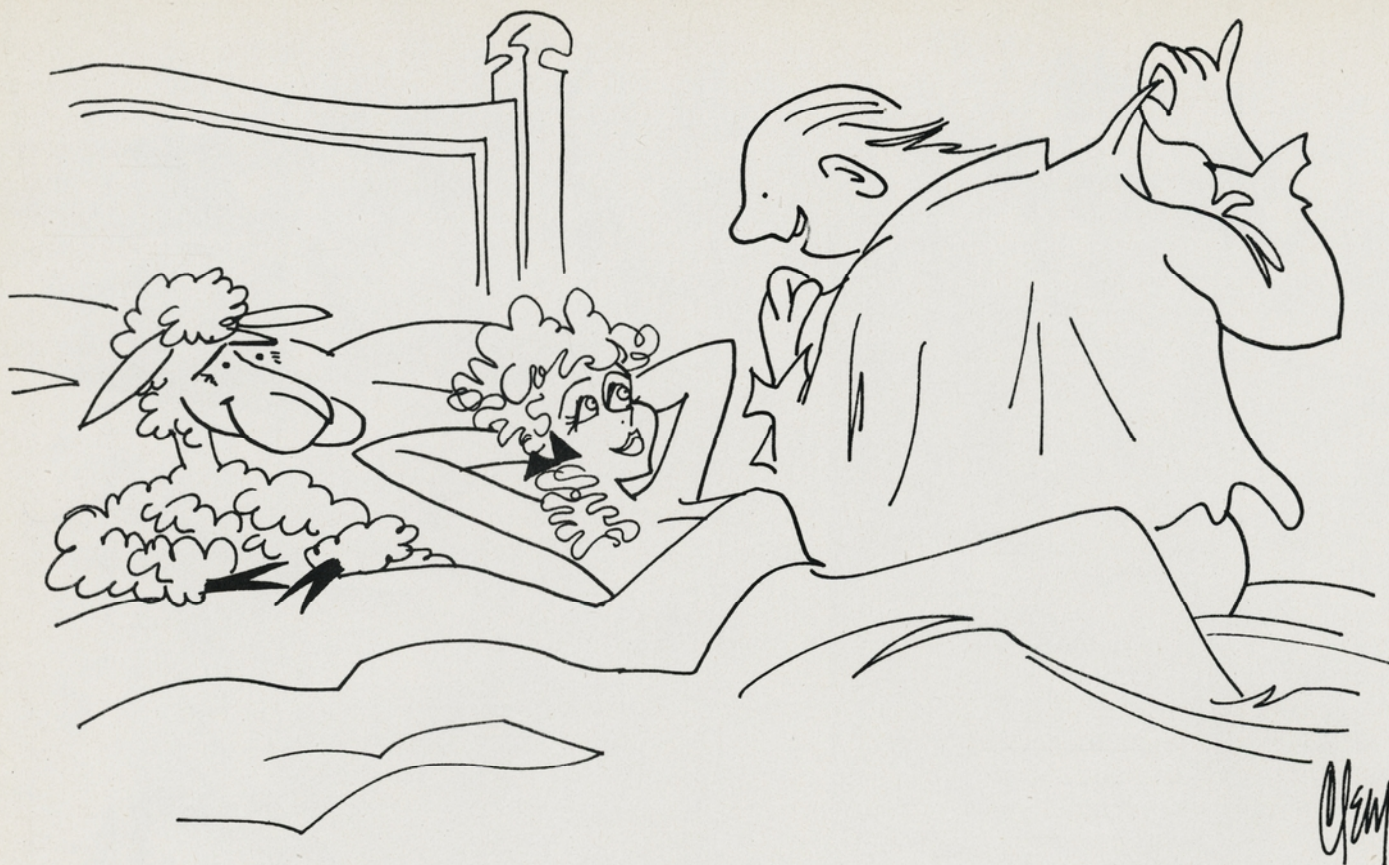
"Give me a break," I pleaded with her feeling she just wanted to humiliate me.

"Sure, sure, just like the break I got when they searched me in that big city of yours."

"What do you mean?" I asked hoping to stall.

"For passing a red light, they had me strip stark naked, bend over and spread for them before they were satisfied," she replied with a flush to her cheeks.

Looking at her I could see why. I wouldn't mind seeing her in that position myself. Just



"Hi, Mary."

thinking about it aroused me and it became evident by looking down at my shorts.

"Come on, get on with it," she insisted.

What the hell I thought, maybe this broad has other things on her brain than just a plain strip and search. I finished the job and stood in all my shivering glory facing her.

"Hmmm...not bad, not bad at all," she said huskily.

"Satisfied?" I asked with a certain amount of pride.

"No, not quite," she said shakily while staring at my manhood.

"Well then," I said, seeing that she couldn't take her eyes of me, "let me demonstrate how I conduct a strip and search personally."

"Yes, show me," she breathed at me with a glazed look in her eyes.

I began unbuttoning her blouse while she unbuckled the

gun belt and let it slide to the floor. Within seconds I had her boobs in my hands while the hard nipples pointed accusingly at my face. I ran my hands over the mounds and buried my face in their soft warmth. She began to moan while mumbling in a hot breath:

"Yeeees...yes...yes."

Slowly my hands snaked down to her hips, unzipping her tight pants so she could step out of them. Then I pulled off her flimsy panties, exposing her love triangle to my gaze. Gradually I worked her up to a feverish pitch with my hands, exploring every crease and crevasse of her voluptuous form. Finally when she couldn't stand it any longer, she pleaded with me: "Now...do it now!"

We collapsed on the small cot in the cell and I began banging her to a satisfactory climax.

Later when we were fully dressed again she said: "I must

admit, I liked your strip and search much better."

"I'm happy to hear that, but what about my citation?" I asked her.

"Well, since it's the first sexual citation I have ever written, I think it should be worked off," she said with a hungry look on her face.

"I have three days. Is that enough time," I asked.

"That should just about put out my fire," she replied with a sexy smile while starting to strip.

I picked up the phone and called the guys to let them know I wasn't going to show up because something unexpected had come up. As I watched my lady Sheriff finish shedding her clothes, I knew I had made the right decision. I could go fishing anytime. But working off a sexual citation was a once in a life time proposition. □





KIKI

While making the scene one recent evening at Trax, the West Side's popular music-biz hangout, who should we encounter but our favorite pianist, Kiki. The busty blonde was chaperoned by her companion and career

manager, Broadway Tim Burke. "Things are really picking up," she informed us. "I've been working club dates and jamming with some heavy cats. Last week I sat in with the Harmony Grits down at the City Limits. Two



wailing sax players, Tony Kisch and Doug James, have just joined the band, and they were really putting down some jive.

It's not surprising that Kiki is so popular with the Big Ape's male musicians. This comely lass' super bountiful charms and

highly original keyboard work (she describes her style as a cross between Cecil Taylor and Floyd Domino) have made her talents much in demand.

Queried about her favorite groups, sexy Kiki responded that "The World Saxophone





Quartet is tops in my book. I also dig some of the punk and New Wave groups. The Shelves and The Twerps are very good, of course, and I also feel that The Five Screaming Jerks have a lot to say."

We have plenty to say about this piano-playing BUF dynamo, but we know you'd rather dig the pix than listen to us wax poetic. Not only can Kiki tickle the eighty-eights, but she'll tickle your fancy as well. □



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THE SKINNED FLICK

continued from page 17

"They get acquainted heah, do a bit of dancin' to the juke-box, you know to break the ice foh the whole-sale screwin' in the Orgy Room. Only first names, an' no phone numbers exchanged. Ah'd say the age bracket goes from nineteen to fifty-or-so."

Pete suddenly came through a side door, followed by a powerful bald-headed man in his early fifties, a six-foot plus double for Telly Savalas who took my hand in a bone-crusher grip. "Pete's told me your idea for the production, and I buy it. A cheap, dirty movie, I don't go for. You're gonner come up with that kinda script, right? That I can trust you to do, right, Willy?" Almost eyeball to eyeball, searching through into my brain. "Hey, did Pete tell you I once saw a flyin' saucer circlin' low over Malibu Beach?" He didn't wait for

a confirmation. "Okay, okay, Will, so I admit I'm operatin' a ball-busting racket here, but I figger I'm providin' a needful service. A lot of nice people who come here to hump their asses off, who don' wanna sneak off an' cheat, so they keep outa the divorce courts." His eyes and expression were those of a punch-drunk fighter, or a rassler who had landed too many times outside the ring on his head. "Shit! Since everybody started joggin', gyms have had tough sleddin'. So I converted to the Swingers Club concept, oderwise I'da gone broke." He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "I can count on you to whip up an Award-winnin' script, right, Will?"

Pete cleared his throat, patted me on the head. "My writer will deliver one hundred percent, that I promise you." He turned to Pat. "You take Will into the other office, where he can stand by to interview any special actors and actresses I might

want his confirmation on. They should be coming along anytime now. Clarence and me have an agreement to talk about and get into shape for signing."

Pat led me into a small office, used chiefly for storing athletic equipment. "Trouble ah heerd 'bout these porno artists is that they don' wanna read lines foh an audition. A guy will say: 'Ah gotta helluva big dong that'll stay hard for hours, an' the chick argues: 'Ah give fantastic head, an' mah pussy's real snappy an mah boobs are second-to-none.' Well, ah suppose they figure they don' have t'do too much talkin'." He paused briefly before leaving. "Hey there, now, Will, if ah could have a walk-on, nothin' big, mind you, in your movie, like Hitchcock does in his slick films, ah'd consider it a personal favuh."

I promised I'd keep him in mind.

When an hour passed, all by myself, I became bored and restless. Another half-hour of solitary in-quietude, chary of my involvement in the porno production, and I felt I needed some exercise on the gym's bicycle. I was writing a note for Pete, when there was a timid knock on the door, and, before I could respond, in walked a tall, sensual brunette, stylishly dressed, who resembled Ava Gardner as I remembered her in *The Barefoot Contessa* with Bogart. A rather bizarre touch was the red Hindu tilak smudge on her forehead, made no doubt with a lipstick, the same as President Jimmy and Rosalynn had received between their eyebrows when they made their visit to India. She said her name was Carrie.

"You belong to some religious caste in India or a group here in America?" I asked.

"No, just an attention-getter," she said in a low throaty voice. "Turns on my boyfriend, reminds him when he was in Calcutta screwing a lot of thirteen year old girls with this mark on their forehead." She smoothed out the silk jersey dress at her hips to emphasize her flat stomach and the rise of the *mons-de-Venus* with its poof of pubic hair. "I was in to see Pete, the producer, and he told me to

come along and see you." She pulled the dress up above her knees. "Doing the script, huh?" She ran a pink moist tongue over bulbous lips. "I always like to make my pitch to the top boys, and I'm always ready to show what I've got, especially my *techniques*."

I was ready with pencil and pad. "What experience have you had in the sort of film we're preparing, Miss Carrie?"

She frowned slightly. "Not much, damn the luck! Tough competition. A lot of attractive girls are turned on by the idea of being on-camera boffing and sucking. Georgina Spelvin screwed me out of the lead in *The Devil in Miss Jones*, same thing with *Behind the Green Door*, when they figured Marilyn Chambers had more publicity value. In *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, with Jamie Gillis and Constance Money, I had some just *great* scenes. But they were clipped out, when Connie objected to how strong I came on giving head to some studs in a scene. I damn near got the lead in *The Double Exposure of Holly*, but Catherine Earnshaw screwed me out of that too."

"You seem to have been in their plugging all the time."

"Aw, shit, I was very naive. Promises, promises. Got *plugged* plenty by a lot of lousy creeps until I got wised up. Now, I only talk to the top guys." That tongue sliding over the lips again! "Say, I forgot, I nearly landed the lead in *Eruption*. But even after Johnny Wadd put in a good word for me they picked Lesllie Bovee. Shit, man, the competition in porno today is simply fierce, believe you me!"

"I think you'll make it if you just stick in there, Carrie."

She leaned forward earnestly. "Hey, now, there, Will, I really dig you. Vibes are good." She straightened her shoulders to thrust forward her breasts. "In all modesty, I can say I have a pair of the best boobs you'll see in or out of the girlie magazines." She stood up suddenly, jerked the dress above her hips. She was pantyless, and the pubic hair was coal-black and of tight caracul. She arched the pelvis, spreading slightly the thighs.



"I wanna return this vibrator — I'm straight and it's AC/DC!"

"You'll have to admit this is a neat snatch...tight slit, compact lips, just like a sixteen year old's twat — agree?"

I was beginning to harden. "My compliments, Miss Carrie."

She took the long wooden pencil from my hand. "I'd like to give you a *demonstration*." Before I could voice caution or restraint, she had inserted it, eraser-end first, into the damp orifice, then settled back in the chair, on its edge, her body arched, legs spread, heels resting on the top of the desk, the pencil angled like a miniature Nike missile. "Now try your damndest to pull it out," she ordered me.

I came around, got a solid grip on the end and pulled hard. I exerted, at her urging, stronger effort, but only succeeded in lifting her, giggling, off the seat, without withdrawing a scant inch of the pencil.

"You *are* extremely well conditioned," I said, stepping back.

She relaxed her vaginal muscles and labias, removed the pencil, leaving her dress still accordion-pleated bunched above her alabaster-white thighs. "Now, Will-honey, why don't you let me give you a more *practical* demonstration." She swept articles on the desk to one end. "How about if I get up on the desk. Just let me get a short hold on it, just back of the head, only an inch or two, and then I'll gobble in the rest, almost like a vacuum cleaner. You'll never experience in your whole life such a suction intake, with fantastic milking-action. I think Pete would like to get your endorsement on it."

I put the desk between us and sat down. Her boa-constrictor clamping on the thin shaft of the pencil had now rendered me *extremely* appre-

hensive! The conversation had to get back to a more business-like interview. "You don't seem to have screen credits in any outstanding porno film, Carrie, but that won't eliminate you from auditioning, with a proper reading. Might be a part, if Pete approves."

Her expression hardened. "Oh, now, shit, Will! I don't read well. It's *what I can do* with my pussy, not how I deliver lines. I can smoke a cigarette with my snatch, play a harmonica, that is, a few bars of a popular song. An *accomplishment*, believe you me!"

I grinned. "This isn't a musical variety film, Carrie."

"Okay, okay, Pete told me — it's an outer-space porno, so why couldn't I have my pussy rigged especially to shoot out bolts of lightning?"

"A possibility."

She stood up, pulling her dress higher again. "Okay, Willhoney, so now why don't I just get my fanny up on the desk and let little-old-me . . ."

There was a sudden knock on the door, and Pat's head appeared. "Pete and Clarence are waitin' for you, Will." Carrie left her card. "I guess you'd rather we got together in your apartment or mine, huh? You call me now. Might give you some original ideas for your script."

They were standing by the car in the parking-lot. Pete exclaimed as I came up: "Holy bejeezus! I talked to a stud-actor who said he had a *schlong* twelve inches long, erected. I didn't ask him to prove, but it could be so, huh? He looked a lot like Dustin Hoffman."

Clarence placed a massive arm around my shoulders. "I'm real pleased you came along, Will. An' yer gonna give us an Academy Award script, right? I think we're all gonna make a lotta dough. Big money today in screwing-on-camera."

Pete handed me five one-hundred-dollar bills more when he dropped me off at my apartment. Clarence and his friends came in for another ten thousand. Now you're going to have a treatment for me before the end of the week, correct?" He grinned and punched me playfully on the jaw. "Take your girl out to dinner, have yourself a wild piece of nooky,

and then in the morning get going."

I had a twenty-page treatment, revised five times, a day later. After reading several pages, Pete exclaimed: "Right on target! I'll be able to get more dough on just this. Oh, Jezzus, Will-baby, you've done it again! How does that song by Steve Allen go?"

"This could be the start of something really big."

A week later I had a complete rough shooting script. I phoned Pete, but no answer. I finally got through to Clarence at the Swingers Club. He seemed surprised that I asked if Pete was there. "Pete told me he was workin' wit' you night an' day. Don't you keep track of each other?" Then: "Pete showed me yer treatment. Looks mighty fine, Will, just great. We dug up some more dough for him."

I drove to Pete's apartment building, but he didn't answer my call on the security-phone alongside the locked doors that gave access to the elevators in the lobby, and the manager's office was closed for the day. A few days later, in the morning, I received the chilling news from the intercepting operator that Pete's phone had been disconnected — not for non-payment of bill, but "at the owner's request." A nervous rash broke out on my forehead.

Clarence yelled over the phone. "Why the shit don' you know where Pete is? *You're his writer!*"

"That's right, not the associate producer."

"Don' you get smart-ass wit' me! You know Pete's into us for about twenty-five grand. Somethin' else I wantcha to know, — some of the bimbos he interviewed have been comin' in here complainin'. Seems you two made 'em a lot of promises, screwed 'em, too. You banged that dame with the red mark on her forehead, right?"

"I assure you, no!"

Clarence muttered rancorously and slammed down the receiver. I poured the glass of orange juice back in the pitcher, knowing my taut stomach wouldn't accept it. I stayed by the phone all day, hoping against hope Pete would communicate with me.

That same night I learned that my apartment was being staked out.

While watching a late movie on the tube, a suspenseful scene of an actor — Richard Widmark, or Kirk Douglas, maybe Burt Lancaster, I can't recall now — peeking down from a corner of his curtained window and detecting the ominous silhouette of a potential assassin under a lamp-post. Call it intuition, ESP, or a sudden hunch, but I did get up to squint furtively through a slit of the drape down into the street.

Holy shit! Sure enough, there was Clarence and another giant leaning against the light standard across the street! Ice-water began filtering through every pore. I sedated the butterflies winging about in my stomach with tranquilizers. Clarence was making sure I wasn't hiding Pete in my apartment!

The two bad guys kept their vigil down in the street until after 2 a.m. — and all this time I was furiously packing.

I lugged all my portable possessions down the fire-well stairway, making six or seven trips in all, to almost fill up the back of my station-wagon in the basement garage. Then I cased the street again. Empty, thank God!

I didn't breathe easier until I was well beyond Santa Barbara, burning up the road to San Francisco. And, eventually, I put much more distance between myself and Southern California.

Pete?

Among the pile of mail forwarded from my post office box a month later, there was one from him, just a short note, with the enclosure of a bank cashier's check in the amount of a thousand dollars: "Just in good faith and *Auld Lang Syne*, Will-baby. Never thought I'd screw *you*, did you?" It was sent from Panama City.

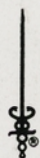
Several months later, another communication from him, this time a colorful postcard in an envelope from Bali, of a topless temple-dancer, with a hastily scrawled order: "Get your ass down here, Willie! Got a great idea for a film!"

I flushed it.

When Pete didn't hear from me, I suppose he figured that Clarence and his bad guys had eventually caught up with me. I'm still hoping they won't! □

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6 YEARS LONGER
THAN MEN WHO
DO SMOKE.***

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