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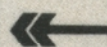
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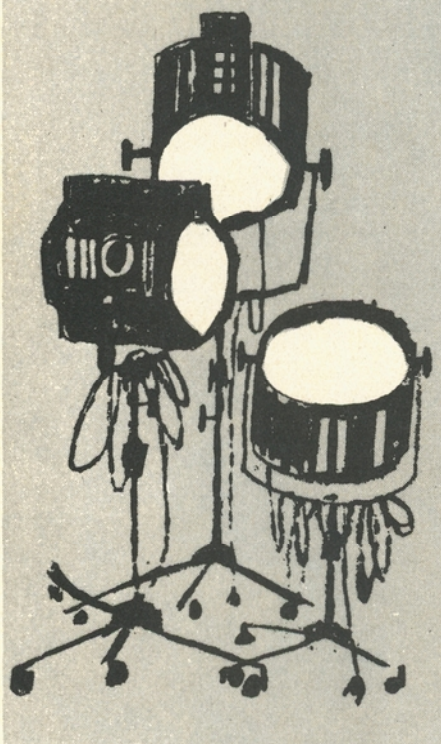
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(rear view)
of Peek-A-
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PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Carrie Smith: Do Your Duty (Classic Jazz) is an impressive program of standards, blues and ballads. Miss Smith received much attention in 1976 when she performed Bessie Smith material with the New York Jazz Reper-

tory Company. She's a robust singer like Bessie, but she projects an elegance quite different from Bessie's raw funk. There are gospel as well as jazz roots here, as evidenced in the delivery of Percy Mayfield's R&B classic "Please Send Me Someone To Love." An all-star cast of swing veterans is on hand to provide sterling support. Special kudos go to tenor saxist Eddie Barefield, who's sounding better than ever. It's a pleasure to hear Carrie Smith and the band; traditional jazz of this genre and quality is not often heard anymore.

Lucky Thompson: Lullaby in Rhythm (Biograph) is a reissue of a 1956 date recorded in Paris for the Dawn label. The tenor sax ace is heard in the company of some excellent French jazzmen, including pianist Martial Solal and guitarist Jean Pierre Sasson. Thompson comes out of the Coleman Hawkins-Ben Webster-Don Byas bag; he's borrowed the warm, big tone, but he's got a style of his own which draws upon the bop as well as the swing vocabulary. Thompson excels on the ballads as well as the swingers in this excellent set of standards.

Oscar Peterson Quartet: Night Child (Pablo) is an unusual set from the master jazz pianist. Peterson, guitarist Joe Pass, bass man Niels Pederson and drummer Louis Bellson get away from the conventions of the bop era and settle into a more contemporary bag with looser rhythms and fewer changes. Peterson is heard on electric piano, an instrument he handles with grace and taste. Pederson even sets aside his string bass for an electric one on the wryly titled "Teenager." These musicians have been recorded extensively over the last few years, and it's a pleasant surprise to hear them in a different

groove. All four turn in exemplary work, inspired perhaps by the novelty of the occasion.

Marian McPartland: From This Moment On (Concord Jazz) is an elegant trio date featuring the jazz pianist. Bassist Brian Torff and drummer Jake Hanna are in close rapport with the pianist as she weaves captivating melodic and harmonic variations on a well-chosen collection of standards. "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" is particularly lovely, and the McPartland original "Ambiance" is heard in a setting quite different than the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis version. McPartland's playing keeps getting better and better; she plays with a warmth and musicality that are a joy to hear. *Portrait of Marian McPartland*, also from Concord Jazz, features the McPartland/Hanna/Torff unit augmented by Jerry Dodgion, who doubles on alto sax and flute. Dodgion is a sensitive and lyrical player whose style meshes well with McPartland's. His interpretation of the ballad "Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most" is one of the disc's high points.

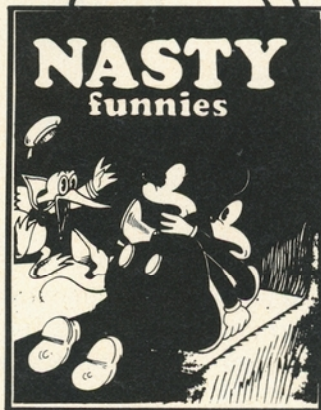
The Incomparable Mundell Lowe (Dobre) is a relaxed and lightly swinging session from the seasoned jazz guitarist. Lowe has been on the scene for over twenty-five years, and his overall command of the instrument is admired by jazzmen and studio producers alike. On this trio date Lowe receives support from bassist Bob Magnusson and drummer Nick Ceroli. The guitarist is adept at smooth chordal interpretations of standard as well as single-string improvisations in the bop bag. The highlights of this set include "On The Trail," double-tracked by the guitarist, and Sonny Rollins' calypso-based "St. Thomas." From Ray Lawrence Ltd., PO BOX 1987, Studio City, CA 91604 □

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GEM

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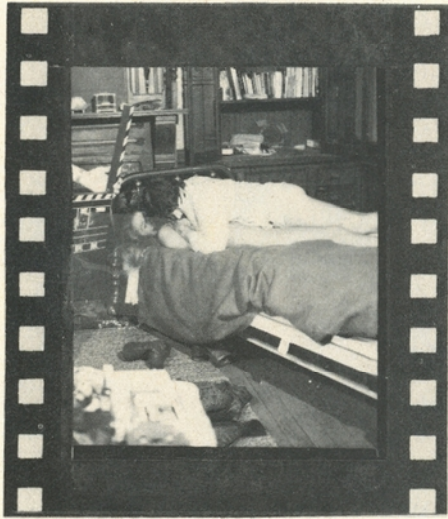


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THE MOST POPULAR STAG FILM EVER MADE

by Warren Emery

It starred Candy Barr who got her name because she looked good enough to eat, and it's a classic

When was the first stag movie made? Which is the best? And which one, of the more than 1000 that are known to have been filmed, is the most popular among viewers?

These are a few of the questions that have no doubt occurred at some point to many of the people (usually males) who have seen stag films from time to time. They are logical questions, but there can be a clear-cut answer to only one of them.

No one knows for sure when the first pornographic movie was produced, nor does anyone seem to know who produced it. There is general agreement among informed students of the blue-movie films, however, that such films have been around at least since 1907, when the French came out with a diverting little cinematic novelty called *Le Voyeur* (in English, *The Peeper* or *Looker*). So we know they have been shown for 70 years or more.

There are also some ancient porn reels that appear to have been made in South America, possibly Brazil, but it is difficult to pinpoint the exact year of production. The stag movie-makers of that era didn't mention the year in the opening title, of course, and the practice of being vague about "credits" remains in force to this day.

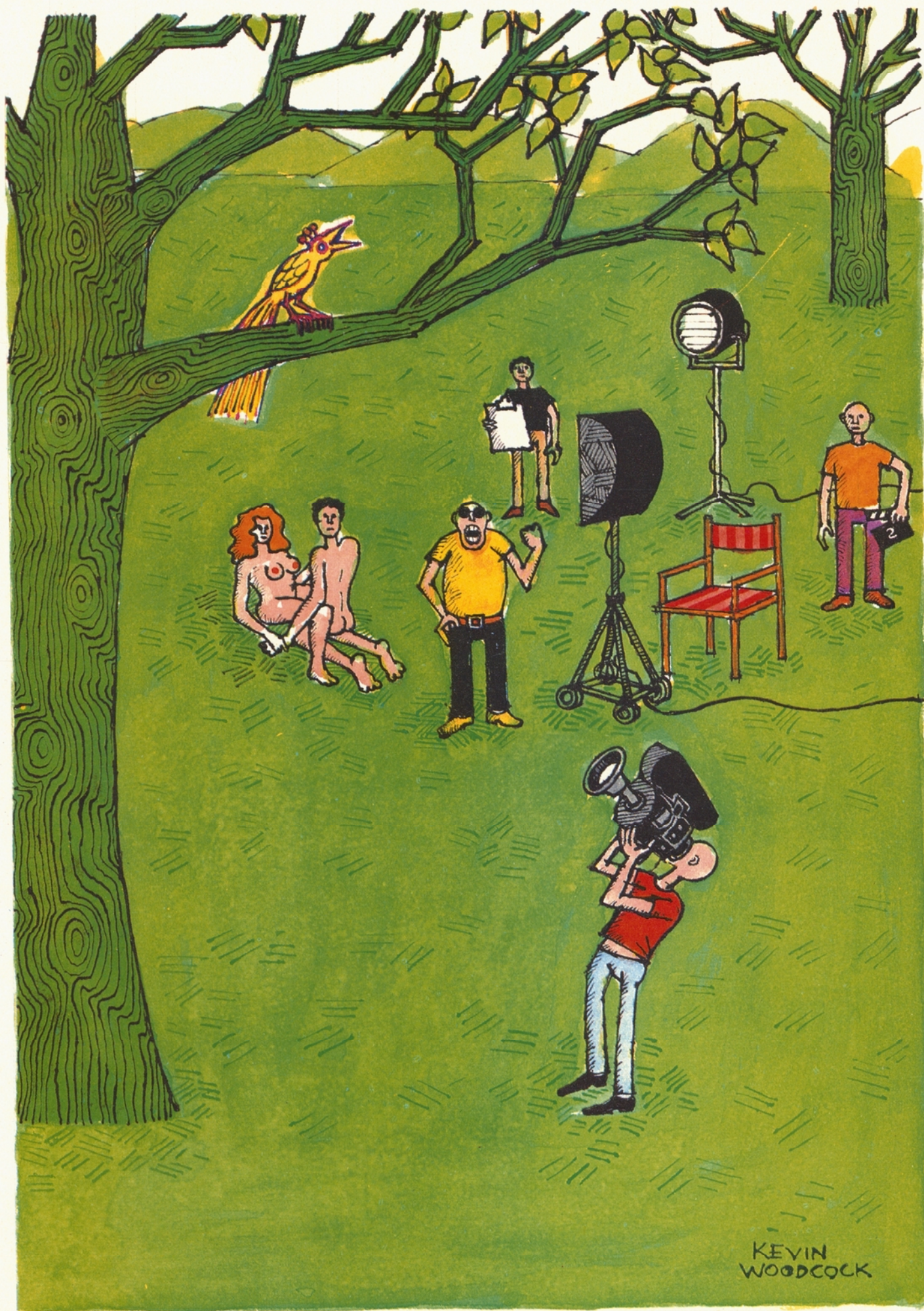
It should also be pointed out that, since

film buffs and movie historians often use the clothing styles of actors as clues in determining when an old film was produced, stag films present an obvious problem because little or no clothing is worn. Naturally, this is a problem only to the researchers; the viewers don't seem to mind at all.

As for which particular sex flick is the best, this is a matter that should probably be left to some future judges. Maybe, some day far off in the future, there will be a kind of offbeat Academy Awards for porn on film. Winners will be chosen not only in the Best Movie category but also for such noteworthy accomplishments as Most Intense Balling, Number of Legitimate (Non-Faked) Orgasms, Most Active Tongue, Best Looking Boobs and Pussies, Biggest Male Organ and similar attributes. The "Oscar" would be an erect penis made of gold.

If we consider full-length commercial pictures, there will be little argument over the X-rated offerings that are the best known. Most fans would cite *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Behind the Green Door* as being the top rankers in terms of notoriety and actual paid admissions. There are few adult males in this country today who haven't heard of Linda Lovelace and her specialized talent.

(continued on page 60)



KEVIN
WOODCOCK

An open fly or a plunging neckline may seem like the best bait, but when you're fishing for fish, pert pink nipples should be the furthest thing from your ever horny mind...

SUCKER BAIT

By Keith Hall, Jr.

The fly hit the water and lay there, the gentle rippling effect of the surface water buoying it up for a few seconds. Then, as the weight of itself overcame the surface tension, the red, feathery lure sank into the pool.

"Shit," Frank cursed to himself as he reeled in his line. Not even a nibble. The fly lure came out of the water and returned to the bank where Frank clumsily caught it and prepared to cast again.

"Shit," he cursed to himself again, noting that he hadn't had a bite all day. Actually, he noticed, he really didn't have to curse to himself. There was nobody else around to hear him. That had been the idea, hadn't it? To find some out-of-the-way spot so that he could have it all to himself. Well, there wasn't anybody around for miles all right. "Shit!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. The sound frightened a flock of birds someplace and they flew off in panic.

He might as well fly off someplace too, he thought. A stupid idea, this fishing. A goddam stupid idea. How had he let himself be talked into this freakin' idea? Oh yes, Bill. Bill, nature boy of the office.

"Get out into the wilds," he had said. "Get out of the city. Get some fresh air. Feel the tingle of being near the water. Feel the excitement of casting that fly into the water. Wait till the fish gets near the bait. Then tease him a little, tease him. Then when he takes the bait, wham! You got him."

Once again, Frank cast the fly into the water and watched it slowly sink below the surface. And as had happened all day — nothing!

Frank reeled in his bait again. Damn stupid idea. What a jerk he was, sitting out on this Godforsaken bank in the middle of

(continued on page 17)









LANA

Here's a busty babe from the shores of Merrye Olde England. Hailing from the quaint town of Fumbley-on-Garters, charming Lana earns her wages as an employee of a glass and bottling factory. She's a vivacious gal with plenty of pep, always ready for a good time. Her hobbies include billiards, at which she's quite sharp, and making artificial flowers.

"I don't make just your garden variety artificial flowers," Lana told us. "I go in for the unusual — Venus fly-traps, poison ivy, cactus, and the like. When I was a little girl I used to pick up some extra change making



orchids and roses, selling them in the neighborhood. Now I've got me a regular job, so the flowers are just a hobby.'



Lana suggested that we join her at a local pub for a game of billiards. We took her up on this offer, and she wiped us all over the place.







She sank shots we'd only seen on TV and in the movies. We begged for her some of her secrets.

"Well, when I was a kid I saw this movie, 'The Hustler,' with Jackie Gleason and Paul Newman. The game and the pool hall atmosphere cast a spell on me. I went back and saw that picture maybe a dozen times, studying all the trick shots. I later learned that Willie Mosconi was the technical advisor for that film. I started hanging out at a joint call the 'Rack and Cue Club,' and some of the fellows gave me pointers. Now, they beg me for advice. People tell me I could really clean





up if I made a career out of it. Someday maybe I'll give it a whirl."

We'd love to give it a whirl with sexy Lana

in our arms. This unusual British bird has hooked us, and we think she'll capture your fancy too.



SUCKER BAIT

continued from page 8

nowhere, tossing some feathery thing with a hook in it into the water with the hope that some dumb fish would be stupid enough to swallow it.

"I mean it," he thought to himself. "It's stupid. It's not like stalking a deer or anything. You just throw this bait into the water. Some fish, if he's stupid enough, bites into it. Then you pull him in. Big deal. That is, big deal if a fish ever does manage to take the bait. Big deal."

"Of course, maybe I'm not using the right kind of bait. Who knows what attracts a fish? Can you read a fish's mind? Does a fish have a mind? Well, the guy at the sporting goods store said this fly was guaranteed. Guaranteed shit. Maybe I should switch to some other kind of bait. This fly sure isn't having any luck."

A light, gentle rippling from the middle of the pool broke into Frank's thoughts. It was a bit far away and all Frank could see was a large flash of pink slipping sleekly through the water. With gliding, even strokes, it smoothly made its way to Frank's part of the lake.

It didn't have to get too near before Frank began to make out the form of a female, a very shapely female coming his way. She didn't seem to notice that he was there. She seemed to be randomly coming toward him, simply taking long, effortless strokes in the rippling water.

"Hey," he thought, "she'll scare all the fish away." Yet as he gradually realized that she wasn't wearing anything at all, he didn't seem to mind.

She blithely frolicked in the water, apparently unaware that Frank was taking in her every move. She stopped about ten feet from him and stood up in the water, her hand going through

her red hair to get out the excess water.

She was beautiful. Her hair was bright red, now slick with the water, which ran in little rivulets and trickled down her chest, finally dripping off her bosom. Her eyes were the color of the water — green, with the same deep luster, with the same mysterious unfathomability that had prevented Frank from having any success today. Her skin was a soft pink, without the slightest hint of tan, as if she never went into the sun at all.

As she stood there, the water coming up above her waist, her large breasts bobbed gently on the water's surface, just as Frank's lure had lightly floated on the water in that same spot only a few moments ago. Her nipples were pink and contracted because of the coolness of the water. The ripples of the lake would occasionally hide them for an instant, then they would peek out again and wink at Frank.

Frank didn't know quite what to do. Here was this gorgeous vixen showing off all her wares for him, apparently totally unaware that he was watching her. He couldn't take his eyes off her. He was enjoying the show. But what would she do when she spotted him? What would she do when she realized that he was scoping her out? She had probably assumed that nobody was around. When she saw him leering over her, she'd yell bloody murder and he'd be in a hell of a fix. Perhaps he ought to run. Some of these rural folks believe in shoot first and ask questions later.

She played in the water a little longer. Frank thought this might be the time to get out. But he couldn't stop watching her.

She saw him. Frank new he was in for it now.

She smiled. "Hello," she said.

Frank let out a sigh of relief. This wasn't going to be as bad as he had thought. "Hi," he replied.

"Had much luck?" she asked, nodding toward Frank's fishing equipment.

"Not until now," he smiled, looking into those very deep green eyes.

A sudden look of playful embarrassment took over her face. "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm probably scaring away all of your fish."

Frank shook his head. "Don't worry about it. I wasn't getting any bites anyway. It's a stupid sport — or game besides."

She took in a breath and laughed, causing her nipples to wink at him again. "Oh, do you like games," she giggled, provocatively biting her lip.

"That depends on who I'm playing with."

She rubbed her fingers through her hair once more. "I haven't got anybody to play with at the moment." She held her arm out as if to invite him into the water with her.

This was crazy. The water was probably cold as hell. It was crazy. But so was finding a redheaded fox bobbling in the water who was inviting him in for a swim. Wait till Nature Boy Bill heard about this at the office. He'd never believe it.

Frank stepped into the water. Oh, it was a bit cold. But so what? He'd been in colder water. And it certainly didn't seem to be bothering this doll. he was almost out to her by now, the water just reaching his waist.

She giggled and did a few playful backstrokes, taking her out a little deeper into the lake. Frank did a few quick breast strokes and had immediately closed the gap. Laughing, she did a few more strokes and had gone deeper once more. Effortlessly, Frank caught up again.

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The Love Box

What Makes A Punk

A gal I've been going out with insisted I take her to a Punk Rock Concert by a local group called "The Horseshits." We were up close to the bandstand and the leader Twotface, who styled himself after the late Sid Vicious, continually spit at us to which I objected and my date enjoyed. When she refused to leave, I spit at her and she in turn angrily tossed a glass of beer in my face. Now what I can't understand is why it was okay for the jerk on the stage to spit at her and not me who was footing the bill.

Leroy Hilton
Camden, Arkansas

That's it — you were footing the bill. A real Punk would have stuck her with it. You just weren't the real thing.

Wanted: A Sex School

This beautifully built young chick who I've been dating for the last six weeks tells me she loves me but won't marry me or even move in with me because she claims I'm a lousy lover. I keep telling her practice makes perfect but she claims I need

professional help. Is there any such thing and I don't mean a joint where they make believe anyone who antes up the fee is a great stud?

Robert Kelly
Boston, Mass.

We suggest you don't look for professional help — but for a new girlfriend. According to the ancient Chinese philosophers anyone you're really in love with is automatically good in bed.



Who Eats Who

In a recent issue you wrote about an organization of women who hate men and get their jolies by embarrassing the male sex whenever there is an opportunity. Well, I think I ran into one of those bitches on a recent business trip to Washington. Leaving the library of Congress, I stopped in for lunch at the nearest decent-looking cafeteria. The only empty seat was opposite an attractive young woman whom I asked if I could share her table. "How dare you?" she screamed. "You sex fiend!" I tried to explain she must have misunderstood me, but she yelled even louder, "You should be ashamed of yourself, you filthy pervert!" By this time everyone was looking at me so I left my tray of food and ran out of the restaurant.

Oscar Mansfile
Baltimore, Md.

Something like this also happened to one of the guys in the office and he has since come up with a line that you or any other of our readers are free to use if they ever find themselves in a similar situation. You just raise

your voice louder than the girl's and yell back at her, "I don't care how mad you get, sister, I just don't eat pussy!"

One For The Birds

A friend of mine claims that this is the truth but it sounds more like a joke to me. You should know. He says he was sitting in a local bar late one night when an unattractive, middle-aged woman sauntered in with a parrot on her shoulder. "Guess my parrot's weight," she said, and you can take me home and hump me to your heart's delight."

"298 pounds," yawned one of the guys in the bar.

"Wow!" exclaimed the anxious old broad. "That's close enough. I'm all yours!"

James Browning
Cleveland, Ohio

If you don't know it's a joke, than you're a better joke than the one we just printed.



18 Holes Make A Golf Course

Our neighborhood bartender claims he banged a girl 18 times in one night and he's willing to enter any sex contest to prove it. Do you know of one?

Michael Bishop
Evanston, Illinois

No, but we do know of an

event held in Oakland, California that he can enter — The Annual Biggest Lie Contest.



Sex Games

Twice in the last year my husband of seven years has come to me and confessed that he made out with another woman. In both cases, he swore up and down that the women meant nothing to him and that the sex was only the result of too many drinks and an instant flash of thehots. Since I am very trimly built fore and aft, he swore that the drinks, in one case, made a big pair of boobs look irresistible and in the other he was the victim of a big, bounding, and obviously willing, ass. To prove that I forgave him and bore no grudges he insisted, both times, that I hop right into bed and screw. I still don't know why he had to tell me, but since he seemed to believe honesty is the best policy, I decided to try it out on him. Although it never happened, I told him that I had too many drinks at an office party and let the bulge in the crotch of a young co-worker sweep me off my feet and into his bed. I, too, said the guy meant nothing to me and asked my husband to prove he forgave me by jumping into bed and ball-

ing me. Well, he freaked out. Not only wouldn't he come to bed but he hasn't touched me since. Of course, he doesn't believe that I made up the story. What do I do now?

(Name withheld on request)
Westport, Conn.

Stay cool. Your husband will come around, sooner or later... most likely...we think. And if not, there's always that young guy in the office with the bulging crotch.

Don't Bet On It

I've fallen in love with a Las Vegas showgirl who's hooked on gambling. Everytime we go out — before, between or after shows — she blows all my dough at the dice tables. I know this is crazy but I can't get her out of my system. Have you any suggestions?

Phil Norton
Las Vegas, Nevada

Sorry, we don't have any suggestions but don't worry about it. As soon as she loses all your money, she'll get you out of her system.



Medalions Are Not Medals

Here's a hot tip for you female readers from a femme who knows. Smoothies who wear open shirts and medalions are

the pits. The only thing big about them is their ego. All they want to do is score and once you let them in your bed they couldn't care less.

Hannah Armatage
Toronto, Canada

The next time you meet one of these guys, Hannah, give us a call. We'd like to introduce him to a swinging dish we know who entices you up to her apartment and then watches TV while you're making love to her.



Campus Queen

I have very fine features so for a joke I borrowed some make-up and women's clothes from our theatre department and entered our college's Campus Queen beauty contest. To my chagrin I won. Now all the straights look at me suspiciously, and all the gays invitingly. How do I convince everybody it was just a gag?

(Name and address withheld on request.)

Well, you might begin by taking off the dress and makeup.

Peeping Tomasinas

In a recent issue you ran a story, "Beach Head," about a beach house lived in by two whacky old ladies who would rent a room out at practically no cost to young couples so that they could watch them screw from hidden holes in the wall. I

know the story was supposed to be fiction but it was so close to what had happened to me that I wonder if the author had based it on a beach house in the West Hamptons?

Barry Sheldon
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We'll be a son of a beach if you're not the tenth guy to write in claiming that he had a similar experience — and they're from all different parts of the States, so we believe the author when he says he's never been in the West Hamptons and you're not the hero of his story.

A Bowl Of Super Broad

Driving back from the Super Bowl game with the three buddies who had made the trip with me, we picked up a gorgeous hitch-hiker who agreed to take us on one at a time for a ride back to Chicago. Even though it was dark when she climbed to the back of the station wagon and stripped, you could see she had one super-terrific shape. Big luscious boobs, a small waist and the sexiest hips and ass anyone could wish for. We tossed coins and I was to go fourth. After the other three guys had been laid it was my turn and I asked her to go down on me. When she refused I lost my temper and, since it was my car, I made her get out. All the way back home,



the guys were pissed off at me but nothing compared to a few days later when they all came down with a dose. Now they act as if it's my fault. Should I feel guilty?

Bob Conforti
Newark, N.J.

If it makes them happy, why not? It's better than feeling a dose.



Father Knows Best

As a regular reader of "The Love Box" I know it's no novelty to read about a guy who's making out with his mother-in-law but how would you react to coming home unexpected in the mid-afternoon and discover your father-in-law screwing your married sister? Both were visiting us but when I opened the guest room door the last thing I expected to see was my father-in-law on top of my sister pumping away. They were so busy they didn't hear me. My first reaction was to start yelling but on second thought I just backed out of the room. They still don't know that I saw them and I've said nothing, but I'm still troubled. What do you think I should do?

Fletcher Robinson
Green Bay, Wisconsin

The only thing we can think of is the next time you invite them over, make sure it's not at the same time.

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



The reason the once-popular westerns are not re-run much on TV is that they were not sexy enough for today's sophisticated audiences. So says savant Vernon Scott.

But Vernon and the people who run television may be taking a male chauvinist view of what is sexy. It is true that the old oaters didn't go in much for bobbing boobies in wet T-shirts or derrieres wiggling away from the camera. However women, who make up more than fifty percent of the watchers, found plenty of stuff to stir their juices in the horse operas.

For instance it was "Gun Smoke" that first introduced Mr. Macho, Burt Reynolds, as a bare-chested blacksmith. Just looking at him caused a lot of ladies to cream in their pants.

Another fellow who is now top box office is Steve McQueen who appeared in "Wanted: Dead or Alive." The girls drooled over him, then as now.

Jim Garner of "The Rockford Files" first starred in one of the early hit series called "Maverick." He never actually screwed anybody on screen but the women who watched could tell he was capable and desirable and they could imagine what it would be like to go to bed with him.

Sexy is as sexy thinks!

You Would Have to Catch Him With a Drag Net

M*A*S*H buffs are amused by a soldier named Klinger who keeps dressing up in female garb in the hope that he'll be dis-

charged from the army as a psycho. So far it hasn't worked for Klinger. But in San Quentin a con serving a life sentence dressed up in his wife's clothes and walked out of the maximum security prison.

If and when the cops catch up to him should they address him as Mrs., Miss, or Ms?

Mickey Rooney Must Have Something

"Sugar Babies" is a Broadway hit that gives a nostalgic version of old burlesque shows. In one scene Mickey Rooney has a fishing pole and he's fishing into the orchestra pit. He doesn't catch anything. A guy came along with a big string of fish. "What bait did you use?" asks Mickey. The guy says, "I'm a doctor. Every time I remove an appendix I cut it up into little pieces and use it for bait." Next guy comes along with more fish, Rooney queries him, and the fellow says, "I'm a doctor. Everytime I remove tonsils I cut them up for bait."

Next fellow comes along with such a load of fish he can hardly

carry them. "Hi, doctor!" says Rooney.

"What doctor? I'm a rabbi!"

Underdogs vs Underbitches

Homosexuals are doing a lot of protesting these days and one of the latest gripes is that female prostitutes are invading their turf in Bohemian Greenwich Village. They are demanding that police chase the whores from an area near an "artists'" apartment complex considered to be the center of the city's gay community.

Of course, you might question the business sense of hookers in hanging around a place where almost everybody is a queer. But they must find enough straights there to make it pay off.

Our X-rated grandpa, on seeing the headline GAY FURY AT HOOKERS IN THE VILLAGE was moved to exclaim, "I thought this was ironic or preposterous or ridiculous — fags expressing moral outrage over prosties!"

Sexy Girls are Pretty Fore and Aft

Ass men, leg men and tit men have been arguing over their preferences these many years. It did seem that the tit men could argue that their choice was way out in front. But now the behinds have come to the fore. Turn on any TV and you will see squirming femme derrieres in soap operas, prime time dramas or even — and especially — in commercials. No man in his

(continued on page 70)

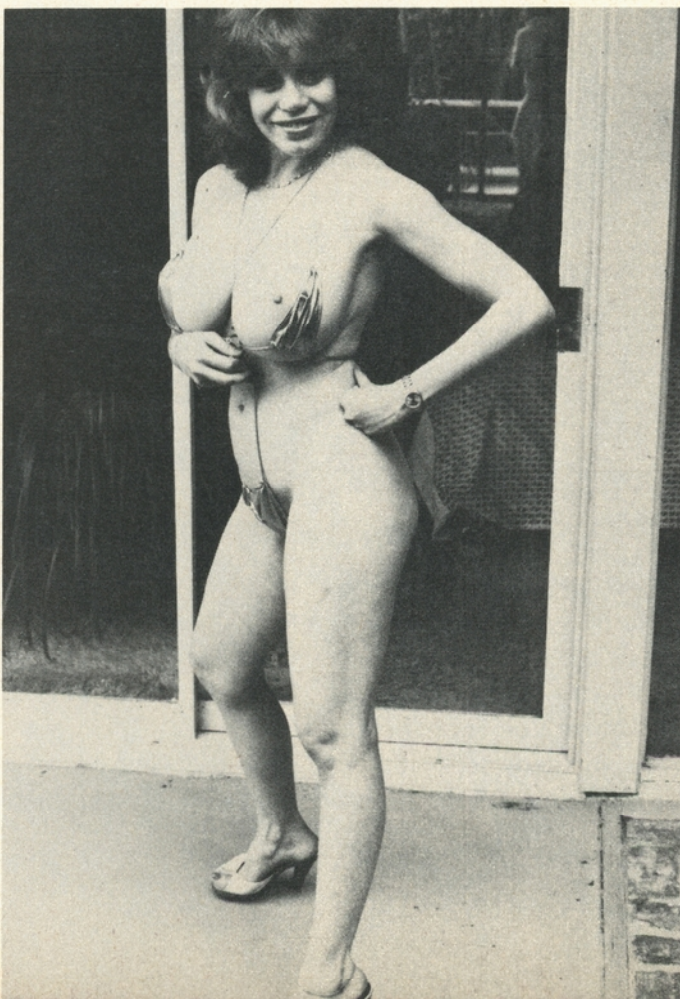
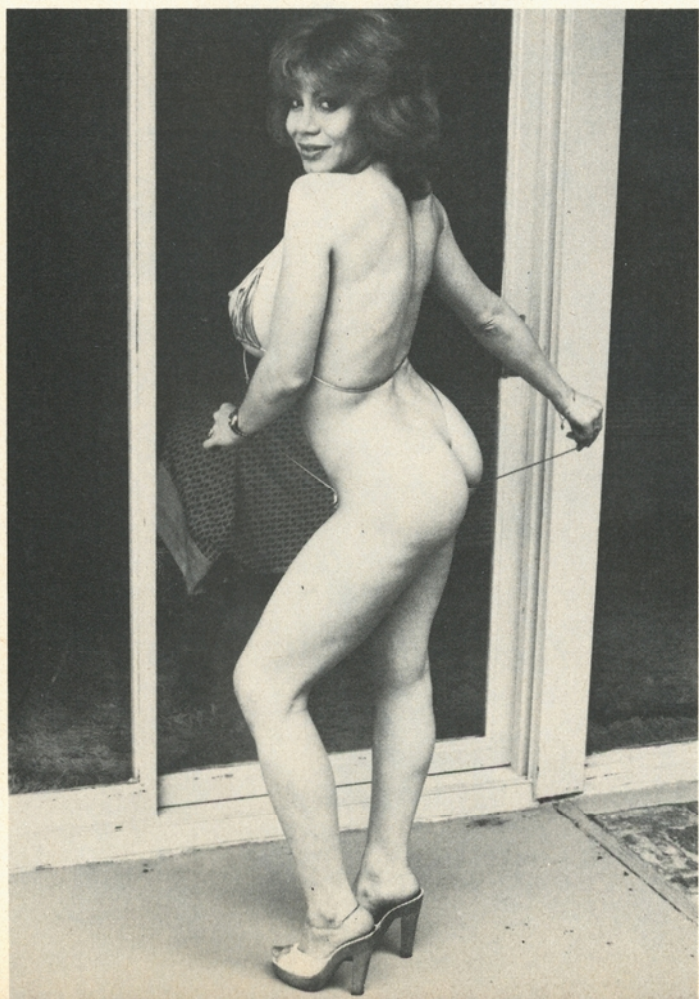






KITTEN

Here's a new shooting of sensational Francesca "Kitten" Natividad. She's simply terrific, the most exciting dynamo to come





along in years and we can't get enough of her. We hope you feel the same.

In addition to admiring her in her GEM and BUF appearances, many of you will have seen





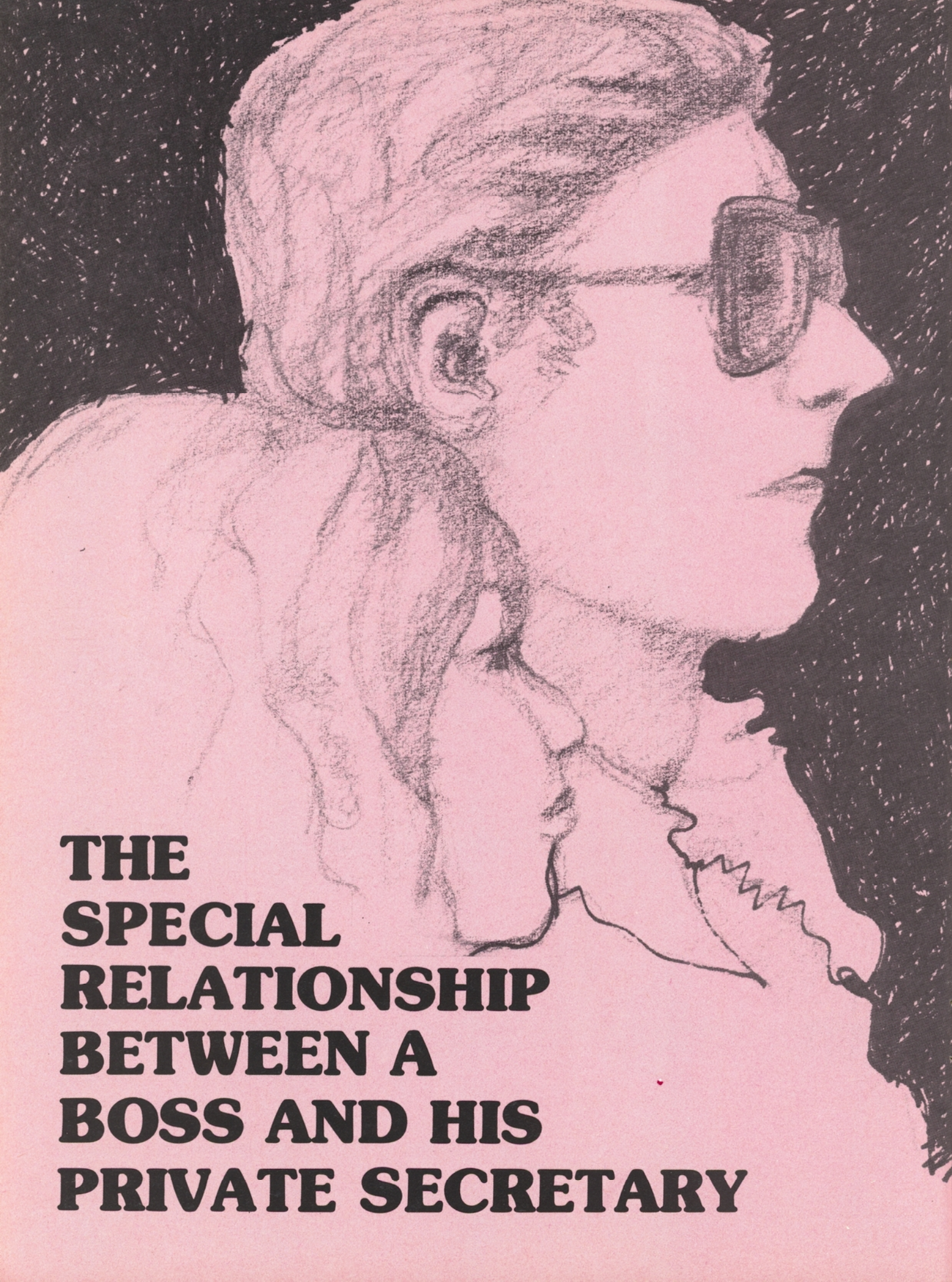
Kitten's performance in Russ Meyers' "Beneath The Valley of The Ultra Vixens," which also features another BUF Hall-of-



Famer, Uschi Digard. Kitten is currently putting her talents to use in another Meyers sextravaganza, and she's been making a

(continued on page 57)





**THE
SPECIAL
RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN A
BOSS AND HIS
PRIVATE SECRETARY**

The special relationship between a boss and his secretary would baffle even Freud. It is like no other relationship on Earth. Attempts to portray the efficient secretary as mousy and unattractive, on the one hand, and the pretty, voluptuous secretary as a salaried prostitute, on the other, merely betray wide spread public ignorance on the subject.

It's true, of course, that this relationship often involves sex. But this can be a vital part of a healthy employer — employee relationship. A woman is easily seduced by power. A secretary watches as her boss, over the phone, causes thousands of dollars in goods, services, and actual money to change hands. She sees a man in control — a man in control of money, material objects, and people. She sees power, and it calls to her, body and soul. So an affair between boss and secretary is not uncommon: how could it be under those circumstances? A secretary whose boss has not attempted to become physically intimate with her may feel cheated, or even inadequate.

Nonetheless, the secretary remains far, far above the "salaried prostitute" label given her by the unenlightened. Indeed, it may be her very efficiency (combined with physical good looks, of course— that makes her so sexually irresistible to her boss.

To explain this, one must understand how a secretary, if she truly fits the qualifications to live up to that esteemed title, differs from the average woman. The average woman, even in this age of women's liberation, plays a role that is essentially subordinate to the male. And whether this fact is explained by custom or otherwise, it must be noted that matters involving assertiveness or decisiveness are usually left to the male. The man is still generally conditioned by society to think of women, for the most part, as being in need of his support.

But, in his secretary, this same man sees a different woman altogether. He sees a

woman who, rather than requiring his protection, actually protects him, by acting as a buffer zone between him and his customers and business associates. Just as the secretary cannot help but be excited sexually by a dynamic boss, so must the boss also stand in awe of the efficient secretary. He verbalizes an idea — a letter, perhaps, or a phone call that must be made — and she brings that idea into realization, without him lifting a finger. That is the kind of magic to him, just as the force and power of his ideas and schemes are a kind of magic to her.

Why should a secretary be pretty? A man spends as much time at his office as he spends at home, often more. He wants the most attractive surroundings possible, for the sake of his morale. An aquarium is nice, so are potted rubber plants, paintings, and expensive office furniture. But nothing decorates a place quite like the presence of a lovely woman, and nothing makes the long hours of work seem so bearable.

If you are a moderately successful business executive with a young, energetic, pretty secretary, you can be sure that at least a part of her is in love with you. Secretaries are women hooked on power; otherwise, they would have chosen some other profession. To such a woman, a man's looks are secondary. She sees in her boss, something more than just the features that make up a man. She sees the look of power.

This mutual admiration between boss and secretary may never be voiced. But it remains the most vital part of the employer — employee relationship, the part that transcends money, or working conditions, or anything else. It's the part that really matters, the part that makes the secretary do her best, and the boss do his best, each to live up to that awe which the other feels. And it's also the key to understanding that special relationship — between a boss and his secretary. □



"Your blind date is tall...!"

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:

For those who think operas stuffy just remember that the line: "A man who is faithful to one woman is cruel to all others" is from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

At a Friar's Club bash, Milton Berle told the yarn about a real brash guy at a bar who put his hand on a woman's breast, hip, thigh and finally stuck a finger up her snatch. The woman, according to Uncle Miltie, finally spoke: "Could you put another finger in there? I want to whistle for a cop."

In a moment of self-deprecation, George Jessel, the unofficial Toastmaster General of

the U.S., told a reporter "Some people claim I'm so old the last woman I laid was Betsy Ross."

The French film, "The Rape of Love" is the explicit and serious story of a beautiful young girl who makes a living as a visiting nurse and gets around the countryside on a motorbike. One evening she is followed by four vicious men in a van, who force her into their vehicle and drive her to an isolated shed in the woods where they rape her, one by one, the second guy sodomizing her. Of course, she first had to strip while the quartet watched excitedly and then proceeded to twirl her breasts. "Think of your sisters!"



SEX IS A
MISDEMEANOR:

DE MORE I MISS.
DE MEANER I GET.



GAS, GRASS
OR ASS...
NO ONE
RIDES
FREE!



TOO MUCH SEX
CAUSES
INSANITY
THE MORE I
GET THE
CRAZIER
I AM
ABOUT IT!

Three amusing "Carcal" decals, put out by Galaxy Industries, were shown at NY's Merchandise Show.

pleaded cinema newcomer, Nathalie Nell as the nurse. "We haven't any — if we did, we'd screw them!" sneers one of her tormentors. "Rape" gets messier and messier as the case moves towards trial before a woman judge. As the father of one of the accused rapist puts it: "The world is one big dung-heap of fornication!"

"The Senator's Daughter," has more going for it than just its sexsational stars, Lesllie Bovee



A titillating scene from "Dirty, Mean and Nasty," a Grand Prize winner at the Cannes Film Festival. Released nationally by New Line Cinema.

and John Holmes. It's a combination porno, science-fiction, political thriller. The flick is full of foreign agents, abducted femmes being sexually programmed as enemy spies and orgies all over the globe. John Holmes plays an erotic film star whose career is cut "short" by an auto accident which deprives him of his big money-maker. Medical science promptly comes to the rescue and a special surgical team creates a bionic replacement for John's missing tool. This startling sexperiment is a huge success and an entire staff of nurse-volunteers apply the appropriate stimulation to help John recover his great abilities. Eventually John performs better than ever and goes on to plug up more and more holes. And when bigger holes are found they'll be in porno films.

"Velvet Tongue," a Joy Films release, brings a lot of new porno faces, as well as boobs and buns to the screen. The action, mostly hot and heavy, is laid in a chi-chi, big city sex club where ladies and gentlemen can witness the best sex exhibitions anywhere without

having to go to the expense of a trip around the world. In the opening scenes the audience is treated to a sex-act audition. However, the star performer turns out to be a young Moroccan girl whom the club had hired as a dishwasher. In the tradition of A-Star-Is-Born flicks, this sexpot — after being caught in oral action with the chef — is rushed on stage. Her "act," full of physical and theatrical power, soon attracts a city-wide following,



A stand-out young lass in "Velvet Touch of the Velvet Tongue" to give the full-color film its full title.

eventually earning her a reputation as The Real Deep Throat.

"Pleasure Palace" with Serena and Jamie Gillis, is a veritable feast of wall-to-wall sex scenes, surrounded by a great plot, suspense and sex, sex and more sex. It all begins with Mike, the new owner of a Miami masage parlor, interviewing one of the assembly-line "masseuses" about business procedures. Serena, with her Kewpie-doll face and dynamite body is able to string together orgasm after orgasm on camera. Although straight sex is unending, previewers noted that "Pleasure Palace" is "a fellatio freak's wonderland." Snappy dialogue and mob-style violence speeds the action along to a satisfying climax.

"800 Fantasy Lane," which premiered at NYC's Pussycat Cinema, a tale of steaming sex and penetrating action, as well as rollicking humor, offers a cinematic first: screen credits are "tattooed" on the lovely breasts and thighs of its shapely female cast members. There's even a plot: John and Victor, two virile gas-station attendants, would like to pump away on their vacation. Hearing about Hollywood Star Realty — a firm made up of 17 gorgeous femmes — they pose as Texas oilman ready to invest millions and are received with open arms (and other open parts) by the eager female realtors. (Serena is among these ravishing, eye-popping chicks.) The fellows have one whirl-wind orgiastic experience after another. Says Jamie Gills, playing John: "There's more available pussy here than in a cathouse on Saturday night." Even the most jaded tastes will be satisfied with "800's"

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

by Jock Budd

From ancient Italian medical records we now learn that Casanova, the dashing Eighteenth Century adventurer and most famous of all lovers, acutally had five penises. The cocksman's jockstrap literally fit him like a glove.

According to the latest survey there are one million hookers in London. These, of course, are loose figures.

Key Clubs date back to the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. They opened chastity belts.

You remember that secret agent in the television series who used his shoe as a telephone? As it turned out, he got Athlete's Ear.

Ivan IV, Czar of Russia, in 1549 got the nickname Ivan The Terrible. The name didn't come so much for his misdeeds, but because various female subjects said, "He just couldn't get it up." And then there was Peter The Great.

Behind closed doors, prison reform officials are debating whether or not to allow prostitutes to visit sex-starved inmates behind bars. The question clearly involves pros and cons.

Top Secret! For years space scientists have been sending radio messages to the stars in hopes that someday an answer would come back from intelligent life elsewhere in the universe. Last month a message clearly came back, but, for obvious reasons, has been



suppressed. From somewhere out there some life form radioed back, "Fuck off, turkey!"

Hollywood confidential: A TV star is now going to a psychiatrist for a kinky mental condition. Over the years at the end of every show, the actor has hugged and kissed his pet gorilla. Lately he's found that he gets an erection just thinking about it.

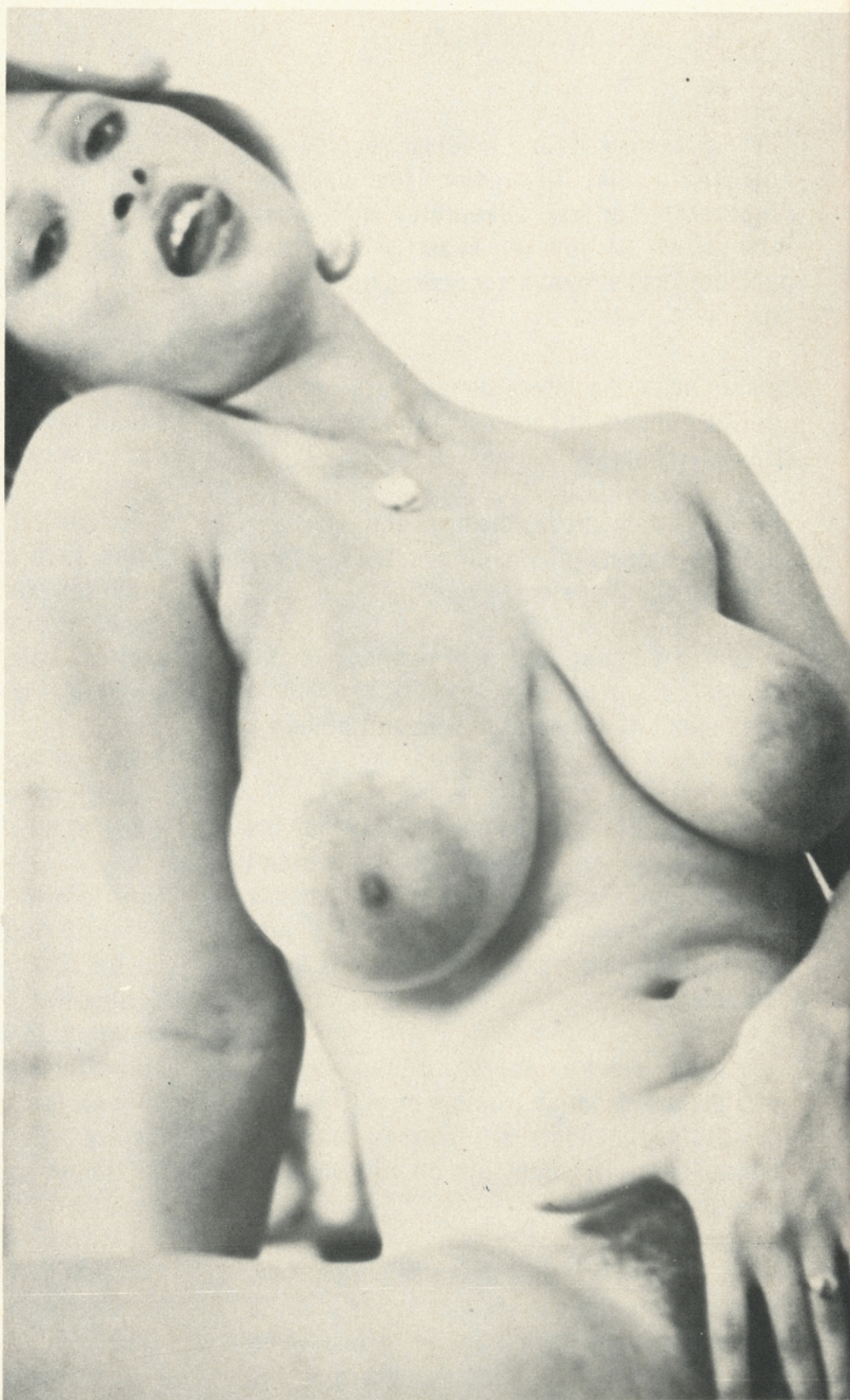
Now we know why street prosties are called "ladies of the evening." A study has been made of how they look in bright daylight.

At last the truth has come out concerning General George Custer's last stand at the battle of the Little Big Horn. When "Old Yellow Hair" was down to his last few men, standing in a circle surrounded by 10,000 blood-thirsty, screaming Sioux, he made one of the great observations in military history: "Have you ever seen so many fucking Indians in your life?"

Charles, the first gay Frenchman to have a sex change and become "Charlene," put up his family jewels for the operation.

The famous castaway Robinson Crusoe originated the four-day work week. He liked to get Friday off. ☐

ROSITA



Here's a terrific BUF newcomer to our pages — Rosita, a Latin-American bombshell. She showed up in California a couple of years

ago, we hear, did some pin-up posing and quit the scene. She reappeared just recently and the moment our West Coast man spotted her, he



Gem of the Month









rushed her to our BUF studios for a brand new shooting. Talk about a sexciting, sensual dynamo, this gal has "it."

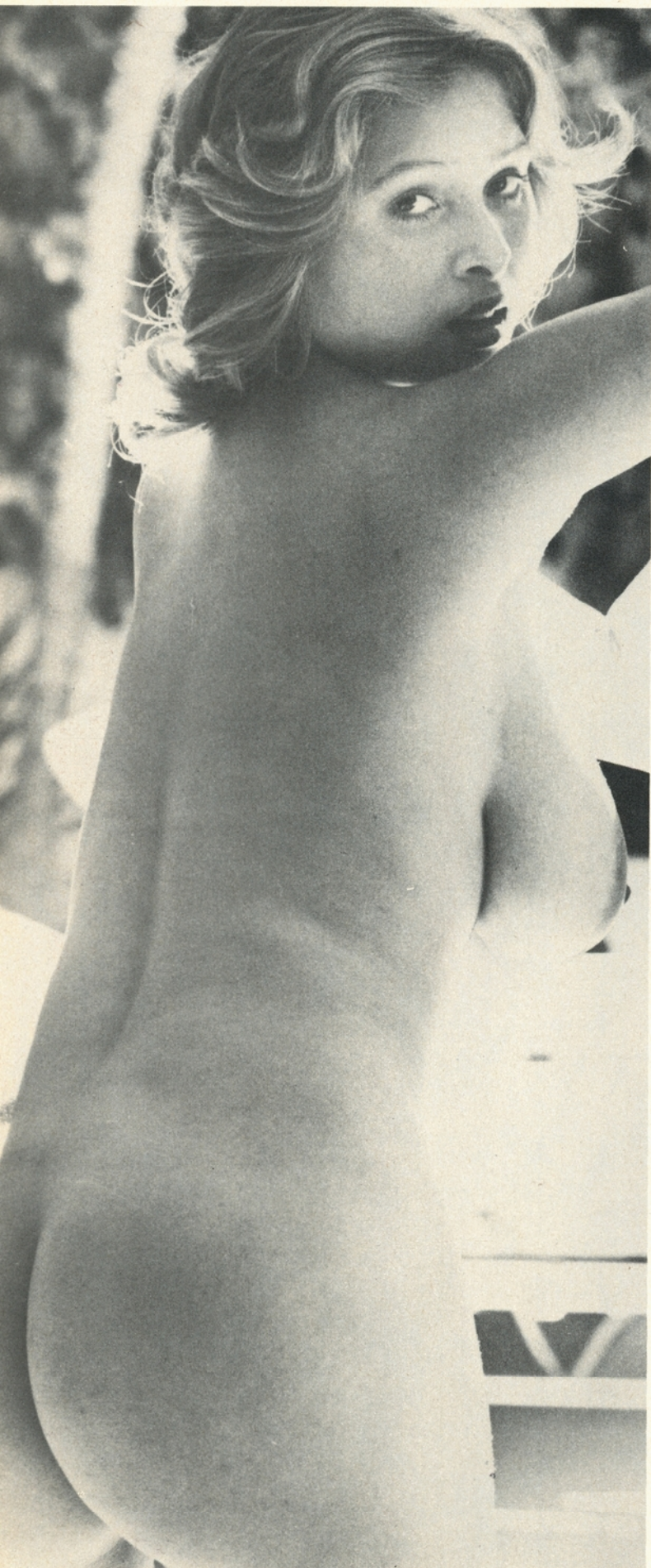
We asked her where she's been and she said she just returned from Tibet. It seems the lass has a thing for seeking new sights and spiritual



enlightment, and has traveled around the world in search of same.

It's amazing. We didn't move a foot — Rosita came along and we saw a new sight that enlightened our spirits to a rare degree of ecstasy. A sudden vision flashed through our brains and we knew, right then and there, the





meaning of life! Then there was an insistent ringing in our ears — it was the telephone. A prosaic business transaction took place and when we hung up we were aghast, we had forgotten that break-through vision explaining the meaning of life. Then we looked at busty, lusty, exciting Rosita, and even if she isn't the answer to life's biggest question, she's meaning enough for us. □







Like a vacuum cleaner, the artist sucked up every woman in sight.
Then he met the Countess who was HH - - haughty and hot

A PRICELESS PIECE OF ART

by John Keefauver

It's true: I'm a vacuum cleaner as far as women are concerned. I pull 'em in, I sweep 'em up. Even when I exhale I'm the suction king. Just looking at me makes women beg for that long hard pull. All that and I have my own current; I don't even have to be plugged in. Appreciative women call me The Cleaner, which is how I sign my paintings. I'm a portrait painter, specializing in women, of course. And they, naturally, specialize in me.

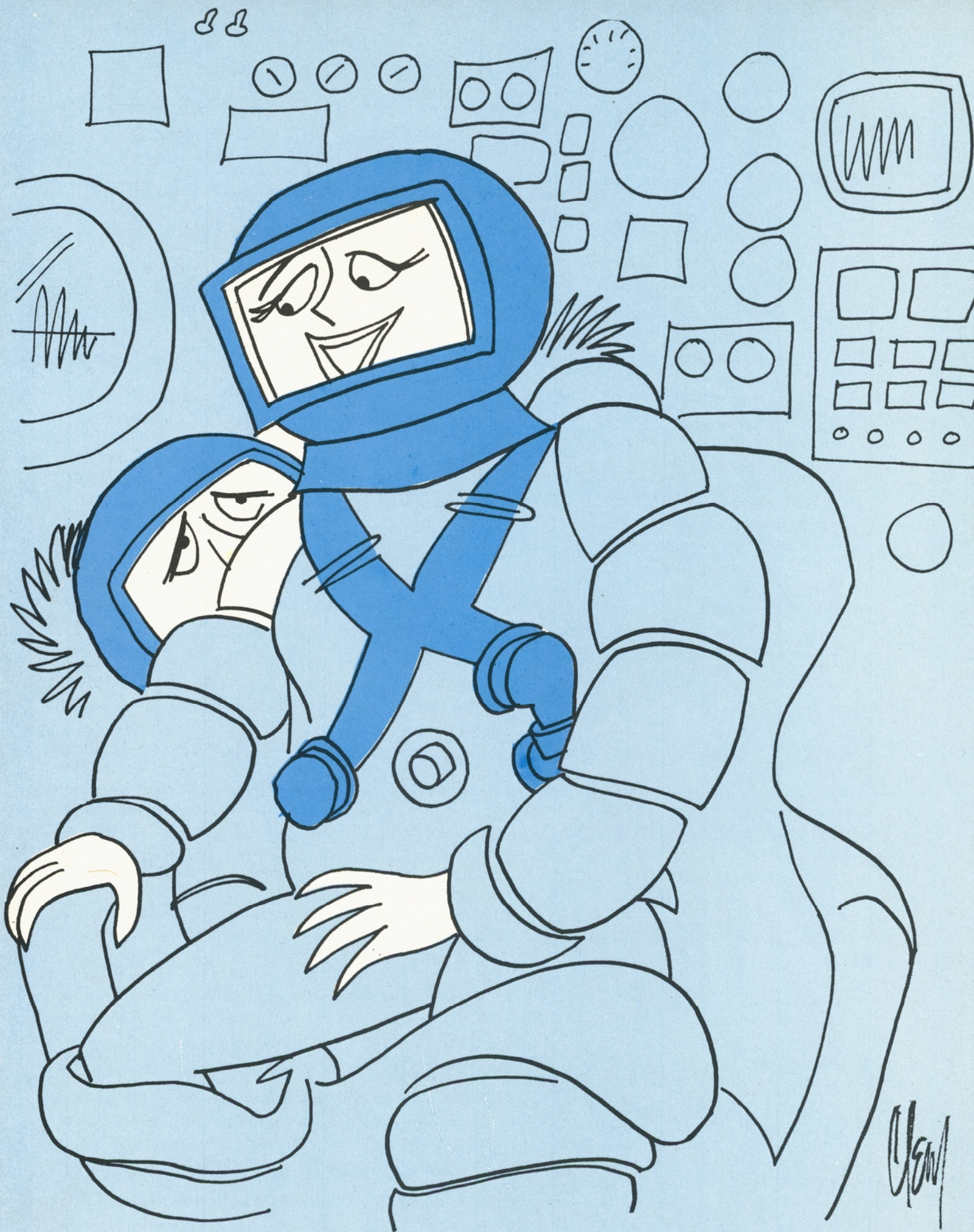
All of which could have ordinarily led to my cleaning The Countess even sooner than I did. After all, she was a vacuum cleaner herself. When she walked down the street, any street, her fancy ass twitching and all dressed up in her fancy unvacuumed clothes, there wasn't a cleaning man living whose eyes weren't about sucked out of his head. Including mine.

But I resisted — in the beginning. First of all, a haughtier one I've never seen. Even with her sexiness, she seemed to have an ice cube for a heart. When the guys in town tried to be friendly with her - just friendly — she'd give them her freezing look. And then there was the problem of her husband, The Count.

She and The Count were newcomers to town, and of all the burgs they could have picked, they came to the most no-count town going. I call it Boondocks. And even living in Boondocks yet, they called themselves Count and Countess Von Teuber.

The Count announced right from the beginning, in his aristocratic way, that he was an artist who wanted to paint some of the local color he claimed we were wallowing in. You'd see him, a tall, muscular man who held himself very erect, come out of the house they'd rented on Fourth Street and get in his Mercedes to drive out into the country to paint. Or sometimes he'd just walk to town and go at it. The Countess never went with him.

(continued on page 68)



"Ready for a little re-entry, Colonel?"

So when I, as artist of the town, was eventually invited to a cocktail party I found that, naturally, The Count and The Countess were there, too. I was introduced to her by The Count, whom I'd got to know when I saw him painting in town. As fellow artists, we'd had a long chat.

That was when I'd learned that he was a former Nazi — and still was. He came right out and admitted it, in his arrogant way. He bragged about it, and I got the idea that he thought that I would like that because I was an artist, too, and artists were, after all, superior people, he kept repeating. I'd also learned that the bastard was trying to seduce all the girls in town — and I mean girls. As we talked that day on the street, he stared at a couple of high school girls walking by; his eyes looked as if they had sweat in them. He asked me their names and addresses; he wanted to know all about them. "Painting isn't my only interest," he said with a leer. And as days passed I'd heard more stories about this other interest — all ugly.

For example; an old buddy, who's now a cop in a town about twenty miles from Boondock, told me the big bastard had beat up on a waitress there, and he just didn't slap her around, either. He *hurt* her, and for no good reason. He was a sadist. And he scared her so bad that she was afraid to testify against him. She blew town.

So, considering all this, I'd decided I didn't want anything to do with The Count and The Countess. Still, with all her haughtiness and basic coldness, I was attracted to the beauty by her equal degree of sexiness, especially at the cocktail party, where she let me know, subtly but clearly, that *she* had other interests, too, and that, by God,

I was one of them. And so I found myself telling her that I was also an artist — not as good, of course, as her husband, but learning.

"I'm sure you are as good as he," she said in what was for her a purr. "Possibly much better. Wouldn't you say that was possible, dear?" she asked The Count, who had edged up to us.

The Count didn't know about that. I think he was getting the drift of what was happening right there. He must have been aware of her other interests, just as she was aware of his, so I was to eventually learn.

And so, before I could stop myself, I got my ol' vacuum cleaner going, and I went into a bullshit line. "Countess, said I, 'I realize it is extremely forward of me, but if you would consent to sit for a portrait by me, it would enlarge my reputation and make my future secure,'" which crap I'd used before, as you can tell.

This is when I became certain of The Count's jealous nature. Because as soon as I made my pitch, he put his arm around his wife very protectively and scowled at me. Well, screw him! I wasn't as big as he was but I was big enough, and younger.

But she played her part perfectly. Giving me a stare she must save for beggars, she haughtily answered, "Great artists of Europe have all but got up on their knees while pleading to do my portrait. To all I have said no. If ever I have a change of mind, I shall choose a master, not a mere beginner such as you." And she and her upper crust, imported accent turned regally from me.

What an actress! — or so I thought. She even had me fooled, you see — as I was to learn the next time I saw her.

I'd found out that she made a regularly timed walk every day

after lunch, and so one afternoon I "accidentally" met her, but when I aimed my cleaner at her, absolutely nothing happened. She gave me the cold stare I'd seen her give every other man in town, and she kept on walking. The only thing she said was, "I'm not interested in mere beginners."

Well, my fuse blew. And when my fuse blows, God help them all! I'd show her!

And so after much thought, I began painting The Countess, from memory and in full figure. When I'd finished, I took it over to Tillie Gort's Booze Parlor and unveiled it in front of a bunch of the locals, mainly men, most of whom had seen the real product but not the way I'd painted her. When they saw my painted job their eyes about sprang out of their head, because I'd painted her flat-out naked.

All that day, as word got around, Tillie did a business that was like New Year's Eve. She begged me to leave the thing there permanently.

Maybe I would have — for a fee — if The Countess hadn't learned before the day was out what by now the whole town knew — and which news I'd helped spread to her, mainly by having a pal phone her incognito and tell her what Mr. Cleaner had wrought at Tillie's. In no time she came charging in the place, and when she saw the thing she started screaming so hard and so loud that I quickly rolled up the canvas and started out of Tillie's, with her right behind, still screeching — just as I planned it. I walked toward my apartment with her beside me demanding that I hand the painting over. I told her to come to my place and I'd give it to her. And I guess that was the only reason she did.

The first thing she wanted when we got inside, though, was an

(continued on page 68)



THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

ROXANNE

*We really didn't know if we should run a
"Thanks For The Mammaries Dep't." feature*





on the enormously popular and incredibly-shaped Roxanne because we've felt all along

that we'd be getting new sets on her. She's one of our great Hall of Fame champions and





we never heard that she had given up modeling. But it's quite a few years since we received a new shooting of her so perhaps she has packed it in. On that premise we're presenting this series because we feel it's high time for another look at a colossus of the





chestal attractions. But if our premise is wrong and we get a new set on her, we'll get it

52 GEM

in the works and to you readers pronto. That's a promise.



SUCKER BAIT

continued from page 17

She stopped now, her head becoming the only thing visible in the water. Frank was right in front of her. She didn't pull away any longer. Frank took her into his arms. She slid into them hungrily. His lips found hers. They were hot and eager. His hands roamed her body. Her hands searched his.

It all happened suddenly! Frank felt the movement behind him, something big. Did this girl have a friend? Whatever it was was under the water. Before Frank could react, something big and strong bit into his leg. Frank screamed out in terror and pain. The teeth dug into his leg and held tightly, pulling him down. He tried to yank his leg free. He was almost loose for a second but the grip tightened.

The girl slipped from Frank's arms. Frank's head was quickly being pulled beneath the murky water. "Help me," he pleaded. "Please, please help me." He could say no more as the water filled his mouth. The pain was becoming unbearable and he could no longer breathe.

For a very brief instant the grip on his leg was released. For that very brief instant Frank believed himself with the desperate hope that he was free. But he suddenly felt his entire body being engulfed by the giant jaws that had pulled him down.

As the monstrous teeth tore into Frank's flesh, he gave out a final scream of agony. But nobody heard it, only the fish.

Later, as the huge fish finished the last of its meal, it marveled at how simple the "two-legs" were. You simply dangled a bright-colored bait in front of them and they went right to it. Who could explain it? It was a stupid sport, really. But, it thought as he made its last swallow, not an unsatisfying one. □

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It's a bird, it's a plane . . . no, it's the moon man projectile! Here, for the first time, is the true inside story, never revealed before

UP, UP AND AWAY!

by Ralph James

Modern science performs so many miracles these days that we hardly take notice any more. Recently, however, there was some raising of the eyebrows when a man was sighted speeding through outer space toward the moon. Greater interest was aroused when it was discovered that this guy was not on a scheduled flight, and even scientists became baffled when they found he he wasn't even in a vehicle—not to mention the fact that he wasn't wearing a space suit! In fact, this "rocket man" wasn't wearing anything at all!

Though the story never broke in the press, an inside source revealed that the rocket man's name was Rupert Harden. Before his blast-off, so the story went, Rupert had just been an average, run-of-the-mill, regular guy, not an astronaut or connected with the space program in any way. It had all begun about three weeks before, on Rupert's wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harden had just driven away from the church when a speeding motorcycle crashed into Rupert's side of the car. A day later he awoke in the hospital. His wife had been unharmed. And Rupert was all right—except for one condition which his doctor explained:

"Mr. Harden, you're a lucky man to be in the shape you are after the accident. You might easily have been killed. Yet you are alive—except for one part of your body. I must tell you . . . please prepare yourself for a shock . . . that because of certain irreparable damage which you experienced in the accident that you will never be able to obtain an erection again."

Rupert was stunned. Feelings of desperation and despair overwhelmed him. He could hardly control his voice as he cried out. "Doctor," he pleaded. "Please, please, tell me it's not true! I'd rather kill myself!"

The Doctor patted his patient on the shoulders. "Young man," he said, "get a grip on yourself. There's still hope. If you're willing to cooperate, we might be able to fix you up. You see, although you can no longer produce an erection biologically, medical science can help you do so by other means. We have a newly developed device—an experimental device—which can perform the desired function electronically."

"Keep talking, Doc," answered Rupert. "I'm willing to do anything."

The Doctor sat down to explain. He told Rupert the device hadn't been tested before, but there was every reason to believe in its efficiency. Quite simply, a transistor-sized atomic powered transmitter would be planted in his navel. The gizmo would operate like a push-button, sending out special beams that would form a high-energy field around Rupert's member and thus cause an erection—a space age miracle! And normal feelings and sensations would be experienced.

Rupert was elated. "And you mean I can obtain an erection just by pushing the button? Wow! You not only are making my life worth living, you're putting frosting on the cake!"

The operation was performed, free of-charge, that night and the next day Rupert was released under the condition he report back regularly concerning the device's performance.

Sally, Rupert's wife, was never the wiser about the flesh-colored "belly button." But she was greatly impressed by Rupert's potent powers. Their marriage went off with a bang! The gadget was very simple to operate. Rupert merely pushed the button one time for on or "up" and two times for off or "down." Turning it on or off was completely inconspicuous and the whole thing worked like a charm. One day at the office, however, a strange thing happened. A radio broadcast of the baseball game seemed to be coming right out of Rupert's pants. It was very embarrassing and he fled his office to the doctor's, who re-assured Rupert that what had happened was a freak accident of nature. Due to some atmospheric condition, his transmitter had started picking up foreign signals. It would never happen again, Rupert was told.

Another time, however, Rupert was walking past an electrical appliance store when he felt himself growing larger and larger, and larger. But then, a block away,

everything got back to normal. Once again the Doctor assured Rupert that this was a bizarre coincidence caused by the mixture of other wave lengths—and not to worry about it.

Otherwise life was a dream. Sally was greatly impressed by Rupert's virility, by his ability to stay erect for such long periods and to do it night after night. She called him Super Lover, but he played it cool and told her that she was responsible. He said, "Baby, it's you who turns me on like this." True to a certain degree, but it was the terrific "belly button" that really turned Rupert on!



About three months after the operation Rupert and Sally decided to take a short honeymoon for the one they missed due to the accident. Without a word to anyone, they took off for a weekend in the mountains. The same Friday they left, Rupert's doctor received a frantic telegram from an electronics instruments company. The doctor read the cable and immediately began trying to reach Rupert on the phone, but to no avail. The cable said that all of a certain type of transmitter must be immediately recovered—a serious defect had been discovered. And one of these was in Rupert's navel—his "belly button."

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Harden were getting undressed high in a mountain cottage. In honor of his honeymoon, Rupert decided to try

for an effect. To do this he retired to the bathroom to push his "button," so that he would appear fully aroused as he walked toward his spouse waiting in bed. He figured she would get a kick out of seeing his ardor already in full bloom.

But in the bathroom something went wrong. Rupert, who had stripped to the buff and had pushed his "button," was startled as his penis continued to grow beyond its normal extended state. Higher and higher it went. It was like Jack and the beanstalk . . . faster and faster it grew! "Help!" Rupert cried. Sally rushed in just as his erection, incredibly sized and still growing began to rumble and hiss and *poosssshhh!!!* Rupert skyrocketed straight up, right through the ceiling of the cottage—and up, up and away into the clear blue sky!

Sally stared dumfoundedly through the shattered ceiling at the rapidly disappearing speck that Rupert made in the sky. "Gosh," she said, "I guess my new pink negligee turned Rupert on a little too much. . ."

Back at the doctor's office, a second telegram had arrived to further explain: "The Lunar Module which was launched yesterday by the United States Air Force is sending out homing waves that are the same as those transmitted by the XL9 33 mini-micro control switch. These waves transmitted by the Lunar Module will be received by all devices controlled by the XL9 switches—and may seriously disrupt their function! Repeat: Please recover all XL9's at once!"

How this will be done in Rupert's case is hard to imagine, but don't play science short. It is capable of anything. Meanwhile Rupert, led by his gargantuan-sized pecker, plunged into the surface of the moon and when last seen was boring and screwing all the way through to the other side of the lunar satellite; and while this isn't a real ending to the story, there should be one helluva climax! □



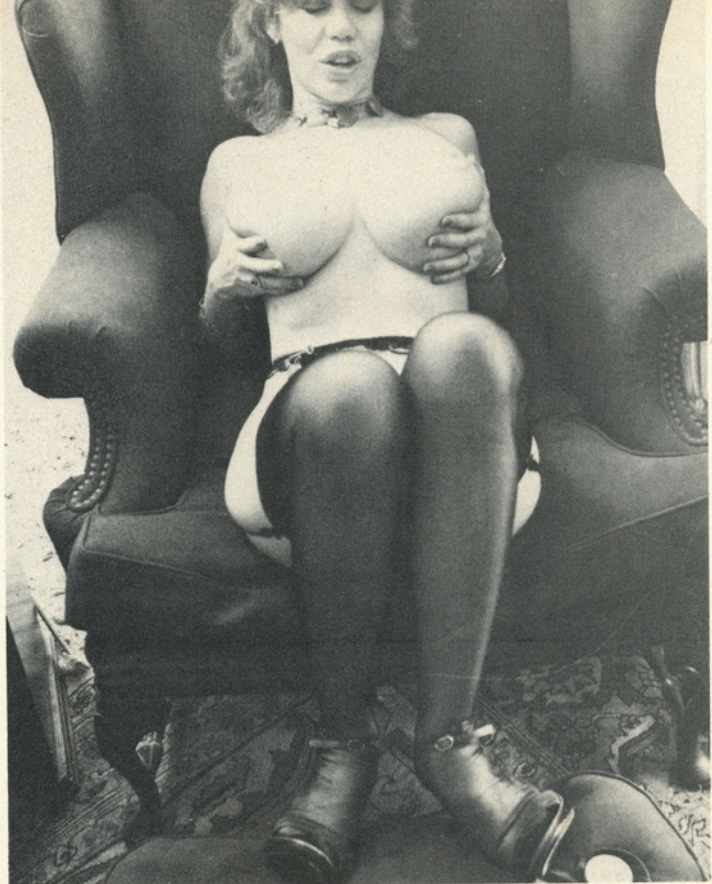
WONDERGAL

continued from page 26

number of TV appearances as well. With all the hype that's going down, we truly expect

Kitten to become one of the superstars of the eighties. She's got carloads of charisma, she's





full of pep, and she sports a pair of bulging
BUF twins that just won't quit! To say more

would be superfluous. Kitten, you're just
purr-fect. ☐

MOST POPULAR STAG FILM

continued from page 6

With the non-commercial "stag" film — the 150 — to 200-foot, 15 to 18-minute variety so often shown in basements or clubrooms to small groups — it's a lot harder to make any accurate guess about overall popularity or total number of viewers. No one keeps a running total at these screenings. But there is little doubt about *which* stag flick is best known and talked about most often in bull sessions or neighborhood taprooms by blue-movie aficionados. It's titled "Smart Alec" and stars a shapely chick named Candy Barr.

Never heard of her, you say? It's quite possible you didn't, but it's a good bet that your father or your Uncle Ralph has. Back in the 1940's and 1950's, Candy Barr was one of the nation's leading strippers. She was well known in burlesque houses from coast to coast and numbered her fans in the hundreds of thousands. A svelte and sexy performer, she combined a healthy, girl-next-door attractiveness with a superb natural grace and considerable dancing ability as well.

During the heyday of the striptease, 25-35 years ago, there were hundreds of curvy, good-looking gals who could and did "take it off," but few of them could match Candy's artistry and popularity. For a time she was just as well known in her specialty as Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio and Georgia Sothorn, the biggest burlesque names of all.

Candy Barr began her career with one ridiculous handicap: the unlikely name of Juanita Slusher. It actually was her real name, the one she'd been born with in a small Texas town. She was still using it when she

landed a job as cigarette girl in a Dallas striptease joint called the Theater Lounge. Juanita earned little money selling packs of cigarettes, and she longed to be up on the stage, showing off her lush figure to the paying customers.

Fate intervened in her behalf soon enough. A kindly stripper, Bonnie Bell, befriended the young girl, recognized her potential and encouraged her ambitions. She began teaching Juanita some of the tricks of the trade, giving her tips on clothing, body movements, footwork, makeup and all the other details that contribute to a successful strip act. She even gave the girl the first "pasties" she'd ever worn on her boobs.

And then Bonnie Bell gave Juanita Slusher something else that was to prove even more important: a new name, Candy Barr.

And so it wasn't long before a new stripper, provocatively named Candy Barr, began bumping, grinding and shedding, and within a few years the newcomer was becoming famous all over the country for her talents.

Somewhere along the road to striptease fame she appeared in "Smart Alec." It was filmed in a Texas "motor court" (motor courts were forerunners of today's motels), with mediocre camera equipment and somewhat unprofessional lighting and direction. The year was most likely in the late 1940's. In those days stag movies were made hurriedly, under difficult conditions and with inferior facilities. Despite these typical problems, the finished product (no one seems to know today why it was titled "Smart Alec") was far superior to similar flicks made in the same era. Its merit was due to only one factor: Candy Barr herself.

The plot of "Smart Alec" was

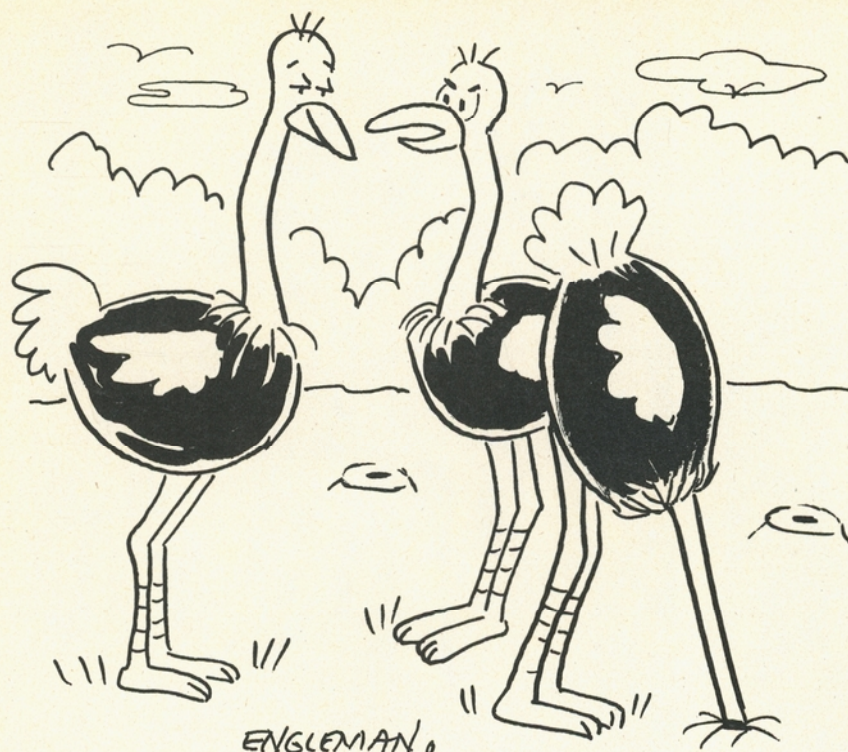
primitive. Candy and her co-star, a swarthy, muscular young man with thinning dark hair and beady eyes, enter the motor-court room and immediately plunge into energetic foreplay. They kiss passionately; his hands rove over her still-garbed body. Their passion mounts, and soon Candy is completely nude, displaying all of her gorgeous body. The camera lingers lovingly on full, jutting breasts and a dark, inviting bush.

The action moves to the bed. There they waste no more time on preliminaries but quickly proceed to the main event. In the piece de resistance our sexy heroine reveals a talent not previously shown to her many striptease fans, playing her role with great finesse. After a few minutes of extraordinarily spirited humping, both she and her co-star reach what look like genuine orgasms. They uncouple for a rest.

Now the plot thickens. It soon becomes apparent that Candy's boy friend hasn't been entirely satisfied after all. He wants more. Specifically, he wants her to go down on him, and he makes several attempts to push her head down closer to his crotch. But what's this? An unexpected turn of events! Candy has decided she doesn't feel like playing that way (maybe she's tired from all that frantic balling). Vigorously she shakes her head to indicate refusal. He persists, continuing his efforts to get her to come across. She still says no.

But the action isn't over yet. Suddenly Candy gets a brainstorm. She sits up, toying with an idea. She has a girl friend who happens to like giving head, and maybe, just maybe...

The oral-minded lady is summoned at once, and she turns out to be more than willing. In no time at all she is



ENGLEMAN
 "How did you know that's my wife?"

taking care of the guy. He just lies back enjoying it, with Candy an interested spectator. There is also a little lovemaking between the two girls, and all's well that ends well.

Not much of a story line, you say? True. And not very subtle? Also true. Then why, you might go on to ask, is "Smart Alec" the most talked of, most popular stag movie ever made? What's the big deal? Why has it become a sort of underground classic of erotica?

In the almost three quarters of a century that blue films have been seen by almost exclusively male audiences, there has not been a single authenticated case of a real, in-the-flesh celebrity having appeared in one of them — until Candy Barr came along. Of course, there were persistent rumors floating around for years that both the late Joan Crawford and the incomparable Greta Garbo had acted in stag movies filmed long before the two world-famous performers reached stardom. Garbo was said to have also been in an undercover flick made at the height of her

popularity. More recently, it was claimed that Barbra Streisand starred in one of her own.

But careful movie researchers discount these rumors, agreeing that every one of them is unfounded. In each case, it was discovered that the actresses involved — if one is charitable enough to call them "actresses" — were just look-alikes of the real stars. In fact, they had been chosen for their "roles" solely on the basis of that similarity.

(In somewhat the same way, a celebrated whorehouse called "Mae's" flourished in pre-World War II Hollywood by using doubles of screen stars as an inducement to clients; the doubles were even given the same names to make it more realistic.)

So, the novelty and thrill of seeing an actual show-biz celebrity in a dirty movie has had to be channeled into just one film, the best one Candy Barr ever made. Yes, she starred in others, too. Perhaps the most interesting is Candy Barr vs Virginia Bell, a flick that

showcases two strippers in all-girl action. Like "Smart Alec," it is often shown to men who have seen the gals perform on burlesque-house stages and who therefore make an especially appreciative audience. Unlike "Smart Alec," many of its prints seem to be in fairly good condition today. But Candy's first movie still remains the favorite.

The main reason is probably her joyful, enthusiastic performance.

In most of the stag reels you've seen — let's admit it, boy — the performers' so-called acting ability is virtually nonexistent. They go through their mattress routines woodenly, without any human warmth or genuine feeling, with their facial expressions either as blank as an empty plate or with a crudely faked, hammy pretense of orgasmic pleasure. The off-camera "director," to make matters worse, gives them instructions that are at most uninspired and unimaginative. What's more, the female performers are often old bags, especially in the more ancient reels; they look like tired hookers well past their prime.

With Candy Barr it was different. She brought an obvious enjoyment to her roles, limited though they were, relishing what she was doing, getting pleasure from her on-camera love-making and thereby giving the viewer pleasure, too.

In "Smart Alec" we see a healthy, good-looking, sensual young woman who not only enjoys sex but isn't afraid to show it. In the film, her role isn't just another job to her, a paid routine to be finished as quickly as possible. It's an open, honest expression of her delight in sexual pleasure.

And that too is what makes "Smart Alec" a classic among stag films. □





SOPHIA

Every now and then a classy femme with that extra special something comes along and you know you're hooked. That's what

happened when we first encountered this sexy, sultry brunette. There's an air of mystery about this gal that adds to her





mystique. She's rather vague about her age, place of birth and occupation. She's rumored to (shhh!) to be an experienced

intelligence operative (they used to call 'em spies) with international connections. "I'm not really at liberty to talk about my



work," Sophia told us. "I can't even reveal my current employer. There are matters of international security at stake. Of course, I only work for the good guys."

After a few drinks during the photo session, Sophia loosened up and divulged some classified information. "I'm not supposed to talk about this, but I'll let you know that a number of major political figures in the Iron Curtain countries are regular readers of both *BUF* and *GEM*."

We kind of envy those diplomats and Prime Ministers who get to have their hearts torn apart by Sophia. Since we're not in possession of any top secret government info, we'll have to let Sophia work her magic on us second-hand via these revealing pics. □



PRICELESS PIECE OF ART

continued from page 47

explanation. Very coolly I said, "God Himself commanded me to paint you, Countess. A vision of you appeared before me in a dream, and I painted you just as you were presented."

"Wretch!" she bawled. "Dauber! You have made me the laughing stock of the town! You have painted my thighs a full three inches heavier than they are!"

Well, as I've said, I knew she was stuck on herself, but that part about three inches surprised even me. But I didn't show it.

"God cannot be wrong," I said. "Your thighs must be as I painted them."

"No!" she screeched. "Never!"

And with that she pulled a measuring tape out of her purse and handed it to me. (She measures her ego every hour on the hour?) "Here," she snapped. "Measure them."

Then she did something that is still hard for me to believe. Until I remind myself of her mountain-size vanity. She pulled up her dress to reveal a couple of thighs that made my eyeballs rattle.

"Measure them!"

Well, I tried, God knows. But I kept dropping the tape and then I had to reach for it and, naturally, pull it slowly back up over her leg. And then I'd get it too high and have to pull it down from her Devil's Triangle, which was peeking out at me from the edge of her panties, the rascal. And my thumbs kept getting in the way. And the next thing I knew thumbs and thighs and tape were all mixed up. And then somehow the tape disappeared and a thumb got lost in The Triangle and a non-aristocratic flush came over the Countess' face and her lips parted and she began to tremble, and there

wasn't a bit of haughtiness in all of it.

Well, there was some. There was always *some*.

"Do you not have something beside the tape?" she sighed finally. "Some other type of measuring stick?"

Well, I discovered that what she needed was close by, and with it I began a careful, thorough, and vigorous measurement, which she helped me with in a marvelous display of enthusiasm. In other words, I plumbed the bottom with the ol' dip stick.

When the job was finally finished, she whispered, "Now, my dear Mr. Cleaner, do you not agree that I am a full three inches slimmer than you thought. Your portrait obviously stands as a libel and a fraud."

"It seems so," I said. "I'll have to make a new one. But the question is, how? I cannot depend on God any longer."

"My dear Mr. Cleaner, Art must copy nature. You must work from the real form. And we should begin soon, I think. And since you must be totally accurate in every detail, in every place, you should start, dear man, by measuring me again."

Which I vigorously did.

From that day on The Countess came around to my place to get measured whenever she could. While The Count was outside wielding his brush, I was inside wielding my ol' dip stick. And it might have gone on forever if he hadn't come home early a couple times and found her gone. The second time it happened he, his jealousy showing him the way, came around to my apartment, arriving near my door just in time to see her leaving. He didn't say anything; just took her by the arm and walked away. But she didn't show up for days after that, or phone, and I didn't think it was smart for me to

phone her.

When she finally phoned early one morning, her voice alone lengthened my ruler several inches. "My dear man," she sighed in that upper crust, foreign accented voice of hers. "Could you possibly come around to see me within the hour? The Count has gone to the city for the day."

"Don't you think it would be better if you came to my place?"

"I have entertained the option, my dear, and have decided against it. The Count is extremely suspicious as you might understand, and I am quite concerned that he may return to the house much earlier than he thinks I expect him. I should be in the house in that case, do you not think?"

"I think you should, too," said I. "And I also think that I shouldn't."

"I agree. But I have considered that factor, too, and there is no problem. We shall retire to my bedroom, in the rear of the house and on the ground level. If The Count should arrive home unexpectedly early, you may easily depart through the window."

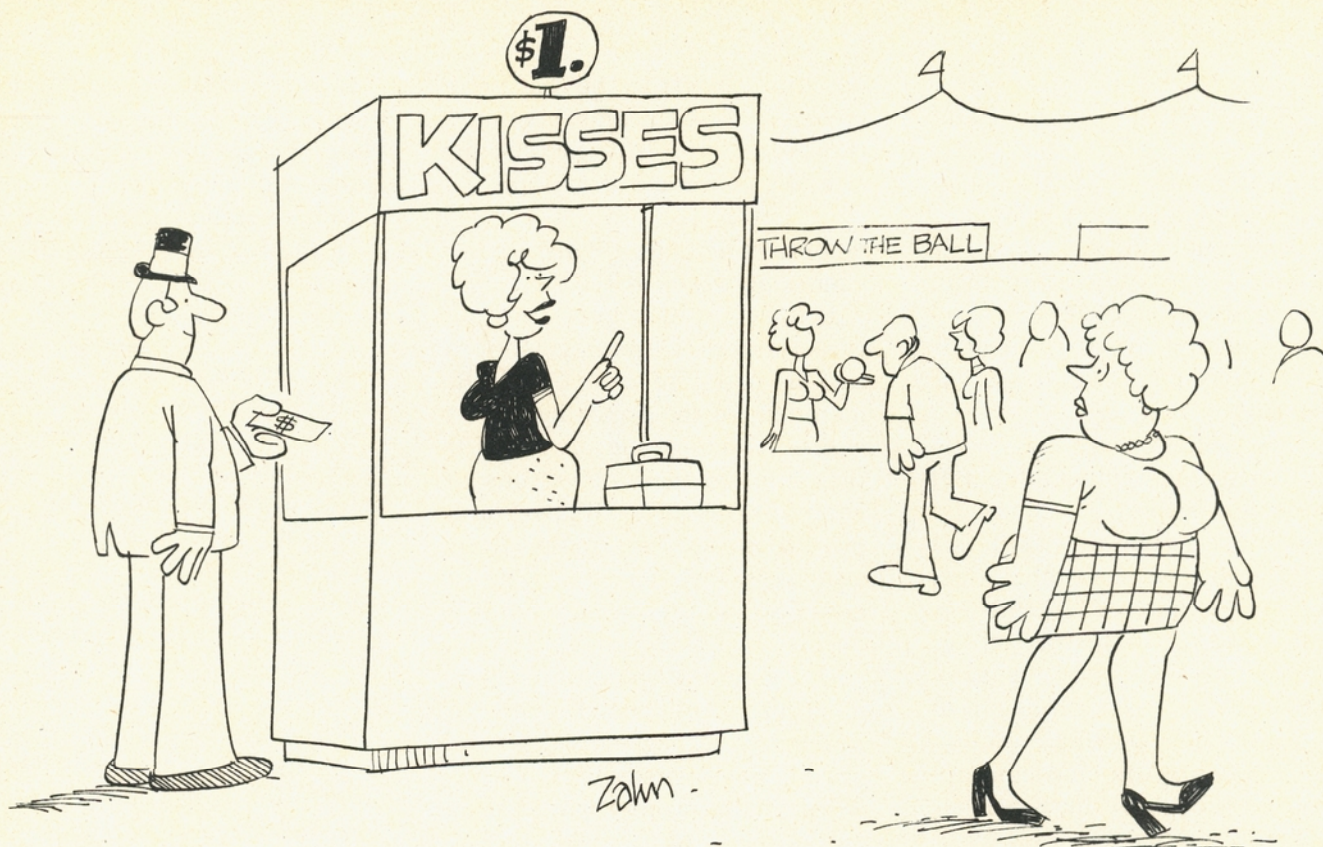
I didn't like any of it. But since my ruler was by now rapidly growing into a yardstick, I promised her that I'd be on my way, and fast.

"Dear man, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you be so kind as to bring along your paints and brushes?"

Puzzled, I told her I would and asked her why.

"When you get here, I shall expalin. And you shall see."

So with my painting stuff I went pole vaulting on my dip stick over to her house; whereupon she coolly let me in at the first ring and had me in her bedroom as my own gonger began to gong its cleaning song — until she took off her clothes. Because, so help me, painted on her belly between her naval and



"Before you leave, Mrs. Johnson, are there any restrictions on what I kiss?"

her regal brush was what turned out to be a lamb.

"We must be careful," she said with a slight smile as I stared. "It is an innocent lamb."

And she went on to calmly explain that The Count had painted it on her to help her stay chaste and true during his absence.

"But he's only going to be gone for hours."

"Ah, my good man, he knows me better than you. His instructions were that if I should feel certain desires, which of course he knew I would, I should gaze upon this innocent lamb and be reminded of our pure love — his and mine."

"Pure?"

"The Count considers it as being pure. Or, I should say, he prefers to consider it that way. He is a dear man, like you."

"And jealous."

"That, too. It will, of course, rub off if we encroach upon its innocence. We must maintain,

shall we say, an innocent position. I think the lamb, as well as The Count, would appreciate it."

I thought so, too. Because as I gazed at the lamb while taking my clothes off, it seemed to be watching me with suspicious eyes.

"It is growing restless," she said with another slight smile. It is nudging me — tickling me."

"We'll only keep it warm," I said as we got into bed to begin the measurements. "You get on top, in a sitting position. That way we won't smear the lamb."

"No," she said with her usual haughtiness. "I have a safer method. You will commit cunnilingus on me." And with that, she spread her legs, regally pointed at her bush, and ordered imperially, "Now!" as if I were a peasant being allowed to eat at her aristocratic table.

Commit cunnilingus on her! Well, I'd eaten my share of women and enjoyed it, but I'd

never been *ordered* to do it, especially in such goddamn flowerly language. So I said, "Countess baby, if there's any eating to be done it won't be me doing it!"

Her response was to grab the back of my head and try to push my face into her crotch.

My response was to push her back on the bed, pull out my jolly wacker, and push *it* into her crotch. Screw the lamb!

And before I could say, "Bah," or she could say, "Stop!" we were measuring in and we were measuring out. And then, of course, as our measuring got even mightier, we got into even more asquirming and aworming, and the result of all this was that the lamb was rubbed off.

"You are not to be trusted," she said when we had finished and she saw that the lamb was no more. Her haughtiness had come back full force. "Look what your clumsiness has done."

“Mine?”

“You will paint another lamb immediately.”

“Is that so?”

“This is so. Begin at once. I foresaw your stupidity, and that is why I required you to bring your painting materials.”

It was my turn to turn cool. “Countess baby, maybe I will and maybe I won’t.”

“You will. And quickly.”

I felt like dumping a bucket of white wash over her head by now, and maybe I would if I hadn’t thought of a better idea. Keeping it to myself, I told her — ordered her — to stay on her back in the bed. Then I got my paints and a brush and began to paint her belly, putting myself in such a position that one shoulder and my back were between her face and her belly.

Do a good job,” she commanded
“Don’t worry, I will.”

I was putting the final touches to my work when The Count came home. I heard him come in the front door. So did the Countess. She jumped off the bed and quickly threw a robe on as The Count called for her. “I’ll be there in a moment, dear,” she answered as she imperiously motioned me to take off through the window.

I could hear The Count coming toward the bedroom door as I climbed through the window. “Goodby, you cold ass bitch,” I said as I dropped to the ground.

My only regret was that I wasn’t there when The Count came in the room and saw what his lamb had turned into — a ram, complete with horns and a dip stick.

And the dip stick, of course, looked like the handle of a vacuum cleaner. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

right mind would object to this. We’re all interested in seeing the backside of television. But why

has this interest in the rear view mirror surfaced just at this time? It may be that all those execs are interested in the *bottom* line.

Newest Four-Letter Word Comes on as G-I-R-L

It turns out that another thing that makes women’s libbers furious is any reference to adult members of the opposing sex as “girls.” Demeaning, say they. If they limited their objections to such phrases as “call girls” and porno shows that make their come-on “GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!” they would have a point.

But girl in its general usage is an honest ol’ word used to describe a young person who is not a “boy,” also an honest ol’ word. When women past voting age are called girls it’s a compliment. Anyway, if they want to dissassociate themselves from men, “girl” is the ideal word. It’s *their* word. It doesn’t bring us boys into it at all as do fEMALE, woMAN and huMAN.

They got stewardess changed to “flight attendant” although stewes were among the most competent and efficient individuals anywhere and a credit to their country, their flag and their sex. They object to “girl photographers,” “girl reporters” and “girl mechanics” though they have never raised a cry against “male prostitutes.”



If they are not prevented, they may get those Texas cheerleaders to be called. “The Dallas Cowpersons.”

Let’s see how they make out with the Los Angeles Rams rah-rah unit. “The Embraceable Ewes!”

Screw the Boss or He Will Screw You

The “casting couch” has long been famous in Hollywood and other areas of show biz. For those of you who came in late, the phrase means that starlets or other aspiring young actresses would be given their auditions or screen tests in bed with a director or producer.

No doubt the system accounted for many no-talent cuties who received star billing. For the naive among us it may have been hard to believe that our heroines, Gloria Gorgeous and Barby Beautiful had surrendered their virtue in such a crass, commercial way. But the smarties know that is a fact of life.

So now it turns out that other bosses, dignified executives far from the sinful cinema, have been putting the screw to lady employees.

A survey of more than 400 office workers in Cleveland reported that 57 per cent of the women had been requested, urged, ordered or threatened by their male bosses to engage in hanky-panky.

In Washington the Department of Housing and Urban Development found that 90 per cent of the women polled had been refused promotion after they said “No!” to their kissy-kissy superiors.

But now the good news. Eighty per cent of the women who let the boss lay them said it did wonders for their careers resulting in promotions, pay raises and, no doubt, some candle-light dinners. Are you getting the message, Miss Fitz?

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IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM!**

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