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PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Stephane Grappelli, Joe Pass & Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen: Trivoli Gardens (Pablo) is a live set recorded in Copenhagen last year. Grappelli, one of the handful of great jazz violinists, is in top form in this program of standards. Pass, on guitar, is swingier and a bit less boppish than usual

as he adapts to Grappelli's style. Pedersen, on bass, is awesome as usual, contributing stunning solos as well as sympathetic support to Grappelli's elegant improvisatory excursions. "Let's Fall in Love," "Crazy Rhythm," and "It's Only A Paper Moon" are among the winners here.

Paul Quinichette: The Kid From Denver (Biograph) is an album of Basie-style jazz, originally recorded in 1958 for the Dawn label. Quinichette, often called the "vice-prez" of the tenor sax for his emulation of Lester Young, is heard here in the company of other Basie-ites including Sonny Payne, Freddie Greene, Joe Newman and Thad Jones. Pianist Nat Pierce fills the Count's shoes and the result is some relaxed KC style jazz. Quinichette is a graceful player who chooses his notes carefully. He evokes Lester, but his playing doesn't have the edge of sadness often heard in Prez' playing. "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Pennies From Heaven" and "Honeysuckle rose" all show off Quinichette's talents to good advantage.

The Widespread Depression Orchestra: Boogie In The Barnyard (Stash) is the nine-piece swing band's second waxing to date. WDO is composed of young jazzmen who derive their inspiration from Ellington and the swing era rather than contemporary jazz. There are however, modern touches and the various soloists display more than a hint of bebop. The band is true to the spirit of the swing period without indulging in the lackluster rehashing of other revival bands. The band boasts several fine soloists, a crack rhythm section, and original as well as transcribed arrangements. Special kudos go to altoist Michael Hashim and vocalist/vibist Johnny Holtzman.

Bill Connors: Swimming With A Hole In My Head (ECM) is a solo

waxing by the former Return to Forever guitarist. Connors is heard here in a program of originals performed on classical guitar, with added guitar parts overdubbed by himself. There's some absorbing music here, with unexpected harmonies and compelling melodies. Connors is a lyrical player with interesting ideas, but the style tends to wear thin after half an hour or so. "Frog Stroke," and "Wade," are among the highlights.

Vic Juris: Horizon Drive (Muse) is the young jazz guitarist's second album as a leader. Juris exercises his formidable chops on a hollow body jazz axe that has an almost acoustic tone even when amplified. The tunes are originals, with the exception of a burning "Cherokee" and pianist Gil Boldstein's lovely "Midnight Blues." Juris is a melodic, thoughtful player whose lines don't wander aimlessly. His originals, especially "Mambo Elaine" and "People of The Lake," are quite pleasing. Among the jazz heavies in attendance here are percussionist Ray Mantilla, keyboard ace Barry Miles and bassist Rick Laird.

Zev Feldman and Andy Statman: Jewish Klezmer Music (Shanachie) is an unusual album of music in the Eastern European klezmer tradition. Statman and Feldman are young New York musicians who have studied with Dave Tarras and other Klezmer masters, and they bring to the music both instrumental virtuosity and a deep understanding of the Jewish folk tradition. Feldman is heard on the cimbal, a dulcimer-type instrument, and Statman doubles on clarinet and mandolin (his work on the latter instrument is well known in bluegrass circles). With the assist of bassist Marty Confurius, Statman and Feldman play horas, freilakhs and wedding tunes that are a joy to hear.



*“With the four-day work week and then with the three-day week,
how will man learn to cope with his leisure time?”*

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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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MY TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

by Melinda Flugel

Country weekly newspapers are a joy to read. At least once in each paper's lifetime, a staff reporter, often backed by local groups funds, will be sent out to interview a one-time resident who has Made Good. This report, printed recently in the Spurious Falls Weekly Circumstance, seems typical of this unique journalistic experience...

First of all, I want to thank Mose Bickley, editor of the Spurious Falls Weekly Circumstance and the members of the Abeyance County Civic Group for financing my trip to Hollywood in order to do a story on Spurious Falls' own native daughter Eloise Nautch, known of course to movie fans everywhere as Daisy Martin, up-and-coming starlet and would-be actress.

The trip out to Tinseltown, as I like to call it, was an uneventful one although the bus driver did fall asleep at the wheel and rammed into a coeducational motel about eight miles north of Hollywood. It really caused a ruckus. Men and women raced willy-nilly as if they were being shot at. One woman threatened to sue the driver for invasion of privacy, but he said she couldn't collect a cent because he was sleeping at the time of the accident and — didn't see a thing. She realized he was telling the truth so that settled that.

I registered at the Bent Elbow Hotel under my own name which made the desk clerk smile. He said my room had a lovely view and on a clear day I would be able to see Orson Welles. I think he was kidding though because I looked and looked and not once did I see Orson Welles. Once I did catch a glimpse of someone who resembled Regis Toomey which is just as good. That is, if you're really inter-

ested in celebrities, and you know your appointed newspaper person certainly is!

I called the number Eloise's mother gave me before leaving and sure enough Eloise answered. "Hello there," I opened with, "guess who?"

"Jane Withers," she responded.

I laughed good-naturedly and said, "No, guess again."

"The hell I will," she returned, "you some kind of a drunk?"

I laughed again and told her, "No, this is your old school chum Melinda Flugel." The surprise sort of threw her because she didn't talk for a second.

After a while she said, "WHO?" I told her again. "Oh," she said, "that Melinda Flugel. Just passing through Hollywood?" I told her I wanted to come over and do a story about her and suddenly we were cut off. I kept calling and calling but a storm must have blown the phone line down. So your intrepid reporter took the situation in her own hands and took a cab to her address.

You should have seen the look on her face when she opened the door and saw me standing there. She was so surprised she almost dropped her martini.

She realized I had gone to a great deal of trouble to visit her because she said, "Melinda,

(continued on page 17)

MOTEL

I-C

Via
MARTIN





OFFICE BUSINESS



THE CAPTIVATING SPORT OF OFFICE COPULATION

by Lou Beal

The lay away plan has moved from the department store to the office, but with a twist that makes every desk a potential bed

Not only is hot-and-heavy breathing alive and doing well in all of America's predictable places: lovers' lane, drive-in movie theaters, sleeping bags under a full moon, and when all else fails a springy mattress. But some people might be surprised to hear that it's doing equally well in the office.

And why not? Offices across the land are filled with scores of well-dressed, well-groomed secretaries whose main purpose is catering to their bosses every whim. Who else would make sure your coffee has one-and-a-half lumps of sugar? And never forgets to bring an extra napkin with your danish?

If there's a foxy miss in your office who turns you on with a wiggle and if her panties are dampened by the sound of your voice, it's hard not to have an affair. "An office liaison can be the most sexually stimulating thing in the world," says Linda, a freckle-faced dental assistant in her early twenties. "When I started working for Dr. Randolph it was lust at first sight. His hands moved with such skill and perfection. And when he spoke to his patients his voice had a soft, tender quality. I couldn't help but wonder how his hands would feel roaming over my breasts and how his voice would sound whispering four-letter words in my ear.

"Fortunately, it didn't take me long to find out. Our affair started one night when I stayed late to work on billing invoices. Dr. Randolph was so grateful that he invited me out to dinner. That was all the encouragement I needed.

"Right then and there I told him every sexual fantasy I had about him. I told him about all the nights I masturbated myself to sleep, imagining that it was his penis rubbing against my clit. At first I thought such admissions might endanger my job. But once I got started I couldn't stop!

(continued on page 20)





TAFFY

Hold the presses! Here's our latest discovery, a blonde dynamo with a pair of knockers that just won't quit. We're talking about Taffy, a sexational Big Up Front babe we just know you're gonna love.

Originally from the great state of Montana, Taffy landed in The Big Apple a couple of years ago to get with the action. "This is the most exciting city in the world," Taffy declared. "So many rich men, department stores, over-priced restaurants. They wouldn't believe it back in my home town. This is the life for me!"



Taffy is a gal who likes to look her best, and she's heavily into furs, mink, and sable. "I think the gift of a mink coat is the sincerest way for a man to show his affection. Next to diamonds, of course," she giggled. "With a

social calendar as busy as mine, I have no time for cheapskates."

This slim, trim, Big Up Fronter is a devotee of the night life, and seldom rises before three or four in the afternoon. "No sir, 'Sunrise





Semester' is not my bag. I love the night life, I like to boogie, I like to let it all hang out.'

We're mightily pleased that Taffy let it all

hang out before the BUF cameras. Our cameraman couldn't get enough of this sultry sexpot, and we can hardly blame him. Taffy





oozes sensuality from every pore, and the sight of her dancing the Latin Hustle in her birthday suit was stimulating, to say the least.

Taffy finished her session before our cameras just in time to begin her nightly round

of the swank New York discos. We offered to wine and dine her in style but she turned us down. No matter, we'll find another gal to share our Muscatel and hot dogs with. But she just won't have the same pull as Taffy. □

MY TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

continued from page 6

why did you have to come out here for?" I explained about how necessary it is for reporters to do all sorts of things if they are to maintain the integrity and freedom of the press. She said that was too bad and wouldn't I like to go home and rest a while; I must be tired.

I said no, but I would like to come in and maybe sip some iced tea and talk over old times and Spurious Falls. But she said no and slammed the door behind her. She said it would be nicer to sit outside and soak up the California air. So we did. It was a nice interview despite the torrential downpour which soaked my new organdy dress.

You'll all be pleased to know Eloise — rather Daisy — is the same as ever. She has a new set of eyebrows, new complexion, new hair, new voice, new personality and a new walk. I asked her about the walk and a loud voice shouted out from a window that it was called the "starlet's strut." At that remark much wild laughter came from inside the house.

"Bring your friend in," shouted a male voice. He was later introduced to me as an agent. I also met three other girls in their underwear or costumes who were starlets and walked like Eloise and three other men who also were agents. I guess they walked like agents. One of them walked like Eloise.

Believe you me, these people know all there is to know about Hollywood and then some. For instance, I learned that Sheree North sleeps only in the upper part of her pajama bottoms. I thought that would interest you folks back home in Spurious Falls. You'd be surprised what a reporter can learn by doing a little digging for facts and not relying on studio "handouts."

Remember that rumor we heard back home that Jimmy Stewart was really a midget and made to

look tall with camera tricks? Well, it's not true. He's definitely not a midget they told me. However, Vincent Price is, standing only 3-foot-6 inches, soaking wet.

I also learned that Roy Rogers owns Trigger, the world's smartest guitar. These people here swear that that guitar is almost human and it's called Trigger because like its owner it was very good at going bang bang.

Another thing I'm sure you'd like to know is that Jane Russell has a swimming pool shaped like Lib-erace.

Perhaps I'm snowing you under with all this inside "info" but I must admit with due modesty these people recognized me as a "regular feller" right away and told me anything I wanted to know.

I asked them if it was true what I had heard about Mickey Rooney.



"Of course I care... I care intensively!"

Without hesitation they said no. It pays to have contacts, eh?

Eloise seems to be quite popular. Her phone keeps ringing all the time and all sorts of people keep dropping by, so tell Mrs. Nautch not to worry. Her daughter's not one bit lonely.

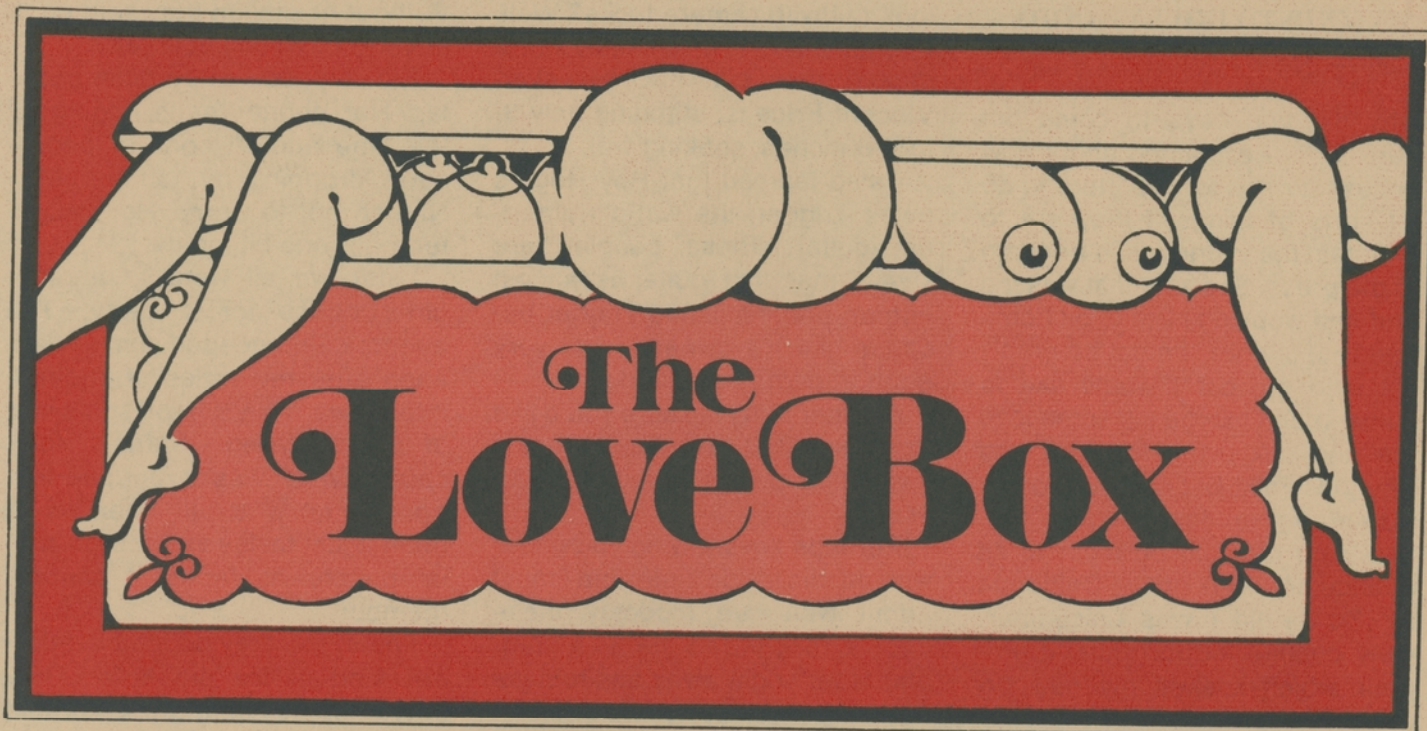
Later we all went to another girl's house for a party. The agents said I needed some relaxation after my series of in-depth interviews. They served some sort of punch called "Satan's Holocaust" which was sweet and had no real taste at all. After six of them it just tastes like church social punch. As far as I can remember.

I must say they do lead a different kind of life out here. They stayed up all night, drink, tell wild stories, play "adult" party games, sing and carouse and I don't know what all. But it's all good, clean innocent fun, as I explained to the spoilsport policeman who showed up about 3 a.m. He must have made some ungentlemanly remark about me — there was great confusion and the smog made things misty — so I hauled off and kicked him in the stationhouse. After placing me in a room called "the tank" for six hours,, they let me go. Total tab for my foray into what they call advocacy journalism — \$30, plus costs. I'm sure you folks back in Spurious Falls will feel this expense justified to maintain our press freedom as is guaranteed by our Constitution.

That afternoon I called Eloise but one of the agents at her home told me she had gone to visit Big Sur, who, he whispered, is one of Hollywood's top moguls. He invited me out for the day and I accepted. I stayed three days — at no expense to you.

I plan to stay with the agents the next few days as the weather is supposed to clear. They promised to take me deep sea fishing in the La Brea Tar Pits which sounds like great fun.

See you in a couple of weeks. Ta-ta. ☐



The Love Box

So What's Normal?

In the last year my sex life has exclusively involved switching partners, two on one and orgies and I find I no longer can make it one on one. Is this normal?

Julian Burge
Darien, Conn.

I finally was invited to my first orgy. But to my dismay I discovered I couldn't perform in front of others. Is this normal?

Harold Wheeler
Pittsburgh, Pa.

We bunched these two letters together because it brings up the age-old question — what's normal? We could have printed a third letter in which a reader complained that he's been involved in so much sex, both one on one and orgies, that he can no longer make it under any circumstance. Now that's not normal.

The Whole Truth

I picked up the phone to make a call to find my secretary on it talking to a friend and telling her that her one wish for her upcoming birthday was to be in bed with three guys each filling

one of her holes at the same time as she had seen in a porno movie. Although this secretary is one good-looking sexy doll, I never made a pass at her since it's my policy never to mix business with pleasure. But I couldn't resist letting her know that I had accidentally overheard her telephone wish to see what effect it would have on her. The effect was that if I could dig up the other

two guys, I could become part of the foursome. I'm tempted but what about my policy?

John Lockwood
Tampa, Fla.

We'd say screw the policy and screw the secretary... Besides with two other guys there, it might not be that much pleasure.

Too Much Luck

I thought I had hit the jackpot when I entered my favorite bar and saw two exquisite women sitting at the bar with an empty stool between them. Grabbing the seat I asked the two if they'd like a drink and before the second round we three strangers had become pretty good friends. By the fourth round, the titian-haired beauty with the full figure said it's obvious you can't make up your mind which of us to ask back to your flat, so why not invite the two of us. The trim blond agreed and I couldn't believe my luck as I left with the two, when we got back to my flat I found I had run out of booze so I said while they undressed, I'd run down and pick up a couple of bottles. But when I got back, I not only found them



undressed and in my bed — but with their arms around each other kissing passionately. They were so busy caressing each other they didn't even notice me. I undressed and climbed into the bed with them. The blond got on her back and spread her legs wide — but not for me, for the titian-haired beauty's tongue. The more they worked on each other, the hotter I got but they kept ignoring me and I finally had to tell them to get the hell out.

Warren Hall
Los Angeles, Calif.

Did they at least thank you for use of the room?



All A Loan

I have three balls which is my way of saying I've managed a pawn shop for the last ten years. During that time I was sure I had seen every possible thing a person might want to pawn, but a new one was sprung on me a couple of weeks ago. A handsome looking woman in her mid-thirties came in carrying nothing but her bag and asked if I was alone. Thinking I was about to be held up again, I kept my eye on her bag to see if she was going to reach for a gun. But she made no move to open the bag. When I avoided her question and asked her what she wanted to



pawn, she explained, "I just got into town from Cleveland by bus and someone must have picked my bag enroute. I need about fifty bucks to see me through until I can find a job."

"What do you have to pawn," I asked?

"How about a lay?" she asked.

Now I don't usually pay for sex, but this was a new one on me. Figuring she was a pro with a new angle, I asked her how you pawn a bang?

"Look, mister," she said, I'm no pro. I swear I'll redeem the ticket as soon as I get a job so I can keep my dignity."

I put the "Closed for an Hour" sign on the door and took her into the back room where there's a cot. When she took off her clothes she revealed a great body and proved to be a natural blond, too. The lay was so great that I went for doubles and lent her a hundred dollars. But this isn't the point of the letter. I really never expected to see her again, but the next week she showed up with the hundred dollars. I didn't want to take it, but she insisted. Then I asked her out for a date and she gave me her telephone number,

but it turned out to be phony. Did I do something wrong?

(Name withheld)

Yes, You should have put her on a shelf for thirty days, and if nobody claimed her, she would have been all yours.

A Gay Sign

Being a stanger in town I dropped into a gay bar in New York City's Greenwich Village without knowing it. I noticed everyone was drinking their beer right from the bottle so when I ordered one I did the same. The next thing I knew, some guy wandered over and started an obvious conversation which made me apologize for being straight. He yelled at me for drinking out of the bottle which he said was a sign that you were a dick sucker. I ran out without finishing the beer. What I'd like to know is if that's a universal sign that you're gay.

Fred Stanton
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Not only isn't it universal, it's not even universal in Greenwich village according to a few gays we questioned. But they were white wine drinkers and drinking from a wine bottle in New York City is more likely to indicate that you're a wino than a gay.



OFFICE COPULATIONS

continued from page 9

"Without saying a word, Dr. Randolph took me by the hand and led me into the examining room. He eased me into the chair and lifted the hem of my uniform. By this time I was so damned excited my underpants were dripping wet.

"I couldn't take my eyes off the beautiful bulge in Dr. Randolph's pants. The more he rubbed his finger over my lace panties, the more his bulge grew. It grew and grew, until the head of his peter actually popped out of the top of his pants!

"That was when I realized Dr. Randolph wasn't wearing any underwear. My fantasies were unfolding right before my eyes! With one flick of his wrist he undid his zipper and revealed the rest of his lovely dick. He filled the cavity between my legs and pumped until the juices were drained from his body. That was six months ago and the thought of invoices still gives me goose-bumps!"

According to King Whitney, President of the Personnel Laboratory, Inc., who advises large corporations on employee problems, most businesses don't have a formal policy on sex in the office. "Management isn't interested in trying to regulate their employees' sex lives," says Whitney. "That would be like trying to regulate their religion or politics."

Not only does an office romance lend an air of excitement to the daily drudgeries of office life, but there's a good chance that your career will benefit. Don't be surprised to find yourself spending extra time in front of the mirror in the morning, and finally replacing those tattered suits with ones more stylish and fashionable. That will do more than impress the succulent dish in your life, it will also impress your boss.

"It wasn't very long after I start-

ed sleeping with my boss that he got a promotion," quips the secretary for a successful advertising executive. "It was almost as if he were trying to impress me with his ability to accomplish wonders in the business world. And in doing so, he proved his ability to himself and his superiors."

For a woman who's new to a city, the office is the most logical place to look for sexual companionship. Unlike the meat-rack atmosphere of singles' bars, the office is a friendly, sociable place. People see each other on a daily basis, smile at each other, and become friends.

"It's always been difficult for me to start a conversation with a strange man," blushes shapely, yet shy Sylvia. "But in the office it's different. We're all in the same line of work and we have a lot in common. There's a sort of camaraderie that you don't find at parties or in singles' bars.

"Now, I don't even consider a position unless the men I'm going to be working with are attractive," continues the highly qualified legal secretary. "Don't get me wrong. I don't mean I like to be surrounded by macho-muscle men. On the contrary, I prefer a man who is subtle in his attractiveness.

"The last attorney I worked for was one of the most marvelous lovers I've ever known, yet he was a thin, frail sort of man. The first time we made love was in his apartment. After a terrific dinner (cooked by him, I might add) he swept me off my feet and carried me into the bedroom. Most people wouldn't think he had the strength to lift a pile of briefs, let alone my 118 pound torso!

"Once he got me into bed he spent two hours taking off my clothes. After he removed each article he kissed, tongued, and gnawed the newly revealed flesh. By the time all my clothes were removed my vaginal walls were

drenched with my natural lubricants. All I wanted to do was get down to some good old-fashioned humping. It was good all right. But not in the least bit old-fashioned!"

Unfortunately, there exists a small number of big bosses who object to flings among their underlings. Ma Bell happens to be one of them. "We particularly dislike affairs between employees of unequal rank: a high-level executive and a clerical worker," says a high-ranking official of A.T. & T.

"The best way for lovers to survive around here is for them to be very, very discreet. Otherwise we'll make life uncomfortable for them. Oh, we never fire anyone for their sexual activities, but we will separate the partners, transferring them to different offices or divisions."

Keeping your mouth closed about your office rendezvous might be easier said than done. Especially when one of your fellow employees is trying to lap up the sauce in your dish. But, no matter how difficult, it's important to protect your sexual partner from the ravages of water-cooler gossip.

Discretion is the name of the game. For one thing, you never know when your romance will burn itself out. Moving on to more fertile ground may prove to be difficult if you have a reputation as a player of kiss-and-tell.

"The way my boss and I beat the office grapevine," confides Bonnie, a vivacious redhead with a temperment to match, "was to go out openly as friends. Sometimes we had our coffeebreak with other employees in the lounge, complaining about the typical things employees complain about. And about once every two weeks we made a point of having lunch with a group from the office.

"At the time there were several people in the building getting-it-on. But they were so obvious. Half of them totally ignored each other,

(continued on page 60)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Arguments in favor of being a prostitute have been that you get paid for lying down on the job, that you get paid for doing something you like to do anyway and that all the money you earn is tax free. But hold on a minute, girlie, before you decide to make call-girling your calling!

In two separate cases it is revealed that government has found a way to hook the hookers. Ethyl Brand runs a brothel in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Police had no luck trying to close the place down and an assist from the State Treasury Department didn't get that result, either. But the T Men did persuade Madame Brand to come to the office twice a month and hand over the income taxes of her prosties. Byrl Clxton, supervisor for the department's intelligence unit says, gleefully, "It's the first time we've got one of these women to agree to withholding taxes and so far she is doing it religiously."

The other case in New York City involved Kiko Takizawa, a cute native of Japan described as a \$100-a-date East Side call girl. A jury of nine women and three men found her guilty of failing to pay \$10,000 in taxes owed for 1973 and 1974. Twenty johns testified they had paid for her favors. IRS agents located the johns through checks they had given the defendant.

No doubt the Japanese joy girl will run her business on a strictly cash basis in future.

Here Come de Judge — Again & Again & Again

A lurid trial in Akron, Ohio,

had a parade of women testifying that a certain judge had turned his chambers into a love nest. One wife said he screwed her four or five times when she asked him if he could get her husband out of jail. Three women, former employees in the County Court House, said that whenever they had business in his office, he would grab their breasts, run his hand up under their dresses and try to run his honorable prong into them.

Perhaps the old saying, "sober as a judge," should be changed to "horny as a judge."

Bedroom Athletes Take Warning!

Millions of people consider jogging a pleasant pastime. In moderation it's probably good for the health. Sex is not usually thought of in this connection although it certainly seems logical that a fellow whose legs are well-muscled from running would have a better chance of escaping from an irate husband.

But the Joys of Jogging and the

Joys of Sex are not necessarily compatible, a Los Angeles researcher opines. "The frequency of copulation suffers a big letdown when one or both spouses run," she says. A quiz of 432 persons led to this conclusion.

If this finding worries you, you could adopt "FFTR" as your motto — "Fornicate First, Then Run."

A Lusty Heroine Under the Covers

How would you like to meet this chick? She is a woman of the town, a tart, a wanton, a bawdy basket, a buttered bun, a mutton-broker, nymph of darkness, hussy, pinch-price and pole-climber. That's only a small sampling of the things Erica Jong calls the heroine of her new novel, "Fanny."

Do you get the feeling that some of our lady writers are not quite ladies?

Gypsy Rose Leroy Shows the Gals Some Skin

The All-Male strip show idea that started in the midwest not long ago has now spread nationwide as any great idea should. A Wappingers Falls night club in the Catskills is packing in a capacity 300 squealing, shrieking, screaming females every night to watch five well-built fellows undress to their g-strings. Some of the gals get so excited they reach up and push greenbacks into the mini jock straps while hollering the immemorial "Take it all off!" (continued on page 56)







ANGIE

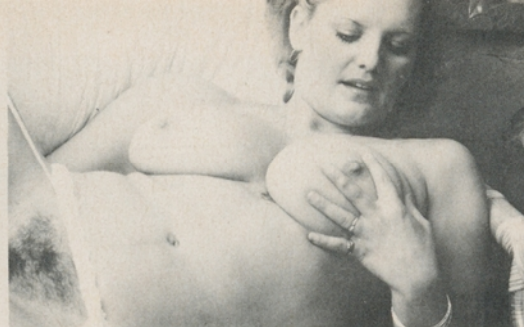
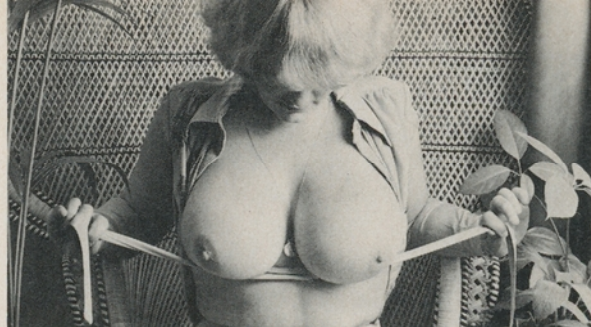
We're pleased as punch to be able to present to you a gal we think is going to be one of the year's BUF favorites. Angie is a legal secretary by profession, and she takes advantage of her vacations to travel to Mexico and the Caribbean, where she practices underwater photography. "It's an expensive hobby," she admits, "but a rewarding one. An



old boyfriend turned me on to it. I get decked out in my scuba gear and dive, searching for interesting subjects like kelp fronds, rock crevices and seafans. I've been using a Nikonos III, a fine camera for underwater work. Lately I've been able to photograph some rare fish, and a number of magazines have become interested in my work."

Angie showed us some of her recent photographs at a break in her session before the BUF cameras. We feigned interest, but we were more involved in studying the subtle contours of her spectacular mammoth





mammaries. We've heard many a fish story, but these pics prove we're not exaggerating when we sing the praises of Angie's magnificent

Big Up Front goodies. This gal has everything it takes to please the discriminating connoisseur of the BUF physique. □





An illustration on the left side of the page shows a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a light-colored, possibly wet, dress, sitting in a window. She is looking out. The window has a dark frame and a diamond-shaped pattern in the glass. The background of the illustration is dark and textured.

THE PERILS OF ELMER CRIDDLE'S DIDDLE

by Maury Williams

Quail hunting in the Big City was our hero's sole occupation, but the country boy couldn't find any girl who was game

You wouldn't exactly call Elmer Criddle a lecher — check that — you would call him a lecher, at least he arrived in New York.

Back home in Iowa, he was just a typical fun-loving boy, rather shy, but properly skilled in finding willing women. In the hot, dry farmlands there are always girls tired of working in the field, who just can't wait to get into the village and romp with the other young people. A glass of beer, a juke box, a dance or two and who knows what else? Of course, most of the eager girls weren't too pretty and couldn't afford to be choosy, but they were there.

In New York it was different. The girls were everywhere. And even if some weren't beautiful, their stylish clothes whispered sensually and caused great anguish in Elmer's heart.

Three months in the Big Town and not once had he broken through the sex barrier. And there was so much around! That's what made Elmer grind his teeth and utter strange animal sounds while walking around girl-gazing.

Like the girl across from his apartment. Every morning he watched her get ready for work. And each day, due to the enforced celibacy, the frustration increased. He felt guilty, ducking behind the window sill each time she turned, but he didn't want her to spot him and pull the shade. But one day he didn't move fast enough and she saw him.

"Okay," she shouted across the 15-foot space between their backyard windows, "you with the bug eyes, keep looking. After 5 o'clock the prices change."

With that she deliberately pulled the shade higher and swayed through the duties of dressing. Sexy, slowly, deliberately. Elmer bit a hole in his tongue as he watched.

Temptation, temptation. At home, on the streets or in the



office. He could, of course, visit a play-for-pay girl. There certainly were enough of them around. But he felt that was beneath him. Even back home guys who "paid for it, "were laughed at. No, he had to make one on his own. After all, he only wanted a girl to sleep with. Was that too much to ask for a growing boy of 32? Yet, no luck.

As he got dressed, he sneaked a peek at the window across the way. The girl had gone. He nodded good-bye to his fat landlady, Mrs. Slome, and grabbed the bus uptown.

Temptation, temptation. The busty girl across from him was sitting above the rear wheel and her large, soft breasts bounced and joggled with each move of the bus. What to do? Should he go over and warn her about what was going on in her blouse? That she was setting men on edge? He was happy when she got up and bounced off before he did.

Temptation, temptation. Those crowded elevators. Seventeen women wearing heavy perfume jammed up against him. The only man in the automatic elevator and dance music playing.

"If this damn thing gets stuck between floors, I'll take 'em one by one," Elmer muttered under his breath. Breasts brushed his elbow as the girls left. Weak, and in no condition to start a working day, Elmer dreamily left the elevator and headed for his desk.

Dammit, he'd have to do something. All this talk about the free, swinging chicks in the Big City and where the hell where they when he need them? One, in fact. Forget them. One was all he wanted.

On his way home, a tall blonde in a tight skirt climbed out of a cab and treated the world to a view of monumental thighs. Elmer was a ringside spectator and found himself gaping and wincing.

This damn town is a Carnival of Carnality, a Festival of Frustra-

tion. Promises, promises, but no payoff.

He stopped in for a drink, but there was no action. He walked by a sporting goods store and a sign caught his eye.

"Tense!? Relax! Try playing darts."

Elmer had read that busy executives had their own dart boards in offices to ease their tension. That's what he'd do. He laid out his \$12.95 and took the darts and board to his apartment.

Mrs. Slome met him at the top of the stairs.

"Hello, Elmer Criddle," she smiled. "What was your name before you changed it?" Then she laughed uproariously, all 250 pounds of her. Elmer smiled tolerantly at her little joke and muttered fierce curses under his breath. What a broad. And she reminded him of someone or something that escaped him for the moment.

Inside his room, he set up the board, lay back on his bed and began tossing. He was off at first, but soon he began hitting the target pretty regularly. He found that darts did indeed take his mind off filled blouses and tight skirts. Besides, he had pulled the shade down in his room and to hell with the teaser across the backyard court.

The summer night was hot, especially with the shade down, so he opened his door to encourage a stray breeze of cool air. He saw Mrs. Slome — big, fat, hairy, ungainly Mrs. Slome — cleaning the stairs.

He tossed a dart into the bulls-eye and decided to throw one left-handed. He fired it. Bad throw. Out it sped, into the hallway where it proceeded to imbed itself in the spacious posterior of Mrs. Slome, who was bending over, picking up some dust.

So voluminous were her layers of epidermal protection that she didn't feel the errant needle, which, feathers showing bravely,

protruded from her rear. Elmer decided to remove it quietly and furtively.

Tip-toeing like a burglar, he crept up behind her. She bent over again and his hand flashed out, but she moved and he came up with nothing. He tried again and this time he just got his hands on the feathers, when a hoarse voice boomed out behind him.

"What the hell are you doing to my wife?"

Oh no! Mr. Slome! Bigger, fatter, hairier and almost as ungainly as Mrs. Slome.

"I...I...was grabbing the feathers..." Elmer blurted.

"Not on *my* wife, you ain't."

"I tried it left-handed, you see," Elmer said, by way of explanation.

"I don't care what hand you use, keep your paws off my wife!"

Mrs. Slome turned around and faced her husband. "I didn't feel a thing, honey."

Her husband quieted her with a wave of his furry paw. "Next time you do that, skinny, I'm gonna break both your arms and both your legs. Mark that on your memo pad."

Elmer acknowledged that he would indeed do that and hastily went into his room, bolting the door. Imagine, being accused of getting familiar with that barge of a broad. He, Elmer Criddle.

Temptation, temptation. With the door closed, he raised the shade. The Teaser from across the way was home now. All she needed was a drum beat to accompany her as she removed her clothes and stood stark naked in front of the window, arms raised as she set her hair for the morning. Suddenly she turned and shouted:

"I know you're there, goofball. I can hear you panting." Then she laughed and turned off the light.

Another month went by. Nothing. At all. Elmer had taken to clenching his fists at 10-second

(continued on page 68)

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:

TV host Joe Franklin overheard it: "Sex is a very private matter. It should concern no one except the three or four people doing it."

The American Educational Film Festival's Video programs included Willie Walker's "Prurient Interest," which humorously explores the relationship between a movie producer and the Board of Censors during the screening of his porno epic, "Eat Me in St. Louis."

Ralph Waite's film "On the Nickel," sheds light on skid row behavior of alcoholics and reformed (?) alcoholics. One

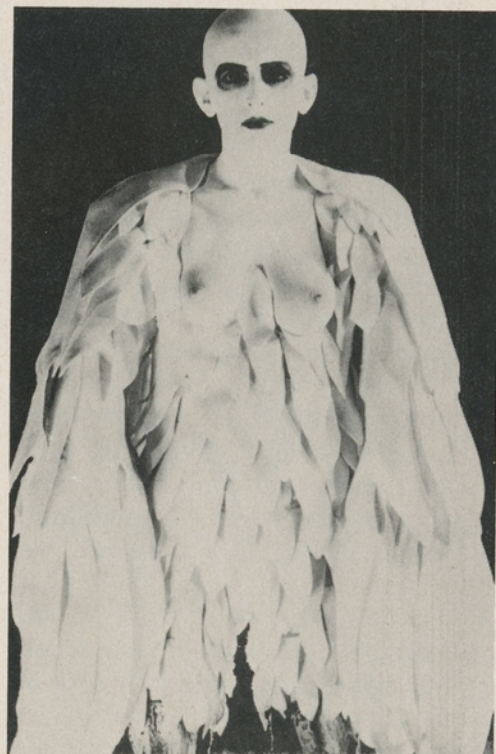
bum, looking over a promotional brochure, asks a buddy: "What's this 'Private Photo' shit?" Comes the reply: "They probably take photos of your privates to see if they're diseased or something."

At the multi-million dollar Milliken Breakfast Show musical at the Waldorf-Astoria, Phyllis Diller came off with a dilly: "Can she sing? She hit a high C and spayed her dog."

The French flick "Practice Makes Perfect" tells the story of Edouard, a highly successful concert pianist who's quite an expert at juggling, too — juggling a wife, ex-wife, mistress and any nubile



Truly outstanding and eye-catching is Carole Jean Feuerman's "Red Tie" which was shown at N.Y.'s prestigious Hansen Galleries.



This still from the film "Harpya" served as a lobby poster for the "Belgium Today" festival at the Modern Museum of Modern Art.

model or music student he comes across all at the same time. (They all come across, too.) In a quiet moment Edouard advises his teen daughter: "Don't marry yet. At least not until you're pregnant like your mother was."

The upcoming porno "Dracula Sucks" was promoted at the Cannes Film Festival by semi-nude starlets in clinging wet T-Shirts proclaiming: "This time Dracula's after more than the throat."

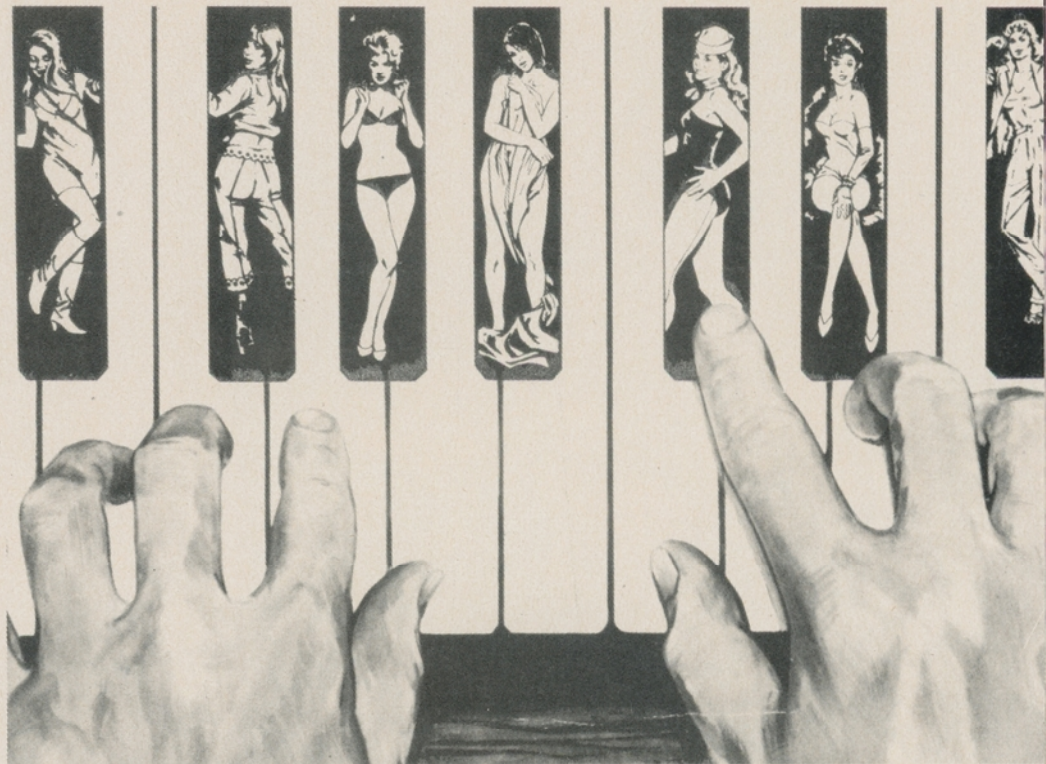
Rodney Dangerfield, the comic and nightclub owner, admitted: "The other night I was so drunk I made love to my wife."

"Screwples," sometimes called "Scrooples," the new porno, is obviously a takeoff on the bestselling novel. Kandi Barber, a newcomer, plays Nancy, ace TV reporter, who covers the massage-parlor beat. Next she's assigned to other sex stories, for instance exploring people's fantasies. Her boss, who gives her those juicy assignments is, of course, the kind of guy who blows — and gets blown — hot and cold. Added attraction: Jamie Gillis wearing black panties and fishnet stockings! Highpoint: Jamie doing an S-M scene with his long time for-real roommate Serena.

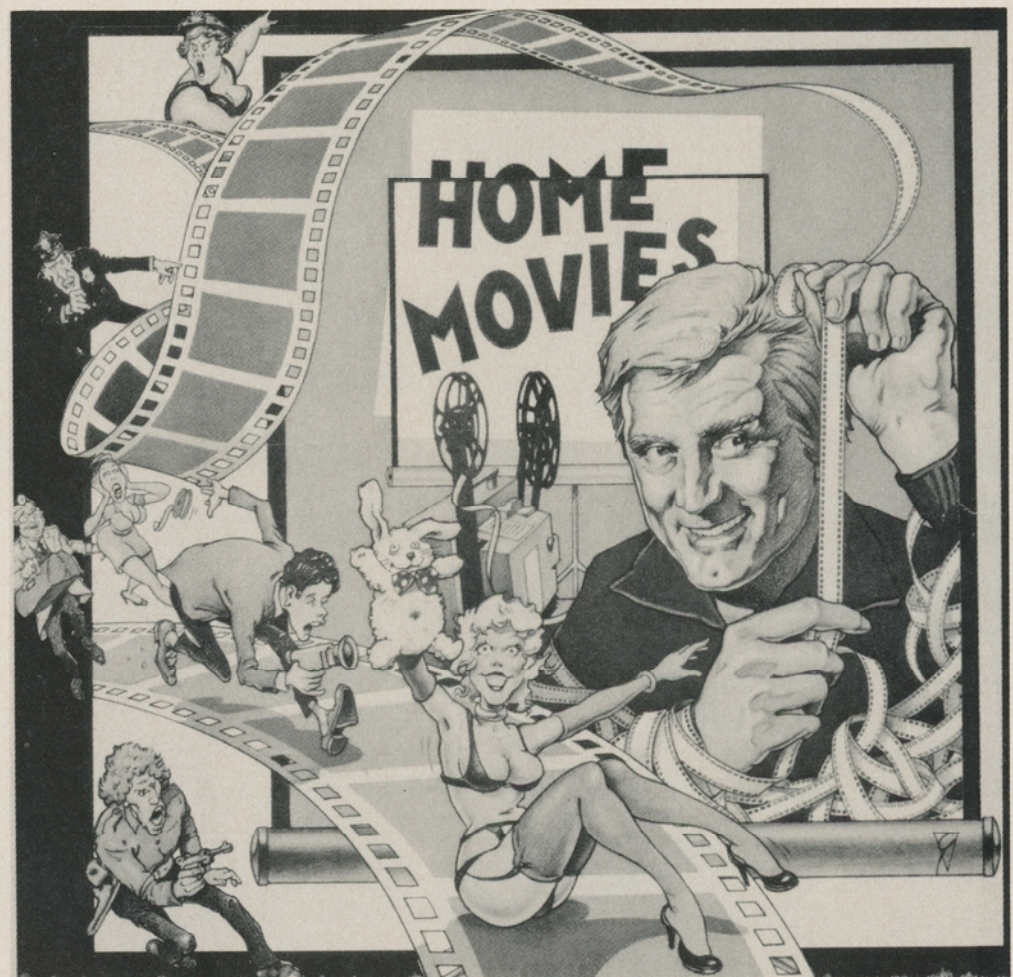
Henny Youngman said of a fellow comic at a Friar's Club stag bash: "At a singles bar he mentioned '69' to a woman he was trying to pick up and he guessed her age."

Al Bernie, at the same affair, said of the guest of honor: "He eats Sara Lee and then has a piece of cake."

Popular, glib WPIX-DJ Mark Simone claims Dolly Parton was scheduled for a men's mag centerfold, "but they reconsidered when someone pointed out that readers then wouldn't be able to close the magazine."



Promotional art for "Practice Makes Perfect" symbolizes the expert fingering of Edouard, a concert pianist — away from the keyboard.



"Home Movies" claims to be "the comedy that catches everyone in the act... a film about sex, betrayal, revenge and other family matters."



CANDY SAMPLES

Patience pays off. We've been waiting since our May '79 BUF issue for a brand new shooting of the phenomenal Candy Samples



*Gem of the
Month*









and here it is! (And for you home movie buffs, there's also a brand new 8MM film of her which

*is being advertised elsewhere in this issue.)
Amazing super star, super-mammaried*





Candy is at her best in this bridal gown layout. Queen of the big boob brigade, she is as torrid, sensual and sexy as ever as she takes it all off





*on her "bridal night." It's little wonder that
her popularity seems to increase with the years
(continued on page 57)*





LOVE IN A PIZZA PARLOR

THE BOOB AND THE BOOBIES

by John Keefauver

Her glass bra was driving the lad crazy, but she accused him of having isinglass balls; it was enough to make him bawl

The trouble is I'm too cruddy refined. An acutely sensitive son-of-a-bitch. Me. At my age, yet! God!

I mean, it's Myrna. Thrusty, busty Myrna, glorious convexity abounce. Bottoms(s), too. Myrna, drooled over by every diddle-noggin in town, every gridironed cleathead.

Including me. Except I've never even talked to her! Why? Because I'm too cruddy shy and refined. I'm interested in other things about her. I mean, I don't even think she'd dumb, like everybody else thinks. Know what I think? I think she's as sensitive and intellectual and refined — and shy — as I am. It's a cruddy shame she doesn't know that I know it. Assuming she knows it herself.

In other words. I'm the only male in town who recognizes her Sensitivity and Intellectuality and Refinement, and I haven't even talked to her yet!

I hadn't, that is.

Last night it happened. I was going by her little rented house just after dark to check on her S&I&R, as I was in the habit of doing. In fact, I went into her yard again. Around back. To her bedroom window. Quietly. That's where I had first found out about her S&I&R — in her bedroom. Looking in her bedroom. Only! She studies there. Hard. Colletch girl, very intense. She also does other things there. Hard. Like getting initials painted on her butt. (More later.)

Anyway, I never made it all the way back there last night. I saw her before I got there. In fact, I stepped on her.

I was walking across the lawn, quietly so as not to disturb her studying, when I heard something, which didn't sound much like studying. Then I stepped on her. "Pardon me," I said, almost swallowing my licorice.



"My boyfriend would like its clutch adjusted."

I didn't step on the guy. But he jumped up and ran away, anyway. Across the lawn and over the fence and up the street, like that. Didn't say a word.

I just stood there, too full of S&I&R to know what in the friggin' hell to do. Run? Talk about the weather? Check IDs? Or what.

Then she said, "Who's that?"

I said, "Me."

She wanted to know who "me" was.

I told her.

She didn't know who in the hell I was. I was prepared. I expected it. So I told her more about me until she knew, with difficulty. Then she began to laugh. I wasn't prepared for that. It hit my S&I&R right where it hurts. And it made me mad. "God!" I rasped.

She laughed all the harder. I waited her out. I was learning.

When she quieted down, I told her, using all my sensitive and refined restraint, that I, if not others, appreciated her sensitivity and Intellectuality and Refinement, mainly because I possessed these finer traits, too, and that, since we both possessed S&I&R, we should work very diligently toward joining forces, for out of such an interrelationship of fineness might come, in time, a more complex union. In time.

This time she was the one who yelled, "God!"

I lost all my S&I&R restraint right there. "You're nothing but a football!" I shrieked.

She put down the pizza she was by then back to eating and got up and kicked me in the butt, and I took my S&I&R — what was left of it — and went home. The hell with Myrna! I'd lose my virginity some place else. After all, I had lots of time, I was only fifteen-and-a-half years old.

Shit!

The hell with Myrna, hell! Lugging my S&I&R (it *is* a burden, you know, especially at my age), I went down the next night to the

place where she works sometimes, homework be damned. The place is called The Factory, a pizza parlor ("58 Varieties") with banjo music and beer. All the waitresses wear black lace stockings and tights and have the word *UNTOUCHABLES* printed across their brassieres, which are, by the way, made out of glass. Contract with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, I think. *UNTOUCHABLES* to the left, *ABLES* to the right. Everybody calls them the Bras With A View. Very clever. Not that I've ever been *in* the place. I'm too cruddy shy and refined and, if you'll pardon the expression, young. I've looked in a window. In fact, I cut a look-hole in a filthy glass not long after Myrna started working there. Very nice hole. *And I don't like to be distrubed when I'm looking!* Youth must explore the mysteries of life. It's in all the school books, God knows!

Only that night I didn't just look into the mysteries of life. I went into the mysteries. Me and my S&I&R, and a weapon. Looking wasn't enough anymore. I had *talked* to her. I needed a more complete union. I got in by walking up to one of these older grid-iron noggin types outside and offering him a buck if he'd take me inside and say I was his nephew or cousin or something, whatever his lead head decided on. He said he didn't much like doing that sort of thing, then took the buck and did it.

So in we went, him and me and some other ironnogins, friends of his. I was in the middle; I didn't want Myrna to see me. Yet. Little chance. The place was as dark as it was outside. Very mysterious. I told ironhead where I wanted to sit — in the section where Myrna worked, only I didn't mention her, of course. he didn't want to sit there. Obviously he didn't know about her being there. So I gave him another buck and he wanted to.

We sat down and I told Ironhead to order me a chocolate yogurt pizza, medium, and a cherry Coke, large. Then I said I had to go to the bathroom, which was a lie. I walked toward the john, then stopped and watched Myrna thrust herself up to our table, pure Pleasant Under Glass. When she left, I went back to the table and Ironhead told me they ain't got no chocolate yogurt pizza, any size. So I told him to order me any kind of pizza, medium, and then told him I left my safety pin — "My zipper doesn't work." — in the bathroom. Before I went off again, he wanted some money for my pizza. So I gave him three more bucks. Cleaning me out. But Myrna was worth it. Money meant nothing to me. Mysteries always cost a lot, anyway. It's in the books.

This time I stayed away from the table until Myrna brought everything we ordered. While I was waiting, I made one acute observation: Myrna was the only Untouchable who had a sign reading *I'M ONLY KIDDING* pinned to her butt. It was enough to make me forgive her everything right there! God!

Soon as I sat back down, first chance I got I sneaked my weapon out of my pocket and hid it under the pizza. Then I ate around it, so that the only piece of pizza I had left when Myrna came back later on was the piece with my weapon under it.

When she came to our table I was prepared. When she asked, "Anything else?" I said, "Yes. Yes, Myrna, there is." Carefully I put down what was left of my cherry Coke. "I realize," said I, "that your Sensitivity and Intellectuality and Refinement are on, at least, an equal plane with mine, and that within our mutual commonality, as I have said before, I thus appreciate it, recognize it, understand it, because, obviously, I possess these finer things, too, our age difference to the con-

(continued on page 68)



THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

GINNY

We've got a real treat here for all lovers of beauty and big, shapely boobs. We think that





Ginny is one of the prettiest ladies ever to bare her all before our cameras, and we felt the time

was right for a nostalgic look at this knockout who appeared in our mags back in the late







FRANCE

PARIS - RUE DE MONMARTRE



sixties and early seventies.

A fashion designer by profession, Ginny was into avant garde styles when we last saw her, and it's a safe bet to assume she's still on top of

developing trends in the fashion world. One thing's for sure: today's fashions may be passe tomorrow, but a pretty gal like Ginny will never go out of style. □

FOUR to PLAY and ONE to GO!

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B. KITTEN

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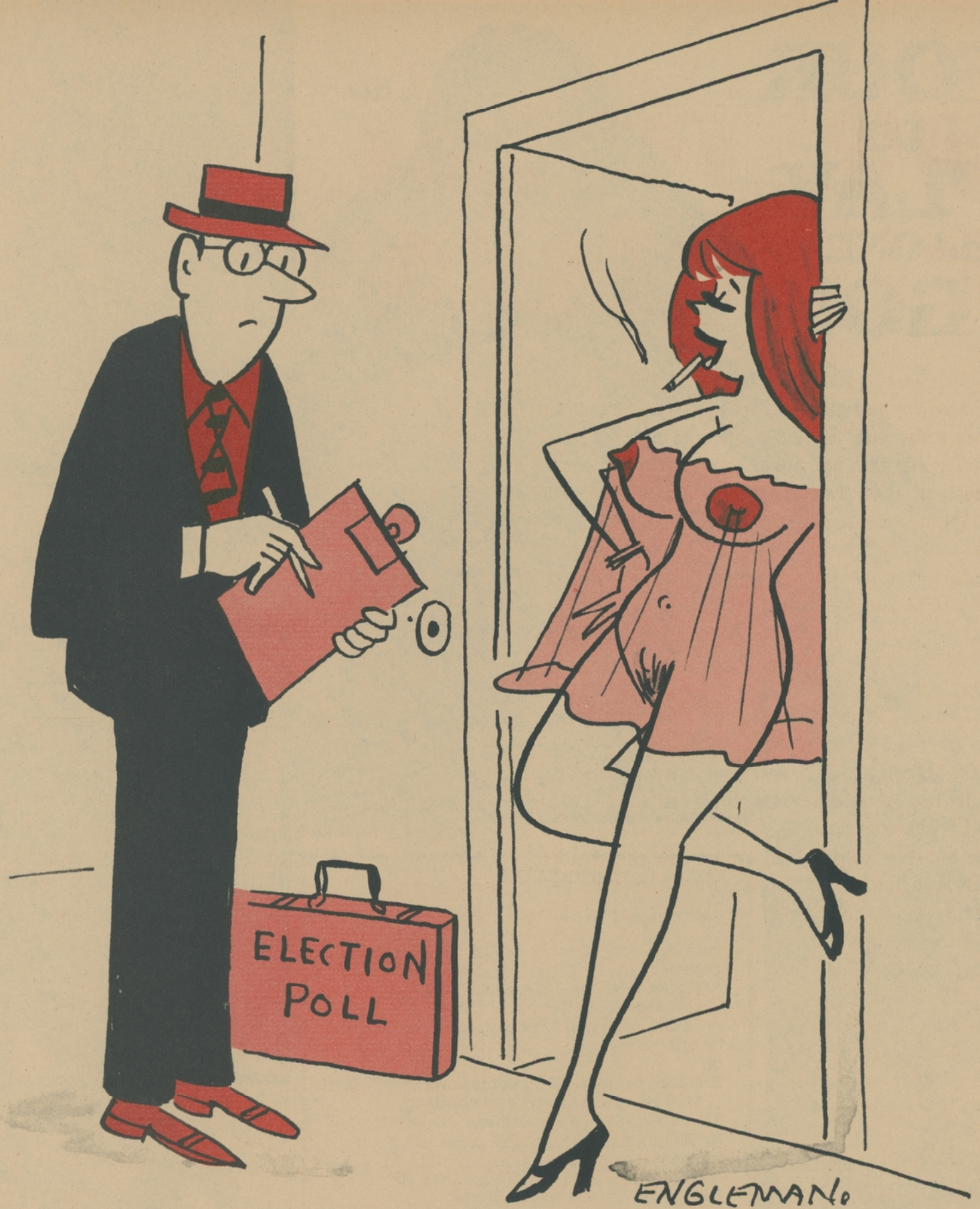
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POLITICAL BEDFELLOWS

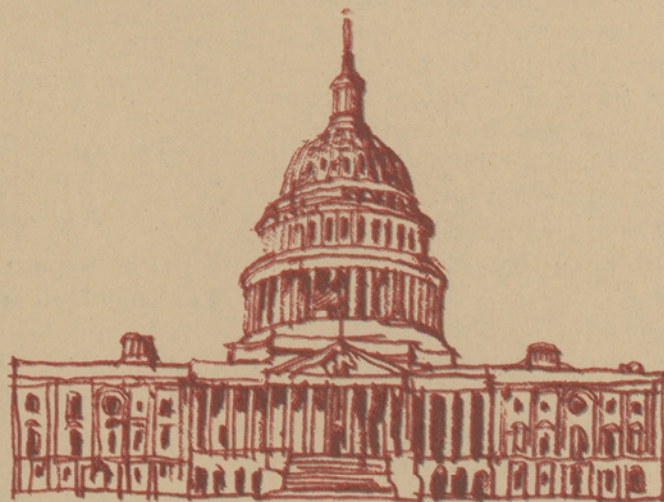
by Keith Hall, Jr.

Councilman Bob Andrews was tired. He had been campaigning hard all day for re-election and all his efforts were taking their toll. Bob's wife, who had also been working very hard, had already gone home to bed so she could rest up for the next day's campaigning. Bob, who had been a host at a cocktail party given in a suite rented by his campaign committee, had only stayed on to shake a few more hands, make a couple more campaign promises and see the last guests off. Now everybody was gone and Bob was ready to leave. All he had to do was get his top coat and he'd be on his way home. Now, where had he left that coat? In the closet? No. On a chair? No. Oh yes, he had thrown it on the bed when he had arrived. He'd just go get it and be on his way.

The bedroom was dark but Bob could see his coat on top of the bed. He reached over to get the coat but it moved. In fact, the whole top of the bed moved. Somebody was in the bed—and suddenly that somebody switched on the desk lamp. It was a girl. But just saying it was a girl was like saying the Mississippi was just a stream. This brunette had many many attributes. It was easy for Bob to inspect them—because the girl was totally naked! Her skin was taut and smooth, pink all over. Her hips made bold curves as she rested on one in the bed. Her lips glistened as her tongue made little passes over them. Her thighs were smooth and full, leading up to those bold hips and eventually turning into a love mound which had "come and get it" written all over it. Her breasts seemed to explode in Bob's face. They looked sweet and ready to be caressed.

Bob's first reaction was that of embarrassment. He wanted to excuse himself and run out of there. But the sight of those beckoning boobs, not to mention all the other goodies, kept Bob rivetted right to the spot on which he was standing.

The brunette gave a little swish of her hips and giggled,



"Oh there you are, Councilman Andrews. I thought you'd never come in here."

Bob was, for the first time in his career, at a loss for words. "Uh, Miss. . . ."

"Betty," the brunette purred. "Betty."

Bob began to sweat. "Uhhh, Betty, I don't know why you're here but. . ."

Betty purred some more. "Oh, I'll tell you why I'm here, Bob. May I call you Bob? I'm here because I want to hump you."

Bob gulped hard. He felt a stiffening in his pants. "You want to. . .?"

"To hump you, Bob. I've been watching you during this campaign. You're the most dynamic, charismatic, sexy man I've ever seen. I want to cast my ballot for you right now—in this bed."

Bob's groin was red hot now. "But surely you know I'm a married man."

Betty's lips made a playful pout. "So?"

"But it would be wrong, all wrong."

Betty laid her head back and gave a throaty laugh. "I don't see what's wrong with it, Bob. I want to ball you and, by that bulging I see in your pants, I'm sure you want to ball me. So what's the problem?"

"Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . ." Bob just couldn't seem to be able to talk straight.

Betty rubbed her hand over one of her bulging breasts. "Bob, don't just stand there stammering. Get undressed and ball me."

Bob's mind said no—but suddenly he seemed to have no more control over his body. Without even realizing it, he found himself unfastening his tie and taking off his coat. Then it was his shirt and pants. Before his conscience even had a chance to protest, Bob found that he was completely naked. Next his feet were taking him toward the bed. Then he was on top of her, his hands roaming all over that lush body. His mouth and fingers were everywhere, taking in all the sweetness her body had to offer.

She was good; she was expert. He was eager. Caution was thrown to the winds as Bob let all his inhibitions go. He began to try things he never would have dared to even suggest to his straight-laced wife. Positions which Bob had only read about were becoming reality on that bed. Betty was matching him point for point and he was loving every minute of it.

Suddenly the lights came on. Bob jumped up to see a tough-looking man standing in the doorway. He had a camera in his hands and he was smiling a cruel, mean smile.

He spoke to Betty. "You did a fine job, sweetheart. The chump fell for it hook, line and sinker! We got enough photos of him doing his sexual acrobatics to finish him for good in politics unless he . . ."

Bob was dumbfounded. "You mean you were taking pictures of what I was doing to Betty?"

The man snarled. "You bet your sweet ass I was, Councilman Andrews. And you can also bet your sweet ass that it'll cost you plenty for them too."

Bob thought of all the things he had done with Betty, of the excitement that he had found doing all the forbidden things his wife would never understand, how great it had been—and now this, his home and his career threatened. He looked at the man with the camera. "I don't

care how much those photos cost—I'll take two dozen of the wallet size, one dozen of the regular size and one of the biggest size you have so I can hang it over my fireplace." □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

Quotes from some of the feminine spectators are of interest:

"We bowl on Monday nights, we do this on Wednesdays. So what's the big deal?"

"Who knows if I'll get turned on. I'm anxious to find out, myself."

"Frustrated housewives! It's about time we got to see a decent body for a change!"

Inflation Report:

The High Cost of Loving

A Baltimore circuit judge ruled that Carolyn Ford must pay Helen Mulhern \$60,000 in damages for having induced Mrs. Mulhern's husband to lay her. In less commercial times, the party of the first part would have been content to pull the hair of the party of the second part.

Don't Let Them Dim the Headlights!

En garde all you Big Up Front fans! A plot is afoot to replace your favorite viewing with something less zophtic.

Artists Isaac Weinstock and Daphna Ayalah, deciding that they were "fed up with idealized and unrealistic" pictures of women's breasts" got out a book to show what boobies "really look like." Their tell-it-like-it-is approach shows titties that sag or wrinkle or have stretch marks or dangle or look like deflated balloons.

Unappetizing! But apparently the volume has brisk sales among certain women. Why they would like to look at those bazooms may be one of those unsolvable feminine mysteries. Or maybe the answer is simple: They say, "Hah! Hers are not as good as mine!" In any case, all us BUF bugs

better rise up to oppose this outrageous trend before it spreads and "Charlie's Angels" become "Charlie's Hags." Write to your congressman! Write to Ralph Nader! Write to those who are ill!

Otherwise you may be getting magazines that feature SUF (Sagging Up Front), UUF (Ugly Up Front) or NUF (Nothing Up Front.)

Home Corn Versus Home Porn

TV is continually charged with Sex and Violence. There can be no doubt of the violence. But as for sex, the medium has far to go before it can catch up with the stage, the movies, cable TV and what you hear from your friendly neighborhood garage mechanic.

For instance, is video quite ready to show the whole of the movie, "Being There," starring Peter Sellers? He's funny as usual but are the respectable home-bodies likely to accept the scene where Shirley MacLaine gives herself an orgasm while he watches? (An orgasm is fun, but is it funny?)

If the networks ever do get brave enough to put SEX in there with the violence, they may be surprised that all the complaints won't come from that Old Lady in Dubuque. A pal of ours is a Navy vet from WWII and like any patroit he screwed different girls in different ports. He peppers his conversation with "dirty" words. He is macho.

But HBO (Home Box Office) is piped into his home. He says, "I saw a movie last night and they said fuck this and fuck that. Always fucking. He is shocked.

A noble fellow, he doesn't think women and children should be exposed to that sort of thing. As for us, we agree about the kids, but there is something to say for the HBO flicks. There's something old-fashioned about it — a guy's erection should be where his home is.



Bridal Gown Gal continued from page 42

— as do her Big Up Front beauties. Sweets may be bad for your teeth, but this Candy is

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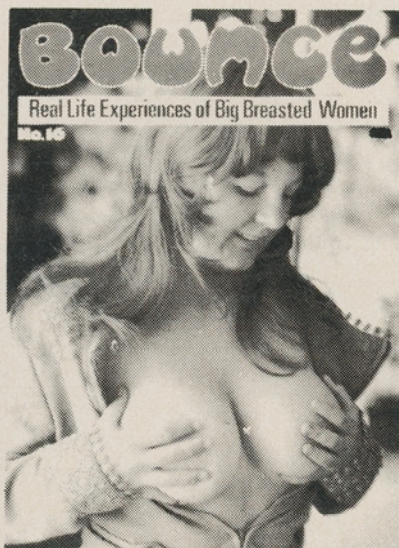
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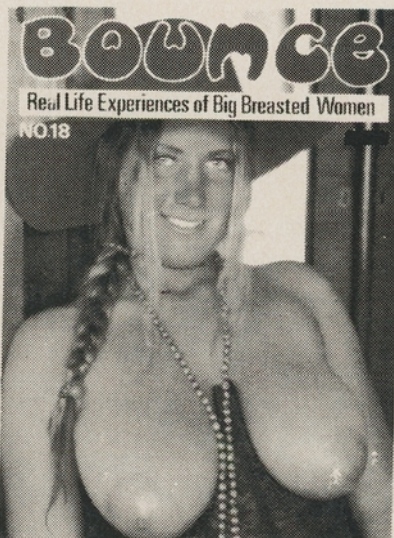


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OFFICE COPULATIONS

continued from page 20

which is unrealistic in a working atmosphere. The other half giggled whenever they came in contact with each other. Experience has taught me that the best way to avoid office gossip is to pretend a brother-sister relationship."

The higher up you are on the business ladder of success, the better are the pickings from the garden of curves and cleavages. Let's face it, a mailroom jockey, no matter how physically endowed, doesn't have much of a chance against the executive who wines and dines his woman at "The Stork Club."

The exception to this rule is the female boss. Today's business world has more and more women climbing the corporate structure. Many of them are hiring male underlings, including male secretaries. And contrary to popular belief, not all male secretaries are gay.

"I had a male secretary for a while," recalled Marla, the Vice President of a large cosmetic firm. "He was a gorgeous hunk of flesh, almost too gorgeous to be a man. And that worked to my advantage. Everyone was so sure Ron was gay, they never suspected we were screwing each other's brains out."

"Most of the time we made my office our den of iniquity. Not during office hours, of course. But during coffee and luncheon breaks. To keep things interesting, we decided never to screw in the same place twice in a row. One time we used my couch, another time we used my chair."

"But the top of my desk was my favorite. Ron stood in front of me and I wrapped my legs around his behind, taking his big hunk of meat deeper than was physically advisable. In the process I bled all over some important papers."

"The best part of our affair was the teasing. Every once in a while

Ron would be taking dictation and I'd flash a beaver shot. Sometimes I'd be wearing my French-lace panties, and other times I'd be wearing the ones without a crotch. Some days I wouldn't wear any at all, just to keep him on his toes.

"We had a lot of fun until he started taking advantage of the situation and neglecting his other duties. I finally had to fire him. Now I have a female secretary. It's not nearly as much fun, but we get a lot more work done."

One of the best parts of conducting affairs in the business world is the luxury of time. At most parties and other social gatherings it's a now-or-never proposition. Either you score or you strike out. There isn't often a second chance. If you're not the pushy type you'll probably find your time being beaten by the more aggressive dude. Even if you are the assertive type, you may be forced to compete with every Tom and hairy Dick in the place.

The office is different. It affords the opportunity to play the field without using a stop watch. There's time to find out what kind of gourmet delights will tempt your lady's palate; time to find out what type of music will unleash her inhibitions and send her fantasies dancing. And most important of all, time to find out which combination of the two will light the torch between her legs.

"I was surprised when John asked me out to dinner," confesses a tall and lanky flight attendant named Joan. "We'd worked for the same airlines for several months, and as far as I knew he never gave me a second thought."

"Boy, was I wrong about that! He took me to my favorite restaurant and without hesitating ordered a bottle of Robert Mondavi's Chardonnay, which just happens to be my favorite wine. Later he took me to a funky little piano bar that played nothing

but jazz. Also my favorite!

"Not only was I extremely flattered that he'd gone to so much trouble researching my dining and dancing habits, but I couldn't wait to find out what he'd learned about my likes and dislikes in the bedroom."

With women in virtually every arena of the business world the possibilities for monkey-business is limitless. Gone are the days when a man and woman sharing a table at lunch were automatically under the watchful eye of their business associates.

Today more and more companies are issuing their female employees expense accounts. In fact, it's not unusual to find a sleek and saucy woman taking out a man for lunch. Out-of-the office situations may offer even greater opportunity for sexual fun and games. Especially for the married man.

Once was the time a married man had a difficult time explaining to his spouse why his secretary was necessary at a meat-packers convention. Now, with women sharing equal positions long-winded explanations aren't



"What do you mean you can't make it! I already applied the contraceptive foam!"

necessary.

The business junket still ranks number one as the most conducive place for sexual experimentation. "The hotel booked Marshall and I in the same room," giggles Kyle, a thirty-year-old sales consultant. "All of the rooms were full because of the convention, and with the name *Kyle I* guess they thought I was a man."

"Everything else in town was full so Marshall and I said, *What the hell. We're two grown-up adults and have certainly faced more challenging circumstances.* Besides, we didn't know each other very well and we thought it would give us a chance to better get acquainted. And that it did. We got acquainted in the shower, jacuzzi, and sauna!"

The most difficult part of under-the-cover office encounters is dumping them when they're over. This is especially true when your ex-flame is still carrying the torch. Under these circumstances it's better for everyone if she looks for employment elsewhere. The gallant thing to do, of course, is to send her on her way with a glowing letter of recommendation.

At the other end of the paper-clip is the affair that ends in a nuptial knot tying party. It's surprising that more of the fair sex don't capture their bachelor bosses than actually do. After all, here's a foxy-looking wench who's intelligent, understanding, and totally dedicated to pleasing her employer. Who wouldn't want to establish an ideal permanent relationship with her?

The main problem with affairs that end in marriage is that they often have the same results as those that break-up. since most companies have restrictions against husbands and wives working under the same roof, one of you must leave. If you're happy with your woman *and* your job, try living together. It'll keep peace in the office while keeping a piece in the home. □



LYDIA

Poring over the BUF archives one afternoon, we came to the realization that New Jersey is a state that has been curiously under-represented in our pages. We think that these photos of big boobed Lydia will go a long way in correcting this state of affairs. This sizzling sexpot hails from the great city of Hoboken — or is it Hohokus? Her bulging frontispieces knock us out of focus.

One of our East Coast talent scouts discovered Lydia one afternoon while taking a







leisurely drive through the fragrant and scenic Garden State. Stopping at a roadside diner for a bit to eat, our man's eyes popped when he dug the stacked waitress. Over coffee and pecan pie, he mapped out his strategy. "Let me take you away from all this," he nonchalantly suggested as he ordered another

piece of pie. Seeing that this tactic might not do the job, he then informed her of the great career that might lay ahead of her if only she'd doff her duds before the BUF cameras. Our smooth-talking operator hit the mark with that one, and a photo session was scheduled.

Our admiration for this buxom blonde





damsel increased when we learned that she's an excellent cook. "I supply the diner with all the pies, and once or twice a week I'll put together something really special for the evening meal. I bet we're the only diner in New Jersey that features minced squab in grape

leaves every Tuesday."

Lydia promised that if this layout turned out well, she'd cook up a feast for the whole BUF staff. Why, it makes our mouths water, just thinking of that treat and bountiful Lydia's BUF sweets.



intervals and kicking small objects as he walked along the streets.

Fall drifted leaves by his window forcing them from the only tree in the courtyard. He thought of going back home. Then...a knock at the door. Maybe the beauty from across the way coming over to apologize?

"Mr. Criddle?" said the voice softly. It was Mrs. Slome.

"Present," called Elmer.

"May I come in and entertain you?"

Elmer groaned. Big, fat, hairy Mrs. Slome.

"Go away. I'll throw a dart at you."

"I want you to be a happy young man."

"And I want to be a healthy, young man. Think of your husband."

"He's in Indianapolis," she said, trying to be coy.

"Only in spirit. His body is somewhere around," said Elmer.

"Won't you jiggle me on your knee just for laughs?" she asked.

Oh, that fat broad! Weighs two hundred and plenty. On his knee? They'd laugh him out of his office. And Iowa. Still...ther was a lot of flesh there. And it's been such a long time. The hell with the girl across the way...and the women in the elevator and the chicks in the office. He got up, opened the door.

"I am the good fairy," said the burly woman. "I'll grant you three wishes." She plopped down on the bed next to Elmer. It squeaked in protest. She put her arms around him. Despite himself, Elmer responded. Besides, Indianapolis was miles and miles away.

Suddenly she broke away. "It'll cost you 10 bucks."

"You're charging me?" Elmer fairly shrieked.

"Look, I play the horses and I'm down a bit. Look, *ten* bucks. Will that break you? I weigh 258

pounds. Where you gonna get all that kind of good chuck steak for 10 bucks?"

Fat, hairy, ungainly — and she charges ten bucks? How the mighty have fallen, thought Elmer as he opened his wallet. He stood up, prepared to get his money's worth.

Suddenly he leaped as he felt a sharp pain in his bottom. "Yipe!" He reached behind him and removed a dart. "What the hell..."

"Can't leave her alone, can you?" the voice boomed.

"I thought you were in Indianapolis," Elmer stammered, looking accusingly at Mrs. Slome, who was heaving her ponderous bulk off the bed. Now it occurred to Elmer just what she was — the Incredible Bulk!

But nothing compared to the behemoth called *Mr. Slome*. "With malice afterthought," he said, advancing. "You see a pretty girl and you go wild. Got to get some of that, got to get some of that. That's all you pretty boys think about."

He moved in and grabbed Elmer's arm. Elmer swung. The man caught his fist in a big hand and began working on Elmer's arm. It may have broken right away. He then began mauling Elmer's legs. It was over in a minute. Elmer moaned in pain. "Some guys just can't resist a beautiful face." He heard the door slam. He was alone in his room, sobbing softly. He looked out the window. The bitch's shade was up. Forget her. He needed a doctor. And there the girl was. She leaned on the open window.

"Hey, over there," she called. It was friendly. "Look, I've been a bitch. Tonight's my birthday and I'm alone. Come on over. Help me pick out my underthings or something. Hey, fella...you're there, ain't you? I can hear you breathing. You crying? Nothing to cry about, my man. Come on over. Now's your chance...I'll be waiting..."

Elmer moaned in pain, closed his eyes and wondered how he could get to a doctor. □

THE BOOB AND BOOBIES

continued from page 47

trary, which difference is mere chronological, in the grossest sense, anyway, both of us being under thirty. Therefore..."

"Oh good Christ, not again!" she screeched. "Get him out of here!"

"Shut up, nephew," Ironhead whispered.

Then she leaned over me and just as one of her Great Convex Mysteries was being revealed to me, in the barest sense, just as at the very moment when one more Life's Thresholds was being exposed in all its Glory & Thunder & Fullfillment, she rasped, "Listen, Boy Lolita, your balls are still isinglass!"

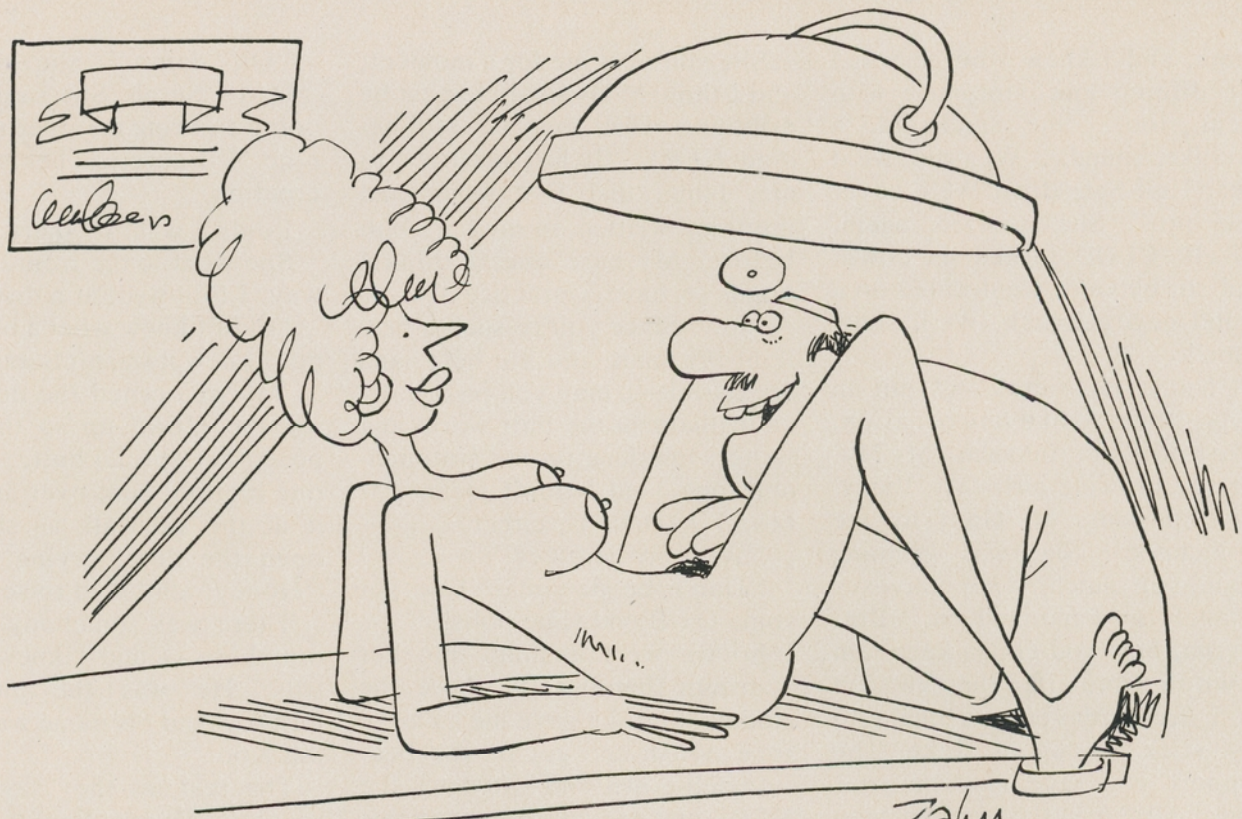
She had missed the point entirely! And she asked for what she got. With a mere flick of a finger, I dug my weapon out from under my pizza, leapt from my chair and pounced upon her Bra With A View, weapon first.

However, and hereby duly noted, before I could even scratch the surface, literally, she had booted me in the butt again, "uncle" had me by the belt, and in 32 seconds, maybe less, I was outside.

All the way home I cleaned the pizza out of my glass cutter. Oh God, God, why does everything have to be so chronological?!

So it went: the turmoil of youth! Boy Lolita! Glass cutter and isinglass balls! S&I&R and lust-shot id! Little did Myrna know, blind to our commonality, our mutual S&I&R, to what extent I would go to de-isinglass the mysteries and cut through to *our* Nit&Grit.

I sneaked around to her bedroom window the first night she wasn't working at The Factory, not that just looking was enough any more. The window was dark.



"Each morning I thank the Lord I'm doing something I love."

But the light in the cellar was on. I looked in. I was good at it, and I saw her right away. And almost swallowed the licorice I had soaking in my mouth.

What I saw was her wearing nothing at all except a football helmet. *Football!* And stuffing clothes into a washer, everything shimmying and bouncing, and I don't mean the clothes. And I don't mean the washer. Agitate here, agitate there. Hard working buds bursting instantly into fast working action. And all the time she was whistling. A simple workday tune. A simple washday sight.

I think I shrieked with the pure joy of it all. Anyway she was reaching for a pair of the shortest long johns I've ever seen when she saw me.

She bawled, "Oh good Christ! Oh good Christ!" and grabbing a towel with *HERS* printed on it, she wraped it around her(s)—top and bottom.

This was it! The Nit&Grit. I threw open the window and, very calmly and staring levelly at her

football helmet, said, "I hope your team wins, lady."

Then her S&I&R came into play. She smiled, she laughed, she howled.

This is it! And I, hearing trumpets, leapt into the cellar, throwing another licorice in my mouth en route, don't ask me why. When my bare feet hit the floor I could hear the clank of armor.

She was choking and sputtering, still clutching herself insanely. It was really nice to see her enjoying herself with me for a change. "I like to do my housework bareassed," she shrieked. "With clothes I feel so encumbered."

"You don't have to explain," I said. Grandly. "Clothes encumber me, too. Your head is cold?"

"My hair's in curlers. The pipes leak down here. The helmet belongs to my boyfriend," she had to add.

I tensed. Then I slowly pushed the licorice to the other side of my mouth and said, "I know. God, woman, don't you realize that I

know, that I have seen, that I have heard, that I am fully aware of those pigskinned clods who do not appreciate your finer message, who within their lack of sensitivity and..."

"Stop! Oh good Christ, stop! Or I shall throw you in the washer and wash out your mouth. What are you eating, anyway, a dirty dictionary?"

"Licorice. Want some? Furthermore..."

"Listen, Isinglass, I got enough troubles without listening to you."

And in a matter of mere minutes I heard what the trouble was: that a bunch of stupes in town were trying to stop the Untouchables from wearing glass bras.

Put a shade over the view! "The insensitive cruds!" I bawled.

"They're calling themselves the Crusade to Liquidate Obscene Dirt, no less. Check those initials, Isinglass. They're even sending a representative around to try and talk us into wearing something less see-through. (She told me his

name, and I knew who he was.) We offered to compromise with them, too." She snickered, a Godlike sound. "We said we'd wear Half-Safe Bras. We'd cover one up." She snorted again. "Well, CLOD turned us down, and so, by God, we decided on a brand new gimmick. We'll show 'em."

"Name brassieres?" I put in slyly. "Bras to fit every occasion. 'My Prides' for romance. 'My My' for the growing girl. 'My Vicks' for ill periods. 'My God!' for the 44-inchers." She was grinning again, still clutching her convexes insanely as I plunged on. "But, Myrna, how you gonna keep 'em down in a bra after they've seen them free? Maybe you ought to just stick to slogans. Like 'The support you save may be your own.' Or 'Ask the woman who owns two.' Or how about a brassiere with a spare? An extra cup for a late arrival, so to speak. Sort of domestic CARE package. The spare, when not occupied, can be used to store things in. Lipstick, meatballs, fishhooks, jelly sandwiches, radar equipment."

"Radar?"

"For the Untouchable who not only has everything but has too much of it. Or why not a bra to hold up bras, O Myrna? A bra bra. Or for the wallflower, a brassiere with a grappling hook. For the lonely, a bra that plays music."

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariots?"

"For the insecure Untouchable, Myrna, a bra that contains a small explosive charge. If any customer tries to molest her, pow! Or one with a smoke screen. For the girl in need of a lift, a bra with helium."

"Nevermind, Clever Tongue. Our new gimmick has nothing to do with brassieres, and it does not represent a retreat from CLOD, either. If CLOD doesn't like bare boobs, we'll give 'em bare butts. Bare butts — with appropriate, written commentary thereon. Butts with a message."

She stared at me for a moment, and I thought my licorice must be dribbling. Then she said, still behind *HERS*, "It just occurred to me, Ising, that I've never had anything written on my bare butt before. My bare one. I think I ought to have a practice session — now. Since you're such a brilliant bra man, and are here, and are harmless, may you be equally as brilliant in the butt world and write something on my Untouchable one, and I don't mean *I'M ONLY KIDDING*, either."

"With my licorice?"

"Don't be personal. I've got some Ox-Blood shoe polish."

So we went upstairs into her bedroom (harmless!), where she studies, and she gave me a can of shoe polish and got on the bed, stomach-down and lifted up the *HERS* just enough to expose this double-checked convex threshold and said, "Write."

I was atremble with S&I&R. Too. Wacky with it. I couldn't think of a thing in butt literature. I had no tradition to fall back on. No precedent. No nostalgia. All I could think of was drawing a football on it.

"What's the matter, Little Boy Shakespeare? This is just a practice session. To see how it looks. Write anything."

I threw another licorice in my mouth. "Can't you suggest something? I can't write *anything* at a time like this."

"I'm contributing my ass, what more do you want?"

Then in a firey blaze of S&I&R I thought of the only thing I *could* write, the only thing *possible*, the *exactly* correct message, considering me and my attributes and Myrna and hers — our Nit&Grit.

So, with a flourish befitting a master scribbler, I dug a finger into the polish and wrote my initials — a *J* on the left cheek, a *K* on the right.

As Myrna sighed. And something clanged in my skull.

It was the doorbell.

"Oh damn," she muttered. "That's Sarah. She said she was going to bring me over a blivit at nine. I'll surprise her with your creation."

I didn't want to share it.

She went to the front door anyway. I followed, at a distance.

I didn't know what a blivit was, but I knew it wasn't Sarah as soon as Myrna opened the door. Pulling the *HERS* up so that it exposed her special butt, she, all in one motion, bent over and aimed it at the sidewalk as she threw open the door, crying cheerily, "Honey, am I glad to see *you*!"

There was somebody standing out there — and I knew who he was. He was the man from CLOD. And his name was Jeremiah Koo.

The rest, as they say, is geography. Myrna finally got the door closed; Mr. Koo departed, very quickly, murmuring something about returning accompanied by his wife; and I followed a shaky Myrna back to her bedroom, admiring my work at each step of hers: when the *J* went up and around, the *k* went down and around; when the *k* went up and around, the *j* went down and around. And it was all mine! I had never felt so de-isinglassed.

But something was lacking in the message, I could now see. And when I decided what it was. I told — *told!* — Myrna to get back on the bed, and she did, meekly, not even bothering with the towel. Then I, with somewhat of a swagger, stuck my sure finger into the polish again. And finished my social butt commentary.

My masterpiece now read:

J K's

(And I didn't mean Jeremiah Koo's, either.)

And it was. The apostrophe did it. Because, just to make sure, I turned her over and put another apostrophe you-know-where — and not using shoe polish, either! I used my S&I&R — with the &s removed. □

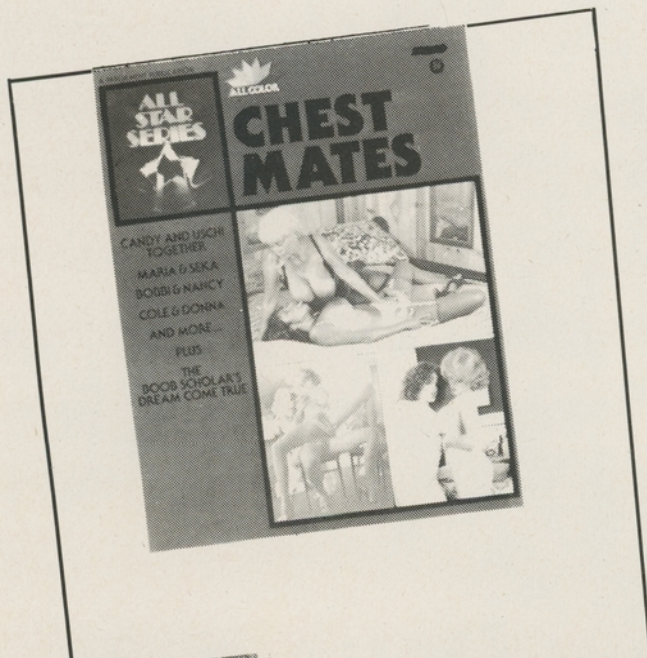
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