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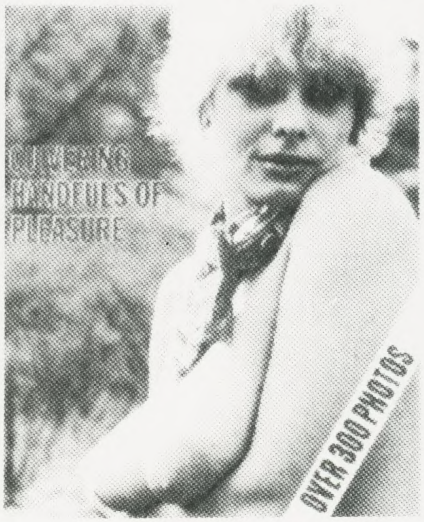

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GEM

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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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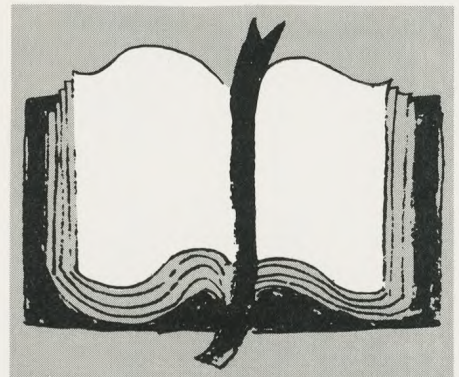
"Thees hotel has the European plan—no meals. Also the American plan—three meals. And then there's our own leetle plan . . ."



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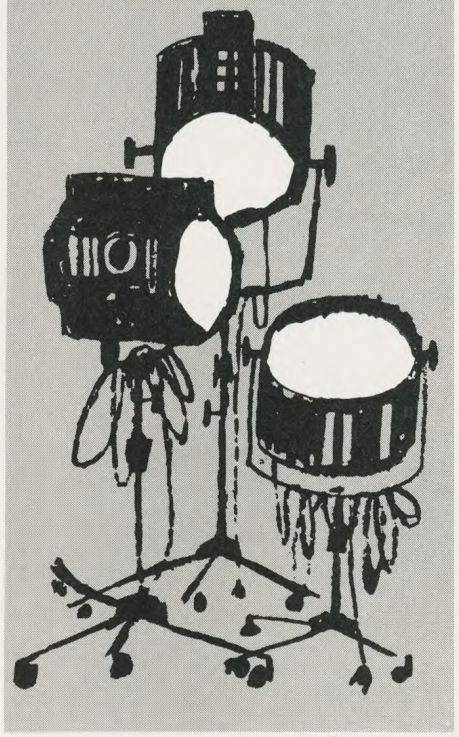
IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Larry Sparks and The Lonesome Ramblers: Kinda Lonesome (Lesco) offers top-notch bluegrass by Sparks and his band of able pickers. Sparks worked with Ralph Stanley's band some years ago, and his emotional, bluesy singing shows the influence of the Stanley Brothers' style. There's fine instrumental work throughout this album by banjo ace Tom Boyd, fiddler Glen Duncan, bass man David Bowling, and Sparks himself, who plays a bluesy and driving bluegrass guitar style. "Nobody's Business," "A Face In The Crowd," and the gospel tune "Guide Me Lord" are standouts. From Lesco Records, PO box 8448, Nashville, TV 37207.

The Country Gentlemen have been one of the top bands in Bluegrass for over twenty years now. The Gentlemen, over two decades, have accomplished the difficult feat of keeping a fresh, contemporary sound while remaining faithful to the bluegrass tradition and spirit. (This is a problem most "newgrass" bands have not been able to deal with successfully). *The Country Gentlemen: Sit Down Young Stranger* (Sugar Hill) showcases the band before and after some recent personnel changes, but the music is consistently impressive throughout. Singer-guitarist Charlie Waller's smooth, full, voice is always a pleasure to hear. The tight trios and quartet singing that have always been one of the band's trademarks are heard throughout the album. The Gentlemen have always had an ear for good material, and there are some beauties here. Charlie Roehrig's "Come Sit By The River" is a real gem, as is Gordon Lightfoot's title tune. The acapella "It's Just Like Heaven" is simply stunning. From Sugar Hill, PO Box 4040, Duke Station, NC 27706.

Johnny Gimble: My Kinda Music (Tejas) is a relaxed Western Swing album with a Texas dance party feel. One of the finest musicians to emerge from the ranks of the great Bob Wills band, Gimble's fiddling and electric mandolin work have made his services much in demand on Nashville sessions. Here, Gimble has assembled a band of fellow Texans to play breakdowns, waltzes, fiddle tunes and Texas favorites in a relaxed country swing groove. Among the stars of the session are steel guitarist Maurice Anderson, guitarist Kenny Frazier and painist Curly Hollingsworth. Tending to the rhythm section chores are bass man Dick Gimble and drummer Bill Mounce. There's plenty of good playing, and you know everyone had a good time on this date. From Tejas Records, Box 15042, Austin TX 78761.

Arlen Roth: Hot Pickups (Rounder) is an impressive second album by the ace guitarist. Roth's music brings to mind Ry Cooder and Clarence White, but he's obviously been influenced by many other country, R&B, and rock guitarists. *Hot Pickups* is not simply a showcase for Roth's considerable electric guitar technique; the music is damn good. Roth has penned some strong material and assembled a crack rhythm section to put it over. Although not possessed of a great voice, he's a good enough singer to put his songs across effectively. Roth is a master of dynamics on the electric guitar, and he's able to draw some exciting sounds from the instrument. He achieves steel guitar effects without the use of palm pedals or the Parsons-White string bending device. He plays some soulful slide guitar as well as all the acoustic, electric, and Hawaiian guitar parts heard on the disc. The Persuasions lend strong vocal backup on a few numbers — an added touch that enhances some already powerful tracks. "The Kids On The Block," and "When A Man Loves a Woman" are among the standouts. From Rounder, 186 Willow Ave., Somerville Mass.

She was known as the Priestess of Ur and whether she was a witch or phony — for instant marriage she couldn't be beaten

THE LAY GODDESS

by Paul Perkin

"Will you marry me?"

"Sure. What's your name?"

You know how it is at parties. Go to a friend's apartment, find a bunch of people with long sour pusses. Then the wine, the beer, the bourbon. Then the cheap gin. Pretty soon people smile, roll up the rugs, and dance to furious music. Never you mind that the hostess is weeping about her lease. Now has come the time to want everything there is in this world worth wanting. The word for such a condition is, I believe, horny.

Felicia liked that word. Horny. Somehow she managed to steer her new friend out onto the landing.

"You don't look so good."

"I don't feel so good."

"Hardly anyone ever proposed to me before."

"Well, you're young. You've been hanging around with boys your own age. Do you mind if I throw up?"

Felicia politely turned to the wall.

"My name's Allan," he said, working very hard to get back his breath. "I'm forty-five years old. I've been married three times."

"Is it all right for me to turn around?"

"Just watch where you put your feet."

Allan was a handsome man with a nice full moustache and a good natural figure — not all trained down and dried up the way some of these older guys get when they take up jogging.

"You good in bed?" she asked.

"Sometimes."

"That's enough for me. Now, about this marrying . . ."

It had to be right away, because that's how she did things. Marriage license? Blood test? Who needed all that hoopla? "I

(continued on page 20)

Here's a newcomer to our pages. Shapely Meg manages a stylish gambling casino in Las Vegas. Although the joint is packed night and day, she found time to get away and pose before our BUF cameras.

"I've been into gambling since I was a little kid," Meg told us. "Back in grade school I used to gamble with bubble gum cards; I would flip them with the other kids. My uncle was a card shark and he taught me poker at an early age.

One of my first boyfriends started taking me to the track when I was, oh seventeen or eighteen. For a while, horses took the place of

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cards in my life. I had already started to model a bit back then, so I had the money to throw around. I made it out to Vegas for the first time about a year ago. Man, I didn't believe it! I had the time of my life! I came to this club a lot and pretty soon lots of guys started coming regularly. I guess they liked the action and

maybe they liked looking at me, too. Anyways, the owners said I was good for the business and hired me as manager. Now when I feel like gambling, I go to a different club.

We don't know if sexpot Meg shoots the dice, but she's sure a natural; and the vision of her terrific bod just won't fade from our eyes. The minute we saw her we suggested that we both get on the roulette wheel — so we could go around together. Meg grimaced and said if we came up with another crack like that, our number would be up. Then this card-dealing sexpot playfully hit us in the face with a pat hand — all clubs, which made us flush. And even as a couple of her jokers tossed us out, we realized that even if we didn't have any luck with this knockout gambling lady, she would always remain the queen of our hearts. □

DEE 80

The Vivacious Vagina

WOMEN'S PLEASURE TREASURE

by Will Menard

There are new adventures in Beaverland because of the preoccupation of young women everywhere with their pudenda. The results are just the natural phenomenon of a calculated erotic emancipation . . .

When a beauty shop owner casually mentioned to me that a considerable number of young women were coming to her establishment to have their pubic hair styled to enhance the affect of their mons de Venus, my first reaction was that she was just amusing herself at my expense. She assured me that she wasn't, and told me to talk to other beauticians in the city. I did. The other beauty operators confirmed the fact and were surprised that I was so naive about the preening of pussies. And that's only for starters.

It's evident that the vaginal psychosis of young women is running all out of control. They have become almost neurotically concerned about the complex structure of their genitalia and its full potentialities for sexuality. Perhaps a major contribution to this fetishism has been the relaxation of almost total censorship for some time now concerning frontal nudity and close shots in radiant color of the vaginas of lovely young models with their halos of fine public hair and parted moist labias. These visual erotic displays exerted tremendous influence in overcoming prudery that has for so many generations inhibited them.

At no time in our changing sexual climate have so many attractive, young females been SQUATTING OVER MIRRORS on bedroom and bathroom floors, peering intently at the engaging reflection. Without embarrassment or qualms women are now buying "Complexion Vibrators," which, because of their penile shape, leave no doubt in one's mind that they will be used for clitoral and inner-vaginal stimulators. Then, sexual permissiveness has been at an all-time high for some time now, and most young sexually-active women no longer consider their vaginas "hidden assets;" they've ceased, rightfully so, to think of it being an ugly orifice of the female anatomy.

Erica Jong, authoress of the erotic novel "Fear Of Flying", its sequel "How To Save Your Own Life," and a volume of raunchy poetry "At The Edge of The Body," conveyed to me in a interview: "For generations many women have had the basic gut-feeling that their genitals are ugly. But I think that had to do with the fact that the slit is hidden, and they could only more or less feel its structure. Anyway, it isn't too easy to see fully, unless you're a contortionist and know how to use a mirror cleverly. One of the reasons I think that so many women now are becoming very gratified with oral-genital relations is that it's a way of a man saying to you, 'I like your pussy. It's good to me. I can eat it.'"

While researching female sexuality in America, a co-ed of a Mid-western university, a

"The prize is a long hard thing with a knob on the top!"

striking red-head, made it clear to me that young females were joining forces everywhere in dispelling the adverse propganda from out of the ages that the female genitalia, with its myriad afflictions, menstruation, yeast-mould ailments, or Candidiasis, Trichomoniasis, and such, is not offensive, but, actually, a very stunning endowment. She said: "There's been altogether too much bullshit by males putting us down about our cunts, always making fun of it, belittling, claiming that the only macho sex-organ is the penis. Fuck them!"

There is now a popular fad at some universities in the U.S., and outside academic insititutions, for girls to make xerox copies of their genitalia, presenting it casually to their boyfriends, or actually hanging it on walls as a valid art form, emphasizing wispy maidenhair-fern effect of pubic hair and the neat folds of the labias, even to the suggestion of the budding clitoris with its emerging corona.

I was puzzled. "You mean to say you hoist yourself onto a coping-machine, arrange your crotch and pop in dimes?"

"That's right. It isn't so hard, once you get the hang of it, and a girl doesn't have to be double-jointed to get a perfect reproduction." She showed me a folio of blow-ups of Xeroxed vaginas. "I make four-by-five black-and-white negatives of the original Xerox copy with an old Speed Graphic camera I have, and then I work over the poster-sized enlargements from these negatives with a bit of an etching-effect with pen and ink, and an air-brush, filling in some of the rough spots." She gave me a searching look. "Maybe you think it's kinky. But hell, man, don't they make rubbings of manhole covers, rubbings of old gravestones? It's the artist behind this art-form of mine, not technology itself. If it pleases the eye, entertains, then it's art, right?"

She proudly exhibited on an easel a reproduction of her own vagina. A well-deserved prize-winner!

Vaginal fetishism, or narcissism, was even the adjunct of an unforgettable character's year-round safaris across the length and breadth of the United States. I met him in a roadside restaurant along Oregon's Columbia River Highway and he told me he was a humanitarian. He jerked a thumb toward the window, where beyond I could see a parked Volkswagon van, with a slogan lettered on its panelled side in brilliant hues, surrounded by ornate floral decals: KNOW THYSELF!

"Your own brand of religion? I inquired."

He shrugged his shoulders, then chuckled. "Well, perhaps you could call it that." I sensed this amusing fellow was just trying to be a bit mysterious.

I left the restaurant with him, and he led me over to the van and slid back the door. I glanced inside. Opposite the entrance, against the side, was a sort of converted dental chair, equipped with extension-type metal stirrups. In front and above, bolted to the van's roof, was a bracket of adjustable mirrors, with two photo-floods at the side, powered by auxiliary batteries.

"Oh, I see," I observed, "you drive to out-of-the-way towns across the country bringing needed dental care to isolated, underprivileged people. A very humanitarian activity."

"Well, no . . .no, hardly that," he corrected me." The set-up you're seeing is for women to 'Know Thyself.'"

"You mean . . .?" A shaft of enlightenment was splintering through.

He nodded. "Yeah, any sweet thing can take off her panties, hop into the chair, and let it all hang out for a good look. Those mirrors are specially installed to give them an all-dimensional close inspection. Us men, we know how our tools look, but did it ever occur to you that woman never get a really good look at their glorious blessings? Oh, sure, they can see drawings and photos in books and magazines, but they can't see completely their own twats. And, according to my thinking, it's mighty important they see what can drive a man nuts. It liberates them, gives them a fuller appreciation of what the good Lord has blessed them with."

"You get many woman to take advantage of your equipment?" I wanted to know.

"Lordy, yes! Everywhere! In the Corn Belt of America, down South, up in the New England states, at motels where I stop, in trailer camps, resort places, beaches. In a year's time I cover a lot of territory. I'm thinking about making a motor trip through Europe and Scandinavia, and, for sure, Canada next year."

"But isn't it rather difficult to approach some women about this 'service' you're offering?"

"Certainly, no. It doesn't take much persuasion to convince them it's for their spiritual well-being, gives them needed confidence and reassurance." He nudged me with a thumb-of-lechery. "It gets me a lot of free screwing, too. If their husband or boyfriend wants to go in, that's okay with me. Lordy! the sounds *then*. And if they want, I'll take Polaroid shots and sell it to them for a few bucks. "He shook his head wonderingly. "Man, I really have a hot business going! Some of the cuties will bring along battery-operated vibrators, shaped kind of like a penis, hung up on watching themselves use it. Lordy! the yelps and yowlings they give out with! With them, I'll sort of cute-like roll back the door, stick my head in, and ask them: 'Anything I can do for you more, sweetie? Oh, that chair has taken a hell of a lot of wear-and-tear, that's why I've constructed it so strong and bolted it so solidly to the floor of the van. What tales it could tell if it could talk!" He placed his arm amiably around my shoulder. "You care to tail along in your car and see how I operate? I'll be making a stop at a place about five miles up the highway, a trailer-camp. Always a lot of swinging dames of all ages there."

No, I didn't think so. He drove off, waving a free arm and tooting his horn madly. He was a character alright!

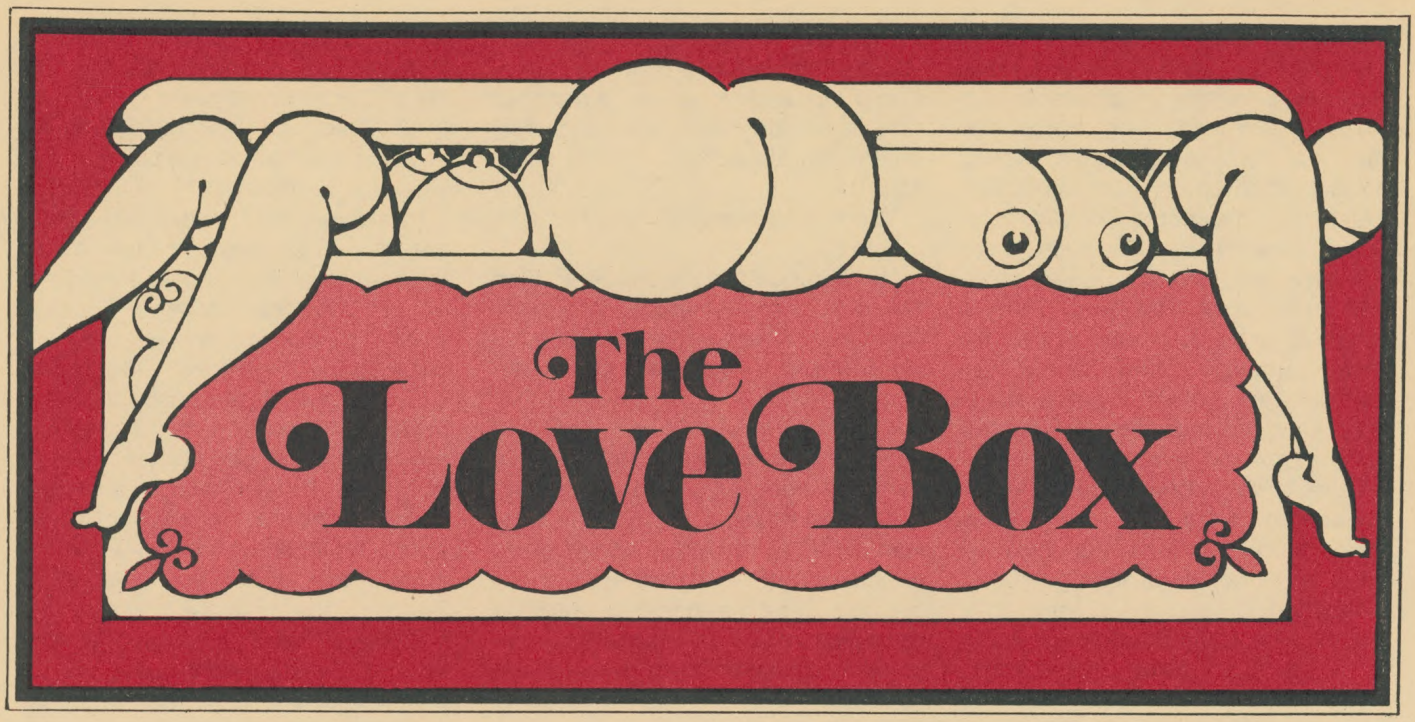
Yes, it's obvious that women of all ages, just about everywhere in our handsome wide world, are evincing a keener interest in their genitalia, its function — and in so many instances its commercial value.

The following true vignette, I know, could be construed as an off-beat way to illustrate the mercenary ramifications with which an ever-increasing large percentage of women have now come to consider their vaginas.

Anyway, it's as good a note as any upon which to end this discourse.

It's related to the occasion when I was privy to a special and exclusive demonstration of vaginal prowess exhibited by an ambitious, no-nonsense blonde model in Hollywood. The op-

(continued on page 64)



Hard Words

Although I don't swear much, I have no objection to the use of four letter words which would be no problem except that my girl insists that I use foul language while making love to her. She enjoys it more that way. The trouble is that when I have to concentrate on using the words it detracts from what I'm doing and I don't enjoy it as much. What can I do about this?

Tell her if she doesn't like the way you talk, to go fuck herself.

Anything's Possible

I'm a beautiful 23-year-old model with the most gorgeous set of boobs this side of heaven. To prove it I have a bust of my bust in gold given to me by the Body Builders Of America. But I'm also a Twentieth Century freak — a virgin and I have always intended staying this way until I was married. My problem is that I've fallen in love with a handsome advertising executive who claims marriage is out because I will never get to know the real him until we've gone to bed together. He says he suffers from fits of depression and is being treated with injections of a "happiness" hormone that only stops working after he's laid. He won't discuss marriage until I see both sides of him. Is there such a thing as a "happiness hormone?"

Nine Frattover
Chicago, Hl.

It's just as possible as your being a virgin at 23.

The Farmer's Daughters

I had been making out well going from one ride to another as I was hitch-hiking my way across the country until I hit the Iowa farmlands. One night after walking about ten miles I was caught in a terrible storm and got soaked to the skin. I stopped at the only house within eyeview. The farmer who opened the door told me he was a widow with two horny daughters so he couldn't ask me into the house, but I could sleep in the barn if I promised to be on my way the first thing in the morning. I was so tired, I fell asleep in the hayloft almost immediately after I had spread my clothes out to dry. I don't know how long I had been asleep, but it couldn't have been too long as it was still pitch black, when a hand gliding over my pecker woke me up. Before I could say a word a soft mouth covered mine and a tongue darted through my lips. I could feel that the body that was now on top of mine was just as naked as I was. Needless to say I took advantage of the situation and after several great humps I must have fallen asleep again. When I woke this time it was light outside and after dressing

I went back to the house to thank the farmer for his hospitality. When he opened the door I saw his two daughters sitting at the breakfast table. One was as ugly as sin and the other very pretty. I stared at both of them but there wasn't the slightest sign to show which one had visited me that night. It has bothered me ever since.

Sherwood Asthur
San Diego, Calif.

The farmer lied to you. He has three daughters — the third is a leper he keeps hidden away in the barn.

Sign Of The Times

I had been making out with a deaf and dumb girl for some time when one night her step-father barged in on us, as I was on top of her, with a shot-gun aimed at my dangling privates. My dick wasn't the only thing to go soft but my brain, too. I forgot every bit of sign language I had learned and made no attempt to talk to the girl to find out how she felt as we both got dressed and climbed into her step-daddy's car and headed for a preacher. He said if I refused to marry her, he'd bring me up on a charge of rape as the girl was under age. We were married that night but I'm wondering if marriage is legal under such a circumstance?

Howard Kaline
Lexington, Ky.

It's too late now. You had your opportunity but blew it. We can understand your being scared with a gun pointed at you but by the time you reached the preacher's if you really didn't want to get married, anyone would have remembered the universal sign language for "up yours."

The Old Ball Game

About a year ago there was a lot of fuss on TV about women reporters demanding equal rights to be admitted to the players' lockers room after the game just like men reporters. To guys like me who play Class D ball this struck us as funny because we don't even get men reporters coming in after the games. But one night, after my playing an easy fly ball into a three-base error that changed our 2-0 lead into a 3-2 loss, I was so dejected that I was the last guy into the shower. Everybody was

gone when I came out naked to pick up my towel which was now being held by a pretty doll with a cassette recorder in her other hand. She said she had been sent down by her editor to do a story on Class D ball players but had got lost along the way and arrived just then. I told her I was in no mood for an interview as I reached for the towel which she kept pulling out of my reach. To make a long story short she offered to let me lay her if I would give her the interview. I wasn't that dejected. The next day I got hell from the coach because someone told him that I had left the ball park smiling and he wanted to know what there was to smile about after my error cost us the game. Naturally I didn't say anything but I've been wondering if this is how it is with the female reporters in the big leagues?

(Name and address withheld on request.)

We don't really know but if it is, our chief sportswriter who is already dribbling, says he's going to start covering the Women's Basketball games.

THE LAY GODDESS

continued from page 7

got a friend who commits marriages and she'll do it right now."

Underneath the usual bedroom pile of coats, sweaters, scarves and mittens, they discovered a small dark haired child. "You a boy or girl?" Felecia would talk to anyone or anything, cats, children, even gum ball machines. "I don't know," the child admitted.

"Well, you better get someone to tell you before it's too late. Allan? Are we going to have children?"

In the living room the furious dancing continued. The hostess, a tall black haired woman who looked good in tears, pressed raspberry flavored kisses on both of them.

Downstairs, a nice steady winter rain, one degree above freezing, pattered down on a couple of kids who were trying to break open a Toyota. "Use yuh screwdriver," one kept saying. "That looks like a camera in there."

Felicia pulled a small silver whistle out of her shirt. She had bought it by mail, answering a magazine advertisement that had shown three shadowy hoodlums fleeing straight into the arms of an officer. "Allan," she commanded. "Hold those punks until the police get here!"

But Allan was holding the wrought iron fence. "Hey, sister," the kid with the screwdriver said. "Your old man ain't doing too well." The glass gave with a sickening crunch and they walked away with their prize. "Nuttin but an instamatic!"

Felecia blew her whistle until she thought the little ball would pop. An upstairs window opened. Someone cursed in Spanish. A gun roared. Allan turned in time to see the windshield of his Toyota form a perfect spider's web.

Who could see straight anyway? He crawled behind the wheel.

Somehow they made it to a yellow brick apartment building where not one person was awake. Felicia had to press the bell many times before the buzzer let them through. Madeline, a stout earthy woman in a tentlike robe that reached to the carpet, met them in the hall.

"I want you to marry us," Felicia said.

"I might have known it would be something like that," the woman replied.

Incredibly, there was an alter in her apartment, and candles that burned with a flickering light, and the rich heavy smell of incense. A creature which may have been a cat, but more correctly resembled an owl, watched from the shadows.

Suddenly the woman had Allan by the jaw and was staring into his eyes. "You married, buster?"

To lie was unthinkable. "Three times."

"Open your mouth!" Allan spread his jaws and waited while she examined his teeth which, thank God, were his own. Then he watched her float off into another room.

"Ain't she great?" Felicia whispered. "I mean, for a witch?"

He felt the room turn slowly, but that could have been the drink. Felicia rubbed her hand over his stomach. "I don't really believe in witches," she admitted. "But it is a religion, isn't it?"

She was very pleased with this man. So far he had not said "You are beautiful" or "I love you" or any other lying thing. Wasn't that fine? She put her hand beneath his belt and felt his pecker which was warm and flacid. Then Madeline reappeared in her beads and robe, this time the one with the stars and silver moons sewed on it.

"Felicia and Allan. Stand before the altar. And keep your hands off each other until this is over."

It was marvelous the way he took it. The candles, the incense, the chants — heaven knows what language Madeline was using. At last she turned, her arms outstretched, the wind from her sleeves making all the candles flicker and dive, her finger rings glittering.

"Beloved children . . .In the beginning there was the Goddess and all that She saw was good. The heavens were good, the sea was good, the earth was very good, and the Goddess was pleased. To woman she gave all things. She gave the fruit that grows in the orchards. She gave the honey kept secret in the hive. She gave . . ."

It was that cheap gin. Allan felt the floor tilt beneath his feet, first this way, then that. Poor Felicia. This was not going to be one of his better nights!

". . .She gave the nectar of the vineyards; She gave the birds and the music they brought to the sky; She gave the warmth of the sun and the cool caress of the evening. She gave the blessed comfort of sleep at the end of the day; She gave the wisdom to dream and the courage to awake; She gave art and speech and She gave to woman the seed that she might bear daughters and She gave to woman man that her seed might be fertile . . ."

Allan felt as if he were on a boat drifting over a deep and hypnotic sea where no one measured the tide . . .

"Beloved children. The gifts the Goddess has given you, She has never rescinded. Love, joy, and beauty are ever the possessions of those with the faith to accept them. Tonight I unite you in Her name. To you, Allan, I say that I see you are a good man who neither mocks the soul or the body — although you do drink too much. To you, Felicia, I say that I see that you are a good woman

(continued on page 56)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

The muscular construction worker didn't mind posing in the nude because he thought the photos would turn up in PLAY-GIRL for all the young women to admire and sigh over. Much to his chagrin, his picutre was used in a mag called IN TOUCH which is as gay as pink ink. Steve Kierstead, 25, of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., is bringing a suit against both publications charging they caused him humiliation and embarassment.

Shouldn't his lawyer bills be footed by the Straights Rights orgainization?

She Told Him to Amscray
In No Uncertain Terms

THE NEW YORK POST does not have the motto "all the news that's fit to print" but it does sometimes go out of its way to avoid upsetting little old ladies. One sample turned up in a court case involving Melanie Cain, sometime sweetie of Buddy Jacobson. She admitted that in one of their farewells she may have dismissed Buddy "in language roughly translatable as 'Get the Carnal Knowledge out of here, you Anal Cavity!' "

Ale to The Chief
a Carter Collectible

Billy Beer never became a smash hit and the label was taken off the market in 1979. But when Jimmy's brother got into the headlines again with his Arab dealings, some thoughtful saloon keepers dragged up their few remaining cases of Billy Beer from the basement and the stuff sold like crazy. All buyers didn't drink — many took home the unopened cans as souvenirs. "This may be worth $10 a can some day," one speculated.

Which reminds us of a stroy: Somebody sent a sample of brew to a chemist for analysis and the laboratory report came back. "We regret to say your horse has diabetes."

Don't Let Your Sex Life
Go to Pot

Alexander Woollcott said, "All the things I really like to do are either immoral, illegal or fattening."

Those words were spoken years ago in simpler times. We wish Alec were around now to offer some sharp comment on the hundreds of busy-bodies in science who keep trying to scare us out of everything we like to eat, drink or inhale. One of the latest such reports comes from the University of Texas where a researcher warns that marijuana could louse up your love life.

How does he know? He experimented with a couple of mice. After he had a dab of reefer juice, Mickey declined to screw Minnie. Or as the professor says, "He had a measurable suppression of copulatory behavior."

They Ain't
Girl Scout Cookies

An unusual preacher man is the one from a church in New York's Greenwich Village who travels around Manhattan in a mobile unit offering soda and cookies to street walkers. It is not recorded whether the ladies ever offer him anything to eat.

The X-rated
Car Radio

Motorists on the Berlin Turnpike, Berlin, Conn., were startled if not shocked when they tuned in their radios and heard a bunch of dirty words. No, it was not a deejay gone bananas. By some electronic freak they were picking up the sound track from the Derlin Drive-in that happened to be running an X-rated flick at the time. If you plan to take the kiddies for a ride, get out the ear-muffs.

Protecting Children
from Perilous Print

Banning books in schools is nothing new but one school board in this great U.S. of A. has gone so far as to reject the dictionary because it defines fag, horny and slut.

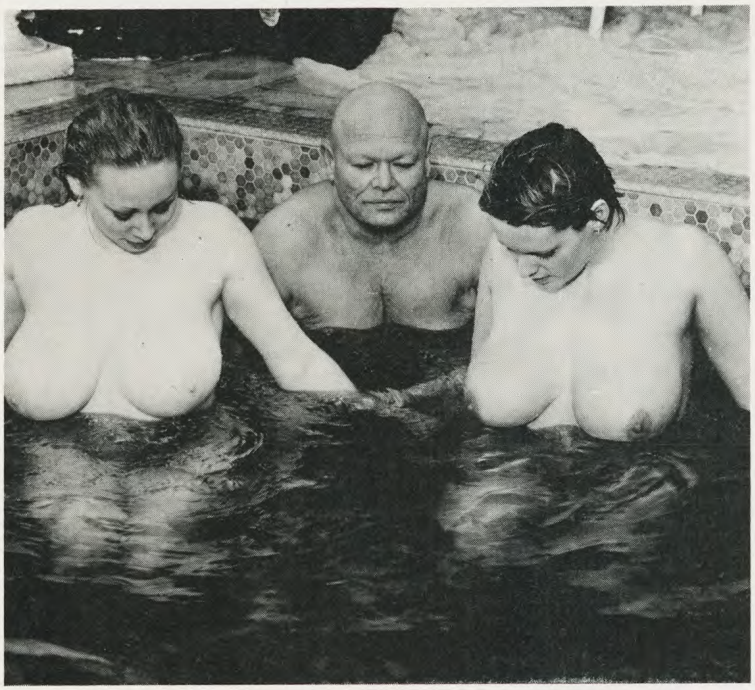
Man-Shortage
Hits the Nation

Women now outnumber men by 1.2 million in the 25 to 49 age group, according to the U.S.

(continued on page 53)

BUBBLES AND BO

For all you lovers of big boobs, here's a double D-light — Bubbles and Bo. Bubbles is the babe with the huge knockers and Bo is the one with the terrific titillators. So much for that. Anyways, one fine day, the two gals



decide to go to a posh health spa — and, mates, when they doff their duds it's good for your health. As soon as Bo and Bubbles help each other disrobe they sit down for a little chit-chat, and soon get a pleasant surprise. The masseur brings them a bottle of champagne on the house. He not only pours the bubbly in their glasses but, being a playful fellow, also squirts it over their glistening breasts. You might call that transferring the wine from the bottle to the jugs. What jugs! We'll drink to that — those — any time.

The champagne puts the girls in high spirits and they start fooling around and soon are measuring and comparing their marvelous mammaries. The merry masseur decides it's time for their rub-downs and he certainly enjoys his work. The gals get turned on and

(continued on page 68)

GRAHAM

If you could have one wish come true, what would you ask for? And think twice or you, too, could look like 70 at 30 . . .

A WISH GRANTED

by Ceo Chandler

I was in my office late one night singing "reach out and punch someone" to a jingle on the radio when a man wearing a paper bag over his head leaned through the door.

"You Chick Riker the private eye?" he asked.

"That's right," I said. "What can I do for you?"

He walked lightly into my office, shutting the door tightly behind him. I pointed to a chair. As he sat down, he turned his head from side to side as if checking his shoulders for dandruff.

"Any women around here?" he asked?

"Only these." I reached in a desk drawer and held up a copy of Gem.

He let out a sigh of relief and removed the bag. His face was haggard and contained a pair of tired, frightened eyes that shifted nervously. He reminded me of a man one step ahead of exhaustion.

"I want to hire you, Mr. Riker, to find somebody — or something. Before it's the death of me."

"Who? And what's with the bag?"

"A gnome. An elf. Whatever the hell it was. I'll explain the bag."

Now I understood the bag and exhausted appearance; this guy was running from the people with the butterfly nets.

"I don't think I'm the type of help you need," I said, trying to be kind to say the least. I decided to usher him to the door, as subtly and quickly as possible.

"No, you don't understand, Mr. Riker! I'm not a nut!! I could be virtually screwed to death at any moment. You don't know what it's like having your clothes torn off by sex-crazed women. Being grabbed. No foreplay. Jump humping till exhaustion."

Nut or no nut, what he said was interesting. I slumped back down in the chair. "Go ahead," I said. "Tell your story Mr. —"

"Crell. James Crell. It all began when I went on this picnic in Dearing Forest with this girl I know. Gorgeous girl, big full breasts out to here." Crell extended his hands a foot in front of his chest to indicate their size. I suspected it was a slight exaggeration. "There was nobody around and we got to making it pretty hot and heavy. I soon had her sweater and blouse peeled off and was working on the bra, when suddenly she decides that's far enough and starts to resist. Next thing I'm holding my crotch where she kneed me, and she's off down the road. Poof. Gone.

"Needless to say, I'm disappointed at not getting laid, and walking through the woods I boot a tree in frustration. I thought I heard a shrill voice scream 'Hey!' and felt something fall into my arms, startling me. Instinctively I had caught it. I thought it was a squirrel, but when I looked closely I saw it was a tiny man dressed in a green outfit sort of like those the court jesters wear in knight films, complete with curled up shoes."

Crell stopped and looked at me suspiciously, waiting for me to laugh. I kept a straight face and said as solemnly as possible, "Continue, Mr. Crell. I'm listening."

Reassured he wouldn't be laughed at, at least not out loud, he continued.

"The little man kept yelling for me to let him go, and how dare I knock him out of his home. I stood there dumbfounded, saying nothing, just staring at him squirming in my arms and hitting me with tiny fists. Then I got an idea. This creature could possibly be worth a fortune. Apparently he read my mind for he started saying 'Let me go and I'll grant you a wish. Any wish. Anything you desire.' Of course I didn't buy that wish crap. So he used reasoning on me. Telling me the laws would protect him and somehow somebody would manage to get him away from me anyway and I would be left with absolutely nothing. I'd better take what I could get. So I took him up on the wish deal. I should have asked for a million bucks, but with the girl incident fresh on my mind, I asked to be irresistable to all women."

"I think that was a good choice," I said, imwardly drooling at the possibilities.

"So did I at first," said Crell. "But let me finish. I stated my wish and the little man said 'Wish granted' while doing a backwards triple somersault off the palms of my hands to disappear into a knothole high above in the tree. The knothole disappearing after him. It was the last I saw of him. I thought maybe it was my imagination. I found out different — and fast.

"It was late by the time I got out of the woods, and I was walking down a street towards my apartment. A street frequented by hookers. Two were there, standing about halfways down the block. I was tired and besides I don't deal with hookers, I don't have to."

Crell's last remark sounded more like a boast. By this time I had lit a cigarette and was debating whether to break out the bottle and drink a deep one.

"I passed by the hookers," Crell said, "minding my own business and they casually looked me over. Suddenly, they're tearing off my clothes and yelling 'Oh you big stud. You incredible sex machine.' They raped me. I mean they raped me! Performed acts I didn't think possible. Right there, right in the open. After they were done, they just left as if what had happened had taken place in the privacy of a bedroom.

Crell shook his head slowly, fondly reminiscing.

"You mean you got it free from not one hooker, but two?" I asked doubtingly.

"Correct," said Crell. "Free of charge. But that's only the start. I can't walk down the street. I've been attacked by numerous women. It was great at first. But it's been two months since my wish. I'm exhausted, Mr. Riker. I can't handle all the sex anymore. I'm worn out. The only way I can walk safely through the streets is with my face covered up. The minute they get a peek of me they're yanking at my trousers. They're screaming 'Give it to me, baby.' Physically I can only give it so many times, then I have to rest. And I'd like to pick who I give it to. You've got to help me, Mr. Riker. Two nights ago, I was attacked by a gang of bag ladies in the subway. I managed to escape when they started fighting among themselves over which one should go first. Look at me! I'm a wreck. I'm only 25."

"25," I said. "Why you look 70. Mr. Crell, I'd like to help you, but I don't know what you want me to do."

"Find him. Go into the Dearing Forest and find him for me. And have him make a wish nullifying mine. How about it?

"I don't know if I'm suited for this type of ——"

"I haven't worked since this happened. My employer thinks I'm sick. I can't tell them this story. They'll tell me to get my head looked at. I need a good private detective. That's you, Mr. Riker. How much?"

Crell threw much green on the desk. Maybe a couple of thousand. I saw nothing but fifties and hundreds among the litter. I felt I had listened to him long enough. In some circles they call it humoring the patient. I was just about to give him and his money the heave-ho when the cleaning lady stuck her head through the door.

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Riker," she said. "I din't know you were still here. Working kind of late?" She turned and spotted Crell. There was a look of terror on his face. *(continued on page 41)*

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:

Westwood Films' "Little Angel Puss" gives us adults a chance to get in on the youth movement — and what a movement! Angel's 16 and aching for real love, meaning sex, but she can't convince her regular boyfriend to explore it deep enough even though she tries to seduce him in every sex game teens can think of. What to do? Lola, Angel's sex-perienced girl friend, comes to the rescue, eagerly demonstrating with her deft fingers and a trusty vibrator just what a climax is all about. Angel soon moves into the adult world to seek new thrills and she finds them in the hand, and other parts, of "Big Daddy" who provides her first real heterosexual encounter. Next, Big Daddy introduces her to his many young, goodlooking pals (customers?) who use her luscious body over and over to their own satisfaction. Yet, even sex in all its multi-faceted forms, although thrilling, leaves Angel somehow unfulfilled, and she makes up her mind to grow up psychologically, as well as physically, before partaking in any more of it.

The above three scenes are from "Little Angel Puss," a sex sizzler.

At a Friar's Club gala, Milton Berle told of an elderly guy in bed with a hooker who was asked by her why he was putting on a rubber. "I got arthritis and I don't want to get it wet," came the reply.

"Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt," is the X-rated rental film of three neurotic but resourceful "nuts" who decide to pool their funds, pool their hang-ups, and send an out-of-work actor to a world-famous woman whose couch consultation did the opposite for him. What's more, this wacky sex farce features the famous Mamie Van Doren nude bathtub scene that caused a sensation when it was shot back in 1963.

Director Billy Wilder, discussing fellow movie-great Ernst Lubitsch and his imaginative scenes, cracked: "He could do more with a closed door than some of today's directors can do with an open fly."

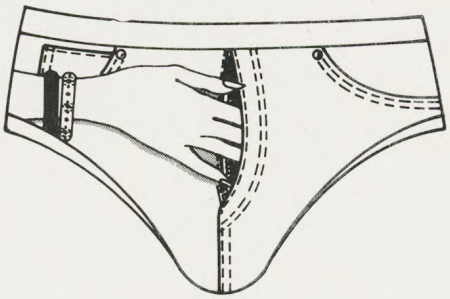
Norman Kean, producer of the Broadway musical, "Oh! Calcutta!," was asked if his wife, Gwyda DonHowe, an actress, would ever be in the show. "No," Norman said, "my policy is never to sleep with anyone in my cast."

"The Ecstacy Girls" which has been touted as "as hot as a bonfire under a Salem witch" (Serena, Desiree Costeau, Leslie Bovee star) is the kind of flick that'll snatch you out of your otherwise stale and humdrum existence. In one not-to-be-missed scene, one female, anxious to provide relief to a prison inmate, offers her firm juicy butt by backing up to the cell door. The guy sure takes advantage of the offering!

The French flick, "Coup de Tete" ("Hothead") is about a hot-headed, warm-blooded factory worker and soccer player who gets into all sorts of hot water and hot beds. When he's fired from his job he forces his way into the office of the firm's president and strips down to his jockey shorts in front of the shocked executive and his wife, who cannot quite suppress an admiring glance at the big bulge upfront. Things get funnier and stickier as the film moves along. A scantity clad French cutie is sodomized on a construction scaffold. As things move in and out, it moves up and down. Later, while interrogating a rape suspect, a police inspector says: "I know how it is, you go for a walk, see a cute ass and you bang her." Jailed, the convicted hothead replies: "Me in prison for rape . . . when even with a girl who wants to, I can't always do it."

"X-Rated Fortune Cookies" packaged in traditional Chinese food take-out containers were offered at the National Merchandise Show. "What's inside? Dirty saying," a Chinese lady with inscrutable mien explained to interested buyers.

In their outrageously bizarre and entertaining book, "Haga's Law" (Morrow) Dr. William James Haga and Nicholas Acocella relate such absurd activities as a state House of Representatives "debating a proposal to require a man to get a woman's signature — in duplicate — on a consent form before an act of sexual intercourse."



One of a a series of humorous Funtawear novelty jockey shorts put out by British Bulldog Ltd.

Our prize for the best movie title of the year goes to a flick playing on Times Square, the Crossroads of the World. To wit: brightly proclaimed on the marquee, "Mislaid Lovers."

Most pornos are more hysterical than historical, but "The Liberation of Honeydell" could easily qualify for both. It's a Romeo and Juliet — Hatfield and McCoy family feud-type of story, with both families very busy feudin' and screwing. And whenever it looks as if the feudin' might end some incident arises to incite new bad blood, especially when Pa sees his daughter being carnally taken advantage of by a big member of the other family with a big member. Well, then it's tit for tat — daughter for daughter.

Comic-MC Joey Adams says: "Just think, even if you got a chance to slow-dance with Dolly Parton, you could never get close enough to whisper in her ear."

In their informative new book "One-Night Stands with American History" (Morrow) Richard Shenkman & Kurt Reiger report: "Scott Fitzgerald worried that his penis was small. One day he called on Hemingway for an opinion. Hemingway reassured Scott that his penis was normal, and then took him on a tour of nude statues at a museum to prove it."

THE 1981 BUF HALL OF FAME CALENDAR

FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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NOVEMBER

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A WISH GRANTED

continued from page 30

"What an animal," she cooed. Which I thought kind of humorous coming from a woman well over sixty and as dumpy and slovenly as humanly possible. Instantly she sprang at him.

"Get away," shouted Crell as she backed him into a corner of my office.

She tore at her clothing and in no time there was a naked old woman with sagging breasts clawing at Crell's clothing.

He screamed for help. He appeared too weak to fight off the cleaning woman.

I overcame my initial shock and lunged for her knocking all three of us on the floor. We rolled around on the carpet for a couple of minutes like three wrestlers in heat till I managed to pin her arms behind her.

Crell, torn undershirt, one shoe on, pants down around his knees, struggled to his feet and left the office as best and as fast as he could. Leaving behind his money and various articles of clothing, he screamed out furiously at me, "I wish this was happening to you."

With Crell out of sight, the cleaning woman came to her senses seeming not to remember what happened. I stared absently at her flabby body, not really believing what had happened.

She noticed my staring. "You filthy sex maniac," she said sharply and slapped my face. "Don't you dare!" She made a grab for her clothes and marched haughtily out of my office bare-assed naked, slamming the door behind her.

I sat down at my desk, debating which hurt the most. Her slap, or her belief I would actually desire a crone like her. I decided the later hurt a great deal more. I counted the money on the desk, stacking and banding it neatly, and put it in my floor safe. I got the bottle out of my desk and had quite a few drinks.

I woke up the next day, head on my desk, staring at an empty bottle. I figured Crell for a first rate nut and made a note to find out where he lived and return his money.

The paperboy slid the early afternoon edition through the mail slot and I stumbled over to it and sat on an aged couch to see what passed me by in the world while I had slept.

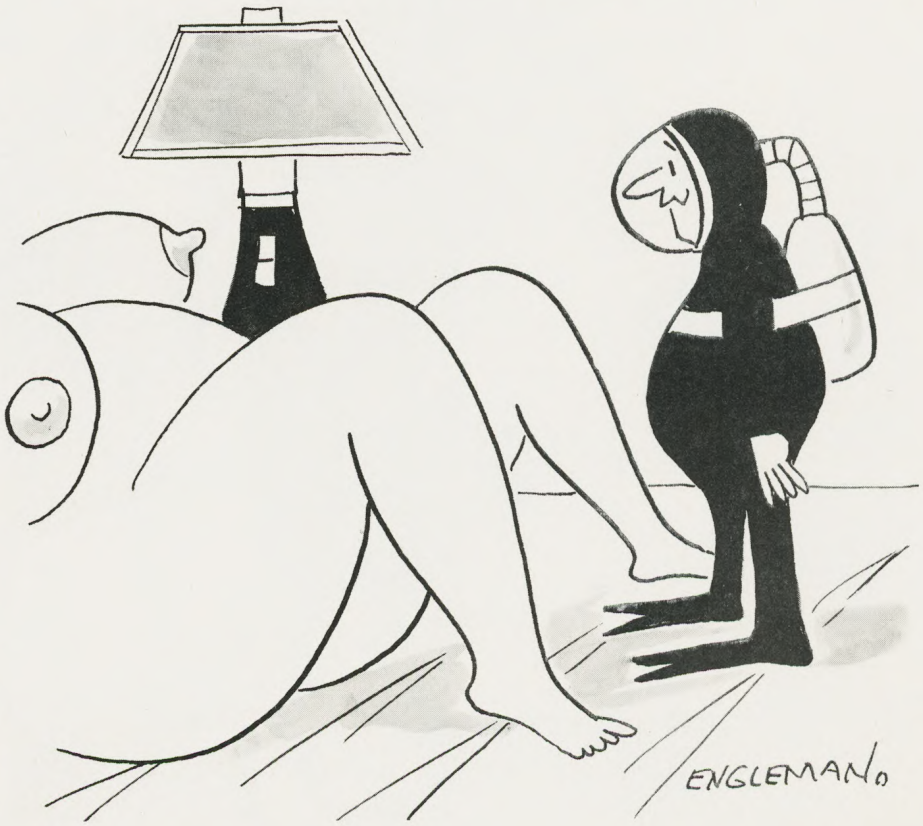
It made the front page and maybe would have even been funny, if I wouldn't have known him for that brief period the night before. The paper said a half-naked man running by a bowling alley died from exhaustion during a sexual assault by a women's bowling league exiting at the moment. It stated the man's pleas for mercy went unheeded by the women, who later couldn't explain what had come over them. The food and drink they had consumed while bowling was being checked for a possible aphrodisiac substance. The man's name was James Crell, and although only 25, had the body and appearance of a 70 year old man. The police say they are baffled by the unusual case.

I'm not.

I'm not going to the police, either. All I got to do is tell them the truth and I'd wind up in the booby hatch. So Crell's misfortune is my good fortune; I wind up with a bunch of his greenbacks. But I don't feel good about it. I can't get the poor guy's last words out of my mind — wishing his wish was happening to me. A death wish, as it turned out. I'm not superstitious, but the whole thing is so screwy, I can't help feeling a little . . .not really worried, but a little uneasy.

Just then the door opened and the old cleaning woman barged in. "I've come for my drawers . . ." she started to say and then stopped short as she looked at my face. A wild look came into her eyes. Tearing off her dress, she lustfully screeched, "Oh, you bad, beautiful hunk of man, I'm yours! Like an unstoppable avalanche, she lumbered toward me. Visions of poor Crell's dire fate flashed before my eyes as she grabbed me.

Help! Help! □



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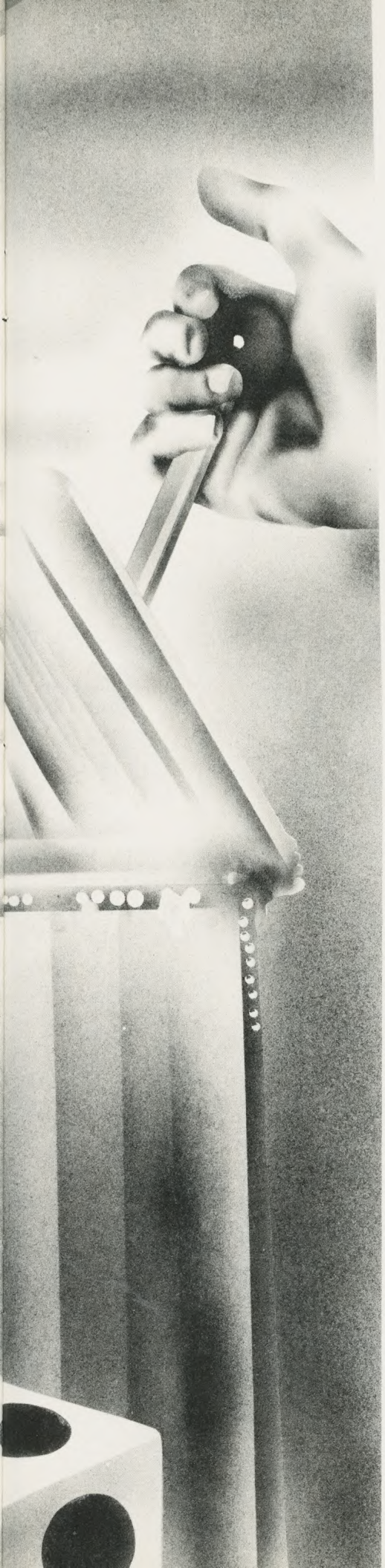

Engine trouble over Las Vegas proves that life is one big gamble, especially for one particular husband and wife

HAPPY LANDINGS

by Janet Gluckman

"Something sounds wrong."

Sandy gripped David's hand and tensed herself for the crash she knew to be inevitable. Idiocy, that's what it was, epecting a great big hunk of metal like this to make it all the way from New York to Los Angeles. They'd never make it to the Barmitzvah; she'd never find out whether the ice sculptures and chopped liver ducks indigenous to kosher Bronx celebrations were better or worse than the ones in Los Angeles. And her sister would never forgive her, that was certain. Not to be at her nephew's Barmitzvah! "Dead or alive," she'd promised. "If they have to carry me there, I'll see Joey on the Bimah."

"Who'll pay the Macy's bill?"

"What?"

David could usually follow his wife's internal thought processes, not surprising after more than twenty years. This time he had no idea what was running through her head and it annoyed him.

"The Macy's bill, Davie? The one for my dress. It's your fault. You told me not to look at the price tag."

David looked at his wife in wonder. "You are definitely cr . ." he began. he didn't finish the sentence.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your pilot. I'm afraid I have some unpleasant news. Now listen carefully and, believe me, there's no need for alarm. I repeat, there's no need for alarm. We're having some problems with two of our engines, and we're going to ave to land in Las Vegas . . ."

"I told you. I could hear it. We're going to crash. We should have sent Joey the check like I said. Give it to him, you said. I knew we should have sent it to him."

Sandy took the envelope out of her pocketbook and examined

"How about a nose job?"

it for the hundredth time. "It's not enough, David. They gave our Stevie much more and money was worth more five years ago . . ."

Las Vegas, David thought. I'm finally getting to Las Vegas. So many years waiting for Atlantic City to develop as a gambling center so they could drive there because Sandy refused to fly and now they were going to Vegas. He smiled.

"What are you smiling about. You should be saying Kadisch, not smiling." Sandy was crumpling Joey's check in her one hand and digging her nails into his with the other.

Kadisch she wanted. Prayers for the dead. Maybe heaven, he smile, would turn out to be a huge casino that admitted Jews. Then it wouldn't matter if they crashed. What if God turned out to be a pit boss? Maybe he could send Joey more money after all; maybe he could double it, triple it. He had put his children through college, given to the Temple, avoided the wrath of Jehovah . . .let Jehovah do His worst he thought. Las Vegas here I come.

The stewardess whose legs had provided David with hours of fantasy came over to them. He was undoubtedly a leg man, although with women wearing pants so much he'd had to go to second best a lot lately.

"We're about to land. Fasten your seat belts, hold your cushion on your lap."

Sandy squealed.

"Don't worry." She smiled professionally and David took one last look at her legs, wistfully abandoning his fantasies to the reality of the next few minutes. Sandy had gone from white to green, but he felt nothing in particular. Part of him was trying to comfort Sandy while another part, the part that really mattered, was feeling a rising sense of anticipation. It had been so long since he'd experienced anything new, even dying would be a welcome diversion.

He didn't die. Nobody did. The landing was so smooth that he felt a distinct sense of disappointment. Mingled in with that was the thought that he had no excuse to miss the barmitzvah. Not even two broken legs and a broken arm would have been excuse enough. "As Erma Bombeck says," his sister-in-law had dictated, quoting her favorite source, "a death certificate would be the only acceptable excuse."

"How about a drink?"

"Drunk, schmunk, you come to see Joey do his thing." She had giggled a little at her bravado at the use of such a contemporary expression.

"Are we dead? Does Kadisch count without a minion? You think there were ten Jews on board?"

Sandy's question was hilarious in the light of all of the passengers crowding the aisles, each trying to get off the plane first. Her question was muffled by the pillow on her lap and when she raised her head he saw the indentation of her more than adequate nose. The barmitzvah wasn't until the next afternoon. Maybe he'd win enough to triple Joey's present and give Sandy the nose job he was sure she'd always secretly wanted.

"Ladies and gentlemen. We have made a safe landing in Las Vegas. We will be proceeding to Los Angeles in three hours. Buses are waiting to take you to the Mint where you will be given dinner. Transportation will be provided back to the airport at eleven o'clock. Be in the lobby of the Mint at that time. We apologize . . ."

"Not Sandy Goldstein. Never again."

David could tell from the look on his wife's face that whatever it was she wasn't going to do again was not even a matter for discussion.

"What Sandy? What won't you do again?" he asked tentatively.

"What? Fly is what. If God wanted us . . ."

Several fellow passengers turned around and groaned.

"We'll rent a car. We'll drive to my sister's house."

"And how will we get back to New York?"

"Hitch hike if necessary." Sandy pulled up one side of her slacks, revealing a none too shapely ankle and mimicked a hitch hiker. The passengers around her laughed.

"We'll talk about it later. Let's go to the Mint and eat dinner, play a little . . ."

"David!"

David could see he'd hit a secondary problem.

"For God's sake, Sandy . . ."

" . . .we are not going to touch . . ."

Finding a strength he did not know he had, David reached up for his jacket and readied himself to leave the plane. He'd had enough.

"And where do you think you're going?"

He leaned over and whispered in his wife's ear. Schocked, she backed into the passenger behind her. Leaving no room for debate, David waved a hand at the hostess, the one with the legs.

"Do you have a problem, sir?"

"No problem . . ."

Sandy dug an elbow into his ribs and he doubled over. Staying in that position, he opened up her pocketbook which was still on the seat and took out the envelope marked 'Joey.'

"Not Joey's money," she wailed.

David grinned and joined the line waiting to exit from the plane, leaving his white-faced wife still strugglin with her overnight bag.

The minibus dropped the passengers at the terminal with instructions to reassemble in fifteen minutes. To David's right was a row of slot machines, most of

(continued on page 70)

ARIANNE

As a treat for all you BUF buffs, we're presenting this encore appearance by lovely Arianne, an enticing busty British bird. A journalist by profession, this sweet-looking lass contributes a regular column to an English weekly, as well as freelancing for a number of periodicals. Her interests include politics,

economics and social trends. She maintains residences in both New York and London.

When we dropped by Arianne's apartment, we found her typing one of her articles. We feasted our eyes on Arianne's mouth-watering BUF goodies until she finished and then we snacked on homemade quiche and Red Zinger tea. "I'm getting to be a pretty good cook," declared Arianne. "Eating out in this city costs an arm and a leg. Besides, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

The way to our hearts is through savory Big Up Front treats, and Arianne certainly makes the grade in that department. □

The lowdown on real weirdos with way-out, kinky sex hangups.

Confessions of a Transylvanian Whore

as told to M.J. Petlowski

My name is Esmeralda and I've been turning tricks in Transylvania for over 200 years. I guess I'm what you'd call a bitch witch. During the past two centuries I've given various forms of hip and lip service to famous Transylvanian Johns from the Prince of the Living Dead to the Queen of the Alive and Kicking.

What! It never occurred to you that we monsters fornicate? Well where the hell do you think little monsters come from, the garlic patch? Putting it bluntly, if given the chance a monster will screw his brains out and Frankenstein has come very close to doing just that on many occasions.

Of course, in my line reproduction isn't the name of the game. God forbid! (Forgive me, Master, Satan). I deal in pleasure and satisfaction, pure and simple . . . or fancy and complicated. And that's paid pleasure, Bucko! So don't get any medieval ideas about what I charge. It's cash only. No souls! The holiest soul in the universe can't buy a cold brew for a thirsty witch. Money talks, even in Transylvania. Just because I've been known to sleep with a hooved stud on All Hallows Eve that doesn't mean I'm a horse's ass. Souls be damned! I do it for good old hard cash. A gal, even a witch, has to sock something away for the future. After all, suppose the world ended tomorrow? Without enough dough to bribe St. Peter I'd be in a helluva lot of hot water.

Besides, I'm worth every cent I get. Making love to monsters gets pretty kinky. Most monsters are real creeps with weird sexual hangups. But I guess that's only supernatural and to be expected. After all to us the Missionary position is an immortal sin.

Take Dracula. Besides having an uncontrollable neck fetish the batty Count is into sex games. He pretends to hypnotize me

"Wanna become a member in my key club?"

and I have to act like I'm his sexual slave. I must obey his every command and call him Master.

You see the Prince of the Undead has a problem with his manhood. It's lifeless. Without the game of Master and Slave Drac just can't get it up. Of course how he gets his kicks is easy enough to figure out. I'll give you one guess what turns on the biggest sucker in all Transylvania. That's right, mere mortals. It's fellatio by moonlight and no biting is allowed.

Now Frankenstein is a horse of a different color. Not many people know this, but his sexual organs were donated by a reluctant thoroughbred and a black one at that. Straight sex on a cold crypt slab is not stimulating enough for that big ghoul. Frankie likes something a little more shocking . . .shocking in the form of electrical stimuli. Big Frankie likes to be strapped naked to an operating table and pricked from head to toe with an electric cattle prod.

When it comes to love the Wolfman is an animal. He likes to tear off my clothes and paw my naked flesh. Naturally, Wolfie prefers sex doggie style. He simply howls in delight when I bump and grind and scratch behind his ears at the same time.

If he's feeling extra kinky, like when the wolfbane is in bloom, Wolfie makes me dress up like a dog catcher. Then he attacks and sexually assaults me in the bushes.

Kaharis, the Mummy, prefers a different cup of Tayna leaf tea. His big turn-on is fondling. He's too old and decayed for anything else. That story about Egyptians being able to preserve the body is a myth. Kaharis is falling apart. Besides that he has no self control. By the time I get it unwrapped, it's good-bye Pharaoh.

Igor, the Hunchback, is another weirdo. He likes to dress up like Quisimodo the bell ringer and play a sex game called Ding-Dong. I won't give you the details, but it never fails to ring his chimes.

However, my strangest regular of all isn't even a monster. It's a short, little professor with a German accent named, Von Helseng. I have to make love to him on a bed of garlic while he holds a wooden cross above my head.

And he has this weird thing for mirrors! During intercourse he keeps checking the mirror for my reflection. As if it wouldn't be there or something.

Well, I guess it takes all kinds, even in Transylvania. Sorry. No more time to spare for chit-chat. The sun is setting. I've got to get out the old broom. Tonight I have a special customer. He's already paid in advance for a flying you know what. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

Census Bureau. In ages 35 to 39 there are thirteen women for every ten men. So how come some of us cats don't make out? The answer is that the gals are very choosy and they don't want nerds.

It seems that most times when a bright professional female picks out a male she could go for, he is already married — to a wife who doesn't believe in swappy.

Ye Olden tyme, when a desperate young maiden would grab at anything in trousers for fear of becoming an Old Maid, is long past. Now a lot of the libbers won't settle for anything less than a clone of Robert Redford, Reggie Jackson or Bert Reynolds.

Sad! When the supply of femmes is greater than the demand you'd think we could be the ones who are choosy.

Oh Say Can You See
By the blankety-blank?

Listeners to a TV football broadcast were either shocked or amused to hear a disembodied voice exclaiming, "Don't tell me about the national ---ing athem!" Explanation later was that an open mike had accidently picked up an inter-com conversation between two engineers. (And you know how they talk!)"

But the press goofed in reporting this as a "four-letter word obscenity." As any fool can plainly see, "---ing" is a seven-letter word.

Southern Gals and
Patroitic Pee

A Civil War buff sends us this item, an ad that appeared in the Selma, Alabama GAZETTE:

The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Selma that he has established a nitre manufactory in the vicinity of the city. He respectfully requests the ladies and heads of families to reserve for him all thier ahamber lye. Wagons with barrels will go round the city each moring to carry off the same.

(signed) John Haroldson

That moved one Confederate, a Major MacKnight to take poetic pen in hand, thus . . .

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
You are a funny creature,
You've given to this cruel war
A new and useful feature.
You let us know, while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless them, must be put
To makeing lots of nitre.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
Where did you get the notion
Of sending barrels round the streets
To gather up the lotion?
I thought the ladies did enough
In sewing shirts and kissing:
But you must put the lovely dears
To patriotic p——g.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
Can't you suggest a neater
And somewhat less immodest way
Of making your salpetre!
Inded the thing's so very odd,
Gunpowder—like and cranky,
That when a woman lifts her shift
She shoots a bloody Yankee!

THE HARD CELL

by Jess Key

A lawyer visits a female prisoner and it's a case of the bar and the grill.

I'm a lawyer. The court appointed me to defend her, one Nancy Shugrue. When the keeper opened her cell, she was wrapped in a loose-fitting prison wrap-around. For a hooker, she looked pretty unattractive. When the guard left, she took off the wrapper. She was beginning to look attractive. "I'm here to handle your case," I said, keeping my eyes above the neck level.

"My you're a fast worker. Don't you even want to say some kind words or do some fondling before you start handling my case?" There was just a vague hint of laughter behind her deep-set, dark eyes.

I sat down on the bunk as far away from her as possible. "I'm Jerry Bottomley, attorney. Judge Wargast assigned me to defend you. You were, uh . . ."

"Soliciting," she said with a faint sneer. "Soliciting is the word you're groping for. Hooking. Trying for tricks. So what? Is that a sin?"

"I'm not a moral guidance counselor. I'm a lawyer and it's a crime. Asking a visiting police chief if he wanted a roll in the hay isn't exactly a smart move."

"I've got other moves if you're interested," she said, suddenly jiggling and jouncing. I turned away. I was here on legal business.

"And I understand you made a few indecent remarks to the desk sergeant. Mullary, I think his name is."

She laughed at that. "The old goat. He'd be interested too. Said he'd like to, but they'd demote him and he didn't want to lose his desk job. I told him I'd give him a desk job he'd never forget." She threw her head back and guffawed. "Look," she said, suddenly serious as she moved closer, letting one of her full, firm breasts rest on my arm, "I'm a girl who likes to live it up. I was broke. No, I don't support my crippled mother in the sticks. I blew it betting on the horses. I wanted to pick up some guy with

dough, have him take me out and I'd reciprocate. Ever notice how fornicate rhymes with reciprocate?"

"Did you mention money when you broached the man on Broadway?" I asked, feeling a slow-rising flush under my collar. She moved in closer to me.

"Nope. Not once. Look, I like sex, pal. That's it. This way, that way, any which way. Don't you?"

"I'm not here to discuss my sexual pecadilloes."

"Your what!? You naughty man," she giggles, snuggling closer. "What will I get? Life sentence with time off for bad behavior? Look, just plead me guilty. They'll smile like big brothers and let me go. I'll be free. In fact, I'm free now." She began fumbling with my tie. Suddenly I was out of my jacket and trying to keep her hands from exploring everything I owned. "You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

"That's right," I said, taking her hand off my belt buckle.

"Okay, lawyer," she said, "show your briefs to the court." She laughed again and dove toward me, knocking me back on the bunk. We struggled. She fought for my zipper. She won. I never was very good at fighting. Soon I was paying her an unscheduled conjugal visit. When we were finished, she smiled in that warm, feminine way women do after making love. She slipped into her wrapper and nuzzled me.

Then quickly, without warning, she began laughing. "You might be a good lawyer, but you'd be a pretty rough judge."

"Oh?" I asked, as I dressed quickly.

"You hardly know me and you just slipped me a stiff sentence," she laughed again. Then became thoughtful. "I just hope that nine months of hard labor doesn't go with it."

"That's not the kind of discharge I had in mind for you," I said, catching her mood. "But don't worry, I'm going to get a suspended sentence for you. And then I want you to come back to my office with me. I want to stay on top of your case."

"I understand," she ginned. "You want to get me out so you can get in."

"Right," I said as I got ready to call for the guard." And when we're on my bench we'll pretend we're in a court-room and we can keep saying—here comes the judge."

continued from page 20

rich with the joy of living — although you do seem a bit flighty. On this occasion I light the incense of Ur." She took a small silver cup and touched a candle to it. A powerful stream of smoke rose upward. "The Goddess has commanded that you breath deeply. You first, Allan."

She held the cup before his nose and he felt the soft warm smoke climb into his head and flow into every nerve of his body, soothing, yet sensual, tempting, yet oddly gratifying. Most of all, he felt himself grow sober and strong. Suddenly he felt he could crush coconuts in his bare hands!

It's dope, Felicia thought, somewhat alarmed. She had never liked drugs although as a kid she had swallowed frozen pennies, exulting in the tingling journey they made through her alimentary canal.

"Inhale the incense of Ur, Felicia!" The cup was before her nose; there was little else she could do. Up and up it went like a good bubbly champaigne, or a fresh glass of ginger ale remembered from childhood, and it went all tingly down to the tips of her toes and fingers and she felt herself grow wise; tonight she could read Henry James, or even Moby Dick, and understand why these men never needed women!

"Allan. Do you give yourself to this woman, in body and soul, for so long as the spirit of the Goddes shall remain within you?"

"I do."

"And thou, Felicia, do you accept this man in the name of the Goddess?"

"You bet!"

"Then I marry you in the name of the Goddess, and I might add, although it's not part of the ceremony, you are both mighty fortunate that you came to me."

"Wow!" Felicia exclaimed when they were back in the car. "And I thought she was only a witch!"

Allan was sober now, driving slowly and responsibly, peering carefully through the shattered windshield. Dawn was coming out of the lake when he parked. There were a few drunks on the street, an occasional addict, and of course the usual hooker in her tight dress. The rain had turned to snow that disolved as soon as it hit the ground.

They climbed the stairs to Felicia's apartment above the drug store and he waited while she found her key, making no comment on the condition of the hallway which, to be frank, was deplorable with water leaking from the ceiling and large patches of plaster bulging down.

"I don't know how to say this," she whispered. "I have a roommate."

It was marvelous the way he took it. They entered the apartment cautiously, met by the pungent smell of burnt spaghetti. Felicia switched on the lights. "Up, Brucie. I got news for you. I just got married."

Brucie, with long dirty hair covering his face, rolled off the couch and began searching for his boots.

"Oh, now wait a moment," Allan said. "You just go back to sleep. We won't bother you."

Wasn't that fine? She led him into the bedroom and he didn't even make a face when he saw the clothing and the potato chip bags and pop bottles all mixed together on the floor. He simply unbuttoned his shirt and shed it into the mess.

"You've got a great body," she said.

"I'm a little fat," He said.

"I want to touch you," she said. "Do you mind?"

He let her run her hands over his chest and down his belly and he let her unbuckle his trousers and reach both hands into them. This time he was erect. She felt his dick all over and didn't find a soft spot in it. He was very patient; he didn't grab her tits like a high school kid, or slobber into her ear like a dirty old man. He just let her pull down his pants and fondle his testicles as long as she pleased. Then she undressed and they went on the bed together.

His kisses were real kisses, not bites. His caresses were real caresses, not pinches and tugs. He kissed her on the mouth and on the throat and on the chest and on the nipples and on the belly and down there between her legs. He was very good down there. He really liked it; she could tell he was't doing it because he thought he was supposed to. When he finally entered her it was with perfect timing, not a moment too soon, and he filled her deeply and skillfully, each stroke more powerful than the last. She braced herself, thinking, he won't keep this up long, but he did, and not in that dead way guys have when they can't get it off at all, but with great pleasure and intensity and then she knew he would not fail in any little way, nor would she, and there was nothing to do but let it fill her with wave after wave until the sea grew still. After that, no one had to ask. They lay in each other's arms and listened to Brucie snore in the next room.

Finally he spoke. "I have a confession to make. I'm not really that good. In fact, I've never been that good. That was like hitting a hole in one, or a jump shot from thirty-five feet out."

"Allan? do you think the Goddess had anything to do with it?"

Such a good man. He didn't even say, "No, my love, it was all you." He simply tugged his moustache and replied, "It might have been, it really might have been."

She kissed his salty chest.

"And another thing. I'm ready to go again."

Twenty-four hours later Felicia staggered out of bed. The rain and the snow had stopped and a shaft of sunshine reached through the

window. In the living room she found Brucie asleep on the couch, his boots lovingly cradled in his arms. The kitchen was bare and reeked of burned food. Cockroaches cavorted over dirty dishes. The refrigerator was empty, the pantry the same, and Felicia could not recall when she had been so hungry. She dressed, combed her hair, and went down to the street which had never seemed so beautiful. Old men and old women with withered faces smiled as she passed. Young hoodlums tipped their hats. A gray face alcoholic man thanked her for the gift of a quarter. A young woman who was passing out Jehovah's Witness tracts complimented her on her hair.

Felicia passed up the Seven Eleven shopping center in favor of the more economical Jewel. She pushed her cart swiftly past the potato chips, pre-sugared creals, and carbonated soft drinks. There were so many other good things she had never noticed before, cheese and vegetables and natural whole wheat bread. She was not even tempted by the last second displays of candies, gums, and popular magazines at the checkout counter. She did not even read the headline on the Enquirer. The bill, totalled, came within four cents of her estimate.

When she returned to the apartment, she saw that Brucie was gone. So were the balled up piles of dirty clothing and empty pop bottles and potato chip wrappers. So was the stench of burnt spaghetti. Allan, working stripped to the waist, explained.

"I borrowed some room deoderizer from the woman next door. She seemed to understand."

He had done the dishes, cleaned the sink, cleared the table, and started to wash the grease from the range. But he stopped all that to take a good look at her in the daylight. "I feel happy," he said.

He was going to be just fine. He even apologized about Brucie. "I didn't mean to chase him away. Nice kid. I gave him the key to my apartment. Maybe he can get along with Margaret."

"Monday, Wednesday and Friday my boss takes me to lunch — Tuesday and Thursday he has me for lunch."

Felicia sipped her tea, surprised to discover that she did not really need to know about Margaret.

"Do you have any more friends who are witches?" he asked.

"Priestess," she corrected. "I had that wrong myself."

After breakfast they carried the laundry down to King Coin and sat watching the shirts, towels, sheets and disembodied jeans whirl in the suds. "We'll give Margaret and Brucie a few days to get acquainted," Allan said. "Then I'll drive up and get my stuff." His eyes grew very intent. "I swear. I don't believe this, but I'm ready to go again."

"No you don't," Felicia said. "I'm still tender. But here's what you can do. Take me to the museum this afternoon. I want to find out if there really is a place called Ur."

"Consider it done."

"Afterwards, I'm going to be hungry. You can take me to Chicago Pizza and Oven Grinders."

"Consider that done, too."

She snuggled into his arms. An oriental man, waiting to use the drier, smiled.

"After that," she whispered, "I may not feel so tender."

"I'll keep that in mind."

She smiled happily for the oriental man. "Allan? We really are married, aren't we?"

"So long as the Goddess stays with us." He got up and began peeling clothes out of the drier, folding them neatly, but without any fuss.

And each of them knew, everything was going to be just fine. □

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

JULIE

Readers who have been with us for a long while will remember this dark-haired Big Up Front champion from her appearance in our pages a number of years ago. How could

anyone forget her? Her plump, sensuous curves and huge, bulging boobs are not easily forgotten. We found ourselves thinking of her the other day, so we sent the office boy over to the BUF Archives to dig up these photos. It's been a while, but we still find Julie as titillating

as we did when she first unveiled for our cameraman.

A resident of upstate New York, Julie was running an apple orchard and cider mill when she posed for us. She was also deeply involved with astrology and the occult, and she told our fortune at the photo session. Although we've lost touch with her, we can thank our lucky stars we have these photos to bring back fond memories. □

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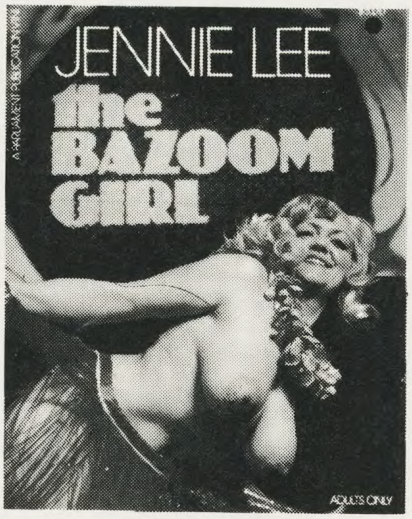

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FEMME PLEASURE TREASURE

continued from page 17

portunity presented itself through the chance meeting with a friend, a cameraman of Danish origin, who had been marooned around the fringe of the movie industry in California for some time, and was now down on his luck.

He told me mournfully over drinks in a Sunset Blvd. cocktail bar: "This is hard for me to tell you, and I hate to admit it, believe me, but it looks like I'll have to go into the hard-core porno racket in movies."

I stared at him. "But I thought you were doing quite well with your travel documentary films."

"Yeah, for a while it was okay, then it petered out. I couldn't wait around for crumbs to be tossed my way by a lot of these swindling, bastard producers. Films for theatre exhibition are way off, and the television field is glutted, more or less a blind-alley for me now. I've tried to sell some film footage, stockstuff on my travels around the world, but I only can get hit-and-miss deals. So I'm now forced into the possibilities of making 'X-rated' movies.'" To defend his desperation and anguished decision, he blurted defensively: "Well, shit, man, I've got a family to support!"

He invited me to go along with him to meet his first prospective candidate for a porno film, which was the auditioning of a young blonde with "remarkable control of her pelvic area." I didn't follow specifically just what he meant. Belly-dancing? A raunchy Hawaiian hula? A Tahitian *tamure*-dance in the nude? If so, that was rather tame material in comparison with what the standard porno houses were offering in explicit sex.

The performer was a buxom Scandinavian-type in her mid-twenties, with an impish moon-face and magnificent mammaries. She looked somewhat like Britt Ekland, the former girlfriend of rock singer Rod Stewart. She confirmed she was of Swedish origin, born in Minnesota, and she introduced herself as "Miss Soderquist." She informed me, with some pride, that a few years back she had won a contest in the Swedish colony called "Miss Valoborgamassoafton Queen."

She began making preparations for the audition. She jerked together the

heavy drapes over the living-room windows of her apartment, carrying on a rapid-fire dialogue on the potentials of her act, properly translated and exhibited for filming." The porno customers want something more now than straight scenes of screwing. They want to see an attractive, well-put-together chick doing clever things with her twat — which, *I assure you* — I can do."

She then unzipped her tailored Levis and let them drop to her ankles, kicking them off into a corner of the room to join her brassiere. She was generously put together, her breasts high hung and strongly supported, waist thin and the buttocks rounded like an antelope's in rut; her pubic hair had been shaved in the shape of a heart and tinted a delicate pinkish hue. On her left thigh a small bluebird had been tattooed with a sprig of lilac in its beak, flying toward the golden fuzz of the slit.

She selected a casette for her tape-recorder, snapped it in, and rock music blared out, a number by Fleetwood Mac, I think called *Rumors*. She had inserted the end of a child's broom into her vagina, and in perfect rhythm to the din — swiveled around, tidying up the wall-to-wall carpetting.

Above the bedlam, she hollered: "This takes real snappy muscular control!" Up and down, round-about, sideways, criss-crossing, in remarkable coordination. "Not bad, huh, gentlemen!"

Somewhat apprehensively I remarked: "If you ever stumbled, Miss Soderquist, you might be in for a lot of trouble."

"I never do!" she yelled over a bare shoulder.

She relieved herself of the broom, tossed it into the corner with her discarded clothes, and then stretched out on an expanse of plastic sheeting in the center of the floor. "I got to protect the carpet on this next trick."

She was now manipulating an enormous syringe with a red rubber bulb, sucking up a large amount of fine talcum powder from a bath-dusting container on the coffee table. There was a loud flatulent sound as she blew the load of talc deeply into her vaginal barrel.

She giggled: "I think you'll like this, because it's very filmable."

My cameraman-friend turned a slack-mouthed startled look in my direction. "What in hell do you suppose she's up to now?" he whispered.

I gestured toward our star performer who was about to go into action. She had now both hands under her buttocks, raising the torso slightly. "Okay, here goes!" she announced dramatically. In a series of amazing burping sounds she blew cloud after cloud of talcum powder into the air. Each one was like a miniature atomic explosion.

Her brain was working. "Hey, now, I was just thinking — I could use some colored talc, red, white and blue, blowing them out one after the other, which would make a clever effect, sort of like the old-time American patriotism. It'd always be good for solid applause."

She certainly had an agile mind for showmanship.

Next, she lit two candles, affixed them by their drippings to the edge of the coffee table, and then lowered herself to flame-level. "Allez-oop!" she exclaimed happily. First contracting her stomach, with remarkable control of muscles, she, with a series of erotic gyrations, blew out one candle and then the other with carefully directed jets of air from her remarkable vagina. "Please observe, gentlemen, my precisely aimed and controlled blasts that put out each flame, *separately*." She began giggling again. "Oh, you two just wait, better tricks are coming up! You haven't seen *anything* yet!"

I was now beginning to believe that.

Effortlessly, she now positioned herself on the sofa with the tropical print cover, and she inserted a small pillow under her buttocks. Her radiant pink thatch and labias were aimed directly at me. Oh, oh, I said to myself warily, what's she up to now? I was only ten feet from her, directly in line with her slightly gaping vagina, so I prudently shifted my folding-chair to one side.

Then — oh, for Kerist sake! — she began, without the least sign of discomfort or embarrassment, *inserting ping-pong* balls into her snatch! I counted at least four that were gulped in by her convulsively working *labia majora*, deep into the vaginal canal.

"Okay, gentlemen, now here goes! Watch closely how I shoot them out!"

One by one, with explosive flatulent burps and an incredible display of stretch-and-flex action of the vulva — and, of course, diaphragm control — she expelled them precisely, sending them whizzing past us to bounce off the walls and furniture. "Now you got to admit that this is real expertise, not all go out at once, just one at a time!" she hooted pridefully. She began arming her vagina again.

I glanced with new respect at my cameramen-friend, nodding profoundly and affirmatively. He was really on to something big! A sure seller on the hard-core porno flick market.

She resumed the loading of ping-pongs, and with even more perfection repeated the feat, knocking over some glasses arranged on a table. Incredible!

Thereupon, she progressed to her next "trick", as she called them.

"You erased my pictures!"

She had now hopped onto the sturdy coffee table, with a long pencil inserted firmly between her labias. "This demonstration I haven't exactly perfected, can't seem to get it just right. So consider this practicing. But if I don't do it okay this time, it doesn't mean I won't by the time you're ready to start filming. Anything I try is always a challenge, so I keep at it until I'm absolutely perfect."

She began rolling her hips in a slow-concentric turns and dips, and I saw the pencil tracing something on the expance of paper. She stopped suddenly to examine her results, then frowned, biting her lower lip in frustration. "Aw, shit!" she exclaimed. "Still no good! I can't seem to control the pencil just right. I can't get a tight enough grip on it with my pussy to write properly. Lousy penmanship! I guess I need a pencil that's bigger around." Her jaw squared. "But I'll get it to work, just you wait and see!"

She executed a nimble frog-hop off the coffee table and strutted toward a narrow blackboard leaning against the wall. She carefully arranged its length on the carpeted floor between her legs.

"With chalk I can write legibly. Pay attention now how I do this!"

Her back was toward us, squatting close to the black panel, and then she began her movements, and all we could hear was the light scratching sound of the chalk, snugly held in her labias. She rendered a slow-motion hula, now pumping erotically and butting in a Tahitian sex-dance, followed by an exaggerated hip-roll of Greek belly-dancing, less than an inch or so from the surface of the blackboard strip.

Then, suddenly, she gave a trilling, flute-like laugh, straightening up and turning rather clumsily in a pirouette; with the stump of the chalk still held in her vulva, protruding like an inflated and bleached clitoris. She spread wide her arms, dipped in a small curtesy, exclaiming: "*Voila, messieurs*!"

We both stared down incredulously at her blackboard penmanship. She had scrawled . . ."THAT'S SHOW BIZ."

We exchanged astonished looks.

"You're a positive genius, Miss Soderquist!" my cameraman-friend shouted, applausing vigorously. "Never in my whole life have I ever seen anything *like that*! More than I expected!" New hope had poured into his eroded confidence. His family would now be eating much better.

She was visibly pleased by our plaudits and was taking a narrow cardboard box, a foot or so long, out of a buffet drawer. "I'm planning to use this for my finale. It'll take a lot of practice, but I'll get it under control in time for the filming."

She held up a sort of musical instrument, with a white plastic mouthpiece, braced by a small number of black keys ranged down its short length. "If I wind up my act with a short musical number played with my pussy, I think it'll be a crowd-pleaser."

My friend said in a sort of strangled voice: "You're gonna play that thing with your business?"

"You bet, not as tough as it may look. This is called a melodica, a sort of harmonica. I know I can develop enough air-pressure down there to play part of a tune so they'll know what it is."

"What kind of song did you have in mind?" I asked guilelessly.

"Oh, maybe *Rain Drops Keep Falling on my Head*. Perhaps *Alfie*. I dig Burt Bachrach. Then again, it could be *Feelings*. Then, maybe it might be a good idea to wind up with *The National Anthem*. Patriotism is always good for applause. Besides, the opening words are sort of suggestive, if you get what I mean — 'My Country ti's of thee.' Also, I'm considering singing along with whatever number I do, maybe humming what I play on this melodica. I might even stick a small American flag in my pussy and make it wave a little."

My cameraman-friend, now besides himself, was striding excitedly up and down the living-room. "Wow! Zammo! Whammo! how can I miss with this talented broad! I've got it made! A solid hit! Sensational! Fantastic! Beautiful!"

"Well," I announced conclusively, "I think you two have got a real winner."

She got into a terry-cloth robe. "Okay, now let's get down to real business," she said briskly.

In keeping with her vaginal expertise, she proved to be an exceptional and shrewd bargainer. My friend certainly wasn't going to film her performance for a cut-rate fee. She was now demanding percentage participation, and an insurance clause to protect her against any pelvic or genital accidents during the filming that might cause any form of uterine disability whereby the future toning and agility of her pudenda might be impaired.

After they had settled their agreements, I inquired: "Miss Soderquist, how in the world did you ever happen to get up such an act, with so many new and original tricks?"

Logically, she explained: "I just figured I could use my cunt for something other than peeing out of, or having it pounded all the time by a lot of you non-paying studs. The time comes in a bright gal's life when she has to smarten up and look out for herself, and cash in on what good fortune has given her." She was also something of a philosopher. "Sure, granted you have to follow the well-travelled paths in life most of the time, but then the time comes when it's always best to go where there isn't any path and leave a trail. Right?"

"I can buy that reasoning," I agreed.

Once out on the boulevard, driving away from the blonde's apartment building, I counselled my cameraman-friend: "A word of caution — you might get all charged up when you're filming and try to screw her. Remember, she's capable of giving you one helluva excruciating penile-whiplash. Either that, or she might launch you, camera equipment and all, into space around the moon."

"HEY THERE NOW!" he yelled, slapping the steering-wheel with the palm of his hand. "*That's* an idea! How about it if I get a shot of her launching a toy-model of a space-satellite from her pussy? That'd be timely interest, right in the groove, really kinky! *2001 Space Odyssey . . . Star Trek . . .Alien . . .Encounter of the Third Kind . . .Superman . . .Buck Rogers in the 25th Century!* Hell, man, she can do just about *anything* with that educated twat of hers!"

I left Hollywood while he was filming Miss Soderquist. Now, I wonder how that porno film project all came out? □

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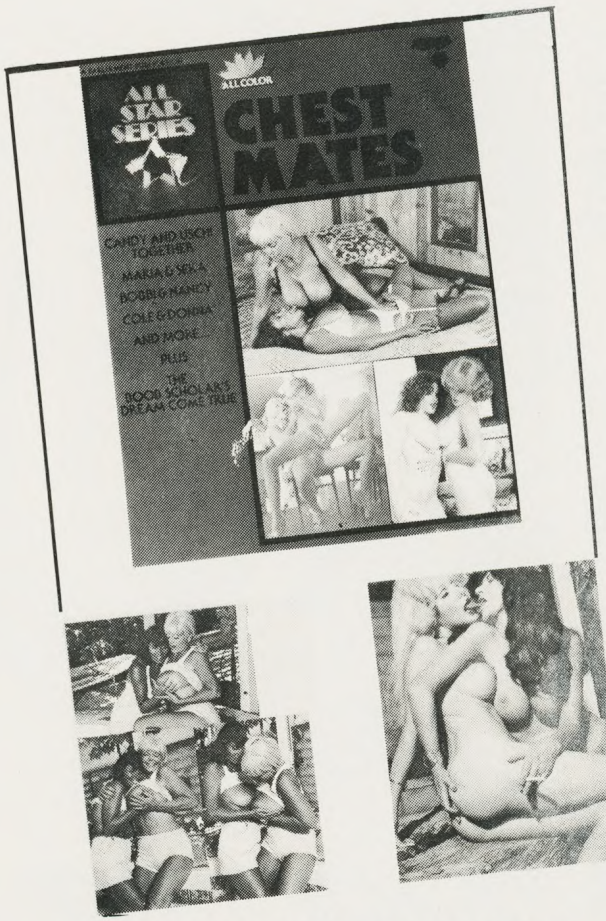

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"Bustman's Holiday"

continued from page 27

soon are massaging each other. This heats them up so much they jump in the pool to cool off and as they cavort around, their big boobies are flying in the spray. Mr. Rub-a-dub doesn't want to miss out on the fun, so he decides to make waves and leaps in, too. He hugs the girls, they hug each other and it's one merry frolic. We wish these two Big Up Front Champs would send us a card wishing we were there. □

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"What hangs me up, Herb, is what to do to lead up to foreplay."

HAPPY LANDINGS!

continued from page 45

them occupied. He approached one of the unused ones cautiously, his heart pounding. He was within arm's grasp of the handle when he felt a strange sensation in his stomach. He knew he had better find a men's room. Two minutes later all of those years of "David don't" caused him to puke all over the nearest toilet.

Nothing daunted, David progressed from casino to casino, game to game, in orderly fashion. The pattern never varied. He tried roulette, craps, twenty-one, Keno and even bingo. He never quite made it. He did learn the whereabouts of half the men's rooms in Vegas before he gave up. Just plain gave up. He'd never even opened Joey's envelope, but he gave up.

He got to the airport in a taxi, assuming he would find Sandy right there, pacing the floor. We'll rent a car, he thought. I'll apologize. It'll be alright. He was exhausted and looked around for a bench, knowing at some point his wife would pace by him.

"David? You look awful. What happened?"

Sandy stood behind him, her voice gentle.

"You're not furious?"

He couldn't fathom the smile on his wife's face any more than he could understand what had happened to him in the last few hours.

He sat down heavily on a bench and stared at his shoes.

Suddenly he found a small white envelope waving back and forth below his nose. He reached for it involuntarily and stared at the "Joey" scrawled across it. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a much thinner envelope, marked the same way.

Sandy was grinning.

"Open the one you had," she instructed.

It was empty.

"I sealed it before I put in Joey's check," she said. "We were late so I grabbed another envelope. I must have put both inside my purse."

David felt the second envelope with his finger tips.

"What you got in here? A body?"

"Open it already. God you look awful."

He tore open the envelope, wishing Sandy would stop playing games. "You want to go to the rental counter and arrange for a car?"

"What arrange for a car. I don't know where you're going. I'm not going anywhere."

David stared at the three one hundred dollar bills and then up at his wife.

"Who'd you mug?"

Sandy burst out laughing. She drew ten more hundred dollar bills from her pocket and handed them to him slowly, one by one, until he held them all.

"Go buy yourself a pair of legs," she said softly, turning toward the glass doors that led to the outside.

"The barmitzvah?" he called out, ignoring the stares of the other passengers who had begun to gather around them.

"What barmitzvah," she laughed.

Her nose definitely looks smaller when she's happy, David thought, watching Sandy disappear.

"Isn't your wife flying with us?"

He looked up from the shapely legs to the stewardess' rather prominent nose.

"She never came down," he said. "She never came down." □

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