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GEM

VOL. 23 No. 3

FEBRUARY 1982



FEATURES

- 6 OF SEXUAL FOIBLES AND QUIRKS** Frank Kolar
There are "hair despoilers"—no, not the same as lousy barbers.
- 8 THE BAR-NONE SPREAD** Charles Harmon
He knew nothing was hotter in bed than a slightly aging female.
- 17 ALL IN THE FAMILY-WAY** Jock Budd
A powerful Texas clan which is dirty rich—especially dirty.
- 18 THE LOVE BOX** Will Little
Letters from readers with sex problems and our helpful advice.
- 30 THE SUPER STAR HUSTLE** Rob Ray Zack
The inside story of a sexpot movie queen's "acting" technique.
- 41 RATED X DIGEST** Paul Steiner
Quickies and snatches from the adult world of entertainment.
- 42 THE REAL JOAN DOE** Raymond Joseph
Looking for the hot romance of his life thirty years earlier.
- 54 RUSSIA'S ADVICE TO THE SEXLORN** Igor Beaver
Affairs of the heart—and lower parts—know no boundaries.

PICTURE THIS

- 10 SIAN
 22 MARCIA
 33 THE 1982 BUF HALL OF FAME CALENDAR
 36 GEM OF THE MONTH
 46 EUGENIA
 58 PEPPER

DEPARTMENTS

- 5 PASS IN REVIEW
 21 SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS Orson A. Round

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE SEAL

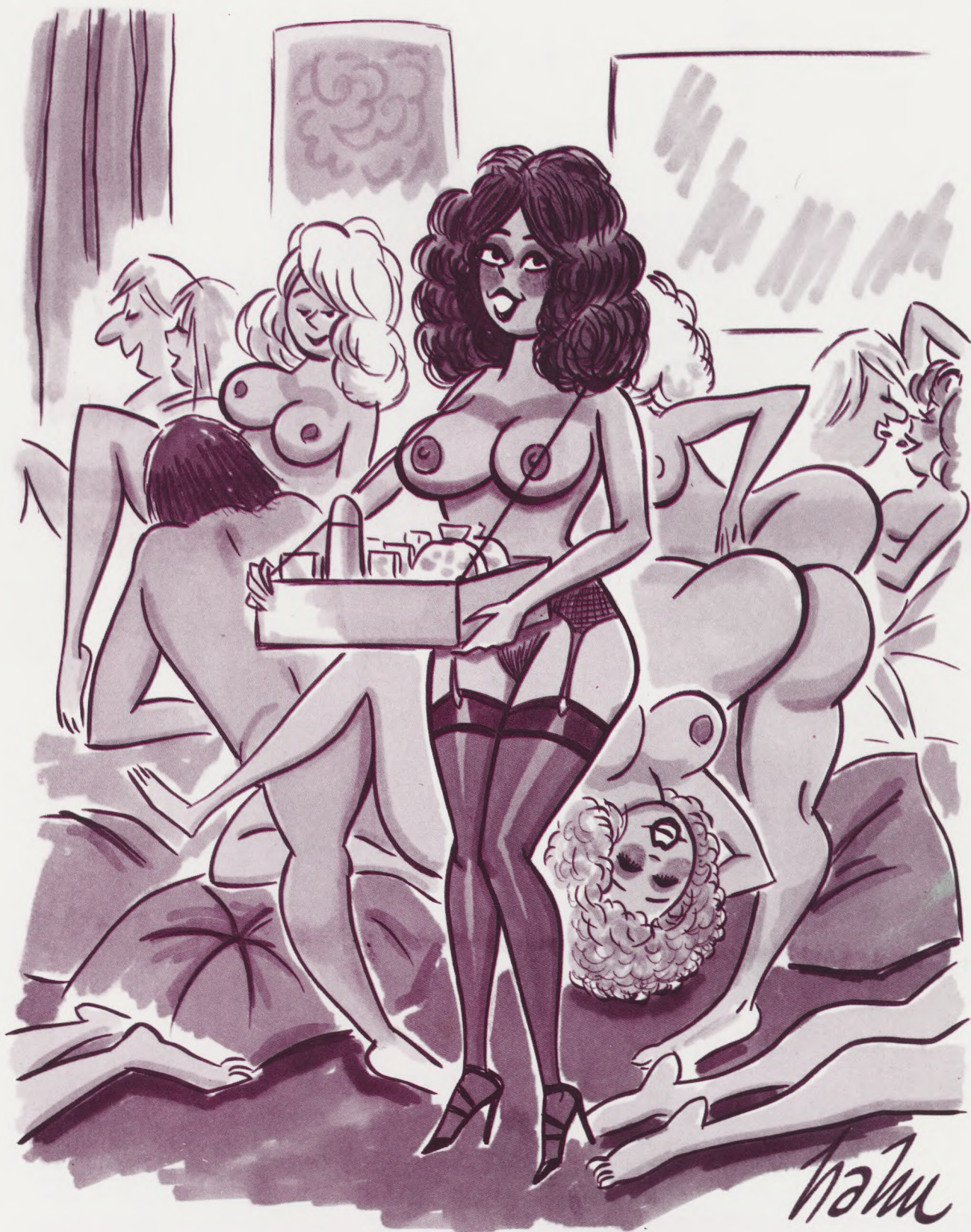


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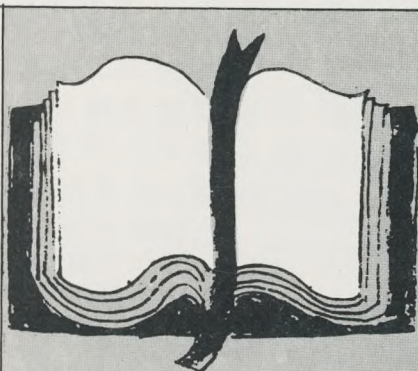
This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

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"Condoms ... foam ... vibrators ... stifferino ... ice cubes ..."



PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Count Basie: Kansas City Five (Pablo) is top-notch K.C.-style jazz in a relaxed small-band setting. Basie is joined by vibist Milt Jackson, guitarist Joe Pass, drummer Louis Bellson and bassist John Heard. Boppers Pass and Jackson

modify their torrent-of-notes styles to fit into the sparer Basie groove. Basie, as usual, is a model of taste, swing, and economy. Among the highlights are "Memories of You" and "Jive At Five," which has undergone some changes since its original waxing in the thirties.

The Oscar Peterson Trio With Herb Ellis: Hello Herbie (PAUSA) makes available once more a 1969 session which reunited the guitarist with his former boss. Peterson and his hard-swinging cohorts (bassist Sam Jones, drummer Bobby Durham) inspire Ellis to play more aggressively than usual, resulting in some exciting straight-ahead jazz. The fare consists of standards and blues, and features guitarist and pianist in top form. Wes Montgomery's "Naptown Blues" and a swinging "Exactly Like You" are among the high points of this fine session.

4x4: McCoy Tyner Quartets (Milestone) features the trend-setting pianist with four top contemporary jazzmen. A basic trio of Tyner, bassist Cecil McBee, and drummer Al Foster is augmented, on various tracks, by saxist Arthur Blythe, trumpet ace Freddie Hubbard, vibesman Bobby Hutcherson, and guitarist John Abercrombie. The powerhouse rhythm section provides plenty of impetus for the soloists, and there's extended, inspired blowing by all. Abercrombie, heard here on electric mandolin, comes across with some of his finest work to date. Blythe's rendering of the standard "It's You or No One" is another standout.

Clarence White and The Kentucky Colonels (Rounder) makes available unissued live recordings featuring the pioneering bluegrass/country-rock flatpicker. Clarence inspired many other guitarists, but his unique phrasing and syncopations have eluded most of his followers. On these tapes, Clarence

develops the ideas first heard on the classic "Appalachian Swing" album. The material, recorded in 1964, 1967, and 1969, offers strong pickings and vocals from the other Colonels as well, but Clarence is clearly the star. The 1967 tracks are particularly noteworthy, Clarence's solos generating an intense excitement at times. Among the highlights are a cross-picked "Bury Me Beneath The Willow," an extended exploration of "Listen to The Mockingbird" and an unusual solo styling of the standard "When You're Smiling." With "Appalachian Swing" out of print, this is *the* Clarence White record to get.

Johnny Burnette's Rock and Roll Trio and Their Rockin' Friends From Memphis (Rock-A-Billy) dishes up red-hot, raw rockabilly by cats who were playing it way back when. Paul Burlison, who played guitar with the original trio, produced this LP. There's fine guitar throughout, and some riveting vocals by Charlie Feathers. The icing on the cake is that this album was cut on the 2-track machine used by Sun Records to record Elvis, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee, and other rockabilly giants. From Rock-A-Billy Records, P.O. Box 295, Wallis MISS. 38680.

BOOKS

Gary Giddins' *Riding on a Blue Note: Jazz and American Pop* (Oxford University Press) is a collection of the jazz critic's pieces from the Village Voice. Giddins is an articulate and insightful jazz writer, and one of the few critics really at home with both traditional and contemporary sounds. He immerses himself in the maze of jazz history and attempts to trace the derivations of stride piano, the early Basie arrangements, and other styles. The section dealing with singers is particularly rewarding. Giddins' awareness of mass culture and the pop music scene enriches his perspective of the jazz world.



Among fetishists, some very desperate cases crave the actual possession of a woman's hair and they're known as hair despoilers — not to be confused with cheap, scissor-happy barbers . . .

OF FEVERISH FOIBLES AND QUIRKS

by Frank Kolar

There was a man who was arrested in the act of stealing a woman's purse. But money wasn't the motive; he was after something more precious — her handkerchief. When the police subsequently searched his house, they found, by actual count, 446 handkerchiefs! And, the man explained, he had already burned two bundles of them. He may have set some kind of dubious record.

There are men who lovingly (or feverishly) collect women's silk handkerchiefs, while others are entranced by velvet garments. There are men who adore female shoes, while another segment delights in women's gloves. Some men save female hair, not necessarily pubic, and may go to extraordinary lengths to amass such treasures.

Naturally, all these men are fetishists; they derive erotic satisfaction by the possession (and use) of such objects. In some cases they can attain no sexual satisfaction at all unless these objects are in their presence.

Surprisingly, many prominent and even not so prominent psychiatrists believe that everyone is to some degree or in some way a fetishist. Anyone may be particularly attracted to a certain color of hair, a certain distinct odor, a certain part of the body — or a number of other particulars. We all find some quality that heightens our erotic sense of these enticing

subjects and our sexual awareness.

These are basically examples of physiological fetishism, and are really quite normal. One doctor put it this way: "These physiological facts of fetishism often account for the affections that suddenly arise between man and woman, the preference of a certain person to all others of the opposite sex.

"From it springs the particular choice for slender or plump forms, for blondes natural or dyed, or brunettes, for the particular form or color of eyes, tone of the voice, odor of the hair or body (even artificial perfume), shape of the hand, foot, ear, or breasts etc.; which constitute the individual charm, the first in the link in the complicated chain of mental processes, all converging in that one focus, love — the physical and mental possession of the beloved.

"This fact establishes the existence of physiological fetishism. Without showing a pathological condition, the fetish may exercise its power so long as its leading qualities represent the integral parts and so long as the love engendered by it comprises the entire mental and psychical personality."

Qualifying this a bit further, Havelock Ellis, the noted sexologist, wrote that "erotic symbolism comes into play in even the more refined forms of normal love, for these involve a tendency to concentrate amorous attention on some

(continued on page 53)

He knew nothing could be hotter in the sack than a slightly aging female with no husband or kids to spoil her nightly fun

THE BAR NONE SPREAD

by Charles Harmon

I've always been sort of lucky, I guess. Lucky about women, lucky about jobs, lucky about life.

Let me give you an idea of what I'm talking about.

Anytime I want it I've got this cowboying job up in the Colorado mountains around Walden. They always need somebody any season — and if you're willing to work and stay away from a bottle, you can make enough clear money in a couple of months to hitch down to Denver and enjoy yourself. So when I don't feel serious about working — like doing construction work in Phoenix or Dallas — I cowboy a little, then play a lot.

That's been my routine since I was seventeen.

Anyway, this particular time when I came down from the mountainside, I had at least two-hundred bucks in my jeans — and, as usual, was hornier than a rhino. I got a ride with a trucker all the way from Estes Park into downtown Denver and went straight for the first good bar I could find. A place called "Pete's Pack Saddle," one of those joints that's trying hard to be a combination swinging single-cowboy western-disco dancing heaven. The guy behind the bar turned out to be Pete, a balding, tired looking guy with a faint temper.

When he served me my third beer, Pete cracked, "Real cowboy, eh?"

"Part time."

"Hell, you got a sunburn line and look a little windbeat. Most of the bastards in this place wouldn't know a horse from a honey-bucket." He belched. "Look at that dude over there in them tooled boots and buckskin jacket. Know what the silly sonofabitch does? Sells insurance, fer Christ's sake."

But I wasn't looking — at that. About my second beer I'd caught the eye of one of the waitresses. Blonde, blue-eyed, and

(continued on page 20)







SIAN

We take great pride in presenting to you our latest big-busted bombshell from Britain. This young, chestnut-haired beauty hails from Clastonbury, England, and is a legal secretary by profession. When our special jet flew across the ocean with these photos, we broke out that Muscatel we'd been saving for a special occasion. After all, it's not every day that we







encounter such a comely and amply endowed damsel as fair Sian.

Sian (pronounced "Shawn") finds her duties

as a legal secretary to be quite stimulating. She's fascinated by the workings of the legal system, and has a passionate desire to see



justice done. She's taking night classes in law, and hopes to visit the States in the near future to study the U.S. legal system.

We promise to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and we're sure you'll bear witness that Sian's trim figure, beguiling

countenance, and not inconsiderable chestal assets are bound to improve the entire field of jurisprudence. Justice may be blind, but this girl will open any guy's eyes with her briefs and big torts.

Sian counts horseback riding, classical





music, and collecting English cricket cards among her leisure activities. "I'm spending more time in court these days, and that, together with my legal studies, is eating away much of my free time."

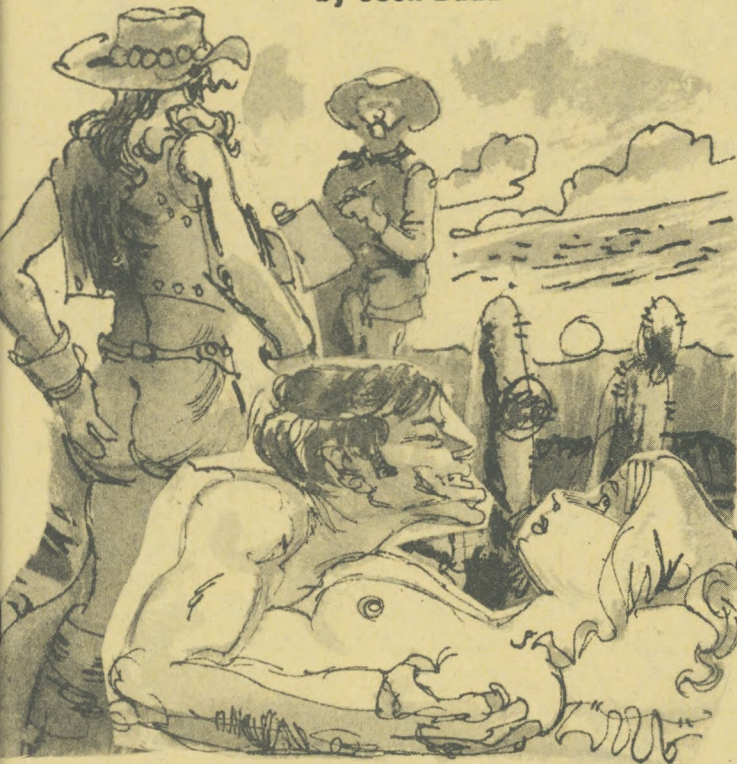
We have nothing but admiration for this fair English charmer. If anything we say can be held against us, we'll cry out "Sian"! ☐



You can always spot one of the filthy rich Groin women. They wear clothes so tight, the cowboys can hardly breathe. You won't find peace there but one thing's for sure, you can always find a piece.

ALL IN THE FAMILY... WAY

by Jock Budd



The Groin family owns one of the richest oil and cattle spreads in Texas. They have the power and prestige to do almost anything, except to keep peace among themselves. Let's look in on the huge Groin ranch house at Phallus and see what's up — besides the foreman's throbbing dork. He's just oogled Goosey Groin jiggling by.

Goosey, the comely and curvaceous blonde darling daughter, has entered the parlor to tell Mama Groin that she's found a sweetheart.

"Seems to me, a pretty little thing like you ought to have more than one beau," teases Mama.

"Well," smiles Goosey, "remember I've only got one pussy."

Mama Groin eyes the gal over her knitting.

Goosey, muses Mama, is the kind of voluptuous young lady who doesn't have a single brick out of place. Around the ranch she wears such tight clothes, the cowboys can hardly breathe.

"Goosey, dear," says Mama. "It's time we had a talk about some things. For example, about how a little tiny baby gets into a women's tummy."

"It would be nice to hear you tell me about that, Mama," replies Goosey, "but what I really want to know is how a girl fakes an orgasm."

Meantime, down behind the barn, nasty Junior Groin, six-gun in hand, has just discovered his hot pants wife, Dru Ella, in a parked truck writhing under the hated Biff, his arch enemy.

"I reckon," sneers Junior, cocking the pistol, "that you fancy yourself a helluva good truck driver."

"Ah'm the best!" brags Biff, while continuing to pump Junior's willing wife.

"Then, by gum," roars Junior, putting the gun against his enemy's head, "I want to see you back out of that hole without spilling your load."

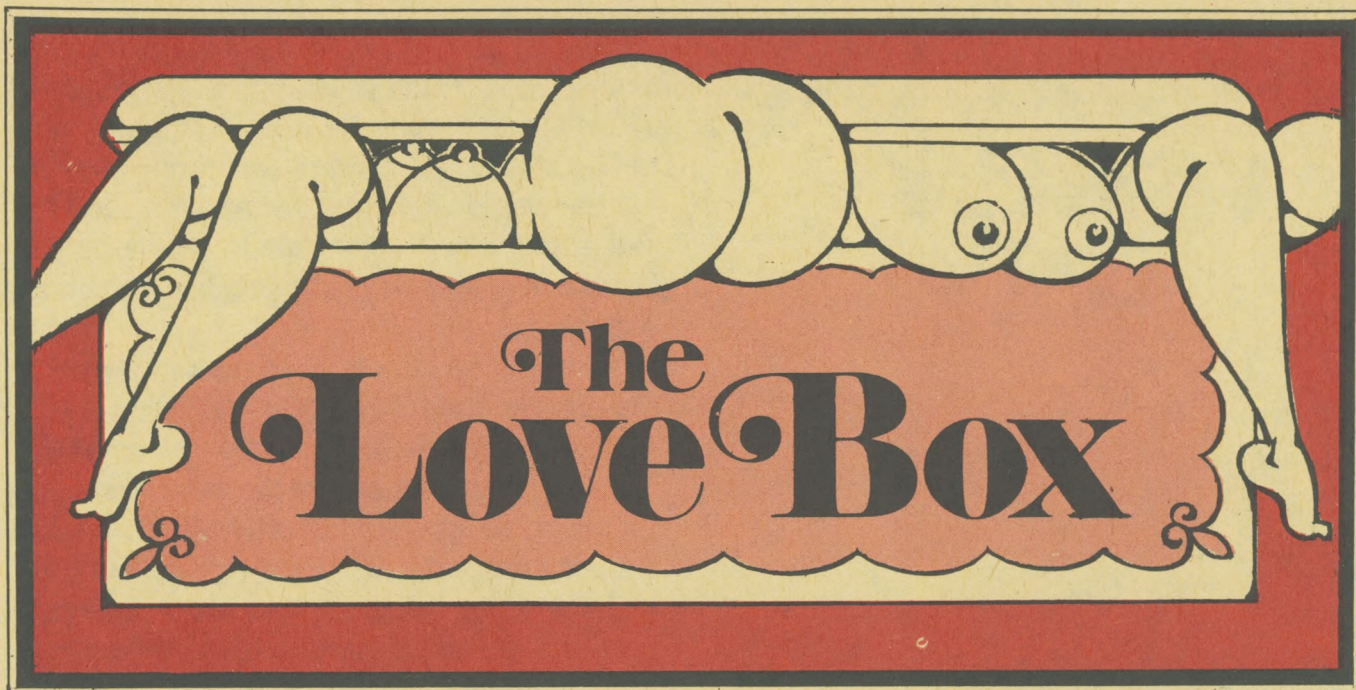
Upstairs in the Groin house, younger brother Snobby's wife, good looking Tam, has returned from an exclusive lingerie shop in town with a sexy pair of frilly pink and black \$100 panties. Tam explains her extravagant purchase by saying, "After all, Snobby honey, you wouldn't expect to find expensive French champagne in a milk carton, would you?"

"No," snaps her spouse, "and I wouldn't expect to see gift wrapping around a dead beaver, either!"

And what of Papa Groin, head of the family? That tall, silver-haired and horny gent is busy in his private office in downtown Phallus. He has persuaded Kristen, the shapely secretary, to drop her lacy drawers and bend over the back of the leather sofa. When he goes home in the evening, Papa will tell Mama and the rest of the family that he's spent all day "working like a dog."

There's always plenty going on — and off — with the Groins of Phallus.





The Love Box

Chop, Chop!

I got the clap from some broad I picked up in a bar and innocently infected my regular girlfriend. But the bitch, to get revenge, put a mouse-trap contraption up her snatch and my pecker was almost cut off. She says we're even now and wants to make up. What do you think?

Chris Carnivale
Waco, Texas

What are you — a man or a mouse?

Soft In The Head

I'm a waitress in a local hash joint and one joker who's a regular customer is a pain in the butt. He's always asking for a glass of water so he can take his sex-repression pill. For his lousy fifteen cent tip, he expects me to laugh all the time.

Maggie Dawes
Coral Gables, Fla.

Tell him to put one in his shoe — and limp away.

Dopey Dick

I'm not into drugs but my boyfriend likes to sniff coke when he can afford it. But he sniffs it in a peculiar way. He spreads the

opening of his pecker and somehow draws the stuff inside his erection before we start messing around. Can I get in trouble this way?

Tess Delaney,
Chicago, Ill.

That depends on what you're up ... down to, but why take a chance. Tell him you're through with him until he beats the habit.



SOB — Son Of Boss

I'm a traveling salesman who has been stuck with the boss' son to learn this end of the business and it's ruining my sex life. I can't find anyway to get out of his tagging along after a day's work when I visit the singles bars. The problem is that when we manage to corner two likely prospects, he insists upon showing off his only talent — playing the entire Beethoven Fifth Symphony on a harmonica. By the time he finishes the gals are on their way to somebody else's room. How do I get him to stop without hurting his feelings and jeopardizing my job?

Gene Gregory,
Racine, Wisc.

Take him to one of those sleazy joints where the bargirls pick up their tips with their twats. Maybe he will realize what really can be done with a pair of lips.

Order By Phone

On Cable TV there's a Public Access station "J" which advertises Call Girls — and for us girls — Call Boys. One guy looked so great my girlfriend and I decided to call, even at 80 bucks an hour.

The guy who arrived wasn't the same as on the commercial but he looked almost as good. But this letter is a warning to your other female readers. He couldn't satisfy one of us, let alone two of us. So if you answer the same commercial make sure they don't send Mr. Guido Nadzo.

Name withheld on request
New York, N.Y.

In other words Guido Nadzo was nadzo guidzo.



Walking My Way

While visiting the nation's capital, I was not only surprised to see so many prostitutes plying their trades outside the swanky New Hyatt Hotel but how few were altogether — by that I mean some were downright ugly, some pretty but skinny, some pretty and fat, some ugly and fat and so forth. Since the wise-ass who answers The Love Box questions thinks he knows everything, I'm curious to know what he thinks is the most important thing for a street walker to have.

John Garcia
Tampa, Fla.

A comfortable pair of shoes.



Tasty Dish

My girlfriend's boobs are so big and firm and stand out so far, she can carry a large pizza on them right from the stove to the table. How do you like that?

Steve Bandro
New York City

With mushrooms and pepperoni.

The Rhythm Method

I'm upset. I finally met a woman I like and after going together for a while, she agreed to move in with me. But after the first time we made it, she said she hadn't expected me to have such a small organ.

Michael Dabney
Chicago, Ill.

You should have said you hadn't expected to play in such a large cathedral.

Picture Perfect

If what I hear about a lot of married guys complaining that their wives are always claiming to have headaches is true. I guess I'm lucky. My spouse is not only always hot for action but constantly asks for instant replays.

Frank Bucher
San Francisco, Cal.

Terrific — if you're up to it.

Oral Exam

I'm wondering if there's been an increase in mouth infections since oral sex between the sexes has become so popular and commonplace during the last decade?

Larry Bennett
Wilmington, Md.

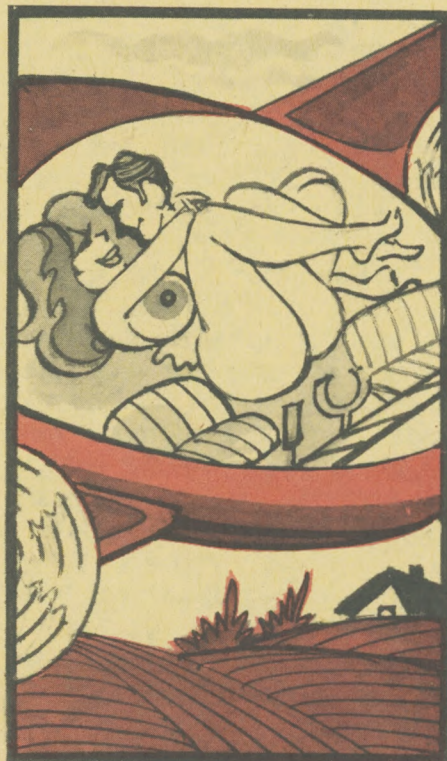
Yes, without a doubt. We tried to take a poll in the office but most of the guys and gals wouldn't talk about it. They couldn't even open their mouths.

A Flying F —

If you haven't tried it, please be our guest at our private air strip for the most sensuous experience of your life. You don't know what the ultimate in sex is unless you make it with a chick in a small plane with no one at the controls and see the ground coming up faster than you are. If you're both really good you can even go down on each other before the glider goes out of control.

Frank Pappin
Denver, Colorado

For good old sex, up, down or sideways, we'll stay on the terra firma — the more firma, the less terra.



THE BAR-NONE SPREAD

continued on page 8

about the size of somebody's cute kid sister. In fact, she looked too young to be working in a bar.

We played the game for awhile, but I soon got the message that the help wasn't supposed to flirt with the paying customers. But a couple of side-looks and smiles from the blonde didn't exactly discourage me.

Then I got a break.

Pete happened to be close by when the blonde came up and gave him an order from a corner booth.

"Huh?" Pete spat. "What the hell is a White Lion? Which one of them cowboy pansies ordered that, fer Christ's sake."

"Easy, Pete," I said, nodding in. "Dark rum, lemon, powdered sugar, angostura — and a healthy dash of raspberry syrup."

Pete stared at me. So did the blonde.

"I thought you was a cowboy, dammit," Pete said.

I grinned. "I bartended a little once in Dallas," I said.

"Damn raspberry syrup is in back," Pete muttered.

The few seconds Pete was out of sight was all the blonde and I needed.

"You're cute," she whispered.

"That's not all I am. What time do you get off?"

"Eleven. Parking lot across the street. Don't tell Pete."

"Not a chance," I said, smiling and taking in the promising, youthful swell of her delicious looking breasts and butt. As always, I felt the big saddle horn between my legs begin to twitch with raw lust at the prospect of really getting something that wasn't San Quentin quail — but damned sure looked it.

What happened after that was great. Up to a point.

The blonde turned out to be about as sexually naive as one of those frontier mining camp mad-

ams. After work, in her beat-up Buick over in the dark parking lot, she told me she'd need twenty bucks for her part of my fun, and we could do it in the back seat. Or . . . if I wanted to shell out forty, she knew a motel way the hell out on Colfax Avenue that showed closed-circuit porno movies and was safe and clean as Fort Knox.

Humping poontang in a rumble-seat is for boyscouts, I told her, not cowboys.

We went to the motel, bought a bottle of over-priced booze from the old witch who ran the place, and padlocked ourselves in one of the rooms.

As it turned out, the blonde — her name was Cherry, she said — really got turned on by those sleazy flicks they make by the thousands out in the gutters of Hollywood. She even wanted to act out a lot of what she was watching. For that reason she stayed topside most of the two hours we were at it, pumping away with her head turned so she could watch what some bull-hung bastard was doing to some very willing female in the movie.

It was fine with me. With her doing most of the work, I did most of the drinking. And no real whiskey for two months can make any cowboy drunk. The last thing I remember was Cherry hunched down between my hairy legs.

I slept real fine.

But when I woke up the next morning, I had a empty whiskey bottle, and empty bed, and a very empty pair of jeans.

The damn little whore had stolen every penny.

I hitchhiked all the way back up Colfax to "Pete's Pack Saddle," barging into the place with my fists doubled.

"Hey, cowboy," Pete called out from behind the bar, "wanta do a little bartending?"

"Where's Cherry?" I snarled.

"Who? Oh, you mean the little blonde tramp you were eying last

night? Hell, she took off. Last night was her last gig here. Said she was going to work the soldier bars in Colorado Springs. I was gonna fire her ass, anyhow." He looked at me. "Say, did you and her--"

"Yeah, dammit," I muttered. "It's a wonder she left me my boots."

Pete chuckled crudely and shook his head. "I reckon you can use a bartending job, eh?"

"Reckon."

The job Pete had in mind wasn't in his place, it was in one of the fancier big restaurants out on North Federal — way the hell and gone from Pete's bar. Pete even loaned me the taxi fare.

The old gal who ran "The Crystal Inn" was one of those uppity broads still hanging on to the idea that she's sexy enough to burn down a bunkhouse with just a smile. She wasn't too bad, though. Hefty tits, ample ass, and eyes made up like she was a hundred bucks a night hooker. Sylvia Thornton was her name — and she let me know right off who was boss.

"Wait in my office," she said, flatly. "Sometimes I trust Pete's judgements in bartenders, sometimes not."

I waited in her office — a plush, paneled job big enough to herd cows in. On her desk were a couple of big color photos. One was of some sour looking bastard with a black moustache and a scar on his cheek — but it was the other photo that made my trusty saddle horn twitch in my jeans. At first I thought it was that sexy, damned Cherry — but a second look told me that what this pretty young blonde in the photo had, old Cherry couldn't even spell. She was not only sexy and beautiful, she looked refined as hell.

I was still staring at the photo of the blonde when Sylvia came in.

"I just talked to Pete on the phone," Sylvia said, giving me one of those quick once-overs that certainly included my crotch. "He says you're not the cowpoke you

(continued on page 68)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Sexperts tell us everything is getting better, hooray, hooray!

For instance, the average screw today lasts eight minutes. Thirty years ago it was two minutes or less. As the guys at the pool parlor would say, "On and off like a rabbit."

With the increased hang time, more women are having more orgasms and finding out that intercourse is fun after all. And their pleasure gives the guys pleasure.

The National Enquirer conducted a survey of the sexual revolution consulting a panel of doctors, professors and sociologists who are into the subject. And for contrast they studied the findings of the famous (some said, infamous) Kinsey reports of three decades ago. Dr. Kinsey's work, considered shocking at the time, now seems rather quaint.

One general complaint in husbands was that they were not getting enough. Now if anybody makes that complaint it's likely to be the wife.

Kinsey found that women of those days were not excited by photos of nude men. Today's girls really dig porno movies and beefcake magazines. (If you're cynical you say women always enjoyed looking at a well-hung brute but just wouldn't admit it.)

One change hard to believe: In the past stags constantly boasted about the number of conquests; now it's quality rather than quantity they are after. Well, maybe.

Quaint item: Kinsey said that one-third of the older dollies interviewed declared they always

made love with their clothes on. Possible wall motto: Fucking ain't wicked if you ain't naked.

Alas, things are not better now for the hookers. In the old report nearly 70 per cent of men admitted having done their thing with prostitutes. Today the figure is down under 30 per cent. Why pay when there are so many freebies?

Miss Sweden's Pleadin' Not Guilty

While all our famous women are making \$\$\$\$\$ and \$\$\$\$\$ writing books about their scandalous affairs, a young beauty queen in Sweden is taking the opposite road.

After being crowned Miss Sweden, Eva Lundgren, 19 was confronted by reporters with clippings from German newspapers. These alleged among other things that she had worked as a call girl in Hamburg's red-light district, had borne an illegitimate son named Andreas and — ach! she didn't pay her income taxes!

Instead of snapping up this juicy, ready-made biographical data and expanding it into a best-seller, Miss Sweden denied all.

"I've been in Hamburg, yes. But working as a model, never in

the nude. And Andreas is my little brother."

Eva thinks a photographer spread what she calls these vicious lies about her in a spirit of revenge. No, she did not jilt him as a lover but she may have hurt him in the wallet.

He took some photos of her a few years ago and he claimed it was because of them that she became Miss Sweden. He demanded ten per cent of her future earnings. She turned him down and shortly afterward the scandal stories appeared in a Cologne paper.

Hell hath no fury like a cameraman scorned.

Eye in the Sky On Fleshy Frauleins

In parts of Germany nudism has been commonplace for years and the sun-worshippers are not hassled by the police or anybody else — except U.S. Army helicopters. It seems that American flyboys have become peeping Toms in the sky.

"It's absolutely terrifying to be sleeping on a beach and have a helicopter hover above you," one nudie cutie complained. Police shrug and say they won't do anything about the choppers. "Cold weather will end the fuss."

Meanwhile, Join the Navy and See the World — Join the Army and See Everything.

The Mark of Z is Rated PG

Now there's a homosexual Zorro and one shudders at what they may think up next. Of course it's

(continued on page 66)





MARCIA

Marcia has a pair of massive, mountainous knockers that are just incredible! For guys who like to feast their eyes on truly gigantic boobs, Marcia's are a breast gourmet's delight. She

not only belongs in the hallowed BUF Hall of Fame but has attracted the attention of many leading scientists — they don't know how she can stand up erect and walk. But Marcia not







only walks, she dances up a storm. Would you believe she's a ballet star? No, neither would we. (For the benefit of you low-brows, ballet dancers are notoriously flat-chested. You can't

tell the fronts from the backs of most of those poor girls.)

To get back to Marcia, she claims that she was very thin as a young girl, but one day she



fell off a tree she was climbing and landed plump. From that time on, she started to fill out and become a stand-out soon after. In high school she became a star volley ball player and

not only wiped out her opponents but also any of her teammates who came close to her wildly flailing, unfettered bazooms.

For now, Marcia has given up sports — she







prefers intellectual men nowadays as she's interested in developing her mind. A very worthwhile objective, we'd say, and if her mind

ever develops like her super titanic boobs, watch out — there's another Einstein in the making! ☐

THE SUPERSTAR HUSTLE

by Rob Ray Zack

Smart girls screw the important people in Hollywood to get to the top. But Tina said screw that and did it her own way

Five weeks had gone by, yet no word from Scotty. He will call tonight, Tina told herself. The phone would ring out her long-awaited destiny. Her stagnant career needed a solid launching. So far she'd managed to elude the Hollywood sex trap. Her virginity was still intact, a miraculous feat for a semi-talented, desperate 24-year-old woman who smelled pay dirt.

Only Scotty knew her secret.

"Smart girls screw the important people in Hollywood," Scotty had told her months ago. "Scores of no-talent gals make it to the top that way."

"Screw you," she'd replied bitterly. "I'll make it my own way."

"It'll be a monumental accomplishment . . . if you do, chicken."

Her phone rang at 12:30 A.M. It was Scotty.

Tina lunged at it. "You have your damn nerve calling me at this ungodly hour."

"My sec gave me your messge — all 30 of them. What are you doing?"

"Getting ready to commit suicide!"

"You lack the guts, baby."

"Scotty . . . I owe rent. I haven't had a decent meal in weeks. Worst of all I have an agent who can't get me work."

"You have the best agent in the business, chicken. Baby, if I had more clients like you, I'd come over and we could make it a double suicide."

"Fink . . . do something for me quick. I need a part. I need work."

"Tina . . . settle down to the married life of routine and boredom. Anyway, you blow parts."

"I don't blow parts, you creep."





"How about the last screen test you muffed at Golden? Couldn't play a mindless farm woman."

"I don't know what a farm even smells like," she sobbed.

"No excuse, baby. That separates the skilled professionals from the struggling amateurs. Sure, you have a beautiful face and a knockout figure, but you don't know how to be convincing in a role. A top pro can play Queen Mary in one flick, then jump into the role of a skid row tramp. Big name stars have that natural ability."

"You called at this hour to knock my talent?" Tina screamed. "Thanks a million."

"Think again, chicken. Don't shit on me in any way or manner. I'm the up front dude who's going to bully your way to stardom. I did it with lesser talents. I called to tell you that I lined up a screen test at Cable Studios, tomorrow early A.M."

Tina's heartbeat took a sudden lurch. "Bullshit! You're putting me on."

"On the level, baby. Blow this test, I don't want to hear from you again. Representing duds is repulsive to my nature."

"The part... what about the part?"

"A super role. You play a hustler."

Tina gasped. "A virgin playing the part of a hustler?"

"Think whore from now until test time. You entertain a dozen men before your night's work is done."

"Tell me more about the script," she said as a vision of fame and fortune blossomed in vivid 3-D.

"One step at a time. They're looking for a new, fresh face. That eliminates the big names. But you're still going up against some stiff competition."

"The part is mine!"

"Bet your sweet little ass. Tomorrow night we'll get stinko. After we do the town, guess what?"

"Fink. Why should I spread my legs for you?"

"Cause you're crazy in love with me."

Tina paused to consider. Scotty knew her better than she'd thought. She was in love, madly in love with the playboy scoundrel. He managed a stable of young starlets who'd undress and jump into bed at the snap of his fingers. As proud as she was of her virginity, her career had to come first. Banks put no cash value on virginity. "Scotty, darling... you're going to be a strong second."

"I'm confused. You told me you're a virgin. Is there a stud with you?"

"No," she growled.

Scotty laughed. "Second rates pretty high in my book. Now crawl into bed and get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow is the big day."

Tina hung up feeling a new surge of hope and courage. There was so much to do and so little time left to do it. She showered, perfumed herself, then slipped into a daring low-cut dress that exposed generous portions of her large breasts.

The bus depot, even at this late hour, was heavily populated with service men. Tina's theatrical entrance into the depot created a sizzling stir of excitement and curiosity. Heads snapped smartly, blood-shot eyeballs rolled in sexual appraisal.

A rugged-looking marine with a chest full of battle decorations decided to establish a beachhead. He cut a swift and direct path across the depot, zeroing in on Tina with deadly accuracy. "Sweetheart, I have two hours to kill."

Tina smiled, looped her arm around his and took him back to her small apartment.

"How much for a joy ride?" he asked, slipping out of his clothes.

"You decide that... later."

Sex was everything she'd read about in books and magazines. He wasn't big even with an erection, but he knew how to use what little he had. Ecstasy was a pulsating song in her heart and a stabbing pain of first entry as he straddled her, then began to pump his pecker in rhythm to the frantic motion of her rotating hips.

It was sweet and hot, a limb-draining explosion of sweaty bodies. The first climax rumbled through her body with the force of an active volcano. Under her buttocks lay the soggy aftermath of their united effort.

The marine backed off Tina and sat on the edge of the bed. His eyebrows arched in surprise when he noted the blood-stained sheet. "You're a... a virgin — or you're carrying some sort of diabolical social disease?"

Tina rolled her head on the pillow. "I was a virgin. You can do me a favor Mr. Marine. I must entertain an even dozen men before sunrise. Can you round up another 11 hardup recruits who want to screw?"

"Honey, I can get you a division."

"Eleven will do nicely."

Early the next morning, Tina reported to Cable Studios. Scotty sat down beside her while they listened to the script reading of three other hopefuls. Finally it was Tina's turn.

"Give 'em everything you got, baby," Scotty coached. "The other three broads were good, but you can do better."

Tina took the script in hand, amazed at her cool calmness and complete concentration. No fragment of doubt in her mind. She was going to get the part. Period.

Long before Tina read the last line, the producer and director jumped out of their chairs and praised Tina.

"She's a natural for the part," Producer Levy shouted.

"She made me feel that she spent the night hustling," Director Horowitz declared.

Tina and Scotty celebrated that night and long into the wee hours.

Finally at 3 A.M., Scotty whispered into her ear. "Chicken, it's favor time."

Scotty's bachelor pad had all the material trappings designed to excite and seduce female visitors. Expensive wine. Soft music. Satan sheets. And a king-size oval waterbed that sounded like the

(continued on page 56)

THE 1982 BUF HALL OF FAME CALENDAR

JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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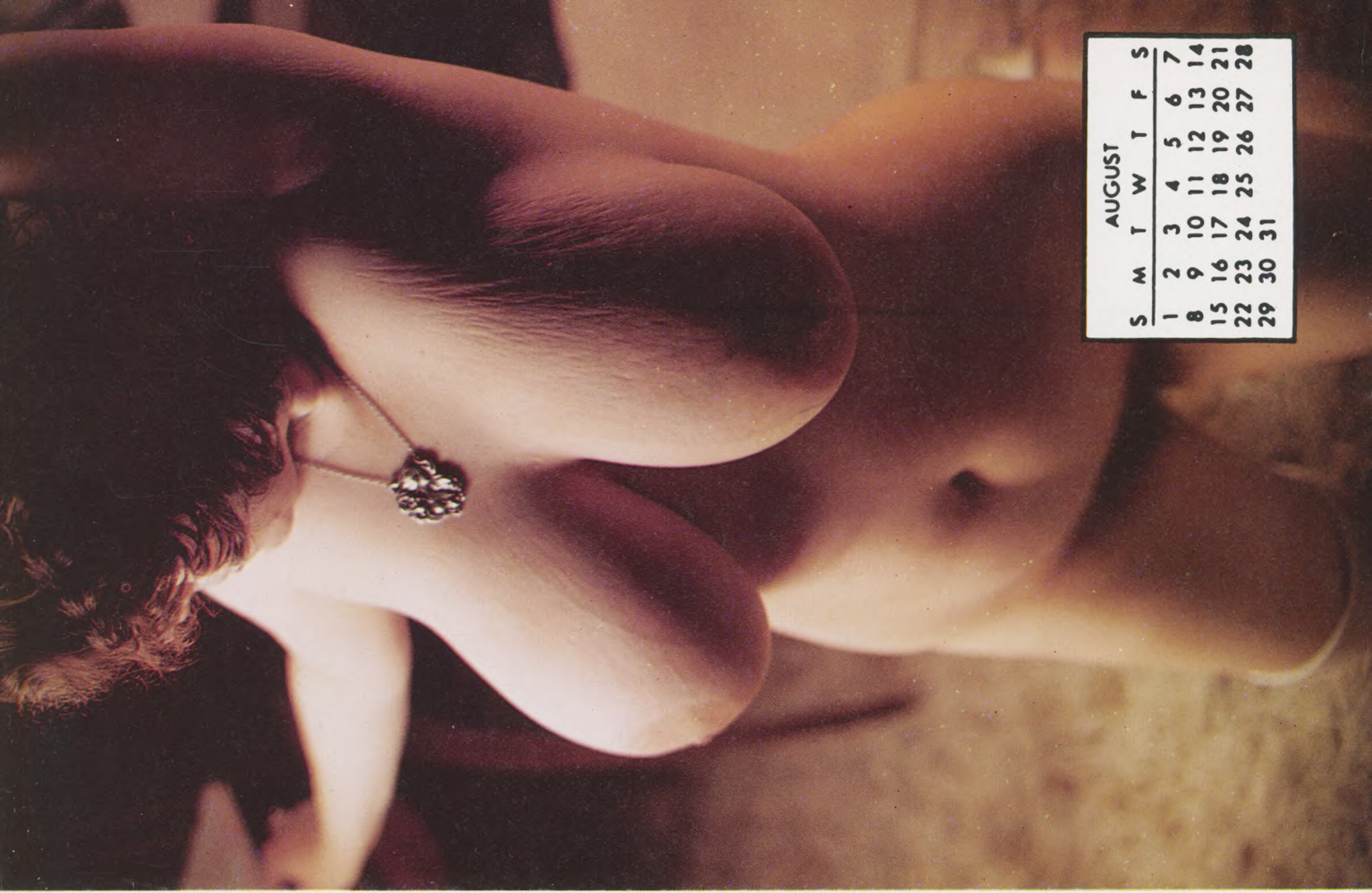




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AUGUST						
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SEPTEMBER						
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DECEMBER						
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GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

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:

Rumor has it that the next James Bond flick will be titled "Octapussy." The producer did a survey of women many of whom said they were "bothered" by the title. But when told it was a .007 flick, 96.5% said it was ok.

Comedienne Joan Rivers cracked: "I don't have big bazooms. When my husband and I go to the beach people think we're a gay couple."

The French import, "Heart to Heart," which deals with three middle-class sisters coming of age in the sixties has more than its share of youthful sex, abortions, wife-battering and unwed pregna-

ncies. (All three get knocked up before the wedding.) An early scene concerns one of the girls as a small child who asks her parents one day after school: "Are all Englishmen naked under their raincoats?" It seems there's a flasher loose in the schoolyard and an investigation ensues, which unfrocks the flasher. Wait a second, that can't be right — but neither is the flasher.

Johnny Carson recalled: "My first girlfriend was — well — fast. How fast? Well, she thought the first three letters of the alphabet were I.U.D."

In German filmmaker Rainer



A touching scene from the Libra Films sizzler, "Camouflage."

Werner Fassbinder's USA — made movie, "Lili Marlene," actress Hanna Schygulla, as a singer who finds sudden stardom, is seen making love to her mirror image in a palatial white bedroom. She was better off in Fassbinder's German films. In those he always supplied her with a man.

At a Friar's stag bash, comic Freddie Roman said of a well-known composer-songwriter who was being honored(?): "His mother was a chorus girl and he was breast-fed on silicon. To this day he can only drink out of a plastic cup."



PERSONAL

JOAN DONA NUNO
WHICH NO ONE
JENNIFER L. HENRY
DECEMBER 1997
REBEKAH HARRIS
INTERVIEW WITH
UT



When you're getting on in years and are thinking of a last fling, is it possible to revive a hot romance after thirty years? Well, as the publishers say, it pays to advertise

THE REAL JOAN DOE

By Raymond Joseph

The enticing confrontation was only a half hour away. Richard Roland found himself testing with nervous fingertips the texture of his closely-shaven cheeks and chin, smoothing his still abundant, carefully parted mostly gray hair, and adjusting a diagonally striped blue and gray tie carefully selected to supplement his blue sports jacket and gray slacks.

Occasionally he glanced outside through layers of thermoglass as the 747, in pursuit of the fleeing sun, skimmed the tumbled surface of a sea of dappled clouds. En route to California from his condominium home in Naples, Florida, he tried to relax in the jetliner's luxurious upper-level lounge.

For perhaps the hundredth time, he reread his unique want-ad which had appeared under the "Personal" classification Sunday in the "Los Angeles Eagle-Press": JOAN DOE: Do you remember RICHARD ROE and a certain brief, clandestine affair? It was long ago when both of us had reason to remain discreetly anonymous. Widower, now age 62, has not been able to forget the wanton, luscious, blonde, unmatronly very young matron he met July 4, 1947, on the Venice Beach while he was conventioning in Los Angeles. Nor can he forget the definitely adulterous but delightful dalliance during the weekend which followed in an apartment over that romantic old Merry-Go-Round at Santa Monica Pier. Now retired, affluent, hale and hearty, but lonely, Richard would like to communicate with Joan. Object! another delightful dalliance, of indefinite duration! If, through some miracle, this ad comes to Joan's attention, and if she would like to take up where she and Richard left off, she should mail a reply (with a current photo, please) to Box G-119, EAGLE-PRESS.

The advertisement, to Richard's delight, had been successful, beyond expectations. Now he was happily looking forward to



"No, I don't feel obligated to let you see mine now."

arriving at Los Angeles and contacting no less than nine amorous ladies who had answered by mail. Each had declared that she'd been the girl he'd known back in 1947. Each, in her own words, had professed that she remembered him well. All had indicated in their letters that they were eager to see him.

Well, I've got time; I've got money; he reminded himself. It will be fun eliminating the phonies, one by one — after "dalliance," of course, in some cases at least.

He mentally reviewed the situation and his immediate plans. For his own convenience, he'd decided to conduct a kind of screening process, starting with four of the ladies whose credentials he'd found of particular interest.

Like a majority of the applicants, these had, as requested, but with some indication of reluctance, enclosed indistinct photos and had planted the invariable suggestion that the changes wrought by time might make it difficult for Richard and Joan of 1981 to recognize one another. But, with each of his own follow-up letters he'd submitted a sharp, clear picture of himself, and assured the lady in question that, though her photo did not "do her justice," he'd recognized her.

None of the four specified her age, but all appeared to be blondes (real or synthetic), attractive, well-groomed, well-preserved ladies in their fifties, so he'd arranged to meet them, individually, by setting up "dates" on successive evenings.

Three had indicated that they were now divorcees and free of any marital encumbrances. The other was a widow.

All four had withheld their real names and merely signed their letters, "Ms. Joan Doe," "Joan Doe," "Mrs. Joan Doe," and "Joan," respectively. But they had indicated mailing addresses with apartment or box numbers, and phone numbers.

For his first appointment, Richard had selected one of the divorcees, who had identified herself as, "Ms. Joan Doe." He'd sent her cab fare, arranged to have a corsage delivered to her, and asked her to meet him at the airport.

To keep this project organized, I'll just consider her as Joan "A." Doe, he decided.

As arrival time approached, he removed a crisp white carnation from its box and tissue wrappings. Aware that his hands were unaccountably trembling, he pinned the flower to the left lapel of his jacket.

The latest communication from his initial inamorata had been a Mailogram received shortly before his departure:

Just thinking of our wicked but heavenly interlude of years ago leaves me breathless with anticipation. Yes, darling, I'll be at the airport. I'll be wearing the corsage of carnations, as you requested, and I'll look for your boutonniere, though I know I'd recognize you without it. Photo indicates you're as handsome as ever. Love, Joan.

The traveler sighed, wriggled impatiently within the confines of his seat belt. The airliner hurtled inexorably onward toward the scene of his first fateful assignation. The sun had set. As the plane descended, the lights of Los Angeles were spread out before him like a vast, glimmering, fluorescent garden of living, growing, multicolored jewels.

Now he felt unreal, like a storybook character, as the flying behemoth shuddered and touched down, and within minutes taxied to a halt at a brightly lighted terminal building.

Feeling uncharacteristically shy, Richard debarked, but forced himself to stride purposefully down the ramp. He adjusted his floral identification, and, seeking its counterpart, glanced nervously about.

An attractive woman, standing near the gate from which he was

exiting, wore a spray of white carnations on a prominent bosom, and seemed to be the person he sought.

"Wow!" he murmured in a barely audible voice. She was comely, provocatively buxom, youthful in appearance though obviously past middle age. She wore a platinum-blond wig, and rather flamboyant makeup.

"Richard! Darling!" she exclaimed, too loudly, he thought. "You haven't changed one iota!"

Her coming on so strong annoyed him. "You're a liar," he said to himself. But if she noticed his frown she didn't show it and gave him a warm embrace and passionate kiss.

"Really. You haven't changed at all," she insisted. "And, do you know what? We're just 17 minutes from my place, by cab."

Then she added regretfully, "Sad to say, those darling little apartments over the carousel have gone to wrack and ruin."

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Roe happen to be pre-registered at the Beverly Hilton," he informed her.

"Well, now! By all means — our place," she said heartily.

"No. I think not," he replied. "Neither place."

"What was that?" Her voice sounded incredulous. "Why?"

"Because you're a phoney."

"All right. So I'm not 'Joan Doe.'" she admitted coolly. "But why should that keep a mutually-attracted adult male and female from 'dallying delightfully' as your cutesy want-ad put it? Try me!" she challenged, thrusting her tantalizing torso suggestively forward. "Satisfaction guaranteed!"

He had to admire her audacity, among other things. But still he hesitated and didn't say anything.

"You're disappointed? You find me unattractive?" she asked tersely.

"On the contrary . . ." He left unfinished his vague reply.

"Then why can't we get together, as planned? Why?"

(continued on page 65)



EUGENIA

On a recent weekend afternoon we made it over to the Upper East Side to attend an anti-ques auction at a prestigious New York estab-

lishment. We came equipped with plenty of cash, and had our hearts set on a deep Persian bowl that dated from the tenth century B.C. "I





think it would be swell for the french-fried jelly-beans at our big office party next week," agreed one of our associates.

When the bidding began, we were shocked to find our five-figure bid topped by a female voice emanating from the back of the room. The voice belonged to a busty sexpot with a pair of knockers as worthy of attention as anything on display. The bidding got heavier (as did our breathing) and it became evident that this gal was determined to have the bowl at any cost. So were we and we had no choice but to







top the gal with a six-figure bid that succeeded in securing the bowl for the G&S offices.

We went over, introduced ourselves to the disappointed gal who told us her name was

Eugenia and we offered to take her to dinner as a small recompense for our winning the bowl.

Over a posh dinner at MacDonald's, we became so enamored of the lady's shapely figure



and bulging boobs that we knew we just had to have her pose for the benefit of our appreciative readers. We whipped out a contract and began making generous offers, all of which she refused. Well, how much loot did she want to pose? "The

52 GEM

Persian bowl" came the reply.

So you can see to what expense we go to bring a great gal to you. But it's money well spent. After all, Eugenia lent us the bowl for the french-fried jellybeans at the office party.

OF FOIBLES AND QUIRKS

continued from page 7

special points in the beloved person, such points being themselves unimportant, but acquiring a symbolic value."

Dr. Karl Menninger, of clinical fame, offered the following: "The unconscious symbolic substitution of one organ for another is by no means limited to fetishists. It is only more obvious to them. But we all do it."

However, the confirmed fetishist — whose condition is pathological, but not necessarily dangerous or harmful — becomes fixated on an object. It is a matter of displacement — the object itself becomes the desired end.

The aforementioned man who stole women's handkerchiefs explained to doctors that his fetishism increased over the years — to the point that stealing a handkerchief was more satisfying than sexual intercourse. In the act he experienced an orgasm.

There are the types who steal handkerchiefs and then masturbate with them. Some men have been known to be potent only when a handkerchief was wrapped around the penis.

Then there are the specialists. One guy could only function sexually with a specific kind of handkerchief; it had to be black with white borders. (One can imagine the frustration involved in his relentless search for these gems.)

It appears that handkerchief-fetishism has been relatively common — as these matters go. It has been suggested that a handkerchief may be that one feminine item that is often displayed which carries an intimate association — her personal warmth and particular odors. To the fetishist, these can arouse feelings of lust because of some early association connected with such ideas.

Actually, the mere presence of a certain pretty girl — in a crowd,

for instance — might provoke the fetishist into action. He may become highly aroused and have an erection. Since she is unattainable, her handkerchief, in his case, will suffice. Consequently he tries to steal it; it is a part of her.

Fetishism takes on many forms. The word itself is derived from the Portuguese word, *fetico*, meaning a charmed or obsessive fascination. It was coined in 1888 by the famed French psychologist, Dr. Alfred Binet, who is also noted for devising the first intelligence test. The word has since become part of the medical literature which deals with sexual matters.

One of the most common fetishists is the fellow who truly digs shoes. Reams of psychiatric material has been written on the subject; its manifestations appear with surprising frequency. And the shoe fetishist is among the most creative and dedicated of the lot. In his book, "The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe," William Rossi wrote:

"The fetishist's skill and techniques in his direct 'love-making' to the shoe are as expert as a Casanova's sexual sports in bed. He works up to a wanton frenzy of sexual feeling by kissing, licking, biting, sucking and caressing the shoe or boot. He devotes his attention in turn to each 'erogenous' part of the shoe — the heel, toe, arch, sole, straps, lining, ornaments, leather, etc. Each part has its own particular significance for him, symbolizing a different part of the female anatomy. He deeply inhales the odor of her shoe, the equivalent of body odors which to him are sexually intoxicating."

Here, too, are the specialists: "When there are fetishists who are mad about shoes or slippers that have some kind of furry or softly napped material — suede, velvet, pompons, shearling slippers, shoes or boots with furred collars or cuffs, or expensive shoes with 'natural hair' material

like unborn calfskin. These trimmings graphically symbolize the pubic area, with the opening of the shoe symbolizing the vaginal entry. In fact, among the initiated, 'fetish' is an acronym for "Friends and Enthusiasts of Tiny Insignificant Shoes and Hair."

In some cases, it is simply a certain kind of material that can excite the individual fetishist. One highly intelligent man admitted that he was crazy about furs and velvet. He said that "the sight and, particularly, the touch of these fetish-materials form for me a powerful aid to other normal stimuli and intensify erotic pleasure . . . Fur, or velvet alone, exerts on me the effect described, the former much more intensely than the latter. The combination of the two has the most intense effect . . .

"Furs, however, exercise on me the effect described only when the fur has very thick, fine, smooth and rather long hair, that stands out like that of the so-called bearded furs . . . But how this peculiar impression on the tactile nerves is related to sexual instinct is a perfect enigma to me."

In his noted work, "Psychopathia Sexualis," Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing reported extensively on cases of fetishism. There was one man who had donned a fox skin as a boy of 12, and, somehow, this had greatly excited him: "From then on there was employment of masturbation by the use of furs, or by means of taking a furry dog to bed with him."

One man was so obsessed with velvet that the prostitutes in a whorehouse nicknamed him, "Velvet." He liked to dress an accommodating hooker in a black velvet dress, and then would become excited and have an orgasm simply by stroking his face with the corner of the velvety dress. He never touched his genitals at all.

Another guy suffered "an irresistible impulse to approach women wearing silk dresses." Still another

(continued on page 69)

RUSSIA'S ADVICE TO THE SEXLORN

Edited and Translated by Igor Beaver

Sometime ago our Moscow correspondent reported that when Russian teenagers write to newspapers and magazines asking questions about sex they get no satisfactory answers. In the interests of better relations, we have arranged to offer Pravda, Izvestia and other Soviet media a free question and answer service from a leading sexpert. Samples follow below:

Dear Olga Landersvitch:

I have been going with this handsome young worker whose conduct was always perfectly proper. So I was surprised the other night when he suggested we should have anal intercourse. I was taken aback!

Ninotchka T.

Dear Ninny:

No doubt.

Dear Olga:

What does the English word "fellatio" mean? I was having a vodka flip with a bourgeois babe from a certain foreign embassy when she mentioned she liked to do that from morn till night. Her nickname is Lollypop. What does that mean?

Ivan Offalitch

Dear Ivan:

A lollypop is an all-day sucker.

54 GEM



Dear Ms. Landersvitch:

I have been studying English because it is my ambition to go to the United States and be a spy. My comrade, Leonid, with whom I share a pad, encourages me much. He says I will be a most beautiful spy. But what is the translation of the phrase, "sleeping with?" The Anglos whisper that Leonid is sleeping with me. But, truly, when we are in bed together, he never sleeps.

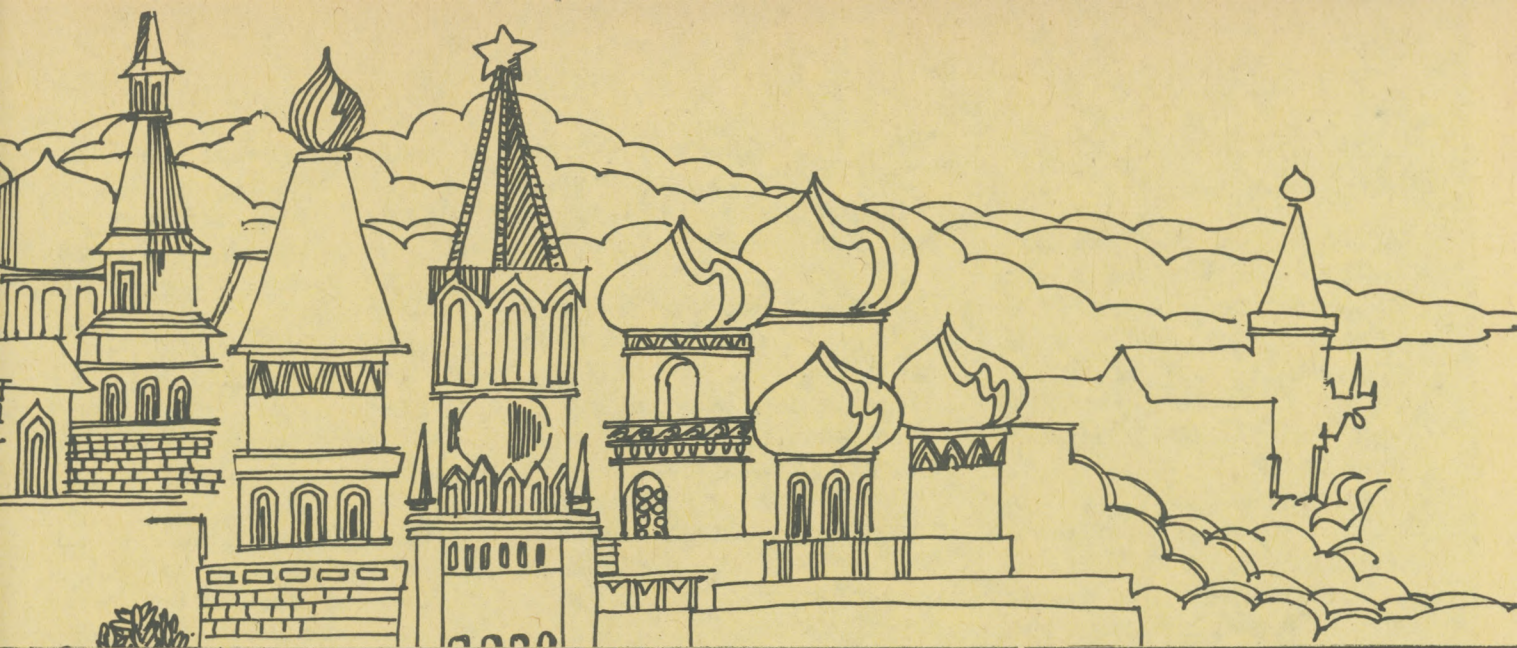
F.Q.

Dear F.:

Congratulations to you both.

Dear Olga Landersvitch:

About a dozen years ago a charming black market fellow sold my wife a large bottle of pills to prevent babies. Birth control pills is what he called them. But they were made in America and I suppose nothing manufactured



in that imperialist nation ever works. Do you know anybody who would like to buy a half full bottle of something labeled. "aspirin?"

Father of Twelve

Dear Daddy-o:

Eat 'em yourself — you've got the headaches.

Dear Olga Landersvitch:

My comrade is neglecting me. He is always seen with another who has golden hair, large breasts and a shape to make the Kremlin shudder. My uncle is a commissar. What should I do?

Worried

Dear Worried:

Speak to your uncle — he can take steppes.

Dear Olga:

What can I do about wet dreams?

Nikita

Dear Nik:

Get out of that waterbed.

Dear Olga Landersvitch:

I could get sent to Siberia for confessing this, so please don't mention my real name. The other day I got a look at a magazine smuggled in from You-Know-Where. In it there was an advertisement for an electronic doll.

This is not a little doll like little girls play with. It is a big doll like big boys play with. It is said to be the rage of Scandinavia. I was particularly interested to note that it has electronic

functioning female organs.

Being a lonesome bachelor. I'd like to have one of these dolls. Do you suppose your ambassador would bring me one on his diplomatic passport?

Minsk from Pinsk

Dear Minsk:

Sorry, he has already promised to bring one to Breznev.

Dear Olga:

Being loyal to the fatherland, I purchased an electronic doll manufactured in Moscow. It lays there like a lump, no more exciting than my wife. Do you suppose I could sell it?

Pinsk from Minsk

Dear P:

Who, your wife or the doll?

Dear O. Landersvitch:

After I got married, I discovered that I didn't love my husband at all. In fact I don't even like him. I found out that I really prefer girls. I had a girlfriend who taught me all the delights of lesbianism. Oh, we really got turned on, kissing and rubbing our naked bodies together.

But she got sent to Siberia and now I'm desolate. All the other women in this town are strangely perverted — they prefer men. What can I do?

Butch

Dear Butch:

Move to Holland — plenty of dikes there. ☐

SUPER STAR HUSTLE

continued from page 32)

Atlantic ocean when in motion.

It didn't take him long to get her undressed and in a state of fury heat. She enjoyed his preliminary love play. Kisses and caresses. No part of her body was left untouched by his hands or probing tongue.

A quick change of positions and he slid deep inside her to erupt the sleeping volcano.

Climax. A new and cherished word. Spasms of joyous relief ended their union.

"I love you, Scotty," she whispered into his ear.

"Chicken, they all fall in love with me."

A *Hustler's Private Life* made a fast fortune for both Cable Studios and Tina. Tina Fitzpatrick made the bright lights of every theatre marquee across the country. There was serious talk of a possible Oscar nomination.

She bought a small estate within short driving distance of Hollywood. Then she turned her talents to the endless pursuit of parties, Scotch-on-the-rocks, and hairy men. They adored her, slept with her, and gladly accepted her generous donations of food, booze, lodging and the use of her body.

But her desperate longing for Scotty continued.

She phoned him most every night. "I remember that beautiful night we had together. You put something delicious into sex, an ingredient most men lack."

"Your zany escapades make great material for the cheap movie mags and the rag tabloids, chicken."

"Scotty... please come over tonight."

"I'm busy." His standard reply was usually accompanied by the giggle of a woman in the background.

Scotty, in turn, called Tina several times a week and bombarded her with offers of starring roles.

Tina also had a standard answer. "Call me when you have something better." It was the most direct way she could think of to get even with him.

With each new lover she spent and threw aside, her yearning for Scotty's affection grew. Liquor dulled the deep wound of cold rejection and gave her crazy hallucinations of savage revenge.

Over the next several months a barrage of business calls from Scotty infuriated her, but the standard line applied. "The part doesn't appeal to me."

Scotty's own anger flared. "Chicken, don't make the mistake of getting too heady with your fame. Wait too long and the public will forget you exist. My next offer you accept — or look for another agent."

Famed Hollywood columnist, Helen Van Kote, jolted her avid readers with a piece of news that read: *The newest acquisition of Superstar Tina Fitzpatrick (remember her?) is a mindless idiot by the name of Jack Lesser. Jack is posing as an actor. Remember his huge flop titled A Woman's Best Friend? Lovely and unpredictable Tina has hired Jack as all around handyman... which probably includes stud duty on long, lonely nights. Jack is a dud on the Hollywood scene, and will go no further in his acting career than Tina's bedroom. Please write us, Tina. Is Jack a dud in the sack, too?*

Fuming and cussing, Tina flung the paper clear across the bedroom just as Jack made his exit from the shower. His atlas-like body was beaded with water.

"Wipe yourself, you slob." Tina shouted, still enraged. "You'll get my rug wet. Then make me a double Scotch."

Jack muttered an apology and retreated back into the bathroom. Tina puffed up a pillow and leaned back on the bed. The evening's schedule was set. A few strong drinks to help ease her into a

carefree, sexy mood, then a serious sex session with Muscles. After he wore her out, she'd sleep long into the next morning. Day in, day out. Week after week. The same routine.

A shame Jack was so damn predictable. He limped in as a miserable second compared to Scotty's love-making. Highly sophisticated computers had nothing on Jack Lesser.

He strolled back into the bedroom carrying two tall and chilled glasses. He wore brief, brief jockey shorts with the word "Tina" cleverly sewn around the crotch. "For you, love," he said softly.

She yanked the drink from his hand, spilling some on his leg.

"Sloppy, sloppy," he cooed with automatic forgiveness.

"Man-sucking leech," she said sharply.

"Correction, Woman-sucking."

"Fag!"

That radiant Pepsodent smile again. "Only when you're not available, love. Now let's try to be civilized with each other."

"Anything you want me to do?"

"Yes, screw me... like never before."

He fingered her sheer silk garment, then inched his fingers under the material until he reached her outstretched crotch so warm and moist.

The bedside phone rang at that instant. Jack answered it with a welcome, "Hi, Scotty. Yes, she's here."

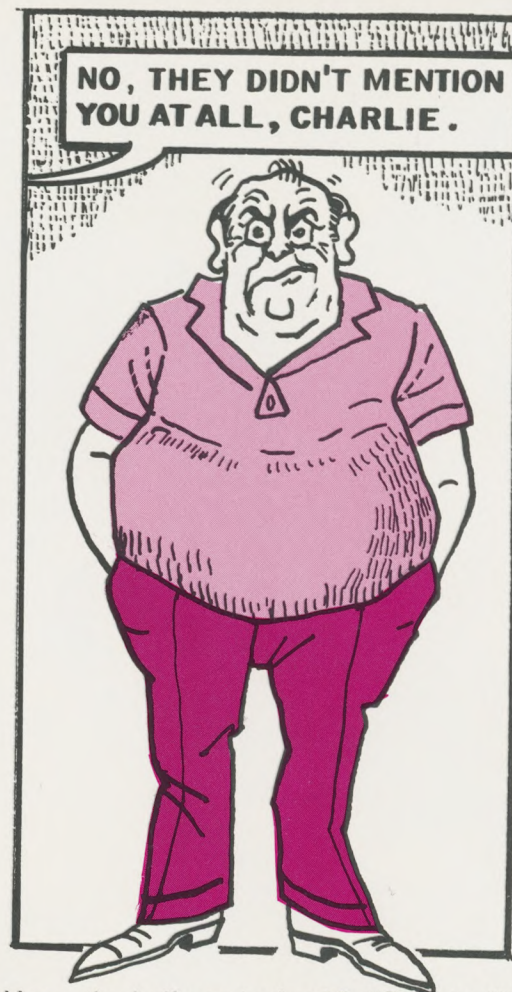
The actress Tina grabbed the receiver in what seemed to be heated anger. Yet in the bowels of her heart a melody of long awaited hope was being played in three-quarter time. "What the hell do you want, Scotty?"

"Chicken, I've got the part for you."

"Crap you do."

"Brace yourself for this one. Cable brought the rights to *The Cess Pool* written by you know who."

Tina jerked upright to a sitting



position on the edge of the bed, her eyes wide and flickering with excitement. "Case Yearling, the greatest living mystery writer in America . . . hell, the world."

"They want you for the starring role of murderess. The role guarantees your name to be mentioned in future Hollywood history books."

Tina the actress took her cue of a long pause while her heavy breathing kept the line alive. That cursed secret doubt swamped her thinking process. But only momentarily. Could she be convincing in a high-tension role as murderess. The hustler thing was easy, a few hours of sex with love-starved servicemen . . . but a murderess? "Scotty, can I do it? I'm afraid."

"Damn right you can. Think murderess. You wield a kitchen knife, kill seven men in cold blood."

"Scotty . . . are you alone tonight?"

"Chicken, tonight I'm alone. Come over. We'll have one last fling."

Her hand tried to strangle the receiver. "One last fling?"

"Read about it in Helen Van Kole's column tomorrow."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm getting hitched at long last. This is forever — or until I get bored with her. But about tonight. Hurry over. I'll leave the front door open." The receiver was resting back in its cradle. Her heart and breasts felt heavy with the loss of the only man she had learned to love. Living, she decided, was hardly worth the effort without Scotty. Tina, the determined actress, rose from the bed and walked into the kitchen. The largest and sharpest knife she could find measured a full 18 inches in length. She gripped the handle and swung it for balance. Perfect for the bloody job ahead.

Holding the knife behind her back, she returned to the bedroom where Jack was cleaning his unnaturally long fingernails with her file.

"You have a surprise for me behind your back," he said in innocence.

Ooooooh, do I." She exposed

the knife and raised it. "Surprise!"

Jack fell into near-shock. His muscles went limp, his face turned stark gray with sheer terror as he watched Tina approach with the knife held high and poised for easy slaughter.

When she was within striking distance, she lowered the knife.

Jack's breathing returned to normal. "I thought you were going to —"

"Not you. I want Scotty dead. I'll do the job, but you'll dispose of the body. I need just enough time to make a film. I don't care what happens after that."

Tina never did make the film. After she left the house with the knife in her bag, Jack called the local station house and she was stopped by the police outside Scotty's house. Nothing much happened. Scotty didn't press charges when Tina agreed to leave town and stay away. Rumor has it that she intends to open an acting studio guaranteeing would-be starlets how to succeed in Hollywood. □



PEPPER

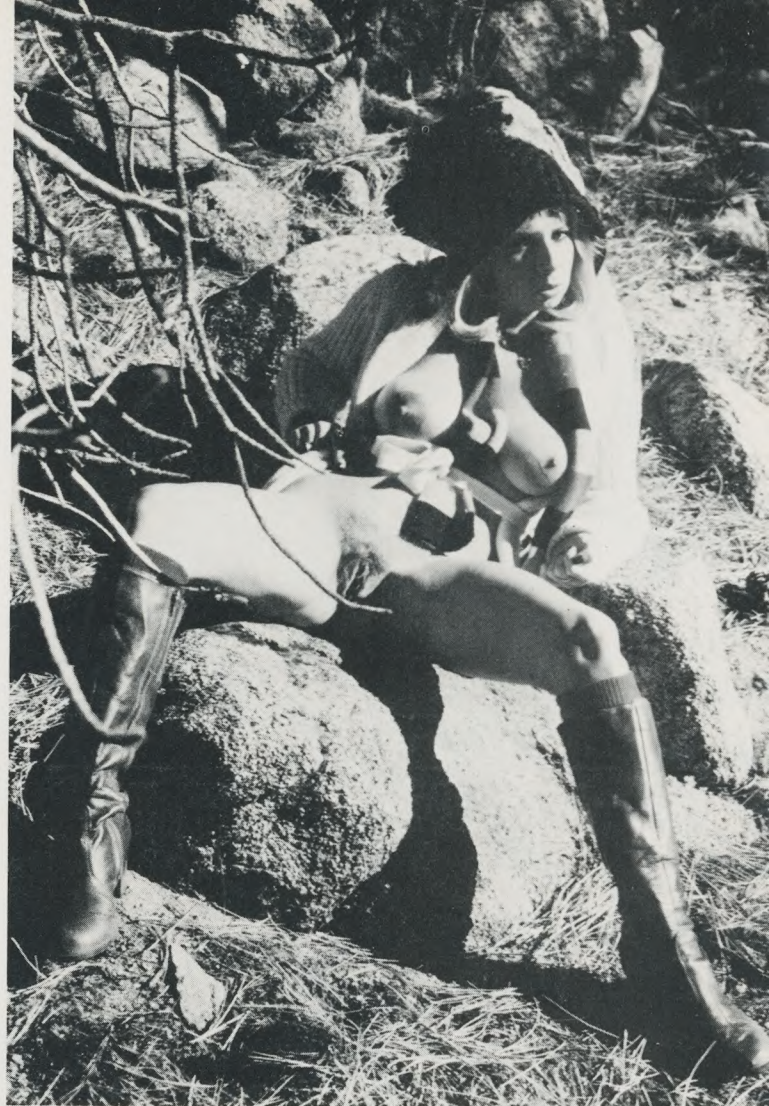
It gives us great pleasure to present this flashy blonde bombshell to our eager league of BUF fans. Pepper is appearing in our pages for the first time, possibly the first time anywhere but we're not really sure about it. When these pics

first arrived, a lot of the guys were clamoring for her phone number.

"I'm afraid that's confidential information," our cameraman insisted. "I couldn't possibly reveal it for less than, say, two hundred bucks."







That's just the answering service, of course. The home number will cost you more. I really must run, now. Pepper is just impossible when I'm late for a date. You know how women are."

One of the new circulation men put his money down for Pepper's home phone number — only to find that he'd been put in touch with Dial-A-Joke. Well, we can't blame him for wanting to get on the hotline to this enticing busty blonde.



Pepper is a red-hot mama whose sexy good looks and big boobs are guaranteed to bring a BUF buff's blood to a quick boil.

Although she's employed as a secretary in New York, Pepper keeps a country home upstate. Weekends find her hiking, mountain climbing, and taking in the great outdoors. Pepper has a long-time special interest in geology, and she's always on the lookout for unusual and rare rocks. We're always on the lookout for rare BUF charm, and this vivacious blondie cutie possesses plenty of it. If life has been too bland for you lately, this liberal dose of Pepper is guaranteed to spice things up for you! ☐

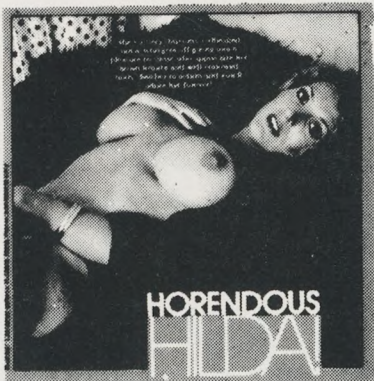


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THE REAL JOAN DOE

continued from page 45

"You're right, why not," he said as he took her by the arm. "Let's go."

She was as good as her word. Her body was still firm and she gave full satisfaction. From the moment she bared her ripe, large breasts and pulled his face to her erect nipples, he knew he was in the hands of an expert. Deftly she unzipped his fly with her teeth and later just as shiftfully maneuvered him so his head was between her smooth thighs at her luxuriant bush. When he mounted her, her movements were like a well-oiled machine and she never seemed to tire.

But when she was ready to leave several hours later, although his sex appetite was sated, he wasn't satisfied. And when she suggested that it would be an appropriate gesture for him to give her a hundred dollars as a present, he realized as he had suspected, she was a professional and that took away the pleasure of the adventure he had planned.

By the next morning, he had forgotten about the first Joan Doe and began to anticipate meeting Joan "B."

He called her telephone number, reaching a woman who said nervously that she was "Mrs. Doe's maid," and had been instructed to take any message received from Mr. Richard Roe during the absence of Mrs. Doe, who would return shortly.

So he suggested that Mrs. Doe should come to the hotel at 6:00 P.M., and, when she arrived, dial his room from a house phone in the lobby.

"Damn!" he exclaimed, after waiting in vain until 8:00 o'clock. Joan "B." Doe failed to telephone. He realized this one was a wash-out. He retired rather early and slept well, exhausted after the previous night.

He had arranged in advance for

the widow, Joan "C." Doe, to phone him at the hotel on the following day, shortly before noon. And, relieving his doubts, she called on cue, at about 11:30 A.M.

"Hi, Richard," she said, a bit hesitantly. And her voice was sweet and gentle. "This is Joan. I suppose you just arrived. Did you have a pleasant trip?"

"I sure did," he said. "And I was looking forward every moment to seeing you again."

"Me, too," she said, then giggled. "You know what I mean. I was looking forward to seeing you — not myself, of course."

"Of course," he said, then paused awkwardly, mentally groping for his next remark.

After seconds, she picked up the conversation. "Your voice sounds about the same," she said, then added anxiously, "Does mine?"

"No. I can't say that it does. Not exactly," he replied.

"Oh dear!"

She sounded distressed, and he hastened to comfort her. "It's been a long time — and I love your voice, just the way it is. I mean I like it. Oh . . . You know what I mean."

"Of course," she said, and giggled happily once more.

Then she was silent again, apparently expecting him to "carry the ball."

He wasn't certain why, but realized that his usual poise had deserted him. Finally, he blurted, "Where'll we meet?"

"That's up to you, Richard," she said demurely.

"How far are you from the hotel?"

"I could be there conveniently by 1:00 P.M."

"Okay. I'll meet you in the lobby at 1:00 o'clock."

"How will we know each other?" she asked, adding hastily, "because both of us have changed, of course."

"Right," he agreed. "I think I'll recognize you from the photo you

sent. But will *you* approach me, please. I'll be wearing a blue, pin-stripe, vested suit, and there'll be a white carnation on the left lapel — a kind of beat-up, wilted carnation."

"I'll be dressed in brown and tan, and will be carrying a tan shoulder bag," she said then added hesitantly, with some indication of embarrassment, he thought, ". . . and I'll be carrying a tan overnight case."

His own identifying flower turned out to be unnecessary. He spotted Joan the moment she stepped from a revolving door quadrant. At least, he hoped that the woman he saw was Joan. She was lovely — almost youthful, svelte but shapely, dressed in a trim brown skirted suit with matching accessories. A windblown shagcut blonde coiffure; sparkling, friendly blue eyes; and a fresh complexion gave her an almost girlish charm. Only a hint of sagging at the chinline indicated that she was probably past 50. He saw that she carried a tan shoulder-bag and a small piece of tan luggage, as she strode unhurriedly across the hotel foyer. And her long, slender legs and slim, tan-sandalled feet visibly complemented an overall attractive appearance.

Within moments she stood shyly before him, and spontaneously he took her into his arms. She returned his welcoming hug. And they kissed.

"Richard!" she breathed. "Good to see you again."

"It's better than good, it's great," he said, surprised to find himself so pleased by the encounter. "Have you had lunch?"

"No, I haven't," she said. "Though I did have a rather late breakfast."

"But you could use a snack?"

She nodded affirmatively, and he said, "The room service here is terrific." Then he saw her hesitate.

"I'd rather not," she said, "—just yet."

"I understand," he told her. "Let's go out of the hotel. There's a fine

restaurant on Wilshire, not far from here. DeLicio's. Do you know the place?"

"Just by reputation. But I'd love it, I know."

"Then DeLicio's it is!" he said enthusiastically.

As they exited from the hotel, Richard took her hand. Though she tensed momentarily, she did not withdraw it. But he almost felt that he was leading astray an innocent victim of his lust, as they went about the mundane business of strolling toward the restaurant.

Neither had spoken for several minutes when he glanced down at her and saw to his amazement that she seemed upset and tense.

"Joan!" he exclaimed with surprise.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't go on with this lie. I'm not Joan. I wish I were — because you're so nice, but I'm not."

"I know you're not Joan," he said gently. "Don't be so perturbed. You're not the only pretty imposter who answered my ad."

"There were others? I can hardly believe it!" she exclaimed. "But I'm so embarrassed and ashamed. I don't know what got into me! My husband has been dead for four years. I've been all alone, and — well — so much in need of — of congenial male companionship. Your ad tempted me. So I gambled that the real Joan wouldn't be in this area after 34 years, or wouldn't happen to see the ad, or wouldn't reply because she was now happily married — or something. But I had no idea that anyone else had the same idea. Have you — have you seen any of the others?"

"Yes, two but neither was the Joan I was looking for — you are," he told her.

"Oh! I'm so glad!" she said fervently, then added sadly, "But it really doesn't matter. I mean... Oh!... Anyhow... Anyhow, I find that, even if you were still willing after my exposure as a fraud, I—I couldn't go through with our — with our arrangement. I can't

change the way I've always been. Never in my whole married life was I intimate with anyone except my husband. I shouldn't have answered your ad, but I've been so very, very — well — lonely."

"I'm glad — very glad you answered the ad," he told her. "I'm widowed and lonely, too. Forget about the 'dalliance' part for now. Let's just enjoy each other's company and then see what happens. And I assure you, project 'Joan Doe' has just ended."

"Oh! But Richard! What about the real Joan — the girl you met in 1947 — and — and 'dallied' with in Santa Monica? It's quite possible that she's one of the others who answered your ad!"

"I'm positive she isn't," he said.

"But how can you be so sure? You said you met only two of — of us."

"I'm absolutely sure. You see, like you, I've been alone for several years, and was lonesome. And, frankly, I found the role of a celibate difficult. So I decided to act out a fantasy and have a promiscuous fling. Incidentally, I'd always wanted to travel to California some day. So, with the aid of tourist literature from a travel agency, I prepared that ad and placed it in a Los Angeles paper. Except in my bawdy imagination, Joan Doe never existed... But you exist and I've got a feeling the best is yet to come. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

all in fun as George Hamilton capers through a dual role playing Don Diego Vega, and swash-buckling Zorro, and his twin brother, Ramon, whose sword goes swish.

A hilarious development follows after Don breaks his ankle jumping off a balcony and persuades his reluctant brother to take his place. Zorro's costume has always been black, right? Well, twin buddy will take the job only if he can redesign the costume in gaudy shades of plum, banana and avocado!

Title of this farce: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." As Joe Cook used to say, "Don't miss it if you can't."

K P Duty

Was Never Like This

A man in Bucks County Pennsylvania liked to lay his babe on the kitchen table — she was a real dish. But he neglected to pull down the curtains or turn off the lights and his next door neighbor hollered copper so a judge convicted the table-hopper of lewdness, a misdemeanor. We think the snooping, tattle-tale neighbor should be fined, too — for disturbing the piece.

Hot Pants and

What to do About Them

In the otherwise charming village of Pine Bush, N.Y., snuggled in the foothills of the Shawangunk Mountains, you could get arrested for wearing shorts! "Good grief!"

But the statute is there and carries a ten-dollar fine for each offense. "No person shall be or appear in or upon any of the public streets, ways or highways of the Hamlet of Pine Bush in uncovered bathing suits or uncovered attire known and referred to as shorts or unless properly dressed. Any person violating this ordinance or any part thereof shall be liable to arrest, action and penalty."

And, if as the town cop approached, you lept into your car and tried to escape to Pennsylvania, an APB would probably fetch you back.

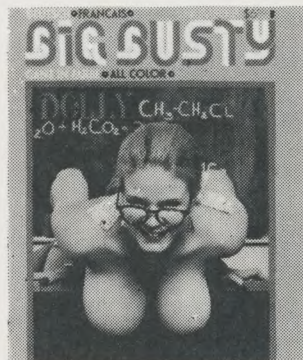
Happily, beautiful downtown Pine Bush is not as old-fashioned as its 1931 ordinance. "It has not been enforced since 1940," says Town Clerk Shirley Sheeley. "Normally laws like that never get repealed. They just stay on the books and are never enforced."

You think maybe they should be, sometimes. That's when you see a man in briefs whose legs look like a barber shop floor. Or a bikini-clad woman who appears to be a refugee from a balloon race.



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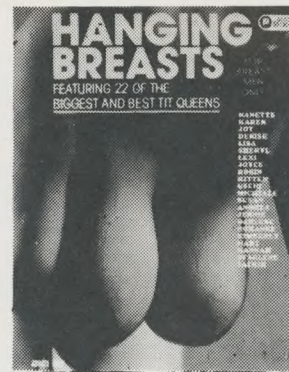
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THE BAR-NONE SPREAD

continued from page 20

really look — and that you can mix a drink. So . . . how do you make a thunderclap?

I told her, even suggesting a brandy by brand name.

She quizzed me some more, then said, "One other thing. This is a very classy place. No boots and spurs behind my bar. You'll wear a white jacket and a red bowtie — agreed?"

I agreed.

I went to work that very night — after eating my weight in jumbo shrimp back in the kitchen. I already knew how it would go. I'd work a couple of weeks, or a month, then take off and go cowboy again or hammer nails. In the meantime, I'd eat Sylvia's shrimp, mix a few drinks, collect my tips — and maybe latch on to a horny female customer here and there.

Everything worked out that way — except the horny female part.

The first time I let a half-drunk woman whisper over the bar that she'd like to screw my red bowtie off, I got hauled into Sylvia's plush office.

"I don't go for that," she snapped. "Don't think you can pull your young, dumb but hung act behind my bar."

I grinned. "You got the dumb but hung part right boss lady."

She could have fired my butt for that, but instead she turned sort of flushed and confused and sent me back out to the bar.

The more I thought about it, the more I grinned. I had a horny female on my hands, I realized, but it wasn't any damn customer.

It was the boss lady. The next few days it seemed to me she dogged my steps, glancing at me, smiling, fluttering those false eyelashes. I even learned from the cook back in the kitchen that Sylvia was divorced from the guy with the scar — and that her daughter was in school over in Boulder. Nothing, I knew from ex-

perience, can be hotter in the sack than a slightly aging female with no husband or kids to spoil her fun.

It happened the next Friday night. I found an envelope tucked into the pocket of my white jacket. It contained a key, a twenty-dollar bill, and a nice note that read: My apartment, tomorrow night at eight o'clock. Let's talk about a raise for you. Sylvia.

Since the next night was my night off — why not?

The phonebook listed her apartment as being about twenty bucks away by taxi, so the next night I scrubbed down, put my clean cowboying duds back on, and rode over in style in a cab.

She lived in one of those fancy condo places, eight floors up. When I let myself in, I thought I'd stepped into a Hollywood movie. Real ritzy — pink sofa, pink shag carpet, pink everything — and a sexy incense smell that sure beat the funk of a cowlot.

She wasn't there yet, so I settled in and made myself a drink from the mirrored bar in the corner. I was just getting a nice buzz when the door opened and in she came.

Except it wasn't old Sylvia. It was the blonde goddess from the desk photo.

"Hi, there," she said, her voice teasing as a kitten's tongue. "Mind mixing me one of those?"

You could have knocked me over with the flick of a calf's tail!

When she had settled in beside me on the sofa, drink in hand, she explained what good friends she and the cook were — how the cook kept her informed about new bartenders, and how the cook had slipped the note and stuff in my jacket.

I was listening in a blur because all the time she was talking she was stroking my leg with the tips of her fingers — and my saddle horn was getting crazy-hard in my jeans!

"Mom always has good taste in bartenders," she purred at me softly.

I swallowed. "You've — uh — done this before?"

She smiled lazily. "A few times — when cook is sure I'll like it."

I grinned. "My compliments to the cook."

She didn't bother to smile at my joke. Instead, she turned and put both her hands around my head and pulled my mouth down to her's. We traded tongues until my saddle horn was pushing up against my fly like a goddam crowbar.

She pulled her moist lips away from my mouth and whispered, "Here, cowboy — let me!"

Then, with every nerve in my body tingling with lust, I felt her begin to unbutton the front of my jeans . . .

We were at it for a good two hours. Since I knew now it was her apartment and not old Sylvia's, I relaxed completely — and with both of us buck-ass naked, I took her every way I could think of. The last time it was sort of a rough doggie-style operation, and I think she liked that best of all. When I finally pulled out, her hair was tangled, her cheeks flushed, and her contented and beautiful butt was sticking up in the air and quivering with the slowly receding pleasure.

When I left, she pressed another twenty in my hand and asked me to come back on my next night off.

Back down in another taxi, I felt so damned happy I had the guy drive me to "Pete's Pack Saddle." I wanted to celebrate what I knew was going to be a month or two of the best free poontang this side of the Continental Divide!

Pete was glad to see me.

I had a couple of beers on Pete, we talked a little, and then he let the bomb fall.

"Yeah," Pete drawled, "Sylvia's a nice dame — but you got to watch out for that nympho daughter she's got."

"You do?"

"Yep, the last bartender Sylvia hired somehow got into the panties of that daughter of her's, and Sam had the guy's legs broke for him."

"Sam?" I asked, weakly, remembering the photo of the ape with a scar on his cheek.

"Yeah, mean sonofabitch. Mafia connections. Owns The Crystal Inn and a string of other joints. He divorced Sylvia's ass, but lets her keep running the place. But that daughter of their's — Sam is sort of crazy when it comes to any male sniffing around her box."

I forgot my beer.

"Sam has his boys keep a watch on the girl's apartment at all times," Pete added, casually. "They report back to him — and he sends somebody around to break legs. Nice old boy, Sam."

I guess I don't have to tell you I hitched out of Denver that very night — back to the mountains around Walden, and back to my safe saddle.

Like I said — I'm lucky about women, lucky about jobs, and lucky about life.

And I aim to keep it that way. □

OF FOIBLES AND QUIRKS

continued from page 53)

man would put silk material against his body, which "immediately produced erection, orgasm and ejaculation . . . What gratified him more than being with a pretty woman was to put on a silk petticoat when going to bed."

The things that can attain the status of a fetish are extraordinary. There was one young man who was at a party and was introduced to a pretty young woman who was wearing some large red roses on her bosom: "Ever since then large roses dominated his sexual feelings. He incessantly bought roses; kissing them could produce erection. He took them to bed with him although he never touched his genitals with them . . . He would dream of roses and, inhaling their fragrance, have ejaculation." In his case, though, the fetishism disappeared as suddenly as it had taken hold.

One man's grand passion was reserved for aprons, of all things.



"About 200 bucks a night is what this nice girl is doing in this joint."

At the age of 15 he had seen an apron hanging out to dry. He had put it on and then masturbated behind a fence. From then on, he was hooked. Every time he saw an apron, he repeated the act. This was followed by an apron-stealing spree, until he was finally caught and bound over for psychiatric help.

Another man was powerfully aroused by the sight of wet female dresses! If the same dress were dry, it had no effect on him: "His greatest delight was to look at women with wet garments in the rain. If he met a woman having a pleasing face under such circumstances, he experienced lustful pleasure, had an erection and felt compelled to perform coitus. He stated that he never had any desire to steal wet female dresses or to throw water on women. He could give no explanation of the origin of his peculiarity.

"It is possible, in this case, the sexual instinct was first awakened by the sight of a woman as she exposed her charms by raising her skirts in wet weather. The ob-

scure instinct, not yet conscious of its object, then became directed to the wet garments."

But what are the true causes? What are the motivating forces that lie buried deep in the unconscious? Sigmund Freud first described the significance of a fetish by showing that it was a substitute for an infantile sexual object.

The selection of the fetish was also influenced by specific smell attractions.

In his later writings, Freud emphasized that the fetish symbolized the penis and the presence of the fetish relieved the castration fear of the male. This had been originally aroused by the first sight of the female sexual organs. Her genitals resembled a gash, or a wound, and this was translated into the fearful thought that the penis had been removed, or taken away. Freud theorized that the presence of the fetish not only stimulated a fetishist's sexual desires but also allayed his castration anxiety.

Dr. Karl Abraham further noted: "Psychoanalysts generally agree

with Freud that the fetish is a penis-substitute. Furthermore, they agree that fetishism is found only in males."

In any event, fetishism takes some curious turns. Krafft-Ebing told of one man who doubted his sanity because he became "sexually excited by the sight of physical defects in women, especially lameness and disfigured feet." He had no explanation for it. Normal women did not attract him. "If a woman, however, was afflicted with lameness or with contorted or disfigured feet, she exercised a powerful influence over him, no matter whether she was otherwise pretty or ugly."

"In his dreams . . . the forms of halting women were ever before him. At times he could not resist the temptation to imitate their gait, which caused vehement orgasm, with lustful ejaculation." He said he could only marry a lame woman.

There are many cases of hair-

fetishists. Some simply adore the hair on a woman; the more desperate cases desire actual possession of the hair. The latter are known as hair despoilers.

An example of the first type was a man who became intensely excited whenever he saw a woman with her hair in a braid. If the woman's hair hung loose — no matter how beautiful she was — he felt nothing sexually.

The more extreme types are the hair despoilers; they take great risks in pursuit of their passion. One such man grabbed a young girl and cut off her hair with a pair of scissors. He was arrested and pleaded temporary insanity. But when the police searched his house, they found 65 switches and tresses of hair.

It was later learned that when he had a girl's hair in his hand he could be aroused to erection and orgasm. At other times he would wrap the hair around his genitals, and rub his body with it. And he

was constantly on the look-out for more hair to add to his bizarre collection:

"If he could not attain the object of his desire, he became greatly depressed, hurried home, and there reveled in his collection of hair. He combed and fondled it, and thus had intense orgasm . . . Hair exposed in the show-case of hair-dressers made no impression on him; it required hair hanging down from a female head.

"At the height of his act, he was in such a state of excitement that he had only imperfect apperception and subsequent recollection of what he had done. When he touched the hair with the scissors he had an erection, and, at the instant of cutting it off, ejaculation . . .

Then there are the true hair specialists. On his wedding night and for several nights thereafter, one man had no sexual relations with his new (and obviously puzzled) bride. Then one night he presented her with a surprise. He produced a wig with enormously long hair. He begged her to put it on, and she obliged. Then he was thoroughly potent, and intercourse followed.

This went on for weeks, but then the wig began to lose its power. He subsequently produced a new wig. The color was of no importance, but the hair had to be thick and long. With each successive month he got a new wig for his wife. After five years of marriage, he had two children and a collection of 72 wigs!

Many other instances could be cited, equally as odd. But it is significant to note that the fellow who dug wigs did not really do anyone harm. (Although he must have gone to considerable expense in accumulating all those wigs.)

But then, we all have our little quirks. The fetishist, of course, pushes his quirks beyond the norm. Obviously, man's complex sexual nature can take some strange twists. □



"Here's the sandwich you ordered."

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