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1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

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GEM

VOL. 24 NO. 5

AUGUST 1983



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CODE SEAL



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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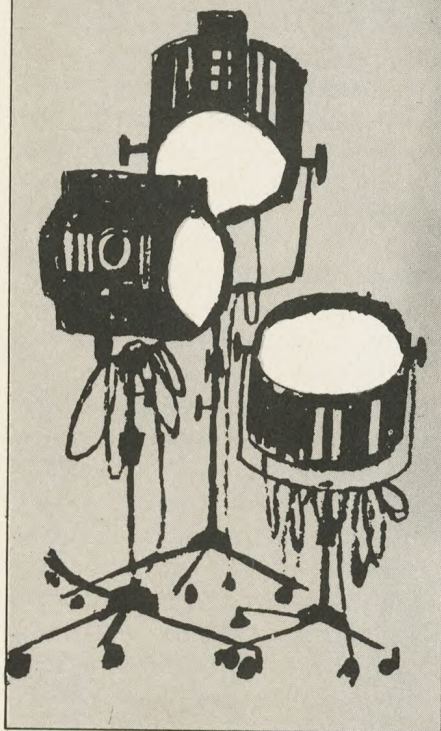
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"Now, why in the world should he be impotent!"



PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Melvin Sparks: Sparkling (Buse) is the jazz guitarist's first waxing as a leader. Sparks is a bluesy player with strong bebop roots, and has worked and recorded with Jack McDuff, Sonny Stitt, Charles Earland, and Lou Donaldson.

Neal Creque (piano), Buster Williams (bass) and Idris Muhammad (drums) handle the rhythm section chores here while Sparks stretches out on both standard and original material. Sparks' chordal treatment of "Misty" and a country-blues style "A Bolt of Lightning" are among the highlights.

Malcolm Dalglish and Grey Larsen: Thunderhead (Flying Fish) is the third album of traditional music by this outstanding duo. Dalglish is an inventive and facile player of the hammer dulcimer, an instrument not often seen today even in folk/ethnic circles. Larsen is heard on a variety of instruments including fiddle, concertina and wooden flute. The duo performs some seldom-heard traditional Irish and American tunes as well as breathtaking originals. Among the standouts are Larsen's original title tune and a French tune, "La Valse Pour Les Petites Juenes Filles."

The Trumpet Artistry of Chet Baker (PAUSA) reissues some sterling quartet, sextet, and ensemble sides cut by Baker in 1953 and 1954 with an outstanding cast of West Coast jazzmen. Baker's lean, intense, playing on the ballads makes for some powerful performances. Striking arrangements by Jack Montrose, Bill Holman, and Russ Freeman effectively set up Baker's quietly burning trumpet. "All The Things You Are" displays Baker's cool bebop lines, but it is the ballads, such as "Little Man You've Had A Busy Day" and Jack Montrose's setting of the Benny Goodman theme "Goodbye" that are the real revelations here.

The Gary Burton Quartet: Picture This (ECM) is another fine offering from the jazz vibist. Burton's gorgeous sound, wealth of ideas, and choice of challenging contemporary material has made for consistently excellent albums over the years. His current lineup

consists of longtime teammate Steve Swallow on electric bass, drummer Mike Hyman, and alto saxist Jim Odgern, who contributes two originals here. This tightly knit unit is at its best on Carla Bley's stunning "Dreams So Real" and Charles Mingus' "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love."

The Emily Remler Quartet: Take Two (Concord Jazz) is a strong second album by the young jazz guitarist. Remler, 25 at the time of this waxing, seems to be gravitating towards a hard-bop style, and often brings to mind the work of Wes Montgomery. In addition to her sizzling single-string excursions, Remler displays thoughtful chordal work on her original "Waltz For My Grandfather" and Mongo Santamaria's "Afro Blue," the latter performed on an acoustic instrument. Also among the standouts is "Eleuthera," an imaginative line by Remler's husband, pianist Monty Alexander. Remler has the benefit of an ace rhythm section in pianist James Williams, bassist Don Thompson, and drummer Terry Clarke.

Spyro Gyra: Incognito (MCA) is the best yet from the popular fusion group. Saxist Jay Beckenstein and keyboard ace Tom Schuman have created a jazz/rock fusion that is melodic and danceable, more accessible to the pop audience than say, Weather Report yet they've managed to steer clear of the mindless electro-funk one hears all too often these days. A stellar cast of musicians, including Steve Gadd, Hiram Bullock, Dave Samuels, John Tropea and Toots Thielmans is on hand to bring out the best in originals by Beckenstein, Schuman, and arranger/conductor Jeremy Wall.

BOOKS

Billy Taylor's *Jazz Piano: A Jazz History* (Wm. C. Brown Co.) is an articulate and well-thought out book designed to compliment

the pianist/jazz educator's National Public Radio "Taylor Made Piano" series. Taylor traces jazz history along with piano styles, and feels that jazz historians have placed too much emphasis on the role of the individual — styles are passed more from generation to generation, rather than from artist to artist, according to Taylor. The book includes many musical examples, but is not technical to the point where it can't be enjoyed by non-musicians. Taylor takes a direct approach and avoids the theoretical rambling and circuitous mumbo-jumbo that often takes the place of intelligent analysis in jazz books. *Jazz Piano* is a generally well-balanced presentation, but one wonders why Nat Cole, Bill Evans, and Count Basie receive such short shrift from Taylor.

American Women in Jazz (Worldview) by Sally Placksin is a much-needed volume dealing with female jazz musicians and singers from the early New Orleans period through the present. Placksin has done an impressive amount of research documenting the careers of both obscure and well-known artists. While it is true that the better-known musicians have been dealt with at length elsewhere, one feels a need for a more thorough treatment of such trailblazers as The Boswell Sisters, Mildred Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald, and Betty Carter. Still, Placksin's book fills a major gap in the annals of jazz scholarship, and leaves no doubt that women have been active in all stages of the development of jazz. The text is complimented by a nice selection of photos of female musicians and all-women bands.

Roy Acuff's Musical Collection At Opryland (WSM) is a gorgeous photo album of rare and unusual string instruments on display at the country singer's Nashville museum. Fiddlers, guitarists, and banjo pickers will drool over this mind-boggling display of master craftsmanship, ornate decoration, and musical curiosities. Classic Martins and Gibsons are shown along with mando-harps, lyre-basses, and other seldom-viewed items. Guitar maven George Gruhn and cowboy singer Douglas B. Green, returning to his former calling as country music historian, have co-authored the highly informative text. Country music aficionados as well as anyone with an interest in acoustic instruments will not want to miss this. Available from Opryland Merchandise Dept., 2802 Opryland Dr., Nashville TN 37214.

The God of The Labyrinth (Wingbow) by Colin Wilson is an extraordinary novel which is a literary whodunit, sexual thriller and philosophical tomewrapped up in a single package. Gerald Sorme, the protagonist of two earlier Wilson works, seeks information on an obscure 18th-century rake and literary figure, and in the course of his quest becomes involved with "The Cult of The Phoenix" a group which uses sex as a stepping stone to higher consciousness. Wilson, who has written non-fiction works on the psychology and philosophy of crime and sex, is both an entertainer and a thinker; there's plenty of food for thought in this compelling and unusual novel. From Bookpeople, 2940 Seventh Street, Berkeley CA 94710.

Roy Hoopes' *Cain: The Biography of James M. Cain* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) appears at a time when both readers and Hollywood are taking a renewed interest in the late novelist, whose works

include "The Postman Always Rings Twice," "Double Indemnity Serenade," and *Mildred Pierce*. The critics are still at war over Cain's literary standing — he's been called everything from a purveyor of hardboiled trash to a major writer, superior to Hemingway, who has a unique handle on the American psyche. Hoopes, aided by interviews and access to Cain's unpublished memoirs, tells us a lot more than most of us might wish to know about Cain's life, but he also provides background on the author's remarkable early novels. He also discussed Cain's early career as a journalist, and his association with H.L. Mencken, Thornton Wilder, and other literary figures. Hoopes clearly admires Cain, but he avoids getting involved in the intellectual analysis of Cain. Joyce Carol Oates and others have indulged in. Whatever the final verdict on Cain, his fatalistic tales of crime and desire occupy a unique place in American literature, and Hoopes has done an admirable job with this long overdue biography.

The romantic legend of the American West as presented by the pulps and Hollywood has lost its foothold on American youth, which is now too involved in video games to take notice of such quaint entertainment. *Cowboy Collectibles* (Harper & Row) by Robert Hede and John Gilman recalls an era when the Hollywood cowboys spawned an avalanche of spin-off products including comic books, lunch boxes, sheet music, watches, and Western outfits, all of which are valued collector's items today. Western buffs, nostalgia freaks and students of popular culture will drool over the profusion of photos here. Red Ryder, Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry, Roy Rodgers, and a host of other shoot-em-up heroes are well represented in this impressive guide to cowboy bric-a-brac.



DIVIDED ATTENTION

by Lou DeChris

*The aging but still attractive couple
prided themselves on being swingers
and they even took separate vacations*



John and Mary Saunders had been married for fifty-five years. Although they were both eighty years old, they were in great shape and looked like attractive sixty-year olds; and they still prided themselves on being a “swinging couple.” In fact they were. Every year they would take separate vacations. During those vacations each of them would try to have an affair with a younger person of the opposite sex. Not only that — but when they got back home they always told each other all the details of their summer escapades.

This particular year John had gone to St. Croix and Mary had spent her month in the Hawaiian Islands. John arrived at their suburban garden apartment first. He was anxious for his wife to return so that he could tell her about the curvaceous twenty-year old nympho he had made love to for the last several weeks. Mary came home the next day with a dreamy smile on her face and announced on walking into the house that she had had a magnificent time.

She told her husband that she had met an extremely virile and horny twenty-year old stud. John smiled and said “I guess that just about makes us even.” And then he told her how he had spent his time.

Mary said “You old fool, it’s obvious that I had a much better time than you did!” The old gent’s usually suave and tempered demeanor became ruffled. He asked, “How can you possibly say that? We both had great sex with twenty-year olds.”

Mary smiled a delighted smile and said, “Yes, but any idiot knows that twenty goes into eighty more times and eighty goes into twenty.”

THOSE NEW "HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO..." BOOKS

by Palmer Lane

Did you ever stop to wonder why, if sex is such a natural thing, there are so many instruction books?

Two books recently hit the stands just about the same time. They were called (a) "How to Make Love to a Woman, (written by a man which is fine) and (b) "How to Make Love to a Man" (written by a woman.) So far, so good. Everything's even, right.

Both books are doing well, and that's okay, I guess. But who are these people who write

these things (I know, but I'm not telling) instructing people how to get it on? Do they have a degree? Perhaps a B.A. (Bedroom Acrobatics) or a Ph.D. (Physical Daredevil)?

No, never. They are just a couple of writers who figure to put their fantasies in print, is my bet. Actually, they seem to be compiling things they've learned along the way to make the world a better place in which to give.

One of the authors was recently given front-page publicity for belting around his live-in partner. Fortunately, punching out your bedroom mate isn't listed in the book as a love-making aid. But this author does ask some intriguing question.

To save you \$10.95, my crack team of sex-perts put their heads together and came up with some answers to these queries.

Question: How can you tell when a woman is about to reach orgasm?

Answer: Steam coming from her ears, loud screeching and hips bouncing more than 2 feet off the mattress is a dead giveaway.

Q: What do women find sexy in a man?

A: Off hand, \$\$\$\$\$\$.

Q: How can you tell from a woman's kiss if she wants you to take her to bed?

A: If she kisses you on your pecker.

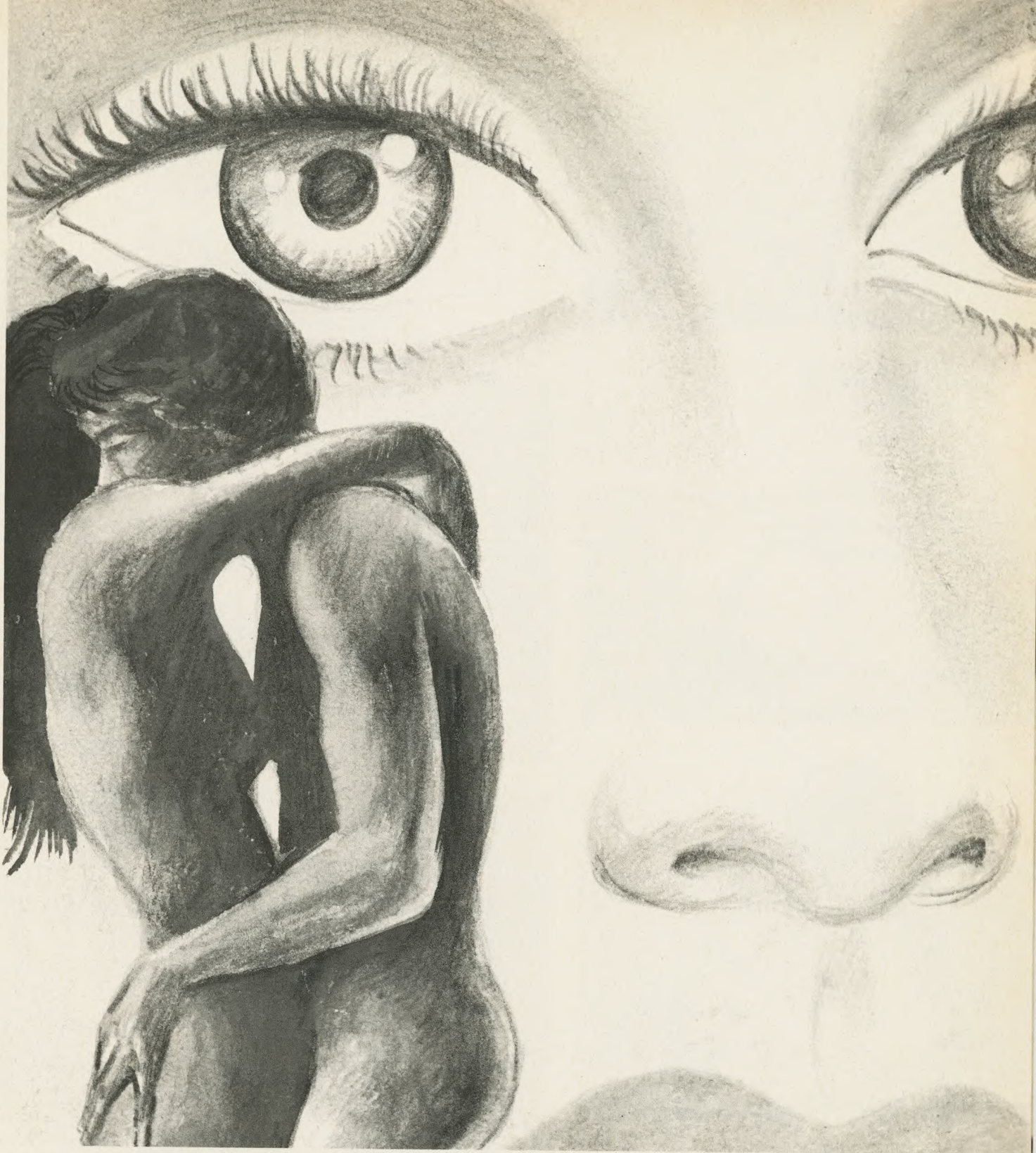
Q: What are the most irresistible physical attractions a man can develop?

A: Hint: It's not above the waist.

Digressing, a bit, it's summed up best by Mae West who once asked a gangster in one of her films: "Have you got a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

That should make that perfectly clear.





Another Westism clarifies it for the newcomers to the sex game: "A hard man is good to find."

Q: Why do many woman actually prefer the "missionary position?"

(That's man on top, lying flat out above the woman, the kind missionaries used when bringing enlightenment to the native islanders

who dismissed the position as elementary.)

A: It makes them feel devout, eliminating any tinges of guilt.

Q: What is the sex position which is easiest to give a woman multiple orgasms?

A: There are many. The crowded bus position (seated, face-to-face), the let-me-help-you-find-that-button position, (both kneeling, man

(continued on page 24)





NIKKI LEE

Welcome BUF newcomer, Nikki Lee, to our pages for the first time. This bosomy lass hails from Canada and we hail her appearance here. Many years ago there was a highly-ranked

prize fighter named Canada Lee who first won reknown in the ring and then as a very fine actor on the Broadway stage and in Hollywood. Nubile Nikki isn't related to him in any way,



but it's a remarkable coincidence that her father is a boxing manager and she is an aspiring actress.

Also remarkable are her all-around thespian talents as well as her pair of big, round, knock-

out boobs. To say the least, Nikki's boobs are prominent and she laughs every time she recalls a director of a community theatre wanting to hire her to play the part of a girl who dresses up like a boy (so she can enter an all-male mili-





tary school in order to be with her boyfriend) assuming that no one would be able to tell the difference! That director must have been blind or a nitwit. Those knockers of Nikki's stand out like a beacon on a dark night!

Nikki's figure isn't going to hurt her chances

but she wants to succeed on her acting ability, which is considerable, we hear. She has the ability to make an audience laugh or cry as the situation calls for. And if the part calls for a sexy siren, she's got the parts that can sure turn the viewers on.







JOHN
KENNEDY

"Don't worry about the transplant, Doc, I've never rejected an organ."

Any gal who wears a wedding dress on a first date with you surely has something special in mind. And there are other tell-tale signs that indicate when girls are actively seeking your attention . . . or something else as the case might be. Here are some examples.

DESIGNING WOMEN

by Jock Budd

A foxy lady you've never seen before is alone with you on a stalled elevator. She unzips your fly and starts stroking your organ, trying to get you off between floors.

You're seated in a cocktail lounge when a gorgeous young thing comes rushing over from another table, pulls open her blouse, and bares her beautiful boobs. Her nipples stand out pink and firm like the tips of baby fingers. Then she gives you her telephone number and invites you to call anytime. It's a number that begins with 800.

"I've got a foot fetish," says the pretty bank teller with the big boobs, "but I'll settle for seven or eight inches."

You are introduced to a gal who says she's a sex education teacher at a local high school. "I'll help you bone up for a sex test," she says with a wink.

The very moment you come into your blind date's apartment, this chick moves close against you, runs her hand inside your slacks, and massages your manhood. After you climax, she says, "Glad to meetcha. That will be fifty bucks, buddy."

You're out cruising the town and pick up a dimpled darling. She, first, talks you into get-



ting into the backseat of the car. Then she says, "Drive it home."

Gourmet food, fine wine, French perfume, a dimly-lit apartment — the blonde bombshell uses all the female moves to get you into her water bed — and all of them work.

The female mail carrier on your route regularly brings you love letters from a girl whose name you're not familiar with. Eventually you learn that the lady postman composes the letters herself when she lies down inside your door and asks you to give her a special delivery.





CODE SEVEN RENDEZVOUS

by S.R. Shaphren

He was a veteran cop who took great pride in his loaded gun and he couldn't wait to get at the mysterious woman who had sent him a message that she just had to meet him

Charlie Harwell snored loudly but woke up as the young rookie took the corner like some hot dog on TV.

"Trying' to get us killed, kid?"

"No, sir. Just trying to keep up with that Caddy. Two suspicious looking dudes..."

"One of whom contributes heavily to my pension fund. Call in a seven at Rose's. Lunch is one me."

"On Rose probably."

"Speak up, Kid, didn't quite hear you."

"That's on Rose and sixth. Right?"

"You're catching on quick, Kid."

Harwell settled the rookie in a red leatherette booth and gave him the benefit of his long years of experience by suggesting he pass on the deadly chili and order a greaseburger that might let him survive until the end of shift.

Sucking in his gut, Harwell ducked through the alley and into The Elegance Arms.

Except for the name, there was no attempt to make the shabby hotel look like something it wasn't. No pretense that the cubby-hole rooms ever rented by the full day or night.

"307," the desk clerk said with an envious sigh that said Elizabeth was just as beautiful as she sounded.

Harwell smiled as the name echoed in his mind. It sounded classy, like some stockbroker's wife. Did dames like that chase a badge as eagerly as tired old hookers who would do anything to avoid spending one more minute in a holding tank? Like starry-eyed teenyboppers who thought humping a cop was the next best thing to making it with Robert Redford?

"Elizabeth," Harwell mumbled as he headed for the stairs. Hell, before that rookie managed to gulp down his second bite,

Harwell would be calling her Liz and she'd be begging for more.

What was it the message said? "I HAVE to see you."

"Yeah, Babe. Right away." Harwell moved his butt faster than he had since he left the Academy eighteen years before.

Elizabeth was a ten all right. Even after he took a long hard look at her, Harwell could only find one tiny thing wrong with her — she still had all her clothes on. Hardly sexy clothes either, that tailored gray suit and pale blue blouse.

Still, something about those firm round tits and those luscious hips made most of the hookers he'd known look like nuns.

Funny thing. Harwell couldn't place her face. It just didn't make sense. A man doesn't forget blue eyes like those, couldn't possibly lose track of where he'd first seen those tempting lips, those long, shapely legs.

Had Elizabeth been the beautiful surprise behind the wheel of a speeding sports car? Maybe the girlfriend of some scum he'd busted? No way! She was much too classy for that. Much too young to be the mother of some juvie on the wrong side of the law.

Ah, hell, why waste time trying to figure it out? Just ask the lady.

Elizabeth ducked his question with a deep throaty laugh and said something about trying to get together with him for a couple of weeks. "I was hoping we could talk."

"Definitely NOT what I had in mind."

"I can see that. How about a compromise? We'll talk first."

Concentrating on mentally undressing the beautiful woman, Harwell only listened to every third or fourth word. Lord, this woman loved to ask questions. Too many questions. She sure didn't look like an Internal Affairs headhunter, but Harwell's gut rumbled a warning that the lady spelled trouble with a capital T.

"Get the hell out of here, Man," urged a tiny voice that was quickly overruled by an erection that would have made a twenty-year-old stud proud. Harwell wasn't about to let paranoid fears deprive him of an opportunity like this. No way!

Like a hypnotist's spell, Elizabeth's voice worked its magic. Harwell hadn't wasted any time thinking about that particular disastrous rainy Monday in the past, much less discussing it, but for just a second he was tempted to tell her everything.

"You'll feel so much better if you talk about it."

She sounded more like a shrink than some horny broad who wanted details the newspaper left out. Elizabeth . . . E . . . as in "Dr. E. Cohen," the signature on the memos Harwell kept tossing in the trash basket.

Well, if she thought that hiking up that gray skirt far enough to give him a tempting peek at the coming attractions was going to make him lie down and submit to a brainwashing session — she might just be right. But not before he'd made it perfectly clear that he knew exactly what her game was.

"Playtime's over, Elizabeth. I know you're the Department Shrink."

She took one look at the prominent bulge between Harwell's legs and giggled. "If you say so."

"That's not what I meant and you know it. If I needed the interior of my head redecorated, I'd . . ."

"You talk too much, Harwell. Why don't you just shut up and listen for a second? Just remember that I'm trying to help you."

"Prove it," Harwell demanded, already half out of his uniform.

Elizabeth didn't waste any time shedding the tailored gray suit and the pale blue blouse. No bra to confine those big, free-spirited tits; barely enough lace to qualify as panties.

Pushing her down on the bed, Harwell tugged at that tiny bit of

lace and spread the long lovely legs. He was ready, very ready.

But just seconds away from plunging into the steamy paradise, Old Reliable let him down.

Damn! This only happened to old men and scared boys. Not to Charlie Harwell. Not ever.

Elizabeth stared up at him with obvious disappointment. Almost as though she couldn't begin to guess this was all her fault. If she hadn't asked that particular question just when Harwell was about to plunge into her — to give her the screwing she was looking for. If only she'd waited till after. Why?

One thing was sure as hell clear to Harwell. He might as well get dressed. Nothing was gonna happen here now no matter what this beautiful woman did.

Elizabeth got the message too. She slipped into the gray skirt, buttoned the pale blue blouse, reached for the jacket.

"How about tomorrow? Same time, same place. I'll be waiting." Not really a question or even an invitation. More like a command performance. Almost as though the lady thought Harwell owed her something. Maybe he did. Harwell promised himself he'd give her something to remember. Tomorrow.

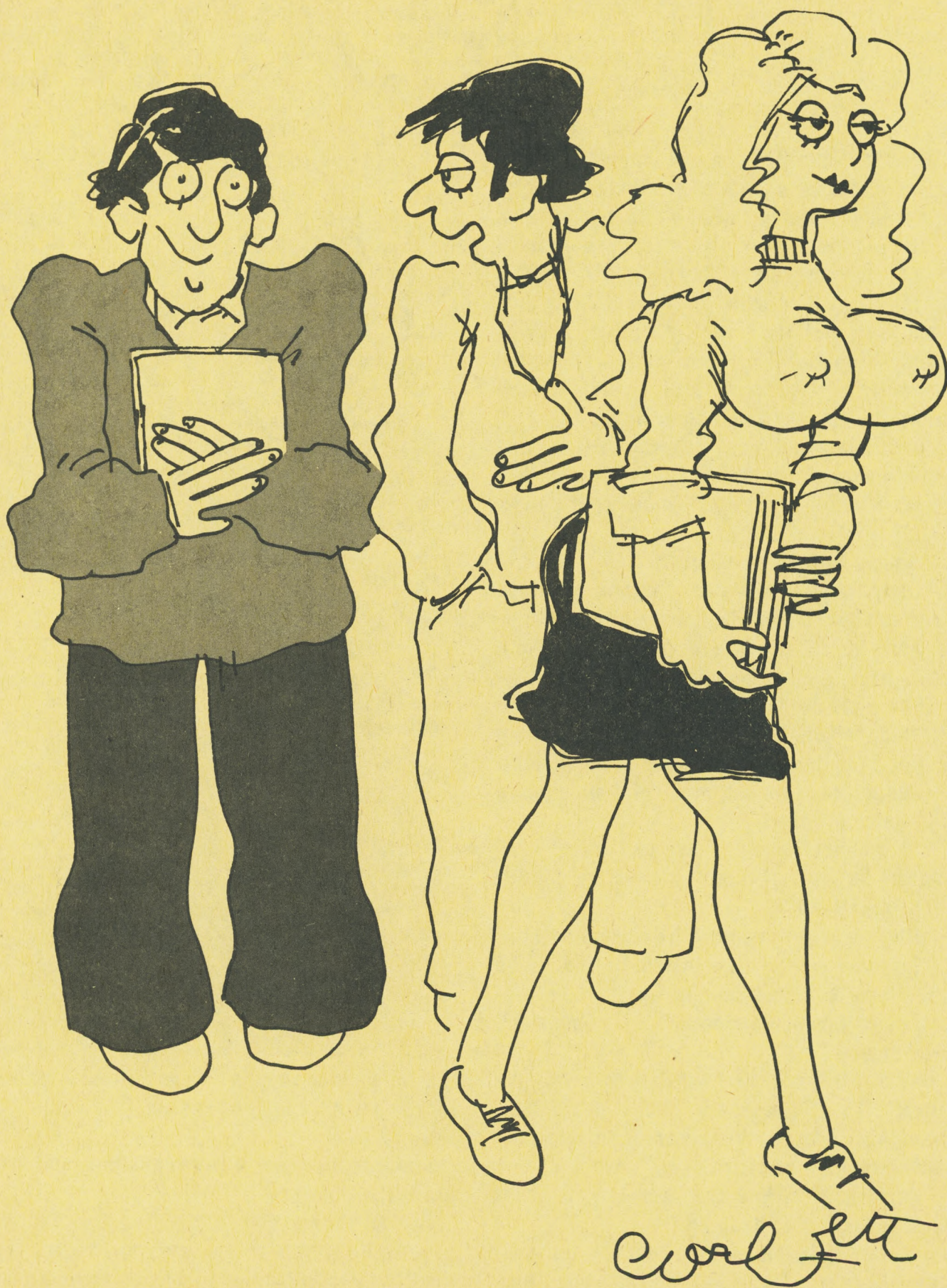
Harwell hurried down the stairs and through the alley into Rose's, saw the rookie fidgeting in the red leatherette booth. Poor kid looked like some five-year-old desperately waiting for a spinster teacher to give him permission to go to the john.

"Let's hit the street, Kid."

The last thing Harwell wanted to do was think about the fiasco at The Elegance Arms, but every time he closed his eyes to catch a couple of winks . . . there was Elizabeth. Reminding him he wasn't super stud anymore. Making him relive that rainy Monday.

Maybe it was a sign of age that Harwell couldn't quite remember what Robinson had looked like. Maybe all the young rookies really

(continued on page 75)



"I don't know if she's 'good in bed' or not — but she's great in a car."



PLAYING

Saturday morning on the municipal golf course was usually jammed and this day was no different. Joe and his wife Maria looked with dismay at the huge crowd already waiting to tee off. They had been there since 7 o'clock, the time they had made up to meet Joe's best friend Ned and his brand new bride, blonde, bosomy Roberta. They had made up to meet that early so they could play at their leisure before the crowd started showing up.

Just then, Ned and Roberta ran up and Roberta apologized, saying it was her fault they were so late. "I just don't know what's been getting into me lately," she said, and then turned red as they all laughed.

"Okay, okay," said Joe. "I know you love birds can't keep away from each other but now we won't have the course to ourselves and we'll really have to keep moving."

They were up and after the other three had hit, Ned teed off, but in the middle of his swing he peeked at Roberta's great boobs which threw his head out of line and made him slice into a high patch of rough.

"Hit another one, Ned," Joe said. You'll never find the ball in that rough. It's matted and it's deep, real deep."

"I'll find it, don't worry," Ned replied.

"No, you won't" Joe insisted. "You'll be holding up the whole course. The foursome behind us will be screaming at us. Go ahead, hit another one."

But Ned walked off in the direction of the rough. "It's not necessary, I tell you. This ball I'm using is special. Whenever it gets into deep matted rough it starts to beep."

Joe looked at Ned and shook his head, "I think your brain is beeping."

But sure enough, as they reached the general area where Ned's ball had flown in, they heard a soft beeping from below the thick mat-

The newlywed brought his sexy young wife to



ted rough. Ned reached down up to his elbow, picked up his ball and tossed it out into the fairway.

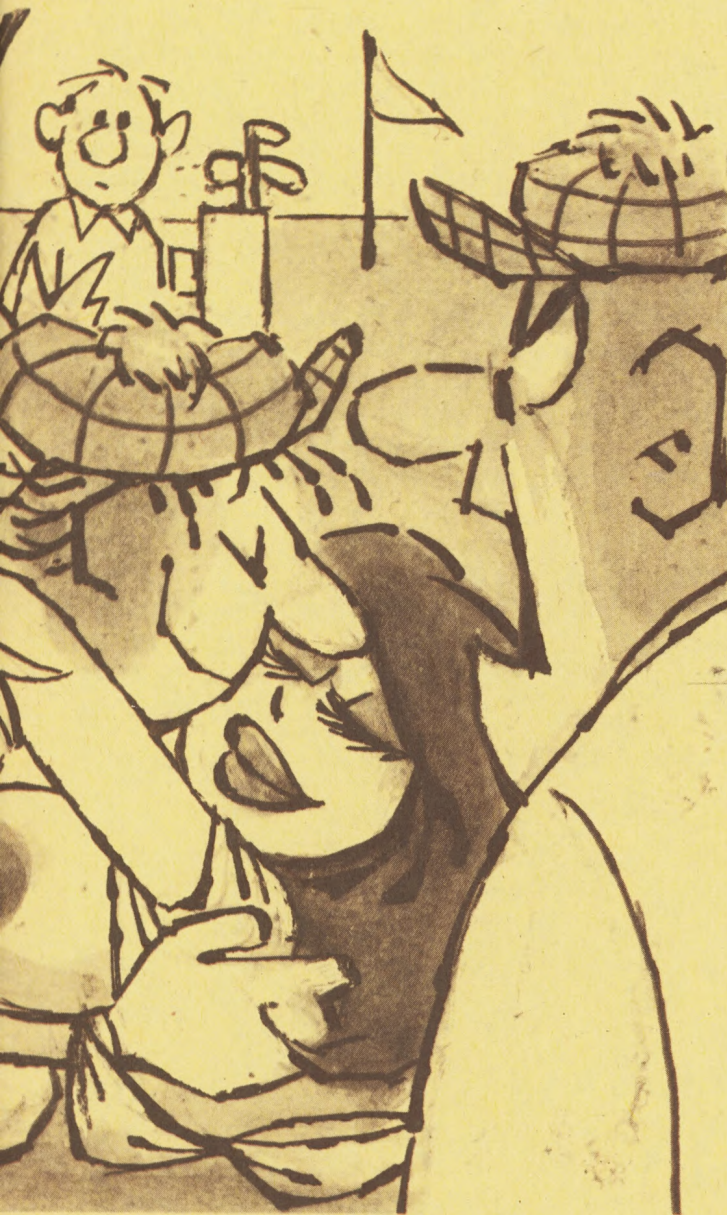
Joe was too startled to say anything and they played out the hole.

But on the next tee, after Ned watched his sexy bride wiggle her hips as she took a few practice swings, his mind was on anything but golf. His turn came and he promptly hit a huge

AROUND

by Kent Ames

the golf course and it was one incredible ball!



hook into the dense, dark woods.

"Oh, oh, that's gone," Maria cried out.

"Hit another one," Joe implored. "Special ball or not, you'll never find it. It's so dark in there even bats won't go in."

But Ned refused to take another shot. "No problem," he said, "this ball is special, I tell you. It not only beeps, but when it's in dark woods it gives off a strobe light. And sure

enough the disbelieving golfers found a glowing, beeping ball lying on the ground between such densely packed, heavily-branched trees that they could barely see their hands in front of their eyes. But Roberta knew where Ned's hand was — it was patting her exciting, sexy behind.

With his other hand, Ned tossed his ball out into the fairway, but the stroking of his bride's butt ruined his concentration for his next shot, and he hit his ball into the huge lake running along the other side of the fairway all the way up to the green.

"Too bad that ball can't help you hit a good shot," chuckled Joe. "You're going to have to forget it now."

"No way," Ned answered back, "I'll get it."

"Yeah," Joe snorted, "if you had a submarine. Drop another ball and let's go. That four-some behind us is on our tails and getting real impatient."

"That's right," Maria chimed in. "No use being stubborn. That ball is gone for good."

"Nope," said Ned. "You're the ones who are being stubborn by not accepting what a special ball it is. When it's in deep water it uses sonar and releases some inner energy to propel itself to the surface and to the side of the lake closest to the green."

Just as Joe and Maria were saying "Aw come on, that's too much," they all heard a soft whirring sound and saw the lake begin to bubble, and after a moment or so the ball surfaced and floated to the green-side of the water. Joe, Maria and Roberta looked on in wonderment.

"That is the most incredible ball I have ever seen," commented Maria.

"It sure is," added Joe, "where did you ever buy it?"

"Oh, I didn't buy it," Ned replied, "I found it!"



"HOW TO MAKE LOVE" BOOKS

continued from page 9

behind) or the time-honored, patriotic V-for-victory position, (woman on back, legs upraised, spread, man on knees.) These are all acceptable maneuvers if your lady friend desires a multiple job.

Positions, frankly, aren't all that important. It's the foreplay, the mood-setting that gets a woman to fever pitch. Choose any position. It's up for grabs. And if she grabs it, you're both half-way there.

That should handle the major issues raised in the book about making love to a woman (humping broads, for the unschooled).

The tone of making love to a man is a different story. In this, the author gives tips on how to excite the man. Frankly, when I see a tall pretty girl in a short skirt climb out of the back seat of a Volkswagen, I'm ready. But, let's press on. Here are some of her suggestions and possible male reactions.

Change the setting for seduction. Don't limit romance to the bedroom. (Try places like the Staten Island ferry, a Grand Central Station phone booth or on top of Old Smokey.)

Leave sexy notes in his pocket for him to find at his office. (That can be trouble. Suppose he thinks it's from his busty co-worker? He gets aroused. He makes a pass when he bumps into her at the water cooler. He stands right up against her backside when she sharpens pencils. The boss spots him. Fires the guy. He was rubbing the girl the wrong way. Besides, the babe happens to be the boss's bedtime companion.)

Suggest a bath for two. (One of our staff accepted and it was one of those you-wash-my-back-and-I'll-wash-yours affairs.)

If they stayed with backs, fine. But no, they had to do fronts, too. Nine months later a child was born. As they say, accidents happen if you should slip in the bathtub.)

Have a sexy book sent to him by

special delivery. (This can be bad, too. One girl sent her lover a sexy book. He read it quickly, got excited and spent three days in bed with the girl who delivered it.)

Invest in silk lingerie. (For the woman, not her guy.)

Wear exciting clothes. (One up-to-date woman wore a pair of tight-fitting hot pants — with directional signals.)

So much for the books. Very basic, elementary, mostly kid stuff. Do they help anyone? Certainly the authors profit. They've struck a rich vein. How-to-Make-Sex-Happen books are proliferating.

That brings up a question, of course. If sex is such a natural thing, why so many instruction books?

But more power to the authors, I say. In fact, as a writer, I'm about to join their numbers. But I will be exploring virgin (pardon me) territory.

Here are some of the titles and descriptive notes I have in mind:

"How To Make Love The Fratricide Way" — A handy guide for the explosive lover with a bad

heart who doesn't know if the next bang will kill him.

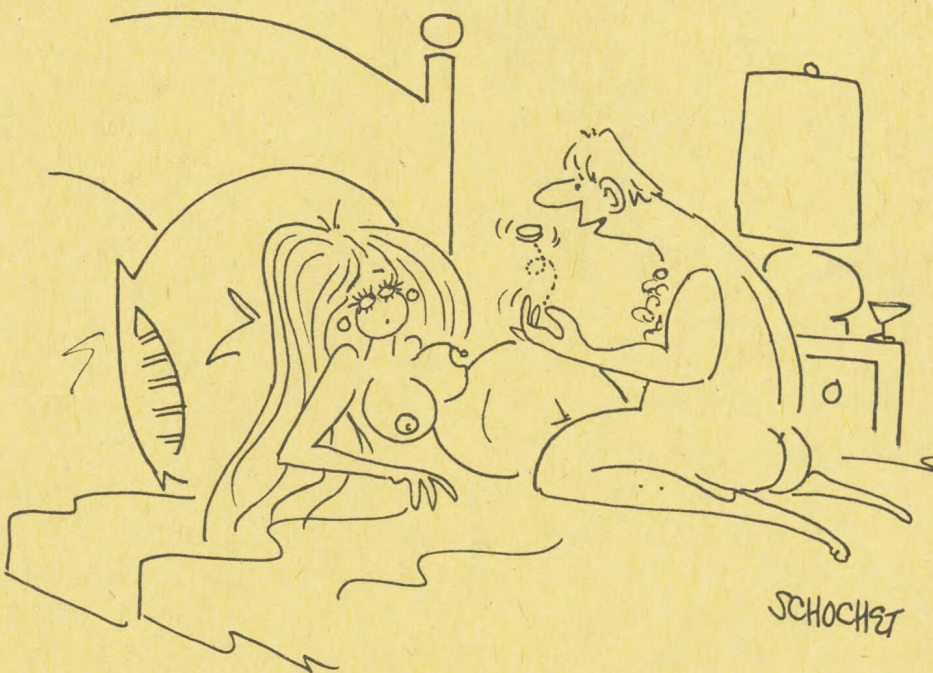
"How To Make Love To A Reaganomics Exponent" — Exotic foreplay styles based on the trickle-down theory — the more screwing around the rich and powerful do, the more the guy on the bottom gets fucked.

"How To Make Love To a Con-tortionist" — Upside down, backwards and over the top, you'll learn how to do Tricky Dick maneuvers. You'll be able to get home no matter what shape she's in.

"How To . . ."

Ooops, sorry. Have to go. The pretty lady next door just stopped in to see if she could borrow a cup of bourbon. How can I turn her down when her tongue tickles my tonsils as she reaches for my gun, steam comes out of her ears and her dress is stencilled with the words: "For your convenience, tear along dotted lines."

No time for books. She'll add to my "how-to" knowledge face-to-face. Or whatever position we decide on. It's a toss up — which may be a new one for the books.



"Heads it's head . . . tails it's tail."

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:

"Loose Threats" may well be the first socially-oriented porno. The garment industry, this flick contends, is filled with high fashion loose women and unscrupulous men. Sex and money is how they play the game. Dinner is usually performed under the desk of the boss or on top of a row of sewing machines. Sewing dresses isn't enough to keep your job if you won't lift your sirt for the boss. Wild orgies on location at an actual garment factory bring the bosses to their knees. This sounds more like 69th street than Seventh Avenue.

Radio-TV host Joe Franklin overheard it in a singles bar: "She

got herpes of the eyeballs, looking for love in the wrong places."

Joy Films' "Velvet Touch of the Velvet Tongue" tells the story of two young guys who own the most famous sex club in their town, putting on the best live sex exhibitions anywhere. Of course, they have to do a lot of auditioning to make certain they hire the right talent. There's a great scene in which one of the partners walks into the club's kitchen and finds a young Moroccan girl he hired as a dishwasher giving head to the chef. She's so accomplished he takes her out of the kitchen and puts her on stage with his experienced "stars" Within days she's



Promotion copy for "The Velvet Touch of the Velvet Tongue," a Joy Films release. Also shown is one of the featured gals.

the star performer and known all over town as "The Real Deep Throat." The audience then follows her stardom through a series of sex-capades with the wealthiest club patrons, both male and female, as she maintains her title as the top tongue in the country.

Italian director Guido Manuli's film "Erection" got its U.S. premiere at NYC's prestigious Bleeker St. and Carnegie Cinemas. If

(continued on page 57)

GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES



ADRIANNE













CANDY

We feel remiss if a season goes by without our featuring the great Candy Samples, legendary super BUF Hall of Fame Champion.

We had been promised a new set by one of our

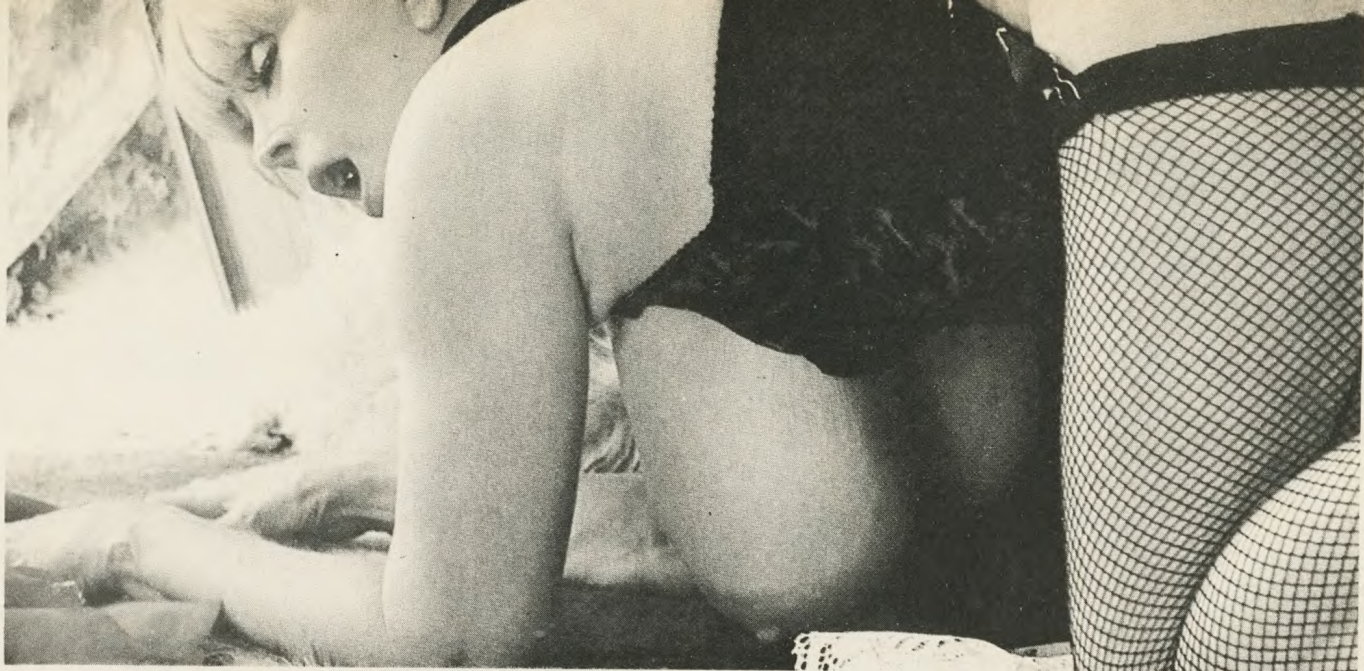






trustworthy photographers for this issue but something went awry and he couldn't deliver. But we

can—and here are pix we have never printed before. They're from different shootings and they add up to





sweet and scintillating viewing.

And as soon as that new set comes in, we'll rush it into print. If you're like us, you can never get your fill of this Candy. □





DAHLIA





A close-up photograph of a woman's legs, wearing red high-heeled shoes, resting on a red surface. The image is framed by a dark, patterned border on the left and top. A white rectangular box with the text "Gem of the Month" is overlaid on the lower left portion of the image.

Gem of the Month



Welcome a super sensational brand new BUF champion! Knockout Dahlia is a show girl

with a pair of monumental knockers that are show stoppers de luxe. Her singing and dancing



PLEASURE

NUMBER ONE IN EXCITEMENT

DEUTSCH ENGLISH FRANÇAIS NEDERLANDS





are good enough but it's her fabulous figure that figures to get her to the top.



Dahlia is as bright as she is attractive and this brunette dazzler is taking correspondence









courses in math and computer programming so she can get in on the technology boom which is



going to transform the economic future of contemporary society in the next decade or two.



We doubt that a chick with her pretty face and super shape has to worry about her econ-

omic future. There are loads of well-heeled suitors anxious to take care of that. But Dahlia is





an independent lass and loves the feeling that she can stand on her own two legs — lovely ones, we might add.



Dahlia does enjoy being squired about to the best places by her beaux and goes for fancy clothes in a big way. We go for her in a big way





H & S EXCLUSIVE



KATTY (#396)

The ultimate super plumper 280 pounds of hot-blooded woman. (64DD) Katty appears in a black slip and red body suit. She removes her slip and takes out her gigantic whoppers. She begins to massage, squeeze, twist and shake those mammoth mammaries. Great closeups of those big whoppers.

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MAGNIFICENT MILLICENT (#322)

Brand new big bust sensation Millicent 54 inches of gigantic chocolate whoppers, with a rotund tummy, enormous thighs and huge buns. Watch her shake, squeeze and lick her enormous boobs.

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DOMINIQUE (#397)

Big busted, mature and sexy. She is the perfect example of the older woman that every man would like to have been seduced by in his early youth. Dominique knows what it takes to turn you on. Watch her stroke squeeze and lick those huge whoppers. All Color \$30.00.



DOLLY (#400)

A brand new pudgy little beauty, Dolly stands only 5'2" tall, weighs 145 pounds, (42D-32-39). In this film, she begins by slipping off her sexy negligee to reveal her lovely hanging breasts. She then squeezes, shakes, and massages those juicy whoppers.

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BECKY (#266)

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you have to ask what this movie is about, it's not the flick for you.

In "Amor Bandido," a film about a love-hate relationship, a new insult is coined: anti-hero Galvao tells hooker Sandra, his mistress: "Your brain must be the size of your nipples!"

At the Brazilian erotic comedy-drama "Xica," is a film biography of Xica da Silva, a legendary 18th-century slave girl who seduces the Portuguese governor of her colony — as well as every man and boy in sight. The fiery Xica passes her time by engaging in highly inventive sex which eventually leads her to becoming First Lady of the colony. Her foremost weapon is a sexual specialty which causes her male partners to let out uncontrolled screams of ecstasy. Staid dinner guests are often exposed to these wild orgasmic screams emanating from a host's bedroom while they're waiting for the first course to be served. A father who's been making it with Xica asks his son: "How often did you fuck her?" Replies the son, "Almost every day," which makes the father believe that his good-for-nothing son at least is good-for-something.

In their efforts to keep abreast of the times, California Novelties proudly introduced its latest novelty, "Tasty Pastys," designed to cover the nipples of women's breasts, at New York City's Fashion & Boutique Show. Their promotional material reads: "It's a likable, lickable, hot item which should bring many ecstatic moments to breast-lovers the world over. The woman in your life will be a true gourmet's delight, after you've finished dessert." Also new from California Novelties: totally edible, non-toxic "Body



"Serviette Verte" by Philippe Bezaud. Courtesy Gallery Yves Arman, NYC.

Glitter" — great fun to apply and, of course, remove, from your woman's naked epidermis. It proves that P.T. Barnum is still right — "There's a sucker born every second."

When reviewing Ted Talley's play, "Hooters," critic John Simon pointed out: "... 'Hooters' is a synonym for knockers... you always learn something in the theater." And while on the subject of knockers how does Bette Midler, the Divine One, "get by" in Don Siegel's flick, "Jinxed"? As usual, on her breastworks," said another reviewer.

Joan Rivers said it of a sexy starlet: "She's gorgeous, but not the brightest. She studies for a Pap test."

Joey Adams says he's wary of those dietary supplements that are said to help the sex-drive: "I know a guy who took vitamin E

and his wife took iron pills. Now whenever he's ready — she's rusty."

In photographer Brassai's new book, "The Artists of my Life" (Viking), the great French sculptor Aristide Maillol is quoted: "I love to caress buttocks, lovely full buttocks. They're the most beautiful shape nature ever created!" And this man was no ass.

In the torrid film "Two Timer" a wealthy industrialist thinks he gives Sue, his Spanish lady, a reason to return to him from abroad. But once back home, Sue, the Spanish fly seduces one guy and accuses another of raping her. The plot thickens in an orgy scene when Sue meets a former lover while being balled in — get this — a tub of spaghetti. Lots of hot, saucy action follows and eventually Sue takes both guys in a sandwich. Even if you don't like the movie it'll build up your appetite.



THE IMAGE OF FULFILLMENT

by J.N. Williamson

A tale of suspense and terror involving a world-famous writer and his strange death which defies any earthly explanation

It occurred back in the early '60s when we were fighting the first grim war of the devil's decade, before Vietnam and Nixon, even before Jack Kennedy lost his life and initiated a controversy. If you don't know the war I'm speaking of, it may be that you've just undergone one war too many.

I refer to the war to end slavery in ex-slaves, the peaceful one that my friends and I fought in, marching across a nation — King's Crusade, as one reporter alliterated it. Against the triple K.

Don't worry, I'm not going to dredge all that up again because I'm not young anymore. But that was when I met Magred Jordan, who wasn't young himself then, and saw the strangest thing I've ever seen in my life. If I'm lucky, I'll see nothing like it again.

By profession I'm a free lance photographer and was, even then. Maybe it was natural that Magred and I became friends — if that's what we were — since he was a free lance writer, the first black to win a Pulitzer for fiction. Despite that the movies would have you believe, the marriage isn't between words and music. It's between words and pix, because both of them tell a story with imagery.

So the two of us hit it off as well as possible considering that Magred Jordan's creative mind was full of demons. A lot of the time I couldn't

be certain that he heard a word I said to him, let alone understood me.

Not that there was anything ghost story-mysterious about his demons, at least, not then. He knew the names of his imps because they'd even been printed in the newspapers and whispered like blasphemies, like curses, on the lips of so-called friends. One was called "washed up," another "imagination's shot," and the newest, baddest one when his new book came out, "rewrites the same story over and over."

So in '61 we were resting in a southern vacant lot after an amount of walking that makes me wince to think about today, nothing to light the area but a couple of torches, a sprinkling of moonshine and whatever sparkle we could stir up with our conversation. I could just make out his big, black face a few feet away as he tore another sheet of white paper off his pad, wadded it up and stuffed it in his fatigue jacket. The face had been handsome once with Othello intensity above an Othello body that had slept in the finest beds in Paris, London, Monaco and God-knows-where. And not always alone, because Magred Jordan had more kinds of passion in him than any human being I ever knew. After it finally happened and was over, I thought maybe it was the passion that did it to him just as it had once sustained him.

"They're right, of course," he rumbled across the night at me with that famous bass of his. "I don't have it anymore."

I nodded until I realized he couldn't see what I was doing. "You'd know more about that than I would," I offered. "But how does a man lose something insubstantial, intangible, that's part of his own personality?"

"You aren't a church-goer, are you?" he asked, the white in his eye glinting. "Or you'd have heard about the human soul."

"Well, hell," I replied, "losing an imagination's not the same as losing a soul. Is it?"

"I'm not so sure," Magred said mildly and lit a cigarette. "I may have lost both and they might be the same thing. But that isn't what I think."

It seemed to be helping him to talk. "What do you think, Magred?"

He appeared to be looking out into the darkness and seeing other things. "I think of ideas so fresh and pure that they make a virgin look used, adjectives that make a paragraph breathe hard and flash to life, grateful to its papa-writer. I think that I'm rejected Royal," he said slowly. "Spurned. Kicked out and sent packing. Not by critics or publishers, no, I don't mean that — although it's going to happen if I bomb one more time. I mean that I'm rejected by the other part of me that wrote my Pulitzer Prize novel."

I thought about that a few minutes and, in that perverse way the ordinary guy has of losing his concentration, wished to hell I had a beer. After slogging over half a country that sent dogs after you, broiling your brains out under foreign suns, you aren't much in the mood for artsy-fartsy word games.

But Magred Jordan wouldn't let it go. His face looked lined and solemn and Indian-red when he inhaled on his cigarette. "I'm dead serious, Royal. We weren't ever properly introduced, but a long while ago I met another part of me

who had a vivid imagination and a ton of insight. He liked me at first sight, appreciated the way I could construct sentences, built a book like a good carpenter would, brick by brick. Together we did a lot of worthwhile things and now the bastard has given me the heave, told me to get packing."

I liked to think I wasn't a total dummy, which I was then. "Are you talking about schizophrenia or multiple personality, something like that? And your other 'you' has died as you integrated him with the main you?"

His face was just god-awful in the reflection from his cigarette. I'll never forget the rage it showed. "Don't you ever condescend to me!" he exploded. The cigarette vanished in a flashing arc as he pitched it and, for a moment, I thought Magred was going to jump on me.

But then he was talking again, quietly and soberly, and I was listening with my heartbeat quicker.

"Psychology teaches us," he said, choosing his words well, "that a man has a conscious and an unconscious mind. Some elements of psychology hold there's also a superconscious, what Jung referred to as a collective unconscious — a sort-of-great, living sea that a man can dip into when he needs the help of brilliant minds who've left their ideas floating in it. Now,



any good craftsman depends more than he knows on that other mind — the one that takes over when he's sleeping, the one that handles all the automatic needs of the body. It tells you, Royal," he proceeded, "when and where to light up your shots for the best effect. And you put your education in there, store it away — plus all your experience."

I started to speak, to tell him that this was familiar. Then I thought it might help him to get it off his broad chest so I stretched out on the ground, using my field-pack for a pillow, and listened some more.

"But I found out that the man who comes up with something of genius never quite does it that way, Royal," Magred told me, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Somehow, he gets directly plugged into that sea, that ocean, I mentioned — to the one other guy on the other side who's perfect for him. They become a team, one that's just right. Everything comes to life then, because it's the chance of that other guy, in the super-conscious, to live again and he works damn hard. You stop being good at a thing and become genuinely great. Oh, it doesn't guarantee you overnight success. Lots of folks don't recognize genius at all. But it enables you to know that you're special, producing better than you ever have before. All because of that perfect contact with the guy in the sea of the superconscious." There was a racking sigh and I thought the novelist was through speaking. Then his voice came again, oddly disembodied, almost spectral: "My other half — my better half — done cut me off, baby, shut me off. And now I am faced with the prospect of finding him, talking him into liking me again. I have to somehow swim out into that sea and confront him, Royal, persuade him to come back and work with me." He paused. "And I'd do anything in

(continued on page 72)



"Look, Miss, stop asking him if he misses you."



STAPLE LOVE

by L. Romer Garvey

Simpson was desperate; he could smell the desperateness rising out of his armpits as he lay on the table and watched the little Chinese doctor hovering over his crotch with a staplegun. "Are you sure it has to be there, Doctor, exactly there?" Simpson choked. He was not just desperate; he was scared, very scared.

"Relax, please, Mr. Simpson. As I explained before, this operation is totally safe and painless. In a few minutes it will be all over. Now if you'll just remove your hands. . . ."

The smooth musical voice of the doctor was supposed to be soothing but to Simpson it sounded like the voice of a madman. "But are you sure that this will cure me?" Simpson stalled. "I mean can you guarantee that this staple will make me potent again?"

Behind his facemask Doctor Wook sighed. "Mr. Simpson, I am not an appliance repairman. I can guarantee nothing. I can only tell you that in other cases of sexual dysfunction similar to your own, staplepuncture has proved successful."

"One little gold staple! It's just so fantastic, so hard to believe," Simpson exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Simpson, the human body is a very sensitive instrument; the smallest the most subtle change in it can alter its whole behavior. Now if you'll just relax and lower your knees again, I can begin."

"But Doctor Wook, you don't understand the enormity of it. I've been impotent for so long! Ever since my divorce five years ago I've been unable to complete the sex act with a woman. Every time I find myself in a sexual situation, I go limp, perfectly limp. No matter how excited I am or how much I want the woman, my penis just hangs there like a dead tulip. Can you imagine the humiliation, the frustration, Doctor? And I've tried everything—creams, psychiatry, sex clinics, even witchcraft. I've spent thousands of dollars! Every spare cent I've had has gone into trying to make me potent. And now one little staple, one little gold staple and I'm a man again!"

In his enthusiasm Simpson made a wide gesture with his hands and quickly Dr. Wook dove toward his crotch with the staplegun. Simpson felt a small zipper-like



prick of pain which lasted only an instant.

"That's it," he cried amazed, "that's all?"

"Yes, of course. I told you it would be painless." Dr. Wook was already putting away his staplegun.

"But, Doctor, wait. Suppose one staple's not enough? My problem is a very severe one. Maybe you should put in another couple just to be sure."

Dr. Wook removed his facemark. "No, Mr. Simpson, that would not only be unnecessary, but also dangerous. The sexual drive in man is very complex. Too much tampering can destroy it totally. Each of my patients is allowed only one staple. There can be no additional staples, no repeat operations. I can't allow my patients to take that kind of risk."

Then how long will I have to wait

before the staple will begin to make me potent?" Simpson asked eagerly.

"It should be effective immediately. And remember, if you should ever feel yourself failing again, simply concentrate on the staple. It is now the source of all your psychosexual energy."

Simpson got up and began dressing and felt a new strength, a new buoyancy in his body. He felt capable of anything; he felt as if Dr. Wook had just given him Excalibur.

"It's like a miracle," he exclaimed as he counted out the twelve hundred dollars for Dr. Wook. "It's like the blind seeing or the deaf hearing!"

Dr. Wook smiled as he deposited the twelve hundred dollars in a zippered alligator bag. "There are no miracles, Mr. Simpson, only believers."

Simpson was sitting at the bar in the Cambridge Hotel concentrating

on his staple when the girl approached him. At first he didn't realize that she was speaking to him.

"Are you slow?" she whispered leaning close to his face.

"What?" Simpson looked up from his beer, startled.

"I said, are you slow?" She was tall and had brandy-colored hair trickling to her waist.

"What do you mean 'slow?'"

"I mean do you come slowly? Can you last a long time?"

Simpson was stunned. Nobody had ever had to bother asking him this before. "Well, that depends," he said finally.

"On what?" She had a voice like firelight, warm and soft.

"On who I'm with, of course." Simpson could feel the confidence rising in him like a tide.

"Well, shall we see how you are with me?"

"Your place or mine?" Simpson asked.

"Whichever's closer," she answered.

Her name was Lila and they ended up at Simpson's apartment. When they got there she refused his offer of a drink and headed straight toward the bedroom, dropping her clothes behind her as she went. After having one himself, Simpson followed the trail of clothes and found her lying naked on top of his bed. This was usually the point where everything fell apart. How many women had Simpson seen lying there beckoning to him like that? How many warm bodies had he dove toward only to find himself as limp as a filleted fish the moment he landed. The psychiatrist had told him that he was impotent because his divorce had made him feel threatened by women; subconsciously he was afraid that women were asking more of him than he could give. Now he stood gazing at the lovely Lila, willing her everything he had.

"Come on," she murmured, throwing open her arms. Her breasts were like two beautiful bowls of strawberries and cream.

(continued on page 78)



"You're going to meet... er, eat a tall dark handsome man."

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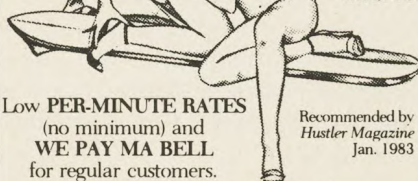
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THE IMAGE OF FULFILLMENT

continued from page 60

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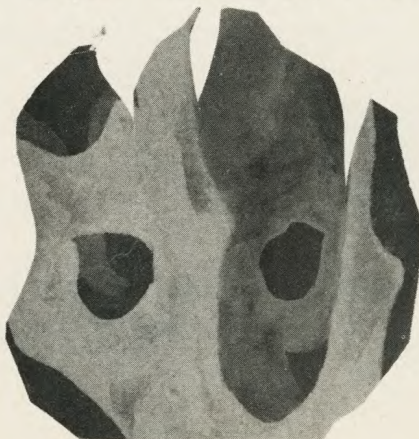
For the next couple of weeks we were busy going places we weren't wanted, standing on governors' white steps and sitting-in and lying in and doing our best to keep our heads. I'll give Magred Jordan credit for it; he might very well have come out of a need to escape awhile — I tried not to judge that — but he worked as hard and as patiently as the rest of us.

Then there was a summer morning when we were cleaning up the area, packing our things up, and heading off on a twenty-one mile hike to nowhere. I noticed the famous author was full of joy, barely able to suppress a wide smile that took years off his accumulation of fifty-some. I asked him what was happening.

"Tonight, Royal," he told me with some of his old confidence. "I've figured out how to come face to face with that other me, the one in the water who's holding out. And I'm not comin' back without him."

His eyes looked a little brighter than the morning sun and I felt a twinge of concern. "How'd you locate him, Magred?" I asked gently. "Prayer?"

"Prayer?" He didn't say it with



scorn or even surprise. "No, not exactly prayer." He hesitated. "I'm from New Orleans originally, Royal. My grandma taught me some voodoo and, well, I remembered some of that yesterday."

I whistled as we fell into a straggling line. "Mag, d'you know how heavy that is? You have to be cautious with things like voodoo."

All he did was pat me on the shoulder, like a daddy reassuring his son. Nothing I said to him would get him to tell me more, how he planned to "come face to face" with his other self.

About half a day later I forgot about the writer because we got ourselves arrested and, by nightfall we were crammed into cells of a little-bitty jail in a town called Pureville. I still remember that name: Pureville. What a crazy name for a place like that.

Anyway, they'd heard of Magred Jordan and not of me so they gave

him a private hell-hole down the corridor from a bunch of guys and me, and that was the last time I ever saw the novelist alive. There was something even more detached and aloof about him than what the rest of us were showing the jailers, I remember. His eyes were turned inward, and he seemed lost in a composition or something, laying out a fine plotline maybe and too busy even to notice them pushing him down the corridor and shoving him into his cell. Just what he was thinking or doing I'll never know exactly because I was too busy keeping my photographic equipment from being kicked to pieces.

Night fell on Pureville and strands of moonlight worked through the bars of my cell like fragile rope, teasing me to grab it and tug myself to freedom. But I'd had too many ropes like that thrown to me, and passed, leaning against the wall and quasi-drowsing, the way the other half-dozen dudes were doing by then.

This big guard looks in on us a last time, for the evening, grinning spitefully but with a querulous, unspoken question somewhere deep inside his crewcut head, and then he heads down the corridor to check on Magred. I think he wanted us to try to escape so he could deal with something easier than ghosts.

He didn't get his way with Magred. Next thing I knew, he was unlocking our cell door with his shocked expression on his face and asking if any of us were doctors or special friends of Mr. Jordan. I burst out the door with my camera ready, something I trained myself to do in emergencies, everything set up to take pictures. But my mind was thinking about Magred Jordan and the promise he'd made me to confront his other self that night, and the other thing he said about not coming back until he got his better half to leave the superconscious sea and return to work with him.

I don't ask you to take my word for the next part of it because there's no way you can. But I took my picture, by sheer instinct, and still have it so that I can reassure myself, now and then, that I really saw what I thought I did.

When I reached the end of the stone corridor and stepped into Magred's cell, the flashbulb exploding, I discovered that he had succeeded in his plan to contact his better self by voodoo — in coming face to face with him.

Because he was lying on his side on the cement floor, his big right hand extended in camaraderie, a peaceful smile on his broad face. And before it faded away forever, after I took the picture, I saw a nearly identical Magred Jordan gripping the author's hand in a tight, remorseless squeeze, its husky body facing Magred on the floor like two tired lovers. I say "Nearly identical" because, sopping wet, the other half of the great novelist was as white as vanilla ice cream.

I wonder about it all quite often, these days. I remember developing the film and, on the negative, the two reversed their positions. Now I give a lot of thought to the question of how many "me's" are contained in my skull, or wherever the mind, the imagination, the soul may be located. And I look at the picture of the two Magred Jordans, one black, one white, their strong hands locked together in eternity. I think about the idea of a superconscious ocean where the best ideas of Newton, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Jefferson, Einstein, Edison, Kennedy and Martin Luther King await the man whose position matches up to them, whose desire to pursue excellence is sufficient to achieve a single image of perfection.

And I still wouldn't believe any of it except that the death report filed on my friend Magred showed that the writer died, right there in August in a southern jail cell — of drowning!



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did look alike. They sure as hell rolled out of the Academy with the same dumb notions. Believing the crap printed on the sides of the black-and-whites.

"To protect and serve," the Gospel according to St. Matthew, Captain of the Sixteenth Precinct.

Harwell had seen St. Matthew in action plenty of times. "Interrogating" a hooker on the back seat of a black-and-white, taking care of business with some dude in a pink Caddy. Matt would have been the first to understand what happened that rainy Monday, the first to cover it up as expertly as Harwell had.

Just one of those things, the veteran cop decided after three off-duty drinks and a bucket of take-out chicken. Nothing to lose any sleep over. Nothing to stop him from doing to Elizabeth exactly what he did in the dream that night that made him wake up grinning from ear-to-ear.

No naps this fine morning. Just lusty anticipation of what lay ahead.

The rookie looked sort of green when Harwell ordered him to call in a seven at Rose's, but the kid kept his mouth shut. If he kept on learning this fast, he'd make a helluva fine partner.

Harwell paused in the alley, momentarily wondering if there was any such thing as a patron saint of hard-ons. Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of fiery red hair as a familiar figure hurried out of The Elegance Arms.

Remembering the first time he'd met the redhead erased every last trace of lingering doubt about yesterday's disaster with Elizabeth. Just a once-in-a-lifetime problem. Nothing to worry about.

Old Reliable had been in fine shape when he'd busted the scared fifteen-year-old for soliciting. Candy cried, begged, promised she'd do ANYTHING if only Har-

well would let her go just this once.

The County Attorney ran one kind of Juvenile Diversion Program to try to alleviate the crowded court calendar; Charlie Harwell conducted his version in a brass bed on 42nd Street. He made her do anything — and everything.

Not so long ago, but the redhead looked much closer to thirty than sweet sixteen. Life on the street had taken its toll.

"Hey, Harwell, gonna take me in?" Candy's wink promised it would be even better than before.

"Not this time." Any other day, the redhead might have seemed tempting enough but she was no match for Elizabeth.

Harwell didn't even bother to watch the gentle bumps and grinds of the girl's hips as she walked away. He was already concentrating on Elizabeth.

Halfway into the room, Harwell had his shirt off and was busily getting rid of his pants when he noticed Elizabeth staring intently at him.

"Don't bother. Please don't put yourself through that humiliation again."

Humiliation? Harwell would show her humiliation. Out of uniform, but fully at attention, he was no gentleman. What an icy professional dame like this needed was a real man, a man who took what he wanted without waiting for an invitation or permission.

Elizabeth might mistake it for rape in those first forceful moments, but she'd be moaning with pleasure as he drove his enlarged dork deep into her before she had a chance to consider screaming. Just wait and see.

But . . . same thing. Same question. Same result. Wilted and shriveled as last year's prune, Harwell could only plead, "Help me, Elizabeth, please."

"Help yourself, Harwell. Get rid of all that guilt and you'll be able to get it up."

"I don't have anything to feel guilty about."

"Are you sure?"

"O.K., smart lady. You've got all the damn answers. Just what is it you want me to confess?"

"What do you need to confess, Harwell?"

"Damn it, don't answer every question with another one!"

"Easy. I'm just trying to help. If there's something you did that's bothering you, maybe you ought to get it out in the open. Write it down if you're not comfortable discussing it. We'll share it tomorrow. Same time. Same place."

"And then everything will be all right?"

"No promises, but isn't it better than going on like this?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll be waiting."

All afternoon, the rookie kept watching Harwell as though he'd suddenly sprouted horns. The kid couldn't possibly know what went down at The Elegance Arms; he was probably just wondering what was keeping Harwell awake.

That was easy. In a word, it was Elizabeth. There wasn't another female on God's green earth who could get by with making Harwell feel this bad and still get him to come back for more.

Maybe, just maybe, she was right. It might help to get it all out in the open. No big deal. Just words to show to Elizabeth and then rip to shreds as soon as he'd regained his manhood.

That rainy Monday laid down in black and white. Out in the open for a little while, then safely buried as deep as Robinson. Forgotten once and for all.

Harwell wasn't about to lug a keg of dynamite like that around all morning. The way his luck had been running lately, the hot dog rookie would crash the patrol car into a brick wall and some Internal Affairs headhunter would wake Harwell up in the Emergency Room to discuss what the nurses found in his uniform pocket. No, Charlie Harwell was much too smart to make a mistake like that.

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He'd wait till he got to The Elegance Arms to jot down the words, then make nice safe ashes out of them long before he'd leave Elizabeth murmuring in ecstasy after humping her silly.

Elizabeth had never looked better. The simple dress matched her eyes, clung in just the right places to ignite the blazing longing in Harwell's loins. Soon. Very soon.

Her kid leather gloves brushed sensuously against his arm as Elizabeth handed him a generous shot of Jim Beam. "I know how hard it is for you. Maybe this will help."

The words flowed easier after Elizabeth refilled the glass a couple of times. That rainy Monday appeared on the paper in slightly wobbly letters. Exactly the way it had gone down, the way it usually went down. Almost...

He'd parked the rookie at Rose's, ducked through the alley to The Elegance Arms. Met the highest priced hooker in the neighborhood and was just about to discover why her paying customers never felt cheated — when the walkie-talkie blared.

Just a routine 459 at Ace Liquors; Robinson could handle it alone. No sweat. No reason to waste this beautiful hard-on.

By the time Harwell finished with the hooker and yanked his pants back on, the rookie and the black-and-white were long gone from Rose's.

Harwell headed for the liquor store, got there minutes before the Coroner and the Lieutenant. Just in time to fabricate a convincing version of the "facts" and collect some old debts by lining up witnesses...

Elizabeth hovered over Harwell's shoulder, refilling the glass as soon as it was empty, massaging his neck, murmuring words of encouragement.

Moving the pen obediently, Harwell signed the last page and tucked the folded sheets into the

stamped envelope Elizabeth handed him. He hesitated when she told him to write the address, reconsidered as she started to unzip her dress.

"The sooner you finish, the sooner we can get started..." she promised.

"All finished!" Harwell said proudly as he licked the envelope.

"You bet your sweet pension you are, Sugar." Suddenly, Elizabeth's voice was colder than ice. She snatched the envelope away, opened the door and handed it to another gloved hand.

"My friend's going to mail your letter, Harwell..."

"You'll never get away with this!"

"Won't I? Your fingerprints are all over the letter, on the inside flap of the envelope. You don't have an alibi to prove you didn't mail it from the corner box."

"You're my alibi. The guy downstairs..."

"... will swear you were here by yourself, left for a few minutes and looked so upset when you got back..."

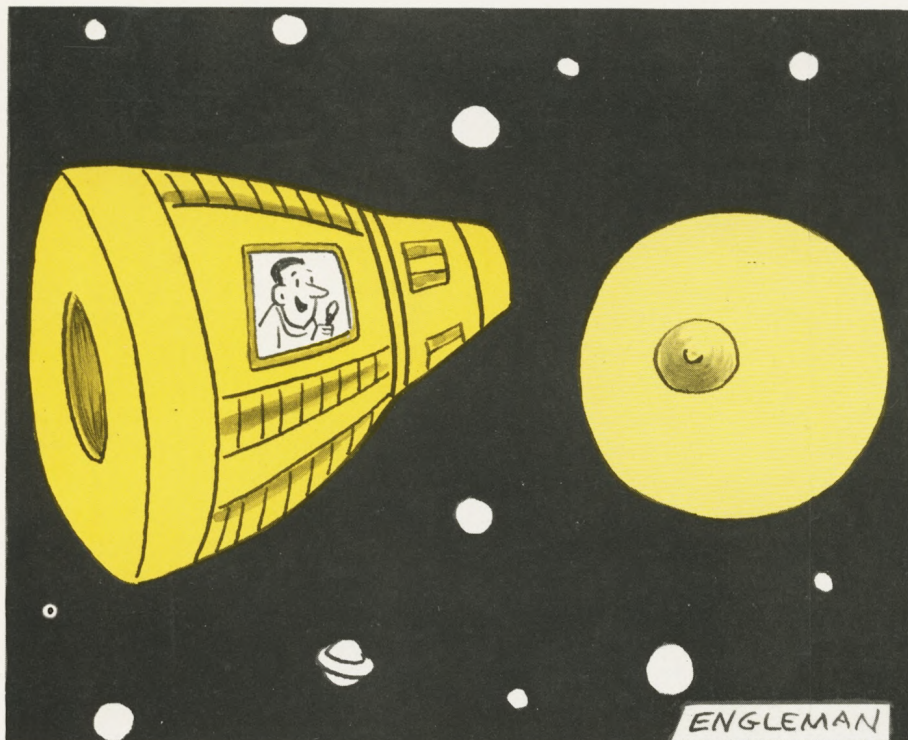
Lord, she didn't have to tell him the rest. There'd been more than booze in that semi-clean glass. Much more. Harwell could barely keep his eyes open.

Elizabeth guided him toward the bed. "Don't worry; I was careful, real careful. Just enough to make it look like attempted suicide, not enough to rob you of your day in court. Not enough to cheat Jerry Robinson's widow out of the pleasure of sitting behind the D.A. and watching you get exactly what's coming to you."

Elizabeth's smile was the last thing Harwell saw before the dark cloud descended. □



"Okay, I'm back. Now what was it you were saying? You were going to pull down my panties and do what?"



"Remember our slogan . . . 'Reach a new planet or bust'?"

STAPLE LOVE!

continued from page 64

Still Simpson hesitated, trembling with the fear of failing again. Then, recalling Dr. Wook's instructions, he forced himself to concentrate on the staple. And suddenly as he felt himself slowly beginning to harden he began to understand the power of gold. It was amazing—all at once he felt like he could conquer an army of women, climb a mountain of them. Quickly he ripped off his clothes and rushed toward Lila.

"Beautiful," she cried as he fell on her like a dart on a bullseye, "just beautiful!"

And that was just the beginning. The afternoon was a symphony of lovemaking, one long beautiful theme and variations. Over and over they played it. Whenever Simpson felt himself running down, he only had to think of that sliver of gold and he would immediately take off again. He could scarcely believe that this body which kept going and going belonged to him.

"Yes, yes," Lila whispered as he

began flicking his tongue into the cinnamon crescent in her crotch, as he decided on some oral sex as a change of pace. It was then that he discovered the small spot of something hard and cold, something metallic. Shocked, he lifted his head and gently parted Lila with his hands. Yes, there it was, a tiny sliver of gold embedded in her clitoris.

His first reaction was rage; he felt somehow that he had been tricked and duped. Furiously he began to dig at the golden staple, intending to rip it out. But his fingers were too big and clumsy and Lila kept writhing and wiggling in rapture, so he bent and began gnawing at it with his teeth.

"Great, absolutely fantastic!" Lila cried.

He looked up and saw her face flooded with pleasure and realized that he was being a fool. What did it matter if Lila had a staple too? Didn't that just make it twice as good? Even before he'd become impotent he'd never experienced sex like this. Weren't two staples then twice as powerful as one? Why,

perhaps they were the vanguard of a whole new kind of lovemakers, people joined in golden ecstasy, by their staples. Wildly he began to picture himself founding a dynasty on staplepuncture, creating a world-wide club for staplelovers. There would be special pins to identify the staplites. There could be a magazine. . . .

"Please don't stop," Lila cried.

"No, I won't stop, Lila love," Simpson shouted, "not now, not ever."

But finally, temporarily exhausted, he did stop and the two of them lay together and slept. Hours later when he awoke Simpson felt oddly drained as if he had not really slept at all. Lila was gone. But then he hadn't expected her to be there—it had not been that kind of affair. She had just been the first of many. Idly though he began thinking back at how good it had been. But as he lay there thinking about what had happened that afternoon he realized that he was not getting aroused as he should have been. The thought of how great sex with Lila had been left him cold. The whole experience seemed distant and celluloid, something that had not happened to him at all.

Desperate, anxious now to recapture some of the pleasure of that afternoon, Simpson began to concentrate on his staple. Still nothing. Frantic, he threw back the covers intending to just look at that golden sliver for reassurance and saw then what was wrong. The staple was gone! On the testicle where it had been there were now only two faint dots the size of pinpricks.

Unashamedly, not caring that it wasn't manly, Simpson began to weep. There was a note weighted down by a pair of tweezers on the sheet near his body. He read it through a watery haze of hopeless tears.

Dear Simpson,

Sorry, but I just couldn't resist a matched set.

*Love,
Lila*



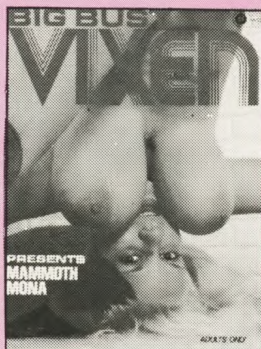


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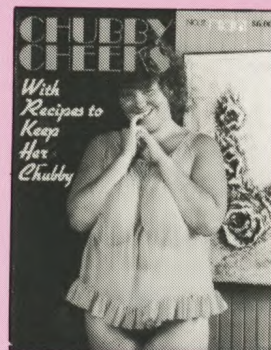
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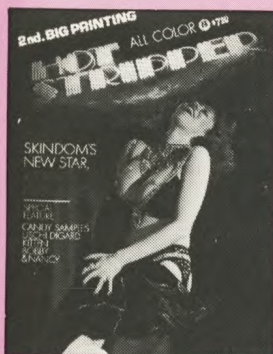
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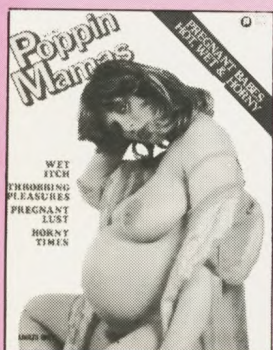
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