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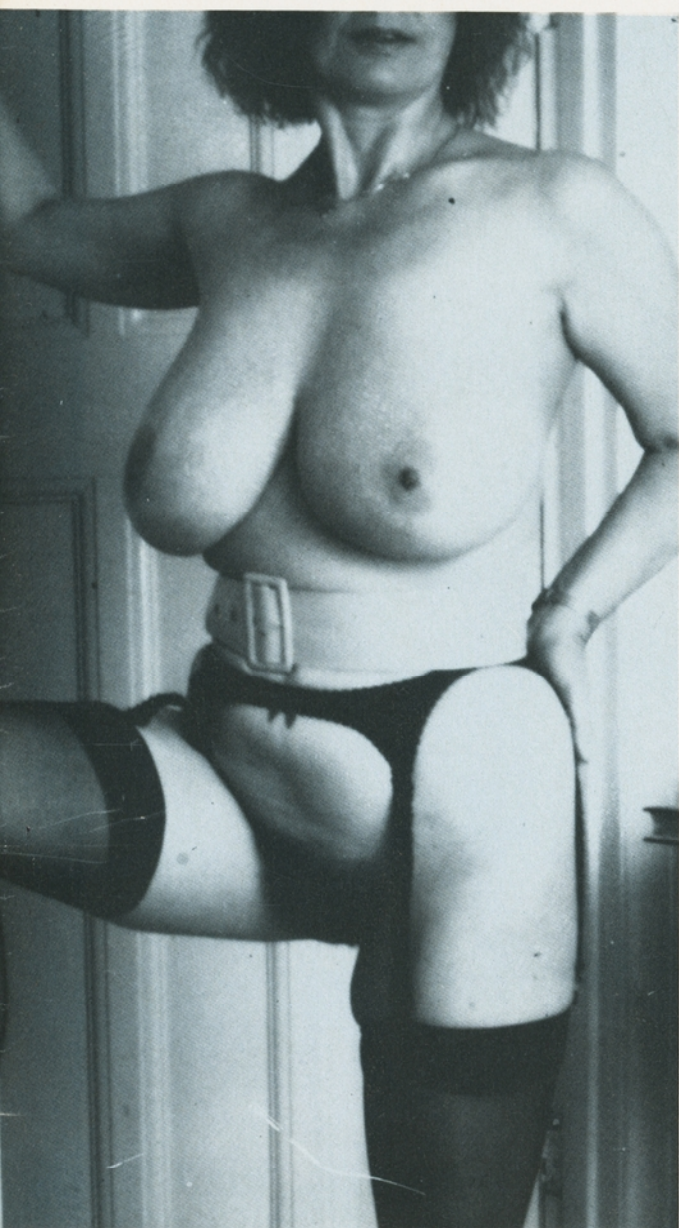
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GEM

VOL. 25 NO. 1

DECEMBER 1983



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Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

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

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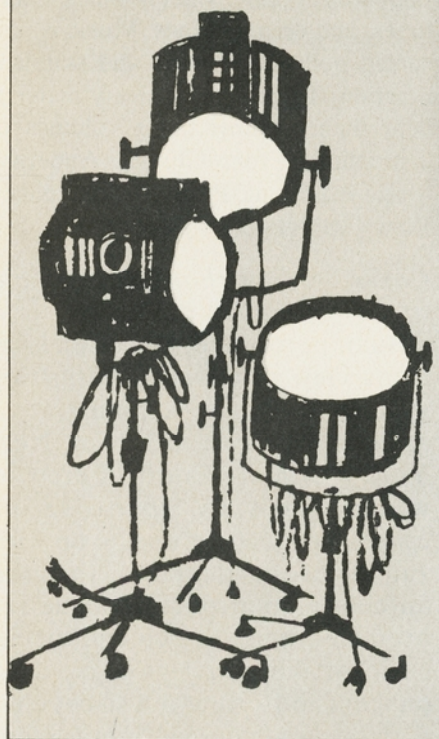


Harvey Korman

"We're only rehearsing, darling — the Community Theatre is putting on a porno play."



PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Jo Stafford Sings American Folk Songs (Corinthian) features the renowned pop vocalist in a program of traditional material, supported by husband Paul Weston's orchestral arrangements. Originally recorded in 1947, this is the 1962 stereo remake. Stafford, who recorded

with the Pied Pipers and the Tommy Dorsey band before embarking on a solo career, is one of our finest pop singers. Her faultless intonation and clear, almost vibratoless tone are well-suited to the material here. Stafford's delivery of the ballads, including "Poor Wayfaring Stranger" and "Black Is The Color," are unusually affecting and enhanced by Weston's imaginative and sympathetic string settings. Folk purists may be ranked by the use of orchestra and the ersatz bluegrass of the uptempo tunes, but the performances here have a greater emotional impact and in the final analysis are no less "authentic" than those of many of the urban folk groups which proliferated in the late fifties and early sixties. In a lighter, satirical and somewhat bizzare vein, Weston and Stafford assume the roles of "Jonathan and Darlene Edwards" on *Darlene Remembers Duke/Jonathan Plays Fats* (Corinthian). "Jonathan" plays Liberace-tinged cocktail/stride piano replete with cascading out-of-tempo runs and a liberal helping of extra beats, guaranteed to get a rise out of jazz piano buffs. Darlene evokes Florence Foster Jenkins and Mrs. Miller (remember her?) as she butchers Ellington chestnuts, singing consistently sharp (a considerable accomplishment for a vocalist known for her intonation). Listeners may recall Stafford's earlier satirical efforts with Red Ingles and others. Both records are available from Corinthian Records, POB 6296, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Stephane Grappelli: Tribute To . . . (Europa) features the jazz violinist in a program of tunes dedicated to great jazzmen. A solid rhythm section composed of Gerard Gustin (piano), Jack Sewing (bass) and Armand Cavallaro (drums) provides a more "straight-ahead" groove than the drumless, guitar dominated groups Grappelli is usually heard with. Grappelli's soaring, elegant improvisations are heard to good advantage throughout this set, which includes particularly striking tributes to Duke Ellington and Grappelli's Hot Club partner Django Reinhardt.

The Midweek Blues (Plug) presents jazz/fusion artists David Earle Johnson (drums), Jan Hammer (keyboards) and John Abercrombie (guitar, electric man-

dolin) in a driving, pull-out-the-stops set of electric blues/rock. This is Abercrombie's most aggressive playing to date, and will appeal to rock buffs who may have found the guitarist's previous work a bit laid back. This cookin' little trio smokes its way through six original tunes. The musicians' jazz background is evident, but bebop harmony is relegated to a minor role on this meat-and-potatoes blues jam. From Plug Records, 20 Martha Street, Woodcliff NJ 07675.

Cathie Whitesides: Gems of Irish and Cape Breton Scottish Fiddling (Kicking Mule) is an uncommonly beautiful album of reels, jigs, and strathspeys by a young fiddler making her recording debut. Whitesides has learned from the older generation of traditional Irish and Scotch fiddlers and accordionists, and she displays a rare intensity and expressiveness in her playing. Supported by guitar, piano, and accordion accompaniment, Whitesides plays a well-chosen assortment of tunes, some seldom-heard on these shores. Several tunes are enhanced by the addition of a droning harmonium. Jody Stecher's informative, anecdotal liner notes are an added bonus.

Tehillim (ECM) is composer Steve Reich's joyous setting of Hebrew psalms for four female voices and orchestra. The piece marks something of a departure for Reich in that it makes little use of the serial techniques and minimalism that characterizes much of his best known work. The non-operatic, vibrato-less singing evokes eighteenth century vocal music, but the use of unusual instrumentation (electric organs and a variety of percussion instruments in addition to the strings and woodwinds) and the absence of fixed rhythm lend a contemporary quality. Even Reich's detractors are likely to find themselves moved by this intense, inspiring work.

Annette Hanshaw: The Personality Girl 1932-1934 (Sunbeam) contains the last sixteen sides waxed by the popular vocalist. Hanshaw was a gentle, unpretentious, musicianly pop singer who retired while young. She recorded with some of the top jazzmen of the day, and these sides, which originally appeared on the Banner and Meltone labels, feature Benny Goodman, Jack

Teagarden, Eddie Lang, Dick McDonough, Joe Venuti and Jimmy Dorsey, among others. Included in this set are standards such as "I Cover The Waterfront" and "Don't Blame Me" along with obscure goodies such as "Fit As A Fiddle."

BOOKS

James Crumley's *Dancing Bear* (Random House) is the author's third novel featuring the Montana-based private detective Milo Milodragovich. Milo is a rugged, introspective, coke-snorting shamus descended from Sam Spade, Phillip Marlowe, and Lew Archer. The Montana setting, masterfully evoked by Crumley, is a refreshing change from the urban California background of the Hammett-Chandler-MacDonald stories. Here Milo deals with multinational corporation bad guys and convicing beauties while uncovering corruption in the EPA. Crumley is an ace plotter who keeps the reader on the edge of his seat. There are several riveting scenes (including one in which Milo deals dope to a trio of ball-busting chicks) that will stay with the reader for a long time to come. Crumley has few peers in the genre today, and one hopes there will be more Milo books in the future.

Whitney Balliett's *Jelly Roll, Jabbo & Fats* (Oxford) is a collection of the noted critic's exemplary *New Yorker* profiles. Balliett is perhaps the most astute and articulate writer on jazz we have, and these pieces constitute some of his best work. The task of portraying the sound of jazz on paper is a difficult one, but Balliett's often impressionistic descriptions, with frequent analogies to literature and painting, succeed remarkably well. In his interview Balliett has the talent of drawing out the telling anecdote and philosophical reflection; he gives us the man as well as the music. There are priceless quotes from Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson and others, the kind of things that don't turn up in the usual jazz magazine interviews. Balliett sketches the careers of his subjects, providing the pertinent information without dredging through every record date and recorded solo the artists have ever waxed. He is clearly biased towards the

pre-bop era, but his ears are open to truly original contemporary players. The illuminating chapter on Ornette Coleman is an insightful, no-jive treatment of this difficult artist and can cue traditionally-oriented listeners in to what free jazz is all about. Likewise, Balliett's piece on Lester Young captures the spirit of Prez as few others have. Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Lee Konitz, and the French critics/discographers Hughes Pannassie and Charles Delaunay are among the others dealt with in this gem of a book, which should make its mark as one of the finest volumes on jazz ever to appear.

Film buffs and hard-boiled fans will find plenty to sink their teeth into in *Raymond Chandler in Hollywood* (Proteus) by Al Clark. The author chronicles the Phillip Marlowe flicks from the Dick Powell/Humphrey Bogart days up to the more recent Elliot Gould and Robert Mitchum portrayals, although he hasn't caught up with the new cable TV series featuring Powers Boothe. Also included are both well-known ("Double Indemnity," "Strangers On A Train") and obscure films that Chandler himself worked on, and adaptations of Chandler novels in Mike Shayne and The Falcon flicks. A generous selection of stills and full-color reproductions of posters will have film freaks drooling.

Many Westerners mistakenly assume that the Soviets, wielding an iron hand, have successfully prevented jazz from influencing and "subverting" their youth. In *Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in The Soviet Union* (Oxford) S. Frederick Starr demonstrates that jazz had gained a foothold in Russia even before the Soviets came to power in 1917. Since then, Communist theorists have disagreed over the true nature of jazz; is it a proletarian "people's music" or an expression of "decadent bourgeois" values? The Soviets, failing to manipulate popular taste and turn the public against jazz, have had to come to terms with it. Starr documents the careers of leading Russian jazz musicians and the government's attempts to keep the musicians and their music under control. The author informs us that one bandleader, Leonid Utesov, was the best-known man in Russia after Stalin. The popular Eddie Rosner, exiled

to the gulags by Stalin, continued to play jazz in the camps. Today, fusion and rock have entered the scene, and Starr reports on the Russian equivalent of the Woodstock festival. Starr's book is a work of impressive scholarship that offers many insights into the Soviet system.

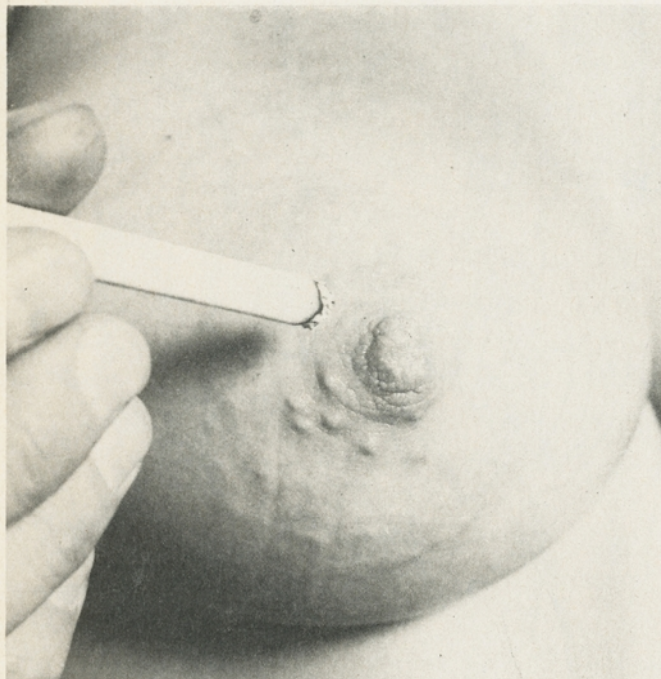
The Tiny Moore Mandolin Method (Charles Anderson Music Publishing) will provide plenty of material for mandolinists (or fiddlers and guitarists, for that matter) aspiring to play Western Swing and Texas-style fiddle tunes. Tiny was probably the most melodically and harmonically advanced soloist to play with Bob Wills' Texas Playboys, and the renewal of interest in Western Swing (and Tiny's appearances with Merle Haggard) have made young listeners and musicians aware of his amazing electric five-string mandolin choruses. In his method, Tiny covers technique, fingerings and arpeggios before writing out chorus upon chorus of blues, fiddle tunes, and original tunes. Music is presented both in tablature and standard notation. There's more meaty material here than in most fatter volumes of instruction. From Charles Anderson Music Publishing, POB 4296, Mountain View CA 94040.

Cases: A Courthouse Chronicle of Crime and Wit (Viking) is a casual, perceptive, and often hilarious view of the criminal justice system by an administrative assistant in Part AT-1 of New York's Criminal Court. A crew of writers for a TV courtroom or crime show couldn't come up with zanier cases and repartee than the authentic courtroom dialogue reproduced here. A colorful menagerie of muggers, hookers, drug pushers and strung-out street characters parade through court, often sentenced to "time served" awaiting trial. Senzel does not suggest much in the way of improving the quality of justice or reducing crime; he seems resigned to the current state of rising violence, bureaucratic insanity, and erosion of the quality of life. Nonetheless, for all its lack of optimism, this is a highly entertaining and humorous book.

You don't have to be an expert on etiquette to know these will turn a first date into your last.

FIRST DATE NO-NO'S

by Pappy Newlun



Don't show up at her place carrying an overnight bag.

Never inquire if it's her "time of month?"

You shouldn't ask for her panties to clean off the windshield of your car.

Don't offer to arm wrestle and break her wrist.

Don't try to be too funny, such as blowing up a condom and making believe it's a balloon. Or wearing a pair of jockey shorts on your head.

Regardless of anything, do not hand her a bottle of mouthwash.

Don't ask her to sign a pledge that she doesn't have VD or herpes.

Avoid snapping the elastic on your undershorts during dinner, especially if you have to unbuckle your belt and unbutton your pants to get at it.

There's no need to mention your circumcision, or show it around.

It's bad form to take off your shoes and socks and pick your feet.

Passing wind is poor etiquette.

Avoid showing your date nude pictures of an old girl friend.

No belching or scratching your private parts in public places.

When you show up for your date, don't come without shirt or shoes — especially if you're going to dinner and a show.

A T-shirt with the words, GO DOWN HERE, and an arrow pointing towards your crotch, will immediately turn her off.

Using your sleeve or shirttail as a handkerchief is definitely out.

Don't attempt to borrow money from her.

Never say insulting things to your date, such as, "Have you ever thought of lacing up your big mouth and letting them use your head as a football?"

Do not pick your teeth with the point of a long bladed pocket knife.

Don't mention the trim ass on the cocktail waitress, or proposition other women during the evening.

by Bruce Douglas Reeves



CORPORATE LUST

In his heart, he was an outsider, a rebel who wanted to screw the corporation — and Margaret, the beautiful, proud, smug executive represented the corporate organization to him

Alex is losing his grip on reality.

For over a year, he has been hanging on, trying to prove to himself and the world that — at thirty-eight — he is an adult. Mainly, his energies have been devoted to conning the Corporation into believing that he is a useful and worthy employee. (This is the first real job he'd ever stuck out and he still is amazed that he acutally persuaded anyone in the Corporation to hire him. He is convinced that soon the Corporate Powers will discover their mistake and destroy him. That any day he will end up in

the Tenderloin, boozing with the winos and bag ladies who are his natural compatriots.

Actually, the Corporation isn't the most formidable power that he has to deal with, these days. Sex also is driving him crazy.

In fact, it seems to him that work and sex have entwined themselves together around him, like the strands of a rope coiled around his neck. Whatever gesture he makes, however he struggles, the noose will tighten, and he'll be finished.

He meant to go straight. No more freaking



out and quitting after two weeks, no more goofing off until he's canned, no more staying stoned (smoking pot in the john every chance he can find) in order to stumble through the day. But he wasn't counting on Margaret.

He didn't know that women such as Margaret grew up in corporations. To be honest, in nearly three decades of considering the opposite sex as an object of interest, he never had encountered a female quite like Margaret. When he interviewed with her (one of, it seemed, endless interviews with managers and Vice Presidents and Senior Mucky-Mucks before he was hired), he was impressed by her classic beauty and statuesque body, but didn't think about what it would be like to report to such a female on a daily basis. He was no chauvinist. He believed that a woman's abilities could

equal or surpass those of a man. He saw right away that she was as sharp as she was beautiful. What he didn't see was the danger of even a little sexual attraction in such a situation. Right when you're least expecting it, when you're just beginning to feel good about yourself, life'll kick you in the balls.

A profile from an ancient Roman coin, blonde hair like honey, a tall, broad-shouldered body with the curves of a Hollywood starlet, and eyes as clear and pure, beneath their heavy lids, as a glacier-fed lake. He would've been content to stare at her, hour after hour. But he was supposed to write reports for this woman, demonstrate his business initiative, show that he was an asset to the Corporation, prove that she hadn't been in error when she hired him. Her performance was, in part, dependent upon his

(continued on page 17)

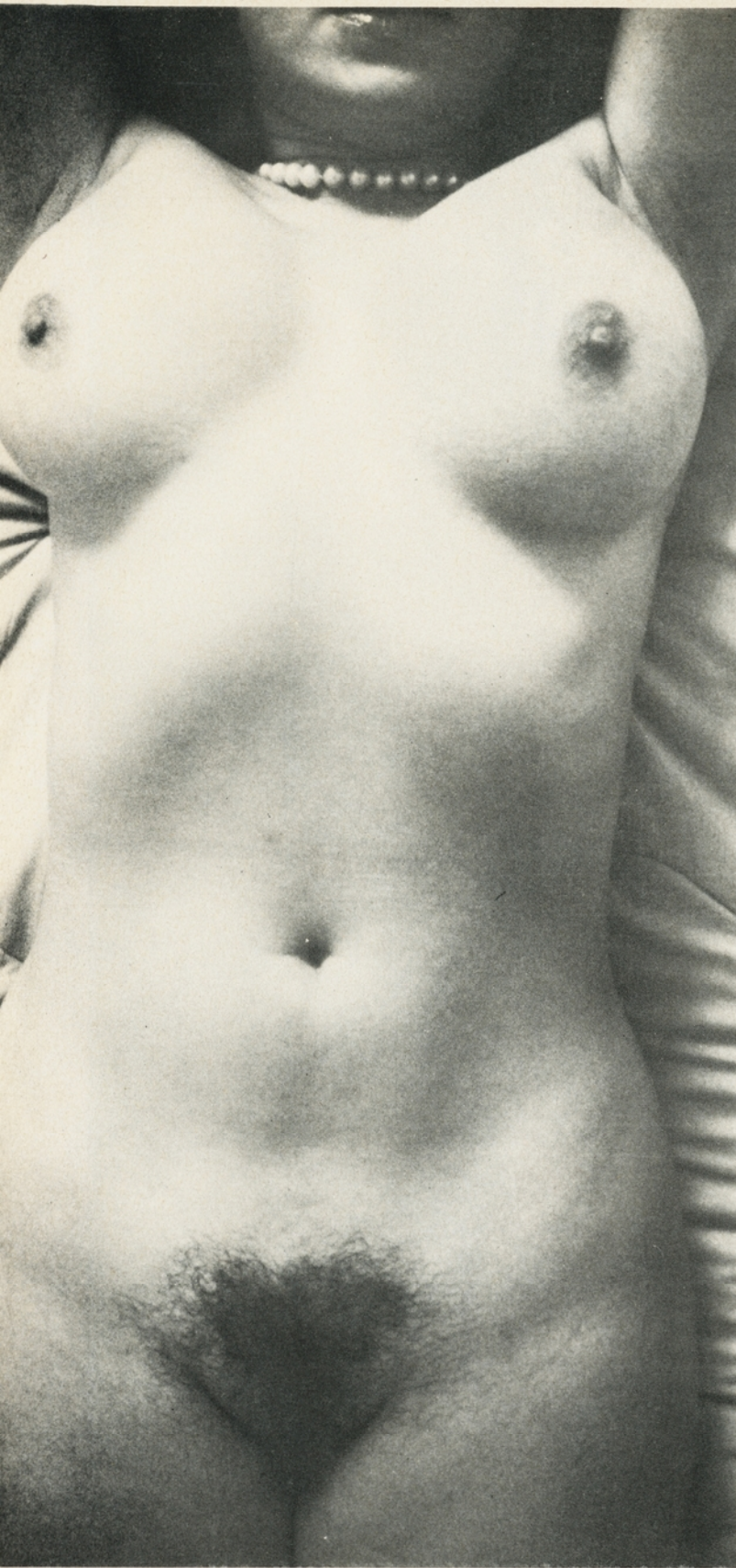


ARETHA

We were a little nervous sitting in the psychoanalyst's waiting room. After some serious soul-searching, we decided it was time for us to gain some new insight into the dark inner workings of our psyche. It was quite a surprise when the office door opened and the shrink turned out to be a big-busted, brunette knockout.

"Ah," she exclaimed, noticing our gaze





fixed upon her blouse-straining knockers. "This is very good! It is unusual to see the transference taking place this early in the analysis. Step in and tell me about your dreams."

After we had rambled on for some time, the

good doctor interjected. "Most interesting. You appear to have a fixation involving huge breasts. You must come three times a week for six or seven years and maybe we can get a handle on it." We protested that we could not possibly







afford such a lengthy, expensive analysis. "In that case, my friend, there is little hope for you. You may, however gain some benefit from a monthly perusal of GEM and BUF. They're fine magazines devoted to featuring girls who are extremely well-endowed."

We chuckled and explained to the sexiest looking psychoanalyst that we had ever seen that we were the editor of the very same magazines.



"You are!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling and fingering the buttons on her blouse which was just about ready to bust from the pressure of her large bosom which was heaving a bit as if from some inner excitement.

"You know, my own analyst feels I would get rid of my hangups if I were to exhibit myself to

the world, so to speak." Upon hearing this, we arrived at a perfect solution to the strikingly attractive doc's problem, the sensational results of which are now before you.

Aretha is the lovely lady's name and we're proud as can be to present for the very first time this newest BUF champion. ☐

CORPORATE LUST

continued from page 9

own performance. He dared not let either of them down.

She wasn't even his type.

He never had been attracted to these Nordic goddesses. Truthfully, he hadn't encountered that many of them, and those usually on the arms of other men. But he didn't think it was sour grapes to say that he preferred smaller, dark-haired women as evidenced by his marriage and his love affairs in the decade since his divorce. Even his fantasies had centered on them. For reasons his analyst hadn't yet helped him to work through, he had hungered only for these more accessible but bitchy, half-crazy, assertive, yet childlike types.

So what was he doing staring across a walnut-veneered conference table at Margaret, daydreaming about pressing his swarthy face between her hefty strawberry-and-cream boobs?

He was a lunatic.

But he couldn't help himself. The wheel turned, the dice were thrown the Tarot spoke, whatever: he was meant to die of sexual frustration, a victim by default of corporate gamesmanship.

Perhaps if he had been living with a woman, the pain wouldn't have been so acute. But six months before starting with the Corporation, Alex had moved out of Rita's flat — for the third and, he hoped, final time — and was living alone in a studio apartment so small that he only had room for a TV tray, instead of a table. Unless he balanced dishes on his lap, he couldn't eat and watch Barney Miller at the same time. He was so embarrassed by his tiny apartment that he couldn't find enough courage to ask a woman up to it. His existence was verging dangerously near celibacy.

Except in his mind.

Walking down Montgomery Street riding the number 55 Sacramento

bus in the morning and afternoon, sitting in a Kearny Street cafeteria, jogging on the Marian: whatever he did, he found himself staring longingly at passing tits and asses, at scissoring legs and trembling thighs. And in the office, those young secretaries, the typists and receptionists, the word processor girl knows as (gasp) the WANG operator: he imagined himself having all of them, right there on the new burgandy-hued carpeting.

Desperation drove him back to little Rita, to frenzied efforts to restore their long-term, ever-violent, often-passionate, frequently-painful, relationship. They debated endlessly the possibility of living together again, thrashed out their mutual attraction and antagonism first in his bed and then in hers but they couldn't ignore the fact that they never could expect a peaceful life together.

This emotional and sexual despair drove Alex to eye Margaret with increasing interest. And, terrifyingly, she didn't altogether reject his subtly lewd overtures. Margaret, too, was at a difficult point in her personal life. George, the man she had lived with for over a year, had decided that too much sex was depleting him of energies that he needed for his creative activities (he was the Art Director of a small advertising agency located in North Beach). She seemed to signal to Alex, between bursts of corporate jargon, that she too, liked to screw.

Alex found Margaret's essential reserve and sudden bursts of confidence during their meetings alarming and confusing. As his boss, she implied that he wasn't performing as he should be, but she refused to give him specific examples of where he was lax or inadequate. Then, crossing her incredible legs and leaning forward, blonde hair falling on both sides of her magnificent forehead, she whispered about sexual frustration and the flow of creative juices.

I'll make your creative juices

flow, he thought, but — reminding himself that this was his superior sitting across from him, with the power to end his corporate career — he took refuge in reminiscences about his life as hippie, poet, cab driver, and would-be journalist. Essentially conservative, comfortable only within the confines of a secure life, Margaret nevertheless was fascinated by these tales of his radical past. When he told how he lived with the bums around the docks in Seattle for six weeks and then wrote an expose of how capitalist society discards its workers, she looked as if she were about to have an orgasm.

Maybe, he thought, they had more in common than he should've supposed. But then her allusions to *The New Yorker* and the *New York Review of Books* reminded him that they lived on different intellectual wavelengths, as well as on different plateaus of professional success. Still a rebel at heart he looked on any publication with a circulation of more than 500 as relentlessly orthodox, and considered all media from the north-Atlantic seaboard as unavoidably smug and narrowminded. He never could trust a woman who admitted to admiring either Pauline Kael's movie reviews or Diana Trilling's social essays.

But, maybe he could screw her.

After work, one foggy autumn afternoon, Alex and Margaret risked scandal in the subterranean bar beneath their building. Over glasses of white wine, surrounded by junior executives and rising young computer programmers, they confided to each other the terrors of solitary life. Five feet-nine, Amazonian in her beauty, Margaret seemed, incredibly, to be attracted to his balding, pudgy, five foot-six self.

She invited him home to meet George.

"I'm really very unconventional," she assured Alex. "Wait until you see where I live. You'll believe me, then."

(continued on page 75)

The girl was Madison Avenue
personified and he
knew he needed a special
sell to attract her



THE SEXUAL LURE OF ADVERTISING



The dame was out of my class, but what the hell? I tapped her on the shoulder. "Want to dance?" I asked.

She looked me closely up and down before nodding with a smile. I obviously had her seal of approval. My only asset is my looks. I admit I really don't have much else on the ball.

She certainly had my seal of approval. I had first of all been attracted by the classic beauty of her profile. Then my eyes had naturally strayed over the rest of her assets. I admired the proud thrust of her breasts pushing at the filmy material of her scarlet dress so that the indentations made by her nipples could be clearly seen. Her legs were long and graceful, sheathed in black nylon and set off by her red leather high-heeled shoes.

This was a girl with whom I badly wanted to spend the night. We were very close on the dance floor. We had to be, it was so crowded.

"What's your name?" I asked, trying to make myself heard above an old Bob Marley number.

"Roxy," she replied.

"Nice name!" I shouted back.

It was no place to hold a conversation, so I decided to put off the small talk until later. Instead, I concentrated upon staying close and touching her as much as possible. I found her close proximity both stimulating and arousing.

I continued my inspection, this time from

close quarters. Her body was well shaped under the thin weave of her dress. There was a hint of muscles and of firm, young flesh. Roxy was a girl who obviously looked after her body. And her appearance. Things, I decided she could afford. I can sniff money anywhere and I was sure that Roxy had lots of it.

Despite the fact that she had hardly uttered a word I was well aware that she had a certain aloofness and arrogance. There was definitely an invisible barrier between us and I was determined to smash it down.

There was a pause in the music and I whisked her off the floor. Of course she wasn't on her own and she introduced me to her friends. I didn't catch their names but I wasn't interested in them anyway. The guys all looked like each other and so did the dames. One was an attorney. One was the daughter of a congressman. Just the kind of company I expected a dame like that to keep.

I thought it was time to impress her, so I told her I was in advertising. That really got through to her.

"Madison Avenue?" she asked, raising those shapely eyebrows of hers.

"Right," I affirmed.

That sounds interesting, she said, taking a cigarette from the pack I held out to her. She blew out a cloud of smoke. Now, she had to

stay with me, at least until she had finished the cigarette.

We danced. I bought her drinks. We progressed from a touch of fingers to arms clasped around each other's waists. She let me draw her close to me without complaint. Her Ivy League friends got the hint and abandoned her.

The place began to empty and we settled down in a quiet corner. It really was so quiet you could hear the ice cubes tinkling in our glasses.

"I'm quite interested in advertising myself," she declared. "You see, my father is vice president of a corporation in New Jersey so I know quite a lot about business."

I smiled at her. "Lay off, honey!" I begged. "I'm not a work-aholic. I don't like talking shop after hours."

"I'm sorry," Roxy apologized as she looked at me warmly.

Her eyes were large and long-lashed. They were like deep pools. I wanted to dive off a springboard into them.

I made my first pass at her. She gave me the go-ahead by not objecting. I went further. The feel of her warm flesh was heady and exciting. She placed her own hand where I wanted her to place it.

I let her keep it there for a while. "Can I see you safely home to your apartment?" I asked, confident of the affirmative reply.

The taxi ride though the concrete canyons of Manhattan did not take long. Throughout the journey she did nothing to extinguish the fire she had already lit in my loins. Roxy was mine for the taking!

The elevator in her building, a sky scraper on Park Avenue seemed like it was never going to stop.

I held her close to me.

"Do you work for the J. Walter Thompson agency" she asked suddenly.

"No honey," I replied. "It's a small, sort of family outfit."

The elevator eventually reached her floor, putting a stop to any fur-

ther talk about advertising. At that time of night I wanted to talk about making love, not about making a buck!

Her apartment was really something. Style and comfort were evident everywhere. There was porcelain from France, crystal from Ireland, carpets from Persia. And they hadn't come from some sugar daddy. They had come from her real daddy—the vice president of that corporation in New Jersey.

Roxy stepped behind the bar and poured two nightcaps. There was now a mutual understanding that we were going to spend the night together. Of course, I was aware that the understanding was only on account of my being in the acceptable, to her eyes, advertising profession.

We finished our drinks. I was ready for her and I knew she was ready for me. Slowly I removed her clothes. First of all, her scarlet dress parted in a long "vee", revealing her black scanty underwear beneath. We stood up. She slipped out of the dress and I reached behind to unhitch her brassiere.

Suddenly her breasts fell free



and, instinctively, she covered herself. She seemed to be holding two captured doves in her hands!

I took her hands away and admired her firm, tip-tilted breasts. My eyes moved to the junction of her thighs, sheathed in the taut silk of her panties. I dropped to my knees and, hooking my thumbs in the elastic, slowly drew them down her well molded legs. The elastic had dented her flesh.

Roxy kicked the flimsy garment aside and stepped back, offering herself for my inspection. Her nudity had the startling quality of an alabaster statue.

Reaching out, I drew her to me. She knew then that I was ready for her and she quickly and easily removed my clothes. My body shuddered and I gasped at the first touch of her hands. It was like an electric shock coursing through me.

I picked her up, as Clark Gable had lifted Vivien Leigh in "Gone With The Wind" and carried her through to the bedroom.

It was an enormous bed and I dumped her in the center of it. At that moment, her body was far more valuable than all the bullion in Fort Knox.

She lay there, white-limbed and blonde haired. As I climbed onto the bed, her softly rounded knees rose up and parted . . .

Ecstasy can't last, but its nice to remember! Roxy certainly gave me a night to remember for a long, long time.

I saw her again the following week, appropriately enough on Madison Avenue. Her eyes opened in alarm and she pressed a hand to her mouth to stifle a cry.

"Hi Roxy!" I greeted her.

Without a word, she turned on her heel and ran. I knew why! It was the large sign I was carrying over my shoulders, urging passers by to DINE AT LUIGI'S STEAK HOUSE.

"What's the matter, Roxy" I shouted after her. "I told you I was in advertising, didn't I?" □

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:

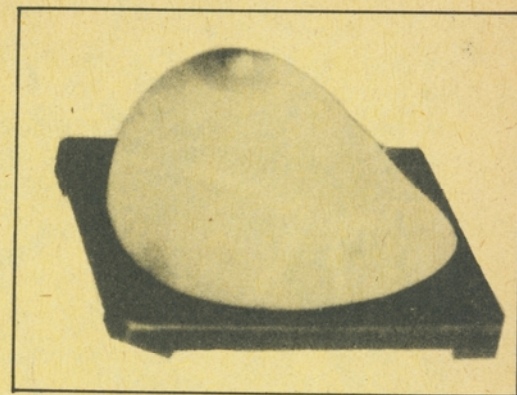
"The Dancers," claims it's a porno especially recommended for couples. It tells the ins and outs of an all-male act brought by their manager, John Leslie, to a small city where the horny hoofers soon begin to take on the town's hottest chicks — namely Georgina Spelvin and Vanessa del Rio, whose burning bushes are always a joy to behold.

When you were an adolescent one of the first big scams you probably encountered were "X-Ray Glasses" which cheap mail order catalogues promised would enable you to "See through things." The "things" meant were, of course, young girls' dresses. In the movie

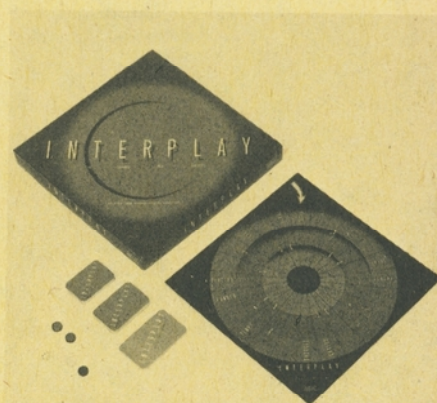
"Zapped" teen heartthrob Scott Baio is endowed with the ability to rearrange objects by merely willing them to move. So what does he do at his senior prom? Pops chicks' blouses open, lifts skirts, and, eventually, blows everyone's clothes off.

DJ Mark Simone interviewed a chap who said: "When I was young I had a terrific sex drive. It was 25 miles to the nearest motel."

Monty Python's new flick "The Meaning of Life" truly has something to offend everybody. Right off we are treated to a scene in which a convicted killer is allowed to choose the method of his ex-



Booby Bell is a great attention getter. It rings when you press down on the pink "button" and is sure to get lots of Bell-E laughs. It's from Leister Game Co.



Interplay is an adult board game for lovers that is arousing and funny. From Somantics, Inc., NYC.

ecution. His choice: to be chased by 12 unchaste topless beauties over a high cliff, their big tits swinging from left to right and right to left as they run in wild pursuit. Next comes a birth control production number worthy of Busby Berkeley, with oodles of kids singing: "Every sperm is sacred." This is followed by a chorus line of nuns dancing the can-can, and then by boys singing "The Penis Song." Another boffo scene shows a veddy veddy English schoolmaster lecturing his all-male class on Foreplay in Sex "while doing one's vaginal duty." In response to his sharp questions, pupils suggest nipple kissing, clitoris tickling and are

(continued on page 57)

In newspapers and magazines we read reviews of fine gourmet restaurants. but what about coverage of greasy spoon eateries? That's where most of the world eats. Here is an-up-to-the-belch review

PTOMAINE GARDENS

Where The Elite Don't Meet To Eat

by Drunken Heinz



CAFE BELCH: Eating here is like playing Russian Roulette. You never know which meal is going to kill you. If you don't have sharp teeth, I definitely wouldn't order a steak. Biting your own tongue is the tastiest hot meal available.

LA CUCARACHA (The Cockroach): A tortilla tamale cafe that's well named. The specialty of the house is a hairy enchalada. Not recommended. In the kitchen you'll see insects with indigestion. If you order a meal at La Cucaracha, be sure to boil it first.

THE MAU MAU: So called "cannibal stew" is prepared in a large pot. But you don't have to worry what kind of meat they put in it. It's nobody you know.

AL'S RAINBOW ROOM: This place got it's

name because after you eat the food you turn all different colors.

POP'S: If you are eating dinner here, don't ask the waiter what's in the soup. The fact is, he doesn't know anymore about bugs than you do. When your restaurant critic dined there it was annoying that the waiter kept scratching his crotch and finally I asked, "Do you have eczema?"

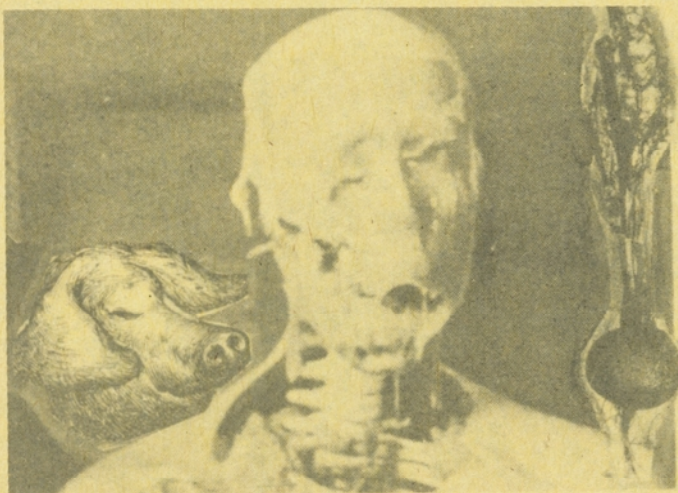
He said, "No special orders, buddy — just what's on the menu."

THE WIND-IN-YOUR-JEANS-CAFE: Beans is the big hitter here. Boston baked beans. Chili beans. Kidney beans. Navy beans. People who eat here become repeaters.

MOE'S: Everyone, it seems, eats at Moe's — except the health inspector. The rarest dish in the place is a clean one. For two dollars you can eat like a horse. If you want to eat like a human being, it costs ten dollars.

SAM'S SEAFOOD GROTTTO: This is the best restaurant in town to get crabs — Not in the dining room — **OFF THE TOILET SEATS!**

LONG DONG'S: This exotic Chinese Restaurant presents you with fortune cookies before the meal. In one of them you'll find a message that could save your life. It reads: "DON'T EAT THE PORK CHOW MEIN." There are unusual



dishes on the fly-specked menu, such as Sechuan Fried Bologna and Egg Foo Yung Parmigiana.

LE BONNIE SEWER: A French cafe where the chef dresses to kill and cooks the same way.

THE EIGHT BALL CLUB: We won't say what kind of meat they serve, but it comes in three grades — win, place and show.

MOTHER'S MEATLOAF AND MASSAGE PARLOR: The waitresses all wear topless and bottomless outfits. It's bad enough when you get a thumb in your soup in some restaurants, but here what falls in your soup could be hairy — meriting a warning from the Public Health Department. Mother tries to turn your head with bare tits and tail but mostly she turns your stomach with her cooking.

BIG DICK'S JOINT: A tough place. If you can't afford to pay for a meal, you'll quickly find out that the Saturday Night Special isn't served on a plate — it's put against your head with the hammer cocked. To give you an idea about this joint, a kitchen helper asked to be transferred to the men's room as an attendant because he couldn't stand the food smells.

PAPA ANGELO'S SPAGHETTI PALACE: Not too classy an establishment. If you ask for garlic bread, Papa takes a plain slice of white and breathes on it. On each table you'll find three shakers — salt, pepper and Preparation H. Once Papa's pizza oven blew up. The fallout contaminated five city blocks.

PATTY'S PIES: At Patty's the slogan is, "There are no flies on our pies!" Wrong! There ARE! Don't order a raisen pie, the house specialty. Lots of times, you can see the raisins walking.

IRISH SHAMROCK HEAVEN: Mulligan Stew is the main dish — to avoid. Two bites and you turn green. ☐

LES GIRLS OF PAREE

by
Jacques Strop

Ever since
Lady Dubarry
used her sex
for a calling card,
France has been
famed for its
oo-la-la!

Near the famed Eiffel Tower you are likely to find Babette, a girl of few words — and those words are francs, dollars, pounds, krona and marks.

In a hotel room on the Rue de Rivoli, one Parisienne broad has been contributing to the delinquency of a major.

"Foreplay," according to perky Yvette "is just an organ prelude."



Pierre, the recent bridegroom, comes home after a day of work to find Francoise, his new wife, stretched out seductively on the divan, dressed only in flimsy, see-through lace. "Guess, my luff, what we have for zee dinner," she cooed sexily, "and don't tell me you had it for lunch."

Nanette, a sometimes dancer at the Folies Bergere, loves to say, "Yankee, go home — but not until you've paid me 500 francs."

Says Ginette: "I love men who are tall, dark and hung some."

An Avenue Pompadour bordello is known as "Rue de la Pay-Through-The-Nose."

The girls of Paree admire the Eiffel Tower as a magnificent erection.

"Voila!" gasped artistocratic Yvonne in the taxi when her escort's hand slipped under her skirt between her silken legs and moved swiftly to her pubic patch. "Thees is zee night when feeling runs high, monsieur!"

The word douche was invented by a French girl centuries ago. Today it is sometimes called aquapuncture.

Giggles Monique: "In Paris an ass-hole buddy is called a bun ami."

Pretty French Mademoiselles often stay out until the "Oui" hours of the morning.

Suzette was emotionally disturbed and told her room-mate that she had called it "finis" with her boyfriend Maurice because he said she was a lousy lay. "Mon Dieu," she cried, "After all, how bad could I be in just twenty seconds."

"69," winks the lovely Marie, "is a double header."

MARY



Mary, Mary, quite contrary. The possessor of a luxuriant crop of dark tresses, here she is sporting a blonde wig, and a pretty obvious one at that. Also obvious are this London lass' pair of super knockers! Definitely BUF Hall of Fame quality and quantity.

Mary's brains are big, too. She is a professi-



onal researcher and is called upon for various scientific projects. She recently completed a study of various sites around the world where volcanoes erupted and discovered a definite connection between them and erotic, lascivious behavior as evidenced by the torrid love songs which flourished soon after, namely: "Lava,

Come Back To Me," "My Lava Is Red Hot," and "I'll Be Laving You Always."

We admit we've got the hots for Mary ourselves but that's only natural. This British bird's big, beautiful boobs are something special. Hail Britannica! Hail this fabulous 4M gal — Mammoth Mammared Marvel Mary! ☐

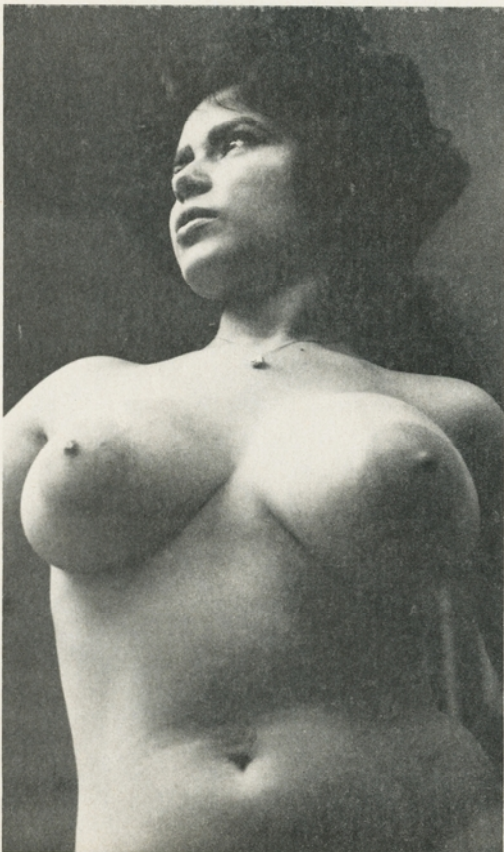


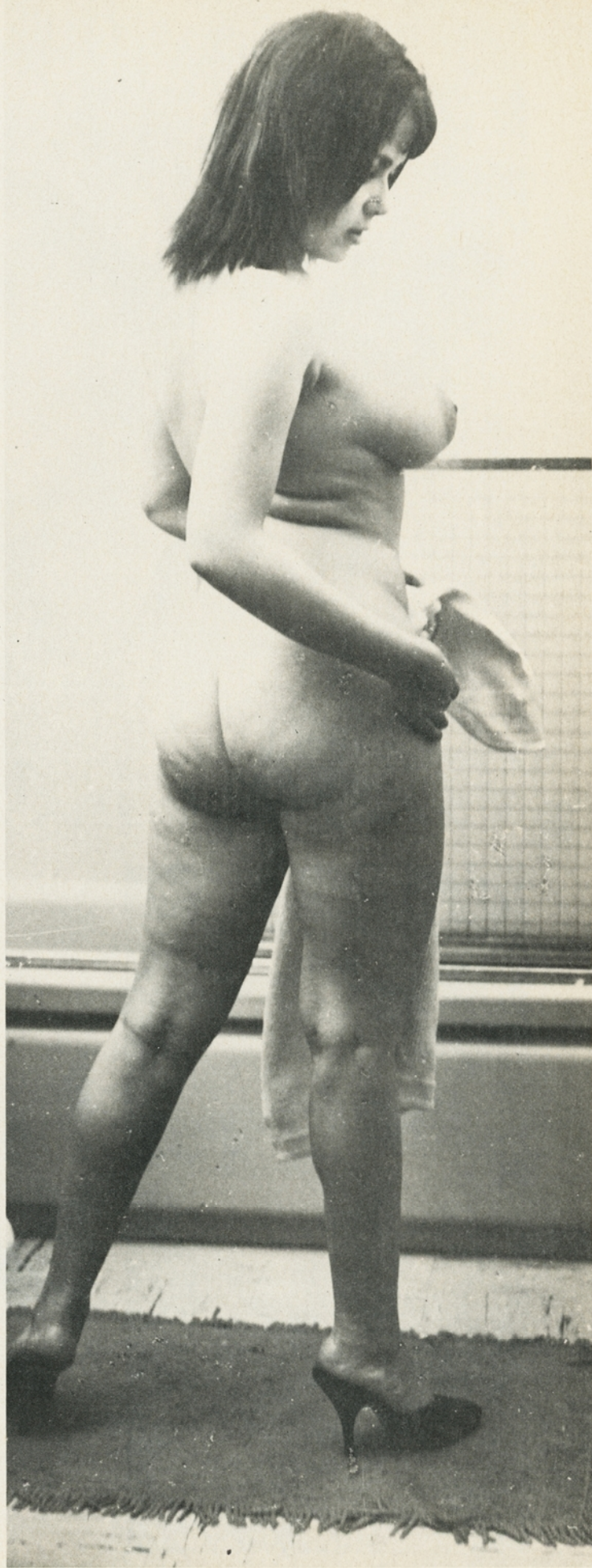
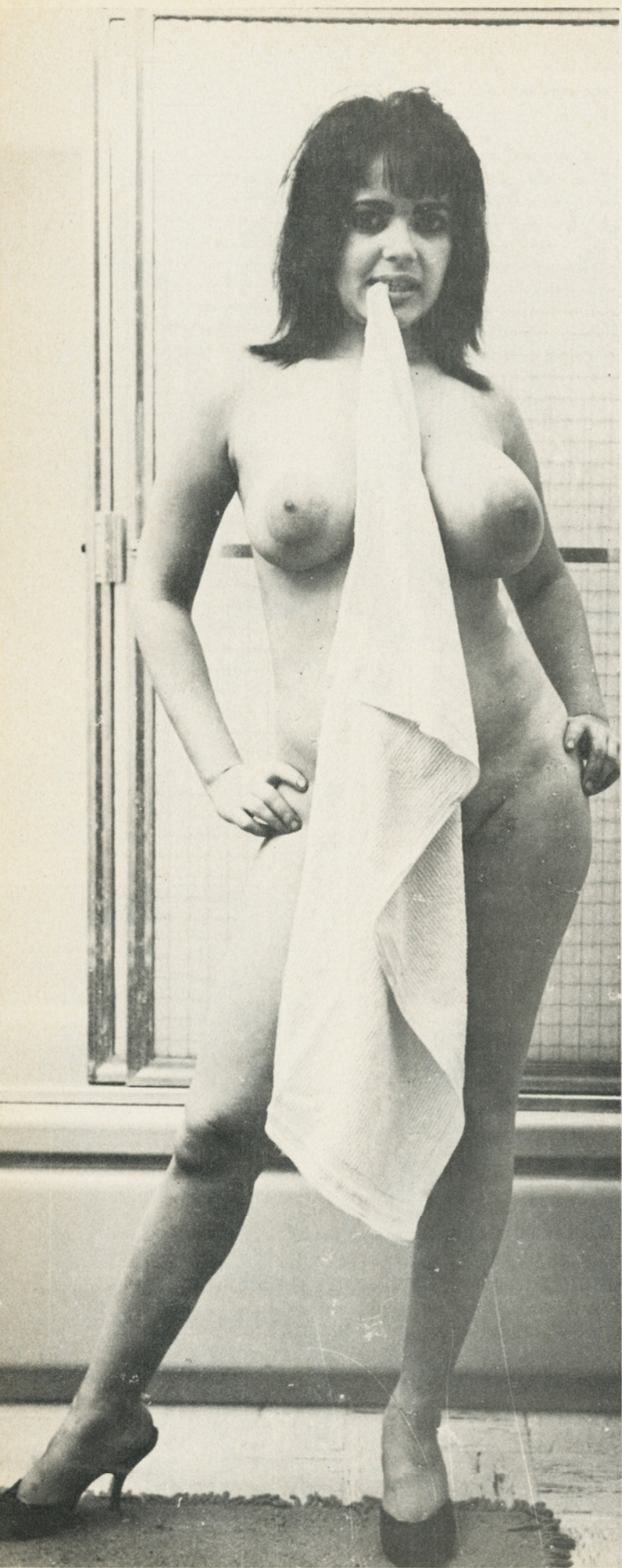
GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES

HONEY BEE















GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES

TINA







PATTI

Welcome this bountifully buxom British bird, our newest championship member of the BUF Hall of Fame. Her name is Patti and she hails from London-

shire where our roving European correspondent was looking for a suburban cottage. It so happens that Patti is a real estate agent and our man had the good



Gem of the Month













fortune to answer an ad she had placed in the real estate section of the London Times.

When he met the auburn-haired, huge boobed knockout at her office he immediately realized that he

had a great find on his hands—for us and all our readers who are crazy about damsels with mammoth mammaries. When he broached the subject Patti said she'd be delighted to pose for us. At least that's what



our man thought she meant when she said "Oh, you cheeky bugger, that'll be smashing!"

They agreed to set up a photo session at the cottage

that our agent purchased and we've rushed the set into print so we could all enjoy this sexy real estate agent's eye-boggling properties. □





BRIDEY

We love a gal who loves a good time, and this beautiful BUF blonde sure fits the bill. Dancing, high living, and the better things in life are what Bridey shoots for after a hard day at the office. She's currently work-

ing as a junior executive in an investment firm, and learning plenty about the world of high finance and big money.

"I just dumped my boyfriend a few weeks ago—he





couldn't afford me anymore. The guy was a real cheapskate. When he pays you a compliment, he asks for a receipt. He's so stingy, he won't even tip his hat. After we had been going together for a year, he gave

me a ring that used to belong to a millionaire—Woolworth! Working at the investment agency I can meet all kinds of handsome guys with dough to spend."

Bridey advised us to put our money in video games





if we wanted to clean up. "In five years, practically every American, will have several in his home. They're lots of fun. I often get my date to take me to a video

arcade and we play 'Custer's Revenge,' 'Ms. Pac-Man,'" and 'Communist Mutants From Space.' You may not know it but 'Video Game Skills' is now being





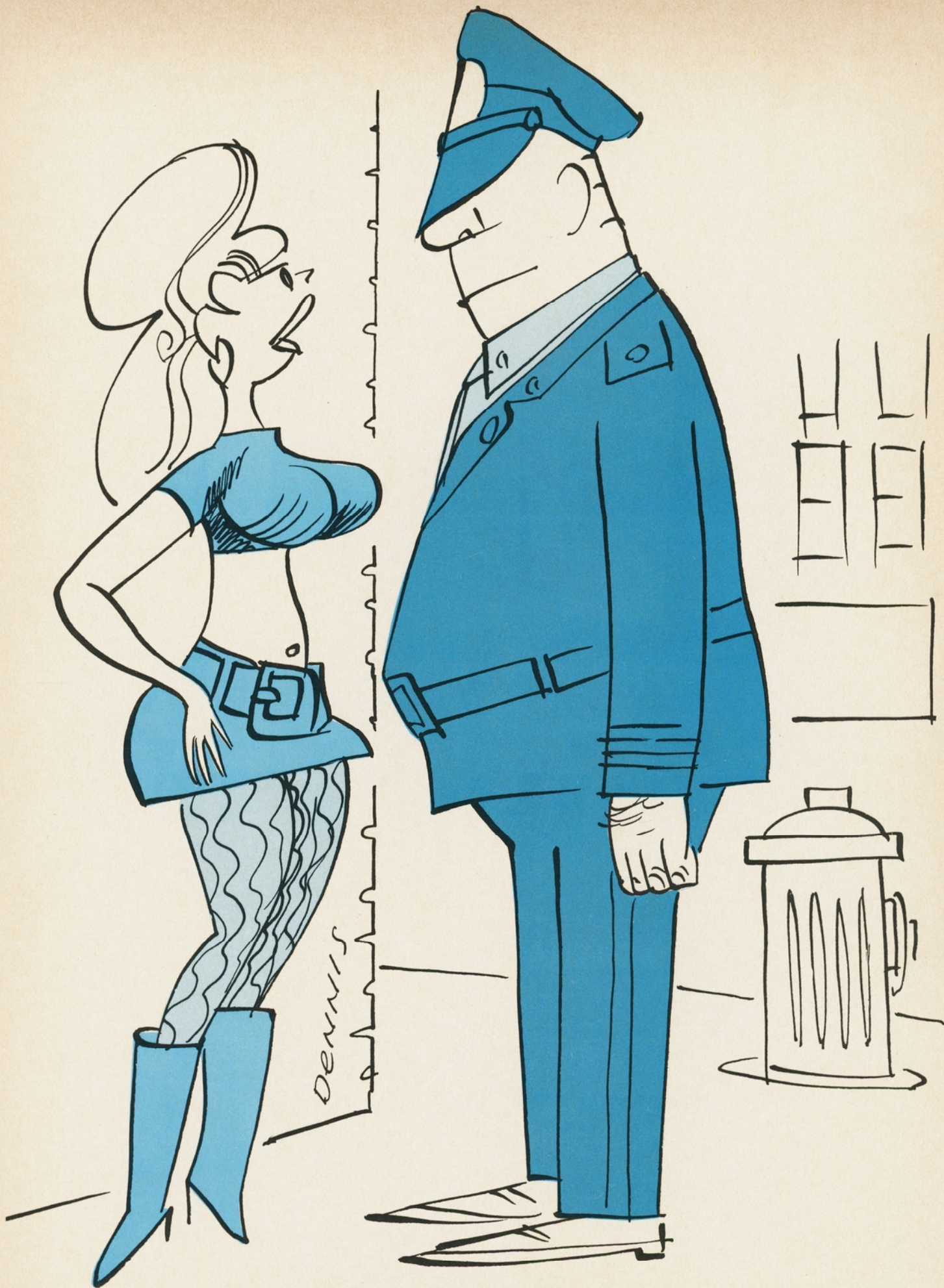
offered as a major at several prestigious universities.”

This ambitious young big-boobed knockout is currently dating a Texas oil baron she met on the job, and she hopes to tie the knot with him in the near future.

“This junior executive job is for the birds, you know. I mean, it cramps my style, it’s tiresome.”

One thing that never will be tiresome is feasting your eyes on Bridey’s magnificent Big Up Front figure. □





*"I have a visible means of support but if I show it to you,
you'll run me in for indecent exposure!"*

RATED X DIGEST

continued from page 21

urged, "Not to stampede towards the vagina." The teacher then has a 4-poster bed rolled into the classroom and demonstrates foreplay and penetration with his nubile wife ably assisting.

At a fund raising affair for the famed Actors Studio, Estelle Parsons entertained with a one-woman show which included simulating an affair, then orgasm, a try at abortion and, finally, giving birth.

"Sex in the sixties is great, but it improves if you pull over to the side of the road," cracks Johnny Carson.

"I'm a T&A Man," and "Sex Is Better Than Grass, If You've Got the Right Pusher." are among the iron-on-patches the New York based Happy Appliques has been offering at trade shows.

Here's a batch of new bumper stickers offered at the National Variety Merchandise Show: "Maryland is for Crabs", "Have You Hugged Your Hogs Today?" "This Planet Sucks," "I Didn't Invent Sex, I'm Just Perfecting It," and "Honk if you don't have Herpes."

Henny Youngman tells about the compulsive gambler who, late at night, was urged by his horny wife to leave the casino and come to bed. "Not yet," said he, "I don't like the odds."

Milton Berle, MCing a Friar's Club stag affair pontificated: "If pussy wasn't meant to be eaten, it wouldn't have been created in the shape of a taco."

Some of Joan Rivers best gags are about her fictional friend Heidi, the town tramp, "who has had more hands up her dress and the muppets."



"Innocence in a Corrupt World," is the title of this oil painting, by George Hillenbrand. It was seen at the Hansford Gallery in New York

In Richard Rank's "The Abduction of Lorelei" the beautiful but spoiled daughter of a California millionaire is brutally abducted by a trio of depraved kidnappers. If you've already guessed that this raw, racy flick is loosely — very loosely — based on the famed Patty Hearst caper you're absolutely right. Taken to a remote hideout, Lorelei is subjected to various sexual indignities — worst of which is being sodomized with a soda pop bottle. Billy, one of her kidnappers, gradually falls for

Lorelei's charms, and so does Jennie, girl member of the gang. This, of course, makes for very lively and erotic she-she encounter. But more erupts than sexual passions — real gun-play — and the old adage is proved once more that women are the sexiest, but also the deadliest of the species.

Quote from F. Lee Bailey, the popular lawyer: "I think the lawyer who sleeps with his client... is silly and stupid. Despite the fact he may have a very good time..."

THE GIRL WITH THE BUTTERFLY

He picked her up
on the highway
but though she was
heading for the
Canadian border, he
wasn't sure
she'd come across



I spotted the hitchhiker trudging along the side of the road just before sundown, holding a cardboard sign that read: CANADA. She was a leggy girl of perhaps twenty, blonde, dressed in a floppy leather hat, jeans, a dungaree shirt and a backpack strapped to her shoulders.

I should've sped by. But to be stranded alone at night on a deserted northwoods blacktop — well, the thought chilled me. It shouldn't happen to even a woman.

Braking, I pulled onto the road's shoulder and watched in the rearview mirror as she ran toward my station wagon. "I'm not going all the way to Canada," I emphasized immediately, as she opened the door and climbed in beside me.

"How far?" She swung her pack off her shoulders and dropped it in the back seat.

"I can take you as far as Little Falls — a hundred miles closer."

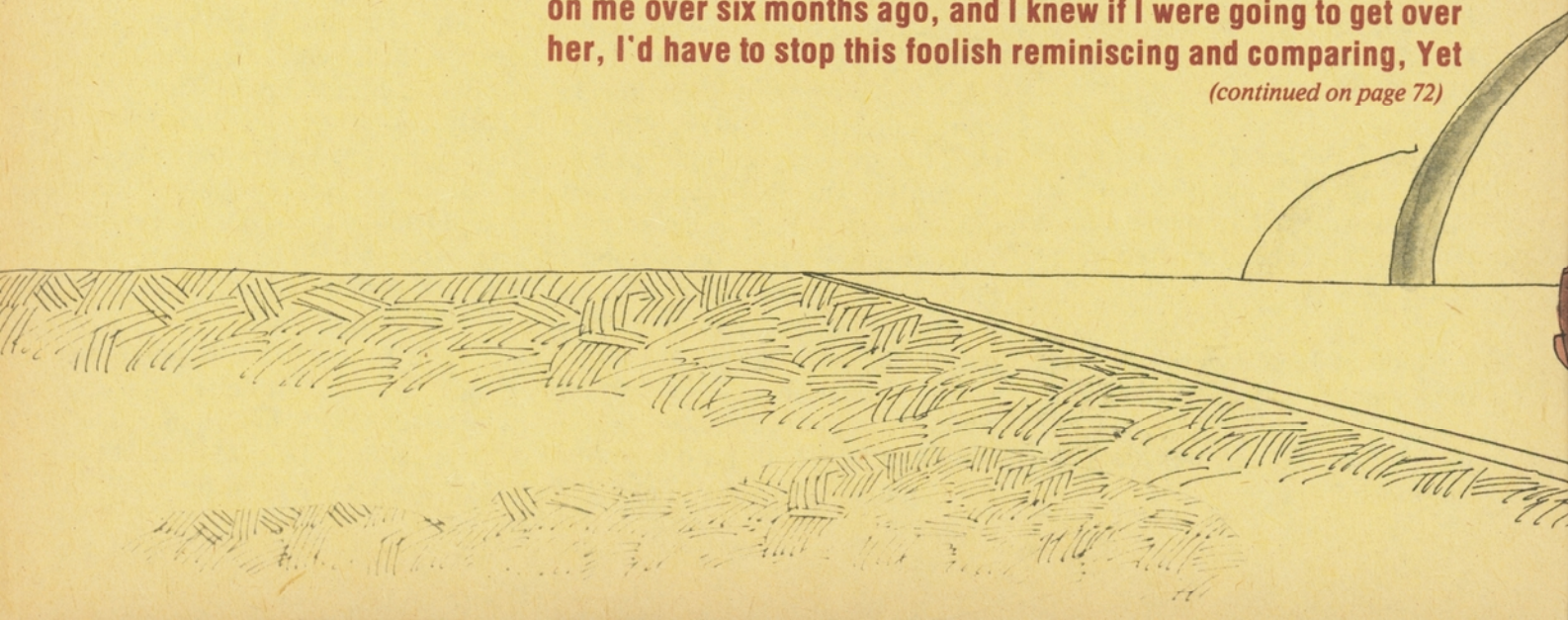
"Beats getting stuck all night on the highway."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It'll be dark soon and there's not much traffic."

Pulling onto the highway again, I looked at her. She lay back, eyes closed, and rubbed her shoulders where her pack straps had cut into them. Her tightly curled yellow hair under her floppy hat framed her face in a fuzzy halo. She appeared boyishly slender in her faded and patched jeans and dungaree shirt, except for well-rounded breasts.

But compared to Ramona she was a zero. And then instantly I hated myself for making the comparison. I hated myself for even thinking about Ramona. She was the class broad who'd dumped on me over six months ago, and I knew if I were going to get over her, I'd have to stop this foolish reminiscing and comparing. Yet

(continued on page 72)



BOTTOM

by
Jon A. Ripslinger



her image flashed through my mind nearly hourly. Tall and statuesque with regal red hair, cool, green eyes, glowing red lips and a sensuous smile — that was Ramona.

I'd figured maybe a summer without women, a retreat into the wilderness, fishing and drinking, would help stomp her out of my memory. That's why I'd been zooming north along Minnesota 92 when I'd picked up the scrawny blonde hitchhiker next to me.

I looked at her again. Eyes still closed, she sighed heavily and said, "Man, am I glad you came along. I've been out there since four o'clock this afternoon and nobody's come by except truckers. They blast you with airhorns and leer."

"Truckers hauling grain to the Dakotas," I said. "They can't afford to pick up a hitchhiker. Too much of an insurance risk. Where are you headed in Canada?"

She opened her eyes, sat up straight, and sighed again. "No where special. I'm just headed for Canada."

"Beautiful country."

"Can we play some tunes?" she said.

"Sure."

She sat forward, and her slender brown hand reached out for the radio. I expected her to crank up the volume when she found a rock or disco station. But she ignored them and settled for one playing classical oldies. Glenn Miller. Benny Goodman. Then Sinatra crooning: "Unforgettable, that's what you are. Unforgettable..."

That was bathing with Ramona before laying her — our own unforgettable brand of foreplay. Naked, we'd sit on the edge of her giant sunken tub, dangling our legs over the side in the jasmine-scented water. We'd suck on a bottle of red wine, kissing and playing with each other, till the wine was gone. Then I'd slip off the side and submerge myself up to my neck. I'd stare at her wonderfully sculpted

lines, hips and breasts — all of her curves — chiseled out of the smoothest, whitest marble. Then I'd grab her foot and laugh and tug as she glided into the soapy warm bath with me...

"Where are you headed?"

"What?" I said.

"Are you headed any place in particular?" She regarded me with curious blue eyes, her mouth large and soft.

"I'm sorry. I was... thinking."

"Where are you headed?"

"I'm free for the summer. I teach at the university. I have a cabin on Loud Thunder."

"A lake?"

"Uh-huh. I'm spending the entire summer fishing and drinking a ton of beer."

Her face brightened. "That's exactly what I want," she said. "Freedom — freedom to do my own thing. I just dropped out of school."

"College?"

She nodded. "In the South. What's your name?"

"Mark Baldwin. Yours?"

"Charity Brown."

In the gathering darkness along Route 92, we drove in silence. Tall Minnesota pines and evergreens and blue spruce loomed up on either side of the road like towering sentries. Charity dozed for more than an hour, and I thought surely she was sound asleep. But when my headlights spotted a road sign announcing Little Falls 25, she suddenly yawned and said, "May I ask a favor?"

I nodded slowly. Money, I thought. She probably wants money to stay overnight in Little Falls, where she can pick up another ride in the

morning. Good. I'll give her a couple of bucks, then dump her.

"Could I spend the night with you?" — said innocent as hell, as if she were asking to stay with a girlfriend.

"Look, if you need a few bucks"

"I don't need money. You don't mind, do you? Are you married?"

I gripped the steering wheel. "No."

"Then it's okay?"

"I don't think so."

"I won't be a bother."

"My cabin's nothing fancy."

She shrugged indifferently. "I've hitchhiked all the way from Florida," she said. "Eight nights now. Twice I've slept in Interstate rest rooms and once in a park in Iowa. A cabin sounds super."

Where did she spend the other nights? I wondered. In motels shackled up with other guys she'd hooked a ride with? A hitchhiking hooker is not what I needed either.

But we both fell silent again, and in Little Falls we stopped for a sandwich. Charity ate ravenously. At first, she insisted she pay for both of us because of the night's lodging I was giving her.

"But I haven't said I'd give you a night's lodging," I said.

She frowned. "Are you afraid? You're not gay?"

"Don't be stupid," I said. "I—hell... you can stay one night."

But I paid for our sandwiches. I bought food and beer for tomorrow and told her I'd bring her into town after breakfast, where she could hook another ride, possibly all the way to Canada.

It was nearly nine when we arrived at my lake-front cabin. The night was cool and heavily scented with pine. Bright stars shone in a dark sky, and the moon cast a silver glow on the lake. Somewhere in the night a screech owl called welcoming us.

Having been locked tight all winter, the cabin was dusty and filled with stale, musty air. I apologized. But Charity was unconcerned and totally delighted when



she realized the cabin had a shower. I turned on the bottled gas outside, lit the water heater, and hauled some of my gear from the car into the cabin.

But even before the water was hot, Charity decided to jump into the shower. I hung a robe on the back of the door for her and started a blaze in the fireplace. I had to smile when she came out of the bathroom, pulling the robe tight around her shoulders — it went around her nearly twice — trying to tiptoe on the cold wood floor. Her blonde curls clung in tight wet ringlets to her head.

"Beer's in the frig," I said. "A cold shower sounds good."

When I came out of the bathroom after my shower, a towel wrapped around my waist, I stopped with surprise just short of the bedroom door. Charity was already in bed asleep, nude, my robe at the foot of the bed. The shower had evidently relaxed her, fatigue and sleep taking over. She was breathing softly into her pillow, innocence spelled out in the smile of her half-turned face.

In the bedroom, I stared at her: her tawny shoulders, then her soft back with its pinched-in waist, her gently rounded hips and the tender line of her thighs and calves. From head to toe, she was young, firm, and fresh. Not at all scrawny.

She rolled onto her stomach. I took a second look — and my mouth dropped open. Tattooed on each cheek of her bottom was a life-sized monarch butterfly, delicately done in black and orange. I can't say why, but the sight sent a tremor of excitement through me. My blood suddenly raced. I licked my lips. Impulsively, I reached down and traced my fingertips along the butterfly wings on her left cheek — velvety smooth as real wings.

Suddenly Charity stirred, rolled over, opening her eyes, looking bewildered and disoriented. Then she smiled with sleepy recognition and lifted her face toward mine like

a child who wants to be kissed.

"What's happening?" she said.

"Nothing," I said, my throat suddenly dry.

"I was waiting for you, but I fell asleep."

"Do you want a sheet — a blanket?"

She smiled at me with amused blue eyes. "No."

My gaze swept over her, halting at her satiny breasts with rigid coral nipples that seemed to beg for attention. I swallowed. I trembled — and suddenly gasping, I ripped off my towel and collapsed onto the bed with her, kissing each swollen breast. Moaning, she pulled me into place and, while she twisted her long legs around me, I tenderly took her into my arms, putting my lips to her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth.

"Go deep," she whispered hoarsely, and hold... very deep... till I get off."

Slender as she was, I expected her to be all shoulder blades and hipbones, but she was pliant and warm-muscled. My heart hammering wildly. "Oh, yes," she groaned as my body responded to her command, her lips seeking mine frantically.

As her tongue slithered into my mouth, hot and snaky, a shiver shot up my spine. Then suddenly her body arched under mine, greedy for more depth. Using my toes for leverage, I gave an incisive, powerful thrust forward — a mighty heave. She gasped, clutched me violently with her arms and legs, and released a piercing cry: "ohh-h-h-h!"

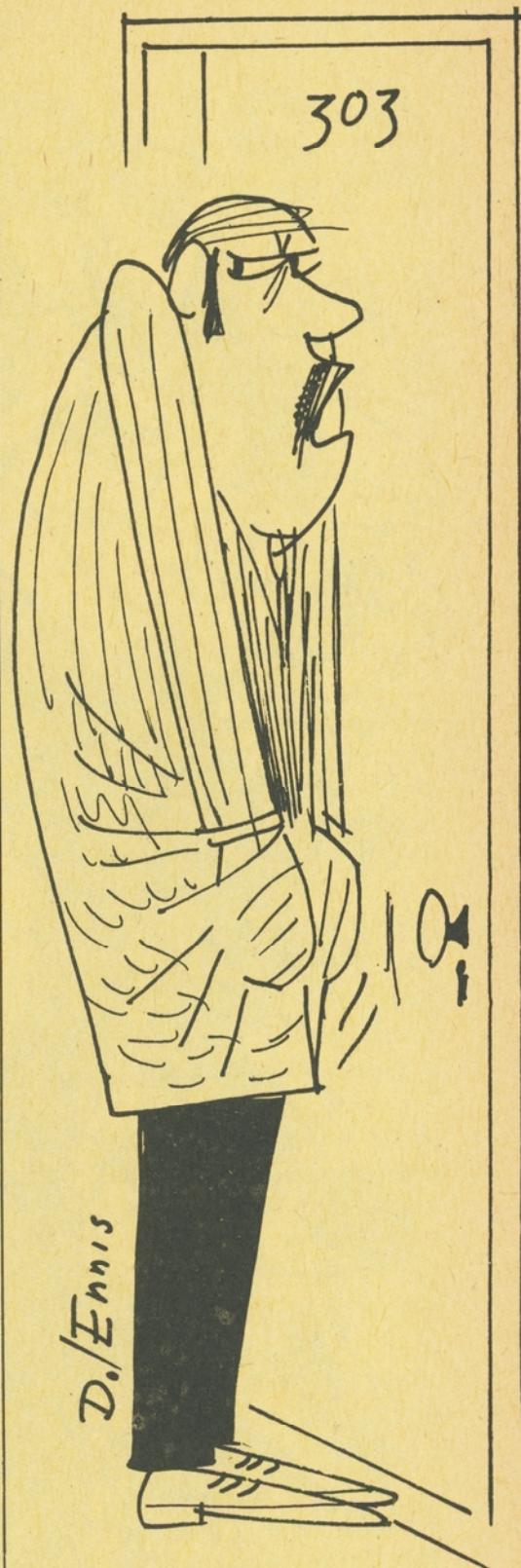
All at once, she was slapping the bedsheets with tight fists. Then just as suddenly she fell limp as a rag doll.

"That was quick," I said.

"Yes," she smiled, pulling my head into her breasts. "And good. So good."

Then this slim young girl with the proud, pointed breasts, smiling mouth, and butterfly bottom insisted I lie back while she ran her

(continued on page 72)



*"Open up, Cecilia.
What I've got for you, I can't
slip under the door!"*



For an aging but still horny millionaire with waning virility, hard times are ahead

THE MEDUSA SOLUTION

by John M. Sitan

"Good evening Mr. Gavel, please come in," a slender, elderly man dressed in a white silk Nehru jacket answered the door. "Dr. Siva has been expecting you."

"For \$100,000 cash in advance he damn well better be expecting me," Tim Gavel responded harshly. He was large, bear-like, 58 years old and worth \$35 million dollars, the tough, self-made owner of an international construction business. "Tell him to hurry up . . . I want to get on with it."

Dr. Siva's house had impressed Gavel and he was a man who admitted to being impressed by no one. It was English Tudor in style and isolated on a cliffside overlooking the ocean. The brick and stone exterior contained an array of gargoyles. A private road had led nearly a mile to the estate.

"Mr. Gavel, I am pleased to see you," a gaunt, dark haired man entered the hallway. He was of indeterminate age and wore a red velvet smoking jacket. "I am Dr. Siva."

Gavel took Dr. Siva's outstretched hand. "Look . . . my doctor arranged all this. He's a drinking buddy and I trust him but I want to know . . ."

"This way," Dr. Siva interrupted and led his guest into a Victorian sitting room dominated by a huge stone fireplace. "It is my procedure that we talk before our . . . arrangement is concluded, Mr. Gavel."

"Look, I'm no guy for moralizing about things. I got a family . . . three kids . . . a wife. And I've got a little gal I've got set up in an apartment. And I like to do some balling extra on the side. Only I ain't what I use to be . . ."

". . . and your doctor told you that medical science can do a lot, but not as much as you want," Dr. Siva spoke with a slight accent.



"Yeah," Gavel looked sharply at Dr. Siva. "That's right. And I was told that for \$100,000 I could do what I've been doing . . . and more . . . besides?"

"Correct," Dr. Siva looked steadily at Gavel. "I guarantee that you could . . . *service* a hundred ladies one after the other and then start over again. I guarantee that you would only have to stop when you wanted to. I guarantee that you will be a super stud."

"Yeah? That's some guarantee."

"A money back guarantee," Dr. Siva smiled and leaned back. "The *Medusa Solution* . . . my name for the *solution* to your problem. You have contacted the three men I mentioned to your doctor?"

"Sure . . . they agree that it worked," Gavel grunted. "Pretty important guys. Did they each pay \$100,000?"

"Standard price," Dr. Siva smiled again. "I have had many patients and there will be many more."

Dr. Siva looked closer at Gavel.

"The men I referred you to told you that my . . . system works, but now how. Correct?"

"Yeah."

"We will go upstairs now," Dr. Siva moved toward the rich wood paneled wall beside the fireplace. A sliding panel revealed a small

elevator. "We are going to the third floor. Within an hour you shall be possessed of the never fading abilities you have paid for."

"The *Medusa Solution* . . . what's the gimmick?" The elevator stopped and Gavel followed Dr. Siva into a short hallway lined with marble statues. A large door was at the end of the hallway. "Medusa . . . hey. There's some kind of fairy tale about a Medusa isn't there?"

"The Medusa or Gorgon is from Greek mythology. A woman with snakes for hair and who turns all who look into her eyes to stone."

"Oh, yeah". The door Dr. Siva led Gavel toward was of massive carved wood. "A fairy tale. So what does Medusa have . . ."

"You paid for a solution to your problem . . . you will receive value for the money," Dr. Siva raised his hand. "Do you like the door? Carved by a master craftsman. The motif design is that of a lingan . . . a stylized phallic symbol connoting maleness, vitality and creative power. Appropriate for a door to this particular room."

The servant who had let Tim Gavel into Dr. Siva's house came from the elevator toward the two men.

"Everything will soon be ready," Dr. Siva nodded. "There is a small

dressing room here where you will be prepared for your introduction to the *Medusa Solution*."

Under Dr. Siva's watchful eyes Gavel undressed to his shorts. The servant fitted an elastic bandage to Tim's eyes and then placed a black hood over his head.

"I will lead you to the carved door you saw a moment ago, Mr. Gavel. Inside the door you will meet a compliant young lady. Pleasure yourself with her. But do *not* . . . this is important . . . *do not* remove the bandage or hood from your head and eyes. You will leave by another door. I will see you then."

Forty minutes later Tim Gavel stumbled blindly from a door which closed silently behind him. He felt hands removing the hood and bandage from his head and face.

"Your treatment was eminently successful, I see," said Dr. Siva looking at the naked Gavel. "My servant is laundering and pressing your clothes. A sauna, and rub-down are available if you wish them."

"Hot damn," said Tim Gavel as the bandage was removed from his eyes. He was looking down at his rigid penis. He felt of his rigidity. "Hot damn."

"*Living stone*, Mr. Gavel," said Dr. Siva. "Perpetually useful. You will need to have your tailor make some accommodation in your clothing. You will find your penis always in that condition."

"But the girl in the room . . . she wouldn't let me touch her head," Gavel looked at Dr. Siva with puzzlement.

"Mr. Gavel," Dr. Siva sighed. "suppose the Medusa was not an ancient myth but really existed. She would be immortal and would have to make a living. How our arrangement came about doesn't concern you. But you have discovered that a portion of your body has become stiff, useful, living stone. You've gotten your \$100,000's worth!" □



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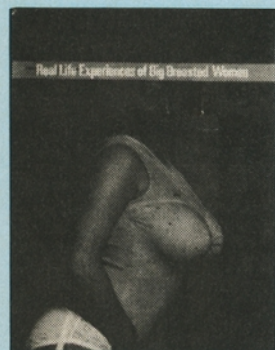
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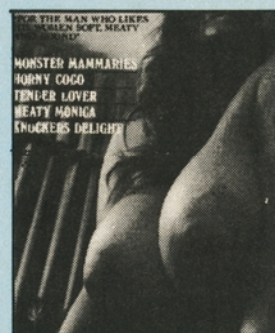
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to wake up to her full-busted shape. She quipped that she'd sleep on it, but she said it listlessly, adding, "I'll add your name to the list." Then she said in earnest that she's a one-man woman and there's just no room in her life for two.

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GIRL WITH BUTTERFLY BOTTOM

continued from page 61

hands around my behind and through my legs. "Like that?" she asked.

"Sure do," I moaned, touching her cheek and bringing her face to mine. Her breath was warm and sweet as her tongue slid between my lips, and I opened my mouth wide.

While her tender warm hand kept playing between my legs, she took her lips from mine and pushed her right nipple into my mouth. "Make love to it," she said hoarsely.

I did avidly. But with a sudden gasp she pulled the nipple from my mouth and flicked a maddening tongue through the tangled hair on my chest, lovingly over my nipples, across my belly — it lingered a moment in my belly button — and then down to my crotch.

I moaned with pleasure as she smothered me with the sweet slippery warmth of her mouth, fulfilling all my wishes, satisfying all my caprices, amazingly anticipating all my needs. And that was only the beginning. She loved me all night long with ecstatic abandon, teasing me into readiness time after time, till at dawn I lay gasping and dazed—sated.

I was the first to wake near noon, sunlight streaming in the window in a bright patch on the bed. Charity lay curled into me, a slender thigh slung over my leg, the tickle of her breath on my chest.

I rose, slipped into my jeans and sweat shirt, went into the other room and stirred the embers in the fireplace. I added new wood to chase the lingering morning chill.

Suddenly, Charity was standing in the doorway, still nude, yawning vastly, stretching her arms above her head. Her unconcern for her nakedness suggested the total joy and freedom of her spirit. "Breakfast?" she asked.

"Scrambled eggs and bacon," I said. "Toast, coffee, milk, juice —

just as soon as I get organized.

"Super! I can't remember when I last had a decent breakfast before hitting the road."

As she turned and skipped back into the bedroom to dress, my eyes riveted on her butterfly bottom. Really, I tried to tell myself for all her youthful vitality she is nothing but a foolish, tattooed, frizzy blonde youngster balling her way to Canada. Ramona had been my queen of love, my empress of seduction, lofty and majestic in swirls of white silk and lace.

But all night long as I was making it with Charity, I had never once thought of Ramona. And the thought struck me like a ton. Even better — this morning I didn't give a damn. Monarch butterflies tattooed on a girl's bottom can be just as seductive as royal airs.

I crossed to the bedroom. Charity had pulled on her dungaree shirt and jeans, but her shirt was half opened, the slopes of her golden breasts showing magnificently.

"Do you like the wilderness?" I blurted.

"I'm majoring in conservation," she said. "I want to be a research botanist. But . . . well, I had to get away from school awhile."

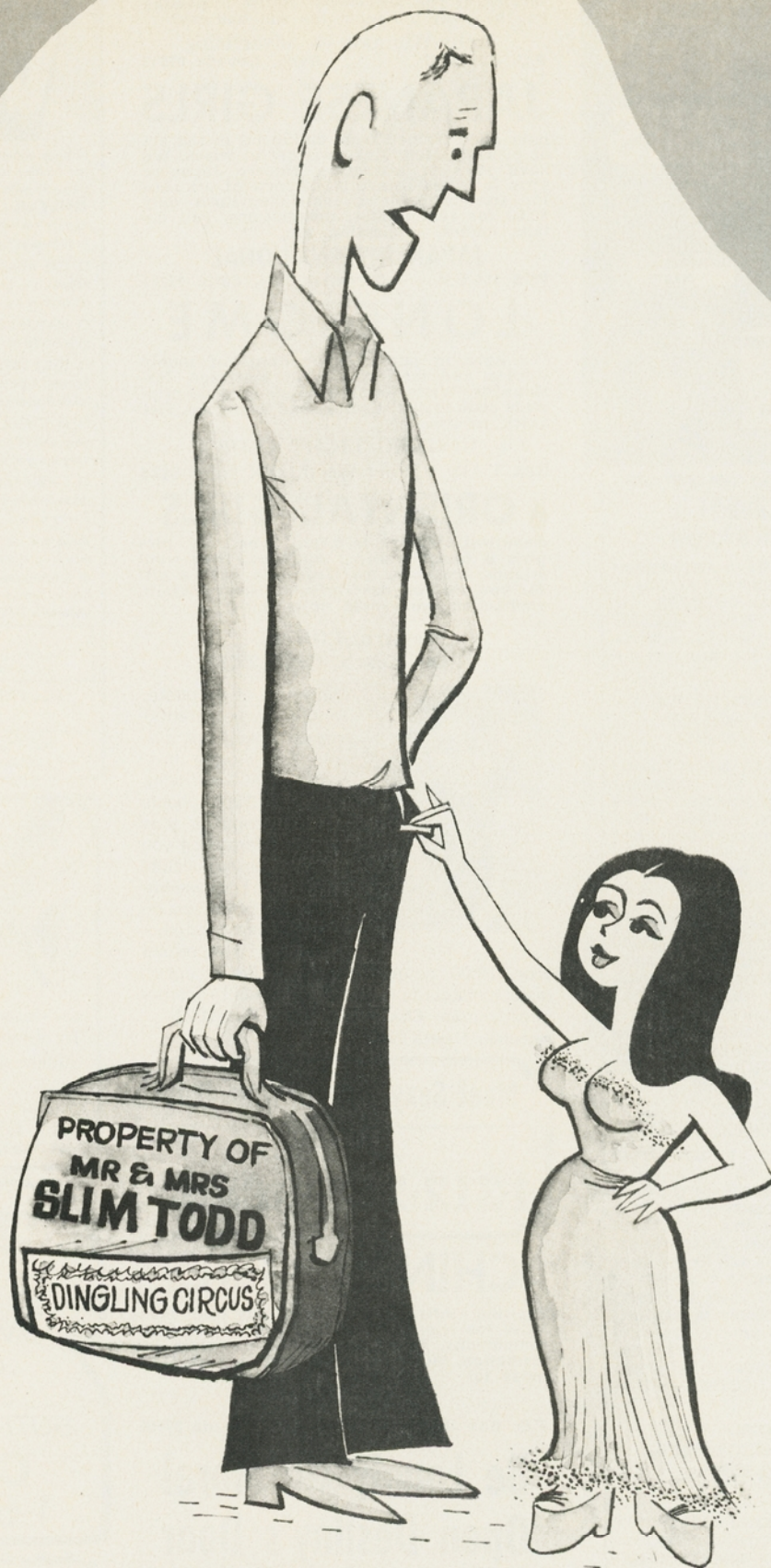
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Her eyes exploded with excitement. "You mean stay here — with you?"

"That's what I mean."

"I'd love it!"

I pulled her tightly into my arms, feeling her body swell against mine and kissed the warm valley between her breasts as she shuddered and groaned. We flung off our clothes and climbed onto the bed. Immediately I grabbed her behind and we made love again, her fluttering butterfly bottom firmly in my grasp. □



"Oh, Tina, not chin-ups again tonight?"

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CORPORATE LUST

continued from page 17

He rode the Muni Metro with her out to the hillside studio she currently was inhabiting with George, the frenzied Art Director. On the way, they discussed office politics and the pursuit of happiness. Walking up the hill from the Metro stop, he managed to stay a couple of paces behind her so he could enjoy the shifting of her buttocks beneath her gray skirt.

At the base of a precipitous flight of raw gray wooden steps ascending a stark, weathered warehouse-like building, she stopped and looked down at Alex, a nervous, proud, and somehow apologetic expression shifting across her immaculate features. He never would've guessed that she lived in such a dump, but as he climbed the stairs behind her twitching ass, he decided that it was inevitable. This was, no doubt, her vision of the "artistic" life.

Breathlessly, she turned to him again, just inside the curtainless, multi-windowpaned door, and whispered: "This is it! What did I tell you? Isn't it awful?"

Posters and huge oil canvases cluttered the walls. Wire mobiles dangled like pterodactyl skeletons from the plank ceiling and dusty Mesozoic sculptures lurked behind curtain alcoves. Mattresses were scattered among kitchen chairs and an oak table and quantities of cushions. An aged green sofa stood beneath a skylight, several variegated cats arranged on it with the self-conscious artistry usually found in decorating magazine photographs. Margaret jerked with excitement as she led Alex into her lair.

"I guess George is out," she said, disclosing a kitchen of sorts behind a wide curtain of heavy multi-hued fabric. "You want a drink?"

He shook his head and, dutifully, she let him take her to one of the mattresses waiting in that enorm-

ous, chilly room. Their lovemaking may not have been perfection, but it was dangerously intense, and he knew, even while screwing her, that he would regret it.

Afterwards, as if embarrassed by sudden, unexpected revelations, they talked rapidly and disconnectedly about art and literature, and he realized, yet again, that she knew much more about almost anything than he did. Except real life. He still could awe her with his descriptions of real life, but he didn't have the heart to embark on one of his rambling Homeric tales of perversion and grime. (Maybe she expected him to pay for her favors with one of these half-fabricated accounts of his sordid past, but he didn't bother. He knew that he would pay, all right, but in a much more telling way.) Finally, he dressed and, leaving her attired in a designer sheet, fled the hillside "studio" to return to his own so-called studio apartment.

The next day, at the office, she seemed predictably cold towards him, but he told himself that he wasn't surprised or worried by her behavior. A week later, she mentioned — while they juggled styrofoam cups in front of the staff room coffee machine — that George had moved out of the studio. At least, temporarily. Since the place originally had been his, she explained, she felt rather strange staying on after he left, but that was the way he had wanted it. Meanwhile, she added, she intended to begin looking for another place for herself.

That was it. No hints that he should move in with her, no suggestion that he might, at least, go home again with her, not even an implication that she would welcome an invitation to discover what his living conditions were like.

When Alex's annual performance evaluation came due, Margaret gave him a barely satisfactory rating, indicating that, despite his talents, he wasn't sufficiently engaged in his work. Furious, he

carried the report to her office, ready to confront her with his rage and challenge what he thought was her unfairness. (Besides, he had been looking forward to a substantial raise.) Charming, she told him that she didn't have time to talk with him, now, but they could get together after work.

Aghast, he nodded, and retreated to his own cubicle. No question about it, he decided, he was screwed. This would teach him to screw his boss.

Their affair — for such it seemed to be picked up, now. He spent several nights a week with Margaret in her vast, drafty studio, and once, adventurously, she came with him to his closet. Neither suggested any kind of permanent arrangements, and they both were careful to avoid dropping clues that might be picked up by their office colleagues.

Business took a turn for the worse, sales fell away like layers of dead skin, budgets were peeled back like oranges, and everyone stalked through the Corporate Headquarters with gray, tragic expressions. Rumors floated downward, from the senior executive floors, putting fear into the hearts of the underlings. Certain departments, knowledgeable sources suggested, were on target for elimination. Alex was convinced that he would be the first to be canned. Each time he screwed Margaret, he expected her to roll over afterwards and say, "By the way, you don't need to come into the office, tomorrow."

One afternoon, Margaret took Alex aside and told him that he didn't have the right attitude about his work. He looked too distracted, she said, too vague.

"In the corporate world," she explained, "you've got to look as if you know where you're going."

"Even if it's only to the john?"

"Even if it's down the toilet."

He took this as a definite tip as to his future with the Corporation, if not to his future with Margaret.

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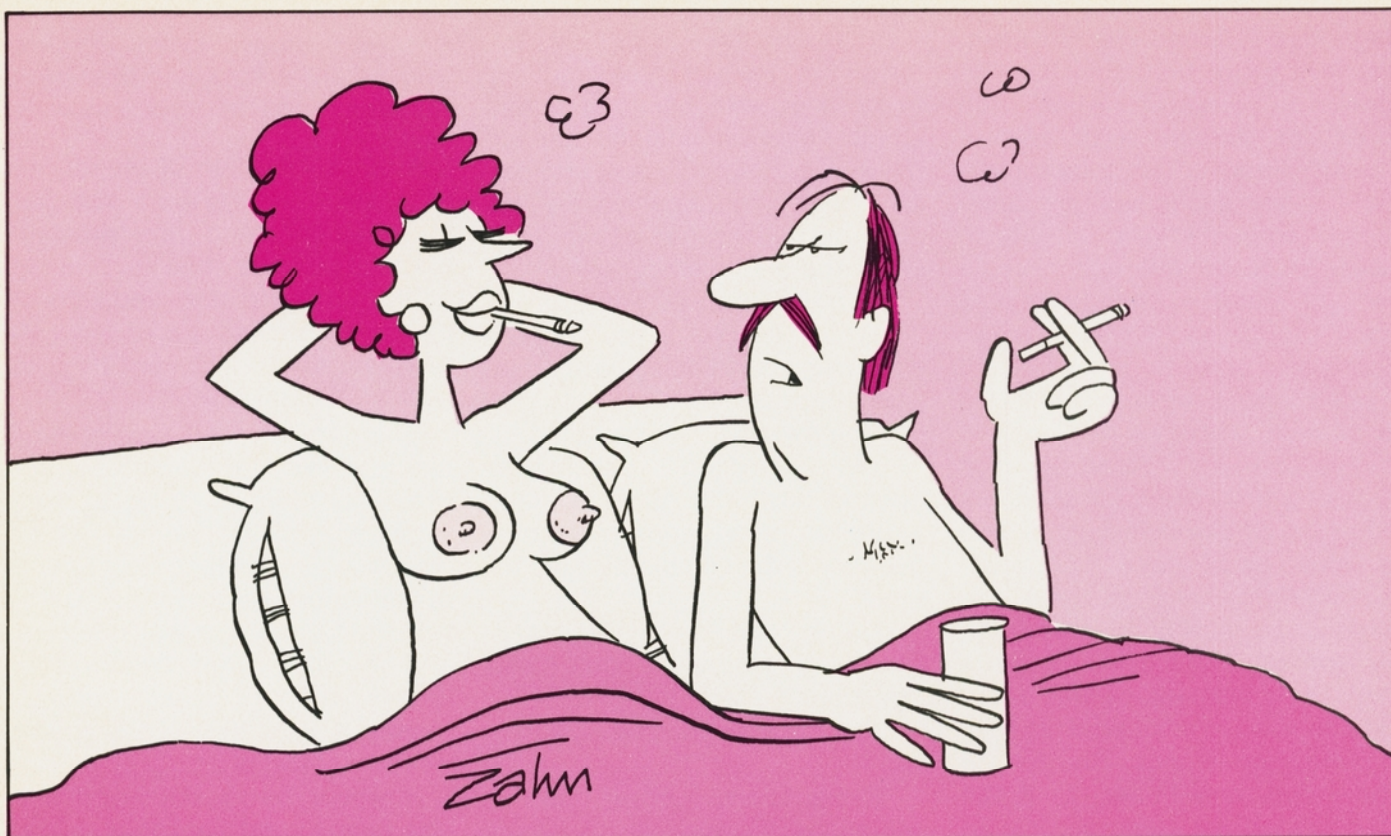
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"Well, then, would you say I was the 1,429th?"

They tumbled into the elevator at the same time that evening, and he took advantage of the moment alone with her to press himself against her lush corporate body. Quickly, they kissed, then she pushed him away, just as the elevator doors opened with a snap.

"By the way," she said, as she strode away, down Montgomery Street on her high heels. "I've turned in my resignation. I'm leaving the Corporation. I've had a better offer."

He started to run after her, but stopped at the curb, letting her merge alone into the crowd of workers crossing the intersection. Was he truly surprised? He should've known that a furry little beast like him couldn't hang on to a goddess such as Margaret.

But a more important question was what would this turn of events do to his future at the Corporation? He wasn't in love with corporate life, but he enjoyed the regular salary — pitiful as it was — and was accustomed to wearing semi-decent clothes and mingling with

the bright, pretty people of the corporate world. Just walking down the street among the handsome young male and female executives and the luscious secretaries and typists could make him horny. It was a turn-on to pretend that he was a part — even as tenuously as he was — of a world in which these lean, vigorous, ambitious men and women dominated. Everything mattered in this world, nothing was left to chance. It was alien to him, this way of thinking, but it thrilled him. When Margaret left the Corporation would she take his future with him?

Would he have to go back to driving a cab, back to paying off hotel doormen and praying for a fare to the airport, back to long nights cruising the dark streets of the city and poverty-stricken days of wondering whether he would survive another week. He was too old to be a bohemian, too fat and balding to make a good rebel. All he wanted, now, was a little certainty to his life: a regular income and some good sex, and maybe a

little love. Was that asking so god-damned much? Wasn't that part of growing up?

Alex sat in the closet he called his home and wondered how the hell he had reached this position, approaching his thirty-ninth birthday, with no money, no lover, no future, and a pretty spotty past. He kept thinking of Margaret, picturing her strawberry shortcake flesh and corporate brain. He couldn't, in truth, blame her for anything, but he could resent her influence on his life. Screwing her had been like screwing the Corporation, and you don't fuck a corporation without getting fucked back.

He should've known. Her beauty, her organizational, cold sexiness, had bobbed before him like a holiday balloon, asking to be played with, but the party had ended, and he didn't know what he was expected to do, now.

Maybe he was a bum at heart: one of those irresponsible anti-establishment freaks that he saw sleeping under the sidewalks at construction sites, before the new

highrises replaced the old ones. As if to prove his conviction, he grew a beard, and let his hair reach his collar. Margaret would've cautioned him about his appearance, but his new supervisor, a middle-aged corporation man whose sluggish career reflected his own lack of intention, didn't seem to care enough about Alex to either reprimand or warm him.

Alex saw Margaret in Macy's basement, where he had gone to buy a pan. They stood on each side of a small cluster of shoppers watching a fat woman demonstrate a new pasta-maker. Margaret looked right at him, as she edged around the display table after the demonstration, but didn't recognize him. For a moment, he was offended, then he remembered his new, hirsute, appearance. She looked the same, only better, as if she had refined her corporate image, perfected that hard edge that accented her creamy beauty.

When she left Macy's, Alex followed her. He had to walk quickly to keep up with her long-legged stride. Almost running, he pursued her across Union Square, up Powell Street, into an art gallery. He cornered her between a Dali watercolor and a Miro lithograph.

"You owe me," he said.

"What? Alex? Are you crazy? I don't owe you anything. What happens, happens."

"You owe me," he repeated.

"Were you fired?" She looked up and down his rumpled, hairy figure, as if answering her own question. "Are you blaming me for that?"

"No," he said. "Not fired. Erased. Dissolved. Merged. I don't exist, any more."

"Just because your expectations don't —"

"Expectations! I never had expectations. Survival is all I ever asked." He lunged forward, pinning her to the grasscloth wall, between

the two pictures. "I want to screw you. I want to hold your breasts in my hands and ball your corporate bos."

A quick inhalation of breath, an expression veering from disbelief to resolution, and one precise, graceful gesture: while he clutched at his crotch and strangled a cry of pain, she strolled out of the gallery, pausing at the front desk to pick up a catalogue.

Bearded, balding Alex stalked like a werewolf through the corporate corridors, lurching at secretaries, growling at his fellow-wageslaves, belching and farting at meetings. He knew his future with the Corporation was doomed, and no longer cared. Whatever he lusted after, it wasn't power. Money, maybe. Sex, for sure. But, freedom, most of all.

However, he was damned if he'd give them the satisfaction of seeing him quit. He'd make the bastards fire him.

And fire him they did, quickly, cleanly, mercilessly. Cost-cutting was the official explanation, but he knew better. He knew that they were out to get him, and had been out to get him, all along. With his last paycheck in hand, he returned to little Rita, hoping for some comfort and some loving, but now she was involved with a lawyer who took her sailing on the bay in his boat. The way she told Alex to get lost was remarkably similar to the brush-off he got from the Corporation.

Anyway, I'm free, he thought. Free of the Corporation, free of all relationships, just plain fuckin' free. Thirty-eight years old and on my own.

That night, he returned to the financial district and, standing straddle-legged in front of the main entrance to the Corporation headquarters, pissed on the revolving door.

As he turned away from the building, tucking himself in and zipping his trousers, he saw an old wino eyeing him suspiciously.

"I used to work in this building," he explained. □



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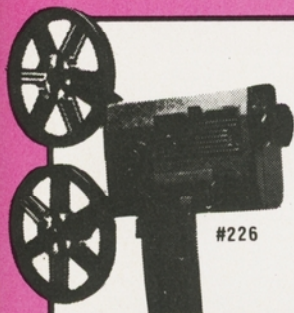


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