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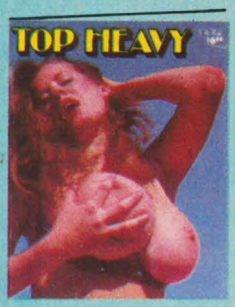
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AND AN EYE-POPPING
SPREAD OF SUPER
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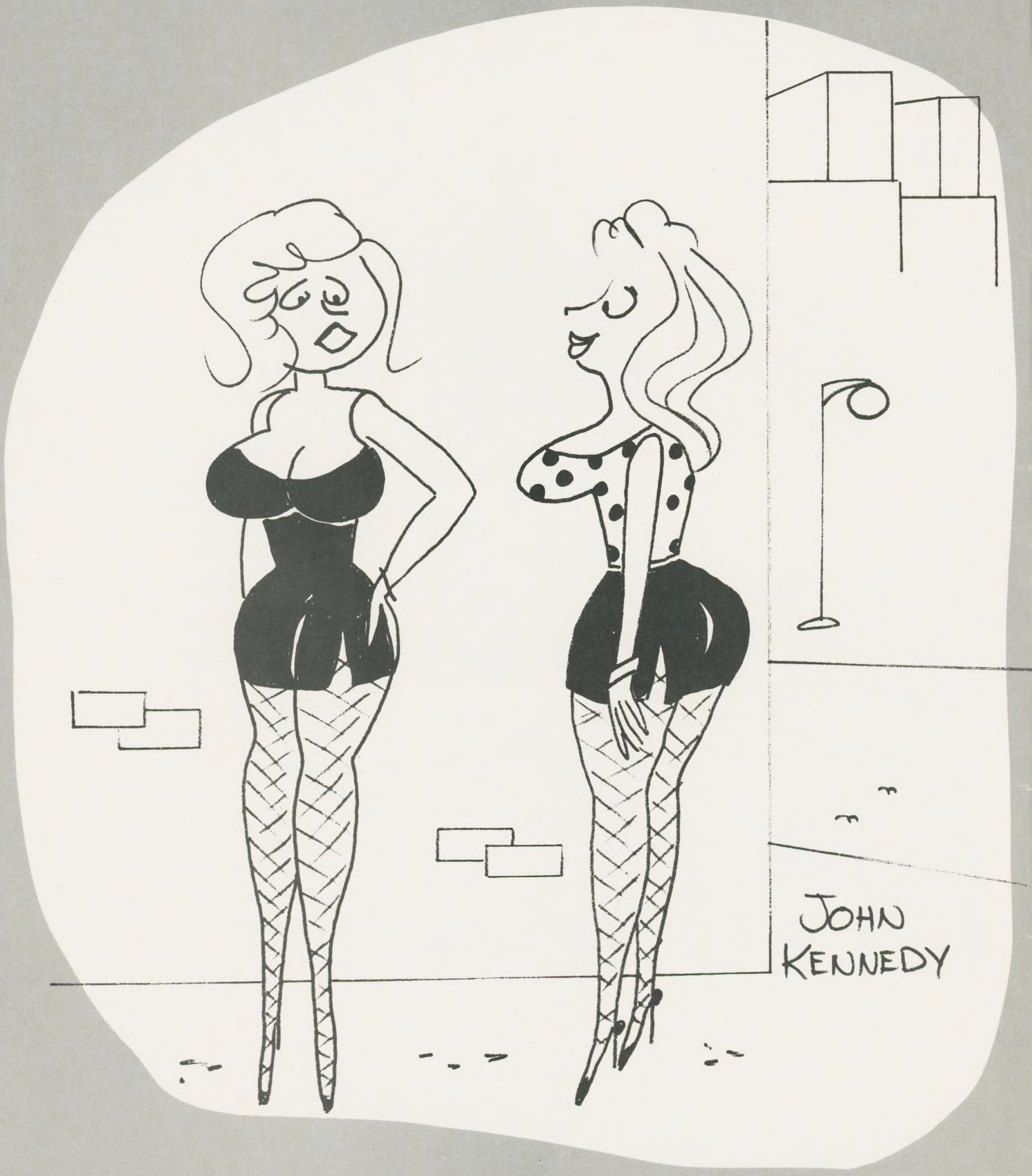
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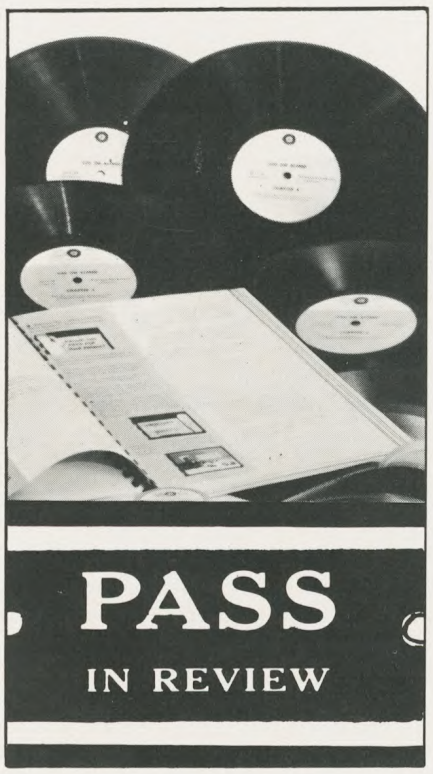
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A delicious spread featuring one of the greatest all-time super-jugged Hall of Fame champions.

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His mind a blank, his "memory" prods him to recall the seductress in purple and her wild party.



"I never vote—I don't care who gets in."



RECORDS

Peter Rowan With The Red Hot Pickers is a fine set recorded in Japan by the eclectic Rowan and a sterling cast of city-bred bluegrass musicians. Rowan has always been one of the most expressive of the Yankee bluegrass singers. His vocal mannerisms may be a bit exaggerated for purists, but he packs a lot of soul into his singing. Richard Green (fiddle), Andy Statman (mandolin) and Tony Trischka (banjo) have gone in for progressive sounds in recent years, but their work here is strictly traditional, and one couldn't ask for a better band. Roger Mason supplies solid bass, and Rowan himself contributes solid rhythm guitar and some brief but tasty solos. The fare here is mostly traditional and 50's bluegrass. "A Good Woman's Love," "Old, Old House" and "Jimmie Brown, the Newsboy" are among the highlights.

Fans of vintage C&W will not want to miss the German Bear Family label's excellent series of Marty Robbins reissues. The three-volume *The Marty Robbins Files* contains classic sides recorded in the fifties by the late singer and songwriter. This material has not appeared on LP before. Robbins is at the peak of his vocal powers, backed by good honky-tonk fiddle and steel. Vol. 1 contains the fine "I'll Go On Alone," covered by Webb Pierce on an early album, and "A Half Way Chance With You," the latter's melody built on a trademark Little Roy Wiggins steel lick. The goodies on Vol. 2 include the beautiful "At The End of A Long Lonely Day," some fine original gospel tunes, a session with western swing fiddle ace Johnny Gimble, and a couple of great vocal trios with Robbins and session musicians Ray Edenton and Junior Huskey ("Way of A Hopeless Love" is a knockout!). A pair of honky-tonk weepers, "Don't Let Me Hang Around" and "It Looks Like I'm Just In Your Way" highlight the third volume. *Just Me and My Guitar* is the final edition in the series, featuring Robbins singing traditional country material to his own guitar accompaniment. Robbins was clearly one of C&W's most talented artists, and this series contains some of his best work, long unavailable. From Bear Family, Eduard-Grunow Str. 12, 2800 Bremen, W. Germany 0421/788 74.

Keith Jarrett: Standards, Vol. 1 (ECM) is the brilliant pianist's best recording in some time. Listeners who have been put off by Jarrett's somewhat neandering solo expositions will welcome his dense, introspective ballad explorations. Bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Jack DeJohnette provide emphatic support for the pianist, bringing to mind the classic work of the Bill Evans Trio. "Meaning of The Blues" and a funky gospel-tinged "God Bless The Child" are standouts.

The Nairobi Sound documents the acoustic and electric guitar styles of Kenya. This related and infectious music is less dance-oriented than the popular highlife music of Ghana or the more sophisticated music of Zaire. The guitar playing at times brings to mind American folk fingerpicking styles. This joyous lilting music has already given way to more contemporary styles, making these recordings all the more precious. Highly recommended. From Original Music, 123 Congress St., NYC 11201.

Vintage blues and R&B buffs owe it to themselves to check out an outstanding series of reissues from Sweden. *T-Bone Walker: Inventor of The Electric Guitar Blues* (Blues Boy) offers rare tracks from the seminal bluesman who inspired B.B. King and countless others. T-Bone's guitar was raw yet sophisticated. His biting tone and over-the-bar-line phrasing against a background of riffing horns makes for some of the most exciting blues ever waxed. The material here dates from 1945 to 1953, and includes some highly effective ballad performances as well as standard blues. Also included is a rare 1929 side featuring a teenaged T-Bone on acoustic guitar, performing with a pianist in the Scrapper Blackwell-Leroy Carr vein. *Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup: Give Me a 32-20* (Crown Prince) contains inspired performances by the Mississippi bluesman best known today for having inspired Elvis Presley. Crudup was an intense, sometimes chilling vocalist. His insistent guitar work was primitive but displays that elusive touch and rhythmic feel that eludes so many city-bred blues guitarists. Jazz/blues vocalist Helen Humes is represented on *Be-Baba-Beba 1944-1952* (Whiskey, Women and . . .) Humes, who first made a name for herself with the Basie band in the late 30's, was a much underrated singer. The material here contains some fine blues and ballad performances with outstanding jazzmen including Dexter Gordon and Lester Young. Standouts include and electrifying "They Raided The Joint" and a moving "Every Now And Then." Other noteworthy entries in the series include *Stick McGhee and His Buddies: Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee* (Crown Prince) (good-timey jump tunes from Brownie's brother) and heartthrob *Sonny Till & The Orioles: Hold Me, Thrill, Me, Kiss Me.* From Mr. R&B, P1. 8300.643 00 Vingaker, Sweden.

Marty Cutler: Charged Particles (Green Linnet) is an impressive debut by the Flushing banjo ace. Most attempts to take the 5-string beyond the parameters of old-timey and bluegrass music have failed, but Culter succeeds in adding bop, fusion, and funk elements to the bluegrass foundations of his playing. In addition to being a pioneer on his instrument, Culter uses his accompanying musicians to create instrumental textures that should have an appeal far beyond the bluegrass audience; indeed, bluegrass conservatives may feel that Marty has drifted too far from the field. What will Dave Freeman think of the electric Stratocaster-banjo, or "strango", a Culter innovation heard to good advantage here on "Blackberry Blossom"? Among the othe highlights here are "Blue Serge," a fusion original and a banjo/electric bass reworking of the traditional "Handsome Molly" featuring Michal Shapiro's haunting vocals.

James Brown & The Famous Flames: The Federal Years, Parts 1 & 2 (Solid Smoke) are two dynamite compilations of early (1956-60) tracks by "the hardest-working man in show business." The music here shows that Brown was his own man from the start, although the influence of Hank Ballard, Little Richard, and gritty Southern gospel is strong here. Recorded before Brown developed the funk sound he's best known for today, the sides here are classic, electrifying R&B, not to be missed. "Try Me." "Good Good Lovin'" "Chonnie-on-Chon" and "I Feel That Old Feeling Comin' On" are among the standouts.

Veteran Danish jazz violinist Svend Asmussen is still swingin' after all these years. In 1983, Asmussen stopped off in

New York long enough to record with a top-notch rhythm section consisting of guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, bassist Milt Hinton, pianist Derek Smith and Drummer Oliver Jackson, Jr. The results can be heard on *Svend Asmussen: June Night* (Doctor Jazz). Asmussen combines some of Stephane Grapelli's elegance with Joe Venuti's drive. Highlights of this set include "Sweet Georgia Brown" (nice chorus by Svend back only by Hinton, swinging chord work from Bucky reminiscent of Al Casey) and the violinist's original "Nadja" (which sounds a bit like a minor-key "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You.") Svend shows off his pizzicato work on "Up A Lazy River," and Bucky contributes a florid chorus to "Just A Gigolo". This is a good, no-nonsense session with good playing from all participants. One does yearn, however, for the tight, clever arrangements heard on Asmussen's vintage recordings.

Cal Collins/Herb Ellis: Interplay features the jazz guitarists in a standout set backed by bassist Ray Brown and Ellis and Collins are both swing-based guitarists with healthy blues overtones. Ellis is a swinging single-line man out of the Charlie Christian school; Collins is slightly more boppish and is adept at impressive chordal stylings *a la* Kessel. Highlights here include a funky "I'll Be Seeing You" and some exciting two-guitar interplay without the rhythm section on "That's Your Head," an original blues.

Cotton Club Stars (Stash) is a two-disc compilation of rare swing era performances by both well-known and obscure artists. The Ellington and Cab Calloway bands are well-represented, and there are contributions from dancers and vaudevillians such as Bill "Bonjangles" Robinson and Buck and Bubbles. Of particular interest is the set's fourth side, which contains some classic vocals. There's a terrific "The Song Is Ended" from Louis Armstrong with The Mills Brothers, a trio from the Dandridge Sisters backed by the Lunceford band, and a high-charged "Rock Daniel" by gospel singer-guitarist Sister Roscetta Tharpe with the Lucky Millinder band.

Merle Haggard: The Epic Collection (Epic) is one of Hag's best albums in years. These live performances run the gamut from western swing classics to some of Hag's best original tunes. There's ample room for the band to show their stuff; guitarist Roy Nichols, electric mandolin whiz Tiny Moore and steel/dobro man Norm Hamlet are heard to good advantage, once again proving themselves to be among the best instrumentalists in the country field. Hag himself is in fine voice as he delivers the Wynn Stewart oldie "Sing A Sad Song," his own "Holding Things Together," and other strong country material.

BOOKS

Tom Wheeler's *American Guitars: An Illustrated History* (Harper & Row) is an extensively researched, profusely illustrated encyclopedia of acoustic and electric guitars. The companies are arranged alphabetically, and the author covers just about all models and discusses at length the major innovators in guitar design. Guitarists will drool over the dazzling array of flat-tops, arch-tops, and solid-bodies depicted, many in full color. A great job by Wheeler; guitarists, collectors, and dealers will find it indispensable.

The History of the Guitar in Jazz (Oak) by Norman Mongan is an impressive, hefty volume covering everything from Eddie Lang to today's fusion and avant-garde players. The book is particularly valuable in calling to the reader's attention many important seminal guitarists who are largely unknown today. In fact, the chapter dealing with "three neglected pioneers," Teddy Bunn, Snoozer Quinn, and Oscar Aleman, is the book's best, althought Mongan rather overstates his case for their importance. Some major innovators and important players receive rather short shrift, while lesser artists are treated more extensively. One feels that George Barnes, Allan Reuss, Howard Roberts, and Ed Bickert, among others, are deserving of more space, and that Jimi Hendrix really doesn't belong here at all. The author relies too heavily on published material where original research and interviews might have added more to the overall perspective. In spite of the drawbacks, this is an important book; the fabulous selection of rare photos alone is worth the price.

Charles Willeford's *Miami Blues* (St. Martin's) is a hard-boiled crime-novel/thriller that should give Elmore Leonard a run for his money. Leonard is a down-right sentimentalist compared to Willeford, whose violent novel radiates a persistent nastiness and boasts no really likeable characters. Willeford has a keen eye for the tacky Miami locale. His engaging tale involves one Junior Frenger, a psychotic criminal fresh out of the clink, a teen-aged hooker, and a senior homicide cop hot on Junior's trail. Willeford is a writer deserving of wider recognition; his 1953 "High Priest of California", a hard-boiled classic, and his "Cockfighter" are both worth of being reissued. *Miami Blues* is a gem, and we hope to see more in this vein from Willeford.

Matthew J. Bruccoli's *Ross Macdonald* (Harvest/HBJ) is a well researched and insightful biogrphy of the late author renowned for his Lew Archer detective noves. Macdonald brought new depth to the hard-boiled genre pioneered by Hammett and Chandler. He went easy on the tough-guy posing and discarded much of Chandler's romanticism in favor of a greater emphasis on moral concerns, the nature of guilt, and what Bruccoli calls "the social determinism of southern California." The biographer quotes from Macdonald's articulate letters and writings on his literary intentions, and calls attention to the hallmarks of his style, including his oft-maligned use of simile. Bruccoli is not blind to this subject's shortcomings, making this a well-balanced treatment. Although there are a handful of fine private-eye writers working today, none have expanded the genre's horizons beyond those charted by Macdonald.

Sara Paretsky's *Deadlock* (Dial) is the second mystery featuring female private eye V.I. Warshawski, a tough but very human (and feminine) snooper based in Chicago. Investigating the suspicious death of her cousin, V.I. uncovers sleazy dealings on the Chicago waterfront shipping industry. Good plotting, well-drawn characters, and the very likable, unpretentious Warshawski make this a thoroughly entertaining read, easily on a par with Robert Parker's "Spenser" series. There have been previous attempts, but Warshawski is the first femme peeper to offer the male hard-boiled dicks any real competition.

Joseph Hansen's *Nightwork* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is another fine entry in the series featuring homosexual Los Angeles gumshoe (or insurance claims investigator, to be precise,) Dave Brandstetter. In the course of investigating the deaths of two truckers, Brandstetter must deal with tough street gangs and slick, sleazy big business types. This well-plotted tale reinforces Hansen's place as one of the more able modern descendants of the classic hard-boiled detective writers.

Jazz Guitars (Quill), edited by James Sallis, is an anthology of essays on major players and styles. Among the fine contributions are Leonard Feather's overview, Bill Simon on Charlie Christian, Charles Delaunay on Django, and Richard Leiberson's definitive essay on the swing era chordal stylists. Some of the original contributions to the book, however, are written from a rather folkie viewpoint and are shortsighted or completely off-base. Dan Lambert sheds little light on the relation of country blues to jazz guitar, and makes an unconvincing case for Django as a blues player. Michael Price, while supplying a much-needed biography of Oscar Moore, grossly underestimates Nat Cole. Price's piece on jazz and western swing neglects some major figures and fails to focus on the rhytmic aspects that, in a general sense, can be said to distinguish one from the other. Overall, a highly valuable book in spite of its shortcomings.



LLANI

Big things come with little packages. That's the case with brand new, sensationally shaped Llani, a slender, big boobed five-foot package of dynamite. Our Big Up Front dazzler is a native Hawaiian who was born in Waikiki and her fabulous figure can drive guys whack-ky-ky!

An outstanding swimmer and surfer, Llani follows the sun as you can see by her deeply tanned body. It's no surprise that this sunny-natured charmer is followed by eager-beaver swain smitten by her sizzling sensuality. It's great to welcome a great new model to our pages. Aloa! □











(continued on page 15)

Girls of the 60's & 70's










DENISE


FRAN

VICKI







The age-old "wisdom" of the Orient is brought up to date by our correspondent from Chinatown



CORNFUCIUS FORTUNE COOKIES

by Foo Man Foo 任何部份伸出車外，也不要讓你

Man who's too big for britches satisfy opposite sex.

Girl not robot just because she made by scientist.

Stewardess with herpes soon become aircraft carrier.

Things get rough if you run out of toilet paper.

Quickie marriage in Mexican restaurant not legal.

Lobsters sleep alone — but crabs sleep in snatches.

On whole, gynecologist just can't kiss them to make feel better.

Quickest way to meet new people is pick up somebody else's change at bar.

Do not drink water out of stream where fish are coughing.

Take away woman's falsies — and you leave her flat.

Dandruff in pubic patch no problem — unless dandruff start to walk.

To make big impression when dancing close, put large sausage in your shorts.

Most used four-letter word in whorehouse is "next."

In gay world Jack can become queen.

Opportunity knocks — but sometimes knock spoils opportunity.

French girls in USA often miss native tongue.

A topless cocktail waitress is unsuited for job.

When down and out — let girl put it back in.

Scotsmen originally play golf with blue balls — in winter, it freezing under kilts.

Best thing to feed pet beaver is 8 inches.

Guy have more hair on chest, but, on whole, girl got more.

Man can hate cats and still love pussy.

Good to see broad smile — if broad smiles at you.

Guy no mind bust in mouth if attached to curvy cutie.

Busiest hooker in country should get piece prize.



LLANI

continued from page 10









LESLIE

Here's that triple-L sensation, lovely luscious Leslie who's one of the big hits in the men's magazine market these days. And little wonder why! She's as pretty as they come with a trim, alluring shape, highlighted by a pair of big, beautiful headlights.

Leslie is one of those special models that we'll feature anytime we get a new shooting of her.

At this particular session, Leslie was wearing a beautiful melon-colored dress, and when she bared her own big beautiful melons, it was a mouth-watering scene.

Leslie looks wonderful in anything and everything—especially her own skin. If this enticing lass doesn't get under your skin, run, don't walk, to your nearest shrink. As for us, we'll never shrink from singing her praises. □


















TICKETS



Imagine sex without complications and you're thinking about the world's first robotic massage parlor

MAID TO ORDER

by Eli Cass

The following is a letter from Redford (Red) Rudley, attending a meeting of financial analysts in New York, to his boss Jeff D'Aboise (Lynch, Reneff, D'Aboise) in Houston. Red Rudley is head of research for the Houston stock brokerage firm, and, following the last seminars of the security analysts, sought out a brief period of R&R. He somehow attended the premiere of what turned out to be the "world's first robotic massage parlor."

The letter which follows without quotation marks will be written sometime in the next few days.

Dear Jeff —

Under separate cover you will receive a digest of pertinent material obtained at the meetings and seminars — and my reactions to same. The companies discussed were Digital Equipment, Syntex, Borg-Warner, Pepsico, IBM, Ingersoll-Rand and American Broadcasting.

What follows in this letter is a unique personal discovery and some exciting news about a product made by a company whose name, alas, I do not even now know but will make it my absolute "must" priority to obtain. All I do know about this supplier is that it makes a robot that will revolutionize the way we (we males!) live, think and most of all ENJOY.

After one of the last sessions of the conference and meetings, I went out of the hotel looking to clear up the cobwebs before dinner and bed. Delete that, Jeff. You and I never shit stream each other and this is not an official report and not on company stash, either.

(continued on page 38)



DEBORAH

Friends, it's champagne and caviar time again! Here's a magnificent, brand new blonde Big Up Front beauty, a super sensational discovery. We can't help but shower praises on her, especially since she's a shampoo and soap model, which gave our photographer the inspiration for this set.

Delightful Deborah often has to do her hair in a different style each time she gets out of the shower. She explained that the advertising agency that she



works for generally can't make up its mind as to which coiffure shows off their products to the best advantage. We know one thing: Deborah shows off her own protruding "products" to their best advantage, and we're thinking of putting out a soap shaped like her titillating torso.

This alluringly lovely lass loves the good life—and the good life loves her. She's a tennis buff, which is only natural since she's got a great set. We tried to grab her behind the base line, but her overhead smash put us out of the match. Even though we couldn't score, it's still a love game on our part. □







Gem of the Month




COCONUT
OIL
Shampoo







MAID TO ORDER *continued from page 27*

I went up Lexington Avenue, north of the Waldorf, looking for a little action (There, I feel better now!) And then it was handed to me in the form of one of those advertising flyers handed out by one of the scuzzballs who stand on the corners after-hours.

It touted the opening of a place called Machine Mates, "the world's first robotic massage parlor." Well, nothing ventured — as the saying opens — and these days with robots, maybe herpes or clap lost . . . I stumbled into the joint. To keep the truth banner flying, I didn't stumble — two vodkas and tonics don't call for stumbling. I went in a little apprehensively, not knowing what sins of automation might befall me.

Machine Mates is neither complete sleaze nor high-price hedonism. Clean and business-like really. Each booth or cubicle has a robot, rubbing table, chairs and clothes hangers. The only human around — besides the customers — seemed to be an attractive but entirely business-like blond female manager at the entrance desk.

I don't know how tall these robots are but they are perfectly sized to work with their arms and levers over each table. And what a great job they do: nirvana. You select the buttons, you increase or decrease the pace (all easy to learn). Right now, the hand-job is the best in the world; the blow-job (yes, it has soft latex mouth and lips) frankly still needs work. But remember, this is still a first-stage robot in this field (mine was named "Stephanie"). It will all become state of the art in time, of that I'm sure. Short time, too.

Right now I'd estimate the advantage-disadvantage ratio vis a vis females of flesh and blood, as being in the neighborhood of 2-1, in favor of the robots. Which will certainly endear me to the feminists or "the movement" gals.

One of the robot arms is encased in soft silk-like material with no long sharp nails to nip you anywhere in the crotch area — or hit the nail on the head (if you'll pardon me). The other arm not only apportions just the exact amount of oil, powder, etc. on your body but never carelessly drops any cold alcohol into your navel. It can also deliver a perfect martini into your hand if you should want one at some slack time between operations.

One disadvantage: If you like the breathless, sexy type of voice popularized by Marilyn Monroe and Jackie Onassis, is that it is entirely absent here. Even the androids with names like "Diana" and "Angelica" all have deep voices (part Charles Bronson and part a sound-similar to something from the Return of the Jedi).

Also, in the present primal state there are no jugs with outstanding nipples hanging over you and inviting a fondle or a nibble should the thought occur. But there is also no stupid conversation, no asking for a larger tip than you had in mind . . . and above all no garlic or cigarette breath.

I will be much more fully informed when I next speak to you and so will you. But to anticipate some of your immediate questions: No, this robot is not just some meat-beating machine. It is programmed somehow to go with the flow — where ever that leads. Works smoothly, with perfect timing that sort of knows your response to each of "her" moves in advance.

Down the road, I see a sort of new group-sex idea emerging. Cocktails and maybe foreplay with a real live chick, then up on the table before all her stupidity begins flowing. Then you get into the unfailing hands and sensory movements of unfailing experts like "Diana," "Stephanie", et al, for the climax to a great evening.

Who knows, Jeff, it may even work with wives as well. Think of the possibilities; maybe even less divorce, and best of all — no alimony, palimony or even acrimony.

When I next see you, as I repeat, I'll have the name of the maker of this soon-to-be boon to the male world and all the numbers about the company itself.

Best, Red □

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

by Paul Steiner

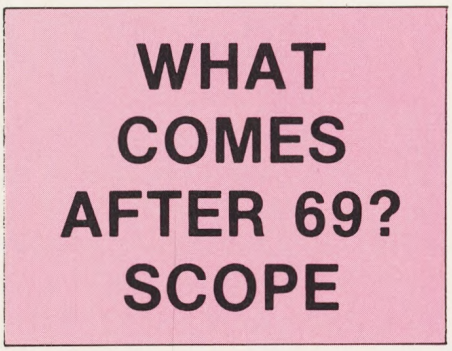
Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

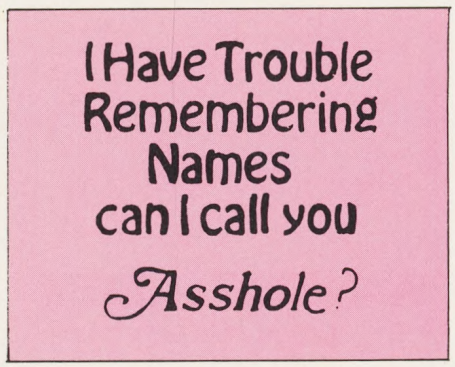
Joan Rivers, about an Italian actress: "She's an old tramp from World War II — someone threw a Hershey bar into her dressing room and she laid down."

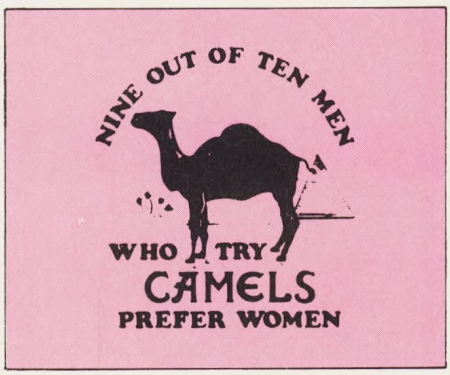
In "Android," Klaus Kinsky plays a semi-mad scientist in a "Star Wars" setting. Laboring on a remote space station, Kinsky has already created Max, a male Android and is now working feverishly to construct the perfect female Android. Meanwhile, Max spends most of his time playing sexual instruction tapes on the video screen and manipulating small male and female robots in foreplay and various sex positions. When a real-life femme space warrior visits his station, he watches her undress on his screen and later gets kissing lessons from her. Max catches on fast, feels her nipples, unzips her and pulls down her panties. Finally realizing Max is an Android, the girl exclaims: "That's the weirdest way of getting into my pants I've ever heard of!"

The hard-core flick, "Heaven's Touch" is being promoted with the slogan, "The dirtiest heavenly angel you'll ever see."

Buddy Hacket claims he bought his wife a copy of "The Joys of Sex." "But she's so naive, she thought it was a cookbook — you should see what she serves me for dinner.











Several amusing T-shirt emblems from Liber-Tees of Illinois.

MARION

We're so crazy about mature Marion and her massive mammaries that we've shot several sets of her with different color hair-pieces. Here she is with a blonde wig, and just to top off the day, she donned one that was jet-black.

But Marion shows her true colors with her Big Up Front bra-busters. Let's hair it for this great Hall of Fame champ! □








RACHEL

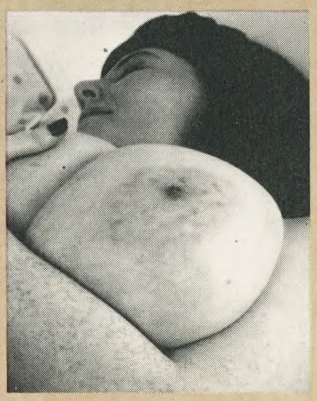


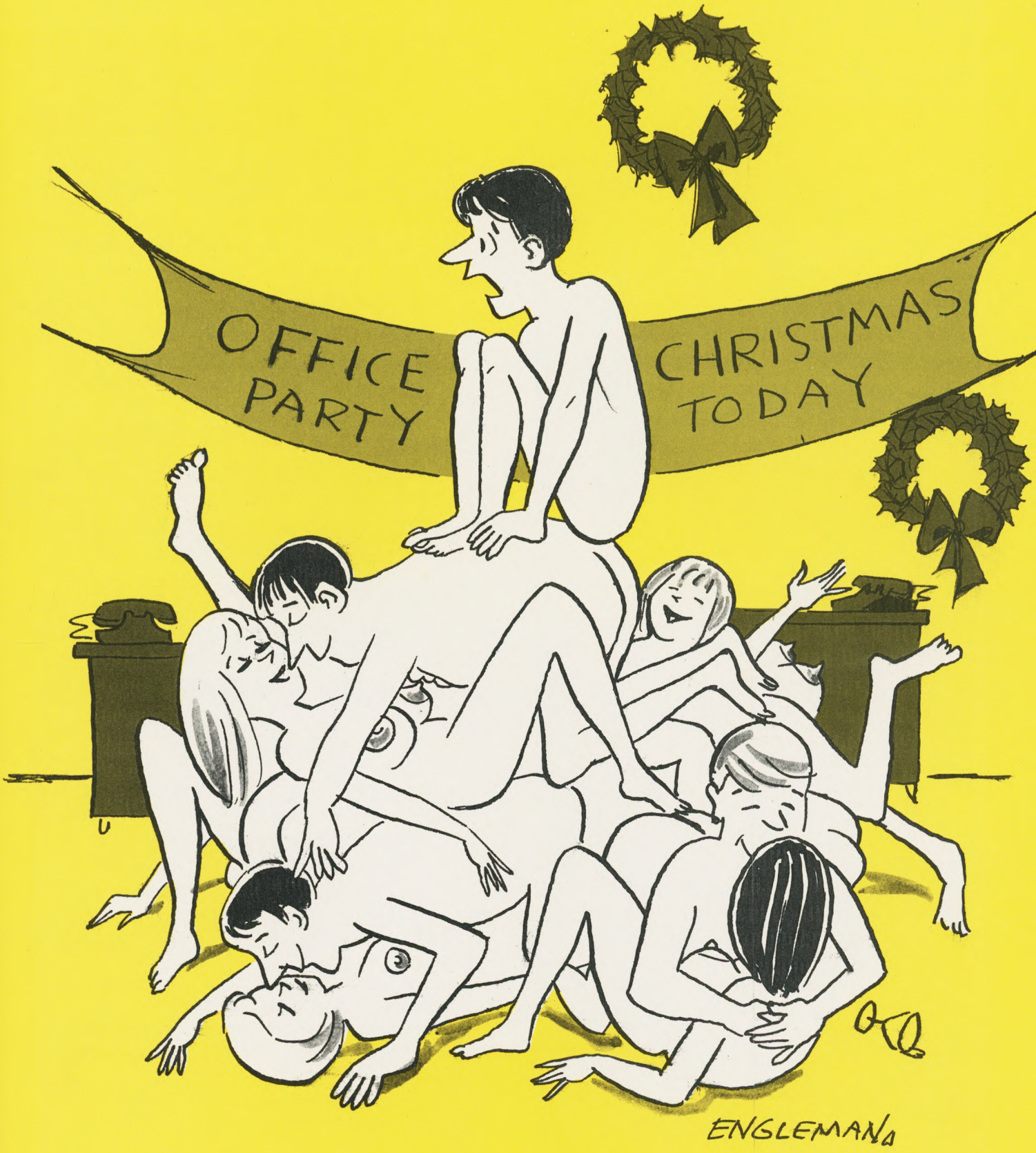












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YUM YUM
(Darlene)



The delivery boy brought in the pizzas we had ordered and as the great aroma filled the office, we all exulted out loud, "Yum, yum!"

At that, the chief bolted out of his office with a look of pure joy on his face and cried out, "Where is she? Where is she?"

"Who?," we asked in perplexity.

"Yum Yum, the Darlene of my heart! I heard you call out her name."

To make a short story shorter, to soften his disappointment we dug into our hallowed archives and put together this spread (we had never published many of these photos before) of the magnificent Hall of Fame Champion with the truly magnificent knockers and superb figure.

The chief's sobs turned into purrs of pleasure as he perused the pix and ate our pizza and drank our beer.

"This pizza is delicious," he proclaimed, "but Yum Yum is delectable!" We don't often agree with the boss, but this time he said a mouthful. Oh, yeah! □























Sitting in the searing sun with his mind a blank and not knowing where he is or how he got there, the man's mind is prodded by his "memory" to recall the seductress in purple and her wild party

ADRIFT IN THE EROTIC ZONE

by Wesley Dean

"What are you doing here? I remembered you yesterday. Today was reserved for the little lady that reminded me of my grandmother."

"You mean the one with blue hair that matched her umbrella and a voice that made the glasses over the bar shake?"

"You got it."

"Then I'm doing you a favor. You've had too much sun. No one in their right mind would want to remember her."

"I know I'm not in my right mind. Now, would you go away and let me remember who the hell I am please?"

"You're dying, you know."

"Of course I'm dying. I'm not lying here against this bulkhead for the suntan. Christ, you'd think my memories would be smarter. Now beat it."

"I'm not leaving. I'm going to help you escape."

"Sure. One of my heatstroke delusions is going to rescue me. And just how do you propose to do that?"

"By making you remember how you got here."

"I have no idea how I got here."

"I know that. That's why I'm going to help you."

"Go away. You're crazy."

"You're the one who's talking to me, remember? Now, just sit still and let me help."

"Oh, Christ."

"That's better. Now, just clear your mind and—"

"If I do that, you won't be here."

"Don't worry about me. Just sit back and clear your mind. That's right, clear it. Clear".

Purple was the color.

Not just the purple that you could look at and say, "That's purple." But a purple that was so thick and full that you were sure you could taste it and the taste would get stuck to every cell of your mouth. That was the purple that she used in her apartment. And not just lightly. Everything, and I mean everything, was purple. The drapes, the carpet, even the furniture was a solid purple. The walls were mirrors. Not solid mirrors, but strips of mirrors running to the ceiling with black purple painted between the strips.

On our first date, I rang the doorbell and knew immediately that something wasn't right when the old ding-dong didn't ding-dong, but instead a low rumbling gong vibrated through the doormat. She answered the door wearing a low-cut evening gown with no back. The gown was held together by two clear plastic strips, one across her shoulders and the other just above her butt. She had her long black hair pulled back and tied with a purple satin ribbon that draped down into the crack of her ass. I followed her into her living room, mesmerized by the ribbon.

"Do you like it?" she asked, stopping at the edge of the living room and pointing out at the room that a million lilacs must have died for.

"Yeah," I said, thinking she meant the dress. Then I saw where she was pointing and I looked up. The only feeling that I could

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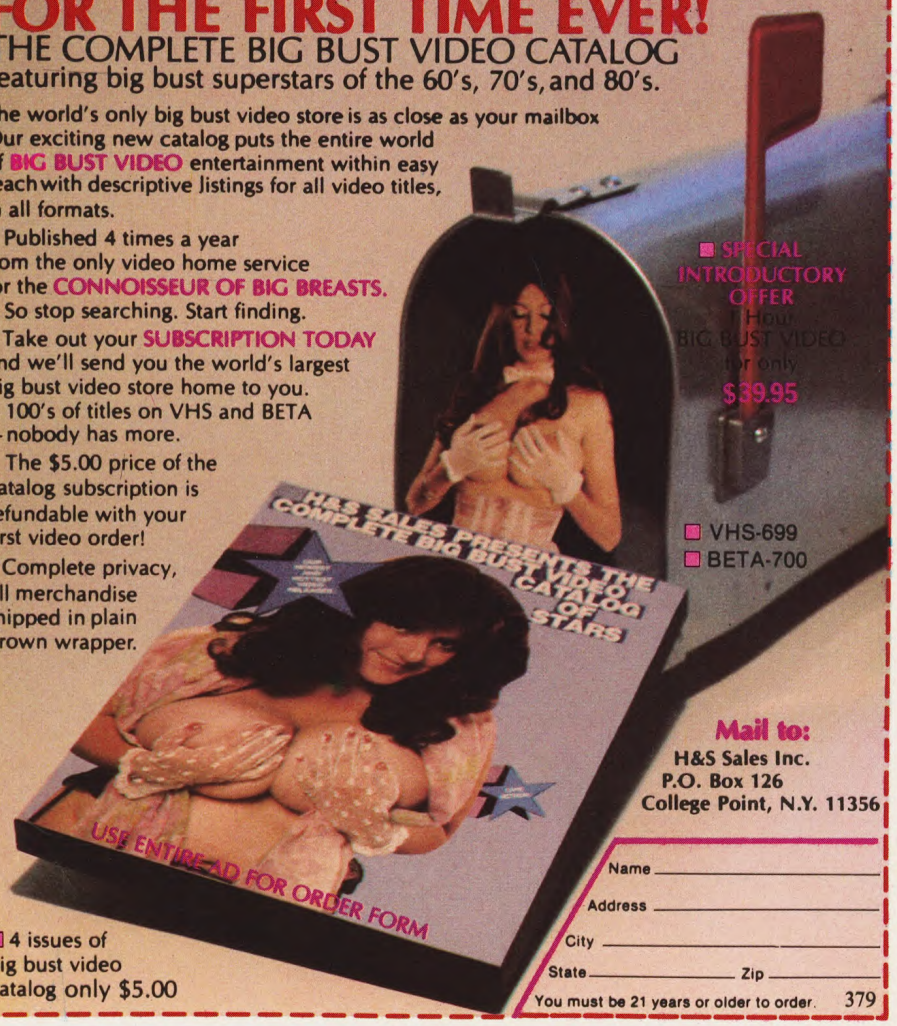
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imagine would come close was falling face first into a vat of newly crushed grapes. I tried to say something, but I choked on the color and nothing came out.

"Oh, good. Some people think it's a little too much."

She pulled me toward the couch. At that point, I wasn't sure if I'd sink in the carpet and drown a horrible purple death, or overload my poor mind halfway across the room, but she kept pulling and I went along.

"Do you really live here?" I asked as she let go of my hand and spun around doing a dancing step toward what looked to be a well hidden bar.

"Sure," she said, stopping and standing with her hands on her hips. "It's so relaxing, don't you think?"

I just nodded. Standing like she was, I could see that the front of her dress wasn't solid, either. It seemed to be made up of strips of cloth that overlapped slightly to create a full affect. I could see one nipple peeking out.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Hey, you're not concentrating."

"Would you shut the hell up? I was too concentrating."

"You're supposed to be trying to remember how you got here. Not stare at her nipple."

"I'll stare at what I damn well please. This is my daydream. Now would you go away and—"

"No. Not until you remember how you got here."

"You know you're a pain-in-the-ass daydream."

"Just sit back and think. Remember."

"She did have a nice ribbon. I do remember that."

"No! No. Remember the party. The purple party."

"Oh, yeah. That was nice."

"You should know."

The first drink she handed me tasted of apricots and oranges combined. Kind of smooth, like licking the inside of a women's thigh; not so bad all by itself, but exciting in its promise.

"Good, huh?" she said, turning and flipping a few switches on the side of the coffee table that dimmed four corner lights. Faint, hypnotic-sounding music started in the background. She stood with her back to me for a moment swaying in time to the soft tempo. Her swaying did wonderful things to the ribbon.

"These are good," I said, holding the now almost empty glass up. "What is it?"

"Explosives," she said. She moved slowly, drifting back and forth in hidden time to the music. "After one or two, you hunger love so much, you feel like you're going to explode."

"Who needs two?" I downed the drink and started for her.

She laughed as we collapsed back into the deep purple of the couch. After a good minute of my best kiss and a quick discovery of which flaps opened the easiest, the doorbell gonged. I didn't really hear it. More like I felt it run right up the inside of my leg and stop just below my belly button where it played an interesting tune on a part that was interested in something else.

"Oh, I just love that doorbell," she said as she climbed out of the couch and tried to fold her flaps back into place. "Don't you?"

"Yeah," I said, scratching the gonged part. "You got another drink?"

She pointed to the hidden purple-glass bar. "Help yourself."

I watched her and her ribbon head for the front door. Amazing how pink stands out against purple. I had just about had my next drink made when she came back in leading ten or twelve people, all trying to talk at the same time. They were all dressed in their finest party-go-to-drinking clothes or

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lack-there-of. My date whirled around the bar making drinks and laughing and letting her nipples give me a wink or two.

"There you go again. Off thinking about the wrong thing. If I didn't keep this daydream under control, you'd end up in some bedroom and you'd never figure out how you got here."

"Fine by me, if it means I don't have to put up with you."

"Some thanks I get for trying to save you."

"You can't. I don't even know how I got here."

"I do believe he's catching on."

"I'm going to catch on to some part of you that'll make you wish I hadn't."

"And how do you propose to do that? I'm just your memory, your heat stroke from sitting out here in this heat for two days."

"Look, if you know how I can get out of here, why the hell don't you just tell me and let's stop this fooling around?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm only your daydream, you jerk. I don't know any more than you do. Now, would you just relax and think about later in the party? How many drinks did you have?"

"Six. Maybe eight. I don't know. What the hell difference does it make?"

"What were you drinking?"

"If you're so damn smart, you tell me."

"What were you drinking and where did you end up?"

"She called them explosives. I remember crawling under the dining table when twenty more people arrived. Even the underside of her furniture was purple.

I could see her legs all the way from the green high-heeled shoes up her green striped stockings to where they ended in sparkling green hair shaped carefully into an apple, stem and all.

She bent down. The upper part of her body was covered by leaves and painted apples in strategic places. One of her nipples had a small face painted on it, making it look as if it was a worm with a grin sticking its head out of the side of an apple.

"Sanctuary?" she said.

"The best," I said, scooting over to make room for her.

"You can only see people's lower halves," she said as she turned and looked out at the mob and loud music.

I could smell her apple perfume. When this lady dressed up, she went all the way. I'd bet she even tasted like an apple. "Nice outfit," I said.

"Thanks," she said. "But it clashes with this house."

"Everything clashes with this place, including my stomach."

"You too?" She claped her hands together causing leaves on her limbs to flutter. "Let's go see if we can find someplace."

"I'll drink to that," I said and slowly crawled out from under the table. The six drinks were starting to stiffen up every joint on my body.



Miss Apple stood and looked at me. "You've been drinking explosives, haven't you?" she asked, smiling.

I nodded, feeling the stiffness in my neck at the movement.

"Oh, this is going to be more fun than I thought," she said. "You just stand there. I'm going to need help with you." She headed through the crowd toward a woman dressed in nothing but a coat of white paint. Miss Apple pointed in my direction. The lady in white smiled. Miss Apple grabbed another girl by the arm and pointed my way.

I was in trouble. I had heard of people dying of too much of what those women had in mind. I had better get the hell out of there before it got too late. One or two was okay, but—

"We're getting closer."

"Damn you. Would you just let me remember the little old lady with the blue hair and umbrella? And how am I getting closer? I'm still at the party. And it's getting damned unpleasant."

"Do you want to escape or just lay here and cook like a turkey in an oven?"

"All right. You know, you're not a daydream. You're a nightmare."

"Just try to think about what you did next, even though I realize your brain was pickled at the time."

"I ducked into the kitchen as fast as my little stiff body would let me, that's what I did."

"Then what?"

"I heard them coming, so I went out the back door."

The backyard was completely enclosed by a high hedge. I limped down off the steps and across the well-lit grass to the shadows under three big trees. The pain was getting so bad in my knees that I tried to run with my legs stiff, but that only jarred other parts. I made it to the trees just as the back door opened. Four women were laughing and talking. "Oh, it's so much fun when men drink explosives," one said.

"They just go on and on,"

another said.

"I wonder who gave it to him," another said.

"Her loss, our gain," another said.

"Has he started to hallucinate yet?" another asked.

"I don't think so," another said.

"What does it matter?" another said. Then they all laughed.

"Spread out," Miss Apple said. "We'll find him."

"And then we'll all spread out," another said and again they all laughed.

I backed slowly toward the next tree deeper into the shadows. I was going to hallucinate. Maybe there was only one of them and I was imagining the other three. I couldn't take the chance. I had to get out of this back yard.

I crawled painfully as the girls laughed and giggled and called out. It took only a moment to reach the hedge. It was a thick bush growing on a wire fence with some solid wall on the outside. There would be no crawling through. The only way was a gate or over the top.

I crawled along the ground for a hundred feet until I heard one of the women's voices close. I had to try to go over the wall like a prisoner escaping.

I stood and let the pain from my stiffness cut edges into my thoughts Maybe I was just imagining there was a problem being with four women at the same time. What could they do to me? It might even be a lot of fun.

"That stud better be worth all of this," one of the women said from the darkness two trees down.

"He will be," another said and laughed. Her voice came from just back toward the house from where I stood.

I was surrounded. The enemy was closing in. I had to go now.

I grabbed handfuls of hedge and worked my feet into what footholds I could find.

"I hear him," one of the women said. "He's back by the hedge."

"Grab him, but don't hurt him,"

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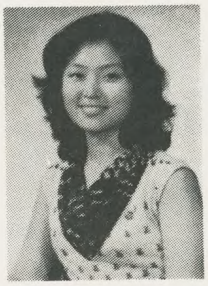
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another shouted.

I climbed as fast as I could. The top was eight feet off the ground and six inches wide. I straddled it as the lady in white paint appeared out of the darkness like a ghost and made a grab for my leg. She missed.

"Ouch! Damn it!" she said as a greedy stick in the hedge poked her in the paint. "Why are you running?" she asked me, looking up and smiling as Miss Apple and one of her friends came running up. "Come on down and we'll help you with your problem."

"I don't have a problem," I said and dropped over the other side down onto sand.

"Hold it. Did I say sand?"

"That's right. Sand."

"You mean . . . I'm just . . ."

"And you called me stupid. Now aren't you glad I helped?"

"But I thought I crashed here with my ship after being chased by aliens."

"You think that thing would fly? It's nothing more than an old rusted Chevvy."

"I thought this planet was a desert."

"Did you look around?"

"No."

"There you go."

"Will you shut up?"

"No. Now, why don't you just get to your feet and head back over that small dune there. I think you'll find that the party is still going on."

"After two days?"

"It's only been six hours."

"All right. I suppose I should go back. Maybe I can get Miss Apple all to herself. I haven't tasted a good green apple in months."

"This time, I'm not going to let you drink so much."

"You're staying here."

"I can't. I'm your hallucination, remember. I go where you go."

"All right, but if all four of them are still there, you have to take two of them. And I get Miss Apple."

"No problem."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." □



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