

GEM



K49361
JUNE 1985
\$3.75

HAIL EYE-POPPING EILEEN
AND BLUE JEANS BRENDA
TWO NEW BIG BOOB DAZZLERS
PLUS A BRAND NEW SPREAD OF
SPECTACULAR CANDY KANE
AS WELL AS A ROLICKING
SET OF SEXCITING DEBBY
SUPER-BUSTY BLONDE
AND A BIGGY OF THE PAST

A Top Femme TV Interviewer
Probes Sex Customs Of
Several American Indians
And Winds Up Red-Faced
NO FEATHER IN HER CAP

The Advertising Exec Was
A Horny Womanizer
Always On The Prowl
A WALK IN PARADISE

How To Spice Up A Party
SEX GAMES IN THE RAW



GEM

VOL. 27 NO. 1

JUNE 1985

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GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies \$3.75. Canada and Foreign: \$3.95. Subscriptions: 6 issues: \$18.00. Canada and Foreign: \$22.00. All unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity with real names and places is purely coincidental. Picture credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated. Entire contents copyright 1985 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

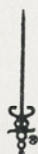
NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE

Our Non-Pornography Code guarantees that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts any sexual acts, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation or male genitalia.

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

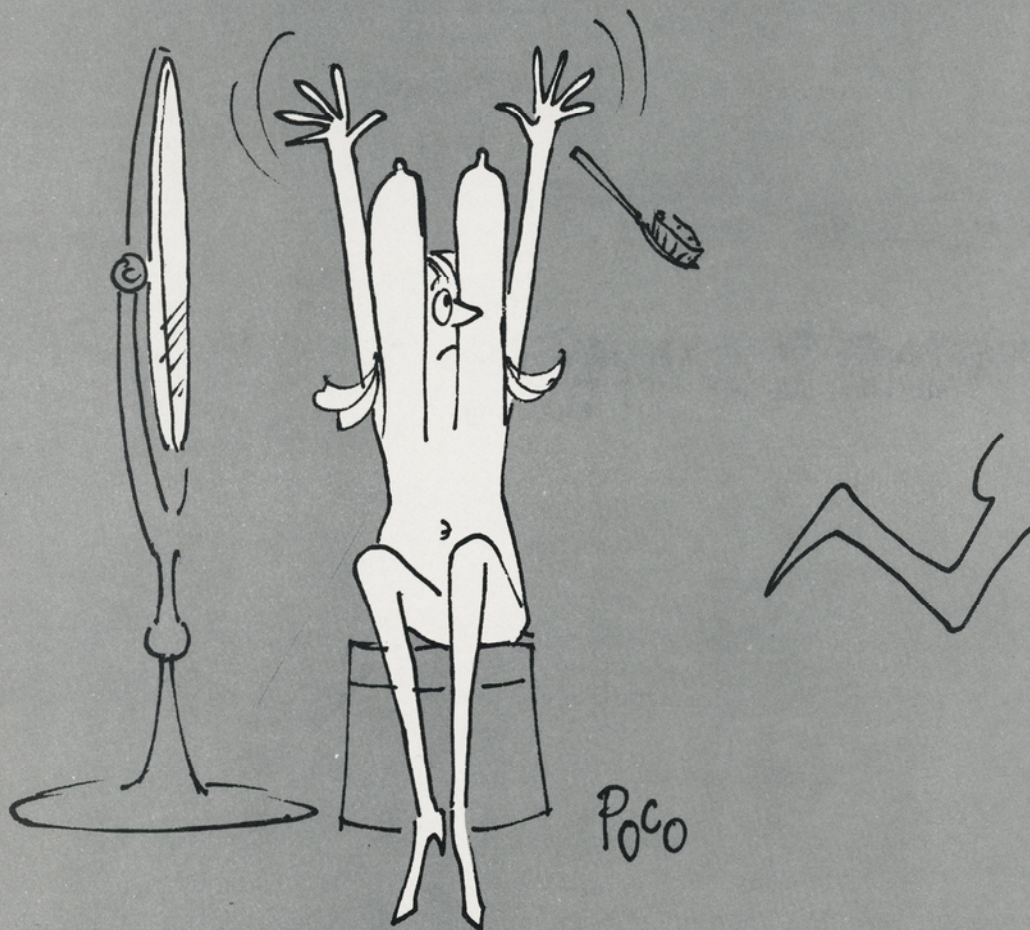
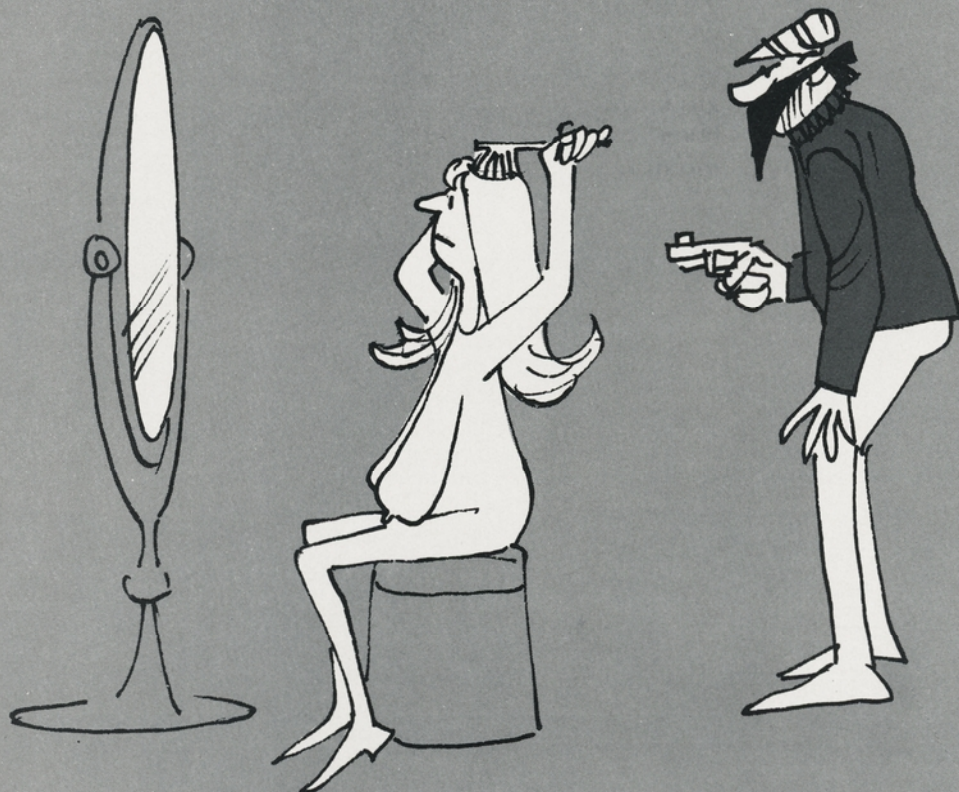
**ALL WE
CAN TELL YOU IS
THAT MEN WHO
DON'T SMOKE
LIVE ABOUT
6 YEARS LONGER
THAN MEN WHO
DO SMOKE.***

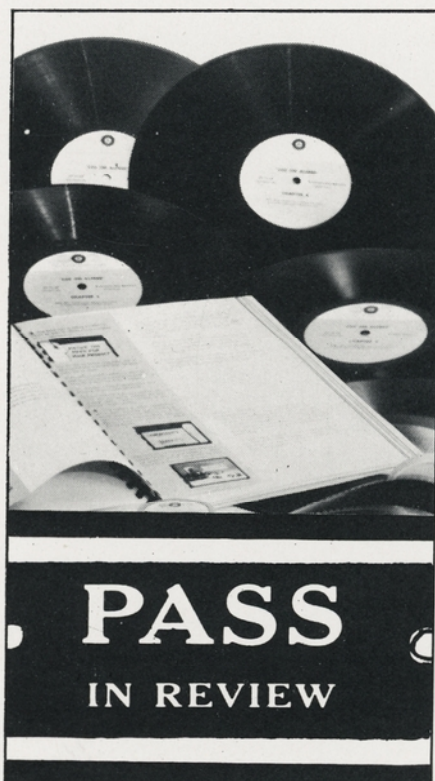
If you want someone to help you
stop smoking cigarettes,
contact your American Cancer Society.



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

*This fact taken from a research study is based on the smoker who at age 25 smokes about a pack and a half of cigarettes a day.





RECORDS

Pat Metheny: *Rejoicing* (ECM) is a trio session in which the guitarist has his say in both straight-ahead and more contemporary free-form styles. Bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins work closely with Metheny; this is a real trio, not just a soloist with rhythm accompaniment. The inspiration of Ornette Coleman is felt throughout the intense, evocative music here. Ornette's "Tears Inside" gives Metheny a chance to work out on the blues. "The Calling" is an extended no-holds-barred piece for guitar synthesier, with some very exciting moments. The brief, hymn-like "Waiting For An Answer," penned by Metheny and Haden, is a gem. Metheny's playing here has more depth and involves the listener more than some of the flashier recordings he has made with his own group.

George Strait: *Does Forth Worth Ever Cross Your Mind* (MCA) is a strong set from one of the best country singers to crop up in recent years. Strait is partial to good honky-tonk material and the occasional western swing tune. His melismatic flourishes show the influence of Lefty Frizzell, and there's a good deal of Merle Haggard in his sound, too. A solid lineup of Nashville session men including fiddler Johnny Gimble and steel ace Weldon Myrick provides perfect backup to Strait's soulful delivery. There are some good tunes here, especially "What Did You Ex-

pect Me To Do," "Honky Tonk Saturday Night," and the title tune, all from the pen of Sanger "Whitey" Shafer, who wrote some fine material for Lefty Frizzell during the latter part of his career.

***The Blues in St. Louis: Daddy Hotcakes* (Folkways)** presents music recorded in 1961 by a versatile old-school country bluesman. George "Daddy Hotcakes" Montgomery displays a rich imagination in his mostly improvised blues lyrics. A compelling guitarist as well, Hotcakes' interweave closely with his singing. From the intense "Strange Woman Blues" to the party-time atmosphere of "Mustard Greens," this is a fine presentation by a previously unrecorded bluesman.

Ricky Skaggs: *Country Boy* (Epic) is another fine set of country and bluegrass from the singer and multi-instrumentalist. The album is practically all acoustic, the only electric instrument appearing being steel guitar. There is plenty of playing throughout from Lloyd Green, Bobby Hicks, Buddy Emmons, and Skaggs himself, who turns in some good work on mandolin and hot flatpicking a la Tony Rice on guitar. Among the high points are the George Jones classic "Window Up Above" and "Wheel Hoss," the latter featuring a guest appearance by the daddy of bluegrass and the greatest mandolin player of them all, Bill Monroe.

Tex Ritter: *High Noon* (Bear Family) presents a good sampling of material recorded by the singing cowboy/film star between 1942 and 1952, and a tribute to John F. Kennedy recorded only days after the assassination in 1963. Ritter's unusual voice and clearly enunciated delivery gave him a unique sound unlike Autry, Rogers, or any of the other B-Western troubadours. The tracks offered here contain backing in the "Hollywood — Western" style of the forties, and feature nice work by Merle Travis, Speedy West, and other musicians. Highlights include "Dallas Darlin'," "Boogie Woogie Cowboy," and a seldom heard version of the classic "High Noon" recorded in London. From Bear Family, Eduard-Grunow Str. 12, 2800 Bremen, West Germany 0421/788 74.

***The Big Sky Mudflaps: Sensible Shoes* (Flying Fish)** presents an appealing blend of swing, R&B and vocals a la Lambert, Hendricks and Ross from the Montana-based band. There are some clever vocal arrangements and good soloing, particularly from hot fiddler Rob Sanders. The band has a strong female vocal trio in Beth Lo, Maureen Powell and Judy Roderick (remember her from the old Vanguard LPs?) and several of the male members contri-

bute vocally as well. "In A Mellow" guitarist David Horgan's "Melancholy Mood" are standouts.

***The Balkan Rhythm Band* (Flying Fish)** finds a group of Chicago ethnic and jazz musicians bringing new ideas to the traditional dance music of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and other Eastern European countries. This music, with its odd sonorities and unusual (for Westerners) rhythms, is difficult for outsiders to get a handle on, but the BRB has done its homework. The haunting vocal duets performed by Flo Foden and Pam Gellen are as impressive as the instrumental work. The group has experimented with fusing Balkan dance music with jazz styles, and have come up with some interesting stuff. The bop worhouse "A Night In Tunisia" gets a refreshing workout in 7/8 time; the effect is a bit unsettling on first listening. Co-leaders Terran Doeherer and Howard Levy have also written some effective original tunes.

Emily Remler's third album for Concord Jazz, *Transitions*, shows her to be maturing both as a guitarist and writer. She is an absorbing, melodic improviser who avoids cliches. On this date, she is fortunate to have bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Bob Moses with her — a rhythm section any jazzman would envy. The flamenco-tinged original title tune and an introspective exploration of Keith Jarrett's "Coral" are two high points of this thoughtful, well-executed set.

Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal and cellist David Darling collaborate on *Eos* (ECM), an intense and absorbing set of mostly Rypdal compositions. Rypdal's roots are in rock guitar of the Hendrix school, but his vision is too ambitious to be confined within the limitations of conventional rock or fusion bands. Darling is a classically trained cellist whose avant-garde improvisations are well-matched with Rypdal's style. The music here is largely dark and droning, but there are lyrical and soaring passages as well as frenzied, angry ones (especially Rypdal's opening unaccompanied guitar solo). *Eos* possesses an emotional power that may reach listeners who don't generally go in for experimentation of this sort.

Those familiar with the now-defunct band Tuxedomoon will welcome the appearance of Benjamin Lew and Steven Brown's (*Twelfth Day: Speech, Adornment, Love* (Original Music)). Performing on synthesizers, saxes and keyboards, and aided by percussionist/bass clarinetist Gilles Martin, Lew and Brown have blended African and other ethnic musics with mod-

ern technology and minimalist techniques. The resulting music is hypnotic and fascinating, and unlike anything else you've heard recently. From Original Music, R.D.1, Box 190, Tivoli NY 12583.

Jim Raney, the thinking man's bebop guitarist, teams up with his son Doug for a set of guitar duets on *Nardis* (Steeplechase). The younger Raney has absorbed his father's lessons so well that the two are impossible to tell apart most of the time. There are some engaging passages of interplay on "All God's Children Got Rhythm" and "There Will Never Be Another You". A subtle playfulness is present throughout, especially in the phrasing of the themes. The title tune, a composition by the late Bill Evans, receives as especially interesting treatment.

Back in the heyday of rock and R&B the Specialty label in New Orleans had an impressive lineup of artists including Percy Mayfield, Little Richard, and Lloyd Price. Today's listeners are probably less familiar with the work of *Don and Dewey* (Specialty), a duo that excelled both on rockers and ballads. Don "Sugarcane" Harris and Dewey Terry turned out some fine sides for Specialty, including their original "Leavin' It All Up To You" (a hit for Dale and Grace) and "Justine." Harris later joined the Johnny Otis show and became known for his fiddling, which can be heard here on "Pink Champagne". Also noteworthy from Specialty is *Here's Larry Williams*, which includes the hits "Short Fat Fanny" and "Bony Moronie" along with a selection of other solid rockers in a style reminiscent of Lloyd Price and Little Richard.

BOOKS

Bill Pronzini's "Nameless Detective" and Marcia Muller's private eye Sharon McCone combine forces in *Double* (St. Martin's). The two authors have contributed alternating chapters in this tale of murder at a private eye convention. "Nameless," inspired by the pulps of the thirties, is one of the last of the old-school, lone operator detectives. McCone, much younger, is also an independent spirit inclined to follow her own instincts and personal ethics. In the course of this tale, "Nameless" takes a brief trip to Mexico investigating a missing boy while McCone gets into a tight spot after uncovering a kinky sex club frequented by several principal characters. The technique of alternating chapters narrated by the two detectives makes for some real old-fashioned cliff-hangers. Good job!

Stephen Greenleaf may well be the best of the current crop of private eye novelists, the most accomplished successor to Hammett, Chandler, and Macdonald. He is not tied to the conventions of the genre, and his characters have depth seldom found in crime and suspense fiction. *Fatal Obsession* (Ballantine, paperback), is the fourth of Greenleaf's novels featuring San Francisco private investigator John Marshall Tanner. Returning home to his Midwestern hometown to help decide the fate of the family farm, Tanner winds up investigating the murder of his nephew. Tanner is a middle-aged, melancholy ex-lawyer who is not particularly hard-boiled but can take care of business when necessary. The small town of Chaldea is evoked poignantly — much of the writing would not be out of place in non-genre fiction. Indeed, Greenleaf is positively verbose compared to the terse, mile-a-minute action style of many P.I. writers. Although the book is well-plotted, it is the quality of the writing more than the whodunit factor that sustains the reader's interest.

A-wop-bop-a-loo-bop, a wop-bam-boom! Little Richard galvanized the airwaves of the mid-fifties with "Tutti Frutti," "Long Tall Sally," and other high-charged screamers, and he has yet to be outdone. Richard is one of rock's seminal figures, not only for his music, but for his outrageous behavior, hairstyles, and make-up, which anticipated today's androgynous rock stars. Charles White's *The Life and Times of Little Richard* (Harmony/Crown) is an important book not only about Richard, but about the early days of rock. Working closely with Richard and interviewing family, friends, music-biz people and musicians, White, a British rock critic known to BBC listeners as "Dr. Rock," has done a remarkable job chronicling Richard from his early days in Macon, Georgia through his stardom and renunciation of rock for the gospel life (Richard returned to rock, but is now once again on the gospel trail). Typically, Richard is none too reticent about his sex life, and gossip-mongers will enjoy the tales of dressing room bi-sexual orgies.



Robert J. Randisi's New York private eye Miles Jacoby makes his hardcover debut in *Full Contact* (St. Martin's). Jacoby is an ex-prizefighter who makes his home in a back room at Bogie's a real-life restaurant catering to mystery buffs. A cast of characters developed in Randisi's two Avon paperbacks is on hand as Jacoby goes to work to clear his friends "Knock Wood" Lee, a bookie who is being framed for murder. The fast-paced tale is set against a background of karate and porno films. Jacoby discovers that Lee's case is tied up with a missing girl case he is also investigating. The novel barrels along so fast that one has no time to ponder this most unlikely coincidence. Private eye aficionados may get a kick out of the brief appearances of several other fictional gumshoes, and references to New York's mystery bookshops (this device can become a bit too cute at times). This exciting, well-written page-turner with its colorful cast of ethnic characters and sleazy criminals will please fans of the old pulp private eye tales. This is a well-done entry in what we hope will be a continuing series.

Valediction (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence) is the eleventh in Robert B. Parker's series featuring the Boston private eye Spenser. Spenser comes up against a religious cult whose leader is tied up with the heroin trade and organized crime. There is plenty of crackling dialogue, as usual, especially in the scenes with Hawk, the huge black enforcer whose street sense of ethics curiously compliments Spenser's own. There is, however, entirely too much space devoted to prattle about the detective's deteriorating relationship with his long-time girlfriend, Susan Silverman. When Spenser is not mooning over Susan, this is a typically fine, fast-paced Parker yarn.

Although he's been turning out first-rate crime thrillers since the late sixties, only in the past few years has Elmore Leonard received the recognition due him. *The Switch* (Bantam) is among the best of the out-of-print Leonard novels that have recently reappeared in paperback. An affluent Detroit housewife is kidnapped by two affable ex-cons and a half-wit neo-Nazi. In a typical Leonard turn-around, wifey winds up throwing in with her captors to get at her crooked husband who is living it up for the weekend on an island with a young gold-digging bimbo. Leonard's ear for dialogue is sharp as ever, and his acid evocation of the leisure-suited country club crowd is priceless. One is never quite sure who is conning who here; the denouement is a killer. Now that most of Leonard's crime fiction is available again, why doesn't someone put together a collection of his pulp western tales from the fifties?

EILEEN



Welcome brand new super-boobed Eileen. This trim, shapely brunette beauty with the long tresses hails from Scotland, which explains our case of the

Scottish moors—after seeing her we want to see more and more.

Eileen got her clean country fresh complexion on a







farm not far from Glasgow, where she helped her folks raise chickens, cows and pigs. She told us that after a hard-working childhood and adolescence she

wanted a change of pace. So, in college she majored in sub-atomic particle physics.

This gal sure likes variety—she said the reason she
(continued on page 17)


~~~~~ *Big Up Front Dazzler from the 70's* ~~~~~  
**DIANE**















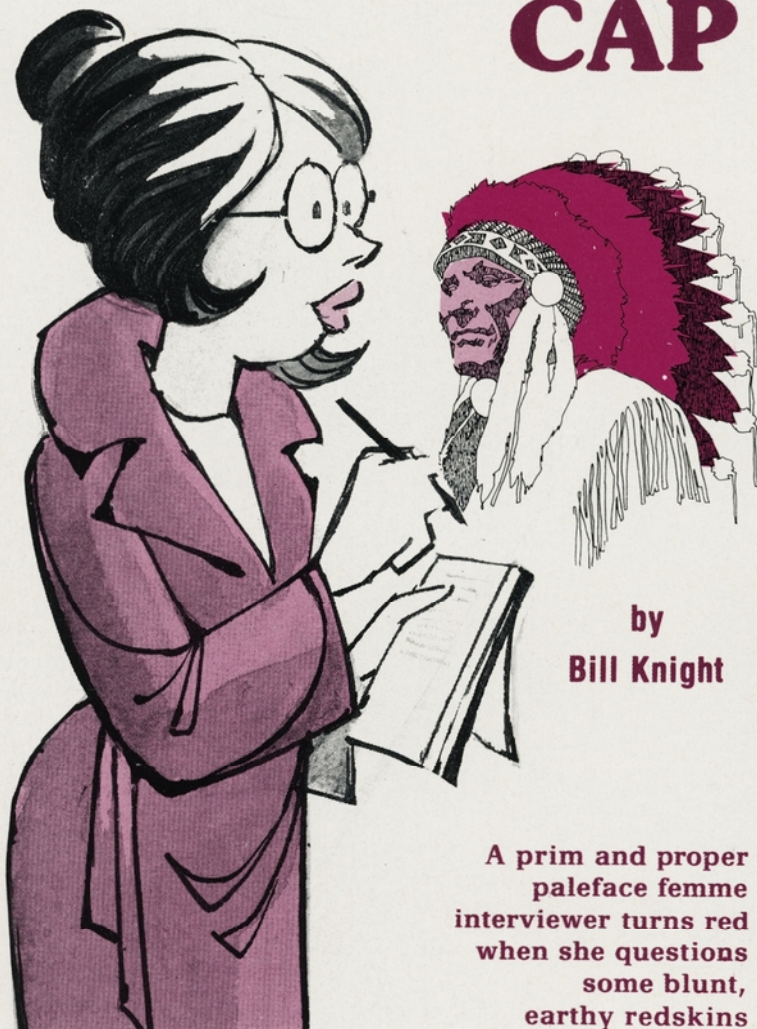




*"I went to a lot of trouble with that Kung Pao chicken!"*



# NO FEATHER IN HER CAP



by  
**Bill Knight**

*A prim and proper  
paleface femme  
interviewer turns red  
when she questions  
some blunt,  
earthy redskins*

Famous TV reporter Margaret Baker in her very professional, direct and terse manner, was to do an in-depth report on discrimination against the American Indian. She began her report with some personal interviews in Toppenish, Washington.

The first Indian she saw was walking down Toppenish's main street. He was dressed normally except for a headband with one feather in it. This immediately aroused Margaret's female curiosity.

After three or four penetrating questions regarding discrimination, she could no longer

contain herself and asked the Indian the significance of the one feather.

The Indian shyly replied that he was a very chaste and pure individual, and that his one feather represented his one and only sexual conquest, his wife.

Margaret didn't believe this entirely. And when the next Indian whom she met had nine feathers in his headband, she asked only two questions concerning her report before getting around to the meaning of the number of feathers he was wearing.

The Indian stated that he was a pretty good stud and that these nine feathers stood for the number of women with which he had had carnal knowledge.

This blew the staid Margaret's mind. She still only half-believed the feather explanations and she determined that her next step was to go to the Indian Village just outside of the small town and speak to the tribal chief and get to the bottom of this story. She didn't like having her leg pulled!

When the chief stepped out of his tepee, wearing a headdress with at least one thousand feathers in it, all of Margaret's good intentions about discrimination, went down the drain and she immediately blurted out the question: "What do all of those feathers mean? Honestly, now."

The chief, whose English was not too fluent, but direct and to the point, replied: "Me chief. Me fuckum all broads in tribe! Old, young, fat, skinny! All!"

Shocked and aghast at his reply. Margaret shouted: "You ought to be hung!"

The chief, wooden faced, said: "Ug! Me hung like bufalo bull!"

Sensing aggression in the chief's tone of voice, she said: "And you are hostile too!"

The agreeable chief nodded his head: "Ug! I do hoss-style, dog-style, any stlye! I like fuckum. You bet!"

Margaret Baker, shocked to the core of her puritanical soul, gasped: "Oh dear!"

"No fuckum dear," the Chief said. "Asshole too high. Run too fast. No catch." □





wanted to pose was that she needed another change of pace—this time from her post doctoral work.

We told her that we could ogle her glorious globes till the atomic clock runs out and that we'd never















*need a change of pace. We also told her that she looked awfully cute, young, sexy and scintillating to be doing post-doctoral work. She said we were awfully old to be saying those things to her—and didn't we think there were any good-looking female scientists?*

*Although we couldn't get a date with this big boobed brainy beauty, we did learn one thing: If Eileen took the high road and we took the low road, we'd certainly miss her and her magnificent mammaries.* □







***BRENDA***







*Big boobed, dirty-blonde Brenda is making her first appearance on our pages and this cute charmer's given us an accurate case of Spring fever.*

*Brenda's an outdoor gal and her personality is just as sunny and delightful as her fresh, pretty, all-around good looks.*

*Hiking and gardening are this bucolic babe's passions, and she told us she's hoping to save up enough*

*to buy some land where she can do some "gardening in the raw." She explained that she likes to garden au natural. She also said there aren't too many places she can do that. We suggested our place. She replied that she didn't know that we had a garden. "We don't," we answered, "but we've a very lonesome house plant that's crazed for some attention."*

*That was the first time we ever described ourselves*









as a house plant, but this pretty sexpot turned us on so much that for the moment we weren't sure that we were rooted to our senses.

As a bridge back to our conversation with Brenda we asked if she liked bridges in the woods. She said, "Better there than in your mouth." We had to agree the remark had a certain bite to it, but we still felt

that we were getting too far off the beaten path of our interview.

"Where do you see yourself in five years?"

"I guess I'll still be using a mirror," she answered. We didn't learn a whole lot more about Brenda, but we know what we need to know—this busty young looker is one hot tomato!



# 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:

In Brian DePalma's "Body Double," a blonde porno star lays down her rules for making a porno movie for a producer/director she's never worked for before: "No coming in my face, no S&M, no animal acts and no water-sports!"

"To the makers of the porno, 'Getting Lucky' means getting laid," said a connoisseur after previewing the flick by that name, which stars Janey Robbins one of the "most sexually dedicated 'actresses' to hit the porno screen in years." The flick's locale is a graduation party where one guy is making out like crazy while his two pals are lamenting: "It's graduation night and we haven't been

laid!" Then they rush off to a "ski resort" where the hostesses put out for cold cash, but on the way one of the guys is hi-jacked by three chicks in a truck who make him their sex slave. Eventually, the viewer can lay his eyes on the hot doings in the ski lodge where "Room Service" is available day and night.

Triumph Films' French import, "A Nos Amours" deals with the sexual experimentation of a young girl. Some brief snatches: An older man she's dated tells her when kissing her goodnight: After I leave you I'll go see a hooker and think of you." So what does the young girl do? She goes home with him pronto and they screw.

According to "Oh, Calcutta!" Now in its 15th year, "many swinging couples are fine, distinguished people... not the kind who walk right into your apartment and lay their pecker on the table."

"Hollywood's a crazy town," says Phyllis Diller." I went to an orgy. Imagine! They wore name tags!"

Joan Rivers' "Can We Talk" line of greeting cards was shown at NYC's National Stationery Show. Sample of her *Get Well* cards: "I hear you're flat on your back..." On the inside it says: "I heard that a lot before you got sick."

"When shit is worth money the poor won't have assholes," proclaims famed filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard in the opening scenes of his film "First Name: Carmen." That sort of sets the tone for this sensational cinematic romp. And before long another "philosopher" remarks, as he looks at a woman's snatch, "Now I know why they call prison the hole."

"An Unnatural Act" stars John Leslie and Desiree Lane who are supported by Misty Reagan and Bridgette Monet. Although called "meat-and potatoes porn" by some sexperts, it's a boffo tale with Desiree being "haunted" and even balled by a horny ghost.

In Jacques Rivette's "Love on the Ground," one of the femme leads reminisces: "My first love? I met him at an art gallery opening. Our eyes met... we touched... we made love in the store room, standing up, against the paintings."

At NYC's Fashion & Boutique Show, Minor Creations offered a white bikini embroidered with the suggestive line: "Clean up your chimney — Santa's coming!"





## ***DEBBY GOES PUNK***

This bulging breasted, blonde British bird is one of our current favorites. Her slender, sexy figure is high-

lighted by her huge round knockers and attractive, expressive face.









Our photo spread is a collection of out-takes from a video in which Debby starred. The film is a parody of the SM scene and has musical numbers including *She's*

*a Man Beater, Queen of Pain, Bound Forever, A Fistful of Dreams, Whipped Passion, Busted Up Over You, The Manacles of Desire, Kink For A Day, Tying*











**Gem  
of the  
Month**















*One on, Tough Titty* and *The Battered Bride*, an updated satire on the opera, *The Bartered Bride*—all new smash hits.

In the film, voluptuous, double D-cup Debby plays a new wave-punk rock singer.

Debby told us that she actually hates SM and every-





thing else violent, but that she finds humor such a turn-on, she agreed to star in the show. We told her that we not only agreed with her, but find her such a turn-on that we'd love to have her star with us in a private performance. She replied, "Go out with the

likes of you? Ha! What do you think I am—a masochist?! I told you I'm not into SM!"

We may not get a top rating from this torrid, tantalizing titillator, but she gets our highest marks for her top-heavy talent. □







Despite having a beautiful wife, the advertising exec was a horny womanizer, always on the prowl

# A WALK IN PARADISE

*by Anthony Nicholas*

I'm a pretty successful guy in the advertising world, have a beautiful wife and three great kids, but there's something that troubles me now and then — I'm a skirt chaser. A womanizer. A horny predator constantly on the prowl for a new piece of ass.

As I said, it does bother me (now and then) because I do love my wife and I am a responsible family man. But I can't stop my philandering ways. So what?, you say. Nothing, except that in my case I think there's a reason, Grab a beer and I'll tell you about it.

My name is Bill Tantillo and I was born in Paterson, New Jersey and grew up in the 1950's which were a pain in the ass — as far as making out was concerned. To say the least, it wasn't exactly one conquest after another. And it stayed that way for years. Until one morning in June, 1968 when I ventured into New York. Since then my life has never been the same. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's backtrack a bit.

Patterson is about fifty miles from New York. That's where I was raised in an Italian-American family. And if you know anything about being raised as a Catholic in an Italian-American family, you probably know that it wasn't exactly like being a disciple of Reverend Moon. In any event, when I was seventeen I told my father that I wanted to be an artist. He practically choked on his linguine. He explosively pointed out the necessity of being able to earn a living so I could get married and raise a family. So I went to a local Catholic college. But I took a

few art courses, and found out that art directors could make a good living in the advertising business. After graduating I got a job with a small local ad agency and I thrived on the flurry of activity.

And all the while, there was Teresa. Dear, sweet, Teresa; encased in a goddamn acre of latex panty girdle, from the bottom of her breasts to the top of her knees. This was the late fifties, remember, keep your mind on that.

Teresa and I grew up together. Lived across the street from one another. We started dating when I was about fifteen or so. When I say dating, I mean dating. Sitting in a movie house, holding each other's hand. Sitting in a booth in Donny Boy's Dinner, holding each other's hand. Sitting in my blue Pontiac, at a drive-in movie, holding each other's hand. When I had the chance, I would take my hand from hers and try to shove it through the armour she was wearing. My knuckles got red, and I'd finally give up in exhaustion. Then Teresa would smile. And the smile meant that I should either concentrate on Frankie Avalon on the giant screen, or drive her home. Most of the time I drove her home. After a night like that you lay in bed, alone, and think about what's taking place under all that latex. I never found out till Teresa and I were married. It was all very, very wonderful. That is, if your sexual fantasies include making love with the lights out, and only when it's time to make babies. Although I really shouldn't complain. Teresa is still very attractive. Black hair,

*(continued on page 46)*









# CANDY KANE

40 GEM

*Some models are so spectacular that every time we get a set on one of them, we rush the photos into print. Such is the case with everybody's current*





*favorite, incredibly endowed Candy Kane. This brand new set is just what the doctor ordered for Spring.*

*June is busting out all over and so are Candy's huge knockers—busting right out of her sheer black negligee.*













*Too much candy may be bad for your teeth, but this sweet Candy is one delectable treat we can never get enough of!*

*And for all you Candy buffs, we've got another brand new, bra-busting layout that we're going to feature in an upcoming issue of BUF.* □







## A WALK IN PARADISE

*continued from page 38*

skin like alabaster marble. We're not making babies anymore, but I still manage to get her between the sheets from time to time.

Suddenly, I turned around, and I was thirty years old. We had three children, a three bedroom house, and two cars to park in front of it. I thought I was living in Camelot. Utopia and Shangri-la, all rolled into one. The ad agency I was working for was growing by leaps and bounds. Now here's where the story heats up. The president of the agency begins to have delusions of grandeur and decides to open a branch office in New York and asks me, me, of all people, to run it. Which means that I have to hire an office staff: secretaries, copywriters, art directors and so on.

But let me tell you about my first day in the big town. It was that morning in June, 1968, when I drove in to tackle my new assignment. I can remember it as if it were yesterday. The streets were noisy. The traffic was unbelievable. There was a steady swirl of activity. And from this swirl came a steady flow of dames. Dames! Every size. Every shape. Every age. They slithered across the street in silky dresses clinging to their curves. Some of them wore slacks. Tight ones that outlined every curve of their slinky, sexy bodies. I'm talking about asses without anything to worry about, much less a layer of latex... and glorious tits bouncing freely under the silk and cotton — without the restrictions of brassieres!

It took me half the morning to get myself to concentrate on work. I had been sent to the big town for a reason: my boss had handed me a challenge, and I wasn't about to blow it. I went home that night, took the vision with me. Took it to bed. Rubbed up against Teresa, and made up some half-assed excuse when she wanted to know why I was so horny. Couldn't wait to get to work the next morning.

It was 11 o'clock when my first appointment arrived. Christ, what a resume! We're talking major breasts. We're talking about a honey of a honey blond, clean as a whistle. She was about to graduate from Hunter College with a major in fine arts. I looked through her portfolio and noticed that she had a flair for advertising design.

I stated that she might have potential and suggested that we might have a bite of lunch and talk about her future. She told me that she had a lunch date she couldn't break and suggested dinner. I respected that. I mean here I was, in a position to hire her, and she takes an independent attitude. Her name was Rosemary Tice, and I told her that I would call her toward the end of the day about where we would have dinner.

During the remainder of the morning, I interviewed two people. One was a heavy hitter. A glitzy blond with a little bit of the viper in her, and too much eye makeup. She told me that she could take dictation and type a hundred words a minute, but something told me that I wouldn't like having her around. The second person that showed up was a guy. A copywriter with a lot on the ball. As much as I hated to hire him, I knew it was the right thing to do. It was not without difficulty that I made that decision, because the third person was a brunette copywriter from Brooklyn who wore a pair of tan slacks that didn't leave any room for the imagination. She had a portfolio full of fashion ads and poetry. Some of the poetry was nice. But her body was better. I told her I would call her in a few days to let her know whether or not she had the job. And then I decided to go out for lunch.

The boss had started a tab for me at an Italian restaurant, but I never got as far as the antipasto. Instead, I walked the streets and noticed each and every one of the amazing number of highly attractive women. Some were like bunnies hopping across the street, their tails in the air. Round, cotton soft. I bet. And maybe tasting like cotton candy. Others walked with their heads high, moving quickly, with a sense of purpose. There were a few of them that sort of ambled down the street, moving sensually beneath their clothing. I began to feel the heat. It was never this hot in Morris Plains. I thought, Even in the dead of summer. Better get back to the office.

I threw some cold water on my face. I tried to get the girls out of my mind. I had business to do, and I wasn't going to let a piece of ass stand in my way, right? Wrong! Those asses were all I could think about. No latex. No nothing. No bras. Jesus, how the hell did New

York ever get to be the business capitol of the world? I mean you have to be stone blind to be able to concentrate on business.

I got ready for my afternoon appointments. Four guys waltzed in between 2 o'clock and 5. But I'd rather talk about the girl from the South who thought she would make the perfect secretary. If honeydews for breasts are any credentials, then this girl had the job, hands down. But I wasn't about to make any rash decisions. Especially with such a large pool of talent to choose from, if you know what I mean. Her name was Laurel Montgomery, and I told her that I would think about it.

Along about 6 o'clock, I started to get hungry, and thought about Rosemary Tice. I called her and suggested that we meet at Patriciano's — that's the restaurant where my boss had started the tab for me — in about an hour. Then I called my wife, Teresa. I told her that I had to work late. Didn't know exactly what time I'd be home. She sounded surprised. And why not? When I was working in Morris Plains, I never worked late. Which is to say, I had never screwed around in all the years we had been married.

I was a little nervous, but I got to Patriciano's a few minutes before seven. When Tice arrived I nearly swallowed the ice cubes in my drink. I don't know what kind of fabric it was, but the way her dress hung around her body made everybody stare. Throughout the dinner what the candlelights were doing to Rosemary's face was not to be believed. The flames flickered across her creamy skin and her full red lips, and I didn't hear a word she said as she talked about her hopes and dreams for the future. Billy be careful, Billy watch your ass, I said to myself. When she invited me up to her place for a night cap, I sure didn't say no.

Her apartment wasn't exactly the Palace of the Doges in Venice, but it was kind of warm and rosey. As we were sipping our drinks she began to smile at me in a very peculiar way. She asked if she could sketch my body. And when she said that I had a beautifully robust build, I wasn't about to argue. In any case she asked me to strip down to my jockey shorts and I didn't lose any time doing it. Rosemary curled up on the sofa with a

*(continued on page 62)*



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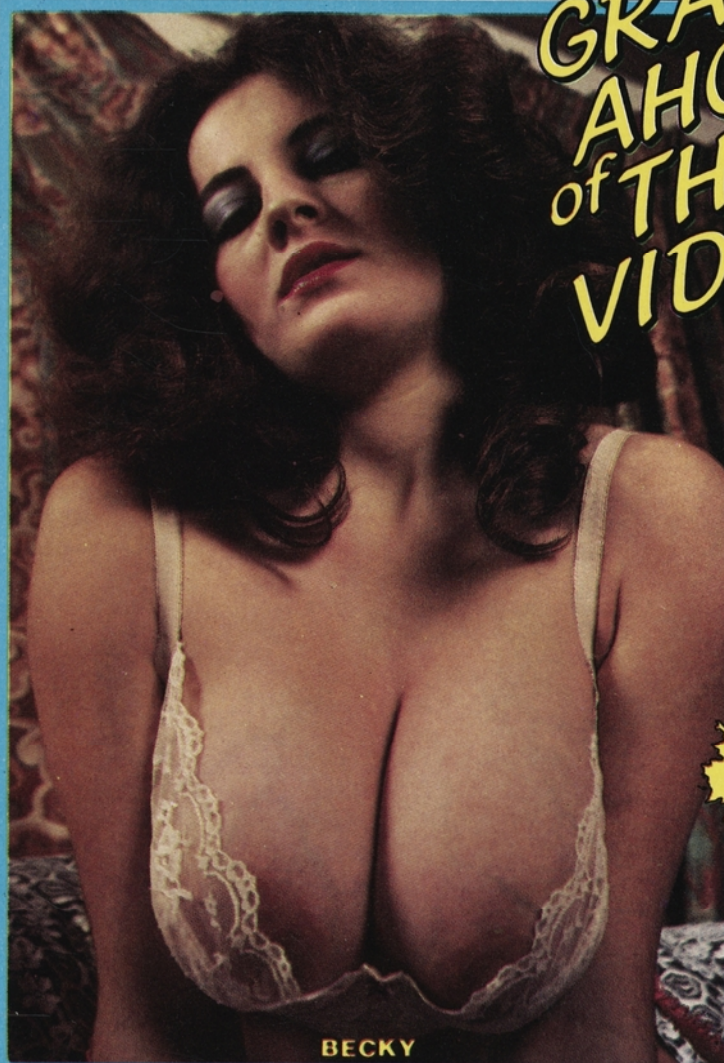
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# SEX GAMES

If you don't know how to add some of the techniques of group therapy — nudity and relating to each other —





# IN THE RAW

by Paul Brock

ther — to your party, there are now all kinds of sex games for sale to make it real easy for you . . .

Played strictly for fun, sex games can pep up a pooped party so fast that you would think the participants had just heard the Government say it was abolishing all income taxes. This is because it's true what the psychologists tell us — that all people, and especially party people, need to communicate and let down their inhibitions. Sex games do just this. They are devised and indulged in so that gals and guys can shed their hangups together and at the same time.

They don't have to be orgiastic wrestling matches between the sexes. They need not even end with total sexual togetherness. But they do need to be sexually stimulating, arousing natural instincts and desires that are among the most exquisite in the human psyche.

Advocates of group therapy know all about this — which is why nudity and "relating to each other" are encouraged at their sessions. But it should not be considered mandatory for only a qualified psychologist to talk to partygoers and persuade them to take off their clothing so that they can really enjoy themselves. A shrewd and thoughtful host can accomplish this by suggesting total indulgences in delightful games that can lead up to almost anything.

Sex games that can be bought at your local store are adult versions of "Spin the Bottle," "Post Office," or whatever you used to play with the local girls and boys in your poppa's garage. Some are mildly sexual ("Seduction" and "Take It Off"). Some are strongly sexual ("Strip Tac Toe" and "Bumps and Grinds"). Others are blatantly sexual, like the wanton game of "Adultery".

"Take It Off," which like most of the others sells for about \$35, is merely good innocent fun but serves the initial purpose of vitalizing people who are listless and bored. Instead of actually stripping at this early juncture, the



players discard "clothes cards," after assuming the identity of such burlesque performers as Miss Lotta Bazoom or Miss Bubbles Boobs! ("For a starter, throw a garter," reads one of the cards). There are raid cards and whistles, and the old standard "Monopoly" trip to jail.

"Strip Tac Toe," of course, eliminates the clothes cards and insists upon the real thing. It is the same old "Tic Tac Toe", but is played on a large square of fluorescent paper, preferably after the guests have partaken of a moderate amount of liquid fortification. Instead of Xs and Os you use items of clothing.

If you win a round you get a bonus card that can be used instead of clothing on subsequent rounds. The game can be played by teams. It ends (or begins?) when one side is entirely naked.

The game of "Adultery" progresses to wilder heights. To eliminate any confusion, the instructions include a footnote defining adultery as "voluntary sexual intercourse by a married person with someone other than his or her mate."

Drinks are served before the game begins, and a timekeeper is selected, then everyone writes his name on a sheet of paper on which is written, "Dear . . . . . Time is of the essence. Can't afford to waste it. Hurry to



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me — Expectant!" The papers are folded and deposited in male and female containers on the "Adultery" Board.

Each player spins a dial and is awarded tokens of two, three or five minutes. The timekeeper selects two names and the players retire to a private place until their combined time is up.

"It's what you care to make of it," says one swinging female enthusiast. "The two of you can go to a room and talk about politics if you like. Or you can ball."

There is much shuffling back and forth as new names are selected and people come and go, and this continues until you either run out of sheets of paper or you collapse from sexual exhaustion.

"Toga Charades" sounds innocent but it can lead to interesting situations. In ordinary charades, of course, the players have to act out the assignments given them by the opposing team in such a way that their own teammates can recognize them. This is all done with frantic gestures as the actor races against the clock.

"Toga Charades" is played in much the same way, except that the players dress in sheets. They are naked underneath. The rules state categorically that the actors cannot at any time pin, tie or knot their togas. Consequently assignments like "reach for the sky," or "open handed" make wicked starters, and you can take odds that the most demure doll will become just flustered enough to lose a sheet rather than lose a game. In any event, if everybody sticks strictly to the rules, "Toga Charades" totally accomplishes the desired object of getting everybody undressed prior to relating to each other.

"Rip-Off" achieves the same thing, but with even more cooperation from the would-be relators. They are all warned beforehand to come to the party dressed in expendable clothes which they never intend to wear again. To make it

easier for their friends they are asked to snip strategically here and there at each garment with scissors or razor-blade, the idea being that everybody's clothes should be capable of being torn off without much effort — to preserve energy. A nice thick rug on the floor, or an old mattress or two helps for this one. Everyone squats on hands and knees and the host turns out the lights as he shouts "It's a 'Rip-Off!'"

After that, it develops into a free-for-all lasting approximately three minutes in which old clothes are torn from and ripped off right down to the epidermis. Players still wearing items of clothing, however clinging and revealing, after the lights go on, are disqualified.

"Salvation Army" is a slightly subdued version of "Rip-Off." Any number of people can play. The group forms a circle, men and women alternating, no wider than can be managed with everyone keeping his arm around his neighbors' waists. The lights are turned off, arms are disengaged, and everyone strips down to what he or she considers are bare essentials. The discarded garments are thrown into the middle of the circle where the host stands, shuffling them. Then still in the dark — everyone dresses again, grabbing whatever garments they come up with from the pile, male or female. The lights come on again — and the blonde in the grey flannel suit exchanges clothing with the guy in the white cashmere jumper.

"Bluff In The Buff" is an improvement on that simple old game that gets party guests to mingle and get acquainted. The improvement is that participants play it in the nude. One man and one woman are chosen to be "It" and blindfolded. Volunteers may be accepted. The men then form a circle round the blindfolded girl and the women form a circle round the blindfolded man.

As in the old game, the player who is "It" is spun around to con-

fuse his sense of direction. He or she must then find the way to the edge of the circle, grab someone, and identify her or him strictly by using all the senses except sight — such as touch, feel, and squeeze. No one is supposed to speak, or run away.

This means that the lucky person who is "It" must, simply by exploring the contours of the naked body, guess from its size, shape and basic development exactly who it is.

A variation of "Bluff In The Buff" which is a little more reckless is the new fun game known as "Ski-zzle-Sizzle." To achieve the mutually desired goal of nudity for all the guests, the girls take the initiative by performing, in a line, a sizzling strip-tease before the men, who are forbidden to touch at this stage. They shed all their garments except their panties, and then, after a few more provocative wiggles and thrusts they insist that all the assembled males are blindfolded. The blindfolds have to be tied securely to ensure that there is absolutely no peeking.

On their side of the room the girls alter their original positions in the lineup and discard their panties so that they now stand completely nude. One of them sends out the invitation: "All right you lover boys. Come after us!" This is the signal for a sudden surge of eager male bodies across the room and some of the most sensual grouping and grabbing outside of a sexual orgy house in Hong Kong.

In each instance the girl who has been grabbed steers her blindfolded man to a couch, rug or bed, in any convenient and semi-private section of the house. There, they do whatever they like, but the man must keep his blindfold tightly on. He is not supposed to remove it until both are well and truly satisfied. Only then does he discover who his passion partner is and whether or not her reputation as a sex bomb or a frigid shrew has been exaggerated.



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About an hour later the routine is reversed, with the girls wearing the blindfolds and rushing across the room to seize a piece of the manly action. It is then up to him to guide her all the way to complete fulfillment before she is allowed to shed the blindfold and find out who serviced her.

"For "Sex-Partner Darts" a dartboard plus darts are needed, and a cardinal rule is that all contestants play in the nude. The magnificent spectacle of a beautiful young thing lining up her feathered shaft and flinging it with accompanying physical vibrations at the distant board is something not to be passed up at any party. Hence the host should make sure he has plenty of light on the subject.

The idea is that each player, male and female, is allocated a number on the dartboard — 1 to 20 — on a slip of paper with his or her name written on it. The slips are folded, placed inside a hat, and passed around for one draw each. Personal numbers are kept secret, though some ladies have been known to reveal to their favorite boy friend what number he should be aiming at on the dartboard. The number he does get with his first dart is called out and its owner steps forward. If the owner is a male, the thrower throws again until he hits a number belonging to a female.

With another dart he establishes the time in minutes he is allowed to spend in the bedroom with the partner he has won. If he is expert at the game he can vary this time to suit his tastes, aiming his dart wherever he wants it — from 1 to 20. If his prize really turns him on, he naturally tries for the bull's eye (50) for fifty minutes.

At one recent San Francisco "Sex-Partner Darts" session, held after hours at a local tavern, a shapely but inexperienced chick missed the dartboard with her shaft and hit a lightbulb instead. All the lights in the tavern shorted out. Naked as a jaybird, the young

male tavern-keeper fell downstairs while looking for the fusebox. His dog Bilko bit him on the leg. His friends took advantage of the total darkness to abandon the darts and indulge in a sexual orgy. Some fink stole the dartboard.

Nevertheless. "Sex-Partner Darts" is a gas, most of the time.

"Spin-the Bottle" still generates lots of fun, if all the players agree to play in their birthday suits. Each man selects a bottle — a quart or fifth of gin, vodka, scotch, rye, rum or whatever is preferred. Or the frugal host previously instructs all guests to bring their own spinning bottle — full. Seated in a large circle with male alternating with female, the men spin their bottles in turn, the sequence being decided by simple lottery. If a male spins his bottle and it points to another male, he may keep on trying until his bottle points to a girl.

As soon as each guy and girl are paired off they are locked up together in a closet or bedroom by the host or hostess and are not allowed to come out to continue play until their bottle is empty. Experience shows that very few come out to continue the bottle-spinning. Some don't come out for days.

Group therapy sex games really caught on in many neighborhoods and are said to be popular with people who want to do more than just play. In one version participants start with their counters on a square marked "hung up." The first picks up a "Therapist" card and reads aloud the instructions on the back.



The cards vary from mild instructions such as "Pick a member of the group and try to make him (her) laugh" to ruthless orders like "Talk about your sex life and what you would like to do about it," Or, "undressed, and using your face and body, assume the position which makes you most vulnerable and provocative."

If those turn out to be too easy, members of the group may come up with these: "Tell the group exactly how you could be a better lover if given the chance," or "Show the part of your body of which you are most proud." Or, "Take off as many clothes as you wish. Let the group cradle you. Go with the experience." And this: "Find and massage carefully the most tense part of somebody's body — that somebody to be chosen by the group."

Unless the instructions are carried out "honestly and enthusiastically, the group will not vote a player towards the winning square, labeled "Free" and this is supposed to make him (her) feel sorry.

The "Nude Therapy" game, say those in favor, really does strip away the pretenses, social roles and social masks with which individuals control themselves, so that for ever after they are able to respond more meaningfully in their daily lives.

"Naked Sardines" is infinitely more basic. This is a popular version of "Hide-and-Seek." While one selected person goes to hide, the rest give him or her a countdown, usually a couple of minutes or so. Then everybody of the opposite sex starts looking for the person hiding. As soon as he or she is found the finder joins him or her in the hiding place.

The game continues until all the guests are packed intimately into the same hiding place. There are no special rules to worry about, and close proximity, plus the all-important goal of inter-relating makes it all well worth while.

Try it and live a little. □



## A WALK IN PARADISE

*continued from page 46*

sketch pad in her hand and began running the charcoal across the paper. She finished the sketch and showed it to me. But before I could tell her I liked it, she touched my face and brought me down onto the sofa with her.

It didn't take her more than two seconds to find my joint and I can tell you that Oscar was up and ready and raring to go. The next thing I knew, my jockies were somewhere down around my ankles; she took Oscar into her lily white hand and we were rolling on the sofa.

She had this white silk blouse on, see. And this tight gray skirt. She wasn't wearing any nylons. She wasn't wearing anything on her legs. I reached down to touch the softness. My hand moved between her legs, and there was no latex! No nothing — just soft hair and a moist slit. We kissed passionately and she was bare-assed in thirty seconds. I slid into her, all the while thinking what a beautiful and free creature she was. Not a goddamned hang-up in sight. Nothing to stand in the way of her pleasure. I thought of Teresa, but only for less than a second. Rosemary was writhing with a sensual abandonment that excited me more than ever before. And then, pow! pow! I couldn't hold it any longer — it

was sheer paradise.

The next day, I interviewed a few more people. And it was more of the same. A blond. A red-hot redhead. And two guys with beards, who hadn't seen the inside of a shower stall for at least six months. It was nearly five when the last guy left, and I walked to the window, looked down at the city spread out before me, and thought about them. They were down there. Maybe a million of them. Free spirits, each and every one. Then an idea crossed my mind. An office was no place to conduct business. If I was going to hire a staff, I thought, a more intimate environment was called for. A setting where I could really get to know the people I was going to hire. I recalled an ad I had seen for the Plaza Hotel. We're talking Cole Porter, autumn in New York, and George Gershwin, all rolled into one. The Plaza had atmosphere. That's what I needed.

After I checked in, I called Teresa to say I had to stay in town a few days. Then I called Rosemary. Asked her up for a drink. She arrived a little after eight, and after that I lost track of the time. When I woke up the next morning, she was sleeping sweetly beside me. By 10 o'clock in the morning, I began to figure out how to get rid of her. I showered, shaved, then started getting dressed. I looked through my

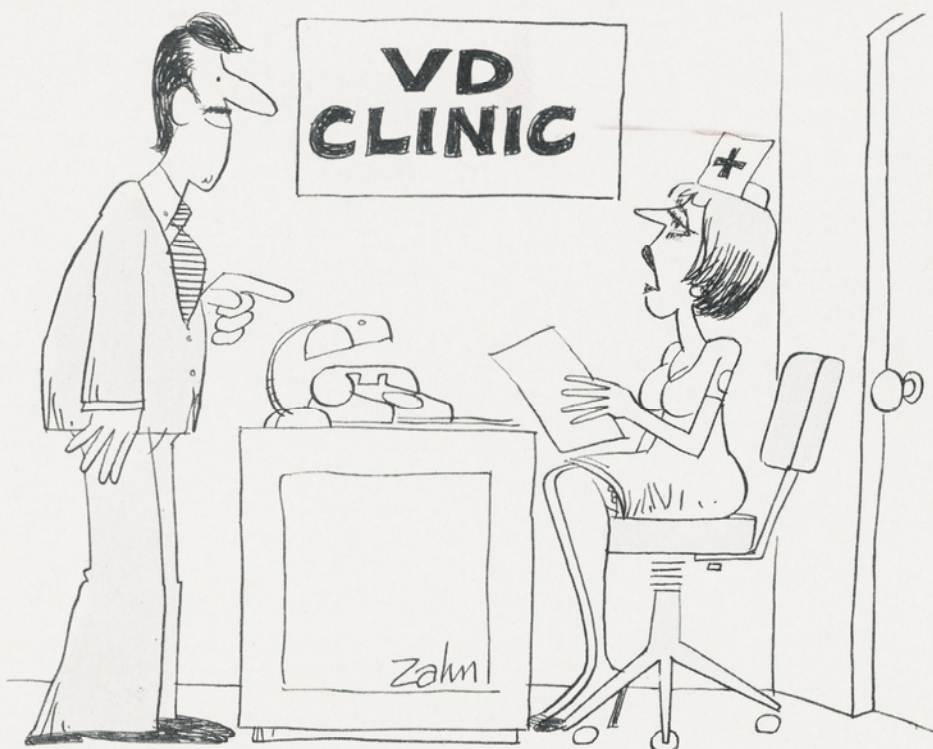
appointment book as if I were the chairman of the board of General Motors getting ready for a jungle of a day. Rosemary took the hint, got dressed and left.

To make a long story short, I didn't leave the Plaza for the next two days. What reason was there to leave? I had everything I had ever wanted. Rosemary in the afternoon. The brunette copywriter in the evening. And Laurel, the belle of the South, in the morning. I did strike out with one or two knock-outs, but, hey, who bats a thousand?

I talked to the boss from time to time, and I think he got the impression that I was hard at work. Which I sure was, in more ways than one. At about 4 o'clock that Friday afternoon, I decided to check out of the Plaza and head back to the office to finish some paper work... and then head for home.

Somewhere between the Secaucus swamps and the Morris Plains exit, I made my decisions. I was going to hire Rosemary Tice for the job of art director. And not for the obvious reasons. She was as talented at the drawing board as she was in bed. The brunette copywriter was not for me. We were in the business of selling products, and unfortunately, poetry has no place in American business. Little Laurel was too good to turn down. She came from the deep South, had a little bit of the Southern aristocrat in her, and didn't mind being a woman. She'd look good behind the reception desk, and her honeysuckle smile would keep the clients happy. The one guy I hired would serve his purpose, too. He knew what advertising was all about, and seemed talented enough to come up with ideas that would get people's attention even within the ridiculous time span of a thirty second commercial. The agency prospered and so did I.

That brings us up to date. The years have been good... and I'm still the same chaser. Maybe if my youth hadn't been so restricted or if Teresa liked sex more — but who knows? No matter. As I said at the beginning, my conscience does bother me, but not enough to make me change my ways. Anyways, I've got to go, I'm having lunch with the sexiest looking copywriter you ever saw who says she'll "do anything to get in the advertising field." I don't know if she'll get in — but I will. □



*"I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson, but I make it a rule not to go out with any of the patients."*





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