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**Her Great Body Made Him Hot, But
Her Mouth Gave Him The Shivers
DEEP, DARK THROAT**

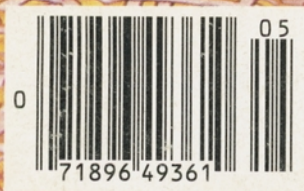
**It's Nothing To Sneeze At When
A Guy Is Allergic To His Sexy
Girlfriend's Flowering Passion
THE HANG UP**



KAREN



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GEM

VOL. 25 NO. 4

MAY 1984

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Picture credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated.

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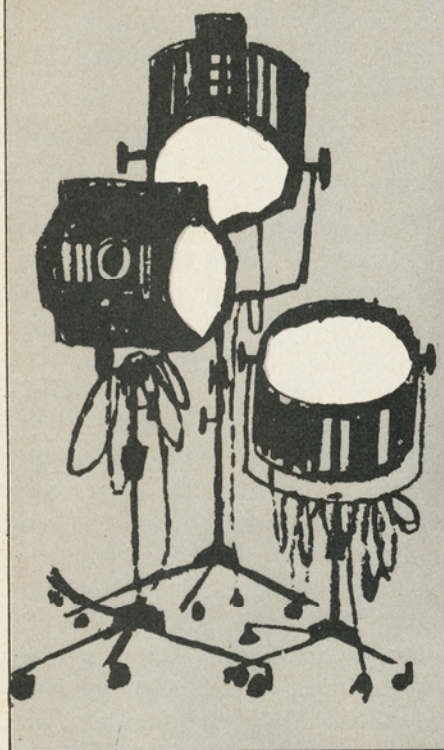
Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

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





PASS IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Sheila Jordan/Harvey Swartz Duo: Old Time Feeling (Palo Alto) is the long-awaited album by the singer and bassist, who have developed a close rapport over several years of working together. Jordan is a true original, an artist of rare integrity who has always steered away from the show-biz

side of jazz singing. Likewise, she has eschewed the cutesy scatting and glib "look at me, I'm singing a bebop line" showboating associated with many jazz vocalists. Although she does now possess a technically great voice, Jordan may be the most inventive, soulful and intense singer in jazz today. Her deeply felt singing, endless stream of ideas, and unique, often humorous scatting are unlike anything else in jazz. Swartz is tailor-made for the demanding job of supplying Jordan's accompaniment on bass. He swings, fills in the holes imaginatively without getting too busy, and is a melodic and resourceful soloist, making use of harmonics and percussive devices. "The Thrill is Gone" and Swartz's original title tune are among the high points of their unusual and moving album.

Western Swing buffs will dig *Lucky Steels The Wheel* (Blind Pig) which features steel guitarist Lucky Oceans with a fine crew of musicians including several fellow veterans of *Asleep At The Wheel*. Oceans appears to take Noel Boss, Herb Remington, and perhaps Jerry Byrd as his models, rather than the later Nashville school of pedal steel man (Weldon Myrick, Lloyd Green, etc.) His swinging solos have a tinge of Hawaiian steel, a style not often heard in country music anymore. The music here might be called contemporary Western Swing; there is no attempt to mimic the Wills sound, and several cuts ("Am I Blue," "Precious Child") have an intense, almost introspective quality rarely heard from dance-oriented country swing bands. There is strong playing throughout by pianist Floyd Domino and fiddlers Johnny Gimble and Danny Levin. Chris O'Connell's delivery of the old Faron Young hit "If You Ain't Lovin'" is a knockout. From Blind Pig, 208 South First St., Ann Arbor MI 48103.

The German Bear Family label has initiated a new "Rompin', Stompin', Singin', Swingin'" series dedicated to vintage Western Swing and country boogie material. The first batch of releases include fine reissues of *Johnnie Lee Wills* and *Hank Penny*. The Wills album contains the band's entire RCA output, and features plenty of good work by fiddlers Curly Lewis, Cotton Thompson, and Henry Boatman. The band here is a bit more pop-oriented than brother Bob Wills' Texas Playboys. There's good solo work throughout, even if the material is a bit lightweight. "Oo Oooh Daddy," a blues featuring Cotton Thompson's vocal, is the gem here. The Hank Penny set offers Western Swing and novelty numbers from the West Coast entertainer/bandleader. Among the featured players are steel guitar aces Noel Boggs and Joaquin Murphy. "White Shotguns" and "Catch 'Em Young, Treat 'Em Rough, Tell 'Em Nothing" are among the sprightly novelties here. From Bear Family, Eduard-Grunow Str. 12, 2800 Bremen, W. Germany, 0421/788 74.

The Sound of Kinshasa: Guitar Classics From Zaire (Original Music) gives a sampling of Congolese acoustic and electric guitar sounds from the fifties through the seventies. To the uninitiated, this music comes as a revelation. The African guitarists have borrowed from the Salsa idiom (which drew on African rhythms to begin with) The music is jubilant, but gentler and more lilting than the frenetic insistence of much Salsa. A variety of styles and musicians are represented, and the music in every way supports the liner note claim for the tradition as "one of the world's great dance musics." You don't have to be an ethnomusicologist to get a charge from the good-timey, danceable music here. Another fine Original Music release" *Songs The Swahili Sing*:

Classics From The Kenya Coast documents East African popular *tarabu* music. This music draws on Indian film music and Arabic sources, and the African elements are not always easy to discern at first. The album contains some extraordinarily moving and haunting singing accompanied by oud, electric guitar, tabla (Indian drums) violin, accordion, and other instruments. John Storm Roberts' excellent informative notes guide us through the maze of influences that come into play in creating these African musics. From Original Music, 123 Congress St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.

The Waitresses: Bruiseology (Polydor) is the third LP from the Cleveland/Akron-based rock band, and evidently will be the last that combines the talents of songwriter/guitarist Chris Butler and vocalist Patty Donahue.

Butler writes sardonic, sharp lyrics from the woman's point of view, delivered with sass by Donahue in a half-sing, half-spoken style. The music has taken on a harder edge here, but Butler's incisive lyrics are still right on the mark. "Everything's Wrong If My Hair is Wrong" and "Luxury" are standouts.

Of all the female vocalists to emerge from the big bands, one would surely have to place Jo Stafford near the top of the list. Stafford worked with the Pied Pipers and the Tommy Dorsey band before stepping out on her own. For clear delivery, faultless intonation, and impeccable taste, she has few peers among male or female pop singers. All these qualities can be appreciated on *Jo Plus Jazz*, originally released on Columbia and now available on the Corinthian label. An all-star cast of jazzmen

including Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance, Jimmy Rowles and Ben Webster is heard behind Jo and in solos; Johnny Mandel's arrangements are the icing on the cake. Jo gets the most out of both the ballads and the swingers, delivering them with warmth and sincerity and never resorting to the show-boating or cutesy-pie mannerisms that even many fine singers fall victim to. Also from Corinthian comes *Paul Weston and His Orchestra: Easy Jazz*. Arranger conductor Weston (Stafford's spouse) was one of the pioneers of "mood music." The album here offers ballads in relaxed settings played by outstanding jazzmen including Babe Russin, Ziggy Elman, and Eddie Miller. Guitar buffs will take note of two Barney Kessel features and the inimitable George Van Eps' chordal wizardry on "Sweet Lorraine." From Corinthian Records POB 6296, Beverly Hills CA 90212

BOOKS

In *No Turn Unstoned* (Double-day) actress Diana Rigg has compiled some of the worst notices actors, plays, playwrights, and productions have received from theatre critics. "Devastating, venomous, and hilarious" proclaims the blurb, and that about sizes it up. Among the actors who receive the thumbs down are Laurence Olivier, Sarah Bernhardt, Lauren Bacall, and John Gielgud. Even Shakespeare is not spared. There are marvelous funny reviews for Kenneth Tynan, George Bernard Shaw, Robert Benchley, and the acerbic John Simon. Many of the actors submitted their worst reviews at Rigg's request. The compiler notes that American actors were less willing than their British peers to dredge up these uproarious but potentially embarrassing goodies. With so many major critics and performers represented, *No Turn Unstoned* is a must for theatre buffs.



THE WAITRESSES

THINGS YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW TILL NOW

by Addle Pate



A gynecologist always beats around the bush.

“Spread Eagle” was a great sioux Indian chief.

Testicles are found on an octopus.

A cocktail is a story about screwing.

A menstrual cycle is a three-wheeled vehicle.

A vibrator is another kind of slot machine.

An Hawaiian hula is a shake in the grass.

Norwegian fisherman use masterbait to catch large salmon.

Double-digit inflation is best illustrated by a ten-inch erection.

The word “semen” has to do with sailors.

A G-spot is a place where G-men sit.

A vice squad is known as a pussy posse.

A condom is an apartment that you buy.

A rabbit test takes place in the back seat of a Volkswagen.

A Vulva is a car from Scandinavia.

You can strike an umbilical cord on your guitar strings.

In the military service a gay bugler is called a toot-e-frooti.

Airline pilots often fly by the seat of a stewardesses panties. ☐

Copulation is sex between male and female police officers.

The woman who contacts a paid stud can expect him to dicker.

Flatbush is a condition brought on by a woman who wears extra tight jeans.

Preparation Z is a rectum medicine for video-game players who have asteroids.



Pirandello, who wrote the famed play, "Six Characters In Search Of An Author," would turn over in his grave if he heard these

TWO CRUDDY CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

by Glenn Spunker

The writer needed money. He started a story that began:
Janet thought sex was perverted.

She abhorred its impurity and indecency, and could induce a Linda Blair four-splat vomit by envisioning a primitive, barbarous male groaning and sighing on top of her with his eyes half shut in ecstasy and half open in lust, his large penis propelling itself in and out of her vagina.

Janet was plain-looking, scrawnily underweight, and 30 years old. Her aversion to sex probably came when during a childhood visit to her uncle's ranch in southcentral North Dakota, she was informed that, "No — cows did not play hopscotch." Hank, her shiftless and loudmouthed older cousin, then coaxed his attentive and appreciative German Sheperd dog Willie to show Janet dogs didn't play hopscotch either, and that what she'd mistaken as hopscotch was actually the ordained and instinctive, if not comical, peculiarity of a male animal trying to breed a female animal.

Janet didn't want to be bred by Willie or any other creature, had never married, and several years after the hind-legged canine's attempt to ravish her, she found herself laboring as a waitress at a diner in Iowa that boasted as a breakfast feature oatmeal with raisins in it.

Skip, owner of the diner, was the only uninstitutionalized person south of northcentral earth who enjoyed oatmeal with raisins in it. The diner had once been named Skip's Diner, but a storm blew the Diner part of the sign down and because the diner didn't produce enough income to replace the sign, the place became known as Skip's.

Skip owned Skip's and because the diner didn't produce enough income to hire a cook or a janitor, Skip was also the

(continued on page 73)



KAREN

Here's a brand new busty, British bra-buster named Karen. One of our European talent scouts first spotted her at a Yorkshire pub where he spilled his drink on her blouse. He offered to



wipe the spot off, but then thought better of it and offered to take her to a local one hour dry cleaners.

En route, our agent told Karen that this was

a switch for him, as most of the women he had known had taken him to the cleaners. Karen laughed and asked how long it had taken him to get into a position close enough to pretend to



accidentally spill his drink on her. Our man knew then that he'd better bare all of his cards if he ever hoped to get curvaceous Karen to bare her big bazooms for our cameras. So he

asked her if she'd be interested in posing for Gem. "Certainly," she replied "that sounds like a wonderful lark." To which our rep replied, "You're a great bird. When would you like to





start?" "At dawn," she said, "after all, it's the early bird that get the terms she wants."

This trim, titillating gal has an eagle eye for a good business deal. Directly after the shooting,





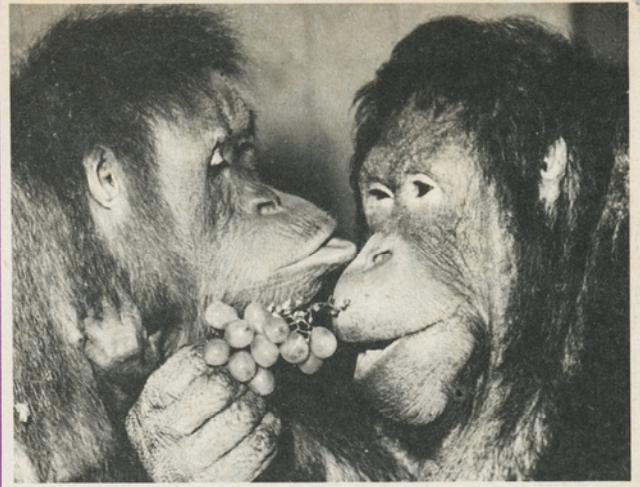
she headed straight as the crow flies to a branch of a national bank to cash her check.

We know all of you bird-watching BUF lovers

are chirping out love calls over Karen's fantastically feathered Big Up Fronters. Let's make sure we're around next time she flies by. □

SIMIAN SAYS OR MONKEY BIZ

by Bud Holiday



As the story goes, a woman visits a taxidermist with two dead monkeys, and wants them stuffed. The taxidermist says, "Yes mam, I'll stuff the monkeys. Do you want them mounted, too?"

The lady thinks for a moment, and answers, "No, they were only good friends. Just have them shaking hands."

Chimps playing leap frog don't always complete their leaps.

"This is going to run into money!" said the orangutan as he pissed into the cash register.

Monkeys have quite funny faces;
Their private lives are such disgraces.
You'd be shocked if you but knew
The sexy things that monkeys do
And often, too!

A Paris furrier has for years been trying to get a cheaper, longer lasting fur. So he mates a mink with a chimpanzee. The results are poor: the sleeves are too long.

Said the chimp as the cat grabbed him by the tail: "This pussy is getting me down!"

A woman visiting the London Zoo, seized by an uncontrollable impulse, reached through the bars of the cage, grabbed hold of a gorilla's genitals, and squeezed. The mighty ape responded by ripping the bars loose and racing

across the zoo. At this point the zookeeper ran up to the woman, unzipped his pants and said, "Blimey, lady, squeeze mine, too. I've got to catch that son of a bitch."

There is a little spider monkey who always thinks big. Keeps trying to screw an elephant.

Chimpanzees, some say, are queer monkeys.

"Mommy," asked the little boy, "am I descended from apes?"

"I don't know," said Mommy, "I never met your father's parents."

To a chimp, sex is like peeling a banana. After you tear off the first piece, the rest comes easy.

Monkeys know lots of ways to get off an elephant.

"Bring 'Em Back Bill," a wild animal hunter, and his wife set two gorilla traps — one by a sack of bananas and another by a sack of nuts. In the middle of the night they heard the snapping of one of the traps. The trapper went out to investigate and called out that he had a big one. "Hey, Bill," the wife asked, "did you catch him by the bananas?"

"No," said the husband, "by the nuts."

A floozy in the simian world is known as a monkey-wench.





THE HANGUP

by Archie V. Taylor

Many people are allergic to flowers but when a guy is allergic to his girl's flowering passion, it's nothing to sneeze at

"You could do it if you really wanted to," Darlene pouted.

"I tried, baby," Marty said defensively. "You know I really tried hard. It's just one of my hangups."

"It doesn't have pollen, you know. It's not like ragweed."

They'd just come from the bedroom. Darlene sat at the end of the couch, frowning moodily at a bare foot. Marty stood at the other end of the couch, trying to zip his pants. His eyes were red as if he had been crying.

When finally he got his zipper working, he went to sit beside her. Darlene cast a scornful eye on him and then hopped up and moved to the chair.

She had put on her pants but nothing more. After she sat down, she crossed her arms under her breasts, pulled one foot under her, and began swinging her leg. Her pants were unzipped, and he could see the blonde hair in the opening and closing gap.

"Look, baby, I tried," Marty said. "I really tried hard. What more can I do?"

Darlene pushed up on her breasts and began to swing her leg more vigorously. "Whoever heard of a grown man making such a big deal out of something to eat?," she pouted.

Marty went quickly to the bar and gulped a stiff drink of bourbon straight from the bottle. When he asked if she wanted anything, she ignored him. He looked at her perfectly shaped breasts. The nipples were still erect from her being aroused. When his eyes moved farther down, he could see her pubic hair and snatch where her pants had slipped down.

"Let's have a drink and see if we can talk this out," he said, unable to take his eyes from the opening and closing gap.

Darlene gave him a scornful look and reached for a cigarette. Since the pack was lying on the coffee table out of reach, she got

up and leaned far over to get to it. When she did, her ass came completely out of her pants, and she pointed it in his direction as if she dared him to do anything about it.

Marty gulped his highball and thought about how good it would feel to be inside her. He wanted to rush her and mount her before she could raise up again, but he knew that if he did, it wouldn't be any good she would see to that, and afterwards he would never get a chance to make love to her again.

After she gave him plenty of time to look at what he was missing, she sat back down and lighted a cigarette.

"We could still have sex," he said.

"It might rid you of your hangup, you know. If you'd do it, it might rid you of your hangup," Darlene said suddenly. She pushed up on her breasts with one arm and held the cigarette over an ashtray and tapped it four or five times with her finger. "It would be good for you," she said and began to swing her foot again.

Her pants opened and closed to the rhythm of her foot. Each time they opened, he could see her bush and her slit. He couldn't take his eyes off the gap. Every time the pants opened, the ache to possess her became almost unbearable.

"OK! OK! I'll try again," he said and gulped the remainder of his drink.

"What's the use," she said sulkily. "It always ends the same."

"This time will be different," he said bravely. "This time I'll do it even if I do start sneezing."

Darlene gave him a doubtful look. She tapped her cigarette five or six times and went on swinging her foot.

"I'll do it, I tell you! Give me another chance, and I promise I'll do it this time," he said in desperation.

Darlene took a puff from her cig-

arette and then smashed it in the ashtray.

"One more chance is all I ask," he said.

Without a word, she got up and marched into the bedroom.

Marty took a big drink of bourbon straight from the bottle. Then he tried to follow her and at the same time take off his pants. Stumbling and almost falling on his face, he finally stopped and removed his clothes, relieving some of the pressure. Feeling better, he quickly followed her into the bedroom.

Darlene had taken off her pants and now lay naked on the bed. She still looked as if she doubted that he could do it.

When Marty went over to the bed and looked down at her, she opened her legs for him, and pink flesh blossomed like a flower between her thighs. He felt a sudden urge to sniff the flower and press it to his lips. He did indeed bend over as if he would give in to his urge. Then he hesitated.

Darlene opened her legs wider and moved her hips as if she were trying to urge him on. When he failed to be encouraged, she began to frown.

He went around the bed and knelt on the floor in front of her like a little boy preparing to say a nighttime prayer.

She moved to a better position, so he would not be impeded in accomplishing her desire.

Resigned to his fate, Marty took a deep breath and leaned over and down. At the first whiff of her odor, he sneezed. Then he drew back.

"Damn!" Darlene said and started to get up.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" Marty said anxiously. He caught her legs to stop her from moving away.

Again, he started forward. This time he moved swiftly as if speed would get him past the odor which he had decided was the cause of his problem. When his lips brushed the soft blonde hair and his tongue found the opening, he was immedi-

ately beset with a violent attack of sneezing. He jerked his mouth away.

"I can't— I can't— I can't—" he cried between sneezes.

"Oh shit!" Darlene said, her eyes ablaze.

"I'm sorr— I'm sorr— I'm sorr—" he said, looking pitifully inept.

Darlene began to smile. She leaned forward and stroked his face in sympathy. As she stroked, she allowed her hands to move over his ears and on to the back of his head. Then suddenly she pulled him forward and locked her legs behind his head and grabbed his ears.

It happened so quickly that Marty didn't realize what she was going to do until he found himself lips to petals with the pink flower. He sneezed. She clamped down tighter. He tried to pull his head free. She held on to his ears. He sneezed again.

With his nose pressed to the blonde hair on her mound and his mouth pressed to the hot pink flesh he began to sneeze violently. His head hurt. His ears ached. He couldn't breathe. His tongue began to pop in and out of his mouth every time he sneezed.

Darlene wiggled around until she got situated the way she wanted.

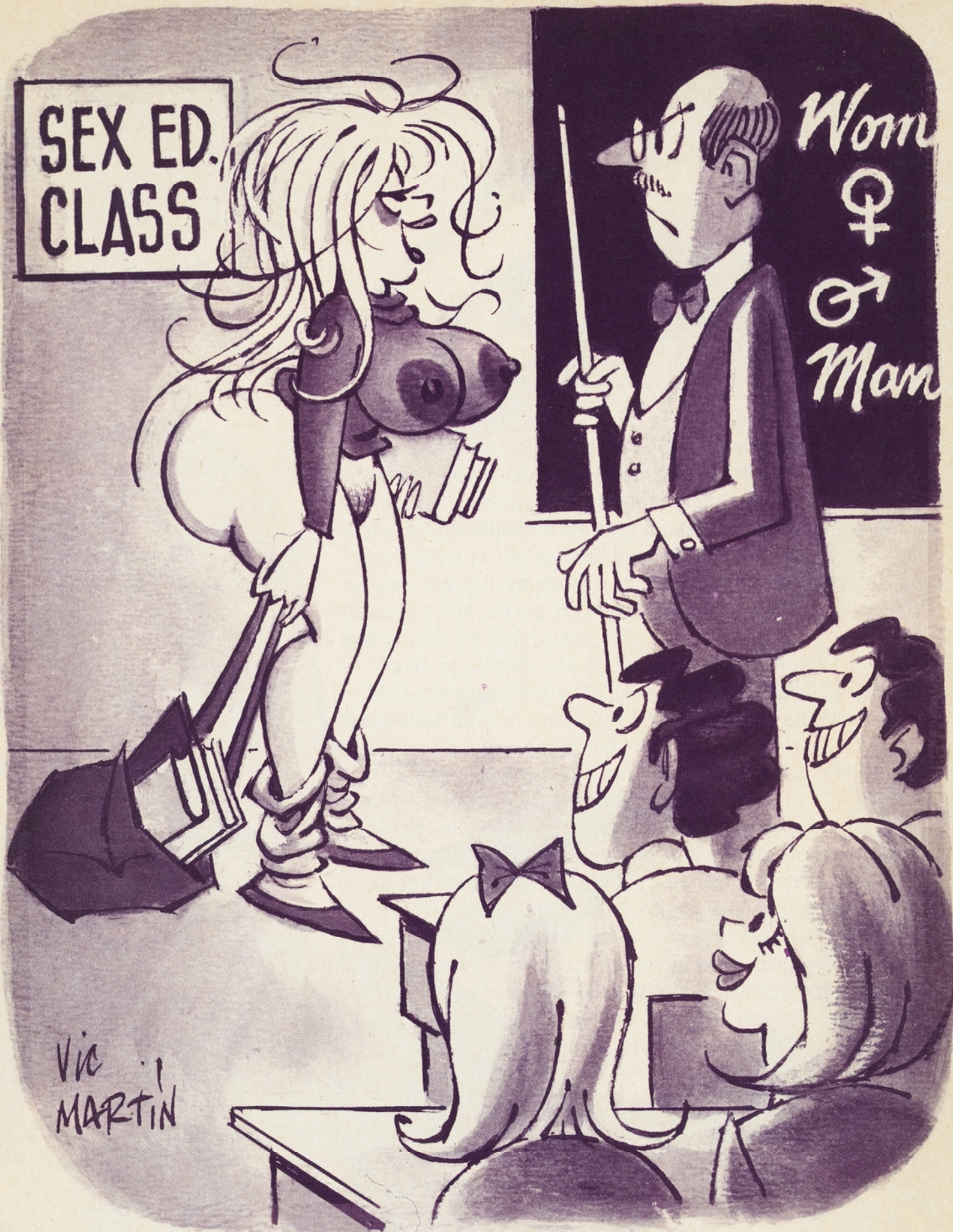
"That's it! That's it! That's it!" she cried, urging him to greater action.

Marty struggled to get away from her, but he couldn't get his head free because she was holding on to his ears. He couldn't stop sneezing. He couldn't stop his tongue from popping in and out of his mouth. After a while, he gave up all hope of living.

Then suddenly Darlene clamped down harder and pushed herself at his tongue.

It was pure torture. He couldn't move. He couldn't close his mouth. He couldn't get air to his lungs. His eyes rolled from side to side. His tongue darted all the way out of his mouth against Darlene's flesh.

(continued on page 77)



"Sorry I'm late—I was up all night cramming for the exam!"





Her sexy body made him hot but her mouth gave him the shivers. Her teeth and lips were thoroughly enveloped in a cool mist that made him wonder if she weren't some modern-day vampire

DEEP DARK THROAT

by D.J. Skeskin

The first time Gardner sensed that Claudia was different was when he saw her drink a can of Liquid Plumber. Instead of getting violently ill, the woman became slightly giddy and more than just a bit flirtatious. After they'd parted company Gardner went immediately to the cabinet beneath the bathroom sink and removing the half empty can of that aqueous purgative of pipes observed that among its ingredients were sodium hypochlorite and potassium hydroxide.

"Toxic as all hell and abrasive, to say the least."

That was what Bynum the Goodyear chemist who bought gas at the station three or four times a week had said after Gardner had told him what had happened.

"No way anybody could swallow stuff like that and come out with their insides all in one piece."

Yet in spite of the chemist's ominous pronouncement, the following week the lady reappeared in the same old jalopy looking none the worse for what she'd imbibed the week before, and once again complained about a balky engine. Tuning her recalcitrant vehicle over to a man named Montana, a powerfully built mechanic whose southern European good looks were somehow always obscured by the thick layers of charcoal colored grease that coated the better part of his face, the lady suggested to Gardner that she had a private matter she wished to discuss with him in his office. Jutting out her marvelous breasts, she executed an about face and wiggling her luscious little behind sashayed her way into the very same room where only a week before the man had witnessed her consume that highly corrosive cocktail.

The lady made Gardner nervous. Over the years he'd bedded down with his share of women, but Claudia was one he wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole. Certainly not after that little act she'd



put on last week. Sure she was stacked and her face was the sort that made men look twice, but something about her told him that this one was one step removed from jail bait. Yet just like the last time she'd been there, once inside his office it was apparent what the lady had on her mind. Babbling something about an alternator light that refused to go out, she rhythmically flicked the candy colored buttons of a flimsy blouse that did little to conceal an obviously bountiful chest. For sure, he was horny and she was more than willing, but there was no way he was going to tail this one.

At that moment the part of her anatomy that really worried Gardner was her mouth. He found it hard to imagine how he'd missed it the last time. But now it was more than apparent to him that her teeth and palate were thoroughly enveloped in a cool mist. It made him think of that ethereal chilling vapor one sees surrounding cubes of dry ice. It gave him the shivers. Half-seriously, he actually thought to himself, could it be that the lady is a modern day variant of the vampire? Let her kiss you and your lips, not to mention your chin, self-destruct and dribble down your chest onto the floor. Impossible!

Seating herself on an old cot that Gardner kept in the office for afternoon cat naps, Claudia pulled from her overstuffed purse what appeared to be the long ago roasted leg of some form of fowl. Smacking her lips the lady said, "I don't suppose you'd have something for me to sprinkle on this soggy old drumstick to give it a little more kick?"

"Afraid I don't ma'am. About the only thing I got around here that I ever see fit to sprinkle on anything is the rat poison."

"That'll do. Where might you keep it?"

Gardner was speechless.

Giggling, the woman suggested,

"What's the matter cutie, the rat got your tongue?"

Upon saying this she raised herself off the cot and sashayed over to the same cabinet from which the week before Gardner had produced the can of Liquid Plumber.

"I imagine it'll be in here — this seems to be the place you keep all the goodies."

With the ethereal white vapor seeping from her mouth in what seemed to be an almost salivary fervor, the woman lowered herself to one knee and removed a half-filled box of rat poison, whereupon without further ado she dropped her butt to the floor and sprinkled most of the contents of the box onto her drumstick which she then proceeded to eat in a most unladylike manner. Along the way she saw fit to offer Gardner a bite or two which, of course, he refused. By the time she'd finished, the man was positively nauseous.

Her lips tinted an ominous ultramarine cyanotic hue, the lady suggested, "You know Gardner you're kind of cute, and seeing that I don't have much in the way of money to pay for these here repairs that you and your hunky friend out there are making on my car, well, I figured maybe you'd be agreeable to some other sort of payment?"

Licking her lips in an almost hypnotic cadence, the woman raised herself from the floor and moved seductively toward Gardner. But before she could reach him the man had opened the door and was yelling out to Montana. "Hey Monty, how much longer you gonna be with the lady's car?" As Montana muttered something about it being the darndest thing he'd ever seen and that he just couldn't figure out what in the hell it was that made the alternator light to stay on, Gardner turned to Claudia and said, "We're strictly a cash and carry business ma'am, but seeing that we can't seem to figure out what's wrong with your vehicle there'll be no charge. In

fact, I'm even gonna give you a refund for the last time you were here."

Writing the lady a check for \$59.95 the by then half-hysterical Gardner suggested, "In my opinion you got the sort of problem that requires a real specialist. You'd do best to look up someone in the yellow pages who specializes in automotive electronics. Now, I got work to do up front."

He didn't see her for a good month. But during that time there were phone calls. Not from her, but instead from people who told him that the next time he couldn't come up with a diagnosis to make sure he didn't send his problems over to them. First, there was the manager of the auto electronics shop on the east side of town who told Gardner that while the lady was waiting for her car which, by the way, he couldn't fix anyway, she'd eaten four lead plates from a car battery just as if they were waffles — and to top things off, before gulping them down she'd soaked them full of sulfuric acid just like it was syrup.

Then there was old Charlie Boynton who had the best diagnostic equipment in that part of the state. He still couldn't believe that the Lady had come in out of the rain with her hair all wet and said she had a heavy date in a few hours and wondered if while she waited for her car he had something she could use to blow her hair. When he said, no ma'am this ain't no beauty parlor and about the only thing we got around here that blows out any kind of heat is a propane torch, she ups and grabs one of them buggers and turns it on her hair like she just bought it from the Avon lady. And the dame's mane must be made of pure asbestos, cause that danged torch didn't even singe a strand of it. And as for her car, well, after thirty years in the business, it was the most peculiar thing he'd ever come across. No way he could figure out

(continued on page 78)



GERRI

Gorgeous Gerri with the gigantic jugs is one of the most beautiful Big Up Front Champions in the hallowed BUF Hall of Fame. We call her "Super Watts" because she lights up every room she enters.

We were just offered this set which





had been shot a couple years ago, but she's so great, we grabbed it eagerly. That's not all we'd like to grab eagerly, so we called her. We preened with anticipation when

Gerri said her name reminded her of us. When we asked what she meant, she replied, "Whenever I think of you, I think of geriatrics!" We retorted, "That's an old

gag," and she quipped, "So are you—you're an old joke." Our face fell (our arches " " last week) and we decided to leave 'till our aged legs could still make it. Gerri





smiled warmly and said she hoped we knew she was only teasing us. We said of course and exited, remarking that we hoped to see lots more of her in the future.

Speaking of the future, there's plenty left in this terrific set. So keep your eyes peeled for another sumptuous layout on this spectacular, stupendous goddess of big boob pulchritude. □

GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES

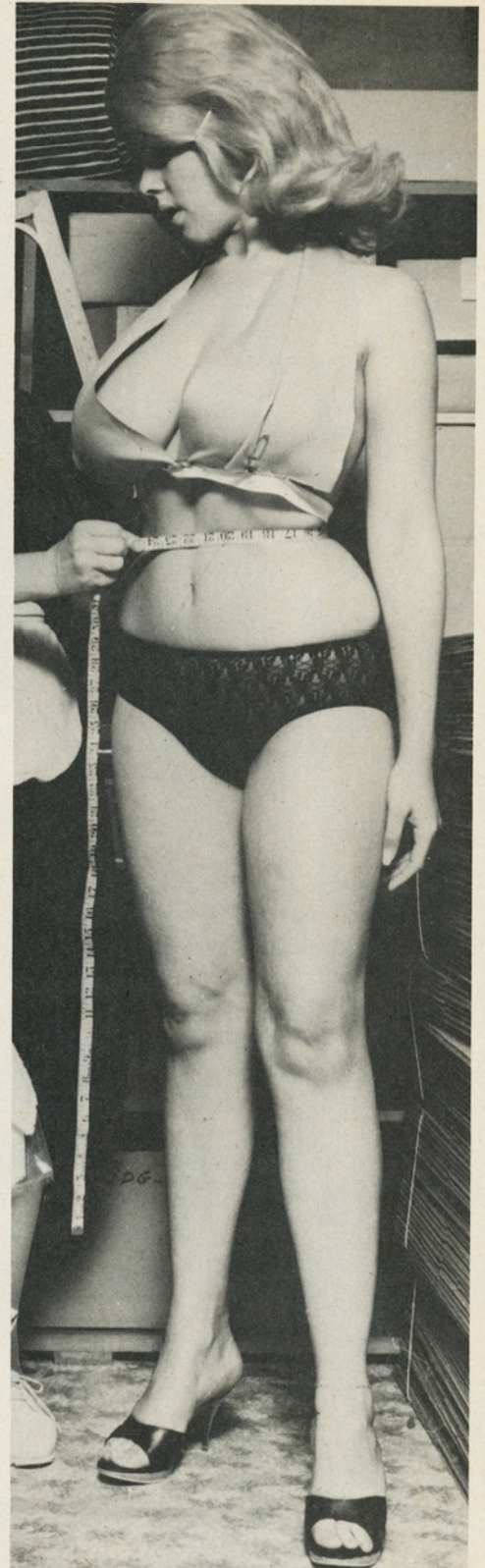








GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES



LISA

Here's a gal who appeared on the cover of the very first Swinger back in 1968. Collectors have been paying astronomical prices for that rare first issue, so we thought we'd treat our readers to another look at this super model.









KELLY

We're proud to busting to present this brand new, exclusive shooting of beautiful Kelly, an honored Hall of Fame Champion. This slender,

sexy, voluptuous siren has been one of the most popular models around. A couple of years ago she stopped posing and only recently was per-



Gem Of the Month









suaded by a photographer to pose for these pix. To say that we were overjoyed, delighted,

ecstatic and elated when we received this new set is to put it mildly. We were definitely on





cloud ten... because Kelly is a 10 and then some.



It's been a few years, as we said, since we've seen any new material on her and we





*know absence makes the heart grow fonder,
but we swear, Kelly looks more beautiful and
stacked now than ever before.*





Our statuesque heroine has a queenly bearing about her and that is appropriate because to see her is one royal treat. □





AURORA

We're proud as punch to present for the very first time this pretty plumper named Aurora. Our dark-brown haired fraulein hails from Germany where she works as a quality control inspector in a beer factory. In fact we predict that her nickname will soon be "Beck" because she'll be the most popular German delight in America for the





growing number of lovers of bountifully upholstered women.

Aurora is especially bountifully upholstered in the way Big Up

Front fans enjoy—she's got a pair of colossal knockers that are a joy to behold.

Our roving photographer in Ger-

many met Aurora at a beer and food festival in Baden-Baden-Baden (it used to be called Baden-Baden but the city is growing rapidly)





where our chubby charmer was representing her company's suds and their new nutritionally-minded frankfurter made up mostly of top-rated,

organic freeze-dried beer byproducts with just a bit of beef on each tip—to make ends meat.

Aurora is something else! She's

one hundred percent pure beef and a prime heavyweight contender for the BUF plumper's championship of the year. □



For BIG BUST Lovers

Now On Film 4 Beautiful Girls
With 42 Inch Tits

These 4 girls possess that rare quality of being able to blend face and figure into an all encompassing whole which can delight both breast lovers and those who also appreciate a pretty face.



CINDY NELSON Beautiful Cindy has spectacular 42 inch titties. This film is dedicated to big tit men who like to see those bountiful tits spilling out of tight bras. In this film you will see Cindy perform in 3 different sexy bras— All color \$30.00



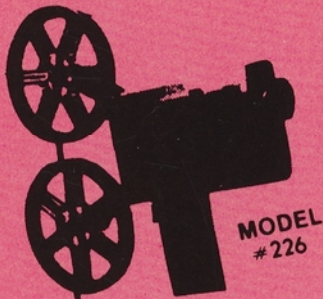
KELI Beautiful black big busted Keli does it all in this hot flick. She begins with a slow and tantalizing strip and reveals those succulent big tits and sensuous body. She massages and shakes those luscious knockers and then puts on an expert display of masturbation that will have you humming at the same time. All color \$30.00



GERRI If you have always loved large breasted women, especially those with great figures then Gerri is truly spectacular. See Gerri, the ultimate big tit lady, squeeze and shake her gigantic 48 inch whoppers. All color \$30.00



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"Is this your first bust?"

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

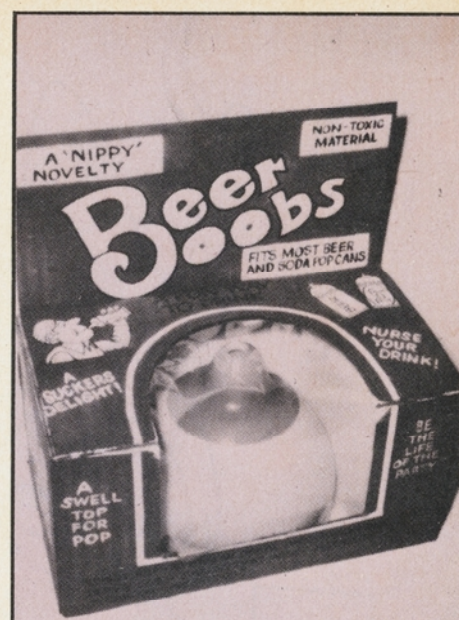
Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

The controversial French film, "The Moon in the Gutter" stars Gerard Depardieu as a dockworker obsessed with avenging the rape/suicide of his sister. Between his rages and searches, we meet his women, voluptuous, available but jealous Bella and beautiful but icy Loretta (Natassia Kinsky of "Cat People" fame). Bella has the best lines: "Look in the mirror, Gerard, and see how you look when you're on top of me." And about her love rival: "When you look at her she gives you a hard-on, don't deny it." Gerard who says: "On a cold night I need the warm breasts of a woman," claims to have made love sixty times in a row. Some of the most memorable scenes are of topless wrestling beauties.

When Cynthia Rhodes, co-star of Sylvester Stallone's "Staying Alive" gives interviews she doesn't spare the four letter words. Some recent comments to the press: "I had a blast, it was lots of tits and ass," and "Just because I don't get laid every night . . . that doesn't make me frigid, or something."

Among novelty bumper stickers offered at NYC's Variety Merchandise Show were these: "DIVERS DO IT DEEP," "BAKERS DO IT FOR DOUGH," and "BANKERS DO IT WITH INTEREST AND A PENALTY FOR EARLY WITHDRAWAL."

Jackie Collins, sister of "Dyn-



"Tit-Tops" fit most soft-drink and beer cans, and they're put out by Hollywood Creations, Inc., a company that makes many sexy novelties.

asty's" Joan Collins, and author of the spicy tome, "Hollywood Wives," insists: "For any woman, the average man is an easy lay."

At the N.Y. Gift Show, Robert's Giftware wowed buyers with a blue denim "One Night Stand Survival Kit." All the necessities are inside, but you have to bring your own partner.

You'll never see a classier, more elegant and fun-filled brothel than

the one run by a sweet old lady named Erika in 1920's Berlin, as it's shown in the revival of "Diary of a Lost Girl," starring erotic and luscious Louise Brooks. The champagne and sex flow freely to the accompaniment of waltzes and foxtrots. There's also some hot action between a couple of ravishing girls.

Just as Herpes won't go away, so Herpes-inspired novelties may be with us for a long time. Thousands of cases were reported at the New York Coliseum where the Variety Merchandise Show was held: cute little cases (made of cardboard with a handle) called "One case of Herpes: The Bug of Love." Inside is a furry, heart shaped "love bug" put out by A Gift To Remember, Inc. It's being touted with such catchy slogans as "A fun gift for people who thought they had everything." The top of the box proclaims "Transmitted by . . . With humor from . . ." The bottom cheerfully suggests: "Remove Herpes from box and spread it around." Also included is a 20 page owner's manual with chapters such as, "Naming Your Herpes," "Herpes and You" and "Basic Herpes Tricks."

The Treat Boutique near NYC's Studio 54, offers Rockshot's latest line of adult greeting cards: "Get Off My Back," on the outside and "It's My Turn On Top," on the inside. The outside of another card says "You're 9½ inches?" and inside "I find that HARD to believe."

Rodney Dangerfield deserves some respect for these zingers: His suggestion to two completely bald guys: "Why don't you put your heads together and make an ass of yourselves?" And explaining to his carousing, womanizing, gambling buddies why he's now treating his filthy-rich, stuffy mother-in-law like a true diplomat: "For years I wouldn't kiss her face — now I'm kissing her ass."

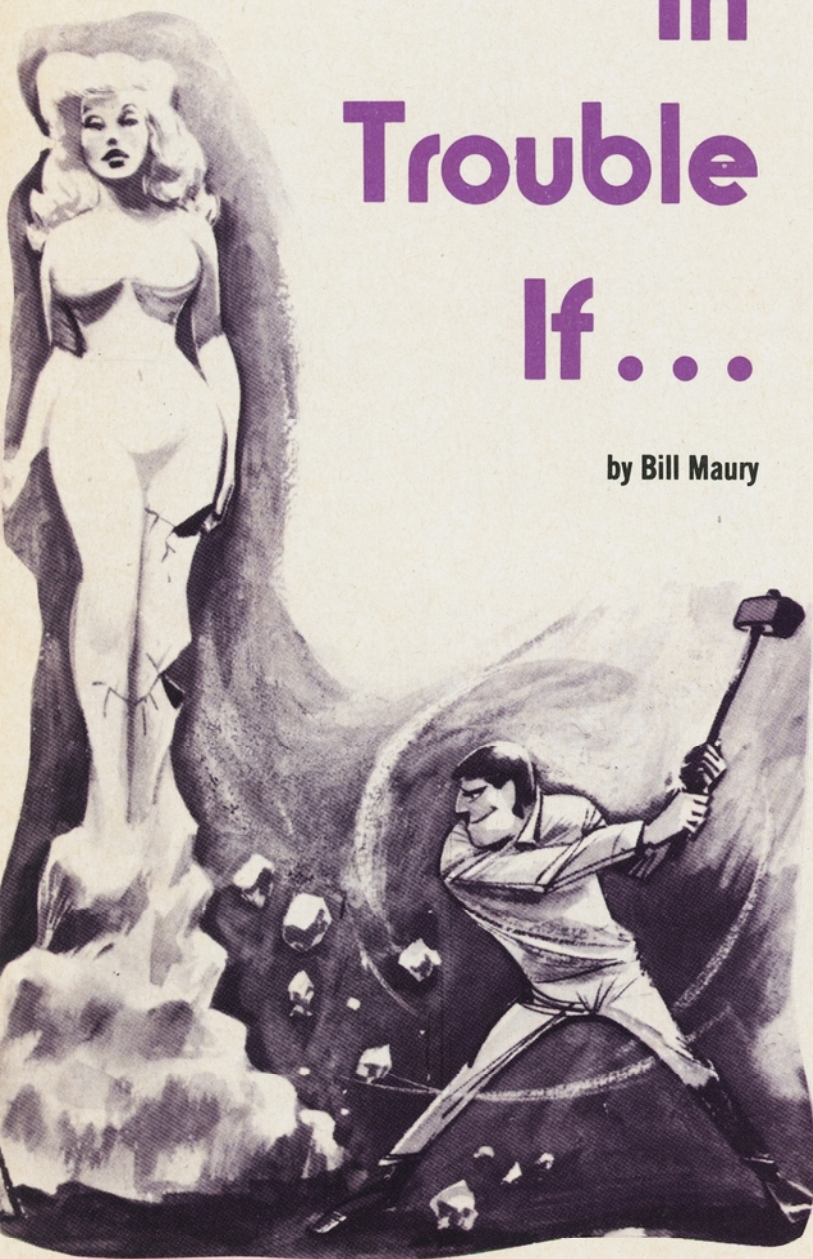


This powerful rendering of the female form is by artist Reuben Kadish. It's called "Terra Cotta III" and is shown courtesy of the Borgenicht Gallery of New York.

These lines are from Dangerfield's that's spiced up by shots of big movie, "Easy Money," a film boobs and bouncing butts." □

Your Marriage Is In Trouble If...

by Bill Maury



Recently, a marriage counselor wrote in a syndicated column that one of the symptoms of a decaying marriage was lack of communication resulting in a dropoff in carnal pursuits and personal respect. Far be it from me to criticize, but that's like saying one of the symptoms of death is a lack of desire to go out and get a job. Dealing in generalities seldom works. Communications? Lack of it? Compared to what? To whom? Couples today need specifics. Times change. Personalities are altered. Values vary. Lifestyles swing like pendulums. But there are certain, definite, unfailing signs that a marriage is in trouble. Here they are:

A marriage is in trouble . . .

. . . when a husband returns home from a three-day trip and finds a sign in the bedroom saying "Under New Management."

. . . when a wife steams open her husband's mail while it's still in his pocket.

. . . when a husband gets the seven-year itch—after three weeks of marriage.

. . . when a wife regards love-making as part of her weight reducing program.

. . . when the husband begins taking in laundry women.

. . . when a wife takes the tufts out of her husband's electric toothbrush and puts in a hammer.

. . . when a husband has a hot line installed between his bedroom and the YWCA.

. . . when the husband walks in his sleep and carries a change of underwear.

. . . when the wife refuses to burn her membership card in the Lonely Hearts Club.

. . . when the wife refuses to make love on Polly Adler's birthday.

. . . when the husband threatens to shoot himself and the wife suggests he use a bow-and-arrow so he won't disturb the neighbors.

. . . when the husband takes up trick shooting and wants to shoot the cigarette out of his wife's mouth—from the back.

. . . when the husband finds ground glass in his Jockey shorts.

THOSE are definite signs of a failing marriage.
Lack of communications indeed!

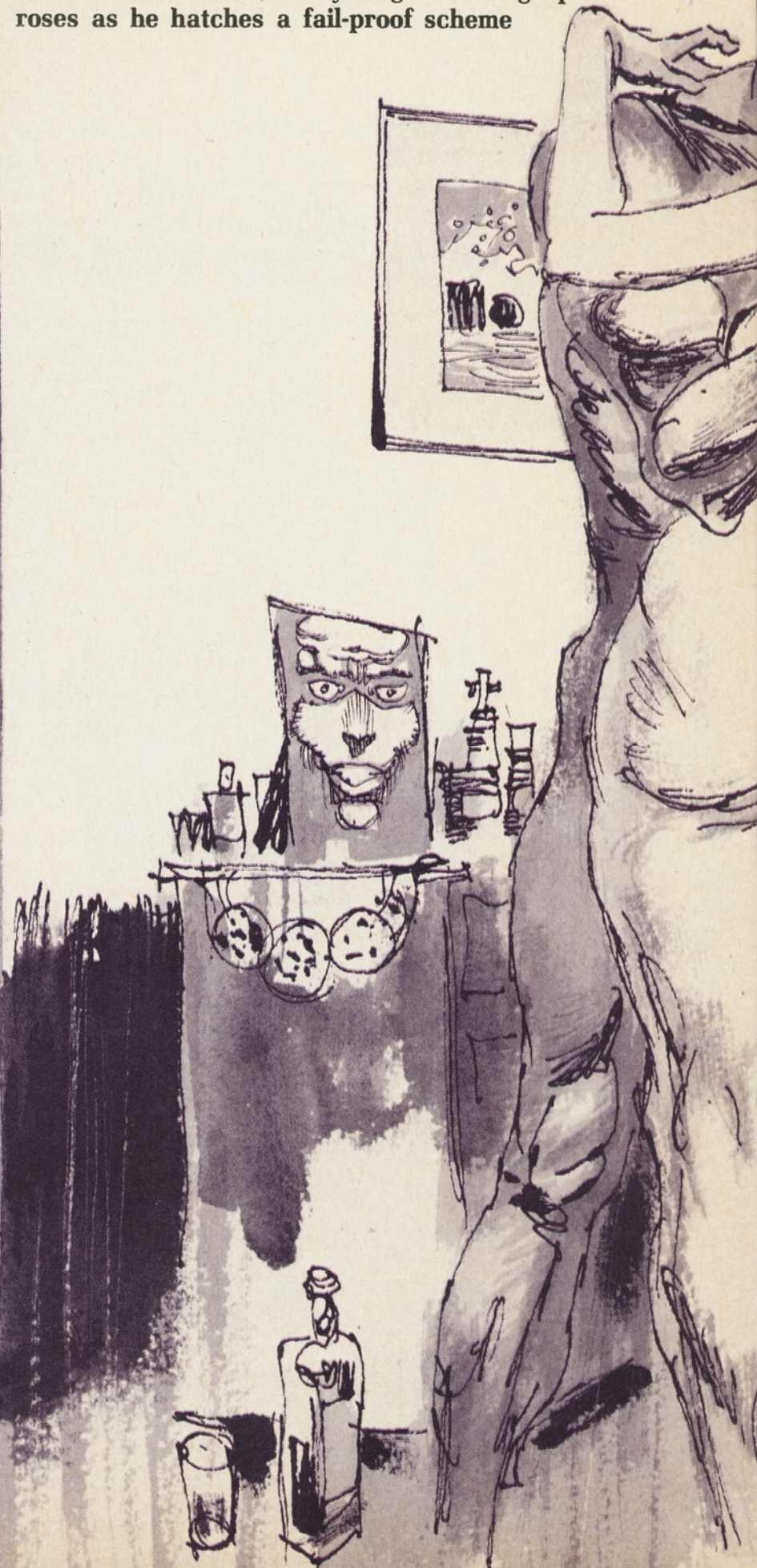


CLASS OF '73



"You're kidding! You're Bill Johnson?!"

Just when it seems as if there is no way out, a good-time Charley in a mess of trouble and on the run, by chance meets up with his own double, a boozier with a sexpot wife, and all of a sudden, everything is coming up roses as he hatches a fail-proof scheme





MURDER BY PROXY

by Dean Dexter

It was hopeless. I was on the hook. I had an inherent weakness for blondes, whiskey and horses, and in the past six months I'd dipped into the till of the company where I worked for close to \$25,000. I figured I had three choices: I could confess and throw myself on the boss' mercy; I could wait for the auditors to find out; I could pack my bags and leave town. None of these appealed to me, but I had to pick one. But which one?

As I walked along the street I was so preoccupied with my own thoughts I almost didn't see him. He was leaning against a telephone pole and just as I passed him, he lurched away and staggered into the street. I heard the screeching of brakes and instinctively, I grabbed his arm and pulled him back to safety. "Want to get yourself killed?" I asked.

"Mind your own business," he muttered, then he raised his face and looked straight at me.

I nearly fainted with amazement. I might have been looking into a mirror. He looked exactly like me. And in that instant I saw the perfect solution to my problem, and my thoughts scared me. Now, as I smiled at him, I was contemplating murder.

He didn't appear to notice the perfect resemblance between us. He was too drunk or sick.

"Look here, buddy," I said urgently, "you look all in. I'd better take you home. Where do you live?"

He muttered that he lived in an apartment house nearby.

"Well," I said, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice, "I'd better take you home. . . ."

We didn't speak during the trip to his apartment. When we got there, I put him to bed, then I scrounged up a half-bottle of bourbon, poured myself a large drink and went into the living room to sit down and think. While I was sipping my booze, I heard the front door open and a moment later a girl walked in, tossed her coat over a chair and looked around. When she saw me, her eyes widened and she said: "You sure look better when you're sober, baby." Then she walked over

and kissed me on the forehead.

I reacted instinctively. I reached up and pulled her down onto my lap, kissed her on the mouth. Our kiss ripened into one of excitement, and a moment later our tongues were in each other's mouths.

When our mouths finally parted, we looked at each other. She was a beautiful girl, with soft brown hair and a body that wouldn't quit. She looked at me intently, then said: "You haven't been like this for a long time, darling. But I like it."

She jumped off my lap and began to slowly undress, her eyes never leaving mine for a second. When she was naked, she kicked off her shoes and returned to face me. I felt a rush of blood as I stared at her luscious body, her large creamy tits, her tiny waist, her superb ass, that triangle of curly dark hair between her shapely thighs.

Then she was back in my lap again, her hand exploring my groin.

"You're excited, too," she whispered. "I can feel you."

Since the man who was evidently her husband was in the only bedroom, I had no choice but to pick her up and carry her over to the couch. When I undressed, I knelt on the floor next to her outstretched body and kissed her heaving boobs and nipples until she was squirming violently. Then she could wait no longer.

She urged me up on top of her and I loomed over her shimmering nakedness, sliding between her tempting thighs. I clutched her lush breasts, felt her extended nipples against my palms and I thrust deep inside her; then I made love to this beautiful girl with all my male strength.

Ten minutes later, when our breathing was returning to normal, she propped herself up on an elbow and smiled: "We were terrific! Let's do it again one of these days."

"Why not?" I said. "Aren't a husband a wife always available?"

She rubbed my flaccid organ and brought it to erection. "It's a wonderful resemblance," she smiled, "but you're not my husband. You're

entirely different, even though you look like his twin. I don't know what's going on, but don't you think a girl knows her own husband? Especially when it comes to sex? Every time my husband ever made love to me, he went off like a hand grenade the moment after he got inside me."

She laughed. "But you've got control. I love a man who's got control." A moment later she asked, "Where's Harry?"

"In bed," I replied. "I found him staggering around the street and he nearly got killed by a car. So I brought him home."

"I'm glad," she smiled. "You're the first decent lay I've had since I married him."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked, curious. "Is he sick?"

"He picked up a tropical fever on a job in the Orient," she replied. "It's getting worse, then he gets depressed and drinks."

"Harry have any family?" I asked intently, my mind going full bore.

"Not a soul," she replied. "He's the last of a long line of premature ejaculators, and I'd be better off without him."

"How would you like to go away with me?" I asked.

"I'm with you, you long-playing stud," she said, as she kissed my belly down to my organ and kissed it. Suddenly we were engulfed by flames of lust once again. Once, I thought I heard the bedroom door open and close, but I wasn't sure so I forgot about it.

The next night I watched for Harry, then followed him and saw him buy a bottle in a liquor store and start banging away at it as he wandered aimlessly around. I waited until he was pretty well shot, then I caught up and took him by the arm.

"Sick again, buddy?" I asked.

He peered at me with bloodshot eyes, but he didn't recognize me.

"Yeah, sicker than hell," he mumbled.

"I'll look after you," I promised, then I hailed a passing cab and took him to my apartment. I put him in a chair in the living room, then I went

into the kitchen and returned with a large glass of whiskey into which I had dissolved all the sleeping pills I had in the place.

"Here," I said. "Drink this. It'll do you good."

In ten minutes he was asleep. I looked at him and our resemblance was extraordinary. Everything was going to work out. I changed clothes with him. Apart from a few gurgling sounds, he made no protest. He hadn't shaved and his growth of beard worried me so I gave him a quick once-over with my electric shaver. He didn't budge.

A search of his pockets produced nothing more than an empty wallet, an envelope addressed to Harry Thorpe, and a picture of that sexpot wife of his. I put the stuff in my pockets plus all the money I had left.

As an afterthought I scribbled a note: "This is the only way out," and signed it with my own name, Lee Sibley, and left it on the table.

Then I turned on the gas in the kitchen and dragged him in and laid him on the floor. He didn't move. After a final glance around, I turned off the lights and left.

I laid low for a week before leaving town for Mexico City where Thorpe's wife was going to meet me. I'd found out she had a large income from a trust her parents had left her, and we were going to start out new life with that. The local newspapers printed how successful my plan was.

"Embezzler Commits Suicide!" was one headline. My supposed suicide was news for four days. Lee Sibley was dead. Long live Harry Thorpe, I thought to myself.

I was arrested ten minutes before getting on the airplane for Mexico City. Of course, I protested strongly. I kept telling the police they were making a mistake. I was Harry Thorpe. I even produced a photograph of my wife to prove it.

No wonder they looked at me as though I had freaked out. Harry Thorpe was wanted by the police for murder. The least he might have done was to tell me he had strangled his sexpot wife before I'd murdered him! □

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As long-time patrons of the theatre, we're always pleased to be able to call budding new talent to the attention of our readers. After witness-

ing this sultry young lass steal the show in a summer stock production of "A Streetcar Named Desire," we knew we had come across

someone really special. We sent our card backstage, requesting an audience with the shapely dark-haired gal who had evoked thunder-







ous applause from the audience. An hour later, we found ourselves sipping Pernod with the tempting thespian at a cozy nearby cafe.

Joelle takes her acting seriously, and jumps at every chance she gets to do Shakespeare or current playwrights whom she admires. "Sam

Shephard is just about my favorite, and he's a great actor too, real sexy," she declared.

We don't know about that. But



we do declare loud and clear that Joelle is real, real sexy. She's trim and graceful and sensual.

We're enthusiastic about Joelle, and we're betting her career will take off when the agents catch

these pics. So let's all give her a standing ovation and hope she'll reappear for repeated curtain calls. □

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TWO CRUDDY CHARACTERS

continued from page 9

cook and janitor at Skip's. Before the sign blew down Skip was married to a pock-marked Mexican whore whom he married because he thought she could cook, which she couldn't, and because she told him she was pregnant, which she wasn't. He divorced her after she took her unpregnant body and carried away \$63 from the till and the majority of Skip's unbent silverware.

Skip has pores the size of man-hole covers and bathed on alternate third Sundays. He smelled worse and drank more than the pipefitter crew that chugged beers at the local VFW every night. But despite this Skip's wasn't a popular dining spot, although after the pipefitters got drunk enough they'd wander into Skip's in search of food.

Early one morning as Janet apologized to a handicapped couple from Vermont for the wounded, frenzied cockroach they found desperately struggling to free itself from their undercooked scrambled eggs, a vicious hail storm knocked out the power in nearly all of Iowa. That left Skip's without electricity, without lights and without customers.

Skip handled the power failure well. He removed his apron, gulped a heaping bowl of raisin-filled oatmeal and the last beer from the twelve-pack, and went to rape Janet.

Janet knew something was wrong the moment Skip began ripping off her clothes. He burped once and his pores oozed out something like sweat, except that it was thicker and stickier. He leaned into her, and grabbed her hips, just above where Willie's fore paws had been. Good God, Janet thought, Skip wants to play hopscotch with me...

... "Godamnit, that's it," cries Janet. "Hey writer, I want out of

this stinking, shitty story, and I mean pronto."

The writer is stunned and says so. So is Skip, he leans away from her.

"Stunned my ass," says Janet. "I mean it, get me out of here."

"What's going on?" asks Skip.

"Shut the fuck up, you one-dimensional alcoholic pervert," orders Janet. She pushes him away.

"What is this bull shit?" Skip wants to know.

("That's what I'd like to know," the writer says. His voice trails off in wonderment.—

"Fuck the wonderment," says Janet. "What is this garbage? 'Good God, Skip wants to play hopscotch with me.' You know how embarrassing it is to think shit like that?" She points at Skip. "And I sure as hell ain't going to let that asshole rape me."

"You bitch," Skip growls.

"Shut up, pig," Janet snaps.

"You bitch," Skip growls.

"Growl at me again, oinker, and I'll bash your ugly face in," Janet threatens.

("Knock it off. What's going on here?")

"It's simple, mister dumb shit writer," says Janet. "I don't like you, I don't like this story and I don't like stinky Skip the rapist. I'm bailing out of this whole mess."

"Can she do that?" Skip asks.

"Get lost," interrupts Janet. "I'll do what I want."

"Godamnit, the story outline says I rape you, and I want to get raping," howls Skip.

"Quit your howling," says Janet.

"I saw that laughable outline too. It says — and I really don't believe this shit — that I enjoy getting raped. Then I go out and — get this — take on an entire softball team."

"But I'm first," Skip cries. "Godamnit, we're already 750 words into the story. I should be screwing you right now."

"You ain't touching me, and neither is no goddamn softball team."

("Janet, you're only a character

in a story," instructs the writer.)

"That's right," says Skip, "and my character fucks your character." He grins.

"Touch me and you're dead meat," warns Janet. "I don't give a shit what I am, I'm getting out of this story. And I don't know what you're grinning about jerk face. I'll kill you if you touch me."

("Janet," the writer begins, "a character does not have a voice by itself. Writers, craftsmen of language such as me, express intimate, often emotional revelations through our literature, and characters like yourself serve to illustrate our outpouring of communication. Characters are vitally important as authors like myself strive for social reform, reach for an utopian society and cry for moral, racial and social equality.")

"You're full of social shit," says Janet.

("What?")

"You heard me. You're so full of shit your breath smells like manure. Craftsman of language my ass. And don't give me that crap about expressing revelations through literature. What kind of revelations are you expressing by getting me raped, then gang-banged by a softball team?"

"Jesus Christ, Writer," moans Skip, "why'd you make her such a vicious bitch?"

("I didn't," answers the writer. "I envisioned her a docile, timid, submissive young creature." He grunts. "Not a disagreeable, ill-tempered and spiteful wretch.")

"Fuck you and fuck your adjectives," barks Janet. "Besides," she adds, "you did."

("Did what?")

"Made me vicious. I'm a plain-looking young woman in a nowhere job who hates sex. I've been in countless of these dirty sex stories. I get raped, treated brutally, undergo ridiculous character changes, and I almost always end up maimed or killed or insane. I'm fed up. Got it? I want out."

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you crazy," Skip offers. "Just rape you."

"Up yours. Hey, that's another thing," she tells the writer. "I usually get raped or mauled by some simpleminded animalistic fucker-head like Skip here."

("Is that what this is all about? You don't want to get raped? Let me tell you something. I'm making a statement here, a significant and valuable statement, and the imagery and symbolism I employ around the rape of you, young lady. Your rape is important only for what it represents. The actual rape itself is inconsequential.")

"It's consequential to me," says Janet.

"Me too," Skip chirps.

An ungainly man with an egg-sized Adam's apple stumbles and faces the writer. "Hey man," he says, his bright orange jersey emblazoned with shiny yellow lettering gleaming and reflecting light, "when's the chick pull the train for the softball team?"

"Who's this jerk?" asks Janet.

"Name's Rudy." He turns to make the lettering on his jersey clearly readable. It says, "Rudy The Redneck's Rowdies." "I'm the coach."

"Beat it, numb nuts," Janet says.

"C'mon, momma," pleads Rudy, "it'll be a gas. We even devised a special choo-choo batting order. Leading off, fucking .333, quick with his dick, Tom "Pee Wee" Crawford, fucking second..."

"Do I have to listen to this?" asks Janet.

"I ain't even to the meat of the order yet," Rudy says.

Janet looks at the writer. "I can see what you mean about expressing revelations through characters," she says.

("I'm getting goddamn sick of your sarcasm, Janet," says the writer. He turns to Rudy. "Go back where you came from")

"Where did I come from?" Rudy asks.

("Just get the hell out of here,"

demands the writer.)

"And while you're there, stick a softball bat up your ass," Janet says.

"And keep it there until I'm through raping her," Skip adds.

"Stick one up your ass crossways," Janet tells Skip.

("Goddamn it, I'm sick of your smartass remarks," the writer tells Janet, who yawns. "I'm in charge here. Me. Not you. I created you and I will sure as hell dictate the action. You'll do exactly what I want. Now stop that stupid yawn.")

"Fuck yourself."

"Don't take that guff from her," Skip encourages.

"Fuck yourself, Skip, you slimeball."

("Watch it, Janet.")

"Get bent, you crummy hack."

"Don't take that guff from her," Skip encourages.

"Bend it in half, you slimeball."

The writer pounds his fist on the desk, picks up his dictionary and hurly it against a wall.

"That's right, goddamn it, get tough with her," Skip shouts.

"Hey Skip," Janet asks coyly, "you ever finish the outline?"

"Huh?" asks Skip.

"The outline, dumbfuck, you said you read it. You finish it?"

"No," Skip admits, blushing, "I got a hard-on reading about the rape part, then went and jacked off."

"Better beat your meat while you can," Janet advises, grinning. "The outline says you feel guilty and ashamed you raped me." Her grin widens. "So guilty and ashamed that you grab a dull butter knife and slice your cock and balls off."

Skip yelps and clutches his groin.

("Castration was only an idea I was toying with," soothes the writer.)

"Toy with someone else's nuts," shrieks Skip.

"Horseshit job of soothing, hackface," says Janet.

("Shut up, bitch," says the writ-

er. He turns to Skip. "Skip, I thought—")

"Are you fucking crazy!" Skip screams, cupping his hands between his legs. "What the hell's wrong with you!"

"Skip buddy," taunts Janet, "once you're dickless and nutless you won't get a lot of raping in."

"No shit, Sherlock," agrees Skip. "I don't like what's going on here. Not one goddamn bit."

The writer sighs.

"First I got to eat oatmeal with raisins in it, then I get my nuts chopped off. Pretty horsehit deal if you ask me, writer."

("No one asked you. That's the whole point, stupid. I don't have to ask you, or you, bitch. You two don't know it, but you're nothings. Zeros. I invented you and I can just as easily uninvent you. All you are are two representative characters I'm using to illustrate specific and relevant circumstances as human drama unfolds.")

"What a crock of shit," interrupts Janet.

("Don't interrupt me," warns the writer.)

"You can human drama unfold yourself straight up Skip's asshole."

("Shut up, bitch. Shut up and listen. I'll determine how you look, how you feel, what you say, what you think, and how you act. Is that straight?")

"Skip ain't touching me," Janet threatens. "You got that straight?"

"And I ain't cutting off my dick," Skip says, "so I can get it straight."

"Hey hackface, what's my last name?" taunts Janet.

("That's not important.")

"What are my parents like?" she tries.

("That's not important.")

"What kind of person am I?"

("That's not important either.")

"Don't tell me my nuts aren't important," Skip cuts in, "because they're awfully goddamn important to me."

"How do you know for sure?" asks Janet. "We don't know diddly-

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shit about our past, Skip. All we're told is that a dog tried to knock me up and a Mexican whore convinced you that you knocked her up. Shit, the dog probably knocked her up."

"She never got pregnant," Skip says.

"Yeah she did, she got an abortion. That's why she needed the unbent silverware, to pay for it. You found that out after you de-nuttet yourself," says Janet.

"What a bunch of shit!" cries Skip.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, shithead. I don't know about you, but I'm getting the hell out of here," Janet says.

"I'm right behind you."

("Skip," pleads the writer, "I'll make you a famous literary character.")

"You'll make me dickless."

("Janet, I'll make you a sympathetic character millions will empathize with.")

"You'll make me perverted."

"Get yourself a new rapist."

"Get yourself a new rapee."

"I'm gonna get myself in a Har-old Robbins novel," Skip brags, "and be a handsome stud who gets laid all the time."

"And I'm going to get myself in a Nancy Friday novel," Janet boasts, "and be a beautiful woman who enjoys wholesome sex at her lei-sure."

("Hold it," says the writer. "Let's try something. I'll rewrite the story again. See how you like this.")

... Janet, a radiant young debutante with luscious lips and large breasts, had recently enjoyed wonderful, savagely sweet sex with a major television personality, the most valuable player in the National Football League, the Vice President of the United States and a rock star who boasted of his affair with her in a smash top ten hit titled 'Pleasure Goddess.'

Her sensual talents induced a plastic surgeon to call her a med-

ical and sexual wonder. These talents made her the only woman on earth suitable for Skip.

Skip a Nobel and Pulitzer prize winner, combined intelligence and a rugged male handsomeness to ride a skyrocket of fame and wealth. Always impeccably dressed, he was known worldwide as a rogue, yet he was popular with crowned heads, the media, and most of all, women. His dynamic sexual abilities made him immortal in deeds and reputation and in the world's circles of the sexual elite, Skip was called a stud's stud and a sensational sensualist's sensualist.

It was only natural that Skip and Janet meet and fall in love. They were married in a nationally tele-vised ceremony at New York's St. Paul's Cathedral.

Monte Carlo readied itself for the honeymoon and the entire city was buzzing with anticipation and excitement...

... "Now you're rolling," Janet tells the writer. "But make me intelligent, not just a beautiful sex object."

"Yeah," says Skip. "And make me an athletic legend who contributes megabucks to charities. Name me Troy or Travis or something hip like that."

("Goddamnit, you two are greedy bastards," says the writer. "You fuckers always got to have more. I'll give you more.")...

... Monte Carlo was the focal point of the universe when the honeymoon couple swept into town and bedded down for their first marital night.

But then Janet butt-fucked a midget gypsy, ate out a scarred three-legged pony, enjoyed oral sex with a leper in a rat-filled room on a floor infested with lice, and bedded with Skip's former wife, now a diseased and penniless slut, who stabbed Janet with an unbent butter knife.

Skip went berserk when he found out and chopped his cock and nuts off. □

THE HANG UP

continued from page 20

"Oh," she sighed. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her hips jerked as she shoved herself at his tongue.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she sighed again. Then she released her hold on his ears and fell backwards on the bed.

Free at last, Marty twisted away from her and tried to get up, but he was so weak that he couldn't get his legs to work, and flopped back against the bed.

"Um," Darlene purred and looked at him with dreamy eyes.

Marty looked wildly about, his eyes ringed with red. His chest heaved, trying to pump oxygen into his starved lungs. His eyes started twitching. His hands lay lifeless beside him on the floor.

"Um," Darlene purred again. She ran her tongue around her lips and inched toward him.

A sound, something between a moan and a strangled cry, came from Marty's throat. His head jerked to the side two or three times.

"Um," Darlene said dreamily. She kissed him on the neck.

He scooted on the run and tried to get away from her.

"Um," she said and kissed him on the shoulder several times.

"That was good."

Marty's chest still heaved, but the color was coming back to his face. He tried to get up.

Darlene put both arms around him and held him in place. "That was fantastic," she said dreamily.

At last, Marty perked up. "Fantastic?" he asked.

"Um. That was fantastic," Darlene repeated dreamily.

"Well, now! That's fantastic!" he said as proud as a senator.

She kissed him several times. "That was simply fantastic," she said.

"Well, now," he said and tried to look at her.

She raised up and stretched luxuriously. Then she swung her legs over the side of the bed.



When she pulled his head to her breasts, he didn't try to resist.

"Didn't I tell you," she said.

"Tell me what?" Marty said.

"Doing it would rid you of your hangup. You don't have to worry about it anymore. You've got it licked."

"Maybe," Marty said and put his mouth to a nipple, and Darlene pulled her breast away.

"Don't you want to check and make sure?" she asked coyly.

Pushing him away, she raised a leg to the bed. When he saw the pink flower, he felt an urge to press his lips to it again.

"I'm not sure," he replied.

"Try it and be convinced," she urged again and bucked her hips

to encourage him.

He licked his lips. Then he moved hesitantly toward the flower, expecting an attack of sneezing at any moment. When his lips touched the pink petals, nothing happened. When he proceeded further still nothing happened. He raised his head and looked at her.

"You're right. It doesn't make me sneeze. I'm not allergic to it anymore."

"I told you that it would be good for you," Darlene purred.

"And this will be good for you," Marty replied as he pushed her down and lowered himself on top of her, missionary style, "we don't want you getting any hangups either." □

DEEP, DARK THROAT

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what kept that friggin light on. Hell, just like the lady it too probably came from Mars or some other sort of weird place like that. Mars! Why not thought Gardner. At least then maybe it would have made a little sense.

Then one day she reappeared. Looking as pert as ever, dressed in skin tight jeans she drove into his station behind the wheel of a shiny new car. Seated next to her was as cute a kid as Gardner had ever seen. He just knew she was her daughter.

"How've you been Gardner? This here's my little girl Samantha. The two of us are taking a trip up north to visit granny to get us a little rest

and relaxation."

Not quite sure if he should say anything, Gardner found himself asking, "What happened to that old car of yours?"

Winking, the lady confided, "We ate it last night for supper."

She wasn't kidding — of that Gardner was sure.

"Fact is it was becoming an albatross around my neck. Never could depend on it and no one seemed to be able to fix it."

The lady suddenly took a deep breath and looked real sad. Closing her eyes she rested her head against the back of her seat and said, "Anyways, I just can't seem to find myself a decent man to take care of Samantha and me. So, I figure it's time to move on."

Gardner found himself staring

at the rings of vapor emanating from the woman's mouth. Whatever the hell it was the lady was afflicted with was either catching or inherited, because the little girl also had that familiar refrigerated ambience surrounding her lips. As he gaped like an idiot at the two of them, the woman handed Gardner a couple of quarters and said, "Be a doll and get my kid a drink. She's had nothing in her belly since last night and the poor thing is bone dry. And while you're at it fill up our tank."

Walking back into the station Gardner headed for the soda machine. But after he put in the first quarter he stopped, muttering to himself, "What in hell am I doing?" A few minutes later he handed the little girl a pint of his best antifreeze with a straw coming out of the top. Smiling, he told the kid, "Now don't guzzle it down too fast or you might get sick."

After filling their tank up with some high-test gasoline he said to Claudia, "Seeing that this is good-by this tank is on the house. And I figure since it was me who first couldn't fix that dumb old car of yours that you had to go and destroy, well, I want to give you a little going away present."

Going back into the garage he came out a minute later with a box chocked full of goodies. He said, "You're sure to get hungry driving north, so I figured you could use some fixins to eat along the way." And with that he opened the back door and deposited the box which was stuffed full of shredded radial tires, carburetor parts soaked in premium all-weather oil, and a nice greasy universal joint that he'd junked off a sixteen wheeler the week before.

As the lady pulled out he thought to himself, "Hell, she may be a little different but underneath it all she's really okay." Then he watched her car disappear over the horizon leaving a wispy white trail in the spring air that he was sure was definitely not exhaust fumes. □



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