

GEM

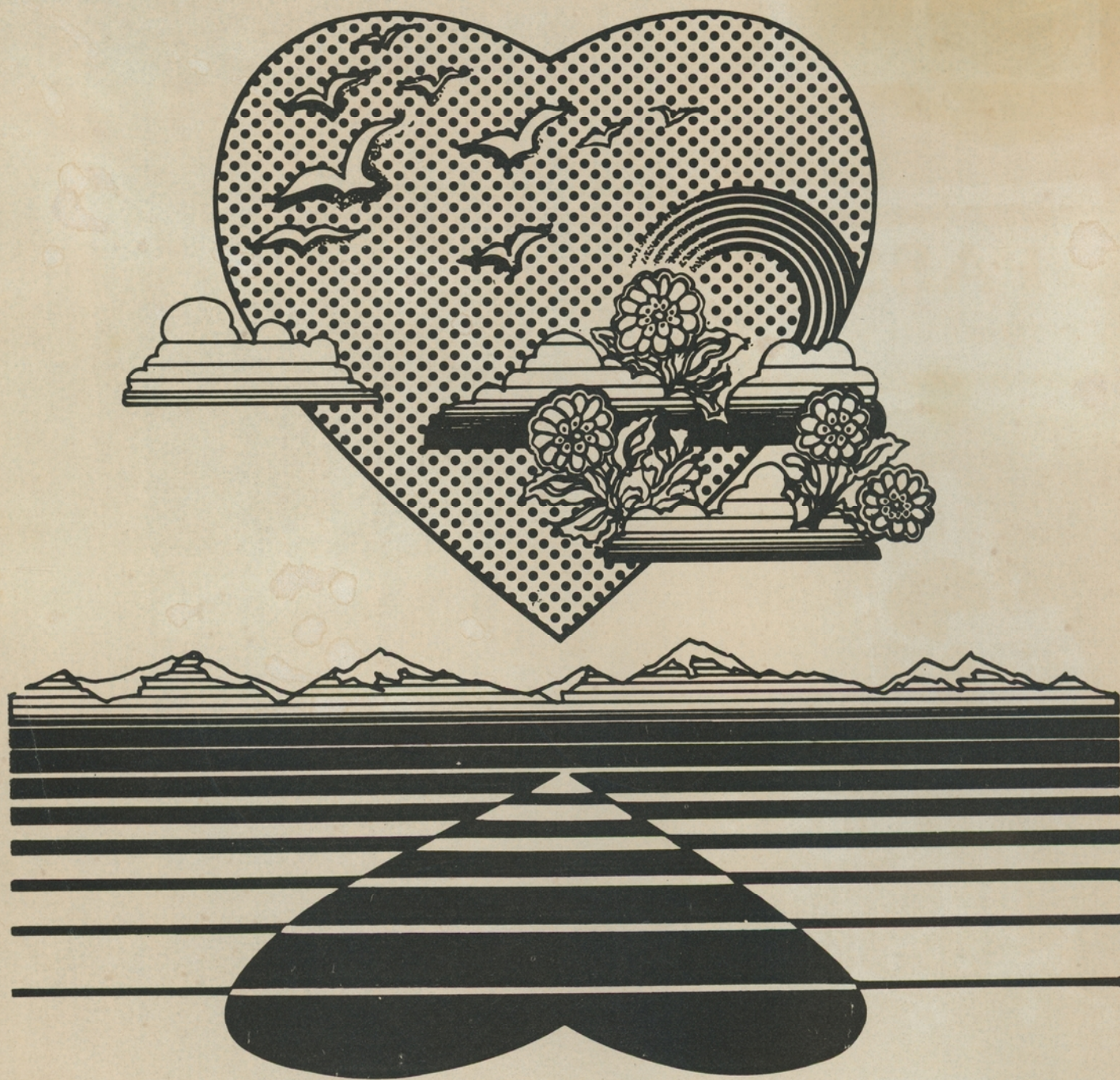
49361
JANUARY 1978
\$1.75



FOR THE NEW YEAR THREE GREAT BIG NEW DISCOVERIES
MAMMOTH MAMMARED MARVEL MAY, COLOSSAL COCO AND
MIGHTY MIKKI . . . COED PROSTIES ON THE HUSTLE WITH
SEXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES . . . HOW WOMEN OF OLDEN
TIMES MIGHT HAVE SEX-RATED FAMOUS MEN IN HISTORY



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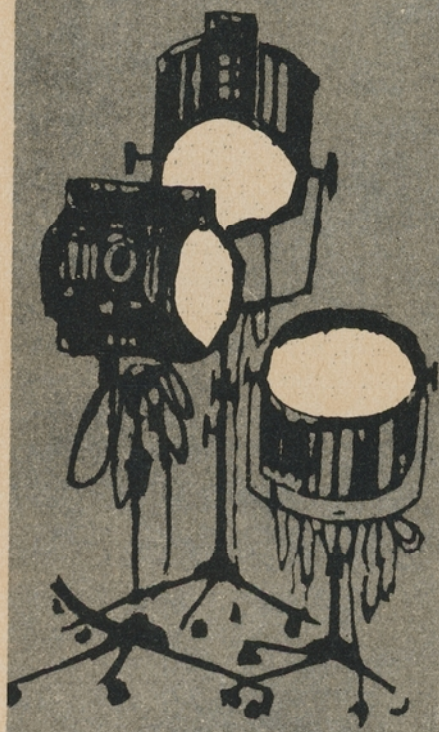
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RECORDS

Clifford Brown: The Quintet, Vol. 2 (Mercury/EmArcy Jazz Series) is the second of two double LP sets, reissuing the entire output of the brilliant quintet. Trumpeter Clifford Brown's collection with drummer

Max Roach resulted in some of the finest small-group jazz of any era. Both men were bop innovators, combining new ideas with incredible virtuosity. The arrangements emphasize the pretty side of bebop, as did Tadd Dameron's writing for larger ensembles. There's fine work here by pianist Richie Powell, bassist George Morrow, and tenor man Harold Land (replaced in the later sessions by the young Sonny Rollins). These are a classic sides that no jazz buff should be without. Included are "What is This Thing Called Love," "I'll Remember April," and "Gertrude's Bounce."

Earl Klugh: Finger Paintings (Blue Note) is a relaxed, mellow set by the guitarist. Klugh plays jazz and pop tunes finger-style on the acoustic guitar, setting himself apart from the majority of guitarists, who use picks. Klugh's is a delicate, lyrical style, well suited to soft-rock tunes such as "Dance With Me," and "Long Ago and Far Away." There are some very pretty originals here too, including "Catherine," and "This Time."

Banjo and guitar ace Buck Trent offers an easy-listening country instrumental set on *Banjos, Boisterous Ballads, and Buck* (ABD/Dot). A veteran of the Porter Wagoner Show and a "Hee-Haw" regular, Trent is rather laid back on this waxing. "Wheels" makes good use of a guitar string-bending device invented by Buck. "Snowbird" shows off his flowing five-string banjo style.

Booker T. and The M.G.'s: Universal Language (Asylum) finds the quartet getting down to an updated version of the instrumental funk that made them so popular in the sixties. Keyboard man Booker T. Jones, along with guitarist Steve Cropper, bassist Donald "Duck" Dunn and drummer Willie Hall lay down tight, tasty, and very danceable sounds that leave no doubt that

they've kept up with the times. Tunes include "Sticky Stuff," "Reincarnation," "Last Tango in Memphis" and "Space Nuts."

Andrew Gold: What's Wrong With This Picture? (Asylum) is an engaging and unusual set from the rock singer-songwriter. Gold, whose sizzling guitar work has been featured on recordings by Linda Ronstadt, pens thoughtful, sensitive lyrics and arrangements that really capture one's attention. "Passing Thing," "Lonely Boy," and "One of Them is Me" are moving originals. Two oldies, "Stay," and "Do Wah Diddy," are treated to rocking, tasty arrangements as well.

Danny O'Keefe remains one of the more original and interesting singer-songwriters on the scene today. His "Goodtime Charlie's Got the Blues" is a minor classic. *Danny O'Keefe: American Roulette* (Warner Bros.) contains some of his best work to date. In addition, Mr. O'Keefe's singing has never been better. "In Northern California," "On Discovering A Missing Person," and "You Look Just Like A Girl Again," are among the excellent originals here. O'Keefe's lyrics demand more attention than the usual folk-rock drivel, but the effort expended is well worth it.

Maxi (Blue Note) offers the pop-soul stylings of Maxine Anderson. This dynamic young lady's evocative, warm delivery are bound to win her many admirers. A former member of the Friends of Distinction, Maxi proves here that she's got the makings of a solo guitarist. Gene and Billy Page's arranging and production provide the perfect setting for Maxi's vocal style. "Dancin' to Keep From Cryin'" and "Music On My Mind" are stand-outs.

Aficionados of French-Canadian fiddling will want *The Beaudoin Family* (Philo). Mr. Beaudoin's bow work and strong sense of rhythm

have made him one of the most popular French-Canadian style fiddlers in the New England area. In this program of traditional tunes he is accompanied by his brothers and daughters. Highlights include "Le Reel des nouveaux mariés" and "Le reel du célébataire."

Vernon Derrick: *Grass Country* (Revonah) features the fiddler in a strong bluegrass program. A veteran of Jimmy Martin's Sunny Mountain Boys and James Monroe's Midnight Ramblers, Derrick is in fine form here, although one misses his Presleyesque stage antics. Buck White contributes exciting and imaginative mandolin, and Dave Dougherty provides solid five-string banjo work. "Cherokee Shuffle," "Sand Mountain Breakdown," and "Heart of Dixie Waltz" are our favorites here.

It's always a pleasure to come across a recording by a great but virtually unknown talent. Joe Barry has some hits on the Smash label in the early sixties, but drifted quickly into obscurity. On his current ABC/Dot album *Joe Barry* he delivers some of the most soulful country singing we've ever heard. Not since Ray Charles has anyone so successfully fused country material with more R and B-oriented vocal delivery. A native of Louisiana, Barry worked at the celebrated Cosmo's Studio in the fifties, arranging for such New Orleans greats as Clarence "Frogman" Henry and Smiley Lewis. The New Orleans influence is felt in Barry's music, especially in his rendering of the old pop standard "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie." Kudos to producer Huey Meaux for bringing Joe Barry back into the limelight.

Vern Gosdin: *Till The End* (Elektra) is an impressive country set from the Atlanta-based singer. A veteran of the California bluegrass and country scene, Gosdin has chosen some well-written con-

temporary country tunes, which he delivers with thought sincerity. Included are "Hanging' On," and "Yesterday's Gone," both hits for Gosdin, which feature Emmylou Harris on the vocal harmonies.

Eddie Rabbitt: *Rabbitt* (Elektra) offers a healthy serving of Rabbitt's distinctive singing and songwriting. The Brooklyn-born country singer has some of his best material to date here—"I'm A Little Bit Lonesome," "She Loves Me Like She Means It," and "We Can't Go On Living Like This" are particularly memorable. Steel guitarist Sonny Garrish and pianist Hargus "Pig" Robbins are among the Nashville aces helping out.



Eddie Rabbitt



Vern Gosdin

Tina Charles possesses one of the purest and most sensual voices in the soul-disco field today. *Tina Charles: Rendezvous* (Columbia) gives her plenty of room to exercise her vocal chops. A cookin' rhythm section and tasty arrangements make for danceable and very listenable music. Some of the material is not quite up to Ms. Charles' considerable talents, however. "It's Time For Change of Heart" and the title tune are standouts.

Western Swing, rockabilly, and straight country are blended on *Alvin Crow and The Pleasant Valley Boys: High Riding* (Polydor). Fiddler Crow and his gang run the gamut from ancient pop songs ("I'm Satisfied With My Gal") to traditional breakdowns ("Cotton Eyed Joe") and rockabilly ("Crazy Little Mama"). Texas Playboy graduate Brother Al Striclin pitches in with swinging piano work. This Austin-based band is at its best at dances and in bars, but they turn in some strong work on record as well.

Carole King: *Simple Things* (Capitol) is a thoughtful and mellow set from the singer-songwriter who gave us innumerable rock standards and the classic "Tapestry" album. The tunes here deal with love, enjoyment of life, and with spiritual values. Ms. King's relaxed, low-keyed vocal approach makes the most of her lyrics and melodies. "To Know That I Love You" and "Hold On" are standouts.

Merle Haggard: *Songs I'll Always Sing* (Capitol) is a two-disc offering containing many of Hag's finest recordings. "Branded Man," "Sing Me Back Home," and "I'm A Lonesome Fugitive" are all-time country classics. There's fine work by Merle's band, The Strangers, throughout the twenty sides included here. Haggard is one of the few great C and W artists on the scene today, and this two-fer collects some of his best work.

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GEM

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NON-PORNOGRAPHY



CODE SEAL

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

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

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“X” RATING FAMOUS MEN IN HISTORY

by Bill Maury

Four M.I.T. girl students, feeling that turnabout is fair play, published a booklet that caused an uproar in New England collegiate sex circles. Based on their own personal experience, the quartet rated the sexual efficiencies of 36 young men, all of whom were road-tested during the girls' tenure at school.

School officials suspended the girls, calling them all on the carpet. (No pun intended). The co-eds explained their action saying they knew men talked about the females' sexual propensities so why shouldn't their voices be heard. (Moans, groans, and stifled screams in some cases).

Some of the quotes based on the girls' analyses were "turkey," "Keeps socks on," "close your eyes and enjoy" and "great . . . just lie back and let the joyousness envelop you." They rated them from one star to four stars, just as people rate restaurants. And you know what people do in restaurants.

By now, the furor has just about died down, but it gives rise to the thought—what would it have been like had young women rated famous men of history as lovers? Let's take a peek into the past.

THOMAS A. EDISON—Tries to be shocking, but ends as a short circuit.

PAUL REVERE—Gives you a nice midnight ride, but

unless you're into sado-masochism, avoid his whip in the stretch drive.

BILLY THE KID—Fastest gun in the West, sometimes fires before gun is out of holster.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—Not all that great. Fair at best.

GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER—Weak, feeble, exhausted. Possibly has made his last stand.

NAPOLEON—Tries, but comes up short. Weird quirk, won't remove hand from jacket even while working at fever pitch.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—Says he's seeking a new route to India, but he ends up in the same old place.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—He slept here, and that's about all.

ALFRED NOBEL—Dynamite!

HORACE GREELEY—Talks about going West, but likes it better when he goes down South.

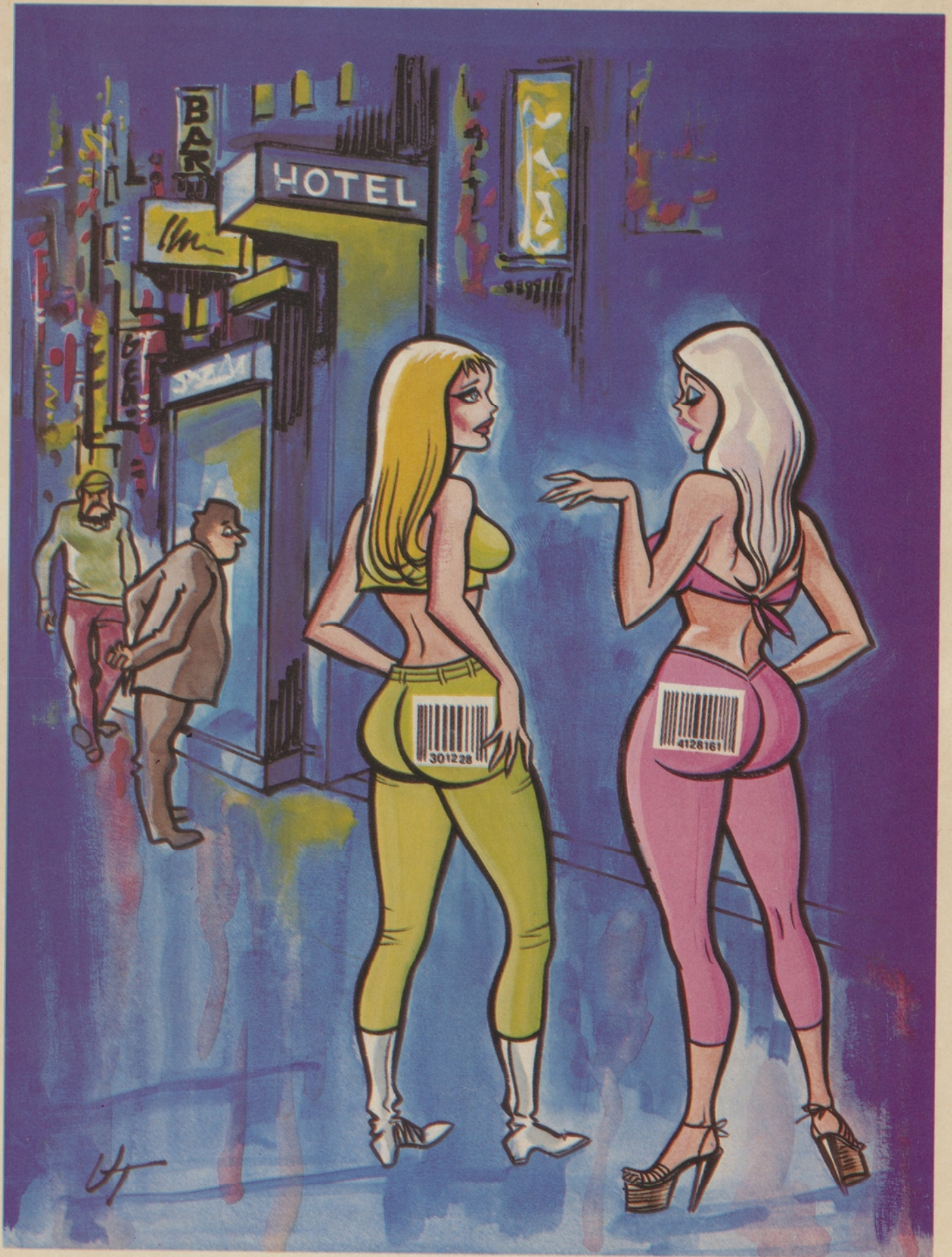
JUDGE CRATER—Can't find him when you need him the most.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—As you like it. Comes to play. Ask the Merry Wives of Windsor. He made them merry

NERO—Fiddles around while your body's burning.

ATTILA THE HUN—Should be Attila the Hun-gry. Has a voracious appetite, when served his favorite dish.

MAGELLAN—Offers you a trip around the world. Well worth the journey, especially the scenic route.



"OK, so I'll wear their **stupid** price code, but I'll be damned if I let them run my ass through any scanner!"



SEXTRA CURRICULAR

by Dan Bennett

Despite the so-called sex revolution with all its "free" love, coed prostitution seems to be a growing phenomenon on the college campus throughout the country

You won't find her standing in front of the student union at her college and she doesn't hang a red lantern on her locker or in the window of her room in the girls' dorm or sorority house. Nevertheless, she's there all right—on hundreds of campuses of American colleges. And she belongs there. This filly is a registered student carrying a full academic load. She's also a bona fide, genuine All-American whore!

Hard to believe? This surprising new development on the college scene has shocked a lot of people. Administrators aren't talking, but they're well aware that the world's oldest profession is rapidly becoming the biggest game in colleges, and that knowledge is making them quake in their academic boots. They know it's only a matter of time before a scandal breaks out at some prestigious institution that will bring the old halls of ivy tumbling down on all their heads.

"Don't call me a party girl or a lady of the night or any of those fancy names. I'm a whore, pure and simple."

Carol is an 18-year-old junior at a well-known and highly rated California college. A psychology major, she plans to seek an advanced degree after graduation. She is very proud of the fact that each semester since she first enrolled as a freshman, she has made the Dean's list for scholastic excellence. Carol is not at all reluctant to talk about her extra-curricular activities which she refers to as "Sextra Curricular."

"I first started whoring for a very simple reason," she explains. "My folks aren't rich, and paying my tuition was killing my dad. I had to help out."

Carol went to the Student-Assistance office that the college maintains to help undergraduates who need financial aid. Despite her high grade-point average, there were no scholarships available at the time to psychology majors. The office offered to find her a part-time job.

"All they had was a job in the campus laundry. I tried it for a while, but it must have been 110 degrees in there. I was breaking my back for a lousy \$1.25 an hour. It took only about a week to decide that as long as I needed the money, rather than wash other peoples' drawers, I'd just as soon drop my own. The pay's much better. I can choose my own hours and besides, I usually enjoy it unless the guy's a real creep. And there's no income tax to worry about."

Carol placed an ad in the campus underground newspaper that some enterprising students had started. It read: "Fun loving coed desires meaningful and remunerating relationship. Call . . ."

The response was overwhelming. "I never realized how many hardup guys there are in college," she said. "Of course, some of them who called didn't understand that 'remunerative' meant money. They thought it just meant that they were supposed to give as good as they got. I could write a best-seller describing some of the phone conversations with guys telling me how great they were, and how they could drive me right out of my ever-loving mind. Most of the time, though I told them they'd have to pay or else forget it. There was this one guy, though, who gave me a description of his pecker I simply couldn't believe. I was so curious I figured what the hell . . . and

(continued on page 17)





MIKKI

Meet Mikki, an intellectual gal who specializes in Mideast studies. The possessor of a Master's degree in anthropology, Mikki is currently in Israel, where she's deeply involved in an exhaustive study of the Dead Sea Scrolls. This slim, attractive brunette gives her all to

her academic endeavors, but hasn't forgotten how to have a good time. She enjoys athletics of many kinds, and, back in the States, often frequents stylish New York discos.

While in Israel, Mikki has become interested with ancient kabbalistic texts. She gets up



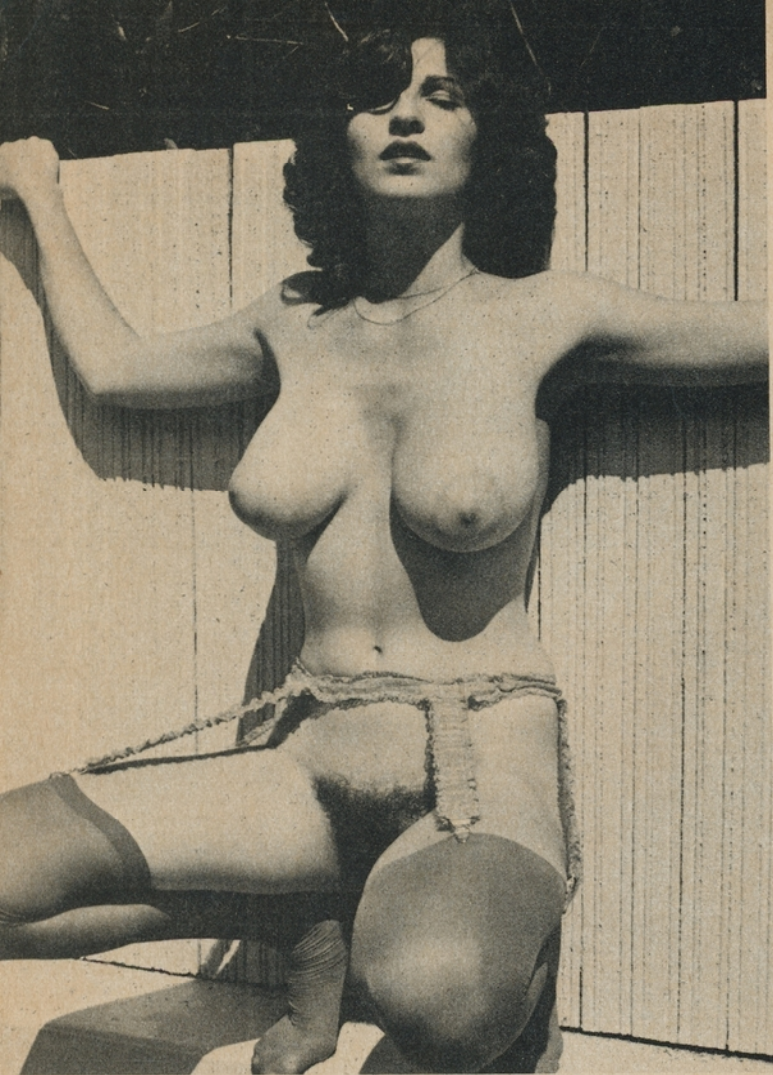


each morning at six, and studies the Zohar until eight, at which time she has breakfast. "I find that the Jewish mystics offer some very illuminating insights," says Mikki. "I'd read Gershom Sholem's books back in college, but



it wasn't until recently that the kabbalists really got through to me."

This sensuous anthropologist certainly gets through to us with her beguiling figure and beatific countenance. Unlike many of today's



female academics, she hasn't forgotten the womanly arts. While in Israel, she's taking a course in Mideastern cuisine. We understand that she already prepares a taste-tempting felafel and kafta kebob.

While in the Mideast, Mikki plans to seek out and seek spiritual advice from the legendary Dr. Elhaani, who is said to be in





possession of much ancient wisdom. "I hope he'll take me on as a student," says Mikki. "He's reputed to be a profound man, and a real sport, too."

What with the Dead Sea Scrolls, ancient

kabbalistic texts, Mideast cooking and the search for Dr. Elhaani, Mikki has plenty to keep her busy in the Mideast. But we're never too busy to loudly proclaim that this is one anthropologist we really dig. □

SEXTRACURRICULAR

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invited him up."

Carol was asked the obvious question: "How big was his organ?"

"He wasn't kidding, either," said Carol. "It was unbelievable! I still throw him a freebie once or twice a week. I'll tell you something else, too . . . he'd kill me if he knew I told anyone . . . the guy's no student. Without naming names, let's just say when they hand out the diplomas, he's on stage, and not to receive one, either."

Carol knows at least seven other coeds at her school who are working their way through college doing exactly what she's doing. One of the girls, in fact, had first given Carol the idea.

Five of the seven coeds were perfectly willing to talk about their own experiences. They all felt that there was nothing to be ashamed about and said they enjoyed their part-time occupation. After all, was the concensus, if they all liked sex anyway, which they all said they did very much, why not get laid and paid at the same time.

"Look," one girl explained. "Most of the coeds at this school that go out with a particular guy, will hop in the sack with him on the first or second date and ball their brains out. That's campus protocol."

"Right," another agreed. "All the guy has to do is spend his money to buy her dinner or booze and maybe turn her on with some grass. We say cut out the middle-man shit, don't buy us the merchandise, we'll take the money instead."

The situation at this West Coast university was by no means unique, or even rare. A representative sampling of the different sections of the country turned up coeds who are charging tuition for their own special courses in sex education in institutions that range the full spectrum from large universities to small

colleges. It was easiest to find these girls at the colleges which had some kind of off-campus newspapers because they invariably advertised. Two or three lines, costing only a few dollars in the classifieds, almost always brought the coeds as much business as they could handle.

But wasn't this a rather dangerous way to drum up business? What was to stop college administrators or even the local vice squads from cracking down? It was found that some colleges have, in fact, waged effective campaigns to drive the coed prostitutes and the newspapers which solicit for them from the campus. Most American institutions of higher education contain, in their by-laws, certain rules that state that any student can be expelled for "moral turpitude." But though the necessary machinery for ridding the campus of its play-for-pay girls and their allies does exist, the numbers of institutions which have used it and thereby admitted that such a problem confronted them, is very small. The "put out" girls seem to enjoy a remarkable immunity from harassment.

Tony edits an off-campus underground paper at a Southern college. He was quite willing to answer any questions. Tony's paper, which comes out once a week more or less, contains so many misspellings and so much bad punctuation that it gives the impression of being put out by illiterates rather than college students. "What do you want, good grammar or good pussy?" he says. "Our readers don't buy us because they want literature, so we don't bother with all that stuff."

Doesn't he have any trouble with the ads, the four-letter words that seem to appear at least twice in every sentence, and the pictures which are of the most blatantly pornographic variety?

"No, not at all. We did at first, but we've reached a . . . what you might call an agreement with all the

concerned parties. The college has decided that it's better just to ignore us. Oh, they denounce us once in a while just to show they care, but the last thing they want is for the shit to hit the fan. There are so many coeds here who spread for bread that if it ever got out, the college would never get another donation from all those righteous alumni.

"Of course, we've let the administration know that if they come down on us too hard, the shit will not only hit the fan, it'll bury them."

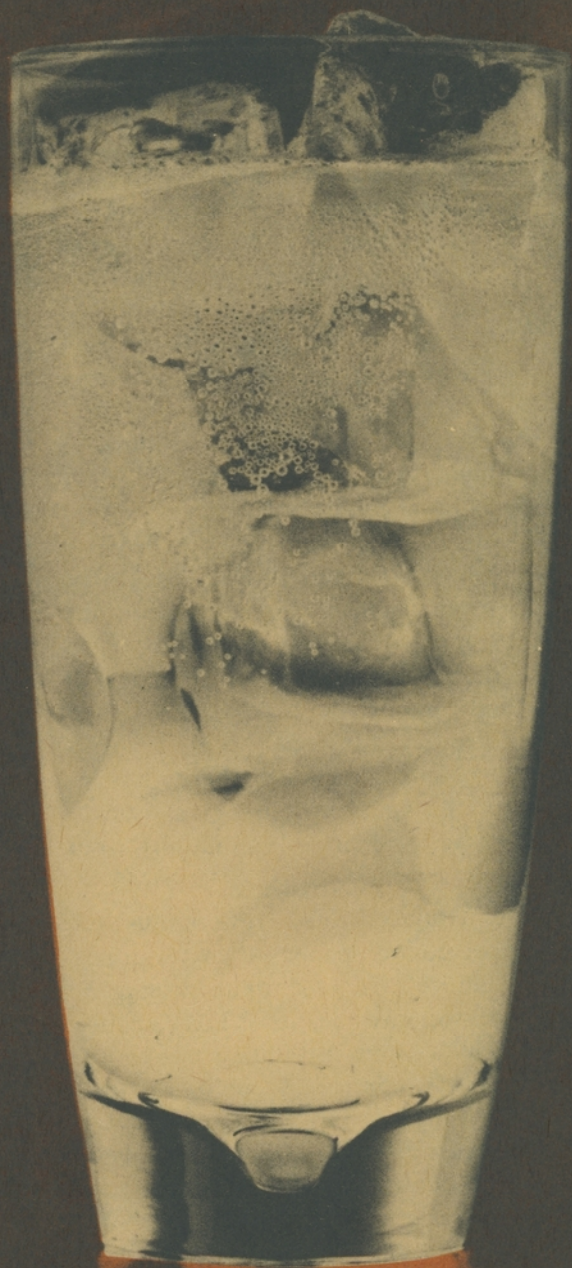
Tony doesn't consider this blackmail. "Hell," he said, "we're just protecting free speech and academic freedom and all that crap. Also, the right to get laid which isn't in the constitution, but ought to be."

He was asked about the police.

"We have our coed hookers to thank for the cops keeping hands off. A lot of the girls were really pissed off when they found out they'd have to pay off the local fuzz if they wanted to stay in business. They figured because they were students, they weren't really professional hookers. The cops figure different. If you diddle for dollars in this town, you're a pro. In this town, if a pro wants to operate, she pays off . . . one way or another. Anyway, the paper benefits from this because the cops can't close us down without losing customers for the coeds and kickbacks for themselves. They will come down to bust us once in a while just for appearance's sake, but we always get a phone call a half hour before telling us to grab our stuff and split."

Of all the student whores interviewed, incidentally, not one claimed that she restricted her clientele to members of the academic community. A coed from New Jersey said: "If I only screwed the men on campus, I'd never even be able to buy my books. Do you know how little money most of those college guys have? I lay a lot of working guys, too. Of course I

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ROSS SPENCER ON DRINKING

Bend an elbow to whet your whistle of approval for these spirit-raising remarks

I drink too goddam much.
Beer booze brandy gin.
In alphabetical order.
By the time I get to vodka I don't need wine.

There are better things to do than just sit around drinking.

What for instance?

Freud say alcoholics are oral compulsives.
He says oral compulsives were deprived of the mother's breast too soon.

My mother never discussed this with me.
We talked about more amusing subjects.
We talked about my father.
My father didn't drink.
He said he was damn fool enough when sober.
My mother never argued with my father.

I didn't do any really serious drinking until I was 24.
That was when I got out of the army.
I wanted to get out of the army when I was 19.
That was when I got in.

When I was discharged I got drunk to celebrate.
It has been just one hell of a celebration.
Ask almost anybody.

Drinking has been responsible for countless divorces.
This is no more than fair.
Drinking has been responsible for countless marriages.
I was divorced when I was 31.
It was a traumatic experience.

I had no idea I was married.
I thought I had responded to an altar call.
I was in a tavern when my wife brought the divorce papers.

I was proposing to the barmaid at the time.
I quit drinking on the spot.
I took a good look at my wife.
I started drinking on the spot.

I taught my wife to drink.
This was extremely difficult.
Like teaching a hyena to eat meat.

Alcohol gives you terrible dreams.
I dreamed I was falling from a cliff.
I dreamed I was back with my wife.
I dreamed I was sober.

Sometimes a drunken man dreams about snakes.
This is also true of a drunken woman.
I have been told that a drunken snake dreams about humans.
I forget who told me.
I may have been drinking.

Drinking is not without its advantages.
Drinking enabled me to stop biting my fingernails.
Then I got a crick in my neck.
Biting your toenails is not easy.

I may have been a drunk but I was never a slob.
A slob is a guy who drinks Michelob from the bottle.
I never could afford Michelob.
Old Washensachs.

By the 12-pack.
99 cents.
With coupons yet.
I got my car with Old Washensachs coupons.
A Mitsushushu V-3.
150 mousepower.
Nice little car.
But cats keep attacking it.

I enlisted in AA.
AA stands for Alcoholics Anonymous.
Not to be confused with AAA.
But you can belong to both.

In AA everybody tells stories about their drinking experiences.

Staying out until dawn.
Wrecking their cars.
Losing their jobs.
Trying to murder their wives.

I was one hell of a story teller.
I was the Uncle Remus of AA.
Drunks traveled miles to listen.
Teetotalers joined AA so they could hear my stories.
We sold tickets.

On one occasion I told stories all night.
That morning I wrecked my car.
I lost my job.
My wife tried to murder me.

I was quart-martialed and drummed out of AA.
They said I was bad influence.
I always brought a bottle to the meetings.
They didn't mind the bottle.
It was the nipple that threw them.

Drunken people will do almost anything.
I intend to try that sometime.

AA has what it calls The Serenity Prayer.
It says you got to have a whole mess of serenity before
you can realize you lack the courage to admit you don't
have any wisdom.
Or something like that,

We were supposed to memorize it.

This was no bargain for a guy who had big trouble with
Mary Had a Little Lamb.

I could never remember that goddam second line.

In some states Indians cannot buy alcohol.
Small wonder.

Alcohol makes Indians act like white men.
Before we know it.

They will be polluting the air and screwing up the
waters.

When I drink I get about three hundred million very sexy
ideas.

My wife told me she was tired of going to bed with
nothing but about three hundred million very sexy ideas.

I said well you got to admit that I am much better
drunk than sober.

My wife said oh boy.

Drinkers always pretend to be more important than they
really are.

Just like non-drinkers.

That's how I got arrested for impersonating a busboy.
Twice.

Alcohol makes me forgetful.

But never where important things are concerned.
Just to go home.

And who I am.

I wrote a poem about getting drunk and being forgetful.
It went this way:

They said the booze was ruining me;
They said I'd lose my memory.
Hey, barkeep, let me have one more
Of whatever I just drank before.

It still goes this way. And so do I.

I forgot about the poem.

Until it came back from the Poetry Forever Society.

The people at the Poetry Forever Society said they
couldn't print it.

They said they didn't have time.

They said the end of the world is at hand.

I assume they are talking about Prohibition.

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



A Slice of Life From the Golfing Course

At one point in his highly acclaimed film, "Annie Hall," Woody Allen says, "Don't knock masturbation—it's sex with someone I love."

Which reminds us of a true story and a pretty good squelch. Two men, Muck and Meyer, were regular weekend opponents at golf. (That's not their real names—their real names were O'Shaughnessy and Dangerfield). They played about equally well or equally rotten so games were usually close. Muck was a loud and boastful type who always bragged about what he was going to do or what he had done. Meyer was the quiet sort who would rather let his clubs speak for him and since he was your average Sunday hacker, his clubs didn't speak very loud.

Muck was a needler who would try to distract an opponent any way possible. Somewhere he heard the word "homosexual" which was about three syllables longer than his usual vocabulary equipment.

So one Sunday morn at the 16th tee of a neck-and-neck match he bellowed, loud enough for all to hear, "Meyer, you're a homosexual!"

Meyer played it cool. He didn't break a three-iron over his tormentor's skull. He said quietly, "When I get home I'm going to look that word up in the dictionary and if it means what I think it does, I'll punch you right in the nose!"

The next weekend the regular foursome was out there. No mention was made of Muck's gay riposte of the preceding week. Until the 18th green when Muck was lining up a crucial putt which could win for his

side. Meyer said quietly, "I got out the dictionary and looked up that name you called me last week. Muck, you are a homosexual! That's a person who loves somebody of the same sex and you do that—you love yourself best of all!"

Muck blew the putt.

... And So They Had a Clanking Orgasm

A buddy of ours is always saying, "A dirty mind is a constant feast." And he must be dining regularly because damn near everything reminds him of you-know-what. For instance, the other day as he was walking past a structure on Sixth Avenue in Manhattan known as the American Metal's Climax Building he said, "That name always makes me think of robots fucking."

Lawmakers Take Away Massage Merriment

A good many of us have never actually been customers at a massage parlor. There could be a number of reason for this including (1) no parlors nearby; (2) we are too shy; (3) we don't need a massage; (4) we can't afford it; (5) we're getting enough elsewhere for free.

But we've all had the jollies of

looking at the ads and flingers from these establishments and admiring the buxom bosoms and zoftic torsos of the masseuses. We could dream about how thrilling it would be to be fingered by Francine or kneaded by Nicole. Now even that simple pleasure is to be denied us.

New legislation in New York State forbids the use of sexy photos and outlaws phrases such as "thrill of a lifetime." They want to turn massage parlors into something like a Sunday School picnic. Actually they want to turn it into less than that; an enterprising young fellow could always do himself some good at a Sunday School picnic.

Wild Kingdom News About Long Neckers

Female giraffes are so uninterested in sex that they occasionally just walk away during the act, allowing the male to crash to the ground. (From "It's an Odd World" by Paul Stirling Hagerman).

Our expert on tall animals and tall girls notes, "I think this is hilarious. I've known some women like that, but it's funnier with giraffes."

What's in a Name?

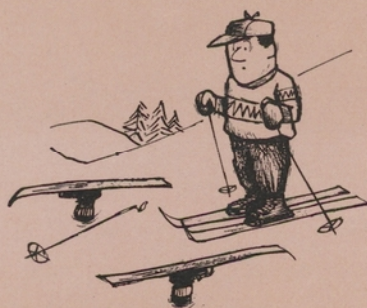
—A Fairy Story, Sort of

Once upon a time there was a basketball team in Gaylord, Minn., called the Gays. In fact, they had been innocently and happily living with that nickname for a good many seasons. Then in the Year of Our Lord and Anita Bryant, 1977, the players voted unanimously to rid themselves of that tag. "For the obvious reasons," said Manager Bill Walsh but he didn't elaborate.

Were sports writers referring to

(continued on page 53)

GEM 21







COCO

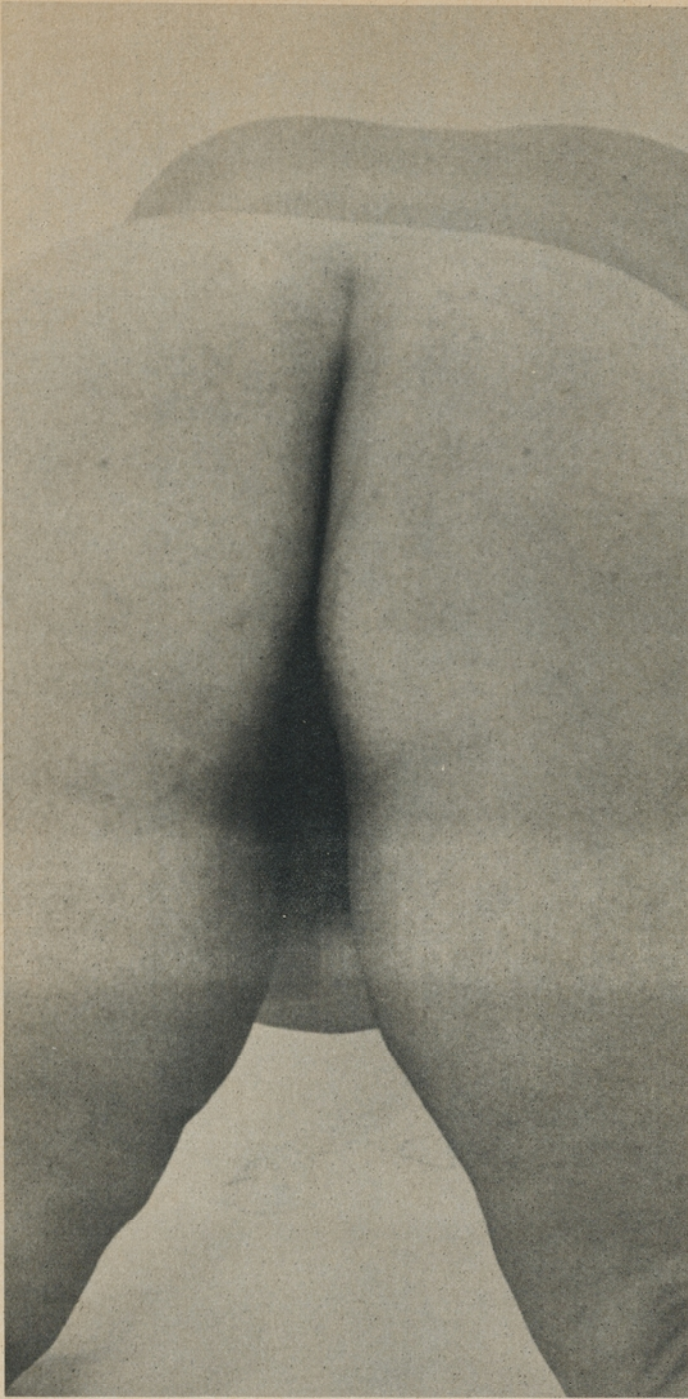
Once a year we make a field trip through our southern states, searching for new Big-Up-Front talent to delight our descriminating readers. While returning from this summer's excursion, we passed through the town of Sour Creek, Georgia. Having worked up a mighty appetite from our arduous labors, we pulled into a filling station and asked the attendant where we might find some good grub.

"Well," he said, "you'll be wanting to go down to Big Mama's, if you're looking for some serious eating . . ." He gave us some





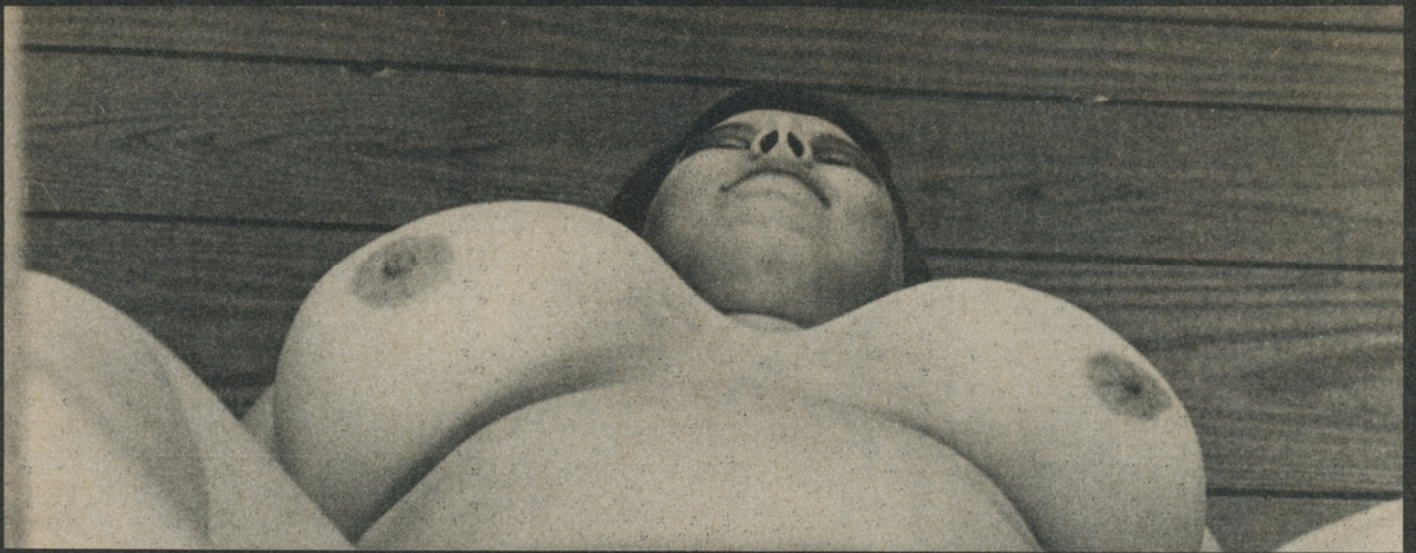
rather involved directions, sending us off into the boondocks. We were sure we were lost when a neon sign announcing "Big Mama's Pancake House" appeared ahead. Our stomachs growled in anticipation of some home-cooked southern food. We pulled up and went in, taking a booth. When Big Mama herself appeared to take our order, our eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. As our orbs devoured her bulging bustline, we knew we had found yet another super sensational BUF champion to please our fans.



Coco, or "Big Mama," as she prefers to be called, does a booming business down in Sour Creek, and is planning to open a chain of restaurants from coast to coast. "I bet you they could go for some real Southern-style cooking up North," she said. "Lots of folks come in here asking for my recipes for fried chicken, greens and sweet potato pudding, but I ain't talking."

When Coco branches out, she plans to have all her waitresses wear her trademark, Aunt Jemima-style bandanas. And she promises that





all her employees, from New York to California, will exude good old-fashioned Southern hospitality. We only hope that all

of Coco's girls will sport the magnificent mammoth mammaries that she herself possesses. □





WHAT A WAY TO GO!



Sam believed that if he concentrated hard enough, he could

Sam Jensen sat on his living room couch, eyes closed and legs crossed, concentrating. He'd read somewhere once that concentration was the key to success, that if you concentrated hard enough you could get anything you wanted. What Sam wanted was to get laid. So he concentrated.

His wife had been gone nearly a week. When she'd decided to visit her mother, Sam had seen it as a golden opportunity, a chance for some extracurricular hanky-panky. He wouldn't dare fool around on Alice while she was anywhere within a 500 mile radius of home, but her mother lived in California, almost 2,000 miles away. He felt reasonably safe.

He squeezed his eyes more tightly together and tried to shut off outside distractions. Alice would be home in two more days, and that lent a certain urgency to his task. If he was going to score, it had better be soon.

A loud pounding at his front door jolted him from his trance-like state. He carefully uncrossed his legs, which were numb from the unaccustomed semi-lotus position, stood up, staggered to the front door, and opened it.

by Chet Novicki



get anything he wanted—and he wanted a willing female

Standing on his front porch, clad in a revealing, silver-colored mini-dress, was the most beautiful, big-breasted, slim-waisted, voluptuously-assed young lady that Sam had ever seen. It works, he thought to himself. If you concentrate hard enough, you can get anything you want. Even—

"Hello. I'm Thojan," said the girl. She smiled mysteriously at Sam.

"Come in, come in," he said enthusiastically.

"I have a problem with my vehicle," she said, walking past him into the room.

Sam glanced at his watch. "It's after midnight," he said. "All the garages out this way are closed by now. I guess you'll have to spend the night here and in the morning I'll help you get it fixed."

"That is acceptable," Thojan said, once again beaming her mysterious smile at him.

Sam nearly jumped for joy. Concentration. Wonderful, wonderful concentration! Thojan sat down on the couch and stared at him intently for several seconds. Sam was slightly unnerved. It was almost as if she were reading his mind. "Your

(continued on page 58)



"These are a great bargain—and they match your hair."

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:

Latest novelty to attract the opposite sex (for sex?) is a "Mental Block" pendant worn around the neck. "No need to hide your phobia," says Paul Horovitz of Adrian, the designer. "You can flaunt your phobias by writing 'em on a slip of paper and inserting it in your "Mental Block." The accompanying booklet lists over 200 phobias, such as Fear of giving in to aphrodisiacs, Fear of being put down by a smartass, Fear of Stepping into do-do (Canusdropiphobia), Fear of wearing string bikini, Fear of the naked boyd, Fear of very large breasts, Fear of intercourse (Coitphobia), etc. Fear not of being unable to acquire "My Mental Block"—try any dept., novelty or stationery store.

In "Fellini's Casanova," Donald Sutherland as Giovanni Casanova, is lured to the island estate of the French Ambassador to Venice by a saucy young nun who doesn't seem to be able to kick the habit. The French diplomat has put the place at her disposal, provided he may watch through a secret peephole. Casanova lives up to his reputation and performs spectacularly. In another episode a French noblewoman of advanced age tells him that her occult voices tell her that she will gain immortality if he will impregnate her. At the moment of birth, her soul will pass on to their son and she will live on as a man for all eternity. Less interested in the treasure she offers him than in the sexual challenge, he performs with



Poster and photo from the French film, "C'est La Vie Rose" [United Film Enterprises] which pays homage to famed artist Marcel Duchamps and deals with an actress who challenges prospective lovers to a chess game—winner to take all.



the aid of his brother's nubile young wife. While penetrating the oldster he maintains his stiffness by concentrating on the young girl's wiggling bare derriere. In an ultra-bizarre scene, at a German ruler's court, Casanova is shown a beautiful, life-size mechanical doll. At night he returns to the doll's chamber, "awakens" her, dances with her, then beds her just like any other conquest.

"Harlis," a kinky, gothic she-she film was the wow of the *Berlin Now* series at NYC's Carnegie Hall Cinema. With touches of decadence of the German '20's and '30's films, and a close cousin of "Cabaret," the action concerns Harlis and Pera, two girlfriends who work as revue dancers in a Womens Club. They're also lovers, and when blond Harlis feels an attraction for a male suitor, a furious row ensues. "I can't imagine a girl like you would ever make love to a man," screams Pera, who is played by Gabi Larifari, a Warhol-type superstar of the Berlin underground film scene. When Harlis has sex for the first time with her male lover at the girls' boarding house, its female residents listen en masse to her heavy breathing and moaning. When Harlis moves to her guy's elegant apartment, his brother catches her making love to Pera, grins and ties the two naked girls up with wire so his brother will find them in the same position. This lesbian flick ends with the heterosexual marriage of the hero's brother and a domineering businesswomen who bears a great similarity to the young Ava Gardner. The marriage ends with murder on the wedding night: "You've got a cash register between your legs," snarls the groom before he strangles her.

Psychologist Marvin B. Sussman, Case Western Reserve U., Cleveland, has compiled a list of over 1,500 recent odd and bizarre marriage contracts which have replaced

Cambist Film's "Swedish Minx" proclaims itself to be "delightfully indecent." It stars the sensational Brigitte Maier and well-known Harry Reems, who in the top pix, seems to be doing some heavy thinking. [About which gal to take on next?] No, photography fans, that is not a box camera the chap on the beach is using. And if you're wondering what everyone is looking down at in the bottom pix, we'll give you a hint: it's a naked fellow and an equally bare girl—and they're definitely not wrestling



traditional ones. Sample clauses: "Both parties agree to avoid using the words 'married to, married, wife, husband,' and other *derogatory* terms." And: "Husband promises to lift the toilet seat before urinating."

Kenneth Anger's book, "Hollywood Babylon," (Straight Arrow Books) tells the story of a famous movie director who was killed along with his 14-year-old paramour while trying to drive an automobile and commit a homosexual act at the same time.

After two years in a downtown NYC loft, "The Project," a soft-core presentation of sexual fantasies has finally moved to a Broadway theatre, complete with its willowy blonde star and originator, Leil Lownes. Among stand-out fantasies: a schoolteacher who seduces a pupil, then is caught in the act by the school principal and immediately punished with 12 whistling strokes of a thin, pliant cane on her milky white bottom; two "nurses" who participate in a guy's fantasy to be shrunk to the height of just a few inches and then to be "returned to the womb." Once a week the show has amateur night with audience members encouraged to act out their fantasies on stage. Currently popular are spanking, female wrestling, and food-kissing and tickling.

Omnibus, Providence, R.I. gives you quite a ride when it comes to suggestive, erotic jewelry. One of their pieces is a heartshaped pendant with a camel superimposed. Good for 2 humps, possibly?

In his book, "Sex Can Save Your Heart and Life", Dr. Eugene Scheinmann mostly has positive things to say but he does give a list of "men who should not commit adultery." High on the list: men who weigh 20 per cent over their correct weight, as set on a doctor's chart or an insurance table.



Erotic nudes, sharp-beaked winged creatures and strange figures are prominent in the "fantastic realism" art of young Austrian Peter Proksch shown at NY's Austrian Institute and David Findlay Gallery.



"Enchanted Island"



MAY

We were sitting around the office, wondering how to kick off the new year, when our good buddy Alexis rang up and told us to drop everything and head straight for the tennis club, where he'd just discovered a fantastic new doubles partner who would really knock us out. We grabbed our tennis gear and



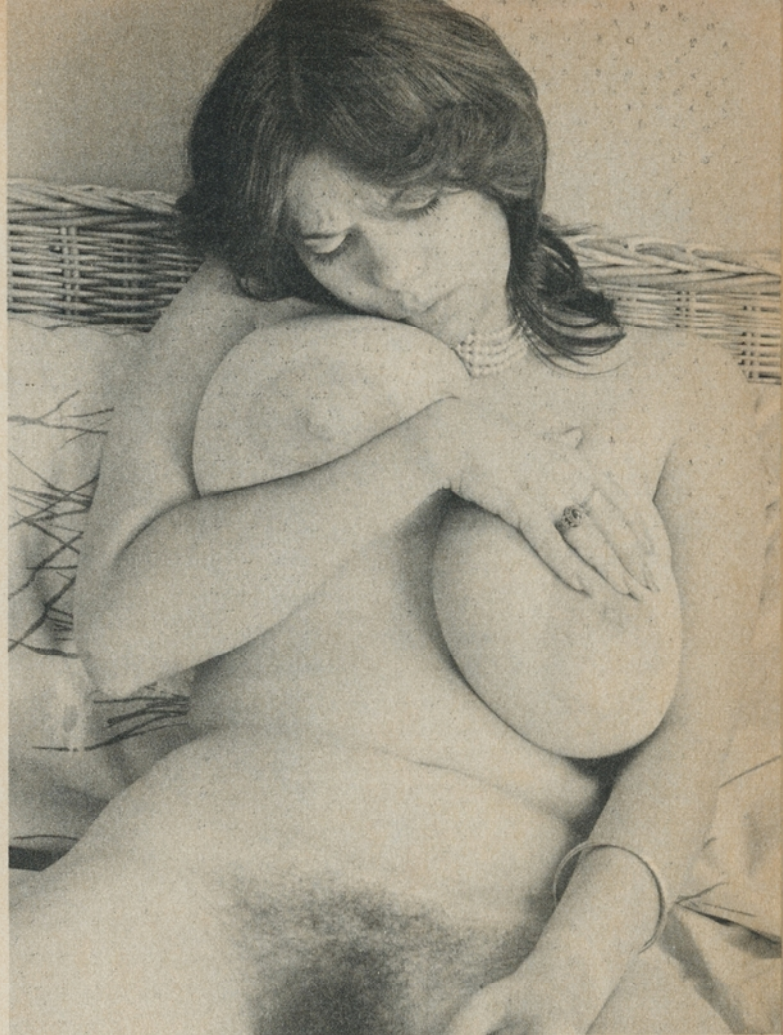


Gem of the Month









hopped in a cab, eager to loosen up with a good set. When we finally arrived, the full import of Alexis' words was made clear, for his new-found companion, May, was a Big-Up-Front babe with a truly remarkable set of her own. Our hearts did flip-flops as we gazed upon her magnificent mammoth mammaries. Needless to say, we forgot all about tennis and





went to work persuading the fair damsel to grace our pages with her mind-boggling physique.

It was only after May consented to pose for us that we finally made it on to the courts. In a doubles game in which Alexis and May were pitted against our photographer and yours truly, May demonstrated a powerful serve, a wicked backhand and a devastating forehand. In other words, she creamed us. The match ended in a love game in which we scored few points. (Later when we tried to score with her again, she demonstrated her backhand once again, catching us squarely in the jaw).

Even if we didn't score with May, we're still

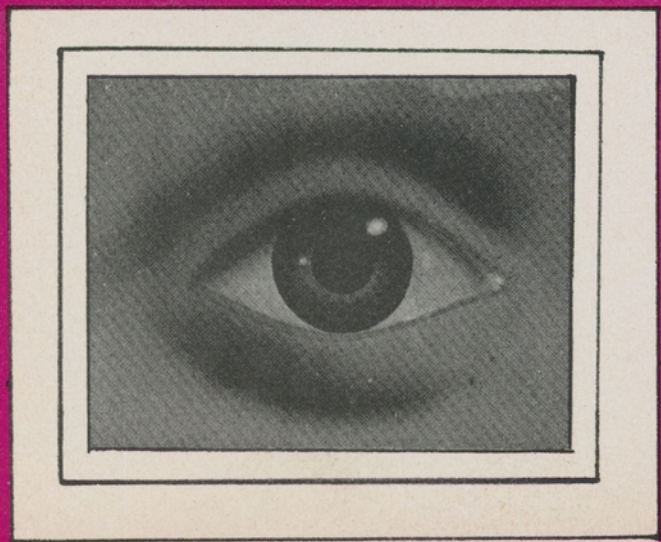
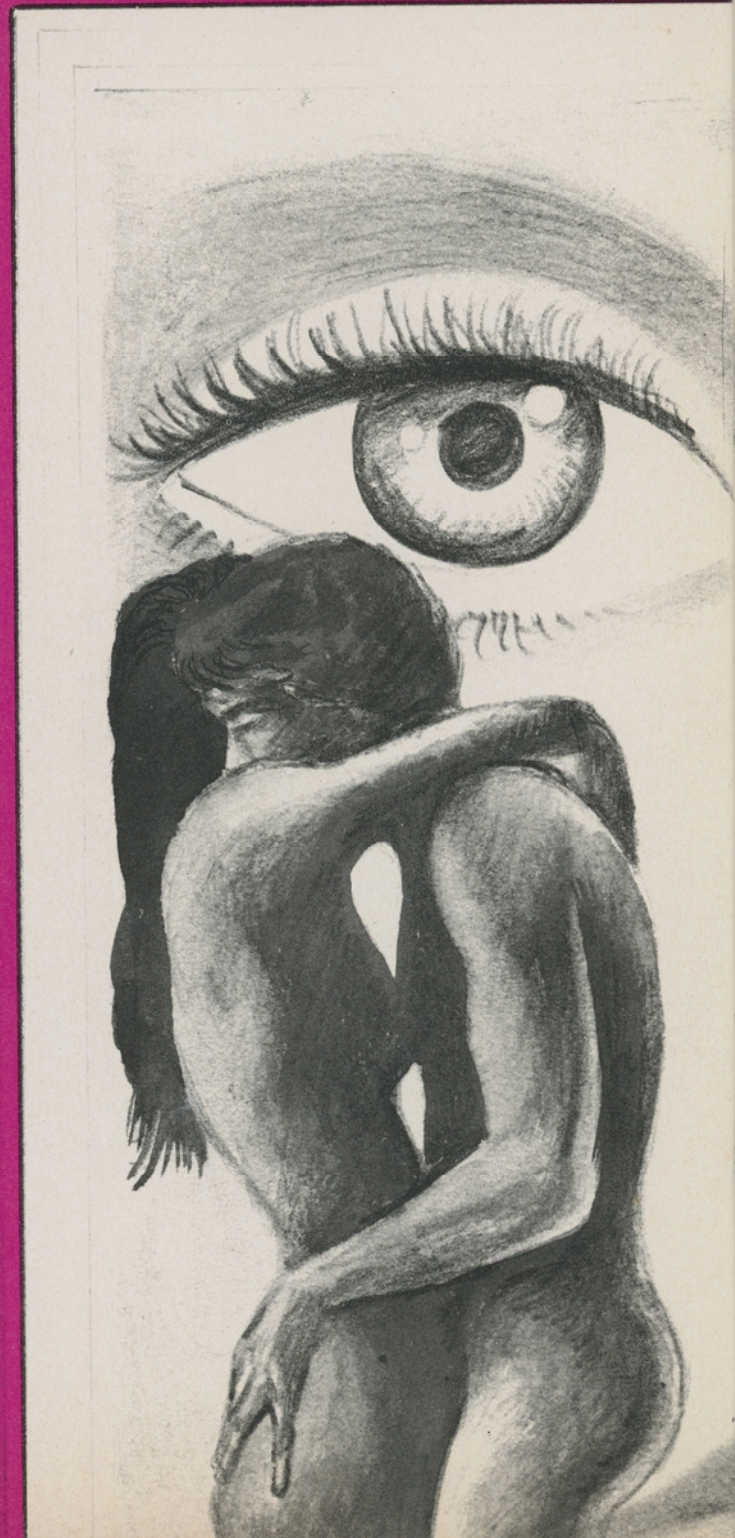
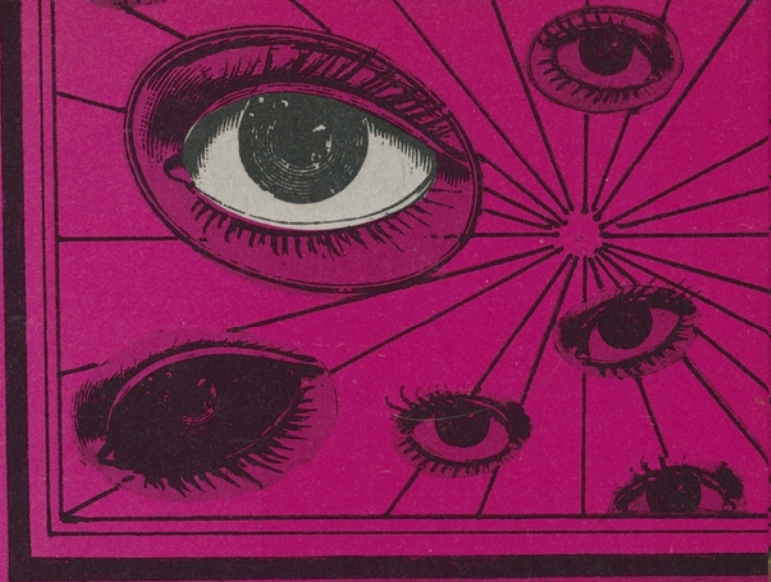


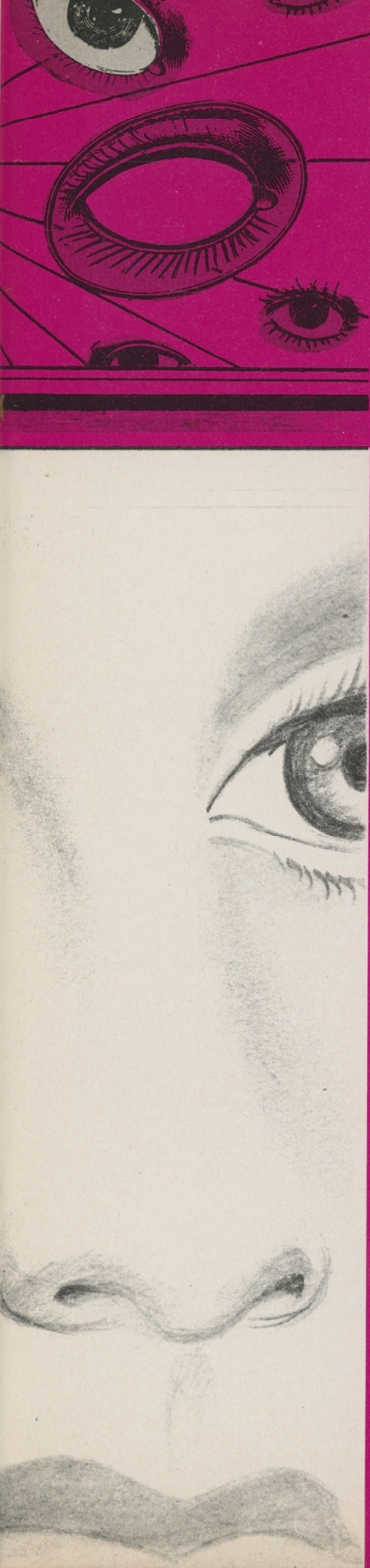


madly in love with her mouth-watering BUF doubles. In fact, we've made her 1978's first inductee into the exclusive BUF Hall of Fame. We can think of no better way of starting off

the new year than settling back and perusing these revealing pics of May. It's plain to see why we raise a racket over this sexy tennis player and new star in the Big-Up-Front galaxy. □







He looked into the girl's strange eye and almost against his will he found he was being snatched deeper and deeper into a chasm-like vortex of complete eroticism

THE EYES HAVE IT!

by Felix Levin

At precisely 9:11 a.m. one Friday, I arrived at Bill Burrow's office. I know it was exactly 9:11 because the receptionist told me I was late.

"Too bad it's not 7:11 instead of 9:11," she said. "Or aren't you a gambling man?"

The she turned around.

My smile quickly vanished when I saw her face. She had a lovely blue eye, but my attention was drawn to the whole, where the other eye should have been.

"Oh, it's really nothing," she said, shrugging it off like I'd noticed an ingrown hair on her elbow.

"Um . . ." I said, feeling my face redden. "How long do you suppose Mr. Burrows will be tied up," I asked, not wanting to look at that hideous eye, but not wanting to seem to obvious that I was trying awfully hard not to look at it.

"He'll be ready as soon as he's through with his long distance phone call," she said.

"It's okay, really," she said, pointing to that eye. "By the way, did anyone ever tell you you have nice earlobes?"

Why yes, as a matter of fact, several women."

I temporarily forgot her socket as I noticed those fine looking legs she was parading around on. They were long and shapely. Actually her whole body was remarkable. She wore no bra under the white tee shirt and her nipples reminded me of big raisins sitting on top of bouncing melons.

"Hey, would you be interested in going to a party tonight," she asked.

I admired the confident way she dealt with her handicap, but I was nevertheless, repulsed. I don't like to think of myself as a bigot, but here I was with an opportunity for some easy ass, and I was completely turned off. Now what if that were me, with one eye? I suppose I could have covered it with a black silk patch and look dashing. I might even appeal to those women with the latent pirate fantasies, the ones who liked to be tied, then brutally, and forcefully fucked. But hell, she could have bought a patch, an artificial eye, or glasses. Something to cover that hole. Why it just looked . . . obscene. An orifice on the face, staring. A

(continued on page 69)





BEDDER THAN EVER

by Buck Tracy

A maiden lady found a burglar hiding under her bed in a motel room. It upset her so much that her stomach was on the bum all night.

A husband came home early one afternoon to find a naked stranger reclining on the bed with his nude wife, astride him pumping, her breast bouncing. The husband grabbed a revolver from a desk drawer and shouted, "You S.O.B., I'm going to kill you right now!"

"No, Charlie, no," screamed his wife. "Don't shoot him. Give him . . . another few seconds!"

The inventor of the waterbed should be very happy—millions are being made on it.

A public opinion poll was conducted recently to learn why men get out of bed in the middle of the night. It was learned that 5 percent get up to go to the john, 10 percent go to the refrigerator to get something to eat. The other 85 percent get out of bed to go home.

Sleepy newlyweds, it has been found, often cannot stay awake for a second.

Then there was the aging husband who told his young bride: "After I get up in the morning and shave and

shower, I feel ten years younger." And the wife suggested: "Why don't you try shaving and showering before you go to bed?"

Then there was the blonde sexpot who bragged that her husband had never found a stranger in her bed—they were all his friends.

Have you heard about the absent-minded chambermaid who made the hotel guest without disturbing the bed?"

A popular prostitute nails one of her shoes over her bed—she calls it her "lucky whore-shoe."

Twin beds should have a little bell beside each one. If you wish company, ring the bell. If there's no answer, go to your mate's bed and ask, "Did you ring?"

In apple pie, it's good taste;
In jogging, it's stamina;
In a hammock, it's impossible!

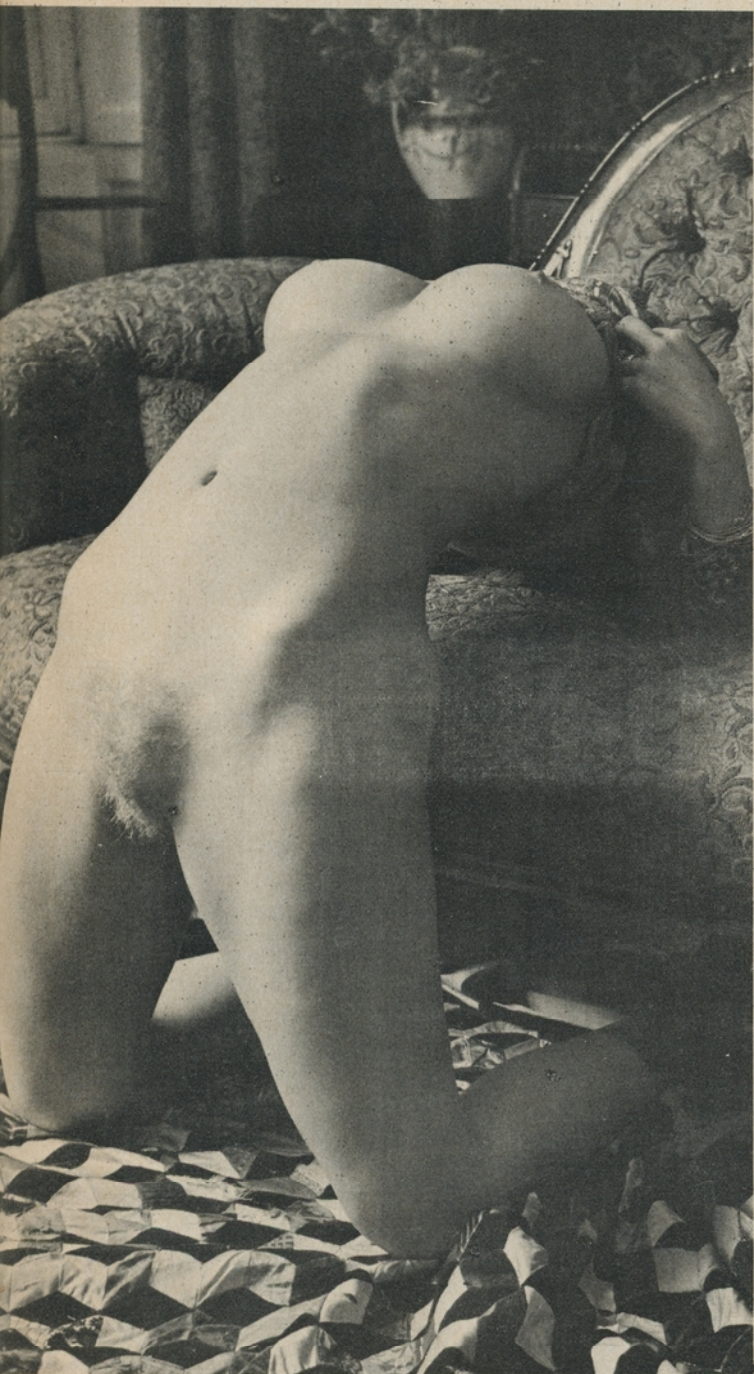
Many couples prefer a double bed because when they use twin types they wear out the rug between them, running back and forth.



JENNIFER

Lots of guys have written in recently wondering why so many of the spectacular

BUF standouts featured in GEM and The BUF SWINGER are guitar players and bluegrass and country musicians. Years of experience have taught us that big boobs and hot licks just naturally go together. On countless occasions we've run across a previously undiscovered



Big-Up-Front champion only to find that she's an accomplished picker. At a loss to explain this amazing phenomenon, we went to great expense to hire a team of professional researchers and scientists to investigate what we feel is this country's most pressing



question. The monumental study should take a year to complete. We certainly hope it will shed some new light on a subject that has been puzzling Western man for many years.

The alluring young lass you now see before you is typical of the pattern we speak of. Discovered at a bluegrass jam session at New

York's South Street Seaport, Jennifer is a terror on the five-string banjo, and is one of the New York folk scene's most popular pickers. She counts Butch Robbins and Bill Emerson as her main influences. She's been getting into jazz as of late, and has begun studying guitar with one of the Big Apple's undiscovered be-bop







giants, Max Block. "Max and I have a reciprocal relationship going. He's teaching me chord solos and I'm teaching him clawhammer banjo. I think he's got a real feel for old-time country music. He's trading his

D'Angelico A-1 for an old Mastertone banjo of mine."

We have a real feel for wonderful Jennifer. We can't even play a simple tune, but we'd sure like to make sweet music with her. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

their circuit clouts as "homo runs?" Did fans say they were suckers for a fast ball? Were there snide remarks about sods on the astroturf?

In any case, they are now the Gaylord Islanders, we wish 'em luck and hope Anita is gracious enough to go out and sing the National Anthem before one of their games. (And let us hope she doesn't have a slip of the tongue and start it out, "Oh, Gay Can You See?")

Of course, Islanders is a decent name. But they could have called themselves the Gaylord Lords. Then their centerfielder would be Lord of the Flies.

Why Shouldn't Boozers Admire Bare Boobs?

Headline writers of the *New York Daily News* are often better gagmen than those who supply Johnny Carson, Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller and

other funny folk of show biz. Exotic dancers in Buffalo, N.Y., banded together to fight a new state law that would prohibit topless performances in places that have liquor licenses. Above the story, *The News* had this heading:

Topless Dancers Bare Plan
Say Law Calls Their Buff

"Be Prepared," Scouts—And Help Young Ladies, Too

In Florida there is a Boy Scout Troop and a Girl Scout Troop in a Nudist Camp. So where do you pin the merit badges?

What Would You Trade For Seattle Slew?

"Virgin" isn't really a dirty word; it just seems so sometime in today's world. Muriel Segal goes into the subject in her book, "Virgins: Reluctant, Dubious and Avowed." What price virginity? The Bible says a virtuous woman has a price beyond rubies. Muriel says she's worth two

horses. She cites the ledger of a 16th century merchant listing traditional gifts to a Sultan including two elephants, one chest of sable furs, one emerald and *either* ten fair-haired virgins or twenty Arabian horses.

Overweight Whores Upset Editorial Writer

"We must have some of the heaviest and homeliest hookers in the country!"

Is that a nice thing to say about sweet girls who are only trying to make an honest living? No way! But the *Columbus Citizen Journal* said just that in an editorial. It seems that Columbus got a reputation for being easy on prostitution and that brought an influx of street-walkers from New York and elsewhere.

The editorial writer thinks whoring is immoral; and moreso if the prosties are ugly.

In all fairness one must ask Columbus: Are your Johns all handsome?



"I've never been gangbanged by one guy before."





His wealthy wife talked so much to her plants, her husband figured she was going potty, which was the berries for him

PLANTED EVIDENCE

by Bosley Wooster

"My wife talks to her flowers and plants," said Mr. Blake before taking another sip of his Scotch-on-the-rocks.

"A harmless pursuit, I should think," said the urbane Private Eye. "Many people do so in the belief that their flora thrive when kindly conversation assures them they are loved and wanted. In fact, an eminent psychologist reports that such plants do grow better because people who talk to them give them better care—water them regularly, see that they get proper lighting, pick beetles off their leaves, etcetera, etcetera as the King of Siam was wont to remark."

"You don't raise plants, do you?"

"Can't say I do."

"That's good. You'd talk 'em to death."

A mild chuckle came from the private eye. He was amused, not abused. He and Mr. Blake were longtime pals and small insults were their bag. He sipped his official private eye drink, straight bourbon, and looked at his friend with a twinkle. "Dear comrade, I'm sure you didn't lure me into this den of iniquity merely to discuss vegetation. What foul plot have you afoot?"

Mr. Blake looked around, furtively. Several standees were a few places away, the bartender was in his far corner studying a Racing Form and the booth couples were out of earshot unless you yelled. "I want a plant to talk back to my wife," whispered Mr. Blake.

Of course, the urbane private eye was not non-plussed by such a suggestion. He knew his companion's relish for practical jokes and his own expertise about bugging, tape-recording and hidden speakers made the whole idea feasible. He explained that rigging a rhododendron to talk would be costly, but his pal airily waved that away with a "spare no expense" gesture.

Finally it was decided that the Christmas cactus, perhaps Betty Anne Blake's favorite plant, should be the one to talk back. A device under a floor board would activate a recorded response, perhaps, "Thank you and have a good day." Suggestions that the plant should sing "In the Garden of Love" and/or "Roses Are Blooming In Picardy" were vetoed as wiser heads prevailed. (continued)

The private eye was given a house key and told when the coast would be clear.

Mr. Blake left the bar feeling quite uplifted after his several doses of Scotch-on-the-rocks. He hadn't told his old pal of his main plan which was not a joke at all. He really wanted to get his wife Betty Anne confused. And, possibly, confined—and not in a maternity ward.

The Blake marriage was in trouble on account of that nasty, old eternal triangle. The triangle, in this case, consisted of him, her and her money. He was in love with her money. The love was unrequited.

Betty Anne was one of those soft, plump, fuzzy-minded women who can't remember whether Washington is A.C. or D.C. She thought detente was what the boy scouts slept under. She quit watching Sesame Street when she realized it was over her head. But, though she had trouble counting small change, she had a firm grasp of larger finance. Her grip on her huge inherited fortune was the grip of steel. Mr. Blake had never been able to pry any of it loose.

When she turned him down on his requests to dip into her capital for sensational stock market investments, wonderful bargains in South American real estate or the simple purchase of a pair of his-and-her automobiles, widely recommended on TV game shows, she would pat his hand and say, "No, Daddy told me I should always keep my bank account right in there for my old age. That means for *our* old age, sweetums."

It was maddening. Such a dumb, stupid woman to be in charge of all that bread!

But now he had figured out a way to get her declared incompetent. Maybe she wouldn't be sent to the looney bin. He didn't really care. All he wanted was that he should be put in charge of her wealth, which would surely happen as soon as she started

telling people her flowers talked back to her.

Things worked out as he planned, to a certain extent. A few days later when he came home, his wife said, "I was talking to the Christmas cactus today."

"Ah? Did you tell it about the stock market—or was it the Mets this time?"

"It talked back."

"What?" He feigned surprise. "Ha, you're kidding!"

"No, I'm not kidding. It talked. You have ridiculed me for talking to my plants, for saying that they were sensitive to human relations. Naturally I expect you to be cynical about this experience."

He protested. He said he would never ridicule her. He urged her to lie down.

"Don't baby me," she said. "The Christmas cactus *did* talk. It told me how much it appreciated me as a true friend. And it said it was a shame the way my husband was cheating on me. It mentioned how you and that bitch, Flossie Golden, were shamelessly necking during our last cocktail party. And how you made a date later to meet her at Topp's Motel!"



Blake blanched, if people still blanch these days. Then, as his wife flounced off to her room he made a beeline for the office of his "friend," the private eye.

"I ought to punch you right in the nose!" he cried.

"Tut. Restrain yourself. You know very well I am too urbane to engage in fisticuffs," said the urbane private eye.

"Well, your lousy urbane sense of humor has got me in a lot of trouble. Did you think it would be humorous to rig that cactus plant to sound off about Flossie Golden and me at Topp's Motel?"

"What?"

"Don't act innocent. Your little joke with your hidden speakers and woofers has caused my wife to go see her lawyers. When they check up on Flossie and me it's goodbye fortune."

The urbane private eye seemed to be non-plussed. In fact, he *was* non-plussed. After a moment to regain his composure, he asked, "You say the plants talked back?"

"They did."

"And leaked your indiscretions?"

"They did. And I must say it was rotten of you to put all that stuff in your tales, even for a gag and . . ."

"Hold!" said the urbane private eye, urbane. "You labor under a misapprehension. I have been bedded this past week with pneumonia. I never able to get to your house to sneak in any speakers under the Christmas Cactus or any other plants. If they are speaking, they do it on their own, with no help from me or electronics."

"You mean?"

"I mean."

"You're not kidding?"

"I'm not kidding."

Mr. Blake fainted dead away.

He is now one of the least violent patients in the sanitarium. As long as they keep him away from the greenhouse. □

VICE VERSE

by Edgar Allen Poet



While it's fun and games feeling a frail,
That's just the mere start of our tale.
Shun commercial allure;
Pick a hot amateur—
They beat babes who have it for sale.

Said a mystified minx named McNace,
"The prudes claim that all sex is base.
While the motions are silly,
The kick's a diddy was dilly!
And what's better to be done in its place?"

A weary bride, poor little fluff . . .
Sighed, "Married life's certainly rough!
I know by now, Cyril,
You're tireless and virile
But seventeen times is enough!"

There was a young man from Tahiti
Who went for a swim with his sweetie,
And as he pursued her
A blind or queer barracuda
Chomped off his masculinity.



An overripe lady named Manon
Said, "Anyone casually plannon
To do sex with me
Will smirk and say, "She
Was shot in the crotch with a cannon!"

There once was a lady hand-letterer
Who thought of a program to better her.
She hand-lettered each
Of the parts she could reach
The bosoms, the navel, et cetera.

To the banker his stenographer said,
"Today we ain't hitting no bed.
You can make like a jack
When I'm in the black,
But today my account's in the red!"

As her globular tits bared to view,
A drooling young guy hollered, "Whew!
They are such a delight
To my bug-eyed sight,
I regret that you have just the two!"



WHAT A WAY TO GO!

continued from page 29

wife is situated elsewhere, is that not so?" she said at last.

"Yeah, that's right. In California. How'd you know that?"

"And you have been desiring female companionship. Is this also correct?"

"Yeah, but . . ."

"I am here to provide that companionship," Thojan said.

"I think we'd better talk first," said Sam. He sat down beside her on the couch.

"What is it you wish to discuss?"

"Well, you seem to know an awful lot about me. For a stanger, I mean, I was thinking that maybe this is

some kind of joke. Maybe some of the guys at the office got together and . . ."

"It is not a joke. I am acquainted with no one at 'the office.'"

Sam sank back against the couch, disappointed. He knew concentration couldn't be *this* effective. Maybe he was dreaming. Sure. That was it. He'd had his eyes closed while he was concentrating and he'd fallen asleep.

"You are not dreaming," said Thojan.

A sudden chill swept over Sam, causing the hair at the naps of his neck to bristle. "How'd you know what I was thinking?" he demanded.

"I have the ability to see your thoughts."

"Aw, c'mon . . ."

"It is true. My people all have this ability."

"What are you, a gypsy or something?"

Thojan laughed. "I am from far away."

"This is kinda spooky," said Sam.

"Do not be afraid. I will not harm you."

"Yeah, but . . ."

"Do you find me attractive?"

"Oh, sure. You're beautiful. It's just that . . ."

"And do you not wish to have relations with me?"

"Relations?"

"Of a sexual nature."

Sam swallowed hard. Something was wrong here, he knew that. Wishes didn't really come true, at least not this easily. That was fairy tale stuff.

Thojan stood up and stared steadily at Sam for several seconds. Then she flashed her mysterious smile and offered him her hand. "Come, Samuel," she said. "You will show me where you sleep."

A calm descended over Sam and he no longer felt afraid of the girl. He was being silly, he decided. She was a willing, beautiful bed-partner—exactly what he needed to last him until the next time Alice went to visit her mother. He was wasting time.

"It's in here," he said.

Several hours later, an exhausted Sam Jensen rolled over and lit a cigarette. "You're terrific, Thojan," he said. "The best! I never knew sex could be that good."

"You are most kind," Thojan said. "and you, Samuel, also are very, very good. I am more than satisfied."

"I wish I had a million, just like you," Sam said.

"Surely, Samuel, a million like me would exceed your capabilities, would it not?"

"Yeah. But what a way to go! I'd die happy."

"And what of your wife?"

"Alice? You gotta be kidding. A million girls like you against Alice?" He chuckled. "Sorry, Alice."

continued



"Er . . . hello, dear!"

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"Come, Samuel. It is time to leave," said Thojan.

"Leave? Now? It's four A.M."

"I must leave before the light comes."

"What are you, a vampire?" Sam felt the cold chill coming over him again.

Thojan was already out of bed, putting on her dress. "Did you not promise to repair my problem?" she said.

"Yeah, but . . ."

"And did you not express a desire to have access to a million girls like me?"

"Well, sure, but . . ."

"Then, we are in agreement?"

"Yeah, I guess so, but . . ."

"Our contract therefore is valid."

"What in hell are you talking about, Thojan?"

"It is very simple, really. On my planet . . ."

"Oh, Christ! I knew it! I knew there was something strange about you! About all this!"

"On my planet," continued Thojan, "there are no men. And without men, we cannot, of course, reproduce. Therefore, we import men from other planets for breeding purposes."

"Oh, God, no! It can't be true. Why aren't there any men on your planet?"

"I do not know. Thousands of years ago there were men, but now there are not. Perhaps they failed to adapt."

"No men at all?"

"None of indigenous origin. There are breeders, of course, like you will become, but they do not live long. Only a few months at best."

"I'm going to be a breeder?"

"That is correct. I am what you call a 'talent scout.' I search the universe for men suitable for breeding purposes. Men like you, Samuel."

"Oh, no. Not me. Not me!"

"We have a contract, Samuel. I informed you truthfully in all matters, and . . ."

"No! You lied to me when you

came to the door. You said you had car trouble!"

"I believe I informed you that I had a problem with my vehicle," said Thojan.

"Whatever. It was a lie. You tricked me!"

"I spoke the truth. The problem was that my vehicle was devoid of men. I am to return soon, and I must have something to show for my time away from home. And now I have you, Samuel."

"No! Why me? Why did you choose me?"

"Because of your desire. Tonight, when I decided to make my final decision, millions of men, all over this world of yours, were having thoughts similar to your own."

"You mean they wanted to get laid?"

"Colloquially expressed, but entirely accurate."

"Then why pick me?"

"Because you, Samuel, expressed that desire more strongly than the others."

"I was concentrating."

"I am aware of that fact. It simplified my finding you."

"I don't believe it," said Sam. "It's a joke, right? Tell me it's a joke."

"It is no joke, Samuel. You will return with me to my planet. There you will have your choice from among the most lovely women in the universe. You will be clothed, housed, fed and treated as royalty. You will have a quantity of sex beyond your imagination."

"And then I'll die, right?"

"Everyone dies, Samuel."

"Look," said Sam with a nervous giggle. "I'm just an ordinary guy. Maybe I did okay earlier, but that's just because this was something special. Ordinarily, I'm good for one, two times a week. You don't want me. You want some super-stud."

"It is the desire which is of importance," said Thojan. "We have at our disposal drugs which will make each of your encounters 'something special.' You will be constantly

aroused, continually able to perform. Now come. It will be light soon. We must leave."

"No! I refuse. I won't go!"

Thojan flashed her mysterious smile and stared intently at Sam for several seconds. Then she said, "Come. You will do as I say."

The same peaceful, calm feeling that Sam had felt earlier swept over him again. He looked at Thojan. She was only trying to be helpful—trying to fulfill his wish. Besides, he'd said it himself, just a short while ago. *What a way to go!*

He smiled to himself, got out of bed and began dressing for the trip.

SEXTRACURRICULAR

continued from page 17

charge them more, not because I'm a snob, but because they can afford more. It's kind of like socialized medicine." It was no coincidence that this coed was majoring in political science.

Where no newspaper outlet exists, the girls find other ways to advertise. Sometimes they use the bulletin boards found in the college bookstore or student union. A typical file-card ad says: "Coed seeks temporary roommate to meet expenses." The key words are "temporary" and "expenses."

But perhaps the most sure-fire way is to locate the favorite campus hangout and belly up to the bar. A few beers with the boys, and someone is always willing to offer the appropriate direction. Sometimes the bartender himself, who is usually a moonlighting student, will point the way. He may do it because he's a naturally helpful guy, but often he gets commission of a free taste of the girls goodies.

With few exceptions, the girls stated that they loved sex and most often enjoyed intercourse with their customers. "The large majority of college guys who pay me are nice," was a typical comment. "They're gentle . . . but not too gentle . . . and polite." However, two coeds at an Eastern university didn't share this

opinion. Roommates, they made no secret that they preferred each other's sexual company to that of the men they had sex with for money. Although it would take a psychiatrist to unravel their motives, they weren't in it just for the cash. A strange guess is that they despised the men who mounted them and in some strange way they felt they were taking revenge on the male species in general. These girls were the only ones interviewed who claimed to be strictly of the dykish persuasion. Several others, however, did say that they had gone the other way on occasions and had a few female customers.

Three girls at one fair-sized college in the Southwest lived in the same women's dormitory. They took on anyone who could raise the tariff, and all conducted their sexual appointments right in their own rooms. On the face of it, this seemed incredible as a steady stream of men in and out of a woman's dorm could scarcely avoid attention. None of the other coeds interviewed who lived in college housing used their own rooms. Some rented an off-campus place, some traveled to the dwellings of their customers, others worked out of cars, and one girl even had a Volkswagen bus suitable fitted out.

One of these girls hinted at the fact that they had escaped detection because they had the blessings of the Dean of Women! This esteemed woman, the story went, even acted as kind of a madame, bringing the girls together with certain of her professor friends. Having important members of the faculty beholden to her for sexual favors made the Dean of Women a very powerful woman.

Whether they would deny it or not, it's a fact that campus prostitution can't exist unless the college administrators turn a deaf ear and blind eye. The university that Colleen attends, however, has done no such thing. This college, at least the Athletic Department,



"Try not to make an ass of yourself."

actually recruited her. She works for them, receives a salary, and has never received a bad grade from a professor regardless of how little work she did in a course.

Colleen's duties are simple. She takes an occasional, starry-eyed high school athlete to her apartment for a special recruiting session. She's sort of a sexual mascot for the football team, and she has one other very important duty. She gives performances during Homecoming Weekends. These are primarily for the alumni's benefit. Any old grad who sweetens the athletic department's financial pot with a big enough donation is sure to receive a visit from Colleen to express the coach's thanks. This last year Colleen also accompanied the coach on rounds of various high schools. She's also helped him recruit three other girls to lead the "cheers" at Old U. Sometimes, the coach throws a pass at her and she

always lets him score.

Despite the overwhelming evidence, it still seems odd, in a way, that at this time in history, coed prostitution is such a rapidly growing phenomena on the American college scene. The sexual revolution that so much is written about was supposed to erase the need for these young hookers. The "Now" generation of which these girls, along with young men, are members, are supposedly the advocates of free love. And yet, as one girl put it: "It seems to go the other way. Instead of the girls who are giving their sex away and driving me out of business, a lot of them seem to be taking a lesson from me. Why not get their kicks and earn money for books and clothes and groceries at the same time? Sex for everybody, but if you're a guy, you've got to pay!"

To which can only be added a hearty male "Screw that!" □



BELINDA

One of the most popular girls from our treasured archives is knockout Belinda Bell. A professional biologist and amateur astronomer, Belinda created quite a stir when her curvaceous form graced our pages some years back. She still divides her time between the microscope and the telescope, with time out for tennis and water sports. Even a drab laboratory smock can't hide Belinda's considerable female charms; word has it that the scientists at her lab have to sign up on a waiting list before they can ask her out. One certainly doesn't need a microscope to enjoy this gal's outstanding anatomy. Our bells ring when we look at this Bell.







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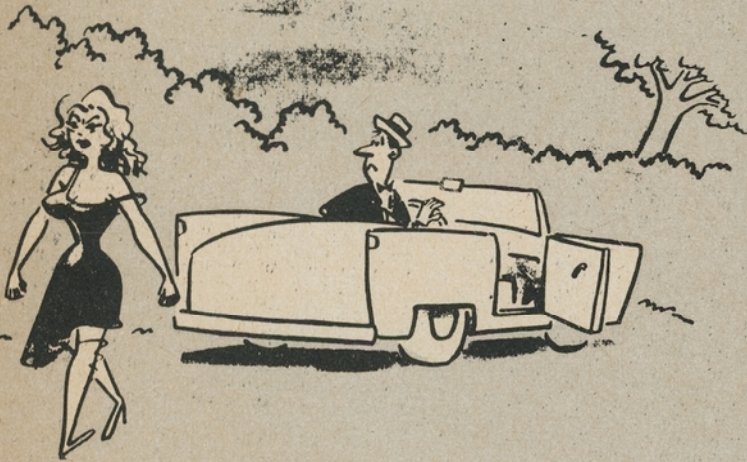


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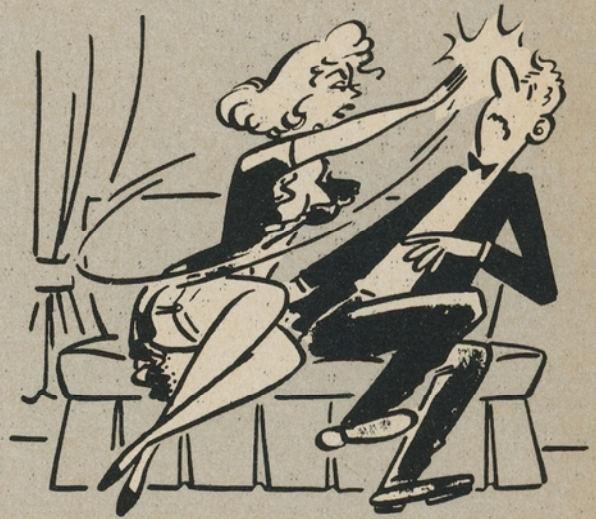


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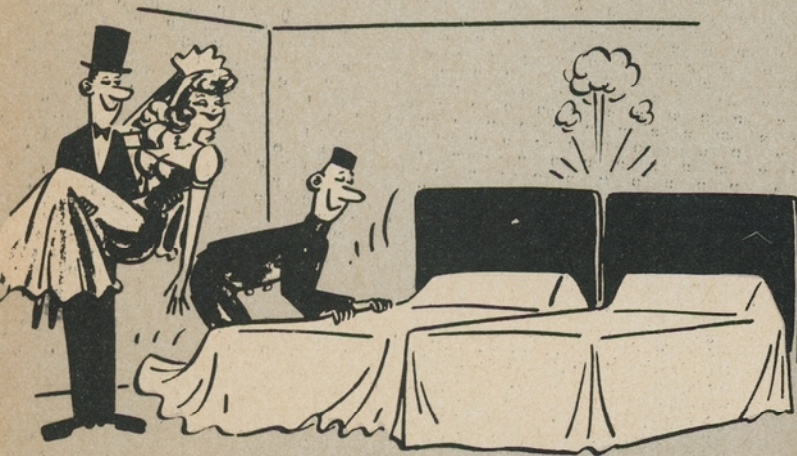
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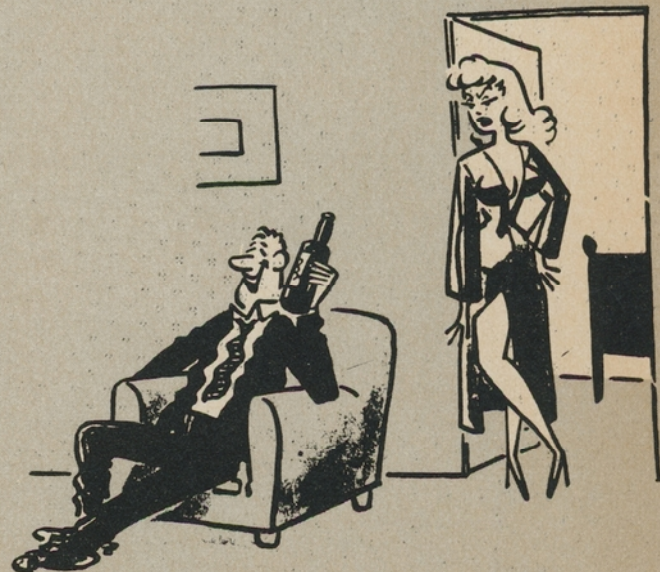
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THE EYES HAVE IT

continued from page 45

void. A hole just waiting to be plugged. I had a flashing perverted thought.

Jake you are morbid, I mused.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said.

Mr. God, she certainly was forward.

"Whatever happened to Elaine?" I asked.

Elaine was that sexy, but aloof receptionist who had been with the Burrows Firm for as long as I could remember. Elaine had been quiet, efficient, and all business—in addition to being the prime player in all my sexual fantasies. In other words, I longed to screw that snotty bitch.

"Surgery," she said. "I'm covering for her. She's my best friend. By the way, my name's Sally," she said, extending her hand.

She certainly was nothing like Elaine, I thought as I shyly shook her hand.

"How long do you suppose Burrows is going to be tied up," I asked. "Because if it's longer than half an hour, I'd like to go out and get some coffee."

"We have coffee here."

"Really?"

Elaine had never offered me coffee before. I guess she never noticed my ear lobes.

"How do you take it?" she asked. (Anyway I can get it).

"Black," I said.

"Do you want to know what kind of surgery Elaine is having?"

"I don't know that it's any of my business," I said.

"Well, it's cosmetic," she whispered, ignoring my comment.

I continued to flip through a magazine but I had to look up because I suddenly felt her breath on my face. It smelled of fruit flavored Certs.

"Here's your coffee," she said.

And then I looked up into that hole. There was no place else for me to focus. I panicked. My hands were

clammy and my balls froze. I felt sick, but I somehow managed to stand up.

"Hey listen," she said, creeping up around behind me as she placed her hands on my shoulders. "You've got to be a gambling man, double or nothing," she whispered.

That Cert breath was making me feel heady, dizzy. Then she began to rub one of those magnificent legs on my own. In spite of the revulsion I felt, I had a throbbing hard-on. It was absurd.

Then her intercom buzzed. She winked while she answered the call.

"It's all right to go in now," she said.

Bill was sitting at his desk, barely covering his toes.

"Goddamn her," he said, his full beefy face smiling, "She was coming on to you, wasn't she?" he asked, seeing my flushed face.

I held my briefcase in front of me until my pecker calmed down. I could feel my face redden.

"She might be a loon," he said with a most peculiar grin on his face. "But she has some remarkable attributes."

"Where's Elaine," I stammered.

"Ah, she didn't tell you? Gone to have some kind of surgery performed." His smile remained.

I thought it best to drop the whole issue and get right down to business. It was always the same thing with us. I checked the figures, all the assets, commented on the debts and liabilities and assured him the IRS would not be on his ass this year. Everything was legitimate because that was the only way I conducted myself. But by nature, Bill was a con, and generally mistrusted everyone. I still kept thinking about that eye.

"Did you notice that set of legs and tits?" he asked me, as we were winding up everything.

I smiled.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it," he said.

Bill's sexual preferences had never been a topic of conversation between us, but I mulled it over in my mind,



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while I left the office. Then I found myself barricaded at the door by Sally.

"Well, what are we going to do about those ear lobes?" she said.

Shit, I thought. What the hell. Why fight it? So I took a deep breath and looked her squarely in the eye. There was a blob of pink muscles and tissues, and some indistinguishable mass. I found myself becoming fascinated. The more I stared, the more aroused I became and realized it was because it reminded me of a snatch.

"You like what you see, don't you?"

Then she grabbed my hand and said: "I get off work now. Wait and you can drive me home."

As if mesmerized, I waited for her to lock her desk, unplug the coffee pot, and water some plants. We were silent until we got to my car, where she proceeded to fondle my stiff shaft, saying things like: "You're gonna love me, daddy. I'm like a woman with two vaginas." Things which could unnerve any guy, let alone one who has exceedingly bizarre fantasies. But being polite, I let her have her way with my pecker, eager to once again look at that eye—or lack thereof.

She had a studio apartment, and the sofa bed was wide open, like that eye. Its satin sheets were disheveled and looked most inviting. I imagined her rolling and twisting on them with a bunch of other guys. Soon it would be me.

"Have a drink," she said, handing me a bottle of wine. I greedily accepted it, eager to loosen up, to forget that perversion, that hole, yet still wanting to know her—to unravel her mystique.

She bit my ear.

"Love those lobes," she said, and then plopped down on the bed. I sat on the chair across from her. She lay back and I sat forward feeling like a nervous school boy, despite the erection I was harboring.

"Your pants look awfully uncomfortable," she said. "Why don't you unzip?" Then she began

removing her own clothing. I followed suit and took everything off.

"Now come here," she said. "Come and get it, double or nothing. See, I told you it pays to be a gambling man."

The blond hair, which I thought was bleached, proved to be authentic when I saw her crotch. I was amazed at the thickness of that bush. Usually my experiences with blond pussies had proven them to be sparse, but hers was just the opposite.

I closed my eyes when I kissed her, not sure how I was going to deal with that vagina-like eye. Her tongue was warm as it encircled mine and licked my teeth. Then she moved her mouth down and began licking me, making squishy noises with her tongue, and going, "Ummm," and "Ahhhhh." She then took my rod and started rubbing it all over her face, on her cheeks, her lips and through her hair and eye.

Then she did it.

She took my pecker and shoved it hard in that hole and I thought I was going to explode. The sensation was incredible. She lay back on the bed and I began thrusting harder and harder, obsessed with the idea which had only earlier, completed repulsed me, of screwing her eye, that eye which felt so delicious and so much like a snatch.

Deeper and deeper in that cavern I went and finally, I came right in that delicious hole. I lay back, exhausted, panting and sweating, sure I'd never move again. Then she jumped up and sat on my chest.

"Eat me," she ordered.

Although I wasn't the least bit hungry, I greedily complied with her wishes, until she came a number of times, and I realized I was getting aroused all over again.

I rolled her over and started ramming into her compulsively. I opened my eyes and looked at her. One eye was closed and there was that hole. I was like staring at one pussy while you humped another. But I was hooked. I wanted to have that eye again. So I pulled out of her and sat down on her face.

"Ooh, do it to me," she panted, obviously pleased with my choice.

This went on indefinitely until, by some miracle, I was able to get dressed and go home. Never had I met a woman like Sally, whose innovativeness in dealing with her affliction had caused a passionate obsession. Our unique relationship continued for several weeks until I phoned her one day and someone else answered.

"Who's this," I asked.

"This is Elaine," she said flipantly. "Who's this?"

"I'm looking for Sally," I said. "This is Jake. Jake Williams."

"You're kidding. Not Jake Williams, the accountant?" she said, quite surprised.

"The one and only. How did you know?"

"This is Elaine, Elaine from Bill Burrow's office. Can this be the Jake that Sally's been talking about?"

I was flattered. She had spoken of me.

"I guess so. But where is she?"

"She had to leave town for awhile. She needed new glasses, or something," she said, stifling giggles.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Nothing. Hey, why don't you come over here? That is, if you're not doing anything now."

I was shocked. Was this the same Elaine of my passionate dreams, who never offered me coffee, always called me "Mr. Williams," and was completely business-like in the office?

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "But it's okay, honest. Sally's my best friend. We share everything."

In twenty minutes I was at the door.

She greeted me dressed in a tee shirt and sunglasses. The room was almost totally dark, and music played softly in the background.

"Come in," she said. "The light bothers my eye."

Then she took off her glasses, revealing a large, pink, inviting hole.

Have a nice trip, Sally. □

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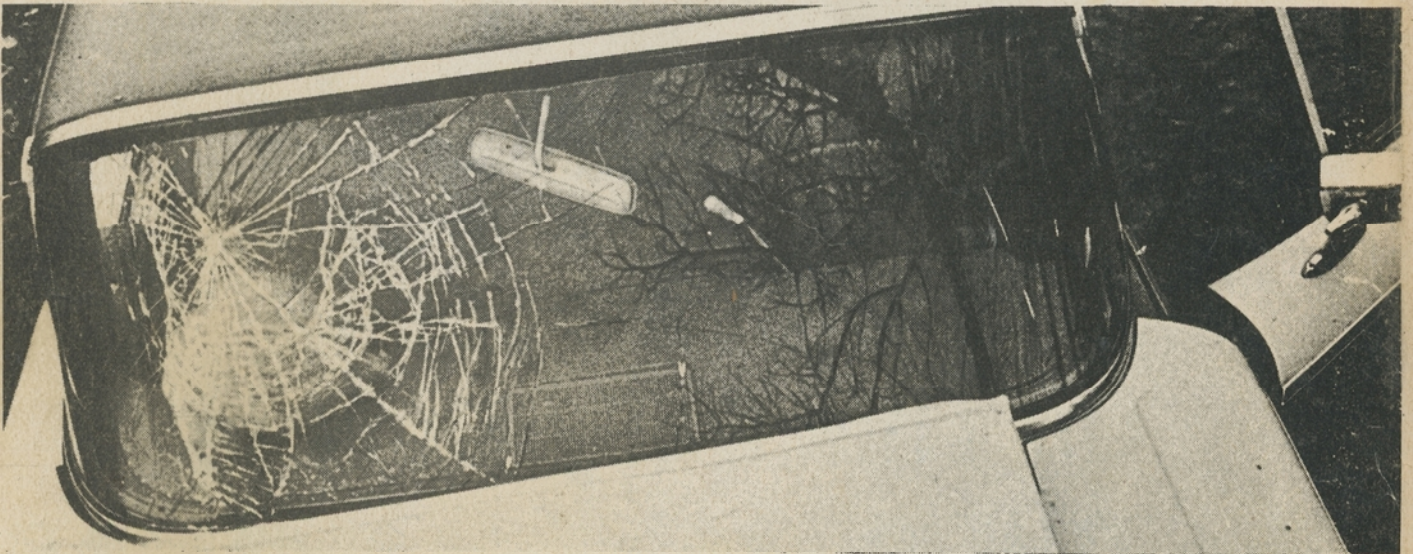
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THE PARTY'S OVER.



All too often, when the party ends, the trouble begins.

People who shouldn't be doing anything more active than going to sleep are driving a car. Speeding and weaving their way to death.

Before any of your friends drive home from your party, make sure they aren't drunk.

Don't be fooled because they drank only beer or wine. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't kid yourself because they may have had some black coffee. Black coffee can't sober them up well enough to drive.

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Maybe your friend won't be feeling so good on the morning after, but you're going to feel terrific.

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