

GEM



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'Cloaked To Conceal Their Identity
And Indulge In A Week-Long Orgy
THE HOODED CARNIVAL

A Laugh-On Of "Dirty Jokes"
Throughout The Ages
GAGGED OR "TAKE MY... PLEASE!"

FEATURING JUG-GERNAUT JOLYNN,
LOVELY NEWCOMER MALA AND A
NEW VISIT WITH THE GREAT BUF
HALL OF FAMER, ROBERTA PEDON

Covering The International Front
SCOOPS FROM A BROAD

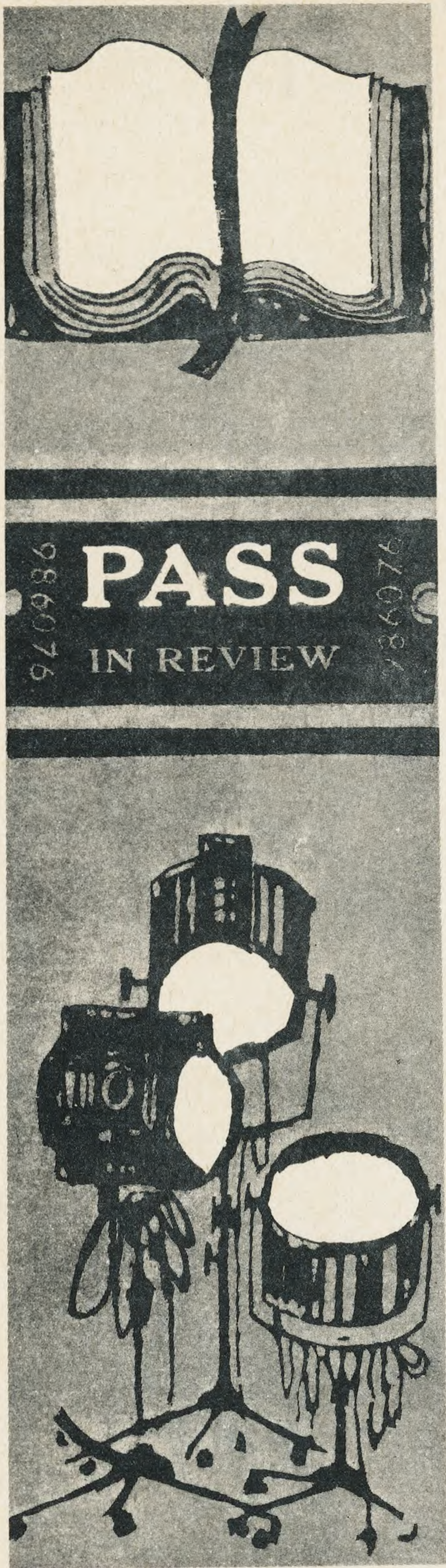
Odd Man Out—Seduction Involving
A She, A He And Another He
"TWO'S COMPANY BUT..."





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TOO**

**Ask for it—demand it—at your nearest newstand. The magazines for men
who want to keep abreast of new developments on the femme front.**



RECORDS

Patricia Herdman: The Water Lily (Philo) is an excellent folk offering, of the type we seldom see these days. Ms. Herdman has set to music a number of late 19th century poems by Henry Lawson, "The Folk of

Australia." She possesses a lovely voice and sings in a straightforward, unpretentious fashion, accompanying herself on the guitar. Jay Ungar and Abby Newton round out the sound on fiddle and cello. In addition to the Lawson material, we have a Child Ballad and songs by John Austin Marshall and Eric Bogle. Ms. Herdman's love of Australian folk tradition is apparent in her singing and her informative liner notes.

Some People Who Play the Guitar Like A Lot of People Don't (Kicking Mule) is a country blues guitar anthology. With the exception of the late Rev. Gary Davis, the artists featured here are young whites musicians who picked up on the music during the folk/blues revival of the late fifties and sixties. In addition to Davis, we hear from Stefan Grossman, Roy Bookbinder, Woody Mann, and Larry Sandberg, Woody Mann's four contributions are clearly the highlights, and are well worth the price of the disc. More than any of the current generation of guitarists, Mann has captured the dynamics and feel of classic blues guitar. Roy Bookbinder's relaxed picking and Stefan Grossman's bottleneck work are also impressive. The Davis material does not present the Rev. at his best, but collectors may want his "Darktown Strutter's Ball" and "swinging Blues," which don't appear elsewhere.

Tony Bennett Sings 10 Rodgers and Hart Songs (Improv) is a fine, polished gem. Backed by the Ruby Braff/George Barnes Quartet, Bennett's warm voice is heard at its best, without the clutter and bombast of a big band. The arrangements are bright and imaginative, Braff and the late Barnes providing tasty lines on cornet and guitar. The Improv label is owned by Bennett and Bill Hassett, who owns the Buffalo Statler Hilton, with the intent to "create a line of good esoteric music

which will be considered a distinguished jazz line.' They're off to an excellent start, and we look forward to other quality recordings from them.

Singer Betty Roché is virtually unknown to today's jazz audience. This is truly unfortunate, for she was a unique stylist, and one of the few singers to successfully absorb the innovations of bebop. Bethlehem has re-issued *Betty Roché: Take The A Train*, a 1956 session that showcases Ms. Roché's unique style at its best. While incorporating the harmonic and rhythmic devices of bop in her singing. Betty Roché remains a soulful and convincing vocalist. She gets plenty of mileage from the ballads as well as the up tunes. Eddie Costa's vibes and Conte Candoli's trumpet lay down some tasty work behind her. "September In The Rain," "Something to Live For," and "I Just Got the Message, Baby" are our favorites.

Zoot Sims: Down Home (Bethlehem) is a cookin', swinging 1960 session featuring extended blowing from the tenor sax ace. Zoot digs into a selection of standards, and a few items from the Basie book, with enthusiasm and a wealth of ideas. The rhythm section, comprised of Dave McKenna on piano, Goerge Tucker on bass and Danny Richmond on drums, lays down spirited and solid support. Among the standouts are a rollicking "Bill Bailey" and a hard-swinging "Jive at Five."

Country blues buffs will enjoy *Nick Katzman and Ruby Green: Mississippi River Bottom Blues* (Kicking Mule). Katzman emulates the guitar styles of a wide variety of country bluesmen, including Charlie Patton, Blind Blake, Rev. Gary Davis, and Kid Bailey. Ruby Green's vocals are in the classic delta style, and bear repeated listening. Aspiring blues guitarists can mail in for a booklet containing tablature transcriptions of the tunes.

Paula Lockheart with Peter Ecklund (and other friends) (Flying Fish) introduces a new and appealing voice. Ms. Lockheart and company run the gamut from vintage blues and jazz to classic rock tunes and outstanding originals. Among the fine musicians assembled here are pianists Bob Montalto and Peter Weinstock, guitarists Bill Bachman and Larry Carola, and Mac Rebennack, aka Dr. John, on keyboards. Ecklund offers tasty cornet throughout shining particularly on the instrumentals "Squatty Roo" and "Louisiana." Ms. Lockheart's gutsy, sexy voice is well-suited to the wide variety of material offered here. "I Can Look Too," "The Carolina Rice Commercial," and an original "Stay A Little Longer," are our favorites.

Jo Jones: The Main Man (Pablo) is, incredibly, the drummer's first session under his own name. Jones did much to develop the vocabulary of swing drumming during his stint with the Basie band. Jones, together with Basie on piano, bassman Walter Page, and guitarist Freddie Green compromised what many consider to be the most swinging rhythm section of all time. For his debut as a leader, Jones has assembled an all-star cast of supporting musicians, including Harry Edison, Roy Eldridge, Tommy Flanagan, Eddie Davis, Vic Dickenson, and Freddie Green. The music swings from start to finish, with plenty of room for everyone to show their stuff. "Goin' to Chicago," and a spirited "Dark Eyes" are among the highlights.

Marian McPartland: A Fine Romance (Improv) offers the sparkling keyboard artistry we've come to expect from Ms. McPartland. In this set, she takes on a few contemporary rock/pop tunes in addition to the usual jazz standards. Her playing is sensitive, swinging and graceful throughout. Among the

highpoints is an exciting arrangement of Jerome Kern's "A Fine Romance," and an Ellington medley. Frank Tete and Ted Moore provide unobtrusive support on bass and drums.

Shirley Caesar: First Lady (United Artists) is a stirring set from the gospel singer. Her soulful and powerful vocal work leave no doubt as to why she's known as "The Gospel Princess." Some excellent material by the team of Michael Stokes and Emanuel Johnson provide meat and potatoes for Ms. Caesar's vocal style. "How Many Will Be Remembered?" and "Jesus Children of America" are standouts.

BOOKS

Arnold Shaw's *52nd St.: The Street of Jazz* (Da Capo) recalls life on "the street that never slept." In its heyday, 52nd Street was New York's jazz headquarters, with countless clubs and jam sessions. Shaw provides anecdotes, interviews

with musicians, and a wealth of historical background. Both swing and bop were nurtured on "the street." Shaw's book will entertain and enlighten the lay reader as well as the jazz buff and musician.

Look Ma, I Am Kool! And Other Casuals (Prentice-Hall) is a collection of "literary humor" assembled by New Yorker staff writer Burton Bernstein. Included are short pieces from the pens of Woody Allen, Donald Barthelme, Marshall Brickman, John Updike, Michael O'Donoghue, and other writers. These are witty and sophisticated pieces which reflect on the absurdity of modern life. Gordon Cotler's "My Stay in An American Hospital" recounting a Chinese visitor's impressions of American medical procedure, is priceless, as in Marshall Brickman's interview with a rediscovered New Orleans jazz great. There's quite a variety of intelligent topical humor here, proving that the tradition of Twain, Thurber and Benchley still lives.



Paula Lockheart with Peter Ecklund

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GEM

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Art on page 47: "Beauty Contest" by Pablo Gallano, courtesy Greer Gallery, NYC.

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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Out of the mouths of men and women, young and old, all through the centuries, the so-called "dirty" jokes have been the most popular. Why? Where? How come? Read on and laugh on

GAGGED!

by Dan Bennett

An undertaker was preparing a man's body for burial as he placed a cork in the corpse's anus, and later took it out. Suddenly the man's rectum started singing: "Hello Dolly!" Hastily putting the cork back, he phoned the doctor and said: "Doc, this man's not dead! Come right over here!"

Soon the doctor showed up and after the mortician explained, the doctor took the cork out of the corpse's anus, and sure enough, it started singing "Hello Dolly!" The doctor replaced the cork and removed it several times, and every time it was removed, the anus started singing "Hello Dolly!" Finally, the doctor exclaimed: "Hell, I'm leaving—I haven't got the time to stand around here all day listening to this asshole sing 'Hello Dolly!'"

The off-color story, such as this one, has become Standard Telling Procedure everywhere that people gather—in the office, at cocktail parties, at the PTA meeting, at the women's club luncheon, and in parked cars and motels. Erotic humor is far and away the most popular of all types, and an extremely large percentage of the jokes in oral circulation in this and apparently in all centuries and cultures, is concerned with the humor—often unwilling, unpleasant and even purposefully macabre—of the sexual impulse. But where do these thousands upon thousands of "dirty" stories come from? What is their origin?

The origin of the dirty story, as well as the clean one, has been lost in the antiquity of the folklore of all mankind. In the final analysis, people do not laugh at words, or even at other people. They laugh at themselves,

because it's the surest way of maintaining peace with themselves. To laugh at a joke, a person has to recognize in it an element of his personal life, and the secret of the power of a joke to tickle our risibilities into flooding the banks of our good nature lies in the reaction of people to the extravagances of daily life—extravagances and exaggerations which are only the repetition of similar extravagances in earlier times: newly dressed, newly polished, newly accented, but replicas nevertheless, of the experience of previous generations.

Comedy writers have a word for this evolution of a joke. It's called "a switch." All modern gags, clean or dirty, are merely switches of jokes that have been told or written in the past. There are many ways of switching a joke. A known joke can be advanced one or more steps to make a new joke, or it can be backed up one or more steps for a new situation. Exaggerations, similes, metaphors, symbols can be used, but they are all switches on something that has gone before.

An example of switching gags can be illustrated by the following:

A young stud and his pretty blonde girlfriend had been making it together for several weeks, until the fellow started getting tired of the same old routine. One night, after they were in bed in his pad, he suggested they try something different. The girl was interested, but it was evident that she had never heard of what he wanted to do.

He explained it carefully to her and she was willing, so they started, and it was just at a critical moment that she stopped doing what she was doing, looked up at him and



Yearly, robed men and women, their identities unknown, throw all inhibitions to the wind and gorge themselves on unbridled sex



THE HOODED CARNIVAL

by Joe Pires

The older of the two women on the train-boat crossing the Dardanelles winked as she left the first-class compartment and handed the young American who'd been sitting across from her a card bearing the word CARNIVAL, an address, and the scribbled notation "please come." The American, a U.S. Navy radarman on leave from his assignment to the Mediterranean fleet, stuffed it among other papers in his jean's pocket. He had heard too much about Istanbul's exotic nightclub strip to be intrigued by the social invitations of two apparently wealthy socialites.

He ate at the train station, hailed a cab and handed the driver an address given him by several shipboard companions. The strip, even in daytime, was all that he'd been told it was. Women of all nationalities crowded the dancehalls and clubs. Others waved from the doorways of perfumed brothels. The pungent smells of eggplant, lamb and peppers being fried in sidewalk kiosks mingled into the older scents of spilled liquor and animal dung. The sailor plunged into the swelter of laughter and inebriation, jostling for bar space and a place on the dance floors with people of all nationalities. Shouts of glee, solicitation and rowdiness punctuated the humid afternoon.

"It was great," the sailor recounted. "Women everywhere, drinks stacking up—every time I turned around somebody buying me another round. I staggered off to the men's room—an open-air trough; a husky, dark-complexioned man bumped into me. Suddenly I was falling, my arm behind my back, my head pressed against the floor. I tried to cry out but something hit the base of my neck; when I awoke a few minutes later, my head was ringing and I was broke—totally broke."

Neither bartender nor police were interested in the young sailor's appeals. Alone for a moment in a deserted doorway, he emptied his pockets, hoping to find enough paper and copper piasters to pay for a few phone calls. The crumpled CARNIVAL card surfaced; he tossed it aside. Then picked it up again. "Please come" was written in English. He studied the address, then showed it to a cab driver leaning against an old Peugeot.

"The driver only glanced at it—obviously he didn't want to be bothered. But

(continued on page 17)







JO-LYNN

It was a muggy Indian summer afternoon and we were heading back to the Big Apple after our annual Southern field expedition, which we conduct each year in order to round up a brand new bevy of BUF knockouts. As we approached the town of Flat-Top, South Carolina, the strains of "Strollin' With Bones," a 1950 T-Bone Walker instrumental recorded for Imperial, wafted over the radio. We turned up the volume, glad to here some solid blues





on an otherwise bleak afternoon. Our enthusiasm was fired further when, at the conclusion of the tune, an alluring female voice identified the station and introduced the

next number, Blind Boy Fuller's "Rag Mama Rag."

We were so enthralled that as soon as we hit the center of town we headed straight for the







station and asked for an audience with the sexy-voiced DJ playing the blues tunes. During a commercial, we were ushered into the studio and introduced to Jo-Lynn and our eyes popped. This gal was stacked, a Big Up Front dynamo if we ever saw one! She greeted us warmly and chatted with us between numbers on her show. Glad to meet fellow blues aficionados, Jo-Lynn invited us over for a home cooked meal that evening, following her show.

A DJ for three years, Jo-Lynn has been a blues buff since she was a teenager. She digs country blues as well as the Chicago style, and being a South Carolinian, is particularly partial to such East Coast artists as Blind Blake, Rev. Gary Davis, and Blind Boy Fuller.

A natural entertainer, Jo-Lynn has been a





comedienne as well as a singer and dancer. She hopes to get into night club work, the opening for some of the blues artists she

admires. We're sure she'll be a smashing success. This smashingly boobed hunk of talent can chase our blues away anytime. □

THE HOODED CARNIVAL

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something on it attracted his interest. He turned it over and squinted at me, his left eye closed. Suddenly he smiled. 'Get in,' he indicated with his finger."

The sailor shook his head and tried to explain that he was broke but the cab driver literally pushed him into the small vehicle. They veered through the tangled mid-city traffic, horn clearing the way, and swerved into the hills overlooking the canter of the metropolis. In front of a sprawling villa, obviously once the estate of a wealthy politician or entrepreneur, the cab stopped. The once-landscaped grounds were a tangle of oleander, bougainvillia and flowering shrubs. Grape vines webbed the high wrought-iron fence. From yellowing buildings protruding above thick-trunked trees behind it came muffled sounds of music and laughter.

The cab driver pulled a bell-cord and a shadowy figure appeared at the gate. He took the card the sailor had received on the train and disappeared. Then returned a moment later with the driver's payment. The Turk grinned and patted the sailor on the shoulder. The gate creaked open and the servant beckoned the American to come inside.

"The shrubbery was so dense I couldn't see through it, but the music was more distinct and I could sense the presence of people. I started along the cobbled driveway, curious and wary, maybe a little bit scared, but the servant took my arm and indicated that I first should enter what seemed to be a gatehouse—a long, cool building lined with benches and bozes and a rod on which dozens of white robes were hung. Another servant veiled and dressed in grey, examined me briefly, then pulled a robe from a hanger and handed it to me, along with a small, padlocked box."

When the young American hesitated, not sure what he was expected to do, the two servants began to undress him and help him put on the one-piece hooded robe. They folded and packed the clothes he had been wearing, marked and locked the box. The robe's deep pockets contained three or four threaded loops to which keys and other valuables could be attached.

"The gatehouse opened onto a garden overgrown with thick grass. Beyond it there was a fountain and small pool. A figure wearing a robe like mine was kneeling beside it, daubing itself with water.

"I approached slowly. Beside me, in the shrubbery, I could hear two voices whispering hoarsely. 'Carnival'—that's what the invitation read. I shook my head, still not certain what it had meant. The figure beside the pool glanced up, then, still on its knees, straightened to watch me come forward. The folds of the robe outlined the breasts of a slender, attractively-proportioned woman.

"'I just arrived,' I told her. Then, realizing that she might not have understood me, 'Do you speak English?'

"Her eyes flashed but she shook her head. Instead of answering, she reached out and grasped my leg. Her hood, like mine, revealed eyes and lips; the arm that showed beneath her sleeve was tanned. Her smile widened mischievously and she moved her hand along my thigh, squeezing and caressing it. Then she pulled herself to her feet and grabbed my hand, laughing and whispering in a language that I did not understand."

Whoever she was, whatever nationality and background, she understood that the young American sailor was participating in his first Carnival. She led him across a wide veranda, past other hooded figures to the main floor, where a guitarist had replaced the orchestra and hooded couples were dancing or

clustering around long tables set with Turkish foods and wines and liqueurs.

Behind the villa, in what had been grape arbors and an ornamental garden, now so thickly overgrown it was a flower-scented jungle, couples in white hoods had crept into the protective foliage. Others sought shaded out-buildings, or the upstairs of the villa itself. "My guide and I had tried sweet Turkish drinks with us. We sipped at them as she showed me the villa and its lovers' nests. Finally, in a grove behind the villa itself, she turned to let me take her.

"The hoods did not obstruct our kisses. Nor her quick, light changes of expression. Yet I couldn't tell how old she was—or what country she might have come from. Nor would she tell me her name.

"I wanted to pull the hood completely over her head but she wouldn't let me. Vaguely I understood that that would violate the Carnival's rules. So we made love knowing only the moment.

"I'd never before felt such physical freedom. Such a lack of constraint. I didn't know if I ever could identify her again. She had no way of knowing that I was in the Navy. Perhaps she was some rich merchant's wife, or daughter? A shopgirl? A prostitute?

"It made no difference. Nor would failure have been an embarrassment. A breeze cooled our radiant bodies. She began to laugh, lightly, happily. For a moment, in my arms, she slept. We were jarred to the present by a burst of laughter: another hooded couple was seeking our retreat.

"I jumped up to pull the woman to her feet; I wanted refreshments, then to make love again. But as we re-entered the villa, she disappeared. I tried to follow her past a crowd thronged in a corridor passing a hashish pipe but she knew the villa far better than I. From a distance everyone looked alike. I could not find her again."

But there were other women at the

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A PRIVATE EYE TALE— COMMERCIAL STYLE

BRANDED

by Bill Maury

If you're an avid mystery fiction fan, you may have noticed that lately an awful lot of brand names are tossed about. It smacks of free plugolas. I'm not saying the writers got something going with the makers of the products plugged, but if they have so what? It's pretty hard to turn a buck these days writing fiction. If they can pick up some loose change by mentioning a product let them do it. I know I'm going to try. Here's my private eye tale—commercial style!

I tossed my wide-brimmed Stetson on the rack and sat down at my Case steel desk, the hottest item in office furniture. I took out a Winston with the long filter and jammed it into my mouth. I lighted it with my Dunhill and looked up at my ceiling done in Lakeland Green Super Kem-Tone.

In a moment she would be coming into see me. I checked my Timex. Three minutes. She'd be here on time. Walking in through the heavy pine-paneled door with handles by Kittering, over the 20 by 16 foot Karastan rug and settling into a Castro convertible.

I was getting tense. I swung my size 10 Thom McAnn loafers on the desk and reached into the top drawer. I poured myself a double Old Crow, 100 proof, seven years old, distilled and bottled in the heart of the Blue Grass. It argued with me all the way down.

The Remington Rand intercom on my desk buzzed.

"Miss Deeds is here," said my secretary.

"Send her in, Hot Pants."

The door opened. And there she was, wearing a chartreuse off-the-shoulder blouse and bouffant skirt fashion by Fath. Her Capezzio pumps beat a velvet tattoo on the soft underfooting. She plopped down neatly, showing off a pair of 15 denier, 10 gauge Dupont nylons, as advertised by Russek's.

"I guess you know why I'm here," she whispered, bending over, giving me a glimpse of her Maidenform double-stitch bra, size 40C. Yes, it was packed inside there. Those pineapples were so real I expected to see the word Dole stamped on them. This was real juicy fruit. And the way she bounced them made me feel

Wrigley all over.

"Suppose you tell me," I replied as she flicked a light with her silver-plated Ronson. She crossed her legs carelessly, giving me a peeper's-eye view of some Munsingwear pink tricot panties.

The silence was broken only by the gentle hum of the General Electric air conditioner and the friction of my double-knit Robert Hall trousers as I rubbed my knees together, feeling the heat gathering inside me.

She reached into her amber doeskin handbag on sale at Saks for \$14.95, and handed over a batch of uncut amethysts. "Take these. Keep them in your Mosler wall safe for 30 days. Guard them with your life. My boy friend's a thief and a killer."

She leaned back in Barcalounger chair, crossing her legs—one over each arm. I felt the temperature rising.

I looked at the stones. Tiffany's. I opened the safe and was about to put in the jewels when the door opened. A man snarled at me. The dame screamed. She covered her face, smearing her Helena Rubenstein eye-liner. The guy was big. He was bald as a Spalding ping pong ball and wore a double-breasted pin-stripe Brooks Brothers suit. His tie was a fancy Wembley and his shirt an Arrow button-down model, 18 neck and 35 sleeves. From his hand a Luger pistol peered out at me.

"The jewels, Ace," he said.

The girl bit her lips causing her Revlon Red Non-Smear lipstick to smear. I tossed the jewels to the hood. When he raised his hands to catch them, I whipped out my Colt .38 caliber, marked down from .45. I fired once and the gent went down.

"You're wonderful," she said. I'd like to repay you, but I don't know how." I was thinking how she could make it worthwhile when she said: "I know. I'll have you over dinner tonight. Sea King shrimp cocktail, Miller's High Life beer and Swift's Ready-Cooked Ham, just heat and serve."

"Why don't we just heat and serve each other?" I said, moving in.

"Now you're talking, Ace," she whispered, unbuckling my Hickok all-leather cowhide belt and snatching at my Fruit of the Loom shorts with a frantic, sudden action. I pushed her back gently on the Simmons Beautyrest couch where we heated and served each other. In another minute she was gone, the air filled with the Chanel No. 5 perfume.

I sank back and relaxed. It had been a hard day. And I was starting on another case tonight—Old Crow, 100 proof, seven years old, distilled and bottled in the heart of the Blue Grass.

(Editor's memo to author: No payola from stories in this magazine! Unless we split 50/50). □

THE HOODED CARNIVAL

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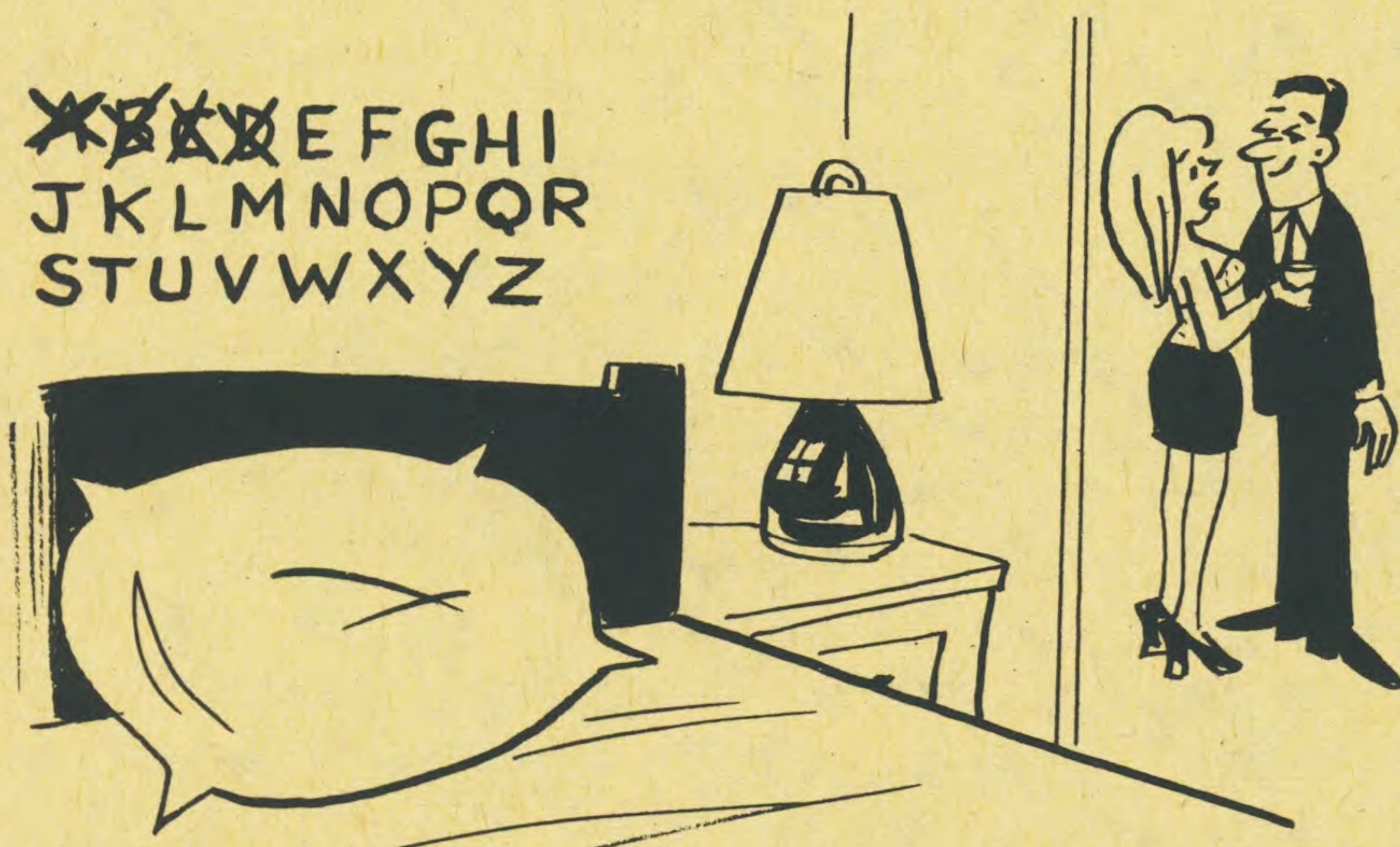
Carnival. As the sailor lifted a drink from the bar, a hand slid into his. He tried to explain that he'd just made love, that his body needed to rest, but the new companion did not want to listen. She led him into a curtained alcove strewn with pillows, her lips searching his body while she offered hers to him.

There was no hurrying. One could spend minutes or hours in an individual lover's embrace. The young American remembered lying beside someone in the garden that night and hearing her describe the Carnival's origins: the villa belonged to a rich, old French patriarch whose exporting-importing enterprises had transported guns, oil, hashish and women (in addition to legal cargo) into and out of most countries of the world. A one-time Medieval scholar, he had resurrected what he believed was the original Mardi Gras: the hoods concealed one's identity and enlivened their erotic feelings; both men and women could fully immerse themselves in anonymous and unencumbered sexual delights.

The Carnival lasts a week. The participants come from all over Europe and the Near East. Wealthy society women, scions of lost or disenfranchised nobility, English, French and Greek adventurers, cabaret entertainers and actors, even kept women from provincial emir's harem's, anonymously hooded, exchange and are exchanged by eager partners.

The sailor left to return to his ship two days before the Carnival ended. When he returned his robe to the servants, he found, in addition to the keys to the box containing his clothing, several thousand piasters that someone, detecting his need, had slipped into his pocket as a gift.

"I saved it," he smiled, "to begin a 'kitty' to pay my way to Istanbul for the next year's Carnival." It is held at the same time every year in the old Frenchman's crumbling villa, a celebration of uninhibited sexual love in tune with the centuries. □



"First you dated Ann, then Betty, then Carol, then Didi and now me—just what are you up to?"

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Do you think the Taj Mahal is a spectacularly beautiful Mausoleum in India, built by Shah Jahan in memory of his favorite sultana, Mumatz Mahal?

You're out of date, mate.

The Taj Mahal is now located in New York City and is described by its own advertisements as "The million dollar monument to pleasure."

It offers lovely hostesses, exciting conversation, champagne bubble baths and a teasing hot-rocks sauna. "Ideal for entertaining business associates" declares the brochure and that stands to reason. Page one of the promo features a long-haired blonde saying, "I'll make you a new man."

"The faggot's response to this would be, 'Make one for me'."

So says our macho, cynical legman who covers massage parlors, porno palaces, etc. He's a moody chap and seldom gay.

How to Get a New Pecker That Will Stand Up

For girls who want to be boys, medical science has invented a pecker with a tiny hydraulic system that will cause a hard-on. Two surgeons at the University of Missouri have so reported on a female-to-male transexual operation. The boy, who used to be a girl, is seen around town with beautiful birds hanging on "his" arm and one doctor reports, "It looks like he's doing fine. The thing is working well. What can I say?"

Now the docs are planning to help a guy who had his penis trashed by an electrical burn. (Did he stick it in

a light socket for a frat initiation? The report does not say).

Anyway, we wish the fellow good luck and hope his new dick works so well that his bed partners will be electrified.

God Bless America Where it's Free—So Far

In a South African divorce action, a judge ruled that it is permissible for a wife to charge her husband for sex. The husband admitted that he had once paid \$56 for screwing his mate five times. His Honor regarded that as reasonable. He added, "For a poor man, however, such a charge might put the show beyond the realm of popular entertainment."

He ordered the husband to pay the costs of the trial. Obviously that poor bastard got screwed again—at a nominal charge.

Those Lousy Bastards Of Rock and Roll

Most bastards are caused by rock and roll music.

The preacher who advances that theory doesn't put it as bluntly. He says he has statistics showing that most children born out of wedlock are conceived by couples listening to rock music.

He is Rev. Charlie Boykin of Tallahassee who, a couple of years



ago, burned a bundle of pop records because he felt they were associated with teen-age girls getting pregnant.

O.K.

But we would like to know *which* records turned the babes on so that they were willing to give all. Please tell us, Rev.

Hot Pants Recommended For Girlish Gobs

These two headlines appeared in the same newspaper on the same day:

Changes in Uniform
For Women in Navy

and:

Navy Men Deserting
In Record Numbers

The respective stories said the first major changes in uniforms for lady gobs since 1943 were being introduced and pants will be permitted as an optional uniform; and the desertion rate of the men was at more 1,150 a month.

Our chief war correspondent says the Navy Dept. is on the right track in trying to liven up women's uniforms but he says they should go a step further and dress the girls in bikinis. "Hardly anybody would desert then," says he.

Safe Harbor For Whores

American cities, worried about sex moving into their downtown areas, could take a tip from Rotterdam. Over there they are planning a floating brothel. They plan to anchor a 400-bed hotel ship in the nearby harbor and let their 700 legal prostitutes do their business aboard. Everybody would be happy except

(Continued on page 53)





MALA

The knockout cover girl on our February issue of The BUF Swinger has attracted a lot of attention and many of our readers have been pouting because we didn't include a photo spread of her between the covers, so to speak. So stop pouting. Here she is. Mala is a beautiful young lady whose slender form perhaps doesn't fit with our Big Up Front format, but whose lovely buds are eye-catchers in their own right. And without question, she is slick, slim and sensual. Not



only that, but she's into acoustic guitar music, a particular favorite of ours. She plays chord-melody style guitar in the manner of Carl Kress, Dick McDonough, and George Van Eps. This rare combination of sexuality and talent has won her a special place in our hearts.

"You really have to have your chops together to play in the old style. There aren't too many guys today who can cut it. It's challenging, exciting stuff. When you play in that style you're exploiting the guitar as a



guitar, not imitating a horn or a piano."

Although first taking up the piano, Mala switched over to guitar after hearing Dick McDonough's solo on "Honeysuckle Rose" and "The Blues" from the classic May 1938 "Jam Session at Victor" with Fats Waller and Bunny Berrigan. "I'd never heard anyone play guitar like that. I knew then the guitar was for me."

After some experimenting, Mala decided to tune her instrument in the unorthodox manner of Carl Kress (lowest to highest). This gives her a wider range of voicings, and a fuller sound. She starts each day off by practicing exercises from the "George Van Eps Guitar Method" for two hours.

Mala plans to form a guitar duo with a friend of hers, and work out some of the duets



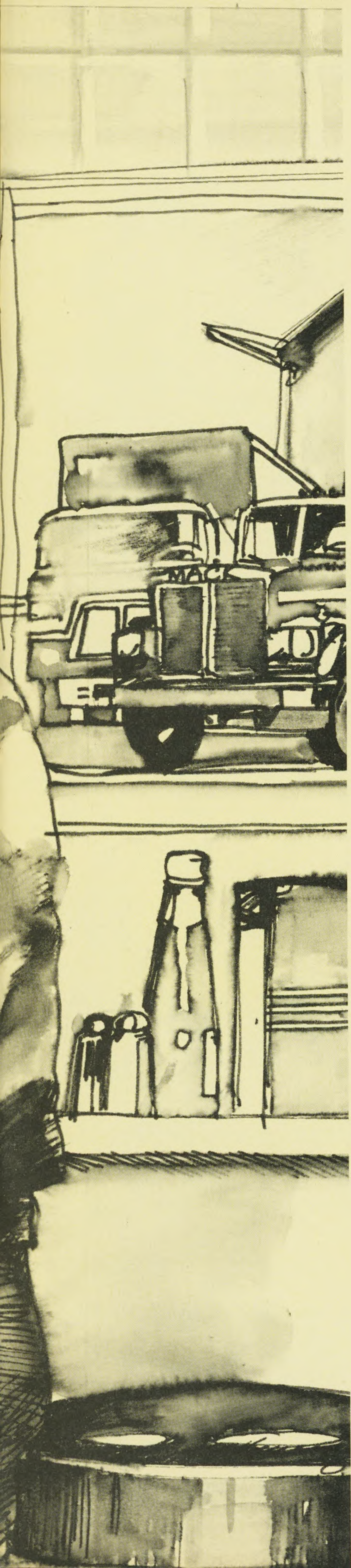


Kress recorded with Eddie Lang, Dick McDonough, Tony Mottola and George Barnes, in addition to working up some original tunes.

She must be doing something right, for this guitar pickin' cutie has certainly struck a warm chord in many hearts. □







TWO'S COMPANY

And three's a crowd, especially when there's a big-hearted waitress, a handsome young fellow and a quiet, older man

by Gene Arkle

"I feel as though I've done a noble thing," Daphne sighed as she lay beside Kent.

"Yeah. Say listen . . . thanks. I---uh . . ." He seemed unable to find words.

"No need to say anything, Kent. I'm just glad I got to you in time. And I'm glad you were able to come to me who's got some education about these things. Well, not a whole lot maybe but more than other waitresses at other truck stops you might have gone to. Anyway I read up on psychology. I never miss Ann Landers. Some people I know never read anything."

"I guess I'd better go. Francis is expecting to get an early start." He leaped out of bed.

Daphne sat up. "Be careful of him. See if you can't get another partner. It's not good for you to associate with him."

Kent was pulling on his jockey shorts. "Look, don't tell anybody what I told you about Francis. He's a top gear jammer. A little lonely maybe—don't tell anybody about him and me."

"I hope I've been able to help you get away from that." She sat on the edge of the bed. "You're young, you know—what, twenty? You can change. Remember you can come back to me. I'll help you." Daphne was young herself—not twenty anymore maybe—but not thirty yet either. She admired herself in the mirror as she sat at her dressing table. She smiled at the reflection of Kent's muscular body as he washed his face in the bathroom. She was glad that she had been able to rent this little trailer in back of the Water Hole—stage stop some truckers called it.

Kent came back into the room and put on his red plaid shirt. He looked at Daphne again, "Daphne, I don't know what to say to you. You're a good chick."

Daphne put on her duster, the pink one with the blue poodles on the big pockets that had snaps up the front and had the lace around the collar. She smiled at Kent. "Just keep saying to yourself, 'I am not . . . ' I can't say the word."

"Queer?" Kent looked away as he zipped up his bluejeans.

(continued on page 59)



"I'll have a 'Cunnilingus Caramel' cone and two scoops of 'Peanut Envy' for the little dyke."

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

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

In New Line's Cinema's "Femmes Fatales," an explicitly raunchy French sex comedy, two men—one a pimp, the other a gynecologist—drop out of society to get away from women, devoting themselves to good wine, good food and plenty of rest. Says one to a gourmet cook with whom they feast: "When I think of those poor men obsessed by the sight of girls' panties when there are kidney beans to be had!" Eventually their women catch up with them and they feast on sex again.

At the New York Gift Show Oh Dawn! Inc., introduced its many-splendored rolls of x-rated toilet papers, including a Bullshit number—Bullshit printed on each two-ply "facial quality" sheet. Also sheets

complete with horoscope "for sophisticated giving."

In Sam Peckinpah's "Cross of Iron," a WWII flick highly praised by some intellectual critics, Senta Berger plays a pretty nurse whose ministrations in military hospital include hopping into bed with her patient. Adds *Time's* reviewer: "By the time Charles Coburn and his men run across a unit of female Russian sentries—an encounter dripping with prurience, multiple killings, and a castration—Peckinpah is clearly indulging himself."

Buffalo Prof. Jesse Lemisch's collection "Bicentennial Schlock" (souvenir junk) went on display at the HQ of District 1199, Hospital



Front and rear views of one of Robert Graham's bronze female nude sculptures. Many of Graham's pieces are headless. [And those that aren't are usually completely bald.] Courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery in New York.



The pix on this page are from "The Sensual Man" who is Giancarlo Giannini, the Italian heart throb. In the top photo, the guy and gal are making out in a car—which is not to be confused with auto eroticism. No, that's not a female dracula in the middle of the photo—it's just a he and she doing some heavy necking. The shot on the bottom shows a woman trying to make up her mind in choosing a bed partner. Needless to say, the bedder man wins.



Employees' Union. Included was a Bicentennial condom—"Celebrate with a bang."

Philip Roth, best-known for his novel "Portnoy's Complaint," writes about a certain type of guy in his book, "Reading Myself and Others" (Farrar, Straus, Giroux-Bantam): "he is not expected to shoot off his mouth or shoot off his semen and certainly not to make a spectacle of himself by shooting off his mouth by shooting off his semen."

In the Italian import, "The Sensual Man," Giancarlo Giannini, trying hard to conquer his over-sexed nature, gets his kicks by having his pants fly sewn up and then having a naked woman rip out the stitches. A crony tells him: "Why marry that woman now, wait 20 years and marry her daughter instead!" So Giancarlo marries his true love's daughter. Later he muses: "Marriage is worse than castration!" After making love to the mistress of an executed fascist dictator, she confides: "After making love, he always asked me to put my foot on his you-know-what. That why they called me The Empress."

Thomas Pynchon's novel, "Gravity's Rainbow," is full of bizarre, stream-of-consciousness passages such as: "... Katje has danced naked and spread her c--t to the horns of grove-dwelling beasts."

Broadcast Music Inc.'s Musical Theatre Workshop showcase at the Hotel Edison was a wow, full of penetrating wit. Bob Rodgers' "The Second Coming" featured a call girl who attended "Crotch College," and by her own admission had "a bust who was a bust."

Tom Stoppard, author of the Broadway hit, "Travesties," now on a national tour, once wrote a TV comedy called "Teeth," about a cuckolded dentist who in revenge turned his rival's teeth bright green.



Scenes from United Film Enterprises' "Miss Julie" show the couples playing an ultra-erotic version of Blind Man's Bluff, although in the top pix, we'd rather be bobbing for those apples. And in the bottom picture, we don't know what's in the keg, but as for the lassie with her legs up, we'll drink to that.

In his book, "Carrying the Fire," (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) astronaut Michael Collins comments: "Imagine a spacecraft of the future, with a crew of a thousand ladies, off for Alpha Centauri, with 2,000 breasts bobbing beautifully and quivering delightfully in response to every weightless movement . . . and I am the commander of the craft, and it is Saturday morning and time for inspection, naturally."

A comic compliments WOR's Gene Shepherd: "You got a nice leather jacket. My wife's got skin like that."

Doubleday's wickedly illustrated album "Fantasy Postcards" is a historical survey. A matter-of-fact note explains: "erotic postcards can only be dated approximately for they were rarely sent through the mails and remained unused, preserved in the jacket pockets of male travelers."





ROBERTA

What are you going to do when you have no will power? For the last couple of years we said that no matter how much we loved her we would not run any more sets on the great,





Gem of the Month









sensationally shaped Roberta Pedon whom we used to fondly call Mooschi. We believe (but won't swear to it) that we were the first to publish her back in the tail end of 1973 and the response was terrific. Fan clubs were formed and mailmen were worn out delivering letters in praise of her and asking for more and more.





So we ran every shooting we could get of her. But then we figured, maybe there can be too much of a good (marvelous) thing and we



vowed not to present her again. So what happened? A shooting we hadn't seen came across our desks—and there went our





resolution. We just couldn't resist it. So, here it is. There are no more words to describe this great BUF Hall of Famer, she's simply super.

But we're going to sign off with a new resolution: if we get other sets of her—we'll run those also! □







DRAGON IN THE STREETS

by Irwin Ross

The day started off badly. The gin bottle was unaccountably empty, so I had to have my tomato juice straight. The toast burned. The coffee was weak. In flipping my egg over, I missed completely and the top of the stove looked like a funny-shaped pizza.

As I left the house, I discovered a dragon in the gutter. My first thought was that it was small for a dragon. Then I realized I had no basis for comparison. It was smaller than the paper dragon they parade in Chainatown and larger than an alligator.

I dashed back into the house and dialed the police. "There's a dragon in the street," I shouted.

"Who's dragging what?" asked the desk sergeant.

"A dragon!" I said. "A dragon. A live dragon!"

"Son," said the sergeant, "you'd better go home and sleep it off." He hung up.

I dialed the fire department. "Look," I said, "there is a dragon in front of my house. A live one."

"What's burning?" the fire department asked.

"Nothing's burning. It's not a fire-breathing dragon. Just the ordinary kind."

"Oho!" said the fire department. "A wise guy, huh? Or are you on some kind of funny stuff. Tell me who you are. I dare you."

I hung up and returned to the street. The dragon wasn't in the gutter. But a block away I saw a circle of people and I ran down.

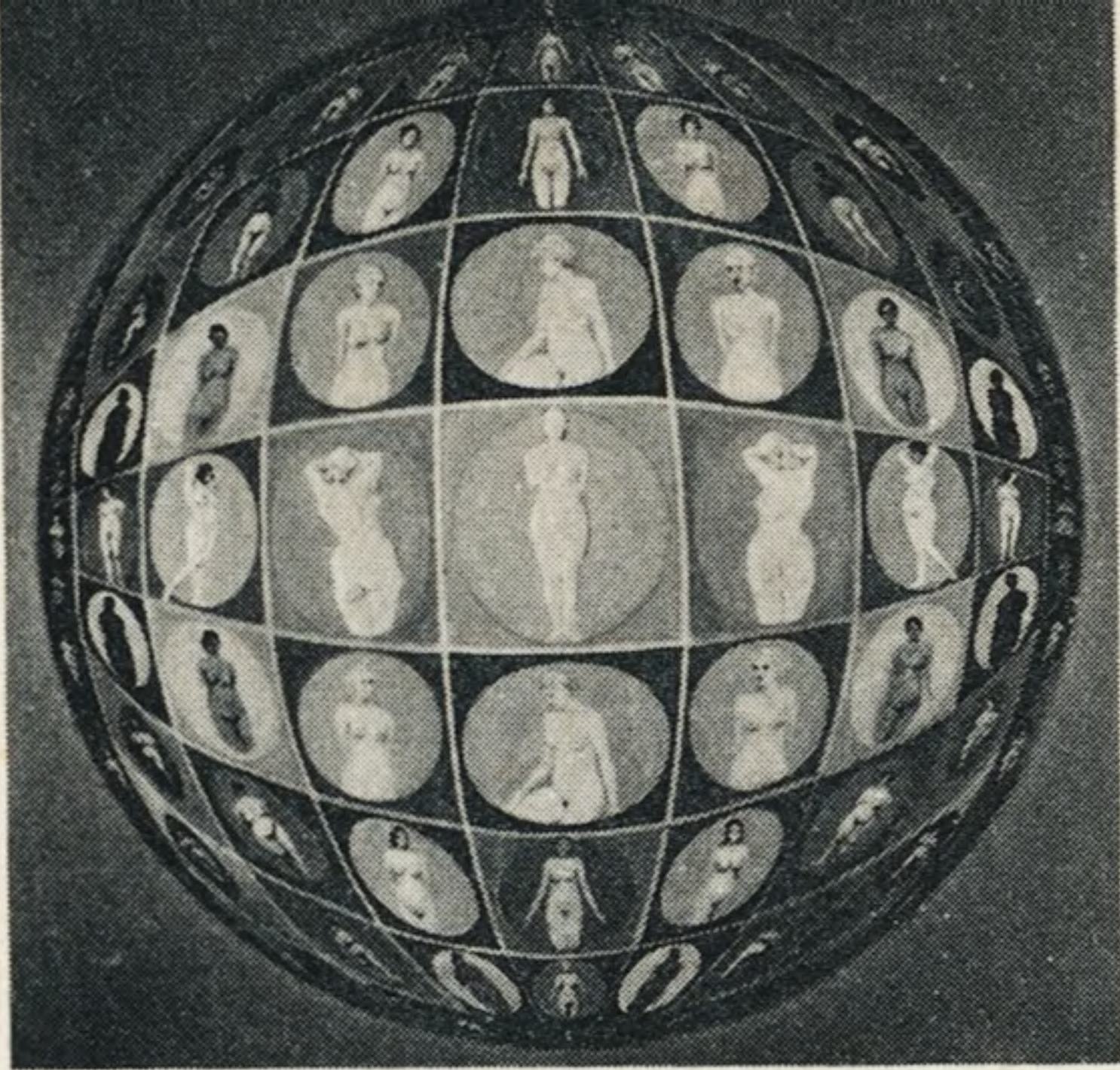
The dragon was in the center of the circle and the circle was a large one because everyone was keeping a wary distance. Someone had thrown a large rock on the dragon's tail. The tail was crushed and bleeding and the rock pinned the dragon to the spot. A route man for Acme Dairy had advanced on the beast and was trying to clobber it with a bottle of homogenized milk.

He was having no success. The dragon's head was small and at the end of a snakelike neck three feet long. The dragon kept weaving and dodging. Besides, the milkman was keeping safely outside the orbit of the milk bottle.

"Hey! What are you trying to do?" I shouted. "Stop it!" *(continued on page 60)*



"I put \$200 on this filly's nose—and I'm a sure winner."



SCOOPS FROM A BROAD

by Fanny Fungler
United Priss Correspondent

BRUSSELS: A vote on a bill to legalize bisexuality in Belgium can go either way.

COPENHAGEN: This city's hardest-working skin-flick actor thinks of himself as a prone Danish.

TIJUANA: It is often very true that you can see more through a keyhole here than on a 21-inch screen.

COVENTRY: For its annual street pageant this legendary city is staging a modern version of Lady Godiva's famous naked ride through town. This year she'll wear only a crewcut.

LONDON: An absent-minded clerk kissed his bicycle goodbye, jumped on his wife, and went to town.

FLORENCE: A Hollywood movie producer who wanted to give a new Italian actress a tremendous build-up has found that nature beat him to it.

ZURICH: A Swiss miss has been fired from her job in the sperm bank after becoming pregnant. They discovered she had been embezzling.

ATHENS: The Greek word for it is the same as ours—fuck.

MILAN: A convent novice is said to be two monks behind in her period.

EDINBURGH: A maiden lady from the United States has leaned the hard way what a Scot Highlander wears under his kilt—the Loch Ness monster.

MONTE CARLO: A company here will soon introduce a specialty credit card for swingers. It will be called Charge d'Affaires.

AMSTERDAM: A Dutch boy stuck his finger in a dyke in Holland. She punched him in the mouth.

SAUDI ARABIA: An oil shiek's eighth wife says she's got it pretty soft.

SOUTHAMPTON—A stranger in town approached the guard at the ships' dock here, and asked where he could find the urinal. "Sorry, old boy," was the reply, "it sailed this morning."

MOSCOW—Early in life the girls of the Soviet learn why Peter was great!

BERLIN: A Freudian psychiatrist has disclosed why married men walk in their sleep—twin beds.

OSLO: A Norwegian virgin bicycled from one end of town to the other over rough, cobblestone streets. It's doubtful if she'll ever come that way again.

NAIROBI: Even professional explorers in Africa are finding it hard to discover a place where no man has been before.

NAPLES: A new airline that flies from Geneva to Italian cities is referred to as Genitalia.

STOCKHOLM: They've come up with a name for a locally-manufactured electric vibrator—artificial Swedener.

ISTANBUL: A tourist in Turkey, who took a few lessons in exotic lovemaking, declares that he will never be able to face his Irish sweetheart again.

TOKYO: Japanese prostitutes who serviced a tall, tough cowboy from Dallas now know what a Texas longhorn really is.



JACKIE

Meet Jackie, a shapely Las Vegas showgirl with plenty of class and plenty in the boobs department. Jackie has come a long way from her childhood days on a farm in Kress, Idaho. After studying drama in New York and Chicago, Jackie split for Vegas where she's really gotten into the swing of the exciting nightlife. "Vegas is boss," she says. "I dallied with the legitimate theatre for a while, but I couldn't put up with the pretentious directors and their 'motivation.' Money, baby, that's my







motivation, and out here there's plenty of it. I've got enough to keep myself dressed in style, which is important, because you never know which hot-shot celebrity you're going to run into next. Since I've been here I've seen all my favorite performers; Dean, Jerry Lee Lewis and Don Rickles. I tell you, there's no business like show business. Everything about it is appealing."

Not surprisingly, sexy-looking Jackie has developed a taste for gambling. "I've had luck with everything except the one-armed bandit,"





she says, "and that's gonna pay off sooner or later. When you're hot, you're hot."

Jackie's winning combination of looks,

talent and ambition is sure to take her far in the show biz world. It's a safe bet that this gambling showgirl will be making it big. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

the johns who get mal de mer.

Perhaps New York City should consider getting into the act. They could clear the prosties out of Times Square if they decided to turn the Atlantic Ocean into a giant water bed. A Blue Nose at the next desk suggests there are plenty of craft available for Operation Sea Sex—garbage shows.

Really! How tacky! The sophisticated Big Apple is classier than that. It would charter a Love Boat.

Kiss My Bleep Said the All-American Catcher

In *Sport* magazine, Al Silverman wrote amusingly as follows—(Take note of the asterisk and follow it all

the way down).

And Thurman Munson, when approached by a writer who wanted to do a story on him said, "Tell SPORT to kiss my ---." (I know that word* can be spelled out these days, but I remain a captive of the past).
*ass

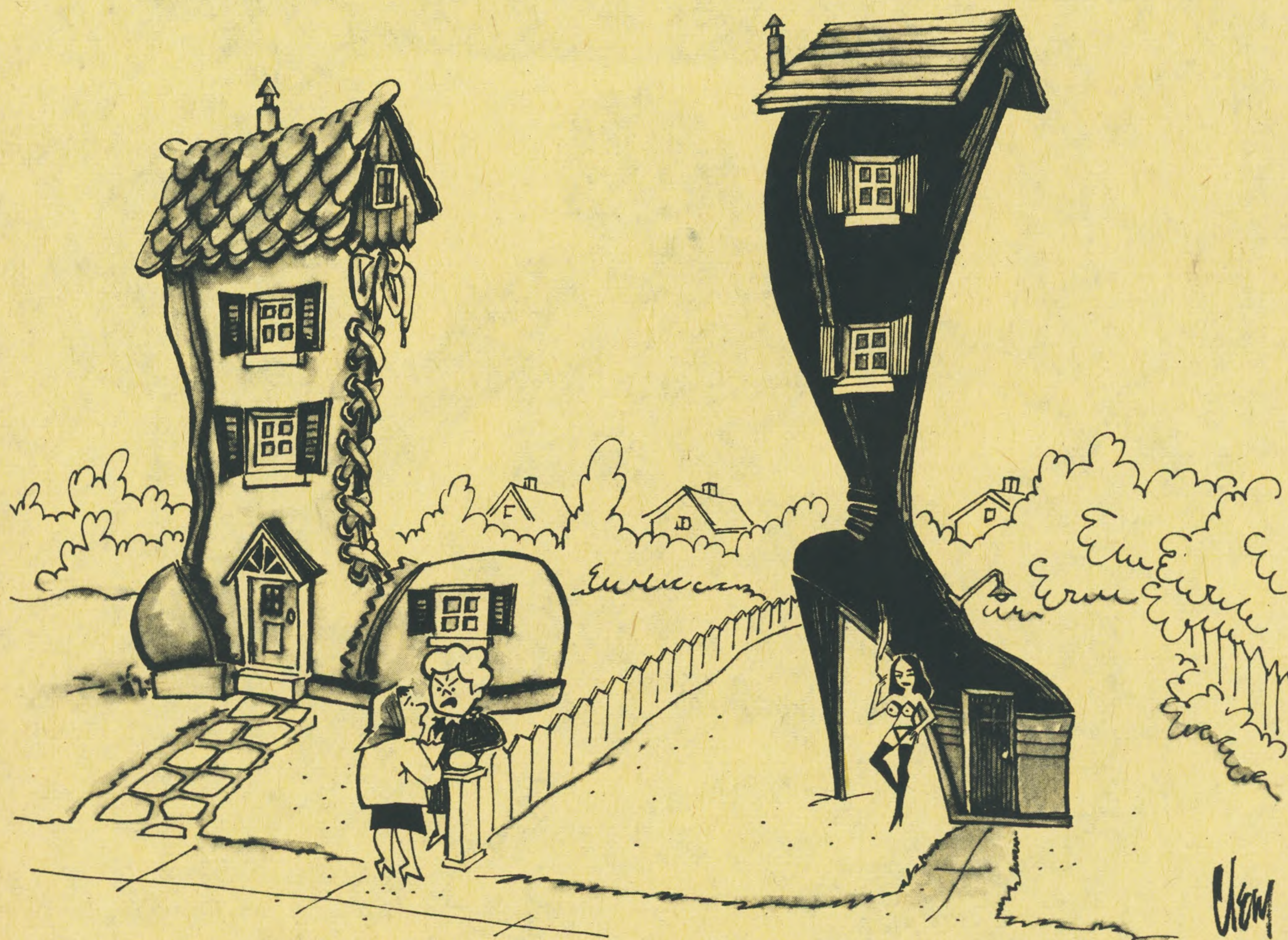
Namath Makes Passes At Nubile Lasses

Joe Namath shocked a good many people when he admitted—or bragged—that his training routine included bedding a blonde before a big game. Up to then the myth had persisted that an athelete could be at his best only if he refrained from screwing prior to a contest. Chaste boxers, bowlers and tiddly-winks players would always beat out the raffish fellows who went for wine, women and song.

But after Broadway Joe made his disclosure and was not struck down by either lightning or the Supreme Court, other jocks "came out of the closet" so to speak. Two Olympic medal winners, boy and girl, revealed that they had enjoyed a night in the pad together before breaking records. Golfers say that a good lay relaxes them for crucial putting. Even Roger Staubach was moved to observe, "I enjoy sex as much as Namath. I do it with my wife."

Wonderful news. Caution is still advised.

In Athens, Greece, Dimitri Lordamis, age 98, got into the annual marathon and he ran 42 miles in seven hours, 40 minutes. He told interviewers that to be at peak form for this event he had had to give up sex—which he had done at age 85.



"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

The grieving young wife's void was filled by a handsome doctor who certainly had the right prescription for her



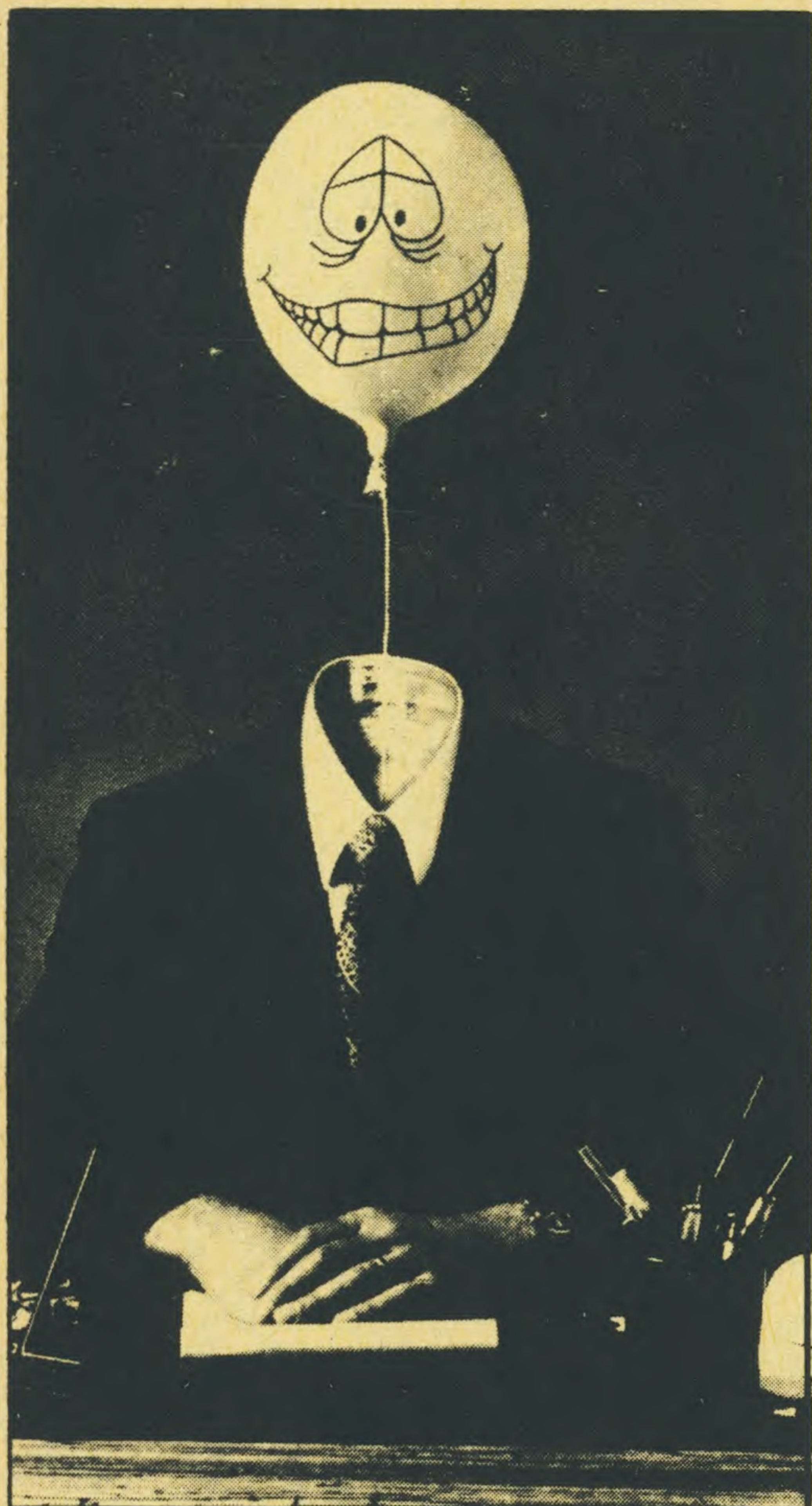
THE STONE OF TRUTH

by Ted Bradley

There was and even to this day exists within the walls of Rome at the foot of the Aventine Hill a strange stone. It has the dimensions of a millstone and on it appears the ferocious face of a creature, half-man and half-beast with the mouth open. It is known even now as the *Stone of Truth* and for the following reason: In olden days when people needed to swear a solemn oath to satisfy their accusers, they thrust their hands into the open mouth; if they lied, the stone jaws would close and the guilty one's hand would not be freed until he had made a full confession. But if there was no guilt, the jaws would stay open and the accused was absolved. Back in those days there lived in Rome a famous captain by the name of Scipio Torcatus, descended from the Caesars. He was married to a Roman lady whose virtue and beauty were paralleled. She was Aenea Sabellina, a 23-year-old personification of feminine charm and sensuality. Captain Torcatus often had to leave his household to fight in the many battles the Romans were always waging. But his wife was never unfaithful to him, despite

the many temptations that were thrown in her way. However once Torcatus fought in a battle against the barbarians in which many Roman soldiers died. And for long weeks after the battle had been fought, there was no news from Torcatus, so that finally everyone began to believe that he had perished in the fray. When Aenea finally realized that her beloved husband was probably dead, she fell seriously ill immediately. No doctor who came to her side could help her. Her family grew frantic, and summoned a young doctor who was considered to be the most talented of his trade. Apart from being very talented, the young doctor, called Arsinius Rufus, was also very handsome. He visited the fair patient and was instantly captivated by her charm. In a few days, as he sat alone with her in her bedroom, the fires of love were kindled in his chest.

Before long he made bold to tell her how he felt. Imagine his joy to find Aenea responding favorably to his words, obviously as taken with him as he with her. Nevertheless, for some time, Aenea rejected his advances, but finally,



High Blood Pressure?

Only your doctor can tell. Like more than 10 million other Americans, you could have high blood pressure and not know it until it leads to stroke, heart or kidney failure. It has no special symptoms and often gives no warning. But your doctor can detect high blood pressure (he may call it hypertension) and usually control it. So see your doctor... and follow his orders.

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THE STONE OF TRUTH

(continued from previous page)

reasoning that there is no point in being faithful to a dead husband, she decided to give herself up to the delights that Rufus offered her.

Thus, as he entered her bedroom one day, she surprised him by waiting for him naked on her bed, covered only by a thin white sheet, which revealed more than it hid of her supple body. Realizing that the happy hour had come, Rufus wasted no time. Throwing his own clothes off, he gently pulled the linen away from her nudity, revealing one of the most beautiful sights that any man's eyes could behold.

He gasped, dizzy with excitement, and placed his hand on a darling-soft hill of flesh, while his lips covered hers, his tongue exploring deep.

Aenea did not remain passive for long. Her love-starved body cried out with delight as once again male hands touched her in those intimate places, and a man's body pressed on top of hers.

For many days their loveplay continued, Rufus having full access to her through his profession of doctor. However one day a letter arrived from far away, in which Torcatus, the husband whom everyone believed dead, sent word that he was alive and well.

In a few days the captain arrived back in Rome, and no one gave him a more royal and loving reception than his wife Aenea. But Torcatus' relatives, who had grown suspicious of her, warned him that she had been engaged in some reproachful goings-on.

Torcatus did not believe them, but since they suspected his wife, his honor was at stake, so he tried to unearth the truth. But nothing came to light, for Aenea and Rufus were very careful, and stopped seeing one another as soon as Torcatus came back.

One day Torcatus said to Aenea, "My dearest one, although I have absolute faith in you, my family is making my life impossible, for they believe that you have betrayed me

with another man. To end their suspicions once and for all, I want you to come with me and my relatives to the *Stone of Truth*, and take the oath."

Aenea was taken aback by his request, but she could not refuse without appearing guilty, so with secret fear, she agreed to go the very next day.

But as soon as she was free she ran to Rufus, and told her lover about the disastrous developments. But Rufus calmed her down, and after thinking about it for a while, he told her that he had the solution to the problem. He told her that the next day, on her way to the Stone, he would meet her on the way, disguised as a farmer. "I'll be carrying a pair of tweezers for pulling out thorns," he said, "along with some other tools. When you see me, you must pretend that you have a thorn in your foot. Then I'll step forward, and before anyone can stop me, offer to remove the torn with my tweezers. In the meantime, though, I'll insert a real thorn in your foot, and then remove it."

"I can't see where all this is leading," the puzzled Aenea told Rufus.

"Do not worry," he reassured her. "You must say this oath and no other. Lean over and let me whisper it into your ear."

Next day everything happened the way Rufus planned it. Aenea complained of a pain and submitted her foot to a passing "farmer," who extracted a thorn with his tweezers. Then she proceeded to the Stone, her husband and relatives walking right behind her.

Thrusting her hand deep into the fierce jaws of the Stone, she said in a firm voice: "I swear that since my marriage to Torcatus no other man has touched my person except that good man who just now pulled the thorn from my foot."

The terrible jaws stayed open, and those who had accused Aenea went home red in the face. Torcatus was proud of Aenea who remained faithful ever and after. This is a fairy tale, you know. □



ROBIN



"When our cute blonde Robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along," we sang as our cute (and sexy, we might add) Robin came bob, bob, bobbin' across the floor of her apartment to greet us wearing a beautiful smile.

Why do you bob so much when you walk, we asked, our eyes intrigued by the effects of the bobbing.

"Just part of my exercise plan to stay in top physical shape," she said bobbingly.

That kind of bobbing can be great for you, we said, but it reduces us to a quivering mass of jelly. She laughed. More bobbing.

"It's my isometrics," she



explained. Does that have something to do with a winter carnival, we asked. “Not ice-o-metrics — isometrics. Exercise. Muscles pulling and straining against one another. Never letting your sinews get soft and flabby.

“You look rather soft,” she went on, eyeing our flabbiness, “I bet my stuffed dragon is in better shape. Don’t you exercise?”

We said we did. We used both hands to reach for more bacon, mashed potatoes and bread. And, we said, sliding furtively for the door, when we get done, we’re stuffed and, believe me, we’re dragging. We made our escape as Robin bobbed threateningly toward us. □

TWO'S COMPANY . . .

continued from page 29

"Believe me you're not. After last night, I can sure vouch for that. I don't care what anyone tries to tell you. Get away from that Francis!"

"I'll remember." He walked over to her, pulled her close to him and kissed her.

"Now, Kent don't start up again." She pushed away from him reluctantly. "I don't have time. I've only had this job a few weeks. I can't afford to be late. Besides there'll be other times—lots of them."

"Okay. Goodbye." Kent looked out the trailer door, saw that no one was in sight and left at a trot.

Daphne watched him as he jogged up to the rig that he and Francis had driven in yesterday afternoon. The tractor was locked and Kent went inside the restaurant. Francis would be in there!

Daphne got dressed in a hurry.

She ran up to The Water Hole, burst through the back door and ran through the kitchen to the dining room.

There was Kent at the pinball machine. Francis had his arm around Kent's shoulder. Daphne shuddered. She didn't know what to do. She felt like she should rescue Kent.

Teresa was pouring a pan of water into the big coffee urn. "Well! You're a little early, honey."

Francis strode over to the counter, "Hey, Terry, give us two large coffees and a half a dozen doughnuts to go."

"Keep your pants on, Francis. Daphne, take care of that for me, will you?" Teresa continued pouring the water.

Daphne sacked up the doughnuts and placed them on the counter in front of Francis. He was wearing a purple shirt with snap pockets. Daphne got out two large hot cups and lids for the coffee. She kept

glancing over at Kent leaning over the pinball machine. She drew the coffee, capped the containers and bagged them.

Kent walked over to the counter and plopped down next to Francis. Daphne looked into Kent's eyes, "Anything else?"

Francis said, "Yeah. How about some cream and sugar?"

"Oh, I'm sorry." Daphne dropped several small containers of cream and packets of sugar into the sack with the coffee.

Francis paid for everything after grumbling about the price and Kent followed him toward the front door.

As he was going out he turned back to Daphne, "Thanks a lot." He left, got into the truck with Francis and they drove away.

Daphne was worried about the tall, good looking, blond boy she had spent the night with. She watched after the truck even after it had disappeared around the bend in the road going toward Louisville.

"Did you and that kid have something going? I saw you talking to him over in the corner booth after you got off work yesterday. I know he didn't take one of the rooms upstairs like Francis did." Teresa leaned on the counter near Daphne talking confidential. "My guess is he shacked up with you in the trailer out back." The two of them were alone in the room or she wouldn't have said all that.

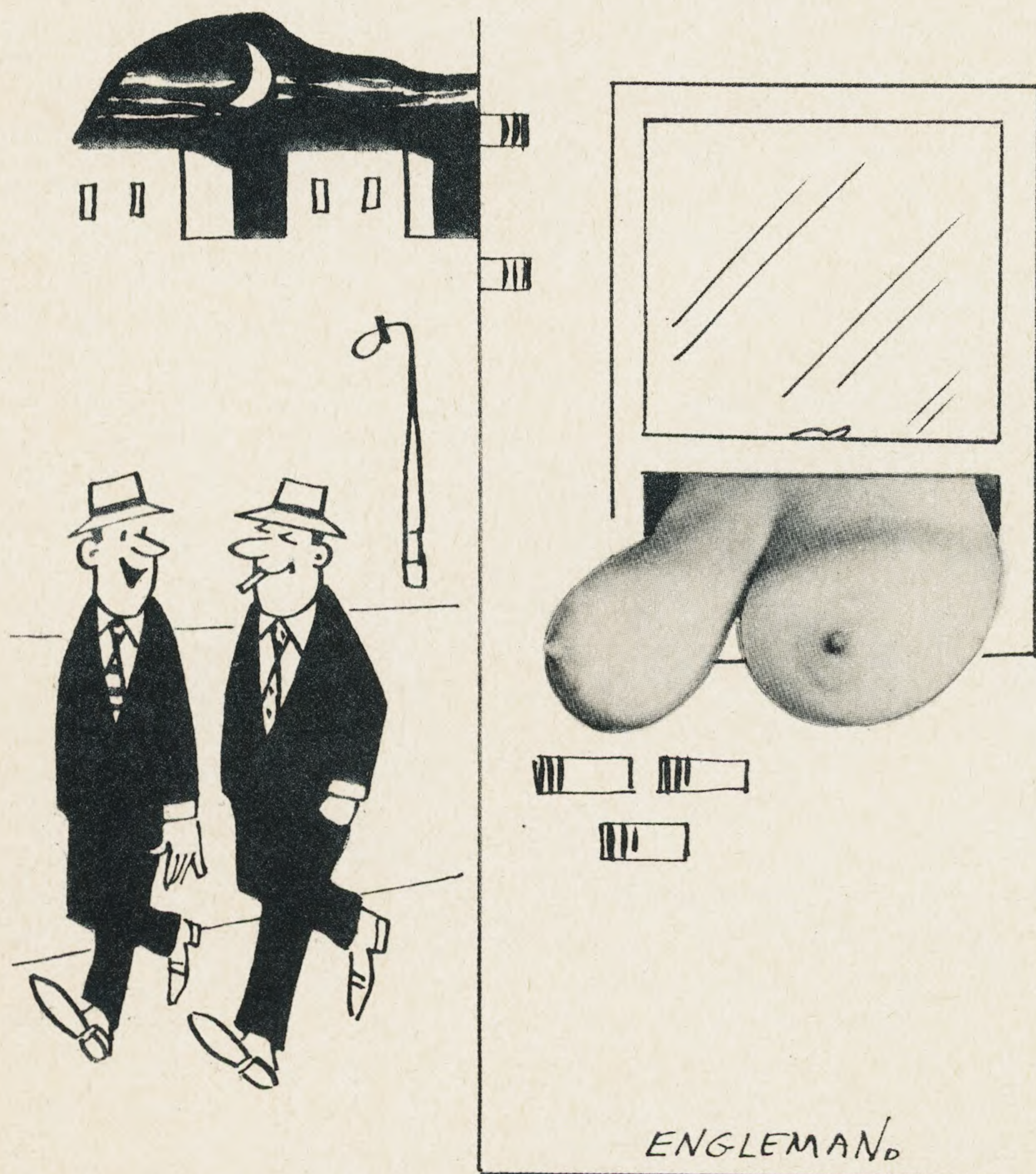
Daphne blushed. Teresa knew about it. And since she knew, Daphne didn't see any reason not to talk about it. "Sometimes a person will sacrifice herself and her ideals for a higher principle."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"You wouldn't understand." Daphne smiled to herself. "But I think I saved Kent from a very bad future."

Teresa laughed, "I wouldn't worry about that young stud's future. He'll take care of that himself."

Daphne knew better. After work last night, he took her to a movie about a young boy and an older woman. When he brought her back



"This place with the Big Up Front broads—are we getting close?"

to the trailer, she asked him in for a beer. He had a couple and they talked about the picture. Then he started talking about himself and about Francis, the long trips, wanting a body to be next to at night and having Francis convince him to—she hated to even think it. Daphne had read about that sort of thing in that book about truckers by that woman, what's-her-name.

They had talked a long time before Daphne realized that Kent needed to direct his impulses toward a woman—toward her. It was then that she led him to her bed. He was an eager and vigorous partner—*three times*. And they spent the night together.

No! She knew Kent had enjoyed her too much to go back. Daphne was pleased that she set him on the path away from being one of those people.

"Don't kid yourself, Daphne. You're just another foxy lady to that boy." Teresa was pouring ketchup from nearly empty bottles into one bottle that looked fresh.

Again Daphne smiled, "No, Terry, it's not like that."

"I'll bet he's already got a stable of beavers lined up. Hell, he's going to be just like his uncle."

"His uncle?"

"Yeah. Francis. Francis is Kent's uncle." Again Teresa got confidential, "And a hornier uncle you ain't gonna find. I know. Sometimes I get a little pissed at him 'cause I know he's got a wife and me and a dame in Saint Louis."

"You mean Kent's not his partner or whatever?"

"No. He's just taking a little joy ride with Francis around the country. I doubt if he'll come back this way anymore."

Daphne saw her reflection in the mirror behind the counter. Her mouth was hanging open. "He won't come here anymore?"

"Not likely." Teresa was wiping off the counter with a damp towel.

"He's going to be moving to Hawaii in a month. Marryin' some rich little piece whose daddy owns a pineapple orchard or a papaya plant or something."

Daphne was stunned. Daphne was angry. Daphne was laughing.

Teresa got caught up into the spirit of the moment and began to laugh too, "I bet he didn't tell you about the girl."

Daphne wiped the tears from her eyes. "No, he didn't tell me about the girl."

Teresa slapped the towel against the counter, "The little bastard."

Daphne sat on a counter stool still laughing, "The little turd." □

DRAGON IN THE STREETS

continued from page 45

"I'll kill the damn thing," the milkman said. "It's a menace."

"No. Don't do it!" I cried.

"Listen, feller," said the milkman. "I got a lot of little babies on my route. They depend on Acme and me. I got kids of my own. I'll risk my life any day to protect them."

"Wait a minute, buddy," I said. "I used to be a member of the union myself. Worked for Pal's. Be calm a minute. Look, this is a scientific wonder. Probably the only living dragon in the world. The last one. Do you want to go down in history with Sigurdr Islefsson, the man who killed the last great auk? Or with Sir Arthur Kensington, the man who killed the last European wisent?"

The milkman looked at me quizzically. "You mean it may be worth something if we catch this 'thing?'"

"Probably," I said. "Let's not kill it."

I looked at the animal. Its body was not unlike that of an alligator, greenish yellow and about six feet long, continuing another three feet in a tail. The tail was scaly and thinner than an alligator's and it did not have a spade tip as St. George's dragon had. The small head on the

long thin neck was shaped like a snake's, and a forked tongue darted out of its mouth. The eyes were Robin's Egg blue, slightly bloodshot.

"Wait here," I said to the milkman. "I'll phone and find out. Don't let it get away."

I ran into the new apartment house on the corner and rapped on the first door on the right. "Can I use your phone?" I asked, as the door opened.

The girl who had opened the door smiled. She had long black hair down to her waist and a face that could make any guy a little weak in the knees. She had a short thin bathrobe drawn tightly about her. Very tightly—and nicely.

"Of course you can use the phone. Come in." She led the way to the living room and waved me toward a sofa.

"Sorry to crash in this way," I said, "but there's a dragon out there."

She sat down beside me and said, "You're excited. You're all perspiry." She ran a soft hand across my forehead.

"You're trying to find out if I'm feverish," I said, accusingly. "Well, I'm not. I'm perfectly normal. No insanity in my family, either, although I do have an aunt who collects old shaving mugs. But no kidding, there really is a strange animal out there on the street, and I want to make a phone call about it."

"How exciting!" she said. "I just moved here, and I had no idea I was moving out where dragons roam."

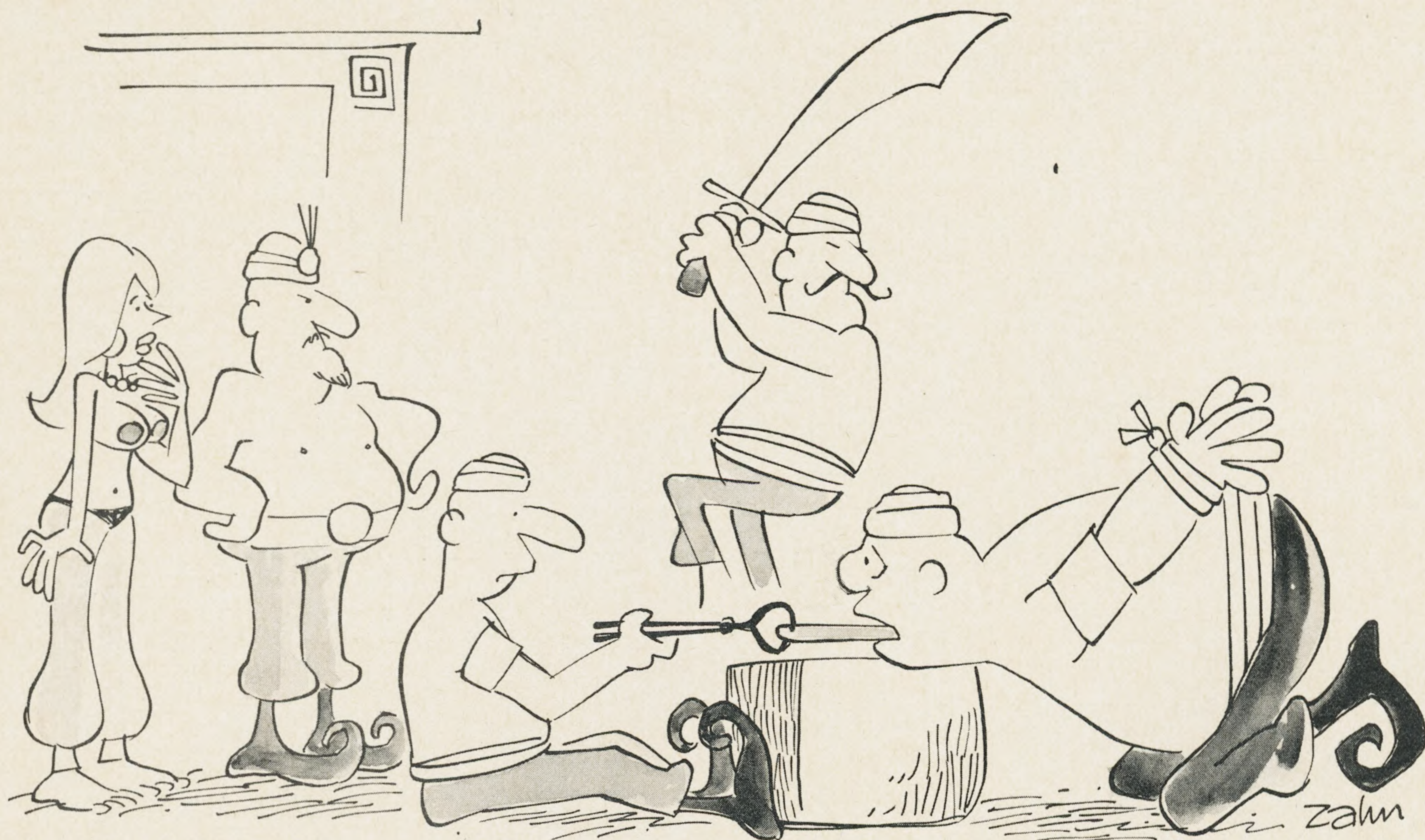
"And the skies are not cloudy all day. May I have the phone book?"

"Surely," she said. "Would you like a martini, too? I just made some."

"You bet!"

She handed me the phone book and then called from the kitchen, "With an olive or lemon peel?"

"You bet!" I said. I started to look up the number of Hans Nieman, who knows all about extinct animals, but



I remembered he was in Sweden getting some sort of prize. So I dialed the History Museum, and when a girl answered, I said, "Can I talk to the dragon man?"

"Sorry," she said. "He's leading an exploration in Tibet."

"Well, have you somebody in alligators?"

"There's Mr. Jones in crocodiles. Will he do?"

I was connected with Mr. Jones who wanted to know who I was.

"My name is Ross," I told him. "I just found a dragon."

"Spell it."

"D-R-A-G-O-N."

"Mr. Dragon?"

"No, Mr. Ross. R-O-S-S. R as in oyster, O as in oyster . . ."

"Or as in Octopoda," Mr. Jones put in.

"Listen to me!" I fairly screamed. "Please listen carefully. I just discovered a dragon. It's in the street right now. It's a real dragon!"

"Well, Mr. Oyster," said Mr. Jones, "if you will give me your

address, I'll send you Form 1030-B on which to make a report. If your discovery is valid, I am sure the museum authorities will give you proper recognition, perhaps granting you the honor of naming the subspecies."

I hung up.

"My name is Linda," said the voice of my hostess. She handed me a martini and sat down beside me. Close.

"That's an attractive tie you're wearing," she said. "I think you can tell an awful lot about a man's character by his choice of neckties, don't you?"

"If it's made of hemp, you can. Otherwise, I'm not sure."

"This seems to be such an interesting neighborhood. But I'm so lonely here. I have hardly any friends. Oh, I know a few girls, of course. But no real friends," she said, tightening her robe.

"I'll try to do something about it sometime," I said. I drained my

glass. "Right now I've got to go out and see how the dragon is doing."

When I got outside, the crowd was gone, and so was the dragon. Only the rock remained; the dragon must have pulled his tail out from under it. From the rock, a thin trail of blood led down the street. I followed it to where it disappeared down a sewer culvert. The sewer was one of those built in the great New York sewer scandal of the 30s. No one knows for sure just where they run or where they come out. From the price the taxpayers paid, they might empty into . . . the Pacific Ocean.

I looked at my watch. I was late for work—later than usual. I wondered whether to go downtown at that hour or go back and see Linda. I took a coin out of my pocket and flipped it high into the air. Heads I would call on Linda, tails I would go to work.

I caught the coin and slipped it back in my pocket without looking at it. I didn't have to look at it—I'd used my 2-headed quarter. □



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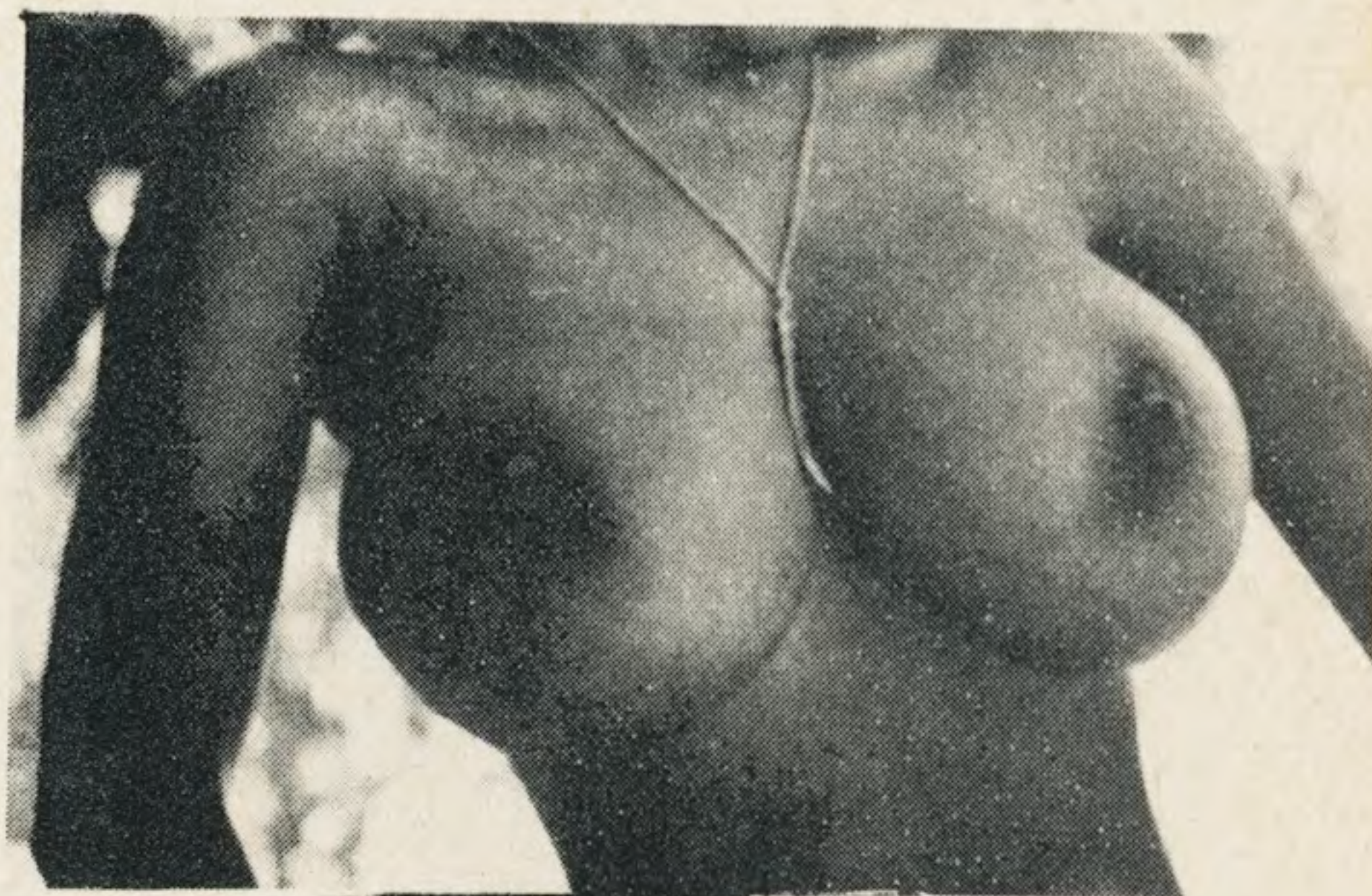
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GAGGED!

continued from page 6

asked: "Tell me just one thing—am I the six or the nine?"

Since the above gag concerns oral sex, it can be switched to a gag like the following: The young swinger and his shapely girlfriend had been going together long enough for the young man to think up some variations in their sexual relationships which he thought might enhance it. One night in bed he suggested a new little fillip and after he explained it in detail to the girl, she replied: "I'm sorry, darling, but I'm on a strict diet. I have to know just how many calories are in everything before I put it in my mouth!"

Then this gag can be taken a step further with this variation: A woman consulted her doctor to ask if it was all right to use a flouride preparation as a douche.

"I don't see anything wrong with that," said the doctor, a little puzzled. Several months later the doctor met the woman on the street and asked: "You know, I've been wondering why you wanted to use that flouride preparation in your douche? I've never heard of anything like that before."

"Well," replied the woman, "my husband is deathly afraid to go to the dentist, and since I started using that flouride in my douches, he hasn't had a single cavity!"

Who makes up dirty jokes?

Jokes are not made up. They are evolved.

They arrive to us from other countries and older civilizations by way of oral and printed infiltrations over a period of centuries, and along certain well defined cultural highways. Scholars have speculated on where it all began—who started the first dirty joke on its merry rounds? Specialists who know their ABC's of bawdy humor, Apuleius, Boccaccio and Chaucer traced some of these jokes back to the early Renaissance when more besides classical

knowledge had a rebirth. Some modern anthropologists have traced other dirty stories back to antiquity and beyond. A good example of a contemporary party joke that derives from folklore is the gag about the unfortunate flat-chested girl who was told that she could develop her bustline by strenuous exercise. She went about the required calisthenics with such enthusiasm that she got carried away and continued her breast-building exercises for years until the results surpassed her wildest dreams. She ended up with the unique ability to throw her boobs back over her shoulders with such deadly accuracy that she was able to knock out muggers. This story dates back to pre-Christian, Scandanavian mythology in which are found numerous stories about fairies, trolls and giantesses who performed similarly spectacular feats.

Other folklore themes cover erotic, scatological and pysiological situations that excite both masculine and feminine imaginations. The mysterious origin of sexual organs is the subject of folk tales among Chinese, Indians and many Scandanavians. Folklore is also replete with unusual fables about the strange results of sexual union between humans and supernatural creatures, such as the popular tale of the god Thor sleeping with a pretty girl who lisped, with which we're sure you're familiar.

The terrifying concept of *vagina dentata*, or teeth in the female vagina long antedated the Freudian emphasis on castration, being found as a basic theme among the Eskimos, the American Indians and the Marquessa Islanders. A modern gag about *vagina dentata* concerns the girl who had a hysterectomy and later learned that the surgeon had left a small pair of scissors inside her body after he sewed her up. When she was questioned about it, he told her that she was recovering so quickly that he was reluctant to operate on her again so soon.

"You just let me know if you have

any trouble," he told her, "and then I can make a judgment of what to do."

About six months later, the girl phoned. "Doctor," she said, "you've got to do something about those scissors you left inside me."

"Are they giving you any trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Not me!" exclaimed the girl. "But they've circumsized two of my best boyfriends, and they cut the tongue off a casual acquaintance!"

Many dirty gags invariably involve a swipe of authority, especially at our moral code. Take the story of the farmer, shotgun in hand, who caught a truck driver in bed with his pretty 17-year-old daughter. The truck driver was right in the saddle, pouring it to the shapely lass when the father snapped: "You claim you're a good truck driver?"

"The best," panted the truck driver without missing a stroke.

"Well," yelled the farmer, pointing his gun at the man's back, "let's see you back out of THAT hole without spilling your load!"

Or there's the gag about the man who dropped into a friend's office and found him staring despondently at some papers on his desk.

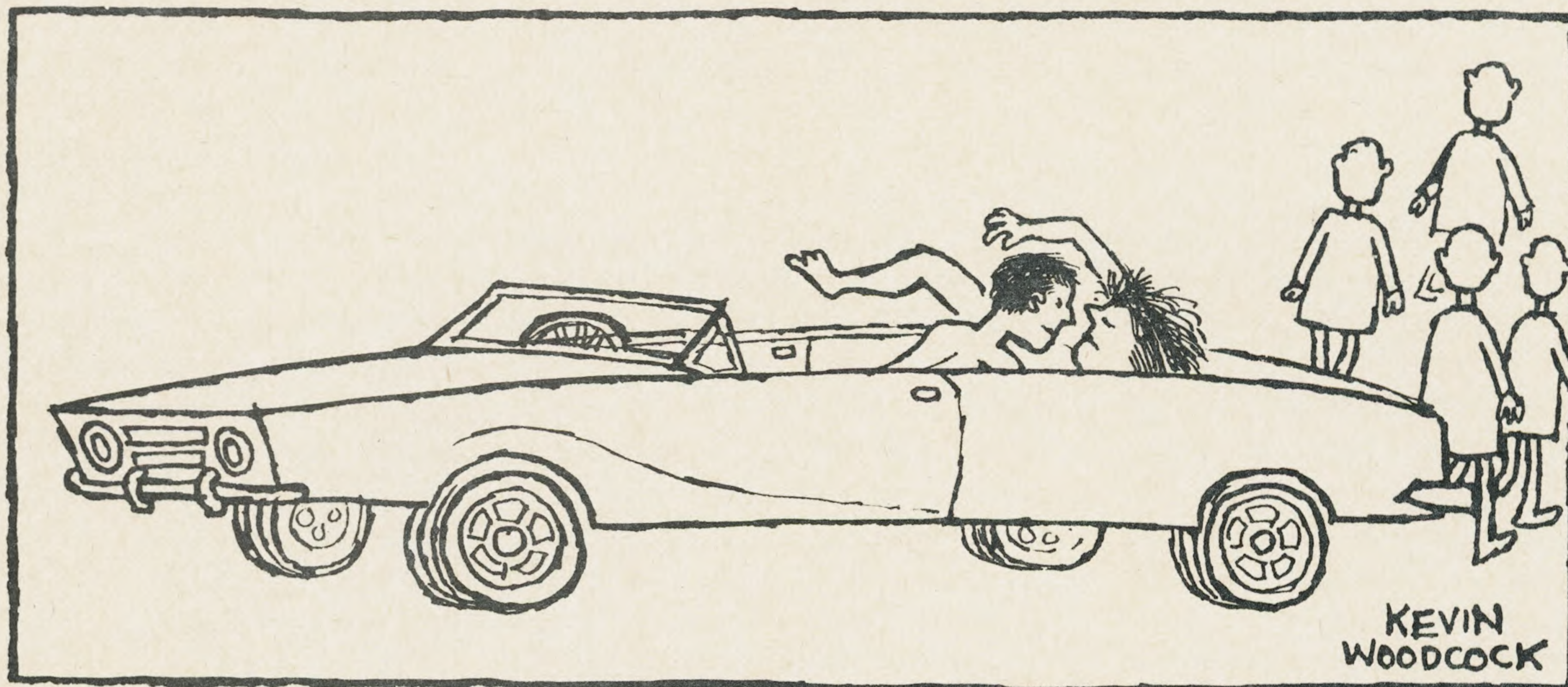
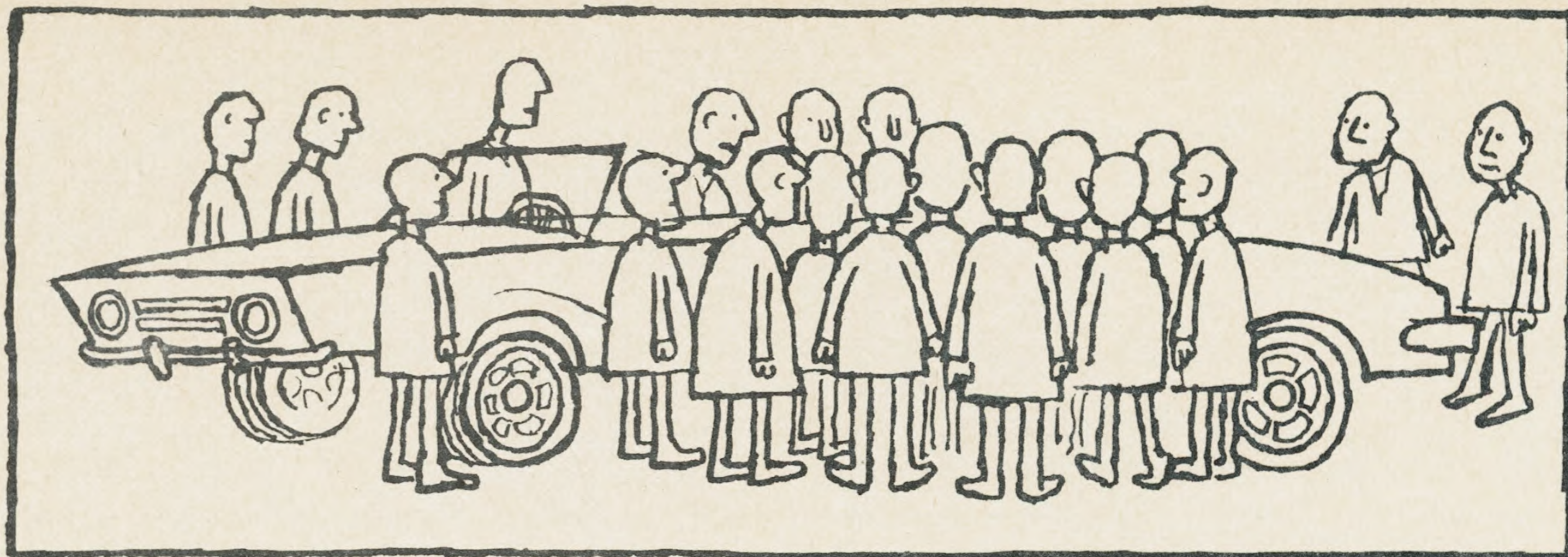
"What's the matter?" asked the visitor.

"I'm trying to fill out some insurance forms," was the reply, "and I'm having some difficulty explaining my loss."

"What did you lose?" asked the friend.

"One of my contact lenses, and it's insured—but just how do you go about saying that you couldn't find it in your secretary's pubic hair?"

The *Fuck or Walk* gags started with the advent of the horse-and-buggy age and have been modernized in this automotive era, then even carried farther as they have been switched to airplanes. *Fuck or Walk* is conceived as the midway point between seduction and rape. To the man, it's just a practical way of making it easy for the girl to accept the sexual intimacy. To the girl, it's



rape. This situation tends to be clearest only to those men who have had the same alternatives offered to them while hitchhiking by homosexual truck drivers or "though fags," some of whom are not above hefting a tire-iron in one hand while making the seductive suggestion.

The standard excuse for rape—that the girl really wanted sex—is found in all the *Fuck or Walk* gags, but sometimes the tables are turned as in the gag about the man who picked up a pretty girl in a bar one night and drove her out into the country and parked. After they had necked for a while and the girl saw that the man was reaching the point of no return, she said: "Darling, I hate to mention this, but I'm really a hooker, and if you want to lay me, it'll cost you \$25."

By this time the man was at a point of excitement where he had to get into her panties, so he paid her the \$25 and pulled her into the back seat where they had intercourse.

When they were finished and dressed and back in the front seat again, the man just sat there and looked into space until the girl said: "Don't you think it's about time you drove me back home?"

"Well, honey, I hate to mention this," grinned the man, "but I'm really a taxi driver—and the fare back to town is \$50!"

Switched even more up-to-date is this gag about a couple of swingers who bought a private plane and went off on swinging vacations with various chicks. On one particular trip with two beautiful blondes, one of the men, who was piloting the plane, called back on the intercom, got his partner and whispered: "Quick, the plane's on fire! Get your parachute! We've got to jump!"

"What about the girls?" asked the other man.

"Fuck the girls!" came the excited reply.

"You think we've got time?"

asked the man in the cabin.

With jet travel and overseas telephoning, dirty jokes now spread across oceans and continents with mercurial speed. A man in Hollywood hears a good switch on a dirty joke and in a few minutes, when he's talking to a business associate in Paris, relays the gag. Six hours later it's making the rounds in Hong Kong.

The "Reverse," a type of gag that isn't tripped off until the end of the punch line is reached, is a favorite type among the comedy writers for television, and also among the big wigs in Hollywood, and the following gag is a good example of a story that was told over the phone by a Hollywood actor to a producer in London and the same day it was relayed to Buenos Aires by phone to a diplomat.

A fellow was out riding with his girl when he had a puncture in a tire. It was ten degrees below zero, but he screwed up his courage and got out

to change it. A few minutes later, he was back in the car complaining that his hands were frozen. His girl responded: "Put your hands between my legs and I'll warm them up." So, a little later, when his hands got nice and warm, he went out to have another go at the tire. But he came right back in a few minutes with the same complaint. This time it took longer for his hands to get warm, but he went out to change the tire for the third time. When he got back in his car, his girlfriend said: "Honey, I'd like to ask you something—don't your ears ever get cold?"

Another type of the Reverse gag concerns a policeman who considered himself a Don Juan and claimed that he could make it with a certain redheaded waitress, though none of the other men were having any luck with her.

"You just listen to my police car radio tonight," bragged the Don Juan, "and you'll have proof."

So he bought two hamburgers, ate one, took the other and hid it above the sun visor of the police car. Then he picked up the redhead, drove out into the country, parked the car, turned on the radio transmitter, and proceeded to "accidentally" drop the hamburger out of the sun visor down between the redhead's legs where it landed on the floor.

"Give it to me, baby," said the cop. "It's right between your legs."

"Are you going to eat that dirty thing?" exclaimed the girl.

"Say *hamburger!*" yelled the cop. "Say *hamburger!*"

The earliest joke book to appear in the England language was *The Hundred Merry Tales*, a racy volume that served as one of Shakespeare's prime sources for humorous material. The most famous English jokester of all, Joe Miller, was the purveyor of tales to His Majesty, George I, and to all comedians ever since.

Dirty jokes often leap from the pages of literature into popular parlance. Some stories originate in

deeds of valor and then are passed around from mouth to mouth until they are miles away from their original version. A good example is the story of the well known octogenarian who married a young girl. A gossip columnist phoned the bridegroom on the following day and asked how the new husband enjoyed his wedding night. "Did you ever try to put an oyster into a slot machine?" was the angry reply. This story made the rounds until a few years ago Bob Hope quipped about his experiences on a USO tour of Alaskan bases. When asked by his straight man if it was true that Eskimos used fish for money, Hope replied: "Yes, and I sure had trouble trying to get the juke box to play on oysters."

According to some sexologists, men use the dirty joke as part of an attempt to seduce a girl by fixing her attention on sexual facts and potential relationships. The man makes the dirty joke work for him. If he is uncertain as to a girl's sexual approachability, telling a dirty story will provide him with an opportunity to watch her for signs that will tell him if he should continue the pursuit or try his luck with some other girl.

Down through history, the dirty joke has provided a springboard for stories that involve an excessively large or long penis, with the teller subconsciously hoping that a female listener will identify the story about the man and girl who were divorced, but still friends. One day the man fell and broke his leg and after he came home from the hospital, he called his ex-wife, to come over and help him take a bath. Once he was in the tub, the ex-wife took the soap and the washrag and started to wash her former husband. When she reached a certain strategic spot, she saw a remarkable change take place in his anatomy.

"Isn't that sweet?" the girl cooed. "Look, Fred, your penis still recognized me!"

Descriptive stories are always

popular when men tell dirty gags around girls because, as Freud explains: "The listener is forced to listen to the anatomical parts of the body in question, or the sexual act itself. And subconsciously, the teller always has a hope that there will be some kind of sexual response by the listener." Today, with much more being written in books and magazines about fellatio and cunnilingus, stories that feature these methods of oral sex are popular, as in the story that tells:

The young would-be Casanova asked an experienced old fornicator how he had managed to stay out of trouble in all the years he'd been playing around with swinging chicks.

"Son, just remember one thing," the old man replied, "you can't knock 'em up with saliva!"

Or there's the story about the two secretaries who were having lunch one day as they discussed the temptations of sex.

"Have you ever eaten anything you shouldn't have?" asked one girl.

"No," exclaimed her girlfriend, "but once I woke up being fed something!"

A good example of a gag being switched from a male to a female gender is the story of the two girls who were sitting in a bar when a gorgeous hunk of male muscle walked in and ordered a double scotch. The girls primped and preened and wiggles, but the man just ignored them, drank his drink, and walked out. Then one girl turned to the other and gasped: "Did you see what just left?"

"Did I see him?" exclaimed the other girl. "Why, I've got a WIDE-ON now big enough to swallow this bar stool!"

The world, as T. S. Elliot once said, cannot bear too much reality. And a good dirty joke, regardless of its origin, and with the gag well hidden until the punch line, can give us all some much-needed laughs. Speaking about needs, have you heard the one about . . . □

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