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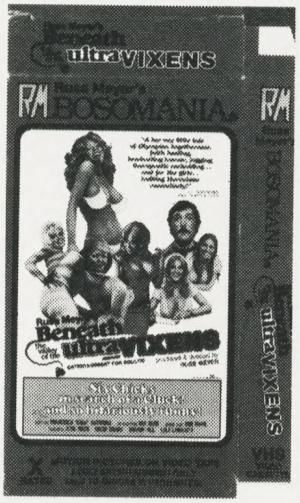
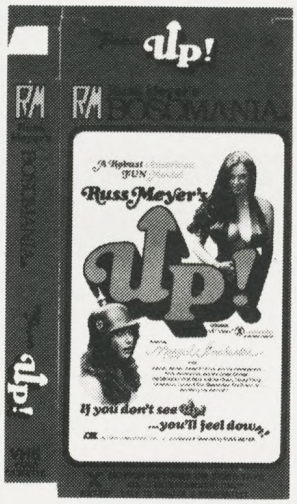


V#3 BENEATH THE ULTRA VIXENS

Six chicks in search of a cluck!...and so hilariously funny! Starring Kitten Natividad, guest star Ann Marie, featuring June Mack, Uschi Digard, Sharon Hill, Lois Langusta.

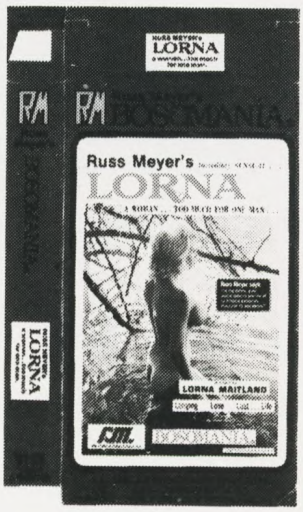
Produced and Directed by Russ Meyer in Eastman Color - 93 minutes.



V#4 UP

Russ Meyer's tried & true formula is on target again- outrageously buxom women and dumb muscular men laying their sexually aggressive prowess on the line. Starring Candy Samples, Kitten Natividad, ravishing Raven Delacroix and the smothering Margo Winshester.

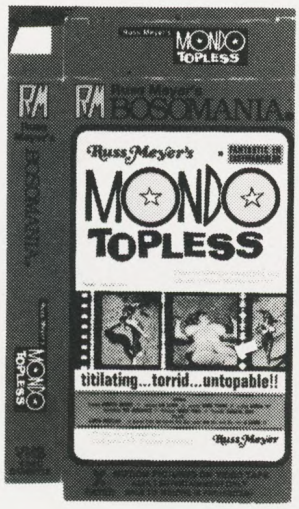
Produced and Directed by Russ Meyer in Eastman Color - 80 minutes.



V#5 LORNA

Lorna Maitland in Lorna... A woman too much for one man. Lorna graphically portrays the emotions of a voluptuous young wonton. Married for one year yet never fully gratified by her husband, is left alone... too long... too often.

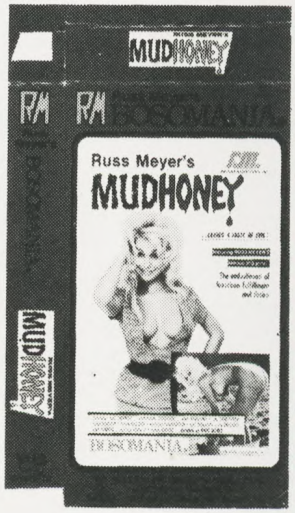
Produced & Directed by Russ Meyer in Black & White. 78 minutes.



V#6 MONDO TOPLESS

Way out, wild undulatory movement. Go- Go Girls in & out of their environment. You've only dreamed about these women 'til now, but they're unbelievably real. Big Busted Babette Bardot, Super Stacked Sin Lenne, Double D Donna X, and last, but hardly least Darlene Grey (43EE).

Produced & Directed by Russ Meyer in Eastman Color. 60 minutes.



V#7 MUD HONEY

A film of ribaldry & violence, extracted from the juice of life, featuring "That girl from Lorna" the pneumatic Lorna Maitland & the beautiful buxotic from Germany, Rena Horten, also featuring the buxom Lee Ballard.

Produced &: Directed by Russ Meyer in Black & White. 92 minutes.

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GEM

VOL. 24 NO. 1 OCTOBER 1982

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Picture credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated.

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

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

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"That's it!? That's all Uncle Al left me in his will!?"

RECORDS

Tenor sax ace Flip Phillips is in good form on *Flipenstein* (Progressive). The swing veteran is heard with a top-of-the-line rhythm section composed of pianist Lou Stein, bassist Michael Moore, and drummer Butch Miles. In Phillips' playing one can hear the influence of both Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. The fare here includes originals and some choice standards. "Witchcraft" and "Ghost of A Chance" are standouts.

The Dave McKenna Trio Plays The Music of Harry Warren (Concord Jazz) is a sterling set of Warren chestnuts delivered with gusto by McKenna and his cohorts. McKenna is an exponent of the nearly extinct "two-fisted" piano school that flourished in the prebop years. The famous McKenna left hand is not worked quite as hard here as in some previous waxings, due to the presence of bassist Bob Maize and drummer Jake Hanna. The pianist plays with drive and imagination and there are some marvelous moments throughout. McKenna, in his wisdom, has included a number of seldom-heard Warren tunes as well as the familiar warhorses.

Archie Shepp: I Know About The Life (Sackville) is a powerful statement by the trail-blazing tenor saxist. Shepp first became known as one of jazz's avant-garde "angry young men." Here, supported by a sympathetic rhythm section, Shepp performs tunes by John Coltrane and the late Thelonius Monk, in addition to the original title tune. While Shepp has retained his personal style, there are echoes of Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Coltrane. Even in Shepp's freer excursions there is a sense of the tradition of the great sax men. Ken Werner (piano), Santi Debriano (bass) and John Betsch (drums) provide inspiring support for Shepp's intense and emotional playing.

The late Thelonious Monk had been away from the recording studios for ten years before his recent death. His last session, recorded in London in 1971, is available again on *Thelonious Monk: Something Blue* (Jazz Man). The date includes some marvelous piano solos as well as trios with bassist Al McKibbon and drummer Art Blakey. The performances are filled with a steady stream of rhythmic and harmonic surprises to keep the listener on his toes. On "Blue Sphere" Monk sounds like a space-age Count Basie, playing a succinct understated blues and occasionally breaking into stride. "Nice Work If You Can Get It" receives a whimsical treatment with numerous unexpected twists. Monk was often criticized for lack of chops and for playing "arranger's piano," but he produced fresher and more original music than most of the virtuosic beboppers.

After several commercial efforts, Rory Block has recorded the country blues album her fans have been waiting for. *Rory Block: High Heeled Blues* (Rounder) features Rory's highly charged bluesy singing backed by her impressive acoustic guitar work. Rory was a staple of the fertile sixties New York folk scene, and she has long been one of the finer country blues players of her generation. In the current set she draws upon the repertoires of Robert Johnson, Tommy Johnson, and Skip James as well as performing some good original material. An evocative rendering of the traditional "The Water is Wide" is among the highlights.

Jazz violinist Michal Urbaniak is known mostly as a fusion player, but he can blow straight-ahead changes with the best of them. *N.Y. 5: Music For Violin and Jazz Quartet* (JAM) finds Urbaniak supported by an all-star cast: Kenny Barron (piano), Ted Dunbar (guitar), Buster Williams (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums). The quintet gets down to some serious cookin' on three bluesy Horace Silver tunes. Urbaniak's originals are noteworthy as well, "Deadline" being a catchy line that should be picked up by other

players. The violinist's soulful ballad "Kasha" is also among the standouts.

Ed Bell's Mamlish Moan (Mamlish) contains rare sides by the Alabama country blues giant. Bell has remained something of a mystery to country blues buffs due to the fact that he recorded in several styles and under at least two pseudonyms (Barefoot Bill, Sluefoot Joe). "Mamlish Blues," "Mean Conductor Blues," and "Squabblin' Blues" feature exciting rhythmic guitar accompaniments that rival the work of Charlie Patton. Bell extends and modified the traditional 12-bar form to his own needs, creating a unique personal style. Also included are cuts of Bell accompanied by the slicker, more citified blueman Clifford Gibson. Extensive notes covering Bell's background and guitar style (detailed to the point of obsession) are supplied for hard-core blues buffs.

Three of New York State's finest fiddlers join forces in *Fiddle Fever* (Flying Fish). Jay Ungar, Evan Stover and Matt Glaser have come up with exciting triple fiddle arrangements of old-time, bluegrass, Cajun and Western Swing material. Guitarist Russ Barenberg and bassist Molly Mason provide the foundation for this orgy of traditional fiddle styles. Banjo ace Tony Trischka duets with Evan on Stover's original "Calling Jessee." Ungar's beautiful "MacPherson's Fiddle" is stunning. Glaser exercises his jazz chops on "The Sidewalks of New York" and contributes a vocal on "Party For The Old Folks" which should be a source of continuing inspiration for his students at the Berkley College of Music.

Mike Auldridge: Eight-String Swing (Sugar Hill) is an instrumental bluegrass and swing set from the renowned dobro ace. Auldrige electrified the bluegrass world some years back with his amazing work with Emerson and Waldron. Today working with The Seldom Scene, Auldridge's tone, taste, and chops are still hard to match. On this outing, Auldridge tries his hand with an eight-string dobro that allows voicings and licks not playable on the standard six-string model. The advantages of the eight-string are particularly evident on the swing material. To judge from the choice of tunes, Auldridge has been listening to Bud Charlton's work on the old Texas Troubadours albums. The Seldom Scene and several other musicians join Auldridge on this very enjoyable set.

The Waitresses: Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful (Ze/Polygram) is one of the most entertaining and danceable discs to emerge from the New Wave movement. The group, which originates from the Cleveland/Akron area, is the brainchild of guitarist/songwriter Chris Butler. Butler writes savagely humorous tunes from a woman's point of view, to be delivered by lead vocalist Patty Donahue. "No Guilt," "It's My Car" and the popular "I Know What Boys Like" are classics. Excellent production by Butler and Kurt Munkacsi is the icing on the cake.

THE WAITRESSES

BOOKS

Night Creature: A Journal of Jazz 1975-1980 by Whitney Balliet (Oxford) is a collection of Balliet's short New Yorker pieces from the past few years. Balliet is one of the most knowledgeable and articulate critics ever to write about jazz. He has the knack of getting to the core of what a musician or group is all about, he doesn't waste words, and he spares us the hyperbole common to much jazz criticism. Balliet is clearly more partial to pre-bop jazz, but he writes intelligently about moderns like Cecil Taylor and Anthony Braxton. In this volume, Balliet discusses Charlie Shavers, Mary Lou Williams, Dave McKenna, The Barnes-Braff Quartet, Herbie Nichols, and many other artists. While these short pieces are not as satisfying as the lengthier profiles Balliet does from time to time, they contain a wealth of information and well-balanced discussion of great jazz musicians.

The Whodunit: An Informal History Of Detective Fiction (Macmillan) by Stefano Benvenuti and Gianni Rizzoni takes us from Edgar Allen Poe right up to Ross MacDonald. The book (originally published in Italian) is not as academic or comprehensive as Julian Symons' "Mortal Consequences," nor does it attempt to seriously tackle any of the psychological questions raised by detective fiction. It is, however, profusely illustrated with photos of authors, original covers, film stills and comic strips. While some important American authors (Patricia Highsmith, Joseph Hansen, Robert Parker) are not mentioned, the authors do include some European writers who may not be familiar to American readers.

THE DOUBLE WHAMMO

by Jock Budd

These statements all have double meanings. Don't be surprised if you do "double takes" when you read them.

For the wedding, the best laid plans begin at Holiday Inn.

The movie star owes everything to the director who made her.

An aristocratic lady is a woman who doesn't smoke or drink and uses profanity only when it slips out.

A boy and girl were necking at the baseball game. He kissed her on the strikes, and she kissed him on the balls.

"Dear Paul. Thank you for that wonderful weekend in Atlantic City. Really, though, I think you should see your doctor as soon as possible. Love, Ginger."

The Navy wife dreamed of waking up and finding her husband standing by her bed with his discharge in his hand.

American League standings show the New York Yankees in first place with the Baltimore Orioles close up there behind.

The newlyweds wanted to fly United, but learned at the airport that it wasn't possible.

Hollywood is known for its healthy girls. Maybe it's because they're out sleeping under the stars.

If you want to get your troubles off your mind, go horseback riding.

Friends and neighbors, Square Deal O'Neil has such a wide selection of used cars that he wants you to come down a make a deal. Bring your wife along and O'Neil will dicker.

The television sponsor suddenly dropped his summer replacement. His wife got back from Europe.

When preparing a dish for bedtime, champagne makes the best tenderizer.

The homely girl went to the beauty parlor and got a mud pack. For three days she looked nice. Then the mud pack fell off.

The El Gordo car radiator shop is a good place to take a leak.

Honolulu Hal's Hawaiian Restaurant features tropical cocktails and plenty of fruits are there. □

PYGMALION IN 16-N

by Joseph M. Queenan

Never before had he felt such a stirring in his loins in the presence of a piece of art. What a piece! A naked statue of a beautiful girl which looked as if she could walk off her pedestal and talk to him.

I was so sure I was going to be happy at Munificent Terraces. Everything was going to be fine, everything was going to be different. No more cultural nationalist doormen like the crew we had at 276 East. No more grim spectre of impending laundry-room violence a la 274 West. No more unearthly middle-of-the-night screaming, the hallmark of 123 Lex. The new apartment complex was going to be different. The new apartment complex was going to be swell.

Sure enough, the first three months were heaven. View, splendid; heat, fine; parking, good; corridors, clean. Elevator, worked; doorman, polite; rent, average; neighbors, nice. There was no trouble — there was no inkling of trouble — until the banging on the ceiling started late one Thursday evening. A steady tap-tap-tapping, nothing too loud or abrasive, but annoying all the same. When a few shouts and some rapping with the broom-stick produced no results, I decided it was time for a personal visit to 16-N.

Ambrose Poussin turned out to be a courteous, friendly fortyish guy who profusely apologized for whatever inconvenience he may have caused me. He explained (which he really didn't have to, as I could see his workbench from the doorway) that he was a part-time sculptor who had to work at home because he couldn't afford a studio. It had started out as a hobby of his, but lately he'd gotten a couple of commissions — nothing big, but the extra cash helped — and in fact, he was no putting a few

pieces together for his first group show in a bank lobby downtown. The thing was, the previous occupant of my apartment had been deaf, and didn't mind his upstairs neighbor chipping away at all hours of the day and night. Now, Mr. Poussin understood, he'd have to stop sculpting at home until he could find a workspace somewhere. He said that he certainly didn't want to stir up any intra-tenant fuss, and even offered — half in jest — to switch over to some other less noisy genre — say painting — if that would keep everybody downstairs happy.

He really put me on the spot with that remark, because just glancing at his work I could see that he was a genuinely talented guy, and even though sculpture had never been one of my life-or-death interests, I certainly didn't want to stand in the way of progress in the aesthetic sector. Also, Poussin was quite a likeable fellow, generous with the Armagnac, so after af bit of dickering we worked out an arrangement where I'd leave a note in his mailbox anytime I figured to be out for the evening or away for the weekend. Friday and Saturday were all his, plus every other Wednesday when I had the Comparative Deductibles seminar down at the Finance Institute. Sundays looked good, too, as I spent a lot of time at the beach or in the mountains. Poussin was more than overjoyed — thoroughly elated — promising me that if there was ever anything he could do for . . . I said I'd keep him posted, hoping to wangle a couple of conceptual artworks out of the deal — maybe one of those styrofoam handkerchiefs he was experimenting with. Then I headed back downstairs.

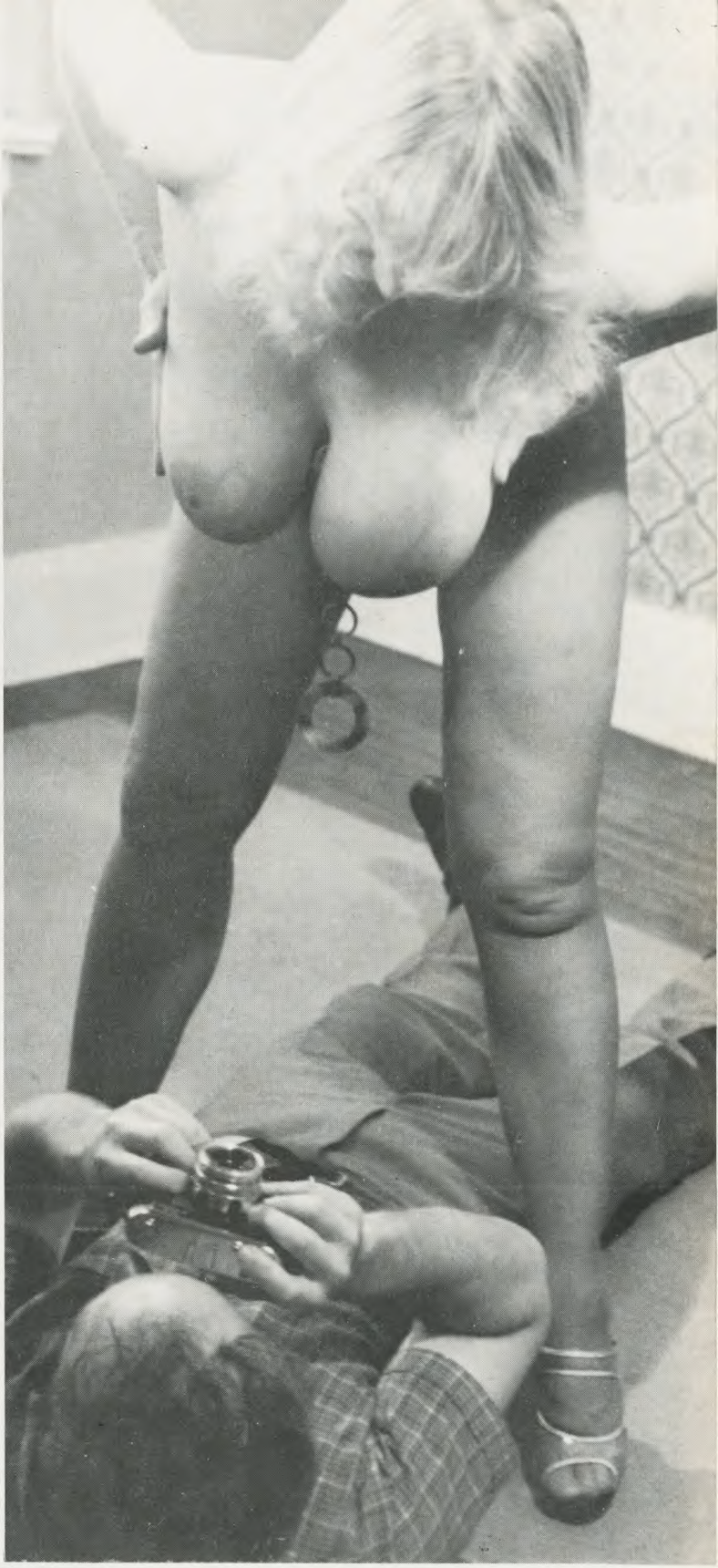
I didn't see my upstairs neighbor very much after that, and I didn't hear him much, either. He knew and respected my hours, never once venturing near his workbench while I was home. So it came as a bit of a surprise to me one evening when I heard a tapping on the door and found Poussin out in the hallway.

"Could you come up to my apartment for a minute?" he asked. "I've got something I want to show you." *(continued on page 17)*

LOLITA

Here's the famous stripteaser, Lolita, who's a great favorite both in the States and in Canada. Her wide popularity is not only for her BUF Hall of Fame mammoth mammaries, but also because she does an unusual strip-tease act.

Most guys on seeing Lolita for the first time are so taken with her overwhelming sensuality,



her attractive face, long shapely legs and huge pendulous breasts that they don't notice just how unusual is her collection of animals that she works into her strip.

Her coati-mundi (to us it sounds like a wordly cat) gets his roaming snout onto some lush terrain that we're sure other members of the raccoon family never even dreamt about. And her

kinkajou (also from South America) who used to live in trees is a creature of the night and is a meat-eater (which gives us a few ideas); but we'd settle for any embrace her boa constrictor or rattle snakes are lucky enough to get.

We asked Lolita when she first became inter-

ested in wildlife and she told us that she has always loved to go to lots of parties. Then she chuckled and said, "Seriously, it started back in high school when I felt like a zookeeper with all the male animals who used to ask me for a date." Lolita's wit didn't give us much insight

but as long as she's in our sight we're happy. We're sure this super Big Up Front champion will make you happy too. □

PYGMALION IN 16-N

continued from page 9

"It's kind of late, Mr. Poussin," I reminded him, pointing to my watch. which read 1:48 a.m. "I was just getting ready to hit the sack."

"It'll only take a second," he assured me. "And it would mean so much to me."

"Okay," I said, pulling on my robe. A minute later we were in his apartment. Well, there she was, in the middle of the room: a life-size female sculpture. Lily white — virginal as all hell — and made out of marble or alabaster, I could never tell the difference. Beautiful, she was, naked as a jaybird. Lust surged in my loins; I'd never felt such fireworks in my privates, at least not in the presence of an inanimate object. She was that gorgeous. Buttocks, superb; breasts, firm and fetching, with nipples so erect you could have hung your jacket on them. Slim at the waist, full in the hips, with a sultry smile, and adorable dimples. Her toes and earlobes were cute, too, but it was those matching 38's and the Venus de Milo buns that really ran up the score.

"Jesus, that's fantastic," I half-shrieked, giving the statue the once-over twice. "But where the hell did you find the materials. It must have cost you an arm and a leg."

"I stole a hunk of marble from a church out in Jersey," he said, giggling. "The congregation had all died off, and the building was disintegrating, so I figured what the hell? She used to be the floor below the baptismal fount; I think you'd have to agree she's a lot better off like this."

"I'll say," I gasped, taking in another eyeful.

"But the nicest part is . . . she's alive," he continued. That's what he said, though I thought I'd heard him wrong at the time.

"She's alive," he repeated, tapping his "sculpture" on the flank. She responded with a slight titter, turning in my direction. I blushed; I didn't know what else to do. It burned me up though, being played for a sucker that way. Maybe Poussin thought it was funny to cover his models with plaster or what-have-you, see if he could get a rise out of the hoi polloi, but I wasn't in the mood to have my goat gotten at that time of night. I told him so, too, fighting back the temptation to clip him one in the chops. Then I turned to go.

"But Mr. Bodine, honestly, she is made of stone. I wouldn't kid you," he cried lamely. Can it, buster, I thought at the time, heading downstaris. Practical jokes just aren't my cup of tea. With his weak protests still ringing in the air, I disappeared down the steps.

When I got home the next evening she was waiting there by my door, attired in a simple print dress. She was still a knockout, but I was still ticked off about last night's fiasco.

"Look, sweetheart," I told her, sticking my key in the door. "I don't know what you artistic people do for kicks, but . . ."

"No, no, you've got it all wrong," she said softly. "I'm not what you think; I'm not a model . . . a human. I really am a sculpture come to life. Here . . . feel . . ."

She pushed my hand up against her cheek. Brrr. I'd met some cold women in my time, but this one was frigid as Newfoundland.

"I know it's hard to believe, but Ambrose was telling the truth. I'm made out of stone, but now I've come to life."

She then ran down the whole Pygmalion myth for me, as I ushered her into my apartment. Was I skeptical? Hell yes, disbelief was written all over my face. Pretty legibly, too. But the more I listened to her story, the more plausible it sounded. She did have that icy look, that icy feel, and she was white as a sheet — a clean sheet. She explained that Poussin had used the Venus de Milo as the basic model for her figure, but that when he got to the face, he opted for one of Raphael's Madonnas instead. He'd paint in some color as soon as he got a chance, and then maybe do something about the hair. That shag didn't make it. But aside from that . . .

"If what you're telling me is really the truth, I'd have to say that Ambrose up there is more than pretty handy with the chisel — he's a genius."

She frowned quite noticeably. "He's a born imitator is what he is, and a bit of a hack. Don't let on that I told you this. He thinks I've come to life because I'm a masterpiece — but I'm no masterpiece. I mean, take a look at these knees."

"Wow," I whistled, looking down at that hefty bunch of chips and scratches where there should have been a normal, flexible joint. "I hadn't noticed that."

"It's the same behind the knees," she pointed out, twisting around. Sure enough, his work had been sloppy there too. He'd left two big, untouched globules of marble behind each knee, making it difficult for the sculpture to walk.

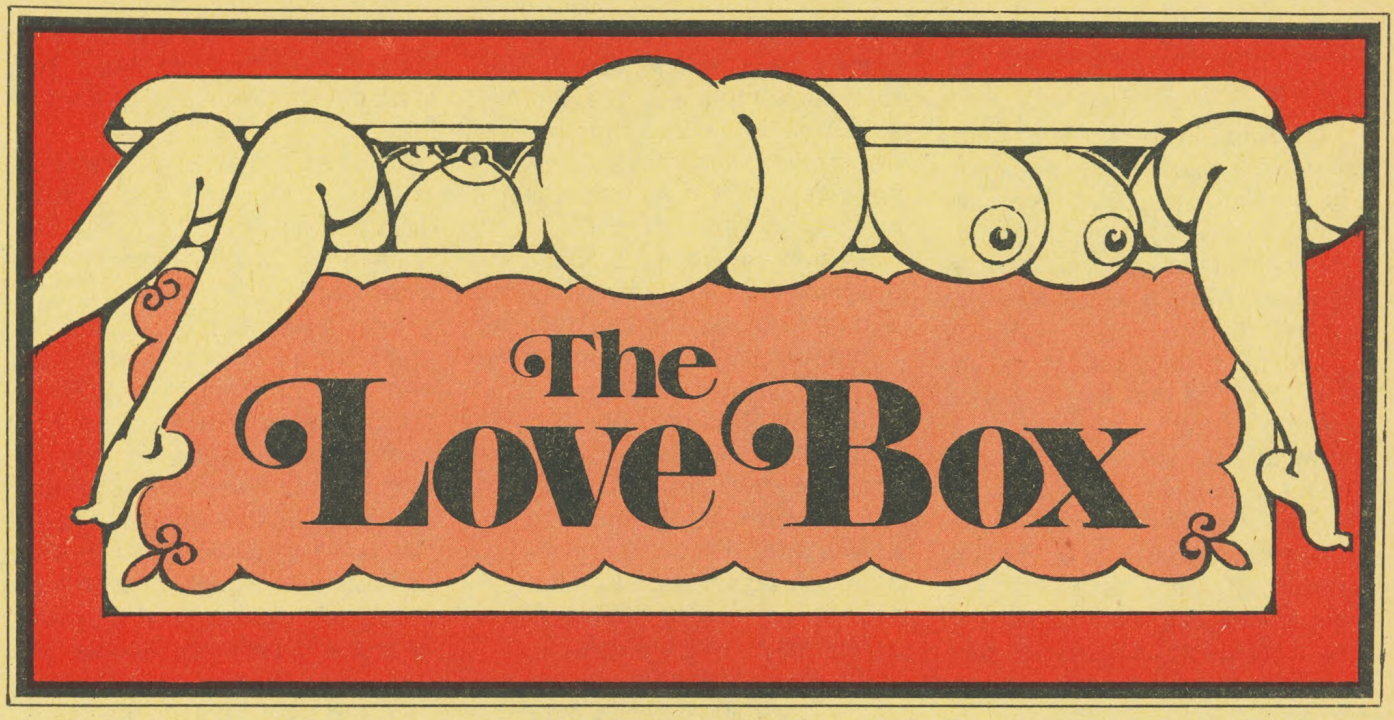
"Obviously when he started out he wasn't expecting me to come to life, so he figured he could worry about the fine points later. Besides, I'm not supposed to be a completely realistic work of art; my head's too big for my body, and my fingers are too fat. But aside from that, I'm a life-size replica of any human being walking down the street today."

For the first time, I noticed something unusual about the statue's appearance. Something about the eyes. She didn't have any. She was blind as Homer.

"Another example of the slipshod work that guy does," she said. "He says he'll drill in some pupils and paint a couple of retinas as soon as he gets a few days off from work. Frankly, I'm not looking forward to it. I'd be better off going down to some construction site and asking one of the boys to drill in a pair of eyes with his jackhammer."

Yes, there was always that. But hell, wasn't all this a bit much to take in at a single sitting? I mean,

(continued on page 20)



Put Out

I met a woman at a party and we seemed to hit it off pretty good. After a drink or two or three, she said she wanted to have a child but didn't want to get married. I told her she had met the right guy and suggested we go to my pad pronto and get right at it. But the kook said what she meant was artificial insemination only. And after another drink or two or three, like a jerk I agreed to help her out. Well, she had the baby all right — and now she has sued me for child support! What the hell goes?

Robert Ames
Duluth, Iowa

It's a classic case of the subconscious illusion and delusion of non-possesion in the abstraction — in other words, you get screwed even though you never got screwed.

Mouthing Off

I've been going with a great fellow for about six months and we have great sex together — except when he perform cunnilingus on me, which he seems to enjoy very much. But he has a very coarse and rough tongue that feels like sand-paper and it's very painful. I like him very much and I don't want to hurt his feelings. What can I do?

Beryl Phelps
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Better to hurt his feelings than your twat. Tell him to smooth out his act or he'll wind up tongue-tied.

Seeing Is Believing

My girlfriend works in the same office that I do and she's got one great pair of huge bazooms. None of the other guys ever were able to get to first base with her and they keep making nasty remarks that her boobs are phony and it just burns me up. Should I just forget it or is there something I can do?

Walt Bessing
Albany, N.Y.

Let her wear a very low-cut blouse to work some day and arrange an "accident" so that her jugs fall out for all to see. That'll put an end to those falsie rumors once and for all.

Sick, Sick, Sick

For years I've heard about all the messing around that goes on with patients and nurses in the hospitals. Well, I've just come back from a stint in a hospital and I'm here to tell you it's all bullshit. Even if one of the Florence Nightingdales were willing, there's just no privacy, no place, no opportunity.

George Cooper
Baltimore, Md.

We dont't want you to have a

relapse, but if you had checked some of those "supply" rooms, you would have seen what really was being supplied.

For The Birds

Thanks for showing us so many big-boobed British gals in your various issues. Which brings me to the point of this letter. Would you know why English lasses are called "birds"?

Gene Bouton
High Falls, N.Y.

We really don't know, unless it's got something to do with it being better to have one in your hands and two by the bush.

One For The Road

My buddy Mike Horgan and I have been dating the same girl, Sally Meadows, for a couple of weeks. She refuses to have sex with either of us until one of us proves to be the better man. What she has in mind is this: all three of us are racing car freaks and Sally insists that Mike and I have a winner-take-all (that is Sally) race in our souped-up Mazda's. What's your opinion about this?

Name withheld on request
Tiajuana, California

Sounds like a real drag.

Another One For The Road

My name is Maureen (my friends call me Maur.) and my boyfriend and I have been making it for two years. We've never have any serious problems with our relationship but last night I went out with the girls and on my way home, I had to drive through a sleazy part of town where I saw my boyfriend (I'm positive it was him) — and he was dressed in high heels, a skirt and lots of make-up! I was so upset I cried all night and I don't know what to do. What do you think?

Maur Onnick
Dayton, Ohio

Sounds like a real drag.

Eye Altitude

I've heard that the silicone many women have implanted in their breasts can expand to up to three times its normal size at altitudes of 30,000 feet. I'm just crazy about huge boobs so I've been flying non-stop for the last two months just waiting to see some gal's bazooms grow right in front of my eyes. But no luck, I haven't even seen a bra-strap budge in all that time. Can you tell me if there's any truth to this stuff about silicone expanding from decompression at high altitudes? If it's all bunk, why would anyone have started such a stupid rumor?

O. Wright
Somewhere over New Mexico

No, there's no truth in it we think, but we're sure the airlines started the rumor to increase the number of boob passengers who ride their planes.

Bank Note

I've just started dating a voluptuous, statuesque redhead who works at my local bank. Sounds great, right? But each time we go out we wind up talking about her work at the bank, and I can't seem to get the conversation around to us. Can you suggest anything that might help?

Jim Jessee,
Wells Fargo, Colorado

Sure, to get her to know about your real "interest", just tell her that you'd like to make a safe deposit in her box.

continued from page 17

was I hallucinating, dreaming or the victim of some elaborate hoax the gang down at the office had cooked up? Don't know; couldn't say. The one thing that really threw me off was she spoke with such assurance. And she seemed to have all the answers right there at her fingertips.

"But if you are blind," I said, "how come you know what you look like? How can you tell that you're not a masterpiece?"

"Intuition," came her crisp reply. "I think sculptures like me must be born with an inherent sense of aesthetic values, an intuitive idea of what we look like. Plus, we do get some help from the gasps and hushes of the humans who do see us. We also seem to be able to recognize all the artistic influences on the people who've created us, even without any formal training in art history. Take those toes, for example: they're straight out of Titian. The mouth Ambrose copied from Veronese, and much as I hate to admit it, this butt is Renoir to a tee — with maybe a dash of Caravaggio thrown in around the knees. I'm so goddamn big in the hips it makes me want to puke. I'll have to buy all my jeans at Just Pudgies, unless I can persuade Ambrose to chisel me down to a Size 5." She was musing now. "A Modigliani fit would be nice . . ."

That evening, we spoke of many things, not the least of which was where she'd come from, and how she'd managed to pull off this incredible metamorphosis from being a slap of marble in an abandoned church to becoming a walking, breathing, rational human being. And with enormous tits.

"Beats me " she replied, decisively. "But five'll get you ten it has something to do with water sprites."

Water sprites, or gremlins, or playful fairies, or something. But whatever had caused Debbie (that's what Poussin decided to call her) to burst into the Real World like that, it certainly didn't look like God's work. Too many loose ends. Maybe it had something to do with all that nuclear testing. In any case, Debbie made it clear right from the start that she wasn't interested in letting her secret get out. She had no intention of becoming a media event, a celebrity, a superstar. Poussin seemed to accept that. He agreed that she should try to lead a nice, quiet, normal life; get a college degree, find a decent job, settle down. She hoped that her secret was safe with me. Evenually, we heard the sound of stirring upstairs, and Debbie went back up to join her creator, but not before thanking me for allowing Ambrose to do his work up there. If it wasn't for me, her soul would still be trapped in a heap of crystallized limestone out there in the Meadowlands. She kissed me, a kiss I'll never forget, especially not that quick flick of the tongue.

It was like smooching an iceberg.

Okay, to recapitulate, Poussin was a sculptor, maybe a second-rate sculptor, but a sculptor all the same, and Debbie was his creation. She was amazing, she was gorgeous, she was miraculous, she was incredible. She was passing strange, and never ceased to be. But she was also a pain in the ass. Every night she'd be down there on my doorstep, pouring out her tale of woe — Ambrose was stalling on the eye operation. Ambrose had messed up the knees. Ambrose spent too much time putting the finishing touches on her nipples. The common refrain. So all right, she was a nice kid, a prodigy, and I sympathized with her, especially on the blindness question. But the same old broken record every night?

Finally, I agreed to go upstairs and talk to Poussin about installing the customary optical gear.

The evening in question, Ambrose and I had a heart-to-heart talk while Debbie was asleep. In principal, he agreed with me that blindness was no bed of roses. However, Debbie had started out as an aesthetic ideal, as the apotheosis (his term) of Perfect, Abstract Beauty, and that was pretty much the way he saw her now. Dragging out a mountain of art history books, he referred me to the work of the ancient Greek sculptors, noting that almost without exception, the masters of the Classical Era had chosen to leave their statues sightless, with flat, vacant pits of nothingness where the peepers should have been.

"Less sentimentality that way," he commented, as I looked over the illustrations. "Less schmaltz."

Even with my clodhopper knowledge of art, I could see the point he was trying to make, and had to agree that most of those heroic figures packed a hell of an emotional wallop, and being blind as a bat didn't slow them down one bit. That didn't change my opinion that blindness — qua blindness — wasn't anybody's idea of a jamboree, and tha poking a couple of holes in the poor gal's face might be the humane thing to do. Just so she could get the lay of the land. Poussin said that he'd think about it. but no promises.

A couple of more weeks went by and Debbie was still popping in every evening with fresh complaints about stumbling here and tripping there until I finally got so fed up that I let her persuade me to run down to the hardware store, buy a Black and Decker, and take a crack at her skull. It sickened me, the actual drilling and all, but if I was ever going to get a chance to sit down and read the paper and relax after work again, this was the only way.

Taking a good, firm grip on the handle I switched on the power and let'er rip. Towering over her prone form, blasting away with that $59.95 contraption, I thought I was doing a pretty fair job, but after the operation was over it was obvious that I'd wandered a bit off-target on the right-hand side and drilled the eyeball a half-inch too

(continued on page 65)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

Five boys put on an act during "Cabaret Night" at White Plains (N.Y.) High School and they were boffo except that the sketch got an X-rating from the principal — X-pelled.

It all started innocently enough. The lads dressed up as Gladys Knight and the Pips and boogied on stage to do a lip-sync to "Midnight Train to Georgia." There was loud applause as they bowed off and the crowd began hollering for an encore.

Backstage they changed costumes and the principal item of the new apparel was a foot-long Italian sausage strapped to each waist. They bounced out before the audience waving the sausages and wiggling around to the tune of "I'll Be There."

Fellow students cracked up thinking it was funny as hell but there were parents, teachers and school board members who were not amused. That's when the principal rang down the curtain and socked the performers with a five-day suspension. Maybe they'll be charged with indecent exposure of their sausages.

How to Get Show Girls
And See What They Show

A Broadway producer advertised for chorus girls to appear in a new production. Plenty of gorgeous girlies showed up for tryouts and many were big up front and others had terrific legs and he kept dismissing them with, "Thank you, honey. Don't call us, we'll call you."

His assistant said, "Mac, why are you turning them down? Some seemed to be very talented."

"Deficient in derriere," said the producer. "I'm looking for lasses with bouncy asses — that's the bottom line."

Traveling Salesman
Travels Home

One of those surveys we all know and love has determined that loud noise can cause impotence in a man. We all knew that, didn't we, chums? When her husband returns unexpectedly from an out-of-town trip and beats on the bedroom door with a sledgehammer who can perform?

The ABC'S
Of Sex and Stuff

Somebody sent us a pamphlet entitled "Do You Know Your Sex Alphabet?" and interestingly enough it starts off with A for Abstinence, thus:

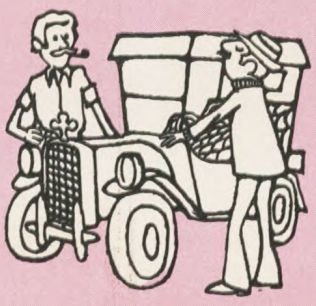
"The practice of refraining from all sexual activities. The monks and nuns of certain religious groups must practice lifelong sexual abstinence. If you voluntarily practice sexual abstinence there is probably no need to read the remainder of this lexicon."

Needless to say we read on and found, "Conception: To become pregnant. May be accidental." (Who put the pinhole in the condom?)

"Fetishism: A complex in which the person's sex impulse or libido fixes on something that constitutes a sexual symbol of the love object. The fetishist may be attracted erotically to a woman's shoe, stocking, underwear or hair. The activity may involve hair-snipping or stealing women's clothing. Sexologist Alex Comfort tells of a man who could reach orgasm only by getting into a bath of cooked spaghetti. This is an example of a harmless fetish."

(It is called spaghetti and balls.)

All in all a fascinating pamphlet. Unfortunately credit can't be given as there is no hint as to who wrote or published it. Whoever it was had a sense of humor because the final entry is, "ZZZ...ZZZ... ZZZ: Comic book description of falling asleep during coitus."



College Humor
1982 Style

A father visiting his son's dorm was curious about a woman's boot hanging over the door. "Dad, that's for good luck," the student explained. "It's a whore's shoe."

What's Up, Doc?
The Pecker, That's What!

A lady in California went to a shrink who was badly named because he didn't shrink at all. Instead, the front of his pants kept bulging and he would conclude each therapy visit by laying her on the couch. *(continued on page 70)*

JACKIE

It's good to know that even in these troubled days of economic turmoil, Great Britain still has an abundant supply of big-boobed babes. This brunette bombshell is really an eyeful.

Jackie's a clothes designer and has a flair for bright colors. She's bright and bubbly herself

and when we leeringly pronounced our designs on her she said, in an over-seas phone conversation, "Unless you dress up your proposal to make it more attractive, you can forget it!" We don't take a dressing down to heart and we tried again, suggesting that we take a transatlantic

cruise together. She skirted the issue by hanging up on us.

All kidding aside, Jackie's interest in color extends far beyond her designing vibrant-looking clothes: she's a painter of colorist abstractions and loves to wear strikingly colored duds herself. (To be sure she'd be striking no matter what she'd be wearing — or not wearing —

with her huge Big Up Front treasures.) She's also a colorful character who goes in for sky diving and racing sports cars. Jackie's sure to titillate all lovers of BUF babes. □

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:

Designer Shirt Co., Brooklyn, N.Y., has come up with a variety of designs and slogans to express your feelings on T-shirts. "Suck those Suds" says a most happy guy with a beer belly. Among the other winners are: "Sex is like snow — you never know how many inches you'll get or how long it will last" ... "I love hot women and cold beer" ... "Sleep with a musician and do it with rhythm" ..."Hairdressers do it with style" ... and "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow."

"In "Circle of Two," Patricia Collings who plays Tatum O'Neil's mother, also gets into the "talk-dirty-to-me" act. Wearing tight jeans, she says to her daughter: don't I have a great ass?"

At the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, world-famous Charles Hamilton Galleries auctioned off letters that red-haired Patrice Wymore, actress and wife of the late, controversial Errol Flynn wrote to a girl-pal during her honeymoon, including attempts of process servers to serve papers on her new groom in a case of alleged rape right after the ceremony, and an amusing visit to a French nudist camp which Errol insisted on viewing. "Errol was furious," wrote his bride. "He didn't see one tit."

Humorous T-shirt designs and slogans put out by Designer Shirt Co. Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

On the PBS TV show, "Not the 9 O'Clock News," which is British made, in a Miss World Contest spoof, the MC asked a candidate:

"What is your favorite pastime?" "Screwing!" replied the nubile candidate." "Why do you want to be Miss World?" continued the stiff-upper-lipped MC. "So I'll get screwed by someone very famous." End of interview.

Rodney Dangerfield claims he was making love to a girl and when she started to cry, he asked gently "Is it because you'll hate yourself in the morning?" The girl bawled, "No, I hate myself NOW."

George Burns, who claims to have "underwear older than the girls I go out with," will star as a detective in an upcoming movie, aptly titled, "The Old Dick."

BobOrben, the comedy scripter who became a White House speech writer for Jerry Ford, reported a scandal at the City Hall of a large metropolis: "A supervisor asked a civil servant to perform an unnatural act — to get to work on time."

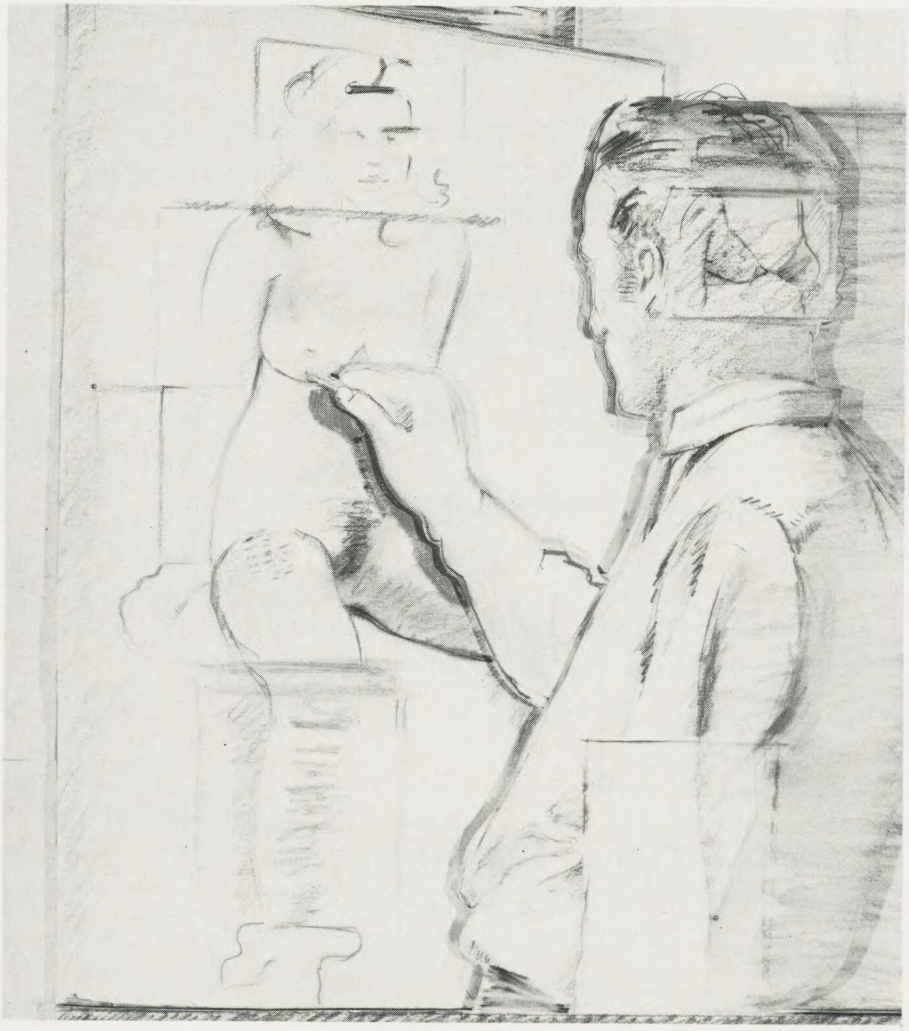
Tom Eyen, best-known for his plays "The Dirtiest Show in Town" and "The Neon Woman," discussed commercial vs. artistic success: "Self-reflection doesn't pay the rent. Tits and ass do."

Dolly Parton's younger sister, Stella, told an interviewer: my brothers nicknamed me Lemons and Dolly was called Watermelons."

"I'm glad I'm short," confessed Mickey Rooney. "I'm one of the few men in the world who's had the privilege of staring at hundreds of famous chests."

Claire Wooster and Robert Meyners, P.H.D., have co-authored "Sexual Style," a Hartcourt, Brace, Janovitch book. Sample snatch of dialogue: "Dick says to Jane, "I can't seem to locate your clitoris! Jane replies, "I'm sure I put it back between my legs when I used it last!"

"Polish Vocabulary Lesson" is the title of this oil painting by famed artist Larry Rivers who exhibited recently at NY's Marlborough Gallery. Also shown is his drawing, "The Continuous Interest In Abstract Art."



INFO-MANIACS by Buck Tracy

Guys and gals with a thirst for knowledge should be interested in some of the unusual correspondence courses and night classes now available.

Acting Techniques. How to appear in X-rated films, and reasons why it's okay for an actor to muff lines.

A course called Warming Up A Frigid Wife includes a tip on filling your waterbed with anti-freeze.

Things To Look For In A Woman. Lesson One: The Top of her head.

A course in The Techniques Of Masturbation — taught first hand.

Close-Up Natural Photography, or snapping nudes with towel and camera.

A Study Of Mental Problems. Why crazies who think they're scoops of vanilla ice cream keep jumping on girls named Cone.

Watch Repairing. Best ways for keeping dandruff off the hair spring.

The Repair And Maintenance Of Virginity.

Why a truckload of dildos is called Toys For Twats.

Little-Known Deep Sea Lore. Why King Neptune greeted his favorite mermaid by singing, "Don't Serve Me Lobster, Nellie. You Already Gave Me Crabs."

Nude Atomic Physics. Extensive laboratory tests demonstrate in a nuclear melt-down which part of you will shrivel first.

The High Cost Of Room And Broad.

Tax Shelters For The Shy. It teaches how to avoid state and federal taxes by hiding in public restrooms.

Improving Sex Life. A nine-hour course beginning with "uncrossing of the female legs."

How You Can Convert Your Bedroom Into A Brothel.

Pay TV — and why you should get paid for watching some of those shows.

Writing The Skin Flick. A 13-week course in scripting boy-eats-girl plots.

How To Make Friends With Doberman Guard Dogs. Introduce them to canines of the opposite gender.

Pubic Hair. Its use in stuffing throw pillows and in making curly wigs.

Swim Fashions through The Ages. From the nothing-at-all styles of the Stone Age to the topless-bottomless fashion of the Eighties.

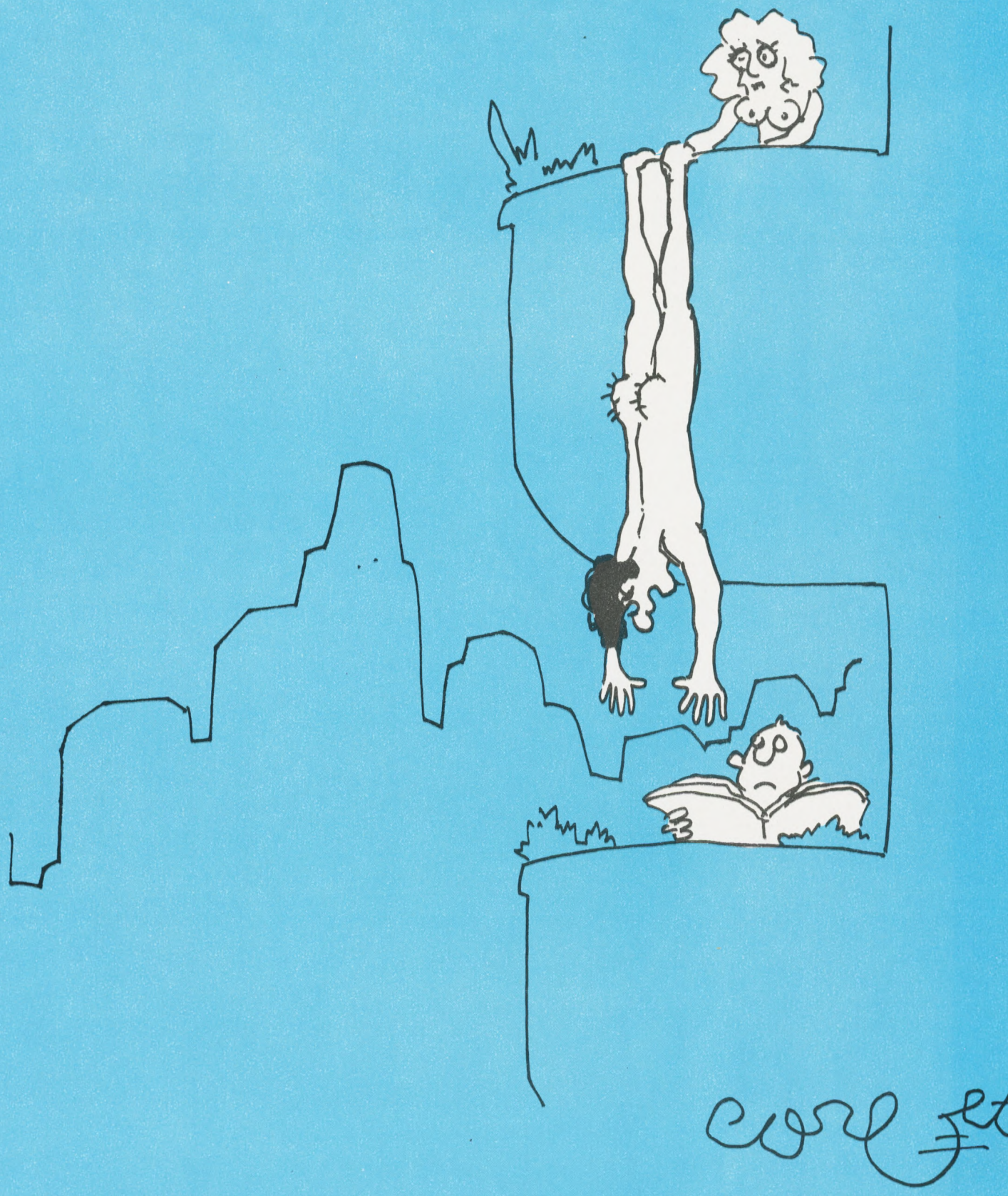
Stinky Fingers. A home course in gynecology and how to open sardine cans.

Understanding Nudity.

Setting Up A Sale On The Installment Plan. Lesson one: Nothing down but panties.

The History Of Navel Fuzz. A chronological look at abdomen catch-alls since Eve.

Needlecraft For Junkies. □



"Could we borrow something? I forgot condoms and she's outta pills!"

SYLVIA McFARLAND

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A balling private eye gets involved with an exotic Chinese doll, two sexy but very dead broads, and a dangerous caper

THE CASE OF THE LOADED DICK

by Walt Jaffee

The piercing jangle of the phone thudded into my unconsciousness with the force of a jackhammer. I pulled the pillow over my head. It didn't help. Swearing, I reached for it, only to find something in the way. A body. Feeling carefully I decided it was definitely female. Then I remembered last night and shook her. She tumbled to the floor and lay there motionless. She was dead! I was glad I shoved her away. I mean necrophillia never was my bag. Don't ask me how I know. The ceaseless jangle of the phone beat a tattoo through my brain. I grabbed the receiver.

"Early Clark, private dick."

"Hi, Earl, Wesson here."

Smith N. Wesson is my partner. Holmes had Watson and etcetera. I got Wesson. He's dumb as hell, but sometimes I need a sounding board and he's it.

"Wesson, old boy. You picked a hell of a time to call. I just woke up and found a dead broad in my bed. And she wasn't that way last night. Far from it, in fact. I know I'm a stud, but I never killed one before. I mean, not that way."

"Sounds like you ended up paying for more than bed and broad last night. Any clues?"

"Hang on. I'll look." Setting the receiver on the table I kneeled down and turned her over. There wasn't a mark on her. At least none that showed. But pulling her hair back I found a small puncture under the left ear.

"She's been given a needle, Wess old boy."

"Mmm. A bit too sophisticated for you, Earl. Anything else?"

"Hell, yeah. I mean, I'd say it was done by a woman,

oriental, about five-four, dark eyes and hair, and a good body. She was wearing one of those Chinese dresses, slit up the sides to you know where, and it was red, matching her high heeled pumps."

"Clark, you absolutely amaze me! How did you ever deduce all that?"

"Elementary, my dear Wesson. She just stepped out of the bathroom and has a thirty-eight leveled at my head. Make that three thirty-eights. I'll call you back."

I climbed back in bed, covering myself with a sheet. "O.K. Dragon Lady, you got the floor."

"You should probably like to know why I did this. It is basic. I killed the girl. I am going to blackmail you into doing something for me. If you do not do it, I shall let the police find her, here."

Her voice dripped honey. She had the looks of a woman who could drive men mad and knew it. I figured we were well matched. I had the look of a man who drove women mad and knew it.

"Why didn't you just walk into the office and hire me?"

She spit a short laugh. "You would not want to do it."

"There aren't many things I wouldn't do for money, baby."

"I want you to steal five kilos of opium from the U.S. Customs safe in the Appraisers building on Sansome street."

"You're right. I wouldn't do it."

"I thought so." Keeping her gun leveled at me she pulled a sheaf of papers from her handbag. "These are all the plans and diagrams you will need. Floor plans, wiring, etcetera. You will steal the opium and deliver it to a panel truck which will pass in front of the building at two-ten A.M. tomorrow."

"Why me?"

"You have an excellent reputation as a safe cracker. It is a skill my organization lacks."

I swallowed hard, my eyes glistening like marbles. She was a tough cookie. It was a tough job. That's why I wouldn't have taken it if she walked in the office with it. But the hell with all the scruples involved. Scruples are cheap, especially mine.

"Well," I said, "now that that's taken care of, why don't you hop in the sack here and sample a private dick?"

She spat on the carpeting. "Mr. Clark, you are the least attractive man I have seen in years."

Like I said, women can't resist me.

"What about the body?" I said, pointing to the broad looming on the broadloom.

"I will keep her in cold storage. If you perform as I expect, she dis-

appears. If not, the police will find her, in the same place."

Well, I had to leave the body to her. You can't just walk through an apartment building with a body and dump it into the trunk of your car. The neighbors might talk.

When I was sure she was gone I got on the horn to Wesson. "I'm in a jam." And I explained the whole thing to him.

"I don't like it at all, Earl. Once she gets the opium she's bound to take care of you."

"That's what I was thinking. Look. Why don't you set a trap for her. Be waiting when I pass the opium to her boys."

"That might work. We can make them talk and find out where she and the bodies are."

"Right on, Wess." I threw the receiver back in its cradle. It clattered like a streetcar running through my brain.

With our trap set up there wasn't anything to do until the time came. I took the day off. The next day was a bad dream. Same room, same bed, different broad, same dead! I pushed her off the bed. I told you about necrophillia.

"Mr. Clark, you are trying my patience," said the Dragon Lady, pointing the same trio of thirty-eights at me. I could only see her from the corner of my eye. She had my arm in a hammerlock, her knee pushing into the base of my spine like a steam roller over gravel.

"Watcha mean, baby?"

"You didn't steal the opium last night."

"Ouch. Last night? You said tonight."

She hesitated for an instant, then bent my little finger double.

"Mr. Clark. One reason I find you so unappealing is that you are stupid. Yesterday I said to take the opium at two AM tomorrow. Tomorrow started at midnight. Two AM was two hours later."

"Oh."

"Mr. Clark, you are a blockhead."

"I never was very good at numbers."

"The deal is still on for tonight. It's eleven o'clock in the morning. That means in fifteen hours you will steal the opium. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes. Let go and slip in the feathers here."

"This is to remind you not to forget." With that she broke my finger, then stepped toward the door.

"Don't forget the body," I said, pointing to the broad piled deep in the deep pile.

"That is what you call double indemnity, Mr. Clark."

"What's that?"

"Forget it," she said, slamming the door.

I was never very good at big words either.

By one-thirty I was outside the

(continued on page 70)

COME AGAIN. . .

Some old guys don't give up — they keep plugging and plugging away

by Joseph E. Brown

Mrs. Mary Davis, an elderly woman had been suffering from pain and swelling in the abdominal region. When she could no longer stand the pain she went to see a doctor. He put her through a number of laboratory tests.

A few days later she was back in the doctor's office to find out the results of the tests.

"Well, doctor," she asked, fearing the outcome, "whats wrong with me?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "the plain fact is that you are pregnant."

"That's impossible!" gasped his shocked patient. "Why, I am seventy nine years old, and my husband, although he still works, is eighty-seven!"

When the doctor insisted on the fact that she was going to have a baby in seven months. Mary, the aged mother-to-be, pulled the desk phone over to her and dialed her husband's office. When he was on the line she began without any preliminaries. "Bill, you old goat," she announced to him, "you have gotten me pregnant!"

There was a very long pause before the old man replied. "Please," he said, his voice shaking, "who did you say was calling?" □

CAROLINE

Here's a big-busted gal we haven't seen in several years. Caroline is her moniker and we'd serenade her with some carols if we had the talent, which we don't, so let's forget it. But nobody forgets Caroline, not with those big bouncy bazooms she sports. No way.

We see this BUF dynamo is also sporting her natural brunette color hair these days. A few years back, her tresses were dazzingly blonde. We remember asking her if she used peroxide and her reply that "she'd dye" before she'd use that stuff. She did say she used to put ele-

ctric bulbs in her hair every night — that made it lighter. But we think she was putting us on.

We're not putting you on however, when we say that Caroline is one sexy, Big Up Front dynamo and while her hair is dark these days, she sure brightens up these pages. □

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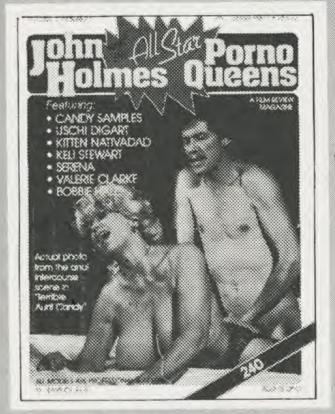

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VOID IN CANADA & FOREIGN

continued from page 20

far to the left. Cross-eyed women were in that year, though, and hell, Debbie didn't seem to care; in fact, she was elated, hopping all over me and planting kisses wherever she found an opening.

But hell, was Ambrose mad! He called me the basest of the base, the vilest of the vile, a churl and an interloper. That kind of abuse never cut much ice with me, so showing him to the door I said that it had never been my idea to get involved with him or his masterpiece in the first place, and that it was all the same to me if I never saw either of them again. That was the honest truth; I was sick of Debbie, with her whining and complaining, and I was sick of him and his high-falutin artistic theories. Screw the pair of them.

Poussin, I didn't see again for awhile; Debbie, I saw more than ever. Getting eyes drilled into her head had definitely put a strain on her relationship with Poussin. Now that she could see, no matter how imperfectly, she was fully aware of the squalor the two of them were living in. Wood chips all over the floor, plaster strewn everywhere, orange crates for bookcases and canned souffles for dinner.

"He's a crumby artist, an eighth-rater if there ever was one," she would say. "I don't see why he can't face up to the fact. But he keeps on sculpting, and he keeps on working down at that dumb shoe store. If I could just get him to give up art, maybe take some night-school classes — finish getting his engineering degree. For heaven's sake, we can't go on living like this."

I didn't know enough about art to tell how crummy a sculptor Poussin was (he seemed all right to me), but baby-sitting for this narcissistic girlfriend of his was starting to wear me down, especially when she broke out the horror stories. Apparently Poussin, fed up with her nagging, kept threatening to flash the old chisel and do a fast Brancusi job on her, see how she'd like being an elongated ellipsoid the rest of her life. I had to apy a visit to the Museum of Modern Art to find out what she was being menaced with, but once I caught a glimpse of those free-form abstractions, I could feel my stomach turning. The bastard, picking on a poor, helpless little girl like that. The goddamn bully.

Eventually it passed beyond the threat stage, as I discovered when Debbie showed up one afternoon sobbing like a little lost lamb. Ambrose so it would seem, had gotten her tanked up the night before, and while she was unconscious he pulled out his creativity equipment and went to work on her gripe about too much girth in the thigh department. But instead of simply slimming down those chunky hips and swelling buttocks, he's also carved out a set of mesh stockings, a garter belt, and a pair of lace panties. He was just about ready to try his luck with a tight corset when Debbie came to, screamed, and locked herself in the bathroom.

Now I don't know how everybody feels about this, but I, personally, can only look at a limited amount of bare flesh before becoming physically aroused, and once Debbie got her leg-show rolling, it didn't take long for the two of us, boozed-up ourselves, to drift into the mood for a roll and a tumble. The only problem was, Debbie was missing the inexpendable aperture, which meant more drill-work for me. typical of my luck, the blade broke off in mid-ream, so Deb and I had to take a taxi-ride over to an all-night hardware store in Newark to replace it. By the time I had the orifice all hollowed out, I was feeling kind of bushed, but Debbie insisted, so taking off my trousers and priming the pump, I pounced. It was a mistake I'll regret the rest of my life. A) She was cold as salmon and dry as soy flour. B) I'd forgotten to sand down the insides once I'd finished drilling, leaving her with an organ that looked and felt like a hockey rink after the Boston Bruins and Philadelphia Flyers had played a triple overtime playoff game and C) most importantly, I didn't really like the idea of making love to this reconverted hunk of sacred floor-space. Something deep inside of me, lodged in my early religious upbringing, told me that what I was doing was more than wrong: it was heinous. Most things that are heinous are fun, but this was no fun at all, no sirree. When our shameful, uncomfortable act had been consummated, I told Debbie that we'd have to re-think our relationship. While she was rethinking her end, I fled to the Poconos for the weekend.

I came home on a Sunday evening to the sounds of screaming in the Poussin apartment. Ear-piercing screams worthy of horror-movie material. No doubt it was Debbie. I put up with it for an hour. But then it grew worse so I went upstairs to intervene. By the time I arrived, pandemonium had set in. The cries were louder, more terrifying; it sounded like Poussin was in a bloodlust. I pounded on the door, begging them to knock it off. More cries of rage and terror. There were other tenants in the corridor now, and talk of calling the police. I told everyone to simmer down to stay calm. Then I kicked in the door. There was Ambrose, sculpting tools in hand, chasing Debbie around the room. He was holding a print of Picasso's *Demoiselles D'Avignon,* and his intentions were obvious. She, a Renaisance beauty, was holding him at bay with a butcher knife. "You ain't *demoiselleing* me," she was shrieking. She wasn't going Cubist without a fight.

My surprise arrival seemed to quiet them down a little; they agreed to a truce, laying down their respective weapons. The people in the hallway went back to their apartments; nobody called the police. Poussin brewed up some coffee and we all sat down for a

chat. At first, it looked like we might be able to iron things out, with Ambrose conceding that Debbie had a right to a life of her own, even if she was his handicraft. On the other hand, Debbie had to admit that she owed him a lot — if it hadn't been for him, she'd still be nothing but neuter. Maybe she could find a job and send him part of her paycheck every week. As for me, I apologized for drilling all those holes into his masterpiece, promising, in the future, to mind my own business.

I don't remember the exact sequence of events after that, but somewhere along the line Debbie did make the extremely inflammatory remark that Poussin wasn't half the artist he thought he was. That if he was really as talented as he said he was, then how come the manager of the small midtown gallery she'd gone to visit earlier in the week to get herself appraised had called her "chintz," putting a three hundred dollar — tops — price tag on her, as is? And how come none of the modelling agencies would give her a second look, complaining about too much beef where it really counted?

It was more than Ambrose could bear. He came swooping in at her with the chisel. I tried to separate them — she scratching and clawing, he flailing away — but somehow I must have tripped backwards and knocked into her, because the next thing I knew Debbie had toppled over the coffee table and knocked her head loose. So much for enduring art.

Poussin was heartbroken. Who wouldn't have been? — for it soon became obvious that the broken statue could not be repaired. We tried mucilage, paste, brackets, tape, glue, nails — you name it — all to no avail. Debbie's short, unhappy tour of duty in the Real World was over.

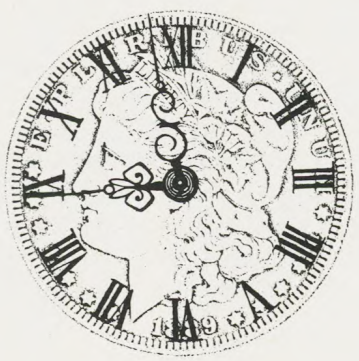
I not only told Poussin how sorry I was but I sent flowers the next day. He was not the forgiving type threatening me with reprisals. He didn't specify what form these reprisals would take, though, and after a full month had passed without any incidents, I decided to forget about it as idle banter and put it out of my mind. Things quieted down, and once again I became deeply involved in my apartment — new shelves, a new decor, new furniture and plants. Peace.

One night, coming home from work, I was attacked by a dog. He lunged out of the fire escape on the fifteenth floor, darted in at my ankle, and nipped off a tasty morsel of flesh. I tried to shoo him away with my feet, but he kept on darting in for another bite. A weird-looking monstrosity, completely white. When all else had failed, I let him have it with the fire extinguisher, bashing it down against his head. He exploded into a million pieces.

Marble.

"Now look, Poussin," I told my ornery neighbor three minutes later when I dropped off the bagful of fragments I'd swept up. (It had probably taken him weeks to sculpt that ex-ravenous beast out of Debbie's remains.) "I've put up with a lot of nonsense from you, but this is going too far. Keep it up and I'll swear out a warrant."

It was stupid, what he was doing; if the marble still had the power to come to life, then why hadn't Poussin simply hacked out a shorter, thinner version of old Deb, using the rest of her body from the neck down, most of which was still in perfect working order even after the head flew off? Evidentaly, this possibility was of no interest to him. Tormenting me was what he had in mind — avenging himself by making my life miserable. And he did make it miserable.



His next project was a tabby-cat, a vicious, ill-tempered creature which he must have lowered into my apartment from his veranda. It tore the apartment to shreds, ate the goldfish and wrecked the stereo. I brained it with a shovel in the end, but the damage was done. It took me six weeks and nine hundred dollars to whip the place back into shape, but by that time the holocaust was on the hoof. Marble mice, then rats. He also sculpted some miniature minotaurs, ass-kickers if they could sneak in close enough to gore your tootsies. I killed them all, dumping the smithereens in the trash. I knew that Poussin only had a finite amount of marble up there, and when he could send nothing larger than barking crickets screching termites, and whistling cockroaches, I figured he had finally scraped bottom and that I was out of the storm.

I was — but only because Poussin was carted away in a strait-jacket to a booby hatch early one morning. He had gone raving mad trying to carve marble viruses and sculpted cancer cells, obviously with the idea of planting them in my food somehow so they could churn through my nervous system, into my bloodstream — all over my body. The lunatic was trying to kill me!

I had been so sure I was going to be happy at Munificent Terraces. Everything was going to be fine; everything was going to be different. Well, this experience has certainly changed the way I feel, especially the way I feel about art, and artists in general. I used to think they were all a bunch of charmers, dedicated idealists trying to coax beauty out of neutral, impersonal objects, and make a cruel world more pleasant to inhabit. Now I carry a shotgun; it's right there by the door. If any artist ever rings the bell looking for a handout or a favor, watch out, both barrels, right between the eyes. Think I'm kidding, try 15-N. □

JULIE

We encountered this bountiful gal at a pizza baking convention in Orgone Park, Michigan. After having sampled dozens of specimens of our favorite Italian delicacy, we happened upon one that topped them all. The baker of the mouth-watering treat was none other than our girl Julie.

Her outstanding mammaries were

bouncing as high as the dough she was twirling. Right then and there we asked if she'd reveal those twin goodies of hers for our magazine but Julie desisted, saying she was out of shape from sampling too many of her culinary treats. "I'm afraid this pizza business isn't doing anything for my weight," Julie confided.

We told her many of our readers didn't care if a gal is on the plump side as long as her bust is in the heavyweight class, and there's no denying that her two knockouts fit in that category.

We trust you'll enjoy this pizza-baking babe.

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

contined from page 21

The patient, a secretary named Pamela, was then urged to go forth and have sex with as many men as she could find and to engage in orgies whenever possible. And the doc charged only $40 per session for such wise counseling.

Pam later filed a malpractice suit claiming the treatmnt did not make her feel good but left her a mental and physical wreck. She was awarded $250,000 and the psychiatrist's license was revoked. If he ever gets it back he can use this for a wall motto:

Wham!
Pam!
Thank you, ma'am!

A Knock at Rock
From an Old Crock

When Elvis and the Beatles were in their heyday and winning the hearts of young people all over the world there were elder citizens denouncing them and their music and that of their contemporaries.

"Tuneless!
"Loud!"
"Dope-pushing!"
"Sexy!"

"My goodness, these rotten kids with their torso-twisting and long hair were the cause of all that was wrong in the world!

So, 20 years later, what is being said about current music?

One critic says, "Today's rock is noisy drivel. It's boring. They don't say anything because they don't know anything. They just shout. There are no melodies or words worth talking about."

Who says? George Harrison says. George was one-fourth of the famous Beatles who revolutionized pop those years ago with John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr.

George Harrison is now 39 years old. Grandpa can tell you there used to be a widespread saying, "Don't trust anybody over 30."

The Naked Truth
About Skinny-Dipping

For those who like to go sunbathing — or like to go gawking at sun-bathers — there's a helpful book published by Harmony press. It's called "The World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation." Most such places don't advertise but there is one that puts the matter delicately offering a "clothes optional" swimming area.

THE CASE OF THE LOADED DICK

continued from page 56

Appraisers building. By one-forty I was at the safe. By one-fifty-five I had the opium. By three AM the Dragon Lady and her panel truck hadn't showup. By four I was in the city jail. I forgot to disconnect the burglar alarm.

Wesson sprung me an hour later.

"What happened?" I asked as we drove back to my apartment.

"Well, Earl, after you called I put two and two together. In the first place, nothing would be in the Customs safe unless it was confiscated from a ship or plane. I found out the only opium shipment confiscated in the last year was consigned to Miss Wong Yee. I told the police the whole story. Wong Yee was an alias, but we found her quick enough and, of course, it was your Dragon Lady. We picked them up and the bodies, and that's about all there was to it."

Like I said, Smith N. Wesson was stupid, but a good sounding board. With his help I was able to put a wraper on the case. Good old Wesson.

"Your brain was sure working on that one, Wesson old buddy."

"You know who to call when you need a smooth, well-oiled mind."

"Who's that?"

"Wesson, Earl."

His words ricocheted through my mind like a wrecking ball off a brick wall. □

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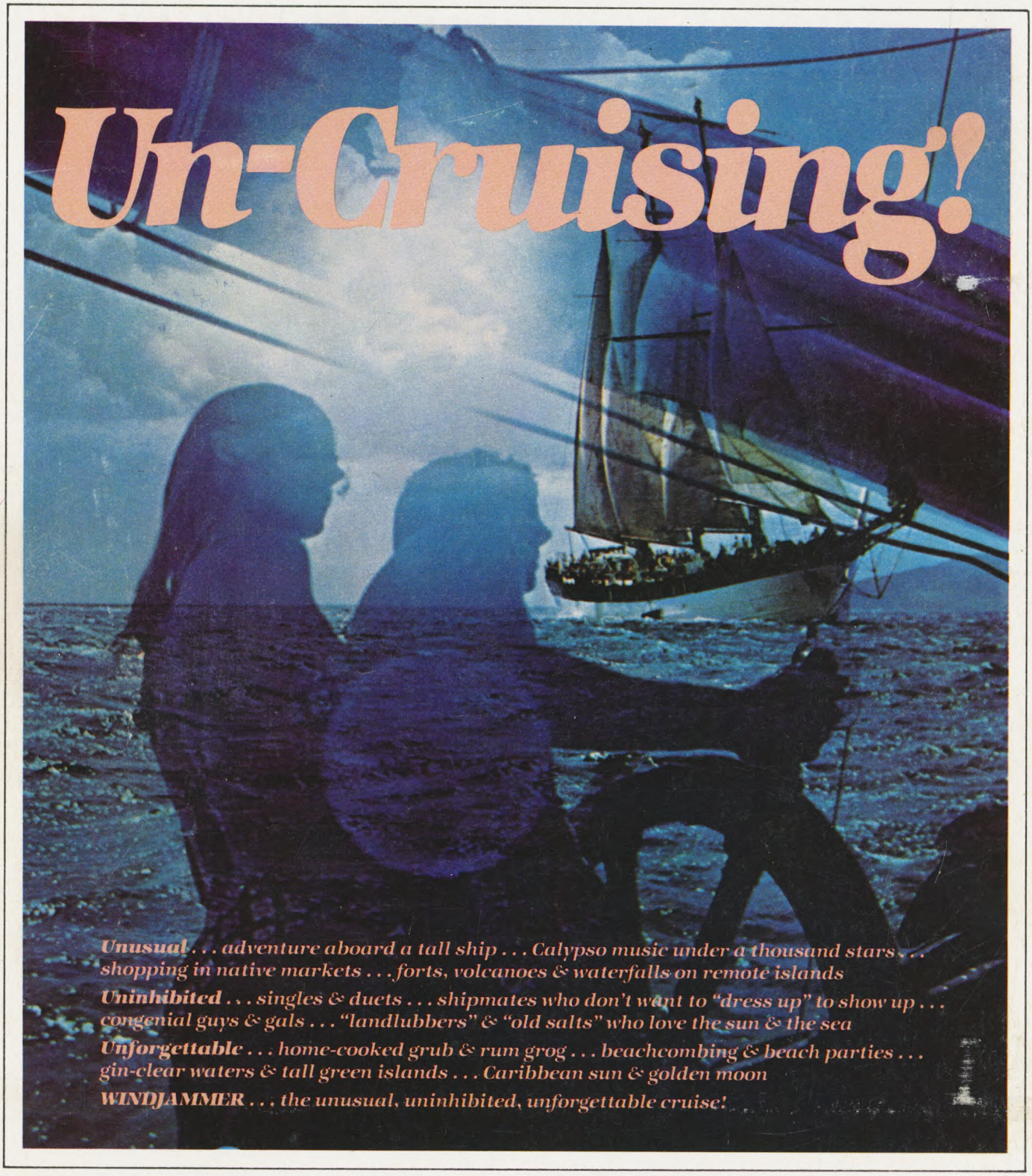

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