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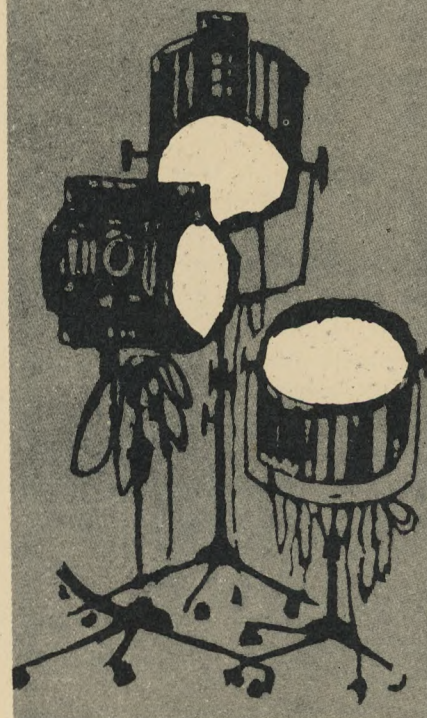
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RECORDS

Peter Maxwell Davies' *Vesalii Icones* (Nonesuch) is an ambitious and complex work from one of our most accomplished contemporary composers. The dances are based on the 16th century illustrations of

Vesalius and the fourteen stations of the cross. The Fires of London do a superb job with this challenging piece. Davies' music is best appreciated when performed live, but this excellently recorded Nonesuch disc does a fine job in conveying Davies' music.

Scott Joplin: Magnetic Rag (Angel) is an enjoyable program of Joplin rags arranged and conducted by George Sponhaltz, performed by the Southland Stingers with Ralph Grierson at the piano. Included are the captivating "Elite Syncopations" and the stunning "Heliotrope Boquet," a collaboration with Louis Chauvin. Sponhaltz's tasteful orchestrations do justice to these great rags.

Peter Cook and Dudley Moore provide some real entertainment on *Good Evening* (Island), the recording of their Broadway comedy hit show. The duo exhibits a sharp sense of humor and the absurd in skits entitled "Hello," "The Frog and the Peach," and "Mini-Drama."

John Lennon: Walls and Bridges (Apple) is Lennon's best effort since the demise of the Beatles. "Whatever Gets You Through the Night," "Going Down on Love," "Beef Jerky," and "Old Dirt Road" are memorable tunes that prove Lennon still has something to say.

Randy Newman's view of the South on *Randy Newman: Good Old Boys* (Warner Bros.) is bound to stir up some controversy. Most of the material here cannot be counted among his better work, but two classics, "Rednecks" and "Guilty," are both powerful statements. The former is a scathing comment on Southern racism that simultaneously satirizes the Northerner's narrow-minded view of the South. "Guilty," previously given a powerful rendition by Bonnie Raitt, is a sparse but biting comment on futility and love.

Zydeco is the name of the mixture of cajun and blues music played by

the French-speaking blacks of Louisiana. *Clifton Chenier: Out West* (Arhoolie) is an example of Zydeco at its best. Chenier's music has the power and soul of the early Chicago bluesmen. Steve Miller and Elvin Bishop join Chenier's regular band for an exciting set. "The Hucklebuck" and "C.C. Special" are among the many standouts here.

Tampa Red—The Guitar Wizard: 1935-1953 (Blues Classics) features some vintage blues sides by one of the great country bluenmen and bottleneck guitarists. Tampa receives strong support from a variety of piano men including Blind John Davis and Big Maceo. "You Missed A Good Man," "It Hurts Me Too," and "Love With a Feeling" find Tampa at his best. This album makes for a nice companion to the Yazoo reissue of Tampa's material—the Blues Classics disc stresses his vocal work while the Yazoo is heavy on the guitar.

The Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet (Chiaroscuro) is one of the most refreshing small jazz groups to appear in years. Braff on trumpet and Barnes on guitar, both veterans of the jazz world, play with confidence and imagination, eliciting beautiful tones from their instruments. Wayne Wright on rhythm guitar and John Giuffrida on bass provide swinging support. "Oh That Kiss" and "Nobody Else But You" are standouts.

Alto saxman Sonny Stitt shows his stuff on *Satan* (Cadet). The pop influence is strong here, and the string section on several cuts detracts from the music's total effect. Roland Hanna is in fine form on acoustic and electric piano, and authored three of the tunes here. The real highlights of the disc are two duets with Stitt and bass man Ron Carter, "It Might As Well Be Spring," and "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You." Let's hope the two record together again.

Peter "Snake Hips" Dean dishes out a healthy serving of thirties-style

hokum on *Four or Five Times* (Buddah). Dean is a crooner reminiscent of Cliff Edwards ("Ukelele Ike"), performing the pop and novelties of the twenties and thirties with flair and gusto. Buddy Weed at the piano and Bob Wilber on tenor make notable contributions. Carly Simon joins Peter for the title tune and "So The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds Got Together."

The Raspberries continue in the tradition of the early Beatles with strong instrumental work and solid material on *Starting Over* (Capitol). Tops in this set include "I Don't Know What I Want," and "I Can Hardly Believe You're Mine."

Jimmy Martin ranks as one of the greatest singers ever to perform bluegrass music. In the last few years, however, he's been having trouble keeping a good band together, and his music suffers for it. *Jimmy Martin and The Sunny Mountain Boys: Fly Me To Frisco* (MCA) bears witness to this. There's some potentially good bluegrass material here, but Jimmy is held back by the band, which now include several of his children.

Tina Turns The Country On! (United Artists) finds Tina Turner bringing her sock-'em soul to an assortment of well-chosen country tunes. James Burton, Tom Scott, and J. D. Minnus are among the supporting musicians on this exciting session which includes Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through The Night," Dolly Parton's "There'll Always Be Music" and Hank Snow's "I'm Movin' On."

Rory Gallagher offers a strong program of rock and blues on *Irish Tour '74* (Polydor). Supported by Gerry McAvoy on bass, Rod De'Ath on drums and Lou Martin on keyboards, Gallagher provides blazing guitar and solid singing on such tunes as "A Million Miles Away," and "Too Much Alcohol."

Femme chirper Sammi Jo displays a sexy and husky voice on *It Could Have Been Me* (MGM). Sammi's R&B-influenced vocals are heard on a collection of carefully selected tunes including "Tell Me A Lie" and "Games People Play." The Georgia Power Rhythm Section and The Memphis Horns provide tasty and cooking backup.

Suzi Quatro is back with a strong program of rockers on *Quatro* (Bell). Suzi and band get a good workout on "Show of Rhythm and Blues," "Keep A Knockin'," "Savage Silk" and other tunes.

Ragtime enthusiasts will welcome *Scott Joplin: Elite Syncopations* (Biograph), a program of Joplin rags recorded from rare piano rolls. Thoughtful and informative liner notes add to the enjoyment of this excellent disc, which includes "Scott Joplin's New Rag," "Heliotrope Boquet" (a collaboration with Louis Chauvin) and "The Chrysanthemum."

Juke Boy Bonner (Arhoolie) writes some of the most powerful blues lyrics to ever be recorded. In an age where bluesmen tend to fall back on the clinches of an earlier day, Bonner is an especially welcome change of pace. His music is in the Jimmy Reed-Lightnin' Hopkins tradition, but his lyrics bear a unique personal stamp. "Going Back to The Country" and "Stay Off Lyons Avenue" are particularly powerful.

Mel Tillis' Greatest Hits (MGM) gathers hits by a man who is one of the better singers and writers on the C&W scene today. Included here are "I Ain't Never," "Midnight, Me and The Blues," "Stomp Them Grapes" and "Memory Maker."

Singer-songwriter Harry Chapin scores again with a new collection of musical tales. *Verities & Balderdash* (Elektra) will help to enforce Chapin's reputation as an important

songwriter. Highlights include "30,000 Pounds of Bananas" and "What Made America Famous."

BOOKS

Victorian Outsider (Dutton) by Roy McMullen is a carefully researched and insightful study of the artist, James Whistler. In addition to supplying biographical information, McMullen takes a look at the intellectual and artistic influences on Whistler's work. A well-balanced and recommended book.

Enter Joseph Papp (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) by Stuart W. Little, focuses on one of the most important men in American theatre today. Little travelled with Papp for a year starting in June 1972, a period that saw Papp's entry into Lincoln Center and his short-lived contract with CBS. Little's book provides an entertaining and informative perspective on the current theatre scene.

Twilight of the Gods: The Music of the Beatles (Richard Seaver/Viking) by Wilfrid Mellers is one of the few books that has attempted a serious analysis of the Beatles' music. Unfortunately, Mellers attempts his analysis based on criteria usually reserved for classical and "art" music, and these criteria are often irrelevant when dealing with the music and lyrics of contemporary pop rock (which is not to imply that this music is "artless").

Le Corbusier and the Tragic View of Architecture (Harvard University Press) by Charles Jencks is a brilliant study of one of the few great architects this century has known. Jencks examines the philosophic background behind LeCorbusier's work, shedding light on some of the master's complex works. While Jencks is sympathetic to his subject, he exhibits none of the blind adulation of many other critics, and gives a generally balanced view.

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GEM

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(Marilyn
designed
from above
drawings)



CHIEF SCHMOHAWK BLOWS SMOKE SIGNALS

Compiled by Jock Budd



Heap smart words about wild life on and off the reservation, without reservations

Much hypocritical to do fertility dance following a vasectomy.

A home where the buffalo roam plenty messy.

Indian girl have heap fun with beau and error.

Papoose is prize you get for taking chance on Navajo blanket.

In land of redmen Beaver Valley not the title of skin-flick.

Establishment Indian is known as Uncle Tom Tom.

Women of tribe want men to take part in naked fertility rites around campfire. That way they can see what they're getting up against.

Wearing of girdle by Indian woman hinders good feeling.

Young buck never minds bust in the mouth if provided by voluptuous female.

If Chief has five wives, four of them have it pretty soft.

Prostitute on reservation called pussyfooter.

Firewater makes the heart grow fonder.

Sweet Sue leave reservation and go to Las Vegas as showgirl. Now how that Cherokee strip!

With many muggings, strikes, rip-offs, bombings and

crime in streets, early Indians should have had stricter immigration laws.

Brave has more hair on chest than squaw, but on the whole, a squaw's got more.

Pretty little Red Wing much like flower—grow wild in the woods. Tribe nicknamed her "99 cents" because she's always under a buck.

Sexual intercourse good American Indian way of getting it all together.

Squaw in powder room get squatter's rights.

Shapely Indian maid often cause heap big uprising.

Nude sun worshippers have habit of hanging out together.

Indian stud who ball woman on ground get peace on earth.

One kinky brave has mocassin fetish. When he hears, "Look at that pair," he glances at female's feet.

Virgin squaw is "wouldn't Indian."

Maybe you heard about Indian who drank 44 glasses of iced tea one night and the next morning they found him drowned in his teepee.

There once was an Indian maid—but it took a buck to do it!



Exclusive Interview With The First Female

HARD HAT HUSTLER

by Jack Ward

This lass didn't get where she is today by being a brick layer, but when it comes to construction, she's got all the necessary parts and not only can put it up but really put out to get the job on hand done

Newsflash! Tampa, Florida. From the city of the Tampa cigar comes another "smoker" which we hope will be just as popular as the last. Official word came today of the acceptance of one Wanda Winsbig into Local 325, Heavy Equipment Operators. Wanda, first woman to be accepted into any union of this sort, has struck some more paydirt for women's lib.

The female operator has been on the job for more than three weeks pending her acceptance, and there we caught her for an interview during a break, as she shared a sandwich with the boys at the massive apartment-unit constructions site.

Speaking of construction you should see Wanda's—she's 5'6" of twisted steel and sex appeal, at least she appears that way at first blush, with her steel hardhat, dark suntan, and faded jeans. But when she takes off the metal topper, her long ash blonde hair comes tumbling down to her shoulders, and under her protective sun-shades are a sparkling pair of blue eyes. She's all-woman, all right, and the tight jeans don't hide it—just package it, and what a package! She's "well-equipped" in the hip department and up front. And the boys have already put together some "front" money to persuade her to unbutton just one more button on her work shirt. Forget about the apartments—they've obviously more interested in how Wanda is built! But enough of this. On to the interview:

QUESTION: Hi, Wanda, do you mind if we talk to you for a few minutes?

WANDA: As long as it's just talk.

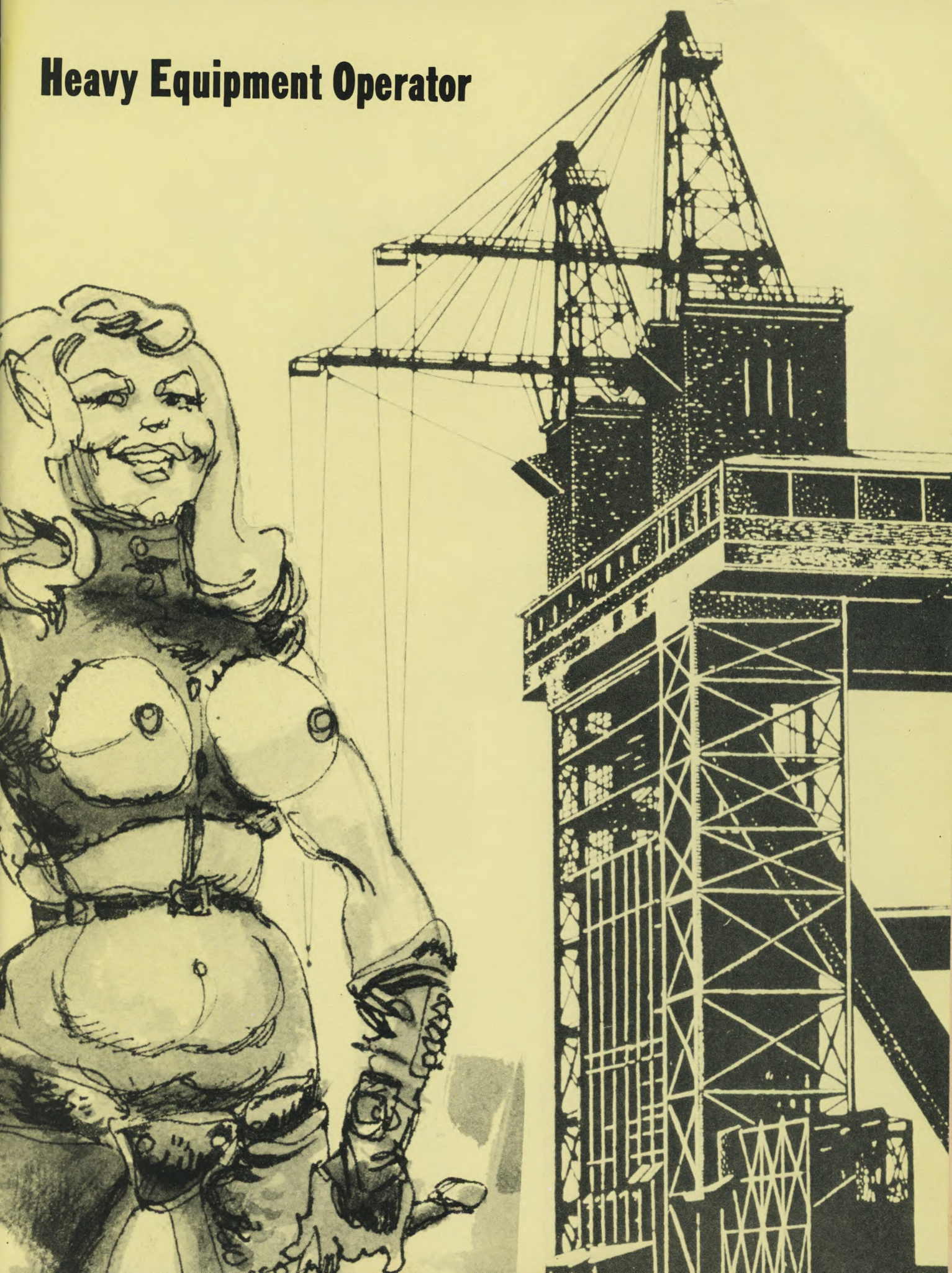
QUESTION: First of all, how long have you been an operator? When and where did you first get started ?

WANDA: Well, I guess I started operating when I was about sixteen, at a beer joint not too far from here.

(continued on page 17)



Heavy Equipment Operator







MARY ANN

Blond Mary Ann Nichols, our sultry South Sea Island sweetie, is an inhabitant of the Isle of Wa-Wa, a miniscule sand spit off the Meilay peninsula, situated in the heart of the Boola-Boola archipelago. The palm-shaded slopes and moss-filled valleys of this lush bit of heaven on earth is where we were passing our winter holiday when we discovered this rare bird of paradise. We were checking into our hotel as we noticed a pair of big, bountiful, sun-baked jugs draped over the registry desk. As we signed in, our eager eyes





followed the elegant contour of her delicious looking melons. To our surprise, their possessor proved to be the proprietress of this fashionable seaside resort. Our journalistic curiosity bested our pursuit of pleasure, and we proceeded to engage the charming, full-blown lass in a bit of conversation.

A former resident of the midwestern metropolis of Toledo, Ohio, Mary Ann studied anthropology and ethnomusicology at Kent State University. There she became interested in the customs and music of Hawaii and the

South Sea Islands. "As soon as I graduated I split to the islands. I mean, Saturday night in Toledo, Ohio is like being nowhere at all. Life here suits me to a tee. (Editor's note: we would have said, it suits us to a tree, but we won't try to palm that one off on you.) Plenty of time to relax. The hotel keeps me in the bucks. I've got time to continue my research into Hawaiian music. One of the old-timers out here has been teaching me Hawaiian steel guitar. I've listened to the stuff for years, so I'm catching on pretty quick."





After a little coaxing, Mary, who is called Nikki (from Nichols) by some of her native friends, grabbed the Oahu guitar hanging behind the desk and serenaded us by a rendition of Kekoki E. Awai's "Kalima Sway," and Morgan Reider's "Zanzibar," followed by Bert Lee's "The Prize," the sheet music for which

she found in a box of Crackerjack. Despite urgings from vacationing record executives, Mary Ann is not interested in pursuing a professional career in music. "The entertainment business is full of bad vibes," she scoffed. "Besides, I'd have to leave Wa-Wa."

American admirers will be saddened by





Mary Ann's reluctance to return to her native country. If you're traveling to Wa-Wa, however, this tropical treat will greet you with

a warm smile and a cheerful tune, and a figure that puts the isle in the best shape it has been in for years. □

HARD HAT HUSTLER

continued from page 8

QUESTION: But how did you get your start in machinery?

WANDA: I owe it all to a guy named Big Ed. I had a blind date with him one night and he picked me up in a big payloader, just like the one over there. We went to the drive-in movies, and naturally, the only thing he and I could do on top of that thing was "play with the gears." That's when I first fell in love with big equipment.

QUESTION: What's it like to be on a job with over 100 men?

WANDA: Like they say, you can please everyone.

QUESTION: Then I suppose you consider yourself pretty much free and liberated in what you're doing?

WANDA: Only when I'm sitting on top of that big payloader, believe me!

Meanwhile, one of the boys opens a six-pack and hands them around. Wanda gulps down about half of hers in one sip, wiping some sweat from her sun-bronzed brow in the hot sun. We look over and see the large, yellow front-end loader she's talking about).

QUESTION: You've got some fine equipment, all right. How much can you pick up with it?

WANDA: At least thirty dollars a shot.

QUESTION: We mean what kind of thing can you pick up with your equipment?

WANDA: Well, last week I picked up the foreman.

QUESTION: No, no, we want to know how much you can pick up on the job?

WANDA: Frankly, the best I've done so far is another equipment operator.

QUESTION: But Wanda, what we mean to ask is how much weight you carry around the site here?

WANDA: Let me see. . . Yeah, I've carried a lot more weight around the job since I picked up the foreman.

QUESTION: Wanda, we're trying

our best to ask how much physical weight you can carry!

WANDA: Anybody over 250 pounds is out of my range.

QUESTION: But what about your front-end loader?

WANDA: Don't you think you're being a little personal?

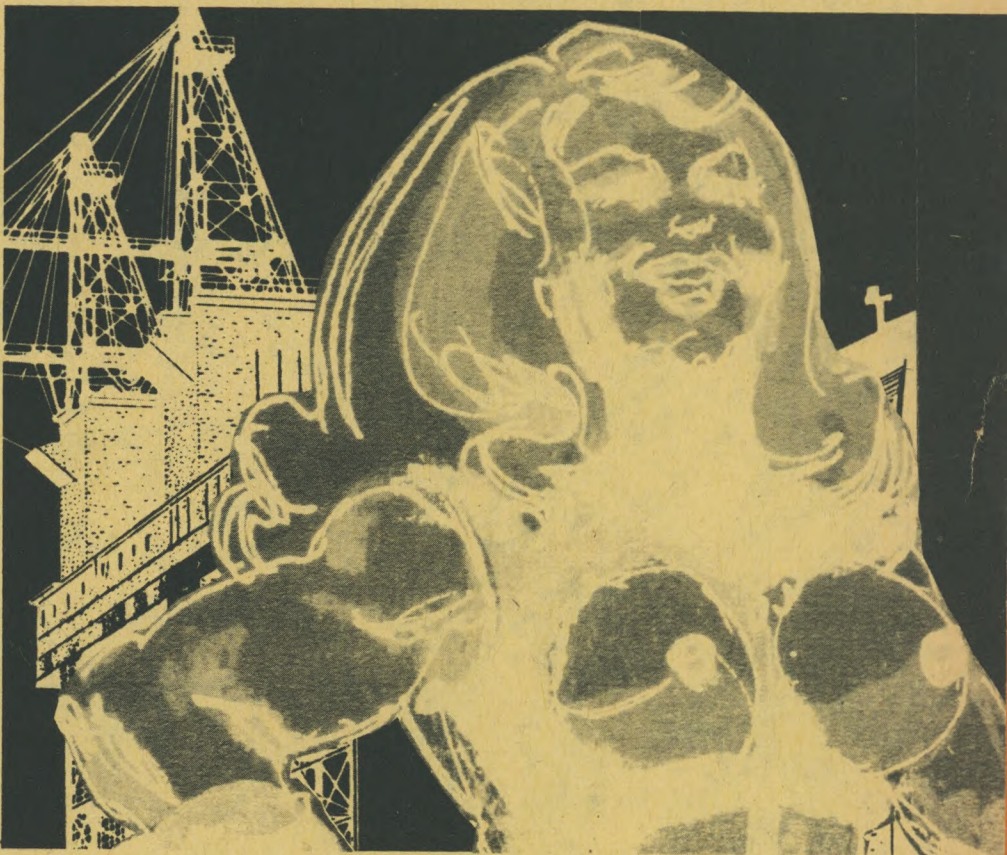
(After the last question, one of the boys told us we'd better mind our manner, or else. Wanda sat down in the shade and we joined her. Since we had such difficulty trying to get the answers to our questions, we

QUESTION: Sorry. But for example, have you ever ridden a bulldozer?

WANDA: I knew the original "Bull" Dozer, a real big guy who was built like a bull, but this fellow was always on the job. Even in bed he was always dozing.

(The whistle sounded and we only had time for a last question. Wanda stood, hitching up her tight pants, and tucked her long hair up into the hard hat.)

QUESTION: Wanda, in wrapping



decided to talk about working conditions.)

QUESTION: Wanda, what are your opinions on working conditions? Should more workers get a raise?

WANDA: From my own personal viewpoint, too many guys are getting a raise as it is.

QUESTION: Never mind. Tell me, what piece of machinery do you like best?

WANDA: You've gotta be the nosiest son-of-a-gun I've met all week!

it up, what would you say your goal is as a woman in construction?

(Wanda waited until all the boys had gone off a ways, then whispered to us confidentially.)

WANDA: Just between you and me, I'd like to make it permanent with that good-looking welder over there—he's been carrying the torch for me for a long time!

And that's it from Tampa, Florida, where Wanda Winsbig has again proven that a woman's "place"—at least in society—is not always where you think it is! □



Visiting your dentist can be a grind, but when the dentist's beautiful sexpot of a wife is the receptionist, that's a different kind of a bullet to bite on. . .

OPEN WIDER!

by Dean Dexter

Bert Hughes undressed himself, then he took Lois' dress off, pausing to kiss her creamy white shoulders. Then he unfastened her bra and let her lush breasts bounce out of their confinement. She had large succulent breasts with fine brown nipples, and he nuzzled them on the way down to kiss her flat belly. Then he grappled off her panties and saw that she had a neat, dark-haired bonanza between her thighs. He kissed her and said: "Oh, baby, I want you so much!"

"I can see that," she replied, eyeing his manhood. They pulled each other toward the motel bed and moments later he was plunged headfirst into the warm bath of her wet kisses while the rest of her accepted his rigid organ yieldingly, hotly; then there was delirious, delicious, frantic motion beneath him such as he had never experienced in his life, and had to be, he was sure, the sensual vibrations of a hyper-sexed, passion pot. No woman could know that much about sex, least of all a 24-year-old girl who had only been married a year. But she did know, and she accelerated her incredible undulations until finally his orgasm that shot from his loins seemed to come right out of his brain.

"Oh, oh, baby, baby, baby!" he moaned, and collapsed inside her.

* * *

Bert Hughes shrugged off the uneasiness he always felt when he visited the dentist as he opened the door to the office. It was only for a cleaning, he told himself, and keeping his teeth sparkling was important. His shining white teeth were important for a rising young television actor in Hollywood, and they added much to his over-all good looks.

He slammed the door shut to announce his arrival, then frowned as he faced an empty waiting room. But one look at the empty receptionist's window and his annoyance spent itself. This was where he had first laid eyes on Lois—sweet, sexy, insatiable Lois. It always amused him that he was putting one over on the confident, complacent Dr. Spencer.

Two months now he had been laying Lois, and he wasn't fed up with her yet. There was something about the frantic, completely abandoned way she loved sex.



Or maybe it was the intrigue—having an affair with the wife of the dentist who took care of his teeth.

Bert looked in a mirror and smiled his practiced smile, then widened it and leaned forward to better examine his straight, long teeth that had never known a filling or needed a cap. Then the door to the inner office opened suddenly and he quickly pulled away from the mirror.

Dr. Spencer stepped into the waiting room. He was short and starting to put on weight. His thinning hair and the worry wrinkles around his eyes and his loose jowls added ten years to his thirty-some. He smiled professionally and said, "Come in, Mr. Hughes."

"Hi, Doc," Bert said, and led the way through the door. The doctor followed him and shut it quietly.

"Hey, where's all the help?" Bert asked, as he noticed that the offices were as deserted as a graveyard at midnight.

"The girls have Wednesdays off," Dr. Spencer replied, "and so do I, as a rule. But I'll be on my vacation when your regular teeth cleaning time comes up, and knowing how particular you are about your teeth, I thought I'd take care of you before I left."

They walked to the far end of the corridor where the doctor steered Bert to an open door. Bert hesitated at the door involuntarily. The drill, with its long, angled neck, hovered above the seat, poised—ready to strike, and a dread curled itself tightly around Bert's heart. But he flung himself into the chair with an exaggerated eagerness, trying not to think of the grinding noises the drill made.

"You look tense," said Dr. Spencer, smiling tightly.

"No, I'm okay."

The dentist pressed Bert's head back against the headrest. "Lie back," he said, moving behind the chair. "Relax." Then he began massaging the muscles at the base of Bert's skull. Bert closed his eyes and started to relax. "Feels good, Doc, real. . . ." He jerked his head forward as he felt a pin prick behind his

ear. "What the hell. . . ?"

"Easy, Mr. Hughes," Dr. Spencer purred. "I merely gave you a mild tranquilizer to relax you. Knowing your dislike for needles, I didn't warn you." He pulled Bert's head back and resumed his massaging.

The shot took effect almost instantly. Bert felt his body jelling. His head seemed like a gob of lumpy goo, falling first one way, then another.

An image of Lois appeared, naked and beautifully sexy in every desirable way. He reached out for her, but she moved away from him, smoothly, as though on unseen tracks. And as she moved she began to distort so that the hairy triangle between her thighs with the slit down through the center of it swelled while the rest of her shriveled. Then she seemed to move forward until it seemed that the red, moist opening would devour him. A moment later she seemed to glide backward until she was only a distant, flesh-colored orange as seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

Bert came out of it slowly, with a vague impression of tons and tons of warm, soft breasts pressing against him from all sides. It seemed to take him hours to get back his bearings, and he didn't hurry it. He finally opened his eyes to find himself staring at the ceiling. A cold wind brushed away the fog from around his brain as he realized that something was drastically wrong. He couldn't close his mouth, and despite all his efforts, he couldn't move his body.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Dr. Spencer staring down at him with a grim smile on his lips. Bert tried to say something, but a sharp instrument bit into his gums, causing his eyes to water. He exerted all his strength and willpower to lift himself from the chair, to no avail, and he wondered what the doctor had given him to paralyze him this way.

Dr. Spencer moved in closer, speaking matter-of-factly—confidently. "You're wasting your strength, Mr. Hughes. You're strapped to the chair. . . your body,

your arms and legs, even your head. And a mouth prop is holding your mouth open."

Bert strained against the straps and made some guttural noises, but no words came out of his mouth. Dr. Spencer brought the chair to an upright position, picked up a needle from the round tray in front of the chair, and jabbed Bert lightly in the lip with it. He nodded with satisfaction when Bert groaned in pain and protest.

"As you may or may not suspect," Dr. Spencer said, laying aside the needle. "I am aware of the fact that you are having an affair with my wife."

Bert felt the hairs on the back of his neck bristle.

"I've known it for a week," Dr. Spencer went on, "but until yesterday, I didn't know what to do about it. I don't want a divorce. . . I love my wife very much. And killing you would only precipitate my own downfall, which wouldn't do at all."

Bert heaved a sign of partial relief.

"However," Dr. Spencer went on, "punitive action of some sort is in order, I believe. Some mental. . . and physical scars, perhaps, to remind you of your erring ways."

Bert looked around wildly for some means of escape, or help, but saw nothing. His eyes sought out Dr. Spencer's to beg silently for mercy but there was something in the way the dentist looked into his mouth that chilled his blood. He made one last effort to break the straps and failed.

Dr. Spencer took down the drill, inserted a grinding wheel into it, and gave it a trial spin. It worked perfectly. Then he bent over Bert and spoke softly, emphasizing every word.

"Resign yourself to being here for some time, Mr. Hughes. I am going to grind your teeth down even with your gums. . . one by one!" And then I'm going to mutilate your gums—and your lips. You'll never seduce another man's wife again. As far as being a lover, this is your kiss of death!

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round



Doctor, what is the medical term for that thing you're sticking in me?"

"It's—er—my rectal thermometer."

"Goodness, I wish I could get my husband to call it that—it's so much more refined than 'pecker.'"

Leering jokes about doctors and what they do to beautiful female patients in examining rooms are plentiful. Now it turns out that in many cases it's not just a joke. California researchers, making a study of 460 medicos, report that at least one out of 20 engaged in sexual relations with patients. Some even boldly claimed that screwing was good therapy for patients. (Not to mention for themselves?)

Most physicians said they regarded erotic behavior as professional suicide. The rest probably agreed but thought of it as "What a way to die!"

Now when Bugs Bunny asks, "What's up, Doc?" you can give the answer—his rectal thermometer.

Okay Coach, Nobody Scored.

Basketball coach Eddie Sutton got a new job at Arkansas but left his family behind in Omaha so the kids could finish school there. He learned that his youngest son had been slipping into mom's bed at night, lonesome and scared. On a visit home Pop told the child that sort of thing was just not done. Sometime later Eddie was conducting a basketball clinic when his wife and brood arrived on the scene for a visit. In front of a dozen or so high school coaches, the kid leaned out of the car window and yelled, "Hey, Dad, nobody slept with Mother while you were gone."

The Sports Scribe Was all at Sea

A baseball writer was transferred to a newspaper copy desk where his job was to write headlines for general stories. On learning that a "Singles" cruise ship had sunk in a storm, he furrowed his brow, licked his pencil and composed this headline: THEY WENT DOWN SWINGING.

She Wears Mink All Day And Fox All Night

The old Farmer's Almanac isn't all full of weather predictions. Sometimes they get off a goodie like this:

"My darling, he said, "Let me feast my eyes upon your lovely face and I'll buy you a sable muff. Let me hold your hand and I'll give you a red fox scarf. Let me kiss you and I'll give you a mink cape. Let me—"

"Stop," she cried, "That's fur enough!"

Sex in Police Car Causes Two Copouts

Policemen's wives are going around saying, "I told you so!" They raised a great hullabaloo when it was first suggested that cops might be paired in scout cars, regardless of sex. They were worried about their husbands. They said a lady gendarme would not be helpful to him in a fight against tough gangsters.

Of course, that isn't **all**, or the main thing, they were worried about. They knew a man is a man and if he rides around long enough in the same car with a chick, certain

results are almost inevitable. **They** had ridden around with the man in their courting days.

So it happened. A couple of years ago in New York a cop named Rocco and a cop named Cecilia were assigned to the same car. They rode around together stopping crimes and falling in love. They divorced their respective spouses. She moved in with him.

Love on the beat! Romance on patrol!

But, dagnabit, they began acting like husband and wife. They got into such noisy, drunken quarrels, that neighbors summoned—who do you think?—the police. Rocco and Cecilia have been fired from the police department.

Too bad, but this is only one incident and shouldn't preclude the sharing of cop cars by police of opposite sexes. Much wider cars have been suggested to keep the two further apart. But this wouldn't help—you can't disregard the long arm of the law.

X Pictures Starring Who's Who

"The Happy Hooker," Xaviera Hollander, who wrote a book of that title is busily at work on a sequel. Some of the famous customers who visited her Manhattan House of Joy, are worried that she will name names. And they would be Big Names indeed.

But what really has them shaking in their boots is the possibility that they may become film stars. It's reported Xaviera had secret movie cameras recording all the bedroom action. If the films are ever released they would certainly be X-rated—X for Xaviera.







SHIRLEY

You may be wondering what this super-bosomed and alluring gal is doing in the slave-girl garb. Surely, you say to yourselves, that kind of work has gone out of style. Before you

upset yourselves too much, we'll let on that this isn't part of her daily wardrobe. Shirley, who entertains hopes of making it big in the film world, was recently cast in the part of a



slave girl in a Hollywood extravaganza now being filmed and these pics were shot on location. "This part means an awful lot to me," our busty thespian told us. "It's one of the best roles I've had to date. I play a slave girl in the court of King Nomgor of Glork. I'm part of the King's harem, and there's a juicy scene with just Nomgor and me. I hope it'll get past the censors—it's basically a historical film and we'd like it to get a GP rating."

A history major in college, Shirley helped





with the extensive historical research that was conducted in preparation for the film. "A lot of directors today don't worry about historical accuracy. You get films dealing with the nineteenth century in which the actors are wearing modern clothing with only a few concessions to period styles. The results are ludicrous."

In addition to continuing her acting studies, Shirley has begun to take voice lessons recently. "I feel I should try to be as versatile as possible. I'd hate to have to turn down a part because it required singing and I wasn't

up to it. I've got a good voice, but I just haven't been exercising it enough lately. I get to sing a short tune in the film, in a scene where the harem is entertaining the king. It's an old Nubian love song I learned from a Hamza El Din record.

Our budding actress (oh, those buds—how they bloom!) is bound to attract a lot of attention from film-goers and movie moguls alike when her new flick is released. We're mighty proud to offer you this sneak preview of her far-out figure which could very easily make slaves out of us. □



"This is an unusual report from your referring doctor, Mr. Morgan," Dr. Fussbush stated as he looked at the patient across his office desk. The doctor was a thin, balding man with a pencil moustache.

"Midas Morgan," said the husky and very blond young man seated before the doctor. "One male member of my family from each generation has always been named Midas."

"Dr. Barnum, the referring physician, indicates the claim of your family is that your distant ancestor was King Midas of Phygia."

"King Midas—the king with the golden touch," the young man nodded his head.

"The golden touch . . . yes," Dr. Fussbush pursued his lips. "Legend has it that the god of wine and drama, Dionysus, granted King Midas the golden touch. An ancient, charming myth of course."

"It may sound like a fairy tale, Doc. But there's something . . ."

"Of course," Dr. Fussbush looked skeptical. "This . . . problem you have."

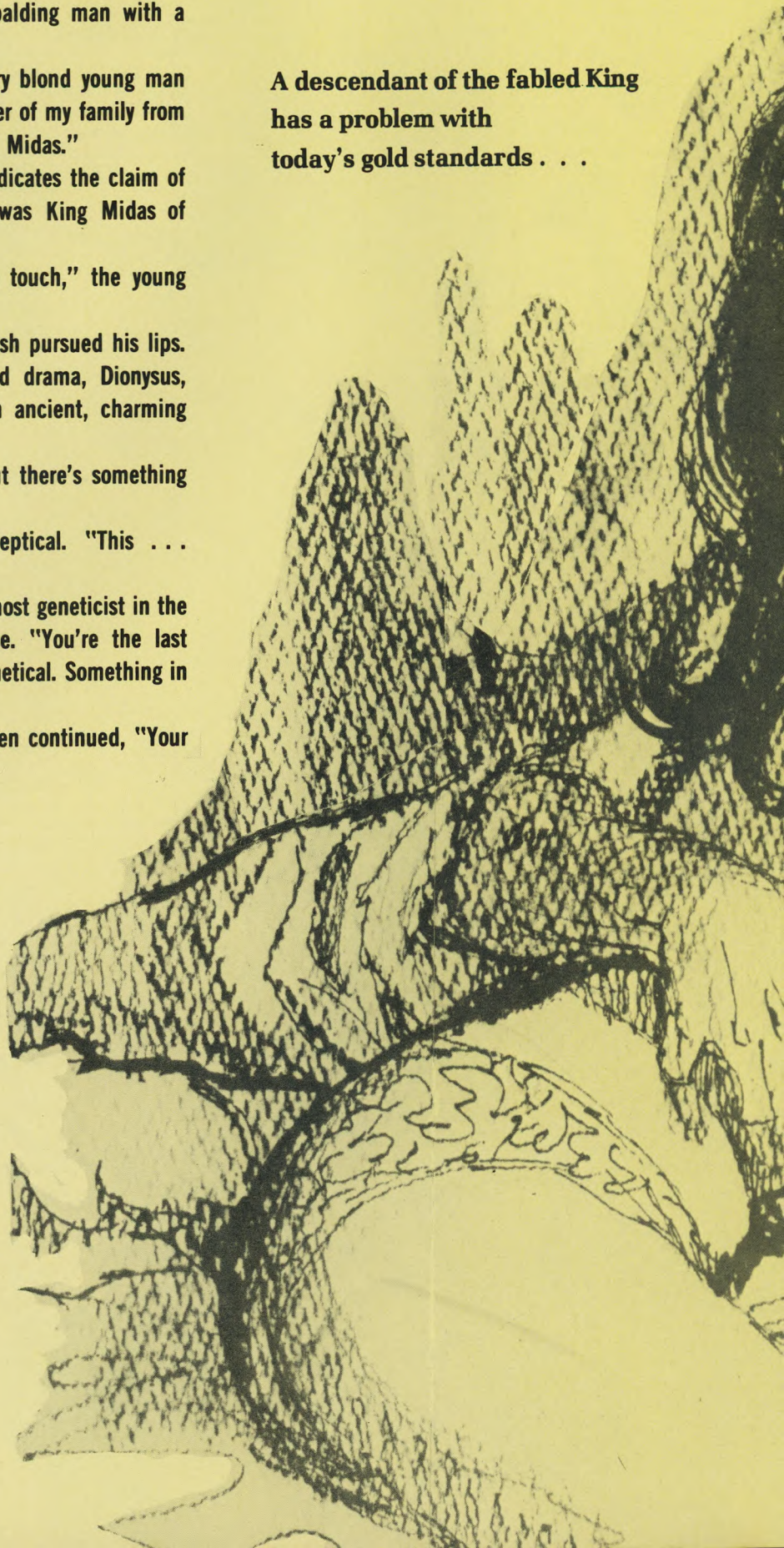
"Dr. Barnum told me you were the foremost geneticist in the world," Midas Morgan's face was intense. "You're the last resource I have. What's wrong has to be genetical. Something in my heredity."

"Perhaps," Dr. Fussbush nodded and then continued, "Your

A descendant of the fabled King
has a problem with
today's gold standards . . .

The Midas Touch

by John M. Sitan





twenty-first birthday was two months ago. That's when it became apparent you had a . . . problem."

"The same thing happened in my family a hundred years ago. And before that there were other male members of my family it happened to. But with all the scientific techniques available today . . . you've got to be able to do something for me."

"I might be able to," Dr. Fussbush again nodded. "I want to hear about your own problem in your own words."

"Yeah," Midas Morgan grimaced. "I'm blond . . . right, Doc? Golden-haired you could say. Two months ago on my twenty-first birthday I was working on a construction job outside Mexico City. I was living with a dark haired little secretary and we had to celebrate my being twenty-one, you know? Well, when we got up the next morning after a night of making out she was blond! No dye job . . . a real blond. And there's been three other dark-haired girls since then. All blonds, Doc. And they stayed that way."

"And you're telling me . . ."

began Dr. Fussbush.

"The Midas Touch, Doc. My genes . . . the family curse. And it happened on my twenty-first birthday. I was with my girl and getting ready to come and when I did . . ."

"At the moment of climax your girl became a blond," Dr. Fussbush was thoughtful. "A unique variation of the golden touch."

"Sure. But you see what that means? Every time I . . . Every time . . . well, I don't want to go with girls who are already blonds all my life. Besides, I've got a thing for dark haired girls and I want them to stay like that."

"Well," Dr. Fussbush frowned. "I don't know. I have developed an operational and radiation process . . . but it's something that can only be used once. Your genetic character would be changed . . ."

"And I'd get rid of the Midas curse . . . wouldn't I, Doc?"

"You would be genetically changed. I don't think you would have a problem."

"Well, I want to chance it," Midas Morgan was definite. "I want to do it."

For two days Midas Morgan underwent Dr. Fussbush's tests and then finally came the operational and radiation process. It was successful.

"I preume you will test immediately to see if your problem is no longer a problem?" asked Dr. Fussbush. It was three days later when the doctor had decided there were no after effects for Midas Morgan.

"I've got something lined up . . . a real lush chick," Midas Morgan smiled. "And I know you did it, Doc. I feel changed. I really do."

"Let me know the results of . . . tonight," Dr. Fussbush nodded. "And I'd like to check you over in a week or so."

"Hello?" it was two o'clock in the morning when Dr. Fussbush's telephone rang. "Midas? . . . what's wrong?"

"Doc, you've got to come over to my place," the voice on the telephone was a broken and trembling one. "You've got to see . . . I can't tell you. You have to come over."

Forty-five minutes later when Dr. Fussbush went to knock on Midas Morgan's apartment door it opened as he touched the door. The room inside was dark.

"Is that you, Doc?"

"Why are you sitting in the dark, Midas?" Dr. Fussbush closed the apartment door and feeling for a light switch beside the door turned the apartment lights on.

"I wanted to sit in the dark," Midas Morgan made a disjointed motion toward a doorway. "Look in the bedroom. Just look."

Going to the doorway and looking in the bedroom Dr. Fussbush first saw an untidy double bed. Lying in the middle of the bed with its weight deeply indenting the mattress was the nude statue of a girl lying on her back, legs spread. An enraptured smile was on her face.

"Gold . . ." Dr. Fussbush heard the despairing voice of Midas Morgan from the living room. "Solid . . . pure . . . gold." □



"Can I interest you in a snow job, mister?"

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

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

The action of the Broadway play, "Brave Lives," (adapted from the memoirs of John Aubrey) takes place in Mistress Byerley's lodgings in Dirty Lane, London in 1697. Many of the aged Aubrey's monologues are dirty, too—blue to be exact. Says she about a contemporary lawyer: "He got ahead more by virtue of his penis than his practice."

A Pennsylvania mail order firm now offers to send customers Chinese fortune cookies with "dirty" sayings.

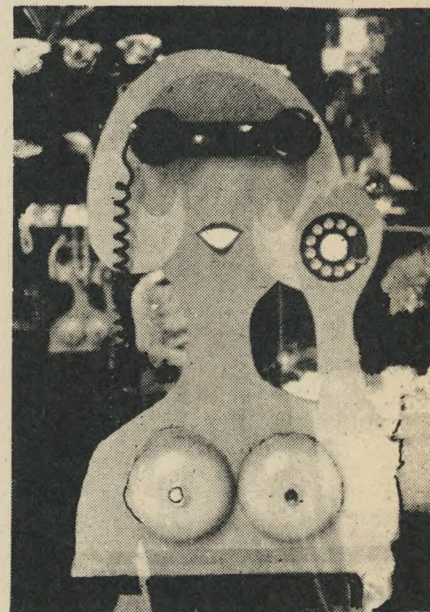
UA's "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three," the film about the extraordinary hijacking of a NYC subway train, gives you all the action you could ask for and more. One high transit police official tells

another off with: "I don't give a rat's ass for your f...king instructions." When one of the hijackers calls a super-boobed, revealing-bloused young woman hostage a "20 buck hooker," she starts to berate him until he scares her off with: "I can do this job (guard the hostages) and hump you at the same time."

A British TV show about Florence Nightingale pictured the legendary nurse not only as a bitch and mighty neurotic, but also as a possible lesbian.

In "Le Boney" ("Happiness") a French husband has an ingenious explanation for his spouse on why he cheats, "It's quite simple, you and

An exciting oil painting by Ms. Mariann Miller who shows at the fine Stefanotty Gallery, Paris—New York.



Here's a fun phone, an ideal gift, currently being displayed at The Phonetique Gallery in New York City.



Comic Danny Clayman, featured in "Airport '74" and co-star of "The Protege," insists: "The economy is so bad I saw a pimp on Times Square driving a Volkswagen."

If you remember Vilgot Sjöman's taboo-shattering film, "I Am Curious Yellow," his latest Swedish sex romp, aptly titled, "Till Sex Do Us Part," deserves your rapt attention. The action is hot despite all the snow and ice. The main characters, Maja and Richard, are a kinky couple. At 13, he was seduced by his still-active grandma and she was seduced by her cookery teacher which got her on a she-she track. Fetish-wise, scissors and razors turn him on! "Till Sex" climaxes with a nutty orgy scene which also gives you an idea of what grand opera would sound and look like if all performers were stark naked. A special bravo to the virile male and voluptuous female members of the Royal Swedish Opera Company who are exactly that—buffo—in this cinematic first.



me . . . we're like an apple orchard inside a fence. Then I see an apple tree outside the fence, and it's in full bloom, too. There are more apple blossoms and apples to add to ours . . . do you see?"

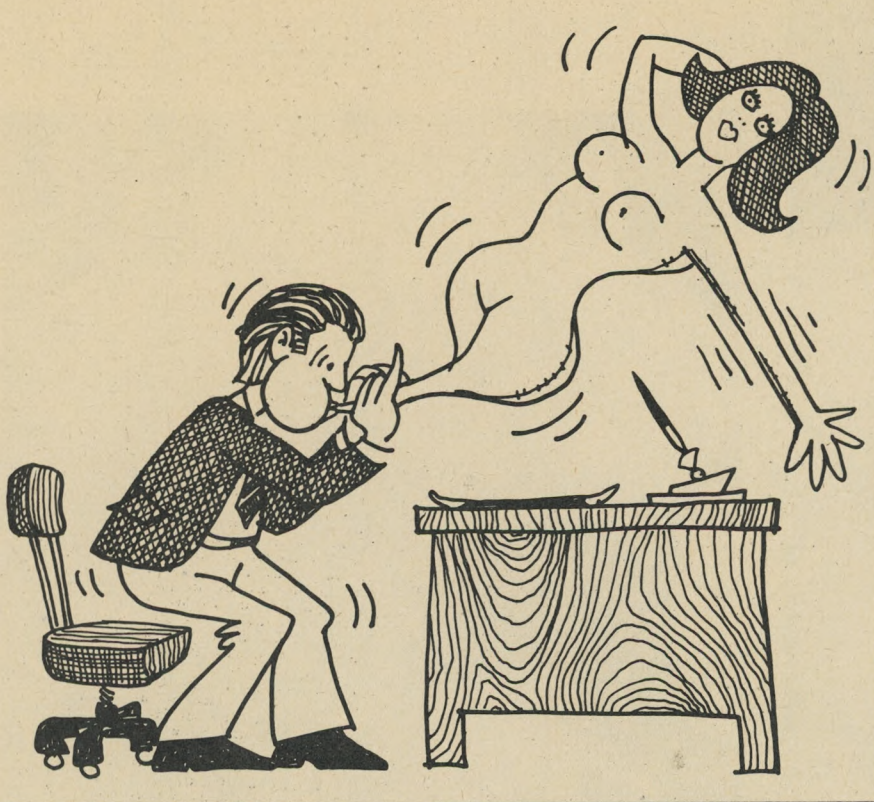
"Alvin Purple" is a rollicking, lusty Australian flick. At 16, Al is already pursued by school girls who find him sexually irresistible; so does his teacher's wife, neighborly ladies, in fact, any chick he comes in contact with. At 21 he becomes a water bed salesman and his sales technique appeals especially to sex-starved wives. But even kinky gals and drag queens are after him; so is the young female shrink he consults. Meanwhile a sex clinic MD sends him scores of women with erotic hangups and Alvin quickly lays their problems to rest. When he spurns his lady shrink, she blackmails him into "sex any time I want it when I want." And she sure wants it often.

The producers of "Office Girls" say it is a "candid expose of the extra-curricular activities of the office" and that it is—the movie is certainly candid and the girls are sure exposed. The action takes you behind, on top, and under the desks as the sextaries put in loads of overtime—and even more undertime.

For novelty and erotica lovers there is a new wallpaper line for swinging dens called "Hanky Panky."

A well known movie star inquires: "Would you say that a girl who talks during coitus is a conversation piece?"

Above are two typical lusty scenes from the rollicking film fare, "Alvin Purple."



Promotional art work for the candid flick, "Office Girls."

Comic Dick Capri insists that women will be using roll-on contraceptives soon.

A prominent film critic describes Columbia's "Buster and Billie" as "a little period piece about a gang bang."

Andy Warhol's raw monster flick, "Frankenstein," has the mad scientist try to create the ideal male and perfect female by assembling limbs and organs from live human specimens he considers "perfect." But, just as the old saw proclaims, the best-laid plans go oft astray, and thus even mad Frankenstein is faced with a near-disaster, but he cheerfully makes the best of it. "You haven't really lived," he proclaims, "until you've f---d someone in the gallbladder!" (As the French say, "Chacun a son gout" (Everyone to his taste.).

In "S*P*Y*S," Elliot Gould and Donald Sutherland, the old "M*A*S*H" team, as secret agents engage in a hilarious search through dog's excrement for some microfilm.

The Broadway play, "Flowers," offers a strong bouquet of sex, decadence and evil. Rape and blood-spattered panties abound. And for laughs . . .

"O Lucky Man" stars Malcolm "Clockwork Orange" McDowell, who goes through a mass of erotic and violent experiences in a few weeks such as few experience in a lifetime.

Henny Youngman complains: "Everybody's so busy these days. It's harder and harder to find a partner for golf or cards. So I often have to play with myself."



Scenes from the zingy Swedish romp, "Till Sex Do Us Part." Despite all the snow and ice, the action is hot.



MAYA JEANNE

When a photographer told us of a sensational set of pics he had of a girl named Maya, we were surprised to discover that the gal in question seemed to be none other than Jeanne, our former scintillating Swinger of the

Month. This is one of the odd things about this business. Sometimes it's the model who uses different names as she goes from one photographer to another. And sometimes, it's the photographer who will dream up new







Gem of the Month





names for the gals. Anyway, just for our own sakes, we'll call her Maya-Jeanne. After all, no matter what name she goes under, a terrific chick is still a terrific chick, and we think

you'll really get into these revealing photos. After having worked for several years as a wine taster, Maya-Jeanne will soon be going on a national tour promoting a new liqueur. "I



started out on burgundy but soon hit the harder stuff," she joked. "Seriously, though, you know, I hardly ever touch the stuff. I'm

mostly into Doctor Pepper, myself. This new liqueur is so delicious, though, it's hard to avoid taking a nip once in a while. It's made



from several exotic fruits and—well, I'm really not supposed to talk about it until it's formally released on the market."

Jeanne remarked that it was ironic that she wound up in the liquor business, coming as she does from a family with strong ties to the



Women's Christian Temperance Union. "It's hard to believe, but they're still around," Maya-Jeanne told us. "They just had their annual conference, somewhere in the Midwest, I think. Three of my aunts attended. They still believe that Prohibition was the best period this country ever had."

We have no idea what this gal will be calling herself next time she crosses our path, but we'll be delighted to see her all the same. Maya-Jeanne is every bit as sweet as the liqueur she's promoting, and we become drunk with ecstasy at the very sight of her. □





**When the gal is shipshape and all
conditions are above deck, it's smooth
sailing ahead . . . maybe**

BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

THE NAUTICAL ADVENTURES OF PICKY DICK AND "TRICK" TRACY

by Michael J. Pellowski



The "Last Port" barroom in this marina-mad, wealthy beach and seaport resort was filled with thick tobacco smoke. I could hardly see across the damned room. It reminded me of a movie set for a B-Class super-spy thriller. The noise in the crowded room was low key—as if fifty people were all whispering at once. I figured this bar was as good as any other and I slowly closed the door behind me. I strolled gracefully to the bar and plopped my sexy behind down on a stool. My short skirt rode up and revealed plenty of white thigh. The men sitting at the bar strained their hungry eyes hoping to catch a glimpse of the hidden treasure buried under my tight-fitting skirt. Their glances were a waste of precious energy. I never distributed free pubic treasure maps to the public. When you're looking for a captain to mount your pooped deck, you don't ride the bumpy waves with every second mate who points a stiff main mast in your direction. I re-crossed my legs. The sex hatch was open enough to tease—but not enough to please any voyeur who couldn't afford passage.

"Champagne cocktail," I murmured to the bartender as he leaned over the bar and stared at my low cut blouse—and wished he had X-ray vision. His head nodded as if he was obeying a direct order from his master mistress. I was positive he was standing at attention and saluting my sex appeal—out of view from behind the bar. I snapped my head back and whipped the long, blonde strands off my shoulders. If the leeches at the bar knew I was blond all over, they'd



"I've heard about your famous nose dives, captain."

probably pop their corks and spill their bottled-up sex wine all over the front of their pants staining their Saturday night makeout uniforms.

The bartender returned with my drink. He was perspiring heavily and breathing like an old bilge suction pump! He looked like a shipwrecked sailor starved for sex! I was sure he didn't know if he was going—or coming. I fumbled around in my purse searching for the money to pay him. "Here you are, Mate!" called a voice behind me. An ownerless arm shoved a five dollar bill into the bartender's hand. "For the lady's drink and bring me a scotch on the rocks," said my new-found benefactor. I pretended to continue to search for my money. Out of the corner of my eye I surveyed the masculine body lowering itself on the stool next to me. He looked ship-shape. "I pay for my own drinks," I said, finally looking up. The man next to me was definitely a well-to-do gentleman type. He was wearing an expensive-looking, tailor-made suit and shoes that had to cost at least fifty dollars. He was a little old and had the look of a man who'd anchored in many ports, but he had a suave, sophisticated air. He was tall and lean, the type that worked out daily with weights to keep his muscles hard. His well trimmed hair and mustache were slightly tinted with a touch of gray.

"I didn't mean to be forward or offensive," he replied apologetically. "I was only . . ."

"You were *only* trying to pick me up!" I snapped, taking the wind out of his sails. "I'm afraid you've got me all wrong, Mister!" I continued. "The kind of girl you're looking for hangs around on street corners and offers a sight-seeing tour of her cabin at every passing sailor with money in his pockets. I pay my own way and don't make money by climbing into any man-jack's hammock. I don't give, grunt and groan for money. I'm not an island wench hot for coconuts. You're wasting your time and your

money if you think you can buy passage aboard my ship."

The bartender returned with the man's drink. He picked it up and was about to excuse himself. "I'm sorry if you feel insulted," he added as he prepared to haul anchor. "When I paid for your drink, I did it only because it's a force of habit. Where I come from, beautiful women never pay for their own drinks. A gentleman always buys a lady whatever she wants."

"Hey! . . . wait a minute," I said, taking his arm and not allowing him to leave. I didn't want to lose the fish I'd baited. Not after he'd gone for the bait—hook, line and sinker!



"Perhaps I'm the one who has been rude. I can see you're not a regular seaport bum."

"No," he answered. "I'll only be here a few days on business."

"Oh, a wealthy vacationer with a yacht, I'm sure your wife and children will miss you," I teased, trying to probe for background information about him.

"Yes, they will," he retorted frankly. "But it's of little consequence, my wife knows what kind of man she's married to, and besides what she doesn't know won't hurt her!"

"I like your honesty," I muttered

as I sipped my drink and re-crossed my legs giving the gentleman a view of the cargo. I noticed his eyes glancing downward as my legs shifted positions. He was hooked.

"I believe honesty is the best policy. I have nothing to hide," he stated.

"Neither do I—especially from the right man," I quipped.

"Am I the right man?" he asked, flashing pearly teeth.

A sensuous smile on my lips served as my answer. "My name is Tracy," I said introducing myself.

"My name's Richard," he stated as if addressing a board of directors. "But, my friends call me Dick."

A chick named Tracy who turned expensive tricks and a John named Dick—what a combo, I thought. I had to suppress an urge to laugh. A hot, horny girl getting picked up by a guy named Dick.

"I hate to use this old cliché," smiled Dick, "but what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

"I already told you the answer to that," I said. "I'm looking for the right man and passage to a better place." He smiled and nodded.

It didn't take us long to get acquainted. He told all and I told all. Well, I told all I wanted to tell. We had a few more drinks and then a late dinner. I was a hospitable gal and invited Dick onto my little cabin cruiser.

"You're a one-woman welcome ship in a stormy port," commented Dick as I stuck the key in my cabin door.

"The right key, stuck in the right place, can open up a world of pleasure," I joked.

We entered the cabin and went directly to the bed. The preliminaries of the evening were over. It was time to get down to the main event. My gentleman looked a little shocked when his "lady" began to strip in front of him. He was so shocked that a wave of electricity ran up his pants leg and erected a high voltage tower in his trousers. It stuck out like a

(continued on page 61)



Top: International jet-setters and social elite gather at the Marbella Beach Club on the Spanish Riviera. Above left and right, two of the lovelies who grace the scene at Torremolinas, the blonde being a German beauty who introduced the "tanga" or string bikini at the local beaches, while in between is the "Casa Quitapena," a rendezvous for more mature but sexy and amorous women still "young" in heart.

The Spanish Riviera has become known as Europe's liveliest and most uninhibited sun and fun playground, attracting hordes of beautiful young chicks on the loose and busting for action

SPAIN'S SWINGING "COSTA DEL SOL"

by Ken Krippene

In a recent survey conducted by the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune, an overwhelming majority of readers selected Spain's "Costa del Sol" as Europe's liveliest and most uninhibited holiday playground, and little wonder.

The "Costa del Sol," the Spanish Riviera, stretches for some 250 miles along the shores of the sun-kissed Mediterranean, beginning at Almeria on the east, and extending westward to Algeciras, but of all the colorful sun-and-fun spas dotting this southern coastline of Spain, Torremolinos has become the Mecca for swinging youth on the loose.

Tourists speak of Torremolinos as a modern-day miracle. Less than ten years ago, this bikini-watcher's paradise was little more than a sleepy little village inhabited by fishermen. But one day while sipping wine in their small cantinas, the local Spaniards were jolted out of their lethargy by the sight of a dozen long-limbed bosomy blond Swedes who had come there quite by accident. They were members of a dancing troupe enroute to Casablanca in neighboring Morocco, but their plane had been forced to land at Malaga, and so with time on their hands they decided to spend the day frolicking on the beach at nearby Torremolinos. Never before in the history of the "Costa del Sol" had so much bosomy pulchritude, clad only in the scantiest of bikinis, ever been seen on the sun-drenched beaches, and within minutes every Spanish male between the ages of 16 and 60 converged upon

them like a herd of charging bulls, much to the delight of the giggling blonds.

Overwhelmed by the strumming of Spanish guitars, the fiery flamenco dances of the Andalusian gypsies, and the amorous wooing of the handsome caballeros, these voluptuous Swedish chicks never did reach Casablanca, but remained in Torremolinos for the next several weeks. Finally, when they returned to Stockholm they told of their exciting experiences on the "Costa del Sol," and before long, other groups of sex-hungry females descended upon Torremolinos for a repeat performance.

Within just ten years, word of this uninhibited Mecca of sexual delight soon spread across the face of Europe and as far away as America, until today Torremolinos not only rivals Miami Beach with its sparkling new luxury hotels, but even more important, because of the influx of thousands of beautiful young swingers, it makes the notorious St. Tropez on the French Riviera look like a Girl Scout encampment by comparison.

Spend a delightful afternoon girl-watching from one of the dozens of colorful sidewalk cafes along the busy Calle San Miguel. Nowhere, not even in Cannes or Nice, will you find such an assortment of voluptuous beauties, more than enough to satisfy the most ardent connoisseurs of the Body Beautiful. Dressed in their hot pants, micro-minis and teeny bikinis, this bevy of hip-swinging females on the loose is enough to blow anyone's mind. Passing in an endless parade are lank-haired busty blonds from

(continued on page 67)



DANIELLE

Here's Danielle again, back by popular demand. The mailman's sack has never stopped containing letters asking for a return engagement since sexpot Danielle made her last appearance in our pages a couple of years ago. She is one of the most popular gals we've ever run, and one look at these exciting pics will tell you why.

Danielle tells us that she'll soon be opening





up in a nightclub called "The Lion's Den," which will feature exotic cuisine and the best in contemporary jazz. An amateur singer herself, Danielle may even sit in with the



bands on occasion for a number or two. With this Danielle in "The Lion's Den," the place should soon become the hottest attraction in town. □





"You must be the one they call Robin Hood."

THE RETURN OF ROBINSON SCREWSO

by Buddy Holiday

During the closing months of World War II, Lieutenant Robinson, an Air Corps flyer, crashed his fighter plane in a remote area of the South Pacific. Uninjured, the American officer managed to float atop a piece of aircraft wreckage to a tiny island, which he found populated by friendly natives.

Inasmuch as the little island did not appear on any sea charts and was not on any ship's port of call, it looked very much like Robinson would spend the rest of his life in the isolated place listed as missing in action. But one day, thirty years later, a pleasure yacht dropped anchor at the island and the lost flyer was rescued.

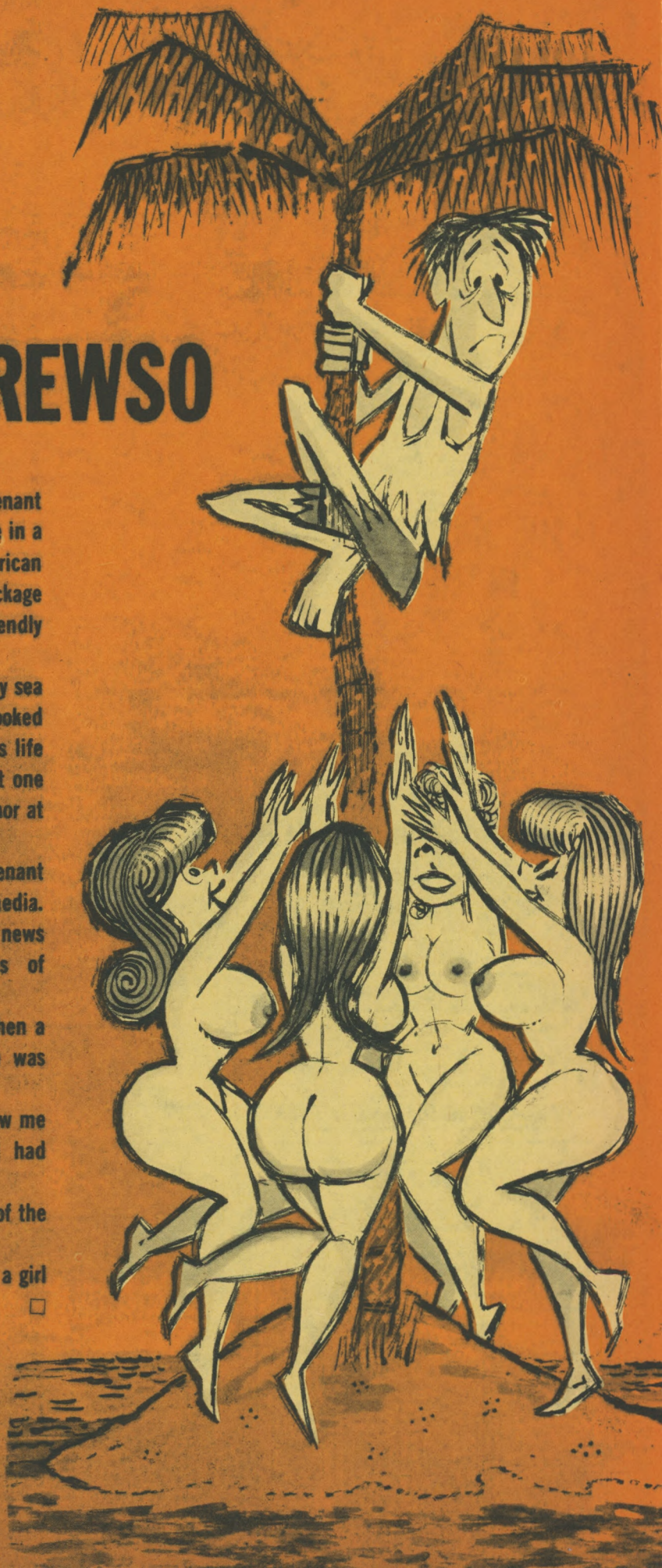
When he first arrived in San Francisco, Lieutenant Robinson was besieged by news people of all the media. Microphones were shoved in his face, television news cameras whirled and reporters shouted dozens of questions at him.

Finally, the press conference got around to sex when a woman commentator asked the flyer if free love was prevalent among the South Sea natives.

"I found most of the island girls were eager to show me affection," replied the Lieutenant, "but they all had either T.B. or V.D."

"That must have been frustrating," remarked one of the TV reporters.

"I didn't have any trouble," grinned Robihson. "If a girl coughed, I screwed her!"



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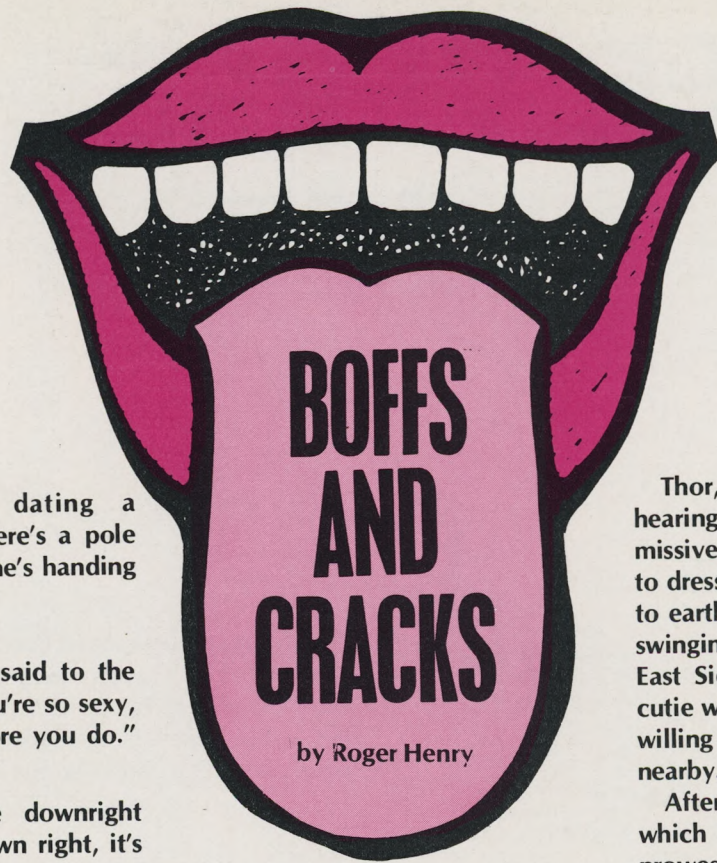
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Be careful when dating a fisherman, girls . . . there's a pole on the end of that line he's handing you.

Or, as the letter 'O' said to the letter 'P', "You think you're so sexy, but I always come before you do."

Sexual relations are downright good—when you're down right, it's good.

If you think about it, all dames who've been engaged don't wear a diamond ring to prove it.

Savings banks guarantee maximum interest for four years. It's a shame the Marriage License Bureau doesn't.

A group of party girls at a swinging bash were making repairs in the ladies room, when a disheveled blonde stormed in and said, "That s.o.b. called me a two-bit whore!"

One of the other girls screamed, "I hope you told him where to get off!"

"Oh, he was already off. But I did tell him I never got less than fifty cents, even in grade school!"

Making love to a woman too many times is like scratching a place that doesn't itch any more.

Commercial: "Remember, ladies, at Blue Jean Canteen they stock small sizes—for gals who like to get into a man's pants."

The coed hadn't heard from her boyfriend for several weeks, so she sent him a telegram asking, "Are you Dead, Delayed, or Disinterested?"

He wired back, "That depends—are you Passionate, Puzzled, or Pregnant?"

The man stopped his car and said to the girl hitch-hiker, "If I give you a ride what's in it for me?" and she said, "Dust . . . I've been walking for eight hours."

Have you heard about the crooked crematory operator who sold the ashes to cannibals as Instant People?"



Thor, the Norse god of Thunder, hearing of all the sexual permissiveness in the U.S.A., decided to dress up like a human and come to earth for a sample. He visited a swinging singles bar on New York's East Side and soon met a blonde cutie who was not only willowy and willing but also had her own pad nearby.

After an invigorating session in which he demonstrated his godly prowess, he decided to reveal to the girl just who he really was so she might have the pleasure of boasting to her friends about the big shot she had bedded.

"I'm Thor," he said.

"You're thor?" she cried. "How do you think I feel, you thilly thon-of-a-bitch?"

Some studs don't think any girl is pretty unless they can make out with her. To them, beauty is only sin deep.

A lady tourist told a Pennsylvania farmer, "You seem to have more cattle than people in this state."

He drawled, "Yep. The cows they bring in ain't as standoffish as you women are."

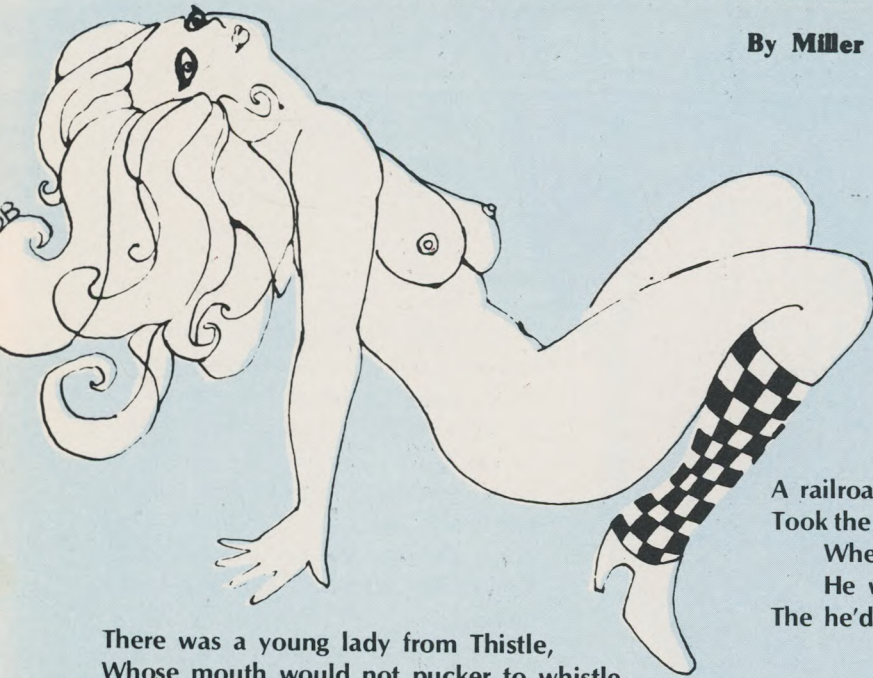
Two young starlets were discussing the remarriage of a well-known Miami couple: "I guess," said the one to the other, "it was just another one of those divorces that didn't pan out."

"Do you kiss your dates good-night?"

"Why should I? They're not going anywhere until morning."

VICE VERSE

By Miller Franks



There was a young lady from Thistle,
Whose mouth would not pucker to whistle.

So he lifted her dress,
Gave her panties a press,
And the whistle came out of her pistle.

*

Old Butterfly Hunter McNair
When stalking the girls was unfair.
He'd rush up and bag them
And then he would drag them
Back home, where he'd mount them with care.

*

There was an old lady of Corning
Gave her impatient daughter a warning:
"What's in bed a delight
The first part of the night,
You'll look on with scorn in the morning."

*

A lover boy living in Laos
Kept eight or ten girls at his house.
To tourists inquiring
He said, "Yes, they are tiring,
But it beats making out with one spouse."

A railroad conductor named Max
Took the girls to his shack by the trax.
When they said he could ride,
He would stoke them inside,
The he'd choo choo all over their crax.

*

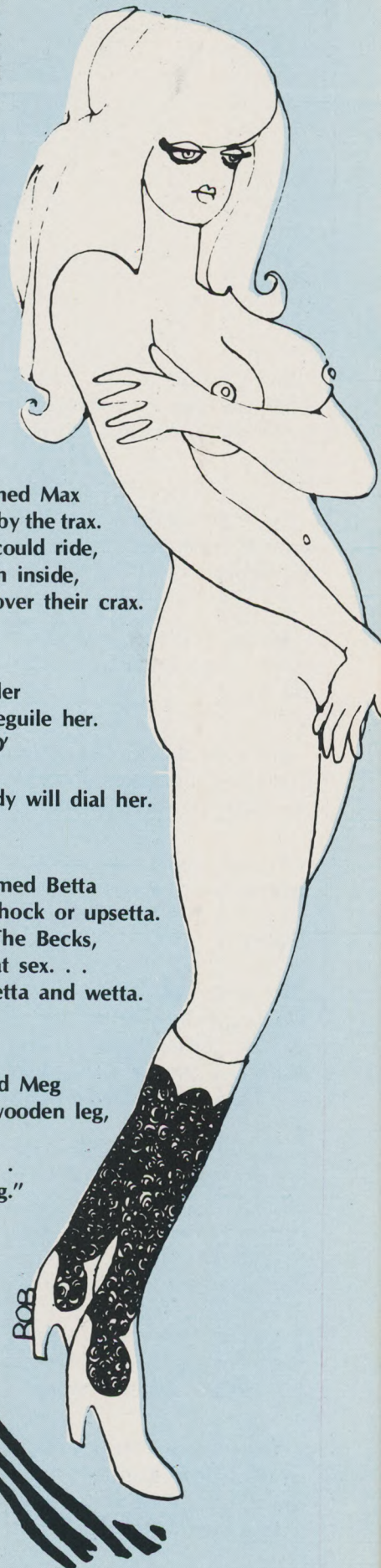
A telephone girlie in Pylar
Is looking for guys to beguile her.
She says that her 'O'
Is raring to go,
If some Long Digit Dandy will dial her.

*

A snooty young lady named Betta
Claimed nothing could shock or upsetta.
But her neighbors, The Becks,
She one day spied at sex. . .
And her panties grew wetta and wetta.

*

Said a silly young filly named Meg
To her beau, who had one wooden leg,
"It sets me to quiverin'
When I get a sliver in. . .
But I still love to sit on your peg."



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Larry Voegelé doesn't look like a race-track tout. He's not.

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DICK AND TRICK TRACY

continued from page 47

brand new fishing rod begging to be tested. I would play fish and nibble at the pole and play with the worm—but the last bite would be a surprise to Dick. I'd accommodated too many wealthy fishermen not to know how to net a deep sea sucker!

I unbuttoned my blouse and slowly slid it over my shoulders. I tossed it at Dick. I reached behind my back and unfastened the flimsy bra. The silk cups fell off my melon-shaped breasts like dried leaves off a sprouting tree. Dick sat motionless while his heart throbbed in his pants. Stretching my arms out at my side, I bounded on my toes so my breasts dangled like ripe passion fruit swaying in the breeze. The nipples soon hardened and protruded like rosy stems begging to be plucked from the branch. "Like?" I asked, swaying my boobs in front of his face.

My skirt came next. I undid the belt, downed the zipper, dropped the skirt to the floor and stepped out of it. Dick's eyes glued themselves to the powder blue bikini panties I was wearing. "Don't keep me waiting. Don't trick an old Dick, Tracy," he begged. I stuck my thumbs between my hips and panties and started sliding down the thin, silky material to reveal a juicy, pitted cherry-plum. When the panties got to my knees, I stopped. I spread my legs wide until the stretching underwear shackled further movement. "How do you like my pot of pirate's gold?" I exclaimed, fluffing up my blond pubic hair with my fingernails.

"No man could be richer than I am at this moment," he declared. "The panties . . . take off the panties," pleaded Dick.

"Not until you pay the bill for boarding my ship," I answered.

"I thought you said you didn't take money," Dick said, looking at me with a confused expression.

"I never take any money out of your wallet," I promised. "I never take money for sex. I just want to see

something in your wallet. Will you give it to me?" I asked, swaying my hips like a palm tree caught in a brisk breeze. The old boy looked like a whale ready to blow. He handed over his wallet and I stepped out of my panties. "I'll put the wallet in my bedroom while you get undressed. When I come back, be ready for action," I ordered. "We'll play Moby Dick. I can see that your harpoon is ready."

He was already unbuttoning his shirt as I walked towards the bedroom and clicked off the room lights. Sucker, I thought to myself as I closed the bedroom door. I was out to make a fast buck out of a horny dick cheating on his wife. I took a business card out of his wallet and copied down his home address. I knew he had a good erection from my strip tease act. A few falsh bulbs popping would deflate that high-rise ego of his. If I threatened to send the photos home to Mama and the kids, he would cough up some heavy cash. Blackmail was the only trick I turned. I was a Marina pirate. The money I made as a photographer of men's main masts far exceeded the bargain basement tricks I turned for cabin boys in the old days.

"Here I am lover," I shouted. He jumped off the sofa as the first flash-bulb popped. I was about to snap another into the camera when I realized something was wrong. He hadn't gotten undressed. He was holding something metallic and shiny in his hand. It was a badge!

The old Dick had played a "trick" on Tracy. I'd been suckered at my own game. I should have known that I'd fished that port dry of wealthy married vacationers.

"Island 5-0 Special Police," snapped the pig gentleman. "You're under arrest, sweetheart. We've had one complaint too many about "Trick" Tracy. You're all washed up on this island."

I tossed away the camera and began to get dressed. "You might be a phony," I quipped, "but one thing is for sure—your name's gotta be Dick!"

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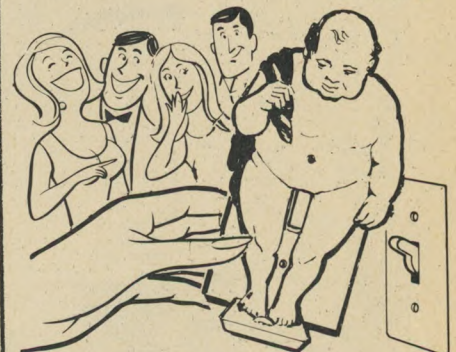
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one encounters a girl with such diverse talents, especially when the talent is matched by the striking figure and good looks possessed by Lesley. "I find circus life very fulfilling," Lesley said. "There's nothing dull about it. There's excitement almost every minute. That's why I try to put in at least a couple of months every year working at it. I dig traveling



from town to town and checking out different places. And I love being with the animals. This gig is just ideal for me."

We asked Lesley if she ever experienced fear on the high wire or trapeze. "You can't," she said. "You've got to be confident. You can't let the danger get to you, or it's all over. Psyching it out is half the conquest. I'm not trying to belittle the other aspects, understand, but you've got to train carefully, for years, before you do your stunts publicly under pressure. The only time I got uptight a bit was

when they fired me out of the cannon. The regular performer came down with appendicitis, and I was the only other one around who could do the job. I hadn't done it for years, and I confess that I was a bit shaky about it."

To pick up some extra bread, and to keep her hand in (and other vital parts), Lesley does an occasional modeling stint. But being the adventurous type, she's always looking for new worlds to conquer. One thing is for sure, she has won our admiration. □



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she's game.

PLATONIC LOVER . . . the guy
who holds the egg shells while
someone else eats the omelet.

SWINGING COSTA DEL SOL

continued from page 49

Scandinavia, sultry femme fatales from France and Italy, long-stemmed British babes, and dozens of sun-bronzed brunettes whose dark flashing eyes and lilting laughter promise more thrills than an afternoon at the bullfights.

Almost without exception, every beautiful girl in Torremolinos, and there are literally thousands, has but one thought in mind—to show off her figure in the hope of snaring a date for a night of pub-crawling, ending, of course, with an amorous rendezvous at some secluded spot where torrid romance flourishes amidst a backdrop of tinkling mule bells and the scent of lemon blossoms, and perhaps most important of all, a full moon over the blue waters of the Mediterranean that turns the water into a sea of gold.

Late in the evening, when the last vestiges of a setting sun have disappeared over the distant peaks of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and a cooling breeze sweeps in from the sea, Torremolinos comes alive. If you haven't as yet found a date for the night's activities, don't worry. There are over four hundred bars scattered throughout the city, and all of them crowded with eager young females, anxious to make a night of it.

They're not like bars found in the average city—these are small intimate bistros which possess that rare quality—individuality of their owners—who come from a score of different countries. Perhaps you'd like to quaff English bitters? Well, there's a typical British pub nearby called "The Galloping Major."

One of the most exciting bars is the "Garden of Allah," where guests sit on piles of silken cushions, and while enjoying the specialty of the house, a heady date-wine, watch the sensual gyrations of voluptuous belly-dancers from Morocco, most of whom have learned their torso-



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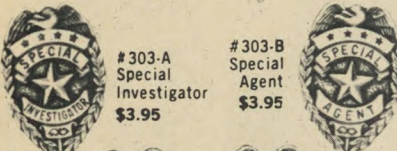
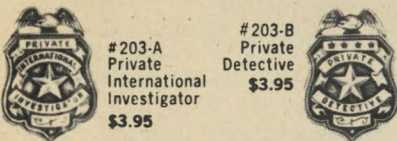
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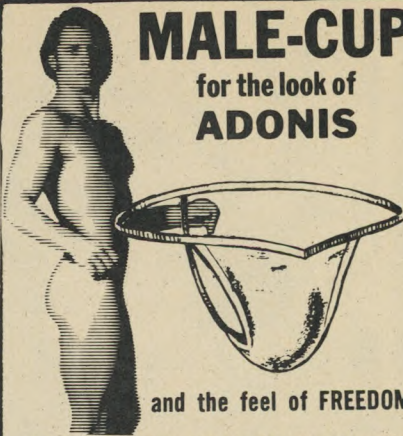
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tossing techniques at oases on the Sahara, where they performed for itinerant camel drivers.

If you're looking for something groovy, you might want to visit Club Ye-Ye, owned by Pamela Cavanaugh, a former Boston deb who came to Spain two years ago on a vacation and liked it so much she decided to stay. It isn't difficult to find Pam's bar, as the music is audible three blocks away, and when you enter, you'll be amazed to see Pamela, as well as the waiters, bartenders and patrons violently shaking to the frenzied tempo of the blaring pop music.

There is little doubt that Torremolinos is a paradise for young men looking for chicks. Everyday, during the long season which lasts from April through September, dozens of planes touch down at nearby Malaga airport, disgorging hundreds of beautiful young women, hell-bent for fun and frolic. Most of them are lonely secretaries, shop girls, models, and clerks who have come to this Spanish resort for a two-week holiday on package tours, which include transportation, lodging and food at an unbelievably low price. The sex, of course, is for free, but it's up to them to find it. Although they might have been shy wallflowers back in their hometowns, once they reach Torremolinos, far-removed from parental discipline and gossip neighbors, they go all-out, and like huntresses on the prowl, stalk their male prey, using every feminine wile to lure them into their tempting traps.

Because there are many more sex-hungry females than available men, the competition is keen, and these gorgeous man-hunters vie with each other, appearing in public in the skimpiest of minis and the teeniest bikinis in order to best display their natural charms.

Under ordinary circumstances, they could be arrested for indecent exposure, but today in straight-laced Spain, authorities have learned to

respect the rights of tourists, and the police, instead of "running them in," just stand there, mouths agape, admiring the titillating view.

Jose Antonio Valdez, mayor of Torremolinos, told me: "These beautiful *chicas* come here from all over the world seeking romance and excitement, and we have no intention of interfering, but we do insist that they retain their 'amateur standing.' Free love is all right with us, but the only time we object is when they play for pay."

Within recent months, too, Torremolinos has become a hippy haven. A colony of about four hundred bearded boys, wearing Chinos, T-shirts, and strands of beads, and lank-haired birds in maxis and minis, took over a beach site about a mile from the city, where they camped out in makeshift shelters, spending their days smoking hashish, writing poetry, discussing philosophical subjects, and making love. They subsist mainly on stale vegetables, and day-old bread given to them by local merchants. With Spanish wine selling for just ten cents a bottle, and seafood easily available, they manage to survive on a budget so low that it's almost unbelievable. Several times during the past few months, the *Guardia Civil* has had to raid their campsite, because of complaints from local Spaniards who have objected to their drug-induced orgies on the beach.

An off-beat travel agency in London recently advertising a "Hippy Ship" cruise from England to the *Costa del Sol* which featured a two-weeks holiday, including free drugs, booze, and babes, all for twenty-five pounds (about \$60 all inclusive). The promoters took in several thousand dollars in advance bookings before absconding, relieving Torremolinos of a new deluge of unwashed hipsters.

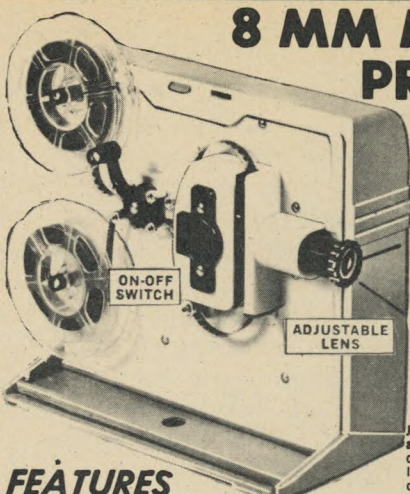
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surfer's wave that Torremolinos is a groovy paradise for the over-40 gals who still like to turn on. Hot on the trail of a little extra-curricular romance, they congregate at a tiny Spanish bar called *Casa Quitapena* (which means "pain killer") located on *Calle San Miguel*. It is a long, narrow hole-in-the-wall with an old-fashioned wooden bar, and a dozen or more rickety tables scattered along a scarred wall, and is frequented mostly by young Spanish workmen, who come here to talk with their *companeros* with a bottle of cheap red wine. In a town where prices are still ridiculously low, the cost of booze at the *Quitapena* is perhaps the cheapest in all of Europe. Champagne cocktails, martinis and *Cuba libres* can be had for only 20c each, and imported Scotch will set you back about 40c a shot. Perhaps because of the fact that the Spanish laborers still receive only about \$5.00 a day, they are easily seduced by the sex-hungry senior Sues and Sallys who can purchase their services at a standard fee of around \$4.00. And business is brisk.

Wisely, under government decree, prices in Spain have been held to a minimum, and are probably among the cheapest to be found anywhere in the world.

Along the *Costa del Sol*, it is possible to rent a luxurious furnished apartment, overlooking the sea, for as little as \$80.00 a month. Or, you can rent a room in a pension in the old section of any of the smaller villages, such as Estepona or Fuengirola, for as little at \$1.00 a day.

In beautiful mountain pueblos, like Mijas or Ronda, in sight of the Mediterranean, but still untouched by the advance of progress, centuries-old homes can be purchased for \$1,500, and up, or rented for around \$40.00 a month. In some areas, such as Velez Malaga, or Cortes de la Frontera it is still possible to buy small peasant homes

on acre-tracts of land for just \$200. They have no indoor plumbing, but can be modernized for a very nominal cost. Needless to say, these opportunities do not exist in any other part of Europe today.

For those preferring a more posh setting, there is nearby Marbella, just a few miles west of Torremolinos, a spa frequented by the social elite and international jet-setters, and where many famous celebrities, such as Brigit Bardot, Sean Connery and Liz Taylor have purchased tracts of land overlooking the Mediterranean.

Within the past few months, Hugh Hefner has opened a gigantic Playboy Club complex which includes a hotel, several restaurants, bars and featuring a bevy of his celebrated bunnies on the outskirts of Marbella.

Most surprising of all are the current low air fares from America to Europe. While all other air carriers have raised prices during the past few years, you'll be happy to hear that Icelandic Airways, out of New York to Luxembourg, is still offering the lowest fares in the business. For those living in the southern part of the U.S.A., International Air Bahama is the one to fly. Both of these airlines terminate their flights in Luxembourg in the very heart of Europe. Rail fares on the Continent are still moderately-priced, and you can reach Spain pronto on the Talgo Express.

Life in Spain is best summed up by a well-known toast, which, roughly translated says:

"Here's to health, wealth and love—

With plenty of time to enjoy all three. . . ."

But as one Spanish *caballero* remarked: "As long as we have love, who needs money?"

So start now and save your pennies for the swingingest vacation you'll ever have. Stop dreaming about your "castle in Spain," and make it a reality. ☐

A black and white photograph showing the lower torsos and legs of three women standing side-by-side. They are all wearing thong-style underwear. The woman on the left wears a dark thong with a light-colored, stylized floral or leaf pattern. The woman in the middle wears a dark thong with a light-colored, swirling or paisley-like pattern. The woman on the right wears a light-colored thong with a dark, geometric or abstract pattern. The background is a plain, light color.

How to Make Money Fast!

Financial Columnist Makes Startling Discovery!

My name is Alan Feinstein. I write a syndicated newspaper column on ways to make money.

I'm forever examining all kinds of so-called money-making opportunities. Most of them turn out to be gimmicks. Or lots of hard work.

Then, out of the blue — a bombshell! Something so different, so outstanding I could hardly believe it was true.

I just had to put up \$1,000 to try it for myself. The next morning my \$1,000 was worth \$1,500.* That's 50% gain on my money. *Overnight!*

"Damn it, you can't make money this easily," I told myself. "There has to be a catch." And I threw myself into a study to find it.

But the more I studied, the more excited I got. Why, this was *just the beginning!* Oh, what an opportunity I'd found . . . *A fantastic easy way to make money . . . From just a few minutes a week, without even leaving your home . . .*

But don't take my word for it. I want you to see this for yourself—*without your risking a penny . . .*

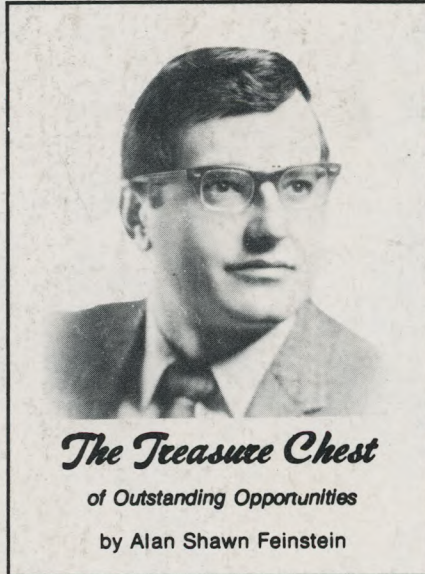
Here's what I've done:

- I've laid out exactly what this is and how to profit from it—right now!
- I've gotten coupons (worth \$54.00) which will bring you *everything* you need to make this discovery work *automatically* for you.
- I've put this together into a simple 24 page Guide. So easy to read and understand . . . you can finish it in 20 minutes and put it right to use!

And I mean "right to use." If it's long learning or hard work you want, this isn't it. There's no study or sweat here—all you have to do is let This Work For You! And, remember, *everything* you need is *right here in this Guide!*

I know it's hard to believe. It was for me, too. And that's why I want you to see it and examine it, free, for yourself.

The cost of this amazing Guide, including all the coupons, is \$12.95. But, as a special pre-publication offer it is now only \$9.95. And, as I said, you don't risk a single penny to get this, to see its value for yourself! You have this iron-clad, money-back guarantee:



If you don't find this to reveal the most unique and worthwhile opportunity *you've ever seen*, you may return it, at any time for an immediate full refund. That's right, *at any time—absolutely guaranteed.*

That's how valuable I'm sure you'll find it.

I wish I could show you the letters people are already writing me about this . . . And I'm not asking you to buy this—just to see it, at *my* risk. If you don't find it totally different from anything you've ever

seen . . . more valuable than anything you've ever read—simply return it and it hasn't cost you a penny . . .

Now, could I ever make such an offer unless I knew how valuable this was? . . . Unless I knew that most people, after seeing this, wouldn't part with it for anything . . .

Don't take my word for it. See for yourself!

But act *now*. I don't know how long this free examination offer can last. I've promised that if the number of readers of this Guide ever reach a point where they may start diluting its value, I'll immediately end these free examinations of it on the spot. *Don't let this pass you by.*

A wise man once said: "There is so little that's really new and worthwhile in the world that if you do find something, don't let it get away."

The opportunity is here. Now. To see and judge for yourself. Without your risking a penny.

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's column, *The Treasure Chest*, is syndicated in several newspapers. His last book, "Making Your Money Grow," received wide acclaim. He has also written several books on his travels to other lands and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."