

The Magazine That Does It All!

Nov. \$1.75

# HIGH SOCIETY

06682

**Brigitte Bardot  
Busts Out!**  
Tripping Topless  
in St. Tropez!

**BOTTOMLESS  
BASEBALL**  
FROM EVERY POSITION  
YOU CAN IMAGINE!

**VIOLENT FANTASIES  
ABOUT WOMEN**

**SOVIET SEXPIONAGE**  
**PLAYING THE HORSES  
WITHOUT MONEY**

Plus... Shocking Pink!  
The Wide Open Mouths  
of our Delicious Debs!

Cocky Classic #3  
**Dr. Jekyll  
& Mrs. Hyde**

FRANCE 25 NF





FOR THE

MAN WHO WANTS  
EVERYTHING...

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VOLUME ONE  
 NUMBER SEVEN

# High Society

NOVEMBER, 1976



**OUR COVER:** Bewitching, hobgoblinous beauties are in: the more summery, less sinister ladies of warm weather are out—at least for the time being. Photographer Robin Schwartz rewards our readers with the best of All Saints' sinners (cover girl Jackie Mellon) in Halloween garb, on public transportation, no less! Chances are, she'd much prefer a ride on your private broomstick.



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## REGISTER

Hey listen! I know I promised not to waste the precious space in HIGH SOCIETY by becoming too serious or preachy, and I know that most of you are much more interested in my measurements than you are my political opinions—but sometimes I just can't help mouthing off (no pun intended). And right now happens to be one of those times.

I'm getting sick and tired of listening to every Tom, Dick and Elmo gripe about political corruption and poor leadership. It seems like everybody you run into these days has something or someone political to talk about. Well, you know what I have to say about all that? Tough titties, buster—you've gotten exactly what you've asked for! In this country we get to choose our own leaders—which is a lot more than you can say for most places—and if we get a lemon, we've got nobody to blame but ourselves. How soon we forget that Richard Nixon was elected by one of the largest margins in history! We knew he was a creep years before we made him President, but we made him President just the same. So how did we come off acting like innocent babes in the woods who got screwed by the big, bad wolf?

I ask this question now because elections are creeping up and it won't be long before we've got a new Sugar Daddy in the old White House. And it's up to us who that Sugar Daddy is going to be. So, if you care—get out and vote! If you don't care, crack open another can of beer and watch the reruns of Perry Mason on TV instead of going to the polls—but, for cripes sake, keep your belly-aching to yourself!

There. I've said it. It's off my chest and I feel better. Now I can don my Uncle Sam costume and go out trick or treating with a clear conscience. A happy All-Hallows Eve to you all!

Sex and kisses,

*Sue Richards* Publisher

P.S. When **Brigitte Bardot** was bouncing around in St. Tropez last season without the bra to her bikini, a stealthy photographer snapped a few pictures of the long, silky legs and beautiful boobs which made her famous. We, in turn, snapped up the photos which, as you will see, prove that the French sex kitten of the fifties still purrs right along with the best of them. Vying with La Bardot for first place in the heart of this issue is this month's **Society's Child**.

And coming on strong is **Margo St. James**, the hooker's hooker, who tells interviewer **Richard Milner** all about COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), a new organization working to decriminalize prostitution.

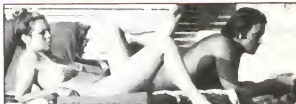
Another article combining a bit of pussy and politics is **Sex and the KGB**, a super hot excerpt from a book by **David Lewis** which digs up all the dirt about prostitute spies and other tools of sexionage agents. Better read it if you're planning to become influential in government or economics. It might save you from a scandalous fate someday. But if you'd rather hang around a racetrack



Sue Richards



Michael V. Clayton.



Brigitte Bardot

than a foreign embassy, **Jack Maloney** tells you how to spot such characters as "Larry the Goose," "Fast Eddie" and "Pete the Greek"—men who know how to "stoop" for a living. **Reggie Danzig** has reviewed three sexual-novel new films for us this issue and for filthy fiction lovers we have "The Country Girl," a story with plenty of barnyard bravado and country charm by **Michael V. Clayton**. **Dr. Jekyll & Mrs. Hyde**, our Cockey Classic #3, shows what can happen when a mad scientist, an aged housekeeper and a spiked cup of tea get together. **Gloria Leonard** gives us all the lowdown on how she got into the fucking business (she wasn't discovered in a Hollywood drugstore), and **Lisabet Flannery** excites our libidos with descriptions of fantasies you *wouldn't* want to come true. If you've ever thought of going to a sex surrogate, you'd better read **Carole Altman's** column first. She blows the lid off some of the popular misconceptions about the purpose of these sexual stand-ins. Your funny bone, among other things, should get a tickle out of "Exhibitions" by **Gotlib**. This mad, European cartoonist is outrageously talented in pointing out new kinks and wrinkles in staid old perversions. And for CB fans we have a few tips on how to be a pro with SSB by **Martin Clifford**.

As usual, our edible, spreadable debts have done their bawdy best to bring you the most erotic, most explicit photo features this side of the Kama Sutra. They are literally sprawled from cover to cover, and there's not a shy one in the bunch. Therefore, you should find more than enough here to keep you high and flyin' for a good, long time—at least until the next issue of HIGH SOCIETY comes out!

# SILVER SPOONFULS

## Future Femme?

There are millions of women today who are threatening the demise of man. And there are probably even more men who are thinking that they may, indeed, succeed. Well, we've gone along with the ancient Greeks, who gave birth to Hermaphrodite, the one-person who embodied both sexes, to give you an idea of what we think will arise (if anything) out of all these confusing thoughts of conflicting roles. Or was it conflicting thoughts of confusing roles?

Alexis, the boy-girl seen here, can be had (bought) in many places, but not through HIGH SOCIETY. We're working on it though, or at least some facsimile thereof, so that you, too, will be able to hang a shocking example of what life could be like (for everyone) on earth some two or three hundred years from now.



ROTH ENTERPRISES

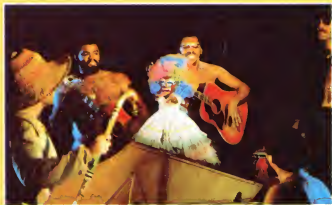
## Blockheads



The amazing puppets you see here may not, at first, come as any surprise for filmgoers whose theatrical tastes were teed on Kukla, Fran and Ollie. But wait 'til you see the forthcoming movie, *Gums*, a dynamic group effort with a supporting cast of blockheads who actually ejaculate, urinate, spit, talk, fuck, suck and sin with the best of the blue heros and heroines.

Besides that cunning old bard, Brother Theodore, who herein makes his first fuck film appearance, there are Jody Maxwell, Terri Hall and other patrons of purple passion you're to enjoy—and maybe even recognize.

Coming soon at toy stores near you.



LISA HOFFMAN

# SILVER SPOONFULS

## Royal Ass

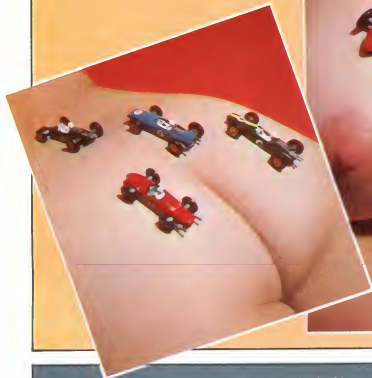
Wilbur Mills, Wayne Hays and all the other politicians who got caught with their pants down in the Bi-centennial year were just the latest in a long line of powerful men who showed a marked penchant for dabbling with the dollies. It has long been known that a massive desire for power is in some way linked with a massive desire for sex. Make

of that what you will, but what we have here is further evidence of it. These photographs (supposedly taken with a color camera in 1769 which was later destroyed when its inventor and operator was hung) purport to show Britain's King George III, the man who lost the colonies, with some ladies. George was, apparently, as bad a lover as he was a king, as seen from the faces of the historic hussies.



## Track Facts

Here we are at the first annual HIGH SOCIETY Grand Prix. Our drivers had to follow a very rough track, filled with plenty of curves and hills and, in some spots, rotten road conditions. The winner was Marco Guardini, who drove his new, tiny little .03-litre Porsche over the course in a record-breaking time. "Caramba! Mama Mia!!!" Marco exclaimed as he leaped from his vehicle after his victory. "What a course! I had almost a sensual feeling as I drove it." The only injury in the race was one driver who missed making an S-turn and disappeared into a crevasse.



## Family Screw

Uh, oh. It looks like we're going to be in for a long spell of this, but some of you people out there are definitely all wound up. The reader who sent in these photographs, which he wrote "got right down to the nuts and bolts of sex," is either a very confused person or else is suffering from a case of terminal cuteness. The contributor wrote that the bolt (pictured) was "very big" in the world of hardware and has lots of connections. And, That is definitely *not* his own bolt you see with him. This could be the biggest scandal of the year for metal fasteners." We think he is putting us on. Quit screwing around.



# SILVER SPOONFULS

## Knots to You

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, Guy—or on your Girl. The directions said to turn the handle slowly, so she can savor the pain. Maybe Hog Tie and Bizarre should have been bound under one cover and collectively been called *Popular Mechanix*. One never knows what goes on in those basement workshops. If you've never considered yourself much of a handyman around the house, maybe someone you know . . .

And if it's the wife you want to get in hand, or under tow, try the ties that truly bind; if noise is out of the question (the kids sleeping?) then use one of their rubber balls in the appropriate manner.





You've heard of Twinkies? Now, there's Twattles.

Imagine, going to market and bringing back these plump perfect pink pussies on hot rolls. Serve them with your favorite hors d'oeuvres, and watch startled visitors gasp with sensual delight as they discuss how—and where—to begin digging in.

Taste-tempting and subtly seductive, Twattles are guaranteed to add zest to every party.

## Twattles



ED D. LOUIE

## Conestoga Cunt

No, not Ho Chi Minh, but you're on the right trail—the gold diggers who took their digs in '49 (1849) and split the cities for the mountains and streams of Californi-a, Sutter's Mill, and all that. What did they do on the prairie, after a long, hot dusty day on the road? Square dance? Hell no; whatever else the traffic could bear, and it seems that was mostly plenty. Good and plenty.



# SILVER SPOONFULS

**Cherry Blossom:** De flower from de cherry tree.

**Cherry Bomb:** Lots of noise but no bang.

**Cherry Cheesecake:** First time up for the girl in the centerfold.

**Cherry Coke:** You sniff what you want and I'll sniff what I want.

**Cherry Danish:** There is no such thing.

**Cherry-Go-Round:** I can't break it, maybe you guys can.

**Cherry Herring:** Fastest fish in the school.

**Cherry Hill:** Small town in New Jersey not far from Blue Balls, Pennsylvania ... but far enough.

**Cherry Jam:** In trouble at the "Y".

**Cherry Jelly:** K-Y, Orthogell, Vaseline, butter—for God's sakes use something!

**Cherries Jubilee:** Mother Superior's fiftieth birthday.

**Cherry Lifesaver:** Chastity belt.

**Cherry (Maraschino):** Italian Women's Army Corps recruit.

**Cherry Pepper:** Unbroken, but shot full of holes.

**Cherry Pie:** Uneaten.

**Cherry Picker:** Judge at a Miss Teenage America Contest.

**Cherry Pit:** Girl Scout Camp Latrine.

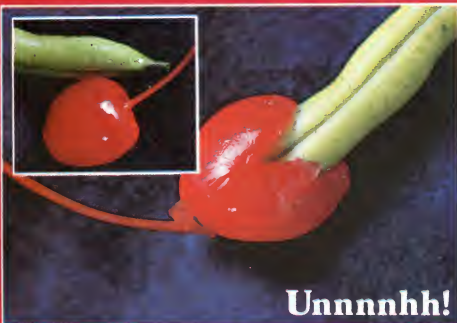
**Cherry Preserves:** A Nuntery.

**Cherry Smash:** Attila the Hun's wedding night.

**Cherrystone Clam:** Source of fragrance for women's personal hygiene spray.

**Cherry Tomato:** Contradiction in terms (see "Cherry Danish").

**Cherry Turnover:** That's done. Now for your ass.



Unnnnhh!

Magister Ludi played the bead game, mostly in his dreams. You probably have too, either stringing peas in grade school projects, or to seduce your childhood sweetheart.

When girls grow up, however, they want the real thing—cultured pearls—which, though they've always been expensive, are more so now.

Here, however, we've discovered a whole string of pearls tucked into one of the prettiest little oysters to come our way in a long time. How many fine grains of sand it took to make them grow so perfectly—and how long—are just two of the questions we asked when we first saw this photo. A third: Is it practical? When no one answered our query, it was evidence that no one really cared—if it felt good. And it does.



The Bead Game

EDWARD BONNER

ED D. LOUIE

# Tomb Twat

Remember when you were in your mother's tomb? Well, now you can summon total recall by practicing the latest perversion of Freudian technique: Wrap yourself up in your very own dirty laundry, grope around for bare essentials, and call each other "mummy." The Mummy-Fucker Liberation Front claims to have achieved nirvana through the indiscriminate use of ace bandages, lead weights and plastic zippernecks. Their artificial devices are used strictly for camouflage, and are not to be confused with the pain-pleasure principle. Mummy-nature doesn't like that.



JOHN FARRELL

## SPOONTANG

Human Behavior Magazine reports that radio stations are giving air-time to—and cashing in on—what the magazine calls "Rock Porn." While the magazine points out that only ten years ago the Rolling Stones had difficulty getting "Let's Spend the Night Together" on the air, today "the radio has become an electronic orgasmatron crammed with climactic groans, love grunts and bleats of ecstasy." Apparently, *Human Behavior* is just starting to get hip to human behavior.

Doctor Rene Tordjman, a sexologist with the French Association of Family Consultation Centers, predicts that French wage earners will soon be demanding guarantees of "sex breaks" in their work contracts, much as they once campaigned for coffee breaks and 40-hour-work-weeks. A recent survey

of workers revealed, Tordjman says, that the biggest dissatisfaction they have is that they are too tired after work to make love. The only time left for that now is on vacations or occasionally on weekends.

Kiki International, a New York-based underwear firm, has started marketing something called "mood undies," which are ordinary women's panties that have a small, chemical-filled plastic heart sewn onto the left forehip. The chemicals in the heart supposedly react to changes in body temperature, and tell anybody who is close enough to look exactly what mood the lady's hips are in. Blue means sexy, brown means cuddly and green means playful. Black supposedly means she's frigid. It could also mean of course, if you haven't already noticed, that she's dead.

## Cash In!

Make yourself a C-note by sending your unusual, perverted, sexy, titillating snatches of history and information to HIGH SOCIETY's *Silver Spoonfuls*.

Now's the time. Don't delay. We pay \$100 for every one we use, and all materials will be returned. You don't have to worry that those old French post cards are going to be lost if you send them along to our "Silver Spoonfuls editor, c/o HIGH SOCIETY, 801 2nd Avenue, Ste. 705, New York, New York 10017.

# Talk To Me



Our credibility is built around whether or not we give attention to each and every one of our readers' letters. Since a magazine is published for its audience, we'd really be silly not to try and give you what you want to see from HIGH SOCIETY. For this reason, I'm reading and answering all the mail that comes to us, especially the comments and requests that seem to best mirror what the climate across America is like today. Since everyone has something a little bit different to say, I'm making the selections to reflect a variety of interests and opinions. Why don't you send me yours—today!!

Dear Sue:

Until a year ago, my wife and I were the usual, turned-off, Middle-American Wasp couple. Our marriage and sex life was boring. We would never dream of Elizabeth, my wife of fourteen years, exposing herself naked in front of other men. And I certainly would have never consented to other men fucking her!

Well, Elizabeth was so bored she borrowed money from a tough loan shark to play the races. She lost and borrowed more, then more, until finally the loan shark sent his "collectors" to collect.

Elizabeth couldn't pay, so they had her begin whoring during the day while I was at work, with her reporting to a

black, male pimp. I eventually found out about this and made her stop. I was sick just thinking of other men fucking my wife and her sucking their cocks. Elizabeth told me I'd be in big trouble if I didn't let her continue whoring, but I told her she was already in big trouble with me!

A few days later, I received a phone call from my distraught wife. She said she'd been kidnapped and I was to be standing on a certain corner within ten minutes. I'm an executive with U.S. Steel, and ten minutes wasn't much time for me to get there, but I made it.

I was picked up in a Continental and taken to where my wife was blindfolded on the floor. Two burly men and a big woman took me into a large warehouse and into a dingy room where my wife was naked and tied wide open!

They made me watch as a large black man sucked Elizabeth's cunt. After turning her on with his tongue he fucked her! At first I was crushed to see her taking that huge, black cock into her beautiful, white cunt and moaning with

joy and pleasure as he rammed her, but as it went on I got the message. Elizabeth loved getting fucked, especially after having her cunt licked and her sexual desires turned on! She also masturbated when they told her to, though the woman who helped pick me up struck Elizabeth's cunt with a riding crop before she finger fucked herself.

**"They made me watch as a large black man sucked Elizabeth's cunt."**

Elizabeth, my wife, is now whoring in a hotel in Pittsburgh to pay off her debts, and I am her pimp and caretaker. I've gotten turned on just watching her masturbate, and even more turned on seeing other men fuck her! It was hard for me to accept, but after all these years, Liz and I aren't bored anymore. She's an infidel, and I love having a whore, fucking wife. She loves me more for accepting her like this.

Sue, how many other loyal, faithful housewives or married women are frustrated like Elizabeth was? I'm capable of fucking her good, but she needs variety—and a lot of it. I know she loves me. Since she's been getting fucked, sucked, Greeked and giving

head, we've gotten along better. It's great! I feel like a king! I get her ass, cunt, mouth, and others do too. I eat her cunt when she tells me to, and I love it.

I'd rather be married to a happy whore who I love than a woman who abides by the rules and makes herself frustrated like loyal Liz was. Now, Liz shows her cunt and masturbates. She gets fucked by other guys, often in front of me, and we don't have any conflict. I know she loves me now more than ever, and since I get turned on seeing or knowing that she's getting fucked, I appreciate and love her more.

I hope you understand what I'm telling you and that you print this letter. I've changed! I love seeing and knowing my wife is getting it on with other men now!

H.B.J.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Friends of HIGH SOCIETY:

I live in a world of high society and many of the people I see dressed and undressed look like your models.

I go with a girl and we do things together which I cannot repeat or we would be disinherited and thrown in jail. We live in an area of maximum security where the rich live. Both of us have presented our bare bodies to be whipped in order to keep out of trouble. It is all too complicated to go into here.

**"... We do things together which I cannot repeat or we would be disinherited and thrown in jail."**

Your magazine is the closest thing I have seen to the life I see. It really turns me on. It is the first of its kind.

I doubt if you could publish this crazy letter, but I wanted to share what I have seen and done, and I have not told the half of it because I do not have the words.

Name withheld by request  
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sue:

Your magazine has made me forget about *Penthouse*, *Hustler* and *Playboy*, etc. But how about showing us, in your next issues, about eight or ten pages of your sweet body *au naturel*? You have got to be the foxiest lady publisher anyone has ever seen.

**"... How about showing us, in your next issues, about eight or ten pages of your sweet body *au naturel*?"**

In your first issue you claim, and I quote—"I like men. You'll like me. Hop on this month's HIGH SOCIETY express and you'll have the trip of your life!"

Okay, Sue—give us men the trip of our lives. Give us ten open beaver shots of your sweet self.

M.G.M.  
Hazlet, N.J.

Dear Sue:

I think, and I probably speak for all the readers of HIGH SOCIETY, that the one female I would like to see grace the pages of HIGH SOCIETY is the divine Ms. Richards. I seriously mean that, and would very much like to see it. Seeing that you (and I quote) "have no qualms about airing my body for the cause," I think that you could pose as your models do for the enjoyment of all of HIGH SOCIETY's readers. If you wanted, you could even devote a little space in your magazine for a ballot, letting the readers decide for themselves. Should you decide against it, I would appreciate a photograph of you leaving nothing to the imagination.

Your follower,  
J.B.

Dear Sue:

What happened to that lovely photo of you that graced the first two editions of the HIGH SOCIETY register, Sue?

**"Your picture got me so hot that when I came it was like the Georgetown flood re-visited!"**

The photo in issue three is nice, but not as revealing or erotic. I am not at all ashamed or embarrassed to admit that I masturbated to your sexy photo. Your picture got me so hot that when I came it was like the Georgetown flood re-visited! As a matter of fact, I masturbated four times that night I bought your first issue, and each time you were

my inspiration. I hope you're planning to do an extensive photo spread on yourself in the near future. I'm sure that your cunt is every bit as lovely as your tits, and I know that your pictures would keep my hands busy just about every night.

Sex and kisses,  
Paul Spagnuolo  
Horny Reader

Dear M.G.M., J.B. and Paul Spagnuolo:

I've received so many letters from readers asking for me to pose nude, that I just can't hold out any longer! I succumb. I give up. I give in! What my devoted readers want, they'll get, in an upcoming issue of HIGH SOCIETY. My nude photo layout will be my own, personal present to the hundreds of sweet, delicious readers who have written in asking to see more of me. I only hope you won't be disappointed. After all, I'm just a woman—no more, no less. Oh well, I like my body, and I trust you will, too. Just remember—you asked for it!

Nakedly yours,  
Sue

Dear Sue:

I just have to tell you about this funny thing that happened to me the other day. I was sitting on the bus reading the latest issue of HIGH SOCIETY when this fantastic-looking, big-breasted chick came over and sat next to me. "What's a nice guy like you doing reading a dirty magazine like that?" she asked with an unmistakable gleam in her eye. "Well, I guess I'm just not as nice as you might think," I answered. "As a matter of fact, I'm not very nice at all. And if you're not careful, I just might rape you right here and now," I added in a deep, husky voice calculated to turn her on.

CONTINUED ON P. 26



Illustration by Marlene Toley

# French Fried



# Or, Francoise Gets in Trouble

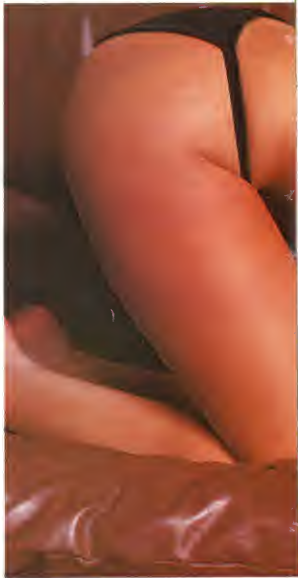
*“The People vs. Francoise Dubois,” the bailiff droned. “The charge is taking off all your clothes in the offices of a certain magazine, thereby upsetting the workers and disrupting the flow of business. How do you plead?”*



*“But your Honor,” Francoise said, turning her dark violet eyes upon the Judge. “I did not know zees was a crime. I was only answering ze notice in ze papers. Z said zey wanted to see young women. So I let zem.”*




The judge paused, taken aback by the forthright appeal of Francoise's innocence. "I come from a very wealthy and upright family in France," she continued. "My father, who manufactures lingerie, is very stern. I would never do anything like this to embarrass Papa." The judge thought hard—about what he would like to do if he ever got Francoise in his own electric chair.



"Young lady, this is very serious business," the judge said. "Come clean or you'll wind up in hot water. I find it difficult to believe that any serious magazine would put an ad in the paper saying they wanted young women to come up to their offices and take their clothes off." "Your Honor," purred Francoise, "would I lie to you?"







*"Guilty," sighed the Judge,  
"but oh, so very innocent!"*

# IMPOLITE Society



OFF  
CAMERA,  
ON THE  
MAKE

How Did I Get  
Into This Fucking  
Business?



By GLORIA LEONARD, Star of *Misty Beethoven*.

If you had the opportunity, more than likely you'd ask me the one question nearly everyone outside the film world poses: "What's a nice girl like you doing in a business like this?" Well, surprisingly (even to me in the beginning), I discovered that there are as many, if not more, nice girls (and guys) in the fuck film business as I've met dealing with some so-called "straight" businesses.

The variety of physical shapes, personal motives and social/sexual consciences found within the ranks of porn performers is astoundingly diverse. Money, as most would believe, is not always the driving force among the actors and actresses. There are those concerned with the quality and content of their films who'd rather work a 13-14 hour day and turn out some excellent film as opposed to a hurry-up seven or eight hour piece of schlock (we know that you can tell the difference).

Of course, this depends largely on the director's/producer's aesthetic values and partially on what the law of the budget will allow. While actors/actresses generally have little to say about the making of their films, a good director will not only heed any positive input offered on the set, he or she is smart to en-

courage it. Frequently, an experienced porn performer is more familiar with the proper angles for shooting sex than a novice fuck-filmmaker. X-rated movies are being done by former documentary men, TV commercial directors, and so on. Though expert in their respective areas, the art of filming sex has become a very specialized field (The New School for Social Research, at one time, offered a course in erotic filmmaking). On the other hand, there are film-fuckers who don't give a creative crap about their performances. They show up, get it up, come and, clutching their Kleenex and cash as they go, leave little, if any, artistic traces (but for a few suspicious stains here and here).

Getting back to how I came upon the fuck-film scene, the story takes a series of crazy coincidences and a dash of dumb luck. (I guess you could consider me a "lucky fuck").

Last summer, I returned to New York after a boring four year hiatus away from The Big Apple. Anxious to resume a prior career in film production, a hairdresser friend (who still doesn't know for sure) told me of a friend of a friend who was about to establish a film production company. I telephoned his friend's friend who turned out to be none other than porn pioneer/agent, Sandi Foxx. We arranged to meet for a drink and I listened as Sandi spelled out her hopes for a film company of her own. It was, however, off

*"... How I came on the fuck film scene?  
I guess you could consider me a  
'lucky fuck.'"*

# OFF CAMERA, ON THE MAKE

somewhere in the vague future. She was, though, enroute to a well-known husband/wife "loop"-making team and didn't I want to come along and meet some of the people in the porn business? Didn't I? What upstanding, hot-blooded girl would pass up an opportunity to meet real, honest-to-goodness pornographers? Besides, I justified, if I were to perhaps become involved in porn production, it would be interesting to take a first-hand look at what I might be getting myself into.

We taxied over to a comfortable, friendly loft studio and as the usual round of introductions was made, the fuck-filmmaking couple (or is it the fuckmaking film couple?) kept their eyeballs riveted on my ample cleavage. They were quick to inquire if I would consider appearing in an upcoming feature which required a trio of stacked and stunning broads—I was "perfect" for the part by their definition. (This mind you, was provoked with all my clothes on!) Never having considered myself a possible pornstar, I was mildly taken aback by their offer. I thanked them for the compliment, told them I would certainly think about it and politely scribbled my phone number in their book.

Weeks passed and I had no further contact with the fuck folks; the episode slid somewhere into the limbo level of my psyche. One day, however, I received a telephone call that would dramatically change the course of my life. A representative for filmmaker Henry Paris (*Therese and Isabelle*, *Score*, *The Image*, *Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, *Misty Beethoven*) was on the line requesting that I come to their office for a meeting. Now you must realize that at this point in my life, only having seen two X-rated films ever, I did not even know what a Henry Paris was, or for that matter, how he came by my phone number. But the magic word was uttered—films—and I was sure I was in line for a first-rate job in production. Making tracks to the appointment, I arrived breathless and tried (terribly) to appear nonchalant and only mildly interested.

I must interject an editorial footnote at this point. Because I was just a member of the lay public (ahemm . . .), my mind's eye had conjured an image of what I thought a porn movie mogul should look like. You know, short, fat, bald, shifty-eyed and generally an altogether unsavory character whom

you would definitely move away from if he sat down next to you in a dark theatre. My line of defenses were at the ready in case of attack. To my delight, Henry Paris swept into the office. He was tall, handsome, distinguished and greying in all the right places. Intense Paul Newman-esque blue eyes went perfectly with his slightly scathing but affable style and I found myself liking him at once.

The series of questions he put to me was unnerving but titillating nevertheless: Was I bisexual; how did I feel about anal sex? Apparently he was considering me for a prime part in his forthcoming feature (*Misty Beethoven*) and not for purposes of production after all. The role required that I participate in real fucking and sucking—on camera! His confidence in my ability to comply with the script was greater than my own and I gave the old "I'll sleep on it" routine with the promise I would get back to him very soon.

As I prepared to leave, I remembered to ask him how he had gotten my telephone number. "Let's see . . . Jamie Gillis gave it to me." My naive flared embarrassingly when I confessed that I didn't know who Jamie Gillis was (*Story of Joanna*, *Midnight Desires*, *Misty Beethoven*) nor how he, another stranger to me, came to have my number. Mr. Paris shrugged it off but I managed, in turn, to get Jamie's number so that I could trace back this unusual chain of events.

I went home and, for several days, wrestled with my values. Should I or shouldn't I? Above all, could I or couldn't I? I'd always thought of myself as sexually very liberal and, though not promiscuous, open to new experiences. Well, this would certainly be the supreme test and I came to final terms with my ambivalence. I would do it (what the hell, *someone* has to!). The next step was to discuss it with my twelve-year-old daughter, with whom I enjoy an exceptionally open and honest relationship.

I explained as clearly as possible what the situation was. I asked her whether she had any reservations or if she preferred that I not go ahead with the film, adding that it didn't make that much difference to me, one way or another. And it genuinely didn't. Her response was amazing. She countered with, "Mom, do what you feel you have to do but remember, when I grow

up, you have to allow me the same latitude." Now how can you argue with that kind of logic?

Henry Paris and I met that week and sealed the bargain over drinks at the infamous Mermaid Room. Deep down, I was as nervous as a virgin and just as anxious.

Makeup on a fuck film consists of not only having the usual glamour trip done (foundation, eye makeup, nails), but an artistic application of tit and twat coverage for those penetrating close-ups. I found the makeup artist engrossed in her work and not at all flustered by the unusual kind of contortions we both had to assume in order to get the makeup in all the right hollows. It reminded me of that old punchline, "What, and give up show business?" Thank you, Max Factor Pancake #2.

The big day rolled around and I arrived on the set promptly for makeup call. I still had not had the chance to speak with Jamie Gillis (one of my co-stars) and later that day, he showed up for his call.

"Ah, a pleasure to meet you," belatedly Jamie, whose voice rivals that of any authentic Shakespearean actor; resonant and assertive (and so fucking handsome). To make a long story even longer, it turned out that the gal who originally committed to do the part I now had had backed out at the eleventh hour. She was a "close" friend of Jamie's and he felt obliged to Henry Paris to at least try to provide a suitable substitute. He was bemoaning his woes one day to our aforementioned husband/wife film team; the industry is a relatively close-knit one, almost familial, and they volunteered a description of me with a disclaimer that they had never worked with me and had no idea of what my on-camera talents might be. Trusting their judgment, he offered my number to Henry Paris—sight unseen. Pretty risky. But Jamie was obviously pleased to see that his going out on a blind limb paid off and we still laugh about all the people who had a hand in my present career.

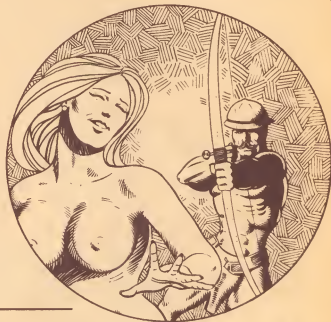
The first days on the film, for me, were spent shooting mostly dialogue. That allowed the cast an unusually large amount of time to get to know one another (although not in the biblical sense). There was one day when Ras Kean (my leading man) and I were not needed on the set for sev-

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## WHAT TURNS YOU ON

### BIG GAME HUNTER



By LISABET FLANNERY, actress, and fetish theoretician.

Hey there, sexual sophisticate, do you in 1976 still think that a sexual fantasy is a sexual act that, if given the chance, you would really like to do? If so, you're not nearly as sexually savvy as you'd like to believe. There are millions of men and women with intense sexual fantasies of scenes that they would give their lives to prevent happening in actuality.

Case in point: I know an outrageously wealthy and charming young man whose total lifestyle is an expression of elegance, gentleness, compassion, style, in short—class. He has no reason or desire to hurt anyone. He has never raised a hand against another person. His most violent act in life has been killing a cockroach!

Yet this man's obsessive sexual desire is (in his fantasy) to see a beautiful woman writhing in pain and dripping blood from her fresh stab wound. He had drawers filled with pictures from magazines, newspapers. He had dozens of drawings and film clips of bloody murder scenes which all had one thing in common—the victim was always a beautiful girl.

***"While I am inside her, just before coming, I take a knife from beneath the pillow and stab her."***

Is this man sick? You read his testimony and then make the decision:

Well my fantasies are yet another level. It's all in the game. Let me give you some key words: knives, guns, daggers, and dying but not death. How can I explain that? It has nothing to do with life having left the person. I am not a necrophiliac. That would be . . . sick. I want the process. The sight of a pretty girl being shot or being stabbed. Have you ever seen the dying cowboy thing on television? As he falls and clutches or whatever. That to me is pure bliss. Pure bliss.

With that as an essence, I have devised countless thousands of interesting scenarios. I live in a rather large house in the country. I shut all the lights off in the house. My house is fully furnished. It has many obstacles if you are not familiar with it. Sometimes my partner is familiar and sometimes she is not. I, of course, have the advantage because I am familiar with it. We arm ourselves with rubber guns that shoot rubber-tipped arrows—quite harmless.

If there were an observer, he would swear that this was a very real thing actually occurring. Once it begins, the frame of mind is that it is quite real. At least it is for me and I know she becomes quite frightened, too. I can feel it through the darkness. You can hear it pounding. You feel the excitement and the terror. And yet there is a tremendous physical attraction for your quarry. Such as in the scene from *Duel in the Sun*. Do you remember that?

# WHAT TURNS YOU ON

Whatever, there we are and we stalk each other, often for an hour and a half or two hours. Stalking and stealthily seeking out each other. Listening for every sound, every breath, hoping for a cough, a knocking of furniture.

Then, the rules of this game say that wherever the rubber dart hits you, you actually got shot. If it's in your arm or your thigh, your stomach or in your heart, you must respond accordingly. I choose my partners for their acting abilities. Most of them are superb. They must act and grimace as though it were real. I usually aim at the stomach because that is my particular favorite. I think that is just wonderful.

So, hopefully, I have shot my partner. I must let her think she has an equal chance but, of course, I usually win. When she has been shot, I turn on the lights and come to her rescue. I carry her body to the bedroom. She is, as I am carrying her, stroking the back of my head, telling me how much she loves me and asking me how could I possibly have done this to her. Then tenderly I lay her on the bed. This is a very gente type of thing. I explore her body and tend her wound. When she feels better, I begin to make love to her. It is then, only then, that I execute my *coup de grace*. While I am inside her body, just before coming, I take a knife from beneath the pillow and stab her. It is rubber, of course, and she is not hurt.

## HAS YOUR PARTNER EVER WON?

Yes, yes. It is not as intense but it turns me on. I have yet to meet a worthy opponent. I have yet to meet any female who finds this pleasure as intense as I do. At best, my women do it as an indulgence, or I pay them.

Clothing is of the utmost importance. G-strings or pasties or any trite nonsense is out. I prefer subtlety and elegance. Sophistication. Perhaps a long black gown and a single strand of pearls.

In another of my scenes, I am in bed, masturbating. My partner suddenly appears at the door, coolly, elegantly. But she is bracing herself and I see the pain in her eyes. I don't notice it, though. I continue masturbating for her, playing. She does not watch me, however. Her eyes are on mine. Slowly, her hand travels to her stomach. She swoons and falls. I jump out of bed, race to her side. "My darling, what

has happened to you?" You see, she has been out with another and has been shot. She must conceal this, though. She must not let me know. And I am uptight, feigning uptightness that she was out late—again. Here I have been suffering, alone, while God knows where she is. I revive her. I still do not know she has been shot. I think, perhaps she is tipsy. I make her submit to my questioning. "Where have you been? Who have you been with?"

Finally, I begin to suspect that there is something wrong. "Are you all right? My darling, has something happened to you?"—this sort of thing. Then she blurts it out, perhaps in a flood of tears. This depends on her manner. She must be herself, you know, within the framework of my scene. One woman I know is so elegant in her brave revelation.

I pretend that I am going to help her—that I really feel compassion and pity. I take her and look at her wounds. Perhaps I kiss and dress her wounds. And then, again, the *coup de grace*, much to her surprise and bewilderment, of course.

## WOULD YOU ENJOY, IN REALITY, SEEING A WOMAN STABBED OR SHOT?

Not at all! I was going to preface this whole thing but I thought it was not necessary. But I will state this! If I were to see violence, I would have too much compassion for the victim to even think of my thing. I would probably have more compassion than the average man. I am essentially Buddhist-oriented, you see. Excepting cockroaches, I couldn't destroy anything.

SOME TIME AGO, IT WAS RUMORED IN THE PRESS THAT THERE WERE FILMS BEING CIRCULATED IN WHICH, AT THE END, THE ACTRESS WAS ACTUALLY KILLED, PERHAPS MUTILATED. OF COURSE, WHEN CAST, THE ACTRESS HAD NO IDEA OF THE OUTCOME. VIEWERS PAY OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SEE THESE.

Ah, you're talking of the "snuff films." Interesting, interesting. It's a mixed thing. I feel thrilled by the thought of it and appalled by the reality. But these snuff films. . . . You see, the act has already been committed. I am helpless. I suppose I would have to go.

## WOULD YOU ENJOY VIEWING A REAL MURDER IF YOU WERE HELPLESS—UNABLE TO STOP IT?

I don't know. I know that I would have to divorce myself from the reality of it. I have asked myself this many times, in just that way. And I don't know.

In the past I have frightened partners. They thought I might get carried away and actually kill them, which, of course, is absurd. How could I hurt them for a moment's pleasure?

## HOW DO YOU BRING IT UP WITH A WOMAN THAT IT IS YOUR DESIRE TO PLAY THIS GAME?

I have learned to be more subtle. I used to be too direct. I present it early in the relationship, however, because I figure if someone doesn't want to play with me, that is our loss. It's been met with mixed reviews. Some women have said, and I can understand their point of view, that it is absolutely degrading to them and they cannot. Others have been filled with fear but, knowing that I am a balanced man or an alright stud, whatever level I appeal to them on, they figure it's okay. Several have reacted beautifully—actually anxious and quite talented actresses. They (and I do not just say this in retrospect) have been the most intelligent and secure women. They have been wonderful playmates. But it is mainly because they wanted to please me.

## DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE YOUR FANTASY COMES FROM?

I do, definitely, but it is a bit difficult to explain. I mentioned that I am a Buddhist. Not by birth, of course, but by choice. I believe in reincarnation. In a previous life I witnessed a very moving execution. You see, I was a seaman and it was my misfortune to be in love with my captain's mistress. She was very beautiful but also quite promiscuous. She was caught with another lover—it could easily have been me. He was killed immediately but she, she was to be publicly executed. We were all on deck as she was stabbed through the heart. I wanted to cry out. I felt compassion for her and anger at the assassins. After all, I, too, had been cuckolded. This tortured me not only in that life but for the 180 years that my spirit wandered before it found my present body.

So you see I have had this fantasy this

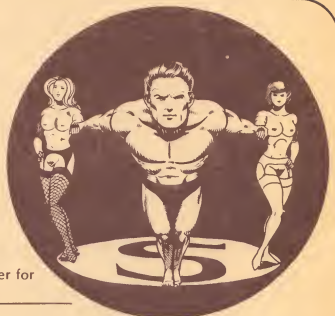
# IMPOLITE Society



## SEX THERAPY FOR YOU

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### Sexual Surrogates: Pro Or Con



By CAROLE ALTMAN, Director of the Professional Center for Growth and Author of *Be Your Own Sex Therapist*

**“W**ould you arrange for me to see a sexual surrogate? I know that if someone would just help me, I'd be able to get it all together again.”

This request was made by a male patient of mine who was suffering from premature ejaculation. He had seen me just once before he shared this desire with me.

Ralph, looking imploringly into my eyes, continued by promising me that he was sure it was the only way for him. Ralph was using the emotional dynamic he had used most of his life. He was beseeching me, the adult, and behaving like a child, in order to get someone else to “do it for him.”

By encouraging Ralph to realize his own strengths, his own sense of responsibility in himself, and his own sense of success, I was eventually able to get him to work on his problem and to overcome it. He is now able to thrust for 10 minutes, and feels like “Gunga Din racing across the deserts.”

In Ralph's case, engaging a sexual surrogate would have fed his insecurities, his habit of leaning on others all the time, and, in essence, his sense of insecurity and immaturity. But their use can be very beneficial.

The subject is of vital interest to many people, including a lot of the readers of High Society. Many of you have been asking questions regarding the efficacy and ethics of the use of sexual surrogates. The questions can not always be easily answered,

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***“A sexual surrogate is a well-trained, sensitive person who has chosen to help others.”***

since there are so many ramifications to the problem and the situation.

A sexual surrogate is a well-trained, sensitive person who has chosen to help others. He or she is truly in a helping profession. He or she is trained in the techniques of sex therapy, and has knowledge of all of the dysfunctions.

William E. Hartman and Marilyn A. Fithian, two well-known sexual therapists in California, pioneered in training sex surrogates and are now issuing certificates to people taking their training. Each surrogate must learn to pleasure their clients through body massage, foot bathing, face massaging, and relaxation techniques. They must also establish a sense of trust and confidence in the patient. They learn sexual positions which are best suited for each dysfunction. For example, an impotent man should attempt penetration by having the woman sit astride him so that she can best help him to maintain an erection. A non-orgasmic woman would sit astride the male surrogate so that she can position herself on his penis with as much clitoral contact as possible.

When being trained in California at Hartman's and Fithian's Institute, they actually practice controlling their own orgasms, since they are not pleasuring themselves, only their clients. One male surrogate even told me that he often had to masturbate before sessions. They also learn through study as well as through practice. They work with patients at the clinic and are observed and supervised. It is a systemized program, and the graduates are highly skilled professionals who are

# SEX THERAPY FOR YOU

working in a very controversial profession.

Most sex therapists will not engage surrogates. They do not consider it a profession; in fact it often is frowned upon. There is even a movement to make it illegal to practice as a surrogate, since it is, in effect, "prostitution," having sex for money.

A well known sex therapist told me that he had used sex surrogates at one time but that he was beginning to "feel like a pimp" and had discontinued. Other therapists feel that it is immoral and unethical. The feeling is that no matter how well disguised the field may be with training centers and fancy titles, a surrogate is still a prostitute.

I personally know several surrogates, and have been approached by many requesting that I engage their services. In my own practice I am reluctant to engage surrogates for several reasons. I feel that people with sexual dysfunctions have to become confident in themselves, and not trust someone else to do it for them. I'm afraid that if dysfunctioning persons become functional with the use of a surrogate, they will feel that the surrogate is a necessary element in their satisfactory sex and remain dysfunctional.

Also, I fear that the patient may become attached to the surrogate and experience emotional problems when the surrogate does not return his or her amorous feelings. It is only natural that you feel emotional ties to a person who helps you to experience sexual pleasure after you've been experiencing problems for a while.

I also have an uneasy feeling about surrogates in that there is a quality of "fixing up," "procurer," and involving my patients in something above and beyond what they usually require to cure their dysfunctions. Mostly, I don't feel it's healthy to form an attachment to a sexual partner who is merely making love to you for money. Nor is it necessary. Sexual dysfunctions are curable without such drastic measures.

But sex surrogates are very legitimate and professional people. They are doing a service which is helpful and which they are devoted to. One couple I know well went to California for several months and are certified Hartmann and Fithian surrogates. They are highly skilled in their work, and don't veer from the prescribed methods of surrogate work.

They each begin their treatment with a foot bath, relaxing the patient. At the same time they speak quietly about the need for pleasuring every part of the body. They begin with the foot because it is a non-sexual, non-threatening part of the body. They then do a facial massage. And finally a body massage. This can take as much as six to eight hours.

Everything is done very slowly and casually. There is no stimulation of the genitals at all during this time. There is also very little conversation, since the patient is hopefully becoming aware of his or her body and its reactions and sensations to the massaging and pleasuring. Often, persons with sexual dysfunctions do not have a fine sense of feeling, and don't experience the pleasures of the flesh easily. The surrogate helps them to become more sensual beings.

After this total experience of sensuality and non-sexual pleasuring, the surrogate will help the patient to gain an erection through massage if he is impotent, to maintain an erection if he is a premature ejaculator, or even help him want to ejaculate if he is retarded ejaculate. If the patient is female, the male surrogate will masturbate the woman, or help her masturbate herself, penetrate and show her various positions which best stimulate her clitoris, and generally guide her toward the best methods for her to experience orgasm. But, the patients do not experience orgasm with the surrogate, nor is this the goal of the session. Patients are mainly to experience physical pleasures, and some degree of success at being able to function sexually. The surrogate certainly does not experience orgasm.

This may come as a surprise to most people, but the truly professional sex surrogate withholds his own sexual pleasures for his own sexual partners, not his clients. In fact, I was once quite astounded by a female surrogate I was considering using when she remarked, quite casually, "Oh, by the way, I don't fuck."

"But if a man is impotent or a premature ejaculator he must experience penetration in order to feel that he's becoming healthier sexually," I replied.

"Oh, he fucks," she explained, "but I don't."

It was very funny, but in many ways it expresses the philosophy of a sur-

rogate. They regard themselves as professionals. They are not prostitutes, they do not experience sexual pleasures for themselves, and are not doing this to get their own rocks off. They are surrogates for the money they can earn, the benefits they can offer to clients, and because they feel themselves to have a special skill in terms of being sensitive and aware of physical needs.

But there are other types, also. A 23-year-old college student named Gail called me recently, described herself as being "very beautiful," and said, "I'm studying to be a social worker, and am very experienced in counseling techniques. I would like to work with you as a sex surrogate since I feel I can really help men with sexual problems."

This is not an unusual phone call for me to receive, nor is it an unusual request. Many women feel that they are sexual, helpful, and the answer to all men who have problems. Gail's attitude, however, was condescending, altruistic and omnipotent. "I'm really so good looking, I can turn any guy on, and his problems are all gone," she told me, trying to convince me, not even hearing that I was refusing to meet her, engage her services, or really discuss her working with me.

If your sex therapist is considering engaging a surrogate, be sure you are not being assigned to an egotistic "philanthropist" like Gail.

I do know, personally, of at least two patients who were clearly benefited by the use of surrogates. One was a 27-year-old male virgin who was literally terrified of being with a woman. He met the surrogate in the therapist's office (which is the usual procedure). The three of them discussed the situation, instructions were given to the surrogate in front of the patient, and they went to a designated place to be alone.

They both visited the therapist the very next day reporting that he had been able to penetrate, to thrust and to ejaculate. The surrogate's involvement was a complete success. But, as mentioned before, the patient did develop an emotional attachment to the surrogate, and it was several months before he detached himself from her and was able to sexually function with other women. He does firmly believe,

CONTINUED ON P. 84



# 2 Women in Love: A PHOTOGRAPHIC NOVEL



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# Talk To Me

CONTINUED FROM P. 13

"Well, I wouldn't mind getting raped," she told me, "but I certainly wouldn't want it to happen right here. Why don't you come to my place so I can find out if you're pulling my leg or not?"

Needless to say, I was pretty excited about the prospect of fucking the beautiful stranger and I immediately began fantasizing about sticking my cock into the cleavage of her giant mammaries. When we got to her apartment, I didn't waste any time. I practically ripped the clothes off her plump, delicious body while she pretended to be scared and tried to get away from me. That whole scene really turned me on. I loved grabbing at her and tearing her clothes and letting my most animalistic tendencies take over. She was really digging it, too. I could tell because when I first grabbed hold of her naked pussy it was gushing with lubrication (a sure sign that she was as ready as I was). I threw her down on the bed and planted my mouth over one of her large, succulent nipples. It grew hard and stiff against my tongue. I sucked her tit for a nice long time, pumping my hips continually and rubbing my cock against her silky thigh. Finally, I couldn't wait for another second. I pulled her legs wide apart and stared into her open cunt. It was wild, wet and ready for action. I jumped on top of her and forced my eager whanger deep inside her hot, slick hole. She immediately arched her back and pushed her crotch hard against mine.

**"I loved grabbing at her and tearing her clothing and letting my most animalistic tendencies take over."**

I wanted to come right away, but I forced myself to hold out until she came first. Watching a woman's face when she's in orgasm is one of my biggest thrills. Anyway, as soon as she came (and, boy, did she ever come!) I completely let myself go. I plunged away inside of her like a bulldozer until the floodgates burst and I filled her belly with sperm.

It was incredible! One of the best climaxes of my life—and I owe it all to you. If that girl hadn't seen me reading HIGH SOCIETY in the first place, she might never have approached me at all. Thanks for everything!

T. M.  
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sue Richards,

Your HIGH SOCIETY is the most honest magazine I have ever seen. You must know everything about punishment, discipline and domination—and all other forms of sex.

**"In this city freedom is going down the drain."**

I hope your magazine survives, since in the Nixon Court sexual freedom is being stonewalled. In this city freedom is going down the drain. The porn shops have been closed and the gay joints are dying. Police entrapment is on the increase.

Good Sue Richards, it is good to hear a person who believes as you do and see your picture. I probably will never meet you in life, but we believe alike on sex. Good luck, and keep living great!

D. B.  
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sue:

I was recently washing windows in a renovated building in Boston and while I was working a lady came to the window and put her face to the glass. She followed me everywhere I went and threw me kisses through the window. When I arrived at the basement of the building, she also was there. She called me her "darling boy" and hugged and kissed me. I got hot and put my hand under her dress and she didn't have on any panties. I felt her and then she took me to her room. Oh, brother, could she love! Afterward, she washed my back and bathed me in the tub. Did we have a good time! We did this every day for a long time, and I didn't have to look any further. I had all I wanted or cared for.

H.S.W.  
Woodland, N.C.

Dear Sue:

I have just finished devouring your delicious magazine. Love all that yummy pussy flesh! Can you advise where I can purchase those delightfully filthy and sexy panties like your African Queen is wearing on page 79 (June issue)? I simply must have a pair for my very own, even if I have to buy hers. Please rush your reply or mention it in a future issue.

Name withheld by request  
Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Panty-Lover:

I'm sorry I can't tell you where to purchase the exact pair of panties you are looking for. I have a suggestion to make, however. You might send away for a Fredrick's of Hollywood catalog 6610 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028) to see if they carry the filmy panties you want so badly. This company manufactures the sexiest underwear around, and they're bound to have something that will turn you on!

LAST LICKS

Take this letter to somewhere private, take off your panties (if you wear any) and start fingering that delightful pussy of yours. I want you in the proper mood to read this. I am a total sexpert. Nothing gives me more pleasure than getting into bed with a beautiful girl and watching her experience the joys of cumming and cumming. I've only got an eight inch cock, but I can guarantee you the best fuck you ever got. The way I use my hands, fingers, tongue and cock all over your body will put you in ecstasy for as long as you can stand it.

B.J.S.  
North Jersey

The nut that called that model on the cover of the first copy of HIGH SOCIETY a bitch should have a good punch in the mouth and a kick in the ass. Anyone could tell that she is a first class model and a real top quality woman just by looking at her.

C.W.G.  
San Mateo, Calif.

My cock insisted that I write to you and tell you that yours is the finest publication I (or my cock) has ever seen. Cock rose to the occasion after seeing "Society's Child" in the June issue. Her delectable wide open cunt is most inviting, and the best I have seen anywhere. Cock says he would love an invitation to that beautiful open cunt. It is great. A subscription is enclosed. Cock doesn't want to miss a single issue.

W.R.  
Boston, Mass.

RE: "Teen Throat" girl, May issue—

She has without a doubt the most wonderful, lovely and sweetest asshole and cunt I have ever seen, plus looks. Give us more asshole shots. That gal's asshole is made for analingus. Any guy that wouldn't suck on her asshole or bugger her is out of his mind. She could fart in my face any day!

R.G.  
Paradise, Calif.

on exhibit



by REGGIE DANZIG

Seldom do I jump for joy over an unsuppressible urge to applaud an hour and a half of celluloid raunch. The dismal truth is that most blue movies make me blue. I wonder at the mindlessness, lack of inspiration, shoddy production values, asinine plots and acting. But then, a reviewer seldom has a chance to discover a pearl amidst the countless, dingy oysters he samples as daily fare.

At first, filmmaker Jonas Middleton was in a dilemma. He became aware that his movie was too good to be booked in most porn movie houses, and yet was too explicit to play in "legit" theatres. Due to this sorry state of things—in which exceptional erotic substance can be a handicap—there was a possibility that *Through the Looking Glass* would ultimately be distributed in a soft-core version. Fortunately, the problem was finally resolved. The film was scheduled to premiere in New York in September.

*Through the Looking Glass* is the story of Catherine, a woman born to all the material advantages of life. She has wealth, beauty, a loving husband, a charming daughter. She is mistress of a huge country estate, staffed with servants who cater to her every whim. Her idyllic existence is the envy of those less rich, less beautiful, less secure.

But madness lurks beneath her lovely exterior. Each night while her husband and child sleep, she softly ascends the stairs to an attic room, where the momentos of her past are stored. There her mind is free to wander back to the days of her idle youth, to the deceased father who loved her—too well. Masturbating in front of an antique mirror,

she becomes young again, fresh again, a blossoming virgin—Daddy's little girl.

And as these nocturnal visits to the attic continue, strange images begin to materialize in the mirror—grotesque forms that take on a life of their own, sex-drunk creatures from hell bent on Catherine's destruction. More and more the woman loses contact with the sunlit world outside. During all hours of the day she finds that her mind is constantly haunted by the lascivious spectres whose bodily forms take on the shapes of her father, of her friends and acquaintances. Her conscious mind is possessed by demons

and she tries in vain to escape. But she can no more escape from the phantoms than she can from the memory of an action in the past that has eternally damned her. Again and again she mentally relives her first sexual encounter—with her own pere.

In a scene of breathtaking horror, Catherine passes through the looking glass to find herself in a hell of the sexually deprived. Tricked by a demon in her father's shape, she discovers too late that hell for her is a never-ending debauch, a sexual obsession as endless as time. No one on the other side of the looking glass will ever find a trace of her.

*Through the Looking Glass*—as this summary may suggest—is an incredibly bizarre film—a fanciful modern-day horror story told in such imaginative visual images that Fellini himself would stand up and take notice. The haunted heroine is convincingly portrayed by Catharine Burgess (a Catherine Deneuve look-alike) and is ably assisted by Douglas Wood and Laura Nicholson as her husband and daughter respectively, by Terri Hall and Mike Jefferson as her



In two scenes from "Through the Looking Glass," demon-lovers Jamie Gillis (left) and Jeff Hurst (right) put the fear of God into Catharine Burgess and Kim Pope, respectively.

servants, and particularly by Marie Taylor as her younger self. But it is Jamie Gillis as the demon-father whose electrifying presence provides the thrills and chills, and who enables us to suspend our beliefs and accept the supernatural. (In the orgy sequences, porn fans may recognize Kim Pope, Jeffrey Hurst, and Ultramax as three very lewd revellers.)

At press time, filmmaker Jonas Middleton was in a dilemma. He became aware that his movie was too good to be booked in most porn movie houses, and yet was too explicit to play in "legit" theatres. Due to this sorry state of things—in which exceptional erotic substance can be a handicap—there is a possibility that *Through the Looking Glass* may ultimately be distributed in a soft-core version. A pity. I'm sure there are many blue movie fans who crave, as I do, quality productions that can affect us above the neck as well as below the belt.

As a special bicentennial tribute to the American way of greed, *Little Orphan Sammy* is a pleasurable cinematic comic strip spoof. Much of its success is due to the performance of Jennifer Welles as a villainous spy, Hata Mari. Slinking, winking, rolling her eyes like a daughter of Theda Bara, barking Gestapo-type orders one moment, purring like a sex-mad pussy-cat the next, Jennifer proves that she is the finest female actress to hit porn since the Georgia Spelvin taught the devil a few tricks.



**Dominique St. Pierre scores a john in the Joy of Letting Go.**

Like the cartoon strip *Little Orphan Annie*, *Little Orphan Sammy's* plot is a simplistic excuse to pit the good guys (all-American freedom-lovers) against the bad guys (dastardly foreign agents). The good guys are comprised of Little Orphan Sammy (Rocky Millstone), a carrot-topped spouter of phrases like "Gee Willikers" and "Leapin' Lizards"; his lovable mutt Randy; his estranged,

money-hungry father, Daddy Sawbucks (Lin Flagnake); Daddy's brainy secretary, Miss Take (Kim Pope), and Punja, an Indian lass who has sworn a vow of silence until she can be reunited with her long-lost brother. The bad guys are the spy, Hata Mari; her Indian servant, Da (Jamie Gillis)—who turns out to be guess-who's long-lost brother; Hata Mari's horny maid (C.J. Laing), and the neighborhood belly dancer (Andrea True).

Daddy Sawbucks, a greed-obsessed true-blue American, has discovered a secret formula to turn garbage into oil. Naturally, Hata Mari wishes to get her hot little hands on this formula. Aware that Sammy is the estranged son of Daddy Sawbucks, she maneuvers to adopt the overgrown—and simple-minded—tyke. Her purpose: to use Sammy as a pawn to gain the valuable formula.

In an orgasmic confrontation between the good guys and the bad guys, Hata Mari discovers that her two main



**Lots of patriotic ass gets flashed in Little Orphan Sammy.**

interests in life—fucking and money—are the two main interests of all patriotic Americans. Therefore, she readily defects from the Communist spy ring, and by doing so, loses her German accent and her black frightwig. To enhance the happy ending, the Indian brother and sister are also reunited for a familial bang. In fact, at fadeout time, everyone bumps and humps to the strain of "America the Beautiful."

Brisk, fast-paced, skillfully photographed and directed, *Little Orphan Sammy* is good, clean, dirty, all-American. fun. Unfortunately, the comic strip antics occasionally wear a little thin and the sex scenes are often too brief to keep randy audiences bubbling.

And speaking of randy audiences, anyone who recalls the orgasmic excesses of *China Girl* will be looking forward to filmmaker Summer Brown's latest opus, *The Joy of Letting Go*. Mrs. Brown brings a woman's touch to porn and proves again that there are few men in the business to equal her. She understands far better than most raunch entrepreneurs that character development and a strong storyline trigger emotional involvement and endow explicit sex scenes with far

more than a passing interest.

The movie starts on a rather sordid note. A handsome but thoroughly vicious pimp and dope peddler named Dancer (James Kral) has been dissatisfied with the sexual performances of his stable of whores. Searching for fresh blood, he makes the acquaintance of Michelle Martine (Dominique St. Pierre), the bored wife of a wealthy businessman (Leslie Hughes). While Mr. Martine is away on one of his endless work trips, the pimp feeds Michelle a line of bullshit about everyone's need to find love. Easily convinced, Michelle is soon fucking up a storm with various tricks and a fellow prostitute named Topaz (Susie Sung Lee). Accustomed to cold cash, material possessions, and a doll's house existence, Michelle does not resent the fact that Dancer is using her for his own selfish ends. Rather, she delights in the varied sexual experiences that are opening up for her—hence, the title.

But all good lays must come to an end. Michelle's hubby—horrors!—is due back in town, and the liberated housewife-hooker bids Dancer adieu . . . until Mr. Martine's next business trip.

Even if we take the plot at face value; there is one glaring loophole that cannot be overlooked. A ludicrous subplot concerns Michelle's watchdog bodyguard, Herbie (exceptionally acted by Frank Dudley). In order for Michelle to be free to turn tricks, Dancer has Herbie abducted, then pacified by two hookers. What pimp in the world would waste the talents of two hot-blooded whores who give freebies while only one whore—Michelle—brings in the bread? With such peculiar business practices, is it a wonder that Dancer will never be able to afford a '76 pimp-mobile?

Luscious Dominique St. Pierre, a French fashion model, portrays Michelle as an exuberant sex partner who consistently gives her tricks—and porn film audiences—their money's worth. Whether she's screwing in an elegant hotel suite, a wretched trailer camp, or on the filthy floor of a gas station john, she is so delightfully cock-crazy that she provides maximum inspiration for the men in her life—and in her. And the men, including Daveed Poole, Benjamin Dover, and John Seeman, give standout (and stand-up) performances.

Despite the film's sillier aspects, Summer Brown has the knack of capturing the sights, sounds, and sizzling sex lives of Frisco denizens. I have always suspected that a woman's fantasy life, when given the freedom of expression, is far more imaginative and enticing than the average man's. The *Joy of Letting Go* provides evidence for that thesis. **7.5**

COCKY CLASSIC #3

# DR. JEKYLL & MRS. HYDE

"At last, at last," thought mad Dr. Jekyll. "After years and years of working in this crummy lab I am about to see the fruits of my research. No more lonely nights cooped up with my test tubes. What I have here will revolutionize human existence, and my own. An elixir guaranteed to turn even the most uptight old bag into a raving, lust-filled slut. Now to test it out."

"Ah, Mrs. Hyde. You've made a spot of tea. How kind of you."



Jekyll,  
MD

"I'll try it out on the old bag."



"If I can get my elixir to work on this old bag, I'm in like Flynn," thought Jekyll. "Fortune and fame will be mine forever, not to mention power. Also not to mention tons of pussy. All the pussy I could ever want. If only this works." \*\*\*

"Ah, a nice cup of tea should be just the thing to fix me up."



thought Mrs. Hyde, the housekeeper. "My old bones just aren't as spry as they used to be."

"EUREKA!!! IT'S WORKING!!!"



Dr. Jekyll watched with mounting joy as the amazing transformation came over Mrs. Hyde. In minutes the dried up old crone became a ravishing siren. "Why, Mrs. Hyde," he said, "what a nice set of jugs you have."

"The better to beat your brains out with, dear boy," said Mrs. Hyde, setting down her teacup. "if you don't come up with what I want. And that's my first hot fuck in 40 years. You'd better be good."



Two days later . . .



After all those years, Mrs. Hyde had saved up enough desire to sink a battleship. That was the good Doctor's undoing. She was a wild woman. They experimented every way they could think of—on the floor, on the lab table, in bed, hanging from the ceiling— but she could not get enough in desperation he even took a swig of the noxious brew himself, but it did no good; he just couldn't keep up with Mrs. Hyde.





One More Time . . .



Exhausted, desperate and fearful of the vast power his discovery had released, Jekyll tried to quell his housekeeper's passion. His last strength ebbing out of his body, he mounted his final assault. And it was his final assault. With a "ho-hum" he collapsed. Hyde quickly jumped out of the sack and attempted to resuscitate him with an enema of his potent concoction. The shock killed him. Our lesson from this: Watch what you slip into an old lady's tea.

*Our lesson from this:  
Watch what you slip  
into an old lady's tea.*



# THE STOOPERS

## Horse Racing Freebies

by Jack Maloney

"Christ, broke again," muttered "Fast Eddie" as he headed for the down escalator at Gulfstream Park. "How in hell could that sonuvabitch lose that last race?"

Fast Eddie had just blown his last and only sawbuck on a long-awaited longshot. A "first-time out" from the Jersey tracks, the horse, "Renegade Ralph," had run like a champion, leading the field all the way, then died in the last fifteen yards.

Grasping the handrails of the escalator, Eddie momentarily thought of diving, head first, all the way to the bottom.

At the foot of the stairway on the right side, an arm's length away, a garbage can had been placed for the convenience of track patrons. From the day's activities it overflowed with discarded paper cups, beer cans, racing programs, newspapers, cigar butts, racing forms and losing mutuel tickets.

Out of force of habit, Fast Eddie, a longtime "stooper," disinterestedly began scanning, picking up and searching through an assortment of mutuel tickets scattered all over the top. Many were soiled and reeked of stale beer or coffee.

Last race losers in a big rush to beat the traffic jam carelessly tossed more tickets in or at the overloaded trash can. No one gave Eddie a second look.

About ten minutes later a fast walking, bypassing, well-dressed, pompous, middle-aged woman scornfully threw a handful of worthless fifty-dollar mutuels at the growing pile of garbage. One flew into the stooper's face.

Momentarily pausing and glancing up, Fast Eddie's heart skipped a beat. Directly in the woman's path, not more than ten feet away, lying on the concourse floor was either a number six—or nine—on the fourth race. A gray horse, number nine, he remembered, had run away with the race, returning a big price.

"If that fat bitch sees it, I'm dead," mused Eddie. The hurrying woman, almost stepping on the mutuel in question, didn't even look down.

With one tremendous leap, Fast Eddie simultaneously bent over and scooped up the discarded ticket. His spirits soared; it was a number nine, a good fifty-dollar place ticket on the longshot that had won the fourth.

Losing no time, Eddie ran all the way to the cashier's window and col-

lected \$1200 for his lucky find. It was his best score in the last two months.

Fast Eddie's good fortune wasn't just chance luck. In one of the most degrading sidelines of horse racing, he was known from New York to Florida as one of the best "stoopers" in the business. An inveterate gambler, Eddie constantly bet on longshots that usually kept him broke and "working the tracks."

Possessing a remarkable memory, Fast Eddie could quickly memorize the changing yet different design and code symbols that were imprinted on the day's mutuel tickets for each race.

After the "double," he constantly searched the grounds and stands of the track; spot-checking trash cans, picking up and turning over discarded tickets.

Eddie wasn't alone in his daily quest for lost "paper gold." While making the rounds he occasionally met and

spoke to a number of fellow stoopers: "Abe the Gonif," "Onion Joe" and "Pete the Greek." All followed the sun and the bangtails for a precarious living.

When the hunting was good they lived it up: new cars, nice apartments, broads and booze. Down on their luck meant flea bag rooms and greasy hamburgers in skid row.

Inasmuch as the chances against making a score were astronomical, it was still a chance. Every year, mutuel tickets worth millions of dollars go uncollected and uncashed by original bettors.

Many racing fans who held winning tickets on triple-crown winner "Secretariat" declined to cash them, preferring to show them off to friends as prized souvenirs. In the Belmont Stakes alone, valid tickets worth \$14,366 remain uncashed, just over \$5,000 being two-dollar straight bets.

In most gambling states, after a specified period of time all outstanding mutuels are officially cancelled. Monies being held for uncashed tickets then revert to individual state treasuries or general funds "for the benefit of taxpayers." No one else gets a dime.

In Florida during the fiscal year 1974-75, Director of Pari-Mutuel Wagering J. Patrick McCann reported the



total value of winning tickets not cashed (escheated) amounted to just over \$1,288,000. Similar to the laws of New York, after one year all unredeemed tickets expired.

Total returns for 1975 are not yet available in New York, as it's still possible to cash last year's pari-mutuel tickets. However, during the past few years gamblers at race tracks and off-track betting shops have provided the State Treasury with quite a windfall.

According to James Roach, Director of Public Information for the state's racing and wagering board, the on-track total can be estimated as similar to the \$1,132,310 which went into the treasury in 1975 from uncashed 1974 on-track tickets—\$531,792 from the thoroughbreds and \$600,518 from the standardbreds.

In off-track betting no individual breakdown is available. Regardless, stupid or over-generous, off-track bettors easily led the big "freebie," forgetting or discarding over eight million dollars during the past two years. In 1974 it was \$4,258,536; with the state getting another bonanza in 1975, estimated at about \$4,350,000. Possibly this could inspire and create an added source of income for Gotham's street

cleaners, rag pickers and non-working stiffs.

Across the Hudson River in New Jersey, all good mutuels must be cashed within six months. John J. Reilly, director of the racing commission, disclosed that last year "lost" tickets netted the state almost a half-million dollars. Of this amount, \$121,123.20 was from harness racing and \$349,886.75 from the thoroughbred tracks.

At the other end of the country, California allows careless or forgetful horse racing fans only sixty days after a meeting to cash winning tickets. Charles Harman, Secretary of the racing board, reported that in 1975, absent-minded bettors "donated" about \$872,906 to the state's general fund.

Inasmuch as the states enjoy a free ride, an intense rivalry exists between the stoopers and the track's cleaning crews. The action increases when a winning horse has been disqualified. Bettors, watching another horse winning over theirs by seven lengths, are inclined to hastily throw away losing place tickets, especially on longshots. The winner's number comes down; the place and show horses move up a notch. The stoopers love it.

Knowing this, the track sweepers

emptying the garbage barrels dump all the discarded tickets into separate plastic containers, sorting through them at their leisure.

More competition comes from part-time amateur stoopers: retired "stiffs," unemployed "snow-birds," local derelicts, race track degenerates, "ten-percent" track hustlers and third-rate tourists desperately looking for get-away money.

Most sweepers know and despise the professional stoopers, especially if they are not cut in on a good score "made in their own territory."

Recently at Hialeah Park on a hot spring afternoon, Pete the Greek was bent over, waist deep, in a half-filled garbage can. Like a starving hog, he was desperately rooting for a winning meal ticket.

Two months ago, Pete had been prosperous, having found three across-the-board, one-hundred dollar tickets worth over \$2000. Buying a new car and clothing, the rest went on call girls, gambling and high living. Now he was late with a car payment, his rent a week overdue and the track was closing in four days.

On that same afternoon, an envious clubhouse sweeper, who had heard of the Grecian stooper's find in his



area, was making his usual rounds. Suddenly, he spotted Pete with his head buried in one of the concourse trash containers. Breaking into a run and swinging his heavy pushbroom like a ball bat, the sweeper soundly whacked the side of the garbage can. The impact not only knocked over the can, but sent Pete sprawling, splattered with garbage and track debris. The noise and concussion almost breaking his ear drums.

"It's going to be your ass if I catch you in my territory again," shouted the enraged sweeper. "You better stay in the grandstand with the rest of the goddamn vultures!"

Slowly getting to his feet and brushing himself off without a word, Pete suddenly dropped the sweeper to the pavement with a fast and vicious kick to the balls.

Two security guards, attracted by the commotion, started after the harassed stooper. Running like a greyhound and zig-zagging through the stables area, he easily lost them and circled back to the parking area for his car.

Late that night, after promoting a fast loan, Pete the Greek made a very quiet and hurried departure from Miami and headed north for the Jersey tracks.

A more sophisticated class of stoopers are big money winners, both men and women. By law, they can off-set their income taxes by declaring track losses. Many show up at Internal Revenue Offices, backing up deductions with bags or shoe boxes full of losing mutuels. Unlike the tracks, the I.R.S. accepts only clean, unmarked tickets.

On one occasion in Atlantic City, "Sonya," a well-known madam who operated a local brothel, reported to the I.R.S. with a laundry bag full of losing fifty and one-hundred dollar tickets. The agents, knowing only too well the source of her ill-gotten gains, had objected to the deductions.

However, further investigation revealed, although Sonya ran a successful "business," frequented by racing fans, jockeys and horse trainers, she also bet heavily at the local tracks. Winning or losing thousands of dollars every week, for Sonya, last year had been a real loser. Her exemption was allowed.

Mutuel cashiers, however, must accept and cash all winning tickets. Clean or dirty, smelly, heel-marked, stolen or found by a stooper, a good ticket is still a good ticket. Suspected counterfeiters are closely checked under ultra-ultra lights.

The reason for horse players not cashing, losing or throwing away winning mutuels, worth millions, are many and varied. Most mistakes are initially made by the players themselves, ticket

seller, or a chaotic combination of both.

When a racing fan arrives at the track, parks and locks his car, he usually leaves his brains resting on the back seat. After the last race, if the beaten bettor remembers where his car is parked, he gets them back.

As soon as a horse player walks through the admission gates of a thoroughbred track, the aggravation and action starts. Buying a program, he is immediately confronted by a horde of tip-sheet sellers, all loudly hawking the day's "sure winners": "Lawton's got the double;" "Reilly's long-shots always win;" "The Green Card had five winners yesterday. . . ."

After buying a tip-sheet, many gullible players will inadvertently forsake



their own sound judgment and bet on the touted "hot horses." As the races progress and their original selections come romping home, they roundly curse the hawkers and themselves.

On a busy day at the track, the selling lines also closely resemble organized street riots. Long parallel lines of pushing, jostling, shoving, shouting and swearing bettors, all crowded in front of the double, win, place or show windows. They are excited and anxious to get their money down before the bell sounds: "They're off!"

Many of the mutuel sellers are old men who are hard of hearing, and when rushed or harassed are liable to make errors. Others are slyly trying to unload a "wrong" number punched by mistake; otherwise, they must pay for

it themselves ("eat it") or sweat out a winner. At the \$50 or \$100 windows this can be disastrous. A few are wondering how many customers will forget their chance.

When buying mutuels for a race with ten or 12 entries, there are just as many ways players can be issued tickets they don't want. Some numbers, including Perfectas, Quinellas and Trifectas are more often mistaken than others.

Anyone who slurs their speech, speaks with a southern, Spanish or French accent can easily be misunderstood. Gum chewers and those with cigars or cigarettes hanging in their mouths, mumbling their selections, are also candidates for "wrong" numbers. If the clerk asks the mumbler to remove the cigar, he is "looking for an argument."

Many last minute bettors getting tickets for friends, or anxious to watch the race, grab their tickets and run, not knowing whether they have the right horses or not.

While waiting in line, other fans who still haven't made up their minds nervously consult racing forms or programs and keep glancing up at the odds on the mutuels board in the Concourse.

By the time an aggravated or drinking bettor reaches a window, without a second thought he asks the seller for the odds-number opposite that of the horse. A player wanting a six horse, going off at nine-to-one, can easily walk away with a number nine in his pocket. It's only coincidental if they should match.

If the six wins, the bettor screams murder, runs back to the seller's window and raises hell with the clerk for giving him the wrong number. "You cost me sixty dollars, you stupid bastard. I'm going to report you!"

It's a different story if the nine wins. The racing fan might check his ticket and jump for joy; not looking, he could just throw away another winner. Then it becomes a toss-up between the stoopers and the state.

A confused bettor wandering into a wrong line can also get lucky. Wanting to buy a win ticket, by mistake or being pushed, he ends up at a place window and walks away, thinking he is holding a win ticket. The horse runs second. Again, a good place (or show) ticket could be tossed into a track garbage can.

Some stoopers also haunt the selling lines, watching for on-the-spot dropped mutuels or lost cash.

On one occasion, "Larry the Goose," while "working" a ten dollar, Daily-double window, found a live "double" ticket, stuck together with two fifty-dollar win and place tickets on a long-shot going in the first race.

The double ticket, the Goose figured, had a good chance and was worth

CONTINUED ON P. 77

# BETTINA TAKES A BATH



Princess Pinatelli Move Over



*"We women love our soft skin. We do everything we can to keep it that way. Not just because we read advertisements—or because the television announcers tell us that it is important 'to be soft and beautiful as a baby's skin,' which is true. But because we want to retain that touch of elegance that goes along with youth—even at an older age. You have to start early, if you really want to look great when you hit 40. A man always knows when a woman is taking care of herself."*



*"Besides the glamour soaps that I use, I pamper myself in other ways—by self pleasuring, in the bath, as you can see."*





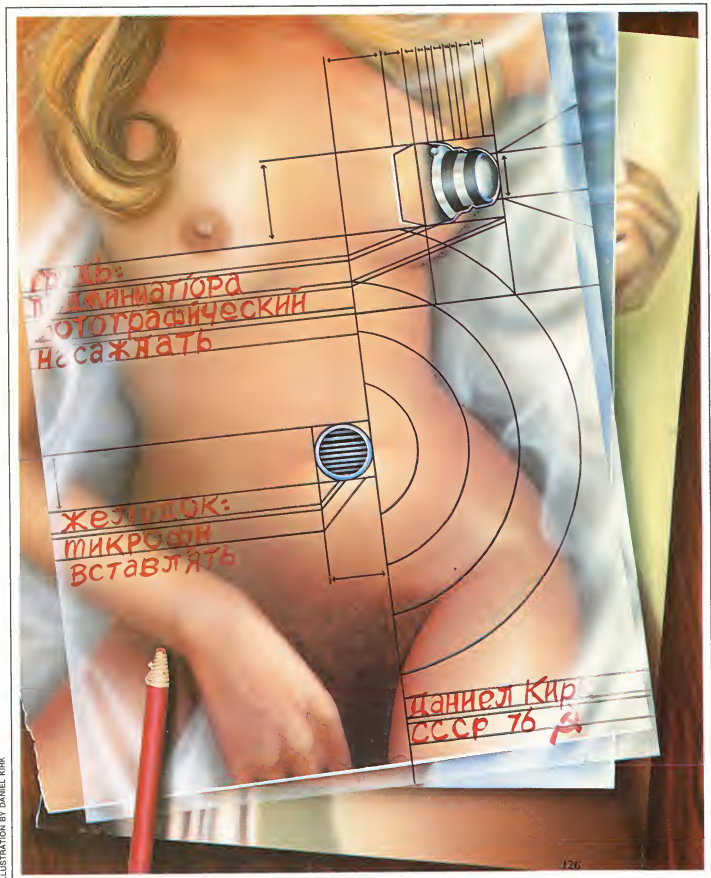




*"I imagine that the  
spout is a penis, and  
that I'm drinking  
him in . . ."*







Голова:  
Трансдьюсера  
фотографический  
насаждать

Железодок:  
микросфон  
вставляя

Даниел Кир  
СССР 76 Д

# SEX AND THE KGB

## The Rueful Art of Sexpionage

By David Lewis

Since 1945 the KGB has used sexionage to obtain a wide range of top-secret military, political, industrial, and economic information from the West. They have used sexionage to pre-empt counterintelligence coups against their agents, to disgrace and discredit political opponents of the Soviet Union abroad, and to deeply infiltrate the

North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). Although many countries make use of sexionage, no secret service has invested as much time, effort, and thought in the technique as the KGB. By using specially trained prostitute spies—male and female—and combining their skills with the latest technological advances in electronics, photography and computer programming, the Soviet secret service has achieved the most refined form of sexionage possible. On the age-old foundation of sexual attraction they have created an elaborate industry of intelligence gathering and subversion which, in many ways, surpasses all the complicated electronic gadgetry of America's espionage establishment.

The Earl of Chesterfield dismissed sexual intercourse with the comment that the pleasure was momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable. Many victims of sexionage entrapments would echo the nineteenth-century aristocrat's sentiments. When the KGB writes out a bill for the liaisons which it has manipulated, the charges may include broken careers, shattered marriages, years of imprisonment and, sometimes, death.

To illustrate how the various elements of a sexionage operation are slotted together, let's follow a case history drawn from the files of a European intelligence service. Since to identify the victim could still damage his career and private life, his name and some other details have been altered.

Philippe Latour was forty-two years old when he paid his first visit to Russia in the late sixties. An electronics engineer, he worked for a company engaged in the development of missile guidance systems for the French government. As an authority in his specialized field he had traveled to Warsaw Pact countries on a number of occasions to attend conferences and address scientific gatherings. In his spare time Monsieur Latour was a keen amateur historian and he had for several years been eager to visit Moscow and Leningrad to see the museum and study at first hand the many fine pre-Revolution buildings.

Philippe finally realized his ambition one August when he persuaded his wife to take their three children to spend the month on the Mediterranean while he took two weeks off to explore the Soviet Union. A few days after settling his family into their villa at Eze-sur-Mer, Philippe flew to Moscow and checked into the Metropole Hotel on Ploshchad Sverdlova. He spent the next six days sight-seeing, blissfully unaware of the fact that only a stone's throw from his hotel room, behind the gray walls of the KGB's headquarters at 2 Dzerzhinsky Square, the details of an elaborate entrapment were being finalized.

The entrapment had been decided on soon after his visa application had arrived as a matter of routine, along with hundreds of others, in the offices of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate. The information provided on Latour's form was fed into a computer and a few moments later, the teleprinter was clattering out a highly detailed biography, the result of many previous hours' research and surveillance by KGB agents. The dossier which arrived on the desk of a staff officer in the Second Section of the Second Chief Directorate contained the information under the following headings:

**BASIC DATA:** Present position and previous work. Prospects of remaining in present employment. Prospects of promotion. Date joined present employment. Personal attitudes towards work and

employment. Details of classified work undertaken.

**BIOGRAPHICAL DATA:** Age, parents, family conditions. Education; principal specialization; technical or other knowledge. Attitude towards politics. Party affiliations; opinions on state administration. Financial position. Attitude towards USSR and Soviet politics. Subject's view of prosperity of his/her country.

**PERSONAL POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE CHARACTERISTICS:** Inclination to drink. Women friends. Family relationships. Love of luxury. Interest in solitude. Sexual deviations and perversions. Influence of wife/husband on actions. Independence of decision making. Friends and associates at work.

In the case of Philippe Latour, the basic data section informed the staff officer that Latour had achieved a senior position in his company through hard work and ability, a useful combination catalyzed by an even more useful marriage to the daughter of a senior government official. It also noted that Latour was careful, conscientious, and very ambitious. The biographical section revealed that he was generally apolitical as far as party politics were concerned, but conservative by nature. His financial position was sound, largely thanks to his wife's money, and his attitude towards the USSR and Communism was one of distrust and distaste. The final section of his record showed that like most men, he had a

weakness for good food and drink and an eye for a pretty woman.

Latour's dossier had been started by the KGB early in his career when he first rose to prominence in scientific circles. The file was partly compiled from "white sources"—that is, non-classified material published in newspapers, biographical reference books, and scientific magazines—and partly from KGB undercover spies, known as "illegals," making enquiries among his friends and neighbors, possibly with the excuse of assessing his credit worthiness for a loan. Over the years the specks of information had been accumulated and collated in the central index at "the Center," as the KGB's Moscow headquarters are called. Now the result of all this diligent effort was set down in neatly typed lines on a sheet of flimsy computer print-out paper. Latour's unexpected visit to the Soviet Union offered the chance of putting the work to positive use. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

With his sight-seeing in Moscow completed, Philippe traveled to Leningrad. He had been booked, by Intourist, into the comfortable Baltic Hotel on Nevsky Prospekt, but when he gave his name to the desk clerk the response was unexpected. After running his finger down a list of reservations the man shook his head.

"There is no such booking," he told Latour. Latour protested angrily and a manager arrived. Phone calls were made to the Intourist office. Finally the official apologized to Latour. There had been an inexcusable mix-up, but there was no need to worry. They could not provide him with a single room, but a suite on the third floor was available. They would be delighted to let him have it at no extra cost by way of apology for the error.

The rooms were spacious and comfortably furnished, with a lounge opening off the bedroom, and an elegant private bathroom.

Philippe Latour then set off for an afternoon's sight-seeing. He visited the Winter Palace and the Old Hermitage, then crossed the River Neva to photograph the Peter and Paul Fortress from Revolution Square. All this time, quite unknown to him, Latour was being subjected to continuous observation by a small army of KGB agents.

The time he returned to his hotel was noted. When, two hours later, washed and rested, he strolled out again onto Nevsky Prospekt in search of an evening meal, a skilled surveillance expert detached himself from a shop doorway and sauntered casually after him. At 25 Nevsky Prospekt, Latour stopped outside the Kavasky, a popular Caucasian restaurant, and then went inside. While one agent followed him into the Kavasky and kept watch from a nearby table, another radioed this information from an unmarked car parked in the street. It was time to press the button and set in motion the machinery of entrapment.

Ten minutes later, a slender, well-dressed and very attractive blonde came into the Kavasky and glanced around uncertainly. Seeing an empty chair at Latour's table she made her way across the room and asked in Russian if she might join him. "Ya ne govoryu po-russki," said Philippe hesitantly, trying out one of his few Russian phrases,

The "swallow," as KGB female prostitutes are called, went to the target's room. The final stage of entrapment was set.

Latour found Tania a delightful companion. When the meal was over they walked together along the Prospekt admiring the book and art shops, and the displays of hand-woven carpets and handicrafts. They finally parted outside his hotel, having made a firm date for the following afternoon.

For the next two days Tania was Philippe's escort and guide. They visited the Czar's Summer Palace, the Stroganov Palace and the Kazan Cathedral. On his fourth evening in Leningrad Tania took Philippe for an after-dinner stroll along an embankment on the Moika River.

"You know, my life is not easy," she confided, as they watched the lights of the city reflected in the still, dark waters. "My husband is in the army and I seldom see him."

They stopped walking and Philippe took her in his arms. "For any woman to be neglected is a

crime," he told her gallantly, "but for one so beautiful such neglect is worse than a crime, it is a mistake! But perhaps a mistake which we can remedy?"

She returned his light, tentative embrace with a warm kiss.

"We must go to your hotel," she told him. "It is not safe at my apartment. The neighbors would be sure to notice us and my husband is very jealous. If he found out . . ."

"What about the receptionist?" Philippe asked nervously. He too was anxious to avoid a scene or any scandal.

"In this country we mind our business about such matters," Tania said quietly.

Hand in hand, they walked back to his hotel. To Latour's relief Tania seemed to have been right about the receptionist. The *dezhurnaya* woman on duty merely nodded politely. Outside in his car a KGB surveillance agent radioed to headquarters. The "swallow," as KGB female prostitutes are called, had gone up to the target's room. The final stage of the entrapment had been reached.

When they got to the bedroom, Philippe, feeling extremely self-conscious and unromantic, took one or two precautions. He still had a lurking doubt that the whole liaison might be a KGB trap. He knew from firsthand experience that his work on classified missile research had made him of interest to the Russians. Eighteen months earlier, while attending a conference in Warsaw, an approach had been made in a bar. A stranger with good technical knowledge had engaged him in conversation and then plied him with strong Polish vodka. Gradually the conversation turned to the high cost of living in the West, and the hints had been dropped that the Polish government would pay handsomely for any information which Monsieur Latour could put their way. That tactic having failed, his companion began to describe the sufferings inflicted on his country by the Nazis during the war. Philippe, who had fought in the Resistance, listened sympathetically. But when the conversation was again brought around to the subject of classified military information and the need for a united front against Fascist Germany in peace as in war, he

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Society's Child



PERFUMED GARDEN

Photographs by Eugene Finkel



The *Perfumed Garden* is the book of Allah that praises the arts of love—and women. It seems natural that a book of love should be called by that name.

For thousands of years women have used *perfumes* (which originally meant “through the smoke,” in reference to incense) to enhance their own body scents, not to disguise them. And . . .

From the first, the odors of perfumes have tempted man. The prophet Mohammed spoke of Adam as a man who fell from Paradise with three things: “the myrtle, the chief of sweet scented flowers in this world; an ear of wheat, which is the chief of all kinds of foods in this world; and pressed dates, which are the chief of the fruits of this world.”





Society's Child  
NOVEMBER







Our Society's Child, not a Moslem but indebted to them for their help in preserving the high art of perfumery, prefers the scent of musk to all others.





LES  
BREASTS  
DE

# BARDOT



*Going topless in France is about as natural and normal as drinking coke in America. So it's really no big deal when yet another beautiful blonde sheds her bikini bra and allows her mouth-watering mams to bounce around in the open air. It is an event of historical proportions, however, when Brigitte Bardot—the French actress/sex kitten who had all red-blooded American male movie-goers creaming their jeans in the fifties and early sixties—exposes her breasts. After all, most of us have been fantasizing about them for years!*





*Of course twenty years have passed since La Bardot first titillated our testes with her sultry eyes and pouting, baby-doll mouth, but these pictures are proof positive that the not-so-young sex goddess still has what it takes to get our mojos working. As she bathed and boated recently at St. Tropez, she looked so lovely we couldn't help wondering how her male companion, Moroslav Brozek, kept himself from reaching over and grabbing a handful.*

## BARDOT







# BARDOT



*Viva les breasts de Bardot—and her sweet bouche, too!*



Photographs by Ron Vogel

# Souvenirs



Harriet Pund likes to collect things.  
Like pieces of clothing from old beaus.



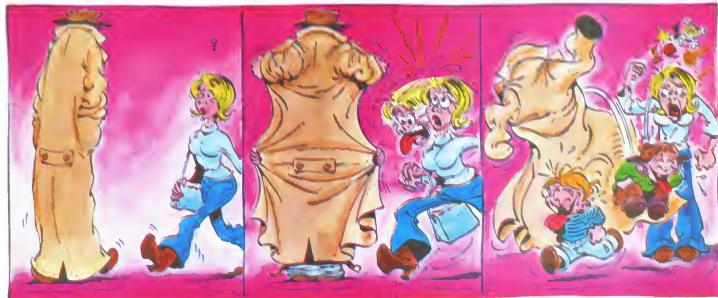


For a while, Harriet was really stuck on the ski socks Reggie left with her. She used to take them everywhere and almost could not bear to part with them.

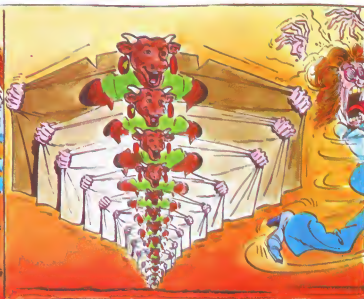
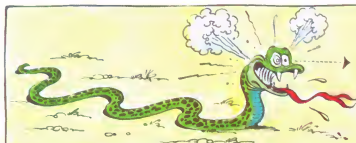


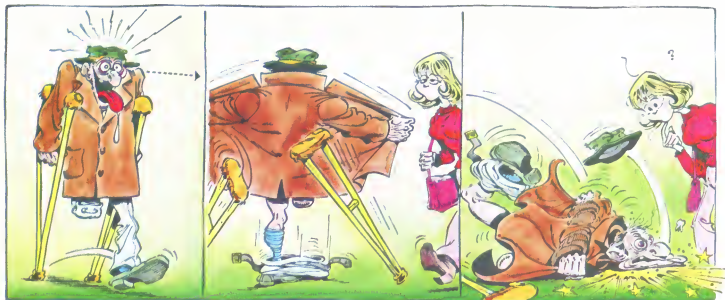
Lately though, Harriet's been thinking that that's entirely too heavy. She's looking for something more light and frivolous. Peter's shirt, or Rudolph's garters.













Lola  
Likes the Good Life



Some women are made to be wives and mothers. Some women are made to have careers. Lola Sirullo was made for pleasure.

Fortunately, Lola's father, John S. "Four Fingers" Sirullo, the prominent New Jersey cartage & hauling, refuse disposal and gumball machine magnate, is in a position to be able to give Lola the things a daughter like her should have. Eight minks, an XKE, her own apartment in three cities and lots and lots of class.

Lola does not believe in work. "I believe the highest attainment humans can strive for is perfection—perfection of the spirit and the soul. Work detracts from this quest."

Lola feels she has now almost reached perfection. This makes her happy. She has only one problem left. Some afternoons she just doesn't know what to do with herself.



**"Right after I got out of school with the nuns Daddy decided he would find me a husband. But I convinced him that marriage, for me, would be hard work. Besides, none of his associates ever measured up."**



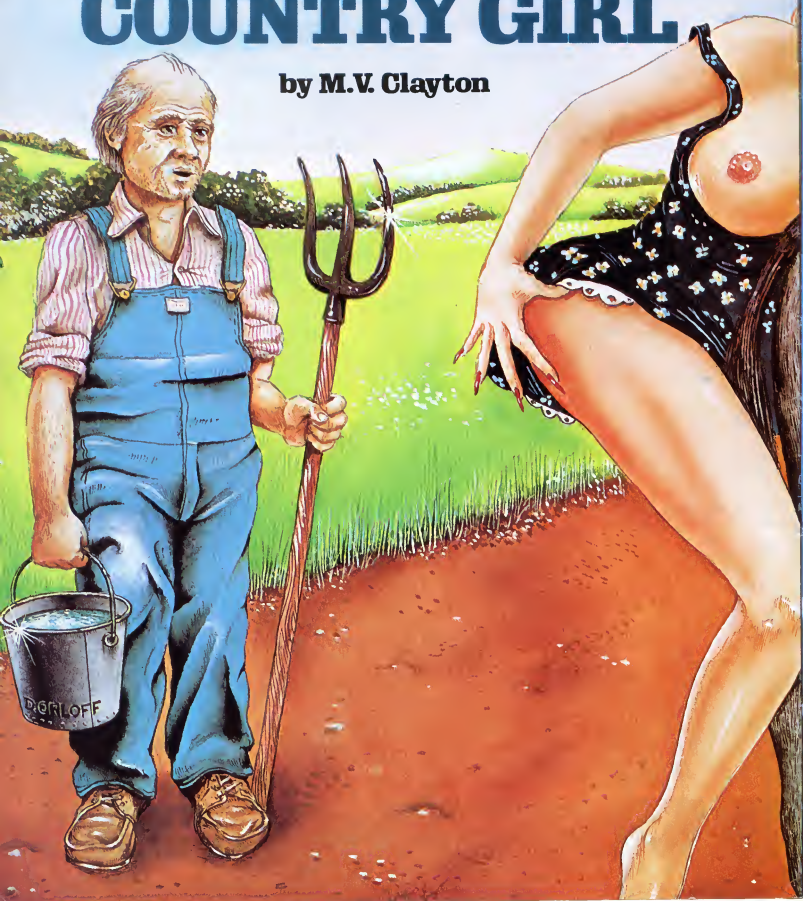


**"Clean-cut young men with walkie-talkies sometimes follow me. I once thought about inviting one in, but I decided that that would be work, would detract from my search for perfection."**



# COUNTRY GIRL

by M.V. Clayton







He'd just drawn a pail of water from the well and started away, holding his heart, worrying, when he saw her coming up the road. She was a good quarter-mile away but he knew it was her by the wiggle in her walk. "Sure as the devil," he whispered. He took a dirty handkerchief out of his back pocket and wiped his forehead.

"Now I jest bet she's hottern'n my green peppers," he said to himself, chuckling, knowing he'd said it before, but liking it even more now that it had aged. He'd said it—when was it?—way back in June, when he'd first seen her pulling the Bowman boy into the woods behind the old dilapidated Davis shack across the way.

He had watched her pull that boy into those woods all that summer and she'd always be laughing and most times in a ragged cotton dress that

he could almost see through from his rocker a good forty yards away. And most times she'd seemed to see him and giggle and many times he had thought of pulling on his old pecker at the thought of what those two were doing in that tall pine grove.

But it was over for him, he thought. He'd pushed pecker for a good forty years and laid a good wife in the grave. "Younguns," he said to himself, "fuckin's fer younguns." But he'd given it a thought or two that summer, even one time went so far as to consider what he'd do with that Hayley girl if he was a few years younger.

That time he'd watched them running into the woods and he'd just come out of his garden tired and dirty and had the thought he had sometimes: "I lead one hell of a life, hoein' and plantin' and pullin' and watchin'

sunrises and sunsettin'." Then he'd seen her, with her wild golden hair tossing, her wide red mouth laughing, pulling that "skinny two-bit" Bowman boy into the woods again. "Why," he'd said to himself, "that boy probably don't know head from tail." That's when he'd lapsed into a little dreaming.

"Why," he had said to himself, "if I was his age, I'd take my big root and plant it so deep it would strike oil and she'd cry out like a stuck hog. Good Gawd, I'd ram her like a freight train. I'd suck them big young titties like they was no tomorrow. Shit, I'd lick her from stem to stern and I'd lick the ground she walked on and the dirt off her feet and I'd make her pee all over herself she'd be so excited and I'd knead her like fresh dough and gum her till she got the holy shivers. Why, I'd . . ." and then he'd got a catch in his chest. "Whew," he'd said, "that'll have to do fer today." Then he'd walked the two miles to the church graveyard and sat down by a small stone. "Mary Lou," he'd said, "hit was just an idle thought." And he'd sat there for a while and gone back to his shack thinking that he'd even leave the thinking about it to the younguns. And he had for the most part.

But now it was fall and here she was coming up the road and he realized that he hadn't seen her or that boy since the corn came in. "Guess they had a spat," he said as he saw her wave. "Friendly little thing," he said, as he tried to wave back, switching hands with the bucket he had.

She left the road and started into his yard and he felt something go loose inside. She was giggling and giggling and tossing her blonde hair one side and the other. Her thin cotton dress was unbuttoned down all the way to where her two big young pink tits parted and flared out to make round, bouncing bulges and her hips were sashaying left and right and making the small flowers on her dress dance and she was grinning like a suck-egg mule and he was beginning to sweat and rub his eyes. She stopped about five yards from him and stood with her hands on her hips, looking him straight in the eye.

"Howdy," she said.

"How-dee-doo," he said before he could catch himself and start to think about how old he was and Mary Lou up in heaven looking down on this.

"I'm Mary Jean," she said, laughing.

She slid both her hands down her hips and touched her ruddy skin where the dress ended just above the knees. Slowly she began to scratch around the hem. She scratched in slow circles on the hem, around the hem, and under the hem, lifting the dress a little on both sides and he stood there swal-

lowing every bit of his tobacco chaw wondering if maybe the sun had got to him. "My God," he thought, "if she ain't got better legs than Mary Lou and the turkey and Betty Grable all put together."

"The dust round bout here got me to scratchin'," she giggled.

"Hit'll do it," he said, gulping. "Well, m, hit'll do hit alright. Hit sure will."

"I seen you workin' round here a lot," she said, grinning and scratching higher and higher, pushing the hem up.

He grinned, looked down and squashed a clod.

"Zat all you do?" she said.

He was looking at the ground in front of her, stretching his eyes up so he could see over his eyebrows how far she was scratching without her seeing that he was seeing. "Well," he said, "I works a bit and I rests a bit." He grinned, trying to hold his mouth closed so his dentures wouldn't fall out.

"You know what I do?" she giggled.

Her dress was half way up. He felt the tobacco juice boiling in his stomach.

"Nah," he said. "I reckon you go to school. You's the Hayley gal, ain't you?"

"I's finished school," she laughed. "Guess again."

**"I done come over here to fuck,  
not to lissen to no more  
fool preachin'."**

He looked up at her and saw the dampness in her green eyes and in the little beads of sweat hanging in the gully between her two big young pink titties and on that dress that was clinging between her legs showing something dark there. Her face was full and slim and her body was full and slim and she was wiggling slowly closer and he said, "Why, I guess you help you ma."

"I does," she said. She stopped and put her hands on her hips again, this time throwing out her two young pink tits so that they bulged through the cotton in a way that made him think of two big round Irish taters. "But I does something else better and likes it more'n anything."

He laughed. "Ah, I got it. Youngun like you, healthy and all. What you do is eat!"

"I does," she said, licking her lips. "But that ain't hit either."

She put her slim hands under her long blonde hair and tossed it out and began running both hands down her rosy cheeks and neck and over her breasts and down her stomach and by her crotch and down her legs and he started looking around the yard for something or anything and she said,

"Guess what."

"Why," he said, "Miz Hayley, I guess you got me stumped."

"I fucks," she said.

**H**is eyes froze on the black pupils of her eyes and he said, "M'am?" "I said, 'I fucks'," she said. She grinned, curled her tongue out and up to touch the tip of her nose.

He stared at the pink and purple damp under-pulp of her tongue. "Dooo tell," he whispered. Then he dropped the bucket. The water splashed on his pants and her legs but neither seemed to notice.

"And I ain't itchin' jest 'cause of the dust," she said.

"Whew," he said. "Whew, whew, whew," slapping his knees with both hands and squatting and turning away and looking at the bucket. He squatted by the bucket and stuck both hands in and splashed his face quickly. "That's what I thought she said," he said into the water.

"I's itchin' 'cause I ain't fucked in quite a spell."

He rose up, swinging his arms around, looking at her soiled clinging dress, the two large pink tomato breasts, the curve of her young hips, the darkened patch, the ruddy legs.

"Whew," he laughed. "If that don't beat all." He slapped his behind with both hands and threw his head back. "I ain't never heard a youngun, no, I ain't never heard a youngun or a woman talk like that."

"I don't talk like that to anybody," she said. Her smile was turning into something that was turning his head mushy.

"Why, I hopes not," he said, seeing the stone grave marker in her black pupils, thinking about Mary Lou hearing all this.

"I'm hard up for a fuck," she said.

"Why," he said, glancing around the yard, looking to see if anybody was hiding behind anything, "I wouldn't think you'd have any trouble at all, young pretty thing like you, 16, 17 years old, prime of life. . . ."

"I'm 18 years and they got me cooped up and strapped down. Pa done run off my boyfriend and got out the word that he'd shoot any boy what comes around less'n he come proper and sit with us in the front room and Ma's watchin' over me like a god-durned hawk."

"Why, I reckon they's doin' hit fer your good. I speck they means well enough."

"I done come over here to fuck, not to lissen to no more fool preachin'."

He swallowed hard. His neck was as stiff as a tree trunk. He felt dizzy.

"Well, now, Miz, I don't mean no offense." He shook his head. "Hit's

CONTINUED ON P. 90

## Ready When You Are, CB



**SIMBA: FULL SSB/AM POWER WITH COMPLETE CONTROLS**

Pearce-Simpson's full-feature Simba SSB/AM base station-mobile CB transceiver even has a lighted digital clock that will sound an alarm and turn the set on at a pre-selected time.

The dual-voltage Simba comes a powerful transmitter (a full 23 watts output on single sideband) and sensitive receiver plus the controls for precise adjustments and the lights to tell you when you're on the air and what your operational mode is.

Set modulation where you want it with the built-in variable preamp and use the modulation meter to adjust with pinpoint accuracy. And the Slide-O-Tune lets you move the transmit and receive frequency for superior SSB communications.

Engineers also designed in a front-mounted earphone jack, mounted external speaker and public address system jacks, large lighted SWR meter, tone control, and an S/R/F meter.

Simba is sold complete with all crystals for full 23-channel operation on AM, upper and lower sidebands.

# How To Be A Pro With SSB

by Martin Clifford

If you had 23 telephones in your home only to find each busy every time you tried to use any one of them you couldn't be blamed for saying, "There's just got to be a better way." But that's the same situation we now have with CB. There are 23 channels, each equivalent to a telephone party line, but whether you can use any one of those channels or not depends on someone's willingness to stop talking for a few minutes and give you a chance.

And the situation isn't going to get any better, either. Right now we are getting 200,000 new CBers every month. They are going to crowd into the existing 23 channels, much like forcing a few more sardines into an already crowded can.

Right now the FCC is talking about increasing the 23 to 40 channels, but even the FCC admits this could be only a temporary solution. And so the FCC also has under consideration some way of giving CBers at least 100 additional channels over and above the 23 they now have, or the 40 they can reasonably expect to have.

The problem is that our present CB transceivers take up too much room

—not physically, but electrically. You can't see radio waves but they take up space, just as a car takes up room on the road. With CB we now have 23 roads, or channels, but it's like having a 23 lane highway with no one able to move because of the traffic.

CB transceivers are called AM units and they are miniature versions of radio stations on the AM broadcast band. AM means amplitude modulation, but it's not as technical as it sounds. Every AM station, whether broadcast or CB, starts by producing a radio wave. This wave has a constant amplitude or strength. When you talk into your CB mike, you produce another electrical wave, an audio wave. This audio wave is loaded onto the radio wave. The radio wave is then known as a carrier, for that is exactly the way it behaves. It carries the audio wave, comparable to a truck carrying a carton. The technique of putting the audio wave onto the carrier is called modulation.

Modulation means that your voice signal adds to and subtracts from the carrier. This results in a pair of waves called the upper sideband and the lower sideband. Now see what what we've got. When you talk into your CB mike, your transceiver sends out a carrier wave, the original radio wave, and this wave is accompanied by a pair of waves, the sidebands. But each of the sidebands corresponds to what you are saying into the microphone. When you pick up such a signal, the transceiver gets rid of the carrier and one of the sidebands. It doesn't make any difference which sideband,

for both are alike as far as audio is concerned.

With your CB transceiver, the goal is to put as much of your voice, in the form of an electrical wave, onto the carrier as possible. The maximum is 100 percent. Your voice, though, isn't at all like a steady tone. Sometimes you pause for breath, and with no sound going into the mike, modulation is zero. Some of the mouth sounds you make are weak, others are strong. If you take an average, you would find that modulation ranges somewhere around 75 to 80 percent.

You can easily see how inefficient this system is. It's like ordering one package, but it is delivered to your home you find that the package has been duplicated. Since you want only one, you promptly destroy the truck and the other package. It just doesn't make much sense, but that's what happens all the time, not only with CB but with any AM broadcast station you listen to.

A single sideband transceiver (SSB) operates just the way you would think it would. With SSB the carrier is eliminated and so is one of the sidebands. When you operate the usual AM transceiver, the transceiver divides its power among the carrier and the two sidebands. With an SSB transceiver, however, all the power is concentrated in that one single sideband.

There are other advantages as well. SSB signals aren't as affected by interference. Electrical noise can play havoc with CB AM signals. The generator in your car, in every other car, and in a truck, acts like a miniature AM broadcast signal; in this case, the signal is electrical "garbage," or hash, and it sounds like a strong static in your transceiver. If a channel is crowded and you can barely make out what the other person is saying, an efficient SSB signal is more readable.

Another advantage of an SSB transceiver is that it is equipped with an upper sideband and lower sideband switch. This means you can use either sideband for communications. And since there are two sidebands for each channel, SSB, in effect, has the advantage, not of 23, but of 46 channels.

Of course, there are disadvantages. The first is cost. An SSB transceiver is much more sophisticated than the usual AM transceiver. It has more parts, more circuits, and costs more to build. So you can logically expect it to carry a higher price tag. Second, your SSB transceiver is useful only for communicating with other people who also have SSB transceivers. If you try to use an ordinary AM transceiver for picking up SSB communications you won't understand much of what is being said.

You can have the best of both worlds

by using a combined AM/SSB transceiver. That's the most expensive yet, but it does give you the equivalent of 69 channels. You might find that number 69 quite significant in more ways than one, but as far as CB communications is concerned, you don't have to be logjammed just because the channels are crowded. Relatively few CBers use SSB, compared to regular AM transceivers, so your chances of having a channel available are quite good. SSB

also gives you a little more on-the-air privacy, for anyone listening in to your palaver with an AM unit won't be able to understand much of what you say.

As far as the antenna and the DC power source are concerned, SSB needs no special treatment. There will be a difference, though. With the growing popularity of CB, Detroit is already planning an in-dash combined AM-FM-CB unit. But whether Detroit will offer SSB is quite another matter.

A combined AM/FM broadcast receiver, plus regular AM transceiver plus SSB will cost somewhere between \$400 and \$500. Even at today's car prices this could be a good percentage of the total cost.

By making your own installation, by using a combined AM and SSB transceiver unit, you can get the maximum benefit of CB, plus more channel space. And that's what it takes to be a pro in CB.

## BUYING SSB? HERE'S WHAT TO LOOK FOR . . .

**S**ince an SSB transceiver costs more than an AM type, you might benefit by doing some shopping and price comparisons. With the death of the fair-trade, retailers can price equipment as they wish, and so a bit of "look-see" can save you some dollars.

Like a car, an SSB can come loaded with features or can be a stripped down version. Whether you want to pay extra for features is a personal decision, but if you know what is being offered, and know in advance, your chances of being "salesman pressured" are greatly diminished.

**RF gain control.** RF is radio frequency and is comparable to a volume control. With strong signals, the RF gain control lets you cut down signal strength, thus lowering the noise level. It can also be used to bring up the strength of weak signals to the point where they are both audible and intelligible.

**Meter.** The meter should be large and illuminated. Best type is a triple function unit that will measure power output, standing wave ratio, and signal strength. The "not as good" dual function meters measure power output and signal strength only.

### Mike preamp with gain control.

This is a special amplifier for building up voice signals. It makes mike positioning less critical. The gain control lets you adjust amplification of your voice to suit your needs. If your voice is normally soft, crank up the control. If you boom like a bass drum, turn it down a bit.

**Sensitivity.** This is a measure of the receiver's ability to respond to weak signals. Look for 0.5 microvolt (or less) for a signal-to-noise ratio of 10 dB.

**Output power.** The limit is 12 watts peak for SSB. This is 12 watts of signal that can be delivered to the antenna. Don't confuse it with the DC power supplied by the car battery. If the SSB cannot deliver 12 watts peak, then your operating

range will be limited accordingly.

**Spurious signals.** Every CB transmitter is quite capable of transmitting unwanted signals. These can interfere with television reception, open electronically operated garage doors, cause havoc in high fidelity systems. There's no reason to be a loser in a popularity contest. Transmitting spurious signals also means you are wasting power that should concentrate on the true signal. The FCC requires a suppression of 50 dB. That's a minimum figure, though, so look for higher numbers.

**Selectivity.** This is the ability of the receiver to separate one signal from another on an adjacent channel. For AM transceivers it should be -40 dB or more at plus or minus 10 kHz. SSB units should be even more selective. The -40 dB figure means that a signal on an adjacent channel will be 40 dB less than the one on the channel you are tuned to.

**Spurious rejection.** This is an indication of the receiver's ability to reject strong out of band signals in favor of two way transmissions. The rejection should be 50 dB. Higher numbers are better.

**Noise elimination circuits.** The unit should have two types: a noise blander and ANL (automatic noise limiter).

**LED.** An LED is a light emitting diode. Instead of forcing you to

read tiny numbers on a dial, an LED readout indicates the channels in large easy-to-read digits.

**Automatic Scanning.** Some SSBs come equipped with automatic scanning, with the transceiver moving sequentially from one channel to the next until a signal is heard.

**Clarifier.** This is your old friend, the tone control. It can be used to emphasize bass or treble and so can make the voice you are listening to just a bit more understandable.

**Transmit/Receive Lights.** These are mode indicators. The TX light goes on when you transmit; the RX light when you receive. They don't do much for you in the way of communications, but they do look pretty.

**Speaker.** Because of lack of room, speakers in CB transceivers tend to be quite small. If you have a choice, get one that is larger. A 2 inch speaker is a little on the small side; 3 inches or larger is better. Also, look for a speaker jack so you can add an auxiliary speaker to the receiver if you want to.

**Mike.** Some of the newer microphones have operating controls built in. This means you can operate the transceiver with the same hand that holds the mike. It is not only convenient, but lots safer. The number of mike controls will vary. Some have a volume control only. Others let you select channels, adjust squelch and volume. 75



# STOOPERS

CONTINUED FROM P. 16

holding. The fifty-dollar tickets, however, were on a "jinx" horse that "owed him" about \$400 from past races.

With about only five minutes left before post time, in desperation, the "Jersey steeper" gave the tickets to a mutuel seller to unload. As the bell sounded, no one had asked for Larry's longestshod horse. "Maybe you'll get lucky," smiled the clerk, giving back the tickets. Unfortunately for the Goose, both horses ran like pregnant pigs.

Several years ago at Tropical Park a mass demonstration of "steeper mania" occurred after a win photo-finish was flashed on the mutuels board. "Teacher" and "Deemster" had hit the wire so close together the racing stewards had to use the ensuing half-hour between races to decide and declare "Teacher" the winner by a nose.

Anxious bettors who were waiting and watching the board, or sweating out the TV monitors, swore or cheered as the order of finish was posted. Many rushed to get down bets for the next race.

Suddenly over the loud speaker came the announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. The management of Tropical Park regrets that an error was made in posting the results of the sixth race. Closer examination of the photo-finish has revealed that a drop of water on the wet plate caused the wrong order of finish to be declared. This has been corrected, with the final and official results being a dead heat between Teacher and Deemster for first place. The pay-offs will be recalculated and all win tickets on Deemster will also be honored."

Saul Silberman, the track's controversial owner, further stated that claims for the value of discarded tickets wagered on Deemster could be filed at the Information windows, "by their 'true' owners."

The announcement was followed by a wild scene of mass disorder and confusion. Everyone, from millionaire sportsmen in the clubhouse to two-dollar bettors in the grandstand became "instant stoopers."

Within minutes all of the track's trash cans were overturned by excited and shoving racing fans; all desperately trying to find the discarded win tickets.

Hundreds of other greedy bettors, now imbued with real larceny, converged on the Information windows to file real or false claims on Deemster.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. Silberman was informed by the Mutuels manager

that even though only \$20,000 had actually been bet on Deemster to win, within the hour over \$60,000 in claims had been filed. Saul threw up his hands in despair and called it quits for the day.

A few evenings later, an exercise boy was leisurely walking his dog, "Bonnie," in the stables area of Tropical. Suddenly, the frolicsome pooch barked and ran up to his master with a big wad of gum stuck in the corner of his jaws.

Gently prying open the dog's mouth, the exercise boy pulled the wad loose. Much to his amazement and delight, stuck to the gum was a still good, ten-dollar win ticket on Deemster. "Bonnie," thus became known as the first "dog steeper" in the bizarre history of horse racing. *JS*

## ST. JAMES

CONTINUED FROM P. 82

I said, "Look, fifty percent of the vice cops are Catholic too, so it's a religious war out in those streets." Then they persisted, so I told them my real feelings. "Okay, now that we're off the air, I want you to know that I think the Bible is a chauvinist plot and the Pope is queer." And they went apeshit. They couldn't say anything. They expected a thunderbolt. But of course there was none.

HS: There seems to have been some confusion as to whether it was a convention on prostitution or a prostitute's convention. Everybody was looking for all the hookers.

M. St. J.: Well, the hookers were there, and the press asked them endlessly about prostitution. Just because someone is a prostitute doesn't mean that they know anything about it politically, economically, historically, or anything else. . . .

The people who really have something to say, like the economist George W. Hilton or the feminist philosopher Ti-Grace Atkinson, got lost in the rush of these voyeurs and sensationalists. Very few journalists were interested in the strategies and politics and ramifications of what we're really doing. We have gone into the whole issue of how to change the situation, and we have detailed proposals and model laws for a new approach. They only wanted to gawk at some whores. I think the media is missing the boat in not taking the responsibility that they should be taking.

HS: How can they make prostitution a federal crime?

M. St. J.: You know what prostitution law is all about? It's to enforce the status of women as property. It protects the white man's property interests.

Like, Connie Francis' husband just got a million and a half. *Her husband!* The white man gets redress because his property was raped. Of course, she gets a bunch of bucks of it herself, but do you think she will support rape centers around the country? I doubt it. But I wish women like that who have the bucks were a little bit more politically conscious. I wish Jackie Onassis, who we gave the Hooker of the Year Award, would be supportive.

This issue of prostitution is absolutely the right to ownership and control of your body and your energies—like the abortion issue. The fact that rape and prostitution laws are enforced the way they are and the courts have their limited perceptions the way they do indicates the status of women and the amount of abuse that this society heaps upon women. The capitalist system is more abusive of women than the socialist system. You can tell by looking at the number of arrests for prostitution, which is a direct indication of the abuse of women as a class. We should have an inalienable right over the functioning of our own bodies, and that's why the slogan of COYOTE is "My Ass Is Mine."

HS: Is it only the women and the black pimps who are prosecuted? What about the customers?

M. St. J.: The white man is the customer. There are very few black men who are johns or tricks. So the white man is given total abolition. And the women are criminalized in order to give them protection and enforce their confidentiality. They call it the oldest profession, and yet they don't give us the recognition of a profession, unless they want to consider criminals as professionals. The French women said it beautifully when I met with them in Paris. "Recognize us and we'll be glad to pay taxes. But we won't pay taxes just to pay the salaries of pigs to chase us down alleys."

HS: Did you feel you had a reasonable turnout of actual working ladies along with the feminist politicians?

M. St. J.: There were thirty-five hooker delegates and another thirty showed up and talked to us. They came from all over the country—it was totally amazing. A lot of them came with one-way tickets and had to hustle their way back home. But I think it shows that they are becoming political and I think it marks a tremendous stride forward for the Women's Movement.

HS: What kind of dialogue did they have with the feminists? Do you think they understood each other?

M. St. J.: Absolutely.

HS: You got a lot of good local coverage in Washington, as well as some network coverage. I wonder if you made a little paranoic impact on Washington itself. "My god, we're being invaded by a bunch of hookers from all over

the country."

**M. St. J.:** Well, they are mostly concerned with their own ass, and I was not out to embarrass them or shake them up, or alienate them in any way. I wanted to show them that it was also in their best interests to decriminalize as soon as possible so their ass won't be on the line if they are having indiscretions and affairs. So we made incredible contacts, we've set up a task force, we've got a fabulous support list. A lot of wealthy women from the Georgetown area came to that Congressional Reception we held.

In about three or four months we'll be sending our lobbyists quietly to all the offices on the Hill. And by the way, our attorney Marilyn Hardt just got a job in Bella Abzug's office. We're plugged in really good, and we're ready to move on 'em. And I think that next year—it won't be an election year—many states will be hearing decriminalization bills. And with the national attention we've managed to get on this, we've started the dialogue which is absolutely essential to effect the changes that we want.

**HS:** I read that Rev. Moon's little girl lobbyists have been giving out flowers and incense to the Congressmen. What are your ladies going to give them as samples?

**M. St. J.:** We give out "My Ass Is Mine" buttons. And the staff secretaries give us "I Can Type" buttons in exchange. And by the way, at our Annual Hooker's Award's Ceremony, the Rev. Moon won hands down as Pimp of the Year.

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**KGB**

CONTINUED FROM P. 46

made a curt excuse and left.

With this encounter in mind Phillippe now not only locked the bedroom door but wedged a chair under the handle to prevent their lovemaking from being interrupted. He then crossed the room and drew the heavy curtains to prevent any pictures being taken from the balcony. Meanwhile Tania had let her black satin dress slide to the floor to reveal a black lace brassiere and lace-trimmed panties,

With memories of *From Russia With Love*, Phillippe glanced anxiously at the large mirror facing the bed. It was screwed into a thin wall separating the bedroom from the lounge, and there seemed no possibility of a film camera being hidden behind it.

"Please hurry, Phillippe darling," whispered Tania, naked now, curl-

ed up on the coverlet. "I have to be at work early in the morning." However, before he removed any of his clothes or went near the bed, he switched off the light, taking what he believed to be a final precaution. The room was now in almost complete darkness; only a faint trace of yellow light filtered in through a ventilation grille between the bedroom and the corridor. An enthusiastic amateur photographer, Phillippe knew that no film made would be sensitive enough to work in that light. He quickly took off his clothes and a few moments later all traces of fear that he might be compromised vanished in the delights of lovemaking.

When they had finished, Tania switched on the bedside light, dressed quickly, and kissed Phillippe lightly on the forehead. "I will try and meet you tomorrow evening," she told him. "You are a wonderful lover. *Bon soir.*"

Latour never saw the woman again. The following afternoon he was requested to see the manager. In his office he found two plain-clothed KGB men. One introduced himself as a colonel, produced an envelope, and invited Latour to examine its contents.

A dozen eight-by-ten glossy photographs spilled onto the desk top. Every aspect of Latour's previous night's love-making lay before him in cold, clinical detail. His first reaction was one of horrified disbelief. He had been certain that it had been technically impossible for any photographs to be taken. Yet the awful contradiction of this belief lay on the desk before him.

The KGB has, of course, the latest photographic and electronic equipment which it uses in entrapments. In brief, the photographs of Phillippe and Tania had been taken by using a permanent photographic installation in the hotel suite. This accounted for the supposed "reservation error" which made sure that the Frenchman was directed into a bugged room. The pictures had been taken not by an ordinary camera, but by a miniature television camera built into a wall near the bed. The lens shot through a one-inch diameter opening which was concealed, when not in use, by a plaster molding. When pictures needed

to be taken, the molding would automatically open. In place of a normal lens, the camera was fitted with a brightness-intensifying unit capable of increasing available light up to 150,000 times. Moonlight, even moderate starlight, would have provided enough illumination to obtain high-quality pictures. With the curtains drawn, the light entering the room via the ventilation grille had proved quite adequate. The TV pictures went by wire to a room on the ground floor where a KGB agent was able to monitor a number of similarly bugged bedrooms. The agent watched Phillippe and Tania making love through an optical device which enabled him to observe the television monitor and at the same time snap pictures from the TV screen with a still camera loaded with a fine-grain-emulsion film. If the pictures had been of poor quality, then undoubtedly Tania would have kept her next appointment to give the camera another chance. As it was, her part in the entrapment was over. The bait had been taken and now the KGB officers had arrived to present Phillippe Latour with the bill—in information on the homing heads of air-to-air missiles. Despite their threats of blackmail, Latour declined to provide it. He was taken from the hotel and flown, under escort, to Moscow. His protests were ignored, as were his demands to see the French ambassador.

The woman he had seduced was the wife of a senior Soviet army officer, he was told by the colonel, and obviously Latour had been sent as a spy to extract information from her. Should they decide to charge Latour, the colonel could guarantee he would be found guilty and sentenced to many years in prison.

After three days' isolation in the Lubyanka prison, Phillippe Latour's nerve snapped. He agreed to give his interrogators the information they demanded. Although the information was classified, he was certain it was not so secret that it would seriously harm his country's interests. And besides, he argued with himself, from the tidbits gleaned during questioning he was fairly certain that the Russians already knew the most important facts about the anti-jamming system.

"They were very specific in the

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kind of information they demanded," he told French counterintelligence officers later. "Clearly they had an excellent insight into this research."

He gave them everything required and was rewarded with the negatives and prints of the compromising photographs. What he had failed to realize was that the Russians had also video-taped the TV pictures, so that they could reproduce the blackmail material at will. However, they now had no further need of sexponage. Latour, by disclosing secret information, had committed an act of treason for which he was likely to be jailed by the French. The KGB had a tape recording of his verbal admissions, photographs of him making the drawings they had demanded, and an explanation of the electronic circuitry in his own handwriting—more than sufficient evidence to convince a French court of the scientist's treachery. It was this lever to which the KGB now applied pressure in order to persuade Latour to become a regular spy.

Latour finally agreed to become a spy and was driven to Moscow's Sheremetievo Airport, where he was put on an Aeroflot flight out of the country. Back in the West he courageously went straight to his employer and told him he had been subjected to a blackmail threat while in the Soviet Union. Away from the intimidating effect of the Lubyanka, he was able to see just how dangerous it would be to proceed any further along the path of treason. He was interrogated at length by French counterespionage officers of the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage (SDECE). At first he tried to minimize the extent of his disclosures, but eventually the whole truth came out. The authorities were sympathetic, being perhaps more understanding of this form of human weakness than security officers from another country. They agreed to keep the story from his wife and to say only that he had been subjected to threats and intimidation, and solitary confinement in the Lubyanka. But for several years Latour was taken off all secret work and forbidden access to classified documents—prohibitions which greatly damaged his career prospects and professional work. In

1972, however, he was finally cleared of all suspicion and reinstated.

**T**he sexponage entrapment against Latour was a carefully planned operation, involving a large number of agents, a trained swallow, and highly sophisticated surveillance equipment. Not all KGB snares are so subtle. Sometimes the hidden camera is replaced by the crude expedient of having two KGB officers put their shoulders to a locked bedroom door and smash their way in. At this point photographs may or may not be taken. Sometimes the officers will play the roles of an outraged husband and his "best friend" who have come to expose the infidelity of a wife. On other occasions they will pretend to be ordinary police officers investigating an alleged rape.

***"The agent watched Philippe and Tania making love through an optical device which enabled him to observe the television monitor and snap pictures at the same time."***

This is what happened in the case of a thirty-one-year-old American engineer who visited Moscow during the summer of 1966. The KGB was well aware that the man was engaged in important top-secret research for the American Air Force. While dining at a restaurant in Kharkov he met an attractive Russian woman. They became acquainted over the meal and, afterwards, she suggested showing him some of the city sights. She led him down a winding path in a park to a secluded bench and they started to kiss. For a while she returned his eager embraces; then, suddenly, she started to scream. Flash guns exploded in the darkness close by and ten men sprang from surrounding bushes. One of them, who called himself Major Subolov, told the American that he would be charged with attempted rape unless he cooperated.

Like Latour he was flown to Moscow and locked up. After several days of isolation from Western officials and intensive interrogation, he agreed to cooperate. He then gave the KGB

specialists details of his work. He also agreed to spy for the Russians, and was told to fly to Mexico City the following December to meet a KGB agent. Back in the United States, the American told the authorities what had happened. He lost his security clearance and his job as a result.

Such stories could be multiplied many times over and still form only the tip of the sexponage iceberg. Western intelligence only learns of such entrapments when the victims either confess or are caught. Often an arrest comes only after years of successful looting of secret information for Moscow-based masters. It is very hard for counterintelligence to detect such treachery when there are no clear political or financial motives for the betrayal. Even when there are such indications, Western security can prove alarmingly lax. Junior officers living well above their salaries and senior government officials whose earlier allegiance to the Communist party is a matter of record have been able to operate in sensitive areas for years without coming under suspicion. In many cases the activities of a subverted national are discovered only because his country's intelligence service manages to subvert a Communist official, or because a highly placed Warsaw Pact intelligence officer defects of his own accord. It is only very occasionally that a victim has the courage to fight back, or a KGB sexponage operation goes awry. This did happen in the early sixties, when the late President Sukarno of Indonesia triumphed magnificently over the system. It is a story which still raises smiles in Western intelligence circles.

With an international reputation as a ladies' man, the president seemed like an obvious target for a sex trap during a visit to Moscow. A number of beautiful women were introduced to him and they usually ended up in his bedroom where the hidden cameras filmed the proceedings. Towards the end of his visit the president was escorted to KGB headquarters where the films were played back to him as the prelude to blackmail. Dr. Sukarno beamed as the movies unrolled. When the show was over and the lights came up, he asked astounded KGB officials if it would be possible to have copies of the

CONTINUED ON P. 90



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# HIGH SOCIETY MINI-VIEW

## MARGO ST. JAMES: Hooker's Hooker

by Richard Milner

*Margo St. James is the lady who is attempting to decriminalize prostitution and improve working conditions for women who sell sex for a living. Her San Francisco-based organization COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) has attempted to bring prostitutes and feminists together in the Women's Movement. Last month they held their first World Meeting of Prostitutes and Feminists in Washington, D.C., and topped their convention off with a Bicentennial Hooker's Ball on Capitol Hill. Ms. St. James talked with HIGH SOCIETY about the aims and results of her unusual convention.*

**HIGH SOCIETY:** Margo, why did you call this convention in Washington?  
**MARGO ST. JAMES:** Washington, D.C., was my choice of cities because that's where the heads of government are, and that's where the media is located. The campaign for decriminalization has to be mounted nationally, because the forces of repression are strong. For instance, the new anti-loitering law passed in New York gives sixty days for a first offense of standing on the street for the purpose of prostitution, and ninety days for the second time. If you're a woman standing out there waiting or talking, you can be picked up. But it's going to be enforced mostly against black women, predominately against poor people. So we would like to educate the public and get the dialogue going on this issue. Sex is used for entertainment, it's used to sell products, but the real thing is not discussed in public. We want to have thousands of women in short-shorts "loiter-in" on Eighth Avenue in New York. The rights of hookers have to be recognized as a priority issue in the Women's Movement. It affects us all.

**HS:** Did you find that Capitol Hill was just another big hump?

**M. St. J.:** It was interesting walking around the halls of the Capitol Building and seeing all the customers and potential customers who are my friends. Tricks are easily recognizable to me,

just as hookers are easily recognizable to the police. A friend of mine—an incredibly beautiful, tall blonde woman—delivered the invitations to the Senators, and their staffs were peering after her down the halls.

**HS:** What was the reaction that you got when you called on these Congressmen and their staffers?

**M. St. J.:** We got three basic reactions. The very young people and the older people are generally supportive. It's that middle-aged group—the tricks and hypocrites. They were overjoyed, delighted, shocked, and contemptuous.

**HS:** Did anybody show up for your Congressional Reception?

**M. St. J.:** Yes, we had staffers from about thirty different offices. Most of the California people were there. The head of the Judiciary Committee showed up. There were teamsters, there were tricks, there were vice cops, there were hookers, there were government workers and feminists, and half the crowd were journalists and media.



**HS:** Any hassles or objections?

**M. St. J.:** The place was picketed by some self-appointed Christians led by a Reverend Lee. They had men with placards reading "WHORE ST. JAMES IS UNCLEAN" and "WHOREDOM IS THE GATEWAY TO HELL." They tried to save me for four days. They followed me around, even came to our five-thirty A.M. sunrise march around the White House.

**HS:** What did you tell them?

**M. St. J.:** The only time I really talked to them was at the Ball, where a few of them cornered me. They said, "You know, the Lord loves you, God loves you." I said, "I love God, so there's no problem. I don't have any worries about that." They said, "Well, you know, you're going to end up all alone." I said, "You don't know how much I like being alone. I go climb mountains and spend three weeks sitting at the top so I can be close to God and alone." So they started crying, started weeping, and I said, "Don't cry, please, or you'll make me cry. I want you to have a good time. I let you in free, now you've got to have a good time, goddammit!" Finally, I said, "Look, I'm a Zen Buddhist. There's no hope for me."

**HS:** Do you think this is tied more to a religious issue or an economic one?

**M. St. J.:** It's both, but that old time religion is far from dead. I went to Philly immediately after Washington and I did a couple of television shows. One of them had the audience loaded with "good Christian" couples. They came up to the microphone in twos, like they were boarding the Ark, and said, "We're John and Mary, from a Christian family, and what you stand for is wrong and an abomination in the eyes of the Lord."

They had me up there with a judge and a legislator, who were out of their minds. Among many other things, I had mentioned that about sixty percent of the working women I knew were religious, went to church, went to confession. And when I got off stage this Catholic couple came up and cornered me and said, "You implied that the whores are Catholic and it's not true."

CONTINUED ON P. 77



# Slide

*Baseball as a  
Means of Seduction*

*"I grew up in Endicott, New York, where Ty Cobb played ball, so I've got a little history, too."*

*"Baseball takes a lot of training. I know that because both my brothers played, and eventually they taught me all the positions from catcher, which came naturally to me, to pitcher to shortstop, first base and centerfield.*



*"Whenever we played softball in school, I always pitched. I really know how to throw a ball."*





*"Being a woman suits me. I don't mind competing with men, but I'd rather do it on the field ..."*



*"George Plimpton couldn't keep up with the positions I've played. Not only that, but I play them all well. I don't mind getting up in front of a crowd, either. A lot of players choke, but I never did. Even when the pressure was on, say, when our team was behind by one or two runs, there were two outs and two girls on, my coach always put me in to pinch hit. It paid off. I had more runs batted in than anyone in the league, and I've got the trophies to prove it.*

*"I used to dream about being the first woman to make it into the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. But they won't let ladies in to play professional ball, the big leagues, they call them. I couldn't pass for one of the boys in the locker room—and I wouldn't want to try, either.*

*"Being a woman suits me. I don't mind competing with men. I've discovered for myself that I can do it. Whether all women would want to is another question . . . and not one that I care to ask myself at all. Besides, the kind of competition I'm talking about ends when we leave the field after a good game, sandlot or not."*







*"The thing I like most is when the guys come out to help me learn a few of the tricks that only professionals know. It gets my blood running hot, and before long we're all into the swing of things. Baseball! It's as all-American as mom's apple pie!"*







film made to take home with him for public showing. He is reported to have said, "My people are going to be so proud of me!"

But for the KGB, sexpionage is a subject neither for humor nor ridicule. It is a serious and complex technique of subversion which occupies the time of thousands of staff officers, technicians, bed partners, and surveillance experts. They maintain special apartments in Moscow where entrapments can be carried out, have bedrooms fitted with photographic and electronic equipment in major hotels all over the Soviet Union, and run special sex schools where male and female bed partners are trained. Clearly the KGB has invested an enormous amount of money and time in the sexpionage industry.

While Western governments seem to have been slow to realize and respond to the dangers of sexpionage, they have been equally reluctant to use these methods themselves and it is interesting to consider why this has been. The simplest, and certainly the most agreeable, answer would be that Western Security services are more moral—that they consider such tactics beneath them. In the wake of Watergate and in the light of disclosures about British secret service operations in Northern Ireland, this view seems less naive than disingenuous. Why then has the West only dipped its toes in these murky waters while the Soviet Union has been wallowing there for decades?

There are two main reasons, both stemming from the very different societies.

The Russians are, I believe, psychologically attracted to sexpionage because of the antipromissive nature of their present culture. Many of their leaders were brought up to regard overt sexuality as wicked, and regard any form of license, along with pornography, to be the fruit of degenerate capitalism. This leads to the conscious conclusion that sexpionage will be an especially effective weapon against Westerners, and the unconscious projection of the repressed sexuality onto their enemies. In addition, sexpionage enables them to indulge in vicarious sexual adventures, and look at pictures of intercourse in the course of duty. **75**

# COUNTRY GIRL

CONTINUED FROM P. 74

jest . . . well, hit's jest I don't rightly know what to say—"

"You don't gotta say nuthin'," she grinned; "you can do hit without a word."

He couldn't get his eyes off her big protruding pink-through-the-dress nipples.

"I ain't hearin' right," he said. "I done gone se-nile."

"You's heard right," she said. "I's come here to give you the best piece of juicy ass this side of Gainesville."

"Whew," he said and stepped back. "Hit's either you or your mule," she said.

"Whew," he said. He laughed and shook his head. "Whew!"

She grinned again and put one hand to her chest and started slowly pulling back the dress. Her fingernails left little white lines on the ruddy pink of her left breast. She held the dress just where the purple nipple began. "Well?" she said.

"Now," he said, clearing his throat. "Now, I'm an old man. I can't do you no good. I ain't got hit up in ten years."

"Chicken," she whistled. She stared at him, meanwhile rolling her finger around the half-exposed nipple. He swallowed hard. She said, "I seen you workin' round here. You're strong as a bull. Look at them muscles on your bull neck and your bear arms. You're a real man. I been fuckin' babies, boys with peach fuzz. I seen you watchin' me last summer. I betcha been itchin' to git inter my sweet young thing. I betcha been wantin' to fuck me sooo bad."

He stumbled back a couple of steps and sat down on the big stone by the well. "Lord! Lord," he said. "I'm 54 years of age, old enough to be yer grandpa and I ain't even got hit up in 10 years."

"Fuck me, grandpa," she giggled. "Fuck me or I'm goinna fuck yer mule." "Whew," he said, glancing over to the mule that was standing not ten yards away staring at them as if it knew, its ears pointing toward them and its breath loud enough for them to hear. "Why, I don't think ol' Jed's got it up in ten years neither." He laughed. "What am I talkin' 'bout?"

"Dick" she said. "You's talkin' 'bout dick, yourn 'n' hiss'n. One of 'em's goinna be stuck right between my legs." "Jed don't take to strangers."

"Zatta fact?" she said, grinning, rubbing her hand inside her dress. "Guess you's startin' to 'liminate. Guess you's gettin' down to, hit now."

"Lord Gawd," he said, shaking his head. "Gal, I'd have a heart attack, sure

as the world."

"Jed," she called out to the mule.

The mule took one step forward. "Now, hold on, Jed," he said, jumping up. "You don't know what you is gittin' in-to."

"Least he knows a good thing when he sees one," she said, walking toward the mule slowly, glancing back over her shoulder at him, swinging her tongue over her big lips and giggling.

Jed, the mule, took another step toward them, lowering its head and staring at her. He caught her just as she reached the mule's side.

"Now, Miz, surely to the Lord Gawd, you're joshin'," he said.

"Hit's a fine lookin' mule you got here," she said, winking at him. She reached out and slid her hand across Jed's belly. The mule stood still, but its head was all the way around watching her.

"Why, hit'd be a crime against nature," he said.

"Hit's a crime agin nature what my folks done to me," she said, "and hit's a crime agin nature that I come here neighborly and you ain't got the man in you to do what's natural."

She leaned into the mule's side and laid both her arms on it, pressing her two big young pink breasts into the sweaty, dirty hide.

"Now, m'am," he said, stammering, "now, jest wait. Jest hold on. I'm sure you can find a nice young man down in—"

She whirled around, threw her arms akimbo, thrust out her two young pink thighs and stared at him.

"I's gittin' riled up, now, grandpa. I's gittin' hot." She looked at his crotch and pointed. "Whip that thing outer there."

He looked at his zipper. "Why, m'am, I don't even know if hit's in there."

"Looka hear at me," she said, softly. He looked up. She had her dress unbuttoned to the waist—her two big tits were out, standing up, aimed at him.

"Lord," he said.

Slowly she lifted the hem of her dress up, inching it up, up over her big moist dusty thighs, the little flowers on the cloth bunching up, rising higher until the thighs disappeared into a wild sandy patch of partly matted pubic hair. "Lord God!" he said.

"Now, look!" she said, pointing to his crotch.

He glanced down at his crotch. There was a hump growing, a bulge rising.

"Lord Gawd Almighty!" he said. "Hit's a miracle."

"Come on, farmer," she said. "Nature's a-callin'." She took his hand and started pulling him toward the house.

He stumbled behind her, his other hand rubbing the bald spot on his

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head, grinning.

"Hit's a miracle fer sure."

They crossed the yard. As she reached the steps, he jerked back.

"Oh, no," he said, staring at the door.

"Gawd damn," she said. "Whut now?"

"Mary Lou."

She squinted at him and pulled on his arm. "I knows fer a fact your Mary Lou is dead 'n' buried fer years."

"But hit was her house and she's up there and she wouldn't take kindly to me—"

"Fuck Mary Lou and fuck yer house," she said.

She turned around and, still holding his hand, led him across the yard and around the corner of the house. He stumbled along, blinking his eyes, watching her long golden hair shimmy, her dress cling to the crack in her buttocks, watching her skin and muscles move, remembering what was in front, looking down at the bulge in his pants.

At the back of the house, she started for the barn and stopped, turning sharply back and grabbing him by the shoulders.

"Fuck yer barn, too," she said. "This is hit! Rightcher."

He looked around. "The neighbors." His eyes were wide, bleary.

"You ain't got no neighbors," she grinned. "Least wise none within seein' or yellin' distance."

"Bob Hayley, yer pa, might come down the road." He gasped. "Why, Bob Hayley is a friend of mine. I can't go fuckin' his daughter."

"Bob Hayley is a sonovabitch who beats the tar outa me and who has more'n once called you a nincompoop."

She wrestled with his belt, licking her lips faster.

"I jest don't believe this," he said, shaking his head, looking up to the white sky. He felt his belt give way, felt the tug on his pants, heard the snap, felt the pants going down his thighs.

"Lord, if this here is a dream, I'm much obliged. But if hit ain't, don't let me die."

"You, you big old stud," she said, laughing, pushing his pants down to his knees, "you's gonna feel like you's in heaven."

He looked down. She was on her knees, staring at his huge purple cock sticking out through the hole in his dirty, pin-striped boxer shorts.

"My Gawd, what a piece of meat you got, grandpa!"

He blushed and grinned. "Well, now, I reckon—Oh! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

Her wide red mouth plunged over and down his cock, rose, plunged, and started pumping. Her hands gripped him around the knees so hard her

knuckles were white. Blood shot up to his head, he gripped her head, tried to steady himself. He felt faint, joy, heat, and he was falling.

She tried to break his fall, but she let him go and kept on sucking. He hit the ground like a sack of fuck, his dentures flying out. He saw stars, heard birds sing, and knew for sure he was going looney. She was over him like a hawk, her frothing mouth going up and down on his cock and her big rose hips astraddle his head. Her wet pussy lowered slowly down on his chin.

"M'am," he gasped. "I's lost my teeeth."

She freed her mouth for a second. "The better to eat me with, grandpa." She laughed. "Gum it, you old son of a gun."

He looked at it. "Never," he said. "Never in all my born days have I ever."

He sniffed a time or two, then his tongue came out and took a quick taste. Then another. And another. Then he fastened his mouth to it and started sucking.

"That's hit, pa! That's hit!"

He was working his gums like he was starved and eating some of the best, juiciest fatback he'd ever had when all of a sudden he felt the air and saw the flurry of her dress go by and her legs and arms dance through the air over him like flushed quail.

"I's ready to ride," she yelled.

He couldn't move, but didn't have to. In a flash she was on top of him, plopping straight down on his cock, her knees in his sides, her blonde hair waving around her little country girl face, the freckled cheeks flushed now, her head tossing, her plump tits swinging, her upper teeth biting into her lower lip, her eyes twinkling, her mouth letting out grunts and squeals. She was riding like a bronco and he was trying to get his breath, clawing the dirt, listening to the squishing sounds, feeling that warm, heavenly thing all hot and wet squeezing his wildly tickled cock, moaning, groaning, feeling sure he was going to have a heart attack.

Just as he felt a sudden feverish rush inside him and he thought that he was either coming or exploding or expiring, Jed came around the house and up to within a few feet of them. As he looked up into Jed's bulging eyes, he passed out.

First he saw the clouds, then the brim of a hat, then two brims, then two menfaces covered with wide grins. One was Doc Branton, the other was Bob Hayley, the Hayley gal's pa.

"Howdy, Henry," the doctor said. He blinked and wondered. As he struggled to sit up, Bob Hayley helped him roughly. He saw Jed behind them. The girl was gone. His pants were down to his knees and his cock was erect,

though now beginning to fall.

"Lord," he whispered and hung his head. "I thought I was a goner fer sure."

The two men laughed. Doc Branton knelt beside him. Bob Hayley took up a squat behind the doctor.

"Somebody called my wife," the doctor said, "and said they saw you fallin' off yer mule."

Henry glanced at Doc Branton. Doc Branton shook his head. Henry looked at Bob Hayley. Bob pursued his lips and grinned.

"Hit ain't what hit looks like," Henry said quietly.

"Now, Henry," the doctor said, "I ain't sayin' nuthin'. I've knowed you fer too many years to count. I'm as surprised as the next to find you like this, but I'm yer friend, you can count on that. Hit's jest a bad mistake you made, Henry."

Henry looked up. The doctor turned to Bob Hayley.

"Bob," the doctor said, "you know. You ought to be the one to tell him."

Henry braced himself as well as he could. "Lord help me," he thought.

"Well," Bob Hayley said, standing up over him, "Henry, don't you know, fer god's sake, that mule is the worst fuck there is!" **75**

## HUNTER

CONTINUED FROM P. 22

whole life. I remember when I was seven years old looking in a comic book. There was a drawing of two women lying prone with handles of knives protruding from their bodies. This excited me tremendously. That was the moment of my first physical sexual reaction.

This one was reinforced later when, in the Metropolitan Museum, I repeatedly visited one painting. It is of a beautiful blonde lady wearing a red velvet dress, eighteenth-century style. The beautiful carved handle of a dagger is protruding from her breast. I thought that was so poignant and erotic. I spent hours in front of that painting.

And so many other things. The French passion murders. *Duél in The Sun*. And even the newspapers. Often a beautiful girl gets shot or stabbed and there will be pictures in the center of the *Daily News*. I used to have a whole chest filled with clippings of erotic photographs and drawings. But then I discarded them for fear of being discovered. I am not afraid, or even ashamed, of my fantasies but, if something were to happen who knows what scandals would arise? I even had photographs of some very beautiful friends of mine posed especially for me.

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There has never been, until now, a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the possibility and the desirability of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, when one possibility is obvious, when one

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation of the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to become engorged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen. Basically speaking, in order to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations. Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexology with a million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex consultant in London and has his own clinic in England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sex psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

### THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penis dimensions caused him to investigate all alleged methods as well as ready in attendance to the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments. His initial research was backed by the fantastic claims made by many of these methods whatsoever no concrete evidence, two methods usually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some enlargement—the Megasonal Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature.

Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own designs. He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and in conjunction with anabolic Dr. Chartham refused to incorporate either of these into his method of penis development with the best possible advantage to them to be an entirely new method of penis development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report:

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 between 40 and 43 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and 1/2" in girth. The 40 and 43 year olds added 3/4" in length and 1/2" in girth. The 51 and 54 year olds added 3/4" in length and 1/2" in girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" in length and 1/2" in girth. The 54 year old put on 1/4" in length and just over 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 5 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed their course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears. First, they are by age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable. In circumference one considers them as increases in girth of 3/4", means an increase in girth of 1/4". It takes a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 1/4" (roughly) average penis circumference then more than 1/4" difference in length can be shown by holding your erect penis the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penis inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance given to him will ever equal the sexual equal of his more well-endowed neighbor. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any tears as to its dimensions being inadequate to his sexual demands. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital gland; in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of the subject; and in enabling the subject to achieve maximum results from naturally involuntary muscle action.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the method. The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of a course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and message together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with the exercises. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of

clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. The model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital gland; in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of the subject; and in enabling the subject to achieve maximum results from naturally involuntary muscle action.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the method. The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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Music? Why Frankie and Johnny, what else?

Have you made your judgment on this man's sexuality yet? Don't let me prejudice you but I want to tell you, as a woman who has experienced (and loved) all kinds of sex, I would rather play this sophisticated sexual game with its fairy tale climax than get one more plain old normal balling! *75*

## SURROGATE

CONTINUED FROM P. 24

however, that had he not had the experience with the surrogate, had his success not been so immediate, he would have remained a terrified, inadequate-feeling virgin.

Another successful situation was with a 54-year-old male, who had never been able to attain an erection with a woman. He was functional, since he could masturbate and enjoy being erect and physically stimulated. After working with the therapist and the surrogate for three sessions, and being alone with the surrogate for four sessions, the patient was able to penetrate successfully. He is married today and enjoying a fruitful and satisfying sex life.

I personally choose not to engage sex surrogates. But I do not say that I will NEVER feel that it would be advisable. There may be extenuating circumstances, such as those in the successful cases I've mentioned, and I may decide that it is advisable. However, if so, I will certainly be involved with skilled, well-trained professionals. I will also be sure that my patient understands the pitfalls and the benefits.

If you have a sexual dysfunction, or are not satisfied with your sexual life, you should definitely seek help. My book, *You Can Be Your Own Sex Therapist*, published by Putnam, has already helped thousands of persons who were sexually dissatisfied. It may help you. Or, you may choose to see a sex therapist. Be sure though, that he or she is a trained professional who is highly recommended and whom you have investigated thoroughly. Just as there are sex surrogates like Gail, there are sex therapists who are thrill seekers, sexually hungry themselves, and totally unprofessional.

Your letters and questions convince me that you, the readers of HIGH SOCIETY, are a group of intelligent, aware people who are honestly seeking to experience the best of life. I will continue to attempt giving you as much information, and as much direction, as possible. But in the final analysis you

# THE MACHINE THAT PRINTS MONEY.

One of the first things I learned as a boy was, "You don't get something for nothing."

Today I know that is simply not true! I make that statement because I have in my hand the *system of the century* — a device that virtually prints money!

Now I'm not talking about a party gag, magic show or variety-store item. This method is not a gimmick that will "amaze your friends" until the trick is discovered. What I'm talking about is a fantastic new technique to *invest* — and *re-invest* — your money until the small sum you started with is multiplied into many thousands of dollars.

Do I have your attention so far? Good. Because my method has to do with something that many people find distasteful . . . yes, even laugh at! The subject brings out strong opinions in almost everyone — pro or con — and may get a pretty strong reaction from you, too.

The subject is horse racing. Whoa. Stop right there. I know . . . I've heard everything there is to say about the ponies. "You can't beat the horses." "A fool and his money are soon parted." "Gamble with fate, and you pay the price." "I had an uncle who lost everything . . ."

I don't argue with anybody. If a person is bent on self-destruction, he's simply going to find a way. Booze. Women. Debts. Gambling. Maybe even drugs. Nothing you can do or say is going to change the outcome, and the method that the troubled person takes to beat himself is not the issue.

Over the years horse racing has come in for a big share of the knocks. Everybody knows somebody who has gambled away a living, maybe a fortune, on the sport of kings. Recently I talked to a very solid citizen who told me, "If racing's the sport of kings, I never saw any kings out there!"

Again, I don't argue the point. Because I know what I know. I know that a prudent person who has a few dollars to spend can make a very handsome living at the track — with my secret, strictly — and I'll argue that point with anybody!

My secret is simple. So simple, in fact, that I am sure some of the so-called racing "experts" will sneer at my method *without* even investigating it. After all, that's human nature. But really, I don't feel bad . . . *why should I?* I have what they don't have . . . what no one has. The secret to a machine that virtually prints money!

I call my secret "The System of the Century." If you've never played the horse before (in fact, if you've never even been to a race track), you'll be astounded at the simplicity of this logical, common-sense way to pick winners that return \$10, \$20, and even \$50 bills for a mere \$2 wager.

The system consists of four simple rules . . . four rules you can read and memorize in just one hour at home. One of these rules — Rule No. 4 — is so elementary that you can go to any race track with an infield turf (grass) course and start writing your own checks tomorrow as though you'd been a track pro for twenty years!

Of course, if you're a regular horseplayer, "The System of the Century" will have even greater appeal. How many times have you spent hours pouring over a single race, doping out every detail, figuring every angle . . . only to find that the horse you picked to begin with — and decided against for some reason even you can't remember — romped home an easy winner? (And paid a whopping \$60!) Or how about the time your brother-in-law talked you off that horse you knew would win — and did! But I'm not here to change anybody's mind or re-open old wounds. What I'm here to do is to tell you about a method, a *technique* that is so *ridiculously easy to understand* . . . a system that will put so much money in your pocket . . . you'll wonder where it's been all these years.

Where has "The System of the Century" been all this time? The answer: In my head. I've been in racing all my life, and in that time I've had good years and lean years. Over the years I have become progressively better at what I do: win money at the races. (Last year it made over \$500,000 for me — yes, over a half-a-million bucks — and I'm only 33 years old!)

One night, when I was bored watching TV, I sat and wrote down on a piece of paper the things that I consider to be *critically important* during the running of a horse race. Would you believe it? I came up with only four things — and all so simple a twelve-year-old can master them in under sixty minutes!

That's how "The System of the Century" was born. And I decided right then and there to make the system available to anyone with a "will to win" — with an *honest interest* in getting ahead.

All you need is a grubstake — as little as \$20 — and a little patience. "The System of the Century" does the rest. Just follow these four little rules (strictly!) and start cashing those big parimutuel tickets most folks just dream about.

## WHO IS MIKE WARREN?

America's premier handicapper. Mike Warren is well on his way to becoming a self-made millionaire at 33 . . . because he picks 'em with *uncanny* consistency. Read what his fans have to say . . .

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N.P., Los Angeles, Calif.



"I must tell you . . . it's just fantastic. Both horses (clicked). The first paid \$35.40 . . . the second \$10.20 — made a nice bundle." E.A.S., Chicago, Illinois

Why, just the other day a fellow approached me at Belmont and asked me what I liked. I normally don't hand out advice at the track, but this player looked as though he needed a break.

So I told him I like a horse named Black Springs, an eleven-to-one shot. The guy pondered that for a moment, then said, "No way. I give the favorite, Counter Gambit, a big edge. . . I guess I'll go bet it. Thanks anyway."

To make a long story short, Black Springs is six lengths in front at the head of the stretch and wins easily, with Counter Gambit running second at less-than-even money. Black Springs pays \$24.40 straight, and my player friend comes running up to tell me he'll never doubt me again. He hasn't, either. Armed with "The System of the Century," he'll never need advice or money again.

I recognize that the world is full of skeptics, so I make this proposition to you. Send me \$9.95 as payment in full for the "System of the Century." Use this method at your local race track for fifteen days, making sure to follow my rules as outlined therein. Bet all you want — and keep what you take in with my blessings!

And here's the best part. If my method fails to work for you in exactly the manner I've described, you have *risks nothing* . . . because I'll send your original check back to you — uncashed! (Just date your check one month ahead. That way nobody can touch your ten bucks while you prove to yourself that "The System of the Century" is everything I say it is.)

Could anything be fairer? You owe it to yourself to find out about "the machine that prints money." I'm Mike Warren . . . I'm well-known in racing circles . . . and I say it's so.

Act now. Today. Can you afford to guess that I'm wrong?

## Sworn statement...

This is to certify that all statements made in this ad are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. MIKE WARREN is a professional handicapper of Thoroughbred horses, and his gross income for the last twelve months was in excess of \$500,000.

A. Belous

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Mike Warren  
The Baltimore Bulletin, Inc. HS11  
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Dear Mike:  
O.K., I'll try anything once. Please send me "The System of the Century" by return mail. I understand that if my method doesn't make big money for me as you have outlined, all I have to do is return it within a month and my uncashed check will be returned to me.

On that basis, here is my check for \$9.95 dated one month from now. (If you're enclosing a money order that can't be dated ahead, you have the same money-back guarantee.)

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must make your own decisions. Don't be fooled by personalities or good looks. Ask questions, ask for references, be as objective as you can in choosing a sex therapist, and certainly in deciding whether or not to become involved with a sexual surrogate. A surrogate is a replacement, a substitute. I strongly feel that you have to find your own sense of fulfillment and success, and then your own partner. A replacement is de-personalized. Find your own success. Most often, it's only waiting for you to look for it.

Do you have any sex fantasies, fetishes, problems or questions of a sexual nature that need answering? Or maybe you just want to share your act with our other readers. We do a pretty good job of covering the waterfront of unusual sexual angles, but maybe we've missed one. Send us a note (or letter) explaining what you have in mind for a story or column, and we'll forward it to one of Our Ladies of the Columns for possible use in a future issue. Please address all correspondence to IMPOLITE SOCIETY, c/o HIGH SOCIETY, 801 2nd Ave., Suite 705, New York, New York 10017. We pay \$100 for all suggestions that we use. **75**

# BUSINESS

CONTINUED FROM P. 20

eral hours and we ventured out to explore the neighborhood. Luckily, we found a quiet bar with a pool table and after a couple of beers we loosened up and got into some nitty-gritty conversations.

By the time our famous menage a trois scene was ready for the cameras (enhanced by Henry Paris's thoughtful contribution of champagne) we all were pretty friendly. The set was closed to all superfluous personnel (a courtesy to film fuckers). I decided that the best way to approach this new fuck form was just to try my very best to really get into it with grace and style while trying to disregard the camera's prying eye.

There is a certain degree of direction involved even in sex scenes; it is usually a loosely choreographed panorama of what the director wants to see as an end product. This, of course, doesn't always lend itself to sustaining the sexual momentum which takes considerable concentration to build.

The scene began with my coming on to the leading lady, Constance Money, which in all good sexual conscience was not terribly difficult, inasmuch as she is the epitome of young, healthy seductiveness. I am not a lesbian but I can appreciate a thing of beauty

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regardless of sex. Bisexuality becomes a must in sex on celluloid. After some pleasant rubbing of bodies and kissing of freshly scrubbed pussy, the roles were reversed and it became Constance's turn to do me. Most memorable. Enter randy Ras Kean, the third party in our trio. He knows a good thing, or two, when he sees it and we proceeded to please each other with every possible sexual variation. The finale to our sizzling scene concluded with an unusual double fuck insertion (male and anal/female cunt) which must be seen to be believed.

Five hours and countless feet of film later, we emerged from the studio, spent and stoned from the exhilarating experience. The rest of the technical crew who had not been allowed on the set during filming let out a lusty cheer since they all knew it was a first for me. I blushingly curtsied as good natured hands patted our backs on the way to the dressing room.

Like anything else particularly challenging or difficult, once you overcome the initial anxieties and fears, you are certainly on your way.

By having had the good fortune of working for one of the most prestigious X-film-makers in the industry as my first effort, a paradox of sorts was created. Most actresses work their way slowly up the fuck film ladder by first appearing in loops, then graduating to speaking parts in features. Since my part in Henry Paris's *Misty Beethoven*, I've worked on some lesser productions and even a few I would now refuse. Budget doesn't always dictate good taste. I worked on one tremendously high-budget extravaganza that I still think was a piece of shit and, of course, on a couple of tight money productions which were marvelous.

Most of the artists in the business are just that—serious actors/actresses filling the gaps between "legit" acting work. To me, being on a set, making a movie, is truly exciting regardless of content and it is that perspective which keeps me going.

Filmfucks I have known: school-teachers, housewives, law students, singers, dancers, religious scholars, journalists, hookers and aspiring film-makers. Qualifications vary: physical looks (which include the spectrum of tits, asses, cocks, legs as well as facial appeal), acting ability (a recent and welcome criteria) and of course, willingness to perform with a minimum of inhibitions.

I am pleased to be part of this fucking business in spite of its ups and downs and I never have regretted my participation in it. It's been financially rewarding, artistically gratifying and sexually satisfying. Maybe it's that positive attitude on my part and others that is making blue movies better than ever!

75

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