

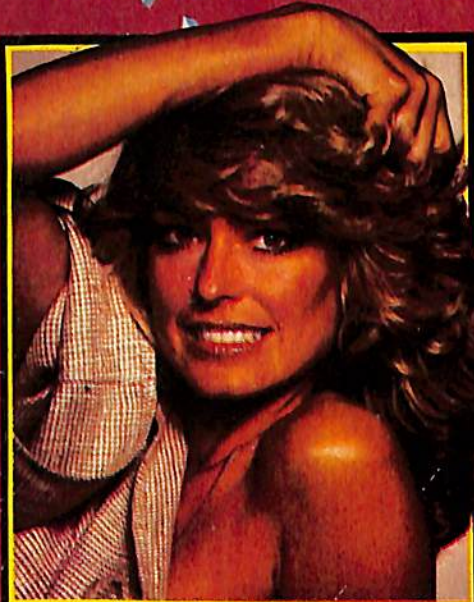
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WOMAN
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HIGH SOCIETY

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AUGUST 1979 VOLUME FOUR NUMBER THREE

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NUKE-OFF

Have no energy? No, I don't mean the kind it takes to get a hard-on for the second time in an hour. I'm talking about the stuff we need to make this old world keep on truckin'. I've been studying the events at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and people's reactions to the threat of a nuclear mishap. There were some who nonchalantly brushed it off or took it in stride, much the way many of us have come to react when we learn that something new has been added to the list of perilous, life-endangering properties (i.e. saccharine, asbestos, birth control pills, etc.). But there were others, friends of mine, who reacted by taking the first plane out of New York City. Then there were people like me who felt that changing geographical locations offered no guarantee of safety. If it happened in Pennsylvania, it sure as shit can happen at other nuclear installations. And who *really* knows just where wind patterns will sweep the contaminated air? Are you safe at a distance one hundred miles? One thousand? Ten thousand?

I don't care how up-tight we are for new energy sources. If the remotest possibility exists that human lives are in danger, I say "fuck it." How can we, in good conscience, endorse this imperfect alternative? The ravages of atomic power have been witnessed, so we know what the fuck we're dealing with.

Now I'm not suggesting that our advanced technology hasn't been put to good use. When properly harnessed, it took us to the moon and produced miraculous medical advances. But aren't we sometimes chasing our tails?

For example, when New York City acknowledged that the burning of trash was a major source of air pollution, garbage got bagged and stood obediently in front of every building in the city waiting for the sanitation people to come cart it away. To where? Some God forsaken, outlying fill area where it ultimately spills its way into our waters and seeps down into the earth, winding up as the same polluting foe it started out as? Diabetics have depended on saccharine and cyclamates for years but now they discover they may be in for a little cancer as well.



So what, you are probably wondering, is Gloria Leonard doing mixing nukes and nookie? I am afraid that as we look to science for salvation, we are overlooking the serious side effect: we are slowly killing ourselves and maybe there won't be any nookie around if we continue to bombard our bods with bullshit! You may not have an editorial page of your own to have your say, but you do have legislators who represent you, who are responsible to you. If you have an opinion, they need to know it whether it's about Pintos or porn, nukes or nicotine. Don't be a pussy. Speak your piece!

And speaking of pieces and pussies, luscious Lynda Carter, T.V.'s "Wonder Woman," is *High Society's* famous fox for August. While we're on the subject of famous, check out the discovery of the decade—Anita Bryant's nipples. Yup, she actually has some.

Look in on lusty lovers and our guide to lewd libations. Make mine a double. Down the snatch!

Voluptuous Veri Knotty presents a new twist to gift-wrapping her treasure box. Our latest X-rated guide takes you to the City of Angels and tells you where to raise a little hell! Plus our August assortment of more gash than you can shake a dick at! Plus much, much mmmmmore! Enjoy!

Gloria Leonard Gloria Leonard,
Publisher

PROSTIES IMPROVE JOHNS' SEX LIVES AT HOME!

When 13 men were arrested in Lansing, Michigan, by policewomen posing as prostitutes, some of the men didn't get the punishment they expected. The group, composed of business executives and college students, all pleaded guilty to soliciting sex and were fined an average of \$200 apiece. However, some of the men reported that sex with their wives was greatly improved after their spouses found out they were seeking sexual pleasure elsewhere. One wife had even told her husband to go find another woman, obviously never dreaming that he would. Said the judge, "I've never been married, and I wouldn't mind finding a woman who would be that understanding, quite frankly." Neither would we!

PLATO'S PUTS THEIR CLOTHES ON

For once the rule at Plato's, that mecca of on-premise swinging in New York City, was "put your

clothes on." The occasion: a party for some 200 kiddies whose parents make up the hard-core nucleus of Plato's swingers. The kids even frolicked in the notorious mat room, which has been the scene of many a wild orgy, but were hustled out at 6 p.m., leaving their parents to invent more imaginative games for the rest of the evening.

AUTOEROTICA...

They say you are what you eat and that you can tell a man by the clothes he wears, but did you know that the type of car a man drives reveals what he thinks of women? Men who drive luxury limos, says Chicago psychologist Judith Bennett, are materialistic and think women can be bought and sold like objects. Souped-up hot rods, she says, reveal "A Travolta Fantasy,"

a "yearning for camaraderie with the guys who all work together with the common purpose of providing a back seat for getting the chicks." Antique car lovers are also back-seat romances, but drivers of compacts are not. They are generally well-balanced, not necessarily introverted, but don't want their fantasies to become public knowledge. Accessories, such as pillows and plastic flowers on the dashboard, are tell-tale signs. Those guys are just sweet, loveable homebodies!

ALUMNI ALL- STARS OR, SHE KNEW THEM WHEN

Steve Karman, composer of the infectious *I Love New York* song and many other big

ad song hits, was once a teen heart-throb of our own Leggy Leonard. He made it writing hot numbers; she made it being one! And Robert Klein, another Bronx-born biggie, currently on Broadway in *They're Playing Our Song*, was a long-time school chum of la Gloria's!

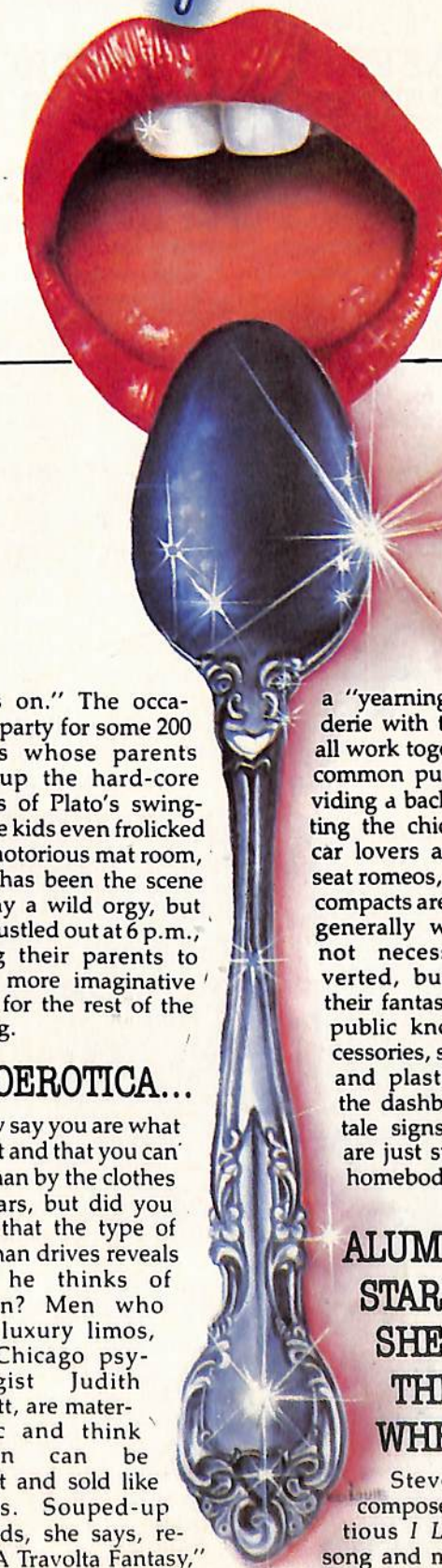
GAY GUAGES

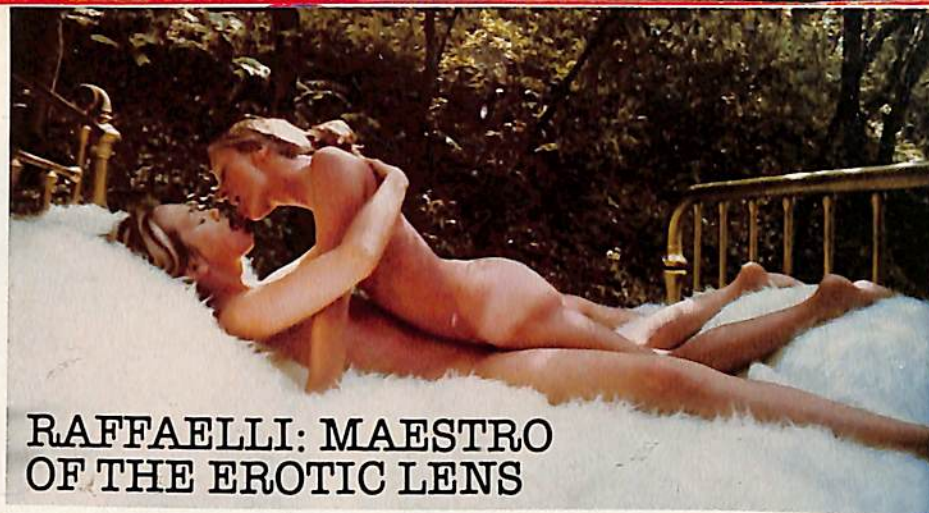
The new Masters & Johnson report on homosexuality defines those lucky, lusty people who are attracted to both genders as "ambisexual" — as in ambidextrous. They also noted that heterosexual men could take a lesson in lovemaking from lesbians, and that the sexual fantasies of gay men are more violent than those of their straight brothers. Note, however, that their info, in part, dates back some ten years. Many more closets have been opened since!

LOVE AT FIRST OINK

Only in Iowa! A company there came out with the world's first aphrodisiac for hogs. It's called *Boar Mate*, and you spray it at a sow's snout for two seconds from two feet away. It supposedly increases the production rate of little pork-hers!

Silver Spoonfuls





RAFFAELLI: MAESTRO OF THE EROTIC LENS

Ron Raffaelli started his photographic career shooting record album covers and posters for the Rolling Stones, the Osmonds, Fleetwood Mac, Liberace, the Doors, Jimi Hendrix and Cream. Eventually, Raffaelli became rich enough to leave all that behind and devote all his time to photographing what he loves best: beautiful, romantic sex acts.

Raffaelli has earned his well-deserved reputation as the American erotic photographer. Yet his work almost never appears in men's magazines for one simple reason: much of Raffaelli's photography is delightfully, sinfully, unabashedly uncensored—romantic and lyrical, but explicit nonetheless.

With the exception of *Screw*, whose centerfolds Raffaelli's girls have graced since 1974, and *Puritan*, the X-rated glossy which has featured his work, his photography has been conspicuously

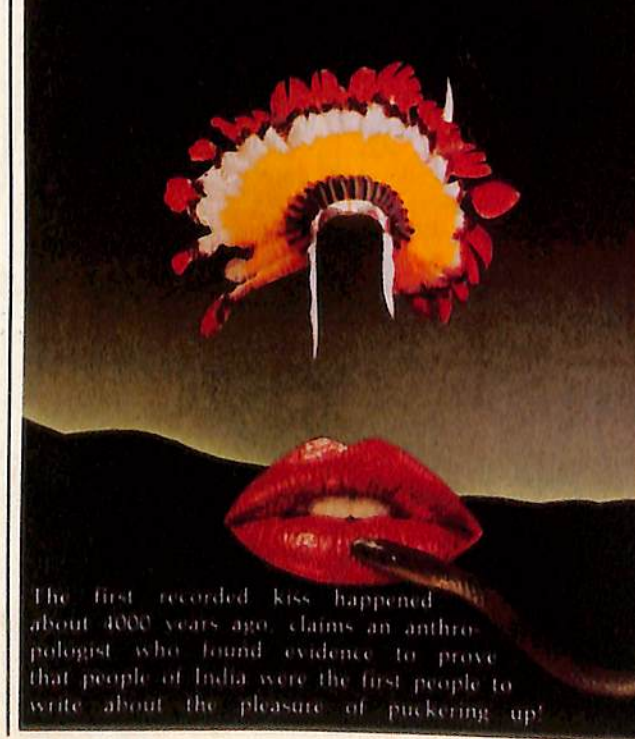
absent from mass market men's magazines. Publishers from Hefner to Gucione have implored him for samples, but no dice. As far as Raffaelli is concerned, the major men's magazines claim to be interested in erotic art, but usually cop out for higher sales figures. To insure complete artistic control of his subject matter, Raffaelli now produces, directs and, of course, photographs his own home-market, hard-core films.

His movies are steamy and hot enough to stiffen the limpest dick and melt the most frigid pussy. His women are goddesses—clean, fresh and lovely.

Out-takes from Ron Raffaelli's best films (all available in 8 mm and Super 8 mm) grace *High Society's* pages here for the first time. For more information on Raffaelli's hard-core home movies, full-color brochures and order forms, write to Puritan Presents Raffaelli, P.O. Box 1218, Bethlehem, Pa. 18016.



INDIANS KISS & TELL



The first recorded kiss happened about 4000 years ago, claims an anthropologist who found evidence to prove that people of India were the first people to write about the pleasure of puckering up!



THE GREAT SHOE RIP-OFF!

The cover of the latest disco album? An ad to let your fingers do the walking? Maybe Kinney Shoe stores trying to get a message across to the Charles Jourdan set? Nope, folks, none of the above. The sexy lady in see-through pants losing her footing here is the latest victim of the unique "Seattle Shoe Thief," an unknown prowler with a shoe fetish, rampaging through the streets of this fun northwestern city, and striking helpless damsels with their feet up.



THE PARTY'S OVER

This was one marriage that will go down in infamy, not for longevity, but for sheer resilience. Talk about a snap back (snap out, snappy and simply snapped) affair! While the Jill Monro—Marc Stevens union didn't last as long as a porno movie, they sure gave it their all! New York's tropical disco, The Copacabana, was all flash during one of the season's hottest bashes with loads of skin and hustle. The partiers boogied the twosome out of hole-y wedlock. Tiny Tim played the final tribute on his ukulele, and the only person missing was Tammy (D-I-V-O-R-C-E) Wynette! Holy matrimony will never be the same!





OVERCAME!

Dear Gloria,

Your comments in the April *Talk To Me* concerning "Oldie But Goody" and "Limp Dick Blues" were the most intelligent I've ever read—not to mention quite simple if people would only think.

I'm a 44-year-old guy who never had erection problems until I was 43. It became an "obligation" to get it up, and mentally, the fact that getting it up is my "obligation" just destroyed any chance of it happening. My wife became very pissed off because I was incapable of screwing her, and within months, she tired of my tongue.

The result was that she began going out nights and letting other men fuck her. That about completely crushed my male ego, and erections became out of the question.

I didn't raise hell about her seeing other men. With me, she'd always been passive, like she didn't give a damn if I got it up and screwed her or not. When she turned 41, she began to get aggressive, as I'd always wanted her to be. But by then, my obligation had become one hell of a burden, and I could only use my tongue. I'm sure you think I'm nuts for passively allowing my wife to have sex with other guys. Although I'm sort of a hard-assed conservative, I'm quite aware that she's human, too, and at 41, women seem to lose their inhibitions and get more sexually aggressive. So I don't think I'm nuts for letting her have other men.

After 18 years of marriage, I don't blame her for wanting her needs satisfied, and believe it or not, I do love and trust her. She's been honest with me, and I respect her for being woman enough to do it and trusting enough to tell me—if you can understand that.

What you said about the guy relaxing I found to be true one night while Doris,

Talk To Me

my wife, was out getting fucked. Doris' 48-year-old sister, Beth, a Viet Nam War widow, came over. Beth is a very attractive woman, and it's obvious she's been horny ever since her husband was killed. Since Doris wasn't home, Beth and I had a few drinks. I was shocked when Beth stood up and took all her clothes off, except for high heels and stockings. She showed me a pussy like I'd never seen before. Gloria, I swear, her vaginal lips hung out, and her clit was at least a half inch long, pushing its hood up. Her breasts were magnificent with large nipples. Yes, my cock stirred!

She told me to get undressed (the role reversal you referred to) and as I undressed, I warned her that I might not be able to do her any good. She fell to her knees and whispered to me, "Relax, you big hunk, I've been wanting to suck this for years." She sure knew how to relax me, and to my amazement, my cock was throbbing hard. She sucked my cock until I was about to cum and then stopped. She had me lay on the floor and straddled me as she slid up my body, dragging her fantastic cunt lips right into my face. I needed no instruction, and my tongue went right to work on my sister-in-law's mature, hot box.

Beth didn't have to let me know each time she climaxed since she squirted rather healthily into my mouth, and did that ever turn me on! She reached back and felt my throbbing cock, lifted her cunt from my face and impaled herself on my dick! Gloria, it was the first time I'd ever been on the bottom (the so-called "command position"), and I thoroughly loved it. Up until then, my cock and mind never knew how super great a pussy could feel around my cock, and Beth knew what the hell she was doing up there, too. We both enjoyed a fantastic fuck and believe me, Beth taught me a hell of a lot about myself that

night.

Beth and I talked about reversing roles, which is what we ended up doing. I agree with what you and she said, which is that women should be both dominant and aggressive in sex just as men are, and that men should accept this and relax, thus relieving them of the pressure of always having to get things going. She says there are a lot of men who won't eat pussy like I so willingly do. Women love having their pussies eaten! If role reversal becomes widely accepted, men who worry about getting



it up can lick and relax. The end result will be much better sexual relations for women and men.

It took a while, but I am now fucking Beth and Doris, or should I say, they're fucking me!!! Either way, I'm relaxed and have erections, and the sisters have been known to have my tongue and hard-on working at the same time. Exhausting? Hell no! Pure pleasure for me and obviously for them, too.

The Wise Man
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Wise Man,

You've sure cum a long way, baby, and I'm happy things are looking up for you. Although I hate the term "fresh meat," its

presence invariably is known to reawaken even the most dormant dick. I would have to go out on a layman's limb and speculate that your wife's extracurricular cavorting may also be partially responsible for your newfound fervor since the "burden" you referred to is alleviated by the knowledge that your wife doesn't depend totally on only you for "twatification." Keep up the good work!

TRICKY RIKKI

Dearest Gloria,

Allow me to thank you for your very interesting and exciting column which you provide for your readers. I am 26 years old, good looking, single and someone who truly appreciates beautiful women. Only a lady as creative and beautiful as yourself could arouse me the way you do.

My main intention in writing is to inquire about the model who portrayed *Forget Me Hots* in the March issue (pages 15-21). You know, the funky Valentine lady with the beautifully long fingernails! Next to yourself, she is the most sensuous, sexy lady who has ever appeared in *High Society*.

Gloria, any information on how to contact her would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
R.M.
Brookhaven, Pa.

Dear R.M.,

That fabulous female is Rikki O'Neal, one of the newer niceties to the world of erotica. She can be seen in such films as *The New York Babes* and *Misbehavin'*. I regret, however, to inform you that ravishing Rikki has recently announced her retirement in favor of marriage and domestic bliss. We all wish her much happiness. She may have tossed in the towel, but if I know Rikki, she hasn't hung up her garter belt! Thanks for the creamy compliments!

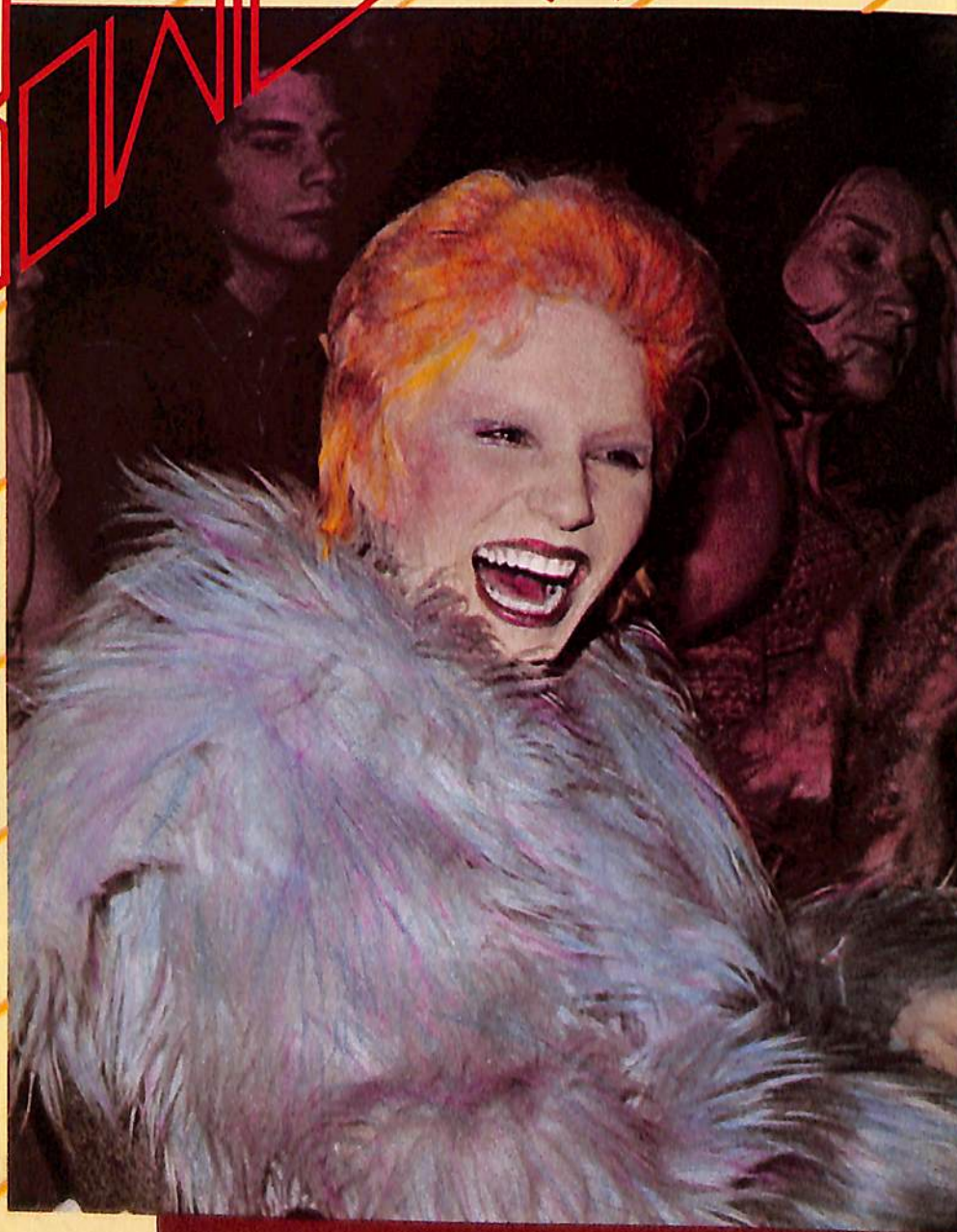
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Post me a porny poem, dash off a naughty note, or lay down a lusty letter. If it dampens my drawers, I'll publish it right here. I have to have it in my box, so Talk To Me, Gloria Leonard, *High Society Magazine*, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Who's Hot

ANGIE BOWIE

Weird, wild Angie Bowie gets down and loose on what makes a woman GIB— Good In Bed. She should know—she's slept with plenty!



"We were twenty minutes late for our own wedding because we were having a scene with another girl."

"Going to bed with a chick made me realize how 'beautiful' I was."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Angie Bowie, the eclectic, exaggerated wife of rock star David Bowie, is extremely thin, very hypertensive, has glowing, spaced-out eyes and hair dyed to match her mood—pink, blue, purple, even, at times, green! Angie, now 29, married David, sometimes known as Ziggy Stardust, when she was very young. Their sensationally strange marriage has made international news, especially when rock's most bizarre couple touted their baby son Zowie at eccentric Hollywood parties and boasted of their extramarital affairs, even their threesomes with girls!

Angie's career competitiveness with her husband is widely known. She wants to be a movie star, and, although she has auditioned for parts, she has never made a film. Today, the battling between them has apparently taken its toll. Angie has already filed for a million-dollar divorce with the notorious ladies' lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson, Michelle Marvin's attorney, at her side.

Over the years, bisexuality has become identifiable with me because David and I admitted we were bisexual—there are a bunch of young chicks who realized their own bisexuality and sort of held one up as a pin-up. David and I used to have a lot of scenes with other girls. We were twenty minutes late for our own wedding, though, because we were having a scene with another girl. We had gotten up early that morning and decided to have another chick; she was a beautiful girl—an actress. So we were late for the wedding.

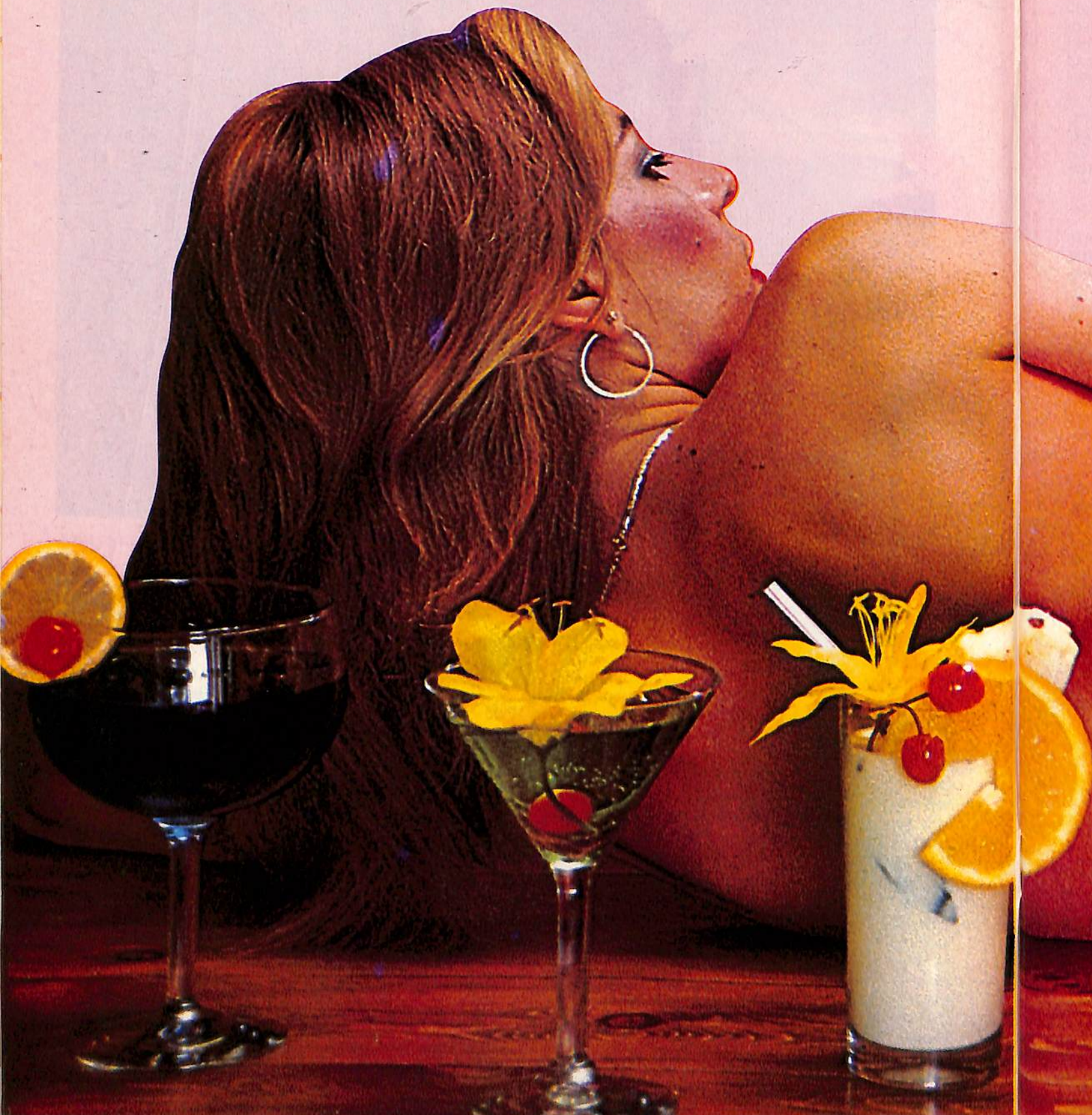
Men never made me feel I wasn't good in bed—but some chicks did. I first went to bed with a chick when I was sixteen. I didn't have the faintest idea what to do, so I was totally instinctive. I lived in Cyprus, where women are built like hour glasses; so I hadn't had any interest in my own body, in being tall and thin, having no tits, and really long legs. Until I suddenly realized that this chick I was in bed with

LIBATIONS FOR LOVERS

COOL DRINKS MAKE FOR HOT NIGHTS WITH THESE SEXY COCKTAILS.

BY NED SUTTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURD



"HAND A LADY A COCKTAIL THAT'S FROTHY, COLORFUL AND FRUIT-TRIMMED AND SHE CAN'T RESIST . . . BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE IN HER SNATCH!"

I became a bartender because I figured it was the easiest way to make enough bread to get by on. Since I'm a night person, I liked the hours. Also, the guy behind the bar has a certain stud status with chicks, so I figured I'd get laid a lot. I also liked the product I'd be serving and the idea of spreading "cheer" by pouring it for people.

Barteneing would be simple and uncomplicated, I thought. Someone orders a drink, I mix it for them nice and fast, collect the money and, hopefully, a tip, and that's it, right?

Wrong. I didn't realize that many drinkers consider the man behind the stick their free shrink. Others seemed to think I was an expert on the female sex. I mean, guys would get loaded and start laying their problems on me, and nine out of ten of them concerned broads. Either one had run out on them, or one was home waiting for them with an axe, or they had a bad case for one—or from one. And I was supposed to know all the answers, right?



**"SWEET RUM DRINKS MAKE WOMEN ESPECIALLY WARM
TO YOUR CARESSES, AND BEFORE LONG THEY'RE HELPING
YOU TAKE OFF THEIR CLOTHES."**

Wrong. In the beginning it floored me. I mean, I was hired to be a mixologist, not a sexologist. But after a few years of hearing all the stories, balling all the broads, and watching human nature in action at the New York City singles bar where I work, I *did* become an authority, at least on booze and broads.

You know the most common question guys ask me? How do I get this chick into bed? Like, nowadays sex is supposed to be free and easy. There's the Pill and the I.U.D. Virginity is out of fashion and marriage isn't doing too well, either. Sex is out in the open to such an extent that porno movies are playing right in people's neighborhoods. Theoretically it should be easy for guys to score, especially since it's supposedly okay for women to ask men out nowadays. From what I've seen, this is still a theory rather than a practice. At least, the men who come into my place aren't being besieged with invitations. They're on the make, man, and by the look of them, some ain't been laid in months. And these are young, handsome guys.

One of the main problems they're having is with Women's Lib. It's like the women today are really ambivalent. They want sex, they want orgasms, but they don't want to be taken advantage of, either. Women want you to be aware of what's between their ears as well as what's between their legs. You have to show them you appreciate their minds and their feelings. People are "into rapping" these days. Don't ask what they think—ask what they feel. Get into role reversal. If you want to make it with a woman, invite her over for a meal you cooked yourself.

Liquor, however, is back in fashion.

I've noticed it at the bars. Used to be the young people ordered wine spritzers or cokes because they were so stoned on drugs they could hardly stand up. Now they're into cocktails that pack a potent punch. The point is, booze has a lot going for it. It's cheaper than drugs; it's safer than drugs; it's legal. And I happen to know through many years of experience that liquor has excellent aphrodisiac properties. With two or three drinks inside her, a woman will get a glow, a feeling of well-being and relaxation. She'll get more in touch with her body and realize that feeling good makes a lot more sense than a bunch of feminist rhetoric, which she probably only half believes anyway. Deep down, everyone is horny. Everyone wants to get laid. All you have to do is cut through the bullshit and the inhibitions, and booze is by far the surest and fastest way to do it.

JUST as women like to get dressed up, they like their drinks prettied up, too. Hand a lady a cocktail that's frothy, colorful and fruit-trimmed and she can't resist it, especially if it tastes delicious and goes down nice and easy. Before you know it, two or three will be down the hatch, and you'll be in her snatch!

Over the years I've learned that certain drinks are sexy—in appearance, taste, and in their effects on the body. Even more, certain drinks have specific erotic effects on the drinker, so that the cocktail you serve her depends on what kind of sex you're in the mood for. This article will describe the various types of drinks and their aphrodisiac uses; the actual recipes will be listed in a special section.

Way back when single women were supposed to stay virgins, many guys who were out to score considered Trader Vic's bar the best kind of foreplay there was. The drinks

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Slinky Sabrina

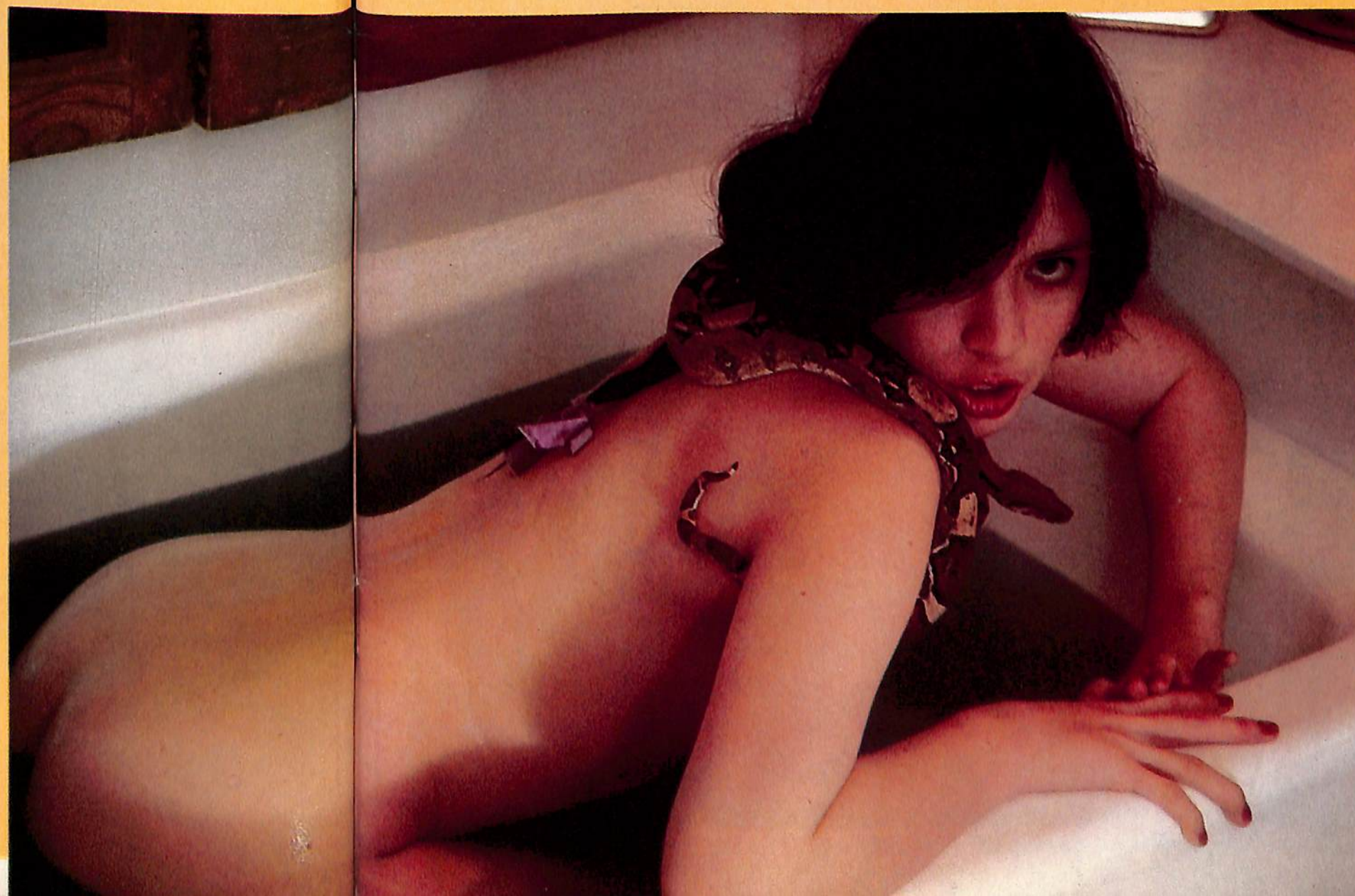


"SNAKES ARE SMOOTH, SILKY, SOFT TO THE TOUCH, JUST LIKE MY OTHER FAVORITE PLAYTHINGS—COCKS!"

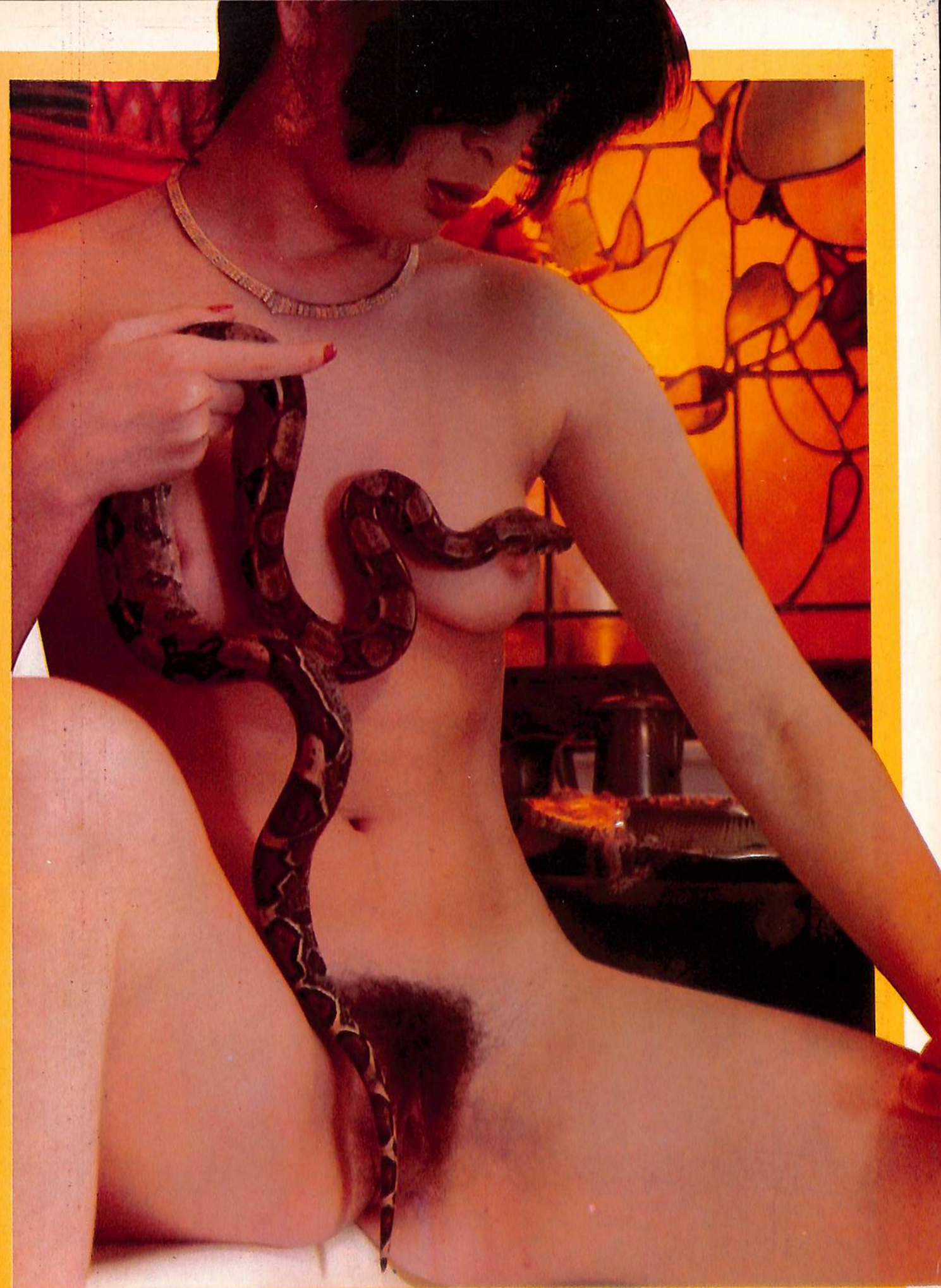
"I'm an adventuress," admits Sabrina, a woman who likes to tackle life's dangers and passions head on. "If the situation appears risky, I dive right in!" Sabrina started on the road to a wild, exotic life where most kids turn their fantasies into real-life experiences—the school playground. "I'd dare the boys to put snakes in their pants. I'd do it if they'd do it. Usually they were too scared. That shut them up fast!"

As she grew older, this lovely snake charmer unleashed her reptilian talents on adoring audiences. "On the topless circuit my act was known as 'Beauty and The Boa.' Men went nuts when I would bump and grind to some exotic Moroccan music, letting my snake entwine itself all around my bare boobs, weaving its way between my legs, around my neck, crawling over my stomach and pussy. Just the feel of this long, smooth, penile creature moving over my bare skin gave me goose bumps, making my juices flow all over the stage! I had to stop the act—I got too horny! Club managers claimed they couldn't control their crowds!"

Now Sabrina saves all her sensuous slithering for the privacy of her home. "Both my men and my snake love to burrow deep into warm, dark places! But don't get me wrong. Snakes are just an extension of my attraction to men. I love men and love to fuck them. Watching their cocks rise with my attention is a super turn on. I like nothing better than to make their 'snakes' dance into my music box!"



"MY SEX SHOULD BE LIKE MY LIFE—
EXOTIC, WILD AND SEAMY!"



FARRAH FAWCETT'S NIP: A SLIP OF THE TIT



American men, and men the world over for that matter, have said they'd give their left nut to see Farrah Fawcett nude. The closest any man has actually come to feasting his eyes on Farrah's million-dollar body was by way of her sell-out poster—with nipples protruding lustily from beneath a skin-tight red swimsuit—which launched a long line of sexy posters of other famous beautiful women.

Luckily for the men of the world, and unfortunate for the sometimes modest Ms. Fawcett, but while filming in Bri-

tian recently, Farrah's famous mammaries were exposed when her wrap-around blouse flew open as she exited her chauffeur-driven Mercedes at the London airport. Agape and aghast, Farrah, who can chalk this slip up to women's lib, quickly clamored to pull herself together, but not before photographers clicked off a few furious snaps.

Is this a new image she's embarking on since dropping the hyphenated Majors from her celebrated name? Could the change mean she's going

solo—a sign of trouble brewing with husband Lee Majors, the sexy, Six Million Dollar Man??? Too early to tell, perhaps, though a few things are apparent: her wide-screen career is hanging in the wings since her debut film was such a flop; her guest appearances on *Charlie's Angels* haven't earned her a gold pass key to Heaven's Gate; and, ever since her copy-cat hairdo craze wound down, her popularity has been on a definite slump.

Still, more power to Miss Manageable Mane! She does have her iron-clad contract for Farrah Fawcett Shampoo!



HIGH TIMES



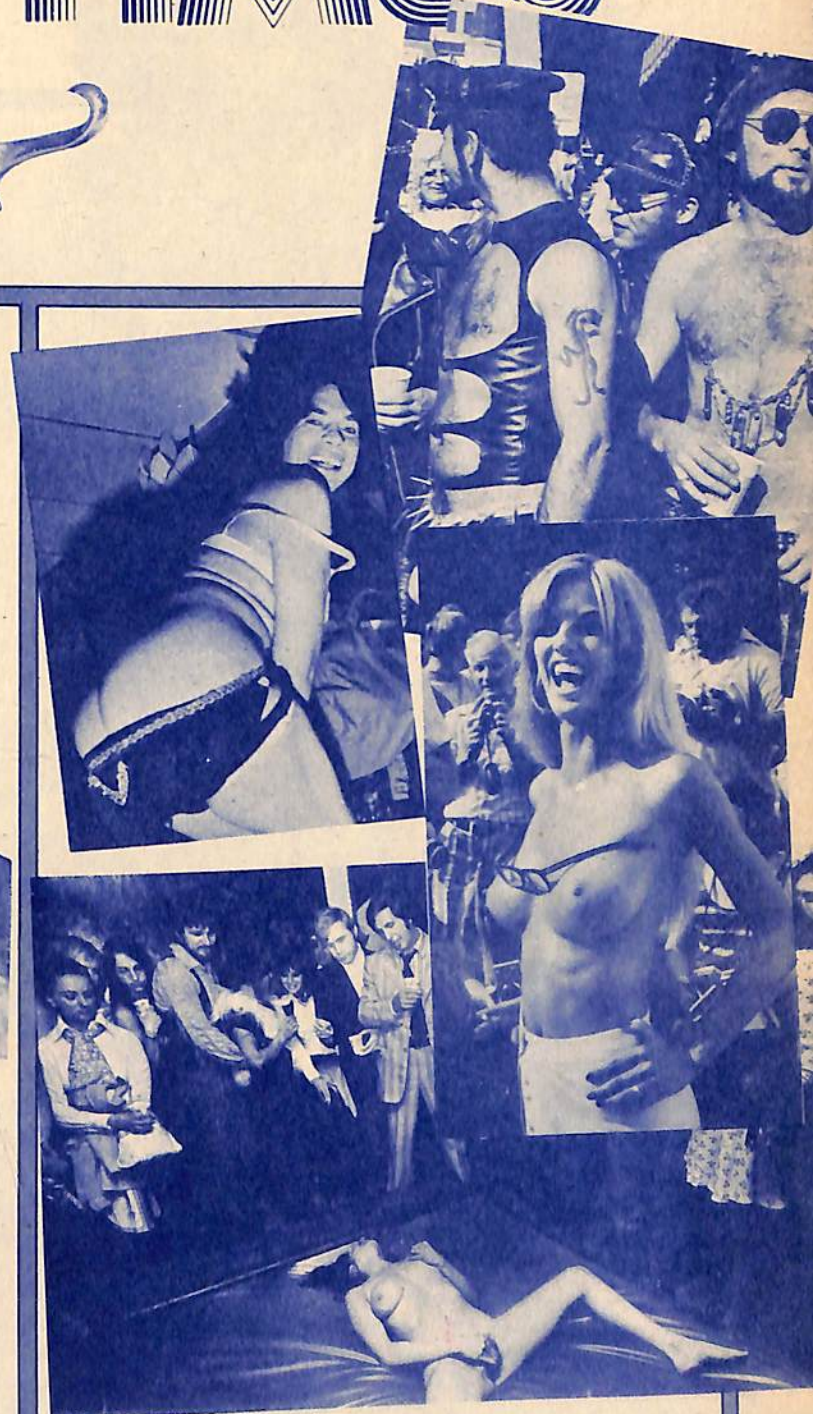
TAKE ME HOME

"In the sixties," Cher says of Sonny & Cher, the husband and wife singing team that initially brought her fame, "the hippies thought we were squares and the squares thought we were hippies."

Back in the days of tie-dyed jeans and love beads, Sonny and Cher were accused of being many things, but never of being jet setters or sex symbols. How times have changed. When they gave up the sandals and headbands for the glamour of Hollywood, we began seeing Cher in photographs and on television wearing some of the wildest and most unbelievable fashions around, but until today, never in anything as outrageous as the all-skin outfit she wears on the cover of her new album, *Take Me Home*.

Just as the album jacket might be R-rated, so are many of the songs contained on it. For nearly seven minutes on the album's title track and opening cut, Cher begs "take me home" to a disco beat. That seductive request is then followed with the eternal lover's question, "Wasn't It Good," and you know damn well she's not singing about yesterday's dinner.

Our question now is that since she began recording disco songs and is "in" again, will she be wearing this peek-a-boo outfit to her chic roller skating parties?



JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF AMERICA

When you travel the U.S. with your lens eye focused on the bizarre, weird and perverted facts of life, you'll undoubtedly encounter what photographer Charles Gatewood did—Nazi-like, club wielding cops and pretty boys with clothes pins on their nipples. Order his surrealistic photo book, *Sidetriping* (\$6.95 + \$1 postage) from Gatewood, 50 W. 22nd St., New York City 10010.

HIGH TIMES

TELEFANTASY

What do you do when your TV news show is being undone in the ratings war? You either add violence or sex. Channel KCIZ opts for the latter, and *Telefantasy* is their story. Thank heavens it's not mine. Seldom have I contemplated such a poorly written, rottenly acted piece of celluloid trash since my reviewing days began.

To spoof the flick *Network*, director Bob Chinn has secured the services of some seasoned and some unsalted porno stars and made them look ridiculous. Mimi Morgan, who has the Faye Dunaway role, should be completely done away with. She plays a bisexual bitch. But how can you be bitchy when you speak like a Chatty Cathy doll with weak batteries? Even the usually dependable John Leslie is embarrassingly inept.

But wait a sec. There are a few items of merit in *Telefantasy*. The most meritorious being Desiree Costeau, who appears as a massage parlour receptionist.



MORE THAN SISTERS

More Than Sisters is a bizarre tale of sensual emotion based around the birth of siamese twins. Alice Randel, orphaned and separated from her criminally insane sister at birth, is now a devoted wife who has an unusual problem: She experiences severe sexual traumas that actually happen to her sister via telepathy.

The story unfolds during therapy sessions with Alice and her psychiatrist, Dr. Alan Bannister, who employs a private detective, John Bollinger, to uncover secret information concerning the strange and involved Randel case. Under the influence of Sodium Pentothal, Alice tells of the macabre and degrading events in an asylum that have been inflicted on her sister.

Marlene Willoughby, as the asylum matron, gives fans a shocking and nail-

biting performance, a cross between true realism and a Cher-like comedic quality.

Colleen Andersen (Alice) is a luscious, sexy, blonde bombshell. Russ Carlson fares better as Alice's husband than as the director. He first becomes aware of his wife's sexual problem when he gently tries to satisfy all her lusty commands and anal desires. This proves to be the hottest and most convincing sexual encounter in the film.

Jamie Gillis, as the ever-probing Dr. Bannister, is strong and effective. However, during his therapy scenes with Alice, the film's story and tone suddenly become chilling and technically inconsistent.

Eric Edwards excels as the detective. But it is his sexy assistant, Leslie Murray, who handles a cameo bit with kid gloves. Unfortunately, her sex scenes are shot soft and limp under Carlson's direction.

More Than Sisters is an adequate attempt at film making, but nothing more. It attempts to be the sexual *Psycho* of blue films, but falls far short:



JACK AND JILL

"Look at these balls. They must contain a quart of cum," said the nasty, bleached-blond whore to the swarthy, cunt-lapping businessman. A few minutes later we learn that the balls did contain that much jism, but that these folks are not who they appear to be. With their disguises removed and their orgasms completed, we confront *Jack and Jill*.

Jack is a muscular ad executive laboring on a frozen dog dessert campaign, while Jill, his spouse-of-sorts, shops at Bloomingdale's. When not at work or in the midst of a purchase, Jack and Jill confine their leisure activities to sex and all its variations. They revel in rounds of strip poker that lead to orgies; get obscene phone calls ("You better save your hot cum because I'm going to suck your well dry."); have each other kidnapped and molested; copulate with telephone repairmen; request strangers to perform plays in their livingroom ("Oh Romeo, fuck me for Shakespeare!"); and chat about what others do in public restrooms.

Sound like fun?! Believe me, it is. To be succinct, Mother Goose has laid a golden egg. Boasting a keen-witted screenplay (Billy S. Schaeffer), sharp direction (Mark Ubell), and concise editing (Martha Ubell), this reeler has the bonus of an A-200, I mean A-1 cast. With this release, pros Samantha Fox and Jack Wrangler have become the Marilyn Monroe and Burt Reynolds of skinflickdom. Evenly matched for body beautiful and acting ability, I hope this twosome will have a long screen history together. Not to dismiss the supporting cast, George Payne, Vanessa Del Rio and Annie Sprinkle are so scintillating you can bet your London Bridges you'll be lusting after *Jack and Jill* up that hill for a pail of hilarious, juicy, non-stop pumping passion.

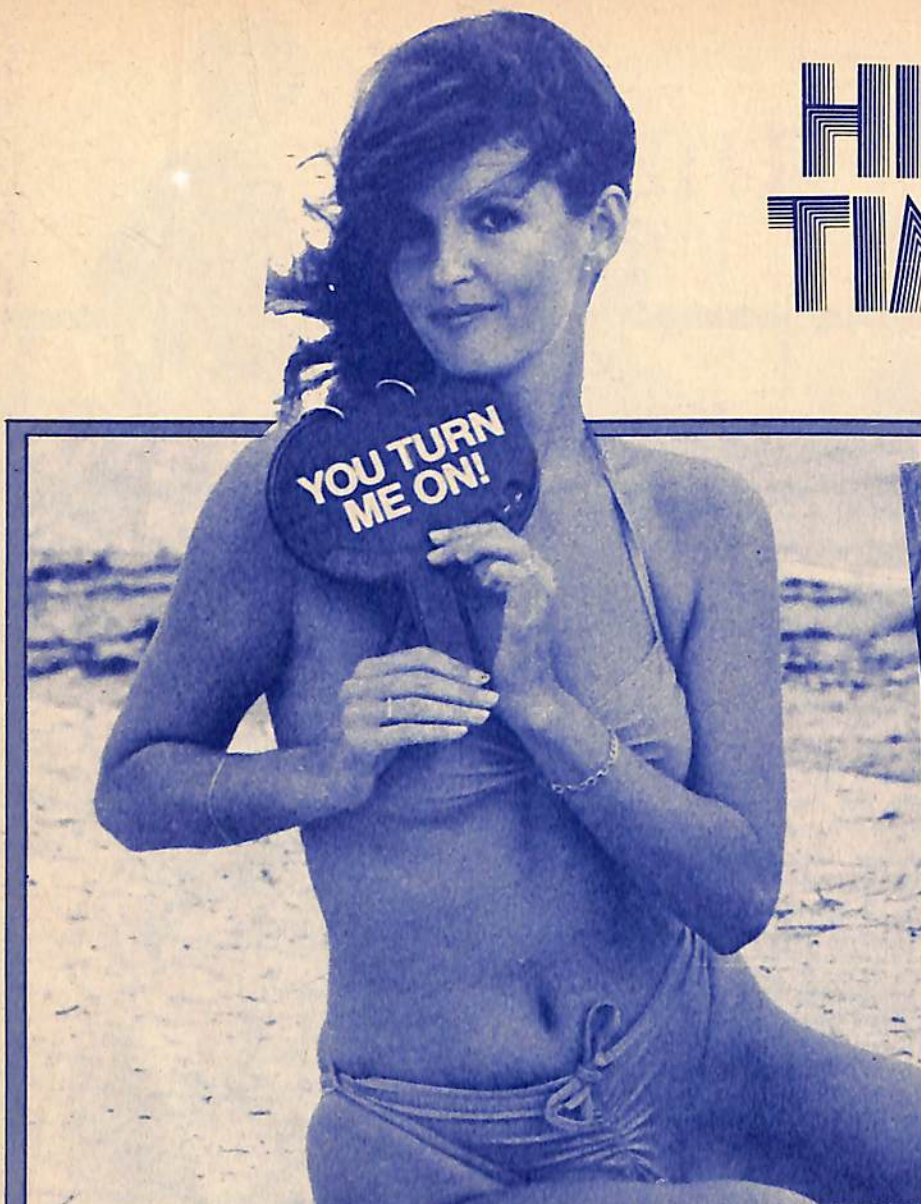


GLORIA WALKS HER ASS OFF

She may not be a Radio City Rockette, but our own Gloria is, nevertheless, quite a happy hooper! Recently, Gloria and her porno pal Robin Byrd made a grueling, day-long tour of Midtown Manhattan newsstands showing off their unending gusto. At stops in Grand Central, Penn Station and the Port Authority, she let her fingers do the walking for her as she autographed copies of *HighSociety* for her many fans.



HIGH TIMES



STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

You're driving along the Santa Monica Freeway and a foxy lady in an apple red Porsche pulls up next to you at the traffic signal. You want to make a pass, but her air-conditioned car's windows are up. What to do? Flash her. Not your cock, silly, but a "sign of Love." "Score!" means you never have to say something stupid. Instead, feast her eyes on a clever saying such as "Want to play?" "Follow me." Send \$8 to Signs of Love, Inc., 1110 Brickell Ave., St. 303, Miami, Fla. 33131 for yours.



MARXIST MONOPOLY

The war between the haves and the have nots has finally been reduced to a board game. *Class Struggle*, for two to six players, was invented by a political scientist as a way to explain Marxism and capitalism to the masses. Capitalists always win despite obstacles—unless they land on a nuclear war spot. Send \$12 to *Class Struggle*, 487 Broadway, New York City 10013.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Looking for someone to cuddle up to? Meet this darling family of flashers—Pee Wee Sherman and his Aunt Sophie and Uncle Sherman Pillow... soft, fun, loveable, stuffed and naked under their raincoats. Underneath their trendy trenchcoats, Pee Wee, Sophie and Sherman are cottony bare, revealing only their tiny pee-pees and tufted muffs. Little Pee Wee (\$15) and his bigger Aunt and Uncle (\$24) are the perfect risqué companions. Order yours from Pleasure Chest Sales, 20 West 20th St., New York City 10011.



THE LUCKY WINNER: MICHAEL GOODWIN



Lusty Gloria Leonard, the Queen of Porn, picks her King for a Weekend!

Who's the lucky man to win the "Wild, wicked whirlwind weekend with Gloria Leonard" contest? None other than Michael Goodwin of Laguna Beach, California, who describes himself as a man who "works hard and plays hard" and "does everything at full throttle."

"I'd simply like to meet you because I enjoy successful, attractive ladies who seem to share my zeal for exotic sex," began Mike's winning (and charming) letter to Gloria. As the president of Laguna Beach's Stadium Motorsports Corp., and the originator of the Coca-Cola Superbowl of Motocross, the largest motor race west of the Mississippi, Michael is the archetypal man of action. He has also been a successful rock concert producer and an off-road racing enthusiast. He has hunted big game in Alaska—he once bagged a nine-foot brown bear with a pistol—and holds four world records as a spear fisherman.

"Mike was my choice over all the thousands of men who entered the contest," says Gloria, adding that this decision was one of the hardest she's had to

make in a very long time. "Thanks guys! I was totally flattered that so many of you wanted to spend a weekend with me! Mike seems like an intelligent, ambitious, fun-loving guy with lots of pizzazz, style and sex appeal. I'm betting we hit it off the moment his plane lands and that we spend a climactic weekend together!"

Mike was so thrilled upon hearing the good news that he contemplated giving his staff the rest of the day off. Now there's a good sport!

Cumming across the finish line was no easy task since thousands of enticing entries poured in from all of the fifty states and many foreign countries. "So many of you were soooo terrifically tempting," purrs our delirious publisher, "but the decision of the judge—that's me—is final. But don't lose heart. We're gonna do it again next year, and who knows, you could be the lucky devil next time?"

Stay tuned to *High Society*. In the September issue we'll feature a photo layout of Mike and Gloria as they wine, dine and disco their merry way up, down and in and out of the Big Apple.



The Amorous Astrologer

The Amorous Astrologer is written exclusively for *High Society* by the predictably accurate Madam Valtara, renowned seer specializing in love signs. She is associated with the Academy of Astrology and the National Council for Geocosmic Research, and is a member of several national and international astrological societies.

CANCER

June 22 to July 22

Celebrating Cancer! If you're turning 25, 30 or 203, the next 30 days are yours! You live in a constant state of euphoria and all things—job, investments, adventures and women—couldn't be going better for you. If you tried to buy what's coming your way now you couldn't af-

ford it. Just lay back boogie and collect your booty!

From the outset you score in the million-dollar baby bracket! The number one dish is a main course—strictly cordon bleu. You live it up as if you were the King and Queen of Sheba, eventually capping a totally pleasurable evening with a night of lovemaking too intense to endure.

Never has someone satisfied your dick as well as this lusty woman does. You have the stamina, of course, and survive to live through intensive manual care from a Japanese finger expert. She teaches your cock—a totally adoring student—new arts, like how to dance a rumba on the head of a clit.

As you gratefully slip into the second half of the month, your bounties multiply, inducing spasms of sensuous tremors all over your tingling skin. You long for an all-American girl after this exotic pussy and joyfully open up to a blonde cupcake from Cincinnati. She feeds you and squeezes you into delights of the flesh previously unknown.

By month's end, you wish all this womanhood would park itself on someone else's front door—yours is pretty well reserved. However, you are a true American hero, patriot and superstud. You choose instead to satisfy all the hungry pussies knocking at your cock door. Your hot days burn all summer long.

LEO

July 23 to August 23

At the beginning of the month all Leos will suspect this is going to be one of their best ever! But good luck, like good weather, it's apt to change with the tides!

Starting with the first, you'll be out—either in an action-packed singles bar or at the local disco. This evening will be the hottest night you or the club has ever had! Sizzler! Women are all over you. Lions, caressing your pecker, leaving you chomping for their tits! Restrain yourself, animal! You get yours later, when the sun makes its daily cum-back.

Around the third, a new woman walks into your life—look for a bubble-headed bombshell chattering about the wonderful benefits of total body massages. Take her up on one; be sure to emphasize your need and inexperience. The lady would rather show off her talents to a rubdown novice than a proficient pouncer! Once you are stripped and relaxed, you talk her into a reciprocal rubdown, and you go at it in a close encounter of the most sensual kind imaginable!

The lady disappears as magically as she entered your life. As the second week begins, your love life slips into that lustless slump you didn't anticipate but which the stars say is written all over July. Sex is out in left field the remainder of the month as Leo goes sheepish.

You'll find that the next two weeks will be quiet and contemplative. You tend to keep to yourself and family. Hopefully, your hot days will begin once you have your personal shit in order.

VIRGO

August 24 to September 23

July brings such passionate pussy to Virgos' simmering rods that these long, hot, mid-summer days turn into burning nights in the bedroom which only cool down with the first gentle morning breeze.

This is just what's needed to fire-up a

Virgo's burning engines. While afternoon heat slows down everyone else, the virile Virgo finds that his hot days just keep growing hotter and hotter.

Travel isn't in your forecast, though. Apparently you'll be too busy with financial successes and foxy scores to care about motion in other locations. A rearing redheaded filly raises her flaming mane in your direction on the third and your Fourth of July fireworks are charged with pecker power. Your bombs will burst in her air all weekend, making your holiday your brightest yet.

The two of you meet on a mutual mental level, too, quickly relating on all planes making for spontaneous combustion. Unfortunately, your financial gains earlier this month make more demands on your time and leave you exhausted, with fewer hours than you'd like to share with this grand dame. Smile and appreciate what moments you have. Remember, nothing lasts forever!

LIBRA

September 24 to October 23

Trouble rears its ugly head during the beginning of July but eases its way out of your life by month's end. Libra is fortunate in that he can always charm his way out of any unbearable situation before it becomes too much for him.

It starts early on—say, the second, third or the glorious Fourth—when Libra's over enthusiasm gets the most of him. Instead of politely inviting the current lady along on the brotherly holiday fun going down, you fuck up and inadvertently ignore her. She, meanwhile, doesn't miss a trick and becomes royally pissed at your continuing failure to be considerate of her needs and feelings. Before you can say, "but baby . . ." and stick that hot rod of yours into her hungry pussy, she marches off in search of greener pastures. Give her time. She probably won't find anything better and will return when her temper simmers down. If she does, you must pay special attention from now on to pleasing her fickle nature as only you know how. She loves your brand of sexual mischief and is always dying to have your huge dick resting between both pairs of her lips!

You, on the other hand, have decided that two can play this game, so you spend a couple nights searching for new velvet to bury your tender pumper in. When the likely prospects bomb out, you're more than happy to have some familiar cunt lips kissing up to you again. You end the month passionately sucking your steady lady's tits!

SCORPIO

October 24 to November 22

Exotic travel. Faraway places. Tempting foreign women. Strange pussy. Sounds like an X-rated travelogue. But that's what's in store for Scorpio this month of Independence. Business sends you out of town so much that you hardly remember the smell of the local stuff.

Still, July will be a useful and interesting month, business and self-improvementwise. Sexually, the first

week is your zenith, bringing you some juicy ladies who're hot-to-trot. The woman I see at your Fourth of July bash is really loaded—in more ways than drunk or rich! Just look for the dish in the tight, tight red pants. After this overwhelming orifice is yours, you become a superman—thrilled with your own sense of power and conquest. By mid-month you will have succeeded in scoring with at least a half a dozen of the best fucks you'll ever lay. All are great to look at, great to talk to, and, most of all, fabulous to fuck! You couldn't be happier!

The rest of your month is like a total summer vacation. You spend July playing in the surf and sand by day, and dancing and delighting the ladies by night! Your hot days are every day!

SAGITTARIUS

November 23 to December 21

If you are approached in the hot spots this month or asked about your own hot spots, plead your case as a eunuch. All your healthy exertion for July will be on the tennis court, not in bed. Any effort on your part to score love will fail, particularly when you try to ease the pain in your faded denims with the hands of a tanned, sweaty beauty. Results are rather disillusioning and downright frightening.

Some examples of the more erotic incidents in store for you this month are: (1) You will pick up a black-haired beauty with long, sensuous legs and pendulous breasts. She will have a piss fetish and complain of an itchy cunt—beware; (2) You will develop a rash on your hands that's so painful you won't be able to make a fist, which means you won't be able to jerk off; (3) You'll develop an incredible phobia concerning warm, moist places, most resembling pussy; (4) You'll develop an allergy to K-Y Jelly; (5) All of the above.

All is not lost, however. Respite is yours. While the Fourth is a sexual bummer, you do finally score by the end of the month, taking home a terrific damsel who's so responsive to your advances that you almost lose your load in her hands. She'll be understanding about your phobia and rash and will administer to you the most incredible and sexy blow-jobs you've ever experienced. You are left satiated and spent.

Now more bad news. While you are sleeping it off and comforting your tired member, she takes off with your stashed loot and your best friend. Ah, is there no rest for the wicked? All in all this is a month to remember. My advice is to give up now while you still have a head!

CAPRICORN

December 22 to January 20

Continue to concentrate on your body and health status, Capricorn. The stars have it in for you this month, and they don't intend to make getting off with the women any easy task until they're good and ready.

The hairy armpitted Puss decides she has had enough of your fickle ways and bows out of her deal with you around the



sixth. She should have done it sooner! Her indecision, hesitation and antagonistic attitude only destroy what fun you could have had over the holiday. Your Fourth is the pits for just that reason! Why, you keep asking yourself, do women have to over dramatize and drag out ugly situations as long as they do? It only prolongs everyone's agony. You are so glad she's gone by the time she finally lets go of you that you jerk yourself off just for the pleasure of a solo release, from something you wish you'd never become involved in the first place.

To heal your wounds (what wounds?) you decide to venture off to Atlantic City or Vegas for a couple days around the third weekend, anticipating shooting your wad. While there, you catch the eye of an attractive show girl or casino hostess who treats you to a sexplended time between blowing your chips! The two of you order steak and champagne up to your room to wine and dine each other into orgasmic oblivion! When you awake from your might of torrid lovemaking in her arms, your dick is so sore from pumping it in and out of her tight, tiny asshole that you're sure it will fall off! You recover momentarily that afternoon and look forward to a repeat performance that night! Your hot days are never ending as you drift into this fantasy adventure!

AQUARIUS

January 21 to February 19

Your late-night carousing gets you into deep trouble on the homefront, Aquarius. Better that you stay close to the front porch for a while than flaming around town with the guys. One night you might come home and find her—not with her hands in her basket as occasionally happens—but with someone else's tongue dipping into her cookies!

Around the 15th a financial investment you made in the past reaps you a gold mine. With your new-found fortune, you take off on an extended adventure, perhaps that cross-country drive you've talked about for so long but didn't have the resources to take. Now's your chance. And how convenient—your two-week vacation falls at the opportune moment. You set off looking for peace, some wild yet quiet times—and maybe some fresh new pussy.

While traveling, your real adventures pop up when you least expect them—something like candid cunt! You'll meet a delectable dish; look for a raven-haired miss with enormous tits. She's either at the hotel you check into or at the diner where you eat on the second or third night away from home. You two are immediately attracted to each other, and she spends the night with you. The experience is much more than you bargained for! She turns out to not only have the best looking set of globes you've ever seen, but also the most kissable and learned lips that ever serviced any part of your sex-crazed body! In fact, she's so downright delightful that you entice her to travel with you and find yourself often begging to stop along the way for a little nookie.

PISCES

February 20 to March 20

What a fabulous, wonderful month lies ahead for you Pisces! About time, you say? The stars agree. Your creative self and sexual self are in top form, marking you as one hell of an interesting and compassionate man to all women!

From the first you busily dive into your art, hobbies or other forms of creative expression. You build masterful objects from next to nothing. You will be so pleased with your artistic turn-out that your enthusiasm will spill over into the rest of your daily life.

Socially, you are more than a butterfly, more comforting than a strong shoulder, and more in demand than a celebrity. All those lustful combinations signal suck-sex and excitement to the ladies. They fall all over you; they want you, need you, demand you. You, meanwhile, eat up all that feminine attention. After all, it doesn't happen *that* often! Attention isn't all you eat, either! The ladies who follow you everywhere have some of the most succulent cunts you've ever tasted. You lap them up and dip your stick as if relishing your first beaver split! Love it, he-man; you deserve every tasty morsel of pink you sink your teeth into! The hottest night comes around the 28th, when you link up with a real piece of honeypie. Her sweet meat makes mince of you!

ARIES

March 21 to April 20

An eventful month for creative enterprise and romance is headed your way, Aries, you sex-blessed rammer! Just get out your horniest duds and be ready to rock; the field is your own private pasture this time around.

Finding it easier to express himself at this time of the year, Aries also discovers that this is probably one of his highest sex-charged months of 1979. All your sexual engagements will be spectacular, and all your undertakings, for that matter, will be the best ever.

A magnetic, glamorous new lady—a brunette with taut tits and a heart-shaped ass perhaps—enters your spell-binding influence on the second and sets your month off on the proper high-wheeling foot. You spend your days and nights together wrapped up between the sheets, tangling your limbs, loins and linens into one wonderfully matted, melting mess. See what a good hot bitch and a successful run of imagination can do for your energies? She invites you to a racy party the holiday weekend—such a barbecue spread you've never sat down to in your life. Her crowd is strictly first-class, and treats you to a splended high time with the most elegant members of society. Most of the men, you find, have the dinkiest members. Thus the women paw and maul you, anxious to lure you away from the woman who has totally won you!

Of course, your fickle nature fucks up your best times, especially when your steady lady enters the picture and you simply can't make up your mind what to

do! When the regular woman puts her pretty foot down, demanding your complete, undivided attention for a weekend, you become confused, to say the least. Make excuses to the new conquest as neither lady should be overlooked or missed. Your private time with the old woman, new enlightened attitude and sexed up performance, enhance your play time together indescribably! You literally screw her raw, and nibble her clit into new orgasmic highs.

Have a fucktabulous month Aries; it's your turn and you earned it!

TAURUS

April 21 to May 21

Thank your lucky stars for the holiday! For you bulls, it's going to be a hole-y one! You join a group of the guys in an extended weekend of boating, fishing and hunting. While ashore or in town for supplies, you come across a compatible number of gamey girls: they board your ship at full throttle! You proceed to indoctrinate them into the greater gratuities of the wild, wild wilderness. You he-men protect and "save" the poor damsels from such ferocious "unknown" beasts as the "scary" noise that sounds like a vicious, "bear." The brightest of your picked-up party girls finds you "bear" buggers out, but doesn't squeal—rather, enjoys your "bear" scare herself and plays along in your uncovering game. All that teasing and protecting, coupled with the booze and other stimulants you like, make the party more fun than a barrel of broads could ever be! Late nights around the campfire or onboard ship keep your cock crowing well past the dawn's early light.

The remainder of your month isn't as star-spangle-bannered, but is heraldic, nonetheless. You meet another sweet someone who lusts after your private parts in the nighttime hours. Look for a flat-chested blonde with a golden heart. She may not be built like an hourglass, but she's certainly one to waste time with! Enjoy her while she's around—she won't last forever.

GEMINI

May 22 to June 21

That rich bitch you hooked up with in May submerges herself in your atmosphere early this month. Remember her? The classy dame—elegant, dressed and moneyed? She brings back her gold-plated urges to your dining table. The two of you sit down for the tastiest Fourth of July you've ever envisioned.

As you unwind into mid-month, you see yourself succumbing to your more proletarian needs. Near the twentieth you spend the day driving the strips instead of working the job. Finally, you connect with the dirtiest whore in the business. Surely, you think, this is not your day—but it's even worse—it's not your month either! This encounter with strange, unidentifiable *pussie* leaves you with a bizarre discomfort in your cock. The rest of your days are your hottest; your suffering member is burning with indignation!

—VERI,
VERI KNOTTY
SHE CAN TIE HER LOVE LIPS
—IN SQUARE KNOTS!—



"I ATTRACT A LOT OF STRANGE PEOPLE FOR SOME REASON. MAYBE IT'S THE WAY I DRESS ON STAGE, ALL IN BLACK LEATHER."

HIGH SOCIETY: *Veri, tell us a little bit about your personal history.*

VERI KNOTTY: Well, I'm an Aquarius with my rising moon in Taurus/Gemini. I'm 40-26-38, 5'4½", and thirty-two years old.

HS: *Thirty-two? Impossible! How do you stay so young looking?*

VK: I get laid every day. I also dance a lot.

HS: *How did you get into the porn business?*

VK: I started working in the Playboy Club in New York City thirteen years ago. Then I found out what a rip-off that was.

HS: *What do you mean by a rip-off?*

VK: They treat women as sex objects. You have to fuck who they tell you to fuck, but if they catch you screwing around with anyone who is not "approved," they give you "bunny demerits." Every time they take off points it costs you money out of your salary. I hated the club.

HS: *Why didn't you quit?*

VK: I did, eventually, but first I was transferred to Detroit where the bunny mother at that time was actually a madam on the side. She had a good thing going. She would fix up all the pretty young bunnies with guys but keep the money. I finally had to tell the staff at the club that I was a lesbian before they would let me quit.

HS: *Are you a lesbian?*

VK: No, I'm really bisexual, but I knew that being a lesbian in the Playboy Club would be the one thing they couldn't accept. I knew it would blow their minds and I'd be free.

HS: *What happened next?*

VK: I came back to New York and met a girl who was making good money as a go-go dancer. I started dancing, too, for quite a few years until I was approached to do porno films.

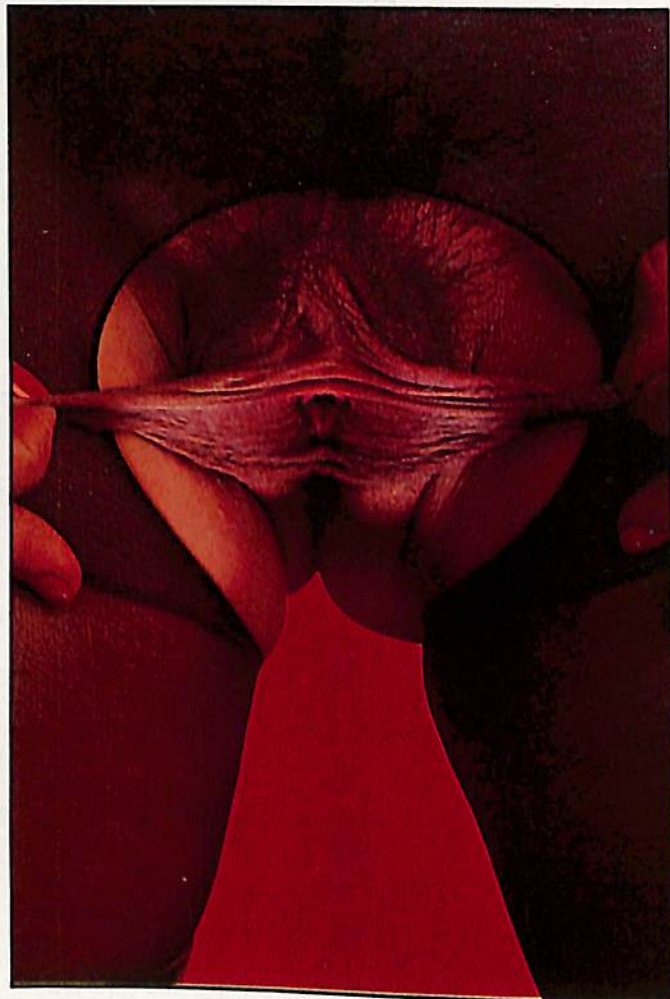
HS: *Can you name a few of them for our readers?*

VK: Sure, I'm in *Heat Wave*, *Captain Lust*, *Joy*, *Jailbait*, and *Pleasure Palace*.

HS: *What stage name do you use?*

VK: Usually Veri Knotty, but sometimes they bill me as "Loose Lips." I've also made a lot of 8mm loops. The two best starred a midget in one and Susan Mc-





Bain in another. I stuff her panties up her crotch and then eat them out.

HS: You have an especially unusual physical attribute that is rare—long labia lips. How did you get into tying your pussy lips into a knot?

VK: I was doing a stage show one day and some asshole in the audience kept yelling, "Hey, honey, what's that hanging down, your hemorrhoids?" I said, "That's my pussy, my dear." I was really insulted, you know. Then he yelled, "Let's see you tie that thing into a knot." I told him to put his money where his mouth was, and then I worked at that son of a gun. I pulled my lips one way, then another, and soon found out how to tie a square knot. I can do it in two seconds now—and it stays. In Africa, certain tribes put weight on their lips; they actually pierce them so that they'll hang way down.

HS: What's your sex life like off-stage? Do you have any favorite fantasies?

VK: I live out most of my fantasies at home. One of my favorites, though, that I would never really do, is make it with a horse. I used to sneak into the adult book stores with a bag of quarters and look for peep shows that featured animals. I have an orgasm just watching them. Of course, I think it would ruin the fantasy if I ever really did it. It's one thing to imagine fucking a horse and

"WHEN I'M REALLY HORNY I LIKE TO DEEP-THROAT A MAN."

quite another to smell all that horseshit! Another favorite fantasy of mine is picturing myself as a schoolmarm. I would love to watch two young boys fuck each other while another one eats my pussy. I'd love to have a lot of young guys jerking off all over my body; then I'd have the turkey of the crowd lick it all off, every bit of it.

HS: Do you have a steady boyfriend?

VK: Yeah, but I'm not going to tell you too much about him. I have something going on at home that's pretty strong, and I wouldn't want to jeopardize the relationship. Besides, his family would have him committed if they knew what we did together.

HS: Are you monogamous?

VK: Well, I've been known to take a date on the side for money or a present. I also attract a lot of strange people for some reason. Maybe it's the way I dress on stage—all in black leather—but the guys who are attracted to me bring me presents like black boots. The other day I had a regular looking guy come

backstage after my show and he was dressed in a girdle and stockings under his clothes. How did this guy know I would be interested in that scene?

HS: Were you?

VK: Yes. I like to see a man dressed up in women's clothes. It really turns me on.

HS: Why?

VK: It makes him look so vulnerable. I also love to see a man masturbate. It's one of my favorite things, especially a black man or a guy with a big cock. I love to see all that white cum spurting out. Sometimes I cum just thinking about it. When a guy is going down on me, I like him to be on top and stick his dick down my throat. When I'm really horny, I want to deep-throat him.

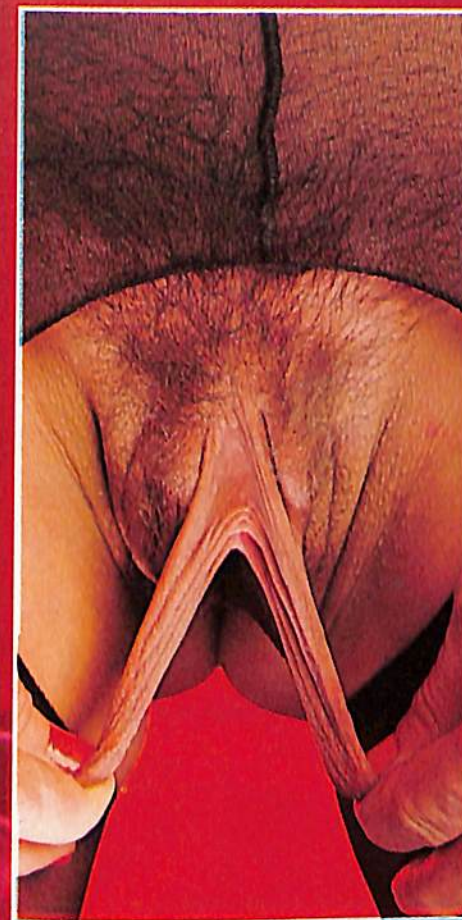
HS: How do you do it?

VK: It just has something to do with your mind. You're not thinking about how you're going to breathe, you just think about what you have to do. I get more excited the farther back in my throat it goes. And then I fantasize another guy bending over us, jerking-off and cumming in slow motion.

HS: What type of sexual partners do you look for?

VK: I like very erotic, sexual people. It doesn't matter if they are men or women. I used to have a girlfriend named Star when I was really young. My

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74





Whore-ay For Hollywood:

An "X" Rated
Guide To L.A.
Where to find her, take her and make
her in the City Of One-night Stands!

By Jared Brady

What passes for standard sexual fare in other cities isn't really offered in Los Angeles, the city of the so-called "One-night Stand." Southern California's traditional laissez-faire attitude toward life doesn't apply to its sexual attitudes. Getting laid in L.A. means life in the fast lane; getting laid doesn't mean getting laid-back.

The topless bars on Sunset Strip have chauffeured limousines waiting curbside for their horny riders, who often return with a lady of the night. The hard-sex clubs, such as The Ball (in Santa Monica) keep going through the night with the likes of the nude dancer who masturbates with a turkey leg!

L.A. has a legion of small town beauties who have flocked there for careers of varying degrees of glamour. From would-be starlets to "R and X-rated actresses," porno extras and would-be call girls, this city is packed with attractive faces and all manner of ambitions. Aside from the working, or aspiring, girls there are plenty of college co-eds, secretaries, stewardesses and otherwise "single" women who can be found downing Margueritas (or Quaaludes) at the many bars, lounges, private clubs, parties and favorite eateries on the L.A. circuit.

While you may be able to spot the prettiest actress on TV in the famous Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, you'll find the sexiest women in America on the Pacific beaches of Hermosa, Manhattan, Venice, Santa Monica, Malibu and Zuma. They are the sexiest sands this side of the Riviera; from above, the beaches appear to be a blanket-to-blanket relief map of raised tits and asses. The pickings are plenty.

The LA femme fatale is an amalgam of types: a combination health food freak and Barry Manilow lover. Or, perhaps, a classically trained ballerina who (so far) has only gotten work in the chorus line of a Dr. Pepper commercial. Then again, she may appear to be a vamp (dressed in a tight, sweaty T-shirt and satin jogging shorts) for whom saving whales is a bigger thrill than a night in the sensuously aquatic environs of a jacuzzi.

Southern California is a paradox of attitudes, cultures and sexual responses. Mostly, though, it is liberated. All points of sexual interest, all kinds of morality, easily co-exist under the banner of Hedonism-Under-The-Sun. So, whatever your perverted little heart might desire, it's surely available here.

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE IN THE CITY OF ANGELS:

The Chateau, in West Hollywood, offers five dungeons and a crew of crisply-trained Dominants and Submissives (11 altogether). Sophisticated and catering, half-hours with with a D go for \$40 (up to \$90 for an hour and one-half). Slaves go for \$45 a half-hour, up to \$100 for an hour and a half. Membership fee may be too stiff for your stiff unless you have wads. Call 659-3650.

The Leather Castle, in one of the few tree-lined areas of the San Fernando Valley, Sherman Oaks, is a two-dungeoned, four master/slave combination establishment. Somewhat tacky, the main draw here is the nude wrestling that goes on for \$70 per half-hour. The cruelty and sport goes from 11 a.m. until midnight. Call 981-7744.

HOLLYWOOD'S INNER-CITY SEX: A TRIP DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

The side-streets that cross Hollywood Boulevard form a sex district that is L.A.'s answer to Times Square. Peep shows, X-rated movie houses, adult bookstores and topless bars (the kind that sailors from Japan frequent) occupy every other storefront and make this seedy area cheap sex's resident zone. Not recommended for nightly walks alone, you are as apt to notice a Hollyweirdo with blue hair flashing you from a nearby telephone booth, as you are the slivers of broken glass that line the streets. Downtown Hollywood is probably the only place in L.A. that looks, feels and acts like an Eastern city. Whore hotels are scattered in the area between Highland Avenue and Vine (on the west and east) and Hollywood Boulevard and Franklin Avenue (on the south and north). Going on foot through this maze of oldtime Hollywood streets, you will pass such landmarks as Mann's Chinese Theatre, Madame Tussaud's Hollywood Wax Museum and Frederick's of Hollywood. Frederick's, at 6608 Hollywood Boulevard (466-5157), is world-famous for its outrageous line of sex wear. Panties with crotch cut-outs, push-up bras and a huge array of garter belts are only some of the things which draw a national mail-order clientele, as well as a store full of fat-walleted pimps escorting their favorite workers. Do some shopping there, and you may wind up pressing flesh with the hottest women in town.

MOVIE GUIDE:

Pussycat Theatre: Double-bill of the top quality films currently going. Downtown LA at 5th and Hill Streets. (628-6668)...
Sunset: First-run, showcase theatre. It's clean and hospitable to couples. In Hollywood, at Western and Sunset Blvds. (462-0271).

Swedish Arts Theatre: Top attraction is the locally-made 16mm films which receive their first-runs here. In Hollywood, at 5230 Hollywood Blvd. (666-9777).

X-1 & X-2: Twin cinemas showing first-runs. Great seating, attractive, with many couples in the house. In Hollywood, at 5959 Hollywood Blvd. (463-8466).

Yale Theatre: Average to below average fare in this combination bookstore-movie house. Seedy. In Santa Monica, at 2838 Wilshire Blvd. (828-0811).

The Cave: Fetish fare in busy downtown Hollywood. The address is 6315 Hollywood Blvd. (465-8677).

Pussycat Theatre: Best porno theatre in the West; top-quality films play along with shorts. At 7734 Santa Monica Blvd., in Hollywood. (654-5744).

NOTE: HIGH SOCIETY recommends all the PUSSYCAT THEATRES: Buena Park, Torrance, Ventura, Canoga Park, Inglewood as well as Hollywood outlets.

BEST BURLESQUE IN THE WEST—PUBLIC FLESH FOR THE VIEWING

The Body Shop: Thought of as the last quality strip joint in town, The Body Shop is also the oldest. Elaborately lush sets, ornate acts and good-looking performers make it a must on the L.A. Sex Trip Tour. At 8250 Sunset Blvd., L.A. (656-1404).

Century Lounge: Close by LAX (that's the airport), the Cherry Lounge is clean and receptive to travellers. Nude dancers let it shake Mondays through Fridays from 11 a.m. till 2 a.m.; weekends from 6 p.m. till 2 a.m. Good legs, pretty faces, with personal body English liberally applied. The Lounge is a pleaser. 5601 Century Blvd., L.A. (641-NUDE).

Kit Kat Club: Hot rock and disco sound and B-girls. Beer and wine not worth spit is all there is to drink (ah yes, they have the nerve to serve soft drinks, too!). A very Latin and very horny club. At Melrose and Gardner, L.A. (655-2584).

The Star Strip: Fabulous sound and the best stage in town; the dancers are all professional and just what a star-struck tourist would expect in his wilder dreams. Thursday is amateur night, which attracts the newest sex talent in town. A \$3.00 admission and one-drink minimum makes it reasonably priced. At 365 North Cienega Blvd., Hollywood (652-1741).

The Ball: A private club for businessmen who can take advantage of watching two shows simultaneously (total nudity). Disco music, a decent lunch and drinks available. All races and colors of female flesh work the club, and there is a backroom for the heavier action. Membership is \$35 per year plus a \$3.50 admission per member and guests. At 2719 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica (828-4471).

The Arches: The best-looking asses in the Valley strut down a short runway stage. Strictly a T&A show in a slightly decadent surrounding. Admission is \$2.00 during the day and \$3.00 at night. At 8532 Sepulveda Blvd., Panorama City (893-3392).

Ivar Theatre: Old-time X with accessible pink sported by girls who'll make you think you're back in the days of the Roaring '20s. Actual contact is more than frowned upon, but what do you expect for \$5.50 (special \$4.50 senior citizen discount)? Fuck loops fill the gaps between shows. In Hollywood, at 1505 North Ivar (464-7121).

Hello Doll: An MC keeps the noses of the stage-side crowd sniffing at the moving pink right above them. Amateur nude contests go on Wednesday nights at 9 p.m.; regular hours are 11:30 a.m. till 2 a.m. Remember, the crowd is kind of tough here. No wimps allowed. At 10910 Magnolia in North Hollywood (980-7787).

The Queen Mary: This club, a Valley landmark, is the West Coast headquarters for trans-vest-faggotism. The male performers (there's an elaborate stage show) who sport feathers and boas are not Indians; still (if you're straight) don't get too friendly with the natives. While the club attracts many heteros and couples, the pick-up action is strictly kinky. Divine, star of *Pink Flamingoes* and *Women Behind Bars*, was almost "born" here. At 12449 Ventura Blvd., in Studio City (985-5488).

77 Sunset Strip: Total nudity and lesbian-fuck simulation are the drawing cards to this West Hollywood establishment that's no bigger than a gas station. The address made famous in the Fifties by Kookie, Roscoe and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. is across the street from the Roxy music club. The parking lot there is a scene of floozie pick-up action. At 77 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood (659-5486).

Harvey's Theatre Club: From 11 a.m. till 2 a.m., you'll find slightly tranquilized nude dancers shimmying before a not-too-overeager crowd of beer drinkers. The girls are polite but not overly sexed. Their biggest turn-on seems to be rubbing oil all over themselves. Pizza and sandwiches and free hors d'oeuvres. Monday night is amateur dance night; they give away a \$200 prize (so come then). Admission is \$3.00. At 10624 Hawthorne Blvd., in Inglewood (671-1100).

IF YOU HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT: X-RATED MOTELS (RESERVATIONS A MUST)

Quarter: Porno flics, waterbeds, mirrors and fur-trimmed canopies. About \$16 for three hours worth, or \$32.25 for a weekend night. Slightly less week nights. 11136 Ventura Blvd., Studio City (766-5242).

The Hollywoodland Motel: Rather clean

for an X-rated motel, it offers waterbeds, mirrors and flics as well as a free bottle of champagne for deluxe room customers. In-and-Outs for \$15-\$25; overnights go from \$18 to \$30, 10730 Ventura Blvd., Studio City (769-2800).

Cesar's Paradise: Best rated fuck motel in L.A., it features rooms with plush carpeting, sunken bathtubs, fireplaces and premier beds. Great flics available for selection. Quickies for \$15-\$20; overnights at \$30-\$40. 6147 Lankership Blvd., North Hollywood (769-3380).

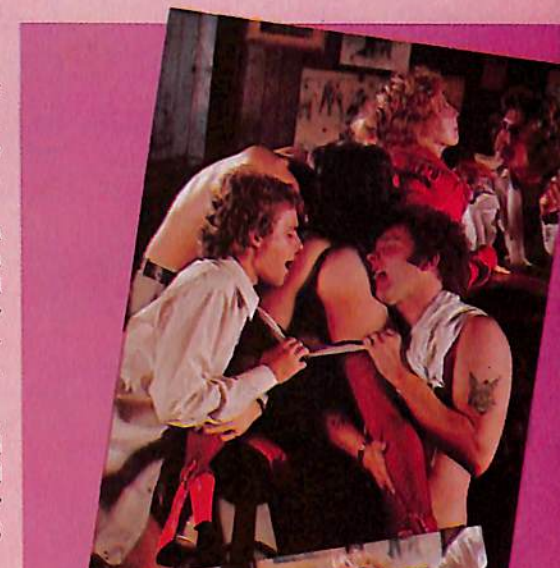
Cinema Motel: Small suites with bars, waterbeds (fur-lined), mirrors above and blue movies on the tube—canopies and free champagne, too, 3-hour throw for \$16.90; overnights at \$32.80. 6242 Sepulveda Blvd., Van Nuys (786-1719).

Oriental Gardens: The only place "in town" to get an X-room, the Advance call will get you a room with hard-core TV. The main attraction is the old-time Hollywood charm. Overnights, only at about \$25, 1800 N. Grace St., Hollywood (466-2888).

UNDERGROUND SEX:

While the organized, mercantile sex scene draws a huge patronage, the underground scene is where the carriers of the sexually avant-garde can be found. On summer weekend nights, long stretches of Mulholland Drive are clogged by the most mixed lines of parked cars ever assembled. Drivers and passengers slam the doors to Pintos, Thunderbirds, Jaguars, Toyotas, Jeeps, Bugs and Excalibur Espirits. The fashions they wear range from Pierre Cardin to Balley-casual double-knits. They all share a certain insatiability, however: All are looking for that promise of promiscuity in a setting of mountain vistas, bubbling whirlpools, potted ferns and swaying palms. For ten bucks a head, they can frolic and fuck all manner of orifices and drink and drug at an orgy to which all are invited.

Two-by-two, three-on-one, one-for-all, hetero, homo and transsexual, they all know the time and place due to a very effective network of mouth-to-mouth information. The L.A. Phone Connection, a make-shift patch-work of home answering machines, answering services and dialing secretaries, sends the word out about the parties to all regulars. The regulars, in turn, inform or invite friends to those storied addresses on Friday and Saturday nights. The shy aren't welcomed; the parties are not the place for gawking tourists. If you go, prepare to drop your pants and let all that will break loose. Inevitably, it will. But, if it is the ultimate sexual experience that you're after, the parties can be the American Dream versions of Sodom and Gomorrah. Not quite the place to meet the girl next door, you may wind-up (one party later) with enough names to fill a ten-volume edition of your own personal blackbook.



"The hard sex clubs, like The Ball, keep going through the night with the likes of the nude dancer who masturbates with a turkey leg!"

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE L.A. UNDERGROUND:

The A Frame: Call 650-6033 for information about the swinger party scene that goes on in this house, high in the Hollywood Hills. Elegant environs for the upwardly mobile, the house features a mini-disco, waterbed room and private cubicles for intimate action. About fifty couples converge on the place on Saturday nights, half that many on Friday nights.

Wide World Social Swing Club: Call (714) 821-6117 to tie into the oldest, continuously operated swing club in the country. With 1,400 national members, this organization really knows how to swing. Based in a party house in Anaheim (home of Disneyland), members enjoy a

heated pool, jacuzzi, and buffet. Candidates for membership are interviewed, then asked for an \$80 membership fee. Couples only for the parties—individuals invited to two weekly life-style discussions for \$2.00.

Dick and Carmen's: Call 994-2266/2262 if you want to enjoy a buffet, heated pool, bar, private retreats and a Bondage and Discipline room. Cost? \$20. Single men invited Wednesday through Sunday nights. Thursday night is the time for their outrageous bi/B&D parties. Drinks filled and ashtrays emptied by a complement of servants!

Plato's Retreat West: Call 463-5145 to reach Hollywood's version of New York's Temple of Sin. Couples only, "the house" offers a disco lounge, electronic game room, buffet, jacuzzi, thirty private party rooms, etc. So far, the parties are

young and attractive and representative of every sexual variety. Forty dollars per couple for the first visit, \$30 each time thereafter (including parking and private locker). Wednesday through Sundays.

Swinger's West: The swangiest place in the Valley, this party house offers a large outdoor pool and indoor pool tables. Wednesdays (from noon to 6 p.m.) and Friday nights are the times for swinging heteros. Thursday, Saturday and Sunday are for bi parties. Invitation only; \$5 per couple, single men allowed in during swing (straight) parties. Call 342-1157 or 342-1434.

Circle X Club: Orange County headquarters for couples and single women only, its attractions include good-looking swingers, movies, jacuzzi, buffet dinner and heated pool. This club, though it says it is open by invitation only, places a premium on beauty. Call (714) 776-7807 for information.

Gemini Lounge: While it calls itself a swingers' bar, the lounge is packed with guys. Still, there is a bit of pick-up action and the girls who frequent it are generally good-looking. Besides, it is about the only place in this area of town for seeing pink. At 5674 East Imperial Highway, in South Gate. Call 861-9075.

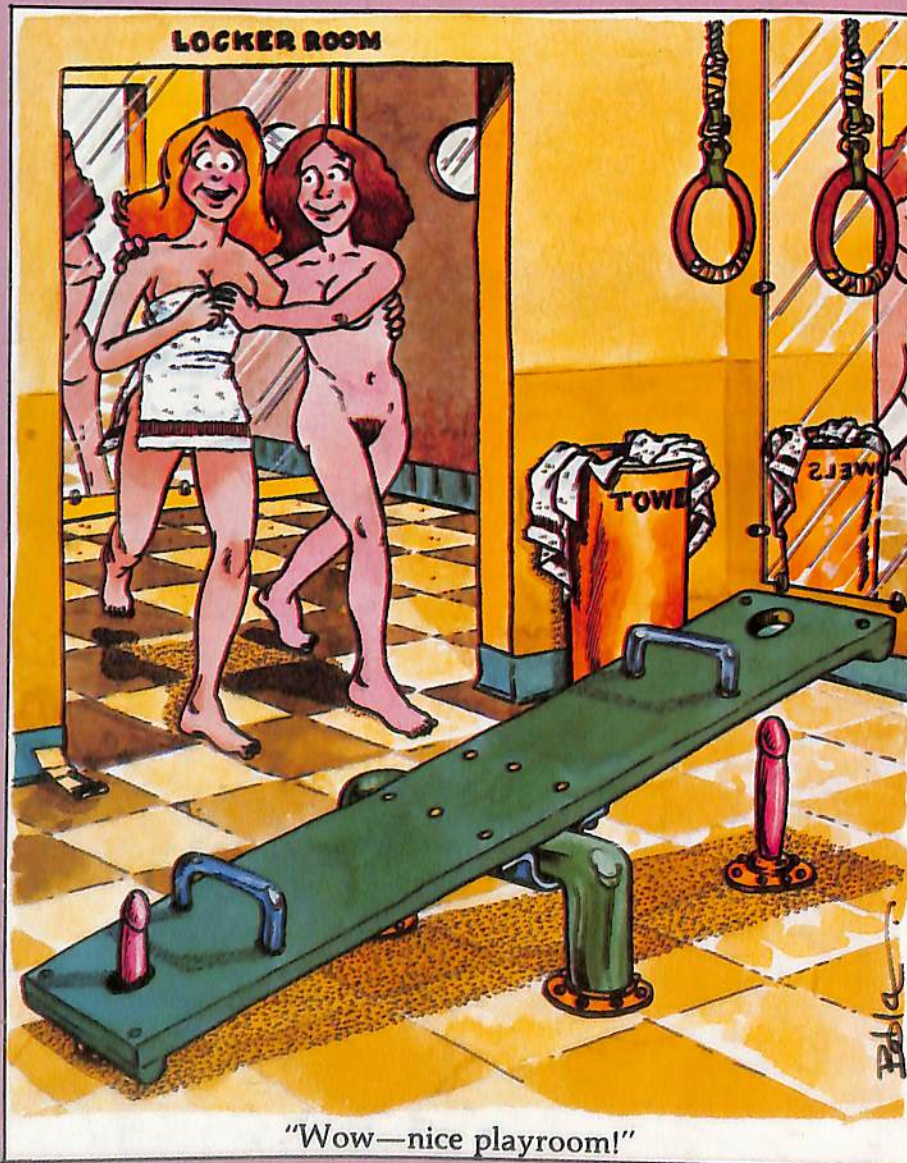
GIRL-WATCHING POSITIONS: LA/HOLLYWOOD/ THE VALLEY

Tower Records: Just a record and tape store, sure. But, due to its location in the heart of the Pop Music Industry, Tower attracts a high percentage of rock stars and rock industry hangers-on. On any given afternoon, you may pass Ursula Andress who, in turn, may be edging by Lindsay Buckingham. At the corner of King's Road and Sunset Boulevard, in West Hollywood.

Beverly Hills: The most elegant, stylized women in America can be seen on parade through the streets of this golden enclave. The best places to catch them are in such stores as Fiorucci's, the Beverly Hills Head Shop, Joseph Magnin's, Jon Peter's Salon, Gucci's, General Store, Hermes and The Right Bank.

The Improvisation: West Coast headquarters for new and proven comics, the Improv runs a bar which draws a young, hip clientele... mostly show-biz types. The place to catch a face that you just may see on TV in a year or two. On Santa Monica Blvd., at Sweetzer in LA.

Venice: The beachwalk, in Venice, is the most popular roller-skating course in the country. Bikini beauties whiz by on their wheels, sometimes performing pirouettes to show off.



"Wow—nice playroom!"

BE A HIGH SOCIETY COVER GIRL (AND CENTER SPREAD)



YOU AND YOUR GIRL CAN WIN BIG \$\$\$\$\$\$

Come on guys, grab your camera and your prettiest girlfriend and enter her photograph in our brand new COVER GIRL Contest. Each girl selected as a monthly winner will receive a \$500 CASH award, plus an opportunity to enter the annual play-offs for the year's BIG BUCKS AWARD of \$5,000.

YOU guys can become eligible for a special cash award, too. If the girl you photographed is selected the COVER GIRL OF THE YEAR, you will win \$1,500 in cash and be assigned one of High Society's own professional models for a special pictorial.

Each and every girl whose photograph appears in this section every month will receive a special \$35 cash award. Don't forget to fill out the entry blank on the next page and have it notarized. Hurry up, men, the money is burning a hole in our pockets!

ENTRY BLANK & MODEL'S RELEASE FOR THE NEW HIGH SOCIETY COVER GIRL PHOTO CONTEST

Enclosed is a photograph of my _____
(wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.).
Her name is _____
She is _____ years old.
Her occupation is _____

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IMPORTANT: TO SHOW THAT MODEL'S SIGNATURE IS GENUINE, THIS ENTRY BLANK/RELEASE MUST BE NOTARIZED IN ORDER FOR PHOTOGRAPH TO BE PUBLISHED.

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MODEL'S NAME (please print clearly) _____

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MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____

WITNESS (Signature) _____

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PHOTOGRAPHER (Signature) _____

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Note: Please use separate paper to write 100 words or less telling something about the model that you believe would be interesting to our readers.

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HIGH SOCIETY MAGAZINE
801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

BULLISH IN MEXICO

WHEN HIS WORDS
WOULDN'T COME, THIS
MYSTERY WRITER KNEW
HIS COCK COULD...

BY MICKEY BRISCOE

"As silently as a cat, Marco approached the stoolie. The garrot was taut between his steady hands. He knew it would only take a few seconds—a few seconds of struggle to make sure this jerk would never have another chance to rat on Don Alessandro, the Boss of Bosses.

"Marco studied the guy's neck. It was long, white, and slender—his work was cut out for him. There were good necks and bad necks. This was one of the better necks. Doing this job was going to be pure pleasure.

"The stoolie was fast asleep. Tremendous. Then suddenly—

"Then abruptly—

"Then instantly—

"Then quickly—

"Then suddenly abruptly instantly quickly—"

I turned the typewriter off and decided to take five for Writer's Block. It always happened to me when I was about to write a murder scene. I would approach the big moment and go dry.

I lit a cigarette and got up from the desk. Outside my window the Atlantic Ocean was shimmering blue. A single speedboat came into view and then disappeared in the reflected glare. On the beach girls in bikinis were running and laughing. I felt good watching them.

When I was finished with the cigarette I went back to my desk. The typewriter seemed dead without its electric hum. I took the page out and considered my unfinished paragraph. "Then suddenly abruptly instantly quickly—" I couldn't seem to find the right word or phrase to continue with, but it didn't pay to let the page taunt me. I decided to take a break and resume work later.

CASA De Robles is an island located near the coast of Mexico. I've lived and worked here for two and one-half years. I write my crime novels four hours a day, and the rest of the time I lay in the sun, or read in the shade of the village cafe, or fuck attractive tourists. All in all, a nice lifestyle. Lots of variety. Nice climate.

I walked the unpaved streets of the village and browsed in the shop windows. Crafts, crafts, and more crafts. A



young girl tried to sell me a clay pot on which she had painted, all in green, a peacock. I passed on the pot but I did buy a couple of her strings of purple beads. It made the kid's day.

Then my thoughts turned to fucking. It was a natural enough transition. Coming my way down the street were two of the most delectable chicks I'd seen in a long time. Oh, there are lots of magnificent women on Casa De Robles, but there was something about these two that was special. They seemed linked together in a secret way. They were dark-haired and tanned, and wore light yellow dresses. They were talking to each other with the intensity of lovers, and didn't seem to notice all the village hubbub around them. So that's it, I thought. Lezzies!

This definitely warranted further investigation. Anything to get my mind off Writer's Block!

"Buenos Dias, señoritas," I said as they passed by. I held out the beads I had just purchased. "Would you like to buy some lovely accessories for your wardrobe?"

They laughed.

"No beads, huh?" I leaned over and whispered seductively. "Well, would you like to fuck my brother?"

"A New Yorker!" said the taller of the two girls laughing.

"That's right," I said. "Mickey Briscoe, born and bred on the Upper West Side. Now an expatriate living it up on the Mexican Riviera!" I leaned over again. "But you still haven't answered my question. Do you or don't you want to fuck my—"

"I bet you don't even have a brother," said the shorter girl.

"Yes I do!" I said. "He's my twin. You tell me when you want to meet him. You give me three hundred pesos, and I will set up an appointment."

"You'll be there, too?"

"No, only my twin brother. But you'll get your pesos' worth!"

"You're crazy," said the taller girl. "And I'm Lynda."

"I'm Tracy," said the other one.

"Do you actually live here?" Lynda asked.

"Absolutely. Me and my twin brother, we share a villa—"

"Do you really have a twin brother?" asked Tracy.

"Absolutely!" I said. "Only thing is, he's invisible to everyone but me."

"You've been out in the sun too long," Lynda said.

"You're right," I said. "Let's hit some shade."

We went inside the nearest cafe and

ordered some pina colodas.

"What were you girls talking about when I first saw you?" I sipped my drink. "You looked like lezzies-in-love."

"What kind of thing is that to say?" Tracy asked.

"I'm a writer," I said. "I'm compulsively down-to-earth. Seriously, I took you girls as dykes. And I mean dykes only in the descriptive sense—not the perjorative."

"We are dykes," said Lynda.

"All right!" I said, pouring the ole demon rum down my throat. "All rrrrrrrright!"

"Why are you excited about it?" Tracy asked.

"I've never made it with two young lezzies before," I said.

"And we're going to make it? All three of us, together?" asked Lynda.

"It'll be an experience you'll always treasure," I said. "I know the perfect place for a little *menage a trois*! Are you up to it?"

Lynda wet her lips. "Let's have a couple more drinks and we'll see."

When she said that, I knew it was in the bag.

An hour later the three of us were fucking bombed. I told them my life story and they told me theirs. They were primarily straight, but just to satisfy a lifelong curiosity, they'd decided to take a break from their clothes-designing jobs in New York and have a little Lesbian vacation. Casa De Robles, not being quite as overrun with tourists as some of the other islands, seemed the perfect place. They'd been enjoying the sun and each other's bodies for the last week.

I said I understood perfectly. After all, a writer's job is to understand people.

"Sure, we'll go with you," said Lynda. "Why not?" She was fighting to keep a drunken slur out of her voice. She turned to Tracy, who seemed more reluctant, if equally bombed. "Come on, Trace! This is our vacation for 'trying things!'"

Tracy downed her drink and crinkled her tan brow in thought. Then she looked up at us. There was suddenly a smile on her face. "All for one and one for all," she said. "Let's go!"

We were off. I led them out of the village to a steep dirt road. Sex Break, Sex Break, I kept singing to myself. Nothing gets you back into the writing harness as well as a Sex Break, Sex Break, la la la.

"You're not taking us to the mission, are you?" asked Lynda, pointing to the huge adobe building up ahead.

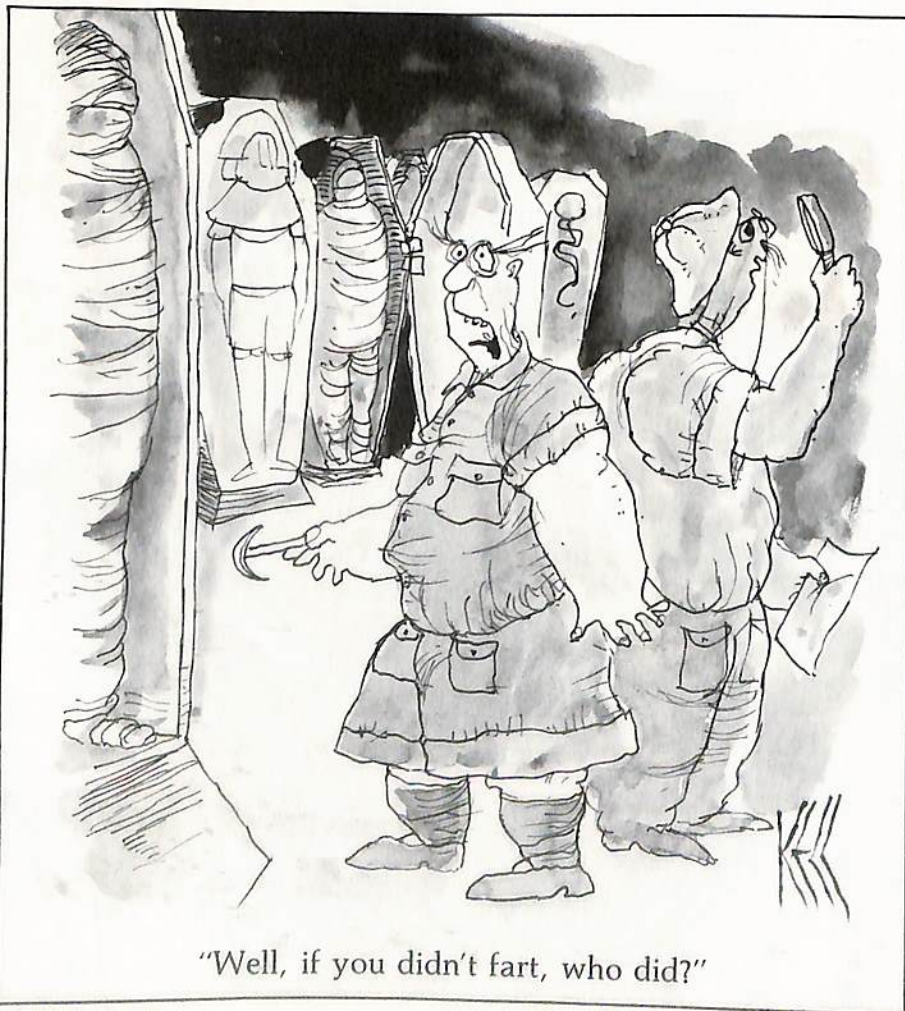
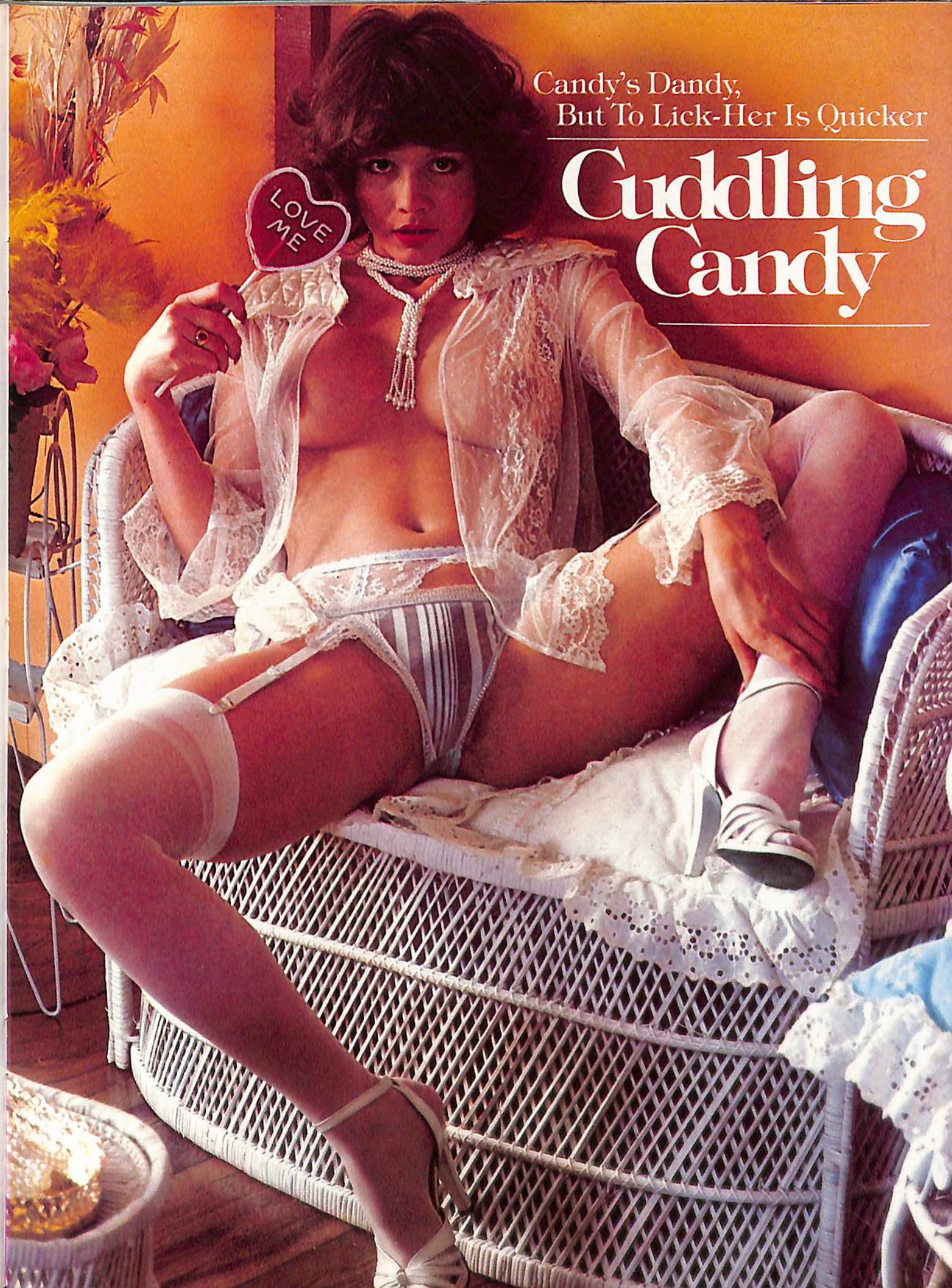
"We're going near there," I said. "This way."

I led them to a clearing. The white, sun-baked bell tower of the old mission loomed in the distance like the Taj Mahal. But there were no people around.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Candy's Dandy,
But To Lick-Her Is Quicker

Cuddling Candy



"Well, if you didn't fart, who did?"



"I PREFER ALL-DAY SUCKERS, THEY GET MY MOUTH IN SHAPE FOR ALL-NIGHT SUCKING."

"My mother must have known I was going to become a cock-tease and a sexpot when she named me," Candy Lane cajoles, dangling her tantalizing tongue before us. She dares us on, and we want to know more—all—about this sexy seductress so adept at child's play. All her teasing and playfulness, charm and mystery, and beauty and grace make Candy the ideal Society's Child.

"I love being a woman and a child. I like to dress in soft, flowing alluring dresses, bat my eyelashes, show just a hint of my beautiful firm breasts and coo baby talk to men. That act gets them so horny for me you'd think their peckers were saxaphones or something! When I see he's getting turned on, I want to make music right then and there!"





Name: Cindy Lane

Measurements: 38-24-34

Astrological sign: Aries

Date and place of birth: April 8, Hartford

Ambitions: all my life

I've wanted to be
recognized for my
sense of humor

When did you lose your cherry?

I was 18 - fresh - I mean
green - out of high school

Where? the local
swimming hole!

What has been your best sex?

My best sex is always
with a satisfying
young stud who will
just be fun and
very relaxing!

Best kind of man: a

cool dude with a
very hot cock!

Worst: a macho man
with a baby's brain!

Favorite sex position: 69 -
with his tongue as
deep as he can get it in!

Favorite sex fantasy: piling
around the world
with Steve Martin

Most unusual sex act: doing
it with fire hydrant -
its just a little plug
but it has power!

Most orgasms in one sex act: enough to keep me going

Celebrity you would most like
to ball: Steve Martin

Society's Child



GEE! GLORIA

AS GLORIA PONDER'S PUBLISHING A STORY ABOUT HOW SHE BEGAN HER CREAMY CAREER AS AMERICA'S LEADING LADY OF LUST, HER MEMORY WANDERS BACK TO ONE OF MANY MOUND-MOISTENING, CINEMATIC SEXPERIENCES....



...I THOUGHT THAT SINCE DRAMA CLASS IS RIGHT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU COULD MEET ME AT THE LOCATION WHERE I'M FILMING TODAY AND WE COULD SHOOT OVER THERE TOGETHER!??

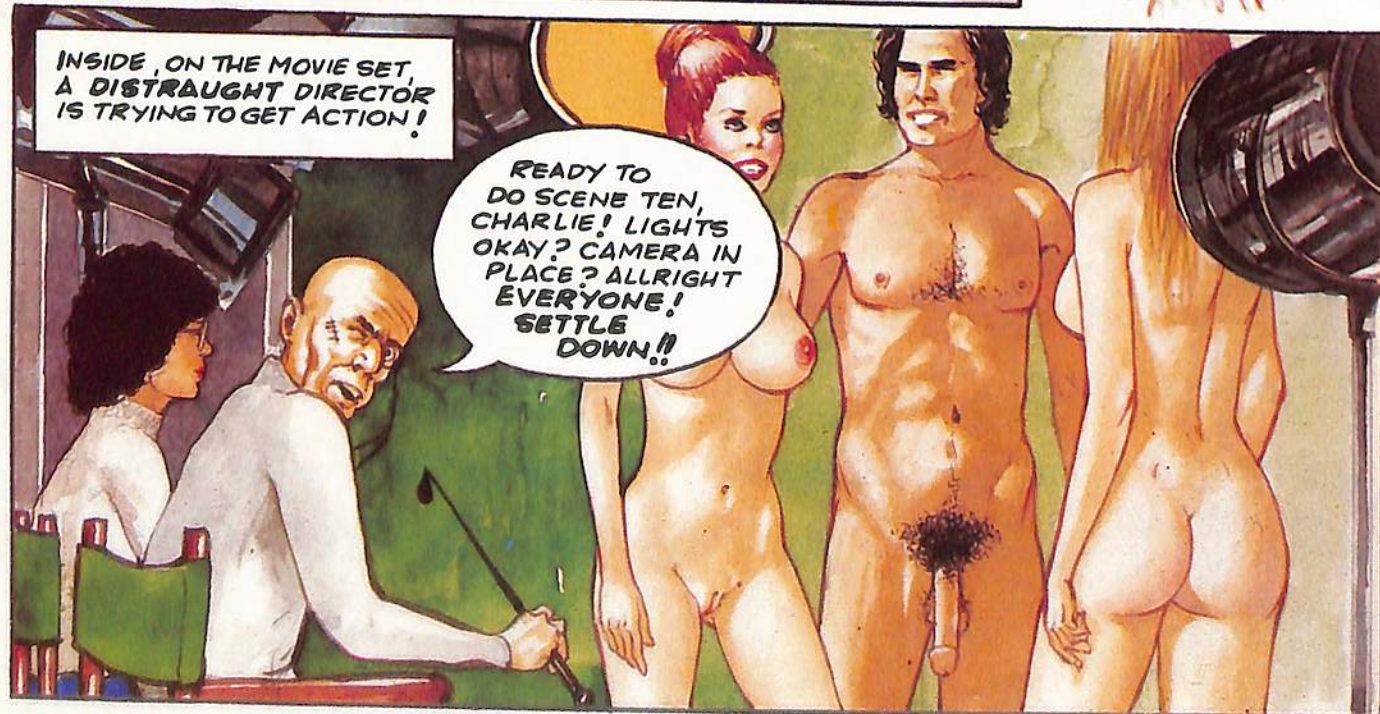
SUPER IDEA, SANDY! AND HONEY, IF YOU'RE WORKING WITH JAMIE, I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A GREAT FUCKING DAY! HA! HA! HA! SEE YOU LATER, BABE!



LATER, AS GLORIA'S TAXI PULLS UP TO A POSH FIFTH AVENUE ADDRESS....

HEY, AREN'T YOU GLORIA LEONARD? I SAW YOU IN "MISTY BEETHOVEN" AND YOU WERE JUST TERRIFIC!! THERE WASN'T A DRYSPAT IN THE HOUSE!!

HMM.... WITH ONLY TWO OF MY FILMS OUT, I'M ALREADY BEING RECOGNIZED! THAT GIVES ME A NICE, WARM FEELING....



INSIDE, ON THE MOVIE SET, A DISTRAUGHT DIRECTOR IS TRYING TO GET ACTION!

READY TO DO SCENE TEN, CHARLIE! LIGHTS OKAY? CAMERA IN PLACE? ALLRIGHT EVERYONE! SETTLE DOWN!!



HEY, MY LANDLORD IS ABOUT TO RAISE MY RENT AND I GOTTA FIND A NEW PAD! IF YOU HEAR OF ANYTHING, WILL YOU LET ME KNOW?

QUIET!! WE'RE GOING FOR A TAKE! ROLL 'EM!!

OH, BY THE WAY, JOHN AND I HAVE FOUR TICKETS TO THE PHILHARMONIC FOR SATURDAY NIGHT. YOU AND GEORGE WANNA JOIN US?

YEAH, BABE! SLIDE THAT PUSSY ALL THE WAY OVER MY DICK! I LOVE FUCKING YOU FROM BEHIND 'CAUSE I GET TO LOOK AT YOUR GREAT ASS!!

OOOOH!! OH, YES, GIVE IT TO ME! HARDER, HARDER! FUCK ME, ER... FUCK ME... ER....?



CUT!!

WHY CAN'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR LINES? IF YOUR BRAIN WAS AS BIG AS YOUR PUSSY, YOU'D —!

HUH?

GOT TO GET ME A FEMALE LEAD WITH SOME TALENT...



AND THEN VON STROKEHEIM SPOTS GLORIA!!

YOU!! COME HERE!

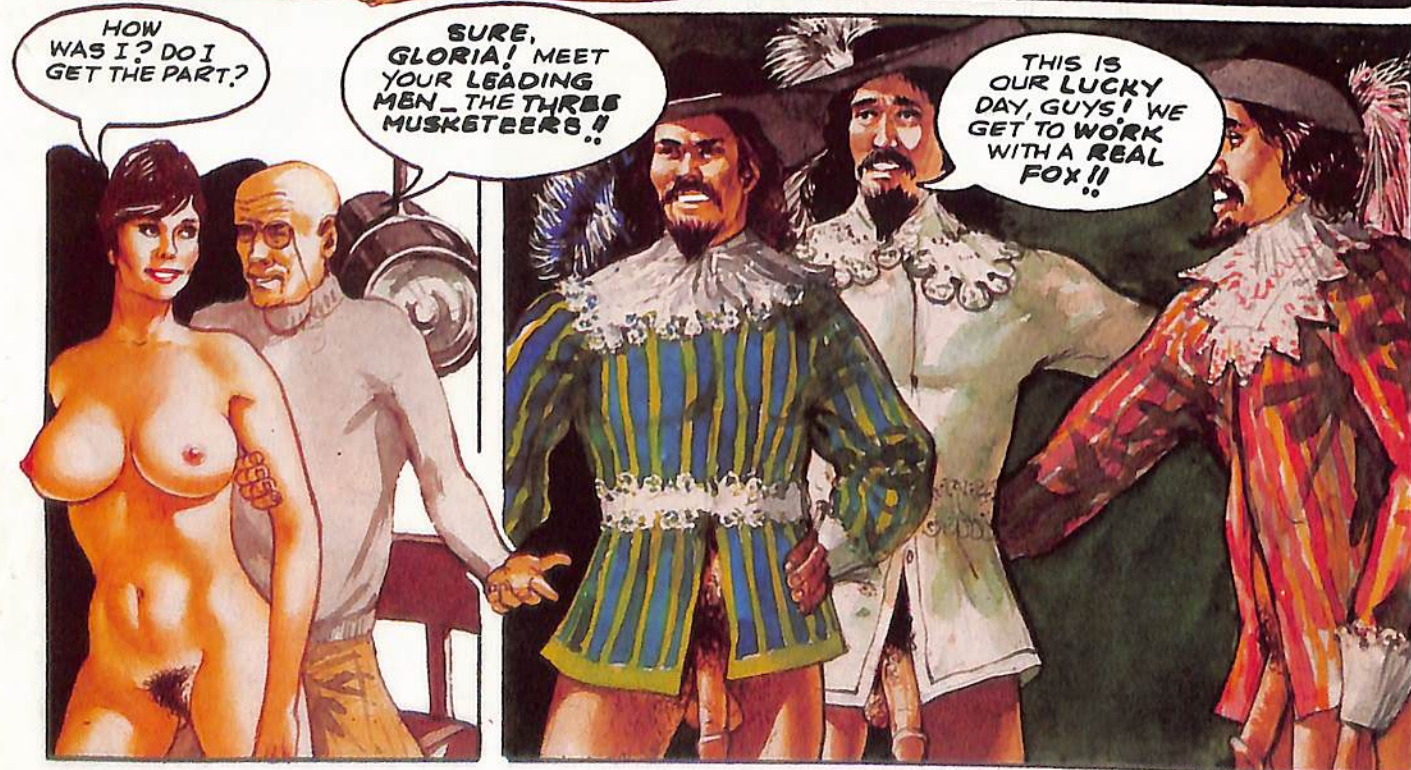
MEIN GOTT!! DIS VUN COULD SAVE THE MOVIE!!

WAIT A MINUTE! I ONLY CAME HERE TO MEET A FRIEND!

GEE, GLORIA CUMON! YOU'LL LOVE IT!!

CLEAR THE SET! TAKE TEN, EVERYBODY!!

STAND STILL! TURN YOUR HEAD — GUT! YA! SMILE! DAS GUT! GET HER READY FOR A SCREEN TEST!



LYNDA CARTER: A WOMAN OF WONDER



"I WOULDN'T DO IT TODAY," SAYS BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN, LYNDA CARTER, BETTER KNOWN TO TV AUDIENCES AS WONDER WOMAN, ABOUT HER NUDE SCENES IN THE FILM, *BOBBIE JO AND THE OUTLAW*.

Mouths dropped open. Men across the country watching *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw* on cable television drooled and grew hard. Wham! Bam! Thank you ma'am!

There stood *Wonder Woman* Lynda Carter, the world's most beautiful woman, topless! "I wouldn't do it today," said Lynda, who took off her blouse in that violence-ridden film which co-starred Marjoe Gortner as Lyle Wheeler, a modern-day outlaw-on-the-run who spots Lynda, aka Bobbie Jo Baker, a drive-in diner waitress with knock-out knockers. When he gets a gander of her enormous assets—the very same tantalizing bosom that earned her a size 38 breastplate as the television super heroine, *Wonder Woman*—he follows her home. They make love, and slip into a life of Bonnie and Clyde-style crime.

"It's something I did and something I learned a big lesson from," continued Lynda, who made the film in 1976 before winning fame as the voluptuous, liberated, fantasy crimefighter. Since then, Lynda—who won the Miss World U.S.A. title in 1973—has become a born-again Christian, married her new-found

manager, Ron Samuels, and been named the world's most beautiful woman by the London International Academy of Beauty. As a result of her recent successes, Lynda has become rich and famous.

"The nudity there wasn't really in bad taste," she said. "It was the violence in the film that I objected to. Besides, that was five years ago, and things like that tend to fall by the wayside eventually."

Not if her fans and the film's producer, Mark Lester, have their way. Lester plans to reissue the picture, hoping to capitalize on her *Wonder Woman* fame. When Lynda was asked why she made a film she would eventually object to, she replied that, "It was a time in my career when I was confused—that's for sure. I was very alone out here."

LYNDA, the daughter of an antique dealer in Phoenix, was a self-conscious but ambitious teenager. Always taller than the other kids in school, and always taller than her dates, the 5' 9" Lynda began thinking of herself as an ugly duckling. When she failed to make it as a

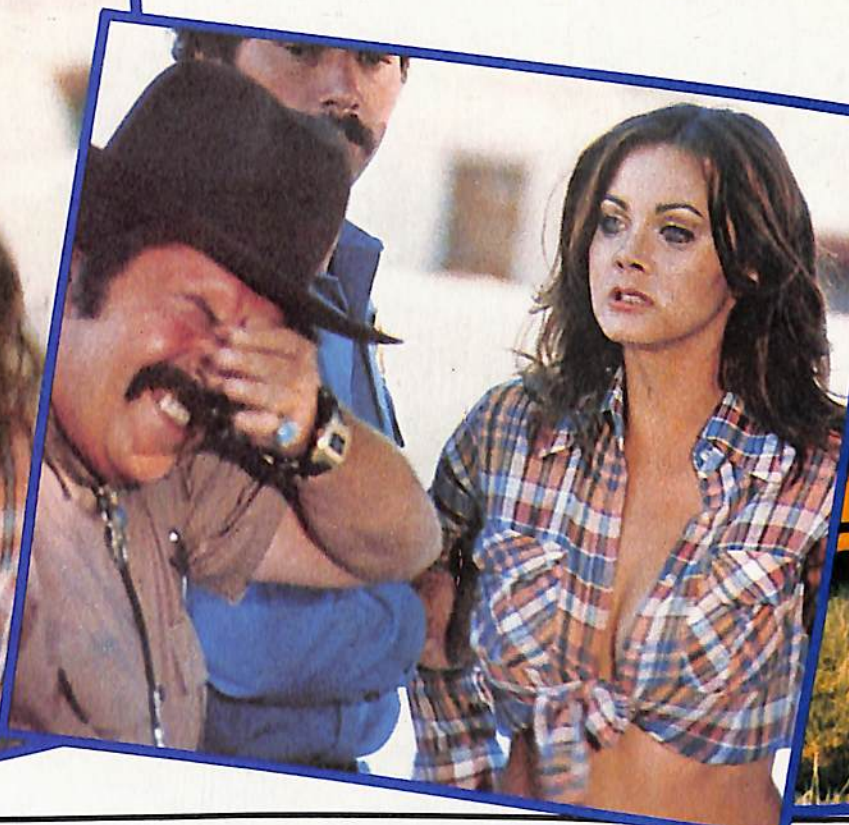
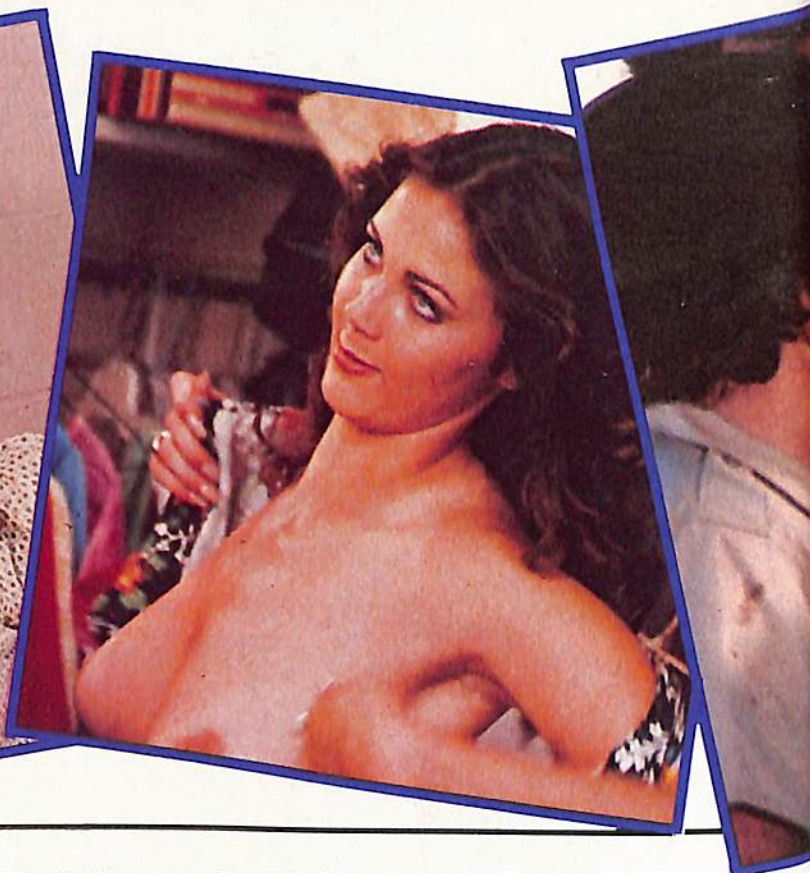
cheerleader and was too tall to be on the pep squad, she joined the school glee club. At 15, following her parents' divorce, she was forced to work and took a singing gig at the Pizza Inn in Scottsdale. After graduating from high school, she went on the road with a local rock group and at 17 appeared in the lounge at the Sahara in Las Vegas. "My name was on the marquee in iddy-biddy letters. But I snapped pictures of it anyway. I couldn't stand living in cheap hotels and not having a home."

Her mother suggested she return to the Arizona womb and enter a local beauty pageant. From Miss Phoenix, Lynda captured the hearts of the national judges and won the Miss World U.S.A. title, then flew off to London for the world finals.

"My big question was," she remembers, "'Do you think the institution of marriage will die out in the next decade?' At that time I was pretty cynical and could have given them a really smart answer, but I wanted to win, so I gave them what I thought they wanted to hear—that love and marriage were part of the American tradition and would always remain so." She lost.

But Lynda wasn't a loser for long. She





returned to the West Coast, settling in Hollywood, where she hoped to fulfill her girlhood dream: "Not really to be a movie star, but a television star." She apparently wooed the casting director more than the pageant judges because she landed the *Wonder Woman* role over 2,000 other auditioners. At this time, she made the now-infamous *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*, appearing nude along with Merrie Lynn Ross, who played her lawless sister; Pearl Baker; and Belinda Balaski, her redheaded friend who is killed midway through the film. Together with Gortner, the girls share magic mushrooms with an Indian and have some psychic revelations in the nude.

While on the *Wonder Woman* set, Lynda met the persuasive Ron Samuels, then manager of Joyce (*Three's Company*) DiWitt, Jackie (*Charlie's Angels*) Smith and Lindsay (*Bionic Woman*) Wagner. Recently divorced, Samuels asked her to lunch and spent three hours discussing her career and love life. They fell in love immediately and moved in together.

They married in May, 1977 and settled down quietly in a five-bedroom French country house high atop Benedict Canyon. The \$850,000 home has fabric-lined walls throughout and a pack of German shepherd guard dogs. A large crucifix hangs above their bed in the master

bedroom.

Soon after her marriage, Lynda, who was raised in the United Church of Christ, began espousing so-called reborn Christianity." She now goes to weekly prayer meetings and passes out religious pamphlets everywhere.

"I was thirsty, I was searching," she said. Before she took the stage at Caesar's Palace in Vegas, where she launched her extravagant return song and show revue, she and Samuels would read the Bible together for five minutes in her dressing room. "Ron believes in Jesus, too," she has explained, although he is Jewish.

EXPENSIVE babbles and lavish homes

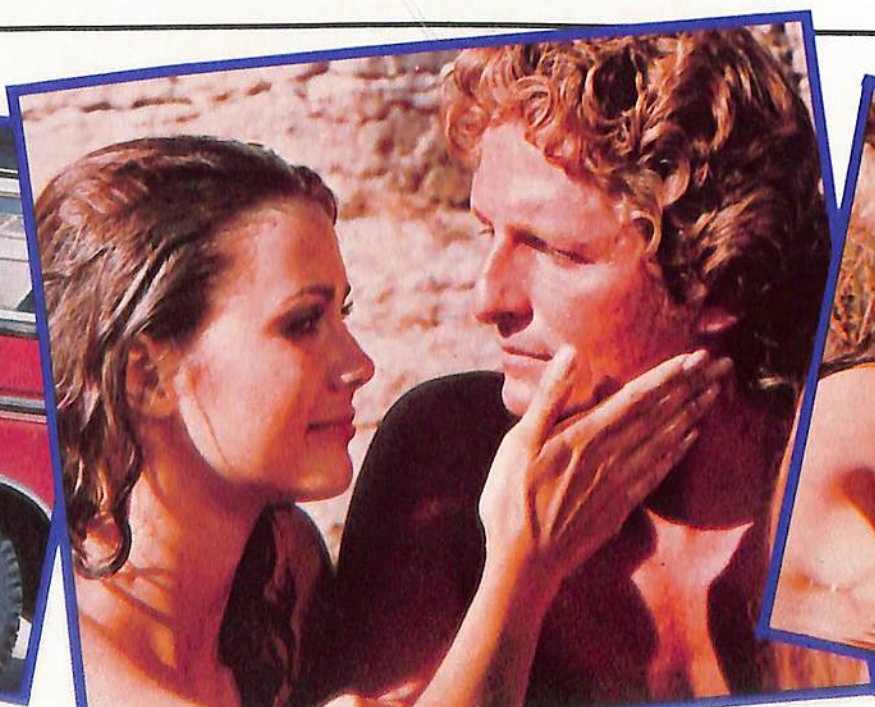
are toys for this rich, successful and happy couple. Since Samuels took over Lynda's career, she no longer feels alone in Hollywood. He has taken this budding young startlet and shaped her into a multifaceted performer, gaining much sought-after publicity, winning many big money deals.

Samuels' skill as a negotiator turned *Wonder Woman* from a comic strip character into a liberated reformer, a female Superman, fighting for truth, justice and the American way. He even landed her a whopping record contract, although her first album fizzled. With his help, "lost and lonely" Lynda, at 28, now earns over one million dollars a year.

"THE NUDITY THERE WASN'T REALLY IN BAD TASTE. IT WAS THE VIOLENCE IN THE FILM THAT I OBJECTED TO."

What's the next project he has up his busy sleeve for his attractive wife? Currently, Samuels is trying to hawk a book contract for her on how she became the most beautiful woman in the world.

"I wasn't a beautiful blonde cupcake when I was growing up. I've been skinny and I've been heavy," said the 115-pound, statuesque brunette. "I wear glasses. I'm a real person. I've learned to look great without wearing any makeup except a little blusher and some mascara. People must start by thinking beautiful. It really starts inside a woman's head. When a woman likes herself and respects herself, that is the beginning of looking the very best she knows how."

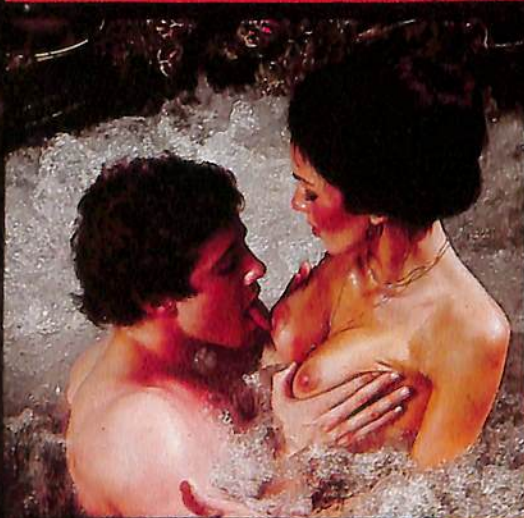






CALIFORNIA HOT-TUBBIN'

THE HIP WAY TO MAKE IT!



Dear High Society,

ON a recent trip west I discovered the most fantastic new water sport—The Hot-Tub. What an experience! I had one hell of a great time sloshing around in that steamy, soothing water, and being scrubbed by two nice, succulent California honeys! Once back East though, I noticed whenever tensions got the best of me, I'd start dreaming of the relaxation-plus of a *California HotTub* soak, reliving that super aqua-erotic night!

Everytime I'd see water or grow tired from my hectic New York City life, I'd mentally slip into those bubbling, whirling waters of a redwood spa, surrounding myself with delightful dreams of a totally hedonistic hideaway. There's really nothing like them back here. I grew so desperate, I even thought about marketing my own East Coast branch of this sensational playtoy for fun-loving, sex-crazed adults.

Then one afternoon while driving in Greenwich Village, I spotted it on Third Avenue and 10th Street (60 Third Ave., New York City 10003)—*California HotTubs*! I called the very next day, and within a couple of weeks, I had a HotTub of my own installed.

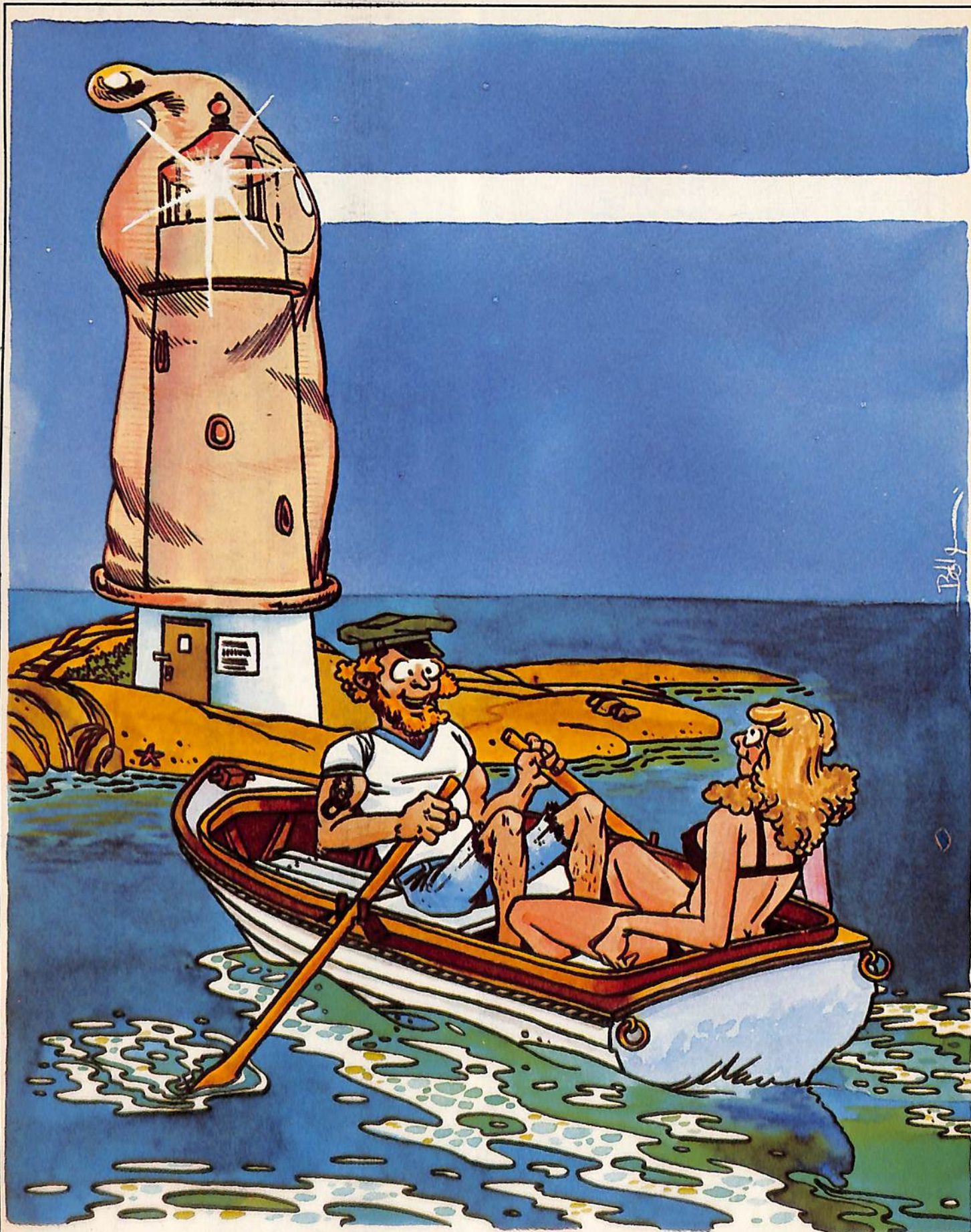
With the latest love of my life—a leggy lady with long, ultra black tresses—my fantasy was a dream cum true. Our leisure hours in the simmering HotTub are some of the most sensual we've spent together! We usually start our night of "physical tension reduction" over a bottle of wine. As we undress and tenderly massage each other, we ease into a peaceful mood. Once in the tub, I float her in the bubbles, licking her warm, sensitive tits. She presses her cunt against a foaming water jet as I nudge her from behind with my hardening cock. Our HotTub lovemaking is the most sensual we've ever experienced together!

Yours truly,
Joe M., N.Y. N.Y.

Send your fantasies to: Reader Fantasy, *High Society Magazine*, 801 Second Ave., New York, New York 10017. [We reserve the right to edit all fantasies.]

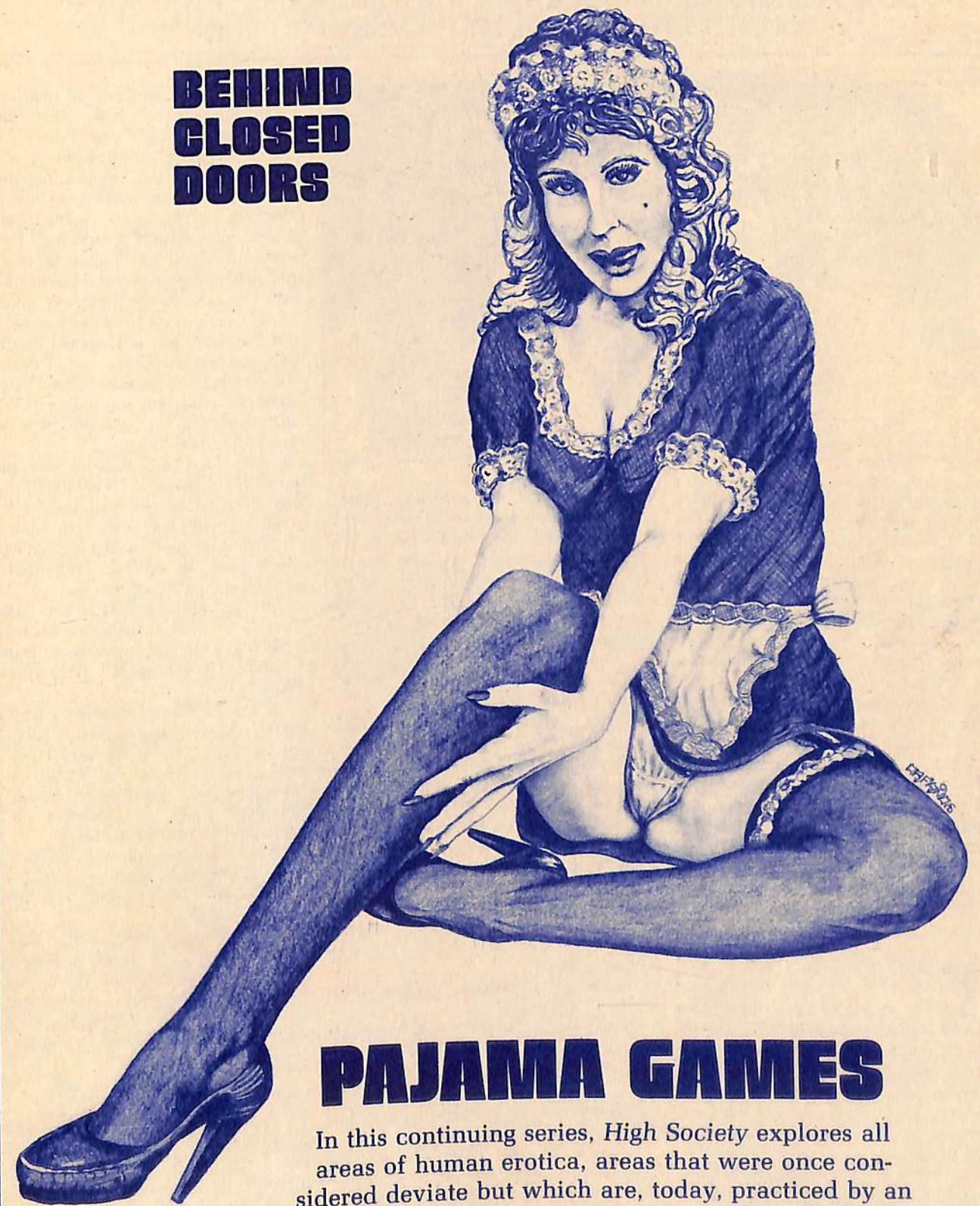






"So I figure, 'Why paint it each year?'"

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS



PAJAMA GAMES

In this continuing series, *High Society* explores all areas of human erotica, areas that were once considered deviate but which are, today, practiced by an ever increasing segment of society. In this month's installment, a husband and wife find that dressing up and acting out different sexual roles has renewed the passion and romance of their relationship.

"EDDIE WAS SUBMERGED IN THE TUB, THE SWOLLEN HEAD OF HIS ERECT COCK PUSHING ABOVE THE WATER, STIFF AND HARD. IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO CONTROL MY OWN SEXUAL URGES."



EDITOR'S NOTE—Edward and Karen have been married for three years. Edward is 28 years old and a department manager in a prominent public relations firm. Due to a consistent weightlifting program, geared toward strength and definition rather than bulging muscles, he is an extremely attractive and healthy male. Karen is 26 and literally an Amazon who stands a full six feet. She is a part-time housewife, part-time college student, working on her final credits for a master's degree. Though they love each other and are faithful, during this past year their passionate sex life went steadily downhill. Ed began having problems getting and keeping an erection, and Karen couldn't reach a climax. In desperation, they sought a way to overcome the "ho-hum" atmosphere that had permeated their lovemaking.

"EDDIE and I have always had the hots for each other, but, like anything else that pales with time, sex between us had become old hat, a "take it or leave it" proposition. We still managed to share an occasional orgasm or two, but didn't bother much with foreplay. In short, our sex life soon became a nightly habit, almost a duty.

One night after I had spent more than an hour trying, unsuccessfully, to get Eddie's dick hard, I decided it was time to confront the situation. Fortunately, along with being totally devoted to our marriage, Eddie and I are also friends, so we had no trouble candidly discussing our problems. We both agreed that we had a sexual problem and, though neither of us had an immediate solution, we knew something had to be done.

After Eddie left for work the next morning, I spent several hours on the phone

talking to Marcia, my best friend. Marcia was known among our social set as "hot," and I figured she would be an encyclopedia of worldly wisdom. Her advice ranged from "have an affair" to "use a dildo or vibrator." But I was having none of that. Hell, my old man is a gorgeous hunk of masculinity, and I was not going to chase some shallow-minded stud or start fucking a machine. To me, sex meant much more than that.

Out of courtesy, I listened with half an ear to the rest of Marcia's lame-brained ideas, partially distracting myself by watching the television set at the foot of our bed. As Johnny Weismuller swung on a vine in his loin-cloth, I closed my eyes and pictured Eddie in his placé. Without realizing it, I found myself fingering my moist cunt.

"What are you doing?" my girlfriend asked me as I moaned into the mouthpiece, surprising myself with a tiny clitoral orgasm.

"Nothing," I hedged, burying three fingers in my pussy.

Marcia finally figured it out. "You nasty bitch!" She giggled. "I hope you weren't getting off on me."

"I was watching Tarzan on the tube and wondering how Eddie would look in that skimpy loin-cloth he wears."

"I know a great little shop around Times Square that sells kinds of kinky clothes!" Marcia exclaimed. "Sexy stuff for men, too. It's called the Pleasure House. You shouldn't have any trouble finding it in the Yellow Pages."

THE Pleasure House was indeed listed in the telephone directory, but I had to search around a bit before I found the shop, just off Eighth Avenue. After half an hour of sorting through an impressive array of sexual aides, I finally settled on a

French Maid's costume: a micro-mini dress, long black mesh stockings, and a tiny white apron and cap. I wasn't sure whether dressing so outrageously would help our sex life, but I must admit that it turned me on just looking at my firm round ass and cheeks protruding from the hem of my "uniform" everytime I took a step. Furthermore, the knowledge that my cunt was totally exposed underneath the dress also sent shivers down my spine.

Eddie scanned me from head to toe, and leered approvingly as I opened the front door and wished him a "good evening, sir." Although he must have been surprised, he was really good at hiding it. Walking casually into the bedroom, he ordered me to make him a drink.

I mixed a strong martini, my pussy beginning to twitch with anticipation. Ed was sprawled on the bed, watching the news. My heart fell. I began to think that perhaps my French maid act hadn't been such a good idea after all. Eddie took the drink, hardly glancing my way.

"Do you want anything to eat?" I asked. His lack of interest made me uncomfortable, and I wanted an excuse to leave.

"Maybe a sandwich," he responded distantly.

Irritated, I slapped together a ham and cheese sandwich and carried it back into the bedroom. Along the way I plucked my bathrobe from the back of the bathroom door and threw it around my shoulders. I set the sandwich on the nightstand and turned to leave.

"What'd you put your robe on for?" Eddie said, looking at me in some confusion.

"Well, you didn't seem to be turned on too much, so I..."

Eddie looked at his crotch. "You call that turned off?" he asked, massaging an impressive erection that threatened to push through the fabric of his pants. "I knew what you were doing the minute I came in the door. In fact, a similar idea crossed my mind today."

I still didn't get his point. "Then what..."

"I think we should actually assume the roles that go with the clothes. If I came in and you handed me a cape or a set of manacles I'd either be Dracula or a slave. Since you dressed as a French maid, I assume I am master of the house and you are subject to my whims." He squeezed his cock and grinned lewdly. "The complete package is what's turning me on."

I still wasn't sure I liked the idea of being totally subservient, but I wasn't about to do anything that would endanger that big juicy hard-on my husband was sporting.

"Draw my bath," Eddie commanded,

"AS WE NEARED ORGASM, HE REACHED BETWEEN MY LEGS AND TEASED THE STICKY NUB OF MY CLIT. THEN HE PUSHED TWO FINGERS DEEP INTO MY DRIPPING PUSSY, BRINGING ME TO A SCREAMING CLIMAX."

returning his attention to the television. "And take off that damn bathrobe!" Without uttering a peep, I obeyed. After I filled the tub I returned to the bedroom and Eddie swung his legs over the side of the bed. "Undress me," he said.

I knelt and pulled off his shoes and socks, then unbuckled his belt and slid his pants down his well-muscled legs. As he pulled off his shirt, he stared at the cleavage between my tits. He still wore his shorts. "Everything," he said icily.

"But sir..."

"Either that or go find yourself another job."

"What about your wife, sir?" I asked, pretending to be apprehensive. I had fallen into the swing of things.

"Fuck my wife!" Eddie snarled. "You do what I tell you or you're out on your ass." He jumped to his feet. "You got that?"

"Yes...Yes..." I answered frantically, backing out of his way as he tore off his shorts and stormed into the bathroom. A moment later I heard his voice. Noticeably irritated, he said, "Where the hell are you?"

Damn, he was convincing. Not only that, but the entire concept of the reluctant maid was beginning to get me really hot.

Eddie was submerged in the tub, the swollen head of his erect cock pushing above the water, stiff and hard. It was all I could do to control my own sexual urges. He pointed to a wash cloth on one of the towel racks.

"Wash me," he ordered.

Again I hesitated. Eddie became visibly angry. "I pay you twice as much as any maid in New York. I expect you to do more than wash floors for that kind of money. Now clean me, or get the hell out!"

It no longer mattered if I was a maid, a wife, or just a woman out for a good fuck. Role playing had unleashed all the pent-up passion we'd been submerging, and our only desire was to fuck each other into a delirium.

Eddie roughly bent me over the sink, sliding his still slippery cock deep into my asshole, something that he hadn't done in over a year. The first stroke was gentle, exploratory, but then he bunched the hair at the nape of my neck like a Commanche whose horse had no reins, and rode me!

At first it almost hurt, but the hurt soon gave way to pleasure, pleasure I hadn't experienced in quite some time. Soon I was bucking back to meet his hard thrusts. As we neared orgasm, he reached between my legs and teased the sticky nub of my clit, then pushed two fingers deep into my



dripping pussy, bringing me to a screaming climax. My nails raked his thighs as I strained to pull him even deeper into me.

AFTER a breathless minute or two Eddie took my hand and led me into the bedroom, oblivious to his soaked and soapy body. He sprawled on the bed, legs wide apart, his huge dick still pointing proudly at the ceiling. Needing no further encouragement, I lowered my cunt on his cock, loving every inch of his hard, hot meat, as it pushed against the walls of my pussy. His fingers kneaded the soft mounds of my breasts as I moved furiously up and down on his stiff shaft, our bodies making obscene squishing noises as any restraint I had was gone. As I threw back my head, I reveled in the total animal lust that consumed me.

We crossed the finish line neck-in-neck and, totally drained of all strength, I collapsed on top of Eddie. His gentle hands roamed my back, teasing the crevice of my ass. Slowly, very slowly, he began to gently fuck upwards into me and, as our pelvic bones meshed in slow motion, he eased a finger into my already open asshole. The action regenerated my pussy, causing it to constrict, so that the muscles milked his dick on each exquisite backstroke. Even though I had just had several incredible orgasms, after a few minutes of this we both felt a slow, sexy cum beginning deep inside. Ed held me closer, whispering that he loved me, as we both let go. Our juices mingled together, making a puddle on his belly. That was the last I remember of that evening, but when I awoke the next morning we were still cuddled up like that, my head nestled in the crook of his neck, his hands cupping the relaxed cushions of my ass.

I rolled off slowly, so as not to disturb Eddie, and went to make coffee. When I

returned, I sat and watched him for a moment. For the first time in a long time, a contented smile dominated his sleeping face. I smiled in return.

My eyes moved down his body to an early-morning hard-on that sent hot flashes racing through my pussy. I had a compelling desire to devour his piss-filled erection. In my mind, I became a combat nurse and Ed was a wounded hero in desperate need of care. Taking a gulp of hot coffee, I held it until the heat warmed my mouth, then bent over and engulfed his lovely cock in the steamy well of my throat. Eddie opened his eyes, smiled ruffled my hair and after a dreamy yawn, promptly starting humping my mouth vigorously.

That was some time ago, and the fire we rekindled in our marriage is burning more brightly than ever before. We don't find it necessary to assume roles everytime we make love but, if the slightest hint of a sexual backslide creeps into our lives again, we now know how to check it very easily.

This morning, as I browsed around the Village, I wondered who I would be tonight: A haughty and beautiful movie-star? The sultry mistress of a powerful European monarch endowed with an educated pussy that could influence the politics of the world? Or maybe a Byzantium Empress with armies of slaves at my beck and call?

My dilemma was solved the minute I spied an outfit in the window of a boutique on Christopher Street. It was a brushed leather loin-cloth, much like the one Tarzan had worn to drive Jane up a tree. Tonight I'm going to play Jane with my own personal Tarzan and see how far he can drive his tree into me.



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VERI KNOTTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

God, did she turn me on. She was six feet tall, a redhead, and she smoked cigarettes in a long holder. She also drove a big Harley Davidson motorcycle and wore black boots. She used to get me on the back of the bike at five in the morning and scare the shit out of me on dirt roads. When she had me really scared, she'd grab me and rape me. I was seventeen then and I dug it. But then being a lesbian began to bore me. I'd go to a lot of parties where there were only women and the chicks would take the worst things from the macho male ego and amplify those traits. Bull dykes don't turn me on. I like sexy people who forget about role playing.

HS: Are you the same sexually with both males and females?

VK: I'm more dominant with men and more submissive with women. I've never approached a woman for sex. She has to make the first move.

HS: When you say you're submissive, does that mean you're into S&M?

VK: Well, being submissive or dominant doesn't have to be a heavy role. It's the little things in sex—playing the roles right—that turn me on. B&D and S&M are not all tied up together, as a lot of people think. Just because I'm into bondage doesn't mean I want to be whipped or beaten. In fact, that really turns me off. I like black leather. I like to be bound sometimes, helpless, and fucked or whatever. Sometimes I like to do that to a man.

HS: Do you find many men who can keep up with you?

VK: Well, I can go on for hours, get into different games, keep the sexual interest up, if I'm really into a man. But if the guy gets off and that's it or just offers to lick my pussy, I can tell he's not really into it. To answer your question, I find enough men who dig my kind of sex.

HS: What do you like to do best with a man?

VK: Oh God, I like to be on my knees with my ass in the air getting fucked from behind. I like my hands tied sometimes. I like a dick down my throat. A lot of times I've had a man kneel over me so I can lick his cock and he can cum all over my face and my tits. I really enjoy that as long as I get fucked a little bit first. I like a man to fuck me and cum in me, then eat it out. That really gets me hot.

HS: Where do you think your lifestyle will lead you?

VK: I can't imagine going without sex. It keeps my mind and body together. I want to be as sexual an old broad as possible. I want to get laid until I'm eighty.

TALK TO ME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

BALL BUSTERS!

Dear Gloria,

What is the best self-defense to use against a female? I was mugged by two females in a parking lot, and while I was trying to talk my way out of it, the taller woman of the two hauled off and kicked me in the balls. Since you are a female, I can't make you understand what kind of terrible pain it causes to be kicked there. I really thought I was going to die. I couldn't even get up from the ground. The two women just took my money and laughed at how easy it is to put a man out of action.

I know women have a big advantage in not having balls, but please give me any advice you can on what a person can do if attacked this way. I have never hurt anyone, but a man has a right to defend himself when he is viciously attacked.

R.D.
 Dallas, Texas

Dear R.D.,

First of all, why didn't you take your own advice and defend yourself? If a man had approached you in the parking lot, would you have taken the threat any less seriously, or would you have tried to talk him out of it, too? It seems women are retaliating with the same or similar type of violence they have had heaped on them. I disapprove of this behavior just as strenuously as I disapprove of anyone fucking over anyone else.

If you don't think I can relate to "not having balls," let me remind you that "balls" is a state of mind, and those two lady lugs must have picked up on the fact that maybe you didn't have any that night.

TICKLED PINK

Dear Gloria,

Did you ever get turned on by tickling? My new boyfriend gets really turned on by tickling me, and although I've got to admit I was at first turned off by the whole thing, I've really grown to enjoy it.

Usually, Jim ties me spreadeagled to the bed and uses a variety of things for tickling. Probably the most exquisite and torturous sensations are produced by the long ostrich feather he uses. He likes to run it all over my body while I squirm and writhe around. It's impossible to escape the probing feather, and in a short time, I find myself so hot I can hardly stand it.

I am most ticklish on the soles of my feet, and it's there that Jim enjoys tickling me most. He uses his fingernails, and lightly runs them up and down my soles until I'm laughing so hard I can hardly breathe. But it feels so wild and I enjoy it so much that I've never told him to stop.

I guess it all sounds a little strange, but it turns us both on and makes the sex that

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follows even more enjoyable. We were both curious as to whether you are ticklish and whether you're turned on by tickling.

J.A.
Canton, Ohio

Dear J.A.

I am so ticklish that I flinch when anyone comes near my most sensitive zones — under the arms, neck, feet. I've never thought of tickling in terms of it being erotic, but your description does at least tickle my imagination. I never knock anything, even after I've tried it, but I will try it!

THREE ON A SNATCH

Dear Gloria,

My boyfriend reads *High Society* and loves it. I especially like the letters in *Talk To Me*, so I thought I'd write one, too.

Last year while on vacation with two other girlfriends of mine, we were attacked by four guys in our motel room. It began as a frightening experience. Joan, Ethel and I were stripped naked at knife point. Ethel cried and tried to cover her tits and pussy with her hands, and Joan and I thought our hearts would jump out of our chests.

Standing there naked as they looked us over was humiliating, and they took

the liberty of feeling us up! The guy feeling me concentrated on my clit and had me standing on tip toes trying to escape his knowledgeable caresses. He had me aroused in spite of my fear, and he just grinned as he watched my eyes as I whispered, "Please don't do that." He kept it up, and I couldn't hold my hips still. He had me going, and I really didn't want him to. He felt how juiced up I was and told me to lay across one of the beds. I did as he told me and he opened my legs. I couldn't resist. Gloria, what a way to be attacked! He knelt and ate my pussy for over forty-five minutes.

The other girls had the same thing happen, and when they were aroused like me, one guy said, "Okay, let's put them together."

On one bed, Joan, Ethel and I were placed with our faces in each other's pussies; Ethel started licking mine. I licked Joan's, and Ethel said later that Joan licked hers. We have no idea of how long the guys watched us because they were gone when we'd exhausted ourselves. We'd never before considered lesbian affairs between us, but those guys got us into it that night. Ethel and I slept together, naked and embracing, and Joanie slept in the other bed, but I saw her playing with herself several times.

In the morning, we went to breakfast. Not much was said as we ate since we were embarrassed about what those guys had made us do to each other. We packed and loaded the car. When Joan and I went back into the room, Ethel had her shorts off and was unashamedly fingering her glistening cunt. She breathlessly said, "I liked it last night. Let's do it again, please." Well, Joanie slipped out of her slacks and I did the same. We formed a triangle, our faces in each other's pussies as we ate each other. We've been doing it ever since, even though we all have boyfriends. It's something we were forced to do but found we enjoy. If those guys hadn't made us do it we still wouldn't know the joys of eating another woman's pussy, so we thank those guys for turning us on to each other.

Betty, Ethel and Joan
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Girls,

Welcome to the sisterhood! While I do not endorse the method by which you came by your initiation, it appears that none of you are any worse for it. You were fortunate that your "attackers" were only interested in relatively harmless horniness; otherwise, your story might not have had such a happy, humping ending.

MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"We're safe here?" Tracy asked.

"Sure," I said. "Everybody's in the village or on the beach. And nobody uses the old mission anymore. It was closed up long ago. Your privacy and comfort are assured, as they say in New York massage parlors." I started kissing Tracy... she seemed to like it.

"No wait," said Lynda. "Sit over by the bush. Tracy and I are going to get warmed up. You watch for a few minutes."

I sat down next to the big leafy bush and watched the girls undress. Underneath those summer frocks they were naked. Or, *nood* as we used to say in high school. In any case they looked tremendous. Tan, trim, with firm breasts on the both of 'em. They were pictures of carnality with their long black hair streaming down like manes onto their bare shoulders. Lynda stood behind her friend, rubbing Tracy's breasts, her belly, her legs.

"Holy shit," I muttered to myself. And that was an understatement. This little scene was a first for me. Oh, sure, I'd seen porno movies. I'd even seen "live loving Lesbians" in a Times Square sex emporium, but this was the real thing!

Although I was about twenty feet away, I zeroed in on the action as if I had zoom-eyeballs. Lynda was on top of Tracy, and they were locked in a long wet kiss. Then Lynda began to move her mouth down, very slowly down, leaving little kisses on Tracy's face, neck and shoulders. Lynda kissed each of Tracy's breasts and then took the right nipple in her mouth for a long time, sucking hard, drawing it in and out of her lips. Tracy nearly flipped. She ran her hands through Lynda's mane and grabbed fistfuls of hair every time she felt a spasm of pleasure. Lynda moved her mouth to the left nipple and Tracy let out a sharp moan at the first moment of contact.

This was too much. I stripped off my clothes so I'd be ready for action when the time came.

I crawled away from the bush and a little closer to the girls to get a better view. Lynda was moving down to Tracy's crotch now. She licked her way down Tracy's belly until she finally came to the edge of the mound. She kissed the mound and then moved, with ever-increasing slowness, toward Tracy's vulva. Tracy's body writhed under Lynda's skillful assault. Her hands ran over the grass and she pulled out huge clumps of it in her excitement.

My mind was turning to peanut butter. The sun was pouring down on my head and I thought I could feel my hair

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baking. And my eyeballs! They were being done to a turn by the spectacle of those two sweet women. Suddenly, what with the sun, the sexual excitement, and all the pina coladas in me, I had a fantasy: I imagined myself a bull. A big black bull with a cock the size of a yardstick. I would just saunter over to the two girls, wagging my tail, and they would stop their Lesbian love and turn their full attention on me. They would be so turned on by me that they would never want to have sex without me. And then the instant they would touch me, I would transform from a bull into my regular self.

Snapping out of this fantasy, I realized it was time to join them.

I reached them just as Lynda was slowly licking her way up and down Tracy's slit. Tracy's pelvis was shuddering every other moment. I dropped onto the grass and began to kiss her. Our mouths fastened onto each other in her urgent excitement. Tracy's tongue was a wild thing, exploring the inside of my mouth as if it were looking for hidden food. At the same time she went animal in my mouth, her hand roamed over my chest and down to my prick, which was purple-hard and as hot as an iron. Tracy moved her fingers rapidly up and down my shaft, and in her eyes there was an almost childish thrill at its stiffness and length.

Meanwhile, Lynda was continuing to eat out her friend. Only now, she was attacking the clitoris. I looked down and could see her tongue slowly and precisely circling that fleshy button, every once in a while actually touching it and sending sparks of erotic fire through Tracy's crotch. But poor Lynda! I thought to myself. Who's doing her?

While Tracy continued to play with my prong, I began running my hands over Lynda's body. She looked up in surprise at first, but then welcomed the attention. I ran my fingers over the smooth silky skin of her back, over the warmth of her breasts, over the slight dampness between her inner thighs. And then, from the back, I began to probe her pussy. I ran my fingers between the crack of her ass down past her anus right to her vulva. It was already soaked in her excitement. I parted the fleshy lips and pushed my fingers in like several tiny pricks.

LYNDA lifted up her ass so I could probe even deeper. She started grinding away on my hand. I stroked her pussy with four fingers. Her clitoris felt as big as a thumb. Every time I brushed it I could feel the shockwave roll through her hips.

Tracy kept pumping my stick. "Come closer to me," she panted. When I did, she lifted her head and started sucking. She took me all the way down to the base, then slowly sucked her way up

again. My cock glistened with her saliva and my pre-come.

"Oh shit that feels goooood!" I cried.

Where these two girls got their concentration I don't know. I could barely see, because I was so turned on; and it was difficult to keep fingering Lynda with any degree of skill. Nonetheless I kept my digits to the grindstone.

"Suck that cock, baby, suck it, suck it!" I said. I loved to say such things.

Tracy didn't let up. My prick was becoming second-nature to her. She rubbed it against her cheek, kissed it, stroked it. At the same time her eyes were closed in an ecstasy of their own. Lynda kept lapping her, working the clit towards final fury. And I kept working Lynda.

Finally the moment of truth arrived.

I moved behind Lynda. My pecker felt as big and as heavy as a billy club. I grabbed Lynda's cheeks and lifted them into position. Her hairy cunt was before me, wet and waiting. I grabbed my prick and shoved it in.

"Oh maaaaaan!" I cried.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" said Lynda, pausing at the muff.

"I wanna come!" said Tracy, pulling up some clumps of grass again.

And so together we fucked and ate and writhed away. The sun poured down on us, coating our bodies in its heat. And then there was the heat that was coming from within us. Burning its way up from our groins to the surfaces of our skin. A heat lubricating us in sweat. In excitement. In a kind of animal madness—

"Lynda!!!" Tracy screamed.

Lynda was coming, too. Even as she continued to clamp her mouth on her friend's box, I could feel the silent shudders of her cunt muscles around my prick as she came, came, came. And her release set off a little volcano of my own. Instantly I was spurting, pouring my cum into her pussy and crying out as if it were my Last Load.

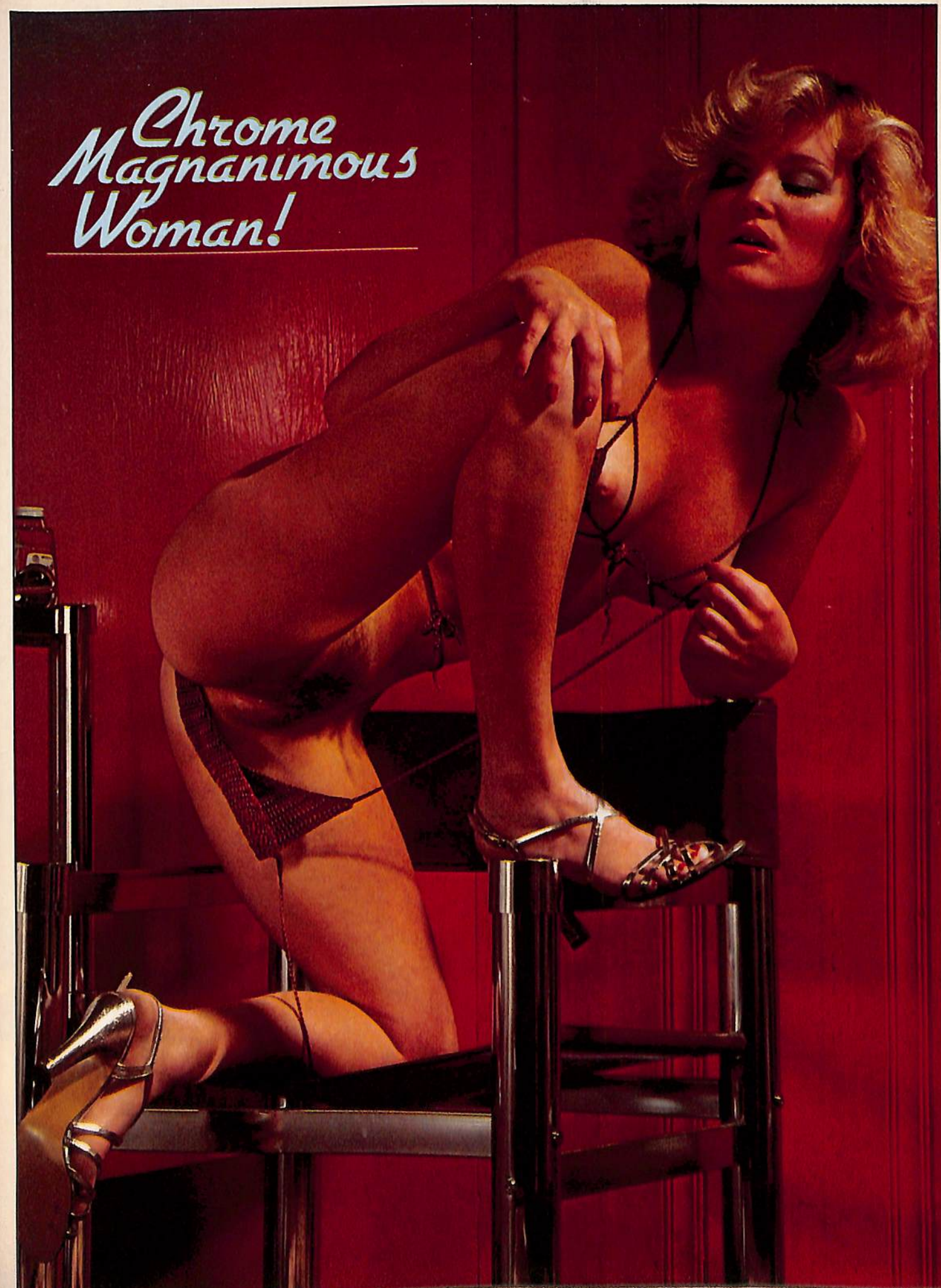
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"Then finally Marco sprang, as uncontrollable as an orgasm. He wrapped the garrot around the stoolie's neck before the scumbag had a chance to cry out. But the stoolie did have a chance to open his eyes. He had a chance to look Marco in the face, and see Death. Marco just grinned as the garrot tore into the asshole's long white throat..."

Ah, at last. The prose was flowing again. I sat in my room an hour later, having split from Lynda and Tracy after getting them to promise me we'd meet for dinner at six o'clock. I told them I had a little writing to finish first.

And finish it I would, for I had learned one lesson well early in my career: if a guy wants to write well, then he must fuck well. When the words don't come, sperm always will.

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LIBATIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

are big, beautiful and lavishly decorated with fresh fruit, flowers, parasols and paper boats. Women are so taken with these pretty touches and the sweet, delicious taste that they aren't aware that these drinks are lethal. Some men say that one is all it takes, but two is even better. Three is risky. She might pass out before you have time to make a pass, and you might end up holding her head instead of her tail.

My uncle, a silver-haired and distinguished dirty old man of 52, swears that he still takes young women to Trader Vic's, with the same wonderful results. "They'll do anything you want," he asserts. "The sweet rum drinks make them especially warm to your caresses, and before long they're helping you take their clothes off. They want plenty of sensuous foreplay so that they do a slow burn. They like their nipples sucked and their cunts fingered until they're gushing juice. They especially like to be licked and sucked and will spread wide open and wriggle deliciously for your tongue. The rum seems to make them more responsive anally, too, if you're into that."

Nowadays you don't have to spend a fortune taking her to Trader Vic's. The recipes have passed into the public domain, and you can mix them quickly and easily at home. To really impress your lady, float a gardenia or orchid on the top of your Scorpion, Mai-Tai, Tonga or Zombie. They're all rum-based drinks laced with various fruit juices, and they pack a wicked punch.

I've had friends, many of whom are fellow bartenders, who swear to me that there's nothing like a Caribbean vacation to spice up one's sex life. In other words, it is better in the Bahamas.

"The Caribbean is the only place on earth I never have to worry about getting laid," says a close buddy of mine. Actually, he never has to worry, but he's neurotic that way.

"Women down there seem to have only one thing on their minds—and it's the same thing I have on mine," he says. "I've had all kinds down there—runaway debutantes age 16 and under, grandma-types who offer to pay me for it, female executives who get cock-crazy away from the job. The funny thing is, I always score in the bars down there, never on the beach. I just buy the lady another of whatever rummy concoction she's drinking, and an hour or so later, I'm up in her room."

If you don't have a chance in hell of getting to the Caribbean in the near future, don't despair. What makes the girls so hot for it down there isn't the sun—it's the drinks—and you can make them in the privacy of your own apartment, in

the middle of winter and in the middle of Montana, it doesn't matter. Buy the fixings ahead of time and then whip up a luscious libation before her very eyes. The names alone will put her in that island mood—Boom-Boom Punch, Caribe Welcome, Pina Colada, Pineapple Daquiri, Caribbean Joy.

MORE and more, my customers seem to be running up against the old "I just want to be your friend" number with ladies. These chicks are glad to have lunch with you, see a movie, or meet for a drink after work. Some of them insist on paying their own way to make it even clearer that sex is a no-no. Now, I'm not putting down platonic friendships between men and women. I think they really can work—provided at least one party is gay. If not, then sooner or later sex will rear its cute, heart-shaped head, and these ladies are well aware of it. In my opinion, most of them want to be seduced, but not right away. They want to play hard to get for awhile and put you through your paces, and occasionally through the wringer.

The best way to play your hand in this kind of game is to play it cool. Come on with her, but not too strong. Flatter her, tell her you dream about her every night, tell her she's driving you mad with lust. But don't grab her; sweet talk is your strong suit. Next, invite her to your place for a "quiet evening at home." Before dinner, mix up some drinks using either vodka or tequila, because in my experience, these two liquors are hard to beat when it comes to rendering platonic relationships passionate.

First of all, vodka and tequila have very subtle tastes. Mixing them in cocktails further disguises the alcoholic "bite" so that even the most wary woman will not suspect you of trying to get her drunk, which, of course, you are.

Few women can resist a Margarita, a smooth mixture of tequila, Triple Sec and lime juice, served in a salt-rimmed glass. Or give her a Hot Pants without mentioning the name. This drink contains tequila, Peppermint Schnapps and grapefruit juice. Mix up a Harvey Wallbanger and you will bang her—vodka and orange juice with a Galliano float on top. For an ultra-potent potion consider the Vodka Sling, a wicked brew of Benedictine, cherry brandy, lemon juice and vodka, garnished with fresh fruit.

Be casual, even distant, while she drinks, be unobtrusive about refilling her glass. Some sensual music on the stereo wouldn't hurt. Just make sure she's stoned before you get physical. With luck, you'll soon be feasting on the food of love, and your "friendship" will be a thing of the past. Don't be surprised if she's voracious once Plato has bitten the dirt; the only good thing about absti-

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nence is that it whets the appetite...

I happen to love getting my cock sucked even more than most men. If I can't get a complete blowjob, I at least like a full round of fellatio before fucking. Over the years, I've made a private study of my own about which liquors make a lady want to lick it. The various liqueurs and brandies, especially when mixed in combination, win the blowjob contest hands down. These are served in tiny glasses; there's a lot of tongue action involved in sipping, tasting, and swallowing them.

If possible, I get the lady in question over to my place right after treating her to dinner. I often lure her into my nest by mentioning my extensive collection of after-dinner drinks, garnered from the far corners of the world.

If you're not in the mood to spend an hour making a drink, try her on a Bosom Caresser (brandy, Madiera and Triple Sec), a Cherie (rum, cherry brandy and Triple Sec), an Angel's Tit (white creme de cacao and sweet cream, with a cherry floating on top)

ANOTHER question that's commonly posed by my male customers is how alcohol affects a woman's orgasm. That is, are there any specific drinks that might help a woman along on her quest for the big quake?

After all, just getting a woman into bed isn't enough, unless you're content with a one-night stand. Ideally, she'll be so thrilled and satisfied, and so impressed with you as a lover, that she'll want to "cum" back again...and again. By far the best way to get a woman hooked on your loving is to give her all the orgasms her greedy little cunt desires. But, even if you know every technique in the book, and even if you can keep it up long enough to satisfy a passionate pachyderm, the key to orgasm lies in the woman herself. She has to want an orgasm, and she has to be relaxed and uninhibited enough to really let go.

Over the years, both word of mouth and my own experience have taught me that there's nothing like champagne to make her pop her cork. Plain champagne will do, but even more effective are champagne-based cocktails with other ingredients added. For instance, the Tahiti Typhoon, a formidable formulation of gin, Cointreau and bubbly; the Black Velvet, which is half stout and half champagne; Caribbean Champagne, which is kicked up with rum and creme de banana; and the Peach Velvet, a lush blend of champagne, peach brandy and peaches.

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whole image is one of luxury, celebration, and a certain decadence. A lady is sure to be flattered if you break out the bubbly, especially the expensive French varieties. The thing with champagne is that there never seems to be enough of it. One bottle is seldom sufficient for two people; two may just do it, but three is better just in case.

A woman who drinks champagne alone in an apartment with a man knows she's going to end up in bed. The bubbling wine will break down all her defenses, both physical and mental, leaving her open to the ultimate pleasure of orgasm. Even opening a bottle of champagne with the popping sound and the gushing froth is a form of foreplay. Let the lady drink the final glass of whatever you've made in bed, while you're tonguing her tits, diddling her clit, or giving her head. Soon she'll be flowing right along with the wine, and her climax won't be long in coming.

In my years of tending bar, I've heard more dirty stories than you can shake a dick at. I'm not talking about the usual traveling salesman jokes, but true life experiences of folks who've gotten into some of the more bizarre forms of sex, such as bondage, golden showers, whipping, anal sex, animals and so forth. And a surprising number of these stories seemed to involve gin. It's no accident that gin rhymes with sin—if you know what I mean.

So, if you're hot for some kicks that are a bit kinky, try getting your gal zonked on a gin-based drink. Don't try giving it to her straight unless she's a lover of the classic Martini. The old juniper berry has a pretty pungent flavor and is best offered in a more palatable and pleasurable form. Try serving a Lady Finger before fingering your lady. This zinger contains Kirsch and cherry brandy along with the gin. Or try a French 75: gin, champagne and lemon juice. And for the ultimate in an aphrodisiac drink that verges on the insane, mix up a Knock-Out cocktail made with absinthe substitute (usually Pernod), gin, dry vermouth, and creme de menthe. One or two ought to be enough for whatever evil purpose you have in mind.

Following are the recipes for all the drinks mentioned in this article, as well as others. There is at least one for every erotic situation you can think of, and all of them "cum" highly recommended. So, take your pick, take out your prick, and prepare for pleasure.

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2 1/2 oz. light rum
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1/4 oz. Curacao
Dash Grenadine
Dash Jamaican rum
1/2 cup shaved ice
Place ice in blender, then the other ingredients. Blend until smooth and serve in 14-ounce Chimney glass. Decorate with fresh fruit; serve with straw.

Mai-Tai
1/2 t. powdered sugar
2 oz. rum
1 oz. Triple Sec
1 T. orgeat syrup
1 T. Grenadine
1 T. lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into large old-fashioned glass 1/3 full of crushed ice. Trim with Maraschino cherry speared to pineapple wedge. Optional: top with a dash of 151-proof rum and float an orchid on surface. Serve with straw.

Caribe Welcome
(Caribe Hilton, San Juan, Puerto Rico)
1 oz. light rum
1 oz. apricot liqueur
1 oz. coconut cream
1 oz. coconut milk
Mix or blend thoroughly and pour into coconut shell. Fill to brim with crushed ice.

Frozen Pineapple Daiquiri
1 1/2 oz. rum
4 pineapple chunks (canned)
1 T. lime juice
1/2 t. powdered sugar
1 cup crushed ice
Place ice in blender, add other ingredients and blend at low speed. Pour into champagne glass.

Naked Lady
1 1/2 oz. light rum
1/2 oz. sweet vermouth
1 t. apricot brandy
1/2 t. Grenadine
1 t. lemon juice
Shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

Boom Boom Punch
2 qts. light rum
1 qt. orange juice
1 fifth sweet vermouth
1 bottle chilled champagne
Place large block of ice into punch bowl and pour in first three ingredients. Add champagne on top and decorate with sliced bananas.

Pina Colada
3 oz. light rum
3 T. coconut milk
3 T. crushed pineapple
2 cups crushed ice
Place ice in blender, then other ingredients. Blend at high speed for 30 sec.

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onds, strain into Collins glass and serve with straw.

Parisian Blonde

3/4 oz. sweet cream
3/4 oz. Triple Sec
3/4 oz. Jamaican rum

Shake with ice and strain into glass.

Knock-out

1/2 oz. Pernod
3/4 oz. gin
3/4 oz. dry vermouth
1 t. white creme de menthe

Stir with ice and pour into cocktail glass. Top with a cherry.

French 75

Juice of one lemon
2 t. powdered sugar
2 oz. gin
champagne

Stir lemon and sugar in Collins glass. Add several ice cubes and gin. Fill with champagne and stir. Garnish with lemon or orange slice and cherry.

Temptation Cocktail

1 1/2 oz. whiskey
1/2 t. Curacao
1/2 t. Pernod
1/2 t. Dubonnet
1 twist orange peel
1 twist lemon peel

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with peels.

Hole-In-One

1 3/4 oz. Scotch whiskey

Stir with cracked ice and strain into

3/4 oz. dry vermouth
1/4 t. lemon juice

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

VERMOUTH French Kiss

1 1/2 t. orange juice
1 1/2 t. Dubonnet
3/4 oz. dry vermouth
3/4 oz. sweet vermouth

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

VODKA & TEQUILA Polynesian Cocktail

1 1/2 oz. vodka
3/4 oz. cherry brandy
Juice of one lime

Rub rim of cocktail glass with lime and dip into powdered sugar. Shake ingredients with ice and strain into glass.

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Juice of 1/4 lemon
1/2 oz. brandy
1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1/2 oz. rum

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

Bosom Caresser

1 oz. brandy
1 oz. Madeira
1/2 oz. Triple Sec

Stir with cracked ice and strain into

cocktail glass. Add cherry.

Cherie

Juice of one lime
1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. rum
1/2 oz. cherry brandy

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry.

CHAMPAGNE

Caribbean Champagne

1/2 t. light rum
1/2 t. creme de banana
Chilled champagne

Pour rum and liqueur into champagne glass; fill with bubbly and stir lightly. Add slice of banana.

Peach Velvet
(Savoy-Plaza, N.Y.C.)

4 oz. champagne
Dash peach brandy
4 pieces cracked ice
fresh peach slices

Pour champagne and brandy over cracked ice; float peach slices.

GIN

Lady Finger

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1/2 oz. Kirsch
1 oz. cherry brandy

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

was really getting off on all those things. So going to bed with a chick made me realize how 'beautiful' I was.

I don't think there is any difference between being good in bed with a girl and being good in bed with a man. It depends on how you feel that day. Although I have become much more patient—going to bed with chicks because they do take a long time to come. So you have to be very unselfish and very good with them. Just recently I seem to be having this amazing effect on young chicks of about 18—which really upsets me. I want to protect them, but a lot of these young chicks have really been chasing me, making passes. I've never thought of myself like that. I've always had trips with chicks who were my own age, who I was really close to, thought a great deal of, admired.

I first went to bed with a man when I was eighteen. My father wouldn't let me go to bed with anyone when I was younger, so I had promised him to wait until I was eighteen. And I think that all those years of passionate ragings produced hallucinatory manifestations of what you did once you got into bed. So I felt fucking relieved when I finally went to bed with a man. I suppose I liked it—I don't remember too much about it. I think I had probably made sex so monumental in my mind that I was at a loss. I was with the guy for quite a while, so it must have been alright, or I wouldn't have hung around. I didn't always come when I went to bed with men; but that was totally unimportant and never bothered me one way or another. I am too butch.

I always imagine that I am totally undemanding sexually. But I am sure that is not true; I'm sure I am dreadful. There are a lot of things I won't do unless I'm feeling devilish. I never get into oral sex unless it's with someone serious. I never suck someone's dick until after about eight months—when they've promised me their life and their children. Then I know they are serious. I'm not having any fucking asshole walking around saying I've sucked his dick.

I've never gone to bed with somebody because I didn't have anything better to do. I only go if I'm more interested in that person than in being by myself. And I'm not at all into jerking off; I can't be bothered. I'm too much into acting; I like to have an audience. The most people I've had sex in front of was ten. I felt magnificent, and wouldn't have done it if I hadn't known I would feel magnificent. I had a man and a couple of chicks that time at my house in London.

I spend my happiest and best hours with my *roting* team—roting means screwing chicks. There's four or five guys and me and all we do is pick up chicks and have a laugh and see who can poke them first. We've been doing this for many years; you have to pick a chick up and she has to agree to be fucked with no one leaving the room—not in private. She has to understand that from the beginning—that it's like a communal effort—like living theatre. She doesn't have to be fucked by more than the one person she fancies. What she can't do is lay down the conditions of how, when or where. And everybody watches.

The best chicks I've watched or fucked are the ones who have as much nerve as guys. So that they don't have any sexual hang-ups and it doesn't upset them to fuck someone while there are other people around. I think the best girls also have a penchant for theatre—for dressing up. So you can say to them, 'Go on—put on that corset, those stockings, those silver boots.' I like to see a really good show. On the other hand, some of the best chicks I've fucked in front of guys were dikes. The guys love it, and they always have hysterics, seeing a chick able to get another chick off.

Being good in bed has nothing to do with keeping a man. That is being charming, frivolous, understanding life, having a sense of humor. I kept a man like David by proving that he would never get anyone as magnificent, but it had nothing to do with bed. Although it is sexual, in as much as everyone else wanted you so he could always think: 'Well—I'm very fortunate, seeing as how I've got her.' It's that kind of pride.

I reckon if you want to be good in bed—you are, no tricks whatsoever. You can't *not* be good at something if you are going to indulge in it. Being good in bed is for your own charisma, your own pride, your own noblesse. If you admit failure in sex or your career—or any area, you are failing as an individual. If you come to the conclusion that you are not being as good as you could be—then you have to decide whether you are going to accept it (which is immediately an enormous blow to your confidence) or you can totally refuse to accept failure. I always refuse to have anything to do with it. There's nobody I've ever been to bed with who when I walk into a restaurant ever ignores me, ever. No one. I can honestly tell you no matter who I see in a restaurant—no matter what I've done with them—no matter how outrageous—we greet each other with squeals of delight. And if that ever changed, I'd know I'd become less of a person.

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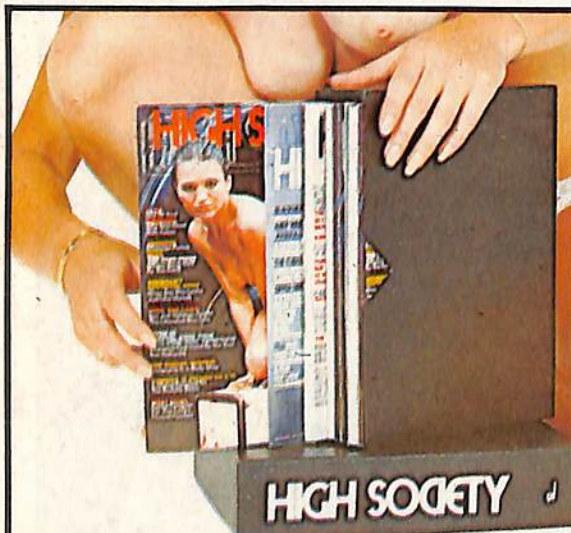
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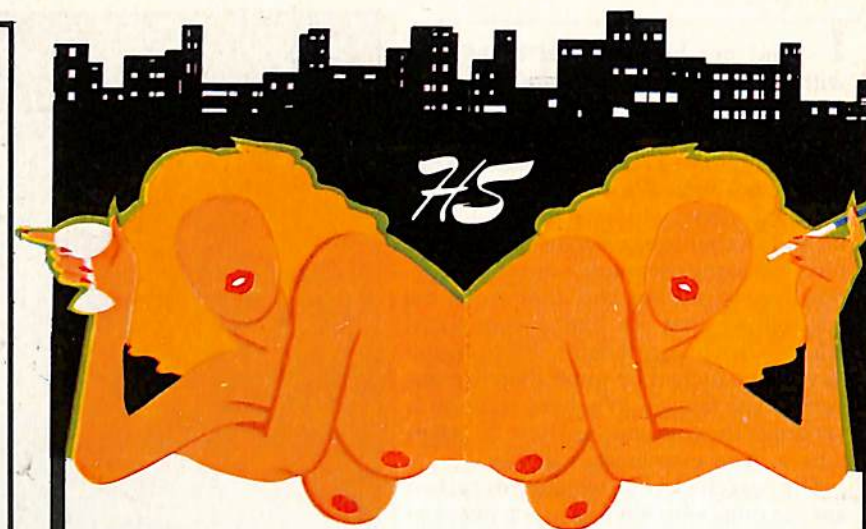
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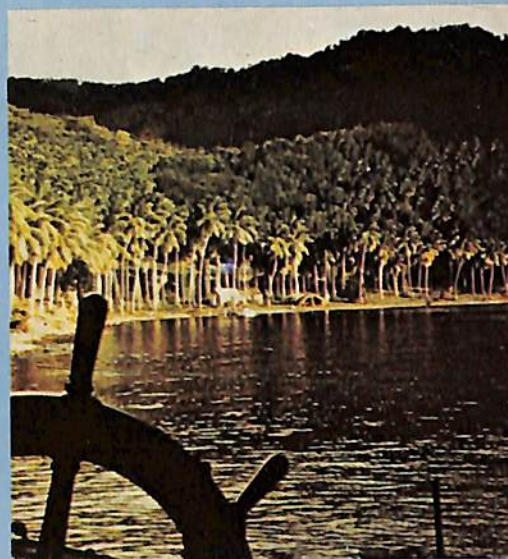
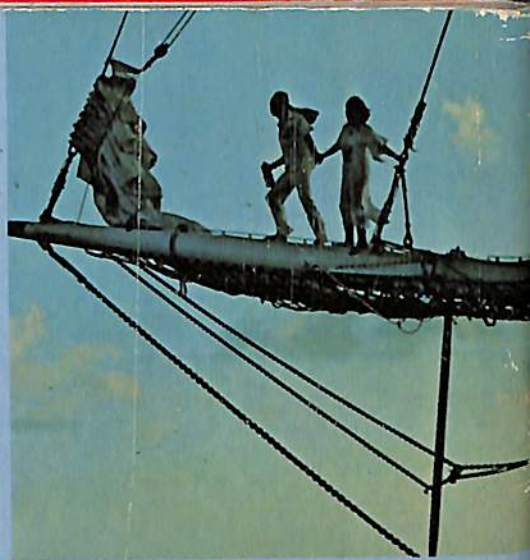
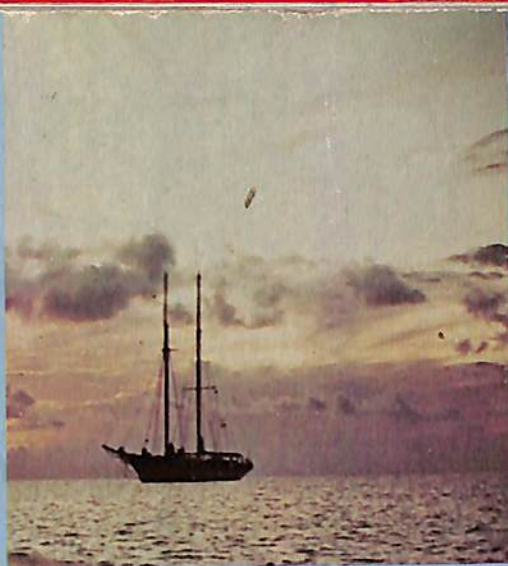
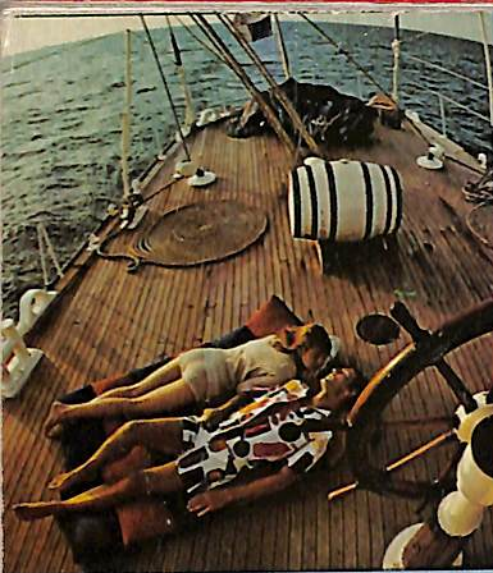
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