

GEM

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SPECIAL NEW FEATURE! REVIEWS, RATINGS AND LISTINGS OF
THE BEST CURRENT BIG BOOB VIDEOS. THIS MONTH'S CHOICE PICK:
"BIG BUSTY NO.3" STARRING CANDY KANE

FEATURING BRAND NEW
HUGE-JUGGED SENSATIONS
PEACHES AND BRENDA,
COVER GIRL KERRI
BRA-BUSTING KNOCKOUT,
SWEATER-STRETCHING PAULA,
MASSIVE MAMMARIED LINDA
AND FOUR BIG UP FRONT
60'S AND 70'S FAVORITES
PLUS FICTION, HUMOR AND
HOT SNATCHES FROM
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KEN ROGERS
business manager

CHARLES LOTT
art editor

BARBARA AMY LEE
subscription

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Graffiti in the rest rooms at the couple's favorite bar had a lot to do with their marital problem.





RECORDS

Barney Kessel: Solo (Concord Jazz) is the veteran jazz guitarist's first unaccompanied solo recording, and it's a gem. Kessel has been on the jazz scene since the mid-forties, and it's all too easy to take him for granted today. He was not only one of the first to pick up the torch from Charlie Christian, but one of the first guitarists to explore the innovations of bebop. This solo waxing features Kessel's chord stylings, and contains very little single-line work (which usually comes off as rather cerebral in the absence of a rhythm section). Although there was a time when guitarists (George Van Eps, Alan Reuss, McDonough and Kress) played chord solos on up-tempo tunes, contemporary jazz plectrists usually reserve their chord stylings for the ballads. Kessel can deliver swinging, driving up-tempo chord work as well as providing the ballads with a great deal of harmonic interest. His tone and overall sound are matched by few guitarists of any era. *Solo* is a bright feather in Kessel's cap and

one of the finest guitar discs of recent vintage.

The Best of Slim Harpo: The Original King Bee (Rhino) contains fourteen great sides by the late influential blues/R 'n' B artist. Harpo combined the down-home feel of a Jimmy Reed with a less gritty, mellower vocal delivery and soul/R 'n' B rhythms that blues purists generally steered away from. He influenced a number of the British rock groups (including the Stones, who covered his "I'm a King Bee"). Slim's soulful, laid-back vocals, direct, sometimes eerie harmonica, and his abilities as a songwriter mark him as an original who should be better known. This impressive reissue with informative liner notes by Todd Everett, should make a new generation of listeners aware of his talents. Included are "Got Love If You Want It" and the hit "Raining In My Heart."

The Best of Louie, Louie (Rhino) compiles nine versions of the quintessential rock garage-band song. The Kingsmen's 1963 rendition, with its party atmosphere and unintelligible lyrics, was rumored to contain all sorts of profanity, and beer-besotted frat-house scholars spent hours poring over its mysteries. Along with the Kingsmen's version, Rhino gives us the original Richard Berry disc, and other treatments running the gamut from easy listening to hard rock. In addition to providing wholesome entertainment, this compilation, with its presentation of original recordings, covers, and MOR stylings, is a kind of perverse monument to the pop record business.

Western swing aficionados will want *Jimmie Rivers and The Cherokees: Brisband Bop* (Western). Rivers is a guitarist who might

have received real recognition had he been fortunate enough to hook up with one of the big-name Western swing bands. He plays swinging guitar lines inspired by Charlie Christian and Barney Kessel; his phrasing would seem to owe a debt to Jimmy Bryant. Co-starring on these live recordings, dating from the early sixties, is steel guitar ace Vance Terry. One of the steel's unsung heroes, Terry is a veteran of both the Bob Wills and Billy Jack Wills bands. He swings as hard as anyone on his instrument, and was one of the first steel men to play hip jazz chord voicings. Terry and Rivers play some nice twin choruses here; the steel guitarist picked up arranging tips from Tiny Moore while with the Billy Jack Wills band. The music here might have benefitted from a more swinging rhythm section; most of the tracks, in fact lack the foundation of a bass. Nonetheless, guitar fans and western swing buffs owe it to themselves to get hip to Rivers. From Mutual Music Corporation, 254 Scott St. San Francisco, CA 94117.

Crosbyana (Broadway Intermission) presents sixteen Bing Crosby chestnuts from vintage radio broadcasts. The crooner's smooth, jazzy, and very masculine stylings were a far cry from earlier high-voiced, syrupy pop singers. Crosby is heard in his prime here, accompanied by top jazzmen including Joe Venuti, Red Nichols, and Jack Teagarden. Bing is joined by Peggy Lee on "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and Louis Armstrong helps out on "Blueberry Hill." Also from the same label comes *Tommy Dorsey: Trumpets and Trombones*, featuring Dorsey as a sideman before he formed his own band. Dorsey is heard on both trumpet and trombone with the bands of Paul Whiteman and Segar Ellis, as well as with the Dorsey Brothers band. From

Broadway Intermission, PO Box 100, Brighton MICH 48116.

Bill Mays/Red Norvo: Two Of A Kind (ITI) offers low-key but intense duos from the pianist and bassist. Mays is a thoughtful player who has obviously listened to his Bill Evans. He chooses his notes carefully, but can fire off a fiery stream of notes when the occasion warrants it. Mitchell, a solid and melodic bassist with a big tone, is all ears as he works closely with the pianist. "Willow Weep For Me," gets an absorbing workout with some bluesy touches; Miles Davis' "All Blues" is a gem burning with a quiet intensity. From ITI, PO Box 2168, Van Nuys CA 91404.

The Maddox Brothers and Rose were one of the most dynamic country acts of the forties and fifties featuring zany stage antics, fancy Western attire, and Rose's soaring vocals. Two recent recordings reveal Rose to still be a forceful, vibrant singer; a third presents early material that pre-dates the group's commercial success. *The Maddox Brothers and Rose — On the Air: 1940 and 1945* (Arhoolie) contains the group's first recorded radio broadcasts. The 1940 session finds Rose joined by brothers Cal (guitar and harmonica) and Fred (bass). The material ranges from cowboy tunes to honky-tonk blues and sentimental ballads. Rose is not the star of the show she later came to be. The Maddox humor is present, but not nearly as raucous as it would be a few years later. A fuller instrumental sound is achieved by the addition of brother Henry on mandolin for the 1945 broadcast. The music from both shows has more of a Southern, rural, old-timey quality than the Maddox's later recordings, which feature electric instruments and hot "take-off" solos. *Rose Maddox: Queen Of The West* (Varrick) is a recent waxing on which Rose is backed by Merle Haggard's ex-

cellent band. Rose's voice has deepened and is shaky on occasion (this is to be expected) but she still sounds great and sings with more conviction than any of the current crop of Nashville gals. It's good to hear Haggard sidemen Roy Nichols and Norm Hamlett stretch out a bit; they haven't had much to do on Hag's recent albums. Twin fiddling by Gordon Terry and Tiny Moore is the honky-tonk icing on the cake. Finally, *Rose Maddox with the Vern Williams Band: A Beautiful Boquet* (Arhoolie) is solid, no-nonsense bluegrass gospel, with good picking and fine quartet singing. Rose recorded a bluegrass album for Capitol back in the fifties, and she's one of the few female country singers soulful and aggressive enough to cross over into this idiom. "Climbing Jacob's Ladder" and "Farther Along" are among the favorites here.

BOOKS

The Jazz Tradition (Oxford) by Martin Williams is a revised edition of the acclaimed 1970 book, recognized as a landmark in the history of jazz criticism. This is not a history of jazz, but a series of appreciations of innovators ranging from King Oliver to Ornette Coleman. Rather than offering a step-by-step chronology of an artist's career, Williams gets at the essence by focusing on a handful of well-chosen recordings. Throughout, he emphasizes rhythmic rather than harmonic innovations, which he insists are at the heart of jazz. Williams takes a long hard look even at musicians he greatly admires, and is not afraid to inject bracing criticisms of The Modern

Jazz Quartet and others. Serious fans and scholars of jazz will find these economical, no-jive essays extremely rewarding.

"How Can You Defend Those People": *The Making of A Criminal Lawyer* (Random House) by James S. Kunen gives the layman an insider's look at the criminal justice system. Kunen is an astute writer with an eye for detail and a keen sense of irony. His material is drawn from his two and a half years as a Washington D.C. Public Defender. He relates his frustrating and sometimes humorous cases (his clients are almost all guilty of the crimes they are accused of) and concludes that "the courts cannot reduce crime or establish justice." They are merely a "sorting mechanism" between the police and the prisons. In spite of this, he emerges from his experience proud of our legal system. Must reading for would-be lawyers and laymen desirous of finding out what makes "the system" click.

At The Hands of Another (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is the latest of Arthur Lyons' novels featuring the California private eye Jacob Asch. Lyons is a first-rate storyteller who writes as well as anyone in the P.I. genre today. Unlike many other vintage and modern shamuses, Asch is pretty much a regular guy. He doesn't cook gourmet meals, read Proust, agonize over ethical decisions or stew in his own existential juices. He is, then, a somewhat less memorable character, although a less pretentious one, than many better-known fictional snoopers. *At The Hands of Another* is a gripping yarn involving sleazy lawyers doctors, and insurance men who prey on Chicago accident victims through an involved racket that Asch uncovers as he investigates the death of a former girlfriend's husband. The book is masterfully plotted, and builds up plenty of steam before its climactic scenes.



By Paul Deane

"BIG BUSTY No.3"



You say you like them big. You say you like them really big. Well then, step right up because "Big Busty Video No. 3" has got the biggest show in town. In this one hour video we look in (from every conceivable angle) on four of the reigning super stars of big bust beauty. For openers we have the magnificent Candy Kane thought by some to have the most beautiful breasts in the world. In two titillating vignettes she stretches and bends her voluptuous body in every imaginable direction, giving the camera a superb view of their generous curves. Of course all that hard work makes her work up a sweat so it's off to the shower for some close up, very wet, breast action.

But wait, there's more in "Big Busty Video No. 3" as little Oral Annie proudly displays her swollen assets for the camera. This girl is super sexy and bountifully big.

As if this weren't enough, the next big breast super star to make an appearance is the one and only Kitten Natavidad. In addition to some beautiful close ups, Kitten gets carried away and I can honestly say I have never seen her in such graphic footage before.

But hold on, it's not over yet! Last but not least "Big Busty No. 3" also stars the shamelessly sexual Annie Sprinkles. Annie fondles, manipulates, pets, mouths and teases her big tits in one of the most erotic breast films ever.

"Big Busty Video No. 3" also has a very stimulating and arousing soundtrack.

It's videos like this that make me glad to be a reviewer... "Big Busty Video No.3" should inspire you to take a look at Volumes No. 1 and No. 2, a pleasure that I have not yet had. "Big Busty Video No. 3" gets a whopping "DD" Cup Rating.

"MAMMARY LANE No.1"



At last, a fantasy video that loves the female body (especially the breasts) as much as I do. "Mammary Lane Volume I" is a collection of some of the sexiest big-busted beauties from some years back ever assembled in a single video program. No screen credits were given so I can't tell you the names of the terrific stars. (Editor's note: Star Murphy is one of the gals.) Almost every type of female is represented in this ninety minute video. They range from the very young and innocent looking to the shamelessly sexy type. Each segment is accompanied by a very erotic sound track in which the actress tells us what's on her mind. In most cases what we hear is every bit as arousing as what we see. This is definately a film for the man who appreciates female beauty and it earns a resounding "D" Cup rating.



"HUGE BRAS No.2"



"Huge Bras Volume 2" is a series of six loops (10 minute shorts) loosely tied together by a host who introduces each segment. The female stars of this video are all large breasted... Some of them are large all over. One segment in particular, titled "Porker," features a young lady whose total body weight rivals that of Andre the Giant! The loops range in intensity from a simple banana insertion to plenty of full hard core action that will please most viewers. What this film lacks in production values it makes up for in sheer size. Other segments are titled "Big Nipples," "Big Dolly" and "Big Pineapples." If you guessed that they are pushing big, heavy girls you have guessed correctly. All things considered "Huge Bras Volume 2" is a crowd pleaser and earns a solid "C" Cup rating.



"TITILLATION"



"Titillation" is a luke warm, spoof of both Cinderella and those hard-boiled private eye films so popular in the forties. The Cinderella take off involves Eric Edwards as the private eye finding the girl who fits into the brass bra, supplied to him by his client, the aged and fabulously wealthy Mr. Fritzwillly.

The object, or should I say objects of the search belong to the mammiferous Kitten Natavidad. The problem is that except for several brief appearances and one short simulated sex scene, Kitten's fabulous forties are nowhere to be seen. The rest of the cast, headed by Heaven St. John are unfortunately only average in size where it counts the most.

The hard core scenes, although ably directed by Damon Christian are pretty much run of the mill. In the bust Department, where it counts "Titillation" only rates a "B" Cup.

"BENEATH THE ULTRA VIXENS"

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into your video store along comes another Russ Meyer re-release. Originally distributed in the late seventies this formula Meyer offering, like all that preceded it, is liberally laced with richly endowed ladies—Kitten Natividad, Anne Marie and Uschi Digard to mention just a few.

Inch for inch Meyer finds and films more magnificent mammaries than anyone else in the field. His skills as a cinematographer

and editor are outstanding. All in all, however "Beneath The Valley Of The Ultra Vixens" leaves this reviewer flat. The reason is mainly Meyer's use of social commentary. More simply stated, his camera does not pay homage to the naked female form for its own sake. Instead, its main purpose is carrying on his corny crusade of contrived moral editorializing.

Russ Meyer is in the process of preparing a new film for release. I hope he realizes that we only want him for the great bodies he

shoots. "Beneath The Ultra Vixens" rates only a training Bra for his silly sociology.



Let us know if you like this feature and would like it to appear regularly.

TOP 5 R-RATED VIDEOS

1. Big Busty No. 2...L&W Sales
2. Big Bust Superstars...Ambassador Video
3. Beneath The Ultra Vixens...Russ Meyer
4. Erotic Moods Of Raven DeLacroix...L&W Sales
5. Best Of Richard Rank No.2... Gourmet Video

TOP 5 X-RATED VIDEOS

1. Huge Bras No. 2...Western Visual
2. Big Busted Girls of Ugly George...L&W Sales
3. Big Mamas...TGA
4. Golden Girls No. 6...Caballero
5. Collector Video No.1...Caballero

You'll wonder how you ever got along before you knew these practical and informative tidbits

FROM POOR



DICK'S by Peter Trax ALMANIAC

Man's earliest inventions were the wheel and the lever. Before that came the screw.

Ancient people celebrated New Year's Eve by starting to fornicate a minute before midnight. It was in one year and out the other.

Many years ago a torrid senorita south of the border invented the vibrator by crossing a Mexican jumping bean with a cucumber.

Intercourse with the woman-above position began when a man complained of a constant backache. This led to the expression "knocked-up."

The first deodorant wasn't a pad, a spray, a stick or a roll-on. It was called a bath.

Doctors and nurses started wearing masks in operating rooms so that if something went wrong the patient didn't know who to blame.



Birth control was originated by a woman at the dawn of time who always pretended to be asleep.

The first "working stiff" was a towel boy in a women's athletic club.

What's worse than coming home with lipstick on your collar is getting caught with it on your pecker.

If she invites you to put it in, there's no need to beat around the bush.

Be suspicious of the doctor who says, "Just open your mouth and stick out your checkbook."

That up-and-down sex movement comes naturally, but round-and-round movement has to be learned.

Finding grey pubic hairs doesn't necessarily mean you've worried about not getting much.

If you give up smoking, drinking, overeating and screwing every chance you get, you'll die a lot healthier.

If you want to show off some wild new steps at the disco, wear a sandpaper jockstrap.

Fluoridated booze will keep you from getting holes in your teeth — but not in your liver.

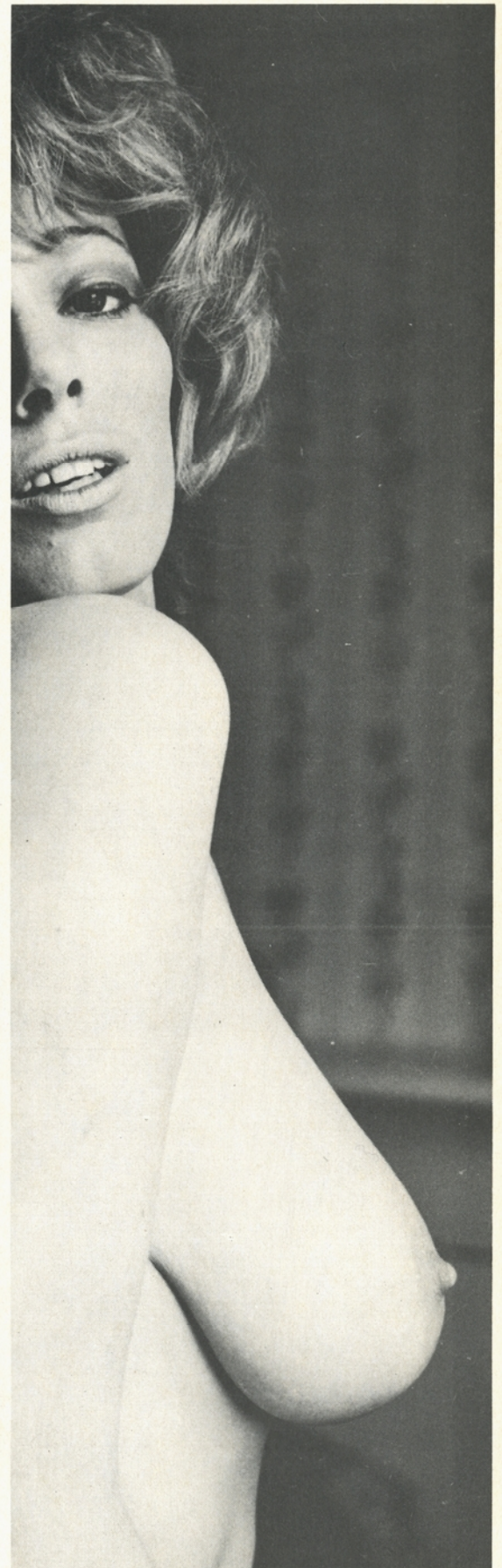
Put your sex drive in neutral if her big, mean boyfriend catches the both of you in a parked car.

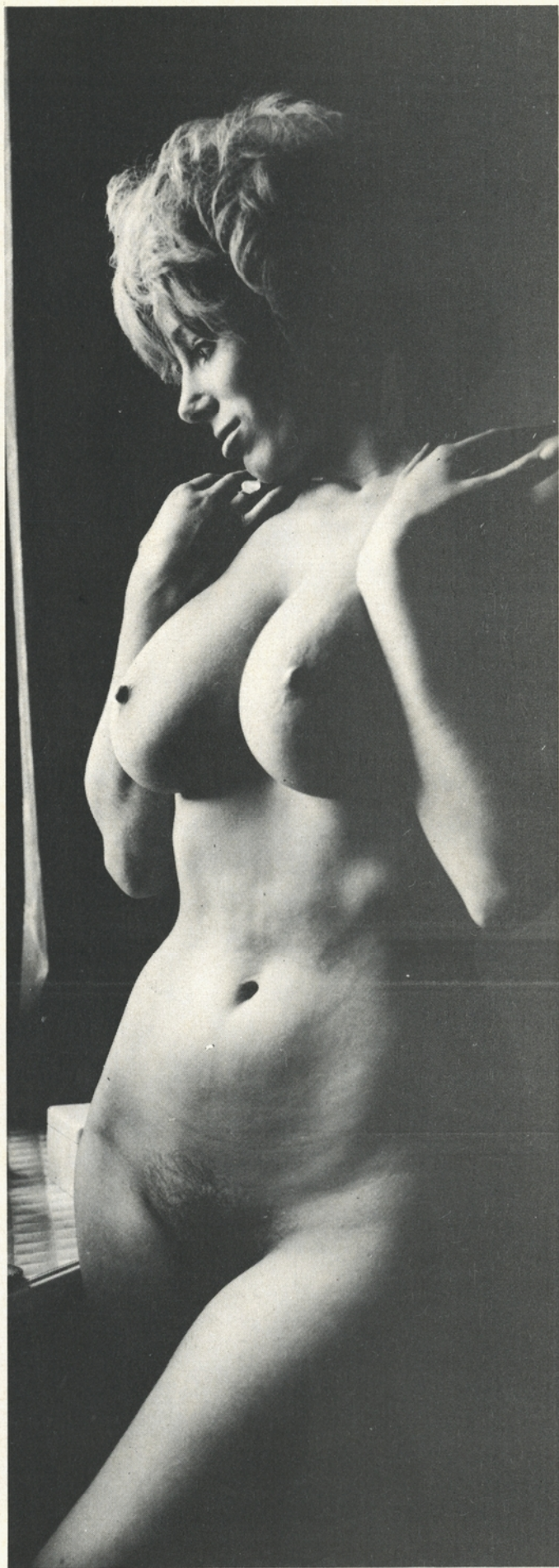
If she says you're lousy in the sack, go get a second opinion.

The expression, "same old rut," started with Adam, the first man, after his 1,000th intercourse with Eve. He dreamed of "turning over a new leaf."

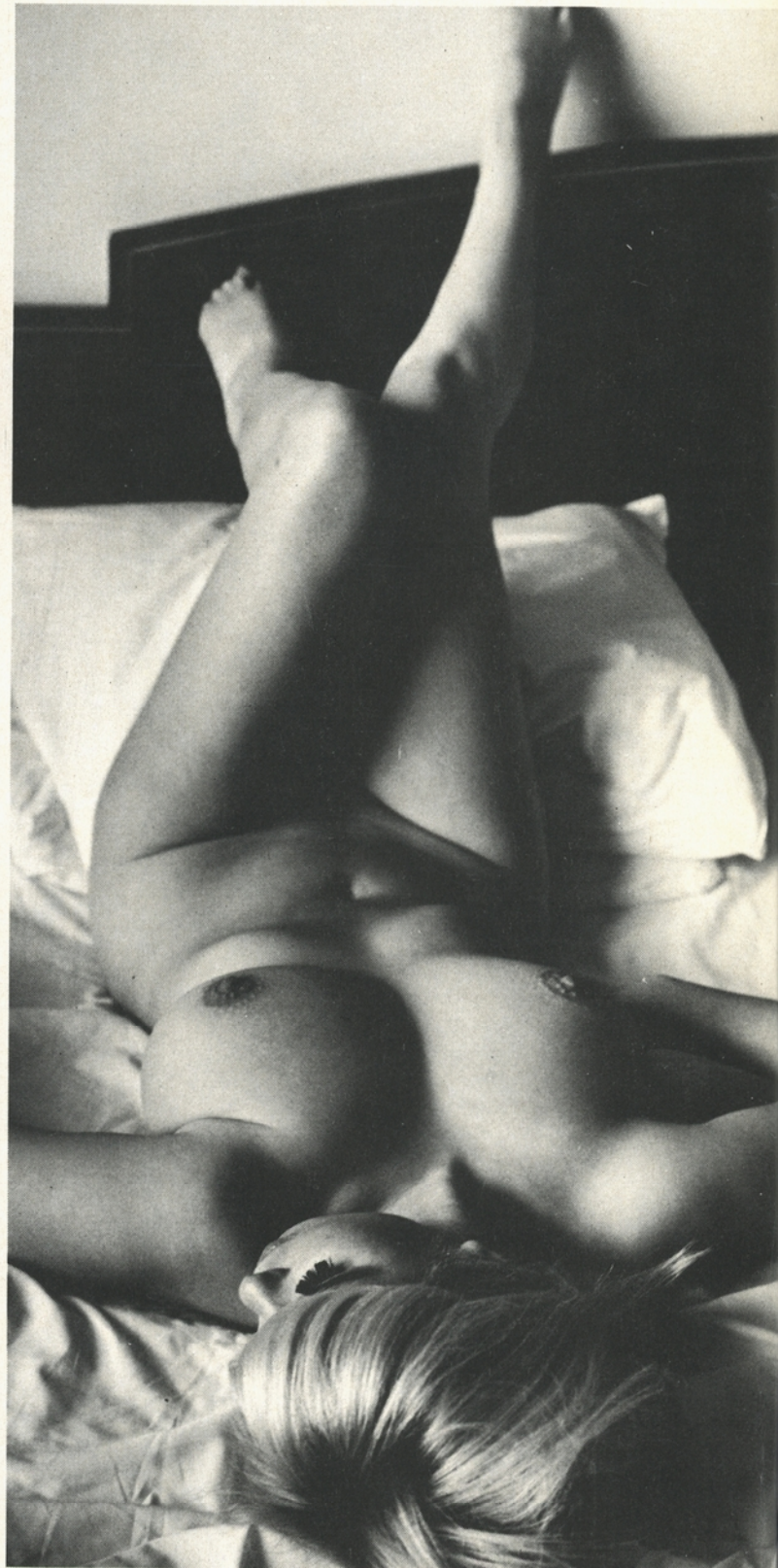
Girls of the 60's

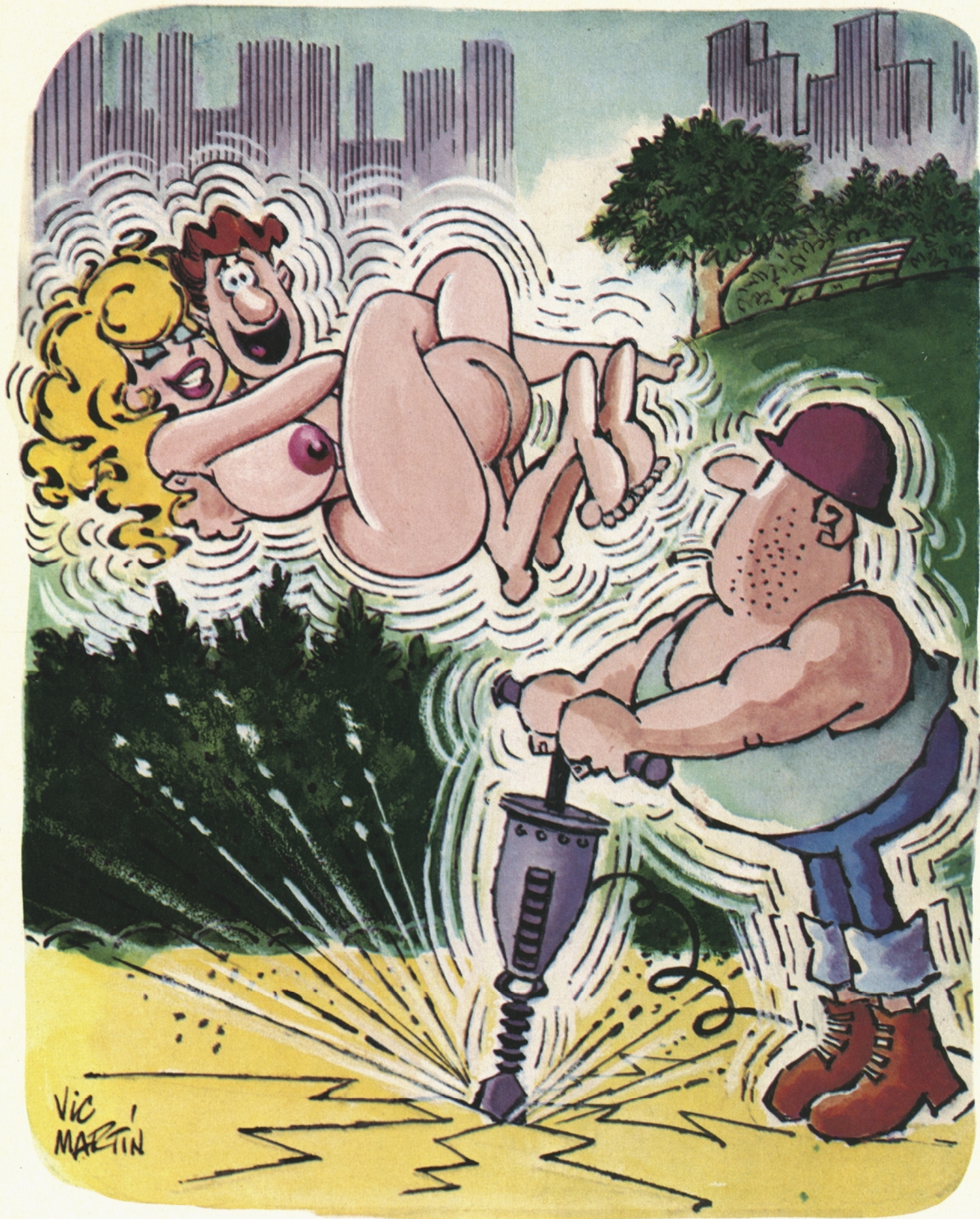
TRUDY





GIRLS OF THE 60'S
NICOLE





"Thank you!"



KERRI

Let's give a tremendous welcome to this brand new bountifully buxom British bird named Kerri. She makes her living travelling around her country doing research for a consumers' organization, and she's uncovered many frauds. But as you can see, there's nothing fraudulent about

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Kerri when she's uncovered.

Kerri said she hopes to be the "Ralph Nader of The United Kingdom." But, personally we think she's much prettier. No matter where she goes, Kerri's shapely figure and Knockout Knockers bring joy to all.

















LINDA

*Let's welcome voluptuous Linda to our pages!
This Big Up Front Champ's glorious globes are
such a supremely sexy sumptuous sight that*



she's been elected to the BUF Hall of Fame.

Linda designs sets for regional theater companies when she's not modeling. We asked her

what her favorite play was and she said "Twelve Angry Men." She said the director used to get angry at her because whenever she was around





the guys in the cast couldn't get angry — her mountainous mammaries kept them in too good

a mood. We're not sure if all of you remember the plot of the show, it was about a jury that





couldn't make it's decision because they couldn't agree. But one thing the men in the cast

could agree on was that Linda is some sexy siren, and we'll second that vote any day. □



PEACHES & BRENDA

Strike up the band! Light up the marquee! Stop the show, because here are two big-boobed show-stopping show girls in their first appearance in any magazine! Super shaped brunette Peaches and pleasingly plump, blonde Brenda were discovered by

our roving talent scout in a popular burlesque house. Late one night he phoned us and said he had made two great discoveries (the last time he called he said he'd just discovered the world was round, so we weren't exactly waiting with bated breath to hear



what he had to say). We asked if he had found his marbles. "No, no, this time I'm really on to something big. In fact I'm onto four things that are really

big. A pair of strippers with huge knockers. They're crazy about our magazines and want to pose for us!"

We checked out the girls, went crazy over them





*Gems
of the
Month*







and set up a shooting session pronto. Not only that, but we set up further sessions so that we can feature them individually: Brenda in one of our BUF Pictorials and Peaches in a future Gem.

These scintillating ecdysiasts have more talent than meets the eye—although that's plenty. Peaches plays the piano and Brenda is a country singer. The girls have a novel act in which they strip while they sing



and play. Both are good dancers and use contemporary steps, jazz and older routines in their acts.

As you can guess these sexy show gals have danced their ways right into our big-boob lovin' hearts. □



"I spent the afternoon with an old girlfriend and I can prove it!"

Girls of the 70's

KATRINE













YVETTE

We ran a spread of great Big Up Front Hall of Famer Yvette as a "Thanks For The Mammaries" feature in our June issue and we've been astounded

at the amount of mail pouring in asking for more. We just wish there were more, but these are all that's left in our files. This auburn haired dynamo is sensational and we are trying to find any other sets she may have posed for while modeling. If we do, you'll be the first to know.







GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

by Paul Steiner

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

Francois Truffaut's comedy-thriller, "Confidentially Yours," has many of his inimitable touches. In a scene laid in a hotel in Nice on the French Riviera, a hooker asks a maid to switch outfits, pleading: "My trick can't make it unless I'm dressed like a maid."

Hyapatha Lee, the only known porno star who claims to be of American Indian descent and who has appeared live at Plato's Retreat in the Big Apple can now be seen in "Sweet Young Foxes." After viewing her background as well as her foreground, one knowledgeable porno critic was moved to comment that her crotch "is indeed styled somewhat like a Mohawk hairdo." Hyapatha plays an 18-year-old college freshman who argues a great deal with her

mom and keeps telling her as well as everyone in sight, that she "just wants to get laid." Needless to say her wish comes true — again and again.

"A persistent sexual myth involves the 'proper' size of the vagina," says Dr. Doreen Gluckin in her Berkley paperback, "The Body at Thirty." "I generally respond to questions about normal vagina size by asking, 'what's a normal height?'"

It's Phyllis Diller's lament: "How can you have cleavage without cleaves?"

"Little Girls Lost" stars the gorgeous Jennifer West and superstud John Leslie. The flick's about

students in an acting class, but most of their acting lessons seem to take place in bed or on a couch. Horny agents, producers, casting directors all want to "get in" on the action and most of the time they do."

Henny Youngman tells about the fellow comic who told him: "My wife says I'm a lousy lover. How can she make a judgement like that in two minutes?"

In the short-lived play, "Tallulah," the late actress was depicted as a carefree, bisexual, boozing, whoring, womanizing gal. In a boffo scene laid, quite appropriately, in a "going down" elevator, Tallulah wonders aloud why a famous husband-wife acting team is snubbing her, "since I've had both of you darlings!"

Joan Rivers, discussing a certain blonde starlet, commented: "Is she dumb? She's so stupid that when she saw a sign which said, 'Wet Floor' — she did." As a host on talk shows, Joan can turn your stomach with her ceaseless prying into the private (sex) lives of her guests but as a comedian, she's as funny as they come. She claims she met Warren Beatty at a party and he said to her, "You're not next."

Reviewing a recent Burt Reynolds flick, popular critic Rex Reed wrote: "Reynolds often seems like a Dali nightmare in his films, swimming through a sea of mammary glands in pursuit of the ultimate orgasm."

"My idea of socialized medicine" says Joey Adams "is a doctor who'll let me listen in on his stethoscope while he examines Dolly Parton."

"A normal man," advises comic Jackie Mason, "wants only one thing from a woman — companionship." Then adds slyly: "Of course, I'm talking about a very, very old man."



PAULA

As you all probably know, finding a new gal with big knockers is not the easiest thing to do and requires constant girl scouting. But we do come up with plenty of properly shaped cookies and Paula is one of the latest.

She's a free-spirited lass and likes to hop around from job to job. Her current one is modeling bras made up of a new kind of material. But the material doesn't hold up and keeps ripping from the heavy pressure of Paula's taut twin turrets. Maybe this isn't good for the bra maker, but it's good for us.

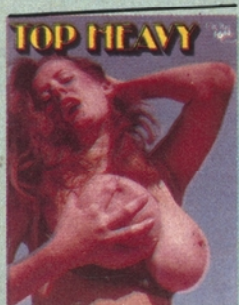
As we were about to leave, Paula asked if we knew of a good job for her. We suggested she try a tire company — nobody would tire of her and there certainly would be no flats. ☐





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A young couple's marriage is crumbling and it's no coincidence that the graffiti in the men's and ladies' rooms at their favorite bar has a lot to do with their problem

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

by David P. Grady

Harry Keaton emptied his bottle of beer, snuffed out a cigarette, then slid off the stool to go to the john. It'd be a long drive back to the office, and there'd be no place along the way to empty a bladder.

"See you later, Mike," he called out to the bartender, and made his way through the lunch-hour crowd.

The inside of Mike's toilet was scummy, but nothing unexpected, just the usual stink of piss and puke, and the floor littered with trash. Harry opened his trousers, almost pissing before he had it all the way out. Then he studied the graffiti on the wall. It was still there:

"I fucked Karen Keaton!"

It was a week before when Harry had first noticed it, with half a dozen names listed under it, and some clown had even scribbled "Yaser Arafat" in green ink. Now there were a dozen more names, and there was no shadow of doubt in Harry's mind that his wife was screwing around. Where there's smoke there's fire, he figured, and besides, Karen had told him how often she fantasized. A lot!

He shook off the last few drops, zipped his trousers, then fished through his pockets for a ballpoint pen.

"Might as well," he mumbled to himself, and scratched Harry at the bottom of the list.

Back in his office Harry plunged into his work as he always did. Just before quitting time his intercom buzzed. It was his secretary, letting him know she was leaving for the day.

"Wait a minute," Harry told her on a sudden impulse. "I'd like to see you for a minute first, Miss Benson."

"Certainly, Mr. Keaton."

His secretary, a middle-aged, slightly overweight woman with

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a hint of youth and hope lingering despairingly on her face, entered his office a moment later, notebook in hand.

"Yes, sir?" she said, as she sat down.

"You won't need your book," he told her. "I just want to talk."

She looked at him with an air of panic. "I don't understand, Mr. Keaton. Is something wrong?"

"I just want to talk, that's all," he said politely. "I don't think I've ever asked for a woman's advice before. Make your own decisions and act is my motto."

"Oh, yes, sir, and you've done so well."

"Well, yes, Miss Benson, but now I'm going to ask your advice... as a woman, not as a secretary. Do you understand?"

"I think so, sir." She crossed her legs and tugged at the hem of her dress. "I'll try to be helpful," she added.

"Good." He leaned back and laced strong fingers behind his massive head. "I'm going to be frank, Miss Benson. Do you mind?"

"No, sir, I don't mind."

"Good. Now, suppose you were a woman who loved sex, and, let's say, cheated on your husband. Now, let's suppose your husband found out about it, and that he'd do anything to keep you from fooling around. You with me?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Good. Now, what would this guy have to do to get you to stop fucking around?"

Miss Benson's chin dropped. "Sir!" she gasped. "Please!"

"Relax, Benson, it's only a word."

"But, sir," she said, her mousy features brightening in a blush.

"But what?" growled Harry. "Look, Benson, it's a word. Fuck, fuck, fuck. There, now get used to it. You know what it means?"

"Yes, sir, but there are other

words. I mean..."

"Okay, Miss Benson. What would the guy have to do to get you to stop screwing around?"

She smiled weakly at him, sliding back in her chair, the hem of her dress inching above her knees. Harry glanced down. Then he winked at her.

"Well, sir," started Miss Benson without her smile, "I really wouldn't know about such things, but I suppose the gentleman in question would have to satisfy his wife." She frowned a little. "I mean in the bedroom, sir. But if he couldn't... well, sir, then maybe he should try to make her jealous."

"Jealous?" Harry leaned forward biting his lip.

"Yes, sir. Most women... especially wives... can't stand it to know there's another woman. I know I couldn't."

Harry considered for a moment. He admitted to himself that he hadn't thought of it, and the germ of an idea popped into his head. He wondered what Karen would do if she found his name on a ladies room wall.

Miss Benson had crossed her legs again, and Harry was quick to notice how much leg was being flashed. Her panties were pink, and there was little doubt in Harry's mind that his secretary knew exactly what she was showing.

"Miss Benson, would you consider doing me a personal favor?"

Miss Benson slowly uncrossed her legs, shifted forward in the chair and cleared her throat. "I think so, sir." She made a face, rolling her eyes. "But... well, sir, if it's too personal, I'm not..."

"It's not," Harry said sharply, interrupting her. "But it is... well, it's sort of vulgar, Miss Benson. But it's not that I want to get in your pants, so don't worry."

"Why, Mr. Keaton!" exclaimed Miss Benson. "I never..."

"Forget it," said Harry. "Now listen. Karen is screwing around on me. I'm sure of it. And I'm the hypothetical dunce who's trying to stop her. You understand?"

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"She's screwing around! Harry snapped. "Will you do it?"

"Do what, sir,?"

"I want you to write something on a bathroom wall for me. In a ladies room. Will you do it?"

She just looked at him. It was a look that told Harry she'd do it, and anything else he might ask.

Harry frowned. "Well?"

"Yes, sir. If you think it'll help."

"It will, Miss Benson. Now, call Mrs. Keaton and tell her I'll be late for supper. Then we'll go. You follow me in your car and we'll go over to Mike's place. It's a small bar about thirty minutes from here. Okay?"

Harry didn't wait for an answer. He stood up and motioned for Miss Benson to return to her desk in the outer office. "And bring a sweater, Miss Benson. It's a little cool outside."

"Yes, sir," she replied, and picked up her notebook.

"Oh, and don't forget to bring a pen, Miss Benson."

She paused, nodded, and then walked out of his office.

Thirty minutes later Harry escorted Miss Benson into Mike's bar and guided her through the crowd to an empty booth. He sat down across from her and offered her a cigarette. Miss Benson shook her head. The canned music was loud-country, and Harry had to yell at the waitress to get her attention:

"Sugar!"

A youngish blonde with big boobs in a thin yellow blouse stopped abruptly in front of him, pencil and order pad ready. "What'll it be?" she asked in a hurried voice.

Miss Benson shrugged, so Harry ordered two beers and a bowl of popcorn. The waitress wiggled away, and Harry's eyes followed the contours of a shapely ass. He wondered why he had asked Benson, instead of a sweet young thing with a hot little body just itching for action.

Miss Benson disturbed his

thought. "Sir," she said, "I think I've changed my mind. I really don't like it here, and I never drink beer." She had a sour look on her face.

"I'll drink the beer," Harry told her. "You just keep an eye on the ladies room..." he pointed "and when it's not so crowded, you go in and do me the favor, okay?"

Miss Benson leaned forward, across the table, and whispered, "Sir . . ." The she looked around as if to make sure nobody else could hear what she said. "Sir, I don't feel comfortable with all these people. Would it be all right if I went inside, now, and just waited until I had a chance?"

Harry chuckled. "That's a little silly," he said. "But if that's what you want . . . Here, let me have your pen."

She fumbled a ballpoint from her purse and gave it to him. Harry snapped a napkin from its holder and printed: "Harry Keaton is a great fuck!" and listed a few of his favorite female names.

As an after-thought, Harry glanced up at Miss Benson, then added Mildred to his list. He pushed it across the table, Miss Benson looked at it and her mouth dropped open. Then she looked at him with her eyes wide open.

Harry shrugged. "Could be, Mildred," he grinned. "You never know."

Before he could say more, his secretary was on her way to the ladies room.

The waitress returned and plunked two bottles in front of him, and Harry's daydream vanished.

"Three dollars," she said. "Sorry, but we're out of popcorn."

Harry paid her, and then watched her as she wiggled away. Someday, he promised himself, and took a long pull on one of the bottles. He paused to catch his wind, then emptied it.

A few minutes later, Harry was anxious. Miss Benson hadn't returned. After all, how long could it take to scratch a little graffiti on a wall? He was lighting a cigarette when Miss Benson finally returned.

"Where've you been?" he demanded. "Did you do it?"

"Yes, sir," she said, as she squeezed down into the booth. "If Mrs. Keaton sees it, sir, she's certain to be upset."

"She'll see it," smiled Harry.

"What took you so long?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Benson, her penciled eyebrows raised. "You wouldn't believe the filth on those walls. I mean . . ."

"You're right. This is no place for a lady, Miss Benson," he said politely. "You ready?"

Miss Benson had a look on her face that told Harry she was ready to play house. But Harry whisked Miss Benson to her car in the parking lot, thanked her, and told her to take the next two days off, with pay. Maybe later, he thought, but right now there was something he was in a hurry for Karen to see.

When Harry got home, the sound of splashing water and the melody in Karen's voice promised that she was in a playful mood. Freshly balled, he thought, and settled into his favorite chair with a bottle of beer and a magazine.

A few minutes later Karen pranced into the living room. "Hello, Harry," she said cheerfully. "Work late?"

Harry looked over the top of his magazine. "New client," he told her. "Hey, you look great!"

"You're kidding." She was barefoot, in a faded robe, and had cold cream on her face. "I just got out of the shower."

Harry tossed his magazine on the floor. "Have you started supper?"

"Nope. I've been nibbling on chicken. What'll it be, leftovers?"

Harry licked his lips. "You," he said, "but later."

"You've been drinking, love."

"A little. Hey, why don't you get dressed? We'll go over to Mike's, have a few drinks and then go have a steak at the Cow Palace."

Without another word Karen skipped away, as a child might, and Harry followed her into the

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bedroom. And, as usual whenever they were going out, Harry dressed his wife to suit himself. He zipped her into a velvety-red, low-cut dress, and insisted she wear nothing else.

"But, Harry..."

"No buts, babe. And no panties."

"You're sick," she giggled, and reached for a comb, brushing it through the long dark hair that fell to her shoulders. "You're weird, Harry. You know that?"

"You like it."

"Wrong," she cooed. "I love it."

It was almost ten o'clock when Harry and Karen strolled into Mike's bar and the place was packed. There were no empty booths, no vacant tables, and Harry had to do a little shoving to make room for his wife at the bar.

Mike was still there. He was a wiry man, and he looked like a bartender, with a bald head, cheerfully seamed face, and his brilliant red vest that proclaimed he was owner, head bartender and able-bodied bouncer.

"Evening, Harry," he said with his usual smile. "Hello, Karen."

"Good crowd," Harry offered. "What happened to your jukebox?"

"Some jerk cut the wrie," Mike growled. "What'll it be?"

Karen ordered bourbon and coke and Harry asked for beer. They had three rounds, Harry guzzling beer and Karen sipping her bourbon and cokes, before Karen finally announced that she was going to the powder room.

"Don't wash your fingers," Harry joked, and watched her strut into the crowd.

This was it. He wondered how she'd react. He hoped she'd find it. He was ready for battle if that's what she wanted. He wouldn't deny screwing around, but he'd be demand the truth from her, too.

"What's with you two?" came a serious voice, and Harry turned back around.

It was Mike. "What's that?" asked Harry, sipping his beer.

"You, for christ-sake, and that gorgeous wife of your. You having trouble?" Mike swept a white towel

over the bar. "What in the hell is going on?"

Harry faked a cough. "What makes you say that?"

"C'mon, buddy. We've been friends a long time. Last week your old lady comes in with that wimpy boss of hers, and today you're in here with a dog."

Harry straightened up. "You mean Daniels?"

"Who?"

"Daniels... that CPA from Karen's office."

Mike tossed his towel and braced himself with his hands on the bar. "Yeah, I guess that's his name. Wimpy guy, with a big nose, no chin. He was in here last year... at the party you guys had on New Years Eve."

"That's Daniels," said Harry, more to himself than to Mike. "When were they in here?"

Mike shook his head. "I don't know. Last Wednesday, maybe Thursday or Friday." He straightened up, turning his palms up in a gesture of futility. "Hey, look, Harry, I was just trying to be helpful, that's all. Forget it. The guy's a wimp."

Mike left to wait on some customers, and Harry did a slow burn. He was suddenly pissed and ready to break Daniels into bits and pieces. He drained his bottle, then emptied Karen's bourbon and coke in one long swallow.

When Karen returned and slid back up on her stool, Harry glared at her. He had forgotten about the graffiti, and he wanted to slap her.

"Guess what?" she blew in his ear.

"What?" he said, forcing himself to remain calm.

"It worked," she whispered.

"What worked?"

Karen squeezed his thigh. "I found it," she said, and patted his crotch. "Your name on the wall... right out in the open where everybody can see it."

Harry shrugged. He didn't know what to say. She didn't seem to be upset.

She stuck out her tongue, a

childish expression on her face. "I know you put it there, love... or had one of your girlfriends do it." She winked at him. "You're jealous."

"Jealous? Of what?"

"You put it there, didn't you, Harry?" She pursed her lips, as if to pout. "Ain't that right, you great fuck?"

Harry frowned but didn't say anything. Karen was fondling his crotch.

"Hey, c'mon, love, smile." She giggled. "Hey, how come you're sleeping with Mildred? You always said she was a frump."

Harry shoved her hand away from his crotch. "I'm not," he said. "But I'd sure like to know how come you're making it with Daniels."

"Daniels?" She snickered. "You're kidding."

"No I'm not," he said clearly. "How come?"

"Look, Harry, you've been fooling around for years..." She paused, looked away, then turned back and went on, "...so I had Mr. Daniels do me a favor. I knew you'd find it. And I wanted you to find it... to think about it, love... about how it feels to have someone you love fooling around."

Harry jostled her tit, gently. "I don't believe it," he said incredulously. "You mean you know what's on the wall in the mens room? Daniels? He put it there?"

"Go take another look," she whispered, "and check out the first five names."

Harry thought for a minute. The only name he remembered was Yaser Arafat. He swung off the stool, aimed a threatening finger at Karen's chin, then edged his way through the crowd and into the mens room. It was still there:

"I fucked Karen Keaton!"

Harry scratched his head. "Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch," he said to himself. "That crazy broad. I love that woman."

The first five names on the wall were: "Hutch, Alonzo, Raymond, Roger and Yaser Arafat." □



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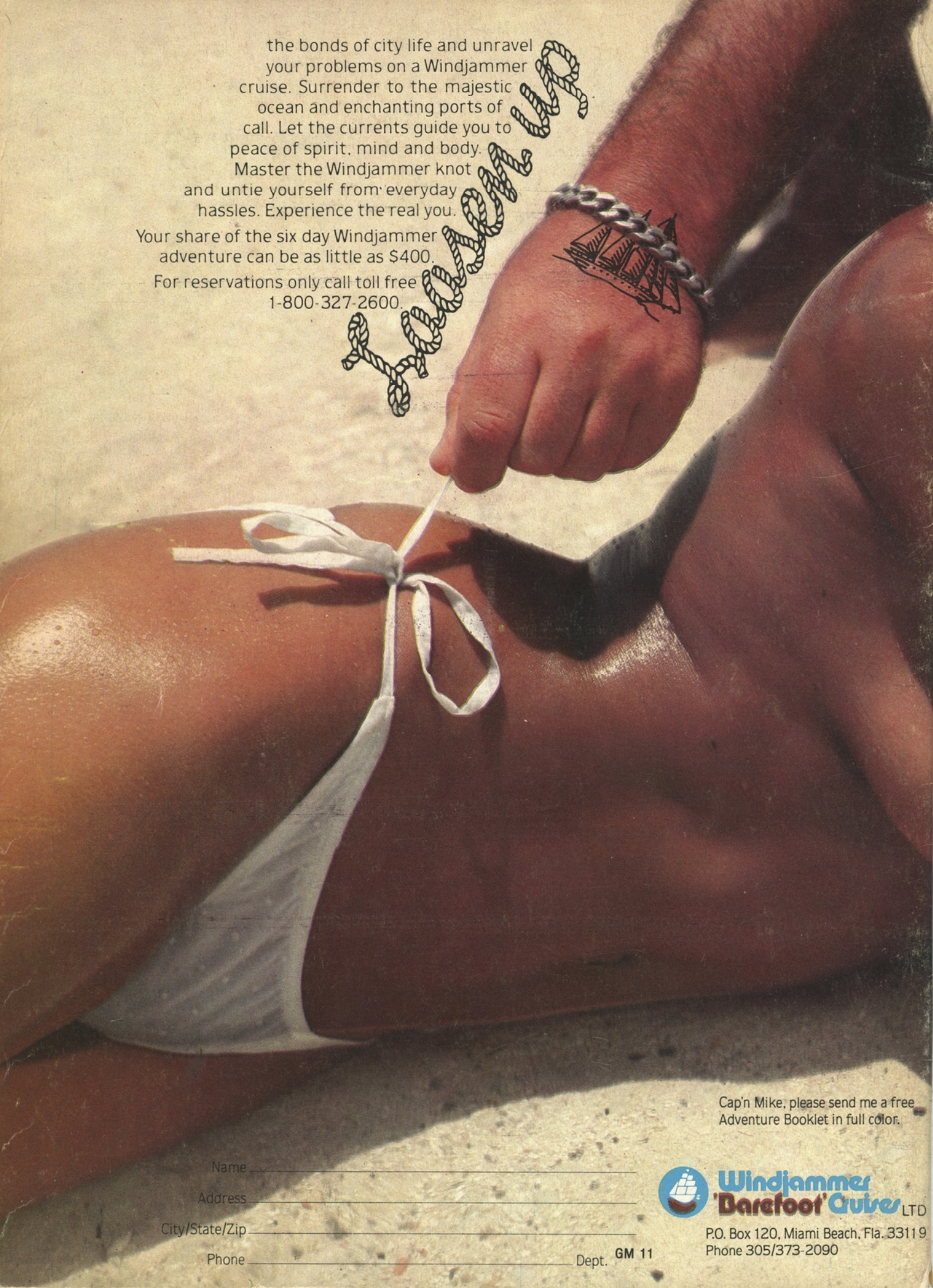
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