

GEM

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AUG. 1985
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**SIMPLY SENSATIONAL! SUPER SHAPELY
COVER GIRL GILL IN HER DEBUT
PLUS A PAIR OF HIGH SPIRITED GALS
CAVORTING IN A PUB, THE BUSTY BARKEEP
AND A BIG-BOOBED BLONDE HONEY
AS WELL AS A BRAND NEW SHOOTING
OF MAMMOTH MAMMARED MARVEL BERT,
BUXOM BOBO, AN UGLY GEORGE FIND
AND A GREAT 60'S HALL OF FAMER**

**The Sultry Soviet Spy Loved
Sex, Especially With The
Ex-CIA Agent But He
Couldn't Help Wondering
What Else She Wanted
THE FEMME FATALE
FROM THE KGB**

**The Trend Is Inevitable!
Prime Time Ads Will Get
More And More Raunchy
But Don't Hold Your
Breath Till These Show
TV COMMERCIALS NOT
BEING AIRED YET**



BERT



GEM

VOL. 27 NO.2

AUGUST 1985

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GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies \$3.75. Canada and Foreign: \$3.95. Subscriptions: 6 issues: \$18.00. Canada and Foreign: \$22.00. All unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity with real names and places is purely coincidental. Picture credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated. Entire contents copyright 1985 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

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

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RECORDS

Music of The Depression (Stash) documents a strange period in American pop music. While people queued up in the breadlines, Tin Pan Alley cranked out optimistic ditties such as "There's A New Day Comin'" and Irving Berlin's "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee." There was the occasional downbeat or realistic tune: Canadian Dick Robertson's rendition of "If I Ever Get A Job Again," and the Leo Reisman Orchestra's rendering of Yip Harburg's cynical "Riddle Me This" are heard here. Harburg's classic "Brother Can You Spare A Dime" is also heard in a militaristic rendering by Charlie Palloy. Among the other noteworthy items here are a young Fred MacMurray crooning "I'm In The Market For You," a hot Benny Morton small band version of "The Gold Digger's Song," "Raisin' The Rent," recorded by Ramona Davies and a trio of Whiteman sidemen, will be of special interest to jazz buffs for the group improvisation (Bix, Roy Bargy, Benny Bonaccio) that follows the vocal chorus.

The Marty Robbins Files: Vols. 4 & 5 (Bear Family) focuses on material recorded by the late C&W singer/songwriter from 1957 through 1959. Most of the tracks here are pure, no-frills 50's country with James Farmer on steel and Shorty Lavender on fiddle. There are some real gems here, including covers of Hank Snow's "Faded Petal From a Beautiful Boquet" and Eddy Arnold's "Bouquet of Roses." Other stand-

outs include the Jimmie Davis classic "Shackles and Chains" and Robbins' original "The Hands You're Holding Now."

Junior Wells' Chicago Blues Band: Hoodoo Man Blues (Delmark) is a reissue of Junior's classic first album, an album that was one of the first to capture the then new sound of urban Chicago blues as it was played in the clubs. While Muddy Waters' sound still had strong overtones of the delta Mississippi style, Junior's band wedded down-home blues with the funkier rhythms then being introduced by James Brown. Junior is a sexy, compelling vocalist who blows some of the meanest blues harp this side of Little Walter. Serving as a foil to Wells is the stinging guitar of Buddy Guy. One of the most distinctive of blues guitarists, Guy's unique sound and soulful licks make him immediately identifiable from the first notes of a solo. Bassist Jack Myers and drummer Billy Warren churn out the rhythm over which Junior delivers some of the most riveting, smoking blues you'll ever hear. From Delmark, 4243 North Lincoln, Chicago. ILL 60618

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys: The Tiffany Transcriptions, Vol. 3 (Kaledoscope) is another serving of prime Wills from 1946 and 1947. This is some of the hottest stuff the band ever waxed, with soloists including Tiny Moore, Junior Barnard, Noel Boggs, Louis Tierney, Joe Holley, Herb Remington, and Alex Brashear. This edition of the Tiffanys concentrates on the jazz side of the Wills repertoire. Standards like "I Never Knew" and "Crazy Rhythm" are done up in exciting arrangements which utilize the string instruments to achieve big band sounds. Tommy Duncan, the consummate western swing vocalist, is at his soulful best on "Milk Cow Blues." Particularly unusual is a country blues recitation by Tommy Duncan, "Frankie Jean," backed only by Barnard's guitar. It is very possible this was relearned from Memphis Minnie's recordings of the tune. This album is a must for western swing fans. One hopes that this will be a long-lived series, and that all or most of the Tiffany material will eventually appear on LP.

Fans of vintage rhythm and blues will want to check out some recent reissues on the Swedish Mr. R&B label. *Julia Lee & Her Boy Friends: Ugly Papa* is a strong set of forties and fifties sides by the Kansas City singer/pianist. Lee is best remembered for her double-entendre novelties, a number of which were hits. The Mr. R&B disc focuses on a lesser-known but superior side of her repertoire — classic blues and unusual blues-based tunes. The popular risque material Lee made the charts with only hints

at how effective a blues vocalist she could be. "Dream Lucky Blues," "Goin' To Chicago," "Lotus Blossom" and "If You Hadn't Gone Away" are gems that bring out the best in Lee. *Roy Brown: Saturday Night* features the electrifying blues shouter whose style was emulated by Elvis and Jackie Wilson among others. The album focuses on some of Brown's more commercial rock efforts. The material here is not always best suited to Brown's style. (Brown's best sides appear on two earlier Mr. R&B releases.) There are several tracks, however, that are knockouts and indispensable to Brown fans. The blues shuffle "Caldonia's Wedding Day" catches Brown at the top of his form; great lyrics and a hot band too. "Midnight Lover Man" finds him at his most soulful; the ladies must have gone ga-ga over Brown in his prime. Finally, *Ray Agee: Black Night is Gone* spotlights an undeservedly obscure West Coast-based blues singer and composer. Agee was a smooth, mellow, somewhat mournful singer whose work brings to mind both Percy Mayfield and Charles Brown. The title tune, in fact, was composed as an answer to Brown's "Black Night." "No More Blue Shadows Falling" and "My Lonesome Days Are Gone" are both first-rate. From Mr. R&B, P1.8300, 643 00 Vinkaker, Sweden.

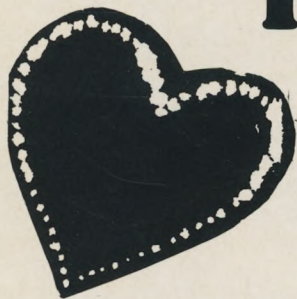
Quietly There: Zoot Sims Plays Johnny Mandel (Pablo) is a strong set from the tenor sax ace. Mandel, probably best known for his "Shadow of Your Smile," has been turning out good tunes (as well as arranging and playing both trumpet and trombone) since the mid-forties. Zoot gets plenty of mileage out of this material; his warm, lyrical tenor is especially effective on the ballads. A top-notch rhythm section consisting of Mike Wofford (piano), Chuck Berghofer (bass), Nick Ceroli (drums) and Victor Feldman (percussion) provides strong support throughout. "Cinnamon & Cloves" and an unusual twelve-bar (non-blues) tune entitled "Zoot" are standouts.

Zeb Turner: Jersey Rock (Bear Family) is a real surprise, one of the best C&W reissues to come our way in a while. Turner was a guitarist who appeared as a sideman on dozens of records by The Delmore Brothers, Hank Williams, Red Foley and others. The material here features him as a leader and singer on honky-tonk, boogie, and western swing style tunes. There are echoes of Eddy Arnold and Moon Mullican, among others, in Turner's singing and original songs. Steel guitar fans will be treated to the work of the great Jerry Byrd. Of special interest is the Hank Williams tune "Never Been So Lonesome," a "Lovesick Blues" type tune which Williams never recorded himself. Another goody from Bear Family

(continued on page 6)



"For starters I'm going to give you a ticket for littering."



HEART AND SOLE



by Kent Ames

There are parties . . . and there are parties, but last night's Friday eve bash had twenty-five year old Jack Hiller pinching himself to prove he wasn't dreaming. Why? Because he met Marie, sexy, sultry, willing Marie. He necked with the huge-boobed brunette in the host's coat closet, explored her lush contours in his second-hand Chevy and spent the sweet hours of the night in his house making passionate love to his newly found nubile nymph.

In the morning, Marie seduced Jack under the kitchen table after making him the best scrambled eggs and hash browns he'd ever had. Then they had coffee and she wanted to have a go at it on the living room couch, then on top of the bookcase, then in the bath tub. Finally, Marie said, "Wow, that was great. Let's do something different for a change of pace . . . let's go up to the attic. I like to explore big old houses. Who knows, maybe someday I'll find a sexy ghost?!"

Jack laughed and told her that he hadn't been up there in years. Anyway, they caressed each other on the narrow stairs and by the time they got to the musty storeroom atop the house, the couple was so hot they had to put out each other's fire before looking around through all the old junk.

They didn't find anything very interesting till Marie found a ticket and asked Jack what it was for. He thought a minute and then told her, "This stub is from a shoe repair place in my old neighborhood. I haven't been there in a dozen years or more. Say, how'd you like to take a drive over there — I wonder what the area looks

like now. It's only forty five minutes away."

Marie thought it would be fun . . . and besides, she figured they might make a pit stop for some secluded area action.

Later, after a quickie "pit stop," they were cruising around Jack's old haunts, when he pointed and said in a surprised voice, "Hey, he's still there, Tony's Shoe repair — the place my ticket's from."

They went into the store and Jack saw old Tony still working behind the counter.

"Hiya, Tony. I bet you don't remember me."

Tony looked up and said, "Sure I remember you. How you doing, Jackie?"

"Pretty good, but I'll be a son of a gun if I thought you'd still know my name."

Tony shrugged his shoulders, "I know everybody in the neighborhood."

Jack laughed, "I haven't been in the neighborhood since we moved when I was still in high school. Anyways, you know what I found in my attic this morning, a claim ticket for a pair of shoes I left here — it must be at least 12 years ago."

"Yeah," Tony said, "brown mocassins."

Jack's mouth flew open in amazement. "I'll be damned! That's right!"

Tony continued, "half soles and heels . . ."

Jack gasped, "It's incredible!"

" . . . Taps on the tips and new laces," Tony went on.

Jack was staggered. "Unbelievable! I didn't even remember which shoes they were."

Tony smiled, "Yeah, they're the ones alright — they'll be ready Tuesday."



is *The Delmore Brothers & Wayne Raney*, featuring the Delmore's boogie material. The Delmore's great harmony singing and guitar/tenor guitar work is heard throughout, as is Raney's pretty, bluesy harmonica. Raney is featured as vocalist on a few numbers and joins the Delmores for trio singing on "Red Ball to Natchez". From Bear Family, Eduard-Grunow Str. -12, 2800 Bremen, W. Germany 0421/788 74.

An elder statesman of western swing fiddling joins forces with one of the young Turks on *Paul Anastasio/Joe Holley/Frank Hicks; We Ain't Misbehavin'* (Arhoolie). Backed by Hicks' solid rhythm guitar, the two fiddlers work out on swing era standards. When you hear Bob Wills holler out for a chorus by "Jody" on a classic forties side, he's referring to Joe Holley. Anastasio is a young player, currently with *Asleep At The Wheel*, and has a background in bluegrass and classical music as well as jazz. Although the pair are both associated with western swing, this is a jazz record as much as anything else; no steel guitars or breakdowns here. Both fiddlers play with melodic inventiveness and a drive that would seem to stem more from Joe Venuti and Stuff Smith than from Stephane Grappelli. The twin fiddling harmony choruses are terrific, and the date swings from start to finish. Great stuff.

Anita O'Day: Hi Ho Trailus Boot Whip (Doctor Jazz) reissues the singer's first recordings outside of the Krupa and Kenton big bands. O'Day was one of the first vocalists to really absorb the jazz idiom and use her voice like an instrumentalist. Her trademarks — the smoky voice, seemingly endless stream of ideas, hip phrasing, abrupt tempo changes — are all present on these recordings dating from 1947. Although she's a marvelous technician, one never gets the feeling of chops without substance. "Ace In The Hole," and "What Is This Thing Called Love" are among the standouts.

Junior Mance/Martin Rivera: For Dancers Only (Sackville) is an absorbing set from the pianist and bassist. Mance is steeped in the bop and swing traditions, but there's a heavy blues element in his playing as well. Over the years he's worked with Gene Ammons, Lester Young, Dinah Washington, Cannonball Adderly, and Dizzy Gillespie among others. Highlights of this set include an intense "Prelude to A Kiss," a dark, bluesy rendering of Horace Silver's "Come on Home," and a spunky original, "Run 'Em Round."

Bucky & John Pizzarelli: Swinging Sevens (Stash) is a strong set from the father/son guitar duo. The Pizzarellis perform on seven-string guitars (an invention of George Van Eps) which broaden the instrument's range and permit bass lines and wider voi-

cings. There are some very swinging chord solos — Bucky comes out of the old school and has absorbed Dick McDonough and Carl Kress as well as the harmonic innovations of more contemporary styles. Among the most exciting moments are those in which the two guitars play single lines in counterpoint. Of special interest are the Pizzarelli arrangement of two of Bix Beiderbecke's impressionistic piano compositions, "In A Mist" and "In The Dark."

Big Bill Broonzy: Black, Brown and White (Storyville) is a live 1956 set recorded in Denmark by the great country bluesman. Broonzy at this point had moved on from making "race" records to performing before folkie college type audiences. Although, strictly speaking, it might be said that Broonzy's guitar prowess had deteriorated somewhat from his recordings of twenty years earlier, there is some fine playing here, and Broonzy's singing is as strong as ever. His folksy onstage patter gives a nice intimate touch to this relaxed set. "Take This Hammer," "You Better Mind," and the pungent topical title song are standouts.

Svend Asmusen and Stephane Grappelli: Two of A Kind (Storyville) presents the European jazz violinists in a 1965 session recorded in Copenhagen. The two swingsters compliment each other nicely. Grappelli's elegance contrasting with Asmusen's earthier but still graceful style. There are some particularly noteworthy spots in the in and out-choruses, where one fiddler's melody is complimented by an improvised counter melody by the other. This is a relaxed, swinging session with plenty of inspired interplay.

BOOKS

New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album (Louisiana State University Press) by Al Rose and Edmond Souchon is a must for traditional jazz enthusiasts. This third, enlarged edition contains over six hundred photos of well-known and obscure bands and jazzmen. There are alphabetical listings of artists, bands, and clubs/dance-halls, making this an indispensable reference work for the fan or scholar.

Nat King Cole (Stein & Day) by James Haskins with Kathleen Benson chronicles the life of one of our great pop singers and jazz pianists. The authors provide plenty of info on Cole's Alabama background, his formative years, marriages, encounters with racism, and early death from lung cancer. They deal with the sore issue of Cole's abandoning jazz for the more lucrative pop field, and the charges of Uncle Tomism levelled against him at one point. What is lacking, however, is a sense of appreciation for Cole's talents as a pianist and song

stylist. The authors seem more interested in Cole as a black celebrity than as a major instrumentalist and vocalist. Cole was an innovative pianist whose playing straddled the swing and bop idioms. The trio he led played sophisticated and exciting arrangements the likes of which had never been heard from a three-piece group. The authors have, however, provided a valuable discography. One is surprised, in perusing it, at just how much the trio recorded. More than half of the trio's output is currently out-of-print or available only on hard-to-find imports.

In recent years mystery buffs and collectors of vintage paperbacks have become increasingly aware of the work of fifties crime novelist Jim Thompson. The paperback originals Thompson produced for Lion Books and other publishers transcend the genre. Thompson's writing occasionally has some parallels with James M. Cain's, but he is essentially apart from the hard-boiled school. Thompson deals with schizophrenic killers and con men with a potent blend of black humor, misanthropy, and fatalism. No argument can be made for him as a great craftsman; rather, it is his downbeat, depressing (but certainly not humorless) vision the compels. Three of Thompson's best novels have recently been reissued by Black Lizard/Creative Arts. *Pop. 1280* is narrated by one Nick Corey, a do-nothing, corrupt good-ole-boy sheriff and psycho killer closely related to Lou Ford of Thompson's classic *The Killer Inside Me* (recently reissued by Quill/William Morrow). Corey's shrewish wife and her half-wit brother are typical creations from the Thompson menagerie. The final scene in which Corey see himself as a Christ figure taking on the town's sins, is like nothing else in crime fiction. *A Hell of A Woman* is A chilling, bizarrely plotted tale told in the first person by a door-to-door bill collector who is lured into crime by a seemingly innocent, abused woman he meets on his rounds. The basic premise sounds like James Cain, but the similarity ends there as Thompson takes up deep into the mind of his disturbed narrator. *The Getaway* is a terse, violent, hard-boiled tale of one "Doc" McCoy, recently out of the pen and hard at work on a big knockover. Technically better-crafted than many of Thompson's novels, *The Getaway* is not as far off the beaten path as most of his work and does not bear the strong stamp of the author's distinctive world-view. Like his contemporary David Goodis (an author of depressing, fatalistic tales of Philadelphia low-life) Thompson is something of an acquired taste. Those prepared to deal with something really different — and unsettling — owe it to themselves to check him out. All three books are available from Creative Arts Book Company, 833 Bancroft Way, Berkeley CA 94710-2287.

A Salute to a Hall of Fame Beauty from the 60's



PAULA PAGE

From the hallowed files of our Hall of Fame we are presenting these great pix of the great Paula Page. We have never published these photos and we think they merit the classification of being called collectors' items. We feel it's a great treat to see one of the star models of yesteryear and we hope you do, too. And just to have something to look forward to, we still have some great unpublished shots of her which we'll put in print on our pages next year or so. □

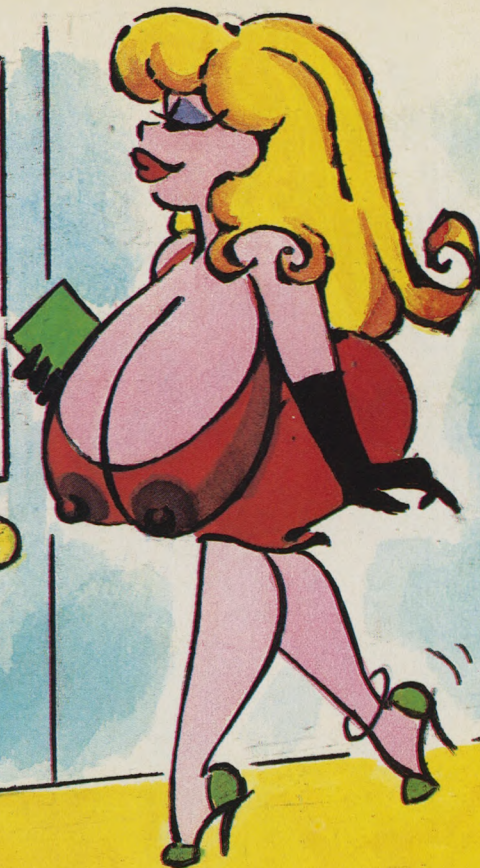




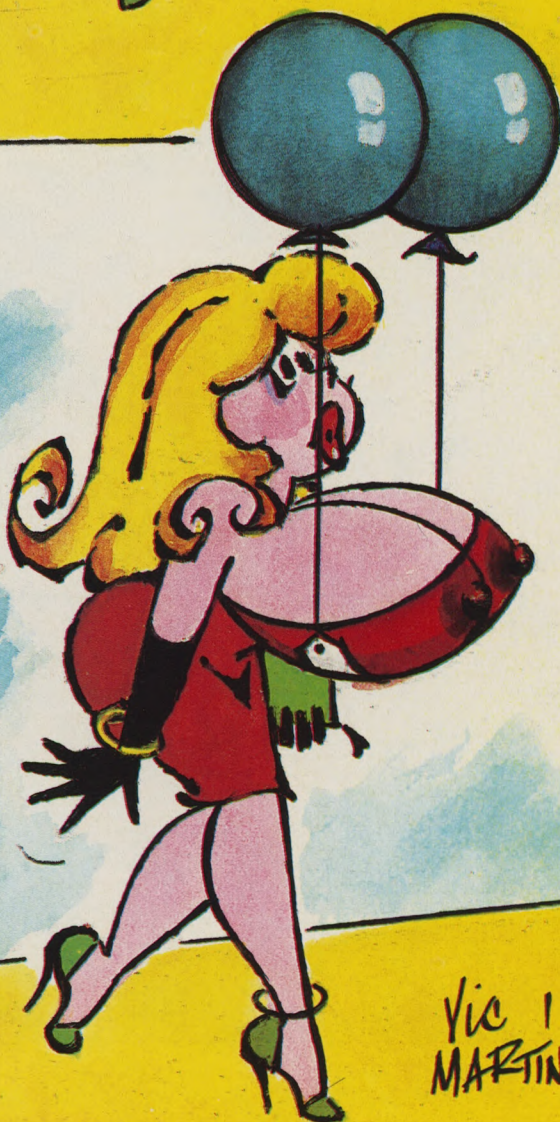




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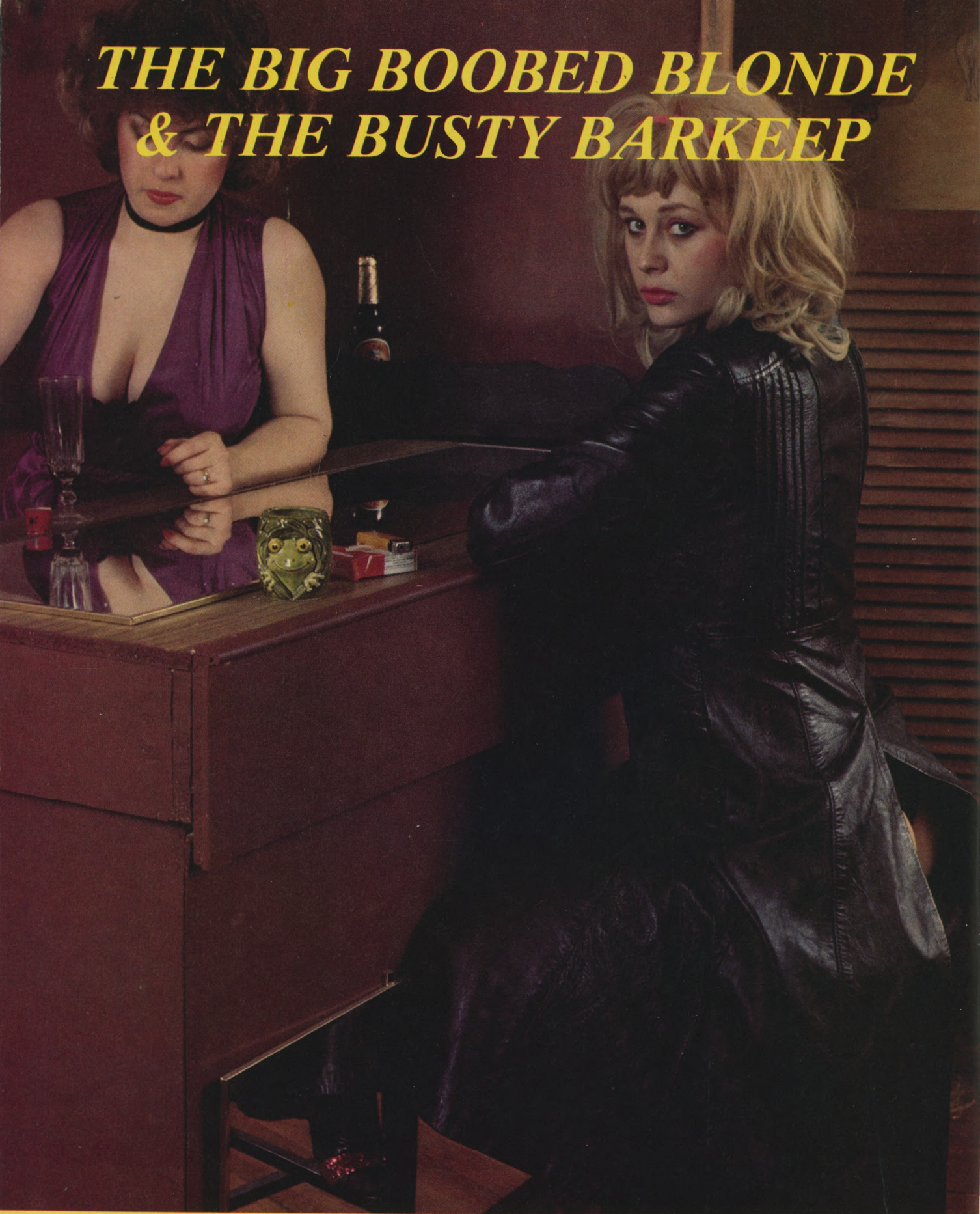


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Vic I
MARTIN

THE BIG BOOBED BLONDE & THE BUSTY BARKEEP



You just know you're in for a lot of high spirits when huge knocked Honey goes into a pub where

the bartender is Ginger, a buxom brunette. Usually a gal, after ordering her drink, puts her purse or money







*on the bar, but not Honey—she puts one of her bared
boobs on it. Not to be outdone, Ginger displays her*

*lovely chestal charms and from then on it's an intoxi-
cating delight as the gals strip further and cavort.*











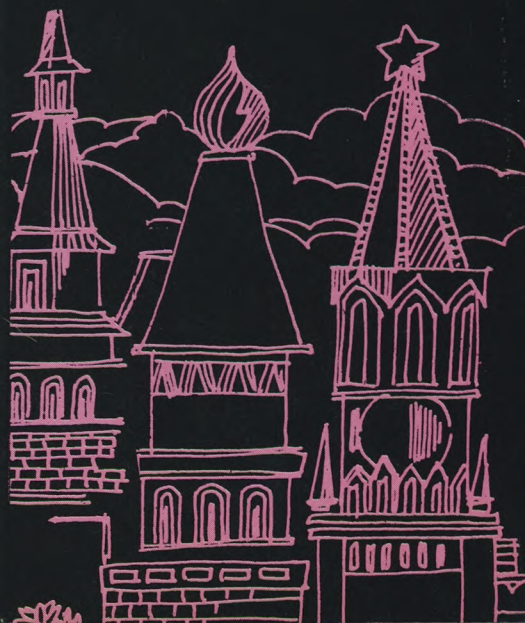


Cheers for these knockouts, who prove you don't have to drink to have a good time. □



THE FEMME FATALE FROM THE KGB

By L.C. McCall





I was hung over from the previous night's bash and was nursing a tomato juice in a booth in the coffee shop of the Galt House. It was the morning after the Derby, the place was bedlam with wall to wall people, so I didn't see her come in.

She just slid into the opposite seat, her expressive Slavic features blooming and the coal-black eyes dancing with anticipation.

"Hello, Louis," she said in her odd, Russian-tinged English.

Sonia Karamov — the name I knew her by two years ago when I last saw her boarding an Aeroflot plane for Moscow at the Rotterdam airport — had changed very little.

She wore a form-fitting dark brown suit which highlighted her firm outsized breasts. Her waist was still as thin, and the perfectly shaped hips and thighs were as trim as I remembered them in those wild, dangerous days in Holland when we were working opposite sides of the political street.

Oblivious to the crowd in the restaurant, she leaned over the table, cupped my head in her hands and kissed me hard on the lips.

"As the Americans say 'that was for the old time's sake'," she said in the same low, throaty voice that used to turn me on, night or day. I decided on a "measured response", as the striped pants boys say, because when I last saw Sonia, she was a working member of the KGB in Rotterdam.

I also knew about the travel restrictions on Russian citizens working in the U.S., and wondered how she found me and where in the hell she came from. I asked her both questions.

She smiled through a row of perfect white teeth.

Besides sex, what did Sonia, a stacked Soviet spy want from Louis, an ex-CIA agent? They had crossed paths on assignments in Europe and had also shared beds. But after all this time, and his change of careers, he couldn't imagine how she possibly managed to find him. He couldn't deny that she was everything he'd ever wanted in a sexy, beautiful woman—that is, except for her iron curtain ideology

"Once you told me that for many years you do not miss attending the Kentucky Derby. It was a gamble."

Now that's a crock, I thought, but didn't say it.

She fished in her satchel-like purse for a cigarette, averting my questioning eyes.

"Questions, Louis, always the questions," she said.

"Hey, let's get one thing straight, Cossack," I said. "I quit the spy business after the Rotterdam fiasco. My wife divorced me, so now I'm back from the cold, leading a quiet bachelor life teaching at a college in Indiana. And I like it."

"You have lost your nerve, Louis?"

"You're damn right, after what you bastards did to Art Bailey in Maastricht. There's no amount of money worth the risks..."

"An eye for an eye, Louis," she said quietly. "Your people framed Boris Litvin. They arrested him and sent him home to a camp. He died there last winter."

"The KGB eats its own. You better watch out after your own behind, or one of these days you'll be wearing a pair of concrete galoshes," I said.

She blew a smoke ring at the ceiling and shrugged. "No matter. It is water over the wall. Now, may we have some breakfast?"

Although my stomach wasn't up to it, we ordered some food. While we waited, she told me she was stationed in New York as a clerk in the Russian delegation to the U.N.

"You, a clerk? I didn't know you could type," I said.

Suddenly, she put her hand in mine and squeezed it, her liquid eyes coming to me with a softness that would have melted pig iron. "Louis, aren't you a little glad to see me? I still love you and I have missed you so much."

"Cut the crap, Sonia," I replied. "Your job in Rotterdam was to screw me regularly while your boys tried to get that big computer on a ship for Gdansk. You damned

near made it, too. We never could figure out how you got it out of the States."

Her eyes dropped and suddenly there were tears. "But I did fall in love with you. One of the only honest things I have ever done," she said.

I started to ask her again why she tracked me to Louisville, but changed my mind. She'd tell me when she was good and ready and not before.

On the way out of the restaurant, she hooked an arm in mine, her body tight against me, and said: "Louis, I must be on a flight back to New York tonight, so I did not buy a room. May I use yours to refresh myself?"

Sure, I said, knowing it would be Rotterdam revisited.

Minutes later, I was sitting in a chair in my room listening to water running in the shower, the trouser seams at my crotch about to burst as I waited for her to come out. Finally, she did, with that dull glaze in her eyes she always had when she wanted to get laid. She came right up to the chair, slowly, towel-ing off her warm, lush body... first, the turret-like breasts, their brown nipples erect in heat; then the small waist, and the perfect arcs of her rounded hips, and finally between the long, shapely legs, and lingering over the thicket of pubic hair.

I rose from the chair, my mind recalling our times together in my hotel room in Rotterdam, and then the long walks in the snow. The thread of thought snapped because reality was Sonia Karamov's body plastered tightly against mine, the breasts huge and flat against my chest, and she was fumbling with my zipper.

I kissed her tenderly and began exploring her body the way she liked, but her frantic responses made any prolonged foreplay totally unnecessary. I took her quickly on the bed, oblivious of the protesting bed springs as we drove ourselves recklessly to mutual climaxes, as

if our mechanisms had been synchronized in advance. Then we lay together, fully spent, in silence and I forced myself to remember that loving and passionate as she was, Sonia Karamov could lie, scheme, cheat, steal, and even kill if necessary, for Mother Russia.

Minutes later, she was sitting up inhaling thoughtfully on a black Russian cigarette as if it were life-giving. Suddenly, she began to shake, even though the room was warm. I pulled her close to me and threw a cover over her nakedness.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Louis."

"Come on, Sonia, you didn't sneak out of New York to come all the way to Kentucky for a horse race."

"I had to get... laid, as you call it... by someone who knows what he is doing."

"What's wrong with all those Bolshevik studs at the U.N.?"

"Nobody can do me the way you can."

"Can the malarkey. Are you in trouble? Are they after you with a pair of those concrete galoshes?"

"No, none of that."

"Okay," I said, and reached for my street clothes. She watched in dismay, then tried to pull me back into the bed.

"I want to have it again," she said. "I want it bad!"

"Not until I get some answers. Now I am going for a walk in the nice May sunshine. Want to come along?"

She pouted for a few moments, then shrugged, and began to dress.

It was a warm, sunlit day in Kentucky as we left the Galt House by the river and walked uptown. She hooked an arm in mine and began to hum a tune. But as we continued to walk, she became quiet, which was unusual for Sonia Karamov.

By then, we had gone four blocks from the hotel. A sharp blast from a boat-whistle behind us on the river made me turn quickly in that

(continued on page 59)

LOVERS CAN'T BE FRIENDS

by Bill Knight

In the intimate confines of the boudoir, two lovers wax philosophical — when not sating their lust...

The young woman was sexually exhausted. "Dan, dear," she whispered. "Why is it a proven fact that lovers can never be friends?"

Dan answered: "Nellie, my darling lover, I am not sure. Not positive. But it is my belief that something about doing the gross, animalistic, sexual act kills the brain's ability for a human being to form a genuine friendship with the other person involved in the crude copulating which we humans do."

The woman wondered. "What is friendship? Please define it for me, Dan. Will you tell me what true friendship is?"

"Friends? Friendship?" The young man's brow furrowed. "Friends are people who will do anything humanly possible to help out one of their friends who needs some help. Isn't that it? Isn't that genuine friendship?"

"You mean lovers won't do anything possible to help out their sex partners?"

"Of course not!" The man laughed and flexed his muscles. Very macho. Proud. Hairy ears. The whole works. "All that lovers are after is

the urgent need to satisfy their strong overpowering, chemical urges! Am I right, lover?"

"If you say so, love", the woman said. She lay back down on the sex-messed bed. "My strong and overpowering chemicals are bugging my weak body again, Dan! Hop to it, my honey, and satisfy them! Quickly, now!"

"In a friendly sort of way?" Dan smiled. "Or in a loving sort of way?"

"The best goddam way you can, Buster!", the woman shouted. "Stop flapping your gums how smart you are and do it! Now! Go, man, go!"

"Whatever you say, you bossy nympho bitch! (grunt) How's that, you flabby piece of ass, you horny old bag?"

"(Oooh) I love it, you ugly wimp! More! More, you mopey moron! Keep doing it, you big-mouth bastard!"

"(Aaah) Take that, you slovenly slut! (Oooh) What do you say now, you twitching twat?"

"(Mmmm) Don't stop what you're doing, you °slack-jawed jerk! (Oooh) Keep on being (ooh) unfriendly!"





GILL

Roll out the red carpet runway, we just made the biggest landing since the Wright brothers and we're still on cloud nine... that is, we just landed this brand new huge-bazoomed, slender, sexy British Bird and

this is her debut appearance this side of the Atlantic. Gill's her name and we're sure she's destined to become an international favorite.

Gill's name is pronounced as in "Jack and Jill" and



*Gem
of the
Month*







we sure would run up a hill, or even a mountain, to fetch her. We called her, via satellite, to declare our burning passion, asking if she'd come stateside to put

out our fire, but she said no so emphatically, she dampened our spirits and our hopes went up in smoke. Our super-shaped knockout lives in the fast lane and







likes everything fast—she drives a motorcycle and goes in for drag racing (she's spent so many hours burning rubber that the helmet has left permanent marks on

her forehead. Dynamite Gill has left her mark on us!) Gill spends most of her time selling expensive sports cars to rich guys. The company she works for put her





picture on their advertising flyer and business has been booming ever since. Gill gets a hefty commission for

each sale and she tried to sell us a Ferrari. We told her our present car still has a few miles left in it. "After



all," we said, "the model T was made to last."
Gill said icily, "I know what kind of a bloke you

are—a penny pincher."
"No," we shot back, "actually, we'd like to be a





Gill pincher. Get it? Your name's Gill, not Penny. Ha!"

There must have been a problem with the transcontinental connection because all we heard after that was

a click and then a dial tone. But we're delighted with the international connection that brought sensational Gill to our pages, and we hope to see a lot more of her.



BERT



We got a call recently from a guy who said he represented a gal with gigantic jugs. We told him to rush in the set. When we got it our eyes almost

bulged out of our heads and we yelled out, "Hey, it's a new shooting of our great discovery, Bert, the gal with big boobs."







The boss overheard this and said, "Big boobs—that's the understatement of the century! This gal rivals the all-time greats, May Waters, Candy Samples and

Busty Russell. You've got to give credit where credit's due. And this lady is phenomenal! She's not only got tremendous knockers—she's one good looking chick!



You can't just say she's got big boobs. Use more creative adjectives! Even hyperbole is OK."

We said we were never very good in geometry, so

we couldn't use hyperbole. But we promised to get more expressive and enthusiastic with our descriptions of our model's chestal charms. So we



went to work and in a little while we called out, "Hey, boss, I got it. This is it; Bert has very big boobs."

The boss angrily threw up his hands in exasperation. "OK," we said, "we'll fix it. How's this... She's got very, very big boobs."





Alright, maybe when it comes to expressing ourselves, we're no expert, but we know what we like... and that's magnificently mammariated marvel Bert! □

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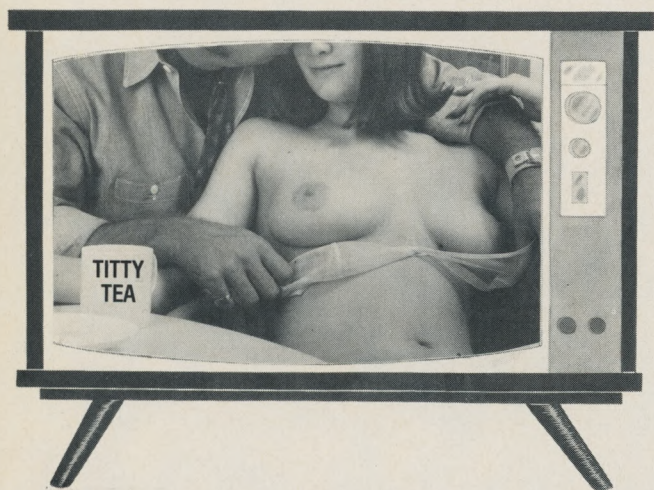
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TV COMMERCIALS NOT BEING AIRED — YET

by Paul Pudd



“Which twin has the vaginal itch?” asks a spot announcement presented at the dinner hour by Duo-Darling Douche.

The video pitch for “designer jeans that fit so tight you can read her lips.”

“Use ‘Piss Off Diet Pills’ if you want to be thin. ‘Piss Off’ is guaranteed to make you urinate enough to lose 10 pounds in 10 days. Guaranteed to work. If not satisfied, just ask for your money back — and we’ll say Piss Off!”

A commercial showing you twenty-one flushing toilets. They’re selling the perfect laxative. It’s tap water imported from Mexico.

Introducing “Doctor D. Kay Toothpaste” to give you real confidence. It tastes like a dentist’s fingers.

And there’s the video ad slogan for canned beef: “You Can’t Beat Our Meat!”

“Drink ‘Ballbuster Beer’! It’s like a sexy woman... good head... a full body... and makes you want to come back for more.”

A discount furniture store commercial hawking a seven-piece bedroom set for just \$29.95. It consists of a cheap cot and a package of six rubbers.

“Fly High Air Lines” demonstrating their full-service features. They’ll show, for example, how you press a button... and a fly girl automatically drops down into your face.

Prime-time commercials for maternity wedding gowns.

“This is Kooky Karl, the Krazy Kar King! I’ll arrange easy credit for you ladies with nothing down but your panties!”

An office secretary is busy typing and chewing. She looks at the camera, smiles, takes the advertiser’s condom out of her mouth and says: “Man, that’s great rubber!”

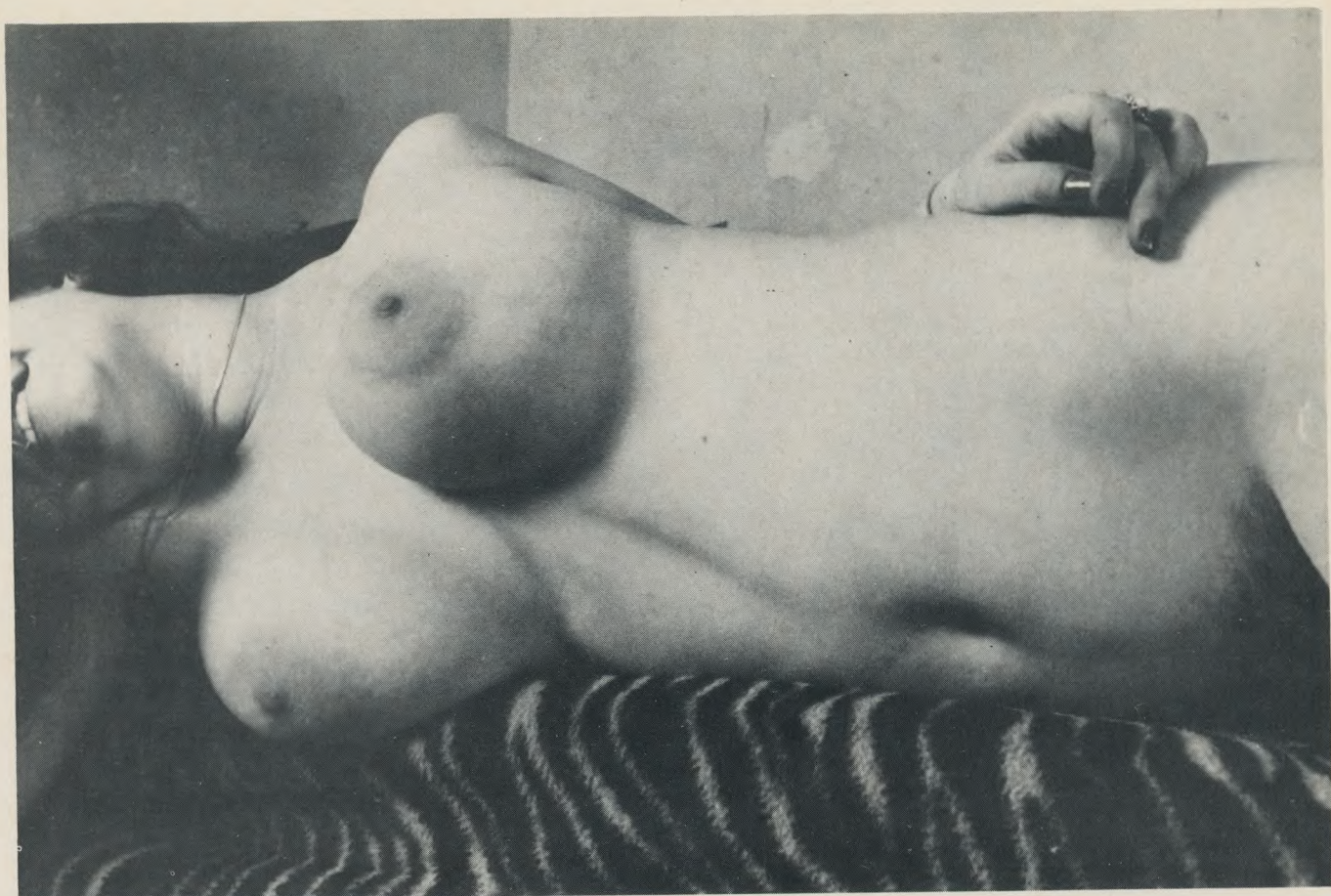
The prestigious commercial showing the latest dresses of a Paris designer in three different lengths: six inches above the knee, twelve inches above the knee, and “Geez, look at that crazy pussy!”

Special TV offer: lavender belts for gay lads skilled in karate.

A dental test commercial using charts to demonstrate that women who had 58 percent less cavities had 37 percent more pregnancies... finishing off with the pitch: “Ladies without having to brush so often, you’ve got more time to screw around.”

And that public service announcement: “Don’t Just Pay Lip Service: Save A Tree — Eat A Beaver.”



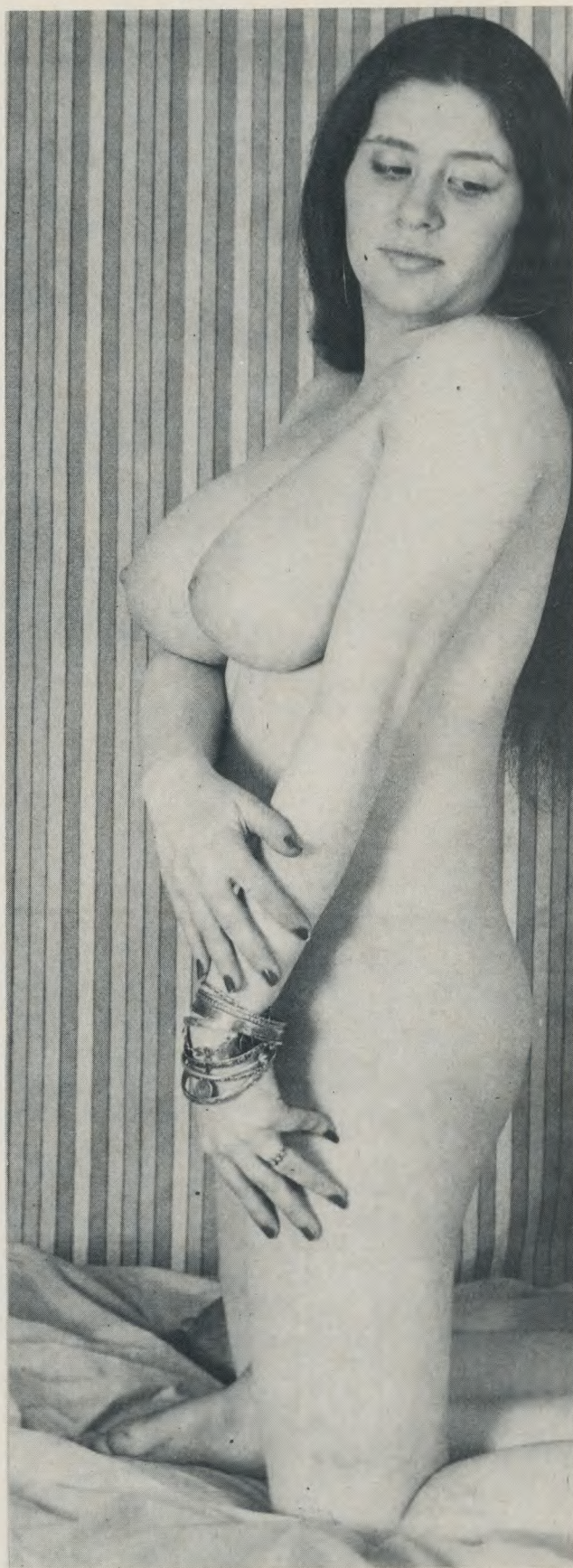


An Ugly George D-Cup Discovery From The 70's



BOBO

The well-known Ugly George discovered big-boobed Bobo in a penny arcade on Times Square and used his famous gift of gab to persuade the young lady to



pose for him in his equally famous Polish penthouse—the basement studio where he had set up shop. Bobo's assets speak for themselves. She's a shapely



dish with a lovely pair of large lollipops.

George's assets are his indomitable will to be rich as well as famous. And he may be on his way, according to what he told us the last time we saw

him, he was about to have his cable TV show back on the air and was finishing his movie.

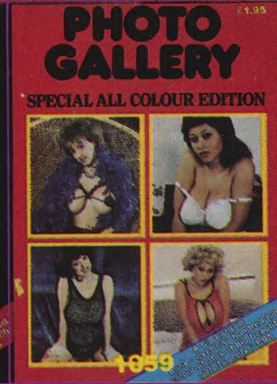
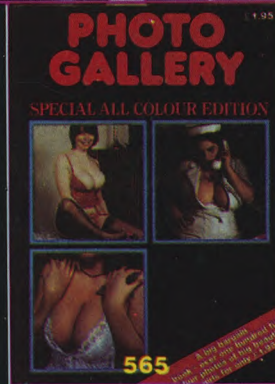
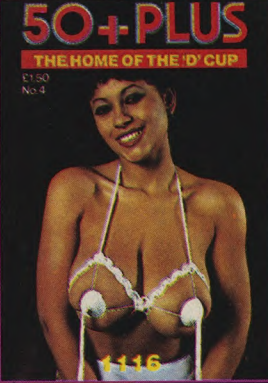
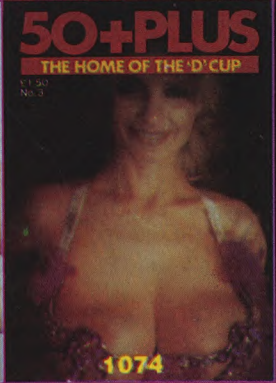
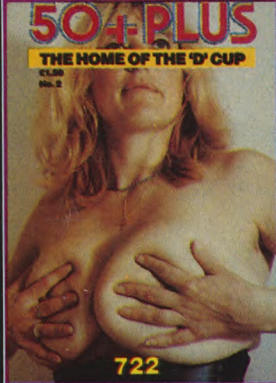
But back to Bobo. Her back is fine, but her front is even better. □







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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:

A popular gourmet shop in midtown New York has a canned soup display with each individual can resembling a container of Campbell's Soup. Closer inspection reveals that it's not really Campbell's and the labels are advertising such succulent treats as *Condensed Cunt*, *Cream of Sperm* and *Pussy & Dumpling*. Side panels on the labels give more detailed info on what's really inside.

In the new West German film, "Edith's Diary," which had its U.S. premiere at the Museum of Modern Art, a business exec. of middle age wants his wife to meet the young secretary with whom he's been having a hot and heavy affair. Edith, the wife, accepts the situation, in-

vites the girl for tea, and blithely tells a neighbor, "He likes her because she has big breasts."

A novelty gag gift sure to provide plenty of laughs has been put out by Leister Game Co. of Toledo, Ohio. It's called *For The Gal Who Has That Certain Something Extra*, and it contains a 3-cup bra. And for the man who has everything, a genuine chinchilla jock-strap that will set you back \$100. Offered at NYC's National Merchandise Mail-Order Show.

When New York's reopened Latin Quarter nightclub held a *Broadway Salutes the Holland Cinema* night for diplomats Dutch film folk and celebrities, ample-bosomed Jessica

James of the musical "Forty-Second Street" was one of the performers. As usual, her voice rang out loud and clear in a ditty: "... I gotta fuck a duck. I gotta change my luck ..."

Says Joan Rivers about a showbiz rival: "Her breasts were so small, for her chest x-rays they used a Brownie."

A Times Square habitue told a pal: "I ate at a sleazy place last night. When I ordered the specialty of the house, they brought me the hatcheck girl."

In Blue Video's "Rural Service" a Madam runs a whorehouse where only referred clients are admitted. Big attraction of the house is a gorgeous young starlet 10's looking for some earthy, rustic sexperiences — and a little extra cash on the side. It's the sort of house and movie that's worth a trip into the woods to see some trips around the globe.

When France's leading dance company *Groupe Emile Dubois*, performed at NYC's City Center in a piece called *Adventures of Ivan Vaffan* dancer Lucie Moormann took out a breast in a climactic scene and offered it to Vaffan, a wit suggested City Center change its name to Titty Center.



A hot, titillating scene from the ballet sequence at City Center

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FEMME FATALE FROM THE KGB

continued from page 28

direction. I saw him then, a half block behind us, a little too casual, as he peered into store windows and bars. He was short and stubby with a felt hat and a brown overcoat. After 12 years in the spook business, I knew a tail when I saw one.

I steered Sonia around a corner at the next intersection, away from the center of the city. She gave me a questioning look.

"There used to be a little candy store on Market that sold home-made taffy. Let's see if it's still there," I said.

It wasn't, but our tail was, the same half-block behind us, trying to look nonchalant on the almost deserted Sunday streets.

It was time to tell her.

"Why were you assigned to come here to look me up? I'm assuming you got official permission to leave New York," I said.

"I can't tell you anything right now. I have not thought it out enough," she said.

"Well, you damned well should because somebody is following us."

Her face suddenly went white, and she sagged a little, but didn't turn around. "Describe him to me," she said in a dwindling voice.

"Short, stocky, felt hat, big overcoat that looks like it came off the rack in Minsk. Do you know him?"

She nodded. "Sverdlov . . . from the delegation. His job is to follow people."

"You're in deep trouble, Cossack, so why don't you stop playing games?" I said, turning her around in the direction of the hotel.

"How did they find out I was coming here?" she wondered.

"You left tracks somewhere, baby."

"They know everything," she said in a mournful voice.

"Okay, we'll go back to the hotel and get my car. They we'll take a ride . . ."

"A ride?"

"I want to see if he's got wheels, and if he's working alone."

The man in the overcoat stayed with us, and when we went to the garage, he sat down in the lobby and pretended to read a newspaper.

We were hardly out of the garage when Sonia grabbed my arm as if she were afraid I'd get away.

"Louis, I have made up my mind. Will you help me?"

"Help you what."

"Defect."

"De...come on, Sonia that's the coldest crap in town."

"I do not lie!" she said fiercely. You do not know that since our... relationship... in Rotterdam, they will not trust me with another assignment. I am on probation in New York. They are watching me."

I left the street and drove into a small park just outside the downtown area and shut off the ignition.

"Defecting is no picnic, Sonia," I said. "The CIA won't trust you either. They'll think you're a plant. They'll get you down to Washington and grill you like a piece of steak."

"I will cooperate. I can tell them many things they do not know."

"It damned well better be legit, because they'll ask you things they already know. If they eventually believe you're on the level and want sanctuary, they'll change your name and send you to some Godforsaken place to make a new life because the KGB will be after you."

"Anything would be better than going back to Russia. It would be for me a lunatic asylum or the Gulag."

I started the car and drove back to the hotel. I still knew a lot of the right buttons in Washington. But this was Sunday and it would take a few days to get the ball rolling. In the meantime, I had to keep the goon in the lobby from getting near her.

Back in the Galt House, I gave her the key to my room and told her to lock herself in and that I'd follow in a few minutes.

The goon was still sitting in the lobby and when she went to the elevator, he stood up and followed her across the lobby.

I walked between him and the elevators and put a hand on his shoulder.

"What's your problem, buddy? Or, do I call the house dick?"

He was cool as ice, as we eyeballed each other only inches apart. He had the cold, flat look of a killer—a type of creature I was all too familiar with during my late



"The problem is premature ejaculation!"

and unlamented career.

"Do not interfere," he said in letter-perfect English. "It is none of your concern."

He was right, too. Whatever differences brewed between Sonia K. and this creep were really none of my business. Hell, I wasn't even sure she was on the level about defecting. As the song goes, you have to know when to hold and when to fold. Temporarily at least, it was time to fold.

I walked away without another word and got on the elevator. He made no attempt to follow, and when I got back to my room, Sonia was sitting up in bed, filing her long fingernails, smoking a cigarette, and sipping a vodka and water. For my exclusive pleasure, she was naked except for a sheet pulled around her breasts, emphasizing their full mass and the nipples that showed through the sheet like oversized buttons.

"I just talked to your pal in the lobby. He told me to lay off because it was none of my business," I said.

For a moment, there was panic in her eyes. Then she exhaled. "He is a bully. He will try to intimidate you."

I got into the bed beside her,

wanting to sweet-talk her for a few minutes before breaking the bad news that I had no intention of getting involved in an argument between her and the KGB. It was a good way to get a bullet in the head.

Getting into bed, even fully clothed, was not a smart move. In minutes, we were embracing and before I could stop myself, I had mounted her and was pumping away as if I had nothing else on my mind.

In the midst of it, the thought occurred to me that this was probably the last time I would ever ball this tempting beautiful Soviet dish. Her mind was obviously on the same track, because she put every ounce of energy into her effort, coming quickly in wrenching cadences, crying and whimpering, telling me how much she loved me and apologizing for involving me in her troubles.

But this time there was no leisurely cigarette afterward, no small talk while we caught our breaths. We were still coupled when there was a sharp knock on the door. I jumped from the bed and looked through the peep-hole in the door. There was no one in sight.

"It's probably your friend from the old country," I said.

She vaulted out of bed, snatched up her clothes and her purse and locked herself in the bathroom. I waited for another knock, but none came. I put on my shorts and opened the door only a few inches. Suddenly, the door jerked out of my hand, and the guy in the black overcoat came through the door like a college fullback, butting me with his head, sending me sprawling backward on the floor. All the fight left me immediately because the goon was standing over me with an automatic in his hand.

"Where is she?" he said calmly.

Before I could answer, Sonia called out from the bathroom, wanting to know what had happened.

"There's some greasy looking creep out here wanting to see you," I called, then picked myself off the floor and sat on the bed.

"I will be out when I am ready," she yelled.

The creep pulled up a chair facing the door, took off his overcoat, keeping an eye on me all the time.

Finally, the door opened and Sonia Karamov emerged slowly—without a stitch on! She stood still, legs wide, pelvis thrust forward, her huge round breasts swaying voluptuously. Seeing her naked for the first time has the effect of turning a man into a tower of jelly. The man in the chair promptly went to pieces, the coin-slot eyes opening quickly, like shades being pulled up, mouth agape at her awesome display of raw sex, his eyes riveting on the utter perfection of her taut nipples and the implied invitation of her open legs and thighs. What he saw too late was the little automatic in her hand. He was half out of the chair when the bullet plowed a furrow in the middle of his scalp and he dropped without a sound.

"Did I kill him?" she asked eagerly, and leveled the automatic for another shot.

"You just gave him a quick hair-

cut! Give me that goddamned gun," I yelled, and wrenched it out of her hand.

"I want to kill him!" she shrieked.

"Not in my room you don't... come on, get dressed because we're getting the hell out of here."

I dragged the dead-weight from out of the room, into the hall and left him in the stairway not too far from the room. Fortunately, the derby crowd had long gone, and we were alone on the floor.

I packed my small bag and Sonia was still trying to hitch up her bra when I pushed her on an elevator. I told her to wait for me in the parking garage while I checked out. The desk clerk wanted to gab while I sweat bullets thinking about the guy I left up in the stairwell on the 12th floor. But when we finally pulled out of the garage into the street, there was no sign of him or anyone following us.

As I drove, Sonia spent the first few minutes constantly looking back, and it wasn't until we hit the Interstate that her confidence returned. She relaxed and wanted to know where we were going.

"Washington."

She kissed me on the cheek and put her head on my shoulder.

"Louis, I do love you so much. Will you take me to the right people so I can defect?"

I nodded.

"When will we get there?"

"Not until tomorrow sometime. We'll have to stop somewhere to-night."

She clapped her hands. "Good, then we can make love again."

I concentrated on the driving, my insides just beginning to unwind. Sonia became quiet, which was usually a sign that she was thinking. Suddenly, she put her hand on my leg and said:

"Louis, do you suppose... do you suppose that they could relocate me to Indiana? I would like being the wife of a college professor."

The prospect was so bizarre that I nearly ran off the road. ☐

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