

GEM

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DEC. 1987
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ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET
AND WELCOME BRAND NEW
SEXATIONAL DAZZLER
SUPER-SHAPED RUBY,
AND BIG-BOOBED SEXPOT
COVER GIRL SUSIE

PLUS MORE YOTTA
AND NEW PIX OF
CANDY KANE

SPECIAL FICTION:
THE TWO-BIT HUSTLER AND
THE LOVE-STARVED LIBRARIAN,
DELUXE MALE ORDER OR
THE CHICK IS IN THE MAIL
REGULAR FEATURES:
REVIEWS, CARTOONS
LAUGHS AND TITTERS



GEM

VOL. 29 NO. 4

DECEMBER 1987

FEATURES

3 TRAVEL IS BROADENING Farr A. Waye
The world holds many wonders for the brave tourist.

5 PASS IN REVIEW
Our critic reports on the latest records and books.

7 SABRINA
Oo, la, la! Here's a sexy new siren from gay Paree.

11 SLAM, BANG, YOU'RE HIRED Peter Tracy
Employee skills are being developed to a new low.

12 CONSTANCE
A great boobed, great favorite of the mid-seventies.

16 MAKING WAVES! Loretta R. Sadler
A he and a she adrift on a sea of loneliness.

18 SUSIE
A statuesque, bra-busting blonde who wants to be a private eye! She's a public eye-ful right now!

26 DE LUXE MALE ORDER Aaron Farkas
Every girl-loving guy should have this experience! Now this is the way to run a business.

28 RUBY
Roll out the red carpet! Here's a brand new super-shaped dazzler who's a sparkling rare gem.

38 THE LOVESICK LIBRARIAN R.L. Ronald
Bender was a two-bit hustler and just knew that the poetry lover was an easy mark... a soft touch.

41 YOTTA
As requested, here's more of the bosomy brunette.

46 CANDY
Unpublished pix of one of the all-time greats.

55 LAUGHS AND TITTERS Harley Quinn
A double D cup serving of gags that'll bust you up.

56 DEMONIC LUST Keith Hall Jr.
The blonde beauty screamed with terror as the count slowly started to climb out of his coffin.

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Our Non-Pornography Code guarantees that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts any sexual acts, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation or male genitalia.

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.

TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

by Farr A. Waye

On chartered "love flight" airlines, it's not unusual to hear the announcement, "We'll be landing in a few minutes. Please extinguish all cigarettes, fasten your seat belts, and return your partner to the upright position."

You can expect to get really shook up when you eat in a Chinese restaurant in Tijuana. The fortune cookies are little tortillas with the message printed in Spanish.

Thanks to modern jet travel you now can get "the runs" in countries you never heard of before.

In Rio de Janeiro they play the game of "Carnival". A naked señorita sits on your face and you try to guess her weight.

Once you've visited a brothel in Tokyo you'll smile happily every time you see a label "Made In Japan".

A gambler can drive to Atlantic City in a \$10,000 car and come home in an \$80,000 bus.

If you are in Gibraltar and have a few extra bucks you may want to connect with a professional sexpot named Sophia. She calls herself "a piece of the rock".

The world's most unusual rock group can be seen in Spain. Calling themselves "The Butchers of Barcelona" these men make music by beating their meat.

A Los Angeles travel agent is offering a Mexican "Montezuma Revenge" tour. 30 restrooms in 10 days.

If you travel far enough north in Alaska the transit system is definitely primitive. Don't be surprised if the crosstown bus barks.

Mexico City doesn't have much industry, but they do have 20 million people. It goes to prove they're good at something.

A booth at a colorful bazaar in Algiers bears a sign that reads: "KISSES \$1 to \$20". The price has nothing to do with length of time or lip pressure. The cost is based on mouth placement.

Bermuda shorts is what your bank account has after a vacation there.

Reno and Las Vegas are getting overcrowded. It seems no one's got the plane fare to leave.

Keep this in mind, mates: Every day of their lives, the girls of Australia are Down Under.

Samantha, an exotic raven-haired, sultry beauty works in Mick's Bar in Casablanca. For great fun just hand her a 50 dollar bill and say, "Play with it again, Sam".

Whenever you go away on vacation, always make sure your place seems to be lived in. Hook up an automatic timer to a tape deck and pre-record an argument with your mate.

At some of those truck stops in the Midwest, the pies look pretty old and stale. They come in three different flavors—apple, peach, and dust.

In Hawaii they have all kinds of rum drinks made with fruit juices. The islands are full of drunks full of Vitamin C.

You will have a problem on a nude beach in Europe. Where do you carry your wallet?

Beverly Hills has a health-food restaurant that's so ritzy, they plug in an electric toothbrush at your table.

Try to avoid getting into a street fight in Venice, Italy. You could drown.

If you visit Moscow don't miss the 44-24-36 stripper who calls herself "Miss Communist Front".



"You got two flats????"



RECORDS

Dwight Yoakam: Hillbilly Deluxe (Warner Bros.) is far and away the best new country album to come our way in a long time. While it's true that in recent years Nashville records have reflected a renewed interest in hard fifties honky-tonk C&W, much of the music has been over-hyped. After all, why listen to remakes of tunes by Webb Pierce, Ray Price, and Lefty Frizzell if you have access to the original recordings? Yoakam's new album stands on its own, with strong material, good singing (shades of Lefty) and a hot band. "Little Ways," a Yoakam original, is a great country shuffle with touches reminiscent of the classic Buck Owens-Don Rich recordings. In fact, the album is dedicated to Owens, and his one-time steel guitarist, Tom Brumley, appears on "Johnson's Love," a tune similar in theme to the George Jones hit "He Stopped Loving Her Today." "Smoke Along the Track" is in a rockabilly groove, with fine guitar from Peter Anderson. A cover of Lefty Frizzell's "Always Late" is right in the pocket, marred only by the intrusion of cutesy background singers. Recommended.

Soul Shots Vol. 3: Instrumentals (Rhino) is a standout in Rhino's series of 60s soul classics. Minimalist sax riffs, catchy bass hooks, and some of the most happenin' rhythm sections ever waxed are the order of the day here. The music runs the gamut from James

Brown and The Famous Flames' gritty "Night Train" to the mellow Booker T. and The MG's "Groovin'." Other goodies include King Curtis' *Soul Twist* (with funky country blues guitar from Frankie Lee Simms), Alvin Cash and The Crawlers' "Twine Time" and The Viscounts' "Harlem Nocturne" (a tune currently in use as the theme music for the Mike Hammer TV series). Another fine entry in the Soul Shots series is Vol. 4, "Screamin' Soul Sisters." Included are biggies such as Shirley Ellis "Nitty Gritty," Barbara George's "I Know," and Fontella Bass' "Rescue Me," along with lesser-known but worthwhile tunes by Maxine Brown, The Sweet Inspirations, and others. Collectors will be pleased by the informative liner notes and selection of photos.

Freddy King: Just Pickin' (Modern Blues Recordings) is a two-disc reissue of the late blues guitarist/singer's two 60's instrumental albums for the King label. King, who died in 1976 at the age of 42, was a unique player who had wide influence with both bluesmen and rockers. He combined single-string leads with open-string, first-position devices borrowed from country-blues guitar (his use of thumbpick and fingerpick also comes from this latter tradition). His riff-laden tunes also owe as much to R&B as to country of Chicago blues. Many blues guitarists simply work out on familiar scales and licks, but King had a repertoire of catchy pieces in a variety of grooves at his disposal. Included here are hits such as "Hideaway" and "Manhole" along with King's classic reworking of the country-swing standard "Remington Ride." These two LPs are required, **must** listening for aspiring blues and rock guitarists. They also make for great party/dance music. Informative liner notes, a rare cover photo of the guitarist, and the fact that the records have been reproduced with the original blue King label are all nice touches. Great stuff! A model reissue! From Modern Blues Recordings, POB 248, Pearl River NY 10965.

Hot Rize: Untold Stories (Sugar Hill) is an album of mostly original material from the Colorado-based bluegrass band. These guys have brought some fresh ideas to the traditional idiom, while eschewing "newgrass." Tim O'Brien is a soulful singer and fine mandolinist and fiddler. Pete Wernick plays bouncy 5-string banjo, free of the "chromatic" runs and jazzy ideas that many younger players lean towards. Charles Sawtelle's spare, syncopated guitar back-up and solos are right on the money—this makes the band work so much better than would a torrent of hot licks. Nick Forster is one of the only

guys who can make electric bass sound appropriate in a bluegrass setting. Among the highlights of this set are the Delmore Brothers' "Life's Too Short," and Hazel Dickens' "Won't You Come and Sing For Me."

Before throwing your next big bash, pick up a copy of **Big Twist & The Mellow Fellows: Live From Chicago, Bigger Than Life** (Alligator). This is a good-time R&B band with a tough rhythm section, punchy horns, and the gutsy yet mellow vocals of Larry "Big Twist" Nolan. The band's appealing, no-jive blend of blues, R&B, and soul is guaranteed to get you on your feet, living up to Alligator's credo of "genuine houserockin' music." From Alligator, POB 60234, Chicago IL 60660.

Pianists Dick Hyman and the late Dick Wellstood team up on **Stridemonster** (Unisson). Both Hyman and Wellstood have roots in the stride piano tradition of James P. Johnson, Wille "The Lion" Smith, and Fats Waller. Neither, however, is a revivalist of the "moldy fig" persuasion. Hyman is a veritable encyclopedia of jazz piano styles; Wellstood's stride playing is infused with harmonies and ideas that post-date stride by several decades. Both are elegant, sophisticated, and witty players (qualities that also surface in their liner notes). Two stride pianists of lesser sensitivity playing together might result in a cacophonous din, but these guys make it work. The Van Heusen chestnut "Like Someone In Love," seemingly and unlikely candidate for a stride workout, receives a refreshing and vigorous treatment. The obscure "Snowy Morning Blues" is particularly lovely. Hyman plays Gerswin's "I've Got A Crush On You" as a ballad with lyrical and bluesy touches. Wellstood's solo "Caravan" is filled with interesting ideas that demonstrate his command of not only stride but other idioms. From Unisson, 215 Victoria St., Toronto Ont. Canada M5B 1T9.

Charles Brown: One For The Road (Blue Side) is the first album in quite a while from the pioneer of West Coast "club blues." Brown is the blues equivalent of Nat "King" Cole; in fact, his first recordings were made with the Three Blazers a group fronted by Johnny Moore, brother of Cole's guitarist Oscar Moore. The instrumentation here is identical to the original trio's, with the addition of drums and an often superfluous sax. Brown is in good voice, and plays more piano than many might have thought him capable of. Guitarist Billy Butler, of "Honky-Tonk" fame, shines throughout; he's an underrated guitarist who straddles the line between jazz and

R&B. Some of his best playing on record can be heard here. The material leans towards the ballads, but there's a jumpin' "Route 66" and "I Cried Last Night". Standouts include a reworking of the Patsy Cline hit "He's Got You", the Charlie Rich classic "Who Will The Next Fool Be" and a remake of the Three Blazers' "Travelin' Blues." Brown is an artist deserving a wider audience. His approach may be too sophisticated for the "get-up-and-boogie" breed of blues buffs, but his jazzy piano and mellow vocals have appeal beyond the usual blues circuit.

I Remember Jazz (Louisiana State University Press) by Al Rose is a collection of anecdotes and remembrances of dozens of (mostly New Orleans) jazzmen. Rose, a record producer and entrepreneur of the moldy fig persuasion, is articulate and entertaining as he recounts his meetings with jazz greats. The author's portrait of a cantankerous, mean-spirited Sidney Bechet is quite a contrast to the image presented in Bechet's own autobiography. The dapper, boastful Jelly Roll Morton is seen in his declining years as the proprietor of a Washington D.C. club with no customers. Bunny Berrigan is remembered for teaching the author to carry chewing gum at all times in order to plug up the coin slots of offending jukeboxes. One wonders, however, about Rose's presenting French fiddler Stephane Grappelly as a hero of the wartime French resistance who was tortured and helped others escape. Most other sources place Grappelly in England during the occupation. Rose's remarks would probably come as quite a surprise to Grappelly himself.

BOOKS

Musings: The Musical Worlds of Gunther Schuller (Oxford) is a collection of the composer/musician/scholar's writings on jazz, classical, and "third stream" music. Schuller's knowledge of jazz extends from the seminal New Orleans period through the avant-garde and contemporary trends. Among the provocative essays here are a defense of Paul Whiteman's "symphonic jazz," appreciations of Lee Konitz, Sarah Vaughan, and Alec Wilder, analyses of two early Cecil Taylor recordings, and two insightful pieces on Ornette Coleman. Schuller was one of the first to stand behind Coleman's revolutionary approach, while conceding that his theoretical pronouncements on "harmolodics" were a bit vague. In writing of attempts to bring jazz beyond the confines of the 32-bar form and fuse it with classical and ethnic musics, Schuller coined the term "third stream," and he is eloquent

on this subject. He also raises some though-provoking questions in a remarkably level-headed essay on the ages-old battle between exponents of program music versus those who champion "absolute" or pure music.

Detective (Donald I. Fine) by Parnell Hall is an off-beat private-eye novel featuring Stanley Hastings, an amiable, nebbishy claims investigator in the employ of an ambulance-chasing New York lawyer. Hastings finds himself doing some real detective work in this fast-paced tale of illegal gambling clubs, drugs and hookers. Our man calls on his street smarts and rises to the task. Hall's approach is a bit cutesy to be called hard-boiled; he has, however, come up with an appealing twist on the traditional P.I. novel. He tells his tale with humor and a feel for his New York locale, and doesn't take himself too seriously.

The 100 Greatest Cult Exploitation Magazines 1950-1965 (Shake Books) by Alan Betrock is a tabloid-style tribute to the sex/crime/confession/Hollywood Scandal/cheesecake/personality magazines of the 50s and early 60s. Betrock, author of the definitive book on teen exploitation flicks, fondly recalls these outrageous magazines, and includes over 250 black and white cover reproductions. It's easy to wax nostalgic for the days when one might pass a magazine stand and have your choice of reading "Why Homos Hate Elvis," "Hitler is Alive in Hollywood," "How Pink is Cagney," "Doris Day's Dark Nights," or "James Dean's Own Words From Beyond." Beyond their campy appeal, these magazines are real Americana, and say a lot about the popular culture of the 50s. For those who collect these publications, Betrock's tabloid will serve as a valuable reference work. The cover reprints are the real treasure here; you'll get way more than your five bucks worth of fun. From Shake Books, 449 12th St., Apt. 2R, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

Although the hard-boiled novel is generally thought of as indigenous to American settings, Gerald Butler's 1946 **Kiss The Blood Off My Hands**, recently issued in paperback by Carrol & Graf, is a tough specimen with a British background. The novel (which was softened for the Burt Lancaster/Joan Fontaine film) involves a short-tempered fellow who kills a man in a pointless barroom brawl. On the run, he forces his way into the apartment of a woman he falls in love with. This is a tense, terse, and violent thriller that occasionally brings to mind David Goodis' man-on-the-run novels. While it lacks the clout of such hard-boiled milestones as Horace

McCoy's **They Shoot Horses, Don't They** and Edward Anderson's **Thieves Like Us**, it is infused with much the same despair and fatalism in the face of an amoral society.

VIDEO

Three blues/rock guitar aces are seen in a historic Carnegie Hall concert on **Further On Down The Road** (Barznton Productions/Praxis Media). Albert Collins, Lonnie Mack, and Roy Buchanan are all influential players who have left their indelible stamps on the development of blues and rock guitar. Collins, "The Iceman" delivers blistering licks, played fingerstyle on a Telecaster. Mack, the "Memphis" man, appears with his trademark Flying V Gibson. His intense solos and soulful vocals have never sounded better. Buchanan demonstrates the dazzling technique that has won him so many disciples, although his playing is somewhat less musical than Mack's and Collins'. All three are also seen backstage playing acoustic guitars (a rarity) and Mack performs two numbers onstage with an amplified acoustic before moving on to the electric. This straight-ahead presentation will please blues and guitar buffs; the latter will probably pick up a trick or two watching the masters in action. In addition to the music, there are interviews with the performers and some of those they have influenced. Robbie Robertson (of Ronnie Hawkins and The Band fame) recalls how, as a young man, he was blown away by Buchanan in a guitar duel. From Barznton Productions, c/o Praxis Media, Inc., 18 Marshall St., South Norwalk CT 06854.

Norman and Nancy Blake: Planet Riders is a 35-minute video set of fiddle tunes and mostly original songs. Norman Blake, known primarily as a flatpicking guitarist, is also heard on mandolin and fiddle. His wife Nancy performs on cello, mandolin and guitar. The Blakes' music has a laid-back, old-timey quality removed from the driving tempos and tense, "high lonesome" vocals of bluegrass. There are some lovely pieces with unorthodox instrumental combinations such as two mandolins, or fiddle and cello. Although Blake is not a technical-whiz flatpicker, his playing has an evocative, soulful quality noticeably absent from the work of many mile-a-minute bluegrass flatpickers. His singing has much of the same homespun quality of his instrumental work. Highlights of this set include the fiddle/cello medley "Old Canadian Waltz/New Reel, the finger-picked blues "Six White Horses" and "The Green Light on The Southern," an original railroad tune. From Central Sun Video, Box, 3135, Reston VA 22091.

SABRINA



Oo, la, la! From gay Paree comes Sabrina in her first magazine appearance ever. (That's what our

photographer tells us and photographers never lie, do they?)





These pix were not shot in France; they were shot right here when Sabrina was visiting the U.S.A. Our lensman was lucky enough to be introduced to her and she readily agreed to pose. Being seen au naturel is nothing new to this sexy lady. She has often sun bathed on the nude beach of St. Tropez

as well as being a professional stripper and chanteuse in popular night clubs throughout France.

Sexy Sabrina is 5'6", 40D-26-36 for those interested in figures.

We're personally not that much into arithmetical



figures, which like statistics, are cold and flat. A far cry from the real, heat-inducing figure of our sultry, sexy mademoiselle.

Personally speaking again, we think we made a big hit with her. Just before she left the country, she told us she lived on a houseboat in the Seine, and invited us to drop in some time. Merci, Sabrina, and au reservoir. □



Unless you're spaced out, you know that service is getting worse and worse. This is no accident. Special company-sponsored schools are developing employee skills to a new low...

SLAM! BANG! ZOWIE! YOU'RE HIRED

by Peter Trax

At Rip University, laundry and drycleaning people are being instructed in the adroit tearing off of buttons and the overstretching of undershorts. A graduate of good old Rip U can jam a zipper in seconds and mismatch socks while blindfolded.

In a school for supermarket employees, students become expert in many skills helpful in their trade. Among other things, they are taught the importance of putting perishable bakery goods on the bottom of a bag and piling heavy foodstuffs on top, thus crushing the delicate breads and cakes.

One worthwhile course in market work trains the

employee how to pack a bag totally with canned goods so that a shopper is forced to stagger under the heavy burden. And there is an intensive course of study teaching him to stack shopping carts in such a way that it becomes close to impossible for a customer to force them apart. In another class, students learn the techniques of blocking aisles with cartons and crates.

The "Bender Fender And Chrome Scrapers College" is now training a great number of parking lot attendants in this country. It is here that poor service is being raised to an art form. A man graduates with honors from Bender Fender only after he qualifies for participation in a demolition derby. He masters gear stripping by being taught how to throw a motor into reverse while racing it at 60 Miles per hour.

Through careful instruction, an expert parking lot attendant becomes adept at blocking exits, causing tires to go flat, and batteries to go dead. He also learns how to accurately time his coffee breaks to coincide exactly with rush hours, thereby creating the worst possible traffic jams.

Baggage handlers are urged to attend the "School of Hard Knocks" for special training. At this outstanding place of learning, students are indoctrinated in the tossing of fragile packages from great heights, the drop-kicking of suitcases from one place to another, and the thrusting of sharp objects through canvas bags.

A thorough knowledge of hinge-breaking and lock-snapping is essential, but no one is given a diploma from this baggage handlers school until he is qualified to determine at least six out of ten times which luggage contains breakables and can prove his ability by throwing a bag that brings the rewarding sound of shattering glass.

Special schools such as we have publicized here are sprouting up throughout the country, and the day is coming when you are going to have to be a graduate of one of them in order to find employment.







CONSTANCE

Continuing our very popular trips down nostalgia lane, we're featuring Constance, a great-boobed, great favorite of the mid-seventies in this issue. This curvaceous charmer was a girl of great spirits and it was no surprise that the liquor industry hired her as

a model for one of their national marketing and promotional campaigns.

Constance herself never drank and she said it was partly because of one of her uncles who was notorious for being a boozier. He was also widely known



as a cheap guzzler because he never treated anybody. Ironically, he died when he was run over by a liquor truck... it was the first time in his whole life the drinks were on him.

We've got other great pix of Connie in our files, some as a strawberry blonde, and we'll run them sometime down the road. Meanwhile, let's raise our glasses in praise of this sexy lass. □



MAKING WAVES

by Loretta Reeves Sadler

Here's a short tale about two attractive but unhappy young people adrift on the seas of loneliness...

Flip wandered aimlessly along 34th Street. He wasn't familiar with this part of town. He peered into bar after bar as if searching for something. Actually he was depressed. Yesterday, he went to Mama's for Sunday dinner, as he had for the past six years. She had baked him a birthday cake but for the first time in his life there wasn't a candle for each year. Right in the middle of the cake was one fat candle with the number thirty on it.

Mama always bragged that he was so successful he had everything any boy could want. Well, when the candle says thirty, you ain't a boy no more. What he really wanted was a soft, warm body beside him in his king-size water bed.

Of the three females he worked with at Hillard, Puckett, and Parr, there wasn't one he would make waves with on his water bed. First there was Ms. Purciful, a tall, bony carcass covered with dry wrinkled skin. You didn't need to see the thirty year service pin she wore to guess she was built before the building.

Next was holier-than-thou Betty, the typist. She was a scripture quoting, born again Christian, who dropped on her knees to pray for your soul if you so much as winked at her.

That only left Flossie. She would be a number one candidate for a little fun and games. She was pretty, built like a brick out-house, and not one bit stand-offish. There was just one problem, she was married to Mr. Parr's only son. If Flip ever had the notion to pat her fanny at the water cooler, he would be standing in line at the employment agency.

Hence, here he was, scouting the bars on 34th Street. Flip finally chose a nice looking establishment with a bar and a dining room. He decided to put some food in this stomach before going to the bar in search of a playmate.

He was just finishing off a rare sirloin when the girl sitting alone at the next table dropped her purse. A

lipstick rolled under his table. He retrieved it, noticing its color through the clear lid.

"Green lipstick?" he asked.

"It really isn't green after I put it on," she answered. "It is called mood-stick. It turns pale, medium, or dark pink, according to my mood."

His eyes were directed at her lips as he raised an eyebrow.

"No, I don't have any on now. I'm in such a lousy mood it would probably turn black."

"That makes two of us," Flip said, moving to sit beside her. "What's got you down?"

She leaned forward, allowing him full view of her ample cleavage. "Would you believe that I just celebrated my twenty-fifth birthday alone? Imagine, I'm a quarter of a century old. That alone is enough to cause depression."

Before Flip could offer words of comfort, she continued. "I've been in this city four whole weeks and the only people I know are the three Dicks at work."

Flip almost choked, but she didn't seem to notice as she went right on baring her soul. "First, there is The Original Richard, and I do mean original. From the wrinkles on his wrinkles, you can tell he's as old as the building itself."

The unpainted lips beneath the sorrowful eyes kept right on astounding Flip. "Then, there is Dick-The-Do-Goooder. He holds prayer meetings during coffee break. That only leaves Dick The Darling. I would love to get to know him better but he's the first born son of The Original Richard, I need this job too bad to take chances. You see, I'm saving my money to buy a water bed. I've been dying to try one out."

Flip was smiling like the cat that ate the canary. He took her arm, steering her through the dining room and out the door. "I think I can solve all your problems," he said.

They hurried down the street, hand in hand, looking surprisingly young and frisky. □





SUSIE

Tall and super-stacked, Susie dreams of becoming a private detective. Her heroes are Sam Spade, Phillip Marlowe, Lew Archer and scores of other

fictional hard-boiled private eyes. To get experience in the field, our huge-boobed blonde has taken a job as a private secretary to a real-life private inves-





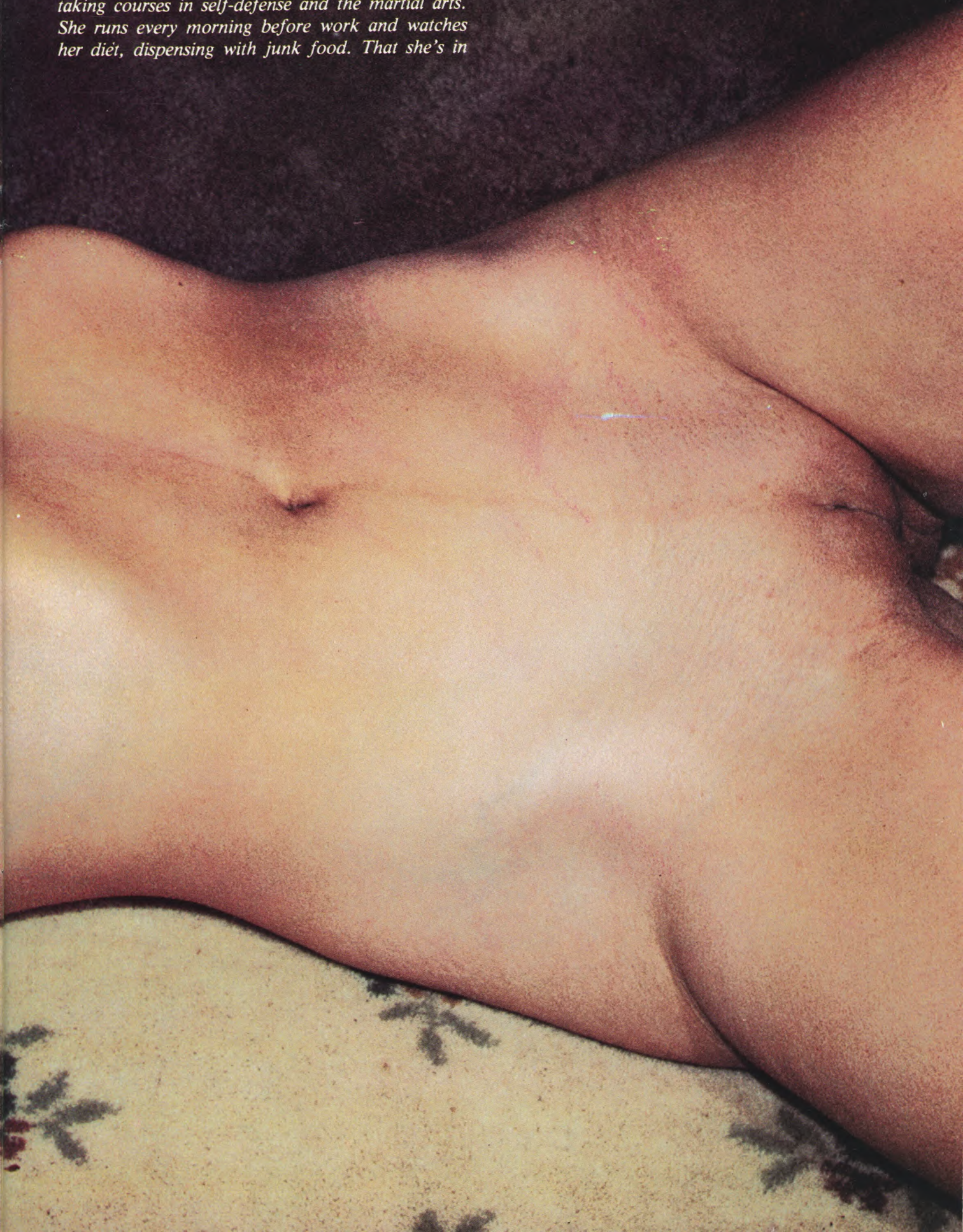


tigator. Her duties to date have not been too exciting... answering the phone, filing and typing. But she's sure her boss will call upon her soon to assist

him on a major case involving priceless rare manuscripts, suave and sophisticated clients, unscrupulous villains, intrigue, mystery, and danger.



To be ready when opportunity knocks, Susie is taking courses in self-defense and the martial arts. She runs every morning before work and watches her diet, dispensing with junk food. That she's in





great shape is obvious as the pix in this spread attest.

The real world of private eyes is far different than the fictional ones and we doubt if it could live up to

Susie's fantasies. But we're not dreaming when we predict that our knockout heroine would be a smashing success in the lead role of a play, "Super



Sleuth Susie." Envision her in a see-through trench coat, wearing nothing but her skin beneath it, bearing down on her quarry with her twin 45's

pointing right at him. She would get her man every time. Meanwhile we'll come clean and confess that we intend to feature sexy Susie again soon. □

SUPER DELUXE MALE ORDER

by Aaron Farkas

*Here's an experience that every gal-loving guy doing business with a mail-order house should have!
If anything goes wrong, the company wastes no time making good and satisfying its customers...*

T & A Sales Co.
Box 127

Semperville, New York 11357

To Whom It May Concern:

Last week, I ordered video No. 30678 from your sex catalogue: "the best and most erotic big tit footage from our E-Normous Knockers Video Series" (your description). I waited, secure in the knowledge that soon I would be viewing those huge-boobed gals fondling themselves, their breasts just begging to be rubbed, squeezed—but I'm getting off the groove, I mean track. Today, instead of getting the video tape I expected, I received a dull short entitled "Trout Fishing in Quebec." No cleavage, no undressing, just a bunch of fisherman dry-casting in streams. I want a refund! No, I take that back; I want the girls... the film. In any event, I am sending back the fishing video.

Sincerely,
Jeff Mather

Mr. Jeff Mather
27 Lennox Drive
Grovesdale, Michigan 08976
Dear Mr. Mather:

We apologize for any inconvenience we may have incurred by sending you the wrong tape. As a way of making it up to you, we are sending you the tape you requested by special courier. It should arrive within a day or two.

Sincerely,
Lloyd Hawkes, Sales manager

June 19, 1987

T & A Sales Co.
Box 127

Semperville, New York 11357

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Boy, that's some special courier service you provide! How a girl built like that can even fit into a uniform is beyond me—it was getting a little beyond her, too. She said her name was Donnica, and that she worked for T & A on commission. Blue eyes, raven-black hair, and a figure that would have made an hourglass look like a straw. Her bosom was heaving as if she'd run all the way from Semperville, or maybe that's just her natural chest-expansion. First, she said, she wanted to apologize for the wrong tape. At this point, she bent over to unzip her bag, and the view of her cleavage, those two huge orbs sliding, well, it was like the title of that sf classic "World in Collision." She wasn't wearing any bra—that's stupid, how could two planets be restrained with elastic and nylon? Except that these globes looked soft and milky white. They bounced abruptly upward as she fished out the video from her bag and stood upright again. She held it out to me, her uniform straining against that cleavage just a few inches away from me.

I opened my mouth, but I couldn't think of a word to say. I looked at the tape and noticed that it was the wrong one again, this one entitled "Lez Play." Not that I have anything against two femmes cavorting in passion, just that it wasn't that I'd ordered. "Um, there seems to be a mistake."

(continued on page 60)





RUBY

Roll out the red carpets and pop the champagne! We're paying homage to a sparkling, super-shapely dazzler making her debut in our pages. We're cal-

ling her Ruby because she's a rare gem... pun intended. (She asked us not to reveal her real name and we always honor a lady's request.) She did







turn down our request for some biographical information except to tell us that she had been a show girl and currently is employed by an international jewelry cartel. Pressed for details she clammed up

and told us to use our imagination. So here goes.

We can envision lovely, lissome Ruby being used to show off priceless rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, etc. at grandiose dinner parties hosted by





Gem of the Month



various members of the international jet set in multi-million dollar homes, mansions and palaces throughout the world. Ruby, attired in costly,

34 GEM

revealing gowns is the center of attention as the men drink in her personal sensual treasures and the women make their men outbid each other for the



diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, etc. Powerful industrial magnates and rulers of countries compete for the love of Ruby, who smiles enigmatically and

leaves with her entourage of employers and bodyguards.

We better stop before our imagination runs even.



wilder. Maybe Ruby only works as a salesgirl in a posh jewelry shop and... no, she's too exotic, too glamorous, too sensual. We'll stick to our story. Ruby is a rare gem indeed and a great Gem of the Month! □



"TWO BIT" BENDER AND THE LOVE-STARVED LIBRARIAN

by F.L. Ronald

On a cold, windy day, Bender's fingers turned too sticky. He logged out twenty bucks light, bitched about the lousy shift, and was turning over the cab keys when Starker nailed him.

"To score as a thief, a guy needs brains. You better stay straight, Bender." Starker was great on advice. Bender wanted to advise him back, but Starker weighed two-fifty and had muscles like broken concrete.

"What you mean?" Bender asked.

"You unemployed as of now, punk. Too many problems making the right change." Starker waved bye-bye. "Don't show here no more, else I break your legs."

Bender hit "Belle's Cardroom" on Ninth. They smiled and gave him the first two pots: \$5 and \$11. He relaxed and they cleaned his clock so smoothly, Bender tried to ante into the next hand with his empty leather moneybelt.

"Get out," Belle, the old redhead who was dealing, told him. "Whoever you think you are, you ain't no player." Bender didn't question the broad but did tell her who she was. Two quiet guys came from the back and tossed him in the street. Tore his shirt.

Heading to his rented room, Bender passed the half life ghosts clustering at the Gospel Light Mission for their ration of soup and Jesus. He'd be in that line if he didn't figure an angel quick. As he crossed over to Twelfth, Bender tried the doorhandles of each parked car. No luck. One of those days, he mused bitterly. Maybe he could mooch a meal from one of the hookers who worked the streets. They always sweet-talked him, so he fancied himself a ladies man.

Naw, they never gave him anything for nothing, the lousy whores. He had to pay his way, they told him. Screw that! Plenty of dames would be willing to pay him. Hed go home, spruce up and look for a likely lady.

Landlady and her man sat on the front steps. Bender said "Hey," then tried to walk around but the guy threw his leg across the entranceway.

"You owe," Landlady said. "Eighteen bucks."

"Payday's tomorrow. See you then." Bender moved. The guy's leg didn't.

"Eighteen bucks," Landlady repeated.

"I told you. You'll get the money tomorrow."

They didn't hear. Bender sucked in a deep breath and stood tall. "I suppose you're gonna hang onto my stuff till I pay. Well, I know my stuff so don't try copping nothing. I'll get the law."

"Don't bother." Landlady snagged a brownpaper shopping bag and dropped it down the porch steps. The bag somersaulted once, then came to rest on the pavement. All three of them stared at it. The red rubber ball Bender used to improve his grip came out of the bag, rolled across the sidewalk into the gutter. "Junk ain't worth eighteen cents," Landlady said. She went in. The guy too.

The bag was soaked from the broken Aqua Velva bottle and the contents scattered. Bender stuffed his belongings in his pockets and inside his jacket. He cursed the closed door.

Landlady priced it right. Half hour later, Bender tried hocking his imitation Reboks, his silver-backed comb and brush, the dead Korean radio. Got laughed out of two pawnshops. Bastards. Six o'clock Friday



afternoon and Bender was broke, cold, hadn't eaten since the danish at breakfast. No place to sleep. He started for the cab company garage figuring to mooch a buck when he recalled Starker's farewell. He turned north at the corner. Things were bad enough without getting his lumps.

He walked four miles to the Windham neighborhood. Old homes, mom and pop groceries, quiet streets. Bender's feet hurt. People ate dinner inside warm rooms, watched the tube. His stomach bitched.

He passed a public library, then stopped. Why not? Soft place to sit, be warm, sleep awhile. He checked the sign on the entrance. Open till 9. Bender hid his gear under a shrub and went in.

The best spot was on the second floor at the far end of a twisting maze of solid packed shelves. Out of everyone's sight. Armchair next to heating vent. From the nearest shelf, he selected a thick book, then kicked back. Opened the book, closed his eyes. Slept.

A broad awakened him. "Sir. Sir, we don't allow sleeping." Bender blinked. She was maybe twenty-five. Thick brown hair twisted back around her head. Bottleglass eyeglasses. No makeup. His eyes lingered on her highnecked overstuffed blouse. If she thought the treasure was hidden, she was wrong. Bender grinned.

"I dozed off."

The broad glanced at the book in his hand and returned his smile. "I see you like Shelley."

"Yeah. My favorite." He was groping for words when she said not many people today had the sensitivity to appreciate the man and what a tragedy that was and wasn't it too bad poetry wasn't more popular. Bender knew his luck turned because he'd thought Shelley was female. She kept talking and Bender put on his sincere face. Stared at the small brown mole beside her lower lip. Thought about biting her lips. "Yeah," he said. "That's right." She had a sweet figure, but she

couldn't hold eye contact. She blushed. Nervous female hidden in a library on Friday night. No boyfriend, Bender decided. Wants. Wants but don't know how to ask.

"Well," she said, "I have to go now. I'm on duty." Bender had been dealt the cards and now opened the hand on a bluff. He took a shot. Touched her arm. Light.

She stopped. Stopped and swayed. Swayed and trembled. Bender *knew*. Her lips parted and he kept his fingers on her arm and her eyelids fluttered. He lowered his chin and brought his voice all the way up from his privates.

"My name's Chuck. Chuck Brandon". Name of a skinflick stud. He showed her his right hand, palm up. She put her hand in his and he was sure. Her hand trembled. Moist. He squeezed. Gentle. "What's your name, Miss?"

"Enid Griffle," she said in a little girl's voice.

He squeezed again. Smiled. "Enid, thank you." Her eyebrows arched. "Thanks for being nice to a poetry writer," he said and released her. She stared at him. Her blouse-front heaved like she'd run three flights of stairs. Ripe and ready, he thought. He was positive he had her. Time to sweeten the pot. He turned his back and returned good old Shelley to his shelf.

"You're a poet?" She'd come nearer.

"All my life," he said. "All my life."

It turned out Enid was a poet too and it was what she lived for and it was depressing because no one else understood and maybe they could get together and share their poetry and how about tonight after she got off... and Bender knew he had her. His cheek muscles hurt from smiling. He touched her arm two more times. She almost purred.

He met her on the street.

"We could go for coffee." She linked her arm in his.

Bender told the truth. "I'm broke."

"I'll pay," she said. "You pay

next time." Next time. Shy Enid had plans. He shook his head.

"No, forget it. It was a bad idea. I'll see you around." Next card down and Bender raised the bet again. He walked away from her.

"Chuck, wait. We don't have to go to a coffee shop. We can go to my place."

Bender tried not to laugh out loud as he permitted Enid to convince him.

While Enid fixed coffee, he checked her medicine cabinet. Headache pills and toothpaste and tension pills and soap and pain pills and a lady's razor. No sign Enid had the right medicine or equipment to cure her discomfort. Doctor Bender has your prescription, sugar.

They sat on the couch and she read her poems from a 3-ring binder. Bender didn't listen to the words, but heard what her voice and body were telling him. After two minutes, he caressed the back of her neck. She stopped reading. He said, "Go on." Her skin burned through the blouse fabric. She shivered, then paused again and blinked at him.

"Don't stop. You write good," he said.

Enid continued, but her voice was shaky. Bender closed in to use both hands, Ran his fingers into her scalp. Pulled free the hairpins. Brown hair cascaded down over her back.

"My hair." She twisted toward him with the question in her eyes. Bender caught her underneath the chin. Removed the glasses.

"It's great," he said, then kissed her. Just brushed her quivering lips. The notebook fell. She melted toward him. Bender moved his arm across her body and pulled her legs into his lap without breaking contact. He leaned her against the arm of the couch. Enid was a ragdoll in his hands. Her lips were soft and her mouth opened to permit his tongue, then she tried to swallow it. Bender found the top fastener of her blouse. Slow and easy, he peeled the cloth. Kissed the tender flesh at the base of her neck, then unbuttoned some more. Enid groaned. In the bag, Bender thought. Then she

(continued on page 60)



YOTTA

We were pleasantly surprised at the amount of fan mail we received in praise of Yotta, featured for the first time in our August issue. All expressed their desire to see more of this big-boobed, sultry siren and, pending a new shooting, we are presenting these outtakes from the previous set, none of which have been seen previously.

Interestingly, one of the letters highly complimentary to Yotta was highly critical of our lack of cul-





ture and education in calling the famed Oracle of ancient Greece "Adelphi" instead of "Delphi" which, of course, is the correct name. We thought it was obvious that the entire piece of copy was in-

tended to be humorous, and the above "goof" one of the jokes.

So we ain't Mel Brooks or Woody Allen. If we were, we'd be out in Hollywood making a few more



bucks than we're making now. (Joke.) But as funny and smart as Woody Allen and Mel Brooks are, they don't know any more about Yotta than we do.

For to tell the truth we don't know her real name or anything about her. The set was shot in England and the photographer used the name "Jo." Three



out of every four girls he shoots he calls "Jo."

But that didn't stop us from calling him and urging him to set up another shooting session with

Yotta or Jo because, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein, a big-jugged brunette sexpot is a big-jugged brunette sexpot... ☐



CANDY KANE

From behind the doors of the big chief's office came loud grumblings, "I want Candy! I want candy!" We lowly flunkies gathered up our jellybeans,

46 GEM

gumdrops, chocolate bars, licorice strings, etc. and moved in to placate el honcho. When he saw the assorted goodies we were holding out to him, his face





took on a look of disgust and he growled, "No, no, you dumb-dumbs, I mean Candy Kane... the great Candy Kane! She hasn't graced our pages for too

48 GEM

long a time. Get her in the next issue."

No new sets of super-popular, super-boobed Candy have come in for quite some time (we guess she's





too busy making videos) so we dug into our files and took out almost all of our unpublished color shots to make this spread. To round it out, we converted some pix from the very first set we ever bought of her into black and whites because we think they are classic shots. We don't think... we











know that Candy is a classic model and ranks high among the all time Hall of Fame Champs. □

LAUGHS AND TITTERS

by
Harley Quinn



Haughty Henrietta is the madam of a very chic brothel. She sees to it that everything is in good taste, especially her latest gimmick—each of her girls' tits comes in different flavors.

Sally is very sensitive about her super-sized boobs. At a fast-food joint she ordered two large burgers. When the guy behind the counter hollered, "Two whoppers!", she hit him in the face with her hand bag.

Boob-loving Larry the lifeguard got fired recently. He pulled a drowning top-heavy lass out of the surf and then tried mouth-to-tit resuscitation.

Massive mammaried Martha is not too bright. It's too bad her IQ doesn't match her bra size.

Shapely Shirley with the big knockers has

a magnetic personality... every time a guy gets close to her, his hands fly to her boobs.

Ski-enthusiast Skeet talked the new gal in the office, pendulum-jugged Penelope, into going to a ski resort with him. Less than five minutes after they arrived, she walked out on him... when he said he wanted to start right in on the slopes.

This same Penelope really does have a pair of "hangers." She goes with a guy who has a very long beard and every time he kisses her, it tickles her titties.

Bulging-breasted Binnie isn't afraid to tackle new jobs... she knows she'll never fall flat on her face.

High-flying Hortense with the size 60 knockers went sky-diving the other day... and caused a total eclipse of the sun.





She screamed in terror when she woke up chained to a huge altar in the middle of a gothic hall. She had no idea of how she had got there or why she had been stripped naked

DEMONIC LUST IN THE CASTLE OF EVIL

by Keith Hall, Jr.

The screams from the castle were only occasionally blotted out by the thunder that ominously rumbled in the night. The full moon glowed weakly through the black clouds that threatened to devour it with thin evil fingers that reached out and tried to clutch it.

A wind as sharp as a sacrificial knife cut through the air, swirling around the ruins of the castle. But even the wind seemed afraid to venture too close to the place of evil. The screams of terror gave it pause, and it kept its distance.

Deep in the bowels of the castle only the lightning that flashed through the broken walls and only the torches in the main hall gave any light. Hundreds of years ago this great hall had been the scene of many festivities, many masques, many intrigues, many occult practices, many deaths. Now it was in ruins — but not deserted.

On a huge altar set in the middle of the hall, lay the naked and manacled body of a young woman, the source of the screams that frightened even the wind. Her naked breasts heaved as she screamed, causing her blonde hair to fall back from her chest and come to rest in a pool of her tears. She again struggled with the chains that bound her legs. No, they were too strong. She tried the ones that bound her arms. No, they were also too strong.

She caught her breath. This was surely a nightmare. It could not be happening. It just could not be happening. Only a few hours ago she had been leaving her office at the end of a normal business day. She was walking to her apartment. Suddenly she had heard a noise behind her. Before she could look to see what had caused it a strangely-scented cloth had been thrust over her face. She had felt dizzy. Her head began to swim. Everything had



ENGLEMANO

"Wow! What a dream I'm having!"

gone dark. When she woke she found herself naked and bound in this strange hall.

It was grand and very old looking. The ancient torches with their flickering tongues made strange shadows and eerie shapes on the walls. From various corners of the hall, statues of distorted animals glared at her with stone eyes — which seemed to blink at her with the flickering of the light.

Suddenly her gaze came to rest on something near her in the hall, a shape resting not twenty paces from her bound legs. At first she tried to convince herself that it was not what she knew it was, fearing that any more terror would send her into madness. But she could not fool herself. It was a coffin. A magnificent ornate coffin with a spectacular overpowering crest on top. A sudden clap of thunder caused the lid to jar ever so slightly. Losing all control, she screamed — and screamed again and again.

"Do not strain your voice," said the metallic, whiney voice from behind her. "Nobody will hear you, only him."

She recoiled in shock as she turned toward the little man with the pinched, weasel-like face standing behind her pointing at the coffin. "Only he will hear you."

Her lips could barely mouth the words. "Who . . . are . . . you?"

The bolt of lightning played on his face, showing the madness in his eyes. "I am Ferdinand," he cackled as he approached the coffin. "And this in my master, the Viscount. But you will be having a more formal introduction very shortly." His laugh at this comment blended with the thunder and nearly deafened her.

"What are you talking about?" she said, trembling.

Ferdinand's voice became soft, nearly a whisper. "Tonight he lives, he has been slumbering for one hundred years. But tonight he lives!"

The girl was perfectly still. She could not move, totally bewildered by what this madman was saying.

He continued. "He was powerful and strong. No one dared to stand in his way. And he had powers, incredible powers. It was said that he was intimate friends with the devil himself! He did not live by the petty rules of mere mortals. He lived his life as he wished. When he lusted for a woman, he took her. When he lusted for power, he took it. When he lusted for blood . . .

"But the people around him could not stand to live in his shadow. They called him a vampire. They called him a warlock. They threatened his life. Even his elite rank could not save him. So he decided to hide, to repose for one hundred years, then come back and begin again in a new time, with new slaves, new victims."

The girl was frozen in disbelief. "But this is imposs . . ."

Ferdinand's metallic laugh cut her off. "Is it? You shall see. All shall see. And you, my dear, have been selected to be his first. He will awaken after one hundred years. He will be hungry — oh so hungry and tonight you will satisfy all of his hungers."

"No," she screamed. "No." And once more she struggled with her chains.

"It is no use," Ferdinand laughed. "You cannot escape his power. His new time has come. He has returned!"

Her screams took on new terror as she looked toward the immense coffin. The roar of the thunder blended with the shrillness of the madman's laugh and they shook the walls of the castle. The wind overcame its timidity and entered the great hall, causing the torches to flicker even more wildly. Through this din the girl fixed her eyes on the coffin. At first, nothing happened and she again convinced herself that this was some terrible ridiculous nightmare that would soon end with her awakening.

But then almost imperceptibly, the lid on the coffin lifted slightly — a fraction of an inch — then rested. The girl's screams gagged in her throat, choked by the overpowering fear gripping her whole body.

Then it happened again. The lid of the coffin jolted once more.

"He comes! He comes!" shouted the crazed servant. "As he said he would one hundred years ago. Tonight he comes!"

The lid of the coffin jolted one more time, then slowly, almost teasingly slowly, it began to move.

Millimeter by millimeter, the lid of the coffin was being pushed aside. The girl's heart nearly stopped when she saw a white, corpse like hand emerge from the coffin. It was this hand that was pushing aside the lid.

"He comes!" shouted the servant. "He comes! Come, master. Come!" The lid was nearly aside now. Then it fell off the coffin and hit the stone floor with a bang that rivaled the noise of the thunder. With completely different emotions both the girl and Ferdinand strained their eyes to watch the return of this evil.

Just as slowly as the lid had been removed, a form was rising from the coffin. Millimeter by millimeter, in an inhumanly slow movement, it was rising. Draped in a black robe, the form suddenly turned to face the other two.

Its face was pale, bloodless. The lips were wide, very wide and seemed to rest in a hateful snarl. The eyes burned like the torches.

The thing of evil sat there observing being observed.

The thunder broke furiously around the hall as if laying a bombardment.

"See! He is here!" rasped Ferdinand. "Come, master, claim your first victim. She is beautiful. She is full of blood. Sate yourself. Sate all of your lusts. Do with her as you will."

As the Viscount's eyes flashed, The girl screamed in blind terror. She was lost in panic.

Suddenly, the Viscount's voice

rumbled from deep within him, a voice as stunning and sharp as a cannon. Fire blazing in his eyes, he snarled. "What is your name? ... Come, come, speak up!

The terrified girl could hardly get the name out of her mouth. "D... Dorothy."

In a fury, the Viscount turned to Ferdinand and roared, "Take her away, you fool — I ordered a Bloody Mary!" □

DE LUXE MALE ORDER

continued from page 26

"Oh, no, not again!" She leaned forward, this time brushing my chest with her luscious left boob. "You're right, this is No. 30687." She bit her lip, considering a minute. "Well, I'll just have to make it up to you. How would you like a version of the tape you ordered... live?"

I must have nodded because words were still eluding me. She turned around and asked me to help her with the zipper in back of the uniform. I think in all the world there is no lovelier sound than a woman's zipper coming down to expose a velvety-smooth expanse of skin, don't you agree, Mr. Hawkes? Donnica wasn't in the least bit shy—I guess it comes naturally to a special courier. Anyway, the zipper went all the way down to the swell of her behind—and let me say, that's some swell behind! She shrugged off the rest of the uniform, giving me a view of her lovely, creamy-white thighs, which are enough to make any grown man kneel. I took off my shirt and a few other items I didn't want to get in the way. When she turned around, her breasts almost bowled me over, literally and figuratively.

Then she encircled me with her round bare arms and squeezed me against herself, pulling me down to her hardened, erect nipples and inviting me to indulge. The only perfume was the smell of Donnica as I was pressed against her yielding flesh, my thighs molded against hers and my hands feeling their way across her shapely buttocks.

"There we go, hold me tight, closer, closer..." We half-walked and crawled over to my couch, where she got on top and bent over me, swaying like a succubus and slowly brushing those lovely tits over my face, my chest, and then lower down to my crotch. Donnica, as if divining my thoughts, looked up from her ministrations and said, "Forty-five inches, if that's what you're wondering."

The velvety pink areas round her areolae were rubbing against my groin and driving me slightly crazy. I got hold of her in a few of the right places, and she moaned, her whole body shuddering, pulling me along. Before either of us could explode, she abruptly straddled me and plunged me inside her, her chest arcing, her breasts expanding like a comparison I can't finish.

I'm telling you, Mr. Hawkes, it would have made a great tape.

Afterwards, she leaned down and massaged my shoulders with her bosom, kneading her flesh against mine, down my chest and against my thighs—feathery-light and heavy at the same time. I kissed her on her lovely, pliant lips, I kissed her on the back of the neck and, of course, right smack on those magnificent forty-five inchers. I wanted to do something more for her, but she said it was getting late, and that it had been a pleasure for such an appreciative audience. Then she got me to zip her up again, though I still don't see how she fits in that uniform. She hoisted her courier's bag, and left.

Now it's tomorrow and I'm writing this letter to tell you I'm a satisfied customer. Take it how you want, as an over-long letter from a pleased customer, as a testimonial, whatever. Today, incidentally, I looked over the "Lez Play" tape, and while it sure has some sexy sequences, it isn't the same as Donnica. Your method of exchange, or your refund policy, or whatever you call it, is more than generous. I won't forget it.

Finally, I am taking this opportunity to order another tape, No. 30670: "Slinky Ladies", Vol. 4, for

which I enclose \$35.00. And if there is some mistake in the shipment, I hereby request special courier service to make it up.

Sincerely,
Jeff Mather

LOVE-STARVED LIBRARIAN

continued from page 40

grabbed his wrists.

"No, Chuck." Her eyes were moist.

"What?" He nuzzled her throat again, but she had called the hand.

"We...I can't."

Bender studied the ceiling. He'd moved too fast, showed too soon. Too bad, he thought. Then he put regret aside and checked the clock on the wall. Eleven p.m. Time to cut losses. If he wasn't going to spend the night, might as well finish the rest now. He wondered how to get her handbag without hitting her. He looked round the room. Broad like this has good stuff to hock. There was a TV, a stereo. Probably has a microwave. He could hock those, but he'd have to hit her. Then, the idea came to him.

"You got cards?"

"Cards?"

"Yeah, let's play couple games of cards."

Enid's hand touched his cheek. "What about your poetry? I haven't heard that yet." She smiled. Pretended like the kiss-kiss business never happened. Phoney broad.

He shoved her. "Later. We play cards now. Bet something."

"Bet?"

"Sure. It'll be fun. If I win, you pay me fifty bucks."

"But Chuck, I can lend you money." She leaned forward and apparently did not notice that the movement pressed her breast into his arm. "Forget cards. I really would like to hear your poems."

He ignored her. "And if I win, I'll tell you poems as long as you like. Or do anything else you want. Anything." He was trying to ante in with empty pockets but he knew the other player. She stared at him. Bender's face iced over. This was

serious to him. No game.

"Alright," she said. "If it's cards you want, we'll play cards."

Bender lost four hands of gin and switched the game to poker. Five card stud with matches as counters. Enid won the matches. "It's all right," she said. "It doesn't matter."

"Hell it doesn't. Deal," he said.

Blackjack and back to poker, then to gin once more. She yawned. He lost. The night outside the window turned a.m. Black. Bender's mouth changed from smirk to deep scowl. "You're too lucky," he said at last. "I quit." He stood up. "I gotta go."

"But the poetry..."

He smiled at her. "Listen, I'll come back later," he lied. "First, I got business. You want to lend me that fifty, like you said?"

"You owe me," she told him. "The cards... the bets."

Bender laughed. "That? Hell, that was for laughs." When he saw she wasn't with him, he softened his voice. "OK, hon. A bet is a bet." What the hell, he thought. He remembered a raunchy verse he'd memorized of a guy in the Adult Correction Center and opened his mouth to start reciting it when she held up her hand.

"Never mind the poems. You said you'd do anything."

So, Bender thought, gonna get us a happy ending after all. He nodded. "That's what I said. What's your pleasure?"

"Stand up. Go in the kitchen."

"Kitchen?"

"Yes. And take off your clothes."

Bender almost tripped shucking out of his trousers on the way to the kitchen. Big room. Cabinets and cupboards. Blue and white tiles. He tossed his socks in the corner. Enid followed him a minute later. Bender was already erect but added another inch. Enid was dressed as he was. Only better. The blouse and whatever else she'd worn had concealed treasure. She was rose and ivory and plenty; it seemed to him she moved all over at once. She would not meet his eyes, but her hardened, nipples stared at him and Bender blinked.

He moved toward her with open hands.

"No," she said. "We do this my way."

Why not, he thought. Dealer's choice was working out OK.

"Clear the table and get on it."

He did as she ordered. Salt and pepper, napkin holder, place mats went on the counter. Bender climbed on the table and saw Enid rummaging in a drawer. Who could know what kooky stuff she was after? This will be a night to remember, he thought. One for the books.

She came to him with a clothesline in her hand. He sat up.

"No way. No way you're gonna tie me up."

Enid bent over and her ripe melon breasts rolled across his face and he was drowning in creamwarm flesh. His right hand sought her buttocks but she forced it away, then climbed halfway on the table and rubbed against him like an animal in heat. She marked him with her scent. It was Bender who groaned this time. What the hell? he thought. If she wants to do a bondage number first, I don't mind. He allowed her to secure his wrists and ankles to the table legs and he ate her with his



eyes. Finally, she stepped back.

"Try to get free," she said.

He tested the rope, then winked. "I'm all yours. C'mon. Let's get to the good part."

Enid ran her hands over his body and Bender quivered. There was something to be said for being a captive. Her right hand curled held him and she looked into his eyes.

"You lied before. You're not a poet."

"Do you really care, sugar?" Bender figured two or three routines, then she'd untie him and he'd have her climbing the walls. "I'm a cabby. Sometimes I make a buck at cards. But I'm a man. Isn't that all that counts right now?"

"No," Enid said and opened a cupboard door. "And in a few moments it won't ever count again." She found what she was looking for and turned to him.

The yelling started when he saw what Enid was holding in her outstretched hand...a large kitchen knife.

Benders' eyes were shut tight in terror as he felt burning slashes across his groin. Screaming hysterically, he begged and pleaded and cried to be spared, then lost consciousness.

Only to re-open his eyes moments later when he heard Enid say, "Wake up, you bum, you're not hurt!"... and saw her holding the knife near his face. *But it wasn't a knife... it was a long, jagged piece of ice* which she had concealed in her other hand.

She cut the clothesline binding Bender with the kitchen knife, gestured for him to pick up his clothes and escorted him out the door, with the knife at his back.

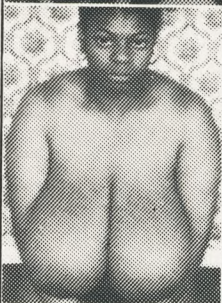
Before she closed the door on him, she said "We're not even close to being even. You'll forget how scared you were, how you screamed and begged me to spare you. But I'll never forget how ashamed of myself you made me feel tonight. Never."

"Lousy bitch," Bender murmured as he hurriedly dressed and then scrambled down the dark street. "Just lousy luck, the whole day." □



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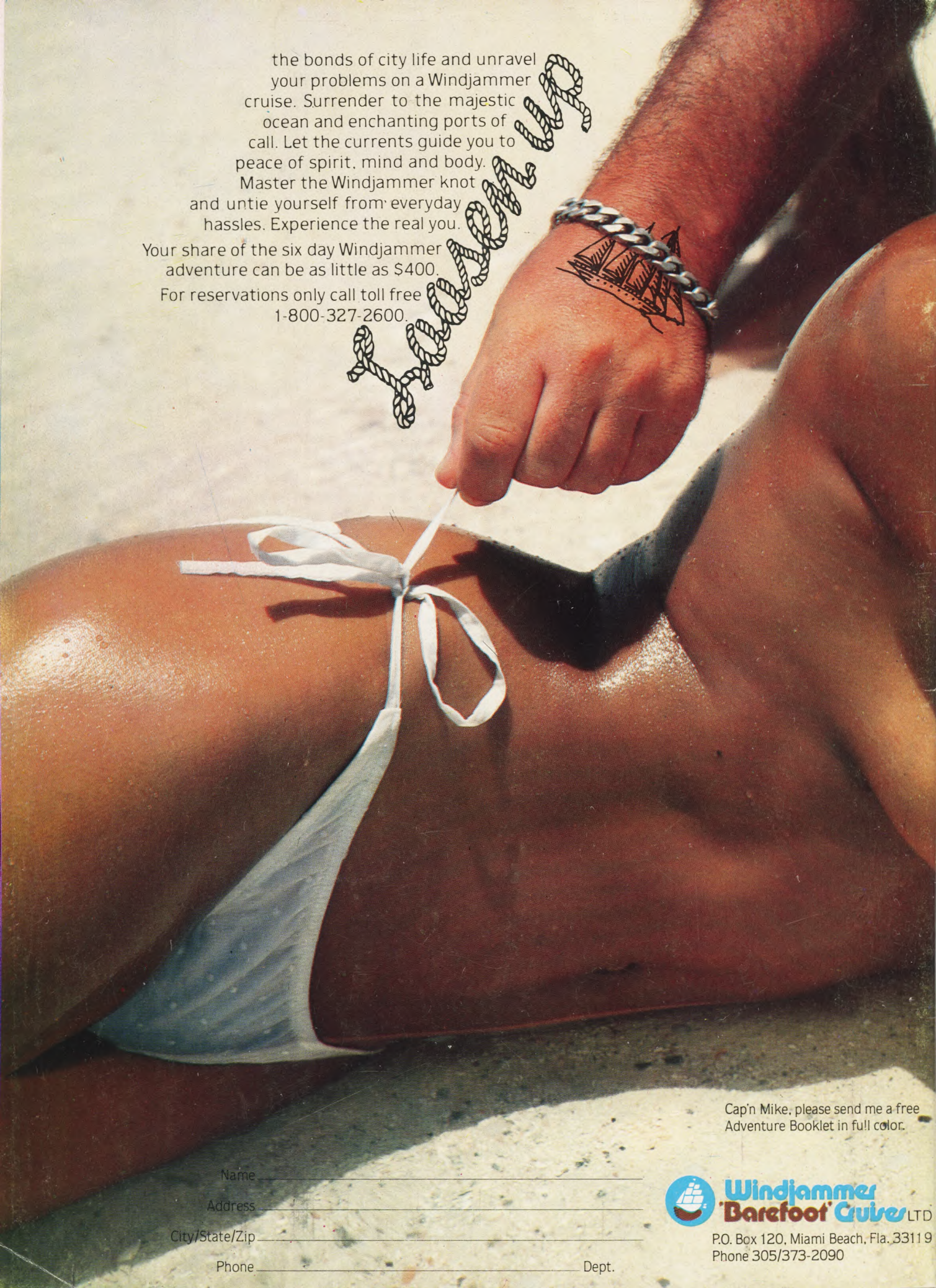
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