

GEM

K49361
JUNE 1987
\$3.95

INTRODUCING INCREDIBLY BOOBED
"MISTRESS T," THE BIGGEST HIT
SINCE LETITIA; FABULOUS TONI
AS A BRUNETTE AND A TRIP DOWN
NOSTALGIA LANE WITH A GREAT
FAVORITE OF THE
SEVENTIES

A Sea-Wolf Sails
The High Seize
MAN OVERBROAD

Chicks To Avoid
HOW NOT TO PICK
A MATE BY MAIL



GEM

VOL. 29 NO. 1

JUNE 1987

FEATURES

3 PASS IN REVIEW

Our critic reports on the latest records and books.

6 TRACY

A slim, trim, dazzling British knockout makes her first appearance on our pages.

11 HOW NOT TO PICK A MATE Lud Studd

Some zany gals advertise in the personals. Here are a few guidelines on femmes you should avoid.

12 SHARON

We're proud to present the modeling debut of a lovely young lady with a gigantic G-cup set of globes.

15 "MISTRESS T"

Stupendous! Colossal! Mountainous! Without a doubt the most incredible discovery since Letitia!

24 STAMP OUT MOUTHOLING. John Keefauver

If the anti-sex extremists keep getting sappier we may have to kiss all our pleasures good-bye.

25 REGINA

Take a nostalgic trip down mammary lane with a sexy, sultry, big-boobed Hall of Fame Champion.

32 GEM OF THE MONTH

36 MAN OVERBROAD Ronald Fleshman

Chuck was scoring like crazy till the hurricane hit.

39 LAUGHS AND TITTERS

A double D-cup serving of gags that'll bust you up.

40 BILLIE

Previewing a titillating and totally terrific gal.

42 TONI

One of the sensations of the decade has a new look!

51 LYNETTE

A shapely chick with a mouth-watering pair of melons.

WILL MARTIN
editor

R.B. KENDENNIS
managing editor

KEN ROGERS
business manager

CHARLES LOTT
art editor

BARBARA AMY LEE
subscription

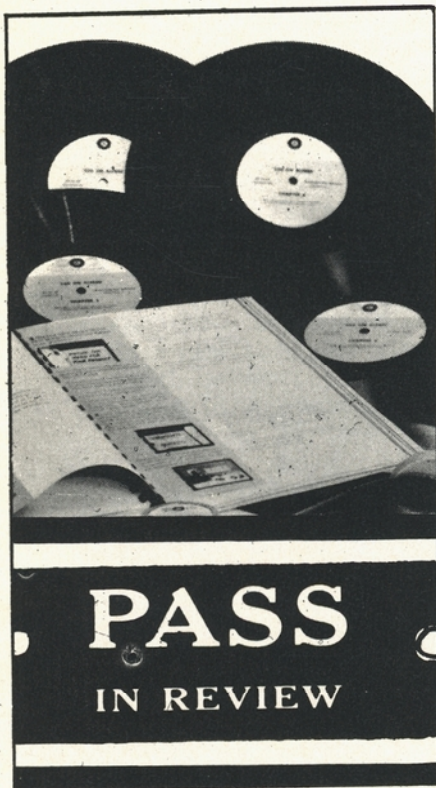


GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies \$3.95. Canada and Foreign: \$3.95. Subscriptions: 6 issues: \$18.00. Canada and Foreign: \$22.00. All unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although reasonable 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 1986 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE

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.



RECORDS

Dinah Washington: *If You Don't Believe I'm Leaving* (Jukebox Lil) is powerful R&B recorded by the "Queen of The Blues" between 1946 and 1954. This is probably Dinah's best period, before her string of pop recording. Her gutsy, dynamic delivery, throbbing vibrato, and sheer power never cease to thrill. There are more than a few exceptional tracks on this compilation. Dinah shows off her ballad style on "When A Woman Loves A Man," a tune usually associated with Billie Holiday. "Silent Night," on which Dinah is backed by only a celeste and a vocal chorus, is a knockout. The Hank Williams hit "Half As Much" is given a powerful reworking. And, of course, there are the blues, including "Mean and Evil Blues," and "If You Don't Believe I'm Leaving." Excellent liner notes and session details along with many rarely seen photos are the icing on the cake. From Mr. R&B/Jukebox Lil, Pl. 8300, 64300 Vingaker, Sweden.

Kansas City blues shouter Big Joe Turner is heard at the peak of his powers on *Big Joe Turner: I don't Dig It* (Jukebox Lil), a collection of sides recorded in the forties. The powerhouse blues belter is heard with groups led by Joe Sullivan, Freddie Slack, Dootsie Williams (with pianist Pete Johnson on hand), and Joe Houston. Of special interest are three sides recorded with the Lorenzo Flennoy Trio, featuring some noteworthy guitar by one Lucky Enois. In addition to standard blues, Big Joe delivers highly unorthodox

renderings of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and the Harold Arlen gem "Blues in The Night." As usual from Jukebox Lil, there are extensive liner notes and a great selection of photos.

Mercy Dee: *G.I. Fever* (Crown Prince/-Mr. R&B) offers rare sides by the California-by-way-of-Texas bluesman best known for his "One Room Country Shack." Mercy Dee Walton's piano playing is right out of the country blues bag, but his singing sometimes reflects urban styles such as that of the sophisticated Nat "King" Cole. This album's unique title tune brings these elements together in an uncanny fashion, joining a jazzy bit of scat singing with a more rural style of blues. This album makes a worthwhile companion to Mercy Dee's work on Prestige and Arhoolie, and the hard-to-find reissues of his earlier material.

Abdullah Ibrahim: *Water From An Ancient Well* (BlackHawk) is a set of refreshing originals by the South African pianist (formerly known as Dollar brand) and his seven-piece band, Ekaya. Ibrahim's tunes are based on simple chord progressions and often have a hypnotic, hymn-like quality. His piano is flavored by gospel cadences and suggestions of Ellington. The soloists, including Carlos Ward (alto sax, flute) and Ricky Ford (tenor sax) stretch out, making biting statements against the band's soothing riffs. "Manenberg Revisited," "The Mountain" and "Sameeda" are among the highlights.

Warne Marsh Quartet: *Music For Prancing* (Mode/VSOP) is a 1957 date by the tenor saxist and a top rhythm section consisting of Ronnie Ball (piano), Red Mitchell (bass), and Stan Levey (drums). Although he is closely associated with the Lennie Tristano school of improvisers, Marsh's playing here is less cerebral than his recordings with Tristano and other musicians out of that bag such as Sal Mosca. Steering clear of idiomatic cliches, Marsh burns with a cool intensity, especially on the ballad "Everything Happens to Me" and a furiously up-tempo "It's All Right With Me." From VSOP, Box 5802, Washington DC 20004.

The Art of Pepper, Vols. 1 & 2 (VSOP) makes available a 1958 quartet session by the alto saxist. originally issued on reel-to-reel tape, this has been one of Pepper's rarest waxings. Throughout these two discs Pepper spins inspired, boppish lines with a sound unmistakably his own. The rhythm section of Carl Perkins (piano), Ben Tucker (bass), and Chuck Flores (drums), is solid and cookin'; Perkins turns in some especially fine work. "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me," "Without A Song," "Too Close For

Comfort" and "Body and Soul" are among the standouts.

Richie Kamuca Quartet (Mode/VSOP) is a 1957 date from the late tenor saxist. A veteran of the Stan Kenton and Woody Herman bands, Kamuca was a relaxed, "West Coast" player with a heavy Lester Young influence. On this session, he's backed by pianist Carl Perkins, bassist Leroy Vinegar, and drummer Stan Levey. Always a lyrical player, here Kamuca is particularly effective on the ballads "What's New" and "My One and Only Love." Even when his playing was spare, Kamuca played with deep feeling.

The late Merle Travis and Grandpa Jones recreate an hour of old-time country radio on *Merle & Grandpa's Farm and Home Hour* (CMH). On hand for this lively and nostalgic program of ballads, breakdowns, gospel tunes and C&W favorites are, along with Merle and Grandpa, the late guitarist Joe Maphis and his wife Rose Lee, dobro ace Mike Auldridge, and several members of Grandpa's family. Among the highlights of this relaxed and entertaining two-disc set are Travis and Maphis' recreation of the Delmore Brothers' "Brown's Ferry Blues," Grandpa's rendering of the



Merle Travis

Jimmie Rodgers chestnut "Waiting For A Train," and Several fiddle tunes rendered by Ramona Jones (fiddle) and her daughter Alisa (hammered dulcimer).

Introducing Wayne Shorter (Vee-Jay/Suite Beat) is 60's debut as a leader of the trailblazing tenor saxist. First as a member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, then as a leader on a number of his own albums, and finally as a partner with Joe Zawinul in the fusion group Weather Report, Shorter has proved to be important both as a player and composer. The material here, recorded during the Blakey period, finds Shorter a master of hard bop with a Coltrane influence. He's joined by trumpet ace Lee Morgan and an all-star rhythm section—Wynton Kelley (piano), Paul Chambers (bass) and Jimmy Cobb (drums). With the exception of a blazing "Mack The Knife" the tunes are all originals. A more mature Shorter would emerge on the Blue Note recordings, but he proved himself to be a man to be reckoned with on this auspicious debut waxing.

BOOKS

You Play The Black and The Red Comes Up (Black Lizard) by Eric Knight (Richard Hallas) is a remarkable 1938 hardboiled novel written by an Englishman whose other credits included *Lassie Come Home*. This was Knight's only foray into the genre, and a number of critics have suggested that it was meant as a send-up or spoof of the Hammett-Cain-Chandler school. This seems unlikely; at any rate the tale is as compelling and credible as James M. Cain's equally bizarre *Serenade*, and the terse opening paragraph is a classic to be compared with that author's opening to *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. A former Marine deserter, deserted by his wife and kid, hobbles to Los Angeles to track them down. He winds up shacking up with a goofy California dame; her even daffier roommate founds a political party with religious overtones (the Ecanneanomic party, for the "new economic Canaan"). He falls in love with a rich college girl who appears out of the sea and meets up with a gay alcoholic film director jaded by the Hollywood scene. Readers with a taste for Horace McCoy and James M. Cain (not to mention Nathaniel West) will not want to miss this.

Barry Gifford's *Port Tropicque* (Black Lizard) is a strange and poetic novel of smuggling, revolution, sex and murder in a Latin American country. If Camus wrote a film treatment for Bogart, one thinks it might have been something along these lines. Literary and cinematic

references abound; Gifford's tale reflects genre films and books, but is not really of this tradition. This is an unsettling tale filled with vivid, striking images; a sort of contemporary noir drained of sentimentality.

The New Black Mask No. 8 (Harvest/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is one of the best numbers yet of the quarterly publication of detective, suspense and spy fiction. This issue leads with a brief interview and previously unpublished short story from the late John D. MacDonald. The story, dealing with a hit-and-run incident, ranks with the author's best short fiction. James Ellroy, author of a remarkable series of novels featuring cop Lloyd Hopkins, offers a hardboiled tale of Los Angeles in the 40's. Bill Pronzini, known for his "nameless detective" series and other work, is in a tough groove in "Stacked Deck," a gritty yarn dealing with a double-cross and ex-cop who hires out as a criminal. Sara Paretsky and John Lutz have stories featuring their series private eyes, and Robert Sampson contributes a chilling tale of a violent criminal on the run. "Telex," a tale of computer crime, is a promising fiction debut by Martin J. Miller Jr.

Only a few years ago all the books of fifties paperback crime novelist Jim Thompson were out of print. As a Thompson cult grew, his books began appearing again; most of his work is now available. It is not quite accurate, actually, to label Thompson a crime, suspense, or hardboiled writer. His work has little in common with most authors of these genres. He was not a master of suspense or a polished plotter, nor did he make a virtue of "toughness." He did, however, pos-

sess a deep black humor tempered by compassion, and an uncanny ability to write from the viewpoint of the psychopath. These qualities make Thompson's books more riveting than those of many a superior craftsman who set out to entertain. *Hardcore* (Donald I. Fine) collects three Thompson novels under one cover. *The Kill-Off* is a sort of small-town soap-opera/crime yarn with racial overtones, narrated by several characters in alternating chapters. *The Nothing Man*, narrated by a psychopathic, alcoholic small-town newspaperman who was castrated by a battle injury during the war, is one of Thompson's best novels. In this bitter and sardonic book Thompson gets in his licks at small-town hypocrisy and complacency. Some unconvincing final plot twists suggest that even Thompson didn't take his plotting too seriously. *Bad Boy* is one of several autobiographical books. The author realises his lean years growing up in the Southwest with a flair for the tall tale and a cast of colorful characters.

Famous Jazz Guitar Solos (IMP) is a collection of acoustic guitar duets featuring the 1930s chordal style that predominated before the arrival of Charlie Christian. The two Carl Kress/Dick McDonough pieces are gems, brilliant examples of writing for two guitars. Two Eddie Lang/Carl Kress duets and a Lang/Lonnie Johnson duet are not note-for-note transcriptions of the recordings, but will give the stranger to the idiom a taste of the style. English guitarists Ivor Mairants and Albert Harris are represented by several worthwhile compositions. It's great to have these pieces back in print. The Kress-McDonough "Chicken A La Swing" is conspicuous in its absence, however. Perhaps a companion volume will include this along with some of the Kress solos and striking Carmen Mastren/Albert Harris duets. From International Music Publications, Southen Road, Woodford Green, Essex, IG8 8HN, England.

Roger White's *The Everly Brothers: Walk Right Back* (Plexus) is a detailed history of the influential rock vocal duo. The Everlys combined some of the sounds of the classic country brother duets with the rock rhythms of the fifties, creating a distinctive style heard on a long string of hits. White relates their Kentucky background, musical upbringing, and the struggles before they landed a record contract. He examines all phases of their career, and has interviewed most of the music industry people who worked with them. An impressive collection of photos and discography are included. From Plexus, 30 Craven St., London WC2N 5NT, England.





"I'm having so much fun I'm glad I never learned how to dance."



TRACY

Here's another of London's beautiful fashion models who does a bit of pin-up posing on the side. She's slim and trim and a dazzling knockout. Not

surprisingly, she hopes to make it big in movies or television and is studying acting in a well-established school that has already gotten her small roles in









low-budget crime and adventure programs on England's BBC. To date, none of them have been sturdy enough to make the ocean trip across the

10 GEM

Atlantic to be shown on the boob tube in the USA, but you can be sure everyone will be seeing a great deal of her in the future.



HOW NOT TO PICK A MATE BY MAIL

by Lud Studd



Personal ads can bring answers from prospective mail order mates, but play it cool, buddy. Here are a few guidelines on female correspondents you should avoid

Toss in the wastebasket any response that is printed by computer. Ditto if the reply is composed of individual letters cut from a magazine and pasted on the paper.

Do not try to even meet a girl who has had a fungus named after her.

Opening phrases are very revealing. Any letter that starts off with "Hi, sucker!" or "Good to know you, mister!" ought to be mailed back to the sender. In tiny pieces.

Ignore the correspondent who asks to borrow money for a sex change operation.

It's a package deal. You get her along with a pimp named Harry.

Forget this one: Instead of putting a red kiss on the envelope, she makes two bloody tooth marks.

Nix the letter writer who says she can drink bourbon, scotch, rum, wine and beer and will be able to lie on the floor without holding on.

Erase her from your mind if she's studying to be a proctologist—and needs someone to practice on.

Say sayonara to the gal who asks you to send money and gives her address as c/o General Delivery, Mexico City.

X-out any lady undertaker who writes to you on crematorium stationery with a slogan, "We're hot for your body"—and signs off, "Eventually yours."

Kiss her off if she suggests you have a quiet wedding—just the immediate families and a few bill collectors.

A definite no-no is the babe who writes things like, "Sex is overrated"; "Housework is a real drag, you clean the house and wash the dishes today... two weeks later you have to do it again."

The letter is signed "Bitchie Brucie".

As a mate, she writes, she'll be happy with any bones you throw her. Obviously she's a real dog.

You don't want to consider anyone who says her occupation is making license plates.

If she doesn't want you to get it up, get it in and get it off... for-get it!

SHARON

Here's Sharon, a lovely young lady who sent in these pix to find out if we were interested in featuring her. We sure are, and not wanting to wait until we can make arrangements about a full color layout, we

are presenting these black and white shots now.

Sharon is 5'2" and wears a G-cup bra for her magnificent size 50's. She works as a pianist/organist demonstrator in a music store and gives private les-





sons as well. Her hobbies are painting furniture, studying art history, and exotic dancing... in her own bedroom.

These black and white photos don't do full justice

to this pretty-faced, big-up-front lass who sports a peaches and cream complexion to go along with her two frontal masterpieces. We hope to come up with the color layout soon.





"Reminds me of an old Abbott and Costello movie... 'Who's on First?'"

“MISTRESS T”

Titanic Titania



Stupendous! Colossal! Mountainous! Words don't do justice to our newest, biggest mammoth

mammaried discovery, "Mistress T." Unlike the formidable "Mr. T," titanic Titania is not an





intimidator, but her incredible huge bazooms sure can bowl over guys who go for super-sized boobs.

We don't know too much about "Mistress T", ex-

cept that, according to her photographer, she loves the sea and everything related to it... sailing, swimming and searching for shells. We understand that









she dreams of traveling to exotic beaches all over the world to get her fill of the magnificent seascapes

and shell-filled shores. We hope she makes it. But before she does, we expect her to make more ap-



pearances on our pages, the last picture in the layout being a possible preview of the next set. We

think she's the biggest discovery since the famed Letitia and equally, if not more, sensational. □



STAMP OUT MOUTHHOLING!

by John Keefauver

Beware the anti-sex extremists. If they keep getting sappier and sappier the day may soon come when we'll have to kiss all our pleasures good bye...

Moral crusaders cry that sex courses in schools should teach students how to avoid it at all costs. They want to imbue Sex, with a capital S, once again with fear, furtiveness, and guilt. In a word, they want to make Sex dirty.

My neighbor Coleslaw Wabels wholeheartedly agrees with the crusaders. In fact, he is one. He reminded me of this when he rang my doorbell recently. "I'm representing *The League Against Mouthholing*," he said, rattling a tin can. "Give till it hurts."

"*The League Against what?*" I asked nervously. "And remember, Coleslaw, this is a respectable magazine."

"Mouthholing," he said with dignity, "is the irrational, perverted, dangerous, and dirty practice of one person placing his or her mouthhole on the mouthhole of another person, often for protracted periods."

I sighed with relief. "You mean kissing," I said.

He shook his head. "We prefer to call it what it is—mouthholing, which clearly implies the intimate juxtaposition of oral membranes. A kiss sounds so innocent. But if a young man were to say to a young woman, 'Aw, come on, honey, how's about a goodnight mouthhole...'"

"Sounds real bad," I said.

"Exactly," said Coleslaw. "And that young lady would be saved from a depraved life of adultery, prostitution, and erotic dancing. For all studies show that every single fallen woman was pushed over the edge of propriety by mouthholing. It's what launches them on careers of sin."

I asked if the league condoned this practice between consenting adults in private. Coleslaw shuddered, "Good heavens, no. In private it only leads to worse practices faster."

"Perhaps," I said, "but have you the right to impose your morality on others by fiat?"

"I don't know what foreign cars have to do with it," he replied. But I do know that mouthholing is the prime cause of the current epidemic of such social diseases as blueberry mustache, beard burn, and trouble throughout history."

"Trouble?"

"Troy would be a beach resort today if Paris hadn't mouthholed Helen. Camelot would be a thriving tourist center if Lancelot and Guinevere had kept their mouthholes where they belonged. And Edward VIII would never have given up his kingdom for the mouthhole he loved if only he had thought of it as a mouthhole."

"It does seem to take the romance out of it," I mumbled.

"You bet," he said. "Would you go to see a musical called *'Mouthhole Me, Kate,'* dance to such tunes as *'A Mouthhole in the Moonlight'* or raise your glass to *'Mouthholes Sweeter than Wine'?*"

"But aren't there safe practices," I asked, "such as mouthholing the hand or cheek or perhaps blowing mouthholes across a crowded room? Or how about wearing a ski mask?"

Coleslaw would have none of that. "We must never rest until we relegate these full, frontal shots of mouthholes to the dens of iniquity," he said, "and insure by law that people's naked mouthholes be confined to dentist's offices with, of course, a nurse present at all times."

When I'd gotten rid of Coleslaw I went in the bedroom and asked my girlfriend, "Is the mouth really the dirtiest part of the body?"

"No," she said, helping me take off my clothes, "the mind." □

*A Thanks
For The
Mammaries
Special
Starring:*



REGINA



As a special "Down Mammary Lane" feature this issue, we are putting the spotlight back on Regina, one of our great Hall of Fame champions of the early 70's. Born and raised in Rome and blessed with a magnificent figure, Regina also had the same







youthful beauty and earthy, fiery sensuality of Sophia Loren and Anna Magnani. As we heard it back then, she did do some movie stunts as an extra,





but didn't pursue it too diligently. She hung around with a lively crowd of aspiring young artists, writers and musicians, interested mainly in the "good life." She earned her keep by modeling for expensive fashion salons and singing with a band of her musician friends in small night spots. The last we





**Gem
of the Month**





heard of her was that she married and dropped out of sight. But not out of mind. She's certainly one of our Treasure Chest greats, as you can see with this retrospective. There were so many excellent black

34 GEM

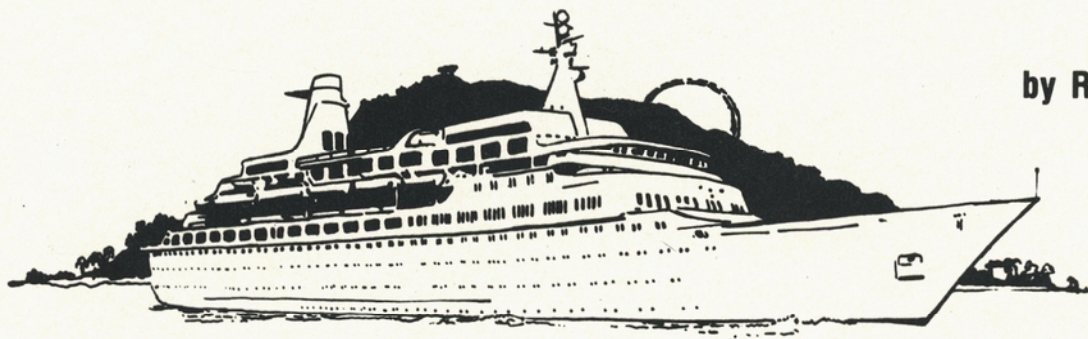
and white photos that we just had to include them. Some of the pix in the layout were never published by us previously or never printed in full as now shown. A royal treat, that's Regina!





Cruise ships were Chuck's favorite gal hunting grounds and he was scoring like crazy till the hurricane hit

MAN OVERBOARD



by Ronald R. Fleshman

Ten minutes on board and Chuck was pouring complimentary champagne into the lip-sticked mouth of a typist and wondering about the two blondes in the corner. They were dressed like twins and Chuck cocked an eyebrow at them. At the same time, he rubbed the underside of the typist's arm and copped a feel on each downstroke. A fun cruise. Everything the brochures promised, plus any action an enterprising sleaze could promote.

Chuck nailed the first trophy in the lower bunk of her cabin before she'd unpacked the matched K-Mart luggage. She'd wanted to strip, but Chuck was in a hurry. "Next time," he'd said into her panting lips, then did his number, and rolled off. He showered in her cabin and beat it back to the passengers' lounge just as the ship cleared number three buoy. The twins were gone. Remaining keepers were already staked out by other guys, so Chuck grabbed a barstool and asked for a free champagne refill.

The barkeep recognized him. "You must like the ocean. This is the second time this year, isn't it?"

"Third, Champ. Salt water is great for my sperm count." He winked at the guy. "Now, what about that champagne?"

"All gone. Sorry." The barkeep didn't look like he was sorry, for he did recall Chuck. "You want a beer?" he asked.

"If it's cold." Chuck grinned into the bar mirror, then fiddled with his shirt collar.

Opened it enough to show off the gold chains and coke spoon. What it is, baby.

These warm water cruises were the high point of his life. Back in the city, he made plenty of bucks as a hotshot car salesman, but for Chuck, the job was only an interlude. Let suckers sweat bank balances and mortgage payment while their juices dry up; he'd be short on pocket change when he got old, but he sure as hell meant to have memories. He was a hunter and his prey was any broad five minutes beyond the age of consent. Cruise ships were his favorite hunting ground. Better than the singles bars, better than exercise clubs or bingo night at church. Better even than the supermarket. Whenever he got a grand or so ahead of the rent, Chuck was a sailor. Anchors aweigh, hon.

By the fourth day out, he'd knocked over the twins, separately, then together, and was working a street smart cookie, a secretary she'd said, but her profession didn't matter to Chuck; her honey jar did. The ship was sawtoothed back and forth among those second class islands, the moon was yellowfat, the music from the three piece combo drifted across the water and Chuck's hand was on a spread of bare skin just where a man's hand belonged. On the home keys.

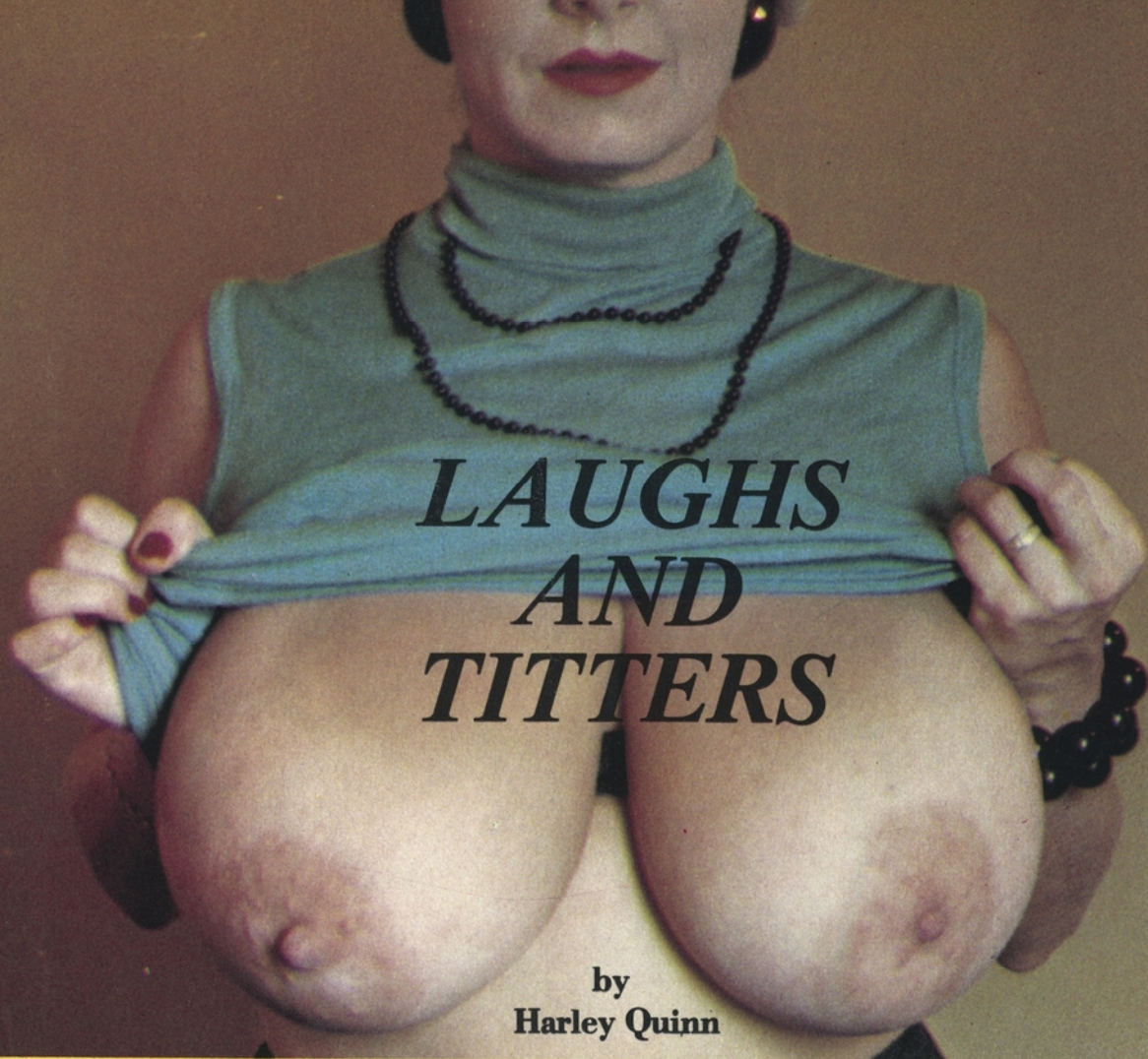
And the hurricane came out of nowhere.

Great confusion. Big noise. Then, suddenly, Chuck was in the water. The night was blacker than the vacant hallway of his conscience.

(continued on page 59)







LAUGHS AND TITTERS

by
Harley Quinn

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WORLD CHAMP BIG-BOOBERS

As two big-breasted filles de joie femmes were strolling along the banks of the Seine one night in Paris, they noticed two well-dressed men following them.

"Voila!" said the first mademoiselle, two rich Americans, I think."

"Oui", said the second one as she unbuttoned her blouse, exposing her large, beautiful breasts, "let's set a booby trap."

Girl with huge knockers in dark, smoky American night club: "Take your hand off my tit! No, not you... YOU!"

"Which of your parents do you resemble, Agatha?" asked the Irish artist of the amazingly-structured young lass.

"My eyes are the same color as my father's", smiled the coleen, "but I've got my mother's fixtures."

In Rome an extremely buxom soprano fainted and it took four men to carry her off the stage—two abreast.

In a sleazy section of Berlin, a down-in-the-heels cabaret features six topless dancers billed as "the Dirty Dozen."

In Sydney, Australia, a big-boobed gal's wet dream came true. She won the damp T-shirt contest.

A huge-jugged Danish girl went to a dance in Copenhagen, wearing a low-cut, thin-strapped dress, with a little gold airplane on a chain around her neck. Noticing a fellow ogling her, she held up the little charm and asked, "You like my little plane, ya?"

He shook his head. "It's the landing field I've got my eye on," he said.

BILLIE



Here are some shots from a sample shooting our English photographer just sent us wanting to know if he should go ahead and schedule a regular shooting. We phoned back immediately and told him to do so, as quickly as he could... if not sooner. We think Billie is a terrific model and the sight of her exciting, enticing body on those blue sheets is enough to chase a big-boob lover's blues away... far away. Billie, lass, we'll be awaiting you! □





TONI

It's almost two years since a London photographer's rep came into our office bursting with excitement about a new huge-boobed sensation, Toni.

42 GEM

We took one look at the first set he put on our desk and immediately asked him how many more shootings of her he had with him. "Four," he replied,





"two with her own auburn-colored hair, one as a blonde and one as a brunette."

"We'll take them all," we said, "she's super! She's Miss Big of the Year... the Decade!"







How right we were. As you all know, Toni has been featured over and over again. For our part, we are especially proud of our three previous layouts, as we are of this final one from the quartet we

bought initially. We think the dark hair gives her a different look... facially, that is. The super bod remains super.

New shootings have been coming in all along and





it was very difficult to turn them down. But now that our cupboard is bare of any unused sets of her,

we're weakening. It's quite possible we're not ending our love affair with her yet. We'll see. □

Europe's Best Art Magazines

ARE NOW AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME

☆☆☆ in the U.S.A. ☆☆☆



High quality heavy slick paper, 92 pages all color. Every page is a hot producing color portrait. Each picture is picked to be a winner.

Any 1 \$12.50 • Any 2 \$23.00 • Any 4 \$42.00 • Any 5 or more \$10.00 each



The Rolls Royce of erotica. 108 pages of all color beautiful employing fresh-faced non-professional models. Each issue features a series of sexual dramas which are played out on page after page of big color photos.

Any 1 \$15.00 • Any 2 \$25.00 • Any 4 \$46.00 • All 5 \$11.00 each

CREDIT CARD ORDERS OVER \$25.00 CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-826-1605
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS CALL 1-800-992-1605

SEND TO
H&S SALES, P.O. BOX 126, COLLEGE PT., NY 11356

ADD \$3.00 FOR SHIPPING AND HANDLING

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ CHECK/MONEY ORDER (IN U.S. DOLLARS)

☐ MASTER CARD ☐ VISA Charges must be \$20.00 or more.

ACCT. NO. _____

NAME OF ISSUING BANK _____

EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

You must be 21 years or older to order.

SPECIAL GUARANTEE: We are so confident that these are the best and hottest adult magazines available that we are offering this special guarantee.

If you aren't completely satisfied that these are the best publications of their type in the world we will refund your money with no hassles and no questions asked. Amazing? Not really, after one look at these very special magazines you'll know why most knowledgeable adult consumers consider them in a class by themselves.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

ALLOW UP TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

TO ORDER CHECK IN FRONT OF EACH TITLE

☐	BUSEN 21 # 1794	\$12.50
☐	BUSEN 22 # 1795	\$12.50
☐	BUSEN 23 # 1796	\$12.50
☐	BUSEN 24 # 1797	\$12.50
☐	BUSEN 25 # 1798	\$12.50
☐	BUSEN 26 # 1829	\$12.50

SPECIAL OFFERS

☐ Any 2 \$23.00 ☐ Any 4 \$42.00
☐ Any 5 or more \$10.00 each

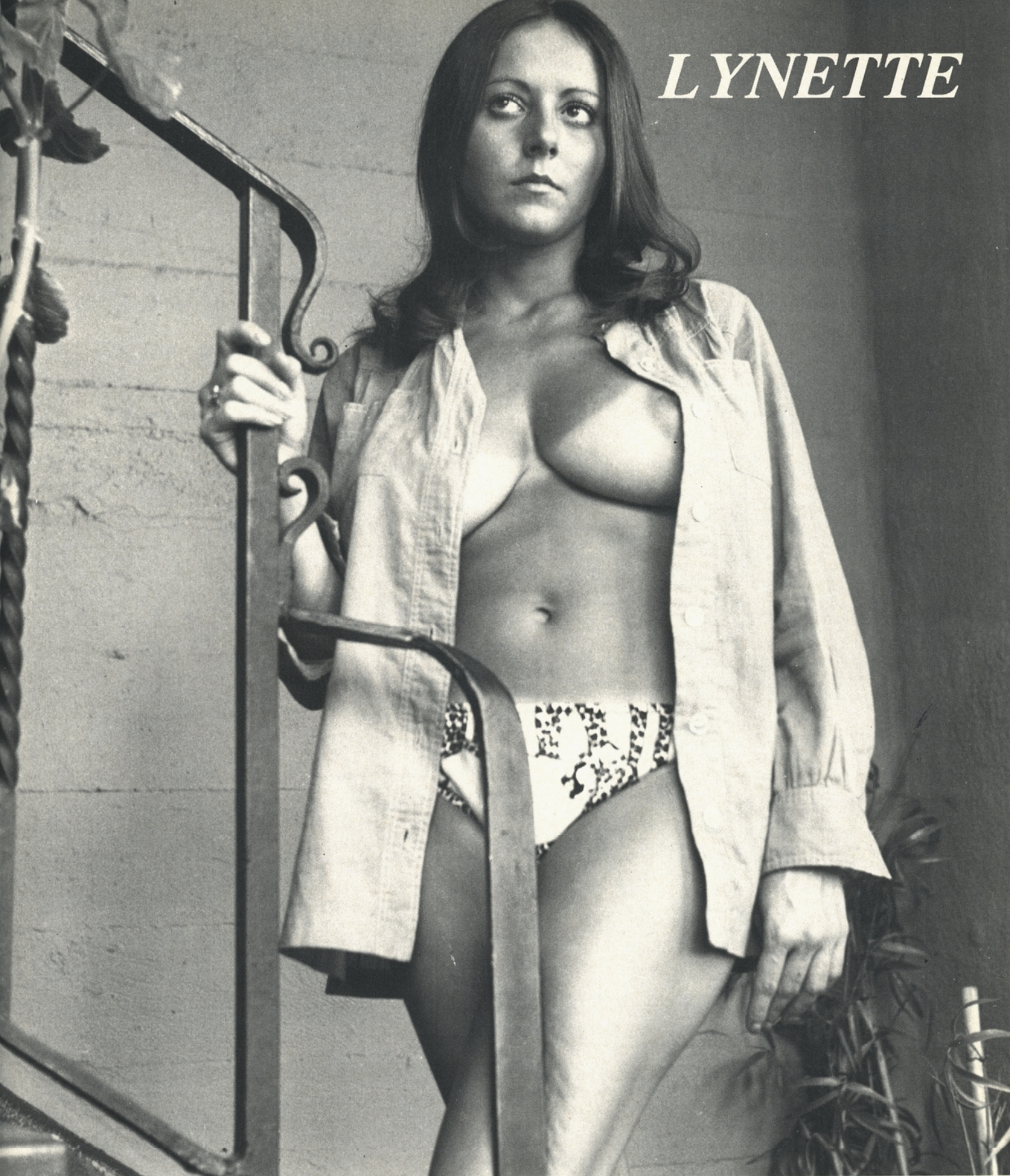
☐	PLEASURE 33 # 1802	\$15.00
☐	PLEASURE 37 # 1801	\$15.00
☐	PLEASURE 45 # 1745	\$15.00
☐	PLEASURE 46 # 1746	\$15.00
☐	PLEASURE 47 # 1803	\$15.00

SPECIAL OFFERS

☐ Any 1 \$15.00 ☐ Any 2 \$25.00
☐ Any 4 \$46.00 ☐ All 5 \$11.00 each

444x

LYNETTE



Here's an engaging damsel who was popular several years ago but somehow never appeared on our pages. Figuring it's never too late to present a shapely lass with a peachy pair of titillating melons,

here she is. We say "peachy" because she used the name "Peaches" in her night club strip act. The highlight of each performance was her side-splitting spoof of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and when





she played the Big Apple, it was the biggest currant event of the season... a signal that the salad days were here again. (Ed. note: Enough of this, you fruitcake! Get on with it.)

For the benefit of you young folks out there,





"Yes, We Have No Bananas" was a song made famous by Eddie Cantor in the 30's or thereabouts. And if you don't know who Eddie Cantor was, he

54 GEM



was a famous Broadway, movie and radio singing comedian who... aw, the hell with it.

The important thing is that we're making amends

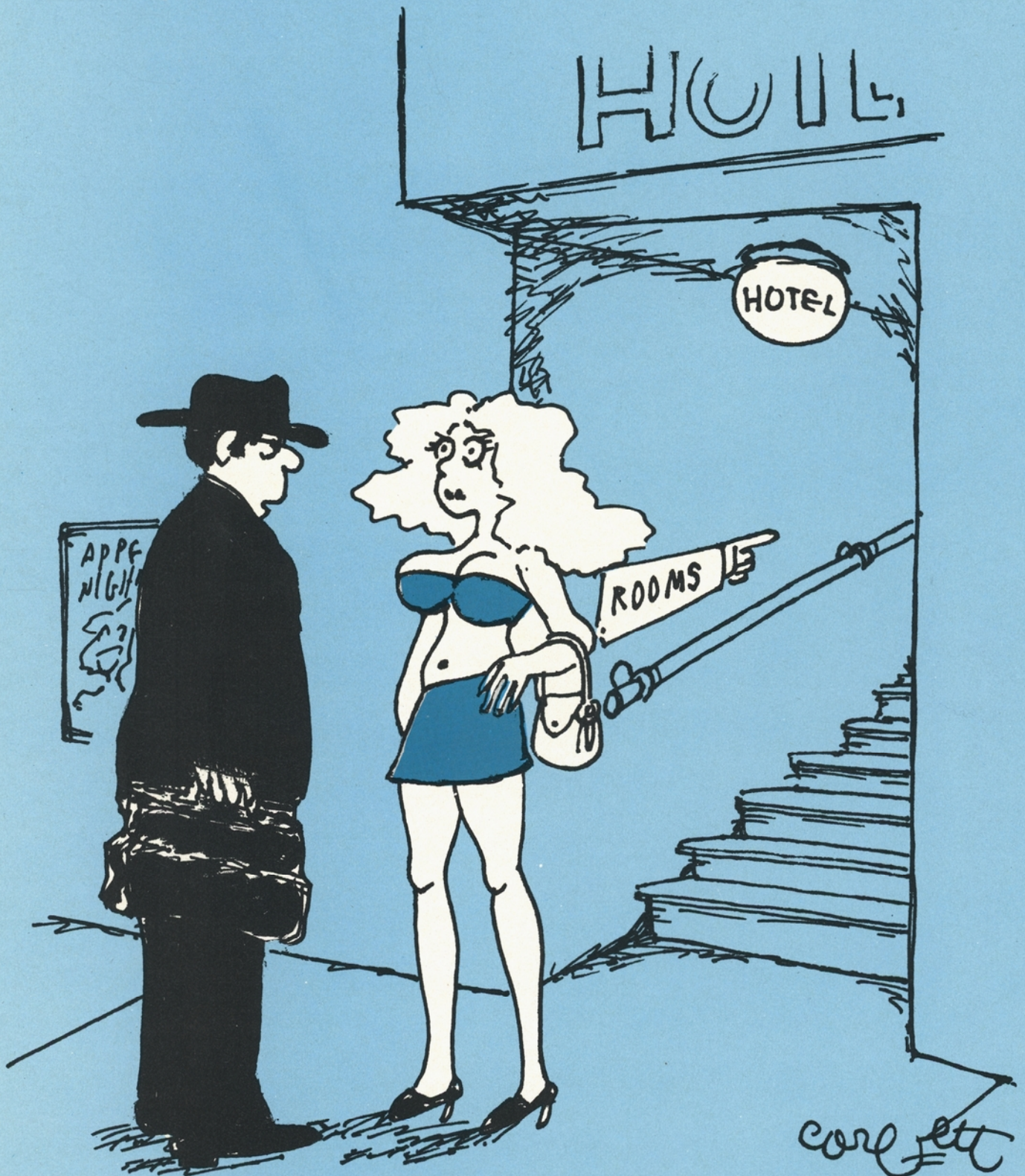






now for neglecting to feature this sexy chick previously. To paraphrase Keats or Shelly or Byron, or one of those long-haired 19th century guys, a

thing of joy is a beauty forever... or something like that. Anyway, we're sure you catch our drift, and will whoop with joy over lissome Lynette. □



"Is an 'around-the-world' deductible as a travel expense?"

MAN OVERBOARD

continued from page 36

He never saw or heard another passenger, but fought giant waves and swallowed too much salt water. The sea shoved him under again and again and he finally pased out on the crest of an eight-foot breaker. The wave rolled along, then spat him up on a beach and left him to dry.

The sun was overhead when he came out of it, but Chuck didn't have to squint for she knelt over him.

Pretty girl, he thought. Cherub face scrubbed clean of all makeup by the ocean, hair snarled around her shoulders. Chuck ignored the worried look in her eyes and checked the rest. Large breasts, twin pointed melons only half-encased by a ripped white satin bra and a smooth, flat stomach with white panties concealing the remainder. A quick thinker, Chuck moaned and thrust out one hand to close on the soft inner flesh of her thigh. "ohhh," he said, and wondered where the hell he was.

She brushed the hair from his eyes. Her touch was light as a bird's wing. "I worried about you. Here," she said, "sit up." She caught his shoulders and pulled. Chuck floundered in her arms and allowed himself to slump against her breasts.

"Ohhh," he said again, and hooked his chin on her shoulder. He looked around. On a beach. Probably an island. He tried to drag her backwards with him. "Where are we? What happened?"

She tugged him to his feet. "My name is Janice and you must get out of the sun. Come on." She wrestled Chuck to a cluster of palm trees. In their shade, she offered him a bottle of water.

"Where'd you get this?"

Janice smiled. "On the beach. And, there's a freshwater stream coming out of the jungle. I wanted to explore, but didn't want

to leave you alone."

Of course... she'd been on the cruise ship and no, she didn't know about the others. The ship might have sunk, or not, but a mile down the beach, Janice located lifeboat wreckage in the surf and retrieved the emergency rations. She offered him a high protein bar and a handful of vitamins. Chuck gobbled them, drained the water bottle, and leaned back.

"We'll be alright," she said. "They'll send a search party and we have food for fifteen people for a month. We won't starve." Janice stopped talking when Chuck's hand trailed across her thigh.

"Honey, this is out of a fantasy." He flashed the thousand watt smile and cupped the flesh of her hip. Chuck wished for a mirror just then, because this broad looked at him like he had spinach in his teeth. "Plenty of food and water, great beach, a man, a woman..." He sat up. "We'll have us a beach party."

Janice stood. "Great. I have to be shipwrecked with an over-sexed adolescent." She shook her head.

"Hey, Sugar." Chuck got up, then circled her waist in a friendly hug. "You got a boyfriend back home? He'll never know, I promise." He dropped his hand over one sweetcheek and squeezed to show he was sincere.

Then, he felt a light tap behind one knee and he was tasting sand. Chuck lifted his head to see who hit him and her foot came down on his neck. This time he got an honest mouthful. Janice bent, snagged the food kit and water bottle, and strode away.

"Hey," he called. "Wait for me."

The sight of her silk encased rump bouncing through the bushes made his blood move faster. They moved inland the better part of the afternoon, Janice leading and Chuck run-

ning behind. She moved fast and Chuck was panting in no time. The whining began later. Janice ignored his protests and kept to the edge of the stream, sometimes crossing over when the jungle vegetation crowded in. As the sun started down the sky, Chuck was too sore and weary to watch her butt. He just wanted rest.

That night, after Janice rationed their meal, Chuck slept. It was the first time he'd gone to sleep with a woman without scoring. Life plays funny tricks, he thought, and drifted off. He was determined to wake early, grab the food, and then see who called the tune.

When he awoke, she'd disappeared with both food and water bottle. He crawled to the stream and watched the fish scatter as his shadow crossed the rocks. The water was cool and washed away his cobwebs. Chuck drank, then got up and hunted the nearby bush. Where the hell was that broad? Did she mean for him to die here? Cold heart, but he should have figured that much when she didn't respond to his moves.

He kicked back with a half baked idea she'd come bouncing back any second. The sun went down and Chuck went to sleep with an empty stomach.

The next morning his gut ached like he'd been sucker punched. He drank more water, then scoured the jungle for something to eat. He found half an eggshell, but no egg and some bright red berries he was afraid to touch. Anything could be poison here.

After an hour, he stumbled onto several short trees bearing what looked like upside down bunches of miniature green bananas. He plucked one, peeled it and, almost biting his own finger, devoured it. And ten more. And then enough to bloat.

Chuck carried part of the treasure back to the stream and dined on bananas and water



olivia

INTRODUCING "OLIVIA", AN ADULT HUMOR UNDERGROUND COMIC BOOK! STARRING THE CURVIEST CARTOON CHARACTER EVER, IT FEATURES GAGS, PIN-UPS, AND A CAST OF CRAZY GUYS AND SHAPE-LY LADIES! LET OLIVIA AND HER FRIENDS ENTERTAIN YOU--!

ONLY \$2.00
PLUS \$.75 POSTAGE

DEALER'S INQUIRIES WELCOME
© 1987 Outlaw '87

B-G

PLEASE SEND _____ ISSUE(S) OF "OLIVIA" AT \$2.00 PLUS \$.75 P&H TO THIS ADDRESS:

NAME _____

STREET/APT. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO THIS ADDRESS:

ROBERT OUTLAW
425-B CUL DE SAC
WEST POINT, MS 39773-2318



Japanese Girls

Make wonderful wives.
Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. \$3. brings photos, descriptions, details.

JAPAN INTERNATIONAL
Box 1027-GM Orangevale, CA 95662

BE LONELY NO MORE! OPEN DESTINY'S DOOR!

FREE COPY, Cupid's Destiny, World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast and international listings, men and women. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures — widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. Latest issue.
Destiny League, Box 5637, Reno, Nev. 89513



KNOCK OUT Formula

No prescription—Safe to Use!
Allows Uninhibited Sex With Any Girl!
She'll never know you used it!
☐ Sample Order #1 ☐ Reg. Order #3
LABS, Box 27041, L.A., Ca. 90027

LONESOME

We have in our club hundreds of lonely women and men who want marriage. Nationwide. Write for free details and descriptions sent sealed. Ladies send a picture. Get quick results.

GUIDING LIGHT CLUB
Box 11434 Fort Worth, TX 76109



FREE DOLL

LIFESIZE AND INFLATABLE
5'2" Tall—
Giant Breasts
Public Hair
3 OPENINGS
Sent Absolutely FREE TO NEW CUSTOMERS
Send name, address and \$1 Catalog & Info to:
TK LAB, Dept. 0000, Box 27041, Hollywood, CA 90027

CHINESE GIRLS

Exciting - Attractive - Loyal. They want men NOW for friends, Romance, Love. Make best companions, finest wives. For complete information, including lovely photos, rush \$2.00 today to:

FAR EAST
P.O. Box 486-E Crystal Bay, Nevada, 89402



FREE! WE'LL GIVE YOU \$25.

worth of colorfully illustrated
HARDCORE MAGAZINES
for your name and address
ENCLOSE \$1 POSTAGE - CATALOG INC.
THE MAGAZINE EXCHANGE Dept. 0000
Box 46910 L.A., CA 90046

SEND NO MONEY

If you are single, sincere, and honestly wish to meet a pal, sweetheart or mate — just send us your name, address, age, and a stamp. (Only U.S.A. and Canadian members listed.) Information in plain sealed envelopes; strictly confidential.

GOLDEN - KEY - EXCHANGE
P.O. Box 5870 San Francisco, Calif. 94101



SAVE YOUR MONEY!

FREE HARDCORE SAMPLES!
WE'LL FILL YOUR MAILBOX WITH 100'S OF REDHOT PHOTOS, FILMS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND CATALOGS NOT AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!
RUSH NAME, ADDRESS & \$1 TO:
Mailcorp Dept. 0000 Box 85051 L.A., CA 90072



SWINGERS! GIRLS, GUYS, COUPLES

in your area that love to "SWING"

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-253-2033
GIANT DIRECTORY WITH PHOTOS!

STOP No Callbacks! No Credit Card Needed! MC/VISA PRIVACY ASSURED!
PAYING BIG MONEY FOR PHONE SEX!

FOR THE PRICE OF 1 CALL - YOU WILL BECOME A MEMBER FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH AND CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!

(214) 358-7500

TALK TO A STARLET



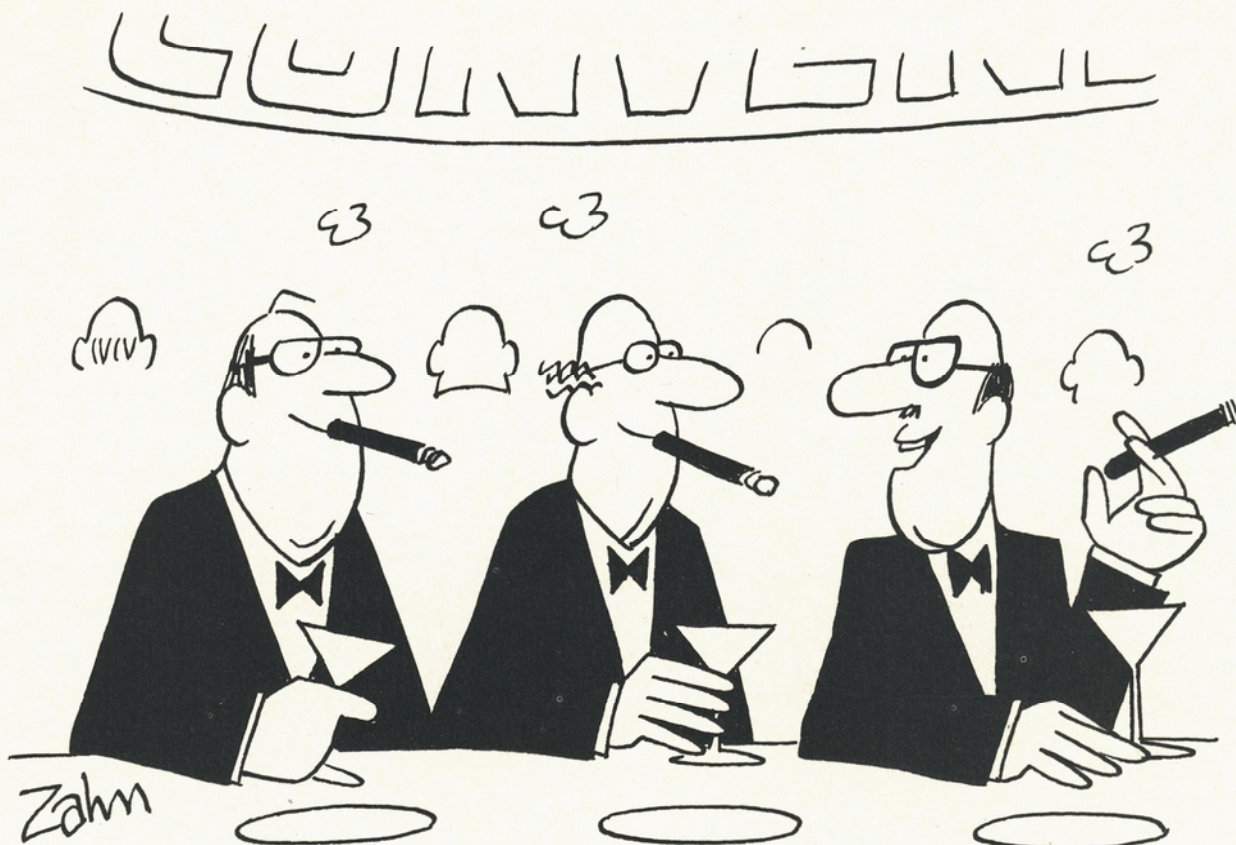
I Love To Talk Dirty Call Me.
Randy
I'm Horny And Willing To Satisfy Your Wildest Fantasies.
ITS~
(305) 961-9533
VISA/MC/AE Direct Call-Backs Available

ORIENTAL GIRLS

Beautiful, lovely, faithful. Over 1600 nice girls & ladies waiting. All ages. They want friends, romance, marriage. We have a girl for you. Photos, descriptions, names, details, application, guarantee only \$2.00.

Western, POB 625-25
Kings Beach, Calif. 95719

FREE LIVE PHONE SEX
1-314-527-2470



"You know the girl who jumped out of the cake? She asked me if I would like to buy a piece."

that night. The next morning, he hiked upstream, still looking for the broad. He killed a snake, managed to rip it open, and washed the carcass in the stream. That night, he feasted on raw snake and bananas with bananas for dessert. He dozed off feeling someone was watching him.

The next day, he made a fish trap with vines and twigs and strips of the thick rubbery leaves, braced it in a narrow section between the banks, then splashed and whipped up the water upstream. Four times he did this and four times he watched as the clouds of tiny black and silver fish sped away in front of him. But four times Chuck reached the trap only to see the fish turn and escape. He tried to grab them and heard a laugh from the bushes.

It was Janice. He'd never been so glad to see anyone, including his old pal from the mirror. She gave him some high protein

bars and he gave her some green bananas and dried raw snake and they ate.

"Why did you leave me?" he asked.

"So you wouldn't do something you'd regret. You got along OK." She smiled at him and Chuck studied her for the first time. Sweet, but tough. No pushover, but not an iceberg after all. She came back, right?

"I was a jerk. Nothing personal. It's the way I treat every woman."

"Some of us are different." She smiled again and he wanted to kiss those lips, but a smile wasn't the same as an invitation. He cooled it.

They worked the fish trap as a team the next day and caught more than they could eat on the first pass. There were waterproof matches in the survival kit and they speared sardines on twigs and roasted them over a tiny fire. They made beds of palm fronds, side by side.

That night, they sang songs to each other and told who they were and what they did back in that other world. Chuck never felt more at ease with a woman and this came tumbling out of his mouth before he figured the percentages. Hell, he thought, after he'd spoken. I probably sound like a fool.

"We're comfortable together because we're both working for the same thing," she said. She scooted closer and touched his hand. "I never found you unattractive, but there's more to life than sex."

Her hand felt good on his skin. The touch of a friend. He laughed in the darkness. "Janice, two weeks ago I'd have figured you came from another planet. Tonight, it's as if you're telling me something I always knew."

She caught him to her and kissed his lips, just once, then sat back. It was good. They slept.

FREE LIVE PHONE SEX

Buy 1 Call, Get 10 Free

■ Live, not a recording ■ Visa / Mastercard accepted ■ Call anytime, day or night ■ No personal questions asked ■ Talk as long as you want ■ No hassle, high satisfaction

■ (314) 361-7117

■ (818) 772-0069 ■ (212) 809-4477

In the morning, he went further downstream and scrubbed down with sand and rinsed again and again.

"Mind if I join you?"

Chuck looked up and saw her on the bank. Janice had removed the bra and her breasts stared back at him like a second pair of eyes. She hooked her thumbs in what remained of the satin panties and shoved them down past her knees. His heart was in his throat and the water must have turned cold for he was trembling.

He kept his distance as she bathed and he filled his eyes with her. Suddenly, her hand came above the surface of the water and she threw a handful of black mud. It struck him on the forehead. Chuck stared. Then she giggled and threw another gob. He exploded out of the water and grappled for her.

They wrestled. He tried to duck her and almost made it,

but each time, she would wiggle free and plaster his chest or face with more of the mud from the stream bottom. Chuck caught her at last; indeed, she seemed to have lost all strength. He pinioned her against the bank and forced her down. Her breasts pillowed between them and the hard nipples poked into his ribs.

"Now," he said. "Now, we'll see." He scooped his own handful of mud and smeared it across her breasts, then bent for another and shifted his weight. She didn't move. He rubbed in the second handful and his hand slowed. Her breasts followed his palms. Chuck looked into her eyes. Her arms circled his neck and she thrust her hips upwards.

"Wait. Not like this." He washed the mud from her body and she twisted with each movement of his hands and pressed her breasts into them. When Janice was clean, he gathered their clothes, and led her

to the camp where they had slept.

Chuck prepared the mat and took her hand and a voice came from the jungle.

"Hey, sports fans, what's shaking?"

A tightly muscled little guy with skin the color of strong tea bounced out of the jungle. He was wearing dungaree cutoffs with a rope belt and carrying a scaled down version of a ghetto blaster and a six pack.

"Sorry to poop on your party," he said, "but better me than somebody else." He grinned. "There's a Sunday School picnic headed this way. You'd have given them too much to explain."

"Sunday School?" Chuck was stunned.

"Yeah, bro. From the village."

"Yes, Chuck. The village." Janice completed the refrain.

Chuck turned to her and saw that she had pulled on her clothes, but that the intruder's words did not appear to surprise her. "You knew?"

The little guy interrupted. "How could she not know? We're only a mile upstream. Right next to the airport." He smiled at Chuck, then went on before the echos started again. "Plane lands every two weeks, bro. Brings mail, tourists, couple dozen cases of beer..." His voice trailed off as he watched the two of them. He coughed. "I gotta beat feet now, but I don't think y'all got time to finish what you started." He winked. "Sunday School." Then, he was gone.

Janice pulled at his arm. "After I found it, I came back for you. I have clothes for us up the trail." Chuck ignored her words and headed into the jungle. Janice ran after him. "I was going to tell you, but then I watched you, and," she paused "oh, I don't know." He was moving faster and she fell, but he didn't stop. "I'm not sorry for any of it. Not for any of it. Do you hear me, Chuck?"

But he was out of sight. □

IF YOU ENJOY TRAVELING DOWN NOSTALGIA LANE AND SEEING THE GREAT MODELS OF THE 60'S AND 70'S... AS WELL AS BRAND NEW, HUGE BREASTED BRA-BUSTERS AND TRIM LOVELY KNOCKOUTS, DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF GEM



Relax With Our Low-Key And Easy-Going Humor, Cartoons, Articles And Fiction. Make Gem A Reading Habit. It Comes Out Every Other Month... Six Times A Year. Buy It Regularly At Your Favorite Newsstand. If It's Not Sold There, Keep Asking For It. It'll Bring Results

the bonds of city life and unravel
your problems on a Windjammer
cruise. Surrender to the majestic
ocean and enchanting ports of
call. Let the currents guide you to
peace of spirit, mind and body.
Master the Windjammer knot
and untie yourself from everyday
hassles. Experience the real you.
Your share of the six day Windjammer
adventure can be as little as \$400.
For reservations only call toll free
1-800-327-2600.

Reasons

Cap'n Mike, please send me a free
Adventure Booklet in full color.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Phone _____ Dept. _____



Windjammer
Barefoot Cruise LTD

P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Fla. 33119
Phone 305/373-2090