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The Mail Slot

PRETTY, SLIM AND LOOKING AT THE CAMERA

DEAR GENT:

I have been reading and enjoying your magazine for the last five years. In that time, it has improved in many ways. You have done an excellent job of finding a good selection of well-endowed ladies to feature. As an example, I like your policy of featuring extraordinarily beautiful girls even though their bust measurements are one or two inches below the 40-inch minimum. Although I am an avid fan of women with big breasts, a pretty face is also required to make a woman really sexy! I would like to offer some suggestions for even further improvement.

First, when posing, the girl should look directly at the camera (and into the reader's eyes) in the majority of the shots. Looking directly into the eyes of a girl with a sexy smile or sultry gaze is much, MUCH sexier than looking at a model who seems to be ignoring the camera (and the reader). I hope the trend toward the latter type of posing in GENT is reversed.

Second, I read GENT because I'm crazy about beautiful women with huge breasts. There seems to be a recent trend in GENT toward a lot more cunt shots and fewer good pictures of jugs. A woman's pussy is a beautiful part of her body, and I like to see a beautiful woman with her cunt open wide, but not when it gets to the point where her face and breasts take a back seat. Please concentrate more on breasts and faces. There are hundreds of "spread" magazines, but only one GENT.

Third, on the issue of "Plumpers" vs. "Skinnies," I find women with slim lower bodies and massive breasts, such as Roberta Pedon and Sylvia McFarland to be the sexiest by far. I also find women with somewhat larger waists attractive, so long as they have pretty faces. There is a difference, however, between being plump and being grossly fat. Elaine in the October issue is a case in point. She is

both grossly fat and ugly. This type of model does not belong in GENT.

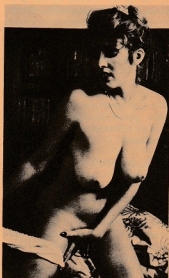
Fourth, I'd like to suggest some additional types of layouts. I'd like to see more layouts of professional strippers. You've already featured Candy, Kitten, and recently Lolita. I'd like to see more girls like Kellie Everts, Chesty Morgan, Anne Marie, and Bobbi Scott. (I guess Morganna is a lost cause). It might be difficult to get these girls to pose, but strippers are so fantastically sexy that it would be well worth it! I'm not talking about a few pictures, but a full-blown layout! I would also love to see some pictorials on fighting women. By far the greatest turn-on is the sight of two beautiful, super-stacked bitches fighting each other, or beating up a muscular male. Not just wrestling, but a punching, kicking, kneeling brawl. The few simulated fights I've seen in other magazines weren't very good. Pictures of a real fight between two good-looking professional fighters would be really sexy, whether they're nude or not. Of course I don't want to see anybody really get hurt, but just look realistic. If you don't feel this is suitable for the magazine, how about a movie?

In short, I enjoy GENT, but I hope you avoid the temptation to become just another girlie mag and improve on your good work! — E.V.S., Philadelphia

AUBURN'S STYLISH BRASSIERE

DEAR GENT:

Please enter my subscription to your fine magazine. Your November issue finally hooked me, with all those gorgeous bra shots. I'm one of those breast lovers who get an enormous turn-on seeing a beautiful pair of tits cradled lovingly in a stylish brassiere. The layout of Auburn, especially p. 17, was absolutely terrific. Someone has good taste in lingerie, showing Auburn's perfect tits wrapped in that sophisticated and expensive Prima bra. The reverse strip was a great idea.



AUBURN: good taste in lingerie

I always love seeing your girls in normal street clothes in at least one shot of the spread. But the bra poses are tops — keep them coming.

Don't get me wrong. I still drool over those huge knockers hanging completely naked and loose as well. Like most men, I am particularly fascinated and aroused by photos of a well endowed lady taking the very personal and erotic pleasure of sucking her own nipples. How I envy those lucky women! — S.M., California

COMPLAINT: BLURRED IMAGES

DEAR GENT:

I think you have the best magazine there is. I have bought it from the stands every month for the last four years, but now I have a complaint. The last three copies I have bought have double images in your color pictures. I have before me the December 1981 issue, pages 1, 8, 9, 32 and 33 (what a way to ruin Uschi). Pages 34, 35, 50, 51 and 62 (too bad, that was a good shot). Pages 80 and 81, 88 and 89 and on page 96 the

The Mail Slot

advertisement for Russ Meyers' cassettes is a real mess! Thank you. — G.V., Canada

Dear G.V.: The double images you speak of are caused by the slight shifting of color plates on the printing press. This is a common occurrence with all color magazines that have a large press run. Luckily, only a small percentage of the copies are affected and we try, of course, to weed them out. But, despite our efforts, some do occasionally slip by and are distributed. Our apologies. When this happens, please return the magazine to us and we will send you a new copy immediately.

TINA: D-FYING GRAVITY?

DEAR GENT:

First of all I would like to congratulate you on putting out such an excellent magazine. I have been a faithful reader of GENT for the past few years and I have seen it get better and better with each passing month. At a time when it seems that the majority of men's magazines have suddenly discovered the appeal of big bosoms and are desperately attempting to jump on the bandwagon (jugwaggon?) and featuring the occasional model with a slightly larger than average chest, it is nice to know that you have been there all along. You have provided us with hours of erotic entertainment by presenting gals we like to see — namely those with gigantic, pendulous, succulent, mouthwatering tits like, Mary Waters.

The last layout of Mary in your January '82 issue was stupendous. To me Mary is the most gorgeous gal with the most gorgeous set of boobs you have ever featured. Denise, from the August issue, ranks a close second. What is particularly exciting about her are those massive veins tracing a merry path across those mammoth mammaries — not to mention the fact that she is one of the sexiest ladies who have ever graced your pages.

Elaine, from the October issue, was one of your finest plumpers — a big gal for those who like them big, as I most certainly do. Please, MORE PLUMPERS! The shot on page 20 was most effective, with her looking directly into the camera as she allows

her danglers to dangle. And what was especially nice were the bra shots at the beginning of the feature. The striptease aspect of the first two pages showing Elaine slowly disrobing and pulling her huge knockers free of her bra in all her finery, with a big smile and her breasts hanging down to her waist was very nice!

Now, about the letter commenting upon Titanic Tina in your November issue. I would definitely agree that there is some doubt as to the authenticity of Tina's bustline. Virtually every single photo of her has been soft focus in nature. All of the photography in "Every Inch a Lady" was done in just such a pseudo-romantic style with many of the photos showing her fully clothed. A startling sight I agree, but... Also I presume that her manager John Xavier has been the only one to photograph her, in short to have actually seen her. No one else has been allowed near her!

Finally there is the very appearance of her breasts themselves; as we all know, the larger the bust the more the sag, no matter what the lady's age happens to be. This is quite simply the Law of Gravity. Check out any of your really big titted models such as Chesty Morgan. I have seen her twice on the stage, and when she whips off her custom-made bra her cans make a beeline for the floor. What else would you expect from two big mounds of globular tissue? If you take a peek at Tina's bosom, it appears to have a springy quality. The individual breasts seem to stand away from her chest as they dangle downwards. And in addition her nipples always look to be distended greatly — a rubbery look, and we all know what distended nipples signify. For them to be always in such a state leaves one wondering. If Tina does indeed possess this awesome bust, why doesn't she immediately pack her bags and begin touring as a stripper? I'm sure every strip joint in the country would be eager to have her.

And what about movies? I'm sure Russ Meyer would love to feature her in one of his flicks. If I were John Xavier, these are the sorts of possibilities I would be investigating. It is certainly something all of your truly famous busty models such as Chesty, Morganna, Candy Samples and Ann

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Marie have done.

Let me put it this way, the only way I am going to accept the fact that Tina is 100% authentic is when I see her on the stage of my local strip joint, giving those jumbo jugs a good airing right in front of my beaming face!

Finally a few words about the work of Don Lomax — I love it! It is a feature that I look forward to every month with great enthusiasm. I enjoy the satirical stories and the incredibly erotic artwork. Wow! Does he ever know how to draw truly lovely and truly stacked ladies! His character Case Morgan is wonderful, with his first person narration adding just the right touch to the proceedings. Please, whatever you do, don't let Don Lomax get away! — B.V.K., Canada

MAMMARY LANE: THE LAY OF THE LAND

DEAR GENT:

We girls in the office see GENT magazine all the time. In case you're wondering why we are faithful perusers of The Home Of The D-Cups, it's because of our personal pride in GENT. You see, we are the typesetters for your magazine and always like to see the final excellent product that we work on, complete with the photographs of all your gals.

Anyway, we've always gotten a kick out of the clever "Titty City" map which accompanies your "Mammary Lane" feature. So, we all got together

and made our own map which we've titled "Penis Paradise." We hope you like it enough to run it. After all, turnabout is fair play and we females deserve a break, don't you agree? — The Flying Fingers, Florida

Dear Flying Fingers: Thanks for the great map and the great job you always do on GENT's typography.

HE WISHES HIS WIFE WAS FAT

DEAR GENT:

Your August '81 issue contained some great letters about plumpers, but when I read the one from J.K. of Indiana I went wild over his success in turning his wife from a 110 pound 5'4" petite lady into a 200 pound "hot blooded woman."

My particular turn-on is to see normally attractive thin women become big and fat. J.K.'s letter is almost a perfect example of what I would like to have happen to my own wife who is 5' tall and weighs 96 pounds. She knows I like plump women and I always tell her not to worry if she starts to put on weight. But she insists on staying skinny. I had to settle for watching her expand while she was pregnant, but after that she went back to her 96 pounds. I would love for her to agree to get fat if I asked her to.

If she put me in complete charge of her body like J.K.'s wife did, I would have her buy clothes several sizes too large and happily watch her eat and

grow until she proudly split the seams. She has always been skinny and I would love to see the look on her face as she started taking on the appearance of a fat woman. The look on her face when she first realizes that she has acquired a big belly and double chins. I can see the smile on her face as she waddles over to me with her new stout body (hopefully around 200 pounds) and knows that I am quite pleased with her.

But, I don't think it will ever happen. So I'll have to rely on GENT to print more articles and letters about skinnies turning into fatties.

As has been suggested by other readers, I would like to see a monthly layout of a model getting fatter and fatter each month. I am really looking forward to seeing such a layout very soon. Thanks, and I'd like to hear from J.K. of Indiana to get an update, and maybe some before and after shots. — J.M., Cleveland

GWEN: A PREGNANT KNOCKOUT

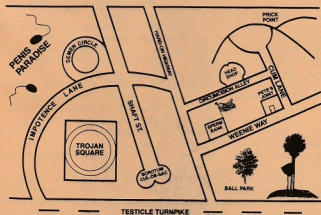
DEAR GENT:

Normally, I am not in the habit of writing to men's magazines. However, in your January issue, something appealed to me so strongly that I must write, compliment you, and exhort you to print more of the same.

I am of course referring to your pregnant lady spread. What a turn-on! Where you ever found a nine month pregnant model willing to pose, I don't know, but I hope there's more where she came from! Really a gorgeous girl, with a really gorgeous belly. I really enjoyed that spread, all right.

So the purpose of this letter is to ask you to print more photos like the last ones. I'm sure many of your readers will agree. Thanks very much for catering to those of us who know when a woman's beauty truly is in bloom. — N.J.D., Alberta

HELP THE EDITORS OF GENT decide what girls to photograph, what stories to assign, etc. by sending your suggestions, questions and other items of interest to The Mail Slot, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables FL 33134.



Danger In The Doctor's Office

It's not nearly as hard as most people would think for fake "doctors" to set up a practice. And, even if they are caught, the penalties are surprisingly light.

Warning, your doctor may be hazardous to your health. He may not be a real physician. Your medical well-being may be in the hands of a medical imposter, a person who used to be a truck driver, prison inmate or elevator operator before he decided to become a doctor, instantly.

By RICHARD BAUMAN

Impossible? Not at all. Consider these recent cases:

A former pharmacist from Iowa is arrested in Orange, California, for practicing medicine without a license. For nearly two years he worked at a small clinic and routinely treated patients suffering with everything from common colds to heart conditions. He worked side by side with real physicians who apparently never suspected he was a fake doctor.

A few weeks later a 40-year-old Czech immigrant is nabbed by Los Angeles authorities and is charged with practicing medicine without a license, and conspiracy to practice medicine without a license. He had been working in a real physician's office treating cancer patients with what authorities claim is a worthless cure. He has no formal medical training and had spent time in a Czechoslovakian prison.

These aren't unique instances of

clever individuals having managed to set themselves up as doctors. They are simply two real examples of how easy it is for nearly anybody to call himself a doctor and get away with it.

Most people readily accept as a doctor any person who tacks an "M.D.," behind his name and happens to have a couple of diplomas bearing his name. You, me, and practically everybody else, including real doctors, feel confident in doing so because we know there are laws and agencies to protect us from the charlatans.

In fact, however, all the safe guards we assume keep the fake doctors out of business don't. As Dr. Robert Derbyshire, a member of the New Mexico State Board of Medical Examiners points out: "It should be the primary duty of boards of medical examiners to see that all persons who seek to practice medicine... are qualified, but this doesn't happen. Actually, all too often examination of credentials is superficial, or non-existent. In many states applicants are not even screened by a board of examiners."

Every year Derbyshire's words are proven all too true. Dozens of cases of medical imposters are revealed, but these are only the persons who get caught. Hundreds of others go undetected. And while some phonies get to play doctor for only a short period of

time, others have been at it for years. There's little doubt that every state has some phony doctors "practicing medicine."

No area is positively free of the fake M.D. Small towns can be more vulnerable, however, because the residents are so eager to have a doctor available that they willingly accept any "doctor" expressing an interest in setting up practice there.

Of course the medical imposter isn't limited to semi-isolated regions. Big cities and sprawling suburbs certainly attract their share of phonies. There's more money to be made there, and the risk of being caught is only slightly more than out in the country.

It is wishful thinking to believe that all phony doctors are stumble bums whose ignorance of medicine would be quickly apparent and easily spotted. In a few cases this is true, but for the most part fake doctors have a smattering of medical training.

Some have been medical technicians or corpsmen in the armed services. Others have been x-ray technicians, pharmacists, and hospital orderlies. Others have simply read medical books to gain shreds of knowledge. One terribly unsuccessful fake had been an elevator operator in a hospital and his total effort at medical training was gleaned while ferrying

continued on page 74



USCHI: An Oiled Acquaintance

Like fine wine, our super staffer Uschi Digard just gets better and better the longer she is around. Always a beauty since her very first days of modeling, Uschi has matured into a stunning, full-figured woman. Her curves have filled out and softened and her stomach has developed a billowing lushness so many readers love. Uschi's huge breasts still retain their round fullness and show little sign of the sagging and stretch marks of other models her age and size. If anything, they look larger than ever, but are so obviously natural, no one has ever questioned that they're 100% real. Uschi keeps her muscles toned by a strict exercise regimen and with her bright, bubbly personality she maintains a look of youthful, but extremely sensual womanhood.







• ne of Uschi's greatest assets as a model is her willingness to cooperate and try something different. For this appearance — her first since last December — she happily covers herself with oil . . . and discovers that it's very sensual. We're sure a lot of our readers will fantasize about how sexy it would be to join Uschi, rubbing oil all over her sexy body, on her big, soft 41-inch breasts, slathering it into every crevice and crack of her voluptuous figure. It was obviously a turn-on for Uschi, too, who just kept pouring and rubbing until her body shone like a marble statue.





Ask Uschi

BY USCHI DIGARD

DEAR USCHI:

I have been going with Marylouise for almost two months now and, although I like just about everything about her, there is one thing about her that I am not thrilled with. And that is that she can drink me under the table. It just don't seem ladylike that a little bitty thing like her — only 5'1" and 98 pounds — can outguzzle me.

It's really embarrassing. Is it normal, though, since I never saw no chickie before who could handle the hooch so well? Let me know as soon as possible, because not only is this making me look like a fool, but her thirst is costing me a bundle, too. — Cowpoke, Galveston, Texas

Dear Cowpoke:

You've got a lady who is one in a million.

Scientists at the University of Oklahoma recently tested men and women, giving both sexes the same amount of alcohol. The results?

As expected, the women got drunk more quickly. The typical woman simply does not have the capacity of a man. Unfortunately for you, though, you've found the one in a million who cannot only match you shot for shot — but can pass your limit as well.

DEAR USCHI:

Mickey Mouse fucks? Donald Duck takes it up the ass?

At least that's what I hear. By that I mean that supposedly T-shirts with those images can now be bought

And also Minnie Mouse giving head, and Snow White getting balled simultaneously in all orifices by the Seven Dwarfs.

Are there really such T-Shirts now for sale on the West Coast? And if so, how much do they cost? — Animal Lover, Duluth, Minn.

Dear Animal:

Yes, there were such T-Shirts, and they sold for nine dollars.

I say were — because Walt Disney Productions has filed suit against the company manufacturing them. Disney alleges copyright infringement, and unfair competition, and is asking for \$75,000 in exemplary damages, as well as all the profits and additional damages to be determined at a trial.

Interestingly enough, Pluto was not on any of the shirts. Seems a shame because if his sex habits were portrayed Disney Productions would really be in a snit.

DEAR MISS DIGARD:

Hi, my name is Edward Lee Grezinja and I'm 5'11", 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. I'm 33-years-old. I have a problem. I don't know any girls who will write to me anymore, so I'm now writing to you because you're more pretty and sexy anyway. So, if I give you a stamp, will you please write back? I like your titties and small waist and little wide ass!

Can you please find me a girlfriend to write to me? How can I become a porno star? Is there anything wrong

with asking a girl to piss on your forehead or shit on your nose? What does a girl's piss taste and smell like? Where does the girl's sperm come from? Out of her pissing part? Or her cunt? Or her clit?

Please write back, Uschi! — Edward Lee G., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Edward Lee:

You sly fox. You forgot to enclose the stamp! But I'll be a sport anyway, and answer all of your questions in a personal letter, too. I'll answer, that is, if you first answer one question for me! How long ago did you escape?

DEAR MISSY DIGARD:

Jesus Christ! Can it be true that some foreign country is thinking of lowering the laws for minors to fuck and suck?

Us guys at work were gabbing in the locker room the other day, and one of the troops, who's a funny mug and is usually up on current events and things like that, was saying that somewhere in the old world that's what they're doing.

Was he putting us on? Or jerking us off? — H.O.T., Portland, Ore.

Dear HOT:

Nope, your pal was telling the truth, as strange as that truth may seem. The country is Switzerland, and a government appointed panel of experts recently proposed that Swiss law on sexual offenses be revised and that the age of consent be dropped from

16 to 14.

The 31-member panel, which was composed of some of the nation's most respected doctors, lawyers, and theologians, dropped a few other bombshells, too. For instance, they recommended that incest between brothers and sisters over 18 should no longer be punished. They also voted to decriminalize homosexuality from the age of 14. Pimping — or living off the proceeds of a prostitute — would also be legalized.

The suggestions would revise the 1942 penal code, which reflects Swiss views of the 1930's. "Sexuality is no longer simply frowned upon," the panel stated in its report. "It is recognized as one of the many aspects of human behavior."

The commission also added this controversial judgment: "Experience shows that children under 16 often take the initiative in a sexual relationship."

And who said the Swiss were a dull and cold people?

DEAR USCHI:

Maybe you won't be interested in my story, but for sometime I've wanted to tell it, and after reading Gulliver Gashound's tale in the November GENT, it reminds me so much of mine, I decided — *why not?*

I, too, was living with some good-looking woman, along with her husband, and he happens to be my brother, and she my sister-in-law.

I was 18 at the time, and she was around 33, and a sexy piece of woman. I worked nights, so we were alone through the day, and after a couple of months of seeing her gorgeous legs everytime she sat down, her robe high on her thighs, and her naked asscheeks, I was ready to explode.

I, too, slept nude and she usually came in my room in the morning to get my dirty clothes, so one morning I lay there pretending to be asleep with the covers off, my eight and a half inch erection for her to see.

She got my clothes and stood for a long while looking me over. I had my head turned, but could see her in the dresser mirror. I had been playing with it before she came in, and it was super hard with juice flowing out it's head.

I knew my brother is equipped with a six-incher and from her face, I could tell she was very interested in mine. I blew it when I acted like I was waking, because she hastily left the room.

For two more mornings I gave her the same treatment, and everytime I "woke" she'd hurry out.

So one morning as I went to bed I told her I was taking a sleeping pill so I would rest better, and I was very hard to wake when I took one. So would she please make sure she got me up in time for work.

I didn't take one, of course, and in about an hour she came in. I didn't have the erection that morning, and had the blanket across my thighs.

She made noise and when I didn't stir, she shook my shoulder with no response from me. I then felt the cover being pulled from my hips and her hand began stroking my penis.

When I felt her wet mouth go to its head I had to look, and I got hard in only a second as I watched her bouncing head.

When she got it erect, she dropped her robe and straddled me. At the sight of her nude, my prick throbbled. She is 5'7", 140 pounds, brown hair, 38-26-40, and legs that equal your own beautiful gams.

I swear, Uschi, when she had me fully up her I began shooting my load, and cupped her meaty asscheeks, pulling her crotch hard against mine, my fingers spreading her butt.

She gasped when she discovered I was awake. "You sonofabitch!" she yelled as I rammed my meat in to her furiously, causing her to bounce, her breasts going wild. With a half-limp prick I brought her to a climax.

She began crying after her release, and tried to get off me, but I rolled her over and French kissed her and soothed her shame. She responded to my nibbles on her nipples, and my finger in her twat. She grasped my penis and stroked it and when I got astride her tits she took my meat in her mouth and began sucking.

I was intending to fuck her, but her mouth felt so fantastic, and her tits

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pushing at my ass, the nipples like strawberries, I was content with just sitting there until she sucked my load down her throat.

Needless to say, the six months I was there were very much to my liking. Thanks! — My Brother's Keeper, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Keeper:

Don't thank me. Thank her!

DEAR USCHI:

I can't believe this shit! Read this item: "Canton, Conn. (UPI) — Eleven persons, including the police commissioner and a sheriff's deputy, were arrested in a raid at a volunteer fire department's 'men's night' fundraiser in which an alleged prostitute was raffled off, police said Sunday.

"A woman was charged with prostitution-related charges and eight men were charged with gambling early Saturday after the raid at a hall next to the Canton Street Volunteer Fire Department."

Holy Mother of God, what's the world coming to? I mean cops and firemen raffling off a hooker, of all things. That's outrageous! What do you think? — Indignant, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Indignant:

Well, nobody's perfect.

DEAR USCHI:

Do you know anything about clap and syph and that sort of scummy stuff?

Oh, I don't mean that as rude as it sounds. What I'm trying to say is — how much of that is around, and what are the age groups of the folks who are most prone to catch those cruds? — Dripping Stick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Dripping:

Don't feel so bad. You're not alone. Indeed, you've got plenty of company. In fact, the arithmetic is staggering. It's estimated that between 10 million and 14 million people will contract a venereal disease this year. And most of them will be between the ages of 15 to 29.

DEAR LOVELY USCHI:

I've two questions for you, and one may sound a little crazy. To tell you the

truth, maybe I should see a head shrinker.

I've got this crazy dream, I keep having with gorgeous big breasted gals. Some of the gals were Sigrid, Alice, Dolly, and yourself, Uschi.

Here's how my dream always starts. I'm on my death bed, just lying there, then I die. The crazy part is I come back to life, but as a bra. Or sometimes as a bikini swimming suit. And all the gals have nice big tits that feel so damn good! Everytime I have that crazy dream I have the wildest wet dream in my life.

The last time I had my dream, you was the gorgeous gal, and I was your living bra. I never believed in reincarnation before, but, I wouldn't mind being your living bra or bikini. Do you think I'm starting to become tit crazy?

Now my other question is, would you be looking for a full-time living bra? I know just the right person. — The Dreamer-Creamer, Rockford, Ill.

Dear D-C:

Sorry, but I've already got enough brassieres, both living and otherwise. But now if you were a tampon ...

DEAR MISS DIGARD:

My girlfriend, who is very much a very prim and proper lady in public, is really kind of freaky in private, and this has me a bit worried.

She has this strange sexual appetite, see. She likes to chew my feet. Don't you think that's weird? — Phil 'Er Up, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Phil:

Yes. If you're still wearing your shoes.

DEAR USCHI:

I've always liked ugly broads. I've always found that they're a lot easier to deal with than beautiful broads. If they're plain, that's okay, too. But fancy ones are always in the long run, a pain in the ass. Too much ego, too self-centered, and most of them can't give good head because they're too damn concerned with their lipstick and makeup and all that other ego shit.

The only thing, though, I don't like about ugly and plain broads is that they're often kind of nervous, or uptight. Like insecure, I guess. Is it my

imagination, or what? — Mr. Smooth, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Smooth:

Thank the Lord for you. Heaven knows that what the world needs is not only more love — but men who find there's more to beauty than just what the eye beholds.

You're also, besides being obviously a warm-hearted and charitable person, a perceptive man as well. Yes, indeed, plain or unattractive women are often edgy. In fact, psychologists at Johns Hopkins University recently completed a study which proved that plain female teenagers frequently have a higher blood pressure than the average attractive girl.

"Female high school and college students who were rated in the top 50% for attractiveness had significantly lower blood pressure than girls rated in the bottom 50%," Stephen Hansell and his colleagues concluded from their study of 283 women.

Thus, they concluded that "the strain of being judged by one's looks, is particularly savage for teenage girls."

And it's not exactly civilized for the rest of us either, tweet-tweet.

DEAR USCHI:

I have a problem I was hoping you could answer. I love wearing tight designer jeans. You know the kind. The very expensive ones with the designers name on your ass, that cost a fortune. I look great in them. The problem, though, is my cock when fully erect is only five and a half inches.

I heard that tight pants might be the reason, because they restrict the blood flow. Is this true or not? Are my custom designed, \$140 jeans shrinking my dick? — Dapper Dan, Boston, Mass.

Dear Dap:

No. Just your wallet.

WRITE TO USCHI:

Have a problem or question for our super-staffer? Or, if you just want to shoot the breeze with our celebrity columnist, drop her a line at GENT, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables FL 33134.

Blackjack For Beginners

It's the most popular of all casino games because it's simple to learn and fun to play. This is the first in a series of informative articles designed to acquaint neophyte gamblers with casino gambling.

It is a game that has grown like no other in American casinos. In fact, grown does not describe what has happened to the popularity of blackjack in the past few decades — exploded would be the most accurate word. It has replaced roulette and craps as the number one table game in casinos, both in terms of revenue produced for the casino and in sheer number of players. You could not find a top casino executive in Nevada or New Jersey who believes another table game will replace it for decades to come.

BY DAVE VERBON

The reason was that as casinos grew to become corporate operations that needed to attract large volumes of customers to fill over expanding gambling plants, blackjack became a natural partner in the process of breaking newcomers into the habit of gambling. It is a game most people interested in gambling have learned in some rudimentary form in their own home town.

It is a game in which the players feel they have some control over their own destinies. Unlike dice or roulette and big six wheels or keno and bingo balls, cards in blackjack flow according to the commands of the players. Perhaps most importantly, the rules are simple. Strategies can be (and have been) created that would boggle a computer, but the basic rules can be learned by a grade-schooler. All the green felt, one-way mirrors, cocktail waitresses and stony-eyed dealers don't change the simplicity of the game.

So, the beginning blackjack player should first understand the setting in which he will be playing. The less glamorous the casino, the lower

minimum bet you can make; therefore, the learner would find it much less costly to search out tables at which minimum bets are \$2 or less. In some downtown Las Vegas casinos you can play for a quarter a hand. It would also behoove the beginner to look for a table where there are few, if any, other players. Concentration is a key ingredient in playing blackjack, and the pressure of several other players waiting for you to make a decision could rattle anybody.

Casino blackjack tables usually have six or seven chairs for the players, or customers. Someone may have told you to sit at "third base," or the chair on the far left as the players face the dealer. For beginners, forget it. That chair is highly overrated unless you've reached the upper echelons of various strategies, especially card counting, and even then only helps if house rules are in effect and cards are dealt in a manner to aid that type of strategy.

FACING THE DEALER

Now comes the scariest part for most blackjack beginners (aside from the fear of losing all your money, of course) — facing the dealer. Do not be intimidated by the dealer. As human beings go, he or she is one, too. However, as far as blackjack goes, that person is strictly an impartial distributor of the cards. You are not playing against the dealer. His decisions are not based on your decisions. The rules for the dealers are predetermined. Depending on what cards he deals to himself, he is locked in as to his next move. So, because the dealers are not standing there trying to outguess you, don't worry about them. Just worry about the cards, or rather, concentrate on the cards.

If there is one common thought that runs like a thread through the minds of all beginning blackjack players it is wondering how much they can slow down the play of the game while trying to first, get the right count on the cards, and then make the right decision based on that count. Obviously, there's no set time, but casinos will let you take as much time as they think is reasonable. This basically means that your slowness doesn't disrupt the other customers so much as it destroys the continuity of the game for them. This is one of the best reasons to find a table where you can play alone when you're starting out.

Never, but never, hesitate to ask a dealer a question. They all understand that this is part of their job, and the casinos know that the more you understand about the game, the more comfortable you'll be with it. Dealers are not allowed to play your hand for you, but they will explain rules and options available to you.

As you play, keep a few other things in mind besides the card count. Don't fold or crease the cards for obvious reasons. It makes no difference if your cards are dealt face up or face down, because the dealer makes no decision based on your cards. Keep your money in front of you. Other players or observers on either side of you or behind you can steal from you if you're sloppy with your chips. Place your bets clearly in the circle in front of you. Pay attention to the progress of the game. Make certain that the money sitting in the circle is the amount you intend to bet on the next deal, especially in a money management system.

To tip a dealer in blackjack, the most common way is to place a bet for him or her. If the dealer has been

☛ continued on page 44

OTIS SWEAT ILLUSTRATES SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS OF BOOBER TITMAN



"Her nipples were burning coals!"

from Boober Titman's "Areola Arson"

Meet The Real Candy Samples

Despite her lofty status, we found Candy to be a friendly, down to earth gal totally at ease with her success and the way she achieved it.

This is our concluding segment of GENT's exclusive interview with the Queen Mother of the D-cuppers, a charming, beautiful and outspoken lady with lots to say and nothing to hide. Candy has done it all ... from her beginnings as a Kansas housewife, to a super-popular nude model, "adult" film star, stripper at private Hollywood gatherings and now one of the hottest acts on the burlesque circuit.

BY FRANK DECATUR

Last month, Candy discussed a number of personal subjects ... her breasts (they're 48EE), her bras, what she does and does not like to do in bed (no rough stuff, fellas, please), and all of the intimate details of her past and present loves. She's also talked about her burlesque act ... she's having a ball and lets the guys nuzzle and suck on her titties but she doesn't "serve lunch," and if you want to turn Candy on, sit back and look like the shy guy in the audience.

Join us as Candy continues to talk about herself and give us more facts about her life, including what she wants for herself in the future.

As we ended last month's segment, GENT had just asked Candy a very personal question.

GENT: Do you consider yourself bisexual? Have you wanted to bed with women?

CANDY: Yes I have. When I was into

swinging, which I got into with a boyfriend who was into that scene, I found out for the first time that women were fun.

Actually, there weren't that many men who turned me on and I didn't want to go to bed with them so I got into this thing where I'd go with a husband and wife if I liked the husband. And, I'd have relations with her, too, so she wouldn't get jealous of me because I was so busty. I'd give the lady a lot of attention and that was the way to keep her from being upset about me making it with her husband.

GENT: Candy, you've performed in movies (notably with John Holmes) and I'd like to ask you, what is your opinion of the X-rated film business. Do you think it's going to stay around or do you think people are getting tired of hardcore?

CANDY: No, I think the (X-rated) films are hot and getting hotter than ever and I think it's because the video business is so strong now. Now that we have video, all of the films are being put on tape so people can watch them in the privacy of their own homes and I think video is going to be stronger than it ever was.

Also, the films today are so much better than they used to be ... the quality is excellent and the acting is so much more professional. You know, the guys have taken off their black socks ...

GENT: And the masks ...

CANDY: (Laughs) Yes, and the masks and all that and now we're just letting

everything hang out.

GENT: As for your nude photo modeling, I assume you've worked with a lot of photographers. Are there any of them who are your favorites? And why?

CANDY: Yes, I've worked with many of them, and one of my favorites is a guy named Stan Grossman in Los Angeles (the photographer for the set of photos appearing in this issue) and I'll tell you why. First, he's a good photographer, but also, he tells you what to bring as far as costumes are concerned and then he just lets you be yourself and relate to the camera in your own way. Consequently, the pictures turn out fantastic because they are so relaxed and you can tell that the model is enjoying herself. I think,

"I relate to the camera as if it were a man...and pretend that I'm turning the man on."

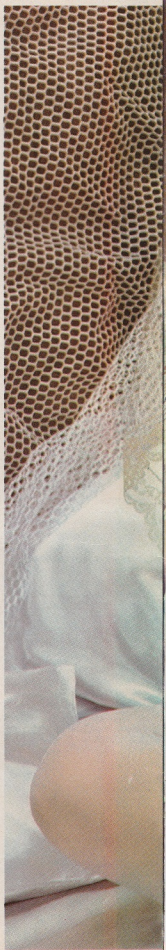
incidentally, that Uschi and I both relate to the camera as if it were a man. And, we pretend that we're turning the man on and, consequently, we're turning ourselves on.

GENT: That does come across in your photographs because both you and

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"For a long time I'd planned never to marry again because I've made money on my own. I think many women marry for security and I've made my security. But now I don't know. You can be so determined and all of a sudden someone comes into your life and everything changes. I don't want to be alone and whether I'm married or not, I'm not growing old alone."







"When I was into swinging I found that women were fun. I'd go with a wife and husband and make love to her so she wouldn't get jealous of me making it with her husband."



Incidentally, my license plate is **BUSTY-1!** When I'm driving around I have a lot of policemen stop me and I say, "What did I do?" and they usually laugh and say, "Nothing ... but aren't you Candy Samples?"

GENT: We understand, Candy, that you're a very successful business woman ... can you give us some details?

CANDY: Yes, I've been successful. My hobby really is investments. Just because I think it's fun ... I love to invest and, like everybody else, I want to do as well as I can. What I've tried to do is get into different fields because no one knows what's going to happen (with the economy) so if you have something invested in everything then I don't think you're going to run into that much trouble. But ... if you keep all of your marbles in one basket, it's not very smart.

GENT: It also sounds like you're thinking of the future, right?

CANDY: That's right ... and, of course, I have to. Because, you know, I'm older than most of the models and I will retire ... I don't know exactly when. I had planned to retire in a couple of years but now I just don't know, now that I'm dancing and I'm really enjoying it.

GENT: Do you do a lot of entertaining at home?

CANDY: Well, no, I really don't and I'll tell you why. I'm just not home that much. I'm constantly working with all of the jobs I've described like the telegrams. I have three or four agents that I work for and so I'm constantly gone. I also have a mail order company and I'm working on that. Then one night a week I do telephone calls for Personal Services which are the horny phone calls ... so, I'm just busy ... constantly!

GENT: What about your personal friends ... are they mostly in the modeling or movie or show businesses?

CANDY: No, for the most part they are very conservative people, not in the business at all.

GENT: When you do have the time, what do you do for recreation?

CANDY: Well, I'm very athletic ... very into sports. Another thing is that I'm into dancing and I love to go to discos. I also like western square dancing. I play tennis. I like to jog, take long walks and shop. I also love to travel. I really enjoying traveling! I went on a cruise last Christmas time that was just fantastic.

GENT: Describing yourself ... what would you say are your best qualities?

CANDY: I'd say my personality. Because, I'm not the depressing type. I'm

very open and very happy and I love to laugh. Everything I do, I have fun doing because I think that's the way you should be ... life should be happy.

GENT: Is there anything about yourself that you don't like? That you'd like to change?

CANDY: Uh ... let's see ... a bad plastic surgery job on my nose. I don't like that. But, I'd never have it done again ... I'm really afraid to take the chance. They did a bad job and that's it and I really won't try again.

GENT: If you had to do it all over again,

"Everything I do, I have fun doing because I think life should be happy."

would you have chosen something else ... another career?

CANDY: No, *never!* I love it. I love everything I've ever done and I've really enjoyed it.

GENT: Candy, what kind of women do you most admire?

CANDY: To be quite honest, I admire very slim girls with nice tanned bodies, long dark brown hair, which I think is very beautiful on a girl. Now, to me, that is the ultimate of beauty. Of course, they say the grass is always greener ... that everyone wants to look like someone else.

GENT: What about the future? You said that you'd been thinking of getting out of the business in a couple of years ... but we hope it's going to be another 10 at least ... then what would you like to do?

CANDY: I've already thought about that and ... I'd like to open a bar called **CANDY'S BAR**. I thought that would be kinda clever because my name is Candy and the name Candy Barr (another famous stripper) is a well known name and I'd love to open a bar because I worked at one time as a bartender and it was fantastic. It really is so great ... you have a neighborhood bar and you have guys coming in and you get to know them by their first names ... you know, the regulars ... and it's fun! Of course, I don't drink, and I don't smoke, which is good because I wouldn't be drinking up the profits.

GENT: When did you work as a bartender?

CANDY: Well, that was here in Califor-

nia. I was living with this fellow and he went back to school ... to UCLA, at night and I wanted something to do. I wasn't working then and was alone at night. So ... I saw an advertisement for a lady bartender in Culver City, which was only about 10 miles from where I lived. So, I applied for the job and I loved it ... really enjoyed it. It was a neighborhood bar and you got to know everyone.

GENT: Where did you get the name Candy Samples?

CANDY: Well, I have to confess a bad habit ... I *love* candy ... but that isn't where I got my name. I had a girlfriend from Topeka named Candy and she married a guy named Samples. When I started working as a model, everyone told me I had to have a different name because my real name is a very difficult name so, then I thought of my girlfriend and the name has stuck with me all these years.

GENT: What's your nationality ... your real name sounds either Irish or Scotch.

CANDY: It's Irish ... Irish and French is my background. The French part is on top, because I've got a very long tongue ...

GENT: Is there anything in your life you regret?

CANDY: The only thing in my life I'm sorry about is that I didn't start my dancing career earlier because I just love it. The fans really knock me out! When I was in New York, for instance, I got 48 presents from fans ... flowers and stuff.

GENT: Do you get a lot of fan mail? We get lots of letters from readers whenever you appear in GENT.

CANDY: Yes, I do get an awful lot of fan mail and I always answer it. If you get letters for me at GENT, send them along and I'll try to answer them.

This concludes GENT's three part exclusive interview series with the famous Candy Samples. The interview was conducted while Candy was in Pittsburgh performing her new strip act. If you missed either of the first two installments (published in the February and March issues), both these back issues are available for \$3.50 each postpaid by sending your check or money order to GENT BACK ISSUES, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134. And, like Candy says, if you'd like to write her in care of GENT, we will be happy to forward your letters as a courtesy to our readers. Be watching for more interviews with your favorite D-cup stars.

CANDY

continued from page 16

Uschi have that turned-on look and relaxed feeling in your photos. But tell us, have you ever had any problems with photographers? Do some of them try to come on to you?

CANDY: No, never. Now, there's another photographer I like and his name is Pat Fieramosco ... a nice Italian boy. He's my road manager and he does all of my stills ... all of my photography on the road. So far, he's never taken a bad shot. I love him.

GENT: Candy, you said before that you don't really like to wear bras, or even clothes . . . that the first thing you do when you get home is get naked.

CANDY: That's right. Yes, I love to go naked and I always sleep in the nude. It's more comfortable.

GENT: Do you ever go to nudist colonies or camps or places like that?

CANDY: Well, I've gone to Elysian Fields with Uschi a couple of times and we even did a movie up there. It's a beautiful area in Topanga Canyon and it's great!

GENT: Are you recognized often in public, like on the street?

CANDY: Yes, I am, and I'll tell you the place I get recognized more than anywhere else and that is in New York. I couldn't go anywhere where people didn't either want an autograph or a picture or something.

GENT: Did you know that you were that famous before you went on the road with your burlesque act?

CANDY: No, I didn't... and it was amazing! You really don't know, as a model, because you're just staying in one place and working. Then your photos go out and you really don't know who sees them. You know that you have a nice following, because you're in demand as a model but you really don't relate to it until you get out there and start meeting your fans.

AGENT: Getting back to your personal life, you told us that you had been married once and that your husband was killed in a car wreck. Have you been married since?

CANDY: No, I haven't.

GENT: Do you have any plans for marriage in the future?

CANDY: Gee, I just don't know. You know, for a long time I had planned never to get married again because I've made money on my own. I think that many times women get married for the security and I've made my own

security.

But right now, I just can't tell you. You know, it's amazing. You can be so determined and have such an attitude about life and all of a sudden, someone comes into it and then everything changes.

GENT: We guess that what you're trying to say is that you're a very open person about your life and your future?

CANDY: You're right. One thing is that I don't want to grow old alone. And, whether I'm married or living with someone, I don't think I'll end up alone...

GENT: Is there someone in your life now?

CANDY: Yes, there is, the artist I told you about that I met... one of my fans.

GENT: Is this the man who is now your road manager?

CANDY: Yes, that's right.

GENT: Candy, when you're not modeling or working or on the road with your act, which is something you've only recently started doing, what's your personal life like? What is your lifestyle?

CANDY: I live very conservatively. I live in a very beautiful area right down on the beach in southern California, in a condo which has a bubbling brook right outside and lots of pine trees. It's very rustic looking. I love color and so I have

lots of oranges and yellows and browns
in the decor and lots of pictures on the
walls

GENT: What is your birth sign?

CANDY: I'm an Aries . . .

GENT: A fire sign!

"My hobby really is investments. I think it's fun and, like everybody else, I want to do well."

CANDY: Yes, and my natural hair color is red, I'm also a very strong person and very good with money.

GENT: What kind of car do you drive?

CANDY: I have a (Datsun) 280 ZX. I did have a Porsche which was a stick shift but I drove around so much, doing singing telegrams and jumping out of cakes and striptease shows constantly so when I'm at home in Los Angeles my nights are filled with zipping around and I needed a car that was easier to drive and so I have an automatic. It's the real grand luxury package and very comfortable.



"The food's lousy, but the service sucks."



In Pursuit of Hirsute Frauleins

An American serviceman's amorous encounters with Germany's hairy, buxom and wanton frauleins.

Upon my return from three years in Germany, as a member of the American military force, I felt that, above everything else, I had obtained a much broader appreciation of the female species in this world. Nowhere else had

BY HARRY O. McCALL

I found the women to be more receptive to no holds barred lovemaking — utterly giving of their bodies to wanton pleasures and desires. As a young and relatively inexperienced U.S. serviceman, nothing could have prepared me for what I saw and experienced during those two years in Munich and one year in Hamburg.

I arrived at my first duty station, Munich, in the late spring and began a week long period of inprocessing. Throughout the week it was warm and sunny. The trees and flowers were in full bloom and were spread over the vast Bavarian countryside. It was picture postcard perfect.

My first weekend promised to be just beautiful. Stepping onto the brilliantly sunlit terrace of the offpost apartment in which I lived, I felt invigorated by the resplendent scene before me. I actually lived on the top floor of a three story house in a small village just outside of Munich. My landlord was the German family who lived on the first two floors. Herr and Frau Schmid could not speak

English. As a result, all communication had to be through their two children — Willy, who was about eight, and his sister Gertrude, who had just turned 16. Gertrude, like her mother, was a big girl, about five feet nine, who I had seen working in the fields behind their house. Even though it was often close to dark and somewhat chilly, she would be out driving the tractor, plowing the ground, planting the crops and pushing around wheelbarrows full of manure. I don't think I ever saw Herr Schmid working around their small farm — he had a job in the city. It was always Gertrude and her mother.

On this first Saturday in Germany I decided to take a ride into Munich and

walk around for awhile. I closed the door to my apartment and began descending the stairs. As I got to the second floor landing and turned to go down the first flight of stairs, I saw Gertrude on her hands and knees scrubbing the steps. She was busy and apparently did not see me; but what I saw could make a grown man cry.

Her shoulder length hair was pushed up on top of her head and tied with a piece of white string. On her hands and knees, her massive breasts were flopping back and forth almost reaching the step upon which she worked. As I stared at the deep swaying cleavage, I noticed that she was wearing what appeared to be one of her father's old sleeveless white T-shirts. The material was actually stretched out of shape in the front because of her huge chest and, therefore, hung wide open. Even though at least six or seven inches of dark cleavage and wide expanses of milky breast were visible, I could not see her nipples.

My trance-like stare was broken when she suddenly became aware that someone was standing at the top of the stairs. She looked up, momentarily startled. Sweat was streaming down her forehead and the sides of her face and neck, disappearing into the deep valley of her chest. She seemed not to be able to speak and mumbled a few words which I did not catch. I said, "Hi, I see you are working hard. It's hot today, isn't it?"

As I took a couple of steps down the stairs toward her, she stood up and raised her arm to her brow, wiping away the perspiration that was cascading down. I was no more than three feet in front of her — only two feet if you consider the massive thrust of her breasts — when I noticed that her upraised arm revealed a large mat of dark hair in her armpit. With this unveiling, beads of sweat broke out on my forehead as my mouth became suddenly dry and parched. I was sure my tongue was hanging out of my open mouth.

She moved to the side to allow me to pass. Wafts of her strong, sweat scented, womanly smell reached my nostrils. A small smile emerged on her surprisingly pretty, angular face whose features were small but well defined. She said, "Well, have a good day." Then she bent down and began to work again.

I took another look over my shoulder as I descended the remaining steps. What I saw from the rear was as inviting as what I had seen from the front. Rays of golden sunlight streamed through the window and directed my eyes to the gorgeous expanse of her upturned bottom. She was wearing a pair of brief light blue cloth shorts which had crept upwards, exposing at least the bottom half of her glorious globed ass. I noticed the flimsy material was stretched tightly and was caught in her huge crack to the extent that it was almost as if it was a G-string from the bottom. She

spread her legs slightly as she reached up to the next step with her brush. As she did, dark tufts of hair escaped from both sides of her shorts, well up her ass. As a matter of fact, I noticed light wisps of hair curling down her legs; but it was particularly luxuriant on her inner thighs up to where it disappeared under her shorts.

I could hardly breathe as I staggered down the rest of the steps and out the door. This was the first time that I had seen Gertrude without the massive layers of shirts, sweaters and coats that Germans normally wear. I really had no idea that her body was so huge and beautiful. The hair was unbelievable! I had never seen anything like it before. I had heard from some of the guys that these German women did not shave their legs. I didn't really know what to expect — especially from a young girl — but there she was, a busty, hairy 16-year-old girl.

I drove quickly into Munich and meandered through the narrow downtown streets for awhile. It was aimlessly at first, but eventually I caught sight of the world renowned *Hofbrauhaus*. I parked the car and stepped out into the bustling crowd on the sidewalk. It was filled with smiling shoppers, moving to and fro, on this sultry Saturday afternoon. I found a bench in the shade of an old oak and spent a dreamy hour or so watching the people ... and thinking of Gertrude. As it was now very warm, many of the women wore short skirts and light blouses. The hairiness of their legs was obvious and I found myself comparing the different shades and tones as they scampered by. Hair was in evidence on young girls and older women alike but it generally seemed to be thicker on the more mature women. I was enthralled by this spectacle and found it difficult to tear myself away; but alas, I finally did, stopping at the *Hofbrauhaus* for a couple of liters of beer, before driving home.

During the next week I felt I had to find out what this apparent fixation was with body hair on women. I could not quite pinpoint my own feelings on the matter, but it was new and I found it fascinating. Asking around with the guys in the company and the lady in the laundry on post, who was German, I learned that it was the German men who preferred their women hairy. It apparently excited them sexually. So, German women, from a very early age, wanting to please their men and/or compete with other women for someone's favors, let their body hair grow



"She looks like a million, but she only charges a hundred."

naturally. I was told by a couple of guys in my unit that having hairy bodies made these German girls feel sexier and act with total abandon in the bedroom. Throughout the week, as I listened to these stories, I kept thinking of Gertrude.

Friday night at home, I was preparing for a field training exercise the next day. I had just taken a shower and was pouring over a detailed topographical map when there was a knock at the door. I had a towel around my waist and was drying my hair with another. I decided I would go ahead and answer it, standing to the side.

As I opened the door my heart stopped. It was Gertrude. She had on a miniskirt, the kind I noticed many German girls wearing. A short sleeved sweater was pulled tightly across her huge breasts. I could see her bra clearly through the loosely-woven white material. She asked me if I would like to come down for dinner as her mother was preparing a fabulous German meal. I thought for a few seconds and was about to respond when Gertrude said in a slightly accented and most seductive manner: "Come on, after all, we have not really gotten to know each other very well and it will give my parents a chance to meet you."

"Sh... sure," I stammered, "but I have to get dressed. I just took a shower. I'll only be a minute."

"Good!" she said, somewhat excitedly. "You do not mind if I wait then, do you?"

My eyes widened slightly at the thought of the implications of this; but I dismissed it as being unlikely under the circumstances. "Sure, come on in, but don't be embarrassed. I'm just in my towel."

"Oh, do not worry about that," she said with a short laugh. "I have seen my brother and father naked. I am not embarrassed." I noticed that she was looking at my firmly muscled and hairy legs which were only covered to mid-thigh by the towel. I thought she might be comparing the hairiness of my legs with her own.

We walked into the living room and I asked her if she would like a drink while she waited. She grinned broadly, saying, "Oh, yes. Do you have any American whiskey? My father says it is so much better than any German brand."

I replied that I did and went into the kitchen to fix her drink and one for my-

self. I knew I was getting hard just thinking of that gorgeous fraulein out there; but damn, I thought, there wasn't time to do anything.

As I walked into the living room I was aware that my erection was causing the towel to jiggle, not unlike what braless breasts do to a tight blouse. I also noticed that when I came into the room, Gertrude's mouth dropped open. She sat up straight and uncrossed her legs. As I moved toward her and handed her the drink, she glanced furtively at the bulging front of my towel, then looked up and smiled weakly, saying, "You are so beautiful!"

I smiled broadly and laughed, saying, "I think you are beautiful also." Then I turned, went into the other room and quickly got dressed. She was waiting at the door and as I closed it, I encircled her waist with my arm and pulled her toward me, pressing against her bust. She smiled and said that we had to hurry down to dinner, but that there would be plenty of time later that evening when her parents went out.

As one might expect, my mind was really not on the dinner or my hosts. Herr and Frau Schmid were very cor-

dial and were always smiling but as they could speak not one word of English, and me, not one word of German, we did not have much to discuss. Instead, I spent most of the hour exchanging secretive glances with Gertrude. Finally, I decided it had been long enough and bid them good-bye, winking at Gertrude as I walked out.

Once upstairs again, I rushed around straightening up, changing the sheets on the bed and turning on the stereo. Then I sat down with a good stiff drink to await the arrival of Gertrude. It was about an hour later that I heard a gentle tapping at the door. I was pretty high by then, having had a couple more drinks, and I could hardly wait.

I opened the door and saw that it was Gertrude. Her imposing breasts jutted out and were barely concealed by the almost see-through sweater of before; but there was something else. She was now braless — her dark areolae clearly visible beneath the transparent material. I felt my urge growing.

She was smiling as she said: "Hi, sorry I took so long but my parents just left. They were waiting for my brother to fall asleep before they left."



"You smoked him!"

Closing the door and escorting her into the living room, I was smiling also. I could not avoid a quick sidelong glance at her magnificent profile. The tight white sweater was buttoned down the front. The strain of her breasts caused the material to gape open between the buttons revealing the heavily fleshed slope of her breasts. I got her another drink and a refill for myself and sat down next to her on the sofa. We talked about general subjects for perhaps 15 minutes. At one point she said she loved working on the farm — that it made her feel good.

"As good as sex?" I said, interrupting her, with a smile.

She took a deep breath, pushing her breasts forward, and smiled also, saying, "No, that's why I am here."

I put my drink down and reached over to her, grabbing her gently around the waist. She looked up at me with those dark brown eyes and parted her lips slightly. I kissed her, slowly at first, but then her tongue shot into my mouth encircling mine. I ran my hand up her side, around her back, then to her breast. Cautiously kneading it and running my hand over the nipple which was becoming very erect, I was struck by the firmness and weight. I reached my

hand under the sweater and pulled it up partially revealing a pink nipples breast. She lifted her arms and I slipped it over her head. I almost cried out at the sight of her tits. They were as large as any I had ever seen. As she sat up, I observed that they hardly sagged at all, but seemed to glide down and out from her chest. The milky white flesh was set off by huge, dark brown, pancake-sized areolae which surrounded the brilliantly pink nipples. I groaned as I kissed and suckled her nipples, bringing each to its fullest erection — almost an inch. She cradled by head against her breasts. I moved my hand from her knee up her thighs, feeling the luxuriant growth of hair as it became denser the higher I got. She spread her legs when my hand went under her skirt and touched her pantied crotch.

Falling on the floor between her legs, I pushed up her skirt, exposing a pretty pair of white bikini panties. Thick brown public hair protruded from each side and also a few hairs poked through the center of the material. I was trembling as I slid them down her legs. I stared in disbelief at the shaggy thatch; her slit was almost completely concealed. She pushed herself back on the couch a little bit, pulled up her legs and

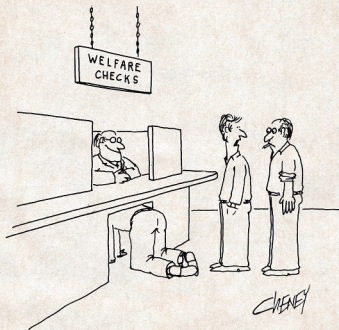
spread them wide. I then buried my face in her bush. Shooting my tongue deep into her cunt, I flicked it rapidly across her hard clit, sucking and pulling it softly with my lips and teeth. She closed her eyes and grabbed both breasts with her hands, massaging and squeezing them. Her juices were flowing over my face as she writhed and moaned and pulled my head in tighter to her cunt. Finally, I figured she had had enough . . . for the moment at least, and got up to get new drinks for us.

Coming back from the kitchen, I saw that she had removed her skirt and was splayed out on the couch with her hands clasped behind her head and her legs slightly spread. I kneeled on the floor beside her and examined her beautiful body. Besides the abundant hair under her arms, there was hair all over her stomach — starting at her belly button and extending in a widening pattern south to what can only be described as the largest, thickest, most luxurious public bush I have ever seen. The hair on her inner thighs was dark and fairly thick at the top just below her pubis, petering out at about mid-thigh, then beginning again on her calves down to her ankles. She smiled demurely at my admiring of her body and I said, "Let's go into the bedroom."

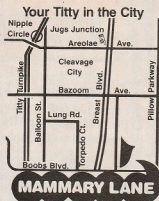
Once in there, she told me to lie on the bed while she undressed me. When I was naked, she began at my toes and licked my body clean, ending with my cock. She bobbed up and down, sucking for all she was worth. However, just before I was about to come, she stopped and straddled me. I grabbed her fleshy ass as she humped me hard and fast, flopping her watermelon tits in my face.

After I came twice more over the next hour and a half, in nearly every position possible, she decided that she had better leave before her parents returned home. We kissed each other at the door — me still nude and her fully clothed — saying that we should do it again soon.

Well, I never did because a couple of weeks later I moved into a BOQ on post to save money. But one thing stands clear, that young lady, Gertrude, left me with the most memorable experience of my military career, and initiated me into the fine delicacy of the German woman. I had a fantastic time the balance of my tour over there, constantly in pursuit of the hirsute frauleins. I have to hand it to the German men — they have a great thing going with their hairy, big breasted women. I think it is the hirsuteness — it brings out the best in them.



"Uh-oh."



Another stroll through titty city, featuring some of the biggest and best of GENT's models. In the lead is the fabulous **Mary Waters**, left, from a photo session two years ago, before she reached her present staggering proportions of 60-34-46. Even then, she was huge. Note her special, heavy-duty bra with seamless cup construction designed to show maximum cleavage yet give total comfort and a natural look. Above is **Maryanne**, 5'4", 127 pounds and she measures 44-28-38. Her heavy breasts have pronounced stretch-marks. **Olga**, below is an example of a full-figured woman with a pretty face. She has great breasts, hugh thighs, a big stomach and wide, womanly ass.





Left is Alice, one of our original "plumpers" who weighs 140 pounds, stands five feet tall and measures a chunky 44-34-44. **Jenny Markus**, below left, in a never-published photo, was a really *big* girl who wasn't at all shy about giving the camera a wide open view of her charms. **Mary Harper**, below, proves the beauty of the more mature woman. In her mid-30s, her statistics are



5'2", 41½-28-38 with pendulous yet well-shaped breasts. Below is an English model who proves in the "silicone vs. natural" debate that hers are real. Note the flexibility of the right breast . . . no artificial anything there! And no D-Cup feature would be complete without the beautiful 48-24-34 **Roberta Pedon**, right. And now, we have two films of the youthful Roberta, moving and shaking in wild exuberance and abandon. See the film ad on page 96.







MARY: Udderly Perfect

Twenty-five-year-old Mary made her first appearance in last September's GENT and from the fan mail, it is apparent that she's just the type a lot of guys like. Although she's a 38D... a couple of inches smaller than most of our models, the shape of her breasts and the visible stretch marks, attesting to the weight of her pendulous bosoms were a hit.







Mary's big pendulous breasts with obvious stretch marks attesting to their weight are a turn-on for the true connoisseur of women's mammaries.

Mary's sultry, dark Italian beauty adds to her sexiness, as does the erotic lingerie she always wears in her posing sessions. Her great body has a mature voluptuousness about it without appearing overweight. Her waist is 29 inches because of her fleshy tummy and her hips are a womanly 38. Overall, she's a sexy hunk of feminine perfection. Mary says that she does have a thing for sexy underwear and that she pores over all of the Lili St. Cyr and Fredericks catalogs where she buys a lot of her erotic undergarments. She says she also gets a lot of things from male admirers. "I make sure I have a catalog lying around when a boyfriend comes over," she says. "So that when he asks me where I got my sexy panties or bra, I can hand him the catalog. It works, usually."

Gent







Mary's pose at left, as she lets her tits dangle and display the stretch marks, is a favorite position for tit-lovers.

One reader wrote that he'd love to have Mary's soft bosoms rubbing in his face and he'd be happy just to sit and watch her prance around the room in lingerie with her tits jiggling sexily. Well, Mary says that if her modeling sparks that kind of a reaction from the men who see her pictures, then she considers herself a successful model. "Feeding fantasies is what we do," she says.





WANDA: TONS OF FUN



Fat 'n' sassy is a good description of our plumper this month. Wanda is just as much fun as she looks like she'd be. She's 5'4" tall and packs 167 pounds on her short frame. Her vital statistics, for all of our lovers of big women, are 44-38-48. That's a lotta Wanda! But you'll notice that her body is very solid with practically no sag or rolls of fat anywhere. Aside from eating, she doesn't exercise but is the type who puts the fat on solidly. Wanda says she doesn't mind being overweight at all. "If I just wanted men to admire my body, maybe I'd go on a diet," she says, "but I want to be liked for myself and my personality. I have a great sense of humor, I'm intelligent and, believe me, I have no problem getting boyfriends. Lots of 'em like tons of fun!"





A date with Wanda might be hard on your wallet because she loves to eat, but she'd be worth every penny of it when you got her home.

Wanda says she's read a lot about how fat girls are really frustrated and unhappy, but she says that's a lot of crap. "I never have a minute of frustration. Two of life's greatest pleasures are food and sex and as long as you get plenty of both, how could you be unhappy?" We agree, and we know a lot of our readers would love to take Wanda out for a big meal and a lot of lovin'.



Teacher Learns a Lesson

It was how she handled all bluenoses...after a lesson from her, they didn't feel like criticizing any more.

BY NORBERT KLINGER

"Mr. Fischer, bring that picture up to my desk!"

Tommy Fischer, 12-years-old and small, walked with a swagger up to Mr. Kraus's desk.

"No wonder you're failing in half your subjects, Mr. Fischer," said Kraus, "spending all your time looking at this picture!"

"But it's a real nice picture, ain't it, Teach?"

Kraus blinked at his pupil's audacious comment. He was a tall and heavy man, dressed in a black suit and white shirt, but whenever that blink came upon him he appeared extremely vulnerable. Tommy Fischer played consciously on that weakness:

"It is a nice picture, ain't it, Teach?" The rest of the class tittered.

"Mr. Fischer, go to the principal's office. And explain to him the nature of your offense."

"Hey, Mr. Kraus—"

"Tell him that you prefer the contemplation of big-breasted women—" the class tittered again, "—to the study of ancient Babylonia. Tell him that, Mr. Fischer. I am sure he will devise for you a most appropriate fate!"

"Detentions again?" said Tommy.

Kraus folded his hands in front of his mouth.

"Detentions again."

Tommy Fischer left the room, but his swagger was still intact. Kraus, disgusted and yet somewhat jealous of the kid's cockiness, watched him go. Then he turned back to the class and resumed the story of Nebuchadnezzar.

That evening at home, in the privacy of his studio apartment, Kraus pulled the picture out of his coat pocket and studied it in the glare of his

desk lamp. It showed an incredibly big-busted woman in a torn animal-skin bikini. The caption underneath read:

Come to the Interstate Comic Book and Fantasy Film Convention! Special attraction: Sabina Kerr, world-famous horror film star currently top-billed in "Revolt of the Prehistoric Women!"

"*Revolt of the Prehistoric Women*," mumbled Kraus. No wonder the kid couldn't concentrate on Babylon. Sabina Kerr was a regular goddess, enough to drive any man insane. Including Kraus. He decided to have a talk with her, and to point out how the flagrant exploitation of her charms was ruining the academic performance of one of his most potentially gifted students.

Feeling that he would look like a fool if he showed up at the comic book conclave along with one of his pupils, he decided to speak with Miss Kerr at her hotel. He found out which hotel by calling the convention organizers and posing as a newspaper reporter intent on interviewing the actress. Then, once he found out where she was staying, he went directly to her suite.

He knocked on the elegant door, which was white with gold trimming.

"Yes, who is it?" came a sweet feminine voice through the door.

"Kraus from the *Chronicle*."

"From the *Chronicle*?"

"Yes, my paper set up an interview. Didn't your secretary tell you?"

The door was still closed. "No, nobody told me about it. But perhaps Maisie forgot—" The door opened, and there was Sabina Kerr.



"Ah, Miss Kerr—" gasped Kraus, barely able to talk because the woman before him was gorgeous enough to render Churchill speechless.

"Yes?" said Sabina, smiling slightly, obviously well-aware of her semi-damaging effect on men.

"Ah, ah — may I — come in?" Kraus said. "So we can talk."

"You don't seem to have brought a notebook."

"I never take notes. I've got, uh, perfect pitch. I never forget anything I hear."

Sabina stood fast at the door. "Come on, Mr. Kraus, what's really your game?"

Kraus studied the voluptuous creature before him. Her full hips in the tight skirt, her magnificent breasts straining against the front of her angora sweater, the sight of these was impelling him to be honest, to shout, "My 'game' is that I want to fuck and suck your boobs and pussy!" However, he realized that type of honesty was uncharacteristic for him and, under the circumstances, wisely so since he didn't want to get arrested for accosting her with obscene language. So, he simply revealed the ostensible purpose of his visit.

"I am a teacher, Miss Kerr."

"And have you come to teach me?"

"No — I'm here to discuss the damaging effect your films have on one of my students."

"And what about the damaging effect

they have on you?"

"On me? But I've never even seen your films."

"Then how do you know I have a damaging effect?"

"One of my students had this flyer in his possession," Kraus held out the photo he'd taken from Tommy Fischer. "This is you in one of your films, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, how do you think your bodily display affects young boys?"

"The same way it affects all men, I would think."

"Yet you persist!"

"Why not?"

"Well, it's, it's —"

Sabina Kerr laughed. "Come in, Mr. Kraus. I want to show you something." Warily Kraus followed her into the suite. "Sit down on the couch."

"What are you going to show me?"

"Sit down on the couch first!" Kraus obeyed.

"Now, don't you think these are beautiful?" said Sabina Kerr, lifting up her angora sweater. Her huge pink tits, unencumbered by a brassiere, jiggled in his face.

"Yes, they are pretty—" Kraus conceded.

"And wouldn't you like to play with them?" asked Sabina.

"The thought had occurred to me —" Kraus admitted with a blush. "But —"

"Then you *shall* play with them, Mr. Kraus," said Sabina, moving toward

the couch, cupping her breasts with her slender hands. "You shall play with them and enjoy them and fulfill the wish of millions of my fans!"

"But why me?" Kraus gasped. The whole thing was so bizarre he couldn't think, or move.

"Because you want them."

"I wanted to talk about your harmful films!"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Kraus." She pressed her nipples over his eyes.

"But I did!"

"Afterwards."

And so "afterwards" it looked like it was going to be. Kraus felt hornier than he had felt in a millenium. All the years of restraint, of occasionally dating safe, sexless women, became a wispy memory as he lifted his hands and pressed his fingers into the soft anarchy of Sabina's flesh. Her nipples, so wide and pink, suddenly puckered as he pressed his lips to them one after the other.

"Lift my skirt," she said, running her fingers through his hair and bending her head down and kissing him. "Lift up my skirt and put your hands there."

Kraus did so, and discovered she wasn't wearing any panties. Her crotch was already wet, and he could see the moisture glistening on her neatly trimmed pubic hair. He pressed his fingers there —

"Put *all* your fingers in," Sabina moaned. "No, wait, let's undress you first."

Kraus fell back against the couch as Sabina hungrily opened his suit. He felt like a little kid being taken care of at bedtime. But what she did after she took off his shirt and pants was definitely not maternal.

"A big cock!" Sabina whispered. She latched onto it and moved downwards; she tossed her dark brown hair off her face and began to suck.

"Holy shit—" Kraus moaned, observing the sight of this busty goddess slurping at his prick. It was like a dream. He was probably going to wake up any minute and discover himself inmate in an asylum.

Sabina licked his balls, rolled them over her tongue. At the same time he could feel her warm breasts against his thighs. The stimulation was unbearable!

"I'm gonna — gonna come!" he cried.

"No, not yet, honey," said Sabina, pulling his cock out of her mouth and pressing it downwards. That cut off the impending shot. "I'm gonna have you come in me!"



"Sorry, sir... We don't have 'Rotgut Light.'"

"What did I do to deserve this?"
 "You don't like it?"
 "I feel like I'm gonna be punished for it, for having such great luck!"
 "Oh, hush up and enjoy, Teach." She lifted herself and straddled his pelvis. Kraus laughed, somewhat deliriously. "What's so funny?" said Sabina, settling her vagina down onto his bone.
 "I suddenly had an image of you as a flagpole sitter."
 "Very funny," Sabina said. "But this is not time for nostalgia."
 "Jesus, your — your pussy is warm!"
 "You even have trouble saying pussy! Relax, Professor!"
 "I've spent too much time being a scholar."
 "Relax! Don't think about it now." She began to writhe slowly on his hot meat.
 "Lemme — your boobs—" he stuttered.
 "You bet!" She pressed her chest over his face. His nose was in her cleavage and his eyes were in the dark. His tongue licked, licked wherever it could.
 "Come in me, Professor," she said.
 "Come in me now."

"I never wanna come. I want this to go on forever!"
 "Don't be greedy now." She pinched his cheek like a naughty boy. She panted as she moved over him, and closed her eyes. "Come in me, come in me, come in me."
 Kraus tried to hold back, eager for the dream not to end. But the heat of her breasts and the wet tightness of her pussy overwhelmed him. He grasped her body close and shot and shot and shot. And even as he did, she bucked in a climax of her own.
 Afterwards she sat on him for several minutes, cradling him in her arms. Then, finally, she got up. "Enjoy yourself?" she asked, tidying herself up with a tissue.
 "It was great! I have to admit, you've debauched me completely!"
 "Good." She straightened her clothes.
 "But why?" Kraus asked. "Why me?"
 "I do it with all the people who attack my films for lewdness. I show them that desire is not dirty. Then, they stop getting so upset by my films."

"But isn't that —"
 "Bribery? Prostitution? No, I consider it education. Education for bluenoses. And it works! After I fuck a bluenose, he doesn't feel like criticizing anymore."
 "I can see why," said Kraus, cleaning himself and zipping his trousers. "You'll hear no more harping from me!" His face broke into a sheepish grin.
 "Good," said Sabina, her smile clear and unembarrassed. "Well, it was nice fucking you, Mr. Kraus. Good day!"
 Kraus took one last look at her, devouring her as quickly as he could with his eyes. He was hungry again but alas, it was over. He headed for the door.
 "Oh, Mr. Kraus," she said, coming after him. "Don't forget this." She handed him the flyer he'd gotten from Tommy Fischer. "You'll want to give your student his property back, won't you?"
 "No," said Kraus, taking the flyer and putting it carefully into his pocket. He liked the feeling of it there. "Little Tommy'll just have to get another picture of you. *This one's for Teach.*"



"Guess what, dear! The game warden says you don't have to worry at all about not having a fishing license!"

BLACKJACK

continued from page 14

courteous, polite and/or helpful, place the dealer's bet in front of your stack, OUTSIDE the circle and make a clear statement, such as, "This is for you," or, "For the dealer." If it wins, let the dealer handle those chips.

If you have a problem with the dealer, look for the floorman in the pit and call him over. If you can't catch his eye, tell the dealer to get him for you. If the problem still isn't resolved, go up the chain of command, after you've gotten the names of the dealer and other persons you've talked to. Ask for the shift manager, then general manager and, finally, an agent from the state gaming regulatory agency. They are always on call as long as there is a casino open.

If the other players at your table are aggravating you, move to another table or casino. First, they're taking away from your fun, and more importantly, they're breaking your concentration.

PLAYING BY THE RULES

Now, for the game. Blackjack is played with a regular 52-card deck. Some casinos play with more than one deck at each table. This makes no difference to the beginner.

Play revolves around the number 21 (which is an interchangeable name for the game). The player simply adds up the face value of his cards in an attempt to reach 21 without going

over it. Face cards count 10 and aces can count either 1 or 11, depending on which is most advantageous for you in any particular hand. You can change the value of aces any time you want.

While you are not playing against the dealer, you are playing against his hand. If the dealer's hand adds up to a number closer to 21 than yours, you lose your bet. If your total adds up to exactly what his total is, you "push" (tie), and you get to keep the money you bet, but you don't win anything. If your total is higher than the dealer's, even though neither one of you has a 21 total, you win your bet. If you go over 21, you lose your bet, and if the dealer goes over 21, he must pay every player at the table whatever their bets were, as long as the players didn't go over 21 themselves. If a player or the dealer goes over 21, it is called a "bust."

A "blackjack" is a "natural" 21 created by an ace and a 10-count card (face cards and 10s). If these two cards are dealt to you at the start of play, you have a winner that pays 3 for 2 in most casinos. In other words, a \$2 bet would actually win \$3 with a blackjack. All other winning bets are paid 1 for 1. However, if the dealer also deals himself a blackjack in the same hand, all you have is a push. A dealer must look at his hole card as soon as he deals his cards, and if he has a blackjack, must immediately show it. He is the winner and play goes no further.

A hand begins as the cards are shuffled by the dealer. If there are one or two decks, a player at the table will

be asked to cut the cards with his hands, and, if there are more decks, will do it with a marker or card turned backwards. A player can refuse to cut, but there will be a cut, either by another player or the dealer.

Two cards are dealt to the players, with the dealer starting at his left, giving each player, then himself, one card, then repeating the pattern. This is when everyone checks to see if they have a natural 21. If any of the players or the dealer do, they immediately flip over the cards. These winners are paid immediately.

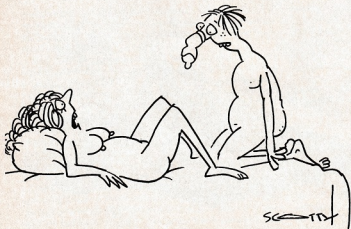
Assuming play continues, the dealer, again starting at his left, checks with each player to see if each player wants more cards ("taking a hit" or is satisfied with the ones dealt and wants no more ("stand"). Words are not exchanged. The dealer "asks" by waving his fingers across his cards for a stand, or by motioning his fingers or cards toward himself for a hit.

A player can take as many hits as he wants on each hand, but if the player busts (goes over 21), should immediately turn his cards over to let the dealer know. When you are satisfied with the cards you have, from the first two on, slip them under the chip or chips you have placed in your betting circle, then take your hands off of them. When using your hand signals, make certain they can be seen clearly by both the dealer and the floorman, the man pacing behind the dealer.

When all the players have finished with their hands, the dealer completes his hand. This is when it is apparent the dealer has no choices in the way his cards are played. Dealers must take a hit if their cards total 16 or below, and must stand if their total is 17 or above. In some casinos, a dealer must hit a "soft" 17. A soft total is one made up with an ace counted as 11. It is impossible to bust a soft hand because a player or dealer can change the count for an ace back to a 1 any time they desire. When the ace counts as 1, the total is called "hard."

If the dealer busts, every player on the table who himself has not busted is a winner. If the dealer does not bust, every player is a winner who has a total higher than the dealer's. Totals exactly the same as the dealer's are pushes, and the bet is called off. Players with totals below the dealer's, naturally, are losers.

After the dealer has played his hand, he will turn up the cards of each



"Is this your first time at cunnilingus?"

continued on page 71



CANDICE: Stout 'n' Stacked

Candice Moore is a delightful example of a beautiful young lady who isn't really fat but has a naturally full figure that is still firm and youthful. She's only 21-years-old, weighs 135 pounds and her measurements are 40½-29-38. "I used to think that a lot of my excess was baby fat and that it'd go away," she says, "but now I'm happy with the body I have and wouldn't want to weigh a pound less."





Some readers complain that our girls don't make eye contact with the camera. Candice certainly does with her sultry, come-here look.

Candice confesses that one of her major delights is food and particularly desserts. She's happy that she can eat all she wants and not have to worry about putting on too much weight to model. "I realized," she says, "by the time I was 18 that my dreams of being a fashion model weren't going to come true because my breasts by then were too big." Now, the more womanly figure is becoming stylish and there are fashion houses and modeling agencies for plump girls so maybe Candice will still make it as a fashion model.











"I don't have a weight problem. I'm just a certain body type ... big but firm ... and I can eat anything I want and never gain any more pounds. I'm perfectly happy just the way I am and wouldn't want to be thin."



HIV'S

SEX FREAKS!
3 GLOSSY PHOTOS OF A
WOMAN WITH HER BOOBS
AND HER ASS SHOULD BE
BOOBS SHOW WHERE HER

COCK STRETCHER \$30
"IT WORKS!"
DIRECTIONS:
1. 
PLACE WOUNDED
COCK ON STRETCHER
2. 
CARRY TO
ANGULANCE

REAL SPANISH FLY PILLS

REAL STAG FILMS
THE HORNIEST KING
DIRECTIONS:
1. OF THE WILDEST
YOU MUST APPEAL
TO THE SEX
PAMPER

Instant GUNT \$40
LIKE REAL LIVING
FLESH IF USED
PROPERLY!
DIRECTIONS:
1. PLACE GUNT
OVER GAIN
WITH PENIS
THROUGH
OPENING
2. JERK
OFF
FEEL THE LIVING FLESH!

SWEAT

FILTHY
NEED

Mail Order Madness

This revealing account of one guy's frustrating experiences in the "adult" mail order marketplace is reprinted from our sister magazine, *Cavalier*, as a service to our readers.

BY BILL BELLEVILLE

I'm the sort of guy who doesn't do too well with mail order merchandise. Never have, in fact. My problem is that I want to believe the ad copy. If I see a photograph of a product portrayed, I truly want to think I will be receiving that particular item.

As a kid, I used to drop some serious coin into those nifty mail order bargains that Dell Comics used to peddle on their back pages. These were great deals for any kid, and they were accessible — cheap, even, given their cosmic possibilities.

Consider the reality of owning a pair of X-Ray specs for less than a buck. Dwell on the concept of wiring into any radio on the block with your amazing \$1.50 cordless microphone. Spend sleepless nights in wait of delivery of your batch of cuddly, intelligent water monkeys — *astound your friends* — for under two bucks.

Trouble was, none of the shit worked.

As I aged, I became more cautious. When RONCO put their speed freak pitchmen on the late late movie, right before Lon Chaney did his mummy number on unsuspecting archaeologists, I balked. Vegetable utensils that diced, sliced, cut, chopped and *really, really worked*, didn't hold much interest for me. They just didn't have the divine appeal — however badly misrepresented — of the X-Ray specs.

What I needed was some new mail order wonder products to believe in. A set of items so wonderfully adult and sophisticated that it would make me forget all my Dell Comic tragedies. I needed an instant mail order revelation.

It came, appropriately enough, through the mail on one hot, steamy summer afternoon. It was a letter from the boys at GENT, hand-delivered by my kindly old postman who could have come straight out of an old Norman Rockwell *Post* cover.

We would like you to find out, it read, about all the wonderfully adult and sophisticated things you can buy from a men's magazine through the mail. Go for the penny candy stuff, less than \$10, because these are the ones that offer the most for the least. Spend up to a hundred bucks. And report back.

This was it. My instant postal satori. Mail order madness

set in. I cracked a cold beer to take the edge off and set upon the latest issue of GENT with marking pen in hand.

We're not talking chess sets here folks. Or Windjammer cruises. We're talking hard core stuff. The little column-inch sized ads that usually flash a brief photo of an unclothed woman, often with a solid black-out mark obscuring some aspect of male or female anatomy that may or may not belong to her.

A high percentage of these ads are prepared to offer FREE merchandise to you simply 1) For use of your name on a mailing list, 2) To introduce you to their products via an expensive but FREE color catalog, or 3) Because they like you.

There are FREE dolls, FREE movie projectors, FREE movie viewers, FREE porno films, FREE hardcore magazines — my God, it's all *free*. I won't need any money at all. All I have to do is write them, give my name and address and sit back and wait for the deluge. I'll have a house full of enough hard core merchandise to gag Larry Flynt. And, all of it FREE. But, wait a minute here. Down there in the same print are the dollar signs. It seems that, to get my FREE products, I have to send along a pittance or two for "postage and handling." No problem. A buck, even two is a small price to pay for EXPENSIVE HARD CORE.

Once enlightened, I figured my strategy. I'd get as much FREE stuff as I could for a \$1 or \$2 a shot, and then go for all the other great deals within the sawbuck range — well under the high-rolling \$10 mark.

Even the items that weren't FREE sounded like bargains of a lifetime. I should have no trouble getting my \$100 worth. The only problem would be to figure out where I would put this mother lode of porn. It would be a dilemma, I had to admit. But I was prepared for it.

I dove into the assignment, pen flashing, selecting mail order materials with a scrutiny that a good broker might use in ferretting out upcoming OTC stocks. Since I happen to be fresh out of life-size sex dolls, I thought I'd take advantage of not one but two offers for FREE dolls. The folks at TK LAB out there in Hollywood promised a lifesize and inflatable



Busting Out

Author Bill Belleville sent us stacks of "hard-core" magazines he had received. Two of them, titled "Group Sex" and "Love," were of particular interest. Thumbing through the sixteen 5½ x 8 inch pages of fuzzy photos, one of our sharp-eyed editors said, "Hey, some of these photos sure look familiar!" Sure enough, we dug out the October, 1975, issue of GENT, and there they were! More amazing was the similarity, by coincidence, we're sure, of the page layouts of the photos. The GENT layout in its entirety, appears across the top of these pages. Compare the "Group Sex," photo at left with the GENT photo above it and the page at right, with our layout above that. Of course, the "Group Sex" art director did show some creativity when he printed the photo, second right, upside down. But the same photo, far right, on the cover of the \$5 "Love" magazine is right-side up! Of course, photographs are re-sold many times by photographers and we're sure this is all legitimate, albeit strange, happenstance. And we're sure the photographer was paid. But, geez, you couldn't see all this first and 90 pages more in GENT magazine back in 1975!



Funny coincidence department...

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model with *giant breasts and pubic hair*. Over at Doll Offer up in North Hollywood, I was guaranteed a genuine inflatable rubber doll "with a hole in the right place." Boy, I sure knew where that was.

Doll Offer's doll was \$2, TK's was a buck. Both ads carried naked cartoon women seductively reclining, offering a variety of cartoon body orifices to the prospective owner. TK's cartoon was even holding her legs open and puckering her lips. My own private inflatable harem for under \$3!

When my postman trudged to the door with my orders a few weeks later, I thought he was mistaken. One full-sized doll came in a business envelope; the other in a small manila envelope — hardly enough room for a harem. The kindly old fellow winked at me — or was it a twitch? — as he handed over the goods.

Tearing open the TK doll I found a printed coupon offer to get a FREE doll if I were to buy \$75 worth of other products, including a handy \$15.95 Electro Pocket Pussy, or a keen \$22.95 Artificial Vagina ("The man's home companion"). Like almost all the mail order ads, TK's was handled by a mail order house, in this case one called Mailer's Reply on Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles. The smaller ads are grouped

this way to allow the mailing house to proffer more products, and to make it more difficult for an irate consumer to find his way back to the ultimate distributor.

I thought it might be a nice idea to give the fellows at TK — AKA Mailer's Reply — a little buzz out there in Los Angeles and ask for my FREE doll with giant breasts and pubic hair as promised. They must have been too busy making those electro pocket pussys and artificial vaginas to even take time to get themselves a telephone, as I could find no such listing.

Doll Offer's manila envelope was a little larger, and even looked as though it might contain some sort of merchandise inside. And, yes! There was even a notice telling me that here "is the inflatable rubber doll which we offered to you free of charge. We're sure you'll have fun with it."

My genuine rubber doll "with a hole in the right place" was a balloon. It certainly had the hole in the right place for a balloon, I couldn't deny that. Printed on the balloon, upside down, was a naked cartoon woman. When inflated through its "hole," the balloon could then be attached to "feet" which were small cardboard cut-outs of a pair of laced-up clown shoes. But, since the balloon image was upside down, the whole thing looked even more ludicrous than I'd ever imag-



ined. Some people might "have fun with it," but they would have to be under the influence of some heavy mind-altering drugs.

Next on my mail order list were a couple solicitations for large pricks. So far, the only pricks I knew were the ones selling bogus dolls. But, it seems these were a promise to extend my joint size **BY EIGHT INCHES OR MORE**. Adding to my own manhood, such an offer could make me into a circus freak **OR MY MONEY BACK**. Out of a rising curiosity, I ordered a **KING KONG DONG** from Scientific Ltd., located, of all places, in Fenton, Missouri. The \$6.95 Dong I was promised guaranteed me a minimum of eight inches. "Experience the joy and pride of showing off your **KING KONG DONG** to your favorite playmate." Scientific Ltd. must have shown its dong off once too often as my request to them came back stamped by the post office: "Order issued against addressee for violation of false representation law."

Things weren't too much better at Reeda Co. in Reseda, California, where, for \$8.95, I was guaranteed "8 thick hard inches in just 8 weeks. Safe. No creams, pills, weights, stretchers."

Arriving in the mail was a cheap rubber dildo, measuring in at a full eight and a half inches. It had come within eight weeks. And it didn't require the use of cream, weights, stretchers or other devices. But, it wasn't quite what was advertised either. I wondered how long Reeda Co. would last in Fenton, Missouri.

I decided to go for the big time on my next order, bypassing all these vicarious attractions and getting a real woman involved in the action. I would do this by using some **Supersede Spanish Fly** which "can be used without partner's knowledge. Makes her pussy hot for you and her mouth crave sucking." Boy, imagine slipping a few drops of old **Supersede** into some chick's piña colada at the local single's bar. I'd need a King Kong Dong for sure to handle all that action.

Five bucks to **Triumph** out in Studio City, California, brought me six doses of **Supersede**, packaged by another bulk mailer, **H & M Enterprises** in North Hollywood. The vial that arrived in the mail was, indeed, a generous dose at one ounce. At the recommended usage of "two to three drops wherever warmth is needed," it could last quite a while. But, alas sports fans, on the vial's label — as in the magazine ad — there was the small print: *placebo*. Which sort of means, we were just

kidding about all the other stuff.

I couldn't resist just a taste of the pink-colored liquid. It did have a mildly warm effect to it, just as any peppermint-based extract would. But, it would have a tough time altering entire courses of sexual affairs.

By now, I was ready for the traditional hard core stuff, the "colorfully illustrated" hardcore magazines. These were incredible advertisements. For \$1 and \$2 and \$3 each, a buyer could seriously load up with some of the finest, slickest magazine-style porn on the market. The Magazine Exchange offered \$25 worth FREE just so I could get their \$1 catalog and have access to other goodies. Disc. Publishers was willing to give me six magazines — a \$45 value — for only five bucks, and they even advertised "24-hour service." The crew at Uni would send me two "Little Magazines" ("The kind you've heard about") for \$6. Uni's selection included the all-time favorites "It's So Big," "Can I Touch It" and "Let Me Kiss It." Some hot stuff here, for sure.

HFC Imports proposed to give me \$75 worth of FREE hard core mags "action crammed, photo-packed with all subjects and ages, no matter how raunchy." This is, HFC promises, the finest Europe has to offer. All I have to do is send along \$2 for a color catalog. West Coast has six "all new" mags they'll let me have at a steal for only \$5. West Coast even shows me the covers in their ad, and I tell you, this is the *real thing*. On the cover of the classic "Teenie Suck," there's even a photo of a young lady with what appears to be a real life King Kong Dong in her mouth with no *blackout* over it. If they show this in their ad, think what the magazine will be like. When I sent my five bucks to West Coast, I write: "Please Rush!"

Finally, I decide to get a bit kinky and — although I find it hard to get off on the idea of allowing Fido to sniff around females of the human persuasion — order a "photo-illustrated book [that] shows all the action of Women Using Animals As Sex Partners." This one comes from someone calling their company Leslie and it cost \$4.75. At that price, this must be the genuine article.

Within a week of sending my orders, I begin to get responses from almost all of these companies. Two or three "parent firms" in the Los Angeles area have handled the entire batch of magazines. They are all asking me to sign a sort of waiver stating that I am legal enough to really be able to read sexually-oriented material. Every one of the offers sends along a few shoddily-printed brochures with blackouts in all the proper places offering to provide even more than I had ordered for another pittance or two. Some agree to rush my order for \$1 or \$2 for "extra fast service." A few even ask for a dollar more just to "process the order," figuring they got a live one on their hands.

I sign all my waivers, but refuse to send out a penny more than the ads initially asked for.

In another ten days, my Norman Rockwell postman is staggering to my door under the weight of my recent orders, some of which bear the notation on the outside: "Sexually Oriented Merchandise." By now, after all these dolls, dildos, Spanish fly and scores of hard core magazines, he is beginning to get the idea. I am either an undercover inspector for the U.S. Postal Service, or I am a pervert with an unsatiable appetite for a wide variety of sexual preferences. I detect the beginnings of a sneer under his kindly white moustache and expect that he has already made his decision.

The first thing that puzzles me about all my fine, color-illustrated hard core magazines is that the envelopes they are shipped in are far too small and too thin to be able to really contain the quality and volume of mags I should be receiving.

Some are only seven by four inches. Others are slightly larger at a size of five by eight inches.

Folks, I'm here to tell you that slick, color magazines are *almost always* eight by eleven inches. I was beginning to expect the worst. Naturally, I wasn't disappointed.

I'm not going to break down these orders here by company as it starts to get a bit confusing. Let's just say that what was advertised as high quality, action-crammed porn magazines collectively worth several hundred dollars was a series of small booklets with black and white photos. Generally, the quality of reproduction ranged from medium to truly shitty. Sex-wise, there wasn't a hard core shot in the bunch. Overall, it appeared that what the advertisers had done was to gather up a bunch of cheaply-obtained outtakes from photo sessions and run them down to the local speedy printer. They reconciled their claim of "expensive magazines" by putting their own prices on the covers, ranging from \$7.50 to \$10. The prices were, in fact, the only "expensive" aspect about the publications.

But, there were a few redeeming characteristics — namely unintentional humor. For instance, in a \$7.50 publication entitled simply "Animals" ("adults only"), we are given six black and white photos of rather unspectacular-looking women pressing a motley little poodle against their breasts. There was an eight-page text written in a pseudo-academic style in which we are told that "the fact remains that dogs now pose a very definite threat to American men." I can see that scene now: Hundreds of motley poodles are marching on American homes, wagging their wily little tails with a sexual abandon. Inside the women, looking like tired French prostitutes, are awaiting the onslaught in their Fredericks of Hollywood push-up bras. Champagne and Ken-L-Ration are on the table. The men, certain of their impending loss, have retreated in horror.

Readers, these are not hard core magazines worth \$10 or \$7.50 or even \$5 in anyone's warped imagination. This is blatant chicanery, unabashed hucksterism. The most Machiavellian of businessmen, the kind that eat consumers for breakfast along with their Post-Toasties, would even have to call this a ripoff.

The only color found anywhere near one of these "publications" is the color of the paper that some of the booklets are printed on: yellow, or blue or brown. A few do arouse a low grade level of what the courts might call "purient interest." But generally what you are getting here is simulated sex — and simulation that is poorly presented at that.

This mail order madness was getting to be depressing business. I thought it was time to move into the "realistic" ads. These are the ones allegedly placed by older women who just happen to have a few "homeless runaways" hanging around.

I decided to try two of these.

Out in Van Nuys, California — where about three-fourths of these ads seem to originate — there is a "Mrs. P.L." who says she has "Girls In Trouble." Well, you know what that means. Desperate. Anything for a meal. Even better, these are "Unwed, pregnant, runaways, of all ages. Wild Orgy Photos!" Need I say more? Mrs. P.L. will let me have all three groups of photos for only five bucks. To show Mrs. P.L.'s unsophisticated sincerity, the ad has even been printed in a typewriter-like type style.

Mrs. Betty Foster is slightly more savvy about this sort of thing, and even shows a photo in the ad of "My two nasty girls." Mrs. Foster's girls will "pull up their dresses, down their panties," and do unmentionable things to themselves in

ten photos and one color movie for only \$5. She can't mention their ages in the ad, but she does happen to have some home movies and pictures even better "than this commercial stuff."

I would hope so.

Mrs. Foster — another commercial mailing service from North Hollywood — sends along some freshly-minted soft-core brochures. Mrs. P.L. — she of the typewritten mail order ad — delivers sixteen black and white photo reproductions. For the most part, they are simply sixteen beaver shots of a variety of women. They may or may not be pregnant and unwed, but they certainly are not interacting in a "wild orgy" of any sort. Perhaps they just needed a few drops of Supersede Spanish Fly to get them really cooking.

A company called Coventry out in Denver will send me a color sample of their particular scholastic line of art: "Up the skirt shots of high school cheerleaders and pom pom girls." There is, apparently, a market for everything in the world of mail order. I send in \$1 and — for the first time in my entire effort — I get a reasonable representation of what was advertised: A snap shot-sized color print of the lower half of two pom-pommed young ladies caught in the frenzy of a high kick. Tiny portions of ass and flesh show in the shot. This is a real photo. But, unfortunately, it is the same photo shown in the mail order ad. Nothing new here, except the solicitation for some more "candid photos" for \$10 a set.

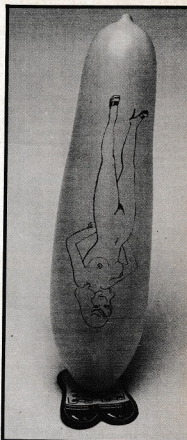
I am down to the wire now in my quest and there is nowhere left to turn but to the promises for FREE films, projectors, and viewers. Stevens of North Hollywood offers six "all new hardcore films" ("Tight Wet Crotch," etc.) for \$5. V-Art Dist. of Van Nuys will send me six more steamers for \$5, along with a FREE movie viewer for just another buck in postage. Vucoco of Los Angeles will give me five "suck off films in COLOR" for only \$3 and chuck in a viewer FREE. Proof in Los Angeles will give me two "hardcore" mags and a 200-foot "mouth watering hard core film" for \$5 — a \$30 value, they tell me. Movieco of Hollywood will give me five more "hardcore color movies" for \$3 and kick in another FREE viewer. E.D. Wholesale in Universal City, California, offers eight different porno movies for \$5 including one more FREE viewer for answering the ad. The folks at Sandhast Wholesalers in Los Angeles will give me three color films plus a FREE movie projector just for sending along \$1 for their catalog.

In all, I will be receiving upwards of 35 hard core films, three viewers, and one projector for my investment. I consider advising my mailman to call for back-up help on these orders. But, somehow, my experience with mail order madness tells me I should hold off on that advice.

It's just as well. I do receive merchandise for my orders. Well, sort of. The full length hard core films are merely strips ranging in size from fifteen-feet (the longest) to three feet (the shortest). They are both in color and b/w and are all 8mm. There is no projector. The three "viewers" are little plastic telescope-like novelties normally used to hold one large 35mm transparency for permanent viewing. Small slits have been cut into the ends of the "viewer" to allow the 8mm "hard core" films to pass through by hand. Inside the primitive "viewer," the tiny film is barely visible. I take a few strips out into the sun where — if I hold another magnifying glass over the eye of the "viewer" — I can get a general idea of what's going on in the films. A few of them are merely cartoon drawings. Most seem to be live action of some sort, although I use the term "live" loosely. These appear to be either preliminary outtakes to hard core action, or simple

The folks at Doll Offer, in North Hollywood, guaranteed a genuine inflatable rubber doll

"with a hole in the right place." Here it is, folks! The cardboard cutout clown's feet, to give you an idea of size, measures 2½ by 3 inches and the pink balloon, with an upside-down lady, does, indeed, have a hole in the right place — for a balloon. The ad specifies that there are "no strings." They are right, if you just tie a knot in the end of the balloon. For just \$2, you get the topsy-turvy doll and a 32-page catalog of "pleasure" products! We didn't have much time with the doll. Within seconds after our photographer shot her, the balloon burst!



outtakes from soft-core action. Which is to say, there is no action at all, save for a few naked bodies running around.

The folks at Mailers Service Co. in Hollywood are responsible for many of these disasters. To console me, they promise to give me a FREE rebate in the amount of my original remittance from my catalog order. Their catalog films range in price, but the cheapest appears to be \$10 for a 100-foot black and white to \$15 for the same length color. In case I'm interested, they also send along brochures with "life-size love dolls," assorted sexual devices, and "full sized hard core magazines."

But somehow, I think I'll pass. My mail order satori just hasn't materialized. This is no better than the X-Ray specs, and not even as good as RONCO's late night veggie cutter. In all, I have accumulated a couple of pounds in merchandise. But almost half of it is in brochures and advertising come-ons that attempt to lead me to more purchases. The value of what I have bought appears to be minimal — certainly no more than \$5 or \$10 — but most likely worthless. Phony Spanish fly, cheap eight-inch dildos, bogus dolls, fake movies, ersatz books. There just isn't much of a market for the re-sale of this sort of thing.

The glory, the full-blown attraction, has been in the reading, in the anticipation of the advertisements themselves. They are, as Bill Shakespeare could have told us, full of sound and fury. Signifying nothing.

As far back into civilization as archeologists have explored, the pornography industry was a flourishing business. Then, instead of skin magazines, video tapes and film, the medium was pottery and wall murals. The visually erotic, that stuff that arouses prurient interest, has always, it seems, been important to mankind. But womankind, now that's a different story.

BY MIKKI PEARSON

Naturally, women have been the subject of pornography, posing for pictures, acting in skin flicks, but they've never seemed to be as avid consumers of "smut" as men. Take a woman to a fuck film on a date and, unless you can read her like a book, you probably won't be able to predict her reaction. While you're sitting there getting horny as hell she might burst out in hysterical laughter. Maybe her delicate sensibilities will be so upset that she won't speak to you again, instead, she'll feel disgust for sex with you for the rest of her life. Or... perhaps she'll call you a male chauvinist pig and verbally castrate you for your sexism. No, unless you know a woman *well*, you *don't* invite her to a screening of your stag films.

Although some women claim that porn doesn't do a thing for them, that isn't entirely true. Studies show that when women are confronted with pictures of nude men, their pupils dilate, a sure sign of interest. Females who observe "dirty" words flashed on a screen, show a higher Galvanic Skin Response (perspiring indicating nervousness) than they do upon seeing neutral words. Women in general *do* react to things considered pornographic, but it would be a hasty conclusion to equate interest and nervousness with sexual arousal.

Other studies show that males and females react differently to hardcore pornography. Recent research by Dr. John Money has turned up the fact that women identify with the women in pornography, putting themselves in the actress' shoes. If the woman in the film is having a good time and obviously enjoying what she's doing then the female observers will also become turned on.

However, men don't identify with male porno actors. Their sexual arousal comes from fantasizing that they are the ones with the actress. Her looks of lust, grinding hips and expert tongue are for them and them alone. The actor is ig-

How do women react to porn?

As porn movie makers have discovered, women react to different stimuli than men. In fact, it may prove difficult to excite both sexes with the same product.

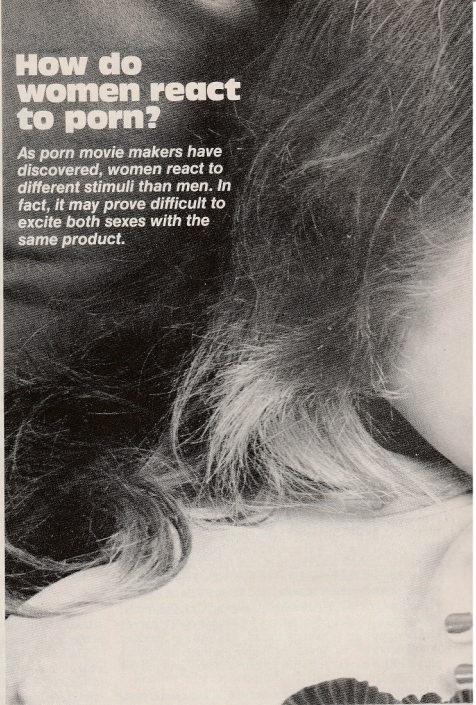
nored as the viewer takes his place in the realm of imagination.

Although this may be a blow to the egos of male porn stars, it does give clues as to why many women don't get very turned on by hardcore flicks. Usually, the male is the one receiving the sexual attention. Women *know* that their clits aren't in their throats and no matter how much ecstasy Linda Lovelace projects, it's a fake. It's nice to give pleasure and even nicer to receive it, but in the hardcore films the basic premise is the woman pleasing the man. Close-up shots of a penis thrusting into a vagina and ending with a quick pull-out in order to show spurting semen, give a woman little to identify with.

Men are raised on the titillating pos-

sibilities of cheesecake photos and split beaver shots. It's a rare man who can't remember smuggling men's magazines into his bedroom as a boy under his mother's nose and then spending many a pleasant evening jerking off to them. Women simply don't have that experience. Until the last few years it wasn't easy to buy a magazine with photos of nude men, at least not at your local 7-11 or drugstore. Before *Playgirl* hit the market, about the only beefcake in town was in hardcore magazines aimed at homosexuals or the muscle magazines sold at newsstands.

Women, quite naturally, felt reluctant purchasing either one of the choices. That was something a nice woman didn't do. Even now you rarely see





women reading sex magazines in public; it's an open invitation for hassles. In the aftermath of the sexual revolution women are expected to be open to sex and responsive in bed, but not too openly curious or interested in things sexual.

Although women now can freely patronize adult bookstores and movie houses without fear of being kicked out by the owner for driving away male customers, most women are very reluctant to brazenly set foot in the male domain of the sleaze shops. Again, a woman who goes unescorted to a fuck flick knows she's sending out "I'm asking for it" signals. Although theoretically women have equal rights to purchase and view pornography, our

societal norms keep her from doing so.

There is some evidence that our earliest sexual experiences determine what we like in later years. We write our scripts early in life and generally keep to them as long as we are sexually active. Men are conditioned as boys to be connoisseurs of the visually erotic. Even though Mom might not approve of the cache of porn under her son's bed, on some level, she takes it as a healthy sign of his heterosexuality. She isn't as likely to be quite so understanding of her daughter's visual tastes. Finding pictures of nude males among the training bras is an indication that the girl

is on the road to becoming knocked up.

Usually except for a little crotch watching, changing her baby brother's diaper and looking at statues in the museum, appreciating the visual stimulation life offers doesn't play much of a part in a woman's sexual patterning. Instead, she's taught to regard frank displays of sexual equipment as lewd and disgusting.

Conditioning may not tell the entire story. Research done by Donald and Inge Broverman, both psychologists at the Wooster State Hospital in Massachusetts, points to the conclusion that men and women perceive things differently through the senses because of hormones.

Estrogen, the female hormone, increases sensitivity of touch, hearing and taste. It also lowers the pain threshold. Women could possibly derive more pleasure from touching, hearing, and tasting than men do and, it would stand to reason that multi-dimensional erotic sensations, other than the purely visual, would do more for a woman's level of desire than simply looking at pictures. Men may need the overstated thrusting, sweating, groaning pornography, which could be, for women, a form of erotic overkill.

Women are also seldom into sex for sex's sake alone. They want to be captivated, enraptured, seduced, loved, charmed and then ... they want to be fucked. Pornography notoriously lacks plot. Seduction takes a back seat to the actors slurping away at each other's genitals. There often is very little of that excruciatingly pleasurable teasing that women like so much. The typical film consists of a series of slams, bams and thank you mams strung together for the pleasure of the male viewer. Only recently have magazines and porno films begun to attempt to feed women's erotic fantasies.

The fact that women don't necessarily get turned on by the same things that leave men gasping, doesn't mean that women are cold, sexually indifferent or inferior. It simply means that a man who wants to find ways to drive his sex partner into a passionate frenzied heat, had better come up with something more creative than taking her to see "Three Teenage Cheerleaders Take on the Football Team."

What do women like? Long smoldering glances, for one, looks of the type that turn them into warm butterscotch pudding! For most women, eye contact is a very erotic prelude to

☛ continued on page 69



JOANNE:

Up and Coming

Here's a pretty young model for you to feast your eyes on. She's Joanne Green and she's only 21 years old. A petite 5'5", her measurements are 38-27-36 and she weighs 119 pounds. Although her name isn't a household word yet, she is determined it's going to be. No, she's not another aspiring starlet waiting for her big break in show business. Joanne is a writer and says she's good. As yet unpublished, she is modeling to pay the rent, but she loves posing.





“I’ve always been kind of a show-off,” Joanne says. “I love going to the beach in a very small bikini and watching the guys sneaking peeks and ogling me. I can’t help it, I love attention . . . maybe that’s why I want to become a famous novelist.” She was very excited about being in GENT. She wasn’t sure she was big enough because she’d been told we insist on 40-plus girls. Well, we always make exceptions when we find a girl as pretty as Joanne, and even two inches shy, she’s still a D-cupper (her bra is a 34-D). We asked her if she’s working on a novel and Joanne said yes . . . and that there’s going to be a character in her book who becomes a big D-cup model. Sounds autobiographical, doesn’t it?









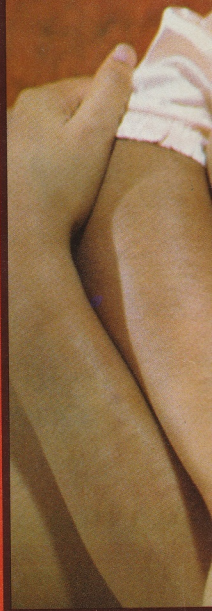
CHARITY: Plenty For All

Once again, we've discovered a great new D-cupper! Or, rather, a photographer in Canada found Charity for us. She is, to put it mildly, a *big* find. Not only does her bust measure 42-inches but she's large all over. Charity was seven months pregnant when these shots were taken which accounts for the extreme darkness of her nipples and areolae which are completely black. As you can see, there's plenty there for baby and then some. Aside from her great body, we were taken with Charity's pretty face and delightful smile. She's obviously a happy and contented mother-to-be and it shows in these photos.





**We can't help but
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coming baby.
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of her ample breasts
at feeding time. And
there's obviously
enough there for
baby, and then some
... 42-inches of D-cup
dinner for some
lucky little one.**







These pictures of Charity were taken on high speed film by a new photographer, but we're sure you'll agree that the sight of a new model as great as Charity more than makes up for the slight lack of professional quality. And we're sure you'll enjoy the classic back shot with her tits held under each arm . . . a feat only a D-cupper can do. We hope Charity will consent to do more sessions after baby comes . . . we'll be waiting.



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WOMEN & PORN

continued from page 59

sex. Rather than stare for hours at a picture of a male model who isn't going to leap out of the magazine to seduce her, a woman would probably prefer to get into some heavy gazing with a man who can promise more to come later.

Movie idols are notorious for making women's hearts beat faster. Very few of these heartthrobs have appeared in movies that could be considered hardcore. Burt Reynolds with his modest centerfold, was a softcore tease, but effective nonetheless. Humphrey Bogart, Clark Gable, Paul Newman, Marlon Brando and Clint Eastwood all had to have personality. A woman can watch them in their movie roles and imagine herself in the place of the female lead. The seduction is right there on the screen, but the good parts are left up to the woman's individual imagination.

Most of the best-selling, softcore "dirty" books that women seem to be so fond of, all pay plenty of attention to the hero's personality, his charm and sex appeal. Sex scenes are rarely mechanical. They touch on all of the senses and detail the setting for the sex act and all of the romantic cat and mouse games leading up to it.

Men might be surprised at the number of women who like to hear a little obscene language. Men may get off on reading it or hearing it on the movie screen, but most women prefer to hear tender obscenities in their lover's voice and to hear them in the privacy of their own bedrooms. Very few women can resist hearing a lover tell them in a low and sexy voice, exactly what he plans to do in the bedroom later that evening. Seductive touches, sensual clothing, erotic settings all tend to do more than stag films.

Women often get off on smells but few report liking the sour or antiseptic aroma of an old-fashioned adult movie theater. Although they don't mind a subtle aroma of spice or citrus or leather, quite a few women want a man to smell like a man instead of a bottle of after shave lotion. Fresh sweat does the trick for more than a few women and the aroma of sex is something that can't be beat.

If your woman seems totally turned off to porn, but you find it very exciting, perhaps you can make some compromises that put more than a little zip into your love life. She might not get off

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"know where the deck is at." In other words, beginning players never buy insurance.

The last option which can pop up on a 21 table is "surrender." This means you can give up (surrender) half your bet without finishing your hand (if you haven't already busted) if the dealer's up card is not an ace. This, again, can be used to some advantage by sophisticated players who are keeping close track of the cards played, but most experts will tell beginners not to surrender. You are, in effect, giving up half your bet without giving yourself any chance to win. If you simply eliminate worrying about insurance and surrendering when you start playing, it will help your concentration.

Because the rules always give the casino (house) a percentage edge, a blackjack player gains his only advantage by picking the best time to change the size of his bet. This is called "money management." Again, this can be extremely complicated, and there are many books written on the subject, but here is one simple, basic rule: don't double up on losing bets. There is nothing worse than a progressive betting system based on losing. If you bet \$1 and lose, and double up to make up if you, you'll soon find yourself betting \$16 to try to win back the original \$1. Increase your bets after winning. Take advantage of win streaks. When you lose, go back to your original bet.

One last word of caution. Don't play if you've been drinking excessively. You'll play poorly, you'll offend the other players and you can create gigantic nightmares for the casino if you spill a drink on a table and get the cards and chips soaked.

And take advantage of one other feature of blackjack. It takes no more equipment than a deck of cards. Play and practice at home or in your hotel room before you head into the casino. Get used to combinations and counting a little bit. Go to the casino and don't let the dealers intimidate you. Have fun, and, as they say on television, be careful out there.

Dave Verbon, who makes his home in Las Vegas, is an authority on the gaming industry. He is the editor of Las Vegas Today, a weekly magazine focusing on gambling and is news editor of a leading Las Vegas daily newspaper.

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BLACKJACK

as continued from page 44

of the players and total them to determine winners and losers. They do this rather quickly, but don't hesitate to stop the dealer and recheck the total if you're not certain what it is. Each player is paid off or his bet collected as his cards are totaled by the dealer. The player then puts his bet for the next hand in the circle and it all starts again immediately. By the way, don't be surprised if the dealer is suddenly changed for another dealer at any point in the game. They work for 40 minutes with 20-minute breaks and constantly change tables in an eight-hour shift.

STRATEGIC MOVES

Libraries have been written about blackjack strategy because it can become a game of highly sophisticated percentages, but there are some very basic tactics that even beginners should use in a casino. First, remember this fact: there are 16 10-count cards in a standard deck; therefore, assume the unknown card is a 10-count card. The unknown card is the next one being dealt to you or the dealer's unturned card. For instance, a beginning player should not hit a 13 or above if the dealer has a breaking card (3, 4, 5, 6) showing. At this stage of learning, do not try to count cards. Just play 'em as they come.

A few options are available to players in casinos. You can "split" pairs that are dealt to you as long as you place a bet equal to the amount of your original bet behind the second card. You always split aces and 8s, aces because they are the most advantageous cards with which to play and 8s because they leave you at a very vulnerable 16 total. Do not split pairs of 10s.

Another option is "doubling down." This simply means that after your first two cards are dealt, you have the option of doubling the size of your bet and you will receive only one more card. You double down when your first two cards total 10 or 11. A dealer will ask the players if they want "insurance" if his one up card is an ace. This requires an additional bet of up to half your original bet. Insurance is something to consider only if you're such a sharp player you constantly

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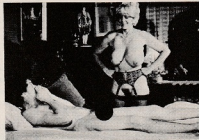


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For instance, a smart fake will never write prescriptions for medications that contain narcotics. Elaborate records are kept on such drugs and an audit of pharmacists records by authorities would pinpoint the phony doctor.

"Once a well known real doctor told me that there wasn't a great deal to the practice of medicine," says "Dr. X". "He said that patients would fall into one of several groups and all a doctor had to know was what group to put a patient in.

"Eighty percent would have nothing wrong with them that mother nature wouldn't take care of with the help of penicillin or B-12. Five percent would need casting or bandaging, and another five percent would need suturing. Ten percent would be medically sick — these you could refer out — and one percent would die no matter what you did for them."

Doctor "X" claims that over the years that he practiced illegally he found this to be basically true, so he referred all patients he knew to be really ill to qualified physicians.

Unfortunately many fake doctors don't appreciate how much they can endanger the lives of their patients, so you'd think there would be hell to pay for his careless disregard for human life once caught. *Not so!*

Except in rare instances, an imposter is likely to spend little or no time in jail. In most states a person convicted of forgery, burglary, embezzlement, or even using a CB radio illegally stands a greater chance of spending time in prison or jail than does a fake doctor.

Only a handful of states, including Florida, Kentucky, Rhode Island and New Mexico have made it a felony to impersonate a doctor. In most other states a fake doctor, for the most part, is no worse a criminal than a litterbug. About all he's likely to receive in the way of punishment is a fine and a stern warning not to do it again.

Even when a death or two occurs at the hands of an imposter the chances are good he still won't go to jail. As Angela Hedden, M.D. of the General Counsel of the American Medical Association points out: "Non-physicians who attempt to treat diseases... may quite obviously cause the death of their patients... yet it is relatively uncommon for criminal proceedings to result in these cases."

Why? Because district attorneys frequently consider the fake doctor

more of an annoyance than a serious danger to the community. "In one instance the board of medical examiners discovered a man who was practicing medicine without a license, but the district attorney showed no interest in prosecuting him," says Derbyshire. "It wasn't until two years later, after the imposter had been responsible for the death of a patient that the state police arrested him on a charge of manslaughter. He was finally convicted and sentenced to five years." And yet if that one patient hadn't died the fake doctor would still be practicing medicine.

Even when a person dies at the hands of a medical imposter, the imposter may go free. In one instance a man claiming to be a doctor told the mother of a nine month old baby to feed the child nothing but water. In due time the child died of starvation. Yet the fake's conviction on the charge of manslaughter was overturned because the state of Washington failed to prove, said the appellate court, that the child's death was the result of the fake doctor's actions.

The reluctance of district attorneys to prosecute is probably due, at least in part, to the strange behavior of many people who have been patients of an imposter. When their "doctor" is brought to trial they rally behind him and support him. In effect they obstruct justice.

For example, when Freddie Brant was exposed as a fraud most of the citizens of Groverton, Texas, not only refused to believe it, they insisted he was a doctor. A grand jury refused to indict him. Authorities attempted to

continued on page 82

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posters don't bother with them," notes Dr. Derbyshire. "Detailed examination of 30 successful imposters revealed that only eight had bothered to obtain those documents." But, had the other 22 felt they needed credentials they could have had them with no great difficulty.

In Los Angeles, California, alone there are at least three companies that will print a person the most authentic looking diplomas you've ever seen. They'll even give customers a choice of medical schools to have graduated from, and if a person doesn't care to have his real name on the certificate they'll gladly insert another name — such as that of a real doctor. In other major cities such diploma printing services are just as readily available. In fact some underground newspapers even run ads for them.

Many people assume that if a doctor is on the staff of one or more major hospitals then he's a top notch physician. In fact some authorities recommend that when you want to find a doctor to either be your family physician or when a specialist is needed you should call a few hospitals and learn who is on the staff and then select one of those doctors. This would be an excellent idea if all hospitals did an adequate job of screening doctors they accept on staff. Ironically, many fakes are hospital staffers.

"State hospitals have provided an entree into fraudulent medical practice," says Derbyshire. "One of the most interesting cases I discovered was a person without medical background who was employed as superintendent of a state hospital."

This fake doctor might have remained undetected in his job for the rest of his life except he became dissatisfied and decided to move to a higher paying job in another state. There his background was thoroughly checked and he was arrested.

Private hospitals for the most part are no better than state run facilities as to screening doctors. Most have neither the time nor personnel to carry out investigations on doctors. A fake can often flash his phony or stolen credentials along with a winning smile and become certified.

The fakes often get caught totally by accident, as with the case of Freddie Brant and the computer that choked. The more clever fakes avoid detection by knowing how the system works, where the traps are, and avoiding them.

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LILLY: Blossoming Model



Our new English discovery, Lilly, wasn't being contrary about posing but she was a bit reluctant at first to display all of her charms, simply because this was her first nude modeling assignment. She even insisted on wearing a wig to cover her real hair. Of course, what interests us most are her beautiful, creamy 41-inch breasts with her perfectly shaped pink nipples and areolae. She's only 5'5" tall and weighs 142 pounds which puts her into the "stout" category with a large tummy and big, fleshy thighs and rear-end that appeal to many readers.



"Whether I lose weight or not, the size of my breasts doesn't change. I always wear a D-cup but the size sometimes goes down to 34."

Lilly says she doesn't exercise at all but does diet from time to time because she has a tendency to be overweight. She says her waist is now 33 inches and her hips 40, and she'd like to trim down a bit. Losing weight, she says, doesn't alter her bust size at all ... she always wears a D-cup bra but that the size changes when she loses a few pounds, down to a 34-D. "I like my looks better when I'm not so heavy," she says, "but most of the fellows I know tell me they like me at my maximum weight."







Lilly has a girlfriend who is a model in London and has coaxed her for some time to give it a try. She told Lilly that with her pretty face and voluptuous body, she'd be a natural full-figured model for GENT's pages. After Lilly lost her job as a sales clerk, she thought about it and decided to give it a try. From this appearance, it seems Lilly has everything it takes to be a biggie in every way in the D-cup field.





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DANGER

133 continued from page 76

convict him of perjury, in another county, and the trial resulted in a hung jury, with eight of the 12 jurors voting for acquittal. Freddie Brant might not be practicing medicine anymore, but he didn't go to jail either.

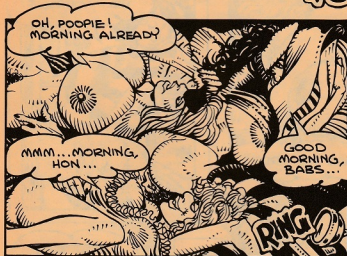
How can you protect your family and yourself from quacks, and phony doctors? Do some investigating before you commit yourself to any doctor. To do this is reasonably simple and costs you virtually nothing.

Contact your state or local medical association and find out if the doctor is a member. While a doctor doesn't have to be a member of any medical association including the American Medical Association, most legitimate doctors are. And if he is you have a much better chance of avoiding the phony because many state and local medical associations verify a physician's status with the American Medical Association. You can ask the medical association you contact if they verify physician members with the AMA.

While it is true that the AMA is a strong lobbying organization for the medical profession, it also provides a service few people realize exists. The AMA maintains a "master file" on all real physicians in the United States whether they are members of the AMA or not. This file is a record that dates from the time a person enters medical school until he dies. The master file tells if a person ever attended medical school, dropped out, or graduated. The files show the type of internship and residency taken, and the places a person has practiced medicine. Equally important it can tell if a person has had any problems with the law, medical societies, or medical examiners. Absence of a person's name from the master file means he isn't a licensed medical doctor.

So before you put too much faith in your doctor, regardless of whether he's been treating you for years or you're about to make your first appointment, check him out with medical associations in your area. If for any reason you suspect a doctor is a fake, contact your state board of medical examiners and the AMA. Give them the details of your case and ask that they check the doctor out. While the AMA can't promise a doctor is a good one, it can at least tell you if he's a real doctor.

GETTING OFF TO WORK











NIKKI: Sun Worshiper

One almost sure way to spot a European model is by the fact that she'll be tan all-over. It is very common to see girls and women of all ages tanning themselves either in the nude or topless at the European resorts. Some men prefer the contrast between white breasts and tanned skin but beautifully tanned breasts are equally popular. Whichever you prefer, we're sure you'll appreciate beautiful Nikki's 38-inch, succulent brown boobies, as well as the rest of her youthful, beautifully proportioned body. She's 20-years-old and stands 5'8" tall.

Gent







"The skin on one's breasts is very tender so you must be careful at first in the sun or you can be in for an extremely painful time."

• ur Parisienne beauty says she goes to school in the winter but spends all of her summers either in the south of France, the beaches of Spain or in North Africa. She's an artist and loves to paint. "I like to find a secluded beach or deserted hillside, take off all of my clothes and then paint while I am getting a suntan," she says. She advises, though, that if someone who isn't used to the sun wants an all-over tan that they have to be very careful." As for Nikki, she says that every part of her body is used to the sun's rays.





"I'm really not an exhibitionist but I do think it is funny how much of a shock it is to men in other countries when I am nude on a beach."

What makes Nikki a different kind of GENT model is that, despite her full breasts, the rest of her tall figure is very lean. She only weighs 122 pounds and her waist is 23-inches, hips 34. She says that she finds it amusing how the Spanish and Moroccan men react to her. "My European friends never pay attention when we're sunbathing nude," she says, "but the Spanish men stare and stare and then run away when you smile at them. They just aren't used to seeing nudity."



Winners and Losers

Our porn movie correspondent reviews one of each this month. "Roommates" is a well acted and very hot production while "Seductress" would be a total failure if it weren't for Lisa DeLeeuw.

Roommates

Though not without its minor flaws, "Roommates" is a first-class film in every phase and was designed especially to appeal to the female's point-of-view.

Perennially, in porn, women have been sex objects for the delectation of the male audience. Readily accessible, consistently horny, amiably available, they have been the constant in carnality since the X-film surfaced. Recently, however, there has been a new development. Porn pictures have approached sex from the woman's point-of-view, seeking to attract the female audience to erotic movies.

BY DAN BOTTSTEIN

Previous women-oriented porn has included Chuck Vincent's *Games Women Play*, Henri Pachard's *Outlaw Ladies*, and Anthony Spinelli's *The Dancers*. The trend is obvious and irreversible.

Now, with *Roommates*, produced, directed, and co-written by Vincent, the ultimate women's porn picture has burst upon the scene. *Roommates* deals exclusively with sex from the woman's perception. The characters of the three New York roommates are scrupulously explored — their lifestyles, their sex partners, their jobs.

Kelly Nichols turns in the best performance of her career as one of the three girl roommates. She plays a thrill-seeking New York fashion model.



Hot Flicks

Billie Sonnel (Samantha Fox), an ex-call girl, is trying to turn her back on her past. She has a new job, making television commercials, and is doing a dynamite job. But her past pursues her. Billie's boss, Marv Lester (Bobby Astyr), who knows her from the old days, coerces her into bawling the clients to keep them happy. Marv even sadistically forces Billie to give him a blowjob in the john, on the pretext that she failed to satisfy one of the clients (Ron Jeremy).

The deprivations on Billie's character are endless. She falls in love with one of her co-workers, Jim (Jack Wrangler), only to be desolated at the discovery that he is engaged. This revelation occurs at Jim's bachelor party, at which Billie is the sexual surprise.

Another roommate, Joan Hamilton (Veronica Hart) is an aspiring young actress. Eager, energetic, and innocent, she also falls victim to a callous man. He's married, deeply in love with his wife, who is pregnant, but he strings Joan along. When she learns that the man, a college professor (Phil

Smith), doesn't really love her, Joan is shattered. But a kind fellow actor, Eddie Shriner (Jerry Butler), comforts her. In a steamy sex sequence, Joan and Eddie embark on a love affair of their own.

The third roommate is Sherry Collins (Kelly Nichols), a certifiable space cadet. A fashion model, she is an inveterate thrill seeker — she pops pills, drinks, and casually picks up men. Sherry ultimately winds up with a real wrongo, Joel (Jamie Gillis).

Joel is a complicated study in psychosis. He invites his pals over to gang bang her, and then masturbates over her violated body. He engages in surreptitious sex play with her in a restaurant, before Sherry finally realizes that Joel isn't playing with a full deck. Joel has a sinister fascination for Sherry, but his insanity is driving him to destroy her. It is only when Sherry leaves New York and returns home that she escapes death at his hands.

Roommates is not without flaws. The unrelenting wrongs the women suffer at the hands of men tend to reduce the film to a soap opera. More texture in the plot and theme would have been welcomed. However, *Roommates* is a definite breakthrough in porn, a picture that will be emulated by other filmmakers.

The acting is uniformly excellent. Kelly Nichols turns in the performance of her life, Veronica Hart is superb as the ingenue, and Samantha Fox is touching, tender, and tough as the ex-call girl.

Technically, *Roommates* is a gem. Larry Revene's photography is breathtaking, and James Macreading's editing taut and terse. Chuck Vincent could easily direct any legitimate feature film.

Commenting on the burgeoning market for women's porn pictures is Ron Sullivan, president of Scope Pictures and owner of the Dove Theater in Kansas City, Missouri. "Beate Uhse, a multi-million dollar German sex industry, has opened offices in Hollywood. They own beautifully maintained sex theaters. They have hired a Hollywood director, and they intend to produce, distribute, and exhibit X-movies in this country.

"U.S. porn people are worried that they'll take over the industry. They won't. They'll improve it. Less than



Veronica Hart, the third roommate in the picture by the same name, ponders a blowjob in this scene from one of the year's best productions.

half of one percent of the population sees X-films, although we make the best product. Beate Uhse knows how to market the product — we don't. There are 100 million women in the U.S. Half would be interested in erotic entertainment.

"There has been a failure in this country to promote adequately, a failure to reach the female market, and a failure to make features that are erotically rewarding to both sexes."

Sullivan's Dove Theater is represented by a public relations firm, Nexus Corporation, which is run by a woman. The company has been largely responsible for reversing the Kansas City Star's advertising policy, so that it now accepts advertisements for adult films.

At present, Sullivan declares, "Erotic films are out of the closet. Video cassettes are causing this kind of product to be exposed to women. If women can go to a clean, safe theater, they will. "Women have been degraded and humiliated in porn. This will and should stop in order for us to reach the female market."

Samantha Fox plays an ex-callgirl trying to forget her past in *Roommates*—a film presented totally from the female's point-of-view.



THE USUAL....?



THE USUAL....?



THE USUAL....?



THE USUAL....?



Carl Zett

Seductress

This one can't cut the mustard in today's increasingly competitive X-rated marketplace. But, Lisa DeLeeuw stars, and some say she's never looked better.

The Seductress starts off promisingly, as a sex suspense porn film, and then degenerates into pretentiousness, pomposity, and presumptuousness. Dealing as it does with corruption in high places, the film essays a mix of seriousness and sexuality. But the re-

sult is cheap and exploitative.

Las Vegas is the setting for the skullduggery. Cindy Anderson (Lisa DeLeeuw) hires a hooker, Renee (Lee Carol) to hump her husband, Richard (Richard Laidlow), so a hidden photographer can take pictures for evidence in her divorce action. But Renee, who is a junkie, has ideas of her own. She knows there's something big behind the seemingly simple scheme of blackmail. Renee realizes that there is a plot to pressure some top members of the Vegas government. She wants to get in on the big boodle, and ultimately pays with her life.

The movie disintegrates quickly, as sex scenes are meaninglessly pro-

tracted, the plot becomes hopelessly muddled, and scenes of comic relief fall flat.

At the end of the picture, the characters are as thoroughly confused as the audience. Who would have the most to gain by blackmailing the members of the fire safety board? Cindy wonders. The final scene shows stock footage of the MGM Grand fire last year, which is a pretty chintzy way to hang a plot peg.

On the plus side are Lisa DeLeeuw, who has never looked more delicious and Lee Carol, whose acting ability is becoming ever more evident. Their sexuality saves *The Seductress* from becoming one of the worst disaster pictures of all time.

Dan Bottstein, GENT's staff film reviewer, didn't like *The Seductress*. Despite the good acting and sexy looks of co-stars Lisa DeLeeuw and Lee Carol, the movie's plot

deteriorates rapidly to the point where sex scenes are presented without rhyme or reason. In this scene Billy De tries to coax Lisa into putting out.



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