

Gent

DECEMBER, 1989 \$4.50
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**A DAY AT A
NUDIST'S'
FESTIVAL,
PAGE 21**

**CHRISTINA:
THE CREAM
RISES, P. 54**

**LAUREN'S
CURTAIN
CALL,
P. 69**

**COVERGIRL
DARLENE:
A CANADIAN
WORTH
MOUNTING!
PAGE 43**



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37 LULU (41-24-34)
Though still not
bottomless, she gets
closer every time.



43 DARLENE (45-30-38)
This month's covergirl
is a Canadian who's
worth mounting.



54 CHRISTINA (40-25-37)
The Cream (her last
name) rises to
unexpected heights.



FEATURES

Genetic Secret Part II 28

When last we saw Vikki, she was about to embark on a mysterious and exciting new life. Find out what happened to the gorgeous possessor of those miraculous mams in the conclusion of *Genetic Secret*.
Fiction by Cris Helmare

The Care and Maintenance of a Cock 33

Here are some good tips (no joke) for maintaining the long-term health and well-being of your most cherished appendage. *Article by Donna Powell*

Behind Enemy Lines 60

For some men war is hell, but for this slick marine, getting lost in enemy territory turned into a sexual escapade he'd never forget. *Fiction by Peter T. Guinta*

Getting Ready For Forty 76

If approaching the big four-oh has got you down, take heart...turning 40 is a piece of cake when you compare it to turning 50. *Humor by George Tudor*

ADDITIONAL PICTORIALS

Colossal Cleo 8

Cleo (56-34-44)

Showdown At The Ponderosa 21

A wild look at the Ponderosa Sun Club's Nudes-A-Poppin' festival.

Candidly Yours 52

Steph (46-38-48)
Violet (44-30-44)
Chewie (38-27-35)

Editor's Notebook 63

DEPARTMENTS

The Mail Slot 3

Letters to GENT

Dear Devon 12

Column by *Devon Daniels*

The Boob Tube 17

Video Reviews by *Pat Brooks*

69 LAUREN (42-29-40)
Beauty, wholesomeness
and fulsomeness make
her a winner.



85 GILL (40-22-32)
We put the "Spotlight"
on this petite,
British D-cupper.



90 DEBBIE (40-23-33)
Sensational in her
first layout, this
one's even better.



The Mail Slot

LEOSHA'S TITS DEFY DESCRIPTION...AND GRAVITY

DEAR GENT:

I'm an avid fan of GENT, and I always excitedly anticipate each new issue. I just had to write you concerning Leosha, your September covergirl. If she isn't one of your best finds, I don't know who is. Those huge pontoons defy description, as well as gravity. I couldn't believe my

eyes when I saw her on your September cover. I almost shot my wad in the store where I regularly purchase GENT before I even opened it up.

When I came home to jack off, I immediately turned to Leosha's pictorial and came with a fury. I usually peruse each issue before I turn to my particular favorites to shoot my load. Not this time, however. I stroked my cock with a passion as I zipped back and forth between those eight pages

of heaven. Those huge tits and tight pussy put Leosha right at the top with my all-time favorites such as Virginia, Devon, Bunny Jo, and Stacey.

Please keep up the good work. I wouldn't mind at all if Leosha was in each and every issue. I hope you include some nice ass shots in any upcoming Leosha pictorials. I can't wait to see her brown winkie.

In the meantime, I'll keep stroking to the tits of one of the sexiest girls I've ever seen. GENT is by far the best big tit mag there is.—Ron, Ohio

LEOSHA: September covergirl ranks with all-time greats



AUGUST GENT COOKS HIS SEASONED MEAT

DEAR GENT:

August is the hottest month of the summer but your August issue made it even hotter. The whole issue was so red-hot that every time I picked it up it made me so horny that I had to take a cold shower to cool off. Let me tell you GENT, I've been taking a lot of cold showers!

Newcomers Sophie and Helen were sizzling. I'm sure that we will be seeing more of these lovely ladies in the future. Two GENT favorites, Stacey Owen and Lisa Phillips were scorching. Lisa looked great on the cover. There is nothing I can say about these awesome ladies that hasn't already been said except that they both seem to get hotter with each new feature.

The girl that really made my blood boil was Jeannine, your burning centerfold. She may attend cooking school but when it comes to looks she's in a class of her own. Jeannine was great in your March issue but she looks "abso-fucking-lutely" gorgeous in the August issue. She has a beautiful face and stunning body combined with a certain look that seems to promise a guy everything he could ever dream of sexually. I dream of the two of us doing our own cooking...

In the 69 position, Jeannine is sucking on my meat while I'm licking her delicious pussy. With Jeannine on top, she slides my seasoned meat into her pre-heated oven. While the



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JEANNINE: cooking up a sexual frenzy

meat's in the oven I'm able to sample her magnificent melons. When the cooking is done Jeannine licks up all the juices. What a dinner! Of course, I'm going to want a second helping.

Now that I'm hot and horny it's time to take another cold shower. I just hope that GENT doesn't cool off. Thanks for the hot August issue.—J.P., New York

WITH GENT, ONE LOOK IS NEVER ENOUGH

DEAR GENT:

I just finished my first (and it won't be my last!) run through of the September '89 issue and I have to thank you for your great work. The models are terrific. Maybe not as big-boobed as usual, but big enough. I really liked Helen. Please keep the oldies and plumpies coming.

My only suggestion for improvement would be to ask that you start the models out with their clothes on and have them strip in an ordinary setting, like an office or a kitchen. The layout with Helen, for instance, would have been even better if she started out looking like a schoolteacher instead of a whore, and if she peeled off an ordinary white bra, panties, or even a girdle.

I'd love to see more older women, but young or old, make them plump and have them go from a very conservative, neatly dressed appearance to



HELEN: would make a sexy schoolteacher

a slutty, full-fledged pussy shot.

The shots from the hardcore videos are super. Let's have more of them. Keep up the great work.—T.T., Massachusetts

IF IT'S NOT BROKE, DON'T FIX IT!

DEAR GENT:

I've noticed lately that you've been getting a fair amount of complaints about featuring too many plumpers, your pictorials becoming advertisements for videos, and other sundry complaints. I wanted to let you know that I completely disagree with those letters. Your pictorial layouts have been outstanding and I have no problem with your referring to a video in the midst of a layout. It's nice, in fact, to be able to see a layout before buying a video; I can see if I'll like what's in the video.

Regarding plumpers, I can only say, "Bravo!" I am 32 and have been a fan of your magazine for six years. Oddly enough, I'm not an avid breast man, but I adore women, all kinds of women. My taste runs toward women who have round, full bottoms, wide hips and adorable tummies. Your magazine has been my only source for these "real" women. That is not to say you don't offer up a fine variety; you do. You continually feature tall, thin, short, rounded, mature (also a pleasant treat) and even fat ones.

Gent

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You are a pleasant retreat from the other magazines whose only variety is the hair color of their models. All your competitor's women conform to the fleeting style of what women are "supposed" to look like this year. But the beauty, the true beauty of women is varied and timeless. Please don't change to conform to the narrow tastes of a few letter writers. All of your ladies are beautiful, each in her own way, and I am sure each one is the favorite of some loyal GENT reader who, like myself, has always been too satisfied to be motivated to write a letter.

In closing, let me say it would be nice to see Keli Stewart again!—M.B., Maryland

HELEN'S "PAIR" IS UNIQUE

DEAR GENT:

In more than 30 years of jerking off over adult magazines, I don't believe I've ever seen a pair of tits as unique as Helen's in your August issue. GENT is to be commended for its flexibility in featuring a "borderline" beauty who may not be quite up to your usual size standards, but who is definitely a cock-stiffener of the first order.

I agree with your comments that Helen's areolae are ideally positioned. Being so high up on her tits, Helen's areolae and nipples give her boobs the appearance of being firm and erect which we readers love. I would be willing to get on my knees and beg you to feature this wonderful lady again soon.

Your "plumper" Stephanie is also delightful and I've drained my cock several times over her. And you certainly made a wise editorial decision when you gave Kim two full pages in "Candidly Yours." She is definitely a great GENT discovery. I'd love to see what that excellent photographer Jerry Bischoff could do with her.

Thanks for your very "uplifting" magazine.—C.J., Connecticut

Dear C.J.: Yes, we were obviously impressed with Kim. So impressed, in fact, that we didn't wait to hear what our readers would have to say about her "Candidly Yours" appearance. Instead, we wasted no time flying her to Miami where we photographed her



HELEN: borderline beauty with awesome areolae

for an upcoming pictorial.

JULY ISSUE CREATED AN INSTANT HARD-ON

DEAR GENT:

I first want to say that I enjoy GENT far more than any other men's magazine I have ever bought. The girls are better looking and far better endowed than those I have seen in other publications.

You really outdid yourself with the July issue. I think it's the best one I've seen. Covergirl Valerie is certainly not someone I would ask to leave my bed. I had an instant hard-on when I flipped through that spread. The poses were great.

I especially liked the tits on Cory, the West German bombshell. I could suck on them all night. Her areolae are about the best I've seen, dark and massive. I also ate up that great up-close cunt shot. I hope we get to see a great deal more of her. I can't wait to see what comes up on that subject.

All the other girls in this issue are fine. Ellie Parker is one nice looking woman. She can really spread her legs. I need to stop now because my dick is getting hard again.

Congratulations on one of the best issues I've ever enjoyed. I look forward to receiving many more.—B.T., Long Island

Dear B.T.: If you liked Cory in the

July issue you definitely won't want to miss her very hardcore video performance in one of our all-time best sellers, Busen Extra. When this video was taped, the sexy West German was considerably more voluptuous and her boobs quite a bit bigger than when she was photographed for the July GENT layout. Busen Extra also stars Lotta Topp, Titanic Toni and Crystal Starr—all in hardcore action scenes. To order, send a check or money order for \$69.95 plus \$3 postage and handling and request video #2164 for VHS or #2165 for BETA. Or, for immediate credit card service, call the Video Library at (305) 443-2378.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF ASTUTE OBSERVATIONS

DEAR GENT:

I have been a regular reader of GENT for more than 15 years and this letter represents several years of accumulated thoughts and opinions that I have finally decided to express.

Today, if you take a look at the adult magazine racks you will see a large number of magazines devoted to big-breasted women. Back in 1974, when I first started reading your magazine, there were hardly any. As far as I know, you were the only magazine devoted to the full-figured woman. I can still remember exactly where I was the first time I saw one of your covers. This was in the old days, when you shot exclusively torsos for the cover (a very erotic practice, I thought then and still think now). The point is, there was a little jolt of recognition when I saw that cover. Here was a magazine for me! I didn't have to feel like a degenerate for appreciating women with big busts.

One of the things I like about GENT is that the models are treated with affection, not like garbage, which is the case with so many other magazines. So, from that standpoint, regardless of the number of other magazines around, I would say that GENT has no competition.

In the old bi-monthly days (GENT went monthly in 1979), a substantial percentage of GENT's photo layouts were shown in black and white, although the pictures were originally shot in color. Nowadays, just about everything in GENT is color, but I



**DEVON: interviewed in
Big Busty #29**

notice that, when you take a stroll down "Mammary Lane," you still show these pictures in black and white. I'm talking about some of the really outstanding models of the 70s, such as Penny Ellington, Linda Gordon, Clyda, and so forth. Isn't there some way you could re-run some of these layouts in color? I'd love to update my collection with color prints of the same poses and I'm sure that a lot of your readers would agree with me.

Have you ever considered having some sort of a Bulletin Board at GENT where readers would have the opportunity to correspond with each other, dealers, photographers, etc.? I consider myself a collector and I would love to discuss my "hobby" with people of like interests. I think you have a very knowledgeable readership and it would be nice to tap into them as a source of information. Photographers could sell photo sets through this bulletin board. I think this would be a dream come true for many GENT readers. I hope you will give this suggestion some serious thought.

I'd like to make a suggestion with regard to videos. This pertains specifically to Devon Daniels, but it's applicable to other models as well. Devon is, without a doubt, the cutest young model that you've had in GENT since Cindy Nelson. Devon not only has an awesome body, but an adorable face and an impish qual-

ity that is a refreshing change from some of the tired-looking models we often see. Both of her videos are excellent. The second one is probably more exciting, but there is something very special about the first video, and that is that she is interviewed! This is a feature that you should put in all your videos—a few minutes where the model is interviewed and gets a chance to expose a little of her personality.

On the subject of fat women, I must confess that, generally, they don't do too much for me. But, I think you guys try very hard to balance things out and I know there are a lot of people who dig fat women and they are entitled to some space in the magazine.

Some of your readers suggested that women who don't show "everything" should not be allowed in GENT. That's ridiculous! I read GENT to see women of a certain physical type, not to see them spread their legs. A woman certainly doesn't have to show everything in order to be sexy. I do not want to be deprived of the pleasure of looking at the fabulous face and figure of a model like Debee Ashby just because she decided that she's not going to show it all.

If nothing else, this letter should really let you know that you do have serious readers out here. Thanks for 15 great years!—D.O., New York

Dear D.O.: Thank you for sharing with us your comments distilled over a 15-year readership. We appreciate hearing your thoughts and believe letters like yours (if we heed the suggestions) will help to keep GENT at the top of the heap in our increasingly competitive market.

Back in the early and mid '70s when our pictorials were predominantly black and white, photographers shot mostly B/W negative film. It wasn't until the latter '70s that most photographers truly embraced the smaller 35mm format and Kodachrome color film became the standard of the industry.

Because of this, though there are limited amounts of color (mostly 2¼-inch or larger format) available of Penny Ellington and Clyda and other legends of the mid '70s, the selections are usually small and often in poor

condition, even when you can get your hands on them.

As for a computer bulletin board, we were approached by a BBS a few months ago which has since been featuring selected material from GENT on their network. For information on this service, please write or call Tech's Warehouse BBS, P.O. Box 24152, Jacksonville, FL 32241. Telephone (904) 260-9283.

GRADUAL UNDRRESSING CREATES EXCITEMENT

DEAR GENT:

Trying to hit everyone's hot button with a magazine can be quite a chore and practically impossible. You do, however, a decent job and since you seem to listen to your readers, I'd like to add a suggestion or two.

Perhaps because I am slightly over 50 and was discovering sex in the "fabulous 50s," certain photo layouts today turn me off a bit.

In the layouts, a small photo of the model's upper torso clothed in something tight such as a sweater would be great. Preferably, she'd be wearing a regular bra underneath. Oh, how the sweaters would stick out! And then, as I have seen many others ask for, a bra shot. Not one of these stripper-type bras but one that would be used for daily wear. These would lead into the bare-breasted shots. The removal of clothes is erotic mostly because of the anticipation it creates.

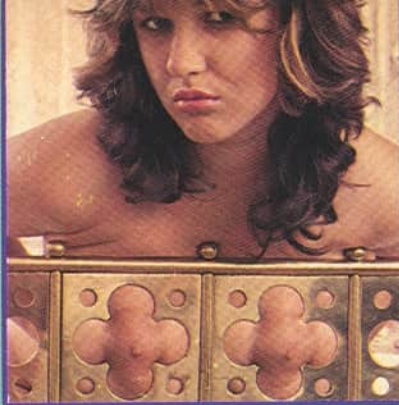
Next, "pink" shots, to me, are not all that exciting. Who wants to look up inside a girl. Next it will be asses. I'd like to suggest a little less spread (leave it to the magazines that specialize in it) and maybe more with just the pubic hair being seen. In fact, an issue with hairy big-busted women would be super.

Well, thanks for taking the time to read this and if nothing else, please let's see more well-filled everyday bras.—Apollo Beach Oldie

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



SALOME (44-23-34)



STACEY (42-24-36)



HELEN (38-25-36)



SHONA (40½-30-39)

1989 EDITION **Gent's Super Stars**

If you missed the '89 edition of GENT's Super Stars while it was on the newsstand, you can now order your copy directly from us and we'll deliver it promptly in a plain, sealed envelope. This edition features all of the D-cuppers pictured here plus many more. Send your check or money order for \$5 along with this coupon to Dugent Pub. Corp., 2355 Salzedo St., Coral Gables, FL 33134.

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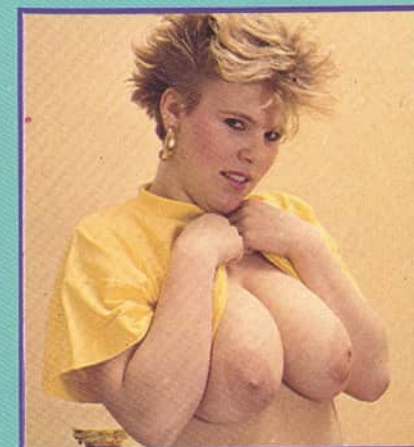
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LORI (41-26-37)



SHELLY (42-30-40)



WENDY (46-34-46)



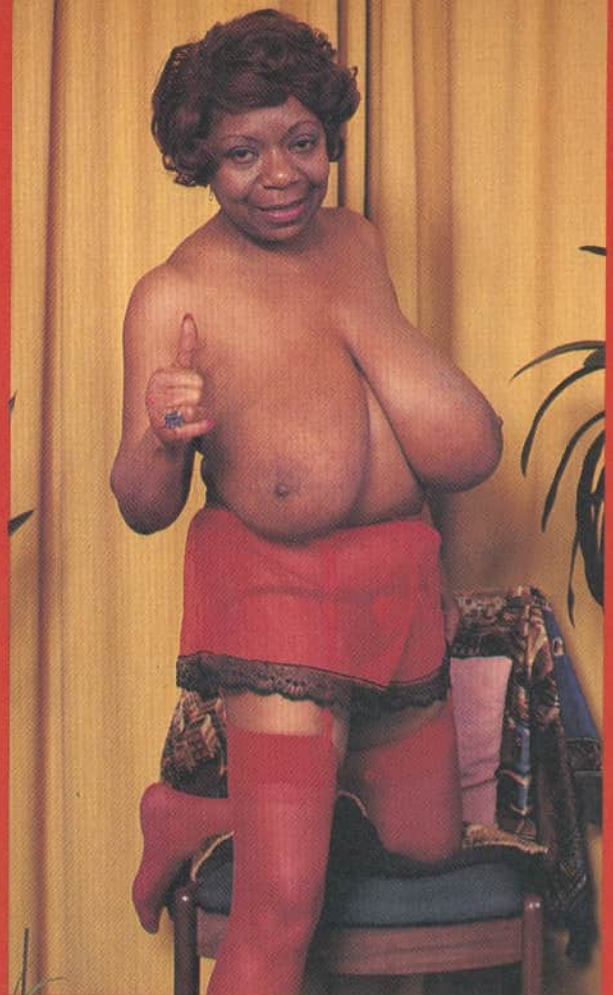
YVONNE (40-24-36)



TRACY (38-24-37)

COLOSSAL CLEO

From across the Atlantic comes British talent scout/photographer John Lomax's latest find, Cleo. Though Cleo has never been in GENT before, she has dabbled in nude modeling for many years, appearing in European magazines on occasion. Like a once-star athlete who has lost a step, Cleo isn't what she once was, but we feel the sheer size of her huge bust makes her worthy of a spot in GENT.









Cleo measures an incredible 56-34-44. She reminds us of another mammothly endowed GENT titter, Twin Towers, although Cleo isn't quite as big up top. For many big tit lovers, size, and *only* size is all that counts. And as you can plainly see, Cleo ain't exactly a "borderliner." No, she's the type who, when you see her, you stop, take a second look and wonder if all that titflesh is for real. Well, believe us—and you definitely don't have to be an expert to tell—Cleo's monstrous mams are 100% natural.





Dear Devon:

Our sexy columnist lights a fire this month in her '50s bra.

BY DEVON DANIELS

Hey, guys! How do you like my photo, left, accompanying this month's column? It was shot especially for all of you fans of the '50s look who have written, called and begged for photos of me wearing an old-fashioned, classic cone-shaped bra, and for those of you who go into fits of ecstasy when you see a GENT model smoking a cigarette.

Finding a '50s circle-stitch bra which would give me a cone-shaped look, in my size, wasn't easy. As a matter of fact, it was impossible, so we ended up having to have this bra custom-made. See what we are willing to go through to please GENT's readers?

Actually, I love my classic bra. I've always loved the look of the '50s bras which I have seen in photos of the popular movie star sweater girls of that era, notably Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable. I've also seen a lot of early men's magazines with the popular pin-up photos where the gals' breasts protruded to sharp points, almost threatening to poke holes through their cashmere sweaters.

Not being an expert on bras, I always wondered how that look was achieved. When my boobs got so big that I began wearing the larger sized bras, I used to, like Lisa who showed off her "points" on the February '89 cover, resort to bra stuffing...putting tissues into the ends of my bras in an effort to fill out the points and give myself the classic "nose-cone" shape. Then I'd parade back and forth in

front of a mirror, admiring myself in the bra, before putting on a sweater.

When we decided to shoot a feature of me with an authentic '50s look, the first thing we had to do was find a brassiere with a circle-stitch design like the Sky-Bali bra which was so popular in the '50s and '60s. Alas, such vintage bras, in my size, were not to be found either in Goodwill or Salvation Army bins and although some of the inexpensive discount stores still carry circle-stitch bras (like Woolworth's and McCrory's), they had nothing in my size. Frederick's of Hollywood used to manufacture a circle-stitch bra but they discontinued production of it.

JByrons, where I buy most of my bras, did have one style that approximated the '50s look. It was Exquisite Form's style P502. The bra was crescent-stitched only under the cups instead of circle-stitched around the entire cup, but it had a wide torso band and elasticized gussets and wide straps. But, it didn't quite give me the points that we wanted.

The interesting thing about that bra was that you could tell from the packaging, especially from the photo of the model on the box, that this bra was designed years ago, probably in the '50 or early '60s. That they still stock this bra attests to the fact that there

must still be a demand for these old-fashioned, classic bras.

Finally, we contacted TTL Enterprises (Route 3, Box 104-N, Gatesville, Texas 76528). TTL designed and manufactured the bra I am wearing in this photo. The bra is entirely handmade, without bones or wires and although there were a few minor mistakes (such as only three hooks in the back instead of the standard five) I was generally pleased with the look and feel of the bra.

Once the bra was procured, we completed "the look" with a pair of authentic white cotton briefs, a garter-belt and seamed tan nylons. Combining this with the proper makeup, jewelry and a cigarette (for that daring look when women first began smoking in public) brought us to the point where we were ready to shoot. I hope you like the look, and if you do, get ready for a really special treat...a major feature of me next month as we take a trip back into the past in a great layout with me as a sweater girl who shows a lot more than the gals did back then.

I loved doing the shoot which was sort of a fantasy fulfilled as I pretended I was one of those gals from the past whose pin-up photographs hung in every barracks and gym locker in the country. I hope the layout fuels a few fantasies for you, too. Speaking of fantasies (and realities), let's get down to the task of responding to your interesting (and sometimes unbelievable) letters from the past month.

WRITE TO DEVON: Have a problem you'd like to discuss with our beautiful advice columnist? Write to Devon Daniels, c/o GENT, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

NIP THOSE WORRIES IN THE BUD

DEAR DEVON:

I am 25-years-old and have been masturbating for years. Ever since I started masturbating, I have pinched my nipples, which causes my cock to become as hard as a rock. But, if I stop pinching them and simply masturbate, my cock only gets about three-quarters erect. I'm pretty sure there are other men out there like me, but I talked with one of my ex-lovers and she says that of the many men she has had sex with, I was the only man who got off on having his nipples pinched. All the others couldn't stand it.

To be honest, the only way I can come, either with a woman or by myself is when my nipples receive constant attention. I feel bad because when I'm making love to a woman and she has to use both her hands to pinch and twist my nipples, I worry that I'm robbing her of some pleasure because she is unable to use her hands to rub her clit or massage her own nipples. When a woman is pinching my nipples, I'm a complete animal, but as soon as she quits, I lose all desire.

I really need your advice on this because I feel that I'm sexually inadequate somehow. Do you know whether my condition (needing nipple stimulation) is common or am I a freak? Women don't seem to mind after I tell them what I need because the rewards are worth it, but on the other hand, they tell me it is weird.—Daniel, California

DEAR DANIEL: No, you're not weird and you are not alone. There are a lot of men who enjoy having their nipples played with during foreplay. Men have the same nerves and erogenous sensations in their breasts, particularly their nipples and areolae, that women do. For some strange reason, possibly because of a macho male hang-up, most men find it rather threatening to have their nipples played with. It embarrasses them and makes them feel vulnerable and threatened, somehow.

But a lot of guys who are more sexually self-assured love to have a woman suck on their nipples and

even pinch them during intercourse. Of course, some women don't like to have their nipples pinched and neither do some men. For many people, the only sensation is pain! I have a female friend with boobs as big as mine who cannot stand to have her nipples touched. As for me, you can play with them all you want and I love it.

Why do you find nipple play not only pleasurable, but absolutely necessary? Well, apparently you need a lot more stimulation than some guys do and you discovered this early when you began pinching your own nipples during masturbation. Some guys need even more stimulation than that, running the gamut from vigorous stimulation of their testicles to downright sadomasochistic foreplay.

My advice is to accept the fact that that's part of your physical/sexual makeup and do what feels good. As for depriving your female partner of being able to stimulate herself, what is wrong with you doing it for her? Where are your hands during intercourse? You can play with her nipples and clit while you are having sex. It's called reciprocation, and it's a whole lotta fun.

IS IT MERCENARY TO WANT MAMMOTH MAMS?

DEAR DEVON:

I'm pleased that you are GENT's new columnist. I think you're great. With tits like yours, you certainly have a place among the best D-cuppers of all-time.

I am 35-years-old and am in good shape physically and financially. I am engaged to a nice girl who is much younger than me. She's 19 and has a great body with a set of 38DDs. She displays them prominently by wearing tight, low-cut shirts because she knows they drive me wild. My problem is that I want them to be even bigger than they are. I think the bigger the better. I promised to marry her if she would agree to become at least an EE cup.

Cindy says that she's still growing and that her tits might become EE cups, or more. I don't think her tits will grow anymore and for that reason I want her to get them enlarged to an EE or EEE. Cost is no problem since I

will pay for it.

Cindy says she will agree to the procedure under two conditions: I must prove to her that they will not grow any bigger in size and that we get married before she goes through with the surgery. What I want to know is do you think her tits have stopped growing? What is involved in the breast enlargement procedure and how easy is it to go from a DD size to an EE or EEE? I am anxious to hear from you.—Peter, Detroit

DEAR PETER: I can't venture an opinion as to whether Cindy's tits have stopped growing. That's a matter for a doctor, a specialist who can determine whether Cindy is fully grown or not. While most people at 19 have reached their maximum height and bone development, there's no way to tell how much the breast tissue might continue to grow or whether she has reached her full weight, which sometimes adds considerably to boob size.

What is involved in traditional breast enhancement surgery is the cutting of an incision, usually beneath the breast, and sometimes another incision from the nipple down to the larger incision. The skin is then cut away from the material underneath to create a "sac," and then an implant, which is a soft "pillow" filled with silicone or some other inert material, is then inserted in the sac, sewn into place and then the incisions are closed. If the implants are unusually large, the procedure might involve having to move the nipple and areolae to reposition them in the center of the breasts (which destroys sensation in the nipples due to the cutting of the nerves to the nipple and areolae). Only a qualified plastic surgeon could advise you on the most sensible way to approach this. It depends on the elasticity of the skin, the size of the area where the breasts are located, and other similar factors.

I think Cindy is smart to demand that she have a ring on her finger before she considers surgery, though, since you seem to be a lot more obsessed with Cindy's tits than you are with Cindy as a person. Maybe I'm wrong, but you come across as being pretty mercenary if you are willing to strike a bargain to get what you want,

which is a pair of huge tits to bolster your ego when Cindy parades them in public.

HAIR TODAY, MORE TOMORROW

DEAR DEVON:

I have recently developed a love for the sight of hirsute women. I like seeing a nice growth of hair between a woman's legs that inches its way up toward her navel. I am also turned on by the sight of underarm hair. Concerning hairy legs, I can take them or leave them. I am single and have yet to approach a hairy woman.

One recent Saturday I was hurriedly walking down the sidewalk, late for an appointment. Nobody was in the area. Then a female jogger dressed in gym shorts and a tank top came into view. She was heading toward me. For some reason she stopped jogging and began walking. As she approached she was stretching her upper body. She really got my blood pumping when she did a stretch that raised her arms above and behind her head. I couldn't help noticing her hairy armpits. Our paths crossed quickly and that was the last I saw of her. As I walked on, I began asking myself how I would handle a similar situation in the future. How could I show proper interest in her and possibly get a date?

Devon, I need your advice on starting a conversation with such a person so that she won't be turned off. How about, "Hey, that's nice." If she says, "What?" I thought I might say, "Your naturalness, I like it." Then the conversation could progress from there. Would most hirsute women consider such a comment complimentary?

It might help to know why some women prefer to be that way. Do they just detest shaving? Do they think it is sexy? Are they trying to attract men like me who love hirsute women? I would appreciate any input you can offer from a woman's point of view so my time won't be wasted.—Harry Hunter, New Jersey

DEAR HARRY: Lots of men seem to be developing an attraction to "natural" women as people appear to be getting back to basics. I don't know exactly when or why the custom of

shaving began in the first place, but when you think of the thousands of hours women spend making themselves appear to be smooth and hairless, it all seems a bit silly. We are so used to seeing women's bodies without hair that it is a shock to many of us when we see a woman in her natural, unshaven state.

Your imagined approach to a hirsute girl certainly sounds as good as anything I could suggest. I would think that, unless she's a militant lesbian, she'd be flattered by your approach. Who knows why women allow themselves to be unshaven? I suppose there are as many reasons as there are hairy gals out there. One reason might be that women have discovered that there are a lot of guys like you who like them unshaven.

But remember, women with hair under their arms are still just regular people, so your approach shouldn't be much different from your approach to any other woman. If you make a point of mentioning their hirsuteness, they're going to know immediately that that's your main interest. If you don't mention it and began a casual conversation on other matters, they might be more inclined to think you're interested in something other than their hairy armpits and pussies. It might be worth a try.

CAN YOU TELL WHOSE TITS WILL BE WHOPPERS?

DEAR DEVON:

I don't know if I am alone in my feelings about this, but as an inveterate tit man, I am very curious about what makes tits big. Is there a time when you can tell whether a girl is going to have really big tits? I keep reading of late bloomers who think that they'll be flat (like you said about yourself in your interview) but who then end up with a pair of deliciously huge whoppers. When they start to develop, is there a way to tell that they're going to be really big? And when they start to grow, is there an average age at which they "peak" and stop growing?—Curious in Utah

DEAR CURIOUS: With the tremendous recent advances in genetics, I would hesitate to say that there is no way to tell whether a girl is going to

develop a pair of whoppers. There are some hereditary factors to be considered, like whether mom had huge knockers or not, or whether grandma on papa's side was a D-cupper, but even then there's no guarantee.

The answer to your question as far as I know, is that there really is no way to tell until the breasts develop. There is no way to tell how big they're going to get until nature takes its course.

There are some gals who are late bloomers and don't even begin showing bumps until high school, but end up with a pair of real gazongas. And then there are the girls who absolutely outshine everyone else with their amazing mammary development. I've heard of women whose breasts have continued to grow into their twenties. I've known women who were C-cuppers and then, after they went through certain natural phases of development and female functions, became D-cuppers.

These days, there is a way that a lot of women are able to predict exactly how big their breasts are going to be and when they are going to become that big. That's by visiting a plastic surgeon and having mammoplasty (breast enhancement) surgery. While the jury is still out as to whether this is acceptable to most GENT readers, it does simplify the problem for many women who are now able to say: "On such-and-such a date I want to have a pair of 40DDs," and away they go!

MID-LIFE MANIA

DEAR DEVON:

This is the first letter I have ever written to a magazine, but I really need help. I saw your column in my husband's GENT magazine and you seem to be not only intelligent, but very practical and caring. You are also very beautiful and it is no wonder my husband has your layouts hidden away (he thinks) in the bottom of his underwear drawer.

Anyway, I am 39-years-old, happily married and have two children. There have been times recently, though, when I have had this incredible urge to go out and have a "quicky" with another man. I hate to use that word but that, essentially, is what I want...just a fast, hard fuck with no obligations.

Some big ones you may have missed!

ISSUE:	CENTERFOLD:	D-CUP PICTORIALS:	SPECIAL FEATURES:
JUN '87*	Penny (42-26-39)	Cindy Nelson, Danuta, Tina Lou, Lotta Topp	Lotta Topp Interviewed; Fiction by Jackson Adams & Peter Cook
SEP '87*	Debee Ashby (40-26-36)	48-22-36 Nicole Reed , Samantha Strong, Arlene Bell, Joyce (Juli Parton), Keli Stewart	Rating The Love Dolls, Fiction by Brian Cole, Hangers
*These are International Editions with partially deleted advertising and text, but with pictorials totally intact.			
DEC '87	Emily (38-22-34)	Debbie, Amanda, Pat, Ebony, Maxine, Mindy Rae, Angel, Lynn	Play The Mentality Game, Ten Plump Favorites
MAR '88	Lenise (40-30-38)	Tami, Keisha, Savida, Trinity, Sandy, Alice, Nina	The Wet Spot, Sex in Motion, Germany's "Busen" Videos
APR '88	Shona (40½-30-39)	Yvonne, Jill, Lesa, Wendy, Karen, LuLu, Anne, Annette	Nipple Orgasms, Gore Movies, Bra Pictorial, Video Reviews
JUL '88	Susanne (41-26-37)	Rose, Anne Ali, Tiffany, Dusty, Angela, Susanne	Toni Talks, Nipples, Getting Lucky, Double-D Harem Girls (Pictorial)
AUG '88	Yvonne (40-24-38)	Toni, Ana, Tina, Shona, Stacey, Peaches, Jessie, Michelle, Laura	Wendy Hart Interview, Highway Survival, Nipple Stimulation
OCT '88	Exotica (50-25-36)	Wendy/Nejla (Duo), Lisa, Debee, Debbie, Melanie, Colette, Stevie, Sucky	Slot Machines, Tit- Fucking Pics, 10 Best Video Picks, Toni Talks
NOV '88	Milly (44-28-40)	Kelsa, Allison, Leah, Bunny Jo, Louisa, Stacey	Porsche School, Editor's Notebook, Plumpers on Parade
DEC '88	Louise (44-26-36)	Chesty Love, Lenise, Savida, Mel, Natalie, Susanne, April Dawn	Test Your Tit IQ, Guys Who Turn Gals On, Best Gals of '88
JAN '89	Devon (49½-24-34)	Angela Parker, Stephanie, Julie, Trisha, Crystal	ZRI Corvette, Guide To Martial Arts, Rear Views, 5 <i>Candidly Yours</i> Gals
FEB '89	Lisa (53-30-38)	Sharon, Sandi, Nicolette, Trinity, La Dawn, Jessie	Nikki King Interview, Best of Peter Marchant, Bra Shots (Pictorial)
MAR '89	Europe DiChan (48-23-36)	Jeannine, Mel, Dusty, Sharon, Yvonne, Toni	Safe Sex, Older Women, The "Monthly" Blahs
APR '89	Louise (42-28-36)	Tracy, Candy, Uschi, Busty, Shona, Lisa	Casino Tips, Plumpers, Testosterone, "Girls of Gent" Preview
MAY '89	Rebecca (39-25-36)	Caroline, Kelsa, Debbie, Melissa Mounds, Carol	Sex Surrogates, Rules for Safe Sex, Male Cosmetic Surgery

MORE RECENT ISSUES ARE ALSO AVAILABLE

Dear Devon

I worry that I am crazy. I know that lots of men get the urge to go out and fuck around, especially at the "mid-life crisis" age, but I didn't know that this could happen to women. It certainly isn't a subject of conversation around any women I know. What do you think? Am I ready for a psychiatrist's couch?

I know I'd have no problem getting all of the impromptu, casual sex that I desire. I am attractive, have boobs almost as big as yours and everyone from the milkman to the postman has made a pass at me. I need the advice of someone with a level head on her shoulders.—Getting Itchy, Connecticut

DEAR ITCHY: I would say that the major difference between you and other married women your age is that you are very honest. Most women with similar urges would lie about them or deny them for fear that they'd be branded as sluts or whores, or worse. But many women who reach that "Is this all there is?" stage in their lives go out and have a quicky or two on the side. The high infidelity and divorce rates in this county aren't all due to men cheating on their wives. It just seems that the men get caught more often.

What you're feeling isn't that unusual. What you decide to do about it is what we need to examine. Maybe you need to take a look at your marriage to see why it isn't as exciting as it used to be. Or, perhaps, look at yourself to see why you suddenly need some "outside" assurances that you are still sexy and desirable. Maybe you need an overhaul, both physically and mentally, and maybe you need to talk to your husband about what you both can do to put excitement back into your sex lives.

Cheating may be exciting but it always has a price...like lowering self-esteem, creating guilt, causing a pattern of more cheating and worst of all, possible exposure to some nasty disease or crazy guy who doesn't understand that only a one night stand is desired.

I'd advise you to think carefully before you do anything and if you really have a close relationship with your husband, you should discuss your feelings with him. Communication is sometimes a great solver of problems.

Don't be left behind like an empty bra. Once our back issues are gone, that's it. It's easy to order issues that may have slipped by you. Just send us a list of the month and year desired, from above. Always indicate a second choice in case you're too late, or we'll have to send your money back. Enclose your check or money order for \$5.00 for each issue (includes postage and handling) and mail to: GENT Back Issues, 2355 Salzedo Street, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. (Canadian orders: please remit in U.S. funds, or add \$1.00 per issue if sending Canadian funds.) Sorry, no overseas orders. Florida residents please add sales tax.

THE BOOB

Reviews of new videos with an emphasis on big bust action.

Big Busty #33

The latest in the Big Busty series features three former "Candidly Yours" girls who vividly display why they're no longer "amateurs."

You've seen 'em in "Candidly Yours," and now you can see lustful Lauren, luscious Lisa and lovely Luana in *Big Busty #33*, Big Top Video's most recent release. These three exceptional beauties make their video debuts, romping around and showing off their incredible breasts in this 90-minute video. Also featured in sizzling XXX-rated scenes are Cassandra, Marc Wallace, Sheila and Scott Irish.

BY PAT BROOKS

If you enjoyed Lauren's seven-page layout in this issue (pp. 69-75), then you'll really love her arousing video masturbation session. This 42-29-40 beauty picks up a copy of the Feb./'89 GENT with Lisa Phillips on the cover and in the centerfold and becomes totally turned on by Lisa's beauty. She gently caresses her slightly pendulous 42-inch breasts as she ogles Lisa's photos. Lauren (who bears a striking resemblance to Ann Jillian), lifts one breast to her mouth and flicks it with her tongue, occasionally sucking the tiny nipped orb. When Lauren feels that warm wetness in her pussy, she gets on all fours as the camera zooms in to capture every drop of her honey pot as she

fingers away. This is one cock-twitching sight! And any position the wide-eyed cherub gets into could accommodate a dick nicely.

Another "Candidly Yours" girl who subsequently did a layout in GENT (July/'89) is Lisa. As a 5' 4" secretary, she bares it all as she exercises by the side of a pool. Jumping up and down and stretching, Lisa's pendulous pontoons flail about feverishly. This 23-year-old continues exercising as her fantastic breasts are showcased; they heave and flail enough to please any GENTleman's taste. Her session ends after she lubes up her body and takes a refreshing dive into the pool. Lisa can really make a splash!

Big Busty #33 is chock full of video debuts including those of Lisa, right, who's as luscious as ever and lusty Lauren, below.



The Boob Tube

Since the video was shot in California, 20-year-old Cassandra (June /'89) was enticed to perform. And did she ever! This very sophisticated looking beauty teamed up with Marc Wallace in a fuck scene that makes me shudder just to think about it. She's sitting on a diving board oiling her body, concentrating on her perfectly plump 38-inch breasts and neatly trimmed pussy.

This horny bitch gets so turned on that her slick fingers find their way into her puffy pussylips. As this is happening, Marc Wallace approaches her, his dick responding immediately to the sumptuous sexy sight of her. They wind up in a variety of hot fuck positions (all on the diving board) and end with Marc coating her tits with his spunk after a heated tit-fucking session.

There is also a sexy lesbian session between Cassandra and a borderline titter named Sheila. These two ladies get it on with the help of plenty of whipped cream. What could be better than watching two beautiful, perfectly shaped girls licking whipped cream off each other's tits? And that's only the beginning. There's plenty more to tease and titillate you!

The video ends with a 46DD Brazilian beauty named Luana. This particular footage was obviously shot by an amateur. But it's well worth watching as we follow this gorgeous dark-skinned beauty as she saunters along the beach. After showing off her



Although interracial sex is at the fore of *Black Valley Girls II*, there's also conventional "whitebread" sex between Mandy Wine and Scott Irish.

bountiful breasts, this bronzed beauty winds up giving a lucky stud a fantastic blowjob. It's a short scene, but Luana is like a burning ember, never wanting to fizzle out!

There's much more to see in this video and I highly recommend you check this one out. Remember, it's not the kind of quality video pumped out by the "big" companies, but the assortment of D-cup models in *Big Busty #33* makes it a video you'll want to have...and see over and over again. For details about ordering it through GENT, see page 96.

Black Valley Girls, II

Every combination of interracial lovemaking is erotically portrayed in this new vid starring porn's hottest lady, Ebony Ayes.

If you like your women black and beautiful, then try Dreamland Home Video's, *Black Valley Girls II*. The main reason for watching this 85-minute video is that it stars Ebony Ayes, who has never looked better! Ebony guides us through a series of provocative sexual encounters with executive-type men. Despite Ebony's sensual appeal, she performs only in one scene with co-star Marc Wallace. Also starring in the video are Scott Irish, Mandy Wine, Cecile, Jessica Wilde, Tom Byron and Nina de Ponca. Unfortunately, Ebony is the only titter in the video, so it's her scene I'll concentrate on.

Ebony and Marc begin their tryst in bed, fully clothed, grabbing at each other while locked in a sizzling embrace. When Marc finally manages to unbutton Ebony's dress, he unleashes her beautiful black bombers. Then, in a calculated maneuver to titillate and

In *Big Busty #33* Casandra (pictured here) has a hot lesbian session that includes plenty of whipped cream and a borderline titter, Sandra.



The Boob Tube

tease Marc, Ebony grabs her breasts and kneads them, twirling her erect nipples between her fingers as she lifts them up to her mouth.

Once Ebony has Marc's undivided attention, she bends down and runs her tongue up and down his throbbing shaft, gently nipping at it with her teeth before sucking his fullness into her mouth for a ferocious blowjob.

Later, wearing a white garterbelt and stockings (which make a startling contrast against her black skin), Ebony lowers her wet pussy on Marc's hard dick and they begin to fuck like two animals in heat. In the midst of their heated session, Ebony's spongy breasts heave up and down and crash into each other with such force that it's a wonder they don't come flying off her chest.

The emphasis on Ebony's gazongas continues as Marc, in the standard missionary position, thrusts his cock deep into her wet pussy and fucks her. Later, as he sits on her stomach and slides his dick between her chocolate mountains, he creates an erotic vision that is sure to be embedded in your mind for a long time. Ebony wraps her breasts tightly around his dick and as he plows through her taut titflesh, she licks the top of his bulbous cockhead with her tongue, egging him on until he shoots a hot stream of jism onto her mouth and chest. This scene alone makes



In the hardcore video debut all GENT fans have been waiting (lusting) for Stacey Owen does herself TITillatingly proud in World of Double-D #2.

the video worth renting.

Even though there are plenty of other hot interracial fuck scenes, none feature big titters. And as for the storyline...forget it. The same goes for the acting. Actually, the entire video is sub-par, even for an adult video (with the exception of Ebony and Marc's scene). For more information, call Dreamland Home Video, 800-727-9494 or in California, 818-782-0751.

World Of Double-D #2

Here's the long awaited hardcore debut of superstar Stacey Owen, along with the R-rated debuts of GENT favorites Louise Leeds and Jeannine.

Nina de Ponca and Tom Byron display some of the hot interracial action that is typical of Dreamland Home Video's Black Valley Girls II.



She's sexy, sensuous, and has the ability to levitate a dick every time she inhales! I'm referring to 5' 4" Scottish D-cupper Stacey Owen. Since her first appearance in GENT, this 42-24-36 beauty has driven our readers crazy; they can't get enough of her.

Well, patience has its rewards. Every delicious inch of Stacey is visible in explicit hardcore action in *World Of Double-D #2*. This Big Top release marks the hardcore video debut of not only Stacey, but also the R-rated debuts of GENT girls Jeannine, Louise Leeds and Angelina. Also featured in this 75-minute video are Jaqui and Angela.

Stacey gives a cum-splattering performance in her XXX-rated scene. This 125-pound looker enjoys the



lascivious attention of her lover as he fondles, caresses and sucks on her spongy breasts. This homage to her mammaries is such a turn-on that Stacey bends down and licks her lover's throbbing member. Stacey tongues his shaft, beginning at the base and working her way to the top of his bulbous, uncircumcised cockhead. Then she takes it all in her warm, wet mouth for the blowjob we all dream about.

The couple eventually retire to a nearby couch. Once Stacey is completely undressed, she spreads her legs for her lover to kneel between, and lets him suck on her hot pussy. After a heated 69 session, Stacey gives the lucky stud a mustache ride as the camera zooms in to capture every inch of her pulsating pussy.

While her lover is concentrating on her cunt, Stacey smothers his cock

with her tantalizing tits. The climax of their heated tryst occurs when Stacey impales herself on his cock and receives the fuck of her life. Throughout their fuckfest, her ample breastflesh heaves and bounces wildly. Their session ends with Stacey's tits coated with jism, courtesy of a sizzling titfucking.

Every inch of Stacey's luscious body is on display in this scene as she fucks in a variety of positions, all of which showcase her incredible breasts and body. She will definitely drain your dick! That's a promise!

If you have any strength left after Stacey's action-packed scene, then prepare yourself for Jeannine's arousing scene with good friend Louise Leeds (GENT/September). Jeannine, our August centerfold discovered Louise in England and introduced her to modeling and acting.

Anyway, 42-26-36 Jeannine and 42-28-36 Louise go at it in a playful, tit-flailing pillow fight. The girls continue their "togetherness" in a fun-filled bubble bath scene as they wash each other's pendulous pontoons. The girls' genuine fondness for each other is captured by the camera, making their scenes even more pleasurable to watch.

Another slim-and-stacked beauty in this video is Angelina, who made her modeling debut in the October issue of GENT. Her refreshing 39-24-35 body is revealed provocatively in this video as she does a reverse strip. This 5'5" lovely is first seen completely nude before gradually getting dressed and ready for a day out. For those who lust to view such a sight, here is your opportunity to view it, and then replay it over and over again.

There is also an interracial hardcore scene that features a girl named Angela and a hot masturbation scene with Jaqui, an amply endowed cutie who's covered with freckles and has a lush patch of pubic hair.

This is a good video! Each girl projects her own unique sex appeal and the clever use of stop-action sequences makes their appearances even more enticing. Look for *World Of Double-D #2* to be included in GENT's year-end picks. For details about ordering it, see page 96. **G**

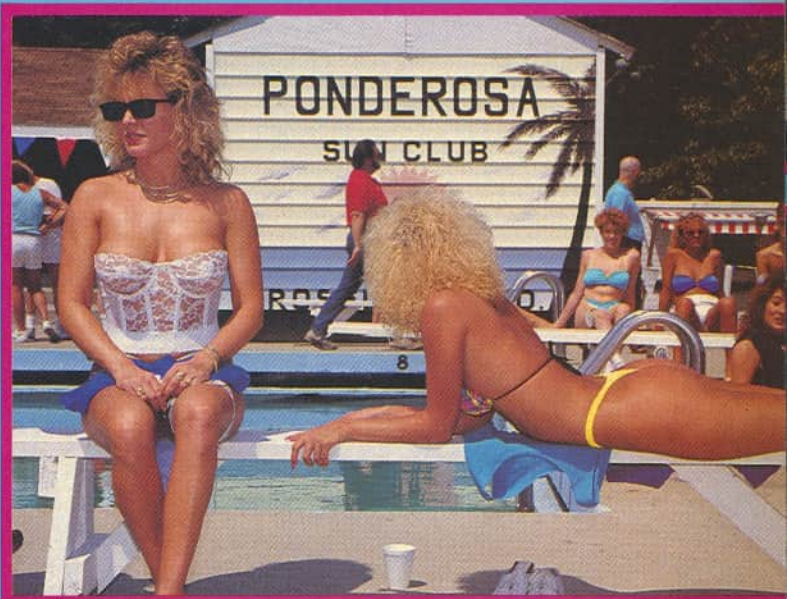
In addition to Stacey's hardcore debut, World of Double-D #2 also features Louise Leeds (left) and Jeannine (below) in R-rated scenes.





Showdown at the Ponderosa

When we sent photographer James Hamilton to the Ponderosa Sun Club's Nudes-A-Pop-pin' festival, little did we know that he'd rustle us up a whole bevy of beautiful babes.



The Ponderosa Sun Club in upstate Indiana, a club for nudists, has been having this annual day of special events and contests for the last 20 years. People from all over the Midwest travel to Roselawn and for a \$20 admission fee are treated to a day of nude (well, virtually nude; more on that later) beauty contests, dance contests, mud wrestling and much more. And while we saw no girls with real huge tits, there were plenty of gorgeous "borderliners."





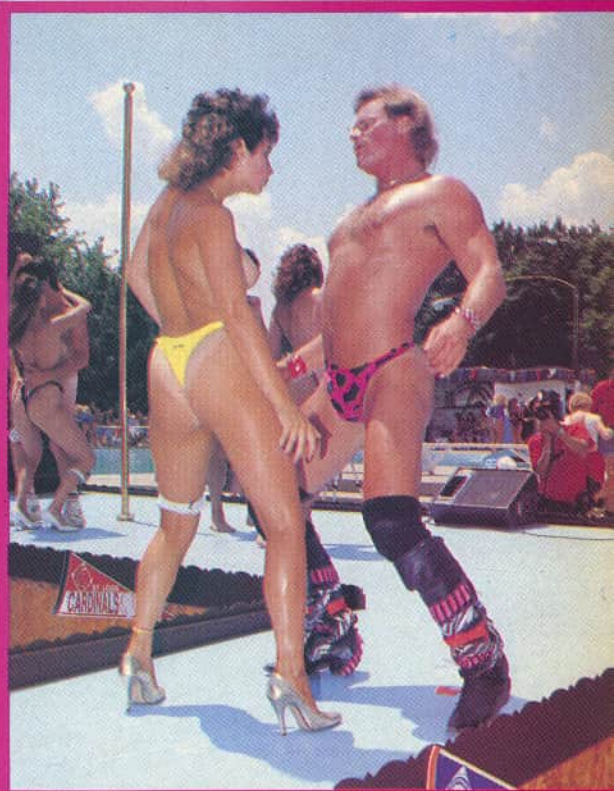
The festivities were ably hosted by well-known porn actor Ron Jeremy and as we've come to expect of "Mr. Sleaze," he did a hell of a job. If you weren't able to attend this year's event but would still like to see what went on, the good people at Ponderosa are putting together a video. Write them at the Ponderosa Sun Club, P.O. Box 305, Roselawn, IN 46372, or call them at 219-345-2268. If you want to see next year's event, it's on the third Sunday of July.





Until recently, all competitors in the Nudes-A-Poppin' events competed completely in the nude. But, stricter city ordinances now require that no competitor be *completely* nude, hence the G-strings, nipple coverage, etc. Interestingly, though, during the rest of the year club members (which total approximately 500 to 600 couples) are allowed to do as they please nude. Only on this day, when the club is open to the public, are the stricter laws enforced. But, try as he might, Roselawn's sheriff can't take away one iota of these girls' sexiness.





Although the Nudes-A-Poppin' day is the Ponderosa Sun Club's high point of the year, the club is actually a pretty fun place year round. Built on 76 beautiful acres, the club has two tennis courts, a volleyball court, a 125-foot swimming pool and a campground. Sneakers-only mixed doubles is our idea of fun in the sun.

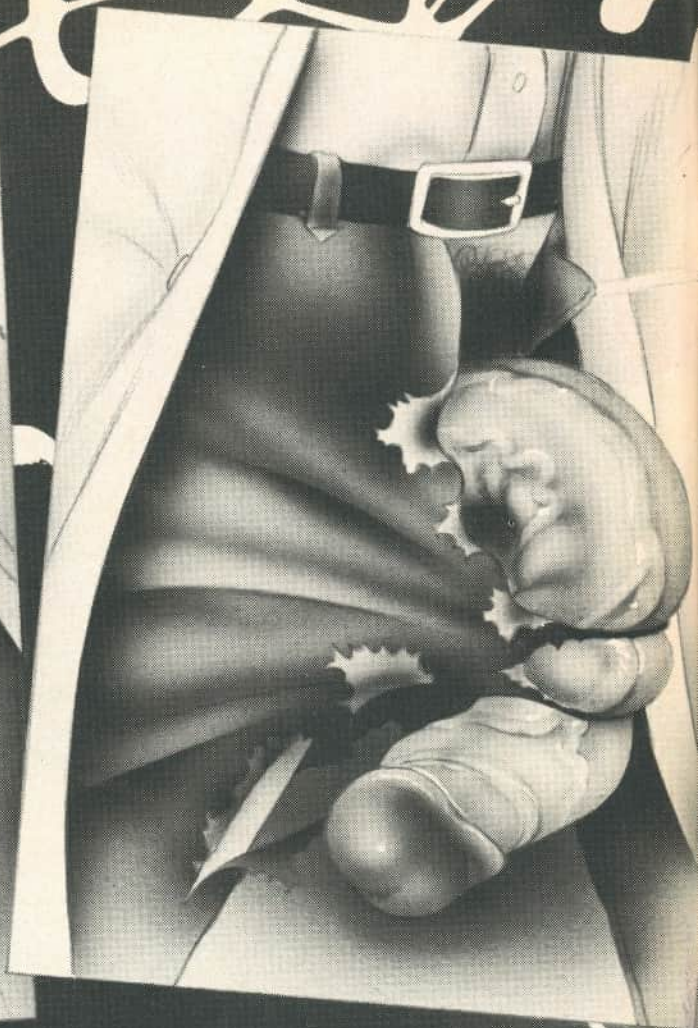




Most of the girls who competed in the different contests (beauty, disco dancing, exotic dancing, wet T-shirt) were from Midwestern states such as Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana, but there were some girls from as far away as Florida. Winners received large trophies, cash prizes and, of course, a great deal of much-deserved acclaim and exposure. And as you can see from these pictures, there was a substantial amount of talent on display. In fact, because we captured so much great action, the December issue of our sister magazine, *Cavalier*, also has a seven-page layout of additional photos.







GENETIC SECRET PART 2

Vikki uses her monster mams and sex appeal to keep world peace.

BY CRIS HELMARE

Sometimes, Greg Donovan thought to himself, being an agent has its moments.

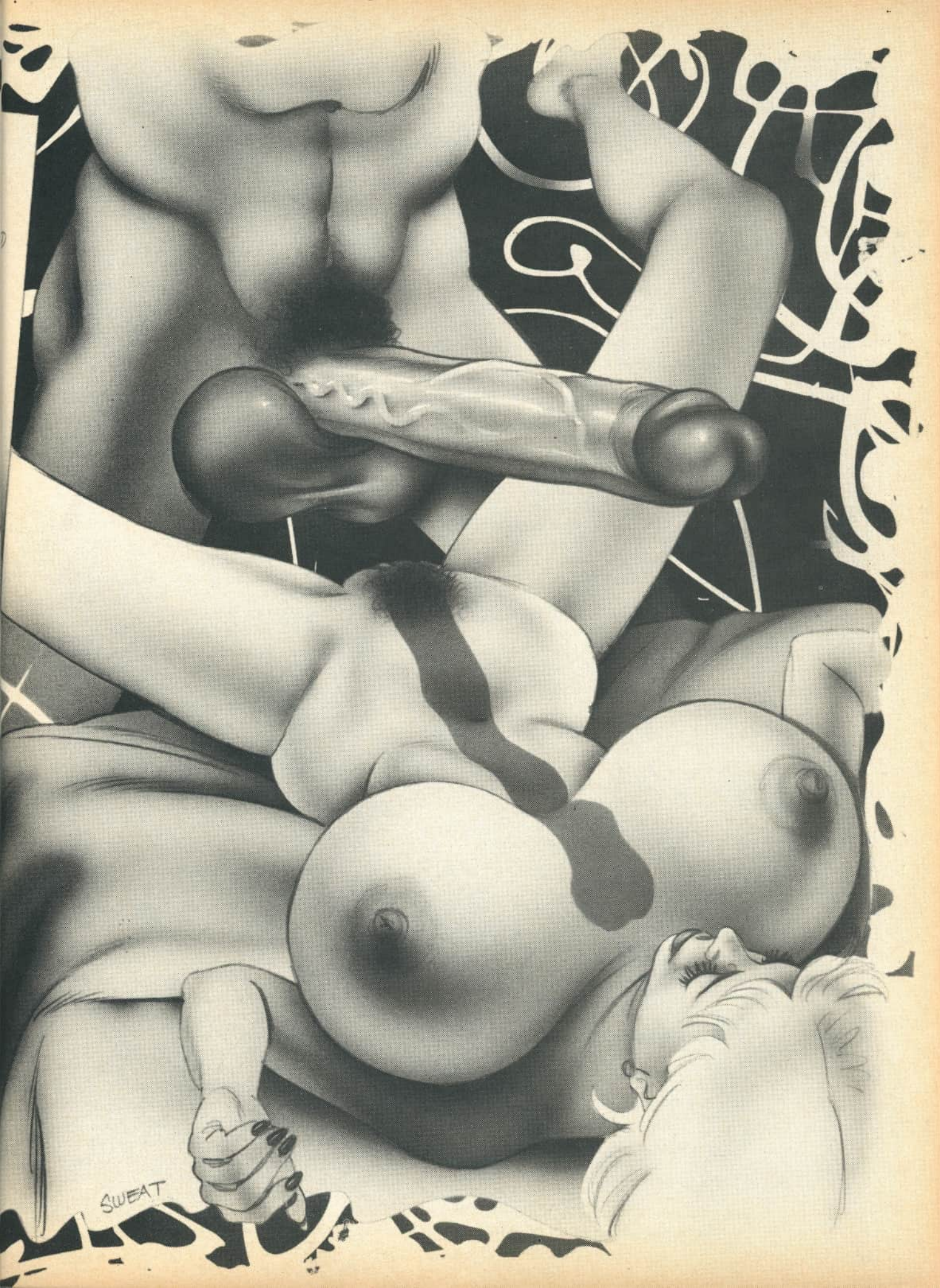
This particular moment was just after dawn and Donovan was piloting the boat *Sea Guardian VI* somewhere inside the Bermuda Triangle. They were nearing their destination: a featureless expanse of ocean a couple of hundred miles from their starting point, the

Bahamas. He had become quite familiar with these coordinates, having made this journey several times in the past week.

He and his team had done all the preliminary work. They had traced the source of the radio transmissions and located the underwater cave entrance during his previous trips out here. But this time it was different. What made this trip special was his sole passenger.

She was a hyper-agent, sent to actually complete the mission his team had laid the groundwork for. He knew virtually nothing about her except that she was one hot

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT



looking babe. She was about his height, five-foot-ten. She couldn't have been in the Caribbean long for her skin had a very light complexion. Her whitish hair was cut quite short except in the front; it fluffed out over her forehead and almost covered her large, darkly lashed blue eyes. Her cheekbones were high and full and her nose would have been perfect for a model. Her lips were so fully blown they seemed custom-built for blow jobs. Her neck was almost too long, but it lent her an air of stateliness. He could hardly believe how small her waist was. It was set in high contrast to her wonderfully wide hips and firm, full butt. But what really got Donovan's pulse running was her prominent, overblown boobs. She wore no bra under her T-shirt and he could tell that her breasts were almost perfect spheres with little or no sag. Each was nearly the size of a basketball and they were topped by thick, seemingly always erect, shotglass-sized nipples.

Her name was Vikki Keller.

How does she manage to fit those behemoths through the hatch? Donovan thought as he watched her come up from below.

"How long till we get there?" she asked, checking her watch. Her voice had a rich sensuous tone that Donovan admired.

"Not long. 'Bout a quarter of an

hour."

"Good," she said and sat down. She had changed into a black wetsuit and it hugged her body like a second skin. Surely the Agency had it custom-made for her. No ordinary snorkel shop would have something with *those* dimensions hanging on the rack!

"Tell me, how long've you been with IDIA?" he asked, using the Agency's acronym which was pronounced as *idea*.

She turned those blue eyes on him. The guys back home used to call eyes that color "drillers." So stunning, they seemed to drill right through you.

She paused in reflection. "It was just after college when they came to collect me. I was 22. So it's been..." She thought a second. "Four years and three months now. Wow...how time flies, huh?"

"Did you say...when they came to collect me?" he asked.

"Uh huh. They had to collect on their investment."

He shook his head. "I'm not following you."

She smiled. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to sound mysterious. You've got clearance, so I'll explain.

"You know that the InDependent Intelligence Agency is almost a United Nations of intelligence organizations," she said. "Certain key government officials and scientists from several coun-

tries felt the world needed a secret watchdog to keep it from extinguishing itself. They got together and formed IDIA: an agency run in total secrecy from the rest of the world and even the heads of their own regimes. The people involved in IDIA owe allegiance to the Agency before that of their own governments. All this happened just after World War II."

"I'm aware of all this. Why do you go into it?" he asked.

"Because I want to emphasize the fact that what makes IDIA possible is its secrecy. The founders realized the Agency would be at great risk each time they tried to recruit new members."

"You know," Donovan interjected, "I always wondered what the Agency would have done if I had decided *not* to join."

"Well, they have their ways of researching which people are likely to want to join. Even so, it made sense to try to keep things 'in the family.'"

"You mean, recruiting new members from the offspring of old members," Donovan said.

"Whenever possible, yeah. And that's where I come in. Both of my parents were IDIA agents."

"I still don't understand what this has to do with their having to collect you."

"IDIA has always employed some of the world's most brilliant minds. And a lot of technology and science that IDIA develops, it keeps secret from the rest of mankind. Some of it is simply too dangerous for certain governments to deal with rationally. You don't give a loaded gun to a five-year-old, right?"

"And what technology are you referring to specifically?" he asked.

"Genetics. In the early '60s, IDIA was then more advanced technologically than the rest of the world is today. In order to have an upper hand in keeping the world stable, IDIA thought it would be best to genetically engineer specific attributes in potential agents. My parents volunteered to have the genes altered in one of their children...me."

"You're a genetic mutation?"

She made a face. "Sounds horrific, doesn't it? Basically, it's true, but it's hardly as hideous as it sounds." She sighed. "Unfortunately, shortly after I was born my parents came under extreme danger from elements from a previous mission. They had to go into hiding and didn't want to risk my being with them. So they put me in the care of guardians. For 22 years I had no notion of what had happened to them. Then IDIA contacted me and reunited me



"Get your root out of my canal!"

with my parents...I still keep in touch with my guardians, though," she added. "Joining IDIA gave my life a purpose. I began to train as an agent."

"Just like that?" Donovan asked.

"No. Not 'just like that.' It was very complicated, actually. Fortunately, I wanted to join. Otherwise, I don't know what would have happened."

Donovan cut the engine.

"That's it. We're here," he said. "Where's your gear? I'll help you with your air tanks."

"No need, it's all right here," she said gesturing to a pair of small dumbbells and a lead weight belt.

"I don't get it," he said as she put on the belt. "Is there some sort of mini scuba tank in these things?"

"No," she replied. "They're just weights."

He bent down to lift them up. "Damn! These sons of bitches are heavy!" He carried them the few feet to the back of the boat where she was waiting. She looked as if she'd been poured into that rubber suit, he thought. It hugged her every curve, completely defining her expansive bosom. He noticed now that there was something odd about the suit, apart from its dimensions. The material at the bust was oddly ribbed.

"They're heavier than regular weights because my air tanks are more buoyant than ordinary ones," she explained.

"Oh, you do have air tanks then. I was beginning to wonder if perhaps you were just going to hold your breath."

She smiled. "You're close," she said. "Okay, you can give me those weights. And stand back a bit. This is gonna get a little weird."

Donovan gave her the weights and stepped back a few steps. What was she going to do?

Vikki took in a deep breath, then another and another. Through her mouth she gulped in massive amounts of air, each breath faster than the previous one.

Donovan swore she was going to hyperventilate. But the thought quickly faded as he saw the unbelievable happen.

Vikki's breasts began to swell. Larger and larger they grew before his astonished eyes. The reason for the ribbing in her suit became clear. Each rib acted as a sort of expansion joint, allowing the material enveloping her bust to billow out as her bosom literally inflated. Somehow, she was pumping them full of air! Her breathing was quite rapid and her mammaries ballooned faster, dis-tending to truly mammoth proportions. The fabric of her suit became distorted

as it strained against the pressure of her billowing spheres.

Donovan began to get the queasy feeling that those surging dirigibles were about to explode when Vikki ceased her rapid "breathing."

Donovan had never dreamed of anything so bizarre. Both of her breasts had swollen to the size of... Just what else is that size? he wondered. Possibly a weather balloon, or one of those huge beach balls he had had as a kid. Each of her globes appeared to have a diameter of three feet! What would her bust measurement be... maybe 60 inches? It was hard to believe that those two zeppelins were actually her breasts! They certainly didn't hang from her torso like normal breasts. Basically round and apparently filled with air, they weren't heavy; in fact, they almost "bobbed" in the breeze.

"Are you alright?" Donovan asked. Her newly overstuffed boobs were now so monstrous that they blocked out part of her face.

"Yeah," she replied. "As you can imagine, the process hurts somewhat, but I can deal with it." She bent forward slightly to see better over her humon-

gous bulk. "My breasts are the world's first bioengineered air tanks. They're somewhat larger than the mechanical variety, but I can dispense with them entirely if needed. Of course, they won't shrink any smaller than my normal bust which is pretty large."

"Incredible!" he said. "Have you always been able to do this?"

"No, I learned how to control the technique in training. Unfortunately, each time they're inflated, they never seem to contract completely back to their original proportions. I always gain slightly onto my regular bust size. Before IDIA came for me I used to measure 68 inches at my bust. After training for this mission, I measured over 70. Who knows, after this dive I may retain a full 80 inches!"

"But if you were genetically engineered, that means your body was *designed* for a big bust!" Donovan realized. "Why?"

She laughed lightly. "You mean aside from their ability to act like aqua-lungs?" she asked. "Don't you know what this mission is about?"

He shook his head. "Only that the Agency's contacted someone down



"How fast you advance depends on how fast I advance."

there via special radio. It's a good thing, by the way, that it's not too deep here, since you're not going to be breathing any special air mixture."

"If the dive was deeper my system would have compensated," she replied. "But as to my mission, it's fairly basic: A man down there is a threat to IDIA and I have to remove the threat."

"You're going to kill him?"

"Did I say that?" she asked. "No, what I have to do is seduce him. And now, if you'll excuse me, it's about time I get moving." And with that she turned around and dove overboard. Donovan was left to wonder how seducing a person would remove him as a threat...

The dive consumed most of her air. Inside the cave she found an air-filled grotto lit by an electric light. Here, the air's pressure kept the ocean out. The area was obviously man-made. There was a solitary door, but no one was about. She exhaled the remaining air from her "reserve supply," allowing her breasts to return to their regular size.

"That's quite a neat trick," came a deep voice over a loudspeaker. The sole door opened and a muscular man en-

tered. He wore an open lab coat over simple jeans and a T-shirt. "Must really break the ice at parties, huh, Vikki?"

"Pavel Dortsav," she said. "The only other genetically engineered human being."

He smiled. "So we've read each other's files. Good. We know where we stand then."

"Uh huh," she said. "But, unlike me, you declined to become an IDIA agent. You got away and have since been threatening the Agency with all sorts of nasty things. You've been a naughty boy, Pavel."

He laughed. "Yes, very naughty... But come, let me show you this poor Russian boy's home." He gestured toward the door.

"You're inviting me in on our first date?" she said teasingly. "You are a naughty boy."

He shrugged. "We never get such pretty visitors," he said as she walked past him through the door.

Dortsav's "home" turned out to be a rather vast complex of scientific and military laboratories and research facilities. Scores of people lived and worked there. The entire compound, he explained, was totally self-sufficient. He had trained for the Agency for some time

before he had decided against joining it. He had then simply applied the knowledge he had gained to his new operation. He only wanted to be left alone to exploit the world's resources for his own profit. Since the Agency didn't want him to interfere with the world's politics, economy or natural environment, he had threatened to expose IDIA unless they left him alone.

He ended the "tour" by showing her his quarters. "And so now," he was saying, "they have sent you to deal with me. But you have brought no weapons."

"How do you know?" she asked. "You haven't even searched me."

"When you walked through the first door, you passed through a complex weapons detector. You are unarmed. I'm thinking perhaps you are curious about me. Maybe you want to size up the situation for yourself. It's pretty impressive, isn't it? So I'll ask you, as the only other superior human on this planet: why not leave IDIA and join me?"

"You're the one who's pretty impressive," she said while slowly unzipping her scuba suit. "I'm dying to find out what a genetically engineered *man* is like in bed." Slowly the zipper made its way down and over her big billowy globes, revealing endless cleavage. She peeled the suit off completely, baring her magnificent melons.

He was visibly affected by the sight of her wonderfully oversized whoppers dancing naked and unhindered before him. "I warn you," he said, "I'm very large."

"Do you like what you see?" she cooed, shaking her basketball-size jugs before him. She stepped up to him and pressed her soft, pendulous pair into his chest.

He must be at least, six-foot-four, she thought, as she gazed up into his eyes. "I want you," she whispered and reached down for his crotch.

He could no longer contain his lust. He embraced her tightly and her copulant hooters bulged out obscenely between them. Pressing his mouth into her plush, pillowy lips, his tongue slid deep into her mouth.

Her hand felt his groin swell fast. A huge snake of a cock bloated larger and larger until she heard the sound of cloth ripping as his straining member tore its way through his pants and surged between her legs.

With incredibly strong arms, he picked her up easily and flung her on his bed. Mad with desire, he ripped off his lab smock, shirt, shoes and pants. Once

continued on page 42



"Do you mind if I call them the Smother Brothers?"



The Care and Maintenance of a Cock

BY DONNA POWELL

Most men take better care of their cars than of their cocks, but if you had a choice of having one or the other break down, which would it be?

Most males appear to take their pricks for granted. Their penis is an appendage they pee through. It's usually soft, sometimes hard, usually concealed, sometimes revealed, usually prized, and sometimes a purveyor of erotic pleasure. We repeat: males *appear* to take their pricks for granted. But they in fact pay close, diligent, lifelong, protective attention to their penises.

From infancy to old age, a male's prick is his most personal and perennial pal. He plays with it, holds it in his sleep, examines it critically, compares it with other cocks, pounds it for pleasure, pushes it into various vaginas, curses it when it lets him down, and takes judicious care to protect it from pain, injury, or humiliation. The long and short of a male's penis is that it's the part that proves he's a man. A male's prick, soft or stiff, is his most masculine and cherished possession; it brings him his most poignant physical pleasure and even the thought of losing it can engender the most anguished mental pain.

Researchers know that guys lie more about the length of their dicks than they lie about the length of the fish they catch. Masters & Johnson candidly affirm that

it has always been a "curious custom" for males to greatly exaggerate the size of their penises during casual tongue-in-cheek conversation; the first liar will always be outdone by the last liar. Shrinks say there are several reasons for this customary lie or "cock complex"; one reason is the widely held belief that bigger is better. This notion determines our reaction to the *size* of an individual's success, be it salary, home, cars, tits, or prick. We overwhelmingly tend to praise quantity (size) rather than quality (ability). A big cock, like a big car or big paycheck, seems to automatically presuppose superior power. And superior power *prickwise* is also supposed to afford a female far more pussy-pleasure...which we know simply ain't so. Big pricks possess no advantage.

But we're not going to get into the facts and fallacies concerning penis size here; we've touched on them before, and the subject is simply too unimportant (or too small) to repeat. The subject matter in this article is a subject that *should matter* to all men: the care and maintenance of their cocks. That fond tube of flesh that sprouts from a male's pubic hair like a mushroom through parsley is his closest companion for life. And yet, beloved buddy though it be, and faithful friend though it remains, most males know less about the care and maintenance of their cocks than about the care and maintenance of their cars. A lot of males may find it amusing to even consider that their cocks might require more care and maintenance than regular soapy showers and a quick shake or two after peeing. Well, it's not going to shrink up or fall off if a shower and a fair shake is all it gets. But it is possible to permanently improve the present condition of your cock with the correct care...and for optimum performance and outstanding pleasure your old pal will continue to score high, as you grow older, with some minimum maintenance.

Your cock is the foremost part of your anatomy. Its two obvious functions are the excretion of urine and the transference of sperm to the female (or to a toilet tissue, etc.). Your cock's construction is divided into several parts: the foreskin, the urethral passage, the *glans* (head), the frenum, the erectile tissue, and the shaft. The shaft of your prick is composed of three longitudinal columns of sponge-like erectile tissue surrounded by an outer layer of exceptionally loose, hairless, and smooth skin. Through the center of the shaft is the urethra (the passage you pee through and come



When you or someone else plays with your cock, stroking or massaging it, your balls pull up tight...and speed up their generation of cum and testosterone. Your prick's closest pals are your balls.

through.)

Our attention here is to better (and briefly) acquaint you with the construction of your cock so that you will have a clear idea of how it operates; it might be propitious for you to pull it out and examine it while we continue to elaborate on its construction.

The erectile tissue making up these three columns contains many irregular spaces called "sinuses." When you get a hard-on, the arteries that supply your cock dilate (enlarge), thereby flooding the sinuses with blood. The amount of blood in your hard cock is four to five times the volume contained in your soft cock. As these sinuses expand, they compress or restrict the veins (those which drain the blood from your cock), thus retaining more of the entering blood. This action causes your cock to increase in size and to assume a rigid and erect appearance. (Those whose cock sinuses fail to expand with blood might be said to have serious "sinus trouble.")

At the neck of your cock, the skin folds upon itself to form the foreskin. This is the portion of the skin that is removed by circumcision. Under that retractable foreskin is your *glans* (head), the knobby-shaped end of your cock that is full of sensitive nerve endings.

The dorsal or top side of your dick is not very sensitive; most stimulation is transmitted through the *glans* (head). The ventral or bottom side is very sensitive. This side contains a thin strip of skin (the frenum) which connects the *glans* to the shaft of your cock. This area is *super* sensitive. Also highly sensitive is the corona of the *glans*, which slightly overhangs the shaft at the neck of your fun-loving friend.

Your friend, at times, doesn't appear to be very faithful. He can let you down if you've had too much booze, or if you're suffering from a lower back problem or if you're physically or mentally drained; he can also refuse to cooperate with you if you are extremely fearful of getting caught using him illicitly; he occasionally also appears to have no conscience when it comes to "coming" in certain private places (where he has no business being). But he's forever there, close at hand, ready to respond rigidly to your hearty handshake or horny thought. Which brings us to another brief explanation of his ordinary and sometimes extraordinary actions.

The stimulation that activates a cock's erection center may come about as a result of several forces working either together or independently. The stimula-

tion may be the result of deliberate stroking—as in jerking off. The stimulation may also be initiated by impulses sent from the brain to the erection center as a result of lewd thoughts, erotic dreams, fetish fantasies, or sexual sounds and/or smells. As long as there is sufficient stimulation from the cock itself as well as from the brain, a guy will be able to maintain a usable hard-on.

Dr. Clark Campbell, author of *Dimensions of Human Sexuality*, says:

"Not every erection is caused by specific sexual stimulation; it may be the result of lifting heavy weights, an irritation of the *glans*, or even tight clothing. One of the peculiarities of being a male is that the penis has a head of its own and cannot always be depended upon to behave according to the wishes of the possessor. During puberty and adolescence (and even later) it is not uncommon for the male to come to regard his penis as a wholly separate and distinct personality, often about which he has no responsibility. He may even give his penis a common first name—Harry, Peter, Dick...even 'Pal.'"

Your friend gets stiff on one occasion when it is not either his *or* your fault. For years, morning erections—"piss hard-ons"—were explained to be the result of fullness of the bladder. This fullness was thought to cause stimulation of the nerves that connected the erection center to the area near the base of the prick. Recent studies into the nature of sleep have cancelled out that "bladder fullness" theory. During sleep, all individuals undergo several periods of deep sleep during which dreams and other brain activities occur. Because of rapid fluttering of the eyes during these periods, they have been named rapid-eye-movement (REM) periods. As males experience these REM periods, they undergo rigid erections. These REM periods occur several times each night. Should he be awake either during or immediately after a REM period, he will possess an *involuntary* morning erection or "piss hard-on." (No, fluttering the eyes when awake will not engender a rigid erection.)

When your friend gets rigid it's a reflex; when he spits or oozes semen it's a reflex. His ejaculatory center is located in the lumbar (lower back) portion of the spinal cord—somewhat higher than the erection center. "Coming" occurs in two distinct phases. The first, called emission, occurs when your prostate, seminal vesicle, and vas deferens empty their "cum" into the dilated urethra (pee passage). At this point you feel the ecstatic

inevitability of ejaculation (you can't hold it back). The second phase, expulsion, occurs when the blissful contractions and spasms of the urogenital muscles result in your cum oozing through and out your cock. When you first begin to come, a sphincter muscle closes the entrance to the bladder and urethra and thus prevents a mixture of cum and pee. (They are not expelled together because the acid urine would destroy the sperm.) The strength and intensity of ejaculation varies from man to man. Some guys get off with a force that squirts their cum three or more feet; others (the majority) have an ejaculation that squirts only a few inches or merely oozes out.

The average male's cock squirts or oozes semen about 10,500 times during his lifetime; he ejaculates nearly two gallons of sperm. The average amount of semen a guy's fond friend spills out during a fuck, blowjob or handjob is approximately a teaspoon. This load contains 300 to 500 million sperm and weighs about 4 grains (437.5 grains equal one ounce). Semen volume does tend to increase the pleasure of ejaculation and orgasm. The amount usually doesn't vary much in the average man who gets off every one to three days. But as the frequency of ejaculation increases, there is some decrease in volume.

If the increased frequency continues, the volume will tend to catch up with the continuance. Cum is usually thick, whitish, and gelatin-like, while at times it may be thin and watery. The determining factor is the frequency of ejaculation. Cum is manufactured partly in your testicles (along with testosterone); the reason your balls hang loose *outside* your pelvis is that semen and testosterone will not generate unless the temperature is three or four degrees *below* the internal body temperature. Your balls are cooling-off agents for the manufacture of semen and testosterone. When you (or someone else) plays with your pal, stroking him or massaging him, your balls pull up tight to get out of harm's way and they speed up their generation of cum and testosterone. Your prick may be *your* closest pal, but your *prick's* closest pals are your balls.

A male's balls, as he ages, acquire interior scar tissue which greatly diminishes their capacity to manufacture cum and testosterone. Dr. Wilfred E. Shutes and many other medical authorities have well documented proof that *alpha tocopherol* (vitamin E) will not only completely prevent this scarring, but it

will also soon remove scarring that is already present. This scarring begins before age 20; it attacks the interior of the testicles *and* the penis sinuses, causing the latter (penile sinuses) to absorb much less blood and therefore lessen the rigidity of erection. Alpha tocopherol functions as a dilator (enlarger) of capillaries and therefore as a facilitator (helper) of blood flow within the penis. Those "sinuses" we mentioned earlier, which are responsible for your hard-ons, are fed far more blood when alpha tocopherol is present in your system. Alpha tocopherol (vitamin E) also protects the sex hormones from destruction by oxygen.

Vitamin E has long had a false reputation as a nutrient that helps make persons of both sexes, horny. But calling vitamin E a sex stimulant is putting the cart before the horse. Alpha tocopherol contains no properties within itself which will in any way increase sexual desire. What the vitamin *does*, however, is greatly increase the blood flow in the veins and capillaries of your cock so that your hard-ons will remain rigid. It also prevents scarring in those otherwise blood-starved sinus tissues. Though everyone gets some vitamin E in his or her diet, Dr. Wilfred Shute has well documented proof that the average diet does *not* contain sufficient vitamin E to prevent testicle and penis-sinus scarring. Your cock is presently receiving *some* sinus-maintenance help from your diet. But by merely taking *one* 400 IU tablet a day of vitamin E (which you can buy in any drug store, and which costs about twelve cents a day) you can give your pal a life insurance policy which will work *now* to prevent penis-sinus scarring, and which will guarantee your good buddy a sufficient supply of blood to keep him hard and hearty for life.

You have probably noticed that your prick contains a vast array of tiny blue veins in its surface flesh when you have a hard-on. After about age 30, those tiny veins begin to lose elasticity (they solidify) and the flow of nourishing blood is more and more restricted. If that blood flow becomes *severely* restricted, your starved penis-sinuses will not inflate enough to allow you to develop and maintain a rigid, usable hard-on. Your formerly stiff friend may go half-limp on you in the middle of a frantic fuck. Those tiny veins can even become knotted and develop the appearance of varicose veins. This knotty appearance is caused from the formation of small clots; these clots can completely stop the flow of penis-nourishing blood. By tak-



"One of the peculiarities of being a male is that the penis has a head of its own and cannot always be depended on to behave according to the wishes of the possessor."



A male's prick, soft or stiff, is his most masculine and cherished possession; it brings him his most poignant physical pleasure.

ing 400 to 800 international units (IUs) of vitamin E daily, males have *dissolved* such clots within several months, returning the normal blood flow to starved penis-sinuses.

Sex researchers have known for decades that the massage effected by masturbation and by the frictions of fucking actually provide some (small) benefit to the veins and capillaries which web the surface flesh of a male's cock (like the blue lines on a road map). The massage movements of masturbation and fucking naturally tend to *force* blood through congested (or clotted) capillaries and veins. But sex researchers now know that a simple form of home (do-it-yourself) therapy will work (along with vitamin E therapy) to tremendously increase blood flow to penis sinuses (thus ensuring rigid erections).

Dr. Wilfred Shute and Dr. Alexander Lowen learned in the 1970s that the fingers and toes of diabetic patients which often required amputation due to gangrene could be saved by the dual treatment of vitamin E therapy and the simple application of warm and cold compresses. Sex researchers immediately duplicated this method of treatment by alternately applying warm towels and ice-cold towels to the flaccid (soft) penises of males with obvious blood circulation problems (*obvious* because of their occasional or chronic inability to develop or maintain a rigid erection). The results were dramatic: vitamin E therapy (400 to 800 IUs a day), along with the alternately applied use of warm and ice-cold towels wrapped around the penis, engendered a "marked increase in the rigidity and maintenance of erections in every male who received the therapy."

This form of simple home therapy certainly fits into the "everything to gain, nothing to lose" category. We *know* that alpha tocopherol (vitamin E) will prevent scarring in your testicles and penis sinuses; we *know* that vitamin E will increase the flow of blood to those same areas. And it certainly seems reasonable to assume that if hot and cold compresses (along with vitamin E therapy) can save gangrenous fingers and toes, then that same dual therapy should improve (and maintain) the crucial circulation of blood within your cock. Dr. Lowen suggests the extremely simple method of "alternately directing warm (nearly hot) and cold water on your penis during a shower while lightly massaging your member to further facilitate circulation." It would seem, though, that ice water alternated with warm water

would stimulate more circulation; also, it would seem (to us) that better blood flow would result if the therapy were applied when the penis was erect.

Alpha tocopherol is non-toxic and has no side-effects. Dr. Shute suggests that the vitamin be taken after breakfast each morning. Within two or three hours after its absorption, vitamin E dilates all the body's veins and capillaries and they remain dilated for many hours. The vitamin E dilated veins and capillaries effect an ideal condition for the added circulatory benefits of alternately applied warm and cold water to your cock. One male of our acquaintance simply uses two glasses, one containing warm water, the other ice water, to alternately immerse his penis in. A few minutes of this alternately warm and cold immersing is sufficient; you may feel a slight numbness from the cold water, and the tremendous increase in (local) circulation will be evident in the blushing redness of your penis. Within only a few days you may find yourself awakening during the night with really rigid erections...and *after* sex (of any kind) you may find your erections last much longer. After a month or so the warm and cold water therapy can be applied only once or twice a week; but vitamin E intake should be continued daily.

Certainly, your old pal deserves the best. He's given you a lot of pleasure and you look forward to much more of that fun in the future. No doubt you've often lent your pal a helping hand when he was down, and he probably soon poured out his private appreciation. But he'll be a more faithful friend for life if you give him the care he requires to maintain his potent performance. He wants *blood*, lots of blood. So give it to him by following this simple circulation-enhancing formula. You've got nothing more to lose than another teaspoon of semen, and you'll gain the guarantee that those spoonfuls will keep pouring out for a long time. 

Author's Note: This form of vitamin E, warm-and-cold therapy is not an experiment which may or may not increase blood circulation in the veins, capillaries and sinuses of the penis. The therapy will markedly increase any male's genital circulation to the degree that erections will become more rigid and sustained. Alpha tocopherol will open and enlarge clogged veins and capillaries; the administration of warm and cold water will further stimulate blood flow to the penis-sinuses. This simple therapy is failure-proof.



Luscious Lulu

Here's another look at Lulu Varley, a beautiful British model who first came to our attention after she appeared as a "Page 3" girl in a London tabloid. Lulu last graced the pages of GENT in April '88 and just as she did then, she still refuses to pose bottomless. But maybe there's hope, fellas. Although we've never seen her show full, frontal nudity, we have noticed that with each layout her panties seem to get skimpier and more sheer. All we can do is hope that one day she'll decide to take it all off, but until that day arrives we'll just satisfy ourselves with her voluptuous 41-24-34 figure and luscious D-cup melons. With her movie star good looks and body-that-won't-quit, we feel that Lulu is always worthy of a spot in the *Home of the D-Cups*, even if she won't show all.





In many ways, Lulu is similar to another famous British "Page 3" girl and GENT model, Debee Ashby (who also has refused to pose totally nude). The willingness or lack of willingness of a model to bare her bush has long been a subject of your letters. The opinions vary, but we feel, while full frontal nudity is preferable, it's not a requirement for a GENT appearance.









Lulu's luscious melons and gorgeous face will take her as far as she wants to go. The question is: how far will that be?

One look at these photos is all it takes to know that Lulu could write her own ticket in modeling (especially nude modeling) if she so desired. But so far, for whatever reason, she has resisted, although in the photo at right the photographer was able to coax her into taking her panties off. But, alas, only he saw what so many of us have been waiting and hoping for. These shots are encouraging for those who hope next time Lulu will bare all.

Gent



GENETIC SECRET, II

continued from page 32

naked, he approached her and she could see just how enormous his rod had grown. It was as long and as thick as his forearm, about 16 inches in all. The distended scarlet head was a goliath, larger than his fist, and an incessant stream of pre-cum gurgled from its tip. She knew she had to take that elephantine cock inside her. It was the only way to fulfill her mission. The thought both frightened and excited her.

Now he was on the bed towering over her and she could see that his testicles had swollen to ridiculous dimensions as well. Each must have been the size of a grapefruit!

He sank his hands deep into her soft, plush bosoms, squeezed her thick nipples and kneaded her pliant mounds of doughy flesh. She moaned despite her fear of what would come next. Then, he spread her legs and she felt the head of his phallus prodding her vaginal lips.

"Please," she whispered. "Be gentle."

Then it happened. He gripped her ripe, teeming bosom-flesh and thrust his engorged cock deep into her tight canal.

Her eyes bulged as she screamed from the shock of his tree trunk ramming into her. The pain was considerable but not nearly as bad as she thought it would be. Her body felt strange. How deep had he gone? Apparently not very far. She looked down toward her crotch but her capacious breasts blocked her view.

He began to pump her, withdrawing his pole and then pushing it back up into her slick tunnel. In and out he pumped her. Slowly. Back and forth. In and out. His eyes rolled up under his lids.

On each of his upward thrusts, Vikki's eyes widened and a moan was forced from her lips. She was feeling the strangest sensation. It was as if his cock was pushing jello-like organs aside, shifting her insides. Each time he drove inside her, she felt a queasiness in her stomach and her rib cage was shoved upward and breathing became difficult. What was he doing to her? How deep was he going?

As his rhythmic pumping began to pick up pace, she reached down to feel how much of his shaft remained outside her vagina. As he thrust in she felt his abdomen against her. There was no shaft outside her at all. He was burying his entire super-sized missile into her

vagina!

"You look surprised," he said between breaths. "Your body was...designed to take my...entire length...You're the only woman...who can." And that was all he could manage to say as his words turned to grunts. His pace accelerated and he began to slam into her with passionate fury. The steady pummelling ignited something ferocious within her as the base of his penis hammered at her clitoris. She lost control, totally overcome by this impossibly-sized bludgeon fucking her whole body as if it were just a rag doll. Again and again he thrust into her and then...she exploded. Her body came and shuddered with such intensity that she screamed.

As he rammed his burning cock into the blimp-breasted woman under him, he felt her lose control, felt her body shudder, felt her bosom inflate. He had read her file years earlier. He knew that during sexual arousal the air sacs in her breasts would involuntarily accumulate air and her globes would then swell as she came closer to orgasm. And swell they did. They puffed up to a monumental volume. They filled to inconceivable capacity under his groping hands. It excited him even further. He thrust his member mercilessly into her cavern. Then he felt her tense, heard her scream. He knew she was coming. It was too much. From the depths of his mammoth scrotum erupted a geyser of semen that jettisoned up his shaft and flooded deep inside her box. The thick stream gushed into her cavity, filling it to the point of overflowing. His spunk poured out of her tunnel, oozing between them. His eruption lasted a full 10 seconds, followed by another heavy load that lasted nearly as long.

So long-lasting was his orgasm that Vikki was coming down from hers while he was still ejaculating his titanic load. Now was her time. Quickly she pulled the impregnated pin from her wristwatch and stuck him in the back of his neck. The amnesia drug would work best if injected during orgasm. It was the way IDIA dealt with people who didn't want to join the Agency. They didn't kill them. They simply made them forget what they knew. Depending on the dosage they could be made to forget a little or a lot.

After he finished coming, Dortsav wouldn't even recognize the woman he was making love to. Then, Vikki could lead him to a more productive life.

Sometimes, she thought, being an agent has its moments.



"I bet you're asking yourself: 'What's the gimmick here?'"



A Newcomer From North of the Border

From our friendly neighbors to the north (Canada) comes this month's centerfold, a bodaciously endowed newcomer named Darlene. Darlene first came to our attention via her appearance in the October '89 "Candidly Yours" and we knew right away that she had all the attributes we look for, so we flew her down to Los Angeles where she was photographed by one of our favorite lensmen, John Lee-Graham.





Darlene lives in British Columbia and has long been a fan of GENT. Unlike many full-figured women who are often unaware of how attractive they are to men, Darlene has always known that she turns men on. And with her fleshy Rubenesque figure it's no wonder. At 5'7" tall, this 29-year-old packs 160 pounds on her very impressive 45-30-38 figure. She says she needs a 44F-cup bra to hold her mountainous twin melons and, as we're sure you know, bras *that* big ain't easy to find.









Being from Canada, Darlene has seen enough cold weather to last a lifetime, so the trip to California was a real treat, although she did get slightly sunburned (notice the pinkish tinge above her areolae in these photos). Sunburned or not, though, Darlene has a pair of melons that are sure to endear her to GENT readers. On the opposite page, notice the unique position of her nipples; even they hang low.







With a pair of whopper-sized hooters and a sweet face, this "C.Y." discovery is on her way.



Another quality we liked in Darlene was her desire to be as open as possible in front of the camera. She willingly showed pink her first time out and has told us that she is anxious to do so again. You can bet the house that we'll have her back just as soon as we can. Talented big-breasted models don't exactly grow on trees, so when we find one we count our lucky stars. If this debut layout is any indication, Darlene is without a doubt, headed for stardom.





Candidly Yours



**Want to show off your wife or girlfriend
in "Candidly Yours?" Send her photos to
2355 Salzedo, Suite 204, C.G., FL 33134.**





Violet's 29 and thought that her 190-pound, 44-30-44, 5'10" body wasn't attractive enough for GENT. But, thanks to her guy, she realized that some men crave women who are built for comfort instead of speed.



Steph, left, is a bountiful babe! Her measurements are 46-38-48 and her boyfriend says she can be a real bitch if she doesn't get her pussy sucked at least twice a day!



Chewie's anxious to show off her 38-27-35, 5'6", 120-pound body. The 36-year-old housewife says she enjoys the simple things in life...sex! Hey! Get your "CY" photos in NOW!





CREAM OF THE CROP

For all you exotic dance fans, the pretty face and sexy body of Christina Cream (also sometimes known as C.C. Moore) should be quite familiar. Christina has earned herself a large following on the exotic dance circuit in both the U.S. and Canada, but this is her first appearance in the *Home Of The D-Cups*. With her killer looks and ever-present sultriness, it's no wonder that every club she performs at is sold out. Although performing is her first love, these photos show she could also be a great model.







When an exotic dancer tries her hand at modeling it's always a roll of the dice to see if she will be successful or not. One recent notable success is Busty Belle who has, in a sense, paved the way for others like Christina to try modeling. To be an exotic dancer requires the performer to be in excellent condition and with Christina's measurements of 40-25-37, it's obvious she's in great shape. On stage, Christina is well known for squirting cream on her boobs and then licking it off as the audience goes wild, no doubt imagining that the white substance is something other than a dairy product. And with that tongue of hers (check out the shot above), it's a safe bet that she doesn't miss one drop of that cream. Mmm, mmm...she sure looks tit-licking good to us.







This layout was shot in Los Angeles for us by frequent contributing photographer Lance Kincaid who has become quite a whiz at finding new models for us. Though many of you may have caught Christina's act in person, we bet that most have never gotten as close to her as that shot on the opposite page. Above, she displays and licks her huge areolae which appear to be at least the size of a Peppermint Patti candy bar (and probably taste a whole lot better than one, too). After this layout, Christina may well have a new career.





Behind Enemy Lines

BY PETER T. GUINTA

Our squadron of Marine F-4 Phantoms had just pulled up from what seemed like a smooth bombing run over an enemy ammunition dump when I felt my plane twist sharply to the right as a dozen slugs tore through the left wing. Ed, the radar intercept officer who sat behind me in the cockpit, noted the groundfire over the intercom.

"Hoo boy. We don't have to pay for that damage, do we? Just joking, boss. But if we go down, it might be a while before we see any more beer, cigarettes or pussy," he said.

It was impossible to tell how long we'd be flying, since we were now leaking fuel.

"The situation has definitely got my attention," I told Ed, who was still jabbering into the microphone. "So shut up, okay? You handle the weapons and I'll drive the bus."

Okay, maybe I was a little irritable. Our mission had taken us deep inland. Leaking that much fuel, we'd never make it back to the coast and the safety of the carrier. Even trying was foolhardy. If we

For some war is hell, but when this slick marine was shot down he encountered a very "unhostile" enemy.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM LOSAPIO





fell short of the coast, we'd eject over provinces crawling with enemy troops happy to get an extra bag of rice for breaking our legs.

While I sought altitude, Ed cleared our wing guns to prepare for a trio of MiGs he'd spotted on radar. He then keyed the main radio net: "Fox Leader, this is Cornerback. We have sustained damage and are losing fuel. Commencing systems assessment. Advise."

We were in no condition to engage. I knew that much already.

Fox Leader keyed up: "Cornerback, we're breaking off. Your heading is due south. Try to reach the DMZ. Radio and we'll send a taxi. Good luck, Ian. You too, Ed."

Ed radioed back a cool, "Aye aye, sir."

He knew the Marine ideal: When in deep shit, it's better to go out with style. If by some miracle you do make it home, you'll be a legend. And if you don't, well, you're still a legend.

I dropped the plane to treetop level and poured on the coals, putting miles between us and any nearby ground troops. Four long minutes of flight. Alone in the sky. Fuel going, going ... gone.

Ed took a compass reading when the fuel was gone. I sought more altitude. We said our goodbyes and planned to meet on a high ridge to the south. Then we both ejected.

The blast hit us hard, but the chutes opened well and the seats dropped away. The F-4 flew a little further, turned slightly, and dove for the valley floor. The smoke would draw troops. We had to move quickly from the area.

I saw Ed rocking in his chute a quarter-mile away. We each tried to turn into the wind. He waved. Into the trees, we lost sight of each other. Passing first through two giant mahoganies, my chute finally caught in lower branches.

The jungle was quiet as I swung in the canopy, .45 locked and loaded, checking the ground. Next moves came right out of the airborne book: Hit the capewell releases, drop and roll.

Ed didn't answer my call on the survival radio, so I headed for the ridge where we had agreed to meet. Getting there took longer than I thought. The jungle was dark and thick and there were ravines and a steep uphill grade to overcome. Night came quickly and I tried to sleep in a tree, but couldn't.

The next morning a crumbly chocolate survival biscuit was breakfast, but my body wanted coffee, a shave and a shower. On the other side of the ridge, a slow-moving river poured over a short

cliff into a lagoon. Through the trees I could see a thin thread of smoke coming from that direction. It wouldn't be wise to get into a firefight right now. Seven rounds wouldn't last long.

That river would be a great place to rest and get water, I thought, deciding to check out the smoke. *Maybe Ed's down there trying to signal me*. It took an hour to move through the thickets.

Closer to the smoke, I moved more slowly. *This may be a village or headquarters*, I thought, but I heard no dogs, spotted no sentries. Closer now to the waterfall, still nothing.

Suddenly, very close, voices. Definitely not Americans. Kiss the dirt, stay close to the trees, move in nearer and check it out. Maybe Ed's a prisoner.

But it was only three men—and a woman. Two of the men stood shirtless in the lagoon up to their waists, gathering a cast net with a few fish inside. Another man, younger, squatted on shore, cleaning an AK-47 assault rifle.

The woman washed her hair in the lagoon, a little apart from the fishermen. She was about 20 and very pretty, with dark shoulder-length hair. Her shirt was off and she had the biggest and creamiest pair of oriental twinkies I'd seen in all my 28 years. Her stout amber nipples stood at attention, almost shouting to be sucked vigorously. Her pouty, cute mouth sang a lilting little song in her language. After living on an aircraft carrier with a thousand men, seeing a woman was a rare treat.

This one had curves in all the right places and an intelligent, clean look. I got hard just watching her bend over to wash her face. Apparently, the three troopers weren't oblivious to her either. In fact, they seemed to be considering more assertive action than staring at her and scratching.

Unfortunately for her, she began to wash the rest of her luscious body right then, scrubbing her firm, full breasts and lower belly. When she dunked into the pool to rinse off, her little lovebox came out of the water dripping. I almost came watching all this.

The three NVA troopers just stared at her with their mouths open.

In an instant, I snapped out of my voyeuristic trance. Rifles stood stacked on the riverbank near a radio. If they spotted me, I'd be in serious trouble. This entire area would be crawling with dinks after my ass. I had to get my hands on those rifles and that radio. Suppose Ed showed up and they shot him? I low-crawled closer and took the safety off my .45.

Now, it's one thing to drop a bomb from a plane, but quite another to shoot or stab a man up close. When death is closer, it has a face. I didn't like this situation one bit.

One NVA soldier in the water apparently had had enough of joking and staring. He wanted some pussy. He waded over to her and yanked at her arm, but she shook her head and spoke to him sharply.

He grabbed her again, harder. This time she balled her fist and gave him a good hard uppercut to the balls. He went down, doubled over, to the great amusement of his comrades. But he stood up again quickly, very angry, and smacked her face with his open hand, causing her to fall into the water. Though I felt sorry for her, I couldn't help but admire her courage, as well as her long glorious legs, thin and supple enough to wrap around a man like a snake.

She began to stand up, but he grabbed her and tried to force her down and enter her. She squirmed, trying to avoid him, but he was stronger. For a second, I was paralyzed. All this was taking my breath away.

But this was an excellent distraction. Walking out of the jungle—quietly now—toward the riverbank, I kept my .45 pointed at the nearest man's face. When I got closer to him, the soldier half-turned and spotted me.

He was grubby and sweat-stained, and I was near enough to smell the fishy, unwashed smell of him. He was in his late 20s and tough-looking. His mouth dropped open and he became popeyed with surprise, like he was thinking, *What the fuck?*

But when his brain synapses finally engaged, he dove for his rifle. Bad move, Charlie. I fired, and the heavy slug drove him into the water, where he floated dead on his back.

Wow! I hit the motherfucker! I thought, pointing the pistol at the others. They stared at me with their mouths open, like I was a bad hallucination. The stocky one, who'd hit the girl, looked at his buddy, his dead comrade, then back at me. The girl just stared at me blankly. I'd sure stopped this party cold.

I stared at them, actually stuck for a next move.

The boys spoiled the moment by making a break for it. I didn't expect them to do that and thought, *I'm only 30 feet away, you idiots!* and fired again and again and again.

Hit in the shoulder on my second shot, the first man let out a cough and dropped below the surface. The second

made it nearly across the lagoon before I hit him with a lucky shot. He flew face down into the water and floated there in a blood slick.

My hand was sore, the gun open and empty. I picked up one of the AKs and aimed it at the woman. She stood absolutely still.

I waded into the water, grabbed her hair and gently turned her around and tied her hands securely with a piece of soft cloth from the pile of gear on shore.

I left her standing there and waded to shore to search the enemy equipment more thoroughly. There were several clean uniform shirts and thick, rough blankets. One shirt went over her shoulders and one blanket on the flat rock for her to sit on. Her pretty feet dangled in the water.

More goodies in the enemy gear: cold, cooked rice, lots of AK ammo, a box of Chinese grenades, and an old U.S.-issue .45-caliber grease gun with a wire stock. I loaded one AK and the grease gun, piled extra rounds next to them both, and threw the rest into the small lagoon.

After stuffing my face with some rice, I took off my filthy clothes for a quick wash before I moved to higher, and safer, ground. Still no answer on my survival radio. With a bar of People's Army soap, I tried to get the rank jungle stink off my body by soaping up and standing under the small waterfall for a few minutes.

I kept a wary eye on my guerrilla princess, trying to decide what to do with her. I couldn't leave her tied up. She didn't deserve that horrible death. I didn't have the stomach to kill her outright, but if I let her go, she'd bring Ho Chi Minh's little brothers down on my back.

She watched me wash, occasionally shifting her gaze to my cock.

I said, laughing, "Yeah, I bet you've never seen a cock this big, honey. His name is 'Big Boy' and he's humongous, even by American standards."

She didn't understand the words, but she understood the subject. Then she said perfectly, "Big Boy," smiling shyly and staring at my cock more boldly now. I was more than a little suspicious, and surprised, but definitely interested.

I finished washing and waded over, pulled her to her feet and said, "You're my prisoner now. You will do what I say, okay?"

She looked into my eyes, then knelt in the shallow water, her breasts clearing the surface, closed her eyes and turned her face up to me. For some reason, I

trusted her not to bite. Big Boy was wary at first, but soon he got very, very interested in the mission and swelled up beyond his usual size.

Slowly, she took me into her warm wet mouth, wrapping her lips around the tip, and began to lick and suck greedily, expertly, totally surrendering herself to the task. I couldn't help but thrust my cock deeper and deeper into her mouth until she had it all. But just when I was about to spurt a gigantic wad of pent-up cum into her willing throat, she stopped, looked up and moved her bound arms as if to say, "Let me go."

A man gets sucked like that very few times in his nasty, brutish and short life, so I pulled my survival knife and cut her bonds. Then I threw the knife to the riverbank, out of her reach. We didn't know each other *that* well yet.

She moved her shoulders in a circle for a moment to get some circulation back in her arms, then stood up, put her hands around my neck and quickly climbed me like a tree. With her arms around me, she slowly lowered her tight, wet pussy onto my cock.

Grabbing her ass with my hands, I thrust into her clinging, wet, hungry

body, spreading my legs for better balance. She gripped me with her knees, clutching my cock with her pussy muscles, digging her heels into my back.

I put my face in her neck and smelled her clean hair and animal scent as I fucked her. Kissing her mouth cruelly hard, I thrust my tongue deep in her mouth. She responded aggressively, like she was in charge, and when she was close to orgasm I gripped her ass even tighter. She sobbed something I didn't understand, pounded my body a couple of times and came with a clutching, desperate scream.

Her orgasm pushed me over the edge, too, and with huge gulping spurts I filled her body with hot spunk. A man's voice screamed, and I realized it was mine, a primal roar from eons past when men killed other men for their women.

Afterward, legs weak, I put her down. We held on to one another and staggered to shore, drained for the moment. At the edge of the water she took a step ahead of me, then flopped down into the mud along the shore, rolling around like a crazy person until she was covered with the wet, slick goo from hair to ankles.

continued on page 68



"Want me to blow dry that for you?"

Editor's Notebook

We couldn't let the year pass without a feature on bras, considering that 1989 marks the 100th anniversary of the invention of this architectural marvel also known fondly by euphemisms such as boulder holders, flopper stoppers, tit slings and boob baskets. We've come a long way since an enterprising French corset maker invented the first "soutien-gorge," with designs and patterns that boggle the mind! Only recently, however, have bra manufacturers begun to take into account the special needs of GENT-sized women.



Beauty and practicality combine in the two pretty bras worn by French models Rebecca and Valerie, **left**. They support, shape and flatter, and any D-cupper would be proud to be seen in them.



Magnificent Carol Tanner, **left**, encases her 48-inchers in a no-frills, no-nonsense bra which hides her mile-long cleavage and minimizes the size of her tits. This under-wired, "industrial strength" bra is reminiscent of the only style that was available for the super-endowed woman in the past.



Beautiful Debbie Quarry, **left**, wears a 36D sheer lace bra which teasingly reveals her nipples. Feminine and flattering, the heavy underwiring still provides the support her 40-inch tits require. Busty Belle, **above**, shows how silly it is to try to stuff 50 inches of tit into a too-small bra. One false move and we'll have a tidal wave of titflesh! Stephanie, **below**, is so huge that she can only wear custom 38GG or 40FF bras. They have wide bands, five hooks and are double-seamed.



Another example of how pretty bras in D-cup sizes have become in the last decade is the fetching number, **right**, a very popular style with a minimum of seams, a heavy underwire to lift and support the breasts and a triangular panel between the cups to separate them. Many photographers keep a stock of bras handy for their models, but this one obviously wasn't prepared for a gal the size of Candy, **below**, who struggles to stuff her whoppers into a ludicrously too-small bra. Candy's 41-inch tits require at least a 36D or E-cup. This dark lace and satin bra, in the right size, would probably give Candy's tits a nice silhouette.





The '70s and '80s saw a big revolution in bra design and popularity following the bra burning and braless look of a decade before. Suddenly, we had the "no bra" bras, nursing bras, padded, wire, and jogging bras, but gals with 40-inch tits still had to order their bras by mail or pay dearly to have them custom-made. Today, bras like the style, **above**, can be purchased in many chain stores in large sizes, although older styles like the long-line that Tony, **left**, is "almost" wearing, are becoming increasingly harder to find. We don't know why Tony's even bothering to wear a bra since this one is obviously losing the battle of containment. Talk about an avalanche of flowing titflesh!

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

continued from page 63

When she stopped rolling, she stood up and bent over, shaking her perfect ass at me like a flag. She spread her legs wider and kept shaking her ass at me until the tiny little brain in the tip of my cock got the message.

Man, I was tired, but the sight of that mud-covered woman waving her ass at me, begging me to fuck her, got me excited once again. Big Boy stood up at attention and saluted.

"Time to play again, little buddy," I said, moving closer to her.

I held her hips from behind and entered her velvety lovebox once again, thrusting upward with my now-hard cock. She squirmed and squished her fingers into the mud, talking to me, saying the same phrase over and over again until her voice rose to a scream and she came. It was quicker this time, with bucking and kicking motions which rolled us both onto the wet riverbank. We fucked in all positions, getting covered with the sticky wet mud, until I exploded inside her once more in an incredible spasm that could not be stopped or controlled.

As I lay on my back, catching my

breath, she washed. Later, I took the AK out and washed off, too, while she sat on a blanket under a tree, combing her hair. When I got back, she looked like she was ready to fuck again.

I said, "Listen, Dinky. You, me fuckee fuckee too much. Understand?"

She didn't seem to, and pushed me down on the blanket. We kissed a long time, and I caressed her nipples until they were erect, then sucked on them a while until they were red and probably sore, but she didn't seem to mind and I wasn't complaining.

Eventually, her smooth legs wrapped around mine and she climbed astride my body and rubbed me like a giant cat who wanted to be fed. All I could offer was Big Boy who, to his credit, was whipped but still game.

I poised just outside her, then entered her body slowly while she wiggled around, talking into my ear. I didn't know what she was saying but it seemed conversational, like she was talking about her family or a trip to the market.

This time, we made slow, gentle love for a long time, and when she got close to coming, I could feel her body tense and thrust downward harder until she panted and shuddered. There is nothing more exciting than a woman coming, and it sent me into a long, sharp orgasm that

filled her depths.

Lying next to her exhausted, I realized I'd wasted time that may have been better spent saving my ass or searching for Ed. I felt guilty, but also well-fucked. It grew darker and I scanned the opposite shore with field glasses. Too quiet. Time to move.

Packing to go, it was difficult for me to look her in the face. I'd decided to tie her up loose enough so that she could eventually work free, but tight enough so she couldn't follow right away. She said nothing and did not resist. She just watched me with her dark eyes.

I tried to explain why she had to be tied. She listened as if she knew what the words meant and held her hands out.

"I have to go. I know you don't speak English, but please understand about tying you up. Wiggle free in a few hours, after I'm gone. Okay?" I kissed her lips gently and walked into the night.

But a half-hour and about a half-mile later, I realized that it was pitch black and I had no idea where I was going. I almost fell into a ravine, so it would be necessary to wait until morning to travel. Again, I found a tree, climbed up and slept. Badly.

Near dawn, bones aching, I made it to the top of a high ridge and tried the radio again. This time Ed answered crisp and clear, almost immediately.

"Hey buddy," he said. "Heard shooting yesterday. Decided to stay clear of the area. Thought they'd got you, old man," he said.

Old man? Big deal, so he's a year younger than me. When I see him, I thought, I'll show him who's an old man. It took us a couple of hours to hook up, and we had a joyful reunion. Ed took the AK and I kept the greaser. It had a slow rate of fire, but it was easy to carry and the idea of those big .45 slugs tearing the shit out of any slope dumb enough to get in its way made me smile a mean smile. Before we moved south, I told Ed we had an errand to run first.

"We're going back a short distance to get a prisoner," I said.

When we got there, she was sitting on a blanket under the same tree where we made love. We kissed briefly while Ed, whose eyes almost popped out at first, kept watch for enemy troopers.

As she jabbered in my ear, we heard automatic weapons fire off in the distance and all three of us took off running for the jungle south of the ridge.

It's not easy to follow prey moving cautiously through a thickly wooded area, but panicked game leaves a clear

continued on page 84



"You have a way of turning leftovers into a special event."



Lauren's Curtain Call

Back for her second full layout is Lauren, another "Candidly Yours" discovery who has gone on to feature model status. Lauren last appeared in GENT in July '89 and was an immediate hit. Her combination of beauty and fulsomeness make her a winner.





For Lauren, the transition from “Candidly Yours” to feature layouts was easy. She has always wanted to model, and when she got her chance she proved to be a natural. With her assets, she could be a star.



Unlike another former “Candidly Yours” model in this issue (Darlene, p. 43), Lauren was at first worried that we wouldn’t want to publish photos of her because she felt she was too heavy. She didn’t realize that many men crave large, full-figured women like Darlene and her. But we’re glad she sent us her photos because as soon as we saw her 5’7”, 170-pound figure (with measurements of 42-29-40), we had a hunch about her. And sure enough, our instincts (confirmed by those of you who wrote in to voice your approval of her) proved to be correct. It took us awhile to photograph her, though, because she was living in Pennsylvania and we don’t shoot there much. But it was worth the wait, don’t you think?





Some of you have told us that Lauren bears a striking resemblance to the actress Ann Jillian, and we couldn't agree more, although we prefer Lauren's way of entertaining us. Regardless of whether or not one's taste runs toward large ladies, no man can deny that Lauren's face is very beautiful. Check out the photo on the opposite page: with those large dark eyes and that sensuous mouth, no man could resist Lauren. Above, she lovingly cups her mams and brings them to her lips, while at left she gives us a look at her entire, glorious body. The knee-high hoisery is a nice, added touch.



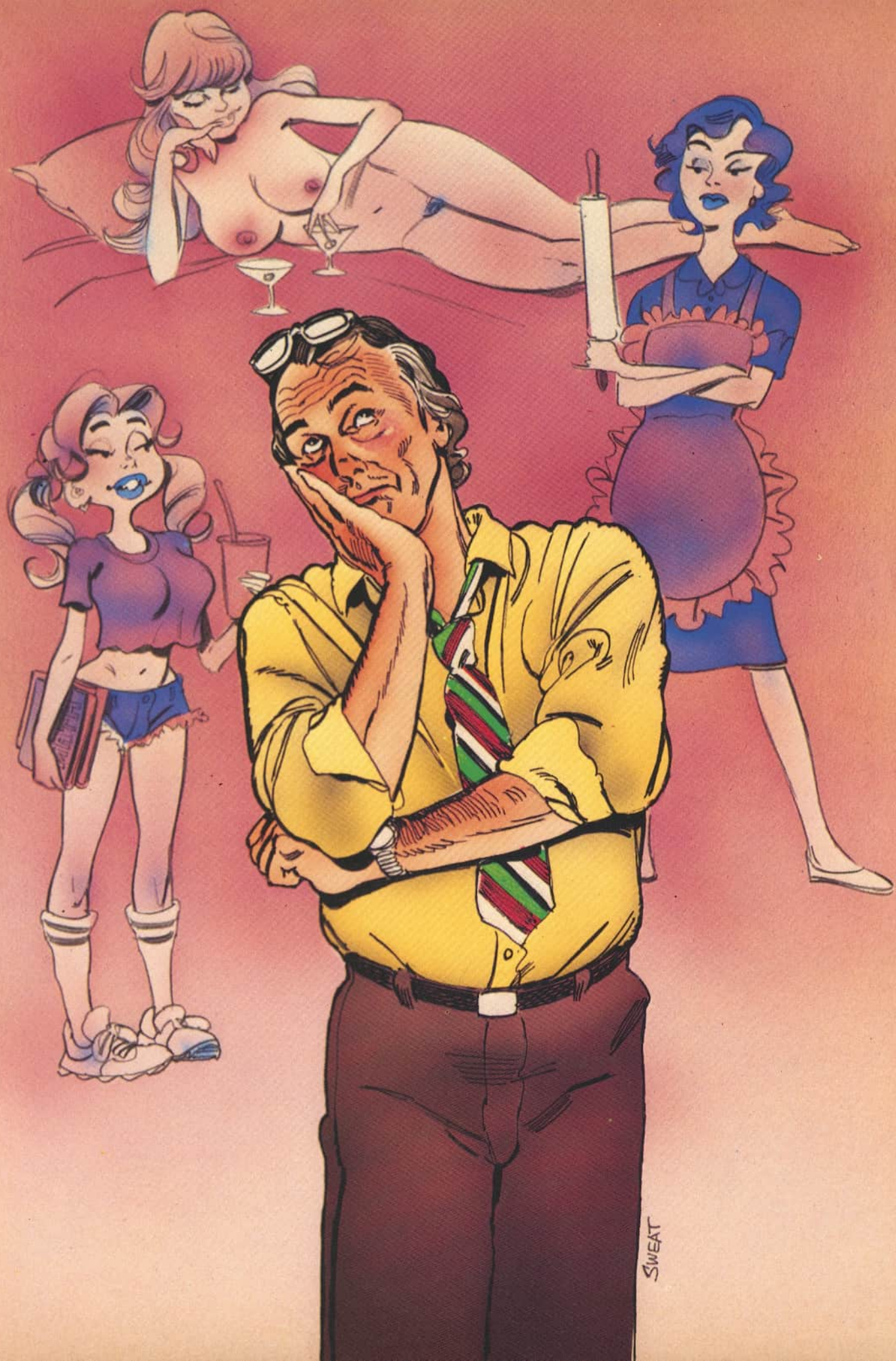




Lauren's natural affinity for the camera comes through in this layout, as it did in her previous layout last July. In that first layout, she showed us pink, which is very encouraging when the model is just a novice. Some models do many layouts for several years and never even take off their panties. But that certainly wasn't the case with Lauren. No, she took to nude modeling like a duck to water, and the proof is in these pictures. If you want to see more of Lauren, she's now available on video, having made her debut in *Big Busty #33* which is available through the GENT Video Library (see page 96 for details about ordering it).







Getting Ready For Forty

One man's zany look at facing the middle age muddle.

BY GEORGE W. TUDOR

I've noticed since I turned 40 that, as the years have passed, my attitudes about almost everything have changed. I used to be a Democrat; now I'm a Republican. I was raised a Baptist, then I became an Orthodox Bob Dylanite, then a Catholic, and now I'm a Militant Apathetic. And I seem to recall that I was a Methodist for about 20 minutes in there somewhere.

Attitude is everything. It determines what you wear, what you drive, where you live and who your friends are. And your attitudes can change without you being aware that they're changing. I used to think Congress really wanted to help the American people, but one day I realized that the only reason politicians seek election is to satisfy their own enormous egos. That's the sort of attitude change that can sneak up on you.

Are you really aware of how much your own attitudes have changed over the years? How about an attitude update? I've devised a little true-false test so you can check yourself. You might be surprised by the results.

Circle either True or False after each question and then check your score when you're finished.

ATTITUDE TEST

1. Most hospital workers are fat. T F
2. Given the opportunity, a male college professor will invariably sleep with a female student. T F
3. Plaid ties are more expensive than

- striped ties and really don't match anything. T F
4. Aggressive women cause impotence. T F
5. Men who hunt deer are latent homosexuals. T F
6. Weekends were made for getting as drunk as possible. T F
7. Travel by air should be outlawed. T F
8. Men who smoke cigars in public should be castrated. T F
9. Wives of political candidates always tell the absolute truth about their husbands. T F
10. Legible handwriting means you're stupid. T F
11. Vasectomies for musicians should be mandatory. T F
12. Books weighing more than a pound are invariably boring. T F
13. Any woman who refuses to sleep with you is a lesbian. T F
14. Stool specimens are obtained solely to embarrass the patient. T F
15. Most Third World countries were better off before we started feeling responsible for them. T F
16. The oceans are becoming polluted with fish crap. T F
17. Menus written in French are meant to intimidate Americans into accepting substandard food. T F
18. All camera equipment is made by one person. T F
19. Lee Iacocca is his own brother. T F
20. Most art imitates something that isn't. T F

Give yourself five points for each True answer and zero points for each False answer and check your score below.

0-5 points: You have the maturity of a third-grader, do not cheat on your taxes and are dominated by your wife and her mother. Get a life.

10-30 points: You're beginning to learn something about life in general, but still have a long way to go. Read something by Hemingway and then rip the book in half.

35-40 points: Don't bother reading the book, just tear it up.

45-70 points: You're not quite cynical enough, but you're working on it.

75-100 points: You think you're another John Wayne. Get a grip. Take an ugly woman out to dinner, and you pick up the check for a change. You should attend an EST seminar. You have a crying need to get in touch with your inner self.

After designing the foregoing test, I took it myself and scored a perfect 100. Then I went back and changed all the questions and lowered my score to 90, so I was pretty happy.

Another aspect of "maturity" is your attitude toward sex. Perhaps as a 20-year old, you took chances sexually, allowing a casual encounter to lead to situations of a more intimate nature. If you're married, as most 40-year-olds ought to be, you can't do that anymore and expect to have a happy, stress-free life. Or perhaps you still think of yourself as being 20 and don't really care about your self-percep-

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tion or your marriage vows, or maybe you just divorced your third wife and you're one of those really obnoxious 40-year-old guys who hang around with the T-shirt-and-tits crowd at singles bars and make clever comments to the other horny guys with receding hairlines who are doing the same thing.

In any of the above circumstances, it's wise to know where you stand sexually, so I've devised another little checklist to reveal your attitudes toward modern sexuality. This one is multiple choice, and you must answer each question honestly.

SEXUAL ETHICS QUIZ

1. Your wife is out of town for a few days and you're all alone. Your next-door neighbor's husband is also away. She's very sexy and gave you several long, meaningful looks at your last barbeque. She calls one night and invites you over for a drink. You should:

- Tell her you've been exercising and really need to take a shower.
- Ask if you can shower at her place.
- Get her to talk dirty to you on the phone while you whack off.

2. A co-worker finds you alone in the stockroom, slides her hand down inside the front of your pants and says, "Hi there, big fella." You should say:

- "Lose something?"
- "Please stop that. Every time I get an erection it draws my eyelids closed and I can't see."
- "Bet you can't stick your tongue down that far."

3. Your wife is eight months pregnant and the doctor has advised against screwing for the duration. You're horny as an eagle in heat, but she's unsympathetic. You should:

- Wrap your schlong with electrical tape so it can't get hard.
- Expose yourself on public transportation.
- Fuck anything that moves.
- It's your first date with an ex-nun.

She feels rather awkward, because it's her first date of any kind. What do you talk about?

- The reproductive habits of the penguin.
- Sexual innuendo in Papal documents.
- Why cloistered nuns raise so many cucumbers.

5. You're driving the 18-year-old babysitter home. She puts her hand on your leg and gazes at you seductively. You should:

- Pretend to suffer a heart attack.



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b. Move her hand onto your crotch.
c. Pull over and whang her little brains out.
6. A gentleman of the gay persuasion who works in your offices shows up in the men's room while you're taking a leak and can't seem to take his eyes off your zoomer. You should say:

a. "Looks like profits are up this quarter."
b. "My doctor tells me I may have A.R.C."
c. "Sucked any big ones lately?"
7. Your gorgeous 20-year-old niece is staying with you for the summer. While your wife is out shopping one day, she wanders into the living room wearing nothing at all and says, "I've never screwed a relative." You should reply:

a. "I screwed Uncle Charlie out of five bucks once."
b. "You mean the rumors I heard about you and your brother aren't true?"
c. "Incest, like charity, begins at home, and I feel charitable."
8. Your female boss propositions you while you're working late one night. She's ugly as a wharf rat and old enough to be your grandmother. You should say:

a. "Thanks, but I gave at home."
b. "Do you mind if I slip a bag over my head?"
c. "I'd rather see your pink slip than mine."
9. Your doctor breaks the news that you have a sexually-transmitted disease. The only woman you've slept with for the last eight months is your fiancée. You go over to her place and:
a. Get your ring back.
b. Get your ring back plus a signed confession of infidelity.
c. Get your ring back and rape her

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10. You are single. Your brother's new bride indicates she would like to have a family affair. You should say:

- "I'm not my brother's wife's keeper."
- "Let's wait until after you're divorced."
- "The family that sleeps together keeps together."

11. You're at a singles bar. A great-looking chick slides onto the stool next to you and says, "My favorite sign is 'Yield.' What's yours?" You should reply:

- "Right turn on red."
- "Tunnel ahead."
- "Fuck till you drop."

Give yourself a zero for each A answer, five points for each B answer and 20 points for each C answer.

If your score is between zero and 20, you're out of touch with your own sexuality. In fact, you're a virgin and probably still live in your parents' basement.

If your score is between 50 and 100, you're in tune with current social attitudes and exhibit appropriate behavior, but are dull at parties and will not sustain your sex drive much past your forty-fifth birthday.

If your score is over a 100, you have the sexual discipline of Gary Hart and should whack your weanie more often.

If your score is 200 or more, you were the Marquis de Sade in a former life, and should consider becoming a TV evangelist.

That little quiz was just for fun. We all know those things don't happen in the real world, except maybe for question number one. And the ex-nun question.

One of the problems with turning 40 is that you begin to seriously question whether you're still attractive to women. Oh, sure, your wife says you're great-looking and sexy, but when you look down at that beer-gut you're carrying around, you can't help but wonder if she's bullshitting you. Sooner or later, you're tempted to find out if you can still score with the opposite sex. So you go out for a drink after work with a 25-year-old secretary in the office who indicates a willingness to get to know you on a more social basis, and one thing leads to another and you end up getting fucked in more ways than one.

Oh, sure, it starts off innocently enough, but the next time, you linger a

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bit longer over drinks, perhaps have one too many, and the next thing you know, she kisses you goodbye after you walk her to her car. A week later, you're at her apartment, screwing her brains out. It's not that you're in love with her or anything like that, it's just that she's 15 years younger than you and you're flattered as hell that you can still make a woman whimper and recite obscure medieval poems while you're huffing and puffing your way up climax hill. God, you are one sorry bastard.

Okay, now what do you do? You've got this damned thing started and you're making plans every other day to sneak away to this little tart's pad so you can slap your thighs together. Where is this going? She's obviously not a terribly smart girl, or she'd be screwing someone younger. Is she smitten with the old love bug? She might tell you that, in the heat of passion. Is she looking for a husband who has a little money and an established career, and doesn't care that he also has a wife and kids? Perhaps. And there's the real danger.

We've all seen these 50-year-old dudes tooling along in their Mercedes wearing a tweed sports jacket with leather patches on the elbows and a green plaid golfing cap with a great-looking woman half their age in the front seat beside them. There, but for the grace of common sense...

I once knew a 60-year-old Baptist Sunday School teacher, a successful professional man, who divorced his wife of 35 years, a lovely and gentle woman, and took up with a woman his daughter's age. Fortunately for him, he died a couple of years later of a stroke. There's no question that men are born with damaged chromosomes.

Okay, so you've been banging this babe for a few weeks and the excitement is beginning to fade and you realize that you're not really all that wild about her. Besides which, you're not paying enough attention to your business, your relationship with your wife has become strained and you suspect you're developing an ulcer. So what do you do now, chump? If you dump her like a dirty ashtray, she's liable to pull a "Woman Scorned" on you and call your wife, your boss, your mother-in-law and the IRS, not necessarily in that order. Or else, if the God of Marital Infidelity isn't laughing his ass off, she's been reaching the same sort of vague conclusion about your relationship, in which case you can sit down and talk to her like a father, perhaps fuck her once more, and bid goodbye, promising that you'll always be there if she needs to

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talk.

Of course, chances are she'll feel rejected and want to get even, because, let's face it guys, despite the current wave of favorable feeling toward women's rights, there are still distinct differences between the sexes, one of them being an all-consuming desire on the part of a woman who feels rejected to rip the balls off her rejector. It's basically an attitude problem women have in that situation. They feel "used," and are unwilling to admit that they've "used" the man, too.

Okay, you're a whore and now your wife knows it, too. You had to suffer through an extremely unpleasant scene after she got the call from your ex-girlfriend, who a mere three hours before had smiled and kissed you goodbye and seemed to have a good perspective on things. Unfortunately, since then, she's talked to three of her female friends who have had the same thing happen to them, and they've all told her to ram it up your ass, advice which she decided to take.

What do you do? You're obviously not willing to throw away your marriage, or you would have taken steps in that direction. An expensive gift? No, that's too obvious and pretty tacky. A vacation together? Not a bad way to patch things up. Somewhere remote, where her tantrums will go unnoticed by the general populace, or a small town in Italy, where everyone screams at everyone else, anyway.

What do you say to your faithful wife, who's now coping with feelings of betrayal, lost loyalty, inadequacy and the knowledge that you have found, if only briefly, another younger and more attractive woman? "Gee, hon, I'm sorry," just won't do it. It's a time for honesty. First, you admit to your own fears about growing older, your basic male insecurities, and then you blame it all on the "other woman." Your wife is more than willing to accept that, because it lets her off the hook, too.

But isn't that dishonest? Yes, in a way. But during the time you're spending together, you'll have a chance to talk and confront whatever it is that's wrong with your marriage that allowed this embarrassing rift to occur. And don't start off with, "It's just that you've got the damned charge accounts up so high that I feel like I'm working for Macy's." No, wait a few weeks for that one. Don't bother assessing blame; just look for areas of contention in your marriage and resolve to work them out. After all, you have some time invested in this thing and

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it's obviously worth saving. Besides, you're not getting any younger and your ex-girlfriend was the only woman left on the planet besides your wife who could look at you and not vomit.

If you really make an honest, soul-baring effort and your wife is willing, you can work it out. If not, you've probably saved your ex-girlfriend's phone number.

But the most important thing is that you accept the fact that you're only human, and humans screw up. But you should learn from this experience so you won't repeat it. Forgiveness is a finite element in any marriage.

How can a four-decades-old male American avoid this kind of thing? Well, there are rules for everything in life. Here is a list to cover this particular situation:

A) Never go out for drinks after work. And if you do, never go with fewer than 10 people and be the first to leave.

B) If a young secretary at your office offers to give you a blow job, pretend you didn't hear her.

C) Don't be distracted by a set of youthful-looking tits.

D) If someone at work catches your eye, take your wife out to dinner and dancing, get her loaded and fuck her brains out. It will be good for her and great for your self-esteem.

E) Don't hang around with single guys at work. They've got their own set of problems, all of which your marriage has solved for you.

F) Get a cab for the baby-sitter.

G) Avoid being alone with your brother's new wife.

There's so much more to life than keeping tabs on the number of women you've slept with. There will come a time, even if it's not this year, that younger women won't be impressed and thrilled with your erudition and poise. Then you'll be faced with the prospect of perhaps growing old all by your lonesome. And somewhere in town, there will be a bald guy named Barney who only got to the sixth grade in school, but who owns a tractor-trailer business and is now happily married to your third ex-wife, the one you could have spent the rest of your life with if you hadn't screwed that little bitch from the office.

If all your efforts are to no avail, however, and you fall into the divorce pit again, I would suggest that you begin hanging around outside a convent and watch for ex-nuns.

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BEHIND ENEMY LINES

continued from page 68

trail, so I was sure the NVA patrols would eventually track us down. If they found their dead comrades, they'd know for sure we were here and would quickly get reinforcements, if not artillery, after us.

We moved as quickly as we could through the bush. Without shoes, she slowed us down. I was sorry to have thrown all her gear into the lagoon, but that was then and this was now.

On a far ridge, we raised Basketball 6, a chopper kept on roving patrol along the DMZ to pick up downed fliers, spot trails or mark enemy gun positions. Basketball's pilot said he could be at a field directly to our south in an hour if we could get there. We said we'd be there.

But nothing would come to us easily this day as NVA patrols closed in quickly. Ed and I had to stop several times to fire bursts at NVA point men who had spotted us and opened up. We could hear the snap of their bullets passing through the leaves above and prayed they didn't have a mortar or heavy machine gun along.

We finally made it to the landing zone, which was a small clearing filled with pretty yellow flowers. The chopper arrived on time, with both door gunners blasting away.

We had no smoke grenades to mark our position, so Ed just got out there and waved his arms while I pasted the surrounding vegetation with his AK, hoping to keep the NVA down. Then, a quick sprint and we tumbled on board the chopper. Although it seemed like an eternity, in seconds we were airborne.

Everyone was smiling, especially at our prisoner. The crew chief, a two-tour staff sergeant with a snake patch on his flight suit, looked her over and said in her language, "Miss, welcome to our sky bird."

She laughed and tugged at his fly, then looked at me.

I smiled and shrugged, and the crew chief told her it wasn't necessary, but she felt a gratitude to the men who saved her from a long hitch in the jungle.

By the time we arrived back in DaNang, she had volunteered blowjobs to every man aboard the flight, even the pilot and door gunners, who stayed by their weapons and pulled off long bursts into the jungle below when they came into her warm, willing mouth.

Every man aboard agreed that this was a satisfying end to a dangerous mission.

Spotlight On GILL



Say hello to Gill (whose name is pronounced "Jill"), a model who we haven't seen for a long time. Gill was in GENT only once before and even though she lacks experience, there's no denying the massive size of her hooters or her obvious overall appeal. Gill never really had any modeling aspirations and had to be coaxed by frequent contributing photographer Peter Marchant to pose. As far as we know, Marchant is the only photographer to ever shoot her. Her previous layout was reprinted in our Special Edition No. 11, *The Girls of Gent*, of which back issues are still available. It appears that Gill's brief modeling career is at an end and these few photos will serve as her send-off. It's funny how some girls take to modeling like a duck to water (Lauren, pp. 69-75, is a good example) while for others, their career is as brief as the flash of a strobe. For Gill, the latter is apparently the case.





Gill is almost certainly the most petite model we've ever featured. Standing only 4'10" tall, she measures an astounding 40-22-32, which definitely makes her a legitimate GENT-sized girl. Even though her career seems to have ended almost before it began, we feel that featuring a girl like her is one of the charms of our magazine. We don't print photos of just professional model types who are available to any bidder; we also feature women who are like the proverbial girl-next-door and may be trying nude modeling as a fling. Be that as it may, Gill still has a lot to offer. In the photo to the left, we get a good look at her mammoth boobs and luxuriantly hirsute pubic patch while below, she shows off her tush, tan lines and all, as her huge boobs bulge out to the sides alluringly.



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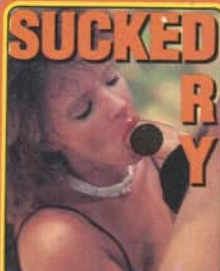
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Debbie Does December

It seems we have a May-December thing going with this month's issue-ending model, Debbie Quarry. The lovely Miss Quarry last graced our pages in May '89 and now she's back seven months later, but unlike May-December romances, we feel Debbie Quarry and GENT are a perfect match. For all of you who like to see a model go from clothed to unclothed, Debbie takes it off little by little in this layout.





At 20-years-old, Debbie is quite young to have a pair of "hangers" but as many of you know, that has more to do with the tissue in the breasts than with age. Debbie first appeared in GENT in October '88 and with her 5'5", 111-pound-frame (her measurements are 40-23-33), she made a lasting impression with GENT readers. In virtually every shot, Debbie's thick nipples are at attention, possibly meaning that she finds modeling arousing.







Debbie hit the modeling scene around the same time as a couple of other GENT heavy titters, Lisa Phillips and Devon Daniels. That may explain why she hasn't received as much acclaim as she probably should have, but we're sure that in time Debbie will become a legitimate superstar. If you want to see Debbie on video, check out the GENT Video Library on page 96. She's done no hardcore and probably never will, but she is in some interesting R-rated fare. And as these photos show, when Debbie wants to get your attention and keep it, she can.



Debbie's ponderous pontoons have already gained her a large following that is sure to grow with each new layout. Embodying the ideal image of the slim-'n'-stacked model, Debbie has improved with each appearance, which makes us think the best is yet to come.



Gent's New Video



Two of '89's most popular "Candidly Yours" discoveries swing into motion as they debut in "Big Busty #33."



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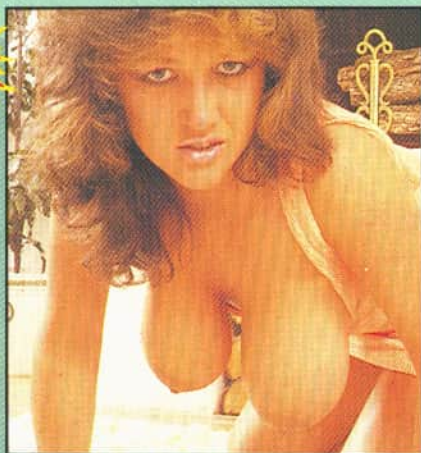
BIG BUSTY #33: Only a few short months ago they were shy novices, posing reluctantly for their boyfriends' Polaroid snapshots. But after publishing **Lauren** (above left and pp. 69-75) and **Lisa** (above right) in our amateur photo section, our readers demanded that we get these two in front of our cameras *pronto!* Though both pose solo, their performances are hot, totally revealing and very arousing. Even Lisa, who at first was too bashful to take off her panties in front of us, ended up showing off her amazing figure in every mouthwatering detail. And in the gorgeous Lauren, you'll witness the budding of a new D-cup superstar. What, not "juiced" yet? Maybe **Cassandra** (GENT/June) will finish you off as she goes all the way in a wild poolside fuck scene and then mates with a titiful beauty named **Victoria** for a sizzling girl-girl session. And this action-filled 90 min. feature is still far from over. Still horny after her lez scene, Victoria receives a world-class pussypounding from porn mule Scott Irish. And **Big Busty #33** concludes with startling self-shot footage of a guy's sexual liaison with a Rio hooker. See page 17 for a complete review of this new action-packed release. **\$69.95**

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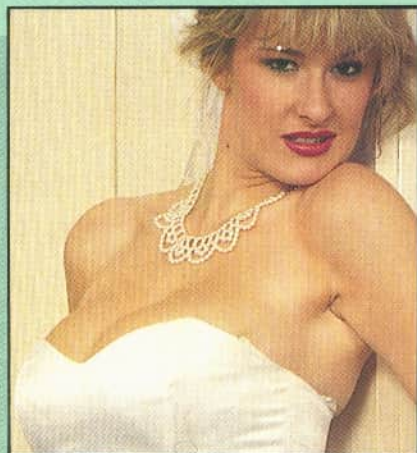
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BIG BUSTY #31: We've advertised this 75-min feature as "the best video we've ever made" mainly because of the incredible scenes of **Lisa Phillips** and **Devon Daniels**. But there's more to this video. Though she may have been lost in the hoopla, *Big Busty #31* also marks the debut (and *hardcore* at that!) of another impressive model—September's 42-23-34 covergirl, **Leosha** (above). **\$69.95**



WORLD OF DOUBLE-D #2: Everyone's dream girl, **Stacey Owen** (above) does *hardcore* for the first time in this 75-min. video. The Scottish cutie does it all—cock-sucking, 69 and is penetrated in a host of explicit fuck positions as your TV screen is filled with this ultimate consummation. **Jeannine** (GENT/Aug.) and **Louise Leeds** (GENT/Sept.) also star. See page 19 for a complete review. **\$69.95**



BOSOM BUDDIES: Usually shunned by other girls who are envious of their endowments, big busted girls have to stick together. In this beautiful feature-length video from John Lee-Graham, guest hostess **Louise Leeds** introduces us to four of her bosom buddies. **Susanne Brecht**, **Debbie Quarry** (above and pp. 90-95), **Nicolette Rose**, **Joanna Gee** and **Louise** are all featured. **\$59.95**



THE BEST IN TIT-FUCKING: Sixty solid min. of tit-fucking and blowjobs starring **Mindy Rae** (above), **Lotta Topp**, **Christy Canyon**, **Trinity Loren**, **Barbara Alton** and many more. We have compiled your favorite scenes from our most popular videos on one tape to make what has quickly become a big tit lover's classic. No fancy plots or story lines—just *hardcore* sex at its ever lovin' best! **\$59.95**



BIG BRITISH PLUMPERS: Four of the prettiest plumpers of all-time star in this 75-min. video. **Trisha** (GENT/July) and Italian plumper **Louise James** appear in revealing posing sessions while **Shona MacTavish** performs in a hot *hardcore* scene. And you'll be amazed to see **Millie Minchen** (above) actually seduced by the photographer's assistant in an impromptu fuck scene. **\$49.95**



BIG TIT HOOKERS: There's not a limp moment when Ralph and his buddies visit a whorehouse staffed by **Betty Boobs** (above), **Lotta Topp**, **Nikki King** and **Ebony Ayes**. This 90-min. feature video is packed with *hardcore* action as Lotta and Nikki King lock up in a raunchy lez scene and Ebony and Betty establish themselves as porn's hottest pieces of tail in a frenzy of orgasmic action. **\$49.95**

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