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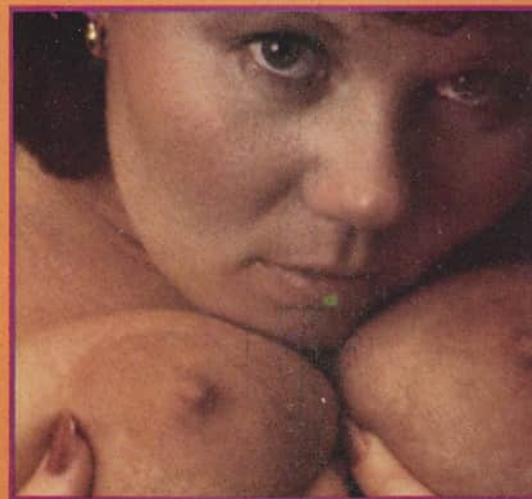
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The Mail Slot

EMILY: D-CUPPED GODDESS

DEAR GENT:

For the minority of us who read GENT, but are not turned on a great deal by Caucasian women, Emily in your July issue was so very appreciated. Is Emily's ancestry from the far east, say Malayan? Her classic slender figure is enhanced by her sensuous face framed by her long black hair. Helen of Troy must have had such a

combination to inspire the Greeks.

Emily's pictures could have been so much better if the photographer had used proper photographic techniques, such as side lighting and a soft fill in flash. Despite the photographer's ineptitude, Emily's beauty came through.

In the future, would it be possible to "relax" your D-cup standards to include women of Oriental ancestry?—
R.W., California

EMILY: Lucky to feature her at all



Gent

Dear R.W.: We're not really sure of Emily's ancestry because this elusive model has not been available for comment. Even our photographer isn't sure, because this was a spontaneous shooting and, if anyone knows where Emily is now, they're not saying. We would hesitate to be too critical of the photographer's technique, however, because, as we noted in the copy, this was a impromptu session. We feel fortunate that John Voracek was able to record this lovely, brown skinned milkmaid on film as well as he did given the circumstances. Any photographer who has worked with a skittish, first-time model can appreciate the difficulties involved.

PEG MOORE VIDEO IS IN THE WORKS

DEAR GENT:

I was looking through some back issues of GENT magazine and thought of some questions that might interest you. They interest me anyway.

Do you ever plan to show anymore pictures of the remarkable young woman Jacquie, who appeared in the lingerie feature in the July 1983 issue? Besides all her obvious characteristics, she also *smiles* as if she really enjoys what she's doing. That, to me, is at least as important as how she looks physically. The models who look bored or almost condescending detract from whatever other physical assets they may have.

When will you print another series of pictures of Peg Moore (November 1983, December 1984, July 1985)? In addition to the 40 pounds of difference between now and '83, something else seems to have changed in her. She seems to have stopped smiling as much as she used to. Did something personal happen to cause her to change her outlook on her career? None of my business? Okay, say it.

Finally, do you forward letters to any of the women who appear in the magazine? Of course not? I guess



JACQUIE: a one-time model

other people have asked that. You probably have no interest in becoming a dating service or lonely hearts club.—K.L., North Dakota

Dear K.L.: The bad news is that it isn't likely that Jacquie will appear in GENT again since we have lost touch with her and her photographer. But the good news is that a Peg Moore video production is on the drawing board and hopefully will be a reality by the time you read this.

As far as we know, nothing has happened to Peg or her career to stop her from smiling. More likely it is a change in either her's or her photographer's posing philosophy. We think a smile is one of the sexiest expressions a model can muster, but many models and photographers prefer a more sultry come-on look.

We are always happy to try to forward fan letters to our models. Some models—like Peg Moore, Pam Stevens and Justice Howard—are very receptive to fan mail and often ask us to forward it to them. We always oblige if we have a current address.

HUSBAND AND WIFE MASTURBATE TOGETHER

DEAR GENT:

A few issues back you printed a letter about a wife who found her husband's magazine collection. The letter went on to say how she came to understand his masturbation "hobby"

and everything worked out fine.

One day my wife asked me if I would move my stack of GENTs out of the bathroom because her father was coming to visit. I knew she knew I had them, but I didn't know she knew why. She said I should move them until after he left, but that I could keep a couple in there hidden out of sight. She went on to say that she knew what I did with them, and that was fine with her because she had already told me some time before that she masturbates also. She never would let me watch her do it, and I always did my jacking-off with my GENTs in private also. But this discussion led to other things.

A few days later we were in the living room and started to fool around a little. She was sitting in a chair and I knelt between her knees and removed her pants and panties. I pulled my clothes off, knelt between her knees again and started masturbating with her legs spread wide right in front of me. I loved it! She climaxed before I did but I kept on stroking while she rested. I then took her hand, after she regained her composure, and put it on her pussy again. To my delight, she masturbated again to her second climax. I followed very soon by shooting a big load on her thigh. We both enjoyed it.

So all of you "secret" masturbators maybe ought to let your wives find out what you do with your GENTs. You never know what it may lead to. Although we enjoy this, we also still very much enjoy our own private masturbation sessions as always.—GENT fan forever, Texas

JULY ISSUE: A REAL HEAVYWEIGHT

DEAR GENT:

Long ago, in my opinion, GENT proved to us loyal readers that each issue is a collector's item. You have exposed the most private parts of many beautiful women to us with such consistency that we anxiously await each issue.

Being quantitatively and qualitatively oriented in my work, I could not resist the temptation to statistically compare your recent issues with each other and the competition. My system is to compare the total breast weight

Gent

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VICKY: one of four new discoveries in the July issue

of all the models featured per magazine. Being primarily interested in huge udders it seemed appropriate that, although each issue is outstanding, the issues with the most pounds of tit would be premier. I figure the typical issue of GENT averages 125 pounds not including the Editor's Notebook.

Are you sitting down for this? Your July issue's models collectively sport 165 pounds of dairy delight. By my estimate this makes your "heaviest" issue in memory (or mammary). Applying the procedure to typical issues of other popular men's magazines usually produces about 60 pounds.

My estimate of the weight of your model's knockers is not pure guess, but rather based on firsthand knowledge of several heavily endowed ladies. Other breast experts totals may vary slightly from mine, but the results will be basically the same.

I also want to compliment you on the number of fresh faces in the July issue—four new models. It must be Christmas! All were beautiful as your models always are.

Include me in the large number of readers who enjoy seeing your model's anal openings. Again July is a classic as that five of your nine lovelies showed us their asses are also available to entertain their lover's cock. Beautiful Vicky's pose on page 82 offers a delightful choice of holes. I'll dream while some lucky fucker enjoys

both holes and those huge, pendulous, magnificent milkers. Way to go GENT!—C.S., North Carolina

AMAZON LOVER

DEAR GENT:

I would like to thank you *very* much for featuring the story "Big Brenda" by William Alexander in the June, 1985 issue. As a true lover of super-statuesque (women who have the combined qualities of being over six feet tall in height, barefoot, and over two hundred pounds in weight, nude) the story was deeply appreciated.

I agree with Mr. Alexander when he said, "Once a man has been with a woman like Brenda, an average girl just won't do." That's my problem. I'm hooked on the Big Brenda's of the world. I haven't found my special Big Brenda yet but, in the meantime, I'm hoping GENT can help ease the frustration of my search. I'm eagerly waiting for the day a real life Big Brenda is featured in GENT.

I would also like to thank you very, very much for featuring again Miss Karla Bonn. Karla is my most favorite of GENT models. Karla's first appearance in the January, 1985 issue was a most wonderful surprise. Karla's second appearance was unforgettable in the May, 1985 issue. Karla was simply magnificent both in and out of her bikini. She said that she was a great eater and I hope that Karla is eating whatever she wants and as much as she wants.

I would love to see Karla at the 200 pound mark or over, instead of her present 160 pounds. I would also love to see her balancing that awe-inspiring abundance on five or more inch heels. I know Karla would be spectacular beyond words. Seeing her in such a ripe state would be most gratifying.

Another thanks for featuring Heidi in the June, 1985 issue. Heidi is a pleasant treat for the statuesque lover. I love her full figure and long blonde hair. However, even though Heidi is 5'10", she is still a bit short in height for my personal standards.

And still another thank you for featuring Gigi, the pregnant model in the May, 1985 issue. Gigi is the most attractive pregnant model I have seen to date. Please continue featuring

women in their ninth month of pregnancy. I feel a woman is at the peak of her beauty when she is nine months pregnant. A woman in her ninth month is about to perform the purpose of her existence, to bring forth new life. An unpregnant woman is the potential, the pregnant woman is the fulfillment.

In my opinion, no woman can be too statuesque or too pregnant. If you featured a super-statuesque blonde woman, who is nine months pregnant, like Gigi, a real life fantasy would come true for me and probably many others.—A super-statuesque lover, Connecticut

PENDULOUS TITTIES ARE HIS FAVORITE

DEAR GENT:

I have for a long time, enjoyed the Editor's Notebook feature in GENT magazine. I really loved the one you did in the June issue dealing with ladies who are endowed with a pair of droopers. I know you could have put a lot of models in that feature, but I thought you made a good choice with the ones you featured.

While some men may not like the look of jugs that hang down low, I love them! By the way, the unnamed black model (May Lou) you pictured in that feature knocked me out with not only her hanging jugs, but her beautifully large areolae! They are indeed saucer-sized as you stated. I also remember the model named Betsy (from that same feature) who I had seen in GENT before. Those titties of hers are so pendulous, they look as if she had worn heavy weights from them to stretch them down to the beautiful shape they have now. Another thing about a set of droopers is that when they are encased in a tight bra, a tremendous cleavage is produced. The stunning Mary Waters is proof of that.

Also, from your June issue was Heidi—what a ball buster! The photo of her on page 61 at the top was something else. The way her blouse top was open and how it revealed her giant suntanned titties with her huge brown capped areolae was a drooper lover's dream. She is one of my all-time favorites in GENT. Give us more models with drooping jugs anytime.



MAY LOU:
a memorable set of droopers

You are the best at it.—Drooper lover, California

JUNE ISSUE: PROS AND CONS

DEAR GENT:

Having received the June issue of GENT yesterday, I want to provide some feedback to you. As usual, you have assembled a fine issue which rates among the best. Seeing the photo of Emily in The Mail Slot was appreciated. Besides featuring her recently, I'd love to see her again and more often.

As for Ella, retire those photos you used for a couple of years. She looks great for her age and I wouldn't mind having her as a neighbor and lover, but use another set of photos next time.

Let's hear it for Sally!!! Her 38-25-37 measurements are just fine. Feature her again. Hope it'll be soon! Do you think you can produce a video movie of her? It would be a welcome addition to your other movies. By-the-way, give her photographer a pat on the back for a job well done.

Since Dina first appeared in GENT, it seems she has become more attractive and perhaps lost a few pounds. As a plumper, she is fine and I look forward to seeing her in future issues.

What I said about Sally goes double for Rachel. Thank God for the quality models. She may work part-



ELLA: second time around

time, but she's a full-time beauty. You mentioned she has done some video work.

It is a shame that Heidi isn't modeling since her first appearance. She's tall and attractive . . . that's a fine combination.

This issue has been fine to now. *Fat and black* do not appeal to me. Pam is both (of course)! Some people like fat, I prefer plump (i.e. Dina and Emily). As for black, I do like Kelli Stewart and Sara is attractive, but Pam doesn't turn me on.

Yes! The ever popular Joyce Patrick was a pleasure to see again. I didn't care for the pool layout, but it's better than not featuring her. Looking forward to her next layout. Crystal has certainly come a long way since her first appearance. I'm undecided whether I prefer her with the extra 20 pounds or at her current weight. Perhaps the plumper look would be better for her. I'm certain her husband doesn't mind either way.

So there you have it. The pros and cons for the June issue. You can't please all the people all the time, but you're sure trying to. Keep up the good work. If you ever want to clean out your files of old photos . . . I'll take them!—T.M., Indiana

Dear T.M.: We can tell you are a loyal GENT reader by the fact you spotted the Ella layout as a reprint from an earlier issue dating back several years. The reprint of the Ella fea-

ture and the last minute substituting for other layouts was necessitated by a lost shipment of editorial materials on its way from our offices in Florida to our printer in New York. Anyway, we apologize for the reprint, but things don't always go smoothly in the publishing business and sometimes we have to flow with the punches.

ANOTHER SLAP ON THE WRIST

DEAR GENT:

The May '85 issue has me rather confused. Why must you run the exact same copy from the September '82 issue? This problem concerns the Case Morgan comic portion in the May issue, "Shades of Sleeping Beauty" which should have been saved for the network's summer reruns!

GENT is an excellent magazine for us fellow D-cup devotees. Please discontinue printing yesterdays news. More photos of the lovely ladies of past spreads are great to see. It's repeat articles and comic stories that are better printed just once.

Sorry, but you needed to be insulted on this one.—R.S.F., Iowa

Dear R.S.F.: Yes, yes, you've caught us again. The reason for the reprint in this case was simply that we thought a few things should be changed on the strip that Don Lomax did for the May issue and didn't have the time to get the changes made before deadline day. The revised Case Morgan strip appeared in the June issue and we think turned out to be one of Don's best efforts.

We couldn't agree with you more that for almost \$4 you should expect original material in GENT. But we are also very interested in quality control and, in this case, thought a reprint was the best alternative rather than publish original art that we weren't totally pleased with.

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



Perfect PAULINE

Here's a "teaser" on brand-new discovery Pauline who is one of the most exciting finds in many a day. She's a true example of the slender and incredibly stacked D-cupper.





Boasting one of the most beautiful faces we've seen since the legendary June Williams, and an incredibly proportioned 43-26-35 figure, we couldn't resist featuring her as our covergirl this month. She'll be doing a larger layout next month so if you're as impressed as we are, don't miss it. Contributing photographer Peter Marchant found Pauline in England where she had already become a major attraction. She is the rare combination of a beautiful face, perfect figure and jumbo jugs. And, as this issue goes to press, we are rushing to complete a video featuring Pauline for the GENT Video Library that we hope to have ready to advertise by next issue.







Candye's Corner

Get to know what Candye's really like by following her new column each month in GENT.

I've been a busy girl this past month, arriving back at GENT's offices just in time to meet my deadline for this column. Yes, I've been out there entertaining my fans like crazy! I just got back from New York where I appeared on the local Robin Burke show (June 7th) and there I talked about my films, modeling, my GENT column and about my upcoming debut as a dancer!

BY CANDYE KANE

By the time you read this, I'll have appeared for a week as the featured "ecdysiast" at Show World in New York City. I'm *thrilled*. And, I'm also booked to be at the Video-X Convention in Washington, D.C. the week of August 20th where I'll be at a booth representing a video producer's products, including my films. Speaking of which, I have a couple of new videos you might be interested in...one with Tom Byron and Anastasia, which is yet un-

named. What makes this one really interesting for GENT's readers is that Anastasia is lactating and she sprays milk all over me and Tom. It's wild! It's kinky! It's lots of fun.

Tomorrow I'm doing a video with another popular D-cupper, Mindy Rae ("Randy" to her GENT fans), and that promises to be a lot of fun and certainly a lot of titty. Oh, and while I was in New York, I appeared on the syndicated dating show, "The Love Connection." The guy I picked for my date that evening said he was the luckiest guy in the world. I think he was a bit intimidated by my 44s, but we had a nice time. I'm also scheduled to appear at the Video-X Convention in Las Vegas in January. So, any of you guys who are in the neighborhood, be sure to drop in and say hello. I'd love to meet you in person.

Now let's get down to answering some of your questions this month. For you guys and gals who haven't written to me, please don't be shy. I love to get mail and the more you write, the more material I'll have for my column.

DEAR CANDYE:

I really need your advice on this one. My girlfriend's mother is a real fox. She's 39, blonde, built and has the biggest tits I've ever seen on a slender woman. Sad to say, her daughter Julie doesn't share her mother's enormous gifts of nature.

The reason I'm writing you Candye is because a couple of weeks ago I ran into an old buddy of mine. We went out for a few beers and to catch up on new happenings in our lives. Talk soon turned to women and my pal began telling me about the older blonde who shared a duplex with him. He told me she was a real fox who possessed the most massive boobs he had ever seen.

As he described this lady, between

gulps of beer, my mind shot to visions of Sally, Julie's mom. He seemed to be describing her to a tee. He mentioned that he thought this gal was a prostitute because men would leave her apartment at odd times of the day and night—mostly black men.

The more my chum talked about this lady, the more I sobered and thought about things. Sally had moved out of the apartment she shared with Julie and, I believe, Julie mentioned that her mother had moved into a "duplex."

Downing the rest of my beer, I grabbed my companion and told him to show me where he lived. In the car, my buddy told me also that the closets of the duplex ran back to back and, through the cracks in the wood, you

could see what was going on next-door. I started to get an erection as I thought about the possibility of this woman being Sally.

We were very quiet as we entered my pal's side of the duplex and, leaving the lights out, we headed for the closet. As we pushed the hangered clothing to one side, it was obvious there was "activity" going on on the other side. As I squinted through the cracks, I couldn't believe what I saw. Over the clothing hanging on the other side, and through the open closet door, was Sally, naked from the waist up and revealing the most colossal bosoms ever. Her nipples were huge and the areolae were very dark and probably five inches in diameter. Truly, a cock hardening sight.

"You're so obsessed with the idea of fucking her now, what are you going to do after you're married to her daughter?"

There had been somebody else in the bedroom, but in my position, I could not see him. Suddenly, there was no mystery person. From the corner there emerged a tall, dark complexioned black man. Within seconds Sally and her lover were kissing passionately and, for the next hour my friend and I watched through strained blue jeans as my girlfriend's mom got fucked in a variety of positions and openings. I went home and fucked Julie like a madman!

Candye, on return visits to my friend's apartment, I have seen Sally get it from many other men and have learned that she is a prostitute. Can you imagine how this would hurt Julie? I just can't see myself telling my girlfriend about her mom's life. Should I just remain silent and do my best to keep Julie away from the duplex so she won't find out?

I love Julie very much and we have talked about marriage. Maybe we should do so—so I can move her away from this. What do you think?

Also, there is another small problem. I've found myself looking forward to visits with my friend, not to see him, but to catch Sally in the act with one of her lovers. I've always been a tit man and when I peek through the boards and see Sally naked with those big nipples boobs swinging around, it makes me crazy. I, myself have become obsessed with fucking her and fondling those monster breasts. Please write, Candye. What should I do?—Steve, Michigan.

Dear Steve:

It seems we have some multi-dilemmas going on here, and each of them appears to have a great deal of importance regarding your future happiness...and your happiness is what we have to consider first. Regarding telling Julie about her mom, I

agree that the wise decision is no, not under any circumstances. Because, you see, Julie would be more apt to be angry with you than with her mom. So I'd let sleeping dogs lie, for now.

If Julie should discover her mother's occupation later on, on her own, then she can deal with it then. I, of course have a somewhat liberated idea about prostitution as I try to have about all facets of human sexual behavior, so I wouldn't condemn Sally until I knew more about her circumstances. Few women go into prostitution for kicks...the reasons are usually economical. So, as long as there are men in the market for pussy and women with the commodity, there will be prostitution. The problem with whoring are the laws regarding it, in my opinion.

Your second dilemma seems to be your fascination with big tits, and the fact that your girlfriend, Julie, doesn't have them. Now, that's serious! Can you be happy with Julie and, more importantly, can you be monogamous if you do marry her and not break her heart by constantly chasing around after big breasted women? If you're the kind of guy who can be content with an occasional copy of *GENT* in your free hand, and some street voyeurism, fine. If not, re-examine your decision to marry Julie right now.

Which brings us to dilemma number three and that's your obvious fascination with Julie's mom, Sally. You're so obsessed with the idea of fucking her now, what are you going to do after you're married to her daughter? I think you'd be asking for big trouble, my friend, 'cause mama-in-law is gonna come callin' one day, and Julie is going to be out and there you'll be and your marriage has a very good chance of blowing sky high.

My best advice is to really examine your position right now, re-evaluate what you want out of life and what's best for you, Julie and Sally and then go for it. But I'd put marriage on the back burner for now...it might just get too hot to handle. Good luck.

DEAR CANDYE:

I am disgusted with your (and Uschi's) casual responses to the "bi-sexual males" who write to you and

attempt to glorify their perversions. Don't you realize the AIDS plague is being spread to the majority heterosexual population precisely by these self-destructive scum?

You, are in a position to warn and inform of the inherent dangers that such "bi-sexuals" pose to innocent individuals and to society as a whole. Answer me this...if you spent a night of lovemaking with a male you later learned was a promiscuous bi-sexual, would you still give such a flippant response to these diseased perverts?—A.R. Dunellen, N.Y.

Dear A.R.:

While I may be "flip" about sex, I'm certainly not so about diseases, of any kind, and believe that those who carry them should have the responsibility for not spreading them to others, consciously, and that particularly holds true with the dreaded and incurable Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, called AIDS.

Where I would take issue with you is in your categorizing bi-sexuals as self-destructive scum and diseased perverts. I feel that that's a bit harsh, don't you, really? You see, I, and many other female models and porn actresses I know, have been to bed with other women—and have enjoyed it, and so that would have put me, as a person who enjoys same-person sex, into the same category.

Let's loosen up a little on our blame placing, and worry about the disease and a cure for it, damn quick, rather than the people who have it and obviously didn't invent the disease. Once the disease hits the general population it won't make a damn bit of difference where it originally came from because it will be killing you and me! And, unfortunately, AIDS has already struck the heterosexual population and is beginning its spread, and nothing you can do to gays, bi-sexuals, prostitutes or Haitians, will make any difference.

Harass your congressmen and representatives and state legislators to make as many funds available as necessary to eradicate this disease and also to inform the general public about the present danger of certain forms of sexual contact and the hazards in using dirty needles.

DEAR CANDYE:

Uschi's response to "Peter" in the June issue was right on target. (Uschi responded to a guy who masturbates in his auto for women to see him as they pass by. Uschi told him he was "an accident waiting to happen.") There's no sense in pulling your pud for strange women, unless it's on stage and you are doing it for pay.

I personally have enjoyed giving more limited viewings to my neighbor's wife, who is home after he goes to work. I crack the drapes just enough to let her bathroom window get a view and then I slowly disrobe and start my joy sessions, getting a big nine-inch hard-on for her to see; and I notice that her bathroom window opens up wider.

I respect my neighbor too much to actually seek out his wife for a more direct encounter, but I just think since I'm going to masturbate anyway, why not let her enjoy the view? Besides, she can always close the window and turn it off. And yet it's only closed on the coldest days, so I figure she enjoys the view.

I think a lot of people should accept their masturbating as a good thing, as good as doing push-ups or other exercises, but be careful who you want to see it. Young children are definitely out as well as relatives who are so stuck in their thinking that they would throw you out.

I can't always afford to chase women to get them into bed and masturbation provides relief. I enjoy allowing Mrs. S. to watch (if she wants to, and if not she can close the window). Besides, she's much too old to be seen in the male strip bars nor would her husband allow her to buy gay magazines or *Playgirl*, so maybe it's a pleasant diversion. So far, the window is still wide open every morning.—A.B., Florida.

Dear A.B.:

Well, the only thing wrong with what you're doing is that it might just lead to other things. Whether your compulsion to masturbate in front of this elderly woman is going to stay just that or whether you might be tempted to go to the front window some day, no one knows. Another potential problem—for you—is that someday the old man is going to be home and

you might just wish you'd kept your masturbation a bit more private.

You're also setting yourself up for a big crackdown if the woman next-door ever tires of your exhibition, since what you're doing is illegal...and you could end up with "sex offender" on your dossier. Legally, it isn't her responsibility to close her window if she doesn't want to see, it's yours to close your window when you jerk off. I'd caution that your compulsive behavior might cause you trouble and that you'd be better off chasing women, or jerking off with the window closed and the draperies drawn. And let the lady next-door worry about inventing her own kicks. That's not your responsibility.

DEAR CANDYE:

I have always been a tit freak. I can remember fantasizing about my friend's mother when I was a kid, and occasionally copping an accidental feel from her.

When I was 17, I knocked up a girl and married her, which was the expected action to take back then. At that time, she was a real knockout with big tits. To everyone's surprise, we are still married, 22 years later. We have had three children and all have grown and left home now. With every child, my wife's breasts grew bigger and never decreased in size after giving birth. She has also gained a little weight, most of which has gone to her boobs, or so it appears.

What is remarkable is that her tits have no sag at all. Sure, when she takes off her bra, they droop a little, but for the most part they stick straight out from her chest. She has never had any type of implants or other breast surgery, but at her age (40) she puts a lot of younger women's bodies to shame. When she goes braless, her large nipples point straight out, giving the impression that her huge tits are secretly supported—but they're not.

I have seen many younger ladies going braless and their tits are real hangers. Recently, three other couples and ourselves rented a big motor home for a trip to Las Vegas. During the trip, I had the opportunity to see all of the ladies naked. None of them had boobs as big as my wife's but all of them really flopped when taken out of their bras. One lady was just 26 and

"You'd be better off chasing women, or jerking off with the draperies drawn. And let the lady next-door worry about her own kicks."

had never been pregnant, but her tits hung like two strips of bacon, and she was only a 34C.

I have asked my wife about this and she just says that my continued playing with them has kept her breasts in shape all these years. It is true that I play with them a lot—we both enjoy it—but is that really the reason for their amazing, gravity-defying firmness?—Boobs Analyzer, Idaho.

Dear Boobs:

Gee, what a wonderful letter! After so many guys with problems, it's so refreshing to find you, with your obviously stunning wife, a long-term happy relationship and about all the things a devoted husband and tit-man could desire.

I don't think you should try to analyze why your wife's tits have remained firm and beautiful all these years. I think you should just be grateful! I'd say it was probably a combination of a couple of things...first your wife has good genes and inherited them from her family so that her breasts have remained firm. And don't laugh about her reasons either. It may not be physical manipulation that has kept her breasts firm, but the love and attention you've paid her—and them—over the years. Aging, they are discovering, is simply a state of mind and since you've made your wife feel attractive for all these years, she hasn't aged. It's probably just as simple as that. Keep loving her and enjoying her. You're a lucky guy, and a lucky couple, indeed. **G**

WRITE TO CANDYE: Be among the first to write to Candye Kane and help our new staffer launch her sexual advice column. Write to her at GENT, Suite 204, 2355 Salzedo St., Coral Gables, FL 33134.

Creating New Sex Habits

With a little self-discipline, any man can learn new sex habits that will keep him hard, increase staying power and make lovemaking better.

One of the nice things about a human body is that we can shift it into automatic and let it run itself. Good sexual habits are like that: we can set ourselves up to stay hard, to have all the pleasures we can handle.

BY ROBERT JAKES

One of the few times I had a serious problem with staying hard, I could have knocked myself over the head: I had finally gotten the pants off the sexiest little blonde I had known for two years. We were lying on the floor of an old schoolroom—we'd both been to a wine-and-cheese party when I had attended mainly to be near her. She had wandered away to do some thinking and crying, I found and comforted her, and I had pulled both our pants off. Her skin was hot and soft, and her body was a fantastic 36-20-34 for her 5'2" size. With my mouth watering I climbed on top.

And lost it.

And couldn't get it back. Don't think I didn't try. I acted like nothing was wrong, and rubbed groins with her. I tried hard. I tried slow. I tried everything. Finally I just said, "Let's go back to my place." I said the right thing, as it turned out.

"You're such a nice man," she told me. "This room is too cold."

I told myself not to panic as we walked to my apartment. I knew it was probably all the wine I'd had which kept me low and soft. A wise stud always thinks of what he's recently done to his body, I realized, when he can't get it up. I figured the walk and the wait might work the excessive alcohol out of my body.

It did. I wasn't exactly a firecracker when we got back to my place. But she undressed and invited me into the bed. "Come in here," she said. "I'm still cold."

She wrapped her short body around mine as I got under the covers. I felt like I was melting—and I felt faint stirrings down below. We kissed and cuddled and humped slowly and pleasurably: it felt so damn good I was having too much fun to worry about the outcome. And sure enough, my outcome got incredibly hard. She pulled me on top of her—and in her. She was silk and heat inside, and she jackhammered her hips increasingly faster until we both exploded so hard I thought the end of my body would go shooting off. Afterward, she smiled like a cat when it purrs.

Most men have trouble staying hard at some time in their lives. It has happened to me several other times, too. I have learned, by trial and error, how to keep the problem small (or rather, make it big again): learn some special new sexual habits.

These habits become so ingrained, so automatic, that we will almost always be hard whenever we want, without even thinking about it.

First, have sex when your body is up to it. You wouldn't run a mile after driving all day and then having a huge spaghetti supper, would you? Choose times when you're reasonably awake, mentally, and physically alert. In fact, Dr. Avodah K. Offit, TV and radio therapist and author of *Night Thoughts: Reflections of a Sex Therapist*, says "the level of testosterone in a man's bloodstream is highest in the morning—often men consider the

night's turning, kissing, and holding as eight hours of foreplay."

It's quite normal for many men to nap, too, in the evening—to be ready for making love near bedtime.

Second, keep your won pleasure level high. I remember one lady I frequently fucked with who was so busy making me finger her just so, and lick her just so, and keep an even rhythm of screwing just so, that I had trouble staying hard for her. I was too busy pleasing her to keep my own sex juices hot. I had to start exploring her body more in ways I wanted to, and try new positions and new tongue-and-cock frictions in her. The funny thing was, she and I both discovered we got more turned on that way: she needed me to be turned on, in order to get truly hot and horny herself.

Third, take things nice and slow. Penises rise and fall as the action does, and it's no surprise if you're a bit soft at times. Most women appreciate longer preparation and longer lovemaking anyway. You can simply keep preparing her while you get yourself swelling and aching again, too.

This slow preparation is exactly the method which famous sex therapists William Masters and Virginia Johnson discovered in helping men get hard and stay hard. Masters and Johnson have men slowly share nonsexual touching for one or more nights with their wives or girlfriends. This can take the form of handholding, cuddling, flirtatious touches on nonsexual body parts, and nonsexual kissing.

Next, the therapists have couples touch each other sexually for one or more nights—but no intercourse or

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Curvaceous COLETTE

Many GENT readers request that we show "strip" routines in our pictorials. They want to see the model fully clothed and then stripping slowly down to bra and panties, hose, heels and eventually to the buff. Newcomer Colette, a tremendously sexy gal with beautiful but "borderline" breasts, was happy to oblige by doing her own version of a strip routine.





We'd never diminish the importance of big breasts on our models, but we have found that there are other criteria just as important . . . looks, figure, etc., but most of all, it's how a woman projects for the camera. Some of GENT's hottest models have not had the biggest tits.







There's no denying that Colette is one sexy gal, with one of the most shapely asses we've seen on a model in some time. There's not an ounce of wasted flesh anywhere on this cutie's body, which measures a petite 37-25-36. Colette has only been modeling a short time but already has been in front of the cameras a lot, with most of California's top photographers anxious to spread her for their lenses.





Colette certainly seems to have learned a lot about posing in a very short time although we're sure our veteran photographer Lance Kincaid was very helpful in telling her what poses GENT readers like the best. It is very interesting, sometimes, to compare what different photographers do with different models. Colette appeared in our other magazine, *Cavalier*, in August (under the name of Audrey) and although she was sexy as all getout in that session, there is a distinct difference in how she projects for the camera at different times. Versatility, of course, is a great help for a successful model.





Colette's breasts are perfectly formed circular orbs without a hint of sag or stretch-marks. Her areolae are also perfectly matched and rounded, topped by small, cherry-like nipples. She's obviously self-confident about her looks, facing the camera directly and giving it the old "come on big boy and let's get it on," look. Colette has had some public exposure as a dancer and chorus girl in Las Vegas and we're sure she could have a fulfilling modeling career. Whether she's inclined to pursue modeling full-time, we don't know, but we'll keep our readers informed if she does.



SEX HABITS

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penetration of any kind is allowed.

Then, finally, penetration is allowed and oral and genital sex are encouraged—but no orgasms are allowed. This makes a man learn to be hard for a longer period of time.

Finally, after both men and women are bursting with desire and lust, Masters and Johnson allow them to have sex with orgasm. Couples report some of the best lovemaking ever in their lives. Masters and Johnson send them home with the requirement that these couples use a lot of nonsexual and sexual touching in their daily lives—long before they ever screw—and to delay orgasms for at least several minutes, to experience each other's desire as it rises to its flowing, back-arching peaks.

The above are three main guidelines for creating your own hard cock habit. If you *still* have any problems after this—it's probably not your fault anyway. Drs. John Morley, Michael Slag and Rex Shafer at the Minneapolis VA Medical Center studied the hardness habits of men over 40. The good doctors found that 12% of these men had trouble keeping it up only because of a prescription medication they were using or because of diabetes, and another 7% had easily cured hormone imbalances. The point is, most continuing problems with hardness are curable—with real physical cures for physical problems.

If we develop good habits for getting and staying hard, that will get us into our lady and keep us there, nice and stiff. But that's only the first half of developing lustful sex habits.

The other half of the habit game is to make our lips and tongues, our skin, and our cocks swim with so much pleasure that every screw automatically is a memorable experience.

And that reminds me of Mary Lou. Mary Lou was a tall brunette with extra large tits, a saucy grin, and a desire to make every fuck we performed a special event.

She would start fantasizing one of our dates several days beforehand, she told me. "I like to work up to it," she used to say, giving me an up-from-under glance. When she first slipped into my car, she would slip her tongue, firm and small, into my mouth for just a second. She also would let her thin cotton skirts of reds,

yellow, or purples ride up high on her thighs as she sat. Then she'd just look at me staring at her. She never wore underpants on our dates.

We would start out with a casual dinner or maybe just a drink, talking about normal things while our hands and legs casually touched and brushed. Then she inevitably would suggest a place: a walk, a short drive to a lonely street, a park, an unusually dark, crowded bar. I learned to go willingly. One time, for example, she took me along a bubbling river behind some office buildings. We walked a narrow, half-lit back walk until we came to a dark, inset corner.

There, she leaned against the brick walls and opened her mouth. We kissed, slowly grinding the fronts of our bodies together, top to bottom. I began kissing and biting her neck; then, after a moment of this, she pushed me down. I tried to tongue her thick, long nipples which were poking out through the thin material of her dress and bra. But kept pushing, while her other hand was lifting her skirt.

In about two seconds flat I found my whole face and mouth buried deep against her thick, hairy bush. She was so wet already that her juices dripped down my chin and I thought I would come in my pants.

She shoved my face against her cunt rhythmically as I tongued and licked her as deep as I could. She

sighed and arched, and nearly suffocated me with her flesh and her deep, musky scent. Finally, after 10 minutes of that, she lifted me up and unzipped me fast. She grabbed my cock, pulled me against her, and stuffed my cock into her.

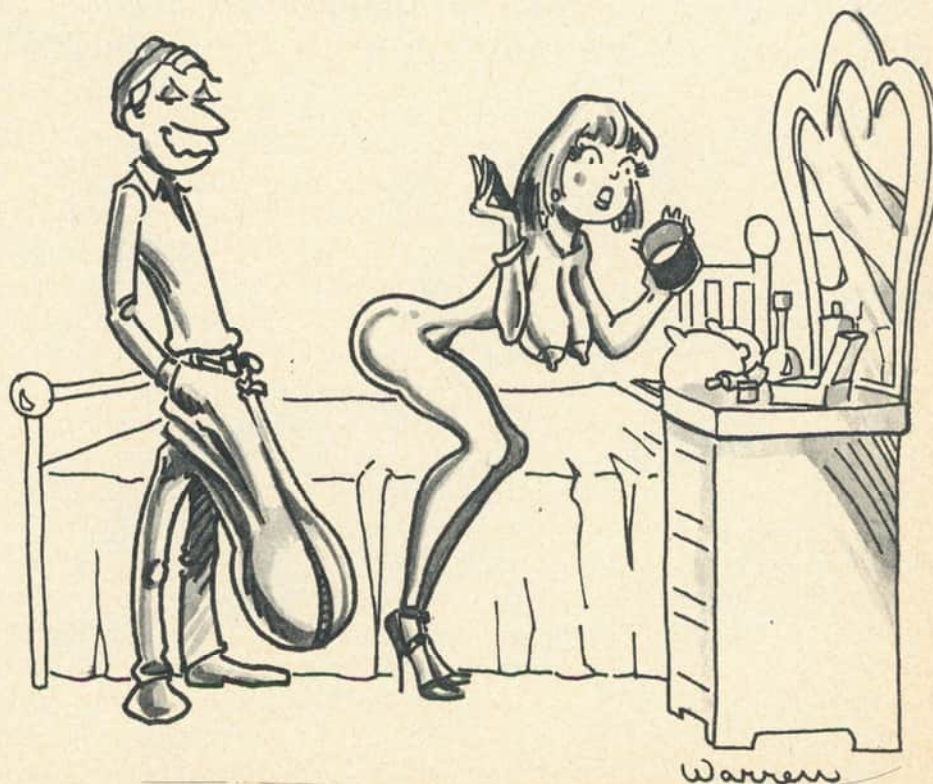
She was so hot that her juices actually dripped on the pavement below, leaving a pool, as she spread her legs and we fucked. She put one leg around my waist, stood on the other, and began a circular gyration that forced me to hold her up so she wouldn't fall. She brought us both so close to orgasm I thought I'd yell with desire and drive so deep into her that I'd come out behind her and dig into the brick wall. Then she paused, shuddered, drew a deep breath, and slowly untangled herself.

"Let's save the best for back at your place," she whispered, kissing me. And when we got back there, we screwed for hours. She came several times on top of me, riding me with her wet juices covering my whole stomach, thighs, and legs. And she got me coming, too—an unusually long one with shuddering dry jerks for a couple minutes following the wet ones.

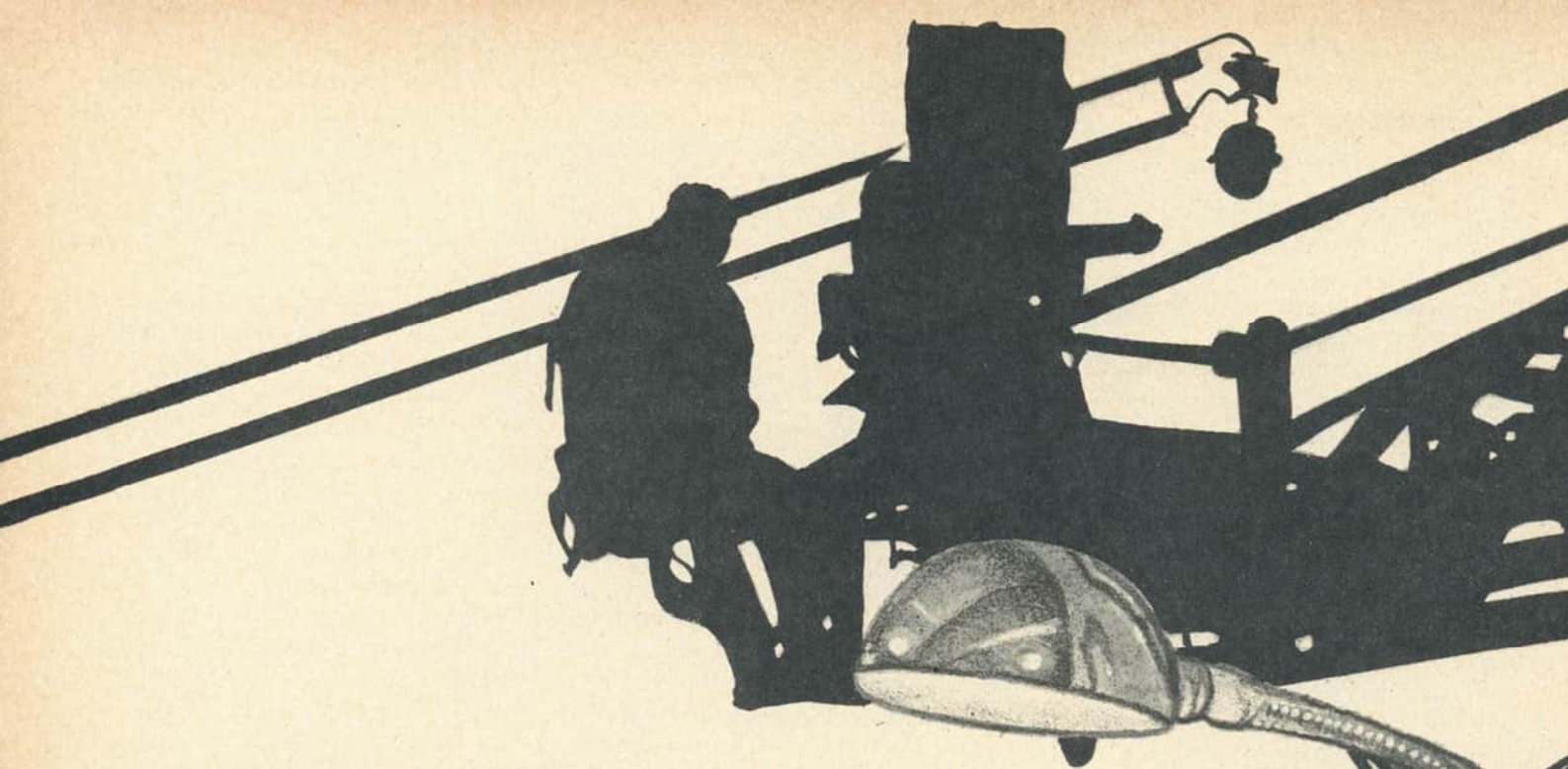
The lady, as I said, believed in making sex an experience.

This, says Dr. Eli Feldman, author of *Peak Sex*, is exactly what can make hot sex hotter. "One of the biggest factors is responsiveness," he says.

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"I can't be out of bust enlargement cream already!"



A Night With A Star

**A chance to bed his favorite porn star...
But would he be man enough for Chiquita?**

BY Y.A. KISH

Bob Sutton paced nervously around his posh hotel suite, mopping his perspiring brow with his handkerchief and praying fervently that he wouldn't suddenly throw up all over the front of his new sports shirt. It felt as though hundreds of drunken butterflies were having an orgy in the pit of his stomach. He had the jitters worse than he had ever had them in his life. And all because he was about to get laid.

Now Bob Sutton was no chickenshit little virgin. Far from it—at 30-years-old, Sutton had actually broken a few hearts in his day, and

while he may have never set any world's records, his sex life was good and active. The last time he had come down with a case of the pre-fuck shakes had been when he had lost his cherry 14 years ago. So while Sutton may not have been a jaded man of the world, the thought of getting a piece of ass did not automatically send him into a panic-stricken swoon.

But this time was different. Because any second now, there would be a knock at his door and in would walk Chiquita Gonzales, the most famous porn star in the world, ready and willing to fuck his socks off. And that *did* send him into a panic-stricken swoon.

Sutton shot an anxious look at the

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTIFACT



wall clock and gulped. In less than 10 minutes he would be face to face—and, ultimately, body to body—with the star of such porn classics as “Deep Lungs” and “Pussy Whippers.” Feeling suddenly lightheaded, Sutton plopped down on the edge of his expansive hotel bed and tried to think back to how he had gotten himself in such an unbelievable situation in the first place.

Of course, he remembered instantly how it had all begun. He had been hooked the very first time he had seen the woman in her film debut six years ago. He had been sitting at home bored one evening when he decided to take in a fuck flick. He drove to the nearest triple-X theater, bought a ticket and took a seat, hoping for nothing more than a decent hard-on out of the whole experience.

Instead, to his surprise, he had been knocked head-over-heels with lust. The star of the film was a 21-year-old newcomer with a Spanish name, and she was easily the most sexually alluring woman Sutton had ever seen. She had fiery red hair, full, pouty lips, flawless skin and deep, sparkling eyes that seemed to look directly at him and say, “Fuck me!”

And her body—it seemed to defy the laws of gravity! Her tits were enormous, nearly as big and round as basketballs, yet without the slightest hint of droop. They jutted out proudly above a slim, supple stomach, which, in turn, melted into creamy, soft-looking hips and thighs which were parted by the most perfect cunt Sutton had ever laid eyes

on. Her legs were long and smoothly tapered and her ass was a backdoor man’s dream, twin pushin’-cushions that would have been more than a handful for the Jolly Green Giant.

Sutton sat at the back of the theater and watched her go through her paces, the blood pounding simultaneously in his head and groin. His boner felt as though it would blow a gasket right in his pants, and it was all he could do to keep from reaching down and whacking it in time to the woman’s on-screen humping. Even though he didn’t know the name of either the film or its star, Sutton stayed to watch the movie three times, leaving only when the theater closed for the night.

And that had been how it all started. Sutton kept returning to the theater three and four times a week. He learned the names of both the movie—“Fuck Me Blind”—and the actress, Chiquita Gonzales, a moniker as spicy as the lady herself. Sutton memorized every inch of his goddess’s body as she was reamed and creamed by the movie’s array of horny studs. He got so that he could hear her speaking her fractured English to him in his dreams, whispering to him hotly, “So, toro—d’joo wan’ to fuck my teets?”

In the years that followed, Chiquita became the premiere superstar of erotic cinema, and time had, if anything, heightened her already breathtaking beauty. Sutton, meanwhile, had gone on happily with his own life, bedding a wide variety of attractive women. But a

part of him was dissatisfied with even the most enticing of his sex partners; he found that none of them could measure up to the awesome physical attributes and sexual prowess of his celluloid dream girl.

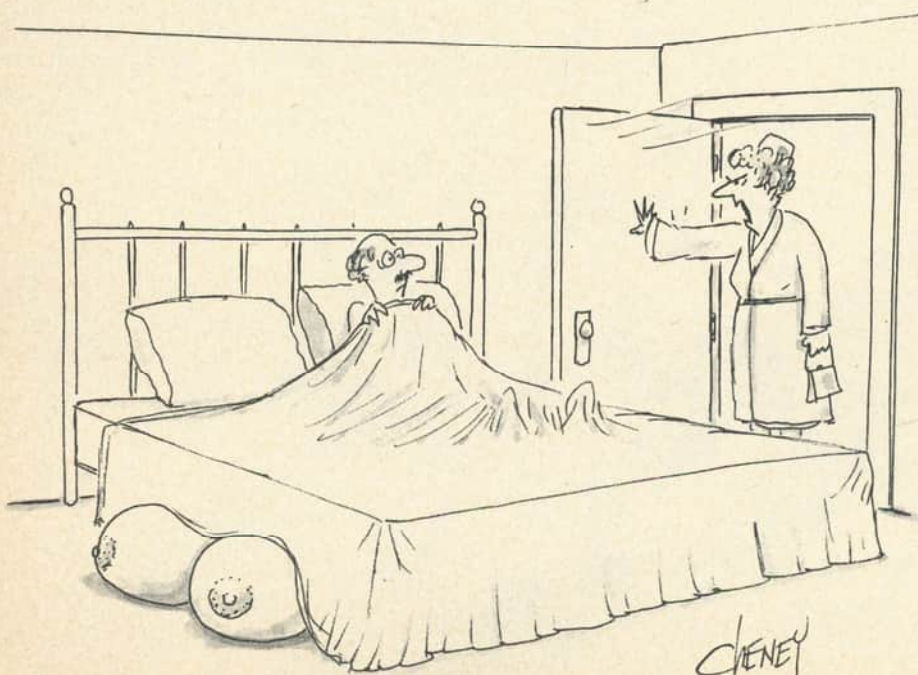
Oftentimes, in the middle of a sweaty fuckfest with one of his dates, Sutton would only be able to become truly aroused by closing his eyes and pretending that it was Chiquita that was planted on top of his dick. Through his imagination, the average-sized breasts of his bed-partners would miraculously blossom into the giant pink-tipped honeydews of his goddess, and their asses would transform into the plush Spanish fanny that haunted his dreams.

It wasn’t that there was anything wrong with his various girlfriends; in fact, they were all bona fide knockouts. One in particular, a schoolteacher named Nancy, was stunningly beautiful, with a gorgeous face and a body that practically dripped sex appeal. Sutton loved to fuck her, but invariably the image of Chiquita would flash through his head, and great as Nancy’s tits and ass were, they were always doomed to finish second in that particular comparison. Still, he had to admit that his sex life was pretty goddamned good, and if he had any problems with it, Sutton would have been the first to acknowledge that they were of his own making and were also pretty easy to live with.

Then, one day, Sutton received a long distance phone call from his old college roommate, Rance Fallune. He hadn’t talked to Fallune in years, and while he was surprised and pleased to hear from him, he winced involuntarily at his friend’s familiar opening remark. “Hey, there, Bobby boy,” Fallune boomed, “ya still goin’ steady with milk bottles?” (He was referring to an incident from their college days when during a drunken frat party, Sutton had told him how he had used to slick up the tops of milk bottles and fuck them. Then, to Sutton’s everlasting embarrassment, he had fetched an empty gallon jug from the kitchen and had attempted to show Fallune how it was done. He had needled Sutton about it ever since.)

“What do you want, Fallune?” Sutton asked, testily. “If you’re calling for the phone numbers of any available midgets, I’m fresh out.” Fallune, as Sutton remembered from gym class, was somewhat daintily endowed in the genital area. Sutton always believed that was why he over-compensated with the size of his mouth.

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“All right! Where is she?”

The Face Is Familiar

She calls herself Mindy Rae now, but the good-looking 41-26-36 bombshell currently making a big impression in adult videos is no stranger to us.

There should be a stamp that every adult movie producer and distributor be required to place in a prominent position on their movie posters and videotape boxes to alert viewers that, "This movie contains scenes featuring big-boobed women."

BY LUCAS DECKER

Without such a stamp, many top-heavy fans may pass on a movie that unbeknownst to them is packed with magnificent mammaries. Such is the case with *Beverly Hills Exposed* from Essex Video, which turned what might have been a lukewarm viewing session into a rare delight as one giant set after another was revealed.

Director Robert McCallum should earn a spot in the GENT Hall of Fame for his teaming of newcomers Mindy Rae (GENT's Randy, see April '85, June '84) and Jacqueline Roget with veteran Colleen Brennan for three of the nicest sets to grace a movie screen in some time. As mentioned in past GENT columns, it's a real treat when a director

slips in just one big-boobed starlet in a feature-length movie, but McCallum goes two steps further by bolstering Colleen's impressive bust with Mindy's gigantic whoppers and Jacqueline's droopy torpedoedoes.

Beverly Hills Exposed is the tale of the wealthy Townes family, headed up by Harry Reems and Colleen, with Bunny Bleu as their errant daughter. There are several plot twists—how the Townes will control their daughter, how the father will close a big business deal, how many women Reems can lay in less than 90 minutes—and they all help to move the action along at a fast clip.

Any movie featuring Harry Reems, the Tom "Magnum P.I." Selleck of pornography, is a treat. Like Selleck, he's ruggedly handsome but always has a disarming grin. He manages to take on no less than a half dozen women by film's end, and it's a good life, as he tells his secretary as she goes down on him in the backseat of their moving limo, "I just love having the right people work for me."

The movie opens with Colleen thrust-

She debuted in the June '84 GENT centerfold as "Randy," but now she calls herself "Mindy Rae" and

she's become a popular video star. With a body similar to Christy Canyon's, she appears destined for stardom.



ing a giant dildo into her snatch and pinching her fat pink nipples until they're as big as the tip of her index finger. Sufficiently aroused, she wakes up husband Reems with her hot mouth. For big bust fans, it's a good appetizer since Colleen's creamy white boobs and bright pink nipples are a peach of a pair.

Then comes the entree, when Mindy Rae and Colleen work out in a small gym under the supervision of Jerry Butler. Butler straps Mindy to a balancing board and when her chest smacks him in the face he takes advantage of the situation—with the pressure of one finger he can bring either her boobs or pussy within reach of his mouth. He seems to favor the former, and dives headfirst into her breasts. Mindy, who began her modeling career with a June '84 layout in *GENT*, is indeed a healthy young girl, slightly hefty with a golden all-over tan and boobs as large as over-ripe cantaloupes.

As Butler enjoys his mammary feast, Colleen slips between his legs. From



Above, Mindy Rae and Colleen Brennan double team lucky Jerry Butler in this scene from "Beverly Hills Exposed." Left, Jacqueline Roget isn't busty enough for a *GENT* layout, but she provides a little extra mammary interest with her role in "Beverly Hills."



there, they move to a bench press where they all change positions several times, ending up with Butler flat on his back, Colleen sitting on his face and Mindy riding his pole. Colleen reaches behind her to squeeze Mindy's jiggling jugs. Both women ride Butler to the brink, and then hop off to slip his pole between Mindy's breasts for the finish. Wow!

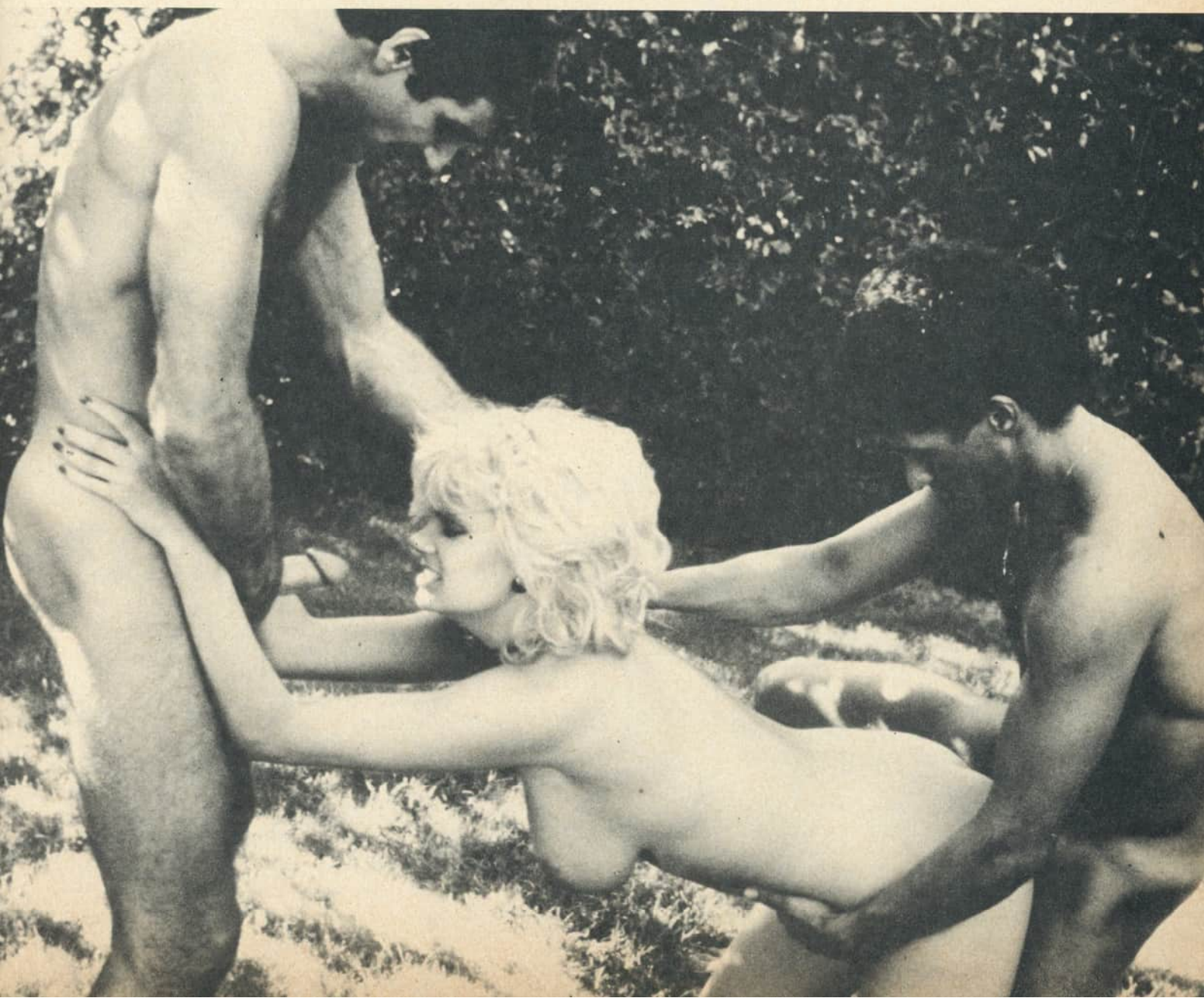
Before you can catch your breath, Reems has joined Billy Dee (a potential financier) for drinks out on the spacious lawn. A statuesque blonde maid, Jacqueline Roget, joins them, and soon finds herself naked on her knees between the two men, who spend the next 10 minutes turning her every which way but loose. Both men are well muscled and tanned, an erotic contrast to Jacqueline's snow white skin and fluid breasts. They keep both of this Nordic lass's ends busy, first on all fours then on her back and then back on her knees.

Jacqueline's breasts fill up her maid's uniform to form a deep cleavage, but once freed of those restraints they seem to have a mind of their own. During the

hard and fast screwing she gets, they slap back and forth repeatedly, the giant, round, brown nipples the only dark color visible. Jacqueline's large bust, along with the rest of her body, sustains a bit of rough treatment from the athletic Reems and Dee as they grapple in the grass with the pretty maid.

The movie continues with Reems whittling his way through the rest of the female ranks, but after the double barrel punch of Mindy Rae and Jacqueline Roget most big-bust fans will still be reeling. *Beverly Hills Exposed* is available from Essex Video, P.O. Box 1055, Northridge, CA 91324. **G**

The gym scene, right, with Mindy Rae and busty redhead Colleen Brennan is one any tit-man will appreciate and makes "Beverly Hills Exposed" of special interest to GENT's readers. Below, Jacqueline Roget services Harry Reems and Billy Dee in another hot scene.



NIGHT WITH A STAR

continued from page 24

"Hey, man, hold off on the zingers, will ya?" Fallune said, sounding wounded. "I'm callin' to do ya a favor, old pal." Despite Sutton's grunt of disbelief, he continued. "Listen, I'm producin' fuck films now, really big time stuff. I remembered how funny you used to be when you made up dirty stories, so I was wonderin'... how would you like to write a movie for me?"

Sutton thought it was a joke and said so. For the next half-hour Fallune earnestly did his best to convince his skeptical friend that his offer was on the level. Fallune explained that he had been in the adult movie business for over five years and was indeed a big gun, having made films with all the top stars. He said that his biggest problem was finding fresh ideas for scripts, and that was why, from time to time, he would attempt to find new talent—like Sutton.

"Why don'tcha give it a try, Bob old buddy? I'll fly ya out here to Hollywood and set ya up in a hotel, all expenses paid. It'll be like a vacation, almost. All

you'll hafta do is come up with ideas for a few funny situations that we can make a stroke film out of." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "I've already lined up an all-star cast for the movie. It's gonna star Rod Strong, Busty Browne, and, best of all, Chiquita Gonzales."

Sutton nearly dropped the receiver. Could it really be possible? He quizzed Fallune further. Yes, he said, Chiquita (or "Chickie," as he called her) was already set to star in the film. Now, he wanted to know—would Sutton agree to write the script? It was all Sutton could do to keep from screaming his affirmative answer into the phone.

And that was how, 48 hours later and with no experience whatsoever, Bill Sutton found himself in Hollywood assigned to write the script for the next film that would star his fantasy woman.

Fallune immediately assumed the role of the magnanimous bigshot, showing Sutton around and telling him everything he needed to know to write the script. He gave Sutton his own office and even introduced him to some of the stars that would be "performing" in the film. The one star he did not get to meet, much to his dismay, was Chiquita

Gonzales.

Despite that one disappointment though, Sutton quickly settled down and began tackling his new job of screenwriter. He took to the job like a dog takes fire hydrants—in less than a week, he had the first draft completely finished. Since the film was going to star some of the most ravishing big-titted actresses porndom, Sutton devised a story revolving around a trio of super-endowed female crimefighters. The name of the group was also the name for the film "Bra-Busters." He showed his script to Fallune, who raved about it.

A scant two weeks later, Sutton was finished and Fallune's crew started filming. Even though Sutton's job was now officially over, Fallune was so impressed by the job he had done that he let him stay an extra week as a bonus. Toward the end of the week, Fallune allowed him to actually visit the set, so that he could watch them shoot a scene. Sutton accepted the invitation enthusiastically, hoping that he might still see Chiquita Gonzales in the amply-endowed flesh. The scene being filmed that day, however, involved one of the other actresses and a quartet of Chinese midgets. While the scene was exciting, Sutton felt somewhat let down, and during a break in the action, he quietly left the set to return to his hotel.

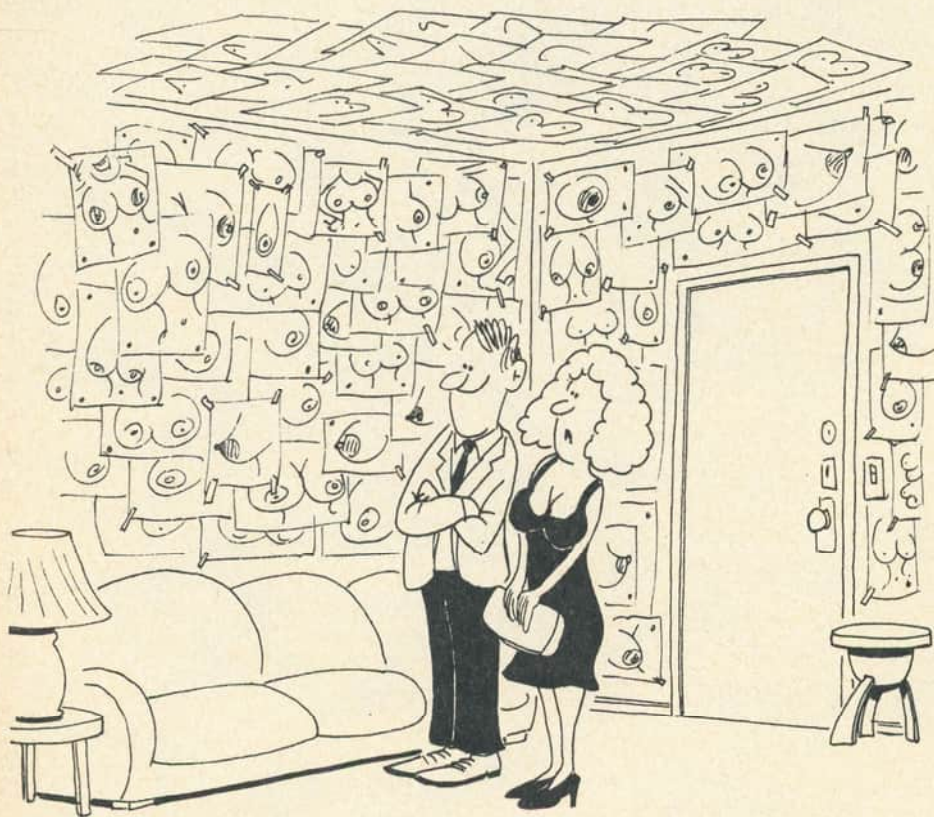
As he walked off the set, he passed a row of dressing rooms used by the film's stars. One of the doors was open and, inside, Sutton could see a full-length mirror that completely covered the adjoining wall. He was about to look away when suddenly he saw *her*, reflected in the mirror. Sutton stopped and stared. It really was her, Chiquita Gonzales, standing in front of the mirror, and to Sutton's added disbelief, she was totally nude!

She was looking at herself in the mirror, absent-mindedly cupping her jugs and lifting them upward, as though she were offering them just to him! He kept staring at her, dazed. Then her eyes darted away from her reflection and Sutton realized with instant terror that she could see *his* reflection as well. She had caught him spying on her!

But to Sutton's amazement, it didn't seem to bother her. In fact, she even smiled, her eyes twinkling invitingly (at him?). She stood flaunting her body in the mirror for a few more seconds, then, with a coquettish grin, she reached over and slowly closed the door.

Sutton felt absolutely drained. He rushed back to his hotel room, jacked off

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Bob Schuchman

"Oh, you're a tit-man, I see!"



BARBARA: Made For Lovin'

For a model of her caliber, Barbara has been away from the pages of GENT for too long. She was last featured as part of the three girl layout (with Candye Kane and Tracy Austin) last May but hasn't been in a solo layout since March . . . and that's too long. Barbara seems to fluctuate somewhat in the weight department and in her trio shooting she appeared to be approaching "chubby." Now, she's all slimmed back down to her usual 106 pounds. Barbara's beautiful 39-inch knockers do not appear to change dimensions, but they appear larger when she's slim.





Barbara, a petite San Diego native, made her modeling debut only about a year and a half ago, but she has made a tremendous impact on the D-cup world since then. The 5-foot tall Barbara told all in an exclusive GENT interview last May in which she discussed her feelings about doing films. She said she wasn't interested in starring in feature films but had done some video work. True! We have Barbara's all-time best selling video in our Video Library so if you haven't seen it yet, check out the ad on page 96. Watching this hot little beauty on your TV is a real treat!







Barbara just turned 21 in July and is the mother of a two-year-old. She says she had little trouble getting back in shape after the baby was born by doing aerobics and running, although she had to put off her daily jogging for a time because she was nursing her baby and her milk laden tits were just too heavy and caused her a lot of discomfort. She told GENT she loves sex and although she loves breast foreplay, she has never had an orgasm from having her tits played with. She says she's passive in bed and likes a man who takes the upper hand, at all times, in and out of the bedroom.









Considering the fact that she prefers to go braless most of the time, it's surprising that Barbara's tits show absolutely no sign of sag or stretchmarks . . . yet. But she says she isn't concerned if they do sag. "I really want to settle down someday and have more kids and I'm sure the babies won't mind what my titties look like as long as they've got a lot of milk," she says.



NIGHT WITH A STAR

continued from page 28

furiously, and then fell into an exhausted sleep.

He was awakened later by the phone ringing. It was Fallune, and he was laughing, "Hey, old buddy, I hear it through the grapevine that you just caught a glimpse of the most famous knockers in the world."

Oh, no! Sutton thought, panicking. She had told Fallune about his spying! Before he could stammer a denial, Fallune continued, saying, "Listen, Bobby boy, if you like Chiquita so much, how would you like to get together with her before you leave?"

Fallune's words hit Sutton so hard that, for a moment, he feared he might have a stroke. He managed to gasp, "Wha-a-a-t did you say?"

Fallune laughed uproariously. "Jesus, pal, you sound like you just crapped your pants! I'm serious—if you'd like to, I can arrange to have Chickie pay you a visit before you take off." He added in a

conspiratorial tone, "Just between us, I think she kind of likes you."

"What—what would we do?" Sutton blurted out nervously.

Fallune laughed even harder. "God-damn, bud, have you ever gotten stupid in your old age! What the fuckin' hell do you *suppose* you'll do? Anything your little heart desires, that's what!"

Since Sutton was scheduled to leave that Saturday morning, Fallune told him to make no plans for Friday evening, and that he would set it up with "Chickie" for her to visit him that night, probably around 8 p.m.

And now Sutton's reminiscences had brought him full circle to the present, Friday evening. He snapped himself out of his reverie and turned again to check the time. It was eight sharp! He had no sooner glanced at the clock when there was a soft tapping at the door. His stomach did a complete somersault. Jesus Murphy, there she was! What should he do now?

When the tapping was repeated, he realized that the main thing he should do was open the door and let her in. Sutton

rose from the edge of the bed and walked shakily to the door. Dazed, he watched his own hand grab the knob and pull the door open.

She stood framed in the doorway and, instantly, Sutton felt a red-hot surge through his entire body just from looking at her. Even in the movies, Sutton had never seen her look so fantastic! She wore a shimmering blue evening dress that clung to and accented every curve and bulge of her succulent body. The sexiness in her eyes and smile turned his insides to warm mush.

"Bob?" she asked in a sweet voice. "May I come in?" It was only after Sutton ushered her inside that he realized that she had spoken without the slightest trace of an accent.

She walked past him, brushing lightly against him as she did so. Instantly, his prick rose to full attention. She crossed the room and stood by the bed. "I saw you the other day outside my dressing room," she said with a saucy smile. "You looked kind of cute, so I suggested to Rance that he help us get together before you left. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, no, not at all," Sutton stuttered. He stood across the room from her like a scared kid. Abruptly, he asked, "What happened to your accent?"

She giggled. "Oh, that's all put-on for the movies. I'm not really Spanish at all. My real name's Mary Baxter."

"No kidding?" Sutton said. He knew that he was still standing across the room from her, but he was unwilling to trust his quaking legs to move him closer. For lack of something better to say, he added, "My name's Bob Sutton."

"I know," she smiled. "I wanted to thank you for writing such a great part for me in your script. And that was before I knew how cute you were."

She stepped back across the room to where Sutton was and stood in front of him. She was shorter than he had expected, and her lack of height made the luscious flesh on her body seem even more overwhelming. The top of her rich, red hair came just to his chin, and she tilted her head back to look him in the eyes. "If you have a plane to catch tomorrow morning, we don't have much time. Shall we get started, Bob?" Before he could croak out a response, she pressed her pliant body against him and reached her lips to his to give him a probing, mouth-scorching kiss.

They separated and Sutton exhaled a shuddering breath of air. She turned her back to him, indicating silently that he was to unzip her dress. With quivering

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"How long has it been since your last erection?"

Editor's Notebook



Occasionally, we round up a few of our black beauties from the past for a retrospective of these wonderful, super-endowed D-cuppers like Delilah, **above**, with her beautiful 44 inches. She was our December, 1984 "Spotlight" focus. Or, how about the incomparable Denise Hicks, **right**, a tittyful beauty?



Sultry Winona Waters, **above**, was first discovered back in 1979 and has been featured a number of times since. Her 40-plus hangers, with their unusual nipples and areolae, always elicited favorable comments from our readers who say that Winona is one of the best.

Gent





Elaine, **above**, is a very typical example of black D-cup perfection. Her big 40 double-D tits have just the right amount of sag with some prominent stretch-marks. She has a very slender waist and flaring, shapely hips that are 36 inches, plus a pair of perfectly matched areolae.

"Classic" and classy best describe light-skinned Veronica, **above**, a truly sensual woman with a pair of perfect, torpedo-shaped tits measuring an astounding 48-inches. Veronica was one of our most requested models who has appeared at least a half dozen times since her debut in June, 1979. Alas, we haven't seen her since her last appearance in early 1981. Hot and sassy are apt descriptions of Melinda, **right**, another super-endowed beauty. Her vital stats are 46D-32-40 and she's 5'6" tall.



There never was, and never will be, a model in GENT to top Kelly Stewart, **right**, one of the most sought after and popular D-cuppers of all-time. Kelly, a former fashion model, has a face and figure that are astounding. Her measurements are 40-27-38, she has green eyes, a beautiful complexion and one of those slender but stacked figures that are rare with D-cuppers who often are somewhat hefty all over.



Sara, **left**, is one of our current black favorites. her latest appearance was as our September centerfold. Her fabulous 41-26-37 body looks great in whatever she wears but our favorite shot is this standard bra photo taken when Sara first started modeling in early 1984. Sara is one of those models who is extremely versatile and she looks different each time she poses. Her April feature as a leather-clad bike vixen provoked a lot of comments both pro and con, but Sara will be back again, hopefully, with an entirely new look.

It was hot and humid and she could feel the newly formed beads of sweat slowly dripping down the sides of her face and running down her cheeks toward her neck. Carol leaned back on the chaise, face hitting the full warmth of the noonday sun, and raised her glass to her lips. "This will cool me down a bit," she thought to herself as she started drinking the rum punch. Alone for the first time in months, she had decided to take advantage of her free time and catch up on her fading tan.

Mike, her husband, had taken off with the guys for a weekend of fishing and all-around bullshitting. This was a great opportunity for him because he was going with their son Brian and their neighbor Chuck and his son Danny.

For years he had watched her sunbathing in her backyard and then had lay awake at night stroking his dick and fantasizing about fucking the beautiful...

Neighbor Lady

BY PAT BROOKS

With all the other kids away at school, Carol was determined to enjoy her private time to the fullest. She stretched out on the chaise and reached down for a bottle of suntan lotion. Removing the lid, she poured some into the palm of her hand, placed the bottle down, and rubbed her hands together. The lotion smelled good, it was that tropical blend type that reminded her of the islands. She reached down, and starting with her freshly pedicured toes, rubbed the lotion carefully all over her perfectly formed legs and stroked toward her upper thighs. She repeated basting herself until her legs shimmered from the glow of the lubricant. Carol covered herself until her entire body was glowing from the rays of the sun.

She again leaned back, adjusting the top of her





placing her soapy hands on her huge, firm breasts, she washed around them and under them, and always coming back to her long, thick, firm and pointing nipples.

She was still stunned, yet very, very turned on by Gregg. She started thinking about what it would be like to see his cock bursting through the top of his bikini, yearning to find a home in the depths of her pulsating pussy. She rubbed her tits with one hand, moving from one to the other and placed the other hand deep between her legs, kneading her vulva lips and rising clit with the palm.

She thought of the boy who wanted her so badly that his cock ached to be relieved. She thought of how he could lift her legs with his strong arms and place his head between them to lick her clit and tease her anus with his powerful tongue. She pictured him so hot and horny and longing for her, that in a manner of seconds she was shuddering from the spasms of a violent climax.

Carol finished washing herself and got out and dried and dressed. She went into the kitchen for a glass of wine. This had been quite an interesting day. She'd handled whatever happened well and was sure Gregg wouldn't bother her anymore; but she sure could teach him a few things, she thought to herself smiling wickedly.

The doorbell rang and Carol got up and walked to the door. She could see through the peephole that it was Gregg. Opening the door slowly, Carol said, "What do you want?"

Gregg said, "I just came over to make sure that you were all right. I feel bad

about what I did today and didn't want any problem.

"No, Gregg, I'm fine and everything is okay."

"I'm going out for a bite to eat, would you like to join me? Call it a peace offering," he said.

Carol thought for a second and realizing she had nothing to eat in the house, accepted his invitation and they left for the restaurant.

"Damn!" Gregg said while getting in the car after dinner, "I must have pulled a muscle playing tennis today and I can't have my arm and neck go out on me now. I have a finals match tomorrow."

"I tell you what," Carol said, "I'll rub it out for you when we get home. I often do it for Mike after a tough game."

After getting back to her house, Carol said, "Gregg, take your shirt off and go into the family room. I'll be right in. Just let me change into my shorts and get the lotion."

He unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off, tossing it on a chair. He sat down and untied his sneakers and slipped them off also then sat back, raising his feet and placing them on the table in front of him as he waited for Carol. She called to him from the back room to turn on the stereo and she'd be right in.

Carol had changed into a smart pair of white shorts and her usual T-shirt. Gregg could see that she had also taken off her bra and her fabulous tits were just brushing against the material, occasionally revealing her thick and ever protruding nipples that he had so often fantasized about and desired. Gregg remembered watching her from his bedroom window as she would workout in

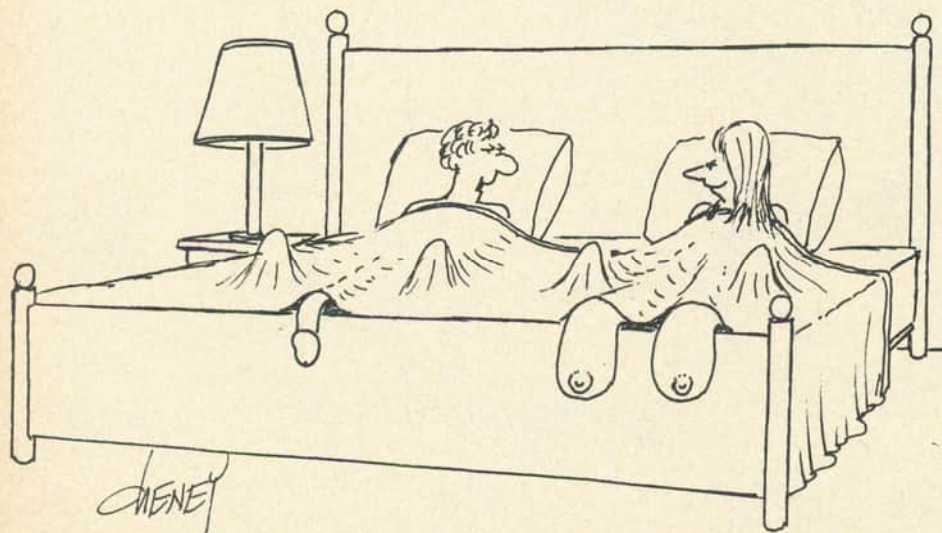
her yard. Her tank top confining and restraining her huge melons and occasionally, when she had on her short shorts and bent down, he could catch a glimpse of her perfect snatch peeking through. He could feel his cock coming to life again and beginning to strain against his pants. He couldn't let her see this. He didn't want anymore trouble than he had already had for the day.

"Okay, I want you to lie down on the floor, on your stomach and show me exactly where the pain is," she said matter-of-factly. He stood up, trying to conceal his growing erection, and bent down to lie on his stomach. Carol took the lotion, squirted some into her hands, rubbing them together and started at the top of his neck to massage the ache away. She slid her hands out toward his shoulders and concentrating on that area, massaged the tight muscles with her fingers and palms.

He was relaxing and enjoying the massage. Carol continued to work on the area and then putting pressure with her thumbs, slid back toward his spine and down the spinal area to the base and the top of his buttocks. She had loosened the tension in his arm and had worked out the muscle pull. But what she hadn't realized was this was becoming a very sensuous massage. She was getting turned on again by him and the sound of his slight grunts and moans and ohs and ahs triggered the thoughts she had had in the shower earlier that afternoon; the thoughts of her fantasizing over Gregg wanting her. She felt a sexual reaction like she hadn't felt since she was in college and dating.

Gregg couldn't turn over. His rock hard cock was throbbing against his pants and pressing into the carpeting. He wanted to turn over and kiss her and smother his face into her breasts, sucking on her magnificent mountains of firm titflesh. But he didn't, he just stayed still, occasionally pressing against the floor with his lower torso and said, "Carol, that feels so good. You really know how to use your hands." Carol didn't stop. She continued to knead and roll his back, constantly moving lower and lower and reaching just the top of his butt each time. And as she did that, he would push against the floor.

The juices in her pussy were flowing. Her mind had crossed the rational barrier and she met his face as he finally turned over and reached up to pull her against his body. Their mouths locked together and their tongues slipped deep into each other's mouth.



"Let's face it, we were made for each other."

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swimsuit, allowing her mammothly large breasts some momentary relief, and closing her eyes, dropped into a light sleep thinking about Mike and hoping they'd have a good time. He needed time with Brian, and to relax. Mike had been too busy with work and was neglecting both his kids and her, both in and out of bed. Boy was she horny!

Then her thoughts started running freely and she realized that they had been living in the house for 12 years. "Gee, time has really flown by," she thought to herself. "Brian's 16 and the girls will be 17 and 18 soon. I can't believe that I'm going to be 40-years-old in three months!"

"Hey Carol!" came a voice from the next yard, "Come on over and take a dip in the pool." It was Liz, her next-door neighbor and Chuck's wife. "Sure, let me get my keys and I'll be right over," she yelled back. Carol grabbed her keys, threw on her robe and walked next-door.

"Hey girl! How about sharing some time with me?" Liz said as she opened the door. "I don't want to be alone either," she said handing Carol a fresh glass of lemonade. "Sure, thanks," and they walked out to the pool area. Carol was about the same height as Liz, 5'5", but that's where any similarity ended.

Carol was a strikingly beautiful raven-haired woman, an ex-beauty queen in college who had maintained her 42-24-36 figure even with the three pregnancies. Her weight varied three or four pounds but stayed around 124 most of the time. Her huge breasts had maintained the firmness of their youth and didn't sag or droop at all, she didn't even have stretch-marks.

Carol was indeed the envy of the neighborhood. She didn't look her age and with all her beauty, she never let it go to her head. She was a down-to-earth type person and got along well with most everyone.

Liz was very bored and needed some company. The girls started their small talk, sitting around Liz's luscious pool. Carol grabbed a float and sat down, letting the warm water refresh her body. Then lying down on it, she found herself drifting off into a nice sleep.

The sound of the phone ringing startled her and brought her to full consciousness. She'd fallen into a deep sleep and Liz must have gone inside to do some things. Liz popped her head out the door and yelled she had to get one of her kids at practice and drive him and his friends out to eat. "Feel like taking a ride?" Liz asked. Carol shook her head

"no" and started to drift off again. "Well, I'll leave the house open, stay as long as you like," Liz yelled as she slammed the front door. Carol was on her way to slumberville again.

The sun was hot and felt so good. Carol was awakened by the feeling of someone watching her. She opened her eyes and saw Gregg, Liz and Chuck's oldest son, standing by the side of the pool watching her. Placing her hands over her eyes to shade the sun, Carol picked her head up and said, "Hey, Gregg, I didn't hear you come in. What's doing?"

He just smiled and said, "I just came in from a few sets of tennis at the club and didn't expect to find anyone at home, especially you."

"Oh your mom had to pick up your brother and I was so comfortable, I decided to stay in the pool. Why don't you join me?" Carol said.

"Be back in a few minutes," Gregg said as he turned to walk toward the house.

A few minutes later he returned. He was certainly a good looking kid Carol thought to herself. And how he'd grown, Gregg was tall, about 6'1" or 6'2", solid and firm, and must have weighed about 175 pounds. He had smooth looking skin, tan, and hardly any hair on his body. He was a very, very good looking boy. "Boy," she thought to herself, "he's almost 20-years-old and a man by most standards."

Gregg grabbed another float and belly-flopped onto it, splashing water everywhere, managing to get Carol wet. "Hey!" she said. "Take it easy. I didn't come here to drown!"

"Sorry," he said with a slight pout and floated to the other side of the pool.

They lay together on the water, floating and relaxing, taking in the sun and just enjoying the peace and quiet. Suddenly, Gregg jumped off the float and dove under the water to Carol's float, tipping it over.

"Damn! What did you do that for?" Carol blurted out surfacing from the water, hair dripping wet all over her face.

"The devil made me do it?" he said smiling. "Oh, come on, Carol, let's have a race. I know I can beat you, but I'll give you a head start."

"Okay," she said obliging him. They raced back and forth and he won as usual.

"You know," Gregg said, "you're getting better and maybe next time I'll let you beat me." Carol splashed water at him in retaliation for his remark. They



"I'm going to slip into something more comfortable—my car."

started splashing each other and kidding around in the pool, trying to dunk the other when all of a sudden, Gregg grabbed her to lift her up and throw her. His arms were strong and he pressed her against his body, crushing her large, firm breasts against him as he threw her. She landed on her side in the water, but the feeling of his arms around her and his body so close to hers, sent chills up and down her spine.

He came at her again, this time holding her closer to him and mashing his body against hers. She looked up at him and felt a surge of tingling feelings shoot from her arms and neck to her pulsating cunt lips. He looked down at her and kissed her hard on her lips, seeking out her tongue with his and not giving her time to catch her breath, pulling her closer to his broad firm chest. She felt a sensation growing inside her that she hadn't felt in a long time.

Carol pushed Gregg away and swam to the steps and climbed out of the pool. Grabbing her towel, she dried herself off and sat down on the chaise.

"Hey Carol, I'm really sorry. I didn't

mean for that to happen," Gregg said, leaning against the brick coping inside the pool.

Carol didn't answer him. She was trying to sort her feelings out. Here was the kid next-door, her friend's child, making a pass at her. It didn't register, but she was obviously turned on by his pass. She sat still, chilled by the cool breeze against her wet body and the cross-circuiting of emotions.

"Carol," Gregg called, "Carol will you please answer me. I'm really sorry for what I did."

Silence stilled the air and Carol looked down at him and said, "You know, Gregg, I'm as old as your mother. We've been neighbors and friends for a long time and I'd hate to have something like this ruin our friendship. Let's just forget this happened. Okay?"

Gregg silently nodded his head yes, looking at the ground.

He started to walk toward the railing and climbed out of the pool. He was so good looking, Carol thought to herself, still trembling from what had just happened. As he walked out of the pool, she

could see the large bulge of his young and strong cock pressing against his already tight bikini suit. He was enormous and she shook her head to clear the thoughts that were breaking through the numbness.

He took his towel and marched into the house. She sat outside for a few more minutes and then decided to go home. Without saying a word, she picked up her things and walked out the backdoor to the fence and over to her house.

The house was quiet and that was just what she needed. Quiet, to empty her mind of all that had just happened. She slipped off her suit, allowing her huge melons freedom and, admiring her tan, she turned on the shower. Carol pulled her shower cap on, opened the shower doors and stepped into the steaming water. She lathered the soap up and placing her hands on her face, scrubbed it hard, moving her fingers down to her neck, washing it and splashing it with warm water. She lathered up again and,



"It'll cost you extra if you want me to go up on you!"



TITANIC TONI

We use a lot of superlatives in describing some of our GENT models, but our latest discovery, Toni, literally defies description. The facts are that she's 5'5" tall and measures 56-32-40 . . . and that about says it all. Toni boasts a pair that are bound for the record books.



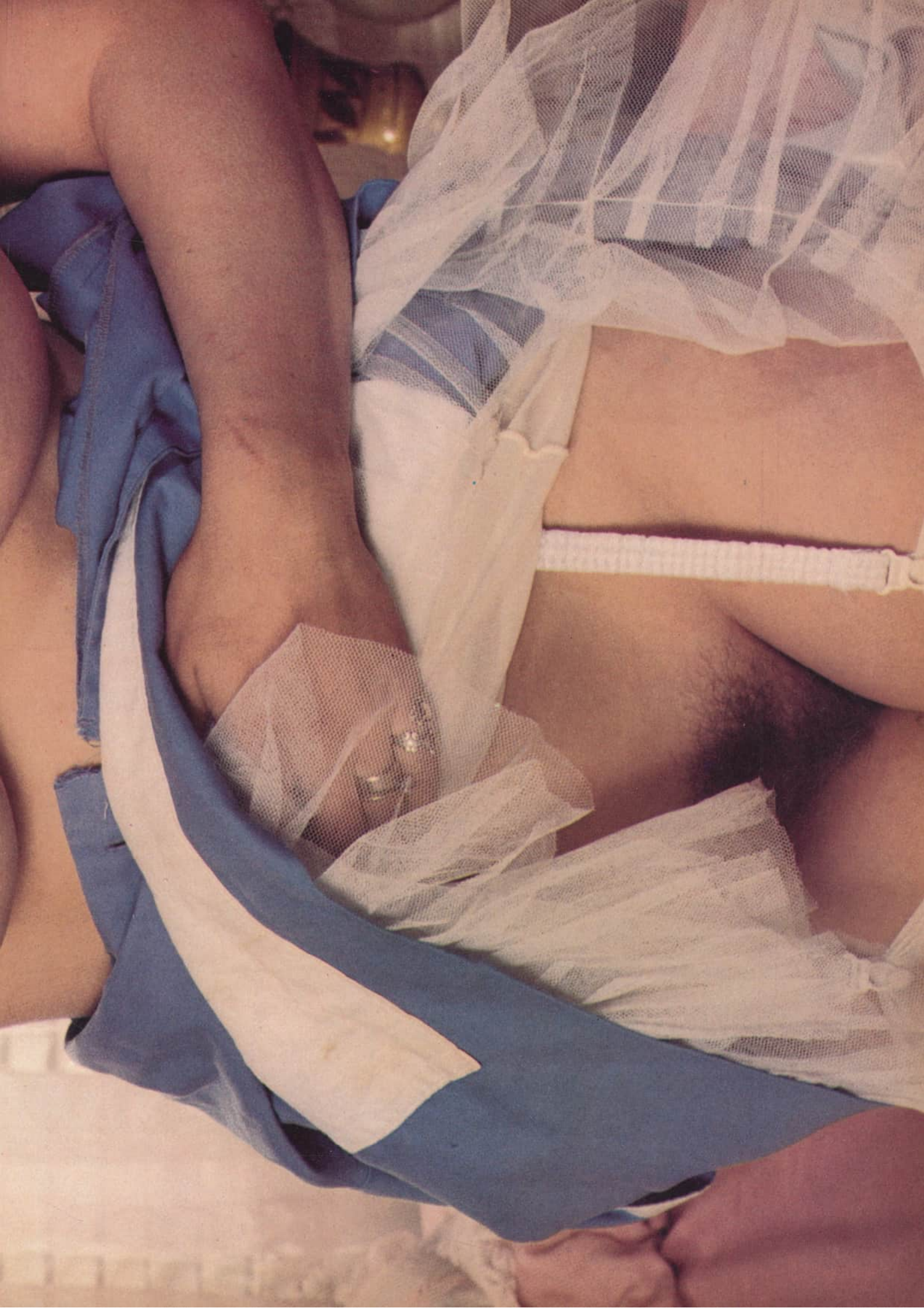




● ne never knows where our next discovery will come from. Photographer John Lomax found Toni in a small village in southwestern England and although she was a local legend, she'd never given posing for magazines a thought. Lomax thought putting Toni in this nurse's outfit would be an interesting idea and although we agree—those milkers were sure built for “nursing”—we're hoping for some stark naked shots someday.











One look at Toni's tits will show you why we felt that the only logical spot for her feature is in the center, where we can pay better homage to those superb knockers! They're truly gravity-defying as you see in some shots where they literally stick straight out from her chest. Her muscle and breast tissue are obviously in good shape, with very little sag to her breasts considering their gigantic size. As is often the case, there's a difference in the size of her two breasts but when you get into the "whopper" class, there's no such thing as small. Toni has a big, bouncy figure to go along with her mammoth knockers. Her waist is plump and shapely and she boasts a big, broad feminine ass with firm, meaty cheeks and large, robust thighs. It takes a real sturdy girl to bear the weight of those tits.





The Secrets of Female Masturbation

Women share their favorite methods of self-gratification.

BY FRANK KOLAR

Here's how one horny young woman described her adventures in solo eroticism: "When I was in my teens, I graduated into public masturbation in boring classes. It was quite simple; I'd cross my legs and squeeze my thigh muscles repeatedly for a few minutes. But no matter how hard I tried to control it, there was no way to avoid a slight spasm when I reached orgasm. I would cover this up by leaning over to scratch my leg or by having a fit of coughing."

Men have often been curious about a woman's masturbatory activities. In the not very distant past, women were quite secretive about this, probably because there was a sense of shame or guilt connected with it. Consequently, many young men were left in the dark, and some even wondered if their girlfriends really did do those things.

Well, sure they did. Not all, by any means, but the statistical percentages were substantial. Men couldn't know this, and it wasn't until more recent years that a certain level of ignorance prevailed in these matters.

Times have changed for the better, and men have become increasingly informed. In fact, there are some men who enjoy watching their partners masturbate—if they can be talked into it. (There remains a lingering degree of self-consciousness and psychological discomfort in many women.)

In any event, numerous sex studies and sex surveys have revealed a great deal about autoeroticism among women, candidly exposing their solo flights of ecstasy. Their experiences encompass an amazing variety and imaginative approaches. The female sexual anatomy, of course, is a bit more complicated than the male's, and that is possibly why women are more inventive. Their carnal capabilities are, in the least, intriguing.

Naturally, not all methods apply to all women, but

there is common ground. Take thigh pressure, as in the instance cited earlier. This is an exclusively female method. By crossing and pressing the legs together with a steady or rhythmic pressure, the whole genital area is affected. It also combines the advantage of direct stimulation and muscular tension. And it can be done almost anywhere.

This usually goes by undetected, but competent (and interested) observers have commented on it. Back in the 1930s, when sex was rather hush-hush, Havelock Ellis, the noted sexologist, reported an incident he had witnessed:

"A few years ago, while waiting for a train at a station on the outskirts of a provincial town, I became aware of a young woman, sitting alone on a seat at a little distance, whom I could observe unnoticed. She was leaning back with legs crossed, swinging the crossed foot vigorously and continuously; this continued without interruption for some 10 minutes after I first observed her; then the swinging movement reached a climax; she leant back still further, thus bringing the sexual region still more closely on contact with the edge of the bench and straightened and stiffened her body and legs in what appeared to be a momentary spasm; there could be little doubt as to what had taken place."

They're still doing it. One contemporary young woman explained her method: "I masturbate by rubbing my thighs together, usually lying down, but it can be done sitting up (in an office, on a bus, etc.) I rub them rhythmically, putting subtle pressure on the clitoris. The tension gradually builds to an orgasm."

Another said that she gets off "by clenching my vaginal muscles. I don't usually touch my clitoris at all, but can do it with just my muscles. I can do it sitting up and pressing myself up with my hands and arms. Sitting at a

desk I can lean on my arms, raise my pelvis and tense my muscles and have a great orgasm."

Household furniture and fixtures have also acquired functions for which they were never designed. One woman explained that she rubbed against furniture for years but didn't realize she was having an orgasm until she was in her mid-teens. She knew it was special and it was happening in her genital area, but it was something not to be talked about. She added that "I still masturbate that way, only now I've advanced to sinks. If I go into the bathroom and straddle the corner of the sink, and rock back and forth I can have wonderful orgasms."

Another woman reported that she discovered a method as a child of four. She didn't know what she was doing; it just felt good. She said she has continued to use "a corner of a chair with a pillow between my legs. Then I hump up and down with my legs together."

Still another discovered the joys of a bathroom sink. She presses her pubic area hard against it and explained that "the sink is stimulating because it is cold. And sometimes I vibrate my legs and press harder, until I come."

(Although we have no reliable report, we suspect that the vibrations from a washing machine could also be enticing. Comedienne Joan Rivers has cracked jokes about this.)

Years ago, masturbation was considered highly undesirable and various contrivances were made to prevent it. Girls also found that riding a bicycle could produce delightful sensations, so much thought was devoted to the design of bicycle seats to reduce the "terrible hazards."

At one time there were even slightly debauched detectives at work in dress factories. Women worked at treadle-operated sewing machines and male shop foremen would keep a keen ear attuned to the uncontrollable acceleration of the machine as the women experienced mounting excitement and orgasm. This eavesdropping did not lead to job termination; it seems to have been more of a male turn-on.

Actually, female masturbation is quite universal, and in some societies it never carried any stigma. Anthropologist Hortense Powdermaker reported on the Lesu tribe who inhabit an island off New Guinea, and said that it is practiced frequently and is considered normal behavior.

The women also have their own style. Powdermaker noted: "A couple may be having intercourse in the same house

. . . and she thus becomes aroused. She then sits down and bends her right leg so that the heel presses against her genitalia. Even young girls of about six years may do this quite casually as they sit on the ground. The women and men talk about it freely." It was also noted that "they never use their hands in manipulation."

This brings up another point. Various sex researchers have commented that many men think that women simply insert fingers or objects into their vaginas. (Men tend to think in terms of insertion and their all-important penis.) However, surveys have shown that only about one in five women do this. The reason is that the vagina is poorly equipped with nerves, and is therefore not that much used. Pleasure, though, can be derived from this, probably because it simulates intercourse.

When women do use their fingers, they may do so in more specialized ways. One woman explained: "I use my right index finger and press around my clitoris in clockwise circles. I only start moving when I'm about to come. It's inadvertent, my body just gets excited sort of like it likes what's going to happen and wants to help it along."

Another said that "I use my fingers first and then my entire hand, with the palm putting pressure on the clitoral area. My legs are crossed, and thigh muscle tension is a must."

Still another explained: "I use my middle finger in up and down or circular motions on the clitoris or around it. I get stimulated better with my legs apart. I use the other hand on my breasts. I like to feel the erection of my clitoris with my fingers."

Not surprisingly, objects are sometimes used. There are conveniently shaped vegetables such as a cucumber or a zucchini. (One woman said she spent considerable time in choosing the right size and shape of a zucchini, and wryly noted that it's not often a woman gets such a choice.) And objects such as candles have had their moments.

Actually, forms of artificial penises have been around since ancient times. They have been made out of gold, silver, ivory, ebony, glass, wood, wax and stuffed leather. Some devices were even fashioned so that a warm liquid like milk would emit, thus simulating ejaculation.

These devices, of course, are called dildos. But dildos can come in unexpected forms, as witness this woman's account: "I use my diaphragm because it comes as close to a penis as anything I could find. I use my hands initially for

stimulation and then I pull the diaphragm in and out of my vagina. The rim gives me a sensation of fullness and this is really satisfying."

One ingenious invention was the Japanese *rin-no-tame*. It consists of two metal balls, one of which is hollow and is inserted into the vagina first. The other contains a quantity of mercury, which is inserted next. The balls can be held in place by a tampon. Subsequently, the slightest movement makes the metals vibrate, sending sensations throughout the genital area. They are sometimes used while sitting blissfully in a rocking chair.

And, to be sure, there is the ubiquitous vibrator, which comes in various designs, and is now in common usage.

The vibrator can be employed in diverse ways. One woman said she enjoys a quickie special: "I'm standing up with the vibrator, on my toes, totally tensed, dropping my pants to mid-thigh, and pulling up my top to uncover my breasts, with the vibrator tip against the clitoris and holding the body of the vibrator out, so it looks like a penis. I do this in front of a mirror and I get turned on by the image and can come in a minute."

Another reported: "I hold the vibrator on my clitoris, with the nozzle of a douche bulb deep in my vagina. This brings me intense pleasure and orgasm in 30 seconds."

Actually—and maybe sadly—women often experience more intense orgasms through masturbation. But men might be pleased to know that fantasy is frequently employed, and that they are included in these fantasies. (Masturbation can be lonely.) One woman who uses a vibrator said that "I really think that what goes on in my mind—just who I am fantasizing I am with—is more important than the mechanical aspects."

Another put it this way: "Upon thinking about a man I've had great sex with, my blood pressure feels like it's increasing, my heartbeat comes quick and hard. My clitoris tickles and within seconds my vagina is slippery. And with a little help from my vibrator I'm on my way to bliss."

Anyhow, it seems that any vibrating device can be put to erotic use, such as an electric toothbrush: "I put a dampened washcloth over the toothbrush and lubricate my clitoris with lotion. I lie on my back with my legs apart and I spread the labia to expose the clitoris, then I gently press the toothbrush on it. I might move it up and down, or I might leave it in one spot, depending on what feels good."

Mechanical assistance need not be a factor, but position and contortion can be a plus: "Usually I'm on my stomach gently touching my whole genital area with my right hand. My left hand is playing with my left nipple. When I'm really horny, I manage to put my nipple in my mouth."

Friction can be applied in numerous ways, and any reasonable object will do. It can be a pillow, a towel, a bed cover, or the mattress. Even the nightclothes can be tucked between the legs. All these items provide a convenient surface to rub and press against, and orgasm can be achieved without touching the genitals.

One woman explained: "I usually hump a pillow or a rolled-up robe or even a laundry bag. I ride it like a horse, pressing down and easing up repeatedly, then pressing harder and harder. I do it with or without clothes on, and when I come I moan like crazy."

One woman said that she used to use her teddy bear, but she got too old to sleep with one. As a substitute, she would make a clump of bedding into the size of a fist. Then she'd lie on her stomach on top of it so that it exerted pressure on her clitoris. And orgasm came easily.

Tight-fitting clothes can also do the

trick, because of the friction involved: "I prefer to wear tight blue jeans and pulling them so that the seam presses against the tip of my clitoris. My legs are usually together, and I move very little. I can even do it in public without being noticed. At least I think so."

There is seemingly no end to what may turn a woman on, as one woman explained: "I bought a homemade duster of ostrich feathers as a Christmas gift, but kept it for myself when I found it had uses beyond dusting furniture. It feels so soft and sensual when I lightly run it over my nude body, and it enhances my mood when I'm masturbating. It even inspired me to use it on my lover. I swirl it around and over his penis and it drives him wild."

Then there are women who revel in the excruciatingly delicious build-up: "When I'm on the brink of coming, I stop for a few seconds. If I have any control I try to calm down. I may do this four or five times, or as long as I can possibly stand it. When I finally let loose and come, I thrash all over the bed."

To luxuriate in a bathtub has long been a woman's delight. But there may be reasons for it beyond cleanliness and relaxation. The use of water is a popular method of female masturbation; they

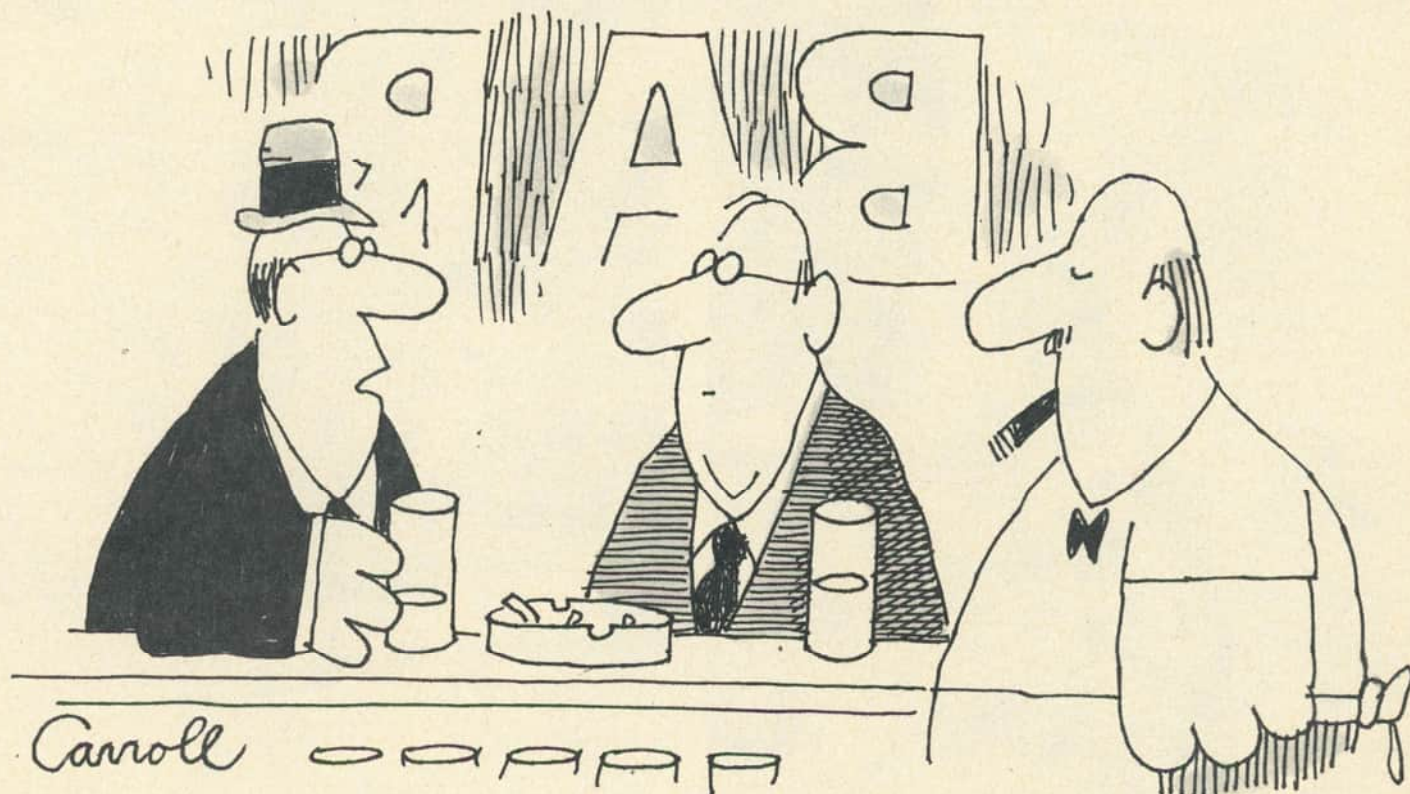
find that a strong stream of water over the genitals can be very exciting—an erotic massage.

Here's one description: "I lie in the tub on my back with a stream of very warm water on my vagina and clitoris. The harder the pressure and the hotter the water, the quicker the orgasm."

Another explained that "I put my rear end under the faucet so that my clitoris is directly under the stream. While in this position, I lean back and rest on my elbows, with my legs lifted and pressed against the wall. I like the water to be warm and when the stream strokes my clitoris, it feels like a thousand tiny fingers massaging me."

Another said: "I remove the head from my shower to allow a steady stream of water to flow. I spread my vaginal lips to expose the clitoris. I like the water to be hot and when I reach orgasm it's the absolute best. Sometimes I have more than one."

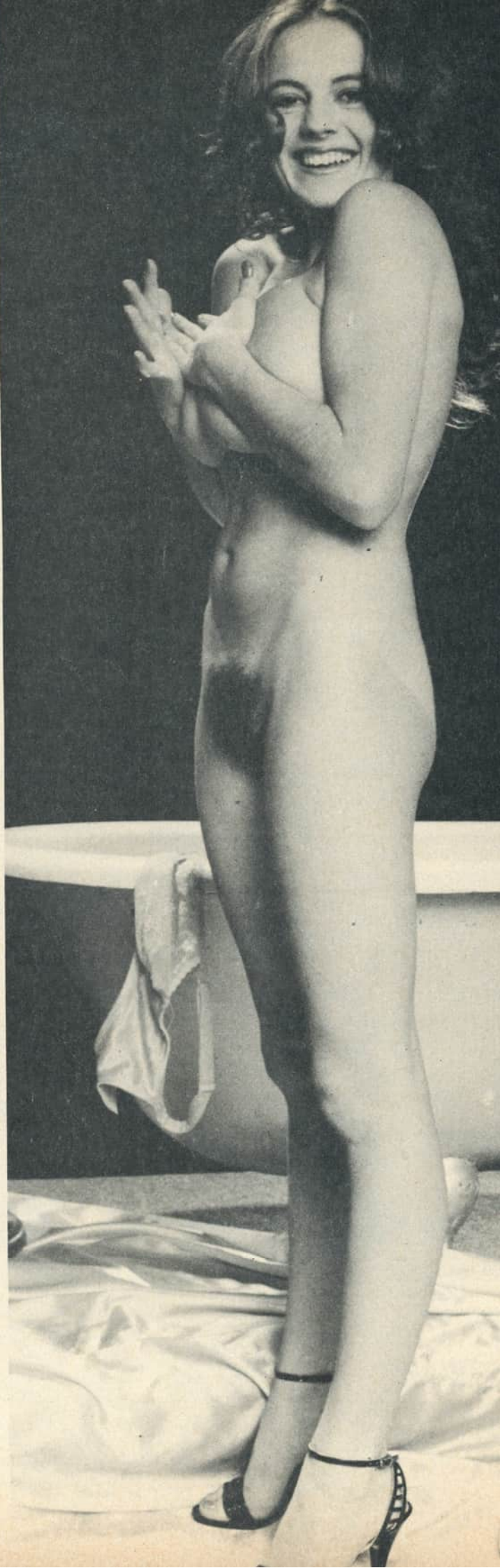
Obviously, women have found that masturbation can be a wonderful sexual outlet, and they have applied their imaginations to the task. Further, it has been found that women who masturbate with some frequency show a better rate of orgasm during intercourse; it can help make them sexier in bed with a partner. That alone should be reason enough. **G**



"My wife lets me have all the sex I want,
but I have to use my own hand."

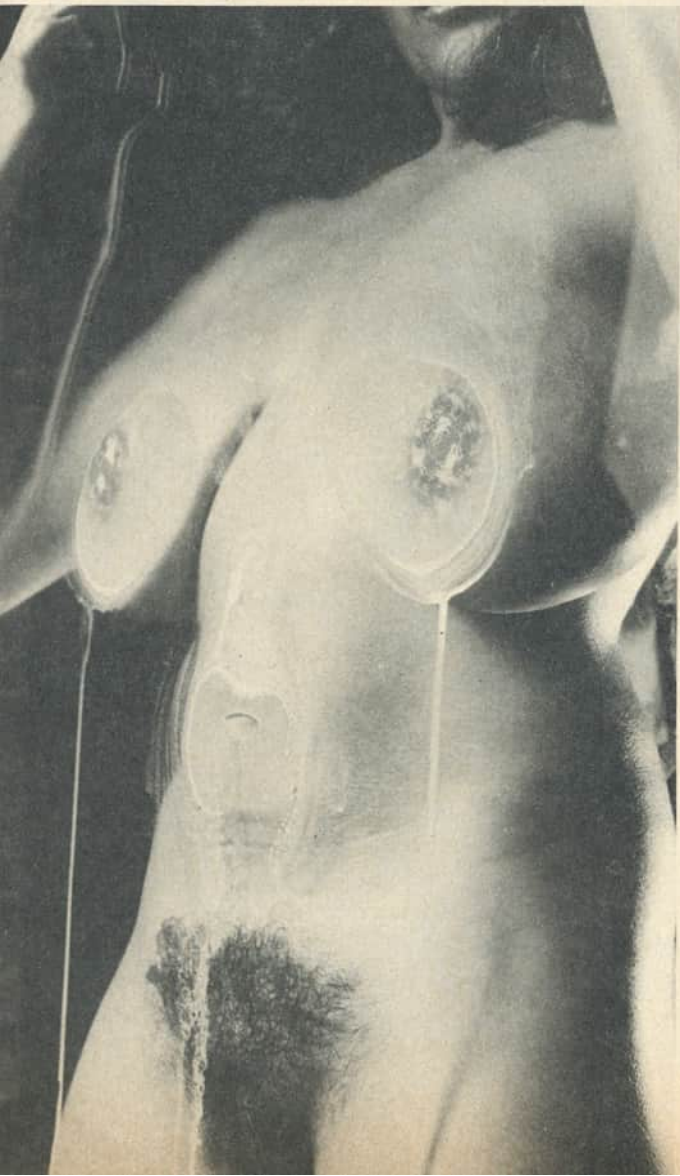
Lactating LAURA

Here are the photos every publisher in the country wanted! When word got out that the phenomenal Laura Sands was pregnant, everyone tried to photograph her, but only one succeeded. Despite a rumor that Laura had been "dry" after the baby was born, as you can see, that wasn't true at all!

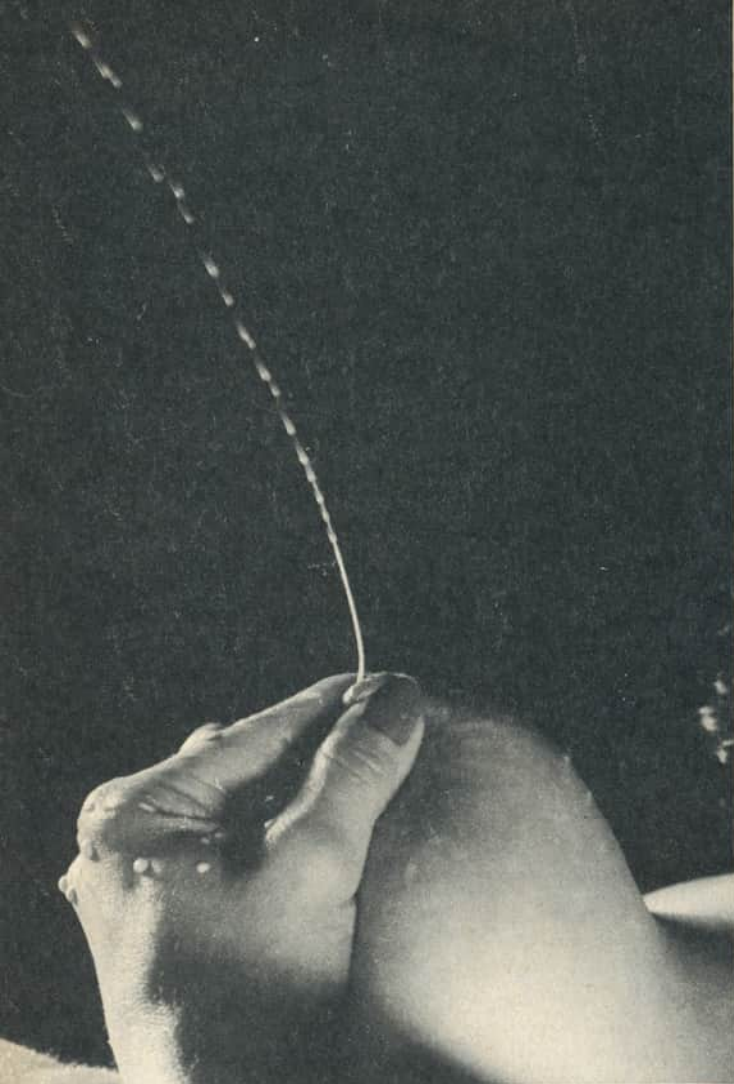








Little did anyone know, when Laura (who also modeled during her short career as Becky Clay) made her GENT debut back in July of 1982, that she was already about two months pregnant. The fact soon became obvious, though, and we were fortunate to have featured her at eight months pregnant in our February, 1983 issue. Since we know many of our readers are into women with breast milk (and why not, since that's a major function of the female breast?) we inquired immediately as to possible lactating features of Laura. "Nope," we were told, "nothing is available. Laura either didn't choose to pose, or she had no milk, which sometimes happens." We were disappointed, of course, until we discovered this set of black and white photos of Laura in a publication titled *Milky Mamas* (Volume 1, Number 2), published by Parliament Press, 1201 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, CA 91605. And we're grateful that Parliament made them available to us for this incredible display of Laura's stupendous, milk-laden 41-inch gushers spilling forth all over everything in sight. She's a milk lover's dream come true!



We don't know exactly how long after giving birth, these photos were taken, but Laura has obviously regained her very slender figure without a sign of stretch-marks on her petite tummy. Laura is another example of those truly phenomenal "tiny" gals (she's 5'2" tall, weighs 105 pounds and her vital statistics are 41-24-34) who are blessed with disproportionately huge knockers. Rumor has it that Laura is permanently retired from modeling which makes this lactating set even more valuable.





KAREN BRITTON's Impressive Debut

This is Karen Britton's first appearance in a GENT layout although our video fans may recognize her. Karen's first video was advertised in the Video Library last May. It's not that we didn't try to get Karen to pose for us, but she was just reluctant to do so. "I liked doing films and didn't see where modeling would help. Of course, I've learned since then that all of the video and film stars do modeling too because it is a great way to get publicity for them . . . so here goes . . ."





Although not huge breasted, Karen is impressive nonetheless because of her very slender body. Her tits measure 38-inches, she's a slender 23-inches in the waist and has 34-inch hips. She wears a 34D-cup bra which, except for in the world of the D-cups, is regarded as huge! We've found that sometimes, young pretty girls like Karen become extremely popular in GENT while larger busted models do not become as much in demand. Karen has that sultry, sexy youthful look that men love and although she looks mature, too, there's something very vulnerable about her that feeds a lot of men's fantasies. She has extremely pale skin which makes her blue titty veins clearly visible. We think an untanned model is a nice change, don't you?



Karen says that she doesn't like the sun and isn't at all unhappy that she doesn't live near the ocean. "Sunshine ages you and I'd like to stay looking youthful as long as I can," she says. It's apparent, from the big response to her video ad, that a lot of men like gals without tanlines. Her milky white tits with the blue veins visible beneath the surface, and very pale pink areolae and nipples are reasons enough for Karen to be featured in GENT, but we also got a lot of questions from readers asking when we were going to feature Karen. Though this was her first modeling gig, our photographer told us she's a natural.









For those of you who may have missed Karen's video, check out page 96 for details on how to order this beautiful video that was custom filmed in England with GENT's readers in mind. It also features 41-23-34 Debbie, the very popular 4'11" hooter-queen who was last seen in our September centerfold. England has long been a source of some of our most buxom models. And, as you can tell from the picture below, Karen is willing to assume almost any pose to please her fans.



Candidly Yours

Meet Helen, a European gal who boasts a pair of at least E-cup jugs. She's 5'5" tall, but that's the only stat we have on this whopper-class mystery babe whose boyfriend sent in these photos. GENT reaches around the world in search of magnificent mammaries.



With hangers like Helen's and her leather accessories, we can only imagine what pleasures she brings her man. How would you like to have your special girlfriend or wife's photos in "Candidly Yours?" Want to be seen internationally? Send your photos to the editor's attention and we'll pay your gal \$50 if she is chosen for publication.



NIGHT WITH A STAR

continued from page 36

fingers he did so, and she turned again to face him. With one small shrug, the body-hugging gown seemed to fall magically off her, and she stood before him naked and waiting.

She walked with deliberate slowness back to the bed, drew back the bed-clothes and stretched herself out on the mattress, posing seductively for him. Timidly, he came to her, removing his shirt as he walked. When he reached the bed, he quickly took off the rest of his clothes and climbed into bed beside her.

Immediately she was in his arms, running her hands over his legs and chest, flitting her fingers occasionally over his distended dick. He, in turn, began feeling every inch of her wonderful body, grabbing her warm, soft ass and scooping up great handfuls of milky, plush tit-flesh. He touched a finger to her pussy and found that it was already wet and ready for him. Their mutual groping had turned them both on so quickly that she wasted no time in pulling him on top of her now-spreadeagled body and said to him urgently, "Now, Bob—now!"

Sutton straddled her, grabbed his cock to stick it inside her, and... nothing! To his amazement, his dick had gone as limp as overcooked linguini. He sat back on the bed and looked at his flaccid organ with shock and humiliation.

She sat up beside him and put a soft hand on his shoulder. "What's wrong, Bob?" she asked in a concerned voice. "Did I do something?"

"Oh, Jesus, no!" he said, with a laugh that sounded more like a grunt. "I don't

Some big ones you may have missed!

Past issues of GENT, including some rare oldies which are available only while our supply lasts. Order now and catch up on your favorite D-Cuppers.

ISSUE:		CENTERFOLD:	D-CUP PICTORIALS:	SPECIAL FEATURES:
FEB '82	(RARE)	Helen Schmidt (50-32-46)	Candy Samples, Eunice, Kim, Linda, May, Lisa	Candy Interview, Best Jobs To Get Laid On
APR '82	(RARE)	Candice (29-38)	Uschi, Candy, Mary, Charity, Lilly, Wanda, Nikki, Joanne	Candy Interview II, Hirsute Women, Mail Order Madness
SEP '82	(RARE)	Nikki (38-23-34)	Liz, Bobbi, Suzi, Jane Marge, Auburn, Ginger	John Belushi, Silicone, Autograph Hound
NOV '82	(RARE)	Candice (40½-29-38)	Carol, Sue, Betty, Dee Dee (girl/girl) Hareena, Michelle	Cheap Wine Guide, Foreplay, Udderly Awesome Dorothy
AUG '83		Robyn (43-32-45)	Mia, Jill, Wendy June Williams, Sheila	Stallone Interview Pregnant Models
SEP '84		Jennifer (38-26-37)	Wendy Wilson, Glenda, Dina, Debbie, Candy Samples, Julie Parks	Fatten Your Woman, Tahiti, How To Cheat
DEC '84		Viola (38-26-38)	Eileen, Cindy, Debbie & Dina, Peg, Lee, Laura Sands & Ron Jeremy	Orgasm Therapy, Roller Coasters, Finding The Perfect Pair.
JAN '85		Christy (40½-25-35)	Karla, Candye, Maryanne, Penny, Crystal, Mona, Lisa, Pam, Helen Schmidt	Pheromones, 3-some, Boxing, Porn's Busty Newcomers
FEB '85		Emily (46-34-40)	Ann, Vivian, Roberta Pedon, Keli, Cheryl, K.C., Caroline, Athena	Casino Gambling, Female Exhibitionists, Why We Love D-Cups
MAR '85		Randy (41-26-36)	Wendy, Barbara, Lisa & Annie, Justice, Marge, Hanna, Donna	Candy Kane Interview, Black's Beach
APR '85		Debbie (41-23-34)	Sara, Chris, Helga, Karen, Blossom, Linda, Francine	Sexual Touching, How To Be A Romantic Hero
MAY '85		Tina Locke (49-29-38)	Clarisse, Paula, Tina Lou, Karla, Gigi (PG)	Barbara Alton Interview, Video Revolution
1984 SUPER STARS		Joyce (41½-27-36½)	Mary Waters, Denise, Michelle, Annie, Laura, Clyda, Keli, Sylvia	A Great Collection Of Your Favorite Biggest D-Cuppers!
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know *what's* wrong. I—I guess I must be more nervous than I thought."

"Has it ever happened before?" she asked. Sheepishly, Sutton admitted that it had. "Okay, so what did you do about it?"

Sutton blushed. She urged him kindly to tell her. "Well," he said with great embarrassment, "usually I'd pretend that the woman I was with was actually... well, *you*."

She straightened up abruptly, her eyes sparkling with inspiration. "You mean, like in my movies?" she asked brightly. Sutton mumbled affirmatively. She laughed gaily. "Oh, well then, that's easy!"

She moved closer to him, pressing her boobs against his shoulder. Sutton shifted uncomfortably, not knowing what she had planned. The next thing he knew, she had a hand wrapped around his dangling dong, stroking it aggressively. In a husky voice, she cooed in his ear, "Hey, toro—d'joo wan' to fock my teets?"

Sutton's prick automatically went rock-hard. The combination of the fantasy voice in his ear and the hot, firm flesh pressed against him instantly dispelled his jittery nerves as he realized that the moment he had dreamed of for years was actually happening—he really was in bed with Chiquita Gonzales.

"God, I've wanted you for so long!" he groaned.

"Then prove it to me," she breathed, giving his cock a lusty squeeze. "Fuck me—fuck me good!"

Sutton took her by the shoulders and pushed her gently backward on the bed. Even on her back, her big milky mountains jutted straight out, and Sutton energetically buried his head between them, burrowing his face into her deep cleavage. Face down, he grabbed a tit in each hand, sinking his fingers into them as he simultaneously licked and sucked hungrily at their smooth, round sides.

"Ooh, that's it," she gasped. "Love them. Love my tits."

Sutton placed his mouth on one of her large, pink nipples, which were already stiff with lust. He ran his tongue over it frantically, tracing wet circles around its rosy areola. He could feel her legs whipping and thrashing behind him, and he knew that she was fingering herself in time to his tit-lashing.

"More!" she cried. "Suck them harder!"

As Sutton continued to slurp greedily at her mammoth mammaries, he felt her hand once again clasp his throbbing shaft, which was now so hard it was

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close to the bursting point. She jacked him deftly with one hand while, with the other, she cupped and caressed his big, hairy balls. He drew his head up from her now-soaking tits and moaned, "Not so much—you'll make me come!"

She relaxed her hold on his cock saying, "We can't have that, now, can we? At least, not yet." Then she shifted position in the bed so that her thighs straddled his face while her own mouth was poised directly above his erect dick. Turning to look at him, she gave him a sly wink and, in her Mexican accent, said, "Remember this from 'Deep Lungs,' toro?"

She turned her face back to his crotch and instantly began performing the oral trick that had given the movie its name. She drew his boner into her mouth all the way, sucking it not so much with her mouth as with her throat muscles. It felt to Sutton as though she were actually milking his dick with her throat. Yet the pressure that the technique applied to his hard-on somehow kept him from shooting his load.

While she kept up her oral activities at his other end, Sutton meanwhile grabbed her ass and pulled her red, furry snatch closer to his face. It was even more perfect-looking than in the movies, and Sutton thought that he had never seen such a beautiful cunt. It was already dripping its musky passion juices, and Sutton drove his tongue into it for a taste. He proceeded to give her the most expert eating-out he had ever given a woman, alternately lapping her juicy twat lips and probing his tongue deep into her slick slot.

Finally, he felt her mouth release his pulsating pecker, and she wailed, "I can't wait anymore!" She hopped off his face and into an upright position, then perched over his aching cock. She reached down and guided his dick inside her. When it was in place, she sat down hard, driving it into her pussy to the hilt.

"Oh, God!" they both cried in unison. She began pumping up and down on his hardened cock, riding it furiously. Sutton was amazed at how tight her snatch was, especially since it had been reamed by some of the biggest dicks in porndom. He gripped her hips and bucked away, thrusting his cock up into her as hard as he could. Her huge, billowing boobs bounced heavily with every stoke, and she ran her own hands across them wildly.

"Oh, Christ," she screamed, "I'm going to come!"

"Me, too!" Sutton wheezed, the blood pounding in his temples. She

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leaned down toward him and he engulfed her with his arms, pressing their fevered, sweaty bodies together in a bonecrushing embrace as they both rode out their mutual orgasm. As they came together, Sutton cried "Chiquita!" over and over again, while she in turn kept whimpering "Toro! Toro!" When he came, Sutton shot his wad so forcefully that it felt as though the top of his head had been blown completely off. And, judging from the way his partner was screeching and flailing around, she was feeling the same way.

Afterward, they lay together in bed, her curled up against his chest. For a long while they remained silent; then, finally, she said softly, "So how was it? Fucking a star, I mean."

"It was great," he said. "In a way, I still can't believe it."

She looked at him closely. "I'm glad my little trick helped," she said, referring to her transformation into her screen personality for his benefit. "But there is one thing I want you to know."

"What?"

She smiled, and Sutton thought that he noted a trace of sadness in her eyes. "I just wanted you to know that Mary Baxter is a pretty good fuck all on her own."

The meaning of her last statement hit him suddenly and with full force. "I-I hadn't thought of that, I guess. I was so busy pretending that it was you—Chiquita, I mean—that, in a way, I guess I missed out on the *real* you completely."

"Those girls that you pretend are me when you're fucking them—are they all that hard to take on their own?" she asked.

"No," he admitted, "actually, most of them are beautiful."

"Well, then, do you think it's fair to them to just let them have your body when your mind is somewhere else?"

"I see what you mean...Mary. I really do."

"Okay!" she said, perking up. Her hand reached for him under the sheet. "Then how about one more time, and this time we leave Chiquita out of it?"

"Sounds good to me," he said with a grin. As she dove head first under the sheet for him, his mind drifted for a moment—but only for a moment—to Nancy, the schoolteacher he went out with back home. You know, he thought, her tits and ass *are* pretty terrific. She doesn't have to be compared with anybody.

Then he felt Mary's warm, wet mouth engulf his cock, and he instantly turned his thoughts to the here and now.

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NEIGHBOR LADY

continued from page 44

Their passion was afire. Gregg placed his large hands on her breasts and moaned. He had dreamed over and over of making love to this lady, masturbating late at night in the privacy of his room or stroking his cock as he watched her sunbathe from his window. But never, never in all the years of his dreaming, had he thought that his wish would come true. Yet here he was, Carol in his arms, ready, willing and more than able.

Carol slipped out of the embrace and pulled her T-shirt off, her full, rounded tits sticking straight out and pointing at him with their stiff nipples. She stood up and slipped off her shorts revealing her whitelace bikini panties. Carol stepped out of them and just stood silently in front of Gregg. Her body hadn't changed in all these years. She looked like a 25-year-old with her smooth skin, no stretch-marks, lines, pulls or sags. No, she was perfect, and she was going to teach Gregg how to make love to her like no one ever had. He knew it and she knew it.

Gregg stood up and undid the buckle of his belt, unbuttoned his pants, pulled the zipper down and pulled his pants off. His rock hard cock was just peeking out of his bikini and Carol reached out and pulled his underwear down and off him. His cock sprang out—all 10 inches of it. It was so beautiful, hard and purple at the tip.

They lay down on the floor again. He pulled her to his body, but Carol pushed away. "I'm going to show you how a woman likes to be made love to," she said. She ran her fingers all over his body, lightly, never touching his throbbing cock. Then she started kissing his body all over, starting with his neck and arms, down his smooth, hairless chest to his navel and circling his navel with her tongue then darting it in and out of it. She ran her tongue up toward his chest and stopped at his nipples, and placing her mouth over them, started to suck them and bite them intermittently.

He was writhing with desire and was sure his balls were going to explode from the pressure. Carol looked deep into his dark eyes and smiled, then she ran her fingers down toward his unyielding pole, grasping it with her hands and pumping slightly. His body twitched and wriggled uncontrollably and before he knew it, Carol had her lips around the head of his cock and was sucking it all into her mouth.

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Her mouth was tight, warm and wet and her tongue flicked the sides of his cock occasionally, bringing up ounces of pre-cum from the inner shaft. He held her head against his body, never wanting the feeling to leave his senses. He was sure he couldn't hold it and wanted more than anything to fuck her beautiful pussy and make her come like she never had in her life.

Carol, almost sensing what he was feeling, stopped and reached up to Gregg, he found her fingers and sucked on them. She turned over on her back and pulling him to her, she had him suck on her nipples, biting them gently and pulling at them with his lips. She then told him to use his tongue the way she had on him, but not to stop when he got to her dark mound of hair. He followed her exact instructions and as he got to her mound of curly pubic hair, she spread her legs and he continued to lick her wet and pulsating pussy. Her clit was so erect that it must have been at least a half-inch long and waiting for Gregg to find it. He found it and sucked on it like she had sucked on his cock. He then slid his middle finger up her hot, wet pussy and she placed his thumb on her anus. He was massaging all angles of her body and she started to scream with the delights of a vibrating series of orgasms.

Gregg really didn't need to be shown how to make love, he had an inborn sense for it. But his cock had taken all it could and her wanted to feel her cave around his entire shaft. He slowly slipped it into her dripping love hole and Carol wrapped her legs around his waist and started to pump with him. It felt so good, and she took all of it, never letting an inch escape the feeling of the smooth, wet, warm and pulsating muscles of the inner lining of her pussy.

Gregg started to pump faster and faster, feeling the surge of juices flowing from the base of his cock. He was losing control and just as he started to pop, he quickly slid his finger up her asshole and they both humped each other into a shattering climax.

Gregg fell back, exhausted from the release of more than five years of pent-up frustrations. Carol just lay still, "The best part of making love is the holding afterwards," she said softly and Gregg slipped his arms under her head and pulled her close to him. They stayed that way for a few minutes and Carol caressed his body with her hands and as she got to his cock, she realized that it was still very much erect. She started pumping it with her hands and before she knew it, he was ready to go again.

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"I could make love to you forever," he said. "I've wanted you so long, Carol. If you only knew."

She got up and sat down on his turgid cock, sliding her wet hole down slowly onto it. He arched his back and started to pump slowly. The tingling sensations were creeping throughout her body again. Each nerve was at its peak, sensing the excitement yet to come.

Carol got up and said, "Gregg, let me show you what some women really like," She walked over to the couch, bent over, exposing her asscheeks and ripe pussy and had him slip his cock up her puckered asshole. "Slowly," she said, "this is an art that has to be cultivated."

Gregg did exactly as she requested and slowly slipped his cock up her asshole, feeling the tightness around it and trying to control the feeling of wanting to come. "Oh shit, Carol! I've never felt anything so tight before. I don't think I can control myself any longer," he said.

"Just relax," she said calmly. "Take your time and stroke slowly. Give me your hand now and I want you to take my clit with your index finger and thumb and rub it gently as you are moving in and out." Again he did just as she said and together they worked each other up until they both came moments apart.

They could have fucked all night, but Carol knew that Liz would wonder what happened to him as his car hadn't left the driveway. They showered together and it seemed that each time they touched sparks flew between them. They had an electricity that could light and entire city.

Gregg was getting ready to leave when Carol said to him, "Gregg, if we handle this thing right, no one will get hurt. I love my husband and wouldn't want to hurt him for anything. Nor would I want to harm your family or you. So we shouldn't discuss this with anyone ever. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes, I understand and you can count on me not to say a word to anyone. I don't know how I'll be able to control myself now with you around me. But I guess I'll have to try."

Carol managed to make it through the rest of the weekend and was glad to see Mike and Brian come home. They had had a great weekend and she just smiled and said, "Oh, my weekend was very relaxing, thank you," when asked. Gregg stayed busy with his tennis and college work and was very polite when they met. But the chemistry was always there and Carol looked forward to the next time the guys went away for the weekend.

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SEX HABITS

continued from page 21

"In every recorded case of peak sex, a key internal factor is responsiveness: the person responds to the feelings and fantasies of the partner. If the woman has a romantic feeling, a secret wish, a need, and the man tunes into this, she melts. The greatest sexual experiences do not necessarily involve intercourse, we found after interviewing a great number of people. The great sexual experiences are experiences."

"If you interview a group of women," Feldman adds, "they'll tell you they don't really care how the man does it. They'll tell you they want something unusual to happen—a fantasy, a surprise, an emotional experience."

Another sex therapist, Sandra Risa Leiblum of Rutgers Medical School, suggests in *Singles: The New Americans* by Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll that "Women value stage setting. They always place an incredible emphasis on props, on a sensual environment—satins, silk, lace, fireplace, ocean, candlelight, wine."

Clearly, the habit of creating enduring lust is also the habit of giving a lady an exciting, different, or new good time.

The habit of fantasy also can be built right into sex play: the two of you can imagine, for example, that you are pirate and slave, or queen and peasant—or caveman and cavewoman. You also can make lust swell your organs by using small talk to advantage—talk romantic. Talk dirty. Whisper fantasies in her ear. Her resulting groans will go right to your cock head.

So, developing new sexual habits may take some rearranging of your old patterns. The result, though, is habits which become increasingly automatic: you automatically look for the right times and ways to remain as naturally hard as a fence post and you automatically look for the romance, the fantasy, and the sex play in fucking, all of which help you to become hard and have staying power whenever you screw.

In short, learning new sexual habits is not only possible, but even normal, for a healthy, red-blooded horny guy. You certainly can teach an old cock new tricks.



EILEEN: Late Bloomer

Popular Eileen, who has appeared a number of times since her 1979 GENT debut, is phenomenal not only because she's a very sexy and beautiful woman, but also for the fact that she didn't begin modeling until she was a mature divorcee. For a long time, Eileen kept her beautiful body under wraps. She says she hasn't gained a pound nor an inch since she was 20-years-old and weighed 125 pounds. Her measurements are 39-23-35 and she's solid all over.





"I would have been shy about modeling when I was younger, but you reach an age where you don't give a damn what your friends think and do things for yourself."

Eileen says that she might have missed a long career in modeling, but that she probably would not have been able to pose when she was a young woman. "I didn't have any confidence. I was very shy, and I married and became a perfect housewife. But you reach an age," Eileen says, "when you suddenly realize that you'd better start doing something for yourself and to hell with what the neighbors think." She says that she's become much more daring since her divorce and that modeling is the best thing that could have ever happened to her. "I now know that I am a very sexy woman. I've gotten fan mail from guys all over the world who think I'm sexy."



We used to describe Eileen as shy since she rarely would spread her legs for the camera. Apparently, though, she has loosened up a lot because this is a more revealing-than-usual set of Eileen. As we suspected, she's one sexy woman all over. She says she doesn't have any particular secret about keeping her face and figure so youthful, and particularly her tits which are amazingly firm. "I take care of myself with rest, good food and some exercise, but that's about it," she says. As for her being shy, she says that's the truth. "When I was asked to model, I had these visions of magazines I'd seen in the 60's and thought that was great. But then I realized that we have gotten a lot more enlightened since then and I was really shocked at first. But, I like showing everything now."





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Soon!**



CASE MORGAN

GUMSHOE PRIVATE EYE

SHADES OF KING MIDAS

IT WAS COLD AND RAINY ALONG A LONELY, DESERTED BACK ROAD... ONE OF THOSE SETTINGS WHERE YOU JUST KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FLAT AND THERE WON'T BE A SPARE. BUT SURPRISE OF SURPRISES, I DIDN'T HAVE A FLAT... THE ENTIRE FUCKING WHEEL BROKE OFF.



A RIDE HAPPENED ALONG ALMOST IMMEDIATELY... I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING BIZARRE, COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS DON'T USUALLY LUCK OUT LIKE THAT!



SHE WAS THE QUIET MYSTERIOUS TYPE AND I COULD TELL BY THE CURVE OF HER SILKY, SMOOTH THIGHS THAT THERE WERE OODLES OF SWEET SURPRISES UNDER THAT TRENCH COAT.



I SLID MY HAND TO HER FUR LINED CROTCH... SHE MOANED AND DRENCHED MY HAND WITH HOT, AROMATIC EJACULATE! I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY LUCK!



I BURIED MY HEAD BETWEEN HER HUGE HONEY DEW HANGERS AND MOUTHED THEIR RUBBERY NIPPLES AS SHE SLID THE CAR TO A HALT CLUTCHING MY THROBBING COCK WITH HER FREE HAND!



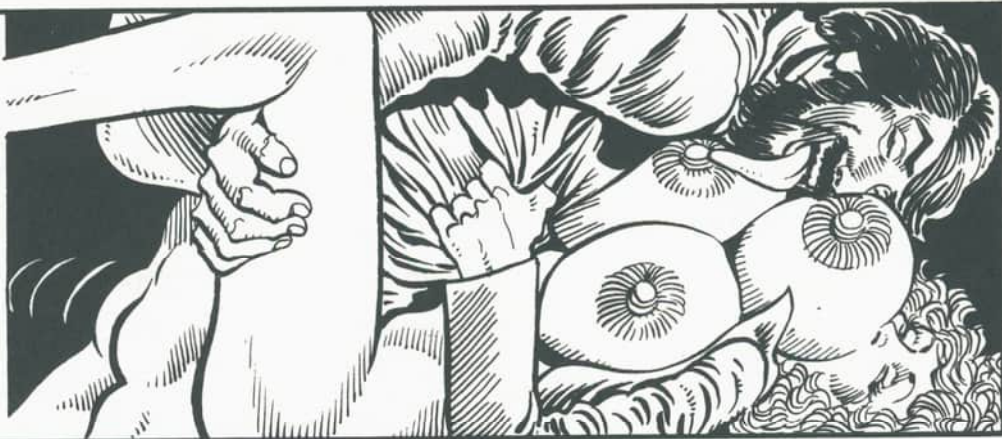
MY MOUTH SEARCHED HER'S... BUT COULDN'T FIND IT!



INSTEAD, A HUGE DOUBLE-D UDDER WAS IN ITS PLACE...



WELL FUCK, THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN A COCKSMAN LIKE CASE MORGAN MISS A BEAT... BUT AS SHE GUIDED MY THROBBING MANHOOD BETWEEN THE SOFT PETAELED LIPS OF HER WARM WET CUNT ALL THOUGHTS THAT I WAS FUCKING A FREAK FADED IN THE WILD PASSION OF THE MOMENT!



AND, AS I EMPTIED MYSELF INSIDE HER, I CLUTCHED HER ASS CHEEKS... BUT THEY WEREN'T ASS CHEEKS! THEY WERE HUGE, PERFECTLY SHAPED MILKERS!



WE WERE BOTH QUIET THE REST OF THE WAY IN THE CAR ...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY AND SHE WAS UNABLE TO SAY ANYTHING.



BY THE TIME I GOT HER HOME I WAS THOROUGHLY PISSED! I KICKED IN THE DOOR AND DEMANDED ANSWERS!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THIS POOR DEFORMED SLUT!? I WANT SOME ANSWERS OR YOUR HEAD IS GONNA BE CONVERTED INTO A CLOUD OF PINK HAZE INSTANTANEOUSLY!



IN A SHORT WHILE I HAD CALMED DOWN ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO MARTIN STILWORTH'S EXPLANATION...

...AND SO YOU SEE I SHARE YOUR CONCERN FOR MY DEAR COMPANION, PAMALA'S MALFORMATION ...AND HER PROBLEM IS MY FAULT...

HOW SO?



IT ALL STARTED WHEN I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WHILE CLEANING OUT THE TOWER ROOM ...THIS HOUSE WAS REPUTED TO ONCE BE OWNED BY A DABBLER IN THE DARK ARTS! FOOL THAT I WAS, I BECAME ENTHRALLED WITH THE MYSTIC AND BEGAN TO SERIOUSLY STUDY THE SPELLS AND INCANTATIONS THEREIN!!



"THEN I STUMBLED ON AN INCANTATION WHICH WAS QUITE EXTRAORDINARY! IT WAS THE SAME ONE USED TO GIVE KING MIDAS HIS GOLDEN TOUCH... THE TEXT CLAIMED THAT REPEATING THE MYSTIC PHRASE WHILE ENVISIONING WHATEVER YOU WISHED YOUR MAGIC TOUCH TO PRODUCE WOULD RESULT IN THE AWESOME ABILITY TO GENERATE THE ARTICLE OUT OF WHATEVER YOU TOUCH ..."



"EVERYTHING WENT WELL ..."



"UNTIL ..."



NUTS, PAM, YOU BROKE MY CONCENTRATION!

GOOD! THIS SILLY BOOK HAS COME BETWEEN US EVER SINCE YOU FOUND IT! IT'S ALL BUNK AND YOU KNOW IT! NOW, GIVE US A BIG KISS!

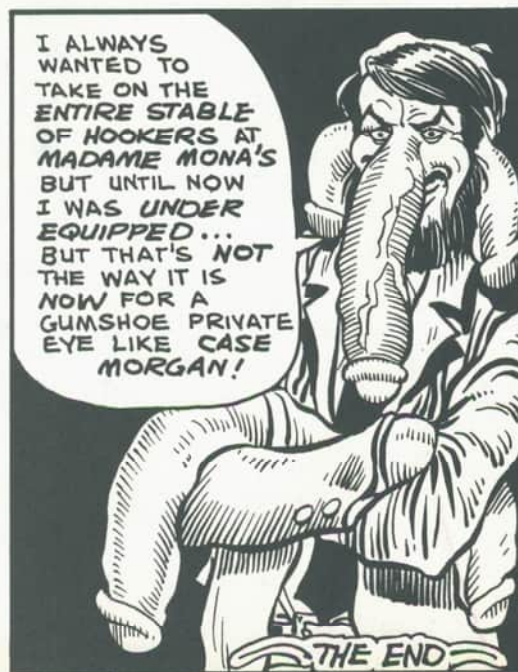


"I GRABBED HER ASS CHEEKS AND PLANTED ONE ON HER! THEN WAS THE FIRST I KNEW THAT THE SPELL HAD WORKED ... BUT SOME WIRES MUST HAVE GOTTEN CROSSED IN THE CONFUSION!"



GOOD LORD!





TINA: A Ton of Fun

Texans are known for spinning tall tales but Tina's one gal who doesn't have to exaggerate. As she proves, in the photo, left, she really does *bust* the tape at a stunning 48 inches. And, she goes on to prove that her cleavage is tremendous, both fore (below, left) and aft (below, right). We agree with all of the readers who wrote in after her May debut, that Tina is an example of D-cup perfection, from her incredible tits to her lush, full figure.





Although Tina looks like the type of woman you'd like to have lounging around the house, being voluptuous and sensuous as she appears here, she says she's really an outdoor type. "I like the outdoors, swimming in the ocean and rugged, he-man type guys who are tall, muscular, hairy-chested, don't smoke and the ones who own at least one yacht." We can go along with Tina's fantasies. She looks like a Rubens painting of some wealthy lord's mistress. At lower right, she strikes a typical Rubenesque pose, her full round breasts spilling forth and her voluptuous tummy has a deep, sexy navel tucked into ample mounds of succulent flesh. Tina is 5'5" tall and says that each of her breasts measure a full 15-inches in diameter. She says she's used to having big breasts since she has been oversized for a long time. "I wore a 36C bra when I was only 16 and I'm bigger all over today," (at 48-30-40, weighing 165 pounds). Although very full, her breasts hang low on her torso from their weight. She rarely goes topless, she says, because it's not very comfortable. "It bothers me that every time I turn quickly, my big boobs swing back and forth and sometimes make me lose my balance." Although she's proud of her big breasts and realizes they are real attention-getters, it's more important that she be liked for herself.







Tina was discovered by photographer Joel Judd who says that she was reluctant to pose at first. Her initial layout was somewhat modest but, as you can see, she's loosened up and relaxed a bit. She isn't into wide open beaver shots yet and says she isn't convinced that that's what the readers want to see. "I think my greatest assets for GENT are my breasts and I'd rather show them," she says.



Loop-Like Feature Video

More and more videos are dispensing with the complications of plots to become video versions of the always popular 8mm loop.

Beaverly Hills Cop

A takeoff on the movie of almost the same name, Heather Wayne earns her paycheck being porked in one scene after another.

"Beaverly Hills Cop" (no comment on that title) purports to be a cops and robbers caper, but is really a series of dissociated loops of little erotic impact. What starts out as a spoof of "Beverly Hills Cop" winds up spoofing itself.

BY DAN BOTTSTEIN

Veronica (Heather Wayne), a friend of Mr. Big (Giovanni Michelangelo), kingpin of crime, is spirited to Los Angeles from Chicago. She is a potential witness against Mr. Big. An inept reporter (Marc Wallace) is assigned to the story by his editor (Sahara). Sahara is contemptuous of Wallace's reporting but not his lovemaking. In one of the film's more torrid tussles, Sahara blows Wallace and he eats her. Finally, Wallace fucks Sahara in the doggie position and she sucks him to orgasm. If only Wallace were a decent reporter.

You can't leave a girl like Veronica alone in a hotel room without diversion. Two corrupt cops on Mr. Big's payroll arrive to entertain her. The initial entertainment consists of the two men fucking Veronica's armpits. Then

one cop screws her in the traditional manner before the pair are called back to the station.

Wallace, conscientiously tracking down the warm and wet witness, stumbles into the room and picks up where the cops left off. The reporter eats Veronica. She sucks Wallace. Veronica straddles Wallace backward and fucks him; then Wallace screws her from the side. Such is the nature of investigative reporting.

While Wallace is foraging about in

the closet, a woman announcing herself as the Avon Lady appears for a protracted, pointless lesbian scene before the corrupt cops return for a sloppy foursome. Wallace finds a phone in the closet and alerts the cops—those not on the take. So Wallace turns from hump to hero while the audience struggles to stay awake.

Only the most indiscriminate will find joy in "Beaverly Hills Cop." And that's too bad, considering what the film could have been.

Heather Wayne, who plays Veronica in "Beaverly Hills Cop," is one of porn's most boffed actresses, but she can't make this flick a winner.



Sex On The Set

A bevy of porn actresses—though no titters—provide a variety of hardcore action from beginning to end. A kinky strap-on dildo threesome scene is one of the high points.

"Sex on the Set" is an unpretentious wall-to-wall porn film that can best be reviewed by a blow by blow description, so to speak. The premise of the picture is that most of the hot sex on a porn set takes place behind the

scenes, not in front of the camera. "Sex on the Set" seeks to remedy this deplorable situation.

In the opening scene, Tanya Lawson and Janey Robbins interact in an inflammatory manner. Janey has a chain attached to her nipples. Tanya dons a dildo and slides it into Janey. Ron Jeremy arrives. Janey sucks Ron while Tanya dildos Janey. Tanya and Janey blow Ron. Ron fucks Janey while she sucks the dildo. Tanya dildos Janey from behind. Ron comes in Janey's mouth while Tanya dildos her. Got all that?

David Scott is a newcomer to porn. So Robin Everett makes him feel at home by giving him a blowjob. In reciprocation, David goes down on Robin. Eric Edwards joins in. David

screws Robin doggie style while she blows Eric.

Rene Summers relaxes "newcomer" Taija Rae (Mindy Rae's real life sister) by sucking her. Then the girls insert a double-ended dildo and fuck with it. Taija blows David Scott who tit fucks her.

A young girl wants to break into porn. Ron Jeremy is only too happy to break her in. The girl likes to be eaten. The chivalrous Ron obliges. Ron then fucks the aspiring starlet, who blows him in gratitude. Ron penetrates the girl anally as a grand finale.

"Sex on the Set" may easily be enjoyed purely for the nonstop sex action. The film is undemanding fun and should find its built-in audience, which is out there, wall-to-wall.

"Sex On The Set" is typical of the wall-to-wall sex genre of feature length videos that are being produced. Below, Taija Rae (Mindy Rae's real life sister) and Renee Summers prepare for their double dong scene.



Titters, Peggies & Fatties

These loop-like videos won't win any Academy Awards, but they feature the girls and the action that most GENT readers are looking for.

BY PAT BROOKS

FANCY FLESH

From the Charming Cheapies Collection, 4 Play Video presents *FANCY FLESH* starring two GENT models: Lynn Anne (Wendy Wilson, an ex-school-teacher) and Mandy Jones (aka Randy or Mindy Rae, GENT's April '85 centerfold), and Ron Jeremy.

Lonely Lynn, happy to have her friend visit, gets it on as Mandy sucks on Lynn's huge breasts then goes down on her for a pussy-licking, finger-fucking feast as Lynn massages her mountains.

After coming, Lynn sucks on Mandy's magnificent melons then licks and fingers Mandy's wet pussy while Mandy squeezes her own large, white, full breasts.

Enter Ron Jeremy, who missed his girl, and hungry for tits and pussy, gets a double treat as all three kiss, suck, lick and fuck each other in every conceivable position, while both girl's tits bounce around.

There's clear closeups of pussy licking, cocksucking and fucking, but the boner is when Lynn wraps her mountainous tit flesh around Ron's huge tool and tit fucks him until he comes all over her face.

This hardcore 30 minute video is a new feature from 4 Play (1-800-662-PLAY). It's quality and cheap.

PREGNANT MAMAS

Okay all you pregnant lovers, here's the video you've been waiting for from TNT Titalators—five shorts of pregnant and lactating women and two of just lactating fun. A total of seven separate vignettes for your pleasure.

The first two are a continuation of each other and show a pretty, pregnant black girl who rubs her swollen belly and large tits, then bathes herself. Then she lies down and caresses her tits, stomach and pussy with closeup action of her spread pussy.

The next short really snapped us to attention, it features former GENT covergirl, Wendy Wilson. She has on a tight black and blue corset and after she begins fondling her milk-laden breasts, she pumps the milk out of them and excites herself so much that she slips her hand down to her wet pussy and fingers herself off.

The other video shorts have equally interesting girls who are pregnant or lactating and play with each other or themselves. One even has a guy in it who gets into a ménage à trois, with closeup action of pussy eating and cocksucking. But one sequence in particular is very hot.

It features two pretty girls who, after greeting each other, go into the bedroom. When one starts to milk herself, the other gets so turned on that she starts to play with her pussy. They wind up kissing and sucking on each other's full, dripping tits and then go down on each other's hot, wet pussies. This is an unusual hot action lesbo scene featuring two pregnant and lactating women.

HUGE BRAS VOLUME 2

Huge Bras Volume 2, the second in the Huge Bras Video series, is different from Huge Bras Volume 1 in that it isn't salt and pepper, but it contains six additional vignettes of large breasted women.

The first short called "Hammock Bras 48F-Cup," features a huge, and we mean HUGE breasted lady with saucer-sized areolae letting it all hang out as a lucky guy gets his engorged dick sucked off by her before coming all over her melons.

The second, "Big Nipples 42DD," a large boobed babe plays with her huge, swollen nipples as her guy masturbates. She gives him head and he comes in her mouth. This short has good close-up action of her clit while he is screwing her.

The third, "Big Dolly 44E," has a big titted doll and a big cocked sailor rubbing his rod against her large pink nipples as he tit fucks her. There's lots of action in this one. "Big Pineapples 48E" is the fourth in this series as another busty beauty fingers herself off and then takes a banana and shoves it up her wet cunt for satisfaction.

The fifth short, "Grocery Bags 44E," features a tattooed lady who starts to play with herself, then receives help from a bag boy who undresses her and has her suck his rigid cock. This very talented titter sucks on her nipples while sucking him off.

The last video short, "Porker 260 Pounds," is for lardo lovers. This gal's just spilling over with love handles and gives a stud a grand blowjob. After he comes in her mouth, she lets some drip onto her tits.

This Western Visuals video, running 50 minutes, is ideally suited for lovers of gargantuan breasts. The video is of acceptable quality, but it isn't the most professional production we've seen and the actresses occasionally appear less than motivated. But if you're looking for whopper-class titters in XXX action, Huge Bras Volume 2 is made to order.

Cottontail Club

This flick is about a live sex club where the performers are always practicing their acts for the viewer's enjoyment. It's wall to wall sex, but that's all folks.

"Cottontail Club" ignores the resources at its disposal—a stage and a Brazilian dance troupe and jazz quartet—and chooses to become another wall-to-wall orgy flick. The results are hot enough for heavy breathing, but there might have been more.

The club features live sex acts and the performers are always practicing, which is commendable. At the outset, Lili Marlene and Amber Lynn are working on their techniques. Their interaction is intriguing and involved,

occupying the viewer for a considerable length of time. Art is arduous.

The bartender, John Leslie, is the recipient of an amiable blowjob by Magenta. The only reason John doesn't fuck Magenta is because it isn't Tuesday, when he gets paid. Unfathomable reasoning, but John has his standards and some guys can afford to be picky.

Jon Martin is given to daydreams. His fantasies put Lili, Magenta, and Mavuais Denoire onstage, where they dance. The girls lose their heads, and Lili and Mavuais perform carnal cut-ups on Magenta. A dildo is flashed, and Mavuais and Magenta utilize it on Lili, ass and cunt.

Patti Petite wants to sing at the Cottontail Club. In Jon's reverie, she displays her talents by dancing onstage in the nude. Dressed in pink tights with the crotch cut out, Jon joins the dance. The ballet interpretation consists of Jon fucking Patti in the missionary and doggie positions. Sometimes, the muse turns meaty.

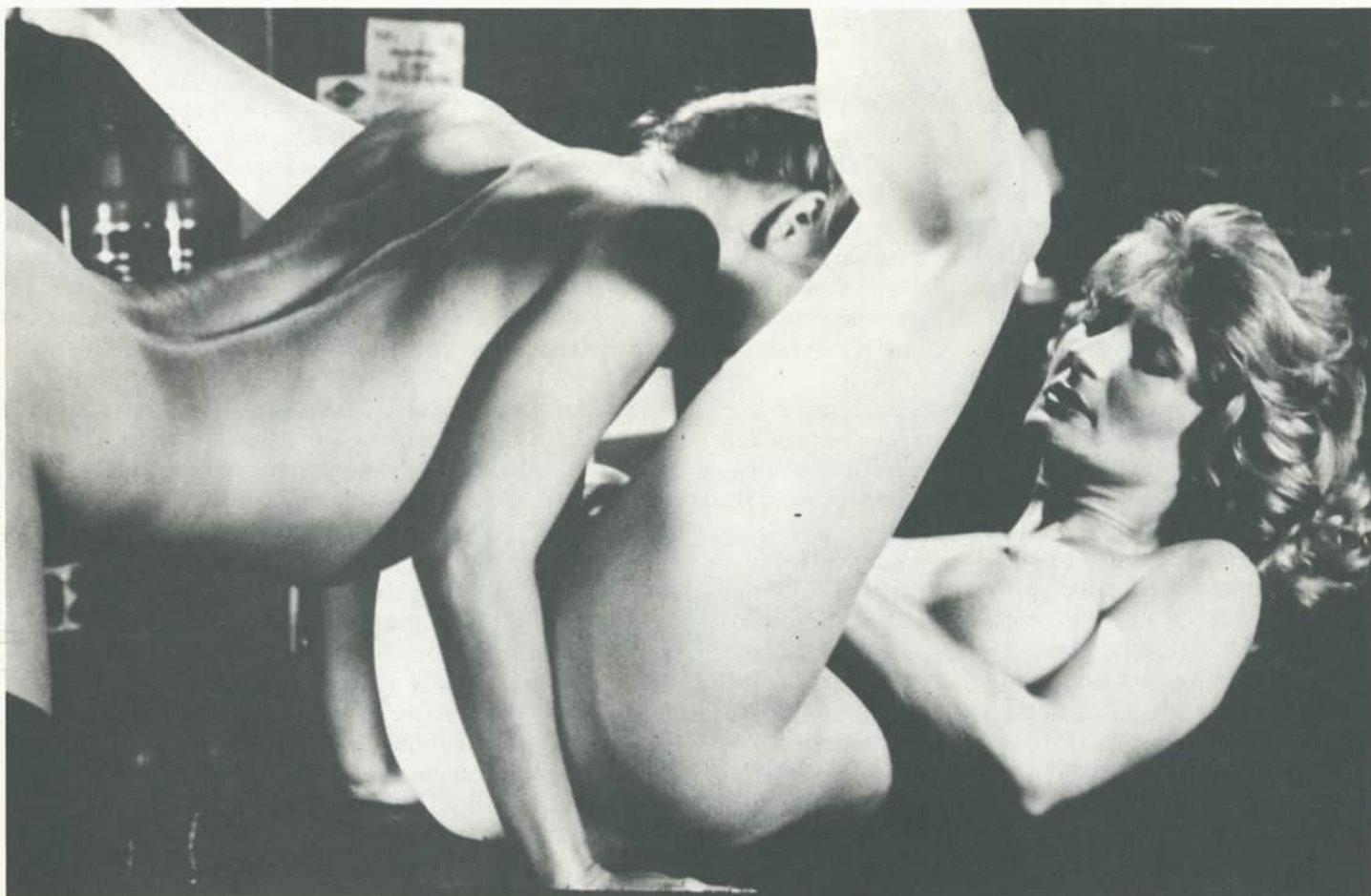
It's showtime. Patti, her vocal ability

still under wraps, is onstage for a sex show. Such is the nature of her apprenticeship. Patti sucks Don Fernando, doubtless to improve her breathing technique. Don keeps it simple. Art has no part of his act. Energetically, Don fucks Patti in the ass and cunt. Doesn't he know that Patti is an artiste?

The sex in "Cottontail Club" is certainly spicy. But the nightclub ambience is never exploited. More excitement could have been generated if it had. Patti never sings and the Brazilian dance troupe and jazz quartet appear only at the end of the film.

The sex will suffice for most viewers. Nevertheless, the nagging question persists. How important to porn is story and characterization? With the proliferation of loop-like pictures, it appears that these elements are not ultimately significant. Therefore, for the most part, viewers are being denied the satisfaction of plot and characterization. This audience is out there, but how many are they? **C**

After experimenting with more sophisticated story lines and characterization, the porn film business appears to be leaning back toward basic loop-like fare. Below, Amber Lynn and Lili Marlene in the "Cottontail Club."





Barbara 39-24-34



Joyce 41½-27-36½



Candye 44-29-40



Cheryl 40-28-36

Nejla 52-34-39



Patty 41-38-43



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Janet 40-28-36

Patty 45-32-38



Viola 38-26-38



Laura 41-24-34



Gent's New Video

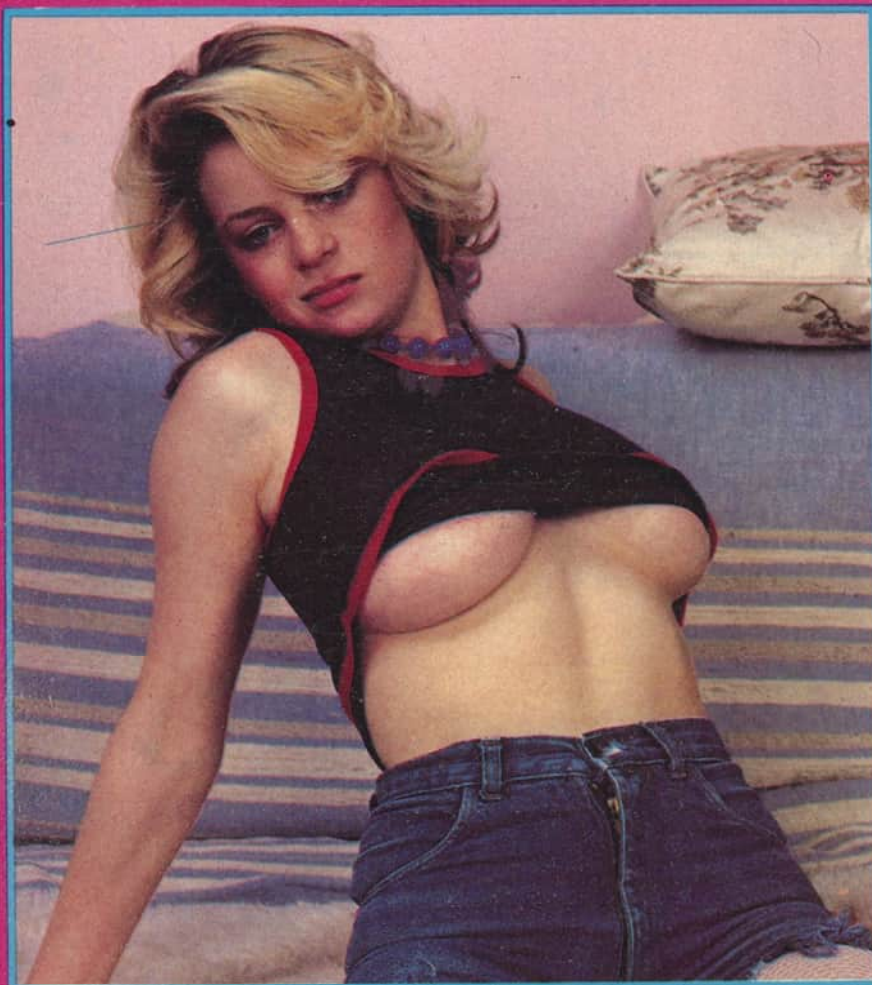
Karen Britton

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PLUS Debbie is featured in two solo segments of her own.

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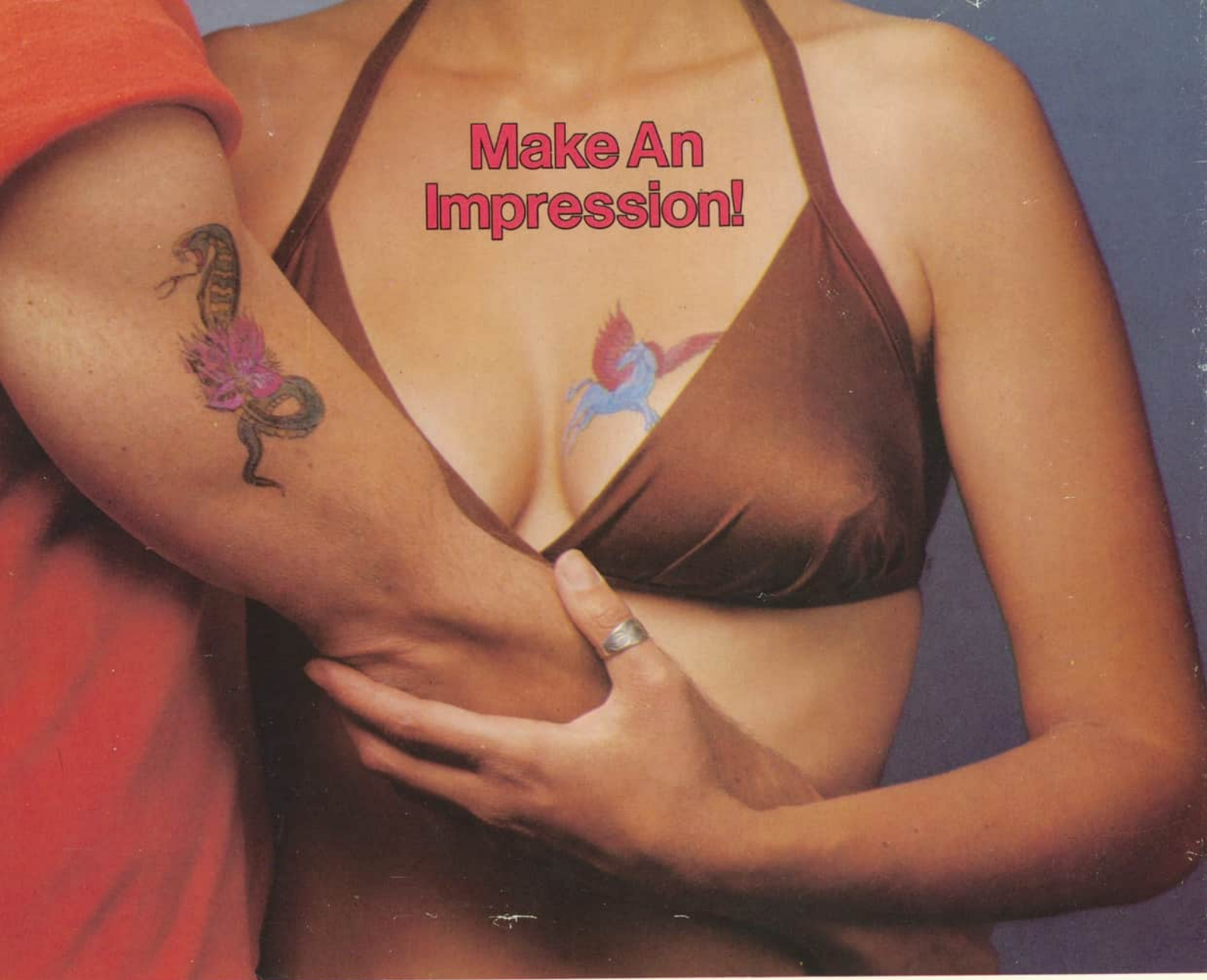


LAURA SANDS: Filmed when she was three months pregnant, Laura (Becky Clay) shows off her petite figure and huge, milk-swollen mams in this collector's classic. No detail escapes the camera's prying eye. Young, good-looking, and with a figure most titmen consider the best of all-time, Laura is an absolute must for any collection. **\$19.95**



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