

Gent

OCTOBER, 1988



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Home of the D-Cups

WENDY HART &
NEJLA GO BREAST
TO BREAST, P. 7

DEBBIE QUARRY:
A SLIM & STACKED
NEW FIND, P. 54

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COVERGIRL
EXOTICA:
A LOT OF
TEXAS
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P. 44

A MOAN FOR
LISA, P. 21



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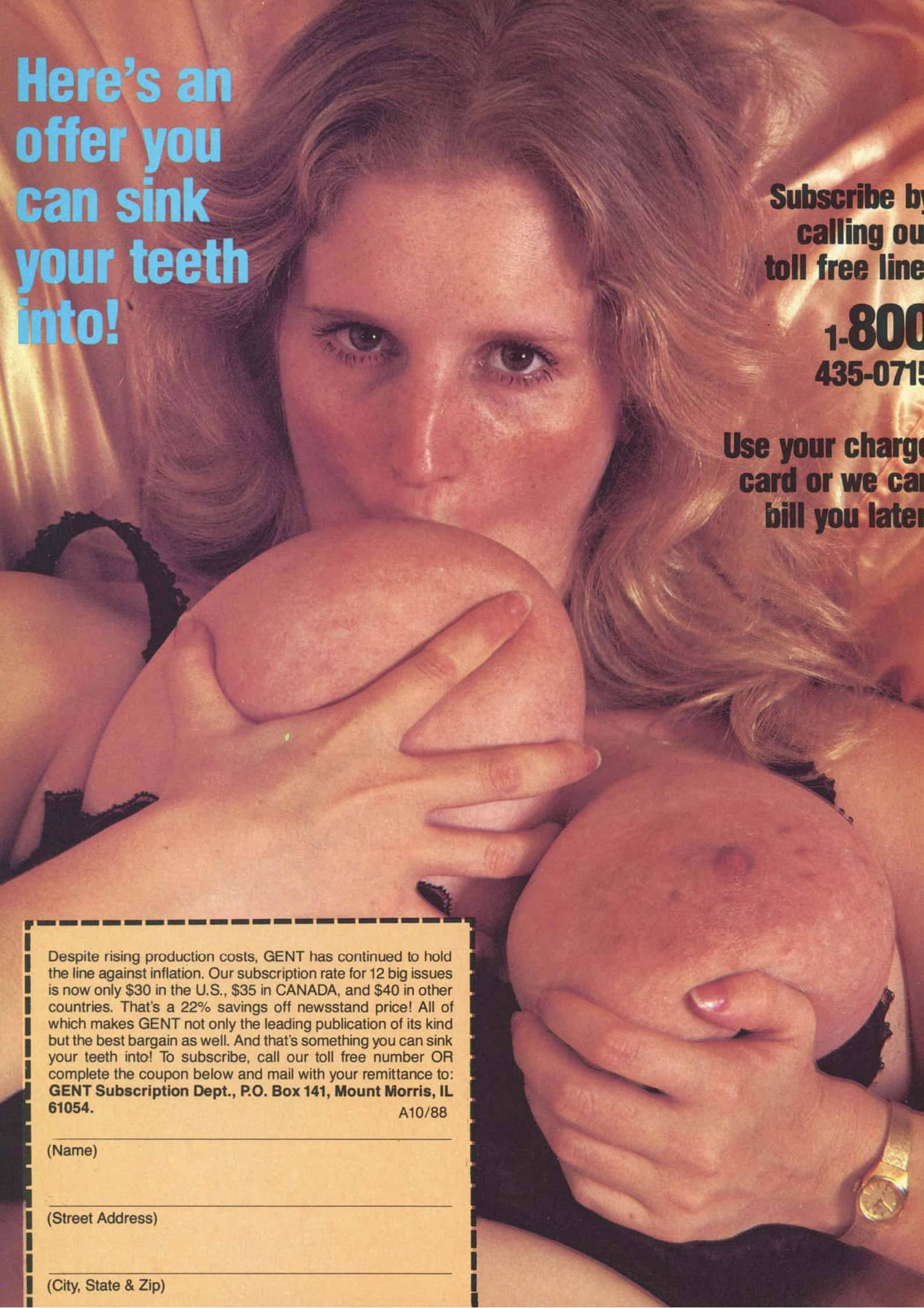


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The Mail Slot

GOOD DAYS FOR PLUMPER LOVERS

DEAR GENT:

I've been a reader of your magazine for some time. I must admit I was about ready to give up on your magazine. It seemed after Candy Kane left, the models just got thinner and thinner. After seeing such classic beauties as Candy Kane, Peg Moore, and my all-time favorite, Karen Brown, I just wasn't pleased with many of the new models.

Well, your last two issues have sure turned things around for me. In June you hit me with a winning combina-

tion of Cinnamon and Carol Tanner. I'd give anything to know either of these "classic beauties." I'm especially fond of Cinnamon, not only does she have excellent breasts, but she really shows off her soft body. I only wish more models would expose their bellies as she does.

Then the next month I not only got to see Cinnamon again, but Wendy Hart. She's extremely sexy in both her videos and on your pages. Finally, you introduced Dusty. What a beautiful lady! Every photo of her is excellent. This girl has it all; a beautiful face, hair, breasts, a perfect soft round belly, great hips and legs. I hope we'll

see her in every issue from now on. She's like a dream come true for me!

Please keep up the good work. With models like these, I hope to never miss an issue of GENT, they bring me such joy!—B.F., Alabama

Dear B.F.: Yes, these are good days for plumper lovers. Not only have we recently featured Wendy Hart, Cinnamon and Dusty but we have just photographed a couple of more chubby newcomers who we'll be featuring in the coming months. Stay tuned!

THE GIRDLE'S SURPRISING SEX APPEAL

DEAR GENT:

Upon returning to the States after a two year tour of duty in Germany, I purchased my first issue of GENT in September 1986 which featured Candy's lingerie fashion show and I've not missed an issue since then. The spread of Candy posed in the various items of lingerie was one of the true classics ever to appear in any men's magazine I've ever seen.

While all of the items of lingerie modeled by Candy were very sexy, the sequence of photographs of her posed braless while she was wearing her red high heel shoes and struggling to get her beautifully rounded derriere, hips and tummy into the tight lycra-spandex girdle were the best of all. The sight of an overendowed woman with her ample curves being restrained in a girdle or corset has always caused me to have an immediate erection. So, I've enjoyed many sessions of masturbation while looking at these photographs of Candy and imagining I was there helping her get into it. I also enjoyed the photo of her in the December '86 issue, also taken while she was modeling the same girdle. If other photos of her similarly posed are available, please publish them in a future issue.

I'm a true lover of the plump, full-figured woman and have enjoyed the recent issues of GENT featuring such models as Pat, Wendy Hart, Carol



DUSTY: latest of a bumper crop



CANDYE KANE: a tight squeeze,
page 69

Tanner and Cinnamon who realize that as many of us appreciate this figure type as those preferring the more slim models. I hope at least one model with this type figure will appear in GENT each month.

As requested by D.S. in the July 1988 issue, I too would like to see more of GENT's models, particularly those endowed with a large tummy, posed while they are wearing a girdle such as the one worn by Candye or the open style with the girdle's garters attached to hose and with high heels on.

I visit my newsstand weekly and anxiously await each issue of GENT and am looking forward to the time I have a permanent address so I can subscribe to GENT on a regular basis.

Best wishes for GENT's continued success.—R.T.L., Louisiana

Dear R.T.L.: That series of photos showing Candye struggling to get into a girdle was one of the most popular pages we've ever printed. For those who missed it, it is reprinted in this issue as part of Candye Kane's "Spotlight" layout beginning on page 69.

And anyone who enjoys the sight of a plumper squeezed into a girdle won't want to miss Wendy Hart in the video "Double D Harem." There's extensive footage of Wendy nearly bursting the seams of an oversized panty girdle that will leave Spandex lovers in stitches.

ELECTRIFYING NIPPLE ORGASMS

DEAR GENT:

I'm writing to your magazine partly because of a story I read in your April issue called "Nipple Orgasms." The other reason is because my boyfriend, Tony, has been trying to talk me into sending a few pictures to your "Candidly Yours" section.

I'm a 19-year-old college student and to put it bluntly, I'm very well endowed. I currently measure 41DD-25-38. My mother is also very busty and measures around a 43DD. My grandmother is quite busty too, so it seems to run in the family.

By the time I was 16, I measured a 40D and when I was 17, I almost had breast reduction surgery. But looking back now, I'm glad I didn't have it done. I get a lot of stares from guys, but it hardly bothers me any more.

I have the type of breasts that hang down extremely low. For instance, if I'm sitting down without a brassiere on, my breasts easily reach down to my lap area. Even when I was 15, my breasts were very pendulous because I was a D-cup. My areolae are very large and prominent. It's interesting to me that large, pendulous breasts almost always seem to be endowed with very large areolae.

I don't know if breast size has anything to do with how sensitive they are, but I've always been extremely sensitive in the areolae area. And as far as your story on "Nipple Orgasms" went, I related strongly to it and enjoyed it very much. I can actually have an orgasm from having my breasts pulled or sucked on, but my favorite way of breast stimulation is going to sound a bit kinky to you and many of your readers.

A few months ago my boyfriend ordered a device in the mail called an "Electric Zapper!" This device consists of a battery operated box with three wires attached to it. Two of the wires have clips on them that are designed to attach to the breasts or to a guy's testicles and the other wire has a round metal band on it which is designed to fit around a penis. The stimulation from the voltage of the "Electric Zapper" is unreal! When we use it on my breasts, its heavenly jolt runs all the way from the tips of my

breasts up to my shoulders and I never fail to have an orgasm when using this thing. When Tony uses it on himself, his orgasms are much more powerful.

After I got used to the idea of this device, I began using it a lot. If any other women out there love breast stimulation, I suggest trying this method out. It's beautiful! I know the idea sounds quite kinky, but once you try it, you'll want to do it again!

My favorite way to enhance the electric stimulation more is to rub lots of lotion on my areolae. This seems to increase the voltage flow into my breasts. Also, while using the zapper, I like to shake my breasts from side to side. This gives the effect that my breasts are full of the electricity and shooting all around inside them. While electric shock is thought of as "torture" on prisoners of war or something, this "Electric Zapper" is anything but that.

As far as sending in pictures, I am just worried that the wrong people would possibly see me. But I like the idea of being in a national publication. I think a lot of girls would send in their photos, but are nervous about what friends and family think. But I'll give it more thought.—T.A., California

DENISE SWENSON: AN OLD FAVORITE IN A NEW VIDEO

DEAR GENT:

I just got the June issue with Carol on the cover. Great magazine from start to finish. I like the new comic strip. The art looks to be that of Brian Forbes. This is the right type of humor strip for GENT. Nicely drawn, busty gals, and humor that's not too raunchy.

There's a new video out with one of GENT's more well known models, Jenene Swenson in it. It's called "Lust Vegas Joyride." It appears to have been made about 8-10 years ago, but was just recently released. That would be the time period when Jenene was still modeling steadily. On the box credits, she's listed as "Jenene Ricci," and the video also has Sue Nero in it, making two or four good reasons for GENT readers to check this one out. Each one of these girls does two hardcore pieces. Jenene looks as though it might be her first time on film, but

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The Mail Slot



DENISE (JENENE) SWENSON: X-rated in a newly released video

she's great to see in action. This is a new video with a bigger distribution budget, so it should be available in stores by now.

Jenene has also been in "Big Busty #12," which is available via the GENT Video Library. She is also in two 8mm loops from Swedish Erotica that I have. One is "#340 Lucky Dice," the other is "#349: Bedside Manners." These are old, and not easy to find sometimes.

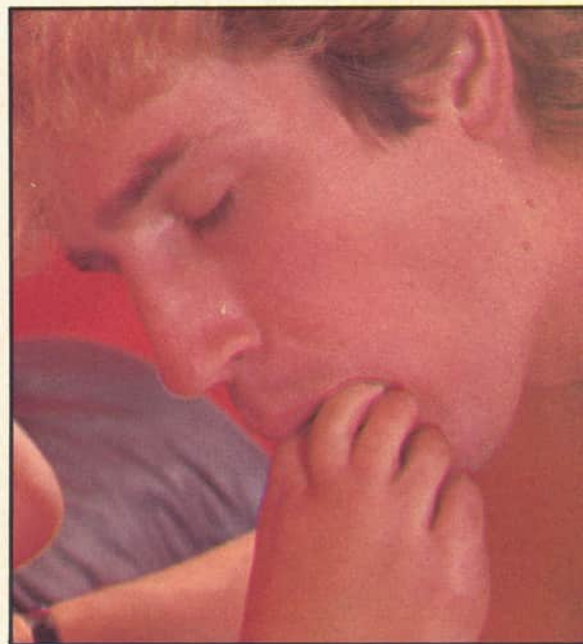
I know of many other stories and rumors regarding GENT models in other films and videos, but I don't feel like spreading them, unless I know they're true.—G.S., California

Dear G.S.: Thanks for the information. We've never seen Jenene—who modeled in GENT as Denise Swenson and last appeared in our Oct. '87 issue—in hardcore action and we're looking forward to previewing a copy of the tape ourselves.

TOEING THE LINE

DEAR GENT:

I have become a regular reader of your magazine for the past several months. I noticed that your magazine seldom contains pictures showing the beautiful girls' toes (this incidentally seems to be true of other adult magazines). In your future issues, can you print pictures showing the "works," i.e. face, breasts, pussy and toes? I



FOOT WORSHIP: toe cleavage not exactly our bag

believe there must be other readers who are interested in seeing beautiful toes too.

Thanks for your cooperation.—H.C., Ontario

Dear H.C.: We're really not into toes at GENT, but our sister magazine (also published by Dugent Publishing Corp.) Nugget is. Look for it on the newsstand if you're interested in foot worship or just about any other "kinky" fetish known to mankind. Can't find it on the newsstand? You may order directly from Dugent by sending your check or money order for \$5 to "Back Issues," 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

ITALIAN-AMERICAN WOMEN: "THEY KNOW HOW TO FUCK!"

DEAR GENT:

I've been a reader of GENT for many years now and always await a new issue with excitement. It's by far the finest publication of its type and the models and photography are unmatched.

Besides other numerous readers in the past, I'd like to add my letter to Danny of Oregon (Feb. '88), L.M. of Illinois (July '87), and W.P. of New York (Feb. '88) and G.L.S. of New York (Nov. '87) to request more hirsute, busty models. Based on your other readers' experiences and my



WENDY HART: another sexy Italian-American

own firsthand knowledge, Latin brunettes and especially Italian women, are outstanding in this regard. Along with Q.M. of California (Jan. '88), and G.L.S. of NY (Nov. '87), I find the combination of big, white tits, a thick, dark snatch, dark prominent nipples and a "dago" dark tan (which Italian women exhibit typically) as most arousing and dick-hardening.

Not only did I enjoy your April '87 issue on Italian women, I also liked past issues with Melina, Sue Nero, Joanna, Joan, and Mary Colombo. Most recently, I liked Gill (July '87), Penny (June '87), Colleen (March '87), and Lacy ("Candidly Yours" Jan. '88), all of whom I strongly suspect are Italian.

As an American Black man, I haven't had the opportunity to sample old world Italian women like G.L.S., but I strongly prefer Italian-American women to all other types of American women. They really are hot and know how to fuck! Also, unlike many other white American women, they really seem to like a hard, black cock, and so I'd advise any brothers reading to give them a try.

Accordingly, I have enclosed a recent article I read about porn production in Italy. Maybe your fine publication can establish some contacts there and get us some more photos of hairy, big-titted, hot, guinea girls. If G.L.S. ever comes across with his photos of Gabriella, I hope you

show them!—A loyal reader always,
D.W.J., Pennsylvania

RUSSKIE D-CUPPERS: THE SOVIET'S BEST KEPT SECRET

DEAR GENT:

I have made a startling discovery! I know why the Russians have walls around their country! I recently returned from an exchange trip to the Soviet Union and have discovered that Russian women have the biggest average tits in the world. The country has closed their borders because of their fear of losing the chicks with the big tits who could defect to the West and make a living posing for capitalist mags like GENT.

Their tits seem to reach maximum size in their 30's or 40's, but for a mature woman freak like me, that is fine. Every other woman on the street some days looked like a double-D, and they frequently pin citizenship medals out at about the tip, giving me wild dreams about nipple piercing, etc.

Now our American concept of beauty is frequently not associated with these tough, big women with massive jugs, but for a real tit devotee like me, it didn't matter. I had a romantic interlude with a cellist, whose tits exceeded Candy Kane's. She could open her blouse and engulf the cello neck with her breasts. The cello looked like a giant, ornate black dick emerging from her cleavage.

Privacy is hard to find in the Soviet Union, but in our practice room we were left alone as long as music was being played. I would play simple tunes from my childhood while she let me suckle on her tits or jacked me off with my dick lost in her tits. She'd play standing up, with her dress gathered around her shoulder, while I stood behind plunging my cock into her pussy. My impact would press her body against the cello, squeezing her tits out to the sides, so I could hold on to them like handlebars, a hard nipple pressing into each palm. In the presence of those huge breasts, I had my first experience with multiple orgasms. The cum just wouldn't stop. In addition to being an incredible fuck, she was also a warm, intelligent and humorous woman.

If the Russkies would get it together

ROBERTA PEDON CINDY NELSON ELAINE KIM BROWN & MANY MORE!

ALL OF THESE girls and many more D-cup favorites are featured in the '83 edition of "The Best of GENT." Though we thought we had sold out of this edition years ago, we have just discovered a few hundred copies collecting dust in a corner of our back issue warehouse. These will be distributed on a first come, first served basis for \$5 each. If you don't already have this one, don't miss your chance to own a piece of history. See our ad on page 16 for all the details of ordering our back issues.

and put out a magazine called "GENTski" with Lance Kincaid or POM Agency quality photos, American tit lovers would be lining up to defect. I think the CIA is suppressing the bust statistics from the Eastern Block. GENT needs to start a peace campaign and tours to the USSR. With the current rate of exchange, maybe we could send the Soviets some skinny little TV star cunts, like Joan Collins, and get a dozen DD girls in return.

One last thing, when I came back to the states, GENT had jumped to \$4.50. I think there is a \$5 barrier after which your sales will begin to decline. In addition to being a magazine (and a great one), you have also become a video seller and the mag acts as your catalog. Please don't be greedy, keep the practice at \$4.50. Use uncoated paper for the columns or whatever to hold the price down. I love hirsute chicks, clothed shots, juicy cunts and assholes.—Faithful reader, North Carolina

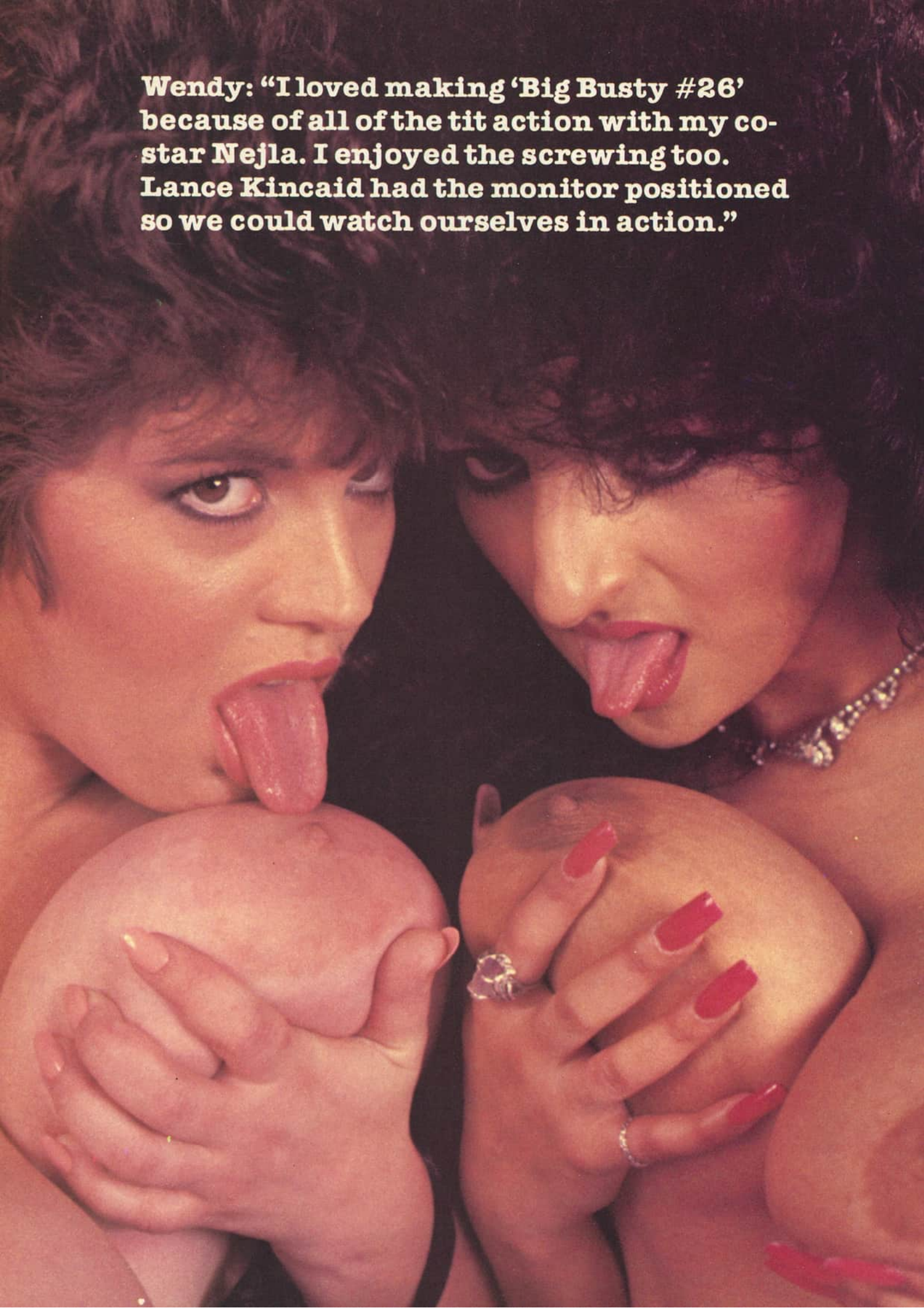
HELP THE EDITORS OF GENT decide what girls to photograph, what stories to assign, etc. by sending your suggestions, questions and other items to The Mail Slot, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

Wendy & Nejla



This shooting of two hall of fame D-cuppers, Wendy Hart and Nejla, took place during the making of this month's feature video *Big Busty #26* which also stars Carol Tanner (GENT/June) and Francine Windsor who has appeared many times. Francine hasn't been featured recently, but she's the chubby Canadian cutie who began in "Candidly Yours." Anyway, Wendy not only appears with Nejla, but also in one of the hottest fuck scenes you'll ever see. She's one hot piece of Italian-American poon and she proves it!

Wendy: "I loved making 'Big Busty #26' because of all of the tit action with my co-star Nejla. I enjoyed the screwing too. Lance Kincaid had the monitor positioned so we could watch ourselves in action."



It isn't often that we are able to get two models as dynamic as Nejla and Wendy for a photo feature. Nejla, of course, has been a regular in GENT for a very long time. She first appeared as a 175 pound plus chubby. Then she lost weight ...too much according to many readers. But today, since she has fleshed out to an impressive 44 inch bust, she has never been more popular and has a thriving video career. Wendy, who just began modeling last April is a 190 pound, 46-34-46 chubby who has already made a name in X-rated videos like "Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Fat Chicks," and "Double-D Harem."







In her August interview, Wendy told GENT how happy she was when photographer Lance Kincaid discovered her at San Francisco's Renaissance Fair. She has taken to modeling and hardcore video acting like a pro, doing lesbian scenes like the ones shown here and even has real orgasms while being fucked on camera.





Toni Talks

**Our famous columnist packs her brassiere
and her column full of juicy "titbits."**

BY TONI FRANCIES

A question that I am frequently asked by so many readers is "what kind of men do you like?" And since it really isn't a *problem* type of question, I haven't responded until now. But, it seems a good topic to start this month's column and one that seems to be important to you.

Having no desire to offend any of my readers, I'm not going to go into an exact description of the type of man who first appeals to me...and often he turns out to be not at all my type anyway...in every other way. If I could have my perfect man, I suppose he would be devilishly handsome and he would embody all of the other characteristics that I find irresistible. But it is the other characteristics that are a lot more important than physical beauty.

I want a man who is going to take charge. I know that that is probably a heresy in today's world where women's liberation is the order of the day. But as I see it, if I'm not looking for someone to take over some aspects of my life, what in the world do I need a man for in the first place? I make a good living, I have a lovely house, I am self-sufficient and can get laid any time I want to. My problem is that I'd like to turn over some of those responsibilities to someone else... namely a man who would take care of making many decisions for me.

Secondly, he has to be very good in bed. He has to be the kind of lover who isn't intimidated by someone like me with my big body and enormous boobs. I've met a lot of tit men who

are so overwhelmed when they meet me that they begin acting like little boys with their first bicycle...and who needs that? I want him to be able to take me and have his way with me and make me feel totally like a woman.

I must be able to respect him also and that means that he has to be successful at whatever he does. I am successful in my career and am certainly not looking for someone who is going to leech off me. I am very generous but not when a man expects it. I don't have to buy men. But the nice thing is they don't have to buy me either. All a man has to do is be loving, supportive, strong, mature, intelligent, have a sense of humor and be able to make me feel like a schoolgirl.

Looks? Well, I respect a man who takes care of himself physically but he doesn't have to be a beauty. After all, who needs the competition? Oh...and he must be a one woman man. I don't like philanderers at all. I might give him permission once in a while to be promiscuous, but it has to be on my terms. If I'm not all important to him then I'm not important enough. And above all, he has to be a devoted tit-man who is willing to give my breasts all of the attention and devotion—massaging, rubbing, sucking

WRITE TO TONI: Have a sexual problem or just something you'd like to discuss with our famous columnist? Write to her at GENT, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

and fondling—that they crave on a daily basis.

Now I know there are a lot of you out there who fill the bill but I'm not running a contest right now. As a matter of fact, I'm much too busy at present to be looking for a relationship. But who knows, someday I might be and then...perhaps it could be you.

And now, back to our main purpose which is to answer some of your letters and we have a lot of very interesting ones this month. Let's go...

FUCKING AROUND WITH HIS WIFE'S PERMISSION

DEAR TONI:

Hello! I am a little bit embarrassed to be writing to you but I need some advice. I'm a happily married man with a very understanding wife who knows I have female friends that I fuck occasionally. But the last couple of months a problem has developed that neither my wife or I know how to deal with. One of our friends, a 45-year-old housewife who I fuck once in a while, has a 22-year-old daughter who has personality problems.

The daughter (I'll call her Yvette) is gorgeous...absolutely beautiful, but she is convinced that she is ugly and unattractive and I have no idea why she feels that way. All I know is that her mother and my wife think that it might help if I fucked her, but I have said no. If she wants me to fuck her she will come and ask me. I would love to fuck her sweet pussy but I am afraid that it would be causing more

problems if I fuck her against her will. What do you think? What should I do?—Mike, Connecticut

DEAR MIKE: First, I must say you sound like a real satyr what with all of the women lining up for you to fuck them. Secondly, you seem to have a very understanding, or uninhibited wife to have her put up with all of your shenanigans. My advice is do not fuck this young lady against her will regardless of who is urging you to do so. You could be arrested and prosecuted for rape. I'm not sure whether your motives are all that altruistic anyway. It sounds to me like you are just looking for some more pussy. But leave this young lady's therapy up to a qualified therapist and keep your penis in your pants, or in the pussy of one of your willing sex mates.

PREOCCUPIED WITH WOMEN'S TOES & FEET

DEAR TONI:

First I would like to say I enjoy your column and am an avid reader of GENT. I have seen a lot of wild questions and you always seem to be able to answer them. Maybe you can answer mine.

I don't know how it happened but as far back as I remember I have admired women's feet and their cute little toes. I have loved them for so long that I can't remember how it started. Every time I see a woman, especially a D-cuppper, with bare feet I want to get right down on the ground and lick, suck and rub her feet but I never do because I would be too embarrassed or the girl might not take me seriously. Believe it or not I even have a rating guide and charts for the different feet that I would love to suck and nibble on.

I have seen in some magazines that foot loving is acceptable. Do you think so? Is there anything that I can do to cure myself of this fetish. It sure doesn't make life easy when I go out with a girl and all I can think of is sucking on her toes.—J.R., New Jersey

DEAR J.R.: Your fetish isn't all that unusual. There are many, many foot fetishists in the world, so many as a matter of fact that there was even a

book written on the subject (now out of print, unfortunately) titled "The Sex Life of The Foot and Shoe," which was about foot and shoe worship through the ages.

What seems to be a problem, though, is that your obsession seems to have taken such a hold that it has eradicated everything else, including the urge to have sex. There are many women who find having their toes and feet played with very erotic and even very relaxing since many, many women are quite fascinated with their feet (they keep a lot of podiatrists, pedicurists and shoe shops in business) so it's simply a matter of finding those women who enjoy having their feet worshipped or at least played with. And if all else fails, you can always get a job in a woman's shoe store where you'll find a lot of fellow fetishists, I'll wager. Lots of luck.

SHAVING THE ONLY SAFE WAY TO A HAIRLESS PUSSY

DEAR TONI:

I am a 28-year-old woman (42-24-34) and enjoy reading your column and GENT's pictorials because I love looking at photos of other big breasted women like myself. My husband and I are both big fans of the magazine and of you. You are truly the epitome of what GENT is all about.

Anyway, here goes...A few years back my husband and I had a sexual encounter with another woman who had a perfectly smooth, hairless pussy. The sight and feel of her hairless cunt was wonderful and had my husband coming all night. Ever since then I have wanted to give my husband the same thrill but I have never figured out a way to avoid the inevitable stubble that comes from shaving. We share the task of removing my pussy and asshole hair with a razor, but the hair always comes back so fast and it is never really smooth.

How do the hairless models in your magazines do it? Do they use a depilatory? Electrolysis? Waxing? I have the money to do whatever is necessary but I don't know what to do. Please give me any advice you can.—Hopeful, Kansas

DEAR HOPEFUL: Believe it or not, I

did a lot of research to try to find the answer to your question. Unfortunately, every doctor and beautician I conferred with had the same response. Shaving is the only safe, or relatively safe, way to keep your pussy hairless.

Depilatories are extremely dangerous since they can run into the vagina and cause not only extreme pain but permanent scarring and damage to the inner labial lips. Electrolysis is a no-no also and no electrolysis with any integrity will remove hair from such a sensitive area as a woman's pussy. It is painful, dangerous and infection is a good possibility. Tweezing would be excruciating painful as would waxing. Women wax "around" their pussies to give them a bikini trim but never close to the labial lips. The pussy is made of mucous membrane tissue and it is very sensitive.

So, the answer is shaving. And to avoid stubble, shave often. That, my dear, is the price you'll have to pay if you want a smooth, shaved pussy. After awhile the skin becomes adjusted to the razor and you stop having rashes and all of the things that go with shaving the first time. I know that from first hand experience and that is why I keep my pussy shaved...I do it every day with touch ups with an electric razor and then put on a soothing cream afterward.

DRESSING THE PART

DEAR TONI:

I've been a GENT fanatic for years but when I saw your first pictorials, I felt that the magazine had outdone itself. You're as close to my idea of perfection as they come. There's only one other woman who comes in a close second and that's Candy Samples.

And, as much as I love to look at the perfection of your unclad body, there is one thing I am yearning to see, and that is you with all of your clothes on. Do you think it might be possible for me to someday see a photo of you wearing a blouse, skirt and high heels?

I intend to keep buying GENT, but whenever you appear in it you'll always be nude, I know, and that is fine. But wearing clothes, when you have

the incredible kind of body you have, Toni, can be so sexy that you could drive men crazy! The idea of seeing you walking down the street in a blouse, without a bra, with those breasts swaying and your asscheeks moving beneath a short skirt is just enough to make me weak in the knees. I can't go on. Please tell me you have such a photo...or that you'll have one made. Please Toni! Please!—Jack, Texas

DEAR JACK: I've seldom had such an enthusiastic plea for "put it on," although I'm aware that many of you readers write into GENT asking to see the models fully clothed. I wish that I had a fully clothed photo to send you or to publish in the magazine, but alas, I don't get too many assignments to pose fully clothed. It seems that a majority of photogs want me to take it off...and take it off I do.

Actually, I've been almost fully clothed in many of my layouts and I note that in the October, 1985 issue of GENT I am wearing my full nurse's uniform in the beginning of the layout. Then again in August, 1986 I am wearing a long khaki shirt which looks like a dress. From both of those shots you can tell what I look like in clothes...very top heavy, I must say. In August, 1987 I have a full set of undies on...does that count? I do the same in March, 1988.

Just for you, the next time I'm asked to pose, I'll ask the photographer to take some candids of me in my blouse and skirt and heels and then I'll try to talk the editor into using one of the shots in my layout.

After all, such enthusiasm as yours should be rewarded. Thanks love.

FUNCTIONING NORMALLY WITH ONE TESTICLE

DEAR TONI:

I am an 18-year-old male virgin and I have a really big problem that is affecting my whole life and it took a lot of courage to write to you to ask for your advice but I have not been able to talk to anybody about this.

The problem is that I have only one testicle, or ball. I lost one at a very early age due to surgery. Well, the problem that I have is that I feel like a freak and have never had the guts to

approach a woman sexually because I am afraid she will think I am deformed. I also need to know if it is possible to get a woman pregnant with only one ball? I have been masturbating and it feels real good and I come when I jerk off. My cock is about six inches long and I think I have a big enough cock to satisfy a woman. I want to marry and have a family and live a normal life. But I feel like that will never happen for me.

Can you give me any encouragement or advice? I think you are a beautiful and very nice lady and I would love to meet someone like you to spend my life with.—Dennis, Texas

DEAR DENNIS: What a shame that no one took the time when you became old enough, to sit you down and explain the facts to you about the results of partial castration. As a result, you have been having a lot of unnecessary trauma.

First, you could have been told that it is quite simple to implant an artificial testicle so that absolutely no one but you would know. Almost any urologist or general surgeon knows of this technique and could advise you. The reason it wasn't done when you were small is that it is necessary to wait until a male is fully grown so that the size of the prosthetic testicle can be matched to the intact one.

Secondly, whether you opt to have this simple operation done or not, there is really no reason for you to feel like a freak. There are many men who have only one developed testicle, the other being "undescended" or atrophied in youth. Most women aren't all that involved with looking at a man's testicles anyway, particularly not in the early stages of a relationship. What we care about is whether a man can perform sexually and since you can masturbate, you can certainly fuck as long as you can get over your hangups about your physical difference.

Regarding your ability to father children, that's something you'd have to see a doctor to determine. I have no way of knowing whether the causes of you losing your testicle also rendered you sterile. However, many, many men with only one testicle have fathered children. It only takes one sperm to fertilize an egg and it all de-

pends on your sperm count. And if you can't father a child, you can always adopt. But my advice to you is to do something to get over your hangups about feeling different and get out there and start functioning. And thank you for the compliments. You seem like a very sensitive and loving man.

ENDING THE MAKE-UP/ BREAK-UP SYNDROME

DEAR TONI:

The main reason I am writing you is because I need your advice. I need to know if I am getting into a *Fatal Attraction*-type situation. A little over a year ago, I became romantically involved with quite a woman. Flo is 28-years-old and on the very heavy side...measurements 44D-32-40. All I know about her weight is that it is over 200 pounds. I am 27 and weigh about 180 pounds. Despite these differences, we hit it off well.

To my surprise, after only a month together, she wanted to get married, despite my telling her that I am not a wealthy man. However, when I was unable to afford our rings, she felt that I didn't want to marry her and we broke up. Within a few days, however, she was back. But then a couple of months later, she wanted to break up again, saying that all we had going for us was great sex (the first time we made love she had four orgasms!) and she began dating another man. Then several months later she broke up with him and asked me back and we talked marriage again. Then she wanted to break up, saying that she didn't think that she was making me happy, despite my telling her that she did.

In the meantime, she went with two other guys and I started seeing someone else. Then one day, Flo calls me and invites me to come watch a videotape (non-pornographic) at her place. When I arrived, she was wearing a black nightgown. As the evening wore on, she began fondling and stroking my cock, which remained soft. She became highly upset that I didn't want to have sex with her.

Later in the week, though, she apologized for her behavior. Then about a week later she called me saying that she kept hearing dogs howl-

Some big ones you may have missed!

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ISSUE:	CENTERFOLD:	D-CUP PICTORIALS:	SPECIAL FEATURES:
SEP '87	Debee (40-26-36)	Paula, Joyce Patrick, Jodi, Colette, Kellie	Rating The Love Dolls, Hangers (Article), Toni's Column, The Mail Slot
OCT '87	Savida (40-24-34)	Linda, Del, Tammy, Karmen, Sandy, Angel, Denise, Robyn, Patty	Computer Exercise, Older Women/Younger Men, Big Tit Orgy
NOV '87	Virginia (43-27-36)	Carol, La Dawn, Tracy, Shona, Jessie, Bobbi,	Reading <i>The Racing Form</i> , Sensual Massage
DEC '87	Emily (38-22-34)	Debbie, Amanda, Pat, Ebony, Maxine, Mindy Rae, Angel, Lynn	Going On A Junket, Play The Mentality Game, Ten Plump Favorites
JAN '88	Shelly (42-30-40)	Toni, Tracy, Viola, Salome, Honey, Jackie	Detroit's Muscle Cars, 79 Wacky Things To Do With Your Dick, Letters
FEB '88	Stacey (42-24-36)	Dina, Melissa, Crystal, Randi, Debbie, Becky	The Bust Enhancement Business, Hirsute Women, The Big Rubber Rebound
MAR '88	Lenise (40-30-38)	Tami, Keisha, Savida, Trinity, Sandy, Alice, Nina	The Wet Spot, Sex in Motion, Germany's "Busen" Videos, Toni Francies Column
APR '88	Shona (40½-30-39)	Yvonne, Jill, Lesa, Wendy, Karen, LuLu, Anne, Annette	Nipple Orgasms, Gore Movies, Bra Pictorial, Video Reviews
MAY '88	Tracy Neve (38-24-37)	Sarah, Twin Towers, Helen, Roxanne, Terri, LaDawn	"Best Of Gent" Preview, Letters to Gent, Yesteryear Dream Cars, Getting All You Want.
JUN '88	Lori (41-26-37)	Cinnamon, Sally Anne, Emily, Salome, Carol, Tammy	40 Years Of 40-Plus, Curing Sexual Shyness, "Nipples & Areolae" Pics, Video Reviews, Mail Slot
JUL '88	Susanne (41-26-37)	Rose, Anne Ali, Tiffany, Dusty, Angela, Susanne	Toni Talks, Nipples, Getting Lucky, Double-D Harem Girls (Pictorial)

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Toni Talks

ing outside her window and would I stay with her, promising that nothing sexual would happen.

Flo dumped one guy because of his sexual inadequacies and the other one because of his religious beliefs. Now she has decided that I am the answer. She has told me to warn other women in my life to look out because she is back in my life.

Toni, how do I get this woman off my back? I still value her friendship and wouldn't dream of hurting her and I would do anything for her except get romantically involved again. So, as Jack Nicholson asked in the movie *Prizzi's Honor*: "Should I marry her or should I ice her?" Or, should I just tell her to get lost?—A fearful lover, Arizona

DEAR FEARFUL: Icing her wouldn't be nice, and you could get into a lot of trouble (for those of you who don't know, "icing" means to do away with someone). I don't really see the parallel between your situation and the movie *Fatal Attraction* although you certainly have as neurotic a woman as the character Glenn Close played in the film.

What you have gotten involved with, dear boy, is what is commonly referred to as a "prick tease" which is a woman who gets her jollies by dangling poor men on a string and never committing herself to a long term relationship and constantly changing the rules. Of course she has broken up with every man she has ever gone with and she will continue to do so as long as she finds men that she can play with like they were puppets, dangling sexual favors in front of them and then withholding and then dangling them again.

Her problem is that she has a lousy self-image and is constantly trying to prove that she isn't the ugly, fat woman that her mind tells her she is.

I frankly feel that this is a hopeless situation and the way you get out of it is to stop playing games yourself. It doesn't sound like she's forcing you to keep coming back. You are there every time she changes her fickle mind. If you want to get rid of her, simply tell her to "bugger off," or the American equivalent of that phrase. As long as you keep playing her game, she'll keep playing you. **G**

THE BOOB TUBE

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

Gazongas

Though it's not the tit flick the title promises, "Gazongas" is an X-rated showcase for Patty Plenty.

I was immediately attracted to the title of the video, "Gazongas" because it featured Patty Plenty and her amazing 44DD's. GENT has received a lot of mail requesting more reviews of the exotic dancer-turned-porn-actress not only for her huge breast appeal, but also because she's a "mature" woman. So, even though the Video Exclusive release has been out for a while, I felt it worth a review in the "Boob Tube."

The title alone would indicate that the video is about tits, but sadly, it is very misleading. The only titter in this 80 minute video is Ms. Plenty. Patty shares the spotlight with Jessica Wilde, Frankie Leigh, Dana Lynn, Jasmine, Ron Jeremy, Sasha Gabor and Frank James.

The plot centers around two guys, Frank James and Ron Jeremy who, although they're each in a relationship with a beautiful woman, have this fantasy of getting it on with a woman with astounding breast proportions...and that being Patty Plenty. The guys eventually get their wish.

Patty does one scene where she's sitting on the edge of a jacuzzi with her small-breasted girlfriend, Jessica Wilde. Patty lies down while her long-haired friend begins to nibble on her whopper-sized breasts with their

chewable nipples. Then Patty returns the favor, sucking on Jessica's dark brown quarter-sized areolae and swollen nipples. Both girls wind up giving each other a rousing orgasm by taking turns licking each other's cunts. While Patty's cunt is being licked and tongued, she wraps her hands around her tanned tits and begins massaging and kneading them like two loaves of rising bread dough.

After Patty's had enough of the cunt lapping, she kneels between Jessica's spread legs and rubs her magnificent fleshy breasts against the partially shaven pussy, focusing her erect nipple on Jessica's swollen clit, rubbing it around and around until her friend squeals from the effect of a

violent orgasm.

Later, Patty does a real hot lez scene with Frankie Leigh before being joined by stud Frank James. The girls give him a double cocksucking while he lies back and enjoys both hot mouths on his swollen dick. But James is mesmerized by Patty's plentiful breasts and sucks and kisses them, then buries his face between them while Frankie continues sucking his cock. The threesome wind-up in a wild fucking finale; Frankie receives a doggie-style impaling from James while eating Patty's pussy and Patty's gazongas hang down and jiggle from their frenzied action.

That's about it for the tit action in "Gazongas." The title is as misleading

Whopper-titted Patty Plenty receives a hot tongue lapping from Frankie Leigh who is being impaled by Frank James in a scene from "Gazongas."





Plentiful Patty begins a lustful lez session with co-star Jessica Wilde in a scene from "Gazongas," above; a Video Exclusive release.

as the video. The actors attempted to give an "uplifting" performance, and it did have its moments, but the overall effect fell short in many areas. If you are looking for a video featuring Ms. Plenty, this reviewer feels there are other videos on the market that would give you a better "rise" for your money.

Boom-Boom Valdez

For those who just can't get enough of Keisha, the tittyful little fireball is at her best in "Boom-Boom."

Watch out all you top burlesque queens, "Boom-Boom Valdez" is on the loose. "Boom-Boom Valdez" is the title of Caballero Home Video's recent release starring GENT favorite, Keisha, as Boom-Boom, the hottest topless dancer around with her curvaceously tanned 38-27-37 body just a shakin' and a jigglin' for the viewer's

endless pleasure.

Also starring with Keisha in this 80 minute video is Alicia Monet, Ona Zee, Robin Lee, Nikki Knights, Joey Silvera, John Leslie, Robert Bullock, Richard Pacheco, Peter North, Jon Martin, and director Henri Pachard in a cameo appearance. Now that's quite an impressive line-up of actors, who did themselves proud by combining their talents to produce a video loaded with hot, erotic and sensual action.

Keisha (interviewed in GENT, July '88) plays a topless dancer at a local strip club. But her family, consisting of mother Ona Zee and sister, auburn-haired Alicia Monet, don't really approve of her chosen career because Keisha does more than twirl her tatas, she bang-bangs some of the customers. One of the customers is Joey Silvera who plays an erotic journalist totally smitten with her voluptuous beauty. They wind up in bed and Joey, paying special attention to Keisha's magnificent 38s, kneads and kisses them. Then, the sexpot, with the long, curly brown hair wraps her full lips around his cock and sucks on Joey's swollen member, giving him an electrifying blowjob.

Finally, Keisha's lust for dick becomes so unbearable, she stands over him and slowly lowers her swollen pussy down on his throbbing dick,

inching it up her love canal for a wild fucking. While Keisha rides him, she leans forward, mashing her mams against his face as Silvera begins sucking on them like a hungry piglet while continuing to ram his rod up her. Keisha's smooth fleshy orbs with their dark areolae and tiny bud-like nipples continue to jiggle up and down on her chest like two Jello-filled balloons as the two fuck their way to orgasm.

Keisha's also featured in two other scenes, both involving *ménage à trois*. The first is with Robert Bullock and Nikki Knights. After both gals suck on Bullock's dick, Keisha gets down to a little lez action by tonguing Nikki's cunt. Then the girls reverse positions and, while Nikki nibbles on Keisha's pussy, Bullock fucks Nikki doggie style. The threesome session ends in a masturbation finale with the girls fingering their clits while Bullock jerks off.

The second *ménage* is a really "hot" one. Keisha is joined by Alicia Monet and Peter North and as Keisha smothers North's face with her bazoombas, Alicia sucks on his huge cock. Then, most interestingly, both girls get down to his feet, remove his shoes and socks and begin "shrimping" his big toes (sucking on them) while he jerks off. While Keisha continues her toe sucking, Alicia gets so hot that she begins fucking herself

Tittful Keisha and Alicia Monet team up to suck on Peter North's toes in an unusual scene from Caballero's, "Boom-Boom Valdez," below.





Keisha's impressive 38's dance about as she rides Peter North's huge cock while Alicia Monet gives him a mustache ride in "Boom-Boom Valdez," above, while in another scene, right, Alicia masturbates on the john.



with Peter's big toe. The girls take turns sucking and fucking with Peter until he winds up shooting a huge wad of cum into the air, thus ending their session. It's some scene!

Keisha is featured throughout most of the video, doing an impressive job of "rising" to every occasion. She even shows off her roller skating talents in this video. There is only one scene without Keisha. It features Jon Martin and Robin Lee where Jon puts the blocks to Robin on top of a pool table. Although Robin's tits aren't the biggest, they certainly do an impressive dance on her chest while Martin fucks her and then pulls out and comes all over her tits in the end.

The overall effect of "Boom-Boom Valdez" is good. There is a lot of emphasis on tit action, even though there wasn't any tit fucking. The video is clearly shot, well edited and acted, and it also appeared (to this reviewer) that the actors weren't just fucking, they seemed to put more emphasis on making love, if that's possible in X-vids, therefore creating a sexy, fun video to watch and get horny with. For more information call: 1-800-423-5558 or in CA: 818-992-0288. Don't forget to tell them you read about "Boom-Boom Valdez" in GENT!

Maximum #3 & All The Way In

Though four-years-old, these hardcore performances done with her then real-life boyfriend Pat Romano, are still Candy Samples' best videos.

Candy Samples, with her fantastic 48 inch breasts, 24 inch waist, 36 inch hips, long platinum hair and sweet, sexy voice, has become a legend in the adult entertainment business. She is often referred to as "queen of the mature titters." Not only is she popular for her sexy layouts in magazines like GENT, but also for her exotic dancing, and for those lucky enough to have seen them, her X-rated videos. Although Candy was sought after to do many X-videos, she chose to limit her hardcore performances to those done with real-life boyfriend, Pat Romano.

Since the sex goddess has a number of fans who are curious about her

X-rated career, I took this opportunity to review two of her videos, "Maximum #3," from Caballero Home Video, and "All The Way In," from VCA. Please remember that these videos have been on the market for a few years, but her looks and performances in the hardcore scenes are just as sizzling today.

"Maximum #3" is a 60 minute video that features three vignettes. Not only does Candy do the lead-ins, she also appears in the first short which is entitled, "Candy's Bedtime Story." It begins with Candy and Pat in bed. He's got his face buried between her mountains, sucking and kissing them, concentrating on her silver-dollar sized, light tan areolae and nipples.

Candy gets so excited from Pat's breast play that she asks him to eat her pussy. And he doesn't disappoint her, he spreads her stockinged legs, kneels between them and begins to tongue her wet cunt. While he's busy lapping her pussy, Candy massages her massive mammaries, occasionally pulling on her nipples and squealing in delight from the sexual tension boiling up within her.

Candy's sexual lust mounts until all she wants is a taste of Pat's cock. So she proceeds to suck on his dick until

The Boob Tube



Candy Samples displays her oral talents in a scene from "Maximum #3," above, a Caballero release.

the pressure of her thick lips becomes so intense that he tells her he wants to fuck her. Pat rams his dick deep into her waiting love hole and pumps his rod in and out of her until he finally pulls out and comes all over her stupendous knockers. The excellent close-ups of her sucking his cock and him eating her pussy are so clear, you guys better keep a towel handy.

Once the couple are finished fucking, they settle back in bed and Candy looks up into Pat's eyes and asks him in her little girl voice to read her a "bedtime story." Pat can't refuse and reads her a story about a rich movie mogul who finally gets the girl of his dreams for a part in his movie. When she comes to his house...guess what! He fucks her!

Pat plays the mogul (lucky guy!) and he rams his dick up her cunt to fuck her again and again. Her enormously firm, fleshy breasts jiggle about under the confinement of her low-cut dress until they finally burst free, exposing her perfectly beautiful knockers.

However, it's when Pat fucks her doggie-style that her precious pontoons flail about from his frenzied thrusts. The couple continue fucking in a variety of cockrising positions, all emphasizing her knockers and ending with him coming all over her enormous tits.

In "All The Way In" Candy stars with Martina, Mike Horner, Eric Edwards, Mai Lin, Ron Jeremy, David Morris, Shanna McCullough, Francois Papillion, Tana Lawson, Pat Romano and there are special appearances by Russ Meyer, Lisa DeLeeuw, Bob Chin, John Seeman, Robert Garcia and Bill Wilson in this 87 minute feature.

It's obvious that "All The Way In" was done four years ago. Ron Jeremy is much thinner, and some of the other co-stars were just getting into adult videos. But Candy looks superb—gorgeous in fact—and gives the viewer his money's worth.

The plot of this well-written video is about Candy, who works as a sex columnist for an adult magazine. She's taken some time off to resume her exotic dancing career and winds up falling in love with some guy she meets while on the road. (The guy is Pat Romano.) The story revolves around the people she works with and their horny desires...and Candy's love-life.

In one scene, Candy does her

dance routine wearing a long, low-cut blue dress, then strips down to her blue panties while shimmying and shaking her whoppers around, titillating not only the audience, but the viewer as well.

Another scene that will steam up your glasses is where she does a masturbation fantasy with Eric Edwards. She's alone in her office while Edwards speaks to her over the intercom. Candy sits back in her chair and begins rubbing her fabulous hooters, then fingers her pussy while dreaming about fucking Pat. (All this while Edwards is receiving a blowjob from Mai Lin in his office.)

In Candy's fantasy, she's dressed in a black leather, low-cut outfit (her breasts literally spilling out from the top and exposing her nipples), panties, garterbelt and stockings. Looking very stern and sexy, she commands Edwards and Lin to fuck each other. Even though Candy doesn't fuck in this scene, she's hot enough to raise even the most limp dick!

Candy also does a lesbian scene with Martina. Martina slowly runs her hands over Candy's breasts and fondles and kisses them passionately, finding Candy's erect nipples to suck on. Then Martina slides down between Candy's stockinged legs and sucks on her pussy until Candy writhes about in ecstasy from her

continued on page 84

"Maximum #3," and "All The Way In" from VCA, two of the very few videos Candy Samples did any XXX fuck scenes in are both real cockrisers!





LISA: Worth The Wait

Lisa Phillips, a statuesque Irish beauty with an astounding pair of fulsome 46 inch hooters, just turned 18 last April. She had been spotted last year but we had to wait until she became "legal" to present her. We're sure you'll agree that it was worth the wait. Lisa has it all...a great face, full, voluptuous figure, "innie" navel and...those tits!







She's 5'10" tall, weighs 145 pounds and her measurements are 46-30-38. She stuffs her firm gazongas into a size 38EE bra and goes to college where she's a preparatory student who is interested in majoring in political science. Lisa says that she has no interest in a modeling career other than the money she can make to help pay tuition. We are hoping that we'll be seeing a lot more of Lisa over the next four years...and by a lot more, you may not have noticed, but Lisa didn't take her panties off for this shoot...not unusual for a newcomer, many of whom are a bit camera shy at first. But this gives us an opportunity to focus on her breasts which deserve the utmost attention.





Although GENT's readers have come to expect the cream of D-cuppers in these pages, someone like Lisa is a real coup. She's one of those gals with both beauty and bounty.

Lisa's twin beauties have both the firmness and resiliency of youth plus the heft usually associated with an older woman. The way they hang on her chest is almost gravity-defying. They swell outward like twin melons of almost identical size, crowned with large, perfectly symmetrical areolae which are a pretty brown hue, with nipples that are almost undetectable little buds of virginal size. Lisa, we are sure, is used to a lot of attention. A face and body like hers do not go unnoticed.

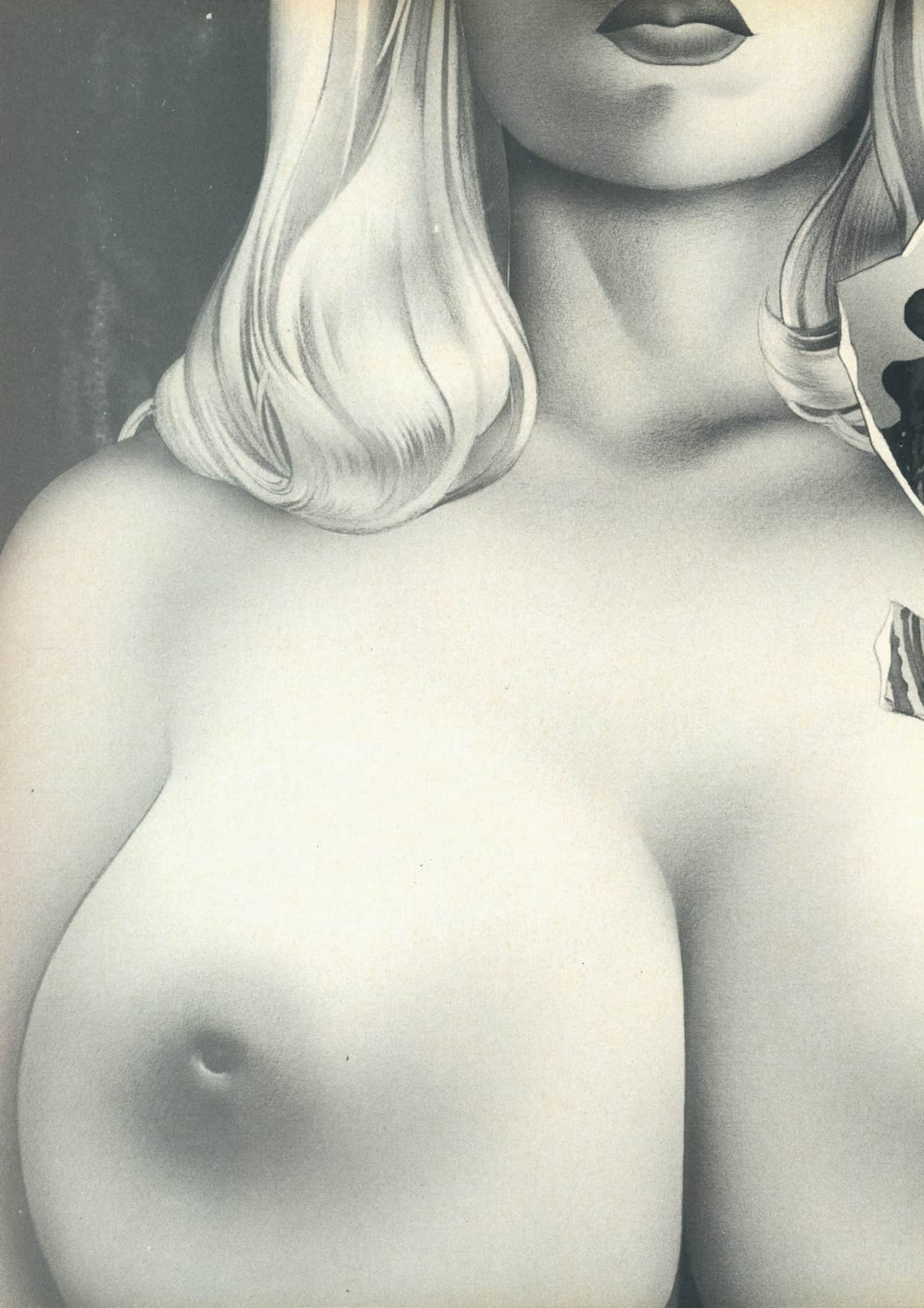








Lisa is a borderline plumper... a type that is a favorite with a lot of fans who tell us that voluptuousness as well as mammary size is a true measure of womanliness. Most of the writers and artists of history would tend to agree since most of them depicted women of Lisa's size and form. The fact that she is very tall adds to the overall impressiveness of her looks. Imagine this beautiful, near-Amazon sashaying along on campus clad in a pair of ass-hugging jeans or a miniskirt with those bazooms encased in a sweater or, even more mind-boggling, braless under a flimsy T-shirt... Back to school, anyone?





The Pit Marks

Our favorite Australian tit hound is back with another tale of adventure and romance in southeast Asia.

BY PETER COOK

The ship with its cargo of ceramics had foundered in the Gulf of Thailand in the 15th century, probably during a fierce southwest monsoon. It had lain on the bottom for 500 years until discovered by a local fisherman seeking to untangle his nets. Diving to release them, he came across a number of pieces of pottery which he sold to a Bangkok antique dealer. As more pieces were brought up by enterprising local divers, the sunken vessel's cargo came to the notice of the Fine Arts Department. More specific underwater searches revealed the existence of a number of ships which had gone to the bottom with cargoes of export stoneware during the period of the early Thai kingdoms.

The Thai Government has sought expert assistance in salvaging the cargoes from Denmark. A number of seasons' work produced a substantial haul of jars, bowls, dishes and bottles that added a new and exciting dimension to what was known of trade across the China Sea long before European intervention. A symposium was arranged in Bangkok to bring together scholars from four continents to discuss the significance of the discoveries.

I attended as a semi-professional observer—my interest was more as a collector than as a historian or ceramics expert—but I was quickly

caught up in the enthusiasm of the meeting, more especially after I had met Helga... Leader of the Danish salvage team, Helga was a marine archaeologist from Copenhagen. Her experience was broad and extensive, including salvage diving in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Caribbean. As I discovered when I was introduced to her at the symposium's opening cocktail party, however, it was not only her experience that merited such a description. She was wearing a close fitting dress in peacock blue Thai silk that molded her tall, slim-hipped figure like a skin, then stretched alarmingly taut across a pair of broad and extensive high-riding tits on which she could have stood her cocktail glass!

Understandably she was a major attraction at all social functions but seemed to exude a Scandinavian chill that effectively discouraged any intimacy closer than casual conversation or a handshake. An ill-concealed effort by a brash Texan to rest his arm confidentially against her bust resulted in his beer spilling all over his freshly laundered pants... I exchanged pleasantries with her, and found her intrigued that a non-specialist should be attending the symposium, but I came to the early conclusion that Helga was a beautiful, really stacked woman whose absorbing interest was in her work.

I was therefore taken aback when, during the meeting's closing session, I realized that she had slipped into a vacant seat alongside me. There was a

warmth in her voice that had been lacking during conversation earlier in the week, and there was no doubt that, as she leaned over to speak to me, the firm contact made with my upper arm by her blouse's *very* full contents was quite deliberate...

"I wondered, Peter," she said, "whether you'd like to come down to the salvage operation for a few days. You mentioned you weren't leaving Thailand immediately; you'd be very welcome to see at first hand what we bring up."

I knew what was coming up as she spoke, still leaning against me—indeed I wriggled awkwardly to give it room in my pants! She was correct that I'd planned to stay a couple more days before flying home. To spend them with the diving crew was an exciting prospect... and the pressure of that bust had me wondering whether there might be some other prospects too. Part of me was already expressing interest and my reply was enthusiastic.

The Danish salvage team, with two liaison officials from the Thai Fine Arts Department, were working from half-a-dozen beach cabins that were normally part of a small holiday resort. The sunken ships lay a few kilometers offshore and the diving was carried out from a small motor launch. As expedition leader, and the only woman, Helga had one of the cabins to herself—with a local Thai who cooked and acted as

housekeeper. I was lodged in one of the cabins reserved for guests or visiting officials; the rest of the divers and the Thais shared the others.

The first full day's diving after my arrival brought up a number of well preserved bowls, unbroken but with all their glaze lost as a result of their centuries of immersion. There were also many large sherds or broken fragments of dishes. Many had clearly formed pits or small hollows in their centers where I knew the legs of special five-pronged "pontils"—small stands to separate stacked pieces in the kiln—had once stood. The salvaged pieces were taken by the Thais to their quarters, which were also used as a laboratory, for identification, photography and cataloguing.

I was excited to see the pottery being brought up, to be seen for the first time for perhaps 500 years, but I was also very excited to see Helga. In her black, tight fitting wetsuit she was somehow more unbelievable even than in the dress she had worn at the reception. It held her phenomenal tits in position high on her chest like two huge pumpkins. My experienced mind doubted whether a tape run around her in the strategic latitude would have had many inches left out of 50. And if diving gear is made in cup sizes, hers were undoubtedly double-Ds!

The rest of the diving team, all young healthy Danes, clearly treated her with respect and, despite obvious admiration, kept their distance. I soon realized the reason for the aura of chill she possessed—undoubtedly it was a very necessary form of self-protection in view of her status. She seemed a little lonely in fact, and I thought I began to understand the invitation to me. She was certainly friendly to me, to an extent to which some resentment of my presence became apparent, particularly from Kurt, one of the older of the male divers.

As we landed at the end of that day's work, Helga invited me to join her in her cabin a little later for a drink. I showered quickly, put on a fresh shirt and slacks and walked eagerly through the gardens of the resort as soon as I reasonably could. Her cabin was surrounded by overhanging eaves to shade it, with a small tiled patio crammed with potted plants. Most of the walls were louvred to permit maximum airflow and it was furnished with cool rattan pieces.

I announced myself as I arrived and Helga called out for me to let myself in. As I entered the patio she came out of what was probably the bedroom, having obviously just had a shower herself. Her



"You'd better have a damned good hand, Harry!"

hair was damp, and she was wearing a T-shirt and sarong. The neck of the T-shirt was low enough to reveal a couple of inches of cleft between the sumptuous ballooning spheres of her breasts before they vanished beneath the stretched cotton of the flimsy garment which was quite incapable of disguising the voluminous bulk of the twin colossi that were hanging, clearly unsupported, beneath it.

Stretched is almost an inadequate term to describe exactly what that T-shirt was doing across Helga's tits—strained, distended, elongated or distorted might have been more appropriate words, any greater effort on its part would almost certainly have caused it to rip asunder under the extreme tension to which it was being subjected. That girl's bust was fabulous...yet my appraising eyes were puzzled as they cast widely across the expanse of cloth that molded the glorious appendages. Then I realized with a jolt what was bothering me—although I was sure I could discern the slightly podgy outline of sizeable areolae, there was no evidence of the protuberant nipples I would have expected to see poking firmly through such a thin, over-stretched garment...

Helga must have guessed what I was looking at. A brief pink flush of embarrassment suffused across her face and naked upper chest...and she pulled the T-shirt up over her head! It caught on her extensive underhangs as her crossed arms were raised, and then the two wondrous whoppers flopped heavily free and bounced vigorously on her chest as she tossed their flimsy cover aside.

My gasp was instinctive and very audible. It was less the appearance of Helga's two, Nordic, pale-skinned, gargantuan and quite incredibly beautiful, naked breasts that caused it—though they were gasp-worthy enough—but rather the confirmation of what my tit-experienced mind had already guessed...the centers of her areolae were occupied by deep hollows. *She had inverted nipples!*

Now my bosomry studies had familiarized me with the existence of this boobish phenomenon but I had never before encountered it in the flesh. Helga looked appealingly at me, "I know they're odd," she almost apologized, "And they're nowhere near as sensitive as normal ones would be...but my tits themselves sort of make up for them."

I could not have had a more direct invitation to do what I had been aching to, ever since I first met her at the symposium cocktail party. As she stood in

front of me, her eyes avoiding mine, I slid one palm under the pendulous weight of each bulging, fleshy gourd. She gave a little whimper as I made contact with the firm flesh, then visibly relaxed as I began the gentlest and lightest of massages. Helga had dusted her creamy tit-skin with talcum after her shower and the fine scented powder made the surfaces of her breasts silky smooth.

My hands slid over them with frictionless ease, gliding around their contours, into their cleft, underneath them and around their sides. Helga's breasts were incredibly spherical for their weight—quite obviously she normally wore a bra whose support had helped the masses of tit-flesh to retain very youthful forms with no signs yet of sag or stretch-marks. They were very pale pink in color and a network of blue veins was apparent through the fineness of their skin.

Taking their weight in my palms was remarkably like holding heavy medicine balls. Her areolae were barely distinguishable in color from the rest of her breasts but, as the tight T-shirt had revealed, they were distinctly pudgy and, ringed by well-defined tubercles or Montgomery glands. I traced around the

edges of these swollen hillocks with the moistened tips of my fingers, then tenderly ran all my digits across their softness before dabbing with feather lightness at their hollow cores.

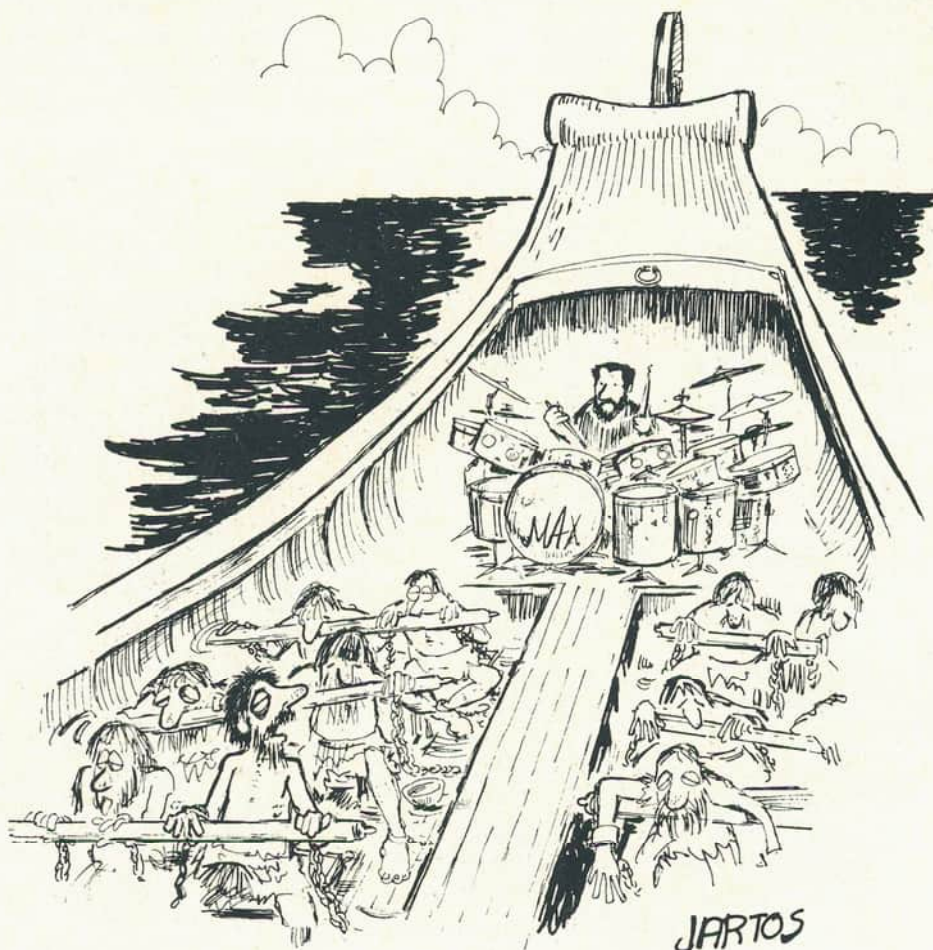
"Peter," she breathed and her whole body writhed under my touch as I placed my little fingers delicately into the depressed summits of her chesty mounds, "do that with your tongue."

I knelt in front of her so that my face was level with the heaving bulk of her front glories. I licked wetly around the areolar pudginess, then flicked my tongue into the depression where her nipple should have stood out. She clasped her hands behind my neck and pulled my face into the capacious cleavage between her mammary treasures. I was ready to bust out of my slacks, and from the way she was gasping and moving was sure that she too was ready for more than tit-massage, when she released me from the fleshy valley between her breasts, put her hands on my shoulders and pushed me away.

"Peter," she said, moving to pick up her T-shirt, "I've got a problem."

"You've got a problem," I nearly exploded, "I've got a problem and it's about two feet long!"

She looked at me, then dropped her



"Hey, could you slow it down just a bit?"

eyes to my crotch and giggled, "I bet it's no more than 12 inches! But Peter," she was suddenly serious, "let me talk to you about *my* problem after dinner. Come back here about 10, we'll deal with *yours* first, that is if you've still got it, then talk about mine. Do we have a deal?"

I could do little but nod in agreement. "If the current problem's gone, I'm sure I can quickly produce another," I responded. "Okay, it's a deal."

"You're a pet," she said, "now, what about that drink you came for?"

Arrangements for the evening meal varied. Except for Helga, who as expedition leader had her own cook, the team either ate Thai food served in a communal dining hall by a girl from the nearby village or sometimes cooked their own European dishes in their bungalows. That evening I dined with a couple of the younger divers in the dining hall. Kurt was absent and I assumed he was eating alone.

The hour or so between dinner's end and my second appointment of the evening with Helga dragged. My "problem" reasserted itself every time I thought of her and recalled the delights of those unbelievable, hollow-tipped udders. It preceded me like a bow-sprit of a sailing yacht as I retraced my steps toward her cabin, pushing out the thin linen of my

slacks in the absence of the support usually given it by my briefs. I wanted no hassles with excessive clothing when I arrived!

"Peter," she admonished me as soon as she saw me, "you really *do* need some help don't you!"

She clearly intended keeping her bargain. This time there was no embarrassment as she pulled off the T-shirt, unwrapped the sarong, then, quite nude, let me into her bedroom. She lay flat on her bed as I quickly removed my shirt and slacks and moved to the bedside to join her, my cock more like a bow-sprit than ever. It wasn't even 12 inches, I will admit, but quite long enough for her to grab as soon as I was within reach.

I had spent the whole previous hour debating the best approach to her, but I need not have bothered since she took over the proceedings fully. She squeezed the muscular handful expertly then pulled me up beside her, lifted her head and pushed my meat deep into her mouth! For the second time that evening I gasped audibly, as her lips closed around the circumference of my swollen shaft and she sucked vigorously on the turgid rod. Her head was resting against a pillow which raised it conveniently; I knelt across her neck, one knee each side of her face and, as she salivated over her manly mouthful, I felt her pull her mountainous boobs up against my buttocks to create a warm, fleshy cushion

behind me.

Her soft lips slid up and down my rigid member and her tongue teased the underside of my cockhead as she locked her teeth daintily around its ridge. I felt her press her immense melons hard against my behind, her sucking became noisier and more vigorous and she drew in deeper and deeper breaths through flared nostrils.

"Peter," she finally gasped, releasing my throbbing organ from between her lips, "fill *all* my hollows with your spunk."

I knew just what she wanted. The shallow pits in the centers of her areolae lay atop the masses of her fleshy boobs as she let them subside from behind me onto her chest, her deep navel was only inches from them. My well lip-massaged and fully extended weapon was more than ready to fire. The first, well-aimed spurt hit her left tit dead center and flooded the nipple hollow. The second was less accurate but my spunk dribbled stickily into the pit from the edge of the areola. The third, and last, eruption, that fully drained me, shot neatly onto her stomach and made a pool filling and overflowing her navel.

"Mmm," she murmured, "share it with me, Peter." She put her arms around me and pulled me down on top of her so that her jism-drenched tits and belly were squashed against me. Lubricated by my emissions, the compressed masses of her breasts slithered sensually beneath me, and my navel shared in the creamy pool that surrounded hers. We lay, practically glued together by my love-juice, as she began to explain her concern.

"I'm pretty sure that some of the better antiques we're bringing up from the ship are getting onto the private market," she said. "I can't prove it, but I'm almost certain that I've seen at least two of the pieces we salvaged last year in a private gallery in Bangkok."

"What's the routine for disposing of the pieces from here?" I asked.

"Well, this place isn't very secure so, once a week, officials from the Fine Arts Department take away all the items we've catalogued and provide receipts. Usually one of our team handles it but some weeks, when the tides are particularly good and we're all diving, one of the Thais hands the stuff over to the Department. I suspect on those occasions there's a little private dealing. But of course it doesn't occur when one of us is around."

I began to see *my* role in the affair.

"So, next time I'm to keep watch," I



"Strong, believable story lines, well acted positive relationships... Whatever happened to good old lustful porn videos?"

said, "and you'll all be diving, but won't the Thais wonder where I am?"

She shook her head, and her boobs moved sluggishly beneath me. "The Fine Arts people come tomorrow and we'll all be diving," she explained. "The Thai from our team who will deal with them has been on leave since you arrived. He knows nothing about you. He won't even have a chance to learn about you from the other staff, since he'll have travelled down from Bangkok with the arts officials. I've discussed this with Kurt and he thinks it might be unwise to spy on the Thais, but I think it might work."

"So *that's* why Kurt seemed antagonistic," I murmured. "I thought he objected to me personally, especially when I was in your company."

She laughed. "Kurt's much more interested in brown skins, he's making it with one of the Thai girls who cooks for us. But he *is* worried you might not be cautious enough and hazard our continued diving, we can't afford an 'incident' with the locals. But I know from your background that you understand the Asian temperament. And," she added, "my needs. You seem to have recovered."

Helga's sudden change of subject was accompanied by her giving renewed attention, this time with her hands, to my manly appendage which, indeed, was showing renewed life as it lay pressed against her pubic bush. It was obvious now that her "needs" would not be satisfied by another spunk bath, they were much more demanding than that. Fortunately I had no trouble in meeting them. The entrance to her pussy, located in the heart of the palest of blonde bushes, responded instantly to the first gentle touch of my now firmly revived joy-stick. She shivered in expectation as its engorged head pushed between her welcoming cunt lips, and slid effortlessly up her very well lubricated cunt.

She gave a little cry as my whole length penetrated deeply within her and clasped my body so tightly against her chest that her boobs oozed out from between us. My second "coming" required lengthy lovemaking that built her up to a final and volcanic orgasm that left her gasping in exhaustion beneath me.

The transfer of the ceramic pieces into the care of the Fine Arts officials took place in the large living room of the Thais' cabin which had been converted

into a laboratory. The wide open ventilating louvres provided a good view of the proceedings that I was able to observe and hear from the seclusion of a nearby screen of trees. I had indicated to Helga the strong doubts I felt about being able to detect any dishonest transfer, particularly since my knowledge of the Thai language was very rudimentary, but after the previous evening's experiences I could hardly refuse helping her. At the most, I hoped I would detect an element of nervousness or other suspicious behavior.

The whole transaction took place in a very businesslike way. About two dozen carefully cleaned pieces were handed over one at a time, checked off a typed list by the official attached to the diving team, a receipt written for each by the Fine Arts representatives and the items packed in strong cardboard cartons and sealed with metal tape. I knew Helga had a separate listing of the pieces to be handed over and was sure, and later proven correct, that no "private" dealing had taken place. The transfer was completely above board.

Helga was a little disappointed that we had been unable to detect any dishonesty, though clearly pleased that no pieces had been lost to private dealers, at least on that occasion. I spent the next, and last, day of my short visit actually diving with the team and was thrilled to bring up a few whole and a number of broken pieces myself. I was even more thrilled to receive an invitation from Helga to spend my last evening with her in her cabin.

Her Thai cook prepared a meal for us which was served on the patio. Helga's slim hips and long legs were encased in a sheath-like skirt of Thai silk split well up one thigh like a modern Chinese *cheongsam* while her fabulous bust was draped in a soft, quite high-necked blouse of a jersey material under which tell-tale movement left no doubt in my mind that its contents were otherwise unwrapped. Her long blonde hair was caught in a beaded clip on one side and draped across her shoulder. As we ate, we discussed alternative possibilities for determining how salvaged pieces were being diverted from their true destination then, when we had finished the meal, she stood up and went into her bedroom to "powder her nose."

I poured some coffee from an electric percolator as I awaited her return...and was quite surprised when she re-emerged onto the patio. She *had* powdered her nose but, more importantly, had modified other aspects of her

appearance. She had released her hair from the clip so that it now hung loose on her shoulders and had removed the high-necked blouse! Her lovely breasts hung free and unharnessed on her chest, and she had made up her pudgy areolae with the same lipstick she had freshly applied to her mouth, leaving only the hollows in their summits unadorned.

She sank languidly onto a couch that had been placed among the potted plants and motioned me into a chair beside it. As she settled, the two glories on her chest slid gently sideways to loll one on each side of her relaxed body. The shiny red areolae with their dark, depressed centers, looked like fiery discs against her fair skin.

We drank our coffee in silence, then she shook her body to make the heavenly masses quiver in invitation. I knelt beside her. Toward her right side the skin was puckered with the weight of the nearest boob as it dragged down from under her arm. The contact between tit and chest left plenty of space for me to slide my left hand under the succulent load and lift its weight from her body while stroking its upper surface with my right palm, though it was tricky to hold the whole wobbling fleshmound in one hand and it slithered away. For 15 minutes or so, I gave Helga's vast, pliable busty parts a vigorous massage that had them gliding and sliding across her chest and pulsating with her growing excitement as I pushed the distended boobmeat up almost to her chin, then let it slip back over her rib cage.

Finally, in response to an appealing look in her eyes, I disentangled myself from unwanted garments and joined her on the couch. The split skirt had fallen from her left leg which was exposed as far as her upper thigh. Above the split was a series of clips that parted very readily. The silk garment fell from her and revealed her fully nude beneath, her pale blonde muff adorning rather than concealing the pouting love lips through which I had thrust the previous evening. They almost opened in expectation as I went down on her and again entered that welcoming vent. Her strong muscles literally dragged me up inside of her. I could feel hot spunk boiling in my ball sac but fortunately Helga was on the brink too, and her body spasmed beneath me just as I deluged her lovebox for the second time with an ocean of spunk.

It was well past midnight when I discreetly returned to my cabin...and was disturbed by low voices at the back of

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The Ultimate Sucker Machine

A history of the slot machine's colorful past...and present.

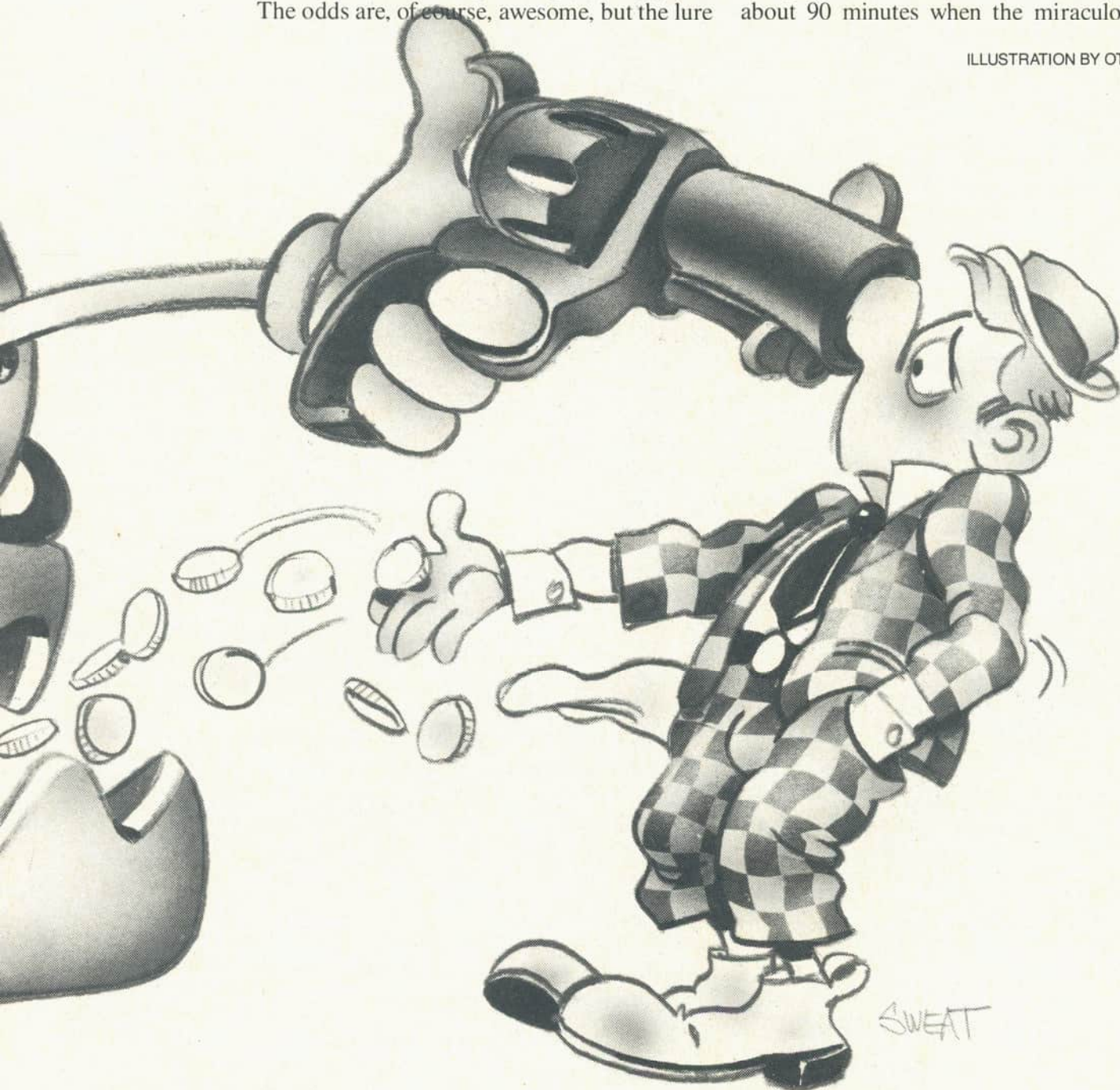
BY FRANK KOLAR

The one-armed bandits are cranking out some big bucks. Those venerable money-makers—the coin-gobbling machines that occasionally spit out the jubilant jingle of jackpots—are now offering some gigantic payoffs. The odds are, of course, awesome, but the lure

can be irresistible. And for a favored few, the strikes have been bonanzas.

In February, 1987 a California man hit a progressive slot machine in Reno, Nevada for almost \$5 million. The oddly interesting figure was actually \$4,988,842.14, but a staggering sum, to be sure. The man had played the “Megabucks” machine at Harrah’s casino for about 90 minutes when the miraculous mo-

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT



ment occurred.

The big jackpot is the prize on machines at 22 casinos in seven Nevada cities; they are linked by telephone into one progressive system. The machines take one, two or three \$1 coins or tokens, and there are three lines of symbols. When four sevens are lined up on the first line, it pays \$25,000 for a \$1 bet. Four sevens on the second line of a \$2 bet pays \$50,000. And four sevens on the third line for a \$3 bet hits the progressive jackpot, which is what the ecstatic winner did.

He later said: "I thought I hit three sevens. I didn't really see the fourth seven. It just magically appeared and that's when my world came to a stop."

There have been several whopping wins since the introduction of the progressive machines, but you can bet your bottom buck that the casinos aren't recklessly throwing their money away. The huge payoffs are a response to the lure of the lotteries, which are now operating in many states and are offering the elusive but golden chance to become a multimillionaire. Casinos are fighting back with the old allure of the slots—those fascinating machines that many find

hard to resist.

Slots continue to be big money-makers for casinos. They have, in fact, always been a sweet source of income for someone—they aren't called one-armed bandits for no reason.

There is an old story about two crooks who were playing a slot machine, and one said: "If you own a couple of machines like this, you sure don't need a gun to hold up anyone."

The other agreed: "Yeah, and this bandit has only one arm."

The expression seems to have inspired Frank Polk, an artist and wood carver. He made a number of western figures out of solid wood and then had a slot machine inserted in the figure's chest area. They were sold to various casinos, although most are now in private collections. The most popular figure, of course, was the masked man in western clothes—the "one-armed bandit."

Variations of the slot machine have actually been around for over a hundred years. The early models had intricate arrangements for springs, levers and gears, and they were often encased in ornately tooled metal or beautifully

carved hardwood. They were also big and heavy, and although they enticed patrons to part with some coins, they were never more than a novelty.

The machine that really grabbed the public fancy was invented around the turn of the century. (The exact year is in some dispute.) The man responsible was Charles Fey, a San Francisco tinkerer who came out with the Liberty Bell, the prototype of the modern machine. It was a three-reel slot, a lighter counter model that met with instant success.

Fey was not only an inventor, he was a shrewd businessman. Determined to keep his invention a secret, he refused to sell any of them. Instead, he placed them in taverns himself and also serviced them; the take was split 50-50 with the tavern owners. And because he used playing cards as symbols, he wisely put a two-cent Federal Revenue Stamp on each machine.

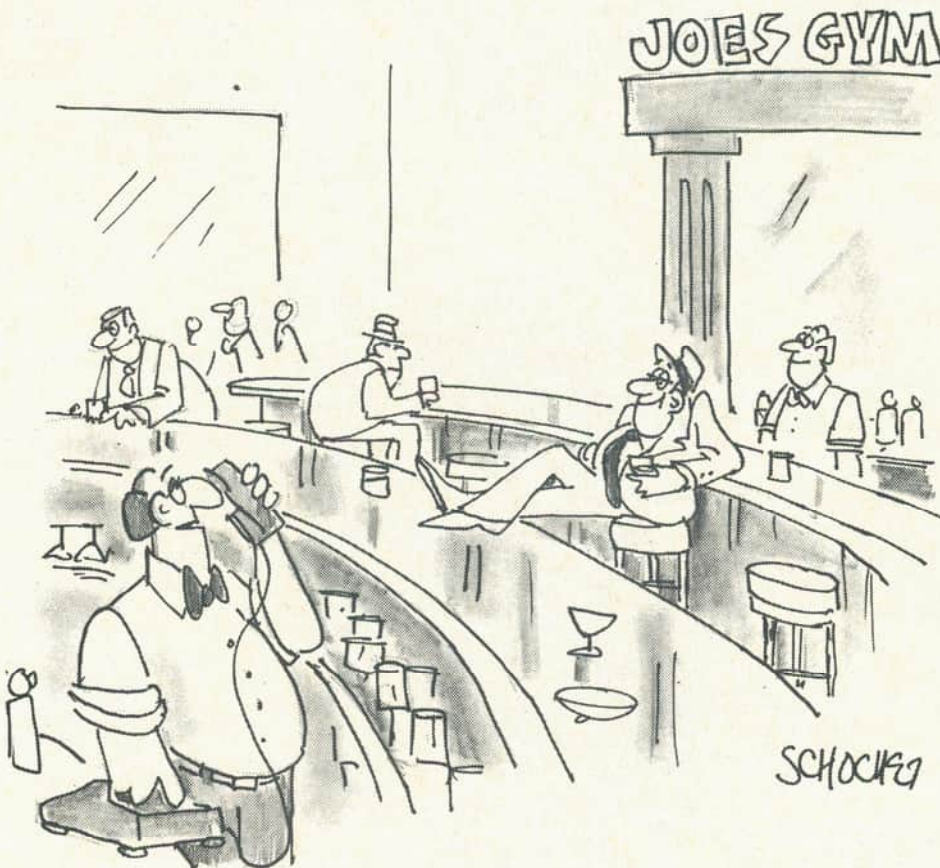
A gambling device cannot be patented, and it was inevitable that the popular machine's workings would be figured out. It was soon copied and the Mills Company came out with a similar machine. Greater manufacturing facilities enabled Mills to capture the market with its version of the three-reel slot. And it wasn't long before other companies entered the field.

The next important step in slot machine design was the introduction of the jackpot. There had been several early attempts to incorporate this feature, but they were not successful. Then, in 1925, Mills came out with its "jackpot"—a term taken from the game of poker. Coins were visible in a container on the front of the machine, and when the right combination of symbols was hit, the coins dropped into a metal container on the outside. This exciting feature was an immediate success, and naturally copied by competitors.

The amounts in these jackpots varied. Usually operators partially filled a container, and the coins from player action would add to it. Therefore, the exact amount could not be determined until someone won it. However, when Nevada legalized gambling in 1931, state law said that jackpots had to be guaranteed and this had to be posted.

In the early days, slots were pretty much ignored by law enforcement officials. But the rising popularity of the slots and the outcries against them finally brought the law down—sometimes with a vengeance. In 1934 there was a big crackdown in New York City, and many slots were confiscated by the

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"He's on the parallel bars right now..."

DEBEE ASHBY's *Blue Balls Special*

There isn't a lot new to report about gorgeous Debee Ashby since her last appearance in September '87, but our favorite "Page 3" model is still pulling in the mail begging for more even though she won't take her panties off and show us the goodies. If you're frustrated at not seeing Debee's pussy, imagine the frustration the photographers feel when she's there in the studio wearing those teeny panties and refusing to show more. "It's a real blue balls experience," as one of our photographers said.







When she made her debut appearance in February 1987, fresh from a spot in a London tabloid, Debee professed that her goal was stardom in legitimate films and for that reason, she would only bare her breathtaking 40 inch tits. Well, although not much has happened career-wise, Debee is still steadfast in zealously guarding the goodies from exposure. The beautiful blue-eyed vixen had already cut a wide swath of publicity with a fling with Hollywood actor Tony Curtis and an affair with rock star Rick Parfitt. As far as we know, she has appeared in only two R-rated videos to date.

Some models believe that it is wise to leave something to the imagination to keep the guys coming back for more. So Debee refuses to show pink and up to now her theory has worked. She's very popular.





What makes Debee so popular? Rather than trying to explain her sex appeal, we suggest you look, starting with her fantastic face and profusion of blonde hair. She has big, blue eyes, a tiny perfect nose and full, pouty red lips that would look even better wrapped around a hard dick. Her 40 inch breasts are examples of Mother Nature at her inspired best. She has a small (26 inch) waist flaring into curvaceous 36 inch hips and long, slender legs. If Debee had been born a generation earlier, she'd have been snatched up by the movies just for her looks alone. Today, the competition is tougher but we can't imagine that Debee would have a problem getting into the movies. But we'd rather see her drop her panties, and we're willing to keep hoping that she will.

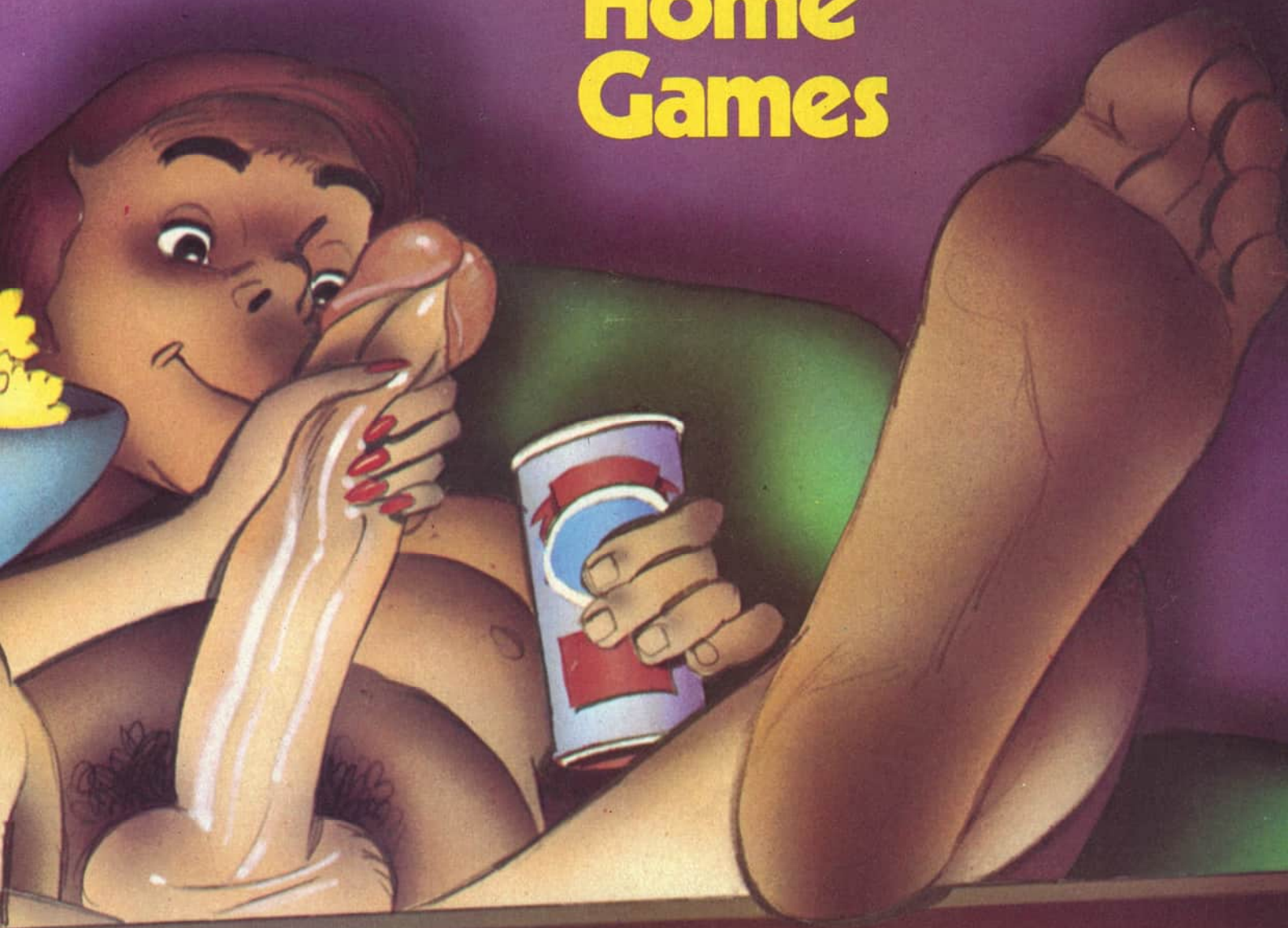






SWEAT

Home Games



Confessions of an adult video vixen

BY ARIEL HART

- I saw my first porno movie by mistake. I was a virgin and about seventeen years old. My best friend, Sarah, and I were walking through Greenwich Village during the annual fall art exhibition. A man outside of an old brownstone announced the showing of an artistic film called something like *Rock and Roll and the American Experience*. We went down to the basement room with a handful of others. The black and white reel was composed of scenes of concert footage that were roughly spliced together. We were shocked to see bits of an explicit sex film edited in. Sarah, a minister's daughter, glowed in the dark. I could not believe films like this existed. In my mind, people only had sex to make babies, not because it felt good. I couldn't

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EXOTICA: Texas Twirler

Her name is Exotica. We're sure that's not the name she was given by her parents back in Texas when she was born, but it certainly fits not only her looks, but her profession today. Twenty-two-year-old Exotica is an exotic dancer whose publicity sheet lists her measurements as 50EE-25-36. Like her name, we aren't positive about the bust size but what the hell...she sure has a beautiful body and a pair of knockers any gal would be proud to carry around. Like most natives of Texas, Exotica loves her home state and goes back there whenever she can. She's a real outdoors type who loves the ranch life where she grew up, and her hobby is training horses. Someday, after she has made it big in show business, she intends to live on her ranch.



Exotica is represented by Aztec International, P.O. Box 29300, Providence, R.I. 02909





Exotica has entered over 60 wet T-shirt contests and won 90% of them. We'd love to see the winners of the other 10%.

After she won the Miss Tee Shirt U.S.A. contest, a national agent got hold of Exotica, changed her name and has been booking her all over the country as a featured exotic dancer. We understand that Exotica's "gimmick" is being able to twirl the tassels on her nipples in opposite directions at the same time. That would be sensational, but Exotica's tits look incredible standing still, too. We particularly like the bikini-made tan-line on her gazongas and barely covering her pretty pussy mound.











Exotica has a very sultry, dark beauty and a mature look that belies her youth. She has a voluptuousness that is particularly appealing to lovers of big breasts and big women. Although she still has a lot of the look of a young woman and a lot of her curves may be "baby" fat, we are sure Exotica is going to mature into a very Rubenesque type of lady. Her big, full jugs are apt to develop some sag and stretch-marks with time, and her stomach, which is already a bit pudgy, will become soft and fatter. She has a nice, broad ass that will become more fleshy and full and her now slender thighs should become thicker. And we hope that a GENT photographer is around to shoot her then. Meanwhile, we'll savor Exotica here and now.



Candidly Yours



Feast your eyes on this month's "Candidly Yours" treats: A full page of Stevie, a repeat look at Sucky (next page, top); and sexy Sandy (next page, bottom). Two full pages of our readers' special gals!



Stevie surely is not shy. The 113 lb. gal enjoys showing off her 5'5," 38-26-36 body. She is an avid nature lover who enjoys posing nude outdoors. The 49-year-old is also half Blackfoot Indian. What a cockriser!





Sucy's hubby sent in these pix 'cause he wanted to see his 21-year-old wife in "Candidly Yours" again. He wasn't the only one who wanted a repeat of the 5'1," 100 lb. cutie. With a bra size of 32DD, and measurements of 34-22-30, who could resist her charms? How about sending in a full front, side and rear nude photo of your favorite gal to GENT? We pay \$50-\$100 if published!



Here's another outdoor gal! Sandy (below) is from the west and loves to fuck her brains out with her "old man" on the top of their Harley in the woods! This 5'3," 34-year-old weighs 150 pounds and measures 38D-30-38. Sandy says she not only loves to pose, but also enjoys giving her hubby fantastic head!





DEBBIE Makes It Big

Nineteen-year-old Debbie made her modeling debut last year in her hometown, a village in the midlands of England, as a clothed pinup in the local paper. That led to a coveted "Page 3" appearance in a London tabloid where she appeared topless. Now, here she is making her maiden nude modeling debut in GENT. Debbie is another spectacular find for us in an issue jammed with new discoveries. Her full name is Debbie Quarry, she's 5'5" tall, weighs 111 pounds and her measurements are 40-23-33.







Ponderous but petite might best describe Debbie whose hooters are contrastingly huge considering her other measurements. It is obvious that our sultry beauty boasts more than a double handful as she assumes the classic GENT poses of squeezing her tits together for maximum cleavage, getting on her hands and knees so we can check the angle of the dangle and leaning forward so we can better size up her cleavage.





For a small town girl, Debbie has quickly attained a big city look and attitude. Of course, with more experience she'll begin to look even more relaxed in front of the camera and will start to spread her legs, showing us a pink view and perhaps even touching herself. She has a very sexy and sophisticated look already which belies her extreme youth. We predict big things for Debbie's "big things" as she gains a following among those who appreciate the slim and stacked woman.







Debbie's breasts are on their way to becoming a pair of "hangers," since they are already quite low on her chest. This has more to do with tissue firmness than with weight or size. The nipples, however, are placed quite high on her breasts which give them an upturned look as opposed to the "nose-cones" of many big breasted women. Her brown nipples are small but seem to be perpetually in a state of arousal. It is possible that she finds modeling sexually arousing. Many of GENT's best models say that they find modeling very erotic and that, for many of them, is the primary attraction of this line of work.



HOME GAMES

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take my eyes off the fat, bleached blonde with tits like overfilled water balloons and a belly that almost covered her closely trimmed black bush. A man absentmindedly pounded into it, his cock dark against her ghostly pale skin. I was mesmerized.

Educated in a strict Catholic grammar school and raised in a sheltered environment, I had never seen anyone naked before. As a young girl, I had no idea what a boy even looked like until

Betty from across the street set me straight. One day, she made a crude model of her little brother's "thing" out of Play-Doh. I had imagined something a la Oscar Meyer. The wonderful mushroom-like head and the little balls round as grapes hadn't even come to mind.

I didn't play "doctor." I was taught never to touch myself "down there" except when dabbing "it" with toilet paper. But that didn't stop me from sliding lovingly up and down poles and banisters. Or from praying before I went to sleep at night that I would have one of those dreams that made me feel like I was melting. Oddly enough, I never

thought to masturbate with my fingers. Sarah Miles had to teach me how to do it in *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea*. I was elated with my new discovery and soon perfected it into an art.

So how could a sheltered, shy, insecure girl who had wanted to become a nun at age five blossom into a healthy, well-adjusted, faithful, happily married woman who has viewed over 200 adult video tapes? Just lucky, I guess.

At 18, I asked my boyfriend, Al (who is now my husband of four years), to take me to the local porno theater. I still remember the double feature: *Dutch*

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MR. & MRS. H's TOP 10 VIDEO PICKS FOR COUPLES

Because we've seen so many adult films, my husband and I decided to compile a list of our top 10 personal favorites. We thought couples might find them especially appealing. Absent are flicks loaded with gratuitous sex, and the ones that string together scenes of jiggly, giggly girls whose sole requirement for a man is that he be there. Included are films with strong story lines that present believable, and, for the most part, positive relationships. You'll notice quite a few repeaters both in directors and cast members. Part of it is personal bias. (We're only human.) The other part is because it's tough to avoid individuals who represent the top of the line in the industry. There are so many good films, so many talented performers that should be noted. It was difficult to limit the list to just 10 movies. We put them in alphabetical order solely to avoid argument between ourselves. Here goes:

1. *The Dancers*. A film aimed at the female audience that features the experiences of a troupe of male strippers. There's a hilarious scene on a Murphy bed between Randy West and Vanessa Del Rio. Richard Pacheco does a wonderfully inventive dance sequence and is involved in a poignant affair with Georgina Spelvin. The acting in this Spinelli effort is outstanding.

2. *Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star*. Another Spinelli venture, this one is as expertly constructed as a Dashiell Hammett detective story. The look is authentic, right down to the boxer shorts. The sex is an integral part of the story. A particularly smoking scene out of many is between John Leslie and Kelly Nichols. Get out the fire extinguishers.

3. *Little Girls Blue*. Al picked this one. It borders on the jiggly, but then, he's entitled to his fantasies. Not much of a story here, just a bunch of cute young things who are eager to learn about sex, thoroughly enjoy the education and love talking about what they love about men.

4. *Matinee Idol*. This takes a zany, madcap look at the adult film industry. Angel is angelic. The script is witty. David Friedman and Elmer Fox, in non-sexual roles, are extremely funny as the harried film producers.

5. *Nothing To Hide*. My personal favorite. Prime Spinelli, in which the Great Master has a key role. This sequel to *Talk Dirty To Me* (last but not least on the list), realistically

explores relationships with women and beautifully illustrates the special friendship between two men, a rarity in adult films. The ending is so touching, I almost cried. Anyone who thinks that porn has no soul should definitely see this one.

6. *The Passion Within*. Nina Hartley quickly establishes herself as a capable actress, and not just another pretty tan. The love affair depicted is among the most believable we've seen. John Leslie, as the sensitive sculptor, proves he can be gentle, understanding, and that he really knows how to give a girl a bath. Bring on the Mr. Bubble!

7. *Roommates*. Even my mom loved this one. It chronicles the experiences of three young women trying to succeed at their various careers in New York City. The cast includes some of the finest performers in the industry, namely the female leads: Veronica Hart, Samantha Fox and Kelly Nichols.

8. *A Scent Of Heather*. Something completely different. It's a period piece set in the early 1900's. (Hopefully, you can ignore the appearance of articles of lingerie that hadn't been invented yet.) The story revolves around a couple who learn on their wedding night they are brother and sister. The sexual situations stem from their efforts to stay celibate, which, of course, fail. Especially notable are Paul Thomas, Veronica Hart, a wild kitchen threesome, and an interesting breakfast spread.

9. *Summer Camp Girls*. This is Al's absolute favorite. We saw it in an Orlando, Florida, theater. He loved it so much, there was almost nothing left for me when we got back to the hotel. It also borders on the jiggly, but it's well done and well acted. Among Camp Quim's beauties are Danielle, Joanna Storm and the late Shauna Grant.

10. *Talk Dirty To Me*. John Leslie and Richard Pacheco shine in this Spinelli masterpiece. Their characters are carefully developed and flawlessly portrayed. As Jack and Lenny, you get the feeling that they really like each other offscreen as well. The plot concentrates on Jack's conquests. The scene with Leslie and Jessie St. James will steam up even your contact lenses. It's interestingly juxtaposed against a sensitive encounter where Lenny loses his virginity.



THE ART OF TIT-FUCKING

How to make tit-fucking as much
fun for your girl as it is for you.

BY LANA DAVIS

If you've got big boobs (and I'm a 46 double-D), then as surely as the sun rises in the east, you wind up getting more than your share of tit-fucking. And if you're reading GENT, you're presumably a lover of huge breasts, and that automatically qualifies you as an expert tit-fucker, right?

Well, I'm sorry guys, but most men really don't know how to fuck a woman's boobs effectively. In fact, very often it's the men who are craziest about huge jugs that do the worst job, simply because they tend to get so excited and carried away that they don't take the time to make sure the woman is turned on as well. And I can assure you that unless she's really turned on, having her boobs screwed is not going to make her day.

By this point, you're probably thinking: what's the big mystery? You just climb on top, ram your hard-on between her breasts, and start pumping—and *voilà*, you're tit-fucking! But that's exactly the kind of wrong-headed attitude I'm talking about. As far as I'm concerned, fucking a woman's tits like that is just a form of glorified masturbation. But the *art* of tit-fucking is an act of mutual lovemaking—one which requires the woman's involvement, and insures her pleasure, as well as your own.

Before we get into specific techniques, let's look at a woman's breasts from her point of view. In the first place, 90% of her pleasure centers are located in her nipples and, even more specifically, her areolae. (Of the two, by the way, the areolae are most important, since most of her nerve endings lie beneath them.) Well, when you're fucking a woman's knockers, you're doing next to nothing to stimulate her nipples and areolae. What you're stimulating is her cleavage, and unfortunately, her cleavage isn't very sensitive—hardly more sensitive, in fact, than her wrist or ankle.

And in the second place, a woman's tits are apt to be much more tender, achy and sore than you realize. This is

especially true if she's having her period, when a lot of women (me included) have such swollen, sensitive titties that they can hardly stand to have them touched, let alone fucked. And it's precisely women with big boobs—the ones you're most anxious to fuck, in other words—who are likely to have the most tender knockers.

Why? Mainly because big breasts bounce around, no matter what kind of brassiere you wear, and it's a law of nature that tit-bouncing causes sore nipples. Heavy-duty brassieres, the kind women like me have to wear, also make your breasts sore by constricting the soft flesh and cutting into the undersides of your boobs.

What this means in practice is that most women aren't all that crazy about having their tits fucked. It's a lot of fun for you, but it's usually not much fun for *us*. In fact, quite often it's a royal pain in the ass (or perhaps I should say chest).

Fortunately, it doesn't have to be that way. Having her breasts screwed can be as exciting and stimulating for the woman as the man. She can even achieve orgasm when she's having her boobs fucked—as long as you take the trouble to learn some of the subtleties involved. And that's exactly what I hope to teach you in the rest of this article!

When you get into bed with a woman, running your dick between her jugs may be high on your priority list, but she has a different agenda. What she's most concerned with is to feel loved, cared for, wanted—as a woman, and not just a convenient pair of tits. And remember, her arousal pattern is different than yours. You may be rock-hard and ready to fuck at the drop of a hat, but she isn't. (Yes, I know, the women in X-rated videos are white-hot at all times, but that's not real life, fellas!)

The first thing to do, then, is to spend some time kissing, cuddling, and petting. In this jaded age, most men don't realize that an old-fashioned romantic kiss can

make a woman a lot hornier than simply mauling her tits. Let her get warmed up emotionally, and if you do that, she'll inevitably warm up physically.

Once she's feeling squirmy and breathless, you can begin concentrating on her breasts. Your goal is to bring them fully awake—to get them engorged with blood, and to have her nipples tingling and standing erect. As a woman gets hot, her breasts may swell up dramatically. Some women gain more than a bra-cup in size, and boobs which are blood-congested are much more sensitive and erotically responsive. And if you take the time to make sure her breasts are congested, she'll *want* you to fuck them, rather than just permit you to.

Okay then, how do you go about eroticizing her boobs? You'll remember that I said a woman's tits are apt to be much more tender than you realize. Keeping that in mind, ignore her nipples for the moment and gently massage her chest. This will get the blood flowing and will help alleviate any soreness she may have. Begin with a light stroking motion, and gradually increase the pressure. And massage *downward*, toward the nipple, so that you're working in the direction of blood-flow, rather than against it.

After just a minute or two, her boobs will be much more responsive, and you can then start focusing on her nipples. One important point, though—for some reason, men seem to think that nipples are made of taffy and can be stretched and yanked with impunity. Wrong! Tugging a woman's nipples as if she were a goat at milking time *hurts*, and it hurts like hell at certain times of the month. Manhandling a woman's nipples is a great way to turn her off, not on.

Far and away the best approach is the most natural approach—that is, treat her nipples the way they were designed to be treated. In other words, *suck them*. But before you open wide and begin sucking her tit, let me give you a few helpful hints.

Since most of her nerve endings lie beneath the areola, don't just suck the nipple itself. Instead, suck *past* the nipple, drawing the dug and a good portion of the areola into your mouth at the same time. You should also suck in a steady, focused manner, rather than slurping frantically at her tit. The rhythmic expansion and contraction of her areola stimulates the nerve endings deep inside her breast, and this eroticizes her boobs much more effectively than nipple stimulation alone.

Most women find this kind of inten-

sive sucking deeply sensual and gratifying, since it closely parallels the action of a baby at the breast. And if you spend at least five minutes or so at each tit, you'll have your partner fully in heat, both emotionally and physically. Her breasts will be congested; her areolae will be puffy and swollen; and her nipple hard-ons will be firm and tingling. She'll also be congested in the pelvis, with her labial lips and clitoris engorged, and her pussy dripping honey. Fully lubricated, and fully turned on, she's now ready to have her breasts fucked.

Since you're going to be running your penis between her boobs, make things easier on her (and more exciting for yourself) by lubricating her cleavage first. Any kind of oil or lotion is fine, but there's no need to use anything more exotic than the woman's own pussy juice.

Smearing the insides of her breasts with her own honey is an act of intimacy guaranteed to excite a woman. For one thing, it sets up a psychological connection between her pussy (which you aren't fucking) and her tits (which you're about to fuck). And for another thing, though it isn't often talked about, women in heat usually find the scent of their own secretions extremely sexy.

Just before mounting her chest, you can do something which will allow her to reach orgasm while you're happily fucking her tits. And what you can do is quite simple—have a firm latex dildo handy (I recommend a nine-inch long, two-inch thick model called The Manhandler); and after you've lubricated her cleavage, slide the dildo into her vagina.

There's no need for either of you to stroke the dildo in and out. Just having it buried in her pussy will center her emotionally, and it will completely do away with the "empty vagina" feeling that can be so frustrating to a fully aroused woman. The dildo will also give her congested pelvis something to work against while you're fucking her breasts. By tightening and relaxing her PC muscles, she'll stimulate not just her vagina, but her entire pelvis region as well.

And in case you're not aware of it, when a woman's hot, she has at least as much blood congesting her pelvis as you have in your penis. If her pussy muscles are reasonably strong, she'll also be able to make the dildo move back and forth slightly, and this to-and-fro motion will in turn jiggle the shaft of her clitoris. In essence, while you're fucking her tits, she's also fucking *herself*, and with a little practice, this will enable the

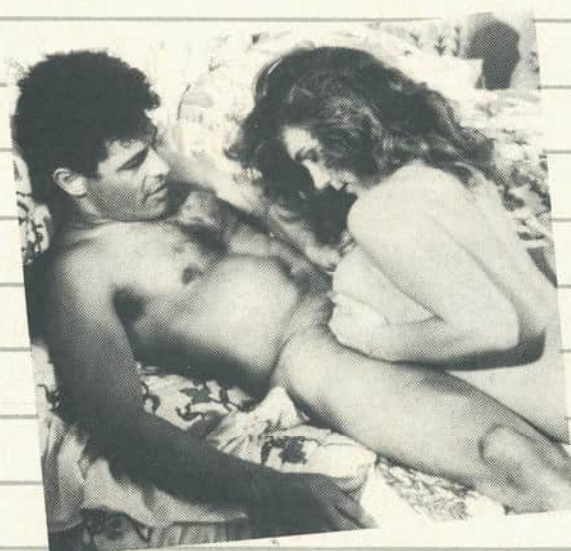
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"How 'bout the four of us going to my place?"

Editor's Notebook

After reading the preceding article, we're sure you'll enjoy these demonstrations by some GENT models engaged in the art of titty-fucking.



Above left, GENT model Tammy wraps her big 38s around Billy Dee's dork in AVC's video "Good 'N Plenty" for a satisfying titty-fuck. **Above,** Ebony Ayes uses her big hooters and her fingers to give her partner's rod a stimulating cleavage massage in this scene from "Girls of Double D."

At left, a classic tit-fucking pose from Caballero Home Video's "Lust On The Orient Express" with the guy on top and Tracey Adams holding her own tits together.



Tit-fucking is a lot more fun when the girl has hooters the size of Pam's, **above** in a scene from last month's GENT. **At right**, Candy Samples buries Herschel Savage's bone in "The Best Little Whorehouse In San Francisco" from LA Video. Candy also sucks Herschel while he tit-fucks her (but she doesn't fuck in this one. See page 20). **Below**, redheaded Robyn wraps her freckled tits around her partner's cock in this photo from a GENT layout shot by Dave Auerbach.



At right, Angela Parker seems to be enjoying this titty-fuck in a photo from her July layout. If these two features on titty-fucking have only served to whet your appetite for a tit-man's favorite sport, check out the ad on page 96 for a new video called "The Best In Tit-Fucking."



How lucky can a guy get? About as lucky as Billy Dee, **above**, in a scene from Caballero's "Swedish Erotica #69" where Wendy Wilson and Louisa Melendez, two former GENT models, double team to tit-fuck him into ecstasy. **At right**, porn star (and titter) Keisha in a classic girl-on-her-back tit-fucking pose. In this position, she can control the pressure she exerts on his dick and also by bending her head, she can suck his dick as he thrusts between her lubricated tits, giving her pleasure also.



HOME GAMES

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Treat, which was filled with pimply Scandinavian babes and *Sex Wish*, an interesting film, except that it abounded in kinky sex and S&M, neither of which appealed to us. I just wanted to get home on my wobbly legs and do it for real. Fast.

After that, we saw a few more erotic films in theaters. But it's an uncomfortable environment. Your feet stick to the floor. As you walk in, it's inevitable that the screen is bright with someone's ample ass. This acts like a flashlight on your face and the audience can examine your every pore. When you do find a seat, you usually plop into one with a moist cushion. Without warning, your row starts to shake and squeak in a carnal earthquake. Then there is that predictable grunt, the decibels depending on the intensity of the orgasm. Sometimes a viewer becomes an actress's personal cheerleader: "Come on, I know you can do it. Swallow it all, Lisa." You don't normally snack in these places, because all of the cum shots cause you to wonder if that's really butter they put on the popcorn. Needless to say, we didn't go too often.

With the home video explosion, sexuality was, literally, put back into our own hands. The first tape we popped into our new VCR was an adult video. Al had picked it out and it wasn't very good. I later learned that two scantily dressed blondes (who did not appear in the film) shared an ice cream cone on the cover.

This advertising tactic obviously enticed quite a few unsuspecting males. One day, he innocently came home with *Hot Buns* even though he didn't like anal sex. After many similar disappointments, we agreed that I would pick out the tapes.

The trailers or "cumming" attractions that were often featured before or after the films gave an idea of the contents of other movies, as well as the stars. But not all tapes included these informative shorts. Those that did tended to show the same ones over and over.

Video review magazines weren't too helpful. They featured up to the minute releases, but the problem was that many seemed to think each film was wonderful, every actress was luscious, every actor was blistering. Just doing their job, I suppose. Paperback books offered more honest opinions and gave detailed synopses. There are a few out in the stores, but most outstanding and extensive among them is Robert Rimmer's *X-Rated Videotape Guide*. It's a great little investment to protect yourself from wasting time and money on films that don't interest you. It takes a bit of extra effort to find the highly rated classics, but it's well worth it. We belong to four local clubs so we can pick the cream of the crop.

I quickly learned how to separate what might appeal to us from the muck. First in importance was choosing films that included attractive people who could act standing up. I knew the feminine type that appealed to Al—women who were long and lithe, with tight bodies, who were sweet, responsive (yet didn't squeal like greased pigs) and

didn't put men down. Danielle was on the top of his hit parade, with honorable mentions going to Loni Sanders, Sharon Mitchell, Annette Haven and Cara Lott. Amber Lynn has a great body, but was a bit too hard and aggressive for his taste. I favored Richard Pacheco, Paul Thomas and John Leslie—guys who were generally sensitive and didn't smack women around. It may surprise most men that none of these fellows is built like a garden hose. It takes more than a hose to put out a fire. And anyway, that appendage isn't as important as the man it's attached to.

Violence and nastiness were out. So this disqualified people like Traci Lords, Jamie Gillis, Lee Carroll and John C. (I can imagine what the 'C' stands for) Holmes. Blood was out as well. The suicide in *Devil in Miss Jones* sent squeamish Al running into the bathroom, feeling faint and looking pale. The graphic hospital scenes in *The Resurrection of Eve* also turned our stomachs and drove our toes to the fast forward button.

After a bit of studying, I could tell the theatrically released films from the quickies shot on video. A believable, realistic story was an important criterion, as was sex with a sense of humor. We looked for particular directors. Anthony Spinelli became my favorite, creating intelligent movies with heart and intriguing stories that featured the best cast around. Henri Pachard was wonderful too. He usually made cameo appearances in his own films, sort of the Hitchcock of smut.

Even though I was armed with all this knowledge, it wasn't easy to march in and get a tape. First, I used to send Al with a long grocery list of possibilities. When I gained enough courage to go myself, I would wander around the store and then slither into the adult section when no one was looking. But then I figured, I had as much right to be there as anyone else did. Judging by the amount of boxes absent from the shelves, there were many other perverts in the neighborhood besides myself.

Now I take my time reading the information on the cases. I'm not apprehensive anymore, but men seem to become unnerved by my presence. Sometimes they walk out of the room as soon as I walk in. Sometimes they drop things. If one backs into me by accident in the close quarters, profuse apologies flow. I've never really been harassed, although once a man loudly remarked to a friend how badly he needed to get laid just as I bent over to examine the selec-

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"Sure you get laid a lot on the first date,
but you only date callgirls."

SPOTLIGHT ON CANDYE KANE



Despite her size, Candye Kane had a universal appeal for even those who weren't into "plumpers."



To paraphrase a popular commercial jingle, "nobody didn't like Candye Kane." Our immensely popular plumper, who made her GENT debut back in 1984 (May issue) was an instant success. During the next four years, she was featured at least 12 times, not counting her popular monthly advice column which ran until last year. None of Candye's layouts were bigger hits than her "Lingerie Fashion Show" in 1986 from which the first and third pages of this feature are reprinted.





Few layouts give us the opportunity to appreciate not only Candy's girth, but also her wonderful sense of humor, like this September, 1986 fashion special sequence, where she struggled to stuff her voluptuous ass and stomach into a constricting girdle. Only 5'5" tall, Candy's weight fluctuated between 160 and 180 pounds and her measurements were usually about 46-30-40. And everyone loved her. But despite her popularity and the fact that she was one sexy piece of ass (as proved in her videos), most producers considered her too heavy for the mainstream market. And so she did few videos.



Candye was a big, sensuous Rubens-type beauty with a very beautiful face and absolutely enormous tits, and she was very aware of her sex appeal. She was also willing to give her all both to posing for photos and acting in X-rated films and videos. Perhaps her most memorable performance is in *Let Me Tell Ya About Fat Chicks* reviewed in the August issue and available through the GENT Video Library. See page 96 for details on ordering this video which is soon to become a collectors item since Candye is out of the business for good. She quit modeling last year after she signed a recording contract and is now busy pursuing another career, writing and recording country western songs. She often sings in clubs in the L.A. area.









We could go on forever, extolling Candye's virtues, but since one picture is worth a thousand words, just feast your eyes on the treasure.

It was incredible to watch the changes Candye went through during the course of her too brief and memorable career. She went from a somewhat tousled, unkempt attention-getter in her first feature to an incredibly subtle and sensuous look at the hands of the talented photographer Ron Vogel (who shot all of these photos). She was booked on the strip circuit and wowed audiences from Canada to New York, becoming more sophisticated and worldly as her fame grew. But she never lost that down-home humor and sweet quality that brought her fame in the beginning. Not a day goes by that we don't miss Candye or get a letter saying how much you miss her too.



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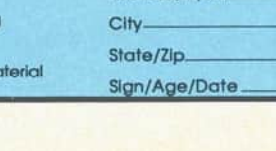
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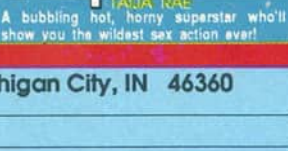
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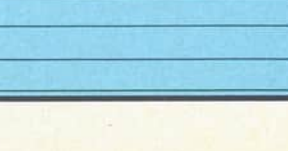
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HOME GAMES

continued from page 68

tions on the bottom row.

Often a woman behind the counter seemed annoyed or embarrassed by my choices. That used to make me feel bad. Then I reasoned, Disney's *Snow White* or *Seven Into Snowy*, what did it matter? I helped pay her salary by renting any tape. It was her hang-up, not mine.

Growing up the way I did, I had no idea what a woman's body was supposed to look like. Having only airbrushed centerfolds to compare myself with, I felt horribly inadequate. It's great having someone who loves you say you're beautiful, but you must believe it yourself. In adult films, I saw so many varieties in shape, size, faint appendectomy scars and other imperfections that I became more comfortable with my own body. I said, "Hey, I'm okay. There's nothing wrong with me. There are ladies out there with nipples just as prominent as mine." In a similar way, after having only three penises in "real life," I saw hundreds on film. And tight male asses. And biceps. And love handles. In comparison, my husband stacked up impressively. I felt good about the both of us.

Watching videos at home together also gives us the opportunity to discuss things you don't normally talk about at the breakfast table. Viewing an adult film in the privacy of your room opens the avenues of communication. You can talk, laugh and learn about each other, but especially about yourself. It's easier to bring things up that, in another setting, might be a bit awkward. But they aren't, because just a few feet away, strangers have bared their bodies and shared them with you.

There is room for positive comparison and gentle suggestion: "See how pretty a shaved pussy looks." "It feels incredible when you do that." "Let's try it this way next time." Or, "That's my favorite position." The films can also be educational. In *The Young Like It Hot*, Kay Parker gives a magnificent, step-by-step lesson in deep throating via the telephone. You may even see something you had never imagined. Such as women who pick up coins with their labia and screw on horseback (*Professional Janine*) and a lady who can catch a billiard ball in her vagina (*Heat Wave*). There is even a lucky man who can fellate himself (Ron Jeremy). Who knows, you might discover a hidden talent.

Our reactions to erotic films are gen-

erally positive. Contrary to popular belief, seeing them does not transform people into rutting animals. We don't make love while we're watching. We don't always make love after. Al's a musician and works some evenings and weekends, so when I watch them alone, they keep me company.

Occasionally, when in a sensitive mood, an adult video can make me feel inadequate. Sometimes Al gets upset at the effortless way sex flows. "Where were these women when I was growing up and incredibly horny?" he asks. I just remind him that this is a movie, this is not real life and these people are getting paid. When I cry during *Terms Of Endearment*, he reminds me of the same.

It's been a tradition of ours to go to a porno movie while on vacation. Last summer, we discovered a real one-of-a-kind experience: the adult drive-in. In a serene little Vermont town, we saw giant vulvas projected on a screen nestled among the pines. Before the show started, there were the same silly snack bar ads you saw as a kid featuring jumping guindrops and shuffling sodas. (We felt dancing tits would be more appropriate.) Somehow it was easier here than in an adult theater to fill your belly with munchies while your mind filled with the wildest dreams. Viewing in this setting was almost as comfortable as at home. You could talk to each other without disturbing anyone. The only drawbacks were the windshield wipers when it rained (which it did) and the fact that you couldn't fast-forward, stop or rewind.

Hopefully I have helped to shatter some negative illusions about the people who watch adult films: shredded the raincoat myth, erased the viewer as pervert/sexually deprived/sick/deviant. I think we're a pretty normal couple. We love and respect each other, make love caringly and frequently, have successful careers, are kind to human beings and animals, are law-abiding, taxpaying citizens. The fact that we enjoy erotic movies together doesn't detract from who and what we are. I know couples who watch adult films with the sound off. (Talking is half the fun. Ask John Leslie.) I know women who don't let their lovers see them naked. I know a man who says he couldn't respect a woman who'd suck him off. To me, that behavior is more deviant than anything I have done—or seen—on film.

So sit back and enjoy. Discover the wonderful world of adult home video. Talk to each other. Rediscover your lover and yourself.



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TIT-FUCKING

continued from page 64

woman to reach an explosive orgasm.

When you mount her, you should also consider the size of her breasts, and her weight relative to yours. Big boobs don't necessarily imply a big woman; and a petite woman who's having her chest fucked may find it difficult to breathe comfortably, unless you take most of your weight off her rib cage. But big boobs often *do* imply chronic back problems, since heavy tits place stress on the shoulders and spine. Slipping a pillow beneath her lower back can alleviate the added stress that you'll be giving her.

You might also try fucking her tits while you're both lying in a side-to-side position. This is often easier for petite women—and women with small boobs have "bigger" tits when they're lying on their sides, with gravity pulling the breasts down on top of each other. This position has another advantage for the woman—since she doesn't have to use her hands to mound up her breasts, she can reach down and give herself further stimulation by fingering her clitoris.

As a rule, though, most women are on their backs when they're having their breasts fucked. And in this position—mounding up her boobs to create cleavage for your penis—she may have trouble giving herself enough nipple and areolar stimulation. She can overcome this problem by using rubber nipple shields. These are flexible rubber devices, perforated at the tip, designed to protect sore or sensitive nipples. By firmly placing these shields over her nipples, and then pinching and releasing the perforated tips, she can create a small but discernible amount of suction—and if her boobs are fully aroused (as they should be!), then this slight suction can help bring on her orgasm.

One final point—if you come first, have enough class and consideration not to abandon ship and leave the woman in a state of frantic arousal. Having your boobs fucked is one thing. But being left with semen all over your breasts, while the man rolls off and goes to sleep, is completely insulting. If she's been accommodating enough to let you come all over her boobs, the least you can do is make sure she comes as well.

And if you treat her with respect, kindness, and yes, even love, then the first time you fuck her tits won't also be the last time!

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PIT MARKS

continued from page 33

the dining hall. I had no wish to embarrass Helga by being seen leaving her place so late and therefore moved quietly behind a hedge of oleanders. There were two people in the doorway of the kitchen—Kurt and the Thai cook! Her blouse was open and he was quite clearly fondling her naked brown tits which stuck out like small cones from her chest. Now I'm not usually a voyeur but had little choice in the matter. She writhed against him as he quite roughly squeezed and pummeled her pointed tits, then pulled away and left him, carrying a package which, from its shape, could well have been a medium sized bowl!

So that was the route by which pieces were reaching the Bangkok dealers! I knew I could not disturb Helga again, and that challenging Kurt on the spot was not the best way to deal with the situation. I therefore wrote a carefully worded letter to Helga that I left when I departed early the next morning.

I heard from her about a month later when a letter and package were delivered to my laboratory at home in Australia. She had arranged for the local police to question the Thai cook who quickly broke down and admitted that she was acting as a go-between for Kurt and a local dealer. Kurt was apparently promising he would marry her and take her away from the poverty of her village to Denmark. Helga admitted that she had had her suspicions of Kurt and that that really explained his antagonism to any investigations. He had been sent back to Denmark discreetly to avoid a Thai jail but clearly had been dismissed from his job. She then referred to the small item she had sent "as an appreciation of all you have done..."

I unwrapped the carefully sealed package. It contained a medium sized sherd, the center of a bowl from the sunken vessel with a rather fine and well preserved design. It also had three very prominent hollows and two more shallow ones where *pontil* legs had stood. Two of the deeper ones had been ringed with red lipstick, and I suddenly saw the significance...they were identical in diameter and depth with those atop her breasts which I had so lustfully filled with *spunk*!! The memory was almost enough to make me come on the spot... and I still get that feeling whenever I look at the sherd on my laboratory shelf.

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SUCKER MACHINE

continued from page 36

police. The colorful, publicity-conscious mayor, Fiorella LaGuardia, took a sledge hammer and—as the cameras clicked away—proceeded to smash up a mountain of machines.

Over the years there were numerous ploys used to get around anti-gambling laws. Slots were sometimes passed off as fortune-tellers, gum ball dispensers, or even music boxes. One machine carried this admonition:

"This is not a gambling device. As consideration for the use of this machine, it is generally agreed that all the nickles which come out of the cup below shall be played back in the machine, thereby giving more music." So what could an owner do if an excited player—caught up the heat of the action—ignored this clearly worded warning?

In 1951 a federal law banned the interstate shipment of slots, and an unusual bit of strategy was employed in Idaho. State law permitted existing slots that were licensed by incorporated villages and cities, and there were a slew of slots in the area. There was also an obscure law that allowed any area with 125 residents to incorporate—so a crew of crafty connivers applied themselves to the task.

The village of Crouch had a population of 125. Down the road were a number of established roadhouses, but some miles apart. Crouch came up with a simple solution; corporate extensions one-foot wide were run as far as necessary to connect the roadhouses together. Consequently, Crouch was ten miles long, and except in a few places, one foot wide!

That same year tragedy struck the "one-armed forces." The new law also forbade the presence of slots on federal property. The military faced the painful duty of destroying all the slots in the officers' clubs. These clubs had been financed largely by the profits from the machines, and the results of the order were quick to hit where it hurts. Dues were jacked up and prices for food and drink jumped dramatically.

(In the early 1980's slot machines returned to U.S. military bases overseas, but not, of course, to Stateside bases. They had disappeared in 1972 because of alleged shady dealings. The new computerized models were supposed to be tamper-proof, and it was projected that they would raise millions to subsidize military recreational clubs all over the globe. It was also claimed payoffs were

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For some persons, slots can be a mighty temptation, and there are those who can become slot machine addicts, or "slot degenerates." Most people have heard of an ailment called "tennis elbow." Well, there are known cases of an affliction called "slot machine elbow."

Some players are diehards. One elderly man played a slot for 24 straight hours, went to his room for a few hour's sleep, returned and played another six hours. His hands were blistered, so he hired a guy to play for him for another 12 hours. He made \$40 during this extensive siege, paid his helper \$12—for a grand profit of \$28.

In April, 1980 one man hit a then-record \$314,741 at Harold's Club in Reno. But that still wasn't enough. Later that month he won another \$44,000 on a slot machine in Binion's Horseshoe Club in Las Vegas, but it took some doing. It was accumulated in installments of \$12,000, \$24,000 and \$8,000 over 17 days of continuous play on the same machine. He had enlisted the help of his sister and daughter, and they took turns playing continuously, 24 hours a day.

But even slot fanciers can cast a cynical eye. During World War II a sign was taped to a machine that read: "In Case of Air Raid, Stand Next to this Machine. No One Has Hit It Yet."

Without doubt, slots have universal appeal and they have even been found high in the sky. In 1981, Singapore Airlines introduced them on a flight from Singapore to San Francisco. The aircraft was a roomy 747 jumbo jet, and a "casino row" was set up. The slots were made out of plastic to keep the weight down to 36 pounds. (A standard model might weigh 150 pounds.) Aluminum chips cost 50 cents, and payoffs were set at 90 percent, similar to many Nevada casinos. The jackpot was \$100.

Each player was allowed 15 minutes at a machine, and 140 of the 330 passengers requested time. One passenger sourly observed: "Little old ladies trying to get to the lavatories had to push through the crowd around the casino."

Obviously, slots are machines invented and modified by men. And if one can invent something, another man can figure out how to beat it—by cheating. Slot machine designs keep changing, and depending on the era and the type of machine, various gimmicks were used.

One method was "spooning." A cheater would simply slip the handle of a tablespoon into the coin-return openings, wedge open the little trap door,

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insert a coin, pull the handle—and the take would fall through the trap door. To counter this, the trap mechanism was redesigned.

Then there were those who would tie a coin to a string, dipping it up and down like a yo-yo. Subsequently, devices were installed to snip the string.

Some cheaters would use drills so tiny they could be carried in a woman's purse. The drills would quickly chew a tiny hole in the side of the machine, into which a wire was slipped to regulate the spinning wheels. When manufacturers countered with hardened steel cases, the cheaters came equipped with diamond drills. The manufacturers fought back with an electrical jolt for the persons operating the drill or a shrill alarm to alert security personnel.

It is an unending game, and it has not been resolved. In the mid-1970's the first "cheat-proof" slots were introduced. These machines were equipped with a microprocessor board for a "brain" to defy all would-be cheats. By 1980 Nevada gaming officials were convinced that these sophisticated slots would be an end to all the scams.

Then, in August, 1983, a man hit a \$1.7 million jackpot in Harrah's Club at Lake Tahoe. He was duly paid off, but a later investigation convinced officials that they'd been had. Although they kept mum about the details, it was thought that the winner may have acted as a front for a gang.

It has been speculated that thieves somehow opened two locked doors to gain access to the machine's small microprocessor board, and then board or chips on the board may have been switched just long enough to trigger the winning jackpot. One official sighed: "The problem is there and will always be there as long as you have slot machines. It's not going to go away."

Apparently, something else isn't going to go away—the legions of slot players. But there are also a number of people who love slots for other reasons. Because of their colorful designs, intricate workings and checkered histories, many old slots have become valuable collector's items.

For example, in 1931 the Jennings Company came out with the Little Duke. It was a penny machine with a unique rotary wheel design and a colorful Art Deco front. Some parents, however, complained that the kids were spending their lunch money on it. So, although it was a common and low-priced machine, its design and its history makes it worth several thousand dollars today.

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In any event, where gambling is legal, slots get alot of action. The big jackpots have created an even greater lure, and there have been some huge hits. In November, 1982 a struggling Atlantic City cab driver walked into the Golden Nugget casino with a bankroll consisting of just 10 bucks. He invested his last three dollars in a progressive machine and his immediate troubles vanished; he hit a then-record \$1.25 million.

Nearby is Harrah's casino, and in June, 1983 a 59-year-old unemployed man won a jackpot of \$1.24 million. He later said: "I might give it to my wife as a present. We're married 40 years. I know she ain't going to run away."

This incident also involved a most unusual twist. A woman began playing the same machine after the man's big win. Then casino officials asked her to surrender the machine so they could take publicity photos. She did and the man—on his third try—hit another jackpot for over \$10,000! The woman was livid, so casino officials acted diplomatically, if expensively. Both the man and the woman were given checks for \$10,690.45.

In 1986, a San Francisco school-teacher won \$3,041,864.40 at Harrah's in Reno, but requested that his name not be divulged. Also that year a 68-year-old man won \$925,000 on a quarter machine in Atlantic City's Claridge casino. Just a week before he had blown \$150 on the same machine and his brother begged him not to play any more. Obviously, he wasn't listening.

1986 was also the year of a remarkable occurrence at the Flamingo Hilton in Las Vegas. A woman hit the Pot-O-Gold jackpot of \$250,000 early one morning. Later that morning she went to pick up her check, but had to wait until the paperwork was cleared up. With her was her daughter and her son-in-law. Instead of waiting idly, they decided to risk a bit on the same machine. Just 15 minutes later they incredibly hit the same jackpot for another \$250,000!

Slots have perhaps enriched a few lives, but the casinos aren't hurting. The machines, of course, operate on a percentage and they are still history's healthiest highwaymen. After all, someone has to pay for all those big payoffs. And it seems that as long as man has an itch for action, those reels will keep spinning around.



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BOOB TUBE

continued from page 20

orgasm. Candy returns the favor and tongues Martina's hot box until both gals are totally satisfied.

The finale of the video comes when Candy, wearing a red corset and stockings, fucks Pat's brains out in a heart-shaped bed. Pat wraps her breast-flesh around his hard cock and fucks her pliable tits until he comes all over them, ending the scene and the video. And they all live happily ever after.

Even though both videos aren't recent releases, it's still a real pleasure to watch Candy Samples in action. If you've never seen this lady, you don't know what you're missing. She's a mature lady lover's dream come true. Though she's never totally nude, and is always wearing some sort of sexy garment, it really doesn't matter because it just makes her even hotter. Candy knows how to fuck and talk dirty to her lover while being a sweet and sexy thing at the same time, proving she's a real professional!

Another interesting aspect to both the videos reviewed is that not only are the storylines better than most today, the fucking is just as hot if not hotter. If you want to see Candy Samples in excellent hardcore action, give "Maximum #3" and "All The Way In" a try. For more information concerning "Maximum #3" call Caballero at 1-800-423-5558 or, in California, 818-992-0288. And for more information on "All The Way In," please see GENT's Video Library on page 96.

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MELANIE: Hirsute Surprise



Everyone who has seen the video "Big Busty #15" has been curious about our "hirsute surprise" who's making her photo debut here.

Discovered by English photographer Peter Marchant, who featured Melanie in *Big Busty #15* (see our ad on page 96), readers began inquiring about photos of her. We try to have a photo feature on every new D-cup video star but didn't have photos until recently when Mr. Marchant sent us this small selection shot at the time she made the video. So, better late than never is Melanie showing us that she does, indeed, have a "hirsute surprise" between her thighs... a thicket of pussy hair.









Just 22-years-old, Melanie's measurements are 40-24-36. She's a slender, petite beauty only 5'1" tall who reminds us a bit of the Polish bombshell Danuta, another tiny bundle of D-cup dynamite. Melanie has the kind of breasts that men love. They have just enough sag to attest to their heaviness but haven't yet developed stretch-marks... often the proof of a pair of whoppers. She also has a nicely rounded rear and an overall figure that is soft and feminine looking. Her nipples are placed high on the breasts making them appear to point upward. To see Melanie's twin torpedos in motion, you'll want to check our Video Library ad on page 96. There's nothing like a look at our hirsute honey in live, hot action. And Melanie isn't at all shy about showing it.



COLETTE: Big On Sex Appeal



For a girl with just marginal size D-cups, Colette has proved to be amazingly popular. This marks her third appearance in GENT in response to readers' letters asking for more photos and details on this bouncy, blue-eyed little gal. Her bust size is 37D, she's a petite 5'2" tall and weighs 111 pounds and she's got something special in the way she comes across for the camera that turns guys on. Many readers have commented on the stretch-marks on Colette's tits which are a turn-on for lots of men. But most agree that her tush is her best feature.







We know that Colette has performed in a couple of hardcore videos, but haven't been able to get in touch with her for that information. If any of our readers know the titles of Colette's videos and the name she performs under, we're sure a lot of Colette fans would appreciate you sharing your knowledge. Drop us a line and we'll pass it along to your fellow readers in GENT's heavily read "Mail Slot" section. As they frequently prove, our readers are a knowledgeable bunch.

Colette obviously likes her body and her breasts. She's not at all shy about showing her pussy and she seems to enjoy massaging her tits and tweaking her nipples.



Gent







Colette is one model who looks fantastic from any angle. She has a wide ass that is womanly and sexy, and she obviously loves showing it.

Writers have tried for years to define sex appeal, without much success. We all know what it is when we see it, but it remains an elusive quality that some women have... and some don't. We've had models with gigantic breasts who were met with a "ho hum" attitude by readers, and gals like Colette who really cause a lot of instant boners. Perhaps it's her intense way of staring directly into the camera with a "come fuck me" look. Maybe it's because her soft, pale skin photographs so realistically. Perhaps it is a look of naughty promise. Whatever... Colette has it. She has a way of teasing us, but with a look that says that if we play our cards right, we might get lucky. And, after all, that's what makes the chase so much fun.

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Gent's New Video

Big Busty #26 starring Wendy Hart, Francine Windsor and Carol Tanner



BIG BUSTY #26 is a plumper lover's dream! This new 60 min. video consists of five separate vignettes—three of which showcase sensational **Wendy Hart**. After warming the viewer up in a solo scene, she is joined by **Nejla** for a wild lezathon (see pp. 7-11 for out-takes). And in Wendy's third scene she proves she's the hottest chubby since Candy Kane as she bones up her boyfriend with a spirited blowjob before getting her big ass nailed to the mattress in a super exciting hardcore fuck scene. Plus this video features extensive footage of **Francine** (left), the cute Canadian cherub who makes her video debut in front of her husband's camera. And lots more of **Carol Tanner**. **\$59.95**



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BIG BUSTY #28: The video debut of renowned showgirl **Busty Belle** (above). This slim young redhead's blue-veined honeydews are among the best we've ever seen. She gives the viewer a bra fashion show, a private preview of her erotic dancing routine and a hot masturbation session. Plus this 60 min. tape stars foxy, big assed **Chesty Love** and **Tami Roche** and her ripe Georgia peaches. **\$69.95**

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THE PAGE 3 GIRLS: Known as "Page 3" girls because they appear topless on page 3 of London's popular tabloids, they're the most lusted after girls in England. Four of the prettiest and bustiest—**Debee Ashby** (above and pp. 37-41), **Stacey Owen**, **Tracy Neve** and **Salome**—are featured on this 60 min. R-rated video. If you prefer the slim, stacked and pretty type, you'll love this titillating foursome. **\$69.95**



LET ME TELL YA ABOUT FAT CHICKS: **Candy Kane** (above and pp. 69-75) is one of four horny chubbies who perform every act imaginable in this best-selling hardcore classic. Starring with Candy are **Wendy Hart** (who performs as "Violet Sweetseat"), **Layla LaShell** and **Savera Ray**. This is a sex packed 105 min. orgy of big tits and fat fannies at a remarkably slim price. Rated XXX. **\$59.95**



BIG BUSTY #15: You'll see a lot more of **Melanie** (above) in this video than in her layout on pp. 86-89. Sporting a very hirsute pussy and unshaven underarms, she performs a sexy dance before bending over and spreading her intimate openings for the camera. Plus this 60 min. R-rated tape also features three other GENT models: **Madeline**, **Karen Britton** and incredibly endowed **Allison**. **\$59.95**



ALL THE WAY IN: She may be retired, but the legend of **Candy Samples** lives on in this 1983 classic which has just been re-edited and re-released...and reduced in price! You'll see the queen of titters in her prime as she *really* goes "all the way" in scene after beautifully filmed scene. Eighty-seven minutes of the best at her best. See page 20 for a complete review. Rated XXX. **\$59.95**

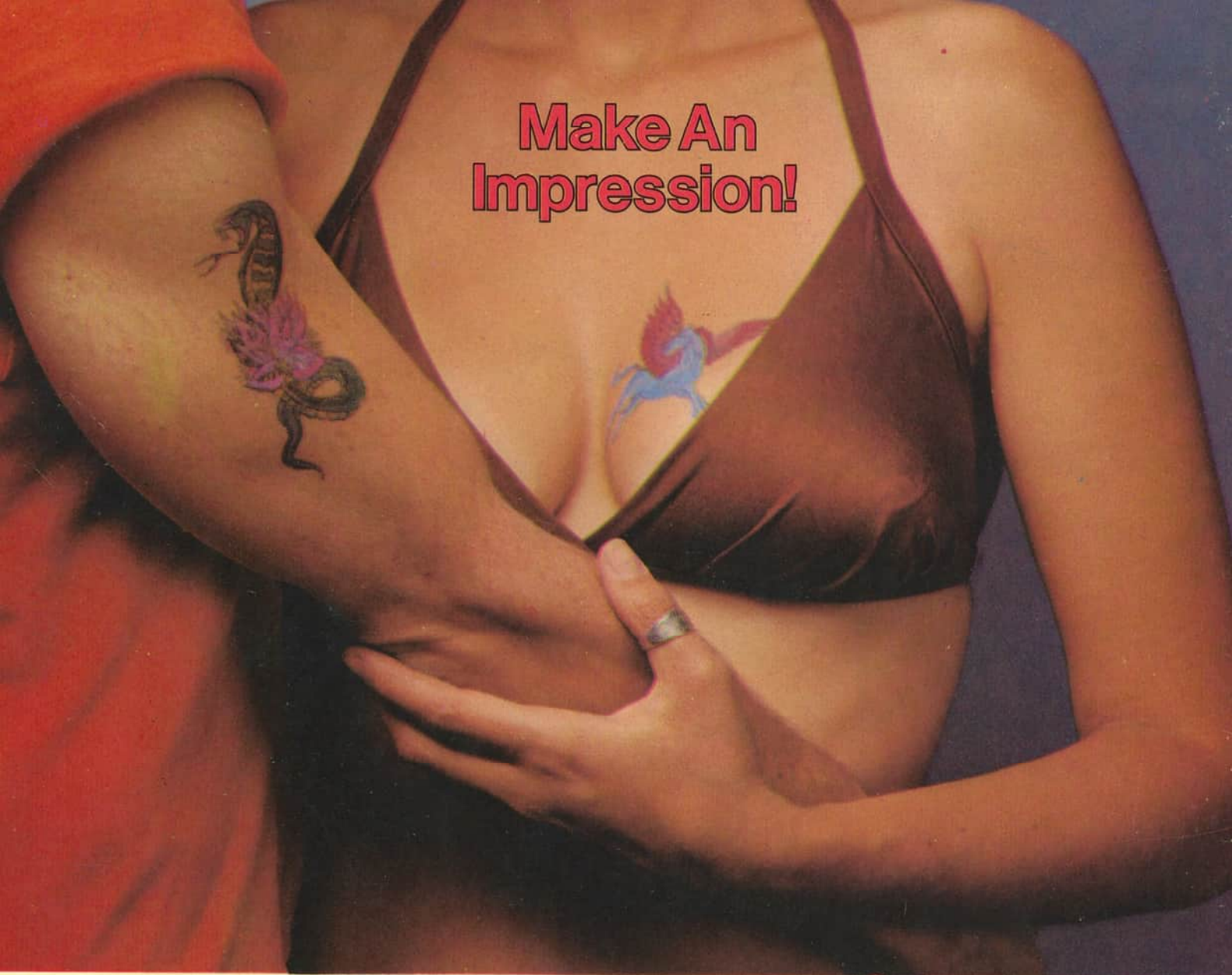


DOUBLE-D HAREM: This new 90 min. feature stars two up and coming plumpers in **Wendy Hart** and **Cinnamon** (above). Wendy gives a spirited performance as she is undressed to her girdle before getting a fucking to remember. Cinnamon does a belly dance, oil massages her big round ass and poses totally nude. Plus this video stars **Betty Boobs** in a great strip and hardcore sex scene. **\$69.95**



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

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