

# Gent

MARCH, 1980  
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K 49030

## Home of the D-Cups

**Covergirl**  
**Kitten Natividad**  
**Interviewed &**  
**Photographed, p15**

**58 Color**  
**Photos of**  
**the World's**  
**Most**  
**Voluptuous**  
**Women**

**Uschi Digard**  
**Film Offer**

**Anne Marie In**  
**Outtakes from**  
**"Beneath the**  
**Ultra-Vixens"**





# Gent

VOLUME 21

MARCH, 1980

NUMBER 3



MICHELLE (40-26-36)

Back on her feet again, tall, statuesque Michelle is back again. **p. 9**



KITTEN (60-24-36)

New pictures and an outrageously personal interview. **p. 17**



GINA (39-27-38)

Though not quite a 40, Gina's overloaded with sex appeal. **p. 30**



AUDREY (40-27-38)

Centerfold Audrey Bacon shows what makes her Ottawa's pride & joy. **p. 46**

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# Get In The Swim With A Subscription To Gent

Mail to:  
GENT Subscription Dept.  
Box 31  
Mount Morris IL 61054

Yeah, I'd like to get in the swim with Candy Samples and the rest of the GENT D-cuppers. Please find enclosed my check or money order for:

- ☐ \$24.00 in U.S.A.
- ☐ \$27.00 in Canada
- ☐ \$30.00 in Other Countries

Send my 12 issues of The Home of the D-Cups to:

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address



# The Mail Slot

## EXPENSIVE TASTE

DEAR GENT:

I would first like to say that I enjoy your magazine very much and offer the following comments and suggestions.

Please add my name to the long list of readers who are enamoured with the photos of mothers-to-be, such as that appearing in your October issue and the set of the alluring Anna Lou in February. I'm only sorry I missed the issue featuring Susan Shivers. I realize such subjects are few and far between, but keep your eyes open and camera ready.

I would also like to see a pictorial on a well endowed entertainer I saw in a stage show a couple of years ago, who appeared under the name of "Ann Marie," and with measurements of 67-25-36, I'm sure she would provide a real treat for your readers! The only other clue I can give is that she made an all too brief appearance in Russ Meyer's "Super Vixens."

It has been a long time (1976 Gent Yearbook) since I've seen a layout on Chesty Morgan, and I would surely be grateful for a new feature on this stunning gal, if at all possible.

Thanks for taking time to read this, and for the array of lovelies you have presented in the past. Continued success in the future. — A.H., British Columbia. P.S. An amateur model section might not be a bad idea either.

*Editor's Note: You certainly have expensive taste. Both Ann Marie and Chesty are among the highest paid models in the business. As we reported in our January issue, Chesty last we heard was asking \$10,000 for a modeling fee and Ann Marie is not far behind. There were a couple of photo sets shot of Ann Marie five years ago before she became as well-known as she is now, but she currently gets paid so much for appearing in clubs that she isn't receptive to magazine offers. We haven't given up however and will photograph her when and if we can create the opportunity. In the meantime, we have some*

*outtakes from "Under the Planet of the Ultravixens" on page 82 of this issue.*

*We occasionally publish photos of amateur models that our readers send in. They must be accompanied by a model release however. Releases are available at photographic supply stores.*

## ANOTHER VOTE FOR CLYDA

DEAR GENT:

I am writing in reference to the 1979 GENT Annual. I must congratulate you on a really first rate job on that one!

Also, if you could send me the October issue featuring the voluptuous Clyda (*Gent Annual*, upper left corner of page 26), or any other issues with this beautiful goddess in its pages, please, do and bill me at the same time.

Thank you and keep up the good work. — P. L. B., Indiana.

## HE WANTS TO FEEL "HAPPY"

DEAR GENT:

There is no way I can adequately express my gratitude to you, but I'll try. Your October issue was the first I've read, and it was a revelation to me — it has changed my concept of beauty.

I am 18-years-old, and for the past two years I've been buying most every men's magazine but yours. I've always accepted their concept of beauty as my own, and I never bothered looking at your magazine nor your "too buxom" models. Then the vendor at the magazine shop I go to gave me a copy of GENT as a bonus for being a good customer.

Upon going home from the store, I matter-of-factly set the issue aside, and looked at it only after I finished with my other magazines — I thought it wouldn't have much to hold my interest. Was I ever WRONG! My favorite models are Laura and Lynn, both incredibly voluptuous; Rosalie, in the first bit of sado-masochism that has ever appealed to me; and the *piece de resistance*, Happy! After two

years of somewhat frustrating masturbation, I've truly enjoyed myself. Your women, especially Happy, struck me as the most gorgeous and loveable creatures I ever laid my eyes on. No more of those scrawny, screwed-up girls for me. Happy and the others looked so well adjusted mentally as well as physically. It was an incredible feeling I'm sure you must have so often beholding these incredibly well-endowed girls. I actually feel I could go talk to them and have a good time, unlike the girls in the other magazines.

For the past two weeks I've been fantasizing and masturbating to Happy's beautiful tits and ass. God, that girl has the nicest knockers and the most beautiful ass I've ever beheld! That smile seems so warm, tender, and sweet I'd do anything to make her happy. I'm dying to meet her and grab, suck and lick each handful of flesh her beautiful body offers. I

HAPPY





## The Mail Slot

know you can't tell me where to find her, but please, be merciful: PLEASE, PLEASE, SHOW MORE OF HAPPY'S LUSCIOUSNESS IN YOUR FUTURE ISSUES!!!! Please try showing her cunt, and more shots of her ass and tits so I can fantasize and do more masturbating. — P.A., Brooklyn, N.Y. — P.S. I just bought the December issue and it's almost as fabulous as October. I knew as soon as I saw Candy Samples in that bikini I was in for fun. As soon as I saw her I had a throbbing hard-on, and I managed to reach my hand inside my pocket and relieve myself in the store. I'd love to get my stiff penis into her lovely snatch or slide it between those boobs almost as much as I'd like to give it to the MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD, HAPPY!

### BLUBBER LOVER

DEAR GENT:

I want to say that you did a great job on the pictorial of your fat girl Bonnie Lee. I'm one of those lovers of blubber, stretch marks and rolls of fat.

I want to tell you Bonnie Lee that you're beautiful, and I'll bet there are a lot more readers who feel the same — all drooling away. The more woman the better woman! — A. B., Carolina.

### BONNIE LEE: DOLL

DEAR GENT:

You finally came through. I always

thought that GENT would be the kind of publication to give us fat lovers the women we so fondly dream about.

I would love to see more of big sensuous Bonnie Lee. Please have her back again real soon. I will be faithfully buying every issue of GENT waiting to see Bonnie Lee and other, to use your own expression, "voluptuous dolls." — S. W., Illinois.

### BONNIE LEE: PURE PORK

DEAR GENT:

I have bought GENT for a long time, and I'd like to say that your December cover of Candy Samples was great! I just wish the layout on the inside was as sexy. I just couldn't see *all* of Candy, even though your magazine focuses on and she is known for her great tits. Include the bottom half next time!

Now for the bad news. That layout of Bonnie Lee in the December issue was *pure pork*! I am ashamed and feel cheated that you wasted those pages on her. While I am sure that you feel that I am only one subscriber and have different taste, I am sure you'll get a lot of mail — mostly complaints — about that layout. I thought you prided yourself on having nice looking as well as busty models. Again, I say *Bonnie Lee is pure pork*!

Anyway, the shot of Anna Lou in *Mammary Lane* was great. I missed your February 1978 issue, is it possible to get it? I am a collector of the "gifted chest women" and I would

love to have some more pictures of models like Anna Lou as well as those pictures in that issue. Let me know if I can order that issue as well as other back issues. Please send me a list or a brochure and/or covers of past issues so I can order them.

Some suggestions I have to improve your magazine and up your sales follow: I, like so many readers, have noticed that we all like to see women with *big tits* displayed in bras, slips, garterbelts, body stockings, bathing suits (too small just like Candy Samples) and panties. We also like them with their "valuables" nude and the bottom part in a short skirt, dress, etc. I would like to see some of your models half in and half out of bras. In bras *too small* and in sexy looking bras. There are plenty of sheer negligees that cup the breasts that they could wear. Why not put some of those big titted gals in short dresses and have them bending over and sitting at a desk with their legs open, in a chair or stepping out of a car? *Don't forget blue jeans!* Put some in overalls with their tits hanging out at the sides. And let some of the models keep their blouses on half unbuttoned and pulled tight.

Put some models in see-through bras, body stockings and panties. Since bathing suits look okay, have some models wear bathing suits that are too small. Why not have some models dress as teachers, nurses, policewomen, etc. — R. L., Kentucky.

*Editor's Note: We are out of the February issue, but a list of available back issues can be had for the asking.*

### GIRL ON GIRL PICTORIALS

DEAR GENT:

You finally did it! You finally presented a "girl on girl" pictorial in your December '79 issue.

Your cover photo of the incredible Candy Samples busting out of her tiny white bikini top was super as were your other photos of her on pages 86-88 in which she is shown busting out of a wrap-around top and is shown coming out of her bikini top in various poses. I also enjoyed your shots of Penny on pages 35 and 36 coming out of her top.





## The Mail Slot

But mainly I loved your "girl on girl" layouts, especially your color shots of Eileen and Helen on page 8 in which they are both covered with oil. But your layout of Clyda and Leslie was almost perfection as you captured Clyda hanging out of her bra on page 57; both of them rubbing their oversized nipples together on



**CLYDA & LESLIE**

page 58, Clyda riding Leslie doggy style on page 62 and finally you captured Clyda rubbing her big boobs all over Leslie on page 63. Keep your "girl on girl" pictorials coming!

Your layout of Roberta Pedon on pages 77-81 was fantastic, but has left me hungry for more shots of her. — A. A., Florida.

### HIS FIRST TITS

#### DEAR GENT:

Though happily married (to a very busty lady) and aged 47, I am an avid monthly viewer of GENT which catalogs so well the twin glories of womanhood. Just now, it occurred to me what I have been reliving each time I've opened your magazine.

In 1946, I was a horny but shy teenager in England, who had never so much as kissed a girl. One warm summer night, I went for a stroll with my mother and the family dog. My mother fell into a conversation with a stranger, another woman, outside her garden gate. I was standing

impatiently when the woman's daughter came out of the house. The girl was no beauty, taller than I and heavy-set, but I was immediately aware of her very large swollen breasts. Aware — hell, I was fascinated! Her big tits jiggled and rolled under a blouse that was skin tight, and I quickly developed a powerful erection.

The girl was flirtatious with me and no doubt was amused by my bashfulness. Beryl was sixteen, worked at a dog-kennel, and had a powerful female odor. After a few minutes conversation, she picked up Toby and walked off into the dusk, laughingly suggesting that we take the dog for a walk. We walked around the block several times, passing our eagerly chatting moms. Under Beryl's encouragement, I began to overcome my shyness and began to crack a few jokes and bask in her laughter. She stopped walking in the darkness between the streetlights, and before I knew it, we were kissing open-mouthed. This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me, and I near stabbed her to death with my hardon.

"Let's go in the house," she breathed. I hobbled behind her through her back door and found myself in a tiny kitchen lit by an old-fashioned gas light. Greatly daring, I clamped both hands on her gloriously squishy breasts, my fingers digging into their lovely softness. Her nipples were hard as I was, and I kept squeezing away until she moaned and pushed me away.

Beryl unbuttoned the blouse, peeled it off, and I saw my first brassiere. It was a sturdy affair by today's standards — pink satin, with thick seams and wide straps. She turned around and with ten thumbs I managed to unhook it. Her big tits flopped down when the cups came off, very heavy and pendulous — goat's udder breasts, as I now know they were. But at the time they were the loveliest things I had ever seen, hanging there, all white flesh with blue veins, fat pink nipples each juggling out at an angle.

"Go on, then," she said, and lifted one succulent udder to my lips. I sucked away at it by instinct, then turned to its twin, in absolute heaven.

I lifted her breasts time and again, letting them flop down, kneading and wobbling them. I must have spent so much time playing with my new toys that she got impatient, and started to pull up her tight blue skirt. At this point, I came. A spurting pint of teenage sperm, all over her thighs...

Showing the cunning of all females under the circumstances, Beryl led me quickly back to our mothers as if nothing had happened. The gabfest outside ended shortly afterwards. Though she hinted we have a date next day, I never saw Beryl again, afflicted by that strange desperate inhibition of youth that seems so strange, looking back. To this day, when I enjoy my wife's twin 42's or open your magazine, I still remember those first plump girlish breasts in the gaslight long ago. — P. R., Toronto

### HAVE NO FEAR...

#### DEAR GENT:

I had been inclined to fear that big boobs were going out of date until I came upon the October GENT. Oh, those delectable D's!

Please do a feature on that splendid Veronica.

I'd love to see a color feature on that fantastic Rosalie ("Outta Line") without the whumping crap. I agree with the letter from R.B. of Canada that you should forget sado-masochism, whips and whatnot. Those ladies on p. 2 are not appealing though it might have been interesting to have seen them get into that condition.

Just let us have all those glorious huge tits in every position with an occasional tasteful puss. The real bushy ones get to me.

I've rarely dated girls with any but jumbo tits, and the first pair I ever played with were certainly D's though I didn't know the term at that tender age. They belonged to an acquiescent red haired cousin half a dozen years older than I.

Keep the jolly jumbo jugs jiggling. — P. B., Beverly Hills. **G**

### WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?

Send your letters to "The Mail Slot," Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables FL 33134.





# Getting Better

**T**his is Michelle's third feature in GENT, but our readers keep asking for more and Michelle keeps giving it to them. "I'm so flattered and I love the exposure," she says, "because every time I get a chance to model I think I get better." Our readers seem to think so too. Michelle is a full-time model and actress in films... not films that you'll see in your local theatre, but not really naughty ones either. "Somewhere in between," she says.











**A**s a matter of fact, Michelle's last movie was advertised in the October issue of GENT and was a big hit at the home box office. Michelle is gorgeous, has forty inch boobs and is very tall . . . at least five feet nine. "Unfortunately," she says, "I'm also sort of accident prone. I seem to have two left feet." The last time she appeared in GENT she showed up with a big bruise on her leg after being thrown by her horse. But, she's been taking dancing lessons and doing isometric exercises and says she's getting more graceful. "I haven't fallen down in days," she smiles.





**Doc Loving's Illustrated  
Monthly Tip on:  
BREASTFEEDING FOR  
FATHERS**

**#2—The Total Woman**

**Y**ou want your woman to tease you, to tantalize and arouse you, to desire your body, your attention, your caresses, and to give herself to you passionately. In short, you want her to be *all* woman. If you're wise and lucky that's the kind of woman you've got.

Now, if your woman becomes a *mother*, she's going to have an important choice to make and that's where your opportunity comes in. If she decides to feed the baby at her breast, your woman will be eternally thankful to you for encouraging and supporting her in that decision—and she'll reward you handsomely for it.

Your breastfeeding woman is going to be proud of her baby, proud of her breasts, and proud of you. She's going to feel a sense of fulfillment as a *woman* greater than any she's ever felt before. No matter what size they were, her breasts will be bigger than ever, more beautiful than ever, and more useful than ever. When she sees the admiration in your eyes and the intense fascination with which you watch her and the baby, your woman is going to feel herself a *total woman*, a complete female. She's going to open her blouse, nudge a full breast at the baby, look up at you and pull aside her blouse to expose another beautiful breast just for your pleasure.

And what are you going to think? Right then and there, you'll know that breastfeeding is for fathers, too. **G**

**MOVING?**

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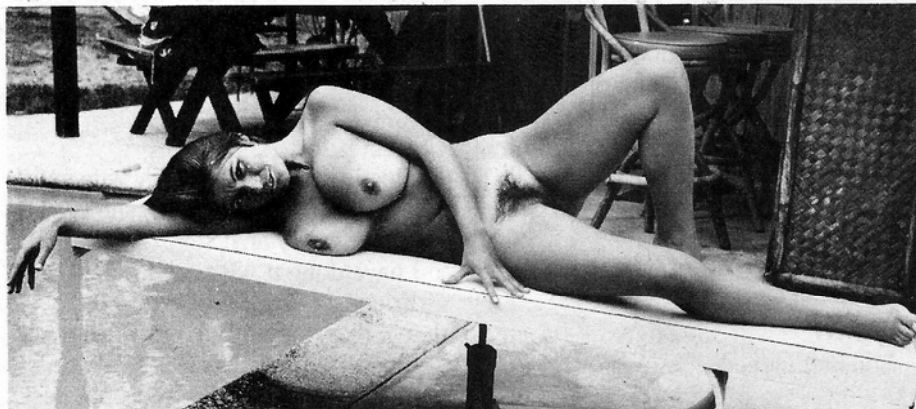
Street Address

City

State & Zip

AFFIX OLD LABEL HERE

# ASK USCHI



**D**EAR USCHI:

I'm insane about titties. The bigger the better. I love to touch them. I love to suck them. I love to lick them. And when I lick them, I love to have them covered with yum-yum like chocolate syrup or ice cream or whipped cream or anything sugary. I have a sweet-tooth, see.

But she, my newest girlfriend — 44-D — doesn't like her boobs smeared with the stuff. Too sticky, she says. It's okay, though, if I put any of that goo in her buzzer. She likes it down there.

Except I don't like to eat snatch. Period. What should I do?

—Munching Marvin, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Munching:

Learn!

That seems to be the trouble with a lot of guys. Too many men are interested only in getting their jollies. They're not interested in pleasing the lady as well. If you did that, and did it well, I'm sure she'd put up with the minor inconvenience of your gobbling the goo.

Just be sensitive enough to do some gobbling elsewhere first. In other words, aim to please. Not just tease.

DEAR USCHI:

I have what you might call a fetish — judge for yourself. To me, the sexiest part of a girl is her navel. Don't get me wrong, I like the rest of her, too.

But for me the biggest turn on is a smooth, gently-rounded tummy with a big, deep "inny" right in the middle. I like bikinis, hip-huggers and belly dancers for that reason. And I don't

have to tell you why I never miss half-time whenever the Dallas Cowboys play!

I have no idea why I have this preference, and I think it may be fairly rare. I say this because from what I have seen the navel has been pretty much ignored as a sex object, and it appears to be rather unpredictable.

When I am lying on a beach with a bikini'd chick, I like to tickle her navel gently with my forefinger. Once I put a piece of ice from a soft drink into a girl's belly-button and told her it was a jewel.

During sex, I will tease her navel with my tongue. Their response ranges from gales of laughter to none at all. I say it turns *me* on. It does not turn *them* on. At least it doesn't seem to. Maybe I'm doing something wrong. Comment, please.

—D. W. O'R., Norfolk, Virginia

Dear D.W.:

You're playing with the wrong hole. Look for the one with the hair around it.

DEAR USCHI:

I want you to know that that person in your October column that started out, "Hey, Bitch!" — well that person is an asshole!

So don't listen to him at all. All he wants is to see his name in the book, or that's where he gets his kicks.

He said he hasn't screwed in six years. Well, between you and me, he's either a minister, crazy, can't get it up, is ugly, or is a you-know-what. It starts with an (f) and ends with a (g), and has *fag* in the middle.

I'm sorry to be taking up your time,



and again I think you're very nice and attractive and intelligent. I often dream of seeing you nude in front of me, and that's one hell of a dream.

If that cocksucker writes you another mean letter, or bothers you in any way, just let me know — and I'll punch his fucking lights out. I'm 21, so I'm nice.

—R. W., Springfield, Tenn.

Dear R.W.:

You are, indeed!

DEAR CUNT:

I piss on your pictures. What are you going to do about it?

—The Golden Streamer,  
San Francisco

Dearest Golden:

Better watch out for R. W.!

DEAR USCHI:

I have a problem, and I need your help. It seems that my girlfriend is so jealous of her own mother. She seems to think that her mother turns me on more than she does because her mom's breasts are bigger than hers. My girlfriend is a 34C while her mom is a 36DD.

I have tried to convince her that I am turned on to small chested women as well as big chested women. But she still believes that to me, bigger is better.

I need your help. I need your help badly. How can I prove it to her, persuade her that all breast sizes, big or little, are both exciting to me?

I would appreciate any advice you could give me, and your help would be greatly appreciated. Please hurry up, though, before a breakup occurs.

—Desperate, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Desperate:

What I think has happened is that you've mentioned to your girl or talked at some length, about the size of her mother's breasts. If you hadn't, how else would she have gotten the idea that her mom's bra size is interesting to you?

So the solution is simple. Open your mouth, then close it around one of your girl's boobs. That way, with a mouth full of her, you won't be able to talk about her mom's bust.

And if she brings up Mama's

mammaries, the easiest way to silence her is to put something in her mouth. I'm sure you can find the best thing, too.

USCH:

This is urgent. While my wife and I enjoy a very active sex life, she is still reluctant to try anal sex.

I have done it with my former girlfriends, who at first didn't think they'd like it. But they grew to love it.

Please tell her that it is really not all that bad. And also how is the best way to do it at first?

—B. Z., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear B.:

Slowly! And with plenty of lubrication. Some women prefer Nivea. Some others K-Y jelly.

Whatever the lubricant, though, just be patient. And go gentle. And for heaven's sake, start with something small. Like a tiny finger. Yours. Or hers.

DARLING MISS DIGARD:

I must ask you to forgive me.

I just finished jerking off to one of your photographs. One of them that shows you lying on a diving board with very erect nipples. Wow! What a shot. It made me super horny.

I often wondered if during any of your many filming sessions with Candy Samples, what it would be like to have both of you at the same time. Thinking about it, I'll jack off on her, too.

What do you think of masturbation? I'm looking forward to hearing from you. I know you won't print my letter.

—F. C., Columbus, Ohio

P. S. Forgive my writing. And keep those pictures coming.

Dear F.:

I promise they'll be coming as long as you can.

DEAR USCHI:

I am 25-years-old, and not very happy. About 10 years ago, I had a little bit of bad luck and got burned by a gas welder. Well this left me without any stomach muscles, and the scar hangs over my belt line.

How can I hide this so I can meet young ladies. I'm tired of being a

loser.

—K. A. J., Biloxi, Miss.

Dear K.:

Since a shirt would cover it, I presume you're talking about when you're wearing a swimsuit, or nude with a girl.

Your problem, though creating complications for you, is still not so big that it can't be handled. After all, the rest of your equipment is apparently in good working order, and is not scared. So probably much of what you see as a hindrance is, to a degree, in your mind.

Just remember that a lot of servicemen in our various wars wound up with far more serious injuries and, through counseling, learned how to deal with them and to live normal lives.

I'm sure if you put your mind to it, you can overcome what you see as an obstacle.

You had the courage to write to me. Now take the next step. Good luck. I know you'll succeed.

DEAR USCHI:

I have a daughter-in-law.

Oh, what a daughter-in-law. She's my son's wife. And she's a real stunner. Great face. Great body. Great boobs.

I really want to bang her. And I think she wants to bang me. No, I'm not kidding. My wife and I have a nice home, and a nice pool, and sometimes my daughter-in-law, Sara, will call when my wife's not home, and ask if she can come over for a swim.

I say sure. And when she gets here, she always skinny dips. But only if my wife or son aren't around. She says she does it then because they're both prudish and wouldn't want her to do it.

But she says that since she realizes I'm more sophisticated than either of them, I wouldn't mind.

She sure is right as hell there. I love it. So much, in fact, I want to fuck her.

I think I'm heading for trouble. But I'm going to do it anyway. I don't see how I can resist it. So don't try to tell me not to, or even try to warn me off. I may not know what I'm doing, but I know what I want.

I'm only 43, and I deserve a break, too.

—C. A., Las Vegas, Nevada



Dear C. F.:

And it sounds like sooner or later you're going to get it.

The break, that is. And right where your Adam's apple meets your collar button. If your wife or son catches you.

You're not only playing with fire, but with just half-a-deck! My only advice to you? Make sure your Blue Cross is paid up.

DEAR USCHI:

I'm planning to come to Los Angeles soon. I'm going to be in town only about four days, and during that time I expect to get laid.

The thing is, though, I don't like "amateurs." I mean I don't want to go through the usual boy-girl bullshit of dinner, flowers, etc., in hopes of getting balled. I mean by the time you add up what you spend on that (just eating in ordinary places, too), and then all the time you have to listen to the lady bore you to tears with all her troubles, hopes, dreams, etc. — it usually turns out not to be worth the loot-time-and-trouble.

So I like hookers. Fast and easy. Down and dirty.

I hear now that L. A. is fairly teeming with prostitutes, and that's because the cops can't really arrest them. Is that true?

—T. O., Baltimore, Maryland

Dear T.:

Just about. New laws make it difficult to get convictions. So the sirens of the streets are pounding the pavement these days pretty much undeterred by the local *gendarmes*.

DEAR USCHI:

I get off on enemas. Honest.

—Z., Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Z.:

Well don't just lay there. Clean up the mess!

DEAR USCHI:

I dig obedience. The whip! The boot! The spike! Which do you prefer? I'll bet the whip!

—B. E., Boston, Mass.

Dear B.:

Yeah. The stiff, pink one.

DEAR USCHI:

I love to travel. And a lot of times when I do, I get lucky. By that, I mean I even meet girls on buses and trains, and I've even had sex with some of them there.

I haven't flown much, but I understand that if I do, and I get lucky there — you know, meet someone on the flight, and then get to hump them then — well, because of the height and everything, it's the most dangerous place to have sex. And could even be harmful to my health. Is that true?

—H. T. O., Boise, Idaho.

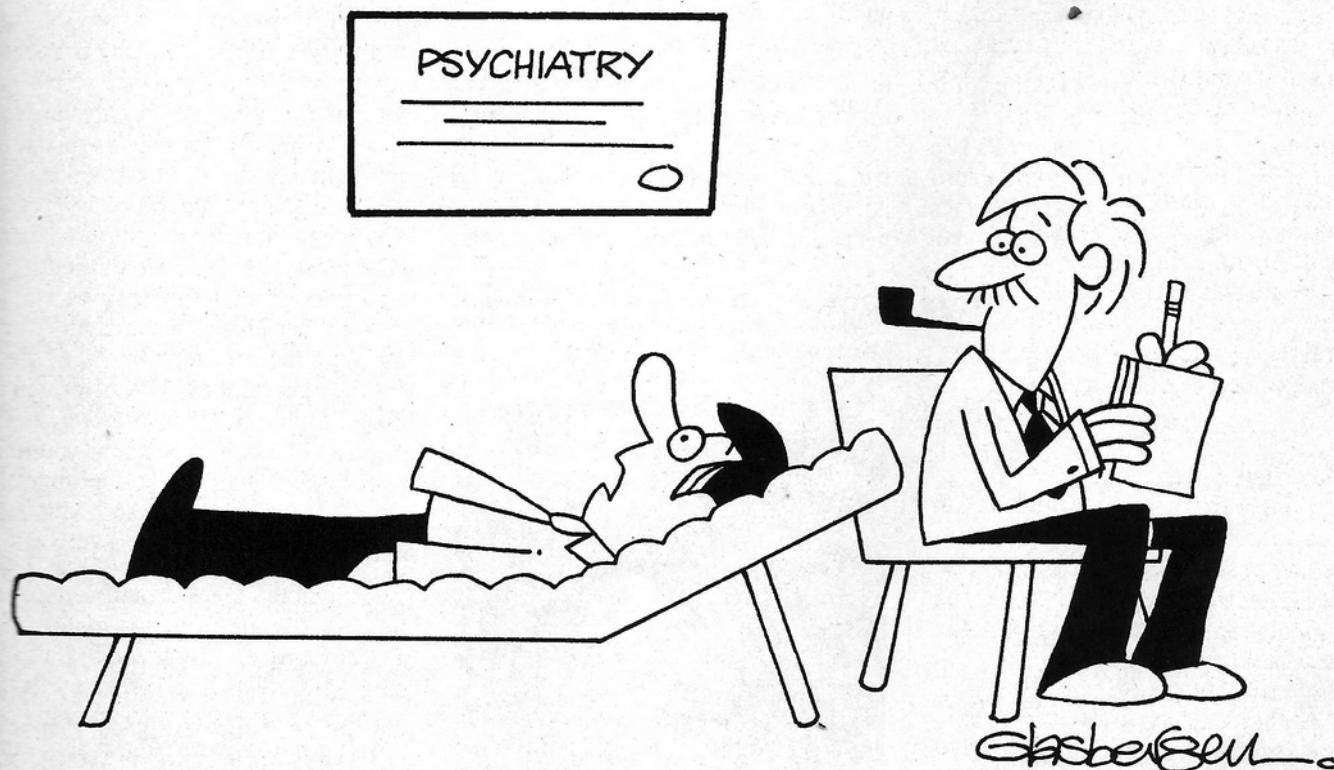
Dear H.:

Uh-huh! If you're the pilot.

G

**WRITE TO USCHI at Gent Magazine, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables, FL 33134.**

**And please be informed that due to the heavy volume of mail, Uschi cannot answer your questions personally. Nor can she send pictures, etc. She will, however, continue to answer all sensible inquiries monthly in her column.**



"Not only did she leave me, she took all her soiled panties and cut me off without a scent."



# Breast Play

How to size up, feel up and love up your gal's tits.

Article by Jerome Slaughter

**S**he lay under me, cheeks flushed and legs spread. "Please fuck me, Jerry," she pleaded huskily, her well-endowed chest heaving and her long blonde hair spread askew over the rumpled pillow. I positioned myself between her long legs and prepared to consummate another first date romance.

Her mammoth jugs — the very objects that attracted me to her in the first place — were glowing pink with engorged blood and her nipple buds were swollen taut. I positioned the head of my cock in the mouth of her wet slit and, reaching down to her, gently rolled her distended nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. Instantly her body stiffened and her eyes blinked open in surprise. Associating the response with my nipple manipulations, I immediately stopped rolling her nipples and tried to recreate the scene. But it was too late — the mood had been shattered and I don't think either of us felt like sex after that.

As luck would have it, the girl's firm transferred her before we could get together again and I never did find out just how good a piece of tail I missed out on that night. But I did learn a lesson in the proper handling of tits which has served me well ever since.

Of course, I had no way of knowing that she had exceptionally sensitive breasts, but even though I had rolled my share of nipples before, I made the mistake of assuming that this was a safe tactic to use with this particular girl. I learned the hard way that there is a great divergence in sensitivity between one woman and the next. What feels good to one is painful to another. In fact, I learned that the only thing for sure about tits is that there are no two the same.

If there is one universal law regarding the handling of a woman's breasts — especially a woman you are not familiar with — it would have to be to go *slow* and pay close attention to her reactions.

If she likes what you're doing, she will find ways of making it perfectly clear and will encourage you to intensify your efforts. On the other hand, if the gal knows that her breasts are not that sensitive or for some reason she doesn't like them handled, then she will find a way to correspond that information to you. Always stay alert for these silent messages when seducing a woman for the first time.

The first embrace is as good a time as any to begin your research into your partner's likes and dislikes. Most women, especially those with average or larger busts, enjoy being embraced — the feeling of their bosom snuggled against a man's chest is a turnon for them. It tends to provoke an overall feeling of well-being instead of the more localized sexual feeling experienced when their breasts are felt up by the hands.

Cupping and palming the girl's breasts is the next logical step in determining her sensitivity. Her boobs may be cupped using a medium firmness from the front or from behind. With pendulous jugs, place your hands underneath and towards the front of the

**Every woman responds differently to having her breasts manipulated during sexplay. Until you get to know her, it's best to proceed cautiously.**



globe and apply a gentle uplifting pressure. If she's not wearing a brassiere, this affords you the opportunity of taking the woman's measure — a chance to weigh her breasts with your hands and see how she stacks up.

If the gal is wearing a bra, sooner or later it has to come off and if possible you should remove it personally. Helping a woman undress in general is probably not a good idea since wrestling with somebody else's buttons and zippers is no easy task, but unsnapping a bra (even with trembling fingers) should be easy enough to handle and most women like a man to help them off with their clothes. Psychologists say this may be because it removes some of the guilt feelings about going to bed with a man for the first time. After all, she can then reasonably rationalize that she didn't submit too easily — the guy kind of "pushed" her into it. Immediately after removing her brassiere, cup the breasts as described above and examine them lovingly with your eyes. It will probably be the closest look you'll get and she will like the idea that you think she has a good body.

When it comes to pleasuring a woman's breasts, having a smart mouth can be a real asset. You may begin by nuzzling her breasts and actually burying your face in her cleavage. Then smother her globes with affectionate kisses, finally working your way to the nipples. But be warned that you have now crossed the line between subtle and overt breast manipulation since by working directly on her sensitive nipples you will provoke a sexual response in her as contrasted to the overall feeling of well-being discussed earlier. Be sure she's ready for this step if, in fact, she's receptive to having her nipples tongued and sucked in the first place. Play it by ear: if she's not encouraging you, it may be best to get on to other things and not chance turning her off.

If you're having a hard time deter-  
(Continued on page 74)



# Cream for Kitten









# *My Intimate Conversation with Kitten*

**Gent**

March 1980

**While in California recently to photograph D-cupped film star, Kitten Natividad, she consented to do this interview for Gent's readers. In short, we found her intelligent, happy and willing to talk openly about her sexlife. The conclusion of the interview will be printed next issue.**

**E**asily one of the shapeliest of the all-time shapeliest Sex Symbols is Miss Kitten Natividad. More importantly, though, her sensuality goes even deeper than meets the eye.

In short, she is a true Sex Symbol, a genuine *femme fatale* whose bedroom acrobats are as rich as a Klondike gold vein and as explosive as an atomic test site.

Thus, GENT is proud to present this exclusive *taped* interview with the lush lady who we nominate as the hottest tamale of the decade — if not the century! Gentlemen — read, enjoy, and get your cold showers ready.

**GENT:** Kitten, how long have you been dancing?

**KITTEN:** Oh, let me see, about 11 years.

**G.:** What most about dancing turns you on?

**K.:** The fact that men put me on a pedestal. I am something unreachable, unattainable. I mean like there I am so close to them, swaying breasts back and forth, putting my cunt right to their faces — and they cannot touch it. And they are lustful, and they are desiring, they have all these mixed emotions about me. They want me, and yet I'm so near but so far away. It's a turnon for me.

**G.:** Yeah, but you're not a tease.

**K.:** Oh, yes I am.

**G.:** As a performer, yes. But not as a human being.

**K.:** No, even as a human being, I tease men. I don't really want to fuck all of them, but I'll say, 'Ummnnn, Ummnnn,' you know.

**G.:** Bat the eyes, and stick out the chest?

**K.:** Uh-huh! I mean I'll be walking down the street, and there's this ugly guy — fat, his gut hanging out, you know — and he'll smile at me, and I'll say, 'Hi, there, Big Boy!' just to make him feel good. But I don't want to screw him. So I'm teasing him. I am a tease.

**G.:** Okay, how would you describe your sex drive? Average? More than average?

**K.:** No, I think it's sort of bizarre.

**G.:** In what sense?

**K.:** In the sense that I don't know what's going to happen. I mean I might say to myself, 'No, I'm not going to do that,' you know, I'm going to behave. And then I might just end up anyway acting crazy and doing it.

**G.:** Okay, but in terms of frequency, do you think you're above the average, or below the average?

**K.:** Frequency? That's hard to say because it depends. *(She pauses a moment, reflective, and takes a deep bite into a juicy peach while she thinks. Then—)* Oh, God, now this is real personal. I mean sometimes it's a lot. A lot. Like maybe ten guys in one day.

**G.:** Ten different guys in one day?

**K.:** Uh-huh. And that makes my pussy so sore, so I'm out of commission for another week or so to heal up.

**G.:** Sure. But that would be the extreme. What would be the average?

**K.:** That's what I mean by *bizarre*. I don't take it easy. I just go on and on, and then I can't do anything because I'm fucked up.

**G.:** Why would you ball ten guys in one day?

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"If he's into tits, I like to run my tits up and down his chest, then turn him over and run them over his ass..."

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**K.:** Because sometimes I go out of town and I do, say, for instance, a private show for some big convention. And there's a lot of men that I covet.

**G.:** It's as simple as that then. Attractive men. What's the most number of men you've had sex with at one time?

**K.:** Eighteen.

**G.:** Eight—? A little louder please, because you're eating that sexy looking peach.

**K.:** *(She takes the peach out of her*





"Most guys like to eat me,  
they get off on eating me."

*mouth, its juice dripping off her lips.)*  
EIGHTEEN!

G.: And how many of them reached orgasm?

K.: A couple.

G.: Why didn't the others?

K.: Peer group pressure, I guess. They'd say, 'Hurry up! Get off! It's my turn!' you know. They couldn't relax. The others were watching them, and rushing them, and pushing them aside.

G.: How would you define these 18 guys? Middleclass? Lower middle-class?

K.: They're going to be our next dentists and doctors.

G.: It was a medical convention?

K.: No, it was a bachelor's party, and they were all interns. Is that what you call them — interns? The oldest was 29.

G.: Did you find they were particularly shy in that context?

K.: Yeah. Yeah, and some of them were afraid of disease, and all types, you know. Hangups, sure. And getting sloppy seconds. *(She laughs heartily.)*

"I hate it when the guy  
sticks his finger real hard  
into me...I mean it stops  
my juices flowing  
immediately."

G.: In terms of the type of male you like, is there a specific type? Say, tall, or short. Light or dark?

K.: No. It's very strange, because every man that I'm attracted to is completely different from the other ones. So I don't have a specific thing I like.

G.: Is there one common denominator then, like a sense of humor, or a type of personality?

K.: No. I like them powerful.

G.: In what sense?

K.: Powerful in the fact that they can make money, make their own decisions, and they're the boss. It turns me on to have someone that, well, I have to look up to him.

G.: Let's get down to the nitty and the gritty. Is there a particular physical attribute you like about a man? Say, broadshoulders? Or just a big cock? And with a big cock, who cares about the shoulders?

K.: Well, I like big shoulders, I must say that, uh-huh!

G.: How about height?

K.: Yeah, I like them tall. But sometimes I end up with short ones. It really doesn't matter.

G.: How old were you the first time you had sex?

K.: Eighteen. Just a few months over 18.

G.: How come you waited so long?

K.: I come from a very strict family. I always had a chaperon when I went out. I had to take my brother and my sister. So guys said, 'Hey, we're not going out with you! We can't afford to take your brother and your sister to the show or the fair, or wherever. We can't afford to pay for them!' So the guys didn't want to date me too much, because the whole pack had to come along. It was funny. My mom wouldn't let me go by myself. So my graduation night was the first time she let me go on a date all alone. My boyfriend picked me up, and that's the night we eloped. And I lost my virginity.

Of course that didn't last long. Then I got married again. Divorced. And married again, divorced. Well, I'm not divorced yet. It will be, though, I hope

some day soon.

G.: What element of sex do you like best?

K.: I don't know. It depends on my mood. Sometimes I just want to suck you. Sometimes just making out. Sometimes I just want a guy to suck my tits to orgasm. Sometimes I just want to give him a blowjob.

G.: Your orgasm, or his orgasm?

K.: To my orgasm. And then sometimes I can just be happy giving him a blowjob.

G.: Do you like him to come in your mouth? Or ejaculate outside?

K.: Ummmmnnnn... Well, if I'm giving him a blowjob, definitely in my mouth. If he's masturbating, I'd like him to come on my tits. I meet a lot of guys that really like to masturbate, you know.

G.: In what position, or circumstance, though? While you're getting undressed? Or specifically on your breasts?

K.: Yes.

G.: Do you then think of a lot of guys have a tit fetish?

K.: Yeah, a lot of guys do. All the guys I go out with are strickly into my tits.

G.: Does that turn you on, or turn you off?

K.: On!

G.: You do like that! Why?

K.: Because it's a part of my body I do not want them to avoid.

G.: Does that please you when they masturbate because of your breasts?

K.: I might have asked them to do it, I don't remember. See, I'm in ecstasy, and I don't plan these things precisely, you know.

G.: Is there anything specific you like to do to turn a man on?

K.: If he's into tits, I like to run my tits up and down his chest, then turn him over and run them over his ass, his back.

G.: What have you found turns a guy on the most? When you give head? When he gives you head? Balling? What?

K.: Most guys like to eat me, they get off on eating me.

G.: Why do you think that is?

K.: I don't know. *(She giggles, and bites into the peach again)* Ask them.

G.: Why don't you?

K.: I can tell they're enjoying it, so why should I ask them? Maybe I taste good. Maybe it's that.

G.: The average girl does not run into guys who want to go down on them. In fact, a lot of women complain because their boyfriends don't want to chew them up.

K.: I'm very lucky then. But all the



girls in my business (stripping) get eaten a lot.

G.: Why do you think that is?

K.: Maybe because they think of us as sex objects, and they want to work it out. I don't know if they think we're machines, or if they're trying to show their masculinity or what, but we get eaten a lot.

G.: You girls are a lot more attractive than the average lady, so it's understandable. You're in better shape, have better shapes, and are often prettier, too.

K.: Thank you.

G.: Is there anything in sex that you don't like?

K.: *(She grows thoughtful a moment, bites into the peach, then—)* Yeah, I hate it when the guy sticks his finger real hard into me. The inside of my skin is very tender. Why do some guys just go 'Urrrrr — Urrrrr!' *(She suddenly jams her middle finger back and forth hard and fast several times, pumping it like a piston.)* It turns me offfffff! I mean it stops my juices, my juices stop flowing immediately.

G.: Some guys are just clumsy, I guess.

K.: But why do I have to meet them?

G.: Come on, you're a magnet for men in general. So you're going to run into a

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“...When I have a physical thing with a woman, it's strictly physical. I haven't done it (made love to a woman) out of love.”

---

certain percentage of turkeys no matter what.

K.: I suppose you're right.

G.: If you were stuck on a desert island, would you rather be stuck with a man or a woman?

K.: Oh, a man, of course!

G.: But you like girls on occasion, too.

K.: Uh-huh *(as she bites into the peach again.)* But they don't do it completely.

G.: Because they can't penetrate you mean?

K.: Right!

G.: Why do you enjoy giving a woman head?

K.: I don't know. It's very soft, and wet. It's just like the peach I'm eating.

G.: I'm hip! Do you find women a particular turnon. Or are they just another

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“If he's masturbating, I'd like him to come on my tits. I meet a lot of guys that really like to masturbate, you know.”

---

part of your total sex life?

K.: I like very voluptuous women. I go for women who have very beautiful, round breasts. They don't have to be big. But I like perfectly proportioned breasts.

G.: Don't we all! There's been a lot of discussion lately, thanks to the Women's Movement, that females are better at performing cunnilingus than men. What are your thoughts on that? Do you find that true?

K.: I don't know. But when I have a physical thing with a woman, it's strictly physical. I haven't done it out of love.

G.: We're talking about arousal — strictly the sexual aspect — that women can eat pussy better than men.

K.: I don't know about that. I haven't met one yet who have met the standards of certain men who have given me the best head of my life! They're not bad. Let's just say they're not as good as some of the guys I've had.

G.: Okay. Now the guys that have given you the best head, how would you categorize them? Are they from a certain background? Or a certain ethnic group. Age bracket? Do they share anything in common other than their tongue skills?

K.: Oh, the best, he's in the industry *(show business)*.

G.: Do you want to name him? He should be proud.

K.: No. *(She pauses a moment.)* Oh, no, it's not who you think it is, no it's not him. *(She's now referring to ex-boyfriend, Russ Meyer.)* But he's one of them. He's included. But I still have one other one better.

G.: Let's talk about movies now. You've done two films for Meyer. Have you also had offers, though, to do porno pictures?

K.: Yes.

G.: But you turned them down: Why? You're no shrinking violet.

K.: The money wasn't good enough. For what I think I should be worth.

G.: But do you have any objections to them?

K.: No.



G.: So the only thing that's stopped you from doing an X-Rated hardcore movie is the offer hasn't been good enough? You want to be treated, and paid, at your true value?

K.: Yes.

G.: That's fair enough.

K.: What haven't you done? We're talking about your sex life now. Is there anything in sex you haven't done?

K.: I don't think so. I think I've done everything.

G.: Kinky?

K.: Well, yes.

G.: Great. Let's talk about kinky stuff then, okay?

K.: Sure!

This concludes Part One of our exclusive unedited and uncensored interview with the volcanic and candid KITTEN, mother of a million erections around the world.

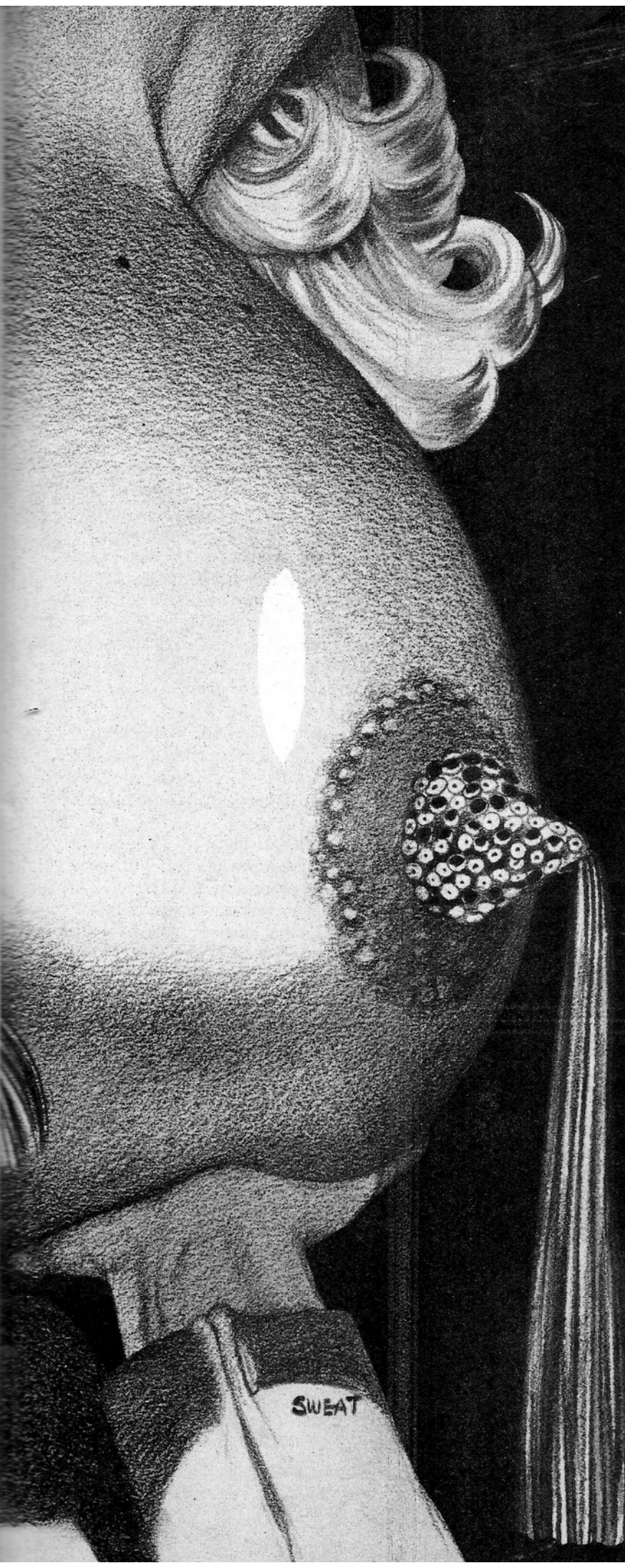
Next month, in the last installment, the Sex Symbol of the Century will talk uninhibitedly about giant dildos, when she needs one and how she uses it; plus her open views on golden showers, and anal intercourse. These are just a few of the sizzling topics our scorching siren will touch on. Don't miss it. On Sale the first week in March.

G









*Was this guy on the level,  
or was he just...*

## CLONING AROUND

BY BILL TAILLER, JR.

**J**ack Hargrove sat at the bar in the musty neighborhood tavern. In just a half an hour he would go next-door to the Palace Theatre. There, a woman who drove him absolutely mad with desire was performing. Teri Mammalia, the famous stripper, had tits with a reputation all their own – no other stripper had breasts as large or as pendulous. Jack had never seen any that compared and he had seen almost all the major circuit strippers perform.

As the time approached, he got more and more wound up. Jack was living with what seemed to be an impossible dream. How, how could he ever put himself in a position to form a relationship with this beautiful woman. What could a postal clerk offer a famous performer? Had Jack had more confidence he might have seen an answer to that question. It wasn't that he was bad looking, he just

Illustration by Otis Sweat



didn't know how to act around beautiful women.

At the moment he was explaining his problem to the bartender, Biff. Jack was on his second beer and had been trying to converse with Biff since arriving. But the bartender just was not interested in Jack's problems.

"The last three times she's been in town," said Jack, "I've waited for her in the lobby after her last show. When she would finally come out to wait for her cab, I'd go up to her and introduce myself. I always figured I could ask her out for a sandwich. But every time, she's acted like she doesn't remember me. Then she goes to the pay phone and pretends to talk. But when her cab comes, she hangs up the phone and leaves." Jack took a swig of beer. "Now, how can I break ice *that* thick?"

Biff, sneering just a little, silently wandered down to the end of the bar.

"That guy thinks he's better than everyone else," thought Jack. He picked up his beer and sat in a corner booth.

Almost immediately, a tall thin man in a grey suit sat down opposite. "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation," the older man said. "Tell me, Mr. Hargrove, how would you like the

chance to *live* with Teri Mammalia?"

Crazy people frightened Jack. They were unpredictable. But there was a voice inside Jack that wanted to hear more. It could be a con, but the man had gone through the trouble to find out Jack's last name for some reason — maybe he was worth listening to.

"Have you ever heard of 'cloning'?" the man asked.

"Yeah. But I don't know what it means," said Jack. The stranger certainly had a fascinating way about him, in a very weird sense.

The man explained that a 'clone' was a duplicate made of a human being, or any living organism, from a single living cell of the original. "To put it a more scientific way, it is any organism which grows from a cell by a means other than sexual reproduction. My company, which operates in secret for reasons of our own, has the power to clone any plant, animal, or person — for a price. In this case, Mr. Hargrove, we're talking about a clone of Ms. Mammalia."

Jack felt as though he were in a cheap science fiction movie. Things like this just did not happen in real life.

"Now, I've got just one more question for you, Mr. Hargrove, before we spend any more time together. Can you

get your hands on ten thousand dollars — cash."

There was a frozen moment where a million things raced through Jack's mind. Twelve thousand dollars was all that remained from what his father had left him, plus the small house. Could he possibly risk his savings on something so harebrained? It *had* been four years now, and the money had just sat there doing the bank a lot of good and Jack none. Why not? Why not take a chance on something which might change his entire life for the better. Lately, Jack had been feeling like a total loser. But he couldn't be so terribly irresponsible with the money his father had thought to leave him.

"Well, yeah," said Jack, "I know where I can get that kind of money, as a matter of fact. If I really need it. But how do I know this isn't just a hustle? Why should I believe a total stranger?"

The man grinned as if he had heard the question a thousand times before. "Because you pay on delivery. We're certainly not asking you to buy a pig in a poke. If you're unsatisfied at that time, we simply take our clone back and you never hear from us again. What could be simpler?"

"Hold on," said Jack. "Will I have to wait for this 'clone' to grow up just like a regular baby?" Visions of Jack changing diapers flitted through his mind.

The stranger laughed. "Of course not. We have a process that will speed the growth process up. You'll receive an adult woman, you can be sure of that."

"Well, what about her mind — will she have the brains of an infant?" Jack did not like the idea of trying to make love to a grown up infant — it struck him as a very nasty thing to do.

"In the six months it will take for her body to mature we will be putting her through a rigid personality-forming program. You can't lose. The real Teri Mammalia won't give you the time of day, right? Well, we'll train your clone so that she thinks you're a god. By the time she meets you, she'll be chomping at the bit for your bod."

No woman ever chomped at the bit for Jack's bod, let alone Teri Mammalia. This was just too good a deal — he wasn't even risking his money. An impulsive answer rushed to Jack's lips: "All right, I'm willing to try it." Then a million unanswered questions came to mind. "But how am I supposed to get a living cell from Teri Mammalia? She won't even talk to me, and I'm no scientist."



"Mister Whipple!!!"



# Play Ball

by Earl Engleman

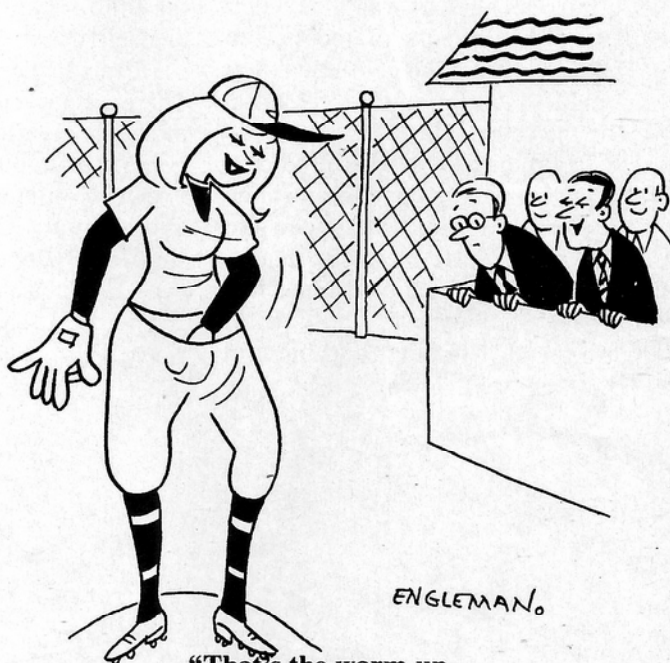


"You're out!"

ENGLEMAN.



ENGLEMAN.  
"Okay, fellows, who's on first?"



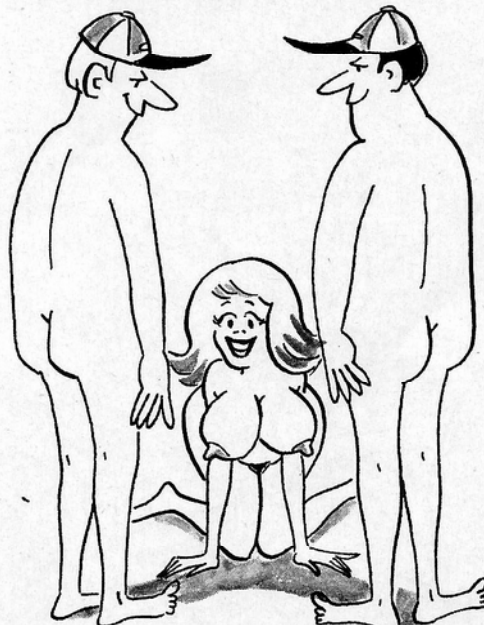
"That's the warm up  
she uses for her screw ball!"

ENGLEMAN.



"The coach wants you to  
practice sliding in head first!"

ENGLEMAN.



ENGLEMAN.  
"I'm so excited — this  
is my first double-header!"



"One good way to do it," the stranger said, "is to scrape a little of her skin under your fingernail. We can get at least one good cell from only a little skin tissue. If you can get close enough to her for that, we can do business, Mr. Hargrove."

The man took a small glass vial from his pocket and handed it to Jack. "Here, when you get the skin sample, put it in this bottle of saline solution as quickly as possible. I'll meet you back in this bar after her last show. If you're successful. Good luck!" And the man got up and disappeared into the tavern's shadows.

Jack looked at his watch and hurried out the door. It was almost time for Teri's first show.

Jack took his seat just as she was being introduced. He was lucky that there were still a couple of openings in the front row. Just as he got settled, Teri Mammalia — Queen of the Ecdysiasts — took the stage.

As Teri bumped and ground and peeled out of her blue sequined costume to the pulsating music, Jack slipped into a terrific fantasy. He imagined that he and Teri were screwing on the beach at midnight. She lay on top of him, wriggling and twitching, burying him

under those weighty, glistening tits.

He sat through all three of her shows faithfully, watching the same porn movie twice between the shows. It wasn't until he saw her swinging her great, sweating boobs around and around during the third show that he remembered the bottle. God, how he wanted to touch and squeeze and smother in those great breasts. He was determined to get that tissue sample, one way or another. As crazy as the scheme sounded, he just couldn't let the opportunity slip by.

Teri hooked her thumbs under her G-string and briefly flashed her auburn muff to the hooting audience. This was a special treat she always gave the last crowd. Then she exited to wild cheers and the last thing Jack saw of her was the little snake which was tattooed to the right cheek of her fanny.

He ran up the aisle and into the lobby. There he nervously waited for the big moment. He didn't know how he was going to do it, but he was going to do it.

Twenty minutes later the theatre was almost empty. Only a couple of people shuffled around in the box office. They eyed Jack suspiciously.

Finally, a side door opened, and out walked Teri. She was wearing a three-

piece green suit. The vest was large and bulky to help hide her gigantic boobs from a horny public.

Jack approached her with a friendly smile. He had given up long ago that she would be friendly in return. As he opened his mouth in greeting, he saw her stiffen and look funny.

"Hello, Miss Mammalia. I'm Jack Hargrove. You were ..." but as he spoke, he saw her pretend not to hear him. She turned towards the pay phone. Jack knew what he had to do — it was now or never. He tripped.

As he fell against the statuesque stripper, he let his nails dig-in and scrape along the back of her hand. then he hit the floor.

"You jerk!" Teri screamed, holding her scratched hand. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

Jack was picked up by two very large men who appeared suddenly. The next thing he knew, he was lying in the gutter. He looked at his fingernails and an excited chill ran up his spine. The plan had worked. Two of the nails had a white layer of matter under them, which he knew was Teri's skin. He flicked the skin into the glass vial as he ran back to the bar.

The tall man was waiting for him in the booth. "Wonderful doing business with you Mr. Hargrove. Good work. See you in six months." He took down Jack's address and left the tavern.

"Six months," whispered Jack. They would be the longest six months of his life.

As he walked up to his house late that night, he saw a familiar light on in the apartment building next-door. Cindy Welty was up reading again. She was a beautiful, well-built girl — not as glamorous as Teri Mammalia, but certainly nothing to sneeze at.

"Hi, Jack," she said leaning her head out the window. "Out late again I see."

"Oh, uh, yeah. Out late again," he said shyly and went into his house. It killed him that he couldn't even make decent conversation. And it made him feel even worse that he couldn't even follow up when a beautiful girl like Cindy, who lived alone, seemed to be subtly coming on to him — which it seemed like she was from time to time. His lack of confidence made him sick. But maybe, just maybe, he thought, he had solved all his problems tonight with the flick of a fingernail. But what if the stripper's clone didn't really like him, either? What if she refused to have sex with him — or even *live* with him? And

Continued on page 90



"Hey, Sis, have you seen my moon rocket?"



Enough  
of  
Everything







**W**e try to bring you an entire issue every month chock full of over 40 inch gals, but when someone like gorgeous Gina comes along, we're sure you won't mind our hedging a little. Gina measures in at 39 inches, but the rest of her is so spectacular, we figured an inch or so wouldn't make any difference. "I've thought about having surgery," Gina says, "but people always talk me out of it. My boyfriend said, 'My God, Gina... if there were any more of you, you'd be causing riots in the streets.' Of course, he might be prejudiced, but I like my body just the way it is and don't think that for now I'll try to improve on nature." Gina says that she's going to start exercising more though, because she's heard that you can add inches to your bustline that way.















**G**ina says that her friends are always complaining that men are too breast-conscious especially in America. "But I've observed that most of the girls who complain about that are the ones with little teeny titties," she says. "I've never met a gal with big tits who thinks there's anything wrong with having big breasts. After all, how many girls have surgery to have their breasts made smaller? Yet there are thousands of women who have breast surgery to have them bigger or lifted or something. Of course American men are breast conscious . . . they just know what good is." And it always helps to have a beautiful face like Gina's too.







**G**ina just got into modeling. She had worked as an attorney's secretary before in San Francisco but she said that the stifling atmosphere of a law firm just wasn't her style. "I liked the money and I dated some pretty rich and elegant men, but they were sort of stuffy and uninteresting. I wasn't all that interested in cocktail parties and the theatre and going out yachting with a bunch of stiff. After all I'm young and I wanted to have a bit of a wild time before I settle down to being some executive's housewife with a bunch of kids and household drudgery. So, I figured that I could always kick up my heels and then go back to being conservative if I wanted to. Now that I'm modeling though, I don't know whether I'll be able to return. If my former boss sees some of my photos, he'll have a fit. But frankly, I love living the way I do now. Maybe I'll try the movies . . . that life would suit me."









"It's a living."



## JUST WORDS ON PAPER

by Salvador Reed

I never would have run across Ann if Gale, the woman I use regularly to type a clean finished copy of my manuscripts, hadn't called to tell me she couldn't get my latest job done on time. I had dropped it off to her a few days earlier, telling her I "absolutely" needed it in one week.

This time I'd given her nearly a hundred rough-typed pages of a quick-and-dirty pornographic novel that I'd written in about ten days. The demand for that type of sexually explicit material is heavy. You'd be surprised how many known authors write for the porn paperback market, under a pseudonym of course, to make a few extra bucks. It's fast — and fun!

The publisher had given me a deadline date for the next printing, and when Gale said she wouldn't be able to work on my manuscript, I was desperate. I asked her if she knew any other typists, and she recommended a college girl who had done some extra typing for her.





Ann was home when I called. I explained my problem, told her how long the manuscript was and agreed that I'd pay a dime per page extra if I could have it back the day before I needed to mail it. She said she thought she could do it.

I jumped in my car, sped over to Gale's to pick up the thick envelope of loose pages and followed Ann's directions to a neighborhood about six blocks from the university. It was on a pleasant, tree-shaded street, in a courtyard surrounded by half a dozen small, tile-roofed rental cottages.

After ringing once with no answer, I gave a second long buzz and heard a faint, "C'mon in — it's open." I pushed the door in about halfway, loudly announced "Coming in" and walked into the cottage. I didn't see anyone, but the clinking sounds of dishes and silverware appeared to come from what looked like the dining nook, so I headed in that direction.

"Mr. Reed?" I turned toward the voice.

An extremely attractive girl — maybe 21 or 22 was coming out of the small kitchen, wiping her hands on a red towel. I was simply unprepared for such a striking beauty — Gale, my usual typist, was rather plain-looking, so I guess I had assumed this one would be, too.

It took me only about three seconds to realize how incredibly gorgeous and sexy Ann looked. Short, maybe 5'3" or 5'4", with very dark brown almost black — hair cascading in soft waves around her tanned face, ending just below the shoulders. Dark long lashes flared out from lightly shadowed lids, accentuating a steady, warm gaze in my direction. Her bust strained fully against the blue silkish fabric of her blouse. The sleeves were rolled up past her elbows, and her shirttail was casually tucked into the band of a pair of tan, lightweight cotton pants. She was very small-waisted.

It was almost too good to be true. The ideal female in my dreams, the biggest turn-on for me, had always been a small, slim woman with large breasts.

"Sorry I didn't get the door," she said. "I just wanted to get those dishes out of the way. Let's go back into the living room."

I followed her trim, compactly voluptuous form into the living room, where, at one end, a door on concrete blocks formed a large, strong typing desk.

"I just started doing this for extra

money a few months ago," she said, gesturing fluidly toward the typewriter. "Mostly term papers and theses, but I've done book manuscripts, too." Her manner was firm yet totally feminine. Her softly glistening lips were friendly, promising.

"Okay, let's see what you've brought."

I handed her the envelope and sat down on the low, wide couch. Ann snapped on a large work light next to the desk and began thumbing through the sheets, not really reading. I wondered idly how those small, cool fingers would feel shuffling through my hair or stroking down my spine from my neck to my ass. The thought was getting me charged up.

She sifted through the stack in less than a minute. "Well, it's readable enough for a rough draft, Mr. Reed. I've seen a lot worse."

"Make it Sal," I said.

"All right — Sal. There's a few messy spots, but I think I can pick it up. Regular style, right? With a carbon? She thought for a moment. "I can have it for you by Sunday night — Monday afternoon the latest. That okay?"

I didn't have to mail it until Tuesday. "Yeah, that'll be fine." For the moment, I decided to keep the business part of this relationship separate from whatever else I deliciously envisioned happening between me and this sensational looking creature. I wondered, though, if she had noticed my growing hard-on.

"Let me have your phone number," she was saying. "I'll call you if I run into trouble with something." I gave her the number, suddenly wishing that my typing had been a lot messier, just to insure that call. I stood up and edged a bit closer, but she rose abruptly and moved toward the door. Her sensuality washed over me as her bare forearm brushed mine when she passed.

"Thanks for the job, Sal. I can use the money. I'll be able to start on it this evening." As she opened the door, I gave her one last appraising look.

**T**hat evening, I had just finished a light dinner and was just sitting down to relax in my apartment with a joint when the phone rang.

"Sal Reed, please?"

"Yeah, this is Sal."

"This is Ann... the typist. Listen, I don't think I can do it. I can't type this stuff you gave me."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"Well, I'm not a prude or anything, but I can't make myself type what you've written — those words and all."

"But Gale said you were a professional. She recommended you."

"I know, but I've been doing term papers and graduate theses. They don't use language like this. I really didn't look at it closely enough when you were here before. I'm sorry." She paused, and when I didn't say anything, she added, "This is really weird stuff, you know?"

The story I'd given her, I suddenly realized, was written in typical "fuck-book" style — hot and heavy sex, some of it pretty kinky, that I just make up as I go along, with screwing and sucking and masturbation going on every few pages in every which way imaginable — and some that are hard to imagine. Strictly hardcore porn. That's what the publisher wanted, and now Ann was telling me she wasn't going to type it and my deadline was coming up.

"Ann," I said evenly, "they're just words on paper — they can't hurt you. You've heard that language before, haven't you?"

"Yes, and I even use them myself sometimes. But I just can't put them down on paper. It's too... personal, too private, you know what I mean? You'd better come over and pick this up. I'm really sorry." She hung up rather abruptly.

I took a few more drags on the joint I'd lit. Feeling angry and frustrated, I put my shoes back on, got into my Firebird and headed over to Ann's place. After the twenty-minute drive, I had calmed down, but I still wasn't sure how I was going to handle it. I just to have that story typed.

When Ann came to the door, I could feel the electric charge starting to move through me again, as it had earlier. She was braless now — I could see the outward push of hardened, rounded nipples against her tight, faded yellow T-shirt. She had on a pair of old cut-offs, scissored very high. Her legs were tan and smooth and perfectly proportioned for her height. Her dark hair tumbled even more carelessly than before down the sides of her face.

She beckoned me in and I followed her exquisite body through the small entryway, admiring the symmetrical twin curves where her sweet buns came together below the center of her shorts.

The manuscript was on the coffee table, some of the pages still askew. We both sat down, but before I could say







anything, Ann took a deep breath and began, slowly.

"While you were on your way over here, I read some more of your, uh, book. I owe you an apology. I reacted like a kid." Her tongue curled out to moisten a quivering lower lip. "It's just that realizing I was going to have to type that kind of thing made me feel, I don't know, kind of... strange. I really made a fool of myself, I guess."

"Not at all!" I interjected hopefully. "It just didn't occur to me to let you know what kind of material it was. I should apologize. But I'd be interested to know where you ran into the roadblock, if you care to tell me."

"Well," she said, loosening up visibly, her eyes sparkling out from under those tantalizing lashes, "a lot of what I read, really." She picked a few pages off the top of the pile. "Like this part here..."

I moved over to the couch and sat down next to her as if to read over her shoulder. She smelled fragrant, delicious. I leaned in closer, making body contact. She didn't pull away.

Ann began reading from the sheet in

her hand.

"...She stretched every muscle and limb of her nude, glistening body slowly, provocatively. Watching from the darkened bathroom, Mark felt his cock growing hot and hard. From the night table, Sue picked up a foot-long, rigid velvet sack, midnight blue, with a golden drawstring. She didn't open it, just rubbed the smooth material over her breasts until the nipples popped straight out. With her free hand, she felt down to her golden-haired cunt and combed her fingers through the strands. She slowly pried open the tempting thicket and, with a long, slender finger, began to rub the outer lips..."

Ann stopped. "It's making me uncomfortable — reading to you like this," she said. Her eyes were bright, and faint beads of sweat dotted her brow and upper lip. She shifted her position slightly, and read on.

"Sue opened the velvet bag, pulling on the string with her delicate white teeth. A dildo shaped exactly like a big prick, much larger than Mark's, dropped onto the bed. She flicked it on —

it was a vibrator model — and he could hear it humming steadily. His hand was already sliding up and down his own engorged member.

"Sue ran her tongue slowly over the business end of the vibrator and then began drawing lazy circles with it on her skin between her luscious tits and her thighs, ever smaller circles, with her willing twat as the bullseye. With small yelps of pleasure, she worked the stiff, humming machine into her cunt, already wet with the juices stimulated by her finger. The feeling was so intense she arched her body off the bed to take it all in.

"Mark left the bathroom and crossed swiftly to the bed. Without saying a word, he took the dildo himself, watching her orgasms mount every time he gave the prick-like instrument an extra twist in her hole. At the same time, like a magnet, Sue's fingers found his throbbing joint and went to work. He suddenly lurched his body directly over her and came all over her breasts, great big spurting gobs of it..."

Ann stopped again. She was looking at me oddly. I took the pages from her hand and put them on the table. Ann's tongue moistened her lips again — her wide eyes an invitation. Her breathing was deep and heavy, and my own was beginning to match it. She nodded to me almost imperceptibly.

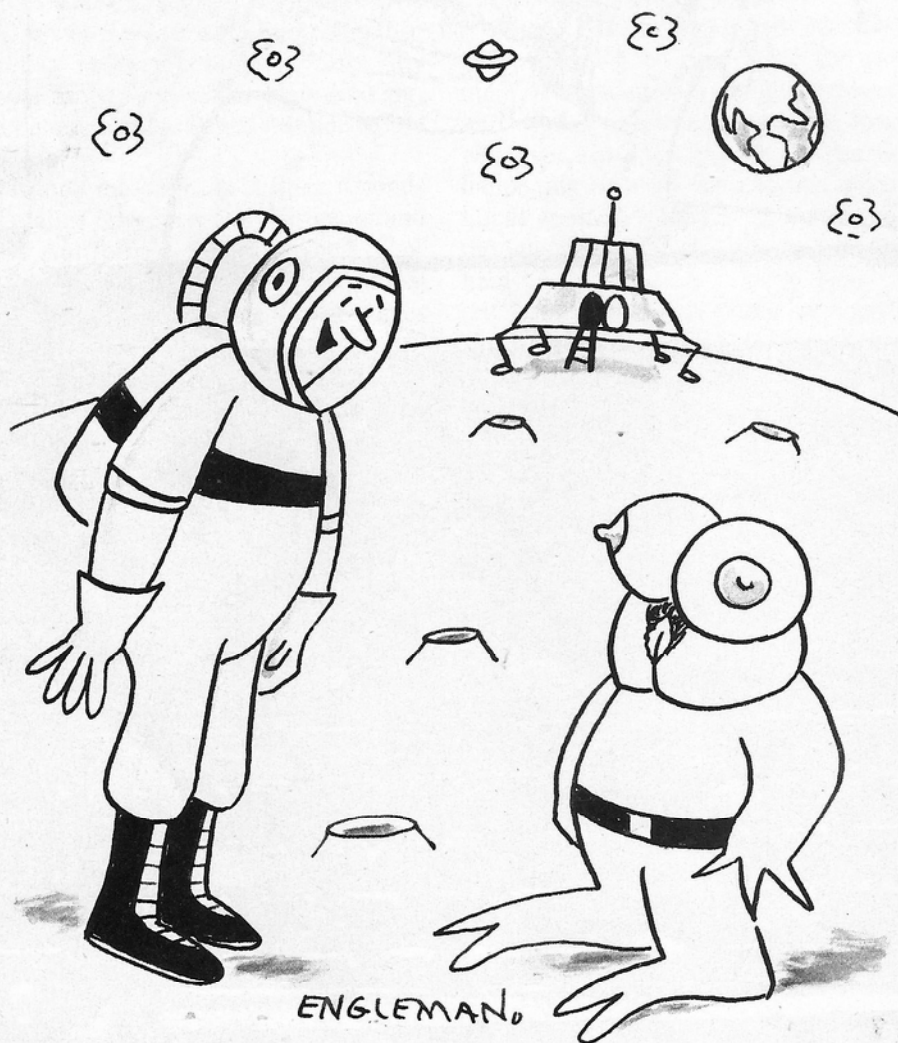
Without getting up from the couch, she picked up the bottom of her shirt and slipped it quickly over her head. Her heaving, delectable breasts were magnificent, the nipples like firm, brown caps atop twin pinkish globes. I wanted to caress and kiss them immediately, but she made a bridge of her body on the cushions and started unzipping her shorts. I helped pull them over her knees, suddenly seeing she had no underpants. I was staring directly into the most perfect honeypot of womanhood a man could imagine! My cock felt like it was about to burst right through my jeans.

She sat up then and said huskily, "Sal, this isn't like me, but reading what you wrote — Wow! I can't believe this is happening, like it put a spell over me." She hesitated. "I want to... do it with you."

"Say the word, Ann," I encouraged her softly. "Can you say 'fuck'? It's just a word. Say it — it'll help you get into the mood for... typing my story."

She grinned and put her arms around my neck. "All right, Sal. I want you to... fuck me. Fuck me right here, right

Continued on page 72



"We've never met, but your face looks familiar."





**A Side of Bacon**



**C**anada is known for its fine bacon, but this Bacon, whose first name is Audrey, is something else again. You couldn't actually call her "lean" but she's not fatty either. Audrey is a 40-D and measures 27-38 in the waist and tushy and she's five feet six inches tall. Audrey lives in Ottawa, Canada's capital, and works for the Government. She finds life in the big city very much to her liking because Audrey likes people from all over, and Ottawa is very much an international city. It's also a beautiful city... crisp and clean with lovely gardens and government buildings fashioned after the houses of Parliament in London. Audrey lives by herself in a nice apartment and dates a lot of different men. "I don't have any plans for settling down just yet," she says, "at least not until I've sampled a variety of different guys and decide which I like best." Audrey keeps her figure by jogging and exercising.



















**“W**hen I get bored,” Audrey says, “I hop a plane or train and go to either Toronto or Montreal which are a little livelier than Ottawa. Both of those cities are more swinging than the capital, where they try to project a conservative, British image. We have discos and bars and so forth, but everything closes at one a.m. which is usually when I’m just getting ready for a real night on the town. In Toronto, for instance, there’s something going on day and night and the feeling is more French. I also meet more Americans in the other two cities. “I like American men very much,” she says, “they’re a lot more liberated somehow than Canadian men who are still somewhat chauvinistic.” But Audrey wouldn’t want to live in the States. She says that New York is wonderful, but that the pollution and dirt really spoil it. “Canada is so clean,” she says. Audrey is English stock but her family have lived in Canada for three generations. “We’re the original Canadian Bacons,” she smiles.







*Mammary Lane*

## 3 Heavyweights

Though there have been many beautiful and bountiful bosoms over the years, when one thinks of "the biggest and the best," around a half-dozen names immediately come to mind. One of these is Clyda (shown here), who is one of GENT's most requested models.







Roberta Pedon needs no introduction to veteran tit lovers. On just about anyone's list she would be considered one of the biggest and best D-cup models of all-time. Further attesting to her obvious physical attributes is that she achieved this lofty status among models during a short modeling career. She modeled actively for only a couple of years before leaving on a jet plane three years ago.





A sight for sore eyes is this rare photo of the famous Chesty Morgan who's measurements are a documented 73-24-36. This photo is reprinted from GENT's 1976 *Yearbook* where it appeared with our often requested interview with Chesty

done in 1974. While we're trying to nail Chesty down for another interview and hopefully some photos, for those who missed it we will reprint the original interview in its entirety in an upcoming issue.







# MAMMARIES FOR TOMORROW

**H**ere's a titillating trio to whet your appetite for the future. These three buxom beauties will be making their big appearances in future issues of GENT. Each girl is unique in her own way, but they all have one (or two) things in common . . . big, bountiful bouncing boobs!







# Bettina

**B**ettina: 44-30-40, 25-years-old, Native Australian, presently living in Los Angeles and driving the locals wild. She works as a barmaid in a local restaurant where business has increased commensurate with the size of Bettina's bust. She ought to work in a hamburger chain restaurant because they'd really be able to advertise "The Home Of The Whoppers!"













# Delilah

**D**elilah: 38-28-36, 23-years-old, British, lives in London and owns an antique shop. She also is part-owner, and featured dancer at a local club. She obviously keeps very busy ... says that she works her tits off but we doubt it ... they look like they're all there to us. Very outspoken, Delilah says she'll tell all in her future feature in GENT. Don't miss it.



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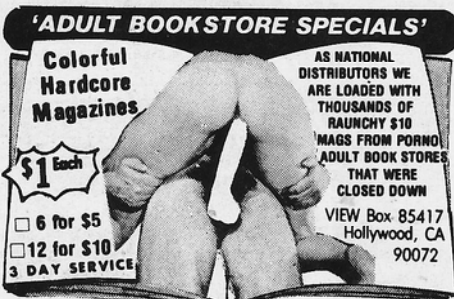
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## WORDS ON PAPER

Continued from page 44

now!"

I managed to get my shoes and shirt  
and pants off in record time. When I got  
to the underpants, Ann stopped me.

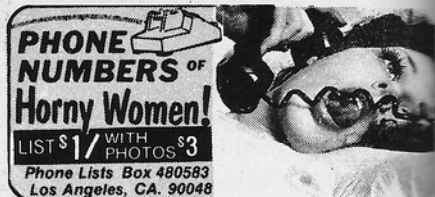
"Let me, Sal, let me do it."

I stood in front of her while she sat on  
the couch. She inched my shorts slowly  
over my enormous pulsing erection,  
and let them fall to the floor. She pulled  
me toward her, with her hands on my  
buns, and began to lick the tip and the  
sensitive underside of my dick. I put my  
hands on her head with a gently pulling  
pressure, and she responded by taking  
more and more of me inside her mouth.  
Her tongue worked me over from the  
inside of her mouth, too — activating  
ever-heightening sensations while I  
glided in and out. I held on to her shoul-  
ders, and my body responded to her  
touch in shuddering waves of feeling as  
I started shooting my hot cum into her  
mouth. I almost couldn't stop, but my  
cock finally softened and she let it go  
haltingly, longingly, from between her  
lips, licking off the last drops from the  
sides of her mouth and then licking my  
sensitive balls until I almost had to beg  
her to stop.

She then lay back full length on the  
couch. "Okay, Sal, now it's my turn to  
feel good," she said devilishly.

Not recovered enough yet to probe  
her inviting hole with my dick, I  
knelt between her legs and lifted her  
supple body toward me by her buttocks.  
Her soft inner thighs closed like firm,  
velvety pillows around my ears. When  
her legs were bent over my shoulders, I  
freed my hands to open her bush, push-  
ing two fingers tentatively into the  
small triangle of dark hair to spread the  
lips of her vagina. The color inside was  
a vivid, glistening pink. Holding that  
delightful crevice open with my fin-  
gers, I extended my tongue to her  
now-hardened clit. Ann's moans were  
coming faster now, and louder. I slid  
my tongue down the open face of her  
hot, wet pussy and inserted it. It took  
less than thirty seconds of slow,  
rhythmic licking to bring her off in a  
rush, and I could feel the insides of her  
contracting — five times, ten, maybe  
twenty — in a tremendous series of  
ecstatic orgasms. Her flowing love  
juices were slightly salty, slightly sweet  
to the taste as I kept my face glued to her  
bucking loins.

I finally let her slide back down to the  
couch, but she got up and motioned that



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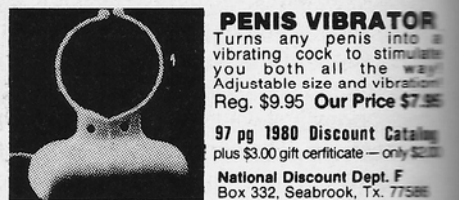
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I should take her place, which I readily did. She nestled herself between my legs. "Once more, for the trouble I've caused with your typing job," she said, smiling her mischievous smile.

With a few rapid, scintillating strokes, her fingernails brought my cock quickly to full height again. She squatted over me on her toes, balancing herself with her knees against my hips. She bent down and licked my member to wet it, and it took a supreme effort on my part not to shoot it off right then, but I sensed she had something else in mind.

Ann moved forward slightly, still squatting, until her slit was directly over my dick. She moved her body down until her cunt hair brushed the top of my stiffened organ, and then she slid down even further as my cock thrust upward and was swallowed up. I reached around to finger her ass, and the muscles in her searing twat tightened around my organ. The sight and feel of her fantastic bulbous breasts, with nipples fully erect, dangling right in front of my eyes, occasionally dipping within reach of my hungry mouth, along with the sensations in my crotch while she rode up and down my prick, was almost unbearable. I got off in a super burst of pleasure-pain that I admit was the greatest feeling from screwing that I have ever had before or since.

When we relaxed afterwards, completely spent, she said to me quietly, "I've played around with some college guys before, but it was mostly pretty tame, compared to this. There was something about what you wrote that just got me going, I guess. And having the guy here that thought that stuff up seemed to make me more ... uninhibited."

"You don't have to apologize or explain," I assured her. "That's what porn books are supposed to do — get people in the mood to really enjoy themselves." I picked up the manuscript. "Now what about this? Think you can tackle it?"

"No problem now," she said, and then added, "unless you keep interrupting me!"

From then on, though I still used Gale for my usual freelance articles, I gave all of my raunchiest porn stories to Ann for typing. And after her reaction during our first fantastic encounter, I was not too surprised when she soon insisted on trying out almost everything first, just to make sure it worked, before she would even roll the first sheet into her typewriter.

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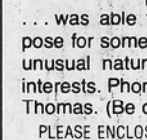
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## TIT CHAT

Continued from page 14

mining whether your girl is enjoying your manipulations, don't neglect a quick visual examination of her nipples. Are they swollen and taut? If she's stimulated, they will be. Otherwise, lay off the tits of a while and try your luck elsewhere.

Unless the gal is lactating, don't suck her nipples hard as if you were trying to withdraw fluid. Most women find hard sucking painful and she'll probably think you're some kind of nut looking for his mommy instead of the good piece of ass she knows she is. If you've tongued her nipples and all signs are positive for further breast play, very gentle biting of the nipple can be an incredible turnon for many women. But unless you've tied into a wild one, don't get carried away — if she feels pain instead of pleasure, your evening is likely to end abruptly.

Rolling the nipples between thumb and forefinger or radically distending them by pulling them outward should only be employed after you are sure that the girl would enjoy — or at least be receptive — to such rough handling. If you're a frequent reader of *Gent*, you have probably seen pictures of models pulling their own nipples — sometimes to amazing lengths. But most gals confess that this is more visually exciting for the male than stimulating for them.

If going slow is the most important thing to remember about stimulating a lady's boobs, the second most important thing has to be knowing when to quit and proceed with other lovemaking activities. In other words, even if you are a dyed in the wool tit freak, try not to act like one! No matter how much both of you are apparently enjoying your manipulations, remember that she can get too much of a good thing.

While some women have hypersensitive breasts and can reach orgasm when their nipples are merely brushed, others have relatively unsensitive bosoms almost devoid of sexual feelings. Hypersensitive women find any extended manipulation of their breasts painful and the poor guy hooked up with unsensitive tits is bound to have a dull sex life. The degree of sensitivity has nothing to do with breast size. Large breasted women fall into both categories but, luckily, the majority of the women you know are between these two extremes and will welcome your breast play with open arms.

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# **Luck of the Irish**







**W**e wish you could hear Mary Kelly. She has the nicest, lilting Irish brogue you ever heard. Mary's new to the modeling business... before she was running a public relations firm with a friend, but inflation and tight money put her out of business. "I'm not worried though," she says, "I've always been lucky, and I'm sure something new will come along. I don't regard posing as a full-time career but it's a lot of fun and something to do until I get lucky again." Mary says that she loves her native country, but that she wouldn't consider going back. "It's so sad what's going on over there," she

says, "what with all the fightin' and fussin' and the poverty. Of course, the Irish have always been poor, or at least a lot of us. I suppose that's why we have a good sense of humor and enjoy the little things of life because we have to keep smiling in spite of our troubles." Mary was certainly lucky when Mother Nature came along and blessed her with her dark beauty and 40-26-37 figure. We told Mary we thought all Irish lasses had green eyes and auburn hair but Mary says she's what's known as "Black" Irish, ancestors of the Moors who once invaded Ireland. "We're the best kind," she says.







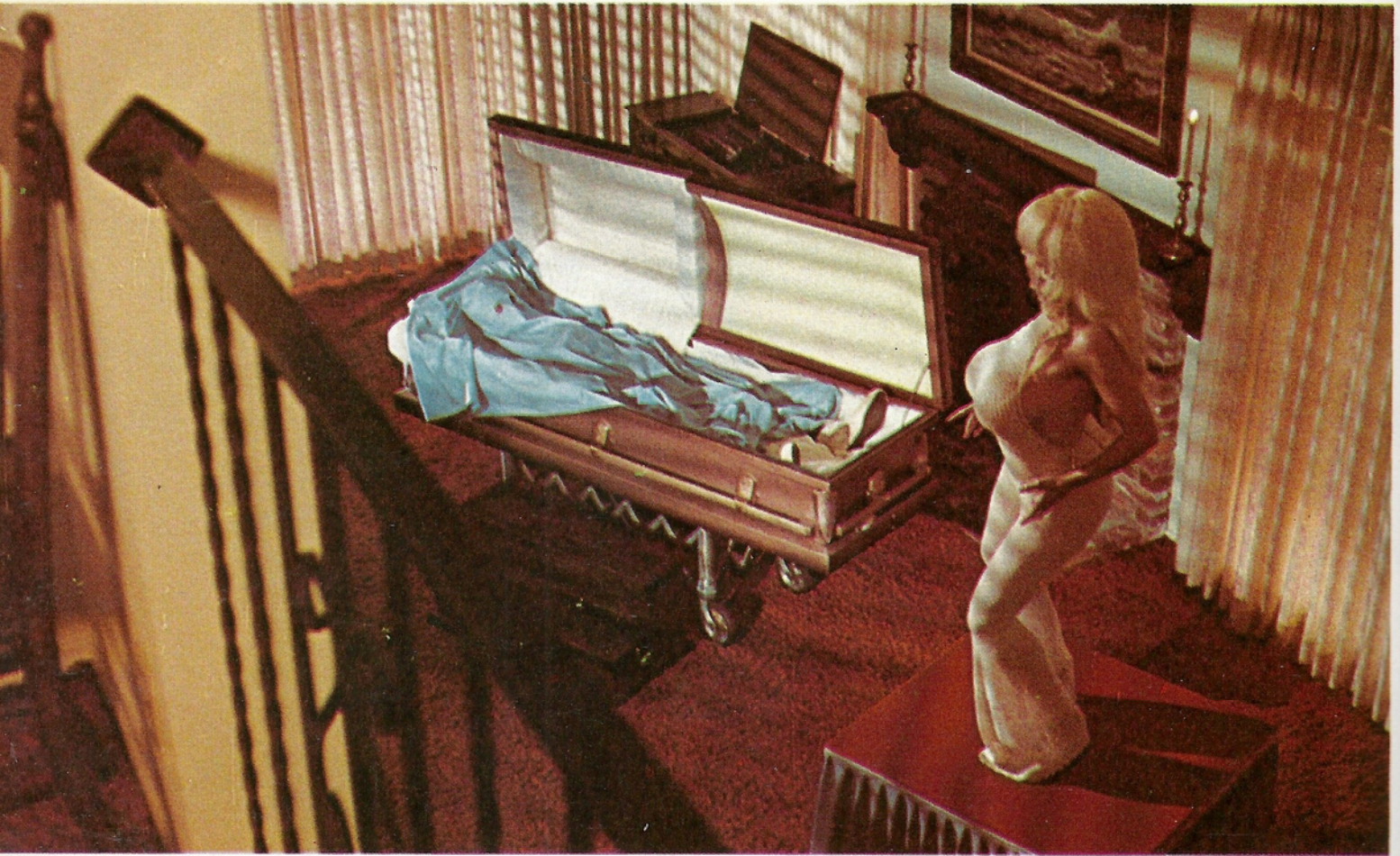








# Can Russ Meyer Keep On Doing It?



Russ Meyer's latest flick, "Beneath the Planet of the Ultravixens" has been a flop in more ways than one. While receiving bad reviews from almost everyone and probably destined to become a box office flop, Meyer's films continue to be a tit man's delight. Shown here are a few outtakes from "Beneath the Ultravixens:" At top, the incredibly endowed Anne Marie does a seductive dance in the movie's opening scene. Upper left, Anne Marie plays religious hymns in her role as a radio station DJ and soul healer. Left, still another shot of the buxom blonde supporting star. And above, the film's star, Kitten Natividad, tempts her backdoor-prone boyfriend with this view of her magnificent *derriere*. The film features excellent quality cinematography and is officially termed "softcore" porn.



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