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SCORE

SHOWCASING VOLUPTUOUS BEAUTIES



COVER STORY

You've seen Tiffany Towers before, but never like this! Checkout her 11-page layout beginning on page 41 for some sizzling outtakes taken during the shooting of "Tiff's" first hardcore video. And you definitely won't want to miss Letha Weapon's first nude layout on page 87. Also, we've added three new departments: "Homebodies," an amateur photo section; "Night Moves," a club review column written by superstar dancer L.A. Bust; and "Fantasy Score," a Vargas-like illustration by talented European artist Duncan. Hope you enjoy *SCORE's* second issue.

FEATURES

Dream Machine

After 20 years on the drawing board, the Vector is here.

..... Article by Christopher Caswell **24**

Sylvia's Secret

In a way, Marty seemed to have everything, but Sylvia could see he had nothing.

..... Erotic Fiction by Jackson Adams **38**

How To Photograph Nude Models, Part 2

A complete guide to gearing up for success.

..... Article by Evan Andrews **62**

PICTORIALS

Zoryna **29**

Chesty Morgan **36**

Tiffany **41**

Jolene **55**

Nilli & Lisa **69**

Summer Ritual **81**

Letha **87**

DEPARTMENTS

ScoreCard **7**

Reader's letters and comments

ScoreVideo **11**

Our video pick of the month

Mammalogy **17**

An intelligent discussion of the well-endowed female by Orion Jeweb

Homebodies **19**

Amateur photo section

Night Moves **20**

Strip clubs reviewed by L.A. Bust

Fantasy Score **23**

Artwork by Duncan



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SCORECARD

You can help mold SCORE into the magazine you want it to be. Write the "ScoreCard" with your comments and suggestions.

Happy Below The Belt In The Bible Belt

Dear SCORE,

The only thing that gives me more enjoyment than breathing is seeing L.A. Bust in the buff. She's incredible! I have been searching for a club in my area that features high profile entertainers but, residing in the Bible Belt has its drawbacks. Thank God for magazines like SCORE that give those of us unfortunate enough to live east of the Pacific Coast Highway an opportunity to experience a true California girl in all her splendor.

—K.P., North Carolina

Keeping Phone Sex To A Minimum

Dear SCORE,

Thanks for the chance to comment on what I would like to see in SCORE. As far as I'm concerned, all feature models must be in full color and full-size pictures. No miniscule shots for us. Also, I'm sick and tired of reading the other big-bust magazines out there and being bombarded by phone sex. Please, keep it to a minimum and, if you could, please plan to publish a special annual edition which reviews the past year's models.

—H.W., California

Georgina: Full-Figured June Model Was Fully Satisfying

Dear SCORE,

Call me crazy...call me unique...call me whatever you may, but I wish you had put Georgina on the cover instead of L.A. Bust. Nothing against the beautiful babe from the west coast, but I like my women with a little meat on their bones. Most people call them plumpers, but I like to refer to them as "full" women—as in "fully" satisfying. There's nothing sexier than a beau-

tiful woman like Georgina, who has enough on her bones to give as good as she gets. I hope future issues of SCORE will keep up the good work and give us real men the real stuff.

—J.B.H., West Virginia

Concentrate On Getting New Girls For Each Issue

Dear SCORE,

Some comments for future issues:

Treat your models like beautiful works of art instead of something from the dregs, like most magazines on the market. We like eroticism and sensuality rather than raw, blatant sex.

In my opinion, some girls with breast augmentation are okay. Melissa Mounds used to be quite stunning. Strive for the big natural whoppers like Darlene, Nilli Willis

and Susan Brecht.

You could also have a photo or two of each model playing some sport, while topless or partially topless. Don't have too many lesbian photos. I have seen very few that come out good. There was one back in the '70's where Candy Samples was squeezing Uschi Digerd in a swimming pool during a wrestling match. It was a classic and I hope you can locate it for the "Legend Series." I would be eternally grateful.

Try to get new faces each month. Don't have one good-looker per issue and 10 bow-wows as filler. That's a big turn off. It happens all the time in other big bust mags.

Judging from your first issue, it appears you have given SCORE a classy look that shows taste, while packing in the high degree of sensuality and eroticism that we "nor-



"There's nothing sexier than a woman like Georgina who has enough meat on her bones to give as good as she gets."



"Strive for the big, natural girls like Susan Brecht."

mal" men fantasize about. Obviously you guys and gals know the difference between Hershey and Godiva chocolate.

—R.P., Texas

On The Look Out For "Real" Girls With "Real" Tits

Dear **SCORE**,

I was a dirty young man at 18. A dirty, young married guy at 28. Now I'm a dirty, middle-aged man of 46. If I make it to 70 or 80, I will still have *tits* on the brain! Young girls, but not necessarily beautiful, with incredible breasts—that's what I want. (This is my *fantasy* life. Outwardly, to the rest of the world, I'm a perfectly normal respectable guy). Your first issue arrived yesterday and I was truly amazed. Often, once publishers get the money, they don't deliver, but you guys really did. I noted with keen interest your survey comments and would like to offer some of my own, so here goes...

I've seen a *few* surgically-enhanced models that I thought were sexy. e.g.—Chessie Moore. But most of them belong in a side-show. Natural tits are much sexier. The skin is

softer, and more pliable. They "pancake" when the girl lies on her back. She can pull and suck on her nipples. And there are no *scars*. You *can't beat* Mother Nature when she tells a young teenage girl, "Sweetie, you're gonna have a set on you that will drive men wild!"

Generally speaking, I like to see *real girls*, not strippers or porn stars. Teenagers or early 20s; 40D or better. You should publish questionnaires filled out by the models asking questions like: What's it like to have big tits? Why do most men like them? How do you like to have them admired and played with? Also, try this unique idea. If the girl is quite pretty, show her with no make-up. It often makes a girl look younger and sexier than ever.

—J.V.N., New York

L.A. Bust Creates A Dorm Room Obsession

Dear **SCORE**,

L.A.—we love her!

That has been the cheer in my California dorm room as my friends have concluded their long and hard days as college students by flipping through your June issue. It is the consensus at our state college that L.A. should be bronzed and, although I'm not quite at the level of the Zenophile, described in Orion Jeweb's article, each time I gaze into those beautiful blue eyes and then pan further down the page, I can feel an obsession brewing that I'm sure would be censored if I fully described it.

If you could, my friends and I would appreciate more of L.A., perhaps an advisory column, or, better yet, more pictures.

Good luck and I look forward to my poster.

—C.F., California

Don't Underestimate Readers' Intelligence

Dear **SCORE**,

Here are some ideas which I would like to see in future issues of **SCORE**. I hope you will listen!

I would like to read about general

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KELI TOWNSEND managing editor
THEODORE BARE art director
LEE FRANCIS photography director

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happenings in the adult video (big boob sector) world. Subjects like reports on clubs in the U.S. and Canada, new gals on the circuit and addresses where fans can write to their favorite features (fan club addresses). Also, reports on the "adult climate" in different parts of the country. A "Letters to the Editor" column is a must! If for no other reason than to let you know what your readers want.

Don't underestimate the intelligence of your readers. I'm sure that quite a number of guys who will purchase *SCORE* are a bit perverted. On the other hand, there are a lot of normal guys who just happen to love big boobs. Lastly, listen to your readers! They'll tell you what they like and what they feel needs to be improved. The first issue sure is impressive and I can't wait until August arrives. By the way, when are you going to be a monthly?

—P.M., California

Skintight Mini-Dresses

Dear *SCORE*,

Trust me...men like to see huge breasted women in skintight clothing and wearing high heels, especially if they have a great body and good looking legs. Take a look at television programs and Hollywood movies. For instance, when a sexy woman is portrayed, she is always wearing some skintight outfit, often a mini-dress. And, if she has regular big breasts (of course nothing like the huge breasted beauties in *SCORE*) and is wearing a skintight mini dress, the men go ape, which is evident in their catcalls and whistles.

I'm hoping that *SCORE* will have the models wearing skintight clothing along with the other conventional erotic clothes. I believe you can accomplish this with the use of a storyline. For instance, putting the model in an erotic clothing store or trying to figure out what to wear for a party.

I wish you all the luck in the world with your new publication, and a stellar year. I hope you take some of my suggestions into consideration.

—P.R.B., Massachusetts



"Men like to see huge-breasted women in skintight mini-dresses..."



"Dee Dee Reeves is as plump as I care to get."

Catering To The Ultimate Big Bust Fan

Dear *SCORE*,

If you're truly serious about being the "ultimate big bust magazine" you need to cater to the ultimate big tit fan. The guy who notices every big pair of tits possible, whether they are on a black/white woman, fat/skinny woman, clothed/unclothed woman, etc. There are plenty of women out there with huge REAL tits who are just waiting to be discovered. We see them every day, we just don't know them. We want a magazine which is going to introduce us to those women. I hope the people in charge of *SCORE* appreciate breasts as much as I do and will do all they can to showcase only those women worthy of being called "Score Women."

—J.P., Michigan

Sensational Legs & Butts Are A Turn-On Too

Dear *SCORE*,

My ideal woman is personified in the mold of Beverlee Hills, Tiffany Towers, C.C. Moore, Fawn Miller, Dee Dee Reeves and, of course, your June "Score Girl of the Month," L.A. Bust. As far as I'm concerned, these ladies are some of the best. Aside from wondrous breasts, they have sensational legs and butts, which are also great turn-ons.

Since I'm not particularly into lingerie, so my ideal woman would be posed in sweaters or blouses (with or without bras), extremely short skirts (preferably with no panties), naked legs and high heels.

Full-length shots are preferable—just have them go from fully clothed to fully nude.

Please forget the "plumpers." Dee Dee Reeves is as plump as I care to get. Thanks for asking what prospective readers would like.

—J.P.M., California

HELP US KEEP SCORE the magazine you want it to be. Please send your comments and suggestions to the ScoreCard, 13727 S.W. 152 St., Suite 275, Miami, FL 33177-1106.

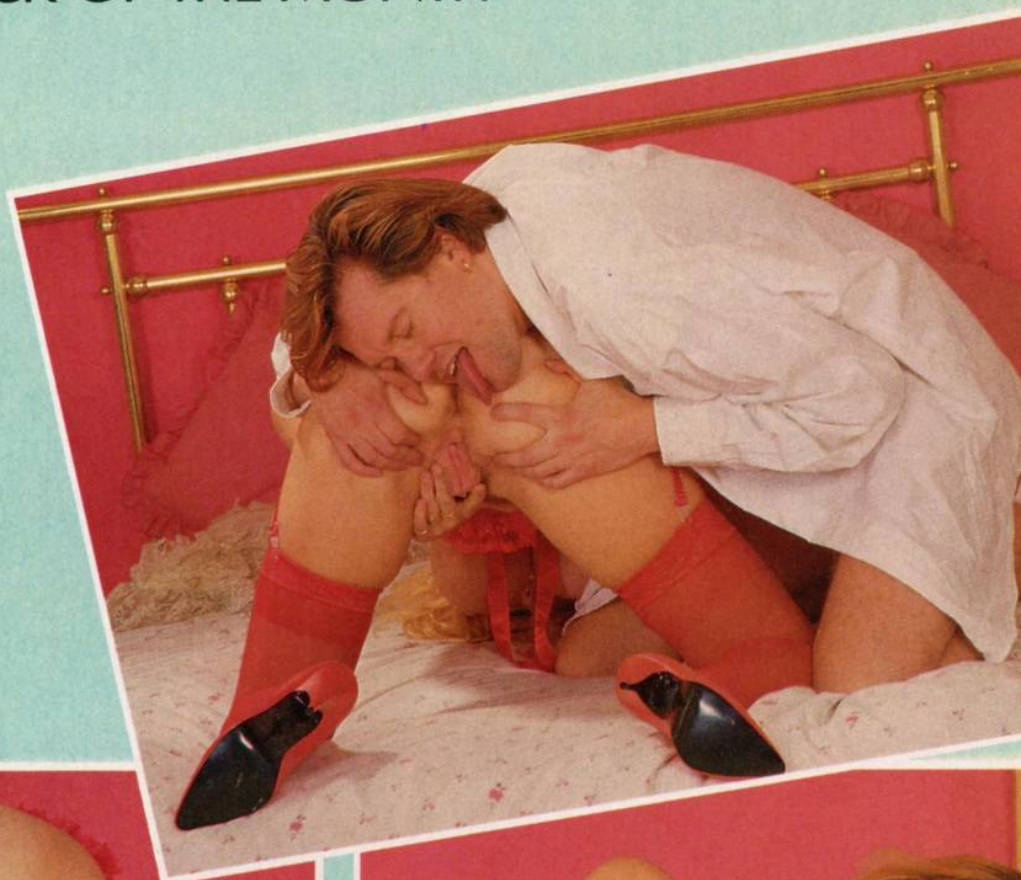
**BIG
BOOBED**



SCORE VIDEO

PICK OF THE MONTH

If you prefer big bust videos that are chock full of hardcore action, this month's pick, "Big Boob Girls 13" is a must see. Lynn LeMay (pictured on this page) is the video's narrator and is featured in extraordinarily raunchy oral and fuck scenes.





SCORE VIDEO PICK OF THE MONTH



Though Lynn LeMay finds it difficult to talk with her throat full of dick, between slurps she manages to introduce each hot scene in "Girls 13." In one scene, C.C. Moore, a master of lesbian seduction, uses her anaconda-like tongue to pleasure Kayla Kleevage in an unbelievably hot scene. This twosome's enthusiastic lovemaking makes it obvious that these girls aren't just acting.



"Big Boob Girls 13" continues with sexy, dancer Wendy Whoppers performing her first hardcore scene. Wendy grants her man his every wish during this wild poolside fuck scene that brings out the exhibitionist in this super popular dancer. In-between each hardcore sequence, Lynn LeMay's incredible cocksucking talents are showcased in detail.



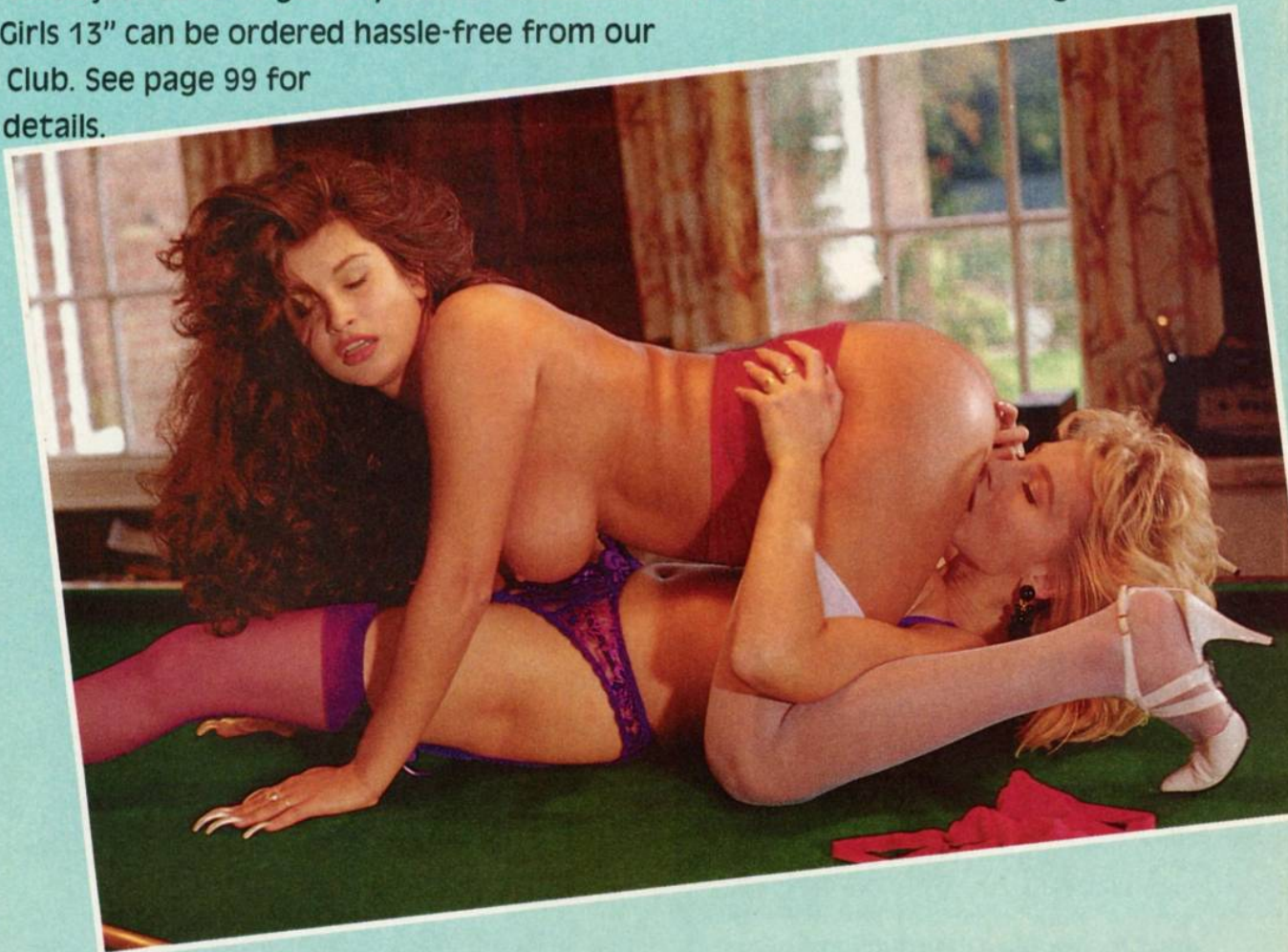


SCORE VIDEO PICK OF THE MONTH

"Big Boob Girls 13" is a winner not just because of its quality, but because of its quantity. It's a virtual non-stop feast of XXX. Mature sexpot Patty Plenty (this page) also stars while gorgeous Jay Sweet (opposite), fresh from her June SCORE layout, gets a wicked hardcore baptism.



Adult video just doesn't get any hotter than this 90-minute boner-maker. "Big Boob Girls 13" can be ordered hassle-free from our Video Club. See page 99 for more details.



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mam·mal·o·gy

by ORION JEWEL

A thinking man's discussion of the well-endowed female and her prurient impact on society through the ages.

When the ultimate feminine charms are examined in their various dimensions, they often give rise to certain unavoidable but nonetheless welcome hard facts. Because the spirit of rational inquiry demands the hard facts. Because the spirit of rational inquiry demands the hard data of practical experience, *Mammalogy* has come to realize that, as one reader put it, "a boob in the hand is worth two in the bra."

The study of mammalogy further requires its students to survey the middle ground between sets of multiple statistics. Usually finding himself with his pants down by being unable to prefer one set of statistics to another, he often feels himself urgently pressed in his meditation to choose, and is handily caught between rocks and soft places.

This installment of *Mammalogy*, in addition to its several departments, takes a closer look than ever before at the word *tit*. Ancient and influential, it has had a double impact in language and culture. Because it has usually been covered up, the mountains of historical evidence require special and selective treatment.

The Origin of "Tit"

As senior mammalogists are acutely aware, only in the last several decades have the censor's codes of written repression been rolled

back. Not only the prohibition on naughty words has kept *tit* out of print. Also, the forbiddance generally of naughty subjects has prevented *tit* from poking out into the daylight of scholarly contemplation.

The most pointed fact about *tit*, literally and figuratively, as even the rank amateur knows, is the nipple. And the hard evidence for this point, plucked from the history of English, is that for 800 years of the word's more-than-thousand-year-old recorded history, *tit* meant *nipple*. Therefore, it is only in the relatively recently written record that the word rightfully refers to the roundish soft flesh of the protuberant, hopefully often pendulous, mass. In past ages of English, *tit* referred not to the "gazunga," but to the projecting button that garnishes it.

Thus, the earliest written English reference, from the *Lindisfarn Manuscripts* of the year 950, celebrates quite clearly the "tits of the breast." Fortunate for the modern mammalogist, this earliest of all documentations is conclusive for the nipplistic interpretation of the word. Nipple accurately applies to what Wycliff wrote in 1382 when he enjoined, "Blessed be the tits that thou hast suckun." A few years later, Chaucer, in *Miller's Tale*, wrote, "I mourn as doth the lamb after the tit."

A clever figure of speech, as more than food for just thought, is read in the anonymous *Jacob's Well*, written about 1440. In it, you are told to "put from thee the titties of idleness, that though suck no more for no delight." The quite proper use of the Middle English double negative may throw the modern reader, but the image nonetheless comes through. Those who are lazy, when they suck the titties of idleness, receive from them no delight.

Caution must be exercised in all

linguistic inquiry to not be confused by various spellings, pronunciations and divergent meanings. Even unseasoned mammalogists know that *teat* is the name for the lower animal nipple in current English. But in older English, no matter how it was spelled, it applied to nipples in general, and was not restricted to animals. The spelling of *teat* is a relative newcomer, only having been around since the 16th Century. The pronunciation of *teat*, however, is the older pronunciation of *tit*, the latter having taken on its current pronunciation about 1400. But *t-i-t* stands firm as being the older spelling.

English historical sources show 13 different spellings for *tit* in its thousand-years-plus existence: *tit*, *titt*, *titte*, *tytte*, *tete*, *teet*, *teete*, *teate*, *teat*, *tette*, *tet*, *tett*, and even *tute* (14th Century). As mentioned, only in recent centuries has the meaning "breast" diverged from the older, specifically nippular meaning, to the one which we now hold so dearly.

A juicy tidbit of trivia is discovered in the word *tidbit* itself. The historical dictionaries have no clue as to the origins of this word. The enterprising mammalogist, however, puts two and two together. Keeping in mind that in earlier English *tit* equalled *nipple*, with a little investigation he discovers that *tidbit* is none other than *niple bite*. *Nipple* and *nibble* need no explanation for their historical relation—but until pointed out, it often escapes the inquiring mind.

Tidbit is found in its earliest reference (1640, J. Smyth) as "a special morsel reserved to eat at last." By 1735 (Fielding), the term had drifted to its present meaning as "a brief or interesting item of news or information."

As pointed out in the last *Mammalogy*, the root of *female* describes "the one who suckles."



Not surprisingly, the author of *Mammalogy* harbors a special fondness for bras. After all, this intimate garment is responsible for supporting the fleshy mams we all hold so dear. Above, in their famous "Battle of the Bras" scene from the best-selling "Bahamas Bonanza" video, Lisa Phillips and Devon Daniels get ready to discover who wears the bigger bra. See the **SCORE** Video Club on page 99 for more details on this and our complete library of videos.

Even more specifically to the point, taking it one step farther back, the root refers to the nipple. The word for female in the languages of many cultures refers ultimately to the nipple. This is not surprising. Thus explained is *titta* in Norwegian meaning "girl," and, in Scottish dialect, *tittie* meaning "sister." In Greek, *thele* is the word for nipple, *theleko* refers to the feminine gender, and *thelastika* is the word for mammals (the ones who suckle).

To round out the discussion, *tit* developed in English to its current meaning from its original signification of the nipple. In one direction of its meaning it expanded to signify the breast in its entirety. In another direction it evolved to signify "something little," and explains *titmouse* (actually a little bird); and it also explains *tittle* (rhymes with little) as the very name of the dot over the *i* in *tit* itself.

Bra Bits

Mammalogy feels the history of the bra often holds unseen secrets that ought to be revealed and their

statistical data examined. The mammalogist often finds it hard, however. The earliest mention of the word *bra*, in writing, occurs in 1912. But as early as the 14th Century, the terms "breast-girdle" and "breast-bundle" are found.

So, if the actual bra is a relatively modern invention, the needs it serves have been around for a long time. Exactly what those needs are will be the subjects of the continuing mammalogical study as it stitches together the historical data.

Phillis B., a leading female mammalogist, remembers that her mother told her that women first became attached to bras during World War I. When women went out to work in factories to support the war effort, they required a form of support to keep their boobs from falling into the machinery.

A new "sports bra" has been designed and is available from Polar USA, Inc., Stamford, Connecticut. It monitors the heart rate on a digital readout during such activities as jogging, dancing and aerobics. One witty enthusiast suggests that

if a gal wore this bra during the throes of steamy intimacy, her lover could gauge his performance by reading the rising numbers on the monitor. The solution to the frequently perplexing quandry facing the amorous knave, "is she ready?" would then be easy.

The Zena File

As regards Zena, the fame of her form has found a flourishing following of fans, led by the Zenaphile. The Zenaphile is regarded by this column as Zena's outstanding supporter. For the passion of his ardor, *Mammalogy* has agreed to forward all mail to his fan club. Here he addresses the problem of "bogus boobies."

"Thank you for being sympathetic to the rising needs of the study of mammalogy. Zena is the only rightful claimant to the title of Goddess of Megahood. The growing number of pretenders is on the increase. We must stand up for truth, and not for the phoney balloonies that are being palmed-off on us. What are the causes of this palm-offery? They are doctored photos, implant doctors, and outplanted latex. Here is the irrefutable evidence of Zena's sole claim to megahood: if the others are real, why don't they have the scientific proof of video documentation? H&S Sales, a company specializing in the mammalogist's delights, has presented pioneering work in documenting the mammalogical evidence of Zena. To all the bogus boobied pretenders, I say, phony balloonies."

Mammalogy is convinced, with regard to the "phony balloonies," that if he were provided with hefty ample mounds of convincing evidence, the Zenaphile would gratefully eat his words. □

SCORE's readers are invited to write to Orion Jeweb with their comments and questions. Send your letters to: *Mammalogy*, c/o **SCORE**, 13727 S.W. 152 Street, Suite 275, Miami, FL 33177-1106. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply.

HomeBodies

**Reader's wives
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Alice, Vermont



Sandra, London, England

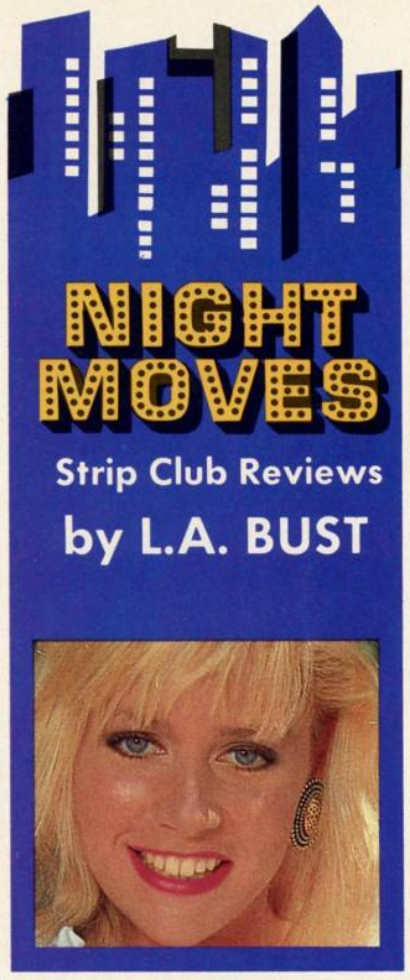


Sandra, London, England



Alice, Vermont

No matter how many drop-dead gorgeous, "professional" models we feature, there's no denying the special appeal of amateurs. Here are two of the first to come into our new "HomeBodies" department. Alice (left) is a Vermont housewife; while Sandra (above) is the girlfriend of an English policeman. Send your girl's photos to SCORE, 13727 S.W. 152 St., Suite 275, Miami, FL 33177-1106. We'll pay her \$100 upon publication.



HOUSTON, TEXAS

more normal. Little did I know that so many guys were turned on by my "abnormal" titties.

I couldn't resist giving it a try, however, and after finding an agent, I was soon invited to Palm Springs to be photographed by internationally known photographer, John Lee-Graham. After my exciting photo session with John, and after my photos were seen on the covers of several men's magazines, suddenly clubs from all over the world were calling my agent to book me.

But that's enough for now about how I got my start as a dancer. Let's get on with this month's club reviews.

GiGi's Cabaret Houston, Texas



GiGi's Cabaret is in northeast Houston. There has been a topless club at this location for 15 years, but it has only been GiGi's for the last 8 years. The club is at the corner of Highway 290 and 34th Street. It's five minutes from the Galleria, and 25 minutes from the Intercontinental Airport.

GiGi's is the only club in Houston presently booking feature entertainers. David, the owner, has been booking all the best big-busted centerfold and porn stars available for the past two years. The club is a favorite of many of the stars on the circuit. Everyone's favorite, Topsy Curvey, was the first "feature" to appear there, and she has been back many times since. Of course, it's my favorite because it's where my career began and it feels like home.

GiGi's is a big club that has been expanded twice in the past five years. The club is absolutely beautiful on the inside, though city ordinances dictate that the exterior be painted grey. David has added color to the outside with neon lights and brightly colored canopies.

Walking into the club is like walking into an expensive hotel. The lobby area is gorgeously detailed in fine hardwoods with beautiful tiled floors. Standing in such an

impressive entrance, you would expect to pay an expensive cover charge. Not at GiGi's! The cover is only \$4.

From the entrance, you are escorted to a table or couch by one of the beautiful waitresses. GiGi's is the only club in Houston with a balcony. There is no extra charge to sit in the balcony, which is very comfortable and has an excellent view of all three stages. Drinks are also priced fairly—all under \$5.

The club has between 75-100 girls working every day. This allows GiGi's to have non-stop action on all three stages from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. The girls do personalized table dances in the balcony area which are known to get "super-hot."



GiGi's features a full service dining area which serves the finest southern cuisine. The club also has daily lunch specials from a \$2.75 rib-eye steak, to an extravagant lunch buffet. While you enjoy your lunch, you will be entertained, six days a week, by their star performer. Feature acts perform a lunch show and three evening shows.

The staff at GiGi's is the best in the business. The club is so popular and successful that there are major men's magazine centerfolds who call GiGi's "home" and work nightly. The security is by far the best in the business.

I have appeared in topless clubs in every major city in North America, and GiGi's stands heads above them all. When you're in Houston, don't miss out!

The editors of *SCORE* wanted someone who had the "inside" info on the hottest topless clubs in the nation. As a feature entertainer who headlines in strip clubs all over the world, they asked if I would be interested in writing a club review column in each issue. I was more than interested!

Let me begin by telling you all a little about myself. Because of my huge titties many guys don't think of me as a typical California girl, but that's exactly what I am. I was born and raised in Orange County, surfed on Huntington Beach, spent my winters in Palm Springs and summers at Lake Tahoe. I still love California and miss it very much while I'm on the road.

My dancing career began in Houston, where I was working as a waitress in a topless club called GiGi's Cabaret. The owner thought I would do well as a feature entertainer because my tits were so big. At first, I thought he was kidding because I had always felt that my boobs were *too* big! I had always wanted a smaller bustline to look

Market Street Cinema San Francisco, California

Market Street Cinema is an old movie theater which has been transformed into a very popular nude dance club in downtown San Francisco. The club is located only 20 minutes from the airport and seven minutes from Fisherman's Wharf. San Francisco is one of the wildest cities in the United States, and it shows on stage at the Cinema. Anything goes! Including girl-girl acts and even penetration! Market Street has a feature act every week. They bring in the hottest, and best big-bust and centerfold stars to enter-

tain their lively customers.

The club is on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets. It still has the old movie theater marquee which is used to promote the star performer. The entrance is full of posters advertising big-titted weekly features and upcoming attractions. Just inside the lobby are the old balcony stairs which now lead to 25 video booths. Each booth is kept very clean, with its own box of tissues and a trash can. To insure privacy, the video "penthouse" is watched over by a wonderful guy named Aaron. He also helps each dancer with her show.

The lobby still has theater carpeting, and where the old concession stand once stood, is the ticket

booth. Admission is a rather steep \$14 but, because no alcohol is served, the cover is good all day. You can come and go as often as you like or, better still, stay as long as you like.

Market Street Cinema still has theater seats, with the stage where the screen used to be. Unlike many clubs, they have "lap dancing" for as low as \$5. There are always lots of quality girls at the Cinema—between 25-36 on each shift!

The Market Street is one of the best clubs for features on the dance circuit. They really pamper us. The owner, Habibe, is one of the sweetest guys in the business. He has two employees to escort the star performers, help with the shows and take pictures.



Nathan J's Flint Michigan

Nathan J's is in downtown Flint, Michigan—Home of the Buick! The club is one mile off the Buick Freeway, only about 10 minutes from the Buick plant. Flint, Michigan, the third largest city in Michigan, is one hour north of Detroit on I-75. In my opinion, Nathan J's is the best topless club in the area.

Nathan J's is a beautiful little topless club owned and operated by Mike. Nathan J was his father. Although Michigan law requires the girls to keep their G-strings on, it sure doesn't keep the guys from filling the place every night of the week.

The interior and exterior are kept in great shape and there is plenty of parking. The inside is very comfortable with big leather couches lining the walls. The stage is in the center of the club, is circular and has eight poles around it and one in the middle. Poles always help make dancing more creative, and this pole arrangement at Nathan J's is no exception.

Nathan J's doubles as a sports bar with a big screen TV in the back of the bar. A cover allows you into their V.I.P. room where customers get personalized table dances. Drinks are very reasonable with beer starting at \$2.50.



The club books a feature attraction every two weeks. They bring in the best of the big-busted and center-fold stars. Nathan J's is famous for their "Wall of Fame." The wall is covered with custom photographic portraits of all the features who have appeared at the club. It's quite spectacular!

The owner, Mike, is an auto racing enthusiast. He owns and drives his own stock car, called, what else? Nathan J's! The week I was performing there, he was getting ready to leave for a race at Daytona. Anyone who knows anything about car racing, knows how important organization and attention to detail is to have a competitive and safe entry. And that kind of conscientious approach, applied to Nathan J's club in Flint, Michigan, makes it a popular stop, for feature dancers and patrons alike, on the North American dance circuit.

I'll be back next issue with reviews of more clubs and inside information on the girls and hot spots in "Night Moves," my new column for *SCORE*. Until then, I'll see you at the clubs. □

NOW APPEARING: L.A. BUST

The editors of *SCORE* are pleased to welcome L.A. Bust onboard as a new staff writer.

Before launching *SCORE*, we surveyed over 50,000 readers to get their opinions on what they would like to see included in a new magazine. One suggestion that came up time and again was the need for a column to review the clubs where so many of the big bust models featured in magazines entertain these days.

Who better to write such a column than L.A. Bust, our June covergirl and one of the most popular girls on the dance circuit? Welcome L.A. and we are all looking forward to your column each month in *SCORE*.
—The Editors

Fantasy
SCORE



After 20 years on the drawing board, the Vector is much more than a dream, it's the fastest production car in the world...bar none!



First of all, this never happened because it would break every law known to the California Highway Patrol. But if it did take place, it would be something like this:

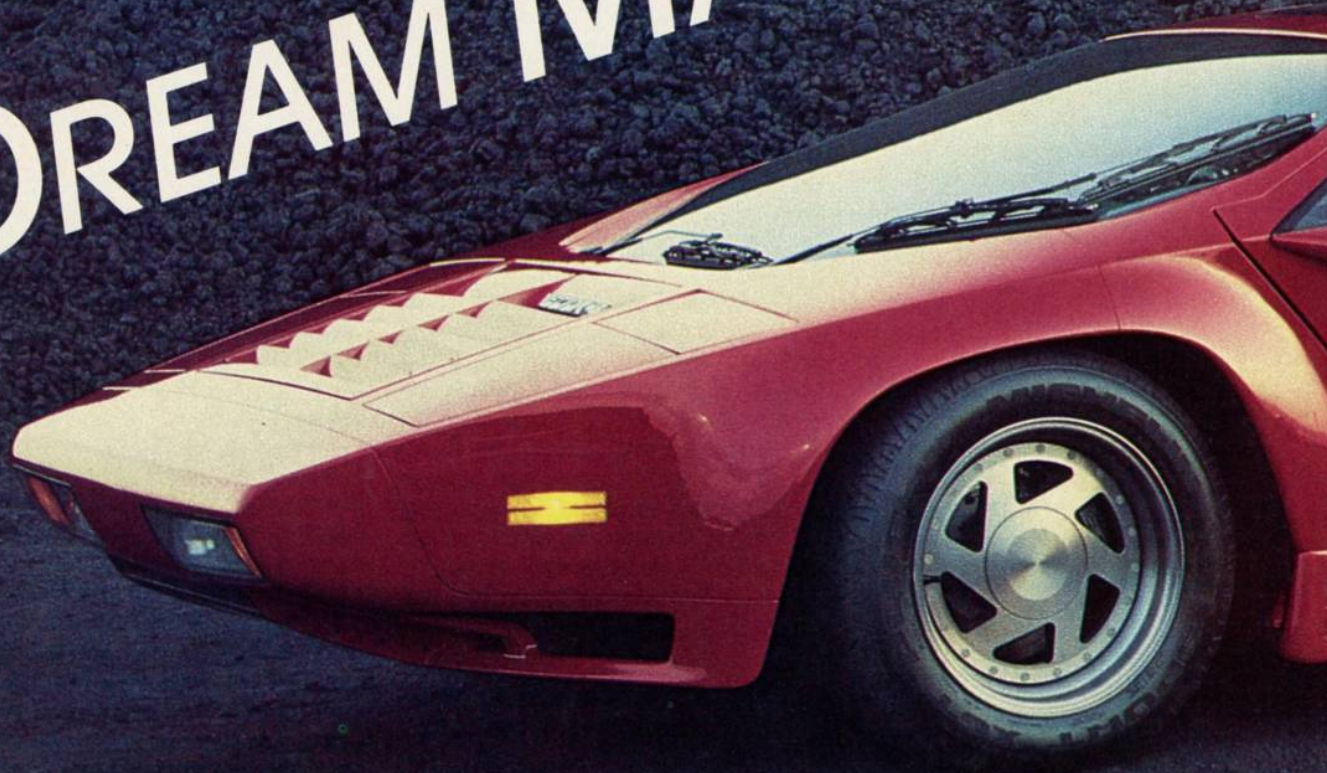
With a flick of the key, the massive powerplant just inches behind my spine burst into throaty, loping life, making it clear to me (and anyone within earshot) that this was

one very serious piece of machinery. With a faint grin, I tapped the shift lever into first and eased my foot down on the throttle while standing hard on the brakes. As the engine sound rose, the car started to creep forward...the fat racing tires in front were being pushed, fully locked, by the even bigger tires in the rear! Snapping my left foot off the brake, I nailed my right foot to the floor.

I was pinned hard against the seatback, futilely trying to pull myself forward against the fearsome acceleration. The shift into second snapped my head back again, and the car continued its headlong charge.

But, as I said earlier, this didn't happen.

DREAM MACHINE



Because if it had, the Vector W8 Twin Turbo would have exceeded every speed limit in this great nation less than four seconds after I floored the throttle. I would have cleared 100 mph just four seconds after that, and I would have clicked through the timing lights on a quarter-mile drag strip in another four seconds, with the speedometer reading 124 mph.

But perhaps even more amazing, the Vector would still have been hunkered down and accelerating fiercely, snapping crisply into third gear at around 140 mph, and then



Article by
CHRISTOPHER CASWELL

winding up to 7000 rpm. At that point, taking into consideration the expansion of the gumball Michelin XGT Plus tires, the speedo should be painting 218 mph in pale green numerals.

None of this took place, of course, because I don't

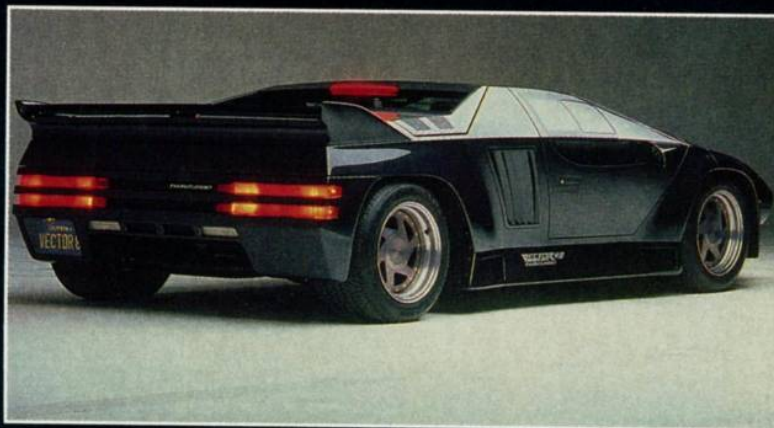
know enough judges to take a chance. But, for a cool \$398,000, you can experience such a ride because, after years of hearing that it's coming, the Vector is truly here. For Vector president Gerry Wiegert, it's been nearly two decades of struggle to bring the car to fruition but, believe me, this



Not only is the Vector faster than the Lamborghini Countach and even the Ferrari F-40, it's more street worthy too. The Vector's engine produces 625 hp with a mild cam on premium unleaded fuel, with a modest compression ratio of 8:1. The result is an engine that starts easily, idles endlessly and doesn't overheat in traffic.

DREAM MACHINE

The first impression of a Vector is of great width. "Road & Track" found the Vector had the highest cornering force of any street car they'd ever tested. Every switch on the dash is up to military specs.



car was worth the wait.

The Vector is, without question, the fastest production street car in the world: a state-of-the-art supercar that brings aerospace technology to the road. Built in America and relying completely on American parts and technology, it takes a second row seat to no car in the world.

It was conceived in Wiegert's mind years before anyone thought of cars like the Ferrari F-40, the Lamborghini Diablo, or the Porsche 959. But, although his idea predates those cars, the Vector is both faster and more streetable than any of them.

The road to this point, with more than 40 Vectors sold, a dozen delivered, and another dozen or so under construction in the factory, has not been paved with roses, as they say. Car magazines, continually bombarded with press releases filled with wild predictions about soon-to-be-built cars, were understandably wary about Wiegert's ideas, and many of them said so in print.

As the years passed with little more than a prototype Vector and some glossy brochures, even the business magazines started making snide comparisons with others who had tried to build cars and failed. Nearly every magazine article about Wiegert and his dream car makes mention of the short-lived and infamous automotive careers of John Z. DeLorean, Preston Tucker, and Malcolm Bricklin. But then, none of those magazine writers heard the crisp chirp from the rear tires as the Vector clicked into top gear at more than twice the national speed limit.

To be journalistically fair, other young men with dreams have doodled on their napkins and put together rough prototypes to show the world...men with names like Enzo Ferrari or Ferdinand Porsche. But it makes a better story to compare a struggling builder with past failures, rather than stick your neck out and predict success. Nevertheless, any ghosts from the DeLorean debacle will surely be exorcised now that the Vector has transcended from dream to reality.

Gerald Wiegert is much like his supercar: focussed, intense, tightly wound, and constantly running at high speed. Trying to reach him by telephone results in an endless series of "He's in meetings;" "He's on long distance to Europe;" or "He's on his way overseas." But his enthusiasm for the car is contagious, and he has the

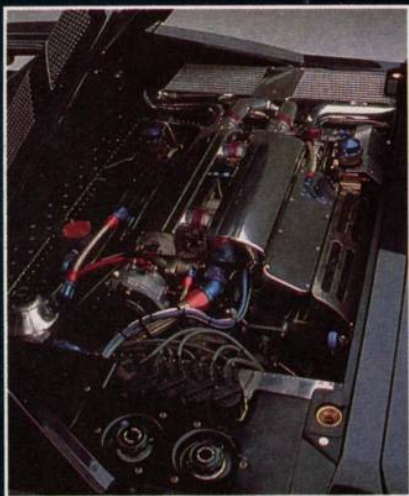
qualities that would make a good infantry line officer. Not that the Vector project is another Charge of the Light Brigade, but, for all his shortcomings, he inspires in his employees the same type of tenacity that he requires of himself.

In the depths of the worst days, when the press was calling him everything but a con artist and his finances were fading fast, his crew was willing to put in 100-hour weeks without paychecks because they believed in the man and his dream. Take a tour of the immaculate shop facilities today, and there is an obvious *esprit d'corps* among the crew that not only says, "We're gonna build lots of Vectors," but goes on to add, "We're gonna rub a lot of peoples' noses in them, too!"

Gerry Wiegert started working on his project in 1971, when he was fresh from the Art Center College of Design, a launch pad for automotive designers. He supported the Vector project as a consultant, lending his expertise to such projects as the Kawasaki Jetski and working with companies that ranged from Toyota to Airstream Motor Homes.

By 1976 he unveiled a mock-up at the Los Angeles Auto Show, which brought the seed money from investors to actually produce a working prototype. It wasn't cheap, however, because Wiegert envisioned a "fighter plane for the streets" with no compromises asked or taken in design or construction. By 1978, the first Vector W2 hit the streets, and Wiegert formed a limited partnership, taking orders for production models. But there wasn't enough money available to begin construction, and the badmouthing of Vector began in the press.

The fuel crisis of the late 70's would have been the death knell for most struggling companies, but Wiegert pressed on with a singleness of purpose that is both commendable and slightly mad. With a handful of believer/workers, he lived and slept at his tiny Venice, CA, workshop and the car appeared at autoshow regularly, as he tried to put the financial backing together. The crowning blow came with a highly negative 1987 article in *AutoWeek* magazine, which caused his potential investors to scatter and the bank to freeze his assets (a libel suit is still in the courts). Seeing the writing on the wall (after staring at it for 15 years), Wiegert realized



The Vector's engine is a six litre, all-aluminum, 90-degree V-8 long block cast by Rodek of NASCAR fame. This totally custom engine has twin turbochargers with intercooling, a separate ignition coil for each cylinder and its own Bosch fuel-injection system.

that he had the design under control...what he needed was a real business.

To that end, he formed Vector Aeromotive in 1988 and, instead of private investors, he went public. The stock issue (NASDAQ symbol VCAR, traded OTC) sold out quickly, raising more than \$4.2 million in working capital. He added an advisory board that includes the former CEO of Porsche, Peter Schutz, car dealer/collector Ron Tonkin, and former astronaut Scott Carpenter.

But 1989 came and went as the company started to set up the production line, engineer the thousands of separate pieces of metal and fiberglass that combine to become even a simpler car, and assemble the staff to produce the cars. Says Wiegert of his continuing critics, "Most people just don't realize what is involved in a project as overwhelming as this. At General Motors, there are a thousand draftsmen and a thousand developmental personnel to work on all of those problems."

To compound the difficulty, Wiegert may have restructured the business side of his company, but he was absolutely unwilling to compromise the integrity of his car. Rather than simply buying a stock engine (as DeLorean did), Wiegert set his own high standards and assembles each engine from the block up. Rather than buy such mundane parts as the jambs that hold the doors shut, his crew painstakingly mills them from aluminum billets. Rather than weld a chassis from steel, the Vector has an aluminum honeycomb semi-monocoque frame that is absolutely rigid but which can easily be lifted by two men. The fuel and brake lines aren't just rubber tubing, they are military-spec braided stainless steel. The brake rotors are those found on Formula One race cars. The wiring harnesses are to aerospace standards, and even the switches are from the cockpits of fighter planes. Adequate is not a word found in Gerry Wiegert's vocabulary.

To get cars in the owner's hands (and to help defuse the naysayers), Wiegert brought in more experts: David Long joined the company as Director of Operations after more than 38 years with Chrysler and Mitsubishi, and Marketing VP Bob Braner was a former Porsche dealer. Already on hand were Engineering VP David Kostka, one of the early band of diehard believers who lived for years without a regular paycheck while designing the highly complex systems in the Vector,

and Manufacturing VP Mark Bailey, a former Can-Am builder and racer.

The result was that, on September 10, 1990, Vector #001 was crated and shipped to a Saudi prince in Geneva. Before the end of the year, two more Vectors had been shipped to their new owners overseas, since the car was not finished with the DOT and EPA certification testing that would permit driving on U.S. roads. The most recent buyer of a Vector W8 is tennis superstar and Davis Cup winner Andre Agassi, who keeps it in Las Vegas and promised not to drive it until it was U.S. legal. Sure, sure.

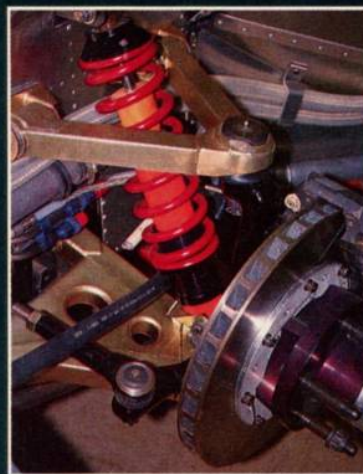
The first impression of a Vector (if you can find one stationary) is of great width. The car is low and nearly seven feet wide with swing-up doors like a Lamborghini Countach, while the windshield is nearly horizontal. But the engine is the crowning glory. Not content with just any mill, the Vector has a six litre, all-aluminum, 90-degree, pushrod V-8 block, cast by Rodeck of NASCAR fame. The 366 c.i. long blocks are then assembled by Shaver Specialties with such exotic parts as TRW forged pistons, Carrillo stainless-steel connecting rods, a forged crank, and dry-sump oiling.

Everything with a flat surface is polished to mirror shine, including the intercooler package that sits atop the twin Garrett AiResearch turbochargers. Ignition is handled by a separate coil for each cylinder, and Bosch produced a custom-made fuel injection system just for the Vector. Everywhere you look in the engine compartment are braided steel hoses or anodized mounting brackets that are miniature works of art sculpted from solid blocks of aluminum. The manual/automatic transmission starts with the case from a GM Turbo Hydra-matic, but from there everything has been specially machined to handle the massive loads.

Don't be misled, however, this is no temperamental engine. Unlike the Ferrari F-40, which is nothing but a thinly disguised race car, the Vector can be driven happily in daily commutes, including the fabled Los Angeles freeways and their traffic jams. The engine produces 625 horsepower at 5700 rpm with a mild cam, on premium unleaded fuel, and the compression ratio is a modest 8:1. The result is an engine that starts easily, idles endlessly, never overheats in traffic or loads the

DREAM MACHINE

One handmade Vector a week rolls out the door of the California plant. Brakes are 13-inch vented discs like those on Formula One race cars. The price for this state-of-the-art machine? A cool \$398,000.



sparkplugs with oil at low speeds, and still has that massive 630 lb/ft of torque for the kick in your spine. Mileage at legal speeds is in the 13-16 mpg range, and the custom air conditioning system, which you don't get with the Ferrari, is powerful enough to put snow on the roof in July.

Handling, of course, is on a par with its speed potential. When *Road & Track* magazine tested the Vector, they discovered it had the highest cornering force they'd ever tested for a street car: an amazing .97g! Much of this is due to the huge Michelin tires, rated for sustained 200 mph running, as well as the sophisticated suspension system that includes a massive DeDion tube at the rear, located by four trailing arms that stretch all the way to the firewall. Up front, husky double A-arms and Koni shocks provide the stiffness. Brakes are 13" vented discs with 4-piston Alcon aluminum calipers like those used on Formula One cars, and even the wheel bearings are the same as those found on NAS-CAR racers. The result is highly predictable handling, with mild understeer, precise power-assisted steering, and no surprises for the unwary.

As well as being tractable, however, the car is incredibly safe. After the Department of Transportation ran the car into a solid wall at 30 mph to check its crashability, the car was still drivable. The airbag had deployed to protect the driver, and the head injury rating was reported to be the lowest of any car they had ever tested. This is no chance happening, however, but the result of careful and meticulous design work. The chassis is built with progressive impact protection, which means that certain parts of the riveted aluminum "tub" will deform easier than others, cushioning the impact. The cockpit is completely surrounded by a hidden competition rollcage (of 4130 chrome moly steel tubing) that fully protects driver and passenger. In fact, the Vector team was so certain of the car's safety that they took only one car to the government test program, and it passed all the tests on its first try. When a 5000 pound weight was placed on top of the car to test the roof strength, the officials couldn't believe that the total deflection was zero.

While the chassis is a work of art, with rows of neat rivets and perfectly formed aluminum, the body is

equally high-tech. Though built of fiberglass, this is no ordinary plastic car like a Corvette. The Vector uses aerospace materials, such as carbon fiber, Kevlar and unidirectional S-glass to create a rigid shell that is flawlessly finished in hand-rubbed layers of paint.

The instrument panel is another Wiegert no-compromise solution: every switch is military spec and neatly labeled, while the customary speedo and tachometer are replaced by an aircraft-style "reconfigurable electro-luminiscent display." A computer-like screen can flip between four programs, to give you everything from instrument readings on esoterica such as the exhaust gas temperatures to self-diagnosis on systems. Needless to say, no luxury has been overlooked, with soft leather covering every surface, Wilton wool carpet on the floor, and electrically-adjustable Recaro seats that include warmers and lumbar supports.

The result of all these factors—speed, safety and styling—is something that could probably not happen anywhere but in Southern California, where the Vector can meld aerospace technology with race car know-how into an automobile that is unlike anything ever created.

What does the future hold for Vector? By the time this article is in your hands, all the EPA and DOT redtape will be completed, and Agassi and other U.S. owners will likely be booming across the deserts. By early fall, the production line will have settled down to a comfortable one car per week. Though the price has escalated to its current \$398,000 level, used vectors are already appearing on the market in excess of \$600,000.

Now that his detractors have been silenced and the Vector W8 is actually in production, Gerry Wiegert has started doodling again. This time he thinks there's a market for a lower-priced Vector...perhaps in the \$200,000 range...something that would take on the Ferrari Testarossa. Something that he'd like to debut, say, at the Geneva Auto Show next year. This time, however, a more mature (and battle-scarred) Gerry Wiegert isn't taking orders until the production line is ready. This time, he doesn't want anyone taking potshots at his dreams.

If the Vector appeals to you, it only takes \$100,000 to get a production number. There's a waiting list, of course, but that should give you plenty of time to start getting acquainted with the judges in your local traffic courts. □

SOLID SILVER



Meeet Zoryna, the newest discovery by exciting new photographer David Wells. This voluptuous, olive-skinned beauty certainly has what it takes up top to satisfy the most discriminating of breast men. From Boston, of Greek descent, Zoryna is 5'5" tall and measures a solidly packed 45-29-39.







There is something so uniquely feminine and revealing about a squatting pose such as Zoryna assumes, left. Along with giving us an unabashed view of her curvaceous figure, it reveals the faintest hint of a bikini bottom tanline on Zoryna's otherwise flawless olive complexion. Even her sizable areolae are sun-bronzed to the point of being barely discernable.







Clad in futuristic silver lingerie or bare-ass naked, Zoryna's meaty asscheeks and velvet-lipped pussy are a picture of feminine perfection. Anyway you look at her, she's a precious new discovery destined for stardom.





The Legend Of Chesty Morgan

CHESTY MORGAN grew up a self-conscious Jewish girl in Warsaw, Poland. After marrying an American tourist, she moved to New York and settled into life as a housewife and part-time real estate agent.

Tragically, her husband was murdered during an armed robbery, leaving Chesty widowed with two young children. Needing money, she tried dancing and a 72-26-34 legend was born.

Later, she married major league umpire Dick Stello and was in two R-rated movies: *Deadly Weapons* and *Secret Agent 73*.

"I'll never wear out on stage... You do anything for too long and you become hard," she told *Floridian* magazine during a 1978 interview.

She retired soon afterward, still in great demand and still with those big, innocent eyes.



Sylvia's Secret



Erotic Fiction by Jackson Adams

Marty hoped the big-titted psychic chic would come up with a new money making scam for him, but Sylvia knew he needed something that money just couldn't buy.

He was a short, ugly guy with mottled skin and about as much hair left on top as you'd expect to see on a troll, but Marty knew how to fuck people over, and there weren't many left who could fuck him over. His net worth was about six hundred million. He owned a piece of a shopping center, all of a condo complex, a real estate trade magazine, a lot of investment property.

Everything he owned was dirty in one way or the other. That was fine. He expected to own more and to get more. He'd turned himself into a friggin' stock, for fuck's sake. His companies—*Players Unlimited*—traded on the big board. He had to do well...

"You're telling me to see a psychic," Marty was saying that Wednesday afternoon, "you're maybe scraping the bottom of the barrel pretty hard. Maybe it's time for me to look for a new Boy Friday, Jimmy."

Illustration by Otis Sweat



What do you think?"

Jimmy squirmed. They were sitting in Marty's office suite at *Player's*, with a view to Marty's back of a hunk of the coastline he'd helped to fuck over with his real estate investments. It was nice and sunny. Marty was sitting behind his big chrome desk (you always wanted a big desk) and Jimmy was sitting on the ottoman, so he'd have to look up at Marty while they talked. Marty liked it when guys had to look up at him.

Jimmy was about thirty, fifteen years younger than him. He'd been a nice kid, before Marty had helped wreck his life.

"All I'm telling you is what I've heard," Jimmy insisted. "She's for real. Wall Street people see her. Krieger and Summers, they both saw her."

"Yeah? Summers is in the pen. I don't want to go there."

"They think her stuff works." Jimmy looked a little nervous. "You know the Sea Mist resort, out in California? You know how much mon-

ey that place is raking in? Krieger bought it, on her say so. That's what I heard."

"Yeah."

Marty picked at his thick nose and frowned out the window. A psychic! Didn't that beat the fuck out of everything?

Well, you did what you had to do. It never changed, did it? You fed a lot of love and caring and brotherhood shit to the people you wanted to do the work for you, and then you scrambled and clawed and tried every angle you could until you were king of the dung heap, until there wasn't anybody left who knew *how* to fuck you over. That was all life was. Sunrises and sunsets were just curtain calls.

"Maybe I'll see your psychic," Marty said. "Hey, Jimmy, didja get that check off to the 'Committee to Re-Elect' yet?"

"This morning."

"Good..." Marty stood up and fished the keys to his Lambo out of the crap on his desk. He smiled at

Jimmy unpleasantly. "Because a campaign donation, that's magic I trust, Jimmy. I'm willing to try a psychic. There's a difference."

A Lamborghini Countach was a great car to let people know that they were inferior to you. That was why Marty drove it. He nosed the snorting gold machine into the dusty parking lot in front of the offices of "Sylvia's Psychic Reading," hoping to find a parking space that would allow her to see the Lambo as he got out of it. When a cunt saw a Lambour-fucking-ghini, she gave you the nice smiles and red carpet treatment right away.

He doubted she got to see it, though. "Sylvia's Psychic Reading" turned out to be a storefront with drawn curtains from floor to ceiling and a modest sign on the door to let customers know they'd come to the right place. Marty knocked with the butt of the ignition key. Maybe she'd see the "Lamborghini" insignia on the key chain, at least.

But she opened the door without taking a look at what he was holding. "Sylvia" turned out to be about five feet seven inches worth of Humboldt County gypsy or hippy chick, with olive skin, big brown eyes (the better to foretell the future with, ha ha), a nice head of wavy, close-cropped brown hair, and everything from the neck to the ankles smothered in a peasant blouse, peasant skirt, beads, rings, necklaces and other gypsy-hippy-Olivia Organica crap that made Marty want to heave up his lunch right on her doorstep. Marty was tempted to dismiss her as a bad joke and go back to the Lambo, but then he remembered one thing—and noticed two more:

1. Her psychic stuff was supposed to work.

2. She *was* pretty. If she was a legit psychic she could have had four inch hairs growing out of her nose, of course, but it did help if she was pretty, and she was. The big eyes, the olive skin, the wavy brown hair: they *worked* together. It was like she was a looker in spite of herself.

3. She had what appeared to be an extremely kingsize set of bota bags jiggling under that peasant

continued on page 52



"Turn the air conditioner down? Are you crazy?"



TIFFANY
In Heat



Since she first posed for John Lee-Graham back in 1990, Tiffany Towers has been a darling of photo editors everywhere. No one could resist this Canadian cutie's sexy blonde look, gravity defying melons and tight, girlish waist. But no matter how many pictures of Tiffany you've seen, you've never seen her in action like this!



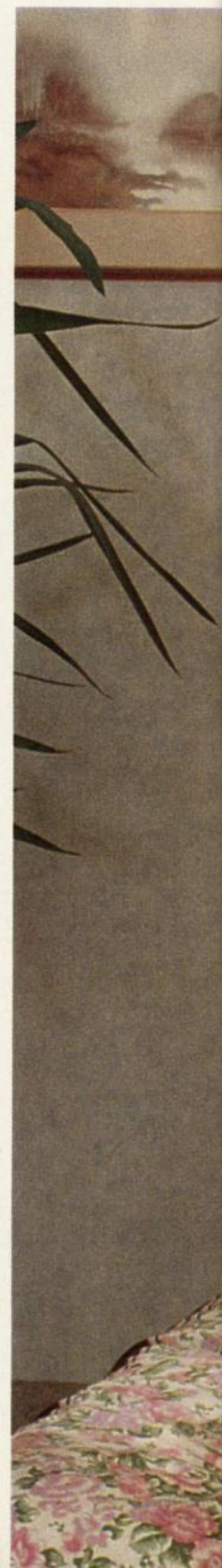


For all of us who have fantasized about what it would be like to actually score with Tiffany, these photos will give us a better idea of how she would relate to a lover. After all, it's one thing for a model to pose solo—just her and the camera—and quite another to “perform.”









To those of us fortunate enough to be present at this historic photo session, Tiffany proved she was hotter than our wildest fantasies had ever dared imagine.





I imagine a young woman so sexually aroused that her scent literally fills the house; a woman who knows no barriers—whose every sexual part is open, pulsating and craving love. Tiffany in heat is a sight to behold!



blouse.

"You must be Marty," she said.

Marty grunted and followed her into her "office," which had been decorated to look as much like a Turkish opium den as a storefront next to an insurance brokerage was likely to ever look like. There was a big couch covered with some sort of Persian rug, a lot of low lighting and a faint smell of sandalwood incense.

They sat on either end of the couch and looked at each other.

"Have you ever been to a psychic before?"

Marty grunted 'No,' and looked at her blouse. That was one thing about him, he didn't try to be subtle about scoping out a chick's body. He figured that whatever she had was going to be for sale eventually, one way or the other.

Man, she was stacked. He didn't really see *how* stacked until his staring started to bother her, and she leaned over to fetch a string of beads

off the table just to have something to do with her hands. There was a tell-tale jiggling, and he saw just how huge those flesh melons were. No wonder she wore a baggy peasant blouse. Anything more revealing and guys would have been shooting off just watching her walk down the frigging street.

She twiddled the beads between her fingers and smiled at him sweetly. She was going to take the staring in stride, apparently.

"Well, you shouldn't find it too much different from seeing any other professional."

"Yuh. I heard you advised Krieger on the Sea Mist out in California."

"I'm sure you understand that I can't talk about the work I've done for other clients."

"I'm here because I heard that."

She looked away for a moment, as if she were wondering what to say. Then she just smiled sweetly again.

"You are here," she agreed.

"How much?" He held up his hand and rubbed his thumb and forefinger together.

She looked away again, uncomfortably.

That was fine. Marty could have left the price inquiries to Jimmy, but he *liked* talking about money. He especially liked getting hippie-types to cough up the truth about how much jack they wanted.

A hundred dollars, she said, and then began a short explanation of why she felt she needed to charge anything. Marty stared openly at her mammaries. Shit, even under that baggy blouse he could see that they hung damn near to her navel. She had a trim waist, too. She looked like she was soft and trim and olive-tan all over, except for her boobs.

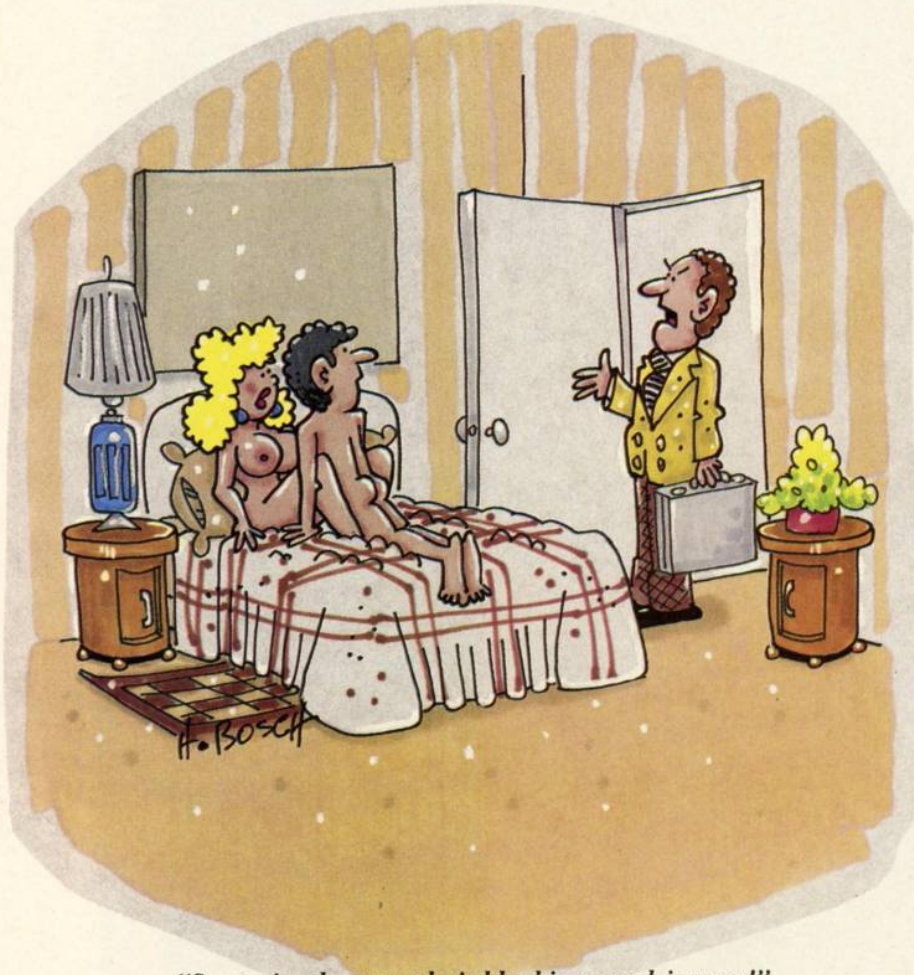
Okay, he said, when she was done. Then they did the reading. It wasn't anything. He sat facing away from her while she put her hands on his shoulders and tried to "channel" the thoughts from his brain into hers. That was how she did it, she said. She'd tried other methods, but this was what worked.

But nothing happened. Maybe it was because he was concentrating so hard on not letting any of his money making secrets slip out by accident. Anyway, she didn't get anything. She knew he wanted a tip like the Sea Mist, but she came up blank, and apologized, and even offered to refund three-quarters of the money.

But he didn't take it. It was *weird*. He didn't even make her feel guilty for the fact that he wasn't taking it. He just said no hard feelings, it didn't work, you didn't bruise my wallet any. Then he left.

The next day he went back again. He'd had to drop by his doctor's office to get an AIDS cert for an insurance policy and then on the way out he saw a pay phone, figured whatthefuck, and rang her up. He couldn't understand it. Why did he want to go around blowing jack on a psychic who shot blanks? Maybe he had a hunch she'd turn over something. Maybe he just thought it was an "in" thing to do. Maybe he just liked eyeballing her knockers. He didn't know.

The second reading didn't go any better than the first. They chit-chatted for about five minutes, he mentioning the AIDS test and she saying what a good idea that was, obviously thinking more of him for



"So you're the guy who's blocking my driveway!"

SCORE

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SC13X

having gotten it, the insurance angle notwithstanding. Then he sat on the couch with his back turned toward her, and felt her fingers on the sides of his neck as she tried to coax new tips and scams out of his brain cells. But after 15 minutes he heard her sigh, and felt the fingers slide away from his neck again.

He turned to face her. She seemed disappointed.

"I'm just not getting anything," she said.

She shrugged and looked at him sympathetically. She didn't look like she felt guilty. "I really think you're holding back, Marty," she said gently. "All I'm getting are these signals that say, 'Don't touch me, don't touch me,' over and over. You have to let your guard down a little or nothing comes out."

He didn't like that.

"Yeah," he snorted, "and maybe you're a fake. A fake fakir. Maybe I've got a lot of reasons for keeping my guard up. Maybe because there're a lot of fucking fakes in this world."

"Marty..."

"Maybe we ought to talk about getting my money back this time."

He held up his hand and scratched his thumb and forefinger together. She smiled sadly and leaned against the couch with her arm on the sofa back and her palm on her cheek.

Marty looked at her knockers. Fuck, they were big. Today she was wearing a white peasant blouse with some sort of lacy stuff on top. She wasn't wearing a bra, he could tell,

and when she leaned on one arm the two big hooters just sort of *hung* there, in a way that made him think of how soft and spongy and good to suck they'd be if he could only touch them.

"Or maybe we ought to talk about getting something *real* for my money." He stared at her tits. "I'll bet you do a lot of business with those, huh? You know, on the side."

He dropped his hand and cupped one soft, pillowy tit on the tips of his fingers, kneading the braless globe through the blouse. He figured she'd pull away. He figured they'd go through some 'How dare you' bullshit for awhile before they settled on \$300 maybe, and he spent the rest of the afternoon with his face in her cleavage.

That didn't happen, though. She just smiled in a gentle, sad way and let him do what he liked with his hand.

"That is extremely rude," she said, finally.

"Yuh. Why don't you tell me to stop?"

"Stop."

He took his hand away. She stared at him for maybe the count of 10 in the same way as before, as if she felt sorry for him. It made him feel funny. It made a part of him angry, but the part that wasn't angry wouldn't let him do anything about it. The part that wasn't angry was thinking that no one had *ever* felt sorry for him.

"You want to make a lot of money?" she asked quietly. "That's

why you're here?"

"Why else?"

"You've already got a lot of money."

"I want more."

She nodded. She looked away from him for another 10 count, staring at the wall with her lips pursed, as if she were thinking of something. Then she looked at him.

"All right. Something came to me. I can help you make a lot of money on an investment. How would that be?"

"A partnership in your boyfriend's hydroponic gardening company, maybe?" He snorted, "how much is this hot tip gonna cost me?"

"Nothing." She smiled. "I'm so confident, I'll do the investing for you. With my own money. You can have your share at the end. How would that be?"

"What?"

"You'll have to do some things I tell you to do, though. I don't think you'll object to them."

"Like what?"

She smiled and raised her hand to her blouse. Marty's eyes widened as she undid the buttons one by one, showing the soft, spongy, olive-tan flesh of her cleavage, and then the silky inner slopes of her mammaries, and then, as she tugged the halves of the blouse aside, her nipples, the rubbery teats capping the fat brown circles already stiffening in anticipation of his tongue.

She shrugged the blouse off her shoulders and folded it neatly on the sofa back behind her. She smiled at him.

"It's a good thing you got the AIDS test," she said.



"Without your glasses, they're even more beautiful!"

What she wanted him to do, though, was lick her pussy. Oh, he got to suck on her knockers first. She let him do that for about 10 minutes, cooing and stroking his neck as he feasted on the huge boobs like a starving man, cradling the generous weight of them as he tugged the rubbery teats between his lips. But then she pushed him away, gently but firmly. He had to put his head between her legs now, she said. It was important. She'd tell him why later.

Marty slid off the couch. She

continued on page 68

JOLENE

well rounded



Like a Reubens' painting come to life, Jolene takes us back to renaissance Europe and a time when robust figures like hers were celebrated as the feminine ideal. Even now, many consider the rubenesque woman the epitome of sexual appeal.





From San Diego, Jolene is 19-years-old, 5'1" and weighs a voluptuous 148 pounds. An avid beach goer, her pendulous, white-capped breasts—which reach close to her navel!—must be a sight to see as her skimpy bikini top struggles to contain them.





A novice model, Jolene was discovered and photographed by SCORE contributing photographer Tim Hammill. You can help the editors decide which models to invite back for layouts by writing to the “ScoreCard” with your comments and suggestions.





PART

2

Article and Photographs by EVAN ANDREWS

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH NUDE MODELS

To take professional photographs, and convince models you're a serious photographer, you must invest in a quality camera, lenses and lighting equipment.

After reading my article in last month's issue, you now realize that learning to be a centerfold photographer can not only be financially rewarding, but also offer many other rewards, like having a legitimate reason to meet lots of gorgeous girls who want you to photograph them nude.

Being a glamour photographer will give you a way to open a conversation with all those girls you meet at the local sports bar and you will have a portfolio of photographs to back up your stories. What guy can compete with you? After all, you are going to build a girl's ego when you tell her you think she should be a centerfold model while explaining to her that she can earn money and recognition too. Just imagine how

grateful she will be when she realizes that you're the guy who can launch her on the road to a glamorous modeling career.

In Part One of this series, you learned how to find and persuade a model to pose for you. You now understand something about proper composition and the importance of paying attention to even the smallest details in the pictures. You even understand the importance of make-up and the proper clothes your models should wear during your photo sessions. Now that you have an understanding of all the above, you're ready for the second lesson in shooting centerfold models.

Part Two will deal with the equipment needed to accomplish your goals, as well as books and videos that will teach you in even more detail how to improve your photographic skills. I will also cover the importance of lighting, both artificial and natural, the importance of special filters and the type of film to use. You will also find important information about glamour organizations you can join and ones to stay away from.

Many amateur photographers would like to shoot beautiful girls, but it is difficult to convince a model that you are for real when you shoot with a \$35 point-and-shoot camera. A Polaroid Swinger might be good for those hot action shots (and even great for testing or relaxing a model), but you must

make an investment in a decent camera and some lighting equipment (especially if you intend on shooting indoors). This equipment does not have to cost thousands, but it will cost hundreds of dollars to have the equipment necessary to get professional results.

If you're not sure what a good camera looks like, or better yet what it feels like in your hands, I suggest going into a local camera store to examine the different cameras available. After determining what your budget will allow you to spend, which camera feels comfortable in your hands and which offers the features you want, begin to price it through mail order outlets.

Gearing Up For Success

You will need a good 35mm, single lens reflex camera (SLR) that will accept interchangeable lenses, and I would recommend one of the new electronic or auto focus varieties if you can afford it. You will need a dedicated flash for the camera (a flash that will automatically set the right settings to take perfect flash pictures) and maybe even one or two studio type flash units that will make up your basic lighting set-up.

I personally like the Minolta "i" series cameras. Their new 3000i to the top of the line 7Xi would be a good choice and so would the Canon EOS or the Nikon automatic cameras. Although there are many fine



cameras equally as good as these, these are the ones I have found work best for me. They feel good in my hands, they are virtually goof proof and they will always have a wide variety of lenses and accessories available for them. They will also retain their resale value and you can always find a buyer if you decide to trade up.

There are many fine older Nikons, Canons, Pentax, and Minolta cameras that are also available. They will have fewer bells and whistles and might be a bit less automatic, but will also cost a whole lot less than some of the newer units. A new camera set up can cost over \$500, while a good used system can cost as little as \$200. If interested in a good used camera, I recommend checking out *Shutterbug*, a magazine with extensive classifieds featuring

every type of photo equipment available, plus they will give you an idea of which dealers sell fine used equipment. They also have articles about some of the older equipment and make recommendations on what to buy and why.

The lens you choose will also be an important factor and I suggest staying away from the normal or 50mm lens that usually comes packaged with the camera body. Most better SLR cameras are available with your choice of lens. A good starter lens would be a zoom with a focal length range of 35-105mm. This zoom will enable you to take wide angle and telephoto shots with the same lens and is small enough to leave on the camera at all times.

If you have ever owned a movie or video camera, you probably al-

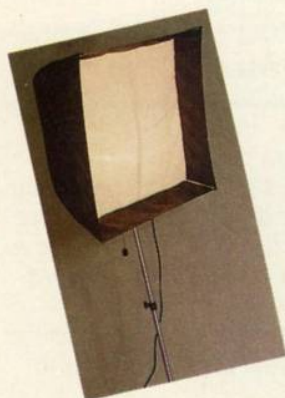
What you see is What you get...sort of

In the large photo, top, author Evan Andrews shows the classic studio set-up used to make the small photo, immediately above. A soft box on the left and two umbrella lights on the right provided beautiful illumination for his model and background.

Seeing The Light



Good quality cameras and lenses are critical to the production of professional photographs, but nothing is more important than soft lighting. Flash units produce a harsh light that must be softened for good results. The least expensive way to do this is with a small reflector attachment like those from Lumiquest (top); or more powerful umbrella and soft box diffusing units (below).



ready are familiar with a zoom lens. This lens will give you the ability to zoom in on your model and get close-ups without having her feel uncomfortable because you have to get too close for her comfort. It will also enable you to get a close-up without the lens distorting the shot.

When shooting head shots or close-ups, use the zoom at 80mm to 105mm for best results. For the full-length shots of my models, I shoot at 50-60mm on my zoom lens. Very rarely will I need the wide angle, but it is great to have it if you shoot travel photos or in a small room.

Shedding Light On The Subject

Film needs light in order to get exposed. The light can be natural light (daylight) or artificial light (flash, indoor lights, etc.). It is the quality of light that becomes important in shooting glamour. Harsh light (direct sun or flash) tends to be disastrous to your model and will cast hard shadows on her face while highlighting any flaws in her make-up or skin. You will find a softer, diffused lighting the key to success in glamour photography, because it will soften shadows and help eliminate any minor imperfections on your model's face or body.

Natural diffused light can be found outdoors, out of the direct sunlight with a fill-in flash or reflector used to fill in shadows. When indoors, natural light might be coming in through a window. If the window has a white curtain on it (or you set up a sheet in front of it) the light entering the room will be soft and diffused. Having your model close to a window and putting a reflector board on her opposite side will give you some spectacular results. If you shoot in a room with white walls and ceiling, you can bounce your flash off either. You can also use the wall as a fill reflector when shooting with natural or available light.

Outdoor photography may seem like the most inexpensive way to get started, but the dangers in shooting nudes outdoors should be obvious. You have to find a secluded spot, worry about the law or peering eyes and be concerned about the weather and quality of the light when you go to shoot. In the beginning I would suggest staying indoors and using available light (daylight) or

buying a simple lighting system.

If you are shooting glamour, you may want to start with a simple system of reflectors (you can buy them from photo stores or make them from foam core or any white, silver or gold reflective material) and some strobe or flash units. By using reflectors you will be able to save some money and buy a smaller lighting system. A simple indoor set-up might consist of a main light, a fill light (or reflector) and a hair light. I would advise buying one of the many good books available on shooting glamour or proper lighting techniques, since we are only able to touch on this important topic in this article.

Rokunar, Morris, and Aetna Optix, offer lighting equipment (each of these companies have the same line of lights, probably manufactured by the same factory in the Far East) which is perfect for the amateur. B&H sells the Rokunar SP starter kit for \$184.95 and a larger Home Studio kit for \$314.95. Both kits contain strobe (flash) units, light stands and umbrellas.

Sunpak is one of my favorite companies and they have an excellent line of flash and studio lighting units. I personally use their Monolight system that has AC operated (or you can buy an optional DC power pack) flash heads with modeling lights built in (so you can see how the light looks on your model). The monolights are triggered by either your camera or by a remote sensor (called a slave unit) built into each light. This means that when you fire the first unit (wired to your camera) it will trip all the others. Sunpak also has many accessories for their monolights, including various size reflectors and many other neat items. Monolights offer plenty of light output and flexibility and sell for around \$225. You can even use the Monolights with your regular flash and get some great looking results. Sunpak also carries a full line of powerful flash units you can attach directly to your camera and they have dedicated units that cost less than the camera manufacturers own units.

When shopping for studio lighting, consider the small portable studio lighting outfits. Novatron, Speedotron and other companies manufacture great all-in-one systems. The difference in these units

versus the monolights is the amount of power, price, portability and ease of use. The all-in-one systems consist of a small power pack that has outlets to plug in up to four lighting "heads." The advantage is that the units are light weight, easy to carry and are relatively inexpensive while having modeling lights in each head. These system shave less power then comparable monolights and they are connected by power cords to the main unit. Monolights work without those cords so you can place your units at greater distances from each other. In addition, they usually have more power than all-in-one systems in the same price range.

Many companies offer starter or "Minipro" kits. Novatron has a 400 minipro kit that sells for around \$560 and others that go for up to \$1,400. The kits usually contain umbrellas, stands, reflectors and even a smart looking carrying case. If you intend on traveling with your set-up, this package may be a wise choice.

You might want to buy (or you can make) some light diffusing units that will give your photos a soft, glamorous look. One way to accomplish this is using units that mount directly onto your camera's flash. Another method is to use a white umbrella or soft box mounted to a light stand. Many lighting set-ups can be home made using simple materials like a white bed sheet or curtain material, stapled to a 1x3 wooden frame or taped to a frame made out of PVC pipe.

One of the least expensive and most portable soft light units is the umbrella. These units come in white, silver and gold and cost about \$40 for a 36" umbrella. They will mount on any light stand and can be used with all of the above light set-ups. They provide a very soft, diffused light. You will only need two lights with two umbrellas to do the job, but add an extra hair or rim light (this will give your subject separation from the background) and you are ready for the big time. Soft boxes are another great choice, but will cost a bit more and require a little more knowledge to use them effectively. Check out both, and decide which would be best for you.

Filters & Films

Filters are used by many profes-

sionals to soften and glamorize their photos. You probably have noticed the effects of filters in photos and may have wondered how the shot was accomplished. For glamour shots it is helpful to use some form of filtration. There are many types available, from screw in types that screw directly into the front of your lens, interchangeable types that have a filter holder that fits your lens, then you just slide the filters into the holder (this way you can use the same filters for many lenses by buying additional lens adapters) and finally homemade varieties.

I have found the easiest and one of the best filters to be the home-made type. I use a black piece of mesh fabric (with small holes) or you may want to use a piece of black nylon stocking. The material is stretched over the front of your lens and held in place with a rubber band. This softens the image before it reaches the film. If you are using this method, you may have to open your lens up about 1/2 to 1 "F" stop to compensate for the loss of light through the material. If your camera is set for F8, you should open it to F5.6 to compensate. A little testing is advisable since every material will have a different effect. Be adventurous and try old nylons of all colors, cheese cloth, mesh, women's sheer scarves, etc.

But, be warned, most men's magazines like their ladies hot and prefer no filtration on the photos they publish. If you remember, I told you in the first installment I like to shoot "soft" when shooting glamour and "harder" for the men's magazine market. Determine your need and shoot accordingly.

If you are shooting for yourself or for your model's book, then a wise choice would be to use one of the many good color print films available. You might want to try Kodak's Gold or Ektar series (100 ASA is preferable for most use, or use 200 ASA for lower light situations), or Fuji or Agfa's new portrait films. These films are relatively foolproof and even if your exposures are off a bit, you will still get excellent prints.

If you want to have your work considered for publication in a magazine, you have to shoot color slide film. Fujichrome is satisfactory, or you may want to select the choice of old time pros, Kodachrome 64. Pro-

A Persuasive Portfolio



To persuade reluctant models to pose, you'll need a portfolio of "your work" to show them. Since most girls prefer "artsy" photography to the sharp focus, revealing shots seen in men's mags, your book should include soft focus and black and white photography (above) and lots of glamour poses (below).



MORE INFORMATION

Glamour Organizations

International Press
Association (IPA)
Model & Photographer Exchange
Highway 34, Suite 115-S
Matawan, NJ 07747
(Send S.A.S.E. with two stamps
for free newsletter and infor-
mation.)

Magazines

Petersons Photographic
1-800-3686
Popular Photography
Shutterbug
407-268-5010

Cameras & Filters

Minolta Corporation
101 Williams Drive
Ramsey, NJ 07446
(Note: Minolta is the distributor
of Cokin filters—write them
about both.)

Nikon, Inc.
1300 Walt Whitman Drive
Melville, NY 11747
(516) 547-4200

Canon U.S.A.
1 Canon Plaza
Lake Success, NY 11042
(516) 488-6700

Lighting Equipment & Supplies

Lumiquest
Heimer, Suite 775
San Antonio, TX 78232

Sunpack—TOCAD
Attn: Sales Manager
100-D Forest Avenue
Englewood, NJ 07631

Novatron of Dallas, Inc.
P.O. Box 271066
Dallas, TX 75227
(800) 527-1595

Aetna Optix, Inc.
(SP Studio Systems)
P.O. Box 268
Island Park, NY 11558

F.J. Westcott Company
(Free catalog on Soft Boxes, etc.)
1447 Summit St., P.O. Box 1596
Toledo, OH 43604
(800) 886-1689

Camera Dealers—Mail Order

B&H Photo
(800) 221-5662

Adorama
(800) 223-2500

cessing Fujichrome is easy and can be done at home or by any lab with E-6 processing. This ease of processing means no hassles if you decided to take X-rated shots. Kodachrome is more difficult to process and requires trained chemists to watch over the chemistry and processing steps. Kodalux (formerly Kodak processing) has pre-paid processing mailers that you can buy mail order for under \$4 for 36 exposures and can be used for any color slide film including Kodachrome. If you want to try processing your own work, you may decide to start with a simple black and white set-up. Shoot some of Kodak's new T-Max film (100 ASA or 400 ASA) and do it yourself. It's easy to process, fun to do and you'll never have to worry who is going to see your work or if you'll ever get it back from the lab. There are many good labs that process black and white film and we will discuss them in Part Three.

Books & Organizations

There are many excellent books available on nude and glamour photography. *The Manual of Nude Photography* by Jon Gray & Michael Busselle (Fireside Books) or *Secrets of Boudoir Photography* and *How To Photograph the Human Figure* by Robert and Sheila Hurth (HP Books) are just a few. These books go into great detail on equipment and important "how to's." They will give you complete information on set ups, set designs and posing and should be high on your priority list if you decide to take photography seriously.

There are many instructional videos and publications, produced by well known glamour or center-fold photographers, like Peter Gowland, Ken Marcus (*Playboy* and *Penthouse* photographers), Dean Collins and, of course, one of my favorites, the making of *Sports Illustrated's* Swimsuit Edition (great to see how available light shoots are done).

You might also seek out membership in a camera club or a legitimate national glamour organization that will help you learn through their meetings or workshop programs. One of the newer, but most legitimate organizations, specializing in teaching glamour and boudoir portraiture is the International Press Association's Model & Photo-

grapher Exchange in Matawan, New Jersey. Send IPA a self-addressed stamped envelope (two stamps) and they will send you a current newsletter and membership information.

Many magazines are filled with ads for bogus operations that may look like national glamour or model search contests or organizations. In reality, most are just looking to rip you or your lady off for some big bucks for entrance or franchise fees. Guess what, the deal is seldom legit and you will only lose your money. Girls also fall prey to phony model contests and send in entrance fees only to win some phony model shoot prize that must be redeemed by flying to some god forsaken spot to have an amateur photographer take some pictures. Most of these so-called contests never list the actual prize, but will just list a value for the grand prize.

Another way to learn is by reviewing the layouts in *SCORE* and other magazines. Don't just study posing, but try to discover how the set was lit. Look into the model's eyes and see the catch light (that little white spot in her eyes). If you look close, you can see if the shot was made using an umbrella or soft box. You can even tell the position of the lights. If the catch light is at the one o'clock position in the model's the main light was probably to the right of the photographer and higher than the camera. See if you can see a second fill light in her eyes, maybe at the seven o'clock position.

Can you see a shine on her hair, produced by a hair light placed high and to the back side of the model? Did they shoot outdoors with the sun on the model's back, using a flash to fill in the shadows on her front? Start to analyze the shots and you will be surprised at what you can learn. Study the highlights and the shadows in the pictures and try to guess how the lights were positioned.

Now that you have some idea of the equipment needed, the quality of light required, the film to use and organizations to join, you are closer than you think. In Part Three of this series, I will discuss test shooting, special techniques used when shooting for a men's magazine, where to get your work processed confidentially, where to sell your photos and the financial opportunities available to you. □

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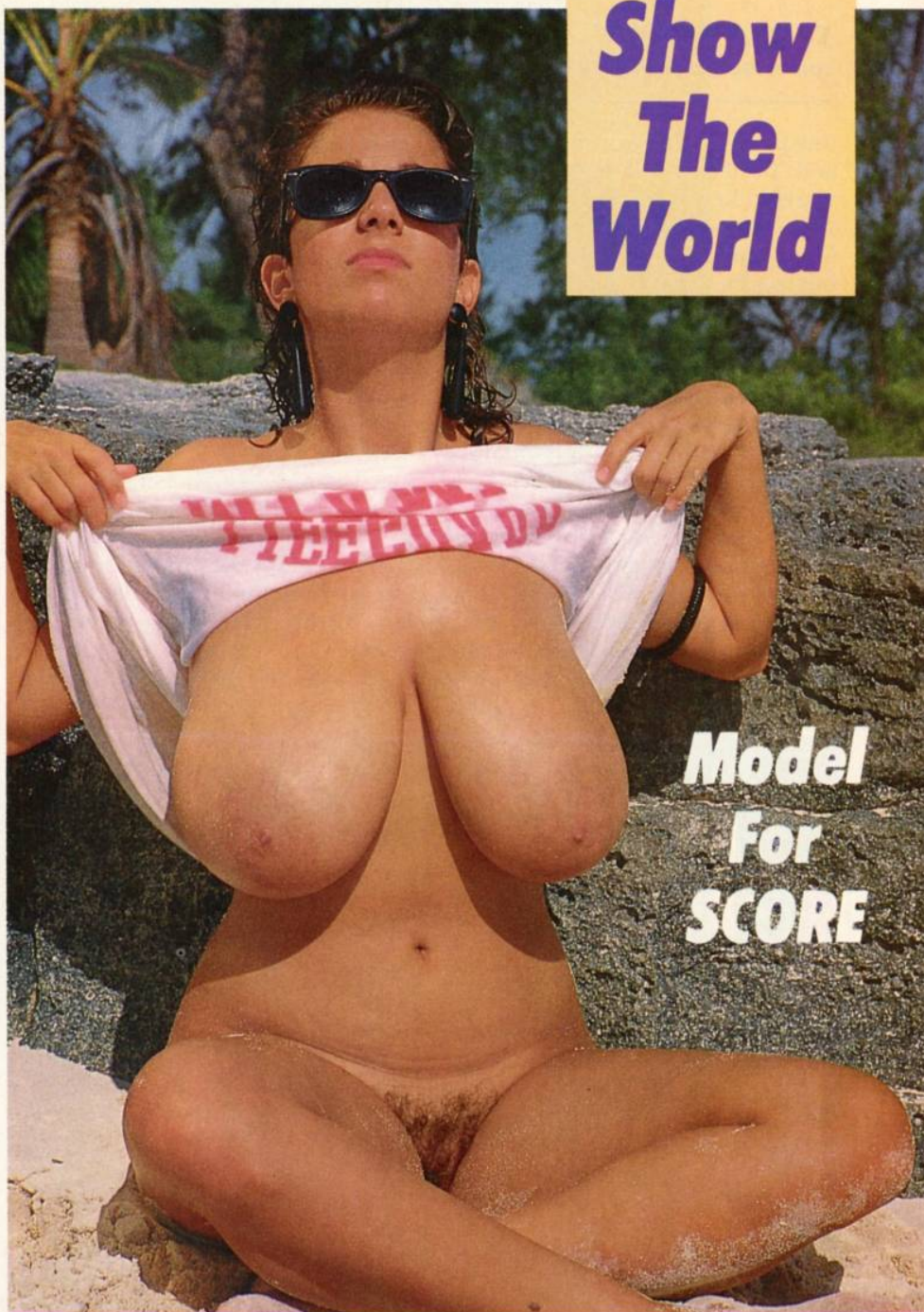
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unzipped her long pink gypsy skirt and pulled it off, and then she wiggled her hips to the edge of the sofa. She wasn't wearing panties. Marty knelt on the floor in front of her as she spread her knees wide apart, and pressed her bare feet on the sofa cushions, and showed him her hairy pussy.

He had been thinking, by this time, that maybe he ought to get up and leave. Marty wasn't the type of guy who went down on chicks. Everybody who knew him understood how it was. *He* had the money, *she* did the sucking. But when Sylvia spread her legs like that...man, something just came over him. He'd never felt this way looking at a woman's cunt before. Hers was really

hairy. The hair was soft and dark—brown and fleecy looking, and it spread in a big triangle all over her lower belly and down between her thighs, with the tufts of hair looking extra soft and sleek and dewy where they fringed her pussy.

Then there was the way the hair contrasted with her olive-tan skin. She didn't have any kind of tan line. The flesh of her inner thighs and belly was soft and golden brown right up to where the pussy hair started. The skin looked as tender and moist and good to suck as the skin of her tits.

"Go ahead and lick it, Marty. Be a good boy now. I know you want to."

Man, where did she get off talking to him like that? 'Be a good boy.' Chicks didn't talk that way to Marty.

But the trouble was, by this time

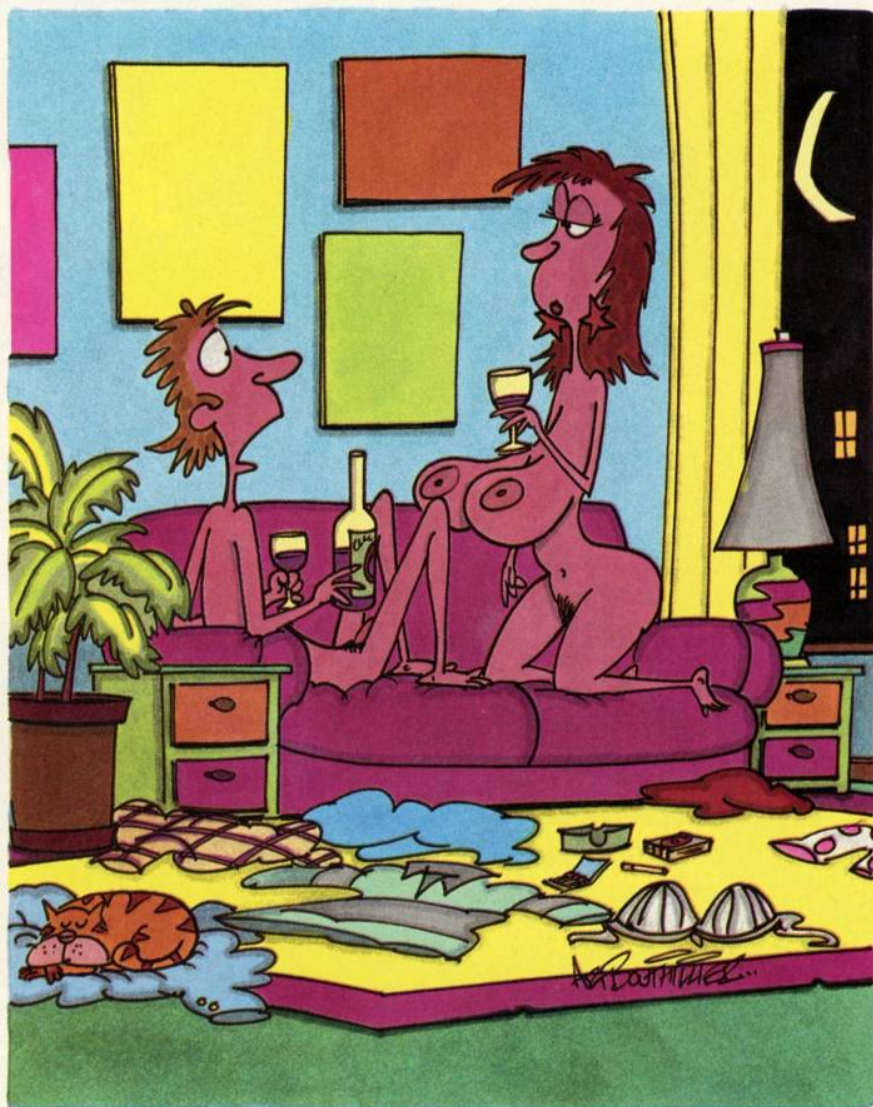
Marty could smell her cunt. He'd smelled it before, but now he could *really* smell it. It was funny, any pussy was going to smell when it got warm and wet and ready for fucking, but there were a few women who smelled like...wow, you just couldn't resist them. You turned into a *dog*, almost, once you got the smell of it. Guys made jokes about the smell being fishy or salty or whatever, but once you got it up your nose, you were just like a rutting dog for her. She could call you a cunt licker all she wanted. You'd just do anything.

Marty put his head between Sylvia's legs and started kissing her pretty slit. He sucked the soft, sweaty skin of her inner thighs, biting the flesh gently, making her sigh and spread her legs even wider. Then he spread her pussy lips open and started licking her cunt.

By this time his joint was rock-hard and twitching. It was the smell and the taste together now. He didn't know how to describe it. It was a good, strong smell, like she'd been walking around all day with her naked cunt feeling warm and tingly under her gypsy skirt, like she'd needed a good licking really bad. It was a smell that was a little bit fishy and salty and creamy all at the same time, but more than anything else it was a smell that made a dick stiff and ready to fuck.

She pushed her fingers between his cheeks and her thighs and helped him, spreading her puffy cunt lips open with the tips of her fingers. Marty shut his eyes as he started licking and sucking her fat clit. She shuddered, her thighs stiffening, grinding her ass off the couch and pushing her cunt onto his tongue. By this time Marty had forgotten all about his shopping center, and his condo complex, and all his other real estate investments. All he knew was that Sylvia had the best tasting cunt he'd ever licked in his life...

Marty visited "Sylvia's Psychic Reading" nearly every day for the next six months. For the first month, the price was a hundred dollars a session. After that, the sessions were free. She said she was making more than enough on the "investment" to recover his fee and open a fat new bank account for him on the side. She still wouldn't tell him what the investment was.



"You have big tits and I'm a horny guy...
What more could you possibly want in a relationship?"

continued on page 80



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We couldn't pass up the opportunity to feature these two popular models together. Belfast's Lisa Phillips (above left) and Israel's Nilli Willis (above right) are superstars in their own right, but together present a sultry twosome with more natural cleavage than the Grand Canyon.

Lisa began modeling in 1988 when, as a shy 18-year-old, she taped the "Bahamas Bonanza," a video that went on to become a classic. Now 22 and more beautiful than ever, Lisa has matured into one of the best D-cup models of all-time.







Can you imagine a threesome with Nilli and Lisa? In the photograph, below, Nilli spreads Lisa's pussy while Lisa stares into the camera's eye, a blatant invitation to skewer her ripe womanhood.



Newer to nude modeling than Lisa, Nilli is an Israeli now living in England. This exotic, dark-skinned beauty's video credits include a starring role in "The Duke of Knockers," which was recently voted Best Video of the Year by "Adult Video News." This video, as well as "Girls 6," Lisa's hardcore video, can be ordered from our Video Club on page 99.







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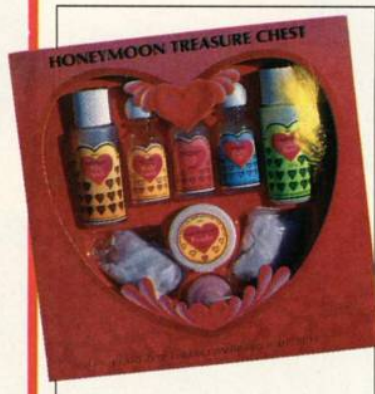


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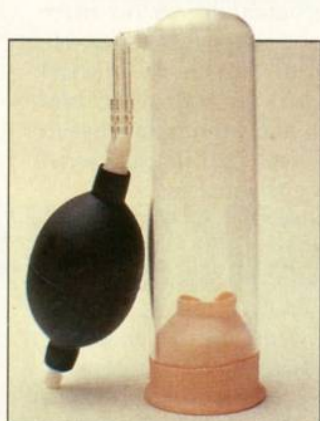


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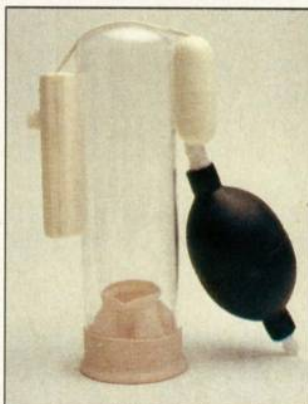
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SYLVIA'S SECRET

continued from page 68

Strangely, he no longer particularly cared what it was. After a few weeks, Marty had to admit the truth to himself: he was addicted to his sessions with the psychic reader. He was especially addicted to licking her cunt. It wasn't as if he didn't have the opportunity to do a lot more than that. She let him fondle her heavy, watermelon-sized breasts as much as he wanted to, to rub oil on the huge, satin-skinned tits and to suck the thick dugs after the rubbing had made them stiff. She let him fuck her, too, and they did plenty of that. Sometimes he got so turned on when he was with her that he felt like he would never stop shooting his spunk deep inside her sweet-smelling cunt.

But, more than anything else, he loved going down on her. He couldn't understand it. The first time it had been kind of kinky, acting exactly the opposite of the domineering, "get-down-on-your-knees-and-suck-me-bitch" way he usually acted. At least that was how he had explained it to himself at the time.

He knew it was different now, though. He felt so warm and secure when he was on his knees with his head between her legs; it was if he could forget all his paranoia and secret insecurities if he just gave into it, and concentrated on giving her pleasure.

He liked the way her thighs twitched when he was doing it. Sometimes he even thought about that later, when he jacked off. It was how he could tell he was doing it right. He'd hold the folds of her pussy open with his fingers and suck right on her clit, with his tongue moving on it; if he did it just right she'd gasp and stiffen in a certain way, and then he'd feel her thighs twitch against his cheek.

It got to him, that he was making her so horny. She usually didn't moan and whimper when she got like that. Instead, she gasped, and stiffened, and held his head tight as her thighs started twitching.

After about three weeks the daily sessions started to have a pretty serious effect on his business. It took a real fuck to be CEO of *Players Unlimited*, and Marty had to admit it, he was turning into less of a fuck all the time. He had this

woman he could *talk* to now. It wasn't just the sex. Sometimes he sat with her for an hour or two after they'd had sex, just talking. She *liked* him. Or if she didn't like him, at least she acted as if she understood how someone *could* like him, after getting under all the meanness that had built up in him over the years. No one else had ever felt like that for Marty.

Two months after he started seeing Sylvia, a bunch of flower sniffers in the state capital filed suit against *Players* for an industrial development that violated the intent of state environmental laws. That was what they claimed, anyway, and what they claimed was probably about 200% true. Marty told himself to fight back. He had one of the biggest scumbag lawyers in the country on retainer, not to mention IOUs and psychological levers on three quarters of the state legislature. He could have gotten the environmental laws "reformed" in half a day and spent the rest of it waving bye-bye to the flower sniffers while they went bye-bye down the nearest toilet.

But he didn't do it. He told himself to do it, but then he thought of Sylvia, and the disappointed way she'd look at him if she found out he'd just pulled a cynical number on a bunch of starry-eyed do-gooders who volunteered for eco stuff. So it didn't happen. He told Jimmy to let it ride. Then he actually up and *gave* the property to the flower sniffers. "Go ahead and plant dandelions all over the fucking shoreline, if you're so keen on it," he said. "It's yours. I'll even pay for the services of Scumbag, if anybody gives you trouble on the title."

That was the beginning of the end, in a way. A land gift to an environmental group did make a nice tax deduction, and that was how Marty tried to explain it to all the other elite cruds and fucks he knew who drove Lambour-fucking-ghinis like his. But if there was one thing a fellow crud could spot a mile away, it was a business decision that didn't come out of Crudland. They knew something was off, and they started to back away from him. A couple of very smart people unloaded their portfolio of *Players* stock. The not-so-smart followed their lead. Marty had stopped checking up on his company on the



"Hi!"

continued on page 86



RITES OF SUMMMER

It wouldn't be summer without the annual Nudes-A-Poppin' Festival

Most of the year the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana is a private, mild-mannered nudist camp. But all that changes the third weekend of every June and August. That's when the Ponderosa opens its gates

to the public and hosts one of the wildest public exhibitions of T&A viewing this side of a pagan ritual. Professional dancers and amateurs gather from all over the Midwest to compete for cash prizes and huge trophies in categories ranging from "Miss Nude Universe" to "Best Buns." In-between competitions the girls do some "down



and dirty" posing for the amateur photographers and video hounds in the crowd. A big-name Master of Ceremonies (the last few years it's been porn star Ron Jeremy) is brought in to lend the affair a gala atmosphere. Pictured

on this page is Cindy Chimes a club dancer out of the Naked Harem in El Paso, Texas. Believe it or not, Cindy didn't win a thing at last summer's festivities which tells you just how tough the competition is. Our thanks to photographer James Hamilton for sweating out this event during record high temperatures last summer.



Can you think of any place where the girl watching could be better than this? Over one hundred nude babes parading about under the hot Indiana sun sounds like the ultimate to us. Just don't forget the sunscreen and brewskies.



Up until two years ago, all contestants were required to wear a bottom covering and even "pasties" over their nipples. Fortunately, recent festivals have allowed total nudity.





This year's events promise to be as hot as ever, so if you're in the Midwest, check them out. For more information on this year's Nudes-A-Poppin' week-ends, motel reservations in the area, etc., call the Ponderosa Sun Club. It's a summer ritual everyone should experience.





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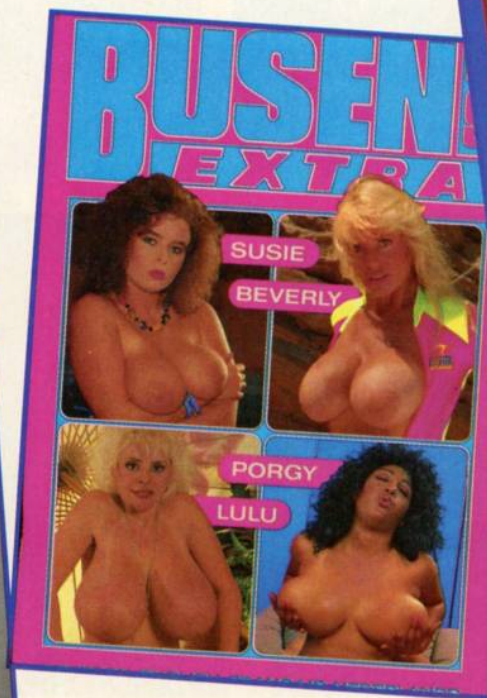
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Dow Jones every morning like he used to.

But, he had to admit, he'd never felt happier. Sylvia kissed him when she found out what he'd done for the flower sniffers. They went for a walk on the property together. They held hands as they watched the gulls fly over the surf.

Six months after his first visit to "Sylvia's Psychic Reading," bucket shop operators all over the country were trying to dump *Players* stock for cents on the dollar. Marty knew what had happened by then. He'd let Jimmy go and sold the 'Ghini to pay Jimmy's tuition to med school. Some of his tenants were after him to turn half the condo complex into

low-cost housing for Ralph Nader-type do-gooders. Marty had gone along with them. He was leasing some office space for less than the cost to the flower sniffers who'd sued him, so the shopping center was going to go next too, probably. Sometimes Marty felt a little funny that he never felt like slipping the ol' knife into any of the fucks who'd been programmed into the speed dialer of his Lambo's cellular phone, but the feeling never lasted long.

He was happy now. He'd even started to volunteer for some do-gooder projects himself, just to be around people who were into that kind of stuff. He'd started to make friends who didn't have anything to do with money. Marty hadn't had friends like that since grammar school.

Anyway, he'd figured out what Sylvia had done. He hadn't gotten stupid, or lost any of the old knowledge. He'd just become a different

person.

"You sold me short," he said.

She nodded. They were lying together on the couch in the psychic shop, naked. They'd just screwed. The room smelled like Sylvia's pussy. That was how Marty liked it to smell. He lay with one of her olive-tan thighs twined between his own, his hand on her full, firm ass, her heavy breasts pressed against his chest.

"Selling short" meant that she'd bet—and bet correctly—that the price per share of *Players Unlimited* stock would take a huge nosedive on Wall Street. Professional traders sold short all the time. She must have taken a big short position on *Players* right after their second meeting.

She smiled up into his eyes. "How long ago did you figure it out?"

"Oh, I guess I always knew it. Or after the first two weeks I did. I wasn't born yesterday."

She laughed. "Are you mad at me, Marty?"

"No."

"I made millions." The soft brown eyes he could look into forever were looking at him now. "It's all accounted for. You can have it anytime. I keep my promises."

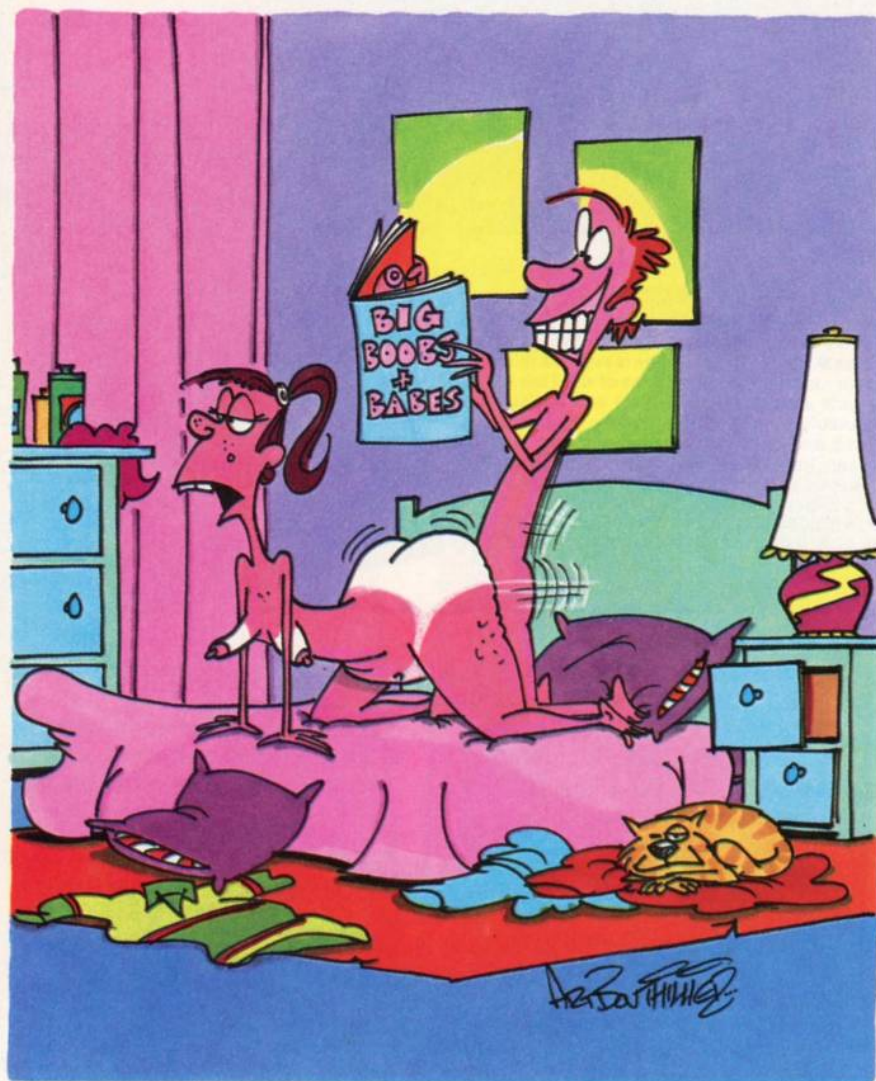
"No," he said. "You keep it. Or give it away. Yeah. That's it. Give it away."

She smiled again, as if she had known all along what his answer would be. They kissed. He slid his hand from her ass to the thick tawny fur that grew so generously on her lower belly. She sighed on his mouth and ground her lips into his. He felt his cock getting stiff.

"Do I have to start paying for the sessions again?"

"Of course not." Her voice was husky. "I want you to see me anytime. You know how I feel about you now, Marty. Don't believe I haven't meant it."

She rolled onto her back, her heavy breasts swaying with the motion, her nipples stiff with her longing for him. He mounted her, sliding his engorged cock into her soft, hot love tunnel. He sighed with pleasure as he impaled her to the hilt and started sliding his dick in and out. It was free, he thought. That was what the best things in life had always cost. He'd just never known it. □



"Why do we always have to do it doggy-style?"

LETHA'S WEAPONS



Billed as Letha Weapons on the dance circuit; this sexy 18-year-old is packing clubs across the U.S. and Canada. No doubt, Letha's plump pair of honeydew-sized melons could certainly be classified as weapons in the battle of the sexes. She's got what it takes to make us surrender without a fight.





In the erotic view, below, Letha's twin mounds provide a tight, firm, deep cleavage that you could literally get lost in. Right, this full-length shot shows 5'2" Letha's figure in all its glorious naked beauty...muscular thighs, girlish hips and fantastically huge, pink-nippled breasts. This sexy newcomer has nothing to hide.







Speaking of having nothing to hide! Even though this was her first time to pose nude in front of a camera, Letha had no problem assuming what most models tell us they consider the most intimate and revealing of all poses, right.













We felt this was a fitting shot to end Letha's layout and the second issue of SCORE. Sort of an open invitation to come back for more. You'll see all the best new big-bust models in our pages—and you'll see them before anyone else!



SCORE VIDEO CLUB

VIDEO PICK OF THE MONTH

BIG BOOB GIRLS #13

This month's Video Pick of the Month has some of the most explicit hardcore action we've ever seen. What makes it even better is that the girls featured are strictly cream of the crop. Lynn LeMay acts as the video's narrator, introducing each scene while administering a deep-throat blowjob that has to be seen to be believed. Appearing in XXX scenes are Wendy Whoppers (who takes on a giant cock in her first-ever hardcore scene), C.C. Moore and Kayla Kleevage in a hot lez humping, Patty Plenty, and gorgeous Jay Sweet (SCORE/June) makes her porn debut in a wonderfully raunchy threesome. See page 11 for lots of explicit outtakes.

XXX RATED—90 MIN. \$69.95



THE BIG BOOB LOTTERY

What would you do if you won the lottery? How about buying a mansion in Palm Springs and surrounding yourself with a bevy of buxom playmates? That's what lucky lotto winner Dave does in this entertaining hardcore video starring big bust stars Kayla Kleevage, Susie Boobies, Bethany Bustin and over-40 legend Kitten Natividad.

XXX RATED—75 MINUTES

\$69.95



HARDCORE PLUMPERS

For those who prefer their women on the plump side, this is one of our all-time best sellers. You'll enjoy watching as three buxom chubbies revel in the experience of receiving their first ever on-camera porkings. Roberta Smallwood, Melanie Anton and Fawn Miller (above) are the stars of this beautifully erotic video.

XXX RATED—80 MINUTES

\$69.95



PLUMPERS OF SUNDANCE SPA

The sequel to "Hardcore Plumpers," Melanie Anton and Roberta Smallwood (above) return in more stimulating hardcore scenes. Plus two new corpulent cuties—Liz and Tanya—make their first ever video appearances. You'll love watching these chubby girls-next-door blossom right before your eyes in this exciting feature.

XXX RATED—90 MINUTES

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BAHAMAS BONANZA

The two best D-cuppers of the last decade are together on this video which was taped on a beautiful Bahamas out island. Devon Daniels and Lisa Phillips (above) are featured in separate scenes, romping on the beach together and in the now-famous "Battle of the Bras" where we determined once and for all who had the bigger boobs.

R & XXX RATED—80 MINUTES

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10 FEATURE SELECTIONS



☒ MAMMARY MANOR

This is a classy but raunchy hardcore showcase for pouty English beauty Tracy Gibb (above) and French cocksucker-supreme Melodie Kiss. Both are super sexy, naturally endowed beauties and in this video perform some of the best hardcore we've ever seen. "Mammary Manor" contains absolutely fantastic oral sex and tit fucking scenes.

XXX RATED—85 MINUTES

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☒ THE DUKE OF KNOCKERS

Nilli Willis is the star of this feature video which was voted "Best Video of the Year" by Adult Video News. And for good reason! It has great hardcore action starring Nilli, Justa Dream, Kayla Kleeve and LeeAnn Lovelace, beautiful scenery and an entertaining plot!

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