

EST **ELECTRA**
COLOR

78

\$3.50

no.1 BLACK & BUSTY

featuring

• **SANDY**

• **DIONNE**

• **ROSA**

• **FANCY**

**ADULTS
ONLY**

SALE TO MINORS IS FORBIDDEN. THIS IS A SEXUALLY EXPLICIT PUBLICATION PREPARED FOR INTERESTED ADULTS WHO BELIEVE THIS TYPE OF MATERIAL MAY HAVE VALUE FOR THEM AND HAVE A NORMAL CURIOSITY CONCERNING SUCH MATTERS.

BLACK & BUSTY



SANDY☆

STAFF

Designed and packaged
by Golden State News

MANAGING EDITOR
Art Fogel

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Joyce Edwards

LAYOUT AND DESIGN
Peter Sause

WRITING STAFF
Bill Buntner
Sue Williams

ART DIRECTOR
Sidney Cohn

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Stan Perce



ROSA☆

Copyright © by Golden State News, 1636 W. Adams, Los Angeles, California. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Unsolicited manuscripts, illustrations and/or photographs must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes. The publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited materials. Any similarity to persons living or dead, or to persons named in fiction or semi-fiction, is entirely coincidental. All photographs used for any purpose in this magazine are posed by professional models, and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, nor are meant to be understood as the actual personality or conduct of the model.



FANCY☆

Sandy





As perky and lively as ever, she breezed into the lab, chatting amicably with various members of the staff including Grace and myself. She was literally bubbling over and I anticipated a particularly easy session in the next half hour. Relaxed people are open souls and I'd never seen Sandy more relaxed than that final afternoon. Her gaity modified, however, when we got into the interview itself.

"Sandy," I said, "you've sketched your early years in college for us and told us something of your indoctrination into such practices as normal intercourse, oral sex, and lesbianism. You apparently led a fairly active sex life during this period of your growing up and it may be helpful to learn how this wealth of experience has influenced the pat-

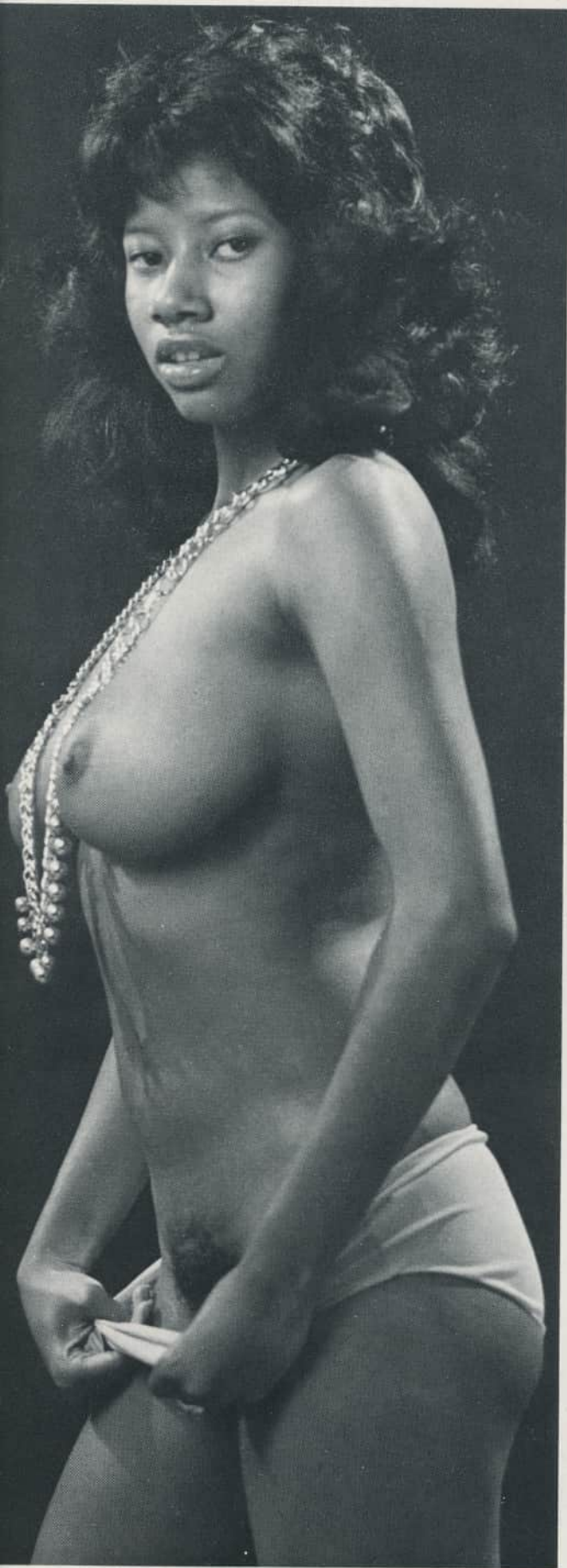


tern of your current sexual activity. Can you elaborate on this for us?"

"I think so, doctor," she replied, and with that she launched into the third installment of her story. It was as candid and revealing as those that preceded it and probably goes a long way toward explaining why she never returned to the lab for further interviews.

"Throughout college I had a steady diet of sex. I don't mean to say it was simply one gigantic orgy, but there was never a lack of sexual activity on or near the campus and for those of us who were 'in,' there was no dearth of willing partners. My junior and senior years were almost carbon copies of the first two years. About the only difference was we seemed to become even more selective in our choice of bed mates and some of the guys came over from Thompson University. They were just as horny as State boys but their attitudes about sex seemed more mature. I guess that's one reason we became more selective. The other is that sex with the older guys was better sex and the best of the better each girl wanted to keep for herself. A little sharing all of a sudden went a long, long, way.

One of the Thompson boys was named Holden, Holden Carmichael. I didn't go for that last name but I never seriously considered confiscating it. All Holden had that I wanted was a magnificent physique and the most talented good-looking penis I'd ever seen. Doctor, even you'd appreciate a grand specimen like Holden! He was great to behold and superb when it came to sex. It often came to that between us, of course. He admired my body as much as I worshipped his. We took advantage, of each other whenever we possibly could. We dated frequently like steadies do but where most guys kiss their dates sweetly and leave them standing on the doorstep, Holden and I invariably wound up in bed.



Right from the beginning, we knew what we wanted of each other. Our first date settled that beyond any doubt. Casually, just like we belonged together, Holden took my arm and led me to his apartment. We went inside, knowing what was to be, knowing that any illusions this visit was just for a nightcap would be a horrible deception, knowing



that neither one of us would be fully satisfied until we were joined as mature man and woman. The prospect alone was exciting, and both of us sensed electricity in the air as we closed the door behind us.

There was an absence of preliminaries, yet neither one of us felt hurried as our bodies closed and pressed tightly together. We kissed, long prolonged caresses that found Holden's tongue forcing itself between my lips,





moving ever deeper toward the warmth of my waiting mouth. I suppose I just can't find words to describe how exciting that moment was. I tingled all over, my body straining to ferret out each and every nuance of his love-making. We stood there clinging to each other for what seemed like eternity, then moved in unison toward the bedroom where we knew our passions would eventually lead us.

Hurriedly, I dropped my sheath and removed my panties. Holden just watched as I shed my clothes and stood transfixed at the sight of my nakedness.



Apparently he liked what he saw because the look in his eye left no doubt as to what his immediate desires were. I stepped toward him, unbuckled his belt and tugged at his trousers until they fell away from his hips. His erection was utterly fantastic, so hard and upright I thought his shorts would never regain their shape. I reached out to touch him there while he fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. Moments later, Holden was almost as naked as I was. Together we pulled his shorts free of his body.

As he kicked them to one side, I dropped to my knees and pressed my face against the warmth of his sex. I remembered the pleasures of oral sex Richie had taught me and I yearned to place Holden's penis between my lips. He moaned out loud when I did, erotic sounds of intense sensuality. I must have fellated him for the next ten minutes or so. How I loved it, his big organ sliding through my lips, my tongue playfully toying across the glans, stimulating him to near climax.

By now, my own sex was wet with wanting him and as he lifted me to my feet, his penis rubbed against my outer lips, nudging my clitoris to a peak of high excitement. We clung to each other that way for some time, each of us reveling in the erotic sensations we gave to the other. I remember thinking how dull sex must be for most people who simply flop on a mattress and flay away at one another until somebody shudders with the intensity of orgasm. The kind of love Holden and I made to each other was so different.

We went to bed bent on satisfying our most carnal desires. We did for and gave to each other that night like no two people ever did before us. That's how we felt about it at the time, whether it's true or not. I guess that's not very scientific but I gather what I think is as important to you as what I do, right?



Holden was a master and I relished every moment we ever spent together. Of course, Holden wasn't the only man I had in those last two years. There were other singles, and on occasion a group of us would gather for a good old-fashioned orgy. Those orgies were more like a game







than anything. They were a form of social contact that resulted in physical pleasure and I'm sure everyone enjoyed them as I did. But good sex, real good sex with one guy, was starting to shape my sexual future. I suppose if Holden and I had had more in common, we might have talked about marriage, but the question never came up. Last I heard he was happy with an ex-showgirl and between them they were raising a family. I envy her nothing except the sex life she and Holden must have. It's got to be the greatest.

Since leaving State, I've had a few affairs but the orgies are few and far between. I still like them for the variety they offer, but I guess I've more or less settled for one mate at a time. Sometimes my affairs last several years, sometimes only weeks, but they're always good while they last and I'm thankful for each and every one of them.

Right now, I'm going pretty steady with Carl. He's a very personable sort of guy and he seems to understand me. From time to time I've told him of my previous lovers and he seems to feel this has helped me become the woman I am today. He's even gone to several parties with me. He's mature enough to evaluate my conduct on a realistic basis. He's not the jealous type and he seems to enjoy himself even when I'm making it with another man. I know that excites him, and I suppose he knows how stimulated I am when I see him driving his penis into another woman. He's not as big as I remember Holden, or as masculine in general appearance, but he's an accomplished lover. I get a kick out of it when other women show a preference for Carl when we start stripping down for action.



Dionne





A big change took place in Dionne's life last week. At one time she was the lead singer in the High Tones. Then all of a sudden she was replaced by an outsider who was getting a lot of publicity.

Her life style changed so radically she didn't know what to do. For several months she wouldn't talk to anyone. She packed up all her belongings and went to her cabin up in the hills. None of her friends knew where she was and she wanted it to remain like that until she could figure out the future.









It would have been so easy to stay in this blue mood. Time would have gone by quickly and Dionne would just fade away. Fortunately she had a lot of friends who were determined that this shouldn't happen.

All of a sudden and without any warning whatsoever they all appeared at her front door. She didn't know what to expect when the bell rang. Who would be calling at that time of day? No one was suppose to know where she was. The minute she pulled open the door they all tumbled inside.

They didn't give Dionne a chance to protest. A party was going to take place and that's all there was to it. Very soon a small combo was swinging away in the corner. In an instant Dionne was snapped out of her depression. For some strange reason she wanted to sing again.

Everyone became quiet as Dionne sang one of her old numbers. It was like hearing a voice from the past. Even Dionne started to cry midway into her song. But they couldn't have this sadness. Right away the musicians changed their beat. It was up and up all the way!

More people arrived and someone ordered three cases of champagne. People forgot what they were celebrating but they went right on having fun anyway. The whole idea was to get Dionne back in the swing again.

Once more a big change came into Dionne's life. No longer was she going to think negative thoughts. There was too much in life to enjoy. And for the rest of her life she would thank her many friends for pointing this out to her.









BLACK BEAUTIES



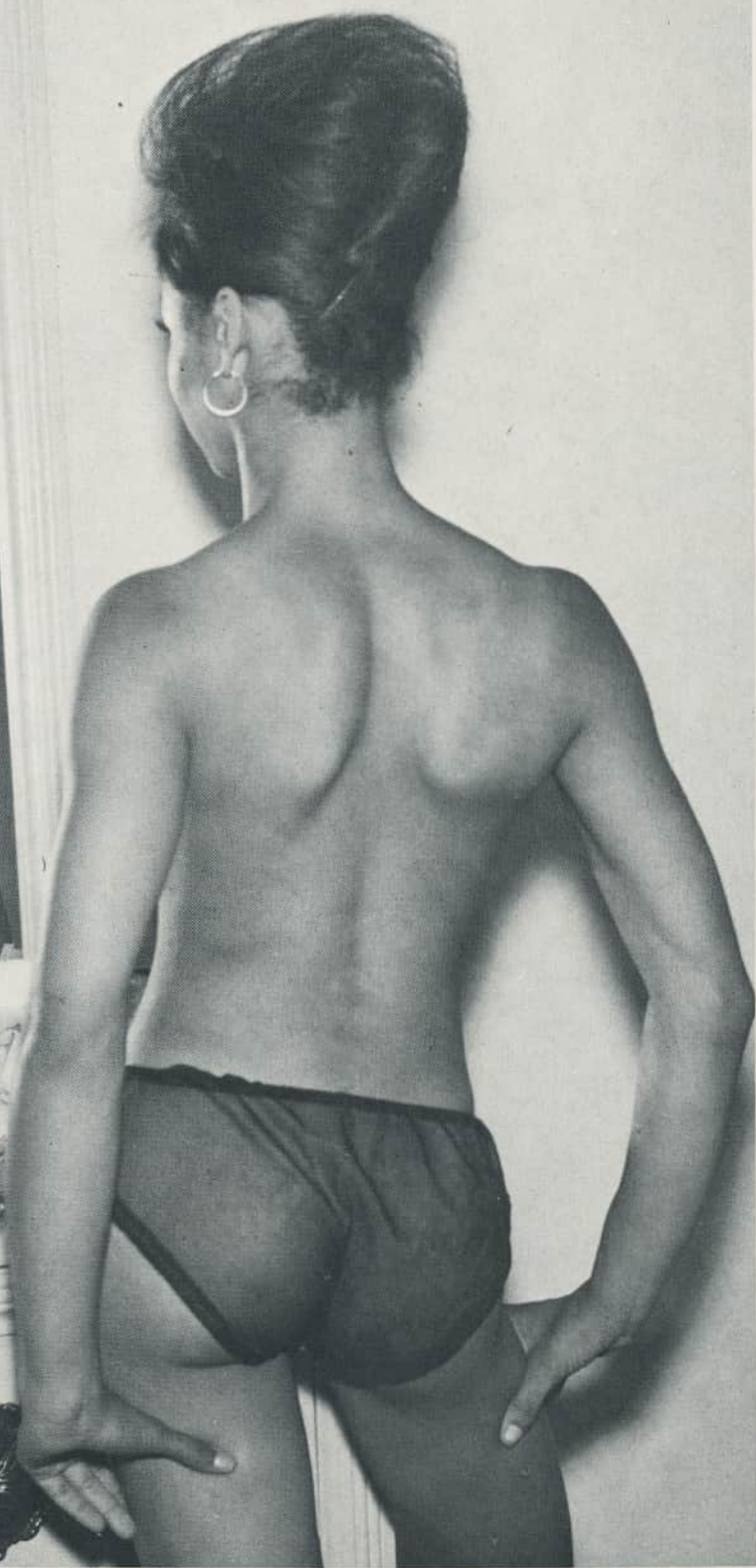
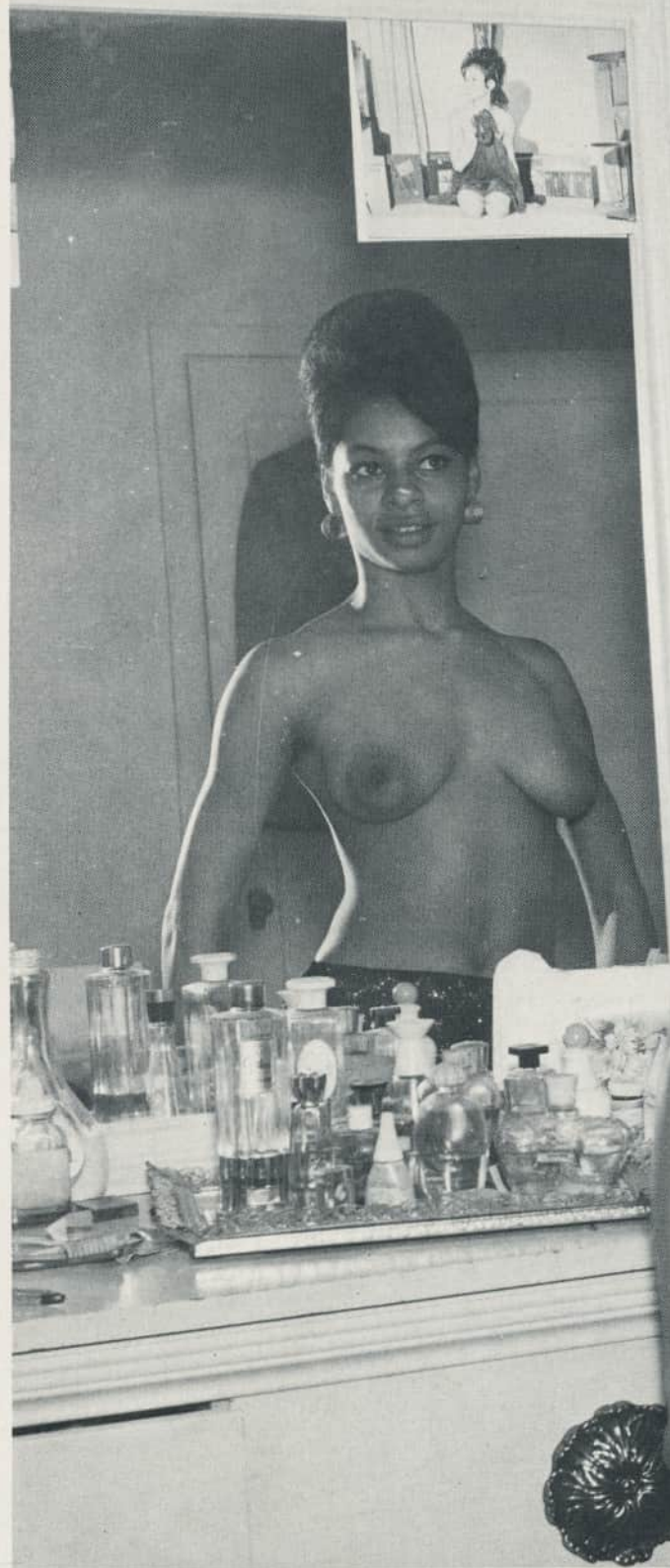






ROSA





One reason I love being a top fashion model is that I get a chance to travel to exotic places all over the world. Last week was my most exciting assignment. I was on my way to Melchor Ocampo del Balsas, Mexico!

Really I had no idea what was going to happen once I arrived. My agent told me that I would be posing for a very famous photographer who was doing a spread for an international jet-set magazine. I was to wear Clarion originals. Any girl would go out of her mind for a chance like this. I sure wasn't going to miss the boat.



Actually I had to take a train, bus, plane and boat to finally arrive at my destination. One of my bags got misplaced. It contained all my cosmetics and I was worried sick. And then just before I settled myself in a bus leaving Guadalajara a little old lady came rushing up to me. "This must be yours," she exclaimed. "I haven't used stuff like this since I was a teenager!" I thanked her and gave her a kick in the shins.





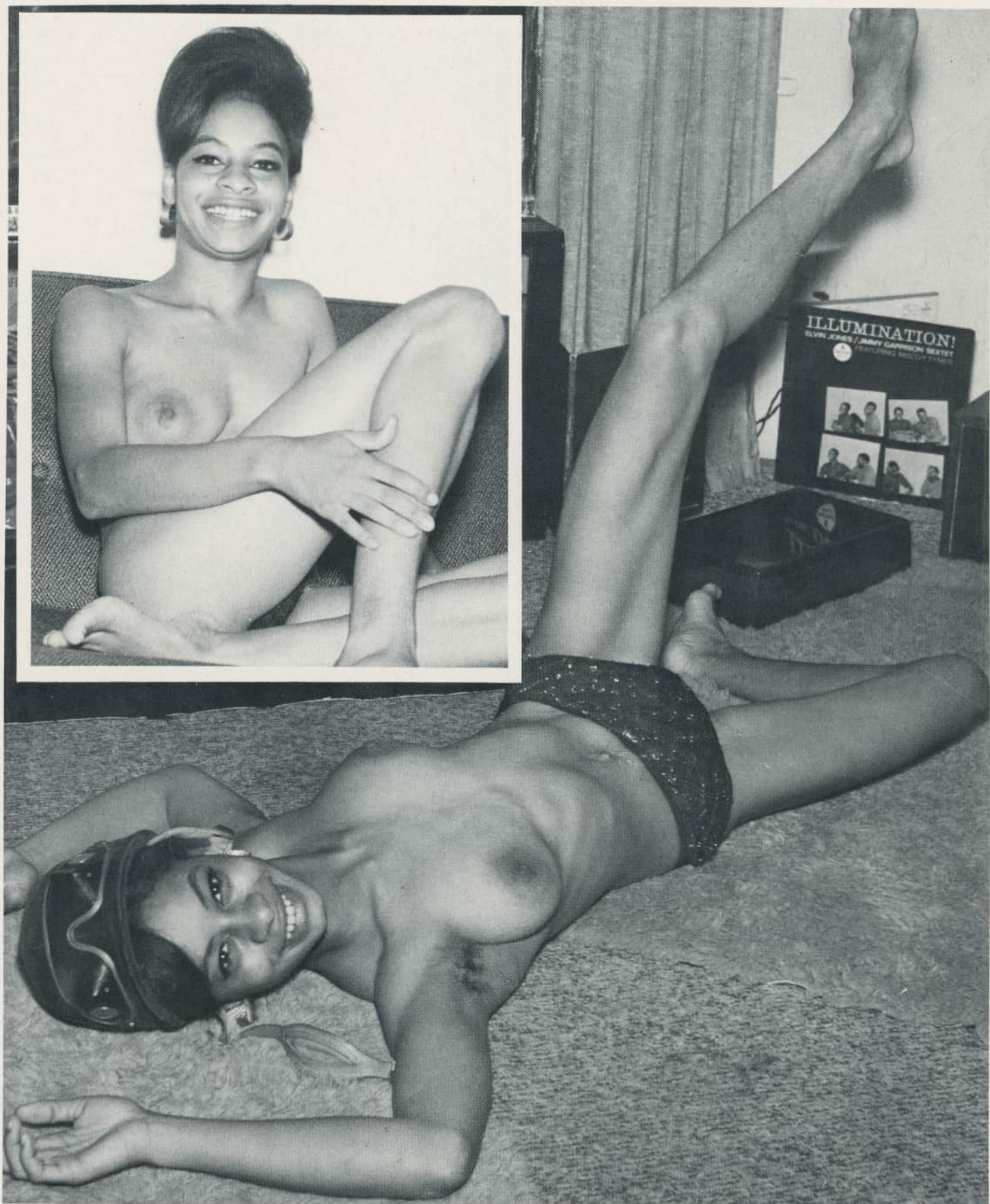




I didn't know it could get so hot in a hurry in Mexico. The man sitting beside me had all kinds of ideas about keeping cool. It looked like he was so hot himself that he was going to explode. Finally I had to move to another seat. His icy fingers were exploring too much. They were cold enough but I didn't like those little side trips they were making.

We finally arrived at Melchor Ocampo and the photographer was waiting for me. He waved his arms as though I were a lost love of his. He had that same wild look as the dude who had been sitting beside me before. For a minute I wondered if I should turn around and head back. But I wasn't a girl to give up that easy. Onward was my slogan!







Fancy

Here is the exclusive story on the travels of Fancy. She loves to visit strange lands and make new friends. So pack your bags and join us!

Fancy loves to spread out a map and stick a needle anywhere. Wherever it lands will be her next destination. She can be ready in less than an hour because she isn't one to carry many clothes around with her.





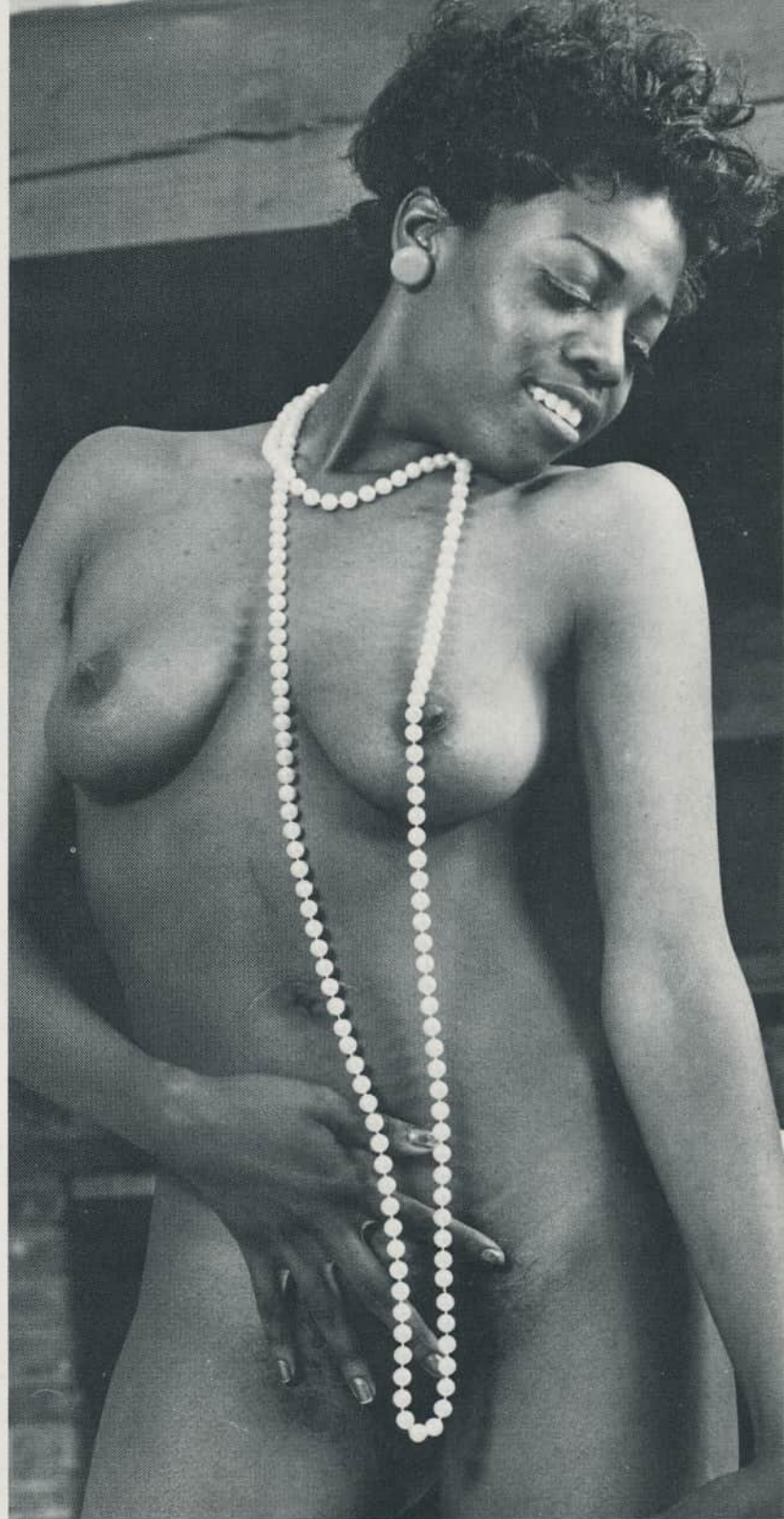
The first stop is Madras, India. Fancy wants to know how to do that Indian rope trick. The next time some dude gets fresh with her she'll send him spinning up in the air. Will he be in for a big surprise!

No matter how exciting a place might be, Fancy isn't one to stay around one place too long. You might say she has restless feet. Unless she keeps



moving she begins to get nervous. Something is going on somewhere else and she doesn't happen to be there to take it all in. That's a tragedy!

The next stop is Istanbul, Turkey. She really likes this city because it's near the Black Sea and that's a real soul brother. Also the Turks are friendly people. Maybe they don't exactly understand jet-set girls too well but they don't try to interfere and that is certainly appreciated.



The next stop is a big hop—even for Fancy. Imagine shutting your eyes in Istanbul and opening them on the other side of the world! All of a sudden Fancy is swinging in Sidney, Australia. Even the kangaroos start leaping higher when they get an eyeful of Fancy's fanny.

She would like to go down to Melbourne and meet some of those wild surfers but something deep inside of her is making her move on. There doesn't seem to be a minute that she can keep still and enjoy herself. That's too bad for Fancy. She can't change her life now.



Naturally she went to the other side of the world again. It would be too easy just to travel a few hundred miles and settle down for awhile. This time she winged into Cape Town and gave them all a look at her new brief swimsuit. It was the kind that instantly dissolved once it touched water. Unfortunately the authorities didn't see the novelty in her creation and asked her to leave as soon as possible.

Fancy knows in a hurry if she's not wanted. Immediately she decided to head for the high country. There's no place higher than Iquitos, Peru. It wouldn't be an easy place to visit but where there's a will there's a way. Before the sun

had a chance to set she was on her way once more.

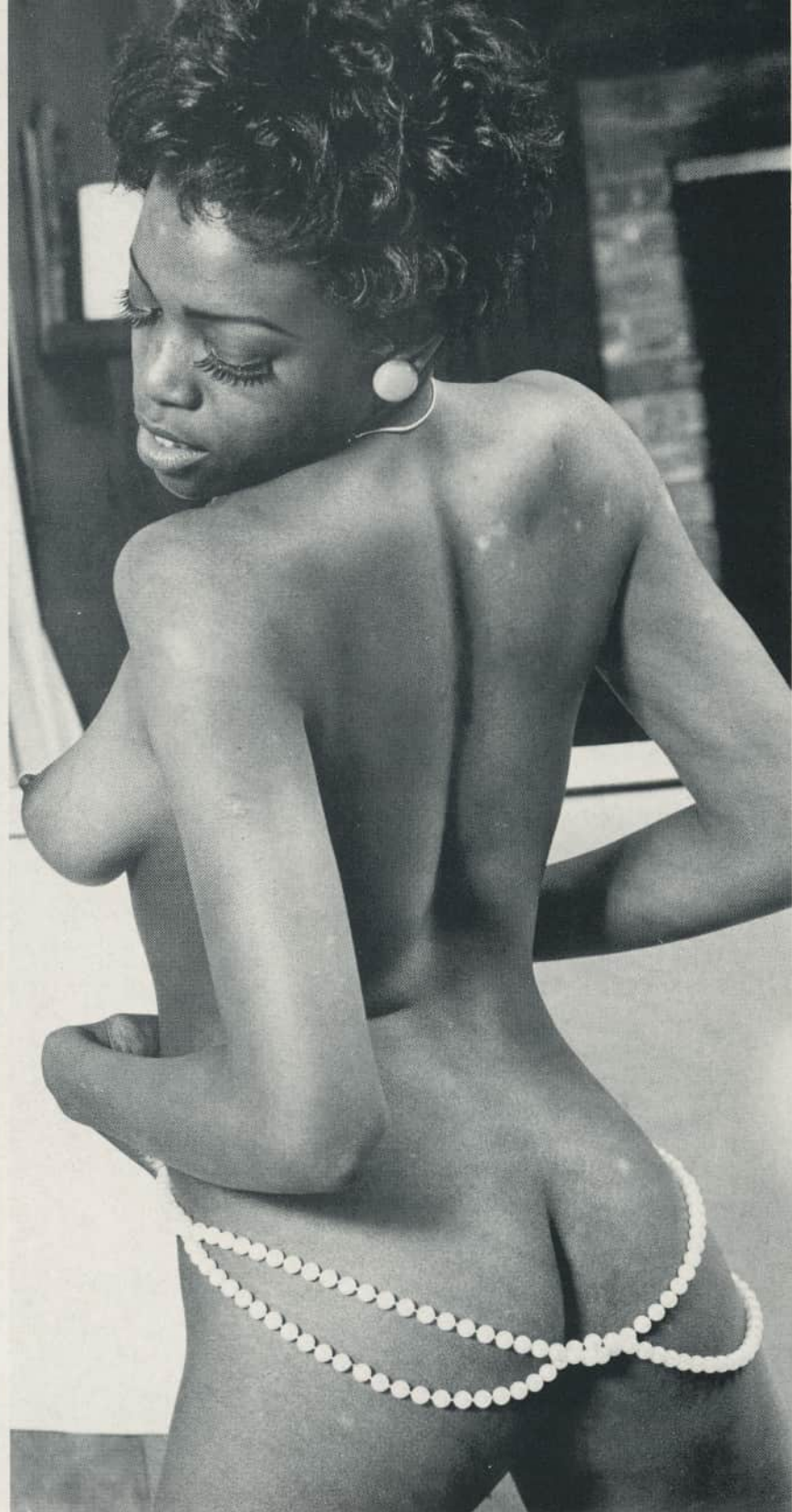
The people of Peru didn't know what to make of Fancy. Her long sleek body reminded some of them of an ancient goddess. Had she come down out of the sky to bring them a special message? Yes, indeed! She told them all to get it on. It was later than they thought.

Some people got a little upset by her candid statements. Fancy could take a hint. She kicked her long legs up in the air and pretended she was going to fly away right then and there. Actually she was on her way in the next jet back to the States.









She wanted to go back to the east coast but midway she changed her mind—which she can do quite often—and headed instead for Los Angeles. There was a chance that she might be doing a motion picture. During her stay in Australia she just happened to meet a famous director. He took one look at Fancy's talent and knew he had a winner.

Of course a royal party was planned to celebrate Fancy's return. At least two hundred people would attend. Unfortunately the guest of honor was missing at the last moment. Yes, you guessed it! Fancy was on her way once more. Those itchy feet of hers got her moving again! Where she is now, no one knows. One thing is certain, however, she's having a ball.







