A PARLIAMENT PUBLICATION VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

BLOCK BUSTERS

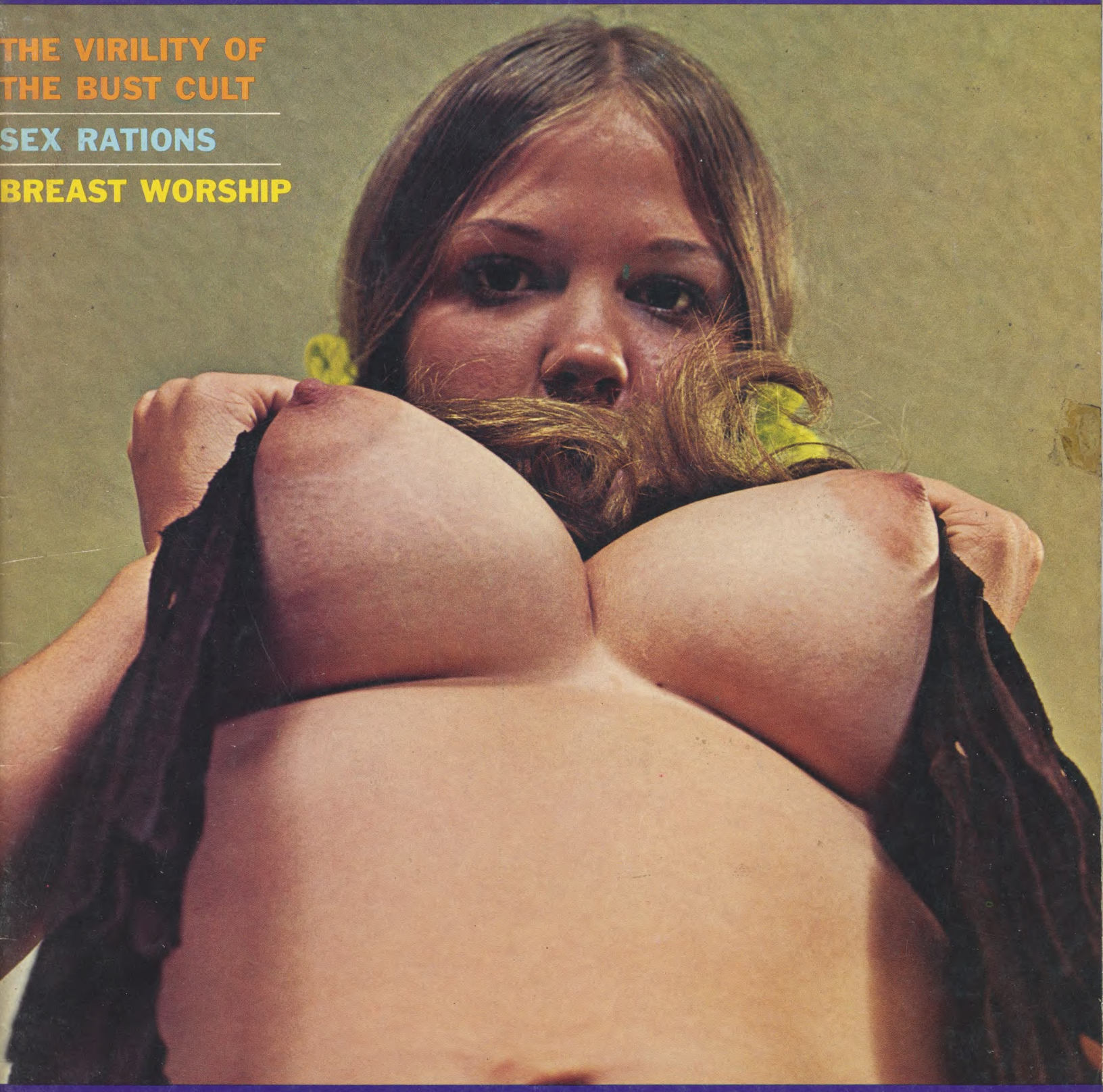
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$3.00

THE VIRILITY OF THE BUST CULT

SEX RATIONS

BREAST WORSHIP



FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY

Sale to Minors Prohibited

BLOCK BUSTERS

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

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EDITORIAL

In order to deny a magazine, such as **Block Busters**, unimpeded circulation among devotees of pulchritudinous mammae, a group of organized citizens have been bombarding state governors and attorney generals with postcards and letters imploring the officials to fight the flood of erotica which is allegedly inundating their state.

The form cards and letters were originally sent to people on mailing lists which the organized citizens had bought, on the grounds that those on the lists would be sympathetic to their cause. The people were urged to sign the forms and send them to their respective governors and attorney generals.

Some did, some didn't and some of the people who had been urged to join in the campaign, added their own thoughts to the letters before forwarding them.

Some called the campaign "nonsense," or that its aim was obviously to violate the 1st Amendment's guarantees of a free press and free speech. Another urged one governor to "please fight needless censorship." Finally, one person wrote on his card that the citizens were "kooks who oppose the 1st Amendment."

The campaign cost the citizens organization a lot of money, and it might just as well have been spent on preserving the African Isoptera termites, because the response from the public officials, at whom it was directed, was negligible.

Commenting on this "canned" letter campaign, an editor, writing in the **Des Moines Register** stated: "There is a lesson here for those who would be persuasive letter writers. The weight which an official gives to a letter usually is closely related to the effort and thought that produced it."







Catch 2

She is Justina and she presents two
any guy'd love to catch sight of.

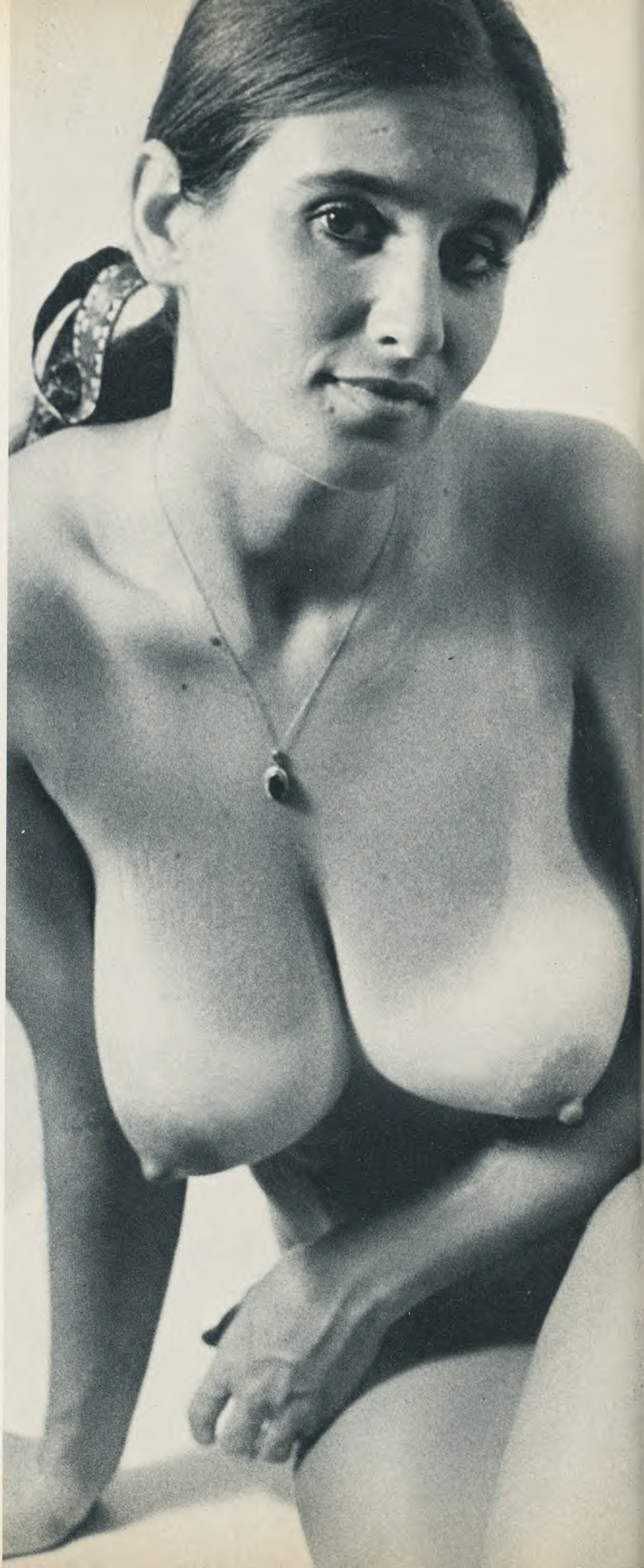


















SEX RATIONS

By Maurie Goodman

Fighting Cong was rough enough for Mark but being without a woman for months was more than he could physically bear.

He faltered, then fell face forward onto the floor of the hut.

Can Ninh was a small village near the southern tip of Vietnam. The land surrounding it was fed by the murky waters of the Mekong River. Its inhabitants took three crops of water rice a year from the soil, and suffered through the equatorial rains and sudden, devastating, typhoons. Less than one hundred miles north was the city of Saigon. Seventy-five miles east was the South China Sea. Can Ninh was a nonconsequential settlement. Why the Viet Cong would raid such a

cluster of lowland hovels was more than Mark Wheeler could understand.

Not that the gangly staff sergeant really understood anything about that God-forsaken country. He was a career soldier. He obeyed orders. Understanding them wasn't as important as carrying them out.

Three weeks previously, a well-trained force of Cong had swept down upon Can Ninh with merciless fury. They had taken every scrap of available food. They had gang-raped several of the younger women. And they had made sport with three of the village's older men by hanging them up by their heels, castrating them, and letting them hang like that until they had bled to death. No one knew why the Cong had done these things. Such incidents were standard operating procedure for the pitiless little brown men in their black pajamalike uniforms.

Mark had been ordered to take a squad of men to Can Ninh. He and twelve others were taken to the stricken village by helicopter. Under orders, they did what they could to put the villagers at ease. They were to remain until given further notice.

"Why?" Joe Hopkins asked. "Don't those people at Command know we're in a bad spot here? If the Cong hit us, we'll never see Saigon again."

Mark looked at the squat little corporal. Joe was also a career man. This was his second tour of duty in Vietnam. Tough, dedicated, he was without peer in hand-to-hand combat. The two of them had been through a lot together. It was impossible for them to hide their deep and abiding respect for each other. "I think we're decoys!" Mark answered. "Headquarters is probably using us as a lure. They want the gooks to attack in force. Then, they'll send a battalion in here by chopper and wipe the bastards out!"

"And what happens to us while we're waiting for the reinforcements to arrive?" Joe questioned, snubbing his cigarette out against the rubber sole of his combat boot.

Mark shrugged. "We do the best we can, pal. We do the best we can."

At that moment, Eddy Brown barged into the small mud hut Mark had taken over as his makeshift command post. Eddy was a black man, a one-time pool hustler from Harlem turned radioman in Mark's unit. "Hey, baby!" he greeted. "Look what I found!"

His big hand was wrapped around a tiny wrist. Giving a tug, he half-dragged a badly frightened Vietnamese girl inside. "I found her wandering around just outside the village," Eddy elaborated. "None of the villagers know her. I figured she might be Cong!"

Mark looked at her. "Do you speak English?"

"She don't speak nothin'!" Eddy answered for her. "I think she's here to see what we've got. You want me to take her out back somewhere and work her over?"

Mark understood the black man's impatience. Just before they had come to Can Ninh, Eddy had lost his best friend to a Cong sniper. "Maybe you'd better let me handle it, pal," he said.

Eddy snapped a mock salute. "You're the man, champ!"

Turning, he walked out of the hut. Mark looked at Joe. "You and I will baby-sit this chick. You take the first turn. It's almost dark. I'll relieve you around ten o'clock. Fair enough?"

Joe nodded. "I'll see if I can loosen her up, get her to start talking . . . even if it is in Vietnamese."

"Okay," Mark agreed. "I sure would like to know why she's here."

He turned to leave. The girl suddenly ran toward him. Clutching him around the waist, she hugged herself against him and began to violently shake her head back and forth. Joe reached out to pull her away. Again, she shook her head, then started to chatter in her native tongue, each word or syllable coming faster than the one preceding it. Joe shrugged. "What the hell. . . ?"

Mark grinned. "Maybe she digs me. Tell you what, *I'll* take the first watch."

"Yeah, it could be a cozy evening, pally," Joe agreed. "She seems to have eyes for you. Make the most of it, man. I would if I was in your shoes."

Mark faked a punch at the stocky corporal. "Get lost, Joe. I think she just got a whiff of your breath and decided I was the lesser of two evils."

Joe turned and walked outside. Mark spread two blankets on the floor of the hut. He opened several cans of rations. And, in the time that followed, he and the girl ate in silence.

Darkness swallowed everything outside a short while later. Mark smoked a cigarette, then stretched out on his makeshift blanket-bed. Wordlessly, the girl picked up a blanket that was resting atop a field pack and carried it over to place it beside Mark's. She pointed at him, then at herself, bobbing her head up and down at the same time. Mark nodded. If she wanted to lie next to him, he wouldn't argue the matter. He intended to keep an eye on her. Perhaps this would make things easier.

"Don't know what you have in mind," he said, taking a deep drag on his smoke. "But, I'm going to keep you here until we leave or until one of the villagers can tell me what you're doing here. So, lie down if you want to. It makes me no never mind."

A Coleman lantern illuminated the room. Mark reached up and turned it off. He heard the rustle of clothing in the darkness. Then he felt the girl lie beside him. She was completely naked!

Mark grew rigid. Her large, warm breasts were pressing against his fatigue jacket. Cautiously, he reached up and cupped one in his hand. The girl didn't move away when he squeezed the firm globe, which was surprisingly large for so small a girl. "Okay," he said, his shaft already thick and hard. "If that's what you want, that's what you're going to get!"

Getting to his knees, he removed his jacket and T-shirt. It took another few moments for him to unlace his boots and slip them off. He then slid his fatigue pants down past his ankles. Naked, he rolled to his side and pulled the girl into his arms. "I sure hope you're as good as you feel," he said.

At the sound of his voice, the

girl craned her neck and buried her mouth against his throat. Mark's rough hands palmed her soft breasts. He could feel her nipples grow hard beneath his pinching fingertips. She shivered against him as he pressed his thick meat against her soft warm belly. Her mouth began to work against his throat as he worked his shaft between her partially opened thighs and instinctively started moving back and forth in simulated love strokes.

Their first kiss was a tender, probing thing . . . two sets of wet lips touching gently, demanding little as each remained passive to the other's will. Then, as the girl opened her mouth to accept Mark's tongue, their lips ground tight against each other's and the kiss became an increasingly passionate demand that left them both breathing hard when, finally, it ended.

Mark held her firm buttocks in his hands and squeezed hard as she kissed him a second time and sucked his tongue deep within the hollows of her mouth. Her short arms locked around his neck. She emitted a soft moan as the strokes of his shaft created an urgency of damp warmth between her trembling thighs. Taking his earlobe between her teeth, she bit gently as her glossy-black pubic hairs began to brush harder against his pelvis.

A moment later, the girl rolled onto her back and pulled Mark with her. Mark sucked against the succulent lushness of her breasts, running the flat of his tongue over each ripening nipple as her hips began to undulate beneath him in a graceful, yet obscene series of meaningful gyrations. Her soft thighs opened wider and rubbed against his hips. Her nails began to dig into his back. Very slowly, she took his shaft and guided it between the lips of her sex.

Mark shoved forward, making the girl cry out as more of his thick meat eased into her wet cavity. Arching slightly, she locked her strong legs around the small of his back, then slammed her lithe body upward to complete the union. Her gasp was audible as Mark's tool buried deep within her body. And, for a few long moments, her mouth was clamped tight in pain.

Mark remained motionless, wanting her to get accustomed to his offering. Finally, she began to move beneath him. She became a writhing, sweating, animal who seemed to exist just for his pleasure. The soft pelt between her legs gave forth a musky odor. The play of her muscles beneath her brown skin rippled with each upward thrust she made.

Abruptly, she moaned and jutted upward with a surge of passion. Her breath came in quick, short, pants. She braced her belly against Mark's and grew totally rigid. "Unnmmmm," she moaned, her lips tight against Mark's ear.

That was all Mark needed to spur him toward his own climax. Rising and falling upon her in a frenzy of lust, he sucked at her warm neck as if it was the top of one of her breasts. The girl giggled as she welcomed his thrusting assault. Her small hands played against the flesh of his shoulders and back. Her legs remained locked tight around his waist. Her buttocks slapped up and down against the blanket. Mark gripped them and squeezed harder than ever before as the seeds of his passion began to bubble up from the ducts of his loins.

And then, in a moment of unbelievable ecstasy, the liquid fire of his passion spit from his manhood and filled the walls of her slit! Mark groaned and held the girl tight. "Baby," he murmured, shivering as another spasm of fulfillment trembled his body. "Sweet, sweet, baby!"

She seemed reluctant to let him go. It was as if she wanted to continue their love play until dawn. Mark lay atop her until his shaft had gone completely limp. Then he rolled off. "I know you don't understand me," he said, brushing his lips against hers. "But, I do have to get *some* sleep. Maybe we can try it again in the morning."

The girl rolled to her side and draped one of her legs over his thigh. Contentedly, she let out a long sigh. Moments later, she was breathing deeply, evenly. Mark lay on his back, staring into the darkness, his mind troubled by thoughts that made sleep come difficultly. He didn't trust the girl beside him. Admittedly, he had enjoyed making love to her. She had seemed so dependent upon him. And she had made it very clear that he was the one she wanted to be with. But, there was something about her. What was it? Why couldn't he relax?

He tossed and turned. *Face it*, he told himself, *you're uptight because she's Vietnamese! She's a gook . . . a slant-eye. That's why you don't trust her . . . and that's the only reason!*

The quick, sharp, reports of rifle fire snapped him bolt upright!

"Sarge! Sarge!" someone was screaming!

It was Joe Hopkins! He stumbled into the entranceway of the hut, blood bubbling out the corners of his mouth. "They're all around us, pal! The little bastards are all around . . ."

He didn't finish. He faltered, then fell face forward onto the floor of the hut. Only then did Mark see the gaping wound between his friend's shoulderblades! "Joe!" he yelled, a knot of agony constricting his throat. "Joe!" he yelled again.

Still naked, he scrambled across the floor and cradled Joe's head in his arms. Tears splashed down his cheeks as he realized there was nothing he could ever do to bring his friend back to life!

Within seconds, he had thrown his fatigue pants and jacket on. The Cong were pouring mortar fire into the village with unerring accuracy. Other Cong were emerging from the thick underbrush at the edges of the village. Mark grabbed his B.A.R. and made a running dive into a ditch a hundred feet from the hut. He had no more time for tears. Not now. Maybe later . . . if he lived. But, not now.

Snapping the safety off the automatic rifle, he began to lay down a withering fire pattern against a running cluster of Cong less than a hundred yards away. He saw the shadowed figures stumble and fall as the lethal slugs from his weapon ripped into their bodies. Turning, he snapped off another burst at a Cong running toward him from the opposite direction. The little figure

(continued on page 48)

hung heavy

Sandra is a visitor to our shores from Tahiti. A true native of that French possession, she has been accustomed to running around the unpopulated parts of the island very much as you see her here. The brief, light areas on her body, indicate where the bikini hid her charms during her year's stay in Southern California. Sandra longs to return to her native island where such apparel as bikinis are not required.

























BREAST WORSHIP

By Cathy West



A study in the ideal form: Titian's Venus.



Botticelli's *Venus Rising* from the sea.

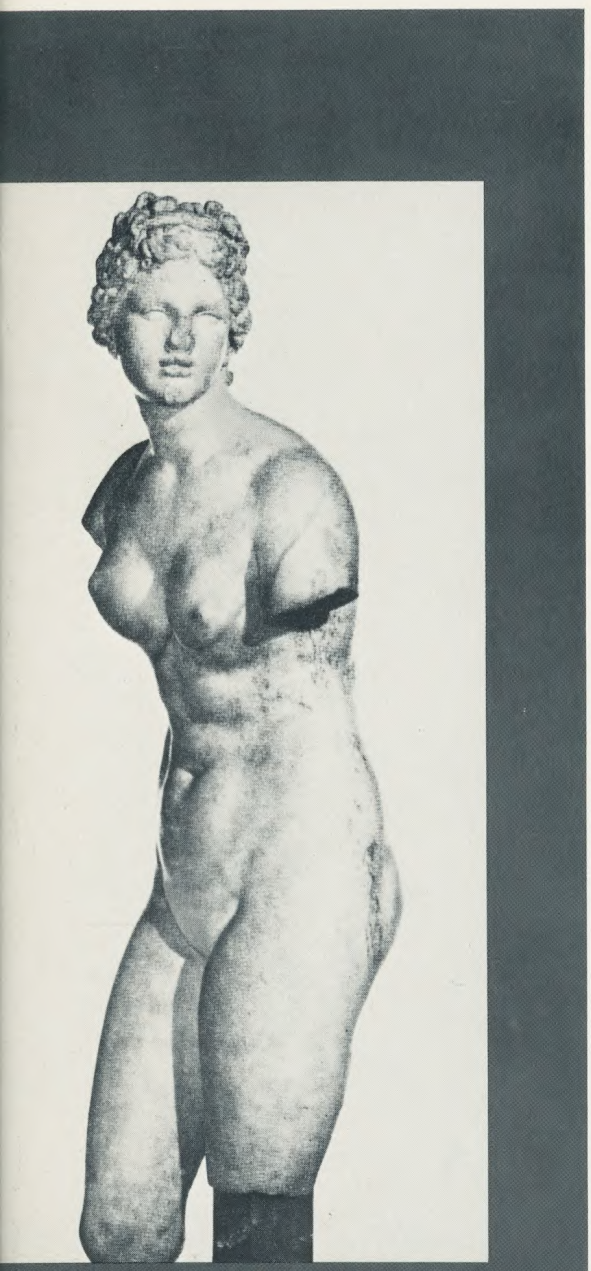
From the female deities of ancient Crete to the present time, women's breasts have been objects of male devotion and unrestrained adoration.

One might think that the cult of the bust is a product of the mid-twentieth century with its vastly changed sexual mores and its stress on "bigger and better" everything. Of course, not all cultures are as breast-oriented as ours. Some primitive societies give precedence to other parts of female anatomy as objects of sexual interest. Western civilization, however, from its earliest beginnings seems to be a civilization of breast worshipers.

In Mesopotamia, so often called "the cradle of civilization," one of the important deities was Ishtar, goddess of love and voluptuousness. She was attributed with powers of arousing sexual desire in all creatures. Named "courtesan of the gods," she also chose mortal men for her lovers according to her whim. Sacred prostitution was practiced by her followers.

It can hardly be surprising that statues of Ishtar emphasize her physical charms. An example from the Sumerian period, which existed from 4700 to 2500 B.C., depicts the goddess naked but for what appears to be bikini pants. From her neck falls a cluster of beads to enhance her abundantly proportioned breasts. In a gesture of pure sensuality, she cups her breasts in her hands. Surely the male population of these ancestors of ours had no less interest in mammary development than men of today.

As early as 3000 B.C. the island of Crete was the site of another important civilization, from which eventually arose the Greeks. The



Torso of Aphrodite.

chief Cretan deity was female. Although fertility was her most important concern, all spheres of activity came under her domain. In art she was sometimes represented totally nude, breasts and belly protruding. Other times she appears dressed like a typical Cretan woman, wearing full skirt with breasts fully exposed.

The fashionable women of Crete portrayed on frescos enhanced their natural charms with tight-waisted skirts and a unique sort of bolero, all seemingly designed to draw attention to their bosoms. In front the bolero is no more than a pair of ornate sleeves framing the bare breasts. In figurines of a somewhat later time, exposed breasts are made to appear larger by means of tightly laced bodices underneath.

The early Greeks endowed their love goddess Venus with fairly large breasts in their statues while drapery covers the lower part of her body. During the Hellenistic period Venus emerged fully nude. In fact, myriads of statues glorifying the female form were created. However, the preoccupation with the so-called ideal proportions diminished the frontal display. To be perfect, breasts had to be firm and rounded with nipples pointing outward but the overall size was small compared to the ideals of other societies before and since.

Roman statuary shows women in loosely draped robes which show the natural curvaciousness of the body. On the island of Sicily, though, near the time of the Roman Empire's final fall, girl gymnasts depicted in frescoes wear extremely scant outfits that resemble bikinis except that their breasts are large enough to hold up the tops without straps.

The medieval world is one of many paradoxes. Celebration of the body as an object of beauty was now forbidden by the church. But although the church had proclaimed the body to be evil, demanding that one look to the joys of the hereafter rather than those of this world, the pleasures of the flesh could not be totally suppressed. The Middle Ages, in its preoccupation with sin, was profoundly obsessed with sexuality. Notably, the laced midriffs of ladies' dresses were called the "gateways of hell." The breasts, after all, had not lost their sexual connotations.

The earliest nude paintings of the Renaissance have as little resemblance to the nude ideal of the Greeks as they do to real women. Possibly the painters never saw a female without something on. At any rate, the breasts are exceedingly small, bellies look pregnant and the stance is usually sway-backed. Some of these nudes have an expression of seductiveness on their faces, but the artists were compelled to portray feminine sensuousness as something to be avoided.

As vestiges of antiquity were uncovered, artists once again paid tribute to feminine beauty. For quite some time, though, the small-breasted Hellenistic ideal pervaded. Artists studied the Greeks and they also studied human anatomy. Pollaiulo even went so far as to cut up cadavers. Live models were rarely, if ever, available.

One Renaissance lady often painted nude was the lovely Simonetta Vespucci, cousin by marriage of Amerigo Vespucci, the famous explorer. Whether she actually posed nude or not, no one knows for certain. Her slender, Venus-like body and her unforgettable face however provided the inspiration for Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* and Pollaiulo's *Cleopatra.*

Renaissance fashions reflected the rediscovery of feminine beauty. Women wore their gowns low-cut, cleavage was much admired and in some places nipples could pop out with no recrimination. At the same time, the sexual license of this era made way for rampant male homosexuality. In the early sixteenth century, the Grand Council of Venice, disturbed over the pederasty among the inhabitants, ordered the prostitutes to help reinstate heterosexual relations by leaning out of the windows with their breasts exposed.

And it was in Venice that nude painting resumed portrayal of real women with full bodies and splendid bosoms. The nudes of Tintoretto and Titian have warmth and voluptuousness that figures inspired by the Venus de Milo had lacked. Also, the elegant Venetian women, like those of Crete, often wore dresses that exposed their breasts. Among the artifices they employed a special rouge applied to the breasts.

The opulence and open eroticism of Venice has been echoed, though somewhat more faintly, in other times, other places. Perhaps the most outstanding examples are the court of Charles II of England and that of Louis XV of France. Both

(continued on page 48)



CIRCLE O -O

Oh, oh! is generally what one exclaims when startled by something a bit unusual. Any guy seeing Zita's double "Os" must surely be startled.















marla's twin peaks

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT AN ENTIRE WALL IN MARLA'S APARTMENT IS LINED WITH MIRRORS, SHE IS NO MORE VAIN THAN MOST GIRLS. BUT UNLIKE MOST GIRLS, SHE HAS SOMETHING TO BE VAIN ABOUT. SHE KNOWS SHE HAS GORGEOUS PEAKS AND MUST CONSTANTLY REMIND HERSELF TO KEEP THEM BIG AND FIRM. THIS IS THE EXCUSE SHE USES FOR ALL OF HER MIRRORS.























letting it all hang out

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

RACE FANS . . . Hotpants and hotrods seem to be attracting one another. At least this is the observation of race fans who attend the Grand Prix races in Southern California. For reasons which behaviorists have not yet attempted to rationalize, gals go wild at the roar of race cars, and their affliction manifests itself in their dress. They tend to wear the sexiest clothes they can assemble. This year, the Times Grand Prix attracted chicks who went braless and wore hotpants, or form-revealing tank shirts and Levi's. Exclaimed a woman concessioner who has attended the races for the past several years, "Oh, goodness, women will wear anything to these races. I've seen them turn up in everything from scanty net bras and see-through shorts to bikini swimsuits." Needless to say, the male wolves attend the races in packs.

HANKY PANKY . . . In Georgia, the unwritten law seems to have gone with the wind, like so many other Southern customs of yore. Not long ago, a gentleman in that state, became suspicious of his wife's activities, feeling pretty sure that she was playing around with a neighbor every time he had to leave town on business. Determined to find out once and for all if his suspicions were well founded, the next time he was scheduled to leave town, he went through the motions of leaving, but then returned to his home and hid in the bedroom closet. Sure enough, his wife and the guy next door came in, got undressed and began to have at each other. In the midst of their passion, the husband stepped out of the closet and shot the fink. The Georgia Supreme Court upheld his conviction for murder on the grounds that "a husband is not allowed to set a trap for his rival if he does so, not to prevent adultery, but to obtain revenge upon the adulterer."

BIG BUST NEWS . . . In scouring the world for the largest breasts, our search now centers on Germany where we have learned the largest boobs in the world are to be found. The latest survey reported by the Parry Research Organization states that the average Fräulein over 21 has a bustline of 36. Next in line, according to the researchers, are the English gals who tape in, on the average, at 35½.



Directly ahead of English girls as the chicks with the largest breasts, are the German frauleins such as Monika Dietrick.

GETTING INTO THE ACT . . . Ever on the lookout to improve their business, the call girls, elite of prostitution, now and then attempt to inject something new into their procedures. Their latest innovation, brought on by the inroads which inflation has created in their profession, is to perform a duet with their clients. Now, oftentimes, when a dude calls up for an appointment, the call girl is likely to ask him if he'd like to have her bring along her "kid sister." The idea invariably intrigues the guy, and he tells the prostie to bring her along. Rarely is the second girl a kid sister. They split the fee, and this helps keep another chippie in business. The dude certainly gets his money's worth because two girls can really double his pleasure.

MIXED BATHING . . . The townspeople of Chichester, Sussex, England are understandably amazed at the number of married couples who are making use of the new municipal sauna bath. The reason for this remarkable patronage is due to the farsighted attitude of the town's council in allowing nude bathing "for married couples only." Asked how he knew the people he admitted were married, since no one is required to show his marriage license, Nicholas St. John-Poulton, the manager, replied, "If an elderly man came in with an 18-year-old girl, we'd be rather suspicious."

$10,000 LAY . . . That is a frightening price to pay for a bit of poon tang, but that is how many clams one witless character forked up. The way it happened is like this: A New York couple lived in an apartment on which there was very little upkeep. They complained bitterly to the landlord about this, pointing out in particular the window lock in the bedroom, which was broken. Their pleas to the owner fell upon deaf ears, even though the couple repeated them time and again. Finally, one night, when the husband was out with the boys, a man broke into the apartment through the bedroom window and raped his wife. He sued the landlord for $10,000 and collected.

AUCTION . . . If it is "high-class" erotica, no one seems to bother you. At least this was the conclusion of art lovers who recently attended an unusual auction at the exclusive art auction house of Parke-Bernet. Billed as a sale of "Libertine Literature and Erotica" the New York City gallery sold 257 items. Of that number, 162 were from the estate of a French duke. A condition of the sale was that none of it was to be resold to minors. Most of the works were by the French masters of erotica such as the Marquis de Sade, Theophile Gautier, Voltaire and the painters Gaston-Louis Roux and Felicien Rops.

SPERM BANK . . . Some years ago, Dr. Robert Ersek concluded that more than money in the bank, a lot of men wanted to be sure they would be perpetuated, and so he established the first sperm bank back in Minneapolis. Since then he has established branches in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Houston and Miami. Most men who deposit their sperm with these banks, which are called Gentics Laboratories, Inc., are men who are about to make themselves sterile through a vasectomy. These men simply want to make sure that in the event they change their minds about having more children, they will have the necessary insurance. However, other bizarre possibilities occur to us, such as a man who wants progeny after he is dead, or a crook stealing the sperm of a known genius, and holding it up for ransom to the highest bidder.

FERRY BOAT . . . One would think the most appropriate place to hold a drag ball would be on a ferry boat, but it hasn't happened yet. What has happened on the gambling ferry which plies the waters between the casinos on the Portuguese controlled island of Macao, is some of the hottest striptease shows to be seen anywhere. It is easy to understand why these shows are so popular with the passengers. After having lost their shirts at gambling, it must be a source of comfort to them to witness other people being disrobed. ●●●



Girls who attend the Grand Prix sports car races seem to dress daringly, which mystifies behavioral observers. Chic Margaret Markov models type of see-thru garb often worn.

LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS







It is little wonder that Wanda loves coconuts. She was born on the Island of Bora Bora where they are plentiful. Living in New York at the present time, she is able to get coconuts whenever she wants them, but it's not like it was when she was a girl and could knock them out of the palms in her front yard.











the Virility of the BUST CULT

BY PAUL BROCK

GOING BACK AS FAR AS 2,000 YEARS AGO, A NUMBER OF ANTHROPOLOGISTS HAVE FOUND THAT NATIONS WHICH COULD BOAST THE MOST VIRILE MALES WERE ALWAYS NATIONS THAT VENERATED BEAUTIFUL FEMALE BREASTS.

Female breasts are tops and will stay that way. No amount of stepped-up and detailed exposure of women's other erogenous zones is going to deflate them—at least not for the next two thousand years.

That's how long the male obsession with the female breast is known to have lasted. It is certainly not an exclusively American fixation, as certain limp-wristed and badly informed "authorities" in Russia and certain other underdeveloped countries delight in claiming. Their snide remarks about the American male's breast worship being a desperate yearning for a return to the security and comfort of the motherly bosom have been dismissed as "balderdash" by an impartial team of researchers in Britain.

"As far back as we can go with absolute authority—and that means about two thousand years—," says Professor Eric Reid of London University's Department of Anthropology, "the nation boasting the strongest and most virile males has always been the nation that venerated the female breast. This love and respect for the most feminine part of the female anatomy is common to all the nationalities in history who worked and fought their way to the top. I see no reason why it should not last for *another* two thousand years, providing the human race does not destroy itself."

Veneration of breasts continues to this day, as evidenced by these German lovelies, who were participating in a topless contest when one gal fell into the pool.



Professor Reid's team condemned as "puerile nonsense" the notion that breast-worship by males is a sign of effeminacy. "On the contrary," says Reid, "it is easily seen in history as a sure sign of civilized sophistication and lusty masculinity. It has helped to ensure the continued procreation of the strongest of human strains. It is a powerful instinct deliberately implanted in the male by Nature, for which we should offer our most grateful thanks."

Even a quick look at history is enough to give the lie to the widespread theory that U.S. bust worship is a new, 20th century phenomenon. The shapely, full, firm, female breast has occupied the mind of Western man much longer than the two thousand years Professor Reid stipulates.

Women have been wearing some form of brassiere to improve their breast-appeal in the eyes of man since they first turned in their one-piece dinosaur skin outfits for something more chic and sexy. Some historians say the uplift bra was first invented around 5,000 B.C. by the ladies of Crete or Minoa. It is recorded that the ancient Hebrews had the breast strap known as the *phetegil*; the Pompeiians the *mamillare*; and the Romans a band of regal purple wool which was called the *strophium*.

About the year 30 B.C. the Latin poet Ovid described what we now call "falsies," as "ingenious coverings which round out the breast and lend it what it lacks."

From as far back as the time of Charlemagne in the ninth century, there are records of girdles which also supported the breasts. In countries where women rode horses, bras and girdles were regarded as practical garments to support the waist and push up the bosom.

In medieval days local rulers got a big kick in being received in the outlying districts by local beauties bare from the waist up.

King Louis XV remarked that in assessing a lady's sexual capabilities the first thing one should observe and examine carefully was her bosom—and to hell with the rest.

Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry II, had a small bosom and a tiny waist. She therefore tried to enforce a royal decree that large bosoms were most unfashionable and waists were definitely "in." Anything larger than a 13-inch waistline was ridiculed in court and all breasts were camouflaged to make them look flat.

But voluptuous Anne of Austria, being more than generously endowed up there, turned the fashion from small to large bosoms. And barbers of the period sold preparations to enlarge the breasts, to husbands and boyfriends intent on administering the necessary therapy to bring about such a desirable change in their women.

Marie Antoinette, who took great pride in her magnificent breasts, bared them at every opportunity. She willingly modeled for the famous pale pink Sevres "breast bowls" which decorated her favorite retreat. In the grounds she and her court played at being milkmaids and shepherdesses—a bosom-cult game which caught on like wildfire.

In the era of the French Republic and Directoire (1795 - 1799), the height of fashion for wives and mistresses was a sheer see-through dress of muslin worn over pink silk tights. Nothing else was worn over the breasts or under them. Nipples were painted a vivid crimson, and the flesh-colored silk was dampened to make it even more transparent.

All of which is additional proof that worship of this part of the female body is by no means confined to American men or to our times alone. Since the breast is one of the most important sex characteristics of woman, its beauty has been held in high esteem among almost all civilized and primitive peoples—although the ideas of such beauty have varied considerably. There have been periods and cultures when the female bust frankly played a much more prominent role than it does in America today.

Statuettes and paintings which have come down to us from the Minoan—one of the most ancient civilizations—show that women wore very tight bodices and billowing skirts, with complete nude exposure of their breasts and nipples.

In many ancient countries, round or dome-shaped rocks or hills were likened to the breasts of the human female and were favorite sites for altars and religious buildings. Artificial mounds and pyramids, deliberately shaped to represent the female breasts with erect nipples were regarded as sacred edifices. Their remains, in various shapes and sizes, are to be found in all parts of the world.

In Sparta, cakes shaped like breasts were carried triumphantly in wedding processions by young men who followed the bride and sang her praises. In the Celebes Islands, large replicas of women's breasts and sexual organs were found on posts erected in honor of fallen warriors.

During Tudor times in England, the token of blooming maidenhood was the open, revealing bosom. It was regarded as highly improper and immodest for a young woman to cover her breasts until after she was married. This explains why Queen Elizabeth the First took such pains to wear extremely lowcut dresses until she was an old woman.

Throughout the seventeenth century in Europe, the great center of erotic attraction was undeniably the breasts, either completely exposed or almost so. All through the Restoration drama in England the breasts were freely praised and admired. The dominant fashion, evident during the early 17th Century in the paintings of the famous Peter Paul Rubens, was for very large bosoms and small nipples greatly exposed.

Although the firm, rounded breast has most often been regarded as the most beautiful and desirable, at various times and places people have held different views concerning their ideal of busty beauty. Through the centuries women have adopted many unusual ways to reshape and mold the bosom.

When girls of certain South African tribes reached the age of seven or eight years, their mothers began to rub their breasts with an ointment made from lion fat and native roots. The area around the nipples was vigorously kneaded. Later the nipple was elongated to two inches or more and tied round with strips of fiber.



Wearing her "almost" dress, Gerry Mills is refused admittance to party.

In parts of New Guinea, headless ants were applied to the breasts of growing girls. The liquid issuing from them stung the skin, causing a swelling which was increased by dabbing it with nettles.

In some tribes young women constricted their breasts with a tight band until they projected conically.

Other tribes lengthened the breasts to such an extent that nursing mothers were actually able to feed a child carried on their backs by flinging their breasts over their shoulders!

For centuries researchers have speculated with great wonder on the psychological basis for this universally held feeling of reverence for the female breast. Havelock Ellis, dean of sexologists, pointed out that the genitals of men and women have never played the primary part in sexual allurement. From the first, he says, the secondary characteristics (breasts, hips, legs, thighs) have been a far more widespread method of sexual attraction.

According to Erasmus Darwin, the male feeling towards the female breast is not of purely sexual origin. He points out that when the infant is born, its mother's breast is the first object to provide it with a

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holding her own

Girls with boobs the size of Vicky's, simply cannot subscribe to the women's lib demand that gals burns their bras. Not that she particularly likes to wear them, but a bra for Vicky is a vital necessity. "It feels so good when I can let them out of their 'cage' and let them hang free," she claims.

















(continued from page 13)

threw his rifle straight upward as the hot slugs ripped into him, screaming so loud his voice could be heard above the other sounds of battle.

A noise sounded behind Mark. Spinning, he leveled his weapon for instant fire. It was the girl. Wide-eyed with terror, she had run from the hut to huddle beside him in the irrigation ditch!

"What the. . . ?" Mark started. Then, realizing the futility of trying to verbally communicate, he pointed back toward the hut. "Go on!" he yelled. "You'll get yourself killed out here! Get back in there!"

The girl didn't seem to understand. She pointed at the hut and shook her head, then pointed at Mark and nodded. Once more, she was telling him she wanted to be with him . . . no matter what!

Mark smiled. There . . . in the heat of battle with men around him killing and being killed . . . he smiled. "Okay," he said, nodding his head, "you stay with me!"

Her look of warmth suddenly went wide-eyed! "Ayiii!" she screamed, pointing beyond Mark's shoulder!

Spinning just in time, Mark saw one of the enemy just reaching the lip of the ditch. He squeezed the trigger of the B.A.R. The weapon bucked and roared, knocking the Cong backward as its slugs slammed into him. "Thanks, baby," Mark said, tipping his hand to the girl in a short salute.

He could see several of his men in good firing positions about the area, illuminated as shells continued to explode around them. Eddy Brown's massive figure was hunched over his portable field telephone. He was talking a mile a minute. That meant he was in contact with Command Headquarters. Reinforcements would be arriving by chopper as quickly as possible!

The sounds of war engulfed Mark. Rifle fire blended with the roar of mortar explosions, both fusing with the screams of the dead and dying. Mark's unit was well displaced. Each of those still alive was in the spot assigned him previously. Together, they lay down a continuing fire pattern with deadly accuracy. Already, many of the Cong lay in crumpled heaps, their blood forming pools of red beneath them.

A deep-throated scream behind Mark made him spin backward toward the girl. He saw one of the enemy standing at the edge of the ditch. The Cong had his rifle at ready. Its deadly bayonet was inches from Mark's belly.

Just as he lunged, the girl jumped between them! Mark screamed as he helplessly watched the little brown man drive his bayonet into the girl's soft belly! Still screaming, he pressed the trigger of his weapon . . . continuing to squeeze as the slugs shredded the Cong's black tunic and stitched back and forth over his chest . . . squeezing as the tears rolled down his cheeks . . . squeezing until there were no more bullets left in the rifle clip. Then, in shock, he threw the B.A.R. to the ground and kneeled before the girl. The force of the rifle's fire had thrown the enemy back against the opposite edge of the ditch. He was still clutching his rifle. Its bayonet was wet with the girl's blood! The girl lay motionless.

She grimaced in pain as Mark held her in his arms. Then, her pretty face wreathed in a gentle smile. She looked up at Mark. Her mouth opened as if she was trying to say something. Her eyes popped wide. She made a final, gurgling, sound.

"No!" Mark cried. "Don't die! Don't die!"

Even then, he knew he was talking to a dead woman!

He was still holding her in his arms when the helicopters circled Can Ninh and landed to disgorge their yelling, helmeted, cargo. Americans swarmed over the village and beyond. What Cong there were left silently faded into the jungle's underbrush.

A fresh-faced officer stood above Mark and watched him as he held the girl close against his chest, rocking back and forth like a father trying to help his baby daughter to sleep. "She something special, sergeant?" he asked.

Mark nodded. "Yeah, you could say that, sir," he answered, swallowing the lump in his throat. "At least, she was to *me*!" ●●●

(continued from page 21)

Charles and Louis were pleasure-loving monarchs who sought the most alluring women of their time to bestow their favors in exchange for a carefree, sumptuous life at court. In their respective eras and countries, these women set the trends of fashion and the ideals of feminine beauty much in the same way screen stars have done in the twentieth century. And not unsurprisingly, both kings held a preference for abundant bosoms.

Among the seventeenth-century beauties who came to the English court from France were Louise de Kerouaille and Hortense Mancini, both noblewomen who allowed themselves to be painted in deep-cut gowns which tantalizingly leave just one breast bare. The most famous of Charles II's mistresses, of course, was the curvacious Nell Gwyn, who had once sold oranges in Drury Lane. Nell was one of the few English women ever to be painted nude.

Different, but no less opulent and decadent, the court of Louis XV collected mistresses from various parts of Europe in the famous Parc aux Cerfs. The fashions of the day allowed for low decolletage with a bow that only partially obscured breasts which were pushed high by tight bodices. Boucher, court painter for Louis XV, immortalized the king's lovely mistresses either in the elegant but most certainly uncomfortable dresses of the day or totally nude. One of the best known was lovely Mademoiselle O'Murphy, as she was called in Paris, an Irish girl of modest origins who became the subject of some of Boucher's most famous plump, sensual nudes and the mother of two of the king's children as well.

Quite briefly during the time of Napoleon, whose taste in women was well known, ladies abandoned their tight corsets and waist cinchers for Romanesque flowing gowns. Lacking these contrivances, though, they had no way to make small breasts appear larger. Well-formed bosoms were much admired and were frequently glimpsed from underneath sheer fabrics.

The corset came back, pinching in the waist and pushing the breasts high for the rest of the nineteenth

century. During the puritan chill of the Victorian era, breasts were lumped together into one mass instead of being outlined as separate entities. They were, however, still prominent, even though one didn't speak of them by name.

In the twentieth century the brassiere first had the absurd function of flattening the breasts of the emancipated, boyish-appearing women of the twenties. Before long, though, the brassiere became a device for making the breasts appear larger. Breast exposure has so far been taboo in the twentieth century, but this has allowed girls not blessed with large bosoms to supplement what they have with foam or cotton padding. The sweater-girl look, which distorted the breasts into cone shaped, nippleless protuberances, has vanished. But despite designer Rudi Gernreich's "no-bra look" and the anti-bra propaganda of the Women's Liberationists, department stores are still well stocked with brassieres made to augment a girl's natural figure.

While most women who don't have large breasts wish they did and will go to extremes to fake them, men are divided on the subject of padding and "falsies." It's no wonder, for men don't like being duped. Some men, upon discovering that their girls have made use of artificiality have persuaded them to make the best of what they have, discarding the bras that stand up and out by themselves. Others, though, prefer being seen with a girl who gives the impression of being well endowed when she isn't.

Rudi Gernreich, among others, has predicted frontal nudity as a coming fashion, a notion which males usually opposed to the dictates of style would heartily welcome. Not only do the more conservative elements of our society see this as a threat. So do the girls who have underdeveloped pectorals. They do, however, have recourse to either hormone treatment or silicone injections to make their breasts fuller and larger. If breast nudity becomes fashionable, as it has during other epochs of our history, twentieth-century science is ready to provide assistance in what may be the most visually erotic era our breast-oriented Western civilization has ever known. ●●●

The Virility Of The Bust Cult

(continued from page 41)

number of extremely agreeable sensations—a sense of warmth on being cuddled, and a gratification of its senses of smell, taste, and touch as well as appetite.

All these various kinds of pleasure become associated with the form of the mother's breast, which the infant embraces with his hands, presses with his lips, and watches with his eyes. As a result, in his mature years any object whose form is similar to the form of the female bosom gives him a pleasurable sensation.

One startling explanation of "bosom hypnosis" put forward by biologist C.B. Goodhart, suggests that the female nipple and the area of colored skin which surrounds it, called the *areola*, corresponds to the sexual skin which one can see on the buttocks of certain monkeys.

This is the stimulus which turns the ape's thoughts in a sexual direction. The breasts are attractive but the actual sexual stimulus, in man, is the woman's nipple and areola. Many women have a secret desire to expose their breasts, particularly the nipples, but to do this in a society in which they are usually concealed is impossible except in strict privacy or on the stage.

The fact that the breasts act as a sexual stimulus, and particularly so if they are exposed, explains why the law makes it an offense, in most countries, to expose them on the street. It is the nipples that seem to be regarded as "wicked." However low-cut and revealing the dress is in the bust area, the nipples *must* be at least partially concealed. Otherwise they might, presumably, cause perfectly healthy and well-adjusted young men to explode in a sex rampage.

This attitude persists, even though it is so blatantly hypocritical. Girls make full use of their other points of sexual attraction. For example, a beautiful face is just as attractive and yet girls are allowed to make it more so by using cosmetics. Lovely legs, thighs and buttocks are attractive and deliberately made more beautiful by sheer sexy pantyhose, miniskirts and hotpants.

Millions of girls no doubt look at themselves in the mirror and say, "My face is lovely but so is my body. Why, for Pete's sake, *shouldn't* I use these perfect breasts and nipples to find a husband, just as much as my pretty face?"

Yet, as Goodhart points out, exposure in women is really a matter of tactics. If all women expose themselves, breasts and nipples may lose their interest. Men might pass them by with no more interest than a fashionable hair-do.

At this stage of the game, however, such a calamity seems to be fantastically impossible. "Some American men," said Dr. Alfred Kinsey in *Sexual Behaviour of the Human Female*, "are more aroused erotically by observing female breasts, or touching them, than they are by the sight of, or contact with female genitals."

Professor Reid of London University agrees, but adds that "this is particularly true among males of superior intelligence and belonging to the upper social levels."

Kinsey and his colleagues, in interviews with 5,940 women, found that approximately half of them derived "some distinct satisfaction" from male manual or oral contact with their breasts. Among 11 percent, breast stimulation was so important that they consistently used it as an aid to masturbation. A few responded so intensely that they were capable of achieving orgasm from breast stimulation alone—without any genital contact.

The Kinsey researchers noted that 98 per cent of all American couples engage in manual stimulation of the female breasts during sexual foreplay, and 93 per cent in oral stimulation.

Many women firmly believe that the sucking and kissing of their nipples by a man will cause their breasts to increase in size. Continual massaging and stimulation of the breasts by the male hands will certainly do so, but not to any great extent.

Undoubtedly the female bosom continues to rule the roost sexually—in the boudoir, the entertainment field, on the beach and at the local dance hall. Where once the 37-inch bust of Venus de Milo was regarded as the absolute maximum in desirability, now the girls are finding 39 and even 40-inch expansions hypnotize males—and receive much more loving attention than those an inch or two smaller. ●●●





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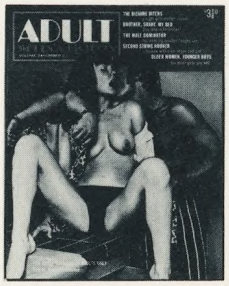
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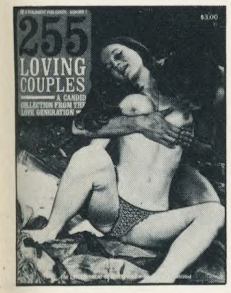
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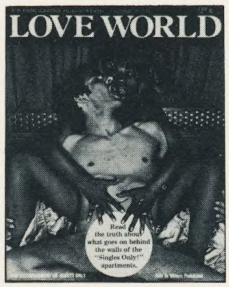


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