

BLOCK BUSTERS

The Nudes
Of Rembrandt

Breasts
On The Rise

A Sucker
For Big Boobs



FOR ENTERTAINMENT
OF ADULTS ONLY
Sale to Minors Prohibited

BLOCK BUSTERS

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FICTION

A Sucker For Big Boobs..... Marc Shores 10

ARTICLES

The Nudes Of Rembrandt..... Jory Sherman 20
Breasts On The Rise..... Frank Anvic 40

FEATURES

Letting It All Hang Out..... John Davidson 34

PICTORIALS

Glory D's 4
Like Money In The Bank 14
Puffing Out Her Chest 22
Honey's Upper Class 28
A Swell For All Seasons 36
Thumb Fun 42
Ready To Pop Out 44
Bumpy Bumpkin 50
The Great Bra Bust-Out 60

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EDITORIAL

As more and more newspapers take up the cudgels of censorship by refusing to accept ads for X-rated films, it becomes increasingly apparent that we are beginning to duplicate the actions of communist countries by totally ignoring the intent of the Bill of Rights.

There are already too many self-appointed people trying to restrict our rights with claims that "I know what's best for you."

These puritanical crusaders usually argue that erotica tends to erode community standards. We are at a loss to understand how reading the books we choose to read or viewing the films we choose to view can in any way affect community standards.

The whole argument of the constitutionality of censorship and erotica can be resolved by understanding just what the Bill of Rights embraces.

A patriot who should know made this statement some time ago:

"I am mortified to be told that in the United States of America a question about the sale of a book can be carried before a civil magistrate. Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? Shall a layman simple as ourselves set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read? It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not."

Thus spoke one of our founding fathers, Thomas Jefferson.



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GLORY D's

The breasts displayed by these gals have all spilled from D cups, which with good reason, have runneth over. So, what better way to toast their physical magnificence than with D cups. Here's to the gals with breasts of glory whose breasts reveal an exciting story.











"Get . . . this . . . slut . . . off . . . of . . . me . . .," Logan screamed.





a sucker for big boobs

In hiding from a ruthless killer he was told to contact no one, but the vision of Kim's jugs kept haunting him until he just had to call her.

By Marc Shores

Bill Ramsay fought to control his temper as he glared across the top of his desk and studied the smirking face of the union official. "Let me see if I understand you correctly, Mr. Logan," he said. "You will give me your personal guarantee that the union workers in my plant will not strike for at least thirty-six months from this day, if I give you one hundred thousand dollars. Am I correct?"

Victor Logan was a man with a multi-checkered past. He had been convicted of armed robbery and spent three years in a state penitentiary. He had been charged not less than three times with assault and battery. He had spent another two years in the same penitentiary after his conviction for grand theft. He had even been picked up for questioning on no less than five separate murders, and released shortly

thereafter when no witnesses were able to point him out in the police lineup. And, now, here he was sitting in front of Bill Ramsay trying to extort one hundred thousand dollars! "That's right, Mr. Ramsay," he replied, a vague smile barely wrinkling his smooth moon-face. "As the representative head of that union, I can personally guarantee your company will be saved the . . . uh . . . embarrassment of any strikes whatsoever. All you got to do is show me evidence of your good faith."

"By evidence, I assume you mean the hundred thousand," Bill answered wryly.

"Exactly! Just like we discussed last night. You see to it that I get three thousand dollars a month in small bills every month for three years. I'll take care of everything else."

"You're offering me a 'sweetheart contract'," Bill pressed. "What will the rank and file think when they hear about that?"

"Who's to tell 'em? You say anything and I'll just deny it. And me? Hell, you know I ain't gonna say a word."

Bill opened his desk drawers and withdrew a large manila envelope. "There's your first payment," he said, tossing it across the top of his desk.

Logan nodded to his bodyguard, a bull-shouldered man with beetled brow, a flat nose, and no apparent sense of humor. Wordlessly, the bodyguard picked up the envelope, opened it and quickly examined its contents before handing it to the union official. Bill smiled. He knew what was going to happen next.

The moment Victor Logan put the envelope inside his coat pocket, all hell broke loose! Plainclothesmen poured into Bill's office through the front and rear exits. The bodyguard was knocked off his feet when he tried to shield Logan from the onrushing federal agents. Logan was brusquely handcuffed and apprised of his constitutional rights. And then, with the manila envelope still in his coat pocket, he was led out of Bill's office.

It had been a setup! Bill had contacted the authorities five minutes after he had finished talking with Logan the night before. Hidden cameras and microphones had recorded the entire transaction. It looked like Victor Logan was going to spend a long, long time in a federal prison.

There was just one more thing Bill had to do . . . he had to attend

Logan's trial and personally appear as a material witness against the gangster!

"That's right, Mr. Ramsay," the pleasant, business-like, federal agents was saying later that afternoon. "The film and transcription are no good in court unless we have you there as a corroborative witness. But, don't worry. With what we have, that bum will have a long gray beard before he gets out of prison."

Bill nodded. "There is one thing that worries me . . ."

"Yes . . . Yes?" the agent said, a look of concern shading his eyes. "What is that?"

"Well, it would be my guess that Victor Logan will be out on bail before the ink is dry on his booking sheet. Right?"

The agent nodded. "So?"

Bill shrugged. "So, what's to prevent him from trying to kill me? That would solve his problem, wouldn't it?"

There was a long, strained silence. Finally, the agent met Bill's glance. "You . . . uh . . . you're right," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "I think we'd better put you under our protective custody."

Bill smiled and shook his head. "No, thank you. If that hood wants me dead . . . and I have every reason to think he does . . . I don't think your 'protective custody' is going to help."

"We'll give you the best . . .," the agent started.

"That may not be good enough!" Bill interrupted. "So, in the interests of justice, I think I'm going to go into hiding!"

Five hours later, he was ensconced in a suite of rooms on the top floor of one of the city's finest hotels. Surrounded by well-armed agents, he had left his plant, driven to his bachelor home and packed several suitcases, and then gotten into one of the federal vehicles. The driver of the car took a circuitous route, stopping to let cars behind them pass, doubling back, going around the same block a half dozen times or more. They were all assured that they had not been followed on their way to the hotel. Bill was given the suite of rooms at government expense. He was also



"Y'know, it's a shame that you're only temporary help, Miss Cole!"

given a business card with the name of the agent-in-charge, an address, and two phone numbers. "Check in with me regularly, Mr. Ramsay," the agent requested. "We want to know that you're all right."

"No bodyguards?" Bill laughed.

"No, sir," the agent replied. "If we put men outside to watch your door, that might draw too much attention. Logan will have hundreds of people looking for you, if he really does intend to eliminate you as a witness. We don't want to take any chances on arousing some spotter's curiosity."

"I agree," Bill said. "Well, see you in court!"

He spent the next two weeks in idle luxury. His meals were served to him at his room. Bellboys . . . who had been told he was a visiting dignitary . . . catered to his every whim. He read every daily newspaper. A remote-controlled color television set afforded him visual entertainment.

He didn't worry about his factory. Good men and women were handling everything for him, men and women who had been with him since the plant's inception, people he knew he could trust. These same people had been instructed to tell anyone who asked that he was vacationing in Europe.

It pleased him to see and read about Victor Logan's troubles with the government. An honest man, it was his deep-rooted conviction that all men such as Logan would best serve their country by leaving it!

By the middle of the third week, the boredom and loneliness of his temporary isolation compelled him to make a telephone call not on the list of numbers approved by the government agents. A bachelor, he was never without his small, leather, telephone book. In that book were the telephone numbers of dozens of attractive, sensuous women. Bill dialed the number of an exquisitely beautiful and talented call girl named Kim Robertson.

At one time, Kim had been one of the country's top fashion models. Her stately beauty and regal bearing had graced dozens of magazine covers. She had taken several

screen tests. The good life had been hers for the taking.

But, Kim had never found the right man for her. And, as the years went by, she found herself getting less modeling offers. Not having a husband to support her, she had accepted a large sum of money from an eastern import magnate for accompanying him on an around-the-world tour. That had been her first trick. And, after that, the rest came easier.

"Still looking for the right man, Kim?" Bill asked. She had answered his call and was sitting on the sectional while he fixed them a drink.

The tall redhead nodded. "Hell, I don't think I'll ever find him. What's this I hear about you putting the finger on Victor Logan?"

She had changed the subject of conversation so abruptly that Bill was momentarily startled. "How did you know that?" he managed to reply.

Kim took the drink he offered. "Everybody knows that, Bill. You didn't think it was a secret, did you?"

"As a matter of fact, I did until just now," Bill answered, swallowing his drink in one gulp.

"Honey, things like that have a way of getting out. They always do."

Then, as if realizing she had broached a subject which was making her customer uncomfortable, Kim rose and walked over to where Bill was standing. Boldly, she cupped his scrotum and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Let's talk later," she murmured, brushing her wet lips against his neck. "I came here to fuck . . . not to rap!"

She led Bill into his bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the king-sized bed, she pulled him close to her. A little catch emerged in Bill's throat as he watched a magnificently proportioned woman unzip his fly. He took in a quick breath as he felt her cool hand slip inside and cup

(continued on page 48)



"Since you girls began serving topless, business has increased by 50 percent. Care to try for 100?"

Like Money In The Bank

Brenda knows where her true worth lies because she can never open her eyes without seeing it sticking right out there in front of her eyes. Her globes are like money in the bank because they give her that certain plus whenever it comes to getting a job.













the Nudes of Rembrandt

By Jory Sherman

Drawing his subjects from mythology and biblical text, Rembrandt infused his nudes with dramatic tension and delicate force.

Danae seems so real, lying there nude on her bed, her right arm uplifted, hand outstretched. Her voluptuous form seems so relaxed, yet eager, so feminine, lit with such a glow of light that she seems to be inviting a lover to part her thighs and partake of her pneumatic loveliness. She is mysterious, yet open, her eyes betray her supplication, refuting the hand that seems to be staying the visitor from entering her bedchamber. Cupid's anguished face overhead appears to be projecting the fact that she will sin with her full ripe body, and we are hoping that she will—with ourselves, the secretly leering onlookers.

Rembrandt painted the Danae in 1636, when he was thirty years old. She is one of the most charming of his nudes—and he did many of them, including Diana bathing in a sylvan setting and Suzanne and the

elders. They all have one thing in common—they were painted by a genius, a master, and they pulse with life and light. He had the ability to paint myth and legend, yet bring it to eternal life.

Rembrandt Harmensz Van Rijn was born July 15, 1606, at Leyden, the son of respectable middle-class folk. His father, Harmesz Gerritsz was a miller; he had taken his name van Rijn from his mill. His mother, Neeltgen Willemsdochter van Zuytbrouck, was the daughter of a prosperous baker. Rembrandt's brother Willem was his godson, and followed him in his trade. A second brother, Adriaen, was a shoemaker, and became later, with the help of Rembrandt himself, the owner of their father's mill.

The painter grew up in simple, but not uncomfortable circumstances. We have surviving portraits

of his father and mother, which show them to be rugged and durable folk of sturdy stock. Rembrandt painted his mother with affection and she seems to have been a religious woman of deep convictions. His brothers had that same coarse exterior that marked the men of the family.

Rembrandt went to Latin School in 1620 but didn't care much for studies. His natural gifts lay only in the areas of drawing and painting.



In his *Bathsheba At Her Toilet* artist captures the wickedness of the woman.

Recognizing this, his parents made him the pupil of Jacob van Swaenenburgh, who had spent some time in Italy, and whose father Isaac had been a well known painter and a Burgomaster of Leyden. Rembrandt stayed with his teacher for three years until 1623. His unusual talent must have been demonstrated quite early—"so that one could see already, that he would become a famous painter," reports Orlers.

Following this apprenticeship, Rembrandt entered the studio of Pieter Lastman in Amsterdam. Lastman was a painter who had also

worked for several years in Rome and had developed there under the influence of the German, Adam Elsheimer. According to A. Breidius, "Elsheimer's landscapes were familiar also in Holland, through the etchings which his pupil Goudt did from them. Rembrandt remained only six months with Lastman; but it was a connection that was of great importance for his artistic development. Lastman was at the time probably the most famous

study. Instead, he settled first in Leyden to work out his own problems, privately. He thought that Italy would be a waste of time, since he could study the best of Italian painting in his native land. Not much of his work has survived this early period—there were a few religious works from the year 1626, and some etchings. A few portraits survive in which the contrast of light and shade is strongly emphasized—chiaroscuro.

His nudes, especially those of mythological or biblical origin, use this freedom and the chiaroscuro, with delicate force. Notable among these are *Diana Bathing*, and *Andromeda*. These are intensely alive portraits. While classical beauty is not found in these paintings, they are full of dramatic tension and true observation. In some, there is already a landscape background, which recalls the work of Elsheimer.



Rembrandt painted Danae on many occasions but this particular painting is undoubtedly the most voluptuous, depicting her as ripe for carnal sin.

artist in Holland, rivalled only by the elder Cornelisz van Haarlem.

Some of the early compositions of Rembrandt were strongly influenced by those of his master. He even made drawings of some of Lastman's works, which he has utilized in his own paintings. That Lastman's pictures, with their animated composition and fresh color, should have made a deep impression on Rembrandt, is natural enough. He learned something, also, from the famous portrait-painters of Amsterdam during this time.

Unlike his masters, though, Rembrandt did not go to Italy to

The work of Rembrandt shows that he was deeply impressed by this inheritance from Italy, notably those innovations in light and shadow explored by Caravaggio. In Rembrandt's "Simeon in the Temple," of 1631, "a magic shaft of light falls on the principal group of figures, while the magnificent building and the crowd of spectators are in semi-darkness." Like most of his early biblical subjects, this picture is very carefully painted in detail, and is rather cool in color. The most striking of his early portraits, often no more than studies, are certain of his self-portraits—bold and free in handling and lighting.

His *Diana Bathing* shows a rather ordinary woman, seated by the edge of the pool, her feet in the water. The angle of the body is such that she is not at all comely. We see the wrinkles in her nude skin, the fullness of one breast and that odd diffusion of light that marks so much of his work. In *Andromeda* we see both breasts, the shackled hands adding tension to the more voluptuous form of the figure, the skirt almost falling away from the genital area, revealing rounded belly and buttock. The cliff seems to be partially bathed in an ethereal light, giving it a genesis-like appearance of an early woman trapped on some primordial mount. The breasts are well-conceived and the anguish in the face, somewhat pathetic.

The Rape of Proserpine, another mythological study, is even more dramatic. The dynamics of this composition are powerful, the light and shadow highlighting the struggle of Proserpine as her gown is being wrenched from her and as she claws the face of one abductor. *The Rape of Europa* is even more detailed and ambitious, but the action does not seem as realistic as in the others mentioned above.

One painting of Rembrandt's that is alive with nudes is the one he executed in 1635, which depicts Diana bathing, a younger, more nubile Diana, with scenes from the stories of Actaeon and Callisto. In this painting, there are brooding trees over the shore, and a distant light seen beyond the rocks at the upper left. The mass of nude women and men on the shore are lit with an intense white light that flows upward from Diana to the last figure framed at the forest's dark edge. The staging

(continued on page 49)



PUFFING OUT HER CHEST

It is no wonder that Linda does a lot of huffing and puffing. Her boobs were meant to be puffed out and the huffing is merely added to get them to bulge out to there.













HONEY'S UPPER CLASS



A real sugar is Honey with her twin beehives swelling with the milk of human kindness. She has plenty of class in the upper area of her anatomy, which make her A-Okay in the eyes of dudes who long for the big lungs. Her ruby nipples are more priceless than are pearls of great price.













letting it all hang out

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

REAL TOGETHERNESS. One rarely reads any items concerning the sex casualties which doctors and emergency staffs in hospitals are required to treat.

A reprint from Britain relates a rash of these casualties. Men with wrenches around their penises, and rods and tubes down them; women with bottles, cardboard containers and vibrators in their vaginas.

Some were rather complicated, as in the case of a man and woman who were bound inextricably together. Ropes, strings, clasps, foot chains and handcuffs held them securely. Somehow the two had managed to lose the keys to the chains and handcuffs.

Fortunately, the man and woman were found in this state of forced intercourse by friends. They were taken to a hospital, where an emergency staff had to call in police specialists to break the locks.

This, we would say, was real togetherness.

RATHER PURITANICAL. "I associate my body with very intimate things I can't share with the public," Raquel Welch solemnly declared at a news conference held to promote her most recent cinematic outing in **Kansas City Bomber**.

Just how much of this body-preserved-for-intimate-things was she willing to share with the public? Raquel arrived at the news klatch wearing skintight slacks which left no doubt as to what was underneath, and a blouse which was not only transparent, but open down the front all the way to her navel.

In case anyone had any doubts as to her propriety, Raquel added, "I'm rather puritanical."

CURE FOR THE SOFTIES. Although the manufacturers apparently did not originally intend it, a new epoxy compound that "sticks on and cures hard as steel on wet or dry surfaces" may be just the thing for docile male organs. The name of the new compound is Hard-On.

CAN SPEAK WITH AUTHORITY. During the "Miss Nude America" contest in Naked City, Indiana, June Wilkinson served as one of the judges.

When she was not judging, June was pitching her book, **June Wilkinson's Bust Exercises**, a tome which she felt would help at least half the contestants she was required to review.

June's own measurements are such that she can speak with authority: 45-26-36.

TURNS INTO A TIT. Portnoy can have no complaint with this author's latest literary effort. Philip Roth's major novel **Breasts** has to do with a woman who is transformed into a tit. The story tells of how things look from that point of view.

LUCKY STIFF. Another juicy item having to do with Raquel Welch concerns a \$200,000 insurance policy she has taken out. The policy is to cover her boobs.

We don't know who placed the value on her globes. Perhaps it was the insurance appraiser—the lucky stiff.

NO-BRAS A NO-NO. It was the question of whether the no-bra natural look was appropriate for the office that drew the most comments in a questionnaire sent to the companies by the Administration Management Society of Grove, Pennsylvania.

The office managers queried, by a margin of 67 percent, declared it was against their company's policy to allow girl employees to flop around the office.

However, one manager wrote back that the matter of no-bras "would require further study." Another manager, obviously not taking the survey seriously, responded by stating that "any girl coming to work nude will be sent home after lunch."



Paula Prentiss's "exposure" would not be tolerated in most business offices, where no bras are definitely a no-no.

FOR THE FUN OF IT. In West Germany, any advertising director who suggests a girl model be used in promoting a company's product is usually regarded as inept and relegated to the mail room or fired outright. The reason for this is that there are more lovely frauleins per advertising inch in German magazines than there are pretzels in the country's beer.

This condition did not deter ad man Gunther-Jurgen Bohr and Claus Harden of Dusseldorf when they recommended a nude to the West German subsidiary of Japanese Fuji Film. What they had in mind was a different type of girl. Their specifications were, a girl who was "fat but nice."

It took them several weeks to find her, but when they first laid eyes on 20-year-old Gerd Tinglum, an art student from Norway, they knew instantly that their search was over.

Not exactly the pinup type, Gerd is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs slightly over 160 and measures (pause) 45-39-43.

Gerd agreed to pose in the nude "for the fun of it," and a miniscule fee of \$186.

Since the posters came out, showing Gerd under an umbrella on the beach at Ibiza, the Dusseldorf office of Fuji Films has received 20 letters a day requesting reprints of the ad. A German air force squadron has made Gerd their pinup girl. The ad agency responsible for the poster in the first place has had an additional 10,000 reprints, which it is selling at \$3.10 each. And a record company is arranging to have her make a 45 RPM single—with her picture on the jacket, of course.

Christian Von Alvensleben, the lensman who took the picture, figures he knows why Gerd has been such a sensation. It is because she has such "awfully human appeal," he speculates.

We agree, 45-39-43 can have an awful lot of human appeal.

SEVEN INCHES IN DIAMETER. Readers of a shoppers' newspaper in Union City, New Jersey, were recently pitched on an extraordinary buy in bras. The ad read: "Ideal for salads, soups, can use as a serving dish. Bowl: seven inches in diameter." (Might even be used for haircuts.)

BUILT-IN APHRODISIAC. For years, the white rhinoceros in the San Diego Zoo totally ignored the mate which officials, at great cost, had gotten him. He was so sexually lackadaisical that at one point the zoo director thought of giving him some of his own medicine—rhino-horn powder.

As it turned out, the extreme measure was not necessary. Not long ago, the rhinoceros was moved to the



Raquel Welch, in scene from *Kansas City Bomber*, considers herself puritanical when it comes to conservative dressing.

zoo's wild animal park, where he encountered 20 young female rhinos recently imported from Africa. In no time at all, his own bodily aphrodisiac went to work and he began to act like a male rhinoceros should.

"We now have seven pregnant and two more possibly pregnant," the zoo director announced not long ago.

TUNNEL OF LOVE. Adding to New York City's reputation as "Fun City" was the revelation by a health-department investigator that for a time last summer, Lincoln Tunnel actually became a tunnel of love. This came about through the activities of a prostitute who stood at one end of the tunnel soliciting male motorists. When she picked up a trick, she would drive with him to the other end of the tunnel.

"When she finished performing her services going one way," the investigator explained, "she turned around and did the same thing coming back."

WHAT PLACARD? Putting her breasts to work to fight pollution seemed to Bambi Leigh of Tulsa, Oklahoma, an effective way to draw attention to the plight of her city.

She drew a placard with a message against pollution on it, took off all her clothes (except for a pair of very brief panties), and went out to parade on the streets in the business district.

It was not long before Bambi was arrested for "outraging public decency."

A newspaper photographer, commenting on the incident some time later, said, "I saw no outrage among the people who had gathered around her.

"I asked one gentleman if he had read the placard she was carrying and he said, 'what placard?' " ●●●





A SWELL FOR ALL SEASONS

To paraphrase an old Gershwin title, these breasts could affectionately be called, "Thou Swells." They know no season. They blossom in April just as readily as they can bust out in June. And viewing them in September can cause one to bust out in song. But seeing them in March on a Playboy bunny can be just a bit hairy.







BREASTS ON THE RISE

By FRANK ANVIC

THE VISION OF A TWIGGY-TYPE CHICK ATTEMPTING A TOPLESS DANCE, MOST MEN THINK, IS LUDICROUS, AND THE MAJORITY OF COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS AGREE.

Clockwise: Sophia Loren displays spiders clinging to her breast in Italian symbolism the meaning of which escapes us. Vicki Drake, a Stanford University student, shows off the knockers which have helped pay her way through school. With "water wings" like Raquel Welch's, a girl may be at sea, but she's never in danger of drowning. Meanwhile, a structural engineer on a building site checks June Wilkinson's superstructure.



Listen," says Sherri Allen, a San Francisco topless dancer, "I don't care what they say about breasts—they're my fortune and I know it. I see what the men look at when I dance. It's not my grinding hips or my trim ankles, but my boobs. They don't miss a bounce or a jiggle." Sherri, 23 and single, began working as a topless hostess for \$10.00 an hour, but when her boss found out that she could dance she soon began dancing in the near-nude for considerably more money. Her dimensions are a healthy 40-28-38 and her blonde hair, shoulder length, doesn't hurt her looks any either.

Bill Markham, a Reno photographer, makes most of his money photographing cheesecake pictures for advertising firms. "If we had to rely on the kind of flat-chested women who pose for fashions in New York," he says, "I'd be out of business fast. Women's breasts are a very appealing item in advertising. I try to emphasize this part of a woman's anatomy in my presentations to a client. I've tried, now and then, to go with the trend, the willowy, Twiggy-type models, but let's face it, men buy the pictures and they want to see breasts. In my business, it's what's up front that counts."

In light of recent fashion trends, uni-sex styles and the blurring of the sexes, many men are wondering what is going to happen to the female breast. Will it, like a vestigial tail, the tonsils, or appendix, evolve into a useless appendage, hardly noticeable? Some people think so, others differ with this opinion.

Dr. Harold Reed of Detroit has his theory. A plastic surgeon who has performed cosmetic surgery for thousands of patients, he believes the silicone vogue is over. "Women are not coming to me for this operation any longer," he says. "Instead, they are asking me if I can reduce overlarge mammary development. I refuse to touch such cases, of course. But I do believe that the big breast era is about over. I think the purpose of large breasts has been largely outgrown. With not much sexuality in the world today, it's no longer necessary for a woman to sig-

nal a man with her breasts, she can be quite flat-chested and still have an active sex life. Breasts will continue to be functional, lactating organs for mothers, but will gradually evolve into non-sexual appendages."

Many men feel that the whole business of women's breasts has been blown up out of all proportion. "The designers are the culprits, actually," says Tom Rankin, a Hollywood haberdasher. "They play games with the female breast. One year they hide them in strapped down styles that are almost like the binding ritual of certain African tribes, and the next year they let the breasts pop out again. Women understand, or should, that their breasts are secondary sex organs and so should be displayed as provocatively as possible. Men understand this too, real men, anyway, and they certainly won't tolerate fashion designers' butchery on that most appetizing part of a woman's readily-seen features."

June Wilkinson, a fine Hollywood actress who came to this country from England when she was 17, told me that she would no more hide her breasts than she would her face. "I was stranded when my play went broke," she said, "and if Hugh Hefner hadn't seen my breasts I would have either starved or had to go back to England." June didn't do either, of course. Her breasts carried her to fame on waves of publicity. Yet, today, she is trying to outlive that image.

"I'm an actress," she explains, "and I want people to know that. I am happy that I have large breasts, though, but I would like to be known for my acting talent too." June's busts, by the way, measure 44 inches, and while she has de-emphasized her bust development in recent years, she has not deliberately concealed them and her career has done well.

Other actresses acknowledge the drawing power of their breasts at the box office. Such stars as Raquel Welch, Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida, to name a few, wear clothes

that show their cleavage to advantage. Many people in the motion picture business think Howard Hughes did more to promote the female breast than any man alive when he put Jane Russell in *The Outlaw*, and then designed a special bra for her that would make her globes pop out in 35 millimeter. Miss Russell's aerodynamically-designed bra is still a matter of awe and envy in tinsel town.

So, are the female breasts passé?

Janie, a very swinging Las Vegas call girl, doesn't think so.

"The first thing a guy usually does with me is fondle my breasts," she says. "And the first thing a guy wants to see is that part of me. I learned that even before I turned professional and I've always made it a point to wear uplift bras and décolleté gowns. My breasts are my best calling card. I can tell when a potential customer is interested. His eyes will go all over my body, but they linger on my boobs for a longer time than on any other part of me."

"The repeat customers are what I'm after—or the steadies. That way I don't have to sell myself so much or work to break the ice. I think I get more repeating johns than any other girl on the Strip—and I think I know why. When I get a john alone I let him play with my breasts to his heart's content. I let him play with them, suck them, whatever he wants. I even masturbate men with my boobs. It turns them on in a wild way and they always come back for more."

Several other prostitutes in various cities confirmed Janie's viewpoint. "A girl who doesn't have something showing in the way of breasts," said one, "just can't hope to keep up with the competition. Men like breasts for all kinds of wild reasons. You don't know what they are, but if you're smart, you'll capitalize on that weakness."

Another hooker, "Honey" Rush, in Los Angeles, told me that she deliberately teases potential customers with her breast display. "I'm a freelancer," she confided,

(continued on page 54)



THUMB FUN

WHEN IT COMES TO FONDLING HER BREASTS, IT'S THUMBS UP FOR BRENDA. SOMEONE INFORMED HER YEARS AGO THAT BY MASSAGING HER JUGS SHE COULD INCREASE THEIR SIZE. APPARENTLY THE EFFORT HAS PAID OFF BECAUSE HER BUFFERS SHOW THE RESULTS OF HER TENDER MINISTRATIONS. THE PITY OF IT, HOWEVER, IS THAT SHE HAS DONE IT ALL BY HERSELF. WHICH IS PRETTY SELFISH, WE THINK.



ready to pop out

Like a pair of oversized popovers, Carrie's jugs are always ready to pop out of the confinement of her dress or bra, and what sweet relief it is when she does.









his balls. Her auburn tresses swirled back as she tossed her head backward before bending forward to take his manhood into her hot, wet, mouth.

"Let me see your tits," bill ordered.

"Um-hmmm," Kim murmured, not taking Bill's rapidly swelling cock from her mouth as she hurriedly unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off.

Bill was standing above her. She wore no bra. The sight of her superbly contoured breasts never failed to stimulate him. They appeared like two giant snow-cones with cherry-colored nipples the size of silver dollars. Bending forward, he took each milk-white globe in his hands and squeezed.

Kim's tongue was writhing over his tumescence as her mouth moved up and down its length. Her head began to bob faster and faster. Somehow, she always knew when Bill was getting ready to come. Bill continued to squeeze her great breasts as the seeds of his passion boiled upward. A groan coursed his throat as they gushed up through his tube of flesh and spurted into the call girl's warm mouth. "Yessss!" he hissed, the word whispering out through his teeth.

Kim sucked and stroked his pulsating staff until there was nothing left. As always, Bill felt as if she had drawn the top of his skull out through the slitted end of his manhood. He backed away from her very slowly. "That's fine for starters," he said, stepping out of his fallen slacks. "Now, let's get down to some serious fucking!"

A light tapping at the door of his suite sounded while he was unbuttoning his shirt. Thinking it might be a bellboy or one of the federal agents who stopped by at irregular intervals to check on his well-being, Bill slipped on a bathrobe and walked across the floor to open the door.

Instantly, a man's fist slammed into the pit of his stomach and knocked him off his feet! Gagging for breath, Bill found himself looking up into the ugly face of Victor Logan's bodyguard!

"You didn't think I wouldn't find you, did you?" Victor Logan asked.

He was standing just behind his bodyguard, both men having entered and quickly locked the door shut behind them. Bill shook his head to clear away the pain-induced glaze that filmed his eyes. "It looks like I should have called a different whore," he answered, bitterly realizing that Kim must have called Logan and informed the gangster of his whereabouts after he had called her and made the date.

Logan smiled. "Aw, don't blame Kim-baby too much. She's just trying to earn a couple of extra bucks."

Moments later, the statuesque redhead appeared in the doorframe of the bedroom. She had put her blouse back on. Her makeup was without fault, as if she had done nothing in the bedroom while with Bill. "I . . . uh . . . I'd better be going," she said, not daring to look at Bill. Got a busy schedule ahead of me."

Bill had managed to get back to his feet. "You don't think they're going to let you out of here, do you?" he asked, the words clipped, harsh. "They came to kill me. They're not going to let you walk the streets, knowing your testimony can put them in the gas chamber a year, five years, twenty years from now! I hope you get enough money for betraying me, Kim. It's the last you'll ever earn!"

The call girl's eyelashes fluttered. She quickly glanced at Logan.

"Sorry," the union racketeer said, shrugging. "Business is business!"

"No!" Kim said, her voice and eyebrows rising with the realization that Bill had told the truth. "You can't! You promised!"

Logan shrugged again. "What's a promise between a guy like me and a bust-out whore like you?"

With a shriek of rage, Kim lunged at the round-bellied gangster! Her long fingernails dug into his smooth face as she ripped and clawed at him in mindless fury. "No!" she screamed again and again. "No! No! No!"

"Get her off of me!" Logan yelled, his face bleeding from the call girl's sudden assault. "Get . . . this . . . slut . . . off . . . of . . . me!"

The hulking bodyguard turned his attention . . . and his gun . . .

away from Bill for an instant. Reaching out, he took a handful of Kim's long hair in his free hand and savagely yanked backward to make her get off of his boss. But, the terror-filled call girl was too stricken with panic to be jerked free so easily. Still shrieking, she continued to bite and claw and kick at Logan while he frantically tried to shove her away.

The bodyguard's arm raised high, then slammed downward to drive the butt of his automatic against the back of Kim's skull! Reeling, she sagged to her knees. Logan kicked her in the stomach as she fell. "Kill her!" he screamed, enraged beyond rational thought.

Bill had managed to pick up a heavy table lamp; so engrossed were the two men with Kim that neither was paying him any attention. Lifting the marble-based lamp above his head, he threw it toward the bodyguard. It crashed against the gunman's head just as a shot was fired!

The gunman dropped to his knees, staggered and dazed by the blow. Instantly, Bill dived for his revolver, managing to tear it free of his grasp while he was still befuddled. Logan turned and bolted for the door. Bill aimed the revolver and squeezed the trigger. His shot caught the union official right between the shoulderblades, killing him instantly!

Turning, Bill snapped off two more shots. Each one caught the bodyguard in the chest as he was lumbering toward him.

It was over. Both men were dead. Bill kneeled and gently held Kim's head in his arms. She was dying. The gunman had shot her in the back just as the table lamp had been arching toward his head! "I'm sorry, Kim," Bill said very quietly. "Honest to God, I am!"

Her long lashes fluttered. Her eyes opened just enough. "Me, too!" she said, her voice a rasping wheeze. "Now, it looks like I'll never find the right guy!"

Her eyes popped wide as she suddenly took a deep breath. Then, all of her life went out of her and she exhaled a final time. Bill held her for a few moments longer. "I wish I'd of been the guy for you, honey," he said.

It was meant as a litany! ●●●

here is masterly, the action realistic and natural.

Another painting of Diana, nude, now hanging in the London National Gallery, is a long view of the huntress at lake edge. She seems to be the early Diana, seen from a distance. She is again bathed in an unearthly light while her hunting dogs, one drinking from the water's edge, the other waiting patiently by her side, accompany her in her seclusion. Her pubic area is not shown in this scene, but her full voluptuous form is spotlighted by the intense glow of light contrasting with the almost pitchblack of the forest.

These nudes were painted in Amsterdam after he moved there from Leyden in 1631. He lived first at the house of the art-dealer, Hendrik van Uylenburgh, and it was here, probably, that he met his future wife, Saskia van Uylenburgh, a relative of his host. She was the daughter of the prosperous and respected Burgomaster of Leeuwarden. She appears in numerous portraits which Rembrandt painted and etched of her, and seems to have been an attractive and kindly person. She may have posed for one of the Dianas, in fact, or so it seems.

The commissions came fast in Amsterdam, and in 1632, came the one from the Amsterdam Surgeons who asked him to paint an *Anatomy Lesson* for their Guild Room. This magnificent work is described by A. Bredius as follows: "We cannot but admire the brilliant solution he devised for the difficult problem of painting a group of doctors round a half dissected corpse. He has succeeded in tempering the unpleasantness of the subject by the lively grouping, and by his expressive rendering of the individual heads.

"The light streams down in the direct line of vision, and pervades even the darkest parts of the picture. With earlier artists, an *Anatomy Lesson* had been simply a more or less successfully arranged row of portraits; Rembrandt has here produced a real work of art—one that has become a lasting monument to the Healing Art."

Rembrandt was paid well for his work—he once got more than 500 guilders for one, which was a tre-

mendous price in those days. Of his religious subjects commissioned by the Stadtholder Frederick Henry, he considered the *Entombment* and the *Resurrection* his most successful. He had spent a long time over them, he said, because he had been anxious to depict them in the highest degree of action, in the most natural way. His drappings of his nude figures were classical yet realistic—as warranted, no doubt, by the Prince's tastes.

In his old Testament works are several important nudes. *Bathsheba At Her Toilet*," painted in 1643, now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Here we see a nude Bathsheba, her crotch politely hidden by a white cloth, but her form visible in a glow of light. She is cupping one breast sensuously, her right one with her left hand, and the other is cradled by that same arm. A woman is attending to her toenails while another attends to her hair.

By this time, Rembrandt had found his formal means in a highly individual use of light and color

which many of his patrons did not understand. When he painted *Bathsheba*, however, he had reached maturity. In this painting the character of the form and the personality of the woman interest him equally. Bathsheba's face is both worldly and ingenuous. She looks the voluptuary, and is, but her womanly needs are indicated by the way she holds her breast. She seems to be yearning for love and we can divine that she is preparing to meet David when her toilet is completed.

Another Old Testament nude that is quite charming is *Susanna And The Elders* painted in 1647, (now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin). Susanna has one foot in the bath as she prepares to immerse herself. One elder has his hand on her tunic ready to remove it from her as she plunges nude into the water. Her young face is beautiful, the eyes haunting. Her breasts are hidden chastely from view, her drape covers her pubic region and this makes the figure all the more

(continued on page 54)



"I've noticed you hang out quite a bit around here."



BUMPY BUMPKIN



A familiar and welcome sight to buffer buffs is this bumpy bumpkin who was raised on a farm where plenty of milk and good vittles helped produce these gargantuan bazooms. With jugs the size of hers, she certainly doesn't need a gun when she aims to please, or a lamp to find a guy who enjoys her and honestly digs her dugs.





appealing. Her womanly curves are accented by the strong use of light and shadow. The large area of her back and thigh is excruciatingly appealing. A study of Susanna hangs in the Louvre, in Paris. In this, the body appears young, slimmer, but the face is not yet fully defined. The face is the most striking part of the finished painting, so he must have given it a great deal of his time and thought.

In still another painting of *Bathsheba At Her Toilet* we see a side view of the wicked woman. This one was finished in 1654 and hangs in the Louvre. Bathsheba is looking wistfully at her feet where the woman is attending to them. She holds a cloth in her right hand while her left rests on her fallen robe. A small part of this is wrapped and tucked into the genital area—but the rest of Bathsheba is totally nude. Her breasts are firm and upright, her curves sensuous and relaxed. There is very little tension in the portrait. The light is not so mysterious, but the darks are very heavy, serving to emphasize Bathsheba in the foreground. We can only surmise that this painting

might have depicted Bathsheba after she had met David and made love to him. Her expression seems to portray this feeling.

Rembrandt's paintings are more moving to us than that of many another old master because they are so pregnant with humanity. His nudes, especially, show a tenderness and compassion that is missing in many of the portraitists who followed him. His female nudes seem to demonstrate that he was a man full of passion and power. He had the great gift of being able to express himself in ordinary terms while using extraordinary methods. His magical use of lighting and his splendid harmonies of color have made us all the richer for having seen them. It was man and woman that interested Rembrandt and he seemed to be compelled to explore their every moment in life. He reveals more of himself in his paintings of other people, than he does in his own self-portraits. We can see how he looks into the eyes of a Diana or a Bathsheba and see the man himself, see his very soul.

We are enriched by that soul that was Rembrandt! ●●●



"I don't know about you, but I'm enjoying the turbulence."

"so naturally I have to be on my toes if I want to be on my back. I wear low-cut jobs or really far-out fashions from Frederick's (a Hollywood store that deals in sexy clothes for women) so that I stand out—literally. I hustle the afternoon bar trade so it's important to get a man's attention and keep it. I don't know of anything that gets a man's interest up than a girl's well-developed breasts. If anybody thinks they're going out of style, they've got another thing coming."

Despite some fashion designers' tendency to play down the breastwork in clothes they create, men, and apparently women too, aren't putting up with it.

"Let's face it," said one hapless salesman who has weathered many a fashion trend during the past twenty years, "men buy the clothes. They pay for them usually. If not, the women are buying to please men. As long as a guy digs tits, that's what fashion has to come up with. I get disgusted half the time with the crap that Paris and Rome foist on the public. Then the imitations hit and everybody loses. The women look like washboards, but feel fashionable, and the men are turned off like an unpaid water bill. Tits are here to stay, and the sooner we recognize that, the better."

In talking to a couple, recently, who had participated in a sex research program in Long Beach, California, it became apparent that some investigators, at least, don't hold with the theory of diminishing breasts.

"We discovered," said Sidney L., "that men with sexual dysfunctions almost always have been deprived of touching certain parts of a woman's body. The breasts are the first areas of exploration, usually, for a man who has been so deprived. When a woman works with these male patients, she invariably allows him to fondle her breasts or suck them before he even gets close to having intercourse with her. The breasts serve many useful functions. They build interest in the sexual act, they stimulate the gonads and they are an important part of foreplay, not to mention their usefulness in building up a relationship between two people."

Many psychiatrists agree.

It may be that men remember subconsciously the pleasure they first had at their mother's breast and feel deprived in later life," says Dr. Harvey Kornfeld of the New Life Institute in Atlanta. "They see breasts all the time, and most of the time with deliberate intent on the part of the woman, but they are not allowed access to them as much as they would like. You must remember that a woman's breasts are suggestive of the buttocks and in an animal sense the buttocks, when displayed nude, are a signal that the female is desirous of sexual contact."

The female breasts passé?

"We find that more and more women today are using their breasts as actual sexual organs," said another psychiatrist, Matthew Boggess of Sidney, Australia. "They put the man's penis between their breasts and by vigorously massaging the erect member, stimulate it to orgasm. This can be a very satisfying display of sensuality for both men and women. It elevates the breasts to an important role in sex play and gratification. The female breasts are useful for a great many other things besides providing sustenance for newborn babies."

So important is the preservation of the female breasts in some areas, in fact, that cancer surgery is being radically revised. According to writer-researcher Colleen Keisler, "Breast cancer no longer means a radical mastectomy—thanks to the combined efforts of medical specialists and plastic surgeons." Ms. Keisler, in a recent newspaper article, cites the lumpectomy or a "modified radical mastectomy" as a breakthrough in breast surgery. While this is still a controversial method, hope is in sight for many women who have had to resort to surgery in order to save their lives from cancer's voraciousness.

"The radical approach," explains Miss Keisler, "involves removing the entire breast, chest wall muscles and lymph glands which often leaves an indentation."

"In the modified technique, the muscles of the chest wall are left intact and only their covering is removed."

For those who qualify, a reconstructive plastic surgery is undertaken. "The series of three operations begins with the removal of breast tissue and nipple, but as much skin and muscle as possible remains."

"The second step involves pulling the remaining skin over a silicone implant which is encased in a safe, transparent covering. If the skin does not die, larger implants are inserted as the skin relaxes and distends."

"The third and final operation plants the largest silicone, and the doctors then construct a nipple grafted from a fold of skin in the genital area."

Even here, there is a genital tie-in!

Doctors who perform these operations strive for the "natural look."

The natural look apparently involves a woman being well-endowed, breastwise. Certainly this is an indication that many people still value the importance of a woman's breasts both as a cosmetically comely addition to her appearance and as a secondary sexual apparatus that can be important to a woman's being.

Let's hope that women continue to be sensible about their breasts despite what fashion dictators display in their fall and spring salons. Women would just not be women without breasts. It's not a question of identification, it's a question of pleasure. The female breast continues to be a source of erotic pleasure for men.

The breasts are not passé—and I'll bet Twiggy would be the first to say so! ●●●



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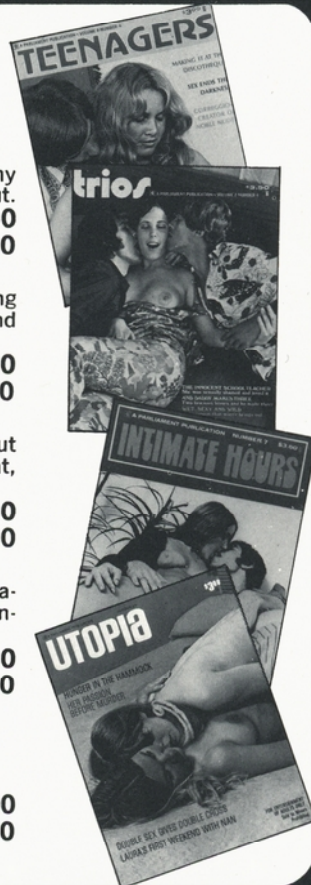
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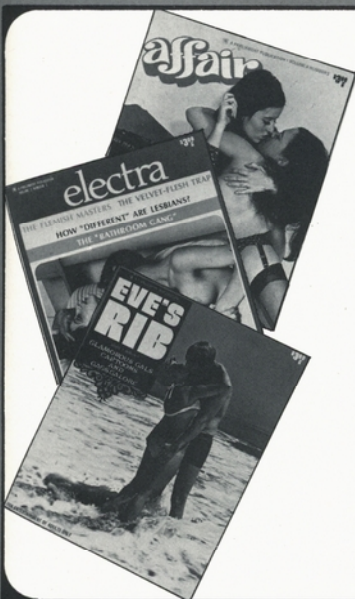
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