

BLOCK BUSTERS

Bare Breasts: The Great Coming-Out Party When Busts Are A Bust By Hooker Or Crook \$4⁰⁰_R



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BLOCK BUSTERS

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EDITORIAL

FICTION

By Hooker Or Crook Marc Shores 10

ARTICLES

Bare Breasts: A Great Coming-Out Party
..... Eve Dawson 22
When Busts Are A Bust Bruce Fleming 40

FEATURE

Letting It All Hang Out John Davidson 34

PICTORIALS

A Gaggle Of Glandular Gals 4
Shelly's Sensuous Stalactites 14
Babette's Baggies 18
Juts Kiddin' Around 24
Set For A Big Babe 28
A Toast To Tanya's Ts 36
Dangling Temptation Before Your Eyes 42
A Wink For Her Waggle 46
Cherry Picker's Delight 50
Props For A "Hang" Man 52
Swinging Loose 60

EDITOR Gregory Burke
ART EDITOR Lyndon Hoffman
PHOTO EDITOR Brooks Doyle



The late Alexander King once remarked: "There are people who will see obscenity in the crotch of every tree." A funny line, if it weren't so frighteningly true.

To have firm convictions on any subject is admirable; to try to convince others of the correctness of these convictions is a right guaranteed all Americans by our Constitution. But to attempt to **force** one's attitudes and opinions on others who might not share them is a deep and profound moral wrong.

And yet this is precisely what is happening throughout the United States today. There are any number of people who, for whatever reason, firmly believe not only that their morals are superior to yours, but that they are somehow justified in legally forcing **you** to comply with them. If the sight of the naked human body (the condition, incidentally, in which God created Man) offends any individual, it would be morally and constitutionally wrong to forcibly expose him to it. But it is **equally** wrong for that individual to attempt to prevent others from viewing what they might wish to view, or reading what they might wish to read.

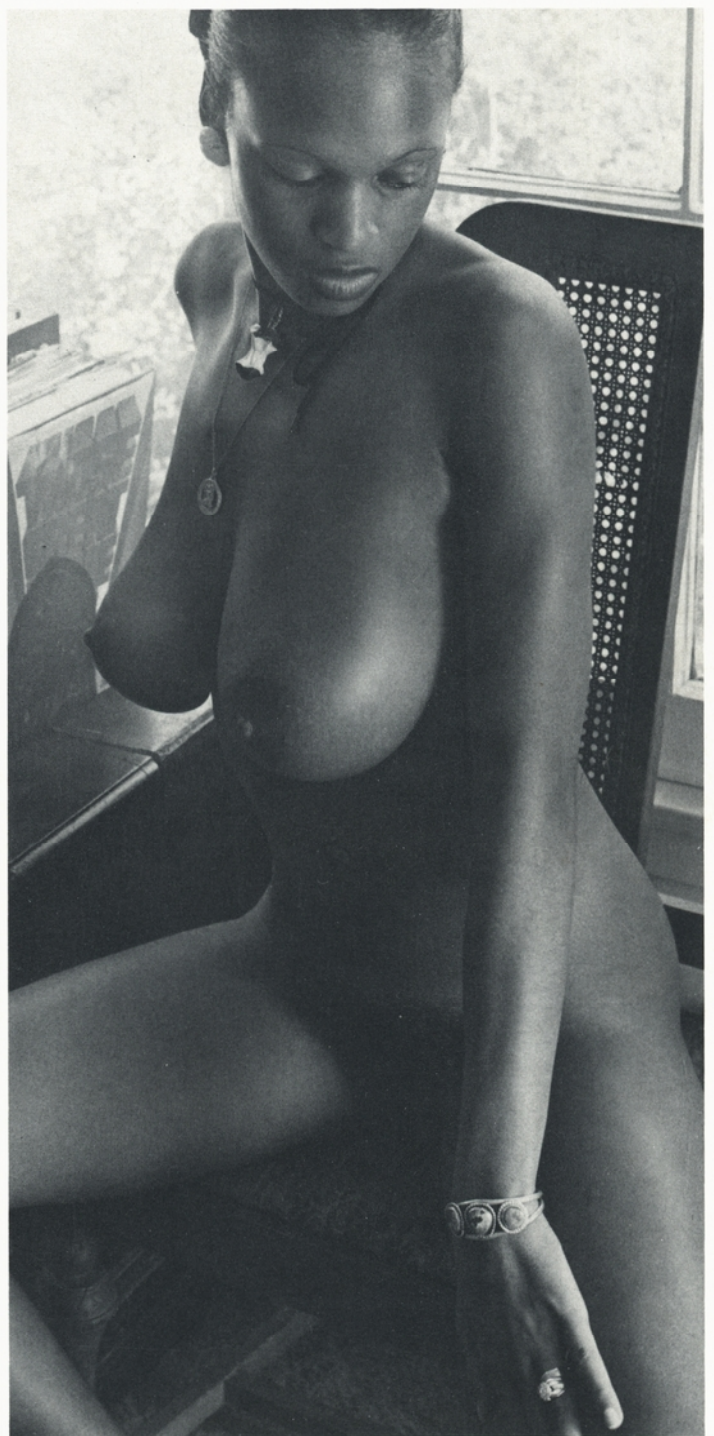
The old saw "It's the squeaking wheel that gets the grease" is, in the matter of moral conviction, all too true. Those with the firmest convictions (which, unfortunately, tend to be the narrowest and most negative when relating to the rights of others) are generally the ones who are most vocal in making their opinions heard by the lawmakers. It is therefore high time that **you**, as a mature, adult American whose rights are being seriously threatened, make use of your own voice in expressing your views on individual freedoms to your elected representatives. Under our Constitution, your voice is as powerful as any other individual's. But unless you use it, you will surely lose it!

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A GAGGLE OF GLANDULAR GALS



To make the most of a pun, we would say this gaggle of gals can provide a lot of guys with plenty of fun. In fact, following the fun, it could be said, "A gland time was had by all."











BY HOOKER OR CROOK

By Marc Shores

Hoode was hired to get a young whore off the hook. His job became more than routine when he discovered that the girl was in the steel clutches of a ruthless pimp.

I was glad he was dying. I was so glad, I forgot all about Vito until he came running into the room.



I'm a private investigator these days. I work on the legit, pay my taxes, and go to bed at night without worrying about whether or not the rent will be paid in the morning. It wasn't always that way. Once, not so many years ago, I hustled the other side of the street. I've got the scars to prove it, including a three-year stretch for armed robbery.

But, those days are long gone. And the only reason I mention them at this late date is because I want it understood up front that, no matter which side of the law I've ever worked on, the one type of person I dislike more than anyone or anything else is a pimp! Take that word "dislike" back. I hate 'em!

A pimp is a guy who has no honor. He can lie easier than he can tell the truth. As a rule, he's got chicken fat for guts. The only people he can shove around are those pitiful broads that go to work for him. He deals in human misery. He caters to man's basest desires. His one stock in trade is the perverted ability to take a woman and get her to lay naked with other men for money. And how he gets that woman in that position is something else. He'll con her. He'll get her hooked on his ability in bed. He'll get her hooked on dope. He'll beat her. Threaten her. Anything. Anything that will get her on her back.

Take Charley Bertelli. Here was a young punk who made it to

Los Angeles a step ahead of the New York authorities. Wanted on an armed robbery warrant, he'd hot-footed it out of state just in time.

The times were lush. World War II had just fizzled out with that big bang at Hiroshima. There was a lot of loose money on the West Coast. Charley soon figured he'd get a piece of that green by turning pimp. He started with a washed-out madam who went for his twenty-four-dollar line of bullshit and, within a few years, he was admittedly one of the hottest pimps in the country.

Only five feet, six inches tall, Charley wore new, custom-tailored suits. He had his fingernails manicured twice a week. I think he fig-

ured the flashy front would hide his big nose, beetle's eyebrows that looked like two black bushes above his normally slitted eyes, and an almost lipless mouth that would peel back tight across his crooked teeth whenever a smile was necessary.

If Charley didn't get to be the king pimp because of his looks, it was because he was also a man driven to his needs with a total lack of compassion. He was as ruthless and cunning as any street mobster I've ever known. I had no doubt that he would be a dangerous enemy.

He was forty-three years old when it came time for me to measure him for size. It was 1970, just twenty-four years after he had journeyed to California to make his fortune.

Our paths crossed when Ginny Millay walked into my office and placed an envelope on top of my desk. "It's all I've got, Mr. Hoode," she said. "Fifteen hundred and eighty bucks. I've been saving it for what you might call my old age. But, it's yours if you find a way to put Charley Bertelli in a pine box!"

Ginny's face was haggard and drawn. What might have been a voluptuous body at one time was a droopy, sagging, wrinkle of fallow flesh. I knew enough about her to know she had been one of Charley's whores. No longer able to command top money for her services, she had recently taken to walking the streets.

I felt sorry for her, as sorry as I've ever felt for any cripple. "Why me?" I asked, leaving the envelope right where she'd dropped it. "More important, why Charley?"

"I want you because you've got the reputation of being a tough cookie, Mr. Hoode," the tired, bleached-out blonde answered. "And I want Charley Bertelli because the dirty bastard turned my own sister out!"

"How old is your sister?"

"Nineteen, Mr. Hoode. She met Charley at a party about a year ago. She really went for his snow job. And, now because he's hot at her for something, he's got her working flatback."

"Flatback? What's that?"

"It means she's working in a crummy pad on Franklin Avenue turning thirty tricks and more a day. She's flat on her back. Know what I mean? The only time she gets up is when she has to take a douche!"

"And just what is it you want me to do, Ginny?" I asked. "Keep in mind I am not a contractor. If you want that little weasel snuffed, go hire somebody else."

"Just get Nancy out of his clutches, Mr. Hoode. That's all. Honest, you got to help. If you don't, that kid'll look like me before she's twenty-one." Her voice suddenly took on a soft quality. "You should've seen her when she was a baby, Mr. Hoode. She was beautiful. Just beautiful."

I thought about it for several long minutes. Finally, I said, "I've always wanted to nail that little pimp, Ginny. You've got yourself a deal."

A wide grin appeared on her tired face. "Thanks, Mr. Hoode," she said, starting to cry at the same time. "Thanks a lot."

I didn't have the faintest idea how I'd be able to get Ginny's kid sister out of the fleabag whorehouse she was working in. But, I figured that was one way to get her away from society. So, for the next few weeks, I started walking the bricks. That means I spent twelve hours and more every day talking to people who might have any connection at all with prostitution.

It was damned hard work. I got names, dates, and places. I learned the names of prominent citizens involved in week-long orgies, and of teenaged girls deliberately hooked on hard narcotics so that they became easy prey for pimps like Charley Bertelli.

I figured I'd have enough information to start a Grand Jury investigation within another week or two. That was when I heard from Ginny's sister.

She called me late at night. My answering service rang through to me because she told them it was an emergency. "Mr. Hoode!" she started, her voice whispered and breathless. "Can I come see you right away? Please! It's important!"

I gave her my address. "I'll be

right here," I said, cradling the phone.

Not a minute later, the phone rang again. This time it was Jack Lewis, a barrel-chested cop who had been working on the L.A. Vice Squad since the early forties. "Hear you've been asking questions about Charley Bertelli," he said, after we'd exchanged the usual pleasantries. "Mind telling me why?"

"I'm on a case, Jack," I answered.

"Did Ginny Millay have anything to do with it?" he asked.

"Could be," I answered guardedly. "Why?"

"Two high school kids found her lying belly-up in a vacant lot off Mulholland Drive about two hours ago! Somebody had slit her throat, then sliced her tongue off and stuck it in her ear!"

I took a deep breath. "Does her sister know?"

"Yeah. We called her down to make an identification. She took one look and ran out of here screaming. Both of those chicks are hookers, Hoode. And both of them have worked for that little prick Bertelli. I've heard a few whispers concerning your interest in him. I figured you might have something you'd want to tell me."

"No, Jack, I don't," I answered. "But, I may have something in a little while. If I do, I'll get in touch right away. OK?"

"Yeah, you do that, Hoode," Jack replied. "You know, you and I have had a good working relationship ever since you got your operator's license. I'd . . . uh . . . I'd like to keep it that way."

That was his way of telling me not to play it cute. He wanted Bertelli bad. But, every time he'd tried to get the guy into court, his case would fall apart.

I cradled the phone a second time. Then, I slipped into a tee shirt and a pair of slacks. I'd never met Ginny's kid sister. I didn't want our first meeting to start with me wearing nothing more than a dumb smile.

The doorbell rang a few minutes later. I opened the door and let a petite, badly frightened, young blonde rush past me. Once inside, she turned and pointed at the door. "Lock it, please! I'm not sure I wasn't followed!"

I locked the door. She sat on my

sectional chewing her nails. After fixing us both a double martini, I sat beside her. "OK, Nancy," I said, keeping my voice warm. "What's this all about?"

"Ginny's been killed," she started. "It was terrible. Just terrible. I . . ."

I patted her hand. "I know about that, Nancy. So, don't tear yourself up talking about it. Just tell me why you're here."

She downed her drink in one long gulp. "Ginny told me she'd hired you to get Charley Bertelli. That's what got her killed. He probably heard about it and. . ."

"How?" I interrupted. "I haven't told anybody. That was just a secret between her and me."

"She got drunk one night about a week ago," Nancy explained, handing me the glass in a wordless plea for another belt. "She told some of the girls that she was going to put Charley out of business. Said she had a real hot-shot gunning for him."

"How did you know it was me?" I asked. I took her glass and walked across the living room floor to fix her another double. "Did she tell the girls my name, too?"

Nancy shook her head. "No, she just said she had hired a heavyweight of some kind. When I heard about it, I asked her. She confided in me and told me your name. Then, when I heard that she'd been killed, I went down to identify her. . ."

"All right, what do you want to do right now?"

She took the drink I brought back across the room. After killing that one as quickly as she'd drunk the first, she said, "I want you to let me stay here until you get Charley. I know he had Ginny killed because one of the girls probably told him what she'd said about getting somebody on his case. I think he'll try to get me, too."

"That's possible," I agreed. "OK, you stay here until the heat's off."

I fixed her two more doubles. Then, after they had taken effect and left her in a semi-stupor, I carried her into my bedroom and laid her down. I took her shoes off. Then I propped a nice soft pillow under her head, snapped off the light, and went back into the living room.

It was almost three o'clock in the morning. I made a few phone calls to some of the hookers I knew, hoping one of them might have heard something. But, none of them knew anything. Either that, or else Ginny's murder had frightened them into silence. Drawing a blank, I went down to an all-night drive-in restaurant and had some bacon and eggs. Then, I hustled back to my apartment.

I stuck my key into the lock at my apartment door and quietly opened up, not wanting to wake the sleeping teenager in my bedroom. Once inside, I half-turned and closed the door. I was just turning the inside bolt-lock when I heard a whisper of noise behind me. Spinning, I saw a monster!

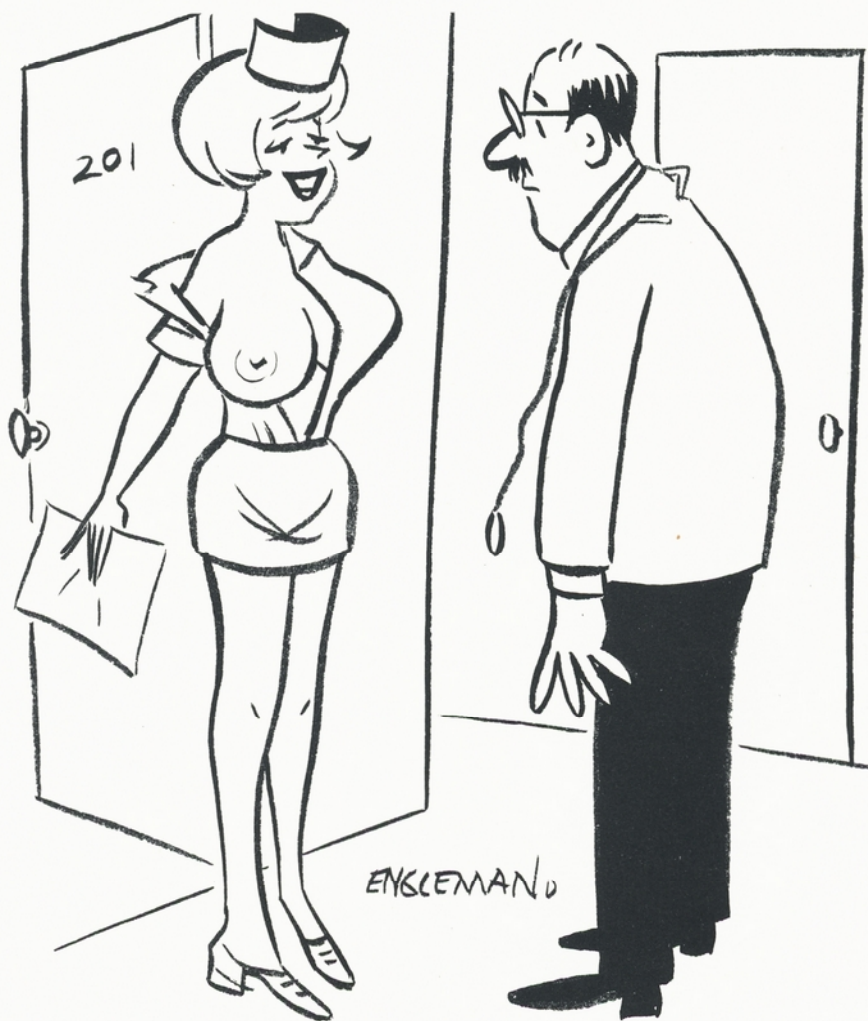
He was head and shoulders taller than I, and half again as broad across the shoulders. His face was one big scowl. And, in one hand, he was holding a snub-nosed

revolver that looked almost like a small toy compared to the hamlike hand that held it.

It wasn't even a contest. He jammed the heater into my belly as I was raising my hands. His other hand balled into a fist and moved like a steam-driven piston right into my nose. Lights flared up inside my skull. Hot blood erupted from my nostrils. And I went butt first onto the carpet!

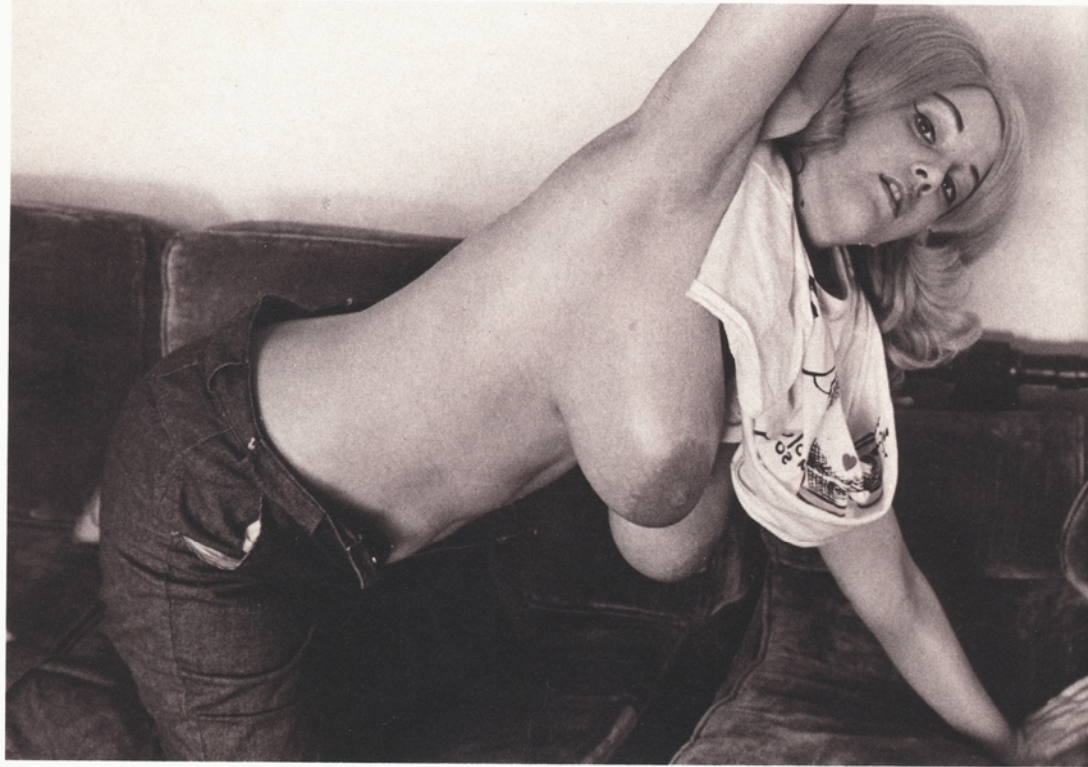
Just as I landed, the goon kicked me just under my chin. I flipped onto my back. And he started booting my head and shoulders. No matter which way I tried to roll, he was right there with a heel or a toe. Then, something crashed down against the back of my skull and sudden darkness shrouded my pain-numbed skull.

I don't know how long I was out of it. When I did regain consciousness—
(continued on page 58)



"Good news, Doctor. The patient in two-o-one has started to take nourishment again!"

SHELLY'S SENSUOUS STALACTITES



One generally thinks of stalactites as cold, pendulous objects hanging from the ceiling of a cave. Any similarity between these and Shelly's hanging objects end with their pendulousness. Come to think of it, though, it might be fun to find Shelly hanging around in a cave.









BABETTE'S BAGGIES

With baggies such as those hanging on Babette, any dude approaching her would instantly qualify as "The Man From Glad," and it certainly wouldn't be long before he had the situation in the bag, as they say.











Displaying the kind of plunging neckline that guys really dig is Carla Zayre.

BARE BREASTS: A GREAT COMING-OUT PARTY

By Eve Dawson

Over the objections of some women who are obviously motivated by envy of their better-endowed sisters, a lot of guys advocate toplessness as a way to end unisex. Such a step will also bring out that which the French call *la difference*.

It's one thing to go into a nightclub where the waitresses are topless. You're probably used to the bare-bosomed waitress by now. But it's another thing for your date—or the girl sitting at the next table—to be nude on top. How would *you* feel?

Breast worshipers I've talked to are divided on this issue. Some are happily anticipating a topless takeover in the next few years, while others are content to leave bare boobs to waitresses and entertainers. Both groups offered sound reasoning for their preferences.

Men who'd like to keep toplessness at the stage it is now aren't prudes trying to shelter their own wives and girlfriends from erotic progress. This kind of thinking vanished not long after miniskirts appeared. I remember men who said, "Not my girl," when they heard of thigh-high skirts, only to discover that all girls wanted a chance to display their legs. And men who'd at first disapproved soon adjusted to new degrees of feminine exposure. Men issued very few complaints about the mini once minis were everywhere.

"But toplessness is something else!" one breast-admiring male exclaimed after we'd discussed naked legs. "A man likes to exercise his imagination. Cover all but the nipples if you like, but make the covering interesting, titillating. There are so many ways to enhance female breasts with clothes. If all girls went around with their titties bare, then breasts would become as commonplace as faces."

This man likes deeply plunging necklines, sexy lace bras, and all the paraphernalia designed to draw attention to female breasts. "Breasts are pretty," he said, "and decoration can make them even prettier."

"Bare boobs have their place. Topless waitresses, ones who are young and firm, are great to look at. So are the topless girls in Vegas now. And I'm all for toplessness in the bedroom, although you can make use of decoration there, too."

"I guess I'm a fantasist," he continued. "I hated to see garterbelts phased out by pantyhose. Nudity and near-nudity get rid of fantasy. When women stop wanting to tantalize men, where will we be?"

I've heard this argument before: Take away the fantasy, and you take

away the fun. Female clothing that teases is naughty, and without naughtiness, sexual thrills diminish. The only way I know to counter this theory is to start talking about a different kind of society without present-day guilt and hang-ups about sex, but that's purely speculative, my opponents tell me.

Another man who is against a topless take-over was willing to listen to my description of a society where breasts and bottoms bounced freely unless clothes were needed to keep warm. Then he began to laugh at the whole idea, and said:

"You picture everybody as young and beautiful, which they're not. Even if only the girls between eighteen and twenty-five were allowed to be topless, there'd be imperfections. Think of the competition between girls! Imagine how uncomfortable some girls would feel! Clothes are democratic, you know; they give every girl a chance. With total toplessness, some girls would be out of the running before the race ever got started."

I tried to protest that this wasn't the kind of society I'd envisioned, but he interrupted. "It won't happen because the girls themselves won't stand for it. Girls would rather play peek-a-boo with their best assets, and use whatever artifice they can find to compensate for what they don't have."

He snorted when I asked him if he liked padded bras. "But I do like see-through bras and see-through dresses. They conceal just enough. Take Cher Bono, who is damned sexy without being busty or voluptuous. She was photographed at one of those celebrity shindigs in a transparent dress where her nipples showed in between the sequins. I've seen her in dresses cut to the navel, too. With the right clothes girls don't need padded bras. With no clothes from the waist up, though, some girls wouldn't even be noticed. Or maybe they'd all go out and get silicone shots so they'd look like Carol Doda. I wouldn't like that either. Silicone makes breasts feel like footballs."

To hear men such as this talk, one would conclude that universal toplessness could doom the cult of the bosom as we now know it. The

opposition—the pro-topless men—believe just the opposite.

"We're getting closer to topless fashions all the time," said one of this contingent. "Dresses constantly have deeper décolletage. Once you could only show a little bit of cleavage, now the sides of the breasts, almost all but the nipples can be shown. Sweaters are thinner than ever. And you see sheer fabrics that show almost all. They only provide an illusion of coverage, a token gesture to a society that doesn't yet allow all-out nudity. Well, there's just one step left, and already girls are going topless to small, private parties or sunbathing without tops. The topless era is almost here."

I asked him what he thought the consequences might be. "Would bosoms be 'de-sexed'?" I asked.

"How can you 'de-sex' bosoms?" he shot back. "Bosoms are female, and that's that."

"Toplessness everywhere would really make the end of the unisex thing. Boys and girls can *dress* alike, but they can't *undress* alike. When tops come off, everybody is going to say, 'Vive la difference!'"

I objected that some girls are far less well endowed than others.

"It'll be harder for them to fake it, sure. A man will be able to tell at a glance which girl has the natural padding a man likes. I like girls big in the jugs; some men don't care, but I do. I don't like being deceived. This way a man will know what he's getting. And a man will be proud to show off a girl with big ones or a girl with averaged-sized pretty ones, if that's what he likes. Girls who don't look so good won't have to go topless; they can show off some other part of their anatomy."

I had to agree that even if toplessness became the height of fashion, there'd be no law against some slight coverage. And I imagine that if nude breasts were to become stylish, one would still see a lot of partially nude breasts enhanced with trimmings.

For example, dresses might have cutouts for just the breasts. Or they might have smaller cutouts revealing just the nipples. There'd be see-through fabrics, too. But would

(continued on page 57)

JUTS KIDDIN' AROUND

When a gal has a couple of pectoral promontories like Brenda, it goes without saying that they invite a bit of kiddin' around. She doesn't mind the kiddin', as long as it's done with feeling.











An active actress who labors in the vineyards of Hollywood, Briget usually arrives on the set even before it has been finished. But this doesn't hinder her from rehearsing her lines. Lines? None of the guys who are working on the set hear a word Briget is saying.

Set For A Big Babe













letting it all hang out

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

OVERSHADOWING. Women dealers and croupiers have always been a part of the Nevada gambling scene, but of late the gals have been demanding a greater share of these jobs. They are, however, meeting with some resistance on the part of the gambling bosses who have been burned by gals who are able to slip an occasional chip into their bras and other chicks with large bosoms who can hide a crooked roll on the dice tables from their pit bosses by clever overshadowing with their big chubbies.

DYING DURING INTERCOURSE. "What a way to go," we have always exclaimed when we have read of some aging lothario cashing in while in the throes of lovemaking. It had always been our impression that the old ticker stopped because of the vigor expended during intercourse. Not so, say researchers who have been studying this kind of demise. Sex alone does not bring on these heart attacks, say the researchers. But if a guy's heart has been deteriorating for some time, engaging in some heavy poontang could produce just the right amount of stress to cause a cardiac arrest. However, the scientists say that the strain on a healthy individual caused by an orgasm is about equal to a brisk walk around the block. Some interesting statistics compiled by the researchers reveal that about six out of every thousand guys with heart conditions die during intercourse, and eighty percent of those who are making it are doing so with babes other than their wives.

DANISH EXPORT. The sexual freedom which has enriched life in Denmark in the past few years has begun to spread beyond the country's borders. A recent incident in Florence, Italy, which has been brought to our attention indicates how far it has spread. A young Danish couple, on a visit to this ancient city, went out on the town their first night in Florence. Returning to their abode about midnight, they were helped out of their taxi by the driver who discovered them in the preliminary throes of lovemaking. Unwilling to wait until they reached their room, the couple removed their clothes and went at it on the sidewalk as the taxi driver drove off. They made so much noise that they awakened some people living in an apartment directly above them. These people attempted to quell the young couple's passions by dousing them with several buckets of water. Undeterred, the young Danes moved to the center of the street where they continued to copulate, to the enthusiastic plaudits of a small gathering of spectators who had been attracted to the scene.

IN NEPTUNE'S LAP. Because of the heavy tourist traffic to Hong Kong, some of the airlines have been hard pressed to find accommodations for their passengers and have been moving them in ever-increasing numbers into the hotels in the "Little Shanghai" section of the colony. Single men don't seem to mind because many of these hosteleries are bordellos licensed as hotels, where one can get a warm bed companion on request. There was one complaint lodged with the Hong Kong Tourist Association by an Australian couple, though, who found that when they pressed a lighted button near their bed, the bed undulated up and down under a large mirror secured to the ceiling. When they complained to the hotel management, they told the tourist association, a bell captain explained that the movement of the bed was to aid weary sea travelers to regain their land legs.

SATISFACTORY ORGASMS. It seems that men who admire women with big boobs have been in error as to their sexual prowess, at least we are so advised by a prominent Beverly Hills medic. He claims that in his practice, he has found that gals with large breasts have small clitorises, which makes it difficult for them to have satisfactory orgasms. Girls with small breasts, on the other hand (or should we say, in the other hand) possess large clitorises and can, therefore, achieve great and satisfactory or-



Big-breasted gals give Las Vegas pit bosses the creeps, since they are able to cover up a fast shuffle with their protruding boobs. Jay C. Flippen catches Shawn Devereaux in the act.

gasms, especially if they happen to be the kind of girls with tiny lines of fine hair running up their tummies. There is no need for the chicks with the big jugs to despair, because the Beverly Hills doctor has a cure for what ails them. By injecting the busty gals with several shots of male hormones, he has been able to increase the size of the clitoris, and with an enlarged love nub they are able to reach a par with their less-busty sisters.

MAO TSE'S TONGUE. Chairman Mao is not the only communist who is being quoted these days. There was a young Chinese gal in the city of Canton who was recently quoted as saying that she would give herself to any man for a good meal. This did not go too well with the authorities, who brought her to trial for such unproletarian utterances. She told the court she had made a mistake and that she was sorry. After sober reflection, she said, she felt that giving herself for one meal was too cheap. "Next time, I will offer myself for two good meals," the China doll vowed. She was sentenced to 15 years in a work camp for her impudence.

FRENCH A LA NUDE. You do not trifle with the rules when you are a gorgeous 39-28-34 and you join a nudist colony where there are a number of old maids. The rules state that absolutely no clothes are to be worn during the day, but Yvette Etienne took liberties because her feet hurt her and she put on a pair of sneakers. For such travesty she was "permanently banned" from the French camp. Yvette threatens to sue the nudist officers because "jealous old women" were responsible for her banishment.

UGLY. When she was a schoolgirl, she was one of the homeliest in her class and her classmates referred to her as "Birdlegs" because of the formless symmetry of her underpinnings. Would you believe that today she is known as Raquel Welch?

TWO REASONS. Presenting her 44-inch bustline to the audiences in a South African theater seemed rather "chesty" to the censors, but when she displayed it in an obviously titillating manner with heavy cleavage, they ordered Sandy Dane's show closed. Cast as a girl *au pair*, as the French say, Sandy had the leading feminine role in a farce called **Don't Tell the Wife**, and for a week before the censors got to the theater, her audiences loved her. But then the matter of her exposure spelled her undoing. When asked by the manager of the touring company putting on the play, what the specific reason was for closing the show, one censor remarked rather dryly, "There were two reasons, actually."

CULTURAL ODDBALLS. The minister of cultural affairs for Colombo, Sri Lanka, not long ago ordered the board of

censors not to permit the showing of any motion picture that was not entirely suited for the family. Responding to this arbitrary edict, the Colombo **Daily News** ran a story in which it called the members of the censor board, "a motley crew of cultural oddballs, political raggle-taggle prudes, female fugitives from morality . . . who engage in sanctimonious humbug." Would that some of our metropolitan dailies were as forthright.

ARTFUL FLIRTS. Men who put their school days behind them are missing a helluva opportunity to really become educated. There is a ground swell of rumors that a lot of single girls are enrolling in adult education classes, both in colleges and high school evening classes simply to meet men. Most interesting gals are to be met in art classes. A word of caution: Stay away from classes on finance—stock market, investing, etc.—unless you are genuinely interested in the subjects. Some chicks who take these courses are out to hook a rich sucker.



A classic example of a complete metamorphosis between early adolescence and adulthood, Raquel Welch never won a beauty contest as a girl. She was even considered rather ugly then.

MAKES FOR MORE FUN. The lingerie industry in Japan, according to the Finance Ministry, received a substantial lift through an increase in the shipment of brassieres to the United States in the last quarter of 1974. The same source said that girdles were down, which makes for more fun, we think, even though it may cut into the profits of the Japanese lingerie industry.

GET CARRIED AWAY. Since it is the world's oldest profession, the need for new innovations to keep its customers happy becomes almost mandatory, especially in this day and age of permissiveness and freebies. So, American call girls have taken a page from their Japanese sisters by introducing bathing as part of their ministrations. Guys who have been bathed by a prostie say they get carried away long before they can make it to the bed. ●●●



A
Toast
To
Tanya's
Ts



In Tanya's case, we know what the Ts stand for, don't we? Having established that, we appraise them and find them wanting—every guy who knows her wants them. They are so big, lush, and free-swinging that we are moved to drink a toast to her biggies. Tanya responds by joining us in the toast, knowing that what pleases fellows gives her pleasure—provided the guys handle her right.





WHEN BUSTS ARE



Among actresses who launched careers on their big bosoms were Jayne Mansfield, Diana Dors and Anita Ekberg.

By Bruce Fleming

Swedish gals are having their jugs "whittled down to a manageable size." Considering that size, no boob lover who is self-respecting will be at all interested in "managing" them.

Millions of dollars are spent each year by American women in

the effort to increase the size of their mammary glands. Dozens of Hollywood stars owe their existence to the size of their breasts.

When a gal can't get a man to be attentive to her, she blames it on the fact that her bust is a bust. The eight sweetest words in the English language, to the ears of most American women, are when a man nudges his friend and says "Man, look at the knockers on that broad!"

You'd think, therefore, that all men would desire to *see* large bosoms on a girl, the way all girls crave to *possess* them.

But you'd be wrong—at least, according to English psychiatrist Dr. Daniel Cabot, you would.

The good doctor concluded after a recent study that more often than not, men shudder at the sight of exposed, oversized mammaries.

"A man can be terrified by the

A BUST



sight of large breasts," he stated. "He may actually sweat with fear when in the presence of a big-busted female who has 'offered' herself to him, so to speak.

"Though most men like to look at pictures of huge breasts, when it comes to the real thing they are often nervous and scared—even into a state of impotence!"

Well, upon reading that, we couldn't help wondering where Dr.

Cabot had done his research. Could it have been in London's many gay bars, where the fellows had been driven out of fright caused by some of Britain's well-stacked pieces of crumpet? Because for sure, none of the guys we know would have been afraid to latch on to such a lassie—in fact, knowing them, they'd be buzzing around her like flies around a jar of honey.

The tight little island is replete with well-endowed females who'd quicken the pulse and stiffen the sinews of any red-blooded Yank, from those who parlayed their busts into fame and fortune—like Liz Taylor, Diana Dors and June Wilkinson—to Princess Margaret herself.

But out of curiosity, we had to find out *why* some men get a sweat-on when faced with the proximity of big bazooms.

And the answer is, according to psychiatrist Walter Berkovitch of Los Angeles, a specialist in male emotional disorders, "From earliest childhood, the breast has been a focal point of a man's life. As an infant, he loved to suck on it, and he retains the desire to suckle even when fully grown and a mature adult—subconsciously, in most cases.

"Now, the bigger the breast, the more the desire to suck, and the greater the memory of motherhood."

But meanwhile, the male has grown to relate breast-sucking with the sexual act. Consequently, when a big-breasted woman hoves into view, his excitement at the thought of mouthing her lovely mammaries is immediately linked by the subconscious to memories of mother. In other words, incest rears its ugly head—and the male punishes himself for his incestuous desires by feeling fear and breaking into a sweat!

So the shrinks would have it, anyway—although they agree that the man who lives in constant fear of the big-breasted woman feels a great deal of fascination for the mammary gland.

He loves to look at big boobs—from a distance—but is afraid to get too close to them. This, say the psychiatrists, is the only reason Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren

got any publicity. Many men talked big about what they'd like to do with these stars if they ever got close enough, but very few people would get close even when they had the chance.

This, neat as it may sound, doesn't quite accord with the facts, however—for on the one occasion when the curvaceous Jayne Mansfield got close enough to her adoring fans to be reached (in the foyer of a plush Rio de Janeiro hotel) they literally ripped the dress front off her.

It revealed, as one wag said at the time, that whatever the blonde bombshell may have lacked in acting *quality*, she more than made up for in *quan-titty*!

Which, of course, is why she was wanted in the first place, along with Liz Taylor, Ingrid Bergman, Terry Moore, Janie Russell, Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida, Janet Leigh, Annette Funnincello and just about any other screen actress you can name. With a few rare exceptions, such as Audrey Hepburn, Bette Davis and Deborah Kerr.

The point being that a set of plush knockers are almost any actress's, or any woman's, main claim to fame in this very figure-conscious age we live in!

That's why it's interesting to observe that there is a movement today toward a *smaller* rather than a *larger* bust size in Sweden.

A Swedish plastic surgeon, Dr. J. O. Strombeck of Stockholm, currently has his work cut out whittling the breasts of Swedish girls down to size. In an address before the Fourth Annual Symposium on Cosmetic Surgery, recently held in Miami, Florida, before over 100 of the nation's leading plastic surgeons, Dr. Strombeck explained that more women want smaller breasts than larger ones in Sweden today.

Swedish women like "compact, neat, tidy breasts," he said—a demand that led him to develop a new technique called "reduction mammoplasty." This involves slicing away chunks of fatty tissue to shape the breasts down in size and make them match better, since normally, one breast is slightly bigger than the other.

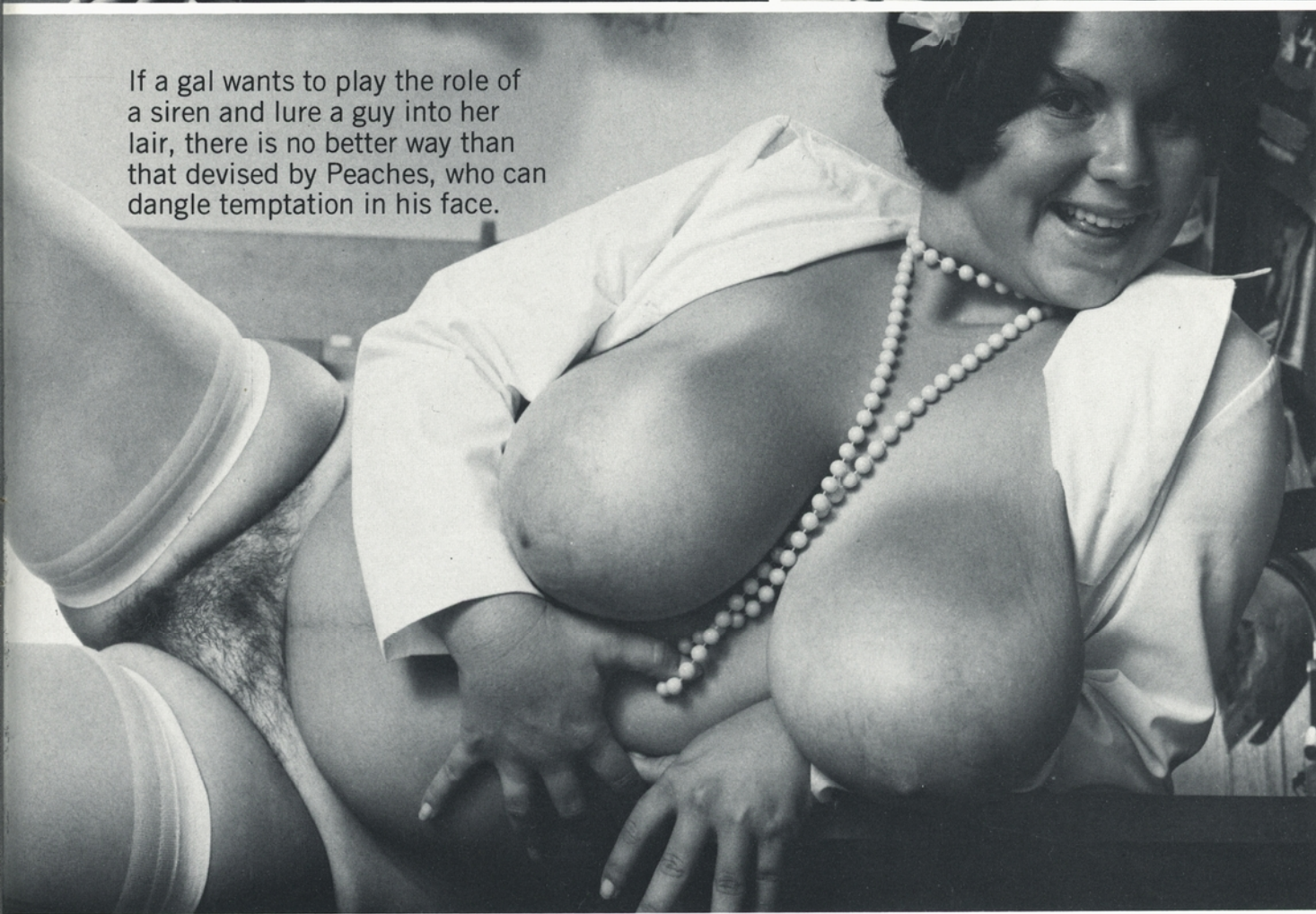
(continued on page 59)



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Bare Breasts: A Great Coming-Out Party (continued from page 23)

this really be progress? Such bosom fashions as these wouldn't be a lot different from what we have now, or so I thought until I talked to another male friend who has been into a nudist kick for some time now.

This man, I should explain, is not one of the "fresh-air-fad" variety of nudists. He disagrees with the nudists who keep saying nakedness is innocent, but not sexy. He stands for nudity *and* freer sexual mores.

"I think not just toplessness but total nudity is what we're approaching," he told me. "And I see everything from miniskirts to toplessness as a step in the right direction. Nobody can tell me there hasn't been progress in the last decade. Men are enjoying the sight of more bare female flesh, and that's good. Also men, but especially women, feel better about their bodies these days, and that's good, too. It is, of course, going to take time for people to get rid of the hangups they've had about sex and nudity."

But I wondered if this idealist could see the possibilities that other men had pointed out to me. Wouldn't total nudity have distinct advantages for girls who look like Raquel Welch while being very unfair to girls less well equipped, for example?

He answered thoughtfully. "At first, perhaps . . . can you imagine what it must have been like when the Arab women shed their veils and let the world see their faces? But in a society where everybody is used to seeing faces, it's different. Some faces are more attractive than others, but so what? A pretty face is a joy to look at, and girls with pretty faces get a bit more attention than other girls. But a pretty face isn't a guarantee to a man that a girl will be sexually responsive, nor is it an assurance that the girl herself will find happiness.

"Consider bare breasts or totally bare bodies the same way. With everybody naked, some would still be more enjoyable to look at. A busty girl at a nude gathering does attract the opposite sex. But when men are accustomed to nude girls everywhere, they recognize beautiful breasts for what they are: something nice to look at. They know better than to assume that the girl is sexier or more fun. When everybody takes their clothes off, breasts

—and bodies, too—become like faces. Bodies express themselves, too, much as faces do. . . ."

His explanation helped add things up for me. I find it relatively easy to imagine a world where breasts are appreciated and accepted the way faces are now. Just as men have different tastes in girls' faces, they'd have different tastes in breasts. Some girls would still rank as prettier than others. A girl with a very ordinary face might find herself the center of attention because of her ample bosom or because of the exquisite shape of her breasts. Men would relish the visual delight, naturally, but this wouldn't put less voluptuous girls totally "out of the running." Men, besides appreciating the erotic treats they can see, are also constantly sizing up the more subtle things that make girls sexy: the uninhibited walk, the provocative smile, the come-on gaze.

But what about men's fantasies? Surely the masculine fantasies, which add spice to sexual encounters, thrive on such things as peek-a-boo clothes and lingerie. I don't share the view of Germaine Greer and others that fantasies should be banished to make way for freer, more honest sex. I think both men and women need erotic fantasies as a kind of accompaniment to their sex drives.

So I asked my nudist friend what would happen to male fantasies in his "brave nude world."

"Some fantasies have got to go," he answered without hesitating. "The girl who fantasizes about being raped is indulging in a carry-over from childhood, like imagining the boogey-man under the bed. She doesn't really want to be raped. The man who has to pretend his girlfriend is a 'bad' girl is also being childish, because he remembers when sex was only possible with 'bad' girls, and not with 'nice' girls. He doesn't really want to think of his girlfriend as being 'bad.'"

I asked him if he thought fantasies should be within the realm of what's possible, what could really happen.

"Not necessarily," he said. "Fantasies about having two girls at once

or going to an orgy are healthy fantasies *if* the person can take a positive attitude toward group sex. Fantasies about a busty sex partner are fine for a man unless he's one of the few who are really scared of big-breasted women. See what I mean? Your fantasies ought to express the person you are, and, ideally, people should be without fears and hangups. When people get rid of their sexual fears, they'll be able to have fantasies they really enjoy."

I nodded in silent agreement, but something still bothered me. I happen to like my own "bad girl" fantasy, and I'm willing to share it with men who like to see me when I'm in a red satin garterbelt and black lace bra. I like to play at being naughty, and see nothing wrong with men who appreciate my efforts. I told my friend this, fully expecting him to start putting me down, but he didn't.

"Perhaps you're confusing naughtiness and prettiness," he said. "Clothes would still have a function in a nude world, and why shouldn't they be pretty? I'd still want to see girls in fur or fake-fur coats on a cold day instead of girls wrapped in Indian blankets. And if a girl needs to wear a bra or a garterbelt, why shouldn't it be made of lace?" He paused for an instant. "But the bra shouldn't be padded. A girl shouldn't create a fantasy around something she's not. Then the reality becomes disappointing to the man."

Breast worshipers agree on the padded bra better than they agree on toplessness, I found. And they agree generally that pretty lingerie and pretty clothes are worth saving, though their reasons differ.

Should breasts be decorated with provocative garb because of naughtiness or because of prettiness? Are bras pretty rather than naughty if a girl *needs* them? Isn't there some way we can have lots of nudity and sexy, but unnecessary, lingerie? I, for one, want to keep my collection of lingerie that has no function except in fantasies, all the while cheering the progress toward more nudity. And, though some people won't approve, I don't intend to worry about what's naughty and what's not. ●●●

ness, however, I found myself lying in the center of my living room floor. My nose was broken. One of my eyes was swollen shut. And partially dried blood was all over my shirt and the carpet.

I shook my head, trying to shake away the misty haze that still fogged my one good eye. I could see two figures in the room with me. One was standing a foot or so away. The other was sitting on my sectional. "Hey, Hoode," the one on the sofa said, "how's it feel to be on the receiving end for a change?"

His voice was all that was needed to snap me back to full consciousness. That was Charley Bertelli!

"I had Vito work you over a little because I don't like somebody acting out of line," he continued. "Don't think I ain't hip to it that you let a bust-out hooker hire you to get me."

"You find that out before or after

you cut Ginny Millay's tongue out?" I asked.

And, that quick, I caught another boot against the side of my head! Sudden pain shot through my skull again. I blinked and shook my head back and forth.

"What happened to that squealing little whore ain't none of your business, Hoode!" Bertelli was saying. "You keep talking smart and Vito is gonna kick your brains right out of your ears."

Shakily, I got to my feet. There wasn't much of a percentage in rushing them. They were too far apart. And both of them were holding guns on me. "How'd you get in?" I asked, curiously.

Bertelli shrugged. "Simple. We just knocked on the door. That stupid little pussy was too drunk to know what was happening. She just opened up and let us in."

For the first time since Vito had jammed his revolver into my guts, I

thought about Nancy Millay! Worried, I took a couple of steps and peered into the bedroom.

She was lying naked atop my bed. Bertelli and his thug had spread-eagled her, using wide strips of adhesvie tape to bind her wrists and ankles to the bed-frame. One of my sheets had been torn into strips, several of which had been jammed into her mouth and taped there to serve as a gag. Her eyes were wide and watery with terror.

"Hey, what's she done to deserve that?" I asked.

"She's Ginny's sister, ain't she?" Bertelli answered. "And she came here as soon as she saw what happened to her, didn't she? Well, I ain't worried about the heaters tracing that 'hit' to me. But, I do wanna find out what you've learned. And you're gonna tell me, Hoode! Believe me, you're gonna tell me!"

He nodded at Vito. "Go ahead, Vito. Have some fun with her. You've earned it."

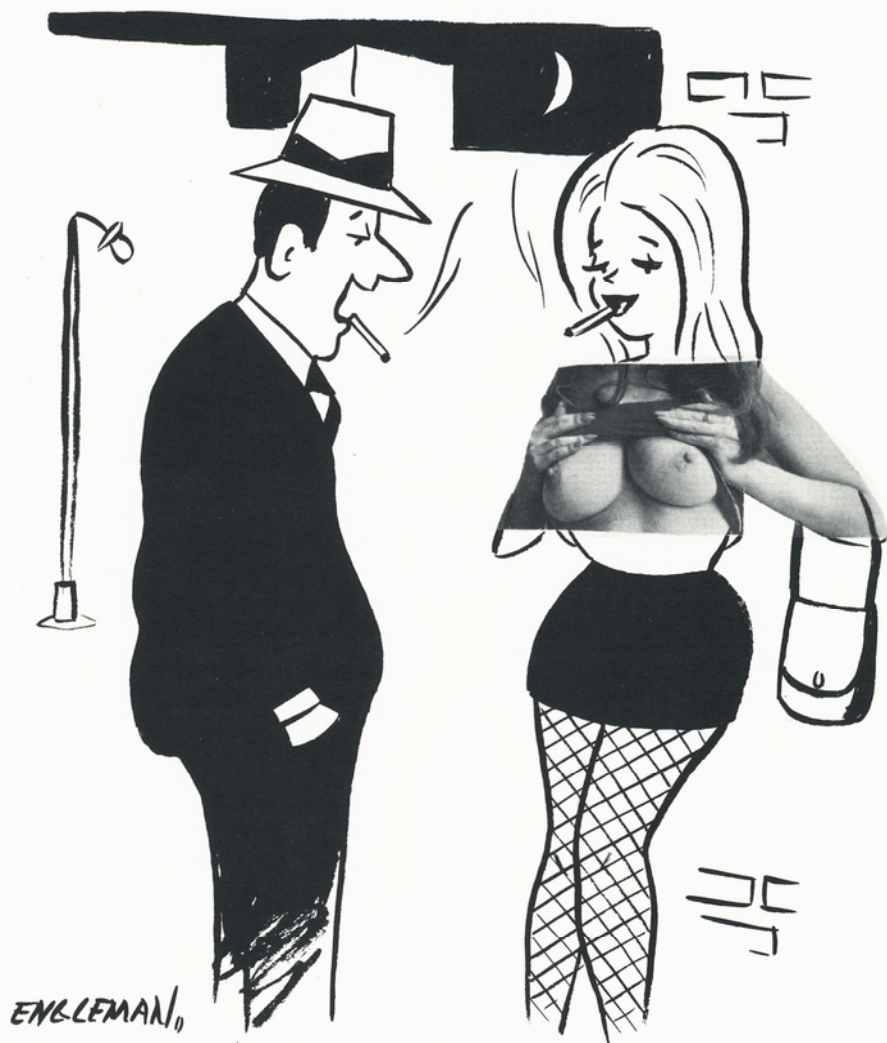
Then the big-shouldered creep grinned as if he was a kid being given a cookie by his mother. "Right, boss," he said.

The bedroom door was wide open. Vito didn't care who watched him. I think they were doing it to show me how helpless Nancy and I were under the circumstances. Maybe they figured that would loosen my tongue faster than trying to beat it out of me. Anyway, Vito went into the room and dropped his pants. "I've always wanted a piece of your pussy," he said, still grinning as he looked down at the helpless teenager. "I heard it was still pretty tight."

He turned at such an angle to make his swollen manhood visible. It was the biggest tool I've ever seen. "Think you can handle this, kid?" he asked, stepping away from his slacks and shorts to walk toward the bed.

Nancy was staring at the flesh-pole, with eyes blinking wider and wider at the sight of it. She began to shake her head violently back and forth.

Vito got onto the bed and kneeled between her spread-eagled thighs. "Don't worry, baby," he said. "It might hurt a little. But, when I'm finished with you, you'll know



"Very nice! Now, can I see your base price list?"

you've been fucked!"

He sat down cross-legged, his belly flush against Nancy's pubis. His hands rubbed her naked flesh, reaching up to cup and squeeze her large breasts. She groaned. He squeezed harder. "That's it, baby," he said, his voice starting to get husky. "Let me know you feel it."

Nancy's buttocks began to move involuntarily as Vito expertly manipulated her. After several minutes he lowered himself onto her. His huge hands gripped her buttocks and moved her torso in whichever way pleased him. His knees dug against the mattress as he forced himself deeper and deeper. Nancy began to groan. It was obvious that she was unused to such size. Her head was again flopping back and forth. Her thighs trembled as she lifted her legs in an effort to facilitate his penetration without further pain.

Suddenly, she arched straight upward as Vito slammed forward and jammed his full length into her. "Got 'cha!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I'm in virgin territory, ain't I?"

Oblivious to anyone other than the sweating teenager beneath him, he now began to stroke himself in and out of her. His semi-naked body rose and fell against the girl's naked, sweating body. His hairy buttocks pinched together every time he slammed forward with a particularly violent lunge. He was digging every second of his rape of the teenager.

And I was trying to think of a way to save our lives!

"When he's through ... then, what?" I pressed Bertelli.

I was getting closer to him, inching sideways half-step by half-step. I had to get to him before Vito was finished or school would be out.

"Oh, me and Vito are going to have a long talk with you," Bertelli answered. "I wanna find out what you planned to tell the Grand Jury."

Vito's grunt caused me to look back toward the bedroom. His momentum had increased. He was moving with surging thrusts, making Nancy's lithe young body shiver and tremble beneath him with each lunge. Suddenly, he pulled his cock out of her. Great spurts of semen gushed forth and spurted over

Nancy's belly and breasts. Again, his milky fluid splattered against her flesh. And again.

"Jesus!" I said, keeping one eye on Bertelli. "Doesn't that clown ever finish coming?"

Curiously, Bertelli craned his neck for a peek into my bedroom. He was sort of half-smiling. It was the last time he'd ever smile at someone's misfortune!

I hooked my foot behind his ankle and lifted upward, jerking the little pimp off balance as I swept my right hand forward to grab hold of his gun wrist. Bertelli landed on his back with a "thump." I landed knee-first in his guts!

Fighting to catch his breath, he strained with all his might to bring his revolver into a firing position. I was on top of him. Quickly, calmly, I drove the blade of my left hand down against his exposed throat! The force of the blow crushed his larynx! His face turned deep red, then purple as he strangled helplessly.

I watched the little bastard die. It didn't bother me a bit. I was too busy thinking about Ginny Millay. Her kid sister. And all of the other girls he had degraded in his climb toward the peak of his sleazy profession.

His eyes popped. His tongue hung over the corner of his mouth like a limp salmon. His breath became a wheezing rattle. I was glad he was dying. I was so glad I forgot all about Vito until he came running into the room!

Lunging, I grabbed Bertelli's revolver. Then, I did a snap-roll as Vito fired. I was on my belly facing him when I squeezed the trigger and sent a shot ripping into his guts!

He staggered backward. One of his hands clutched at his stomach. I took deliberate aim. "This is for that kid in there," I said.

He dropped his revolver, apparently hoping that would change my mind. His eyes watered with sudden fear. "No, Hoode," he started. "Please ..."

The shot caught him in his left eye! He flew backward, stone dead before his elbows touched the carpet!

With a groan, I got to my feet and walked toward the bedroom. It was over between me and Charley Bertelli. Over forever! ●●●

Dr. Strombeck strongly criticized the emphasis in this country on big breasts. "They get in the way when you're playing golf, they impair swimming efficiency, and make it harder for fitting of clothes," he said.

As if that wasn't enough of a blow to the bosom-oriented American male, Strombeck went on to say that large lungs interfere with good sexual relations too.

While admitting that men like to ogle the big breasts of a well-developed woman, he claimed that it is sometimes painful and very uncomfortable for a woman to support a man's weight on top of her and have him "bounce up and down" on her very big and tender breasts.

"Men's girlie magazines in this country search the countryside for models with huge breasts for photos. Their breasts resemble big watermelons and may reach down all the way to the waist line or belly button."

Men may drool over such girls, Dr. Strombeck allowed, but these oversized "milkcans" result from overstimulation of the mammary glands by hormone activity.

We're sure all the males in America will thank Dr. Strombeck for his scholarly analysis of the medical facts.

We're just a little surprised that he didn't add the usual comment of visiting European luminaries to the effect that American males are afflicted with a king-size bosom fetish.

With this kind of reception awaiting her, it's small wonder that the healthy, big-busted American girl who only wants to be attractive for the male, feels put down and embarrassed by the comments of the Strombecks and Cabots about her large breasts.

Maybe that's why beautiful-breasted Raquel Welch surprised readers of *Playboy* with her recent interview wherein she claimed that "big knockers" weren't the only part of a woman's beauty.

She was absolutely right.

But take away the big milkjugs, big bazooms, big tits, big boobs and big breasts and you take away at least half of her beauty. Imagine what a set of big bra-busters would do for Twiggy. ●●●

SWINGING LOOSE

No one can ever accuse Rita of getting uptight. She's a gal who usually swings loose, and can invariably be found on the loose—a little on the wild side.









