BOSOMY BEAUTIES

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

$5.00

AN EROS COMICS PUBLICATION

LARGE 'N LEAN

BIG IS BEAUTIFUL!

TWIN TANKS

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FOR THE ADULT READER / SALES TO MINORS PROHIBITED

BOSOMY BEAUTIES

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1 WINTER, 1973-'74







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Danya Bybridge is an exceptional girl. She not only possesses a phenomenal figure, she has the kind of mind that goes with it. For example, on men: "I can take 'em or leave 'em!" On political matters: "I never met a political matter I didn't like."




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But that's the attitude Danya expects from her men. Not only must they be handsome, rich and powerful people, she also enjoys them to pay some homage to her -- in line with her view that she is without a doubt a most wonderful woman. Most guys fall in line, because, as they say, "What's it cost?" A hard question to answer, that!






GUERRERO



UP FRONT, IT'S MAMA!

There's something about the sudden sight of big boobs that makes most American males momentarily forget what they're doing, saying or thinking. Some observers contend that this is because of the greater visibility of big breasts compared to small breasts. Freudians and others of a psychoanalytic ilk theorize that the big breast reminds the male of his mother and of the nipple that was denied him too early. Quite possibly, Freud's mother had big boobs. It may be well, to remember, when evaluating Freudianisms, that Freud invented the Oedipus complex out of his own experience.

No matter what the underlying reason for the semihypnotic effect of conspicuous mammaries, it is a real phenomenon. Girls with small breasts complain that women with big breasts get all the attention. Women with big breasts complain that their boobs get more attention than they do.

"How would you like it," asks one such young woman, a smouldering brunette whose impressive pectoral protuberances make her a topheavy 42-24-35, "if you had to stand by all the time while other people relate to your tits? Guys don't talk to *me*, they talk to my cleavage."

"I can't understand how come everybody's so crazy about my breasts," protests a similarly proportioned redhead. "I've got to live with them twenty-four hours a day. They get in my way when I do the dishes and they get sore and tender every month right before my period. If I don't wear a bra they hang halfway to my knees. I'll admit they're kind of fun to play with but they'd be just as much fun and a lot less trouble at half the size."

The same girl reconsidered a moment later, when it occurred to her that if hers were pared down to half their present size she'd have a hard time reaching her nipples with her mouth. "Well," she admitted, "I guess there are some advantages to having big ones, after all."

In truth, most males are interested in females, and like to look at them. Most males, for that matter, prefer looking at females to looking at other males. It should be fairly obvious that the female breast is a visual confirmation that its owner is in all probability a female. It should also be fairly obvious that the bigger the boobs, the easier it is to see them.

It is frequently upsetting to certain males to find themselves beginning to react to visual sex cues and suddenly find they're reacting to another male. This response is quite pronounced among members of the audience who watch sexy female mimics and thus become erotically aroused. The sudden revelation that "it's a boy!" can create consternation among the most virile heterosexual observers.

The same consternation occurs on almost every street in the land today since the reintroduction of long hair styles for males and the unisex trend in casual garb for both sexes. The number of instant visual clues to an individual's sexual identity has been reduced. This has had the effect of making the remaining clues more important, and has resulted in greater emphasis upon the female breast. Again, the bigger the tit, the easier it is to find with the eye. Once found, other factors such as shape, thrust, tilt, degree of activity and general personality of the breast determine the length of time an individual viewer spends looking at it. The point to keep in mind is that size alone is not

enough for a pair of breasts to qualify as beautiful, or even particularly sexy. Size is of the utmost importance in grabbing the viewer's attention, however.

In front of some 1.5 billion human females alive today, one finds countless varieties of big breasts—a fact which the casual observer is apt to pass over, but which the true connoisseur of fleshy delights takes constant note of. The major areas of variation are in (a) overall shape and (b) nipple style. Closely allied to shape is general tone of the breast tissue itself, whether it is firm or flabby. Variations in nipple style include the size of the nipple, the size of the pigmented areola which surrounds it, the shape of the nipple itself —bullet shaped, oval, square-cut like a new pencil eraser—and the length of the erect nipple as well as the degree of pucker. Other variables such as skin color, texture, presence or absence of prominent veinous networks, stretch marks, fineness or coarseness of the hair which normally grows around the nipple, may be noted.

Often extremely pendant breasts are more exciting to look at and/or appreciate tactilely if the woman leans forward so that gravity pulls them away from the rest of her body.

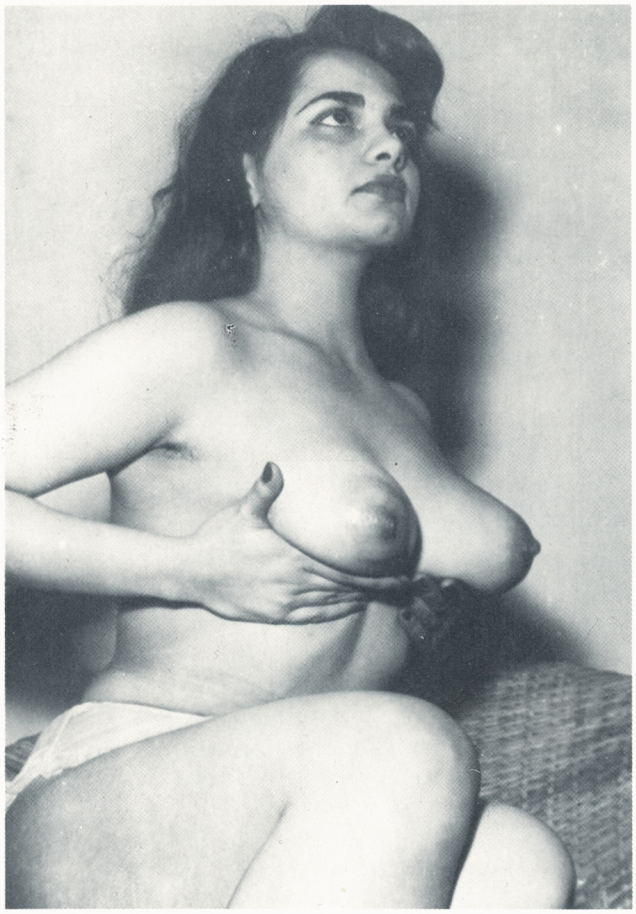
First among several distinct advantages which large breasts have over small breasts is the fact that it is easy to bring both nipples together so that they touch each other, facilitating getting both of them into a lover's mouth at the same time. The woman with exceptionally small breasts, if she desires oral stimulation of both nipples at once, must arrange to have two lovers available at the same time. The big breasted woman, on the other hand, can enjoy simultaneous nipple sucking on any occasion. As noted earlier, if her breasts are big enough, she can easily suck one or both of them herself—an accomplishment definitely denied to those with tiny breasts.

Other advantages pertain more to her male companion than to the woman whose mammaries are mammoth.

If he is one who enjoys parading his women as trophies, the girl with the bigger boobs makes a better catch than her less well-endowed competition, again largely because she's more instantly recognizable as a sexy female. For some men who panic at any thought of homosexuality, big boobs are safer to be seen with than tiny tits, because their owner is obviously female and there's no chance of anyone thinking that the man might be holding hands with another male. Even when the male is exceptionally unattractive or even ugly, the casual onlooker is likely to ask, "I wonder what she sees in him?" and to conclude that if such a man can keep a girl with jugs like that happy he must be a fantastic loinsman. Whether he actually is or not is immaterial, as long as









people think he is and treat him with respect because of it.

On the debit side of the ledger, a major disadvantage to enormous breasts is that they sag more in response to the relentless pull of gravity; by the time the woman is thirty her massive mounds are more likely to be grotesque than gorgeous. However, when it comes to what various individuals consider sexually exciting—or even beautiful, for that matter—tastes vary over such a wide spectrum that what seems grotesque to one observer might be the quintessence of desirability to another. There are cultures which value long, pendulous breasts, so developing girls systematically stretch their breast tissue to make it take on the culturally "ideal" shape, resembling a small elephant's trunk. Some of these women are said to attain such a high degree of beauty that they can tie their two breasts in a knot when they go walking, to keep them from getting bruised bouncing against their thighs.

Among other disadvantages, the girl with huge headlights is also less likely to be athletically inclined, simply because they get in the way and tend to hurt when she runs or engages in other strenuous activities. "I know guys like it when I jiggle when I walk but half the time by boobs are so tender that I wince when I jiggle, and that's no good," complains another girl whose "endowments" are considered gloriously ample. Her mammaries might be more fun, she adds, if she could "get into getting off on pain." The girl who is constantly busy protecting her breasts from injury and discomfort is likely to be less agile than more modestly breasted girls, and consequently may be less adept at genital gymnastics.

Conversely, there is the distinct possibility that since she has carried these female advertisements for some time, she may have had more opportunity to practice the erotic arts. Researchers investigating the sexual histories of contemporary college girls have discovered that by and large, the physically attractive ones acquire more coital experience than do plain girls, and furthermore that they begin acquiring it at a younger age. There are exceptions to this generalization, of course. If a girl is highly religious there is still, even in 1973, a strong chance that her sexual ability is minimal if not altogether nonexistant, no matter how attractive her superstructure may be.

In terms of what anthropologists and zoologists like to call a "sex signalling device," the human female breast is the equivalent of a male's beard, or ability to grow one. It indicates sexual maturity: i.e., readiness. The primary sexual characteristic of the male, of course, is his penis, and of the female, her vagina. Both of these organs function fairly well as readiness indicators, the one becoming turgidly erect, the other becoming thick-lipped

and more brightly colored than usual. But since, in a clothed culture it is only upon close examination demanding somewhat intimate circumstances that we can become well-enough acquainted with each other's penises and vaginas and their affiliated structures to make any decisions regarding the beauty thereof, most humans have learned to settle for appreciating each other's secondary sexual characteristics. These are the other physical aspects which carry the message that he's male and she's female, and furthermore whether or not they're likely to be willing to play with each other.

Sex appeal in a woman, then, boils down to a matter of how female she looks, which in turn is largely dependent upon how well developed are her secondary sexual characteristics.

Pioneer sex psychologist Havelock Ellis noted: "Even from the first the secondary sexual characters have been a far more widespread method of sexual allurement than the primary sexual characters, and in the most civilized countries today they still constitute the most attractive of such methods to the majority of the population. It is the main secondary sexual characters which usually present themselves as beautiful in a well-developed person."

Ellis lists the large hips and buttocks of the human female as the chief secondary sexual characteristic. "This character represents the most decided structural deviation of the feminine type from the masculine, a deviation demanded by the reproductive function of women, and in the admiration it arouses sexual selection is thus working in a line with natural selection ... nearly everywhere large hips and buttocks are regarded as a mark of beauty, and the average man is of this opinion even in the most esthetic countries."

Continuing, Ellis considers the breasts "only second to the attraction of the feminine pelvis, and in civilization usually higher."

To the average man, apparently, one of the most important elements in the sexual appeal of women is the extent to which she differs from him. Although this may be a gross oversimplification, most of us tend to oversimplify and to base our esthetic likes and dislikes on rather sloppy thinking. The principle involved here has been immortalized in the time-honored saying, "opposites attract." While this notion is being rather seriously challenged by some of today's youth, who go to such great lengths to dress and behave alike that many of their elders are frequently at a loss to be able to tell the boys from the girls, there is still a lot of truth in that ancient adage. For the most part, males are attracted to females and females to males, with the extreme examples of each type probably quite likely to be attracted to each other.

At any rate, the most obvious physical difference between the statistically average human female and her male counterpart is the fact that she has considerably larger breasts than he. The bigger they are, the more obvious is the difference between her and him. It follows (at least to the simplistically inclined) that the sexier she is, the more beautiful she is, and the more desirable she is. Happily, this line of logic doesn't work both ways; if it did, we would be forced to the conclusion that the sexiest males, from a female standpoint, would be those with markedly concave chests.

Noted British zoologist Desmond Morris contends that to adequately understand mammary appeal it is important to distinguish between the childhood reaction to the female breast and the adult sexual one. "Most men see their interest in the female bosom as purely sexual," writes Morris in his book, *Intimate Behavior*. "By contrast, some scientific theorists have viewed it as purely infantile. Both views are one-eyed, because both factors are operating." According to Morris, the man who sucks the nipple of his lady's breast may very well be unconsciously recalling the pleasures of infancy, rather than kissing a pseudo-buttock, but on the other hand the randy Romeo who ogles or fondles a female's frontal fixtures may not be reliving the sensations of feeling his mother's breast with his baby hand but may well be responding to their hemispherical buttock shape.

"Visually the same is true," Morris notes, "a pair of breasts offering an image that is much closer to that of a pair of buttocks than to the looming shape seen at close quarters by a baby being suckled." The maternal breast, Morris contends, is simply "too vast an object" for the tiny hand of an infant to cup or clasp, but to the hand of an adult it offers a rounded surface quite similar to the buttock hemisphere.

According to Morris, the sexual significance of breasts is of "primary importance" to the human species, as one might conclude from society's perennial preoccupation with female mammaries. Repression of female sexuality during medieval times included lacing the breasts flat under a tight bodice, a practice also employed by the early English Puritans. "In 17th century Spain," Morris reports, "the measures taken were even more severe, young ladies having lead plates pressed into their swelling bosoms in an attempt to prevent their development."

More widespread and frequent, however, than such repressive measures has been the tendency for the breasts to be emphasized, featured, often exaggerated. "This emphasis," he continues, "has nearly always been to make them not so much larger as more upstanding. In other words, the ten-

(Continued on page 54)


LAY
YOUR
HEAD
UPON
MY
BREAST!









I'm so glad men like me! I've always liked women with big boobs because they look feminine to me, and I was overjoyed when I saw that was the way I was headed! My boyfriend Paul likes to nap on me -- that's not one of his strong points, but it is part of his trip, so I accomodate him. Paul says it's the main reason he goes out with me.



Paul burns me up, to tell the truth. I feel like a pillow around him. Who needs that?

LARGE 'N LEAN









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I wanted to be a nurse when I grew up -- but that was before I developed this collosal figure. Now that might not seem to be a problem, but it is. I get so much attention that it's hard for me to concentrate on my studies. I *love* the attention and I hate my studies, so I have a problem.


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Now lots of girls in school have told me that they'd love to be built like me, so I know I'm in good shape on that score. But at the same time, if I'm so wonderfully built, why do I have to become a nurse? Why can't I just do something with my body to earn a living?


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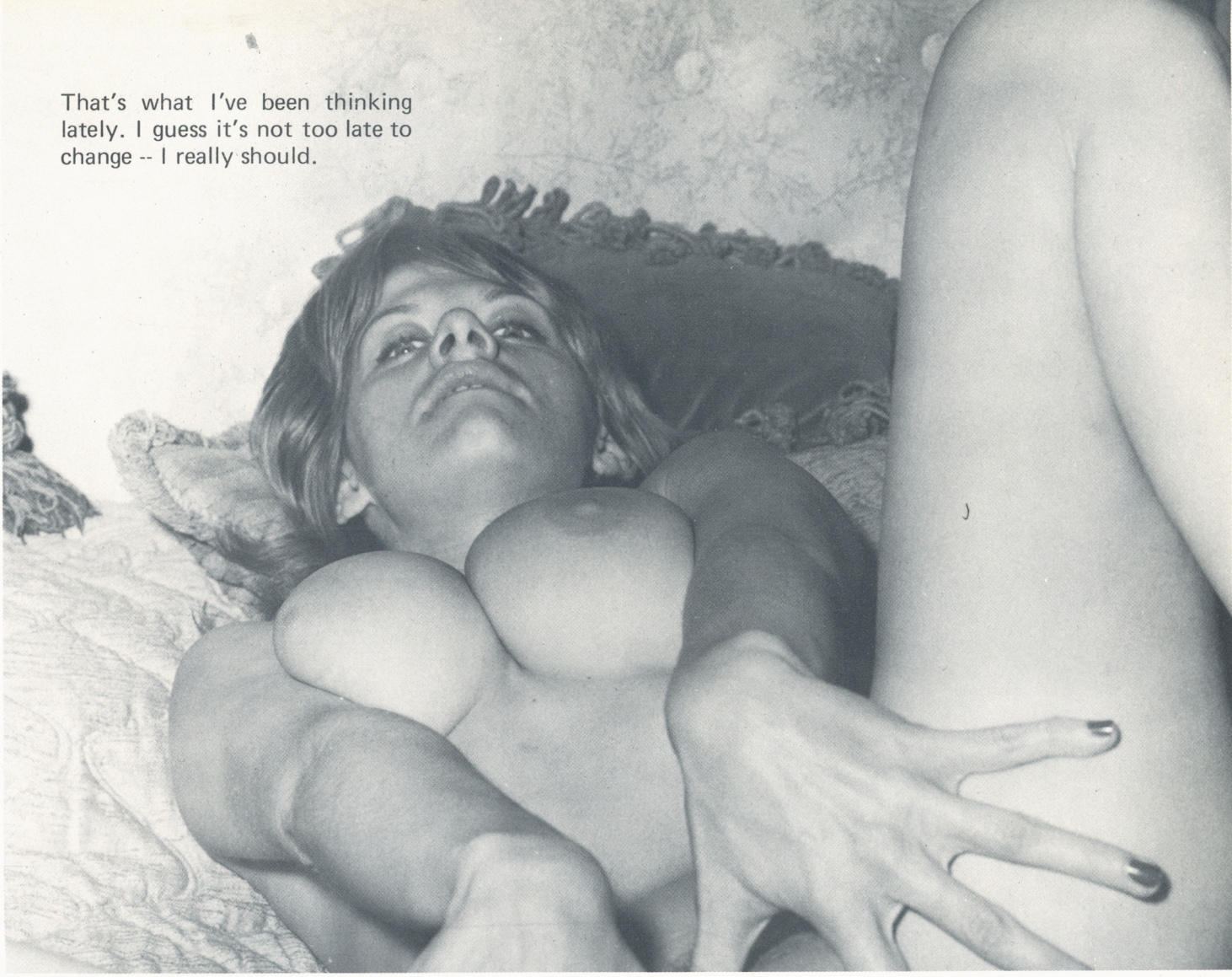
That's what I've been thinking lately. I guess it's not too late to change -- I really should.





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That's it then. I'll become a movie star and live happily ever after, with millions of people loving my fine, delicious body. After all, it's only fair -- judge for yourself!

HARD LIVING LINDA


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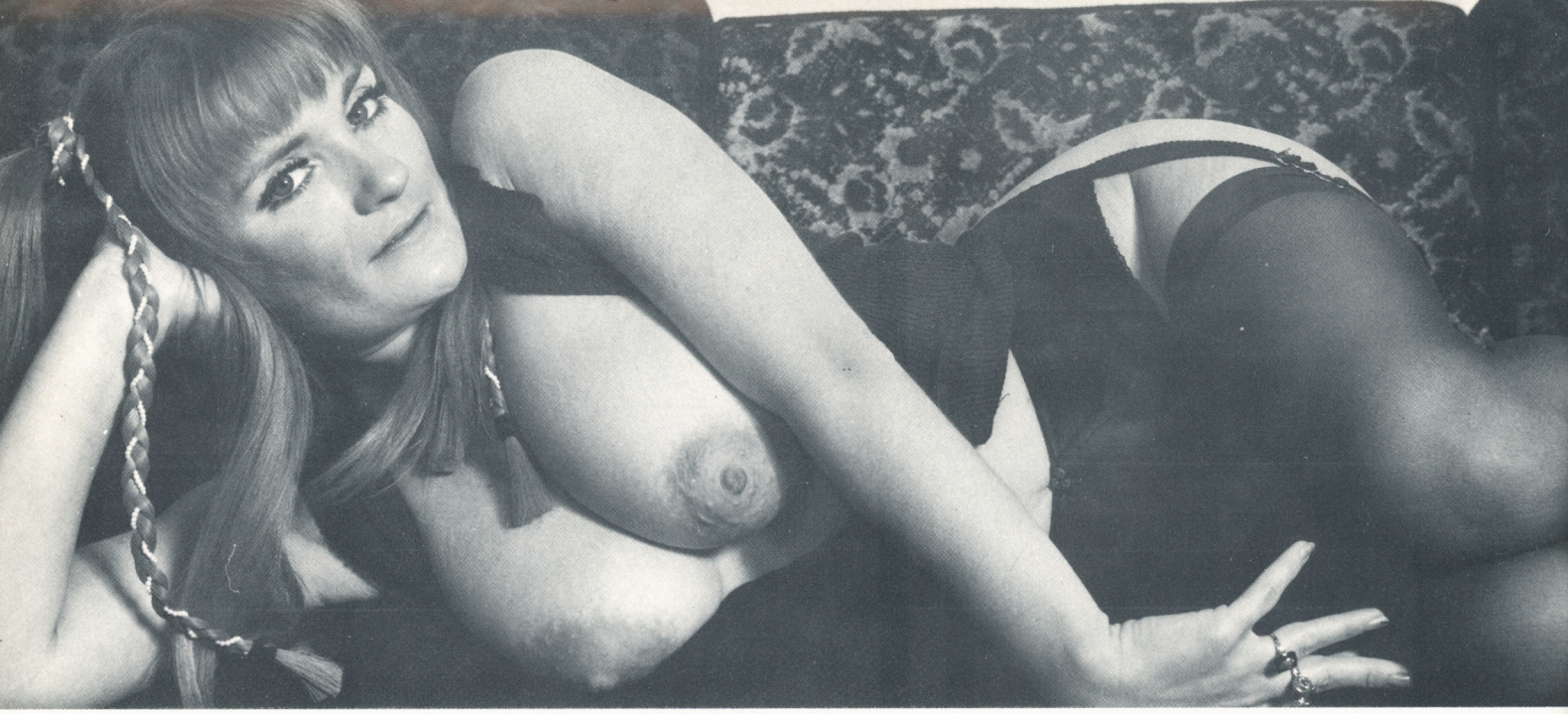







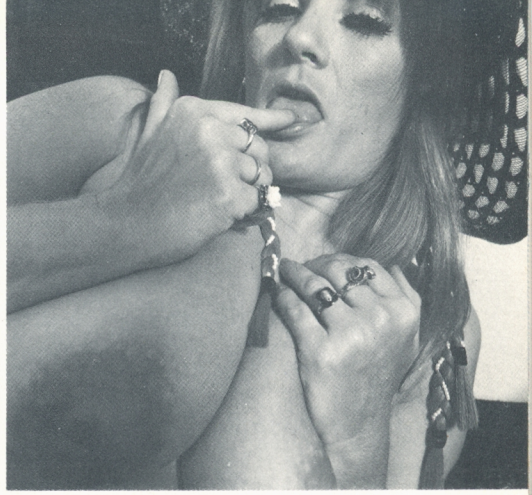



Honey, I've been all over and I've done everything. There's no news as far as I'm concerned. All I can say when I see these real young chicks bouncing down the street is, 'Has she got a lot to learn!' I don't want to sound bitter because I'm not -- but there's sure a difference between what you're taught when you're a kid and now.








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As you can see, I'm a pretty well developed girl. Let's face it -- I've got what's called a full-blown figure. I don't mind -- it's sure gotten me a lot of attention. Only thing is, I'm still single.









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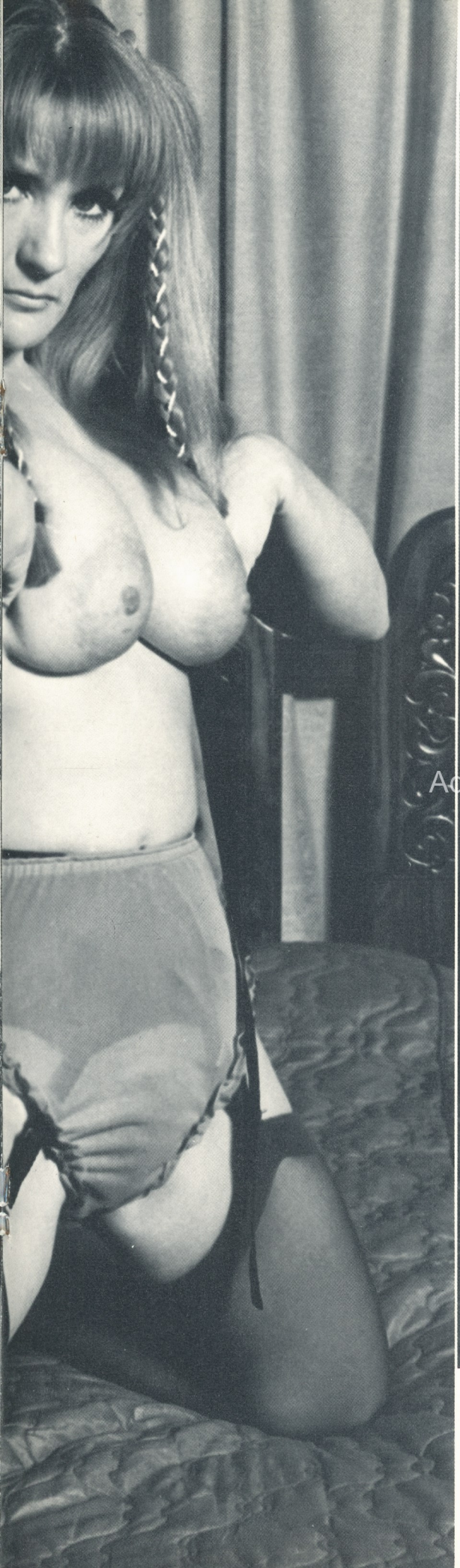



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Now I don't want to sound like I'm marriage-hungry, even though it's true. All I want is to settle down. I've sown my oats, like they used to say, and now it's comfort and security for me. Only thing is, all the guys I know are already married! How do I work that out?

A HANDFUL OF SHEILA



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Perhaps I shouldn't have let him in. Of course, how was I to know that he would be so fresh! It's not every man who comes to the door that gets inside my apartment -- only the ones that look friendly. He sure did -- and he was, only I didn't expect it to happen so fast. He didn't waste a move.







I'd called the electrician and he told me he was sending his partner over to fix the fuses. The only fuses he fixed were mine!



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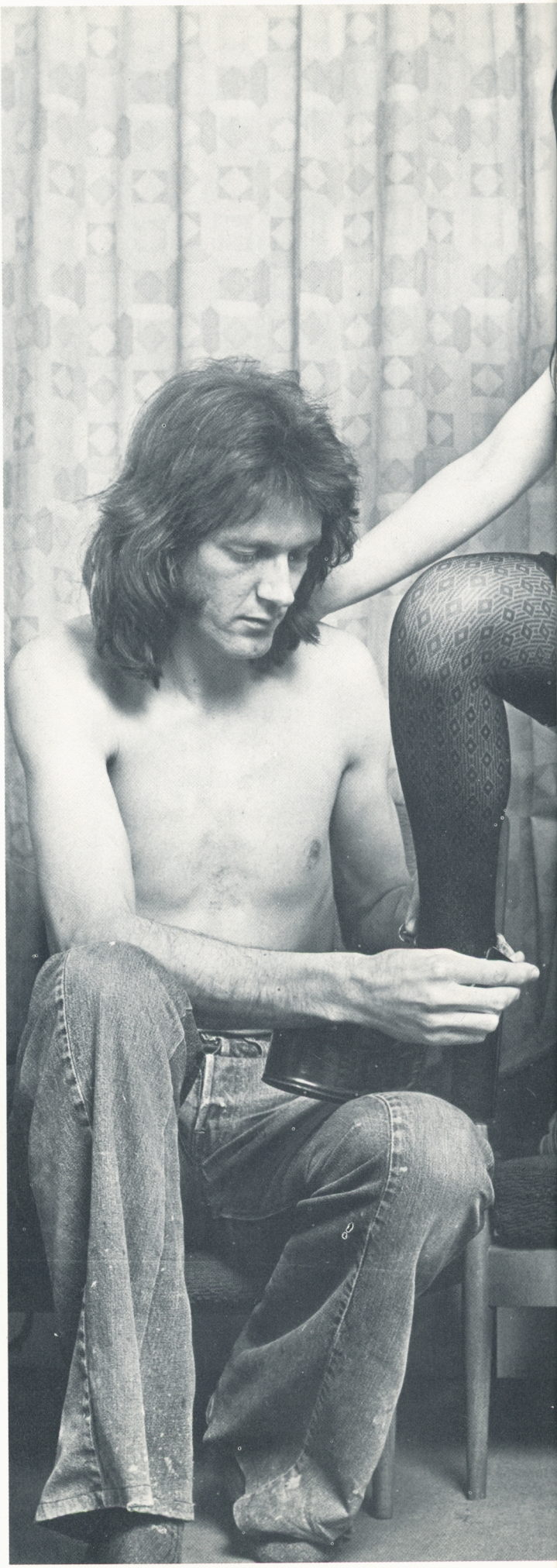



I must admit that I was partly to blame. I had no reason to be dressed so daringly. After all, I knew a strange man was coming over. But I didn't care. I wanted some attention, I guess, and I sure got it! Luckily for me, Henry (that's his name) turned out to be a real sweetheart about the whole thing! Even fixed the fuses!



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I was surprised to see an electrician with such long hair. I thought all men that did things like that -- worked with their hands -- were short-hair types, real bores. But Henry told me that wasn't true -- that even the short-hairs were real hip and nice.



As you can see, Henry and I got down to real serious business pretty fast. I didn't need the fuses fixed immediately, and one thing led to another. I wonder how fast fuses blow?

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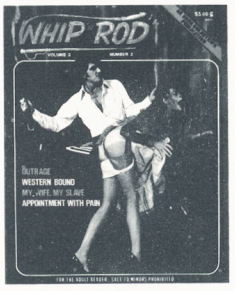

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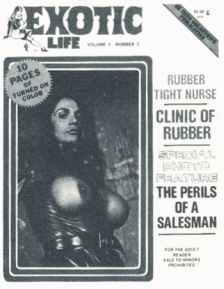

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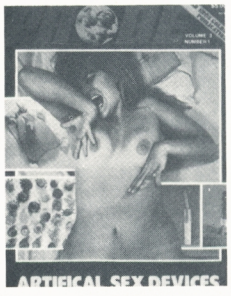

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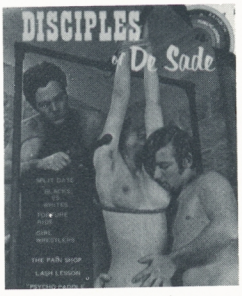

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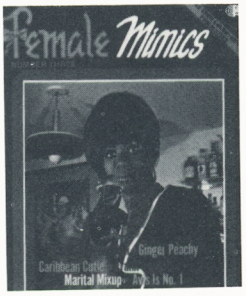

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BIG IS





BEAUTIFUL!









Sandra Ricardi is a unique woman, a female that takes great delight in putting herself on. For example: Sandra's proud of her figure, but she doesn't want to become a serious sex object because of it. "I'd rather have a good time than not," she says. "So I dress up at home by myself and act like a real vamp and get it all out of my system. I really enjoy it and I know it makes me a better person."







If anything, Sandra is one of the self-help kind of people, always involved in something that is designed to better her in some way. "I took this bust development course once," she admits," and it made a new woman out of me!" Well said.


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Maybe it did -- although it's not too difficult to imagine that Sandra was dynamite all along. Still, she's a girl with her own mind -- and some body!

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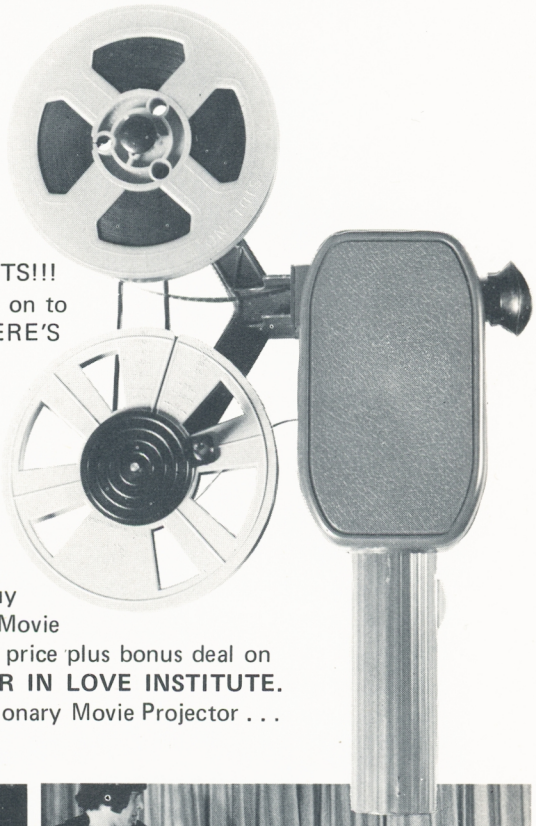

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(Continued from page 14)

dency has been to improve their hemispherical, pseudo-buttock appearance. They are pushed up by tight dresses, so that they bulge above them, or they are pushed together to make the cleavage between them more like that between the real buttocks, or they are clasped in stretched brassieres so that they protrude forward instead of sagging down."

Some fifty years ago the emerging sexuality of females prompted them to play down their buxom characteristics and become, to all intents and purposes, as flatchested as men. The flapper of the 1920s was attempting to grab for herself the initiative in sexual matters which, until then, had been the traditional prerogative of the male. To her, large breasts represented her mother, and the one thing she didn't want was the inferior role her mother had lived with all her life. So she tied down her breasts, donned a tailored suit, and tried to be a man.

By 1950 the cycle had reversed, and the female ideal, as far as most males and female were concerned, was once again the full-breasted, maternal image, as exemplified by such film personalities as Jane Russell, who owned two of the biggest assets in Howard Hughes' 1947 film, *The Outlaw*, but was so minimally talented otherwise that a popular joke of that era was that her husband wouldn't let her do any cooking because bending over a hot stove might endanger her career. In the movies, imposing bust measurements have made many a starlet a star, and many a star a superstar.

There is a peculiar headspace frequently engendered by the acquisition of heavier than average breasts. In the first place, it's not something that happens overnight. They take time to grow. First they're merely buds, beginning to swell with promise of the ripe, tantalizing curves to come. Gradually they become real tits instead of titlike swellings. They now are on their way to being appendages, elaborations on the basic form, growing out of and upon the basic form, no longer part of it but instead seeming to be something imposed from outside, something appended to it. Then one day the girl who thought she only had tits realizes she's got *big* tits, and her world changes subtly. Like St. Bernard puppies, they keep right on growing even after they reach the right size.

Up till now she's had some illusion of control: she wanted them to grow and they grew. But now they're out of control: she wanted them to stop and they kept on growing. Now they no longer fit her notion of being in control. They're still attached to her, but they're more like puppies on a leash than anything else. She quickly gets the feeling that she isn't carrying them around with her, she's following them. She can't hide them, she can't ignore them, she can't pretend they aren't there. Her only recourse is to find some way to relate to them, because that's what everyone else will be doing, in one way or another, for as long as she has them.

It is not unusual for big boobs to take over their owner's life, demanding, as it were, that she organize her life around the inescapable fact of her mammary development. Cases in point include Carole Doda, whose massive melons led her to stardom in the strip circuit. Jennie Lee is another who parlayed a pair of pectoral pillows into fame and fortune, and still holds sway as the grand old lady of the Exotic Dancers of America. And who could ever forget Evelyn $50,000.00 Treasure Chest West, who insured her bulbous bumpers for that amount with Lloyds of London?

Women's Liberationists contend that Doda, Lee and West, although their promotion of their unusual physical assets was entirely voluntary, were nonetheless exploited by a system which treats women as things rather than as persons. The economic conditions of the early 70s has contributed to this situation, with inflation and tight money forcing more and more young women to accept sexually exploitative jobs at a time when they are becoming increasingly conscious of sexist advertising and employment practices. Because of the American preference for busty sex objects, the girls with the ten-gallon globes tend to get top money in such establishments.

"Sometimes it's fun to be a sex object," one such girl confides, "but the way I'm built that's all any man will let me be. It's a drag."

Breasts are nature's way of telling the world that she's female, and the bigger they are, the louder the message. As the breasts of a growing girl get progressively larger, they loom larger in her consciousness and in her image of herself. A good many young girls are quite self-conscious about them when their buds begin to swell; they hunch their shoulders in an attempt to minimize the visual impact. Others have been eagerly awaiting their transition into woman-form, and proudly throw their shoulders back to make the most of their new development. For most such girls, growing a pair of breasts is a great adventure.

Growing breasts is a lot like graduating from grade school and being allowed to play with the big kids. Suddenly the girl is interesting to older boys. Failure to grow a big enough pair can be a heartbreaking situation for some girls, for it means they're doomed to be treated like little kids long after they've acquired a strong desire to relate to boys on a sexual basis. Big tits are the ticket to love and romance in every high school in the land. The girl who doesn't have them by the time she graduates is likely to consider herself grievously

shortchanged. Many such unfortunates save up their money, once they enter the working world, and have extra size surgically implanted by means of an operation called mammoplasty.

Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher tells us the typical human female begins to show signs of breast development about two years before she has her first menstrual period. Age at first menstruation has been steadily lowering over the past four decades, according to current research findings. Today, the average girl menstruates before she quite reaches her teens; her breasts, then, begin to grow around age ten or eleven.

The pre-teen breast is a cone, with the nipple pointing straight forward. As it grows and becomes heavier, gravity begins pulling it down, so that its underside becomes slightly more curved than its upper surface. The nipples, however, still project straight out in front. This is the condition of the breasts of the older teenage girl. The changes are not smooth and steady, but come in spurts or growth. A girl may be relatively flatchested when school lets out for the summer vacation in mid-June, and grow an enviable pair of torpedo-shaped breasts before returning to school in September. Watching each other grow up is a favorite preoccupation of young humans.

Under normal conditions, breasts will continue growing for the next two or three years, gradually for some girls, in stop-and-go stages for most. By the time they are seventeen or eighteen, most girls' breasts will have attained 90 percent of the adult size. From that point on there is a very gradual increase in the amount of breast tissue, combined with a steady refinement of contour. As she moves into her twenties and the breast continues its gradual swelling, it slowly begins to turn downwards until, by the time she reaches middle age, a full-breasted female shows a marked sag. .

"For the majority of human beings," Desmond Morris reports, "the maximum breast appeal will come at the point where the hemispheres have reached their fullest protrusion *before* becoming so large that they begin to droop downwards. This explains the dilemma of the *Playboy* photographer, for as one breast quality (increased size) grows, the other (don-droop) diminishes. To take a picture of a super-breast, he has to search for a rare girl who has retained the firmness of her young breast past the point where it has already swollen to a full adult size. It is interesting that this limits him to a narrow age range in the late teens. Clearly this is the most vital point in the life cycle for this type of sexual signalling, and is the phase which older females are attempting to imitate and artificially prolong with their various breast-supporting techniques."

In the United States and elsewhere, breasts have

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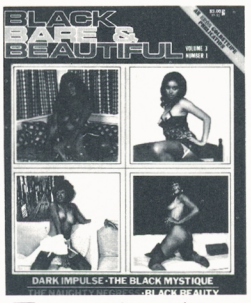

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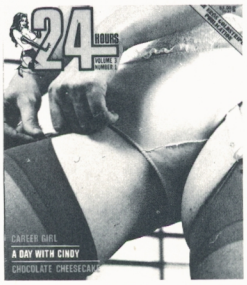

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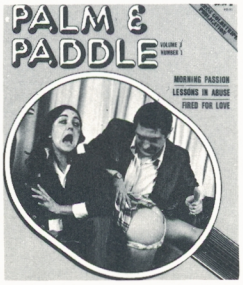

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been persistently prominent as adornment and (as sociologists Morrison and Holden put it) "as distinctive and distinctively attractive features of womanhood." Over the past four decades, the evidence has increased in America to the point where many foreign observers have dubbed it a "breast fetish." Actually, it is more accurate to describe it as a "big breast fetish," say Morrison and Holden. They observe that "the American male's special responsiveness to a full bosom got national press coverage in 1968, when massive crowds assembled in New York's Wall Street area to witness the stroll of an unusually buxom secretary. (The *New York Times* put the throng at 10,000.)

The old Victorian idea of woman's "submission" to man has given way to the notion that sex is not entirely satisfactory to either partner if the pleasure is not mutual. A current standard of a male's sexual prowess is his expertise at arousing and fulfilling his woman's sexual needs in addition to his own.

There are several reasons breasts are important in this context. One is that the decline of breast-feeding has removed bared breasts from casual view, which may have raised their curiosity value for young American males. There is also a growing belief that the female's sexual sensitivity is more diffuse and more gradually heightened than a man's, and that the breasts are key erogenous zones. Countless sex and marriage manuals indicate that erotic stimulation of the breast is absolutely essential when arousing a woman, and through a feedback process, arousing the man as well. Many men perceive their own sexual pleasure as dependent upon the woman's excitement, which in turn is a result of breast stimulation—in this way, the breasts become more exciting to males.

These beliefs—in the invariable erotogenic function of the breasts in arousing the female—are not necessarily true. Kinsey and his associates reported in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* that many of the women they studied were not particularly aroused by breast manipulation. Masters and Johnson report in *Human Sexual Response* that although the breasts definitely change and react during sexual stimulation, breast stimulation is neither necessary nor sufficient for sexual orgasm for most women. Some women, true, can get off through nipple stimulation alone, but they are a minority.

It is generally agreed that the female breast—particularly the outsized female breast—is one of the western world's greatest attention-getters. Advertising would be dull indeed without the acres of bubbies, boobs, bombs, headlights, knockers and jugs which thrust, strain, jut, heave, quiver, bounce, swell and jiggle provocatively in the service of selling us everything from cigarettes to automobiles. You can call them tits, melons, pillows, bumpers, rising beauties, shock absorbers, cushions or torpedoes, describe them as firm, ripe, delicious succulent, saucy, enormous, massive, luscious, bulbous or merely perfect and you've covered half the characterization in countless contemporary novels.

The Women's Liberation Movement calls extreme interest in breasts "exploitive" and a means by which male society has subjugated women. Educational Psychologist Judith Worell notes: "Taking into account recent evidence on the extended sexual capabilities of women, one hypothesis proposes that men's recognition of woman's superior sexuality was an antecedent to her subjugation. When early agrarian man became concerned with land-holdings, he required progeny to carry on his name and property. Realizing that the sexually insatiable female would hardly be satisfied with only one man, he proceeded to turn her into his servitor by brainwashing her so that she believed her sexuality was dependent upon him."

Over the centuries, most women became convinced that their purpose in life was to bear and raise children for the greater glory of the males who owned them. "Only through suppressing her sexuality and elevating her maternity could early man insure that his woman would remain satisfied on the homestead rearing his children for future generations," Worell concludes. "From this point of view, then, the breast fetish sets woman into the role of a procreator, with large breasts being the promontory or trademark of her assigned profession."

The nurturing role of the female carried with it the notion that the primary purpose of the female breast is to suckle her young. This idea persists even in such an enlightened age as our own. For instance, Havelock Ellis states quite categorically: "The breasts have a special significance among the sexual centers since they primarily exist, not for the lover, but for the child." Apparently it never occurred to him that the breast might first of all exist for the woman herself, functioning as a source of pleasure.

The question, "What is it for?" implies that somebody designed it with a purpose in mind, whether the "it" we're talking about is a penis, a screwdriver, a breast, or the hair in one's armpit. In bygone days, when most people believed in the existence of a god who invented men and women in much the same manner that Henry Ford invented the Model A, the answer to "What is it for?" could be found by going to the local god agency and looking it up in the instruction book.

The existential viewpoint which prevails today has no need of a maker, a divine plan or any purpose behind human existence—so the question "What is it for?" is recognized as meaningless. A

much more useful question is, "What does it do?"

When you approach the female breast from this angle you can describe it in terms of functions rather than divine intentions. Adult human female breasts contain milk glands which may or may not produce milk. They contain nerve endings which carry sensations of heat, cold, rough, smooth, pain, pleasure, etc., to the brain. They contain a rich supply of blood vessels and a goodly amount of erectile tissue, all of which works together to produce erection of the nipples during periods of sexual excitation, and a corresponding increase in size of the breast at such times. They are generally of such interesting shape that most people, males and females alike, enjoy playing with them. They're not only fun to suck on, but most women are quite enthusiastic in the opinion that it's fun to have them sucked on, whether the sucker is an infant or an adult, male or female. Those who can manage it derive considerable enjoyment from sucking on their own. This is a common masturbatory practice among large breasted females, many of whom achieve quite satisfactory orgasms through this method of self-stimulation.

The female breast, then, may well be used primarily as an instrument of pleasure for its owner. She can also employ it as an instrument of pleasure for other people, by allowing them to play with it and/or look at it. She can press her breasts upon people, or rub them against other people's bodies. She can accept an erect penis in the cleft between her breasts. Bending over her lover, she can provocatively drag her pendulous globes across his body. The usefulness of her breasts is limited only by her imagination.

When her breasts protrude several inches out from her chest a girl can "accidentally" touch someone else with their tips in order to attract his attention. Young, well-endowed girls often make a game of this, feigning such innocence that they sometimes give the impression that they have no nerve endings in their breasts at all.

Psychiatrist Eric Berne observes in his *Sex in Human Loving*, after discussing the uses of the penis and the vagina:

"The woman, much more than the man, uses other parts of her body in a sexual way. She may use her breasts as advertising, either ethically and with pride, or subversively, or even competitively. She may use them in a false way to exploit men for other things besides sex: a form of petty theft most aptly called proplifting, making the wheels of her life turn smoothly by using them for what Amaryllis calls boobrication."

Some women fantasize elaborately about their breasts; one, reporting her fantasy in the first issue of *Ms.* magazine, wrote that she imagines herself trapped on a crowded subway train which has stalled in a tunnel, with a 36 hour wait before rescue. "Now it so happens that at the time of this imagined melodrama I am a nursing mother. And since I am breast-feeding my real-life twins, I am quite a prodigious producer of that mystical substance known as mother's milk. My breasts fill as the hours pass. My nipples begin to leak. But instead of feeling embarrassed by the wet splotches on my chest, I am triumphant. They are two proud badges of my life-giving power."

Word spreads, ". . . and before long the eyes of a carload of people are riveted to my breasts. As the second day dawns, tempers flare, patience wanes, fear surfaces, and people are hungry and thirsty. Thirsty. THIRSTY. As the fantasy fades out, I am nursing my parched and grateful companions—one by one."

The author of this fantasy, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, calls it her "apocalyptic put-down of all the women with whom I have ever competed. . . . No matter what my inadequacies, no matter how glaring my flaws . . . in this fantasy I am superwoman."

Hand in hand with the political aspects of Women's Lib, another trend which has been gathering momentum over the past decade is the rise in expressions of aggressive sexual behavior on the part of females in our society. Where once it was virtually necessary for a girl to rely solely on her physical assets, the most visible of which are her breasts, in order to get a man's attention, today there are many more avenues open to her. Direct expression of a girl's desire to have sexual relations is ten times as commonplace today as it was only ten years ago. Many men who had formerly been imprinted on just one sex signal—big tits—are learning to recognize and respond to many others. As a result, most men find their opportunities for lechery have increased by leaps and bounds.

Along with increased opportunities comes increased experience, which leads, in the majority of humans, to the development of their varietist capabilities. In other words, the man who tries many different physical types usually expands his range of erotic reaction so that he no longer *only* gets off when the girl has enormous breasts. Greater experience with more kinds of partners teaches him to enjoy women with small breasts, too, and all the variations in between.

Variety, truly, is the life of spice.

In other words, while the big ones are often beautiful, they're not the only boobs that are beautiful. Large, perfectly shaped breasts are going to continue to be considered beautiful, and will continue to excite male and female onlookers. But medium sized, perfectly shaped breasts will do the same thing, as will small, perfectly shaped breasts. It's the message they carry that really counts, and that message is one of sexual availability, willingness and desire.



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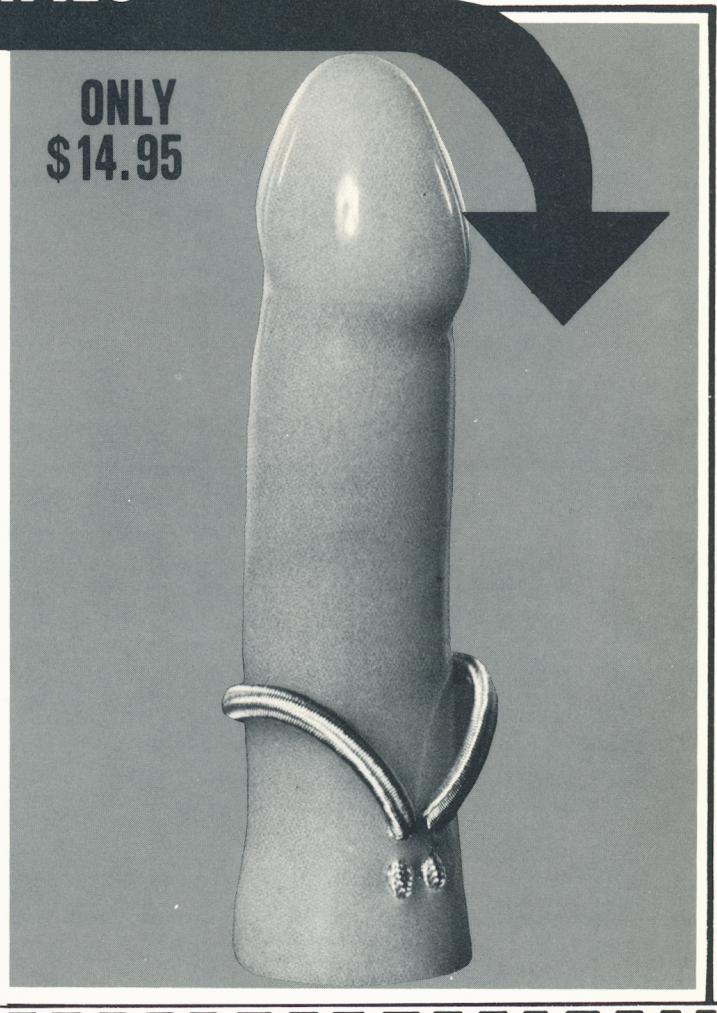

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