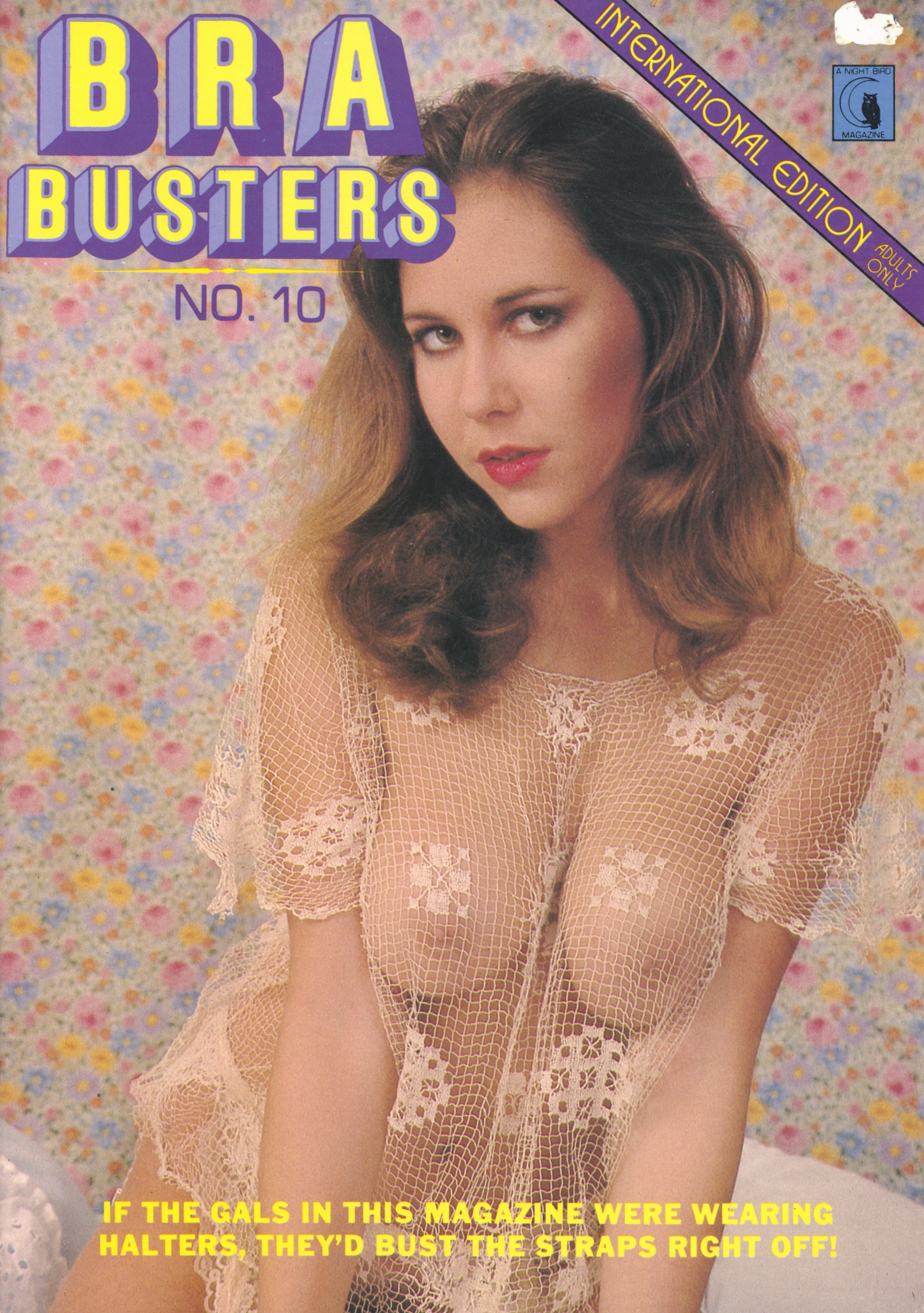

BRA BUSTERS
NO. 10
INTERNATIONAL EDITION
ADULTS ONLY
A NIGHT BIRD MAGAZINE
IF THE GALS IN THIS MAGAZINE WERE WEARING HALTERS, THEY'D BUST THE STRAPS RIGHT OFF!



BRA BUSTERS

NO. 10

CONTENTS

MILKMAID/Photo Essay
Some gals give milk 4

BRALESS NATURE GIRL/Photo Essay
She lets it hang out outdoors 9

THE GAL WITH THE DEADLY 45s/Fiction
Her tits were killers 17

THE INS & OUTS OF TIT-DOM/Article
Everything you ever wanted to know 21

"WORSHIP MY BREASTS"/Photo Essay
She's wild for tit-lickers 25

NANCY'S HOPE CHEST/Photo Essay
She's hoping it lands a man 34

"COME AND GET 'EM"/Photo Essay
They're for the taking 39

SHE WAS MELON PERFECTION/Fiction
The coach got his dream 45

TITS AFIRE/Photo Essay
This buxom gal is hot & ready 50



BRA BUSTERS No. 10 is published eight times a year by Night-Bird Magazines, Ltd. and distributed in the U.K. by David Gold & Son (Holdings), Ltd. Rich Industrial Estates, Crimscott St., London S.E. 1 5TE and in the U.S.A. by MAGCORP, The Magazine Corporation of America.

Copyright ©1980 by Night-Bird Magazines, Ltd. *BRA-BUSTERS* is copyrighted and may not be published in whole or in part without written consent of the publisher.





EDITORIAL

IF YOU'VE GOT A THING FOR BIG-BUSTED BROADS WHO KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE AND HOW TO USE IT, YOU'RE IN FOR AN EYE-POPPING ISSUE. BUT SEE FOR YOURSELF . . .

Milkmaid





STILL WITH THE BLUSH OF MOTHERHOOD, SOME WOMEN FIND SEX PARTNERS DELIGHTED WHEN A LITTLE MILK ENTERS THE SEX FUN. LIKE JOHN HOLMES ON THIS PAGE . . .





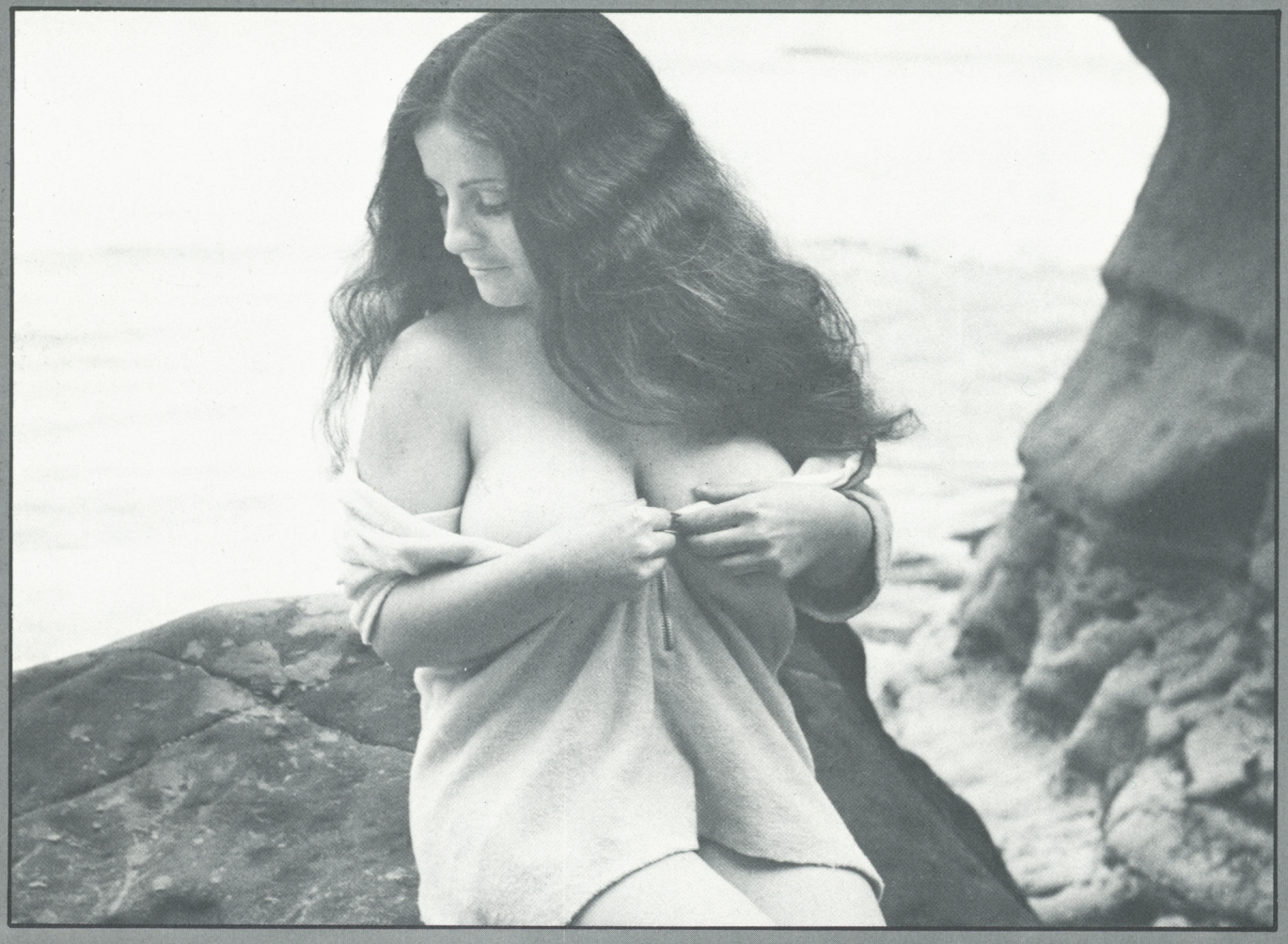


OFTEN, GALS WHO'VE JUST GIVEN BIRTH WILL GET TOGETHER AND PLAY MILKMAID.






Braless Nature Girl









Doreen gets her thrills by letting it all hang out in the great outdoors. Her kick, of course, is that some loner out for a swim or a hike might happen upon her and her bountiful bosom and stay around for a bit of hanky panky if he's so inclined. Usually, he is . . .







"I don't know what to tell you. I just like the fresh air blowing onto my breasts. It feels so . . . well, free . . ."





"I'm always hunting for a spot in nature where I can just take it all off and go bare. I've never met anyone yet who objected to my playing wood nymph . . ."











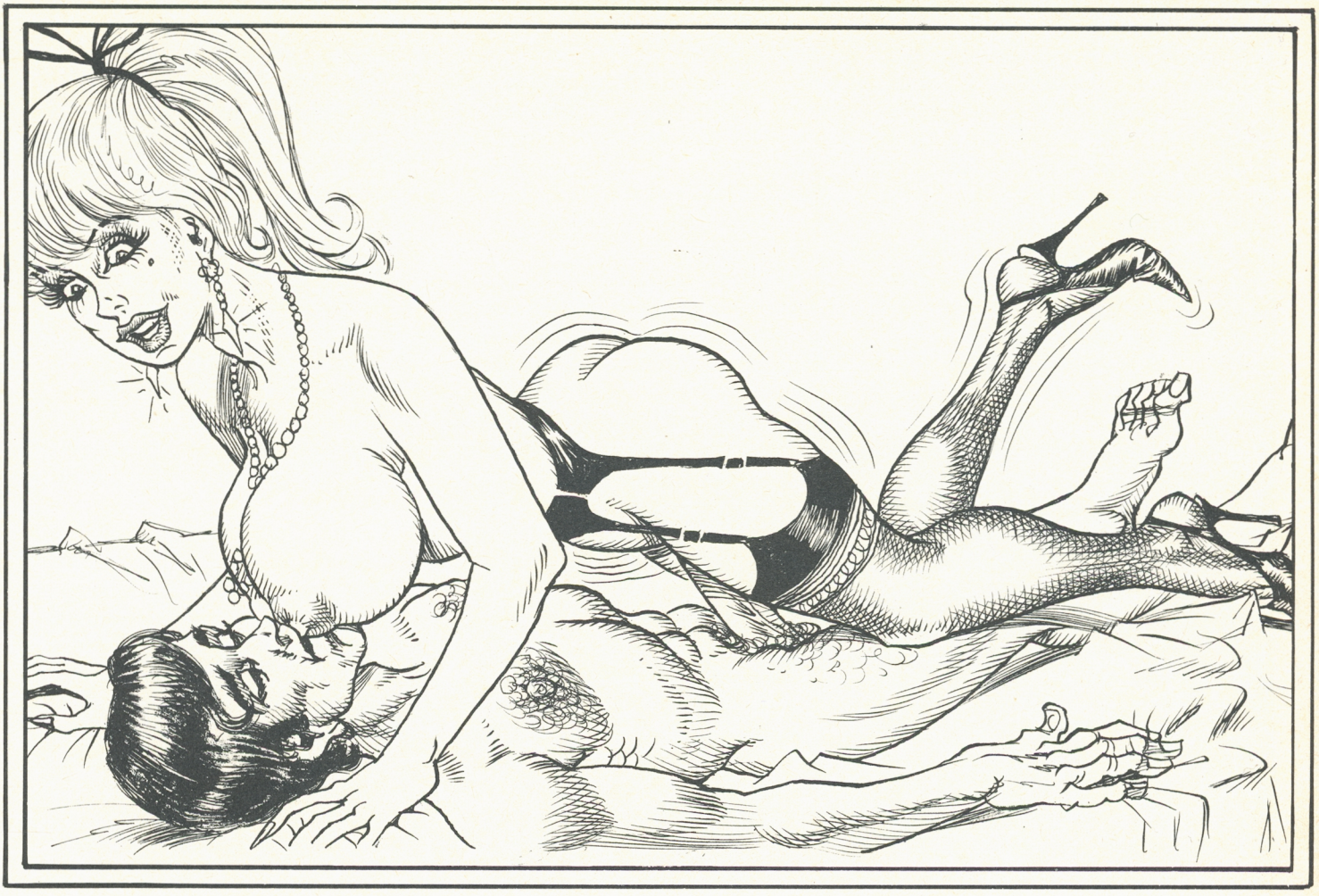
"I suppose there's a law of some kind against it, but I couldn't care less. To me, a girl should do exactly as she wants, as long as she doesn't hurt anyone. Don't you agree?"



"I guess the only disadvantage to it would be that I don't get a tanline where my halter would be!"







THE GAL WITH THE DEADLY 45s

"You've got a deadly pair of tits, Busty," Dr. Frankston said. "Real deadly. You know what I'd like to do with them?"

Busty Benson knew full well what the gray-haired old lecher wanted to do. He wanted to suck on them, for one thing. But more than that, he wanted to shove his prick up between her big boobs and jerk it in and out until he came. But she never

let him do that, because she didn't like him. In fact, he turned her stomach, but he was the doctor the Follies sent all the strippers to, so she had to put up with his pawings. But that was as far as she was going to go. Let him get his kicks feeling up her massive boobs. He wasn't going to get anything else out of her.

"C'mon, Busty," he pleaded, his eyes glistening at the close-up view of her naked forty-fives. "Let me just slip my cock up between those jugs." His hands kneaded her flesh as he spoke. "Just a few strokes is all I need."

Busty shook her head adamantly.

"No, damn it! Not with *my* tits."

"You oughta take me up on my offer while you've still *got* both of them."

She stared at him for a long moment, not comprehending.

"What's that mean?"

"I didn't want to tell you, but I guess I have to." Dr. Frankston hesitated, then rushed on. "You've got cancer."

"Wh-a-a-at?"

"I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. Lumps all over in there."

Busty felt the world lurch and she stepped back and drew her blouse over her breasts as though that action would protect her from the dread disease. Her stomach felt as if it had an anvil weighting it down.

"Cancer?" she managed. "You're *kidding!*"

"Would I kid about something like that?" Dr. Frankston said seriously. "Come on, Busty, I'd hate to go through life without doing it to those gorgeous jugs. You owe it to yourself to get in as much fun as you can before . . . ."

As the man took a step toward her, Busty's eyes widened. "No!" she almost screamed at him. She hastily slipped her bra into place and hooked it, then frantically buttoned her blouse over the immense twin bulges.

"Busty, listen," the old man pleaded. "What's the harm . . . ."

But Busty wasn't listening to him. Her mind was a whirlpool, and she just wanted to get away where she could calm down enough to think of what to do. She rushed from Dr. Frankston's office and ran down the flight of stairs to the street.

She lit a cigarette and walked quickly through the sun-drenched streets, puffing rapidly. She paid no attention to the admiring stares of the men she passed. They looked her over, as usual, from head to toe, enjoying the nyloned perfection of her legs, the sensual twitching of her ass — but mostly the inviting jiggle of her huge boobs that promised visual and tactile delights that would be unforgettable.

Her huge boobs! Busty sobbed as she thought of them, as she thought of how she'd look with one breast removed. On a smaller-busted girl, it wouldn't matter so much, but on her, she'd be a freak. A freak with one huge breast on one side and nothing on the other. Unbalanced, they'd call her. And they'd be right.

Her eyes misted, and when she blinked away the welling tears, she found herself in front of a bar.

A moment later she was perched on a stool in the dark, cool bar, sipping a martini. She wanted to get drunk, but that would not solve her problem — not unless martinis were a cure for cancer. She laughed aloud at that. The only cure for her problem was suicide. How could she go on living after the operation? Big boobs were her trademark; her livelihood depended on them.

They billed her as *Busty* Benson.

After the operation, they could call her *one-tit* Benson.

Or *Unbalanced* Benson. *Maybe I could get a job as a freak in a sideshow!*

After three martinis, the world seemed a little better, only because it wasn't as clear as it used to be. She was about to order a fourth when a male voice said, "Can I buy you a drink?"

Busty looked up and tried to focus her eyes on the smiling face of the man who'd perched himself on the stool beside her. Her impulse was to tell him to go screw himself, but the face stopped her. It wasn't a bad face. Not handsome, exactly, but not ugly, either. A kind of homely, good-natured face.

"Sure," she said. "Why the hell not?"

He ordered another martini for her and a whisky sour for himself. "We'd be more comfortable in a booth," he suggested.

Busty shrugged. "Sure," she said again. "Why the hell not."

The man laughed good-naturedly and steered her off the stool and along an unsteady course to a dimly lit booth, where they sat down together, their thighs touching.

"My name's Bernie Wright," he said, extending his hand.

Busty giggled. "I've always wanted to meet Mr. Wright," she said, shaking his hand. "My name's . . . ." She hesitated, thinking to use her real name. Might as well get used to not being called *Busty* anymore. But then, why not take advantage of it while she still had it? "Busty Benson."

His grin got wider. "I wonder why they named you that."

"I wonder," she said, thrusting out her impressive chest, and they both laughed.

Oh my God, she thought, *here I am laughing when I want to cry. Mr. Wright, shit. He just wants to lay me because I've got big boobs! Suppose I had only one giant boob, what would he think of me then?*

She forced that thought aside as he said, "Come here often?"

She shook her head. "I just came in here on impulse."

"Funny. I did, too. I just got into town, and I don't know anybody."

"Well, you do now," Busty told him, taking his hand warmly in hers.

She wasn't promiscuous. Sure, she wasn't a virgin, but she didn't sleep with just anybody. Ones she liked. And for some reason — she couldn't put her finger on it — she liked Bernie Wright. Besides, maybe Dr. Frankston was right. Have fun while she was still a normal woman who appealed to men. Afterward, her sex life would be kind of skimpy, unless there were perverts in the world who went for girls who were carved up, with a huge tit on one side and only scars on the other.

"Are you a working girl, Busty?" he asked her.

"I'm a stripper at the Follies," she told him honestly.

"I could've guessed it. Either that or a go-go dancer."

"Go-go dancer!" Busty spat out the words. "Any kid can take her bra off and dance like that. Stripping is an art. It takes not only a body, but a talent, if it's done right."

"I'd love to see you dance, Busty. I'll bet you're good."

"The best," she told him sincerely. "How'd you like to see me dance — now?"

He stared at her, delighted. "Now?

You mean, here in the bar?"

She took his arm.

"I meant in your hotel room, Bernie."

He caught his breath, surprised. "Terrific," he said.

Outside the bar, he put his arm around her waist and guided her up the street.

What the hell am I doing? she wondered. *Fucking the first guy I meet in a bar! I ought to be ashamed of myself!*

But she wasn't ashamed of herself. She wasn't used to drinking, and the four martinis had given her a golden glow that brought with it a certain amount of forgetfulness and a desire for adventure that would further blot out reality. Sex would do it. She went wild when some guy was sucking her boobs and shoving his prick between her legs. For the while it took them to fuck, she wouldn't think of anything else.

"What do you do for a living, Bernie?" she asked him as they entered the lobby of the hotel.

"I'm a salesman," he said. "I sell nuts and bolts."

She laughed. "And screws?"

"Sometimes I've done that, too."

She wondered if he was married. Not that it mattered. She wasn't planning on taking him away from his wife. And he probably had no intention of leaving her. He was a man with certain basic needs, just like a woman has certain basic needs. They would satisfy each other's needs this night and never see each other again.

In the hotel room, when he turned from locking the door, she placed here arms around him and kissed him passionately, rubbing her big bosom against his chest.

"Wow!" he said, coming up for air.

"And I thought this was going to be another dull night."

He reached for her, but she evaded his grasp. She said, "I need music," and looked around the room for a radio. There wasn't any.

"I'm afraid I just have a television set," he apologized.

She glanced at her watch. "We're in great luck, Bernie." She walked to the set and switched it on, then spun the dial. Music blared into the room. Busty stepped back and indicated the orchestra on the nineteen-inch screen. "Lawrence Welk."

There was something vaguely obscene about doing a strip to Lawrence Welk. But Busty was swiftly getting in the mood to do anything that would remind her that she was till a full-bodied woman. While Bernie Wright lay back on the bed, she began the slow, lilting walk about the room in time to the champagne music bubbling from the TV set. She wasn't, of course, wearing the breakaway costume she wore on stage, but she knew she could improvise with what she had.

Apparently, she was doing a good job, because Bernie lay back on the bed, watching her with much admiration in his eyes and an already-growing bulge at his crotch. The outline of his prick was plainly visible, and the sight of it encouraged Busty. While performing on stage, she realized she was sexually arousing the men in the audience, but she'd never seen visible proof of that. Now, as she danced, she could watch Bernie's and see how it grew.

Her breasts hung there before his eyes like ripe mushmelons tipped with succulent cherries.

She whirled about the tiny hotel room in time to the music torrenting from the television. She paused and lifted her skirt tantalizingly up along one shapely thigh, and then slowly, teasingly, she began toying with the buttons on her blouse.

Bernie liked what he saw, and he liked every new inch of flesh that was slowly being revealed to his hungry eyes. That was obvious from the look of rapture seeping through the muscles of his face. His eyes seemed to glaze as she whipped off the blouse and revealed her forty-fiveinch breasts encased in their supporting bra, but spilling over the edges of the support.

"Thy cups runneth over," Bernie noted.

Laughing, Busty whirled again. A thin sheen of perspiration was filming her body, and she couldn't wait to get out of her clothes and feel the smooth, cool sheets of the bed on her back. But she resisted the impulse to disrobe completely. Her man was enjoying the dance much too much to spoil it for him.

She unzipped the skirt, a fraction of a millimeter at a time, her eyes half-lidded as she watched the bulge in Bernie's trousers grow to king size. She was getting to him, no doubt of that. She let the skirt drop to the floor and stepped out of it.

Bernie applauded. "Take it off, take if off!" he told her in a pseudoshout through cupped hands.

Nodding, Busty reached behind her and unsnapped the hooks holding her bra in place. As she felt the answering shift in her breasts, she held the bra in front of her and leaned forward so the man on the bed could see the impressive cleavage.

Bernie wet his lips expectantly and gasped as she let the garment fall to the floor. Her breasts hung there before his eyes like ripe mushmelons tipped with succulent cherries. He reached out, but she danced away from him again, hooked her thumbs in her panties and drew them down over her legs to freedom, just as the music on the television bounced to a close.

As she took a bow, Bernie applauded enthusiastically. "You're right, Busty. You're the best."

With a wild cry of delight that she'd pleased him, Busty threw herself on the bed and smothered him with kisses. They were silent, kissing warmly, their tongues darting into each other's mouths, their hands roaming uninhibitedly over each other's passion-inflamed bodies.

As his fingers probed her breasts and toyed with the nipples, Busty's hand worked its way down between them, over their bellies, to his belt, which she expertly opened, pulling it in a way that made the zipper retreat downward. Her hand boldly eased under the elastic rim of his jockey shorts and clutched the stiff column of flesh.

Impulsively, she pulled away and twisted on the bed so she could see his prick. Straddling him, she peeled his trousers and shorts down so she could fully expose his prick and the balls underneath. She lowered her head and touched the tip of her

tongue to the knobby head of his organ and smiled as his answering sigh let her know it was what he wanted her to do. She licked him all over and then lifted his prick and put the end of it in her mouth. She sucked on it for all she was worth.

She almost dropped it when she felt his mouth burrow into her black pubic hair and his tongue inch between the moist, hot folds of her vaginal lips, searching for and finding her clit. Then she opened her mouth wide and took as much of him in her mouth as she could. He was a big man and she wanted all of him, all of his stiff, throbbing column of male flesh inside her.

She'd come once when she heard his hoarse voice whisper to her, "Get on top of me, Busty."

She twisted around on the bed, straddling him with her knees on either side of his body, hovering for a moment with her damp crotch poised over him, and then holding his stiff prick in place with her hand, she lowered her body onto it.

Her hissing intake of breath matched his as the male flesh sank deep into her body. She began the slow, steady, undulating movements over him that she knew would please them both. His eyes were glazed as they looked up at her huge, swaying breasts. He reached up and fondled them, thumbing the erect nipples and then raising himself slightly so he could take them into his mouth, first one and then the other. Busty leaned forward to give him an easier time of it, not missing a stroke of her pelvis mashing her genitals against him.

Suddenly, his head flew back and his fingers clutched the bedspread and he muttered, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" as he came big and strong inside her.

A moment later, she climbed off and lay beside him in his arms. He lit two cigarettes for them and they smoked, gelid in the aftermath of spent passion.

"Oh, shit!" he said after a long moment of delicious togetherness.

"What's wrong?" she asked, alarmed.

"That guy with the accordian is going to play *Lady of Spain!*"

They raced each other to turn the damn thing off.

* * *

Dr. Frankston was always cranky when anybody got him out of bed at three in the morning, but his crankiness changed quickly to another emotion when he saw who his late-night visitor was.

"Busty Benson!" he said, surprised. "What . . . ."

"May I come in?" Busty asked him, putting on her sexiest smile.

Frankston flung the door open wide. "Sure, come on in," he said eagerly, his cock hardening at the thoughts of Busty and her body.

Busty went into the living room while the doctor locked the door. When he turned, she noticed that his prick was half-sticking out of his pajama fly. He made no effort to put it back in.

"What's on your mind?" he wanted to know.

"Are you sure I've got breast cancer?" she asked flatly.

He sighed with exasperation.

"Look, we went through all that."

"Because," she hurried on, "an operation like that would cost a lot of money. I thought maybe . . . ." she wet her lips . . . "maybe we could work out something."

Doctor Frankston's mouth fell open. Then he chuckled lecherously.

"Starting tonight?"

"Sure, why not? Might as well enjoy it while I've got it, right?"

"Right!" the doctor agreed enthusiastically. "Come on into the bedroom and I'll take the first payment."

He wasn't bashful about it. He stripped the pajamas from his skinny body and lay down on top of the bed.

"Okay," he said matter-of-factly, "you know what I want. Rub your tits around my cock. Get me hard, and then I'll shove it up between those big jugs and fuck the shit out of them!"

Busty winced inwardly at having to give this ugly old man any pleasure, but she knew what she had to do. She quickly stripped off her clothing and then bent dedicatedly to her task.

She let her pendulous breasts sweep around Frankston's groin, letting the nipples graze his limp prick. His heavy breathing was strong in her ear as he grew more and more excited, and before long his prick was up and ready to go.

"Still think I have a deadly pair of tits, Doctor?" she teased him.

"Damn right you have. Now let me fuck them."

"Sure. But first, suck on them for awhile."

Before he could protest, she clambored on top of him and let her huge breasts fall into his face. He spluttered, but when he tried to open his mouth, she pressed a nipple to it, and after a moment he relaxed and sucked on it for a few seconds.

He began choking. "Hey, cut it out," his muffled voice came to her. "I can't . . . breathe."

"Of course you can't," she told him, "because my deadly tits are smothering you, right, Doc?" Her voice grew harsh, vengeful. "Breast cancer! I don't have breast cancer anymore than you do. Admit it!"

He choked and gasped but didn't answer. Bernie had helped her. When she'd broken down and confessed her fears, he'd taken her to a doctor he knew in town to get another opinion. The other opinion had been that she was without a doubt in the best physical shape, inside and out.

Dr. Frankston's struggles were getting weaker and weaker. His hands flailed weakly at her, trying to dislodge her body from on top of his. When he fell limp, she drew back and used her hanging breasts to slap him awake again.

"Admit you were lying!" she told him coldly.

When he protested, she lowered her flesh over his face again, cutting off his air. She did this twice more before he gasped, "All right! I admit it! I'm sorry. I just wanted to fuck those tits of yours."

Her eyes gleamed down at him. Her face was malevolent as she said, "And now, Doctor Frankston, these deadly tits are going to kill you so you'll never do this to anybody again."

"No!" he managed. "No!" before the breasts came down to smother him.

At the doorway a few minutes later, Busty buttoned the last button on her blouse and looked back at the prone, almost unconscious figure of Dr. Frankston. "Big boobs are for enjoying, Doctor, not for killing. But don't forget what I can do with these. Don't you ever forget."

She hurried out of the house and down the street, unmindful of the late-night admiring glances cast in her direction. Back in the hotel, Mr. Bernie Wright was waiting for her. ■



THE INS AND OUTS OF TIT-DOM

The breast, one of the most visible signs of femininity, has in contemporary society become little more than a cosmetic prop for the female ego. But nature originally intended it to be more than that. It was once not so much a thing of beauty as a source of nourishment for man. Now, merely a source of aesthetic nourishment, it was once a source of life-giving nourishment. At one point in man's history, the survival of the human race depended on the female breast. For without it, infants could not have survived, and hence, neither could man.

For the primitive woman, pregnancy was the normal state of affairs. Her function was to bear children and feed them while the men hunted. A woman who was barren was of no use to the tribe at all except as a beast of burden, unless she was able to produce milk in spite of her sterility. Breasts continually produce milk during the years of pregnancy and even after. So important was the milk producing abilities of the female breast, that the woman who could produce milk even though she had no children of her own, was a valuable asset to any primitive tribe. She could care for the infants of a deceased mother, or those of a mother who, for one reason or another, found it impossible to produce milk herself.

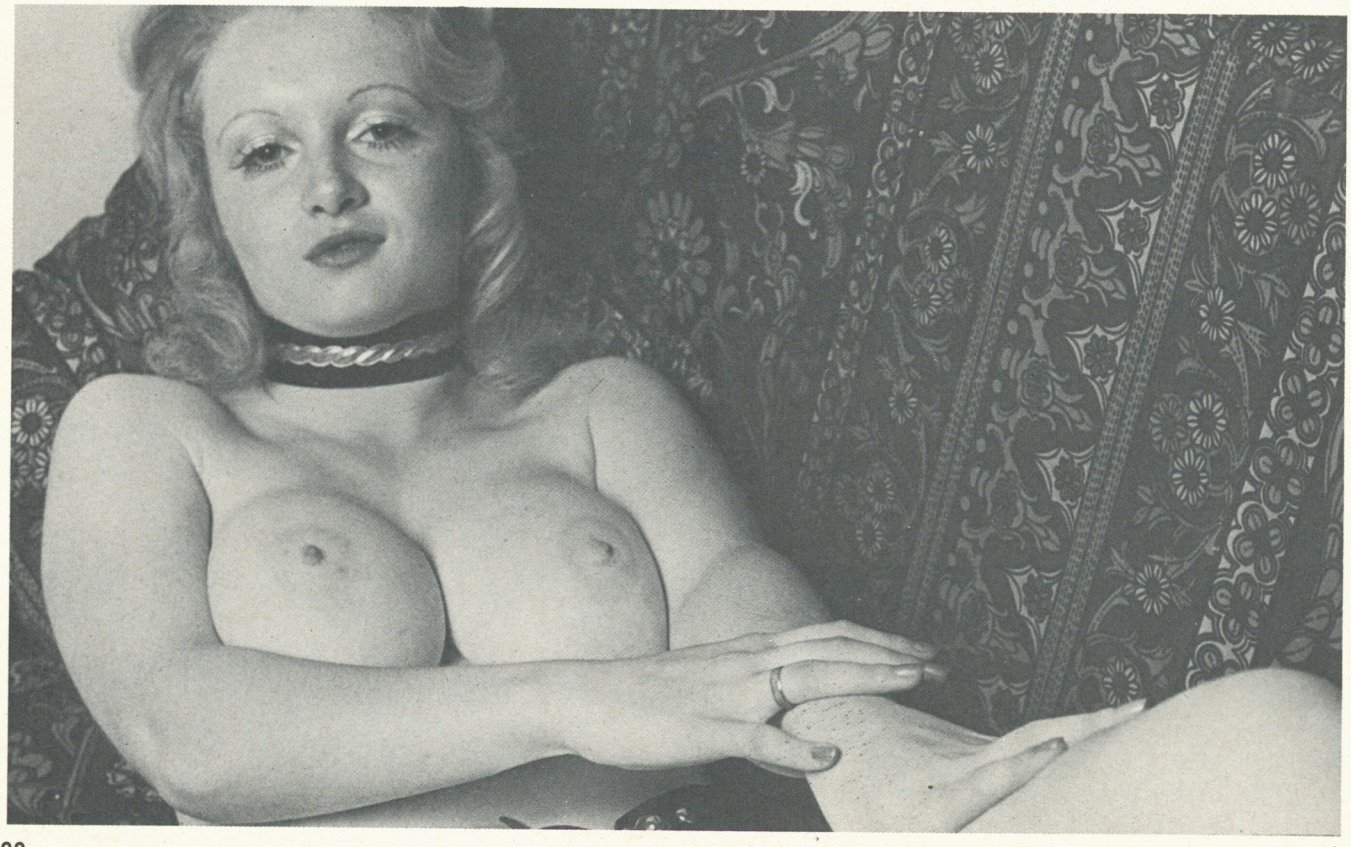
The breast is actually nothing more than a modified and infinitely complex sweat gland. Both male and female children lactate when they are born. Which is to say that they produce milk in much the same way their mothers will to feed them during the early months of their lives. The milk produced by the children is called 'witches' milk,' a name having its origin in superstition. This phenomenon is relatively easy to explain. It is the result of hormonal stimulation from the mother whose glands are functioning overtime during pregnancy. The hormones' effect soon wears off once the child leaves the mother's body. The gland that is responsible for lactation becomes dormant in the female child until around the age of twelve, and in the normal male, forever. When the female's ovaries mature, and under the impetus of the hormones they secrete, the breast once again becomes active and begins to mature and develop. Fat deposits — the breast is composed mostly of fatty tissue — are laid down. The breast swells, the nipples grow, and the areola assume a darker pigmentation.

The glandular construction of the breast is by far its most interesting and complex component. It has seventeen self-sufficient milk-producing units. But that is not standard for all women; some women have more and some fewer. The average is seventeen. Each of these units can be compared, relative to its shape, to a berry bush. Pursuing this analogy, the multi-thousand microscopic alveoli present in this structure can be compared to



berries on the bush. The almost invisible droplets of milk they produce travel through arterial units comparable to the branches of a tree or shrub, and into nodules just behind the nipples. These nodules are known as milk ducts. From the ducts, the milk travels into the main conduits from there out through the nipple. The breast forms an insulation and kind of protection for these extremely delicate structures. The muscle tissue in the breast certainly does not compose the greater bulk of the breast, but it does serve a vital function nonetheless. This muscle tissue, or connective tissue, binds the breast together. And these fibers attach to the chest wall, forming a kind of internal bra.

The functioning of the breast is controlled by its hormones. Just before the period of menstruation, these hormones cause the breast to swell and become extremely sensitive. The period of greatest hormonal activity in the breast is during pregnancy. This activity begins to subside immediately after pregnancy. The activity is stimulated initially by the hormonal secretion of the placenta which links baby and mother. A hormone called estrogen (sometimes used in the treatment of cancer) stimulates growth of the milk-duct system. And a hormone called progestin spurs the development and numerical growth of the alveoli. The blood vessels also increase in size to accommodate increased blood flow, the increased







flow being important to the transportation of hormones. There is also a concomitant increase in the weight of the breast — in fact, it almost doubles in weight and blue veins close to the surface become visible. After conception, the fatty tissue stimulates more and more activity in the breast, and the solid cellular substance in the alveoli begins to dissolve to make room for milk.

Finally, after birth, a new hormone is produced. It is called prolactin and is manufactured by the pituitary gland on the underside of the brain. This very specialized hormone is responsible for causing the milk to leave the alveoli and begin its flow toward the nipple.

For the first four days after birth, the breast secretes a watery fluid which is yellow in color. This liquid substance is colostrum. There is next to no nourishment in this substance for the child. Consequently, a baby feeding on this substance loses weight. But this is all part of nature's grand design. The purpose of colostrum is to purge the baby's digestive tract of mucous and other debris. And what's more, the colostrum in rich in antibodies which help the baby to fight diseases such as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever and many of the other diseases the mother may have had as a child herself and still carries with her in a dormant state. Along about the fifth day, the baby's digestive system is purged and he has been provided with the necessary protection from diseases. It is then that the breast is ready to provide the infant with nourishment.

Initially, each breast is capable of producing up to a pint of milk a day. To achieve this high rate of productivity, each breast requires the circulation through it of many gallons of blood a day. The alveoli are able to draw glucose from the blood. The enzymes present in the breast change this glucose into lactose and other less complex sugars which the infant is more capable of digesting. Amino acids, the building blocks for casein and other more complex proteins, are extracted from the protein in mother's milk, so that they can be used by the infant for tissue construction and repair. Fats are also transformed in a similar way, so that they too can be changed into nutritive substances which can be more easily used by the infant's less sophisticated digestive system. The alveoli also extract calcium from the blood flowing through the breast, essential for bone building.

Many women have an unfounded fear that a suckling infant will destroy the shape of their breasts. However, nursing has no effect whatever on the fibers which form the internal bra and which are responsible for giving the breast its firmness. A noticeable change in the coloration of the areola does take place, however — the areola darken and thicken. But this is because new lubricating fats have been deposited there to prevent painful cracking of the nipple which sometimes occurs due to the infant's suckling.

The nipple itself is composed of erectile tissue. This simply means that the tissue is capable of becoming engorged with blood in the same manner as the male's penis. The tumescence of the nipple



is, of course, observed when a woman becomes sexually aroused. But this tumescence also serves a valuable function during the breast feeding of an infant. The hardened tissue provides a better grip for the greedy little mouth of the child.

An infant's sucking produces an instant response from the nipple. Just under the nipple are, what could be called, "the stalks of the milk tree." These "stalks" contain cisterns which open upon sucking to provide milk.

The minute supply of milk in the cisterns is quickly used up. But the sensory nerves in the nipple are able to communicate a message to the pituitary gland once this immediate supply of milk is exhausted. This message reaches the pituitary gland in a matter of seconds, and the gland responds by secreting a hormone called oxytocin into the blood of the mother. Once the oxytocin passes through the mother's bloodstream and reaches the alveoli, the muscle tissues in the walls of the alveoli contract, forcing out milk. From that point on, the infant really doesn't need to suck, because the flow of milk will continue until he has had enough.

The milk that the breast produces is exactly tailored by nature to the infant's nutritional needs. This is why doctors often recommend that a mother breast-feed an infant instead of relying on a formula product. A formula milk can at best be a good substitute. Cow's milk, the basis of formula milk, can never really measure up to anything the mother is able to provide herself.

In addition, there are other advantages to nursing, not only for the child, but also for the mother. Nursing stimulates the rhythmic contraction of the womb, which helps it to reduce in size from a container large enough to hold a newborn infant to its normal pre-pregnancy dimensions — about the size of a small turnip. These contractions also limit the dangers of any post-birth hemorrhaging and also provide a good deal of sexual pleasure. This effect can also be observed in animals. If anyone has ever watched a cat suckling its kittens, they will have noticed that the cat seems quite content, purring and opening and closing its paws. This is because the animal is experiencing a great deal of sexual pleasure — the source of that pleasure being contractions in the womb. It seems to be nature's way of rewarding the mother that suckles her offspring.

During the initial period of lactation, each breast produces just under a pint of milk a day, as we previously mentioned. This is, of course, ample for a newborn, normal-sized infant. But as the baby grows, so must milk production in the breast.

In some women the increase may be from a pint up to as much as three quarts a day. And in addition to the change in the quantity of the milk, there is a corresponding change in its quality. As the infant requires more calcium for the development of its bones, the mother must supply this increased demand. And so, the calcium content of the mother's milk increases dramatically.

Usually, after about two months, the mother no

(Continued on page 58)



SHE'S A ROMANTIC, BUT SHE SAYS SHE HASN'T FOUND THE RIGHT MAN.

"WORSHIP MY BREASTS"

















SHE CAN EVEN GET INTO A BIT OF A FETISH NOW AND THEN—SAY WITH LEATHER—BUT SHE CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF HER COME UP WITH THE KIND OF GUY WHO FITS HER LIKE A GLOVE . . .











"OH, I KNOW HE'LL COME ALONG. YOU CAN'T RUSH THIS SORT OF THING AND SETTLE FOR JUST ANYBODY. LOTS OF GUYS LIKE MY TITS, BUT THEY DON'T WORSHIP THEM."








Nancy's
Hope Chest





You've heard of girls who save it until they marry, but have you heard about the girl who is saving her tits for the guy of her dreams?

















We're not saying she hasn't been around. Not in this day and age. But this doll actually won't let just anyone have them.

It's a shame, we know, to let those perfect melons go to waste. But she's determined. He'll be a lucky guy . . .



"Come And Get 'Em"

Brandy is a Hollywood doll who makes no bones about it. Maybe a few boners, though, because as you can clearly see, she is a young, healthy beauty whose best assets are at their peak just about now. She has no lack of men around, for obvious reasons. And she doesn't hold back.





"If a guy is into tits, then I'm his girl," she says right off. "And I love it when a guy does a number on my nipples."





"There's a lot of tit-freaks in Hollywood. You meet 'em all the time. At least I do. And I can always spot 'em, 'cause they can't take their eyes off my chest."

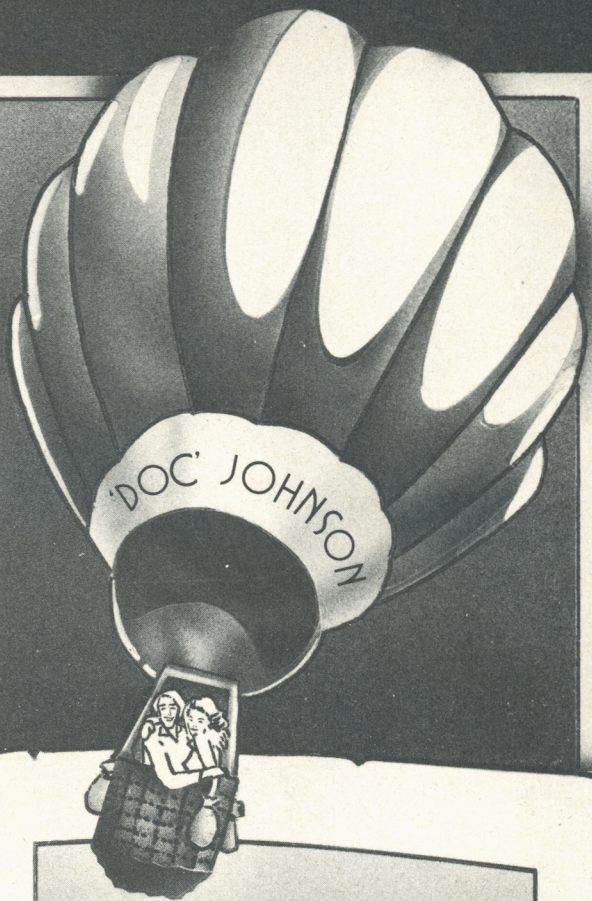






ANNOUNCING

The arrival of 'Doc' Johnson's family of superior marital aids . . . now available at all of your finer sex boutiques.

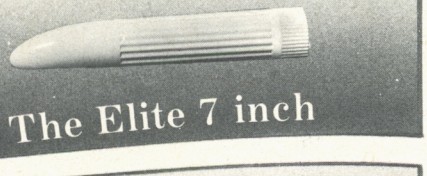




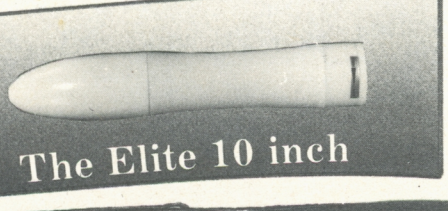
The Mini Mystique



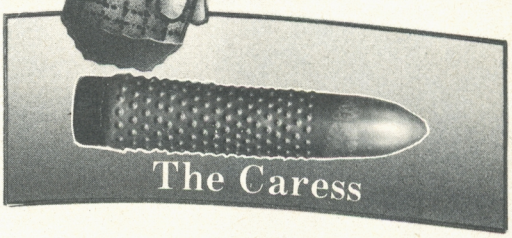
The Maxi Mystique



The Elite 7 inch



The Elite 10 inch



The Caress



The Explorer

'DOC' JOHNSON

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!!!





"My idea of a good time is to meet a guy who's got a lot up front where it counts, and then stay home with him. Why go out to a disco or someplace when you've both got what you want?"









SHE WAS MELON PERFECTION

It was halftime. And it was exactly the same as it had been for the last twelve weeks running — Coach Knut Samson's Lions were trailing the Baxter High Bengals by ten points, and to tell the plain truth, Coach Samson was well beyond the point of caring at this late stage of the season — it was the last game of the year, and the last chance for him and his team to redeem themselves and regain their dignity — needless to say, they were not doing a very good job of it.

Samson had tried everything with the lads, as he had been fond of calling them, at the beginning of spring practice. He had coaxed them, berated them, screamed at

them, rewarded them, but all seemed to be in vain with this bunch. The kids just weren't the same anymore; they didn't seem to have that urge to hit the other man, to humiliate the enemy team, to engage in hand-to-hand combat for the purpose of attaining glory for their school and for themselves.

These were the ideals of Samson's generation, the ideals that, to his way of thinking, had made this country what it was throughout its history — a nation which prided itself on its efficiency, its willingness to work, its self-denial and postponment of gratification for the sake of profit and conquest. These were the ideals which had created the wealthiest and most powerful nation the world had ever known, and in the laziness and weakness of the team he had put so much energy into developing, Samson saw the inevitable collapse of the society and the edifice that had been built by the labor and self-sacrifice of his own generation and the generations that preceeded it.

The new generation to him reeked of weakness in the same way that overripe food reeks of corruption. These children didn't know the meaning of hard work, he thought to himself many a time as he watched them during their after-school practice sessions. He felt they had been coddled from birth, that their parents had spoiled them for life by aquiescing to their every demand and by having raised them in the soft environment that was typical of middle class suburbia.

Sure, it was better to be raised in the clean suburbs than in the stench, squalor and misery of the inner city ghettos. Samson was well aware of it, but as a football coach and a judge of young men's character, he often questioned the direction society seemed to be taking, based on his surmise of the quality of individual that each sector of society produced—the ghettos and company towns of the coal country produced outstanding athletes year after year, whereas the slick suburbs seemed incapable of giving birth to anything of late other than complaining, dissident wimps, pansy guitar players, and scheming lawyers and accountants. Samson would have gladly traded his present position for another post, right smack in the middle of the ghetto if necessary, in order to have the chance to relate to youngsters who understood the meaning of struggle. But he had no real choice in the matter, for the school system had assigned him to his present coaching job, and the salary was much higher than he would have been able to make in the inner city, and he needed the money, not desperately, but he still needed it, for he and his wife Bernice both enjoyed a high standard of living, and they had acquired rather expensive tastes, considering Knut's actual earnings — the need to spend money seemed to compensate them both for what was lacking in their life together.

Their firm thighs and taut breasts were clearly visible to him beneath the flimsy tops and the short, short skirts they wore, and the sight of the fresh young flesh was torture to his soul, for once he had been possessed of a woman, Bernice, who was the veritable paradigm of female tightness and opulence.

★PREMIER INTERNATIONAL EDITION★

STEP UP TO



Keep afoot with what's happening in the exciting world of female domination as you climb through the pages of HIGH HEELS magazine.

Miles and miles of gorgeous, leather-sheathed legs belonging to women who are worthy of spike-heeled pedestals. Dozens of haughty, imperious and dominant disciplinarians will put you through your paces on each and every vividly revealing page.

HIGH HEELS

ON SALE NOW
ASK YOUR BOOK DEALER

DON'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION.
IT'S A MOUTH-WATERING EXPERIENCE.

It had been a long, slow, downhill relationship for Bernice and Knut, and the only thing that really kept them together was social pressure and habit. Knut Samson was a middle-aged man, but through the years he had always been careful to maintain his physique, working out with the football and track teams at the high school every day after classes, and playing handball and tennis with the younger coaches on the weekends. Bernice, who had once been a beautiful, buxom blonde, and the apple of every athlete's eye at State College, had let herself go to seed almost immediately after her marriage to Knut. Samson blamed himself partly for her miseries, but the real key to her unhappiness and her hopeless outlook on life was that doctors had informed her shortly after their marriage that she was incapable of conceiving children; that she was barren.

For awhile, the young couple had thought that it was Knut's fault, that he was sterile, but with the confirmation of Bernice's predicament, the young wife was thrown into a state bordering on despair. Samson told her repeatedly that it did not really matter to him that she would not be able to have his sons or even daughters, that it would be just as good to him if they were to adopt their children, but she was adament. She wallowed in her self-condemnation and punished herself by eating and drinking to excess.

The result was that after only a few years of marriage, she had entirely lost her youthful desirability, and her husband had himself had to take a strong drink before he could face the idea of making love to her, with her huge, flabby belly, and her thighs and arms which had grown ugly and old-looking.

Whenever Samson was away from her, the urge to have sex became very strong, and often he would be plagued by embarrassing erections, erections so strong that they would have been the pride of a much younger man. Such a time was the present moment: halftime during the final game of the season. As his team jogged despairingly into the lockers, Samson turned his eyes toward the edge of the field and watched as the miniskirted cheerleaders and pom pom girls bounced high into the air to the raucous music of the school band.

Their firm thighs and taut breasts were clearly visible to him beneath the flimsy tops and the short, short skirts they wore, and the sight of the fresh young flesh was torture to his soul, for once he had been possessed of a woman, Bernice, who was the veritable paradigm of female tightness and opulence. The sight of these young women gave the despondent Samson an aching erection, a bloated, dripping, oozing physical expression of the male's urge to penetrate.

They were primitive and healthy fantasies, fantasies that expressed natural urges and the basically aggressive attitude of the male. But the feelings that came immediately after these fantasies were an entirely different story. They reeked of guilt and the feeling of impotence in the face of the reality that Samson knew he had to return to day after day. He felt the need to be abused, to be defeated, to be humiliated, and he took out his psychic confusion on the team that night.

He was unmerciful toward them in the locker room during that short halftime rest. He hurled abuse upon them, perhaps to an uncalled-for degree, for he showed a lack of understanding of their position — perhaps they were not as interested in playing for keeps as he was — perhaps the game meant as much to them as it did to him, but they were merely physically incapable of giving a better performance against the strong opposition they faced.

Whatever their excuses and reasons for losing might be, it was certain that no one deserved the abuse that Coach Samson handed out to them that night, and as the time to retake the field edged closer, his assistant, Jerry Hanover, a former star player under Samson, came over to him as he raged on at the team, and grasping him by the shoulder, told him to let the boys go, that it was time for them to warm up for the second half.

Coach Samson returned to the playing field only after about ten minutes of splashing cold water on his face in the bathroom. The game was well into the third quarter and the score was now seventeen to nothing. He was on his way to a season without a win or a tie — total humiliation. The knowledge of this fact numbed him entirely, and he stood passively on the sidelines, allowing his assistants to call the offense and defense for him, not partaking at all in the remainder of the game.

Early in the final quarter, when the score had reached twenty-four to nothing, the Lions finally managed to put together some offensive moves, and they scored a touchdown against the Bengal reserve defense.

The score meant nothing to Samson — he remained passive, aloof and expressionless, staring at the pretty, tender thighs and breasts of the young women who pranced about with such abandon in the midst of such a disasterous affair, and he could not understand their glee. In his mind's eye, he slowly undressed the stockiest one, Karen Clark, envisioning what he would do to her if he had her at his home in his bedroom. He could feel the slickness of her sweat as he lifted the tiny halter off of her breasts, and he could hear her moan and squeal as he placed his hot mouth over her large pink nipple and began the suction that would bring her to the brink of ecstasy. He could hear her gasping in fear and amazement as he lowered his pants and she got an eyeful of his arching pole, with its glowing, dripping, purple head, and she cautiously reached out with her tiny painted fingertips to touch it and feel its heat. He could see himself pushing her down on his bed in the bright light of the room, and forcing her to keep her eyes open as he placed the red-hot poker between her virgin breasts and slowly, ever so slowly, pushed it back and forth between them as she squeezed them together until he reached the bursting point and flooded her up to her chin in white-hot cream, and she followed through and, whimpering in appreciation, scooped up the gooey remnants and brought them to her hungry mouth with her fingers.

Samson was brought out of his reverie by the referee's gun signalling the end of the game and the end of the football season. It was totally meaningless to him, and he had no more room in his mind for football, for incompetents who would never know the meaning of struggle and would go through the rest of their lives sleepwalking, thinking that everyone was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Samson said nothing to his team and did not follow them into the dressing room or make any effort to communicate with anyone at all, not even the team of reporters from the local minor league papers who were screaming at him to give them something that would mollify the fans and the local Chamber of Commerce. He was not interested in anything except retreating back into the world of fantasy he had entered when he mentally raped the breasts of the stacked blonde cheerleader — he needed to get his rocks off and he needed the release quickly, and he knew he would not find it at home that night or any other night.

Samson headed straight for the parking lot and for his car. He had no idea of where he was going, only that his destination was called Relief — relief from the agony of self-denial, from frustration, from the failures he had accumulated in his personal life and in his work. He needed escape and yearned to humble himself, to empty himself upon the breasts of a woman who would symbolize to him the figure of the forgiving mother. She would have to be a stern woman, however, not like the silly young girl who had infected his fantasy before. No, Knut Samson needed more than the dull amazement of an innocent virgin. He craved punishment at the hands of a woman who was both the all-accepting mother and the disciplinary father, who would make him expunge his guilt and the frustration of his failures through punishment, while at the same time would provide him with an avenue of relief from the swollen tension that had

him literally by the balls, and whose grip was growing tighter by the second.

He peeled out of the parking lot like a drunken teenager in his hotrod, and only turned on his headlights well after he had left the school and the playing field far behind. When he realized how dangerously he was driving, he calmed down a bit and headed for the freeway on-ramp that would lead him out of the suburbs, out of the sleepy, boring world of the fearful middle class, and down to the entertainment area of town, where strangers gathered with the tourists and the perverts in the red-lit nightclubs to hatch plots together to achieve bliss and satisfaction in devious and forbidden ways.

He pulled the powerful sedan up onto the freeway and headed for the left lane, and a calm came over him momentarily, for now he was faintly aware of what he was searching for: the forbidden, the actualization of the unattainable, the release of his sperm and the cooling of the fires that burned inside his mind. The mechanics of attaining fantasy in the flesh were unimportant to him. He knew that now he was being guided by forces that were far more powerful than the forces of self-discipline and confirmity that ruled his every motion and thought in his daily life. His direction was being determined by forces that had been repressed deep down into his soul, and he was both glad and fearful now that they had finally been brought to the surface and were exercising their own control of his actions.

In a state akin to unconsciousness, he drove on and on, and for seemingly no reason, he chose an off-ramp that he had rarely if ever used before, one that took him directly into the crowded center of the city's night-life, where it was reputed that muggers lurked in every alley, where the women who walked the streets were really men in female attire, where one could literally buy any form of sexuality known to man at the brothels and massage parlors that crowded against one another and brazenly advertised their wares with color photographs and lewd advertisements on their neon-lit marquees.

In a haze, Samson was guided to a parking place on a side street not more than a block from the main thoroughfare and its bright lights, and he bolted from the vehicle the moment it was at rest, not even bothering to lock the door. He stumbled up the street, turning the corner onto the wide and crowded main artery of the night-time Babylon that was this part of the city. Driven like an automaton, he made his way through the crowd of black pimps and their painted white whores, bumping into them, oblivious to the curses they hurled at him as he frantically made his way up the boulevard. Barkers and hawkers screeched in his ears, all promising him forbidden thrills — see the naked girls dance, see the live sex acts right before your very eyes, hurry, hurry, hurry, next show starts in two minutes!

Some mechanism deep within him had taken over, and now it had brought him to the very entrance of the arena of decision — to the doorway of the Babylon Massage Parlor.

He stood there in front of the red neon lights, staring blankly at the photos which advertised the "wares" for sale inside: pictures of young women, all of whom were possessed of magnificent, immense, swelling breasts, with huge, erect, throbbing nipples. Most were dressed only in panties and high heels, although a few wore more bizarre outfits of leather, rubber and lace, but all had the same unmistakable top-heaviness. They were what Samson was looking for, and now he had found them — he had only to enter and choose.

In a single, powerful movement, he burst in through the door and it shut quietly behind him. He was plunged into absolute and soothing silence. The interior of the waiting room was all in red. The walls were covered with red velvet, the floors with red plush carpets, and the lighting was provided by soft red bulbs hanging from an antique brass chandelier. It was absolutely still inside, completely insulated from the raucous hubub of the streets, and Samson was alone, as far as he could tell. It was pleasant to him. Peace of mind seemed to beam from the glowing walls and the bath of warm red light that touched everything in the room with a hazy phosphorescence.

"Babette is waiting for you, Mr. Samson," a soothing voice whispered in the startled coach's ear.

Knut Samson whirled around, looking for the source of the voice which had called his name, but the room was still empty as it had been when he entered. How did she know my name? What was going on? He spoke the questions aloud, but only a gentle laughter answered him.

"Why question those who live only to provide you with the pleasures you have craved for so very long? Look above your head, foolish man. That's right, where the lighting fixture meets the ceiling. We can see you and we speak to you through the intercom speaker. Is that satisfactory? Now, be a good boy and go to her, go to Babette, do not keep her waiting any longer."

The voice trailed off and Samson's eyes focused on the door at the far end of the room — a red enamel door with a golden handle. He trembled with anticipation and stepped forward, grabbing the handle and yanking it open. The interior of the chamber was barren and blue-lit. Two young girls, naked except for pale blue translucent togas, stood smiling and beckoning to him against the far wall. The young girls worked swiftly and silently, and soon their busy hands had the passive hulk of man completely stripped, except for his undershorts and his glasses. They lead him up to the golden handle of the door at the far end of the room and urged him to open it. He did.

He stepped into a world that was as pink as the others had been blue and red and there, sitting on the polished, mirrored surface of a cosmetic table at the center of the room, was the creature called Babette, the fantasy image of melonous feminine perfection that had been the magnetic attraction that drew Knut downtown.

He could feel the power that emanated from her, and although he felt no fear, tiny whimpers escaped his drying lips as he gazed into her coal-black, smiling eyes.

Her breasts were truly immense, fleshy globes without a trace of sag, capped with nipples at least two inches long. Below her breasts she wore a waist-cinching black vinyl corset which narrowed her drew in her tummy and made her jugs thrust forward and upward. Her legs were as firm and pink as the rest of her exposed flesh, and they were sheathed in black hose supported by garters attached to the corset. On her feet she wore sharp, spiked seven-inch heels.

In her left hand, she weilded a long, thin black whip, grasped in her leather-gloved fingers. The whip was the essence of her authority — she would control Samson's every move.

"Do as your will, Knut Samson." She spoke in a soft yet authoritative voice.

His organ was stiffer than it had been for years and was tenting his undershorts and straining against the fabric with such force that it caused him great discomfort. The head was swollen to obscene proportions, and copious quantities of precome fluid dribbled out of the slit and soaked through the material, staining it. The sight brought a smile to the haughty mouth of the observant Babette. As Samson stopped to press his lips to the nyloned thigh of the bounteous lovely, she laughed lightly and lowered the whip to rub the handle lightly over the bulge in his shorts, teasing and tormenting him.

He groaned and began to lick and suck at her sheathed legs, and she gently began to use the whip on his back, teasing him with it. The friction of the leather instrument against his skin was highly exciting for Samson. His erect organ popped out of the opening at the front of his shorts. Seeing this, the woman laughed again and began to stroke it lightly with the curve of her whip, all along the aching, sensitive underside of his turgid organ, using the length of the black weapon to explore the inside of his shorts and to lift and gently drop the swollen, tight sack

that remained within.

"Go to my breasts. Do no deny yourself," she urged him in a hoarse whisper. Moaning, he looked up to her face for approval and saw her smile. She rolled her tongue over her parted lips in a gesture of sensuality.

Samson cautiously moved his face to one of her pink nipples, and it seemed to flower before his sight, growing larger and more rigid as his steaming breath raked over its tenderness. He closed his eyes and took the bursting fruit between his lips. The contact of nipple flesh against his mouth was like an electric shock, and he swooned with delight and frenzy, sucking on the tumescent nub eagerly.

"Suck, my little man, suck for all you are worth. Suck me hard . . . make me feel it, too."

Knut sucked and tongued the teat harder and harder. The woman's moans now mingled with his own muted cries of pleasure. She brought her other gloved hand into play and began to squeeze and manipulate the massive breast that was imbedded in the man's furiously working jaws.

He felt the tip of the tit grow more as she squeezed it out of shape, and this drove him on. He attacked the nipple with a new rush of energy. Raising both his hands up from his sides, he brought them into action on the glossy surface of her other great globe. She dropped her whip to the table and grasped his leaking organ between her thumb and forefinger and began to pump its entire length in sympathetic rhythm to his own movements at her breasts.

Simultaneously, great jets of milk spurted into Knut's hungry mouth as his own limit was reached and gushes of cum boiled up from his sac and jettisoned out of the purple end of his cock, soaking the flying fingers of the moaning Babette and puddling on the floor at her feet. Knut gulped down the mother-fluid as fast as he could, yet some of it trickled out the corners of his mouth and over his chin.

Knut continued to suckle at her breast well after the flow had ceased from her slippery fountain and from his own now-withering hose. He continued to lap and suck, letting his head dip lower, covering her entire breast with his saliva, then dipping lower and licking the droplets off of her shiny corset, off her crotch strap, off the surface of her hosiery, and finally cleaning up her heels until they glistened in the pink heat of the room.

He no longer questioned the mystery of the evening. The pattern of events was reduced to a nonsensical fog in his joyous mind, and he did not even seek to rearrange the sequence of events in an attempt to discover some cause-and-effect relationship. Thoughts of the losing season, the hysteria of halftime, the frail fantasies that had tortured him earlier, the disquieting reveries over his past and his depressing relationship to his life and his marriage seemed paltry nuisances to him now as he groveled at the feet of perfection.

He did not question, for the first time in his life, the root of his pleasures. He did not stop to compare himself to the crowd and its petty standards of excellence and normality. In short, he had achieved happiness, and he refused to question its source. For however it had come about, it was well worth it, and Knut Samson knew that his would not be the last time he would drink from the fountain of good fortune. ■

RUBBER QUARTERLY
PREMIER INTERNATIONAL EDITION
will fit your needs

You'll feel the sensual texture and smell the distinctive odor of latex and rubber as you turn the pages of RUBBER QUARTERLY — a magazine devoted exclusively to the erotic possibilities of this versatile and very touchable material.

Expand your horizons. Stretch your mind. Get into RUBBER QUARTERLY and squeeze more pleasure out of your life.



ON SALE NOW ASK YOUR BOOK DEALER

TITS AFIRE!







































(Continued from page 24)

longer feels that the infant needs to be suckled, and so she begins weening it. Lacking the stimulus provided by suckling, all the glands that were responsible for the production and transportation of milk again begin to go dormant, although the breast and all the attendent glands could go on producing up to six months. After this, the breast again resumes its normal weight. The normal weight being about six ounces.

The breast disease most feared by women is cancer. But aside from this, there are few other diseases to which the breast is susceptible, primarily because it is mostly fatty tissue. Women do, however, often worry about the size of their breasts. There are few reputable surgeons who would be willing to make a silicone implant to increase breast size, because the operation is fraught with post-operative complications. A more feasible and safer operation now employed on women who are concerned over too small breasts is one where tissue from the woman's own body is implanted in the breast. Fatty tissue for this operation can be taken from the buttocks, thighs or abdomen.

Correcting unaesthetically large breasts involves the reverse of this operation. Fatty tissue is removed from the breast, the nipple is repositioned, and the breast is reshaped and then sewn into the proper place just over the fourth rib.

Cancer of the breast is a very serious danger and is perhaps the greatest cause of cancer death in women. Fortunately, if cancer of the breast is treated early enough, the chances of survival for the woman who is inflicted with this dread disease are greatly increased. Every woman should have a medical check for breast cancer at least once every



six months. But even still, every woman should take the precaution of self-examination in addition to medical examination. With practice, a woman can often become more astute at detecting lumps in her breast — a possible sign of cancer — than a trained physician. Lying down with a pillow under her left shoulder, she should apply pressure to her left breast with the finger of her right hand, covering the entire area of the breast. She should do the same with the right breast, a pillow under her right shoulder, and using the fingers of her left hand. It would be advisable for her to do this at least once a month. The best time for such an examination — because it is an easy time to remember, and because of the condition of the breast at this time — is several days after menstuation. It is also advisable to watch for any depressions in the breast. Cancer, because of its effects on other structures in the breast, can cause a slight hollowing. A movement of the nipple from its normal position is also a danger sign.

Detection of a lump should not necessarily be a cause for alarm. In two out of three cases, such a lump is benign. But because of that one chance in three that it might be malignant, she should consult a doctor immediately.

If cancer is detected early enough, there are several possible operations which offer a survival rate of at least five years in eighty-five percent of the cases.

When the woman goes through menopause — a condition commonly referred to as her "change of live" — the changes in her body that occurred during puberty are reversed. Some of the fatty deposits in the breast will deteriorate, but certainly not all. And the glandular structure will wither to the point where it is almost non-existent. In total, the breast will shrink.

Although our proclivity is to think of the breast as a beautiful adornment on the female body, it is much more than that. And although the breast seems to have lost its functional status — that of a vital tool in the perpetuation of the species — we have in the past few years witnessed a tremendous new interest in breast feeding. It seems to be part of the "return to nature" trend. Our only comment: There is no reason why a thing of beauty cannot also serve a vital human function. ■



PRICE


PICASSO
PICASSO
THEATRE