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THE BIGGEST BOOBS

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REPORT FROM FRENCH BEACHES
"BARE BREASTS WHEREVER YOU LOOK!"

THE LATEST RAGE: LOW-SLUNG BREASTS

THE NAKED SOUL OF MADELEINE BOISEAU

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THE BIGGEST BOOBS

VOLUME ONE **NUMBER ONE**

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EDITORIAL

In a recent issue of **Psychology Today,** a questionnaire was included to determine how important our bodies are to our attitudes and self-esteem. Sixty-two-thousand readers responded, and their answers were analyzed by social psychologists at the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Results of the questionnaire showed that many women are concerned with the bulgy appearance of their hips and upper thighs. Forty-nine percent of the gals said that they are dissatisfied with the shape and size of their fannies.

The battle of the bulge—specifically around the midsection—is a common problem to both men and women. Accordingly, fifty percent of the women sadly stated that they were too heavy around the waist.

Leg lovers of the world, don't despair: fifty-two percent of the surveyed females said that they are quite satisfied with the shape of their legs—and if they're satisfied, that must mean that they're pretty shapely.

Breasts offered the least amount of problems: men love them, and women apparently aren't dissatisfied with the ones they have. In fact, only a mere seventeen percent of the girls reported that they would like to change the size of their mammary glands.

For the man who appreciates the exquisite symmetry of a well-rounded female breast, we have gathered together a select group of beauties in this first edition of **The Biggest Boobs.** It's quite apparent that these luscious creatures are among the eighty-seven percent of the females who are quite pleased with what nature has endowed them.

WAY-OUT CITY

The exclusively female population of **Way-Out City** have two large things in common: They enjoy doing odd and unusual stunts, and they are absolutely crazy about males. In fact, many of the far-out escapades they participate in concern men. Just recently, the gals raided an all-male apartment building and staged a daring boxer-short raid!

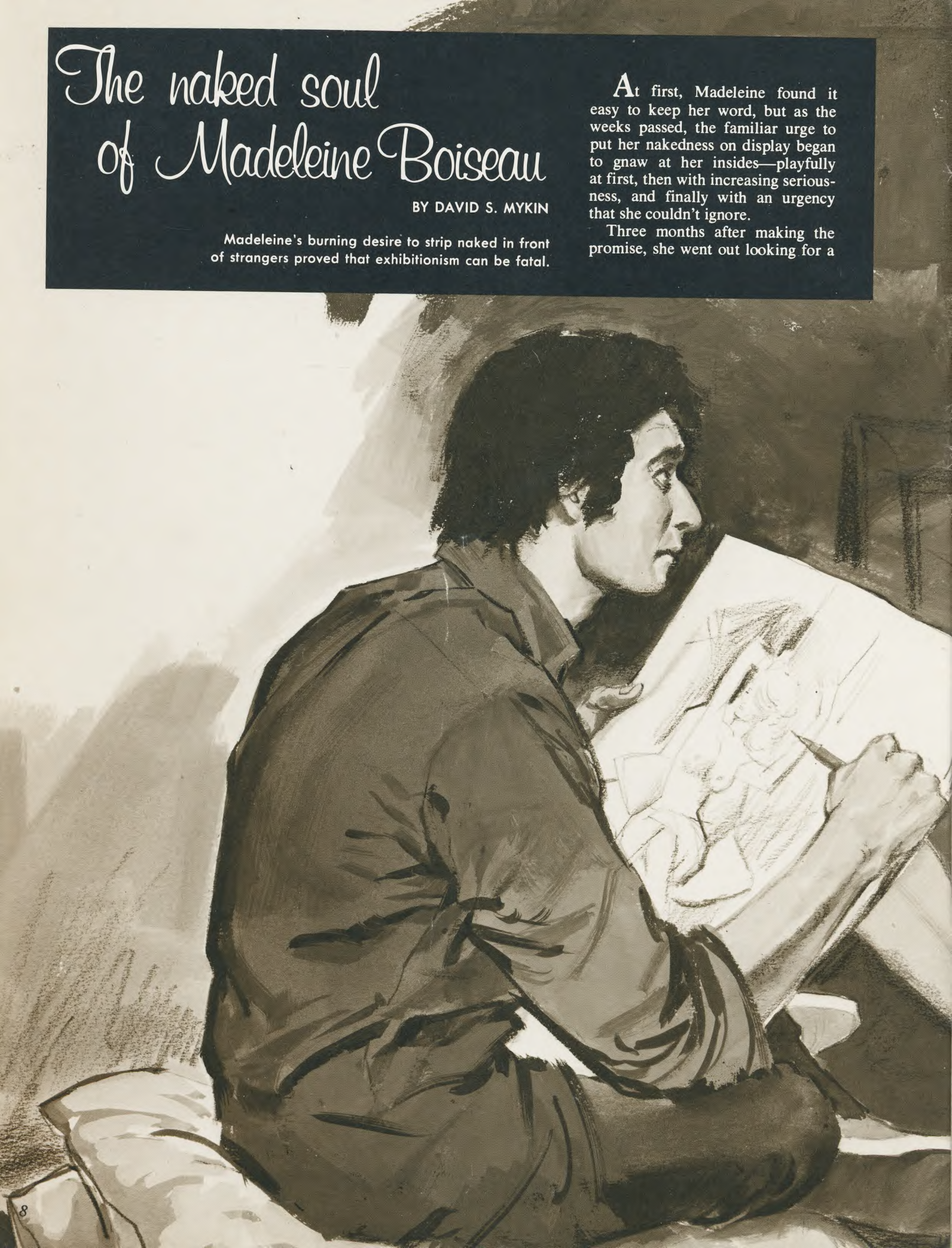
The naked soul of Madeleine Boiseau

BY DAVID S. MYKIN

Madeleine's burning desire to strip naked in front of strangers proved that exhibitionism can be fatal.

At first, Madeleine found it easy to keep her word, but as the weeks passed, the familiar urge to put her nakedness on display began to gnaw at her insides—playfully at first, then with increasing seriousness, and finally with an urgency that she couldn't ignore.

Three months after making the promise, she went out looking for a



A surge of triumph went through her as the gaunt Ponnier ravished her naked body with his eyes.

painter. It wasn't easy eluding the detective her justifiably suspicious husband had hired to follow her. Even with the promise of a huge tip, her taxicab driver couldn't lose the detective's cab. Nor did a sneaky trip to a friend's house and right out the back door dislodge the man who was tailing her. He clung to her tenaciously as she took a metro ride to the Palais Royal station.

Then, in a crowded department store, a break: Madeleine was the last to squeeze onto an elevator, and the detective, blocked from making a desperate lunge for the car by an enormously fat woman shopper, watched helplessly as the door closed on him.

A few minutes later, she was out of the store and headed for the artists' quarter where, in a grim little garret off the Rue de Seine, a cadaverous young artist named Pierre Tintignac did not have to be persuaded to paint her.

The public was always invited, *entree libre,* for an inspection of the oil paintings in the shabby Left Bank atelier, and yet a guest book —if the artist had been affluent enough to maintain one—would have recorded that a typical day's visitors were limited to the landlord demanding his rent, a family of crawling insects preparing to take up residence, a rat wondering if the studio were a continuation of the Paris sewers, and several painters, looking as crumpled as discarded tubes of gray pigment, who had come to argue the deficiencies of Degas or the corruptions of Corot.

And yet, wonder of wonders, not five minutes earlier on this day, an important-looking, expensively dressed man in his middle years had entered and was examining the canvases that lined the dank, mottled walls.

The artist watched with eyes that mirrored the emptiness in his belly as the gray-haired visitor coolly considered and rejected one painting after another.

Too quickly, the artist thought, trying to sweep his mind clear of the fluttering butterfly image of chateaubriand and Chateauneuf-du-Pape. *He's going too quickly. Pray God he isn't just browsing!*

But wait!

The man's eyes, which had been ranging over still lifes and portraits with the haughty haste of a gourmet passing the garbage dump, suddenly stopped when they reached the canvas of a beautiful woman, and there was no dislodging them as they engorged themselves on the satin flesh, the sensuous curves.

The artist smiled to himself. It was a Gallic smile that as much as said, "I should have known you would be interested in *that* one."

"Ah," the other man said finally, "here is beauty that sears . . . inflames . . . *impassions!* Never have I seen such loveliness as this." He moved in for a closer inspection of the glistening canvas.

"Careful," the artist warned. "It is still wet. I finished it only yesterday."

The man regarded the artist with narrowed eyes. "Tell me, who is this fantastic woman? Do you know her well? I would like very much to meet her."

"I am afraid that would not be possible, monsieur. I cannot tell you her name for, in truth, I do not know it. She came here one day recently and said she wished to model for me. I accepted her offer, as you can see, but still she would not give me her name. Since she demanded no money for her services, it is clear that she does not model in the nude for a living. With her, it is no more than a hobby."

"Did you attempt to make love to her?"

"Of course, but she would have none of it. Her reluctance had something to do with her husband. She intimated, after I finished painting her, that if he found out, it would be the end of me. Apparently he is consumed by jealousy, and—"

"And" was the painter's last word on earth, for the older man had reached into a pocket, and a moment later a blued-steel Richomme-Salvat pistol in his hand poured three life-ending slugs into the artist's chest.

After calmly pocketing the weapon, the man removed the nude painting from its frame. He rolled it, tucked it under his arm and left.

At the dinner table that night, Phillippe Boiseau, president of Boiseau *et companie*, steel fabricators, sipped his wine, then looked down the sweep of snow-white linen to his young wife, Madeleine. Fabricated with infinitely greater attention to detail than any woman her husband had ever known, Madeleine never failed to excite what was essential within him.

"Madeleine," he said quietly, "I visited Tintignac today."

Unperturbed, she took an answering sip of wine before replying, "Of course you killed him with one of the precious guns from your firearms collection."

"Of course. With the lovely little Richomme-Salvat. She had not spoken in more than 30 years, yet her voice was clear, sweet—and convincing. Tintignac was dead before his body acknowledged the fact by crumpling to the floor."

"The poor man."

"He joined—let me see—how many others have there been, my dear?"

"Seven, Philippe. And now the eighth. Eight artists have died as a result of your intolerable jealousy."

"Correction: They died as a result of *my* jealousy and *your* exhibitionistic tendencies. Without *both* of these elements, all eight of your daubers would still be among the living, would yet be infesting the Left Bank."

"I suppose that's true."

The maid entered from the kitchen, placed plates containing *coq au vin* in front of them, replenished their wine glasses and exited.

Philippe broke off a piece of bread and buttered it. "How deliciously ironic that I, a man capable of plumbing the very depths of jealousy, should find himself married to a woman with a compulsion for displaying herself before utter strangers."

"Providence is making sport of us," his wife said.

"Incidentally, Madeleine, you've been a real model of tranquillity since exposing yourself before the late Tintignac. As usual, the act seems to have liberated you from your tensions."

She took a small bite of food, tilting her head thoughtfully as she chewed. "I wonder which is stronger, Philippe, my exhibitionism or your jealousy. . . ."

"An absurd issue!" he sputtered, struggling to swallow a mouthful of food. Then, when he had succeeded, "My jealousy is so monumental that I could kill the man whose shadow falls in a place recently vacated by *your* shadow. I am resentful of the bath water that laps

familiarly about your loins. I envy the powder puff that comes into intimate contact with your body. I am even infuriated by your masseuse—one of your own sex!—whose nimble fingers bring pleasure to your satin flesh."

"With eight artists dead by your hand, one cannot be skeptical of your words."

The conversation was halted briefly as the maid came in, labored momentarily at the sideboard, then retired once more to the kitchen.

"Why is it always an *artist*?" Philippe demanded. "If you must expose yourself, why not before a stone mason . . . or a metro operator?"

"It wouldn't be the same. Whatever beauty I have cannot be appreciated by a stone mason. But an artist does not look merely at my body . . . he stares deeply, through my pores, to my very soul."

"Right down to your naked soul —is that it?"

"That's right—to my naked soul!" she exclaimed, ignoring his unmistakably sardonic intent. *"That* is actually what I wish to display. Perhaps if you allowed a painting of me to be exhibited in the galleries, it would serve to lessen my compulsion."

"Never! I will continue to burn them all. The world must content itself with paintings of lesser women."

"Why? Why must you go on killing the artists who paint me?"

Philippe's face reddened with anger. "I will share your nude image with no man! To be sure, an artist may be fortunate enough to glimpse the 'naked soul' you so ardently wish to display. But for him to do so signalizes his end."

"But how long can this slaughter go on? Sooner or later you will be discovered. And let me point out, the Left Bank is overridden with artists."

"It will continue as long as you unclothe yourself before any other man. Perhaps you will cease doing so only when inexorable time deprives you of your perfect symmetry. In which case, *I* shall be the winner, for I'm prepared to kill just as long as this arm can raise a gun. . . ."

"All those dead young men . . . so much blood . . . it is terrible. You must stop this killing, Philippe."

"Gladly. But again you must promise me—solemnly, this time —to stop posing for them."

She lowered her head in apparent surrender before replying. "All right. You have my solemn word."

Her "solemn word" lasted two months, 12 days and 18 hours. It ended the moment she divested her clothes in the studio of a weasel-faced artist named Roger Ponnier. A surge of triumph went through her as the gaunt Ponnier ravished her with his eyes.

It did not take long for Philippe to determine that his wife was exhibiting herself again. His response was immediate. His steel mills could run smoothly even without his guidance, so he took time off to visit painters' studios, tirelessly searching the artists' quarter from early morning until exhaustion finally drove him to seek rest.

After eight days of looking, he found the right one. He neatly put an end to Roger Ponnier's ambitions, as well as his life, with one clean shot from an exquisite little .30 caliber Barrault-Hockwalder.

That evening, just before bedtime, he stripped down to undershorts and carefully hung up his clothes. Then he looked into the bathroom, where Madeleine, naked, was just sitting down on the bidet to cleanse herself.

"Ah, you must let *me* do that, my lovely one," he said, coming over and taking the cloth from her. "You know how much this 47-year-old man enjoys washing his 25-year-old wife." He bent down, putting his face near her crotch and inhaling deeply. "No scent Chanel bottle is one-tenth as exciting as that of your female secretions." He closed his eyes and took another breath.

"Merci, Philippe," she said.

He turned on the bidet's faucets and, after adjusting the temperature to his satisfaction, he wet and soaped the cloth. Then, working with the tender strokes of a man who loves what he's doing, Philippe washed and massaged Madeleine's body.

Soon, his wife's hips came to life, moving almost imperceptibly at first, then more obviously as he stimulated her. Satisfied with the job he'd done, he dropped the cloth and began to splash rinse water on her pubic area.

She gasped. "Oh, Philippe, make love to me. . . ."

In bed, after making love, Madeleine's body nestled within the sheltering curve of his arm and leg, Philippe said, "Today I visited Ponnier."

"Oh, no! The poor boy was a bad artist, but how he loved to look at me! I could see it in his eyes. . . ."

"Which were no longer capable of seeing anything when I left him," he said.

"I beg of you, Philippe—kill no more! Someday. . . ."

"Someday *what,* my enchantingly beautiful wife? Are you perhaps thinking that someday you'll turn me in to the police for my crimes? Nonsense. Remember, *you* had a hand in the first murder."

"That one!" Nadeleine spat. "He was not satisfied merely to paint me —he had to put his accursed hands on me, had to besmirch my body. Yes, it's true that I smashed him with a poker, but it was you, after I summoned you, who strangled him with your bare hands."

"True. Yet you were an accessory . . . my *accomplice. N'est-ce pas, cherie?"*

"I suppose so."

"Well, no matter. I have a surprise for you. Starting tomorrow, you are to have a new 'friend.' A Madame Fronteau. She will be your companion—your *constant* companion. To keep you out of . . . mischief. Of course you understand the need for this. . . ."

Madeleine did not reply, for her mind was desperately grappling with all that had happened and all that seemed fated to happen. *Is there no way I can defeat him?* she thought. *Surely there is a method for ending the ruthless way he thwarts me! And the killing . . . once and for all, it must end! And yet . . . and yet . . . I must be allowed to show my body whenever and wherever I choose. I must . . . I must. . . .*

Mme. Fronteau was a powerfully built, middle-aged woman, of peasant stock, with a face that resembled the late President De Gaulle's. She wore drab clothes and a permanent scowl, and seldom had anything to say.

But she was intensely devoted to

(continued on page 50)

THE GONGS ARE ALL HERE

EVER SINCE THEY WERE "LITTLE" GIRLS, IT WAS QUITE APPARENT THAT THESE BEAUTIES WERE DESTINED TO BE UNMISTAKABLE STAND-OUTS!

"Bare Breasts Wh

REPORT FROM FRENCH BEACHES

Monokinis, like the one French actress Daphne Dayle *(left)* is wearing, are common on French beaches. Actress Katia Tchenco *(right)* confirms the belief that nakedness is basically natural, basically naughty and basically sexy all at the same time.

erever You Look!"

The topless look is common in Brazil, and legal as long as no one complains.

By Sue Varian

MEN ARE SWARMING TO FRENCH BEACHES. WHAT'S THE REASON? THE MONOKINI IS IN, AND LARGE RIPE BREASTS ARE BEING BARED FOR ALL TO SEE AND APPRECIATE.

Leave it to the French. While California swimsuit manufacturers were dreaming up new ways of covering boobs and bottoms, French designers came up with the "monokini."

The monokini is a bikini bottom, no more. Americans scoffed. What girl would buy a bikini bottom without a matching top? Surely such things were only wearable in the privacy of one's own backyard, not on crowded public beaches. Tourists didn't take heed either when news of the monokini broke. It sounded like another publicity scheme to lure hopeful girl-watchers to the increasingly expensive Riviera resorts.

However tourists who braved the dangers of devaluation and inflation to visit the south coast of France last summer enjoyed a surprise and a real treat: *topless girls everywhere!*

Saint-Tropez, the stylish resort made famous by Brigitte Bardot and still the haunt of "Beautiful People," was never more beautiful. For several summers now, girls there have been lowering their bikini tops while sunbathing face and bosom down. This last year, though, the girls of Saint-Tropez stopped burying their breasts in the sand. Clad in their monokinis, they swam, strolled the beaches and lounged by their hotel swimming pools. You'd see bare breasts wherever you looked, or almost. Breasts unbronzed by sun designated the arrival of a newcomer.

Plenty of the girls were French, but not all of them. Scandinavian beauties used to swimming in the raw and running to the sauna nude in chilly weather came to Saint-Tropez to show off their figures and bask in the warm Mediterranean sun. Trendy birds from London left the fog behind but came equipped with oils and lotions to protect their almost-perfect complexions. Graceful and petite Japanese girls who'd paid a high price for their tickets showed up, too, making a very pretty sight. Even a few fearless American girls blended into the display of bosoms.

No, I wasn't there, but male friends who were tell me the girls at Saint-Tropez are prettier than girls anywhere else, even in the other Cote-d'Azur resort towns. One thing is certain: they're the richest.

Rooms at the posh places such as the Hotel Byblos and The Pinede start at around a hundred dollars a day, and the smaller hotels aren't cheap either. Girl-watching is an expensive sport in that part of the world, and the girls who are there have paid a high price for the privilege of being watched.

The girl-watchers claim the exhibit of bare breasts was worth the money, and being on exhibit at Saint-Tropez, apparently, was well worth the price the girls had to pay. Going topless was a first-time occurrence for many of them.

Some even brought along regular bikinis, according to Michel Hyvers, of the Hotel Byblos. (His title at that establishment was translated as "vice manager" in the *Los Angeles Times,* although the pun was clearly not intended). Hyvers observed that the girls graduate to topless in stages. The first day they wear their bikinis and look around at the other girls, the second day they lower their bra straps, and usually by the third day they are bare from the navel on up.

Recently, *Oui* magazine called

emerging topless "The Experience," in describing what it was like for the girls who dared. The copy that accompanied their photo series says:

"They worry a lot about what it's going to feel like—The Experience, that is: just standing there dripping wet, the Mediterranean licking at their heels, and nothing between them and the pretended indifference of a thousand leering beachers, women and men alike, but a nugatory swatch of bikini bottom. The Experience, of course, is exactly, uncompromisingly, what they came here for: to see what it's like to have your body examined by strangers. To be judged. To be admired. To be turned into an object. To find out, once and for all, if nakedness is basically natural, basically healthy, basically naughty, or basically just plain sexy. . . .

"After all, breasts are exposed everywhere on the beach, and *whammo!* the new arrivals all get the same revelation at once: nakedness is basically natural, basically naughty, and basically sexy all at the same time. This is the education of the Saint-Tropez girl. . . ."

Oui goes on to recommend the Pampelonne beach for "leering," because "the breasts there are rounder, higher and riper." Also it is the most fashionable of beaches. If it's Brigitte Bardot you want to see, according to other sources, you'd best station yourself at the sidewalk cafe, Sénéquier. From your vantage point at Sénéquier last summer, you'd have seen the Burtons' yacht moored beside the one belonging to Jackie and Ari Onassis.

Girl-watchers who didn't make it to Saint-Tropez last summer but who did make it to France saw bare breasts popping out and up elsewhere. In fact, the topless fashion spread like an epidemic along the Mediterranean coast as far as the border of Monaco.

Girls who wanted to undergo "The Experience," and men who wanted to see it happen, had their choice of resort towns. Almost anywhere along the French Riviera became a suitable site for "The Experience."

There's something about the Riviera that makes it easy to, well, let's say "experiment," to try something one hasn't tried before. The bikini got its first foothold in the sandy beaches there when the rest of the world considered bikinis very naughty indeed. And once upon a time when the bikini was still new enough to be shocking to Americans, wearing one for the first time took some courage plus a bit of exhibitionistic desire.

I was an American student in France, vacationing on the Riviera between an exhaustive summer course in the French language and an arduous year studying other subjects, when I first bought and wore a bikini. It was scary. A shopkeeper answered my carefully worded French inquiries in English and pretended that it would be difficult to find one in my size, but I found a red one and walked out of the store wearing it.

I felt naked and naughty at first, especially since my English-speaking girlfriends were reluctant to follow my example. Yet I knew it was all right. It was healthy, it was sexy, it was fun, and since the French condoned the practice, it *had* to be civilized.

So I can imagine well how the girls on the Riviera felt last summer about taking the biggest step toward nudity since the bikini. Scared, yes, but happy once they'd done it, attracting all those admiring stares.

Last summer the topless rage in France inspired girls who were summering in Paris to take to the rooftops where they, too, could sunbathe bare-breasted. As you can well imagine, they weren't left undisturbed. Another reporter from *Oui* (who just happened to have a camera along) converged on a cosmopolitan group that included well-endowed girls from Morocco, Algeria and from as far away as Brazil, as well as some native French girls.

Exhibitionism, these girls made clear, wasn't the point, but they didn't flee from the camera.

"Sure, you can take pictures, if it won't be a big production," one of the girls said. "We're not here for that."

They also disclaimed being liberationists.

One offered the explanation that they were "ecologists," meaning, I suppose, that you make the best use of whatever nature exists where you are. This could include one's own physical attributes as well as the sun and the sky and the fresh air.

Another girl explained, "There's nothing special about sunbathing topless in the city. Wearing a flimsy top is more indecent. The breasts are just parts of the body, like hands and feet. Why should we hide them from the sun? One day, pretty soon, people will start to feel free about their bodies, and the old hypocrisy and sadness about sex will finally go away. We just don't care. We really don't want to talk about it . . . it's just not our problem."

Nubile girls in topless suits, at last report, were also seen lounging on boats in the Seine and around Paris swimming pools.

Meanwhile, along the Riviera girls took to the rooftops, too, where they could strip off their monokinis. Or, they could sun themselves nude with a male companion, who might have felt the beaches discriminated against men who like to sunbathe in less than the usual swimming gear.

In some of the secluded inland coves, too, monokinis and bathing trunks were cast aside. One thing, after all, leads to another. Full-blown nudity just might be the next step.

Of course, the French have had

their offshore nudist resort, the Ile du Levant, for decades now. It's not a nudist colony in the sense that you have to pay membership fees and have your credentials screened before you can debark for its quiet shores in the Mediterranean. Nobody—not even people who want to keep their clothes on—is kept out, and unlike many nudist gathering spots, the Ile du Levant has lots of young, beautiful and busty girls, they tell me.

The only rule at Ile du Levant pertains to *"le minimum,"* which one must wear for trips to town or dances or fancy dinners. *"Le minimum"* is no more than a monokini.

It will be a shame if international monetary fluctuations rule out French vacations for Americans who missed the fun last year. It will probably be a while before topless swimwear becomes standard along the beaches of the Atlantic and the Pacific here, except at well-hidden spots only a few folks can find. Going topless in public places in the United States can lead to arrest.

Theoretically, the same is true in France. The Republic has its Penal Code 330 against "offending public modesty," which allows for sentences ranging from two weeks to two years, but the French don't take the Penal Code any more seriously than they take their traffic laws.

The French have made a start, all right, and it's almost certain that next summer will provide an even better display of toplessness, from Paris to Juan-les-Pins. (Juan-les-Pins is a less expensive resort town in the South of France, and one where you can meet real French girls, too). By next summer, perhaps even more of the monokinis will be coming off.

But let's take things one step at a time. I wouldn't blame you if you went right out and made your reservations for a Riviera vacation now, but why don't you broadcast the news about the monokini to girls you know? It's French and highly fashionable, and even if it's illegal in public, it's perfectly OK for backyard pools, private sundecks and offshore boat trips. American women deserve a chance at "The experience" of appearing topless. Some might even find it "liberating" in one sense of the word or another, and if you can find the right place with the right amount of privacy, you're sure to enjoy "The Experience" from *your* point of view. If you can't get yourself to France, help get the monokini to America!

●●●

Actress Lois Doyle bared her nicely shaped breasts in the film *The Naked Zoo*. The style monokini she wore is common on French beaches.

THE HEAVY TIPPERS

To pay for their university tuition, many attractive-looking coeds seek employment as cocktail waitresses. It's true that their salaries are meager, but they make up for it, thanks to their substantial tips!

AFFAIR WITH A KILLER'S SISTER

BY MARC SHORES

His entire family wiped out, Thomas had nothing to live for except to seek revenge on his kid sister's murderer. But then unexpected lust stepped in.

As a proud eighteen-year-old Southerner, Thomas Alva Sherman had left his family home in Charleston, South Carolina, to join the Army of the Confederacy. That was in April of 1861, just three days after the guns at Fort Sumter had sounded the first engagement of that bloody war.

Assuming that the war would end victoriously for the South within a very short time, because the North was a land peopled by shopkeepers and factory workers, and would thus be hard put to field an army remotely as well trained to fight as those glorious men in gray, Thomas had happily donned a uniform and shouldered a rifle to fight the battle of the just. He had left with a light heart and a head filled with thoughts of glory.

For four long years thereafter, he managed to preserve his sanity by remembering Charleston as he had left it. Though all of the death and suffering, he recalled the live oak trees festooned with Spanish moss, the magnolia gardens and stately cypress trees, the magnificent harbor with square-riggers resting at anchor. Above all, he remembered his mother, his father and his two beautiful sisters.

Now, exactly four years to the month after he had gone to war, he was returning. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox one week before. Thomas was twenty-two years old, discouraged and very tired. Union soldiers were going home at federal expense with mustering-out pay in their pockets. Thomas had nothing of the sort. He had made his way home by walking and begging.

Charleston was now a city of ruins. The Union guns had reduced the city to desolation, gutted houses

"It's been a long time since I enjoyed a man's favor," she said, "and you kindled something in me the minute I saw you."

void of people, widowed women with vacant expressions, weed-choked gardens, grass-grown streets and rotting wharves. But much worse, it had cost Thomas his family!

His mother had died of dysentery. His father had been struck down by stray mortar fire rained down upon the city by one of the many Union ships blockading the harbor. His oldest sister had died giving birth to a child conceived out of wedlock with a handsome Georgia cavalryman who stayed in Charleston just long enough to seduce the pretty, innocent belle. His youngest sister had been murdered!

Thomas had returned home to this. Even his family house and land had been taken by carpetbaggers for taxes. Heartsick, he visited those few family friends still living in Charleston and tried to learn how his young sister had died. Hesitantly, his old friends told him that she had been left alone in the great Sherman mansion after the deaths of her mother, father and sister.

A man named Allen had offered to help. He was a traveling salesman, a drummer who worked out of Buffalo, New York. Apparently, he had wormed his way into the frightened and lonely girl's confidence. Then, one night shortly thereafter, when she resisted his advances, he had forced himself upon her, gripping her by the throat with such force that he strangled her while completing his rape. Her body was found beneath one of the live oaks in the backyard that following morning. By then, the drummer had left for parts unknown.

Thomas listened as the story was retold to him. So embittered was he by the conclusion of the war, so disillusioned was he at his sad return to Charleston, that he actually thought he might be losing his sanity. It seemed as if everything was just a terrible nightmare, an ugly passing of time within his brain that he hoped would end abruptly to leave him as innocent and lighthearted as he had been that sunny day he had left to join the Army of Gray.

For four days, he sat at the rotted edge of a wharf and stared at the waters of the harbor. Those who watched him, and saw to it that he was given food and drink during his long and sleepless vigil, agreed that he was trying to find a reason for living. It was as if those murky waters were—to him—a magic crystal ball within which he would find some semblance of a future amidst the ashes of the present.

One thing remained constant within his thoughts, and that was the growing conviction that he could not let his sister's murderer go unpunished. There was nothing he could do to help his family; nor was there anything he could attempt that might legally return his family mansion and lands to him. As far as Thomas was concerned, vengeance was all that he had left!

"What could I do, mother? After he paid me, I couldn't turn him down!"

Within a month, he had made his way to Buffalo, New York. Here he learned of a man named Lucas Allen, who had travelled throughout the South selling the wares of a prominent coppersmith. Discouragingly, he also learned that Allen had returned to Buffalo a year or so before, packed his few belongings, and left hurriedly for parts unknown.

If nothing else, Thomas knew then that he was on the trail of the right man. Being destitute, however, he found it necessary to take temporary employment in a shoe factory at the outskirts of Buffalo. For the next three years, he worked six days a week, ten hours a day, at the factory. He saved every available penny, and on Sundays, he went from one place to another trying to dig up information about Lucas Allen.

His patience was finally rewarded. Quite by accident, he met a man who had worked for the coppersmith Allen had represented as a salesman. Over several mugs of stout ale, he learned that Allen supposedly had a sister living with distant relatives on a farm just outside Boonville, Kentucky. Thomas packed his few belongings and left for Boonville the very next day.

The name of the family Allen's sister was supposedly living with was Cox. Thomas reached Boonville by train and wagon within two weeks. A day later, he was standing on the screened front porch of the Cox farm.

"I'm looking for a young woman

named Allen," he said. "I was told, sir, that she might be here."

The man who had greeted him was a barrel-chested giant with a ruddy face and puffed, suspicious eyes. "Who are you? And what do you want with Susan?" he asked.

"My name is Thomas Sherman and my sister was a friend of Susan's brother," Thomas answered, altering the truth only slightly, and already pleased to have learned the girl's name. "I was passing through this way and a friend told me that I might find her here."

"You're a little late," the farmer answered. "She left for Richmond four weeks ago."

"Richmond, Virginia?"

"No. Richmond, Texas."

Thomas cleared his throat. "Ummm, why—?" he asked.

"That's none of your business, boy!" the farmer interrupted, and then he slammed the door in Thomas's face.

Thomas left the Cox farm and spent the next three weeks hiking to Lexington. He was broke again, so he took a job washing dishes at a hotel restaurant by day and worked as a desk clerk at the same hotel by night. The one thing that kept him reasonably healthy was the fact that not too many people stopped by the hotel after midnight. Because of that, Thomas was able to catch a few hours' sleep while sitting behind the desk.

Another year passed, and then another. Finally, Thomas was able to put up the necessary cash for a train ticket to Houston, Texas. From Houston, it was less than two days' walk to Richmond. Thus, five years and eleven weeks from the day he had left Charleston, Thomas reached what would be the last leg of his journey!

He entered Richmond a stranger, but those who lived in the small community on the shores of the Brazos River recognized his Southern accent and accepted him as one of their own. The state of Texas had just been readmitted to the Union, but there were still those who revered the war and looked with special favor upon the young men who fought on the side of the Gray. Thomas was offered a job as a teller in a bank owned by a prominent townsman who had lost both sons in the war.

Within a month, he learned of the whereabouts of Susan Allen. A recent acquaintance mentioned that he saw a pretty girl working on a small farm less than two miles out of Richmond.

"She said her name was Susan," he told Thomas over whiskey on a weekday evening. "Far as I know, you and her are the only newcomers to Richmond since the war ended."

On Sunday of that same week, Thomas rented a horse and buggy and journeyed to the farm his acquaintance had directed him to. He didn't know whether or not this really was the sister of the man who had murdered his sister, but he nevertheless carried a .44 single-action Colt tucked at his side. If Lucas Allen was on this homestead, it was Thomas's plan to kill him the moment he laid eyes upon him!

An attractive girl in her middle twenties answered Thomas's knock upon the door. She was wearing a faded cotton gingham dress with a bodice stretched tight against the full curves of her enormous breasts. Her buckwheat-colored hair was swept up off her delicate neck and tied atop her head with a small velvet bow.

"Yes?" she said, smiling warmly at Thomas. "What can I do for you?"

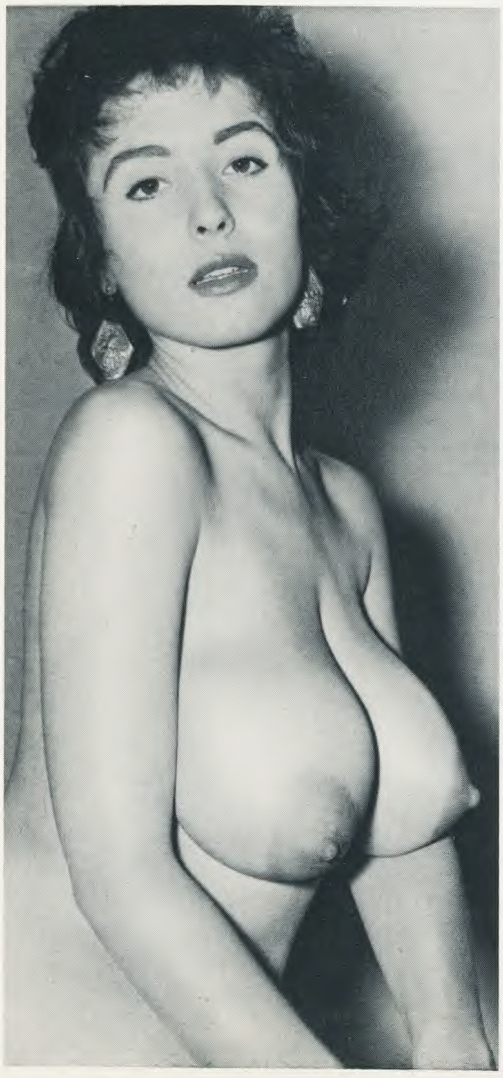
Thomas's heart began beating wildly. At last, he had located a direct link to his sister's murderer.

(continued on page 49)

"The fact that it doesn't interfere with your duties is beside the point, Miss Kelsey!"

MOUNTAIN MAMAS

Mountain living does wonders for the lungs, as shown by these gals.



Angel Tomkins considers herself a liberated woman even though she does wear a brassiere.

THE BIG NEWS

By Reginald Whitecastle

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Linda Lovelace? Well, maybe not, but a lot of people have been confusing Lorna Luft with Linda Lovelace, the star of the film *Deep Throat.*

Miss Luft is one of Judy Garland's daughters. She is presently performing in nightclubs, and is being received favorably. She is striving for the "girl-next-door" image. That's why she's distressed when people approach her and say, "I just loved you in *Deep Throat.*"

In an interview, Lorna said, "I have nothing against Linda—for all I know, she is a sweet person. But —well, let's say I don't think it will do either of our careers any good to be mistaken for each other."

At any rate, the girls have one thing in common—they both use their throats—Lorna for singing, and Linda for . . . !

TYPICAL HOUSEWIFE?

Angel Tomkins, who appeared in three general release films, *(I Love My Wife,* with Elliott Gould; *Prime Cut,* with Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman; and her most recent film, *The Don Is Dead),* recently stated, "I'm a liberated woman even though I do wear a brassiere. I was miserable being tied down as a housewife."

Since she left the world of diapers and dishes, she said, "I certainly believe in living with someone and putting it all together before two people get married. But, quite honestly, I'm not interested in permanency anymore."

She went on to say, "I'm not against having a child out of wedlock, either—as long as I know I'm financially capable of providing for that child and can take care of it."

She said, "I approve of horny men. I also approve of horny women, and one good thing deserves another."

If more housewives looked and acted like Angel, being a door-to-door salesman wouldn't be such a dull job!

KEEP ON TALKIN'

Dynamic actress Jane Fonda appeared before the Los Angeles City Council, which was considering whether to censure her for making critical statements about returning American POWs.

The council refused to even consider censure, and this led to an angry confrontation between organized veterans and anti-war activists.

The council, by a nine to three vote, sustained a ruling by council president John S. Gibson Jr. that "the notion violated Council Rule 67, which bans council consideration of resolutions not affecting city business."

With the Watergate scandal in mind, Miss Fonda said, "It is very important that our elected officials are ready and willing to stand up for democratic rights."

ROCK 'NUN ROLL

One of the most unusual rock groups around is led by Sister Ruth Sheehan. The fifty-seven-year-old nun is of the Sacred Heart order. She is also a music therapist at St. Vincent's Hospital in St. Louis.

The new group, the Brinridge Connection, was organized to work with troubled adolescents, including alcoholics, drug addicts and the retarded.

Sister Sheehan said, "Teen music is rock. I learned it in order to reach them."

She beats out the rhythm on the drums. The rest of the group is made up of young patients from the hospital.

And the beat goes on!

PASS THE RICE

Actress Shirley MacLaine recently toured the People's Republic of China with a group of American women.

She told Los Angeles newsmen that she was impressed by what she saw, but added that she couldn't spend more than a year there if forced to. She discovered that Chinese and American women are living in "two different worlds."

She said, "Whereas the woman's role in this country centers more around their attitudes about sex, marriage, children, being used and exploitation, the role of women in China centers almost entirely around political organizations."

We wonder who's doing her laundry now!

SKI BUM

If you happen to visit Hollywood this winter, don't expect to see Jill St. John. She is giving up all the glitter and excitement of Hollywood for the simple life in Aspen, Colorado.

"I've always loved it in Aspen," she said. "And Hollywood is so awful. Everyone seems to have a problem." She went on, "I'm up to here with girlfriends crying on my shoulder and telling me their worries. In Aspen, I have no worries. My life is pure joy. Nobody, but nobody, will be able to get me off those ski slopes during the winter."

The thirty-three-year-old actress will work only in the summer because, as she said, "Of course it's important to have some money, but you usually need a lot less than you think."

She plans on getting rid of a lot of material things and just keeping the essentials.

Wherever she goes, her "essentials" are always in great shape!

BORED SILLY

People are always complaining about their boring jobs. Well, according to a survey conducted by the Institute for Policy Studies at Harvard University, some workers have just cause to gripe.

The following were found to be the ten most boring jobs in the world: assembly-line worker, operator of a self-service elevator, pool typist, bank guard, copying machine worker, keypunch operator, highway toll collector, car watcher in a tunnel, file clerk and housewife.

Perhaps they overlooked the most boring job—conducting surveys!

KEEP THE CHANGE

Cecil Gajadha is high society's favorite doorman. He works in Palm Beach, Florida, and after many years he's become an expert on categorizing tippers.

He claims that "movie stars and foreign dignitaries are the cheapest tippers in the world." Among the worst offenders, according to Gajadha, are Liberace, Burt Reynolds and King Hussein of Jordan.

For twenty-one years, he has worked at exclusive nightspots in the jet-set's winter playground of Palm Beach. He is never one to break rules or make exceptions. Over the years he has turned away such prominent people as the late Robert F. Kennedy, the late Dan Blocker of TVs *Bonanza* and Zsa Zsa Gabor—all for improper dress.

The night he'll never forget was when Bruce Norris, owner of the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, handed him $1,500 in cash. On another occasion, Norris presented him with a $1,000 Brahma bull—and *that's no bull!*

YOUNG AT HEART

Twenty-five-year-old actress Roberta Collins has lots of things going for her. She is young, attractive, talented and has a very special boyfriend—his name is Glenn Ford.

The popular actor is thirty-two years her senior, but he recently said, "Bobbie's really very dear to me. She's a good, good friend . . . a perfect companion."

The shy, handsome actor and Miss Collins have been dating for two years, ever since they met at a party.

When asked about their age difference, Roberta replied, "I find I have a lot in common with Glenn. Since he's older, I feel a lot more comfortable with him. I feel protected."

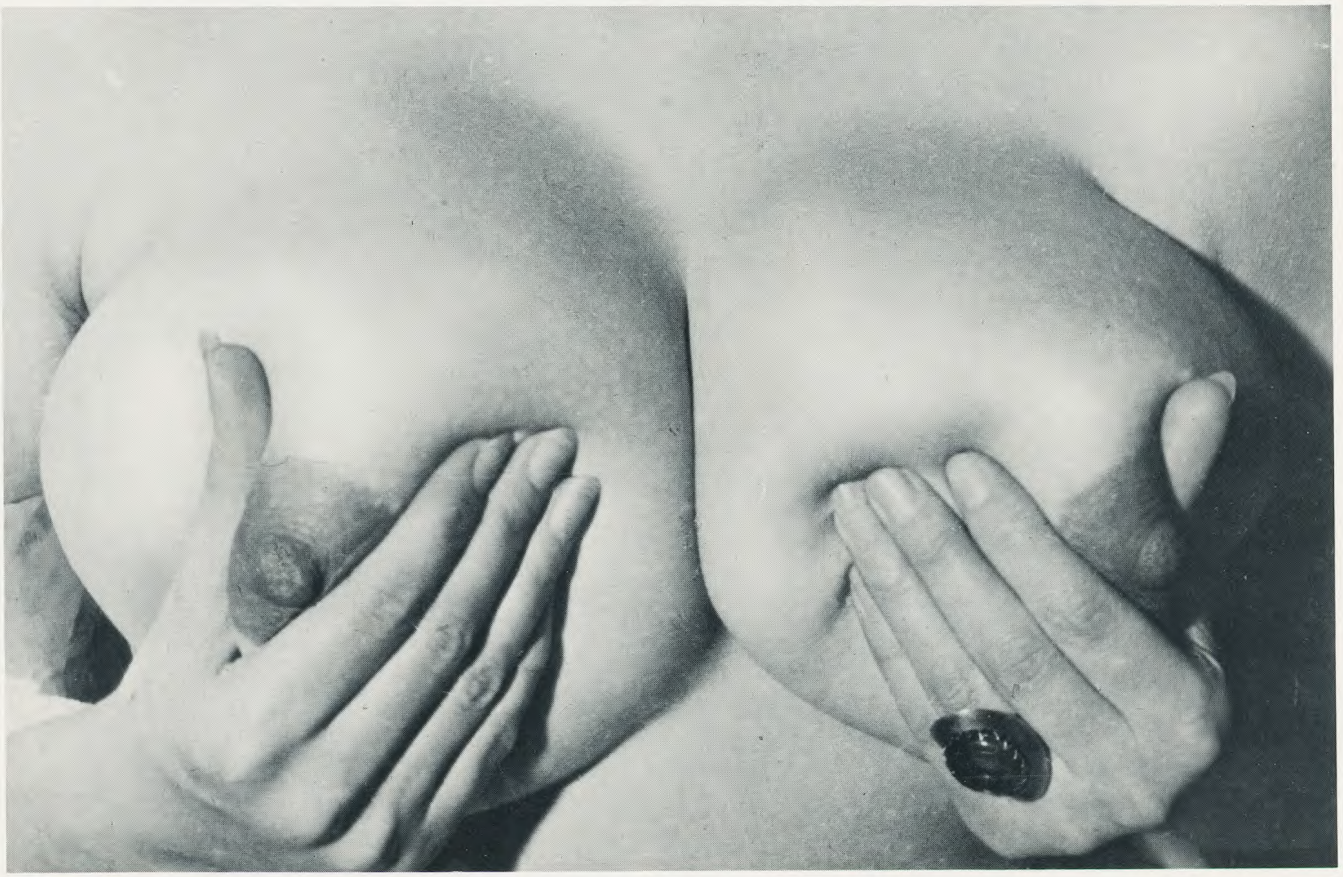
Asked what she would do if Glenn proposed to her, she said, "That would be something I would seriously consider."

It all goes to prove that you're never too young—or old! ●●●

Jill St. John prefers a simple life in Aspen, Colorado, over the excitement of Hollywood.

38-D AND BEYOND

Remember the weird television shows, *One Step Beyond, Twilight Zone, Outer Limits* and *Way-Out*? Well, there's soon to be another "strange" show on the air. It will star the well-endowed gals assembled here. For quite obvious reasons, the producers of the show named it *38-D And Beyond!*



THE LATEST RAGE: Low-slung breasts

BY JAMES HANSON

Maria Schneider, with Marlon Brando, has breasts that are "worn insolently."

Lovers of big-breasted women are having a field day, thanks to the newest bosom fashions—braless, low-slung breasts that flop about and shake like jelly!

"When we were all bouncing our tits, big and small, around the public streets, peeping at the world with our nipples, we knew the men from the boys at once because they could take it," or so says that saucy Aussie of the libbers, Germaine Greer.

She continues with her typical candor, describing men's favorable reactions: "Their eyes did not glue themselves to our fronts or swivel away guiltily, their hands did not fumble toward or pussyfoot away. The puppy-noses of our breasts rubbed against their arms in pride and security. The men dug the real thing. . . ."

Following quickly on the tail of her diatribe against panties comes this latest proclamation against bras or "tit-bags" as she calls them. Her reasoning is fully as much in the interests of genuine eroticism as it is in the interests of women's liberation.

It's difficult to disagree with Miss Greer when she says, "The real tit is so much more interesting than the shape fashion decrees. . . ."

And her catalogue of the fascinating variety of feminine breasts challenges a man to try to think of more ways to describe breasts. "The reality," she says "can be highly developed or exuberant, full, moderate, small, slight, or fat, *en globe* or

globular, conical, *en pomme* or apple-shaped, pyriform or pear-shaped, *a tete de brioche, en galette,* bowl-shaped, hemispherical, elongated . . . that's a game you can continue for yourself."

It's Miss Greer's contention that the fashion dictators are trying to put breasts back into bras after letting them fall freely for several years. Despite her knowledge of French jargon for breasts, however, she hasn't been keeping up with the latest words from Paris on that very subject.

The newest bosom fashions, according to the French magazine *Elle,* are low-slung breasts without the benefit or constrictions of bras. The reason, with which Miss Greer would be sure to agree, is that low, loose breasts are more natural, more authentic—in short, they're *the real thing.*

Or, as *Oui* magazine interprets this breakthrough in bosoms for American male readers, "When they're heavy and quivering like jelly, they're supposed to be a helluva lot more *disturbing*—the word the French use when they mean exciting to males—than when firmed up by artificial means."

In an impressive photo series, *Elle* began with a shot of the once-famous model Renée Perle, who posed for photographer Jacques Henri Lartigue circa 1930. Wearing what looks like an ancestor of the tanker top, Renée let gravity take its course with her heavy bosom. Her closely cropped hair and innocent smile betray her as a creature of an era now past. Meanwhile her bespangled hand with its long, darkly painted nails conveys provocation rarely seen in fashion photos today. Her hand is trying to clutch one of her breasts. It can't, of course, because she's got more than a handful.

Also in *Elle*'s photo display are some contemporary figures exhibiting varying shapes of the low-slung bosom. There's Queen Elizabeth II of England, no less, who is praised for her "regal breasts," but chided for not showing them off to advantage. Her Royal Highness avoids deep decolletage, probably out of discretion. Such are the disadvantages of being a reigning monarch in a time when monarchs must uphold something or other.

One must admit that the women of Britain's royal family are remarkably well-endowed in their bosoms, each in her own way. Princess Margaret is petite, but anything but small in the bust. Princess Anne is tall and graceful and beautifully proportioned.

Some time ago in Africa, women were chosen to reign over important ceremonies because of the appealing shape of their breasts. Could it be that the House of Windsor used a similar process of selection?

Elle pictures Liza Minnelli in one of her "tart look" costumes straight out of *Cabaret,* and describes her breasts as "eccentric." Liza's dress, loose fitting with a see-through midriff, is low cut under the arms and shoulders rather than in the neck. Liza has large breasts which wiggle and bounce and go every which way, which undoubtedly accounts for their "eccentricity." The real mystery, though, is why they never pop out of her scanty bodices.

The best way to present low-slung breasts, according to the French fashion decree, is in V-necked T-shirts or other garb with Vs plunging to the waist and beyond. "V stands for Victory, doesn't it?" notes *Elle.*

Among the "victorious" is Viennese-born actress Romy Schneider, pictured in V-necked transparent black which could either be a nightgown or a ball dress. Romy's breasts are billed as "suggestive."

A veteran in the arena of acting (she made her stage debut at 15), Romy Schneider has done more than merely suggest the nature of her mammary attributes in films with such outstanding directors as Renais and Fellini. In *10:30 P.M. Summer,* she and Melina Mercouri dueled for the affections of the same man, but made peace together cozily sharing a shower. She appeared in more blatantly nude scenes in *Boccaccio '70* as the cheated wife who takes vengeance on her husband by charging him each time he makes love to her.

Dominique Sanda merits *Elle*'s accolades for "sincere" breasts. Shown in a yellow T-shirt that clings rather than plunges, Dominique shows off her petite but shapely breasts with pride.

She displayed them entirely bare, if you remember, in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,* in which her admirer spies through a window as she allows a soldier to seduce her. In *The Conformist,* she indulged in sapphic lovemaking with another sincere-breasted actress, Stefania Sandrelli.

One sees still more of her in *Impossible Object,* in which she plays the French mistress of an English writer. The "impossible object" unsuccessfully sought is love, which is pursued through the writer's surrealistic erotic fantasies peopled with beautiful women, Dominique Sanda and French dancer Christine Ferry among them. Christine Ferry's breasts are also sincerely low-slung.

Nobody complains about Dominique Sanda's smallish breasts because her face—on screen, at least—is one of the most spectacular ones since Greta Garbo's. In fact, she is often compared to the great Garbo. (Dominique herself says it's because of her low eyebrows, but she's forgetting that Garbo appeared with low, flattened-out breasts.)

Arthur Knight and Hollis Al-

In *Bluebeard,* Richard Burton gets to view Marilu Tolo's "plunging breasts."

Liza Minnelli has large breasts which wiggle and bounce in all directions.

pert, historians of cinema, describe Dominique Sanda as ". . . blonde, cool-eyed, smoldering. . . ." They go on to say that she "seems to radiate that ineffable aura that marks the superstar."

Writer William H. Manville told the very envious readers of *Cosmo,* "When you put Dominique Sanda's face within the frame of a film screen, you understand what 'photogenic' means. She looks—in the truest sense of the word—*fabulous* . . . like some fabled creature of more than human beauty."

Producer John Kohn says, "She's the hottest girl in movies today. She's sensational."

And Christian Marquand, actor, friend of Vadim and father of Dominique's out-of-wedlock child, calls her an "angel of madness."

Dominique Sanda, they all agree, is more than breasts.

Elle mentions Maria Schneider, star of *Last Tango in Paris,* as having breasts that are "worn insolently." Maria's breasts, spectacularly large for the rest of her, swing bulbously during several scenes of *Last Tango*. *Elle* also cautions its readers to ignore Brando's unkind, off-screen remark about the shape of his co-star's boobs. Brando compared them to soccer balls.

Maria herself really knows how to deal a blow, quite literally, below the belt. When accused of intimate involvement offstage with Brando, she replied, "I never felt any sexual attraction for him, though my friends all told me I should. But he's almost 50, you know, and . . ." gesturing toward her torso to indicate a cutoff at the waist, ". . . he's only beautiful to here."

Amazingly, Dominique Sanda, who'd worked with *Last Tango*'s director Bertolucci in the brutal and erotic film, *The Conformist,* was considered for Maria's role in *Last Tango*. French actor Jean-Louis Trintignant was considered for Brando's part. A far different tango it would have been.

Bertolucci finally chose Maria Schneider for the film because she impressed him as "a Lolita, but more perverse." Also, when he asked her to strip for a screen test, she didn't get uptight. In fact, she became all the more natural.

Time described her as "France's sensual, baby-faced Maria Schneider, 20, whose blithely amoral charm perfectly expresses the contemporary *vie de bohème.*"

All that people say about her is true. She is the illegitimate child of a French actor; she has loved men *and* women; she has lived in communes; she frequents the discotheques. She's a veritable Paris waif who dabbled in modeling and painting and a little acting before landing a lead in a film that's been called a "landmark in movie history" opposite one of the world's greatest actors. And she's not impressed, not with Brando, nor with her own success.

The word "insolent" which *Elle* uses to describe Maria's bosom also describes Maria herself rather well. *Time* called her "insouciant." That fits, too.

Elle shows some lesser-known lovely ladies to demonstrate still different displays of the low-hanging bosom. One is Sydne Rome, with lush, light brown hair and a mannequin's slimness. Her neckline plunges way beyond her delicate cleavage. Her dress, gossamer-thin purple, has the effect of scarves simply draped over the nipples to tease and tantalize. "Worn naturally" is *Elle*'s comment. What's startling, though, is the sweet wholesomeness of Sydne's face contrasted with the outrageous daring of her deep, deep V.

"Plunging breasts," are aptly attributed to Marilu Tolo, who is exotically voluptuous in a black, V-necked dress with spaghetti-thin straps to make it look like a slip. Her hair, also black, is pulled away from her exquisitely featured, pensive face. Her expression is at once mysterious and enticing. Still more enticing is the ultra-deep cleavage which leaves no uncertainty as to the size of the breasts hidden under her dress.

Since there are probably more girls who sag than who don't, letting breasts swing low will probably be a popular fashion. All it takes is getting rid of bras. It's good news, too, that the upper echelons of the French fashion world have awakened to the fact that big breasts exist and are worth emphasizing. This may be because more men who like women and more women themselves are entering the arena of fashion dictators.

Nevertheless, there's a certain discrimination in proclaiming that a certain shape of breast, currently the pendulous contour, whether large or small, is preferable to other shapes. If a girl is lucky enough to have natural uplift without hitching up her breasts in a bra, why shouldn't she, too, display what she's got in all its authenticity? And what about girls with youthful development who haven't yet started to sag?

When the fashion people decree a change of feminine shape, they've usually got something up their sleeves, so to speak, something they'd like to be selling. Let's hope for the sake of everybody that there won't be a new design in bras that flatten the upper parts of the breasts and create a saggy look. Don't think it couldn't happen. It did, back in the once-called "gay" '20s. Breasts were literally submerged in harnesses.

What ought to happen to bosoms is complete nonconformity that allows for the infinite variety of feminine breasts to come forward or swing or dangle in whatever way is most natural. Some breasts will be prettier than others, to be sure, but why should women have to be phony about their bosoms? And why should men put up with phoniness?

"Breasts are as individual as faces," says Germaine Greer, who seems to have recently discovered what breast-lovers everywhere knew all along. ●●●

Their Samples Are Ample

THESE SHAPELY LASSES ARE REPRESENTATIVES FOR A LARGE POOL COMPANY. THEY MAKE FREQUENT HOUSE CALLS TO PROSPECTIVE BUYERS, AND TO GET IN THE "SWIM" OF THINGS, THEY USUALLY SHOW UP WEARING TINY SWIMSUITS!

(continued from page 29)

"Are you Miss Susan Allen of Buffalo, New York?" he asked, brushing his elbow against the butt of his holstered Colt for self-reassurance.

The girl hesitated. A slight frown replaced her smile. "Why do you ask?"

Realizing that he might never find her brother if he told the truth, Thomas lied. "Oh, I used to work at the same factory there. I heard a few days ago that a girl from that neighborhood was living out this way. So I thought I'd pay a visit. My name is Thomas Sherman. I'm the new teller at the bank."

"Why, that's very nice of you," the girl answered. "Yes, my name is Susan Allen, and I am from Buffalo, although I haven't been back there for the past two-and-a-half years. Come in. I have a pot of coffee going, and some hot beans and cornbread, if you like."

"Thank you, ma'am," Thomas said, liking the girl instantly. "I'd like that. Matter of fact, I didn't eat much of a breakfast before coming out this way."

While eating, Thomas asked a question which had been on his mind since first entering the small farmhouse. "Are you here alone, Miss Allen?"

She nodded. "Yes, and please call me Susan. Land sakes, I'm alone so much of the time, it's a pleasure to hear someone call me by my name."

"You handle this place all by yourself?"

Once again, her manner became guarded. "Yes. Why?"

Thomas cleared his throat. "Oh, no reason, really. It just seems like such a big job for just one person . . . especially a woman."

"This was willed to me," she answered. "Help is hard to find out this way. Good help, I mean. Help I don't have to worry about. I'd rather do things myself than have someone always trying to grab me."

Thomas smiled. "That's understandable, ma'am . . . I mean, Susan. "You're a right fetching woman."

The girl's pretty face reddened slightly. "Oh, don't misunderstand. I'd welcome the attention . . . that is, if I favored the man giving it."

The way she was looking at Thomas gave him a funny, itching sensation. "Would . . . uh . . . would you favor me?" he asked.

Reaching up atop her head, Susan untied the velvet bow and let her hair spill onto her shoulders like a soft mantle of gold. "I'll not pretend to be coy," she answered, her great blue eyes meeting Thomas's searching look. "It has been a long time since I enjoyed a man's favor, and you kindled something in me the minute I saw you."

Thomas got to his feet. "I feel the same," he answered, watching her unbutton her bodice.

It had been a long time since he had felt the warm softness of a woman's flesh. At the touch of her body against his, he grew excited. Susan's arms were around his neck. Her soft, wet lips were pressed against his. Feeling him pressed against her, she clung even tighter around his neck.

"Please," she whispered, shivering as Thomas ran the flat of his hand down the curve of her back to let it rest lightly against one of her lush buttocks, "stay a while. Don't take me, then leave me alone."

Thomas closed his mouth over hers, not knowing what to say. Her lips parted at the touch of his tongue. Sensuously, she writhed against him. Without breaking their kiss, he picked her up in his strong arms and carried her into her bedroom.

When they were both naked, Susan braced her magnificent body against his and slid upward until her massive breasts were touching his lips. Hungrily, Thomas turned from one to the other, kissing, sucking, tasting the sweet flavor of her soft flesh. Desire overwhelmed him as he cupped one of her milk-white orbs and sucked its cherry-colored nipple between his teeth.

Susan moaned as Thomas gently made love to her. . . .

Thomas was confused. He had come to kill her brother, and now as he savored her offering of love's passion, he felt a strange sensation begin to envelop him—an inner warmth that seemed, if only for the moment, to make him forget the lust for vengeance that had carried him so far.

Susan's head flopped back and forth against the cotton sheet that covered her straw-ticked mattress. She groaned and cried, and salty tears streamed down her cheeks. She was everything a woman should be, and she was his.

They lay silently when it was over. She had a faint smile on her flushed and radiant face. He wore the puzzled countenance of one who wondered whether or not they had just experienced love. Finally, however, he had to break the silence. He had to take the final step of his long journey.

"Tell me," he said, already hating himself for what he must ask, "do you have a brother named Lucas?"

Susan nodded. "Yes. But, I—"

"Where is he?" Thomas interrupted, impatient to end the charade.

"He died over two years ago." the girl answered softly.

"Died?" Thomas was incredulous.

"Yes . . . he . . . he. . . ."

Thomas took her by the shoulders and began to shake her as if she was a rag doll. "Tell me! I have to know! What happened? How did he die?"

She was crying. With great effort, she told Thomas what he had to know. "I . . . I won't lie," she began. "He was caught attacking a young girl a few miles north of here. The girl's father and brothers . . . they . . . they hanged him! I was living in Kentucky at the time. A circuit judge notified me and told me Lucas had left me this farm. I . . . I came here. And . . . and I've lived alone ever since."

A lump settled in Thomas's throat. His hands were still gripping Susan's shoulders. Wordlessly, he pulled her into his arms. Someday, perhaps, he might tell her why he had asked about her brother. But not now.

"Did . . . uh . . . did you mean what you said about me staying here with you?" he managed.

Susan nodded her head and looked up at him. "Could you possibly think I didn't?"

Their eyes met and held. A surge of tenderness swept through Thomas's lean frame. "I . . . I'd like that," he said, realizing that he once again had the future he had lost not so long ago. ●●●

(continued from page 11)

her duty. When Madeleine went somewhere—even merely to empty the garbage—Mme. Fronteau was at her elbow. She screened visitors, guarded the doors, and was suspicious of every move the younger wiman made. Sometimes she even followed Madeleine into the bathroom.

Madeleine resented the older woman's presence, but she managed to tolerate it at first. Sometimes, it even amused her to have that grim hulk of a female dogging her footsteps.

And then, one night as she was reading the newspaper, her hands began to shake and her heart throbbed wildly as the old familiar urge engulfed her.

No . . . no! she thought. *I will never again pose nude! There must be no more killing! No more . . . no more. . . .*

Several shots of cognac helped her fall asleep that night, helped her fight her old compulsion by forcing it to the back of her mind and then into the dim recesses of her subconscious.

When she awoke the next morning, she looked at the empty cognac glass on her nightstand, remembered something she had read in the newspaper . . . and smiled.

"But of course . . . that's the answer," she said aloud—to no one, for Philippe had already left for work.

In the kitchen two days later, Madeleine, a filled glass of cognac in each hand, came over to the somber woman who guarded her.

"Mme. Fronteau," she said, "today is my late mother's birthday. Please share a cognac with me in celebration of it."

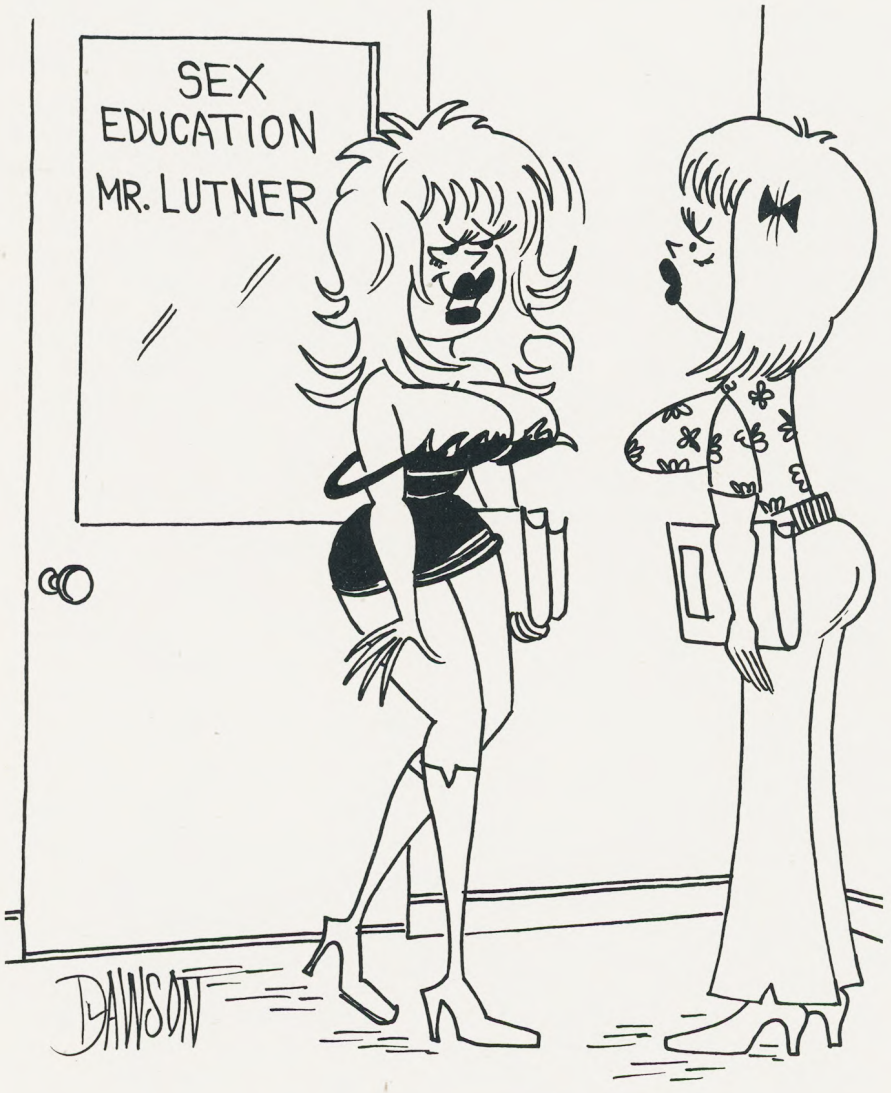
She watched over the top of her glass as the other woman first sipped, then tossed off the shot of cognac. Then she drank her own in secret celebration. . . .

"Now come with me to my bedroom. I want to change clothes."

In the bedroom, the peasant woman sat on the bed and watched Madeleine remove her robe. She watched her don a brassiere and panties. She watched her carefully draw nylons up her legs and slip into a light summer dress. She watched her sit down at the dresser and start to comb her hair. . . .

When Madeleine put down the comb, she rose and walked over to the old four-poster. Her "watchdog" was lying back on the bed, her eyes closed.

"You must not drink cognac while on duty," Madeleine said. She smilingly added, "Especially *drugged* cognac."



". . . another day . . . another 'A'."

When Philippe came home, he found Mme. Fronteau tied to the bed, on her back, each limb lashed to a bedpost. Her dress was pulled up above her waist and her underpants had been removed.

Her stomach was well-muscled, but with a comfortable roll of flab riding its ridge. And, taped to the flab, was a note that read:

Dearest Philippe:

Sorry, but I had to use this means to slip away. You probably think I am posing in some painter's scruffy studio, but I'm not.

Come to 134 Rue D'Auron at 8 p.m. for your big surprise.

—your loving Madeleine

P.S. Notice Mme. Fronteau's body. Doesn't it make you glad to be my husband, whatever my faults?

At precisely 30 seconds before the hour of eight, Philippe arrived at the indicated address, which proved to be a building as lacking in distinction as all other structures on the block. A sign on the building read: ATELIER DOMINIQUE, third floor. He ascended to that floor and rang the bell.

"Entrez!" a voice from within called out.

Philippe opened the door and went in.

He got a quick, blurred impression of a sea of artist's easels, wave upon wave, all of them manned by smock-clad painters who were busy

applying pigments to their canvases.

Was it just a single artist and his lone easel, multiplied many times over by the magic of mirrors, or was it really what it seemed, Philippe wondered for a moment.

He blinked hard, and his vision cleared. Yes, it was all real. A studio filled to overflowing with artists . . . a classroom, perhaps. And on each of the canvases, the form of a nude woman was taking shape. The men worked on, paying no attention to the new arrival.

Suddenly a stab of cold fear jabbed at Philippe's viscera. His eyes went to the far end of the room . . .

. . . and there very provocatively posed on a raised dais, was Madeleine, her breasts full, rich, ripe . . . one of her hips jutting out with a haughty insouciance . . . her belly a warm plateau that yielded to the fertile fields of her lower groin. . . .

"Hello, Philippe!" the naked Madeleine called out gaily. Even from where he stood, her husband could see the wicked gleam in her eyes. She waved to him, and some of the artists muttered in annoyance as she shifted positions. "These are the Amalgamated Artists of France—they're holding a convention in Paris this week. Don't you feel highly honored, my husband, that they are willing to paint me . . . *all 48 of them?*"

Without a word, for his mouth was gaped open in surprise, Philippe backed to the door, never taking his eyes from his smiling mate, even when he stumbled over the leg of an easel, recovered quickly, and fumbled for the doorknob.

And then he was gone.

"I've won!" Madeleine shouted, throwing her arms high in victory. "I've won, I've won, I've *won!*"

Annoyed that this gesture of triumph had caused Madeleine's breasts to jiggle, then settle back to a new position on her chest just as he was attempting to capture their globularity, a middle-aged artist in the front rank pointed his brush at her and admonished, "Steady, madame!"

"What have you won?" asked the painter on his left.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Madeleine replied. "Just a private joke between my husband and me."

When she resumed her posing, there was a new vivacity in her eyes, a new glow that animated her features, a pulsating aliveness that surrounded her body like an electric field. The artists felt this ineffable addition, and their brushes were guided by hands that were gripped by a fresh surge of inspiration.

I've outsmarted Philippe was the thought that exploded its skyrocket of joy inside Madeleine's head. *Now he'll have to put up with my nude modeling. Paintings of me will hang in the world's leading galleries. He'll have to learn to live with this fact, learn to share my beauty with whoever enjoys beauty.* She couldn't suppress a smile. *And all it took was a little ingenuity on my part. . . .*

She was still exultant, thirty minutes later, when the door of the studio was flung open, and Philippe stood in the doorway, feet wide apart, a slight upturn of amusement at the corners of his mouth.

All of the artists continued to paint, granting him not even a casual over-the-shoulder glance. Philippe's eyes swept past them, met his wife's gloating eyes in the middle of the studio and wrestled them back to the dais.

Suddenly, Madeleine sensed that something was wrong, and a shiver of fear crackled up her spine.

She watched in silent horror as Philippe reached into his overcoat and drew forth a miniaturized Cormier-Sauvage submachine gun.

"No, Philippe, no!" Madeleine cried out. "Please don't! No man could be so monumentally jealous as to—"

Her husband calmly snapped back the bolt and brought the weapon up to eye-level. . . . ●●●

"I called you, Mr. Ferguson, because I can't seem to keep your son's undivided attention in class . . . *Mr. Ferguson?*"

CAUTION: BOOBIES

If you happen to bump into any one of these heavily boobed mamas, be cautious: Chances are you'll be bounced several feet, but we have a hunch you'll like it and want more!

AT LARGE

Hangin'

Around Town

Some women like to escape from their hometowns, but that's not the case with this batch of super-stacked bombshells. They're happy just hangin' around town.