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AUGUST 1975 \$1.75

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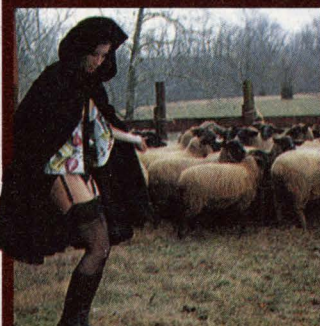
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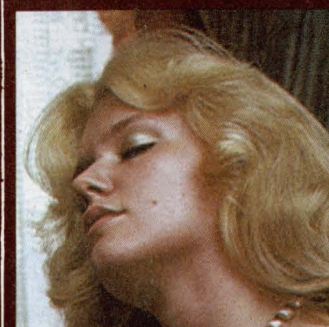
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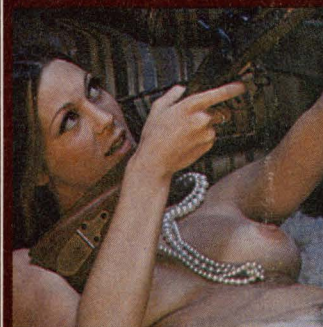
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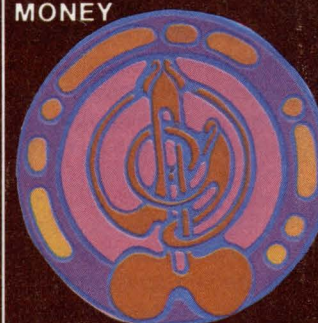
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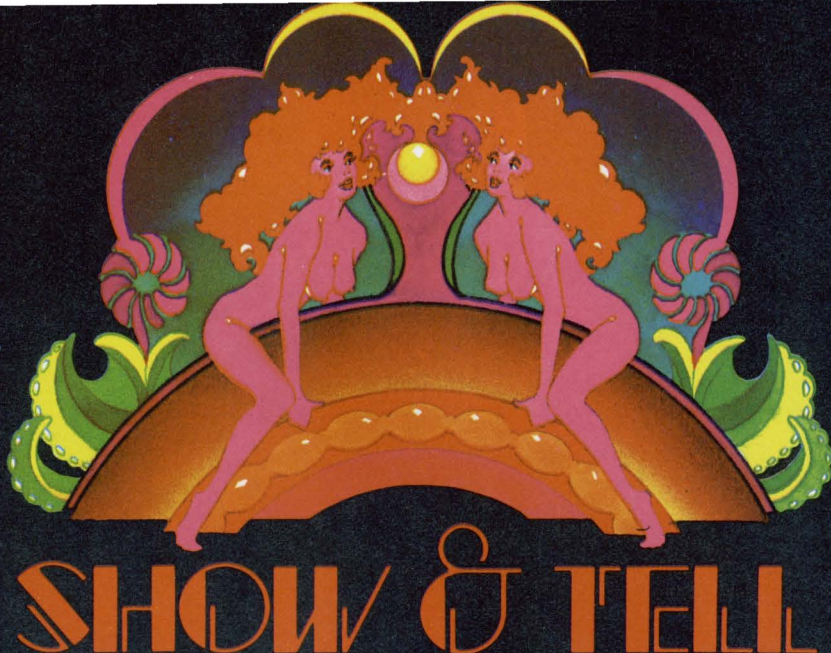


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VOL. 2 NO. 2 AUG. 1975



The Agony, Ecstasy & Nudity of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis ...

How many times has the joke been run that relayed the message of "undressing a woman with your eyes?" And how many times has that expression been used by a female friend of yours who was putting down some sexist pig she worked with?

Whether or not you can count those times on one hand, two hands, or on both hands and feet is hardly necessary, because we've just asked that question for you — and answered it — with regard to JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, this month's photo feature. From the first page to the last you'll be able to undress the World's First Lady with your eyes, if not your hands. Want to know how we did it? It's a long story. You'll find it beginning on page 31.

Also, in this hot August issue there's an interview conducted by DIANA CLAPTON with porndom's mega-prick, Marc Stevens. Clapton, a New York-based writer and journalist, knows just what questions to ask this blue movie chieftain who has performed in more than 500 films, and who has been balling for bread since he was 21.

Tom T. Hall, famous for his unpretentious lyric style and country guitar playing, is the subject of this month's profile by BILL HANCE. Hance, a long-time resident of Nashville, knows Tom T. and the Nashville sound. We think he gives a strong look at "country's" fastest rising star.

FRANK THISTLE, a regular HUSTLER contributor, explores "The Sexy Sport of Spanking" in *SexPlay*. You wanted to know what turns a woman on — well, find out more about one of the fastest growing turn-ons in America. And be good at it!

LEO ROSENHOUSE rings the voice of protest over history's oldest form of cosmetic mutilation — circumcision — in an article entitled "A Foreskin Is Missing." *Porn Review* columnist JIM MARTIN describes some more of the stifling results of obscenity rulings on X-rated flicks in *Film Talk*. SKIP FICKLING analyzes Leo's pocketbook and predicts his pleasure potential in the *Astrological Guide*. RICHARD CROWNOVER comments on swingers and swapping in *SexBits*. And *Honey* makes good with the Hell's Angels while boyfriend Harry sleeps on.

HUSTLER adds A. ROUSED READER to its list of contributors in this second month of X-rated book reviews. And naturally, we've got the rest of our regular features. So don't stop here.

Between Marie, Marilyn, Susan and Tina ("The Girl With the Bubble-Gum Pussy"), there's plenty to turn you on and keep you that way for days to come. Good reading to you.

Michael R. Foldes

Managing Editor 

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Jimmy R. Flynt
CO-PUBLISHER

Michael R. Foldes
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NATIONAL ADVERTISING
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Dilo, Inc.
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Contributors: Tim Beckley, D. R. Butler,
Noel Kilgen, Jim Martin, Ron Offen, Bill
Margold, Skip Fickling, Frank Thistle

Contributing Photographers: Tony Currin,
Valerie Brown, Quicksilver

Contributing Artists: Dan Kirk,
Bruce Young, Blaine Lemert

COVER PHOTO
by Edward Sonner

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



BANNED IN DALLAS

The cover of *Newsweek* Magazine, for the March 31, 1975 issue, tried to express the essence of the fall of Vietnam by showing a dead child being held by her grieving mother. The child happened to be naked from the waist down—her clothes were presumably ripped off by the blast that had so abruptly ended her young life. Such photographs have a universal gut-whalloping impact, because they instantly convey the incredible brutality of war, which snuffs out lives full of hope and promise. Likewise, the nakedness of the corpse shows the cruelty of war, which strips its victims of dignity, even as it strips them of life itself.

But the municipal authorities of Dallas, Texas, were not interested in contemplating such horrifying insights. They were more concerned that the citizens of Dallas not be forced to gaze upon any unnecessary nudity, even the natural and innocent nakedness of an infant girl. They found *Newsweek's* cover photograph to be offensive, and required that a strip of tape be placed over the child's exposed genital area—although it was alright to leave in the sight of her shrapnel-ripped stomach.

As recently as April, 1975, I called attention to a *New York Daily News* cover photograph of an unclad male child who had died in Hurricane Fifi. "His genitals had been air-brushed out. It was okay to show the child's dead body but not his penis. Even in the state of death, apparently his cock



was too ugly for the eyes of anyone to see. That is the type of censorship I detest the most, and as long as it exists, my voice shall not be silent."

Obviously, "that type of censorship" still exists. In my estimation there is nothing more obscene than

death and destruction, especially when we have the means to bring it to an end. Natural disasters are one thing; war, another. Yet, coverage of the Indochinese war, and of war in general, has been flatulent or over abundant. Television, radio, magazines, newspapers, and film have all been saturated with desperate scenes of annihilation. And all the while, Americans are denied graphic representations of nudity.

Why? What is America's great hang-up, that we cannot even observe an innocent victim of human folly without becoming so self-conscious that we would clip, cover or otherwise alter its natural character? Man is conceived and born. He lives and dies—like all beings. He can accept the facts of his death, but not his life. He hides his body in clothing from the moment he is born until he is buried. And the stigmata associated with nudity usually is enough to keep him under wraps unless he is shocked into awareness that his body is beautiful and he need not fear nor be ashamed of it. **DD**

Larry Flynt
Larry Flynt
Editor & Publisher

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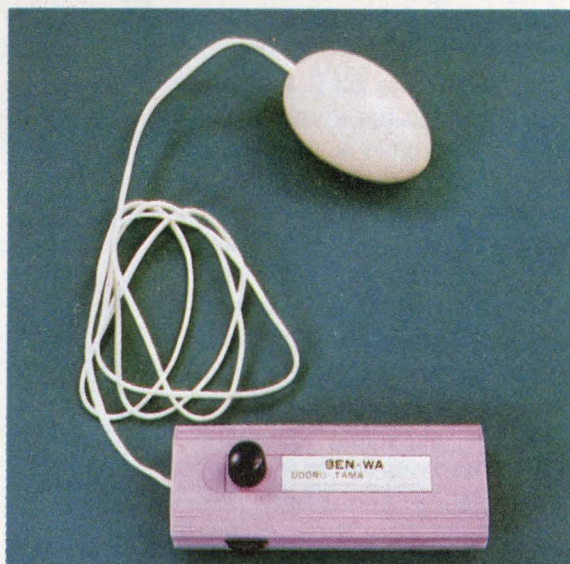
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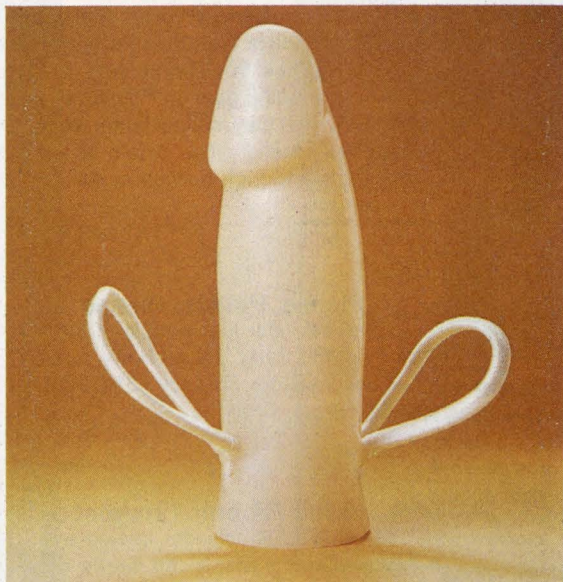
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FEEDBACK

Bare Beaver

Congratulations on the work your magazine is doing in the field of sexual freedom. Yours was the first magazine I've ever seen featuring a girl with a shaved cunt. I would be interested in seeing more photos like this, especially if the girls were shaving themselves or each other. Also, some discussion on how to keep a beaver bare without causing a lot of razor burns would be helpful. The complaint my girlfriend has is that it is prickly the day after I shave her and she isn't always available or in the mood for me to do it to her everyday.

R. Rowey
Chicago, Ill.

Suggest to your girlfriend that she use a depilatory when you aren't around to shave her.

I would like to see more girls with shaved pubes as they are much more attractive. On the other hand, if the girls' genitalia are out of shape this would not necessarily be so. I like to see more imagination such as sexually aroused girls and possibly an orgasm shot. Perhaps that would be too much to expect right now.

Regarding your article in the December issue on the comeback of Burlesque and the demise of porno films: Here in Toronto we are not permitted by the censors to see any uncensored movies and certainly not live shows. However, one theater used to slip one uncensored movie by once in a while. The performers are mechanical and wooden and even bored. I hope that we will get quality porno films in the future. There should really be a place in Canada for quality movies of the X-rated genre.

A. Salmond
Toronto, Ontario

Please!

No more bare snatches! Reminds me of my first wife who insisted on shaving — for "cleanliness and decency."

Yet, she had the foulest smelling cunt I ever smelled. Otherwise, HUSTLER is excellent.

No name please
U.S.A.

More Pussy!

Your March issue was the best I've seen. I hadn't seen a bare pussy since I saw my cousin's when we were 10 years old. She visited twice a year and we always found time to compare genitals and play around. We kept this up for six years and then, finally, balled. I have had several fine sexual experiences since then, but I'll never forget my first. Michelle helped to relive my early sex education. I've often wondered since what balling a bare one would be like.

Bill Sims
Kettering, Ohio

Liberated Women Readers

I enjoy reading your magazine. I know it is for men, but we liberated females enjoy it also. I would like to see more Lesbian Scenes. Lots of Luck to you and your HUSTLING staff.

Name withheld on request
Philadelphia, Pa.

Happy Honey

Wow! Oh, Boy! and Zowie! Good-bye Little Annie Fanny, RIP Wicked Wanda — Bring on Honey Hooker! Finally, there's a real, honest-to-goodness, no-holds-barred erotic cartoon strip. You folks have done it. Congratulations.

J.L.S.
U.S.A.

Etc.

Your March HUSTLER Honey Michelle is A-1! Since I buy a men's magazine for the women therein, you'll have my \$1.50 every month if you keep up the fine photos.

Richard D. Clarke
Breckenridge, Col.



Almost all men have seen all types of nude pictures — as well as the real thing. Now, what about 'period pictures?' I have never seen a female either real or in photographs wearing a sanitary pad. How about it?

J.Y.
Ft. Worth, Texas

I had never had a men's magazine stolen from my shop until someone saw your March issue. I guess he just couldn't control himself. As a matter of fact, I might have walked off with it myself.

R. Passanelli
999 Chase Pkwy.
Westbury, Conn.

Recently you published a series of pictures of young and tender teen pussies. Why not go a little further and print a feature with 12-14-year-old babes? Show them with sprouting tits and hair. These days, you shouldn't have any problems getting them to pose.

Allen Watkins
27 Calyer St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have just purchased my first copy of your magazine and was more than satisfied by the revealing nature of your photographs and the beauty of your models. That also applies to your articles and fiction. I am a person who sincerely wishes to see the proliferators of sexual frustration (*Playboy* & *Penthouse*) soundly punished. I can think of no better way to do this than for you guys to capture their readership and, concomitantly, put them out of commission. I urge you, "Go get 'em!"

B. Russell
Miami, Fla.

In regard to your comments on censorship, in the Publisher's Statement in your March issue, I just wanted to say "Congratulations." You said it *all* in that editorial. If those Blue Nose Freaks don't like *our* type of magazine, then let them stay in their own damn territory.

I'm not a writer by any stretch of the imagination but I was prompted to write you about how masterfully you formulated that gem of an article. You brought in the other media, and how true *that* is: they can show the most dripping gore on T.V. (for children, no less), but they cannot show even one little bare breast. The whole censorship thing stinks to high heaven as far as I am concerned.

Robert J. Hopkins
Utica, Michigan

Please, Please, Please . . .

If the calendar is a sample of the Magazine, WOW! Hurry, Hurry, Hurry . . .

I can't wait for my copy of HUSTLER . . . Drool, Drool, Drool!

C. G. Rehm
Enid, Okla.

Blue Ribbon Timepiece

My HUSTLER calendar arrived and I am highly pleased with it. All twelve girls are extraordinarily well exposed. Your February model is worth the price of the calendar alone. That statement isn't quite fair because all of your labia minora studies are blue ribbon.

Charles Buchner
Ransomville, N.Y.

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FEEDBACK

As a rule, I don't bother looking at the pictured stuff — much preferring the real thing — but I must say that the pictures in HUSTLER come awfully close to reality. Actually, I'm a fiction buff and read several other men's magazines for the same reason. Your December issue had two good short stories, "Concentrated Girl" and "Afternoon on Skid Row," that I read to the end — not the case in many other magazines. I certainly hope you keep up with the quality.

Randy Grimalco
Los Angeles, Calif.

As the women's libbers say: "We're more than just a sex machine."

Speak Out

I am an inmate at the Marion Correctional Institution and cannot afford the luxury of a subscription to your publication. However, just recently I was able to glance through a copy belonging to someone else. I discovered myself studying your photographs with the same objectivity that one ordinarily reserves for a fine painting.

In praising HUSTLER, I find that I am irresistibly drawn to comment on its detractors — the critical moralists. Too often in these complex and confusing times people blindly lash out in frustration and anger, thus depriving themselves of the uplifting hand. It is incredible that even half-intelligent human beings should experience a sense of shame and fear of the most familiar form in nature — the human body. Or that they should resist so resolutely the growing awareness of self-appreciation is, indeed, a paradox.

As for the evil seekers and soothsayers running frightened in our country, they have only to look inward to discover the sources of their evils and fears. If they could see themselves for what they are, then they would truly have cause to feel shame.

Stedman Saint Pleasant
Marion, Ohio

Damn the censors, keep our personal freedoms intact, and let's let what's natural come naturally.

Phew!!

HUSTLER is a fine magazine. I buy those issues that I am able to find at newsstands. Apparently, I live among religious fascists who, with their genitals wrapped in Bible paper, are malmotivated to demand that others share their own insidious strain of sickness and obscuration. Hence, some 'civic leaders' ask some newsstands or stores to refrain from promoting undefined 'smut.' Therefore, I often have difficulty finding HUSTLER.

This country has nearly been destroyed morally and legally by the Judeo-Christian influence. Its poisonous beliefs have contributed to undermining the Bill of Rights

and the U. S. Constitution.

Publications like HUSTLER hopefully will alert and inform people of the oppressive elements in their society, as well as unite them in building a broader base of legal and moral awareness.

I live for the day when the religious fascists asphyxiate from their own *thanatos nisis*.

Bitterly yours,
Bob Hodge II
Rialto, Calif.

OOPS!

In reference to your "Bits & Pieces," March, 1975, page 14, you have an item titled, "Three for One." I have a couple of corrections to make.

One. Vincent Geraci was arrested and sentenced to ninety days (on appeal) but it was not in Indiana — it was in Chicago, Illinois.

Two. Our address, "The Tempest," is 3410 North Southport.

Three. I was *not* arrested. I'm too jealous to be on the premises with twenty other pretty girls demanding my husband's attention.

By the way, the 50% increase in the cost of shoe polish isn't bothering us that much these days — we find we are using less polish.

Mrs. Vincent Geraci
Chicago, Ill.

Conservative Birmingham

I can no longer buy HUSTLER at my newsstand. What was it that you did? I can hardly believe that stupid son-of-a-bitch Birmingham city councilman is dictating to me what I can or cannot read.

W. D. Hoffecker, Jr.
Birmingham, Ala.

We didn't do anything as far as we know. If you can't find HUSTLER on the stands near you, please write your local magazine wholesalers and distributors, or even ask the store operator "Where's HUSTLER?" That should help get us there, soon!

Love From Lisbon

It was just today I saw my first issue of HUSTLER (March Issue), and I bought it at once. Everyone here who reads it agrees that you have made a big step forward. I am sure that pubic-shaved girls are enormously more attractive than haired ones, and they really don't lack any mystery or imagination by showing something everyone loves to see (and not only see...) Keep sending us plenty of shaved girls, and very soon we will stop hearing about rival magazines.

Jorge B. Santos
Lisbon, Portugal

You have a great magazine. Next to you guys the other two look like comic books.

Patrick Jenkins
San Antonio, Tex.

X-Rated

I believe your magazine should be the first "X-Rated" subscription magazine and contain such photo material.

LeRoy B. Cornell
Roswell, New Mexico

King Dong

Just saw my first copy of HUSTLER (April, '75) and it is terrific. The picture of King Dong was terrific and he could become anyone's ideal. Is there any way to get a personal autographed picture of him? If you would forward my letter to him for consideration I surely would appreciate this courtesy.

D. Brantley
L.R. Ark.

I'm studying about hormones and endocrinology and would like to ask King Dong some questions, so if you would please forward my letter to him asking him for an interview or dropping me a card so I could reply, I would appreciate it.

J. Fincher
Knoxville, Tenn.

This letter is in reference to the picture of King Dong. In my opinion there is no human being who can be endowed with such a size organ. I am convinced that the photo is a fake and was done with trick photography. If King Dong is for real I will personally eat it and that's a true promise.

Non-believer
Waterbury, Conn.

I'm twenty-four, married and read HUSTLER for the first time today. I love the photo of "King Dong." I'd love to have him service me, but I guess I'm not the only over-sexed wife who would. I'd like to have more photos of him. Where could I obtain them? I've climaxed three times today looking at his super cock, and day-dreaming about drinking from it...

Micki
Latham, N.Y.

Please forward enclosed letter to "King Dong" — Dear King Dong: I saw your picture in the March issue of HUSTLER Magazine, and I'm interested in knowing whether or not you're available for parties? You're hung too good to be true, but my friends and I would love to have some fun with you. If you're interested, let me know when you're available, and the travel arrangements you'd like to make — if you can't come to us, we will come to you.

Ms. Cecelia Bowman
4916 Lanier Ave., Apt. D
Baltimore, Md. 21215

King Dong is alive and real, but not here in Columbus. After modeling for HUSTLER he moved on leaving no forwarding address. If you happen to see him, tell him our secretary is pregnant. 



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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I love to masturbate and find great enjoyment and satisfaction in it; however, sometimes I feel guilty. I was taught when I was a kid that it was bad, that I would get warts and stunt my growth and possibly cause mental damage. Well, this never really stopped me. I figured I'd pay the consequences when they happened. Now that I'm older I realize that all those stories weren't true. It was just someone's half-cocked, no pun intended, idea to discourage beating my meat. I don't understand, tho, why I still get a feeling of guilt every now and then.

I.L.

New York, N.Y.

There are many old illogical tales about the scourges of masturbation, but none are really based on fact. Attitudes towards this sexual form of release are changing, just as attitudes towards sex in general. A much larger percentage of men and especially women 'beat off' in this era because of these changing attitudes, but it is very difficult to completely overthrow the ideas that were ingrained in your mind at such an early age. The main thing to realize is that you do not hurt anyone by masturbating and that it is a thoroughly narcissistic pleasure.

How long does a good fucking take? I go on for about thirty minutes. Is that long enough?

Frank Carpenter
Austin, Tex.

The main rule a man should follow when it comes to the time involved in fucking is that he should simply let the woman finish first. As long as you can last until she comes, then you can orgasm anytime you want. Of course, any woman should be able to come in thirty minutes. If she can't, it probably means you haven't given enough

time to foreplay. A wise man will bring his woman almost to orgasm before he even goes inside her.

Also, the proper length of time depends largely on the circumstances. For instance, if you're in a back room at a party and you're in a hurry, five minutes might be quite enough for both of you. But if you're comfortable and relaxed and have plenty of time to be leisurely about it, you might want to go on for a couple of hours.

The main thing isn't the time involved, but that both of you are satisfied.

Every time I spend the night with this certain girl I always fuck her good before we go to sleep. Almost every time, though, I awaken in the middle of the night and she has climbed on top of me and is riding me with all her might until she shivers with a tremendous orgasm. Do you think this means that I didn't satisfy her well enough before we went to sleep?

Ron Hatfield
Evanston, Ill.

Probably you satisfy her, but she just awakens horny again. It's very common to wake up horny in the middle of the night. Since the mind's a little groggy, it's very easy to let go of all inhibitions and really be lusty. Also, sexual pleasure seems to be increased when you're half asleep. This is why so many men and women have orgasms in their sleep.

Another thing is that apparently this girl sleeps alone much of the time, since you say you only spend the night with her occasionally. So it's probably very exciting for her to wake up in the middle of the night and find a man in her bed. She'd just rather screw than go back to sleep!

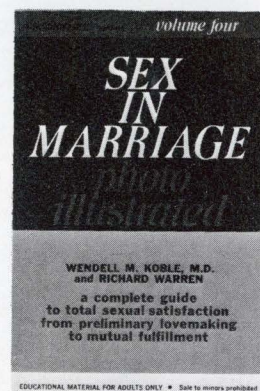
I am forty years old, and I have a daughter who is fifteen. The other day she thought she was alone in the house, and I happened to see her naked in her room with the family dog. She was lying on her back with the dog's head between her spread legs, and the dog was lapping her pussy. She was gasping quite a lot, and I'm sure she reached more than one orgasm. Now I don't know what to do. Should I punish her? Also, I was shocked in that I got aroused from what I saw. My own daughter! Is something wrong with me?

Name withheld by request
South Bend, Indiana

Nothing's wrong with you or your daughter. Dogs like to lick, and girls like their pussies licked, so it was natural for her to put two and two together. You might be surprised at how many little girls are eaten by dogs. Also, it was perfectly natural for you to get aroused by what you saw, even though it was your daughter. Many people get aroused witnessing another person enjoying sexual pleasure, regardless of their relationship.

continued on page 30

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE



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GOLDEN SHOWER ANTICS

We've had a number of requests for "golden shower" routines. Unfortunately, obscenity guidelines prohibit us from giving them to you.

These two people posing as pre-pubescent human

animals are simulating the "golden shower" for us. She is pretending to drink his piss (actually warm beer in a baby bottle.) If you still want the real thing, you should know by now where to find it. If you want to help magazines to be freed-up to find it for you, write your Congressperson today.

Meanwhile, we hope you've got material for fantasy.

Photo — Valerie Brown



BITS & PIECES

V.D. GUIDE

In an effort to halt the growing epidemic of venereal disease in this country we offer our readers these signs of detection as a public service.

You can be sure you have V. D.:

- 1) when your girlfriend breaks out in scabs.
- 2) when taking a leak hurts more than being electrocuted.
- 3) when you go to the doctor and before even looking at your dick he says, "How long have you had V.D.?"
- 4) when your prick looks like a moon rock.
- 5) when your eyesight gets so bad you can't find the other end of the room.
- 6) if after reading this, you're worried.

WEIRD HAROLD'S CRIME & PUNISHMENT

HUSTLER's June Interview with Weird Harold mentioned just a few of the problems Chicago's Prince of Porn was having with local vice authorities. Since then, the Wizzard of Ooze has been to court and back again with noteworthy success.

Harold was handed a

grand jury indictment for "selling obscenity and for 'being' obscene." Naturally, nobody — not even Weird Harold — would admit to being obscene. So, in a hearing before Cook County Judge Marvin Aspen, it was agreed between prosecutor and defense that a public trial would take too much time and too much money to settle the case. Scholarly Marvin Aspen then dispensed with the proceedings by fining Weird Harold Ruben \$1200, and directed him to donate 3,000 books to the Cook

County Jail Library. Non-salacious books, of course.

The story made front-page news in Chicago, and junior high school librarians across the city have offered Harold help in making wise book selections. It seems to us that if more judges made more "scholarly" decisions like this one, our correctional institutions might make more positive progress in rehabilitating their residents.

As for Weird Harold's massage parlor/bookstore business — it's booming more than ever!



BITS & PIECES

UH-OH, SHE BROKE!!

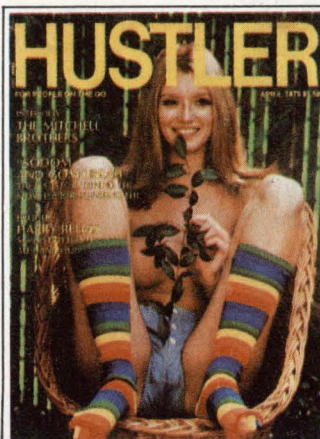
Remember the story by Edgar Allan Poe, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," where delicate, jingling bracelets were placed on the wrists of delicious young ladies who would later be brutally murdered by King Kong's trained little brother (triggered off by the sound of the bracelets, of course)?

Well, this little fella seems to have followed the same

path, except he has more planned for his shapely victim, as indicated by the bulge in his fur and his drooling mouth and nose. Drooling nose?! (Perhaps he's suffering from something more than passion.)

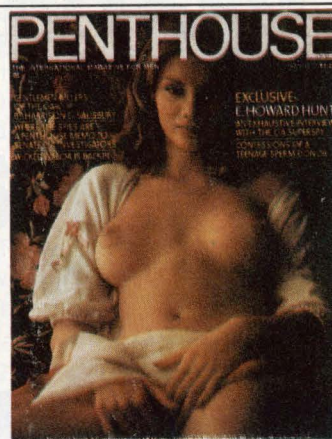
As the *cumulus* clouds gather in the background, an omen of what is to come is evident.

Photo — Glory-us Productions



SEE 'EM FIRST IN HUSTLER!

Further proof that HUSTLER leads the field in glossy



men's magazines: HUSTLER's April, '75, cover girl is followed in frenetic succession by later appearances on covers of *Gallery*, *Game* & *Penthouse*. She was also featured in *Club*.



ORGAN EXPANDS

"When the Cadet Chapel organ at West Point was installed in 1911, it had 2,400 pipes and cost \$10,000. Today it contains 18,000 pipes, is worth between \$800,000 and \$1 million and West Point says it's the largest church organ in the world."

— Tri-County News, Lockport, N.Y.

"When Cadet Carpel's organ (West Point) was first

balled in 1911, it had 12 sores and cost \$10, a premium being set on virginity. Today it contains 18 sores and is worth between 8 and 10¢. Nevertheless, Carpel's organ is so large and well-known among the homosexual elite running the academy that his dick is commonly referred to as West Point, in which direction he prefers to turn when he's ass-fucking plebes."

BANG PENETRATES HAPPY HOOKER

Publicity Orgy in New York

Teaching an Old Dick New Tricks

THE NATIONAL Bang

75c

SOME LIKE IT HOT
AN UNDERGROUND
TORONTO GUIDE



THE NATIONAL BANG

Billed as the Canadian Erotica Review, the *National BANG* is Canada's answer to America's *SCREW* — a truly *feelthy rag*. Not until Bob Berke and the Bang Gang got together in 1974, were Canadians able to satisfy their anal urges with patriotic pride.

Now, Canadian customs officials don't have *SCREW* to kick around, anymore. If the *BANG* gains general ac-

ceptance in Canada, and it looks as if that is happening, the chances are good that *SCREW* will find another fertile field to foul up north, along with its cuntry cousin.

For you free-floating, fast fucking rag-pickers who will read almost anything not printed on toilet paper, subscriptions to the *BANG* are \$12.75. Write: MIM Publications Group Ltd., PO Box 24, Snowdon Station, Montreal.

BITS & PIECES



CAPE COD NUDITY

The U. S. *Federal Register* for March 10, 1975, once again reassures us miserable tax-payers that our Federal government is more interested in regulating our sexual behavior than in preventing political corruption, police-state surveillance or the expenditure of tax money on resurrecting dead Russian sailors. The *Federal Register* (which publishes all proposed and issued Federal rules and regulations) served notice that Title 36 of the Code of Federal Regulations

is being amended to specifically prohibit public nudity at Cape Cod National Seashore in Massachusetts, which is run by the National Park Service.

It seems that many of the summertime visitors to Cape Cod (which is pretty much the summer vacation spot for the entire Northeastern United States) wanted to establish enclaves for nude bathing and sun bathing like the ones that exist on the West Coast near Los Angeles. So, they went ahead and dropped their cut-offs on various stretches of the Cape Cod seashore, optimistically expecting that the authorities would exhibit the same so-

phisticated tolerance as the governments of Denmark and France . . . You can't get much stuffier than the French government, after all.

And so it seemed to go, in the summer of '74. Nobody (much) got busted; everyone cavorted around like a bunch of seals, and it appeared as though, for skinnydippers, the millenium had arrived.

It was really only a matter of time until the Blue Meanies could dream up a plausible excuse to shut the whole thing down without appearing to be repressive. And now they have. The National Park Service justifies the proposed prohibition in the following way: "Adverse use

attributed to the allowance of public nudity during 1974 included extensive resource damage from indiscriminate vehicle travel and parking, personal property damage and infractions from trespass . . . Elimination of the attraction is considered the most feasible way to reduce the level of use."

Now that's the kind of bureaucratic thinking *HUSTLER* likes to see: reduce the level of use of a public facility (for whatever purpose) by prohibiting that use. Why don't they just plant a few landmines under the sand? That would really discourage overuse of the beach. — Steve Hanley.

BITS & PIECES

ICE CREAM GIRL

You may or may not have recognized the perky lass pictured below as Trixie LaTour, Midwestern-bred scenemaker in the Big Apple. A few months back you could catch Trixie on the cover of *National Enquirer*, *People* and suchlike, usually on the arm of her inamorata, Geraldo "Ice Cream" Cucamonga. Cucamonga, you will recall, was being hyped (mostly by himself) as the epitome of "Gangster Chic"—the current youthcult ethic that it's glamorous to push dope and run betting parlors, so long as you hang out at uptown glitter-rock watering holes and make a conscientious effort not to shoot anybody

with that pistol you have cunningly secreted in your Sisley jeans. Cucamonga gained fame and fortune (and his *nomme de crime*) by operating an extensive network of ice cream carts on the streets of Gotham, from which, it was said, you could get other action besides just Pistachio...

Cucamonga should have remembered that there are people around who play that game for real. When times got a little thin for old-style racketeer Tony "Tomato" Contadina, he decided to effect a merger with the up-and-coming Cucamonga chain. Underworld rumor has it that Geraldo was snatched off the dance floor at Le Jardin and made it through three days of intensive negotia-

tions, conducted at one of his own ice cream factories in Bayonne, before acceding to the merger. He hasn't been seen or heard from since, and informed word is that, "tonight, Geraldo sleeps with the Elsie Stix."

... Which brings us back to the winsome Miss LaTour, seen here licking a "Kookie-Pop" while she contemplates the fate of her vanished boyfriend. "I loved that big lug," she slurped when pressed for an explanation of why she had bought up the entire inventory of the ice cream factory which was the alleged scene of Cucamonga's alleged demise. Then Trixie added with a wink: "Good thing Geraldo wasn't into Mr. Softee."—Steve Hanley.



Photo — Valerie Brown

COSMOPOLITAN

If you're interested in getting a line on what women are really thinking, about men, about sex, and about themselves, try picking up a copy of *Cosmopolitan* along with your next issue of *HUSTLER*. *Cosmo* may not be as pictorially explicit as the other erotic women's

magazines (although they did pioneer the use of the male nude centerfold, thus saving Burt Reynolds' faltering career), but a glance at the features listed on the cover reveals that *Cosmo* is still a leading veteran in the battle for women's sexual liberation. A recent lead article on oral sex by Dr. Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Reports) reassured possibly doubtful readers that oral sex "is a significant, extremely intimate act of the most loving and giving kind," and is not in any way dirty or perverted. Right on, Dr. Pomeroy...



More to the point, perusing *Cosmopolitan* will give you some surprising insights into the differences between the way we think women view men and the way they actually do see us. The results of an informal poll of 100 men and 100 women, reprinted in *Cosmo*, revealed that while most men imagined that a muscular chest and shoulders, muscular arms and a penis prominently displayed in tight pants turns women on, women responded that in fact they get off on a "small and sexy" buttocks, slimness and a flat stomach, when considering men from a purely physical standpoint. ... So, if you're into pleasing your lady, or just ladies in general, you will profit from occasionally leafing through this most widely-read woman's magazine. — Steve Hanley.

Photo — Valerie Brown



LITTLE BO PEEP

Little Bo Peep was a country whore who hated men. She turned all her cus-

tomers into sheep, which is how they came to be known as 'tricks'. Many of the johns who came to her with frank intentions and wads of green were traveling salesmen. She

also got a few freaks who were hitch-hiking through the Berkshires on their way to Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard for the summer.

change her men to sheep. She also cast spells on them to stay around (so they wouldn't get lost). It's all kind of witchy. But what's a poor whore to do?

EXACTLY WHAT IS IT?

- (A) A corsage.
- (B) A ball of hair removed from someone's throat after a party.
- (C) An aerial view of Bob Dylan wearing fruit in his hair.
- (D) An upside-down view of your sister.
- (E) A cherry wearing a fur coat.



Photo — Valerie Brown

BITS & PIECES

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



SHE GIVES GREAT HEAD! 😊

BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

... goes to Al Goldstein, Publisher of *SCREW*, for his insulting, rude questioning of *HUSTLER*'S publisher, Larry Flynt, in an interview in the April 7th issue of *SCREW*.

Long an admirer of *SCREW*'S brash, irreverent tone, and its frank, humorous treatment of sex, Flynt was flattered by Goldstein's request for an interview. Some interview! Flynt found himself the object of an unbroken string of put-downs of his journalistic taste in explicitly depicting the sweet beautiful cunts of sweet, beautiful girls in *HUSTLER*. It ill becomes Al

Goldstein, whose publication regularly features close-ups of cocks sunk into cunts, mouths, ears, etc., to deride another publisher of erotica for crudity.

Taken aback by Goldstein's incredible rudeness, Flynt acquitted himself well by turning Goldstein's insults aside with ironic, self-deprecating humor. But, the fact remains: Goldstein was allowed as a guest to make himself at home inside Larry Flynt's mind. He abused that privilege by smearing the walls with shit! He won't be invited back!

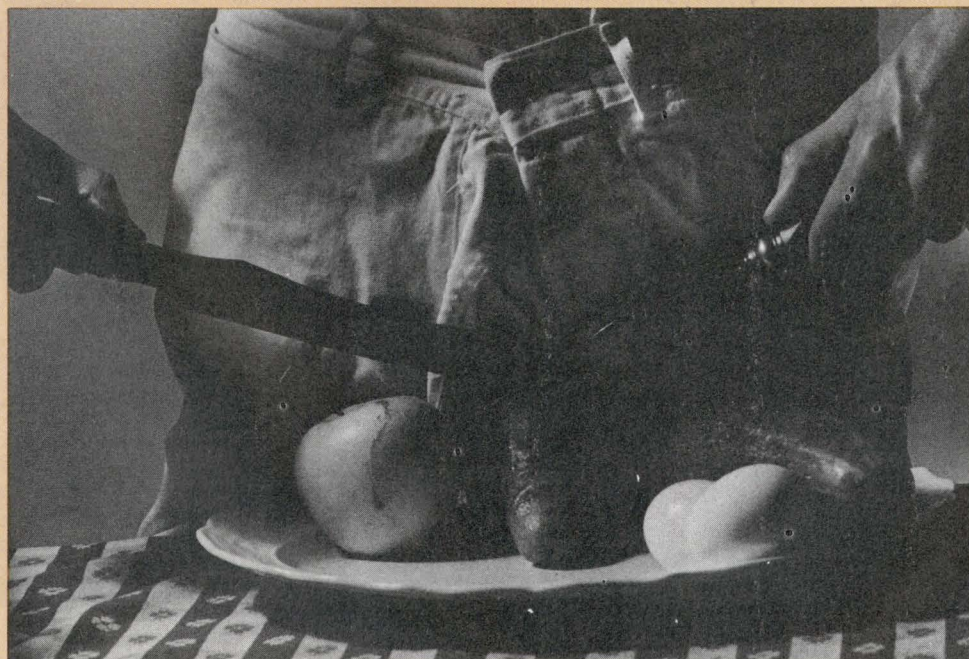


PENIS PLATE

The working man's hors d'ourves, this isn't. But the enactment doesn't sell anyone short. If you can lay it on the line, you can cut it off. Just like a piece of salami, which would be great "a la carte" with cold potato, cucumber and eggs.

Also a great party gag for artists into self-mutilation. 

Photo — Valerie Brown



ANYONE CAN BE A PLAYBOY AND HAVE A PENTHOUSE BUT IT TAKES A MAN TO BE A HUSTLER



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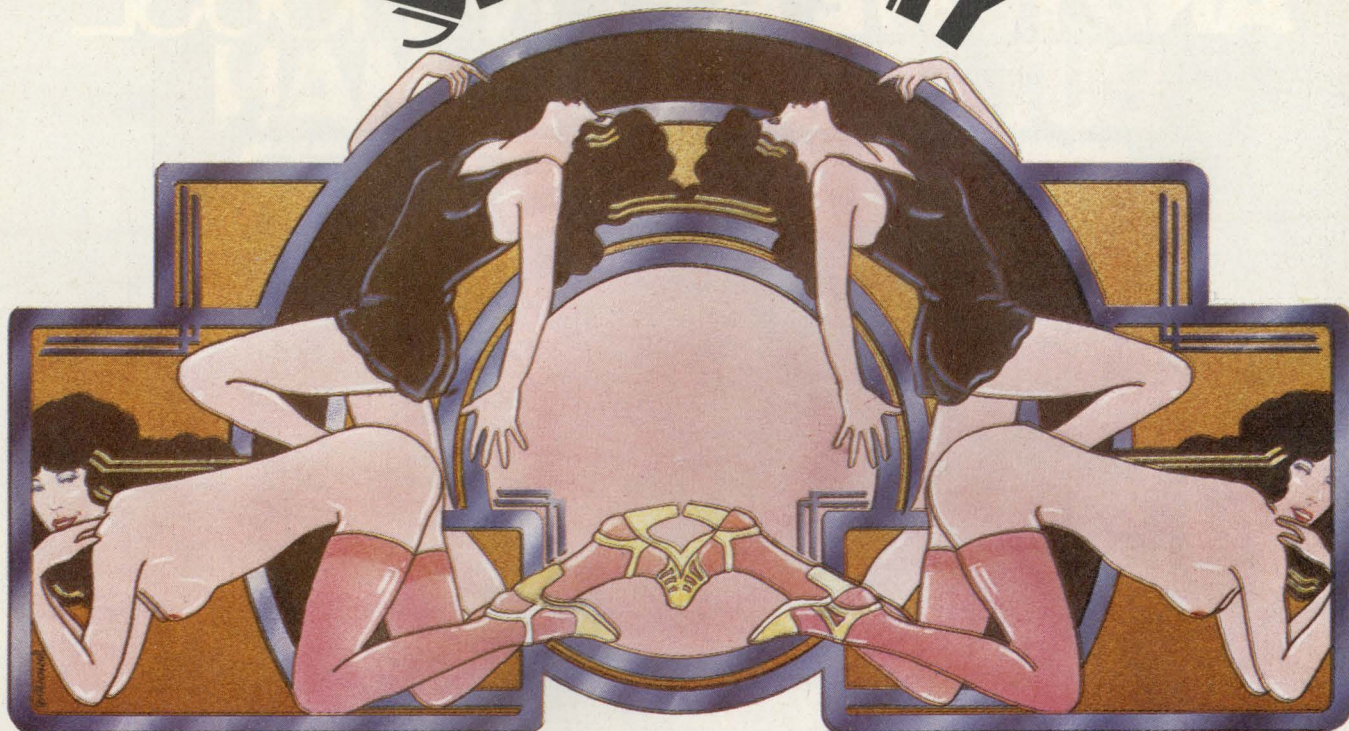
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SEX PLAY



The Sexy Sport of Spanking

Without question, spanking has brought a new and delightful dimension to the sex lives of many people. It is a practice which is becoming more widespread and openly talked about. HUSTLER presents this article on what one prominent sexologist describes as, "Something which has been known to open up a hidden well of desire in many women." That of course being, a good spanking on her pretty, bare bottom. This is the fifth article in a series prepared especially for HUSTLER Magazine. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that makes every experience an important one and keeps her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by Frank Thistle

Retired Lieutenant Colonel John Brooks had one consuming passion — spanking the bare bottoms of pretty young girls. The spanking mania of the former British army officer recently came to public attention when he sued "The People," a London newspaper, for describing him as "a menace to young girls" because of a spanking incident aboard his cabin cruiser two years ago involving a 19-year-old student named Susan Carr. After she was spanked, Miss Carr sold her story to

"The People" for \$1000. The article said Brooks, a former mayor of Chelsea, had taken Miss Carr on his boat, forced her to undress and spanked her against her will. While most readers found the story rather laughable, Brooks considered it libelous.

During the trial that ensued, the British enjoyed "a lewd giggle," as the "New York Times" put it. For four days national attention was riveted on the colorful testimony about the life and times of John Elliott Brooks, a wealthy 64-year-old lawyer, a prisoner of the

Japanese in World War II, an alderman for 23 years, a husband for 27 years and the father of two children.

Brooks acknowledged that he liked to spank young women, but only with their consent, he maintained. He said that over the years he had spanked 14 girls. He admitted to having used a whip once or twice but denied being sadistic. He further states he had even applied some good Scotch to Miss Carr's bottom to remove some of the sting.

"I am and always have been per-

fectly normal," said the tall, dignified-looking Englishman, dressed nattily in a striped suit with a red carnation in his lapel. "As long as it is absolutely with the girl's consent, it is nothing more notorious than the Italian habit of bottom-pinching. Spanking is only done to someone who likes it or is enjoying the fun. Of course, there is some pain but a lot of people enjoy that. A lot of people are masochists."

Brooks' lawyer, Roger Gray, said his client enjoyed slapping girls' bottoms, but that he was not "a dirty old man."

"Every healthy, normal, vigorous male is a bottom slapper in mind if not in deed," Gray said. "He admits it with uninhibited candor, but he never does it without their consent."

Miss Carr told her side of the story to the jury. She said that she answered an advertisement in the magazine "Private Eye" for "good-natured young ladies" to crew Brooks' Thames cruiser when she was a 19-year-old pharmacy student. She said that at lunch aboard the yacht Brooks produced several bottles of wine.

"Every time I took a sip, Mr. Brooks filled up my glass," she said. "I certainly didn't drink that much every day."

She said that after the meal Brooks told her: "Now take your clothes off. I'm going to beat you." She said she protested "with all the arguments I could muster," but was frightened and eventually took her clothes off and lay face down on the bunk.

"He then started slapping my backside. He paused to pour whiskey on me to stop the bruising. He then continued the spanking. I think I must have winced a bit because Brooks said 'You must lie still. You can cry if you want to but don't move.'"

Miss Carr said that Brooks struck her about 30 times and at the end of the day her bottom was "very sore."

According to Brooks, when Miss Carr answered his ad she was told that she would be required to take off her clothes and permit him to slap her bottom. He testified he offered her \$12 if she agreed to come on the boat and another \$24 if she permitted him to slap her bottom. The day after lunch on his boat Brooks said he asked the girl if she wanted the extra money and she pulled the curtains and undressed. Brooks spanked her with his hand as she lay naked on the bed.

The trial attracted a steady flow of Londoners who wandered into the courtroom to hear Brooks, Miss Carr

“Every healthy, normal, vigorous male is a bottom slapper in mind if not in deed.”

and their wigged and gowned lawyers talk of "bottoms" and "sexual kinks." It also served as an inspiration to cartoonists and headline writers — the "Daily Mail" called it "The Case of the Slap-and-Tickle Squire."

In summation, Brooks' lawyer said: "We have had some fun in this case. It has come as a welcome wind of levity in an otherwise dismal autumn. But behind the levity there is sadness and harm for Mr. Brooks. Before the story of the incident appeared, Brooks was regarded as a respectable member of his community. Now he is known as a bottom-spanking alderman and is widely ridiculed. Many people have sexual kinks. The French say that flagellation is the English disease, which is rather cheeky of them. If the Common Market had a bottom-pinching contest, the Italians would win. But my client is not a menace. We cannot escape the crucial question here. That is, did my client slap Miss Carr's bottom without her consent?"

In his instructions to the jury, the judge, Sir Peter Bristow, declared: "You may think that his conduct is just another forgivable little sexual aberration, the sort of thing that right-thinking people take in their stride. Or you may think that to suffer a form of sexual perversion marked by a love of cruelty is something a good deal more sinister and dangerous — that these are his true colors behind the respectable surface of a top solicitor, married man and ex-mayor."

The jury ruled that the "spanking colonel" was not a public menace. The

THE PHILOSOPHER

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster. SWIFT.

court awarded Brooks one-half pence (worth about one U.S. cent) in damages.

The English have long been known for their love of spanking and kinky sex practices. Over the years one sex scandal after another has rocked the British empire and shocked the world. A decade ago the Profumo affair made sensational headlines and the names of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies became household words. More recently the activities of Janie Jones, the singer turned madam who procured girls for wealthy friends, added to England's reputation for sex shenanigans.

But the biggest blow to merrie ole England in sexual matters will soon be forthcoming. The world's most notorious madam is about to reveal the secret sex life of the English aristocracy. Xaviera Hollander, known as the "Happy Hooker," after her best-selling book about call girls, will tell all in a new shock book to be published this year.

"The English are undoubtedly the kinkiest people I ever met," Miss Hollander says. "That's why I'm never surprised to hear about gentlemen spanking girls. Spanking is a very widespread sex practice in England and it is becoming quite common elsewhere."

Her new book is based on her visit to England two years ago. She tells of a lavish weekend party in a stately home.

"I was taken there by a man I met in Tramp, London's famous jet-set night club," Miss Hollander recalled. "He seemed a very sweet guy and had the greatest eyes you ever saw — that's why I call him Bruce Brighteyes in the book. We arrived on a Saturday at the house — it made the White House look like a weekend cottage — and all the men were fluttering about me when they learned who I was. That's when I got my first lesson in what the aristocracy does for sexual kicks.

"The house was thick with Lords and Earls and they all seemed to have sexual hangups. Several confessed to me that they wanted to indulge in kinky sex but were afraid to, because the aristocracy was such a small circle that they feared being found out and ridiculed. But over and over these titled men confessed to me that they wanted to either be beaten or to beat me. They all talked fondly of their schooldays where a matron or a master — a surrogate nanny, one said — used to beat them. And they wanted to repeat the experience but were afraid to tell their wives of their desire. That was my most

lasting impression of English aristocracy, their secret frustrations, their desire to get into spanking."

Miss Hollander's biographer, Yvonne Dunleavy, said she had checked the Happy Hooker's findings with psychiatrists during preparation of the book.

"All the experts agreed with Xaviera when asked about Englishmen of that generation and social strata," she says. "They said the urge to beat or be beaten revealed a guilt complex instilled in these men by their nannies or their schoolmasters. And they said the guilt feelings were coupled with a desire to return to the security and warmth of childhood."

Miss Dunleavy, an attractive brunette, explained that there was a big difference between spanking and the infliction of pain.

"I have become something of a lay expert on sexual matters since writing 'The Happy Hooker,'" she laughed. "And everything I have learned tells me that spanking is a very widespread sexual practice. Sexual sophisticates do it all the time.

"Spanking is partly living out a sexual fantasy. And most sex is fantasy. The only time it becomes abnormal is when the fantasy replaces the sex act itself, or when it is carried on to the point of real pain. I do agree with Xaviera that the English seem more into spanking than any other nationality."

Why is spanking such a sexual turn-on for so many people?

The joys of spanking are both psychological and physical. Let's look at the former aspect first. Rarely, in the case of adults, is there a sexual reaction of purely a physical nature where spanking is concerned. Spanking brings about an erection of the penis in the male or a moistening of the vagina in the female as a result of the hand or other implement striking the flesh. But a certain amount of psychologic conditioning to the activity is usually necessary to achieve such a result.

Currently, there is a growing recognition that sex is pain and pain is sex. Today many couples and singles consider the infliction of pain as an essential form of sexual foreplay. The pain may be of a subtle, psychological variety or it may be strongly physical in nature, or it may be mildly physical in nature. In recent years an increasing number of people have participated in sadomasochism as a form of erotic arousal and, indeed, as a form of sexual gratification in itself. Many married

Blood rushing to the spanked bottom causes the male sexual organs to swell, much as they do in preparation for the orgasm.

couples have discovered that pain is a powerful sexual stimulant and many consider it a vital ingredient in their sexual relationships. Many bachelors and single girls have made the same kind of discovery.

To many men, the sight of freshly spanked and fire-red feminine buttocks is a powerful sexual stimulant. Others find sexual stimulation at the sight of pain and distress on the young woman's face or at the sight of her frantic wriggles and kicking legs. Innumerable individuals get a mental charge from spanking another person because it gives them a sense of superiority and domination. Other people prefer to be on the receiving end and derive pleasure from being submissive and subordinated to another's will.

By nature, men are usually sexually aggressive and women sexually submissive. So, generally speaking, it is the male who is the spanker and the female who is the spankee. However, it is widely recognized that both men and women can be sexually stimulated from the receipt of pain. And since the advent of Women's Lib, many women are assuming active sexual roles and some men are adopting passive ones.

Why do some individuals associate pain with sex? For some the association stems from childhood or teenage experiences. Teenage girls who are spanked by their fathers often develop masochistic tendencies which they later carry over into their adult sex lives. In many cases, such women insist on experiences with their lovers that almost duplicate their youthful experiences.

THE PHILOSOPHER

No man is a hero to his own wife; no woman is a wife to her own hero.
ANONYMOUS.

The psychological response to spanking activities is the most important element in the sexuality of this act. As any sexologist will tell you, the mind controls all sexual conduct and is the key to all sexual behavior.

Now let's consider the physical side of spanking. The physiological factors behind the sexual enjoyment of spanked buttocks are really not too mysterious. The large muscles of the buttocks are closely connected with the entire sexual apparatus in both sexes. These gluteal muscles, as they are termed, are often brought into play during both coital and masturbatory incidents. The voluntary squeezing together of these muscles, often observed in female auto-erotic activities, most definitely can result in an orgasm, particularly if the contractions are very rhythmic. Spanking the buttocks rhythmically results in a similar reaction.

The female buttocks are particularly receptive to sexual response — the rush of blood that a brisk smack will bring to them is sufficient to stimulate an erotic reaction. The nearness of the buttocks to the vaginal entrance greatly contributes to this reaction. In the case of the male, the nearness of the buttocks to the scrotum and penis is an important factor in the spanking-caused erection. Blood rushing to the spanked bottom causes the male sexual organs to swell, much as they do in preparation for the orgasm.

An additional anatomical element in sexual response to spanking is the fact that the anal opening shares some muscles with the perineum — a very erogenous area between the anus and the genitalia. It is obvious that during the course of most spankings this area comes into contact with either the spanking hand or the implement that is being used to strike the buttocks.

An interesting physiological phenomenon is that the sexual feelings induced by a spanking are either stronger than, or blot out, the presence of pain. Where there may be some physical discomfort sustained during a sexual spanking, this discomfort adds to, rather than detracts from, the eroticism of this activity. There is no question that many people find spanking a powerful aphrodisiac and an active inciter of sensual enjoyment.

In the best-selling book "The Sex-Life Letters" by Dr. Harold Greenwald, a number of cases are cited of individuals who get their sexual kicks

continued on page 88



HUSTLER PORN REVIEW

HUSTLER Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-Rated flicks flooding the market today. We try to be as reliable as possible, and our **HARD-ON RATING** is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses. But **BUYER BEWARE:** A good number of these films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check beforehand whether your five bucks is going to give you the real thing, or hemorrhoids.

RATING GUIDE



TOTALLY LIMP.

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT.

Might get it up if you used a crane.



HALF-ERECT.

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

X-Rated films
by Jim Martin

A curious thing happened recently when the credits began to roll across the screen at the conclusion of Gerard Damiano's "Portraits" — there weren't any.

Instead, a sort of cinematic disclaimer appeared, wherein it was explained that due to recent Supreme Court rulings on obscenity, the cast, crew and producers of this hard-core film preferred to remain anonymous. Curious, because this is the same director who has criss-crossed the country talking-up his involvement in films such as "Deep Throat," "The Devil in Miss Jones" and the Academy Award-considered "Memories Within Miss Aggie."

Since these earlier pictures, Damiano himself has been busted on a charge of inter-state shipping of pornography (his first arrest) and the

Supreme Court has created a climate of uncertainty in the film industry by its failure once again to give a legal definition to obscenity. The reluctance of Damiano, the genre's foremost director, to tack his name on one of his works, perhaps more than anything else points up the uncertainty and fear that currently permeates the film industry, particularly the hard-core genre.

What caused the current trepidation was last year's decision (or non-decision) by the U.S. Supreme Court, wherein they again failed to deal with the concepts of censorship and pornography, throwing the burden of definition back onto the equivocal shoulders of local communities. The result has been expected confusion both on the part of filmmakers and audience.

In Madison, Wisconsin, the legal right of massage parlors was left up to the voters in a referendum vote, and across the country sexual chic has replaced sexual explicitness. Truncated versions of "The Devil in Miss Jones," "Deep Throat," "The Life & Times of Xaviera Hollander" and other hard-core films have been circulating, leaving patrons burned, but hardly heated up. Even "Emmanuelle," soft-core sexual chic all the way, managed to lose a couple of sexually explicit scenes by the time it reached the public and "The Last Affair," a Chicago-made feature film which began life as a hard-core film has been edited into a "respectable" soft-core.

"Deep Throat II" and "Linda Lovelace for President" both traffic on the success of the first and real item, and "Flesh Gordon," while released with an X-rating, is not the film it started out as. Made four years ago, it was then the first feature-length, hard-core epic. After years of editing (as the climate changed) it was finally released with

an 'X' rating but none of the hard-core footage intact. It was safe, it reached a mass audience, and it made money.

What does this tenuousness on the part of filmmakers and distributors mean to the film-goer? It means *buyer beware!* There is absolutely no guarantee at this time that the film you see advertised is the film you are going to view. A case in point is the R-rated "Torso" starring British eyeful Suzy Kendall.

Advance publicity stills and newspaper ads for this psycho-sexual picture gave every indication that Ms Kendall appeared in the film in her well-turned buff. Yet when released in this country, Kendall, throughout the picture, was stitched up to her neck in bulky sweaters — barely an inch of her skin visible. Typical of some of the misleading advertising which — combined with untimely trims in film footage — has consistently disappointed film-goers of late.

Unless the courts finally lay down a definitive obscenity ruling, and unless the film industry establishes a "truth in packaging" attitude toward its advertising, the film-going public remains in danger of being turned off from film via constant disappointment. At a time when film attendance is picking up after years of decline, the industry of the silver screen can ill afford to alienate its audience and dig itself back into the morass of confusion from which it has emerged these last years.

FRENCH BLUE

A documentary interspersed with Felliniesque sequences, this film by Danish filmmaker Lasse Braun about the filming of one of his films, falls just short of being excellent — the only drawback being a redundancy which

tends toward ennui in the end. The end belongs to one beautiful Brigitte Maier, who is throughout the film, trying to take two cocks into her ass at one time. The singular theme gets a bit clinical by film's finish, but Maier is something to look at. Unfortunately,

to compensate for lack of action, the result being true boredom. No dialogue, but voice-over. Pass it over.

A CLIMAX OF BLUE POWER

The Blue Knight meets Old Faithful in this mediocre film about L.A. cops on the prowl. Purportedly shot by a Hollywood studio, it may as well have been shot in Philadelphia for all the eroticism and artwork involved. Most of the sex scenes, while explicit, are of brute force, and bear little or no resemblance to persons living or dead.

THE SEDUCTION OF LYN CARTER

After fifteen years of marriage a couple finds their relationship going stale and they decide to liven it up with a little outside sex. Unusually fine acting by Andrea True and Jamie Gillis, both well-exposed performers, plus a good storyline make this one of the best hard-core films around.

DEEP THROAT & THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES

The optically censored versions of either one of these films are a waste of time and money and should be avoided. The original versions, however, feature hardcore sex and are beautifully filmed by Gerard Damiano.

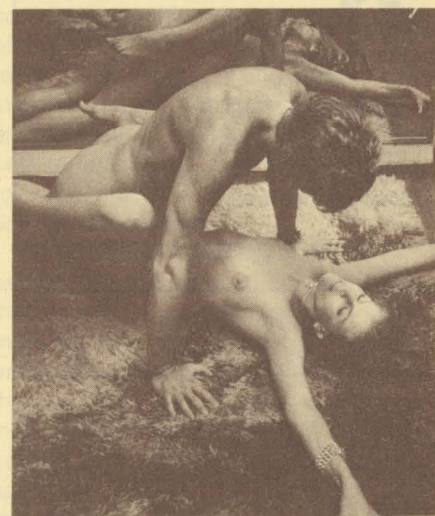
MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE

Gerard Damiano's best film to date, it was screened in three categories by the Motion Picture Academy in consideration for an Oscar. The plot involves an older woman (Deborah Ashira) who

in the loneliness of her farm home, recalls the sexual aspects of her past. Kim Pope is especially fetching as the young Miss Aggie, Mary Stuart raunchy as a developing one. Throughout, the acting is first-rate, and under Damiano's direction the script and photography perfect. One of the very best porn films to date.

THE PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MANN

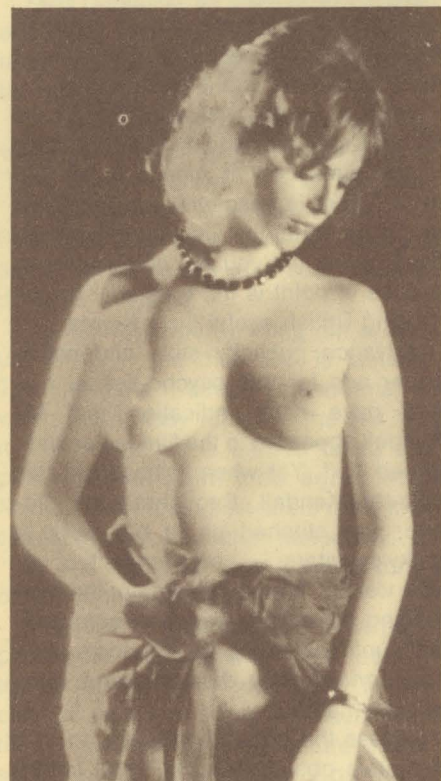
An all-star cast lends its talents to one of the more sensitive porn flicks of the year. Beautiful Barbara Bourbon



plays the lead, and takes head (in slow motion yet) better than Linda Lovelace. Georgina Spelvin and Jamie Gillis are also present in this extremely well-made adult fantasy which relies on a modicum of storyline, good music, fine bodies and sensual shots. A sure bet for any afternoon.

THE CHAMBER MADE

A catch-all title and 3-D effects cannot save this film from the realm of boredom. While reasonably well shot, the picture is neither erotic nor unusual. You've seen it before done much better.



her creamy looks are never used to their best advantage and her dialogue consists of a few grunts as she takes directions from Braun. The out-takes from earlier Braun film are often funny, often erotic (such as the beach scene in which an orgy takes place in the midst of layer cakes) and Braun shows a real flair for imaginative filmmaking. In the long-run, however, the film is at best a well-edited pastiche of Braun works—which is to say, that it's good, but not the best around.

DIVERSIONS

Set in the island of a young woman's mind, this innocuous picture is at best, boring. Drawn out sex scenes attempt

MARRIAGE AND OTHER STRANGE THINGS

Also known as "Marriage And Other Four-Letter Words," if this film has a weakness, it's in the lack of sexual action. With more plot than most in the genre, it takes a while to warm up, but the acting and camera work is good and once the sexual scenes get swinging, they add immeasurably to the story of a young couple going through changes. Several slowly-developing erotic scenes, including some underwater activity, especially stand out.

CHINA GIRL

The most disappointing thing about this disappointing film is that the most beautiful and desirable woman in it—a delicately beautiful Chinese-American actress named Pamela Yen, portraying the character after whom the movie is presumably titled—never engages in any sex, except for some bare-breasted lesbian kissing with the heroine Annette Haven. Otherwise, it is the standard fare, featuring an unlikely spy-vs.-spy plot and painfully stilted acting. The sex, though explicit, seems mechanical and joyless. There is one lengthy, well-paced scene in which Miss Haven takes on first four women, and then three men, with a great deal of exuberance and aplomb.

— Steve Hanley.

DEEP THROAT II

Borrowing on both the title and the star of its predecessor (Deep Throat-Linda Lovelace) that's all this film borrows. The hard-core sex has been left out and so should you be.

LOVE BUS

The ubiquitous Jamie Gillis stars in one of the better-made hard-core pics

of the year. As a psychiatrist who would rather fuck than discuss Freud, he decides to send a bus load of his neurotic patients to a hotel for further treatment. The treatment, needless to say, involves a great deal of sexual release—all of it well-photographed in vivid color and close-up. The story line is above average, the faces and bodies superb, and some of the scenes, such as that in which Gillis probes patient Rita Davis up the cunt to his elbow, amazing. Not a bad ride.

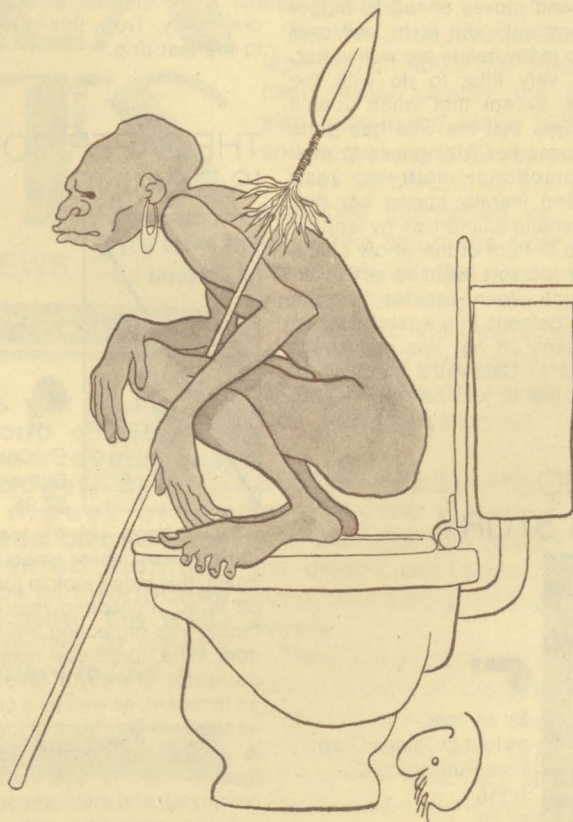
LICKETY SPLIT

Linda Lovemore, who is said to give head better than Linda Lovelace, makes her hard-core debut in this film, and it's not disappointing. Acting depth gives way to throat depth in this pic, but when the plot isn't moving along

too slowly, this has some of the best twosome and group action to be found in your neighborhood theaters. Watch for the concluding bus orgy scene—it's a comer.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF XAVIERA HOLLANDER

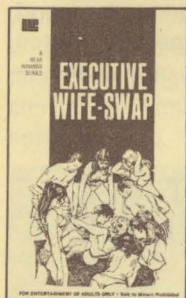
This film may be playing under any one of several titles due to the fact that it bears absolutely no resemblance to the life or times of the Happy Hooker. If it isn't carrying the title captioned above, look for it as THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE HAPPY HOOKER. Photographed by Larry Spangler with an attractive female lead played by ex-Playmate Samantha McLaren, you might still be disappointed—even with the original version. 



X RATED BOOKS

For the benefit of faithful HUSTLER readers who want to know about the latest in fuck-books at their local adult bookstores, we have contracted the noted panderer of the perverted printed word, A. Roused Reader. To aid him in the review of each book, HUSTLER has created a new RATING GUIDE which will appear at the top of each critique. The system also applies to our PORN REVIEW.

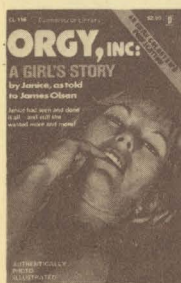
EXECUTIVE WIFE-SWAP.



By Vance Caldwell
Tiburon Publishing
House #312
\$1.95

I think that I've been reading Vance Caldwell books ever since I soiled my first carpet. The man brings an element of sleazy class to the ass-antics of beat-off book writing. His characters are usually normal sorts who, seeking an end to the tedium of groinal grinding with the same partner, venture out into the wide-thighed world and wind up sucking off more than they can swallow. Joan Grant is a typical Caldwell heroine — beautiful but unfulfilled, allowing herself to be poked by her husband till he pops, and then having to fondle herself off while he snores next to her. Seeking sexual solace from a wise, and of course, horny girlfriend, Joan indulges in a Lesbo duet, and moves ahead to bigger and better things until she is in well over her head, or too many heads are well in her. The book has very little to do with the business world, except that when Joan's husband discovers that his wife has gone free-lance, he uses her willingness to provide as a promotional mattress. Joan doesn't mind and literally shows her distaste for her husband's limpness by lapping up his boss' lap in front of the whole office. When the other workers want to get in on the action though, Joan decides that the executive world belongs in a washroom and she quickly cleans off her lips and seeks the exit. Thanks to Caldwell's handling of her, one would like to join her on her trip.

ORGY, INC.: A GIRL'S STORY.



By Janice,
as told to James Olsen
Eros Publishing Co.
#116
\$2.50

I have learned, after long hours of leafing

through hard-on literature, that when a book is filled with pictures, the written worth usually can invert one's sexual lust. Publishers must figure that people who buy fuck-books can't read anyway, so if there are lots of dirty pictures to massage the eyeballs with, the panting reader will contentedly manipulate himself to oblivion. Well, someone at Eros Publishing finally realized that to maximize the erectile percentage, warm writhing words were needed to match the copulating scenes and, thanks to someone named James Olsen, "Orgy, Inc." is one tale that lives up to the photographic snatches of beautiful men and women at play. Janice is a hedonistic hellion, who comes on strong, and comes strongly, from the first handjob to the last climax. She spends more time on her back and on her knees than most other people spend on their feet. Bi-sexual, tri-sexual and super-sexual, Janice is a piece for all seasons and any reasons. Her husband doesn't seem to mind either, as one sequence suggests: "Do it, baby," her husband cried excitedly, "hurry . . . suck it for him." Obviously, hubby isn't talking about a lollipop. And Janice responds, "if that was what her husband wanted, then she'd drain the man in her mouth dry . . . and love it." And drain him dry she does; nor is he the last to leave a taste in her oral cavity. Truly, this is a book that's good to the last drip.

THE PAPER BOY IS COMING!

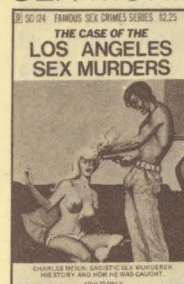


By Carolyn Hunt
Surrey House #379
\$1.95

Now I know why my mother never let me deliver newspapers when I was a lad. Then again, this jaded look at journalistic jacking-off is so uninspired that I guess dear old moms was protecting me from sexual boredom. The torridless team of mother and daughter Meredith take-in and take-on an innocent, as well as a slightly slow-witted newspaper boy named Jeff and treat him to all the sex that's fit to eat. Jeff, needless to say, is overwhelmed as well as overjoyed, and although orgasms are turned out like classified ads, there is nary a banner headline among the grunts and

groans. A typical "don't stop the presses" release reads like this: "AAARRRRGGGHHH! AAARRRRGGGHHH! OH! OH! OH! OH!" Hell, that looks more like an exercise in typing than a bout in bed. Jeff seems to fare a bit better when he's not delivering his papers. After learning all sorts of new tricks on his route, he tries them out on assorted sweet young things and finds out just how sweet young things can be. Of course, being a dutiful newsboy, he continues to deliver the paper each day to the Meredith's house and collects his dues in more ways than one. For Jeff's sake, let's hope that there is never a paper shortage. As for the authoress, she apparently had too many pages to fill and tried typing with her tongue instead of her fingers.

THE CASE OF THE LOS ANGELES SEX MURDERS.



By Gil Lyons
Copley Squares
Press #124
\$2.25

About two years ago, I stumbled upon the first in this series, something called "The Summer Camp Sex Killer." At the time, sex and murder were quite new to the beat-off circuit, so I quickly told the bookstore attendant to slip the aforementioned work, plus another pubic pocketbook called "The Enema Bag Rapist" into the all-too-familiar brown paper bag, and rushed home to get it on (and off) with the written word. And about two years ago, I did just that. However, while this series has indeed expanded in titles ("Delivery Boy Rape Murders," "Tuesday Afternoon Rapist," "The Dentist Who Raped His Patients," "The Bartender Who Sexually Mutilated Blondes," to mention a few), it has not caused my interest to continue to expand or harden to any great lengths. Quite limply, the names change, but the facts are always the same. Some frustrated nut pumps off and bumps off at least six pleasing pieces before getting his own ass caught in the legal sling. The murders are minimally arousing at best, but the formula — blow job, strangulation, rape, stabbing or shooting, never varies. The writer is guiltier than his evil henchman at arms, of creating crimes against the reader's interest. One only wished that the contents of the book stroked up to its cover.

CHICAGO (HNS) — Would you know a swinger if you met one? Probably not, according to recent studies of suburban mate-swapping. The typical married couple that swings is not so different from the one that doesn't.

In controlled studies of swinging and non-swinging couples, sociologists have found that while mate-swappers may appear to be more sophisticated in their sex attitudes, they "tend" to be a bit less educated, have lower incomes and are less committed to church, politics and relatives than "straight" couples.

Other minor differences between swinging and non-swinging couples: swingers rated their early home life as less happy; swingers developed a romantic interest in the opposite sex at a younger age; began dating earlier; and had their first sexual intercourse at an earlier age.

Swingers also are generally more liberal in their attitudes toward sexual subjects and other matters of personal freedom.

About one-third of the swinging marrieds surveyed first met each other at swinging singles parties.

LOS ANGELES (HNS) — Most couples who belong to mate-swapping clubs attend swinging parties only about every other week, and wives at such parties usually have sex with more partners than their husbands.

A report on the behavior of swinging couples who belong to Elysium Inc. and Club 101 in Los Angeles reveals that the erotic activities at mate-swapping parties generally include oral-genital sex, massaging and mutual masturbation; with each individual participant usually performing intercourse at least once.

Club members report that swinging wives are more active than their husbands, usually engaging in erotic play with three to four different male partners, and occasionally with female partners.

Men, on the other hand, are usually sexually satisfied after engaging in erotic activity with two or three female partners — and none of the husbands reported any homosexual activity.

Members said that when the wives engaged in lesbian activity, the men usually watched.

One of the most consistent effects reported by swinging couples was an increase in the frequency of sexual relations with each other. More than half



SEX BITS

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

compiled by Richard Crownover

of those surveyed reporting that they engaged in sex more than four times a week.

CLEVELAND (HNS) — Except for their sexual preferences, gay males are a lot more "normal" — like "straight" males — than previously thought, notes Ohio State University psychologist E. LaMonte Ohlson.

Following a study of homosexual undergraduate students, Ohlson said he could find no difference between the self-concepts of homosexual and heterosexual males, and that gay males were as capable of establishing deep emotional bonds as straight males.

Ohlson also claims to have toppled another popular myth concerning male homosexuals. His study, he said, does not support the contention that gay males over-identify with their mothers, or fear and hate their fathers.

BOWLING GREEN (HNS) — The popular American image of little girls being made out of "sugar and spice and everything nice," is more of a fantasy trip than anything else, according to researchers Janet Hyde and B. G. Rosenberg of Bowling Green State University.

Behavior that is typical of boys and has traditionally been regarded as "masculine" is just as typical of the majority of young girls, the researchers reported.

Besides in-depth interviews with college women about the development of their sexual identity, the researchers also interviewed junior high-age girls and women up to 69 years of age.

Over 60 percent of the young girls described themselves as "tomboys," while over half of the older women recalled behavior that did not fit the popular feminine mold.

Concluded the two researchers: left to follow their own inclinations, young boys and girls are much more alike than previously admitted.

BOSTON (HNS) — Work and money are a lot easier to share than sex, and it is the latter that generally disrupts the dreams and goals of communal living, claims historian-author Laurence Veysey.

There are currently some 2500 communes in the U.S. today; some of them practicing monogamy, some based on group-marriages and others advocating full free love. But the commune boom seems to be waning rapidly as a

result of a continuing conflict between communal sex and communal survival, says Veysey.

Looking back over the history of communal living in the U.S., Veysey says that a combination of sexual conflicts and desire for individual self-fulfillment have eventually doomed all communes.

The experience of the Oneida colony in upstate New York from 1847 to 1880 is typical, Veysey said.

Founded by John Humphrey Noyes, this experiment in living began as a "celibate" colony, but the 300 members all threatened to desert *en masse* unless they could have sex.

Noyes then established what he called a "complex marriage" system, in which all adult males and females were regarded as married to each other.

This apparently worked fairly well (even though the men were expected to cease intercourse short of ejaculation) for several years. Then Noyes and the other senior men decreed that young boys would be initiated into sex by older experienced women, and that the older men would have first crack at the younger women.

The colony broke up when Noyes became aged and lost his spiritual control over the group.

BOSTON (HNS) — Community Sex Information (CSI) was one of the first dial-a-sex-counselor services in the country when it opened in 1972, and is still going strong, with 120 paraprofessionals taking turns manning 12-hour hotlines.

Directors of the service say they get only a few crank calls from people who continue to maintain that sexual ignorance is bliss. More frequently, but still not a serious problem says the director, are the men who call up, ask for a female counselor and then masturbate while talking to her.

LOS ANGELES (HNS) — The distance between sex and violence is a very short trip indeed, and it is best not to cross anyone shortly after they have been sexually aroused, according to a UCLA research team headed by Seymour Feshbach.

In a test designed to look like an ESP experiment, the research team found that both men and women become more aggressive and prone to violence immediately after sexual arousal, with males becoming more aggressive than females.

SEX BITS

One surprise was that sexually excited men and women showed more aggression toward the opposite sex than expected. Prevailing social norms and earlier tests had indicated that men tended to limit their aggression toward women in impersonal situations.

The researchers hedged on saying there is a specific link between sex and aggression, suggesting that sexual arousal may stimulate other areas of human reaction as well.

BETHESDA (HNS) — For generations, people have kept their eyes on groundhog holes every February 2, hoping the furry little beasts won't see their shadow when they look out (supposedly a sign that there will be six more weeks of winter).

The real reason groundhogs sometimes break their winter hibernation in early February is sex, not shadows, according to veterinarians at the University of Maryland.

After four years of studying the behavior of groundhogs at a colony they established for that purpose, T. F. Albert and A. L. Ingling found that the few groundhogs that do pop their heads out of their holes during a brief waking period in February are more interested in the lady groundhogs in the next hole than the weather.

The groundhogs wake up early in the first place because of some chemical pattern in their bodies, and go right back to sleep in a matter of minutes, even if they do spot a potential mate during the brief break, the scientists said.

BERLIN (HNS) — Sharks, dolphins, whales and many fish are pictures of sensual beauty as they glide through

the oceans of the world propelled by graceful sweeps of their fins.

Men have long envied the swimming power of fish and other water animals, and now somebody has done something about it.

Scientists at the Berlin Technical University have developed a mechanical fin, based on the dolphin, which has proven to have four times the thrusting power of a conventional ship screw.

The new man-made fin, called a "rocket lever propeller," consists of a rod and a paddle mounted between powerful springs that keep it moving back and forth.

The developers say their new fin-prop should be especially useful for ferries, crane barges and other floating devices requiring great power.

BOSTON (HNS) — All things considered, physical beauty is the most important asset a female can have. The beautiful baby is given very special attention right from the very beginning, and the process continues — until she loses her good looks or becomes so hateful for some reason that people can't stand her.

To find out just how influential physical beauty is in social behavior and success, psychologists Dennis Krebs and Allen Adinolfi put it to the test in real-life situations.

They found that physical beauty is the primary factor in how much and by whom females are courted; that physical appearance is of prime importance, in fact, in all the relationships women have; from courtship, marriage and career to whatever else a woman might get involved in.

In contrast, the researchers found that extraordinary physical beauty in males was not such a beneficial or important asset. Both women and other men tend to be wary of exceptionally attractive males, because they represented too much of a threat.

Interestingly enough, the most attractive males were also found to be the most ambitious, independent and achieving.

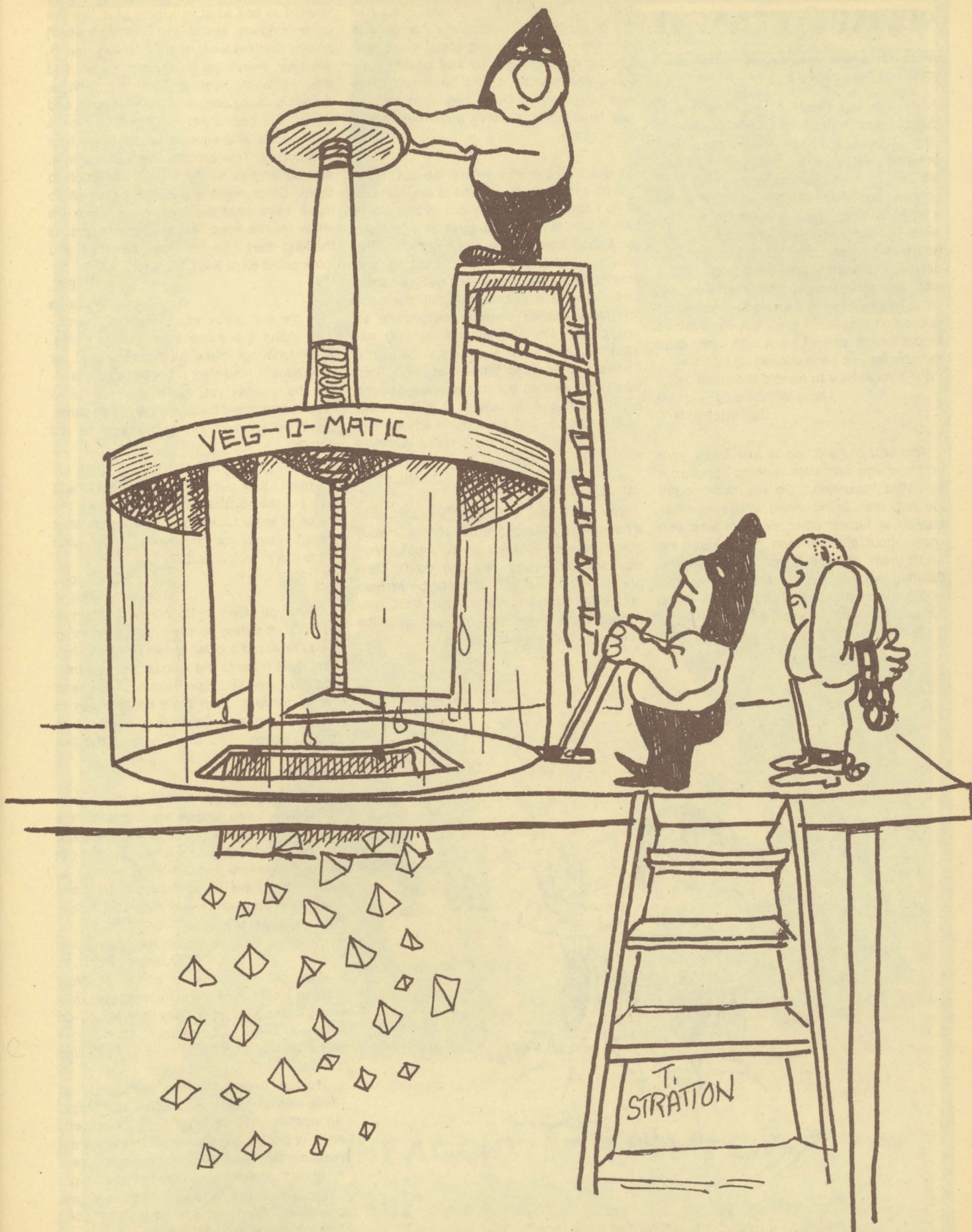
The most successful male, in terms of sexual affairs with women and other social and economic relations, was the reasonably attractive individual who tended to be "more socially stereotyped, affectionate and cooperative," the researchers said.

The two psychologists added that the least attractive men and women tended to be emotionally withdrawn. ■

THE PHILOSOPHER

More grievous than tears is the sight of them.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



ADVISE & CONSENT

continued from page 12

My wife was eighteen years old when I married her and she told me she was a virgin. It would have been okay if she wasn't, but since we live in a small town, I at least wanted to know which other guys had screwed her. Well, as it turned out, she was a virgin all right, but a few months after we were married she finally admitted that she had blown a few guys. When I pressed for details, I ultimately learned that she did it with almost every guy she ever went out with. This means I'm married to a girl who's sucked off practically every guy in town! It's embarrassing when I meet with other guys to know they've been sucked off by my wife. I don't know how to handle the situation.

Name Withheld by Request
Jamestown, N.Y.

The best thing to do is just forget your precious ego and stop thinking about your so-called "situation." Do you think you're the only man in the world whose wife has sucked or fucked other men? At least you know about it. Most men never learn the whole truth of their wives' sexual history. Besides, what all have you done to women who are now married to other men? We're sure you've been no angel yourself.

It's no big deal what your wife did before

she married you. If her thing was fellatio, then more power to her. At least she's had lots of practice for you. The other guys in your town aren't thinking about when your wife sucked them off, so why should you? Look, you married a rare specimen these days — a virgin. Don't begrudge her the little head she may have given before you came along.

I got this girl who wears me out. Now, that isn't too easy to do. She is five-foot tall, while I am six feet, seven inches and weigh 240. I can take on ten guys in one fight, but I can't take on this one tiny dame. She crawls all over me in bed, bucking and clawing and moaning like crazy. She comes and comes and comes, but still she begs for more. I never seen a dame come so much. After I'm pooped and fall over exhausted, she crawls on top of me and comes two or three times that way. Then when I've passed out she spends half the night playing with herself. I don't know what I can do. Can you please advise me?

Name Withheld
by Request
Detroit, Mich.

You don't have a problem, you just have a hot number! Maybe the differences in your sizes are what turn her on so much. Anyway, the only thing you can do is keep plugging the best you can. Maybe instead of taking on ten guys in one fight, you should send them over to your girl. She needs them more than you do!



"Everybody out for the sack race"

My wife and I enjoy a little game, and we wanted to see what you think of it. We live in a modern apartment building, which means that the walls don't filter any sound. We hear everything our neighbors do, and they obviously hear us. Well, the truth is, there's a young couple in their twenties, and we always hear them fucking. She moans and groans and squeals loudly every time she comes. This arouses me and my wife, and sometimes we fuck while we listen to them. Other times we go to extremes to make extra loud fucking noises when we know they're there, because it arouses us thinking they can hear us. What do you think about all of this?

B.K.
Mobile, Alabama

In the first place, your neighbor is probably doing the same thing you're doing. They probably make loud noises just for your benefit, and they probably enjoy hearing the sounds you make. Everyone who lives in apartment buildings plays this game. Don't kid yourself into thinking we're not all alike.

I like to fuck out in the woods, but I can't find anyone to fuck with me there. All the women I know fuck indoors in a bed. What a drag. How do you convince someone what a gas it is to fuck outside?

Bob Lyons
Monroe, Louisiana

Well, you don't try to convince them in advance. It's easy to say "no" to anything if you're asked too far ahead of the action. First, take them to the woods. Get romantic and sexy, and your spontaneity should lead her to desire it. Then she'll be as happy to screw as you are. That's how people fuck in the woods. You don't plan it out like a picnic.

Sometimes I get a hard-on in the strangest places. I can just be walking down the street, and I see a girl or something, and this huge bulge pops up in my pants. I get all embarrassed. I don't want women to see that I have a hard-on all the time, but there's no way I can hide that bulge. Any suggestions?

Name withheld by request
Jamestown, N.Y.

Why get embarrassed about it? Most women would think it was rather sexy. They enjoy seeing bulges. They get turned-on and can hardly resist a feel. Accept your sexuality and stop being ashamed of being a man.

Women experience the same kind of thing, only it's nothing as visible as a bulge. All women, though, often have the experience of finding themselves, for no apparent reason other than being perhaps too near to a man, soaking wet between their legs. They get home and their panties are drenched. So, you see, everyone goes through the same basic things.



**THE AGONY, ECSTASY & NUDITY OF
JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS**

(HNS)

When John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States in 1960, his wife, Jacqueline (Lee Bouvier) became the center of worldwide attention and curiosity. Socialite, sophisticate, and very nearly a celebrity in her own right before John F.'s election, Jacqueline drew the admiration and recognition a publicity-minded woman in her position would desire, but which few could ever hope to achieve.

It was not long before photographers and newsmen revealed more about Jacqueline's personal life and her romance with John F. than they had bothered to reveal about any other First Lady since Dolly Madison. Where was she from? What type of person was she?

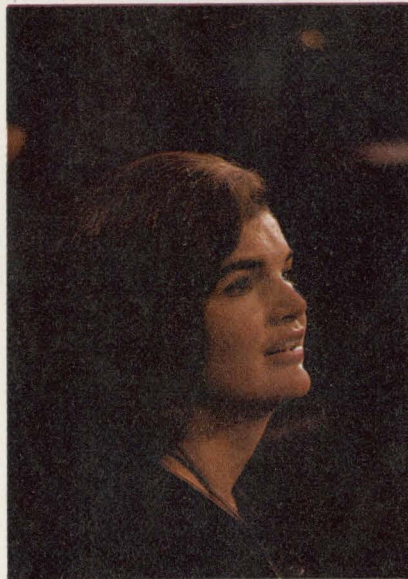
People have been asking the same kinds of questions about Jacqueline since she moved from the White House after John's assassination in 1963. In shock from having seen and felt her husband fall dead against her under rifle fire, Jackie sought an obscurity with her children that she could never find. Then, in October of 1968, she willingly rose back into the limelight of world news and the society-page gossip when the marriage of the "national widow" with Aristotle Onassis was announced.

Now Onassis is dead. Jacqueline is twice a widow. Her most recent family is as bitter towards her as the Kennedy clan was loving after John died. What went on in those intervening years between 1968 and 1975 will probably remain largely unknown. Mostly the matter of private marital affairs between Jackie and Ari. Nevertheless, sources close to the Greek family report that contrary to custom, Jacqueline shunned Ari when he needed her support most—when he was dying. And as she shocked the world when she married Onassis, she shocked Greece even more with her jet-setting style before, during and after Ari's sickness and death.

For the first time in America, HUSTLER presents this nude profile of the world's most eligible woman. Certainly she is the best-known woman, and perhaps even the wealthiest. After viewing and reading this feature, she will also be the most widely exposed, leaving nothing hidden from whomever will be her next loving husband.

HUSTLER has the honor of reprinting

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



GLOBE PHOTOS





these color photos of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis taken with a telescopic lens from a fishing boat off the island of Skorpios, the Onassis' private Grecian retreat. They first appeared in the Italian men's magazine *Playmen*. Response to the special feature was overwhelming when it first appeared in Europe. Most Americans remained unaware of its continental impact until a few months later, when American news magazines reprinted one or two of the photos in black and white as small news items. But until now, no other major magazine has seen fit to give the entire story its much-deserved attention. After all, who would have thought we'd ever be seeing the First Lady of any nation without her clothes on!

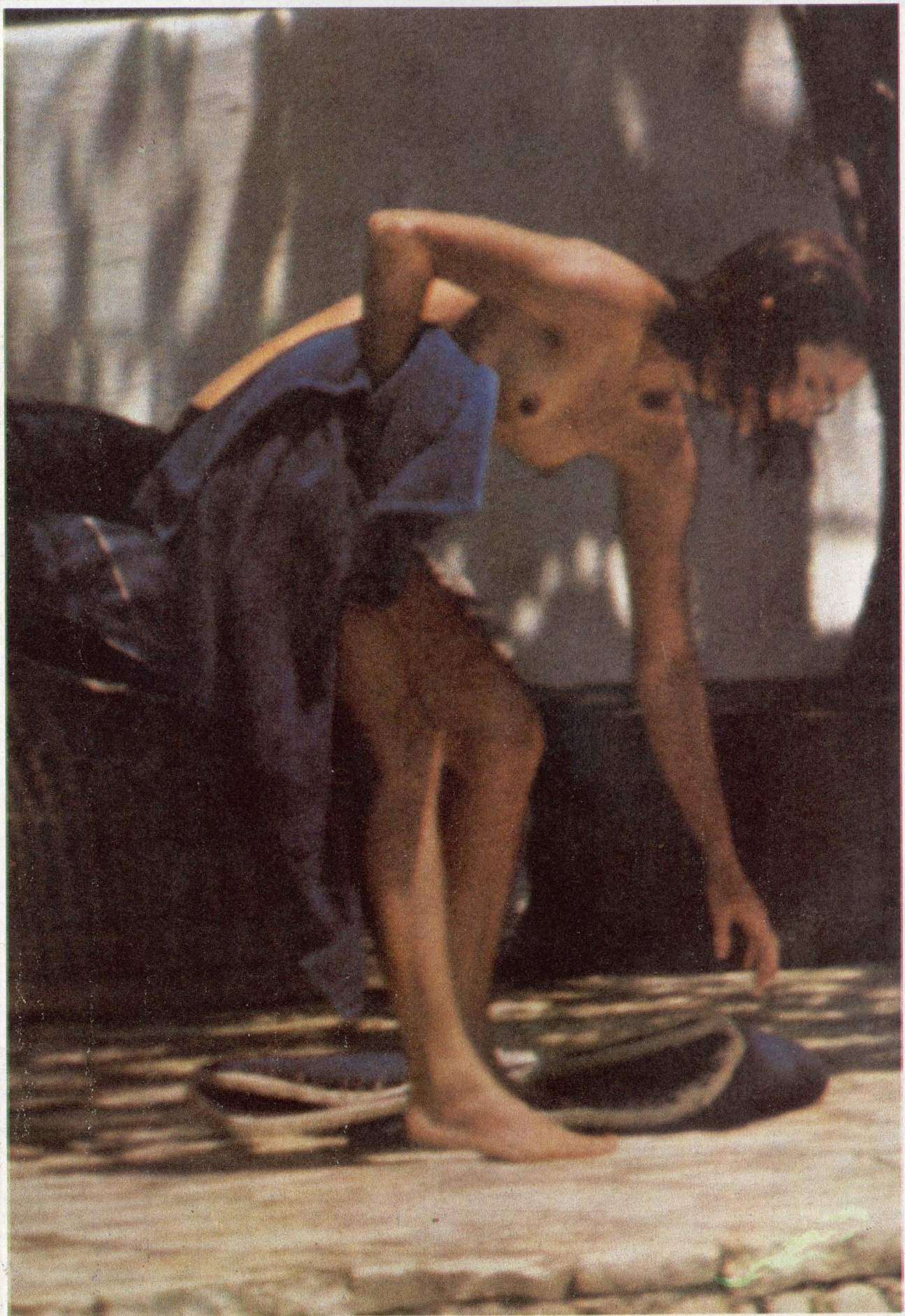
Going back into Jackie's past brings much to light about this famous woman. Professor Andrew T. Weston, instructor of history at Vassar College in New York says, "I remember the young lady very well. She attended our institute for a few months in the post-war years. She was about 18 years old . . . pretty and vivacious. She was moody and passed from happiness to sadness with great ease. On some days she was studious: on others she was 'out of it.' For me, to be honest, she had quite an incomprehensible personality."

Jenny Bell, her friend at George Washington University said of her, "To be frank, in spite of times we spent together I didn't understand Jackie at all. She had great cultural ambitions, but every now and then she would throw aside her looks and complain that there are better things to do in the world."

Set designer Leon du Lac, who met her in Paris in 1949 while she was attending classes at the Sorbonne, explains, "It is rather embarrassing to say what I think about her now that she is so famous. I will only say that her 'social climbing,' on the whole, doesn't surprise me. I always knew that Jacqueline aimed high in life. If a good chance were to come by, she wouldn't be the type to let it slip. Sometimes, in jest, I called her the Panther in Ambush."

Towards the end of 1952, the "panther" took her jump under the pretext of taking some photographs of John Kennedy. He had just turned 36-years-old, had fought heroically in the Pacific, and furthermore, had behind him an incredible family fortune aiming for the Senate, with the intention of going much higher. One day during the elec-







toral campaign, Jacqueline introduced herself to him as a photo-reporter from the *Washington Times Herald*. Strange that she—with all her “cultural ambitions” and her academic degree—would be satisfied snapping pictures. However, at that time a few “flashes” were enough to throw light on her future. It was she who related that she had put on a sky blue classic outfit fashioned by a Parisian dress designer. She wore little make-up to show her paleness, and to accent her high cheek-bones.

“While I was going around taking photographs of him, John always followed me with an interested look. I remember that, at a certain point, I was forced to beg him not to look at me or the photos would come out less than natural. He laughed and answered, ‘If you insist, I will make the effort not to stare.’ He was extremely nice. Having finished the 2nd roll of film, I directed a few questions to him; questions which were essential to the captions. When I was about to leave, he took my hand and asked me to stay. I remained, of course, and he explained to me in full detail his political plans. We had the feeling of having always known each other...”

Storybook? Or maybe a scene from a political-romance film starring Paul Newman and an ingenue from Hollywood? A film in which an honest man chosen by the people, encouraged by his beloved and fearless wife succeeds in licking corruption and bringing true democracy to triumph. In September, 1953, when Jackie married the 36-year-old Senator from Massachusetts (certainly destined to accomplish great things), Americans thought that the famous “honest couple” seen so often in movies had finally become a reality. In fact, after the wedding, General George Decker, toasted: “I am sure that these two young people united also in the love of their motherland will succeed in doing a lot for the cause of democracy and for a moral reawakening of our great country.” All the distinguished guests applauded warmly, though the expressions “cause of democracy” and “moral reawakening,” coming from the mouth of Pentagon brass already smacked of machine guns and cannons.

After years of frustrating both voters and the Kennedy grand-parentage, Jackie finally gave birth to a baby girl on November 27, 1957. At the next elections their “Honest John,” sym-

bolically fulfilled by fatherhood, would have his dreams come true. And so it was. In January, 1961, two months after the birth of their second child, John Junior, the Kennedys moved into the White House.

In May, the “Detector,” (a scandal sheet) published the gossip of an old housekeeper who had been very dear to Mrs. Eisenhower and whom Jackie fired because of a nasty answer. In retrospect, these vengeful opinions seem rather believable, that “she is aggressive and demanding...bares her teeth with the slightest annoyance,” etc. But readers of “Detector” found the gossip offensive to both the Kennedys and to all good Americans.

Before the end of 1961, the weekly stopped publications regarding the First

our times. A consistent and fortunate representative of the “feminine society” decidedly aimed at acquiring wealth and power. At 18 she was already dreaming of soaring. At 24, she took off by marrying John F. Kennedy. At 30, she became the First Lady—and fell at 33 after losing John. At 39, she took off again, after finding Aristotle Onassis. And today, at 46, she is the ex-Lady of Skorpis—and an experienced nude bather in the Mediterranean sunshine.

She has been threatened with the loss of Ari’s expected \$243 million inheritance because of bitterness among her in-laws. She is accused of malicious wrongdoing during Ari’s illness, i.e., not being by his side. And she has been upbraided for even smiling at Onassis’ funeral.



GLOBE PHOTO

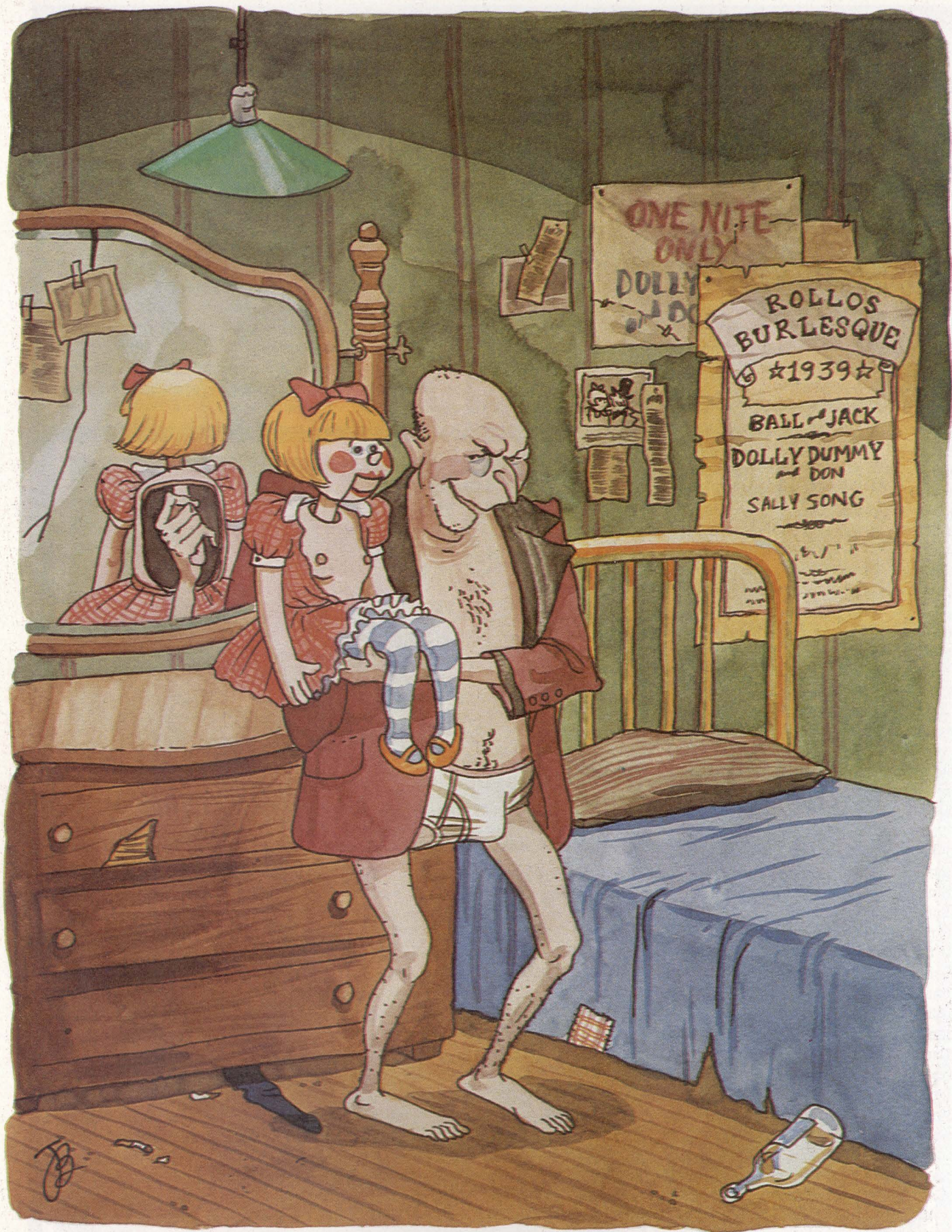
Family. However, in October of 1968, when Jackie and Aristotle Onassis announced plans to marry, “all good Americans” had something more to think about. To be shocked was naive, but also as American as apple pie. After all, who could blame a widow in her 30’s, after 5 years of mourning and of feeling like a flag at half mast, who wanted to marry again—and did, with a billionaire.

But Jackie wasn’t just any widow. She was the living monument to the memory of the “war hero with the boyish grin.” She wasn’t ready, however, to remain immobile and in mourning, though Americans may have wanted that. Her marriage, then, came to many as a kind of treason.

But Jacqueline has never betrayed anyone. She is simply the heroine of

But could a woman with Jacqueline’s experience who had already known the “love of her life,” marry again without that marriage being more business than romance? It seems unlikely. Certainly, there was a meeting of the minds between Jackie and Ari which the two must have understood from the beginning.

Now, with Aristotle’s daughter Christina at odds with Jacqueline for her “frivolous attitude,” the millionairess flies from New York to Paris and elsewhere. She will be seeking obscurity, once more, and perhaps she will find it. All the while, she will be battling for her share of the fantastic Onassis estate. And somewhere, amidst all the speculation over whom it will be, she will be waiting for the next man in her life to show himself. ■■



"Suck my wooden clit, you big mean horrible son-of-a-bitch."



MARIE

A LITTLE BIT OF PINK GOES A LONG WAY



When a guy takes me out I expect him to make at least one pass at me. If I like him, that's all it will take for me to be convinced we should have sex. I'm not inhibited about sex or my body. My pussy is holding its shape through all the men I've been with in bed. In fact, when a man fails to be aggressive, I wonder what's wrong and with whom — him or me?

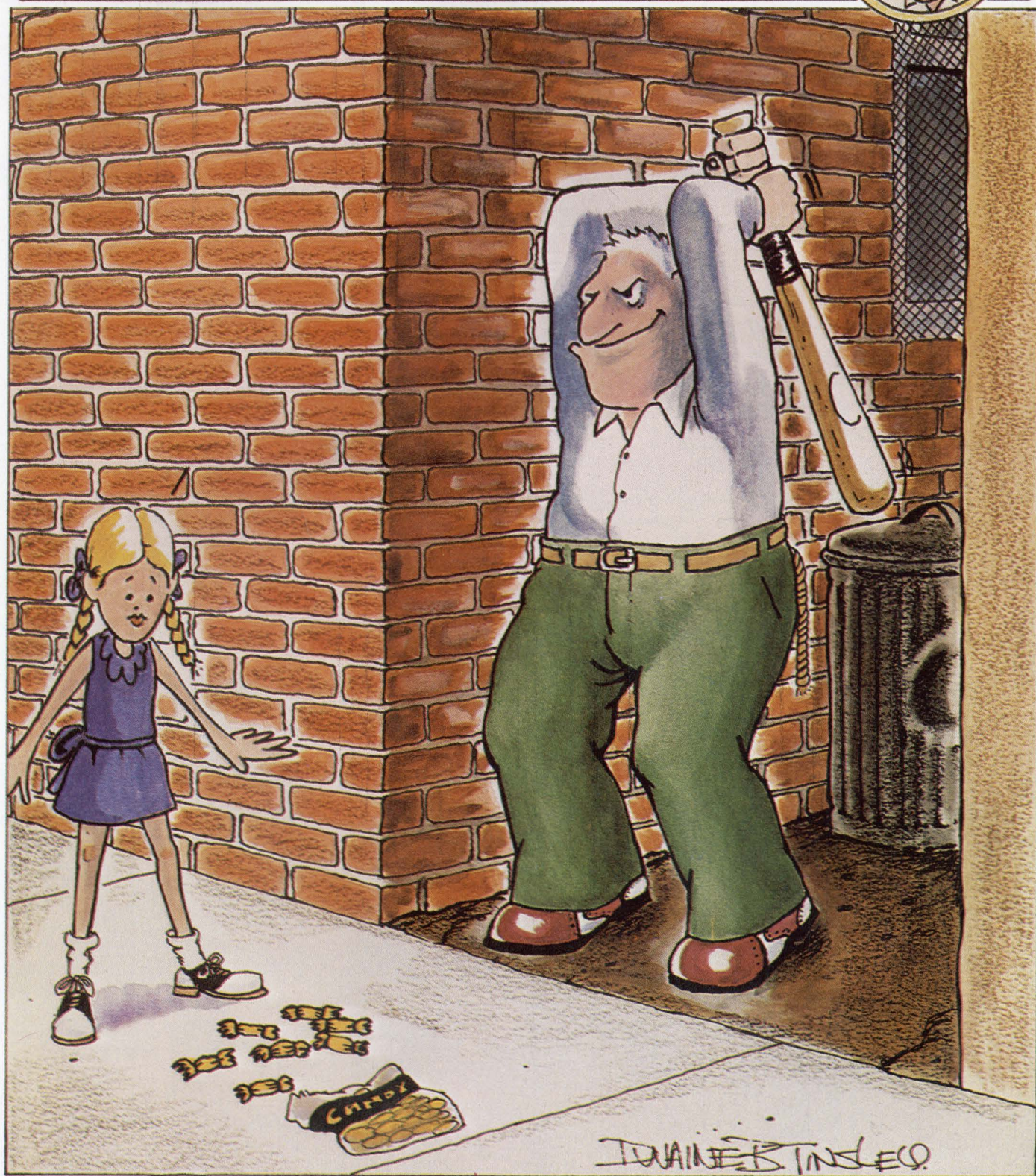


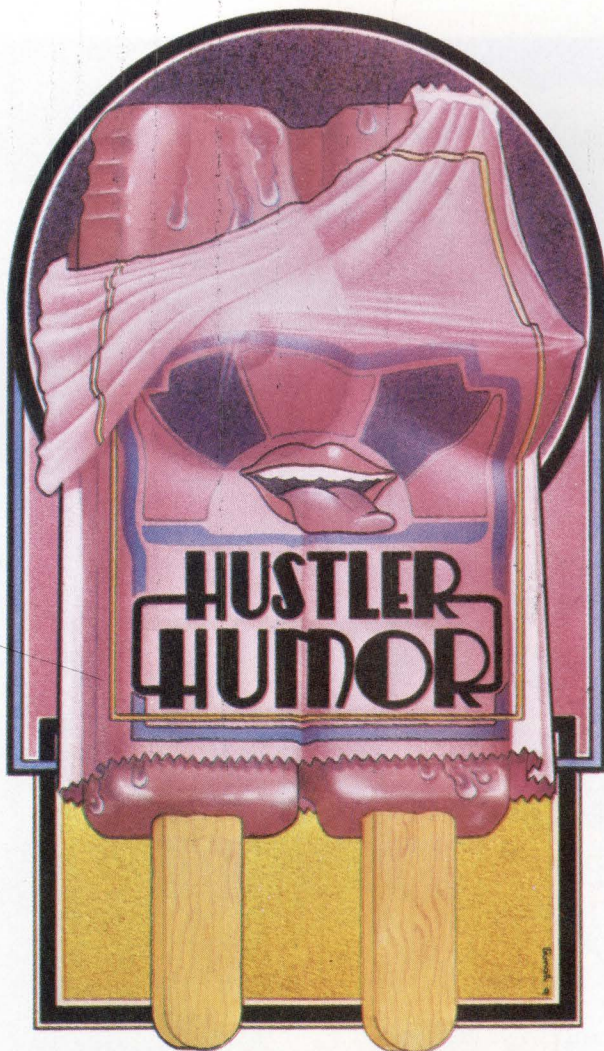






CHESTER THE MOLESTER





A truck driver was going on a long trip one day when his truck broke down. He didn't have any tools to fix it so he walked a mile to the nearest farm for help. He looked through the window to see what the people were doing, and he almost croaked when he saw the woman currying the carpet with a lawn mower. The man was playing with himself with one hand and his other hand was in the fish bowl. He thought to himself, "These people must be crazy," and walked another mile down the road to the next farmhouse. He explained the story about his truck and the people in the first farmhouse. "Those people aren't crazy," explained the second farmer's wife. "They're deaf-mutes. She was telling him to mow the lawn, and he was telling her to go fuck herself because he was going fishing."

The TV networks got a record audience for its documentary about giraffes by titling it "Deep Throat."

Question: If the pilgrims had shot a wildcat instead of a turkey on Thanksgiving, what would we be eating today?
Answer: Pussy.

I know a girl that has been married three times and is still a virgin. Husband No. 1 was a psychiatrist, he only talked about it. No. 2 was a gynecologist, he just looked at it. And the third was a gourmet.

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl questioned her mother, "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient dear," the mother answered knowingly, "if you're good, you'll get one when you grow up. And if you're very good, you'll get quite a few."

A new priest at his first Mass was so scared he couldn't even speak. After Mass, he asked the Monsignor how he had done. The Monsignor said, "Fine, but next week it might help if you put vodka or a little gin in your water glass to help you relax."

The next Sunday, the priest put vodka in his glass and really talked up a storm. After Mass he again asked the Monsignor how he had done. The Monsignor said, "Fine, but there were a few things you should get straightened out."

1. There are 10 commandments, not 12.
2. There are 12 disciples, not 10.
3. David slew Goliath, he did not knock the shit out of him.
4. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the late J.C.
5. And next Sunday there is a taffy pulling contest at St. Peters, not a peter pulling contest at St. Taffys.
6. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are not referred to as Big Daddy, Junior and Spook.

A man who was very drunk went up to the butler and asked, "Where is the bathroom?"

Butler, "To your right."

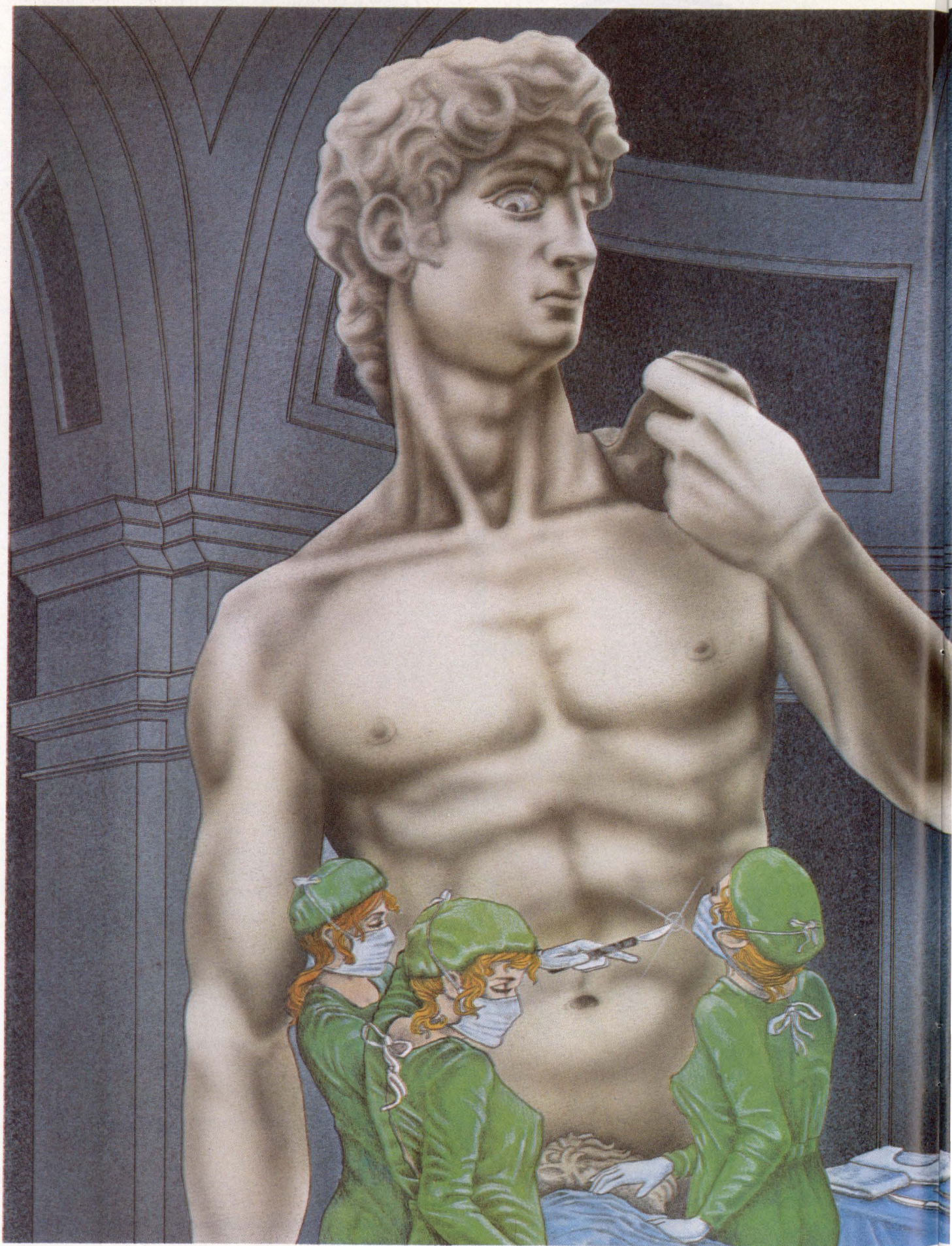
But the man went to the left. As he entered this place, he saw a golden toilet. The next day after his hangover, he knew he had to see the toilet again. He approached the door to where he had gone the night before. In the room he met a man and said, "Are you the man with the golden toilet?"

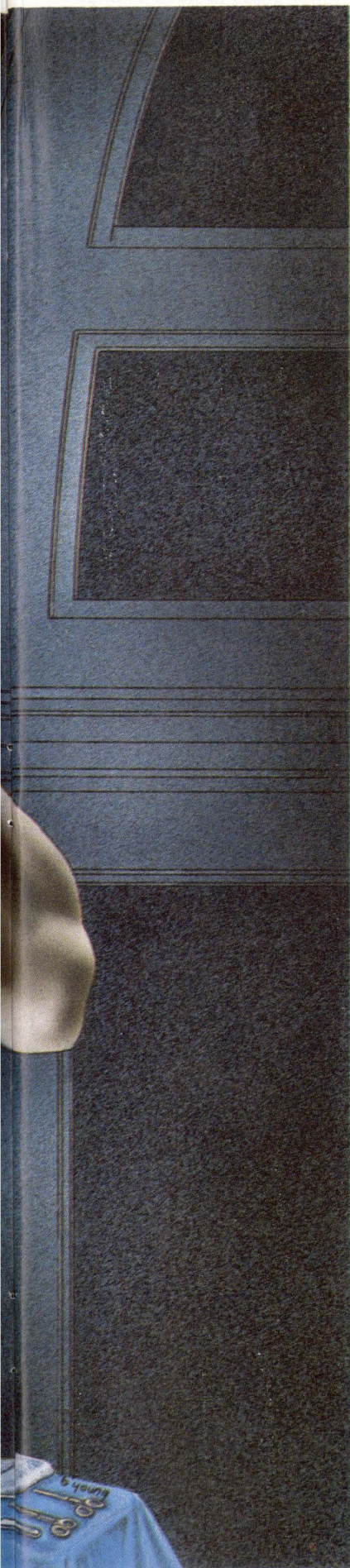
The man said, "You mean you were the one who was here last night?"

The man answered "Yes".

Quickly the man who had asked him the question turned to his friend and said, "Hey Harry, I found the guy who shit in your tuba."

Got a gag? HUSTLER pays Ten Bucks for every one we choke on. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of HUSTLER and will not be returned.





A FORESKIN IS MISSING

By Leo Rosenhouse

Somehow avoiding the newspapers, a major fracas among groups of soldiers stationed at a remote Aleutian Islands base resulted in the emergency appearance of military police by means of helicopters, and about forty G.I.'s were thrown into the stockade to cool off after leaving their barracks in complete shambles.

It all began when the suggestion was made that a contest be held for "penis-size", a game only possible when men are without women and full of sheer idleness plus mischief.

The affair would have ended without incident, a bottle of vodka going to the winner, but the man was challenged by a 20-year-old soldier who carried an unusually long foreskin, and it projected far beyond the head of the penis, so much so, that even when the man's organ was limp, it was longer-foreskin included-than the other contestants with erect organs.

A free-for-all ensued in which half the men on the base declared a foreskin was part of the penis anatomy and had to be included in any measurement for length; the rest disagreed.

Result? The man with the very long foreskin was called before a board of inquiry and ordered to report to the base surgeon who decreed a circumcision was immediately mandatory; thus, a foreskin was soon missing.

What did make the papers was a tiny item in a New York morning tabloid, avowing that a physician-surgeon had suddenly jumped through a street floor window of his Manhattan office, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital to be treated for cuts and bruises; but while there, the erratically behaving doctor refused to give the reason for his act.

A week earlier, the physician had received a threatening letter in the mail from an eighteen-year-old youth whom he had apparently circumcised. He had botched the job. His scalpel had slipped and taken off a good hunk of glans, or head of the penis.

The patient had developed a psychological fixation about his marred penis and it bugged him so much he became impotent; he thereafter acquired a hate complex in which he sought revenge.

After writing a letter saying he was going to beat the medic to a pulp, he went to the physician's office to make good the threat; the youth was seen entering the office building by the physician who chose to jump from the window rather than face his irate ex-patient.

“... Michelangelo pulled the biggest boner in the history of the art world when he created the much admired statue of David . . .”

As it now stands, the physician is much too nervous to practice; his patient is still after him. The doctor has quietly applied for a reciprocal license in a distant state, intent on getting as far away from the young man as he possibly can.

Did you know that Michelangelo pulled the biggest boner in the history of the art world when he created the much admired statue of David, which has a revered place of attention at a museum exhibit in Florence, Italy?

Should you ever travel abroad, take a good look at this famed piece of life-size art if you can. Pay particular attention to the genitals. You'll notice that David has a proper foreskin. This would be acceptable, except for the fact that David was a Jew, and as such, he was deprived of his foreskin on the eighth day of his life, following Hebrew ritual.

Thus, the world has to gaze at what is thought to be the biggest art fraud in history, especially in that Michelangelo was known to be a perfectionist; but when he created David, he truly was unaware that all male Jews were circumcised.

Ever wonder how a man feels when his foreskin happens to be missing? Some sexologists think the guy has better sensory feelings and gets a bigger kick out of sexual intercourse without the foreskin than does the man who carries this bit of skin appendage known as the prepuce.

There are doctors of late who contend that circumcision does a reversal when it comes to sensory feelings and that no real advantage takes place when the foreskin is missing.

These physicians say that when the foreskin is chopped off, whether for ritual, necessity, or to satisfy any sexual vanity, the male loses the presence of three vital sensory nerve receptors: the tactile corpuscles of Meissner; the underskin bulbs of Krause; and the Pacinian corpuscles, those delicate receptors which are in deeper tissue. All are definitely lost when the foreskin is lopped away.

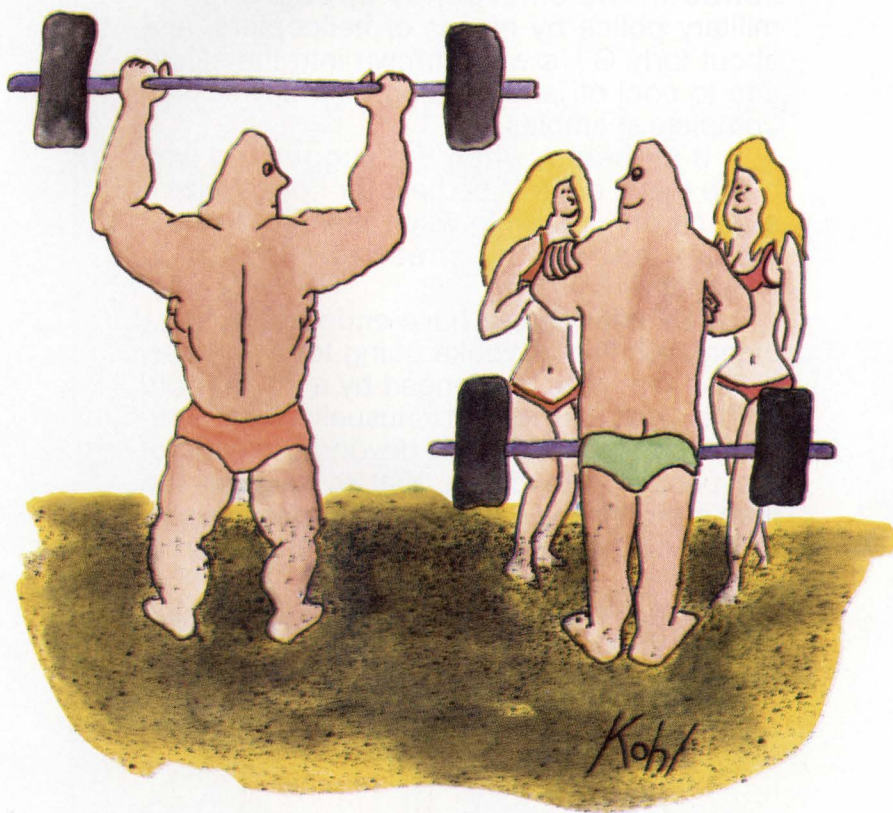
The result is a mixed bag of sensory feelings. A lot of men who have their foreskin missing insist they can maintain the act of sexual intercourse much longer than men who possess a foreskin. Without much of the vital sensory tactile nerves possessed by the foreskin, sensation is lost, and thrust and withdrawal action of the penis can be maintained. That's why a lot of men contend they have considerably more vigor during the sex act following circumcision. They are wrong, of course. All they have is a delay of orgasm, and when it comes, it may not be as ecstatic as experienced by men who hold on to their prepuce.

Recently, in San Francisco, a marriage counselor was made uncomfortable by the revelations of an outraged, outspoken young wife during a marriage rescue session.

"I'm going to get a divorce," she insisted, glaring at her cowering husband.

"We've been happily married for six years," she went on. "Then, my husband listened to some jerks who work with him at the plant, and they told him his foreskin was too long and would maybe give him infection troubles when he got older. They also said he could prolong his bedroom work without it.

continued on page 92



MARILYN

ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL



Photos — Tony Currin





A lot of my girl friends these days seem to be bitter about being women. The worlds of high finance, law and medicine seem closed to them. Personally, I don't think that's true. I've been taking classes at the university for three years, and though I notice there are more men in the professions, a woman stands as good a chance of taking a degree in the sciences or the arts as a man. And in the field of education, she can usually get one more easily.

"Yes, there's discrimination. There always has been, and there probably always will be. But how long have men been pinups? For just about five years now, if that many. Women have always had a corner on the prostitution market, for example. Except where they felt they needed a man to help operations; even then he wasn't selling his ass. As long as there is discrimination, they'll always be a way for me to make a living — and it's honest."



HUSTLER'S HONEY AUGUST 1975

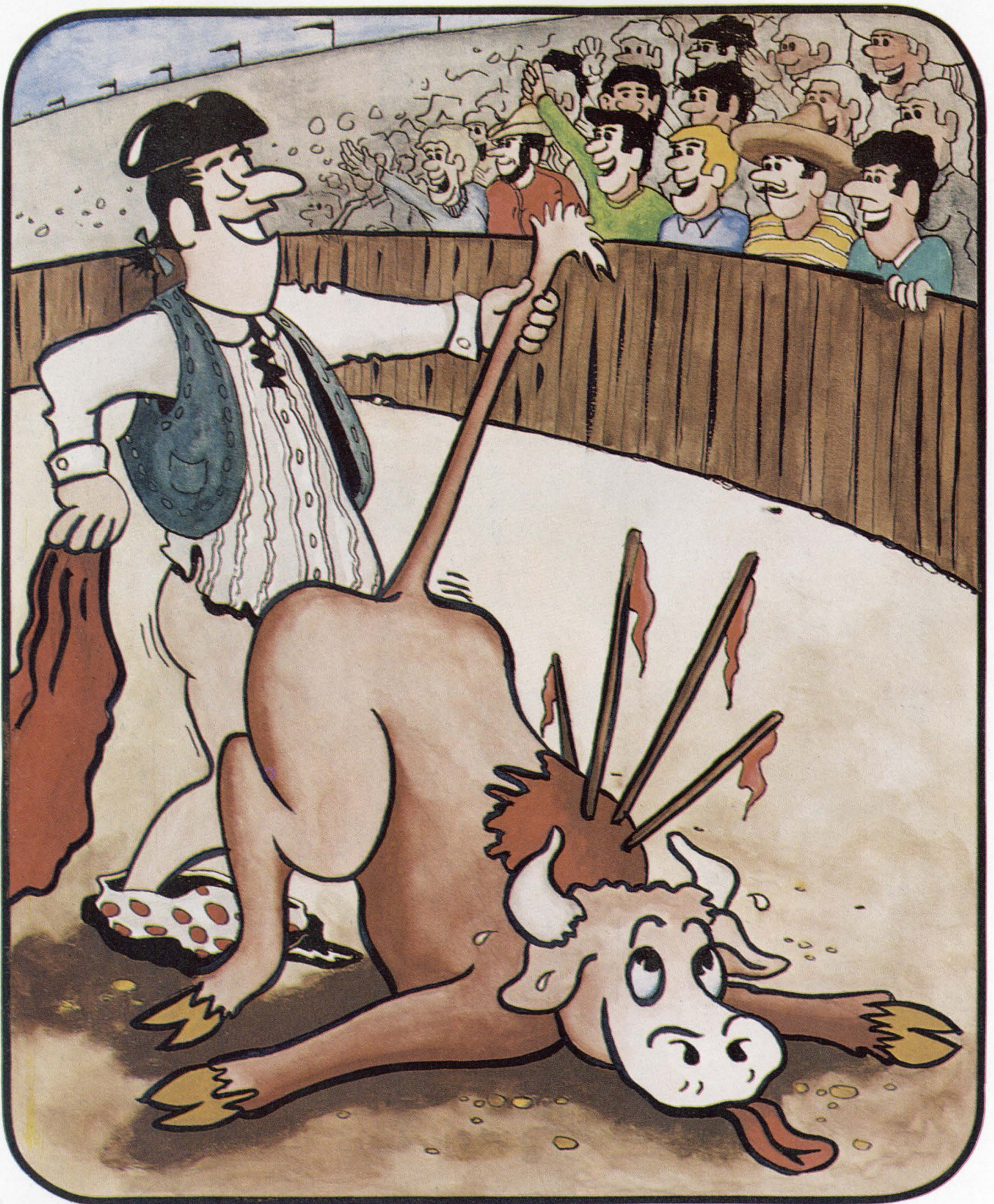












"He's the greatest Matador of them all!"

Photos — Gloria Larkin



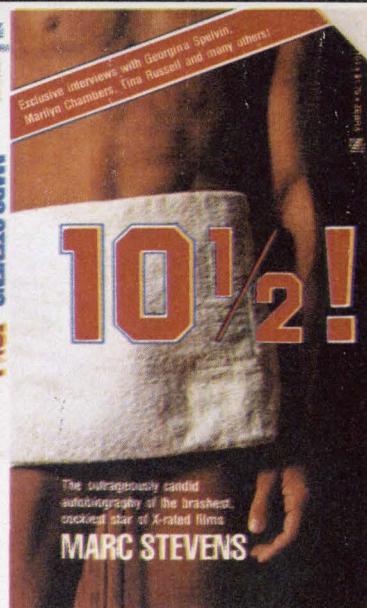
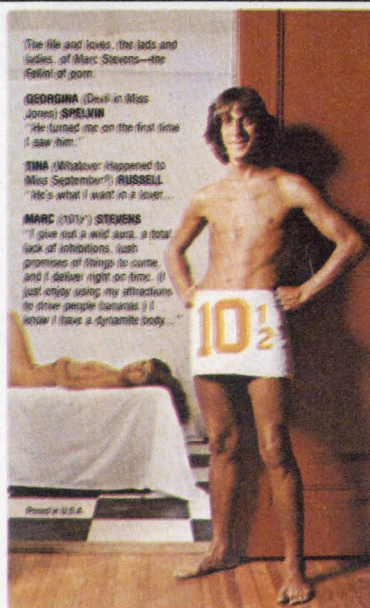
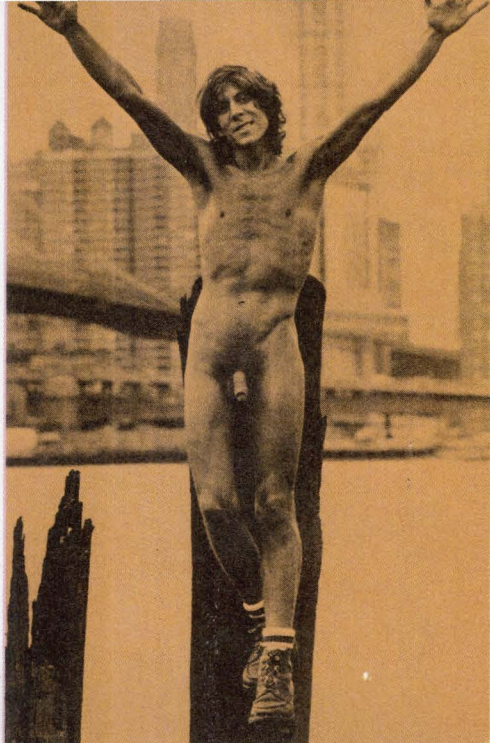
HUSTLER INTERVIEW

MARC STEVENS, PORN'S MR. 10½

You can look at growing up with a 10½" joint two ways . . . either you can make yourself the stud hero (or menace) of your neighborhood, or you can go public and make five-hundred sex films with the thing. Marc (10½) Stevens did both in his lusty lifetime. He's followed his most memorable measurement into Tina Russell, Linda Lovelace, Andrea True, Georgina Spelvin and every other babe in the blues. Stiff and sturdy, sweet and dirty, he can come on cue whenever the director wants . . . then go on to trick and trade that night.

Marc doesn't use dope, prayer or any more Vitamin E than the rest of us. "I've always loved exposing my body to turn on strangers; there it is," he tells you with his usual no-bullshit smile. Then he hands you his baby-blue calling card with a nice, fat erection engraved over the word "Anytime!" Then his telephone number. You begin to see why they gave him all those starring roles in 'Not Just Another Woman' and 'The \$50,000 Climax.' Can man live by cock alone, or can he just get rich and famous and laid all the time? Yes.

"My gig is being the gentle prince of porn, but there are girls who like it really rough."



by Diana Clapton

HUSTLER: You direct films, lecture at colleges and have written a book — yet you're mostly known as a fuck-film star. Do you like this success?

MARC: Oh, yeah. Sometimes it really shocks me when I'm walking through Times Square . . . or even flying home on a plane from Jamaica . . . and I'll have fans come up and ask for my autograph. So many of my films have been completely anonymous. I've just been a stunt cock for an actor who couldn't get it up. But now, because I've learned to act and direct, most of my films are completely my own. I can do anything I please to make a scene look good.

HUSTLER: But does being a fuck-film

star really turn you on?

MARC: It's my chosen profession. I was once a junior stockbroker, and a very good one. I went into commercial sex, and I decided to be the best in my business. I've always had that kind of ambition. It's a tremendous turn-on to be paid for your body and your cock; porn films are just one more way of peddling your ass, which I've been doing since I was 21. I like to use the fascination people feel for my physical self to excite them — I like that electric response between us. Sex is something I do very well and I've capitalized on it; it's as simple as that.

HUSTLER: Is it always as easy for you as you claim?

MARC: Making these films is usually a tremendous hassle, and it's very difficult to be in the mood to make love. Especially when I first started out, and didn't have my choice of a partner or any say in the action. You've got some weirdo sickie director drooling behind a camera and yelling, "Hump her harder! Faster!" But now I can apply my own feelings and my own bedroom technique. No more shaking my head spasmodically like an animal to look like I'm in ecstasy. Now I give them a slight smile, a very soft look — the way I do it naturally. Everything you see is real. It's sex when *they* want it, but it's still all me, my equipment, and I can relate well to any girl I ball. My great claim to fame is being able to come on cue. I think what motivates me is the money — knowing this one shot will pay the rent or get me half a ticket to Puerto Rico. I love having the responsibility for the scene and the ability to bring the whole thing off. It's a weird power trip, but it's nice.

HUSTLER: How can you get yourself sexually aroused, though, in such a frantic atmosphere as a film set?

MARC: I've got all kinds of tricks. I flash on the paycheck, or something I especially like about the girl. By the way I don't use a girl to get me hard, the way a lot of other guys do . . . I think it's abusive and I know the girls hate it. Mostly I do it myself, with my hand. I have a wild sense of humor and I love to play pranks to keep myself up. Otherwise it can get you crazy.

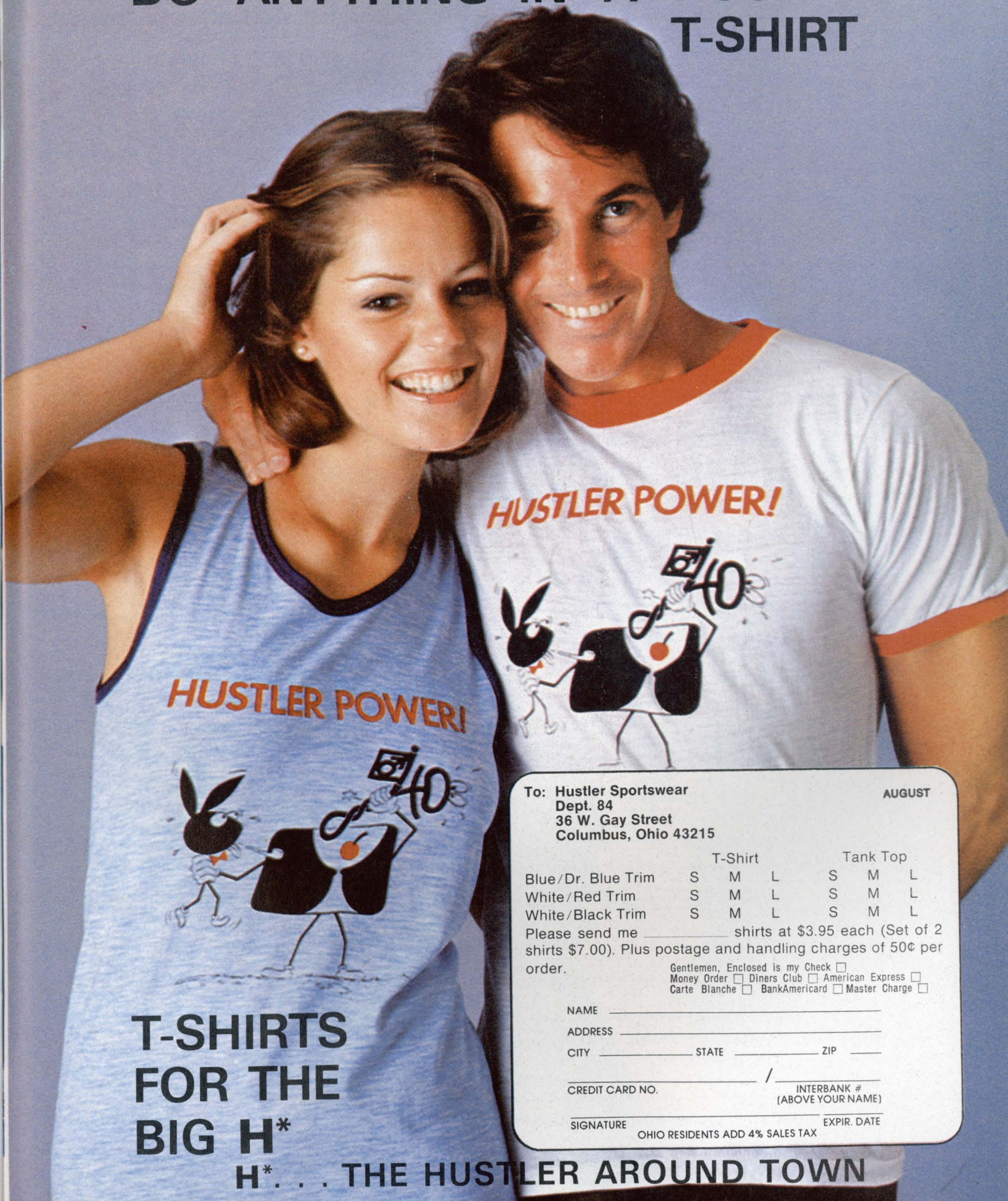
Sometimes the directors are into very strange acrobatics that take a long cock to pull off. So you've gotta perform hanging off a plastic cocktail table or something like that — the discomfort can really cramp your style. Then a camera will break down just as you feel yourself coming, and you've got to hold up and wait until they find a new rubber band, or whatever. It's maddening.

HUSTLER: However did you learn this kind of wide-open exhibitionism?

MARC: Yeah, that's what it is. I love exposing my body and I have for a long time. Is that so decadent? People just wanted to watch me, exposed . . . and I guess I've just followed where that led. I started out modeling for art classes . . . \$2.50 an hour, but it was a great excuse to meet the women art students. The older ones would ask me home for "private posing" and I'd wind up wheelbarrowing them around their Village pads. The rougher I got, the more they dug it. They'd pay me and give me pres-

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ents. It gave me a great sense of power, being so desirable, being able to do anything with them that I wanted. Older women are really okay with me. They've experienced life and they're so . . . grateful, I guess. Except for having to go down on them at times, it wasn't bad.

HUSTLER: Once you'd learned to relax in strange apartments . . .

MARC: I just found I was very comfortable in almost any sexual situation. Modeling for confession magazines, then modeling nude was so . . . painless. On top of that I was living in the East Village during that love craze and nobody ever wore clothes. My neighbors were two orgy freaks who were crazy to screw, so they'd always be throwing these parties full of sex fiends. You'd get every pervert in the city dropping by. Or calling up. We'd get requests to 'do' Park Avenue parties. I'd go uptown with a girl, of course we'd both be very stoned, and come in some gorgeous apartment building by the servants' entrance. When we got there the party would already be started and they'd keep us in a bedroom until it was time. Then on cue we'd come out naked and ball . . . a real animal act. Sometimes I'd look up and see faces I recognized from *Newsweek* or *The New York Times*. We were never introduced.

Or I'd earn easy bread by go-go dancing in front of these fat old Johns. I'd strip very slowly, down to my special-sized G-string cup, grinding and stroking myself stiff. This would drive them crazy. It was during this time that I met a guy who'd take care of my 'special talents,' right? He had me doing live sex shows on Times Square and making \$600 a week. And it was such a rip-off. The audience thought it was getting real meat, but if there was any actual sex you could be hauled off to jail. So the audience wound up feeling cheated when I just came out, talked dirty, and pretended to make it with some junkie chick off the streets. It was a lousy job, but I did meet Jason and Tina Russell here. They'd made a few loops, stag films — and their people asked me to do a few. \$300 for a few hours' work . . . an offer I could not refuse! And I found out, as a true exhibitionist, loudmouth and clown, I was a natural for the job.

HUSTLER: But didn't you feel exploited, even then? The guys who make these films are millionaires, and you're still living in a 6th-floor walk-up in the Village.

MARC: Oh yeah, they should pay us a lot better. But I've made and lost fortunes in the past four years. I've always liked to keep up a party scene in my

apartment, flash around town, take off for the islands. I found myself a very desirable commodity and I moved up fast to feature films, but the bread went just as fast.

HUSTLER: What bugged you the most on your way to the top?

MARC: Crazy directors and their weirdo fantasies. Now they let me play the sex scenes my way, but in the beginning they'd intensify everything all out of proportion. I'd be hanging off a coffee table or slamming a chick into a bathtub and all the time have to moan about how much it's turning me on. Twice now heavy lights have fallen on me and burned my stomach and my ass. Girls have given me diseases I can't even pronounce. One of them pulled on my cock so hard she gave me a premature hernia. A couple others have zipped me into screaming agony, they're so clumsy. Having to get it up and get it off is fantastic acting in situations like this.

HUSTLER: Have you always found girls who could take you? Didn't you inflict a lot of pain?

MARC: A big cock is part of so many different fantasies that I was always in demand. There are size queens everywhere. I learned that hustling. I really handle myself well, so I'd made the actuality of the scene work out, and not by being abusive. I was never one of those guys who had to use a muffer, a girl to get me hard. I'd get a lot of volunteers to fool around on the set. And I started making a lot of films with Tina Russell, who is the most fantastic, natural ball . . . we're just beautiful together. And believe me, this comes across on a screen. I never could give a mechanical performance, *anywhere*.

HUSTLER: Do you think girls go after you as their own personal S&M trip?

MARC: It could be, but there are a lot of very talented girls on the New York scene and they handle me beautifully. Tina, Helen Madigan, Sandy Foxx, Georgina Spelvin . . . their hearts are big and their throats are deep, as well as a few other places. And we've always got these newcomers trying to break into the field by being more outrageous than any girl before, like Linda Lovemore, who makes Linda Lovelace look like she has lockjaw.

My gig is being the gentle prince of porn, but there are girls who like it really rough. One time I was making this film "Bonnie and Clive" — I was Clive — and I was supposed to really punish one of the hostages during a bank job.

continued on page 68



"Now you can tell women you 'understand' mastectomies, doctor."

SUSAN
'COCK CRAZY GUN COLLECTOR'



Believe it or not, I collect guns. My friends say it's an extension of my preoccupation with phallic symbols. When I think about it, guns and cocks do have a few things in common. For one thing, they're both long and hard, they're both smooth and fun to play with and they both go off. You don't want a gun going off in your face though."

Susan is not overly concerned with the reasons she does things. "Listen," she says, "some people I know do nothing but sit around trying to figure themselves out. Why do I do this? Why do I do that? Consequently, these people are very mixed up and unhappy most of the time.

I do what I want to do whatever the reasons are. Like collecting guns. What's the difference if the real reason I collect them is because they remind me of cocks or because I just like the way they look? I collect them just the same."

She does admit, however, that her friends are probably right about her being preoccupied with phallic symbols. "I am crazy about cock," she says, "there's no doubt about that. I know," she says excitedly, "I'll start collecting cocks and then there won't be any question about it."









MARC STEVENS

continued from page 62

They psyched me into really slamming it into this little Chinese girl. She was up for it, but I really did hurt her. I find that I really did get pleasure from that, there's so much power in my cock and it has to go somewhere. I've jammed it into people, guys or girls, and they've really gotten off on it. But in this case I apologized afterwards. Most of the time I'll be slow and careful and get it all in. And of course there are some positions where it goes much deeper than others.

HUSTLER: Even when you've got a partner who'll get off on it, can you carry through a degradation scene?

MARC: No, and directors love them. They're crazy for multiple rapes and abuse, anything perverted and sick. It really gets me upset when I have to come all over a girl's face, for instance. It's not natural, it's abnormal sex. Nobody does that in their own bedroom. Defecation, golden showers, forget it. Love is *not* a four letter word.

HUSTLER: How about all the sexual acrobatics, like the three-way with Geor-

my face in the shot. Without me they wouldn't have had the scene at all.

HUSTLER: What won't you do? Why don't you ever make gay films?

MARC: I'm bisexual — nearly everyone in our industry is — but I won't ever let myself be taken in the ass. Gay films have such a limited market. I'm not opposed to them, and I've even done two minor soft-core scenes, but if I do a real gay film now it'll limit me. I only wish that directors were mature enough to include more than just lesbianism in their films; Radley Metzger has made about the most sincere attempt at this. I don't even like balling a girl in the ass . . . most of them won't allow it anyway . . . it takes away from my male relationships. Why would I need guys then?

HUSTLER: What are your favorite features, then?

MARC: I loved making the SCREW film, 'It Happened In Hollywood,' because everyone in it was so kinked and crazy. I was Peter Pull, a casting agent. Everyone was running around laying his trip on everyone else, striking poses, plotting. But a lot of money was spent, and we all came out looking good. 'Not Just Another Woman,' the Toby Ross film, was even more spectacular. Toby's the closest thing we have to Hollywood and one of the first guys to flash on the idea that you don't get really dynamite sex

but he had the backers behind him yelling, "Filth! Dirt! Shove it harder!" The only way to get beyond this is to have your own money to set up — or work with people who are really sensitive to what makes a film erotic, like Toby.

I've started directing a few of my own features on other people's money. I already do all the casting for most of the films I'm in, because I know what girls are best at what. This leads to some wild situations. All day long I get calls, can you get me into sex films. My first question is, why? If they come up with any other reason besides bread, I'll laugh in their face. Of course you've gotta be an exhibitionist, too.

HUSTLER: Do you think these girls are freaks? Would you take one home to meet Momma?

MARC: I love the porno girls, almost every one of them . . . I've done long interviews with them in my autobiography, "10½," and no, to me they're sweet ladies. I spend a lot of time with them, Georgina Spelvin, Tina Russell, Helen Madigan. The porn kids are a very tight clique, except for a few of us who begin to believe our own publicity and go off on star trips. Linda Lovelace for example now thinks she's Liz Taylor, despite the fact that her last films and stage shows were flat-out fiascos.

My mother hangs out in my apartment a lot, so she's met them all. She's very funny. My sisters ask her, 'You're a Jewish mother and you tell people that your son makes pornographic films!' 'Should it be a disgrace?' she asks them. But still, she won't look at a scene where her son is 'exposed in one of those pile-ups.' (That's her word for orgies.) When I retire we're gonna play Bar Mitzvahs together.

HUSTLER: And you tell her about being bisexual?

MARC: I hate that word; it's just another dumb label. Sure, she's met all my lovers — I lived with one beautiful young boy, Joey, for a year. Being a fully sexual person means making yourself totally uninhibited, totally vulnerable to any kind of sexual situation that comes along. You don't block out one sex or you're locking out a lot of experience. I like bisexuals because they're so sexually involved, they're very aware, unique people and they're not uptight about anything. If you can turn on to both cock and cunt you care about knowing exactly what to do with them and what you want done to yours. Besides, everybody loves to be a sex object, and if you come on with all kinds

"It really gets me upset when I have to come all over a girl's face, for instance. It's not natural, it's abnormal sex."

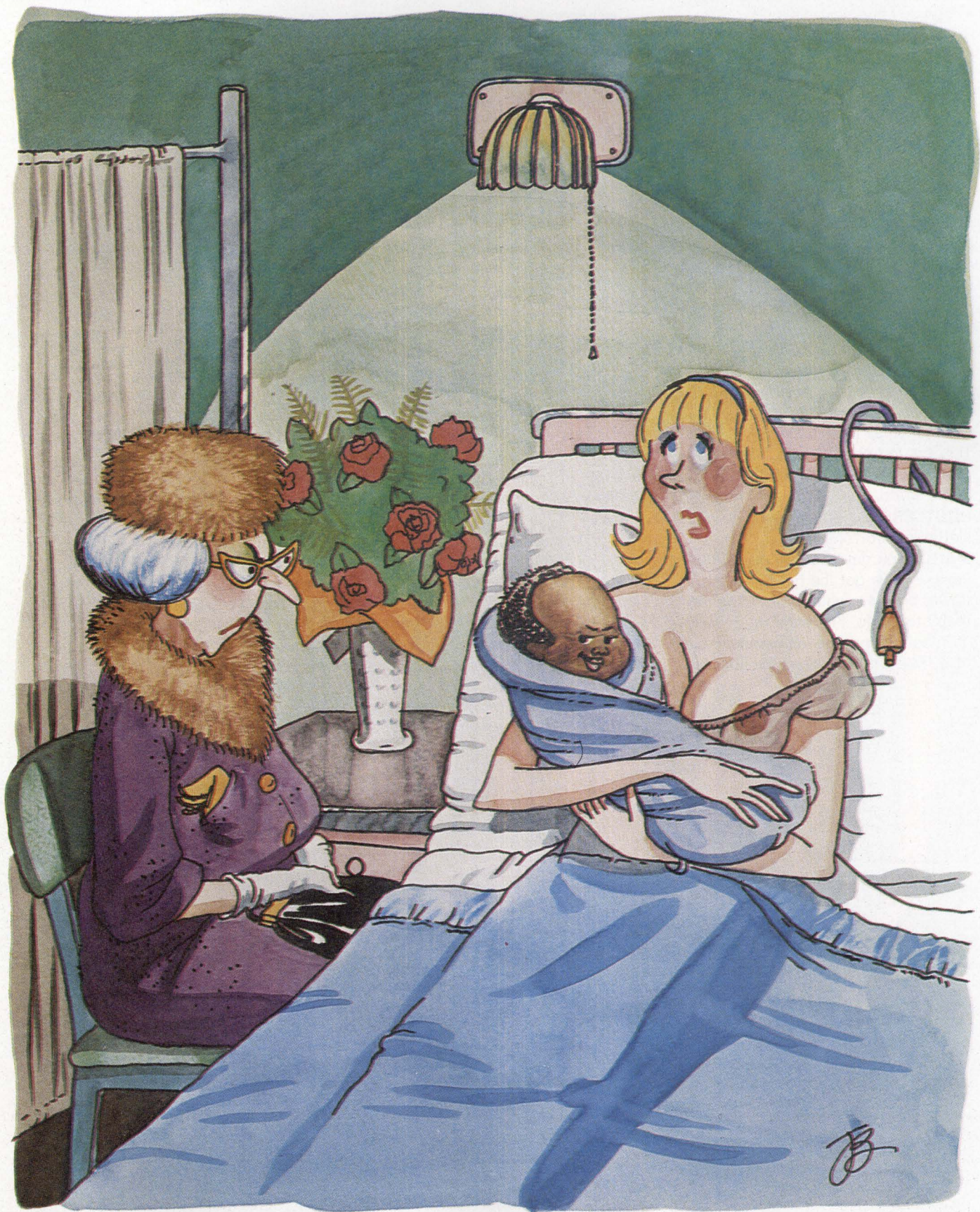
gina Spelvin and Rick Livemore in 'The Devil In Miss Jones?'

MARC: Now they can be dynamite. I personally was very disappointed when they took Ed Sullivan off the air, because eventually his show would have worked around to me. A nice hard-core extravaganza with me in the center ring, and an elephant balancing off my cock. Fabulous! No, those directors can get bananas but I did like stunts like screwing Felicity Split across a desk in 'It Happened In Hollywood.' If anybody ever had any imagination in this business, we could really concoct some unbelievable stunts. That was also my cock the two girls were fighting over in 'Devil,' but the director, an asshole named Gerry Damiano, forgot to use

out of your actors when you treat them like crap and feed them on hotdogs from a pushcart. We shot that film in penthouses, yachts, custom-built sports cars, and the orgy scenes were so hot they're still showing the out-takes all over town.

HUSTLER: The sex probably can't get any better but do you think the films themselves will ever improve?

MARC: Oh, sure, they're getting better all the time. The Toby Ross film was the most lush, the most luxurious so far, but I've just finished a new one called 'The \$50,000 Climax' with James Wood where the sex really follows the plot line, which is hilarious. A big jump from those old raunchers where the director never knew what the hell he wanted,



"The father, Oh, I haven't the slightest clue."

of rules and inhibitions . . . well, 'Get it when you can,' as Janis said.

HUSTLER: Is all this a public pose, or does it all go on in your bedroom too?

MARC: My bedroom is a masterpiece . . . pillows, mirrors and my handsome boar, Herman, the star of 'The Devil In Miss Jones.' I'm still working out a lot of my fantasies there. The other day I handcuffed Helen to the bedstead but we were just playing, and we were giggling so much the whole scene fell into chaos. I'm not really freaky, but I can dig a good orgy every now and then. I bring home a lot of pretty boys from the gay bars and I usually have someone living with me, besides. Sex in my own bedroom is a unique experience to me every time. The best part is being aroused to the point of almost coming, then cooling down and giggling for a few minutes, then building up again. This can go on for hours. Then when I do come it's the most fabulous feeling in the world.

HUSTLER: Did you always have that kind of control?

MARC: You get to be an expert fast in films. You've got the hot lights beating down on you, you're pumping away ready to let go. I'm really ready to love that come and the cameraman says, "Hey Marc, hold it up, a bulb just blew."

At this point hours can go by while they're sending out for a new light or a new rubber band, whatever. I've learned to wait until they give the signal, get myself up again with my hand and get back into the girl. Ten or eleven good thrusts and I'm ready to come again, I give the cameraman the high sign, and he gets it all. It's all concentration, being able to focus yourself exactly on that moment, that girl . . . and blocking out all the rest of the crap.

Now I get to choose my own girls and that's a big help. Slamming myself into Tina Russell, with sweat dripping off my back onto her while she moans into my ear . . . of course I'm gonna come hard and I'm gonna love it, and it's gonna look great on a screen. Pure animal fucking with two people who love each other is the most beautiful thing in the world to watch.

HUSTLER: What do you do about people who get so turned on watching you that they'd like to have you for their very own?

MARC: Oh yeah, I get a lot of obscene phone calls. A lot of them are breathers, but then there are some offers I can't refuse. I like putting myself in positions where there's a lot of risk and you have to trust someone completely. The mysterious stranger . . . what will he do

to me? And even more important . . . how much will he pay? You throw \$100 on the table and I'll get a hard-on.

I learned the ability to . . . like older people a while ago. I very much approve of paying for sex. It eliminates a lot of lies and it's very efficient. If you're a hustler you know that the older woman is by far the easiest to deal with. They please easy, they've got nice sensible heads. A lot of them just like watching me jerk off, for some reason. Not too much imagination. What brought me into homosexuality in the first place is that women aren't nearly as free as guys are. If a guy wants me to service him, he expects a lot more and plays a lot harder. A lot of them are into humiliation, stuff like that. Sometimes it works out, when I have a strong physical need to be abusive and display this power I have between my legs. There will always be size queens with money.

HUSTLER: Oh, you've got talent. But do you really think your 400 fuck & suck extravaganzas have helped the average American to find sexual fulfillment? Do you think you've liberated him at all?

MARC: Definitely. I feel I'm a pioneer in man's oldest, most basic need . . . sex. But I'd much rather call it love. I'd like to think I've shown my audience that if it feels good, they *should* do it. I'm still learning, every night, my sex experiences teach me so much that I never wake up the same guy I was yesterday. No, I didn't say the same guy I was *with* yesterday. People look upon me as an authority on sex, and that's kind of frightening, because I feel my whole wild sex life has only been the tip of the iceberg. I've still got a lot left to experience.

I've dedicated my whole life to being a sex superstar, which means I've taken a lot of abuse from uptight friends, been hassled by the FBI and even arrested once in Elizabeth, New Jersey. There are people who look upon me as a freak, and even my own family gets embarrassed at times. But it's all been worth it if two people come into a theatre and see me on the screen with, say, Helen Madigan, and go right home and try it themselves, and it gets them off.

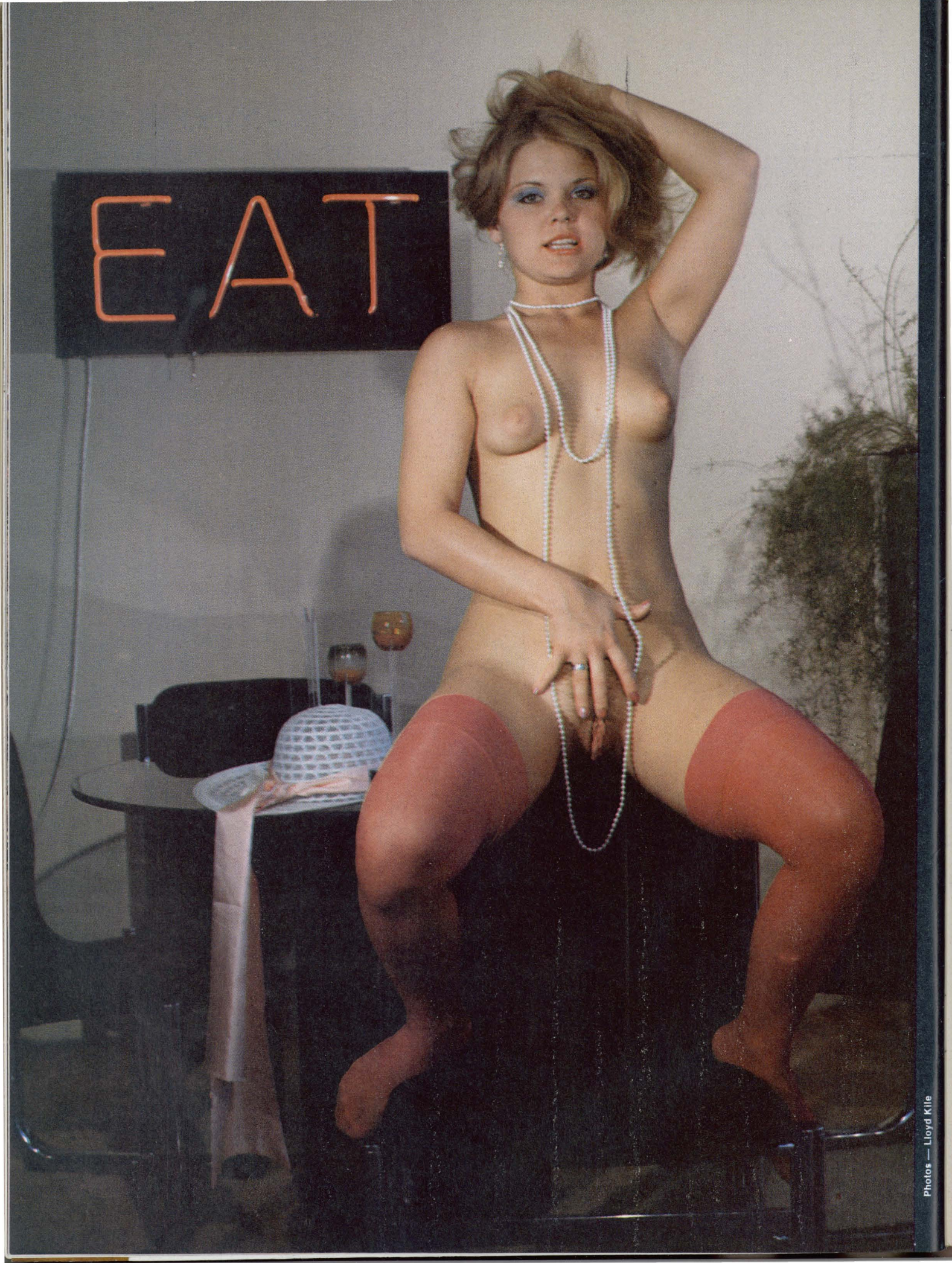
You couldn't call me humble. I'll always have a cocky, hustling head and I'll always run around exploiting myself and hyping my pictures and my memoirs. But I'm the real thing, honey. Like one of my directors said: "Marc, if there were any justice in this world you'd be rich. Because you've got a phenomenal talent. You know, Marlon Brando can't do this shit." 

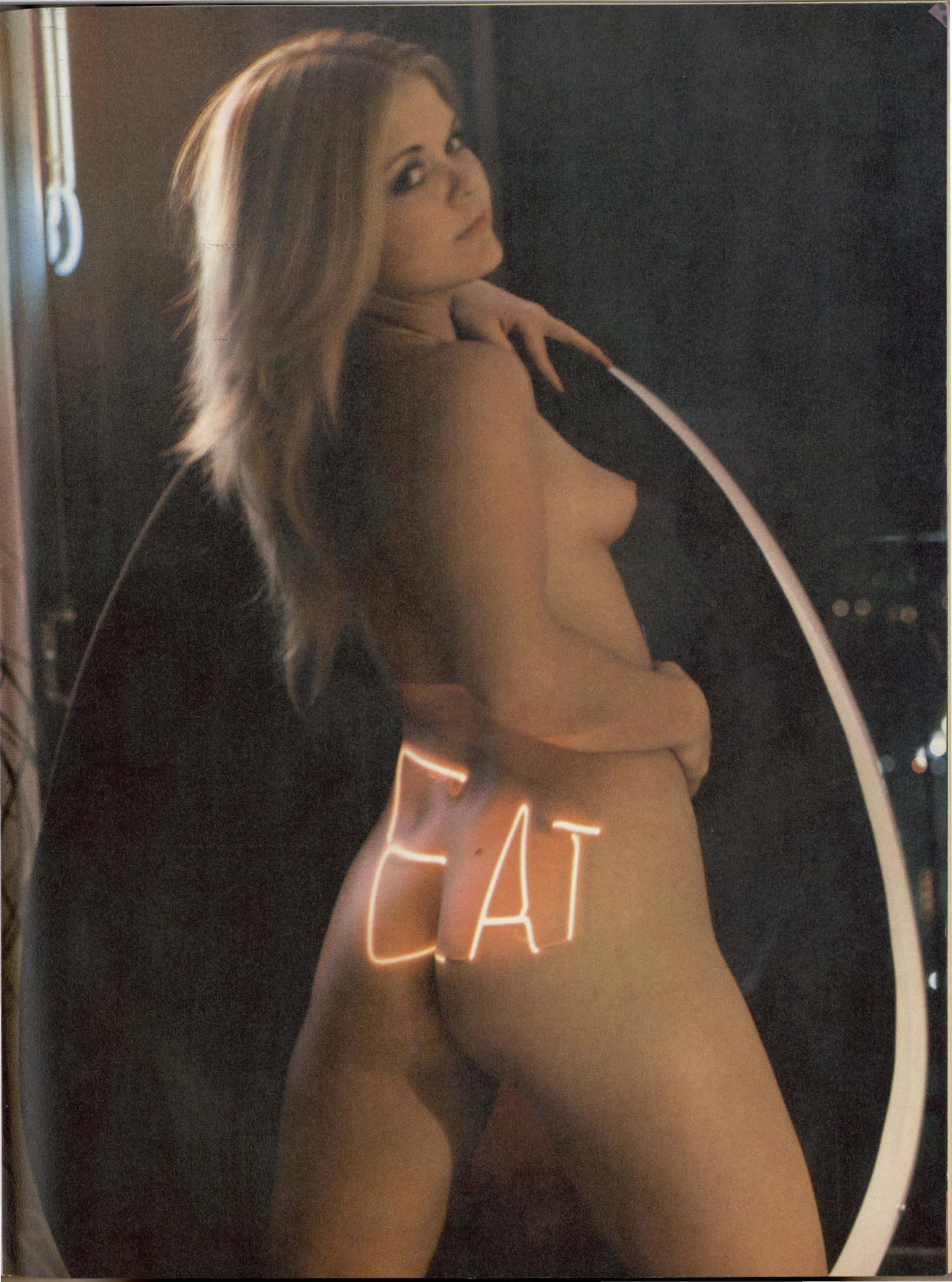


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”



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5. 6.

KINKY KÖRNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,500 words in length.

by Kaye Kirsh

A few years ago I worked as a maid in the midwest for Kaiser Inns. The motel, which had recently opened, was part of a chain which was familiar to that area. On this particular day, I was assigned to the top floor which had been opened only the day before. As I unlocked the door to the best suite a good looking man stood up in his Jockey shorts.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, blushing as I started to leave.

"No, wait," he said. "Don't be frightened."

"I'm Kaye, one of the maids. I didn't know anyone was in the room."

"Learn to knock first," he said.

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry," I apologized, looking at his shorts. I couldn't help it—I could see the outline of his cock so clearly, and his body was so very well developed.

"Come in and do what you were going to do. I'm just going to take a shower." He moved to the bed and sat down. He opened his shaving kit and took out his razor.

"I'll come back later," I said, but he didn't seem to want me to leave. He looked rather horny, but I really couldn't be certain.

He walked into the bathroom, mumbling something to me about staying out of my way. But he didn't close the door.

I opened the desk. The drawers were completely empty. I walked out into the hall and got some stationery and a Gideon Bible from the cart, and put them in the desk. Then I set ashtrays on the bedstand and hung hangers in the closet. I put the final touches on the room and before I left for good, I decided I'd do something daring—I picked up a bar of soap from the cart,

closed the door to the hall, and walked into the bathroom. I could make out the general outline of his body and could clearly see the dark thatch of pubic hair and something long hanging from it.

"I brought more soap," I said, and set the bar down on the dressing counter. When I turned back, I could see him looking at me over the glass door, his face covered with drops of water. "Is there anything else you need?" I asked.

"Not that I need, but something I want," he replied, rinsing his body. He turned off the water.

"What could that be?" I purred, looking away from him.

He teased. "A nice . . . big . . . furry . . . towel."

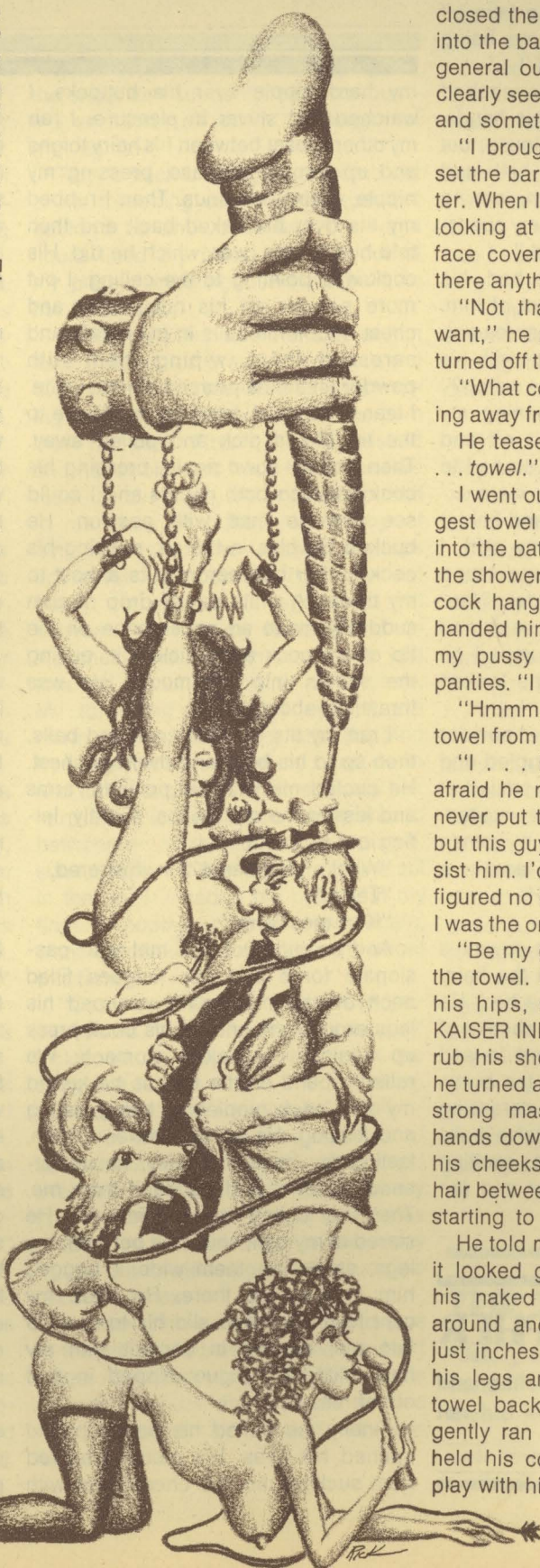
I went out in the hall and got the biggest towel on the cart. When I walked into the bathroom, he was standing with the shower door open, naked, his huge cock hanging wet between his legs. I handed him the towel, and I could feel my pussy begin to shiver inside my panties. "I . . . I . . ."

"Hmmm, yes," he said, taking the towel from me, starting to rub his chest.

"I . . . I'd like to dry you," I said, afraid he might tell me to get out. I'd never put the make on a guest before, but this guy was different. I couldn't resist him. I'd even risk my job for him. I figured no one would look for me, since I was the only one working the top floor.

"Be my guest," he said, handing me the towel. He stood with his hands on his hips, on the bathmat that said KAISER INNS OF AMERICA. I started to rub his shoulders, then his back, and he turned as I rubbed the towel over his strong masculine buttocks. I ran my hands down over his flesh, then parted his cheeks with the towel, drying the hair between them. I could see his cock starting to harden.

He told me it felt good, and I told him it looked good. And I kissed him on his naked buttocks. Then he turned around and faced me, with his cock just inches away from my face. I dried his legs and his feet and moved the towel back up to his heavy balls and gently ran the material over them. He held his cock in his hand so I could play with his nuts, drying them, nestling



my head near them, kissing them.

He took his cock, pulling it out of my hands, wiping it with the soft towel. I stared at it, fascinated.

I pressed my lips to the tip and kissed it. It rose up to its full length and stiffness and I stood up. "There now," I said, "you're all nice and dry."

"Now how about letting me take off your clothes? No sense in me being naked and you being dressed."

"I'd like that!" I said, and he reached out and took my breasts in his hands. He started unbuttoning my blouse, but I stopped him, ran into the hall, and pushed the cart into the room, locking the door behind me. "In case my supervisor comes snooping around."

He pulled me over to the bed, his hard cock sticking out in front of him. He sat on one of the pillows, spreading his legs, rubbing his hard dick with his hand. "Why not strip and let me watch?"

"I'd like that," I said, opening my blouse all the way. I took it off and dropped it on the desk, then started to unfasten my bra. When my tits were exposed, he grabbed his cock and held it tight. As I started to open my skirt, I looked at his open suitcase and saw a plastic container of baby powder. "Your shower isn't finished yet!" I said, and picked up the container. I jumped on the bed in front of me, as he looked at me bewildered.

"Turn over, and let Mama put powder on the little baby's ass!" I giggled and held the container ready. He smiled at me. Now he was even more excited. I guess he wasn't expecting a woman to rub baby powder on his ass in a motel room in Wisconsin. He turned over and spread his legs.

With one finger, I ran a line down his back to his asshole, through the hairy cleft, over his balls and to the bed. He groaned and then I held the cheeks of his ass apart with one hand and doused him with baby powder. I put the bottle down and patted it into him, caressing his ass cheeks and his massive balls with my hands, rubbing him, exciting him. I knelt between his legs and ran

I leaned forward, bringing my nipple to the tip of his dick and pulled away.

my hard nipple over his buttocks. I watched him shiver in pleasure. I ran my other breast between his hairy thighs and up through his ass, pressing my nipple against his anus. Then I rubbed my tits over his naked back and then told him to turn over, which he did. His cock was pointing to the ceiling. I put more powder on his nuts, cock and chest. I took his balls in my hands and caressed them, wiping them with powder till the hair turned almost white. I leaned forward, bringing my nipple to the tip of his dick and pulled away. Then I came down again, pressing his cock between both my tits and I could see him go mad with passion. He bucked his hips in the air, pushing his cock further between my tits almost to my throat. A white pearly drop of cum suddenly made an appearance on the tip of his cock and I licked it, pulling the semen into my mouth. He was thrashing about.

I ran my tits over his cock and balls, then up to his belly and over his chest. He circled me with his powerful arms and kissed me on the lips, slightly, letting out a breath.

"What's your name?" I whispered.

"Terry."

"Kiss me, Terry."

And he did. Our lips met with passionate force and our tongues filled each other's mouths. He wrapped his legs around me and let his cock press up against my naked stomach. We rolled around on the bed as he kissed my chin, neck, nipples... biting, eating and kissing. He licked between them, tasting my breasts. Finally, he unfastened my skirt and pulled it from me. Then he pulled my panties off. He stared at my cunt and knelt between my legs, spreading them wide. I begged him to kiss me there. He lifted my cunt to his lips and slid his tongue up into me, coming in contact with my hard clit. His tongue slipped in and out of me.

Finally, he pulled his head up and opened his eyes. His mouth was red from sucking me, his cheeks wet with

my cunt juice. He pressed his hard cock between my thighs, against my cunt lips, pushing his cock down so it moved into place, against the underside of my pussy, near the cleft of my asshole. My eyes pleaded with him to ball me and he looked at my smiling, pleading face.

"FUCK ME, PLEASE! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" I felt crazed with fuck hunger, and wild with anticipation of how it would feel. Terry lowered his hips while I spread my thighs even wider and guided his prick with my hand, down to the moist opening of my vagina. A shudder passed through my body—contact was made inside my cunt, contact with the huge head of his cock. He flicked his hips forward and down, as my cunt spread to admit the thick penis.

I screamed as the walls of my cunt were ripped apart by his gigantic driving member. His balls slapped against my ass as his strong handsome body touched mine. I wrapped my legs around him tight.

He flexed his cock deep inside the tight, soft confines of my hot, wet cunt, expanding it and forcing another fraction of an inch of cock deeper into me.

All of my senses were concentrated between my legs. I dug my fingernails into his buttocks. He slowly increased his pace and I matched him. I thrust my tongue upward between his lips to be sucked, as I moaned. The perspiration formed on my forehead and my hair was in hopeless disarray. My pussy met every stroke and pulled on his fat cock as he drove it back and forth. His hands slipped down on either side of me, grasping my ass hard and brutal in his strong hands. My breath caught in my throat as he hauled me up tight against his pounding loins. I drew my thighs even farther apart, causing the opening of my cunt to receive his thick cock to even greater depths.

His cock fucked in and out of me as I rolled my head in pleasure on the ground. His finger was in my rectal passage hitting the end of his own

THE PHILOSOPHER

Men have died from time to time, and wars have eaten them — but not for love. SHAKESPEARE.

I feel it! I can feel it!
Your cunt is burning!

cock. He squirmed his finger in harder as I thrashed around on the bed.

Then he began to rotate his finger and push inward at the same time, burying it to his palm in the warmth of my rectum. With insane fury, he jackhammered into my upthrust cunt, driving for his release.

"I'm gonna fill you with my cum, Kaye baby!" he yelled. He pulled his finger from my asshole and suddenly replaced it with two fingers which he thrust into me with brutal force. I lifted my legs to allow the attack, helping him.

He worked the two fingers around, inside the warm spongy depths of my backside, back and forth in my cunt.

We kissed and I sucked frantically at his tongue, buried deep in the back of my throat, wishing it was his cock, as my hips screwed my rectum back down on his fingers. I raised my legs even higher to receive his cock. I had never felt such rapture and I could hear myself squealing in uninhibited abandon. I felt like a wild animal and Terry was the stallion ready to tame me.

The inner muscles of my vagina clasped his penis. He increased his speed. He plowed me fast and furiously, pounding his long cock to the hilt. He pulled his fingers out of my rectum with a fast movement as he pressed his hands behind my knees, lifting them, shoving them back and down hard, until my head was framed between them. My crotch was open before his thrusting cock.

"Oh Terry, yes, . . . that's it . . . fuck me! PLEASE FUCK ME HARD!" I screeched with sensual passion.

Terry grunted animalistically, deep in his throat, as he drove his prick up into the flesh of my vaginal cavern.

"Oh, God, I'm coming! I'm coming!" I gasped as I thrashed on the bed, my body jerking as the hot juice poured from my pussy and slid down Terry's huge penis.

"I feel it! I can feel it! Your cunt is burning!" Terry slammed his cock furiously into my cunt. Finally, he slammed into me and froze, not making a sound.

I spread my arms and took hold of the sheet as I suddenly felt a hot burning sensation all down the length of my vagina.

Terry's thick burning cum spilled out of his throbbing cock like a hose that couldn't be shut off — and the white liquid filled my body and slid out of my pussy, dribbling down his balls to the bedsheets.

My legs fell limp to either side of him as I gasped for breath. Terry pushed even harder into me, feeling the clasp- ing walls of my pussy sucking the cum from his cock. Finally, it was finished and he let his hard body fall to me. We rolled to our sides, his cock still buried in me, then he pulled me on top of him. We kissed and I moved my hips up to let his cock fall from my wet pussy. He spread his legs and I fell between them so my head rested on his chest and his shrinking cock just touched the underside of my breasts. My throbbing pussy lay against the warm sheets, with cum still dripping from the folds. I moved my head down and took his cock in my lips. It was half hard as I cleaned it, moving it around between my teeth and tongue, eating it, sucking the last few drops from the slit in the tip. I kneaded his balls with my fingers, hoping to arouse him again, wanting to take his load down my throat this time.

"Come on, Terry, I want to suck you off!" I said. "I want to taste your cum!" I clasped my lips over the tip of his cock and felt the surge, the hardness, the blood rushing through it.

In a minute he was hard again and I sucked him expertly, moving my hand over his balls with each stroke of my lips. I knew it wouldn't be long. He was rubbing my tits, holding onto me, ready to yell out in pleasure as he struck his second climax.

I worked him up fast. I ran my tongue in the slit of his penis, around the hard ridge, up and down the shaft. I felt the tip ready to burst and his balls swelled and hardened. He moved his legs farther apart.

Terry let out a great sigh and relaxed, letting it happen with ease. "I'm coming, in your mouth."

I tasted the flow of warm white liquid as it flooded my mouth, filling my throat, covering my lips and teeth. It tasted thick and sweet, manly cum from a manly cock. I swallowed, savoring the moment, feeling it run down my throat into my stomach where it seemed to mix with the cum already in my womb. I closed my eyes and held my mouth tight over his cockhead, waiting until every drop was mine, and then I pulled my lips off his huge organ and laid my head next to it.

A little later, we both got dressed and it was then that Terry asked me if I had been working for Kaiser Inns for a long time.

"Only about three months — since this particular motel was first opened. I thought I would be a bunny, but then I decided against it."

"Can I see you again?"

That pleased me. "Are you staying for a while?"

"Yeah, a few days. How about dinner tonight?"

"Sure, I'd love it! I live in Kenosha, not far from here and I get through working at five."

"Fine," Terry said, as the phone rang. He picked up the receiver, still smiling at me.

"Yes?"

I whispered, "I'll come back here around eight. Will that be alright?"

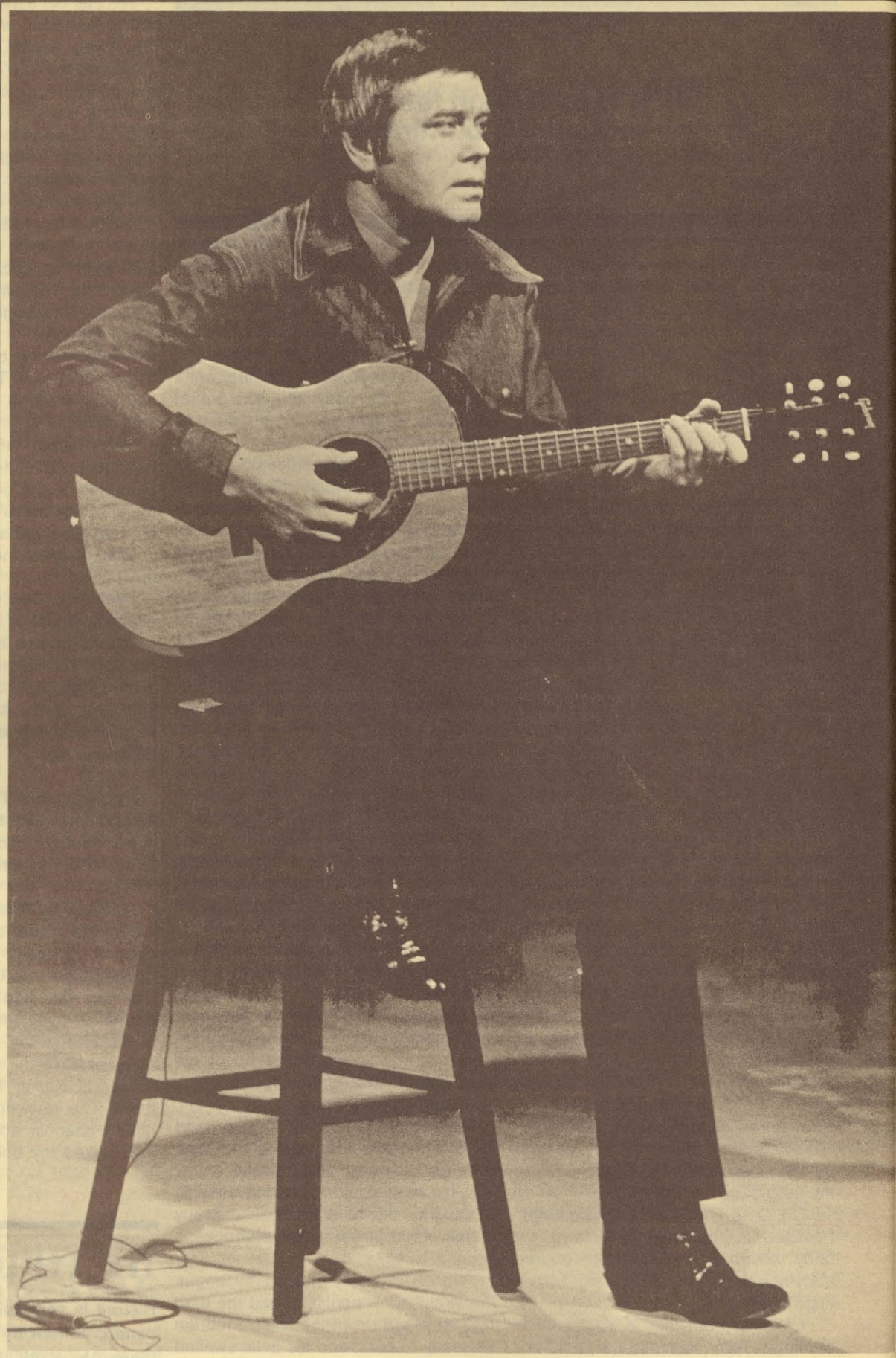
He nodded and threw me a kiss. "Yes, this is Mr. Kaiser. Yes, put him on!"

I smiled, as I started to push the cart out of the room and then I stopped dead in my tracks. Kaiser . . . Kaiser? I remembered that I had heard that the old man had died and the young son had taken over. I ran to the pay phone at the end of the hall, and called the main desk of the motel, asking if Mr. Kaiser of Kaiser Inns was registered there. The answer I received left my mouth open in absolute shock. I had just fucked my boss! 

THE PHILOSOPHER

History is something that never happened, written by a man who wasn't there. ANONYMOUS.

TOMMY



HUSTLER PROFILE

CALL HIM ANYTHING BUT "COUNTRY"

by Bill Hance

If he has to be classified, Tom T. Hall prefers to be called anything but country. Instead, call him a "pop" singer, maybe even "underground."

But don't call him country.

Hall couldn't be more pleased that popular music is filtering into the country camps; or, that finally the time has arrived when the gully jumper and tear-jerking songs are beginning to dwindle.

Recently, many traditional country music artists have aired complaints that their corner of the world is threatened by the influx of pop artists singing their songs and winning their awards.

"Country music is losing its identity," they cry.

Hall feels differently.

"I hope it does," he said. "Country music as it is now is a lot of shit. It's ignorance, picking your nose, illiteracy, honky tonk, broken homes and dyin' of appendicitis, of all things, and all that shit.

"If it's losing its identity, that's great."

Hall could care less about battles like this. Very seldom does he venture from his 54-acre farm near Nashville. He doesn't need to. His world is within a few feet of his back door.

Hall has converted a 25,000 square foot barn into a recording studio. It's situated next to the chicken coop. Behind the plantation-type home rests a dog kennel where he and his wife Dixie raise champion stock Bassett hounds.

"Only time I leave is to play golf or go on tour," says Hall. "Those are the only two fucking things I leave the house for.

"I used to be all wrapped up in the

Nashville music business because I felt I owed it something for what it has done for me.

"I joined everything there was to join and then about a year later, unjoined everything there was to unjoin. I got tired of all the meetings. We'd travel here. We'd travel there. We'd have all these meetings and I would continually get pissed-off when I never could get my point of view across to anybody.

"Why should I waste time with all that when I could be home on the farm writing songs that are going to make a lot of money?"

Folks around Nashville feel Hall is some sort of an odd ball. His fellow songwriters, especially, have this impression.

Like, why wouldn't a guy with all that writing talent, not write about what sells? Why won't Hall compose songs about 'I love you, you love me. So let's get it on?'

Even the top female vocalists are singing hit songs about screwing — Tammy Wynette, Dolly Parton. Why isn't Hall writing some of it?

He's written hit after hit beginning with Jeannie C. Riley's "Harper Valley P.T.A." His latest, "I Love," was a million seller.

Times have changed. Why doesn't he get with the program and give us some red light specials?

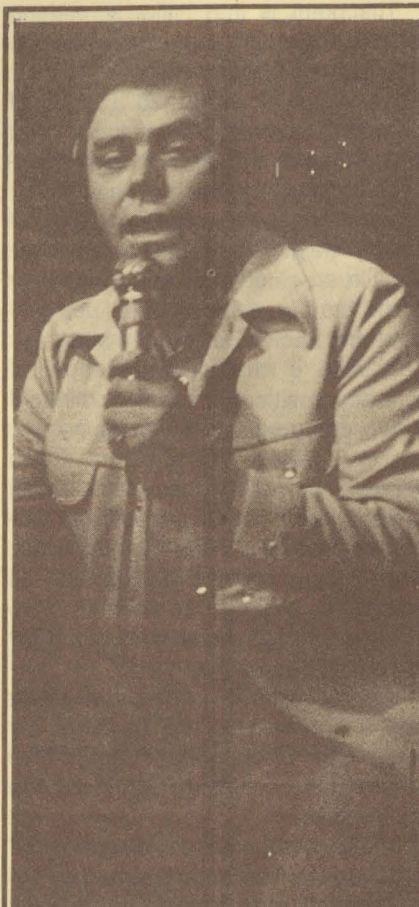
"I'm not a romanticist," he says. "I don't talk that way to my wife. I never call my wife 'darling.' That's just not the way I talk.

"If I'm in a melancholy mood, I don't think of the moon and stars. You know, some songwriters say the big hangup in being a songwriter is sitting down and suddenly you're not a person anymore. You're a songwriter.

"Everybody has an image of how they think a songwriter thinks. They quit being humans and become songwriters and write these flowery things that they would never say in a conversation.

"Especially in a lyric — I try to make a song as much the way I think as possible — things I would actually say. If I left my wife a note and said 'My dearest darling, I have gone out to shoot pool with Frank and Jim,' she'd automatically say 'Well, he's smashed again.'

"But she'd know I was straight if I said, 'Hey babe, I'll be gone for an hour.' That's the way I talk and that's



what I do in a song.

"The point is that I like something that's to the point and simple instead of something that's too clever."

Two years ago, Hall had a string of hits going for him, one of them "Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine." It was the story Hall wrote while sitting at an airport bar drinking blended whiskey. He got engaged in a conversation with an elderly black man working behind the bar. He took out a pen and paper and wrote one hell of a song.

Because of that, and a couple of other compositions, he was nominated in five categories for awards by the Country Music Association. Each October, the CMA goes on national television and hands out country accolades. He went out and rented a tux, went to the presentations, but lost all five counts.

"I was pissed," he said, "but not for the reason people may think.

"I don't believe in awards; never have. I was pissed off because my friends were disappointed. I could give a shit about an award, except for the dog trophies.

"They were genuinely disappointed because the whole thing seemed sort of personal. It didn't mean everybody thought Merle Haggard, Charley Pride or Charlie Rich were better than Tom T. Hall. It just meant somebody had a better stroke going for them at the time.

"Those awards contests are strange to me; you are automatically entered in a contest just because you happened to make a fucking record. They never ask you if you want to be in the contest.

"It seems to me it's an invasion of privacy — an infringement on a person's rights.

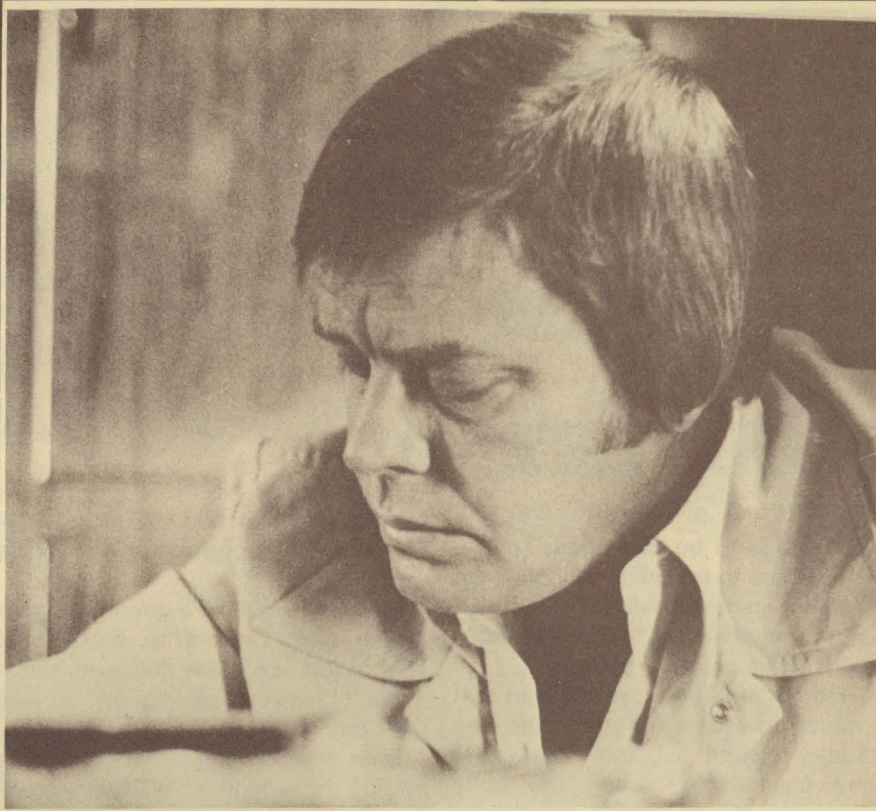
"The IRS could tell you who the entertainer of the year was, but nobody wants it. It certainly wasn't me. I've got an overhead you wouldn't believe.

"You have to get all dressed up to go to one of those things. I don't own a tuxedo. You rent one and you go down there and wait and no matter what happens you know you're gonna' be embarrassed.

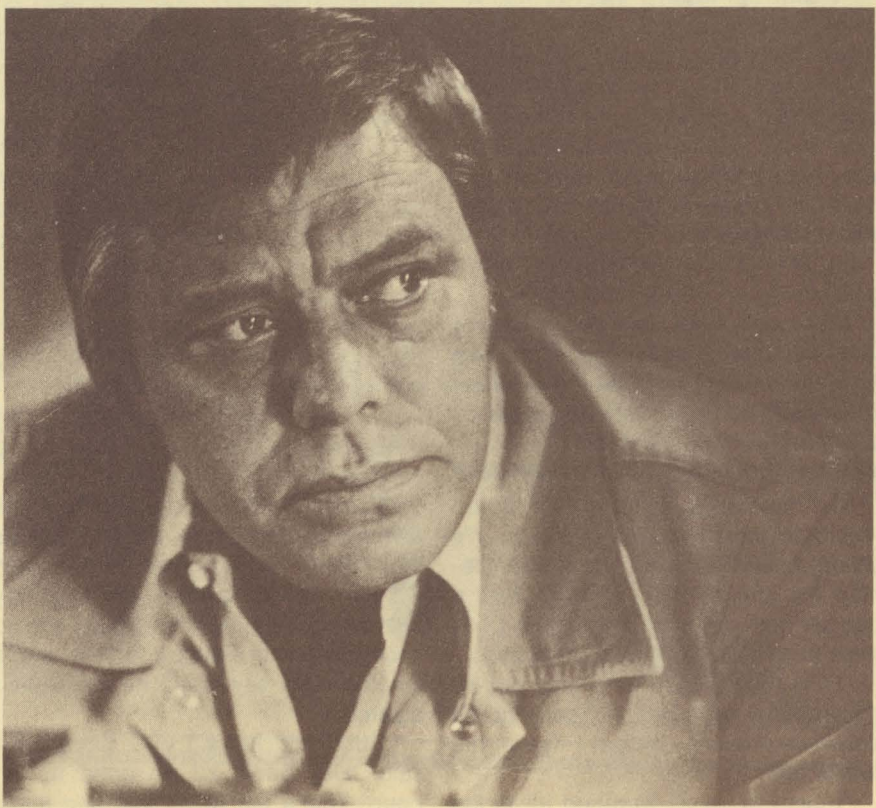
"If you win, you're embarrassed for the guys that lose; and if you lose, you're embarrassed because all your friends are embarrassed.

"Like the guy said, 'Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser.'

"If you don't show up for the contest, you're a real ass and it pisses everybody off. I'm not mad about it but



"I had to start singing because there wasn't anyone who could sing my songs the way I wanted them to sound."



if they'd leave me alone, I'd leave them alone.

"A man has enough awards if people are buying his records."

Hall is from Olive Hill, Ky., a small town in the Appalachian coal mining area. He put himself through college by working in a grocery store and a factory.

When he was discharged from the Army, Hall became a radio announcer and in 1962 made the move to Nashville. He moved there as a songwriter, not as a singer. Hall doesn't profess to have a great voice. In fact, he really doesn't think he can carry a tune too well.

"I had to start singing," he said, "because there wasn't anyone who could sing my songs the way I wanted them to sound.

"Writing, to me, is much more important than singing because when I'm gone and when I'm through singing, there will be people around to sing the songs. If you're looking at things in the historical sense, the song is the all-important thing.

"The vocal styles change and therefore, over the years, the same song will change and maybe even take on a new meaning."

Hall and the people at Mercury Records say they are somewhat mystified. They can't actually figure out who is buying Hall's singles and albums.

"I sometimes wonder why people give a shit about the stuff I write," remarked Hall. "I've been told a lot of middle-aged women buy my albums, but I know for sure a lot of hairy-legged ole boys buy them, too.

"I see them. They come out to the shows. And they always come in a pickup, two or three of them usually, and 90 per cent of the time they're half zapped. They've got a bale of hay in the back and a *Field and Stream* on the front seat. They're dipping snuff and most times are carrying a 'Saturday night special.'

"I look at them and sometimes wonder how in the hell I identify with them."

Hall, perhaps, is one of the more educated music personalities. What he didn't learn in college, he's absorbed through books.

A lot of his material, he confesses, is reflective of his reading which is focused mainly on Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis and Robert Service.

He feels music today is being taken too seriously. It should return to when its main function was to sing babies to sleep.

"There's not much you can do with music. People think it's going right out the ceiling, but there's actually only seven notes and it is always going to be something you can hum.

"If you can't hum it, to hell with it.

"But the young people of the early '70s — like Hitler's Germany — part of their entire mental makeup was the music. Revolutions have to have theme songs. Dylan frightened a lot of conservatives with songs that literally have become themes.

"Music is not something to be used to rouse an entire nation from their beds to overthrow the government.

"Music is a distraction, a fantasy, an illusion. It should not be protected like when you hold a bird too tightly in your hand. It should be held loosely and allowed to fly away.

"If there's a need to keep it at all, turn it loose. If you don't like it, turn it off."

Simplicity, Hall says, is the key word in his writing. He learned this from Ernest Hemingway. But he feels his extensive reading has also proved fatal in one respect.

"It's made a fool of me," he said. "You reach a point where you know enough to find out how damn dumb you are.

"Any intelligent person is one who realizes he doesn't know a damn thing because there is too much to know.

But you have this tendency in public to pretend you are intelligent. You are smart enough to know you're not.

"You've traveled enough, you've read enough, but somehow you can't resist the temptation to sound intelligent. It's dumb to try and sound intelligent, but I do it.

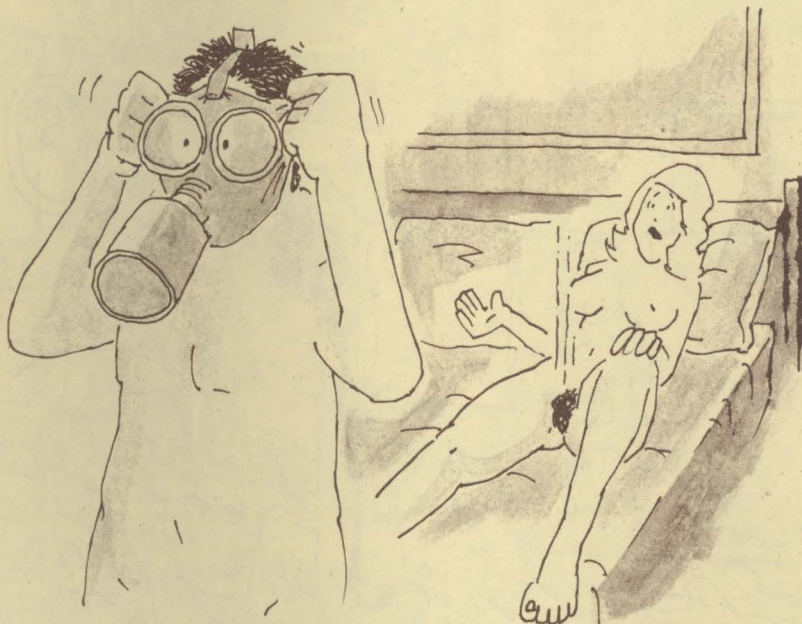
"I'll have a few drinks and before long, what the hell, I'll discuss religion, politics and even music. Reading has made me more of a liberal to the point where I see it is a waste of time to hate people, wish too much and hope too long. There is a futility in reality.

"Hemingway ran around shooting every fucking thing that moved and stayed drunk half of the time. He was a classical liar in trying to make people think there was more to life than there really is.

"But his simplicity turned me on. Like when Tennessee Williams asked him in Paris how his wife died, Hemingway told him, 'She died like everybody else and then she was dead.'

"That knocked me out. And in his opening paragraph of 'The Old Man and the Sea' when he said, 'He was an old man.'

"In one sentence he told it all. Some writers would take 200 words. I know what an old man is. I don't have to be told his hair was gray, his face leathery and that he had the countenance of a



IWAN TINSLEY

"Oh come on, Herb, it couldn't possibly stink that much!"

half-dead rattlesnake."

In college, Hall studied journalism. He had aspirations of becoming a writer, not especially about songs.

At age 11, he was given an "F" on a paper when assigned to write a short story. The English teacher figured young Tom had copied it from a book somewhere and in her eyes, that didn't exactly get it.

"The old bitch. It was a great story. It was about a little boy who ran off from a wagon train."

It must have been his wild imagination that led the teacher to think the story was a rip-off. But today, the same imagination is still running wild and most likely it is the principal reason Hall can walk around his farm a couple of times and then sit down and write hit songs about sneaky snakes, one legged chickens, birds, lonesome George, the Bassett and how to talk to baby goats.

"I've always admired someone who could write about a good train wreck," said Hall, lighting up another cigarette. "That fascinates me. I always figured you had to type pretty fucking fast, what with all the smoke and steam and crashing and all."

A year ago, Hall threw in the towel at the Grand Ole Opry. He and his band, the "Storytellers," quit the long-running country music radio show.

The incident caused a mild furor,

especially since the Opry people were trying hard to keep many of their younger and more popular performers happy.

It came out that Hall quit the Opry because he was refused permission to incorporate a brass section in his band. The Opry frowns on such modern techniques.

"Brass section my ass," retorted Hall. "If somebody told me to go out and put one together, I wouldn't know where to start."

"I was much more impressed with the Opry when it was in the old Opry House downtown. The new Opry House is nice; but to me, it ain't the same."

"I swear. I don't even know what makes up a brass section. I got ripped-off in the press and I guess I lost some fans who thought I was going 'pop.'"

"Fact is, I don't even know what 'pop music' is. I think it's just a matter of statistics. I don't care what kind of music you make, if you sell a million records, *that's* pop."

Hall gets a little disturbed at times when writers fail to report his "good side."

"I get upset when we haul some reporter's ass around the country and then he goes off to write a lot of shit."

"I don't drink on the job. But when the job's over, I can do some drinking. I drink whiskey and consider myself

an authority on it. I don't like for some reporter to write only that. That's just one side of me."

It appears there are many sides of Tom T. Hall. For one thing, he's superstitious. He never records on a day which is not a multiple of three. He considers three and 13 his lucky numbers because one day he was rummaging through old papers and discovered all his good moves occurred on days which were multiples of three.

"I signed with Mercury Records on the 13th and BMI (Broadcast Music Inc.) on the 13th. I joined the Army on the 13th. Jeannie C. Riley has 13 letters in her name and so does John Rodriguez, my former band member who I'm helping along."

"When I do record, the hour has to be a multiple of three. Otherwise, I won't do it. Before I found out all this, my name was Tom Hall. Then I put the 'T.' in there. It really doesn't stand for anything."

Hall is also a very protective person. He is an ecology freak and refuses to allow any of his farm hands to kill any living creature.

"I've kept 10 acres on the farm wooded," he says. "I feed the birds and squirrels, but there's a muskrat that's eating all the duck eggs. I'd like to have the ducks, but I don't want to lose the muskrat in the process."

"Same deal with the turtles that eat the fish. They tell me to get rid of the turtles or I won't have any fucking fish. But no, that's nature's process. I don't want to screw it up."

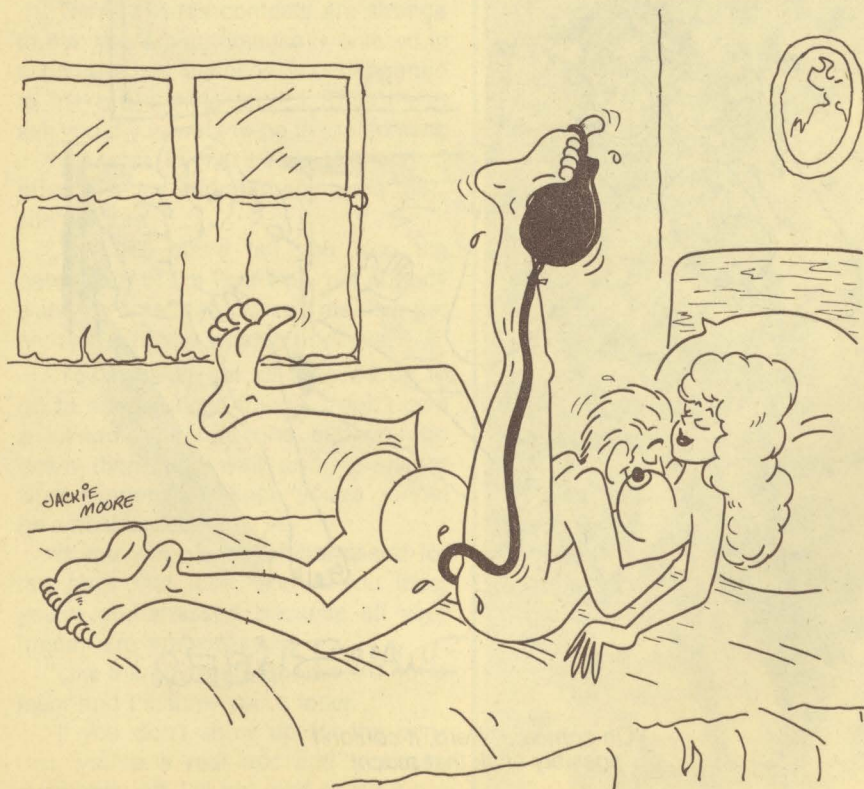
Even though he doesn't venture far, Hall is not a recluse. He likes people—lots of them.

"I don't like to be alone. We're always having friends over for drinks. I just don't like to have the kind of people around who are impressed with me."

"I don't like the ones that go running around boasting, 'Hey, I had a drink over at Tom T.'s place.' I don't think much of those assholes."

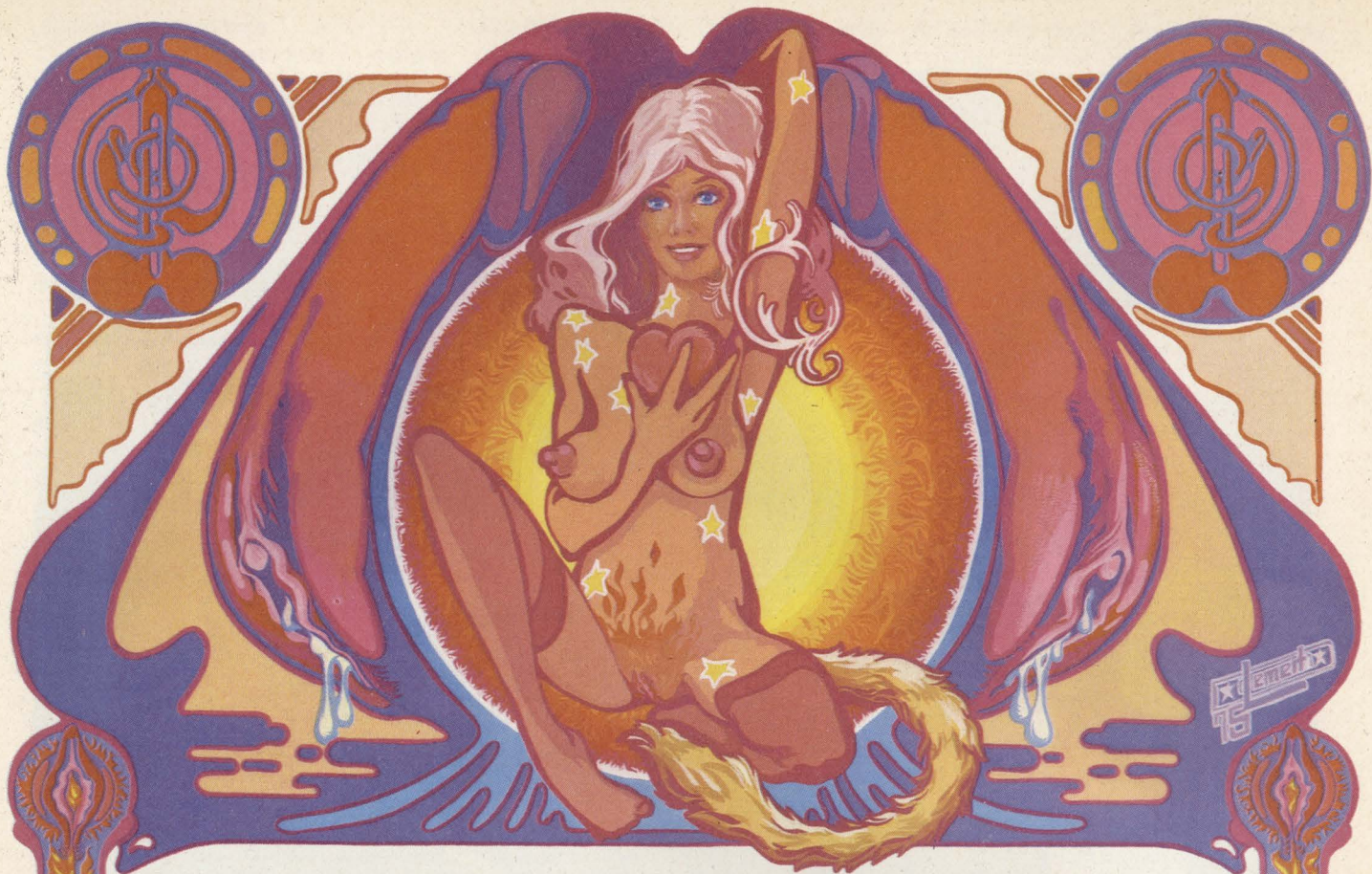
"I like honest people because I'm honest. Even more, I hate for somebody to con me. I'm embarrassed myself and for them, too."

"When you take all that into consideration, it reflects in my work. No one is going to say, 'There goes Tom T., bullshitting, again.' Maybe that's where we can relate to each other best—me and the people who buy my records. They expect me to be honest. And I don't disappoint them." 





"That ain't exactly what I meant by a Bloody Mary."



ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

LIVE IT UP LEO-STYLE.

by Skip Fickling

LEO (July 22 - August 21)

Most females need a guy with drive — a fellow with dazzle, daring, oomph! And here comes *Flesh* Gordon himself. Dashing out to tussle with Ming the Merciless in Chapter One of an old-time serial.

By today's standards, a hot rock caught running around in a silver cape and opera stockings is either ready for a booby hatch or a jail cell. Not so the Lion. He can get away with some of the most audacious stunts, gags and puts-ons possible. Even if he doesn't eat margarine he still wears a crown.

The gals usually drool over the King of the forest. He dances, he prances, he's courageous, he's a go-getter and — you're all man.

But right now it's Summertime hot-under-the-jock time for Leo and best you cool down poppa before you blow your crop. Take heed bachelor Lions because this still isn't the time to add fuel to the fire. So don't play around with any of those explosive dolls: Aries, Sagittarius or Leonines.

Try out a "nice-easy Pisces" this month or a quiet nymphomaniacal Aquarian. Your best bet is a cool Capricorn like sexy Yvette Mimieux.

Almost everything jives now with you and a Cappy: (1) She needs subtle personal praise to keep her happy, and you'll be Johnny-on-the-spot in more ways than one. (2) She demands financial security and you will do all you can to make her comfortable with your bank book and in your bed. (3) She is generally known to be tense in romantic situations, but your slick tongue should make her a very accommodating sexual partner. (4) You are not one to accept criticism easily, but as with Caesar she will only *come* to praise you.

In fact, the Capricorn can be way-out kooky at times and you should eat these periods up with true jungle relish. The Capricorn's horn is her favorite instrument and she loves to blow it with gusto.

If you can curb your jumping case of jealousy this month there is the promise of unexpected moola. This may emerge from a business contact that you have despised because of his enormous success. Why not play along and see what happens?

You are worrying more and doing less about it. If you develop a case of ulcers before Christmas it'll be nobody's fault but your own. Take this advice: (1) Spend more time outdoors in the sunshine and less in smoke-filled bars. (2) Get up in the morning with a grin instead of a growl. (3) Life is too short to grind your teeth down over a lost deal or a cutie that slipped out of your fingers.

Since this is your birthday month someone will obviously toss a bash in your honor, so live it up Leo-style and forget all your worries. Hell, wait until they see your opera stockings!

VIRGO (August 22 - Sept. 21)

You devil, you! Few gals know how potent a lover the Virgo actually is—and this month you are in "real" heat and should yank the zipper on that ridiculous "reserved" image. Toss that party you have been dreaming about and make it a "come-as-you-are" bash being certain you call everybody when they're either in the shower or sack. Since you are usually hung up on trivia don't worry about the damned clean-up since sweeping up naked broads should cause you no grief. Invite some unruly Geminis, Capricorns or Scorpios. Lock the Virgins out. All indications continue for a big monetary upswing if you move steadily forward with speed.

LIBRA (Sept. 22 - Oct. 22)

Librans love to spend a lot of time between the sheets—and not always alone! You revel in this hot August weather and could burn yourself out this month with too much of that old "physical fraternizing." More Librans die in the saddle than any other sign. Slow down a bit and don't try and prove your point every time an opportunity arises. Hold your tongue and your drawers. Pull your horn in and buy a pair of blinders. Turn down party invitations and store up some steam for September. Don't loan out any large sums of money.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

You can't win them all! This is a tough time for Scorpio swingers because the right gals just aren't taking your line. Blame it partly on this being a low period in Scorpian charts and the fact all the pretty young things are either on vacation or just plain unavailable. You married fellows should be cautioned not to cock that "come-on" eye at too sharp an angle or you could wind up with your spouse's fist in it. This is a particularly vulnerable time for you to get caught with your hand in the cookie jar. Play it safe and stay away from the sweets right now. Good time, though, for money matters. Losses you seem to be taking now are only a prelude to major profits before the end of the year.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 20)

What you ought to do this month is find a sexy Sagittarian broad and hole up in some cool mountain resort for a long weekend of unwinding the old tight stem. You Sags do manage to become pretty up-tight and really getting "up tight" now could be the answer to the whole problem. Don't fool with any March gals or this could cause a "Pisces Crises" with the "fond fishie" swimming away fast. Other August, 1975 best bets are a "cool" Capricorn or one of those "scrumptuous" Scorpios. Stay completely away from any Gemini femini. They are totally on to your game right now. A new job should be considered since this could be a step in the right direction.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 - Jan. 19)

Don't be gun-shy this month because all signs point to a big rise in Capricorn horns. Consequently, if you feel horny, go out and ram your way to success with one of those crazy "Moon Maids"—a Cancer girl. Better still, find a big swinger's ball and paint a message on your chest that reads: *You Wary Aries, You Libidinous Libras, Lend Me Your Rears!* Don't laugh. This will work now, especially for you tongue-tied Cappys who can't get up enough nerve to tell a gal just

AUGUST

what kind of a feel you want. Continue to stay away from the stock market or making other investments.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)

Oh, you masterful masochists! What a month to run rough shod with every erotic thought you've ever had. Bring out the whips, the whole ball-and-chain game and call every gal you know with a fantastic fetish. Don't blow this! Every female has some sort of urge to be physically subjected to unusual sexual abuses and now is the time to bring out the beast in them. Make them whimper for your lust and kneel to your commands. Money should be no problem if you don't toss it away on some screwball project.

PISCES (Feb. 19 - March 20)

Make no silly promises you can't keep this month because a big treat is in store that should take up most of your time. All the signs point to "momma from heaven"—and a real hot one to boot. This may be much more than you bargained for and you bachelor Pisces should revel. Married fellows had best watch their P's and Q-T it this trip since this is one kind of woman that will be mighty "hard" to hide. If you bump into any 40-inch Taurus maids, that's it—no bull! As far as finances are concerned keep those close to the belt.

ARIES (March 21 - April 20)

August, 1975 should be a busy month for the hyper-active Ram, who comes off more like a rabbit when involved in sexual encounters. Any Aries will freely admit he is the record-holder for (1) Total number of women, period (with or without, he doesn't care). (2) Total number of women in one day and/or night. (3) Total cums with one or more women. (4) Number of positions, including the famed Aries chandelier shot. (5) Length of a single sex session. (6) Has diary to prove the "hole" thing. Aries should have an orgy now with eight lesbian Leos and send that on to the "Guinness Book of World Records." Don't brag about a deal pending.

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20)

Watch your temper now as it could mess up a good deal. Coming your way later this month is an opportunity of a lifetime and anyone foolish enough to hold back when all drawers are open to inspection is an idiot. You may be Bullish on America, but this is the time to grab that sweet virgin Virgo and wine, wean and win her to your manly arms and arm-chair. That's a good beginning. Next, show her your "bull ring" and don't let her red panties fool you. If you have a water bed try it with a swimmingly-lovable Pisces. Continue to pursue the deal that is pending as it may pay-off handsomely before September.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20)

Take that advice you scorned recently for this may open new vistas. Positively you Gems must try and settle down this month in order to stabilize your love life. Fighting amongst "yourself" is typical of you multi-sided characters and whether it be blonde, brunette or nympho, you must put your head together and penetrate the problem. "Waste not, want not," is the old saying and you are tossing too many cats aside and eating your heart out instead of them. Take that gamble now.

CANCER (June 21 - July 21)

Forget the bank roll for a change and concentrate this month on a bed roll. It may cost a few bucks, but what the hell, take a long trip to a far-away nudist camp (don't, for God's sake, select one close to home where your wife may put a private eye on your *tail!*). Tell the loved ones this is big money-business, but it's strictly *monkey*. Swing from the trees with vestal Virgos and trumpeting Taurus babes. Cuddle in the pool with loose Libras and sock-it-to-me Sagittarians. Now is definitely the time to come to the aid of your *cuntry*.

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THE PHILOSOPHER
Laws grind the poor, and rich men
rule the law. GOLDSMITH.

SEX PLAY

continued from page 22

spanking or being spanked. One fellow told a tale about how spanking had spruced up his sex life immensely. Although his wife was reluctant at first to have her bottom beaten, she soon became addicted to this sexy sport. He said:

"I have been married 10 years, and my wife and I have enjoyed sex together in many forms. However, during the past year or so I experienced an almost overpowering urge to spank her before making love, but when I asked her she, not unnaturally, refused point-blank. Eventually she agreed to let me.

"When I went to bed that night I found my sexual feelings were stronger than ever before, and I could hardly wait for her to come into the room. After she had undressed she turned out the light, climbed into bed, and said 'Goodnight.' This was just her way of teasing me further. After a few minutes she got out and came around to my side of the bed and said, 'If you really want to smack my bottom let's get it over with.'

"I sat on the edge of the bed and she laid full-length on my knees. By this time my feelings were indescribable. I then pulled up her nightdress, made her bend her knees down, and smacked her six times with my hand across her bare bottom. Although she did not make a sound it brought tears to her eyes, but when we made love we both experienced feelings we had never enjoyed before.

"I have spanked her bottom many times since, and she now admits that the pain heightens her sexually. I have used a slipper, a hairbrush, a cane and a strap as well as my hand. Only once has she wanted to smack my bottom, which I found enjoyable. She did it very hard with her hairbrush, and when I got up she was extremely excited and said, 'Please use a cane this time, and hit me hard.' I did as she asked. It really made her wriggle and she had red marks across her bottom afterwards, but we made wonderful love."

Another gentleman waxed eloquent on the thrills of spanking in these words: "My fiancée was an awful tease, until finally she went too far. I hauled

her over my knees, tossed up her skirt, and spanked her panty-clad bottom. I expected this to be the end of our engagement, but instead the girl who got up from my lap rubbing her smarting seat was loving and passionate. I was lucky to have found a woman who shared my tastes, but there must be many men who are not so fortunate. Let's face it, to invite a young lady to place herself across your knee is to invite a rebuff, and be labeled as kinky!

"For the first few months of our marriage, I lost no opportunity to spank my wife's pretty bottom, but soon this seemed to lose its excitement, as there was no element of compulsion. So we decided to make up a game. We play a game of cards, and the loser of each hand or point must draw a card from a special set we have made; this shows the position to be adopted, clothing to be worn, and the number of whacks and with what object. An evening's cards like this leaves us both smarting pleasantly and highly aroused.

"For my own part, I have no time for the vicious whippings some advocate with canes and birches; I am quite happy with my wife bent over my knees, skirts up, panties down, her bottom bouncing under the impact of my flattened palm. Let me add that there is also a therapeutic effect on regular spankings for the female bottom. Thanks to my constant attention, my wife is the proud owner of the prettiest and most pappable bottom I have ever seen; it is indeed a pleasure to follow her down the street, watching her firm rounded buttocks bouncing merrily beneath her skirt."

Many men would rather be spanked by women than vice versa. In fact, the number of masochistic men who patronize brothels for their sex kicks is so great that a large number employ girls who are spanking specialists. For example, a luxurious bordello in Dallas, where many of the customers are rich oil men, is renowned for catering to men who enjoy being beaten and spanked. One of the working girls there describes the techniques of her trade in these words:

"I became a spanking specialist about a year ago. It's a better racket than working the streets. Not that I wasn't good at the regular stuff. But I really understand this spanking bit. I know just what kind of rump-whacking makes men react. There's some tricks to doing it.

"Now a lot of girls think that if a man



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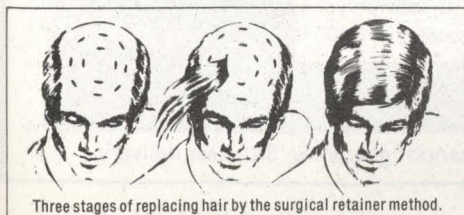
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ain't responding to a spanking, then you just smack him all the harder. That just won't work. It's not so much how *hard* you spank — but *how* and *where*. Like you aim for the fat part of his buttocks and you'll make a man happy. You aim an inch higher where it really hurts the spine, and you'll get the guy madder than hell.

"I can work any man to a finish with about 20 swats, though I may take longer with the guy to give him some extra enjoyment. Sometimes, if he's a little slow to respond, I'll move the paddle a little lower and flick him down between the legs just a little, to remind him what he's getting spanked for. That usually brings him around.

"My attitude helps the whole situation. A guy can tell if you don't like what you're doing, or if you're acting like you think he's queer. And that kills him as far as making it goes. You gotta act like you're getting a kick out of the spanking. You gotta *jive* him. You make him think he's doing *you* the favor — that's the secret of success in this kind of business."

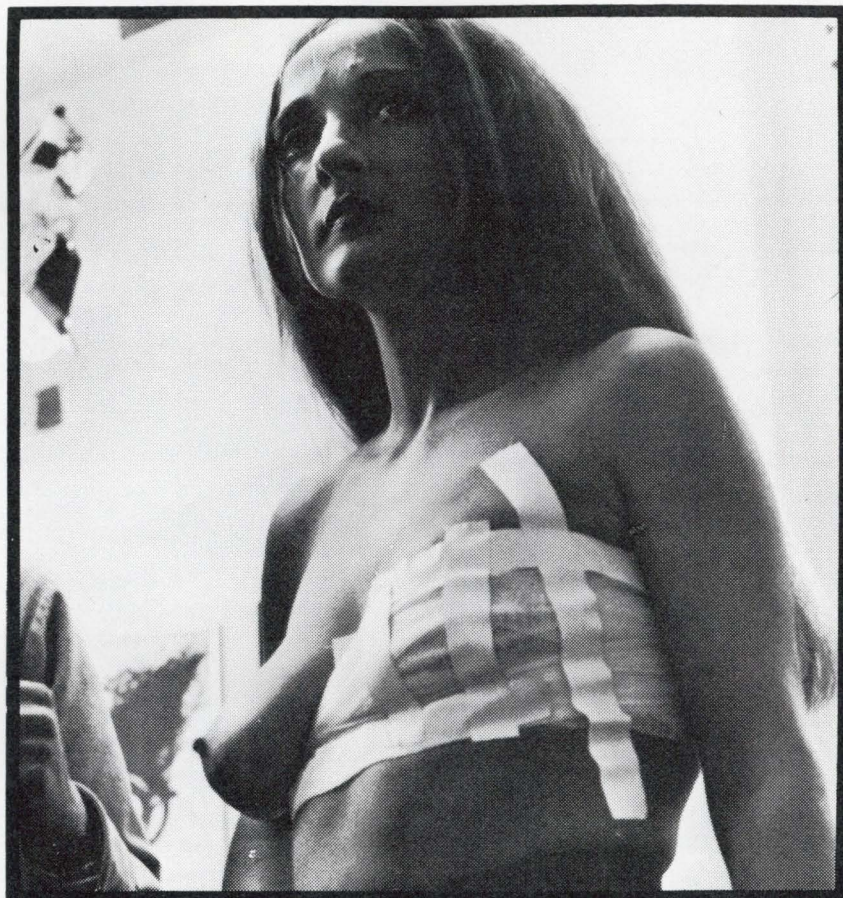
More and more people today are enjoying the sexy sport of spanking. They are discovering that it seems to ignite a woman to nymphomaniacal heights more surely than any other kind of preliminary act to intercourse. A generation ago spanking was considered kooky, not kinky; but so were a lot of other things, from topless waitresses to oral intercourse. There's nothing perverted about sexual spanking today if it's handled in the right way.

Even the experts agree. In "Emotional Maturity in Love and Marriage," Dr. Harold Greenwald says that many women have "a wish for the man to be tough," and this falls "within the normal range of masculinity."

The eminent British sexologist Dr. Worthley Enticott goes a step further. He says: "The woman who makes love without ever having her man spank her may indeed be missing something vital in the sexual act, something primordial and extremely stimulating. Something which has been known to open up a hidden well of desire in the woman and lead her to the kind of orgasm she has never experienced before. It can make her a whole woman."

Without question, spanking has brought a new, delightful dimension to the sex lives of many people. Maybe such erotic endeavors could add spice to your sex life too. So try it. You might like it. Bottoms up! 

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FORESKIN MISSING

continued from page 48

"So what do you think he does while I was away visiting my mother? Yes, that's right. He had a circumcision and showed me his 'bare-headed' penis, saying it was my birthday present, and quite a sacrifice on his part.

"Sacrifice, hell! He's getting his kicks as usual, but for me, it's just like having a piece of warmed-up meat shoved inside for all I'm getting out of it. That missing foreskin was my real lover. When my husband had his prepuce, and got an erection, his foreskin rolled back, making a thick extra fold of flesh — sort of another higher rim behind the

head of his penis, and when he stroked back and forth, it gave me that very delicate tickle that sent me heaven-bound. So help me, no words can describe that wonderful sensation. But now, it's all gone, and his dick feels like hot rubber. I've had it with this guy of mine. He doesn't please me in bed anymore."

It was a case the marriage counselor couldn't solve, although he wisely recommended the husband go to a porno shop and pick up a Japanese penis ring which could be slipped over the area of the missing foreskin and replace it. Unfortunately, the disgruntled wife insisted on real flesh, and the marriage broke up.

Aside from religious reasons, you are going to find a growing number of physicians who are opposed to remov-

ing the foreskin in these times.

During the past three decades, circumcision was popularly promoted by medics who contended it eliminated some hygienic problems such as odor from accumulated secretions and the presence of smegma (the white secretion normal to the penis with foreskin), which quickly may become contaminated with bacteria, and create what some fastidious females call "penis-stench." It makes them turn up their noses and causes some delicate lasses to retch, and it can be dealt with by means of a daily soap and water wash.

During the 1960's, a lot of married men got a real scare when statistics came out of research centers claiming that many wives were getting cancer of the uterus due to carcinogenic agents being present in secretions from the foreskin. There was a subsequent wave of prepuce-chopping, and a lot of surgeons made some easy change as long as the fad lasted.

The penis myth pendulum is swinging the other way now, and yesterday's statistics are now called misleading.

By now, you may be curious enough to want to go to a mirror and get a good objective look at your organ. Is it with, or without foreskin?

If you happen to be Jewish, the question was answered for you by your parents who hired a *Mohel*, a ritual circumciser, and he removed your foreskin on that particular eighth day of life, likely doing the job better than a surgeon, for that is all he has been trained to do.

His technique was, and still is, to take a metal shield and slip it over the head of the penis for protection, and then making a very quick but deft cutting move with his knife while you, as a baby, sucked up sugar water from a nipples bottle, and made hardly any outcry. Of course, the older a male gets, the more sensitive he is to circumcision until he passes the age of 60, when sensory feelings diminish, and losing one's foreskin is less painful, than, let's say, at the age of 30 or 40.

New York City has 35 registered mohels, called mohelim in plural, and all have taken courses in pediatrics and other medical sciences. When they lop off a foreskin, it is usually an admirable job which leaves little scar tissue.

Have you mixed feelings about your foreskin? If you have bedded down with a number of women, and at least a couple of them have said they would prefer you without your foreskin, for

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Photographs by Ralph Hampton

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whatever reasons they may have, give the matter real serious thought before you take any action.

In a sense, when you voluntarily have your foreskin removed, you are partially raping yourself and depriving your body of a vestigial organ which had some real purpose when your distant ancestors had trouble trying to go from tree swinging to condominium-living in caves.

The prehistoric male found his long foreskin an asset when he slept on bare earth. The secretions from the foreskin acted to trap any insects trying to get within, and possibly crawl into the urethra and toward your bladder—a serious situation, in that it almost always produced a dangerous infection.

Does the man with the missing foreskin also miss getting venereal disease if he happens to get around a lot? Now, the medics say "No," but with emphasis. A recent study of Levantine nomads in the Middle East, whose male population also has circumcision as do the Jews, but in childhood rather than in infancy, do continue to have a very high VD rate. Such disease statistics among Jews are much more subdued because the male Jew tends to be very moralistic or is bound by family convention and may limit his sexual experience accordingly.

Some opponents of circumcision call it the \$100 million dollar racket and say it is the most useless bit of quick surgery being performed today.

Apparently, this is what a young man of 21 years thought in the Far West when he brought a most unusual suit against his folks when he became of legal age.

He charged that his parents assaulted his body during infancy and deprived him of what would have been a most precious and cherished possession — the foreskin. The operation had been done as a means of religious ritual, but, as the youth grew up, he turned atheist and became very sexually conscious.

The case was thrown out of court, with the judge describing it as silly legal clutter, and gave the attorney a dressing down for filing the suit. Nevertheless, it made some good reading in the newspapers. The youth with his missing foreskin is still rather sullen over the matter and continues to give his parents a hard time.

This writer talked to several prostitutes about the significance of the foreskin, both streetwalkers and the working ladies in brothels. None of them had any real opinions or concern about the penis, with or without the foreskin.

"It doesn't matter one iota," said one

girl who specialized in servicing the needs of farm workers at labor camps. "I set up shop in my trailer, which I take from one ranchhouse to another. When there's a line-up of men, I simply contract my muscles more and the pressure makes the customer come faster. With or without foreskin, I can control the moment of male orgasm. Any experienced woman can make a man come when she wants to."

She said this so matter of factly, it was believable. As for some other prostitutes interviewed, only about one in four thought the circumcised male was really more advantageous to the profession in that the prostitute did have some concern about getting cancer of the womb from turning too many tricks.

A couple of years ago, one medical researcher sent out an unusual questionnaire to over 100 urologists who also practiced as surgeons and were known to be proficient circumcisers.

The question related to adult males only — those who had circumcision voluntarily when grown up — and the physician was asking: what motivated the doctors to do the foreskin snipping?

Less than one-third of the medics contacted gave a reply, and nearly all told the researcher to take a flying leap into oblivion, refusing to reply to his challenging question. Some said the researcher was invading the privacy of medical practitioners.

You are going to find doctors in these times who will contend that all the serious research into the benefits of circumcision was basically unscientific and rather ridiculous.

While about 80 per cent of all American male infants had circumcision during the late 1960's, the percentage has dropped considerably in the early 1970's. Apparently, foreskin-chopping went through a trend, and times have changed.

When circumcision was so highly favored, one hospital in New York City went on record as having made more than 10,000 such operations from the 1930's to the 1950's. In over half a million circumcisions known to have been done in that city during the same period, there was only a single death. And that was due to the cutting of a large blood vessel and subsequent hemorrhage a doctor couldn't control.

Ever since the zipper became an integral part of a man's fly, the foreskin has been an occasional hazard in that it can be easily caught, pinched, and cut. A lot of males wince with pain



"How romantic! You've carved our initials in the vibrator."

at the experience, but it isn't reason enough to get rid of the prepuce.

One California emergency hospital surgeon was hailed into court during the spring of 1975, by the angry parents of an eight-year-old whose foreskin he had partially snipped off when it became hopelessly enmeshed in torn flesh with a broken fly zipper.

Labeled with performing circumcision without parental consent, the doctor won his case when expert witnesses were called in by his attorney and they examined the boy, telling the court afterwards that he had only a small notch of flesh absent from his foreskin and that the prepuce was therefore relatively intact.

Stunned by the loss of the case, the parents then made a counter-charge, saying the boy had been psychologically damaged by the loss of tissue. When the judge questioned the boy about his feelings, it was apparent that the child was oblivious to any change in his penis. The notch was on the underside of the foreskin and not visible, and on the basis of these two findings, the judge threw the case out and told the parents not to come back to justice with any further trumped-up charges.

During the Fourth Dynasty of Egyptian culture, back in 3,000 B.C., a famed physician and scholar named Herodotus, said, "Other men leave their private parts as they are formed by nature, except those who have learned otherwise from them..."

What he really meant was that circumcision was a mystic practice in his day, enjoyed by the priests and distinguished royalty. Hurrah for today where any man may have his foreskin chopped off for a price — if that's what he wishes done.

Hard by San Francisco Bay, where circumcision has long been a proper sign of social status among the snob set living atop Nob Hill, there's a select swinger's group, mostly investment consultants, bankers, and even a sprinkling of professional men, such as doctors and lawyers.

The men in the club like to go by the name of "The Greasers." That's because most are inclined to lubricate the head of their penises before attempting penetration of willing women. A few do wear lubricated condoms.

These swingers (and it has been a national experience among adult circumcised males) have noted how dry their organs stay after the foreskin has been removed. Secretory lubricating

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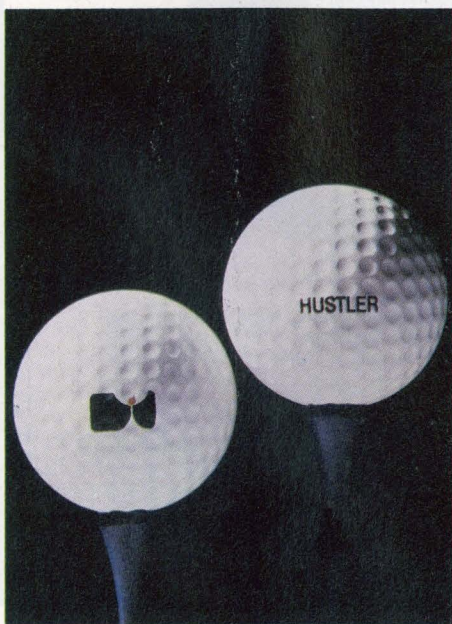
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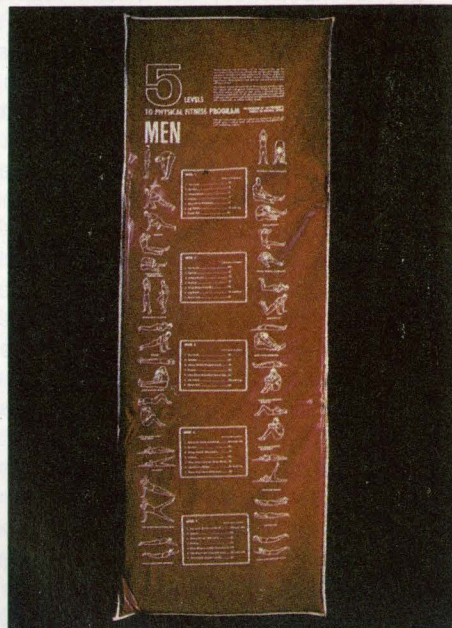
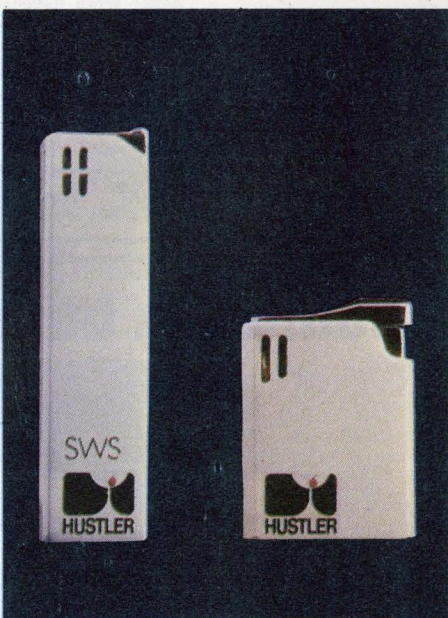
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2 GOLF BALLS: The first time your friends see 'HUSTLER' on your ball you'll be the talk of the links. This Park/MacGregor high compression, hi-energy center is precision wound with new noncut "Suriyn" cover, \$16.95 dozen.



3 TENNIS BAG: This rich brown jute Tennis Bag won't help once you take the court but going and coming you're sure to be a smash. Holds two rackets, a can of balls, and has room for clothing and/or other personals. A real attention getter, \$14.95. **TENNIS BALLS:** Spalding Extra Duty Championship. The official ball of the Assoc. of Tennis Professionals and the Women's Tennis Assoc., \$3.95/can.

4 LIGHTERS: "Light years ahead" of their time, **SLIM QUARTZ**, the thinnest electric lighter in the world, \$19.95. The **COZY** for \$17.95. Both with the new **ELECTRO QUARTZ** (no flint... no wick... no battery). Both available in silver or gold. Up to three letters of personalization, add \$2.50.



5 EXERCISE MAT: "Polyurethane foam padded mat with a complete graded exercise program printed on it in white. Helps you progress through five levels of proficiency. Men's program on one side, women's on the other side. Both programs developed by President's Council on Physical Fitness. Size: 24" x 72" x 1", \$12.95.

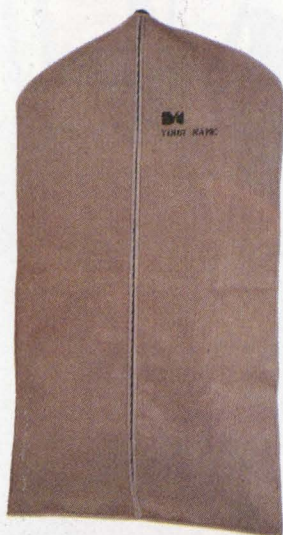
6 ALL-IN-ONE PORTABLE BAR: Ideal for pool, patio or any other area of your home where you entertain. Bar and serving center holds eight quart-sized bottles, twelve cocktail glasses; has four lift-out trays for hors d'oeuvres and a 2½ qt. ice bucket. Made of durable laminated polystyrene. Wipes clean and is easily stored in seconds. Comes in sparkling white or chocolate brown. Please specify, \$64.95.





7 PACHINKO: For 25 years Japan's answer to our pin ball machines. While you are reading, over 900,000 are operating! No motors, electrical parts or costly repairs. Each machine has been re-conditioned to insure perfect operation. Complete instructions enclosed. Each game comes wired for flashing lights. Batteries not included. Operates in position shown on its own topple-proof stand, \$89.95; or with a beautiful refinished frame, \$104.95.

8 WORLD'S SMALLEST CALCULATOR! You can carry this cordless rechargeable calculator in shirt pocket or purse. Automatic constant, eight digit display, floating decimal, percent key. Weighs 2 1/2 oz. Size: 3 1/2" x 2" x 3/8". Sure to get "WOWs" and "isn't that cute," everytime you show it. Available in black or satin silver finish. Please specify, \$34.95.



9 KEEPSAFE: For the man or woman who has anything here's a safe place to keep it. "KeepSafe" by Travel-Safe Systems. Never offered in any of the 'other' magazines. This strong but lightweight vault looks like a coat hanger. Made of aluminum and chrome alloy steel, weighs only four pounds. Anchors to a closet pole from the inside with a vise-like-action hook. Conceal it with a piece of clothing. Has built in electronic alarm system (batteries not included). "KeepSafe" protects valuables, keeps medicines from children, and provides a safe place for jewelry and personal belongings, \$44.95.

10 TRAVEL BAG: Not your everyday travel bag. This quality bag is vinyl lined and its tan jute finish becomes even more unique with your name printed on the front. Price includes personalization, \$9.95.

11 GLASSWARE: A Touch of Class! Never before offered in any of the 'other' magazines. This exquisite mirrored metalized glassware will bring compliments with every drink. Available as a set with mixer and six 8 oz. glasses, \$23.95. Also available in separate sets of six 8 oz. glasses for \$15.50, or sets of six 12 oz. glasses for \$13.50.

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Tennis Balls	(3 Per) Can		3.95	Add 1.00	
Lighters		Slim Cozy	19.95 Add 17.95 2.50	Add 1.00	
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Port. Bar		White Brown	64.95	Add 3.50	
Pachinko		W/O Frame With Frame	89.95 104.95	Add 10.00	
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GIFTS ETCETERA



"Isn't it cute how little Matt is learning to make his own toys from odds and ends lying around the house?"

glands do disappear when the prepuce comes off. This makes a lot of friction between the glans (or head of the penis) and the receptive vagina.

Some of the wife-swapping San Franciscans noted the friction tended to either bring upon rapid ejaculation, or interfere with the pleasurable act of intercourse. A lubricant solved such problems.

Ever wonder about certain religious groups, as to whether they believe in circumcision, such as the Amish in Pennsylvania? It's only been recently revealed that Amish men frown upon circumcision. They like to hold onto their foreskins and won't answer many questions about how many times they do it a week. Judging from studies of reports of penile infections in the state of Pennsylvania, the Amish male is rather a healthy specimen, and a man without sexual hangups. He sticks to one woman and believes a man can be more chaste by remaining whole, meaning no circumcision.

During the recent Vietnam conflict, one major United States hospital out-

patient clinic at Danang found that too many of the G.I.'s were getting balanitis, an inflammation of the head of the penis which was painful enough to incapacitate the men and take them out of the firing line.

While these soldiers in South Vietnam had listened to morning pep talks on personal hygiene and did wash their genitals daily, the prostitutes they saw in the brothels outside their camps cared little about cleanliness.

Desperate about the number of men going on sick call, the Base Surgeon issued an order saying that men reporting ill more than once with a swollen penis, would have their foreskins studied by the medics and given a circumcision when indicated.

The order almost caused a riot. The promiscuous soldiers regarded pending circumcision as akin to castration, and a serious pall of psychological fear numbed them. A good percentage of the G.I.'s temporarily solved their problem by going AWOL, and then ended up in the stockade.

It took several lectures by a psychia-

trist to bring some of the recalcitrant men around; only a few weeks later, after their organs healed from foreskin removal and they saw that their sexual activity wasn't impaired, did the remainder of the soldiers scheduled for circumcision submit to the operation. There were a few hold-outs, of course, and these men avoided losing their foreskins by becoming celibate. They avoided women for the duration of their hitch. It was quite a price to pay to retain their beloved foreskins.

How about your own opinions about circumcision, and possessive attitudes regarding the foreskin; or was yours taken away at a time when you had "no say" about the procedure?

Just keep in mind that with or without the foreskin, you are just as much a man as ever. That dangling piece of flesh on the end of the penis can create dilemma or joy. Nature really meant for it to be purposeful, and of service to you. Maintaining a proper perspective about the foreskin is the way to go about it. Hopefully, that's your attitude.



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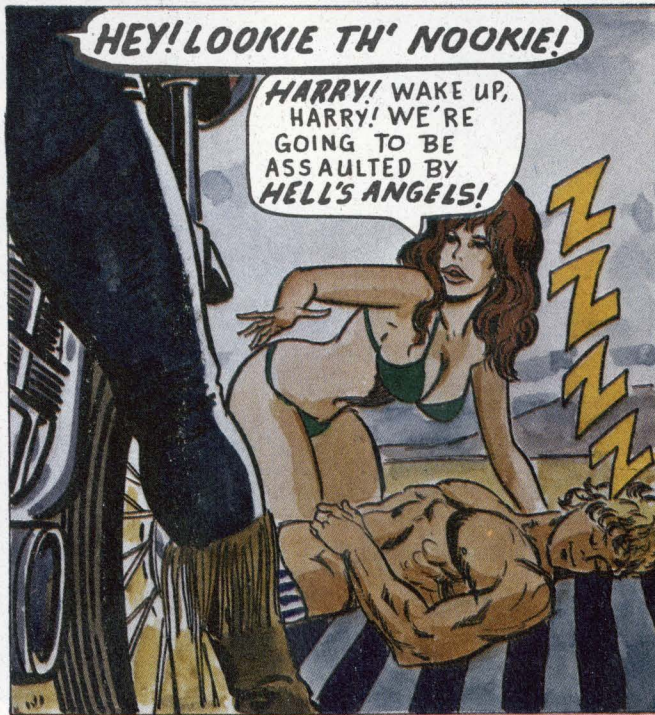
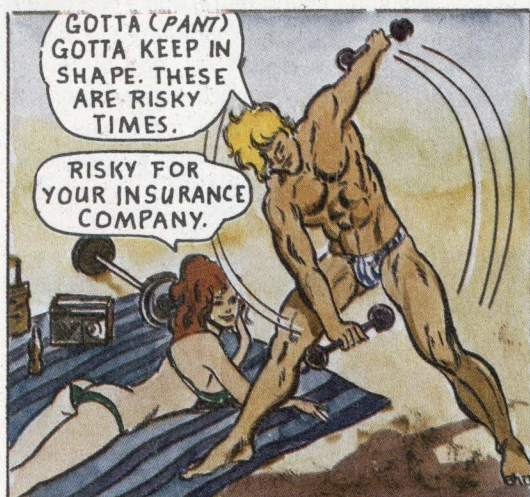
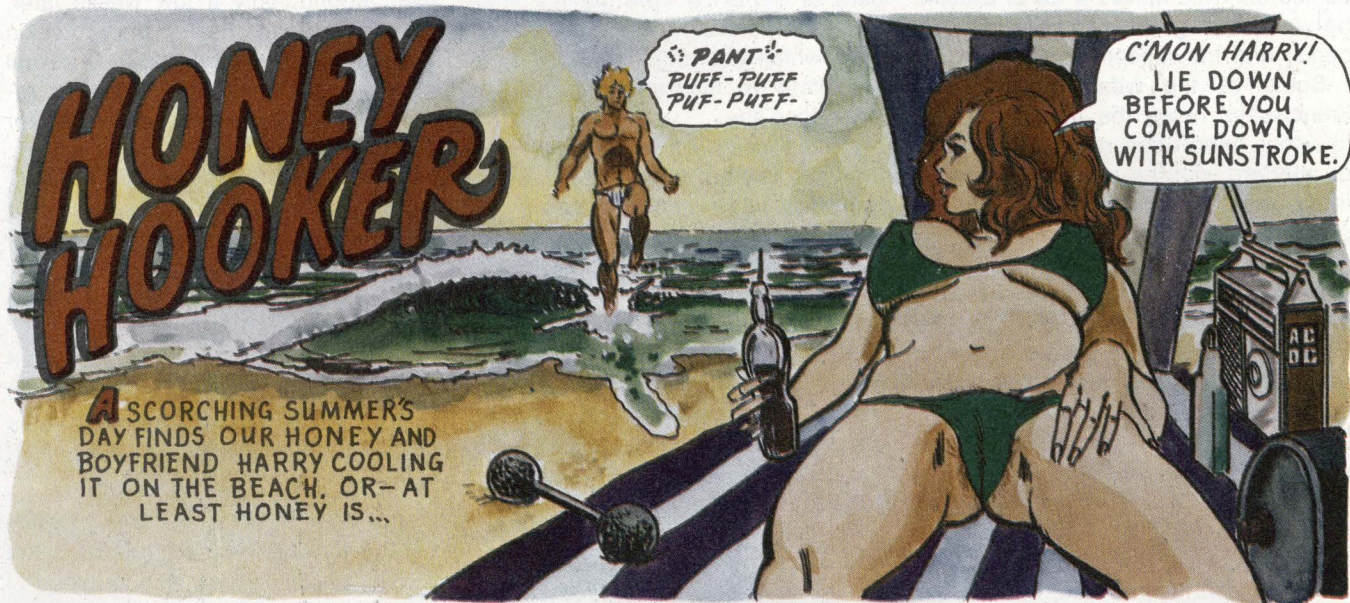
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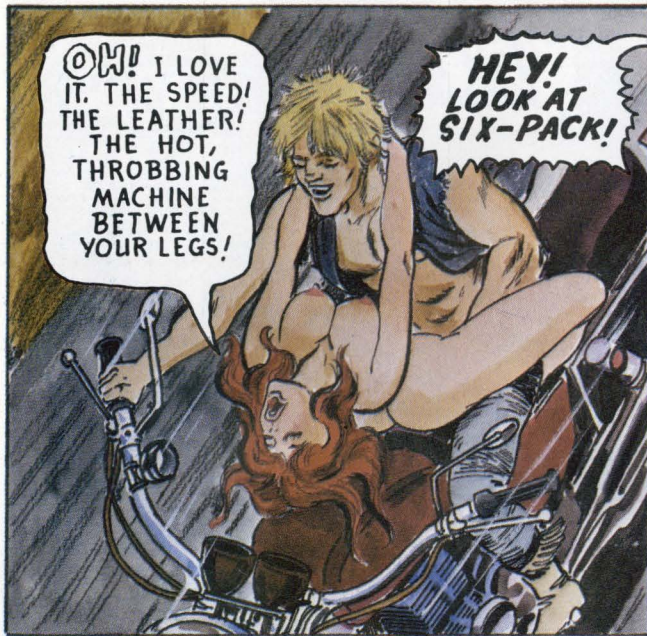
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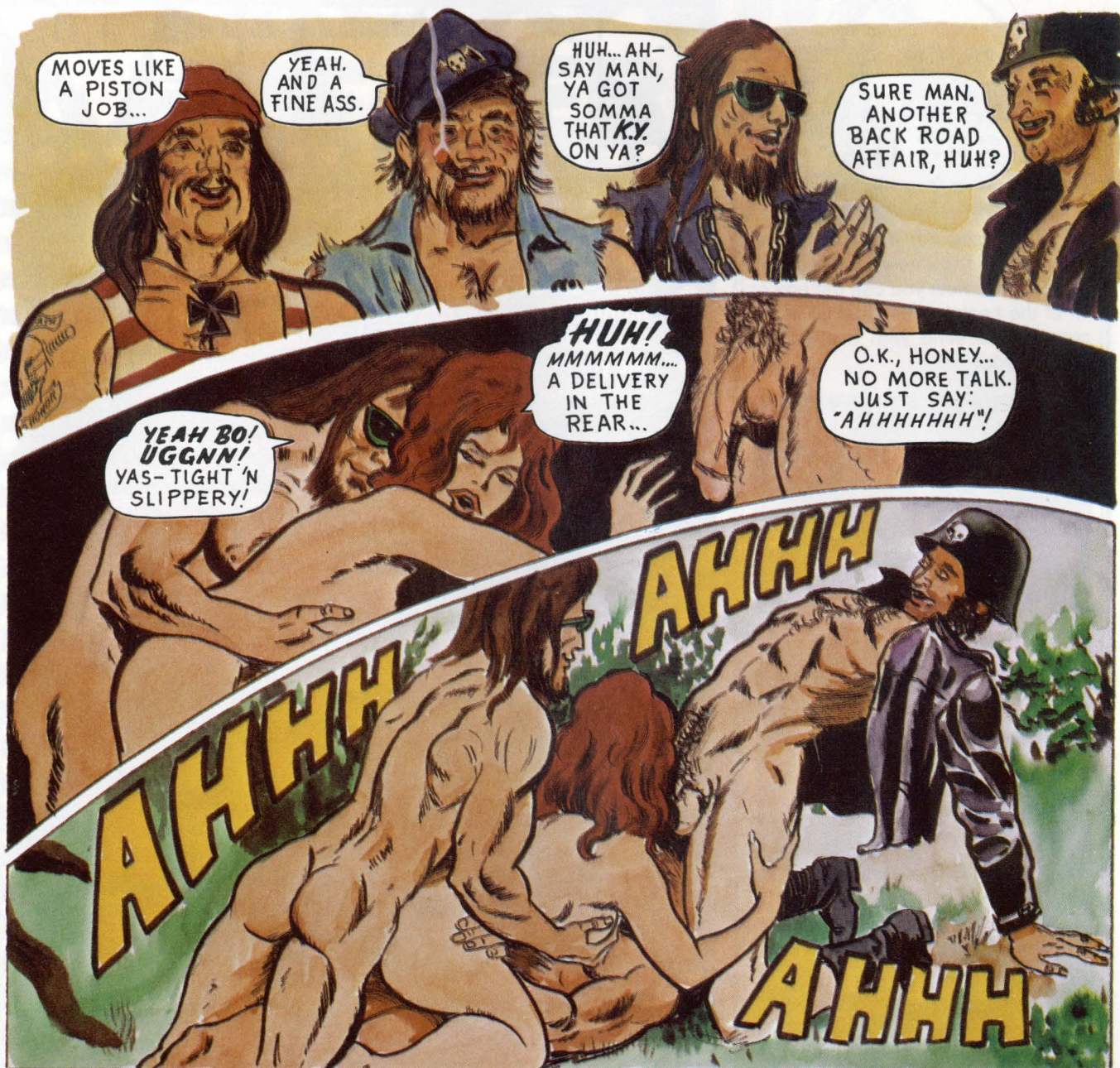
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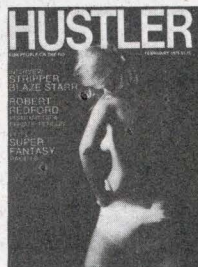
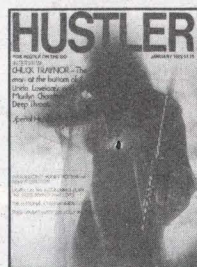
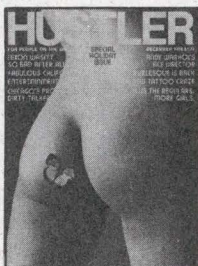
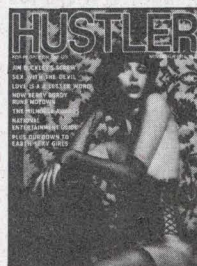
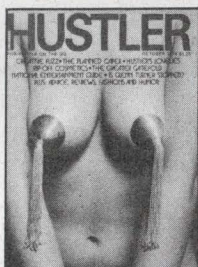






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PREVIEW

SEPTEMBER PREVIEW

FIFTY YEAR OLD CENTERFOLD — All that glitters is the make-up on our special Kathy Keeton Centerfold next month. You owe it to yourself to keep in touch with what's happening for future reference. And if you want to review the young stuff as well, there's plenty of muff on **HUSTLER** Honey's Mitsy, Peggy, and Jane.

GEORGE WALLACE PROFILE — Ever since his father "dumped him out in front of the state Capitol and told him to go to it," at the age of 16, Ex-Golden Gloves Champion George Corley Wallace has been battling for political power. The prelims are over now, and Wallace is a top contender for the Heavyweight Title: the U.S. Presidency — by Wayne Greenhaw.

SUMMER BROWN INTERVIEW — Porn's first female producer explains the "how and why" of her film technique, including attitudes toward porn personalities, what makes good porno from a woman's point of view, and how working in the industry has affected her personal sexual relationships—by Al Goldstein.

MOTHER GOOSE — The Watergate tapes will long remain mysteries in the archives of Washington officialdom, but Goldy Lox, for whom this story wends, spares nothing by way of four-letter-words in this original comic version of the children's classic—by Thom McElDowney.

"THE GREATEST PORN EVER TOLD" — Sometimes getting it up for the next shot in a fuck-flick requires the patience of Job—especially after filming a Monkey Fuck Mobile Scene. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely intentional in this satirical autobiography of a porno star—by Robert Wieder.

AND — more off-beat happenings are chronicled in **BITS & PIECES** (including a new challenger for **KING DONG's** penile primacy), the Best and the Bummers are in the **HUSTLER PORN REVIEW**, a reluctant muff-diver asks all in **ADVISE & CONSENT**, and **HONEY** plays "Doctor" with her own tube-steak stethoscope.

PREVIEW

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