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HUSTLER

FOR THE

JUNE 1976 \$1.75

**ORGY OF
THE STARS**

**INTERVIEW:
SHOWMAN
EARL WILSON, JR.
ON SEX, POWER
& MONEY**

**THE
ROCKEFELLERS'
BLOODY MONEY**

**A WHIMSICAL
LOOK AT DEATH
(THIS ONE WILL
REALLY
KILL YOU)**

**MS. KOJAK—
BALD AT
BOTH ENDS**

one-point-five



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HEAT WAVE

Chances are, this is going to be a long, hot summer, and HUSTLER promises to help make this your hottest summer ever. To get you sizzling, we've created the fucking ultimate. It's dynamite, it's great, and it's for you! She needs no introduction: **PAT, THE FUCKING ULTIMATE**.

There was a time when a man would shave the flowing locks of an unfaithful wife to shame her and make all aware that she had been untrue. Yet, in this modern age, we're finding that women are voluntarily adopting this hair-razing fashion. Be sure to cast an admiring eye at our "Ms. Kojak" in **A HAIRLESS EXPERIENCE**.

Remember Amber, our November, 1975, centerfold? She's the star of *Cry for Cindy*, the hot, new, triple-X-rated movie from the West Coast. Get reacquainted with Amber in a pictorial review of her movie, and see for yourself who does what to whom. See why this foxy hooker's many clients **CRY FOR CINDY**.

If your sexual appetite still hasn't been satiated after all this, I'm sure **POLA** and **KATHY** will prove to be the rock-hard turn-ons who will pop the mercury on your peter meter. Then, after you finally get a grip on yourself (or should I say *let loose* of the grip on yourself?), I urge you to settle down and read our candid interview with **EARL WILSON, JR.** As the son of the famed gossip columnist and the man behind the scenes of the notorious sex musical *Let My People Come*, Wilson tells all in an exclusive interview with HUSTLER's Managing Editor, Bruce David.

Also, make sure you read **BLOODY MONEY, ROCKEFELLER STYLE** to find out how John D. Sr. became one of the world's most powerful multimillionaires by murdering men, women, and children. Considering the episode at Attica, it seems that murder is a family tradition.

For more fun and profit, read **EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DEATH—BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK**. Just be careful you don't die laughing from this hilarious report on sex and death. All of which brings us to **PHANTOMS**, a compelling story by Claude LeSuer of an erotic specter that entices a young married couple into the pits of hell. No, it's not another *Exorcist* story; it's too real—and it could happen to you. And, while there's nothing ghostly in **BITS & PIECES, KINKY KORNER, SEX BITS, SEX PLAY**, or **HUSTLER HUMOR**, they are all in the ghostly, grand tradition that we know you love.

We're here to enjoy, so let's get it on and get on with it.

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher
and Executive Editor

HUSTLER

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A COURT WITH NO APPEAL

A recent decision handed down by the Supreme Court concerning freedom of the press is further evidence that many of the individual liberties that we gained under the liberal Warren Court will be stripped away by the Nixon-appointed Burger Court. Those of us who thought we had suffered the last of Nixon's tinhorn dictatorship when he was forced to resign in disgrace have been proven wrong. The same tyrant who bequeathed us Gerald Ford also left us a conservative Supreme Court that will, no doubt, eventually deprive us of all our First Amendment rights to freedom of expression. Bearing in mind that Supreme Court justices are appointed for life, it will probably be two generations or more before we overcome the lingering effects of Nixon's efforts to establish himself as a world dictator.

The case in question was a libel suit brought against *Time* magazine by Mary Alice Firestone, the ex-wife of Russell Firestone, heir to the great Firestone tire fortune. *Time* erroneously reported that Russell Firestone was granted a divorce from Mary on grounds of "adultery and extreme mental cruelty." Even though the divorce court's decision had *not* included adultery among the grounds for the divorce, much of the trial testimony left one with the impression that if Mary Firestone had as many dicks sticking out of her as she'd had stuck into her, she would look like a porcupine. She sued and won a \$100,000 judgment because of *Time's* honest mistake in reporting the facts of an extremely lengthy and murky divorce decision.

Here's where the newly conservative Supreme Court came in. In its appeal, *Time* argued that Mrs. Firestone was a "public figure" and thus had to establish

"actual malice" (knowingly publishing false statements) on *Time's* part in misreporting the grounds of her divorce. The "public figure" distinction had been established by the Warren Court as a means of giving the press some legal "breathing space" in reporting and editorially commenting on persons who attain "special prominence in the affairs of society."

Incredibly, the Burger Court denied *Time's* contention that Mrs. Firestone was a "public figure"—despite the fact that her divorce suit had been exhaustively covered in the newspapers, and despite the fact that Mrs. Firestone had, during her marriage, subscribed to a press clipping service in order to follow her brilliant "career" in the society pages. By this ruling, the Burger Court has restricted the press's protection under the libel laws to the point where a publication cannot safely comment on any well-known person unless he is a public official. That provision itself will probably be the next thing to go. Thereafter, all governmental officeholders and bureaucrats will be

safely shielded from public criticism.

What does all this legal hairsplitting have to do with you? Simply this: The threat of libel action is the traditional gag that rich or politically powerful people use to prevent unpleasant opinions from being voiced about them in the press. This new Supreme Court decision has already thrown many publishers, editors, and journalists throughout the country into a turmoil; they are afraid to report *anything* other than the most bland, inoffensive bullshit about *anybody* for fear of being slapped with lawsuits that might end up in the same Supreme Court that handed down this ridiculous decision. The next time some new version of Nixon tries to make himself King of America, journalists like Woodward and Bernstein will be powerless to stop him. They'll be reduced to reporting on how good he looks in his crown.

How will this latest restriction of our individual rights affect HUSTLER and its no-bullshit reporting policy? It won't. We'll continue to report matters as we see them in the same forthright, down-to-earth manner. Whether a person is a private citizen or a public figure, if he's an asshole, a shithead, or a scumbag, that's just the way you'll see him in HUSTLER.

I decided at the beginning that if HUSTLER was to be a bear, it had damn well better be a grizzly. If this means that the presses that print HUSTLER must be halted because of our editorial stance, then let them be halted. There will be no compromises.

Editor and Publisher

THE GREAT MALE ROBBERY

What the fuck is this country coming to?

Yesterday I received your April, 1976, issue in the mail. It had been opened by the postal inspector, and the centerfold pictorial had been removed. All I can say is, if the bastard wants a centerfold, let the S.O.B. buy a copy of your magazine himself.

Richard Leitner
Grants Pass, Oregon

P.S. I enjoy your crappy magazine.

It's interesting to note that your town, Grants Pass, was described in the April, 1976, Bits & Pieces ("We Agree, But Why's the Cow in the Picture?") as being so "ultraconservative and high-minded" that the citizens wouldn't tolerate the open sale of HUSTLER. Perhaps this rip-off was your local postman's method for getting at least part of HUSTLER, which he couldn't buy on the newsstands. For your sake, we're sorry he didn't steal a subscription coupon from the issue instead.

APPEALING TASTEFULNESS OF "MOTHERHOOD"

I really enjoyed the April, 1976, layout of a pregnant woman in HUSTLER. I think it was a terrific idea. A pregnant belly is a real turn-on.

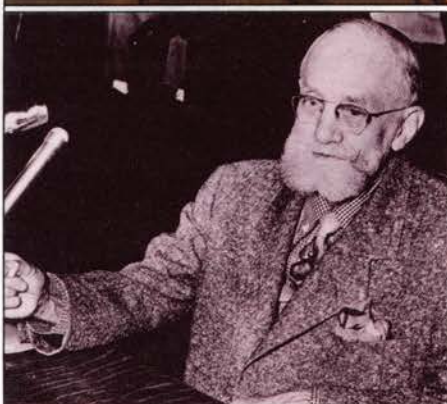
I have an idea for you. About a year ago, my wife had a baby. When she was pregnant, she was good about keeping to her diet, but after the baby was born she had a real case of postpartum blues, and she started to let herself go. She'd eat like a horse, lie around the house, and do nothing. She even let her grooming slide. Her hair was like a rat's nest, and she steadfastly refused to shave her legs or armpits. At first this was a real turn-off, but later I found that the fatter, hairier, and smellier she got, the more she turned me on. The more her looks wasted away, the hornier she got, so we'd fuck three or four times a day. I figured if this would turn me on, it might turn on your readers.

You could find a girl who is sick and tired of counting calories and being what everyone wants her to be and offer to pay her food and clothing bills. Then you could do a layout of her every month. We could watch her grow from month to month, and if your readers react like me, you'll have a winner on your hands.

Miles Binkowski
Justice, Illinois

That's a great idea. When she starts looking like the Goodyear blimp, we could put a pair of rubber pants on her and make her run around the block so all that cheese would melt.

I just picked up the April, 1976, issue and was treated to the best issue I've seen since I became a fan of your magazine in August, 1975. The pictorial entitled "Motherhood" is the most imaginative pictorial ever put in a mag-



azine, and it really blew my mind! The appealing beauty of this woman with child is sensual, wondrous, and expertly captured by the photographer. This pictorial truly reveals the joy and bliss that only the complete woman must know and feel. It's a prime example of why you have the other mags beat by a mile: a never-ending flow of unique, open, and *tasteful* imagination gracing the pages of every issue. Keep up the good work!

George C. Warner
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Tasteful? We'll just see about that! George, you busy yourself with reading the next letter while we make a quick inquisition (followed by a slow execution) of the staff to see which pansy allowed some "taste" to sneak into this mag.

"YELLOW KID" WEIL DIES

The March, 1976, issue of HUSTLER presented a fitting tribute, in the form of a profile ("King Con"), to Mr. Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil. His death came quietly on Thursday, February 26, 1976, in Chicago.

According to the nurses who cared for Mr. Weil, all the things that were said about him in your magazine ring true.

He was always a happy man, and even at the age of 100 was still quite a ladies' man, often saying, "I only wish I were ten years younger."

Ronald A. Golec
Waukegan, Illinois

That's the HUSTLER spirit—wishing that you were "only" 90 years old again so that you could knock off a good piece of ass. HUSTLER notes the passing of a colorful character who lived a long and rich life. Too bad the "Kid" wasn't shot by a jealous husband. He probably would have preferred to go that way.

GAGGING ON "DIARRHEA DINNER"

The first issue of HUSTLER that I read (five or six months ago) shocked me a little. After the initial shock, I got to the Publisher's Statement. Your ideas about openness and obscenity impressed me and helped to justify some of your features in my mind. I also liked your spiel about not letting your advertisers dictate to you.

I consider myself to be a fairly liberal-minded person. I can't think of anything you've ever printed that has offended me—not even the "Diarrhea Dinner" in the March, 1976, Bits & Pieces. Nonetheless, for the last few months I've found myself buying your magazine and going straight to the editorials.

You see, Larry, I've got you figured out to the letter. You started with Freedom of Speech and the old Lenny Bruce bit, "It may be obscene to you, but it's not to me, and I've got the right to say anything I want." Well, you're not Lenny Bruce, you're Larry Flynt, out to catch my bucks just like everyone else.

Then a strange thought crossed my mind:

(continued on page 112)

We still have a limited supply of most back issues (April, May, and July '75 are sold out) . . . SO ORDER NOW. Just fill out the coupon, or call in your credit card order TODAY!

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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: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise and Consent Editor, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I am a 19-year-old girl and met my boyfriend just six months ago. I really like him a lot and he goes down on me, which I really enjoy, but I feel guilty when Jim asks me to suck him off; I just can't bring myself to do it. When I was younger and in school I had to share a bedroom with my brother who was two years older than I. This situation existed until he joined the Army when he was 18. From the time he was 14 or 15 he used to stand next to my bed in the middle of the night with his dick out and make me suck him. Sometimes I would suck him until he came, but most of the time it was a combination of sucking and jerking him off. He would shoot off in my face and then climb back into his bed.

About two months after he was gone, I was awakened early in the morning by my father,

standing next to me wearing nothing but a T-shirt, his big dick pointing straight at my mouth. Without saying a word, he picked me up at the back of the head and pushed my mouth toward his dick. My brother was circumcised, but dad isn't, and the taste was awful. My boyfriend is not circumcised, either; sometimes I think I can't bear to suck him because of the experience I had with my dad.

I feel bad about not being able to please Jim orally. Do you think I would feel better if Jim got circumcised? I told him I would like that, but he says that at his age (22) it is painful and he doesn't want to do it. I wouldn't want him to go through with it and find that I still didn't like to suck. Is there any way of learning to like it?

Barbara M.
Toms River, New Jersey

We certainly admire and appreciate your attitude of wanting to keep trying to learn to enjoy the gentle art of cocksucking even after your very negative girlhood experiences. It occurs to us that perhaps what you need is a change in the way you mentally approach what seems to be a repulsive practice. *HUSTLER* recommends you experiment with the Japanese geisha arts that make any sexual innovation seem like another course on the menu—fried squid, for instance, or something else you might not normally consider eating.

The Japanese geisha is trained from childhood to revere the man's body as a temple of strength that must be served, and that to swallow his seed is an act of sharing the life-force. An elaborate ritual of bathing and scenting with perfumes can enhance the labors of cocksucking to the point where swallowing your swain's cum resembles eating an exquisite appetizer of roasted prawns. Perhaps a cup of sake, the Japanese rice wine, can help you to loosen up and momentarily forget

the evil connotations of your youthful experience so that when you take your boyfriend's cock in your mouth you are thinking only of pleasing him so much that it begins to become a pleasure for you as well. As for circumcision: there is no hygienic or health reason for this barbaric rite, and to have him undergo it may lessen the sensual abrasions his cock gives you in intercourse.

For the past six months I've been reading your letters from people who have sexual and personal problems. I'm 21, have known one girl for about four months, and we've seen one another only two times. What's so unusual is that she wants to have sex with me but I can't get her away from her mother. A few nights ago we were talking on the phone and all of a sudden I was telling her what I would be doing to her if I was in bed with her. I told her I would be licking her pussy and she let out a scream and got hot, I mean hot. Well, I did, too, so we've been doing this every night. I wish you would tell me if having sex with her on the phone is wrong. And remember, she can't get away from her mother.

Bobby Cassidy
Bowling Green, Kentucky

You're doing fine. Assure the mother your intentions are honorable and even display a ring if that will help matters. Only one in ten breach-of-promise suits ever amounts to anything in court, anyway.

I have a problem. I like very much sucking my boyfriend's penis, but I can't seem to get him to climax with it in my mouth. I believe it might help if I could get used to putting it all the way down my throat and be able to keep it there longer. What do you think? He says that I can really suck a dick and I am the best at it. I just want to satisfy him like I have never done before.

Miss J. V.
Alabama

So many people have discovered fellatio by reading about it in magazines that they fail to understand it comprises more than "cocksucking." Gentle bites, tongue-play, and tickling of the genitals can expand the pleasure far beyond the simple suction of the lips. To go as far as anyone we know ever has, a finger with a finely manicured nail stroking the anal furrow and finally punctuating the anus (or asshole) can have a decisive erotic effect upon the most restrained of men.

The perverse possibility also exists that you are being too good to him; perhaps what he requires is some gentle but firm administration of pressure and mild pain to the sensitive genital area to remind him that while you hold his organ between your teeth you are the master and he the slave of his own desires. It's strong medicine, but a little pseudomasochism goes a long way. If the slacker still fails to respond, why don't you arrange to pay a visit to the *HUSTLER* Institute of Cocksucking where one of our resident experts will personally evaluate your performance in this area.

(continued on page 104)



"Oh, I don't mind her parties, but Doris is a piece of shit."

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BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

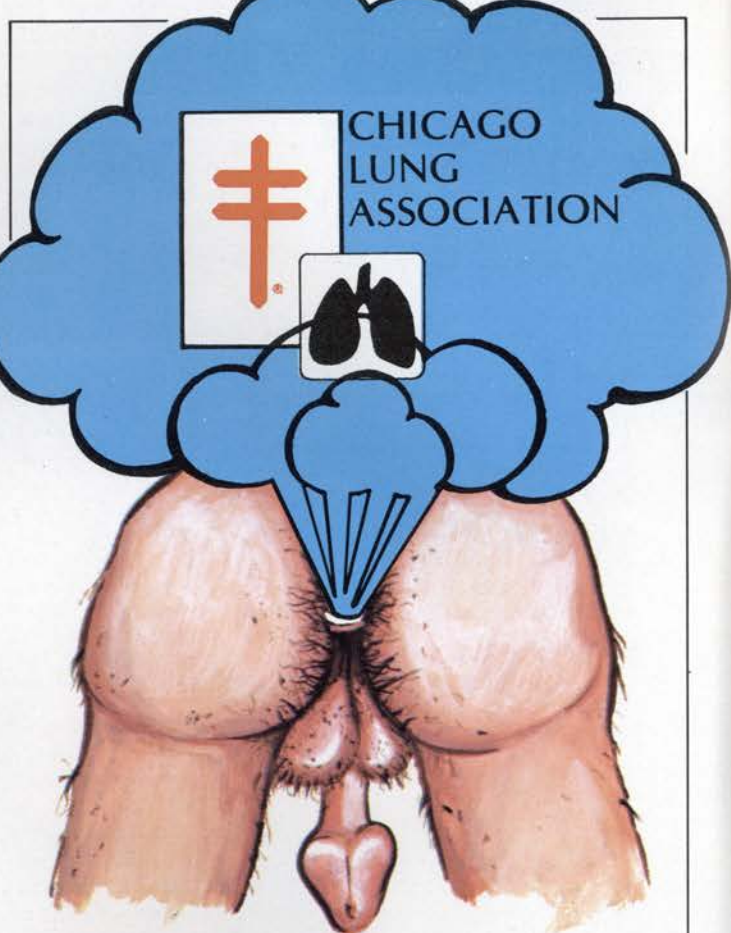
This issue, the Asshole of the Month award goes to the Chicago Lung Association for refusing to send us its copyrighted book, *The Respiratory System and Smoking*. We wanted to run pictures of diseased lungs that appear in the book as part of our national advertising campaign against smoking. We offered the association free advertising space in HUSTLER and told it we would donate any proceeds that we made from posters of the pictures to the American Cancer Society.

No other major publication in the U.S. would dare to run these *uncensored* pictures that show how cancer "cures" people of the smoking habit—permanently. Any other publisher would be scared shitless of losing cigarette advertising revenues. We were sure that the pictures would be forthcoming because we were willing to give up valuable ad space (\$16,000 per issue) to publish the pictures on our back cover.

Since we've received excellent cooperation in the past

from the national office of the American Lung Association, we expected the same from its Chicago branch. But to our dismay we received a curt letter from John L. Kirkwood, executive director of that office. The concluding paragraph reads as follows: "I have reviewed the contents of your magazine and feel it's inappropriate for our organization to be associated with yours in any way, shape, or form."

With narrow-minded, sanctimonious hypocrites like Kirkwood running branches of a national organization trying to eradicate lung diseases, it's no wonder lung cancer and respiratory diseases continue to be major killers in this country. This twerp seems like such a gaping asshole, that if he sat down, he'd probably swallow Chicago. What's with the Chicago Lung Association? This odious branch of the national organization probably believes that people who read HUSTLER are such mutants that they can't get lung diseases. If it turned out that fucking was a cure for cancer,



they would probably let us all die before they would turn us on to it. Somebody should stick a proctoscope up their hemorrhoidal assholes and see if there is a cure for this gutless, constipated attitude exhibited by the irresponsible Chicago branch of the American Lung Association.

If you, as the readers of HUSTLER, feel offended by these pompous assholes at the Chicago Lung Association who don't think you have a right to live just because you

like to fuck, write the national office and express your dissatisfaction with such an illogical, contradictory attitude. The address is: The American Lung Association, 1740 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. As for Executive Director Kirkwood, HUSTLER hopes he sits on a corkscrew and a group of schoolchildren mistake him for a top. This would be a well-deserved fate for a man who screwed our readers out of information that could save their lives.

DAYBREAK IN DULLSVILLE

New Dawn magazine hypes itself as a "new kind of magazine for today's new kind of woman." The magazine visually conveys this bold self-appellation on its cover by showing a model who is, presumably, that "new kind of woman" (funky, natural, but beautiful), zestfully ripping



apart that journalistic paragon of female plasticity, *Cosmopolitan*.

Unfortunately, *New Dawn's* level of imagination and innovation never goes beyond its underwhelming cover-girl revelation that most real women don't paint themselves up like Las Vegas hookers, as the *Cosmo* girl does. The editorial content of this "new kind of magazine" turns out to be the same overworked Kotex strainings found in every oth-

er women's mag: articles on women's orgasms, breast cancer, and how-to spreads on makeup and perfume that pander to their cosmetics advertisers.

New Dawn may represent a bright new beginning for its publisher, Steve Saunders (who also puts out the anemic men's magazine, *Gallery*), but to us it's like the sun coming up on a hellacious hangover. We can only hope it will be gone by noon.

TO BE OR KNOT TO BE?

Now, from the wonderful folks who brought you Post Toasties.... This decal, accompanying a small box of Post cereal, was probably meant to look like a June bug crawling on a knothole. The nine-year-



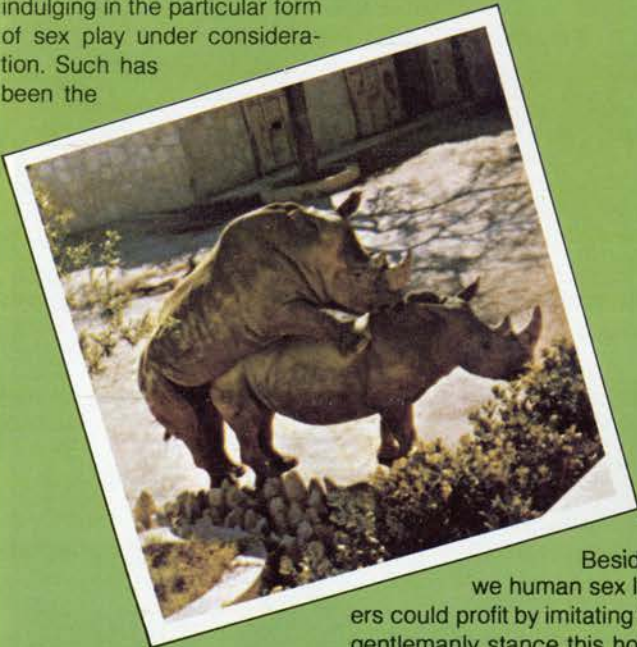
old son of the reader who sent us the decal had his suspicions and told his father he thought it looked like a cunt. We agree with the kid and also think the bug looks like a species of Scandinavian crab, recently felt in these environs and allegedly introduced into the country by Xaviera Hollander.

We're as fond of imported foreign delicacies as the next guy, but this is a bit much. What are you supposed to put over your Crispy Critters before you swallow a spoonful for breakfast—Pyranate A-200? This is the type of thing that will make you snap, crackle, and itch along with Xaviera's best to you each mornin'.

RUTTING RHINOS

Half of the fun of editing HUSTLER is enjoying the way our readers like to get into the act. Inevitably, when we publish an article about some esoteric area of erotica, reader mail pours in, containing photographs and anecdotes about our faithful followers indulging in the particular form of sex play under consideration. Such has been the

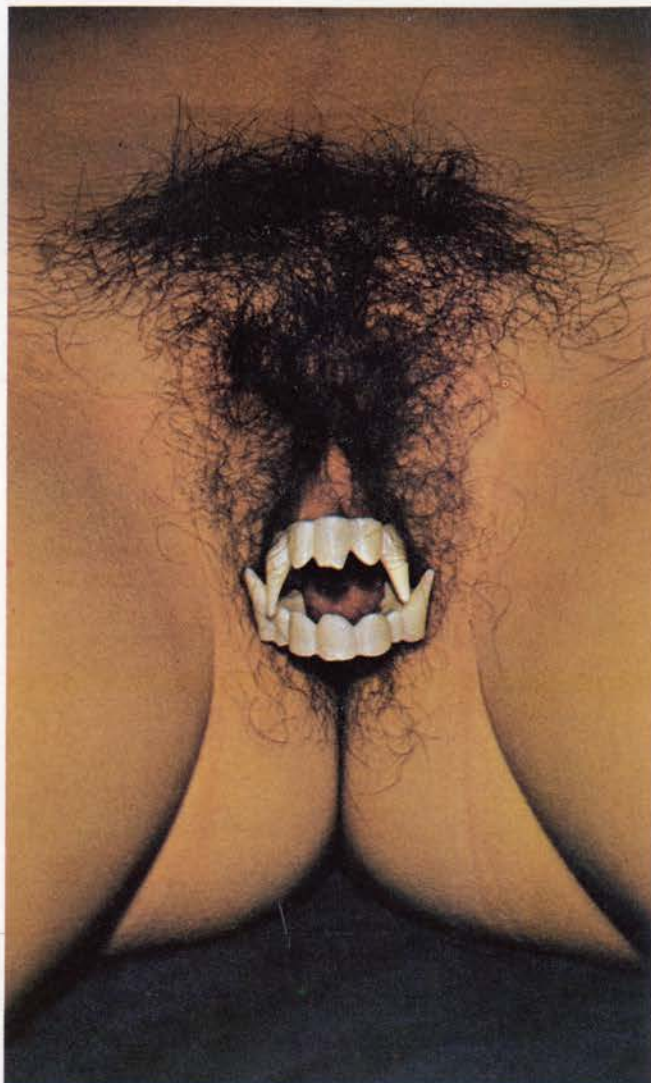
he had gotten into the spirit of the article, our contributor overlooked the fact that the February story was about sex between animals and *people*, rather than simply sex between animals. What the hell, an animal sex lover is also an animal who loves sex, right?



case with our February feature on bestiality, "Animal Sex Lovers," which inspired a reader to submit this picture.

Of course, in his breathless enthusiasm for showing how

Besides, we human sex lovers could profit by imitating the gentlemanly stance this horny fellow uses, as he and his mate are definitely not thin-skinned about sharing their sexuality. As our old friend Mr. Natural says, "Be animalistic—and always play fair."



HUSTLER'S JAWS

We're sure you're familiar with the phrase "snapping turtle pussy." How many of you are aware that the famous *Jaws* logo (a shark knifing up through the water to claim its victim) was chosen by a panel of psychologists who had vetoed an earlier design because it resembled a man-eating pussy?

It seems the original dust cover for Peter Benchley's novel was to have been a view of a resort town's shoreline seen from *behind* the gaping, saw-toothed jaws of the villainous great white shark. The corporate shrinks at Doubleday, the outfit that published Benchley's monster best seller, put the kibosh on that design because the long, narrow opening that represented

the shark's open mouth also suggested the infamous *Vagina Dentata*. Freud chose the phrase *Vagina Dentata* (meaning "toothed vagina") to describe the deep-seated, subconscious fear common to all men that the vagina is eager to trap and consume their penetrating pricks. The execs at Doubleday felt that the male reading public wasn't ready to face even the subliminal suggestion of a carnivorous cunt.

Nonetheless, we here at HUSTLER aren't terrified by any twat—even one with teeth in it. We believe the only way to overcome our fears is to confront them. So here is HUSTLER's version of *Jaws*—the snatch that can *eat you*.



GOLDSTEIN'S HEAVY TRIP

Is Al Goldstein getting into fold-fucking? That's the question raised by this picture of

the roly-poly cutie pie who's reputed to be Al's new girl friend. She and the rotund Screw publisher were spotted holding hands, giggling, and making kissy-face in the hippopotamus house of the Bronx Zoo, setting gossip tongues wagging throughout the New York literary world.

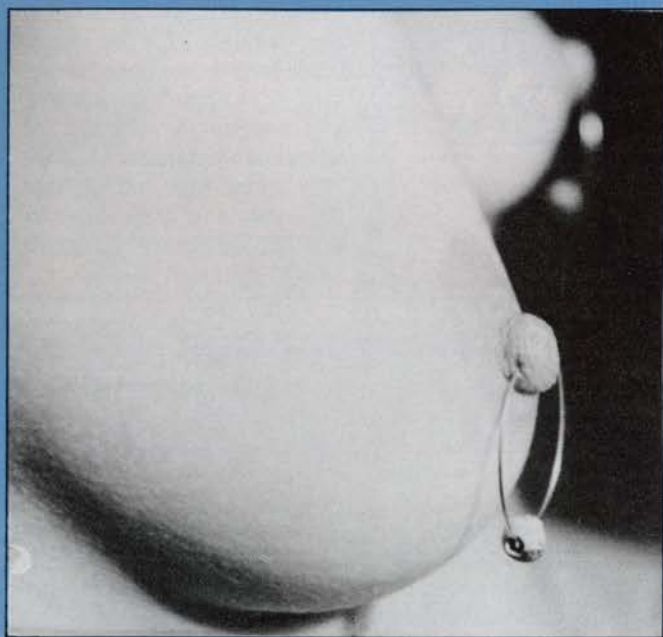
"When you've been into as many bizarre sexual scenes as Al has, you get this overweening urge to constantly find something new and more far-out," says a close Goldstein associate, explaining Al's strange attraction to the adipose pussy. "After all, how many times can you get winked off by Sandy Duncan before the novelty begins to pall?"

Little Lotta must do something well. We also hear that Al stole her away from the devoted attentions of book publisher Lyle Stuart, whose connections to the New York kink world via his past erotic

releases (*Sensuous Man*; *Sensuous Woman*; *To Turn You On*) have reputedly made his sexual tastes more than a little twisted. The word is that Lyle is so pissed at Goldstein for snatching his main squeeze that he's cut off Al's hitherto unrestricted access to his private stock of 11-year-old multiple sclerosis poster children. Now, now, boys, stop

squabbling there's enough of Lotta for both of you. And for you readers, too, if you're like-minded.

Lotta has used her celebrity connections to linage a modeling assignment with a specialty publication called *Droopy*. It's available (for \$3.50) from XXX Inc., 20251 Prairie St., Chatsworth, California 91311.



LATEST FAD: PIERCED TITS

Once again, HUSTLER is there when a new erotic trend appears: The latest craze in jewelry is the pierced tit. A reader brought this unusual titbit to our attention. He thought jewelry brings out the best in a breast. These succulent tits *do* seem to be waiting for a drooling tongue to lick their red-hot knobs, but you would have to be a real gentleman with an acrobatic tongue to milk a woman's pleasure if she had pierced jugs. One slip of the tongue and your baby would have to be fitted for artificial nipples.

This new fad caused a few of our staffers' balls to tap-dance like Gene Kelly's feet, but the rest of us shriveled up faster than a titlark flits around fields. Most objections came from the potential hassles a lady with

pierced tits might have. The most clinical say the rings could obstruct the flow so a baby couldn't enjoy the pleasure of its mother's sweet milk. She could also catch the rings on a bedpost in a moment of orgasmic ecstasy and rip them off. Vandals could creep in and padlock the woman's knobs to a doorknob while they rummage through her drawers. A blind salesman selling canes might mistake these knockers for a door knocker, which would cause the lady considerable pain.

Are these reasons enough to stop this fad from being an American cultural practice, or will pierced tits prevail despite their drawbacks? Keep reading HUSTLER to find out the latest news on this and other sexual aberrations.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



FLICK OF MY "DIC"

Here's a new twist on that girl-getting cigarette lighter ploy you see on TV commercials. Simply offer a chick a flick of your "Dic," the phallic-shaped lighter, and see if it doesn't light her fire. The more conventional disposable lighters can't hold a candle to this cocky novelty for getting your mating-call message up front.

This high-flying asshole (obviously bidding for membership in the famous "Mile-High Club" of folks who have fucked at altitudes above 5,280 ft.) tried his "Dic" out on a likely-looking dish. Her pants got so humid she fired off a hot flash of her gash at him as a token of her receptivity.

If you don't want to set the world on fire but just light a flame in some babe's box, try the "Dic" lighter. It's available at raunchier novelty stores everywhere, or you can order it (for \$1.85 plus 35 cents postage) from the Pleasure Chest, 120 11th Ave., New York, New York 10011. The "Dic" wick might not get thumbed, but yours probably will be.



FUCKED-UP ABDUCTION

You may remember last year's sleazy cinematic rip-off of the Patty Hearst case, called *Abduction*. The scam on the film was that it was based on a novel whose plot—a young and innocent newspaper heiress kidnapped by radicals gets turned on to heavy-duty fucking after being repeatedly raped by her captors—supposedly inspired the SLA to bring the book to life by snatching Patty. So filmgoers were to assume that when the movie's Cinque character socks it to the half-willing rich bitch, they were getting the real inside skinny on the Hearst kidnapping.

What you probably *didn't* know is that *Abduction* was originally filmed by its produ-

cer, Kent Carroll, to deliver the whole hard-core enchilada—penetration, wet shots, etc.—in an above-ground framework with "legitimate" actors and actresses and a professional production effort. When the time came to distribute the film, Carroll forgot his brave talk and went for the R-rated big bucks instead, substituting soft-core crap for scenes like those at left. Another would-be porno pioneer bites the dust.

Carroll has always been quick to flash the fact that he graduated from Princeton. And, my gawd, an old Princetonian simply *cahn't* distribute fuck films, now *can* he? Luckily for our readers, nobody here at HUSTLER went to Princeton, so we don't know any better.





"YOU FIRST, ALPHONSE"

Women's lib is making a bigger splash in France than this poor bastard did. We picked up the poster in Paris; it's part of a

campaign to convince French women to assert themselves and criticize their man's love-making if it isn't up to snuff. If the guy turns out to be a turkey in the hay, out he goes with last month's Kotex. This sort of thing is enough to clog your pipes something fierce.

GOODE FOR NOTHING?

For as long as the feminine counterparts to HUSTLER, like *Playgirl* and *Viva*, have been on the stands, people with nothing better to think about have been wondering whether their male centerfolds serve as more of a turn-on for women or for fags.

This is something we've always wanted to discuss with Jim Goode, the airy fellow who was once an editor at *Playboy*, then went to *Penthouse*, and is now the managing editor of *Playgirl*. We tried to ask him once when we noticed him skulking through the bushes at Fire Island Pines, a famous gay enclave on that resort island. He ran like a lizard as soon as he saw us.

Al Goldstein says the women's magazines owe most of

their sales to faggots. That's the voice of research talking. If you prowls around the toilets of the New York Port Authority for as long as Goldstein has, you get to know your faggots.

We were reminded of these allegations when *Screw* recently reported on an encounter between Goldstein and Goode at a journalists' convention. These two men were on a panel discussing sexuality. During the discussion, Goldstein turned to Goode and said Goode wasn't fit to edit a men's magazine because of his "dubious heterosexuality." Goode blanched but said nothing. Well, now that Goode edits *Playgirl*, he's no longer with a men's magazine. Or is he?

WHAT KIND OF MANSON READS HUSTLER?



Photo by KTUU-TV

If Charlie Manson looks nonplussed in this picture, perhaps it's because he can't believe what he's seen in the pages of HUSTLER. It seems that our brazen anatomical humor and freaky pictorial features grossed out the bloodiest mass-murderer of recent history—and thereby hangs a tale.

HUSTLER editor-publisher Larry Flynt asked Manson some months ago about the possibility of an exclusive interview. Manson expressed in-

terest, so we shot him back a couple of sample copies on the offchance that he was one of the few inmates in the U. S. penal system who has never seen HUSTLER. Charlie then shot us back a letter full of messianic rage, calling the whole thing off.

Apparently, the man who directed the mutilation of Sharon Tate's child-swollen body, and whose creepy-crawly ghouls left a fork quivering in the belly of Lenô LaBianca, had his tummy upset by HUSTLER's gallows-humor depiction of berserk cock-slicing feminists and shit-eating Jewish princesses. Charlie Manson said he didn't want any part or parcel of us.

Sorry, Charlie. We're not looking for readers with good taste....



DUMB-ASS CUNT

Have you ever thought that some women tend to go at things ass-backward? Have you ever known women who put their precious prats before all else, or who are too big for their breeches? Well, we have, and this pic-

ture, which we're running just to back up our claim, is dedicated to every one of them. Actually, it's a graphic depiction of the only known way to make money in the U.S. Navy—grafting tits and a female face on your back.

SPLISH-SPLASH

This sequence of mystery photos came in with the rest of the European pervert mail, postmarked Micturition, England. Since we didn't know what to make of them, we decided to leave it up to you with another HUSTLER What-Is-It multiple-guess test. No prizes will be awarded, but it's a nice way to piss away the time.

A. An automatic home sprinkler fire alarm unit. **B.** A new easy-pour spout for Golden Griddle pancake syrup. **C.** A girl hating the taste of Listerine—twice a day. **D.** The beginning of a Happy Fizzies party. **E.** A commercial for the Un-Cola. **F.** It *couldn't* be what you're thinking. **G.** It *is* what you're thinking.



TWO FROM TUPPY OWENS

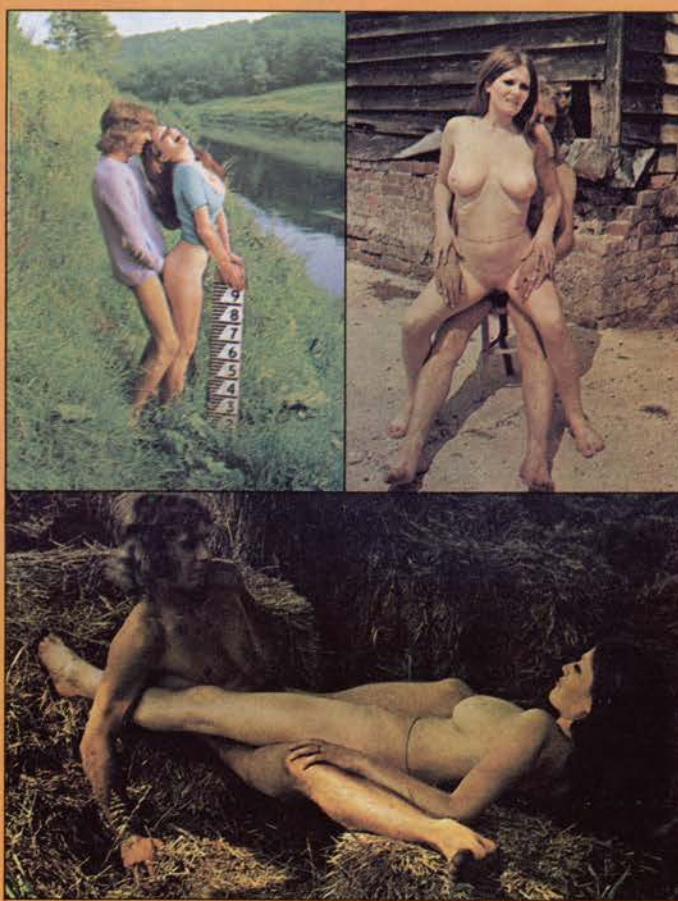
Tuppy Owens, the self-taught British sexologist who gained fame by giving the first televised blow-job on a New York cable TV show last year, is now writing and photographically illustrating her own sex books and exporting them to the U. S.

The Summer Holiday Sex Manual is about humping in the great outdoors. We know sex manuals are a drag if you're over 15, but this one is better than most. For one thing, Tuppy takes a new approach to what readers of Dr. David Reuben probably think of as the same old sex shit. But then, you might guess it from Tuppy's titles for humping positions: "Shovey Lovey Dovey" (shown at bottom), "Seated in the Farmyard on a Metal Stool" (top right), and our particular

favorite, "River Valley Plunger" (top left).

Tuppy is also the author of *International Sex Maniac's Desk Diary*, a compendium of bizarre sexual minutiae in the outrageous HUSTLER tradition. Under the heading of "Most Disgusting Sexual Act," Tuppy reports a case in which doctors found chancres on a derelict's colostomy hole (a colostomy is an artificial anus surgically carved when the bowels are obstructed). Yeecccch! A few pages later is a blurry shot of Tuppy's own cunt, which is right up there with the colostomy as cunts go. This is the one and only cunt to be seen in either book.

HUSTLER people get nasty when a how-to-guide is short on cunts, Tuppy; you can't get too many of 'em in a sex book. That defect aside, we like your *Summer Holiday Sex Manual* and *International Sex Maniac's Desk Diary*. Both can be ordered from the publisher, Cand Haven, Ltd., London W1A 4ZB.





"HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT" AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST

Being a HUSTLER photographer has always been a good deal, if only because of the unparalleled entree it gives you to beautiful girls. Imagine being able to cuddle up with some foxy chick as a result of having offered to immortalize her luscious lips in the slick pages of HUSTLER.

Ever alert to new opportunities for reader participation, HUSTLER is now offering every reader able to heft a Brownie the chance to be a certified HUSTLER "Beaver Hunter" free-lance photographer in our new amateur photo contest. Just send us a nude photo of your favorite model, like these (which were sent in by other amateur photographer readers), along with her candid personality profile, and the

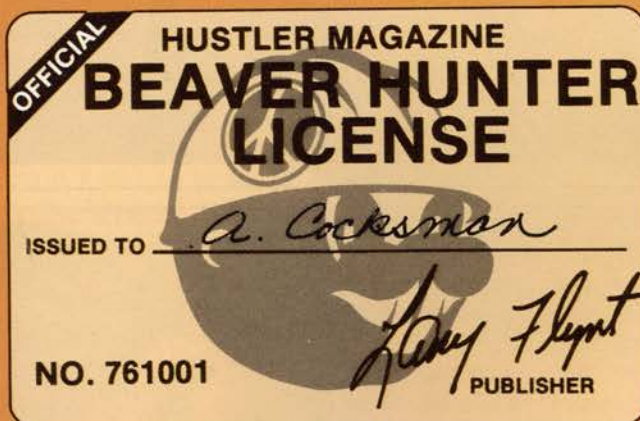
model's release form that you'll find on p. 114. In return, if used, we will pay you \$50 for your trouble. In any event, we'll supply you with the same "Beaver Hunter" card shown here: a ticket to pussy that is more valuable than a weekend pass to Joe Conforte's notor-

ious Mustang Ranch.

What's in it for HUSTLER, you say? Simply this: We've noticed that some of our best pictorials have been of girl-next-door models whose boyfriends sent in the original test photos. (A prime example is Kathy, the Nashville beauty

who struts her stuff on p. 36.) By inviting our readers to send in photos of *their* honeys, we're confident we can maintain the beautiful-but-attainable quality of our HUSTLER Honeys, which has always made this magazine such a turn-on. Of course, it's only fair to leave the ultimate choice of our homebody models up to our readers. So, we'll showcase 15 to 20 of the choicest ones each month and allow reader Feedback to determine which local lovely gets a shot at earning \$750 to \$1500 by posing in a future HUSTLER feature spread.

If you know (or love) a local beauty queen, persuade her to lay it on the line for HUSTLER. There'll be something in it for her—and it could be you.



FROM BED TO WORSE

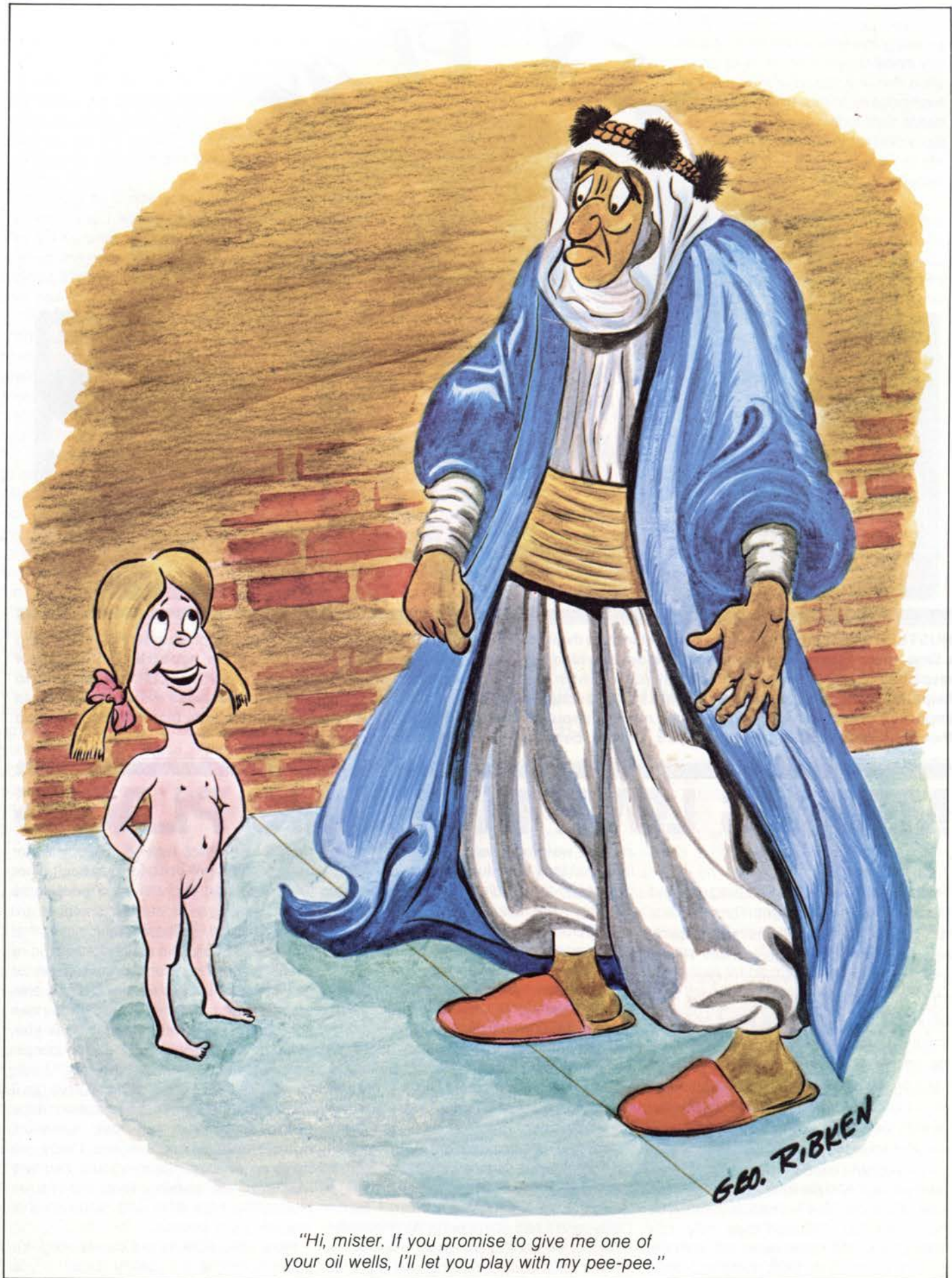
Pity Charles Petit of Mar-seilles, France. The former jockey suspected his wife was stepping out on him. Telling her he'd be out of town for a night, Petit snuck into his home and settled down under the bed to check up on her. Sure enough, Madame Petit came home

with a lover—a professional wrestler.

"I was afraid to face him, so I stayed where I was," said Petit later. The bed collapsed under the weight of the couple, and the little man was rushed to the hospital unconscious with a broken nose.

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

HUSTLER tenders its thanks (plus 50 bucks) to the following June contributors: Tim Beckley, Ken Ford, L.K. Creswick (our man in Davenport, Iowa), Allan Davis, D. Lass, and Herm Albright (the mad news-clipper in Indianapolis, Indiana). Thanks also to Monte Goodman's City Gift Shoppe in Columbus, Ohio, and the Pleasure Chest in New York City, for providing us with the novelty items used in these photos, and to Meridan Stevens for her assistance in producing the "Dic" lighter shot and other features. **DD**



"Hi, mister. If you promise to give me one of
your oil wells, I'll let you play with my pee-pee."

SEX PLAY



HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the thirteenth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER**. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

MAKING LOVE IN PUBLIC PLACES

by John Farr

Several months ago, I was walking on 42nd Street in New York City with Ron. Ron is a lawyer—as a hobby, I sometimes suspect, because his real occupation is sex. Ron is a highly accomplished voyeur (more on the art of voyeurism in an upcoming Sex Play column), and knows more about sex than anyone I know. As we were approaching the corner of Seventh Ave., Ron put his hand on my arm and said in a low voice so as not to draw any notice, "Look in that car parked there by the curb. There are two people fucking in the car."

I looked, and couldn't believe what I saw. Sure enough, two persons were in the back seat of the car. The woman was sitting on the man's lap. Although they were fully clothed, I could immediately tell from the way the woman's skirt was pulled up in back

and the way they were rocking back and forth that they were fucking. *Right in broad daylight, in the middle of midtown Manhattan, they were fucking!*

"My God!" I said to Ron, "how are they getting away with it? I mean, you can't do that. They must be nuts."

"Of course they can get away with it," Ron answered. "If I hadn't pointed them out, you never would have noticed. Nobody else is noticing either. People don't see what they aren't looking for. The point is that I know that people fuck in public all the time. I notice it because I've trained myself to do so."

The whole thing interested me immensely, and I began to look into the matter of fucking in public and semipublic places. I learned a lot from Ron and his girl friend Cindy, and I had some pretty hairy experiences of my own in doing the research.

For a lot of people, making love in public

places is a real turn-on, especially for people who have been fucking each other for a long time and are looking for some variety to hold their interest. The risks are great, but it is those very risks that stimulate people who like fucking in a public place. There are three degrees of publicness in public fucking. In stage one, you are fucking in a place where you can see other people, but they can't see you. In stage two, you can see other people and they can see you, but they don't know for sure that you are fucking. You've got it well under the covers, so to speak. Stage three is the real full-boss operation, something at which Ron and Cindy are masters. In stage three, others can see that you are making love, but you've picked the right time and place so that you don't get arrested.

Here I should point out that fucking in a public place is completely illegal. If you

are caught doing it, you probably won't go to jail, but you might suffer a lot of embarrassment. Unless you are into high-risk sex, you will want to be careful about what you do. You don't want to be hauled in for indecent exposure, lewd behavior, creating a disturbance, or any of the other things you are likely to get charged with if you are caught.

In talking to Cindy about sex in public, the first thing I wanted to know was why she did it—what she got out of it. After all, women are generally assumed to be more modest sexually than men. I wondered if she was an exception.

"Oh, no," Cindy said, "I'm probably as modest as any woman, or at least I was. I always knew I enjoyed sex, but I usually preferred to do it with the lights out. Then I met Ron. He really opened me up sexually and made me feel good about my body and beautiful when making love. That was fine for a couple of years, but then Ron started to tell me that I was so beautiful when we were making love that other people should see me. At first, I thought he was nuts, and the first time we made it under a blanket at the beach I didn't believe I was letting him do it. I was on my side with my back to him. He was in back of me on his side, and after slipping down his trunks and the lower part of my bikini, he came into me from behind. There I was, my face up to the sun, watching people walk by, and Ron was moving ever so slowly in and out of me so that we wouldn't be noticed. I came very quickly. I could feel my face light up and shine in the sun as I came. It was all I could do to keep from making any noise. That was two years ago, and since then we must have done it in over a hundred different places."

After talking with Ron and Cindy some more, and doing some experimenting of my own, I came up with the general principles of fucking in public and semipublic places. The most popular place is, of course, a parked car. While many people make it in cars because they can't do it at home for various reasons, a lot also do it out of preference. The best kind of car to make it in is a van, especially one which is properly outfitted. Starting in California, and now spreading across the country, vans are being designed that would put a lot of bedrooms to shame. Many are equipped with water beds (which can make for dangerous driving because of the weight), TV, stereo, and even home movies. In New York, a ring of prostitutes has been working out of vans at Penn Station for several years. A customer is picked up at the station, then driven to his suburb to coincide with his train's arrival. Two women in the

back of the van make the trip home to the wife and kids more fun than riding the train.

Besides cars and vans, there is another vehicle of great interest to the public fornicator, namely the elevator. I find elevators a fantastic turn-on and always make a play for a date when alone in one, although not all women are into taking advantage of the elevator's erotic potential. The thing to keep in mind about elevators is that once they start *up* from the lobby, they will usually (although not always) continue without stopping until they reach your floor. This, of course, is not true for the trip *down*, during which an elevator is likely to stop on any floor to pick up more passengers. Elevators involve risk and timing. If you know how long it takes to get to your floor, the question is, can you get it in and both get it off before arrival?

Turning to hotels, a favorite place for sex of several people I know is in outside elevators. Several cities have hotels with a glassed-in elevator on the outside of the building. It usually runs up to a bar on the roof, so it is open to the public. The trick is to go there late in the evening when there aren't many people around and wait until you can get in the elevator alone. Have the woman with you hold on to the handrail and

people being nearby, but not too close.

In the city, rooftops are interesting places for making love. In the summer when you can't get to a park or beach, you can put a blanket out on the flat roof of an apartment building. If your roof is higher than those around you, you may hear voices below, but no one can see you. If your roof is not the highest, you can fantasize about whether anyone can see you.

A really obvious place for sex that few people think of is your own backyard. Out on the chilled, dewy grass at night, you can roll around naked and feel your bodies wet against each other. Then run inside and take a bath to get clean and warmed-up before going to bed and fucking some more. Or, in the daytime, you might try fucking while rolled up in an oversized hammock in the backyard.

One couple I know enjoys making it in movie theaters, especially at porn films. In the theater itself, it is simply a matter of sitting in the last row of the balcony. If they can't manage that, they make each other come with their hands. They have also found that they can get it off in a toilet stall of the ladies' restroom if they go while the movie is on, rather than during an intermission. She goes in first and tells him when the

THE RISKS ARE GREAT, BUT IT IS THOSE VERY RISKS THAT STIMULATE PEOPLE WHO LIKE FUCKING IN A PUBLIC PLACE.

lean forward with her behind sticking back at you. Lifting her skirt or dress up onto her back and pulling her panties down, you will be able to see her bare behind exposed. Running your hand down, you will be able to get a finger into her cunt below her asshole. Using your free hand, open your fly, take your prick out, and wet it with some saliva. Now slip it into her from behind. If you are lucky, you will both be able to come before arriving at the top, and, in any case, you will both get a great view of the city while fucking your way to the top of the hotel.

Other favorite places for public sex include beaches and parks—under blankets in the daytime and under the stars at night. Beaches are especially nice, as you can hear the sound of the ocean while you are fucking. On a summer night, you might see the fires of people cooking out or keeping warm on the beach. The woman you are with can open her legs to the ocean, and her orgasm will come with you and the waves together. The sound of distant voices on the beach can give a comfortable feeling of

coast is clear. She also checks it out before he leaves. In the stall, they either do it standing with her bending over and him behind her, or with him sitting on the toilet and her on his erect prick. Once in a while, he stands, and she puts her legs up on his shoulders and hangs onto the side walls of the stall, but she says that her arms usually give out before she can come.

One area that is really underdeveloped is sex in the office. If you can find someone at work you can get it on with, why not also find a place at work where you can fuck? Store-rooms, Xerox rooms, etc., are great places, and there is nothing to perk up the day like a regular fuck after lunch before getting back to work.

Fucking in public places might not at first seem like your cup of tea, and even less so for the woman you know. But once you try it, you could well become addicted, as did Ron and Cindy and others. The fresh outdoor air, the risk and adventure, the new places, and just being around people while fucking can be a real turn-on. 

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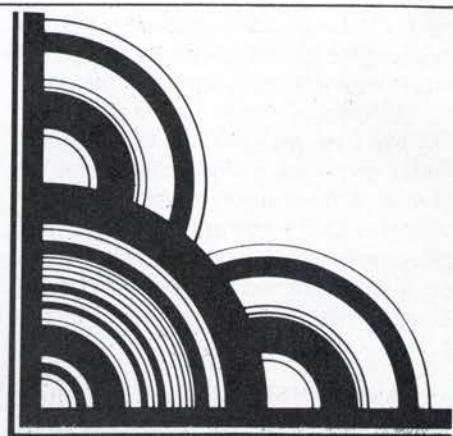
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SEX BITS



NEW YORK (HNS) — The one body area that has not been given its sexual due in recent years is the axillae—the armpits—according to psychologist Benjamin Brody of the William Alan White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis, and Psychology.

Noting the erotic nature of the armpits—the hair (the only function of which is as a sexual adornment), glands that produce a sexually stimulating scent, and the hidden, “box-like” shape of the axillary cavity—Brody points out that, in the past, armpits were often considered as sexy as, if not sexier than, the more obvious erogenous zones.

There are, he adds, numerous case histories of people—including homosexuals, straights, adults, and children—who have been hung up on armpits to the exclusion of the genitals and other erogenous areas. Folklore, mythology, anthropology, and literature are replete with erotic references to the armpits, continues Brody.

As for the armpits in modern times, Brody tells how girls in the Austrian countryside keep apple slices under their arms while dancing and then give them to their partners when the party is over. Brody doesn't say whether the Austrian men then eat the apple slices, smell them, or what. He does add, however, that American men who want to sample the joys of a hairy, scented female armpit might have to go to Spain, Greece, or Southern Italy.

LONDON (HNS) — Britain's estimated 50,000 prostitutes are being invited to join a “working girls” trade union, following the pattern set by the Coyote organization of prostitutes in San Francisco.

Called “Prostitutes United for Sexual and Social Integration” (PUSSI for short), the new English union was founded by call girl Helen Buckingham.

As described in a recently published book entitled *Prostitution*, written by Jeremy Sanford, PUSSI aims at giving both

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

prostitutes and their clients a “better deal.” PUSSI calls for its members to “express solidarity with those at the lower end of the profession, who suffer most at the hands of exploiters and are vulnerable to harassment by law enforcers.”

SAN BERNARDINO (HNS) — Most living creatures have their “territories,” or private space in which outsiders are not welcome. Human beings are no exception, especially where homosexual/straight encounters are concerned.

Gay psychologist Stephen F. Monn noticed that his friends and colleagues subtly increased the distance between them during casual conversations and meetings after he announced publicly that he was a homosexual. Monn enlisted some assistant researchers to find out how the “space for a gay” differed from that for a straight.

He learned that between straights an average distance of about two feet is acceptable for a private, interview-type conversation. When one of the two is known to be a homosexual and is the same sex as the second party, the average preferred distance is almost three feet.

Monn said the distance factor did not hold true when the two were of the opposite sex—a straight male and a lesbian, or a

straight woman and a male homosexual. He attributed the desire of straights to have more distance between them and same-sex homosexuals to an innate “fear of being attacked.”

NEW YORK (HNS) — Sex comes second to weaving as far as anthropologists are concerned, says Marian K. Slater of the City University of New York in Queens.

Looking back 15 years, when Masters and Johnson embarrassed both male and female anthropologists by showing some of their first clinical films on sexual behavior, Slater presumed that the sexual attitudes and sophistication of the scientists concerned with people would have matured in the intervening decade and a half.

To her surprise, Slater says she found that most anthropologists still avoid questions about sex—in many cases because they are afraid of being asked the same questions in turn by their “subjects.”

She added that most anthropologists are still so hung up about their own sexuality that they would prefer to lose valuable information rather than take the risk of being called “pornographers.”

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — Synthetic female hormones, fed to cattle to increase the rate of their growth, are later absorbed by people who eat the beef and may be causing hundreds or even thousands of male babies to be born with defective or abnormal sex organs.

Scientists J. A. McLachlan and R. R. Newbold of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, and B. Bullock of Bowman-Gray School of Medicine, have found in an experiment with mice that the sex hormone “DES” damages the reproductive organs of male offspring of mothers fed the drug.

Besides being used as a food additive for cattle, DES is also a primary ingredient in post-intercourse contraceptives for

women. Recently, DES was found to cause cancer of the genital tract in young women whose mothers had ingested the drug through foods and birth-control pills.

In the new experiments, DES caused sterility and other gonadal changes in 60 percent of the male mice born of "DES mothers." The scientists suggested that male babies born to women who used DES should be examined for gonad and penis abnormalities.

BUFFALO (HNS) — If women are ever going to achieve true equality of opportunity with men, there will have to be changes in sex-role socialization, observes Dr. Florence R. Rosenberg of the State University of New York at Buffalo.

In a study to determine sex differences in the self-concept of young males and females, Rosenberg found that by mid-adolescence sex-role differentiation had already stamped both males and females in the "traditional" feminine and masculine roles.

Girls, she found, are conditioned to be more people-oriented than boys, to have higher levels of self-consciousness, and to be more interested in interpersonal success. Boys, on the other hand, were found to be more achievement- and occupation-oriented and less interested in whether or not they are liked.

This could mean that women—as they claim—are better prepared socially and psychologically to be politicians, diplomats, and statespersons than men.

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y. (HNS) — If you are one of those who fear that some day a woman will become President of the U.S. and really screw up the country (worse than male Presidents have) during one of her monthly menstrual periods, take heart.

Sharon Colub of the College of New Rochelle administered a variety of tests to 50 middle-aged women before, during and after their periods. She could find no discernible differences in their intellectual capability on any of the tests.

As is common, the women complained of anxiety, depression and difficulty in concentrating during the traditional "bad days" just before their periods—but their test scores contradicted their feelings.

STANFORD (HNS)—Sex-role experimenter Sandra Lipsitz Bem says that only about 35 percent of both men and women function at anywhere near an optimum level, because of sexual typing.

Bem, an assistant professor of psy-

chology at Stanford, says people who are trapped within their own concepts of behavior appropriate for their sex will do the strangest, most harmful things to avoid acting out-of-image.

She divides people into three categories: masculine men, feminine women, and androgynous individuals, those having characteristics of both sexes. Neither masculine nor feminine women can act in a fully human way because their sexual images severely limit the range of behavior, Bem says.

Bem adds that only androgynous individuals can spontaneously react in either a so-called masculine or feminine way, depending on the circumstances, and therefore only they can develop their full potential, sexually or otherwise.

SANTA MONICA (HNS) —It is becoming more and more obvious that peace on earth and goodwill between all men and women will not occur until all males and females—from adolescents on up—have a regular, satisfying love life, including copious body contact during the early years and full sexual contact following puberty.

James Prescott, a developmental neuropsychologist at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, is one of many authorities who have concluded that love—emotional and physical—is the only effective "inoculation against aggression."

Speaking to a Santa Monica audience, Prescott said all signs point to the proposition that violence, as well as drug and alcohol abuse, have their origins in too little physical contact and loving between mothers and children and adults. Prescott said irrefutable evidence shows that parents who physically abuse their children were themselves physically abused and deprived of physical affection when they were young—and that they have very unsatisfactory sex lives as adults!

In his studies of other cultures, Prescott said he found that in societies where the children are loved and treated with affection, the adults are relatively nonviolent as long as they have full, satisfying sex lives as adults. Prescott added that it had been shown that the detrimental effects of

depriving infants and children of affection can be overcome in adolescence or adulthood by permissive premarital sexual behavior.

In other words, the solutions to the violence in today's society are love and sex—close, physical intimacy during infancy and childhood and full sexual satisfaction thereafter.

NEW YORK (HNS) — With their religion-centered sexual hang-ups, Americans have traditionally cloaked the reproductive function of humans in a mishmash of euphemisms—not the least of which are those referring to female menstruation.

In a study of female menstruation in the U.S., Virginia L. Ernster of the Division of Socio-medical Sciences of Columbia University found a total of 128 euphemistic words referring to the female "period." Of the 128 expressions, 97 were contributed by women, and 31 by men.

Some of the "female-favored" expressions were: "Aunt Tilly is visiting me," "I've got my friend," "I've got George," "lady troubles," "bride's barf," "riding the white horse," "riding the cotton pony," "I'm having flowers," "Mother Nature's gift," "the red plague," "the curse," and "falling off the roof."

Expressions used by men included the following: "manhole cover," "too wet to plow," "coyote sandwich," "have the rag on," "riding the rag," "flying baker," "OTR" (on the rag), "period," and "flying the flag."

TORONTO (HNS)—One of the prevailing beliefs about sexual assaults upon women is that rape is often the woman's fault—that women tempt men to attack them as a result of conscious or unconscious sex desires. This belief is male sexist bunk, according to Canadian psychologist Sheldon H. Geller.

Geller recently made an exhaustive study of rape statistics in Toronto before, during, and after a 23-day transportation strike during which thousands of women began hitchhiking to and from work. Geller found that the proportion of sex crimes against female hitchhikers jumped 80 percent during the strike period when compared to pre-strike figures, and more than 1,200 percent when compared with the immediate post-strike period.

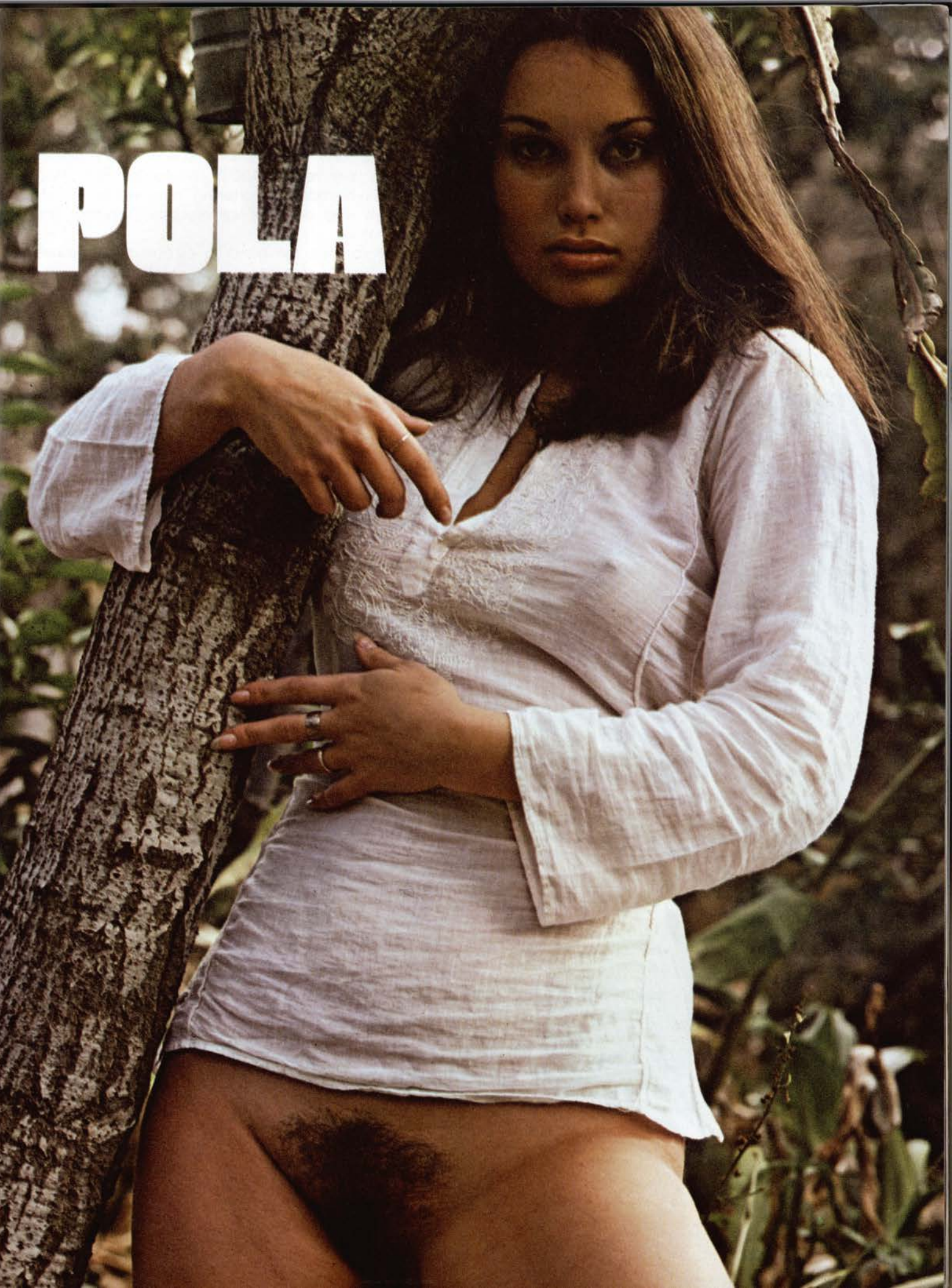
This clearly shows, Geller summed up, that the majority of female victims of rape are not responsible for the crimes committed against them, and that such crimes result from a combination of malicious intent by the rapist and opportunity. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

The less a creature thinks he is, the more he bears. And if he thinks he is nothing, he bears all.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

POLA



MAN-PLEASING MODEL

One look at Pola's exotically beautiful face will tell you she's a high-fashion model. Her high cheekbones and almond-shaped eyes, the haughty expression of sullen sexiness—all are the attributes of your basic Madison Avenue mannequin. As a point in fact, Pola's stint as the star of a series of TV commercials for English cigars has made her as familiar to (and lusted after by) Britons as Catherine Deneuve's Chanel No. 5 spots are to Americans. On the other hand, Pola's voluptuous body belies the usual image of fashion models as the cadaverous consequence of crash diets. Pola's

commercial success—along with the popularity of other well-endowed models like Cover Girl Make-up's Cheryl Tiegs and Wolfschmidt Vodka's Susan Blakely (a star in the recent ABC-TV mini-series *Rich Man, Poor Man*)—heralds a heartening new wave of fashion models who are at once elegantly ethereal and robustly sensual.

When Pola feels the need to escape the phoniness and bisexual chic of the New York modeling scene, she returns to her country roots. Pola prefers the unaffected masculinity of down-home Texas cowboys to the "midnight cowboys" who prowl the bricks of the Big Apple. "I like a man who knows what he wants," says she, "and it had better be me!" Line forms to the right, podners.









PHANTOMS

A TALE OF EROTIC OBSESSION

by Claude LeSuer

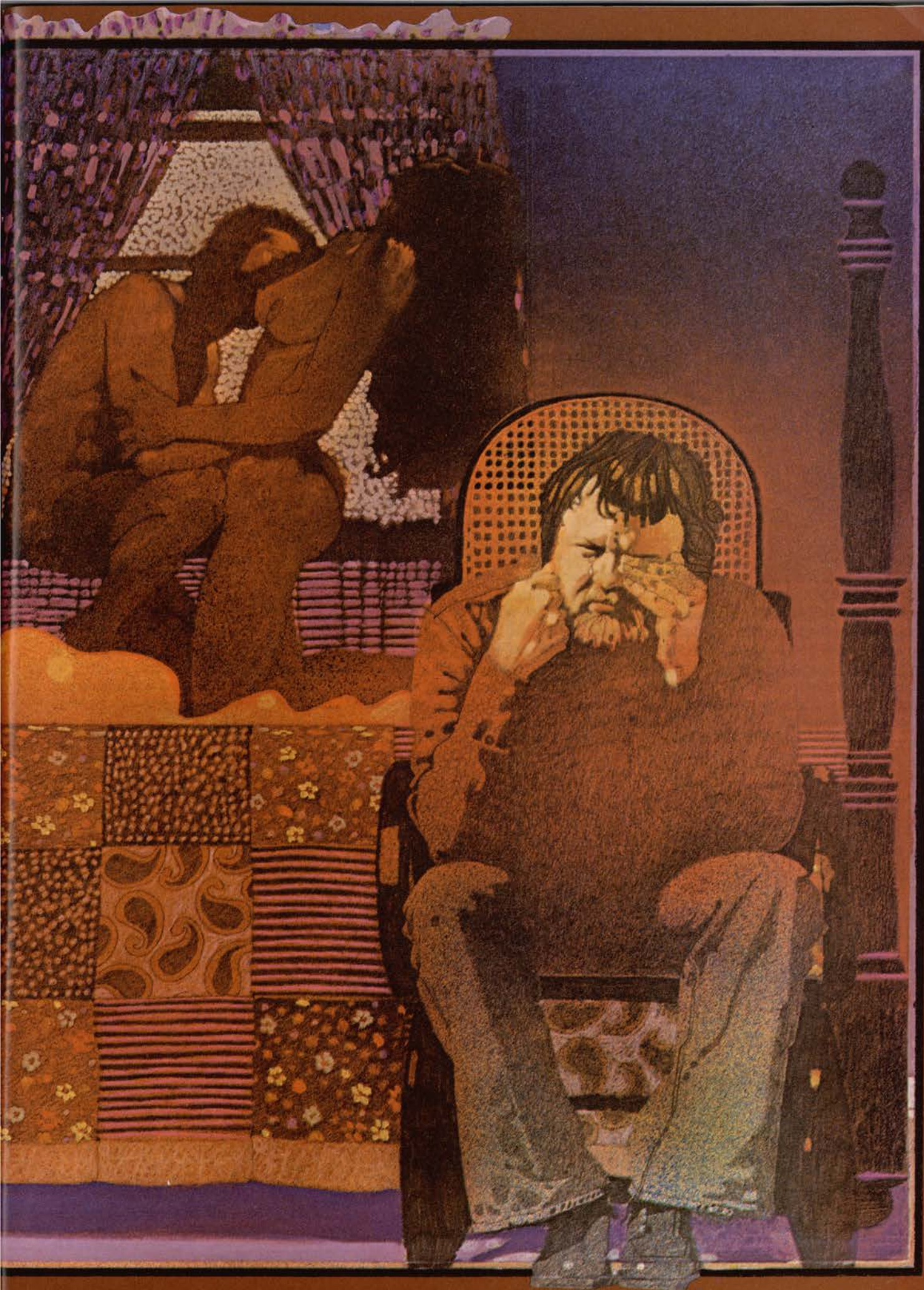
Had you noticed this couple strolling hand in hand through the carnival throngs in the Village on Saturday nights, or sipping white wine apart from the crowd at some secluded spot, you might have carried a very idealized snapshot of them in your mind.

Everyone agreed that they were a beautiful couple, so perfectly paired that they even resembled each other physically. They were often mistaken for brother and sister rather than spouses. In a way, they almost *were* siblings, since they had married so young that they could almost be said to have grown up together. It had been an impetuous high school elopement—a romantic Romeo and Juliet scene with objecting parents in pursuit—and they still looked so youthful that strangers meeting them for the first time found it difficult to believe that they had been together almost ten years.

For almost half that long, they had lived in a sparsely furnished but cheerful little railroad flat in a renovated tenement on the upper east side, to which she returned one summer afternoon, carrying an armload of groceries.

He was at his drawing board in the corner of the living room that served as a studio, working on a magazine illus-





Nothing had ever made his wife more mysterious, more desirable, and more feminine to him than her ability to make love to other women.

tration, when she came in, laid a pack of Marlboros down beside him, and said, "I lent a girl a dollar at the supermarket today."

"Oh, really?" he asked, without looking up. "Did you know her?"

"No, but the poor girl was ahead of me on the check-out line, and the cashier had already rung her things up and she was a little under a dollar short. She was foreign—Scandinavian from her accent—and she looked so flustered that I felt sorry for her and offered to lend her the money."

He stopped drawing, looked up at his wife, and smiled fondly. "You'll always be the gullible little Southern belle, won't you? I guess that's one of the things I love about you, though—you're a whole other species from us native New Yorkers. But I'll guarantee you one thing, baby: that's the last you'll see of *that* dollar."

"You think so? Well, I'll bet you a dollar you're wrong. She was a very sweet girl and so appreciative that I was happy to lend it to her. Besides, she lives right here on this block. We walked back from the supermarket together, and she took down our apartment number. She said she'd stop by

later and pay us back on the way to her textile design class."

"I don't recall noticing any Scandinavian textile designers on this block," he mumbled, squinting at his drawing.

"Well, you'd notice *her* all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"She was very pretty."

Hours later, as they sat down to dinner, there was a timid knock at the door. When he opened it, he recognized the blonde girl standing in the narrow hallway immediately. She had smiled at him on the street the other day as he was walking back from the grocery store with a quart of beer. He remembered thinking at the time that she looked like she would taste like caramel. His wife and the girl greeted each other warmly. When they asked if she would like to join them for dinner, she begged off, saying that she was already late for her class. In her halting Swedish accent, she asked if they would come over for a drink later in the evening when she got back.

"What did I tell you," the wife said after the girl had left. "Wasn't she pretty?"

Since she had said it first, her husband figured it was all right to agree.

In bed that night, after their first visit, they found themselves talking again about how attractive the blonde Swedish girl was.

Her American boyfriend, with whom she shared an apartment much like their own, had turned out to be pleasant enough, but boring. He was a social worker with tedious, guilt-ridden middle-class ideas about improving the lot of what he patronizingly referred to as "the lower-class indigenous masses."

The girl, on the other hand, did not seem to have a single idea in her head. Nevertheless, she was captivating with her child-like enthusiasm as she talked about recent rock concerts she had been to and how boring it was in Sweden. ("The boys are so uninteresting and nothing really happens.") Both husband and wife had been taken with her sexy accent, her light girlish banter, and her blonde tomboyish bangs, which gave her the look of a frisky young pony when she tossed her head back to laugh so heartily, baring such beautiful, carnivorous little teeth.

"Yes," said the husband, reaching for the familiar slender body haloed in the glow of the streetlamp that stood just outside their bedroom window. "She certainly is very interesting."

As the weeks went by, they saw more and more of their new friends. The couples visited back and forth between the two apartments, drinking wine and smoking grass and listening to records.

After a while, they were hardly aware of her dull boyfriend's presence as they admired the Swedish girl together: the flirtatious blue eyes set wide apart in the striking parenthesis of her high cheekbones (what mischief the couple saw in how they lingered and locked and seemed to drink one in so deliciously before she blushed and lowered them so coyly), the way her straight, blonde hair brushed the shoulders of the black beatnik sweaters she wore, the subtle fetishism of the rough metal cross (which each of them had held and lingeringly admired) that dangled between her small, high breasts, and her compact, manicured, squarish little tan toes gripping the Indian-print spread as she sat, knees bunched up, sipping red wine on their daybed.

One night after their visitors had left, as they lay touching each other, the wife said, "Don't you wish she were in bed with us right now?"

At first he was not sure what he should say. "Well...yes...it would be weird."

"Wouldn't it be exciting to have her lying naked between us...with us both touching her all over?"

"That would be fantastic," he admitted cautiously with growing excitement, "but what would we do from there?" (continued)



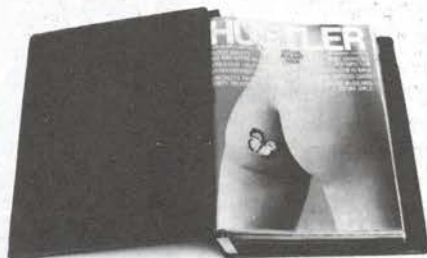
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"Well, I'd probably start by kissing her sexy little feet!"

"Jesus Christ," he exclaimed, "you're too much!"

He said it with genuine admiration, for his wife's new revelation amazed and excited him. As he caressed her, she told him in breathless detail what she would do next: how she would move slowly up, kissing the Swedish girl's ankles, calves, knees, thighs....

"And then I'd like to watch you make love to her," she told him.

"After you have all the fun, you want me to do all the work," he said, teasing his wife.

"Well, I couldn't very well make love to her, could I?" asked his wife.

"Sure you could," he answered. "I could pick you up one of those electric vibrators they sell at Duttons."

"But that wouldn't be the same—something plastic wouldn't be as satisfying as a long, hard, throbbing cock."

"What would you be doing while I was fucking her?"

"I could do all sorts of things. If you would lie on your back and fuck her real slow while she was sitting on you, I could suck on her clit. At the same time you could stick your hot, wet tongue up my cunt. Then we could grease each other up with Vaseline and pour sweet red wine all over our bodies. We could take turns licking each other until we were drunk. Then you could fuck her and suck my tits while she stuck her whole hand up my pussy. Just think what it would be like if we all three came at once."

"The damn bed would probably fall down," he joked.

"God, this is getting me horny," she said as she spread her legs and pulled her husband on top of her. "Fuck me, babe. Come on, fuck me."

He hesitated because he had never heard his wife talk that way before, but when she bit deep into his shoulder he knew what to do. He rammed his hard rod into her until bone was against bone. His wife sank her fingernails deeper into his pumping ass with each new thrust. His cock had never been so hard. He swore he could have carried her around the room on his big dong.

"Come on, baby, shoot me full of cum—let your balls fly. Fuck me, fuck me!"

He closed his eyes and imagined he was fucking the Swedish girl. Her sweating body was clinging to him like a big suction cup. He wanted her so badly he was gnashing his teeth. He grabbed his wife's ass and rammed his cock home again and again. They finally exploded together, both bodies tense, cock and cunt throbbing as one.

After he rolled off his wife, he lay on his back, thinking about the girl. His thoughts were interrupted when his wife asked,

"What have you been saving for all these years? Damn, that was good."

"You didn't do too bad yourself, babe. By the way, what were you thinking of when we were making love?"

"I guess I was thinking of the Swedish girl at first. But after a while I was only feeling pure pleasure. What were you thinking of?"

"The Swedish girl," he answered, not really sure if he should be honest with his wife.

"Why don't we ask her to go to bed with us sometime?" his wife asked.

"Sure, but how can we do it?"

"We could all get real drunk and see what happens."

"That might be a good idea," he said, "but right now why don't we get some rest?" They both drifted off to sleep while visions of the girl filled their minds.

Now that it had been spoken, they fantasized openly about the girl. Often after their visits, when she had gone home with her boyfriend, her phantom remained with them in their bed. The love they now acknowledged that they shared for the Swedish girl did nothing to diminish their love for each other. If anything, the adventure of conspiracy seemed to bring them closer together.

Sometimes, only half jokingly, they would plot elaborate means of stealing her away from her unimaginative boyfriend.

Then it suddenly happened of its own accord. The Swedish girl and her boyfriend had often quarreled over their differences of temperament—he with his high-minded seriousness, she with her mindless frivolity. ("She would only be happy if I went off and lived with her in Majorca and made pottery," the boyfriend had once complained to the husband.) Now, a recent conflict had made it final: he would move out, and she would return to Sweden for an indefinite stay.

The afternoon that she stopped by to give them this news, the married couple could barely hide their joy. They pretended to be saddened by the end of the affair and even asked her if she was sure that she and her lover were doing the right thing. She appeared touched by their concern, but it had already been decided: he had accepted a new job, and her ticket home had already been purchased.

She had one last favor to ask of them. She would be leaving Monday for Sweden, and she and her ex-lover had agreed that it would be less difficult for them to part if they did not see each other in the meantime. Would it be too much of an imposition if she stayed that weekend in their apartment? Of course, the couple assured her that it would be their pleasure.

Friday they purchased candles, wine,

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There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen. Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

Dr. Robert Chartham Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, and has received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed — the Magna-phall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature.

Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own designs.

He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and year old added 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between 3/4" to 1" in length and between 1/2" and 3/4" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1 1/2" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on 3/4" in length and just over 1 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time he had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and the circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of 3/4" means, take a tape measure and curl it end over to make a circle of 4 3/4" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5 1/2". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of

clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail. The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

If no results are achieved after carrying out the Chartham Method as directed a full refund will be made on its return to us.



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cheese, and grass—all the necessities of seduction. He was adjusting the volume of the stereo and she was putting out the wine glasses when the downstairs buzzer rang. They listened to her footsteps—those sensual leather boots they had once fantasized about having her leave on in bed—coming up the stairs and down the hall toward their door. Just before they heard her knock, he kissed his wife and said, "Enter the victim."

The three of them spent a cozy, almost magical evening together. They listened to music, drank wine and ate cheese, and laughed warmly despite the girl's preoccupation with her failed relationship. He sketched her portrait while his wife did her nightly yoga exercises on the rug, twisting her beautiful body into provocative positions in her black leotards while he and the girl admired her graceful agility. But nothing happened. How could the couple reveal their desire to the girl while she still talked obsessively of the lover she was leaving? Since sympathy was still more in order than seduction, they would have to bide their time and be patient. That night, they fixed a bed for her in the other room and lay awake for hours, wondering if one, or both, of them should call out to her.

Saturday was spent in Central Park, the night at a Warhol film that frustrated the couple. It made any thought of an approach to the girl seem sleazy and perverted.

The next night they rode downtown on the Lexington Avenue subway, giggling, sure that the black transit patrolman who kept looking at them resentfully knew that they were stoned out of their minds. They went to a discotheque, and the three of

them danced together in the protective unreality of the flickering strobes, touching and moving in sexual pantomime, not letting any of the other frenzied dancers cut into their magic circle. Later, as they drank wine together on the daybed in their apartment, the Swedish girl's mood changed, and she became especially despondent, floating out alone to her own remote island of future uncertainty. With strained patience the couple listened as she spoke wistfully of the relationship that had ended. In bed, they lay still, hearts pounding, whispering.

"You do it."

"No, you."

Finally, he said her name aloud. No answer. She tried. Too late; the girl was sleeping.

Then the weekend had passed and she was gone. The couple lay together, remembering how she had hugged and kissed them both with tears in her eyes when they saw her off.

"I will miss you, both of you," she had said, and they wondered if she had ever suspected—or even known. Had she been merely waiting for them to make the first move? They would never know for certain.

Often, in the months that followed, they thought of the haunting Swedish girl whom they had loved together. They never heard from her again, but she had opened a new door to them. Now on weekends they made the rounds of some hip new downtown bars that they had discovered. One of them in particular—a hectic, loud, jukebox-blasting place frequented by groupies and other hangers-on around the rock music scene called "Nowhere's"—had an interesting clientele. Here they met young girls who

had been through every experimental excess demanded by decadent musicians and could as easily consider sex with a couple as with a single body of either gender.

After their first nervous initiation by a blonde hippie girl whose entire vocabulary seemed to consist of the dated cliché "Far out," it became a kind of private sport to the couple.

For his part, nothing had ever made his beautiful wife more mysterious, more desirable and, yes, more feminine to him than her ability to make love to other women. There was something magical and lovely about the way female bodies floated and fluttered over each other, something so painfully tender—knowing and unknowable—in their mirror-embrace.

Then one night at "Nowhere's," a striking young boy with long blond hair asked if they would mind if he joined them for a drink. Almost immediately, the husband could tell that his wife was attracted to the boy, whose manner was light and frivolous as he made small talk, telling them about all the famous rock and roll stars he had photographed for the kind of underground papers that carry record reviews among the ads for wheatstraw rolling papers. Even as he perceived that his wife was taken with the boy, the husband found it difficult to dislike him. The boy's boasting seemed almost charming for its naivete.

Still, he found himself annoyed at how the boy was lingering on, talking a blue streak, and he was more annoyed that his wife did not seem to share his impatience. Hoping to discourage him, the husband made a casual-seeming remark alluding to how long he and his wife had been together.

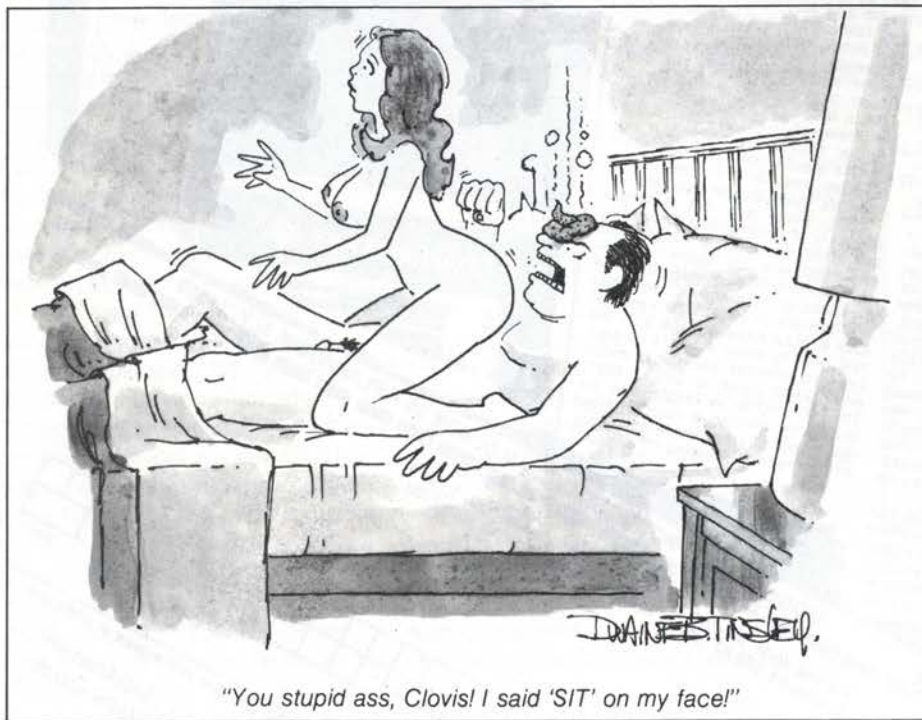
"Really?" said the boy, looking from one to the other in a subtly flirtatious way. "I would have guessed that you were both about my age. I swear to God, man, you're really such a beautiful couple. That's why I noticed you and asked if I could sit down. I was thinking that I would like to photograph you together some time. Do you think I could do that? I mean, it would be painless, I promise. You could come over to my apartment, and we could get high or have something to drink, and I really think you would be happy with it. I know I could do a beautiful portrait of you two."

"That would be fun," the wife said (too eagerly, her husband thought), and the husband, not wishing to appear uptight, agreed. He was relieved when a languid girl came over and draped herself on the boy's shoulder. The boy got up to leave.

"I hope you'll consider letting me photograph you," he said again.

"That would be a gas, man," the husband

(continued on page 92)



"You stupid ass, Clovis! I said 'SIT' on my face!"

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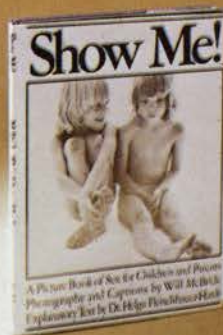








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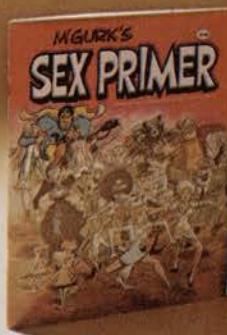
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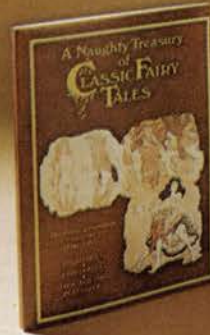
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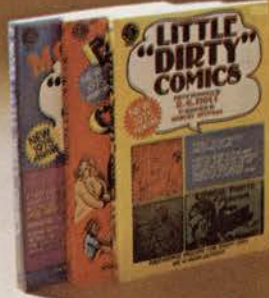
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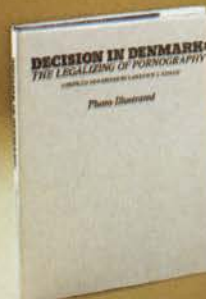
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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

EARL WILSON, JR.: JACKING OFF-BROADWAY

After the public uproar and massive media coverage directed to the block-busting, frankly sexual Broadway show *Hair*, and later *Oh! Calcutta!*, many thought sex in theater had reached its zenith. Earl Wilson, Jr., proved them wrong.

The son of the noted gossip columnist, he shocked and delighted audiences with his sexually candid musical called *Let My People Come*. Written in collaboration with producer-director Phil Oesterman, it is now enjoying its third year at the Village Gate in New York, its second in London, and offers are pending worldwide.

HUSTLER focuses upon this major new force in theater and sexual freedom in an interview conducted by managing editor Bruce David at the composer's New York apartment.

HUSTLER: How did it happen that you became involved in *Let My People Come*?

WILSON: My first show, after it closed in New York, was done in Houston by Phil Oesterman, who later produced *Let My People Come*. He and I became friends in Houston, and we had an idea for a second show. One day he called me and said, "Look, nobody knows anything about you, nobody knows anything about me. We don't have money. Let's do a show about sex." I said, "It's been done—*Oh! Calcutta!*" He said I was wrong, that nobody had done a musical or a show making sex clean and wholesome and something to be proud of, rather than something to be looked at through a keyhole. He said we could make it funny, and also a hit.

Being out of work and rather desperate, I decided I would consider it kind of as a lark. He said to me, "I want you to sit down right now and write the most outrageous song

you can think of, and use all those four-letter words." The first phrase that came into my mind was "come in my mouth." If I heard that, I would think it was outrageous, so I sat down and started to write it. I finished it in about an hour and put it on tape. I took it to him, and he and I were hysterical. It was so outrageous that we could not imagine anyone actually singing the words.

But it was written as a serious song, not tongue-in-cheek to be funny. It was written from the point of view of somebody telling somebody else this is what they wanted them to do. Then I modified it, rewrote and changed it. After that was done, he said, "I think we can do it. I think now the thing is to find something really amusing because this is so outrageous it's got to be done

seriously." Five months later, the show was done.

HUSTLER: Originally, according to a story I heard, you couldn't find any backers, and your mother put up the money. Is that true?

WILSON: This is amusing. We went to some people we thought would be interested in putting up money. They were not outraged at this, but they were shocked by what they heard. I would just play the show's music like a song with very little acting and nothing to explain what was going on. When you hear all of those words without any explanation, it's very shocking. So, we got no assistance at all; in fact, they all said we should be arrested and that it was insane. I went to my mother and said I wanted to do this show. I played her the entire score, and she loved it. I have a very open family. They have been around show business for enough years, so they are not backward.

She said, "I think it's good. How much will it cost to put it on?" We figured about \$10,000. She didn't have \$10,000, but she said she'd give me \$3,000. Phil managed to get \$7,000, and the two of them became investors. I didn't have a dime, and that's how it started. Interestingly, a week or so after it started playing, some of the people who had heard parts of it and were disgruntled about it came to see it, and suddenly the tune changed. Suddenly it was, "Can we buy into it now?" Of course, by then it was too late.

HUSTLER: So you had a certain amount of satisfaction, a vindication?

WILSON: I think that's one thing that happens in this business. You're so used to people at the top saying, "You can't do this and you're wrong," that the people at the bottom are given very little chance to prove they know anything at all. That did



Earl Wilson, Jr., rapping with Bruce David.

feel good, I must say. It still does.

HUSTLER: Let's talk more about the show itself. There are a number of incredibly candid, no-bullshit songs. "Come in My Mouth" is certainly a good example. What are some of the other songs and vignettes?

WILSON: There's one that I love called "Fellatio 101," a high school class in fellatio. It's a number that has grown just as the show has grown. The cast members add their own little ad libs and own characters. I think it's hysterical. Another number is called "Choir Practice," a very serious choral number in which the people singing tell what they would like to be doing to the other people singing. The choir director becomes so stimulated by what he's hearing that he goes berserk. It's a very funny number.

HUSTLER: The show is performed entirely in the nude, is that correct?

WILSON: There is total nudity but not all the time, and it's not the whole show. Not every number is nude because not every number *needs* to be nude.

HUSTLER: What is the message of the show?

WILSON: It has many messages. It's really whatever you get out of it. For me, it's a positive affirmation of life through sex—that life is good.

HUSTLER: Your play explores a lot of taboos—oral sex, ass-fucking—isn't that correct?

WILSON: I think most of them are there, or they're referred to in some way or another.

HUSTLER: Have you ever participated in a bisexual act?

WILSON: No, I haven't.

HUSTLER: Part of the message of the play includes bisexuality. Is that hypocrisy?

WILSON: I don't think so. Part of the message of the play is doing what you think is best. Bisexuality doesn't turn me on.

HUSTLER: It's become very trendy and popular—it's part of the apparent sexual liberation—that to keep a marriage going one has to have mutual trust extended to open marriage situations. How do you feel?

WILSON: What do you mean by open marriages?

HUSTLER: Swinging and sexual sharing with other partners.

WILSON: Maybe I'm not secure enough in my own marriage, but I would feel very insecure if I thought my wife, Mary, was doing that, and I would not do it, either.

HUSTLER: Suppose you met a really groovy chick in a bar and discovered you could have the same intense rapport with her that you have with your wife. Would you bring her home and establish a household with the three of you?

WILSON: No. I'm sure I wouldn't. I'm sure I would undergo enormous guilt and worry



Two foxy female performers grope for each other in this scene from *Let My People Come*.

about it.

HUSTLER: It was a very repressed time when we grew up in the '50s. I think a lot of teenagers at that time were terrified of sex.

WILSON: I think that's still true, by and large, for the world today. I think we wear the guise of being sexually liberated, but the basic fears are still there.

HUSTLER: You don't think the American public has become more sexually liberated?

WILSON: I think in our lives we are still very much like we were thousands of years ago. I think we are very repressed. We make rules for ourselves and then find them hard to live by. It's not just sex—sex is one form of it—but I think it's true in every aspect of our lives. We become more aware of it because it becomes talked about.

HUSTLER: Why do we have this tradition of sexual repression?

WILSON: Because we are afraid of sex. If we accepted it, we feel that's all we would be doing. Obviously, everybody enjoys it. If you admitted you enjoyed it, that it was good and served a good purpose, people would do nothing but have sex all the time.

HUSTLER: Let's get into your views of politics and the American system. What's wrong with it and what's right with it?

WILSON: I think I'll answer you by telling you about my next show, which I'm working on now. It's called *Earthlings*, and it's about the people who are on this planet. It's a brief history of the planet up to where we

are now and where we're probably going. My only message and my only concern are that we do not fully appreciate the fact that we are literally on the verge of destroying this planet. It's not a matter of one society destroying another, or one politician's view, or anything else. It's a matter of pure, simple mathematics that the planet will not survive. There're so many negative things happening at once that it cannot sustain itself.

I don't think the system is at fault. I think, for example, that if we realized the planet is really in jeopardy and *our* lives are going to go down the drain, not just our children's or somebody else's, somehow all the nonsense among countries and people would stop.

HUSTLER: You say the system isn't fucked?

WILSON: No, I'm saying it's the people in the system who are not farsighted enough to see their own destruction. I don't think it's a matter of the system. I think the system is valid. It's a matter of simply turning it 180 degrees and saying instead of going down, you have to go up.

HUSTLER: So you think if we educate the people—big business and government—they could retool and make a positive contribution? Don't you think these executives, who make a hundred thousand dollars a year, are intelligent enough to understand what the problems are?

WILSON: Yes. But don't you see that they are fighting everybody else for what they think belongs to them? The thing that has



Cast members interlock their loving limbs in spirit of sexual camaraderie and erotic abandon.

not happened, yet, is that there hasn't been one great catastrophe.

HUSTLER: Is that what we should hope for—a catastrophe? Have Detroit blow up because of a nuclear reactor chain reaction and then start taking positive action?

WILSON: I hope that doesn't happen. But I fear it will happen, and I think in the very near future. Some enormous catastrophe will occur.

HUSTLER: Why is it that in pollution, marijuana, and sexual freedom the government is so far behind the people and not responding to the national mood?

WILSON: I don't even think they are aware what the national mood is. With all their polls and all their clever ways of measuring things, I don't really think they have a clue as to what the people want and who the people are.

HUSTLER: The politicians are people, too. Why is it they're so out of touch?

WILSON: They repress whatever it is they are aware of because they feel that can't be the way the American public is. To them, the public needs somebody to stand up as a father, or as a god, and say, "I'm above you, I'm better than you, I know the right way." Obviously, if you come out and say, "I'm for pornography," you can't be believed.

HUSTLER: Why are the politicians, the government, and the establishment so concerned with how we respond to sex and how much freedom we have?

WILSON: I don't know any politician's private life, but I have a feeling that if you're

repressing other people, you feel there is something in what you do that should be hidden. It's an act of self-preservation. If you're a politician, or in a position of leadership, your position is threatened if people suddenly don't feel guilty anymore. Then they can rise up and take over your position. Therefore, you have to make them feel guilty. When you don't understand something, and you can't explain it, then you have to repress it. You have to feel guilty about it, and then you have to make others feel guilty about it. A person who feels his sexuality is reproachful will take out his repression in another way. If he happens to be a politician, he'll take it out on the public.

HUSTLER: Would you agree that men and women in the '70s are having a tremendous amount of trouble interrelating?

WILSON: Oh, I certainly would agree, of course. Everybody is. Men and men, women and women. The roles have become very blurred. It's difficult to know who you are, or what you're doing here, why you're here, and how to relate to other people. Everything is torn apart so that what you have to cling to, hopefully, is love. If you don't have that, you are a very mixed-up person.

HUSTLER: Don't you think that as you're less able to love—as the quality of the sexual act is diminished—that you go for quantity instead of quality?

WILSON: Yes, that's another point of the show. The more disenchanted you become

with everything, the more you feel the need to try everything and to drown in a sea of lust. But I think the real sadness is that they find it's not fulfilling. If you don't have love going with somebody, or a group of people, you don't have anything. It's meaningless.

HUSTLER: One-night stands can be depressing, but it seems as if the alternative is celibacy.

WILSON: I know people who are celibate. I know a man who's bisexual—primarily homosexual—who told me he doesn't have a relationship with anybody because he can't find anybody he really likes, and he refuses to settle for second best. I must say I respect him because he realizes there is something better than excess.

HUSTLER: Perhaps what you're saying is that regardless of whether it's healthy or not, the only way people are going to get healthy is by working their way through their sexual proclivities, not by hiding them.

WILSON: That is exactly it. Who am I, or who are you, or who's anybody else to tell anybody what is right or wrong, or good or bad? Here's the thing: I'm a very conservative person. I wrote a show with the basic premise that sex, like anything else, should be open and honest. If the things we did with our lives were more open and more honest, there'd be a lot less nonsense in this world. Most of what's going on is fear and repression. The man who produced the show, Phil Oesterman, is a homosexual, and he feels that most of his life should be spent declaring the good points about homosexuality. One of his trips is S&M.

Most of what you see on the stage involving homosexuality and S&M is his. I didn't direct the show. I don't try to inflict my conservatism on what I write because I'm writing from different points of view. Obviously, if I'm writing a show about sex, I could not possibly write from every point of view and treat it as my own. But I have to accept all the others out there because that's what the subject matter is.

HUSTLER: Since the message of your show is love, and you believe in it, can't you envision a world in which you and friends that you love now would be able to experience sexual sharing?

WILSON: It's quite possible. I don't right now, but it's possible—anything is possible. The message of the show is love, but it's not blind love, and it's certainly not to love everybody without any distinctions or reasons why, because then it's not love. I think if you really care about somebody, at least for the masculine ego, you're scared about losing her. I'm tremendously scared about losing my wife.

HUSTLER: It's my experience that when I have met a woman that I could relate to,

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and a really strong rapport is established, the threat of loss is extremely intense in the beginning, and the relationship is foredoomed.

WILSON: Because it's easier to be numb than to face the possibility of losing something. I agree. That's how a lot of people live their lives and, consequently, they don't enjoy anything because they are afraid to experience anything. It's always a problem. I hope it will be a problem for the rest of my life. I mean, I hope that I worry enough so that I won't allow myself to become numb.

HUSTLER: What is it that a woman wants in a man?

WILSON: I wish I had the full answer. I'm working on a song about this topic, about the fact that women don't want to stand in front of men and don't want to stand behind men. They want to stand equal with them, but they realize that because the male ego is so insecure, they *have* to stand behind them.

HUSTLER: Is the male ego more insecure than the female ego?

WILSON: I think it is.

HUSTLER: Why?

WILSON: Because when you get right down to it, he's the one who's got to have the hard-on. He's got to show it himself. The woman can be passive and pretend to be whatever she wants, and you'll never know. But the male's got to prove himself in everything he does. So, of course, he's going to be insecure.

HUSTLER: Don't you think women (and I'll bet your wife probably put you through the test, too, in the beginning) are looking for men who seem to have secure egos?

WILSON: Oh, of course, yes. I think a woman worth her salt expects her man to be secure enough to want to fight for her, to want something from his life that the two of them can share to enable their lives to be enjoyable and worthwhile. If he doesn't want her enough to fight for her, and if he doesn't want his life enough to fight for it, then he really doesn't want anything.

HUSTLER: Since your father is a very famous person, what was it like growing up in that kind of environment?

WILSON: I went to boarding school fairly young. The time that I wasn't actually in school I spent traveling with my folks all over the world. Fortunately, I got to meet interesting people at an early age and got a close look at show business. In many cases, I don't think I really appreciated those people as celebrities or stars. They were just friends of the family, people that we knew.

HUSTLER: What about all the gossip and titillations? Were you fascinated by the celebrities' private lives?

WILSON: No, I wasn't, and I'm not now. I

 I think the male ego is more insecure than the female's because when you get right down to it, he's got to prove himself, he's the one who's got to have the hard-on. 

suppose I got to see so many of them that they never really became that fascinating to me.

HUSTLER: How did success with *Let My People Come*, which I'm sure made a lot of money, change your life?

WILSON: It's given me the opportunity to pursue my next show, which I probably wouldn't have had the time to do. It's changed my career. It's given me some security that I didn't have before.

HUSTLER: How important is money in this world?

WILSON: If you don't have it, it seems important. If you do have it, you have the constant need to feel that you're not going to lose it. If you can somehow surmount the feeling so that it doesn't affect what you do, and if you don't feel obliged to continue to have a lot of money, it serves its purpose well.

HUSTLER: Do you really think money makes you insecure? Doesn't it make you feel better?

WILSON: It makes you feel better, but I don't think the fear about money ever stops. I think no matter how much you have, you're always afraid you're going to lose it unless you have so much that you worry about losing something else.

HUSTLER: In becoming a success, how does one hustle to establish himself, to make the money, to achieve his personal success?

WILSON: I really believe the first thing you have to think about (if you're in show business, anyway) is what people want. You have to put yourself in the audience. If you can do that successfully and figure

out what they really want to see, the rest is not so difficult.

HUSTLER: What is it that allowed you to push and be aggressive enough to get to the top? What is it that keeps another person in a nine-to-five job?

WILSON: I think it's really a matter of not being able to accept any other way of living.

HUSTLER: Don't you think there are a lot of potentially creative people who are entrapped and can't see beyond the life that has been programmed for them?

WILSON: Of course. Somewhere in your life, somebody or something has to open you up and say there is a whole other person inside, and, with imagination, you will be a lot better.

HUSTLER: You were born into that awareness.

WILSON: I saw it first-hand from probably the very first moment of my life. It was an accepted part of my life, and, in fact, it was expected of me to be the same way.

HUSTLER: Was there ever a fear on your part that you wouldn't make it? Was there a need to prove yourself?

WILSON: Always. Still is. I don't think that ever dies.

HUSTLER: Do you now feel overshadowed by your father? Do you also feel competitiveness?

WILSON: No, not at all. I feel I passed over that stumbling block. I don't know how other people feel about me, but I don't feel it's a problem for me now because he is coming to the end of his career, and I'm just in the middle of mine. We're not even in the same business anymore. Whatever success I've had was not through him; it was through a lot of other people.

HUSTLER: But it did bother you?

WILSON: Oh, enormously for most of my life. Up until this show happened, actually, I felt that the people who could have made me a success wouldn't give me the chance, which really is true. I did what I set out to do and, damn it, it worked. I don't really worry about those people anymore. I think now there is a reason why I'm here—a reason why the show is successful. It wasn't a fluke, and it wasn't because it had naked people. It was because it was saying something that had to be said, that people wanted to hear and were willing to pay money to hear. It served a very good, helpful purpose.

HUSTLER: We've already agreed that money is important to us, but can money really buy power?

WILSON: Money only has power for those people who feel it's necessary. If you allow yourself, there's nothing in the world you cannot do, whether you have money or not.

HUSTLER: If you have the ability to see it?

WILSON: That's right, if you know what it

is you want to do. I live in New York. I have a certain life style, and if I allow it to become my reason for existence, then I must have money to support it. Should that reason change or should the money stop, I can easily give up this life style and go and live in an adobe hut somewhere and still be happy. Then the money doesn't matter a damn.

HUSTLER: You're saying that if you have power, you can do whatever you want, including getting the money that you'll need to pursue your goal?

WILSON: The amazing thing is personal power—the power of the individual. The power affects everybody. There are people, and you know it as well as I do, who have some kind of personality power that attracts other people to them. They don't need a dime. Because of their own intrinsic power, they create money since other people see that power and want to latch on to it.

HUSTLER: But what is it about your personality that makes you different from everybody else?

WILSON: First of all, it's realizing that the ability to succeed exists, which most of us don't realize. Then it's saying, "I'm not going to feel sorry for myself and claim the world is against me, because I can do anything I please." Then it's being strong enough to say, "I'm going to become a knowledgeable person. I'm going to learn something." That's damn hard to do. If I'm going to do that, I have to give up most of my ego, which I think is what is controlling my life. I've got to say to myself, "I'm not that damn important."

HUSTLER: You don't think that your ego feeds you and makes you stronger?

WILSON: Yes, it does, but to really learn something—to really do something—you have to completely, I think, subjugate your ego to nothing. You have to say, "World, teach me."

HUSTLER: Aren't you saying that you don't have to subjugate your ego but allow it to be bruised?

WILSON: Yes, that's really what I mean. There's a thought that goes like this: We create the world in our own minds. We're told descriptions of the way the world is. We're constantly talking to ourselves, reinforcing what it is we think the world is. Now, should the moment come when we stop talking to ourselves and stop reinforcing what it is we think we see, we might really see.

HUSTLER: Absolutely. We get trapped in our own preconceived notions.

WILSON: Exactly, and you never get out of it. If you can somehow shut yourself up long enough to see what's really there, the rest is relatively simple. That's the trick, because to do that, you've got to turn off

 **If you're fighting for your life every second and every inch of the way, at least you're living, slugging it out, feeling all the muscles, feeling all the blood run through your veins.** 

your own ego, even if it's just for a second.

The thing I keep seeing in everything I read is that what we spend our time doing is so important to us, we don't realize we are going to be dead in 50 years or so. Then we will all be equal again, and nothing will have mattered—not one thing that we did. Whether we were good, bad, hypocrites—whatever we were—it will not have mattered.

HUSTLER: When the veil drops away from you and you stop talking to yourself, doesn't this give you a near godlike power, an ability to perform almost magical acts and to make things happen for you by sheer force of will?

WILSON: I think that's very true. I've seen it a little bit in myself because I'm really trying to learn how, but I've also seen it in other people. I've seen it in my wife. My wife is one of the most incredibly believing people. She will not accept things. She refuses to accept something that's negative. She says to herself, "If I want something to happen, and if I believe in it strongly enough, and if I set all my energy on it happening, it will happen because I'll see to it that it happens, if it involves me." I'm not talking about the world changing, but if I want something to happen to me, it will happen—and that I believe.

If you believe in something with your entire being, so that your life depends on it happening, it will happen because you will make it happen. If you do not believe in anything, or if you believe only casually in passing things, nothing ever happens, because you don't grab it and make it happen. What you said a while ago is partly true, I think. It is ego, because you're

making it happen, but part of it is also turning your ego off to see how to go about it rather than worrying about the nine-to-five job and how I'm going to pay the bills. Is that why I was created? Is that all there is to it? There's got to be something else.

HUSTLER: Here's a simplistic example. A man in a bar sees this chick and tells himself that she's too good-looking for him. He never approaches her, so he never knows.

WILSON: That's right. And he was right, she was too good for him.

HUSTLER: Had he been able to step beyond himself, would it have been a different story?

WILSON: I'll tell you this. If he approached her with self-confidence, without being haughty, he probably wouldn't have completely shocked her, and she probably would have been interested enough to at least engage him in conversation.

HUSTLER: But simply to go ahead and pursue the girl despite your trepidation is to doom yourself?

WILSON: I was going to say just one other thing, because I believe this, about obtaining knowledge. We're here to see through all this physical stuff. Otherwise there is no purpose. Anything we do doesn't matter anyway, because it's all gone tomorrow. We'll all die, and who cares? So, if you accept that's why you're here—to see, to obtain knowledge—you have to figure out how. The first thing that happens to you is fear.

HUSTLER: It's the nine-to-five world that's safe, that doesn't generate fear, and is numbing?

WILSON: It's boring. Who wants to go through that? If you can somehow get over your fear, or take your fear and make it work for you, then suddenly you have power, or you feel like you have power. You do have power. But then your power becomes the thing that you think you want rather than the knowledge.

HUSTLER: You mean there's always the danger of falling back into a new trap?

WILSON: It's a constant battle. Life was not meant to be boring. If it is, then you're dead. If you're fighting for your life every second and every inch of the way, at least you're living, slugging it out, feeling all the muscles, feeling all the blood run through your veins.

HUSTLER: Do we have an obligation to fight for what we want?

WILSON: We have an obligation to ourselves, first of all, to identify what we want and then to go after it. If we don't, then we shouldn't complain that we don't have it, because we really are all created equal, in the sense that we're all born. We're all given a chance. 

HUSTLER

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books are designed to fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. (Moviegoers, beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!

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

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

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

MOVIES

by Tim Beckley

CRY FOR CINDY

Cindy makes her living as a high-class call girl—a most expensive one. Her "johns" are wealthy, and they have a habit of treating her right. "Last night was beautiful!" one of Cindy's "regulars" writes in a note left tacked to the bedpost. "I left a little something extra. My car and chauffeur are downstairs,

X RATED REVIEWS

ready to take you to the airport." That "little something extra" turns out to be a \$300 tip.

Flying back home in her private airplane, the luscious Cindy is set to celebrate. However, upon her arrival Ben, a handsome but sadistic pimp, demands that Cindy turn over all her earnings to him. "I know you're holding back on me, you bitch!" he screams, striking out at the defenseless whore. After taking "what belongs to him," Ben promises further physical

violence "if you don't go into the bedroom, take off your clothes, and get yourself ready for me." He fucks the girl senseless, ramming his hard, masculine tool into her trembling cunt. Cindy cries and begs for forgiveness. Ben is not touched. He is in business and knows it is necessary to keep his girls in line.

Unable to free herself from Ben, and feeling increasingly guilty over the life style she has created, Cindy throws her-

self out a window. Her beautiful body plunges downward to an instant death.

At the funeral, the mourners gather. Two hookers responsible for putting Cindy into business and a former boyfriend—a young premed student who realizes too late what was going on—begin to reminisce about their association with the dead girl.

The remainder of this 95-minute film consists of flashbacks—Cindy working in a beauty parlor trying to make ends meet, the temptation of a quick buck offered to a "gal for hire," and her entrance into the world of prostitution. Her first trick—for \$500—illustrates "the power of the pussy," we're told.

Though it is not the best X-rated flick ever, compared to the grainy, poorly produced rot that normally comes out of the West Coast porno mills, *Cry for Cindy* is a virtual masterpiece. And while it can never be compared with any of the hardcore features released on the East Coast (where the best fuck films are currently being made), in its own class *Cindy* is a warm and vitally alive film, featuring one of the most delectable, mouth-watering ladies in the history of porn.

Amber Hunt (as Cindy) is every man's perfect fantasy girl. (More scenes of Amber and friends are on p. 97.) Of medium build, with lush ruby-red lips, nipples as pointed and rigid as carrot tips, a perfectly proportioned ass, and a nicely spread pink gash between her long gams, Amber is sure to make your blood boil and your pecker throb. So beautiful is she that Larry Flynt chose her to grace HUSTLER's November, 1975, centerfold. That's how she came to be discovered by the film maker. For no other reason than to check out this honey in action, I recommend that you see *Cry for Cindy*. Take it from me, this is no publicist's bullshit hype—simply straight talk from the mouth of a horny-as-hell reviewer to his loyal readership.

(continued)



Former HUSTLER Honey Amber Hunt warms up fiery fuck flick.



A West Coast effort, *Cry for Cindy* tells of rise and fall of costly cunt.

ECSTASY IN BLUE

There are those in our society, even today, who firmly believe that the Devil actually exists and can wield tremendous power over mankind. In his best role in many a full moon, Marc "10½" Stevens portrays a Satanist. Using strange psychic abilities gained from his close association with Beelzebub, the well-known porno

"superman" is able to hypnotize women to do his bidding. They literally worship him, throwing themselves at his feet and groin.

Marsha (played by Terri Hall) confesses her sins to the ambassador of Hell. "When I'm alone—after my husband has gone to work and my children to school—I go to the toughest part of town. I dig strange men, the way they smell, and their hard hands pawing my body. I let them have me anywhere." Instantly, we are sent flying

back in time to watch Marsha being screwed until she sees stars. Two burly longshoremen take her into an abandoned warehouse and fuck her repeatedly. They drag her across a grease-smeared floor. Satan's assistant has a big laugh. He decides to degrade the housewife even further. With pounding voodoo drums beating fiercely in the background, he commands Marsha to slowly strip and do a dance before him and the rest of the coven.

As might be expected in this type of diabolical tale, orgies unfold. However, the activity that transpires is pretty "ordinary." By far the best scene is when Mellissa (C. J. Lang) gets the "once-over" while submerged in a tub of water. Mesmerized by her demonic captor, the "witch" pushes her aching loins out of the tub. She is anxious to pay the Devil his due. What begins as a mundane finger-fucking sequence turns into some solid loving between cock and pussy.

Though the cinematography rates "honorable mention" and the girls are generally dazzling, this film is no heaven on earth. The plot is tiresome, lacking variety or direction. The one main attraction of *Ecstasy* is the fact that most of the porno

family regulars get it on in one place and all at the same time. Frankly, however, I just can't believe Hell would be this dull!

HER FAMILY JEWELS

Don't ever let it be said that the British lead a humdrum existence. Far from being a stuffed shirt, today's mod young Englishman is a randy cuss, ready—and anxious, it would seem—to "make it" for God, country, and the Queen. He's proud to fly his flag at full staff for the motherland—and for any young bird who is turned on by the sight of a nice slice of English beef. In a growing number of quarters, teatime is being set aside in favor of something a bit more stimulating.

It's a fact that until recently the rather antiquated Victorian laws prevented those living across the Atlantic from enjoying even the limited sexual freedom found in the Colonies. Backward and harsh anti-pornographic rulings have, for decades, prevented wide circulation of good adult literature. Recently, however, the "smut peddlers" have broken down the barrier of censorship. Obviously, the English love porn. *Men Only* (distributed in the U.S. under the title of *Club*), as well as several other magazines catering to "mature audiences," has begun to sell exceedingly well. It would seem that somebody must be getting off on them! Now, with the release of their first X-rated motion picture, things are really beginning to open up. The British are coming—and all over the place at that.

Her Family Jewels revolves around the escapades of a horny cat burglar who finds that diamonds and rubies are not the only items he can steal from the wealthy wives of diplomats and dignitaries.

Grant Henry (played by Nigel Evans) is a mystery writer whose thrillers are collecting dust on bookshelves across



Satanism and sex plod across the silver screen in *Ecstasy in Blue*, an unhellish film with Marc Stevens.

the isle. Instead of living off his meager royalties, Grant decides to increase his income by becoming a thief. Climbing walls, scaling balconies, and dashing across darkened rooftops become commonplace for the suave and dashing robber. Far from being hysterical or vengeful, the women he steals from take an immediate liking to the masked bandit.

Much to Scotland Yard's embarrassment, Grant proves to be harder to catch than Jack the Ripper. Detectives find that no two descriptions of the mid-night rambler jell. Several of the victims go so far as to inform the newspapers that gems were left behind—perhaps to encourage a return visit?

The kinkiest escapade occurs when the determined—but by now worn-out—writer chances to steal the valuable jewel collection of Mrs. Barrow. The passionate lady is obviously sex-starved and will do anything for a thrill. The thief finds she has hidden one of her prized possessions between her legs in a secret vault—her cunt. Sticking his hand into her dripping orifice, the cat burglar emerges with a string of expensive pearls.

Shot on a considerable budget, *Her Family Jewels* is England's Bicentennial gift to America. It is both wacky and whimsical and capable of producing a good laugh. While not up to the standard of "home-made" porn, the British do show they have potential talent. This is the first attempt by the English to get into the business, but hopefully it will not be the last!

TEENAGE DEVIATES

While I have been offered no documented proof, reliable sources have told me that Annie Sprinkles has the biggest pair of knockers in all of pornodom. To be sure, they are sizable—hanging pretty low.

Although Annie's artillery may be deserving of special



Jolly old England enters the horny arena of porn films with the wacky and whimsical *Her Family Jewels*.

attention, *Teenage Deviates* definitely is not! This is one of the most lackluster, poorly scripted, and cheaply shot films I have ever had the gross misfortune of seeing. The only deviates to be found lurking in the shadows are the ballsy guys responsible for separating the unsuspecting customer from his hard-earned cash. If you feel the urge to put your hand into your pocket to grab hold of something, make certain it's your pecker and not money to view this low-grade production.

Audrey (played by Annie) is a sucker! Not only does she give head (on one occasion she is forced to blow two strange dudes to please her ugly boyfriend), but she is also a patsy—a real pushover. A smartly dressed guy in his mid-thirties asks Audrey out. The girl thinks her date is so handsome and so smart. She is out to grab him as a lover; he's out to fuck her ass off. After a "fine" dinner in an "expensive" restaurant, the two depart for a "luxury" hotel. The restaurant's backdrop, in actuality, consists of a small wooden table with a 99¢ tablecloth for a cover and a bare bulb for a chandelier. The table even wobbles, giving rise to speculation that it was probably salvaged from the

garbage. The hotel they fuck in is even more ludicrous. Here we are shown a single bed with a dirty sheet. The walls are about to cave in on the cast.

This whole film has to be a joke—a bad one! There are a couple of brief water sports

scenes, but, frankly, I feel that I was pissed on more than anyone else. The ticket booth in front of the theater where I saw this time-waster had a big sign posted: POSITIVELY NO REFUNDS. Let that be a warning. **DD**



A low-budget washout, *Teenage Deviates* rips off and turns off

by Dane Stitts

LIBERATING MASTURBATION

by Betty Dodson
Bodysex Designs
P. O. Box 1933
New York, New York 10001

WOMAN'S ORGASM

by Georgia Kline Graber, R.N.,
and Benjamin Graber, M.D.
Bobbs-Merrill
4300 W. 62nd Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46268

This time around, we're looking at two books on a subject near and dear to all of us: the feminine orgasm. An office wit once said the need for books that teach women how to come is proof positive of the difference in intelligence between the sexes. Yet the fact remains that a hung-up society has for decades insisted on repressing the subject.

Masturbation is the obvious starting point in learning how to achieve orgasm. "Masturba-

programmed inhibitions that keep many women unaware of their bodies and, as a consequence, inadequate as lovers.

"Sadly," she writes, "it is we women who most insist on the romantic idea of having our orgasms from Romeo's cock!" Dodson first disposes of this notion, then she moves on to the business of teaching women to make themselves come.

From vibrators to team efforts, Dodson's detailed rub-off instructions are bound to get the point to her female readers, while at the same time acting as a turn-on for men. If the text doesn't arouse your interest, the split beaver drawings that illustrate the book will. All in all, this is the kind of pleasant homework a Hustler likes to...er...keep on top of.

We are not so enthusiastic about *Woman's Orgasm*. The book is the product of a husband-wife, doctor-nurse team. While it won't make you cream your jeans with the same sort of raw honesty found in Dodson's book, it might do some good among the ranks of super hung-up females. If you are offended by words like "fuck" or "cunt," this will be just your cup of Cremora—dry, synthetic, and a weak substitute for the real article. The authors take their science straight, re-

constant practice, it's possible to equal the skill of the cigarette-smoking Honey in our March, 1976, issue. (If her example proves to be hazardous to the imitator's health, don't blame us.)

This might not be the sort of reading you feel like engaging in before a fuck. Then again, the complaint might be unfair. Nobody does any fucking in the Graber book, and it's a cinch not many people will feel the urge after reading it.

If you want your woman to achieve a self-stimulated orgasm in 11 steps, this is your book. If, on the other hand, you are happily beyond the problem, your chick having learned to bring herself off by blind luck, consider getting a copy to send as a late Mother's Day gift.

MIRROR AFTER MIRROR

by Star Ockenga
American Photographic Book Publishing Co. (Amphoto)
750 Zeckendorf Blvd.
Garden City, New York 11530

Mirror After Mirror is, at first glance, a confusing book. Believing it to be a standard folio of female nudes, you run up against photographs that look like Civil War studies Mathew Brady would have made, if Brady had been a lesbian. It has portraits of tough-looking women wearing lumberjacks' trousers and combat boots and little girls facing the camera with startling sensuality. There are women with faces like Anthony Quinn and Wallace Beery, and women who look like the old American Indian men in Remington's paintings.

As you might have guessed, this book has nothing in common with the studies of women that came before it. Photographer Ockenga set out to show female sexuality in a setting other than between pastel sheets. Not many of her subjects are conventionally pretty; but each, in her own



A tender young lass in Mirror...

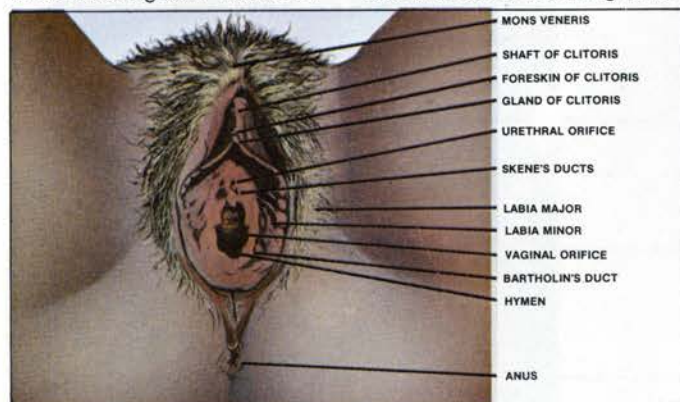
way, is appealing. The value of the book lies in the fact that it will make you go hunting through your own head to see what it is you've always liked in a woman—and why.

ROUND TRIP TO NOWHERE

by Jessyca Russell Gaver
Norden Publications, Inc.
185 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Some afternoon when you find yourself sitting around waiting for the grunion to run, you might feel like looking into Jessyca Russell Gaver's book, which deals with the mind games played by wealthy passengers on a pleasure ship. The sex is soft, and it's nothing to get a clit or cock excited. However, the characters are interesting. There's Johnny Marcus, who needs "that feeling of near rape," and Letty Castle, who says, "At least he beat me when I deserved it. But when he begged and cried, I wanted to vomit!"

Round Trip to Nowhere is written from a female standpoint. The book may be well worth reading as a change from the standard fare.



Color rendering of black and white diagram in *Woman's Orgasm*.

tion," says feminist writer Betty Dodson in her new book, *Liberating Masturbation*, "is a meditation on self-love."

This might conjure up the image of some female guru twiddling herself into a trance, but Dodson's book is very down to earth. The author is determined to cut through the

flected in the dry-as-dust marriage-manual-style prose in which *Woman's Orgasm* is written.

Chapter Two, for example, has a section provocatively titled "Pubococcygeus Muscle Exercises," which could be termed a sort of treatise on isometrics for the twat. With



"Well, you've got a real hard 'short arm' now...
but you're going to piss your pocket a lot!"

*Pat,
The
Fucking
Ultimate*







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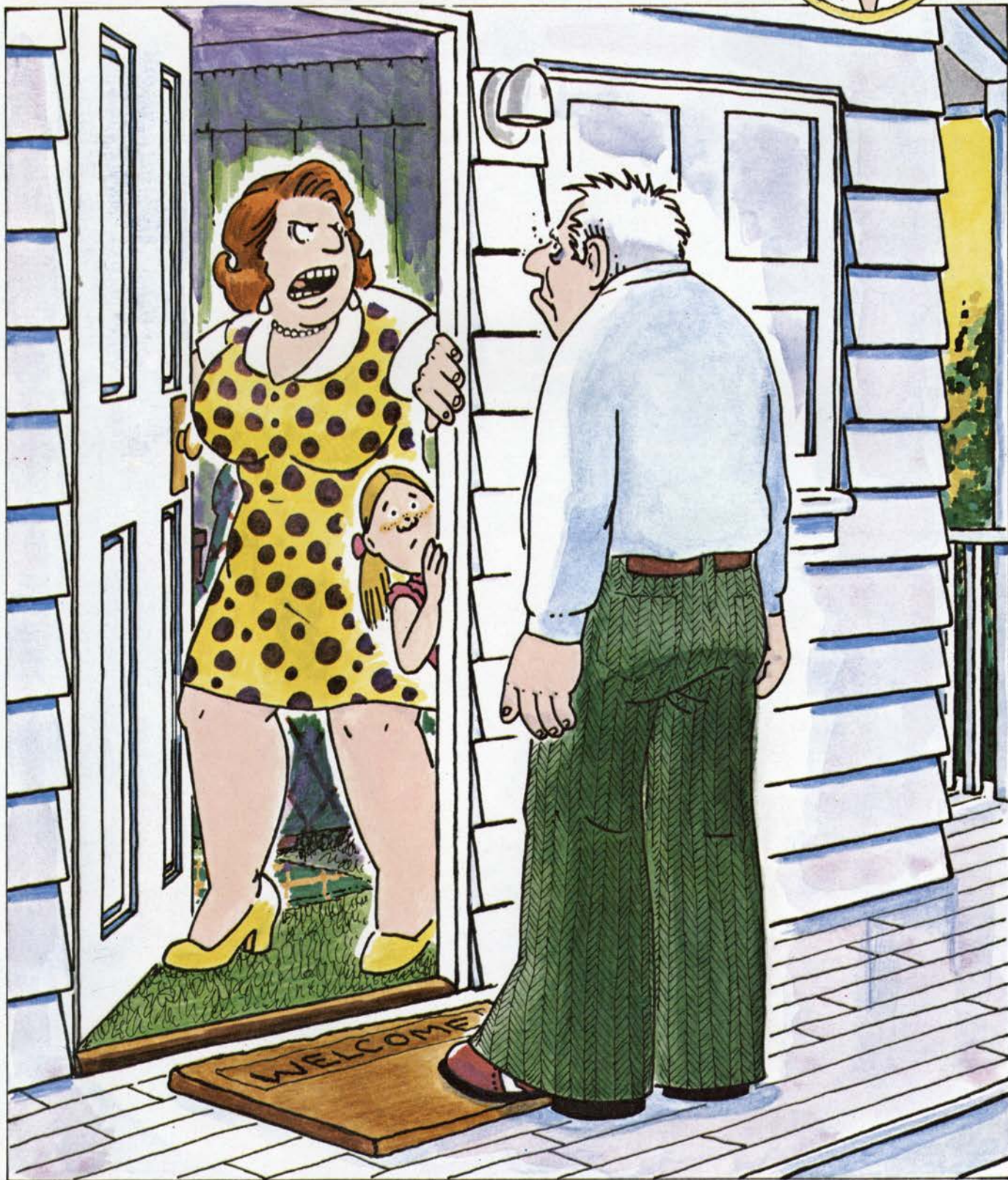
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CHESTER THE MOLESTER



JOAN B. TINSLEY

"Hell, NO, little Alice can't come out and play!"

A lady 85 years old lived with her 60-year-old son. One Mother's Day her son, as a present, offered to fuck her. She was very flattered. After four or five ins and outs, though, the poor old soul shit all over herself.

The son rolled off and said, "Mother, what in the hell are you doing?"

The old lady said, "Son, I'm too old to come, but I love you so much I just *had* to do something."

HUSTLER's definition of an intelligent cock-amputee: A guy with a 9-inch tongue who took therapy and learned to breathe through his ears.

Two priests were standing at the altar rail, talking after church. A drunk staggered in and entered a confessional booth at the back of the church. After a few minutes, one of the priests went to check on the drunk.

The priest entered the dark booth on his side, slid back the little panel and asked, "Are you all right in there, mister?" Receiving no reply, the priest repeated his question.

The drunk shot back, "Yeah, I feel a lot better. Say, you got any paper over there on your side?"

John and Joe were twin brothers. John was happily married, while Joe was single and the owner of a dilapidated rowboat. It so happened that John's wife died about the same time Joe's boat filled with water and sank.

A few days later an old woman met Joe, mistook him for John, and said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, I am so sorry to hear of your loss. You must feel terrible."

Joe said, "Well, I'm not very sorry. She was rather an old thing. Her bottom was chewed up and she smelled like dead fish. Why, the first time I got into her she made water faster than anything you ever saw. She had a bad crack and a big hole right in front that got bigger every time I used her. I got so I could handle her all right, but when someone else used her she leaked something awful.

"This is what really finished her: Four guys from the other side of town came looking for a good time and asked me if I would lend her to them. I warned them she wasn't any good, but they said they'd take a chance on her anyway. The crazy fools tried to get into her all at the same time, and this was just too much for her. She cracked all the way up the middle and..."

Before Joe could finish, the old woman fainted.

The rich society woman had become so bowlegged her cunt wouldn't stay closed. She explained to her doctor she got that way from doing it doggie-fashion.

"Well, you just have to stop doing it that way," he said.

"But how can I stop?" replied the woman. "That's the only way my dog fucks!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

HUSTLER's definition of a sissy: A guy who gets out of the bathtub just to take a drizzlin' shit.

One day, while relieving himself in the employee restroom, Carl could not help but notice the unusually long penis on the big black man in the adjoining urinal.

"How do you guys do that?" asked Carl. "I mean, get such long dicks?"

"Well," replied the black man, "when having sex, just push it in slow and pull it out quick. That exercises it."

After hearing this, Carl promised himself that he would try out this new dick-stretching technique on his wife. That night, Carl made love to his wife and tried the new method. Shortly after they made out, Carl asked:

"Well, dear, do you notice anything different about me?"

"Yeah," said the wife, "you fuck like a nigger!"

Did you know that a Polack invented the cunt? Who else would put a snack bar next to a shit-hole?

Notice: The jokes in **HUSTLER Humor** are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke that you feel is exceptionally funny but that nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if it causes us to throw up, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Everything You Always



Wanted to Know About Death*

by Bruce David

As far as we are able to ascertain today, God invented death some 600 million years ago—probably while visiting what was later to become Paramus, New Jersey. Prior to that time, the primitive single-celled organisms that inhabited a simmering protean sea (similar in consistency to a cup of coffee at



***But Were Afraid to Ask**

Rikers) are believed to have been virtually immortal. But according to noted naturalist Konrad Lorenz, this nondeath state could exist only among creatures that reproduce by division. Once mutant cells had appeared that reproduced by exchanging nucleal material (that is, sexually), the phenomenon of death came into existence. Simply stated, since sexual reproduction allows for a greater number of offspring per generation, God invented death to prevent overpopulation and possibly to avoid angering the pope, who was against the Pill. Death, says Lorenz, is the price we pay for sex. Along with alimony.

Death, therefore, by allowing a greater number of offspring per generation, gave us a survival advantage in achieving dominion over the planet. True, most of us would have been just as happy to stay in Paramus, New Jersey. But as it now stands, we are faced with a *fait accompli* and must accept the fact that all of us, sooner or later, are going to die. So the problem is learning to live with death as a fact of life. Can we accept the cards we've been dealt? Given time, education, and understanding, the answer is, of course, no. However well-meaning God might have been, as inventions go death will never even rival the flush toilet in terms of popularity.

Nonetheless, in the next few years—as the youth population boom continues to move into middle age and beyond—more and more of society's energies are going to be channeled into dealing with death, if only because more and more people will be old. In the year 1900, only four percent of the population was over 65; today that proportion is 10 percent. By 2005, when the youth generation has become the geriatric generation, it is estimated that one-fourth of the population will be 65 or over. Already more than 200 universities and colleges across the country are offering courses in thanatology, while on television—a notably conservative medium—such formerly taboo subjects as euthanasia and cancer death have been covered on specials and discussed on talk shows. *Death chic* is about to become the next big rage among the trend setters, and this time you can be in on it even before Leonard Bernstein! In fact, considering Bernstein's age, you can be in on it for a longer period of time, as well.

What follows is your guidebook to the world of *death chic*, a means of assuring yourself that you will have all the pertinent information to remain *au courant*. This compendium has also been created in an effort to remove the veil of mystery from a subject that has long been looked upon with a neurotic dread born largely of ignorance. By reading it, you will discover

a fundamental change in your attitude; in the future, you will look upon the subject of death with a neurotic dread born largely of understanding.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

The idea for body factories was first proposed in February, 1974, by Amitai Etzioni, a Columbia University sociologist. Speaking in San Francisco to the 140th meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Etzioni suggested that once a body has been declared legally dead an artificial heart machine could be used to keep the heart beating, the blood flowing, and the organs functioning. Such bodies would make ideal "factories" for the manufacture of blood, plasma, vaccines, gamma globulin, and other much-needed medical supplies, as well as acting as storage vaults for organs. Etzioni sees these body factories as a major medical advance. They would also represent management's total victory over labor.

SELLING YOUR BODY

How much is the human body worth? What can you reasonably expect to get for your body if you sell it to a medical school? Will they pay extra for hemorrhoids? In terms of its chemical value—that is, figuring the value of the human body on the basis of chemicals it contains—your net worth is \$5.60 in inflated dollars.

But as it happens, it is against the law to sell or buy bodies. To unearth the reason for this sorry state of affairs, we turn our attention back to the years 1828 and 1829 in Edinburgh, Scotland, where William Burk and T. K. Hare got carried away with their small but profitable business of selling cadavers to local physicians. At the outset, they were content simply to rob the graves of the newly dead, a practice that was common in Europe and America at the time. But later they decided they could really make a killing by assisting people to their final reward through suffocation. Before they were caught, some 16 people had been murdered in this fashion, and the ensuing scandal put an end to the practice of buying and selling the dead.

WHERE TO DIE

Most hospitals do not offer anything in the way of extras for the dying patient, tending pretty much to leave him to his own devices. These, as you can well imagine, are precious few.

The *hospices*, located in London, offer a viable alternative. These are places that exist solely for the terminally ill; except for a few carefully selected geriatrics who lend a certain note of levity to the place, only those about to die are accepted by the *hospices*. If this means you, relax and enjoy the well-trained team of physicians, psychiatrists, nurses, and clergymen, who are exclusively concerned with making your last days on earth as peaceful as possible. They are aided in this task by the routinely given medication: a freaky cocktail composed of sugar water laced with heroin, alcohol, cocaine, and a tranquilizer, which no doubt accounts for the rave reviews most terminal patients give the *hospices*. American institutions frown on such practices, pointing to the high rate of drug addiction among the terminally ill.

LSD THERAPY

Research on LSD therapy and death is currently being carried out by Dr. Stanislav Gref at Maryland's Psychiatric Research Center in Baltimore. Working with a small group of volunteer patients and an LSD guidance team consisting of a physician and a nurse, Dr. Gref has reported encouraging and occasionally dramatic results. The LSD patients, after being carefully guided through a 12-hour session in which they are encouraged to confront their fears about death, frequently show improved mental states and increased freedom from pain, even up to the moment of death. At least part of their freedom from fear and pain stems from the highly mystical nature of the LSD experience; LSD patients frequently report seeing God during their trips. He is a 10-ft.-tall rabbit with large, floppy ears.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

Take the guesswork out of dying. Each year some 23,000 people die by their own hand. You can be one of them! All you have to do is choose the means by which you wish to die and implement it with care and timing.

The choice of a proper means must be left to the individual, reflecting his needs and tastes. In the '60s, the decade of protest, people around the world chose self-immolation. In our time of gasoline shortages, self-immolation is largely passe. On the other hand, sticking your head in an oven and turning on the gas jets has become quite the vogue with today's liberated young women, influenced by Sylvia Plath. But the possibilities are endless, given the will and the imagination.

(continued)



"I cheat these pay toilets every chance I get!"

Remember: if you want to go out with a flourish, the setting is almost as important as the means. Putting a bullet in your brain is plebian, but putting a bullet in your brain at your aunt's Tupperware party will have people talking for months.

Neophytes show a tendency to botch the job. This is especially true of young people between the ages of 25 and 44 who, while enjoying a high incidence of attempts, have a low success rate. Older persons tend to fare better, generally achieving the highest ratio of successful suicides between the ages of 55 and 65. Incidentally, May and June are peak suicide months, while in November the rate reaches an annual low.

DYING BY THE NUMBERS

Once a terminal disease has been diagnosed, most doctors lie to their patients, telling them they have more time left than they actually do. A good rule of thumb for arriving at a more accurate date for your death is to take the number of months your doctor gave you and divide by three.

PHYSICAL DEATH

Traditionally, we associate life with breathing, and death with the absence of breathing. Or, as J. G. Smith's *Principles of Forensic Medicine* put it in 1821: "If we are aware of what indicates life, which everyone must be supposed to know, though perhaps no one can say that he truly or clearly understands what constitutes it, we at once arrive at the discrimination of death. It is the cessation of the phenomenon... of life." Admittedly, J. G. Smith's grasp of forensics left something to be desired, but his definition, in spite of the lofty circle it cuts, is probably as good a definition of clinical death as any. When the heartbeat, respiration, and blood circulation cease, the time of clinical death is fixed. Emptied, as it were, of the *élan vital*, your eyes become fixed, your skin turns white and cold, and, most *déclassé*, your body evacuates. Within 30 minutes, rigor mortis sets in, rendering your limp extremities stiff. Make of that what you will.

DOES IT HURT?

The poet Keats provided us with a remarkable example of courage in the face of death when, at the age of 26, suffering from prolonged illness, he said to his friend Severn, "Lift me up, I am dying. I shall die easy, don't be frightened; thank God it has come." His eloquence was only slightly marred when, moments later, he added, "Uuuuuuuuuuuuggggggggghhhhhh...."

WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE?

Once your body has ceased to function, the brain tissues undergo massive death from anoxia (lack of oxygen), producing a terrific rush similar in effect to the peaking period of LSD, or perhaps more closely resembling nitrous oxide—otherwise known as laughing gas. You, however, will not be laughing.

FUNERALS

The bereaved are seldom in the position or mood to do much in the way of comparison shopping when it comes to choosing a funeral home. The important thing is to get the body in the ground, where it belongs. The people running funeral parlors, aware of the family's confusion and pain, hold a distinct advantage, which they will probably attempt to exploit.

According to a survey conducted by the Federal Trade Commission, it is possible to get a decent burial for as little as \$210 if the customer is alert and refuses to be rushed. The report reveals that most customers actually pay around \$1,100 (not including cemetery costs) because they are under the mistaken impression that they are getting a better funeral. Actually, the only real difference between a "better" funeral and a cheapie is the quality of the casket; the services offered are the same. *Don't let them stiff you!*

EMBALMING

According to Herodotus, the Egyptians had three grades of embalming, the first of which was the most expensive and was reserved exclusively for royalty. It consisted of extracting the brain through the nose with an iron hook (at best a slipshod arrangement) and rinsing what was left with drugs. Then the body would be disemboweled, the cavity washed with palm wine, washed again with spices, and then filled with a number of aromatics—including myrrh but excluding frankincense. The body would then be sewn up, covered in natrium for 70 days, and then cleaned and swathed in linen.

The second type of embalming used by the Egyptians was an oil of cedar enema. Once the enema had been injected into the corpse's intestines, the rectum would be plugged and the body covered in natrium for the prescribed 70-day period. After

THE PHILOSOPHER

The killer of souls does not kill a hundred souls. He kills one soul a hundred times.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

that time, the powerful enema would be drained off, bringing with it the intestines and stomach in a liquid state.

Finally, for the poorest of Egyptian souls, the treatment was a plain enema and the mystically oriented 70-day immersion in natrium.

Today, thanks to modern scientific advances, most people are embalmed with such chemical products as B-4 and Powertone, an arterial fluid and a cosmetic. B-4 is advertised in the *American Blue Book of Funeral Directors* as the "Password to Better Embalming." The ad declares that B-4 is "a combination product that takes the guesswork out of embalming." Even more fascinating is the ad for Powertone, which states that the product "positively won't wrinkle, burn, or dehydrate the tenderest body," while being "equally suitable for all subjects from the worst floater to the smallest infant."

CREMATIONS

The consumer-wise bereaved may forego the expense of the funeral, the casket, and even, if he chooses, the cost of burial. Although many states have laws against such romantic acts as scattering the dead person's ashes in the wind, the problem of disposal can be remedied rather easily by putting the ashes in a Glad Bag and slipping them into your kitchen garbage pail with the coffee grounds.

Once again, comparative shopping is advised—a body can be cremated for as little as \$80, but exploitive crematories frequently get as much as \$485 by insisting that the corpse be placed in a casket before the cremation can take place. Don't let them box you in with confusing rhetoric; a casket is totally unnecessary and not required by law.

A GRAVE PROBLEM

Did you know that in certain areas of the country there is actually a shortage of burial space? And according to reliable statistics, it won't be long before the cemetery shortage is felt in all parts of the country. To alleviate the problem, some New York City planners have already suggested stacking bodies vertically in the same grave site. They have also suggested that existing cemeteries be converted into public parks. Understandably, many people have voiced fierce opposition to the plan. *Nobody* wants to be in a New York City park after dark.

In any case, assuming that you were foolish enough to shell out for a funeral, you are now faced with the need for a secure burial site. Don't pay more than you have to. \$700 is considered a reasonable price for

(continued on page 102)

HUSTLER'S ORGY OF THE STARS



WOW, MARY, YOU
IS
DYN-O-MITE

BRING HOME
THE **BACON**,
BABY

FLYNT MAY BE
VULGAR, BUT HE'S
A **HUNK**
OF A MAN

TELL ME WHEN
YOU'RE ABOUT TO
COME, Y'ALL

WHO CAN I SCREW
NEXT?

YOU ALL
COME
FUCK, NOW

I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME
OUT OF THE CLOSET

YOU ORDERED **LOCKS**,
YOU **BAGEL!**

I WANDA
WHO'S KISSING
HER NOW

TO EACH
HIS **BONE**

BUT, LINDA,
I STILL CAN'T
FEEL IT

WHY WON'T YOU LET ME
POSE FOR PLAYBOY?
MY TITS WERE
BIG ENOUGH
FOR **HUSTLER**

SALLY, STIFLE
YOURSELF

ADVER



CHARLIE JUST DOES'NT
KNOW HOW TO
ACT AT PARTIES

THIS PARTY IS
REALLY RANDY
ISN'T IT, DAD?

NOL
CONTENDERE

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU
McMILLAN AND WIFE

OH, DADDY, AM
I REALLY AS
GOOD AS
MOMMY?

I WONDER WHO'S
KISSINGER, NOW

HURRY UP AND COME.
YOU WANT ME
TO DROWN?

I CAN'T HOLD
MY BREATH
MUCH
LONGER...

I KNOW I TOOK A FEW
THINGS OUT OF CONTEXT
BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO
MAKE THEM LOOK ALL BAD

IT'S REALLY WHAT
YOU'VE WANTED
ALL ALONG

HE'S DOING IT
HIS WAY



WATCH HIM JUMP

ADRIENNE BARBEAU
WHAT A DREAM

WHAT HAVE I GOT
THAT YOU CAN'T
GET AT HOME?

AND NOW THE SCORE IS
HAPPY 0, TO BETTY'S 1
AT THE END OF THE LAST HALF

ANNIE,
IT'S EASY.
JUST GET
THE MONEY
UP FRONT

BUT HONEY,
AT LEAST
YOU GET
TO **FUCK**
IN YOUR
STRIP

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
SUSAN,
LONG AS YOU
TELL ME
ABOUT IT

THIS
IS
TRUE
GRIT

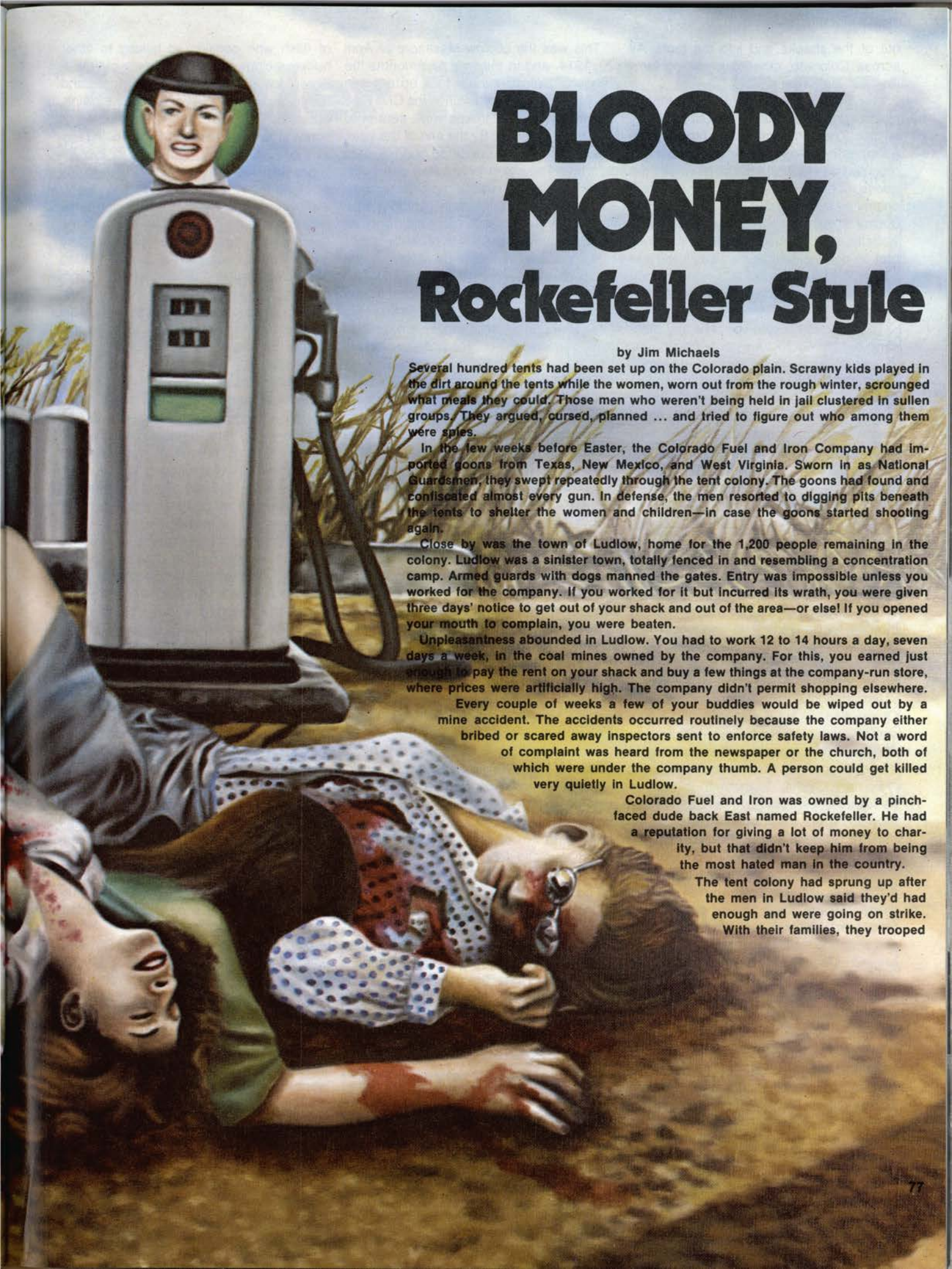
ARE YOU SURE
ESTHER WEEILIAMS
STARTED THEES WAY?

SHUT UP
AND SHAKE
YER FANNY,
FOX

SEE, I **TOLD** YOU THE **CHERRY**
LOLLYPOPS WORK BEST

AND **THAT'S**
THE WAY
IT IS...





BLOODY MONEY, Rockefeller Style

by Jim Michaels

Several hundred tents had been set up on the Colorado plain. Scrawny kids played in the dirt around the tents while the women, worn out from the rough winter, scrounged what meals they could. Those men who weren't being held in jail clustered in sullen groups. They argued, cursed, planned ... and tried to figure out who among them were spies.

In the few weeks before Easter, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company had imported goons from Texas, New Mexico, and West Virginia. Sworn in as National Guardsmen, they swept repeatedly through the tent colony. The goons had found and confiscated almost every gun. In defense, the men resorted to digging pits beneath the tents to shelter the women and children—in case the goons started shooting again.

Close by was the town of Ludlow, home for the 1,200 people remaining in the colony. Ludlow was a sinister town, totally fenced in and resembling a concentration camp. Armed guards with dogs manned the gates. Entry was impossible unless you worked for the company. If you worked for it but incurred its wrath, you were given three days' notice to get out of your shack and out of the area—or else! If you opened your mouth to complain, you were beaten.

Unpleasantness abounded in Ludlow. You had to work 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week, in the coal mines owned by the company. For this, you earned just enough to pay the rent on your shack and buy a few things at the company-run store, where prices were artificially high. The company didn't permit shopping elsewhere.

Every couple of weeks a few of your buddies would be wiped out by a mine accident. The accidents occurred routinely because the company either bribed or scared away inspectors sent to enforce safety laws. Not a word of complaint was heard from the newspaper or the church, both of which were under the company thumb. A person could get killed very quietly in Ludlow.

Colorado Fuel and Iron was owned by a pinch-faced dude back East named Rockefeller. He had a reputation for giving a lot of money to charity, but that didn't keep him from being the most hated man in the country.

The tent colony had sprung up after the men in Ludlow said they'd had enough and were going on strike.

With their families, they trooped

out of the shacks and into the tents. All across Colorado, other coal-mining families did the same.

The goon army followed. On company instructions, the sheriff deputized every soldier. The company issued high-powered repeating rifles and armor-plated autos mounted with machine guns. For weeks the goons upheld law and order in the tent colony by seizing and beating men singled out by spies as strike organizers. Occasionally, they opened up with a machine gun. In one incident, a man was killed and a boy critically wounded. In a separate incident at another camp, three strikers were killed.

The strikers reacted the way any other sane people would: they got out their guns in self-defense. The Colorado governor, upset at the thought of strikers defending themselves against the company, called out the Guard. The Guard promptly threw several hundred strikers in jail, where they were held incommunicado and without bail for nearly a year. That's what Colorado was like in 1914.

And then came Easter night. Later, no one was certain how it started or who ordered it. Suddenly Lt. K. E. Linderfelt, a Guard officer, was smashing into the Ludlow camp with 35 goons-turned-Guardsmen. Linderfelt was about as intelligent as a suitcase. On top of that, he was vicious. He thought that anyone who challenged authority was scum. He and his goons knew their duty. They opened fire with their machine guns.

A number of strikers were killed instantly. Others fled toward the nearby hills, where some weapons were hidden. The women and children jumped into the pits beneath the tents and kept their heads down.

Some 100 other Guardsmen joined Linderfelt's rampage, firing at everything that moved. A man who stopped to pick up the body of his dead son was smashed to the ground by a goon, who ran on to more challenging targets—the strike leaders who weren't in jail. Linderfelt pulled one of them—George Tikas, a key peacemaker among the strikers—away from a group of surrendering "prisoners." Swinging his rifle around, Linderfelt crashed the butt into Tikas's head. Tikas went down. Other goons shot him three times in the back. Two other strike leaders were murdered just as abruptly.

The worst atrocity was still to come. Meeting no resistance, the goons moved from tent to tent, dousing each with oil and setting it afire. Caught in the flames, women and children rushed out. Many were horribly burned. In the biggest tent, 11 children and two women hiding in the pit were roasted alive.

This was the Ludlow Massacre of April 20, 1914, and in the next few months the vengeful striking miners took up arms in the biggest insurrection since the Civil War. Eventually, federal troops were sent in to crush the rebellion. By the end of the year, the strikers had surrendered and returned to work. They won only token demands. Their working conditions remained abominable. Back East, the man behind it all—John D. Rockefeller—donated another couple of million dollars to philanthropy.

Rockefeller was the patriarch of the family that gave us not only Ludlow, but also the Standard Oil massacre in the Bayonne, New Jersey, refineries two years later. Like Ludlow, the Rockefeller-induced ruthlessness grew out of a strike by workers who wanted to form a union to make their working lives better. The usual imported strikebreakers attacked a meeting of striking workers. Company goons opened fire, killing three strikers and wounding 29 others, many of them seriously.

John D. was the Paul Bunyan of American capitalists, the man who built an immense empire and handed out shiny dimes on the streets to every child he met. You almost never hear about the methods he used to build that empire, the bloodshed he provoked, or his personality. He was a quiet egomaniac who, in old age, hired women to nurse him, in the hope that their milk would keep him alive longer.

Yet John D. was the richest man of his time and the grandsire of the powerful family that includes Nelson, the Vice-President, and David, the Chase Manhattan banker. By the best estimates, his family indirectly controls 20 percent of American industry—and much else besides. By his mistakes and his successes, John D. showed the family how to run the empire. His offspring learned to create a philanthropic image, to appear to be good guys, and to keep their distance from bloodshed. Old John D. led the way, which raises two questions. Who was he? How did he get away with it?

John Davison Rockefeller was the kind of man who would challenge your capacity to stay awake five minutes after meeting him. If he ever expressed an original thought or interesting idea, the golden words have been lost forever. In fact, this ultimate capitalist, this great mystical robber baron, was an upright, uptight, bloodless gray slice

of flesh who considered talking to other human beings a frivolous waste of time—except to discuss necessary business and religious matters. He didn't smoke, drink, curse, dance, party, attend the theater, or screw around with women. By not doing any of these things, he managed to live 99 years. (It might have been difficult to tell when he died.)

Obviously, John D. had other talents. He was extraordinarily intelligent—but with the mind of an accountant. He was supremely goal-oriented, capable of single-minded concentration on the problem at hand, blocking out anything that was extraneous. For him, the problem was how to destroy his competition to enable his businesses—chiefly Standard Oil—to swallow up the entire market. That done, he could charge the highest possible prices while paying the lowest wages. Then he could go to church and thank God for bestowing all that money on him. There was no hypocrisy in Rockefeller's pursuit of the dollar. In the depths of what passed for his soul, John D. truly believed that a man should earn as much as possible and then give away as much as possible.

He acquired this engaging personality by doing everything he could to be the opposite of his father—except greedy. John D.'s dad was a drinker, a gambler, a wencher, a braggart, and a nonstop show. "Wild Bill," as he was known, was a successful patent medicine salesman. He called his medicine "The Renowned Dr. William Rockefeller's Cancer Cure." Wild Bill wasn't a physician or any other kind of doctor, and his medicine didn't cure cancer. But it did provide a certain warm, pleasurable glow. The secret ingredient was opium.

Wild Bill kept his wife and five children on a farm in upstate New York while he spent most of his time on the road. When John D. was 14, in 1853, the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Two years later, Wild Bill moved out of the house to live with a 20-year-old beauty, whom he eventually married without the inconvenience of first divorcing John D.'s mother.

Mom, otherwise known as Eliza Davison, was a case herself. She was a classic WASP (a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant). She was a harsh, frugal, puritanical Bible freak, totally absorbed in maintaining a respectable front. She taught her children to be thrifty, to keep financially clean, and to live the way decent church-going folk were meant to live: work hard, watch your money, don't be tempted by fun, and look forward to dying.

Had Freud lived in Cleveland instead of Vienna, he might have mistakenly concluded that the combination of Wild Bill and

THE PHILOSOPHER

No one understands that you have given everything. You must give more.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

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Uptight Eliza would produce an eldest son who was a little schizoid. History shows that Freud would have been wrong. Instead, the combination produced a man superbly equipped to become the greatest American capitalist.

Outwardly, John D. was much like his mother: fastidious, polite, religious, orderly, and rigidly composed. Until he was an old man, sucking tit and chasing golf balls around incessantly, he almost never permitted himself any show of emotion. He was, in fact, famous for his dead pan. If he made a big business score, he would allow himself a little skip and a clap of the hands, but no more. Inwardly, John D. had the raging energy of his father. However bloodless he appeared, all that Rockefeller drive had to find an outlet somewhere. With John D., it went into an obsession for acquiring money.

John D. first discovered his own ambition after he joined a Baptist church in Cleveland, a devotion he rigidly adhered to all his life. When the church needed money to survive, the teenage Rockefeller took it upon himself to raise it from the congregation. He did so well hustling the bread that, at the age of 21, he was made a trus-

tee of the church. He later admitted the success gave him his first ambition to become wealthy.

At that time, Rockefeller was finishing his apprenticeship as a bookkeeper. John D. found all those ledgers and accounts receivable to be an orgasm-and-a-half, the beginning of a lifelong love affair with columns of figures. For a young man who had just discovered the thrill of getting money out of people—and how much esteem this generated—there was only one thing to do: go into business. Accounts receivable are much more fun when they're your own.

Cleveland was booming then; new people were coming in every day. Reasoning that they would want to eat, Rockefeller opted for a partnership in the commodities market. He borrowed the necessary stake from his father, who charged him a mere ten percent interest. "I learned the principles and practice of business from my father," John D. said years later. If he was referring to the belief that you can't show sentiment in business, he learned very well.

From the start, he ran a tough shop. In the first year, 1859, almost every business in Cleveland shut down on the day John

Brown was hanged. Brown had led an anti-slavery rebellion in Kansas, and Cleveland was overwhelmingly sympathetic. Only one establishment—guess whose—remained open.

Rockefeller was also lucky. Shortly after he went into business, the Civil War broke out. As with most wars, this one was very good for profit sheets. By the war's end, John D. had accumulated a hefty stash of cash. He and his partners had also acquired a small oil refinery.

In 1865, noticing that more oil was being discovered daily in the nearby Pennsylvania fields, Rockefeller decided to get out of meat and grain, and into oil. His reasoning was simple: there was a huge market for kerosene in New York, and this market seemed much more lucrative than the ups and downs of commodity trading.

The problem was that other people were noticing the same thing. The competition was fierce, and the risk was considerable. Yet by 1870, John D. was already a millionaire. By 1879—fifteen years after he started competing with hundreds of other quick-buck seekers—he controlled 95 percent of the country's oil, with 20,000 producing wells and 100,000 employees. By then he was also the wealthiest man in the United States.

Why Rockefeller and not one of the other oil merchants? You could call it a triumph of discipline and organizational genius over flamboyance. John D. simply did all the awful things his competitors tried to do—only far more efficiently. As robber barons go, you can't beat a righteous Baptist.

For example, while his rivals were shipping their oil from Pittsburgh, Rockefeller made the crucial decision to ship from Cleveland. Hometown sentiment wasn't the reason. Pittsburgh had only one railroad, the Pennsylvania, and it was notorious for price-gouging the oil dealers. On the other hand, Cleveland had two competing lines. John D. simply played off one line against the other. Lower freight rates for his oil resulted, enabling him to undersell his competitors in New York.

So far, so clean. Quickly, other oil merchants caught on and began switching to the Cleveland railroads. Rockefeller was ready for them. With the leverage already gained over the rail lines, he forced them to grant his companies, and his alone, special, secret, and illegal rebates. Railroad officials didn't balk, in part because Rockefeller had the foresight to pass back to them—under the table—some of his savings. (All his life Rockefeller remained extremely generous this way, running a graft operation the Central Intelligence Agency would admire.) Thus, Rockefeller was still able to undersell his competitors



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when he chose, or to use the extra profits to quietly buy up other oil properties.

As early as 1870, Rockefeller came to a profoundly important conclusion. "For the sake of the economy," he said, "we must concentrate the oil business." By "concentrate," he meant make it a monopoly in his own hands. He then organized his oil interests into one public corporation—Standard Oil of Ohio—and set about concentrating at a furious pace.

Competitors who wouldn't sell out to him were undermined from within. By bribing officials of other firms to make decisions that would harm their employers, Rockefeller gained effective secret control of many rivals. He also had his lieutenants set up what was probably the first organized system of industrial espionage, planting spies or buying information everywhere, and any way that he could. This kept him another step ahead of the competition. To prevent similar infiltration of Standard Oil, he maintained a network of spies reporting to him on his employees. All important internal company communications were in code.

Rockefeller applied the squeeze, too, by actually inducing railroads to pay Standard Oil a kickback—not only for every barrel of his oil they transported, but also for every barrel of his competitors. To pay it, rail officials charged John D.'s competitors an extra fee, which they secretly shared. Bills of lading and other papers were forged or secreted away to conceal the existence of two freight rates, one for Rockefeller and another for everyone else. (Years later,

when antitrust law enforcers were after evidence, key documents were burned, dumped, or they simply disappeared, a la Watergate.)

Most of John D.'s rivals realized rather quickly that something was amiss, even if they didn't know quite what, and they began to howl. Rockefeller also had this eventuality covered. For years, the newspapers were silent because John D. paid them. In Congress, in state legislatures, in the offices of state attorneys general, and in county courthouses, the rule was "see no evil, hear no evil" when the name Standard Oil came up. John D. had organized the most sophisticated and extensive system of political payoffs yet seen in the U. S. In this, he had the help of a former school buddy, Mark Hanna, who became Republican chief of Ohio. When finally exposed by newspaperman William Randolph Hearst in 1908—oddly enough from documents taken by Rockefeller's spied-on workers—it was discovered that payments to individual politicians sometimes reached tens-of-thousands of dollars. That was very big money, indeed, back then.

The final brick in the construction of his financial empire came when Rockefeller, always aware of new technology, decided in the mid-1870s that he could move oil to New York considerably cheaper by laying underground pipelines. The railroads didn't want to lose his business but couldn't stop him. His remaining competitors tried to build a pipeline of their own. John D. stopped them. Hired thugs stomped, shot,

and generally whipped the shit out of his rivals' workers. By 1879, the Rockefeller blitzkrieg was complete. He controlled the most important and profitable industry in the world and could demand, and obtain, whatever price he wanted for his product. In addition, his control was worldwide. He'd had the foresight to dispatch his brother, William, to New York to set up a separate oil exporting company, which later became Mobil Oil.

Through all this, Rockefeller remained the same. He spoke only about business or religion. He arose punctually at 5 a.m. every day but Sunday, got to his office the same time each day, and worked his ass off long into the night. He worked so hard that by 1892 he had lost all his hair from tension and had to cease day-to-day management of the company. He remained unfailingly courteous and correct in his appearance and personal behavior. He was, moreover, the kind of man you'd find hard to hate, if you even noticed him in the first place.

Some of his personality limitation served him well. The rigidity and obsession with orderliness indoctrinated by his mother, for example, was translated into the most efficient business operation in the country. At a time when most commerce was run as sloppily as the Italian army, John D.'s abiding distaste for disorder made Standard Oil well-equipped to take on all competitors—even if he hadn't resorted to bribery and coercion.

His inability to deal with people was also turned into an asset. Because he was smart enough to recognize his limitations, John D. stayed in the background and recruited partners who were good at mucking around with other human beings—partners who could hustle Standard Oil. He hired the best talent money could buy, a tradition maintained by the Rockefeller family.

Behind his front men, John D. was free to scheme and study his ledgers. During those 20 formative years of Standard Oil, every facet of the operation was boiled down every day into figures and reports which were funneled to him. On any day he could tell exactly how much money he had made, and what each division of the company had earned and spent.

The oddest thing about Rockefeller's money obsession was that he had little personal use for wealth. True, he bought himself a few large estates and decorated them handsomely—mostly later in life—but he was not one of the big spenders. Yet the profits continued to increase rapidly in a game that was exciting to him because he believed that God wanted it that way. "The growth of a large business is merely sur-



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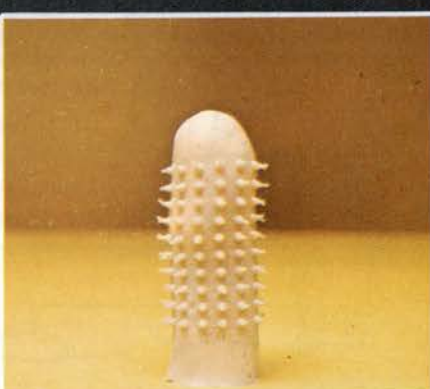
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vival of the fittest," John D. said, and it was a good Baptist's obligation to try to be top dog, the fittest one around. If you succeeded, anything done short of violating the Commandments was right. Success was a virtue. When John D. said, "For the sake of the economy, we must concentrate the oil business," it wasn't bullshit to justify his own acts. He really believed his interests were identical to those of the country. "God gave me my money," John D. said, and he meant it.

Aside from using his Standard Oil money to buy other businesses—he once owned the fabulous Mesabi iron range, the world's largest, before selling it at a huge profit, to U. S. Steel—John D.'s other use for his cash was to give it away. He became the greatest philanthropist in history. Between 1855 and his death in 1937, he gave away \$531 million of his more than \$1 billion fortune. One year he gave away \$67 million, another year \$92 million, and in another \$173 million. Among other massive philanthropies, he created the Rockefeller Foundation, the University of Chicago, the Rockefeller Medical Center, and the General Education Fund. The same as God, what he took with one hand he could give back with the other.

Even as a child, John D. had done his good Baptist duty and turned over ten percent of his earnings to the church. As his millions grew, Rockefeller felt it was his duty to dispense them in a manner befitting his right to decide what America needed. Besides, he had to do something with all that cash he was ripping off. In 1888, he met a brilliant Baptist minister and indus-

trialist named Frederick T. Gates, whom he designated commander-in-chief of his philanthropies. Gates went on to make a science out of charity, inventing such mechanisms as foundations, trusts, and endowment grants.

Better than anyone, Gates understood that Rockefeller *had* to give away his money before it—and an awakening public—buried him. As one biographer reported, Gates would thunder at John D., "Your fortune is rolling up, rolling up like an avalanche.... You must distribute it faster than it grows."

Shrewd as he was, Rockefeller also couldn't help but notice that the more he gave away, the more covert influence he acquired. Early in his career, a clergyman told him outright that he would stave off criticism if he became known as a philanthropist. Rockefeller gave away more, and his apparent generosity helped him when he found himself in serious trouble.

In the 1880s, a number of muckraking writers and a few courageous newspapers began exposing John D.'s rip-offs. Among the scandals was the allegation that he had flagrantly violated the law by using agents to buy companies outside Ohio. At that time, a company chartered in one state could not own a firm in another state. John D.'s solution was that famous American institution, the trust. (Eventually, the country had a Sugar Trust, a Steel Trust, and others, as well as John D.'s Oil Trust.) Rockefeller's agents, or trustees, bought the stock of his competitors under their own names and then operated the companies as Rockefeller dictated. By 1882, nine

of his trustees held 40 corporations.

The scandal and the price-gouging behind it made Rockefeller the most hated man in the country, the Numero Uno robber baron. From 1880 to 1910, the pressure was so intense the government was forced to move against him. Only his influence, bought in part by his philanthropies, kept him out of jail. No charges were brought against him on one flagrant perjury. And in 1911, when the U. S. Supreme Court broke up Standard Oil, it graciously allowed him to keep controlling interest in each of the newer, smaller companies it formed.

Even during the Ludlow crisis, the philanthropy helped. In one instance, a dean at the University of Denver and the president of Colorado College circulated a petition condemning the strikers. For this unsolicited service, each school received \$100,000. But Ludlow was too heavy for the Rockefeller family to weather on the strength of past charities. They needed something new. Enter Ivy Lee.

Lee was a pioneer in public relations, the art of transmuting shit into gold in the public's mind. Gates hired him to transmute John D.'s reputation. Patiently, over the years, Lee orchestrated testimonials to Rockefeller by public figures. He managed to have the press play down the family bloodshed by trumpeting some cosmetic concessions to Rockefeller workers. He made certain that each new philanthropy made the news columns, and he instructed old John D. to start handing out highly polished dimes, which he did with his customary obsessiveness.

Lee was so successful that John D. was a respected man by the time he died. With that respect came immense power for his heirs—for his son John Jr. and his grandsons, Nelson, David, Laurence (the family environmentalist), John (who runs the family businesses other than the Chase Manhattan bank), and the late Winthrop (a former governor of Arkansas). By maintaining and extending the old man's philanthropies, the Rockefeller brood has been able to extend its influence considerably.

The art world, the universities, the military establishment, the foreign policy establishment, the world of science—in fact, almost every facet of American life—have been swayed by Rockefeller money and influence. Since the money is sheltered in tax-exempt foundations and trusts (in one recent year Nelson paid only \$685 in taxes), the family power acquired by John D. is going to be felt for many years to come. As time passes, Ludlow and the source of that money and power will be much easier to forget. ■■

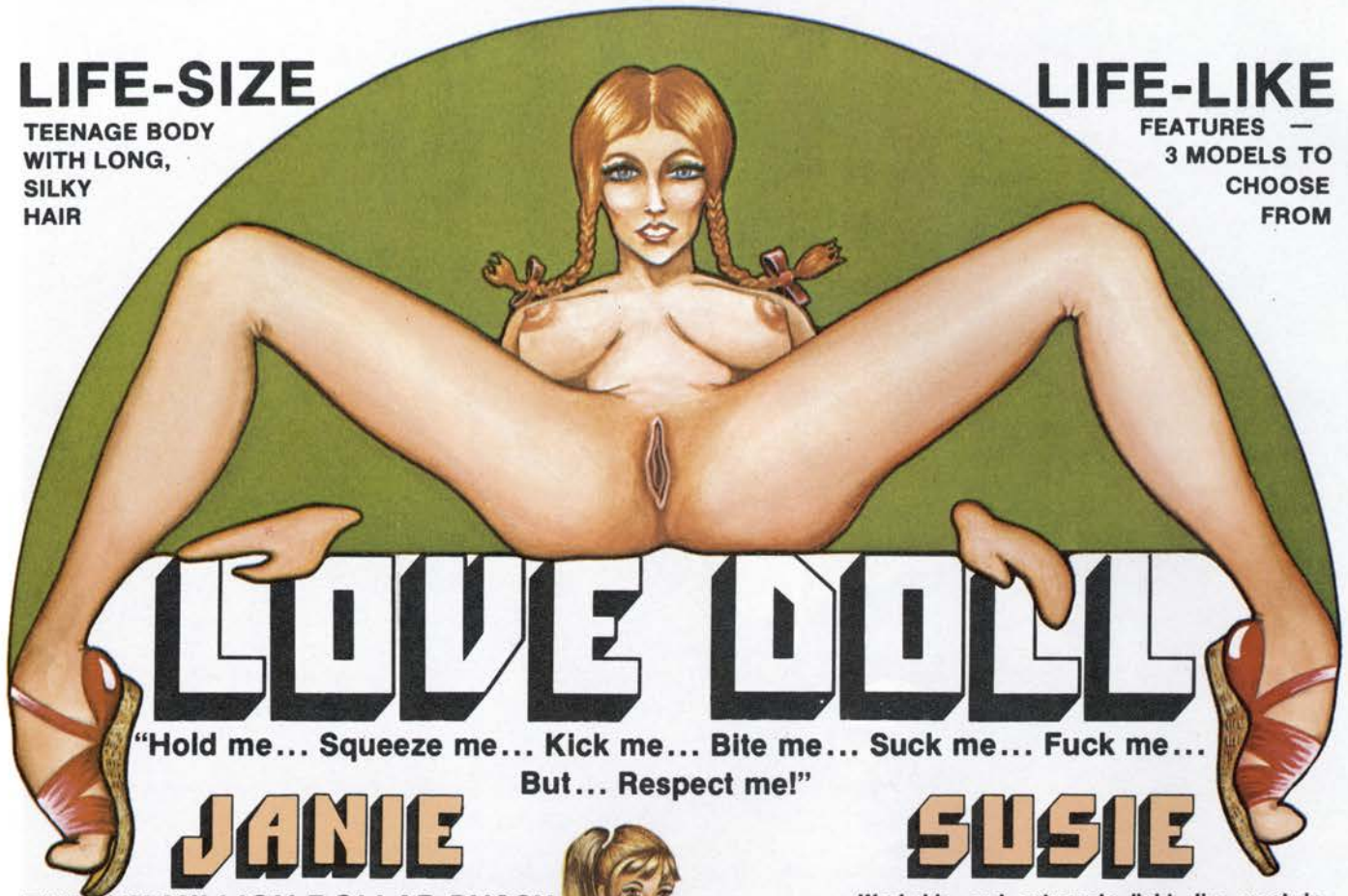


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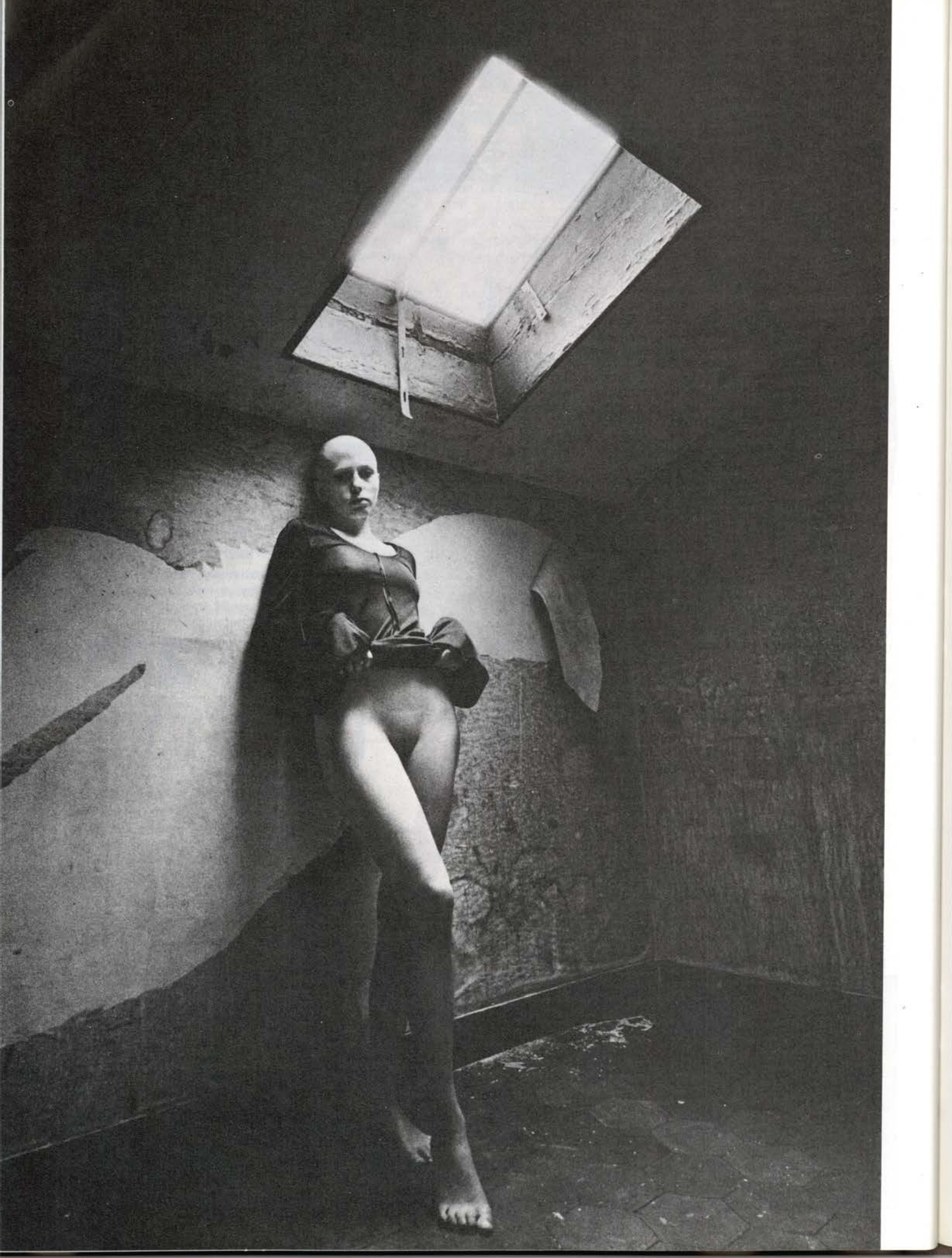
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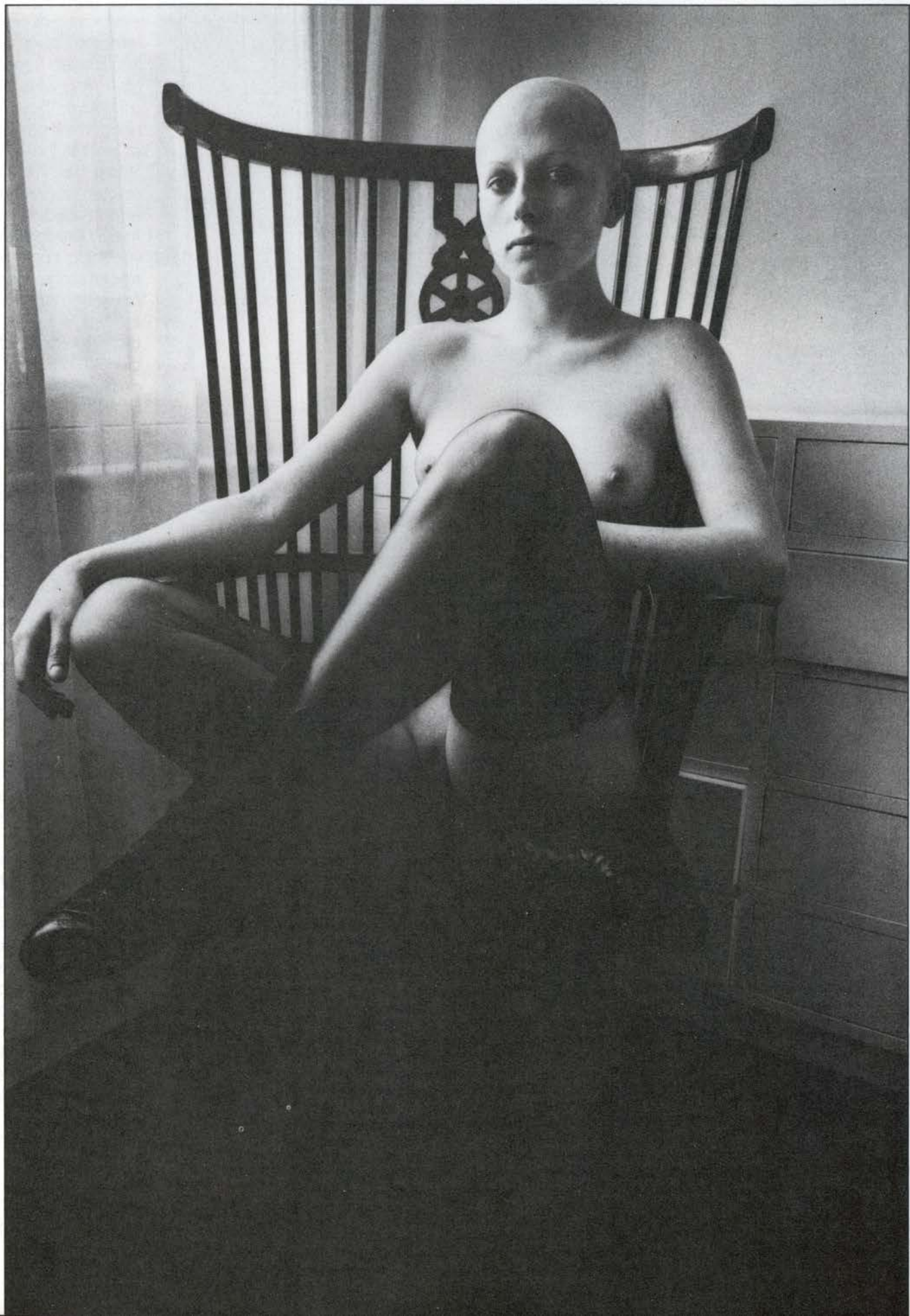
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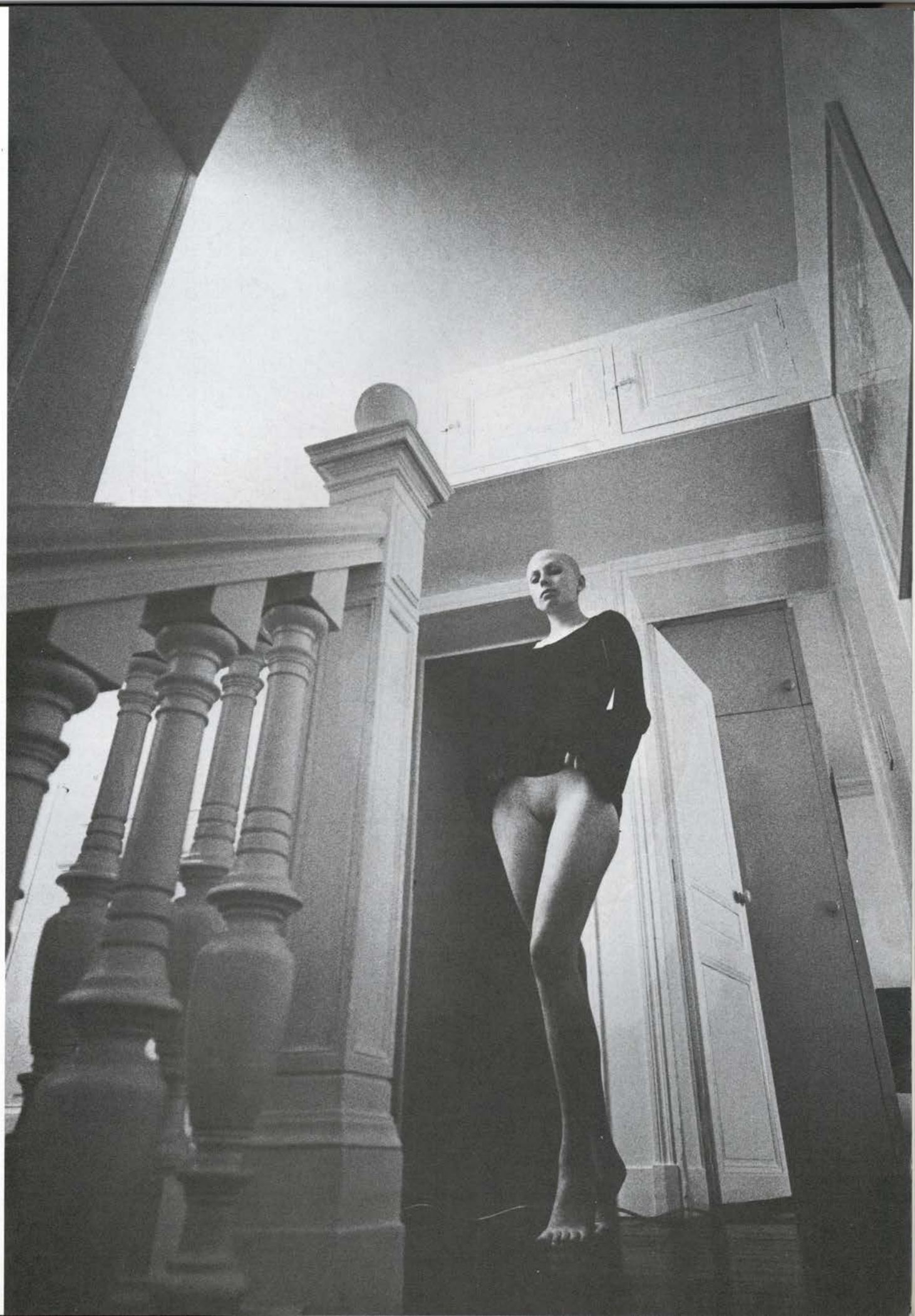


Perhaps it started when the first female eyebrow was plucked. Next the calves and thighs were scraped gleaming white and bare. Then unadorned armpits, at least in the United States, became the smooth, sexy symbol of female cleanliness. The hirsute female is vanishing from the sexual scene, a transformation almost as inevitable as the disappearance of beautiful but endangered species of water birds.

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Jeanloup Sieff, an illustrious international erotic photographer, has used his always incisive camera to provide us with a preview of what could well become the favorite fetish for sophisticated swingers. Is this snatched-bald, alabaster beauty the harbinger of a bleak, hairless future, or simply the Coming Thing in sleek, streamlined sexiness? The answer, as always, lies with you.









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PHANTOMS

(continued from page 34)

said, not wanting to be pinned down to a definite appointment by this boy, whom he could not help but like even while vaguely fearing him. "We stop here almost every weekend. I'm sure we'll run into each other again."

He did not like the look on his wife's face as she watched the boy weave through the crowd and out into the neon-lit night.

"That would be fun, don't you think?" she finally asked after they had been silent for an uncomfortably long time.

"What would?" he asked, knowing very well what she meant.

"To go over to his studio and have him photograph us, silly."

"Why the fuck are you so interested in going over to some goddamn kid's place to have our picture taken, for chrissakes?"

"Because I think he's attractive, don't you? In an odd sort of a way, he reminds me of her."

"Who?"

"You know who."

"But she was a girl, and he's a boy."

"So what difference does that make? He almost looks like a male version of her, don't you think? He even has the same kind of charming dumbness...like someone you could just have your way with."

"Well, you may want to have your way with him, but I certainly don't!"

"Why not? Do you think it would be impossible? Are you really that uptight?"

"Not uptight—just not interested."

She knew that he was angry now and let it go at that.

Every time they ran into the boy after that, he was very persistent about the photograph. But always the husband refused to make a definite date. Finally, one night his wife became angry with him, saying it had all been one-sided all along, and that she had been a fool to go along with any of it.

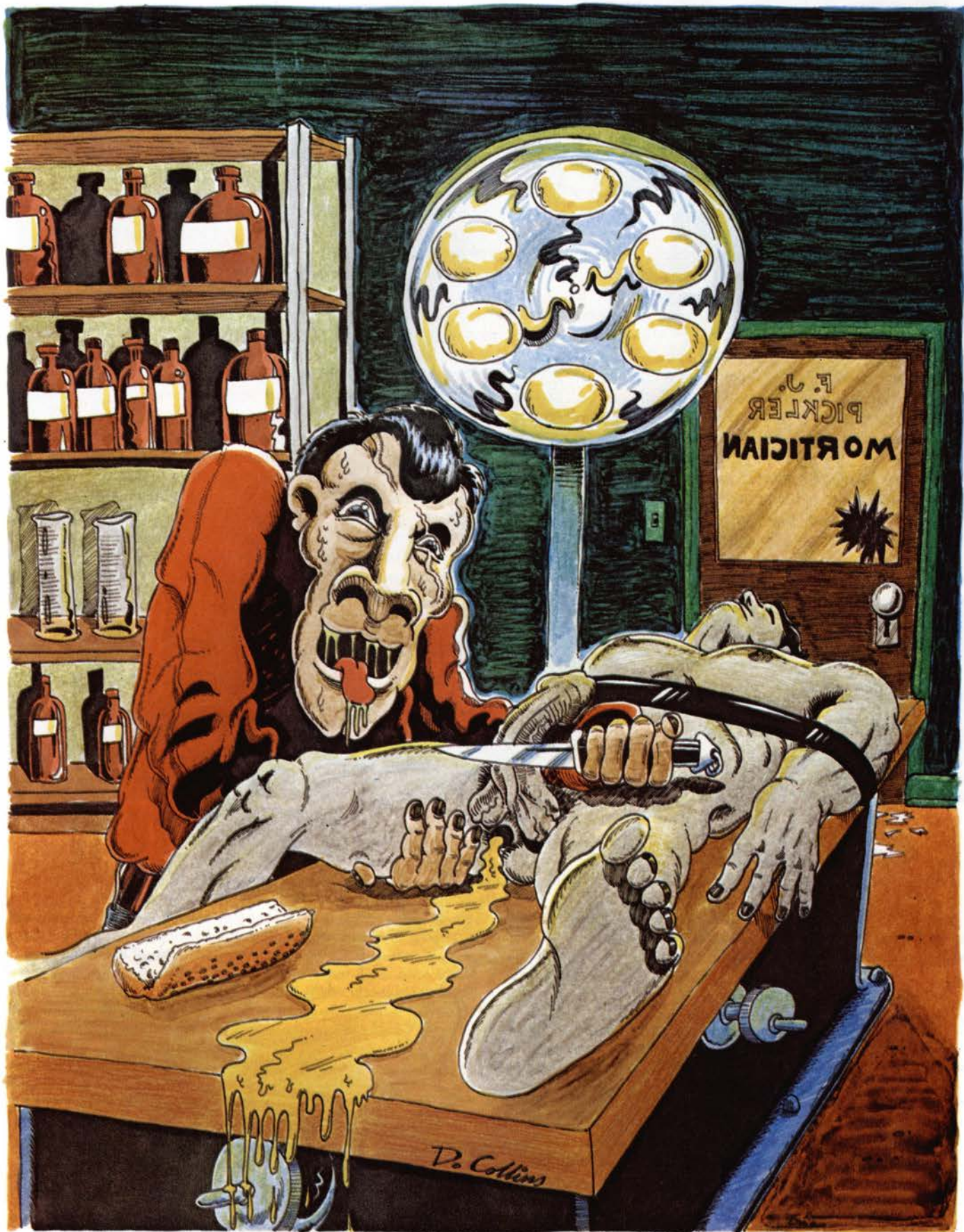
"If he were a girl," she told him, "you wouldn't be fighting it so hard. You're just a male chauvinist pig!"

He laughed at the cliché, never having heard his wife use it before.

"I'm not kidding," she said. "It's all right for you, when you see a pretty girl, to nudge me and say, 'Let's take her home with us.' But I see now that it doesn't work both ways. Your goddamned male ego wouldn't allow it, would it?"

"Whore!" he spat. "Why don't you just get your ass out of here and go to your pig of a blond boy?"

After that, it all went downhill. The couple grew further apart as the weeks went on—



"Ahh, the mustard is still nice and runny!"

she retreating into her Eastern texts, he smoking more marijuana and drinking heavily. Feeling that she had withdrawn from him, he started going out alone. She knew that he had betrayed their pact of oneness and that he was sleeping with other women alone, and the knowledge caused her to retreat further into herself. Then one night it happened: not with a bang, nor with a whimper, but with the sad metallic clink of a cheap silver wedding ring ricocheting off a fire-escape as it flew out the window and was swallowed by the street below. No sight had ever made his heart fly out of his mouth like the sight of that ring flying like a silver bullet from his wife's dear hand. No part of her body had ever looked so naked as her ringless finger.

She left him the next day, taking an apartment of her own several blocks away. Unable to bear being in the apartment by himself, he spent his nights with a succession of lonely girls to whom he made love with a fury that they mistook for passion. Faceless, nameless phantoms of real flesh, they writhed beneath him and crawled and cried out that he was the best and the meanest and the most lasting lover they had ever had—but to him it was absurd. Afterward, he felt nothing better than the release afforded by a good piss as he lay

facedown in their moist and meaningless flesh, pining for the sweet lost scent of his wife.

He decided that he could not let her go. Soon he started calling her and showing up at her apartment in the middle of the night. She could neither live with him nor turn him away. Still, she admitted that she resented him for his infidelities and his unfairness in the face of all they had attempted to share. The hurt of the betrayal would not go away. Unable to reject him totally, she gave him a key to her apartment and told him he was welcome to visit anytime he wanted, but he must not stay. He had hurt and humiliated her and made her feel like a fool. Yes, she still loved him, that was something she could not control, but for a while at least, she had to live alone. She had to be as independent and as free herself as he had taken the liberty to be, or else she would always feel cheated and always resent him.

Now, two months to the day after she had left him, it was three in the morning, and he had been trying to call her since midnight. For the first time since they had been apart, somehow he was certain that she was spending the night with another man.

The certain knowledge pushed him near to madness. He paced back and forth from the refrigerator to the telephone, dialing her

number again and again, drinking more and more beer. His head was fevered with pornographic visions of his wife making love without him. He drank as much beer as he could as fast as he could to dull the pain that was gnawing at him so unbearably. He listened to the phone ringing ceaselessly in her empty apartment while he pictured her in some strange place being made love to by a strange man. He could not endure dialing the telephone anymore and decided that he would take a cab over to her apartment and wait for her there.

His wife's apartment was like others he knew, one of those simple, decent fortresses which women who have been wounded erect against pain. It was the last in a row of worn but well-kept buildings on a neighborhood block of stickball and baby carriages and stoop dwellers drinking canned beer from the brown paper bag of propriety late into the night.

It was four in the morning when he got out of the taxicab in front of her building, and the street was deserted. He staggered up the stoop, through the outside door, and down the narrow hall, stumbling against the walls. He fumbled with the key for a moment and then darted inside, safe in the darkness.

He felt along the bumpy enamel of the wall for the light switch. It clicked, and the





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As he lowered his head between his wife's thighs, a thick, gamey, male musk—not his own—mingled subtly with her scent.

kitchen was flooded with the bleak overhead light. It was one of those old kitchens with the bathtub right there beside the sink you washed the dinner dishes in. It was covered by a big porcelain top that the dishes and glasses were left on to drain. But the top was off, leaning against the side of the tub with the dishes and glasses piled in the sink. A damp towel hung over the back of the kitchen chair. He knew she had bathed her body in preparation for her lover before going out. He walked into the living room and flicked the light on.

Here, too, was evidence of hasty preparation: a pair of blue denim bellbottoms thrown onto the low top of the round table next to an unfinished cup of coffee, several tensely bent butts stuffing a small ashtray, and a pair of silky black panties crumpled on the floor where she stepped out of them for her bath. He picked them up and held them to his face, imagining he could sniff her excited anticipation of the phantom lover she lay with now. His cock hardened as he hissed, "Cunt! Bitch! Whore!" He kicked her panties away and stupidly ground them under his feet.

He walked back into the living room and took a half-empty pint of Southern Comfort out of the pocket of his leather jacket. He took a long, forlorn swallow, the syrupy-sweet Kentucky bourbon searing his throat as it went down and warmed his cold, fearful belly. It seemed to go straight down, burning, into the hard cock that stiffened the crotch of his faded Levis.

For several hours he waited, pacing her rooms as he had paced his own earlier, his heart quickening when he heard footsteps in the hall and slowing when they stopped short of her door and started up the stairs. The Southern Comfort was gone, and he had drained the dregs of the brandy bottle he had found in the kitchen cabinet. Now there was nothing left to drink, and he looked at the clock. It was seven.

He went into her bedroom and lay down in the darkness, wanting only the short death of sleep to carry him through that eternity until she woke him and he could look into her eyes and tell whether she belonged to him or her new lover. But he could not sleep, and it became an endless insomniac nightmare of drunkenness and hallucinations. He thought he heard her

breathing heavily in the dark, moaning and breathing a name that was not his own. Sleep would have been merciful, but he could not sleep, so he got up and paced some more.

At last, exhausted, he collapsed on her bed again to wait until she returned. In the half-light of the bedroom, the scent of her sheets brought the visions back to him. He saw her cinnamon hair fanned out on the pillow, her ringless fingers fluttering over the stranger's back as he made love to her. Despite his revulsion, he became excited. He could not stop himself. As he lay there in darkness, he fucked his own stigmatized hand, knowing that he had become a mere phantom, alone in a room watching a mental movie of real people fucking somewhere far off.

He woke instantly from a troubled sleep at the first click of her key in the lock. It was early afternoon. He heard her in the kitchen and called her name. She opened the bedroom door and saw the pale weak phantom of him, wasted as a skeleton in her sheets. She saw his pain and rushed to hold him. He pulled away and accused her, and she lied, denying that she had been with a man, saying she had stayed overnight at the apartment of a girl from work. He knew she lied, but he waited and let her comfort him, and later they made love.

As he lowered his head between her thighs, a strange musk—male, thick and gamey like his own—mingled subtly with her own familiar scent.

"You were with another man...don't lie...."

Her body stiffened and turned away. "I wasn't."

He turned her back around. "Please, don't lie. I can smell him on you. It's not your smell...."

She was weeping quietly, trembling as he caressed her, kissed her, pleading, "It's all right... Please, don't lie. I want to make love to you more than ever... Tell me the truth—it

THE PHILOSOPHER

Nothing—it is said of this, of that, of almost everything. Only it is never said of nothing.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

turns me on, I swear—you were, weren't you?"

Quietly, frightened, she said, "OK... yes... I was." And then, as if in penance, she sank between his thighs.

Kneeling on the bed, he looked down at her crouched between his legs and raised his palm and brought it down sharply on her rump, raising a red welt. She wiggled and whimpered with mixed pleasure and pain and still held him desperately in her mouth. He raised his hand and slapped her again and again as she whimpered and moaned, and then he pushed her shoulders back on the bed and mounted her. He put his mouth to her ear and wiggled his tongue around inside as he whipped her over the edge, whispering, "Was it good with him?"

She didn't answer, and he dug his nails in her ass and asked again, "Was it good?"

She was coming now, wiggling under him, her mouth open, her hair fanned out on the damp pillow, tears streaming through shut eyes. As they came together, she moaned and cried, "Yes... Oh, yes...."

They lay silent, shining with sweat. Suddenly, he leaped up with a wounded animal cry and stumbled, kicking out, into the living room and flung himself naked onto the cold, bare floor. She called to him, and then she came out and gently touched his cold shoulder in the dark.

"Please, darling, I love you, *only you*," she said. "Please come back to bed...."

He lay unmoving, unforgiving, frozen in a cold sweat. "You said it was good with... whoever," he muttered, turning away like a hurt child.

"I meant *with you*, you fool."

"I don't believe you."

"I don't care if you do or not," she told him, "and knowing what an egotistical bastard you are, I'm probably going to regret telling you this, but it happens to be the truth. It has never been good with anyone but you. God knows, after all you had done to me I wanted it to be, but somehow it never was. I never even *came* with anyone but you. So there, you bastard—gloat about it if you want to—but that's the truth...."

As they lay silently together on the floor, the light from the window outlining their forms, he studied the strength he saw holding in check the soft contour of her smile and was almost alarmed by it: did that smile hide a secret...or merely hold the power to heal?

It hardly mattered anymore. True or false, the confession had been a precious gift given at considerable cost: the bitterness which had been her armor against future pain. And so, feeling both foolish and good, he allowed her to hold him and ease him into the merciful and dreamless depths of sleep. 



'CRY FOR CINDY'

A STAR
IS MADE
HUSTLER'S
NOMINEE
FOR MOVIE
OF THE YEAR

Former Beatle Ringo Starr used to sing, "They're gonna put me in the movies, they're gonna make a big star outta me...and all I gotta do is act naturally." Well, those bluegrass lyrics have come to life for Amber Hunt, HUSTLER's torrid November, 1975, centerfold girl. Amber's unique combination of wistfully winsome beauty and inexhaustible sexual desire was just the right ticket for erotic film director Wendy Lions, who was looking for an actress



to convey those qualities in the title role of her film, "Cry For Cindy." Amber's ambitious avowal, "Show me a man I can't handle, and I'll show you a girl who doesn't want to stop trying," lilt-ing from the lips of such a vision of girlish innocence, convinced Lions she had found her Cindy.

Amber took the role and acted naturally. Her characterization of the good/bad girl has proven so lifelike that "Cindy" is bound to break box-office records at the same rapid rate that Amber's box is broken into by her eager lovers in the film. *HUSTLER* here-with presents a montage of pulse-pounding scenes showing the adventures of hooker Cindy and her cohorts in the world of frequent and furious fucking which they call home.

Girl-next-door Cindy (Amber Hunt), top left, is convinced by her hooker friends, Yvonne (Maryanne Fisher) and Nora (Mitzi Fraser), that she should turn to tricking to finance her boyfriend's way through medical school. Next, Cindy's experience with her first client, Hank (John Leslie Dupre), persuades her that the lot of a courtesan is a dog's life. Cindy's lovemaking expertise attracts a nibble of interest from Hank, but Hank, bottom, isn't about to tell Cindy to get out of his face when she presses a box lunch on him.

On the facing page, clockwise from top left, Cindy, having been turned on by Hank, accepts more customers, confronting them with the bare fact that she plays for pay. Because Cindy frets whether her med-student lover will find out about her fucking for bucks, friend Yvonne uses her head to take Cindy's mind off her troubles. Cindy gives Yvonne a good tongue-lashing for eating and running. All is groovy between Cindy and her pimp, Ben (Mark McGuire), until her straight boyfriend shows up. Jealous Ben tells him Cindy's ass has been paying for his medical training. Humiliated, Cindy commits suicide. Don't cry—it's only a movie.

"Cry For Cindy" could become the cinematic turn-on of the year at your neighborhood porno theater—unless local censors cut the hard-core guts out of it. Amber isn't shedding any tears over her lost anonymity. But you might, if you miss scintillating "Cindy."



KINKY KÖRNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning sexual encounters? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. (No fantasies, please; since HUSTLER depends on credibility, Kinky Korner stories must be factual.) We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

FISHING FOR JAIL BAIT

by Darrell Raye

I love to fish, and for a couple of seasons I had spent my vacation with some buddies at a fishing camp in Maine. Two years ago, one of my friends brought along his 14-year-old niece, a cute girl named Cheryl. Like me, she had a yen for some fresh brook trout. I can catch them, but I can't cook worth a damn, so I invited her to tag along when I went after trout the next day.

We left the camp at 3 a.m. The trail was rougher than I expected, but my old pickup took us over the worst of it. We were getting bounced around in the cab, laughing and joking and having a fine time. The ruts kept throwing us against each other. I was concentrating on driving and didn't notice it much at first. Then I caught the look on Cheryl's face. She was flushed, her brown eyes big and excited. That old familiar tingle started to get to me. The outdoors makes me horny, and Cheryl was a damned nice bit of scenery.

We reached the stream at last and had a good morning fishing. We washed down the cold chicken and corn bread we'd packed for lunch with beer we'd cooled in the water while we fished. We drank several beers before heading back to camp. I was thinking about how good her breasts looked when, like a damned idiot, I tried to jump the truck over a log. The front wheel on my side got completely wedged into a fork. To make matters worse, when I climbed out to see how bad the damage was, I saw that I had ripped the motor out of its rusted mounting. There was no way I'd get it going again.

Cheryl didn't realize how bad our predicament was. She just kept leafing through a magazine she'd slipped into the lunch hamper.

The night chill was coming on, and camp was too far away to risk walking; we'd freeze to death if we tried it. I took out my .45 Colt, the one I kept in my map case on the dashboard, and fired three evenly

spaced shots, hoping to attract the attention of any hunters in the vicinity. Three minutes and three more rounds later, there was still no answer. I holstered the gun.

I decided to stay put and started a little fire. We cooked our trout and some Spam I found in the sack. Things could have been worse. Once in a while I'd fire another round from the Colt. Still nothing, and Cheryl was starting to get scared. To tell the truth, so was I.

Three tanned deer hides and an old tarp I used to cover my motorcycle were in the back of the truck. I brought them into the cab for covers, turned on the CB receiver (I had been too fucking cheap to buy a transmitter), and we settled in for the night. On the CB we could hear the men back at the camp joking about us, about how long we'd been gone, and about how we were probably getting it on and all. Cheryl's uncle was joking about a shotgun wedding, and that really broke them up.

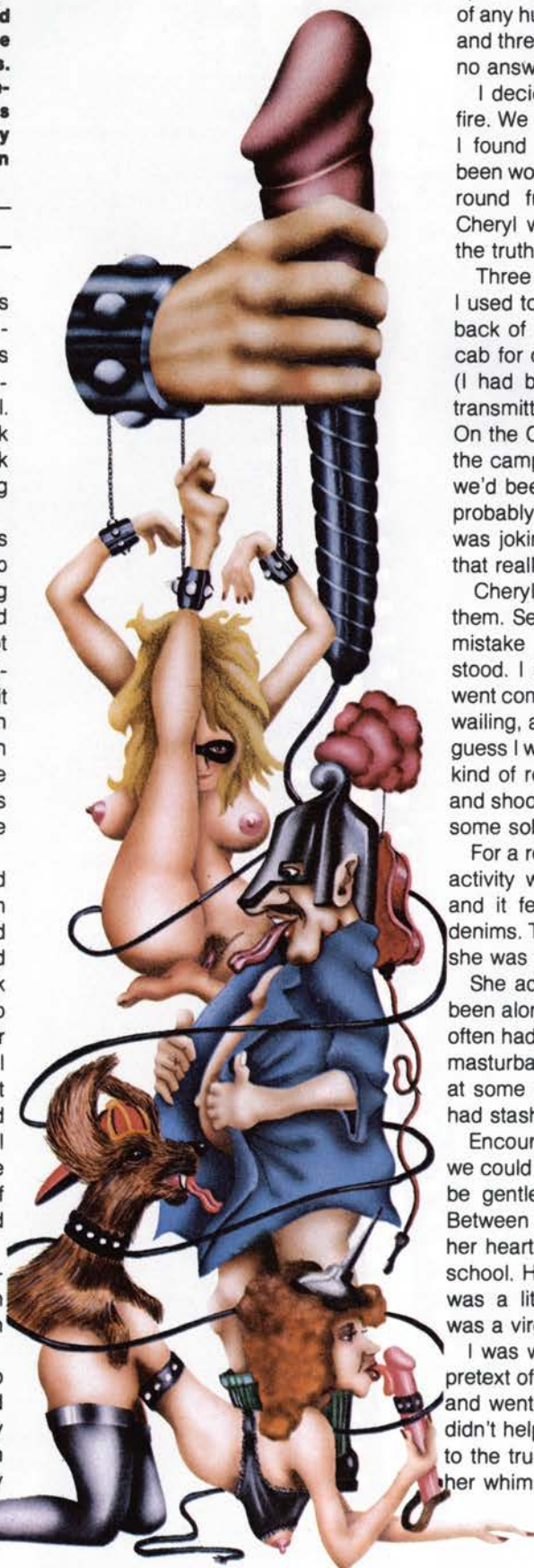
Cheryl got a big kick out of listening to them. Seeing her good mood, I made the mistake of letting her know how things stood. I shouldn't have done it. The cunt went completely crazy. She was crying and wailing, and she even peed in her pants. I guess I was a little crazy, too, because I got kind of rough with her. I slapped her face and shook her until she shut up, except for some sobs and sniffing.

For a reason I can't explain, the physical activity with Cheryl made my cock hard, and it felt as if it would bust out of my denims. Then she hit me with the news that she was a virgin.

She admitted, shyly, that she had never been alone with a grown man, and that she often had experienced a good feeling while masturbating at the same time she looked at some pornographic books her old man had stashed in his dresser.

Encouraged, I started telling her the fun we could have in the cab, and promised to be gentle with her for her first real sex. Between sobs, she refused, saying she had her heart set on a damn football player at school. Hell, I'm not the pushy type, and I was a little spooked by finding out she was a virgin.

I was wondering what to do; so, on the pretext of taking a leak, I got out of the cab and went behind a pine tree to jerk off. It didn't help a damn bit, but when I returned to the truck I noticed Cheryl had stopped her whimpering. I didn't say anything as I



climbed back inside. She was huddled in her corner of the cab and had a funny, determined look on her face.

"If we're going to die tonight, I'm going to go out in style," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean, if we're going to freeze anyway, I want you to fuck me."

I stared at her, stupidly. She must have seen that it hadn't registered, because she reached a hand out from under the hides and started to undo my fly. Before she had the zipper all the way down, I was ready. She held my erect cock in her hand for a moment, looking at it. Then she bent her face to my crotch and began to slide her braided head up and down on my cock, tonguing and kissing it as if she had been doing it for years.

I was almost ready to come, but something didn't make sense. I grabbed her shoulders and lifted her off my cock.

"I thought you were a virgin," I said.

She giggled. "Nobody ever got pregnant from doing this, silly," she said. "I do this all the time with a boy at school."

She returned to sucking me off as if her life depended on it. I started to touch her shoulders again, but she shook her head and moved faster. Her braids were flapping up and down on my leg. While I looked at her girlish face making my cock disappear, only to reappear a moment later wet from her mouth, my cock exploded in cum. It seemed to last for minutes. I gushed and gushed, but her head kept moving, taking it all.

The spirit of fucking ourselves to death began to appeal to me. I started kissing her, lightly at first and then more deeply. I brushed aside her hands and fondled her breasts. They were naked beneath the thin cloth of her shirt. I unfastened the buttons and tenderly licked and kissed first one nipple and then the other. I moved my face and hands down, kissing and caressing, wanting to make love to her.

I worked my way under the covers until my face was at her crotch. I damn near ripped her jeans to shreds getting them off. Then I buried my face in the sweetest pussy I'd ever seen.

The hairs on her box were as sparse as gnats in a windstorm. I began with the insides of her thighs, going up and down with little fluttering nips and kisses. She groaned sharply, and I flicked the tip of my tongue over her swelling clit, paused a

**“
I could feel
her hymen start
to give. Cheryl
whimpered and
buried her face
in my shoulder.
Then I slid in,
all the way.
”**

second, and pressed all of my tongue into her box. I moved my tongue as fast as I could. I could feel her shivering above me, teetering on the brink of her orgasm. I began to move the tip of my tongue in slow, soft circles. Her hips shuddered. I flicked her clit from side to side very fast, moving my head. She moaned, her moan trailing up at the end until it almost became a scream. She clamped her legs around my head so tightly that I could hardly move. Still my tongue wagged against her clit, and she shuddered and bucked till I thought her orgasm was going to break my neck.

She slumped back in the seat, but I wasn't done yet. I hiked her legs over my shoulders. I readied my cock at the lips of her cunt and entered her slowly until I felt her hymen blocking me. Her hands were gripping my back hard. I put more of my weight behind my cock. I could feel her hymen start to give. Cheryl whimpered and buried her face in my shoulder. Then I slid in, all the way. I kept up a very slow, shallow rhythm, kissing her reassuringly.

I could feel her wince with every deep thrust. She wrapped her arms and legs tightly around me, and I felt like a bastard for hurting her. God, was she tight! Her pussy held my cock as if it were an old friend. I could understand why men have

always wanted to fuck young virgins.

I thrust harder and harder, ignoring the sudden tightness of her grip on my arms. I lifted her little ass off the seat and shoved my cock in and out of her cunt. I was rocking her up to me and slamming her down hard, letting her take the weight of my body on top of her when my cock was at its deepest. By this time she was breathing like a long-distance runner.

My back hit the dash every time I thrust, and it hurt like hell, but I was too close to coming to think much about the pain. All of a sudden, I felt the cum blasting out of the head of my cock like water from a fire hose.

I gulped air like a drowning man. The cab windows had steamed over, and everything smelled strongly of her love juice. I started to ease into a more comfortable position, but she grabbed me and held on tight, as if she were afraid I would leave her. We stayed that way for a long time.

I ran my hands over the smoothness of her thighs. Her legs shivered a little, and I massaged them to prevent cramping. By now it was really cold in the truck. I let her slide over onto my lap, and we wrapped the deerskins and tarpaulin around us to keep warm. Her ass warmed up fast, and I could feel the hard-on she gave me bending under her weight. I wiggled a little and poked it into her from behind. I laughed when she jumped in surprise.

She began to rock and sway back and forth on my cock, and I quickly stopped laughing. I leaned back and let her work. Where she learned to move like that, I'll never know. Maybe it was beginner's luck.

Suddenly we heard a rifle shot somewhere down the hill. I cupped my hands and hollered like crazy. From far away, somebody yelled back, and then we heard three more shots. Cheryl was laughing and clapping her hands, and I broke into a screwy kind of a dance. It's a good thing I finally remembered to put my pants on, and just in time.

The first man to reach the truck was Cheryl's uncle. He came up to us, grinning and ready to make a wisecrack. Then his face went mean. I knew what he was looking at. There were bloodstains on Cheryl's jeans where I had popped her cherry. Her panties lay next to the truck in plain sight. The three men with him had a hell of a fight trying to keep her uncle from shooting me. I haven't been back to that camp since. 

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DEATH

(continued from page 72)

the average burial site, and your total bill, if you bought the cheap casket at the funeral home, is now up to almost \$1,000.

DEATH AS ART It all started when Barton Lidice Benes moved into a New York apartment a few years back and found the dated and labeled cremated remains of the apartment's former tenant. Not being one to turn his back on a pun, Barton immediately set about making a series of ceramic ashtrays (\$300 apiece) out of the dead man's ashes. Inspired by his initial artistic success, Barton next made a ceramic sculpture out of the cremated remains of a friend's dog (\$500). He has now reached a point where he is ready to take orders from people who wish to make

Skeleton in the Closet

Robert Hoyer, a Cleveland truck driver, vanished in September, 1956. Recently, two boys exploring an abandoned apartment building found his body. Hoyer's corpse had been wrapped in newspapers and a bedspread, and was in two cardboard boxes.

*Police questioned Mrs. Laura Hoyer, 65. She said her husband was killed in a fall down a flight of stairs. She denied dismembering the body, but admitted she had been hiding it for years, afraid of a scandal.—From the Charlotte, North Carolina, **Observer**.*

arrangements for the artistic immortalization of their own ashes. You can reach Barton Lidice Benes by writing him at 463 West Street, Apt. 956H, New York, N.Y. 10014.

NECROPHILIA Necrophiliac relationships continue to remain one-sided. Invariably, what you get out of it depends on what you put into it. Generally, we find that the sort of people most likely to enjoy a necrophiliac relationship go for the passive type of male or female, one who forces you to do all the decision-making.

REFUSING TO GO A lot of people wouldn't mind going if they could be given a guarantee that there is something after death, even a parking problem. Since such guarantees are not forthcoming, man conspires to cheat death by whatever means are at hand. Ponce de Leon, determined to live forever, sought the fountain of youth. Instead he found Miami Beach. Benjamin Franklin also schemed to elude death's grasp. After observing that

fruit flies, drowned in wine, would come back to life after being dried in the sun, he suggested it might be possible to preserve the human body in wine and similarly reanimate it at a future date. The latest effort in man's search for eternal life comes from the Cryonics Society. Founded by Robert C. W. Ettinger, the Cryonics Society is based on the supposition that the bodies of dead people can be preserved by freezing. Then, at some future date, a society with the proper medical and technical skills could thaw the body, reanimate it, and cure the disease from which it died.

Naturally, the idea is an appealing one. But is it also realistic? How far along have we progressed in the area of cryobiology? The most dramatic development in cryonics to date comes from Japan, where two professors cooled a cat's brain to -4°F. After a period of 203 days, the brain was thawed, and tests with an electroencephalograph showed near-normal brain activity. As encouraging as that might be, animal forms of greater cellular complexity run into trouble, mainly because of cell damage caused by the formation of ice crystals during the freezing process. The society members remain unperturbed and do not mind if you take your business to the competition.

What do you have to do to join? Do they accept everybody, or will they just give you a cold shoulder? The Cryonics Society will put anybody into cryonic suspension, provided he has a \$20,000 insurance policy for purchase of the capsule and maintenance costs.

GREAT RUMORS IN DEATH

Walt Disney had himself frozen by the Cryonics Society.

So there you have it. HUSTLER has taken a fearless look at a subject to which society is only now beginning to turn its attention. We have looked at *death*. Our conclusion? After months of intensive study and careful deliberation, we've decided it's not so hot. More importantly, we've decided that if death is indeed the price we pay for sex, some large complaints are in order. In a society that regularly censors sexual activity in print, films, and television, while often prohibiting or restricting sex between consenting adults, we are getting short-changed. Rather than repress sexual expression, every effort should be made in this society to see that we get the most out of our sexuality. Every effort should be made to insure that we live our lives to the fullest before we enter that land of eternal darkness. I'm referring, of course, to Paramus, New Jersey. **DD**

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(continued from page 8)

I notice in a lot of porno flicks the male seems to have and maintain a constant erection, even after ejaculation. Do they use some kind of cream or jelly? Lately, I've had trouble prolonging an erection following orgasm. Is there a jelly or pill or cream that will keep you hard after ejaculation?

R. S.
Bloomington, Illinois

In the endless quest for durable erections, men have tried everything from gasoline to cocaine, though the latter desensitizer is usually limited to those with the appetites and income of such royal fuckers as the late King Farouk of Egypt. HUSTLER and other magazines carry advertisements for various patented desensitizing lotions, but professional ethics forbid us from recommending any manufacturer's product.

The only way to maintain an erection, really, is to hold off your climax as long as possible; once you have come, the inevitable conclusion is that your erection will disappear, unless you can manage instant replay. Have your lover suck your cock after orgasm and engage in loving afterplay; the aphrodisiac potential of these erotic intermissions is enormous.

The erection after orgasm must be regained rather than retained. The studs in skin flicks don't have any super powers. For the most part they are mortal actors with ordinary, normal sexual powers. Filmmakers create cinematic illusions through such processes as splicing different takes and scenes. Theoretically, they could

splice together a film showing an actor retaining an all-day erection while fucking 25 women and coming every time. Only in the movies, though.

My problem may sound ordinary to you, but it's driving me crazy. My wife and I have been married only four months, but she hasn't had an orgasm yet. We didn't make love before we were married. Lately my wife has been going to a women's group where she has learned to masturbate, and now she wants to jerk off while we make love. I don't know what's going on in that women's group and I think it's ridiculous. On the other hand, I'm obviously not satisfying her and I'm beginning to think there's something wrong with me. Won't she become dependent on masturbating? Is there something I can do?

Stan Wallace
Hartford, Connecticut

The act of masturbation itself is a very natural thing that most people, men and women, discover for themselves sometime before or during puberty and continue to practice throughout their lives, both alone and as part of lovemaking with partners. It is, in fact, a pleasure that most of us would certainly not want to do without, and offers no dangers except in cases where people abuse themselves by overdoing it or by using and inserting various contraptions and gadgets on and in their genitals in masochistic ways. A problem may lie, however, in the attitude which a person has toward masturbation.

Many HUSTLER readers might not have learned yet about the new types of women's sexual consciousness-raising groups which

have been springing up in large cities in the past year or two. Usually, a woman instructor offers classes to small groups of women. The beginning classes are spent in discussion and lectures, mainly on the subject of how women can enjoy their sex lives more by liberating themselves from hang-ups and taking more active and aggressive roles in lovemaking, and by learning to please themselves through masturbation. In later classes in some groups, the instructress actually demonstrates on herself different ways of masturbating, with and without such aids as vibrators, and then the women practice on themselves and discuss their findings and feelings.

We at HUSTLER feel that any raising of sexual consciousness is wonderful. Certainly women are learning to please themselves and their men more. There is a concern, however, that some of the women who lead the sessions are lesbians and their attitudes are anti-male and very destructive to their students.

In the case of your wife, consider yourself lucky she wants to jerk off while you make love, as masturbation only enhances the sex act and heightens pleasure. The best thing you can do is let her do her thing, and join her at it. Masturbate together. She needs to get used to this new feeling (for her) of having orgasms. You can caress, hug, kiss, lick and tickle her while she is manipulating herself and eventually penetrate her with your penis while she is touching herself, driving her to new heights of erotic pleasure.

We predict that before long she will be reaching climaxes without masturbation, at which point she will have overcome whatever barriers have been holding her back. Stop looking at it as a problem; see it instead as a challenge and an adventure. And have fun!

I don't know about other men, but there are two ways I know how to fuck. Either I can be sensitive, in which case I come almost immediately upon entering a woman, or I can be the other way, desensitized, kind of turned off, so that I don't come until after the woman has. My problem is that when I make it last I can't feel it. Isn't there some way to fuck for a long time without being numb?

C. Shapiro
New York City

How about breaking it up into many small fucks instead of one long one? That way you can stay sensitive and still not have to come. Fuck until you feel it's going to break, then stop and wait till the feeling subsides. Start again as if it's all for the first time. You might find you and your partner are building plateaus in a way you have never known about before.

A letter in "Advise and Consent" from R. Granes, which referred to an earlier "golden showers" letter, prompted me to write. I have a sister who is four years younger. When we were quite small we took showers together under a contraption in the basement consisting of a garden hose with sprinkler nozzle hung near the floor drain. Once, after we had stripped and were

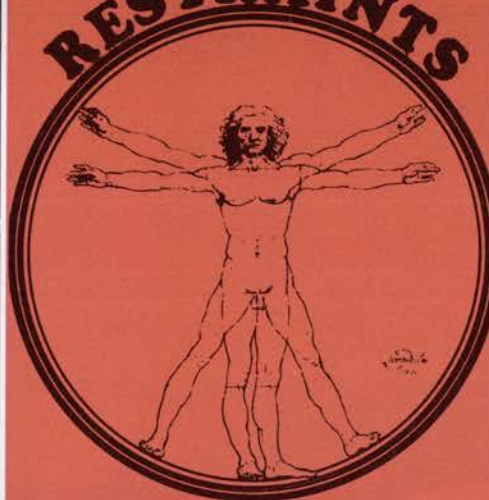


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preparing to take our shower, I stood facing the drain and urinated into it. I stepped under the shower and, to my great surprise, my sister stepped up to my previous location, stood with her legs wide apart, leaned backward, and repeated my performance. As I recall, except for her somewhat awkward stance, her performance was every bit as good as mine. She threw her stream well out in front of her and I distinctly recall that, unlike Mr. Granes' playmate, she did not use her hands.

Now, there is something I would like to hear more about. There is such a thing as a women's urinal. I saw a picture of one on a plumbing fixture chart. It is similar to a regular wall-mounted unit, but shaped somewhat differently. I understand they are used, among other places, in women's military barracks. Is my information correct and, if so, why aren't these fixtures in wider use?

Name and Address
Withheld on Request

When we read your letter we thought you might be putting us on. Astute questioning of some women we know elicited the surprising information that shiny new stand-up urinals have been spotted recently in ladies' rooms at an airport and in a museum. One of our friends was delighted, tried it and wasn't even pissed off when she ruined her shoes. She said she thought it might be easier in the shower. We think it'll take a lot of practice but that it is only a matter of time before we see the emergence of the Women's Urination Movement, an offshoot of women's lib prompted by the sort of dirty accommodations that women of even the upper classes are confronted with in

roadhouses, gas stations, and similar public conveniences. The layered cakes of filth amid which women are expected to squat in these ill-kept public toilets is beyond the belief even of those Hustlers who have viewed this social evil with their own eyes.

As it is only the conditioning of our society that compels women to sit while they urinate, it is only a matter of time before feminists push through legislation providing for clean, no-contact upright urinals.

I have a really serious problem. Actually it's my wife's problem but she won't do anything about it. To be blunt, my wife cracks up when she comes. Aside from that, our sex life is wonderful. But every time she starts to come she giggles and then works herself up to tremendous roars of laughter. I can't stand it. After all my humping and pumping I feel like punching her in the mouth. I really like her otherwise, but I just don't understand this and it is driving me crazy. What do you suggest?

Paul Staller
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Feeling the desire to explode with laughter at the moment one's body is exploding with orgasm is an ecstatic experience and, while uncommon, not unheard of. At that moment of orgasm, when all the built-up tension is released, men and women give vocal expression to their feelings—without even thinking about it—by shouting, screaming, moaning, crying. Why not laughing, when this is the most joyous way of all? How-

ever, too much laughter during the sex act is inappropriate and could be a sign of neurotic or unhealthy tensions and fears. In such a case, we would recommend the person seek medical or professional advice and guidance. As for your wife, whose laughter comes when she comes, perhaps you could help her, and help yourself, by trying to laugh with her. In any case, things could be worse. One girl we know vomits while having an orgasm, and she likes to fuck on top!

Last week I came home early from work to find my wife jerking off with a copy of HUSTLER. She said she just likes to imagine what it would be like to be one of the HUSTLER models who take it all off in front of everyone. I think she's nuts. Those models are professionals, like everyone else. I bet her there's no action on a shoot. What's the story?

Name and Address
Withheld on Request

You are wrong. Most of the lovelies in our pages are not professional models at all, but ordinary fabulous women that members of our staff find walking down the street, living in the house next door, having dinner at the next table, waiting on tables, working at someone's office (or our OWN office), or any old place. Sometimes we place newspaper ads. We know there are beautiful, sexy ladies in all walks of life who would be thrilled to pose for HUSTLER, and we are thrilled to be able to give them the opportunity.

What we do at photo shootings is shoot photos in a very professional manner, though there is a certain relaxed casual attitude and atmosphere designed to keep everyone happy. What happens AFTER the session, however, when business has been completed, is strictly up to the participants, and we have no comment on that. Tell your wife to send in a photo. Perhaps her fantasies can come true.

In a recent conversation with friends, the question came up whether it is illegal to show a man with a full erection in a magazine. Any other info on porno laws and censorship of photographic publications will be appreciated.

Connie Craker
Springfield, Missouri

According to the Supreme Court's 1973 ruling on pornography, obscenity may be determined by community standards as determined by the presiding judge. This means that full erections, while not necessarily illegal in the United States, may be held illegal by the "community standards" of any constituent part thereof, such as Springfield, Mo. On the other hand, full erections are amply on view in pornography and erotic art distributed in New York City where community standards are no higher than the proverbial snake's belly. The editors of HUSTLER are optimistic in our belief that enlightenment in the United States is reaching the point where we will soon be able to show a man as erotically aroused as we now show women, although our readers need never fear that our pages will be given over to homosexual art directors.



GRS

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HONEY HOOKER

WE FIND OUR HONEY HOOKER IN THE OLD WEST—WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND SHE'S GONNA MAKE SURE THEY STAY THAT WAY.

Y'ALL LIKES IT HERE—OUT WEST?

YEAH. I'M GOING TO OPEN UP A LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE AND LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE.

FLAT TWAT



ABOUT 14 TIMES A DAY— DANIELLE AND I.

LAY DOWN, SLIDE DOWN, GO DOWN, BEEZNESS EES BEEZNESS.



SAY— THEM'S MIGHTY PURTY SEDIMENTS — FRENCHY!

HOW YOU KNOW I FRENCH?

I SEED TH' HAR BETWEEN YER TEETHS!



HOW DE DO— MY HANDLE'S DOC STRANGEGLOVE!

HMM... I WOULDN'T FORGET A NAME THAT BIG— DIDN'T WE ONCE HAVE A HOLIDAY, DOC?



WOW! DANIELLE— HOW ABOUT LICKING THIS TILL IT'S ALL SLICK AND SLIPPERY— AND SLIDING IT INTO MY CUNT?



PRAY, DON'T SATISFY YOURSELF WITH SUBSTITUTIONS, DEAR YOUNG LADY.

I'M THE MAYOR OF FLAT TWAT. ALLOW ME TO EXTEND MY— HOSPITALITY!

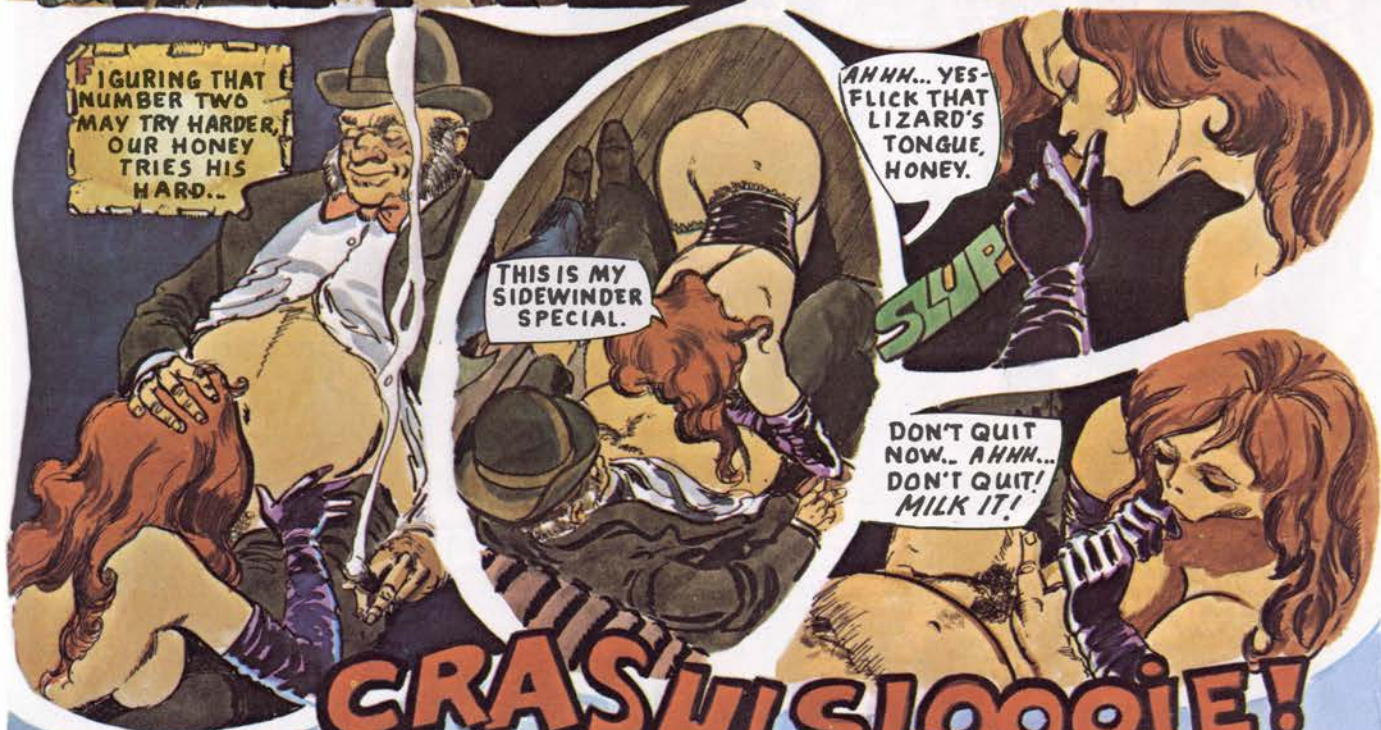
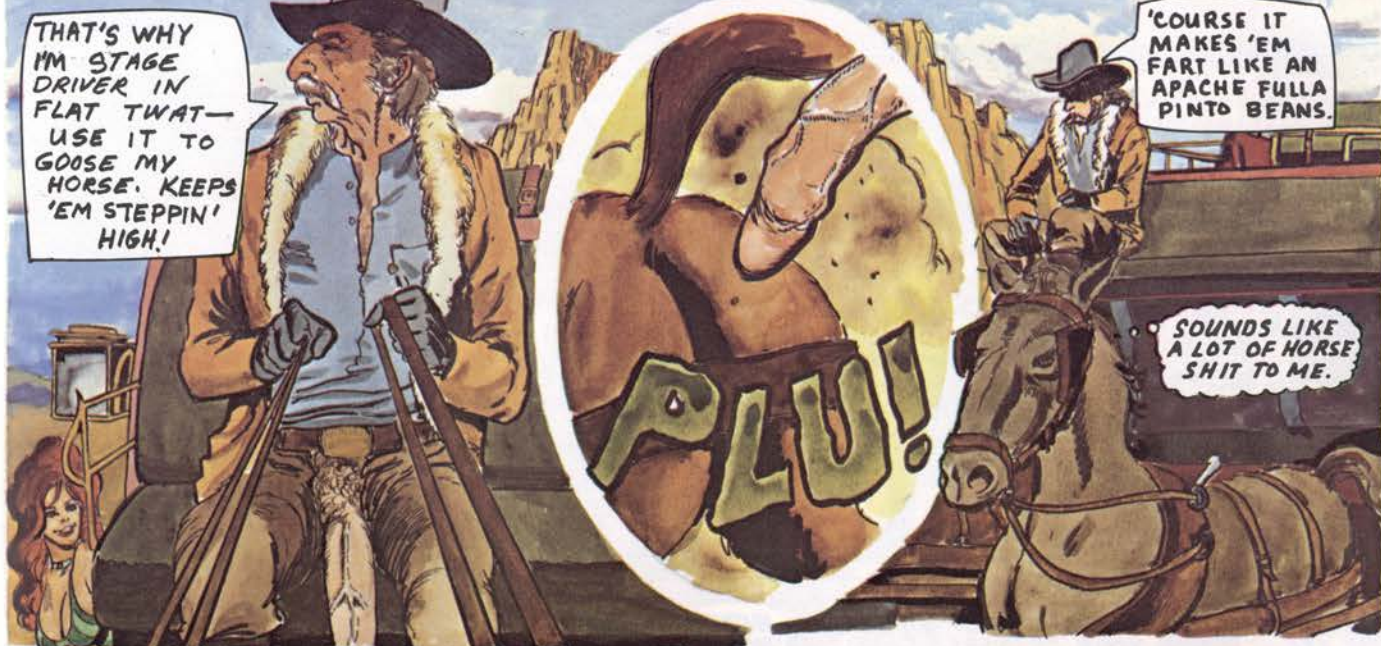


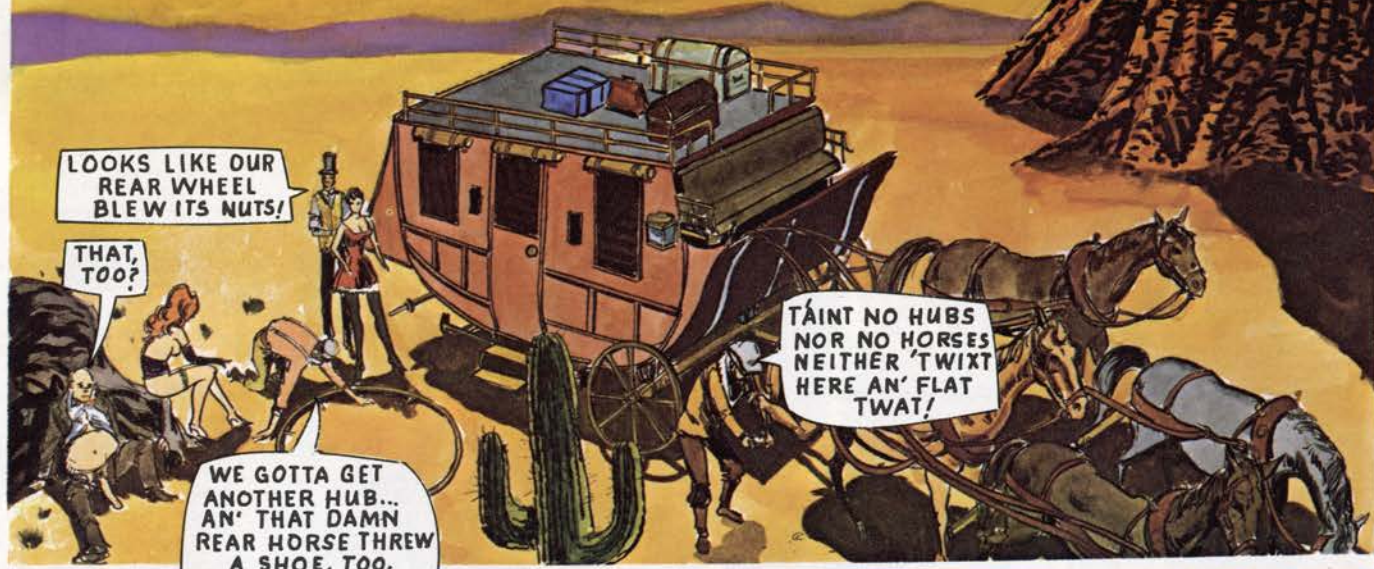
YOU SURE PUT YOURSELF OUT FOR STRANGERS. YOU MUST BE A BIG SHOT IN FLAT TWAT.

WELL, I'M NOT AS BIG AS ALL THAT!

JESUS! WHO'S BIGGER?

RECKON AS HOW I AM, MA'AM.







ZUT! ALORS!
BROCHER!
JALONNER!

HEY!

OH, DRY UP! A
LITTLE HOT CUM
WILL GREASE
THE AXLE AND
HER SNATCH!

OH! AH! AH!
AAAAH!



MR. MAYOR—
DANIELLE AND
I WANT TO
LIVE IN FLAT
TAT AS RE-
SPECTABLE
HOOKERS.

IF I GET US
THERE, WILL
YOU LET US
DO OUR
THING?

SHE DID
YOUR THING,
MAYOR.

MAYBE IT'LL
GROW SOME
HAIR?



AH-EH
OKAY,
HONEY,
WHORE'S
POWER'S
GOOD AS ANY.



WHEEEEE!!!
WHINNEEE!—YOU
GOT A WHORE AND
YOU GOT A HORSE—
YOU GOT A
WHORSE!

STAGE DRIVER, ONCE
MORE 'ROUND THE
BLOCK AND REAM
ME WITH THAT
EVERLOVIN' COCK!



WHOOOO!
WHOOOO!

COME
WEST—JUST
CUM!

I LOVE YOU,
WOODY! WHEEL
ME ZAT BEEG
WOODEN COCK!

WHEEEE-
WHORE!

CRACK!

SO AROUND THE
CAMPFIRES THEY
TALK OF HOW
THE WEST WAS
WON AND TELL
OF HONEY
AND DANIELLE,
TWO PUSSIES
WHO REALLY HELD
UP THEIR ENDS.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 6)

"What if Larry Flynt is a mixed-up pervert who is printing plates of shit because that's the kind of thing that really gets him off, and, worse yet, hiding his perversion behind the pretense of being a liberal-revolutionary editor?" Well, the more I look at your magazine, the more I feel I've hit the nail right on the head.

Now I'm going to tell you, for about the third time, that the actual content of your magazine doesn't offend me. What really pisses me off, though, is that you've justified all that you've done with the old "Freedom of Speech" line.

It will be interesting to see if you've got the guts to print this. Don't think, though, that you can disprove my theory just by printing my letter. I've got you in a corner, and the only way out is to take a good look at yourself...eating a plate of shit.

Christopher L. Brown
Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

P.S. Oh, yeah, just to keep you honest, I've sent Xerox copies of this letter to *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Oui*.

The more I look at your letter, the more I feel that you've hit yourself on the head—with a ball-peen hammer. If you're not offended by the editorial content of my magazine, why do you give a fuck how I justify it—and why do you feel that it needs justification at all? Sure I'm out to

"catch your bucks." So was Lenny Bruce. Did you think that he and I pursued our separate careers merely so that we could be free whipping boys for smug assholes like you who consider us "mixed-up perverts"? Those poor wimps slaving away at *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Oui* must have had a few good, bitter yuks when they got the Xerox copies you sent them "to keep me honest." They know that Hefner or Guccione would never put me down in print for providing the type of hard-hitting material that they don't have the balls to publish.

—Larry Flynt

In the past, I have been an ardent reader of *HUSTLER* because of your fine articles, interviews, and magnificent photos of beautiful women. I have always felt your magazine was tops in its class.

However, in your March, 1976, Bits & Pieces, I feel you have really lowered your image. The photos used in "Rat's Nest Pussy," "Hole-Y Shit Fit," and "Diarrhea Dinner" were disgusting and in very poor taste. I am writing for my wife and me and also for many friends who read your magazine and feel the same way. We will probably never buy another copy of *HUSTLER* again.

I am sorry you had to resort to something that distasteful to try and sell your magazine. I am a very open-minded person concerning sex, and I have done almost everything conceivable, but those photos really turned me off.

Aaron Comerchero
Fairfield, Ohio

We're really sorry to have to let you go, Aaron, but we think you'll agree that you were just not working out. Please feel free to use us as a reference, and see Miss Candycrack about your severance pay on the way out.

I enjoyed the article in the Bits & Pieces section of the March, 1976, issue of *HUSTLER* entitled "Diarrhea Dinner."

The picture you showed was not diarrhea, but a good, healthy dump. I regularly eat girls' shit and love to be spoon-fed by my girl friend after she lays some big, hot turds. She makes me lick her ass clean and has a big grin on her face as she makes me eat it all.

I hope you have more articles on humiliation and the act of eating women's shit.

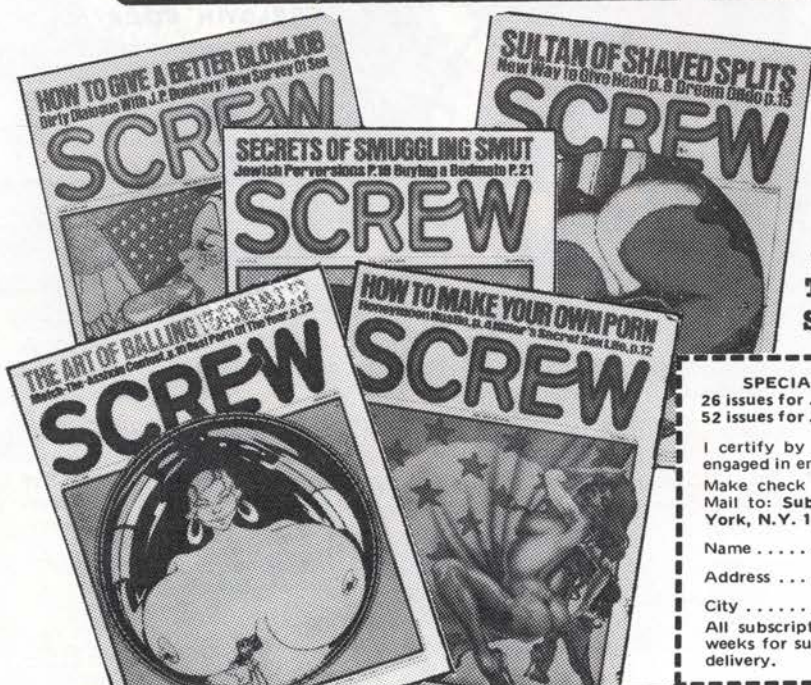
Name Withheld by Request

We're glad you found *HUSTLER*'s subject matter to your taste, even though we have to admit that we think your eating habits stink.

CITIZEN FLYNT?

I read an article in the February 16, 1976, issue of *Newsweek* about you and your great magazine. According to *Newsweek*, what you said in your December, 1975, Publisher's Statement was a lie. At that time, you claimed that you only drew \$300 a week. *Newsweek* claims you make over \$40,000 a year. They also claim you live in a \$375,000 home. If these are all lies, I expect you to bring a lawsuit against *Newsweek*. If not, then why are you lying to the very people who buy your magazine? You

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Are you ready for a sexual vacation?

The world's first X-rated travel guide—for the man who's looking for something different.

by Jack Raines

Let me tell you about a Polynesian paradise that *really* exists.

It's in Hawaii, on the island of Maui, at the end of a narrow road that runs along the isolated southeast coast. It's called McKenna Beach. And it's a place you will never, ever, forget.

You drive over a small hill—and there it is: a mile-long beach that's one of the most beautiful in the Pacific. And hundreds of people, most of them young, all of them nude. Sunning themselves...swimming...playing...and making the most perfect love they've ever known. Openly and joyfully. Couples, and in groups.

Believe me—it's like nothing you've ever experienced. Inhibitions drop away, quickly and easily. Total strangers meet, and become lovers.

But the really amazing thing is this: Everyone who comes to this legendary beach hears about it from a friend. Nothing has ever been written about this greatest of all adult playgrounds—neither in the press, in travel magazines, nor in advertising.

Why?

Because the travel industry pretends that sex doesn't exist. Culture, sports, food, shopping—you name it, they write about it. But not sex.

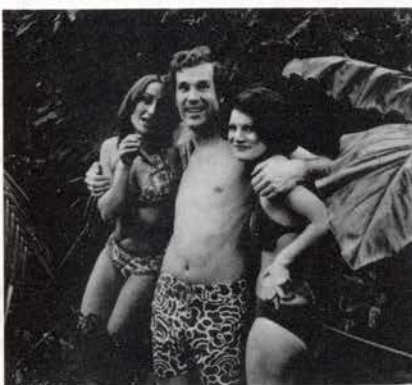
Which brings me to the point of this advertisement. I'm a freelance writer, and I do a lot of travelling. I'm 32, single, and nothing special to look at. But I *do* love to make love.

I travel over 60,000 miles a year doing research for articles. And over the last 10 years of travelling, I've kept a notebook about things to do, places to return to—things you *don't* read about in any travel guides.

Little-known spots like McKenna Beach. Far-out places throughout North America, in the Caribbean, on the West Coast, in Canada, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, San Juan, Mexico—everywhere! My notebook grew and grew.

Then, one day six months ago, I was showing my notebook to a friend. We began swapping stories about favorite places when, suddenly, we were both hit by the same idea.

Why not produce a travel guide for the sexually adventurous? We figured the guide should include all the places never advertised—where we, and people we know, have found our



"Who could ask for more?"

sexual fantasies turned into reality. It should be accurate, up-to-date on prices, locations, names and addresses, even phone numbers where available. *Plus*—our personal observations about what to expect.

And that is how the world's first X-rated travel guide came about. It's called **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH.**

Look at what you'll find:

- 'Fertility Week' (!) at a Caribbean hotel. All rooms open, 24-hour parties. Reservations 6 months in advance. From \$22.50 a night.
- Rocky Mountain 'Ski and See' resort. Heated pools, saunas, nudity, orgies—from \$155 a week for room, board, and 'extras'.
- 'Encounter' weekends, with emphasis on the art of lovemaking.
- East-Coast disco, where they do the 'stripdown'—in which you undress your new-found partner. Lovemaking in tapestried room at

the back. \$5 cover.

- Old plantation mansion near New Orleans, with a 'goldfish' bowl—a huge one-way mirrored bubble in which every variety of woman (white, black, Chinese, Mexican) waits to satisfy your every desire.

And this only scratches the surface! Because thousands of great places are mentioned—all of them in graphic detail. (Including a dude ranch that's so kinky, it's positively perverted!) Quite honestly, **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH** is unique, mainly because this has been a genuine labor of love. I've even decided to publish it myself, so that I can print the kind of candid photos that belong in this kind of book.

And the price? Only \$10.

But there's *more*. Because new places are always opening, new real-life fantasies being created—I've begun publishing a limited-circulation magazine called **TRAVEL TIMES**. It appears every three months.

TRAVEL TIMES is an up-date of the book, packed with features and stories, and all the latest developments on the sexual front. It's lavishly illustrated, and it will turn you on as much as **SEXUAL VACATIONS**.

If you'd like to subscribe, and give yourself a year-round experience, send an additional \$5 with your book order. (It's not available separately.) And I'll rush you a magazine that's like nothing you've ever seen.

But do it now. Your sexual vacation could be just a short drive from where you live. See you around!

J/R Publishing Company
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H-2

Mailed in unmarked package

Ok, Jack, it sounds good—so please rush me **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH**. I also understand that I must be delighted with what I receive, or you will refund every penny of what I paid. So it had better be good!

☐ I enclose \$10 for **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH**.

☐ I enclose \$15 for **SEXUAL VACATIONS** plus a 1 year subscription to **TRAVEL TIMES**.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 J/R PUBLISHING COMPANY

try to show yourself as the "Average Joe," but, according to *Newsweek*, in reality, you're not. Who's right?

Charles Blackburn, Jr.
Valparaiso, Indiana

I don't lie to my readers. At the time the Newsweek piece was written, I was making \$300 per week. Since then, I have raised my salary to \$1,000 per week. HUSTLER magazine does pay for my business-related expenses, such as travel, entertainment, etc., and they are considerable. That's where the \$40,000 figure comes in, and it's probably a conservative estimate. If those expenses were padded in order for me to enjoy a luxurious life style, you can bet your ass that the IRS would be down on me like a ton of bricks.

I am the "Average Joe" in the sense that I came from a dirt-poor background and have worked hard for everything that I have ever gotten. I am in the process of buying a new home, and I don't apologize for that. I've worked hard and feel that I deserve it. If Archie Bunker were able to improve his financial condition and move into a new home, would you begrudge him that?

—Larry Flynt

CAUCASIANS & COMMUNISM

I am an airman stationed at Misawa Air Base in Japan, and I just finished reading the comments you published in the Feedback section of the March, 1976, issue of *HUSTLER* concerning white supremacists. Well, let me say

one thing: If you are so intent on destroying America, just keep on doing what you are doing now.

Let me illustrate. I have access to a short-wave radio, and I often listen to Radio Moscow. Virtually all I hear the announcers talking about is promoting racial equality and destroying the few remnants of the racist hate groups.

Do you have a lump of kinky hair in your head instead of a brain? Racial purity for the Caucasian race is the last possible hope for America, and the Communists are destroying even that, thanks to a lot of cowards like you who are afraid to tell the world that they are a Caucasian and a Man.

By the way, in a very few days I shall be discharged from the U.S. Air Force because I had the balls to say, "I am a Caucasian! I am a Man!" That's where your degeneracy has driven our country. I hope you are DAMNED well proud of yourself!

The USAF prohibits use of my name.

Name Withheld by Request
Misawa, Japan

P.S. Too bad for America that you're too cowardly to print this!

Look, asshole, hasn't the fact that you're being kicked out of your military career, which you obviously enjoy, given you some clue that by harboring this racial hatred you are fucking yourself? Get with it! Racial equality isn't just an ideal, it's the law in this country, and it has been ever since the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified more than 100

years ago. The quicker you get that through your skull, the better off you'll be.

As for the Russian Communists promoting racial equality, they know that most of the world (except the minority of bigots like you) wants racial equality, and they are trying to make their system of government more attractive by paying lip service to that ideal. Every time the Communists take over a country, such as Angola or Vietnam, it's at least partly due to the fact that the brown- or black-skinned inhabitants believe that America is a nation of white supremacist bigots. Too bad for America that fuckheads like you are too cowardly to learn how to live with the rest of the world. I hope you are not "DAMNED well proud of yourself" for that.

—Larry Flynt

After reading the first three letters to the editor in your March, 1976, Feedback, I laughed my proverbial "balls" off. The funniest, of course, was the one written by the "Knights of the KKK," and I wish to congratulate you on your perfect response to their letter.

They spoke of advancement as a nation and race when, in reality, their slanted, bigoted views (of which I'm well aware, having had the unfortunate experience of seeing them first hand) have wrought chaos in our mixed nation of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, etc.

If they would bother to read some of the *real* history of our nation (in between washing their Halloween costumes), they would learn what those "hard-working Christian" Caucasian[s] did in their spare time: Why do you think the offspring of most of the original female slaves were half-black and half-white? Notice that historical figures, such as Washington, Jefferson, General Lee, etc., had their prostitutes and whores, too!

It is truly unfortunate that these KKK members couldn't jack off their minute cocks because of that particular feature in the December, 1975, issue, but I do have a question for them: How do these fine, upstanding "Christian Caucasians" (and I use those terms loosely) know so much about your magazine anyhow, unless they read it?

Because I'm completely aware of myself as a woman, I'm liberated in both body and mind. I'm not ashamed, as those others are, of my enjoyment of your magazine.

I wish to thank all of you who publish and write for *HUSTLER* for aiding in the development of a mature America. It's about time we get sex out of the closet and into the living room, bathroom, and onto the kitchen table.

A Ripened "Florida Peach"
Jacksonville, Florida

The Klan and other skirted, fascist faggots make a great fuss over America—and their attentions are about as welcome as a maggot's kiss. The only lynch law we support is the public lynching of censorship, and censorship is just what the bluenoses want. The real Americans, the men who founded this country, believed in freedom of the press, and so does HUSTLER.

(OK, Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's new amateur photo contest [see p. 16]. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.)

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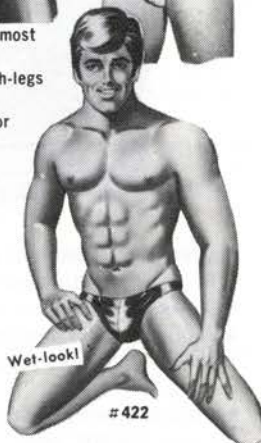
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PREVIEW

JULY PREVIEW

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—Althea Leasure, HUSTLER's associate publisher and executive editor, celebrates our anniversary issue with her inside story. Althea shares her feelings on being a woman working for a men's magazine along with her views on sex, success, and Larry Flynt.

HOW TO BREAK A CHERRY—This humorous article rates the various methods of piercing a virgin pussy and tells why cherry-poppin' time is definitely *not* the pits. By Noel Kilgen.

LENNY SCHULTZ—This profile zeros in on a "crazy" comic whose approach to humor has earned him the label "world's dirtiest X-rated comedian." By Joyce Jurnovoy.

LIFE-SIZE and LIFE LIKE—Treat yourself to EVELYN, the honey-lipped beauty in our life-size July centerfold, as well as our lifelike fantasy photo spread of a young lovely's first visit to a gynecologist.

EROTIC DOLLS—We've discovered that toys can be as much fun for grown-ups as Saturday morning cartoons are for kids. Be sure to catch this imaginative photo feature and find out why.

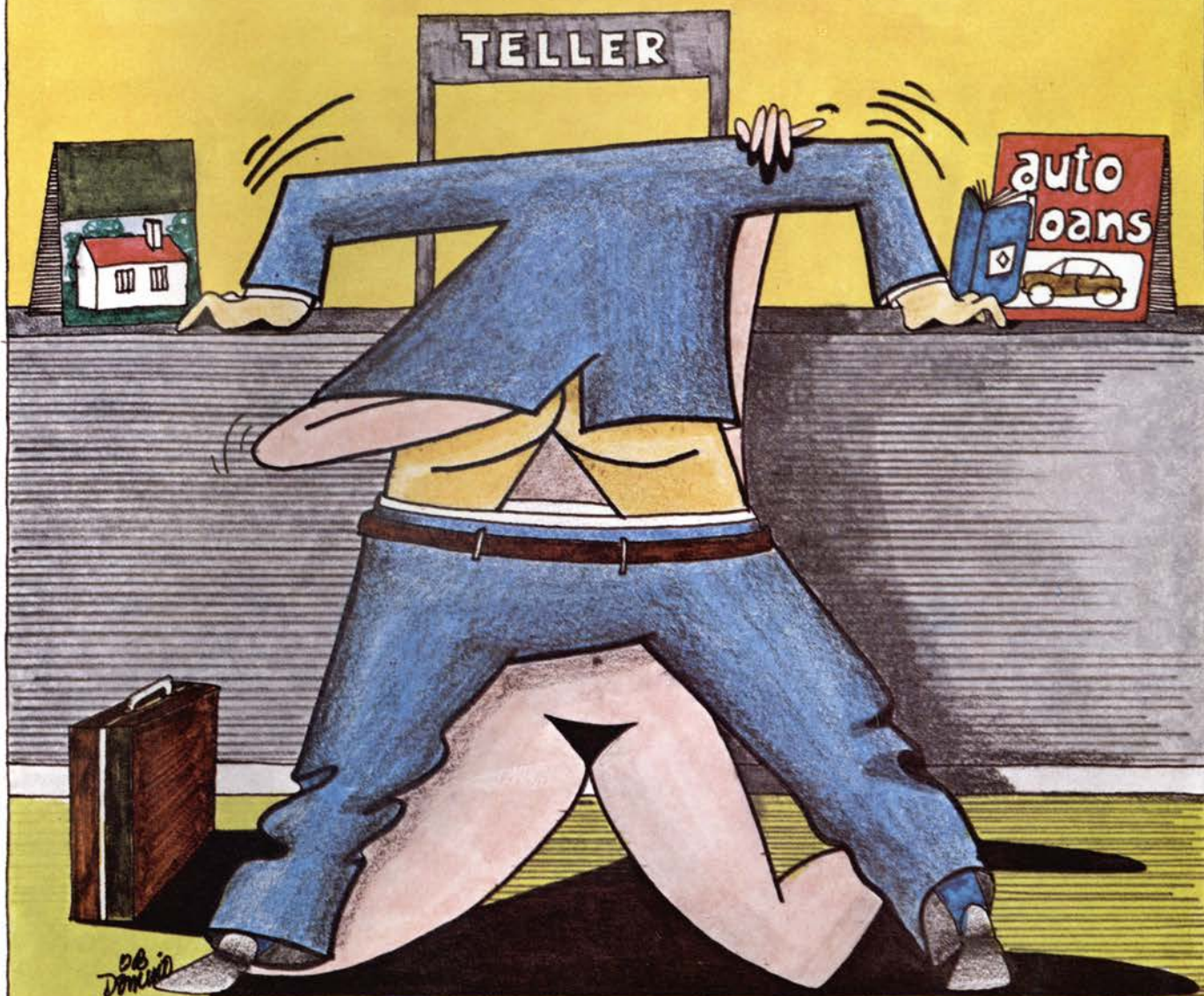
MAIL ORDER FEEDBACK—Here's something new: a column to assist our readers in ordering mail-order sex products. HUSTLER enters the consumer-protection field.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT—The first installment of our new contest in which readers are invited to submit snapshots of their special "Honeys." Only photos by amateurs will be eligible, and all winners will be considered for appearances in future HUSTLER pictorials.

PLUS—For the richest in raunch, check out our juicy BITS & PIECES and our hard-hitting fiction. After you reach KINKY KORNER, you may never want to leave. In SEX PLAY, learn the rules for making sex even more fun through game-playing. Fill up on our tasteless HUMOR and CARTOONS, ADVISE & CONSENT, and sex news from around the globe in SEX BITS. Come and get it!

PREVIEW

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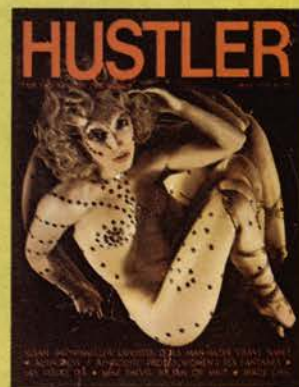
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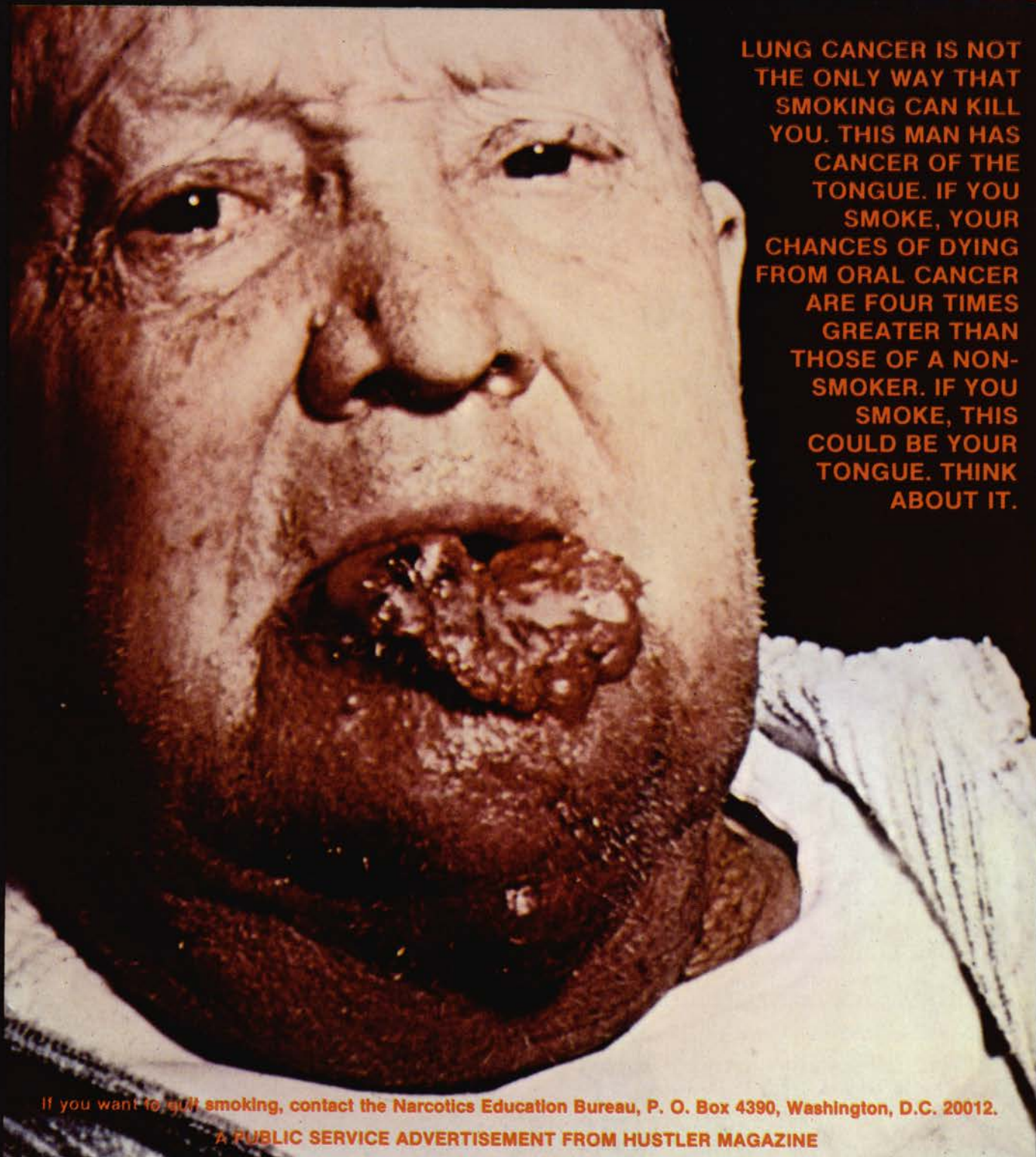
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