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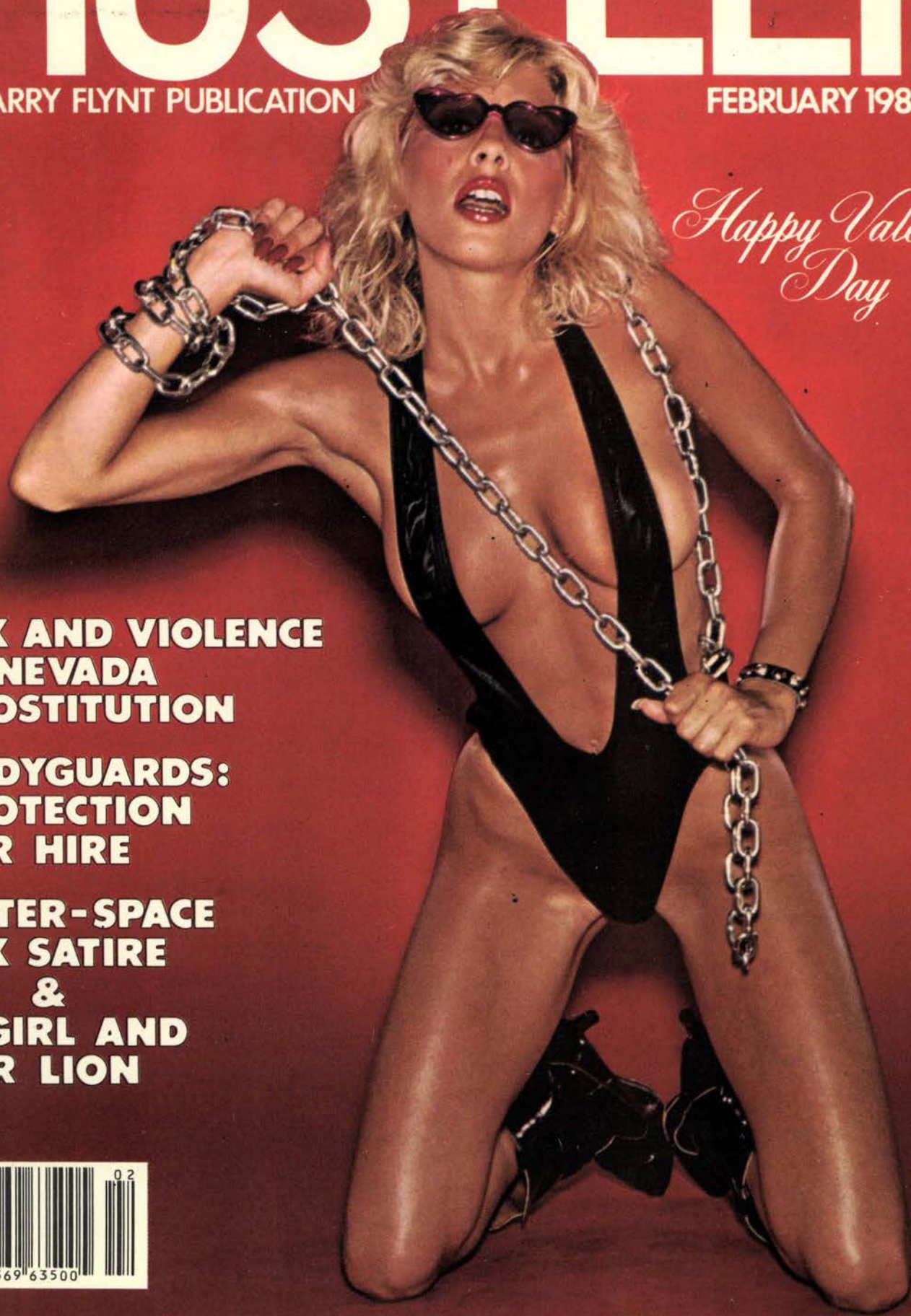
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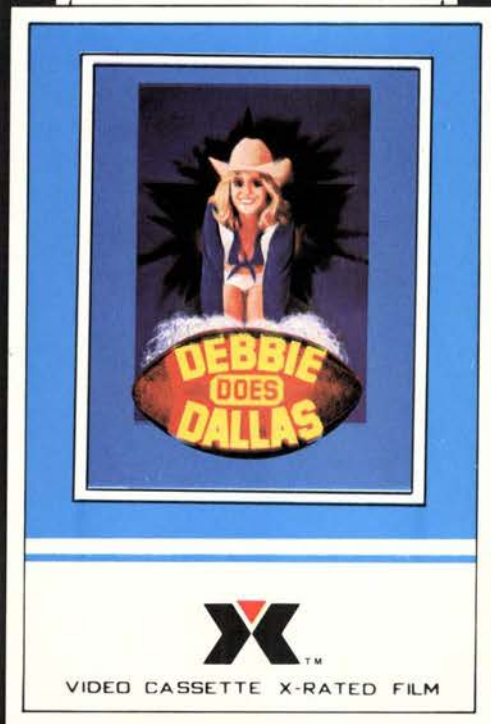
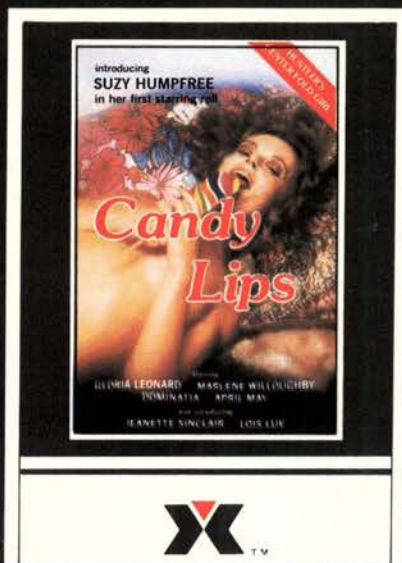
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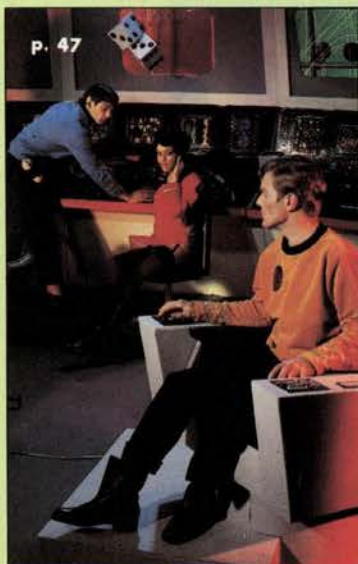
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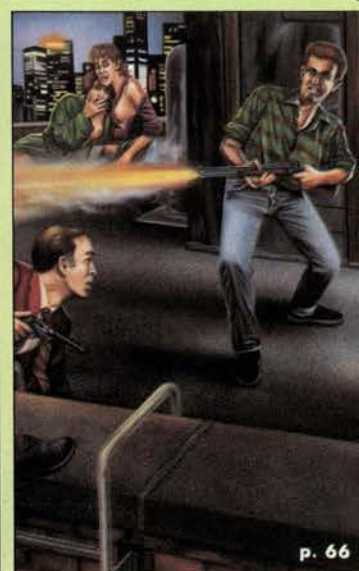
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**FEBRUARY 1980 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 8**





## No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

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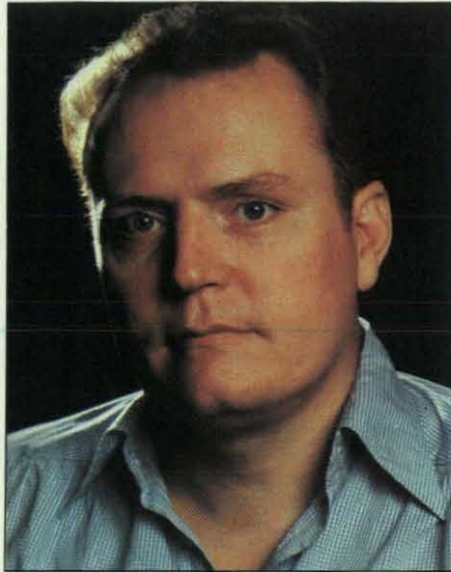
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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



## The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution

**T**he church is one institution you might expect to practice the cherished ideals of brotherhood and equal opportunity. But even a brief look at what's going on inside the religious bureaucracies reveals what a farce this notion is. The sad fact is that the *majority* of God's children are treated as inferior by organized religion. They are, for the most part, the same people who have for too long encountered discrimination in all walks of life: women, gays and blacks.

Pope John Paul II, the leader of the world's most powerful religious organization, has repeatedly insisted that women cannot become priests. That means millions of Catholics, no matter how devout and pious, are barred from attaining the highest aspiration of their religion simply because of their gender.

Such blatant discrimination is by no means limited to Catholicism. According to a recent report by the National Council of Churches, less than half of 163 American church bodies surveyed permit ordination of females. And nearly two-thirds of those women allowed in the clergy are relegated to Pentecostal groups or paramilitary denominations like the Salvation Army.

Discrimination against homosexuals is even more widespread among the churches. The Pope recently confirmed the Catholic Church's rejection of homosexual practice, as have many Protestant denominations in the United States—notably the Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Southern Baptists. This means that not only are gays banned from the clergy, but they are also considered sinners whose salvation is in doubt simply by virtue of their sexual preference. This is equality? This is brotherhood?

This unfair treatment of women and homosexuals within the churches is all the more detestable because there is no sound theological basis for it. There is nothing in the

teachings of Jesus condemning homosexuality or relegating women to an inferior status. I think it's more a case of sexually repressed church bureaucrats carrying on a bad tradition started by a handful of powerful early church leaders.

That's why it's so shocking that bigotry in the name of God is allowed to exist in organized religion, which is supposed to teach the basic goodness of all creation. Everybody suffers from it—not just women and gays—because what it comes down to is a small church "elite" that uses its own prejudices to decide who is "worthy" of God's love. In my opinion this is a dangerous perversion of what religion is supposed to be all about.

In addition to their practice of sexual discrimination, churches are among the most racially segregated institutions in the United States. According to the Reverend Martin Marty, professor of religious history at the University of Chicago, "probably less than one percent of whites go to church with blacks." Religious leaders agree that strict color lines are observed in thousands of rural parishes—to the point that on some occasions blacks have had church doors slammed in their faces when trying to attend all-white services.

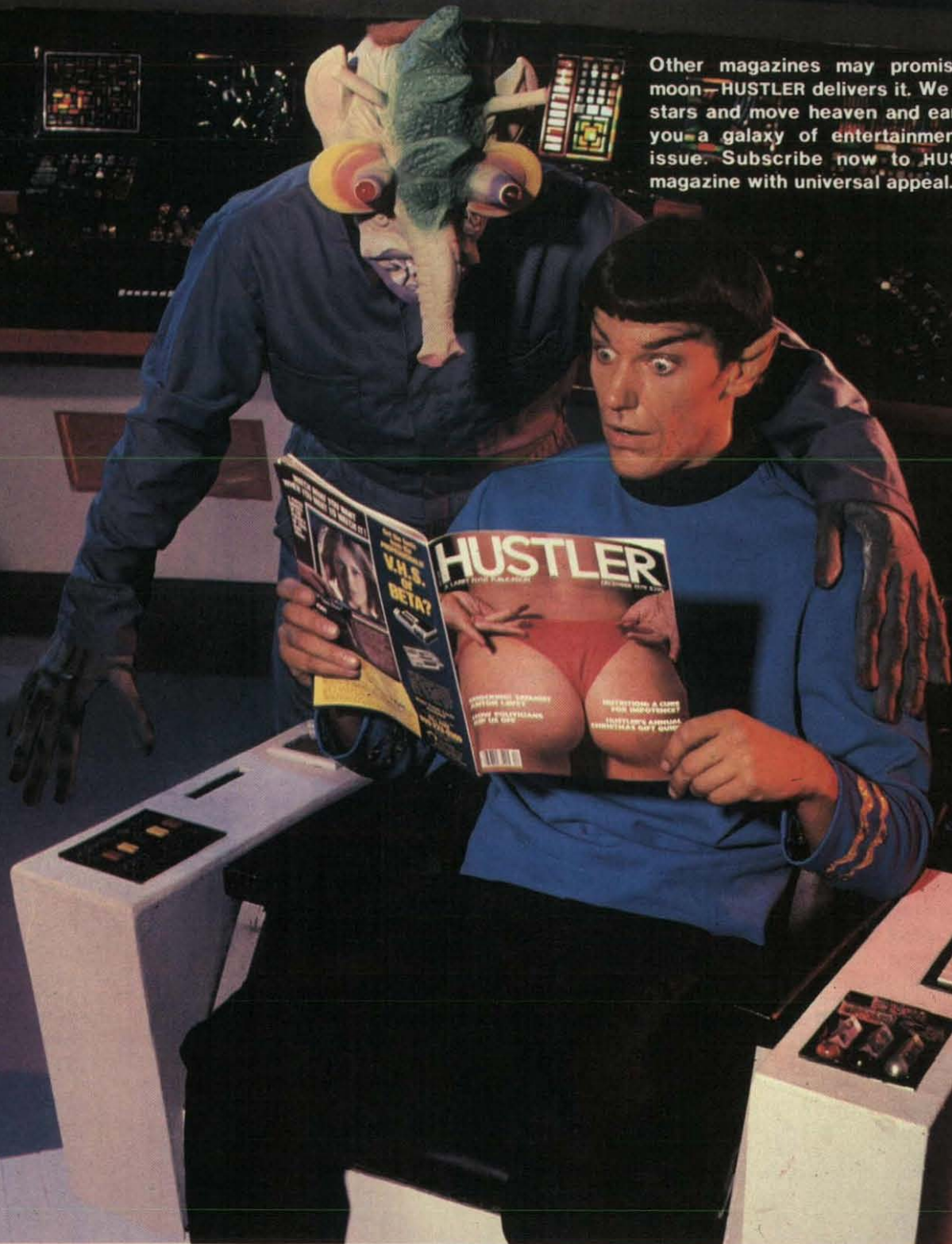
Racial or sexual discrimination of any kind is unforgivable, but when it is practiced in the name of God, it becomes the worst kind of hypocrisy. This intolerable situation has existed for far too long, and I think it's time for some action against it.

*Larry Flynt*  
Publisher &  
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One of our main goals at **HUSTLER** has always been to take our readers on monthly excursions to a wide variety of destinations. Our February issue is your ticket to explore a fascinating range of worlds, from the mean streets of Chicago to the whorehouse scene in the desert sands of Nevada, and out into the farthest reaches of space.

Veteran police reporter **RON HENSON** grew up in the Windy City, so he knows only too well the seamier side of city life depicted in his short story **THE HUNT**, February's fiction. Henson graphically traces two Chicago cops as they track down a killer in the urban jungle. The accompanying illustration is by **DAN KIRK**, a regular in these pages whose work has also appeared in numerous other national publications.

Contributing Editor **STUART GOLDMAN**, who last appeared in **HUSTLER** with his profile of Doug Kershaw (July 1979), explores the growing and often-misunderstood phenomenon of protection-for-hire in this month's report on **BODY-GUARDS**. Incidentally, Goldman got so caught up in the fascinating lives of these men that he is writing a book on the subject. **HOLLY HOLLINGTON** provided the artwork.

**STAR TRICKS**, our special satirical photo-feature for February, was scripted by Associate Publisher **BRUCE DAVID** and Executive Editor **LEE QUARNSTROM**. Under the guidance of Art Director **JIM CHADA**, the props and sets were designed by Associate Art Director **RALPH FOWLER** and constructed



Cover by Matti Klatt

by Studio Manager **GLEN ROUNDS**. The good folks at Fantasy Film Fans International supplied the bridge set.

For this special project we brought in **RICK SCHWARTZ**—who worked on *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*—and **LUANA GERSTENBERGER** to do makeup; along with Assistant Studio Manager **ALISON FARRELL**. Costumes were made by **KATHY TRAVERS** of our Editorial Department. **JAMES T. KIRK** (honest, that's his real name) and **ROGER HEISMAN** of Hyperspace Enterprises contributed invaluable advice and authentic props, and our *Star Tricks* models wore the "Voncelle" and "Lola" style wigs from the Naturally You collection. When everything was ready on the set, **HUSTLER** Contributing Photographer **MATTI KLATT** did the shooting.

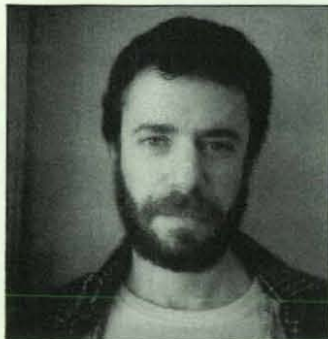
Articles Editor **ARNOLD MANN** trekked across the Mojave Desert to a little town outside Las Vegas by

the name of Pahrump, where America's most famous legal brothel was recently resurrected after being destroyed by fire. In this month's interview **WALT PLANKINTON**, the owner of the Chicken Ranch, speaks frankly and bitterly about his troubles with politicians and arsonists, and casts some gloomy predictions for the future of legal prostitution in Nevada.

In **RELIGION AND SEX** author **NORM WINSKI** shoots down the myth that celibacy was God's idea. Instead he attributes the antisex and antiwoman policies of some Christian churches to propaganda campaigns by a few influential early Church fathers. "God never said sex or women are dirty," Winski points out in this well-researched *Sex Play*. Winski is the author of a dozen published books, including *Mysticism for the Millions*.

Our photographers' contributions, as always, create the special sparkle that makes **HUSTLER** shine. There's nothing sad at all about **CELESTE: BLUE MOOD**, February's **HUSTLER** Honey, who was photographed by the legendary **SUZE RANDALL**. Suze's exotic eye also discovered a sensuous **ISLAND OF LOVE**. In **LEA: CALL OF THE WILD**, **MATTI KLATT** uncovers an untamed beauty whose wild desires demand nothing less than the lion's share. And **SOUL FOOD**, shot by **JAMES BAES**, features a sumptuous spread with lots of salt and pepper.

As you can see, it's an exciting journey we've charted for February, and the best thing about it is that you don't have to leave your chair. Just turn the page and take off. 🛩️



Stuart Goldman



Star Tricks creators on the set.



Arnold Mann





TOTAL \$



**Eye for Beauty:** I've never seen a more beautiful woman in a magazine than *Debi* in your December 1979 issue (top photo). What a wonderful creation!

You say she has "an eye for beauty." Well, so do I, and I can tell you she has the finest body I've ever seen in a photograph. What a warm face to go with those perfectly molded breasts. And she has a cunt like a rose petal. Even her feet are gorgeous. All I want to know is, why is that newspaper in every picture?

—Peter Plummer  
Los Angeles, California

*Debi likes to keep herself well-informed on current events.*

**The Best Yet:** I am a regular reader of HUSTLER Magazine, and I'd like to congratulate Bob Veze on the splendid job he did on the cover of the December 1979 issue (center photo). It's one of the best yet. Keep up the good work.

—Jeff Stetson  
Anaheim, California

**Got My Goat:** I read your magazine all the time. I think it's basically good, but your November 1979 issue with the *Bits & Pieces* collage of President Carter really got my goat (bottom photo). Whoever made that picture sure as hell isn't helping the country, which is what Carter is trying to do despite assholes like the person who wrote the little summary underneath. If it weren't for assholes like them, more people would back Carter, and the country wouldn't be in such a mess.

—Concerned American  
Edgemont, Arkansas

*If a little satire is to blame for the mess, we really are in trouble.*

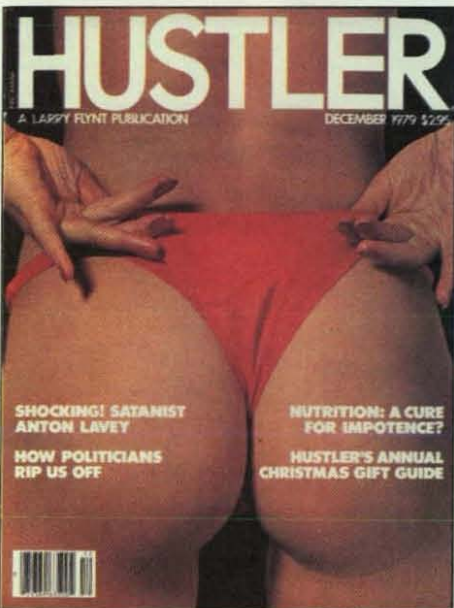
**Gin-Sex Connection:** In your December 1979 issue there was a *Sex Play* by Dr. J. D. Brown, "Sex and Nutrition." I have tried to purchase the Gin-Sex vitamins he wrote about, but the health-food stores I've contacted have never heard of it. I would appreciate it if you could give me an address where I can obtain a supply.

—Arnold Schmidt  
Brooklyn, New York

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**Idiotic Asshole:** I would like to congratulate HUSTLER for picking the Reverend Jerry Falwell for November 1979's Asshole of the Month. I live in Lynchburg, Virginia, and have been waiting for somebody to tell it like it is about Falwell.

In addition to his idiotic statements on national issues, he also shows his stupidity on the local level. His church has what amounts to a small army of followers who go out into the community and harass people,



using strong-arm tactics to try to persuade them to attend Falwell's church. Needless to say, the majority of Lynchburgers is fed up with the Reverend Falwell. A bigger asshole this world will never see. Thanks a lot, HUSTLER!

—Diane Collins  
Lynchburg, Virginia

I very much enjoyed your selection of Jerry Falwell as Asshole of the Month. However, I feel you erred gravely in not making the distinction more permanent. Falwell deserves no less than the honor of being named Asshole of the Year. I'm only sorry that many of the followers of the Reverend Jerry here in the Lynchburg area will never know that this prize has been given. In his characteristic modesty Falwell will doubtless not mention the HUSTLER award.

—Herbert Rivers II  
Lynchburg, Virginia

**More on Barf-Face:** I think De De Lind, who wrote the letter entitled "Barf-Face" in the December 1979 HUSTLER, ought to be Asshole of the Year. If she doesn't like HUSTLER, she should go ahead and read *Playboy*. I think HUSTLER is better because it gives me what I buy the magazine for, not a lot of advertising like *Playboy* has, with a lot of bullshit like what deodorant somebody uses or who drinks what kind of rum.

In HUSTLER you find good articles and excellent cartoons. HUSTLER gets down to the point of how people are in this world—not just the good, but the bad as well.

—Kendal Zahn  
WaKeeney, Kansas

I read a letter in your December 1979 *Feedback* section that said *Playboy* was a better magazine than HUSTLER. I think that *Playboy*, pardon my French, sucks! The girls in *Playboy* are nice, but you usually only get a few pictures. HUSTLER not only has damn-nice-looking women in it, but it also has a lot of damn-good articles.

Also, the lady who wrote "Clean Up the Filth" should know that at least 50% of premarital pregnancies are because of misinformation about sex and birth control. Kids should be taught about sex in school. This would prevent a lot of problems.

Sex is natural, and sooner or later everyone must find out about it. So let's teach our kids right so they know the truth. Then they won't have to learn things the hard way.

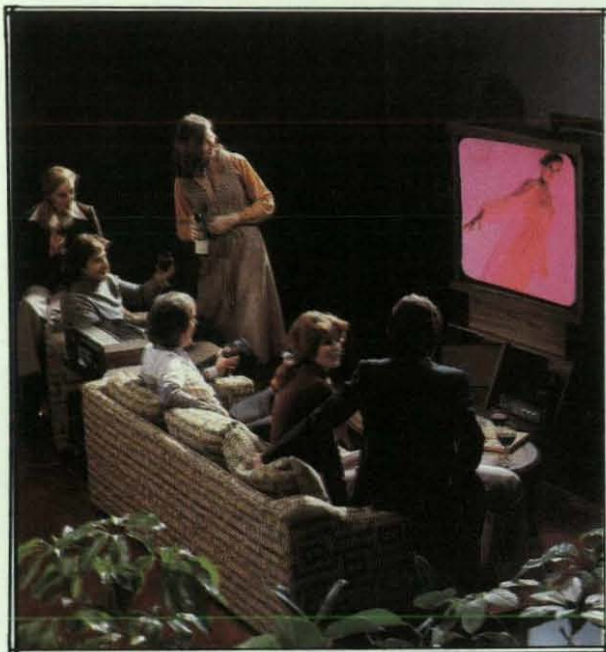
—Anthony Stahlhut  
Huntsville, Texas

**Rhythm Method:** I've been a loyal reader of HUSTLER for three years now, and never have I seen such a terrific-looking girl as the one in *Rhythm Method* in your November 1979 issue. Sondra has the most inviting baby-blue eyes anybody could imagine. Her long, curly-blond hair and ripe tits are fascinating. Her legs are the best I've laid eyes on. I'll bet Clive McLean, the photog-



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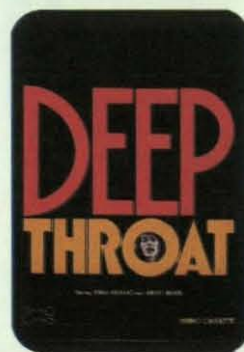
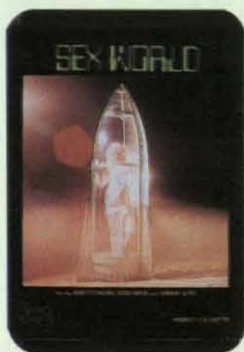
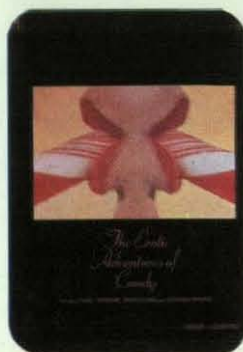
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rapher, must have creamed in his jeans during the entire photo-session. How I envy that guy!

Larry Flynt, you are all right! Keep up the excellent work that you and your staff do every month.  
—M. L. R.  
Carlsbad, New Mexico

**Going to the Dogs:** That was a very good article, *Attack Dogs: Putting the Bite on Criminals*, in your November 1979 issue. I have three large dogs—two German shepherds and a Doberman pinscher. Any of your readers who may be thinking of buying a guard dog to protect themselves or their property should read your article. I'm all for guard dogs and attack dogs, but there are too many people training, raising, selling and buying them who don't know what the hell they're doing.  
—Franklin C. Dean  
Columbus, Ohio

Thanks for your article *Attack Dogs* in your November 1979 issue. There's no foolproof way to stop crime, but dogs are a good way to start if you know how to handle them and know your legal rights.  
—Puppy Pusher  
Lackland Air Force Base  
San Antonio, Texas

**Think Pink:** It is very seldom that a woman pictured in the *Beaver Hunt* section gets by your game wardens with some cloth around her crotch. Come on, you assholes, let's see some cunt! What's the matter? Did Debbie's twat grow together (November 1979)? We let you slide by with Maureen in the August '79 issue, but twice in four months is just too much. If I wanted to look at tits and a loincloth, I'd subscribe to *National Geographic*! Think pink! Better yet, *show pink*!!!

—Rex A. Dennis  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

*No one shows more pink than we do.*

**Show More Cock:** Your response to the writer of "More Men" literally sucked (*Feedback*, November 1979)! Whoever wrote it has my nomination for Asshole of the Month.

Reacting to a request to show more cock in HUSTLER by referring people to *Blueboy* really showed your ignorance. Why would women want to read a magazine designed for male homosexuals? According to propaganda, HUSTLER is supposed to be dedicated to heterosexuality. If that is so, why is it that the only women you publish picture-spreads for are female homosexuals?

Basically, I like HUSTLER and am pleased by the obvious Christian spirit of your public-service messages. But I'm bored stiff with wilted pricks and cunt-lapping females. If HUSTLER refuses to be a truly heterosexual magazine with picture-spreads deliberately set up to entice women, then why not put out a separate publication using *Blueboy* models in poses for women?

—Peggy Bell  
Cleveland, Oklahoma

*Most of our readers are satisfied with HUSTLER the way it is.*

**Abortion Rights:** I just finished reading your profile *Bill Baird: Abortion Advocate* (November 1979). I never expected to find an article like that in HUSTLER, but you have surprised me beyond measure. I cannot tell you how strongly your article affected me. The right of every woman to have an abortion is something that should not be taken away. It is something I believe in 100%. As a member of NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League), I am all for people like Bill Baird and the invaluable work he is doing.

Thank you for bringing this to the attention of your readers. I know you're going to receive a truckload of hate mail, but think of all the people you have educated and the good you have done.  
—Marcy Showel  
Rockford, Illinois

I just wanted to commend you on the superb article about Bill Baird in your November 1979 issue. I feel that he is a wonderful person who is doing all he can to help the young people of today. Although many people feel differently, I feel that Baird is truly a humanitarian.

A few months ago I found out that I was pregnant. My boyfriend and I discussed all the possibilities. Marriage and keeping the baby were out of the question; we would have been destroying three lives.

We went to the Bill Baird Clinic in Hempstead, New York. At first we were very apprehensive, and we almost decided to back out. Once we got into the counseling session, though, we were put at ease. The counselors were very congenial and friendly. They really made us feel at home. The doctors and nurses were also very friendly and didn't make us feel as if we were on an assembly line. They explained every step and told me what to expect.

Although I regret what I had to do, I'm glad I picked this manner to do it.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Long on Short:** I have often wondered why you don't have a special page with pictures of women who are 5-2 or shorter. I, and probably millions of other men, am totally turned on by tiny, perfect women. And I mean *real* women, not children. There is beauty and intelligence within perfect tiny women.  
—Don M. Long  
St. Louis, Missouri

*We're passing your little suggestion along to our Photo Department.*

**Female Fan:** I don't know how many women write to your magazine, but I'm one woman who truly appreciates it. Larry Flynt is one hell of a raunchy guy, but I admire and respect him for the stands he has taken on social and political issues. He's a man





with balls! Besides that, your HUSTLER pictorials ain't half-bad. Keep it up!

—Anna Delucchi  
San Francisco, California

**Hot Coffee:** Your spread *Coffee: Hot and Black* in the November 1979 issue was the best I've ever seen, even though it was too short. You should offer more coverage of darker-skinned ladies. Although I'm white-skinned, I find darker-skinned women more attractive. *Coffee's* body, in my estimation, is without par.

—Glen Krouse  
San Clemente, California

**Sorry for HUSTLER:** I feel deep sorrow for Larry Flynt, his magazine and his faithful followers. You try to act so cool, with various articles on sex and with photos of women posing in awkward positions that are both funny and grotesque. You really don't understand the true meaning of sex. You continuously define sex in an animalistic way. That's all fine and dandy for lower species of animals, but we are human. We are the highest form of life on this planet. And there's more to sex than you display. Normal, decent people call it *love*. You and your true believers obviously don't know what real love is, or you wouldn't be doing what you're doing.

On occasion I have looked at your magazine, but only to laugh at it. Your articles and pictures never made me horny. They gave me a good laugh though. In the future I don't think we'll be reading your magazine.

You can get tired of the same joke over and over. I won't even read this letter if you print it.

—Linda Annen  
Bridgeview, Illinois

For the first time in my life I just sat down and read through your magazine. While I did find a few segments arousing, on the whole I was thoroughly disgusted. The language, content and philosophy presented are in extremely poor taste. I don't feel that I am a prude, nor do I consider myself a religious fanatic. I simply believe that your magazine reduces men and women to nothing more than so much genitalia in search of self-gratification. I for one do not wish to look upon every woman I see as a sexual object to be used or discarded as I please.

As I remember, Larry Flynt's answer to a similar criticism on the *Phil Donahue Show* was that by his bringing this type of material into the public eye, people would lose their unhealthy attitudes toward human sexuality. Now, Larry, when a person is drowning, you don't throw him a concrete life preserver! I pray for your sake and for the sake of people who read HUSTLER that you can clean up your act.

—Bill Mills  
Long Lake, Minnesota

*And when a person is drowning in ignorance and repression, you don't throw him a raft of misinformation and nonsense.*

**Good and Bad:** I am writing with respect to

your magazine and to compliment Mr. Flynt on his intriguing taste. I cannot understand the critics, nor do I as one human being underestimate them. Think about it. Look what one did to Mr. Flynt. Sure HUSTLER has some tasteless points. But what might be tasteless to one just might be tasteful for others. Why, if they dislike your magazine, do they waste their money buying it?

There are good and bad points in everything and everyone. So why should we be damned for reading HUSTLER? I feel Mr. Flynt's magazine wouldn't be on the market if it wasn't God's way. Believe me, there is a purpose.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Zanesville, Ohio

**Big Labor:** Your article *Unions in Trouble* by Robert McGarvey (November 1979) was very well put. I enjoyed it not because I've been saying the same thing for the last four years, but because it's all true. Big Business doesn't give a damn about the little man—the guy making \$5 an hour or less—as long as businessmen make their high and unfair profits. But it seems that big labor unions are only interested in higher dues and increased membership. As for the government, how can it tell the workers that they can only negotiate a 7% contract when our leader makes over \$200,000 a year? Our congressmen are earning \$50,000 a year or more. It appears they don't care either.

It seems every time our economy is in trouble, the one who suffers is the worker earning \$5 an hour or less. Black, brown or white, he gets fucked.

Finally, my last shot at Big Business. If Big Business treated its employees well, we wouldn't even need unions.

—Charles Hernandez  
Buffalo, New York

**Hot Pizza:** I must take issue with your movie-reviewer's rating of *Pizza Girls* as only "half-erect" (*X-Rated Reviews*, February 1979). Candida Royalle in that cute outfit is worth one-half alone! And the action was at least hard-core. I'd give it 3/4 or more.

—Mike Sherman  
Beaumont, Texas

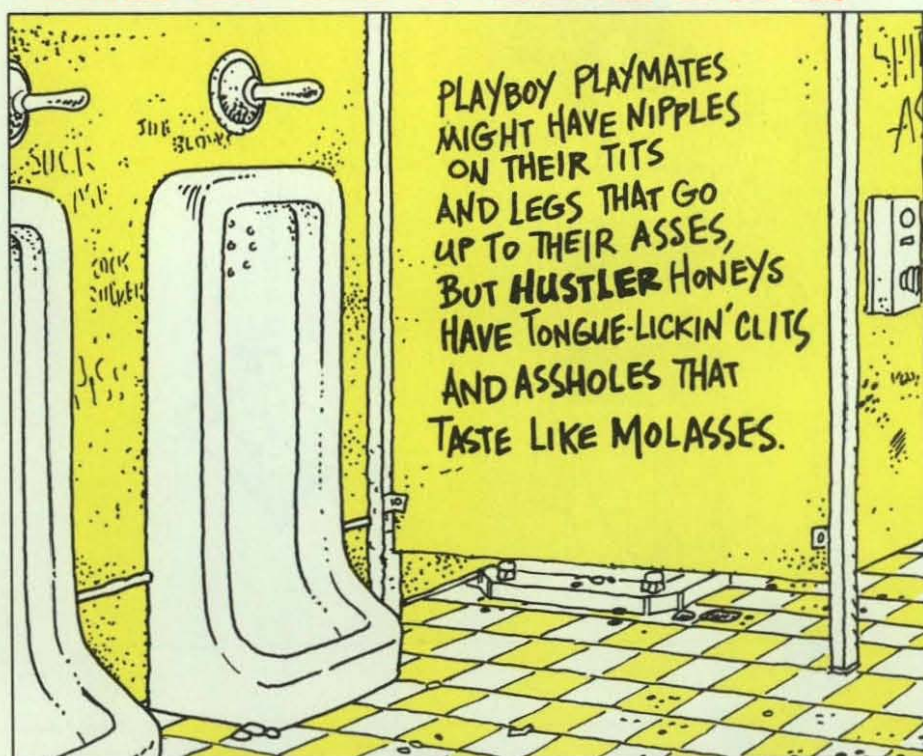
**Libertarians:** I just finished reading your *Publisher's Statement* "No Choice Again?" (November 1979). To get directly to the point, do you have any further information on the National Libertarian Party, or an address where I could contact the party heads?

Your *Statement* was of great interest to me, and I for one would like to see our government—of the people, by the people and for the people—given back to the people.

—Gary D. Brown  
Storm Lake, Iowa

For further information you can write the National Libertarian Party at 2300 Wisconsin Avenue N.W., Suite 201, Washington, D.C. 20007, or call 202-333-8209.

# GRAFFITHTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO R.L., SAN JOSE, CA.



# World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Toxic chemicals in the environment may be responsible for a worldwide drop in sperm density, in turn causing a decline in male fertility. Florida State University professor Ralph Dougherty discovered that 23% of the students surveyed at his school had a sperm count of only 20 million per milliliter, a level considered by many specialists to be evidence of sterility. Other tests indicated a 40% drop in sperm density over a 44-year period, beginning in 1929. Dougherty argues that his research shows a strong correlation between decreased sperm density and the presence of poisonous industrial chemicals known as PCBs, or polychlorinated biphenyls. Although most uses of PCBs are now banned, the compound still remains in the atmosphere, and an estimated 1.5 million tons per year are still deposited in Lake Huron.

A Southern California beach has been invaded by something even stranger than surfers: Hundreds of tampon applicators have washed up on the shores of the coastal community of Del Mar. Local authorities are casting a suspicious eye on the San Diego sewer system and its outfall near Del Mar, but so far San Diego bureaucrats have denied responsibility.

A preservative used in food and cosmetics apparently triggers sexual behavior in beagles. A group of Purdue University biochemists noticed that the compound p-hydroxybenzoate is naturally secreted by female beagles shortly before the dogs go into heat. The compound disappears when they are no longer sexually active. When the scientists smeared a synthetic form of the chemical on female beagles not in heat, male dogs became sexually excited in their presence. No word yet on whether the substance also works on people.

The first gay television-repair shop has opened, in Los Angeles, California. The shop, which claims to be the first such dealership to come out of the closet, announced in the L.A. Yellow Pages that it was now "serving the gay community and friends." The name of the store? Appropriately enough, it's "Gene's TV."

Mothers who were given sex hormones during pregnancy gave birth to boys and girls who showed an increased femininity later in life. A Columbia University study of the youngsters found that the increase was noticeable even among the girls, though women are already "feminine" to some extent at birth. The mothers of the children had all been given the female hormones estrogen and progesterone for minor complications during pregnancy.

Beauty may only be skin deep, but it was allegedly enough for Miss Illinois Pageant executive director Richard Schiller; five former pageant contestants testified that he made sexual advances to them. Schiller denied the charges made by the women, two of whom had previously been crowned Miss Illinois.

Former Los Angeles court commissioner Stephen Lachs has become California's first openly gay judge. Lachs, appointed to the L.A. Superior Court by California Governor Jerry Brown, might also be the most casual justice in the state--for his first day at work he wore brown corduroys and a checked shirt.

Anxiety may become a solution instead of a problem in sex therapy if the results of a Brown University study prove accurate. Researcher John Wincze's experiments showed that people are more readily aroused by pornography if they view an anxiety-producing thriller movie first. Wincze suggests that anxiety can sometimes act as a "primer" for sex, since the physiological effects of stress and sexual arousal are very similar. Because sexually frustrated people often have a difficult time relaxing, the use of anxiety as a tool in sexual therapy could prove very valuable, Wincze reports.

Mocking the frequent introduction of beauty queens by their male counterparts, women legislators in the California Assembly paraded a scantily clad muscle man on the Assembly floor. While one woman lawmaker introduced Steve McCall--Mr. Golden Bear of 1979--others clustered around him, poking at his substantial muscles. The women were trying to get across the idea that "there is a little too much attention given to beauty queens, Maids of Raisins and the like in the legislative chamber." 🐻





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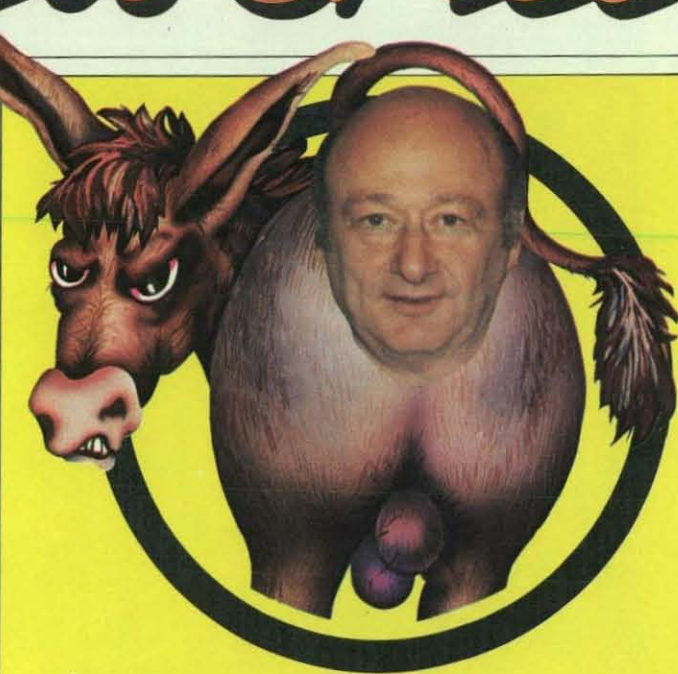
# Bits & Pieces

**A** common obsession of many assholes is the desire to interfere with other peoples' free sexual expression. Even though it might seem that running an American city would not leave time to further the cause of sexual repression, that's not true for the Mayor of New York City. If for no other reason than the creation of the "John Hour," Mayor Edward Koch more than deserves to be HUSTLER's February Asshole of the Month.

What is the "John Hour"? Last fall Koch decided to become still another guardian of public morality. He came up with the idea of broadcasting over the city-owned radio station the names of all men convicted of soliciting prostitution. That means any poor soul busted for the "crime" of accosting a policewoman posing as a whore would face not only a possible seven years in prison but also public humiliation over the airwaves.

Don't think Ed Koch would be offended if his brand of "justice" were compared with puritanical sexual repression. On the contrary, Koch seems sorely disappointed that he can't apply authentic Puritan punishments.

"We're not allowed to put people in stocks any-



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Edward Koch

more," Koch says. "So, instead, what I'm going to do is focus public attention by putting their names in stocks, meaning reporting them on the radio..."

Why Koch thinks he has the right to dictate public morals is anybody's guess. But it's clear he's trying to prove how "nonsexist" he is by insuring that men suffer as much as women from re-

pressive prostitution laws.

In fact, trying to be all things to all people is a Koch trademark. At Irish-American gatherings he says, "Call me O'Koch," while before Puerto Rican audiences he says, "Call me Eduardo." And during the 1977 mayoral campaign Koch switched his position and came out in favor of legalized murder in the form of capital punishment—al-

though he was careful not to mention those sentiments in liberal precincts.

What Koch or any other "public servant" should know is that no branch of government at any level has any business harassing adults who consent to buy or sell sex. If Mayor Koch were sincere about fair play, he'd work to repeal antiquated sex laws instead of increasing their penalties.

The most frightening part of Koch's asinine concept is its total disregard for the United States Constitution. Every school kid knows that America's judicial and administrative branches of government are supposed to be separate, but Mayor Koch evidently has forgotten this. Because he thinks New York judges have been too "soft" on convicted male patrons of prostitutes, he assumes the right to take matters into his own hands by dishing out his personal brand of barbaric justice.

The lawmakers responsible for the senseless anti-prostitution and antijohn statutes have a lot to learn about freedom and individual rights. But it takes a tried-and-true asshole like Ed Koch to place himself above the Constitution and turn his repressive view of morality into a grandstand play like the "John Hour."



# 10

## MOST WANTED WOMEN

It's time again for the people of America to choose the "Ten Most Wanted Million-Dollar Muffs." Vote for your favorite on the attached coupon, and we'll let you know in our September 1980 issue who the top twats are for this year. We're offering any of the ten highest vote-getters a million bucks to show pink for HUSTLER. So start those coupons rolling in; the deadline for all nominations is March 15, 1980.

I nominate \_\_\_\_\_

as Celebrity Muff of the Year.

Mail to:  
Celebrity Muffs  
c/o HUSTLER Magazine  
2029 Century Park East  
Suite 3800  
Los Angeles, California 90067

## Organ Transplant

Medical miracles are as common today as farts after a bean burrito. But this revolutionary organ transplant was definitely

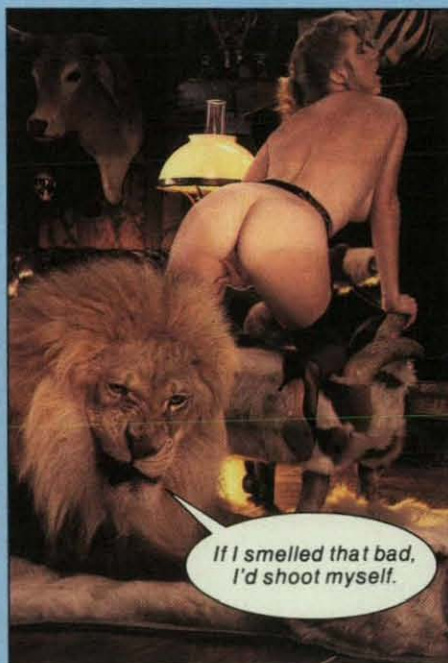
worth taking notes on. The surgery was successful, with the patient reporting no aftereffects, save for an overwhelming desire to sing hymns.



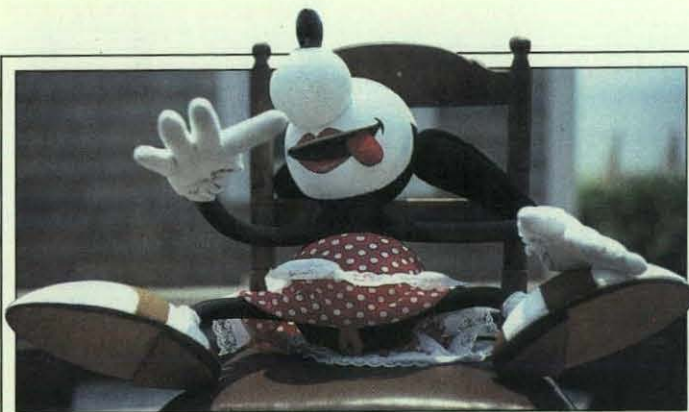
## Porn Free

This behind-the-scenes look at a HUSTLER photo-session shows you how far we're willing to go to bring our readers something a

little different. When we planned this studio shooting, our model and photographer were somewhat disconcerted by the idea of spend-



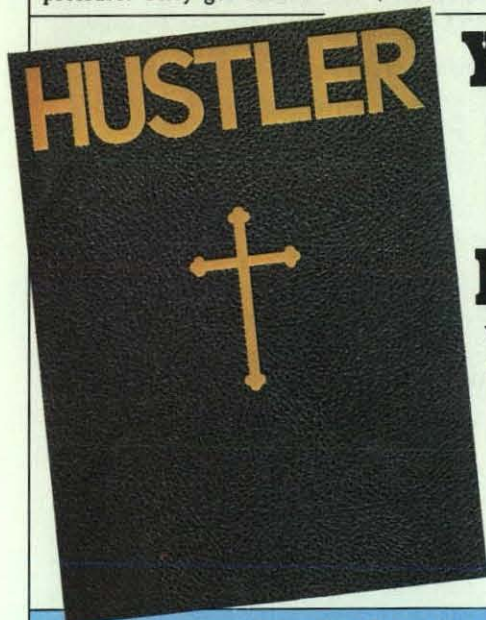




## Mouse Muff

Mice who make it big in the movies often can't handle the pressure. They get sucked into

that Hollywood nightlife, and their career goes down the rat-hole. This candid shot was taken at a studio party, where this guest lost control after an overdose of cheddar.



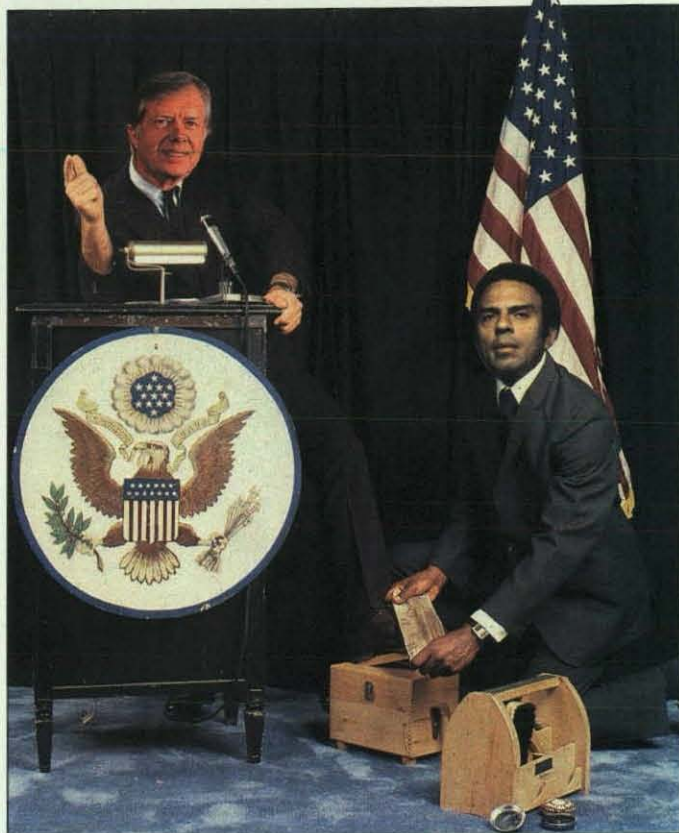
## You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover

We're not quite as popular as the other Good Book yet, but with a little luck, someday you may see this cover in hotel rooms all over America.

## Shining Example

What is Andrew Young doing now that he's lost his U.N. job? President Carter announced Young's new White House post at a special news conference.

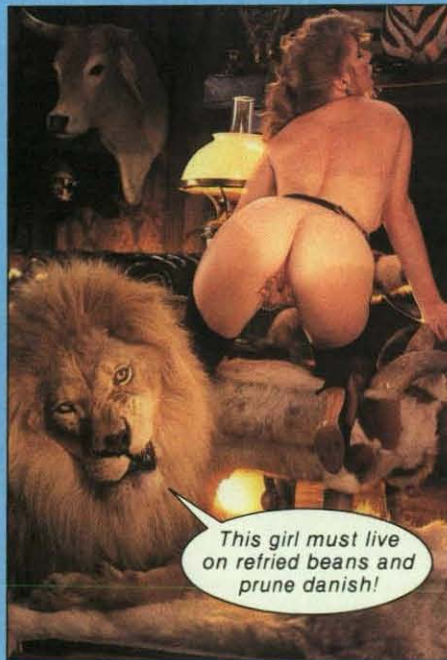
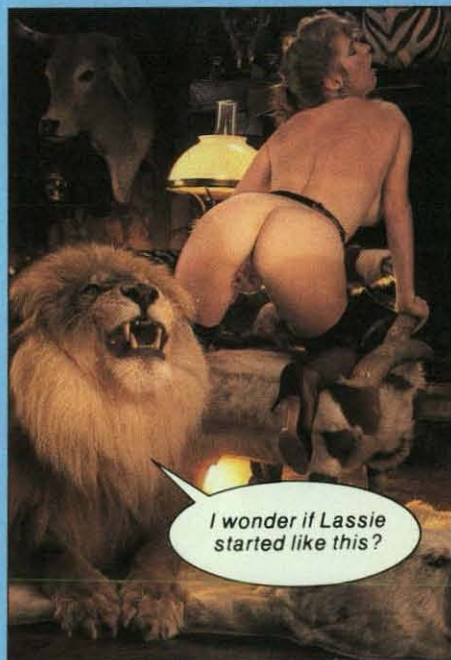
The President denied charges that the ex-ambassador was merely a "token black," adding that Young had already given a polished performance in his position. Young himself appeared anxious to hold onto the job, muttering, "Feets, don't fail me now" on several occasions during the press conference.



ing all day with a real, live lion. But to their surprise the king of beasts turned out to be docile, even bored—until his co-star opened

her cunt. Then the big cat started to sniff the air. Our photographer alertly caught the big cat's unique facial expressions, as you can

see in these six shots. For the rest of this month's very special photo-set, turn to *Lea: Call of the Wild* on page 70.

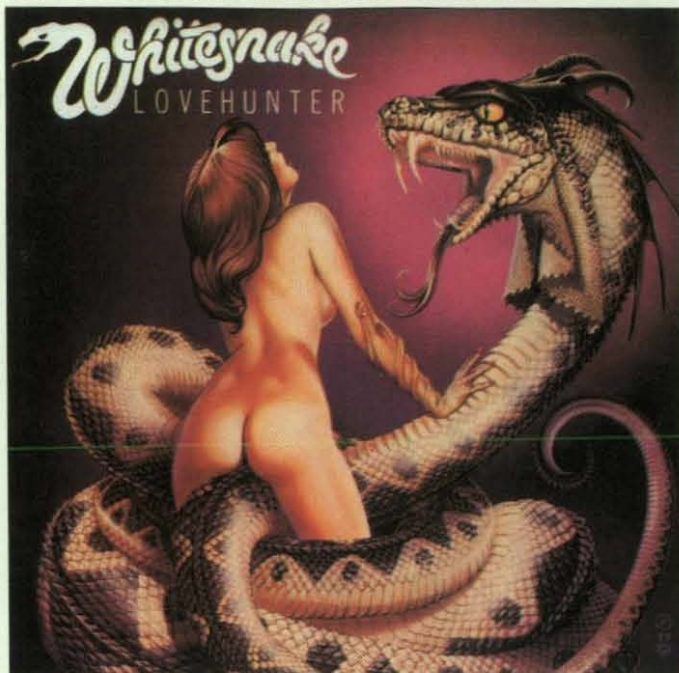




## Hot Disc of the Month

The jacket illustration is the hottest thing about this album; it was done by Chris Achilleos, famous for his stunning work in erotic fantasy art. His collected

paintings recently hit bookstores in a volume entitled *Beauty and the Beast*, which we reviewed in the September 1979 issue of HUSTLER. Though the music doesn't quite measure up to the graphics, Whitesnake does play good, hard-driving rock 'n' roll with a beat just made for dancing.



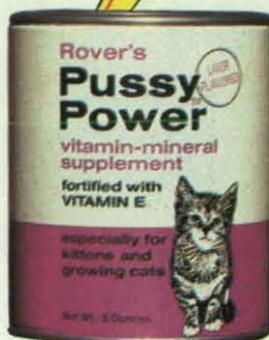
## Ads We'd Like to See

### PUSSY POWER



Floppy pussy

Tight as a drum after Pussy Power.



Pussy Power—the perfect solution for slack-muscled, loose-lipped pussies. One application of this

especially for kittens and growing cats

miraculous new product will make that droopy snatch snap shut as tight as a nervous virgin's thighs.

## That's the Ticket

If parking hassles are getting you down, we know just what you need to keep the police off your back and tow trucks off your car. It's the new Porta-

Park. This dandy item comes with the Hydrant-Hider, an imitation-marble planter box with plastic shrub that slips over the top of fire hydrants,

giving you an instant parking place that's guaranteed to fool any cop on the beat. This useful kit also includes a realistic fire hydrant and a supply of red-vinyl curb tape, perfect for creating your very own no-parking zone until you get back

to take the space. In addition, you get phony parking tickets for your windshield and an American Medical Association emergency-parking sticker with this ingenious portable parking pack. You'll never feed another meter again. Get yours now!

## PORTA-PARK®

**The portable parking pack**

**THIS KIT INCLUDES:**

- PORTA-PLUG® Imitation Fire Hydrant
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- AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOC. EMERGENCY PARKING STICKER

**BONUS OFFER:**  
RED CURB TAPE (15 FEET) & FAKE PARKING TICKETS





## Boat-People Bottle

This great kit lets you capture a moment of history—the Vietnamese Boat

People bringing their hopes, their dreams and several infectious diseases to new homes in the United States. Building this model ship is not only fun but also educational; you'll learn what it feels like to be a peasant under glass. The Boat People are brought to you in cooperation with the government of Malaysia.



## What's in a Name?

A pussy by any other name still smells as sweet, on land or at sea. Whether cruising on a *real* pleasure craft or getting their ashes U-Hauled by this Sacramento, California, truck-rental firm, Americans show they like to think pink.



## Male Room

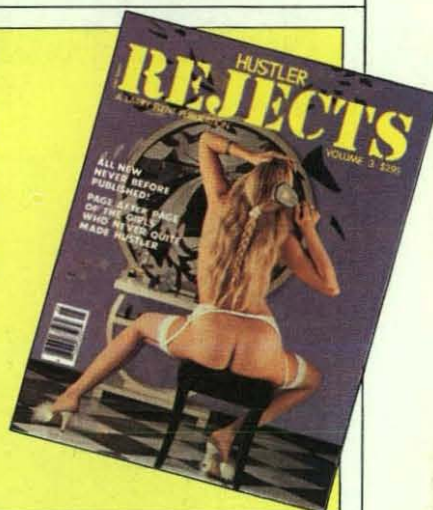
This package was sent C.O.D.—cunts on delivery. The excited HUSTLER reader who discovered this carton in his store-room dove right in, but unfortunately, the box was empty. Even more puzzling are the captions on the box. "Handle With Care" makes sense, but "Keep Dry" doesn't sound to us like good treatment for a twat.

## The Best of the Rest

There are more girls than meet your eye here in the pages of HUSTLER, and you'll see the very best of them in HUSTLER REJECTS VOLUME 3. Don't let the title fool you; there's nothing second-rate about these 13 beauties. It's just that shooting a photo-feature is a very complicated process, and problems sometimes occur that result in a particular session not

turning out exactly the way we wanted it to.

Other magazines would probably go ahead and use the photos without so much as a second thought, but we care too much about our readers for that. Instead, we save them for very special occasions like HUSTLER REJECTS. So don't delay; pick up your copy at your local newsstand or by mail from Flynt Subscription Company (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles California 90067). Please include \$2.95, plus \$1 to cover postage and handling.



## DC-10 Aviation Award

HUSTLER takes pride in presenting the first annual DC-10 Aviation Award to former New York Yankee catcher Thurman Munson. His courageous attempt to establish an underground air route to China will stand as one of the brightest moments in aviation history. We had hoped Thurman could accept this honor in person, but regrettably, Akron-Canton airport personnel are still vacuuming him off the runway.





## Singing the Blues

Rock-blues singer John Mayall is shown standing in the ruins of his Los Angeles home, destroyed by the September 1979 Laurel Canyon fire that engulfed a total of 23 dwellings. The flames also cost him a por-

nography collection that dated back to the 1800s. The losses were hard blows to the brilliant bluesman, also pictured above in a photograph that appeared in HUSTLER's January 1979 review of men's magazines.

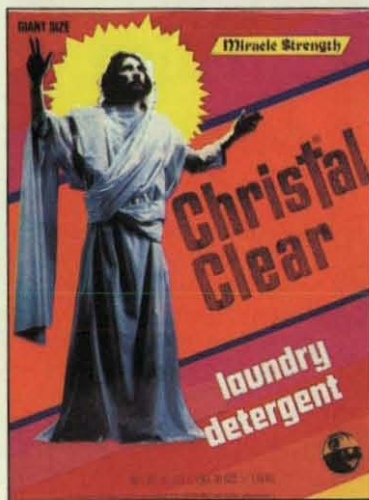
## New Miracle Product



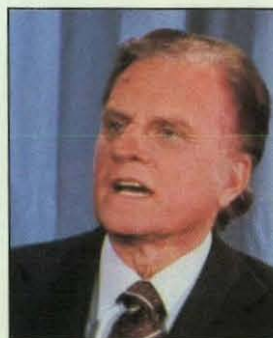
BEFORE



AFTER



What do you think would happen if the Reverend Billy Graham decided to go into commercial advertising? He'd probably wind up promoting something like Christal-Clear detergent, which could get even the famous Shroud of Turin clean. We can just hear him now: "Stains don't have a prayer against Christal-Clear, and it's also perfect for washing away all kinds of sins."



## Half-Assed Painting

After years of practice with more conventional techniques, New York artist Neke Carson decided to get his ass in gear and begin making his mark in the art world. That mark is going to wind up looking like Zorro's, as you can see by this work in progress. Carson has also used this technique to paint portraits of famous people such as Andy Warhol. The critics give his rectal art the brush-off and describe the finished works as "pieces of shit." But what else can you expect from an artistic asshole who's also the brother-in-law of actress Karen Black?

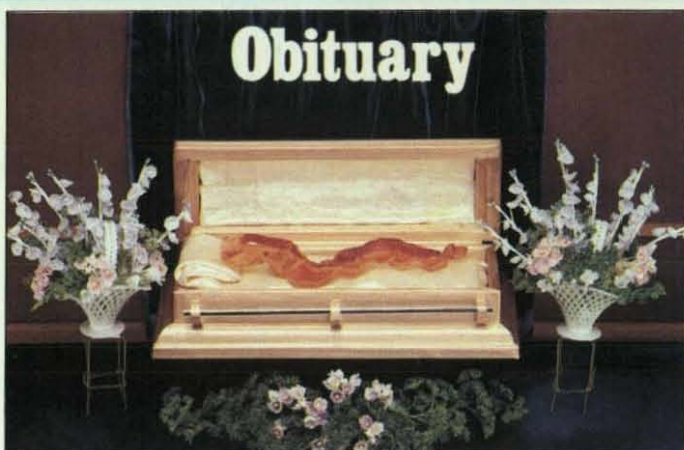


## Good as Gold

This photo was taken at the opening of the 24K nightclub in New York City. The smut trio of Mark Stevens, Jill Monro and Toni Rose were taking a break from their performance when the boys in blue pulled up. But the police seemed to enjoy the sneak peek, and left without hassling anyone. 24K is trying to popularize "disco-burlesque"—sexy live shows set to a disco beat.



## Obituary



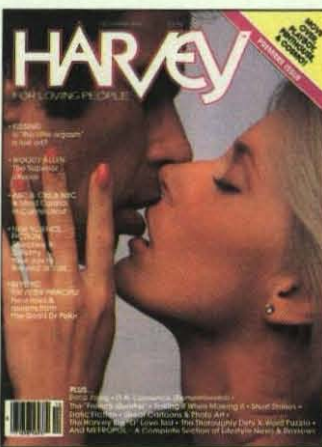
**DIED:** Miss Piggy, beloved Muppet and popular TV personality, in a fiery car crash. Hollywood sources report that the accident could be linked to the television star's high-on-

the-hog lifestyle. The personable porker was rumored to be hitting the trough quite heavily to escape the pressures of fame. She is survived by 100 brothers and sisters.

## Harvey

*Harvey/For Loving People* is a new skin magazine dedicated to "bringing back the Forties" for "the guy who isn't a stud." Those are the words of Publisher Harvey Shapiro, formerly marketing director at Larry Flynt Publications. Shapiro seemed to feel that it's good distribution—not top-quality writing and photography—that's made *HUSTLER* so successful. That lack of respect for content shows in the pages of the magazine he's named for himself; one photo-set features five pages of kissing faces, which weren't much of a turn-on even back in the '40s.

*Harvey* is available for \$2.75 at your local newsstand or by mail from *Harvey/For Loving People*, Subscription Department, 450 Seventh Avenue, Suite 2305, New York, New York 10001.



## HUSTLER Update

**JERRY FALWELL**  
Nov. 1979

This vicious hypocrite became Asshole of the Month after he preached that Larry Flynt's shooting and the death of some *Playboy* staffers in the tragic DC-10 crash in Chicago were the work of the Lord. Unfortunately, religious leaders like Falwell have a lot of other assholes to keep them company. Many of them obviously belong to the Religious Heritage of America, which recently voted Falwell Clergyman of the Year. The group is supposedly dedicated to honoring those who best exemplify the religious principles on which the U.S. was founded.



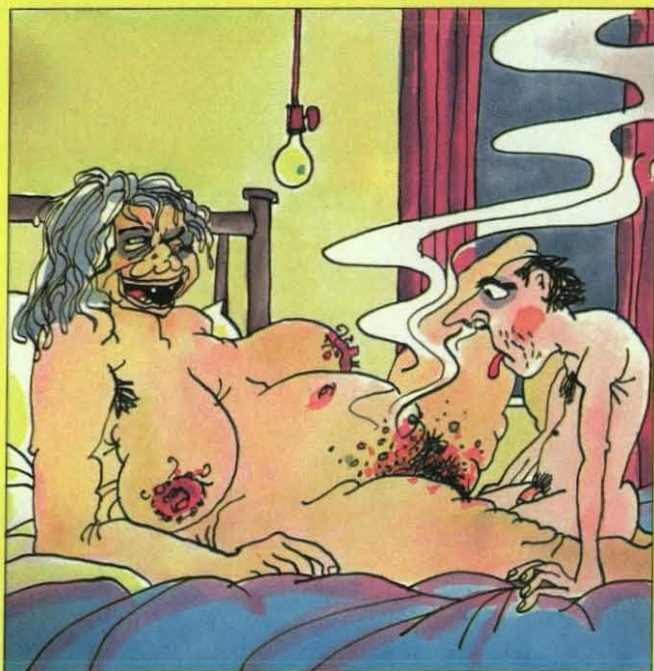
**THE CHOSEN FEW**

March 1978

We exposed the Reverend Sun Myung Moon as a religious shyster who's been linked to Koreagate and other attempts to corrupt the U.S. political process. It appears Moon is up to his old tricks again; *New York* magazine is charging that Moon's Unification Church is financially supporting the Cuban nationalist movement. Moon's cronies allegedly channeled money for legal fees to three Cuban nationalists convicted for their role in the brutal political assassination of Chilean Ambassador Orlando Letelier.

And there's more—the *New York Post* alleges that the Reverend is the secret moneyman behind the new film *Inchon*, a Korean War epic. Moon reportedly wants the movie for propaganda purposes and to increase his value to the South Korean government.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Just pick the scabs, honey; then I'll be good and wet!"

## Contributors

*HUSTLER* pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For February, \$100 and thanks to Neke Carson, Jim Riley, Eddy Rollin and Dennis Warren.



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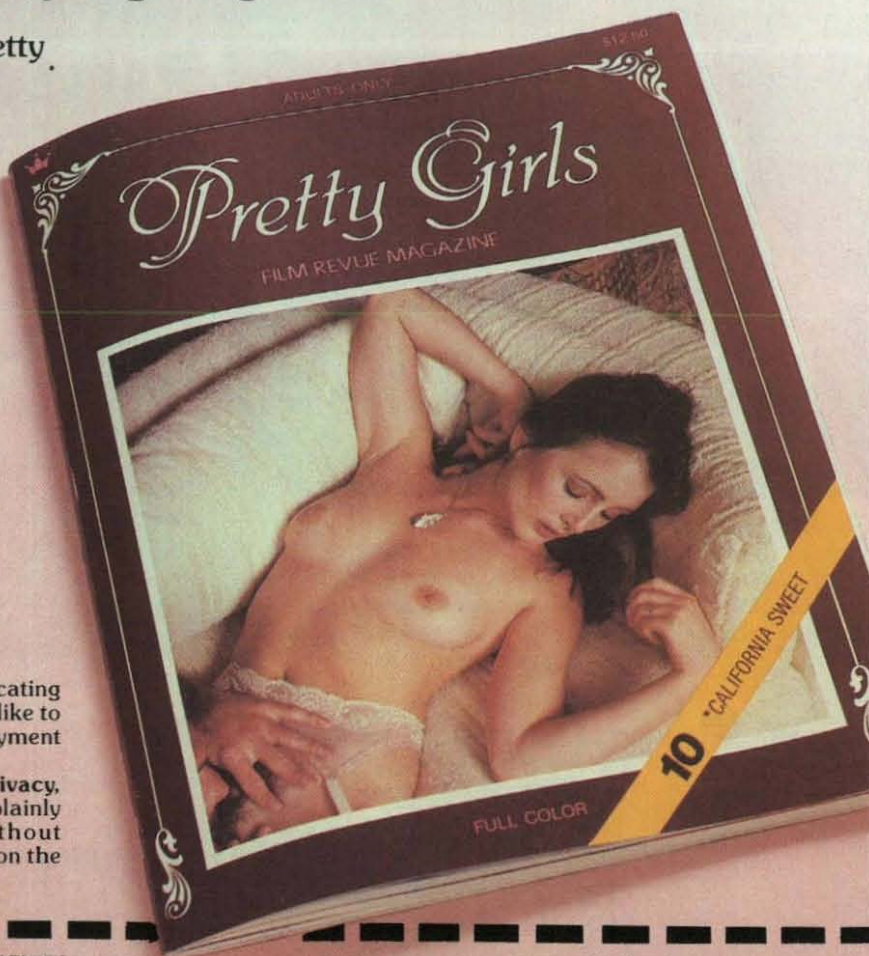
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*Advise & Consent* is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER*, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Betty Frame

**Compulsive Come-on:** I am a 25-year-old lady, and I live with my lover. Our sex life is great, but I'm always coming on to men I don't know. It's something I can't control. I want and need to turn men on to me, to show them all the good things I can do to them and for them. I'm like a different person, and I can't stop! I do this about six times a week, and have been at it since age 15. Is something wrong with me? The urge is getting stronger every day. Please help.

—B. G.  
Cleveland, Ohio

*Your self-esteem appears to be based on what men think of you. You are constantly looking for reassurance that you are all right. You think that if men are attracted to you, it means you are worthy of their attention. Even if you are having sex with these men, it's likely that the cause of your promiscuity is a lack of self-esteem rather than a strong sex drive, especially since you say your sex life at home is great.*

*Look at your own feelings about yourself. Are you crushed if a man is not turned on by you? If so, we recommend that you see a counselor or a therapist—someone who can help you sort out your true feelings about yourself. Once you realize that you are just fine—regardless of how men may react to you—your problem will likely disappear.*

**Male Mail:** I'm a man in my middle 30s. In the last few years I've noticed that my sexual desire has been steadily decreasing. Also, I don't get really good hard-ons nearly as easily or as often as I did back when I was 20. I guess I'm just not the stud I used to be. I'm in excellent health, so what gives?

—D. B.  
New York, New York

*Most men find that their sexual drive and abilities decline somewhat as they get older. While many studies in the last five years have indicated that this is due to a drop in the level of testosterone (the male sex hormone) after a man reaches his sexual peak somewhere between the ages of 20 and 30, researchers at the National Institute on Aging disagree. They say many recent studies are misleading because their samples have included men suffering from chronic illnesses, alcoholism and obesity. All these conditions—not just age—reduce the testosterone level.*

*The drop in a male's sexual potency that occurs with age is more likely due in part to the central nervous system's decreasing ability to send the necessary messages to the rest of the body. NIA researchers recently studied 73 healthy, vigorous*

*men between the ages of 25 and 89 and found that although their sexual abilities decreased as they got older, their testosterone levels remained quite stable after age 30.*

*Regardless of the cause, your situation is normal. Quit comparing yourself to the way you were five or ten years ago. That's certainly not going to change anything. What's important is that your sex life is healthy and satisfying. The odds are that you get it up as much and as often as the next guy your age. Anyway, all that's really necessary is for your penis to get hard enough for penetration, which it will probably do till your dying day.*

**Birth-Control Shot:** I'm a 30-year-old woman who has tried every possible method of birth control. Some worked; some didn't—I got pregnant three times!—and some were really a pain to use. Last week a friend told me about a long-lasting birth-control shot that is apparently available now. She didn't know much about it though. Is there really such a thing? If so, is it safe and effective? I sure would like to try it.

—R. J.  
Arlington, Virginia

*The injectable drug your friend told you about is Depo-Provera, used by millions of women in Third World countries, but not approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use as a contraceptive in the United States.*

*Depo-Provera, which is manufactured by the*

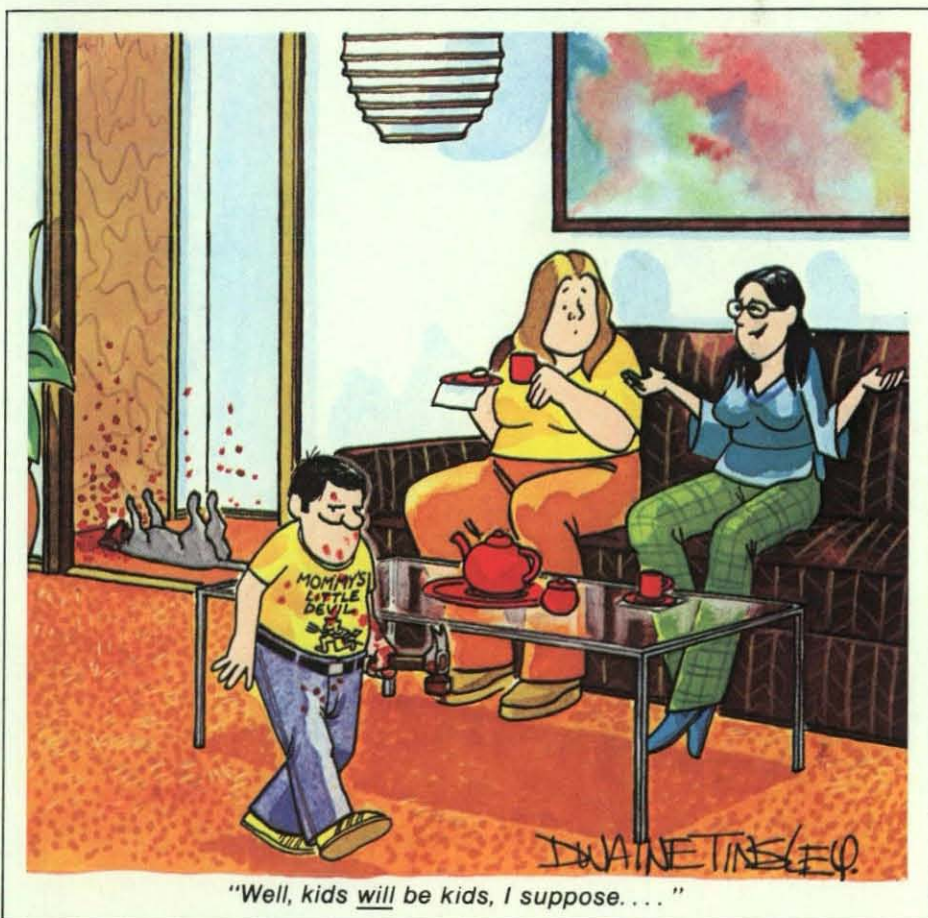
*Upjohn Company, is a man-made progesterone (female hormone) that interferes with the menstrual cycle, stops egg production and shrinks the uterus. It is licensed by the FDA only for use in chemotherapy for some types of inoperable uterine or kidney cancer. It is not authorized for use in birth control.*

*Upjohn's efforts to obtain FDA approval to market the drug as a contraceptive are being fought by various health groups. These organizations cite side effects and the fact that in recent Upjohn studies two out of 12 rhesus monkeys injected with the drug eventually developed uterine cancer.*

*While the company claims that Depo-Provera presents fewer serious health risks than oral contraceptives already on the market, critics disagree, saying it can cause sterility or prolonged menstrual bleeding sometimes lasting for more than a year. They also warn that there is a high concentration of the drug in the milk of mothers who are taking it, and its effects on nursing children are unknown.*

*Despite possible health risks and lack of FDA approval, some doctors are still administering Depo-Provera as a contraceptive. But because of the safety questions this would seem to be a dangerous as well as illegal practice.*

*Clearly, the long-lasting birth-control shot is not the miracle drug we've all been waiting for—at least not yet. Perhaps after more research and refinement it will at least receive FDA approval (even though it may still have undesirable and possibly dangerous side effects). In the meantime*



"Well, kids will be kids, I suppose. . . ."



stick to whatever method of contraception you've found most satisfactory.

**What Is It?** I'm a 35-year-old, sexually normal male. My problem is that when my wife goes to give me a blowjob, I ejaculate something other than cum. It's not exactly urine, I don't think. But it spurts out automatically when the head of my penis, especially, is stimulated. I'm confused and embarrassed by this. Could you help me out? —J. H. Indio, California

*What makes you think it's not cum? If the color or consistency is different from what you think it should be, it could be due to a change in your diet. Nutrition affects the amount, color and consistency of semen. If you still think there's something wrong, consult a urologist.*

**Inverted Nipples:** Would you please give me some information on inverted nipples? I have them and it's humiliating. I'm sure your magazine could be very honest and give the facts. —I. D. Columbia, South Carolina

*There's no reason to be humiliated because your nipples extend inward instead of outward. Many women have inverted nipples. A plastic surgeon can correct the condition with a simple operation that causes little discomfort, minimal scarring and no loss of sensitivity. But why bother? Inverted nipples are as sensitive as normal ones and will harden and protrude with sexual stimulation. (Incidentally, the idea that women*

*with inverted nipples cannot breast-feed is a myth. The nipples will become erect and protrude as they are suckled.)*

*If your sex partner makes fun of them, either laugh with him or dump him. An inverted nipple can be lots of fun during foreplay. Your partner must use a little extra effort to get it to pop out. Encourage him to get off on the challenge, while you enjoy the physical sensations he's producing.*

**Sex at Ten:** I have an eight-inch cock. I want to know if my large cock-size is a result of having sex when I was ten years old. (I had an eager cousin.) —J. G. G. Mobile, Alabama

*Having sex at an early age does not affect the size of one's penis. More likely it was the other way around; you were able to have sexual intercourse when you were ten because you matured early. Also, you were apparently not overly nervous about it. A relaxed, positive attitude does much to increase sexual ability and performance.*

*The usual period of puberty for boys begins around age 12 and continues to age 14 or 15. During this time the penis and testicles grow considerably. You probably just entered puberty a bit earlier than most, that's all.*

**Vaginal Infection:** I never thought I'd be writing to you about a medical problem, but I've been to two general practitioners and a gynecologist, and no one has been able to help me.

I have been seeing doctors for a yeast infection at least once a month for the last two-

and-a-half years. I have spent close to \$1,000 on office visits and medications. I've used Monostat cream, Sultrin cream, some teardrop-shaped suppository, Mycostatin, Nystatin, Flagyl and something else. I've used the medicines separately, together, in double doses, etc., and I just can't clear the infection up. I'm tired of dropping my drawers for more specimens and cultures just so my doctors can prescribe the same treatment again.

I used to get the infection on the fourth day of my period and have it for 14 days (with or without medication), but for the last four months I've had it continuously.

It itches and burns, and my fiancé and I make love maybe once every couple of weeks, because when we do, I get so raw and inflamed I get surface abrasions that sometimes bleed on the inner lips and even inside my vagina. A three-minute lovemaking session has me in tears. Then my fiancé feels bad because he's hurt me. I hate to keep depriving him, and I'd really like to enjoy having sex again instead of dreading it.

I douche and shower a lot for relief, but I just can't take it anymore. I know yeast infections are common, and most women have them at least once, but my case is really strange. Why don't medicines clear it up or even affect it? I wear cotton underwear, I wipe from front to rear, and we don't have anal sex.

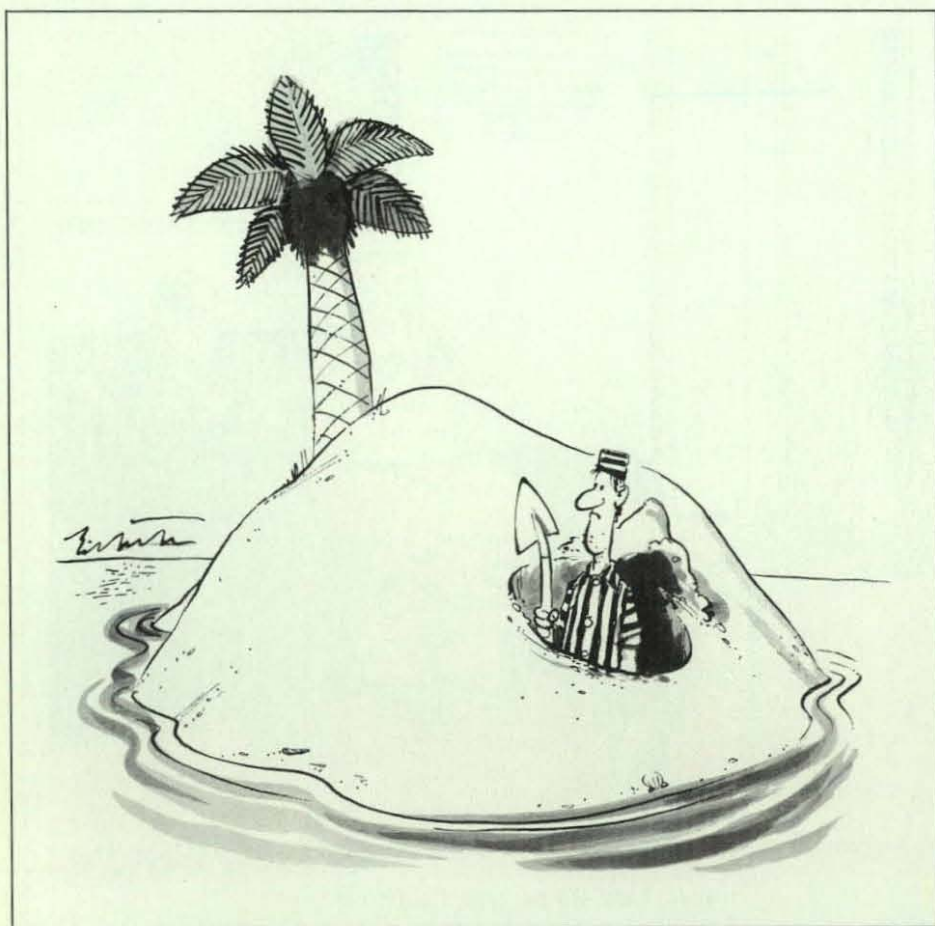
Being on the Pill has lowered my natural immunity to the infection, I realize, so I'd go off it in a second and risk getting pregnant if there seemed like even a remote chance of clearing up my infection. I can't stress enough what an emotional strain this is. Can you give me any ideas? —M. E. V. Eau Claire, Wisconsin

*You are already doing some of the things we would suggest, but there are a few more you can try. First, get a specific diagnosis from a gynecologist. Your symptoms could be caused by any of several vaginal infections. Judging from the medications you have had prescribed, you probably had trichomonal vaginitis (for which you took Flagyl), monilial vaginitis or yeast infection (for which you used Nystatin suppositories and Monostat cream) and hemophilus vaginitis (for which you were treated with Sultrin).*

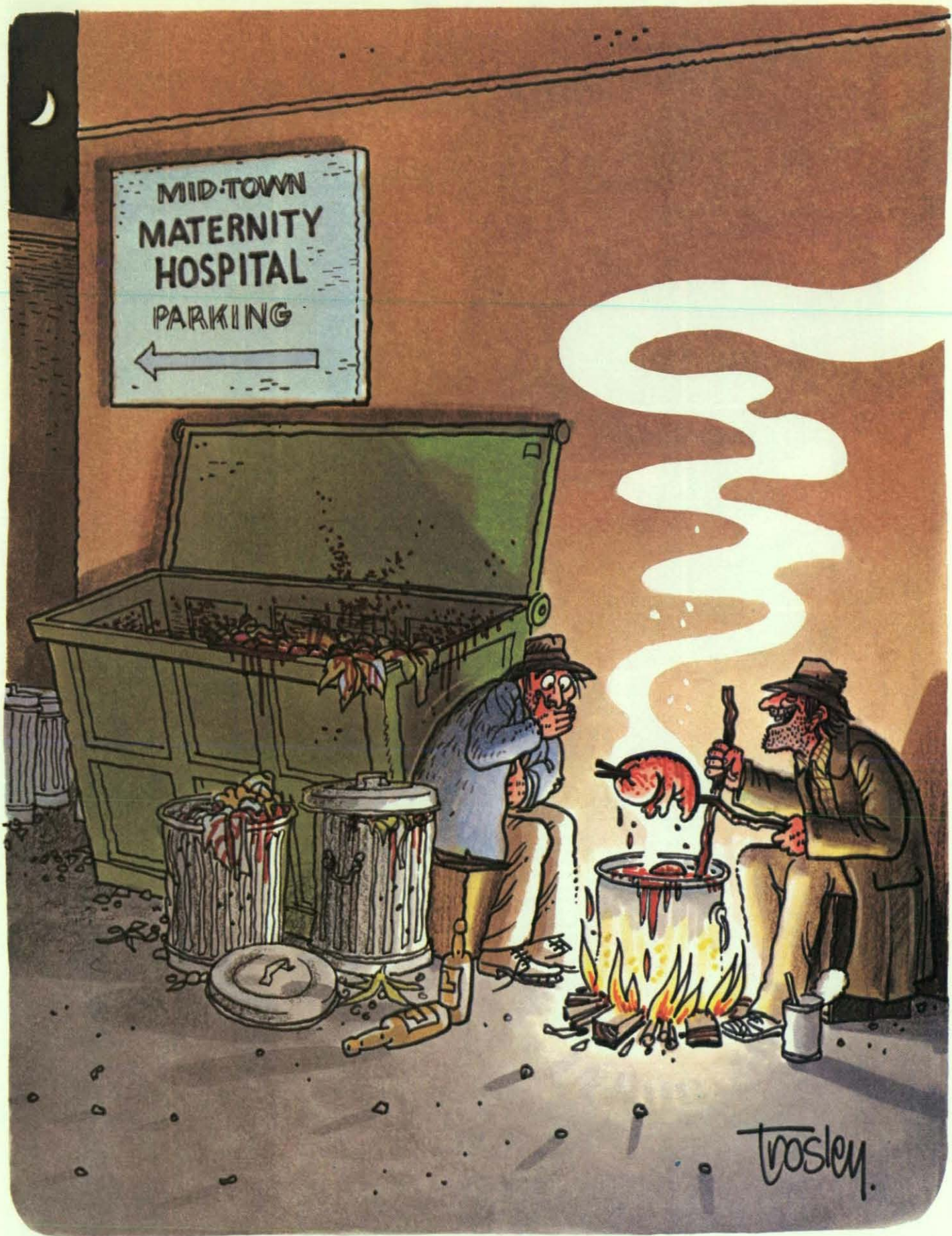
*If you still have the symptoms after you have taken all the medication, call your doctor right away. Two things could be happening. Either the infection has become resistant to the drug being used, or you are allergic to that drug. An allergic reaction could produce the same or similar symptoms as the infection itself.*

*Yeast infections are rarely transmitted to a sex partner, while the other types are quite contagious. (However, if your fiancé is uncircumcised, he is much more likely to get a yeast infection than if he were circumcised.) Since men usually don't have symptoms, your fiancé could have one or more of the infections and be re-infecting you when you have intercourse.*

*When your gynecologist diagnoses your in-*  
(continued on page 32)





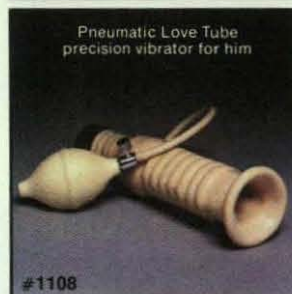
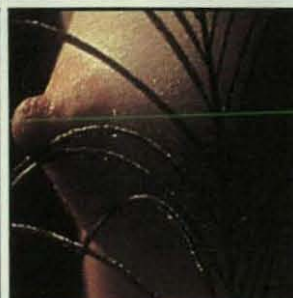


"What's the matter? Ain't you ever seen 'Hobo Stew' before?"



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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

### The Pleasure Shoppe

The store in the title of this German-made sex spoof has Doubleday, Dalton or any other famous bookstore beat hands down. On the surface it appears to sell ordinary novels and trade books, just like any other establishment. But if you're a woman customer who knows the secret password—"I'm looking for a magazine and I'm lonely"—you're introduced to the sensual pleasures of the back-room salon.

Herr Hoffman (Jean de Villroy) is the aged but sexually active owner. As the store's senior stud, he pleasures a constant procession of high-caliber women who daily pass through the doors in search of "reading matter." Thomas and Jack, his two elder sons, are even better hung than their father, and spend a lot of time in the back room themselves.

But the youngest Hoffman, 18-year-old Alex, is still a virgin. This prompts his horny kinfolk to sign him up for a course in seduction with a very foxy fraulein. Alex passes with flying colors, and the clan gathers to celebrate his coming-of-age with an orgy.

Granted, that's not much of a story. But it's cleverly filmed, and it's presented with enough plausibility to make it both believable and erotic. Several well-measured squeezes of dirty



*The sex scenes in 'Pleasure Shoppe' are simple, hot, but never tedious.*

humor glue the scenes together, as when the senior Hoffman warms up to a new customer. "Enough of this small talk," he

says. "Show me your cunt."

"My what?" answers the shocked fraulein.

"Your cunt," he replies. "It's

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

### ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



### HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



### TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

between your legs. You're dumb—I like that in a woman."

On a technical level *The Pleasure Shoppe* provides an excellent primer course on how to make sex scenes that are simple, hot but never tedious. The secret of the producers' success here is the way they handle the camera. It moves constantly, adding sensuality and depth to every shot, particularly during the hard-core scenes.

Incidentally, a few years ago the bulk of German cinematic porn was made in soft-core versions only. Hard-core close-ups were then shot and inserted after the film had reached its foreign market—often with ludicrous, mismatched results. But judging from both *The Pleasure Shoppe* and *Sex Roulette* (another German product starring Jean de Villroy that was rated fully erect in July 1979's *HUSTLER*), German producers are now able to shoot their hard-core scenes along with the rest of the film.

In fact, only two factors prevent *The Pleasure Shoppe* from earning a full-erection rating. The editing, while competent, lacks the slick, professional expertise of first-rate American porn. And the print I saw at the screening was poorly produced—a good indication that the print that you might see at your local theater will be equally second-rate.

—Manny Neuhaus

### Double Your Pleasure

Welcome back Brooke and Taylor Young, the identical-twin stars of *Sweet Cakes* and *Teenage Twins*, who here take yet another shot at porn glory with the help of D. and J. Hartman, a pair of identical male twins. But try as they might, the Young sisters are not likely to make it big. Though their hearts may be in the right places, their bodies are hardly voluptuous. And their Southern drawls, though charming, tend to mangle the English language more than enhance it.

In *Double Your Pleasure* the Young twins play Jean and Jo Halliday, a matched pair of





'Double Your Pleasure' is worth seeing only on a rainy afternoon when the TV is on the fritz.

nieces who discover their wealthy, supposedly puritanical uncle (Jake Teague) giving more than dictation to his secretary (Rikki O'Neal). Disgusted at his hypocrisy, they leave the security of their Texas home for New York. The only problem is that \$150,000 in cash disappears at about the same time, leading their uncle to recruit a New York private eye called Murdoch (D. Hart-

course, spying on them sure beats looking for lost poodles in the rain. After he first sees the sisters in a hotel room he spends the rest of the film traipsing after them, hoping for a replay.

His Peeping Tom pilgrimage takes him from the room they share with two studs to a modeling gig with a gay photographer that escalates into a cluster-fuck. During all these comings and comings

double the value, and the film draws to a dull conclusion in which the director, Carter Stevens, tries to get everybody moving in unison. He couldn't and they don't, which makes the scene about as stimulating as the first close-order drill exercise for new recruits at Camp Pendleton.

*Double Your Pleasure* is redeemed from general tedium only by the overtones of respectable sleaze that have become Stevens's trademark. It's worth a look on a rainy afternoon, but only if your TV is on the fritz.

—M. N.



Brooke and Taylor Young are the twin nymphos in 'Double.'

man) to determine the guilt or innocence of the runaways. Murdoch soon proves that they didn't take the money. But, being a voyeuristic son of a bitch, he also discovers much more about them.

Brooke's and Taylor's very first sex scene is *Double Your Pleasure's* erotic high point. In an incestuous lesbian freak-out the twins reveal how well they know every aspect of each other's body. For Murdoch, of

Brooke and Taylor keep the sexual energy high, even though they never mutter a single understandable line of dialogue from one climax to another.

The film ends with Murdoch revealing not only himself but his twin brother (J. Hartman) to the girls. If you came in drunk at this point in the flick, you'd swear you were seeing double. However, two of everything doesn't necessarily mean

## Mystique

 *Mystique* could be classified as part of the new breed of cinematic porn that attempts to combine hard-core sex scenes with serious commentary about life. (An excellent example of this genre is *Legend of Lady Blue*, awarded a full-erection rating in the October 1979 HUSTLER.) Unfortunately, *Mystique* is not

nearly so good. It's a pretentious and annoying film that seems to make the statement that life is wasted if it's not crammed full of sex and reckless abandon.

*Mystique* focuses on the lives of Alma (Georgina Spelvin) and Cosima (Samantha Fox). Alma is a photographer whose doctor has ordered her into retirement at her beach house because of ill health. Cosima is a sexy young vamp who appears one day on the beach in front of Alma's house. Her mission is to

torment Alma until the dying woman has relented. Relented from what, you ask? That's a good question, and one that's never satisfactorily answered.

Alma asks the question many times, but to no avail. "You refuse to learn," is all that Cosima will say after she's arranged for Alma to be viciously raped by two of Cosima's friends. Later, Cosima and her gang tear the house apart, deface Alma's photographs, take obscene pictures with her camera and involve her in bizarre and notably nonerotic orgies.

After more than an hour of watching the continual taunting, abuse and torture of Alma, my chief desire was to whip out an M16 and blast them all to bloody bits. Frankly, the only possible excuse for this story is that it represents an exaggeration to make a point—the point being that a life of serious work coupled with dedication and sincerity (a good description of Alma's way of looking at the world) is phony and a real drag.

But it's ironic that the makers of *Mystique* fall prey to the same indictment. Their film is a deeply serious exercise in sexual anarchism—a film without a single lighthearted moment or shred of wit or fun. And this is supposed to be a sex film, after all, not a poor copy of those pessimistic Swedish films put out by Ingmar Bergman in the 1960s.

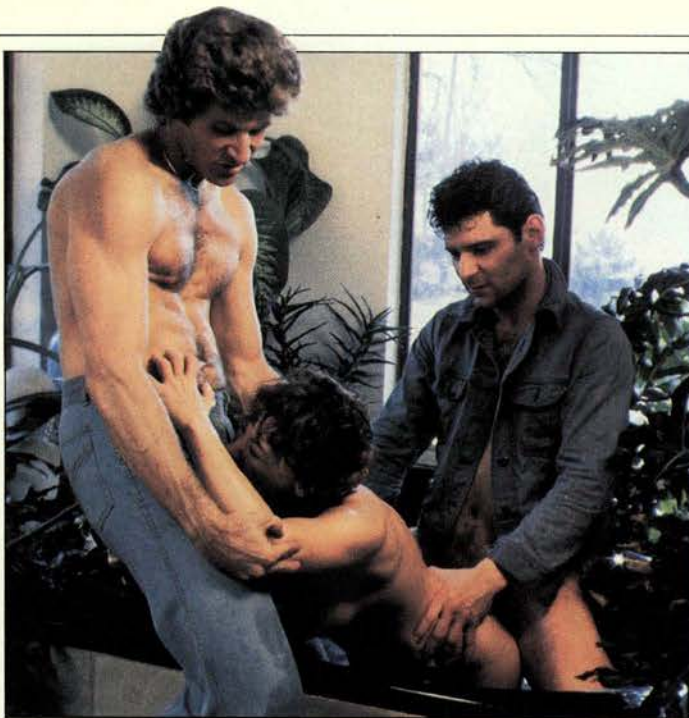
The reason *Mystique* scores at all is because the technicians who worked on it knew their stuff. The film has a lush, professional quality and displays better-than-average photography and editing. But the overall result is a downer, and for that reason I do not recommend you pay it a visit.

—M. N.

## Carnal Highways

 The totally limp dick that you see on the left is HUSTLER's sign for an X-rated film that fails completely—either as an example of the motion-picture art or as titillating eroticism. We don't consign pictures to that category lightly. When we do, we bust our balls trying to figure out what the filmmaker was attempting to





Georgina Spelvin gives and takes in the gloomy porn film 'Mystique.'

do, and then do our best to explain why and how the film doesn't make it.

Once in a very great while, however, a film is exhibited that defies both our rating system and any rational analysis. *Carnal Highways* is such a picture. It's a total stinkeroo, and to grace it with our limp-dick sign is to insult every other failure listed in that category. This film is such foul garbage that it demands a new symbol—a pus-filled venereal sore would be appropriate.

First of all, there's no real story to this flick at all. Second, it shows no evidence of either a script or a director. Third, the production values include a steady procession of out-of-focus shots, strange flashes on the screen, camera framing that lops off heads as regularly as the guillotine during the French Revolution, shots that wobble like a drunk in a hurricane, and editing that seems to be the work of a nonunion meatcutter. And that's the *plus* side.

The *really* bad stuff concerns the action—a word I'm using instead of "story" because there *isn't* any story. Two male leads appear consistently throughout, played by John Seeman and Fernando Fortes. On screen they call each other John and Fernando; that'll give you some idea of the imaginations at work on this project.

John and Fernando are a

couple of shabbily dressed punks who spend a lot of time together holding their crotches as if they've been kicked in the balls. This is supposed to represent how horny they are. They then decide to buy a diesel rig, for they've heard that truckers have no problem getting laid. Where the money for such a large expenditure is going to come from is never explained.

When the two guys buy the truck, they inspect the tires on one side only, proclaim them-

selves satisfied and drive away. "Driving away," incidentally, is registered on the screen by the cab being rocked while standing still by all-too-visible production assistants as the camera vainly tries to frame a shot of our heroes without chopping their heads off.

Well, what about the sex scenes? These are handled with such incredible clumsiness that I almost blew lunch in the theater. Mr. Fortes, for instance—who is also credited with being executive producer—comes across as a half-wit. His chief thrill is to strip naked (except for his socks) and lick chicks all over. I've seen better slobbering at the San Diego Zoo's monkey house.

The only woman in this disaster with a body worth mentioning is played by Seka, a gorgeous blonde described in the flick's publicity sheet as "the white-hot new sex queen." (She was featured in a sizzling photo-set entitled "Erika" in the August 1979 *CHIC*.) Yet Seka goes through her paces with all the pizzazz of a Las Vegas hooker at the end of a 48-hour day. If she wants to remain as hot in the porn-film business as she's currently touted to be, I hope she'll pick her future productions with a little more care.

*Carnal Highways* represents a new low in erotic cinema. Avoid it like the plague. —M. S.



The high point in 'Highways' is Seka, shown here in a *CHIC* photo-spread.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

### Erection

Babylon Pink  
Easy  
Legend of Lady Blue  
MisBehavin'  
Sex Roulette  
Star Virgin  
The Ecstasy Girls

### Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk  
Debbie Does Dallas  
800 Fantasy Lane  
Heavenly Desire  
Jack 'n Jill  
Ms. Magnificent  
People  
Pro Ball Cheerleaders  
Satin Suite  
Serena  
Tangerine

### Half Erect

Bangkok Connection  
Carnal Games  
China Sisters  
For Richer, For Poorer  
Here Comes the Bride  
Laura's Desires  
Pizza Girls  
Pussycat Ranch  
Taxi Girls  
Telefantasy  
The China Cat  
The Little Blue Box  
The New York Babes  
The Sensuous Detective  
The Untamed

### One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume  
Dracula Sucks  
Hot Honey  
Hot Lunch  
Hot Rackets  
More Than Sisters

### Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!  
Fur Trap  
Hardcore  
Sweet Savage  
Tropic of Desire



# BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

## Ward 81

By Karen Folger Jacobs, Ph.D., with photographs by Mary Ellen Mark; Fireside Books, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; \$9.95

"We have problems, real problems, that's why we're here. But that doesn't mean we should be taken away from what's human." These are the words of a patient—or inmate—of Ward 81, a mental ward for women in Oregon. Psychiatrist Karen Folger Jacobs and photographer Mary Ellen Mark spent more than a month there talking to the patients and staff, taking pictures and absorbing the quality of life they found.

What they saw is graphically reproduced in this book. Faces

The most common group activity in the ward is watching television. Many of the women love the commercials, teasing themselves with products they'll never be able to buy. Such masochism is routine in Ward 81.

"To a degree we became like those women," writes Dr. Jacobs at the end of her sensitive introduction. "We felt the degeneration of our own bodies and the erosion of our self-confidence. We were horrified at the thought of what we might become after a year or two of confinement on Ward 81."

These sentiments summarize the most vital message of this book. The really horrifying aspect of crazy people is how similar they are to the rest of us, not how different; the really horrifying aspect of Ward 81 is the uselessness of the therapeutic methods (Thorazine, electroshock, restraints) practiced there. In late 1977 Ward 81 was modified; it was turned into the female section of a co-



The utter despair of 'Ward 81' is horrifying. Seeking a way out of the ward, this female inmate tore flesh from her leg and ate it.

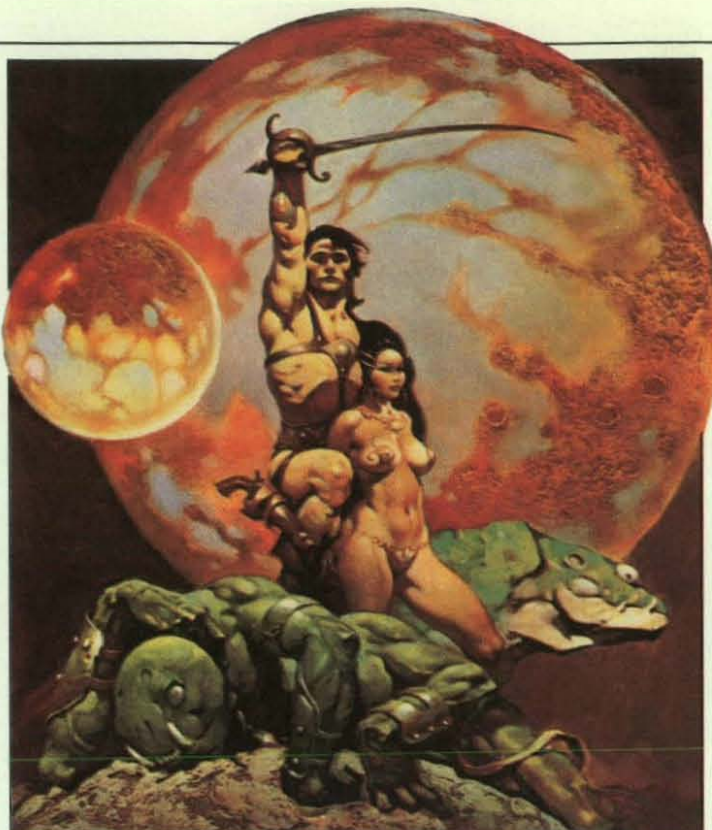
are twisted, minds and bodies are burdened with loneliness and despair, and everything—objects as well as people—is kept captive.

If you fantasize about bondage, your fantasies might end abruptly in Ward 81, for the restraints are not voluntary and there is little hope of release. The most common way out is "cutting" yourself—self-destruction, simple, painful and bloody. For one patient this meant tearing the flesh out of her leg and eating it. A few of the photographs show such scars, but deeper scars are apparent in every inmate's face. They show in each pair of eyes, and what they show is fear.

educational treatment ward. But wards similar to the one described in this book still exist in many states—wards that contain, in Dr. Jacobs's words, "the women we might have been, women we might one day become."

Ward 81 is a powerful and shocking, yet deeply sensitive, work that will nag unceasingly at your social consciousness—and that's precisely why you should pick up a copy of the book. The sooner we Americans become more aware of things other than the size of Dolly Parton's breasts, say, the sooner we'll be able to effect real social change in this country.

—Jerold Pearson



Frazetta transforms body parts into symbols of sex, strength and terror.

## Frank Frazetta, Books Two and Three

Peacock Press, Bantam Books, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019; \$7.95 each

Frank Frazetta is popularly recognized as one of the contemporary masters of fantasy illustration, and with these two volumes (Number One was published more than three years ago) Bantam Books is meeting the growing public demand for his work.

By far the best pictures in this collection are the full-color plates. Because of this, Book Two, with 35 of them, may be the better buy. Book Three is largely filled with sketches, many from a 1953 "doodle-book." Of course, if you're a real Frazetta fan, you'll be fascinated by these early drawings. They may lack the strongly sensual coloring of his mature work, but they clearly demonstrate the roots of his development as an artist.

Frazetta is at his best in the creation of eye-catching book jackets for fantasy paperbacks.



Frazetta's powerful intimacy almost puts the viewer in the picture.





Pioneer practicality and hippie artistry are combined in 'Rolling Homes.'

Designed to convert browsers into buyers, these pictures are bold and stirring. They deal with basic emotions: rage, fear, aggressive sexuality. By eliminating unnecessary background details, Frazetta—with a powerful intimacy—forces you to confront the central figures and almost puts you right in the picture. In "Paradox" from Book Two, for instance, Frazetta bids you witness the conflict between a blond superman and two hot-blooded harpies. It is a conflict that *may* become a matter of life and death. But Frazetta's main concern is the moment of tension as the well-muscled hero hesitates before cutting to pieces the sultry bodies of his enemies.

By exaggerating the muscles, breasts and buttocks of his figures, Frazetta transforms them into symbols—usually symbols of sex, strength and terror. In "A Princess of Mars," for example (also from Book Two), a victorious human couple stand over the body of a green, two-headed monster (or maybe a pair of green-headed monsters).

On the surface the picture portrays the joy of power and conquest. But it also contains a strong message of latent sexuality: You can't help but imagine that as soon as the man sheathes his sword, he's going to impale the woman with another weapon entirely! —M. S.

## Rolling Homes: Handmade Houses on Wheels

By Jane Lidz; A&W Visual Library, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$7.95

The spirit of yesterday's covered wagons lives on in today's house-truckers. Today's

"gypsies" travel freely in their houses on wheels, taking along the basics of civilization and leaving the rest behind. Filled with dozens of interior and exterior color photos, *Rolling Homes* highlights some fine examples of the handmade mobile dwellings built by folk whose motto reads, "Gas is my rent."

Not your ordinary RVs with factory-direct curtains and plastic tabletops, the rolling homes pictured here are individually crafted creations. Each home mixes pioneer practicality with hippie artistry. It's refreshing to see how much ingenuity the house-truckers can cram into a converted truck, van or bus to make it look and feel like home.

Stained-glass skylights and windows, cleverly cut into every conceivable size and shape, provide openness and light. Shells of cars and vans, even airplane cockpits, are grafted onto rooftops to make lofts. Many house-trucks look like old-fashioned country cabins, with thatched roofs, beamed ceilings, potbellied stoves and back porches. As one house-trucker put it, "It's both a bus and a fantasy."

Unfortunately, Ms. Lidz, a teacher of architecture, wields her camera better than she does her typewriter. Her sparse text only hints at the personalities, motivations and lifestyles of the house-truckers. And by ap-

pearing only at the book's end, the few fascinating shots that trace the building process from bare truck chassis to ornate framehouse lose their impact. More do-it-yourself details and designs would have enriched this enjoyable collection.

Like the Conestoga wagons before them, some of these houses will surely make their way into museums as cultural landmarks. Until that time, *Rolling Homes* will serve as an entertaining tribute to these latest expressions of America's romance with the road.

—Jack Curtis

## The Worst

By Charles McGrath and Daniel Menaker; New American Library, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; \$2.95

Let's make it crystal-clear right up front: *The Worst* is a work of humorous fiction, and there's not a single straight fact in it. The authors are a couple of *New Yorker* magazine staff writers. They came up with the novel idea of creating a collection of worst people and worst things—a kind of *Who's Who* of failures and fuck-ups—and the result is often pretty funny. But, we repeat, not a word of it is true, and in a way that's a pity. An anthology of *real-life* failures and fuck-ups could be just as funny—maybe even moreso.

*The Worst* is organized into two categories—worst individuals and worst things. In the latter group consider this description of the worst wine. Called Switchblade, it smells like Pine-Sol, and the original vintage was towed out to sea by the Food and Drug Administration. And what about the world's worst golf hole? According to the authors, it's the 17th hole at Running Sump, where hungry, imprisoned orphans rub their stomachs and whimper from behind a wire-mesh fence as you try to sink that crucial putt. I think you get the picture, right?

The book occasionally falls flat when it reaches for some highfalutin joke that wouldn't fetch a giggle from a librarian. But it's the perfect gift for someone you don't like a lot.

—Larry McClain



The dwellings in 'Rolling Homes' are all individually crafted creations.



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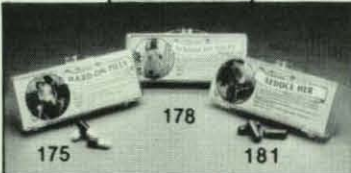
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## ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

fection, your boyfriend should see a urologist or an internist and explain your situation completely. He should tell the doctor exactly what you have and how you are being treated. Then you should refrain from having intercourse until you have both taken the full course of prescribed medications; this will prevent your boyfriend from reinfecting you.

Once you have the infection(s) cleared up, there are some more steps you can take to help prevent recurrences. Unless specifically prescribed by your gynecologist, avoid frequent douching. It tends to wash away beneficial surface bacteria necessary to fight off infection. Birth-control pills are apt to lower your resistance too. Since you seem prone to contracting vaginal infections, going off the Pill would not be a bad idea. Your doctor can tell you about other effective forms of birth control.

You can almost count on developing a yeast infection after taking antibiotics. They kill off the bacteria that keep the yeast under control. So if a doctor prescribes an antibiotic for you, explain your susceptibility to yeast infections, and he will likely give you a prescription for something to treat the problem if it does develop.

Any vaginal infection—and yeast especially—thrives in wet, warm places. Therefore, keep your vaginal area as cool and dry as possible. This means wearing cotton panties, as you say you do, and avoiding pantyhose, tight-fitting jeans and polyester slacks.

Finally, stay calm. Emotional upsets cause chemical imbalances that reduce the body's resistance to infection.

**Lonely and Gay:** I am a 30-year-old white male, married and with two children. I just recently found out I am gay. I guess the feelings have been there all along, but I've managed to suppress them all these years. I would like to know of others who are in the same situation as I, and maybe we could get together and talk about our problems and possibly enter into relationships. I enjoy sex with men immensely and don't think I could go back to women. I would prefer to meet people in southern New Hampshire—the Portsmouth, Greenland, Rye, Hampton areas.

—J. M.

Greenland, New Hampshire

There are as many ways for gays to meet other gays as there are for straights to meet other straights. If you like bars, try going to a gay one and see who you meet. If you don't know of any in your area, stop by a local adult-book shop and pick up any gay newsletters and newspapers you can find. They will likely contain ads for gay bars and restaurants, as well as personals columns. Also check *Blueboy*, a national gay magazine.

An organization in New Hampshire that would be helpful to you is the Nashua Area Gays (P.O. Box 3472, Nashua, New Hampshire 03060; telephone: 603-654-9268). Also, the Provincetown Drop-in Center (telephone: 617-487-0387) has information on gay bars, discos and bookstores in New England.



Norm Winski is the author of 12 published books and many magazine articles. In one of his books, *Mysticism for the Millions* (Sherbourne), he attacks the widespread belief that mankind must renounce sex in order to pursue the spiritual life.

For 2,000 years Western Christian Man has had great difficulty reconciling his sexual needs with his spiritual beliefs. With few exceptions, the prevailing notion has been that to serve God best you should stay soft and dry, renouncing sex and the company of women in favor of spiritual celibacy. And if you absolutely cannot repress the urgings of your genitals, then you should marry. As Saint Paul so gloomily preached, "It is better to marry than to burn."

When and how did this destructive splitting of mankind's religious and sexual natures develop? One thing is for sure—it is not, as commonly accepted, the work of God. Rather, it is the result of a powerful propaganda campaign by the early Church fathers, who successfully planted the twin ideas that sex is evil and that women are little more than lust-crazed temptresses.

The first notable Christian to campaign against sex was the renowned woman-hater Saint Paul. In his biblical letters to the Corinthians and Romans he idealized the sexless life, equating the influence of women with sexual sin. Later, in the fourth through sixth centuries, other dry-balled Church theologians—notably Saints Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome and Gregory the Great—spread Paul's antisex and antiwoman pronouncements throughout the "civilized" world.

Saint Augustine, for instance, preached that a "good Christian" should despise in a woman "the corruptible and mortal conjugal connection, sexual intercourse and all that pertains to her as a wife."

Saint Jerome, in his *Epistles* aimed at women, instructed them to "act against nature . . . forswear your natural func-

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



## Religion and Sex

by Norm Winski

tions . . . shun intercourse with men."

And then there was Tertullian, a third-century Roman writer and theologian who gained a reputation as the most formidable defender of Christianity of his day. He didn't like women at all and blamed them for the temptation of Adam by Eve in the Garden of Eden. He wrote: "The judgment of God upon the female sex endures even today; and with it inevitably endures your position as criminal at the bar of justice. You are the gateway of the devil."

The hatred of women that Tertullian's writings reflect was echoed and magnified a thousand times in the writings of later theologians. "If her bowels

and flesh were cut open," wrote the French monk Roger de Caen in the tenth century, "you would see what filth is covered by her white skin. . . . There is no plague which monks should dread more than woman; the soul's death."

Bishop Odo of Cluny, a 13th-century French monastic leader, favored the same image. He also encouraged his brother monks to visualize each woman they met as if stripped of all her skin, thus revealing her intestines and internal organs. In his opinion, the resulting mental image of what he called *saccus stercoris* (Latin for "bag of muck") would stifle all desire.

Today's psychologists might describe such sentiments as deeply paranoid symptoms of male sexual anxiety, an anxiety that can easily turn to hate when sexual gratification is repressed. However, that doesn't explain the thinking behind such intensely felt emotions. Why, in a religion based on universal love and forgiveness, were such antifemale, antisexual doctrines taught?

There are essentially two approaches to the answer—one anthropological, the other theological. We'll discuss the anthropological first.

Anthropology concerns itself with the study of mankind's development as a species and how the human species evolved from lesser ones on this planet. "Why is man man?" is how anthropologist Robert Ardrey begins his most recent book, *The Hunting Hypothesis* (Bantam), and in the process he uncovers the answer to another question: "Why does man hate woman?"

In brief, Ardrey's argument goes like this. Describing "Old World" monkeys—the strain of primate (the first order of mammals) that eventually evolved into human beings—he shows how monkey mothers developed two extraordinary sexual characteristics that would "bring to the female a degree of attention that no primate had ever enjoyed before." These characteristics were *sexual insatiability* and *estrus* (the period of sex-



ual receptivity, or "heat," in the female that came as frequently as every month. By comparison, the elephant goes four-and-a-half years between mating seasons.)

"Estrus," says Ardrey, "was the sexual jackpot. Just to make things more interesting, the primate female combined it with insatiability. One female, in a period of estrus lasting perhaps five days (per month), not only could provide fun for all, but also at the same time secure for herself a maximum of male attention."

When the human female developed from the primate strain, a third sexual characteristic evolved, one that Ardrey calls "the most astonishing innovation that had ever come about since the biological introduction of sex itself, a half-billion years ago or more. And the female did it."

This characteristic was an *extended estrus*, which was nothing less than *year-round sexual receptiveness*. Combined with the sexual insatiability of her primate ancestors, and with the later development of the female orgasm, the female of the species influenced the male to return to her from the hunt, thus advancing the probability that her young would survive. And while insatiability among monkey females provoked little jealousy in males, insatiability among human females was something that the primitive

male, armed with his own developing instinct for territory and status, was forced to confront and control.

He did so by insisting on a "hunter's right" to a home base, complete with a wife and family he could call his own. Little wonder that, as human society developed, most of the emerging civilizations adopted a male-dominant, female-submissive culture.

And in most cases women went along with the system. The survival of the race depended on keeping the male of the family sufficiently content so that he would continue to bring home the bacon. In other words, the females' share of the human survival-instinct forced them to accept "inferiority."

How does religion relate to the anthropological history of the suppression of women? Simply, throughout history mankind has sought gods and divine instruction to make sense of his world and to validate the foundations of his happiness and peace of mind. Religion, then, is often used to reinforce social customs, such as keeping females submissive. That's why most religions are conservative rather than revolutionary. True, prophets may appear who recommend radical change, but new theologies are built firmly on the remains of the old, and changes come slowly, if at all.

For women the changes have been slower than for men. As Dr. Mary Daly put it in her book *The Church and the Second Sex* (Harper & Row), "From the point of view of the modern woman, the situation of women in the ancient Semitic world—and indeed in the ancient world in general—had the dimensions of a nightmare." The books of Exodus and Deuteronomy in the Old Testament describe a wife as little more than a masculine possession, similar in status to his house and land, his male and female slaves, his ox and ass.

The husbands of ancient Israel could divorce their wives on the slightest pretext; yet the wives could not do the same. Neither a man's wives nor his daughters could inherit; therefore, we should not be surprised that a favorite prayer of Hebrew males was "I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast not created me a woman."

But the attitudes of ancient Jewry do not fully explain the hatred of women expressed by the early Christian fathers. In fact, Christians and non-Christians have reason to assume that Jesus, by recorded speech and action, demonstrated that women should be equal in all things to men.

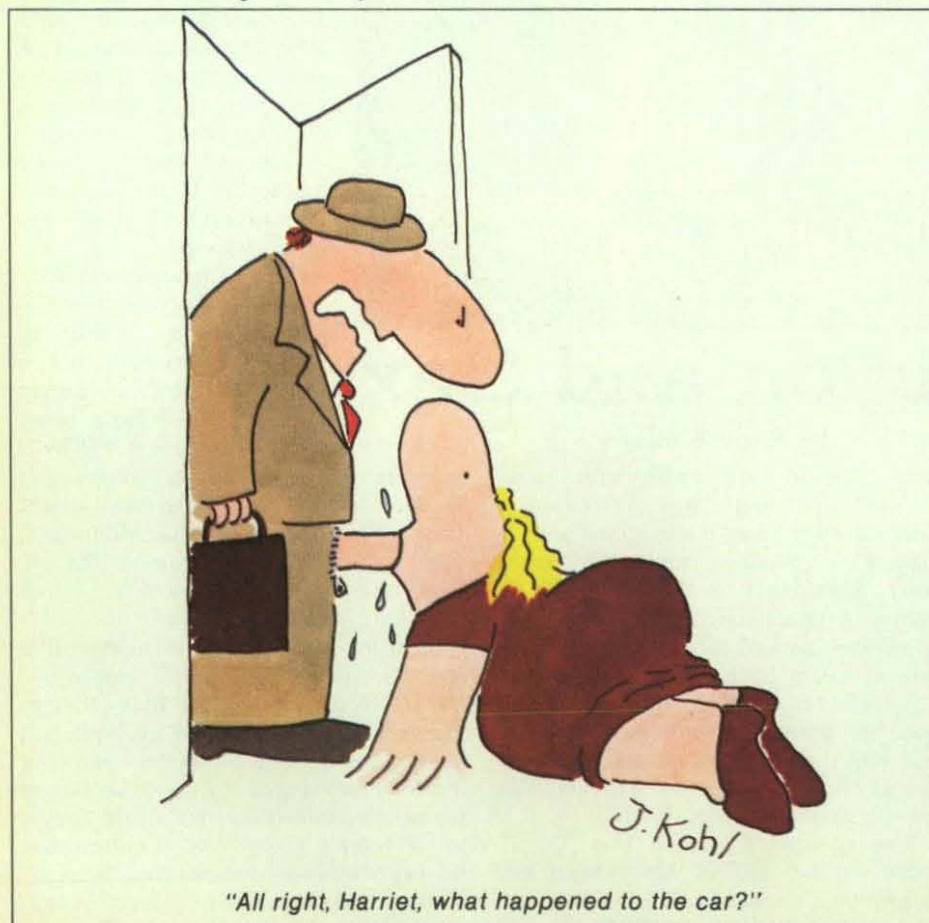
Jesus did exactly that, for while there is no record of his speaking about women as such, his actions—such as the defense of the woman taken in adultery (John 8: 1-11)—speak even louder than words. He made friends with a prostitute because of her great love (Luke 7: 36-50). And while he condemned the hypocrisy of those who claimed sexual abstinence while inwardly "lusting in their heart," nowhere in the Gospels is he quoted as maintaining sex to be sinful, nor even to be an inferior function of human nature.

Although the seeds of emancipation and sexual freedom were present in Christ's teachings, the early Church fathers overlooked them. There were essentially two reasons for this. On the one hand, as Dr. Daly indicates, Saint Paul and others were "greatly preoccupied with order in society and in Christian assemblies in particular."

In modern terms, they were concerned with public relations. They didn't want to become a laughingstock, nor be accused of immorality by a suspicious citizenry, and they felt the best way to achieve this was to keep women firmly in their traditional subservient role.

Moreover, the new theology had to defend one of its most difficult concepts—the Virgin Birth of Christ to Mary. The Virgin Mary stood for

(continued on page 119)



"All right, Harriet, what happened to the car?"





"Would you mind hurrying the hell up, Mugsy? I can't hold these bastards off much longer!"









# ISLAND OF LOVE ♀

Long ago there was an island called Lesbos, known far and wide for its beautiful women, followers of the poetess Sappho. *Who but a woman would know the hidden secrets of a woman's body?* Sappho wondered. Her followers spent their days lazing in the blissful beauty of lesbian

love. They'd spend long hours probing the recesses of each others' minds as well as the warm, damp crevices of their bodies. Knowing the power of womanhood was supreme, they bowed before it. Lesbos was a paradise where intellectual pursuits were mingled with sensual pleasures.



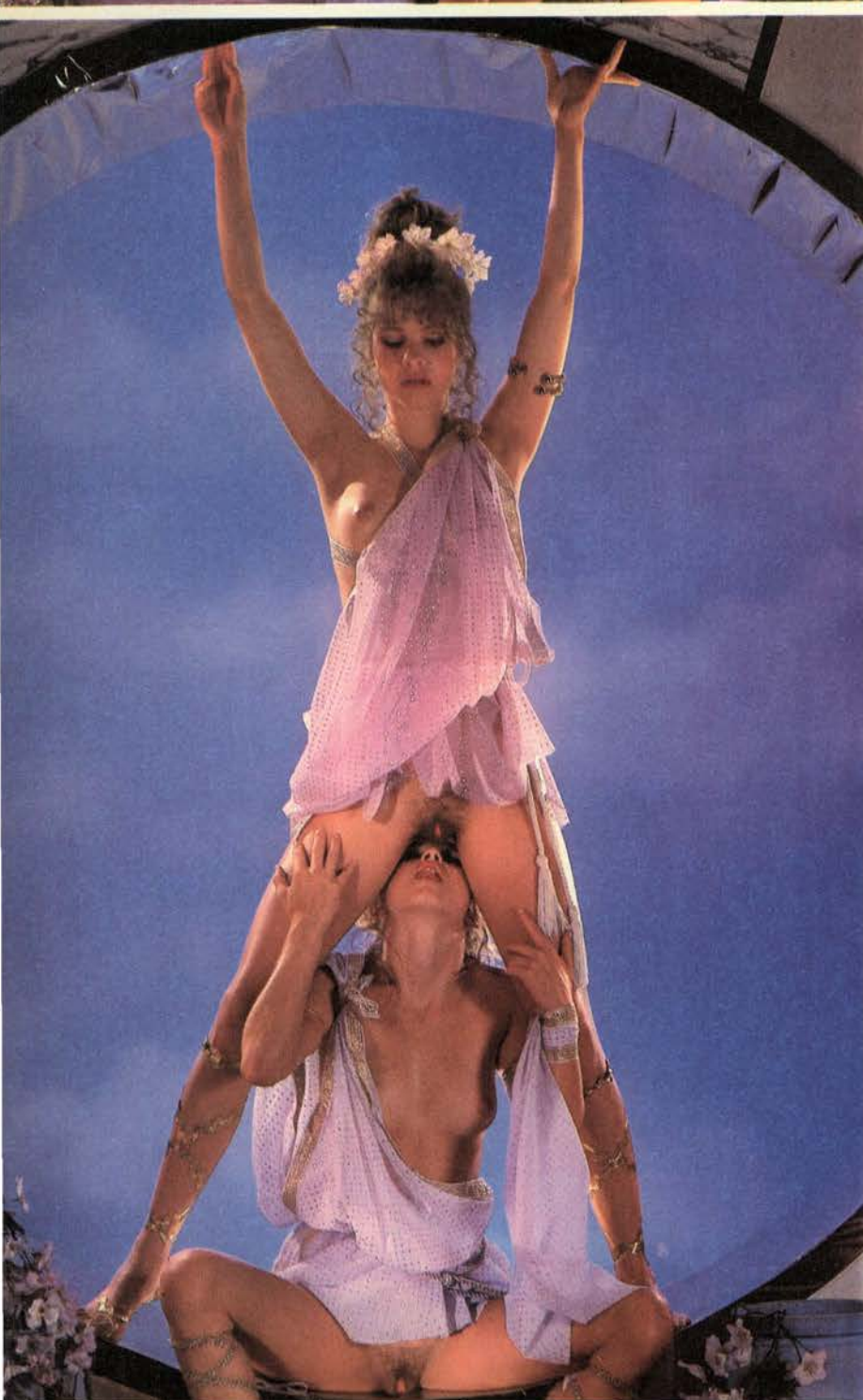
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# WALT PLANKINTON

## Head Honcho of America's Most Famous Whorehouse

*It was a clear case of arson, FBI agents agreed, as they surveyed the heap of charred rubble that was all that remained of the Chicken Ranch. Someone had finally burned Walt Plankinton's whorehouse to the ground.*

*According to a maid, two masked men forced their way into the brothel at about 4:30 a.m., doused the sofa with kerosene and fled as the entire place—five double-wide mobile homes—burst into flames, sending 12 screaming, half-naked prostitutes and two maids scrambling out of doors and windows. By the time firefighters reached the scene—a full hour after the blaze was reported—the bordello was destroyed, and when the police arrived five hours later, the irate owner was ranting and raving about the “Tonopah Mafia” to two somewhat bewildered FBI agents.*

*The June 10, 1978, torching of the Chicken Ranch came as little surprise to some residents of the desert community of Pahrump, Nevada, some 60 miles west of Las Vegas. It was a wonder to many that the whorehouse had survived long enough to become the target of a hired arsonist.*

*Brothels are legal in Nye County, and yet, ever since his 1976 arrival there, Walt Plankinton has been at odds with county officials—particularly with District Attorney Peter Knight, who refers to the brothel-owner as “a pimp who doesn’t want to follow the rules.”*

*Plankinton opened the Chicken Ranch at 4 p.m. on October 12, 1976. Among the early visitors was Sheriff Jay Howard, who promptly closed the place down for violation of a Pahrump ordinance forbidding brothels within the town limits. A summons, issued by District Attorney Knight, was soon translated into a \$500 fine and 60 days in jail.*

*Plankinton never did the 60 days. He appealed on the grounds that the town of Pahrump did not actually exist—the town charter, he argued, had not been properly drawn. When that*

*tactic failed, he looked toward heaven and pleaded a failing heart. That worked; he was excused from his jail sentence. (The \$500 fine is still under appeal.)*

*In March 1977 Plankinton reopened the Chicken Ranch six miles outside the town limits of Pahrump, at the end of a lonely dirt road. There he and his “chickens” enjoyed a flourishing business. He launched a \$60,000 ad campaign to draw Vegas tourists, offering free limousine service and preferred rates on car rentals.*

*The people of Pahrump were divided in their reactions to their new neighbor. Some were infuriated by the outspoken operator. Others patronized him. The remainder just sat back on their porches and laughed at what they felt was a rather funny joke.*

*Peter Knight's sense of humor, however, was not tickled. Gathering together what complaints he could from local residents, he set out—behind an outdated nuisance ordinance—to close Plankinton down. When that failed, he charged the brothel-owner with advertising in a county where prostitution was illegal—Plankinton's Vegas advertising campaign had caught up with him. But that charge was blocked by Plankinton's appeals too, and the whorehouse remained open.*

*And so it went for more than a year, with Peter Knight launching broadsides at the parrying, fast-talking Plankinton. Then came the burning of the Chicken Ranch—and with that a whole new can of worms was opened.*

*Four days after the firebombing Plankinton was back in business with two new mobile homes and two more on the way. Now he pointed the accusing finger at Peter Knight and the county commissioners in Tonopah (the county seat). He called them the “Tonopah Mafia” and accused them of trying to drive him out because he, unlike other brothel-owners in the area, refused to knuckle under. He accused Knight of soliciting a*

*bribe, but Knight publicly denied the charge. Still, Plankinton had created enough noise to bring in federal investigators.*

*The June 1978 federal investigation of Nye County government officials was short-lived due to a lack of evidence, ending with U.S. Attorney B. Mahlon Brown III's recommendation that the state should begin its own investigation. In Nevada, however, the state cannot initiate an investigation of a county unless the county itself is conducting an investigation. Needless to say, Nye officials had no intention of investigating themselves. The matter was dropped, and things went on as usual—until February 1979, when the State Fire Marshall announced the arrest of a suspect believed to be the Chicken Ranch arsonist.*

*Elbert Lee Easley, an accused arsonist and assassin, was arrested in California for the double icepick murder of a Modesto couple. A search of Easley's California residence also turned up evidence indicating that he may have been hired by Bill Martin, owner of the Shamrock brothel in Nye County, to burn down the Chicken Ranch. A telegram from Martin to Easley, a \$50 money order and the testimony of Easley's girlfriend form an interesting story. Also involved in the Chicken Ranch inferno, according to Easley, was former Nye County Sheriff's Lieutenant Glen Henderson.*

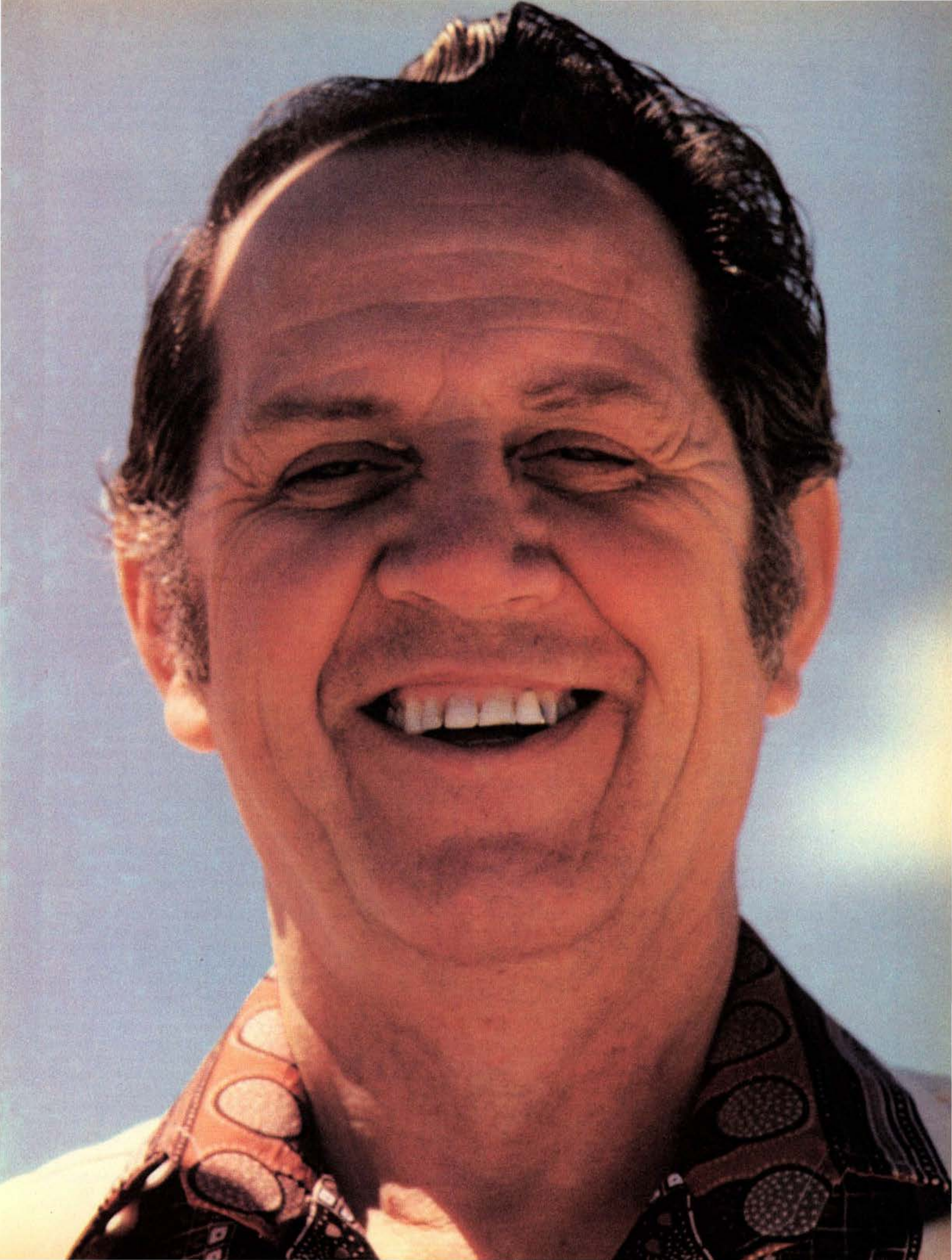
*By July 1979 federal investigators were back in Nye County, more intent than ever on uncovering local-government corruption, with Assistant U.S. Attorney Larry Leavitt assuring all concerned that the government's probe would be “actively pursued.”*

*Despite the intense heat, District Attorney Knight and his band of county commissioners are still intent on ridding themselves of Walt Plankinton. If necessary, they're prepared to ban all brothels in Nye County—at least until they can set up a licensing system that will allow them to*

## INTERVIEW BY ARNOLD MANN

Photography by Arnold Mann







# A Talk With the Ladies

Here is a conversation with Maryjane and Sally, two of the girls at the Chicken Ranch:

**HUSTLER:** Maryjane, how long have you been a working girl?

**MARYJANE:** It's been a long time, but I only work three or four months out of the year. Before doing this I was a sweet, little, innocent schoolgirl.

**HUSTLER:** Sally, what made you decide to come to the Chicken Ranch?

**SALLY:** I don't like to work anything that has the slightest bit of risk involved. When I was younger, I was foolish and I didn't mind. But now that I'm older, the less risk involved, the better I like it.

**HUSTLER:** Do you ever enjoy a trick?

**SALLY:** Never. You have to understand the situation. I'm in there because he pays me to show him a good time. That's all that's on my mind—making sure he gets off.

**HUSTLER:** Maryjane, do you find it difficult separating yourself from the emotional experience of your work?

**MARYJANE:** I concentrate on the money—how much I've made. That's all I think about before going to sleep. I'm not up here to fuck around.

**HUSTLER:** I understand you girls never kiss your customers.

**MARYJANE:** It's a house rule. We're not allowed to kiss. You tell them things like, "Hey, baby, I just gave you head. Do you really want to kiss me now?"

**HUSTLER:** Maryjane, how would you feel if a man brought his 16-year-old son in for you to initiate?

**MARYJANE:** I'd feel like your Chester the Molester. A man's first sexual experience shouldn't be bought pussy. I've had kids whose fathers made them come up here, and they were scared to death. They didn't want to do it, but their fathers made them. What kind of experience is that for a child? His first sexual experience should not be forced on him—and with a prostitute at that. It should be when he wants to do it.

**HUSTLER:** Sally, Walt Plankinton says that he feels like a father to you girls. How do you feel about that?

**SALLY:** I definitely do not consider him a father. I have a father; I have a mother; I have a family. Everybody has people. And your people are going to love you till the end. And who's Walt? Walt's gonna like me as long as I'm working for him.

**MARYJANE:** I feel like Walter's a game warden. If he catches you chewing gum, it's a \$20 fine. If you miss lineup, it's a \$50 fine. He's always got the hots for most of the girls who work here, and I don't feel it's very fatherly to come around and pinch you on the butt.

**HUSTLER:** He says that he's concerned

for your rights as individuals. That's why he wants to make prostitution legally licensed here.

**MARYJANE:** I think he wants to make it legally licensed so they can't ever close us. He gets half of what we make here; that's why he may be nice to us sometimes—so we'll stay in the mood to work. We're doing all the work, and he just sits back; that's no father to me.

**HUSTLER:** Sally, if you could change things here, what would you like to see different?

**SALLY:** First of all, I don't really like working for a man, because I don't think he understands what it's like to turn a trick. He can never understand. He's on the trick's side. I prefer working for a woman. And I would rather get paid every night, at 60-40. I'm not used to 50-50 and having my money held for me as it is here. And I'd like to work ten, 12 hours and be able to go home every night rather than having to stay here for three weeks at a time.

**HUSTLER:** Have you serviced Walt?

**MARYJANE:** No, but he offered me money. What does that make him? A trick, right? There are girls here who have worked other places and took Walt as a trick, and that's how they met him. After he's finished with them, he says, "Here's my card. If you ever need a job, I own the Chicken Ranch." That's what Walt is to me—a pimp and a trick.

**HUSTLER:** Many men fantasize about whorehouses. They imagine girls who are delighted with the prospect of being able to serve a man and being as sexy as possible. Do you try to live up to this fantasy?

**MARYJANE:** If we were to come on to a man the minute he came in, he'd take one look around and then go out to his car and jack off.

**SALLY:** My body is my office, and I can dress the way I want to at all times. I am a lady even though I turn tricks. Okay, you tell me what you want to do, and then I'll tell you what we're going to do. You'll have a good time, but this is my body, and I'm not going to do anything offensive to me. If I don't like to talk foul to a man, I'll tell him I can't do that. It's not in my character. I'm not the biggest whore in town, and I'm not going to act like it. I'm going to act like a lady when I take a man back to my room. Just because he's giving me money doesn't mean I'm going to come off the wall and start calling him names. When I go home, half the people who know me don't even know I'm a working girl. Because I don't look like one; I don't act like one; I just do it for a living. It's my job. Actually, I'm a girl-next-door.

*pick and choose their whorehouse-owners.*

*As part of our continuing effort to seek out and present the best-possible interviews, HUSTLER decided to go to the Chicken Ranch and have a talk with Plankinton, to hear his side of the story, to find out just how a legal brothel operates—and how its operator operates.*

**HUSTLER:** Walt, why don't you start off by telling us about yourself and what led you to become the owner/operator of a brothel?

**PLANKINTON:** I was born in a little town in Kansas—in the Bible Belt—in 1928. My mother thought that going to a dance or to a movie was a sin. I led a pretty straight life while I was a youngster, and I think this is probably still prevalent in my attitude and my mind. We moved to Colorado during the Depression. There I married my local sweetheart, and my oldest son was born when I was 17. I farmed for a year and only earned \$166. I said the hell with this and became involved in various businesses. I moved to Nevada in '76, semi-retiring. I had run for Governor of Colorado in 1970 and lost, so I decided to run for county commissioner in Nye County to give me something to do.

**HUSTLER:** Was it directly after losing the latter election that you decided to open a brothel?

**PLANKINTON:** No, it was *during* the election. I had occasion to be in the county courthouse, introducing myself around, and Mr. Knight, the DA, indicated that he was glad to see me—that I was just the guy that he wanted to talk to. He had heard by the grapevine that I wanted to open a brothel in Nye County, and he indicated that I needed to get the permission of the people who counted. He shocked me with the franchise fee that he named—\$75,000, and 5% off the top. Today, knowing what the spot has produced for me, his proposition wasn't too far out of line, and I'd probably have been a hell of a lot better off if I'd just gone along with him. But that isn't in my makeup.

**HUSTLER:** Do you have any witnesses who can testify that DA Peter Knight solicited this bribe from you?

**PLANKINTON:** It happened back in August of 1976. He and I were alone in his office, and there were no witnesses. It was a one-on-one situation.

**HUSTLER:** In view of your background, why did you choose to operate a brothel? You seem to have gone completely against the grain of your upbringing.

**PLANKINTON:** I don't know. Maybe someone else is master of my destiny. It seems that I was steered in that direction. And it seemed the quickest way to draw the wrath of the local politicians. I said, "The hell with you people. I'm just as good as you are." That's why I opened a brothel—to establish myself as an equal citizen.

**HUSTLER:** Ever since you opened the Chicken Ranch, you've been at odds with Nye County officials. Some people say that you're looking for trouble, that you enjoy

*(continued on page 78)*



# STAR TRICKS

## THE PHOTOS

THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR SHIP INTERCOURSE. HER FIVE-YEAR MISSION: TO BOLDLY FUCK NEW LIFE FORMS, TO CUM WHERE NO MAN HAS CUM BEFORE.

It would appear the planet is a most unusual space phenomenon.

Phenomenon my ass! That's a giant cunt.

CAPTAIN JERK: Intrepid Commander of the S.S. Intercourse

LIEUTENANT O'WHORA: Communications Officer and Negro

ENSIGN SCRULU: Space Nip

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 6969

While passing through the Crab Nebula, we have come upon a strange, uncharted but inhabited planet.

Cap'n, I'se gettin' a signal from de phenomenon.

MR. SPIC: Half-Vulcan, half-Puerto Rican Science Officer

SNOTTY: Nervous Scot and chief grease monkey

It's collect.

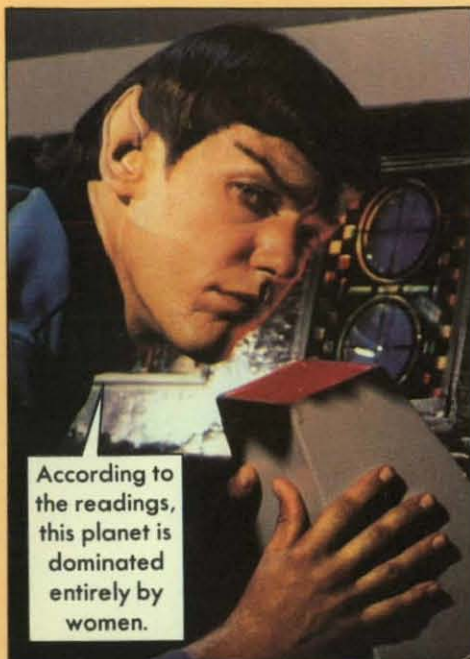
Something is ter-r-ribly wrong.

Yes! Logically, we should be in TV syndication. What are we doing in HUSTLER?

力部門になつてゐるようです。世のに使いにくい道具と、使いやすいが、これは多くの場合、比較し

Mr. Spic, check your readings for any women on the planet.





According to the readings, this planet is dominated entirely by women.



ENSIGN SCRULU QUESTIONS THE CAPTAIN.

って、まず問題したの操作ボタンの配置—ユニークなレイアウトに

No starch.



We have something coming in over the viewscreen.

場合、とくに重視されこれは測定結果を明かありませので、現



Attention, Captain Jerk.

You are violating the territorial space of the planet Pervo. We do not want your kind here.

Sorry, dear, but our five-year mission is to fuck new life forms, to boldly cum where no man has cum before.

I don't like the looks of this, Cap'n.



We're under fire!

This is a sample of our Pervo power!

My God! The deflector shields can no' stand the str-r-rain!



REALIZING THE ONLY WAY TO CONFRONT THE MENACE IS TO BEAM DOWN TO THE PLANET, THE CREW GOES TO THE TRANSPORTER ROOM.



Lock on phizzers!

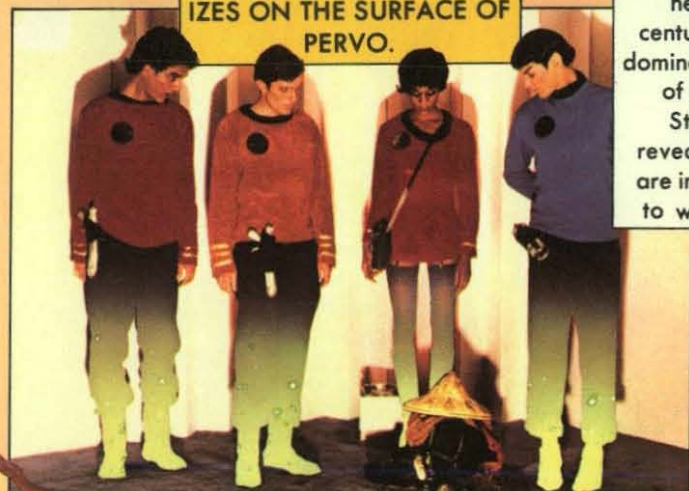
Cap'n, the phizzers can no' stand the str-r-rain!

THE CREW REMATERIALIZES ON THE SURFACE OF PERVO.

We worship the goddess Steinem here. For 50 centuries we have dominated the males of this planet. Steinem has revealed that men are inferior to women.



We're fading!



Don't worry, Mr. Spic, I'll handle these bimbos.

Want some coke, honey?



THE PLOY DOESN'T WORK.

Surrender or die!

My circuits can no' stand the str-r-rain!

I can't believe it! Thirty episodes without a copyright?!?

You wimp!

Male swine!



SEEKING TO SUBDUDE THE INVADERS, THE WOMEN OVERWHELM THE LANDING PARTY, FORCING THE MEN TO HAVE SEX. AS THE PERVO WOMEN DOMINATE THE CREWMEN, THEY CHANT HALF-REMEMBERED RITUALS FROM THE PAST.

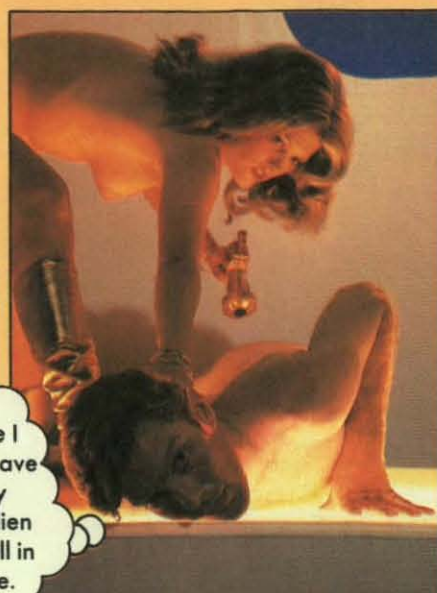
Your  
cock is  
too  
small.

A tribble??

I have a  
headache.

You never  
take me out  
to dinner  
anymore.

This is where I  
traditionally save  
my crew by  
getting the alien  
princess to fall in  
love with me.

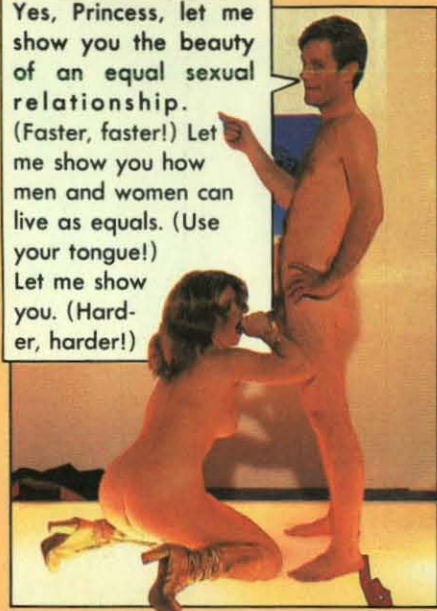


What  
a big  
schlong!

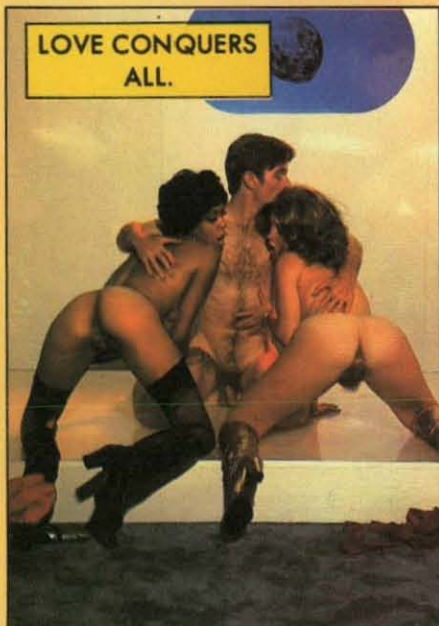


*The Princess  
falls in love  
with  
Captain Jerk.*

Yes, Princess, let me  
show you the beauty  
of an equal sexual  
relationship.  
(Faster, faster!) Let  
me show you how  
men and women can  
live as equals. (Use  
your tongue!)  
Let me show  
you. (Hard-  
er, harder!)

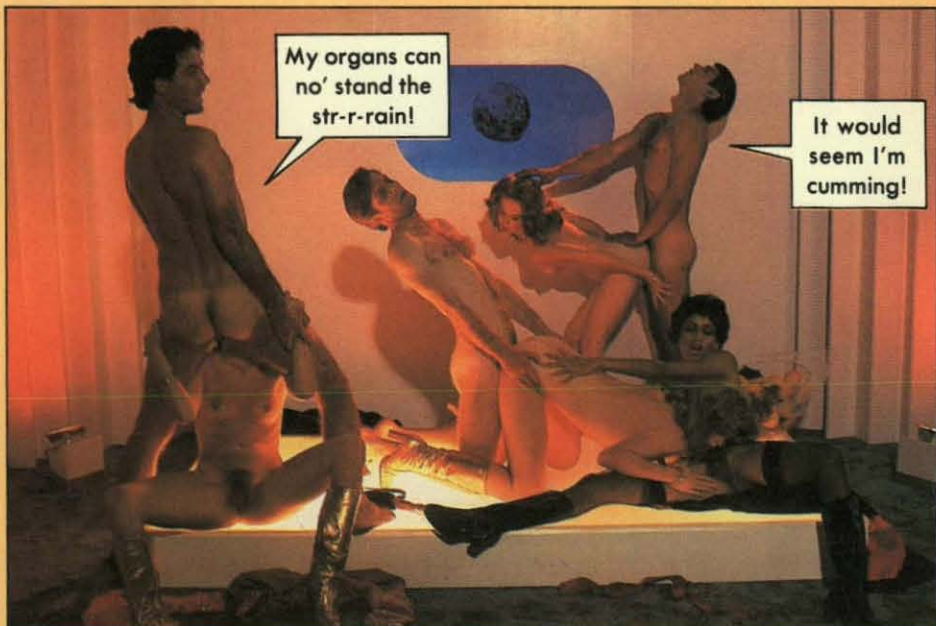


LOVE CONQUERS  
ALL.



My organs can  
no' stand the  
str-r-rain!

It would  
seem I'm  
cumming!









*Celeste*  
**BLUE MOOD**









There are days when 21-year-old Celeste's passions rage so intensely that she can't get out of bed. Sultrily, she wraps the sensuous satin sheets around her body, allowing them to embrace her firm, smooth flesh. She says dreamily of the man who'll be perfect for her: "He comes to my mind as being strong, yet gentle; dominant, yet submissive." She opens her legs for him, pulling the sheets between her thighs, sliding the satin between the demanding folds of her flesh. Her passion spent, Celeste wonders: *Will he ever really come?*











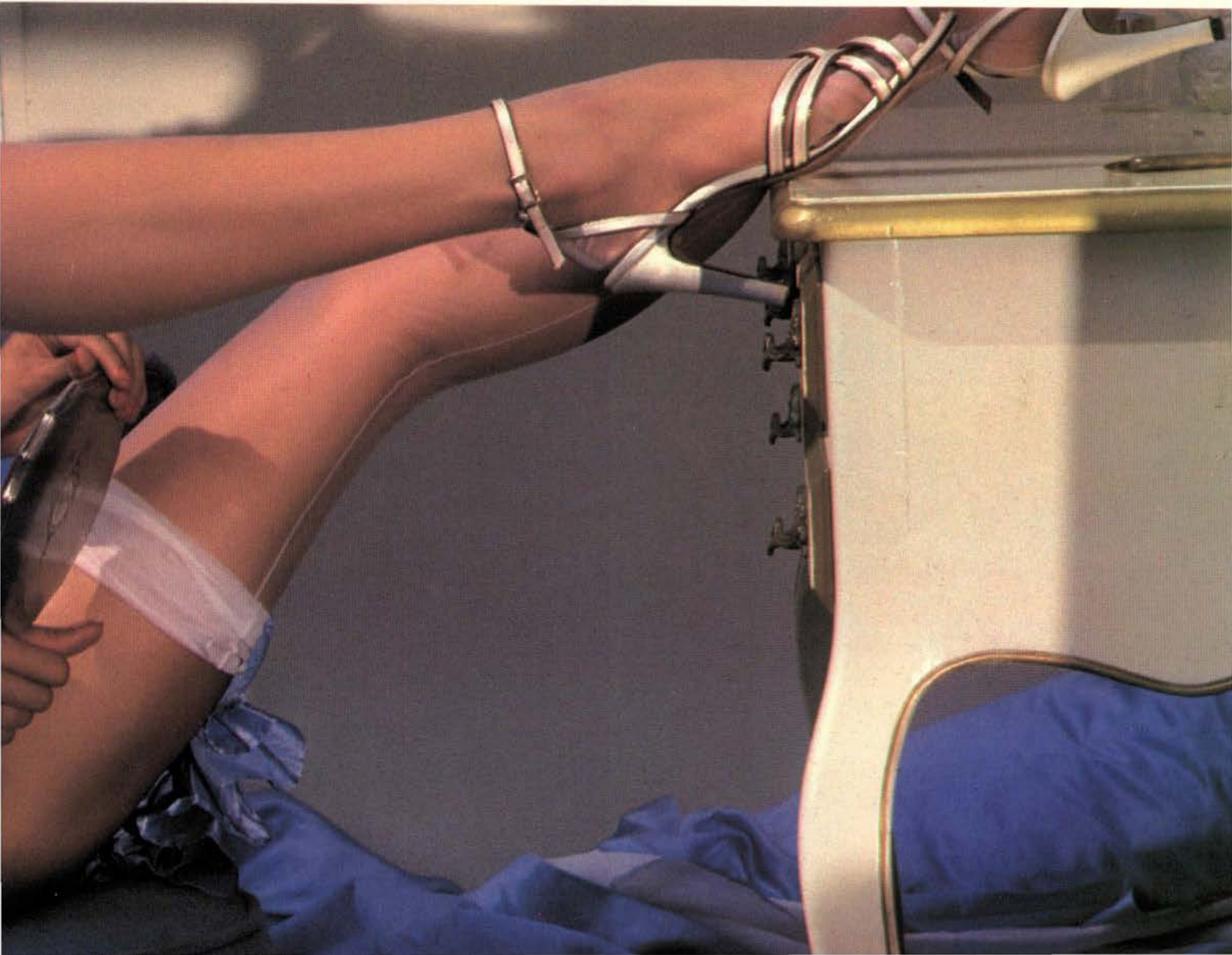




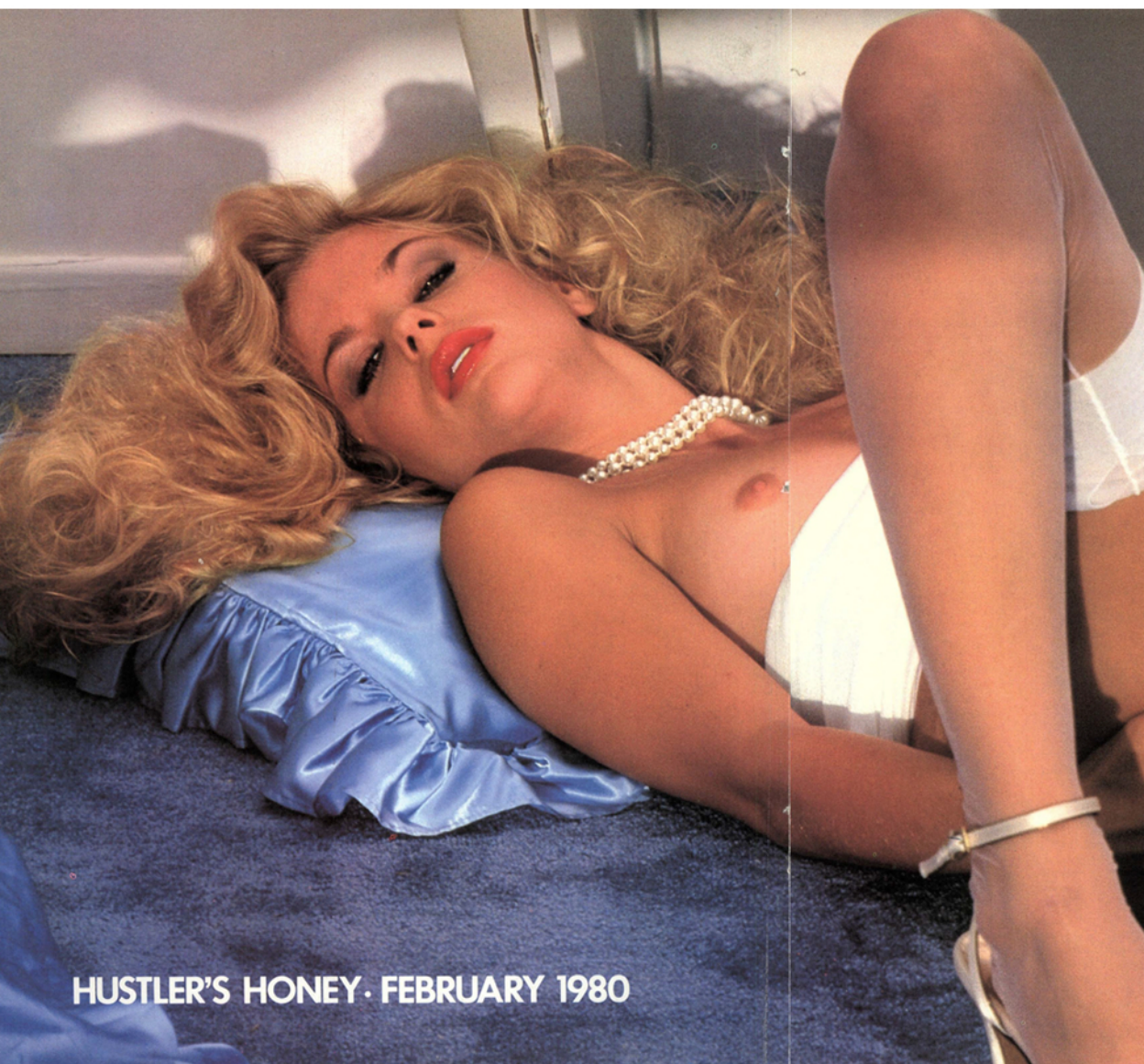












HUSTLER'S HONEY. FEBRUARY 1980











LARRY FLYNT'S

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**O**ne day a small boy whose mother was black and whose father was Jewish asked, "Mom, am I more of a black or a Jew?" His mother thought for a moment and told him, "I don't know, Son. You'll have to go ask your father."

So the boy asked his father, "Dad, am I more of a black or a Jew?"

The boy's father said, "I don't know, Son. I'll have to think about it. Why do you want to know?"

"You see, this boy down the street has a ten-speed bicycle for sale," the little boy replied, "and I don't know whether to talk the price down or steal the motherfucker!"

An outraged wife stormed up to a streetwalker and demanded, "Hey, you cheap slut, did you give my husband the clap?"

"Not a chance, sister," the hooker drawled. "I sold it to him!"

Two guys were sitting at a bar, and one said to the other, "What nationality has the longest peckers in the world?"

"It must be the Arabs," the other one answered.

"Why do you say that?" the first guy inquired.

"Well," the second guy replied, "they're fuckin' us from halfway around the world, aren't they?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *alimony* as: buying gas for another man's car.

Question: When Rosalynn and Jimmy Carter are having sex, why is Rosalynn always on top? Answer: Because the President only knows how to fuck up!

Two Swedes were walking down an old country road at 4 a.m. when one looked at the other and said, "You dumb son of a bitch! Next time you tell them two gals to fuck or walk, make sure we're driving our own car!"

The lovers were banging away in the backseat of a car when a cop walked up. He tapped the boy on the shoulder with his nightstick and said, "Hey, fella, I just want you to know that I'm next."

"Okay, man," the humpin' lad said, "but I never screwed a cop before!"

When a woman is between 18 and 21, she's like the Virgin Islands—fresh and unexplored. From 21 to 40 she's like the Orient—a great place to visit to have a sexy time. From 40 to 60 she's like Australia—you know it's down there, but you just don't give a shit.

A man approached a streetwalker and offered her \$100 for her shoes. She accepted the hundred and was astonished to see him remove her shoes and eat the toes out of them. He then went to the girl standing next to her and repeated the performance.

Approaching a third hooker, he again repeated the offer of \$100 for her shoes.

"Are you crazy?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so," the man responded. "I just like the toes of women's shoes."

"You are nuts," the hooker said. "The heels are the best part."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vibrator* as: a slot machine.

Roger was making passionate love to his girlfriend

one night. "Oh, my love," he whispered, "I will kiss your clever nose." Smack!

"I will kiss your soft, ruby lips." Smack!

"I will kiss your long, graceful neck." Smack!

"I will kiss your bountiful breasts." Smack!

"I will kiss your cute, little belly button." Smack!

"I will kiss your fuzzy pussy."

As Roger was about to kiss his girl's honeypot, she let out a fart, whereupon Roger replied, "Quiet, my jealous one—you're next!"

Coming home from an all-night poker game, a man was met at the door by his mad and nagging wife. "Where have you been till this hour?" she inquired.

"It's a long story," her husband said, "but you'd better pack your bags quick, because I lost you in a card game."

"How could you do such a horrendous thing?" she bellowed.

"It wasn't easy. I had to fold with four aces!"

Question: A hippie, a Polack and a Mexican were thrown from the top of a ten-story building. Which one hit the ground first?

Answer: The hippie. The Polack got lost on the way down, and the Mexican stopped to write some graffiti on the walls.

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.

## HUSTLER HUMOR



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



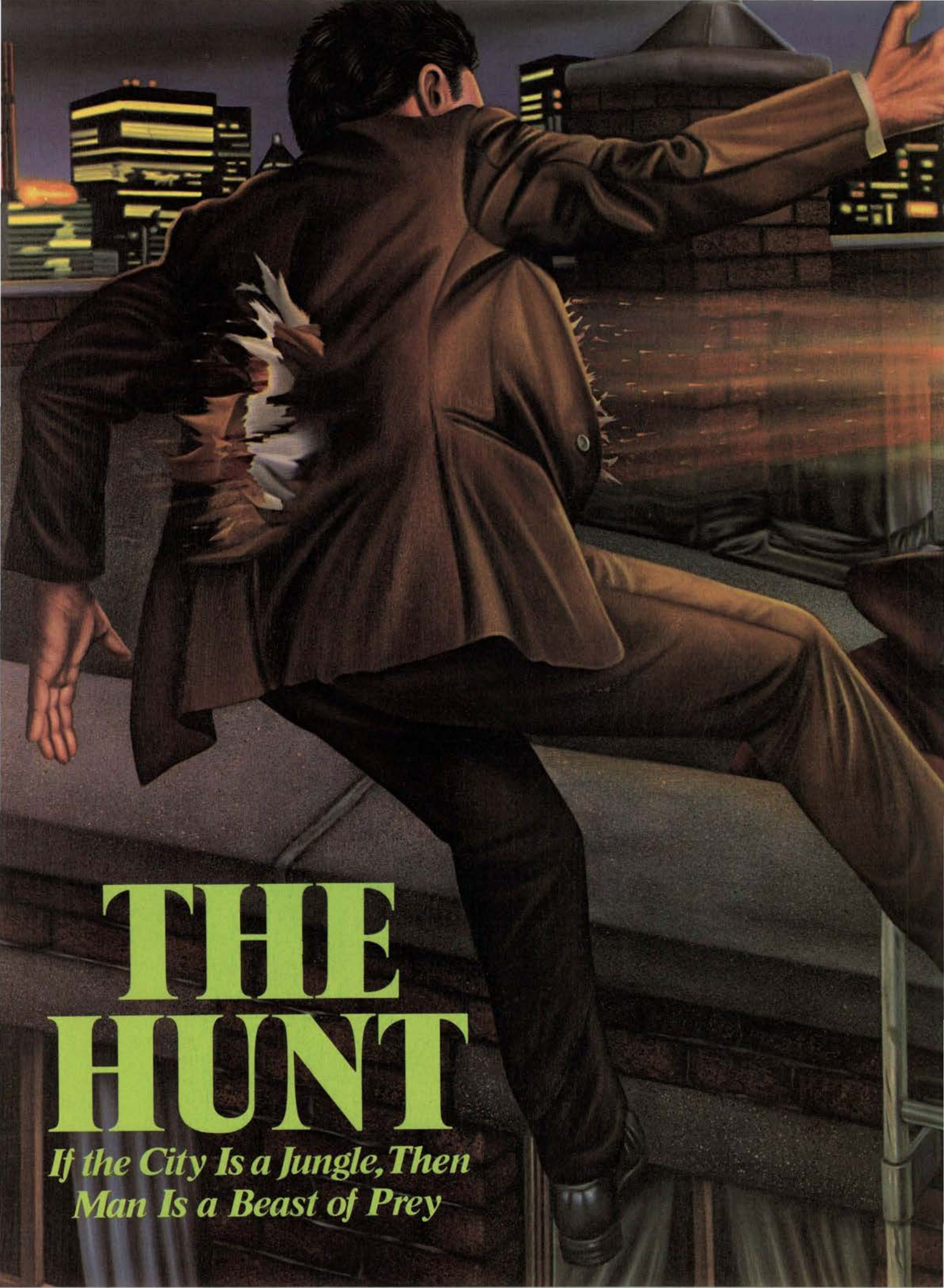
# CHESTER & HESTER

DWAIN TIRLEY.



"Yes, I can think of better ways to spend Valentine's Day than measuring your boogers!"





# THE HUNT

*If the City Is a Jungle, Then  
Man Is a Beast of Prey*





## FICTION BY RON HENSON

It was a hot August Wednesday night, and there was a crowd milling about the street. "Watch where the hell you're going!" The beefy, balding trucker thrust his jaw at Ted Butterfield. Butterfield slammed his elbow into the man's gut, sending a rush of beer-breath back into his face. He flashed his shield. "Police. Move it!"

The trucker started to complain, but Alex Coppola stiff-armed him aside, snarling a warning as he and his partner passed through the doorway and entered the lobby of the movie theater. Again they flashed

Illustration by Dan Kirk



their shields, at the patrolmen keeping the crowd out.

"Butterfield, Coppola! Over here!" The voice was Lieutenant Grauer's. He stood at the entrance to the auditorium. The lobby was packed with cops and a few photographers and reporters. The detectives shouldered their way through to Grauer.

"He's just inside the door," Grauer said, sweat dripping from his face. "Gut-shot. He's about gone, and Doc seems to think it's a lost cause. Probably tore everything inside to shit."

"It's Artie, right? That's what we heard at the station house." Butterfield's voice was tight.

"Yeah, it's Artie. And it's that shit Weller who did it. Three witnesses identified him from the TV coverage."

Butterfield winced. Roy Weller had been Number One on the wanted list in Chicago for ten days, ever since he killed a patrolman during a bungled store robbery on the North Side. Detective Artie Ryan had taken it personally that a cop was dead because of Weller. He had been a one-man posse in tracking Weller down. Five years ago he had put Weller in Stateville Penitentiary for a nickel-and-dime stickup; now it looked like he himself was Victim Number Two.

Coppola stepped into the auditorium first, Butterfield right behind him. A short while earlier a movie had been entertaining 18 or 20 neighborhood people. Now Artie Ryan lay in the middle of the aisle, an oxygen

mask over his face, and tubes running into his arms. Three paramedics surrounded him. His eyes were open—seeing nothing. Butterfield stared at the popcorn-littered floor around his friend's form and marveled, as he had numerous times before, at how much blood the human body holds. Ryan's forehead was gray, like a soiled sheet. He was very dead.

Grauer again appeared from behind them. "Artie had his wife with him. They were going to see the movie. He spotted the bastard sleeping in the back row. He sent Millie outside and told her to call the desk. Then he nudged Weller awake and ordered him to the lobby."

The lieutenant looked down at the corpse. "For cryin' out loud, cover him up! Get him in the wagon and downtown! What the hell are you waiting for?!" The medics hastily began to move Ryan's body to the stretcher.

Grauer went on: "Before he died, Artie told me Weller made a phony stumble as he got to the aisle. That did it. The prick came up with the gun and leveled Art. People in the lobby recognized him as he ran out. Those mugshots on TV do their job. But Weller was gone by the time we got here, and who knows where to around *this* neighborhood?"

"Shit," Coppola hissed. "He could be down the Skyway and into Gary by now."

Butterfield shook his head. "Not unless the son of a bitch hijacked a cab or a CTA express. He doesn't drive. He's in the area—

at least for now. Till the streets are quiet."

Grauer pressed close to Butterfield. His eyes were aflame. "Two brother officers are gone because of this puke. Butterfield, you can have whatever you need, whoever you need. Find him. And when you do, don't let a judge have the last word. Render his ass!"

It was after 1 o'clock in the morning at the station house. Intelligence dicks had been working hard the last three hours. At any second Butterfield expected the phone or radio to bring word that the Patrol Division had spotted Weller. But no call came. He decided to drive the dimly lit, muggy summer streets, looking for his snitches. He found three of them by 4 a.m., but all were dry holes.

Finally, Butterfield stopped at a phone booth on Sheffield Avenue. "I'll be back in at noon," he said, sweat dripping down his back. "Tell Grauer and Coppola to call me if anything breaks."

"Wilcox is trying to get ahold of you," the desk sergeant said. "He knows it's your case and he wants a statement."

"Tell the *Tribune* to shove it up its corporate ass!" Butterfield slammed down the phone and went home.

Candy Atkins was watching a replay of the 1 a.m. news when Butterfield entered the air-conditioned apartment.

She stood in the middle of the rug, her housecoat open as he came through the door. She was naked underneath it and made no move to cover herself.

"I could have the Vice Squad and the whole damn Cub ballclub with me, and you wouldn't flinch!"

Candy shooshed him with a finger to her lips and motioned him to the TV set. "You're on the news—with Coppola and Grauer. Hurry!"

He walked to her side and slid an arm around her. On the screen the lieutenant moved his lips with seeming urgency. A narrator explained the silent film to the viewers. Coppola was scratching his thin hair, dark-rimmed glasses sliding down his nose, and Butterfield looked glum. The scene switched to the theater's interior and the paramedics crouching over Art Ryan. "God, that's so awful. Millie must be in hell," Candy said.

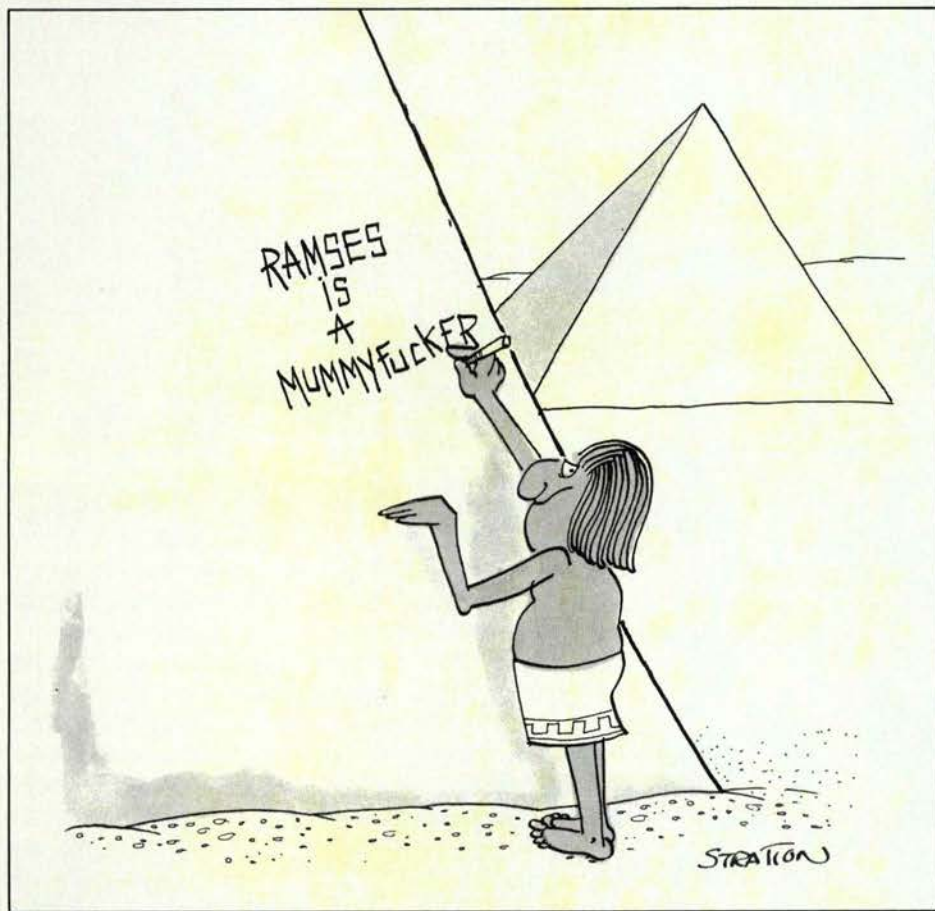
"Shit!" Butterfield pushed past her to the TV and snapped it off. Candy took his hand and pulled him toward the bathroom. She gave him a bath in the apartment's oversized tub, fondling his cock, sticking her tongue in his ear.

"You mean all I need is some TV exposure to rate this?"

She smiled, hugged him and chuckled. "You just expose yourself at home, asshole. I'll take care of the rest."

Soon the conversation turned from sex to his work. Butterfield's job frightened Candy. Not as much now when he worked Homicide. Not like Crimes and Investigation or

(continued on page 88)







"Believe me, gentlemen, it's the next sexual frontier!"



# LEA

CALL OF  
THE  
WILD



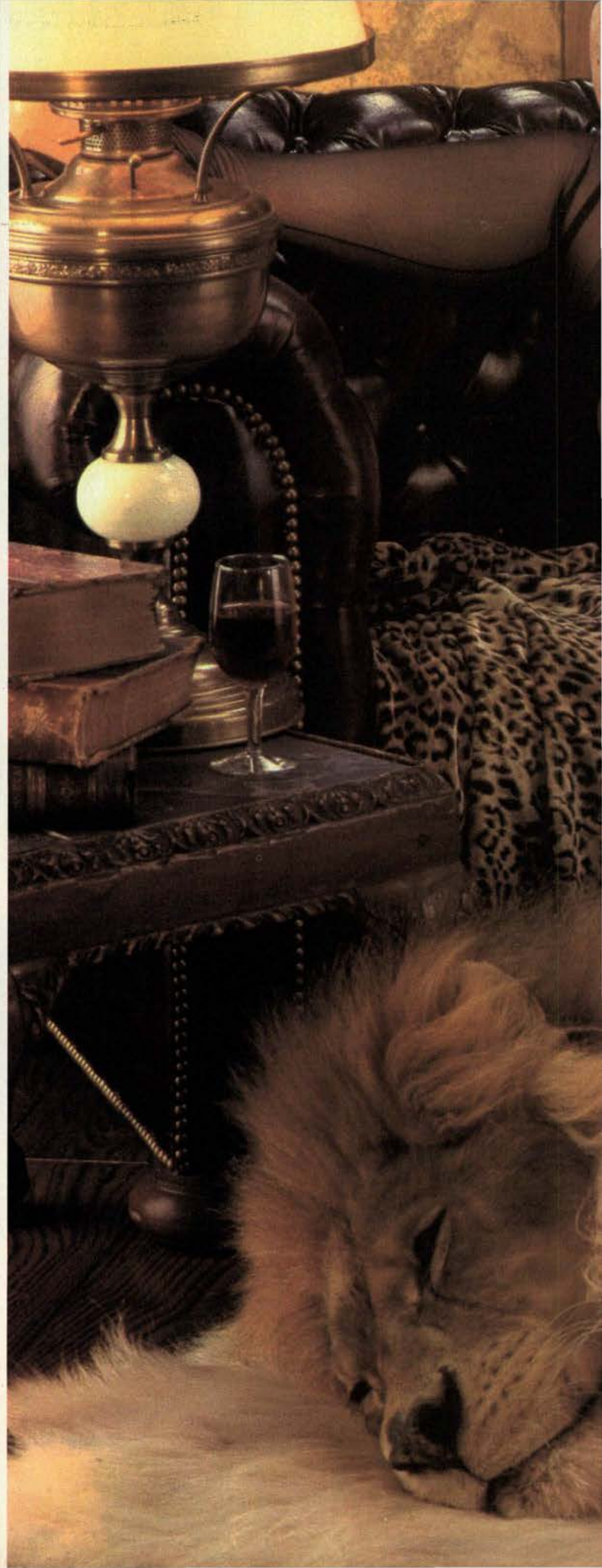
Photography by Matti Klatt



A lioness with a large, light-colored mane is the central focus, lying down and looking directly at the viewer. The background is a dark, textured wall covered with various taxidermy specimens. In the upper left, a zebra's head and neck are mounted. To the right of the zebra, a tiger's head is mounted with its mouth open, showing its teeth. Further right, a large set of antlers is visible. Below the tiger, a mounted head of a wild boar or similar animal with large tusks is seen. In the lower right, another animal head with large, curved horns is partially visible. To the left of the lioness, a small fire burns in a hearth. Above the lioness, a set of ornate metal keys or a small decorative structure is mounted on the wall. The overall lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the textures of the animals' fur and the wall.

Lea sheds the veneer of civilization for the honesty of wild animal passions. The beast in her (which most of us try to repress) is unleashed. She sees in wild creatures her own primitive lusts and desires, and she satisfies them with the uninhibited speed of a beast in heat. Man needs civilizing restraints, but Lea realizes that no one can be complete if they ignore the animal side of their nature.



























(continued from page 46)

butting heads with authority.

**PLANKINTON:** I've never been known to butt heads with authorities except when I felt that the authorities were chipping away at my own piece of freedom. The county government here had allowed other people to operate brothels, and I felt that I should be able to do the same thing. So I *had* to take on this county government.

**HUSTLER:** Can you tell us something about the kinds of legal opposition you've encountered, and how you've fought back?

**PLANKINTON:** Every fight that I've had with the Nye County government has been on a legal basis, because I'm a man of law. For instance, they arrested me for opening the Chicken Ranch within the town limits of Pahrump and sentenced me to a \$500 fine and 60 days in jail. Next they attempted to abate me as a nuisance and to order me closed. I won that decision. The Nevada Supreme Court ruled that a brothel is not a nuisance. My fight has been a constant hassle. Now they're trying to ban brothels altogether and set up a special licensing system to allow some to reopen. I, of course, am destined to be left out. They really don't want to ban brothels in Nye County—they only want to get rid of Walt Plankinton.

**HUSTLER:** Back in March 1977 you told a reporter, "I disagree with some county officials on occasion, which is my right, but I believe Nye County is blessed with dedi-

cated, honest officials who are incorruptible." More recently you have been quoted as saying that Nye is "a dictatorship controlled by a political machine in a county where intolerance and prejudice are all over the place." It seems you have been playing both sides of the fence.

**PLANKINTON:** I think there was a certain amount of appeasement in that earlier statement. I had not yet been harassed, burned out or had attempts made on my life. Elbert Easley, for instance, has confessed that he had a contract to kill me. I think I had every right to change my mind.

**HUSTLER:** Have there been any other threats on your life?

**PLANKINTON:** There have been several. The FBI, a little over a year ago, told me that there was a contract out on me. Sometime later a young man led me out of my apartment in Las Vegas into the parking lot one morning with a gun on me. The parking lot was full of people, so I told him, "Look, you can shoot me here, but you ain't going to take me out in the desert." He walked away. Just two nights ago I was on my way to the grand jury in Tonopah, and a young lady was in my Vegas apartment watching television. Somebody knocked on the door, and she opened it. They pushed their way in and broke many things—including the young lady. They bruised her up pretty bad. So on numerous occasions I've slept in my apartment with the Las Vegas Metro police in the living room all night. They watch TV and drink coffee while I try to get some sleep.

**HUSTLER:** To the best of your knowledge, is there any organized-crime involvement here in Nye County?

**PLANKINTON:** I don't know about the other brothels and what they've come up against, because I'm a lone wolf here. But no organized-crime figure has ever approached me and tried to get involved in this brothel. My problems have been strictly with the county government.

**HUSTLER:** In April 1978 you started work on establishing the Nevada Brothel Association in an effort to unite the 40 brothels operating in the state, with you heading the organization. However, the other brothel-owners you named as potential officers denied having anything to do with it. What happened? Why would such an organization be beneficial—and what would keep it above corruption?

**PLANKINTON:** There was an operator or two who denied talking to me, but many operators were extremely interested. The thought was this: In Nevada the brothels are a multimillion-dollar-a-year business. Anything that big should be capable of lobbying before the legislature. It should be in a position to police itself so that we would not be looked down on. If we brought the standards up, we felt, government officials would be more lenient with us. We would have some political clout. And, of course, there was no indication that I would forever be the president of this association. I was only the organizer. I myself am not going to condone any illegality. That's one purpose of the damn brothel association—to make this a recognized industry in Nevada, to clean it up. Because if it isn't, I guarantee you it will perish.

**HUSTLER:** Do you mean the Nevada legislature will one day decide that the brothels operating in the state aren't worth all the trouble they're causing and will just ban them altogether?

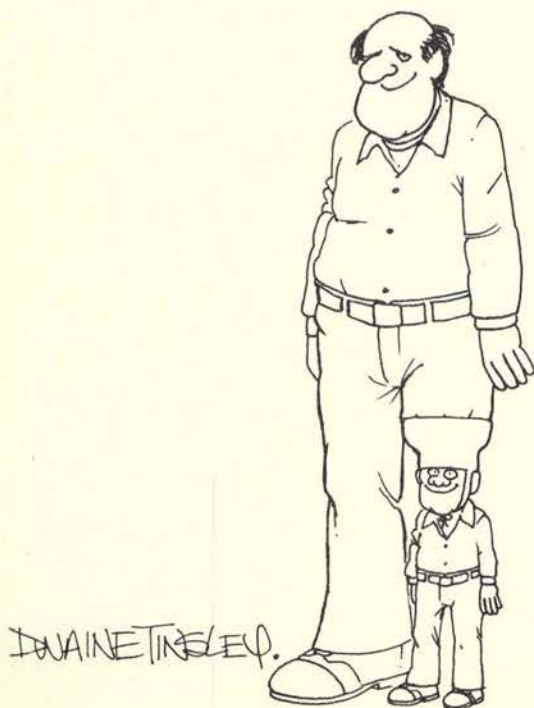
**PLANKINTON:** Certainly, and in my opinion you're seeing legal prostitution in its death throes. I don't think that it will survive more than one or two more meetings of the legislature without a total ban. I think they're terribly misguided. I know about legal prostitution as opposed to illegal prostitution.

In Las Vegas they have 10,000 whores, and they are unable to regulate them. It's a \$100-million-a-year business in Las Vegas, and they don't collect any business tax, no Social Security, no unemployment or withholding tax. Half of those broads are on unemployment or welfare. They contribute nothing to government, and yet they demand the same goods and services as every taxpayer. If a prostitute's house catches fire, the damn fire department doesn't say, "Hey, lady, are you a whore?" They still run out there and put out the fire.

I think that we're being very impractical. We're not going to eliminate prostitution. There are more prostitutes in America than ever—1,300,000 is an estimate—and yet

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## THINGS TO DO WITH SHORT PEOPLE #1. USE THEM AS PROSTHETIC DEVICES







J. Kohl



# BODYGUARDS

**T**he man sitting behind the desk looks straight into my eyes. His brow furrows for a moment, and then he speaks. "Let me tell you the reality of this business. A few years ago I had a hit put out on me. I've had threats before; they usually don't bother me, but this time the opposition was, ah, heavy-duty. So I called some friends of mine and asked, 'What can I do?' And they said, 'Nothing.'"

"If somebody wants to kill you bad enough, they can kill you. Period. Anybody tells you anything different is full of shit."

Seeing the troubled look spreading across my face, the man continues. "Look, I've been doing this for 20 years, and I've never lost a client yet . . . and I haven't the slightest intention of starting now. But you *did* ask me for the straight dope."

The man glances at his watch. He opens the desk drawer, removes a .38-caliber Police Special and puts it into a shoulder holster. "If you'll excuse me," he says, "I've got a plane to catch."

In two hours the man will be en route to South America, traveling with a client—a diamond salesman carrying a large quantity of jewels—who's paying him \$600 a day plus expenses for his companionship. The man is a professional bodyguard.

Of course, not all bodyguards earn that much money, but today the bodyguard business is in full swing. Increased incidences of assault, kidnapping, homicide, rape, assassination and husband-and-wife battering, coupled with a general growth of nationwide paranoia, find more and more people seeking protection. And since the police won't enter the picture until a crime has already been committed, often only one alternative is left to those fearful for their safety—hiring a personal bodyguard.

Who are these people who make a living insuring the safety of others? "Most of them are ex-somebodies," says one slightly disenchanted member of the profession. "Ex-cops, ex-weightlifters, ex-fighters, ex-Marine sergeants. . . . Sometimes it's just an old buddy who

used to be the captain of the high-school football team—you know, one of those guys with no neck."

In an attempt to legitimize the business, some states have strengthened legislation to insure that bodyguards are professionals, not just gun-happy whackos.

The place to look for bodyguards is California, with its abundance of celebrities and wealthy persons seeking protection. California has some of the most stringent requirements for would-be bodyguards. All aspiring candidates there must secure a Private Patrol Operator's License from the Department of Collections and Investigative Services (a branch of the Department of Consumer Affairs). The requirements include either 2,000 hours or one year's experience in law enforcement, military security or a related field. Then a written exam must be passed and a \$2,000 surety bond posted (besides the nominal license fee).

A separate license is required to work as a private investigator. In addition, the applicant must pass an eight-hour firearms test, qualifying separately for each weapon he uses. Another test is required to carry Mace, and another to carry a baton or billy club. Concealed-weapon permits are practically impossible to obtain.

In other states, however, requirements are less rigorous, and some states have none at all. A survey conducted by the Rand Corporation (a research firm) showed that no licenses for guards or private investigators are required in Arizona, Idaho, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Washington or Wyoming.

But even in California the requirements don't present much of a problem. As long as a person isn't operating a business, he needn't secure a Private Patrol Operator's License. And though security guards (those who protect property as opposed to people) are bound by the state to register themselves, the Department of Consumer Affairs doesn't seem sure into which specific category a bodyguard falls. "The result," notes one

spokesman in Sacramento, "is that if Anita Bryant wants to declare she's a bodyguard—she's a bodyguard."

Richard Berg doesn't look much like a bodyguard. His boyish face and his preference for jeans, tennis shoes and nylon windbreakers make him appear a more likely candidate for a physical-education instructor. The only signs of his profession one sees on a visit to his office are two rifles and a leather-covered baton in the corner.

In addition to being a bodyguard, Berg is a licensed private detective who operates his own agency in Los Angeles. Perhaps it's because of this training that he holds some of his peers in disdain. "Most bodyguards are assholes," Berg snorts. "They don't know anything about security except 'If this mother-fucker comes up, I'm gonna punch him in the mouth.' It's my philosophy that if you get involved in a shootout or an altercation, you've already blown the case. A good guard is someone who plans and organizes things so that a confrontation never happens."

Berg's first step in achieving that end is letting the client know who's boss. "Clients don't like to be inconvenienced," he says. "They ask, 'Why should I have to walk up the back stairs when I *always* go up the front stairs?' That kind of shit. So right away I start referring to them as 'The Target.' Once they begin to think of themselves in those terms, they'll usually go along with me."

Next, Berg finds out all about the client's lifestyle—his personal habits. Then he sets about breaking every one of them. "So if you go to see your mother-in-law every Friday, next week you're gonna go on Thursday, and the week after that on Tuesday. After that I do a complete security survey of your home, your office and your car. Sometimes I have a client change cars, because if you're really in trouble, that red Ferrari's gotta go."

"After I find out the client's schedule, I decide if we'll take cars, planes, buses or trains—and I don't give them any of that information. I just tell them that

## REPORT BY STUART GOLDMAN

Illustration by Holly Hollington







I'll get them from point A to point B safely. The first few days they bitch and moan, but after they see that I get them where they want to go on time *and* safely, they don't hassle me."

Berg's client roster consists of everyone from celebrities to the guy who's afraid of getting beat up by his next-door neighbor. "But in a lot of those cases," he says, "the people really don't need me. You know, someone gets a lot of money, so they go out and buy Cadillacs, big houses and condos... and along with all that comes a bodyguard."

Berg tries not to accept what he calls "bullshit cases," preferring instead clients referred by attorneys or by others in the business. "Even though we all badmouth each other, it's really a pretty tight-knit little group."

For his services Berg charges from \$25 to \$50 an hour—"depending on how serious the case is"—plus expenses. He has a pool of some 50 other operatives he uses, most of them off-duty policemen.

A former police officer himself, Berg feels that maintaining a good relationship with the law is both prudent and necessary. "You have to be pals with them," he concedes. "Look, we're not supposed to carry concealed weapons, but if you're a nice guy, the cops won't bother you."

Although he's never killed anyone in the line of duty, Berg says that he's put a couple

of people in the hospital, and insists that weapons are a necessity. "See this face?" he says. "No scars, right? I don't want to get into a fight, and the best way of preventing that is with those." He nods toward the .375 Browning and the M14 leaning against the wall. "I always carry a gun, either in a shoulder holster or an ankle holster. When I'm in shorts and a T-shirt, my wife's got a gun in her purse. I've got a shotgun in the car as well as my baton, and I usually keep a can of Mace on me. I load myself up. I've got enough enemies that it behooves me to do so."

One of Berg's favorite weapons is the Taser—an electronic stun-gun that resembles a big gray flashlight. The Taser fires two small darts attached to wires in the gun. When the darts strike a human target, the Taser-holder pushes a little button, sending 50,000 volts of electricity into the victim's body. "It's really neat," Berg chuckles. "Only problem is that your range is just 15 feet, plus it costs ten bucks every time you use the damn thing."

"Still, I'd prefer to Taser someone than shoot them. Shooting them is bad for the insurance rates. But killing *is* part and parcel of this business. And I don't kid myself—that means me too. I consider it an occupational hazard."

Despite the "occupational hazards," Berg loves his work, and he makes a very good living at it. "But for anyone wanting to get into

this," he cautions, "he'd better know that a lot of bodyguard work is bullshit work. You follow some guy around for three weeks and nothing happens, and at the end he says, 'Thank you very much,' and you get your check and that's it. Every once in a while a really interesting case comes along, but for the most part it's boring as hell."

"What I really am is a con man," says Bill Colligan, an investigator in the Los Angeles area for more than two decades. "I don't mean that in a derogatory fashion, however. I sell confidence, and that's a rare commodity these days."

Like Richard Berg, Colligan is a licensed private detective, but much of his work of late has come from requests for bodyguard services. Colligan employs four full-time and approximately 25 part-time bodyguards, "all of whom we're keeping quite busy. There's a lot of fear out there today—some of it real, some not—but people today are *scared*."

Colligan makes a definite distinction between the personal and the professional bodyguard. "The personal guard is usually an old friend, a crony, a hanger-on who may serve any number of functions besides protecting you. A bodyguard is a multifaceted individual. He's a priest, a doctor, a shrink, a father-confessor, a friend. He must be firm, parental, loyal and—above all—human."

Unlike Berg, Colligan doesn't like guns; he avoids using them whenever possible. Colligan feels that most one-on-one situations can be handled by gaining a psychological advantage over your adversary. "The best way to do that is to humiliate them. You do what Humphrey Bogart did with women—you slap their face. There's nothing worse you can do to a man. And it works. I've never yet had anybody take a swing at me."

Part of the reason Colligan hasn't been hit back is his stature. He stands 6-4 and weighs approximately 300 pounds. "Size is a deterrent," he admits.

What about the situations that aren't one-on-one—the ones in which sheer muscle power isn't enough? "Then you must have a gun, of course. But you'd damn well better be prepared to use it—for keeps. *Never* take that gun out unless you're prepared to kill somebody. Forget that TV shit. You fire a 'warning shot' in the pit of the stomach. There's no 'Halt!'—no shooting in the air. Guns are for killing, nothing else."

In Colligan's opinion, television is responsible for many of our misconceptions, creating problems in maintaining adequate security in the U.S. "In this country kidnapping is treated as something you *never* get away with. You know, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is called in right away, the family cooperates, and they get the kid back. But what about the people who do exactly what the kidnapper says—pay the dough and shut

(continued on page 110)





# Soul = Food =

This delicious spread may not appear on most restaurant menus, but connoisseurs of hot cuisine can always find their favorite dish. True gourmets will insist on a healthy helping of dark meat to round out their meal, and for dessert isn't it amazing what a generous portion of brown sugar can do for the taste buds?



Photography by James Baes

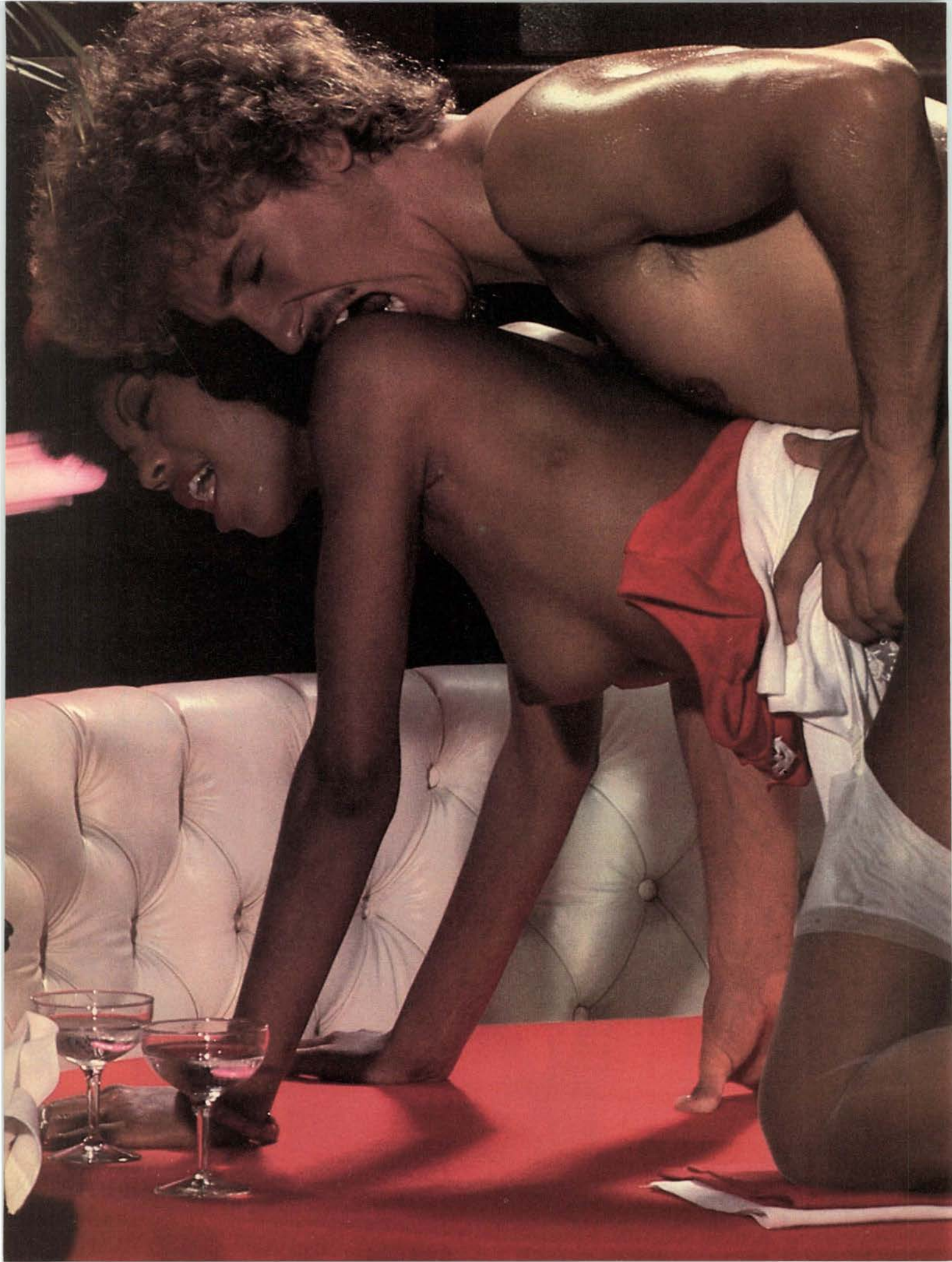


















## THE HUNT

(continued from page 68)

SWAT had frightened her. But Butterfield's ability to find danger and court it into a full-scale love affair seemed itself sexual to her, and she was sick, even jealous, of it.

"Rick Angevine called again tonight. He drives me nuts. But he's hollering for you to come work for him. Run his whole damn security agency. And, lover, it's good bread. Forty grand a year to start. And it's safe."

"I've got six more years to retirement, pumpkin," Butterfield told her. "This is no time to quit. And Rick's an asshole. He sets up some of his clients for burglars. Like the jewelers and—"

She flushed angrily. "... and furriers. So what? Is it any different than the PD? You bastards steal anything that isn't nailed down, and City Hall gives you medals!"

He smiled at her. "This is Cook County. Of course we steal. That's what pisses me off about Homicide. There's no money in it. If I was in Vice, I'd be a rich man by now."

"Get the hell off the police force and be safe and secure. Please. I love you, and I'd like to get married and have a real home."

He rose in the tub and stepped out. Grabbing a towel, he dried himself, glancing thoughtfully at her. The detective reached and slid the housecoat from her shoulders, letting it drop to the wet bathroom floor. Candy had by far the most outrageous body he'd ever seen.

"Rick's a sleazy shit. He only calls you. Never me, when and where he can reach me." His eyes took in the honey hair framing the face in front of him. "All Rick wants is to fuck your beautiful, vacant brains out. Don't talk to him anymore. And by the way—a real home? What do you call this expensive pad with sunken tub, microwave oven, wall-to-wall shag, custom drapes and view of the Loop?"

He drew her lush nakedness to him, caressing her breasts with his fingers a moment and then hungrily palming her crotch.

"Don't be gross. Be sweet." She pulled back, but smiled.

He scooped her off the floor into his arms and buried his face against her breasts. "Hey, this is okay. When I'm done here, I might just turn you upside down and eat back up in this direction."

She squirmed wildly. "Hey, you still need a shave."

"Fuck it. Take your whisker-burn like a good woman should." He crossed the living room with her still in his arms, nibbling every step of the way. "You lucky bitch. You are about to be the target of one of the most grotesque sexual assaults ever perpetrated in this town, and in Chicago that's sayin' heavy shit."

Candy was grinning like a carnival Kewpie doll. Butterfield had to hand it to her—she was the real American dream girl. Built just right and blessed with all the native instincts of a first-string degener-

ate from the court of Emperor Nero.

He dropped her into a beanbag chair facing the lights of the Loop. It was her favorite place to make love. In two years together they had screwed on the bed only once. He fell facedown on her lap, bent on devouring her.

She grunted. "Hey, careful, Whiskers."

He lifted his head and leered at her. "I'll be all right. I can eat my way out of anything." He went down on her again.

She began to twist and gyrate, trying to force his whole head into her. She was drenching his face with her juices. He started to play more vigorously, moving his left hand into the crack of her ass, probing, then thrusting first one finger and then a second into her asshole.

She squealed. "Oh, fuck, don't stop! Drive a truck up me!"

Candy crammed both thighs so tightly against Butterfield's head that for a moment he was certain his eardrums would explode like overinflated balloons. *Man, I'll be as deaf as a post!* He couldn't hear in the vacuum at first, but her violent diaphragm spasms told him of her orgasm, and then the high-pitched wail penetrated his tortured eardrums as pressure from her thighs relaxed.

He forced himself to his knees, grabbing her arms and pulling her upright. Taking her by the back of the neck, he pulled her toward him and pushed his rigid cock into her mouth. A guttural moan escaped her around the mouthful she seemed to swallow. Now he was doing the grinning. *Gloria Steinem be damned—this young lady delights in having her mouth fucked.*

When he pulled away from her, Candy begged him not to, but he would have none of the protest, rolling her back into the chair and slicing his cock into her cunt. Her eyes stared blindly into his shoulder, and she moaned in a running whine with each thrust. When he exploded in her, he had to admit it was the best high he'd ever had.

Throughout it all one side of his mind clicked through the intelligence reports. Where would that freak motherfucker Weller go in a pinch?

"We're getting nowhere with the snitches or street creeps, and it's easy to see why." Grauer's icy-blue eyes bore into the detectives seated and standing around the oppressively humid squad room. He was a slender, short man with an efficient body, athletically trim, that belied his 50 years.

"The reason we're spending so much time pissing up a rope is because you squirrels aren't reading your case files or Artie's notes on this prick." Grauer catwalked toward front-row seats held by Butterfield and Copola. "He... is... antisocial. This man doesn't know snitch-types. He doesn't like *anybody!* He works alone. No accomplices. No girlfriends. No drinking buddies."

Grauer stood erect in the middle of the room and extended his arms toward the ceiling. "He's got nobody! Nobody we can tap.







IRVINE TINSLEY.



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He's the worst kind of asshole to find." The lieutenant had the detectives' attention on him. "But we do know one thing about his MO. He works the North Side. He sticks up bars, restaurants and stores. He's never east of Sheridan Road and never west of Kedzie. He's never worked south of the Michigan Avenue Bridge or above 4000 North." Grauer hovered over Butterfield, bending until his mouth was almost in the detective's ear.

"That is a big area, officers, but not that big. This prick doesn't even drive a fuckin' car." The lieutenant returned to the front of the room and wheeled back toward his audience.

"Get him! Do it today! Do it or start hitching toward Moline! I never want to see your fuckin' faces again!"

The officers rose quietly and left the room. As Ted Butterfield and Alex Coppola followed them, they both knew Grauer had been talking only to them.

"It's so great being friggin' ace detectives everybody counts on," Coppola moaned. "It's neat because everybody, including your own lieutenant, really kisses your ass." Coppola's sarcasm had rolled in a steady stream ever since they drove away from the station house.

Butterfield glared at the Checker cab that cut off his unmarked car, then at Coppola. "You are the toast of the station house, but what can you do for me when it comes to collaring cop-killers? Where do we look? Where do we go? Will he be at the ballpark? Will he be in a saloon drinking beer?"

Coppola scratched his balls and wrinkled his brow.

"Nah, he's hot as a pistol. His picture's been on the tube. He's probably up on a roof molesting a kid. Where's that scuzzy pad he lived in?"

"On Sawyer." Coppola flipped through his notepad. "3912 North Sawyer."

Butterfield slowed the car. "It probably looks like the police garage along that street. Anyway, Patrol and other teams swear nobody around there has seen him for a week."

They did the only appropriate thing for a hot August afternoon in Chicago. They went to a tavern, drank cold beer and watched the Cubs massacre the Phillies on Channel 9 until 4:30.

At 8 in the evening they met Lieutenant Grauer on Clark Street, near Wrigley Field. Butterfield, his suit drenched in sweat, ticked off the locations he'd spot-checked while Coppola haunted taverns and basement doors—even a convent.

Grauer was impatient. "He's either left Chicago or gone to ground better than the average punk can pull off. Where the fuck can he go?"

Butterfield tapped his foot on the pavement. "Into any of half-a-million homes and apartments on the North Side. If he found some little old lady with an unlocked door and groceries on hand, he could be out of



sight for six fucking weeks. He's here in town and he's off the street. He's in somebody's house and may have hostages. That's it, Grauer. It just ain't any other way."

The lieutenant squinted at Butterfield. He was thoughtful, his response measured. "So how do we flush him?"

Butterfield's foot quieted down. "We don't. Not unless you flood the North Side with tear gas and choke him out, along with a million other people." Butterfield poked the lieutenant on his sweat-soaked chest lightly with his finger. "This ain't a Capone or a Gambino. This is a dyed-in-the-wool fuckup we're after. He's been a nickel-and-dimer all his life. Outside of operating alone, which is smart, he's never shown an ounce of brains since he was kicked out of remedial reading. Stay loose and he'll come to us."

Grauer flushed. "Bullshit! The Superintendent and the Mayor will swallow this unit for breakfast. Sit on our asses and wait? You're crazy!"

But moments later Grauer's radio told them Butterfield was smarter than hell—Roy Weller had been found.

When they got to the tenement on North Wells Street, Patrolman Lauren Cziechowicz was foaming with excitement. Butterfield tried without success to calm him down.

"Would you believe it?! This ten-year-old kid comes into Hogan's Bar yelling, 'Weller's at our place. Weller's at our place!' The kid had slipped out the back door. Anyways, all they do is throw him out, so he kicks Hogan in the shins like a Bear line-backer. Hogan's gonna kill him, but just then I get there an' cool the big Mick off."

"No ten-year-old runt is gonna kick a Godzilla like Hogan while tryin' to pull a joke! So I quiet everybody down, and the kid says Weller breaks in their back door 15 minutes after the shooting last night and then makes them all sit an' watch the fuckin' tube coverage of the manhunt until 1 a.m., laughin' and ravin' like a freak!"

The beefy beat cop paused for breath, and Grauer demanded, "He's in there now? Still there? How many are with him? How many's he holding?"

"The parents and two older sisters. The old man has a heart condition, and he's about out of digitalis. It's a four-story building, as you can see, and Gilkeson's place is on the second floor, rear. There's a rear doorway leading to an inside stairwell down to the alley, but it's so narrow I don't think we can get a team up it anyway, except single-file. The front hallway's no better. A guy who designs pencil sharpeners musta laid out this dump."

Cziechowicz's mouth was at last exhausted. Grauer turned to the detectives. His face and form seemed weirdly distorted in the ocean of blue lights from patrol cars parked haphazardly along the street.

Geez, cops are arrogant, thought Butterfield. Ignitions and some motors still on. Keys in cars,

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lights on. Some of us even leave the keys in when we go to eat. It'd serve us right if youth gangs hijacked the whole fucking fleet!

"We'll go look at the back, Lieutenant. We can get a better idea if we see the back."

Grauer grunted. The two detectives walked around the apartment building to the garbage-strewn alley behind. The stench of trash cooked by the summer heat filled their lungs and made them measure their breathing. A rusting Dodge pickup, once light-blue before the undercoat surrendered, was parked at its mouth. Taking advantage of the darkness, they inched down the alley's length, lunging from garbage can to garage doorway until they were under the Gilkesons' windows two floors above.

"What the hell! Let's go in and guard the front door," Coppola whispered. "We can't do anything here."

Butterfield motioned him to be quiet. "I hear voices up high. Maybe on the fourth floor, but maybe our guy's on the roof."

"No way." Coppola stared up toward the overcast. "Captain Rugglio and Grauer would have let us know."

"Dammit, those are girls' voices." Butterfield could hear their sobs and wails faintly but clearly. "The bastard's on the roof. And he took the family with him."

Being careful to stay within the long, dark shadows of the night, the two moved quickly back down the alley to the street. There they met Grauer and Patrol Captain Rugglio.

"Glad you could make it, Lieutenant,"

smirked Coppola. "Thought you guys had brandy and coffee going in the command van."

Butterfield told Grauer what they had found. "The only way I see is to go up after him. I want to go up. You got to keep him busy in the front so he won't have time to come to the rear. If Coppola and I can make it up to the roof by the fire escape, we can take him."

Grauer frowned. The unrelenting evening heat had flayed his patience. "Dammit, he's got four hostages up there! You can't vault over the edge onto the roof and have a Wyatt Earp shootout. Those people will get wasted. Maybe you too."

But Butterfield would give no ground. They argued for ten minutes or more, only to be interrupted when Weller stuck his head up above the roof's edge.

Fifteen cops fired, and four tear-gas shells bounced onto the roof. Additional spotlights cut into the night as fumes blew into neighboring buildings, where residents choked and screamed and vomited. The barrage proved totally ineffective against Weller. Grauer grimaced in horror at the debacle before him. "Okay, you guys. Play hero. Kill that shitass!"

Butterfield went first. He climbed the fire-escape ladder slowly, gripping his .357, his gaze never leaving the roofline above. At any second Weller might peer down from the blackness checking for attackers. On that four-story ladder Butterfield and Cop-

pola were dead men if he did.

The explosion of a shotgun tore the night air. *Oh, shit!* Butterfield thought. *Going up against a shotgun on the confines of that roof!*

"I thought he only had a pistol," Coppola whispered.

"Maybe old man Gilkeson had the damn thing. Shut up now! We're at the third floor."

A bullhorn boomed Captain Rugglio's voice at the building's front.

"Weller, give it up! You have no chance!"

The shotgun belched again in answer. As Butterfield and Coppola scrambled up the fire escape, they could hear the cops on the street respond with a barrage of gunfire. Weller simply dropped as flat as possible, and none of their rounds came near him. Sounds of glass breaking and more distant screaming told the detectives on the rear fire ladder that neighboring buildings had caught all the hell.

"Cease fire! Cease fire!" It was Captain Rugglio again on the bullhorn. *Good, thought Butterfield, or you'll kill every man, woman and child within five blocks of here.*

Finally, Butterfield's head was almost level with the lip of the roof. His ears strained for a clue to Weller's whereabouts. Where was that fucker? Had he moved to the back side of the building? Butterfield broke into a fierce sweat, fantasizing a leering Weller at the roof's edge, thrusting his gun barrel into the detective's mouth and blasting him into oblivion.

He inched up another rung, his body soaking with foul-smelling sweat. Coppola suddenly grabbed his ankle. Butterfield nearly fell off the ladder. He looked down in horror, fearing that Coppola was falling and would drag him down. But Coppola's grab was only accidental; he hastily let go and grinned sheepishly up at his partner.

Butterfield waited a long minute. Where was Weller? He sucked air, and his heart seemed to stop as he carefully raised his eyes above the roof's safety rim and waited. No shot greeted him. Through the darkness he could make out two thick brick chimneys standing close together on the tarred roofscape. No one was in sight, but now he heard a woman's voice behind the chimney across from him. They must be on the street side.

He tried to signal his partner by tortured sign language, but Coppola only shrugged, not understanding. Weller was staying as close to the guns and potential targets as possible. He wasn't checking on access to his rear.

Butterfield focused his eyes in the dim light. He and Coppola were lucky—Weller was a putz. They would take him. Butterfield counted on Weller being so surprised when they rushed him that he wouldn't shoot his hostages. Butterfield faced down the ladder, calling softly to his partner to charge over the top of his heels. Coppola nodded in agreement. Butterfield stared

(continued on page 98)





# Beaver Hunt

There's nothing like the warm feeling that comes from capturing your favorite Beaver with a camera to take the chill out of these winter months. So why not get in focus and shoot your way into the pages of HUSTLER? We pay \$50 apiece for color snapshots (don't send black-and-whites) of guys, gals and couples published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the possibility that we'll select your

Beaver for an extended photo-feature at professional models' rates.

All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 98 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Jimmy Deitz



Thirty-year-old Jacquie Priest is an entertainer from North Miami Beach, Florida, who likes exotic pets and deep-sea diving. Her favorite fantasy involves a sexual encounter with a fully dressed police officer.

Photo by Friend



Bea Amory, 19, is a Missouri saleswoman who enjoys shooting pool and running. She'd like to make it with Warren Beatty.



Thirteen-month-old Sampson is the pride of River Ridge, Louisiana. His hobby is hunting pussy, and he likes his sex wild—"the wilder the better." Sampson's fantasy involves "making it with the Detroit Lions' cheerleaders."

# HUSTLER®

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Photo by T. Brown

Photo by James Caggins



Crystal Drewry from Detroit, Michigan, is a 22-year-old exotic dancer who likes to "have fun while fucking." Her fantasy is to make love on the roof of a tall building.



Photo by Jim Boughan



Nineteen-year-old Anita Louise Hawkins, a secretary from Everett, Washington, loves sunbathing, waterskiing and "outdoor fucking." Her fantasies range from spending a week alone with Clint Eastwood to "getting gang-banged on a waterbed."



Photo by Stephen Hawkins

Lynn Lanosga, 29, is a Portland, Oregon, bookkeeper. She enjoys fishing in the nude, and would like to engage in Continental sex play (French, Italian and Latin sex) outdoors.



Photo by Carrie Patterson

Colleen Sherrick, 23, is a masseuse from Joplin, Missouri, who likes to swim, dance and make music. She dreams about being a nude model for HUSTLER.





Photo by R. L. Myers



Heidi Poschl is a native of Salzburg, Austria. A 21-year-old housewife, she's an avid reader when she's not skiing, swimming or playing tennis. Her sexual fantasy is to make love to her husband in the wilds of nature.



Jean Myers, 33, is a meat wrapper in Raleigh, North Carolina. Her hobbies are camping and fishing, and she dreams about posing in the nude for a top photographer.

Photo by Marv Disher



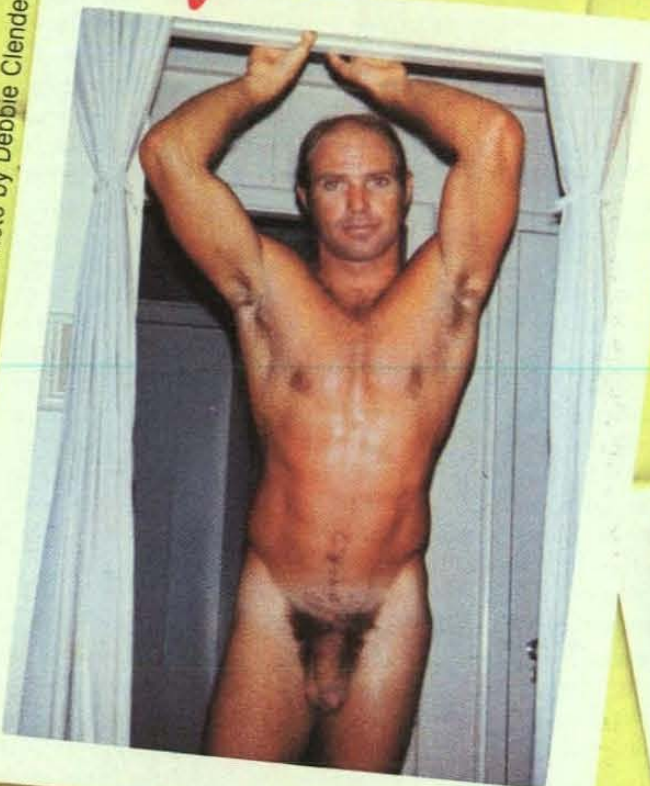
Photo by Peter Poschl

Bonnie May Avilla, 22, is from Campbell, California. She says her hobbies are "sex and my body," and she dreams of someday giving head to her lover as he drives across the Golden Gate Bridge.



# One for the Ladies

Photo by Debbie Clendenin



Stephen Clendenin, 27, is a lifeguard in Honolulu who enjoys exercise and voyeurism. His favorite fantasy is to be approached at his lifeguard tower by a beautiful girl who says, "Hi, my name is Lay-me."

Terri Wilson, 22, is a sports enthusiast who works as a hotel clerk in Cleveland, Ohio. She dreams about helping the Cleveland Browns celebrate in the locker room after a gridiron victory.



Photo by W. Field



Twenty-one-year-old Cindy Lincoln is a hairstylist from Monterey, California, who likes dancing, waterskiing and sex. Her fantasy has always been to "show a little style" in men's magazines.

Photo by Rene Swenson





# HUSTLER®

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 93). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name Please Print

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to:

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Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

## THE HUNT

(continued from page 92)

back across the roof. He heard voices again. A girl moaned, and a man's voice—Weller's—snarled at her to shut-the-fuck-up. Butterfield stepped up to the last rung and vaulted over the top in one smooth motion.

The next few seconds would live with the cop the rest of his life. Instantly the fugitive rolled out into the open on his belly, the Remington 1100 semiautomatic shotgun in his hands. Butterfield went down hard on the sticky, summer-soft tar. *Get a bead! Get a bead!* Everything slowed to a crawl, like a Sam Peckinpah movie. Like a Quaalude nightmare. Coppola growled as he followed his partner over the lip to the rooftop. Even the sound of the shotgun came to Butterfield slowly. A locomotive's wail from a tunnel.

The blast caught Alex Coppola front-on in the chest and gut. He turned into a red ragdoll. Butterfield screamed, "Oh, no! Oh, shit!" In a fragment of time he saw Coppola arch backward, hang in the air and plunge headfirst into the black pit of the alley.

The sound of impact sent an electric shock through Butterfield. He turned back to Weller just as the shotgun thundered again. The impact of the three pellets that grazed him caused instant terror to surge through his body. *You're scared, so you're still alive.*

He had the Magnum grasped in both hands. He fired twice from his prone position at Weller's head. Both shots missed. "Fuck you, cop! Fuck you in the butt!" The man leaped to his feet, holding the shotgun by the barrel like a baseball bat. *Why? He's gonna club me. I can kill him! Why'd he stop shooting? Shit! He's empty or he's jammed.*

Butterfield thrust upward on one knee, his arms out as far ahead of him as he could reach. Weller snarled like an animal as the Magnum barked two more times. The first shot went wild. The second shattered Weller's groin, almost amputating his right leg at the hip. The fugitive took to the air just as Alex Coppola had. He crashed to the center of the roof on his back. He cried and begged. "Help me. Oh, God, help me. I surrender. I surrender."

*Remember the pistol.* Butterfield rose and walked over to him. Weller's hands were stretched out above his head, both empty. The pistol was tucked in his belt. The sound of feet and voices came to Butterfield from the ladder. He knew he had to hurry. Weller moaned again. "Get me some help. Jesus, God, get me some help!"

Butterfield heard the voices call his name. He grabbed the pistol from Weller's belt and threw it to the roof just above the stricken man's head, out of reach.

"You killed three of us, fucker!" He bent low, peering into the wounded man's face.

"The verdict is guilty. The sentence will now be pronounced." Hate boiled up inside Butterfield like acrid bile. "I'm gonna save

the judge and the warden a lot of trouble, you puke."

He shoved the pistol barrel down toward Weller's face and fired. The man's horrified features dissolved, his head exploding like a rotten melon full of taco sauce. His left foot kicked violently upward, almost catching Butterfield in the balls. The detective stood astride the hideous mass that once was a man, and shook. With surprise he noted spatters of blood and brains from his ankles to his armpits.

It was several moments before it sank in on him that he was surrounded. At least half a dozen officers were already beside him in the darkness, and he could hear more coming. Grauer was there, squinting at him, saying nothing. The others talked and yelled and prodded the garbage bag that once was Roy Weller. Butterfield stared at Grauer, who stared back. Butterfield read his eyes like they were a billboard and felt himself at peace.

Grauer announced softly, "I saw the whole thing. Does everybody remember it like I do? There'll be an inquest and a review board. I was at the top of the ladder and I saw it all. Our guy—" he gestured toward Butterfield—"grappled with him for the shotgun. He kicked it loose and knocked the shit down."

The lieutenant turned to each of the other officers on the roof and hard-eyed them. "The scumbag went for his pistol and our guy rendered him. Self-defense. Cut and dried." He slowly turned full circle. He met every man's eyes, including Butterfield's. "And I saw it all. I was first up the ladder."

Grauer paused for a moment, and then he added, "That's the story. I'm sure no one will dispute it."

And no one ever did. It was over.

When Butterfield reached the street, the crowd was enormous. An all-news radio station had drawn them. TV lights blinded him. Microphones were shoved in his face. He was stunned and tired. "How are the captives, officer?" "Are they okay? Did you have to shoot?" "Couldn't you make him surrender?" The questions were of the usual stupid caliber. Butterfield felt sick.

And then Candy was there. He blessed her silently when she didn't ask, "Are you all right?" She just took his arm. Not until later did she raise the subject of his changing jobs again. Pleadingly.

"No way." Because now he finally knew what it was he loved. More than money or security—or Candy.

The thrill. The hunt. He wouldn't go to a desk and wear flashy suits. He would stay put. Nothing else mattered. Coppola would understand. When you can do what no one else will do—when you can tamp down the fear that almost makes you shit in your pants—then you're the king. In control. Boss.

He knew the next time it happened, he'd go up the ladder again. 



As a longtime HUSTLER reader, I regularly enjoy your Kinky Korner section. But I've always been miffed by the fact that I never had an erotic experience I thought wild enough to relate to your readers. Well, an experience I had a few weeks ago sure solved that problem!

I'd like to start by describing myself. I'm a tall and pretty 19-year-old girl with long black hair (I can sit on it) and a slim figure. I consider myself extremely feminine, and I enjoy acting like a five-year-old when I want my way. (It works!) I also enjoy looking at foxy ladies, and although I was involved in one or two lesbian encounters in high school, I'd never really gotten off on them.

I live in Los Angeles, and on the day my story starts I was wandering up and down Hollywood Boulevard, sucking on an ice-cream cone and looking around the shops. As I stopped by one of those bookstores that have a display out on the sidewalk, I noticed this wild-looking lady. I'm 5-9, but she was even taller and very slim. A beautiful cascade of shaggy platinum-blond hair fell to about six inches below her shoulders. She was wearing a sheer black T-shirt and black-leather pants and boots, and she looked gorgeous. I got so excited I almost fell over.

I backed up a few steps to get a better look at her. Suddenly she looked up from the book she was perusing and stared at me. I blushed and turned around; my feet began walking away as if they had a life of their own. Then I stopped and sort of casually turned back, trying to think of a way to approach her without seeming too obvious. But damn!—I couldn't see her anywhere. Anxiously I retraced my steps, and almost immediately bumped into her as she stepped out of the store doorway. She'd been on to me from the very start!

Smiling, she said, "You know, you're the cutest little thing I've seen all day. Want to get some coffee or something?"

"Sure," I said, and we walked off to a

*Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



## Woman to Woman

by Becky Sloane

nearby coffee shop, grinning at each other like a couple of kids.

As we were waiting for our table, she told me that her name was Dylan and that she was a free-lance photographer. She started describing the studio that she'd created out of one bedroom in her apartment, and I quickly said that I'd really like to see it. Then I blushed again, embarrassed at my own eagerness. She laughed out loud and told me to quit being so awkward. Then she said: "Fuck the coffee! Let's go to my place for some booze. You game?" I was.

Dylan had a big old two-bedroom place in the heart of Hollywood, and

after she'd given me a guided tour, we sat for a while in her living room, drinking Bloody Marys. We got high on them pretty fast, and it was dusk before we knew it.

I stumbled to my feet to reach the light switch, and Dylan reached out an arm to steady me. Suddenly we were standing next to each other, and she pulled me roughly toward her. Her hot, wet tongue went from my neck to my ear, and I felt her slender hands grasping my breasts. My knees went weak, and I fell against her.

She turned me around so my back was toward her and pulled my ass into her crotch. Then Dylan pushed my long hair aside and kissed me hard on the neck, still squeezing and pinching my nipples until they were sore. I groaned in mingled pain and delight. Leaning back against her, I felt totally in her power.

After a minute or two she lowered me to the sofa. As I lay on it, breathing heavily, she stood in front of me, deftly undressing. She didn't take her eyes off me as her leather pants slithered to the floor, and as I watched her pull the T-shirt over her head, I felt a slow, hot flush creep over my entire body.

Totally naked, she stared at me, then bent down and kissed me over and over. She slipped my blouse off my shoulders and lowered her mouth to my bare breasts. I

threw my head back in ecstasy as she pulled at my nipples with her teeth and lips. "I'm going to really fuck you tonight, girl," she murmured.

Soon she had my skirt unbuttoned and my blouse pulled all the way off. When she saw the cute little panties I had on—pink and white, and dotted with minute red ribbons—she decided to leave them on for a while. "I like them," she said. "They make me feel like I'm robbing the cradle. I can always reach under them."

With that she slid two fingers into my tiny twat. I gasped out loud as she humped me with her hand, her tongue on my nipples again. Her hand built up



speed, grinding my pussy into the cushions of the couch. Her blue eyes flashed feverishly as she fucked me with her hand, and I came in a shuddering orgasm, my mouth open wide to receive her tongue.

Dylan was insatiable. She grabbed my tits with one hand and ripped my panties off with the other. I was soaking in sweat and cunt juice and writhing uncontrollably. But the more I struggled, the more she dominated me. This gay lady was showing me how macho and tough she could be, and I was loving it!

Grabbing me by the hair, she mashed my face into one of her nipples, straining her chest against my mouth until my jaw hurt. I felt like a rag doll in a hurricane—my arms hung limply, and my hair drooped almost to the floor.

My new lover stopped abruptly, holding me tightly against her chest. Then she gently set me down and stood up. She looked down silently at my nude, sweating body, then sank to her knees and bent her head toward my hot little pussy. Her tongue seemed incredibly long, and I raised my hips up to meet it as it plunged inside me. I arched up higher, almost brutally smacking my pelvic bone against her mouth. I wanted to hurt her a little bit, but all she did was sigh.

I was almost in tears as she chewed on

my cunt lips with a fast, rough rhythm. Then, her eyes blazing, Dylan cried out that she was going to fuck me harder than I'd ever been fucked before. She leaped to her feet and ran lightly to the bathroom, and when she returned, she had a large black-rubber dildo clenched tightly in her fist. She sat down beside me and rubbed the dildo between the moist lips of her twat. In her other hand were the plastic cords for strapping it on, and when the big cock was juicy with her fluids, she attached the cords to it and fastened it around her waist.

For a moment I was genuinely fearful. "How big is that thing?" I asked. She just looked at me with her wide, bright eyes. I didn't say anything else after that. I lay as still as a sleeping kitten, my heart racing in nervous anticipation. (As I'm sure you realize, I get off on being dominated, and I had the feeling I was *really* going to get it this time.)

When she had attached the dildo to her thin body, she grinned like a cat and said, "Lay back more, baby; here it comes." I did as I was told. Dylan gently crawled on top of me and rested her body on mine. For a few seconds we just lay there together. I hugged her as tightly as I could and kissed her sweet lips. Then she rose to her knees and guided the tip of the dildo into my snatch.

It slid in easily, as I was still very wet

from her finger-fucking. Once it was in to the hilt, she started to fuck me—pushing it in all the way and drawing it out fully on each stroke. She kept up this rhythm for a while, then suddenly began thrusting harder and faster. She pumped so hard that it began to hurt, and I asked her to slow down a little. But she ignored my plea and kept ramming the big black dildo at full strength into my junior-sized twat. When I cried out in pain, she covered my mouth with her hand and fucked me even harder. I began to cry. It scared me how she had changed so quickly from a kind lover to a sadistic bitch. The more I struggled, the more turned on she seemed, and when I tried to close my legs and roll over, she smacked me on the ass.

That did it. Suddenly I felt fantastic. A cold chill of excitement swept across my entire body, and though I continued moaning in apparent pain, I was totally turned on. I'd never been smacked in a sexual context before, so Dylan held my arms over my head with one hand, pinned my body to the sofa with the dildo and slapped me across the face a few times. I was so thrilled that it didn't really hurt, although one of her backhands scratched my lip because of a ring she was wearing. I felt a drop of blood on my lips; when Dylan saw it, she lowered her mouth tenderly and enveloped my trembling mouth in hers. I whimpered in the back of my throat as her tongue ravished the inside of my mouth, even under my tongue.

I spread my legs wider, put them over her shoulders and begged her to fuck me even harder this time. She began with a slow grind into my sore little snatch, and I moved with her in perfect harmony. We both speeded up the pace. As the other end of the dildo battered away at Dylan's clit, she began to come, and I knew that I was about to come too. I closed my eyes and just let it happen. "I'm coming like a diesel train," she whispered. Totally spaced out, I reached up with my head so I could grab one of her nipples with my mouth. As the sweat from her forehead dripped onto my back, we both came at the same time. Then we fell back onto the sofa, exhausted. We were soaked to the bone with sweat and cunt juice. I felt totally fulfilled.

That's how it all started. Now we're roommates—or perhaps a better way of putting it would be that I'm Dylan's wife. I have a part-time job as a model, but I gladly do all the cooking and cleaning. I consider myself her faithful slave, and my fervent hope is that we'll stay together for many long years to come.



"Gee, Mom, how come you got Mrs. Gilliam as my baby-sitter? You know how she's always making fun of the hashmarks in my drawers!"





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## WALT PLANKINTON

(continued from page 78)

we've got more and more laws that say it's illegal. Nevada needs open prostitution that's licensed, properly inspected and properly policed.

**HUSTLER:** What, exactly, are the Nevada laws governing prostitution?

**PLANKINTON:** In 1971 the Nevada legislature passed a law making prostitution illegal in those counties that had a population of 200,000 or more. It was mute in those counties under 200,000, and it was assumed that anywhere there is no law, it becomes legal. That's the premise we operate under in Nevada.

**HUSTLER:** I understand you have achieved quite a bit of notoriety in Las Vegas.

**PLANKINTON:** The local television stations have done quite a bit on me. I've made appearances with the girls on several of the talk shows, and I've been featured often on the news. I've called a number of news conferences to tell my side of the Nye County story.

Recently the Saints and Sinners—a group of Las Vegas professional people, judges, lawyers, doctors, hotel-owners and others—roasted me at their monthly meeting. Don Rickles and Pete Barbutti were two of the people who did the actual roasting.

**HUSTLER:** Let's talk about the Chicken Ranch. Can you describe to me a typical day here?

**PLANKINTON:** Our girls get up or are gotten up by noon. Some get up earlier. If they're ready, they can go on the floor at 12 and make extra money. Between 12 and one they must get their hair curled, have their baths and have breakfast. By one, though, they must be available for lineup.

It's pretty much routine. They sit around and watch TV or play games until a customer arrives, and then they line up. If they're picked, they do their job. Usually, during the daytime when it's hot, they wear leotards and body suits. Then, along about 6, we have our dinner, after which the girls change into evening gowns—or at least nice, sexy dresses. Then they work through to 3 a.m., when they go to bed.

To service customers between 3 a.m. and noon we have a rotation system. The rooms are numbered, and the girls rotate. We always give our customers a choice. The girl who made the least money the night before is given a chance to catch up in the 3-to-noon shift. Then she goes to bed and gets up in a nice, little nightgown or negligee and shoes with the fuzz on them—and she looks nice. That pretty much encompasses a day at the Chicken Ranch. Actually, it's kind of boring.

**HUSTLER:** What exactly is the "lineup" procedure?

**PLANKINTON:** Once we get a guy inside, we seat him on a couch in the living room. Then we ask the girls to enter, and they file in like a bunch of models and make a line. Individually they step forward, tell the man



their name and turn around. Without hitching up their dresses or anything, they give him a full view of their front side, the back side, their legs, their ass, their tits, whatever—it's a sales job. These girls are trying to present themselves, their bodies. A man is entitled to look at them like a fine filly, to see what kind of shoulders and hips they've got, if they're swaybacks—and some guys will buy a swayback horse. You never know what the hell a trick wants. So we give him a variety. We've got Chinese girls, black girls, Mexican girls, white girls, redheads, blondes, brunettes, big-titted ones, fat ones, skinny ones—we've got 'em all.

**HUSTLER:** I only see six girls here now.

**PLANKINTON:** Right now we're short. By the weekend, though, I'll have ten or 11, and believe me, ten or 11 girls can turn one hell of a bunch of tricks. Gross-revenue-wise, it's unbelievable how many guys these girls can screw in a night.

**HUSTLER:** How much do you make at the Chicken Ranch in one year?

**PLANKINTON:** The first six months of this year I probably pulled in about \$80,000. Net. If the rest of the year is as good as the first part, I should have \$150,000 to \$200,000 profit.

**HUSTLER:** I understand you have a system of fines you impose on these girls.

**PLANKINTON:** The only way I can enforce the rules is to have fines. For instance, I'm the only brothel in the state that allows the girls a day off once a week to go to town. They leave at the end of the shift, which is 3 a.m., but if they're not back by 6 p.m., I fine them \$100. If a girl doesn't want to work under these rules, she doesn't have to work here. Then, a lot of girls get lazy; they don't want to make a lineup. They've got some pain in their ass or something. If they don't make a lineup, it's 20 bucks, unless they're sick—and they damn well better be sick. Many times a girl's done 16 hours, so she doesn't make early-up. I get \$50 of her money. That's the only type of punishment I know to regulate the place.

**HUSTLER:** Last night you told me you really care about these girls, and yet you often call them lazy whores. How do you reconcile these feelings?

**PLANKINTON:** Most working girls have similar traits. They have defied authority from the day they were born. They're lazy, insecure and undependable. All these are traits of a good working girl. But that doesn't mean I don't love them. They are like daughters to me. As you know after talking to them, there's a special relationship here. [Editor's Note: See conversation with two Chicken Ranch employees on page 46.] We may fight like cats and dogs, and I may call them no-good whores, but I won't let anyone else call them that. We're a family.

**HUSTLER:** When a girl takes a trick to her room, how do you protect your percentage?

**PLANKINTON:** Well, I'd like to think all my girls are honest, but it's best to have methods of checking. Every room here has a microphone in it, and at any given time I

can record or listen to the girls' conversations. If the date is \$100, and I check the books against what she said she took in, it damn well better be \$100. I don't sit and listen all day, but I have a voice-activated recording device, so even though I'm a thousand miles away, when I come home I can listen to that recording. I know whether she's ripping me off or not. I tell them, "Look, honey, I never steal a penny from you. We have a deal. It's 50-50 down the middle, so don't you steal from me."

**HUSTLER:** What kind of prices do your girls charge for various services?

**PLANKINTON:** We have a minimum of \$30. That gives you about a 15-minute straight lay, and beyond that it's \$50 a half-hour. If you're buying a "party," maybe you want a 69, she'll name you a price like 100 bucks. If you get off in 20 minutes, you've had your "party." That's more or less how it works. It's all predicated on a time or party basis.

**HUSTLER:** Do your girls perform S&M or Bondage and Discipline if a customer wants that kind of "party"?

**PLANKINTON:** No, nothing of that sort. We're a pretty straight whorehouse. Anal sex is something else we don't allow. It's very painful for the girls, and it causes cancer of the colon and trichomoniasis, a venereal disease prevalent in the intestinal tract that's damn hard to get rid of. So we just don't allow it.

**HUSTLER:** Do your girls ever perform homosexual services?

**PLANKINTON:** Sometimes women come here with their husbands for a three-way "party." Some girls dig that. Those who don't don't have to participate.

**HUSTLER:** What's your relationship with these girls? According to what you said earlier, you do get certain benefits.

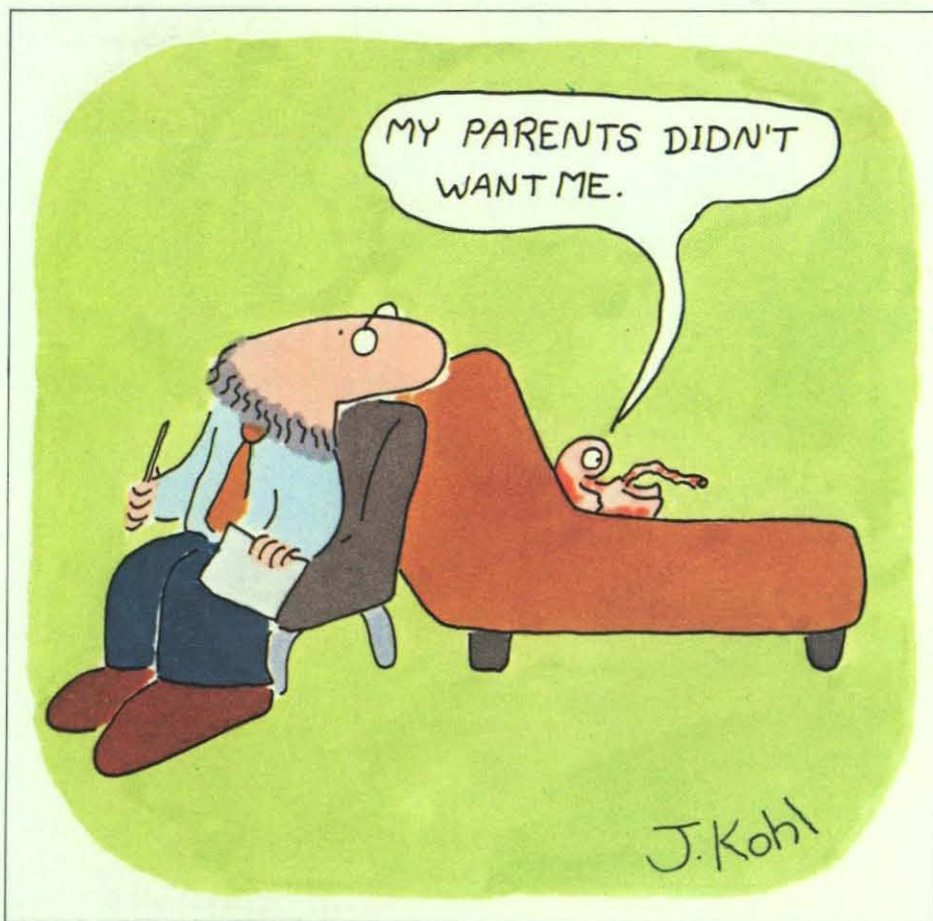
**PLANKINTON:** Well, I'm a businessman, and I don't shit where I eat. In Las Vegas I don't lack for pussy. There's a conquest in a lot of square broads' minds if they can conquer a guy who they think has access to all the pussy in the world because he owns a whorehouse. An awful lot of square broads in Vegas want to lay me, so I'm sure not lacking for pussy.

**HUSTLER:** Nevertheless, you do take your own women to bed.

**PLANKINTON:** Well, I wouldn't want to perjure myself here. There are certain fringe benefits in running a whorehouse. I'm only human. I like women between 18 and 23—and hell, a man of my age, 50 years old, that's a feather in his hat when he gets one of these little dollies. I got one right now, 19 years old. She's been in love with me for a year. I can't get rid of her. What an ego trip.

**HUSTLER:** And yet you feel like the father of the family?

**PLANKINTON:** Some of these girls have been here forever. I could never take one of them to bed. They've sat on my lap, cried on my shoulder. They're precious. Some girl who just came to work here and there's no relationship established, I could possibly take her to bed. But with the vast majority, I





don't do that. I'm damn near a father to them.

**HUSTLER:** Do you feel prostitution exploits women?

**PLANKINTON:** I still haven't reconciled myself to everything I do in this business. Here I do everything I can to justify what I'm doing by giving these girls the best home they probably ever had. Nobody abuses them. If they've got a husband, an old man, a pimp, I never allow that person inside the gate. In our parlor I make them appear fully dressed in evening gowns and act like ladies. There's no profanity allowed in the parlor. Once they go behind closed doors, I don't know what happens. I don't listen to conversations. Then, I guess, they can become whores. But in my parlor they must be ladies. I guess that's the Bible Belt sticking out of me.

I deplore pimps. I've been referred to by Vegas columnists as the "Pimp From Pahrump." I'm not a pimp; I'm a businessman. I provide these girls with goods and services. A pimp is some smooth-talking Yankee, some sweet-talkin' bastard who lies on his backside in Vegas, plays the tables and chases square broads while she's at the Chicken Ranch providing for him. I *despise* that kind of individual. They're the lowest animal life that ever lived, and the sooner they lock the sons of bitches up, the better.

**HUSTLER:** You realize, of course, that you've said you like to hit Vegas and fool around with the "square broads" while your girls are back at the Chicken Ranch working

for you. Does that make you a pimp?

**PLANKINTON:** Well, no, as I've just explained to you. For my portion of the revenue, I provide goods and services. I'm not in the same category, no.

**HUSTLER:** In terms of exploitation, some people feel prostitution is a degrading experience for a woman.

**PLANKINTON:** Is it dehumanizing to wash a man's dirty dishes? Here, of course, they are providing a service for the individual. There's no emotional contact; they are only using a different part of their body. Instead of using their hands to wash some guy's damn dirty dishes, which is probably just as appalling to them, they are using their pussy to ejaculate him. So they say nice things to him; they're lying to him. It's a trick. A guy comes to my whorehouse, and some beautiful young thing leads him to her bedroom, tells him what a hunk of man he is. This is a sales job; it's a con. When they're inspecting him for VD, they tell him what a beautiful cock he has and all this bullshit. It's as much an ego trip as anything.

**HUSTLER:** From what you say, it certainly sounds like the tricks are being exploited—but what about the whores?

**PLANKINTON:** The girls can earn \$150 or \$200 a week as a secretary, and all of a sudden they find out they can come here and make \$2,000 or \$3,000 a week. I think a lot of them say, whatever the hell the degrading effects are, the money involved is sure as hell worth it.

**HUSTLER:** I've spoken to the girls, and I

get the impression that they have managed, for the most part, to separate themselves from the emotional experience of their work. And yet it's difficult for them to do this all the time.

**PLANKINTON:** We don't get many cum-freaks in the house. Once in a while we get a girl who gets a sensation, or a climax with every guy that chooses her, but most of these girls are pretty normal. One of the first things you learn here is that you never have mouth-to-mouth contact with a customer. There's no kissing on the lips. This damn place isn't the junior prom. If you've got an old man or a husband, you reserve that for him, whereas a trick doesn't kiss you on the lips. The girls are able to segregate the two: With their man it's love; with a customer it's service.

**HUSTLER:** In some whorehouses, "lock-ups" are prevalent, whereby whores are confined to their rooms and customers are sent in to them. Do you have lockups here?

**PLANKINTON:** No, nothing of that sort. My girls are all free agents. They don't have to service anyone if they don't want to.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever thought what it would be like to go into your own lineup?

**PLANKINTON:** Sure. Fifty percent of our customers are desirable young males. If I were a male prostitute and half of the customers who came in were good-looking broads with big tits, I could really dig that, man.

**HUSTLER:** But I've talked to the girls, and the men aren't always good-looking guys. Some are quite the opposite.

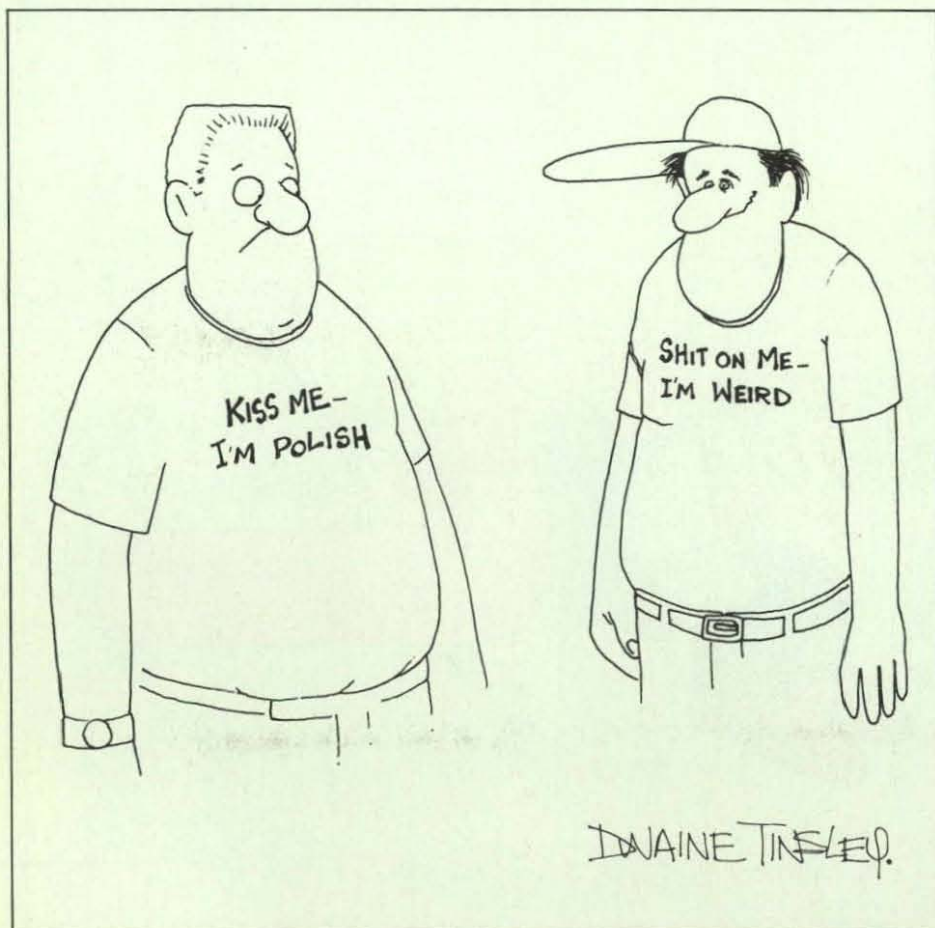
**PLANKINTON:** They don't have to service anybody. If a girl don't want to take a guy, she can kick his ass out, and I'll back her up 100%.

**HUSTLER:** What are your ultimate plans for the Chicken Ranch?

**PLANKINTON:** I'd really like to see stability come to Nye County so I could build the type of place I really want. I'd like to replace this complex of trailers with an old Southern-mansion-type building. It would be out of this world. I would have accommodations for a number of girls and men, a swimming pool, a Jacuzzi, a health spa, a nine-hole golf course. It would be a pleasure palace not found anyplace else in the world. This is my dream. I think it's something not only Nevada needs, but that the world would need. Something of that caliber. Word of mouth would carry far and wide that no trip to Las Vegas would be complete unless you went out to the Chicken Ranch.

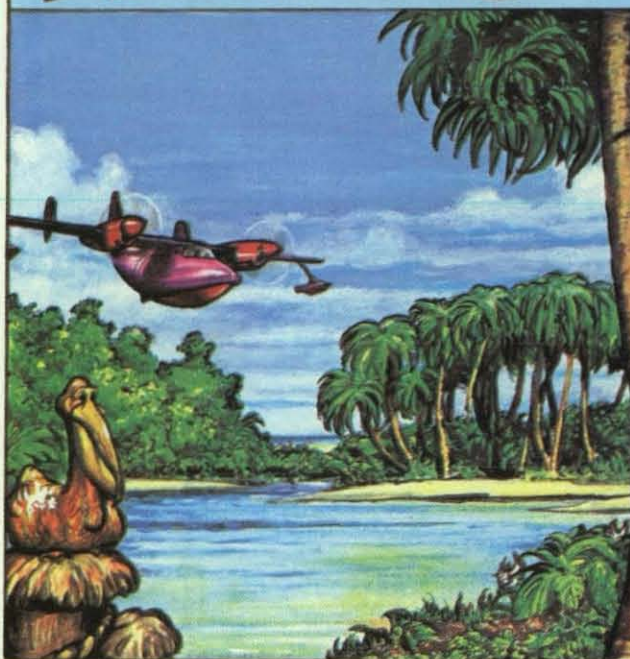
**HUSTLER:** You say that it would be something Nevada would need, something the world would need; but ultimately, wouldn't it be the kind of thing that Walt Plankinton would need?

**PLANKINTON:** Sure. Running a whorehouse is the most exciting thing I've ever done. That and chasing pussy. I've chased all sizes, shapes and ages, and it's still the most fascinating thing in the world—chasing pussy. 





# Honey



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WHERE YOUR WILDEST  
FANTASIES BECOME  
REALITY — AND WHERE  
THE BIRDS DON'T  
SHIT ON YOUR HEAD!

WELL, TABOO! ANOTHER DAY,  
ANOTHER \$20,000 FROM  
THESE THRILL-CRAZED  
PLEASURE-SEEKERS LOOKING  
FOR LOVE AND SEX!

WELCOME TO  
**ECSTASY ISLAND**



GEE, MR. DORK!  
I NEVER  
GET ANYSEX!

THE FIRST TO ARRIVE ARE THE HUBERT SMITHS OF DACRON,  
OHIO, WHO'VE COME TO REKINDLE THE ROMANCE IN THEIR  
MARRIAGE!...

OH, HUBIE,  
THIS PLACE IS  
SO ROMANTIC!

WELCOME TO  
EC-STAS-  
Y ISLAND!

FOR THIS  
I'M MISSING  
"BOWLING FOR  
DOLLARS"!

SHE'S OLD,  
BUT I'D FUCKER  
ANYWAY!

HOW ABOUT  
IT?

HUH? HUH?

NEXT OFF THE PLANE IS THE YOUNG FATHER PETER, DESPERATELY  
SEEKING A CURE FOR THE TERMINAL DISEASE  
CAUSED BY CHASTITY!

ENJOY YOURSELF, FATHER,  
BUT DON'T RUSH INTO ANYBODY  
UNTIL YOU'RE WARMED UP!  
AFTER ALL — CHASTE MAKES  
WASTE!

ANOTHER LOSER!  
BUT HE HAS NICE  
BUNS! HOW ABOUT  
HIM?

HUH?  
EH?  
HMMM...

Art: Tom Garst

Text: Richard Stone

HUSTLER FEBRUARY 105



THIS WEEK'S SURPRISE GUEST IS NONE OTHER THAN **HONEY!**

AND FOR YOU, TABOO, THE GIRL OF YOUR WET DREAMS!

GEE, BOSS! A PIECE OF ASS!

HONEY SIZES UP ONE OF THE BIGGEST - ER - LITTLEST CHALLENGES OF HER CAREER!

IF NOTHING ELSE, YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD DILDO!

HONEY'S GIRLS WASTE NO TIME IN ADJUSTING TO THE EXOTIC SURROUNDINGS!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE WEARING FINE CORINTHIAN LEATHER!

YES, AND ITS SURPRISINGLY AFFORDABLE!

OH, FATHER, I'M DYING-TO CONFESS TO YOU!

I'M DYING TOO!

THE TWINS GET THE BALL GAME WITH TABOO STARTED WITH A DOUBLE PLAY!

HE'S CERTAINLY NO BIG DEAL!

I THINK WE'VE BEEN SHORTCHANGED!

MEANWHILE, IN DESPERATION, THE SMITHS ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING TO WHIP UP SOME EXCITEMENT ON THEIR SECOND HONEY-MOON!

NO, I'M SORRY, BUT HE'S ALL TIED UP NOW AND CAN'T TALK!

GOOD GRIEF! NOT MORE 'SHORT' JOKES!



AND OVER AT THE SPRING, MICHELLE IS TRYING TO MAKE A VIRGIN MERRY!

IT'S NO USE, MICHELLE! I HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER! I'VE ONLY GOT MY ROCKS OFF ONCE IN MY WHOLE LIFE — AND THAT'S JUST BECAUSE MY PALM WAS IN A GOOD MOOD!

MASTURBATION IS OKAY AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T GET OUT OF HAND!

ONCE AGAIN MICHELLE'S MOUTH-TO-MEAT RESUSCITATION WORKS A MIRACLE!

IT'S MY SECOND COMING!

IN THE MEANTIME HONEY HAS BEEN TRYING TO LICK THE PROBLEM OF THE TEENIE-WEENIE WEENY — WITH SURPRISING RESULTS!

GOD, HE'S HUNG LIKE A HAMSTER!

HONEY FINDS OUT THAT HARD WORK IS ITS OWN REWARD!

I THINK I'M GONNA COME!

IF YOU'RE NOT TICKLED TO DEATH FIRST, HUH?

DON'T STOP! I'M HEADED FOR THE BIG TIME!

HE'S GETTING TOO HARD TO HANDLE! OH! OOOH!

BUT THE RANDY LITTLE RUNT IS CRAZED WITH LUST!

I'M GETTING EVEN HARDER!

I'VE CREATED A FRANKENSTEIN! HE CAN'T COME!

I CAN'T COME! I CAN'T COME! I CAN'T COME!







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Here are 6 of the newest...the hottest films from Europe. Big prices, gapping pussies, inviting asses, horny pets and luscious girls who are so tempting... they'll put some starch in your pecker!!

- #91 **SUCKING TART.** Young Tina loves older men and the games they like to play. She especially loves to suck their "Toys."
- #92 **HORNY POOLMAN.** The repairman who fixes Alices pool (and her pussy) is one heck of a stud. She gets every hole plugged as they screw like bunnies in heat.
- #93 **3 WAY SPLIT.** Triple headed action with Linda, Laura and Lila. The ultimate in LEZ-LOVE makes this flick a must for nipple, clit and snatch lovers everywhere.
- #94 **DIANA'S DARLING DANE.** Who says animals are dumb? Here's one Great Dane that knows what to do with his tongue and rod when his horny mistress gets playful.
- #95 **TORRID INTERVIEW.** Jean wants to model. See what happens when she's interviewed for her "Big Chance". She fucks, sucks and comes back for more and more.
- #96 **CLEANED AND REAMED.** Wild, wet and cum filled balling in the shower. This dynamic duo finish with the most incredible ass-screwing scene - you've ever seen.

only **\$9.95** each or all 6 films only **\$45**  
(you save an extra \$14.70)  
\* 200 ft. reels contain approx. 195 ft. of film

**EUROPEAN CONNECTION** Dept. 4384  
6255 Sunset Bl., Suite 609, Hollywood, CA 90028

Gentlemen: Please RUSH me the items indicated. I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in FULL PAYMENT ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ MO

☐ Send order COD. I enclose \$5 to cover additional post. & handling only.

### MAGAZINES:

- ☐ 2 mags.@ \$8... ☐ 6 mags.@ \$18... ☐ 14 mags.@ \$28
- ☐ 30 mags. plus 2 FREE BONUS \$10 magazines @ \$48

**FILMS:** \$9.95 each Check one ☐ super 8 color ☐ reg. 8mm color

- ☐ #91 ☐ #92 ☐ #93 ☐ #94 ☐ #95 ☐ #96
- ☐ I want to save \$14.70. Send all 6 films for only \$45

**NOTE:** On above orders add \$2 extra to cover post. & hdlg.

### SENSATIONAL BARGAIN OFFER!

☐ I'm a sharp buyer. Send me all 32 magazines and 6 films for only \$75 plus \$3 extra for postage & handling (total \$78)

NAME (print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Please add correct tax • Use ZIP code.

**SAVE AN  
EXTRA \$18**

Get all 32 magazines and 6 films  
an over \$400 retail value all for only \$75  
(plus \$3 for postage & handling)



## 110 FEBRUARY HUSTLER



We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

## SUCKER SOCIETY

Many of our readers have written to tell us about solicitations they have received from an outfit called the *Glo-Worm Society*. The Society seems to have several different addresses, including *HEAD Office*, 2860 Delaney, #8429, Dixie Village, Florida 32856; *G.W.S. Ltd.*, Dixie Village, #8429, Orlando, Florida 32856; and *Karen M.*, P.O. Box 8429, Orlando, Florida 32856. All these addresses, as you can see, are essentially the same.

*Glo-Worm's* introductory letter is filled with sexual innuendos, inviting you to join "an exclusive private society; an organization that was started by a group of fun-loving young ladies who are dedicated to the proposition that men and women were put on this earth . . . to enjoy each other." *Glo-Worm* claims it is "ready to offer some out-of-the-ordinary benefits that will go beyond your wildest fantasies." Unfortunately, if you want a clear idea of just what these "benefits" are, you have to send *Glo-Worm* \$20 of your hard-earned money, or \$30 for an "executive membership."

After you send the money, here's what you'll get:

- The *Glo-Worm Handbook*, a small pamphlet of tips on how to pick up girls.

- The *Hancock Report*, a newsletter of trite sexual advice.

- A *Glo-Worm Score Card*, on which you list 12 people you've scored with after joining the Society.

- A *Glo-Worm pin*, a piece of metal supposedly worn by members so they can spot each other.

That's it. To get closer to the alleged "out-of-the-ordinary benefits" offered by this outfit, you have to return your Score Card with 12 names on it, along with \$69 more in dues. And for that, you can advance to the next "membership level."

After what we've learned about the first level of membership, it's hard to get excited about paying more than three times as much money for the next level. *Glo-Worm* is apparently only trying to worm its way into your wallet. The fact that so many of our readers

have asked *Mail-Order Feedback* what's going on shows that more people are wising up to the scam that live off the fatheads of the land. We have already alerted the postal authorities that something smells rotten in the state of Florida.

## FRAGRANCE DE PUSSY

*Gilbert Products* (P.O. Box 483, Tustin, California 92680) sent us a "bedroom odorizer" called *Copulin Forte*, which is supposed to "enhance sex" by putting "a wisp of romance in your bedroom air." *Gilbert* claims that its product offers the "natural sexual scents" of the vagina that have been lost to many modern lovers because of birth-control pills and douching.

The idea behind this product is apparently to simulate copulins, which are acidic chemicals created by bacteria in the vagina. Sex researchers are debating whether copulins create human pheromones, the name given to the odor signals used by insects to attract sexual partners. Most scientists are convinced, however, that the intelligent, rational nature of human beings eliminates any possibility of pheromones having any more than an incidental effect on the sex drive.

Let's even assume for a moment that copulins do work and that there are such things as human pheromones. *Gilbert's* *Copulin Forte* has no ingredients listed on the bottle, so we don't know if this is the real stuff. If it is—and if *Copulin Forte* really does what it's supposed to—then the man is aroused, not the woman. So as an aphrodisiac for women, copulins won't do much good.

But it's even more likely that *Copulin Forte* is just another placebo, like stay-hard pills or spurious Spanish fly. Still, we wanted to give this "odorizer" a fair test. Accordingly, we slipped the bottle to *HUSTLER* Senior Editor Michael Stott and asked for a report in the morning. The next day Michael told us: "I think it's a rip-off. At first there was a faint odor of old socks, with a touch of marsh gas. But even after several squirts around the room the scent faded in five minutes. There was absolutely no response to the odor."

## DOGGY-STYLE

One odor always certain to get a response—a negative one—comes from dog turds on your turf, or steaming stools on your patio. If you're tired of canine discourtesy, try ordering a "No Dog Shit" sign from *Creative Designs* (Harbor Spray Lane, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945).

The sign is a 12" X 12" aluminum warning to dog-owners not to let their fleabags fertilize your lawn. It features a squatting black dog unloading a brown pile, overlaid

by the universal red circle with the diagonal slash. The sign is also great for hanging over your desk if you're tired of the boss dumping busywork on you. The aluminum "No Dog Shit" sign sells for \$8.95 postpaid.

## VALENTINE'S MASSACRE

*My wife and I ordered a \$99.99 videotape called the "Special Club Film Highlights Offer" from Valentine Products (P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022). The ad for this tape looked so hot that I rushed out my money order with the gusto of a sex fiend. Not until six months later did the damned thing arrive, and I'm so pissed off I can't see straight. Valentine's "highlights" are nothing more than 30 feet of boring, poorly edited, soft-core snippets. All you see are hands rubbing legs. Now and then a girl shows her tits. But there's not one glimpse of pink. I spent \$100 on trash. Can you help me?*

—H. K.

Los Angeles, California

We called *Valentine Products'* headquarters at 904 Ethan Allen Highway, P.O. Box 637, Ridgefield, Connecticut 06877 and spoke with Barbara Stephens, who's in charge of customer service. She explained the six-month delay by citing problems in the production of this particular offer, including "a rare out-of-stock situation." She also said, "*Valentine Products* handles only simulated material, not hard-core." She promised that H. K.'s \$99.99 would be refunded.

H. K. did get his money back, but—for the record—*Mail-Order Feedback* is still not satisfied with *Valentine's* advertising, which strongly suggests hard-core merchandise, despite its exclusive soft-core inventory. Read on. . .

## SIMULATED SEX

*What do you know about ERCO (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067)? Is it reliable and are its films hard-core as suggested in HUSTLER ads?*

—R. H.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*ERCO*, which sells films and all sorts of sex aids, is honest as far as sending out merchandise to its customers is concerned. However, we should tell you that the way in which it advertises its "collection of the most explicit Super 8 and Regular 8 entertainment for the serious collector of erotica" is somewhat misleading.

When we first looked over *ERCO's* ad, we assumed the films offered were hard-core delights. Not so, an *ERCO* spokesman told us. The films ("*Daisy Chain*," "*John Holmes and Serena*," "*Lick My Lollipop*," etc.) are simulated. Of course, many buyers prefer simulated sex to the real action. 🍌



## BEST BUYS IN PORNO SAVE \$\$ IF YOU ACT NOW!

CHOOSE YOUR PLEASURE  
WITH OVER

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From COAST  
To COAST

Brand new  
NATIONAL  
HOOKERS' GUIDE  
lists Hookers' names,  
addresses, phone numbers,  
descriptions and revealing photos.  
Available for straight, French, Eng-  
lish, Greek or whatever you desire.  
Rates from \$5.00 up. Latest up-to-date  
information. Only complete directory of its kind.  
Choose your pleasure today!

3.95

**EXCLUSIVE  
COLLECTORS ITEM**  
**PICTURE BOOK RARE**  
Over **500 Off-Beat**  
**PHOTOS**  
only \$2

### HUGE JUICY tits

**MORE THAN YOU CAN SUCK BABY!**  
Feast your eyes on giant cock-  
raising mounds of horny flesh.  
See the heaviest and most voluptuous  
tits ever. Giant 8 1/2 x 11 BIG TIT photo mags loaded  
with full color big bazooms you can virtually sink  
your face and mouth into. **ONE BIG TIT MAG only \$5**  
**FIVE INCREDIBLE BIG TIT MAGS only \$20 (SAVE \$5)**

### 10 INCHES GUARANTEED!!!

Latest medical research proves you can have up to 10" &  
more. Instant results! Thousands of satisfied customers.  
Money-back guarantee. Don't be caught short. Send \$2.00

### FREE Porno Give-A-Way

(We need your name)

Full Color Porno Film ..... List \$20.00  
Photo-Illustrated Porno Mag ..... List \$ 5.00  
Porno Slides ..... List \$ 5.00  
Porno Playing Cards ..... List \$ 5.00  
Tijuana Porno Comic Books ..... List \$10.00  
Photo-Illustrated Sex Guide ..... List \$ 4.95  
Porno Source Book ..... List \$ 2.00  
Sexual Aids Guide ..... List \$ 2.00

**\$3 Total Value: \$59.95**

All yours for only \$3 to cover Postage, Carton,  
and handling.

### PUSSY FINGERS

Female MASTURBATION  
Unusual FREE PHOTOS

FILMS, BOOKS, MAG S, PHOTO  
PACKS. Send \$2.00 postage & hand.

### N.Y. EAGER BEAVERS

Big city gals want to spread it around. See us  
in our directory of names, addresses, phones &  
photos. Send \$3.00 for our latest directory.

### FREE IMPORTED & UNCENSORED Danish Porno Photo Book

SEE hot and wild boy and girl sex, group orgies,  
lesbian sex, dildoes in action and much more  
in exciting full color and b/w. Originally \$6.00 up.  
Send only \$2.00 for postage and handling.

### FREE SAMPLE DECK PORNO PLAYING CARDS

FULL COLOR  
& UNCENSORED

Everything goes in this raunchy  
collection of sucking, fucking,  
ass-hole stuffing, lesbian action  
and group sex. Incredible hot  
and wet scenes—all in FULL COLOR.  
Send \$2.00 postage and handling.

### HARD CORE FILM COLLECTORS

☐ Boy & Girl ☐ Lesbians ☐ Orgies  
☐ Masturbation ☐ Animals ☐ Oral Sex  
Send \$2.00 for SAMPLE FILM  
3 for \$3.00 ALL six \$5.00

ARROW DISTRIBUTORS, P.O. Box 78 - HU280  
Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper the items I have checked below

|                                               |       |                                            |      |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------------------|------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5000 Hookers         | 3.95  | <input type="checkbox"/> Danish Porno Book | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 500 Rare Photos      | 2.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> (\$6.00 + Value)  |      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One Big Tit Mag      | 5.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Porno Give-Away   | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Five Big Tit Mags    | 20.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> (\$53.95 Value)   |      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (Save \$5.00)        |       | <input type="checkbox"/> Sample Hard Core  | 2.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 Inches Guaranteed | 2.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Film-Category     | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Full Color Porno     | 2.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Three Hard Core   | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Playing Cards        | 2.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Film-Category     | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Female Masturbation  | 2.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> All Six Hardcore  |      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Photos               | 3.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Film-Category     |      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NY Eager Beavers     | 3.00  |                                            |      |

Total Amount for Merchandise \$

FREE Giant Porno Catalogue sent FREE with each order.

FREE BONUSES

Order \$10.00 or more and receive absolutely FREE the Latest  
Swingers Directory (a \$5.00 Value)  
Order \$20.00 or more and receive absolutely FREE Uncensored XXX  
Hardcore Film (a \$25.00 Value)

☐ I have enclosed \$ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M. O.  
☐ \$3.00 deposit is enclosed. Send C.O.D. (U.S.A. only)

I hereby represent that I am an adult, being over 21 years of age and in my opinion,  
the material described herein which I am now ordering, does not go beyond the con-  
temporary standards of my community

Signature

Note: No order can be shipped unless your signature appears above

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

PUBIC HAIR CLUB - PUBIC HAIR CLUB -  
last year pet rocks were in,  
this year  
pubic hair  
is coming  
out  
but arm pits don't count!



No... the hairs must lie  
between the thighs to be specimens  
in the Pubic Hair Club! And you  
are personally responsible for doing  
the plucking. Pubic hairs found on  
toilet seats, urinals or in unwashed  
underwear ARE NOT ACCEPTED..  
You'll be on your honor - no  
cheating.

Interested? Well just listen to  
what each new Pubic Hair Club  
member receives.

- Certified member's Point  
System for evaluating pubic  
hair quality (color, length,  
texture, character, etc.) and  
collecting technique (with  
fingers, teeth, tongue, etc.)  
You'll be the judge of your  
own private beauty pageant!
- Pubic Hair Club membership  
card; asking for pubic hair  
contributions made simple,  
just show them your card!
- Clear plastic collector's box;  
View without damaging your  
collection. (Especially that  
prize winning soft blonde  
virgin's hair)
- And, as a bonus - the Belly  
Button Fuzz kit for the un-  
initiated collector.

Start your climb to national  
acclaim in the Pubic Hair Pluckers'  
World Book of Records by joining  
today!

The Pubic Hair Club membership  
is the latest in conversational-type  
products. It's a unique idea for you  
and always gets a reaction as a gift.  
Think of someone at Christmas.

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ Pubic Hair  
Club kit(s) at \$5.00 each plus 50¢  
postage and handling to:

P & H Company, P.O. Box 1643  
Pompano Beach, Florida 33061

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Dealer Inquiries Invited

PUBIC HAIR CLUB - PUBIC HAIR CLUB -



MEET SEXUAL FRIENDS  
NATIONWIDE  
**FREE INFO**  
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**Perverted Porno**  
**8 FREE COLOR MOVIES**

FORBIDDEN TOPICS NOT PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE  
EIGHT OF OUR RAUCHIEST STAG FILMS FOR  
YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & \*3 - INCLUDES CATALOG!

**FREE! \$25**  
worth of colorfully illustrated  
**HARDCORE MAGAZINES**  
for your name, address & \$2!  
RECEIVE FILMS, MAGS & SURPRISE GIFT - \*5  
**COLLECTORS EXCHANGE**  
7471 Melrose Ave., L.A., CA 90046

**PUBLISHERS OVERRUNS**  
**FREE \$50.00**  
OF ADULT MAGAZINES!  
**TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?**

WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU  
INTERESTED IN OUR PRODUCTS.  
SO... WE'LL START YOU OFF WITH  
FIFTY BUCKS WORTH OF ABSOLUTELY  
DYNAMITE MAGAZINES PLUS OUR  
GIANT CATALOG WHICH ENTITLES YOU  
TO CHOOSE MANY MORE SUBJECTS AT  
SAVINGS OF UP TO 70%.

**HURRY. SUPPLY IS LIMITED!!!**  
PLEASE ENCLOSE \*3 POSTAGE (WHICH  
WE'LL REFUND ON YOUR 1st ORDER)

**COLOR MOVIES** / WE'LL SEND YOU **4 DIFFERENT FILMS** FOR ONLY **\$5**

**SHOW TIME, Dept. HU-30**  
6311 Yucca St., L.A., Calif. 90028

**CUM TOO QUICK?** **ONLY \$14.95**

Forget those messy anesthetizing  
creams! You can learn to control  
yourself **completely naturally** through  
progressive expansion and contrac-  
tion of the penis and development of  
the "PCG" muscles. **Any man** can learn  
to last 10-20-30 minutes of continuous  
thrusting after a few weeks training  
with our vacuum exerciser. Hundreds  
of thousands in use. Introductory  
offer to new customers, only **\$14.95**.

**ORGAN-X, Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030**

**SPANISH FLY** improved with  
**Ginseng**

**FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!**  
Not only will this placebo **turn-on**...  
the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy  
problems. Dissolves in food or drink and the  
results are fast and lasts for hours. So...  
use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be  
prepared for **lots-a-lovin'**. You'll be back for more!!

**to keep up with the action you'll need... ENERGIZERS**

Don't ejaculate before the fun begins. Become A Sexual Super-  
man and satisfy her always. **ENERGIZERS**, a specially formu-  
lated placebo adds to your performance, staying power, and  
sexual potency. Be the lucky "stiff" in her life. Long lasting  
and safe.

☐ **SPANISH FLY \$4** ☐ **ENERGIZERS \$4** ☐ **BOTH \$7**

**GIN-SING Products Dept. 4384**  
6311 Yucca • Hollywood, Calif. 90028

**SEX REMEDIES from CHINA**

**ORIENTAL PHARMACALS THAT REALLY WORK!**

Sexual difficulties such as: FAILURE TO RAISE AN ERECTION  
... UNRESPONSIVE OR COLD WOMEN ... LACK OF SEXUAL  
ENERGY ... CUMMING TOO FAST AND LACK OF STAYING  
POWER are not considered problems at all by the Chinese! THE  
CHINESE HAVE PILLS AND REMEDIES FORMULATED AND AT  
HAND TO OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES THE MOMENT  
THEY OCCUR, as easily as we take aspirin for a headache! Only  
now have these Chinese SEX POTIONS AND REMEDIES been  
analyzed and exactly duplicated!

placebo **LING SU**

Chinese Penis Lengthening Creme: Makes the smallest penis "loosen  
up"—hang down long and thick and gradually become much larger  
when erect. Certainly an Oriental secret Western man has been  
waiting for!

☐ 30 days supply \$6 ☐ 90 days supply \$12

ersatz **MUI TO DAT GOW**

Chinese "Spanish Fly" Capsules: We could think of no better trans-  
lation to describe the effect of these capsules than "Spanish Fly."  
They create an uncontrollable desire for immediate sexual grat-  
ification in both men and women. Moments after taking, the  
sexual organs are excited to fever pitch. Safer by far than actual  
Spanish Fly, yet just as effective.

☐ 30 days supply \$6 ☐ 90 days supply \$12

placebo **WEN FAT DAK**

Chinese Erection Capsules: The solution for men who want the largest  
erection possible and the ability to maintain it—even after one or  
more climaxes. Lets you enjoy non-stop love-making like a real  
stud, amaze any woman with your incredible virility.

☐ 30 days supply \$6 ☐ 90 days supply \$12

**SPECIAL BIG SAVINGS OFFER!**  
Mix or Match

☐ any three 30 day supply only \$10 (save \$8) ☐ any three 90 day supply only \$20 (save \$16)

**ASIA IMPORTS Dept. 4384**  
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**NEVER ALONE AGAIN!**

**5'4" TALL SOLID ACTION LOVE PARTNER** 37-23-36

**with LARGE BREASTS**

Marlene is the only doll that goes all the way!  
**\$49.95 value NOW only \$29.95**  
(save \$20.00)  
Send \$2.00 postage & handling, only **DOLL** that COMES complete with **ELECTRONIC LOVE MOTION**

**CHRIS IMPORTERS**  
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LOS ANGELES, CA 90072  
**GUARANTEED SATISFACTION**

just like the...  
**GIRL NEXT DOOR**

... except I'll do anything to please a man. You  
can see I'm pretty young, but I've learned a lot  
"in school." If you'd like to see what I can do to  
light your fire, send \$2 for a personal letter and  
some very private pictures I had my girlfriend  
take just for you. Write to... **Cathy Baker,**  
P.O. Box 855- L13  
Sharone, Pa. 16147

**GROW MASTER PUMP**

**GUARANTEED TO ENLARGE your PENIS from flaccid to MAXIMUM SIZE & ERECTION.** This could mean a 1 to 3 inch increase in length and up to 1/2 inch in thickness! No pills. No lotions. No artificial devices to wear. The **GROW-MASTER** induces dilation of the tortuous arteries which in turn cause swelling of the cavernous erectile tissue thereby **ENLARGING the PENIS.** We guarantee that our **NEW GROW-MASTER** will **PROMOTE EXPANSION** of the erectile tissue and **DEVELOP YOUR PENIS** to maximum possible thickness and length. Send **\$19.95 to GROW-MASTER, Dept. 4384, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.**

**\*NOW ONLY \$10**

FROM THE **TIJUANA 8-PAGE SEX COMICS**

YOUR FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTERS IN WILDLY FUNNY EXAGGERATED SEX ACTS!

**10 FOR \$5 24 FOR \$10**  
ORDER NOW—SUPPLY LIMITED

**OUTRAGEOUS 100 FOOT COLOR \$3 EACH 6 Films \$10 12 Films \$20 HARDCORE MOVIES!**

**OBIG DICK THE TEASER**  
**OTERRY & THE PREVERTS**  
**OTDOTS AND JASPER**  
**OMUFF AND JEFF**  
**OPRINCE VIOLENT**  
**OUDE PALDOZER**  
**OTILLY THE TEASER**  
**OCORPHAN FANNY**  
**OBETTY BOOBS**  
**OPPOPEYE**  
**CLONDIE**  
**COUR GANG BANG**

**CARTCO. DEPT. HU30**  
BOX 85051 L.A., CA 90072

**TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!**

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK?  
We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE**  
and to make the **DECISION to ACT TODAY**, and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS**, depending on how you respond,  
you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG**. No  
fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no  
artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride  
of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite play-  
mate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the  
sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you  
slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait  
the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will  
be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will  
acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be a  
**MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES**. Send **\$6.95 to EN-  
LARGEMENT TECHNIQUES, Dept. 4384, 6311 Yucca  
St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.**



# THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

## 3 FANTASTIC NEW EROTIC FILM FANTASIES

Did you ever wonder about that clean-cut, good looking young blonde next door? Or the redhead down the street? Well, we did! And what we found out will positively blow your mind! Each of the 3 NEW FULL-Color Films below is a close-up, "sneak" peek at those beautiful 'Girls-next-Door' at their Horniest!!

Check film selections in the appropriate boxes below



### CO. ED ORGY

These 2 horny foxes attack their professor and drain every drop he's got! Hot 3-way action!! #AF-664



### GARDENER'S ORAL SURPRISE

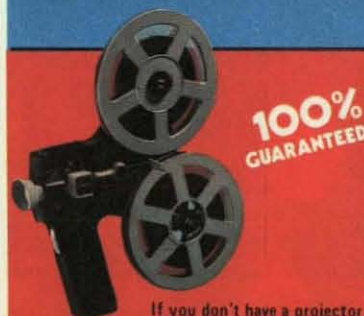
He goes to work on tender young Tammys "bush" with his eager tongue and bulging tool! Hot! #AF-705



### CAMPUS CUM FREAKS

A trio of horny schoolgirls go wild on a lucky hitchhiker! Lots of juicy balling and a 4-way climax! #AF-704

Check Your Preference: ☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ Super 8mm



100%  
GUARANTEED

If you don't have a projector  
Try our Convertible - Reg. 8mm/Super 8mm.

## MOVIE VIEWER

ONLY \$14.95 with the purchase  
of any film.

Viewer Alone \$19.95

- ✓ Requires only 2 small penlite batteries.
- ✓ Large, bright color or B & W image.
- ✓ Accepts any length film up to 200ft.
- ✓ Adjustable focus eyepiece.
- ✓ Precision, no-skip shutter.
- ✓ 15 second threading.
- ✓ Stops action on any frame.

- ☐ #N-504a - Reg. 8mm Converts to Super 8mm
- ☐ #N-504b - Super 8mm Converts to Reg. 8mm

## FILM PRICES

\$19.95 each  
all 3 only \$49.95



TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS  
CHARGE CARDS 1-800-423-5624  
ONLY Calif. Residence dial 1-800-352-5689

24hr. Day  
7Day Wk.  
MUST BE 21

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
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## BODYGUARDS

(continued from page 110)

up is nothing new, really," Speriglio continues. "Everyone from football players to door-to-door salesmen uses it, whether they're aware of it or not. It's a form of self-hypnosis, and there are certain techniques that enable one to reach a state of 'no fear' within a matter of minutes.

"I'm not saying it's easy though," he cautions. "The training is extremely rigorous, and perhaps only one out of six makes it through the Academy."

Those who do graduate from the Nick Harris Academy act as apprentices for two-and-a-half years. After that period the positions escalate from staff investigator and guard through chief special agent.

Speriglio says that there are good career opportunities for bodyguards at present. "We're looking for female guards, bilingual guards and guards of varying nationalities. After all, you can't very well have a black client—who needs someone unobtrusive to protect him—with a white guard. It's just not going to work."

As for the money, Speriglio admits that for the first couple of years the going is rough. "But after that you can really do well in this business. A top-level bodyguard can pull down \$85,000 a year plus expenses, plus a company car. So if you hang in there, it's well worth it. The whole trick is in being properly trained and establishing good clientele—in short, being professional."

Because of the recent upsurge in kidnapping, assassination and terrorism, a specialized area of guard work known as "executive protection" has emerged—not only as a legitimate business, but as a highly successful one as well.

One of the better-known firms specializing in this field is the International Security Group in San Antonio, Texas. Besides offering the services of its experts for the protection of its clients, ISG also has a comprehensive training course, including firearms and evasive-driving training. ISG will also, for a tidy sum, equip its customers with the latest in protective gear, including armored cars and saferooms (a total-security room located in the home or office). Also offered are "security surveys," wherein a group of specialists literally moves in with the client and his family, checking every aspect of the client's lifestyle, and administering polygraph and voice-stress-analysis tests to all employees.

Perhaps the most widely respected individual working in the field of public-figure protection is Gavin de Becker, whose headquarters are in Beverly Hills, California. De Becker's client history includes such figures as Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

One of the worst problems facing security personnel, de Becker feels, is the amount of

information available to the general public about some of his and his colleagues' more famous clients. This can include everything from personalized license plates to movie-star maps. "If somebody wants to locate you or me," de Becker explains, "they have to go to a certain amount of trouble. But if they want to find Lucille Ball, all they have to do is go out and spend a buck on a movie-star map. Not only do they find out where she lives, but who she lives with and how long she's lived there."

As far as executive protection goes, the elite group is, of course, the Secret Service. "Ironically," says one source, "the money that Secret Service men get is not comparable with that of some of the better-paid private eyes. They might start at around \$16,000, and after five years maybe they'll pull down \$35,000. What the Secret Service offers is a very prestigious position. They are reputed to be the most highly trained men in the business of protection. And that training never ends... it carries on through the life of a Secret Service man's career."

Although details of Secret Service training procedures are classified, it is possible to

piece together enough information to provide a rough overview of the experience.

Secret Service training has three phases. Like all Treasury agents, future Secret Service members first go to the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center at Glynco, Georgia. From there they are sent to field offices for apprenticeship training. Finally, they receive additional training at the Secret Service Training Division in Washington, D.C. Thereafter they are frequently updated at the Bettsville, Maryland, facility.

Like FBI and drugs and customs agents, Secret Service candidates are trained in federal law-enforcement principles. However, the majority of their training is focused on their "protective responsibilities." Preliminary training takes two years, after which the agent is qualified for a "protective assignment." He is turned over to a veteran agent for practical experience in advance work, which is extremely important in protective surveillance. This on-the-job training takes another two years, at the end of which the agent is qualified to act as an equal member of the security team.

"There's really no way to apply to become a Secret Service agent," adds our source.

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Mike Stone hasn't taken any courses or gone through any training schools, but he's one of the most respected men in the bodyguard business, and he's a total professional. He is presently the personal bodyguard for singer Engelbert Humperdinck. Prior to that he worked for seven years guarding record producer Phil Spector.

"I don't like the term 'bodyguard,'" says Stone. "That whole image of the guy in the dark suit wearing shades with his hand tucked in his coat pocket is outdated. A good guard is more of a public-relations man. He must be very polite and diplomatic at all times. Violence is *not* the name of this game."

Strange words coming from a man who's been called a "crazy animal" and "absolutely inhuman." Those labels are the result of Stone's reputation as a professional karate expert. He retired in 1974 as the unbeaten light-heavyweight champion of the world, and is now headquartered in Los Angeles.

At 6 feet even, and weighing in at approximately 175 pounds, Stone is not a particularly menacing physical specimen. And his gentle, almost toneless voice seems to belie the existence of an aggressive bone in his body.

Yet there's something about him—the way he carries himself, the look in his eye—that suggests he's no one to mess with. Stone confirms that aura: "For some reason people never seem to pick on me. Well, almost never. There was one instance when I was working with Phil [Spector] when I almost got into it."

"Phil had a problem with this guy about something—I don't know what—and he was supposed to meet him at high noon, in the lobby of the Statler Hilton of all places! So Phil took me along, and when we got there, this other guy had this *monster* with him. So while Phil was talking with this guy, the big moose came up to me, lit a cigarette and started blowing smoke in my face. I asked him—very nicely—if he'd mind putting it out, but he just kept it up. He had the cigarette dangling from his lips, so I just flipped it out of his mouth. Then I took off my sunglasses and looked him right in the eye. He looked at me... swallowed... and that was really that. Then I said, 'Be a good boy and go over and put it out now.' He did, and after that he stood way over on the other side of the room."

"Really, that's the extent of my confrontations. Like I said, I don't encourage violence. I never carry a gun. If I can't take care of it with my hands, I don't want to take care of it at all."

If people aren't familiar with Stone's name, they may remember him as the man for whom Priscilla Presley—Elvis's wife—left The King. In the book *Elvis: What Hap-*

*pened?* (Ballantine) the authors document that after that incident Presley put a contract on Mike Stone's head.

"It's true," confirms one member of Presley's former security team. "Luckily, Stone didn't find out about it at the time, or I'm sure he would have torn Elvis apart. Later, when Elvis regained his senses, he called it off... and it's a good thing. If ever there was a *wrong* person to put out a contract on, it's Mike Stone."

Confronted with that comment, Stone remains silent for a moment. Then, just for an instant, the trace of a smile crosses his face. "I think they made a very wise decision," he says.

On the other side of the fence from Mike Stone during the Presley confrontation that fortunately never took place was Ed Parker. A renowned martial artist who owns a chain of karate schools, Parker has guarded a number of celebrities. But he insists that his work as a top-ranking member of Presley's security team was like nothing he'd ever done before.

"Of all the entertainers that ever had bodyguard service, Elvis had the best," says Parker, who was hired personally by Elvis after the singer had seen one of his karate demonstrations. "Even the local police in the cities we played told us that Elvis was guarded more thoroughly than the President of the United States."

The initial facet of Presley's security called for an advance man to be sent to the city in which Elvis would be playing. Parker continues: "It was this man's job to book an entire floor of a hotel—we always took the whole floor, even if it meant buying an extra 20 rooms. Then he'd check out the floor completely—the stairwells, exits, windows, elevator shafts, everything! Next, he'd map out where each member of Elvis's entourage would sleep, and make a master list. Naturally, Elvis's name would never appear on that list. No one but the bodyguards knew which room Elvis would be in."

"The other job the advance man handled was to plan alternate routes between the hotel and the arena, and once inside the arena, from the dressing room to the stage. Alternate routes are very important."

"Once we'd arrive in a town, we'd arrange to have the Captain or the Chief of Police ride in our limo, because if anything happened and we had to start running red lights, we didn't want any hassle. Sometimes we sent a decoy limo from the airport to divert the fans."

"We tried never to arrive at an arena until five minutes before showtime, and if we did have to spend time in a dressing room, *nobody* got in—not even the Governor. We checked all packages, gifts, envelopes, flowers... you name it. And once we hit that stage, that was our domain. Not even the cops were allowed on that stage. Their job was to deal with any fans rushing the stage. Anybody that got past them *we* took care of. Four of us flanked the stage. When I was working, I stood right behind the drum-



mer—and, if necessary, right behind Elvis.

"When the show was over, we had a limo backed right up to the stage, and we were out of that place even before the band had finished the final tune. . . . I mean, we were gone!"

Parker, as well as Red and Sonny West and Dave Hebler, who comprised the "Memphis Mafia" that personally guarded Elvis, all packed guns. "Even Elvis himself carried two .38s a lot of the time," Parker says. Rumor has it that Presley kept a deringer tucked inside his boot even onstage.

Is it possible that Presley's security force went overboard—that some of the paranoia they obviously had to deal with was self-created? "Absolutely not!" insists Parker. "You have no idea of how many people were after that man. We had threats constantly. Bomb threats, shooting threats, extortion. Certain terrorist organizations wanted to kill Elvis simply because it would have been good for their reputation. All of that, not to mention your average Joe who was jealous of Elvis because his wife had a picture of him or something."

"So we had to constantly be on the alert, which is tremendously exhausting . . . not to mention the pressure that it put on Elvis. Can you imagine what it's like *never* to be able to walk on the street like a normal human being? Never to eat in a restaurant, never to be able to be alone? Elvis always had a bodyguard either with him or very close at hand. Fortunately, his guards were also his friends, so it made things a bit easier."

## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 34)

purity without sensual pleasure. Her virtue was touted as the single role model for Christian women for centuries—a behavioral prototype that caused needless sexual anxiety for countless generations of women. As Wayland Young puts it in *Eros Denied* (Grove Press), "When the queen of heaven is a virgin, the animal nature of mortal woman is bound to give rise to concern."

The heritage of the early Church fathers is with us still. Two thousand years of sexual repression and woman-hating have taken their toll. Only in the last few years have some Christian denominations allowed women to be ordained as ministers.

Others are still fighting this innovation, some by fervently quoting the uptight texts of Paul to support their position, such as this yelp from I Timothy 2:12-15: "I permit no woman to teach or have authority over men; she is to keep silent. For Adam was formed first, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman was deceived and became a transgressor."

Not all religions are alike. If we turn to Eastern faiths, we can find some surprising contrasts to Western sexual repression. For example, in Tantra—a form of Buddhism—members use ritualized lovemaking to achieve union with Brahman (God). Tantric

But that man was never without protection.

"The truth is that you can never totally guard one man. There's always that bomb or that rifle bullet. But putting that eventuality aside, nobody had protection like Elvis Presley. His bodyguards were completely dedicated; we loved the man. And we would have done anything for him. Any one of us would have been willing to die for him."

Parker's comments reveal a subtlety about what might be called "the true bodyguard," that man who is completely and totally faithful to his employer. Those men do exist. One of Howard Hughes's bodyguards was missing two fingers from his left hand from an incident when he stopped a bullet intended for his boss. In the event of an assassination attempt, Secret Service agents are trained to throw their bodies in front of the person they're guarding. These are the people for whom bodyguarding is much more than just a job.

"It's true," confirms Ed Parker. "They're a completely different species. That's a service—that kind of dedication—that you can't shop for in the Yellow Pages. The real pros in the business today have that sort of dedication. Of course, there are flakes in the profession, and there always will be. But in this day and age, when personal security is such a serious affair, the *real* bodyguard must be more than physically capable. He must be intelligent, sensitive and, I suppose, just a little bit nuts. Because he's a man who, when it comes down to it, is willing to put his client's life before his own."

yogis believe that the sex force is sacred and that intercourse can be just as conducive to experiencing "oneness" with God as prayer or meditation can be.

The majority of Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists consider the pleasures of sex-potential to be stepping-stones to "Ultimate Reality" or "Liberation"—alternate terms for the "Knowledge of God." True, Buddhism describes the suffering that accompanies "attachment" to sensual appetites, but it's the *attachment* that Buddhism condemns, not the appetites themselves. Throughout India, in fact, a stone penis occupies a sacred place in the dwellings of average citizens.

God never said sex or women are dirty. A few influential theologians said it, and Western Christian civilization blindly bought their judgment because it helped to protect men's socially dominant role.

It is to be hoped that in the future, when we have finally called a cease-fire in the neurotic battle between our sexual and spiritual sides, we will take for granted the truth of this marvelous line from Walt Whitman: "If anything is sacred, the body is sacred." We may even come around to the Tantric belief that sex, when performed with the proper spirit of love and devotion, can be a vehicle that transports us to a union with God. And we may even come to understand that sometimes sex is God's way of celebrating life.

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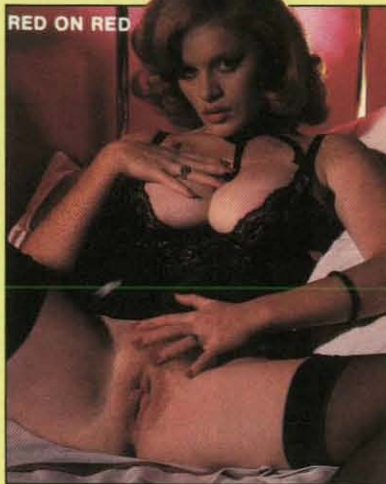
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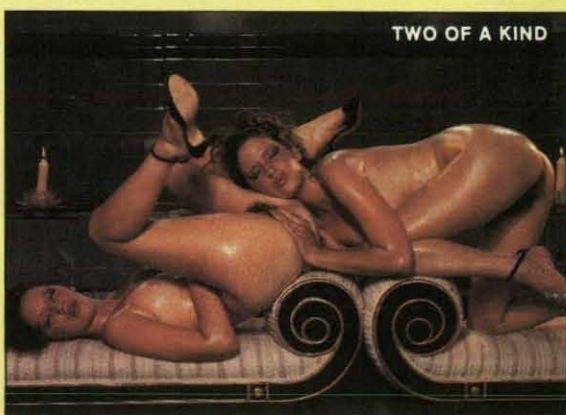
**HOOKERS FOR JESUS**—Once a Christian group dedicated to getting kids off drugs, the Family of Love has become one of the most bizarre international prostitution rings in history. Under the guise of saving souls, cult members have used their bodies to raise millions of dollars, manipulate the media and gain influence around the world. Cult leader Moses David preaches his gospel of fucking for the faith in a series of erotic comics. You'll see those in the special illustrated feature that accompanies this fascinating look inside the world of a religious zealot. Article by George Hill.

**NURSING-HOME NIGHTMARES**—Growing old in America is a grim business, and so is the nursing-home racket. Old people lie rotting with bedsores and soaking in their own urine while fast-buck operators rake in the profits. Join us as we take you behind the closed doors of the nursing home, America's national disgrace. Article by Mark Zussman.

**WINTER DREAMS**—A beautiful teacher gets a lesson in love from one of her students. But she learns the hard way that sometimes you must pay a high price for passion. Fiction by Roberta Metz.

**PHOTO-FEATURES**—A pair of twins discover that love is a perfect fit when you're **TWO OF A KIND**, next month's centerfold. A boxer takes some licks from his girlfriend in **SPANISH EYES**, while a red-hot redhead shows what "living color" is all about in **RED ON RED**. And one beauty reveals how she has more fun in **BRENDA: BLOND AND BRASSY**.

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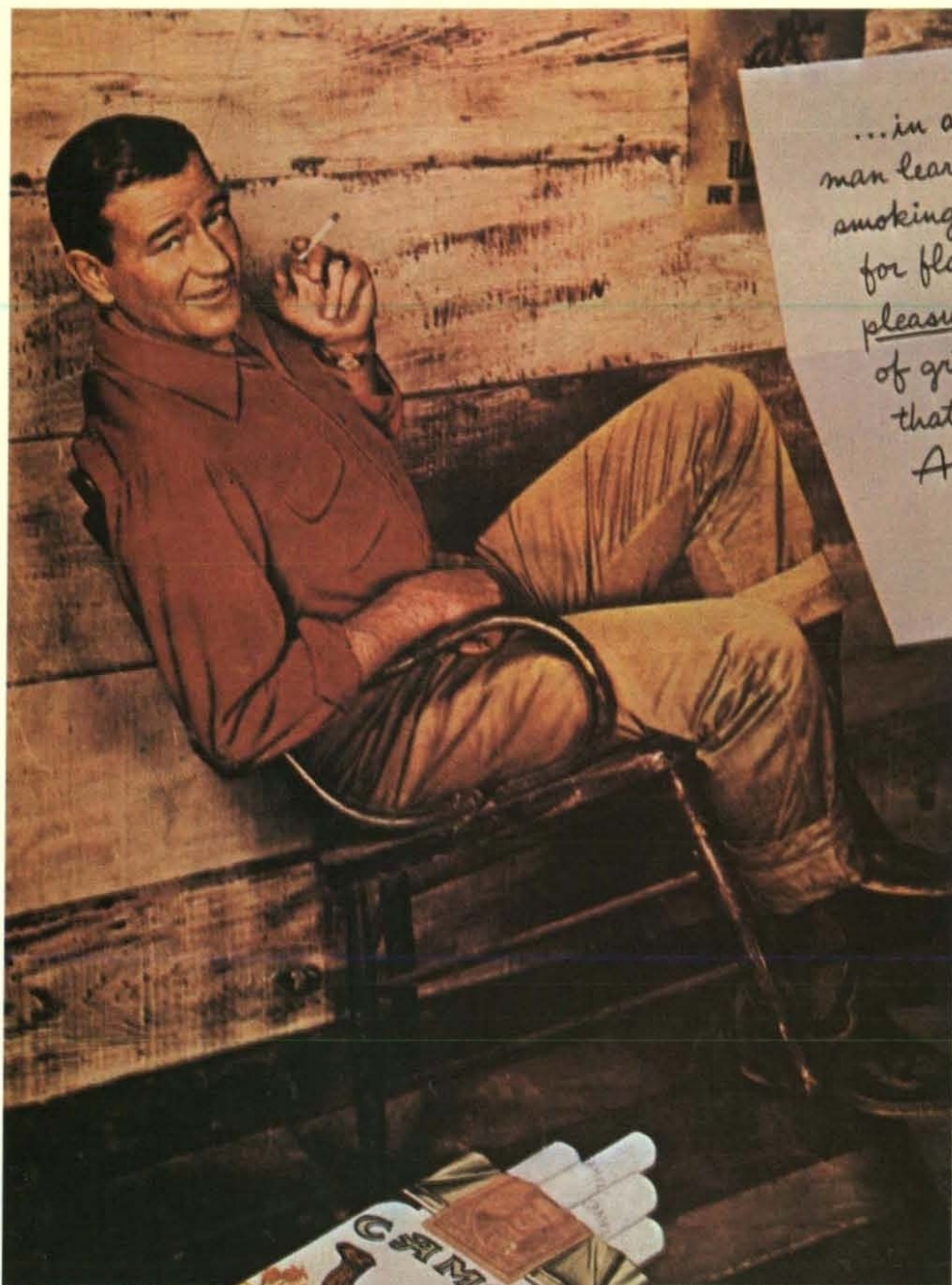
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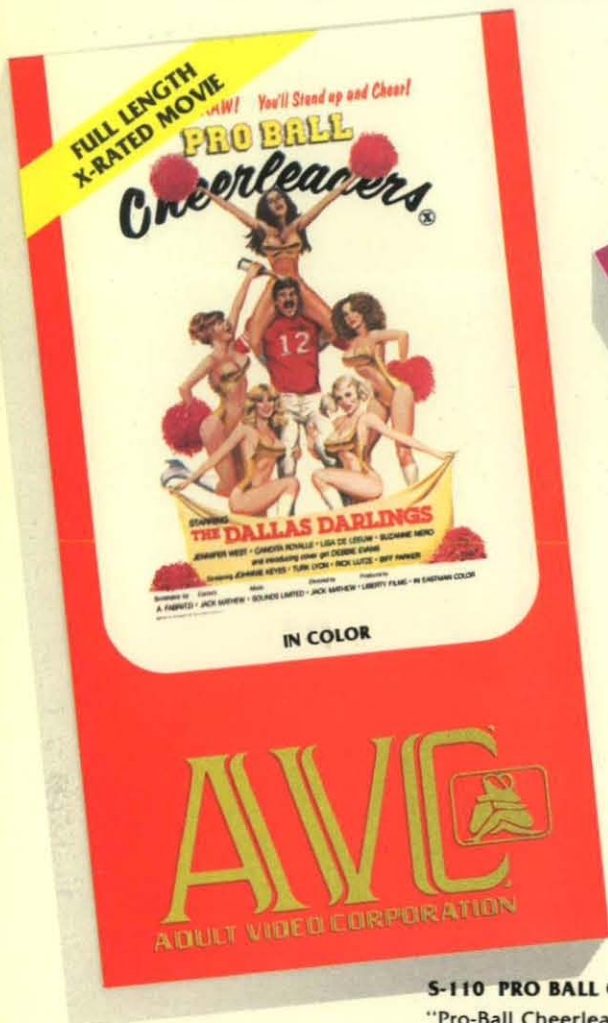


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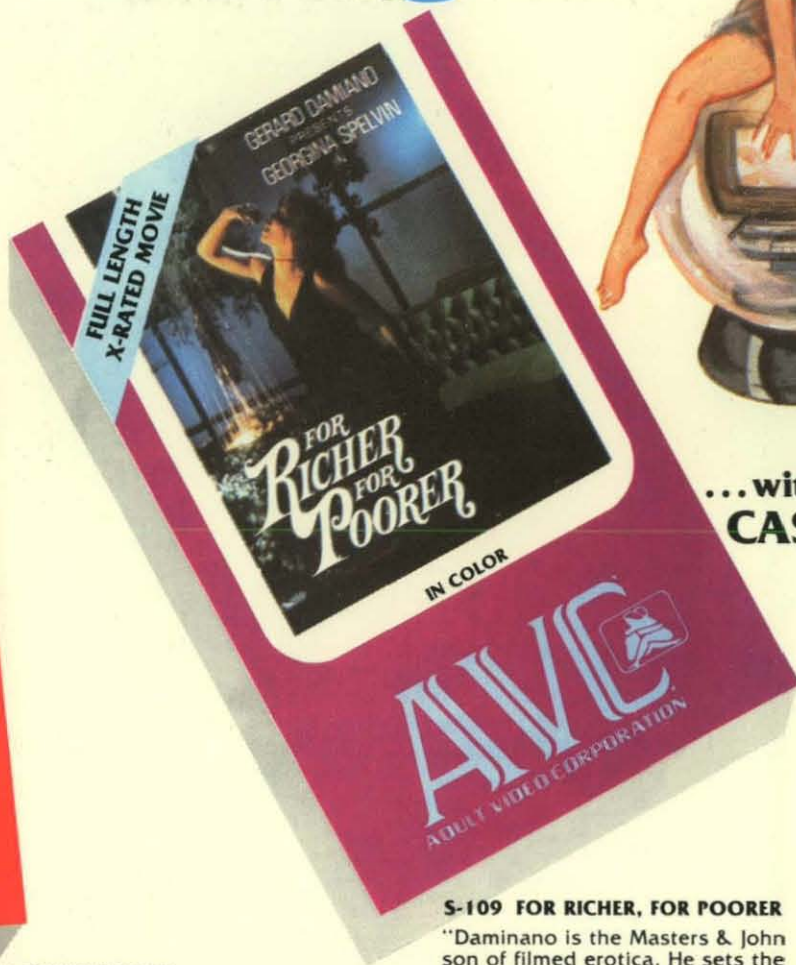


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