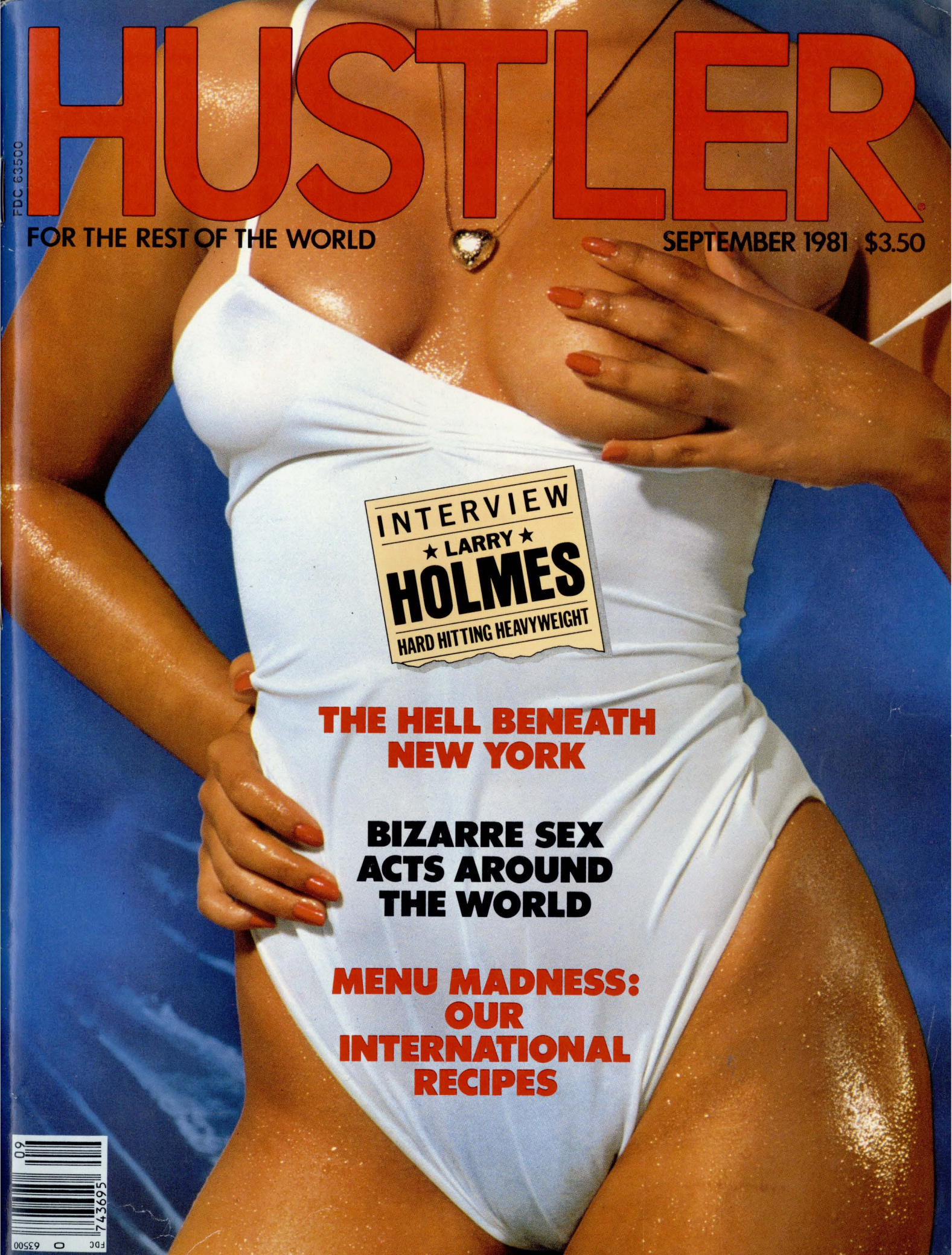




HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

SEPTEMBER 1981 \$3.50

INTERVIEW
★ LARRY ★
HOLMES
HARD HITTING HEAVYWEIGHT

**THE HELL BENEATH
NEW YORK**

**BIZARRE SEX
ACTS AROUND
THE WORLD**

**MENU MADNESS:
OUR
INTERNATIONAL
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"FULL ERECTION!
An hypnotically erotic and compelling beautiful movie."
– Hustler Mag.



Heather Gordon



Kandi Barbour



VERONICA HART



"HIGHEST RATING! Quality, imaginative, sexatic, too good to believe. Veronica Hart's most exotic performance."
– High Society Mag.



Annie Sprinkle



Marlene Willoughby

"Mysterious sexuality beyond reality. A top adult thriller."
– Elite Mag.

Pandora's Mirror

Starring VERONICA HART As Pandora

And Sandra Hillman Heather Gordon Tiffany Clark Marlene Willoughby Kandi Barbour Merle Michaels With Jamie Gillis George Payne Lacey Smith and the return of Annie Sprinkle A Film By Warren Evans In Color • Adults Only

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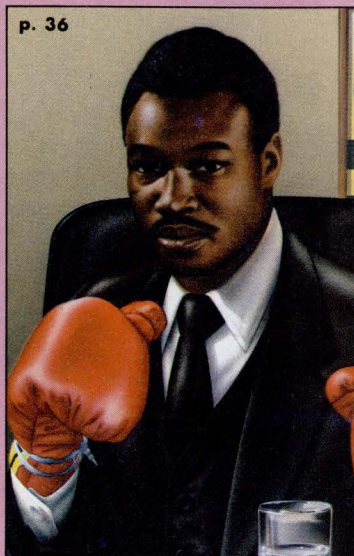
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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 3

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Beyond the Law

I get sore as hell whenever government bureaucrats start nosing around where they don't belong. You'd think the Washington joy-boys would have enough work to do pulling the country out of the mess they've got us in. Instead, they keep dreaming up new violations of privacy and stretching the Constitution into unrecognizable shapes.

The latest bit of Capitol Hill lunacy involves the Federal Election Commission and the way it's hassling an old, respectable publication—the *Reader's Digest*. Lacking even a speck of Constitutional authority, the FEC is trying to force the magazine's staff to reveal confidential editorial decisions about an article it printed last year.

In a story about Senator Edward Kennedy and the 1969 incident at Chappaquiddick that led to the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne, the *Reader's Digest* announced the results of two studies it had commissioned. It had paid for a computer analysis of how fast Kennedy's car was going when it plunged off the bridge, and for an analysis of the tides on the night of that tragic accident. Also, the *Digest* said it would make videotapes of the computer reenactment available to major media outlets.

Here's where the story gets as murky as the waters Senator Kennedy swam through on that dreadful night. A volunteer worker in the Kennedy campaign, Larryann Willis, filed a complaint with the FEC. Willis felt the cost of conducting these two studies and offering the videotapes far exceeded what any corporation can contribute to a campaign fund. Of course, that doesn't make any sense at all. Her "logic" was that paying for material which could hurt Kennedy's chances for the Democratic Presidential nomination was *just the same* as contributing to Ronald Reagan's campaign.

At this point the Federal Election Commission stepped into the picture. This group of six individuals allocates money, watches for campaign violations and keeps federal elections clean. But it doesn't have the right to go snooping into anyone's affairs—certainly not those of a publication protected by the First Amendment.

The FEC decided the cost of the studies couldn't be considered equivalent to a campaign contribution. Score one point for sound thinking on the part of the FEC. But I'll be damned if it didn't turn right around and come up with an even more absurd notion. It decided that offering to distribute the videotapes was a violation of *something*—although it wasn't sure what. In other words, writing and printing the story was legal; promoting it wasn't.

That's when the FEC sent the *Reader's Digest* a formal request that it answer 15 questions concerning editorial decisions that resulted in the article's being published. By doing that, the commission wrongfully assumed the power to ask questions and to require a publication to defend its decision-making process. The government has never had such authority, because such activity would go against everything the First Amendment stands for.

That's why the *Reader's Digest* went to court, forcing the FEC to back down or face even bigger problems. At an injunction hearing in the U.S. District Court in New York the judge threw out ten of the 15 questions. He said they weren't within the FEC's "competence." The five questions left dealt with how the *Digest* promoted the Chappaquiddick story, but the judge ruled the magazine had the right to not answer them. Now the FEC has to decide if it wants to take the *Digest* to court in an attempt to force it to answer those five questions.

The *Reader's Digest* says it has no intention of answering the questions, and I agree totally with that position. It's time the federal government learns that whenever it tries to censor facts or opinions, or determine editorial policies for the press, it will be in for one hell of a fight.

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board



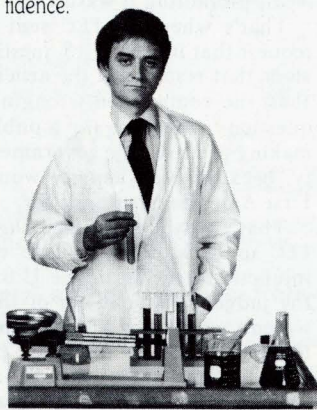
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Now Doctors at leading universities in Europe and Canada have found a substance whose mere aroma can be used to arouse and strip any woman of her normal defenses. She can't resist getting turned on to you in a completely new way. And, she will sense it but never know why because the pleasant aroma works subconsciously to make you appear even more attractive, more impressive, and even more desirable to her.

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Scientists first described the incredibly powerful sexual attractants in insects as Pheromones. Now, Sexual Pheromones have been found in humans, too! American scientist and researcher, William Sergio, has captured the secret in 2 new formulas utilizing male and female Pheromones from human sweat glands and tear ducts to create the ultimate love potions, Potent-8 for men and Captive-8 for women. For the first time, you can unlock the sexual impulses of *anyone* you desire! Just sprinkle a few drops on your clothes and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes right to

work sending powerful chemical messages to the women around you. You can add it to your favorite cologne, perfume or after shave. With Potent-8, you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.



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It really works! The knowledge that human beings produce odors and scents that can attract or repel each other is nothing new. Perfume and cosmetic manufacturers have been trying to capitalize on it for centuries. But now, for the first time, the secret has been found. Tests done by Doctors at leading universities in Europe and

Canada confirm it. A leading international publication reports that Doctors at the famous Masters and Johnson Sexual Institute have conducted tests in St. Louis, Missouri that show the power of sexual Pheromones.

You Succeed or Pay Nothing!

Research results are so startling that we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for men (Captive-8 for women) for 30 days. Use it time and time again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results. You must be

completely satisfied or you may send back the empty bottle for an immediate refund, no questions asked! Whether you choose to become a Potentate with women, or Captivate your men, don't delay. Order NOW!



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Gentlemen: Please RUSH me my favorite scent indicated below. I have enclosed my check or m.o. I understand that if I am not 100% satisfied I can return the empty bottle(s) for an immediate refund of my purchase price.

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Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary says the word *independent* means "not subject to control by others." That definition tells what **HUSTLER** is all about too. We're aimed toward people who think for themselves, who enjoy their own pleasures and refuse to be taken in by the latest trendy whim. So this issue praises the value of having—and keeping—that free, self-sufficient spirit.

Perhaps the most independent urban dwellers in America are a weird group of vagabonds who make their winter home in dark tunnels nearly a hundred feet beneath New York City's Grand Central Terminal. In writing **FERAL PEOPLE: HELL BENEATH THE STREETS**, journalist **FRANK FORTUNATO** discovered these outcasts to be more than a little strange, but also uncannily resourceful. A former Contributing Editor of **HUSTLER**, Fortunato has previously reported for us on subjects ranging from Fidel Castro's Cuba (December 1977) to getting laid in the Middle East (April 1979). He last appeared in these pages in April 1980 with *Snake Handlers: Risking Death as a Test of Faith*.

"Only the strong survive" graphically describes the field of professional boxing. But in the fight game it takes more than muscle to keep a man on top—or even to get him there. That's one of the many revelations in September's interview, **LARRY HOLMES: HARD HITTING HEAVYWEIGHT**. This penetrating exchange was conducted by **MARK LaROSE**, a sportswriter for the daily *Express* in Holmes's hometown of Easton, Pennsylvania. LaRose has covered most of the classy heavyweight's pro bouts, including all his title defenses. Regu-



Cover by Matti Klatt

lar contributor **ROGER BERGEN-DORFF** provided the companion art.

This month's fiction, **DEAD OR ALIVE?**, traces the ordeal of an auto-crash victim who literally attends her own funeral. The chilling tale was written by **JUDY C. UNTERKOFER**, a **HUSTLER** discovery currently studying for a business degree at California State University at Los Angeles. Before her successful attempt at writing fiction, Unterkofler was employed for ten years by the United Nations. **GREG MARTIN**, whose work has appeared in our sister publication **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**, is responsible for the stunning illustration. A graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, Martin has designed ads for many movies, including the new horror flick *Hide and Go Kill*.

Death, love and all manner of cultural eccentricities come together in September's engrossing *Sex Play*,

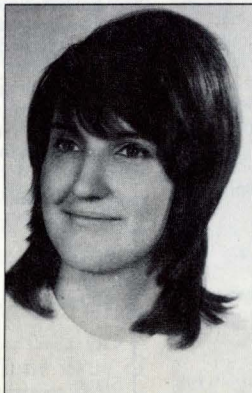
BIZARRE SEX PRACTICES. From the sadomasochism of Roman Catholic nuns to wife-swapping among the Eskimos, **STEPHANIE ROSS** proves that the forms of sexual expression are as varied as human beings themselves—and that no one should judge another's sexual preference. Ross, **HUSTLER**'s Research Director and Editor of the *Advise & Consent* column, was named Playwright of the Year by the Kings County (Washington) Arts Commission in 1978. Besides **HUSTLER**, she has written for *Youth*, the *National Enquirer*, **CHIC** and **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**. For the accompanying art we turned to **ALAN DANIELS**, a renowned English illustrator now setting up shop in the United States. Daniels, an honors graduate of England's Maidstone Art College, has been published in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Omni* and *Club International*. He recently received an award from the prestigious Association of British Illustrators.

On the lighter side, **HUSTLER'S INTERNATIONAL MENU** is a side-splitting takeoff on favorite gourmet meals around the world. This bit of inspired insanity was conceived and written by *Bits & Pieces* Editor **BRUCE HELFORD**, former editor of a West Coast humor tabloid called *L.A. Oops*. The feasts themselves were designed and produced by Associate Art Directors **RALPH FOWLER** (a five-year veteran of the **HUSTLER** Art Department) and **GORDON BOWMAN**, while Contributing Photographer **LADI VON JANSKY** was behind the camera.

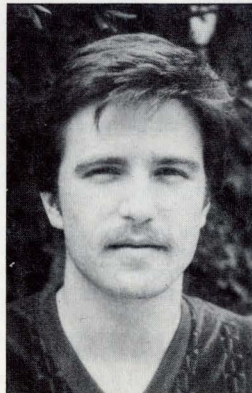
Again, we've compiled an issue chock-full of material reflecting **HUSTLER**'s proud spirit of independence. But that's not to say you can't enjoy it with someone special. ☺



Mark LaRose



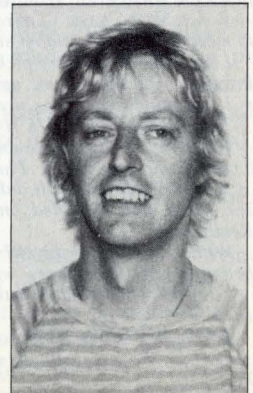
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Greg Martin



Stephanie Ross



Alan Daniels

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!



NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least. Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance. This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 18¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give S/A Hypnotism an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Mirobar Books, Dept. SA134
P.O. Box 214
Mt. Morris, IL 61054

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper. Code 00034

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State _____ Zip _____

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Liz: A man would never finish reading the *New York Times* with sensuous *Liz: Rise and Shine* (top photo), in the July HUSTLER, rolling up the pages. She's all the good news I've wanted to see! Ever since I was transferred out of New York, I've missed the sophistication of that city's girls. They really know how to please their men. Keep up those sexy editions!

—S. P.

St. Louis, Missouri

Fetus Funnies: When are you guys going to lay off the abortion cartoons? I rely on HUSTLER's beautiful models to get my boyfriend good and horny for me, and what happens? On page 63 of your July issue—right before the centerfold—you run a disgusting cartoon of a seance in which an aborted fetus is conjured up (center). That kind of humor ruined an otherwise-tasty issue, not to mention my boyfriend's sexual appetite.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

HUSTLER would be a lot better by leaving out the puerile, little-boy sicko "humor" of snot, piss, shit and disfiguration. It's hard to keep a masturbation fantasy going when you're leafing through a mag for some open-cunt inspiration and then are bombarded by cartoons of some dirty old man puking or picking his nose. For a while I was buying your magazine secondhand, and remedied the situation by cutting out the sicko stuff and restapling the pinks and some of the stories.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

Photo-Features: I am a faithful HUSTLER reader, and when I saw your June centerfold, *Rachel: Virgin Spring* (bottom photo), you earned my subscription. She is gorgeous, the sexiest female I have ever laid eyes on—from her soft lips to her luscious cunt to her tasty feet. I'm crazy about feet. —Mike Perry

Mount Kisco, New York

Your July photo-feature *Grass Don't Grow on a Racetrack* needed more of the male model's eyes, cock, balls and buns.

—Cynthia Stoeckman

Laguna Niguel, California

Congratulations to Clive McLean for his expert photography of *Debbie: Dance of Desire* (HUSTLER, June). His work brought out the model's beauty. Way to go, Clive.

—Jesse L. Brown

FPO Miami, Florida

When I picked up the June issue of HUSTLER, I couldn't believe my eyes—



the photo quality was pure shit. Up until then, HUSTLER's pictures were the best, but the June issue turned my stomach and was worse than cheap imitations of your magazine.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

Publisher's Statement: Your June *Publisher's Statement*, "Madness Is No Excuse," was right on. There is nothing pleasant about innocent people being killed by junkies, whores or politicians who then plead not guilty by reason of insanity. Human death is an ugly reality, and capital punishment is no more pleasant than murder. But a killer who has been executed will kill no more. He will never be paroled, acquitted on a technicality or escape prison to wreak vengeance on you or me. He will also not cost us taxpayers \$30,000 a year to keep alive.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

Your June *Publisher's Statement*, "Madness Is No Excuse," was well done and to the point. We all have some type of mental problem sooner or later—be it depression, anxiety, anger, stress, etc. But regardless of how mentally ill murderers claim to be through their shyster attorneys and quack psychiatrists, those killers are still responsible for their actions and should pay the price swift and sure.

—Alan De Vitroni

Tampa, Florida

Asshole Muskie: Mr. Flynt, it appears you have let the emotional strain of your missing reporter, John J. Sullivan Jr., get the better of you. I am referring to your somewhat-misguided selection of Edmund Muskie as July's "Asshole of the Month."

For one thing, the "terrible people" you cite as "making nasty comments about [Muskie's] wife" were none other than Richard Maggot Nixon and his crew of filth. I suspect you must be a closet Nixonite.

I feel Muskie is as good a politician as one could find and that HUSTLER railroaded a man dedicated to public service on the basis of two bad days. However, please continue to publish HUSTLER, as it is a fine political and social forum.

—Stan Main

Costa Mesa, California

El Salvador Report: I was particularly moved by Richard Warren Lewis's July report on John J. Sullivan Jr., *The New Vietnam: HUSTLER Reporter Vanishes in Bloody Revolution*, as well as by the accompanying piece by Bob Gima.

Your article made a far better case than anything else I've read against the dumb, fucking mistake the U.S. is making by getting caught up in the barbaric shitstorm down in El Salvador—and on the wrong side, at that.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Naked Truth: I ought to sue you motherfuckers. You ran an article on Skinny-Dip Tours in your June issue—which, thank God, I haven't read—and it was obviously incorrect and full of falsehoods suited to your readers' perverted imaginations. We have been inundated by requests for both nudist-camp brochures and lists of swingers' resorts. The only way we can determine the legitimate requests for Skinny-Dip Tours, and not letters from assholes who read your vomitous rag and think we offer cunt for the masses, is if the request is legible and has an inkling of literacy. You assholes have a fucking nerve by not checking the facts you have the balls to print.

—B. Plaxen
Skinny-Dip Tours
New York, New York

If you pulled your head out of your brochures long enough to read HUSTLER's June Advise & Consent, you would have seen a short paragraph that simply states Skinny-

Dip Tours is a source for booking nude vacations. Fucking nerve belongs to an ass who doesn't know a gift horse when he sees one.

Funny Bits: Larry Flynt, the magazine you publish is degrading and appeals to sick minds. I am especially incensed over the June *Bits & Pieces* item "Bonzo Goes to El Salvador," which shows the disrespect you have for this country's highest elected official, President Ronald Reagan. No one forces me to buy HUSTLER, but don't try to act like you are doing the public a service through your magazine when you contribute to an amoral world. HUSTLER may bring you wealth, but that will be left behind when you are gone.

—Catherine Alexander
Jacksonville, Florida

Fighting Mad: Anger compels me to finally write HUSTLER, and I am pretty damn mad. I'm tired of hearing how your magazine should be censored or completely removed from the newsstands. I spent six blasted years in the armed forces, fighting to keep the rights of Americans to speak and write freely.

Now a group of armchair social psychologists wants to tell this country what it should and shouldn't read. Next thing you know, they'll be telling us how many times a day we can go to

the john. I think it's commendable that HUSTLER nevertheless gives equal time to those people who want to censor it.

—D. Carter
Louisville, Kentucky

Black Mood: As a longtime reader of your magazine, I've enjoyed HUSTLER's articles and beautiful women. But I just can't understand why such a successful publication degrades and stereotypes the black race in its cartoons. All the characters are either killing, robbing or raping, listening to portable stereos, or lying in the gutter and drinking wine. I have yet to see a positive image of blacks in HUSTLER. I will keep checking at the newsstands, but until I see a change, I am switching to other publications.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

A lot of people say HUSTLER is the most rotten rag on the market, but that is because these people can't look at the truth. Your humor is great. No ethnic group escapes the pens of HUSTLER staffers. Thanks for publishing one hell of a magazine.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It is evident to me that HUSTLER Magazine supports flagrant racism against all minorities. The white, thankless philosophy of Larry Flynt putting down minorities puzzles me, since they put him in the position he is today. Be certain, however, that it's only a matter of time before big changes occur. We minorities outnumber you whites. You think you're in heaven, but you're living in hell.

—David Thompson
Chicago, Illinois

HUSTLER does not support racism; we publish satire. In that satire we spotlight society's stereotypes, hoping our readers will be amused by the well-structured illogic of it all.

Honey Hotline: I've been reading HUSTLER ever since I found out what pussy is, and I must say you are number one on my list. I particularly enjoyed the May *Honey* comic strip, "Ma Bell's Wrong Number," in which she blew Ma Bell's circuits. Honey can blow mine any time too!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Kinky Love: I would like to thank the HUSTLER staff for putting together a great magazine. Please print more *Kinky Korners* from people who write about their own weird sexual experiences.

—Mark Robinson
Paoli, Indiana

Film Talk: What kind of jerk is your



"I'm writing you a poem. What rhymes with scumbag?"

FLASH

JULY 17

Pussycat
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Tower
OAKLAND, CA

Pussycat
OAKLAND, CA

Pussycat
SAN JOSE, CA

Coronet
NO. HIGHLAND, CA

Showcase
CONCORD, CA

Pussycat
SAN DIEGO, CA

Pussycat
NATIONAL CITY, CA

Pussycat
EL CAJON, CA

July 3

Capri
SALT LAKE CITY, UT

August 14

Embassy
SEATTLE, WA

Community
TACOMA, WA

**CAUGHT
IN
THE
ACT!**



August 21

Sunset
HOLLYWOOD, CA

Guild
NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA

Pussycat
SAN BERNARDINO, CA

Pussycat
SANTA MONICA, CA

Pussycat
VENTURA, CA

Pussycat
WHITTIER, CA

Pussycat
NEW YORK, NY

Park City West
LANCASTER, PA

Cinema
LEXINGTON, KY

Garden
PITTSBURG, PA

July 20

Capri
ANCHORAGE, AL

August 28

Cinema
BAKERSFIELD, CA

October 21

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X-rated film-reviewer? Although I agree with the overall evaluation of *High School Memories* in your May issue, the reviewer missed mentioning one of the most beautiful, romantic sex scenes ever filmed, between John Leslie and Chris Hopkins. Hopkins could put a hard-on on Lincoln's corpse just by walking by his tomb. She is also decent, classy and sincere—a girl maybe even Mama wouldn't mind. No offense to your reviewer, but it's one thing to be jaded and another not to do the job at all.

Please don't use my name. My wife thinks I'm out playing racquetball instead of watching X-rated movies.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Beaver Alert: My wife and I are faithful readers of both HUSTLER and BEAVER HUNT, and after seeing the photograph of E. B. from Hollywood in BEAVER HUNT #2, neither of us has had a decent night's sleep. She is the most luscious, sexy woman we have ever seen. If E. B.'s 51, I'm a monkey's uncle. You must do a photo-spread on this delightful, eatable woman. She has stirred up a tremendous amount of talk at our places of employment. —E. Anderson
Long Beach, California

As a regular HUSTLER reader, I am

constantly amazed at the bevy of beautiful women who pose in *Beaver Hunt*. But I was really floored by 20-year-old Sandra from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, in the May issue. I was in ecstasy just thinking of my mouth sucking on her hard nipples and firm tits. Sandra could fulfill all my fantasies, especially since, at 39, I am old enough to be her father.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Letter Litter: I'm writing in response to Kevin Kitchen's letter in the July *Feedback*. He said, as a white person, he didn't know anyone who could stand the Ku Klux Klan, and he wouldn't put up with its shit. In my opinion as a white inmate, I say it's attitudes like his that have helped blacks, Jews, boat people and other races become as highbanded and demanding as they are.

People like Kitchen are a discredit to a real white person. If it weren't for the Ku Klux Klan, he would be some black man's slave by now.

—David Goetz
Tracy, California

Monte Coltey from West Virginia, who wrote in the June *Feedback* that he backs the KKK to "rid the world of niggers," is a sick man. As an angry black woman, I say go to hell! He's got some

nerve talking like that when all the honkies run around now with black hairstyles, sunburns, welfare and food stamps. In my city the white men pay top dollar for a piece of black ass!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I'm writing in response to G. H. Talbot, who wrote in the May *Feedback* that HUSTLER "could be responsible for a share of the homosexual population" because the magazine arouses a girl's curiosity. As a female, I have looked at so-called men's magazines since I was little, and I enjoy looking at both men and women with great bodies. My husband feels the same way, and we are not hippies, weirdos or homosexuals. We're normal, hot-blooded people. If HUSTLER turned kids into homosexuals, the world would not be as overpopulated as it is.

—Linda Ashley
Exeter, Missouri

Gutter Talk: After buying my first HUSTLER, let me tell you guys you are real sickos for publishing the filth in this magazine. You apparently believe a woman's body is only something to stick your prick in. Why not try a warm-water douche bag to get the same results? I have nothing else to say to a bunch of aberrated beings such as yourselves except that I will never buy your magazine again.

—Will Sanddy
New York, New York

HUSTLER has to be the worst piece of shit ever to emerge from the slime-ridden gutter. Some of the common themes in your magazine include sadism, incest, homosexuality, rape and even murder. Porn ruins men's minds by portraying women as sexual objects and by implying men can't be sensitive to women's real needs.

Pornography used to be just plain, normal sex, but today's porn is primarily about violence, degradation and humiliation. HUSTLER is responsible for the rape happening today.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

You must have confused our magazine with some other as you were sifting through the gutter. The only recurring theme in the pages of HUSTLER is the promotion of natural and healthy sexual attitudes without harm to others. As for inciting rape, you yourself, after viewing an issue, must feel an overwhelming compulsion to seize and rape the next poor soul you find, right? And finally, isn't it interesting that our editors are proud enough of HUSTLER to publish their names each month on the masthead, but you don't have the balls to let us publish your name at the end of your letter? ☹

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

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

Teenage boys who drink a lot may be stunting their sexual growth. That's the implication of a new study by Dr. Robert Anderson, who tested adolescent male mice at the University of Illinois Medical Center. Anderson found that those fed alcohol had smaller reproductive organs and a greater incidence of abnormal sperm than the teetotaling mice. The guzzling rodents also reached sexual maturity much later than did the mice who were on the wagon. Anderson concludes booze may inhibit certain enzymes and hormones necessary for the male to develop normally.

Men who've been sexually assaulted by women find the experience just as upsetting as do female victims of rape. Yale University sex therapist Dr. Philip Sarrel says he's handled seven cases in which men have been raped by women, and has been told of 13 other incidents. In each case, Sarrel reports, the man experienced "immediate and prolonged aftereffects similar to the traumatic reactions of female victims"--including the suspension of social contacts and disruption of sexual response.

Coming on to women in the Indian state of Jammu & Kashmir is now punishable by two years' hard labor. The new law applies to any male found guilty of casting an amorous glance or whistling at a woman. Its adoption follows incidents in the capital city of Srinagar, where roving bands of students had been accused of making eyes at passing females.

Women who get pregnant while using sperm-killing contraceptives may be more likely to bear children with serious birth defects. A new study by the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program examined all 4,772 babies born during an 18-month period in Seattle, Washington. Among 763 infants whose mothers had used vaginal spermicides like creams, foams and jellies, the rate of major birth defects was more than twice as high as among babies of nonusers. Researchers believe the sperm may be damaged but not destroyed by such contraceptives, and thus survive in a defective state to fertilize an egg.

A federal court has upheld a Michigan prison regulation that an inmate may hang pictures of nude women in his cell . . . as long as they're not pictures of his wife. The decision by Judge Wendell Miles came in a case involving convicted armed robber Marion Riddle, who claimed his civil rights were violated when officials tried to seize two such photos from his cell at Marquette Branch Prison. That facility bans nude photographs of those near and dear to inmates because the pictures could be stolen or made fun of by other prisoners. Photos of nudes from commercial magazines are permitted, however, because they have fewer personal implications.

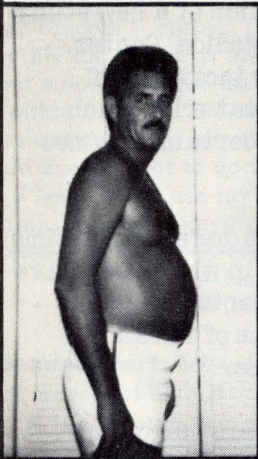
Doctors say vitamins can help solve sexual problems by doing away with tension and irritability brought on by a deficient diet. At the New York Center for Sexual and Marital Guidance in Manhattan, Dr. Elayne Kahn reports vitamin deficiency affects a person's general functioning, often causing him or her to lose interest in sex. But Kahn says some couples have overcome such sexual difficulties by adding vitamins like E, C, B-1 and B-12 to their diets. Meanwhile, Dr. Abram Hoffer, president of New York's Huxley Institute of Biosocial Research, says he's found that nutritional treatment alone eliminates the need for marital counseling in 90% of the cases where one partner has problems relating to anxiety and depression.

Men who jog make better lovers, but some of them claim to enjoy lovemaking less. At California's Stanford University, runners and nonrunners were asked to assess the quality of their sex lives. The wives of middle-aged joggers said their husbands became more satisfying lovers after taking up running. But the runners themselves complained sex had become slightly less fulfilling. Lewis Graham, a psychologist, speculated the women may be "turned on" by husbands in better physical shape, while the men might be "turned off" by mates whose physical condition remains unchanged.

Scientists in Australia have frozen 12 human embryos they believe can be thawed and implanted in infertile women to produce healthy children. The scientific team at the Queen Victoria Medical Center--already responsible for three of the world's first test-tube babies--cautions that a host of "frightening" legal and ethical questions will have to be resolved before the technique becomes widespread. Team leader Carl Wood says the process might eventually make it possible to fertilize an egg now, freeze it and return it to the womb centuries later. 

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Doug Fink of Asheville, North Carolina DID!



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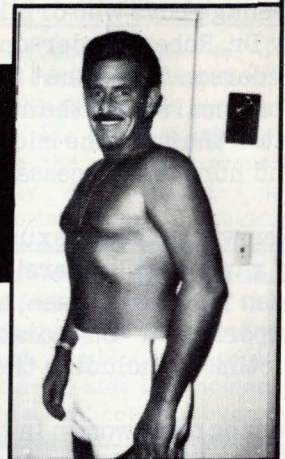
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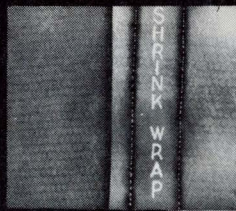
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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice 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 Stephanie Ross

Incest Dream: I am a 49-year-old bricklayer and the father of three boys and two girls. A few nights ago I had a dream in which I fucked my oldest daughter. I have felt like killing myself ever since. Even when I've been dead drunk, I've never made advances toward her. I've never even thought about her that way before this dream.

If this means I am going to fuck her, I'd rather kill myself instead. Is there anything I can do to make sure I don't violate her? She is 15 now, and I'll do anything you say to avoid molesting her—even leave my family if need be.

—J. A.
San Diego, California

You are taking your dream much too literally. Just because you dream about something doesn't mean it will happen. If you dream of driving off a cliff, do you think you'll go out and do it? If you dream you've got a million bucks, do you start spending it the next day? You are not responsible for what you dream in the same way you are responsible for what you do. People often dream of fucking a family member. They may also dream of fucking their boss or even an animal, but do not do so in their everyday lives.

Dr. Roy M. Whitman, interim chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, points out that single dreams don't carry much import. He stresses that the more important message of dreams like yours may be that you want to control your daughter, keep her at home or play her against your wife. Dr. Whitman also says one famous dream specialist took the father-daughter dream in a more positive light. This expert reported that he had a clear dream of incest with his daughter, but it mainly helped him to realize how much he appreciated and admired her.

What you need to be concerned about now is your reaction to the dream. It would be a tragedy for you to leave your family or to commit suicide because of it. You'll need to see a psychologist if these feelings about the dream continue to haunt you. He can help you understand the difference between dreams and reality... and, more important, what the dream might mean in your life.

Up-and-Down Cock: I am a 28-year-old man with a problem that is driving me nuts. Every time I get a hard-on, it starts to go away after about two minutes of fucking. Even before I can come, it just starts to fade away and go soft. What is causing this? It is really turning my girlfriend off and freaking me out.

—E. H.
Atlanta, Georgia

One of the most common misunderstandings about male sexuality centers around your problem. Masters and Johnson, the famous sex researchers, have found most men think their penis is supposed to get up, stay rock-hard for as long as they are fucking and only become soft after they ejaculate. This is not true.

Almost all men will find their erection goes up and down somewhat during intercourse. Not knowing this can cause problems such as yours. Sensing that their erection is going down a bit, some men panic, thinking they will lose their hard-on. Because they become concerned, they do lose it.

The solution is knowing that what your cock is doing is perfectly normal. Don't be concerned, and you will not lose your hard-on. Panic, and you will.

Erotic Writer: I am a disabled woman living on Social Security. Reading takes

up the biggest part of my time. I read all kinds of material, but for many years I have enjoyed pornographic adult paperbacks along with current best-sellers. Over the years, I have written to publishers listed in the front of these books, asking if they accepted manuscripts. Of ten letters written recently, five were returned marked "Addressee Unknown," and five were unanswered.

Could you possibly tell me how I could find a reliable publisher, or recommend someone I could contact for information? This would be a great help to me. I think I have something to contribute to the adult field.

—M. K.
Lake Worth, Florida

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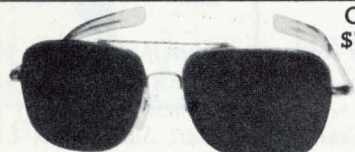


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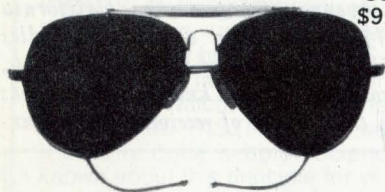
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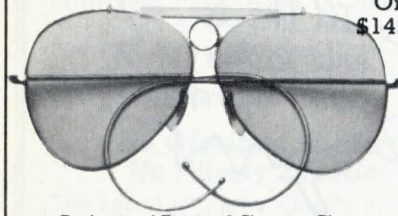
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script. Eros pays around \$1,000 for a story purchased outright. Send the manuscript neatly typed and double-spaced on 8" X 11" paper. Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a speedy return.

Methadone Sex: I am a 32-year-old heroin addict who is about to go on methadone to begin to work my way off drugs. What will the drug do to my sex life? As an addict, I've had a terrible sex life for about two years now. **HUSTLER** is the only kick I get.

—F. D.

New York, New York

Long-term use of (or addiction to) heroin, opium or barbiturates is usually accompanied by a loss of sexual interest. Unfortunately, your "terrible sex life" will probably not improve on methadone. Men taking a daily dose of 50 milligrams or more of methadone report continued loss of sexual desire, impotence, and trouble ejaculating when they do get hard. If the men report ejaculating, the amount of semen seems to be a lot less than normal. However, on the bright side, many men find these problems disappear as they become drug-free.

VD Again? I am a 21-year-old woman now being treated for VD, and I won't have sex with anyone until it clears up. However, there is one thing I'm curious about. Recently, my girlfriend told me, "Well, at least you've got that problem out of the way." Does this mean that after having VD once I'm immune to contracting it again?

—G. K.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

Unfortunately, a common myth about VD is that once you get it, you'll never get it again. This simply isn't so. A venereal disease can be passed on to a person every time he or she is exposed.

You should be aware of the possibility of VD and take appropriate precautions. But don't be paranoid and let concerns about the disease ruin your sex life. Ask new sexual partners if they have sexually transmittable diseases and tell them to be honest with you. Have your male partners use condoms whenever possible, because they are very effective in protecting both you and them from spreading VD.

Chunky Cum: I am a 24-year-old man with a question I don't think you have answered before in your column. Sometimes when I masturbate, there are a few small chunks in my cum. They are the same color as the rest of my semen, but are more sticky and spongelike. I have no pain or other symptoms. Have you ever heard of this?

—D. F.

Westville, Illinois

The amount and consistency of semen varies

both from individual to individual and, from time to time, even in the same man. Sometimes it is thick, almost like gelatin; other times it is thin and watery.

Dr. Cappy Rothman, a Los Angeles expert in male sexuality, explains that the seminal vesicles produce the part of a man's ejaculate that is lumpy, and the prostate gland adds a fluid that helps to liquefy these lumps. Usually, solid particles in your cum indicate the prostate's fluid hasn't had time to liquefy all of your ejaculate.

Dr. Rothman suggests ejaculating into a cup or glass. Wait a while and see if all the semen doesn't become fairly smooth and watery. Usually it will. If it doesn't, you may want to go to a urologist and make sure your prostate is functioning properly. However, there really is nothing to worry about, as most men will find that the consistency of their semen does vary from time to time.

Son's Size: I am a 34-year-old woman who has a 14-year-old son. My problem is that I have been watching him lately and have found out he has been masturbating. I don't mind this at all; however, I heard from a friend that masturbation stops the growth of the penis. Is this true? I would also like to know how long my son's penis will grow. I estimate it to be five inches when hard.

—S. H.

Weston, Ontario, Canada

Masturbation will not affect a male's cock size. What you heard is one of the many myths still circulating about masturbation. The average size of a flaccid penis is two-and-a-half to four inches, while an erect penis is usually about six inches in length. Your son is well within the normal range, especially for his age.

The size and shape of the penis have nothing to do with its ability to provide pleasure for either its owner or his sexual partner. Cock size is also not a factor when it comes to the ability to impregnate. When a man is having intercourse with a woman, her vagina (which is initially closed) will generally accommodate itself to the size of her partner's penis.

Perhaps you should analyze why you have been watching your son's cock and worrying about its size. You may unknowingly be passing on an obsession with penis size to the boy. Possibly you are focusing on his sexuality to avoid facing sexual problems of your own. Get to work on satisfying your own sexual desires, and leave your son more privacy to develop his.

Gay 50s: I am a 50-year-old woman who has been a widow for ten years. I share a beautiful apartment with a divorced woman my age. We each have our own bedrooms, which makes it nice,

(continued on page 24)

Bits & Pieces

Book-burning, that vile act of repression so popular in Nazi Germany, is now rearing its ugly head again, thanks to a Nebraska school principal, the Reverend Lars Wessberg. When this dangerous firebug made his students watch him burn books and records, we decided to give him something else to burn—this page naming him **HUSTLER's** September Asshole of the Month.

Wessberg—typical of the Moral Majority hypocrites who see sin, vice and corruption in everything from gingerbread men to magazines—got concerned about what his students at the Omaha Christian School might be reading, looking at or listening to in those hours when they were away from his “saintly” influence. So what did he do?

“I challenged the children to go home and find what things they had that were hindering them from surrendering their lives to the Lord,” he said. And off to home the kids marched, searching for items that might be “distracting.” Keep in mind, these were young children, ages five through 17. When the youths told their parents they were supposed to bring books, records, pictures and other items to school so they could be burned, *not one parent objected*. Apparently the parents had already forgotten that Nazi book-burnings were the first steps in a reign of terror and oppression that left millions reduced to ashes.

Into Lars Wessberg's inferno went such publications as *National Geographic* (certainly one of the most conservative magazines around!), *Batman* and *Daffy Duck* comic books, a book



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Lars Wessberg

entitled *Fifty True Tales of Terror*, several posters and some record albums. You may wonder at the oddness of these selections. Keep in mind that these children are still forming their ideas of what's right and wrong; they had to struggle to find things that might be evil. We can safely assume that peer pressure also played a part in the selection of what was to be burned. After all, a child might think, if everyone else is bringing certain materials, why shouldn't I?

The reason Wessberg staged his little show is so twisted, it almost defies explanation. He was inspired by something he read in the Bible's Book of Acts: “Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men” (Acts 19:19). But what the Bible was talking about was totally different from what Wessberg did. This verse refers to scholars and magicians who brought *their own writings* to burn in a sym-

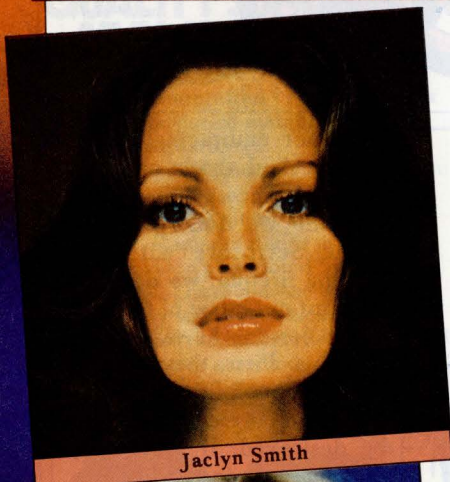
bolic act embracing Christianity. And that's one hell of a difference.

While we don't want to argue Scripture with the Omaha firebug, we do want to point out a few of the sad, rotten lessons he taught his students. First, they learned that any book, idea or belief they don't agree with must be destroyed. If they carry that attitude into adult life, our precious First Amendment rights could also end up burned to a cinder.

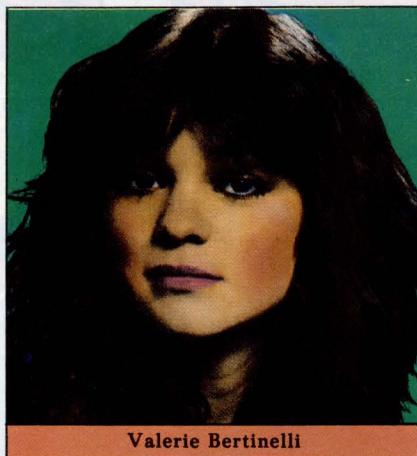
But the saddest lesson learned was that any book or drawing can be destroyed simply by claiming it is offensive. When they find themselves stumped by a future problem in math, spelling, history or another school course, their first reaction might possibly be to liquidate that work rather than understand it. The American school system is already plagued by drug abuse, crime and an almost-epidemic illiteracy. Wouldn't it make more sense for educators like Wessberg to try solving some of these problems instead of creating new ones?

Burning the paper that contains thoughts and ideas simply hinders their dissemination momentarily. The darkest days of history were those in which madmen sought to control society by burning books. Already libraries across the nation are being attacked by right-wing fanatics who want to censor what we read and see. If book-burning is the next step in this scenario of First Amendment violations, then we can anticipate grim years of struggle ahead. But we will prevail in the end. Lars Wessberg and assholes like him can burn our books, but they can never destroy our ideas.

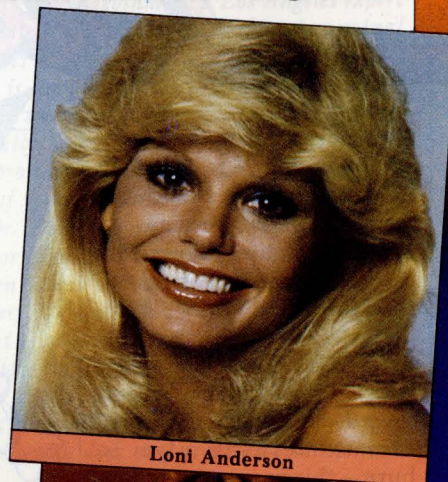
MILLION DOLLAR WINNERS



Jaclyn Smith



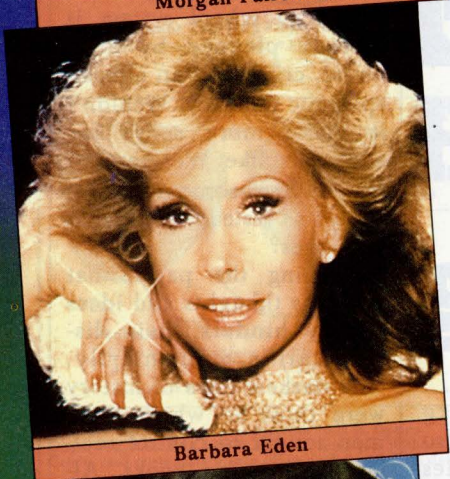
Valerie Bertinelli



Loni Anderson



Morgan Fairchild



Barbara Eden



Cheryl Ladd

Y

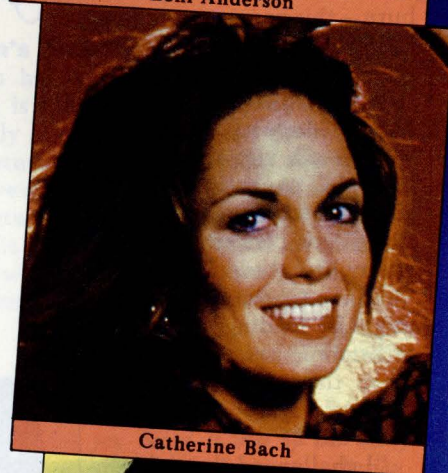
ou've done it again. You, the readers, have selected ten gorgeous celebrities as the women you'd most like to see pose mufside-up for our cameras. And, as we promised, we're offering \$1 million to the first of these girls who'll pose for a HUSTLER photo-spread, showing pink.

This year's voting was the heaviest we can remember, and quite a few familiar faces returned to the winner's circle. *One Day at a Time*'s Valerie Bertinelli (who came in second last year) took top-place honors. Other previous nominees who repeated include Jaclyn Smith and Cheryl Ladd of *Charlie's Angels*, Lynda (Wonder Woman) Carter, Country & Western singer Dolly Parton, *Dukes of Hazzard* cheesecake Catherine Bach, *Three's Company*'s Joyce DeWitt, and Loni Anderson of *WKRP in Cincinnati*. New vertical smiles to join our ten most wanted were Barbara Eden of *Harper Valley P.T.A.* and Morgan Fairchild of *Flamingo Road*.

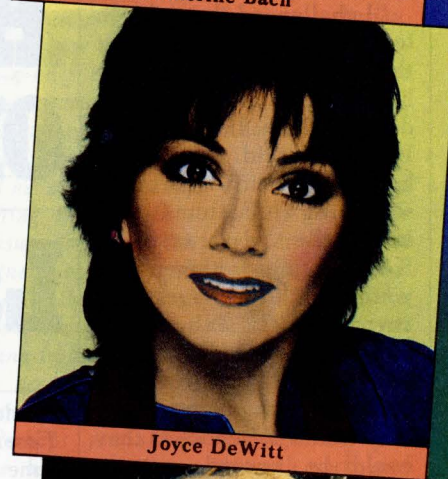
Although she didn't qualify for the million dollars, we're making Honorary Mention of the ever-lovely Debbie Reynolds. The Reithner family of San Jose, California, bought 50 copies of HUSTLER in order to send in 50 votes for her. Debbie thanks you, HUSTLER thanks you . . . and most of all, your local news-stand thanks you.



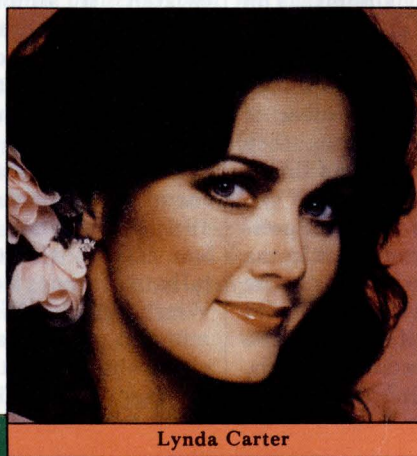
Debbie Reynolds



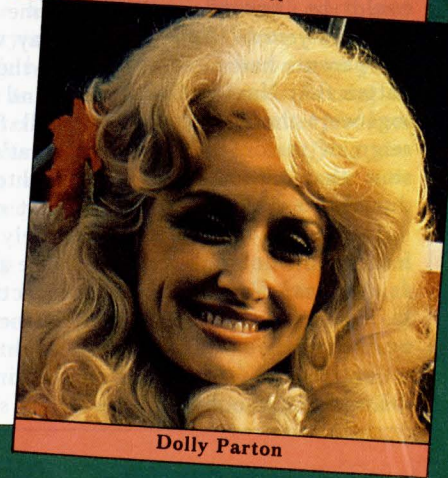
Catherine Bach



Joyce DeWitt



Lynda Carter



Dolly Parton



Real Terror!

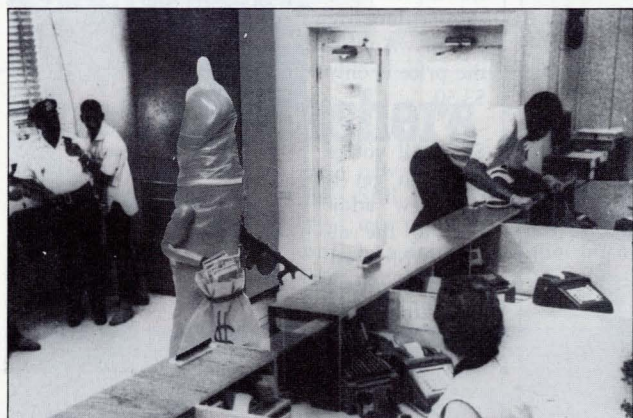
It starts with the phone calls. That horrible voice on the other end telling you what's coming...

You plead for time, but he won't listen. It's too late. The Repossession is about to begin.

Hollywood always overlooks the best themes for its horror flicks. Who cares about being

"possessed" by the devil? The real danger is being "re-possessed" by the bank! In these times of inflation and sky-high interest, who's got time to worry about werewolves and chainsaw

slashers? Hundreds of thousands of cars were repossessed last year in the U.S. alone! The real *Exorcist* is the bill collector—he'll exorcise your belongings right out of your life!



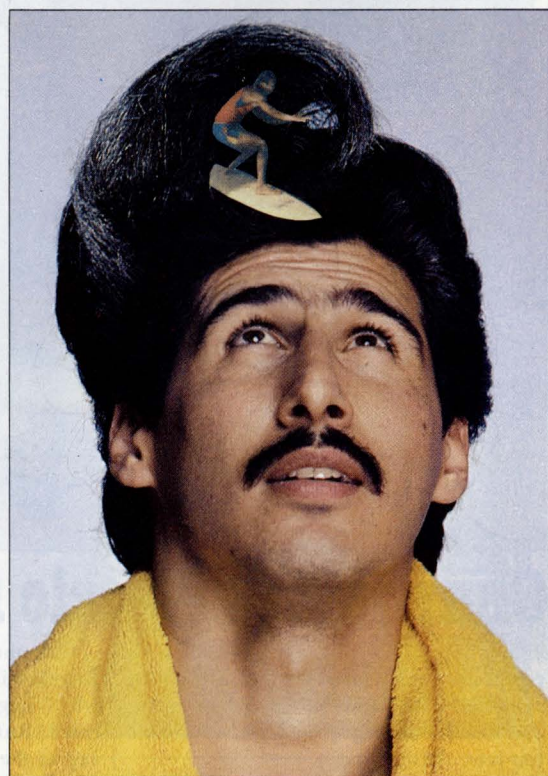
Where Is Dillinger's Cock?

One of the most controversial legends of the 20th century concerns the whereabouts of John Dillinger's penis. When the notorious bank robber was shot to death by the FBI in 1934, his body was taken to a Chicago morgue for dissection. According to the legend, Dillinger's cock was 14 inches (limp), and an overenthusiastic pathologist at the morgue removed it for further study. Ahem. Then the dismembered member was allegedly put on display, either at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., or at a nearby medical museum run by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. Both of these institutions deny the reports; so we figure Dillinger's cock is still on the loose. This could explain the origin of the expression "bank dick."

It all started in the '50s with Mohawks, pompadours and ducktails. Hair was piled so high, guys swayed in a strong breeze. Well, those styles are back. The New Wave rock generation has adopted the fancy stylings of the doo-wop era.

If history repeats itself, the next big thing should be surf music. Our hair-style may be what the kids will wear in a few years as they search for that next big wave. Kinda reminds us of Jack Lord in *Hawaii Five-O*.

The Perfect Wave





Don't Get the Centerfold Sticky!

Have you ever wondered what the girls would think if they could see you pulling your pud while you drool over their pictures? Most of the HUSTLER Honeys we've talked to are flattered by the thought. They like the idea that their bodies can bring you to a state of sexual excitement. And most doctors agree that masturbation is a healthy activity.

But don't shoot your wad *on* the magazine, okay? Have a little consideration for the next guy who's going to look at it. Nobody wants to see a beautiful centerfold through a load of cum. That is, if he can get the pages unstuck in the first place.



Charlie's Geriatric Angels

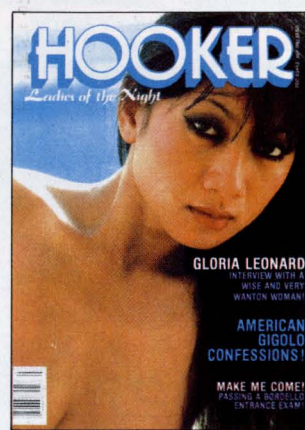
This shot might not sell as well as a poster of Farrah or Jaclyn in a bathing suit, but it certainly shows what everyone's been wanting to see—just a little bit too late, that's all.

Our photo-forecast of what the original Angels will look like in 30 years explains why "jiggle" shows eventually get canceled. Ratings aren't the only thing that sag as the years go by.

New Comer

There's no better surprise than a good-looking *Hooker*. And if the price is only \$3.50. . . .

Well, for \$3.50 all you're going to get is this new addition to the already-bloated world of men's magazines—but that's not too bad. While most



second-class sex mags are showing girls you'd have to cover with pork chops just to get the family pooch excited, *Hooker* has landed some really attractive females. The photography is up to par, and the poses are hot.

The problem with this book, as with many men's magazines, is that the rest of it is crap. The articles are badly written, noninformative and downright dull. Except for a long-overdue section featuring reviews of erotic paperbacks, the content is mostly bordello-oriented—and that gets old real quick.

Still, if you're looking *just to look* and not to read, *Hooker* (c/o World Wide Publishing, 7325½ Reseda Boulevard, Suite 681, Reseda, California 91335) fills its hundred pages with ladies you'd be happy to spend *any* night with.

Labor Pay

Thanks to repeated media exposés of the practice, most people are aware that women can make a great deal of money by selling their babies, black-market style, to childless parents. But did you know that women can also make money by selling their placentas (afterbirths) legally?

According to certain cosmetics companies, the human placenta contains nutrients important for skin care. These same companies buy the placentas—from either the hospitals or mothers themselves—for use in expensive skin lotions.

HUSTLER contacted a hospital here in the Los Angeles area to find out more about this

procedure. We were told that after a child is born, the placenta is kept in cold storage unless the mother asks to keep it. The hospital holds it for later sale at 75¢ to 80¢ a pound. The Mike-selle DeKorff company of Hollywood, maker of a human-placenta-enriched lotion, claims it pays as much as \$5,000 a pound, but only for imported placentas. (It seems American placentas are too polluted to be of any value.) French afterbirths are considered to be of the highest quality. Perhaps there are vintage years as well.

Pregnant women should take advantage of this information to ensure they don't lose out on those placental bucks. Check your local hospitals for prices and purchasers.



From Nuts to Soup

Those crazy Koreans will eat anything. This was sent to us by an English teacher in Seoul who must have some pretty strange dinners. We want to know if Korean guys have the same trouble with this stuff that we have here in the United States: Can they get the girls to swallow it?

Dueling Flashers

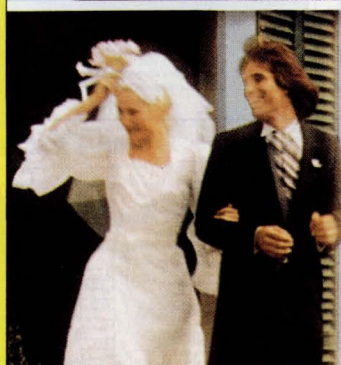
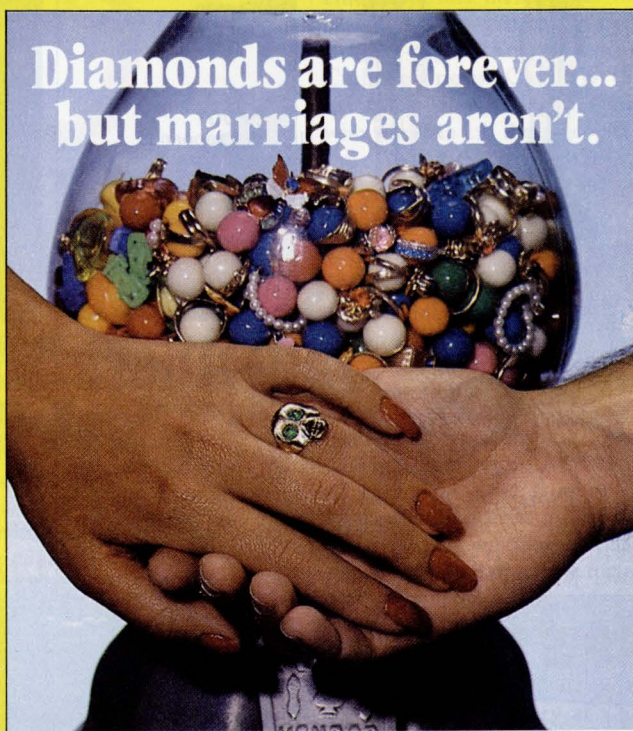
Could it be? Is that the face (and cock) of wacky long-time *Bits & Pieces* reader Jerry Aibel? Has the prodigal son returned? Well, just for a short visit. Jerry loves to undress for

\$150, but he's thinking about new projects to embark upon. Still, it was nice of him to drop us a photo and let us know how he's doing. This shot obviously caught Jerry in a moment of deep reflection.



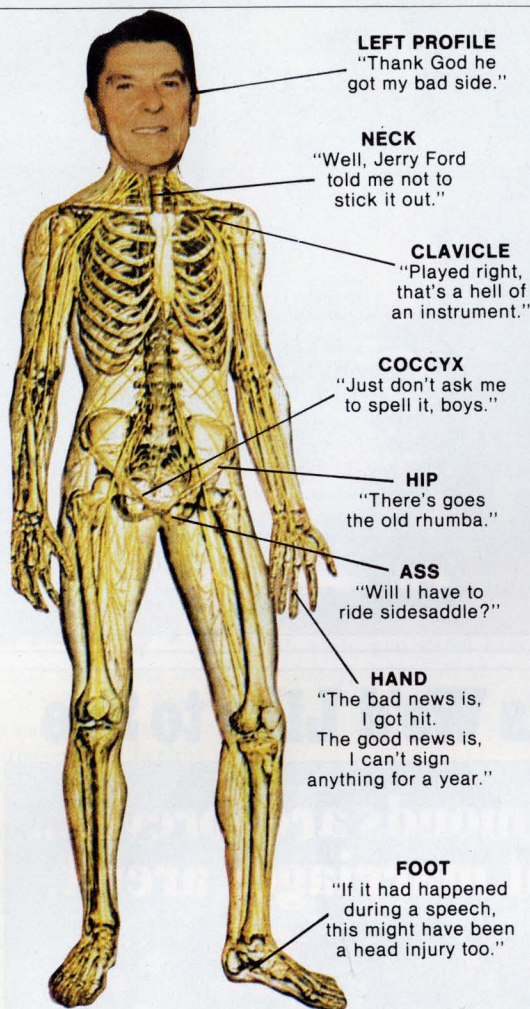
Ads We'd Like to See

Diamonds are forever... but marriages aren't.



Cheapskate
Wedding Rings

"The only way to pay for your mistakes."



One of the uplifting elements of the assassination attempt on President Reagan was his ability to toss off one-liners at the height of the crisis. Who could ever forget him telling Nancy, "Honey, I forgot to duck"? A professional comedy writer would have a hard time topping his comment to the operating surgeons: "I hope you're all Republicans." We hope this tragic occurrence is never repeated, but we thought we'd provide Mr. Reagan with some new material—just in case.

Assassination One-liners

Christian White Sale

Money-grubbing manufacturers have made everything from 3-D postcards to dashboard figurines in His image—so why not sheets and towels? And what better design than the imprint from the Shroud of Turin? These beautifully fitted linens from the "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" collection are just the thing for those cold winter nights when your house feels more like a cave. Roll away the stone of dull, unimaginative prints and resurrect the glory of fabulous high fashion with this unique answer to godless bedclothes. The ensemble also comes with matching towels—so that when, like Pontius Pilate, you wash your hands of the whole affair, you can dry them too.



How to Make \$150

(Left) Good shot. Well-framed and clear.

(Below) Bad shot. Looks like shit.



HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting items we can print in *Bits & Pieces*. To help you win that contributor's fee, here are a few tips:

1. **Snapshots**—Polaroids are okay, but photos taken with an Instamatic-type camera are clearer. Keep your subject (girlfriend, boyfriend, vegetable, funny sign, the Titanic) in the center of the picture. Most snapshots are rejected just because of poor photography. For \$150, it's worth your while to do it right. Check our examples at left.

2. **Clippings**—Don't send pictures or news articles from

nationally available magazines (*Time*, *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*), because everyone's already seen them. We're looking for crazy items of interest from your local newspaper or from very specialized magazines (such as trade publications).

3. **Ideas**—Just write down your thought and send it to us. Remember, it will be made into a picture; so think visually.

4. **Products**—Please don't send us any more live vegetables with cocks or tits. They rot in the mail and stink up the office. But if you see a crazy product or can create your own, send it along to us.

The Effects of Smoking on Fetuses

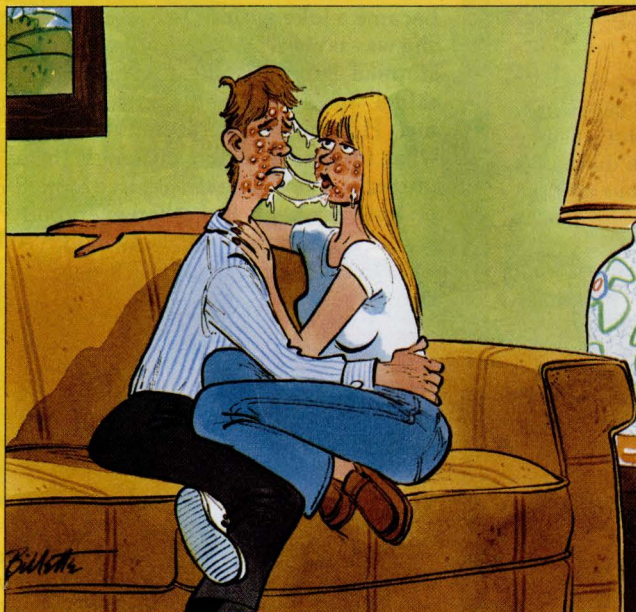
You've probably heard a lot about this prenatal problem. The evidence suggests that smoking damages the health of an unborn child. But warning expectant mothers isn't enough. HUSTLER has dared to go in and get a shot of what's really happening, so prospective parents will be aware of the seriousness of this situation! And what we found is sure to give any mother ulcers.

Look at that little delinquent! When the doctor slaps him, is he going to be coughing instead of crying? Does this new development mean hospitals will have to start considering smoking and nonsmoking nursery sections? Will cribs need smoke detectors?

This downswing in infant morality is absolutely unacceptable. HUSTLER urges parents to prevent the health of their children from going up in smoke. Set a good example by not lighting up after conception. It's a matter of life and birth.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"It's no use, Marlene. We can't make out till our skin clears up."

Think Green

When Doc Frankenstein made the monster, he must have included good taste. This reader's photo proves HUSTLER is the best way to get your nuts off. Or your bolts, for that matter.



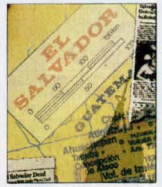
Contributors

We pay \$150 for interesting items for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For September, \$150 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Bernard Fugier and Hugh Waters, Jr.

HUSTLER Update

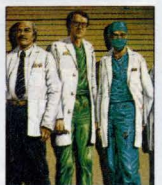
EL SALVADOR
July '81

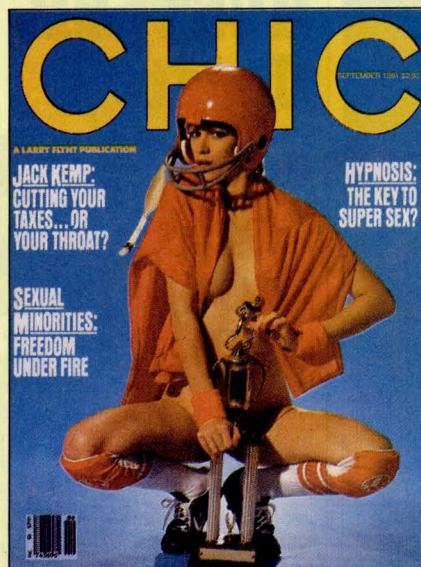
HUSTLER's article on the civil war in El Salvador cited charges that government security forces were responsible for at least 75% of the murders occurring there during a previous 12-month period. Now Amnesty International—the Nobel Prize-winning human-rights group that documented that allegation—has obtained a "death list" believed to have been published by those security forces. According to Amnesty spokesman Larry Cox, the list names 138 people targeted for assassination, including former members of the Salvadoran government, human-rights activists and Catholic priests. Cox says the list gives "a signal to anyone who wants to kill these people," thus freeing the security forces from having to carry out the assassinations themselves.



HOSPITAL HORRORS
June '81

Revelations of patient-abuse continue to surface in the wake of our report on incompetence within the medical profession. In Illinois a 46-year-old woman was awarded \$9 million for complications resulting from cosmetic surgery on her nose. According to testimony, Eileen Tannebaum's arms and legs were permanently paralyzed after her brain was deprived of oxygen during surgery at Chicago's Northwest Hospital in 1975. Now a speechless quadriplegic, Tannebaum testified at her trial by making high-pitched sounds meaning "yes" or "no."





SEXUAL MINORITIES—You were once a member of a sexual minority, and if you live long enough, you will be again. Sexual minorities include the young, old, disabled, institutionalized and gay. All of these groups suffer sexual repression, either through harassment, discrimination in housing and ownership of property, or actual imprisonment for what our society considers to be sex crimes. Often such “crimes” take place in privacy, between two consenting adults. Ben Pesta examines America’s sex laws, how they affect its citizenry, and what some sexual-rights groups are doing to achieve freedom of sexuality for us all.

CONVALESCENCE—Clayton Copher is a robust, happy lumberjack until he breaks his leg and loses his job. He finds himself confined to a hospital bed, with a gabby old coot for a roommate and little to do but stare at the walls. But when he gets his first look at the pretty young nurse who will be attending him during his recovery, things suddenly look much brighter. Lively, hot and humorous new fiction from Peter Arneson.

JACK KEMP: ECONOMIC QUARTERBACK—This six-term congressman from New York’s 38th District could become the next President of the United States. He has come a long way since his days as the quarterback of the American Football League Buffalo Bills. His political rise hinges on his economic plans for the country—more specifically, the Kemp-Roth tax-cut bill he coauthored. He is considered by many political pundits to be Ronald Reagan’s protege, and he may be ready to give up the House of Representatives for the Executive Mansion. Ellen Jaffe’s profile of the new Republican contender is an insightful and intelligent analysis of the man, his politics, and the chance he stands of becoming the Chief Executive.

PLUS—Kid Comedy (Mike Binder) and bounty-hunting novelist Tiny Boyles in CLOSE-UP; how hypnosis can help your erotic subconscious expose itself in SEX LIFE; another mass of humorous musings in ODDS & ENDS; and CHIC’s own revue of sensationally sensuous women.

THIS MONTH IN CHIC

SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW



ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

as we both date and have lovers.

I am writing because I recently asked her if she had ever made love with another woman. All she said was, “Let’s go to bed together.” We’ve been lovers ever since.

Although we still have dates with men and love to screw, we really enjoy going down on each other. I love the feeling of her tongue in my pussy. She is also very gentle with me. However, we are both worried. Are we going to lose interest in cocks?

—M. A.
Syracuse, New York

As long as you continue to enjoy both heterosexual and gay sex, you have nothing to worry about. What really matters is your attitude. As long as you and your female partner don’t worry or allow yourselves to be burdened by a lot of guilt, you’ll probably have the best of both sexual worlds.

Many people in our society feel they have to go totally one way or another sexually—all gay or all straight. But a large number of people are enjoying sex with people of the same sex as well as of the opposite sex. If you or your roommate start losing interest in men, it could be due to guilt, or to fears you’ve had of the male sex all along. Since this doesn’t seem to be the case, don’t worry about it.

Also, age has nothing to do with learning about new areas of erotic delight. In fact, many times as we grow older, we become more open to experiencing new sexual horizons.

Save Face: I am writing to you as a last resort. About a month ago I started sleeping with a young woman. When I undressed, she said, “You’re apella.” It became a joke with us because I thought she was saying “You’re a fella.” After we stopped laughing, she told me she had said I was apella, and spelled it out for me. However, she refused to tell me what this term meant, although she admitted it was a sexual one. I’ve looked it up in every book and asked everybody I know. Finally, a guy at work said, “Ask HUSTLER.” So, HUSTLER—do you know?

—D. P.
Springfield, Illinois

According to the Encyclopedia Sexualis, the term “apella” refers to a man who is circumcised. When your lover says you are apella, she is simply stating you don’t have any foreskin. The word originated with the ancient Romans, who weren’t circumcised. In fact, the Romans thought circumcision was weird. For this reason, if a Jew—all of whom were circumcised—wanted to hold public office in the Roman Empire, he had to undergo a form of surgery to have some skin sewn on to cover the end of his cock.

HUSTLER WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE



How will you keep your head above water in the complicated '80s? The answer's right in your hands—HUSTLER. We dive into areas where other magazines are afraid to break the surface. In the past we've told you how to survive the American legal system, avoid a hospital calamity and identify the poisons in your everyday life. This is the

kind of information *you need* to stay out of hot water. And we'll save your sex life too. Regular columns such as *Sex Play* and *Advise & Consent* have unraveled the mysteries of herpes, the male sex drive and the elusive vaginal orgasm. Preserve the life you love to live (and save money too) by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

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.

Pandora's Mirror

Produced, directed and written by Warren Evans; starring Veronica Hart, Sandra Hillman, Tiffany Clark, Marlene Willoughby, Kandi Barbour, Heather Gordon, Merle Michaels, Annie Sprinkle, Jamie Gillis and George Payne.

Throughout history, women have taken a rap for disobeying the sage advice of men. In the Bible, Eve bears the blame when mankind is cast out of the Garden of Eden into a world of pain, disease, violence and suffering. In Greek mythology a lovely, curious lady named Pandora—said to be the first mortal woman—ignores the gods' command and unwittingly opens a box releasing all the world's ills.

In *Pandora's Mirror*—a hypnotically erotic and compellingly beautiful movie—a modern-day Pandora (Veronica Hart) succumbs to temptation, and ultimately is done in by visions of passion glimpsed within an enchanted mirror.

Hart comes across this mirror in an old junk shop while shopping with her best friend (Sandra Hillman). Despite an ominous warning from the shopkeeper, she stares into it... and all her troubles begin.

Instead of her own reflection, Hart sees a scene taking place in Colonial America: A craftsman is presenting the looking glass to his lovely young wife

(Tiffany Clark). "It's made of enchanted wood," he tells her, explaining that he has made it in appreciation of her beauty. But when she attempts to seduce him, he rejects her and rides off into town.

Lonely and insecure about her worth as a woman, Clark wishes a man would come along and ravish her. The lass soon gets her wish—in triplicate—when three deserters from the Revolutionary Army take her in a steamy gang-bang that sets the tone for the rest of the film.

Each time Hart gazes into the mirror, she sees an erotic encounter experienced by one of its former owners... each

encounter hotter than the last. These flashbacks are so brilliantly produced and complex, they're actually 'mini-movies' within this production. While they're all first-rate, particularly outstanding is a lavish '40s-era Hollywood scene featuring Marlene Willoughby as a hilariously decadent film star who cajoles her cast of cohorts into a truly wild poolside orgy.

The other vignettes showcase a stellar selection of porn superstars, including Kandi Barbour, Heather Gordon, Merle Michaels and, of course, Annie Sprinkle, with her not-inconsiderable capacity for kink.

Before long, it's apparent

that heroine Hart is being seduced by the mirror, which seems to have a soul of its own. She begins to lose touch with reality and—in the process—also loses her man (Jamie Gillis) to her best friend, Hillman. Hart seems oblivious to all this, though, and by movie's end is literally consumed by the looking glass, destined to become another part in its eternal passion play.

Pandora's Mirror is a torrid yet tastefully produced film. The cinematography, editing and direction are excellent, and the period costumes are magnificent. But this movie isn't just flash. Even if it were cut by



'Pandora's Mirror' features Sandra Hillman going cheek to cheek with the heroine's boyfriend, Jamie Gillis.

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.

one-third, *Pandora's Mirror* would deliver all the high-class, hard-core action you could handle—and then some. Don't miss it.

—Jim Heinisch

Sex Boat



Produced and directed by David I. Frazier and Svetlana; starring Roxanne Potts, Kelly Nichols, Linda Reeves, Silvia Moser, Dana Dennis, Jeanette James, Camilla Franklin, Eve Evans, Lynn Warlaumont, Kris Munroe, Kandi Barbour, Shirley McCracken, Terry Galko, Pamela Nimo, Andrea Parducci, Renee La Paz, Robert Lyon and Randy West.



Three Revolutionary soldiers show Tiffany Clark it's better to make love than war in 'Pandora's Mirror.'

Sex Boat is a rollicking sexual free-for-all—a light, sometimes-silly comedy about two male stowaways aboard the all-female cruise ship *The Princess O*.

In a twisted take-off on the movie classic *Some Like It Hot*, Robert Lyon and Randy West gain entrance to the vessel by dressing in drag, pretending they're a couple of female passengers. With this ploy, they also gain entrance to just about every pussy on board. But the captain (Roxanne Potts) takes a dim view of this strange-looking pair. And when a drunken West recklessly exposes his manhood at a party, he's thrown in the brig—and it looks as if the fun is over.

However, it turns out Potts herself is out to "screw" one of the passengers—a comely young heiress played by Silvia Moser. Potts has arranged for a scummy pirate, Captain Scabbard, to raid the ship, make off with the wealthy young lady and hold her for "ransom"—booty that Potts and Scabbard will later split.

The marauders soon board the ship and behave in typical pirate fashion: they rape, pillage, rape, plunder, rape, and generally steal everything that isn't bolted down. But when one member of Scabbard's gang mistakes Lyon for a

change—even if it is a bit too improbable to merit our highest rating.

an oversized *femme fatale*, Lyon turns the "trick" to his advantage and manages to free West from the brig. The two stumbling stowaways then overpower the pirates and foil the evil scheme—emerging as heroes to a group of very grateful ladies.

There's an abundance of fine sex in this movie; in fact, there's rarely a minute between erotic encounters. In one particularly hot episode, Lyon ends up taking on five of the loveliest passengers in a reverse gangbang. These women—led by porn superstar Kelly Nichols—all exhibit a real enthusiasm as Lyon services them, one by one.

While *Sex Boat's* storyline is pure farce, the shenanigans are bolstered by a continuous stream of campy, vaudeville-like gags. At one point a horny passenger who suspects the "ugly girls" are really guys approaches Lyon and seductively sighs, "I don't know how I can go six weeks without a cock!" Lyon straightens his wig and replies in a catty falsetto, "I know what you mean, dearie. I've never been without one."

Sex Boat is every sailor's wet dream. The production values are generally good, the editing is excellent, and the casting is superb. It's refreshing to see a nice, clean dirty movie for a

change—even if it is a bit too improbable to merit our highest rating.

—J. H.

Naughty Network

Produced, directed and written by Linus Gator; starring Delia Cosner, Tina Jordan, Luran Hart, Sandy Brown, Nicole Noire, Stephanie Taylor, Plucky Renee, Ray Cooper, Baby Sue Young, Mike Ranger, Chris Parker and Xtasy Lane.

It's really a shame the adult-entertainment industry doesn't have something like a "Worst Film of the Year" award. If it did, this cinematic botch-job would win the prize hands down. Across the board, *Naughty Network* is an out-and-out loser. Too bad, actually, because the concept of the movie is novel, possibly even prophetic.

Naughty tells the story of WHAC-TV, the "number-one X-rated network" in America. The flick opens in a screening room where the network head is giving his programming executives a pep talk. The question of the hour is how WHAC can win the ratings battle in every prime-time slot. One by one, the execs present their bright ideas on the screen.

To knock off *General Hospital*, for example, this network would offer a sexually explicit spoof called *Genital Hospital*. Instead of *Wild Kingdom*—*Wild and Crazy Kingdom*. For M*A*S*H* their alternative is entitled T*R*A*S*H*. On and on it goes—*The Young and the Horny*, *As the World Stands Still*, ad infinitum.

Between each episode the lights in the screening room come on, and there's either enthusiastic applause or a vote thumbs down. Then, after the execs swap a round of tasteless "fag" and "nigger" jokes straight out of some encyclopedia of clichés, the next "program" is shown.

Though *Naughty's* storyline is clever, the flick is defeated



Robert Lyon and Kandi Barbour discover an ideal wet spot in 'Sex Boat.'

from the first frame by production values that are uniformly miserable. At times the sound is ear-splittingly harsh; then it fades out so badly, you can barely hear it. The lighting is amateurish, the directing awkward. And the acting is so wooden, you wish these folks had picked a different line of work—say, as department-store dummies. — Thomas H. Schulz

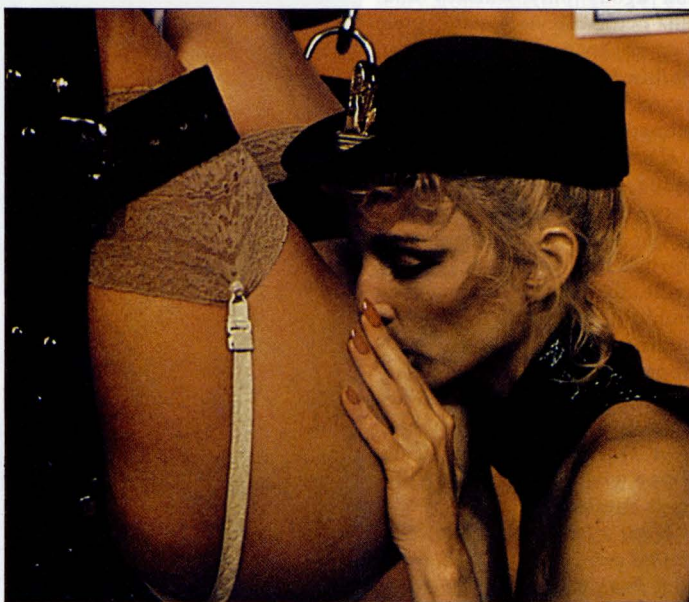
Extreme Close-up

 Produced by Aaron Linn; directed by Charles De Santi; written by Aaron Linn and Charles De Santi; starring Gloria Leonard, Delania Raffino, Denise DeNeuve, Diana DeNeuve, Betsy Ward, John Holmes, Jamie Gillis, Jacques Gato and Daniel Trabet.

Extreme Close-up is an extremely sensuous and obsessively erotic film—one that presents a dazzling array of sexuality when a beautiful, innocent woman is swept into a bizarre world of sado-erotic illusion. The young innocent is a journalist (played by Delania Raffino) assigned to visit the French chateau of a female photographer (Gloria Leonard). This shutterbug is renowned for her avant-garde work in the kinkier realms of sexuality.

As the movie opens we find Raffino bidding a passionate good-bye to her husband (Jamie Gillis) on the eve of her departure for France. Following this farewell—a tenderly loving encounter that rates among the most sensuous movie scenes of the past couple of years—Raffino drifts off to sleep. Soon, though, she's jolted awake by a terrifying nightmare that will haunt her through the rest of the film. In the dream she's chased into a swamp by a pack of lust-driven maniacs; then she finds herself speeding down the road in what is clearly a premonition of an auto accident.

Once she arrives at the French chateau, the source of Raffino's anxious vision is immediately evident. Most of Leonard's work, it seems, is staged for the camera by her students right on the chateau grounds. After a few days of exposure to orgiastic photo-sessions, staged murders, and all



'Network': Stephanie Taylor demonstrates one way to lick the competition.

manner of other strange occurrences, Raffino begins to lose track of what is real and what is illusion.

When Leonard is unexpectedly called away for a few days, her assistant and lover (veteran porn stud John Holmes) seduces Raffino, and the two fall in love. Or so Raffino thinks. Though she's temporarily torn between Holmes and her American life with Gillis, Leonard's return forces the lovers' hand. As Holmes becomes increasingly demanding, the general weirdness escalates, and the young journalist flees the chateau.

But suddenly she has a change of heart, turns her vehicle around, and we find her immersed in the speeding-car part of her dream. As she wheels the auto through the

chateau entrance, Raffino spots Holmes lying "dead" next to his car. It appears as if he's crashed into the stone fence while pursuing her. But just as Raffino pulls off the roadway with tears in her eyes, Holmes gets up, dusts himself off and Leonard comes running, camera in hand.

Thanks to the editing technique and a generally fine script, the ending is masterfully handled. Perhaps most noteworthy about this film, though, is its sensual, erotic feel. It was made on location in Europe, and the cinematography and sex scenes are superb. The print is substandard, however, and there's one endless orgy session that could have been cut by half. But neither of these factors undermines the movie's overall erotic impact. —J. H.



'Close-up's' Denise DeNeuve enjoys doing her own thing in a French chateau.

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

A Scent of Heather
American Pie
Blonde Ambition
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Exposed
Fascination
Games Women Play
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Kiss and Tell
Neon Nights
Platinum Paradise
Prisoner of Paradise
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Coed Fever
Downstairs, Upstairs
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Insatiable
Randy, the Electric Lady
Same Time Every Year
Seka
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman In Love

One-Quarter Erect

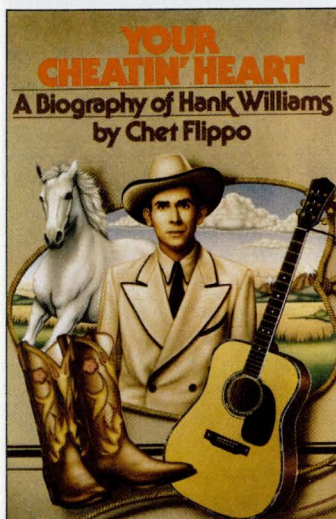
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky
Sweet Cheeks

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon



Your Cheatin' Heart

By Chet Flippo; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; \$13.95.

It's time and past time that somebody wrote a biography of Hank Williams, the legendary country singer. And what a story it is! Hank was country—real backwoods peckerbush, born into grinding poverty and soaked in the South of the late 1920s and '30s. His is a classic rags-to-riches tale, full of flavor, color and pain. So much pain!

This skinny, gangling musical genius was born with a spinal birth defect that caused

him agony only whiskey and pills could alleviate—and even then not by much. Throughout his life Hank was cheated, betrayed and used. Yet he remained unstoppable.

His command of live audiences, radio-listeners and record-buyers was formidable. Once, when Bob Hope was flown in to close a show in Louisville, Kentucky, the comedian couldn't overcome the crowd roaring for Hank's encores; Hope reportedly told the promoter he would never again attempt to follow an act like that.

In *Your Cheatin' Heart*, Chet Flippo vividly describes Williams's special magic:

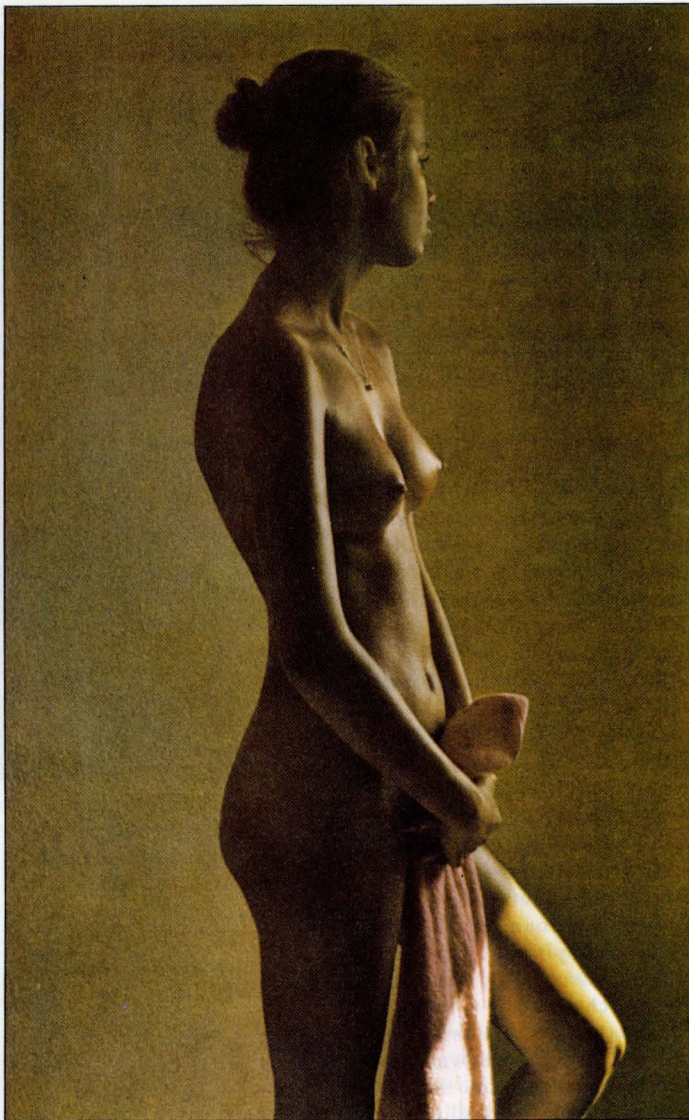
Wave after wave of applause washed over Hank as he walked to stage front. He looked down at the faces in the front rows. Puppylike devotion was what he saw in some faces, the younger ones, along with respect in the men's faces and affection bordering on lust in the women's faces. What he returned to them was a remarkable mix of defiance, humility, lust and affection. Any time he met a person's eyes, that person felt that Hank was sharing a privileged and private feeling. That was a hell of a talent he had, and it bordered on the hypnotic. He could give a crowd a fiercely personal intensity that he could never or would never manage with one individual.

Pain, liquor, pills, exhaustion and despair finally caught up with Hank Williams in 1953. He died on the road, in the backseat of a Cadillac convertible.

Country & Western addicts all over the world will welcome this book.



'Heart' recalls Hank Williams (third from right) with wife and band.



Subtle colors define a pensive nude from 'The Best of David Hamilton.'

The Time Falling Bodies Take to Light

By William Irwin Thompson; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; \$14.95.

William Irwin Thompson is a heavyweight, and you don't sit down with his latest effort for giggles. But like everything else really worth having, *Falling Bodies* is worth the work.

The subtitle is *Mythology, Sexuality and the Origins of Culture*. Mythology is much more than barbarians telling each other fairy stories. It's the way people have always tried to explain to each other—from the best evidence available—how their world makes sense. Therefore, mythology contains such evi-

dence extending back for thousands of years. It tells us a hell of a lot more about who our forebears were and what and how they thought than anything the archaeologists dig up.

Culture is what we are and do that make us so different from any other species. And sexuality—I bet you know about that, or you wouldn't be here. So that's what this book is about... though to sum it up so briefly is a little like showing you a plane ticket and expecting you to know the schedule of every airline in the country.

So much of what Thompson writes makes sense. For example: The brave hunters come back to the cave with a haunch of venison. The women have been gathering seeds. The venison is gone in two days. The grain lasts for months. The more this goes on, the greater the cultural difference between

men and women. The men are getting exercise and pride; the women are accumulating wealth. Before long the men are spending time protecting those women and that wealth. Some of the hunters begin hunting other people's women and wealth. Says Thompson, "The discovery of cereals by women permitted the discovery of warfare by men."

Religion came to mankind at the precise moment people found themselves able to sit around for a while and wonder. Trace back the oldest religions of most cultures, and you'll find the myth of the Great Mother and the son who dies and is then resurrected. The evidence of human experience drives this into the species the way a hammer drives a spike into a pine plank, blow after blow. The year dies and is born again. The day does the same; so do trees, plants and even your penis.

And right there we have the importance of this remarkable book. You, in the most intimate and personal way, are not separate from the sweep of history and the lives and learnings of those who went before you. You're a part of it all, and through you it all continues. If you can get—really get—that one thing among the dozens of important things in this book, you'll be bigger than you were.

The Best of David Hamilton

By David Hamilton; Morrow Quill Paperbacks, 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$10.95.

You know by now there's only one photographer like him, and that's David Hamilton himself. After you've gone through one of Hamilton's collections of nubile models—and then maybe gone through it again—you'll probably find yourself wondering how the hell he does what he does.

A fine camera certainly helps, and so does top-flight lab work; some of these prints have been cropped, filtered and soft-focused by hands and eyes that know exactly what they're doing. And, of course, there's that most basic of all ingredients: the gifted eye that can

catch the decisive moment, the turn of a chin, the fall of a drape.

But many photographers can rustle up most or all of these elements, and maybe work with models just as good. So what is it that makes Hamilton unique?

Two things, I think. One has to do with the man himself. The way he can get his models—especially his young ones—to appear so absolutely relaxed is a miracle. Time and again he gets across the idea that there's no photographer with tripods and lights clicking away at all; that the girls are by themselves, at ease and intimate.

It took me three David Hamilton books to understand the second key, and it's this: We live in a world that is fast and bright and glittering and gritty, and more than a little

scary from time to time. Yet every page of every Hamilton collection is quiet, warm, safe. The people are full of life, sure, but they like where they are. They like each other, and they're unguarded because they have nothing to fear from anyone or anything. I guess you can find that outside of a book, but it isn't easy.

He's Never Heard of You, Either

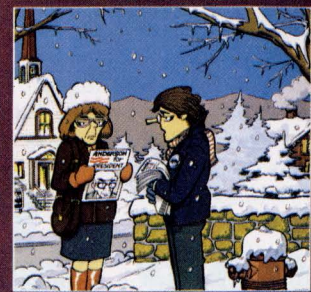
By G. B. Trudeau; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; \$3.95.

You are either a Garry Trudeau freak or you're not, and if you're not, I can't understand

a Doonesbury book by

G.B. Trudeau

He's Never Heard of You, Either



why. Few commentators can match his split-second timeliness, sharp edge, wild humor and genius for getting into character, whether the character is invented or real. Note that I said *commentator*, for as good as Trudeau is as a caricaturing cartoonist, his view of the current scene comes first.

In one respect his timeliness is a drawback. Names in the news come up fast and get large, but they can slip away just as quickly. For that reason some of his *Doonesbury* strips are puzzling if not meaningless—until they become nostalgic. For example, we haven't heard much recently about former Illinois Congressman John Anderson, who ran so doggedly for the Presidency in 1980. But if you've forgotten him, the adventures of Michael Doonesbury as an Anderson campaign worker will stand forever as an almost-painful insight into the way we choose our leaders.

Likewise, there's a jaundiced look here at the Iranian hostage situation (which already seems on its way to the Big Forgettery Out Yonder) and a wild takeoff on the ABSCAM scandal. In Trudeau's version several congressmen let it be known they are willing to accept bribes, and then turn in every FBI agent who offers them taxpayers' money. There's also a crazy sequence in which a guy hires a ghostwriter to turn out a best-selling book; after he does, we follow the nonauthor onto the talk-show circuit. This one's perfect *Doonesbury*, illustrating how many different kinds of people can get pierced by the Trudeau rapier in one story.

He's Never Heard of You, Either is a fun book, worth your time and a bargain at the price. 



'Hamilton' unveils beauty with a master's eye for light and composition.

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Somewhere in India, adherents of a certain Hindu sect gather around the still-warm corpse of a middle-aged man in preparation for the "Black Ritual." One priest sits astride the lifeless body, then fondles the dead man's cock until it becomes erect and, suddenly, ejaculates.

While this practice may seem bizarre to us, the priests involved consider the "Black Ritual" a normal religious observance. Indeed, every culture has its own ideas about what is "normal" and what is "abnormal" sexual behavior. Actions acceptable in one society might shock the pants off members of another.

Several years ago an anthropologist named Ronald Berndt studied the native tribes of New Guinea and sent back the following report: "Shooting continued until [we] reached the town of Arufanu, where several men and women were killed. Groups of people from the Agura, Mofi and Kogu tribes huddled around the corpses to cut them up. . . .

"Here a Kogu tribesman named Unapina selected the corpse of a young woman named Pazuna; finding her attractive, he knelt between her legs and, pulling them to his thighs, began to copulate, cutting the body as he did so. A Kogu woman, Aria, came up, and said to him, 'You are taking a long time. You are only pretending to cut. All the time you copulate.' But having ejaculated, he began again, at the same time slowly cutting off the woman's breasts.

"By this time, Aria became impatient and set to work on the corpse herself with her bamboo knife. She began to cut across the corpse's belly, but Unapina was so intent on copulating that he did not notice how near her knife was. Aria, for her part, was careless. She cut farther in and across, hacking away at the flesh; and since Unapina's penis was in the woman's vagina, she cut most of it off.

"Unapina fell back, crying, blood flowing from the stump of his penis. Aria blamed him for what happened. 'You sit there copulating, not bothering

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.



BIZARRE SEX PRACTICES

by Stephanie Ross

to cut her up properly. The woman is dead, ready to be cut up for eating. I told you about it, but you continued copulating. . . ."

"Unapina was helped back to his house, where he rested. Ovens were made and the human flesh cooked, amid dancing and singing. Unapina was given the woman's vulva and surrounding flesh to eat."

This grisly story is recounted in Pierre van den Berghe's book *Human Family Systems*. Writes van den Berghe: "The cutting of the penis was, of course, an unfortunate accident in an episode of good clean fun by New Guinea highlands standards. . . . Kogu women are

routinely gang-raped before and after death—dismembered alive and eaten. . . . The Kogu are clearly not the sort of chaps most people in most cultures would want their daughters to marry."

Violent sex and bizarre sexual attitudes haven't been confined to the 20th century, of course. For example, the Catholic Order of Fontevault, in the Middle Ages, was essentially a sexual community in which the nuns got off by flagellating (whipping) the monks.

In fact, religion and strange sex go together like Monday nights and football. In Babylonia (now Iraq) female members of the Mylitta religious cult were required at least once in their lives to make it with a stranger in the temple of their love-goddess. After a woman had taken her seat in the temple area, she was forbidden to leave until such time as a stranger tossed a coin in her lap and took her into the bushes for a good screw.

Aristocratic girls of the Central Indian Empire of Calaminham were also expected to prostitute themselves at the temple of their idol, in this case named Urpanesenda. This was considered very proper and pious preparation for marriage. In ancient Peru men and women culminated a long ceremony of the "Akhataymita" festival by stripping down for a race. During this race every man who caught a

woman was expected to fuck her immediately.

More recently the Facet of Divinity Church in San Diego, California, has offered \$25-an-hour sex sessions with a "spirit guide." In this strange ritual everyone gathers in a darkened seance hall before one of the church leaders goes off into a side room to "connect with a spirit." After "connecting," the leader returns to the others as a "ghost made flesh." The "ghost" then selects certain people to have sex with.

Throughout history, people of different cultures have tried to enhance their bodies to attract mates, though their methods might strike us as strange.

In modern Western culture, tall, slim looks are highly desirable. Blond hair is still very much in, and obesity is out. But these standards have not held true in all cultures, places and times. For example, heavy women used to be more sexually desirable to men than were skinny ones. Fat signified these women were strong, effective at getting themselves fed, and (often) wealthy.

An African woman of the Hottentot tribe is judged by the breadth of her ass. The famous evolutionist Charles Darwin wrote that Sir Andrew Smith once saw a Hottentot woman who was considered a beauty. Her ass was so big, she couldn't rise when seated on level ground, but had to push herself along until she came to a slope.

Scarification—the practice of inflicting decorative scratches and cuts in the surface of the skin—is still customary among some of the world's darker-hued peoples. It's believed black tribes got into scarification because ordinary skin tattoos tended not to show up well... plus it turned out to be a striking way to make their bodies more attractive to members of the opposite sex. Scarification has been practiced in much of Africa, as well as among Australian and Tasmanian aborigines and certain tribes in Melanesia and New Guinea. The latter emphasize the cuts, which

are arranged in elaborate patterns, by rubbing dirt into their wounds.

On the Pacific island of Ponape, greatly lengthened labia (cunt lips) are thought to be especially erotic. Little girls are taught to lengthen their labia and clitorises. When they grow up to be women, men turn them on by catching the elongated labia in their teeth—to stretch and lengthen them even more.

Women of the Caribbean like their men to let insect bites and stings make their penises swell. On the Pintadas Islands and in the Philippines, women prefer men to bore holes in their dicks. The men then insert wedges and “snake heads” fashioned of ivory or metal through these holes. Those with holes enough for several objects are the island's most-sought-after sexual partners.

As these examples illustrate, much of what seems sexually “normal” to us depends on where we grow up. In fact, culture shapes sexuality a good deal more than most people recognize. In a survey of 190 different societies conducted by C. S. Ford and F. A. Beach, American culture was determined to be among the most sexually restrictive in the world. However, some places are even more repressive.

For example, on the island of Inis Beag, off the coast of Ireland, researcher J. C. Messenger found that all sexual

activity outside of marriage is strictly forbidden. Even within marriage only the husband initiates lovemaking, and then only the missionary position is permitted. Any manual stimulation of the breasts or the penis is prohibited, as is passionate kissing and, of course, any oral sex. Nudity is unheard of among these islanders, who manage to keep their underwear on even during sex, and who wash only their faces, necks, arms and legs.

Although most Americans are uptight about the idea of childhood sexuality—let alone the prospect of letting their kids engage in sexual activity—this repressive attitude does not exist in all cultures. On Mangaia—one of the Cook Islands—youngsters begin their sexual experiments quite early. At age 13, boys are expected to go through a ritual that involves making a slit along the top surface of their cocks. While this cut is healing, the boys are given detailed instruction in sexual techniques. One of the techniques involves bringing his partner to orgasm several times before the boy permits his own climax. Following verbal instruction, the boys are allowed practice sessions with older women in the community.

A natural environment also affects patterns of sexual development—often in odd ways. Inhabitants of the South Seas islands are thought to be “warmer” and more sexually expressive than people elsewhere. This is particularly true of the people of Polynesia, where all sexual activity is strongly encouraged, and where premarital pregnancy is believed to enhance a young girl's desirability.

The Eskimos have devised ways to deal with the difficulties imposed by their harsh environment. Since competition for women is keen on the frozen tundra, some Eskimos nurture cooperative ties of kinship with possible rivals through use of sexual and marital relations.

One important way an Eskimo male makes allies is with a custom we'd call “wife swapping.” Intent on winning a new friend, the Eskimo man allows another to screw his wife, based on the understanding that he will soon be able to fuck the other man's spouse in return. This kind of “wife swapping” is an expression of hospitality that enables potential enemies to become fast friends.

Even though many of these sexual customs may seem strange to us, much can be learned about our own sexuality by considering the things that have turned folks on in other places and times. The study of sex, after all, is still in its infancy; we know too little of its mysteries to condemn others for expressing love in “bizarre” ways. 



J. Q. ESTERSON
MARRIAGE
COUNSELOR



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INTERVIEW

★ LARRY ★ HOLMES

HARD HITTING HEAVYWEIGHT

The night of June 12, 1981, stood as still another achievement in a remarkable string of victories for Larry Holmes, the awesome World Boxing Council Heavyweight Champion. In just two minutes and 34 seconds of the third round at Joe Louis Arena in Detroit, Michigan, he TKO'd former champion Leon Spinks with a barrage of savage right hands. The stunning win was his 38th without a loss, 28 of them by knockout.

"There's nobody in the world that can beat me," he told a post-fight press conference. Ringsiders were comparing him favorably with the

greatest heavyweights of all time.

Not long before the Spinks fight, Holmes toured the tangible symbol of his clout—a \$500,000 showplace home in Easton, Pennsylvania. Accompanied by an architect, a landscaper and a contractor, he discussed some last-minute changes in the master plan. The champ wanted a row of spruce trees, some touches of holly and a clump of ornate shrubbery planted near the main entrance of the two-and-a-half-acre estate. He also ordered a high fence to be erected around the all-weather tennis court.

Holmes radiated pride as he moved

inside the modern, spacious house, whose earth-toned furnishings were dappled by sun beaming through skylights. A flaw he detected in a bedroom's wheat-colored, deep-pile carpeting made him frown for a moment. Then he complimented a carpenter for the main foyer's handsome woodwork before conferring with an interior designer and selecting the dining room's expensive crystal chandelier. The rest of the sprawling residence includes nine bathrooms, three additional bedrooms, a four-and-a-half-car garage and a bulletproof and soundproof

BY MARK LAROSE

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff

COLEMAN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A TRIBUTE TO JOE LOUIS
WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP (WBC)

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 12
JOE LOUIS ARENA

LARRY HOLMES vs. **LEON SPINKS**
UNDEFEATED WORLD CHAMPION vs. FORMER WORLD CHAMPION
15 Rounds

WORLD SUPER LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP (WBC)

SACUL MAMBY vs. **JO KIMPUANI**
UNDEFEATED WORLD CHAMPION vs. FORMER WORLD CHAMPION
15 Rounds

HEAVYWEIGHTS
10 Rds. **MICHAEL DOKES** vs. **JOHN L. GARDNER**
UNDEFEATED WORLD CHAMPION vs. FORMER WORLD CHAMPION

HEAVYWEIGHTS
10 Rds. **DWIGHT HANSON** vs. **CHARLES SINGLETON**
UNDEFEATED WORLD CHAMPION vs. FORMER WORLD CHAMPION

FEATURING OTHER STAR ATTRACTIONS
THE HULK GRANTHAM
UNDEFEATED WORLD CHAMPION vs. FORMER WORLD CHAMPION
10 Rds.

DOORS OPEN 5 P.M.



den. There's a huge indoor pool shaped like a boxing glove, with a Jacuzzi whirlpool jutting out of its "thumb." The basement boasts a steam room, sauna, game room and gymnasium, not to mention a bar/lounge area the size of a conventional neighborhood tavern.

The champ alternately barked orders to and chatted amiably with the workmen, who he knew and called by name. One of them reminded him of a softball game they played the previous summer; another challenged him to shoot some pool when the work was completed. Others requested autographs for their kids.

At 31 years of age the 6-foot-3-inch athlete clearly has dominated his weight division. During his nine years as a professional he has earned more than \$17 million. His new house and the four paid-for cars in the driveway—a custom-built Cadillac, a Lincoln, a Mercedes convertible and a four-wheel-drive Chevy Suburban—represent the visible evidence of what he has attained.

Yet the location of this showcase home is curiously commonplace. Rather than select a remote hilltop retreat or rural manor, the King of the Heavyweights has deliberately built his castle in the midst of a modest suburban neighborhood in Easton, Pennsylvania, a working-class city 60 miles north of Philadelphia. He insists on maintaining a firm bond with old friends, familiar places and family roots. Shortly after winning the

heavyweight title from Ken Norton, more than three years ago, he built a three-bedroom brick ranchhouse for his mother, Flossie, near her old South Side neighborhood, and gave five-figure sums to each of his brothers and sisters.

Born on November 3, 1949, in Cuthbert, Georgia, Larry Holmes was the seventh of 12 children. His father, a sharecropper, moved the poverty-stricken family to Easton seven years later, where young Holmes soon earned a reputation as a tough street fighter. Aside from this, however, there was little early indication that he would eventually become the world heavyweight-boxing champion.

When his parents separated, Holmes quit school at age 13 to help his mother support the family, working as a \$1-an-hour car-wash attendant, then as a foundryman and truck driver. At 16 he was living with a woman seven years his senior, and two years later he had fathered two children out of wedlock. Soon thereafter he began a conscientious effort to become a boxer—eventually posting an amateur record of 19 victories against only three defeats and winning a series of regional Golden Glove and Amateur Athletic Union titles.

Holmes turned professional in 1973. His quick hands and classic jab helped him win 26 straight fights against a string of unknown and unranked opponents. Then, on

March 25, 1978, he scored a major breakthrough, defeating veteran knockout artist Earnie Shavers in a unanimous 12-round verdict.

That victory paved the way to a June 9 title shot against the newly crowned World Boxing Council champion, Ken Norton. In a bitter battle, Holmes banged out a 15-round split decision. The rugged, 220-pound boxer then defended his title nine times prior to last June's fight in Detroit, winning eight of them by knockouts.

His most significant victory and biggest payday (\$4 million) came against aging three-time champion Muhammad Ali, who had employed Holmes for four years as a \$500-a-week sparring partner. During their first sparring session in 1971, Holmes suffered a black eye and refused treatment, proudly showing off the shiner "because Ali gave it to me."

On the night of their October 1980 title fight, after Ali failed to answer the bell for the 11th round, Holmes humbly said: "Everything I have gained in boxing is due to Ali. Without him there would be no million-dollar gates. There would be no crowds, and there would be no Larry Holmes." By becoming the only fighter to have ever knocked out Ali, Holmes finally achieved the respect and recognition that had previously escaped him.

As a result of his success in the ring, Holmes, once an undereducated, withdrawn street kid, has grown into a well-traveled, outgoing and confident champion with a good head for business. Although most of his earnings are placed in low-risk investments, his holdings include a renovated Easton disco (Round One, which boasts a bar/restaurant called the Four Corners Lounge) and a training center and recreation facility on the city's South Side. He supplements his fight earnings by endorsing such consumer products as Sasson designer jeans, Everlast boxing equipment, Pony athletic clothing and Tournament Soccer, a line of game machines.

Most of his fees from public appearances are donated to either the local Boys Club or St. Anthony's Youth Center—the place where he got his start in boxing. For his work with youth and charitable organizations, Holmes was honored last year as one of the nation's ten outstanding young men by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce.

A trophy commemorating that award is displayed prominently in his two-room business office—Holmes Enterprises, Inc.—located in a professional building overlooking Easton's Centre Square. On the wood-paneled walls there are photographs of Holmes in the company of such celebrities as Frank Sinatra and Sylvester Stallone, as well as a picture of the slow-pitch softball team he sponsors in a city recreation league, and portraits of Diane, his wife of two years, their 18-month-old daughter,





"Take the bat out of your ass, Alice. It ain't artistic."

Kandy Larie, and his two other daughters, Misty, 13, and Lisa, 12.

Seated in a swivel chair behind a mahogany desk, Holmes Enterprises' President and Chairman of the Board recently talked with *HUSTLER* about his life and career.

* * *

HUSTLER: Has being the heavyweight champion changed you in any way?

HOLMES: When you make the money I've made, your life has to be different. I've changed in that I know more about myself and the business world. Three years ago who would have believed I'd be carrying a briefcase? When I won the title, it was like I jumped into a river. Now I'm learning how to swim.

I want to hold on to most of what I've got because I worked so damn hard for it. People think that most fighters are punch-drunk, have cauliflower ears, spend all their money and wind up broke when they're finished fighting. I'm trying to lay a foundation so these things won't happen to me.

HUSTLER: Successful fighters are usually considered a soft touch. How do you react to people who ask you for handouts?

HOLMES: Cautiously. I'm happy to give money to those in need—especially legitimate fund-raising drives—because

I remember the times when nobody helped me. If I could make it on my own, no telling what may happen if I give others a helping hand.

But I have to be careful that my kindness isn't taken for weakness. When you start handing out money, everybody wants it. And sometimes your generosity can backfire. Once I helped a guy who said he wanted to get a band started. He said, "You got a break; give me a break." I said, "What do you need?" He said, "First of all, \$700. I'll pay you back in three, four months." I said, "Okay, but if you don't pay me back, I won't extend no more courtesy."

The guy hasn't paid me back in eight months. Never got the band started either, and he ducks me now. Right after I gave him the money, he went out and bought a car. That kind of stuff turns me off. Although I'm not well-educated, I've come to learn you can't trust everybody in a suit and tie who smiles at you.

HUSTLER: Do you feel your lack of a formal education has hampered you?

HOLMES: Not really, because dropping out of school in the seventh grade gave me an opportunity to learn in other fields. By staying in school I might have been able to read and write and spell better, or know a little more about science, but I never would have got the self-taught education I did out on the

street. You can be the smartest man in the world in school, but when it comes down to learning everything from books and nothing from the street, things get rough.

Being a fighter and being a dropout taught me to survive. I'm a survivor. And I admire other people like that, such as Rocky Bleier, who played pro football for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Imagine the determination of a man who came back after being wounded in Vietnam and had the doctors tell him he'd never walk again. He's proven them all wrong. He's a survivor. So is the town where I grew up—Easton, Pennsylvania.

HUSTLER: How much were you shaped by your environment when you were growing up?

HOLMES: A great deal. I'm a tough guy in the ring, but outside the ring I'm very humble. That's exactly what Easton is, a tough but humble town. People hack out a living in the mills and the factories, but still they're friendly. You walk down a street and they say, "How you doin'?", even though they may not know you.

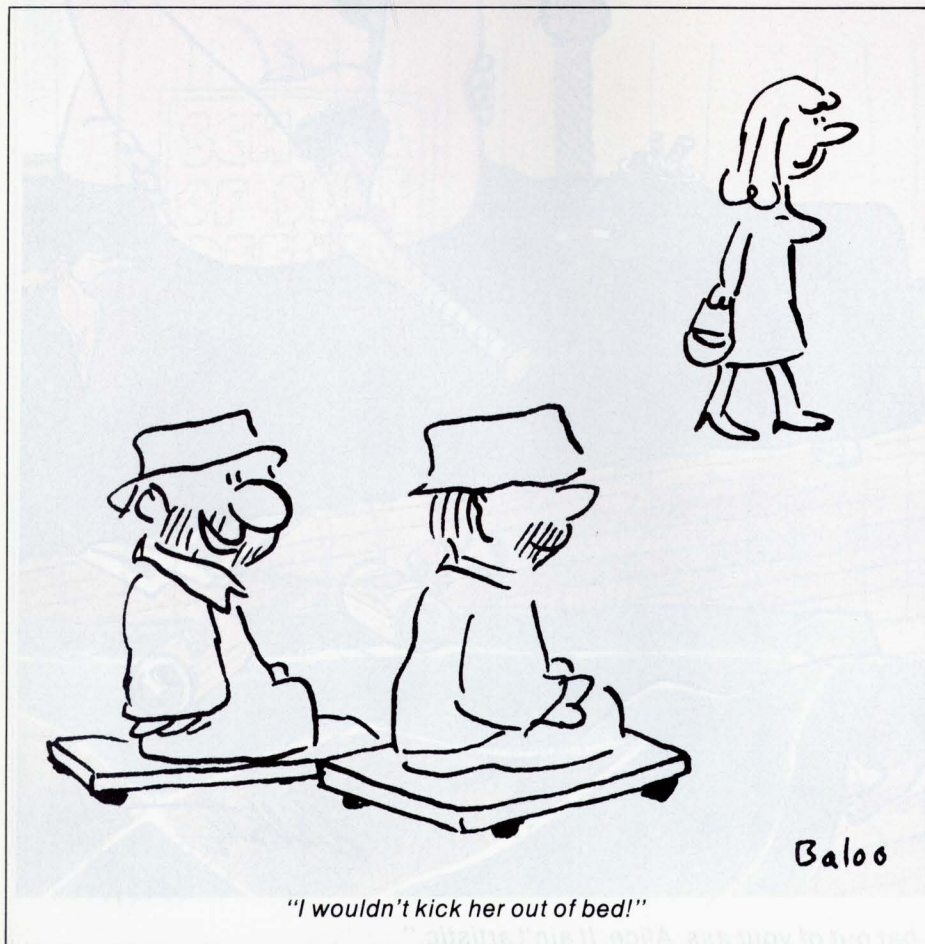
HUSTLER: What were you like as a child?

HOLMES: Typical kid, I guess. I didn't go out and beat up people or bust a lot of windows. A lot of people thought I was crazy and wild. But I was just doing my thing. I mean, no kids are perfect. I soaped windows on Halloween, threw corn at people's doors, and maybe shoplifted some cakes from the shelves of grocery stores. But nothing rough. I probably would have eventually outgrown most of what little trouble I did get into, but I had some people who put me on the right track. Father Francis Barbato and the people at St. Anthony's Youth Center gave me a place to train when no one else would. And Mort Levy, the owner of Strongwear Pants Company, gave me a job where I could get time off for training and for fights.

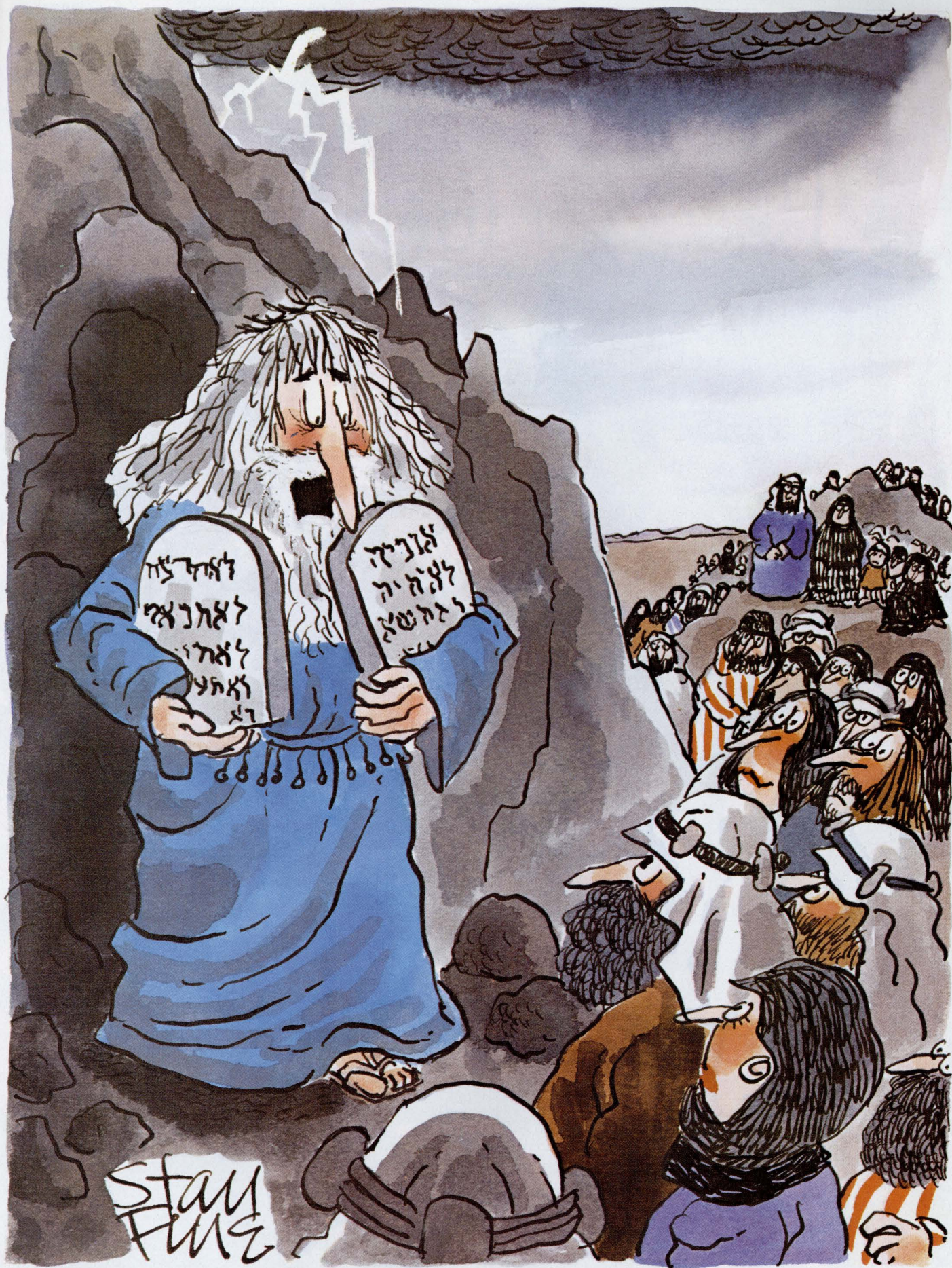
HUSTLER: Was there any indication when you were younger that you'd fight professionally?

HOLMES: Not at first. One of my original goals was to become a football player. Not being able to continue school made that impossible. Before that, when I was about ten, my friends and me used to take our boxing gloves and fight in bars. Every Saturday night the places would be filled. No matter what happened, they'd always call the fights a draw. Then they'd take us to the kitchen and give us hot dogs and hamburgers, which is why we did it in the first place.

HUSTLER: What was it that made you
(continued on page 52)



"I wouldn't kick her out of bed!"



"He wanted to lay 613 of these babies on us, but I Jewed Him down to ten!"

TAILS OF A MUSKETEER

A man with a mustache, wearing a brown hat and a brown tunic with a white lace collar, sits at a wooden table. He is holding a silver mug. On the table is a large roasted pig, a plate of fruit including grapes and apples, and a plate of bread. A large silver pitcher is on the left. The background shows a rustic interior with a wooden chair and a stone wall.

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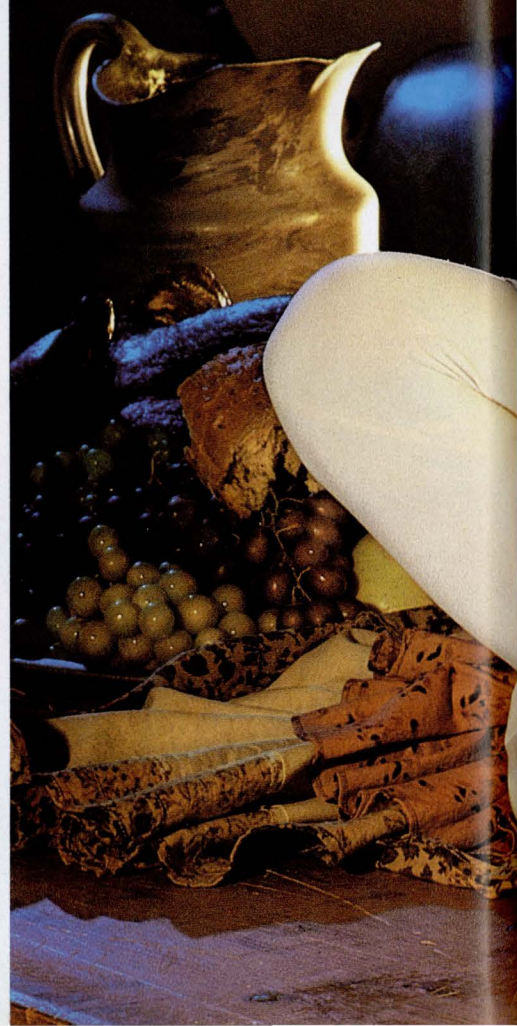


Photography by Matti Klatt



Henri, the king's most trusted musketeer, gazes lustfully at the serving wench's firm, ripe breasts. The king knows of this youthful maiden named Jeanne who takes delight in teasing his soldiers after their meals, and he wants Henri to investigate.

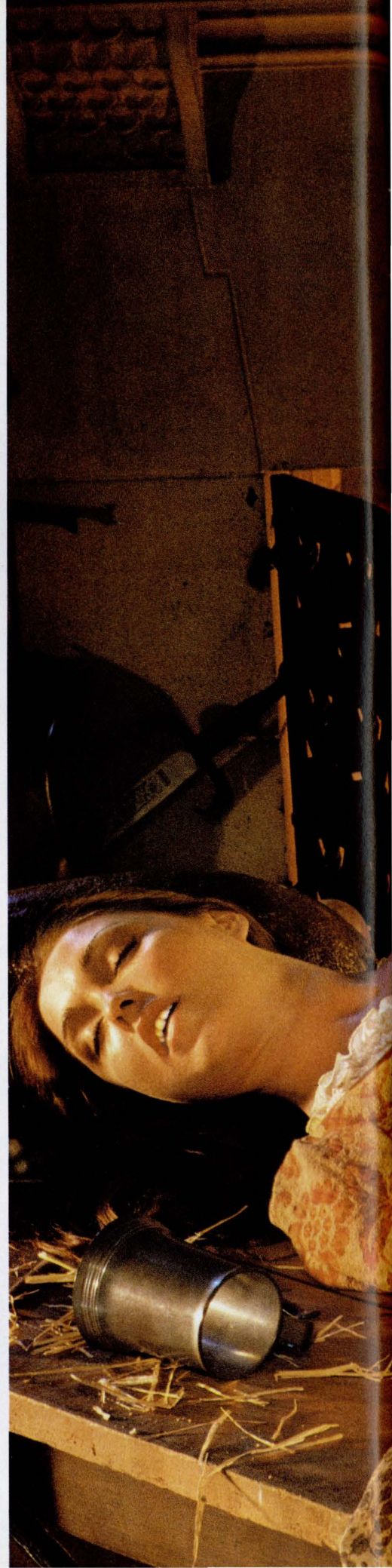
Henri is weary after a day of swordplay, and in no mood to be teased. Taking command, he begins slowly squeezing and massaging her nipples while she writhes and squirms. As his strong hands move lower, she moans in an ecstasy of submission, giving herself totally to this conquering warrior. As the fire rages in the hearth, the passion in their loins burns, consuming them until they collapse in each other's arms.

















INTERVIEW: LARRY HOLMES

(continued from page 40)

decide to pursue boxing more seriously?

HOLMES: The facts of life. To be a boxer you don't need an education. You don't need to know how to read or write. All you need to know is how to knock people out. I knew I had that ability. And I realized that boxing was the quickest way to make a name for myself, to grow, to make some money.

I used to dream of someday becoming the heavyweight champion of the world. It's the most colorful award anyone can achieve. You have a lot of Frank Sinatras, a lot of John Waynes or Elvis Presleys, people who are big stars and entertainers and athletes. But there's only one heavyweight champion of the world.

To get there you have to do a lot of sacrificing. You need a whole lot of determination. The ones who don't sacrifice don't make it. Quickness, moves, stamina... there's so much. Being away from home, your wife and kids, not having sex; it's a hell of a sacrifice.

HUSTLER: How important is sexual abstinence before a fight?

HOLMES: I don't know if it matters or not, but I make the sacrifice. Early in my career I didn't pay attention to it and had sex up until three or four days

before a fight. Now I stop 30 days before. Maybe it's just a superstition. Some people think sex relaxes you, calms you down. Giving up sex bothers me for the first three or four days. But then I just put it out of my mind altogether. I imagine the same holds true in other sports.

HUSTLER: Considering its brutality, why do you suppose prizefighting is so attractive to the public?

HOLMES: Very simple. Boxing is one-on-one. What it's all about is something we call "taking your manhood." Most other sports involve teams. In football you've got 11 guys, and when one gets tired, the other ten can take over. Basketball, you get hurt, they pull you out and put somebody else in. Boxing, you get hurt, it's the survival of the fittest, because your opponent's gonna be right on your ass.

It's very embarrassing when you lose. But learning how to accept losing makes you a hell of a man. Muhammad Ali is a good example of that. I beat him up pretty good last October 2, and at four o'clock in the morning after the fight, he was out in front of the world doing the *Good Morning America* TV show. The next day, he did a press conference at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. The next month, the two of us were doing a TV

show in New York. It takes a hell of a man not to hide after he has tasted defeat.

HUSTLER: Considering the fact that he was your idol, did you have any misgivings about fighting Ali?

HOLMES: No. It was something I felt I had to do. I wanted the fight, but in a way I didn't want it. I had to take it to get the recognition I deserved. Before the fight, everywhere I went people said, "Ali's the greatest." They don't say that anymore. They say, "You did a hell of a job, Larry. You're a true champion. Thanks for not hurting him." That fight took the monkey off my back. Now the just rewards will come my way.

HUSTLER: Was knocking out Ali your proudest moment?

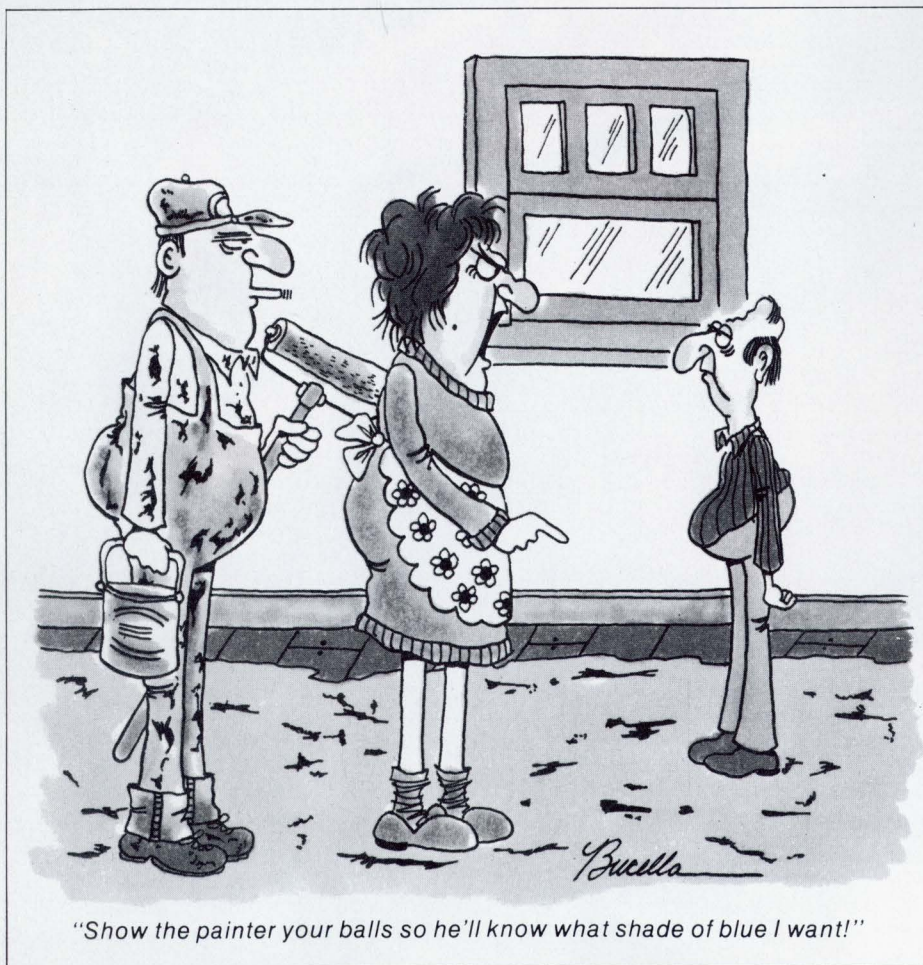
HOLMES: You can't really be proud beating up a guy who was a legend. But there was never any doubt in my mind about the outcome. I was just as confident as I've been in any fight. I was in great shape. I told Ali when we were fighting, "You can't win... don't take no more." And he'd say, "Fight, sucker, and shut up." He called me every name in the book. I just kept doing my job.

I had no feelings for Ali when I first went in the ring, no feelings for three, four rounds. As the rounds progressed, I started feeling a little sentimental for him. When I was his sparring partner, he gave me a chance to grow and learn and see what a great man he truly is. I love him like a brother. I respect Ali, but his time is past. It's my time now. You can't feel sentimental in boxing. You're out there to do a job. The other guy takes your head off or you take off his. Even so, I did feel bad for Ali when it was all over.

HUSTLER: One of the first things you did after the fight was visit his room. What did you talk about then?

HOLMES: I asked if he really thought he could whup me. He said yes, or he wouldn't have signed the contract. And then he said, "I don't know, Larry. I was weak. I don't know what it was, if it was weight, or my age." I think it was both. I told him he shouldn't fight anymore. But he said, "I'll come back. I'm coming back." I might have taken everything out of Ali that he had. He might have nothing else left. But he got his own mind, and I think boxing owes him the opportunity because he's done so much for the game.

Ali opened the doors for me and for all champions to start getting both the big money and recognition. Eventually, I knew I would have achieved my just dues. But when Ali decided to come back from retirement, and I beat him—



"Show the painter your balls so he'll know what shade of blue I want!"



"I just hate these exploratories!"

well, I got more recognition from that fight than from fighting 35 others before him. He's a hard act to follow, but I'm more than capable.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about Ali's claim that he was weakened by pills he took before the fight?

HOLMES: That was nothing more than an excuse. He probably took them to get shaped down a little quicker. When you're not eating and you feel weak, they give you extra energy. He felt so good, he said, that he took more pills than necessary. After the fight he said he was in pain, so he took more pills—pain pills. Whatever pills he took, nothing would have helped Ali. I had to whup him, because it was him or me.

HUSTLER: Last November, Roberto Duran simply gave up in the middle of his welterweight-championship fight with Sugar Ray Leonard, later using the questionable excuse that he was food-poisoned. What was your reaction to his performance?

HOLMES: I've known Duran since 1974, and I was very surprised about what happened that night. He must have been paranoid, upset with himself, and very frustrated. As the fight went on, it seemed like he just couldn't do his job. Leonard was taunting him and continuing to frustrate him. You can find all

the excuses in the world, but the bottom line is, he quit. Nobody can look inside his head and know why.

HUSTLER: How many fights might you have lost if you hadn't pushed yourself a little harder?

HOLMES: Maybe three: the ones with Mike Weaver and Kenny Norton, and the second time with Earnie Shavers. In those fights I slacked up a little. I didn't train as hard. Now that I realize so much of boxing is getting yourself prepared mentally and physically, I know that would never happen to me again. I make certain to train for six or eight weeks, and get in enough rounds of sparring to keep sharp.

Norton was hard because back then he was a damn good fighter and I was fighting with one arm. I hurt a muscle in my left arm six days before the championship. Even with both arms working effectively, the fight probably would have turned out the way it did. But I have to give Norton the credit he deserves, because he gave me one hell of a fight.

HUSTLER: What's it like to take a punch in the ring?

HOLMES: If you really get nailed, you got to feel it. If anybody says they don't, they're crazy. The blow might not hurt, but you feel the power. You may go down from it. Your intensity might be

high, but you still feel it, and it's rough. I've been hit by the hardest punchers in the world of boxing today. Shavers floored me, and I got up and whomped him and stomped him. Weaver gave me trouble when I was sick, when I wasn't feeling right, and I knocked him out in the 12th round. I'm a fighter, and I take punches for a living. But I've been lucky. I haven't taken that many hard punches.

HUSTLER: You've been knocked down only twice in your pro career, by Kevin Isaac in one of your first fights and then in the second bout with Shavers. What went through your mind when you hit the canvas?

HOLMES: The first thing I thought was, "Damn." Then I got up and figured, "Hold on; stay away; get yourself together." A well-conditioned fighter has more of a chance to recoup, get his mind back. That punch from Shavers took a lot out of me. Up until then I'd been in control, and I was holding back a little because his eye was cut bad. But after he decked me, I went all out. I had to.

HUSTLER: You waited a long time before getting a shot at the title. What difficulties did you have to endure?

HOLMES: The worst thing was when people walked by and didn't say anything to me. When I was working hard, as a sparring partner, they never paid me any attention. I had to use second-hand training gear. I didn't have the clout to get nice stuff. I was treated second-class. Rode coach in airplanes. Stayed in the worst hotels.

One time, some potential investors took me to see the well-known Gil Clancy about being my trainer. Clancy said I might make some money, but that I wasn't a good prospect and they shouldn't waste their time with me. He told them not to consider taking a piece of me. Those people wanted a sure thing; so they cast me out. I kept going, and later got what I wanted. Often I felt bitter about maybe not ever getting a chance to prove myself. What it takes to become a champion is the determination to hang in there. Success is not an overnight thing. It's a waiting process.

HUSTLER: What were the low points during that waiting process?

HOLMES: I'd say, when Ali fought Leon Spinks the first time, when he fought Alfredo Evangelista... when he was fighting everybody except me. I was ranked in the Top Ten, but he never wanted to give me an opportunity. He went all around me when he had the title. Then, when Leon Spinks won the title from Ali, he avoided me too.

(continued on page 58)



Hustler's International Menu



Chicken à la Hostage

Cooked under intense pressure for more than a year until the flavor is finally released, this gourmet's poultry selection is the absolute favorite of Middle Eastern terrorists. According to the strict Iranian recipe (which calls for more breast-beating than its South American cousin, Chicken Gringo), the bird is occasionally taken out, pounded until tender and then set aside to heal into a beautiful golden bruise. Served with its head still attached, so you can enjoy threatening to decapitate it at the dinner table. A fowl that's bound to please.



Won Megaton Soup (Cloud of Mushroom)

It's steaming-hot; so don't burn your Mao Tse-Tongue! Although some Soviet and U.S. diners prefer a bit more S.A.L.T., most people get a big bang out of this entree. Plus, with this Chinese dish, you're not hungry an hour later. As a matter of fact, you're not *anything* an hour later. Big enough for a gang of four.



Irish-Catholic Stew

The Irish hate to serve, but here's a dish they'll pop on you when you least expect it. This stew has always been an explosive issue in the ongoing Irish-English rivalry, but the British tend to blow a meal like this because it takes a true Irish Catholic to get the timing just right. Break down your barricades and taste a wee bit of Irish heaven.

Lobster Nuremberg

Don't pass judgment on looks alone; this is one lobster you've simply got to try! Filled with only succulent white meat, and served with drawn-and-quartered butter, this Aryan crustacean can be prepared to supremacy only under the direct orders of our Master Chef. You'll never order Maine again—you'll order Maine Kampf!



Montezuma's Chili-Bean Surprise

Tired of the usual crap? Well, we've got a meal that makes everything south of the border come out great.

A heaping bowlful of this rich bean dish, and you won't be able to sit still for another. We've flushed with pride many, many times after sitting down to this Mexican delicacy.

Makes you feel like you've been vacationing in Tijuana. *Ole!*



INTERVIEW: LARRY HOLMES

(continued from page 54)

When I finally did get my chance, I had to make the most of it. Once I beat Shavers and got the title shot with Norton, I knew I couldn't be denied. Even after I won the championship, though, it hurt me when sports writers like Dick Young of the *New York Daily News* said that because I hadn't beaten Ali, I wasn't a real champion. They still considered me a second-rate fighter.

HUSTLER: Does anything in your life match the feeling you experienced the night you won the championship?

HOLMES: Yeah, when I came home to Easton and saw 20,000 people lined up along the streets to welcome me. I felt ten feet tall. It was an even-better feeling than winning the title. I had no idea they'd be out there like that. I didn't think the people had it in them. Easton showed it was just as big as any other city when they welcomed home their champion.

HUSTLER: Aside from family ties, why have you settled in Easton?

HOLMES: Well, one thing I like is that you can raise a family here. It's not perfect; no place is. But the doors were opened for me in Easton, maybe a little faster than other places. I don't mind

visiting big cities as long as I know I've got something to come back to. This is my home, and they'll have to throw me out if they want me to leave. I feel better in a small town as far as security for my kids. I like living here because it gives my kids something.

HUSTLER: Considering the physical dangers implicit in boxing, would you recommend the sport to children interested in pursuing it?

HOLMES: Everything in life is potentially dangerous. Anything worthwhile is worth taking a chance on. Boxing may be dangerous, but what about football or hockey? I watched a hockey game on TV the other night, and they were fighting with sticks. That's just as dangerous as boxing. Nothing ever happened to Victor Galindez in all the years he was a boxer. He retired and became a racecar driver. First time he got in a car, he got run over and killed.

If I had a son who wanted to box, first thing I'd do, I would watch him. I would say, "Hey, if you want to be a boxer, do it right. If you're not gonna do it right, you're not going to do it. There are no shortcuts." Before all my fights I pray that no one will get hurt. But sometimes it's part of the game.

HUSTLER: Are you a religious man?

HOLMES: To a certain extent. God plays a part in everybody's life. We all

need saving. Everyone should know a little bit about religion, even if it's just one verse in the Bible. My mother's a Baptist. I go to church, but not every week. But I think about religion. I feel that God has put me here and has me doing these things for a reason. He's made me a gifted person, even though I haven't had an education. My mom struggled and my father struggled. They had to live on welfare when they weren't working in fields picking cotton and potatoes. I'm more fortunate. God has blessed me.

HUSTLER: Outside of boxing and your business interests, how else do you occupy yourself?

HOLMES: I like to exercise a lot when the weather's not too cold... run three miles just for the fun of it. Between fights, I go to the gym, bang the bags, maybe run a little. I usually try to keep around 218 or 220 pounds, so when I go into training for a fight, I don't have to work hard at losing weight. Those extra pounds come off naturally. I eat anything I want; maybe that's what's wrong with me. I weighed 227 this morning. That's way too much. I'm having a skating rink built at my new house, and I got a weight-lifting set so I can get into body-building, something to keep me young after I'm out of the game. I opened my disco so I'd have a place to hang out. Besides that, I want to keep working in the community, get a program going for kids in my gym. I want to be able to give people things and also have something for myself.

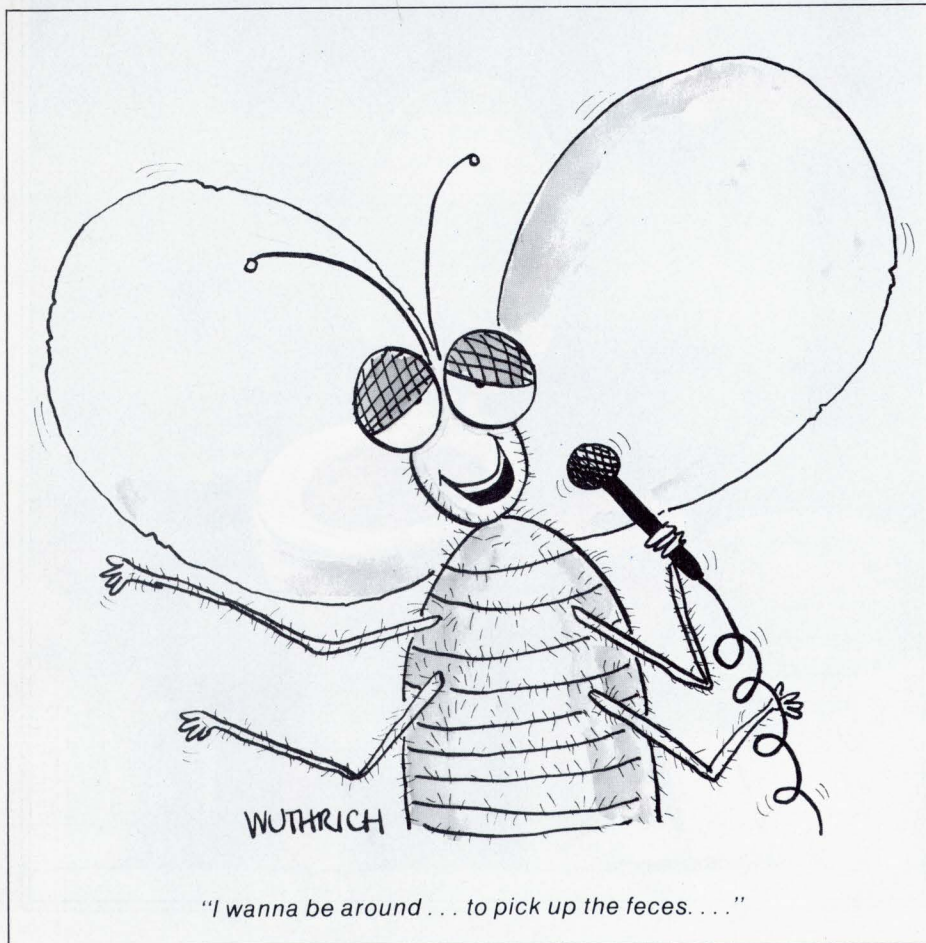
HUSTLER: When you're finally finished fighting, how do you want to be remembered?

HOLMES: As a people's champion—a champion who did a lot for everybody and helped the fight game at the same time. Also as a fighter who didn't leave the game broke. Or crazy. I don't think I'll be either.

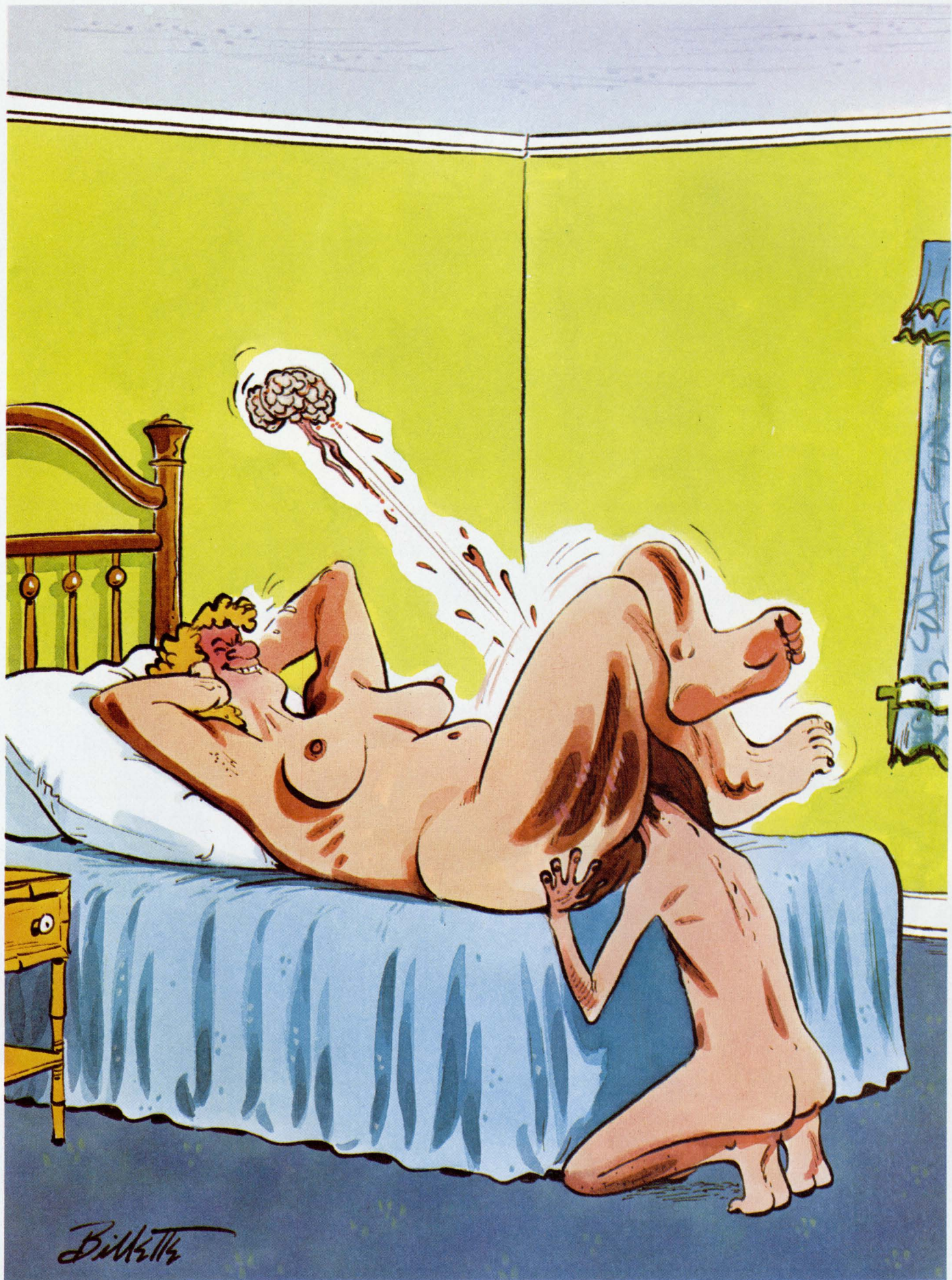
HUSTLER: Do you ever think about how historians will compare you with the great fighters of the past?

HOLMES: No, because I know how I'll stack up. Besides Rocky Marciano, no other heavyweight champion living or dead can say he maintained a perfect record for as long as I did. I have broken the legendary Joe Louis's record and tied Tommy Burns for most consecutive knockouts in title defenses. I have nothing to prove to anyone or to myself.

I'm still pretty young, but I realize I'm not going to be around forever. All I want to do is fight a few more times, not get hurt, and get out with dignity. Most of all, I want the satisfaction of knowing I fought everybody who was available.



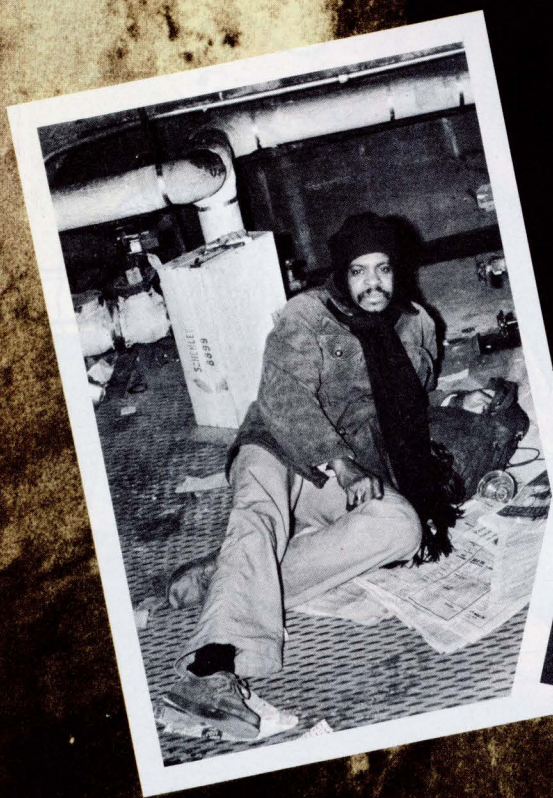
"I wanna be around... to pick up the feces...."

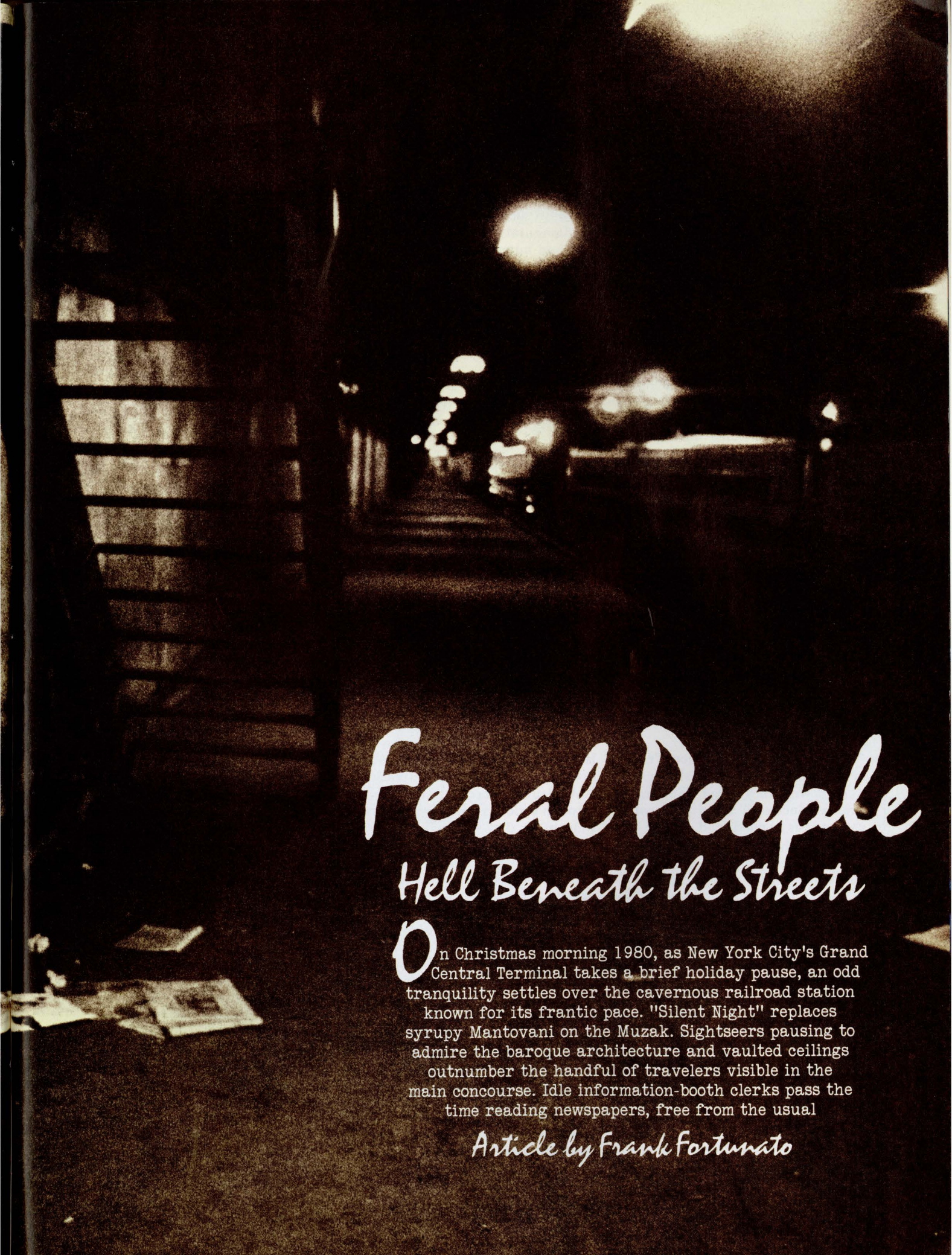


HERE

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Feral People

Hell Beneath the Streets

On Christmas morning 1980, as New York City's Grand Central Terminal takes a brief holiday pause, an odd tranquility settles over the cavernous railroad station known for its frantic pace. "Silent Night" replaces syrupy Mantovani on the Muzak. Sightseers pausing to admire the baroque architecture and vaulted ceilings outnumber the handful of travelers visible in the main concourse. Idle information-booth clerks pass the time reading newspapers, free from the usual

Article by Frank Fortunato

An Army of Dropouts

The 50 to 100 social outcasts who live under Grand Central Terminal and the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel comprise but a tiny portion of the estimated 36,000 homeless on the streets of New York City.

Statistics from the Men's Shelter, a lodging run by the city and frequented by many vagrants, refute the age-old assumption that the average bum is an old man. In 1968 the median age at the shelter was above 50. A decade later it had dropped to 41. Today the median age for newcomers hovers around 36.

The social and political roots of the problem can be traced to the city's Human Resources Administration. The agency's budget for shelters is only \$12 million annually—less than \$350 per homeless person. Beds are available for less than 10% of the truly needy. It's no wonder so many ferals take to the streets.

Researchers Ellen Baxter and Kim Hopper recently spent 20 months "underground," roaming back alleys, bus terminals and parks, interviewing some 200 street people. In their study they discovered that many ferals have developed ingenious ways to meet their basic needs.

"[A feral named] Lisa doesn't ever need to beg for food, as she is very well-known," they noted. "She stands near a concession stand or a coffee shop and is handed food. In one coffee shop she is not allowed to sit down, but it regularly supplies her favorite meal—spaghetti—to take out."

Others have deep wells of pride, refusing to take something for nothing, preferring instead to prospect for forgotten money. In Penn Station the researchers found a pair of elderly sisters who do not panhandle or accept any food from strangers.

"They exist solely on the dimes they find left in pay phones. All day long they alternate making the rounds of the phones, in half-hour shifts. One stays with their three bags of belongings and coats while the other enters one booth after another."

The study also debunks the belief that most of the city's homeless choose a nomadic existence rather than accept welfare. "The reality is



that most have never been offered the fundamental provisions of decent food and humane shelter," the report stated, without addressing itself to an even-more-fundamental matter: whether these so-called unfortunates have simply been avoiding work.

Carl Mazzara, for 35 years a proprietor of lodgings for transients in the world's most famous wino roost—the Bowery—takes a different position. "No individual need go hungry nor sleep out on the streets in the city of New York," he insists.

By presenting himself at the Municipal Lodging House, a derelict can get a meal ticket good for up to 30 days' worth of food and lodging at specific hotels under contract with the city. "I can show you individuals who have lived on nothing but tickets for the past ten years," says Mazzara.

But the ticket system requires its recipients to sign in on a daily basis, and most feral people deeply resent knuckling under to any form of authority. So when things get desperate, the drinking feral prefers the 24-hour convenience of sobering-up stations. The stations—hostels containing between 15 and 35 beds—were set up three years ago in response to a 1976 law prohibiting police from throwing drunks in jail for public intoxication.

A drunk who is liable to go through serious withdrawal (delirium tremens, or the "shakes") is admitted to a hospital detoxification center and put through a slow withdrawal program, in which a booze substitute—usually Librium—is administered in decreasing amounts every six hours for six days, until the patient is stabilized. At that point he's kicked out. Winos are so fond of Librium withdrawal that the hospital detox centers must maintain 30-to-60-day non-readmittance rules.

"You'd be surprised by how hip these people are," notes Kathleen Sullivan, a registered nurse with experience in detoxification programs. "They always know exactly when they can re-enter a hospital and which sobering-up station has the best food and softest counselors. In some cases, the detox program is the only thing that keeps them alive."

rush-hour insanity that prevails when a half-million travelers arrive and depart each business day.

Few if any of those who normally pass through this busy terminal are aware of the seamy netherworld that exists more than 75 feet beneath its marble corridors. Below the usual horde of bustling travelers is a hidden hobo colony that extends for miles, and exits—among other places—at the doorstep of the Waldorf-Astoria. While American Express cardholders dine on thick steaks in one of the world's most luxurious hotels, a subterranean fraternity of life's losers nibbles on morsels of leftovers foraged from the Waldorf's garbage cans.

These social outcasts are commonly called street people, winos, derelicts, vagrants, drunks, hoboes or just plain bums. Sociologists label them ferals—from the Latin word for "wild"—because they function outside the conventions of "respectable" society.

A feral lives on the move, rarely knowing where his next meal is coming from. He scrambles every day for food and shelter. While the society he has forsaken views him with fear, loathing and pity, he makes no excuses and has no need to explain his lifestyle. He lives by his wits, and answers to no one. In a way, he is the most independent of all urban Americans, a kind of modern caveman.

Experts suggest this feeling of independence is what gives ferals their identity. "Who among us can't be fascinated, being in a situation where you have no responsibilities?" asks Dr. Alan Beck, a human behaviorist who has studied the habits of street people. "Somehow our society offended them. But it was not because they were poor. I know of [feral] people who carry around uncashed Social Security checks, knowing full well they represent money. They won't cash them, because they don't want to deal with the system."

New York ferals, like genuine dropouts everywhere, despise public assistance. Although the reality is usually less romantic than the image, they consider independence to be their one distinctive quality. Accepting welfare would compromise their freedom and what remains of their self-esteem.

Sociologists further explain feral behavior as a reaction to disappointments in life that traumatize individuals into living outside the mainstream. Whatever their reasons, ferals are a reclusive group of loners dwelling on a boulevard of unfulfilled dreams.

Every big city has its share of feral people. But New York, with a homeless population estimated at 36,000 (6,000 of

(continued on page 74)

MILK

POLICE
SENSUALITY





Eileen says, "I always watched police shows on TV when I was a kid. Seeing those muscles bulging under tight uniforms made me excited. I kept imagining what I would do the first time I frisked a suspect, and I knew it would feel good."

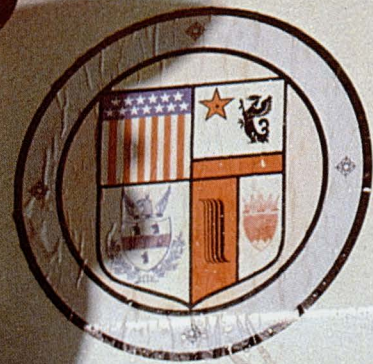
Eileen claims the most important thing she learned when she enrolled at the Police Academy was to always make sure her equipment is in good shape. "Before I go on night patrol to work the streets, I always check myself out thoroughly, because you never know what might come up." When HUSTLER's photographer asked Eileen to show him how she arrests people, she smiled and said that was a "trade secret." Then she added, "Cops have the right to remain silent too!"

Though she's all woman, Eileen's profession has had a big effect on her private life. "One of my boyfriends caught me using my vibrator," she confessed. "He threatened to arrest me for assault with a battery!"





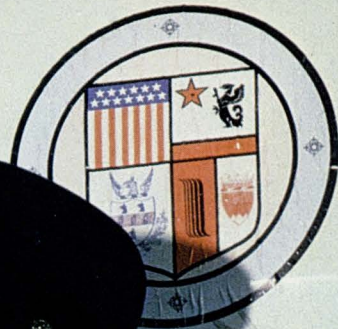
to protect
and to serve



POLICE



*to protect
and to serve"*



POLICE
2112





*Sometimes I can
be arresting in
other ways.*

Clara

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Two hookers were discussing the sad state of the American economy when one observed, "Things are so bad, I had to turn an ugly trick last night for \$5 just so I'd have enough money to take a cab home."

The other quipped, "If you think that's bad, I had to give a free blowjob just so I'd have something warm in my stomach."

A very homely young woman made an appointment with a psychiatrist. As they shook hands in his office, the woman said, "I hope you can help me, Doctor. I feel so depressed and inferior. I know I'm ugly, and people always make fun of me. Can you help me accept my own ugliness?"

The psychiatrist looked at her and said, "I'm sure I can. Why don't you just go over there and lie facedown on the couch?"

Question: What do you get when you have a green ball in one hand and a green ball in your other hand?

Answer: Kermit the Frog's full attention.

A raunchy old Indian, just released from prison after a long stretch, went straight to his favorite tavern to get shit-faced. He noticed a long-haired, bearded, dirty biker sitting a few stools away. The Indian sat and stared at the scruffy guy until the biker turned to him and said, "Hey, redman, what the fuck are you staring at?!"

The Indian answered, "Twenty years ago I got put in the slammer for fucking a buffalo. I thought you might be my son."

An Italian was sitting in his favorite bar, having a few beers and talking to the bartender. Suddenly, a news bulletin came over the TV. The screen showed a man on the ledge of a tall building, threatening to jump. The bartender turned to the Italian and said, "I'll bet you ten bucks the guy jumps!"

"Okay," he replied.

After a few seconds the man indeed jumped. The Italian fished in his wallet for a ten when the bartender said, "Hey, I can't take your money. I gotta confession to make. I saw this earlier on the news. I knew he was gonna jump."

"No, here, take the money," the Italian replied. "I saw it before too, and I didn't think he'd jump again!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines the *Moral Majority* as: the meek who shall inhibit the Earth.

A foreign-exchange student wrote home to his mother in Poland, saying he was going to marry an American girl. The mother quickly wrote back, begging him not to marry her.

"It's a mistake, son," she wrote. "Those American girls are terrible cooks, they can't keep you happy in bed, and they'll call you a Polack every chance they get!"

The young man ignored his mother's pleadings and married the girl anyway. After a few weeks he again wrote his mother. "Mom, you were so wrong. My wife is a wonderful cook, she is terrific in bed, and she doesn't call me a Polack if I don't call her a coon."

Two old maids went to their first baseball game. Before long, a player hit a triple and everybody stood up and yelled, "Run! Run! Run!" Then another man hit a double, and the same thing happened.

One old maid turned to the other and said, "This is easy. Every time a man drops his bat and starts for the base, we yell, 'Run! Run! Run!'"

They did this, and it worked all right until the pitcher walked a man. The old spinsters jumped up and hollered, "Run! Run! Run!" but the other fans just sat there. A man sitting beside the old gals explained to them that the player walked to first base because he had four balls.

So one of the old maids jumped up and yelled, "Walk proudly, young man. Walk proudly!"

Question: What's the difference between a Jew and a canoe?

Answer: A canoe tips!

Two gangsters were talk-

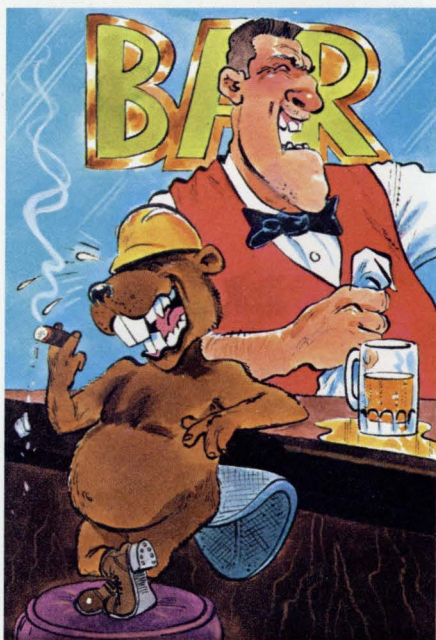
ing. "Did you hear about the new head of the Mafia in Miami?" asked one.

"Yep," said the other hood. "He's a queer. From now on the Kiss of Death also includes dinner and dancing!"

In an attempt to boost its sagging sales the Chrysler Corporation has come out with yet another automobile model. It's called the KKK car. It's only available in white.

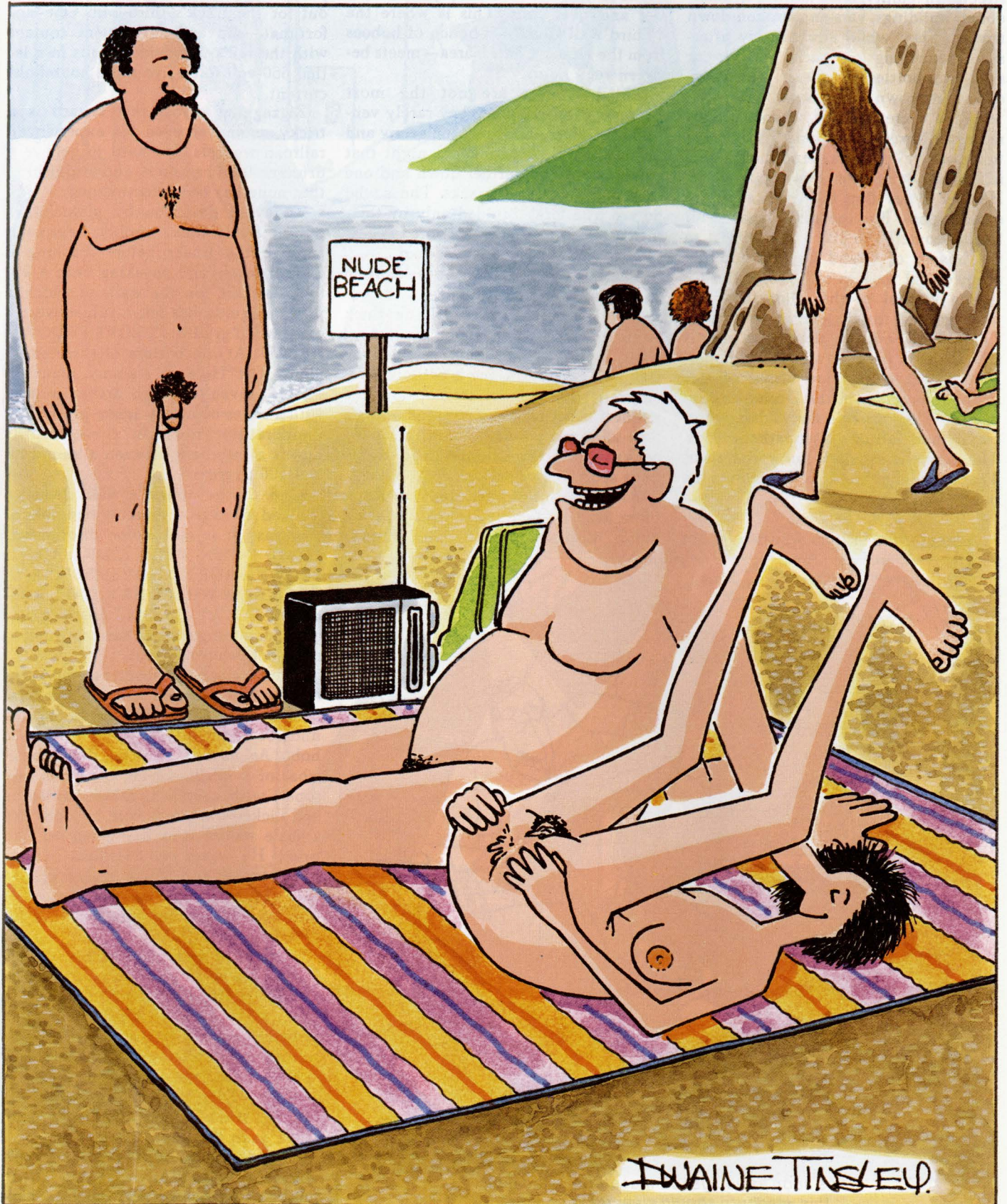
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HUSTLER HUMOR



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

CHESTER & HESTER



"Don't mind her. She's just evening up her tan!"

FERAL PEOPLE

(continued from page 62)

them women), stands as the nation's undisputed hobo capital. In the warm seasons nearly all of them live on the streets, in empty lots, hallways, abandoned buildings, cars and broken-down trucks. They while away balmy afternoons snoozing on park benches or swigging bottles of cheap wine concealed in brown paper bags.

In the winter months, when the thermometer turns brittle, some ferals move to the subway. Others spend their nights in Times Square or Bowery fleabags. Hardier types flop out over sidewalk steam vents. But the most resourceful ferals—some 50 to 100 men—retreat to the bowels of Grand Central and the semitropical warmth of its tunnels.

The wildest of the wild, they live underground in what bums refer to as "The Hole." To have slept there once is a feral rite of passage, a badge of honor. Most street people are afraid of this strange sanctuary in the Grand Central tunnel. They say it's dirty, dangerous, creepy and full of unsympathetic cops. The tunnel's regulars know the risks. That's why they consider themselves the hobo elite.

* * *

Adventurous visitors who tire of the

Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building and other Big Apple tourist attractions can find their way to the ferals' winter quarters by entering two huge brass doors near the Waldorf-Astoria. Down two flights of stairs they will encounter a vestibule littered with empty wine bottles and beer cans. This is where the "Third Rail Club"—a bunch of hoboes from the Grand Central area—meets between rush hours.

Third Railers are not the most courageous of hoboes. They rarely venture any lower, into the grim, grimy and gloomy world of permanent night that exists two flights farther down and one level below the train tracks. Those who do are true ferals, guided only by their instincts and the sporadic, muted yellow light from naked bulbs overhead.

There is an eerie hush at the bottom of the stairs, interrupted only by the humid vapor hissing through the thick steam pipes running along the tunnel walls. During the meandering mile-long trek to The Hole, along a perilous path covered with puddles of moisture, the stillness is occasionally punctuated by a lean alley cat pouncing on a rat, or by cockroaches and thumb-sized water bugs scurrying underfoot.

Another, more hazardous route is often used by ferals who wish to avoid going outdoors. They walk through

Grand Central's Lower Level to one of the commuter platforms, and step onto the snakelike webbing of railroad tracks. The danger here is similar to negotiating a mine field. In addition to dodging one or more of the terminal's 400-plus daily trains, bums must watch out for the track's third rail. One unfortunate slip and subsequent contact with the rail's underside results in a lethal 660-volt jolt—five times household current.

Zigzagging across this hazard is a tricky maneuver even for experienced railroad workers. It's hard to believe a drunken feral can do it, and astonishing that none has been electrocuted.

To avoid detection by plainclothes police, ferals must nimbly hopscotch through the tracks before reaching a control tower and sneaking onto a 26-foot staircase (on the walls of which a previous guide has left a subjective bit of scrawled graffiti: "I LOVE IT DOWN HERE"). At the bottom of these stairs looms The Hole—a clammy, claustrophobic, seven-foot-high arched tunnel with a series of sweaty steam pipes. The temperature down in these depths hovers somewhere between a humid 90 and 100 degrees.

One of the tunnel's walls bears a chalked message, a sobering reminder of how easy it is to become disoriented: "LOST DOWN HERE: OUR FRIEND BROWN AROUND NOVEMBER '78. IF YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS CALL BOBBY OR LEE AT 555-6328." Instinct suggests something sinister has happened to this poor, wayward soul.

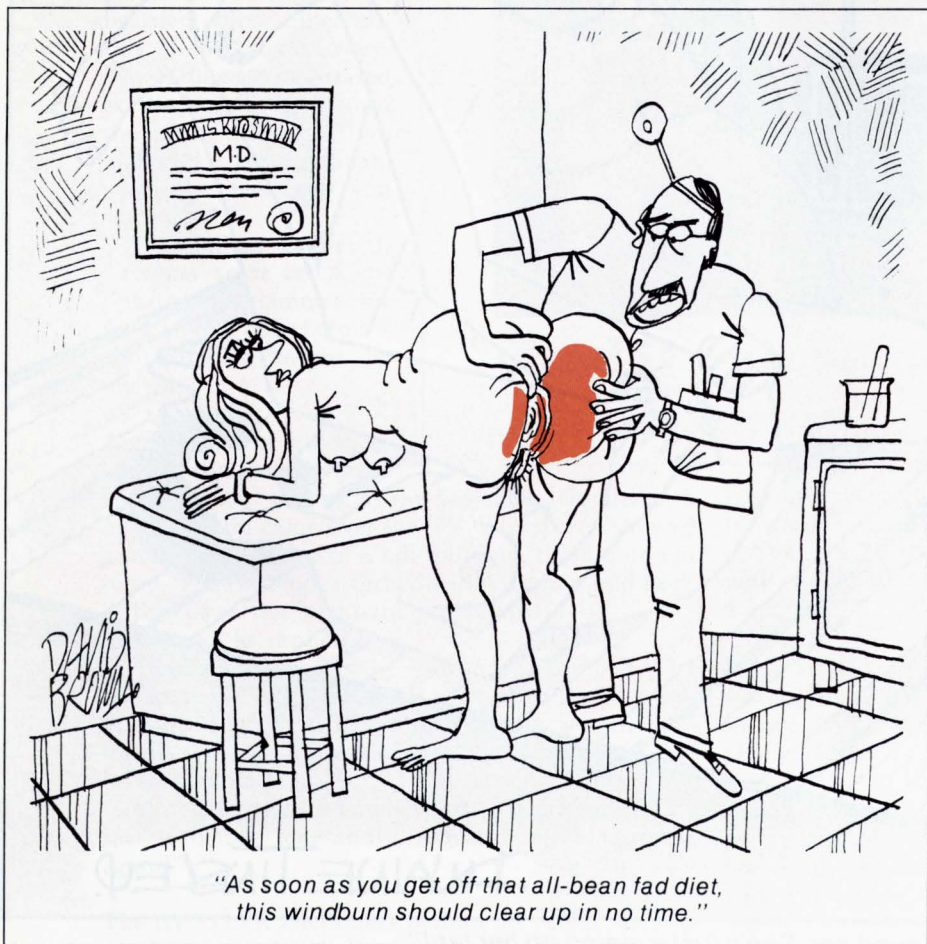
From out of the shadows emerges a regular inhabitant of The Hole, a feral named Bill, who looks to be in his mid-30s and comparatively robust for a hobo. As most derelicts go, Bill is somewhat of a misfit. Clean, conspicuously sober, with a stylish, rakish mustache and slicked-back dark hair, he looks like a male model who has fallen on bad times. He wears two identical button-down broadcloth shirts, and a certain wild cast in his eyes suggests a mother lode of madness bubbling beneath his exterior.

"I gotta be nuts," Bill readily admits. "Anyone who can live an entire winter down here, like I did last year, has got to be off his rocker. Last Christmas I had a girlfriend, a real Jewish princess. She wanted me to take her to the Waldorf."

He laughs, and shakes his head. "I told her, 'Even if I could afford it, the Waldorf is the last place I'd want to go. I live *under* the joint.'"

Then, with a hint of pride in his voice, he adds, "Anybody can go on public assistance or flop out in a hall-

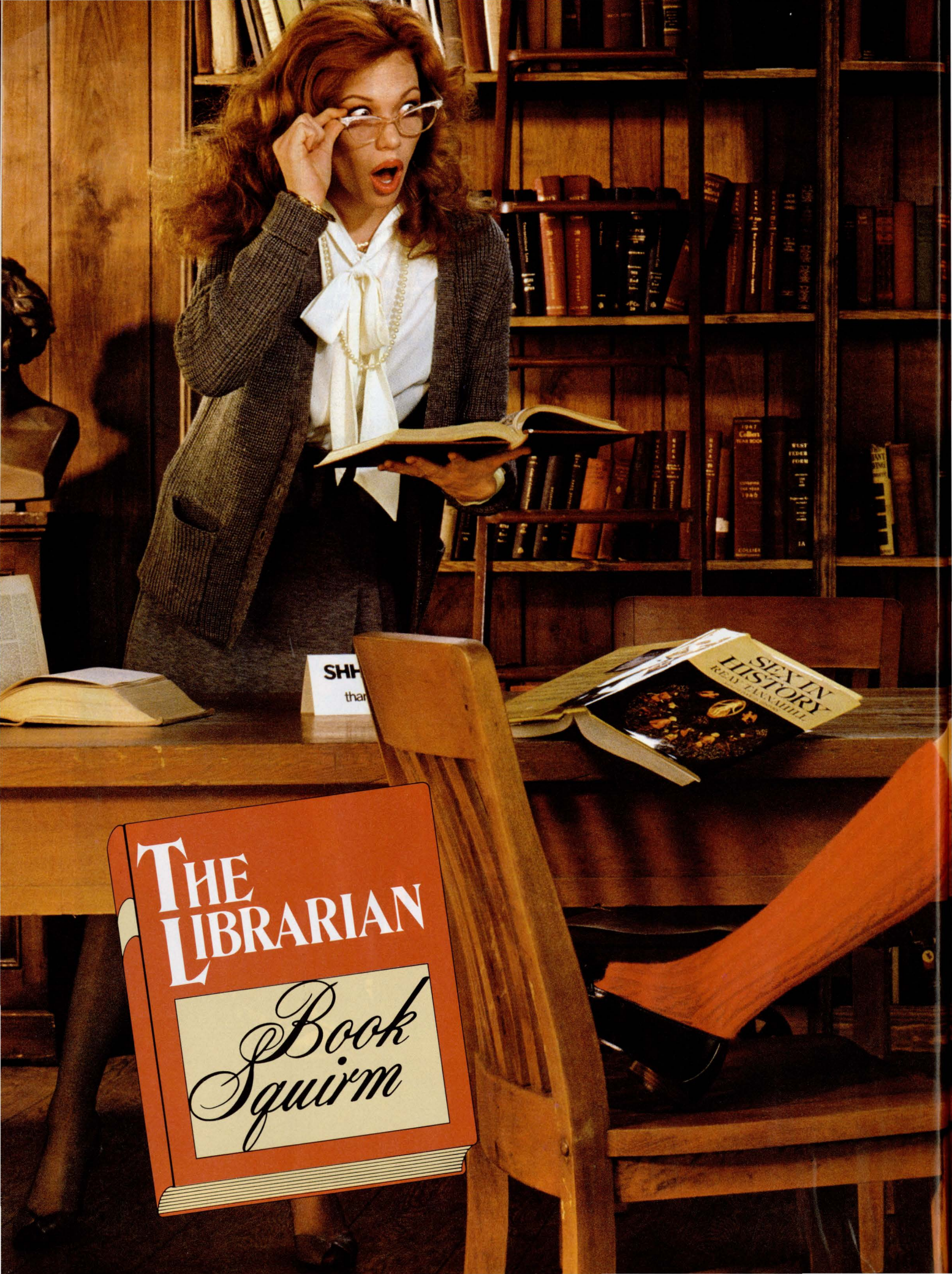
(continued on page 86)



"As soon as you get off that all-bean fad diet, this windburn should clear up in no time."



"Uh, oh. Looks like Dad had another one of those days."



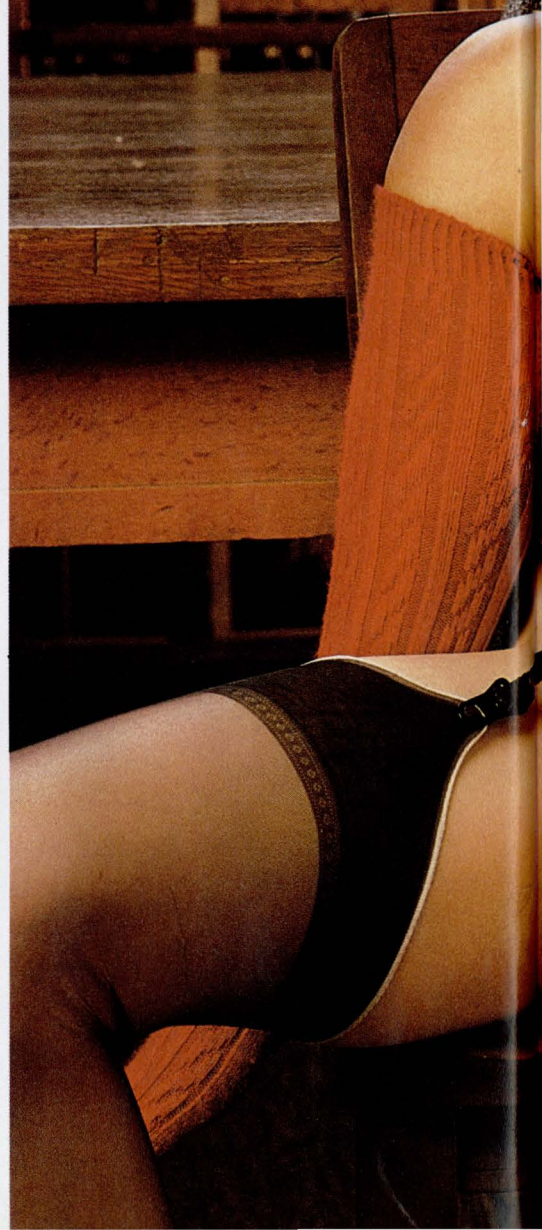
THE LIBRARIAN

Book Squirm





Lorraine was shocked when her new assistant librarian, Rita, exposed herself. There had always been a steamy attraction between the two, but both had repressed it. As they slowly undressed, revealing to each other the shapes and curves hidden by their clothes, a steamy aura of sexuality filled the room. The two women licked and caressed each other in unique communication, their deep passions sizzling to the surface. "I had always been turned on by books," said Lorraine, "and often fantasized about the things I read. Never in my wildest imagination did I ever think one of my biggest fantasies—making love with a woman—would actually come true, with me surrounded by my books." The two women still have their boyfriends, but whenever they get a chance, they work late.



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FERAL PEOPLE

(continued from page 74)

way. But The Hole is something else."

Bill has plenty of leisure time, and he doesn't hesitate to give a brief synopsis of his life as he bundles up his bedroll, a damp and moldy old quilt of the kind that movers use to pack furniture.

"I used to be in the stock market," he confesses, lighting an imported Gauloise cigarette. "I worked as a margin clerk on Wall Street. I commuted to work on one of those trains upstairs every day. Finally, the pressure got to me. I couldn't stand it anymore. I had a nervous breakdown."

He holds his cigarette loosely, almost delicately, and his wan face turns sad. "I recovered, of course, and I tried to make it again on the outside. I worked on an assembly line in Mahwah, the Ford plant in Jersey that got shut down. They even wanted to make me a foreman. But I just couldn't take it."

Christmas is one of the few occasions each year that ferals get to sleep late. Bill's subterranean routine generally begins each day at 7 a.m., when he's awakened by the sound of the world's loudest alarm clock, the rumbling of some of the first rush-hour trains. He screws on the overhead lightbulb,

switches an FM radio to his favorite classical-music station, and lights up a cigarette.

Whether they live in a hallway or The Hole, a sense of territorial prerogative runs strong among ferals. Recognizing Bill's alcove as his home, other tunnel-dwellers steer clear of it. So do the rats he sometimes spots walking across a rafter 50 feet from his roost. By cleaning up leftover food and depositing it near the rafter, he keeps the rodents at a distance—observing an underground truce between man and vermin.

By 7:15 he has packed his radio, books, bedroll and other belongings in shopping bags, which he hides in an airshaft. As one of the few ferals who bathe regularly, Bill usually heads for the shower in a nearby railroad-employees' locker room, soaping up under one of the newly installed needlepoint showerheads. But he doesn't linger too long, because of the obvious danger of being caught by a railroad cop.

Once, Bill was approached outside the shower room by a man who asked to see his tunnel pass and then demanded his money. Bill bolted off, with the man in hot pursuit, but he was easily able to shake the guy.

"I know these tunnels the way I know my own prick," he says.

In fact, Bill knows the tunnels so well,

he could become a mugger himself. He tells about the time his character nearly weakened—when a young, long-haired curiosity-seeker stumbled into The Hole. "He had two cameras," Bill recalls, "and it was a great temptation to steal them. I know I could have gotten \$300 for them at a pawn shop on Eighth Avenue. But I just kicked him out."

Since the tunnel is so desolate, it is a favorite spot for shakedown artists to ply their trade with little risk. Ferals are easy prey, and not all of them are as destitute as they would appear. Some are pensioners and veterans who favor the isolation of the tunnel. When cornered, defenseless ferals grudgingly hand over whatever money they have. (Although Grand Central management staunchly denies it, crooks often pose as railroad employees to catch unsuspecting ferals off guard.)

Customarily, Bill has a morning cup of coffee in a Grand Central Terminal breakfast shop, then changes in the station's men's room. He keeps his clothing in a 50¢ overnight locker, a precaution that brings to mind the standard underground joke about a policeman who sees a loiterer and demands to know his address.

"Why, officer, it's locker #4174 at Grand Central," the feral calmly replies. This yarn is stark reality for most people who live beneath the city.

If he's feeling particularly sociable, Bill joins other ferals wandering the station or catches a double feature in a Times Square movie house that offers cut-rate morning prices. His afternoons are frequently spent in the sprawling 42nd Street main branch of the New York Public Library.

"I like to read philosophy and economics," Bill says. "And for some reason I still follow the stock market."

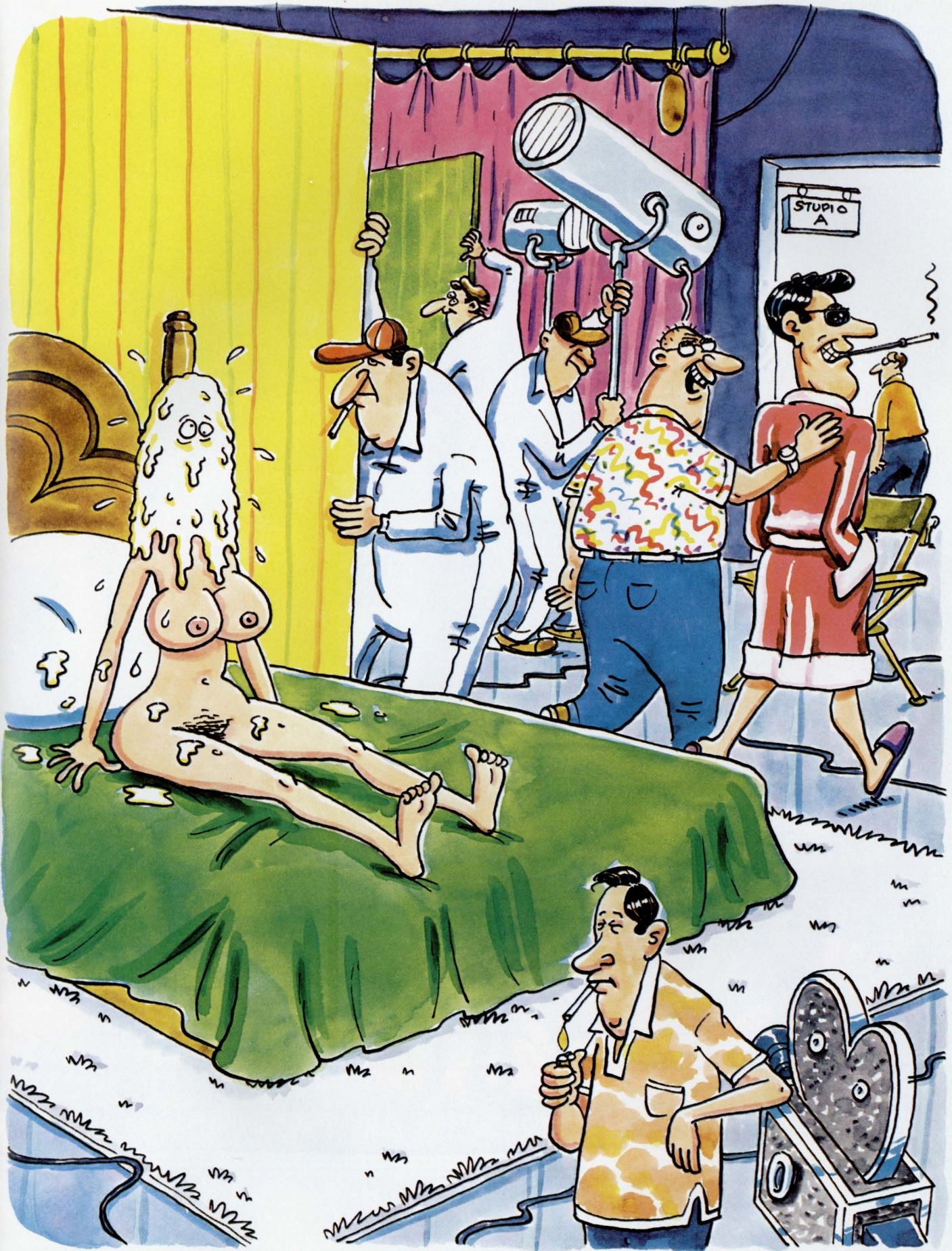
He reaches into a shopping bag and displays a copy of a yellowing *Wall Street Journal* plucked from a garbage can a few weeks earlier. Just as starving men can talk only of food, down-and-out street people tend to be obsessed with the world of high finance. Ferals often follow stock-market prices at the Merrill Lynch brokerage booth in Grand Central, where a computer spews out the latest quotations free of charge.

All ferals need some money to exist, and for most this means panhandling quarters from commuters. Bill, however, finds begging to be degrading. He prefers to peddle stolen goods supplied by his "business contacts," usually other street people of dubious repute.

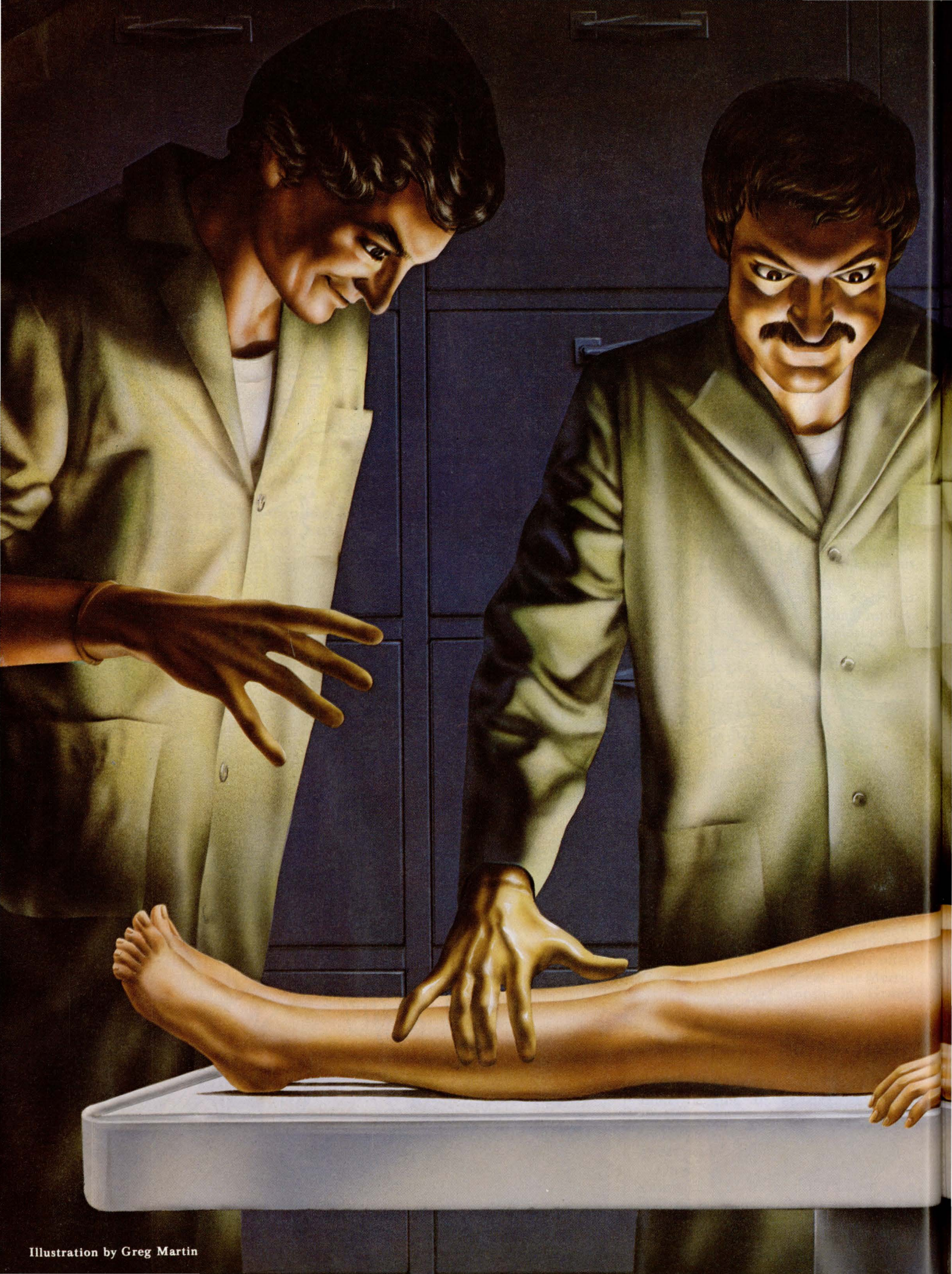
On a recent morning, Bill sold an entire case of freeze-dried coffee at a dollar a jar to passersby outside the ter-

(continued on page 130)





"Great cum shot, J. B.!"



DEAD OR ALIVE?

The first violent cramp hit Barbara Johnson just as the storm reached its peak. The skies opened up and flooded the highway with a solid sheet of water as she doubled up in pain, swerving the car into oncoming traffic. She spun the steering wheel, attempting to get back into her lane, but overcompensated, sending the back wheels into a skid. Another violent spasm ripped at her

FICTION BY JUDY C. UNTERKOFER



insides. Her hands flew off the wheel and tore at her stomach, trying to make the pain stop.

She looked up just in time to see the horror-stricken eyes of the van driver as he tried to shield his face from the unavoidable impact. It was too late. Her world exploded in a shattering fusion of steel and flesh.

When she awoke, she was uncomfortably cold; her body felt rigid. She was lying on something unyielding, and her first thought was that she must be on an ambulance stretcher. But there was no siren, and she wasn't moving. A hospital bed then. *But why is it so dark?* she thought. *Nighttime? Surely there'd be lights in the hallway.* Barbara could see nothing at all, not even the outline of the room. She felt a surge of panic.

Am I blind? No... she began to make out a tray of some kind on a large stand in front of her. A nurse's tray maybe. Then she started to remember the rain... the cramps... the accident. She shuddered as she recalled the intensity of the cramps. They were gone now. She felt no pain at all. *I must have blacked out when I hit the van. How badly am I hurt?* She tried to take an inventory of her body but found, to her horror, she couldn't move at all.

Am I paralyzed? Maybe I've broken my

back. She concentrated and found she could feel her hands, her feet, her torso; she just couldn't move them. *Maybe... oh, please, dear Lord... maybe it's just temporary. Or perhaps the staff has given me something to keep me immobile so I won't hurt myself.*

Barbara fought the mounting wave of uneasiness as the minutes passed. *What time is it? What day is it? Why aren't the nurses checking on me? Why is it so dark? Why can't I move? It's so quiet.* No hospital noises came to her. *Why?*

Then she thought she heard a faint sound. She strained to listen. Footsteps, growing louder, slowly coming down a stairway. *A stairway?* She was confused. *What kind of a hospital is this?* The footsteps were closer now. She heard voices.

"Come on, George, there's only one to do tonight. Let's get it over with and go home. I'm beat."

"Is this the dame from the Highway Patrol?"

"Yep. But she's not messed up too bad, compared to what County General usually sends us. Matter of fact, she's quite a looker. Wouldn't say no to a piece of that myself."

Barbara strained to hear what they were saying, but the men turned into another room somewhere close by, and she

could only detect muffled sounds. *Are they talking about me? "... one to do tonight."* Do what?! A chill crept along her spine, and a nameless horror gripped at her brain. She chased it away and thought again about the men. They'd come down a stairway. *A stairway? X-ray. Of course. I'm in an X-ray room. They're always in the basement of hospitals.* Barbara felt her panic ease away.

But that still didn't explain why she'd been left alone. *Someone will hear about this when I'm better.*

At least it all makes sense now. They've probably gone to warm up the machine or whatever it is they do before they take X-rays. What had they said about the Highway Patrol? They probably picked me up after the accident and took me to the nearest hospital, County General. Barbara had heard terrible stories about County, and she breathed a mental sigh of relief that she'd been transferred here—wherever here was. *St. Mary's maybe? Oh, yes, please let it be St. Mary's. Then Dr. Rosenfield can take care of me. I'd be so relieved if he was with me.*

Barbara could hear the voices drawing closer now. They were coming into the room. *I'll ask them where I am and if everyone knows I'm all right.*

She heard the flick of a switch, and the room was flooded with a harsh overhead light. Two men wearing green uniforms and rubber gloves were standing over the table, looking at her as they busied themselves with something on the tray.

"Dammit, George! They sent the extra-large again. How the hell can we work in these things? I feel like a clown in this getup." He sounded genuinely disgusted.

"Can't help it. The old man's got a contract with this laundry outfit, and we're stuck till it runs out. Just roll up the cuffs a few times, Roy. It'll be okay. Ready?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Shift her over a bit this way, would you?"

Roy roughly grabbed her leg and shoved her to the other side of the table. Barbara started to protest but couldn't speak. Her lips wouldn't move at all. They were as powerless as the rest of her body. For a blessed moment she was too indignant to be frightened. *How dare they treat me like a piece of meat! Who the hell do they think they are anyway? Heads will roll. I'll make certain of it.*

"She sure looks good, Roy. Wow, what a set of boobs!" Barbara recoiled inwardly as the one named George reached down and absentmindedly tugged at one of her nipples.

"The guy must have been a real jerk. Put enough rat poison in the chocolate

(continued on page 98)



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DEAD OR ALIVE?

(continued from page 90)

to kill a cow. Not even enough smarts to stir it up a little."

"Like you said, a real loser. The boys say he just keeps screaming he don't know nothing about it. They got a kid too ... pretty little thing; saw her upstairs, waiting in the car. Wasn't crying or nothing. Just looked scared."

George reached over and picked up three large strips of leather. "Okay, just about set. Go ahead. No, hold it! The strap's loose again."

Barbara was trying to grasp everything they were saying, but they kept shifting her around on the table, tumbling her thoughts into confusion. The one named George turned her on her side and was strapping her into some kind of harness. *Why don't they at least cover me with something? I don't want these animals staring at me naked.*

She was more than a little frightened now. X-ray or not—they were handling her far too roughly. *Something is wrong here, horribly wrong.* The prickling fear she had first felt returned, even stronger now. Mentally brushing it aside, she forced herself to concentrate on what they had said. *Chocolate... rat poison... little girl.... What do they mean? Maybe it wasn't cramps that had tormented me in the car. Could Bob have tried to poison me?* Things had been pretty bad between them lately, and they'd been drifting farther and farther apart. But poison?

Yesterday there had been a bad fight over a kitten Sonia found and brought home. She wanted to keep it, but Barbara knew who'd wind up taking care of it, and she flatly refused to let the kitten stay. Bob sided with Sonia, and the fight started—the worst one yet. Right in the middle of it he stormed out of the house and didn't come home until 4:30 in the morning. Then he seemed calm and conciliatory. But somehow his eyes were different, as if he'd made a decision about something and now was going to make the best of it.

When he returned home from the university late the next night, he approached her gently, quietly urging her up to the bedroom. Naturally, she went—it had been some time since they'd made love. In bed Bob seemed to be determined to make it good for her, and it was. She quickly responded to his familiar, passionate touch on her breasts, her belly and between her thighs.

Just as he was ready to enter her, she stopped him for a moment and took his cock in her mouth. He was so big, so hard. She eagerly tongued up and down

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the length of his shaft until he was so inflamed, he seemed ready to explode. He stopped her then—shifting his position so his erection was poised directly above her moist cunt.

Breathlessly, she felt him jam his cock into her. Their movements quickly became coordinated. As she was reaching a body-wrenching orgasm, she opened her eyes and gazed at Bob. For an instant she was startled by the look she saw on his face; it was so resigned and final. But she was so caught up by her feelings that she simply dismissed everything but the sensations of lovemaking.

Afterward, while she was still bathed in the warm glow, Bob made hot cocoa, and they talked. *Cocoa... chocolate. Shit! It is true. He had tried to poison me. That would explain the look in his eyes last night, and the cramps and why I had the accident and why I'm here now with these two bozos, being shoved around like a stray dog. WHAT ARE THEY DOING?! Where's the doctor? Damn, how long do a couple of X-rays take?!*

"Okay, that's as tight as I can get it."

"Good enough. Here goes then. Never did like this part."

Roy picked up something from the tray. Barbara could only see him out of the corner of her eye. They had her ly-

ing on her side. Roy grabbed hold of her leg and made a deep slash in the back of her thigh. *He's cutting me! STOP!* The pain hit her like a blowtorch. He kept slicing. The agony spread like a brush-fire. She kept thinking, *This can't be happening. They're going to kill me!* She tried to scream. She tried to pull away but remained totally paralyzed.

The pain was making her dizzy, and she could feel more and more blood spurting from her severed artery. She looked up and saw George standing beside her, watching as he rubbed his nose with a rubber-gloved hand. It was a nightmare. It had to be. But the throbbing pain in her leg was all too real.

Barbara felt her strength ebbing away as the precious blood kept pumping out. She had lost all track of time. It didn't seem possible, but the pain was more intense now. It seemed to attack new nerve endings constantly, like a hunter randomly shooting at targets. *I'm going to die. I came through the poison and the accident, and now I'm going to die here in this room. Can't somebody help me? PLEASE! Don't let them do this to me!*

The one named George reached over, put his fingers on Barbara's eyelids and closed them. When she tried to open them, nothing happened. She struggled, but it was no use. The darkness seemed

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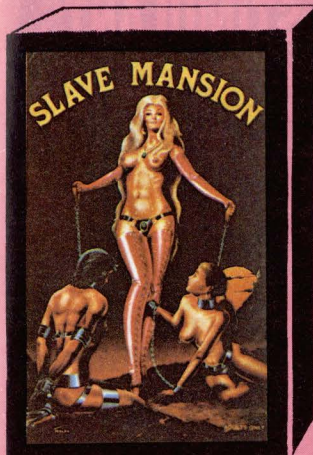
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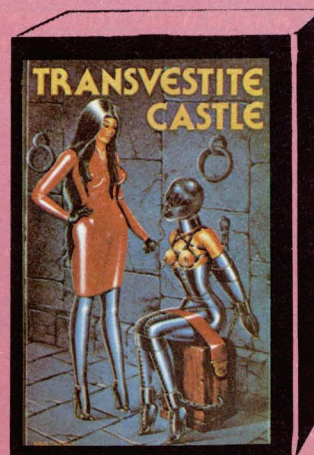
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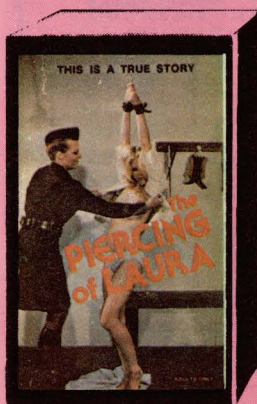
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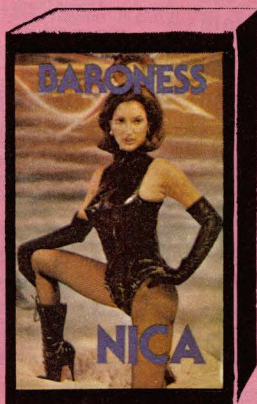
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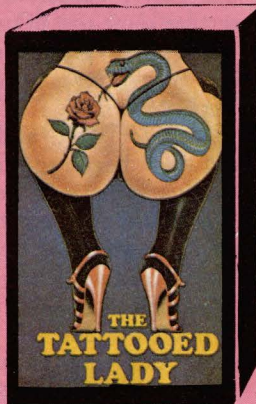
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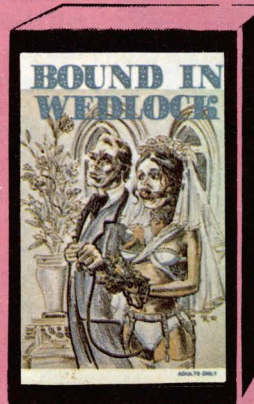
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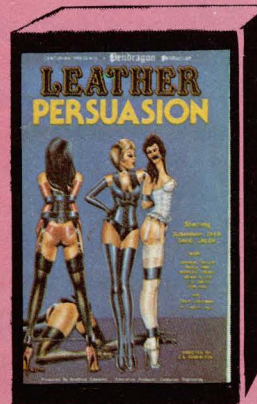
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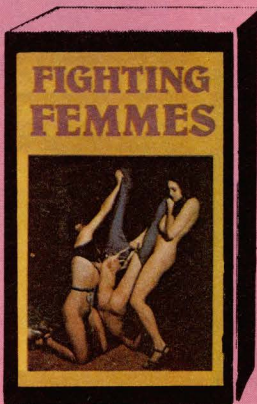
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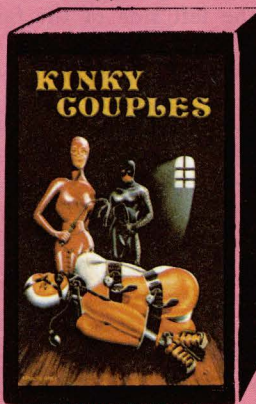
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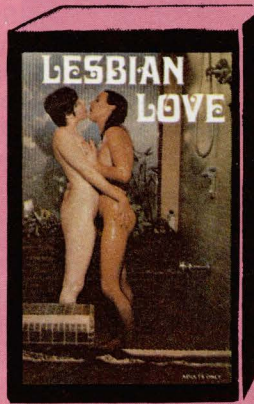
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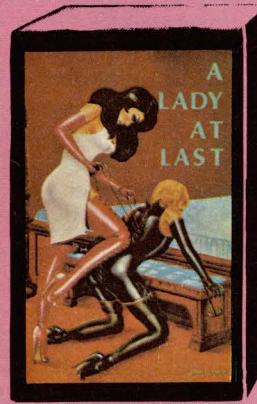
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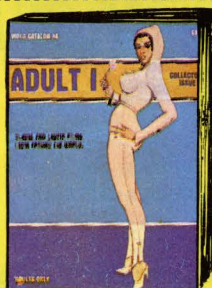
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to smother her. She silently pleaded with George. *No, please don't close my eyes. Don't you understand what you're doing to me? Please... PLEASE!*

"Can't stand to have them looking at me, Roy. Makes me feel like they know what's happening."

"Shit, for someone who's been in the business 15 years, you sure talk like an ass sometimes."

Somewhat embarrassed, George turned away and reached behind himself, bringing out a motor with two long tubes hanging from it. One was attached to a large cylinder at the side of the room; George held the other one, waiting.

Roy stepped back from the table and glanced at his partner. "Okay, that's about it here. Got the pump ready?"

"Yeah, let's get this over with."

Barbara was barely conscious as she felt them inserting some sort of tube into her leg. *Oh, yes... YES. They're giving me a transfusion. Whatever they were doing, it's over now. Thank goodness.*

She heard a motor start, and something cold and thick began to forcefully flow into her. Every nerve in her body stiffened as the liquid coursed throughout her legs and her arms and her chest. She felt chillingly cold now. Roy turned the pump off and reached to a table behind the work tray. She felt a large needle stabbing her thigh again and again.

"These her clothes?"

"I guess. Some neighbor picked them out and brought them over. Husband's locked up, and the kid's too young. Hey, Roy, fix the left side of the face, will you? Just even it out a little."

Barbara was struggling to stay awake now, but the liquid in her body was achingly cold and so thick. *What did they say about my clothes? And... fixing my face... Fixing my face?* She started to scream then, but there was no sound, no movement. She felt fingers bunching up the side of her face, shaping it. She concentrated every muscle in her body to will herself to give the men some sign. Nothing. The horror invaded her totally, and all the forgotten terrors of childhood and nightmares paled beside it.

She again unleashed a soundless scream that continued while they carefully dressed her. Just before she blacked out, she felt herself being lifted and placed into a container. Her head was lowered onto something that felt like satin, and her elbows brushed against the wooden sides of a box.

When Barbara drifted back into consciousness, she could hear crying all around her. Now she was smelling the
(continued on page 108)

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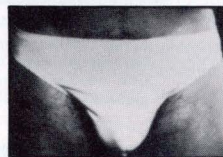
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Beaver Hunt

It's fall, and the first thing to hit the ground should be your favorite Beaver's clothes. Toss off the covers and show us that tan she's been working on all summer. You might win 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs submitted become the non-

returnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 108, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Boyfriend



Rainbow, 23, is a homemaker from Richland, Washington, who enjoys camping, dancing and fishing. She dreams of being photographed while making love on the Pacific shore.

Photo by Tim Barton



Diane Riganti, a 25-year-old seamstress from Newport Beach, California, is into golf, Frisbee and skiing. Her sexual fantasy? "You name it—I like it."

Annette Bergman, 24, lives in Stockholm, Sweden. She's a student who enjoys dancing and riding motorcycles, and her dream is to screw three men at the same time.



Photo by Thomas Edberg

Alton, Illinois, is home to B. J., a 23-year-old homemaker whose hobbies are roller-skating and horseback riding. She'd love to ball a younger man while her husband watches.



Photo by Husband

HUSTLER®

This image was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

Photo by Mike Boucheaux



Sidney the Squirrel, 2, likes to gather nuts in Nederland, Texas. His fantasy is to fuck in the middle of Interstate 40 with lots of cars speeding by.

Lee, 26, does sales work in Campbell, California. Her hobbies include skiing and sunbathing, and her sexual fantasy is to spend a month "fucking and sucking on a huge sailboat."



Photo by Fred

Photo by Larry Pendarvis



Twenty-year-old Donna Pendarvis is a Brandon, Florida, housewife. Her hobby is photography, and she fantasizes about becoming the sex slave of a dominant lady.

Photo by Husband



Brenda Ruyle, 27, is a housewife from Tucson, Arizona, who enjoys riding horses and singing Country & Western songs. She dreams of being fucked by her husband and giving another man a blowjob at the same time.



Thirty-year-old April Heater works as a delivery person in Garden City, Michigan, where she likes to suck cock and bowl in her spare time. Her fantasy is to try everything at least once.

Photo by Husband



Fort Worth, Texas, is where you'll find Caroline Lawrence, a 27-year-old nude dancer whose pastimes include music and collecting butterflies. She fantasizes about group sex with three other women.

Photo by Dennis Ruyle

One for the Ladies

Photo by Pattie Pruitt



Steve, 22, is a salesman from Riverside, California. His hobbies are music, photography and hunting beaver, while his sexual fantasy is "being seduced by dozens of women."

Nineteen-year-old Rose is an exotic dancer from Knoxville, Tennessee, who enjoys modeling clothes and swimming. She dreams about a threesome with another woman and a man.



Photo by Boyfriend

Photo by Phil Mooney



Sunbathing, coin collecting and swimming in the nude are hobbies of Barbara Schmitz, 35, a secretary from Tampa, Florida. Her fantasy is to have sex "everywhere in the world."

HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 103. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary _____

Photographer _____

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

DEAD OR ALIVE?

(continued from page 102)

beautiful, sweet aroma of flowers. Roses and carnations and lilies . . . so many flowers. She could hear her sister Ann sobbing and saying, "Oh, honey, it's going to be all right. We're going to take care of you."

"Is Daddy going to come home soon?" Sonia sounded scared and terribly vulnerable.

Ann started to cry louder. "We'll talk about that later. You're going to come and live with me and your Uncle Nick. It'll be okay. Don't you worry."

She stopped, and her next words came out hesitantly. "Do you want to say good-bye to your mother now?"

There was a long pause. Sonia's voice, when she finally spoke, was very small and verged on the edge of hysteria. "Aunt Ann, I want to go now . . . please. Don't make me stay here anymore. I don't want to see Mommy like that . . . please!"

There were comforting sounds then. "There, there, honey . . . it's okay. . . . I understand. I think you'd better go outside now. Grandma is going to take you home. We'll be there as soon as we can."

Barbara felt a sudden surge of jealousy. It should be *her* comforting the girl. Sonia was *her* child. She heard the small footsteps leaving the room.

She was so tired now, but her daughter's voice had made Barbara realize how much she had to live for. She called out, *Oh, Sonia, baby. It's me. Can't you see that I'm here, that I'm alive?* But the words came from her mind, not from her lips.

It was too much of an effort to try any longer. Barbara accepted the fact she was going to be buried alive. It didn't seem to matter anymore. It would be peaceful. They couldn't hurt her anymore. She would just drift off to sleep.

The slam of something closing inches above her head jerked her into full consciousness. Then she was being wheeled into another room. An organ started to play. Loudly—louder—so loud it hurt her ears. *Somebody, please stop that music Just let me go to sleep!*

Once again she felt herself being lifted, but this time the movements were jolting and uncoordinated. She could hear Roy's breathing becoming louder and more rapid. He was throwing her naked body onto a table and roughly moving her legs into a spread-eagle position. Then came George's voice, pleading with him. "Hey, man. No, you can't. Not again."

"Just one more time, the both of us. Who'll ever know?"

Footsteps quickly went away, a door was bolted, and then the footsteps returned. She could hear the sound of a zipper, clothes being thrown to the floor. Suddenly, two hands were roughly grabbing her breasts and squeezing them—hard!

A scream of protest died in her throat as a new horror engulfed her. A large body was fitting itself on top of her. She felt a coarse-grained shirt against her breasts. Before she realized what was happening, a huge cock tore into her vagina. The shock and pain were agonizing. *They're raping me!*

Roy's movements were becoming faster; the slick coldness of her cunt was intoxicating. He rammed her again and again. "Brother, is she built!" she heard him grunt. "And the fucking stiff bitch can't move a muscle. I can do whatever I want to her." He glanced to his side and saw George, eyes wide, tongue licking his lips, breathing as fast now as he himself was.

"Stick it to her, Roy . . . harder . . . again!"

Barbara wanted to scream, to cry, to faint—anything! The merciless pounding continued, punishing her vagina. *Somebody stop him! Isn't anyone there? Help me—PLEASE HELP ME!* But her voice was silent, the echoing pleas trapped in her brain.

Roy's movements were frantic now, his breathing coming in gasps. She heard George moving beside her, then felt him grabbing her breasts and squeezing them like they were sponges. She felt Roy arch above her and then grunt as he climaxed. His partner squeezed her tits so hard, the pain was excruciating.

"Now me, my turn," he whispered harshly.

Barbara could feel Roy's limp penis slipping out of her. She became aware of trembling arms grabbing her and turning her over, squashing her breasts flat on the cold metal slab. Then calloused hands were rubbing the flesh of her exposed buttocks.

She could hear gurgling moans as a huge penis unsuccessfully tried to ram into her anus. Barbara screamed as loud as she could, but no sound escaped. *This is wrong. This is filthy. What are these animals doing to me?!*

"I can't get it in!" she heard George's anxious voice saying. "Her frigging ass is too tight. Roy, help me!"

Another pair of hands were on her buttocks now. She felt the fingers clawing at her, and suddenly, with a sharp crack, her sphincter was brutally ripped open. Barbara shrieked as her tormented body shuddered in unbelievable agony.

(continued on page 128)

The most amazing thing about my initiation into the "Mile High Club" is that it took six years of flying before it happened. Actually, there are a lot of amazing things attached to my "special night," but I'm getting ahead of myself.

First things first. I'm a flight attendant for one of the airlines. I've been based in Chicago for the past four years, moving to the Windy City from Los Angeles after meeting my husband, Rodney. Four months ago the two of us decided things weren't working out; so he got a place of his own, and my best friend, Becky, moved in with me. She's also a stewardess with the airline, and has what I'd call a "10" body. (I'm no slouch in that department either: 5-6, 110 pounds and 36-23-36.) Both Becky and I work hard to keep our great California looks, thanks to a lot of back-breaking sessions at the gym.

One last thing before I launch into all the details of my Mile High flight. All the names in this story are made-up. I for one would be very proud to put my real name on this story for HUSTLER, but I don't think the airline would feel the same way. To read what three of their employees were doing in one of their airplanes 35,000 feet above the ground wouldn't set too well with the top execs.

It started out as a routine Red Eye flight to the Coast. I bid for the L.A. runs during the winter for one reason: Although Chicago's a great town, when the predicted *high* for the day is two *below*, this lady will do almost anything to spend her days off lying on the sand at Malibu, wearing nothing but a glistening coat of baby oil. (I love going nude at the beach!)

As we lifted off from O'Hare at midnight, I knew it was going to be an easy flight. There were only two passengers in my first-class section—a couple of cute guys in their mid-20s on a business trip to L.A. Because they had meetings first thing in the morning, they were al-

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: 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.



COCKPIT ACTION

by Christy Michaels

ready falling asleep. It bothered me a little that I wouldn't get to talk to them, but I distracted myself by thinking about California.

When we reached cruising altitude, I went forward with coffee for the flight crew. At the controls was Captain Bob Martin, a hunk if I ever saw one. He's 43, 6-2 and 190 pounds, and looks a bit like Burt Reynolds. He pulls in over a hundred grand a year doing something he loves, and all the stewards really drip over him.

The co-pilot was one of the new boys, Lieutenant Ed Wolinsky. Ed's making the same rapid rise to the top that the captain did at his age.

It was one of those incredibly clear nights, and I just stood there for a bit, enjoying the view from the cabin. Captain Martin was flying the aircraft, while Lieutenant Wolinsky was in radio contact with radar control in Des Moines, getting course clearance for the next leg of the flight. After completing all the routine business on their checklists, the men put the plane on automatic pilot and settled back to enjoy the view along with me.

The automatic-pilot system on a jet really is unbelievable, because it literally flies the plane by itself. There's absolutely no danger when a pilot switches this system on; it's just as safe as sitting at the gate back at O'Hare. I was sort of on automatic too, since my passengers were asleep. The captain invited me to sit down in the jump seat, just behind the pilot's and co-pilot's seats.

For a few minutes we didn't say anything. The low rumble of the jet engines way in the back made it very peaceful. I was feeling warm and relaxed as I stretched my arms and legs out between the front seats. The view of hundreds of dials and lights flickering on the control panels in front of the pilots, and the men's complete mastery of this giant craft, created another feeling inside me: I was getting very horny. I suddenly wanted

these two guys. When I thought about not having been laid for three weeks, I decided to go for it.

To break the ice, I asked them what their plans were for our two-day layover in L.A. To my delight, Bob said he was going surfing, while Ed had scuba diving on his mind. "Perfect," I said. "I know just the right beach, and you don't have to wear any clothes!"

I casually kicked off my shoes while saying this, and hiked up my skirt to my thighs. Both guys had a nice view of my cunt when they swiveled their chairs around to face me. My view of these two hunks was pretty spectacular too, because they both had bulges in their

pants that weren't part of the regulation uniform.

I started moving my hand around inside my blouse, while I talked about how I love the way the wind and sun feel on my naked body. I was still wearing my bra, but my nipples were getting erect. Bob and Ed were each reaching up inside my thighs by now, and when they attained their goal, I peeled out of my blouse and bra. Then Ed unzipped my skirt and pushed it up over my tits.

Before I knew it, Ed had me going with his lightning-quick tongue. At the same time, my mouth was stuffed with Bob's seven-inch cock, which was getting bigger and bigger with each vigorous stroke. I started squeezing his buns, and when I felt his rod start trembling, I knew it would just be a matter of seconds before he exploded. As his delicious cum spurted into my mouth, my own juices poured out.

Bob's prick hung long and limp in front of his pants after he came. I reached over and helped him slip out of his uniform trousers and the cute nylon briefs he wore underneath. Then, as he took a momentary break to check on our next control point, I motioned to Ed to stop licking and sucking me and come take the pilot's place. Lying back in the jump seat, I got ready to face his nine-inch wonder.

He didn't have to say "Roger, Wilco" for me to take command. I insisted he strip off his entire uniform. Then, grabbing his cock, I rubbed its purple head over my nipples. All I wanted to do was deep-throat him. The aircraft was still flying on automatic as I guided Ed's rod down my throat.

After several minutes of delicious cocksucking, Ed lifted me off of the jump seat and sat himself down in it. He pulled me onto his lap, and my nipples rubbed against his. Slowly, he lowered me down onto him. Inch by inch he filled me up, until I almost passed out with pleasure. He started fucking me easily at first, then faster and faster, rocking me up and down, up and down. I lost all control, all thought, like I was entering the Twilight Zone. Nothing mattered except the pounding fucking I was getting.

Ed tilted the jump seat back so that we were almost parallel to the ground, and I felt Bob's tongue working itself down the crack of my ass. I'd never had anyone do that before, but I sure was game for another orbit. I was riding Ed faster and faster. When Bob shoved his tongue inside my asshole, I let loose with such a scream, I was afraid I'd wake the passengers!

I glanced back and saw Bob lubricating his stiff rod with Vaseline. "Give it

to me, Bob! Fuck me in the ass!" I yelled, delirious with joy. "Oh, Ed... don't stop... don't stop!"

Bob put his slippery seven-incher in slowly, but I couldn't wait any longer. I shoved my hips back. *Wham!* I now had two cocks inside me and was on a trip to the moon! "Oh, do it, do it!" I cried. "Fuck your baby...ride your baby. Give me all you've got. AHHHHHH!"

I could feel their cocks bumping and ramming against each other in my two love canals. We were all yelling now: *Faster! Harder! Longer!* Then, all at once and all together, we exploded in a climax that made a sonic boom seem like a firecracker by comparison.

We spent our two-day layover in L.A. together, sunning and surfing at the beach by day, and sucking and fucking in every possible part of the suite we shared by night. I never thought I'd dig "three-ways," but like they say, "Don't knock it until you try it!"

It's been nearly a month since I joined the Mile High Club—thanks to those two sexy Sky Pilots—and I'm looking forward to our next flight together. Of course, anyone can join the Mile High Club. All you have to do is fuck in an airplane while flying. But even though it takes just one guy to do it with, I think my initiation with two pilots was the only way to fly! 🍑

100% Legal Stimulants

(Decongestant tabs and caps)

The most effective combinations of body stimulants & appetite suppressants legally available.

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1 BLACK CAPSULE #18-858 or #18-789	6 YELLOW CAPSULE #18-704 or RJS	11 WHITE CLEAR CAPSULE #127	16 SMALL WHITE CROSS TABLET \$75.00	21 MINI FROG EGG \$75.00
2 BLACK CAPSULE #18-858 Double Strength	7 YELLOW CAPSULE RJS or RUV Double Strength	12 WHITE w BLUE SPECKS TABLET	17 PINK HEART TABLET	22 GREEN TRIANGLE #165
3 BLACK CAPSULE #355 or DEX Double Strength	8 BROWN CLEAR CAPSULE C-875	13 WHITE w GREEN SPECKS TABLET	18 SMALL WHITE CROSS \$75.00 Double Strength	23 BLACK WHITE CAPSULE C-875
4 ORANGE ROUND TABLET (BT 72)	9 BLUE CLEAR CAPSULE #127	14 BLUE w BLUE SPECKS TABLET	19 BLACK CAPSULE RJS or #18-985	24 SMALL PINK CROSS TABLET Double Strength
5 BLACK CAPSULE Triple Strength M-O-E	10 GREEN CLEAR CAPSULE #127	15 PINK FOOTBALL TABLET	20 BLACK CLEAR CAPSULE #17-875 Double Strength	25 LARGE BLACK CAPSULE RJS Triple Strength

SLEEP AIDS

Order Sleep Aids here. Enter item no. and quantity for each desired.

1 WHITE TABLET Triple Strength (M-O-E)	2 WHITE TABLET Triple Strength (M-O-E)	3 BLUE TABLET (10)	4 GREEN BLACK CAPSULE	5 YELLOW TABLET #122
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INCENSE

Order Stimulants here. Enter item no. and quantity for each desired.

XACTI-CAINE "The Best" all rock 5 grams \$ 25.00 1 Oz \$100.00	PSEUDO-CAINE 5 grams \$ 30.00 1 Oz \$150.00
FDA tested and approved. *Volume discounts available.	
To order incense, circle the item(s) and quantity desired.	
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SIGNATURE—I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 YEARS OR OLDER. \$ _____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED	

Terms: Jars of 1,000 — \$125.00 (includes shipping). Jars of 100 — \$19.95 plus \$2.00 handling per order. Sample pack — \$5.00 pre-paid only.

C.O.D., Bank Cards, Money Orders, Bank Wires accepted. Call for C.O.D. or M/C or VISA orders, or for faster delivery. All orders shipped same day U.P.S. Offer void in State of Washington.

Brant Pharmacal
P.O. Box 992 • Toledo, Ohio 43697
(419) 698-9974

Honey

LAST MONTH, HONEY WAS LOCKED AWAY IN AN INSANE ASYLUM BY A LUNATIC PSYCHIATRIST WHO TRIED, UNSUCCESSFULLY, TO SEXUALLY MOLEST HER IN HIS OFFICE. THEN, AT THE MERCY OF THE SADISTIC HEAD NURSE, JOAN W. GACY, HONEY WAS ORDERED TO SHOCK THERAPY FOR HAVING SEX WITH A MALE PATIENT. HONEY WAS ONLY TRYING TO GIVE SOME LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING TO HEAL AN AFFECTION-STARVED YOUNG MAN. BUT BEFORE THE SWITCH COULD BE PULLED...

HEAD NURSE GACY! HEAD NURSE GACY! REPORT TO THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE WITH PATIENT HONEY - STAT! REPEAT - STAT!

NOW WE'LL SEE!

HUH? OH, SHIT!

THANK HEAVEN! IT MUST BE THE GIRLS!

SAVED FOR THE MOMENT, HONEY IS UNSTRAPPED. BUT NURSE GACY HAS CONCOCTED SOMETHING TO CONTROL OUR FREETHINKING HEROINE!

HERE, DRINK THIS! IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL - NOTHING. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. ATTENDANT, TAKE THE FAGGY WIMP BACK TO THE OTHER SICKIES IN THE WOMEN'S ROOM.

THE GIRLS HAVE BROUGHT A LAWYER TO JUDGE HONEY'S SANITY, BUT THE DRUGS HAVE ALREADY TAKEN EFFECT.

CONSERVE ENERGY! SHOCK TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

BUT... GLUB! GULP!

IF SHE'S GOT GUESTS, THIS OUGHT TO KEEP HER QUIET SO WE CAN GO ABOUT OUR BUSINESS.

AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS POOR, SWEET WOMAN IS IN NO CONDITION TO LEAVE!

ADMISSIONS



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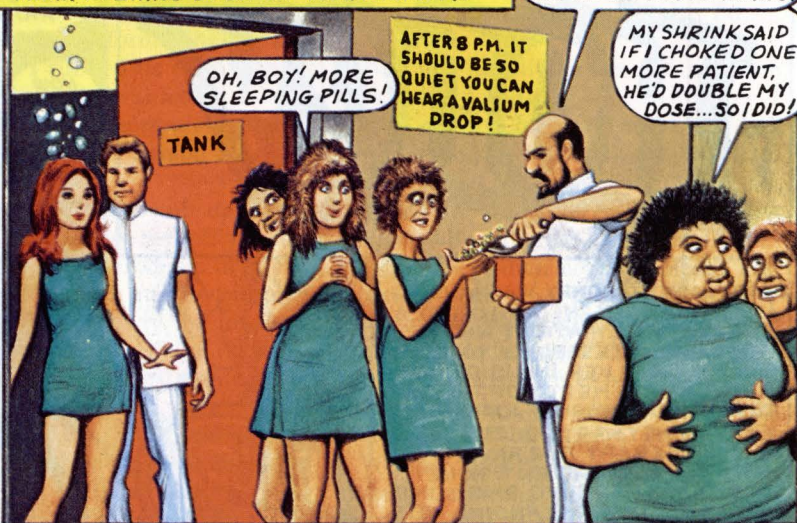
MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

THROUGH HONEY'S EYES, THINGS LOOK QUITE DIFFERENT. SHE WONDERS WHY POON HAS GIRAFFES ON HER HEAD!



DON'T WORRY, HONEY! WE'LL GET YOU OUT!

HONEY IS TAKEN BACK TO THE WOMEN'S ROOM, WHERE THE PATIENTS ARE RECEIVING THEIR EVENING DOSE OF TRANQUILITY.



OH, BOY! MORE SLEEPING PILLS!

AFTER 8 P.M. IT SHOULD BE SO QUIET YOU CAN HEAR A VALIUM DROP!

OKAY, YOU MORONS! THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU ALL ON ICE TILL MORNING!

MY SHRINK SAID IF I CHOKED ONE MORE PATIENT, HE'D DOUBLE MY DOSE...SO I DID!

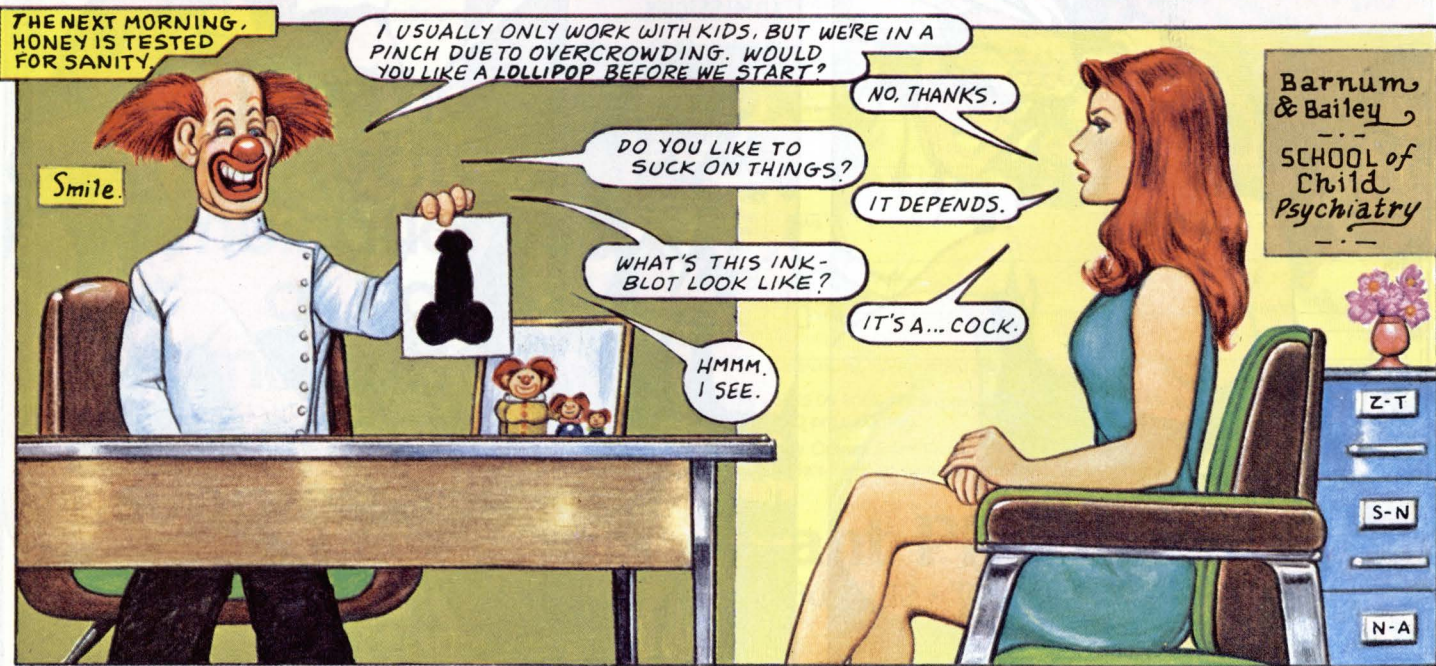
IN A DOPED STUPOR ALONG WITH THE OTHER PATIENTS, HONEY SUCCEUMBS TO THE ATTENDANTS' DESIRES.



SHE GIVES HEAD LIKE A PRO. WONDER WHAT SHE'S IN FOR?

WHATEVER SHE DID, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CRIME OF PASSION!

THE NEXT MORNING, HONEY IS TESTED FOR SANITY.



Smile.

I USUALLY ONLY WORK WITH KIDS, BUT WE'RE IN A PINCH DUE TO OVERCROWDING. WOULD YOU LIKE A LOLLIPOP BEFORE WE START?

NO, THANKS.

DO YOU LIKE TO SUCK ON THINGS?

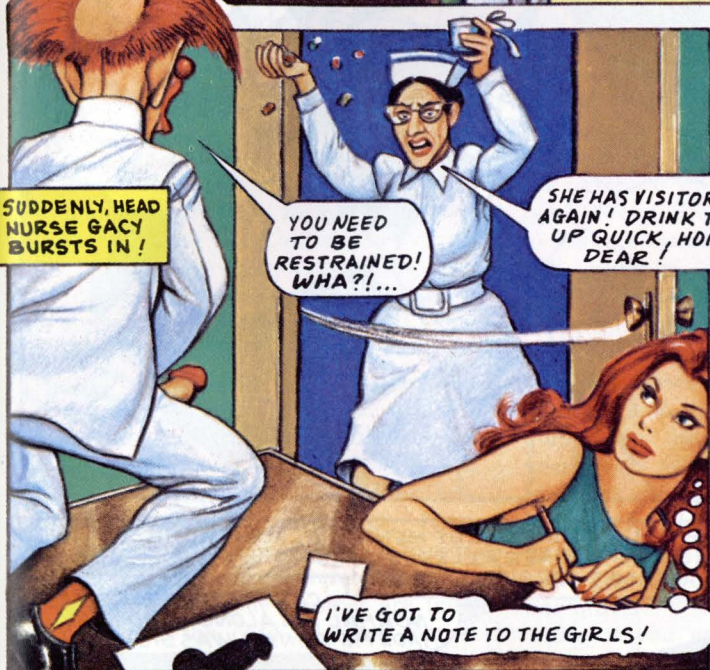
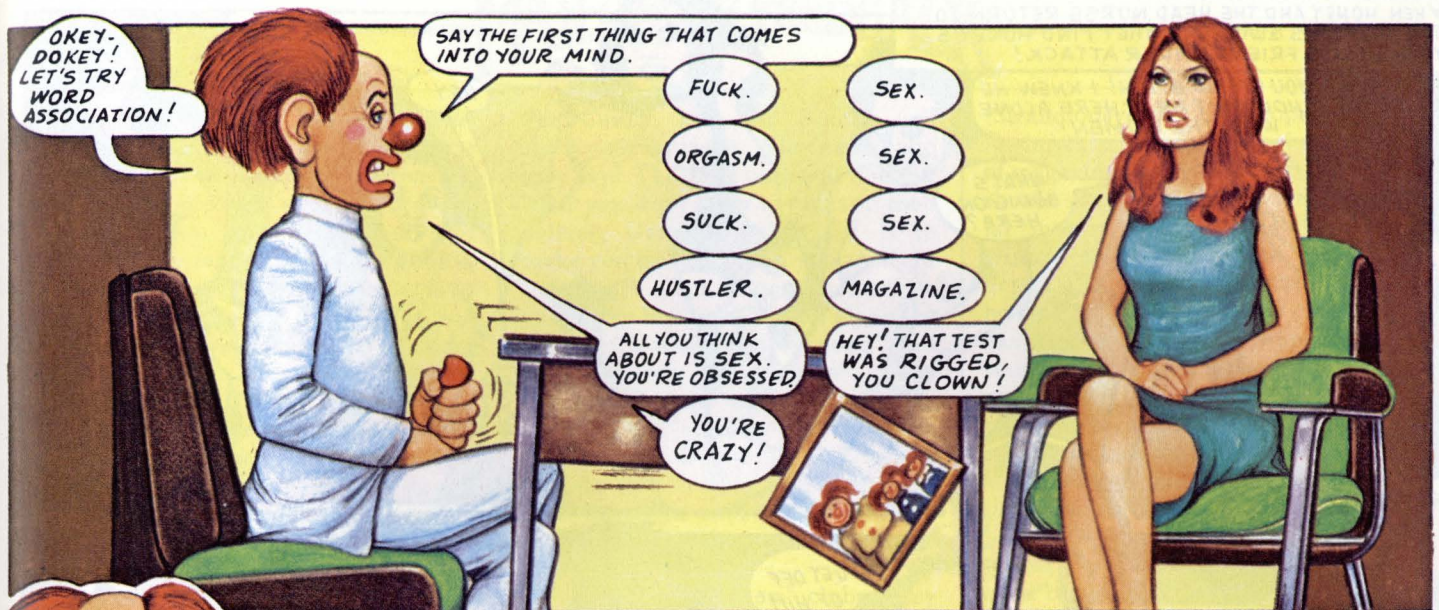
IT DEPENDS.

WHAT'S THIS INK-BLOT LOOK LIKE?

IT'S A... COCK.

HMMM. I SEE.

Barnum & Bailey
SCHOOL of Child
Psychiatry



BACK AT THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE, HONEY'S GIRLS ARE SURPRISED BY HER UNUSUAL SHOW OF AFFECTION.



AFTER THE VISIT, POON READS THE NOTE...



WHEN HONEY AND THE HEAD NURSE RETURN TO THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS, THEY FIND HONEY'S YOUNG MALE FRIEND UNDER ATTACK!

YOU STUPID BITCH! I KNEW HE SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE ALONE WITH THE WOMEN!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEY!

ATTENDANTS! PREPARE LOBOTOMIES FOR 12!

GET OFF OF HIM!

CAGED LIKE ANIMALS, THE WOMEN ARE IN A "FEEDING FRENZY."

HELP, HONEY! HELP!

SUDDENLY, HONEY'S GIRLS BURST IN WITH THE CAVALRY - A TOP OFFICIAL FROM THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

HOLD IT! I WANT AN IMMEDIATE TEST TO DETERMINE THE SANITY OF ALL THESE PATIENTS! AND THE STAFF TOO!

HUH?

GIVEN A CLEAN BILL OF MENTAL HEALTH, HONEY AND HER NEW FRIEND ARE RELEASED FROM THE ASYLUM. AND THE VACANCIES ARE QUICKLY FILLED!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN NORMAL ALL ALONG! AND THEY MADE ME THINK I WAS SICK!

Belleview Asylum for the Insane

IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE PSYCHOS ARE FINALLY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE INKBLOT TEST!

THE END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

U.P.S. CLARIFICATION

As we noted in our February column, many mail-order firms ship their merchandise via United Parcel Service. If you're using a post-office box, this could mean slower delivery, since UPS isn't allowed to leave merchandise at a P.O. box. However, contrary to what may have been implied in February, UPS *will not* forward the merchandise to the designated post office. Instead, you will receive a postcard at your P.O. box informing you of the delivery. From that date, you have seven days to contact the UPS office (a reference number and telephone number are indicated on the card). United Parcel Service will then—at no additional charge—deliver the merchandise to either your home or your work address; or you may pick it up at the UPS office. If you don't respond within the allotted time, the merchandise will be returned to the shipper.

SEX SURVEY

In response to the glut of inquiries we've had concerning ads for phone-sex and swingers' clubs, *Mail-Order Feedback* has conducted a thorough survey of these organizations, based on ads appearing in the April 1981 issue of HUSTLER.

Let's get one thing straight right off the bat. No matter how these ads are worded, nobody is offering *anything* for free. Enough said.

By and large, the phone-sex clubs offer exactly what their name implies—sexy talk over the phone to help get you off. Girls with names

like Candy, Lisa and Brandy will share your fantasies. What exactly do they say? The good ones will find out what you want them to say, and then deliver. Generally, the idea is to make you feel as though you are right there with your phone partner; so you might hear a lot of stuff along the lines of "Oooh, that feels good" and "Do it harder, baby, harder." The moans and groans of orgasm—including your own—are also available.

You'll pay an average of \$20 for a lifetime membership to a phone-sex club, although some charge as much as \$35. Remember, though—you're paying for the call.

As for the swingers' clubs, they charge an average of \$20 for a yearly membership. For your money you get a newsletter listing names and numbers of swinging singles and couples in your area. These are updated monthly. As you may have suspected, the names of single girls are few and far between. Couples lucky enough to make contact with other couples will generally be hit again with a \$10-\$25 charge for admission to a swing party.

It's always better to call rather than write when making inquiries about phone-sex clubs or swingers' clubs. Ask as many questions as possible. If the person you're talking to is put off by this, scratch the ad off your list. If they answer all your questions, and you feel comfortable talking to them, chances are they're not shifty.

But if you get some dodo who's obviously reading her lines, save the extra toll charge and hang up on her. The minute she's done pitching, she'll pressure you to join. And if you say you want to think about it, you'll undoubtedly get the same response we did: *click!*

THE REAL SHIT

Thanks to Mail-Order Feedback, I've been able to develop a good collection of magazines and books on golden showers. But so far I've been unable to find anything that shows people shitting on each other. A friend of mine told me that in Denmark you can buy this stuff on the rack. If that's true, I'm hopping the next plane over there! Is this really fact, or just my friend's fantasy? —O. S.

Springfield, Georgia

Yes, it's true—but you can save yourself the price of a plane ticket by writing to *Color-Climax Corporation*

(Strandlodsvej 61, 2300 Copenhagen, Denmark). This outfit stocks a series of magazines entitled *Sex Bizarre* that should satisfy your tastes. Of particular interest to you should be *Sex Bizarre* #s 5 and 6, both of which depict a bird's-eye (or rather an asshole's-eye) view of women crapping. *Sex Bizarre* #3 finds a young prostitute squatting on a table, pissing in a glass, then letting loose with some steaming turds while her friend looks on. *Sex Bizarre* #s 15 and 16 comprise a two-parter entitled "Kinky Lesbians" and "Bizarre Birds," which has two women pissing and shitting on each other, after which they proceed to rub the stuff all over themselves. (Maybe it's good for the complexion—who knows?) And *Sex Bizarre* #9 shows a fellow being dominated by two leather-clad ladies. After eating them out, he's made to lie on the floor and swallow their piss. Then the larger of the two women forces a huge turd down the poor guy's throat. Gulp!

Color-Climax Corporation also stocks both 8mm and Super 8mm films on golden showers, but so far it has none on shitting. If you write to the firm at the above address and include a self-addressed envelope and a couple of International Reply Coupons (available at your post office), *Color-Climax* will send you a brochure with its current inventory and prices.

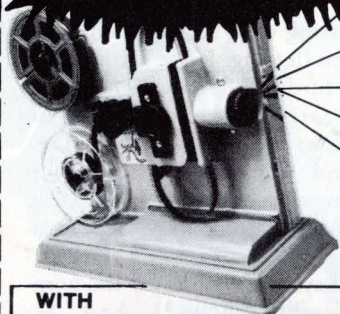
FUCKABLE FATTIES

I've been trying to get hold of some films that feature fat women—and I'm talking about hard-core stuff, not any of that other crap. Can you help me? —S. L.

Culver City, California

Leyland, Inc. (P.O. Box 8883, Baltimore, Maryland 21224), distributes the *Big Bad Mamas* series—four loops that feature Big Mama, who looks to be well over 300 pounds. Our personal favorite is "Big Baby Man," which finds our heroine playing nursemaid to a diaper-clad fellow. After she doffs her uniform, she gives his cock a sponge bath. Then she gives him a good fucking and sucking, after which he's re-diapered and put back in his crib. Not an Academy Award-winning performance, but a wee bit of humor—something that is all too rare in fuck films. *Leyland, Inc.*, sells the *Big Bad Mamas* films for \$20 each, two for \$35 or all four for \$67.50 postpaid. 🍌

FREE!! MOVIE PROJECTOR

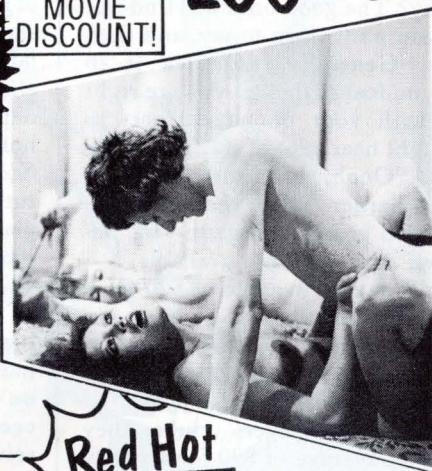


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HOT, WET & KINKY

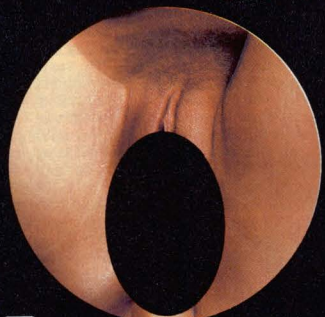
I'm a pro, and I know just what I like. I like it hot, wet & kinky. I may look young & innocent, but don't think I haven't seen it all. I do it with boys, I do it with girls, and use your imagination after that. If you'd like to see me at my professional best, send \$3 for a sample photo set to: Sabrina Kingsley, Box 6390-0-10 Wheeling, W. Va. 26003 P.S. Do not confuse this ad with others like it. I am **not** an amateur.

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Seka and Mei Ling team up with their well-hung friend for 3-way sex that'll blow your mind! Lots of climaxes!!
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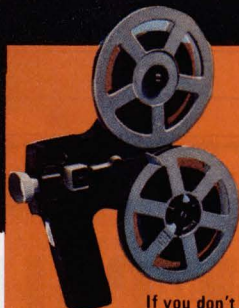
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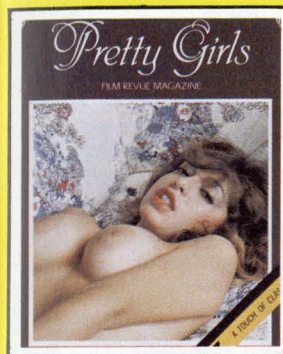
We have girls all over America who want YOUR phone number to get off with you over the phone

CALL NOW
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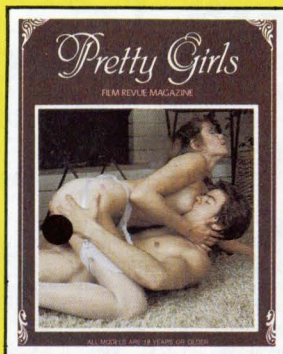
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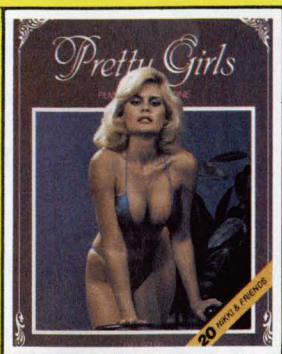
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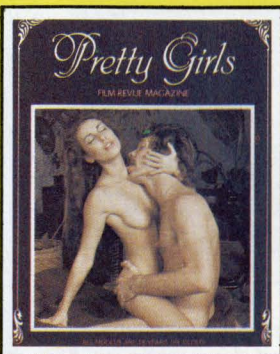
CANDICE



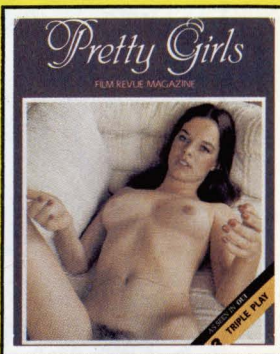
DEBBIE



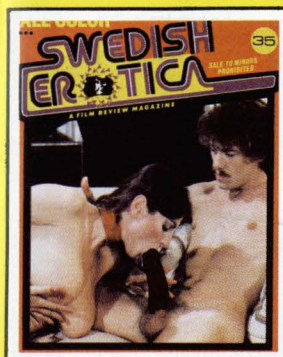
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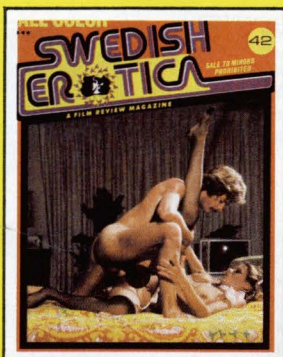
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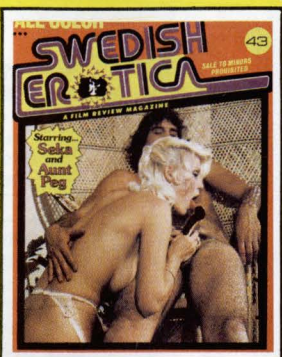
TERRY



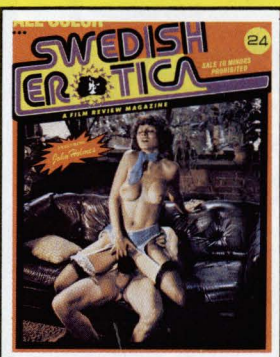
MISS JM



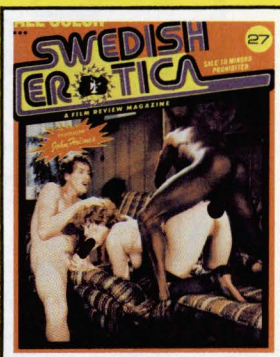
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SATISFYING TWO
BIG STUDS AT THE
SAME TIME

2 THE GOVERNESS
NANNY IS
CAUGHT
PUSSY PLAYING BY
HORNY COUPLE
WHO SEDUCE HER

3 CUMMING CUNTS
A WILD LESSON
IN LESBIAN
LOVE 'TIL THE
BOYS JOIN IN

4 SUCK OFF PARTY
COCKS & CUNTS
ALL COME
TOGETHER IN
THIS WILD
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5 PERVERTED HOUSEWIFE
SHE'LL TAKE ON
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INCLUDING HER
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6 THE ASS LOVERS
THREE HOT
CHICKS ENJOY
GREEK SEX WITH
FINGERS &
TONGUE

7 GOLDEN SHOWERS
TWO GIRLS USE
EACH OTHER AND
THEIR CAPTIVE
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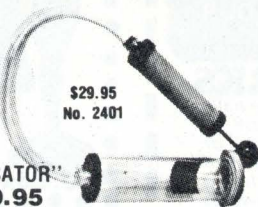
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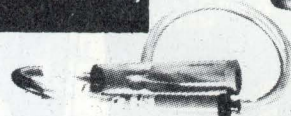
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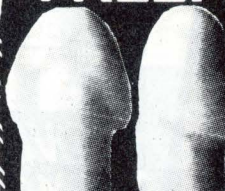
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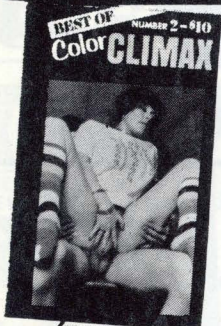
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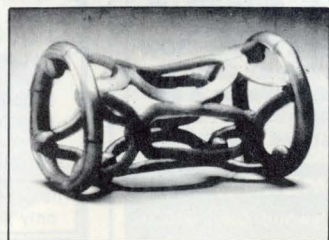
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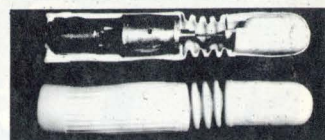


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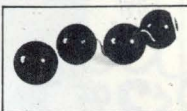
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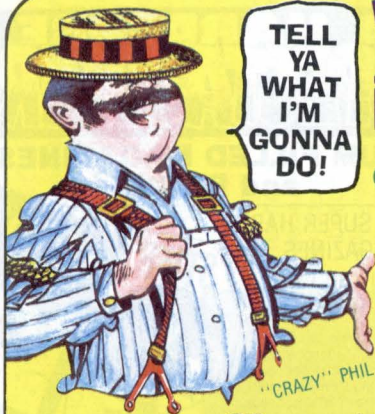
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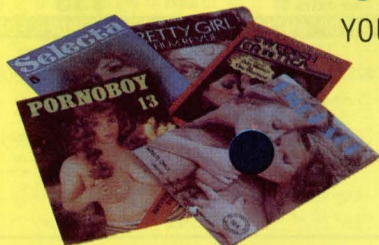
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DEAD OR ALIVE?

(continued from page 108)

Now she was aware that George was shoving himself into the widened opening of her anus. She felt his hands wrench her buttocks even farther apart as he established a pounding rhythm with his swollen cock.

Then, quietly, a new horror began. Wedging his probing fingers between the slab and her breasts, Roy manipulated Barbara's taut nipples while George's penis lunged in and out of her asshole. As their simultaneous movements intensified, she started to feel a familiar sensation deep in her groin. She was confused for a moment, and then she recognized it. *No! Not now... not here! Am I really coming? It isn't possible. This isn't lovemaking! It's all wrong, all twisted!*

Barbara tried to fight the feelings, but she was powerless to stop them, powerless to prevent the assault on her person. The familiar heat of passion began to inflame her body. The more she fought it, the more excited she felt. Despite herself she was experiencing an orgasm more shattering than any she had ever felt with her husband. It lasted for what seemed to be an eternity. And then, totally exhausted, she lapsed into unconsciousness.

Sometime later—Barbara had no way of telling how long it was—the sensation of being lifted once again brought her back to reality. The two men were putting her onto some kind of rolling conveyer. Barbara heard another noise, something she couldn't quite identify. Suddenly, she heard a louder *whoosh*, and an intense heat sprang up all around her.

She started to scream again just as her hair caught on fire. She could feel her muscles straining to beat out the flames, but her hands would not move. She felt her eyebrows burning and struggled to open her eyes. She tasted the smoke and began to choke on it. Her dress caught on fire just as she first sensed the smell of searing flesh and saw the skin on her arm peel away, layer after layer.

An even-more-agonizing pain came, and then she was being consumed by it. *Nothing can hurt this much*, she thought. *I'm being burned alive!* She tried to scream again, and this time the sounds came out louder and louder. **HELP ME! OH, PLEASE HELP ME! I'm being burned...**

Finally, the sound of the flames subsided. She heard only the silence... and then, mercifully, the darkness swallowed her.

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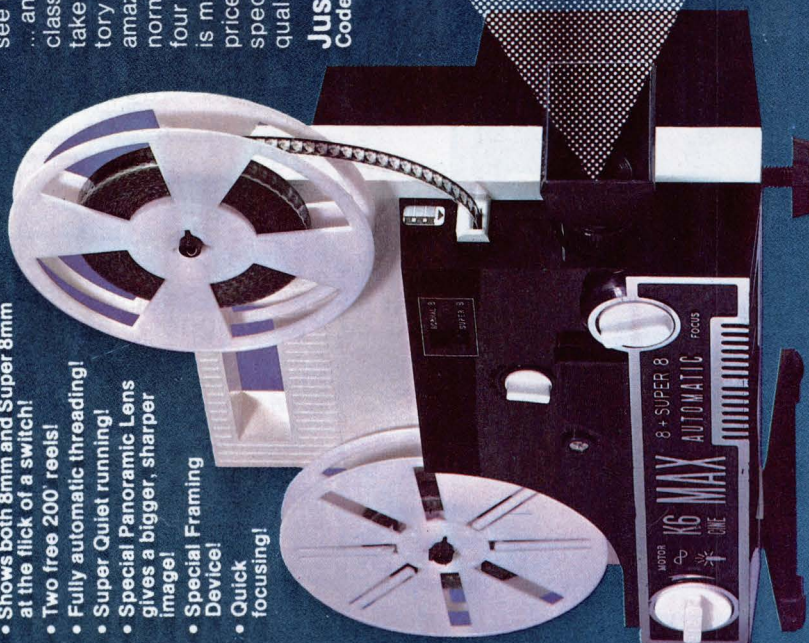
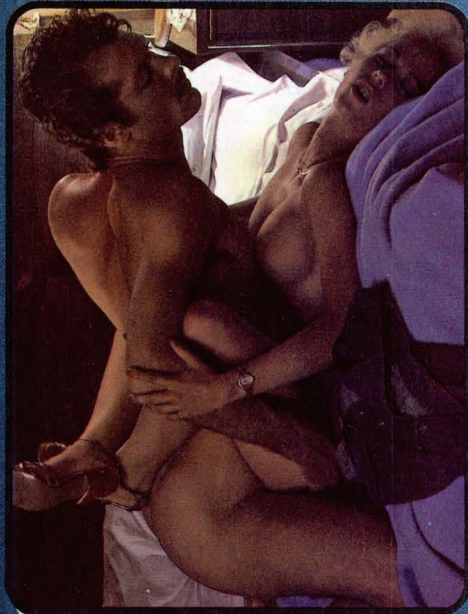
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FERAL PEOPLE

(continued from page 86)

minal, making \$24 in just two hours. If he can't locate any suitable merchandise, he is reduced to reporting for shape-up work in the garment district. This is back-breaking day labor—pushing carts full of dresses and suits around the streets for the minimum wage of \$3.35 an hour.

In the early evening, Bill will try to hustle contraband to sell in the morning. If successful, he'll stow the goods in a terminal locker overnight. Eventually, he'll visit a grocery store and head back to The Hole for a subterranean dinner of bread, wine and cheese.

By noon on December 25 most of the underground feral people have left the relative tranquility of the tunnel, heading downtown to one of several Bowery rescue missions to renew friendships and feast on free turkey dinners. Though they have forsaken conventional society and abandoned their families, the bulk of them still feel a need to wish each other well. For some a fellow hobo serves as a surrogate family.

"I have to go check on Sammy, see how he's doing," Bill says, heading for the "Burma Road"—another section of tunnel that many ferals call home.

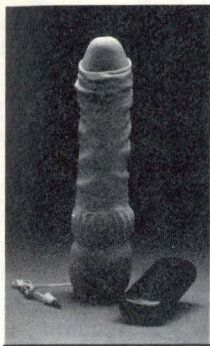
Wandering through the underground maze of concrete walls makes the bustling aboveground city seem light-years away. "It's easy to get lost down here," Bill adds, with authority. "I know some railroad dicks who are afraid to come down here because they'd never lower themselves to asking one of us directions on how to get out."

The only indications that anyone official has ventured here since the terminal was built are neatly stenciled yellow signs identifying where the steam heat travels. Under a set of pipes one of the signs says, "YALE CLUB." Nearby, a feral with a sense of the absurd chalked in a warning: "WATCH OUT FOR LOST TRAINS."

Finally, the maze ends at another dimly lit tunnel, where the only sound is water dripping from a leaky steam pipe. The walls enclosing this main hobo colony are covered with names and dates of previous visitors. "Those guys were just tourists," Bill explains. "That wall is the guest book."

Soon a sign reading "BURMA ROAD" appears near an opening where a ladder drops into a seemingly bottomless black pit. Nobody knows how the tunnel was so christened, but ferals fondly recall the World War II movies that glorified its namesake in Southeast Asia.

The Burma Road is actually a lot like



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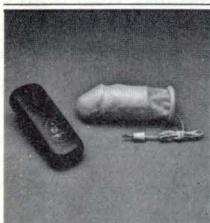
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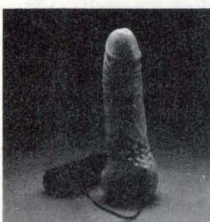
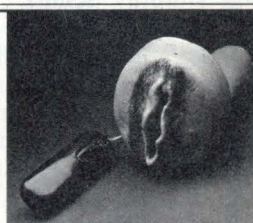


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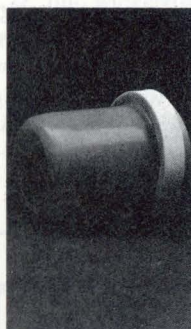


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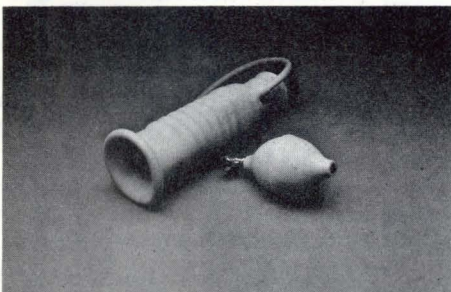
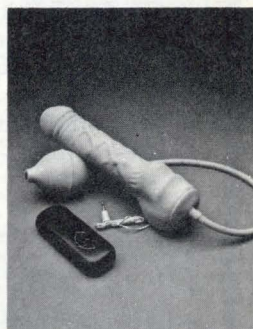


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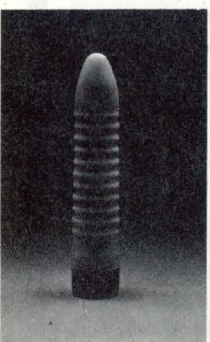
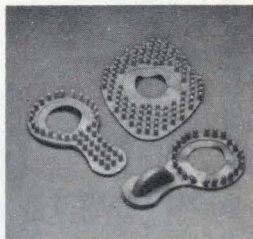


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the Waldorf tunnel, but it is darker, dirtier and scarier, boasting many more nooks and alcoves. The wheezing and snoring of rummies compete with the hissing steam. Covered with layers of the *New York Times*, four men are lying on plywood and cardboard beds spread over the grease and grime. Bums prefer full-size newspapers to tabloids because they make bigger blankets.

Several unfortunate ferals have suffocated in their sleep when bedding down directly on the steam pipes. Yet the tunnel-dwellers seem to have one distinct advantage over normal people. Like wild animals, their survival instincts are sharpened by stripping down to basic living. "They may not realize what month it is," says railroad police Captain Dorothy Schulz, "but they know when they're in danger."

It isn't long before Bill runs into his friend Sammy. Their encounter reflects an affectionate but grumpy understanding. They are sort of a feral odd couple, reminiscent of the unlikely alliance of Joe Buck and Ratso Rizzo—the two losers in the movie *Midnight Cowboy*.

"Hiya, partner," Sammy says.

"I ain't your partner," Bill retorts. "How you doing, Dirtbag?"

The rumpled black trenchcoat Sammy rarely removes, plus the fact that he

never bathes, accounts for his nickname. He exudes a putrid stench that would discourage even the most desperate of muggers.

Sammy is busy bending the soles of his leather shoes, complaining how his feet hurt. "These shoes just ain't supple enough," he says. "Well, whaddaya want? I paid ten bucks for 'em down on Kenmare Street."

Unlike Bill, Sammy is not a dropout—simply because he never really had a profession to drop out from. He is pure bum. Nearing 60 years of age, he is a smelly but affable man with an engaging, likable face slowly worn down by time. Sammy rode the rails for 30 years, but he was always too restless to stay in any one place too long.

"Heck, I tried Arizon' once," he says. "I got a job pickin' melons for \$30 a day. But the Mexican foreman, a real bastard, worked you too hard. So I picked myself up and got on the trains again. I moved down here five years ago, and I been livin' here ever since."

Sammy earns whatever he can from panhandling. Out of pure friendship, Bill sometimes gives him money, an unusual situation. Ferals don't often help each other out financially.

An afternoon's guided stroll along the Burma Road with Bill and Sammy

reveals two distinctly different kinds of ferals. Traditional-looking hoboes recall the familiar Red Skelton character "Freddie the Freeloader." They rarely react to outsiders, preferring to continue along in their wine-induced stupors.

The other ferals, sober and relatively neat-looking, are apprehensive almost to the point of paranoia. They awaken at the sound of a stranger and stare with wide, catatonic eyes until the intruder disappears. It is not uncommon for newcomers to wonder if these ferals are escapees from mental institutions. But, as Bill explains, it takes a certain degree of insanity to want to live down under in the first place. Some ferals *are* certifiably insane; others are just "a little bit" out of their heads.

"We are probably feeling the effect of the state mental institution's policy of releasing nonviolent disturbed people for lack of room," admits railroad spokesman Robert Van Wagoner. "As long as they don't hurt anyone and are not a sanitary problem, we view them as just another part of New York society."

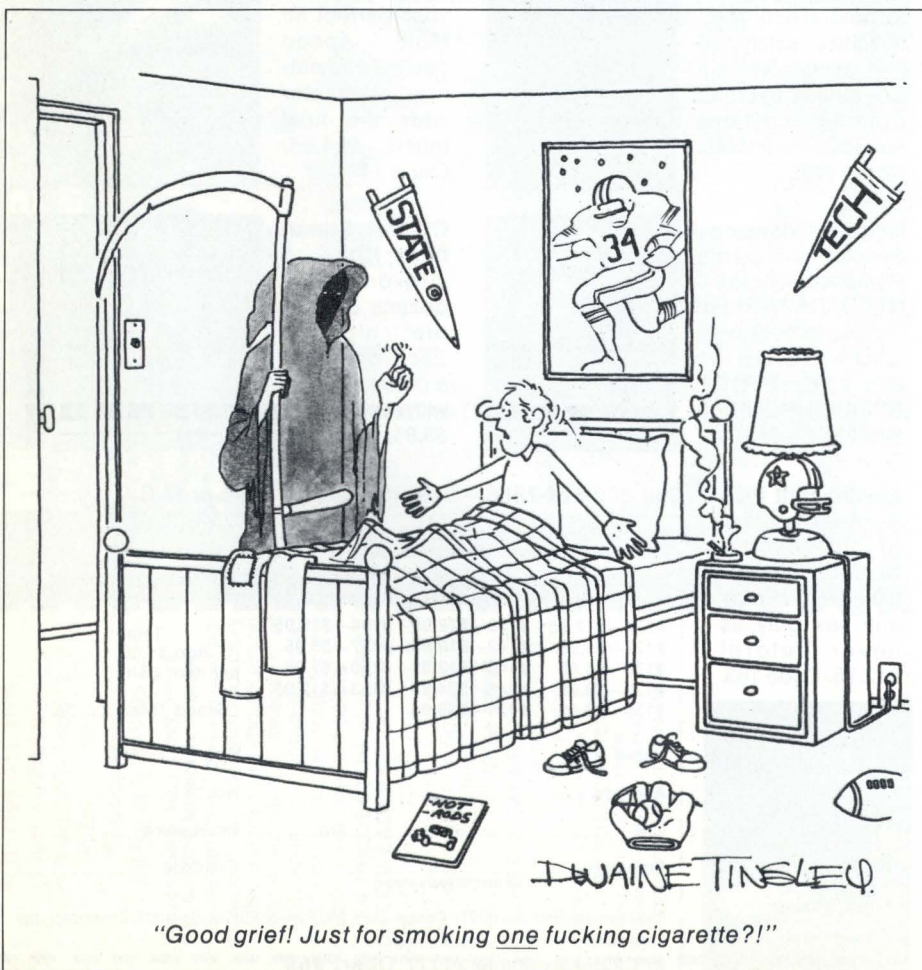
The sick, paranoid ferals are easy to spot. One such man has a nearly shaven head and sleeps on a pile of newspapers. When asked how long he has been making the tunnel his home, he freezes like a wild animal caught in a car's headlights and then quickly scampers away. Minutes later a drinking feral readily responds to the same question, and hits up his inquisitor for some spare change.

Although the two varieties of ferals appear to get along with each other, their differences are best defined by an exchange of graffiti on a Burma Road wall. "WARNING: THIS COLONY WILL SOON BE INVADED" is probably the scrawl of a paranoid. Below it another feral, most likely only a drunk, has replied, "AH, GO FUCK YOURSELF."

Last year two enterprising female census-takers wanted to impress their boss by counting the tunnel people. After the terminal's closing time they were led down the Burma Road by a police guide, but things didn't work out too well. The women were so appalled by both The Hole and the grubby inhabitants they had awakened that they begged to be taken away.

One kind of bum who never enters the tunnel society is the female derelict, otherwise known as a "shopping bag lady," from the bags full of rags and personal belongings she is likely to carry. There is a tacit understanding among ferals that The Hole is off limits to women, who usually flop out in the terminal itself, near a subway ramp.

"The reason you don't find any broads down here is simple," one feral observes. "It's too damn dirty."



"Good grief! Just for smoking one fucking cigarette?!"

The only female who has spent appreciable time down in these urban depths is Captain Dorothy Schulz, a woman in her mid-30s who is a spokesperson for the 80-member police force employed by Grand Central's tenant railroad. She claims the tunnel regulars know most of her officers by name.

Because of heavy pedestrian traffic, Grand Central Terminal itself is not considered a violent-crime area. Railroad cops mostly concentrate on preventing a rash of lesser offenses—such as pickpocketing, purse-snatching and occasional muggings—and are instructed to kick all trespassers from The Hole.

Also considered undesirable are those ferals who convert themselves into walking outhouses, either for the sheer joy of being filthy or to repel predators with the same efficiency as a skunk. They get the bum's rush—literally—if not by the police, then by fellow tunnel-dwellers.

A "gross sanitary problem" recently ejected from the Burma Road was known as "Shithouse Freddy"—because of his preference of relieving himself in his pants. They say it was impossible to get within 50 feet of the guy. Today Freddy is contentedly living alone on an empty lot in the Bowery.

Though police discourage tunnel living, some ferals still manage to find ways to build semipermanent homes. "We periodically sweep them out, especially when they get too aggressive with their housekeeping," Captain Dorothy Schulz maintains.

Most members of the permanent feral colony, nevertheless, have shown a remarkable ability to adapt. Some do laundry by tapping into a steam-pipe valve with a piece of rubber hose and filling a bucket. It may not be a Maytag, but it works. Others cook modest meals over scalding pipes or by submerging cans in pots of hot water. Staples in The Hole include Spaghetti-O's, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee ravioli and peanut butter.

A legendary feral called John was perhaps the tunnel's most dedicated housekeeper. He routinely cooked meals on a hot plate by tapping electricity from a light socket. "When the New York Central Railroad went broke, a few years back, John would joke about how he helped cause their problems by stealing electricity," Bill recalls. "He wore a Brooks Brothers suit with a silk scarf. He even had a TV down here until someone found where he hid it during the day and stole it. He just loved the tunnel."

* * *

Late on Christmas evening Bill and Sammy decide to visit "The Nest," a greasy, dirty chamber sandwiched between the Waldorf tunnel and the Burma Road. The Nest is a gathering place frequented by only the heartiest drinkers. Gaining access to this place involves either crossing the tracks or else clawing through crawl spaces and crisscrossing a series of pipes. Strangers unaccompanied by a regular are not welcome.

At length, Bill and Sammy come upon a half-dozen ferals congregated on crates set up in a circle around piles of empty wine bottles and beer cans. The mood in The Nest is raucous, since ferals who drink seem to like nothing better than insulting each other ferociously.

"Watch this," Sammy says, pointing at a drunk with a pencil-thin mustache who looks as though his face has been slammed sideways by the broad end of a shovel. "Hey, shithead, your sister eats batshit off cave walls!"

The drunk grows purple with rage. "Oh, yeah, you fuckin' asshole?!" he shoots back. "Come here, and I'll bite your fuckin' face off!"

His remarks are greeted with resounding laughter. Besides the fact that he has few if any teeth, he's in no condition to stand up to *any* adversary. Instead, he slugs down the dregs of a pint of Night Train and refrains from further comment.

Soon the group is debating the dubious merits of Night Train versus Wild Irish Rose, cheap wines that are hobo staples. Listed at 19% and 20% alcohol respectively, they taste like antifreeze and are guaranteed to get the drinker stinko after just a few swallows.

The discussion next turns to which cities present the worst conditions for feral living. The two most mentioned are Tampa and Los Angeles; neither offers under-the-street accommodations.

"On Skid Row in L.A. the cops won't let you hang out," one of the bums complains. "They keep ya movin' all the time."

"That's nothin'," another interjects. "In Tampa they throw you in the jug for panhandling, and the food is lousy."

When the conversation turns to the best hobo towns, Sammy jumps in and speaks with enthusiasm about one of his old haunts. "Phoenix, Arizon'," he muses. "Now, that's a bum's paradise. The weather's warm. The cops let you sleep in the streets."

Sammy turns silent for a moment, savoring his memories of the good old days. Then he goes on: "Yeah, when the weather breaks, I'm gonna hop a freight in Secaucus [New Jersey], ride up to Buffalo, switch over to Ohio and head down to Arizon'." He takes another slug of Night Train. "That's what I'm gonna do, and you're all welcome to come along."

"You're too damn old to pick melons," Bill interrupts, reminding him that the cold weather won't break for four more months.

"Well, that's all right," Sammy says. "I can hang out here for a while. I got a good home down here."

There is dead silence for perhaps a minute as the sad reality sinks in that The Hole will probably be Sammy's last home. Then the ferals go back to their drinking, eventually passing out one by one and curling up on the grimy concrete floor. When Sammy is safely asleep, Bill gently covers him with some newspapers. Then Bill picks up his own bedroll and heads for his makeshift home in the Waldorf tunnel.

Nearly 100 feet above, on the streets of Manhattan, glittering neon lights blaze across Times Square. Just under the famous ball that will ring in the New Year the following week, an illuminated airline billboard advertises a \$116 dream vacation on the warm, sunny island of Jamaica. The Caribbean trip is easily affordable for tens of thousands of New Yorkers concluding their holiday celebrations. But for the forgotten feral people down in the city's depths, it is just one more impossible dream.

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DONNA AND BOBBI

AMERICA'S RACIAL POWDER KEG—Relations between blacks and whites are at a new low . . . and sliding fast toward catastrophe. Inflation, crime and unemployment are partly to blame for the increasing tension and distrust, but so too are unworkable government programs like affirmative action and forced busing. Eighteen years after Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. envisioned an era of racial peace, journalist Michael Bane

takes a look at conditions threatening instead to erupt into civil strife.

PROFILE: JAMES HOPKINS—When this Vietnam vet crashed his Jeep through the doors of a Veterans Administration hospital in Los Angeles last March and began shooting, his act symbolized the rage and frustration shared by thousands of Americans who served in Southeast Asia. When he apparently killed himself—or was murdered—two months later, he became a martyr to their cause. Trapped in an unwinnable conflict, exposed to deadly defoliants like Agent Orange, these soldiers returned to the ridicule of their fellow citizens and a VA that is shockingly inept. In an exposé drawn from confidential documents and an exclusive interview with Hopkins's widow, **HUSTLER** Executive Editor Ron Smith details our government's shameful abandonment of Vietnam vets . . . just when they need help the most.

THE BEST LITTLE DISCO IN WEST TEXAS—Lawmen are after the flim-flammin' Bonner brothers for everything from making book to claiming somebody else's inheritance. But when the boys open up a roadhouse with profits from the sale of a "rain-making machine," it looks for a while like their runnin' days are over. Comic fiction by Jackie Grogan.

ASSASSINATION FUNNIES—To a growing number of nutcakes the most effective way to register discontent with a public figure is to blow him away. **HUSTLER** takes a darkly satirical look at this madness that's rapidly becoming epidemic.

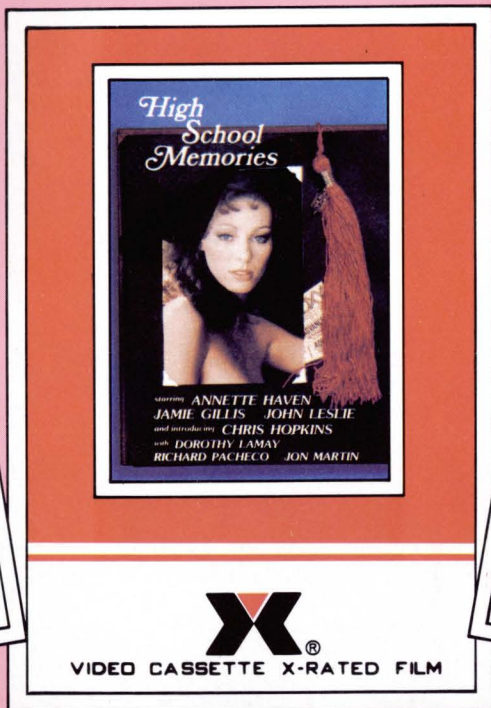
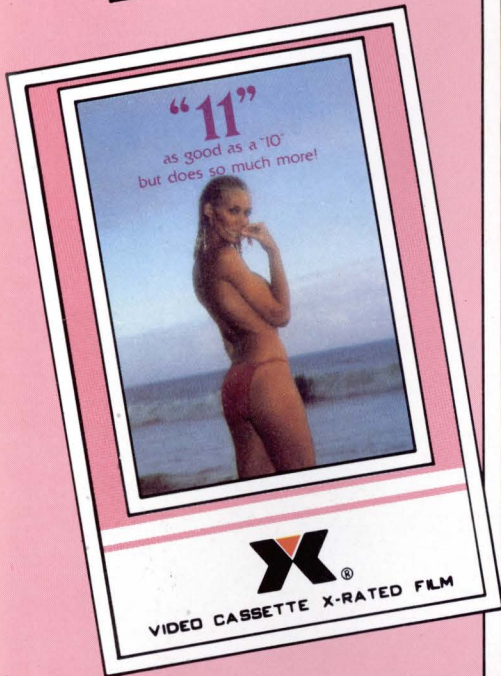
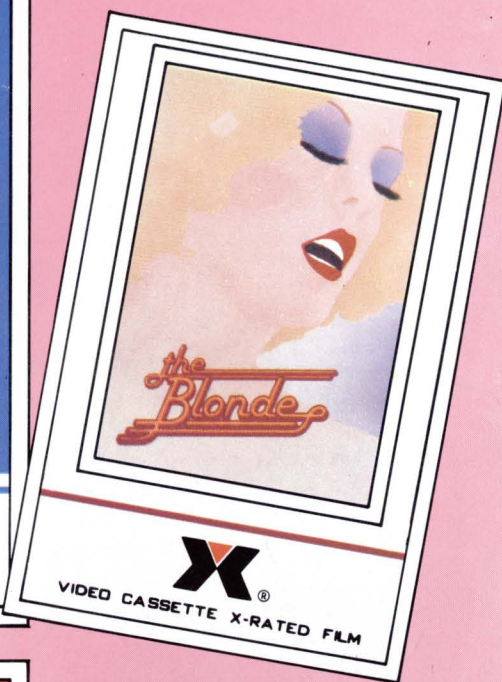
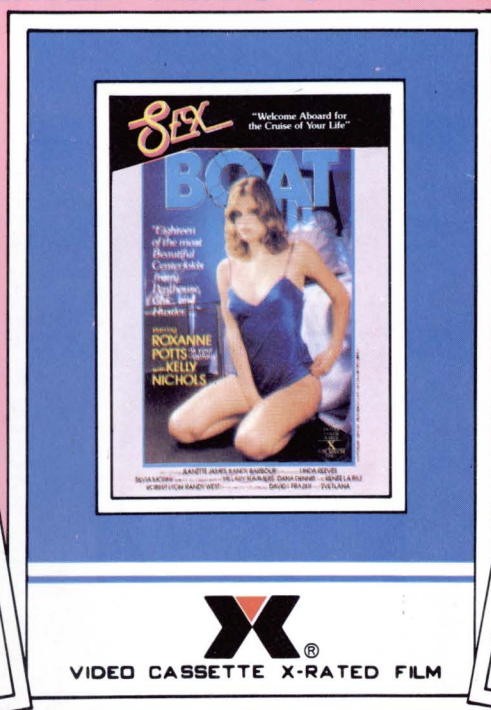
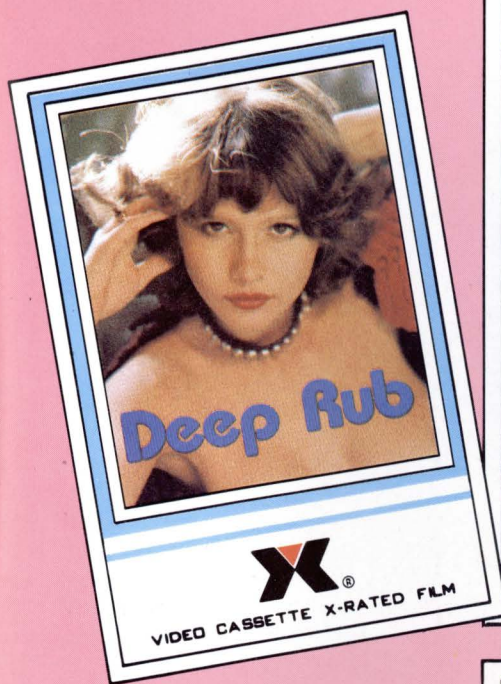
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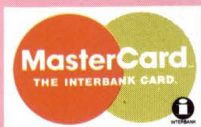
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