
HUSTLER
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD
DECEMBER 1981 $3.50
HUSTLER'S ANALYSIS OF
SEXUAL FANTASIES
BENNY BINION: THE MASTER DEALER OF BIG-TIME POKER
THE GUARDIAN ANGELS: FIGHTING TERROR IN THE STREETS
WHAT IF THE MORAL MAJORITY CENSORED FINE ART?
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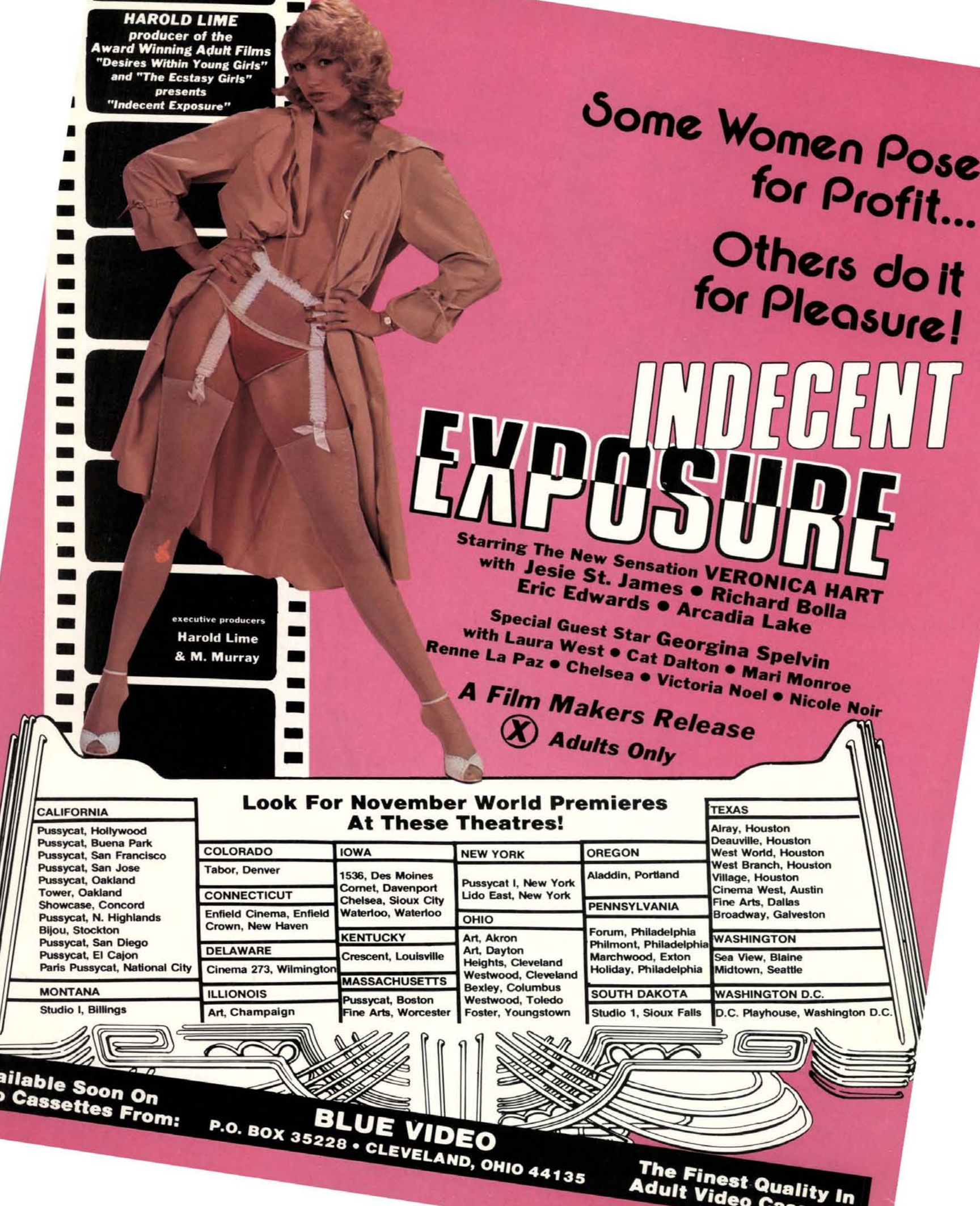
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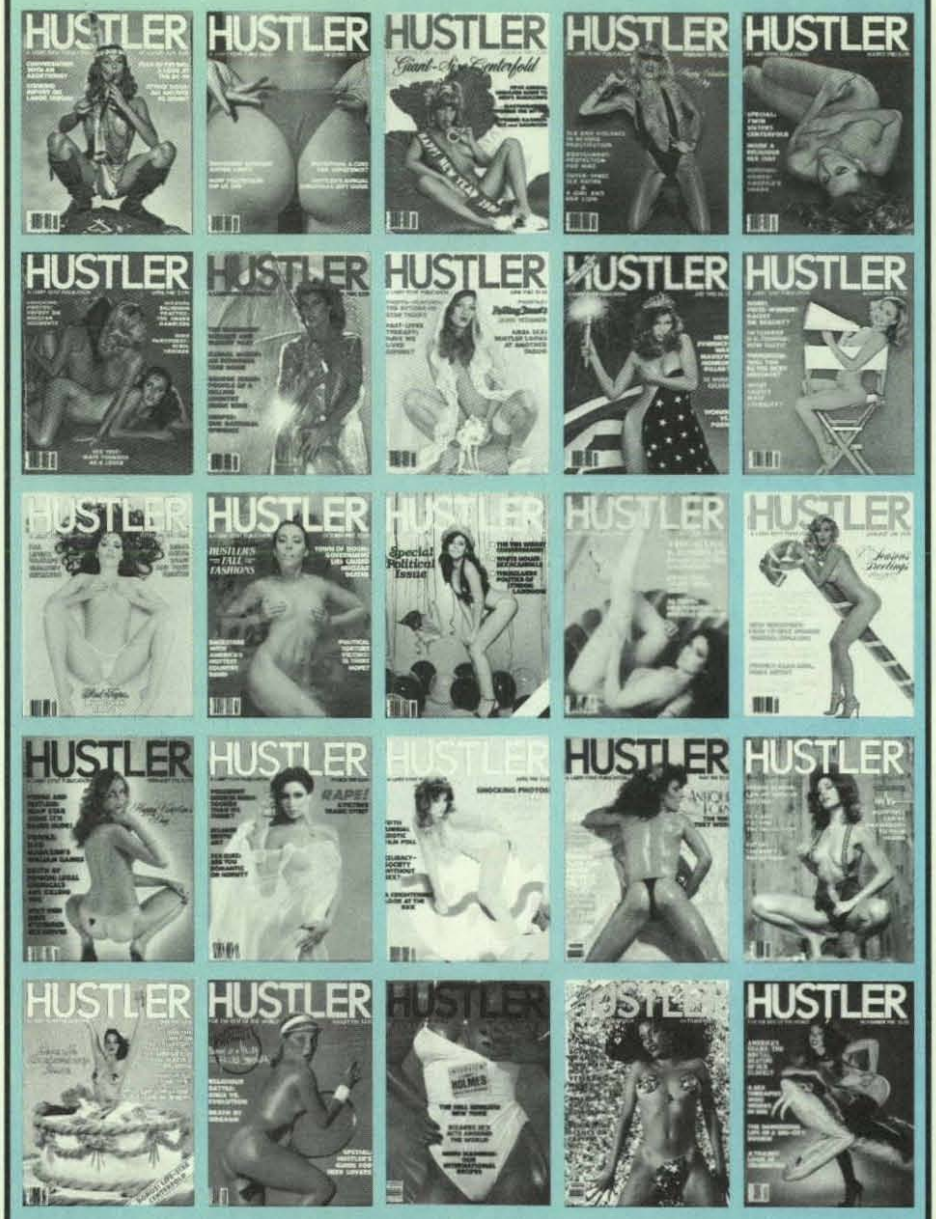
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It's in the Book

One thing that really irritates me about the Reverend Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority is the way they use the Holy Bible to justify their true goal: the repression of human beings. For years now he and his holier-than-thou followers have used politics and the pulpit in their attempt to alter the United States Constitution with the Bible. Falwell would have us all believe that speaking freely and expressing sexuality are ruining society, because the Bible says those things are evil.

Jerry Falwell and I must be reading different Bibles. Even before the first issue of HUSTLER hit the newsstands, I solidly backed the notions of free speech and free sexual expression. Unlike the Moral Majority, I see no conflict between those basic human rights and what is written in the Bible.

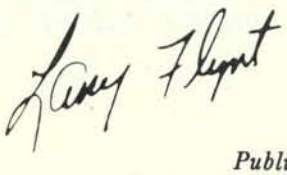
For one thing, the God mentioned in *my* Bible is a kind and loving being. That's why it was written in Nehemiah 9:17 that "thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness." Does that sound like a God who would send one of His creations to burn in hell for thinking his own thoughts and expressing them freely?

I am convinced it is the right and the duty of all men and women to think for themselves. In Proverbs 4:7 it says, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." That makes a lot of sense to me, but Falwell and his narrow-minded cronies don't want people to think. They just want the whole country to live by their biased interpretation of the Scriptures.

Falwell also thumps on his Bible when he tells us almost all sex is evil. But *my* Bible is full of wondrous stories of love and physical passion. The Song of Solomon, for example, is a long—and sometimes-graphic—love story. And it was Jesus Himself who argued against those who were ready to stone to death a woman for committing adultery: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." (John 8:7)

You may disagree with my interpretation of the Bible, just as I disagree with the Reverend Falwell's. That is your right. But in a free country it is nobody's right to force people to adopt an interpretation of the Bible as a way of life. In the long run that is exactly what the Moral Majority is trying to do. It's up to the rest of us to make sure it doesn't succeed.

As for Jerry Falwell, perhaps he should reread Matthew 7:1: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."



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

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

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's everybody's problem.

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

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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We need your help. Write:

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SHOW & TELL

Putting HUSTLER together every month is a little like moving a football team on a 95-yard scoring drive. Our crack editors serve as combination captain and linemen, calling key plays and running interference. Our top writers, photographers and illustrators can be likened to the backs and ends, sweeping downfield to inform and entertain. Our only "goal," of course, is to satisfy you.

More and more, a brutal "game" between ruthless criminals and law-abiding citizens is being played out on the streets of our nation's cities. Thanks to a volunteer force of karate-chopping young crime-fighters, though, the tide in that contest may be turning. Journalist **MARK ZUSSMAN** takes an in-depth look at this controversial grass-roots movement in **THE GUARDIAN ANGELS: CAN THEY HELP CLEAN UP CRIME?**

Based in New York City, where the Angels got their start, Zussman has previously worked as an editor at *Esquire*, *Oui*, HUSTLER and our sister publication, CHIC. He last appeared in these pages in March 1980, with an exposé of the continuing scandal in America's nursing homes. For the companion art we called on award-winner **IGNACIO GOMEZ**, whose work has also been published in HUSTLER, *Playboy* and *Penthouse*.

A slightly less serious rivalry—one involving the world's canniest card players—figures big in this month's profile, **BENNY BINION: POKER'S GRAND OLD MAN**. A practical-joking ex-bootlegger, Binion runs the Las Vegas casino where 72 men and three women gathered last spring for the 12th Annual World Series of Poker. Our portrait of the down-home gambler and the heart-pounding tourney he hosts was written by HUSTLER's East Coast Articles Editor, **DOUG GARR**. Garr has contributed to such leading periodicals as the *Village Voice*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Daily News*, *People* and *Omni*. He's currently working on a new book about home computers, due out sometime next year. The accompanying art was provided by **MICK McGINTY**. A freelancer who has designed ads for General Motors, Union Carbide and Heublein Liquors, McGinty created the poster for the movie *Shock Treatment*.



Cover by Matti Klatt

A "shock"—and a whole lot more—awaits the beautiful heroine of December's fiction, **KEEPER OF THE FLAME**. This blood-curdling story of the weird goings-on at a godforsaken desert cafe comes from the talented pen of **J. R. REGIS**, who supplied our August fiction, *Blood Money*. The Los Angeles-based Regis is now coauthoring a play based on the life of Confederate President Jefferson Davis. The stunning illustration is by Englishman **ALAN DANIELS**, whose airbrush paintings were exhibited this fall in London.

What does it mean if a woman imagines being raped by six brutes, or a man dreams of getting pissed on by his lover? You'll find out in **GENIA FOGELSON**'s *Sex Play*, **SEX AND FANTASY**—a probing examination of the healthy and creative role the mind can play in making love. Fogelson was also the author of May's *Sex Play*, "Friction Diction: Turning On by Talking." British-schooled **ADRIAN DAY**—whose credits include album covers for Polydor, Chrysalis and Island records—is responsible for the artwork.

On the comic side of life, **THE MORAL MAJORITY ART GALLERY** offers a view of the way the Reverend Jerry Falwell's blue-nosed zealots might tamper with artistic masterpieces. The delicate alterations for this spoof were accomplished by HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN**.

From the opening kickoff to the final gun, then, this issue has been designed to deliver a hundred yards' worth of pleasure. We're sure you'll get a boot out of it.



Mark Zussman



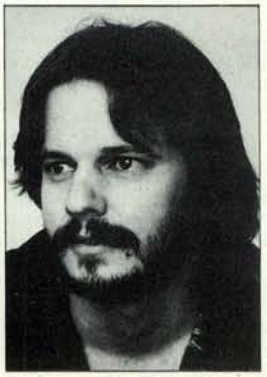
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Now *you* are going to be the one who is hunted. By gals galore. As many as you can handle!

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Even in a roomful of handsome devils, you'll be the male who gets the eye from the gals. The one with the power to say "yes" or "no" to a dreamboat's pleading proposition. The one who can take his pick from lovely heart-stopping young lasses to the more mature breed who know exactly what they want—and will gladly show you how to give it to them. Again and again!

For once, you can choose the cream. And you'll soon discover that there are plenty more beauties out there. Hoping and praying to be plucked off the waiting line by guess who. *You!*

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It works regardless of your looks. Even if you are not movie-star material, you can still walk away with a winner.

It works regardless of your experience. You're about to get lots of that, along with unforgettable memories.

It works regardless of your bankroll. You can be flat-broke and make out like a millionaire.

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FEEDBACK

Good Service: Three cheers for *Cheryl: Civil Servant* (top photo) and for HUSTLER for showing me all of her. The combination of a *scorching* centerfold posing in your October issue with pictures of my favorite President really made my day. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Down the Tubes: *Assassination Funnies* (center) in your October issue really turned me off. I fail to see any humor in the attempted murders of a pope and a president. I would like to point out that one man (Press Secretary James Brady) is still suffering tremendously from the attempt on President Reagan's life. I don't think he'd find any humor in your cartoons.

Your very own publisher was also the victim of an assassination attempt; yet I see no cartoons devoted to *that*. These acts were performed by maniacs, and it appears you have the same type of people working for you. Someday this country of ours is going to go down the tube, and part of that tube will be a rolled-up copy of HUSTLER Magazine. —B. R. Boston, Massachusetts

Photo Comments: *Nancy: The President's Lady* (bottom photo), in your October issue, is the tops—with the sharpest barbs of humor and the most cock-stiffening array of photographs to appear in HUSTLER since the magazine's inception back in 1974. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Your photo-feature *Nancy: The President's Lady* (October) was hilariously delicious, the best layout *ever* in HUSTLER. —June Garritt San Jose, California

As a loyal HUSTLER reader, I enjoy reading your interesting articles and flipping through the photo-features of your luscious women. I was really turned on by September's *Alicia: The Tender Trap*. No matter how you look at her, she's a true beauty—from her silky hair to her soft breasts to her pleasurable cunt. Keep up the good work. —C. M. Houston, Texas

In your September photo-spread *The Librarian: Book Squirm* I noticed the librarian had her bra on the whole time. Those pictures were awfully tame. Your lameness is enough to make me switch to GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. At least women in that magazine don't look phony. —D. S. Roseville, Michigan





"Hey, Dad, let's play 'President'! Pump a few slugs into me!"



Agent Orange: I'm extremely disappointed by your October profile, *Jim Hopkins: How Many More Veterans Will Agent Orange Kill?* Generally, I'm impressed by your shoot-from-the-hip sarcasm and your views on some real obscenities—war and cigarettes among others. However, the article left many questions unanswered and relied too heavily on emotionalism.

Even though your magazine supports veterans, HUSTLER reporters probably have very little idea of what it's actually like to be a Vietnam vet. This is what the war was all about: a bunch of us lower-class people doing our duty as best we could. I'd even go back to the jungle myself again, but I'll be damned if the politicians will get my boys. —John Callahan Tuckahoe, New Jersey

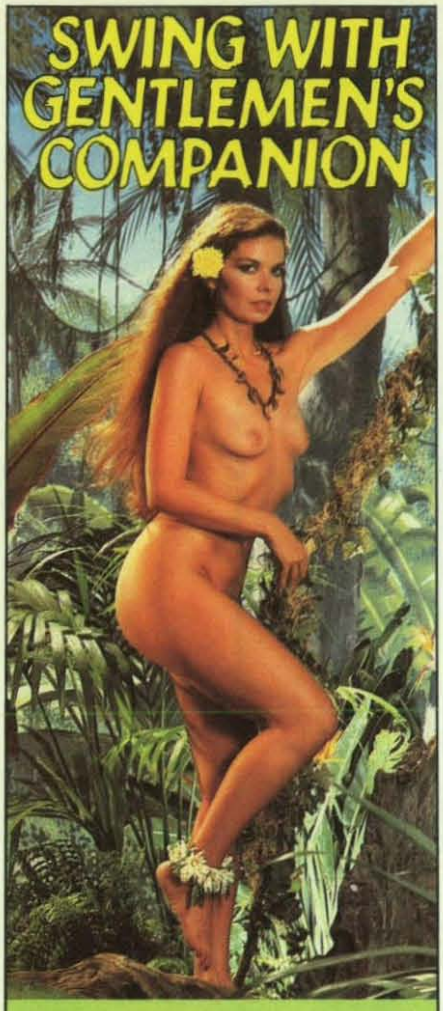
I'd like to express gratitude on behalf of myself and the Minnesota Veterans Coalition for your October *Jim Hopkins* profile. He will certainly not be forgotten. We must honor the dead, and fight like hell for the living. —Dave Bergh Waite Park, Minnesota

Your *Jim Hopkins* profile was excellent. Unfortunately, I have witnessed this story too many times. When I left the service in 1980, I saw too many men broken from that mess called Vietnam. My buddy's wife suffered three miscarriages, and another friend, out of utter frustration, attempted to burn down the 34-unit building in which he lived. All this occurred nine years after the war "ended." When will we wake up? —Gregory A. Davis Downey, California

I would like to offer my condolences to Jim Hopkins' widow, Suzanne Hopkins. HUSTLER's October profile on Agent Orange victims exposed the painful but stark-naked truth about how the Veterans Administration treats our fighting men. —Erhardt J. Bell Parma, Ohio

Racial Powder Keg: Michael Bane, in his October article *America's Racial Powder Keg*, did a commendable job in pointing out the real reasons for whites' resentment of blacks. For much too long, people who saw through the racial-equality hoax have been stereotyped as Archie Bunkers. As Bane points out, whites are being discriminated against at work and school and by government policy.

When our Founding Fathers proclaimed, "All men are created equal,"



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they didn't include blacks. In those days a black could be bought the same as a horse or a cow. Remember, while white men were developing the sciences, inventing the wheel and crossing the great oceans in search of new lands and people to conquer, blacks were swinging from trees and chucking stone-tipped spears at one another. Whites taught them everything they know.

—Robert Johnson
St. Petersburg, Florida

Michael Bane's commentary never said blacks are inferior to whites. Because HUSTLER supports equality, we believe that no one person—white or black—deserves preferential treatment at the expense of another because of race.

I just finished reading your October article *America's Racial Powder Keg*. It was fucking great. HUSTLER really hit the mark. —David Goetz
Tracy, California

With regard to blacks and crime, I need only remind author Michael Bane that no black person has ever been convicted of assassinating or attempting to assassinate a U.S. President or Presidential candidate. I know of no black who has ever been convicted of mass murder. I know of no blacks who are organized-crime bosses. In fact, it seems to me that whites have a fairly secure hold on crime in this country.

I agree that blacks comprise the greatest percentage of those jailed and arrested in this country. That may be attributed to the fact that the greatest percentage of all police officers, judges, jurors and lawyers are white.

While he does not think himself a racist, Bane writes about Americans' perceptions of blacks—not white Americans and black Americans. He assumes blacks are "idle" because they want to be, and he is obviously afraid of "menacing looks" from blacks. Bane is a frightened little white boy who longs for bygone days, when his color and his sex gave him security.

The next time HUSTLER needs an article composed of opinion, unsupported by fact, logic or even common sense, but geared to appeal to the masses, let me know. Like Michael Bane, I need not be an authority on my subject, but I'll take your money. —Thurman B. Hampton
Eden, North Carolina

Feral People: Your September article *Feral People: Hell Beneath the Streets* shows that New York City's social outcasts may be rebellious, but they are certainly not revolutionary. As an American living in the streets (quite comfortably, I might add), I have no complaints. God takes excellent care of me, and I've yet to miss reading an issue of *Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report* or the dailies for the past five years. I also regularly scan HUSTLER, CHIC and *Playboy*. I find food in dumpsters and garbage cans, shower frequently from any number of spigots and hoses, have a multitude of associates, a nose for sniffing out discarded joints or roaches, and a helluva friend in Jesus. If it weren't so hard to attract the right member of the opposite sex, I'd have one terrific life. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Science vs. Religion: Regarding your August article *Science vs. Religion: Battle of Our Times*, I think that evolution should be taught in school and that religion should not. School is the only place providing children a free education in evolution, whereas the Church already preaches religion to its members and their families. People fighting for religion in school forget that faiths other than Christianity also exist. Those of other beliefs may get upset about having to learn Christianity. We don't need that kind of problem in our schools!

—Airman First Class Doug Jimenez
Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho

Flynt's Views: I've recently come to appreciate HUSTLER. The October *Publisher's Statement*, "Slaughter of the Innocents," is to the point and shows Larry Flynt to be a man of high moral standards. I agree that "religion must become a key to peaceful coexistence for all peoples, not a rationale for eternal carnage." Thank you for your attempt to educate the masses.

—Name Withheld by Request
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I support your September *Publisher's Statement*, "Beyond the Law." You stated that the federal government shouldn't try to censor *Reader's Digest*, or try to determine editorial policies for the press. I agree. Like *Reader's Digest*, I wouldn't tell the government a damn thing either. —Gary McFadden
Kemah, Texas

We appreciate your support, but there's more to do than not tell the government anything. Citizens in a democracy should let their government officials know what's on their minds. After all, they are there to represent you. You are part of the government.

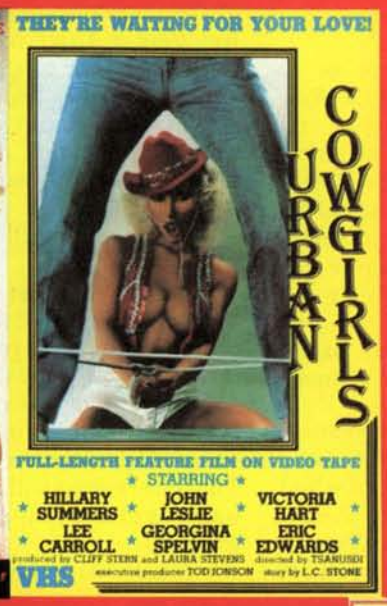
I was highly impressed by the September *Publisher's Statement*, "Beyond the Law," defending *Reader's Digest*. I doubt whether it would extend

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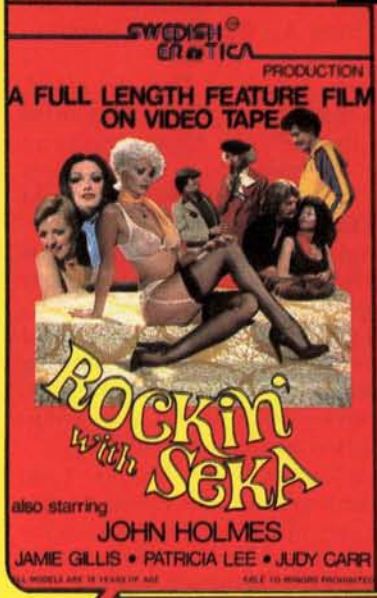
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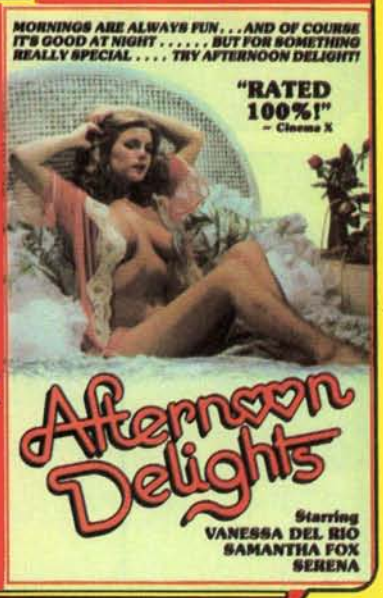


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HUSTLER the same courtesy. I've read enough issues to know it's not one of the country's more-liberal publications. By the way, how has the staff of *Reader's Digest* reacted to your support? Is it at least grateful? —Lyn Culbertson
Fort Eustis, Virginia

We've heard nothing from Reader's Digest, but it was not the intention of our Publisher's Statement to get a pat on the back. The point is, a threat against one publication is a threat against all publications, as well as against the First Amendment rights of every American.

Rating the Beers: It came as no surprise to me that in *HUSTLER Rates the Big American Beers* (August) the Pabst sample tasted so great. I've visited the Pabst brewery. Not only do Pabst's employees take pride in their work, but also they put to use the best drinking water in the world. Overall, I agree with your evaluations, although Miller is a little too zingy for my taste.
—Steve Barnes
Travis Air Force Base, California

Dead or Alive? I am a 19-year-old woman who enjoys HUSTLER for a variety of reasons, not the least of which are the cartoons and fiction. And I wouldn't miss a month of the adventures of Honey and her girls. But September's fiction, *Dead or Alive?*, by Judy Unterkofler, really shocked me. It's hard to imagine that anyone could come up with such a warped idea for a plot.

I enjoy erotica as much as anybody else does, but the only thing I felt while reading that story was revulsion. Let's hope *Dead or Alive?* does not represent the direction your fiction will be taking in the future. —Susan Accetta
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I've enjoyed HUSTLER's cartoons and pictorials for a long time, but the rest of the magazine never appealed to me. But *Dead or Alive?* has made HUSTLER the number-one magazine in my mind. I go to a small college in Virginia, and when all of us in my dormitory read the story, we loved it. It really made us think. Hats off to your staff.
—Duke Taylor
Williamsburg, Virginia

HUSTLER's Role: I find it shocking that the United States citizen is so misinformed by his government. Will we ever know who really shot President John Kennedy, or who murdered Marilyn Monroe, or the truth about Three Mile Island's nuclear disaster? The government will only tell us what it wants us to hear, supposedly for our own good.

I thank Larry Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine for making me more informed about the truth in these matters. It takes balls to expose bureaucratic bungling and government cover-ups. To me, HUSTLER represents freedom of speech and the right to know what's going on.
—P. D. M.
Hudson, New York

Your October "Special Political Issue" has got to be the best yet. HUSTLER's constant vigilance on such vital and sensitive issues as Agent Orange and racism leads me to ask just this one question: Why aren't Larry Flynt and his staff running our country? You have my vote. —Don L. Crow
Los Angeles, California

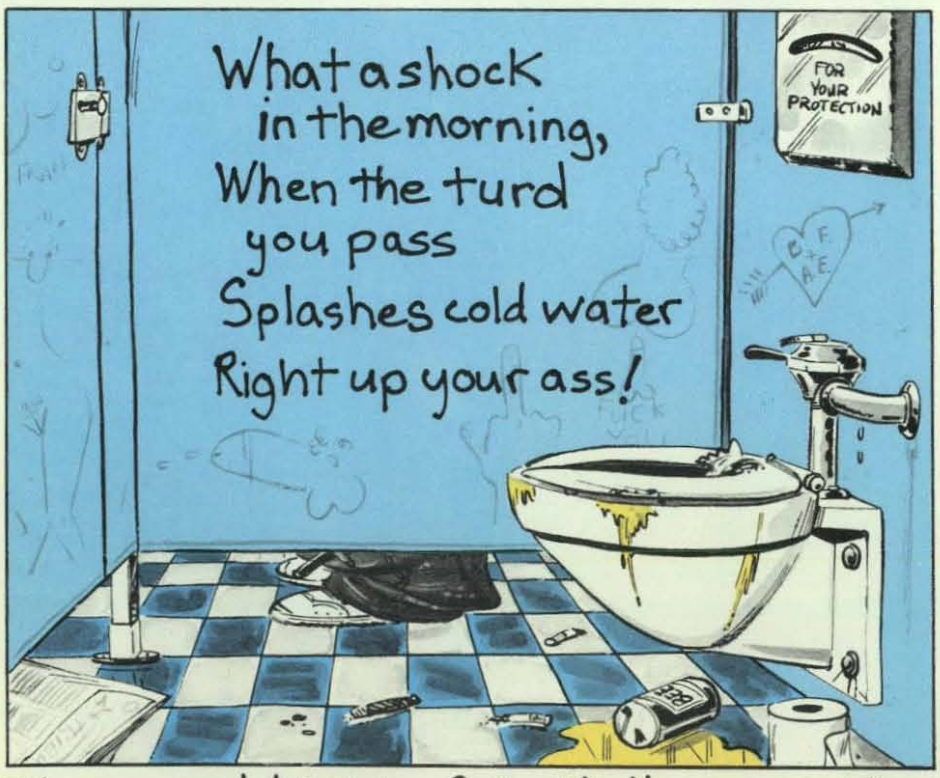
As a 23-year-old male serving the U.S. Air Force in Germany, I've been reading HUSTLER for many years and find it the most informative, down-to-earth, knee-'em-in-the-nuts publication on the market. I've cut out cartoons and comments and placed them on my door. But I do have one major bitch: A bunch of the "God Squad" from my barracks have complained that the display is "obscene and unmilitary." But they have posted psalms, religious pamphlets and prayers on their doors. These Bible-toters have no right to judge my morals. If they can perform their pious acts, why can't I express myself freely?!
—Louie D. Orengo
Bitburg Air Base, West Germany

Red Alert: As far as I'm concerned, your October *Bits & Pieces* item titled "Unreal People" was Communistic in the way it made fun of President Reagan's top men. I've always thought of HUSTLER as number one in pictorials and truth, but the comments about Alexander Haig and Caspar Weinberger were totally unpatriotic. Mr. Haig showed he had balls and wasn't afraid to take charge following the assassination attempt on Reagan. And I agree 100% with Mr. Weinberger's plans on defense spending.

Being a United States Marine, I am ready to kick ass and take names for this great country of ours. All we want is the support of the American people, and great leaders like Haig and Weinberger. So before you knock these men, think about those who will be dying for you and the public that buys your magazine. For without them, HUSTLER might someday be forced to cease publication altogether due to a Communist overthrow. —Sergeant Randy L. Duff
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

The one thing we all cherish about living in a non-Communist country is our right to criticize the government.

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World News Roundup

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Men may be able to give birth to children. Two medical researchers at Monash University in Melbourne, Australia, say there's no biological reason why an embryo fertilized in a lab could not be implanted in a man's abdomen, where it could mature. Dr. Richard Harding and a colleague, Geoffrey Thorburn, claim a normal baby could be delivered nine months later by cesarean section. "The necessary homones are produced by the fetus," Thorburn says. "You could expect the man to get breast enlargement and morning sickness and to undergo the other changes" a woman experiences during pregnancy.

The direct approach works best when it comes to meeting someone or picking somebody up. That's the advice of Massachusetts psychologist Chris Kleinke, who polled hundreds of male and female college students about the "come-ons" they like and the ones that turn them off. Kleinke picked the 100 most commonly used openers and classified them as "direct," "innocuous" or "cute and flip." Kleinke reports that men and women agree in preferring a straightforward approach such as "I feel a little embarrassed, but I'd like to meet you."

People living in Great Britain's Rhonda Valley can't agree whether the smell of chicken shit is a turn-off . . . or an aphrodisiac. The controversy began when the rural community's "coal board" spread tons of chicken manure to fertilize some old mining land. Shortly afterward a woman complained to the local council that the manure had disrupted her love life because the smell in the bedroom was so bad. Another woman grumbled that the odor was so offensive, it put her off eating food, but she was still leading a normal sex life. A third woman admitted she was turned on by the smell and remarked, "These basic country odors tend to excite me more, if anything. But I wouldn't want my husband to know, or he might put manure in the bedroom."

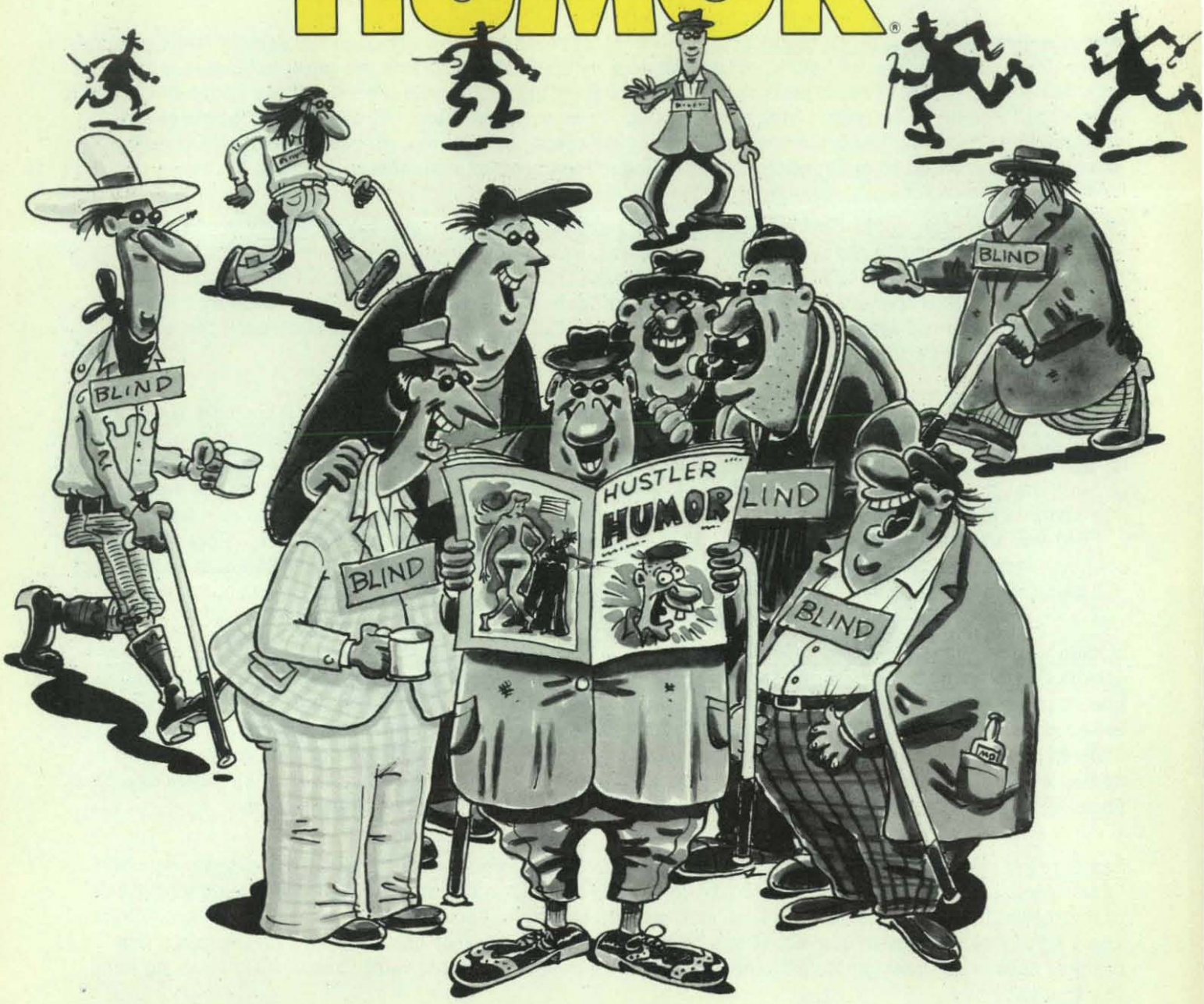
Women who are longtime users of birth-control pills may face double or triple the usual risk of heart attack for as long as nine years after they stop taking the medication. For several years doctors have known that women are more likely to suffer heart attacks while using the Pill. But until now it was believed the increased risk disappeared after women stopped taking birth-control pills. According to the "New England Journal of Medicine," researchers at Boston University Medical School compared 556 women who suffered heart attacks with a randomly selected group of 2,036 women of the same age. They found that the longer women had taken the Pill, the greater their risk of heart attack.

Sex is being taught as a subject for the first time in Soviet schools. The Communist youth newspaper "Komsomolskaya Pravda" reports that 14-year-olds are receiving instruction in the basic biological principles of human reproduction, with emphasis on the risk of sexual contact at an early age. Sixteen- and 17-year-olds are learning about the "ethics and psychology" of the marriage relationship. One teacher said sex education is now necessary because Russian parents were "shamefully hushing up" the topic at home.

Men who've undergone simple vasectomies have more relaxed minds and fewer physical problems than fertile men, new studies show. Herschel Jick, director of the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, says sterile men seem to enjoy better mental health as they grow older, because they are less uptight. Tests at the Puget Sound Group Health Cooperative in Seattle, Washington, have led to a similar conclusion. One researcher, Dr. Frank Eggers, says vasectomized men there had only one-third as many mental problems as those who hadn't had the operation.

Eating celery can improve your love life, a German physiologist claims. Dr. Rolf Claus says the crunchy green vegetable is the only plant known to contain androstenone, a substance that men produce and that attracts women. Generated in men's perspiration, the chemical has a faint odor undetectable by the nose. Androstenone is recognized by the brain, however, attracting women to the chemical. The more celery you eat, the greater your production of androstenone.

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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 it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Role Switch: Often when my wife and I make love, we switch roles. What this means, in our case, is that she starts out kissing me all over, and I'll do things like saying no when I really mean yes. Then she'll get on top of me and do most of the "work." It feels so good, I start panting and almost cry with pleasure. We do lots of things that sound nutty, but I really enjoy playing the woman's role. Do you think I'm crazy to feel this way? —G. K.
St. Louis, Missouri

Role reversal is very common among couples. It's great that you and your wife have found a way to express and enjoy your sexuality.

In fact, the old notion of a woman's sex role as always being passive has just about faded away. It is normal for the woman to act as the aggressive partner, whether or not you call it role reversal. The important thing is for you and your wife to continue doing whatever gets you off with such power.

Cervix Service: Do women find it stimulating to have a man's penis thrust all the way back against the cervix during sex? I've heard that some women don't like it, but I've also heard the cervix is a real hotspot for other females. If it is, what does a guy do if his cock doesn't reach it? —J. G.
Poughkeepsie, New York

Much about sexuality depends on the individual. This is especially true with respect to the erogenous potential of the cervix. Located at the deep end of the vagina, the organ is like a small knob. It serves the important dual function of letting the menstrual blood flow out and the male's sperm flow in.

The cervix does not have many sensory nerve endings; so it would not usually be considered an erotic hotspot. In fact, many women find it painful to have their cervix hit during sex. Others, however, get off on very deep thrusting; and if the thrusting is deep enough to reach the cervix, it's all the better for them.

Since it certainly isn't a sexual "goal" to have your cock reach your partner's cervix, you shouldn't concern yourself with it. But for your information, the doggy position—with the woman on her elbows and knees while the man enters from behind—provides the deepest penetration. If you bump the cervix, ask your partner afterward if it felt good or not. Some will like it, and some won't.

Ball Pain: Several weeks ago I experienced an intense pain in my balls. Since then, the pain has reoccurred many times. It often happens when I sit up suddenly, when I squat or soon after making love. At first I thought it was from too much sex; so I slackened off a bit, but the pain would still come and go. I am now worried that I might have cancer, which I am scared to face at age 22. What do you think is the matter with me? —C. R.
Dallas, Texas

One thing wrong with you is that you haven't gone to a doctor. Many men who wouldn't hesitate to seek medical help in most circumstances for some reason get doctor-shy if the trouble is in the genital area. This attitude is foolish.

It is doubtful that the pain is a cancer signal, because you would normally notice a lump or a growth before the onset of pain. That "too much sex" is causing your problem is simply out of the question.

Testicular pain can be caused by a number of things, such as trauma from being kicked or hit in the nuts, or from a kidney stone or a hernia. The trouble may also result from varicose veins knotting up near the surface of your balls. A varicocele such as this can be removed surgically, and the procedure is not very dangerous or costly. However, the only way to find out exactly what is causing the pain is by seeing a physician. Do it.

Female Cum: My boyfriend says I'm not having orgasms, but it sure feels like I am. After a few minutes of sex—especially when he eats me—I go wild and feel utterly fantastic sensations. My body feels like it's turned inside-out, and I lose all control. But my boyfriend says I would ejaculate if I were really having orgasms. Is this true? —V. S.
Garden City, Michigan

Women don't have to ejaculate to reach orgasm. While it is true that there is an inner-vaginal erotic zone that can induce women to actually spurt out secretions during orgasm (see Sex Play, HUSTLER, January), most female orgasms are not accompanied by ejaculation. Very few women ever really ejaculate.

You certainly know better than your boyfriend whether you're coming or not. It's possible he feels inadequate because he thinks he's supposed to make you ejaculate. This would be a mistaken notion on his part. The



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important thing is that sex is satisfying to you, and you should let him know that.

Ethyl Chloride: Friends of mine told me that using ethyl chloride in a woman's vagina during sex can really get both the woman and the man off. Is the chemical safe to use in this way? What sensations does it produce?
—R. O.
San Francisco, California

Ethyl chloride is a topical anesthetic. When applied to the genitals, it causes a cold sensation that some users find erotic. However, the practice is considered unsafe by doctors, since ethyl chloride dries the vaginal tissues. Because it desensitizes nerve endings, it is not really an aphrodisiac at all. Still, many men find the numbing prolongs their erections.

From the male point of view, applying ice cubes to the scrotum during orgasm can cause an "orgasm bang," similar to the sensations described by men who use ethyl chloride. Moreover, this method doesn't have the medical drawbacks of the anesthetic.

Gay Pen Pals: I am an inmate at the state penitentiary in Mississippi. I have been here four years, and I never get any mail. Do you know of any gay newspapers that run personal ads? I'd like to correspond with someone. —F. M.
Parchman, Mississippi

Several publications run personal ads for homosexuals, but many are becoming leery about accepting such ads from gay prisoners. According to the editor of the Advocate, a respected national gay newspaper, many ads placed by prisoners have resulted in big hassles. Sometimes prisoner "pen pals" have threatened to expose the gays they are writing to unless the men send them money. Many times the person requesting letters is not even gay at all and is merely running a blackmail scam for bucks. As a result, the Advocate no longer accepts ads from men behind bars.

If your desire is on the up and up, you might want to contact some of these publications: Broad Street Journal (P.O. Box 310, Evans, Colorado 80620); Club Goldenrod (152 West 42nd Street, Room 418, New York, New York 10036); Malebox News (54 West Randolph, Suite 606-C2, Chicago, Illinois 60601); and Stars (P.O. Box 28178, Washington, D.C. 20005).

Bloody Semen: Recently I noticed that when I ejaculate, a small amount of blood is mixed in with my cum. I don't bleed when I urinate, and I don't feel any pain at all. I first became aware of the blood about a week ago when I masturbated. Of course, I'm not sure if it happens when I'm fucking my girlfriend, but I'm starting to worry about it. I want to know whether or not I'm passing a disease. —A. L.
New York, New York

What you probably have is hemospermia. Since this is not a communicable disorder, you don't have to worry that you'll transmit it to your girlfriend. According to Robert L. Rowan, clinical associate professor of urology at New York University, the ejaculate of hemospermia sufferers is not grossly bloody but merely tinged or streaked with blood. This bleeding is likely caused by the rupture of some small capillaries near your prostate gland. However, since blood in the ejaculate could also be a symptom of more serious disorders, you should definitely go to a urologist and make sure your problem is only a temporary one involving broken blood vessels.

Hemorrhoid Obstacle: My husband and I have been together for almost three years now. He has pleased me more than any other man. We enjoy almost all forms of sex together. We've tried just about every sex toy and even experimented a little with S&M. He goes down on me all the time and has helped me to become multiorgasmic.

My problem is that I want to do something for him that he wants, and I am having a lot of trouble. My husband would really like to fuck me in the ass, but I don't seem to be able to handle it. I think it is because I have hemorrhoids, and even penetration by his finger hurts sometimes. We know about leading up to it slowly, and we always use lubrication. Nevertheless, when it comes time for his cock to enter me, the pain is beyond belief! What can I do to satisfy this desire of his? —T. H.
Ashland, Oregon

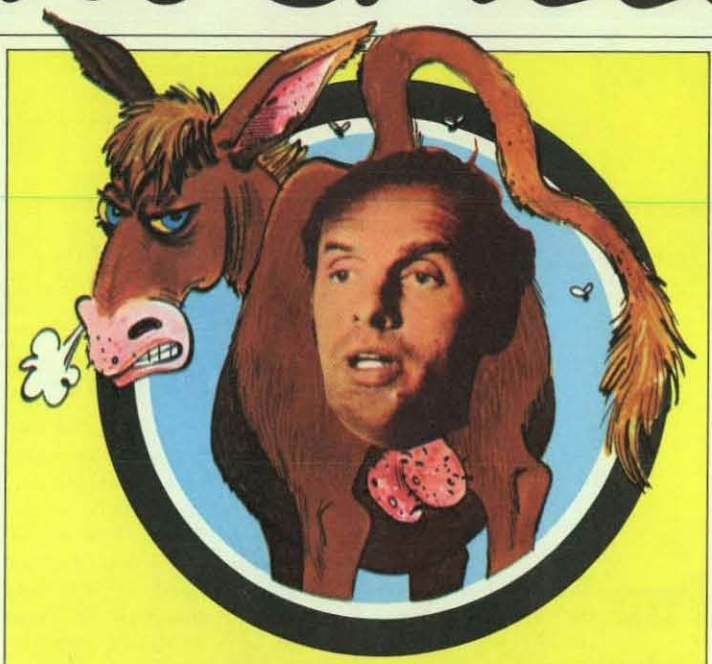
Hemorrhoids are a fairly common ailment. This condition is characterized by dilated blood vessels forming masses of swollen tissue in the anus. However, most hemorrhoids are not excessively painful and seldom bleed. If yours are painful and bleed profusely, you should see a doctor at once. Surgery can help relieve your problem temporarily.

Unfortunately, there is no guarantee the hemorrhoids won't develop again after surgery. In more mild cases, doctors usually prescribe muscle relaxants and stool softeners for the disorder. You also might want to use numbing agents that are available for those suffering from hemorrhoids, such as the well-known Preparation H.

Many people with hemorrhoids have anal sex play when the swelling of the hemorrhoidal tissue subsides. But don't try anal intercourse when your hemorrhoids are bothering you. If you are feeling pretty good, though, have your husband apply a generous amount

(continued on page 24)

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Dwight Wymer

When we first heard about a Grand Rapids, Michigan, minister who was using electricity to shock young kids into "hearing the word of God," we thought it was a hoax. But when we investigated the controversial actions of the Reverend Dwight Wymer, we discovered a uniquely qualified Asshole of the Month for December.

This 36-year-old preacher of the Immanuel Baptist Church devised a modified electric chair, which had a mesh screen hooked up to a six-volt lantern battery. To teach his Bible lessons, Wymer sat a child—seven or eight years old—on the stool while the rest of the class watched, then began counting down from ten. On the count of zero he'd push a button, and piercing shocks of electricity would shoot through the pupil's body. If you think that's a crock of shit, wait until you hear how he justified this torture for religion.

Wymer says he believes this was the best way for children to "hear the word of God. Sometimes God talks to you and calls you, and we just don't listen," he told the youngsters gathered at his feet. "But sometimes He can shock you into hearing His word, and this just makes that demonstration clear."

One eight-year-old told reporters, "The shock hurt me until I went home and got in the tub. But it was fun, everybody was laughing, and I wanted to do it."

Another child, a seven-year-old, said, "I wouldn't do it again. It hurts. I was going to cry, but all my friends were watching me."

Wymer seemed pleased with his "teaching" methods. "I can tell you the effectiveness," he added with a bright smile. "Just as soon as I said, 'God wants to speak to you—are you listening?' they [the students] immediately quieted down." Who wouldn't want to listen with the threat of getting your ass fried if you didn't?

Apparently, Wymer had been using this technique for some six years, and even the parents in his congregation didn't object—which also makes us wonder about them. Last we heard, most parents want their children to learn that God is kindly, loving and caring, not a monster who inflicts physical pain and torture.

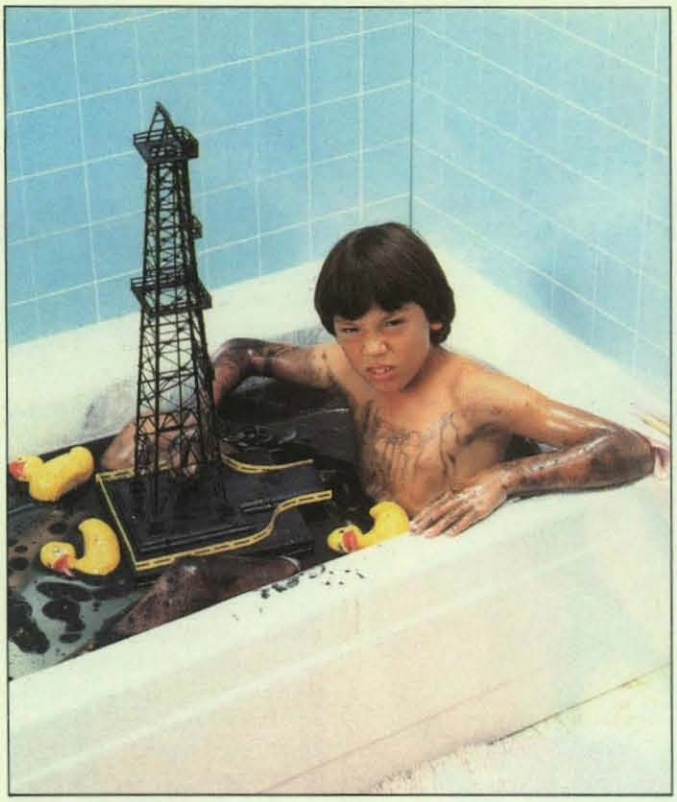
Many of Wymer's colleagues in other Grand Rapids churches were outraged by his actions. The Reverend Bruce Bode said, "I tried to imagine what religious beliefs were being communicated to these children. . . . It seems to me that what we have here is another example of the repudiation of reason by religion." You're damned right, Reverend!

Even Kent County Prosecutor David Sawyer warned Wymer to stop using this device, and reportedly Wymer has agreed. "I've talked with electrical experts," Sawyer said, "and they say that with a transformer coil, those kids are getting hit with a higher voltage. What scares me is, are they doing it [shocking students] in other places, and is it going to take a death before it stops?" He added that the Michigan law is vague about the legality of administering such shocks to volunteers. Even if it is legal, it's a damned sorry shame.

What Wymer ignored, in his zest to shock his pupils into learning, is that education is an act of stretching the mind and body to accept new ideas and habits. The way this happens is through *reasoning*. A child is led into new areas of understanding by a skilled communicator, not tortured into submission.

Further, imagine what would happen if Atheists began using electric shocks to zap the concept of God from a young child—it works both ways. In no time Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority would be on the bandwagon, using this as another pretext to collect millions of tax-exempt dollars from their allies to do battle against the "Godless" child molesters.

But the most frightening aspect of Wymer's use of his electric chair is that his children may grow up believing the way to convince someone of an idea is through pain and violence, not rational discussion and argument. It's all too sad that this misguided Michigan Asshole has ruthlessly twisted the meaning of the Bible quotation "Suffer the little children."



Drilling for Fun

Kids today are no longer satisfied to play with rubber duckies in the bathtub . . . they want to play with toys that *kill* rubber duckies! Modern tots are into computer warfare, neutron bombs and Agent Orange. So here's the first item in HUSTLER's amazing new line of tub toys—the Ecological-Disaster Oil Rig! It spills oil faster than Interior Secretary James Watt can sell offshore-drilling rights! More fun than a barrel of crude!

The only problem is that after the bath your kid is like the Gulf of Mexico or a Santa Barbara beach. He's real tough to clean up.

I Told You I Was Tight!



The lady either forgot to remove the wrapper *before* she inserted the tampon, or else some sailor asked her for a refund.

Whatever the reason, this poor woman certainly deserves a big hand. And so, for that matter, does the reader who thoughtfully sent us this antique snapshot. We'd have liked to have been there when it happened though, so we could finally experience that amazing Zen Buddhist feat—the sound of one hand getting the clap.

Sticker Price

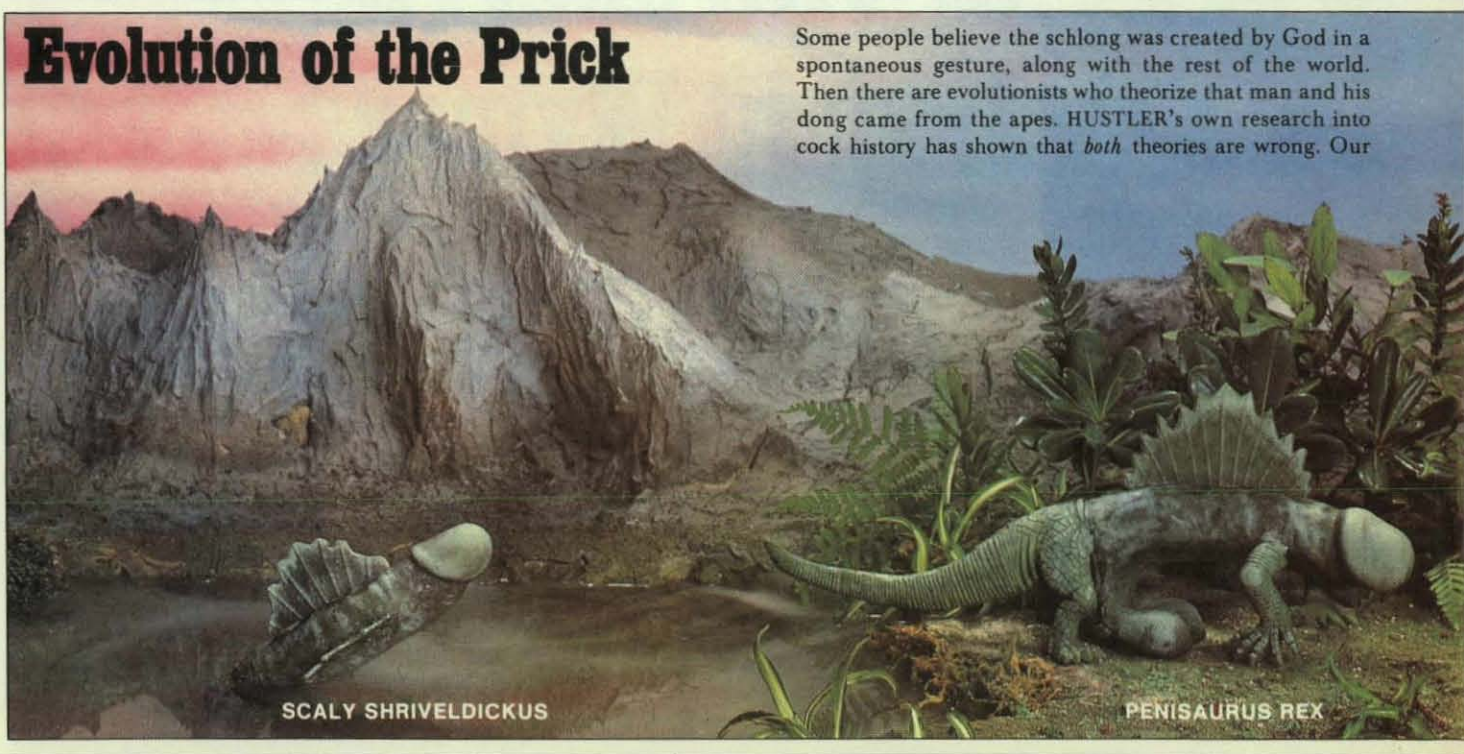
Residents in one District of Columbia neighborhood are fighting prostitution by attaching this sticker to the cars of drivers seen picking up hookers. This sort of prejudice had Jews wearing Star of David armbands in Nazi Germany. And what right do these people have to deface someone else's property?

Anyone with common sense should realize not all hookers are diseased. And even if these "street ladies" *are* diseased, unlucky patrons are punished enough by having to scrape off items from places more sensitive than their bumpers.



Evolution of the Prick

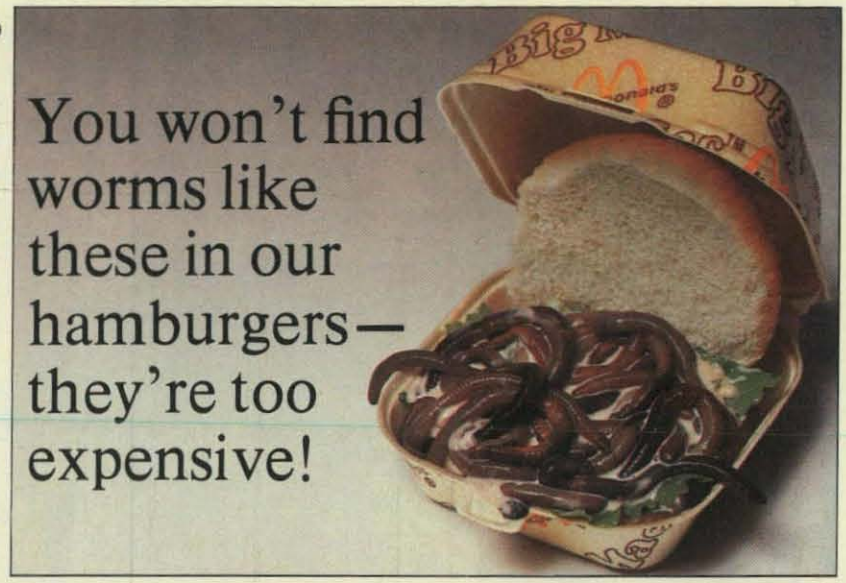
Some people believe the schlong was created by God in a spontaneous gesture, along with the rest of the world. Then there are evolutionists who theorize that man and his dong came from the apes. HUSTLER's own research into cock history has shown that *both* theories are wrong. Our



Squashing a Rumor

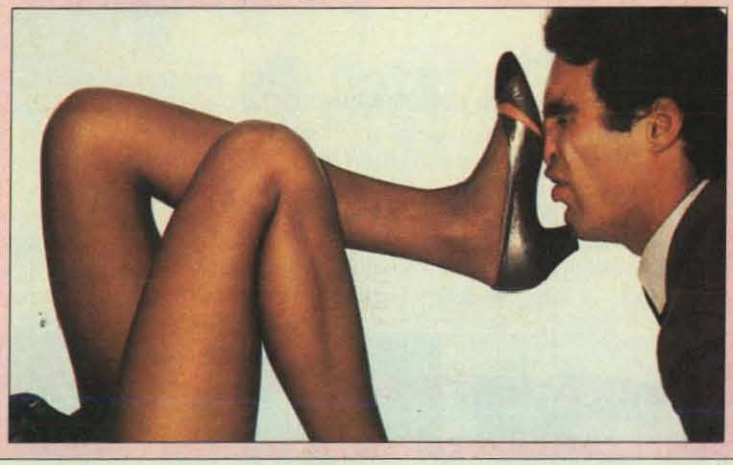
Tall tales of Kentucky-fried rats and horse meat in fast-food hamburgers have been around as long as submarine races. But when rumors began to spread that McDonald's hamburgers contained worms, the company decided to publicly deny the stories rather than just ignore them. Besides launching an extensive ad campaign emphasizing "100% pure beef," McDonald's issued a press release pointing out that worms sell for $5 to $8 a pound. Its defense was that at those prices, "you'd have to be nuts to put worms in your hamburgers."

Instead of reassuring you, doesn't that make you wonder just what *is* cheap enough to put in a McDonald's hamburger? Later, a marketing-research follow-up study showed that public denial of the rumor only reinforced the story in people's memories. Just think what would have happened if the press release had been an ad! Ronald would have had a tough time worming his way out of *that* one.



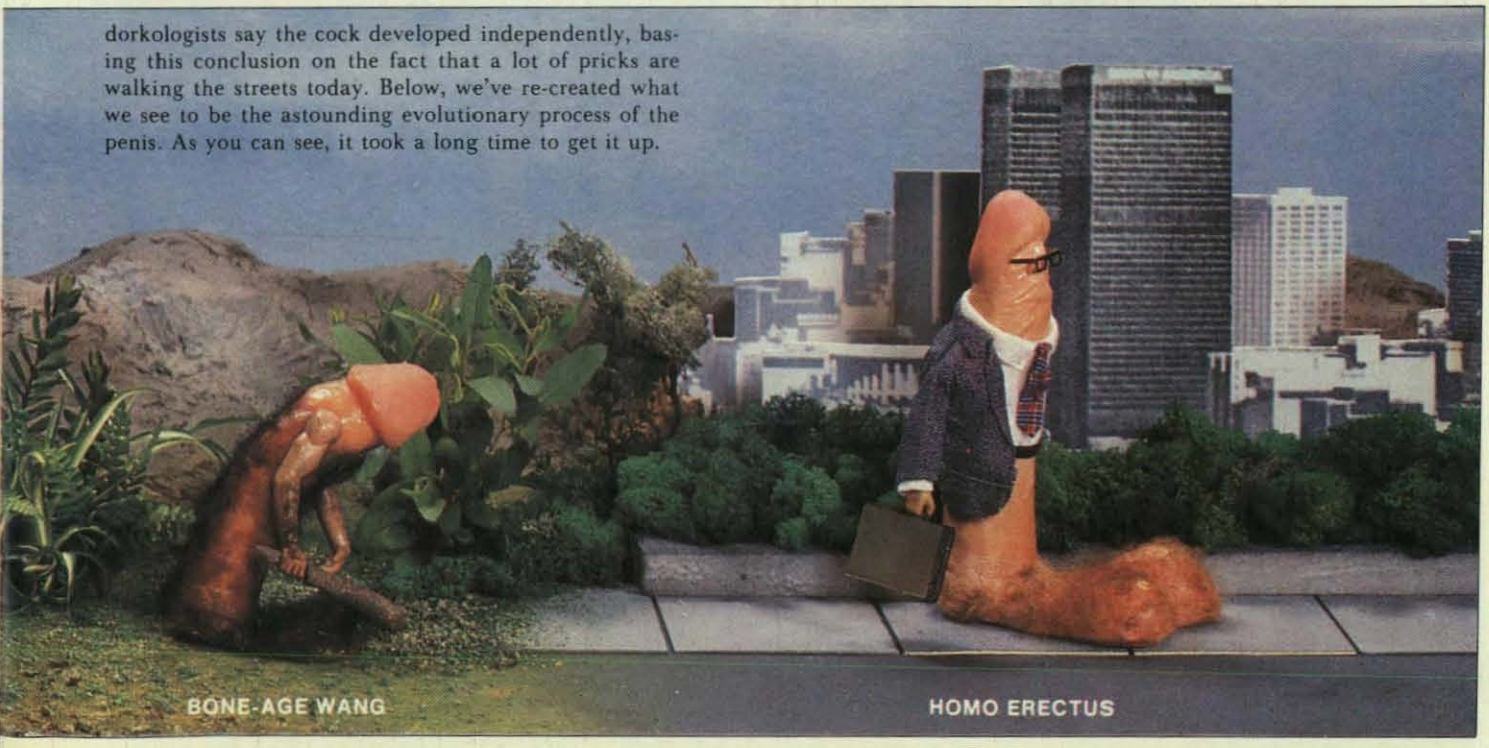
S&M in Vogue

No, these aren't outtakes from *Pain and Discipline Monthly*. They're from a fashion-accessory layout that appeared in the August issue of the high-style women's magazine *Vogue* (350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017). Following the European trend toward more-erotic fashion ads, *Vogue* has taken a bold step into a controversial area. While there might be some outcry against these violent shots, we doubt you'll hear from any organizations called Men Against Violence Against Men. And we'll be curious to hear how feminists feel about women beating up on men in the pages of a prominent women's publication. As you can see, the shoe is on the other face now.





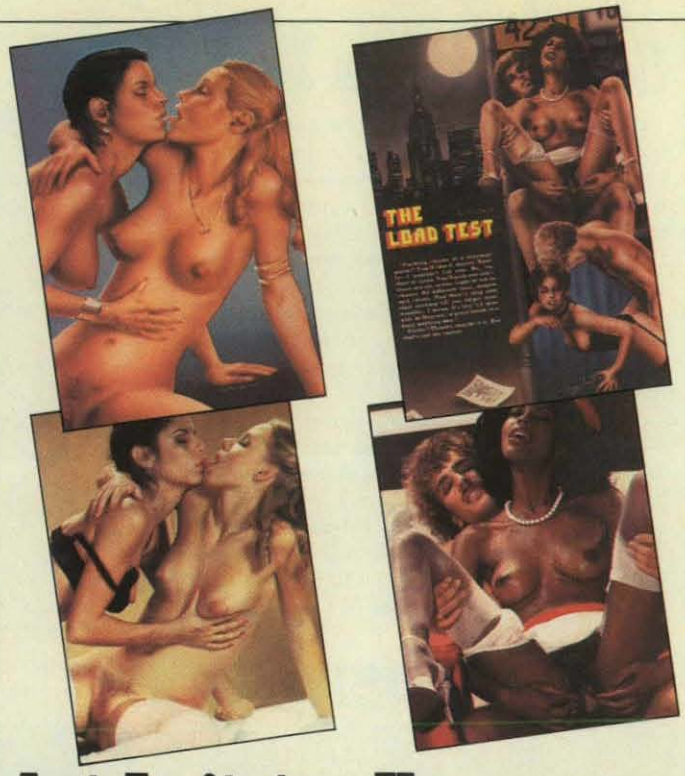
dorkologists say the cock developed independently, basing this conclusion on the fact that a lot of pricks are walking the streets today. Below, we've re-created what we see to be the astounding evolutionary process of the penis. As you can see, it took a long time to get it up.



Coffin Table

Looking to liven up a living room? Try the dead! Take a tip from the wise people of the Orient, who value a casket as a treasured possession. Replace that boring coffee table with a coffin table. It fits in with any decor. And what better resting place for coffee, magazines and light brunches than the *final* resting place of a loved one? Besides, think of all the compliments you'll receive. Who could walk past without saying how wonderful he looks?

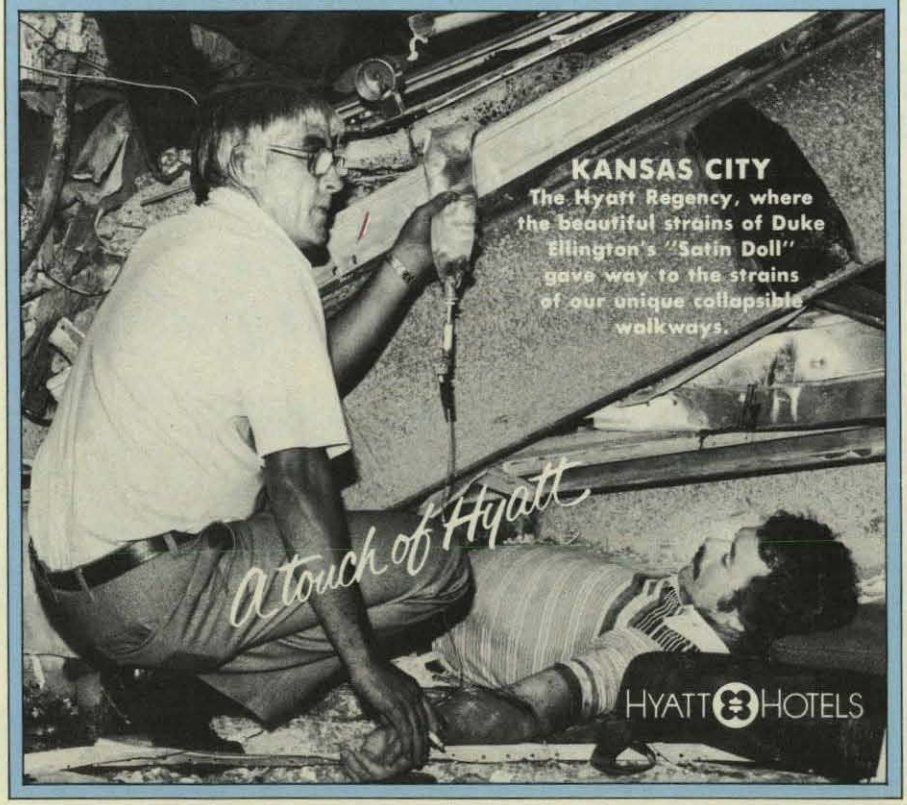




Art Imitates Us

Did you notice the strange resemblance between the illustrations (top) by artist Gary Smith and the photos from HUSTLER pictorials (April 1979 at left and February 1980 at right)? So did some of our readers. These drawings appeared in *recent* issues of other men's mags. We know artists often use models for reference, but these poses were on *our* tab. Still, it's typical. What HUSTLER was doing years ago, the competition is just now putting on its drawing boards.

Ads We'd Like to See



Original news photo by Paul Iwanaga. ©1981 The Kansas City Star Company.



The Tubes' Tube

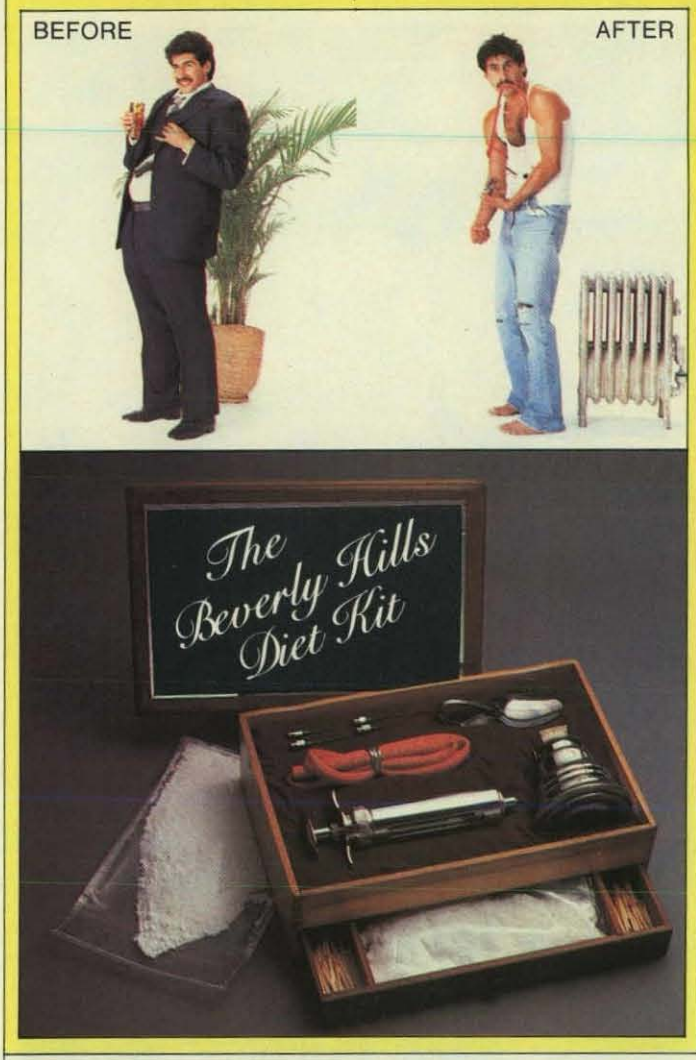
Underneath that wild costume is Fee Waybill, lead singer of the Tubes rock group. Known for his bizarre onstage antics, Fee has apparently decided that if his new album, *The Completion Backwards Principle*, is skyrocketing, he should too. The eagle-eyed fan who caught this shot at a Pittsburgh concert should be commended. He really knows when to watch for shooting stars.

Fat Fix

Poor folks go through a lot of water, cottage cheese and grapefruit when they want to lose weight. But rich folks can afford faster, more-expensive methods.

Here's our solution for them—the Beverly Hills Diet Kit. This is the *real* Beverly Hills diet, the one that keeps the stars so trim. And it's packaged in a way only they can afford.

All the works in our deluxe diet kit are crafted from stainless steel, and they're guaranteed to last a lifetime or until you lose too much weight . . . whichever comes first. Don't settle for junkie substitutes!





She Oughta Be in Movies

This erotic angel is the creation of Olivia DeBerardinis, whose work has graced the pages of HUSTLER. In the past her work was mostly for magazines and greeting cards. But now she's moved into the movie-poster business; she did the one for *Tarzan, the Apeman* that shows Bo Derek swinging on a vine.

The illustration shown here is also for a film, an upcoming X-rated flick called *Angel Buns*. The movie will have to be awfully good to live up to its poster.

Readin', Writin' and Rifles

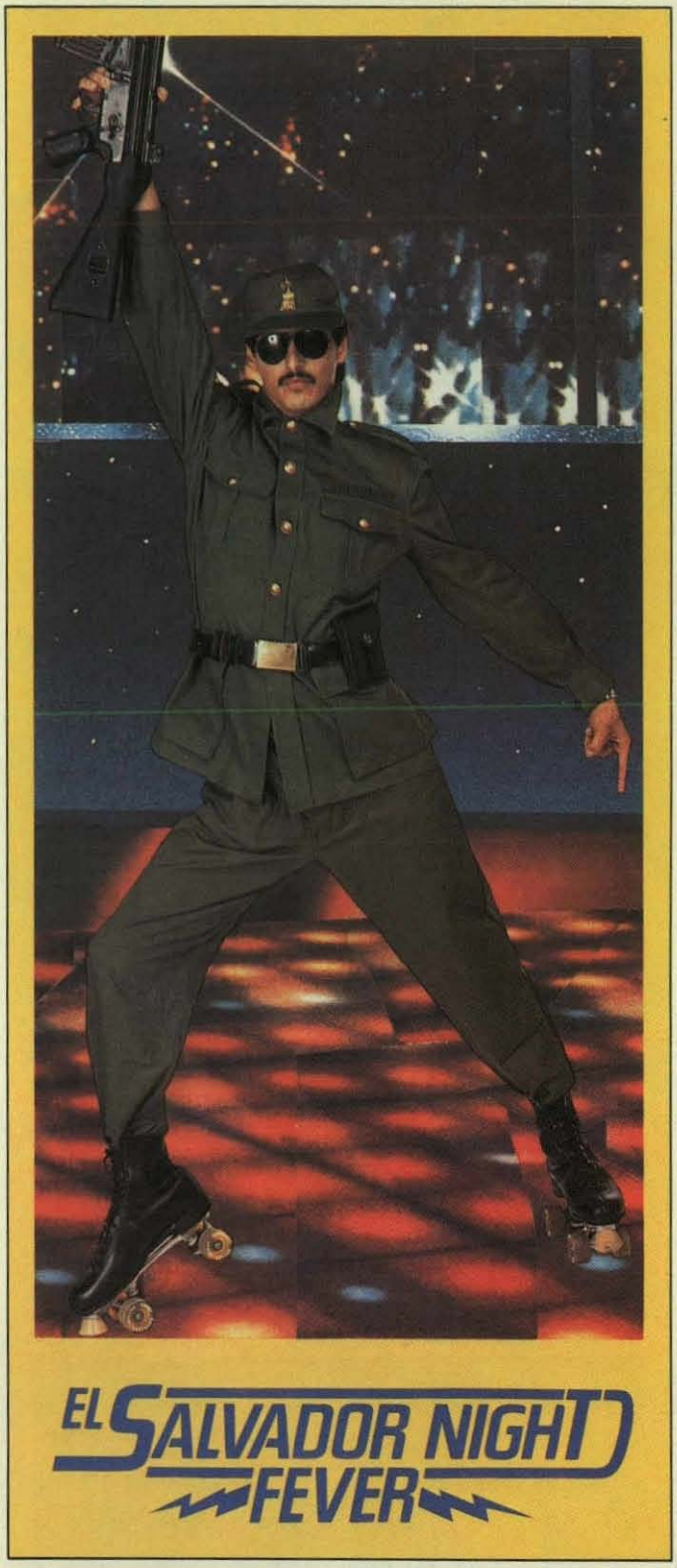
Houston, Texas, is number two in murder in the U.S. And it looks like that city's elementary-school system aims to keep it that way. Courses are being offered to children in grades *two through five* on how to shoot BB guns and shotguns. It's a shame the same classes weren't offered in Atlanta.

While shotguns are known to be dangerous, people believe BB guns are safe. But are they? News reports say two models are lethal. The Daisy 880 and the Sears El Dorado (an 880 clone made by Daisy) have been held accountable in four deaths.

Though most BB guns are capable only of bruising and stinging a bone-covered area, the 880 can pierce a human skull—and has. Data show that 40% of these guns are used by children under 16 and 12% by children 12 and younger. Although 18 is the required purchasing age, many adults don't read warning labels and aren't aware of the power they're putting into youngsters' hands.

If Houston continues to teach kids how to use guns more effectively, the only statistic to go down will be the average age of its murderers and their victims.





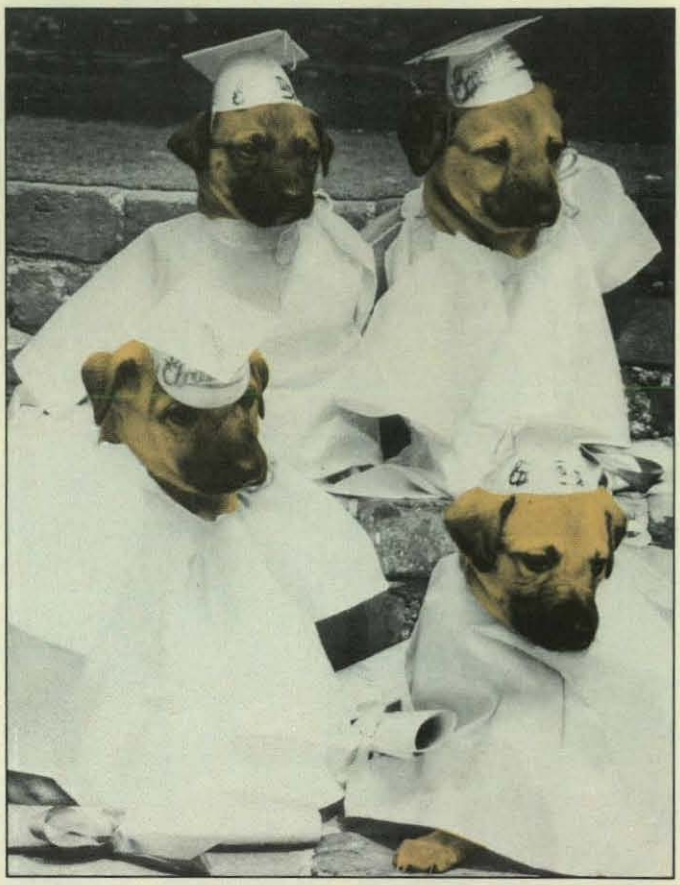
Last Dance

You say the government shot your dad, tortured your priest and burned your home, and the guerrillas are due in town tomorrow, Bunky? So . . . dance!

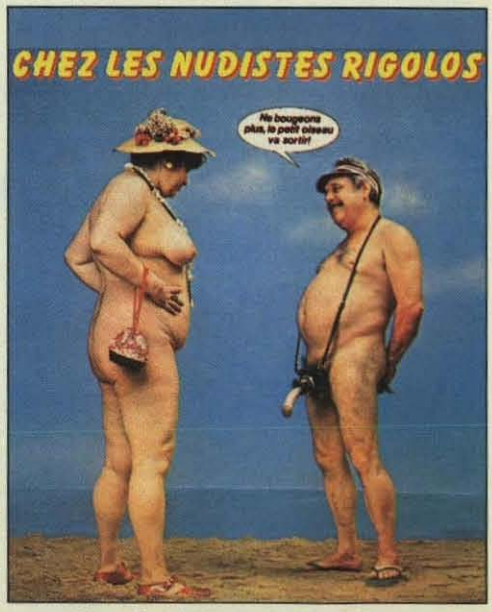
At least that's what the El Salvadorans are doing, reports *Billboard* magazine. It quoted Salvadoran music promoter Cesar Reconco as saying, "Disco has boomed since the escalation in fighting between leftist guerrillas and government forces." It seems the people are turning to disco dancing to reduce the fears and tensions associated with a civil war. And we can imagine the most requested tune: the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive."

Flying-eye Dogs

The decision by the government's academy for air-traffic controllers to accept applicants with lower-than-usual test scores has paid off with the quick graduation of its newest pack of students. The mass firing of striking controllers put the government in a bind for replacements. The academy says a new contract has been worked out to the satisfaction of these graduates, including two walks a day and a cost-of-living increase tied to the price of Alpo. As a bonus, each controller receives a wrench to the executive hydrant.



Watch the Birdie



We've seen telescoping lenses before, but this guy's camera is *really* made for close-up shots. As you can probably tell from the French title, which translates to "House of Funny Nudists," this is another crazy item from the fatally funny gang at *Hara-Kiri* (10, rue des Trois-Portes, 75005 Paris, France). Of course, this concept is nothing new to Americans. We're all familiar with the novelty of squirting cameras.

How Big Is a Ruler?

King Richard may have been a big Dick, but what about Charles? Was Princess Di impressed with the future king on their honeymoon night? (If proper etiquette was observed, that's when she first saw the royal pecker.) *We'll* never know how she felt, but her reaction will have a definite effect on Charles' love life. If Di doesn't want to serve His Majesty, he'll be spending a lot of time on the throne—scepter in hand.









Under Wraps

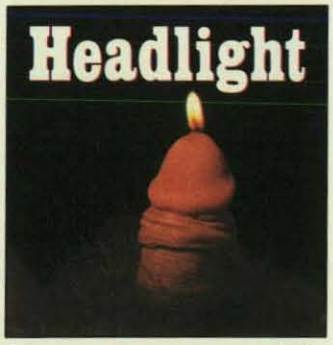
"Raps" are a clever way to give someone a pack of cigarettes, a carton of biscuit mix or a box of garbage bags. All you do is put the "Raps" gag label on the appropriate product. The phony label also doubles as a greeting card, with a space for your comments. With satirical labels like "Surgeon General" or subtly sexy labels like "Buns" and "Weiner Wraps," you can turn a real cheap gift into a good laugh. Available where greeting cards are sold.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Why can't you just have a simple abortion like other women?"

Headlight



It's one thing to dip your wick, but quite another to light it. We don't know how the reader who sent the photo set this torch ablaze, but, danger aside, we do see one positive aspect. You can always offer a girl a light and hope she'll blow it out.

HUSTLER Update



ERVIL LeBARON
February '78

This fanatical patriarch of a small, nomadic sect of polygamists ordered the murder of rival churchman Rulon Allred in 1977. Recently, the 56-year-old LeBaron was found dead in his cell at Utah State Prison. Authorities said he may have taken an overdose of drugs or suffocated after punching himself in the throat. LeBaron, who had at least ten wives, was sentenced to life in prison last year for masterminding Allred's killing. Speculation in the press had linked him to the slayings of some 20 others—and possibly to the 1978 assassination attempt against HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt.

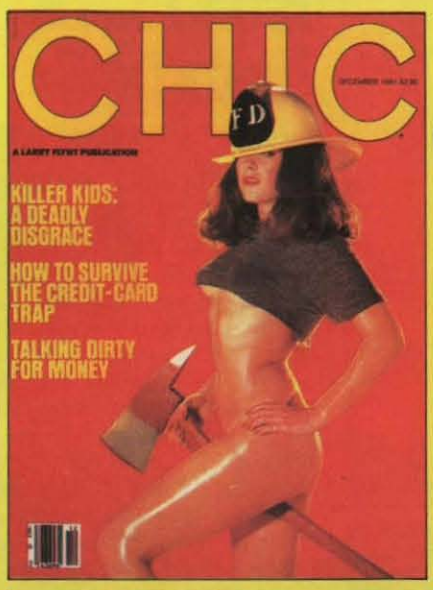


JIM HOPKINS
October '81

The death of this Vietnam vet tragically ended his struggle to make the Veterans Administration recognize the harmful effects of Agent Orange—the toxic defoliant U.S. forces used in Southeast Asia. Now a veterans coalition is calling for the replacement of a researcher it says is too biased to conduct an impartial study of the defoliant's health effects. Dr. Gary Spivey was hired by the federal government to design the study last spring, as a response to then-peaking national concern over the veterans' plight. But in July he declared there is "little evidence" Agent Orange affected soldiers, because it was used mainly in areas where "few or no troops were located." These statements damaged Spivey's credibility in the eyes of Vietnam veterans.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For December, $150 and thanks to Rick Malkin, Bob Sinnamon, Raymond Tillman and Lee Trevigne.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC®

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW







KILLER KIDS—Last year literally thousands of children committed murders. In fact, *every* year nearly half of all killings, forcible rapes, robberies and aggravated assaults are perpetrated by kids under the age of 18. Even more frightening is statistical evidence showing only 10% of those youths are ever institutionalized. What is causing this criminal epidemic among our nation's young? Is there a way to stop it? Marie Moneysmith digs into the problem, its causes and the possible solutions in a compelling article.

A GOOD TALKING TO—Cindy and Steve figure they've developed the perfect scam. All they have to do is tape-record erotic messages, send them to their clients, and spend the money that rolls in. It's a no-lose proposition, until a series of very strange requests starts coming in and they take on a partner. Leslie Bohem's short story has something for everyone—and a lot of erotica for all.

TERRY GALANOY: THE CREDIT-CARD TRAP—Your Visa or MasterCard may be the beginning of your financial doom. At least that's the considered opinion of Terry Galanoy, a former executive with National BankAmericard Incorporated and author of a new book entitled *Charge It!* Galanoy contends that credit cards are only the initial step into a monetary fiasco that will eventually lead to complete government and bank control over the lives and livelihoods of all Americans. In this exclusive CHIC interview conducted by Zbigniew Kindela, Galanoy explains his prophecy of fiscal captivity and how it might be avoided.

PLUS—Satire and sarcasm in ODDS & ENDS, a mini-profile of sexy Susan Sarandon in CLOSE-UP, more colorful fun seekers in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS, and the best-looking women in the entire world.

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

of lubricant on his finger and then ease it into your anus. If this doesn't hurt, attempt anal sex again.

However, you have to remember the anus serves the important function of being the end point in waste elimination. Although it is also an erogenous zone, you may find anal intercourse will not fit into your sexual repertoire due to your problem with hemorrhoids.

Late Start: You can call me a late starter. At age 31, I recently had sex for the first time. I have always been shy, and I never had "a way with the ladies." When I finally had sex, I wasn't able to come. I screwed for what seemed like an hour and never ejaculated. When I masturbate, I pop off in no time at all. What's wrong with me? —C. M.
Huntington, West Virginia

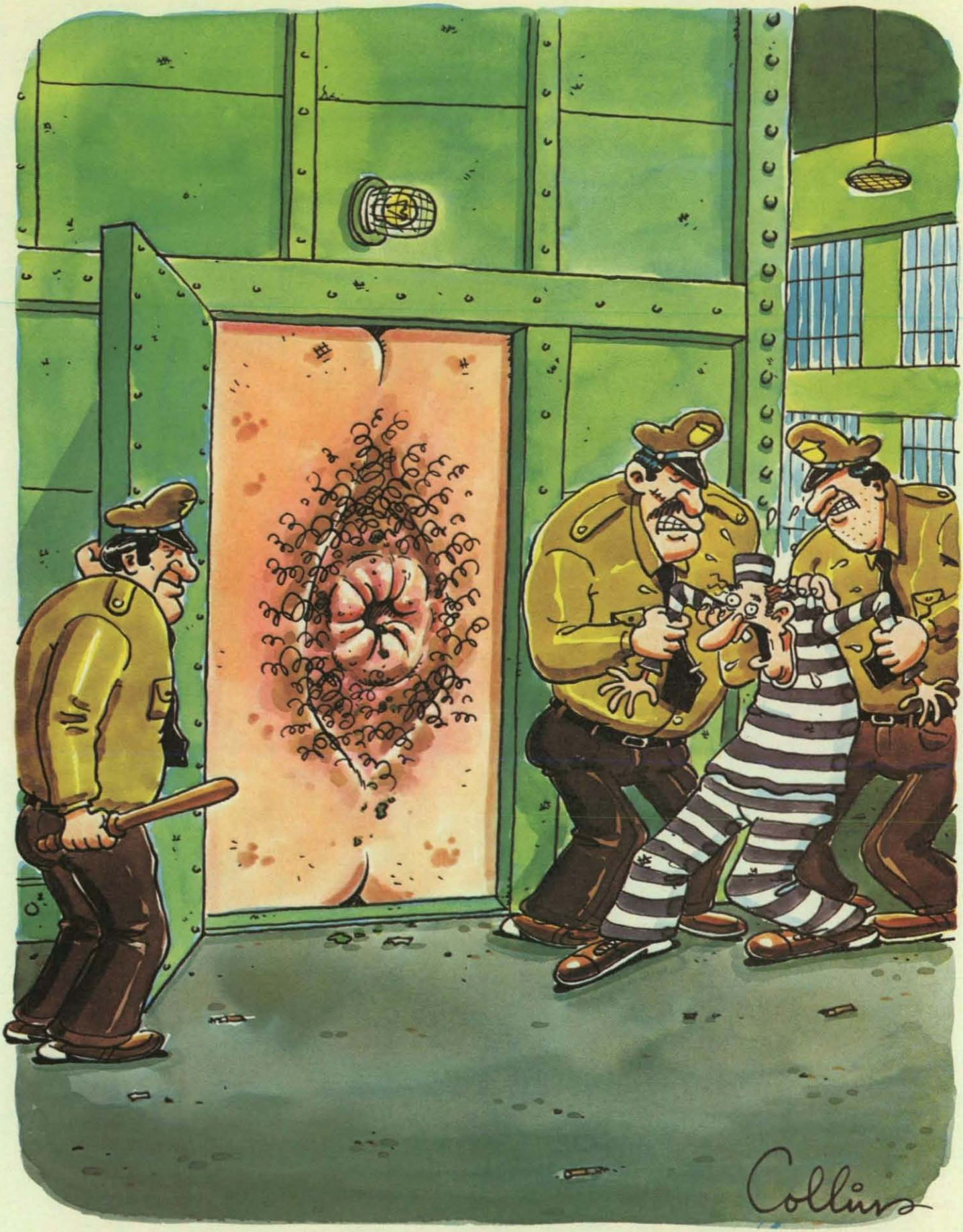
Nothing is wrong with you. Give yourself a chance—you've only had one shot at it! Many men experience some kind of dysfunction the first time they have a sexual relationship. Often it takes the form of premature ejaculation, failure to achieve an erection or (as in your case) an inability to ejaculate.

It doesn't matter if you're 31 or 13; first-time woes are likely to hit anyone. Be patient with yourself. As you gain knowledge and experience, and as you become more self-confident and composed, you'll be able to come when you want to during a sexual encounter.

Both Ways: This may seem like a petty problem to you, but I hope you will give me some advice. I am 21 years old, and recently I married a great guy. However, he prefers the rear-entry position during sex, and I don't. When we are fucking that way, I never have an orgasm. But he says he doesn't get his rocks off as much in any other position. What can we do? —G. F.
Palm Springs, California

First, try to find out why rear-entry intercourse is more satisfying for him. Perhaps he's a buttman and is getting off on this view of you. But it may be something else, and finding out why he prefers this position is a good initial step to take toward the two of you solving your problem.

Your new husband should also know that the rear-entry position is one of the least satisfying for some women, since the clitoris is hardly stimulated. To satisfy you, have him finger your clit when you make love in this position. Manual stimulation might make it possible for you to experience orgasm during rear entry. Also, you can probably talk him into fucking in several other positions as long as you are willing to go for rear-entry sex too.



"No, no . . . not the hole! Anywhere but the hole!"


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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform 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.



Playing the role of a reformed workaholic, Aaron Stuart takes Georgina Spelvin for a wild ride in 'Cowgirls.'

Urban Cowgirls

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Tod Jonson; directed by Tsanusdi; written by L. C. Stone; starring Veronica Hart, Lee Carroll, Hillary Summers, Georgina Spelvin, John Leslie, Eric Edwards, Aaron Stuart, Joey Sivera and Paul Thomas.

Here's the movie that nearly swept the field in the 1980 awards competition sponsored by the Adult Film Association of America. *Urban Cowgirls* won top honors for best director, best music applied to a motion picture, best supporting actress (Georgina Spelvin), best costumes, best cinematography and best production values. But the prize that shocked many in the industry was *Cowgirls'* tie for best picture of the year with Anthony Spinelli's blockbuster, *Talk Dirty to Me*.

The reason for the shock was simple: *Talk Dirty to Me* is an original, imaginative, superbly produced film. *Cowgirls*, on the other hand, is a simpleminded takeoff on John Travolta's hit flick, *Urban Cowboy*. And as fuck films go, it's only a cut or two above average.

Cowgirls focuses on the sexploits of four women (played by Veronica Hart, Lee Carroll, Georgina Spelvin and Hillary Summers). Hart and Carroll are a couple of lustful good ol' girls who let it all hang out, and who seem able to screw whomever they want, whenever they want to.

By contrast, Spelvin is experiencing a middle-aged marital crisis. Her husband (Aaron Stuart) has turned into a workaholic and seems incapable of an erotic thought, let alone any action. As a result, Spelvin is left high and dry, badly in need of some tender loving care.

The fourth lady, Summers, portrays an innocent, lovesick waitress at Billy's Bar, the urban cowgirls' favorite hangout. Summers has a serious crush on the honky-tonk's owner (John Leslie). But it appears he is not one to mix business with pleasure. To force him to pursue her, Summers decides to walk off the job.

What we have in this film are four separate stories that all come together through Billy's. Hart and Carroll make it with anyone who happens by—including one another—and use Billy's as a launch pad for their adventures. Under Hart's tutelage, sister Spelvin winds up using the tavern to rouse her husband to action by making him jealous. And Summers finally convinces Leslie that all work and no play will make Billy a dull boy.

Not surprisingly, with four actresses of this caliber, the sex in *Urban Cowgirls* is plentiful. There are even some outstanding scenes. In one, Hart and Carroll spend the evening together and, with the help of a strap-on dildo, prove their friendship is more than skin-deep. Hart also has a noteworthy encounter with Eric Edwards. And Summers' fantasy dream about Leslie adds a touch of romanticism.

But a few good sex scenes do not a movie make. The picture is extremely slow-moving; the acting (with the exception of Spelvin's performance) is superficial; and the screenplay is nothing to speak of. As a spoof on a major motion picture, *Urban Cowgirls* is a dismal failure, one grossly overrated by the Adult Film Association.

—Jim Heinisch

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

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT
So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

Delicious

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Bill Eagle; directed by Philip Drexler Jr.; written by Anthony Vincent; starring Veronica Hart, Nicole Scent, Jane Kelton, Candida Royalle, Desiree Cousteau, Aaron Stuart, Arthur West, Richard Bolla, Ron Jeremy, Michael Gaunt and George Payne.

Move over, Mary Poppins—here comes your X-rated counterpart. She's Veronica Hart as Divina, a magical maid who casts a sexual spell over a household of lecherous rich folk in Bill Eagle's latest production, *Delicious*. This porn fairy tale is aptly titled, since it has a feast of sexual feats, and focuses on

the hedonistic appetites of the superwealthy.

As the film opens we find the master of the house (Aaron Stuart) engaged in an afternoon romp with the maid (Desiree Cousteau). Enter the master's lady (Candida Royalle), who quickly assesses the situation and fires Cousteau on the spot. It seems Stuart and his wife have a longstanding disagreement over the definition of "good help." His insatiable lust has all but exhausted the local supply of qualified servants.



Arthur West, Veronica Hart and Nicole Scent (l. to r.) in 'Delicious.'

Once Royalle's character is revealed, it's easier to understand her husband's behavior. Simply put, the lady is as cold as a fish. But because she's also the one with the money, Stuart promises never to seduce another employee again. Not long after the bargain is struck, the doorbell rings, and Hart "magically" appears to fill the vacant position.

It's soon obvious that Hart's cleaning skills aren't limited to floors and windows. Instead, her mystical powers polish everyone's libido, turning the lechery that had pervaded the house into an open, honest sensuality. She quickly captures Stuart's crotch, and uses her magic to screw him right in front of his wife. Then she teaches a young couple (Arthur West and Nicole Scent) some new cures for old maladies. She's even able to defrost Royalle before taking off for her next "sexual assignment."

Every good fairy tale has its villains, of course, and *Delicious* is no exception. Richard Bolla plays the manipulative butler who, before Hart's arrival, controlled the house with a little help from the gardener (Ron Jeremy) and Royalle's no-account brother (Michael Gaunt). When this trio conspires to "scare" Hart away, however, they too wind up servicing her sexual appetite.

While it's a bit too predictable and never approaches the inventiveness of Walt Disney's films, this fantasy tale does make for pleasant-enough viewing. There are some amusing special effects (people's clothes zip on and off at Hart's command), and the giant Crayola-pad backdrop during a steamy scene between Hart and Royalle makes you wish you were a kid again.

The production values are top-notch, and the plentiful sex combined with the traditional happy ending make *Delicious* a diversion well worth your time.

—J. H.

Skin on Skin

Half Erect. Produced by Bernardo Spinelli; directed by Anthony Spinelli; written by Michael Ellis; starring Juliet Anderson, Lily Wong, Pat Manning, Erica Boyer, Eva Hausmann, John Leslie, Richard Pacheco, Jon Marten, Aaron Stuart and Eric David.

Skin on Skin is wall-to-wall, nonstop sex, with as much variety as anyone might ask for in an adult film. Unfortunately, most of the lovemaking is executed in a passionless, lackluster fashion. Since the movie is nothing *but* sex, it ultimately comes up short.

The flick is composed of a series of fantasies or daydreams experienced by various people from relatively different walks of life. In one, a neglected housewife (Juliet Anderson) conjures up a TV repairman who knows how to tighten a loose screw and get the reception he's looking for. In this vignette, Anderson not only proves she's able to use her hands, mouth and other parts, but she throws in a little foot action as well.

In another scene, porn superstar John Leslie breaks in newcomer Eva Hausmann—in more ways than one. Leslie plays a dynamic models' agent who fantasizes a steamy encounter as he interviews the young woman. Incidentally, producer Bernardo Spinelli says Hausmann in reality is a European fashion model making her X-rated debut.

Despite Hausmann and other talent like the beautiful Lily Wong and the sensuous Erica Boyer, the rest of *Skin on Skin* drones along at a maddeningly slow pace. The format allows no room for character development, giving the viewer simply too much of the same old thing.

On a technical level, however, the picture is sound; one scene featuring Boyer and Aaron Stuart in the backseat of a moonlit limo is particularly well-photographed.

Skin on Skin appears as if it were made in a hurry. It's hardly a movie you'll want to run right out to see, although you may want to catch it if there's nothing else around. *—J. H.*

The Tiffany Minx

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Robert Walters; written by LaRue Watts; starring Carrie Lyons, Samantha Fox, Marlene Willoughby, Merle Michaels, Jeff Hurst, Candida Royalle, Jennifer Jordan, Robin Storrs, Richard Bolla, David Morris and Carter Stevens.



TV repairman Jon Marten fine-tunes Juliet Anderson in 'Skin on Skin.'



David Morris, Samantha Fox and Robin Storrs (l. to r.) prove three's good company in 'The Tiffany Minx.'

Billed as the "first grown-up adult film," *The Tiffany Minx* is without doubt one of the year's more-ambitious projects. Rather than relying on simple fantasy or a concocted situation for its storyline, the producers turned to the stuff of which real life—and real nightmares—are made: money, sexual jealousy, rape and murder. Unfortunately, weak acting, excessive violence, clumsy direction and pedestrian sex conspire to keep the flick strictly adolescent.

Minx tells the story of a rich woman (Carrie Lyons), her no-good husband (Jeff Hurst) and his love-interest and secretary (Marlene Willoughby). Together, Hurst and Willoughby plot to gain control of Lyons' fortune by rubbing the old broad out. After they hire a hitman (Carter Stevens) to do the job, the thug decides to throw in a little pre-murder rape as well. But during the attack, Lyons grabs a pair of sewing shears from her bedside table and quickly—and graphically—does Stevens in.

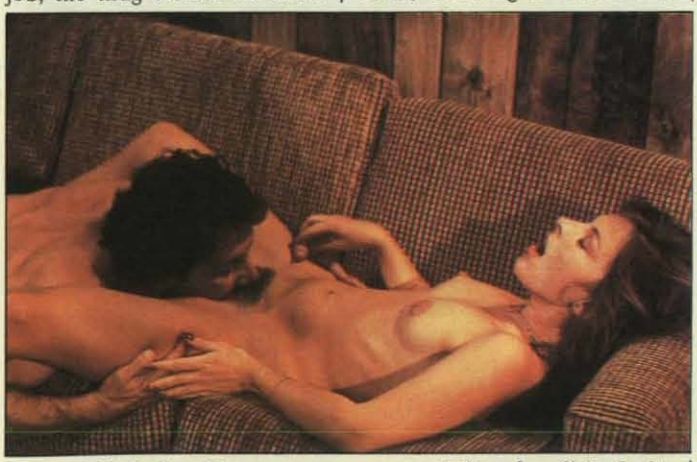
Their initial plan foiled, Hurst and Willoughby determine next to literally drive Lyons nuts. They rent a beach house for the three of them where Lyons can "rest" after the trauma she's experienced. But they really plan to push her to insanity with stunts like leaving bloody scissors on her bed, and littering the beach with dead crabs impaled by shears.

Enter Richard Bolla, a professional stud whose services have been retained by the agent (Jennifer Jordan) who had rented the trio the cottage. Lyons and Bolla "fall" for each other, throwing a wrench into Hurst and Willoughby's plans. It seems Bolla has his own designs on Lyons, and he promptly dispatches Jordan by strangling her and tossing her body into the bay—after they've had sex, of course. Bolla is ready to move on his scheme when Lyons suddenly reveals that she'd killed a rapist with a pair of scissors. Unluckily for her, the hitman-rapist turns out to have been Bolla's brother. Now things turn even uglier, fast.

This film features a surprise ending the producers have asked critics not to reveal. So we'll comply. Let's just say that the finale fits within the context of the picture, and that it doesn't make a whole lot of sense.

This movie is heavy with psycho-dramatic twists and violent action. When mixing sex with psychosis, a fine line must be trod between realism and sensationalism. Unfortunately, *The Tiffany Minx* winds up on the wrong side of the line. While there's an abundance of sex, the only time the sex appears alive is when it's coupled with brutality. The rest of the time it's ponderous, and does little to enhance the cumbersome plot.

We applaud the producers of *Minx* for daring to explore new frontiers in porn. But we also believe it's inappropriate—and dangerous—to include gratuitous, exploitative violence in a "turn-on" film. —*J. H.*



'Skin on Skin': Eva Hausmann gets a tongue-lashing from John Leslie.

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, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
A Scent of Heather
Amanda by Night
American Pie
Blonde Ambition
Exposed
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Neon Nights
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
Prisoner of Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Extreme Close-up
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
Taboo
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Sunny
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

Silky
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Hot Dallas Nights
Naughty Network
Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

The Killing of Karen Silkwood

By Richard Rashke; Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107; $11.95.

Nobody argues the facts. Karen Silkwood was a 28-year-old laboratory technician at the Kerr-McGee plutonium plant in Crescent, Oklahoma. She was angry at what she believed were careless inspections in the manufacture of fuel rods for atomic reactors. She'd been gathering evidence of those improprieties for some time, and was on her way to break the story to a *New York Times* reporter when her car smashed into a concrete wall, killing her.

At the time of her death, in mid-November 1974, Silkwood's body, her apartment and most of her personal belongings were found to be contaminated by substantial amounts of radioactivity. The documents she purportedly was carrying the night she died have never been found.

The circumstances surrounding her death prompted a cascade of questions and investigations. Her case became a prime concern of the police, the FBI, the courts, the unions and such activist groups as the National Organization for Women. Was Silkwood murdered? What did the missing documents reveal? And what happened to them?

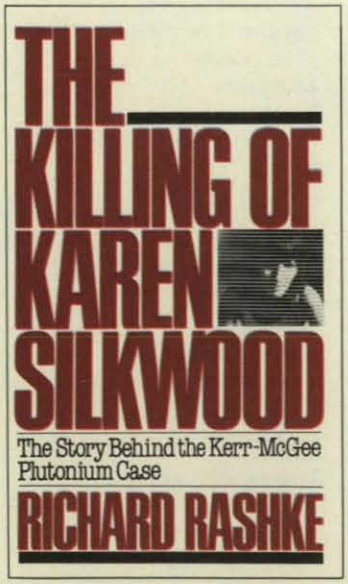


As author Richard Rashke explains, Silkwood's employer, Kerr-McGee, is a multimillion-dollar operation. It was one of the first companies to sink offshore oil wells, and is a leading supplier of plutonium fuel to the atomic-power industry. Its founder, Robert Samuel Kerr, was born in a log cabin, got himself elected to the Oklahoma governorship and the U.S. Senate, and was more than ready for a shot at the Presidency when he died—enormously rich.

The wheeling and dealing that went into Kerr's rise makes for one of the most amazing personal histories you'll ever encounter. And it also leaves room for plenty of speculation about how his company might have reacted to a lone "troublemaker" like Karen Silkwood.

Rashke has done a fantastic amount of digging. In the back of this book you'll find sources for everything he's written, chapter by chapter. What emerges is one of the most fascinating, scary and disturbing true-detective stories to be found anywhere.

If the manipulations of big money, Big Business and power politics interest you—and they should, because it's *you* who's being manipulated—*The Killing of Karen Silkwood* is a must.



The Girls of Thailand

By Dean Barrett; Hong Kong Publishing Company Ltd., 43-55 Wyndham Street, Hong Kong; $15.

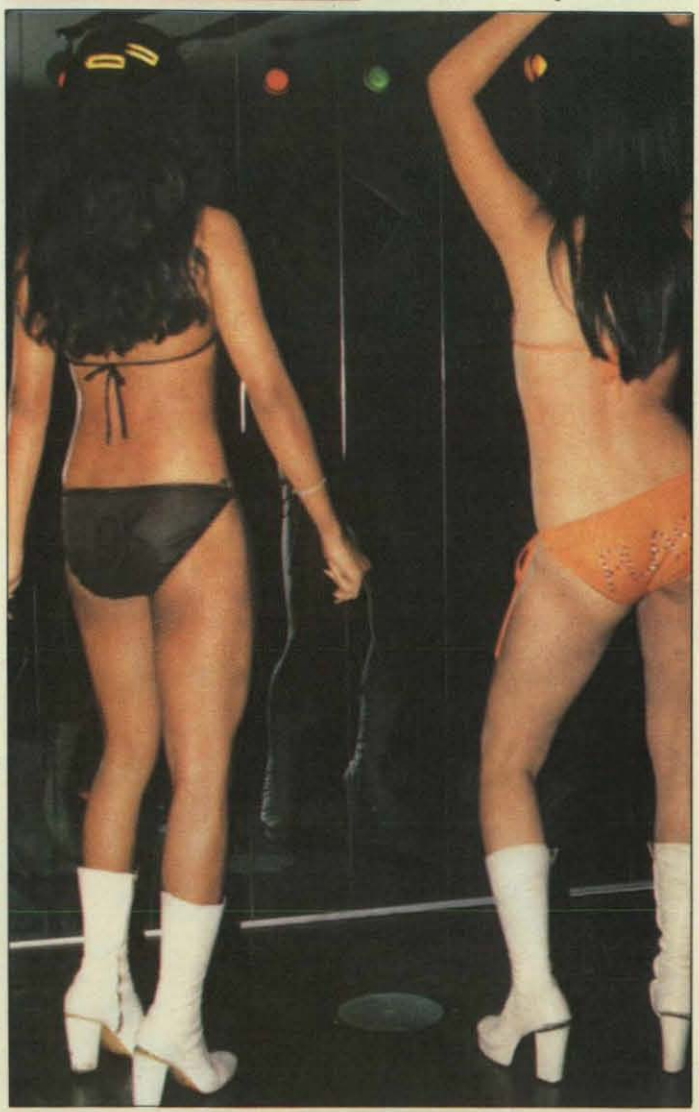
"Pretty" is the best word to describe *The Girls of Thailand*—a pretty book full of pretty girls shot against pretty backgrounds. Author/photographer Dean Barrett finds a dozen different ways to say the same thing: Whether in the city or the country, on the job or at play, Thai girls are warm, cheerful and, well . . . pretty.

While Barrett didn't set out to produce a realistic documentary, something about his approach is bothersome. You'd never guess from looking at this book that these are *real* girls, not wind-up toys; that they can cry, think and feel. Instead, they're presented as joyful, blissed-out creatures living in a Disneyland-type world.

Through scores of color photos—some little better than snapshot quality—Barrett attempts to make this point. Here long-limbed, bikini-clad girls loll contentedly on the beach. A farm girl in a straw hat smiles for the camera. Happy women sweep the mowed grass off a golf course. Even the hookers and bargirls are captured in G-rated poses and prose.

The book's back-cover blurb states that Thai girls are "well on their way to becoming international celebrities" for their "intelligence to deal with life's problems while maintaining an almost-childlike ability to delight in living."

That may be so. But it will take a more discriminating eye than Barrett's to prove it.



Posing for a picture or go-go dancing onstage, Bangkok nightclub performers showcase Thai beauty in Barrett's G-rated 'The Girls of Thailand.'

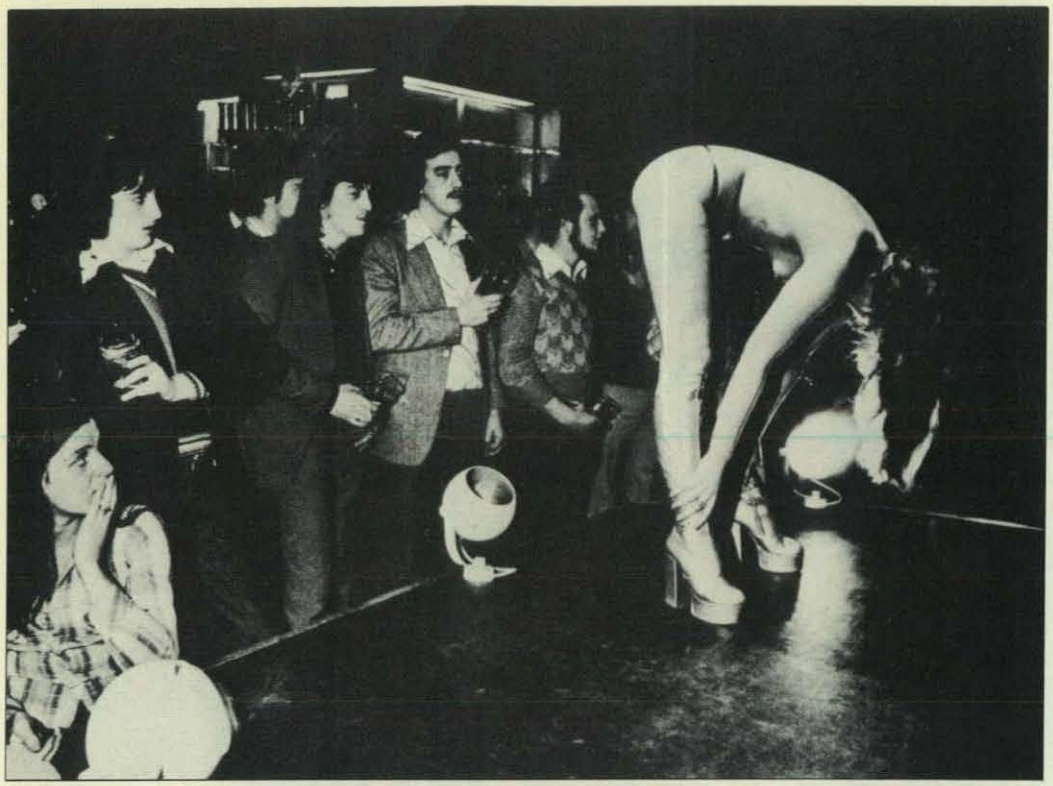
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A stripper in Bradford, England, enjoys a captive audience (above), and a man in London hoists grim reminders of death: Photographer Don McCullin's 'Hearts of Darkness' illuminates life from the lustful to the bizarre.

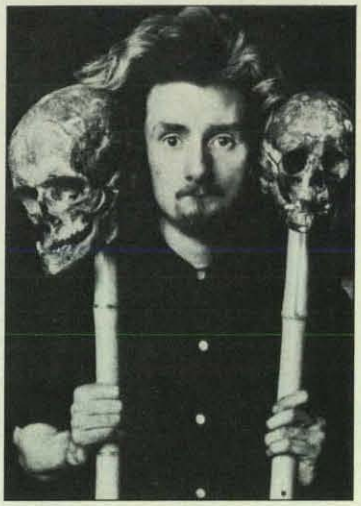
Hearts of Darkness

Photographs by Don McCullin; introduction by John le Carre; Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10002; $12.95.

Not since HUSTLER published those shattering Vietnam battlefield photographs (January 1977) has there been a collection of pictures like these. *Darkness* goes beyond war and death, however; it also deals with poverty, starvation, beauty and peace. Englishman Don McCullin's beat is the whole world, with stops including Cyprus, India, Turkey, Biafra and Southeast Asia.

You'll find two things particularly outstanding about this volume. One is easy to see—the technical excellence of these black-and-white prints. McCullin says he never takes a picture without getting a light reading first. Given the split-second immediacy of these photos, you have to wonder how he's able to do so.

The other thing is more difficult to describe, and is almost captured in the introduction by best-selling author John le Carre. Simply put, it's McCullin's genius for establishing a sort of instant rapport with his subjects.



Whether they're bereaved by the murder of a loved one in Cyprus, or standing matchstick-thin and starving in Biafra, they seem to face McCullin's camera and say: "Yes. Take my picture. Show the world my pain." That connection often makes for sheer magic.

To write his intro, the novelist spent a lot of time with McCullin, trying to discover the man behind the shutter. But how does anyone understand a shy, uncertain man who will take his camera and go even where the U.S. Marines won't go? What is it that drives a quiet, withdrawn fellow out of his garden and into the "real world" of pain and suffering and death?

The only answer necessary is in these remarkable pictures.

Sexual Solutions

By Michael Castleman; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; $12.95.

In the huge pile of how-to sex manuals stacked up in bookstores, this solid, straightforward volume ranks high. The pictures aren't as compelling as those in Dr. Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* series, but *Sexual Solutions*' square-shooting text more than compensates.

Running through this book is the warm, human idea that if your sex life begins and ends where your cock does, you're missing a lot. Author Michael Castleman really believes that good loving makes good sex, and that good loving is a whole-body experience.

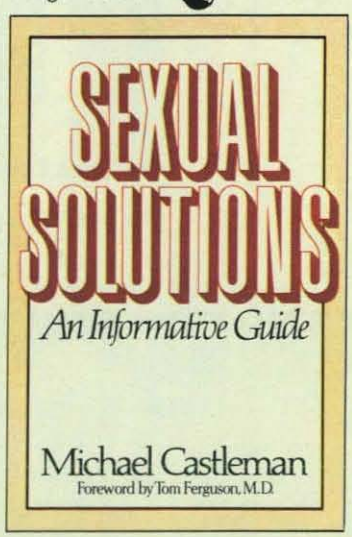
Some of the advice Castleman offers is startling. For example, he researched every major condom manufacturer and discovered the difference in thickness (or thinness) among brands is mostly advertising hype. So-called "superthin," expensive rubbers are no better than the cheap kind. And he learned that the dyes used to tint some of the fancier sheaths are sometimes carcinogenic.

The book also includes clear, sound counsel about genuine communication in lovemaking; sex and aging; erection difficulties; disease; and a whole new approach to contraception called "fertility awareness." This last concept requires special instruction but no equipment at all. Here too are realistic solutions to stressful sexual situations, such as what to do if your lady is raped.

I found just one flaw in his reasoning. "We read little in the men's magazines about massage, contraception, women's lovemaking preferences, differences in lovemaking tastes, or suggestions for working them out," Castleman writes. "We never read anything about sexual assault—not, in my opinion, because the publishers condone it or encourage it, but because it would inject a jarring note of reality into the daydream worlds the men's magazines create. . . .

"Like the sex in pornography, sex in the men's magazines is mostly genital, mostly penis-centered, and it gets boring after a while. . . . Neither television nor the men's magazines face life's inevitable problems head-on . . . like a man."

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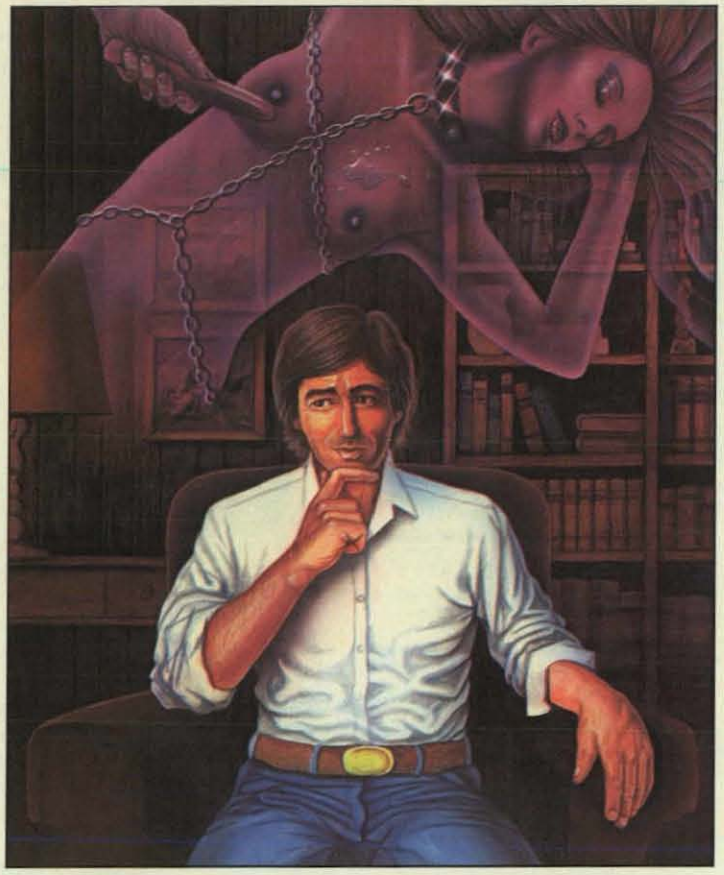
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Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present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



SEX AND FANTASY

by Genia Fogelson

A small white man and a six-foot-tall black woman are making it in a dingy motel room. The woman locks her long, well-muscled legs around the guy's neck and squeezes until his face turns red. Then she lays him across her lap and spanks him. Next, she ties his arms and legs to the bedposts, flogs him with a belt and shouts, "You filthy, low-down dog!" Finally, she lets him eat her pussy.

Vivid as this encounter seems, it never actually happened. Being dominated by a dark-skinned Amazon is simply the man's favorite sexual fantasy.

Virtually everyone has sexual fantasies at one time or another, and they are nothing to feel guilty or ashamed about. Nancy Friday, the author of three definitive, best-selling books on the subject, sees fantasies as healthy, normal and necessary—whether they occur while masturbating or while making love with another person. "Far from being a perversion of our deepest and most intimate moments together," Friday says, "sexual fantasies answer the need for variety that exists in the best of relationships."

In their book *Erotic Fantasies: A Study of the Sexual Imagination*, Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen agree with Nancy Friday. They believe that the ability to fantasize about fucking distinguishes human sexuality from sexuality in the lower species. In fact, the Kronhausens insist, the more intelligent you are, the more you will fantasize about sex.

Many experts maintain that a satisfying sex life goes hand in hand with an active fantasy life. New York psychologist Dr. E. Barbara Hariton says fantasies are not a sign of mental trouble, or even of boredom with a lover. Rather, they mean a creative person is savoring his or her own primitive richness and enhancing sexual desire and pleasure.

Hariton has written of a happily married woman who finds sexual foreplay with her husband more exciting if she imagines herself a harem slave "displaying her breasts to an adoring sheikh. While having intercourse, she sometimes envisions making love in the backseat of a car, or in an old-fashioned house."

Interestingly, it used to be thought that sexual fantasies were confined primarily to males. But recent research has proved that women too have rich, though different, sex fantasies. In general, women more than men are turned on by sexy or romantic states of mind, and by such things as soothing music and a considerate partner. Males, on the other hand, more frequently get off imagining specific, exciting activities, such as having their partner piss on them, or fucking an attractive woman they've seen on the street.

Those who fear they will one day try to act out their more-unusual fantasies should know that many leading psychiatrists and psychologists believe differently. In other words, when you expend psychic energy by indulging in bizarre fantasies, you eliminate the need to translate them into reality. Sex fantasies are generally so unrealizable that they're seldom acted upon, and that's exactly their therapeutic function. "They serve as mental aphrodisiacs and psychological stimulants, underlying 'normal' sexual behavior . . . or as safety valves for bottled-up sexual feelings," say the Kronhausens.

Like much adult behavior, sexual fantasies can often be traced to childhood and puberty. One way this occurs is through a psychological process called "imprinting." By the accident of upbringing and environment a child may come to associate sexual arousal with some specific stimulus—the sound of a music box, for example, or the way leather smells, or the way an older girl looks sunning at the beach.

If these associations are made very early in life, the child may not be able to recall them in his conscious mind when he matures. But they may eventually emerge as sexual fantasies involving, say, a leather fetish.

What do the more-common sex fantasies mean? And what are their origins?

One Man, Two Women. This classic fantasy usually features a man playing with himself while watching his wife or girlfriend make it with another woman, until he begins having sex with them too. Sometimes he does not even "know" the two women. Nancy Friday has a provocative theory about why threesome fantasies are so popular among men. She thinks they represent a release from the tedium of a monogamous relationship. Because choosing one woman in real life usually means

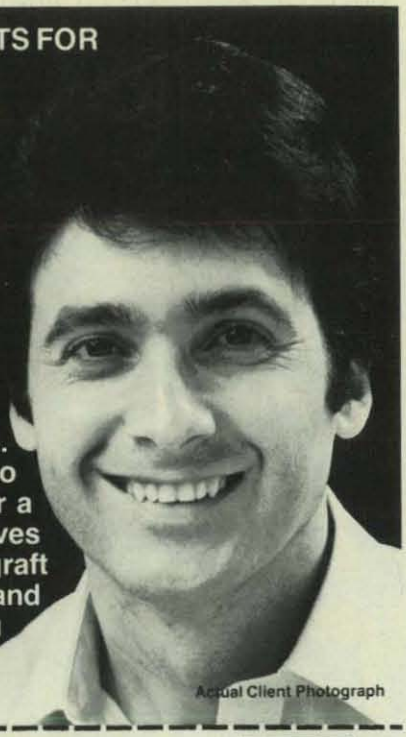
Illustration by Adrian Day

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giving up another, Friday reasons, the fantasy of making it with two seems a step toward achieving what in reality is rarely possible.

Female Rape. There are many variations on this basic type. Essentially, this fantasy centers around the woman being forced to have sex with at least one overpowering, and sometimes brutal, man. Also, she is forced to perform acts she would never think of doing in real life—deep-throating the rapist until he comes in her mouth, for example, or licking his asshole against her will.

Dr. Philip Sullivan defines the hidden meaning of rape fantasy: "The need to disguise sexual longings unacceptable to the self can readily be seen in the 'rape' and 'asleep' fantasies that commonly accompany masturbation. Many women fantasize about being raped. Precious few actually want to be raped. But rape implies sex without choice, and therefore without anything to feel guilty about. The woman who fantasizes that she is asleep and taken advantage of by the passing man accomplishes a similar goal."

Older Woman. The woman in this male fantasy is usually at least ten to 20 years older than the fantasizer. She is also generally the aggressor. She undresses him. She orders him to do this, do that: "Suck my cunt! Shove your cock up my ass!" For the most part, the older woman is the male's mother disguised as someone else. In short, such fantasies can reveal the fantasizer's unresolved desire to have sex with his mother.

Dr. Sullivan recounts the story of a 15-year-old boy who had a recurring masturbatory fantasy of erotic closeness with a woman. She was older, perhaps in her late 30s, blond, good-looking, with a stunning figure and large breasts. The encounter occurred in a tree house. When the boy became extremely aroused, shortly before climax, a sudden change would take place. The woman would be visualized less clearly, but her blond hair and light skin color would both darken.

Was this switch a meaningless detail? "The nestlike setting, the woman's age, above all the striking similarity of the second figure's appearance to that of the boy's own mother, strongly suggest an incest fantasy," says Sullivan. Since incest is obviously unacceptable, the boy needed to mask his real desires. Such reversal of facial characteristics—or failing to "remember" them—is fairly common in dreams.

Male Sadomasochism. The main theme of this fantasy is deriving sexual pleasure from humiliating and punishing a woman—who is frequently, but not

always, older than the fantasizer. He'll tie her up, naked, and make her beg: "I've been bad; so please whip me." Or he'll painfully squeeze her nipples and slap her face while he's fucking her. The variations of giving her pleasure/pain are endless. The unconscious acting-out that goes on in sadomasochism is also often incestuous in essence, but this time the fantasizer may want not only to fuck his mother but also to punish her.

Though the details of S&M fantasies may vary, a common denominator here seems to be anger at women for causing men to lose authority and control. Growing up, a boy often rails against "mother's rules," perceiving them as an attack on his emerging sense of self. The result is that when biology later drives the male to seek sexual satisfaction, he feels a need to attack women to get it. Sadomasochistic fantasies provide a safe outlet, reversing the old position of dominance. The male can be said to be "taking revenge."

Urine and Feces. "Watersports," "golden showers" and "pound cake" are street terms for mingling sex with urine and feces. A typical fantasy of the watersports buff is to be pissed on by a woman while he lies in the bathtub. Another is to urinate in a woman's vagina or mouth. Smearing shit over a female's breasts or giving or receiving an enema from a woman are activities of the confirmed scatologist. The combinations of mixing waste matter and sex are countless.

Severe early toilet-training is frequently the origin of these fantasies. In combining sex with urine and/or feces, the fantasizer is getting back at adults for punishing him every time he soiled or wet his pants. Additionally, the close proximity of the anus to the genitals contributes to the fantasizer's association of sex with shit.

There is a certain irony in choosing "watersports" as a way to defy authority. While on the surface it may indicate being rebellious and tough, wanting to handle excrement ultimately reveals a desire to live again in the freedom only babies are granted.

* * *

If fantasies are rooted in childhood, and often indicate unresolved rage at or lust for parents, who cares?—so long as they enhance masturbatory pleasure and heighten sex with a real-life partner. Doctors say it's okay and, since most of us have kinky fantasies anyway, they're normal. Perhaps the most marvelous thing about our fantasies is that they allow us to do whatever we want . . . without any hassle from our fantasy sex-mate!

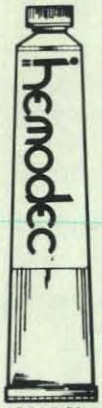
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BENNY BINION

POKER'S GRAND OLD MAN

Far removed from the flashy floor shows cluttering the celebrated Las Vegas Strip, Binion's Horseshoe Hotel and Casino resembles most of the other downtown gambling joints in the neon-lit city. Dice tables are jammed with rollers jostling for elbowroom. Tourists spend hours pulling slot-machine handles, praying for a jackpot. An amplified voice reads off Keno numbers while roulette wheels spin relentlessly. But once a year, past the crowded blackjack tables, something unique takes place in one of the Horseshoe's back rooms. Beneath chandeliers and hot television lights, the world's best poker players assemble for four days and nights of cutthroat, head-to-head competition. The group of 75 perched last May around a cluster of green-felt tables typified the wide range of individuals attracted to the nerve-racking game. It included Texans and New Yorkers; Europeans and South Americans; laid-back old-timers and eager young hustlers; farmers and saloonkeepers. Rather than designer jeans, they wore an assortment of T-shirts, Levi's and leisure suits. Yet there *were* hints of a special kind of status—lots of gold bangles, watches and chains—along with almost enough diamonds to open a branch of Tiffany's.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced a man holding several racks of chips. "The reds are worth a thousand; be careful how you handle them." This proclamation surprised none of the 400 spectators in the bleachers and straining for a better view from

Profile by Doug Garr



Illustrated by Mick McGinty



behind velvet ropes. They already knew these 72 men and three women were among the smartest, richest, hippest and most devious card players on earth. The 12th Annual World Series of Poker—a test of verve and nerve, math and psychology—would continue until all but one of them was eliminated.

The $750,000 at stake, representing each player's $10,000 entry fee, was the largest purse in tournament history. The winner would get half the pot, with the next eight finishers divvying up the remainder. For many, however, the buy-in was mere tipping money. Their reputations and egos were worth far more than ten grand.

It's fitting that the lucrative World Series takes place each year at the Horseshoe, a no-limit, no-frills establishment reminiscent of the Old West. Insiders call the place Binion's, after its 78-year-old founder, Benny Binion. Also known as "The Cowboy" (because of his Texas origins), he serves as patriarch of one of the few family-owned casinos left in the state. In Las Vegas, Benny Binion is more than a successful casino operator; he is something of a legend.

Most mornings, he can be found holding court in the casino's Sombrero Room, wearing a white cowboy shirt trimmed with small gold buttons. Binion's down-home appearance makes it hard to conceive of the gray-haired grandfather of seven living the better part of his life around gamblers, bootleggers, hustlers and others of questionable reputation. He has long since relinquished the day-to-day management of the Horseshoe to his sons, Jack and Teddy. These days, he likes to spend as much time as he can—usually five months a year—at his sprawling ranch near Billings, Montana. There he can relax in his sheepskin coat and $400 mink cowboy hat and tend to his 600 horses and cattle, far from the casino's incessant bustle of activity.

The Horseshoe is known for a colorful, informal quality that attracts serious gamblers who don't take kindly to the lavish casinos on the Strip. They come to Binion's strictly to gamble. They're not interested in hearing Tom Jones croon, or listening to some second-rate stand-up comic tell tired jokes.

The one bit of deliberate tackiness is a display case containing $1 million—100 $10,000 bills. That sizable sum was once the focal point for one of Benny's famed practical jokes. In the '50s, when the Binions temporarily lost control of the Horseshoe, the new owners decided they didn't need all that cash doing nothing; so they removed the display. After the family bought back its interest, Benny gave a bunch of rookie security guards a money box containing what they thought was a million dollars in small bills.



"I usually don't take it up the ass, but since you're John Travolta . . ."

"They were supposed to meet me at the casino in a few minutes," Binion recalls. "They opened the box when I arrived, and everyone's jaw dropped, because it was filled with cut-up paper. I was carrying the 100 $10,000 bills in my boot."

Day-to-day business at Binion's, however, is no joking matter. Management of the enormously successful casino prides itself on running one of the rare establishments that will cover any bet a gambler can afford.

"Nobody owns this place but Benny's family, unlike those other hotels that have 30 different investors," says "Amarillo Slim" Preston, a former World Poker Champion and perhaps the best-known player in the country. "Once on a TV show he was asked why he gave a man a chance to bet as much as he wanted, while there was always a limit on the Strip. Benny said, 'Let me tell you. Up there on the Strip they have great big hotels and itty-bitty bankrolls. Downtown, I got an itty-bitty hotel and a great big bankroll.' "

Binion long ago set down the rule whereby the opening bet a gambler makes establishes the largest wager he can make on any subsequent play. He is a little less liberal issuing credit, however, mainly because he understands the personality of a gambler and how easy it is to go over the edge.

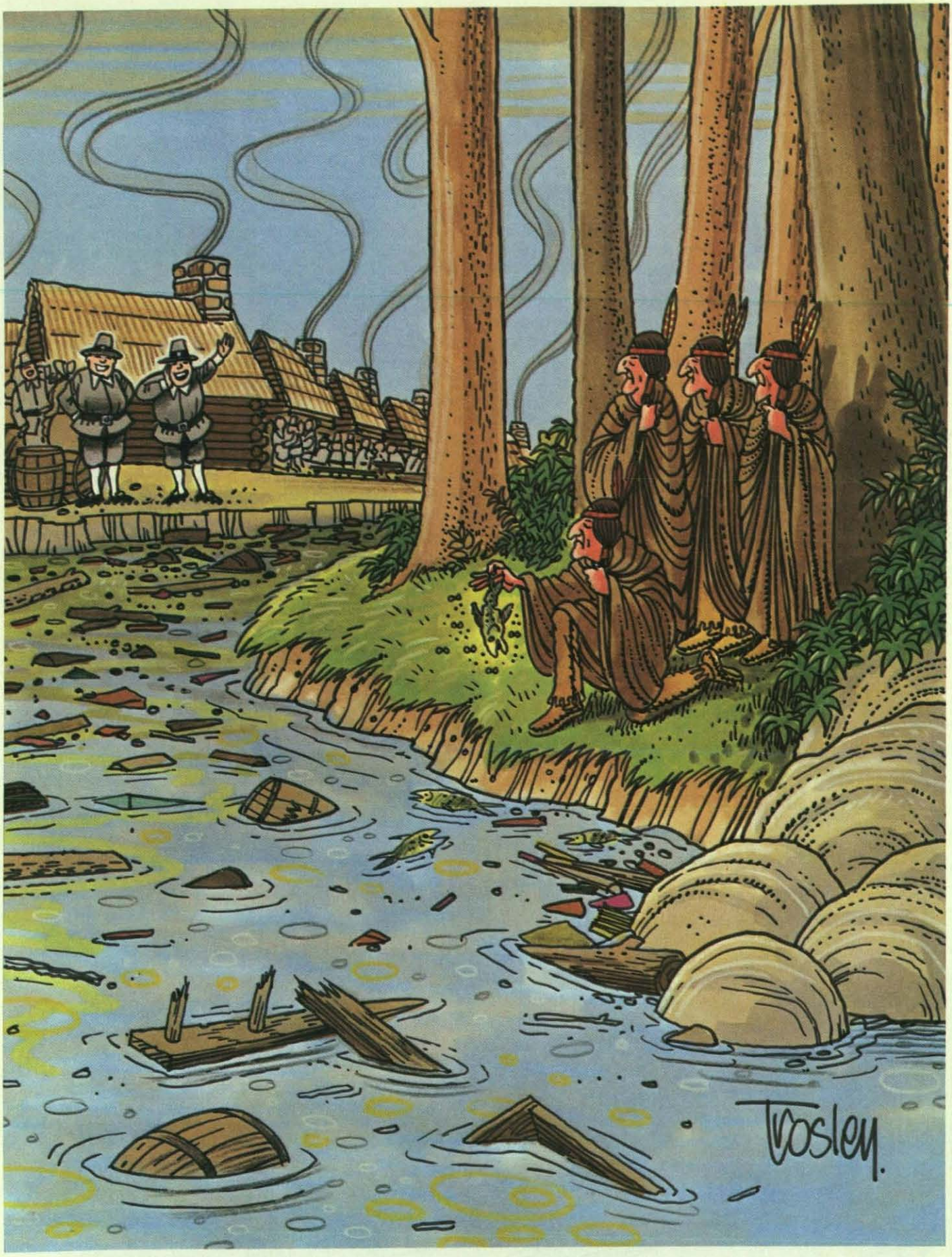
"We let a man set his own limit, but we hold him to it so's a fellow don't get too carried away and go too far," Benny drawls. "He may come in and ask for $500 credit, and we give it to him; but when he starts gambling, he may want to go beyond that $500. Well, he can't do it at the Horseshoe. I don't care how much the man's worth. Our rule is that he lives by the limit he set before he got all excited. This is the biggest favor you can do for a customer, and once he cools down, he'll be the first to tell you so."

The Cowboy has his own special way of expressing gratitude. Some years ago a high-rolling tourist flew into Vegas and asked to be taken to the best gambling place. A cabdriver deposited the guy at Binion's, where he eventually dropped a bundle of money. When Benny found out how the gambler happened to come to his casino, he vainly called all over town, trying to personally thank the cabbie. Each Thanksgiving since then, Benny has sent a turkey to every licensed taxi driver in Las Vegas.

* * *

"For the first couple of years the World Series was small, kind of like a get-together," Jack Binion recalled, standing on the sidelines during the opening moments of the 1981 renewal.

Many poker pundits say his expert



"Hey! You guys wanna grab some chicks and come on over to a Thanksgiving celebration?!"

management has done much to make the casino a success. The balding, cordial president of the Horseshoe won't disclose the establishment's annual revenues though. "But I will say this," he offered. "We make more money per square foot than any place in the state."

Back in 1970 Jack envisioned a golden opportunity to promote poker—along with the family's casino—after noticing the success of a "gambler's convention" held at a Reno casino. "Probably 40 million people play poker," he reasoned. "So I decided to bring together the cream of the crop—the touring pros, the Jack Nicklauses and Arnold Palmers of the poker world. That way, anyone willing to put up the entry fee could find out how he measured up against the top players."

Professional card players consider the no-limit World Series to be a gambler's ultimate test. Most of the nation's Friday-night competitors are accustomed to playing limit poker, wherein a maximum wager ensures a "gentleman's" game. But a betting ceiling also reduces the most important element of poker—bluffing—thereby eliminating a lot of skill and magnifying the luck factor.

It takes nothing but gut instinct to call a $6 raise in a limit game across the street at the Golden Nugget. Yet it requires a controlled pulse rate—"Denver ice water," as two-time champion Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson puts it—to send $30,000 into a pot while holding a hand consisting of absolute garbage.

What determines the World Champion is a modified seven-card-stud game called Texas Hold 'Em (see page 51). Basically, each player gets only two hole cards; five other cards are turned up in the center, and are common to each player's hand. There are four betting rounds, and a player has to make the best poker hand using any five cards.

Since so few cards are in use in Hold 'Em (as opposed to ordinary stud), nine players are often slugging it out at one table. It may look easy, but it isn't. Some of the best poker players have gone busted trying to master the game.

That's why it has captured the imagination of such brainy competitors as Ken Smith, a life master at chess who served as Bobby Fischer's second when Fischer beat Russia's Boris Spassky for the world title. The 1978 World Series Champion, Bobby "The Owl" Baldwin, once devoted a considerable amount of time to another intellectual game, bridge, becoming a life master after playing only 13 months.

"Bridge is the most advanced card-technique game there is," says 30-year-old Baldwin, who wears a gold bracelet with "Bobby" spelled out in diamonds. "But there's no betting during the actual hand the way there is in poker. That's what makes poker more than a game of cards; it's a game of people. A lot of the time the cards you hold have no effect on what you do in the pot."

The four days of World Series play effectively reduce the luck factor to a minimum. Good cards carry a mediocre player only so far. In tournament competition even the best contestants know they must play cagily, from the opening hand until the time when they have to risk their entire stake on one hand.

"It doesn't make any difference if you play 150 hands in a row perfectly," Baldwin explains. "If you make a mistake on the 151st hand, you're back in the bleachers."

Not only does a player require a substantial amount of card sense, but also he must possess a strong bladder. In the past, players were allowed to adjourn to the rest room during actual play. But too many inferior competitors took advantage of that rule, spending 30 and 40 minutes in the john while others were being knocked out of contention. Tournament manager Eric Drache finally cracked down. If an entrant can't wait for the official break, the dealer plays his ante while he is gone.

"Leaving to take a piss during the World Series can cost you $200," says Drache. "It's the world's most expensive pay toilet."

• • •

At the conclusion of this year's opening day of competition, 37 contestants had been eliminated. The leader—with $50,000 in chips—was Rievera Richmond, a clothing designer from Beverly Hills, California. Old-timers scoffed at Richmond's performance, insisting she was too inexperienced to even enter the Series. But Benny Binion defended her. "Who in the hell knows how much Hold 'Em she's played?" he asked. "I'll bet she ain't tellin' nothin'!" Nobody took Binion's bet.

Meanwhile, last year's winner, Stu Ungar, languished in 13th place. Brunson, Baldwin and Amarillo Slim ranked ninth through 11th, respectively. It was still very early, and any of the 38 remaining players had a chance to win.

All except one, that is. Don Furrh, a flamboyant 44-year-old Texan, openly admitted his inferior ability to anyone who would listen. "I'm probably the worst player here," he said, even though he stood in 26th place with $10,950 in chips stacked before him. The owner of a string of country-and-western bars, Furrh entered the World Series with an eye to earn money on the "proposition" plays—the rampant bets made on the sidelines throughout the tournament. He'd already picked up around $70,000

(continued on page 50)



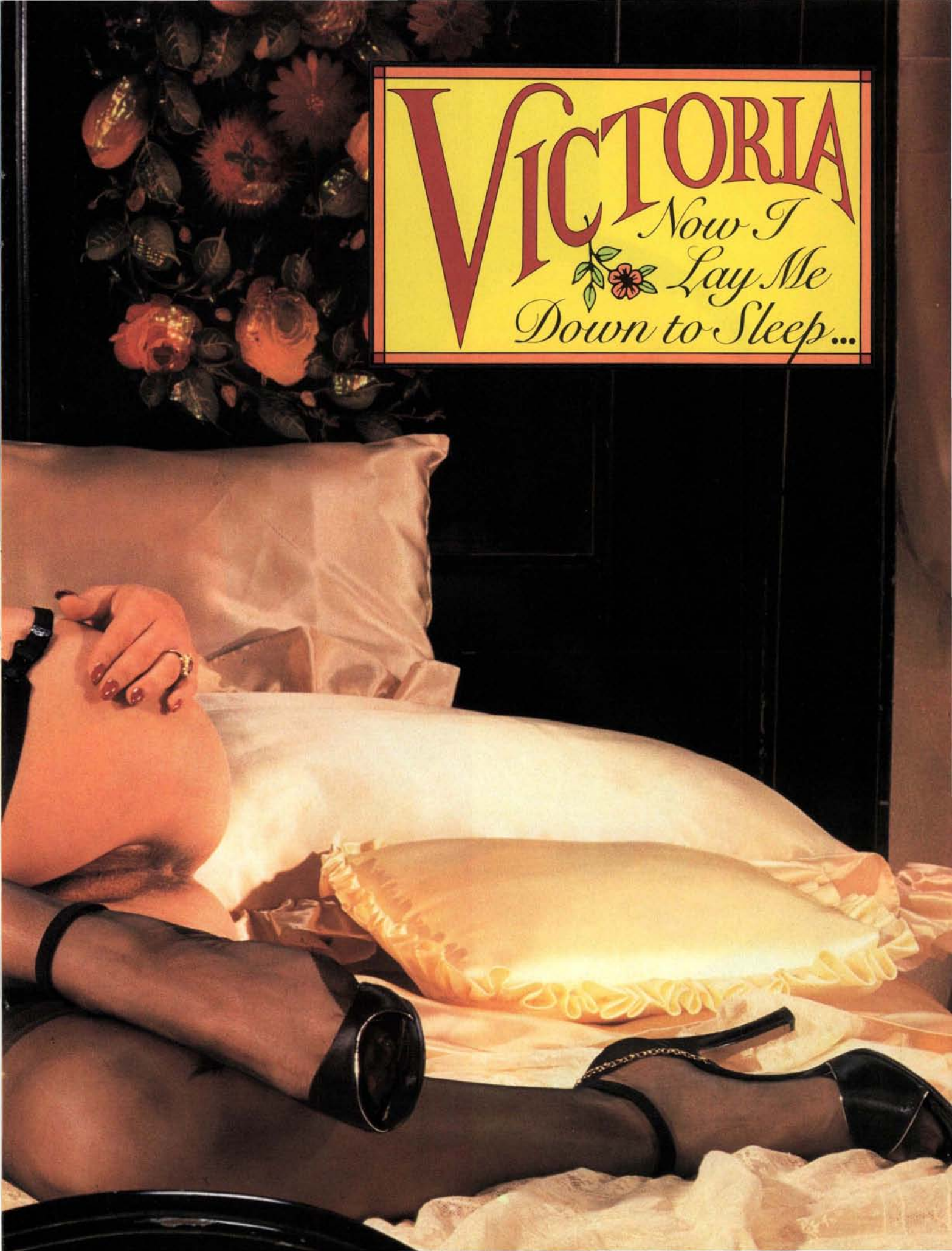


"You don't screw on the first date? No problem! I brought along my 'Pocket Pussy' by Rimco."



Photography by Clive McLean

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VICTORIA
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep...





"I like to make love to myself every night before going to sleep," purrs 22-year-old Victoria, an antiques dealer in Providence, Rhode Island. "Even though I enjoy being with men, there's something tremendously erotic about playing with myself. I love the feel of my silky undies, and I'm the only one who really knows where my pleasure spots are. After gently caressing my smooth skin, I'll subtly finger my juicy honeypot, tickling and teasing its pink folds until I almost pass out from excitement." She graciously demonstrated her nighttime ritual for a HUSTLER photographer. After Victoria drenched herself with love juice, maybe *she* could sleep, but we were wide awake!









(continued from page 40)

from bettors who wagered he wouldn't last the first day.

"You can't possibly be the worst player here," a reporter suggested.

The Texan grinned slyly. "You're right," he replied. "I'm not. But they *think* I am."

Furrh was so intent on winning those side wagers that he even threw away a pair of aces—an almost-certain winner—rather than take the slightest risk of losing the hand and getting eliminated on the first day. If nothing else, he stood out as a superior businessman and card hustler. Insiders agree that all of poker boils down to such cunning.

• • •

As the Hold 'Em tournament moved into its second day, spectators populating the cramped gallery began supporting their favorites more vigorously, cheering when they raked in large pots. Distinctive styles were beginning to emerge more clearly. Each time 400-pound Ken Smith won a hand, he stood up, tipped his derby hat and bellowed, "What a player!" By Tuesday he had been silent for hours, following a disastrous losing streak. In desperation, Smith shoved in all of his remaining chips on the sixth card of a spirited hand—betting against Amarillo Slim. Somewhat pessimistic about his chances, he rose from the table, glanced at his watch and quipped, "If I have to, there's still time to catch a plane."

While Slim pondered the cards, his huge opponent playfully razzed him. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't call me, Slim." Instead, Amarillo moved $8,000 worth of chips to the center of the table, making the pot about $20,000. Smith turned up a pair, and Slim had but four clubs. When the last card was turned, there was no club flush for Slim.

"Cancel that flight!" Smith shouted, grinning from ear to ear.

• • •

On the morning of Day Three only 20 players were still in the running. Perry Green, a furrier from Anchorage, Alaska, held first place with $81,000. The heavy betting favorite was Bobby Baldwin, in third place with just under $60,000. Doyle Brunson ranked sixth, five spots ahead of Stu Ungar, who had survived a few tough losses.

"There's a lot of blood out there now," Brunson said during a break in the action. "And there's liable to be more." Nobody doubted his assessment. The level of play was getting intense, the competition that much fiercer.

One thing was certain: Some of the blood would be Texas blood, a new development in the annual competition. Once, Texans dominated the Series, winning seven of the first 11 championships. But in the past three years the two young lions of high-stakes poker—New York's Ungar and Oklahoma's Baldwin (along with California's Hal Fowler, the only amateur to ever win)—had taken the top prize. Clearly, the rest of the country was catching up.

"Texans have played this game for years; so they've had the experience," explained Mickey Appleman, a solid player from New York City. "But recently the difference in the level of excellence has narrowed dramatically. Hold 'Em has become a national game."

Were it not for the Binion family, Hold 'Em would hardly be the attraction it is today. Not only has Jack Binion brought the game into the country's living rooms—network TV covers the tournament regularly—but also he has helped cleanse the professional gambler's image. A poker player is no longer thought of as a guy who hangs out in sleazy, smoke-filled back rooms.

• • •

"Most of 'em are good family men," insists Benny Binion. "No doubt about it. Cardplaying has become a downright respectable occupation."

For much of his life, ironically, Binion had a reputation that was anything but respectable. As a teenager, back in the days of Prohibition, he worked for a company that laid asphalt for parking lots, hauling gravel with a team of mules and a wagon. One day he got to talking with the sharply dressed man who bought the gravel, and learned he had made his money selling whiskey.

Right then and there Binion decided to try bootlegging. He used his team and wagon to drive to Oklahoma, where he would pick up a load of whiskey and sell it on his return to Texas. Later, he got into the gambling business, another illegal venture at the time. Soon Binion was running 13 poker rooms in Dallas and getting up impromptu games all over the state.

"We used to gamble in the damnedest places, with a lot of folks you wouldn't invite home to Sunday dinner," he recalls. "Mostly it was hotel rooms, some with sliding walls like in the movies. If word came that the game was being raided, up went the wall. Tables were folded and tucked away, and the wall slipped back into place."

• • •

Reminiscing during a dinner break, "Texas Johnny" Moss—now 74 and another grand old man of poker—confirmed that cardplaying was a good but hard living in those days. "I knew 20 killers and 50 cheaters," he said. "I carried a pistol for 40 years on the road in Alabama, Texas and Oklahoma. I



"I can't hang on any longer, Clara!! I'm gonna come!!!"

don't think Benny walked out of his room a day in his life without a gun either."

At a nearby table, Binion was sitting with his wife of almost 50 years. "Teddy Jane said when she married me that she'd wind up living over a two-bit crap game," he observed. "Her prediction pretty much came true."

Today the Binions reside at the Horseshoe, just upstairs from the 25¢ craps-shooters and the high rollers. "I never wanted no luxurious house," Benny muttered, conveniently overlooking his sizable spread in Montana.

Binion took the money he had earned from illegal gambling operations in Texas and migrated to Las Vegas, where he heard gambling was legitimate. In 1951, after running a few smaller clubs, he opened the Horseshoe. By the end of 1953, however, Binion's lucky streak had run out, and he went to prison for almost four years after refusing to pay taxes. "That was a time when they were putting people in the penitentiary to make them scared [of not paying taxes]," he explains. "I just happened to be one of 'em. It wasn't any fun."

The Binion family's rise to prominence in Las Vegas is not a subject they like to discuss extensively, because of seedy rumors about connections to organized crime. The more-sensational stories were referred to in Ovid Demaris' book, *The Last Mafioso*, which contains 11 references to Benny. When the book was published last February, it became an instant best-seller in Vegas.

"You couldn't get a copy for a month," says World Series manager Eric Drache. "Some reporter went around asking every casino operator who was mentioned what they thought. Every one of them vehemently denied the charges. All except one—Benny Binion."

The Last Mafioso's main character, Mob informant Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno, implies that Binion once had someone killed and paid $200,000 for the job. When Benny was questioned about this, he is said to have replied, "Why would I pay $200,000 for something I could do by myself?"

Stories of Binion's nonchalance and his utterly simple candor are legend. "Once, he was asked why he made donations to politicians for their campaigns," Drache recalls. "He just said, 'For favors, what else?' "

* * *

By the end of Day Three only nine survivors remained seated around the Horseshoe Casino's U-shaped table. Bobby Baldwin had accumulated $128,300. Bettors in the bleachers made him the 2-1 favorite to win his second

POKER VOCABULARY



Said to have originated in Waco, Texas, in the 1800s, Hold 'Em failed to really catch on until the 1930s. It was a regional poker game then, but moved slowly to the Northwest before gaining popularity in Las Vegas, largely through the efforts of old-timers like Benny Binion and Johnny Moss.

Hold 'Em is so named because a player's hand can change drastically with the turn of a single card. A deceptively simple form of seven-card stud, the game is considered by the best players to be the premier variation of poker.

Two cards are dealt facedown to each player, followed by a round of betting. In World Series play there are no limits on the amount of raises a player can make, nor how much he can bet. Three cards are then flopped in the center of the table, and the players bet again. Two more cards are turned up, one at a time, followed by a round of betting after each. These five cards are common to everyone's hand. The winning hand is the best one using any five of the hole cards and community cards.

Here are some of the more-important, widely used terms in Hold 'Em:

All In: In no-limit games this is when a player moves every one of his chips into the pot on a single bet. If he loses, he's eliminated from the game. When a well-known or skillful player makes such a move, it prompts a great deal of excitement from the gallery, and players at other tables usually pause to watch the hand.

Flop: This refers to the three cards that are turned up in the middle of the table after the initial betting round. They are common to all players' hands. In Texas the flop is often called the "turn."

Fourth Street: The fourth card, turned up after the flop is bet.

Fifth Street: The fifth, and final, card.

Down the River: The same as Fifth Street. When a player loses on the last card, he sometimes says he was "taken down the river."

Draw: This refers to any of the up cards on the table. When a player stays after the first betting round and eventually beats a player who started with a higher hand, he is said to have "drawn out" on the loser.

The Nuts: Usually refers to the best two-card hand on the table; sometimes it means the best hand after the draw.

Second Nuts: The second-best hand.

Big Slick: Ace-king of the same suit dealt facedown; considered one of the strongest two-card combinations (other than high pairs, such as aces or kings). It provides several possibilities for a big hand—a high flush or straight, or two big pairs.

Busted Out: Knocked out of the game.

Monster: A very big hand, mostly a full house or better.

The Hammer: The person who sits to the right of the dealer, and hence bets last. This is the best seat. When a player has the hammer, he is almost obliged to make a large raise to drive weaker hands out of the pot.

Steamer: A player who loses a close hand and subsequently makes a lot of raises—usually bluffs. He is said to be "steaming," or angry at the loss.

Button: A token moved clockwise around the table following each hand of tournament play, designating the dealer for betting purposes. (A nonplayer actually deals the cards.)

Blind: An automatic raise, generally twice or four times the ante, which the player or players immediately to the left of the dealer must make—regardless of their cards. The blind usually ensures a lively first round of betting action.

Tell: An act by a player that allows another player to anticipate what an opponent is holding. For example, a player may unintentionally scratch his nose when he's bluffing, or rub his chin when he has good cards. Outstanding players have few if any tells. Naturally, they never inform other players once they've spotted one.

Freeze Out: A game in which players are eliminated until the one remaining takes in all the money; the style of play used in the World Series.

world championship. Ken Smith ($114,000) was a close second, with Jay Heimowitz standing third and Perry Green fourth. Holding $53,200 in chips, Stu Ungar was a distant eighth. But his supporters were hardly counting him out. "Kid Ice" or "Stu-ball," as they called him, had previously been down to only $2,000 and had recovered. He could do it again.

Just behind him, 40-year-old Andy Moore loomed as the underdog and sentimental favorite. A complete surprise throughout the competition, he had played mostly low-stakes poker in Florida when not running a bar. His appearance in the World Series was somewhat of a fluke.

Moore had brought $400 in betting money to Vegas, and he scraped up another $700 from friends back home to enter one of the tournament's preliminary limit games. He caught some good cards, played well and eventually found himself face-to-face with Bobby Hoff, a top player who was runner-up in the 1979 World Series. Hoff had $8,500, and Moore had only $1,500. Hoff made a courteous—if not generous—offer of $1,000 if Moore would concede.

Those in the know told Moore to take the money. "You're hopelessly outclassed," they said, candidly. Instinct told Moore to sweat it out. He phoned his investors in Florida, and they agreed he should go for it. Miraculously, Moore upset Huff and had enough to enter the World Series.

"I'm doing so good here, how can I go back home to $2 poker?" he asked after assuring himself of ninth place. "I'm getting sort of used to just shovin' 'em in there." Moore was referring to the dozen or so dramatic occasions when he went "all in"—pushing his entire stack of chips to the center of the table. Not only had he been lucky enough to prevail every time, but along the way his winning hands had eliminated stalwarts Brunson and Appleman.

Moore's style of play was anything but suave. Almost all players in the Series are compulsive about their stacks of chips. They make neat, even piles to determine their bankroll at a glance. When they think long and hard about a bet, they often shuffle their chips, a universal method of venting tension.

Yet Moore fumbled when shuffling his chips, and he was probably the only player in the tournament who mixed the $100 blacks with the $1,000 reds.

"That really irritated some of those guys," he said, allowing a sly smile. Moore knew he had violated the sanctity of high-stakes protocol. If they didn't like it, he figured, then that gave him a psychological edge.

• • •

At 1 p.m. on Day Four the last nine players filed into the jam-packed poker room for the final showdown. Benny Binion wasn't making any ironclad predictions, though he did like the chances of the Kid—Stu Ungar. Among the finalists were such heavy-hitters as Bobby Baldwin, Jay Heimowitz, Ken Smith, Gene Fisher, Bill Smith and longshot Perry Green.

"Whoever wins the tournament will have to come up with something a little special," Baldwin had said earlier. "He'll have to play good and not have anything disastrous happen to him as far as luck is concerned."

At this point the price to stay in the game was staggering. The ante was $400, and the "blinds"—compulsory raises by the first two players in the initial betting round—were $800 and $1,600. Every time the deal rotated completely around the table, each of the nine competitors had to shell out a minimum of $6,000 in antes and blinds, even if he didn't stay in a single hand. At the speed they were playing, that could amount to something like $72,000 an hour—whether or not someone actually caught a good hand or was merely bluffing.

It wasn't long before "Chicago Sam" Petrillo went all in with ace-king in the hole. Baldwin had a pair of queens, however, and the board turned up a pair of 8s. Baldwin's two pair sent Sam to the bleachers.

Not long after, spectators strained to watch the most dramatic hand in the four-day tournament. Bobby Baldwin sat with a pair of 9s against Perry Green's pair of queens. The up cards showed 3-4-9 of different suits, making a flush highly unlikely for either player, but giving Baldwin three of a kind and a probable winning hand.

Baldwin, preferring to let Green dig his own grave, checked. Sensing it was time for a big play, Green nibbled at the bait and bet $42,000. The gallery grew still. Baldwin called the bet and raised a stunning $87,000 trying to drive his opponent out of the pot. The onlookers hooted and whistled. They had read the hand correctly. Baldwin had a big one.

Green looked glum. "I've made a terrible error," he muttered, realizing Baldwin had three of a kind or possibly an unbeatable straight. His only chance was to draw a third queen, a 22-1 shot.

With barely $33,000 left, Green decided to risk it all—shoving his chips in and calling. The players then turned over their hole cards. The fourth card dealt was the jack of hearts. The fifth was the *queen of spades*. Green had three queens, winning $210,000 on the hand

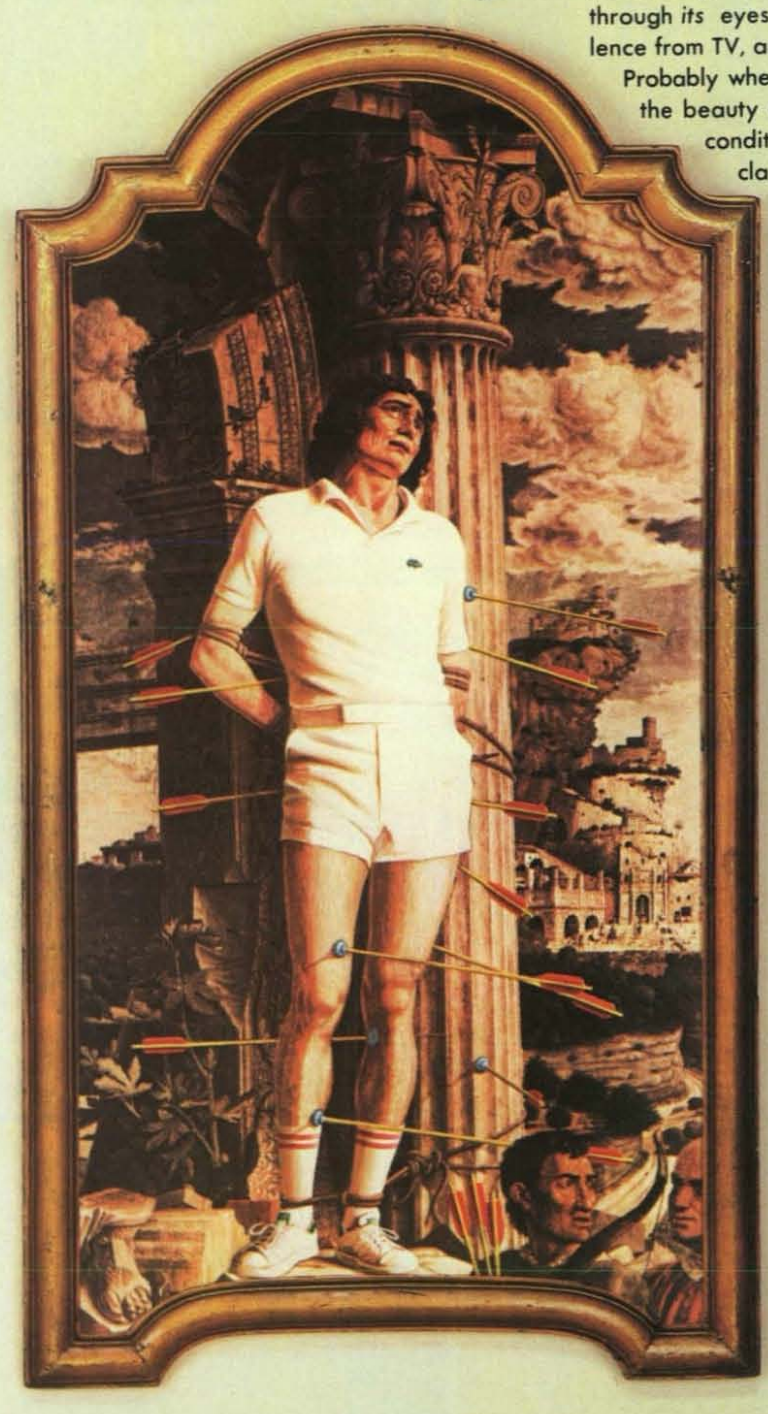
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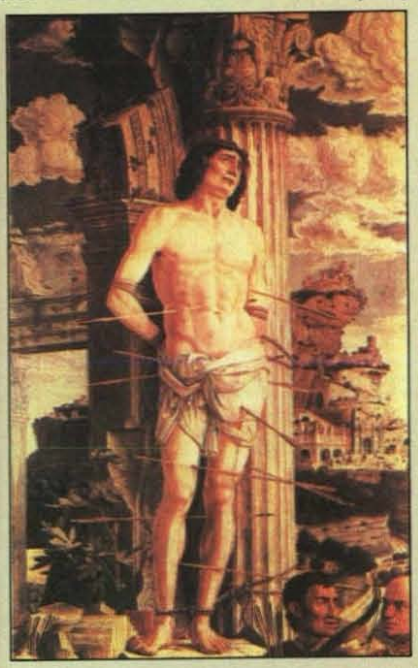


"The cat's been shitting in my sandbox again."

The Moral Majority Art Gallery

Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder . . . and so is obscenity. But the Moral Majority has been trying to force America to look at things through *its* eyes. These rabid censors want to remove sex and violence from TV, and nude women from magazines. Where will it end? Probably where it began, in the masterpieces whose themes were the beauty of the human body and the suffering of the human condition: in other words, sex and violence. Here's how the classics would look if the Moral Majority had its way.



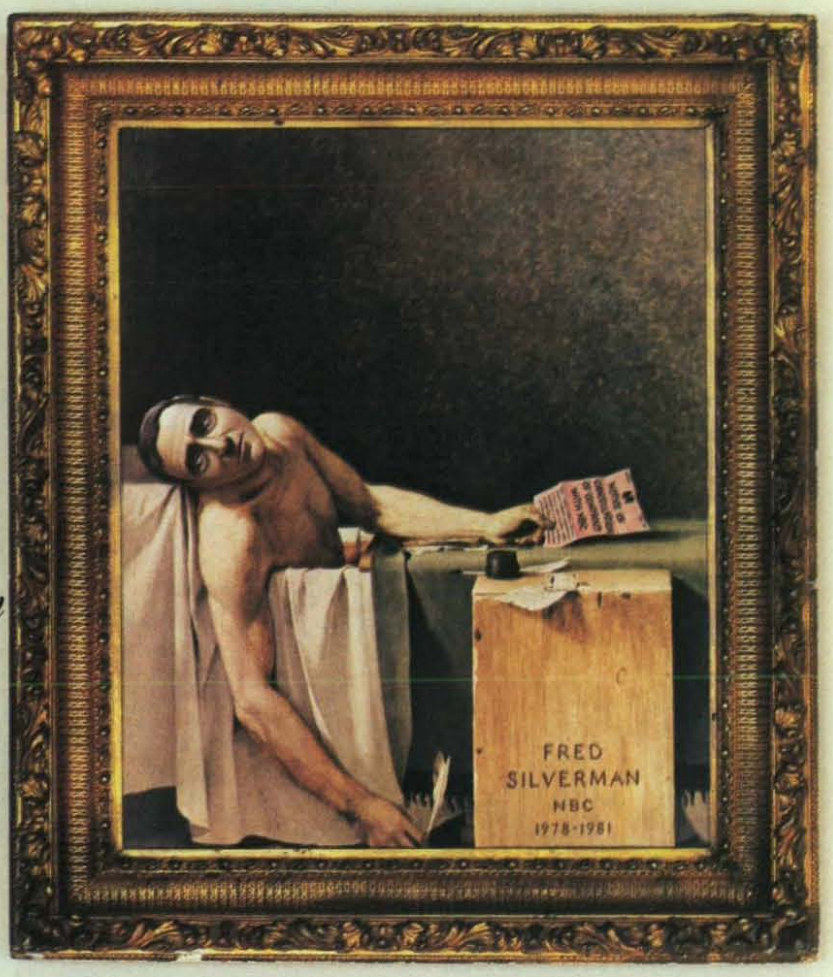


The Wimbledon of Saint Sebastian

(The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian)

This painting depicts the last moments of Saint Sebastian, a Roman soldier who was used for archery practice because of his religious beliefs. A nice plot, but it would never get past the Coalition for Better Television. Too much violence. The new version not only blunts the slings and arrows of misfortune, but also gives Saint Sebastian a nice hobby, playing tennis.





The Death of Silverman

(The Death of Marat)

In the original, French revolutionary Jean-Paul Marat has been stabbed in the back by madwoman Charlotte Corday. In the "moral" retouch, the leader of the "jiggle-show" movement, Fred Silverman, has been stabbed in the back by the bosses at NBC. The violence is obviously justified by the appropriate victim. *Touche!*





Clam Up

(The Birth of Venus)

Brilliant Italian artist Sandro Botticelli found the nude goddess Venus to be an exquisite subject. The Moral Majority wouldn't agree. By its standards, this is obscene pornography. But a tastefully retitled and censored *Birth of Venus* is really more like an abortion.

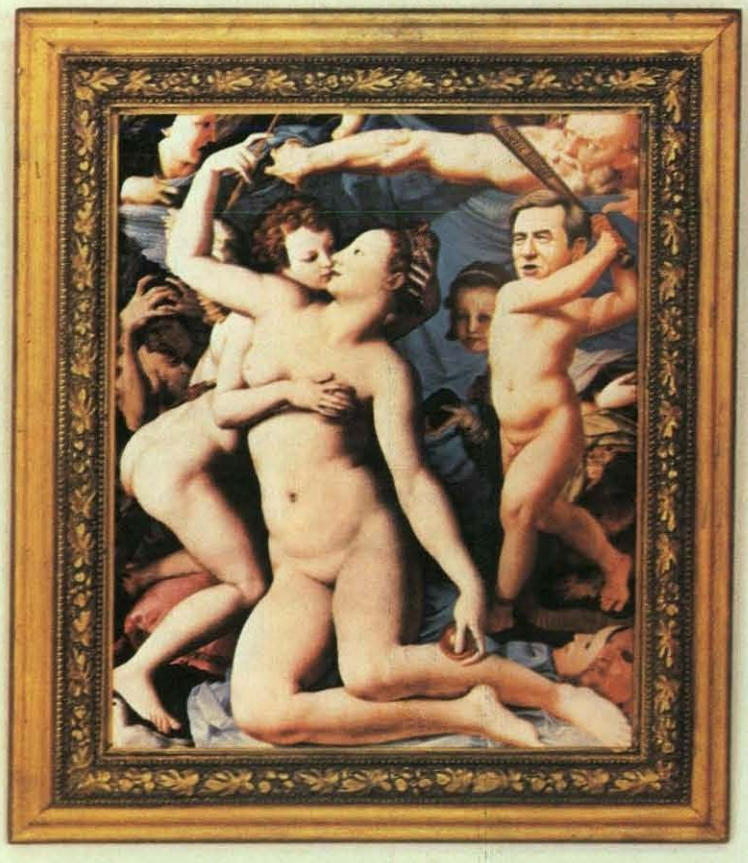


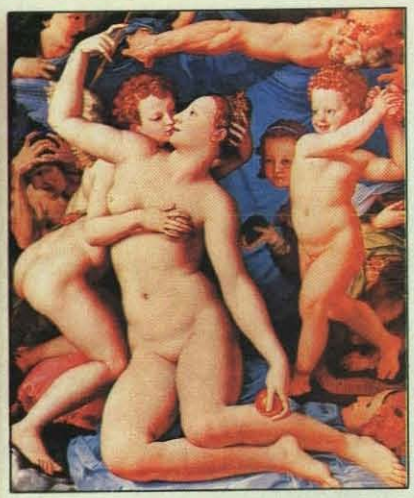
The Decent Descent From the Cross

(The Descent From the Cross)

Whether Christ was really clothed that way or not, moralists aren't going to have Him pulled down off the cross in diapers. Leave it to them to decide what the well-dressed Messiah was wearing on that eventful day.







An Allegation

(An Allegory)

Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell may not know much about art, but he knows what he doesn't like. Although the painting relates events from Greek mythology, Jerry seems bent on hitting into this double play. If that kid is smart, he'll keep his balls out of the strike zone.

(continued from page 52)

and firmly establishing himself as the leader. The crowd roared in disbelief.

Bobby Baldwin had played the hand brilliantly, even perfectly; yet he was nailed by Lady Luck. As Green raked in the chips, Baldwin, the icy professional, uttered not a word. "I could feel it comin'," Doyle Brunson remarked.

Baldwin was still in second place, however, and he had plenty of chips. Meanwhile, Stu Ungar was slowly inching his stack skyward. The comeback that many anticipated was in the making. It was only a matter of time before the two young lions of championship poker would confront each other.

When it happened, the pot was $160,000. Ungar edged Baldwin with two pair, queens and 3s, to Bobby's 9s and 6s.

The death knell came for Baldwin only a few hands later. He lost his last stack in a $100,000 pot to Gene Fisher—ironically, with nearly the same cards he had in his heart-stopper with Perry Green. Baldwin had kings in the hole; Fisher had queens. When they turned up their hole cards after Baldwin was all in, the gallery held its breath. Bobby had to win this time; there was no way someone could draw a 22-1 shot *twice* in a row against the Owl. But the last card up was the queen of clubs—another "Black Maria"—making Fisher the winner with three queens.

"That's why they named the game Hold 'Em," Baldwin said philosophically. "Sometimes you got 'em but you can't hold 'em. The last card knocks you out. Once you have all your money in the pot, you have no control over what's going to fall off that deck."

For a while it seemed as if Fisher might hold on to all of Baldwin's chips. But his Waterloo came when he went all in on two pair against Ungar's winning small straight. Graciously, Fisher tipped his hat and left the poker room amid polite applause, $65,000 richer for finishing third.

The tournament's final confrontation was a testament to the fluctuations of skill and luck that characterize any poker game—whether it's deuces wild with the boys from the lodge, or a big-money nail-biter like this one.

To the left of the dealer sat defending champion Ungar, who had enjoyed a tremendous run—going from $30,000 to $300,000 in less than three hours. To his right sat Green, the 45-year-old Alaska resident who had been a 100-1 shot to win the tournament four days earlier.

Green leads probably the most conventional life of any serious poker player. A member of the Rotary Club and the father of five children, he has draped expensive furs around such celebrities as the Bee Gees and Tina Turner.

Twenty-seven-year-old Ungar, on the other hand, would dread a full-time job. At 5-6 and 110 pounds—seemingly half Green's size—the Kid had already become a legend in Las Vegas. A compulsive gambler, his big strength was gin rummy. But after fleecing everyone in town and finding he couldn't get sufficient action, Ungar began playing Hold 'Em three years ago.

When the two opposites squared off, Green had $450,000 in chips while Ungar held $300,000. The $150,000 difference mattered little, since they eventually would be betting enormous amounts. For the better part of an hour, though, the pots were relatively small. Green exuded confidence, peppering the action with table talk as if the World Series were a friendly game back home in the Yukon.

"Amarillo Slim said the only way to play you one-on-one is to hold the best cards," he told Ungar between hands. Standing near a video monitor, Slim overheard the comment and nodded. The Kid just smiled. Green, who admitted he had spent the better part of four days bluffing like crazy, knew he would have to be more careful playing the champion.

A few hands later the dealer turned up the queen-4 of hearts and the 10 of clubs. Green bet $182,500. Ungar fidgeted in his seat, fingered his stacks of chips and waited for what seemed an eternity. He tentatively counted out $182,500 while spectators anxiously craned their necks. Then Ungar abruptly folded, probably figuring his opponent was heeding Slim's advice.

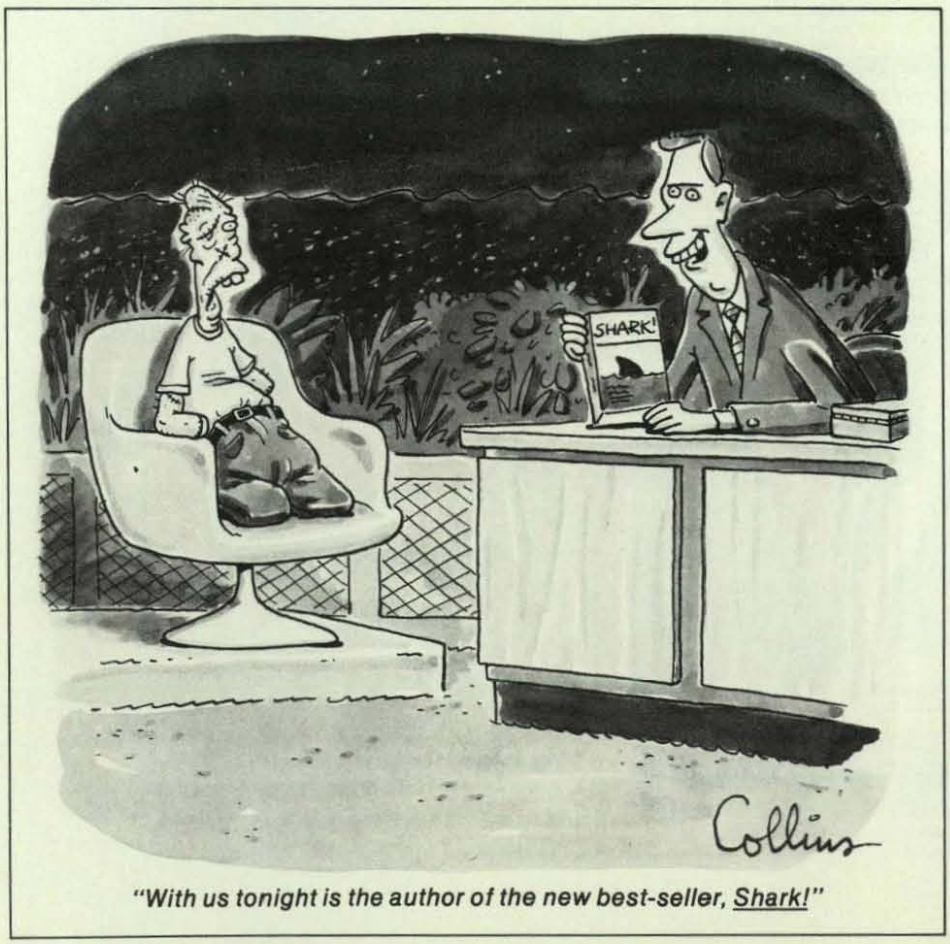
On a subsequent deal the board turned up 8-9 of clubs and the jack of diamonds. Green looked Ungar straight in the eye and boldly shoved an astonishing $300,000 into the pot. Ungar knew that if he called, he'd be all in. Losing the hand would knock him out of the tournament.

Stu-ball called without hesitating.

The two players exposed their hole cards. Ungar had ace-jack of clubs, giving him a pair of jacks and a possible ace-high flush. Green had the deuce-10 of clubs, giving him a possible straight and possible flush—but in the same suit as Ungar's. Since it was a lower flush, and hence a loser, Green had to hope for a 7 or a queen, and not in clubs.

The fourth card was the jack of spades, giving Ungar three of a kind. After the 6 of hearts came up on the final turn, he triumphantly shot his fist high into the air. Green was now reduced to a paltry $50,000, while

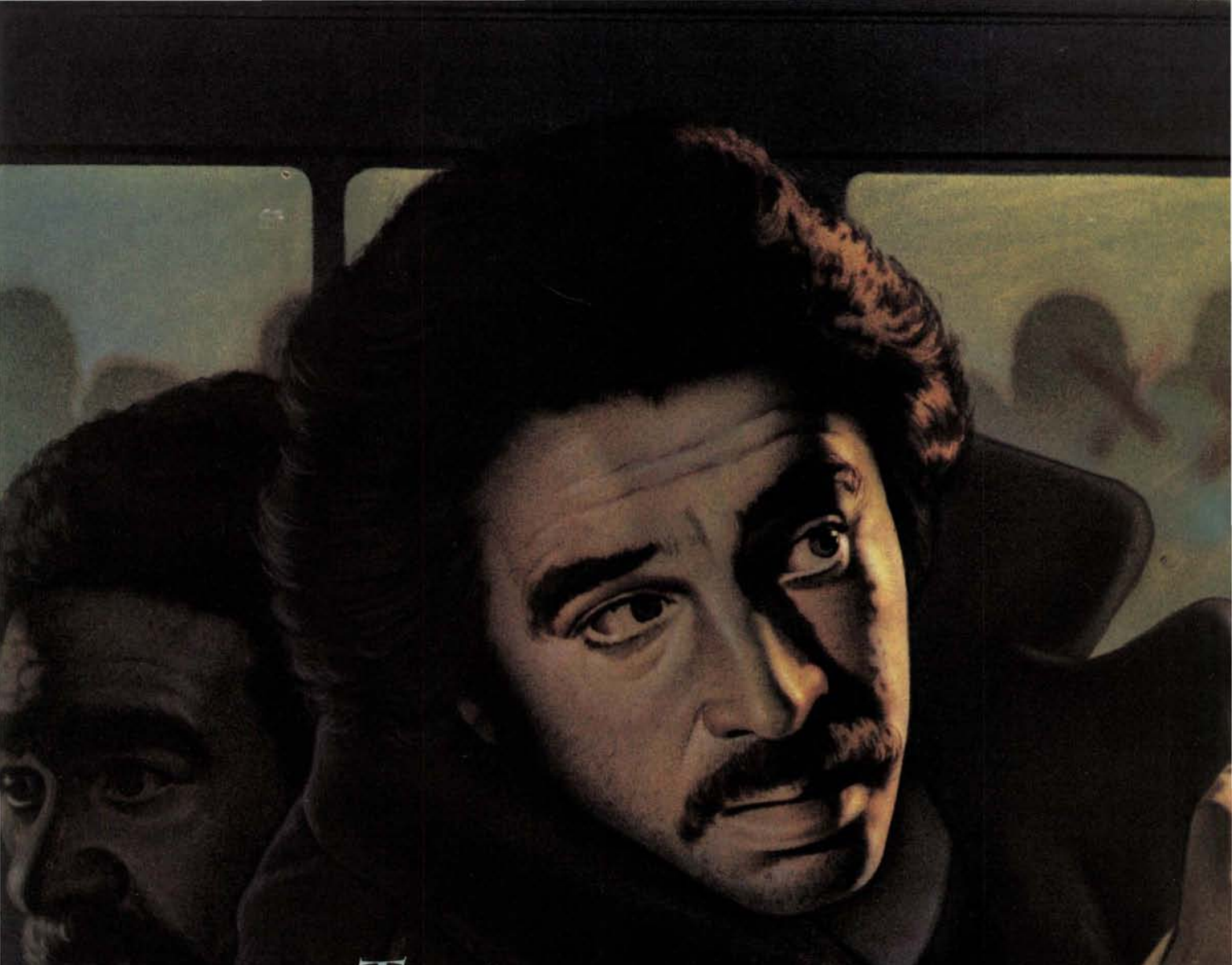
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"With us tonight is the author of the new best-seller, Shark!"



"C'mon Rodney! The anticipation is killing me!"



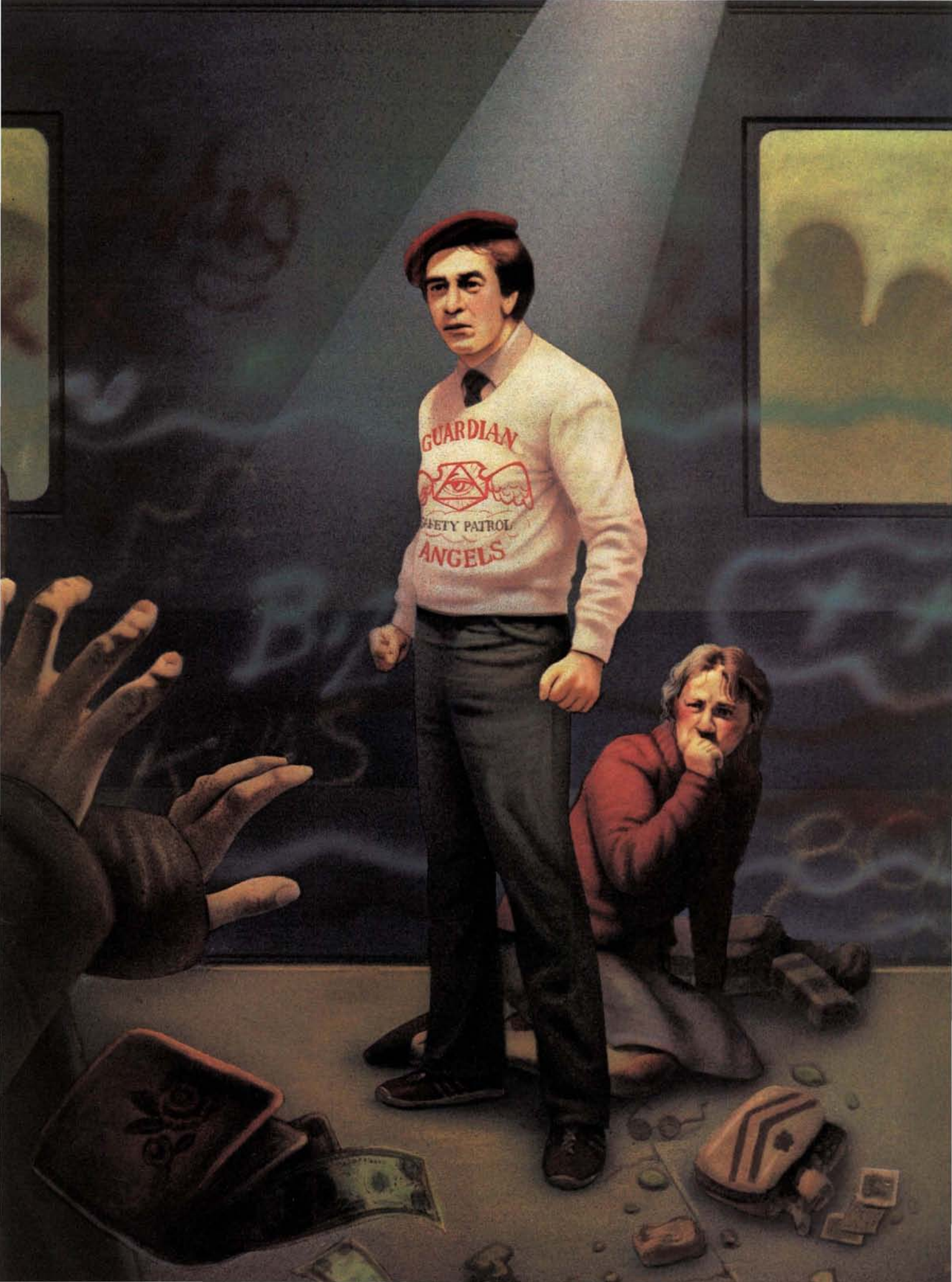
THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

Can They Help Clean Up Crime?

Article by Mark Zussman

The Livonia Avenue subway stop in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn may be the scariest place in New York City. Law-abiding persons rarely linger after dark at this landmark of poverty and despair. The elevated platform reeks of stale urine and is usually empty; its walkway is unlit. On one side of the station, decaying public housing projects loom in the distance. On the other side there's a wide-open, desolate vacant lot, a kind of urban desert. When the No. 2 train rumbles into Livonia, departing riders are keenly aware this station is a perfect place to commit a crime. They are in the middle of nowhere.

One April evening in 1979, soon after a young woman emerged from the No. 2, six attackers sprung from out of the shadows, bringing the trembling passenger to her knees as they prepared to rape her. She screamed for help before one of the men muffled her cries. Seemingly from out of nowhere, three youths—a black, a Chinese-


GUARDIAN
ETY PATROL
ANGELS

American and a Caucasian—came to her rescue. Legs and arms flew through the air in a scuffle that resembled a scene from a martial-arts movie. "Kill the bitch! Shoot her!" one of the startled assailants shouted. Another pulled out a sawed-off shotgun. Using pinpoint timing, a rescuer took to the air with a leaping karate kick, hitting the gunman squarely in the jaw and disarming him. The terrified woman was ultimately spared when the thugs fled into the night.

Her benefactors were not off-duty cops or transit police. Their distinctive red berets and white T-shirts emblazoned with a watchful winged eyeball identified them as Guardian Angels—a ragtag, unarmed, nationwide army determined to counteract the ineffective way the system protects citizens from a violent society.

Since the Angels were formed early in 1979, their presence has made a marked impact on New York's subway system, as well as other high-crime areas. The group's list of good deeds includes saving several lives (even, the Angels claim, that of a Transit Authority policeman); stopping stabbings, beatings and numerous snatchings of purses, wallets and jewelry; deterring countless other crimes; and making almost 200 citizen's arrests. Public officials and frightened commuters—especially the elderly—have welcomed their late-night patrols, crews of eight or more Angels who regularly scan subway cars for potential muggers, rapists, vandals and other troublemakers.

Numbering more than 1,400 members nationwide, Angels' anticrime patrols are active in Puerto Rico, Connecticut, four New Jersey cities and Philadelphia—where a black city-council member has volunteered for active duty. New groups have been created in Boston, Chicago, Houston, Miami, Washington, D.C., and San Francisco. Last February, 62 Angels began riding buses in Southern California's deteriorating East Los Angeles and San Fernando Valley neighborhoods.

"What we do is nothing more than our civic duty," 24-year-old division commander Richard Dominique told the L.A. Board of Supervisors. "We go where the police aren't."

As a result, many Angels have become overnight heroes. Mike Martinez is a typical example. A year ago he was patrolling the Bushwick Avenue-Aberdeen Street subway stop in Brooklyn when four thugs besieged a 19-year-old passenger. They tore his jacket, kicked him in the chest, robbed him of $200 at knifepoint and pushed the man onto the subway tracks. Martinez, who turned 17 that very day, raced across two sets of tracks to go after the attackers. He used a flying karate kick to disarm the knife-carrier, recovering the stolen money while the others escaped. The victim offered Martinez a $100 reward, but he turned it down.

"I was just doing my job," the Angel said modestly, preparing to leave as quickly as he had arrived. "I have to get up for school in a few hours. I'd better go home."

It's open to debate whether the Guardian Angels' self-styled law-enforcement program is an idea whose time has come, or whether the group's tendency to take the law into its own hands is uncomfortably reminiscent of the Hitler Youth Movement.

One thing is certain, however. The Angels have earned widespread public attention, thanks mostly to the promotional efforts of their single-minded founder, Curtis Sliwa (pronounced SLEE-wah). The white 26-year-old high-school dropout serves as both leader and inspiration to his 700 New York volunteers—665 of which are members of minority groups. Among them are 30 females and 26 deaf-mutes.

Sliwa usually wears a conservative striped tie, a blue shirt, gray-flannel slacks and black shoes instead of the T-shirt, khaki pants, and Puma and Adidas sneakers favored by other Angels. His red beret is rakishly pulled down over his forehead, setting off a handsome, rugged face slightly pitted by acne. He commands immediate respect from other Guardian Angels for both his appearance and a long list of heroic activities.

During the 1980 transit strike, for example, Sliwa came upon three men shaking down two bike-riders at the east tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. One of the muggers brandished a machete, which the Angel dislodged with a karate kick. When the other two started stomping on him, he threatened to behead them with the weapon, and they fled into the afternoon. After Curtis marched the remaining mugger to a police phone, he checked into a hospital.

Several months earlier, trying to break up a mugging in progress, Sliwa was slashed in the arm with a knife. Later he picked up the victim and carried him to safety. Another time he spent two days in a hospital recovering from black eyes, bruises and strained muscles sustained in preventing a rape.

Since his merchant-marine father was away from home for long periods of time, Sliwa—out of necessity—had developed basic self-defense and street-fighting skills as a teenager. Following expulsion from high school for rebelling against a tie-and-jacket dress code, he

(continued on page 74)



"That's 'Move along, Ms. Stinking Old Twat'... if you don't mind!"


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ON THIS SITE
THE VIETNAM
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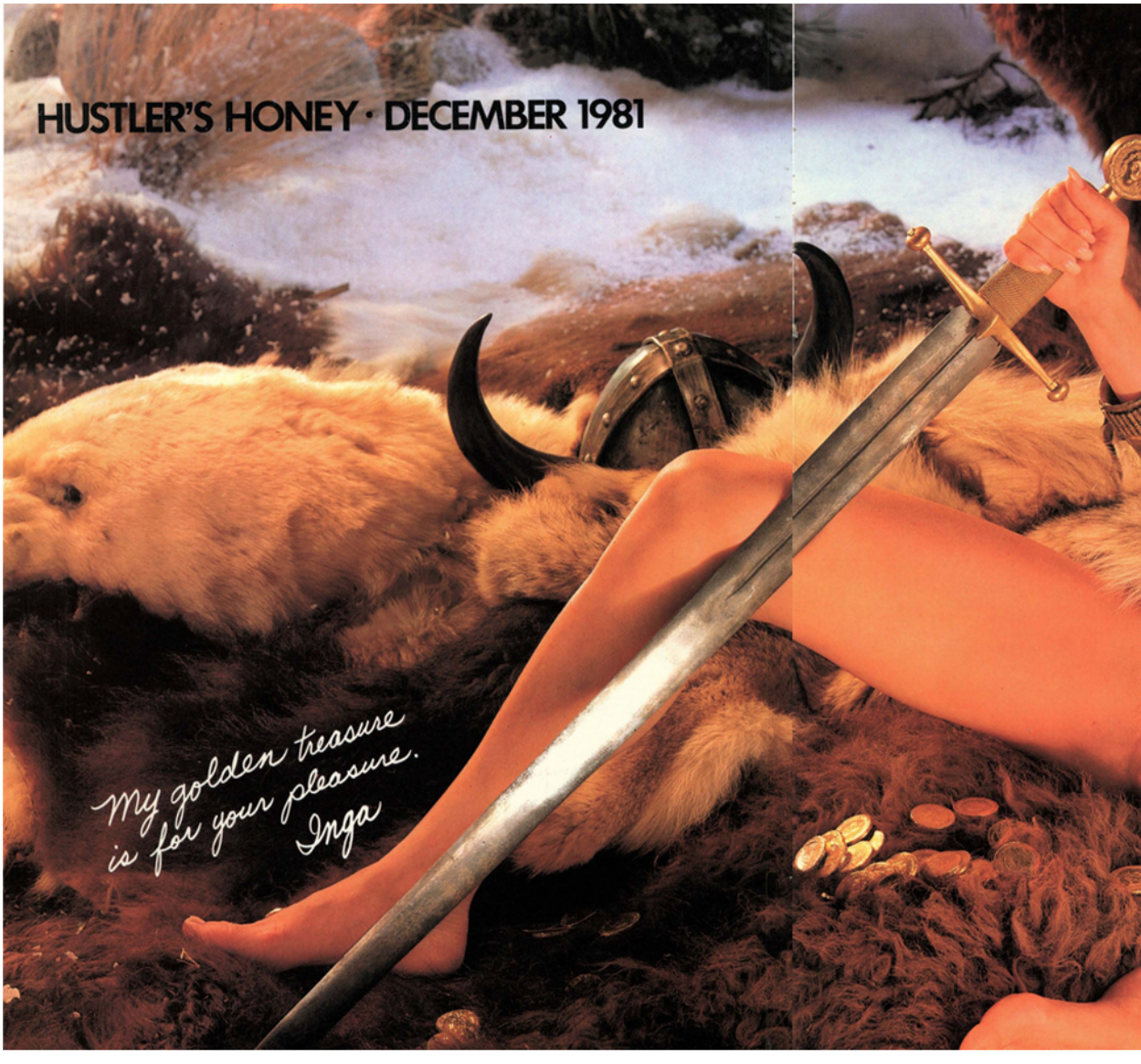








"After battle, all my warriors seek to taste the sweet pleasure of my golden treasure," admits Inga, the sensual Queen of the Vikings. "When my soldiers return, bringing unto me the coins and jewelry they've plundered, I reward them with the golden glisten of my loins. As they kneel before me, placing their lips on my most intimate parts, I take pleasure in watching their bodies quiver with lust. The men may conquer on the battlefield, but here I control all who come unto me."


HUSTLER'S HONEY · DECEMBER 1981
My golden treasure is for your pleasure.
Inga





After President Reagan served as grand marshal of a parade, a press aide was upset to read that the President had ridden a fine stallion. He called the reporter responsible and informed him that Reagan had ridden a champion *mare*, not a stallion.

"I should have checked all my facts," the newsman apologized. "I was going on secondhand information."

"Weren't you even at the parade?" the press secretary inquired.

"I sure was," the reporter said. "As the President rode by, I heard someone remark, 'Look at the prick on that horse!' "

A man who smelled like a distillery flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half-empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes the disheveled guy turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"Mister, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol and a contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he'd said, nudged the man and apologized. "I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does."



A very feminine gay fellow went into a restaurant and ordered an elaborate seven-course dinner. For dessert he chose rice pudding. Immediately taken with it, he ordered another dish, and after that serving still another. Finally, it was closing time. The place had been swept and mopped up, and all the chairs were stacked on the tables, except at his. The customer beckoned the waitress and said, "I hate to seem like a pig, but I must have one more dish of your wonderful rice pudding!"

The waitress turned around and yelled into the kitchen, "Hey, Joe, come again on the rice pudding!"

The young man gushed, "I knew it! I knew it!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Moral Majority* as: a group of people who want *their* conscience to be *your* guide.

Question: What is the sweat under Dolly Parton's titties called?
Answer: Mountain dew.

A couple of gays were sauntering down the street when one stopped and said to the other, "Oooh, see that hunk across the street? He's a terrific piece of ass!"

"No shit?!" his pal exclaimed.

"Hardly any," the first one replied.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *dominatrix* as: a whine expert.

Two high-school buddies were attending the senior prom. "Suzy wants to go out to my car. She's really hot," one boy said. "I'm really nervous. I know I'll goof up!"

"Take it easy," his friend assured him. "All you gotta do is compliment her. Chicks love to be complimented. You'll have her in the palm of your hand."

About a half-hour later the young man came back, rubbing a black eye. "Shit, man! What happened to you?!" his buddy asked.

"I took your advice."

"Didn't you compliment her?"

"Sure I did. We got in my car and started kissing. I told her that for such full lips, hers sure tasted sweet. She liked that. After a while I started feeling her tits, and I told her that for such large breasts they sure were firm. She liked that too."

"It sounds like you were doing great," his friend said.

"Well," the other answered, "that's when everything went wrong. I got her dress up and her panties off, and I tried to think of another compliment."

"What did you say?"

" 'For such a large crack, it doesn't stink much.' "

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *unwanted pregnancy* as: a fetal mistake.

Question: Why is Prince Charles' dick blue?
Answer: Because he's always sticking it in Di.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a 3" X 5" card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Dammit! Why can't you just eat turkey like the rest of us?!"

GUARDIAN ANGELS

(continued from page 60)

landed a night manager's position at a McDonald's franchise that required substantial subway travel. Riding trains and walking streets late at night, he learned to detest urban squalor at all levels.

Sliwa concluded that "75% of the city was unsafe after dark," and decided to take matters into his own hands, much like Charles Bronson did in the movie *Death Wish*. In that film the actor baited muggers by walking New York streets alone in unsafe areas, shooting his attackers when he was about to be assaulted. But Sliwa and Don Chin, an oversized Chinese-American friend, devised a modified approach that fell short of such extremist behavior.

Playing the decoy, Sliwa—dressed in a business suit, flashing gold jewelry and sometimes carrying an attache case or a big portable radio—would stand on a subway platform. When thieves tried to rob him, as they often did, his friend jumped in, and the two of them would subdue the assailants. More than a hundred such experiences over an 18-month period convinced Sliwa he had found his calling.

Together with 12 friends, he began patrolling the crime-infested Jerome Avenue IRT line. They called themselves "The Magnificent Thirteen." The idea quickly caught on, and Sliwa recruited more volunteer help to cover other subway routes. In just six months membership had quintupled, making the group's fanciful designation obsolete. Inspired by an illustration he remembered from a parochial-school catechism—two children walking across a bridge with a guardian angel watching over them—Sliwa officially rechristened his troops The Alliance of Guardian Angels, and the name endured.

The Angels' visibility and sense of public conscience have escalated dramatically since then. Some notable examples:

□ They staged 24-hour barefoot marches through the streets of Los Angeles, New York and Philadelphia to protest the shooting of Pope John Paul II and call attention to their goal of citizen involvement in the fight against crime.

□ A platoon of Angels combed fields and marshes in Staten Island, New York, vainly looking for a missing seven-year-old girl.

□ During a particularly raw and bitter cold spell in New York last winter, Angels guarded the abandoned apartments of tenants who had fled because of heating failures.

□ In March, second-in-command Lisa Evers and ten others were dispatched to Atlanta to aid a police search for the killers of more than two dozen black children and to help local youngsters protect themselves. Their presence, however, met with strong local resentment. "There is only one police department in this city, and we will not condone any group that will be performing police activities," said Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown. But two weeks later the City-Wide Advisory Council on Public Housing was sufficiently impressed to ask the Angels to set up a local chapter in Atlanta.



"The hell with the Gospel Hour, Edna. Let's take out our teeth and gum each other!"

While the Angels were becoming a national organization, the complexion of its members showed little change. The majority of them are black or Hispanic, and some 85% of the New York force comes from the worst crime neighborhoods in the city. They range in age from 16 to 30, although several look younger than the minimum requirement.

Women are actively encouraged to join the ranks. Sliwa carefully refers to them as "females," as if any other designation might appear insulting.

"Curtis makes a big point of the dangers of male chauvinism," says 17-year-old Angel Beth Sossin, one of nearly three dozen female members. "He is no racist. He helps the guys to see their own bad attitudes toward women, toward gays, and fighting injustice, like that is part of being an Angel."

Though Sliwa usually insists on personal histories unblemished by criminal convictions, 26 Angels admit to having had prior brushes with the law. When Keith Pratt was 16, he did eight months in New York's Rikers Island Penitentiary for criminal mischief. Five years later he became a Guardian Angel, and now he leads a Manhattan patrol called "The Freedom Fighters." His wife, Wanda, is also an Angel.

Becoming a member is only somewhat easier than remaining one. A recruit must be recommended by an Angel, and preferably should still be in school or working regularly. He must commit himself to at least eight hours a week of patrol time. Before going on duty, he must be free of weapons and drugs. Sliwa claims to have terminated 166 enlistees for failure to follow group leaders' orders, smoking in subways or undignified behavior.

After a new Angel successfully completes his three-month probation period, he plunks down $3.50 and receives the official T-shirt. (Angels must also pay for their own berets, subway fares and—if necessary—medical expenses.) Next comes intense martial-arts instruction.

"The purpose of the physical training isn't to determine if a guy's another



"The cause of the blaze would appear to be lighting farts in bed."

Bruce Lee," Sliwa says. "It's important to find out how he'll react to being hit, which is likely to happen. We don't want anyone who might become outraged and want to kill someone."

All Guardian Angels practice *shaolin*, a form of kung-fu developed by a Chinese priest that features flying kicks and karate chops. In the basement of an apartment building in The Bronx, Angels Jerry and Jeff Monroe—known as "The Twin Dragons"—teach this discipline six hours a day, five days a week. Wearing embroidered Chinese robes, they bow, form intensely serious looks of concentration and spin wildly through the air while demonstrating how to disarm crooks with nothing besides bare hands and sneakered feet.

Angels such as Kato—a New York member whose name is spelled in brass studs on his beret—regularly practice their fighting skills away from class, often slipping into exaggerated movements while waiting for a train. In the midst of his patrols, he instinctively turns his back, feints, and his foot kicks five feet in the air.

In many ways Kato is a typical Guardian Angel—a good kid who just as easily could have turned bad. From age seven to 14 he carried a knife and ran with Bronx street toughs called "The Masterminds," a division of the notorious Zulu Nation gang.

His life changed when he pulled an elderly woman, who had slipped on the ice, from the path of an oncoming bus. The feeling of doing something worthwhile eventually made him renounce his gang ties.

Today Kato works days as a cemetery security guard, and patrols the subways with other Angels at night. He's participated in seven arrests. Once, he and two others broke up a gang that was cleaning out a clothing store.

But the New York Guardian Angels are really in their element traveling the city's smelly, poorly lit, 700-mile-long subway system. Every day, usually well past midnight, one contingent assembles on the 42nd Street-Times Square platform, ready to board the A train northbound to Harlem. Much has changed since jazz composer Duke Ellington popularized it in his "Take the A Train." Now it's one of the Big Apple's most treacherous transit runs; the Angels call it "The Zoo."

About a dozen Guardian Angels, including Sliwa, mill about the station. Some of them do kung-fu moves in slow motion. Others drop to the platform and pump out push-ups. As usual, the train is late. When it finally arrives, each Angel hops aboard a different car—all of them defaced by graffiti and full of litter.

Jose Reyes, a Puerto Rican-born Angel wearing camouflage pants and paratrooper boots, takes his position in the first car. He folds his tattooed arms in a menacing stance near one of the doors, scrutinizing the passengers. His red beret is decorated with military medals, an "I Love New York" button and crossed infantry rifles—the latter a plastic souvenir from a Cracker Jacks box.

"God bless you; God bless you," an elderly black woman says to Reyes, her hand nearly white from clutching her shopping bag so tightly. The train lurches forward, and Reyes extends his arm to keep her from falling. "Thank you; thank you," she says. "But you don't have to help me. Just knowing you're here is help enough."

An ex-Marine shakes Reyes' hand relentlessly. "You guys are doing an outstanding job," he says. "Outstanding."

Although they are known and accepted by nearly all riders and transit workers, most people in authority regard the Angels warily. New York City Mayor Edward Koch initially branded the Angels as "paramilitaries" and "vigilantes," recalling the bands of 19th-century citizens who strung up cattle-rustlers without a trial. In no uncertain terms he advised them to stay at home and let the cops do their job without any outside help.

Despite the mayor's disapproval, it's not surprising that many urban dwellers feel auxiliary forces such as the Guardian Angels fill a glaring void. The New York Police Department is desperately undermanned, leaving the streets unsafe at night as people go unprotected. Because of budget pressures, some 1,000 Transit Authority cops have been laid off in the past ten years—leaving only 2,156 officers to safeguard 3.5 million daily underground commuters.

"The government of the city of New York has given up the subways and els to the night," syndicated columnist Jimmy Breslin grumbled. "The subway cars that people ride are left, particularly in the night hours, almost defenseless against violence."

Nearly 14,000 subway crimes—20 of them murders—were reported in 1980.

"The Guardian Angels are the peacemakers," Sliwa boasts. "Like if you have a raging inferno, we're the blanket. We are there to smother the fire."

The Angels' carefully planned anticrime patrols place one man in each subway car. During the high-crime hours between six in the evening and two in the morning, they are able to cover one out of every six trains in service. A detail leader walks the train back and forth, like a roving policeman. At each

(continued on page 88)

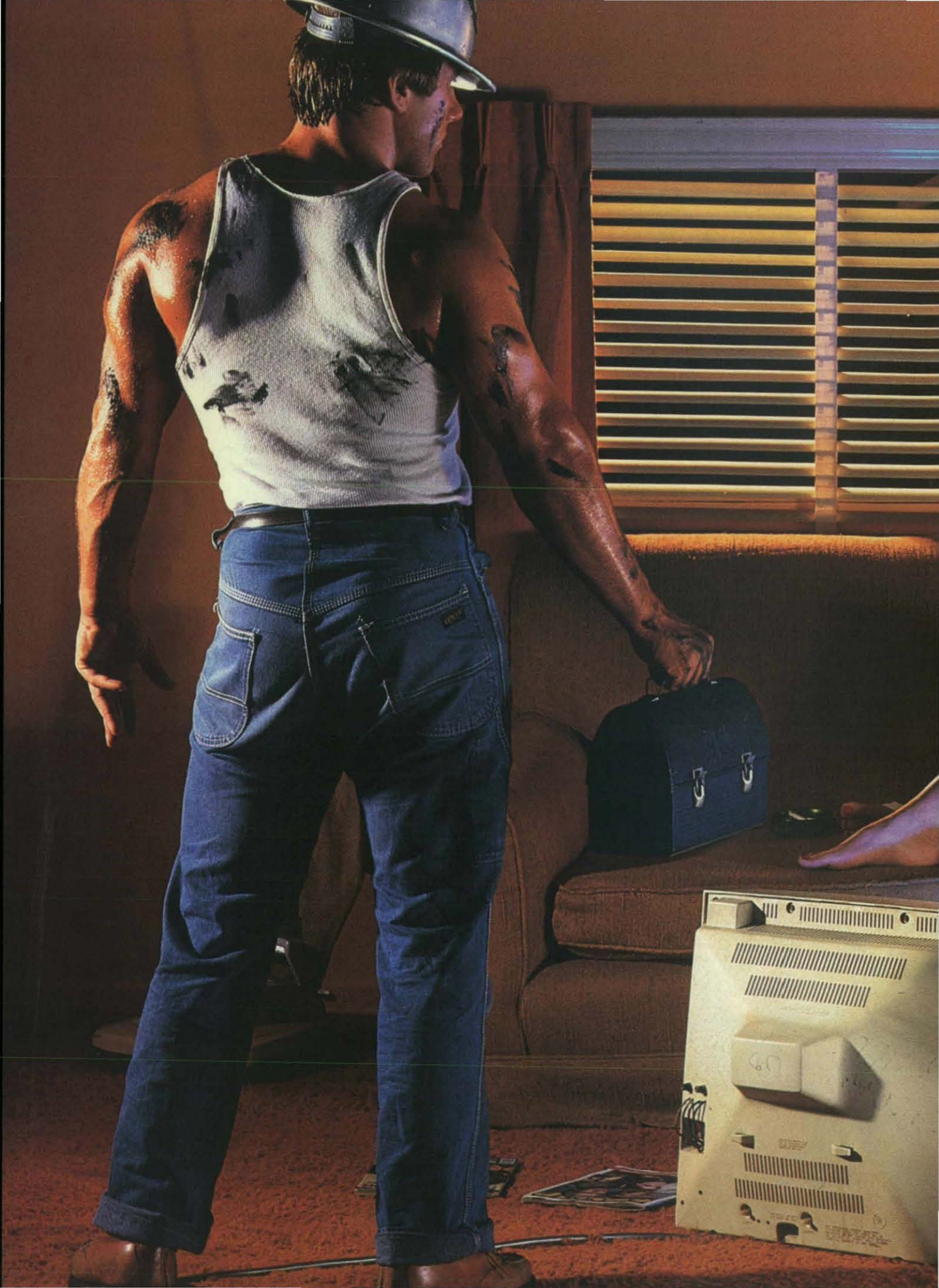


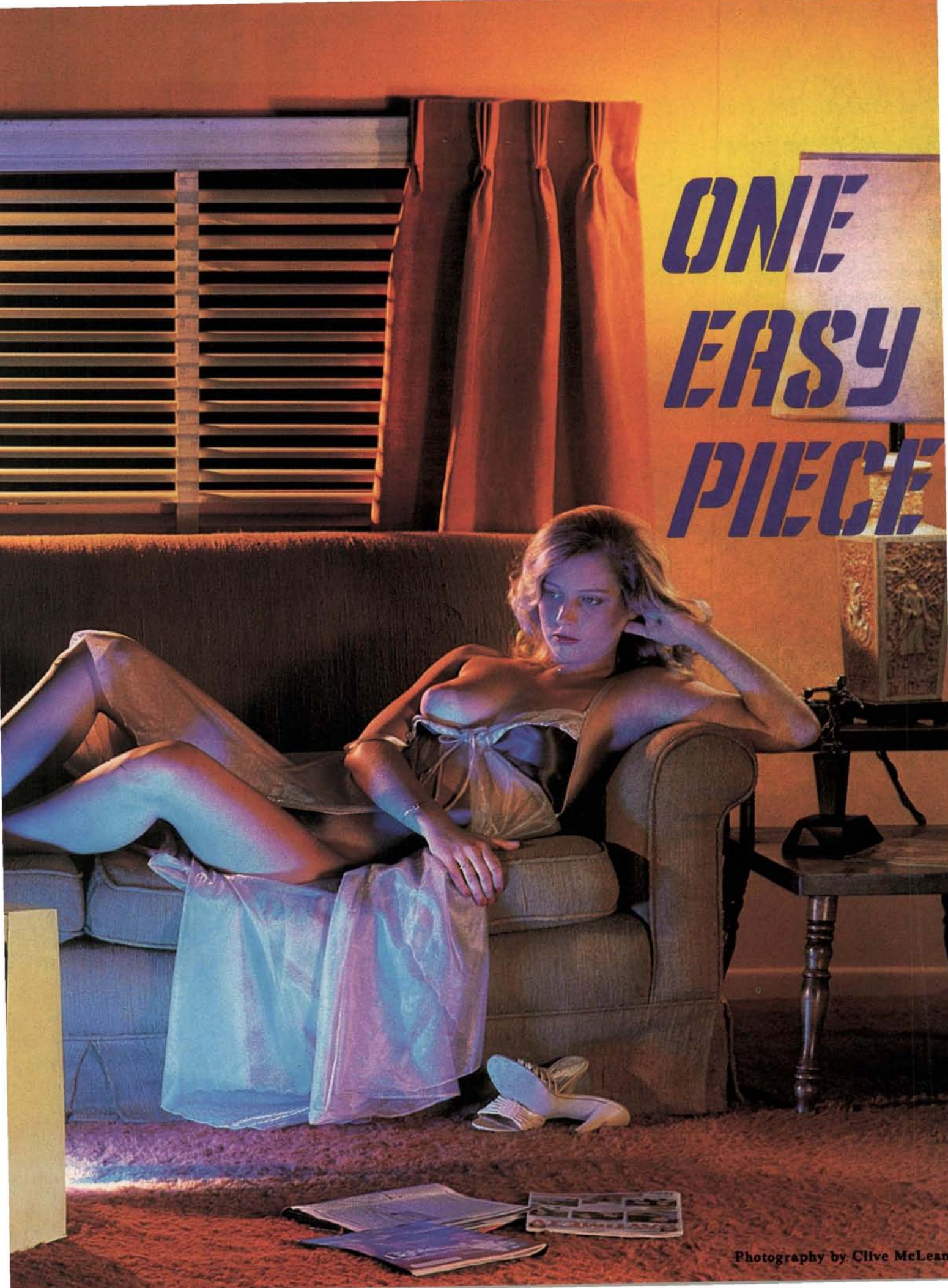
"Compliments of the gentleman at the end of the bar."



"Head of the Ethics Committee? Right over there under the blonde snorting cocaine."


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ONE
EASY
PIECE
Photography by Clive McLean



Jake's been the drill boss of his crew for six years, and after watching the gigantic steel shaft pound in and out of the earth for hours at a time, he gets mighty horny. So when he returns to the motel where Maggie's been waiting, he doesn't even wash off the sweat and oil before starting in on another kind of drilling. As Maggie writhes and twists on his massive tool, Jake's rough hands delicately massage her supple skin. "Working outdoors all day, digging deeper and deeper for black gold, all I can think about is my sweet woman waiting for me to dig deeper into her," says Jake. "There ain't no other work for me than drilling all day, and Maggie sticks by me all the time. We met just after she'd seen Five Easy Pieces, which is supposed to be about drilling crews. I've never seen the movie, but after she told me about it, I nicknamed her 'One Easy Piece.' She's never let me down."











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GUARDIAN ANGELS

(continued from page 76)

stop, the Angels stick their heads out the doors. If one of them spots trouble, he signals the others—usually by tipping his beret, combing his hair or some other prearranged sign. If one of their heads does not appear, the others immediately converge on his car to investigate.

It is virtually impossible to feel insecure when the Angels are out in force. Late on a recent evening, for example, when a patrol was escorting a northbound Seventh Avenue local nicknamed "The Beast," passengers in one car glanced at 26-year-old Ricky Hall and nodded their approval. The former Green Beret wore camouflage pants and paratrooper boots, along with his Angels T-shirt over a blue sweatshirt, striding up and down the aisles with a purposeful look on his face.

Like other dedicated Angels, his normal daily routine requires unusual discipline. He rises at 4 a.m. and runs several miles carrying 65 pounds of sand in a backpack before reporting to a 9-to-5 shift as a building inspector in Newark, New Jersey. While much of the city prepares to spend the evening watching television, Hall awaits his patrol assignment at Angel headquarters in a shabby, four-room apartment in The Bronx.

Off-duty Angels lounge casually on old, broken-down furniture, idly watching a *Starsky & Hutch* rerun on a black-and-white TV set. The phone rings nonstop as field patrols report incidents, which Curtis Sliwa records on a clipboard.

In a rare moment of relaxation the organization's leader reflects on his efforts to make the Guardian Angels' good deeds an example of what unpaid volunteers can be motivated to accomplish. "In the worst crime-infested communities the role models are dope dealers, pushers, pimps, prostitutes, ex-cons, and businessmen who sell hot goods or guns in the back of their stores," he says.

"These are the people who youngsters look up to with starry eyes. We can fill that void as positive role models for youngsters. That's why it's so important that the Guardian Angels succeed."

Sliwa feels government is no longer capable of doing its job, and he thinks there ought to be a parallel force of volunteers for every municipal agency. Unfortunately, politicians are often skeptical of receiving any service for free, and various unions are fearful the Angels will someday cost them jobs. This kind of negative thinking makes the nation's arch-Angel angry, confused and generally leery of the system.

"Under the old value system, people wouldn't tolerate crime," Sliwa observes. "They'd stand up for one another. That rarely happens anymore. We see women getting raped in the street, and grown men who can pump 300-pound weights won't budge to get involved. By the time the police arrive, the rapist has ordered a ten-course meal at the best restaurant in town and is home in bed, sleeping on his second dream. What we're trying to do is go back to the old values, because the community that tolerates crime in effect is endorsing crime. We have to start reorienting people."

Sliwa's unwillingness to cooperate with city officials has caused the Angels notable problems with the police, arousing a longstanding controversy about the group's true value.

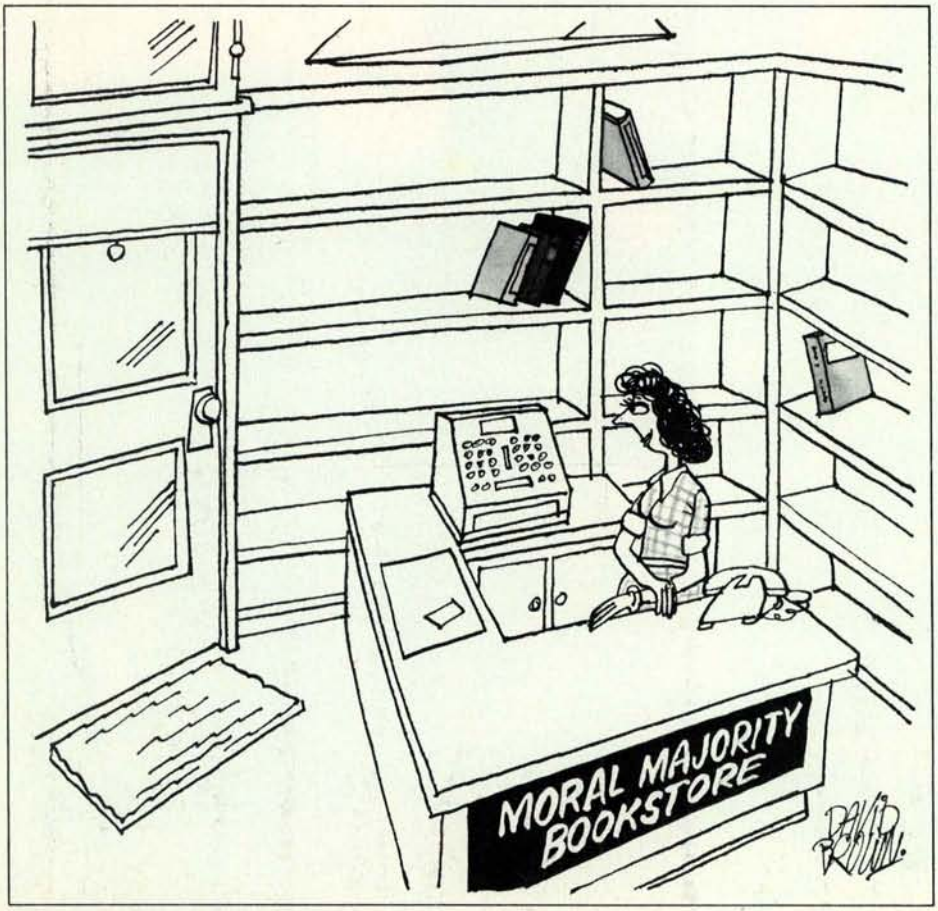
"They have decided, without compensation and at great risk to themselves, to perform a major public service," argues Mario Cuomo, New York State's lieutenant governor, probably the Angels' staunchest supporter. "They are the best society has to offer. We should encourage their kind of strength and their kind of courage. It is a dramatic embarrassment that riders in our subways should pray for the appearance of a band of young, minority people . . . because there are so few men and women in blue provided by our government."

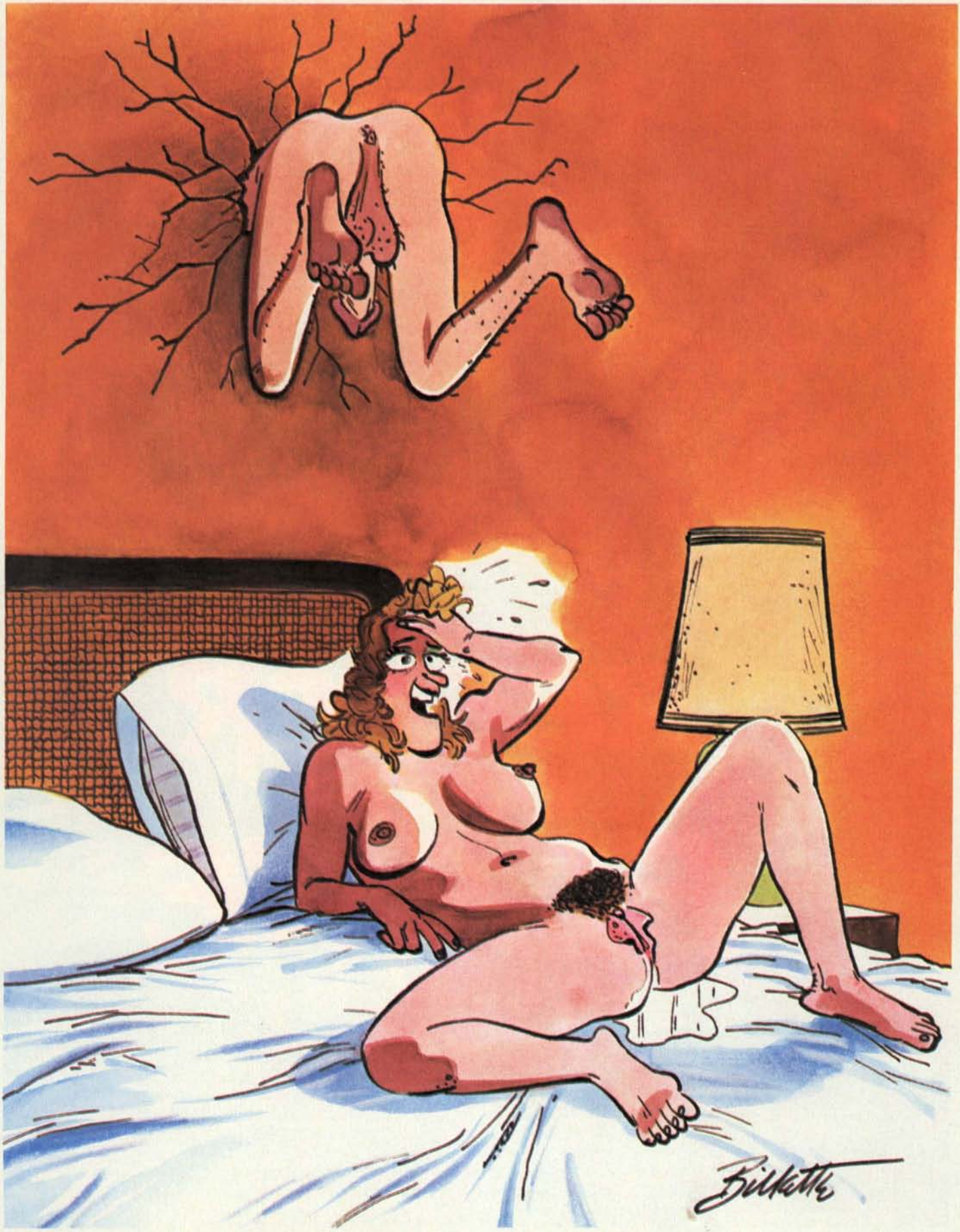
From the outset, however, the Angels' worst enemies were transit police. Many cops resented the competition after they saw how warmly the Angels were welcomed by the public. They also worried about losing authority, and feared their macho image was being undermined. Yet officially, they claimed to be concerned for the Angels' safety.

"Society can't allow New York to turn into Dodge City, with shootouts in the subways," said Bill McKechnie, president of the Transit Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. "Many well-intentioned kids join the Guardian Angels and, God forbid, they can get hurt. We've had trained, armed officers killed, and I'd hate to see that happen to a kid armed with a beret and a T-shirt."

No Guardian Angel has yet lost his life, but there have been some minor injuries. One of the more serious, ironically, stemmed from a confrontation with transit police. In October 1980, 17-year-old Angel Nelson Joga was escorting a young woman to her train at the Pacific Street subway stop in Brooklyn. A cop approached and, according to the woman, accused the Angel of smoking—which is illegal in the transit system. When Joga refused to be handcuffed, the cop called for assistance. Several officers arrived and allegedly beat up

(continued on page 132)





"Oh, Roger, that was my best orgasm ever . . . Roger . . . Roger?"



KEEPER OF THE FLAME

The two-lane highway, pitted and cracked from years of neglect, snaked across the desolate landscape of sand and cactus. On either side of the crumbling blacktop, vast expanses of hot, dry desert terrain stretched endlessly to the faraway horizon. Some called it the "Devil's Frying Pan," and with good reason. Summertime temperatures rose sharply, reaching almost 120° in the shade. Stoking the fires of Nature's Furnace even more was an unforgiving sun that scalded the desert sand, causing the infinite miles of parched desolation to shimmer like a mirage in the brutal, unrelenting heat.

Fortunately, the interior of Officer Clint Lacy's Highway Patrol car was comfortably air-conditioned. Cruising

FICTION BY J.R. REGIS

Illustration by Alan Daniels



along the Old Mojave Highway, his eyes shielded by dark aviator sunglasses, Clint felt the familiar pangs of hunger gnawing at his stomach.

He snatched up the radio microphone and pressed the button to transmit. "Unit 6 to Central," he drawled.

"Go ahead, 6," a voice crackled.

"Unit 6 requesting a Code 7, over."

"Ten-4, 6," the dispatcher replied. "What's your location?"

Clint double-checked his bearings. "About 20 miles east of the Interstate, heading north on the Old Mojave Highway."

"Roger, 6," the voice responded. "Enjoy your lunch."

Clint ended his transmission. Stepping on the accelerator, he pointed the nose of his patrol car toward the tiny roadside cafe that waited about ten miles farther down the road.

Few travelers knew about the place, which wasn't too strange, considering it was stuck out in the middle of nowhere, on a remote stretch of highway that hadn't seen much traffic since the four-lane Interstate was put through some 15 years before. The only people to cross the old Mojave two-lane were either lost or looking for some quiet, out-of-the-way place where they could park their campers and motor homes overnight. Occasionally, bikers and truck drivers would detour off the Interstate and speed down the highway, while their growling engines roared like jets breaking the sound barrier.

Usually, the Highway Patrol kept an eye on things from a helicopter, but the chopper was down for routine maintenance. For the two days it would be out of commission, highway surveillance would be done from a mobile ground unit, and Clint would be working a double shift—daytime and graveyard.

* * *

He remembered it was on one of those routine ground patrols two years earlier that he first discovered the broken-down cafe. Observing a small cluster of dry, wooden buildings by the side of the road, Clint thought at first it was a mirage. But the buildings were real, and so was the rotting, peeling sign over the weathered structure in front. It had just one word printed on it: "CAFE."

Out of curiosity, he wheeled his patrol car to a stop by the lone, rusted gas pump, which stood like a metal sentry on the roadside. Climbing out of the car, Clint became aware of the silence; and, despite the heat of the day, an icy chill trickled down his backbone. He walked the few steps necessary to get a better look at the four dilapidated shacks standing just behind the cafe. Another sign, one that had apparently blown down during a sandstorm, lay at an uneven angle in the dirt. He could just make out the words "MOTOR COURT" under a thick layer of dust.

"Help ya, officer?" The male voice came from out of nowhere and startled Clint. He whipped around, his hand grasping the butt of his service revolver.

As Clint quickly sized the man up, his heartbeat settled into a steady rhythm. "Sorry . . . I didn't think anybody was here," he explained, relaxing his grip on the pistol.

"Hardly anyone comes by here anymore," said the muscular young man.

"You open for business?"

"If'n you're hungry, we're always open."

"I'm Clint Lacy, Highway Patrol."

The young fellow clasped his hand warmly. "Cal Willis," he said. "Me and Pa, we run this place."

From the looks of it, Clint thought, *you and Pa ran it right into the ground*.

Inside the cafe, he sat on one of the round wooden stools before a long counter with a stained linoleum top. It looked like a typical greasy-spoon diner, but with a lot more dust. The cooking grill and supply room were at the rear of the building, the counter and booths in front. Above the counter, on an aging, cracked blackboard, Clint read the cafe's menu boldly printed in chalk:

MOTORIST'S MEATLOAF	$1.25
TRUCKER'S TEMPTATION	$2.50
SALESMAN'S STEW	$2.00
PREACHER'S POT PIE	$1.50
BIKER'S BRISKET	$1.75

"What's good?" he inquired.

"Can't go wrong with any of 'em."

"Okay. I'll start at the top and work my way down."

The Motorist's Meatloaf was delicious. In fact, the Highway Patrolman couldn't remember ever eating anything quite as tasty before. "Is the other stuff as good as this?" he asked, forking down the last morsel of meatloaf.

"Better," Cal grinned.

"What's your secret?"

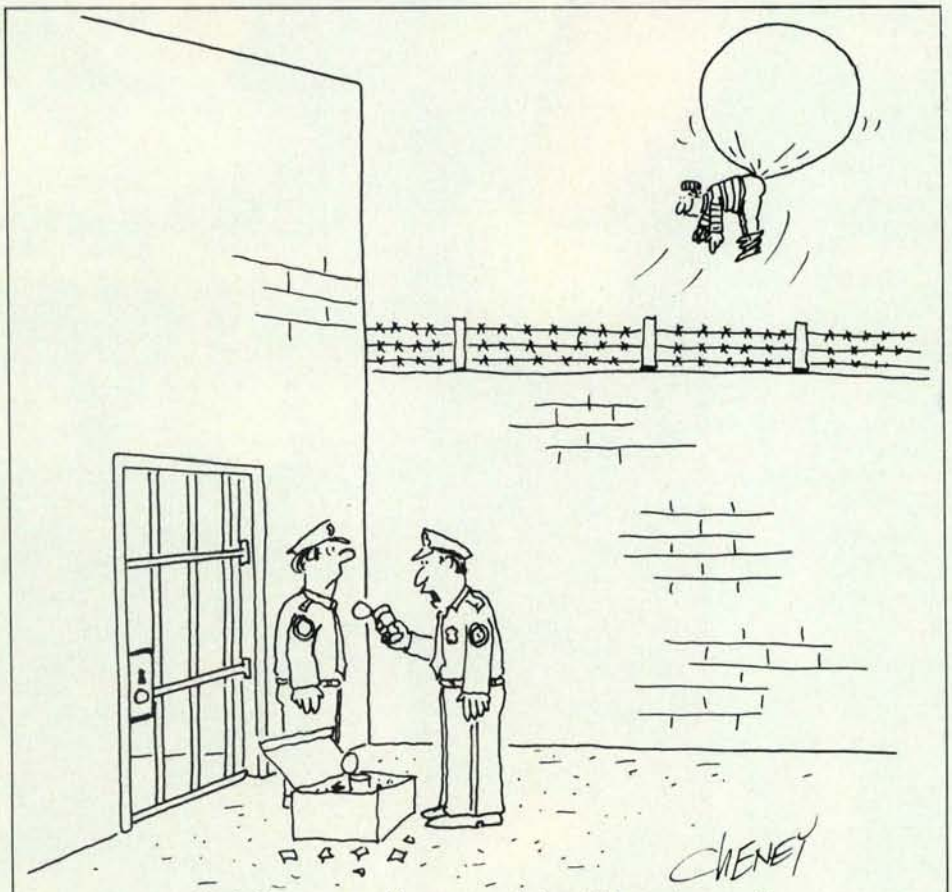
"If'n I told you," he winked, "it wouldn't be a secret no more."

In the two years since finding the cafe, Clint had become something more than a regular customer. He had bought the place from the Willises, along with all its secret recipes, and installed a cook, who also doubled as a mechanic and sometime innkeeper.

* * *

Going a steady 90 miles per hour, Clint's patrol car chewed up the remaining ten miles of highway to the cafe in less than ten minutes. His stomach was growling fiercely when he braked to a

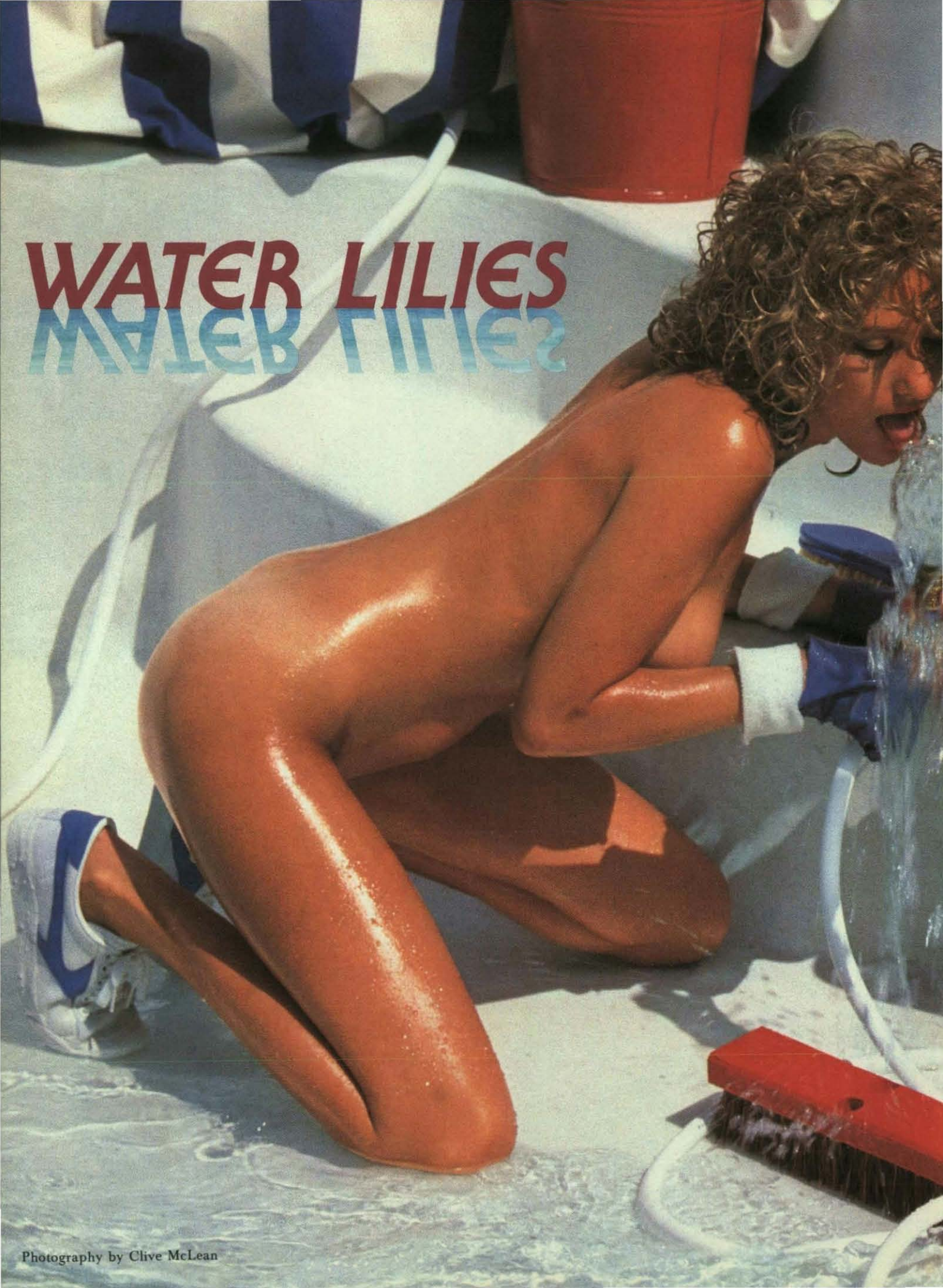
(continued on page 102)



"Bubble gum and beans . . . I should have known."



"Ten bucks sure doesn't go as far as it used to."



Photography by Clive McLean









What started out as a simple pool-cleaning ended up in a lust-soaked orgy for 20-year-old Peggy and 19-year-old Olga. "Since it was so hot in the empty pool," Peggy said, "I suggested we work nude. As soon as I saw Olga's ripe body, I lost control of my fantasies."

The same passion infected Olga, and soon fantasy became reality. "I had never made love to a woman before, but once Peggy's incredible mouth started tonguing and licking me, I couldn't resist. The heat, the cool water and being so alone drove me crazy. When she started nibbling at my clit and gently squeezing my nipples, I really exploded."

When HUSTLER finished shooting these pictures, we left the girls alone to enjoy themselves. We never cared whether the pool got cleaned; we just wanted them to have some fun. They did, don't you agree?







KEEPER OF THE FLAME

(continued from page 92)

stop outside the cafe, and his mouth began to water as the aroma of cooking meat teased his nostrils.

Some 20 miles to the north, a fire-engine-red Corvette convertible sped along the black ribbon of highway, its tires pounding out a rhythmic cadence on the cracked pavement. Pushing the speedometer up to 80, Guy Neville kept both hands on the wheel, his foot to the floor, and his eyes on the road. Sitting next to him, her long brown hair whipping wildly in the wind, was Brenda, his bride of just a few hours.

"I love it!" she shouted. "Can you go any faster?"

Guy stole a quick glance at his new wife and pressed down harder on the accelerator. He thought that even now, with the wind blowing in her face, she was still the picture of perfection. She had an extremely pretty face, with high, chiseled cheekbones, a cute, slightly turned-up nose and a full, generous mouth. Her firm, athletic body swelled and tapered in all the right places. Guy Neville was a very lucky man, and he knew it.

Brenda was, as he learned early in their relationship, a daredevil as well. She loved all activities that smacked of death-defying danger—skydiving, skijumping and especially the thrill of speed. As a small honeymoon treat, he had decided to leave the Interstate and push the car to its absolute limit, knowing full well how it would arouse her.

By now the car was a blurry scarlet streak against the empty landscape, the wind hot as the devil's breath in their faces. Brenda turned to him, her eyes dancing with excitement. Her body trembled as blood and adrenaline pumped through her veins. Touching Guy's thigh, she felt an overwhelming desire to make love to him. As she rubbed her hand over his crotch, she felt the first stirrings of male excitement.

"Don't start anything you can't finish!" he shouted.

"Don't worry!" she yelled back. "Once you're started, *I'll* finish."

He was hard, and she felt the length of his shaft beneath the fabric of his trousers. Slowly, Brenda worked his zipper open and released his straining cock. Then she bent forward, angled her upper torso over the gearbox and covered his erection with her mouth. Her lips rolled sensuously over the head while her tongue swirled lazily at the tip. With slow, even strokes she took him into her mouth an inch at a time. Immediately she felt a pulse on the underside of his shaft, and quivered as it throbbed against her tongue.

Guy groaned, enjoying the wet, velvety sheath that had so thoroughly engulfed him. He kept his right leg rigid and the gas pedal tight to the floor while Brenda's mouth stroked and teased the hard flesh of his penis.

As the sports car hurtled over the blacktop at 110 miles an hour, the vibrations from the road sent electric signals throughout Guy's nervous system. At this moment they seemed to be centered in his crotch. The wetness of Brenda's saliva, mixed with the sensation of speed, enhanced the impulses that crackled up the length of his cock. She worked him with expert tenderness; sucking him into her throat; then caressing him with her smooth, insistent tongue; then riding his shaft up and down, embracing it with her full, wet lips.

She could feel his excitement building. The pulsations beat faster and faster, filling her with an unquenchable thirst for his cum.

Guy's groans were lost in the roar of wind and machinery. Brenda too was moaning, each sound an impatient grunt as her mouth suckled his flesh, demanding his hot, stiff cock to spew thick, milky sperm into her throat.

The muscles in Guy's legs tensed, and Brenda prepared for the inevitable explosion. Her timing was perfect. Just as he erupted, she pushed his wildly pumping cock deeper into her throat, allowing the warm, sticky fluid to ooze slowly into her gullet.

Suddenly, a sharp jolt wrenched the steering wheel from Guy's hands as the front tires struck a pothole. The car jerked violently out of control, peeling rubber and swerving crazily across the road. Guy fought for control as Brenda's head came up, a trickle of cum at the corner of her mouth.

She watched in wide-eyed fascination as the Corvette twisted back and forth across the two-lane highway. Several terrifying seconds later the sports car veered off the blacktop and stopped on the shoulder.

"You okay?" Guy asked when his heart had settled down.

Brenda nodded, then impulsively threw her arms around his neck. It was a meaningful occasion for each of them—the first time they had faced death together. But more important, they had survived. Neither ever felt more alive than at that moment.

* * *

Clint Lacy spotted the red convertible, its hood up, about 20 minutes after he finished lunch at the cafe. Two people—a man and a woman—were leaning casually against its side and waved when they saw his patrol car. Clint pulled over and eased out of the cruiser.

"Bad place to break down," he said,



"Happy birthday, Pop! It's an electric shaver."

tipping his cap to Brenda. "What's the problem?"

"Cracked oil pan," Guy answered. "We hit a pothole about the size of Nebraska."

Clint nodded, and squatted down to look beneath the disabled vehicle. "Must've been going pretty fast to bottom out like that," he observed. Then he dipped his fingertips into a puddle under the engine and stood up, examining the dark-brown liquid.

"Yep," he agreed. "You've got a cracked pan."

"Should we shoot it," Brenda giggled, "and put it out of its misery?"

"I don't think that'll be necessary, ma'am," Clint smiled. "I've got a quart of oil in my trunk. Should be enough to get you to the cafe down the road."

"Look, officer, we need a mechanic, not a short-order cook," Guy quipped.

"Now, that's a fact. Fortunately for you, there's a fellow there who's both."

"He can fix it?" Brenda inquired.

"He can fix anything," Clint replied, "from cracked oil pans to ham and eggs."

After Clint added the oil, Guy turned the engine over, and a cloud of smoke belched out from underneath the chassis. "How far is the cafe?" Guy asked.

"About 15 miles yonder. You can't miss it."

"Thanks, officer," Brenda said, flashing him a bright smile. Clint tipped his cap and stood back as Guy wheeled the car onto the highway and drove off, leaving a cloud of burning oil in the Corvette's wake.

* * *

The crippled sports car soon limped to a stop next to the rusting gas pump outside the ramshackle cafe. More smoke billowed out from under the hood as Guy shut the engine down.

"This must be the place," he said, gesturing grandly at the rickety ruins.

"You sure know how to impress a girl."

"You should've seen it before they fixed it up," Guy responded dryly. He tooted the horn and climbed out of the car. "Anybody here?!" he shouted.

There was movement from inside the cafe, and the cook appeared behind the screen door, wiping his hands on an apron. "Gas pump's broken," he said.

"Don't need gas," Guy told him. "Oil pan's cracked, and a Highway Patrol officer said you could fix it."

The man stepped outside and approached the car, a friendly smile on his face. "Probably," he nodded. " 'Cept I don't have any tools just now."

"Great!" he snapped. "Stuck out in the middle of nowhere, and he doesn't have any tools."

"Sorry," the cook apologized. "But my old man's got the tools in the truck, and he ain't here."

"When will he be back?" Brenda asked, all charm.

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?!" Guy whined. "Some honeymoon!"

"You folks newlyweds?"

Brenda lifted her left hand and proudly displayed the gold band on her fourth finger. "For about six hours now," she beamed.

"Look," the cook said. "We've got some cabins in the back. They ain't much, but you're welcome to stay the night. Tomorrow I'll fix up the oil pan, and you'll be on your way in no time."

"What do you say, Guy?" Brenda prodded.

He folded his arms and sulked.

"I'll make it worth your while," she promised, licking her lips seductively.

* * *

Vibrant streaks of orange and crimson splashed across the western sky as the sun dipped below the horizon. Guy and Brenda had selected the largest of the rundown cabins out back, and found the shabby interior lay under a carpet of dust. Fortunately, tarps had been spread over most of the sparse furnishings, and the couple were relieved to find that the bed and sheets were relatively clean. Not too bad, they decided, and unpacked their toothbrushes.

A short time later they strolled hand in hand to the dimly lit cafe, where the cook was busy at the grill. As they settled into one of the booths, Brenda read the blackboard bill of fare above the counter.

"Interesting menu," she noted as she watched the cook chopping up several pieces of meat with a cleaver and spreading them over the fire.

"It's pretty simple," he replied. "The top three are the most popular dishes. Served 'em for years."

"And the other two?" Guy asked.

"Recent additions."

"What do you recommend?" Brenda asked.

"Up to you," the cook parried. "They're all good."

The tempting odor of cooking meat wafted through the cafe, and the sizzling sound on the fire made the stranded travelers acutely aware of just how hungry they were.

"I'll try the Motorist's Meatloaf," Brenda decided.

"Good choice," their host said. "It's the easiest thing to fix, and the meat's easy to come by."

"Well, I'll have the Preacher's Pot Pie," Guy announced. "That should save me the trouble of saying grace."

There was no question about it. The





tis the season to be Horny



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meal was the most succulent they had ever tasted. The two newlyweds helped themselves to seconds as the proud chef beamed.

"There's plenty more," he offered when they had finished.

"No, thanks," Guy said, patting his stomach.

"We're stuffed!" Brenda gasped.

"You sure are some kind of good cook," Guy observed.

"Not really. This here's the Devil's Frying Pan, and I'm just the keeper of the flame."

Guy and Brenda felt an icy chill grip their insides, and for the first time they noticed the cook's eyes. He didn't have any pupils.

"I think we'll turn in now," Guy said, standing up and taking his wife's hand.

"Sleep well," their host smiled.

"Don't worry," Guy replied, winking lasciviously at Brenda. "We will."

* * *

The aging, cracked planks of the tumbledown cabins creaked arthritically as the Santa Ana wind blew hotly over the dark desert sands. An eerie silence settled over the cluster of driftwood that had long ago been hammered into an old and forgotten motor court.

The cook stepped out of the cafe and stretched, enjoying the hot lick of desert air against his skin. His pale, colorless eyes fixed on the cabin where the dim glow of a kerosene lamp spilled out of a grimy glass window. Silently, he slithered across the dry sand toward the flickering light. Holding his breath, he peered through the smudged glass. The open curtains gave him a clear view of the sleeping newlyweds.

Guy and Brenda lay naked in each other's arms. Earlier they had made love and, shortly after, both had drifted off into an easy sleep, leaving the lamp burning. Brenda stirred, and the movement awakened Guy. He gazed down at his wife's sleeping face, and he mentally clicked off several other attributes that made her so extraordinarily attractive to him. Bright, a great sense of humor, an incredible body and completely uninhibited sexually. *I'd better cut it out*, he thought, *before I decide she's too good for me*.

The cook grinned in anticipation as he watched Guy kiss Brenda lightly on the mouth. His heart beat faster as she startled her husband by eagerly slipping her tongue between his lips. Their mouths melted into a long, lingering kiss.

"I love you, Guy," she whispered.

He rolled over on top of her and began licking her ears and neck. "I know," he said, his breath hot against her skin. "And I love you."

Brenda moaned sensually and stroked his back, feeling firm muscles rippling under smooth, tanned flesh.

Guy's cock stiffened, and she felt its hard roundness press against her thighs. His lips and tongue drifted slowly over her breasts, and he teased their hard, pink points with lazy, swirling strokes.

"Mmmmmm, I like that," Brenda purred.

"I know," Guy whispered huskily. "And that's just the appetizer."

Brenda giggled, then gasped as his mouth glided down over her belly, pausing just long enough to explore her navel with a wet, probing tongue. "Ooh, yes-s-s," she sighed. "It feels so-o-o-o good."

"It tastes even better," Guy said, his voice low and seductive.

He gently parted her thighs, exposing the tender pink flesh of her vagina, and immediately caressed it with his lips and tongue. A slippery wetness oozed from within, and Guy lapped at Brenda's juices with a greedy mouth.

Outside, the cook rubbed the swollen bulge straining against the front of his denim jeans. His breathing became harsh and rapid as he watched Guy tongue Brenda's pussy.

"Now for the main course," Guy moaned, parting the outer lips of Brenda's cunt with strong, gentle fingers and guiding his tongue through the sensitive inner folds.

"Oh, *yes-s-s*," Brenda breathed hotly.

Guy's tongue snaked slowly along the wet slash of his wife's velvety pussy.

"It's so-o-o good," Brenda cooed. "Oh, Guy, you eat me so good."

He said nothing. His tongue was busy sending hot sparks of pleasure throughout Brenda's body. She tangled her fingers in his hair, urging him to delve deeper into her cunt. Her body was alive with sensation, and she trembled on the brink of orgasm. Three times she had been just a stroke away from climax. But each time, Guy sensed her precarious perch, and his tongue strayed away, only to return to tease her pulsating clit and push her to the brink once again.

Aroused by what was transpiring, the cook carefully worked the zipper of his jeans open and freed his rigid, throbbing cock. Grasping it firmly in his right hand, he began to masturbate.

"I'm so close," Brenda whimpered, "so very close!"

Methodically, Guy's tongue tickled her clit, nurturing it with spit and pressure. At the same time, he dipped his index finger into her wet cunt and slid it down to the puckered flesh of her anus. He probed gently, allowing these new signals of pleasure to race through her.

"I'm going to come!" Brenda cried

(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

As Thanksgiving time draws near, feast your camera's eye on your favorite lady. Don't be a turkey! Take her color picture now for *Beaver Hunt*, and maybe win 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance 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 photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 110, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your $50.

Photo by Husband



Everett, Washington, is the home of 21-year-old Teresa, a housewife. Teresa enjoys nude sunbathing and sex, but would really like to jump into a Jell-O-filled tub with Burt Reynolds.

Photo by P. Robson



Sundai, 24, of Minong, Wisconsin, dreams about making love under the stars in the Rocky Mountains. This truck driver likes to swim, skate, ski, and ride dirt bikes.



Photo by Sam

Britt Marie Kristiansen, 25, of Mount Lake Terrace, Washington, makes her living as an assistant photographer. Her hobbies include skiing, roller-skating and traveling. She fantasizes about being licked head to toe by Rod Stewart.

Photo by Victor L. Pisani

Ila is a 28-year-old school-bus driver from Roxbury, Massachusetts, who enjoys skating and biking. Her sexual fantasy is to watch a man writhe and grind in an exotic dance.



Photo by Kevin Deas



The wilds of Kenya are home to Henry, a nine-year-old East African elephant whose hobby is snorting things up his trunk. His mammoth fantasy is to find and score with the Elephant Man's sister.

Photo by C. A Shank



Nicki, 31, of Caldwell, Idaho, dreams of having a private harem made up of Roger Moore, Sean Connery and Charles Bronson. In the meantime, this building contractor keeps busy four-wheeling.

Astrology, painting and writing keep L. C. busy. She's a 28-year-old housewife from Eastlake, Ohio, who says her sexual fantasies have all been fulfilled—by her husband.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Friend



Cris Griffith, 28, is an artist from Charleston, West Virginia, who collects Oriental art, studies bugs and reads. Her fantasy is to fall in love, and let nature take its course.



Photo by Bill

Linda of Woodland, North Carolina, is a 20-year-old housewife who enjoys raising Doberman pinschers and collecting Elvis Presley pictures. Linda fantasizes about "balling a ten-inch dick twice in a row."

Having sex aboard ship on choppy waters would fulfill the fantasy of Joanie, 22, a power-plant worker from Oil Trough, Arkansas. This nature lover's hobbies include camping and waterskiing.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Donald K. Ruble



Sex and photography are the hobbies of Christy Gallagher, a 28-year-old keypunch operator from Lynchburg, Virginia. Her sexual fantasy is to make love with two men with the camera rolling.

One for the Ladies



Photo by Debi

Tim C. Bateman, 26, is an Indiana railroad worker. Motorcycles and reading HUSTLER are Tim's favorite hobbies, and he'd like to make it with six of the foxes from his hometown.

Cindy, 24, of Orlando, Florida, is a bank teller. Bowling, ceramics and kinky sex are her hobbies. She yearns to make love in the snow by a waterfall in upper Michigan.



Photo by Tim Wenige



Photo by Donnie Joseph

Soncera of West Covina, California, is a 28-year-old Jane-of-all-trades. She avidly collects all kinds of keys, particularly those from motel rooms. She fantasizes about starring in a porno flick with a number of celebrities.

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 105. 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 90067-3054.

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

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Model's Legal Signature — Date

Model's Social Security Number

KEEPER OF THE FLAME

(continued from page 104)

at last. Her voice was louder, her breathing more rapid, the thrusts of her hips more intense. "Oh, honey," she screamed, "I'm going to come!"

Guy didn't have to be told. He could feel it. Rubbing his tongue over the slickness of her clit, he slowly pushed his wet finger up into her asshole. It was an explosive combination. A shuddering series of shock waves thundered through her body.

"I'M COM-M-M-MING!" Brenda roared, her head rolling frantically from side to side.

As the passionate scene unfolded before his eyes, the cook too felt a tingling sensation stirring deep in his groin.

When the spasms subsided and Brenda's breathing slowed, Guy rose up on his knees, placing his thick, erect cock at an upright angle. "Now the dessert," he announced.

Before Brenda could respond, his shaft split the moist lips of her pussy and slammed into her. Her already-aroused clitoris sparked alive once again. He thrust into her repeatedly, each push harder than the last.

"Do it, baby!" Brenda urged, a lustful grin on her face. "Do it hard!"

Outside, the cook's fist pumped his own cock with quick, urgent strokes. The tingling steadily worked its way up the length of his shaft. Feeling himself on the edge, he closed his eyes. With the image of the two newlyweds vivid in his mind, he grunted hoarsely and shot his wad of sperm against the dirty cabin planks.

Inside, hips and thighs crashed together as Guy and Brenda raced as one toward their own orgasm.

"Fill my cunt," Brenda gasped, her voice thick and husky with lust. "Fill it with your cock . . . your cum!"

And he did. They exploded together in a convulsive, all-consuming climax that left them spent and sated, still unaware they were being watched by a pair of hard, cold eyes without pupils.

* * *

The nightmare began sometime after midnight.

The persistent howling of the gusting wind, combined with the wooden groanings of the flimsy cabin, pulled Brenda from a deep and satisfying sleep. On the fringes of wakefulness, she reached out for her husband and awoke with a start. He was gone!

She called out, "Guy!"

No answer.

She vaguely remembered him getting out of bed after making love to her the second time, saying something about taking a leak outside since there was no indoor plumbing. But that must have been hours ago.

"Guy, please," she said, her heart beating a little faster. "This isn't funny."

Only the wind and creaking planks answered.

Brenda shivered, sensing something was wrong. She switched on the table lamp, but the cabin stayed dark. It took her a second to realize there was no electricity; the lamp was fueled by kerosene.

"Dammit, Guy!" she snapped, climbing out of bed. In the darkness, she found her clothes next to his, slipped on her panties and T-shirt and went to the window. Her eyes adjusted to the blackness, and she peered outside, looking for some sign of her missing husband.

Nothing. Only wind and darkness.

Tentatively, Brenda ventured out of the cabin, her eyes searching the shadows. "Guy, where are you?" She spoke the words softly and fearfully.

Hearing nothing, she cautiously walked to the cook's cabin. It was dark. Nothing stirred inside. *No sense waking him*, she thought. *At least not until I know for sure something's wrong.*

She approached the two cabins farthest from the road. *Maybe Guy tripped in the dark and hit his head.* Brenda pushed that thought from her mind. Still, the feeling persisted that something was wrong.

At first she thought a distant shape was a large, looming shadow. But as she drew closer, she recognized it as a camper. It was parked out of sight behind the last cabin on the left.

Brenda breathed a little easier. *Perhaps some new people arrived during the night, and Guy is visiting them.* She dismissed the idea immediately, remembering Guy had been naked when he left, and noting there were no lights on in the camper. The fingers of fear gripped her once again. As she got closer to the camper, she realized it must have been parked there for some time. The rear tires were flat, and the paint was flaking off.

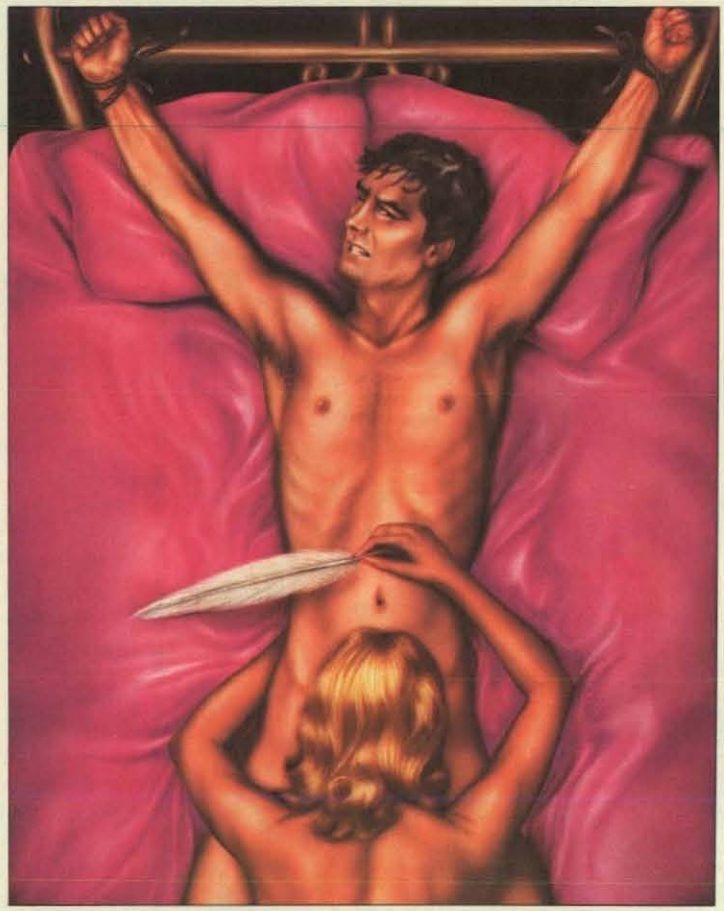
"Guy?" Her throat was dry, and she heard the sound of her own heartbeat over the howling wind. She tried the handle on the camper door, and it opened. She peered inside. "Guy, are you in there?"

Silence.

Brenda's heart was pounding as she stepped up and went inside. It was a small, compact unit, with stove, sink, cabinets and a wide double bunk. Brenda opened a drawer and found a flashlight. She clutched it and pushed the switch. A faint light glimmered from one end. *The batteries must be weak*, she told herself, *but it's better than nothing.*

(continued on page 128)

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



SEX AGAINST HIS WILL

by Lori Broadhurst

Last summer I worked as a swimming instructor at a northern California camp for elementary-school kids. The other counselors and I passed the latest issues of HUSTLER around so much, the staples started falling out.

Believe me, we girls enjoyed your magazine as much as the guys did—especially those hot fantasy-spreads! That's why I think your readers would like to hear about the unique way I stalked—and finally "captured"—the shyest male counselor at the camp.

I was 22 and had just graduated from college with a major in business and a minor in physical education. I didn't really know what I wanted to do—maybe go on to grad school and eventually teach phys ed, maybe try to open up a restaurant or flower shop back home in Los Angeles.

When a longtime friend of my family offered me the three-month counselor's job, it seemed like a great way to buy some time. I'd be able to work with children, plus go hiking, swimming, fishing and skiing anytime I wanted to. *And*, to top it off, I'd even be getting paid for it.

The camp turned out to be a cluster of old log cabins set by a blue-water lake, surrounded by a forest of the tallest pine trees I'd ever seen. The three square meals a day were decent, the air was crisp and clear, and the kids seemed happy, even eager, to learn all about the dog-paddle and the "jellyfish float."

Since we counselors weren't allowed weekends off, evenings were the only time we had to ourselves. Most nights I spent alone in my bed, reading or writing letters or working out with Popeye, my seven-inch vibrator. Actually, I came to prefer Popeye to most of the male counselors, though during the first couple of weeks I fucked the riding instructor behind the barn and sucked off the crafts teacher in the paint shed. As far as I was concerned, they were nice guys, but strictly one-night stands.

Now, I may not be a Britt Ekland when it comes to looks, but I'm no Phyllis Diller either. I stand about 5-8, with green eyes and long, straight blond hair. I've got good legs, firm, nice-sized tits, and a high, shapely ass. In fact, an old boyfriend used to joke about my "only flaw": a small, crescent-shaped scar, just above my knee, the result of a high-school fencing accident. But, despite my appearance, there was one dude in camp who absolutely would *not* give me a second glance.

Everybody called this guy Joey, but by asking around I learned that his real name was Jose. He came originally from Barcelona, Spain, where he'd been a high-school soccer star. That ability had earned him an athletic scholarship to a private college somewhere in Illinois. One of Joey's teammates—Rick, a "veteran" counselor at the camp—had brought him along for the summer to help teach soccer. Was I ever glad!

Joey was about my height, with a slender, well-muscled body that looked great in his white shorts and fishnet jersey. His handsome, almost-delicate face reminded me of those classic matadors. As good-looking as he was, he was also painfully shy. His cabinmate, Rick, told me Joey was downright afraid of girls and had probably never been laid in his life.

For weeks I tried every trick in the book to get Joey to notice me. Once, I opened my robe and "accidentally" walked in while he was shaving in the common bathroom; he just grinned awkwardly and turned back to the mirror.

Another time I sat down next to him in a corner of the dining hall and began stroking his leg; he blushed four shades of red and bolted out the door without even saying "Adios."

By August I was really becoming desperate. Now I was considering Joey's coolness an affront to my identity as an attractive woman. Whether or not I want to fuck a guy, you see, I need the reassurance that I can at least lure him to within striking distance. But the dark-eyed Spaniard was having none of it. Since I was tired of playing with Popeye while fantasizing about Joey, I decided it was time to act.

Catching up with Rick on his way to the soccer field one afternoon, I told him the whole story of my lust for his roomie. Rick smiled, saying, "I might have guessed as much." Then he stopped dead in his tracks, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Since he and Joey had planned to get together that night for some beer and poker, Rick said he just might be able to arrange a "solution" to my problem. He slipped me a key to their cabin and said to be there at 11:30 sharp.

Illustration by Holly Hollington

I was a couple of minutes early as I unlocked the front door and peered inside. What I saw made me gasp: Rick had really done a job! There, on one of the two big double beds, was Joey, lying stark naked and spread-eagled, his wrists and ankles firmly secured to the bedposts with rigging rope. His face showed a mixture of fear and anger as he muttered what must have been Spanish obscenities.

I didn't care. At last this hunk was going to be all mine . . . whether he wanted it or not! Wriggling out of my sweater and jeans, I removed the eagle feather I used for a barrette and let my hair spill free. I took the feather and traced a teasing pattern up Joey's legs, across his belly and down to his balls.

Exploring the area between his nuts, I started rubbing my pussy with my free hand, roughly at first, then delicately, moving a forefinger over my swelling clit. Love juice began to trickle down my thighs as his prick throbbed to its full eight inches.

Impatiently, I moved toward it. I flicked my tongue lightly over the swollen head of his cock, then began to literally blow on the purple-veined shaft. I reached under him and teased his asshole lightly with my forefinger, while my other hand caressed my tits. Silent now, his eyes on mine, Joey really began to squirm.

Instead of swallowing his cock, I stood up on the bed and started fingering my clit even harder, forcing Joey to watch. Greedily, I bent down to massage his prick between my breasts. "Fuck my tits," I growled. "Fuck them!" As if in answer, he suddenly unloaded right in my face!

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I teased, wiping the warm, sticky-sweet cum off my face and rubbing it over my now-rock-hard nipples. "But you're not going to get out of this *that* easily!" I smiled, grabbing his penis, squeezing it, defying it not to perform. Before it had a chance to go limp, I climbed aboard and stuffed it into my sopping pussy. Humping and bumping, I took myself on a crazy cock ride that *I* would choose when to end.

At this point Joey seemed to become afraid of *not* meeting my expectations. Perhaps he was even a bit enraptured by all my sweaty, heaving passion. Whatever the reason, he began to get into it too. My slender hips shot forward and back as we slapped together, up and down, up and down. I tightened my cunt muscles, then relaxed them. I could feel a delicious, electric tingle as Joey's cock grew inside me, probing every part of my sex.

We must have been pumping wildly for ten minutes before it dawned on me: Hey, this shouldn't be no fucking rape scene! I wanted Joey without the ropes, and I could tell by the force of his thrusts that he was ready. Without missing a stroke, I reached behind me with both hands and untied the knots around his feet. (Camp counselors are good at that!) I did the same with the knots binding his hands. I knew Joey was ready to unleash his lust, but I wasn't prepared for his animal-like passion once released from bondage.

He quickly forced me underneath him. Our tongues locked hungrily as he jammed his massive erection into my cunt, which by now was as soft as pudding. Like a jackhammer, he rammed into me again and again with lightning speed. He squeezed me so tight, I thought I'd break in half. Finally, we exploded together in a perfect, shattering orgasm.

* * *

Joey and I made it a few more times last summer—without the ropes—but I eventually drifted into a fairly steady thing with the sailing instructor. Joey, meanwhile, developed a reputation as the camp stud, counting the dance teacher and even the director's wife among his conquests. While I haven't seen him since, I'm glad I forced him to realize scoring shouldn't be limited to the soccer field.

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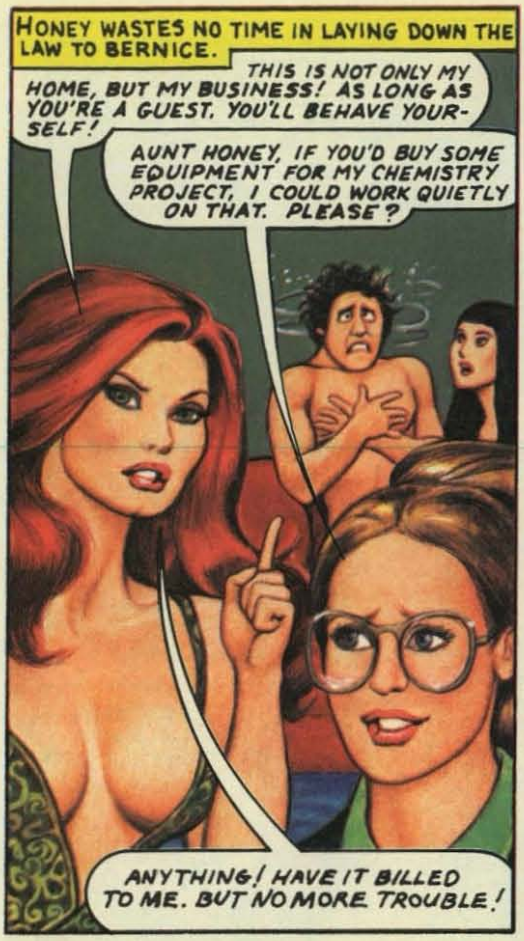
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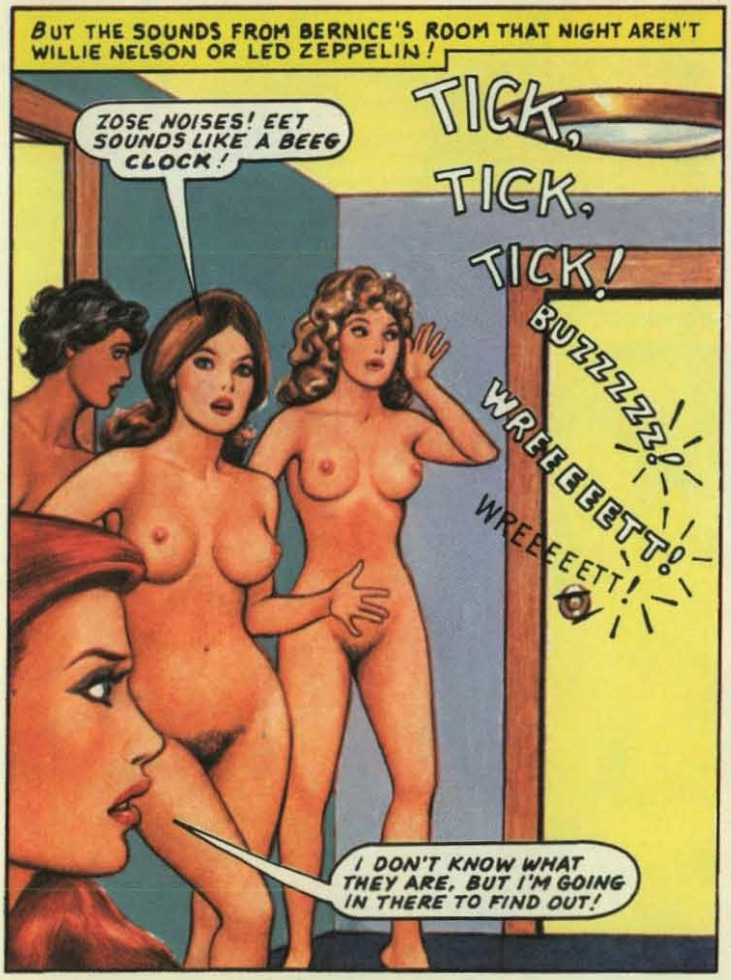


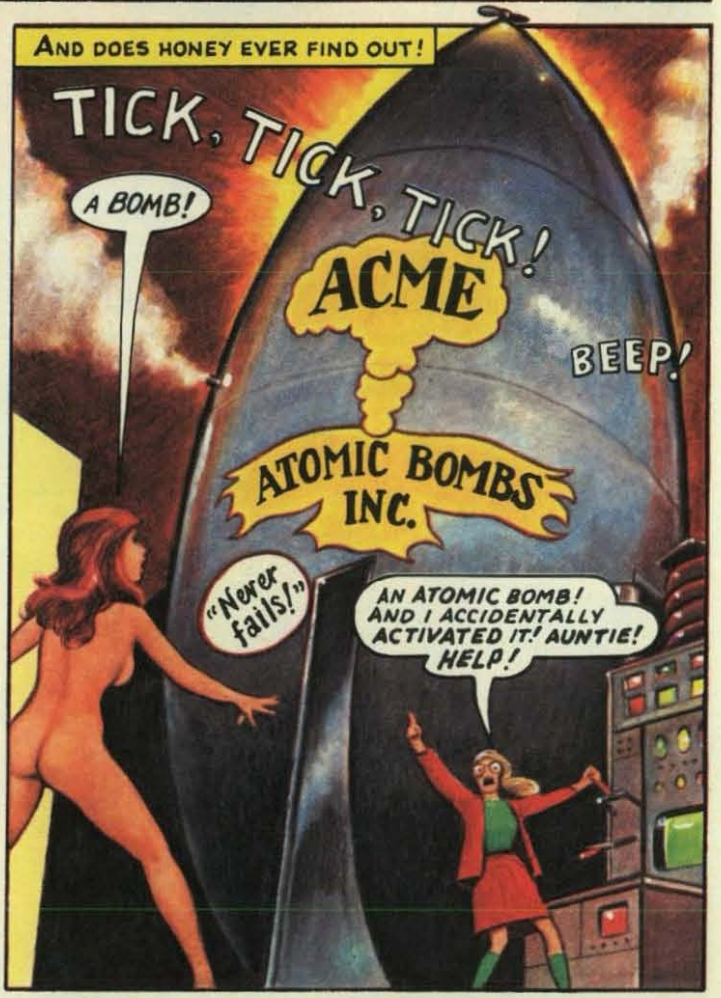
Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford


THAT'S...ER... GREAT! GIRLS, THIS IS BERNICE — MY CHEMISTRY-WHIZ NIECE FROM HARVARD. SHE'S GOING TO STAY THROUGH THANKS-GIVING.
YOU'RE SO SWEET, AUNTIE. WOULD YOU PAY THE CABBIE?
SHE PACKED LIKE SHE EEZ GOING TO STAY UNTIL THANKS-GIVING NEXT YEAR!
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HER, POON. SHE'S ALWAYS INTO MISCHIEF!
DON'T WORRY. IF ANY-ONE KNOWS HOW TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TRICKS, WE DO!
AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR HONEY'S WORRIES ABOUT BERNICE TO TAKE SHAPE. JUST THE NEXT EVENING...
JUST TURN THE SWITCH AND TOUCH IT TO MY CLIT. THE VIBRATIONS FEEL GREAT!
SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH. I'LL JUST...
...T-TURN IT ON! WHO S-SET IT FOR HYPER-D-D-DRIVE?!
HONEY! BERNICE HAS STARTED!
A LITTLE REWIRING OF THE MOTOR REALLY MAKES THE EARTH MOVE! HA, HA, HA!


HONEY WASTES NO TIME IN LAYING DOWN THE LAW TO BERNICE.
THIS IS NOT ONLY MY HOME, BUT MY BUSINESS! AS LONG AS YOU'RE A GUEST, YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF!
AUNT HONEY, IF YOU'D BUY SOME EQUIPMENT FOR MY CHEMISTRY PROJECT, I COULD WORK QUIETLY ON THAT. PLEASE?
ANYTHING! HAVE IT BILLED TO ME. BUT NO MORE TROUBLE!


THE FOLLOWING DAY, BERNICE'S "EQUIPMENT" BEGINS TO ARRIVE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S BUILDING, BUT I HOPE IT KEEPS HER QUIET UNTIL THANKSGIVING!
EXPLOSIVES R US
YOU KNOW THOSE KIDS. IT'S PROBABLY A STEREO THAT CAN BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER.


BUT THE SOUNDS FROM BERNICE'S ROOM THAT NIGHT AREN'T WILLIE NELSON OR LED ZEPPELIN!
ZOSE NOISES! EET SOUNDS LIKE A BEEG CLOCK!
TICK, TICK, TICK!
BUZZZZZ!
WREEEEETT!
WREEEEETT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE, BUT I'M GOING IN THERE TO FIND OUT!


AND DOES HONEY EVER FIND OUT!
TICK, TICK, TICK!
A BOMB!
ACME
BEEP!
ATOMIC BOMBS INC.
"Never fails!"
AN ATOMIC BOMB! AND I ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATED IT! AUNTIE! HELP!


A QUICK CALL TO THE POLICE BRINGS AN EXPERT BOMB SQUAD!
WHIR-EE!
BLEEP!
DING!
BOMB SQUAD
"I had a blast at HARVEY'S CASINO in TAHOE"
ISRAELI NUCLEAR Exterminators
OH, I HOPE THEY CAN DE-FUSE IT!
WE'LL BE THE FIRST ONES TO KNOW, BERNICE.
IT'S GONNA BLOW!!!
OH, NO!
ZAP!
GOOD-BYE, WORLD! THIS LOOKS LIKE...
ARMS
ssssss CLICK!
IT DIDN'T BLOW! IT WAS A DUD!
WHEW!
...IT?
HONEY AND BERNICE DECIDE TO REWARD THE BRAVERY OF THE BOMB SQUAD WITH A THANKSGIVING SPREAD THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON, AUNT HONEY. NO MORE PRANKS!
WE'VE GOT A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR, ESPECIALLY YOU, BECAUSE THIS YEAR YOU ALMOST ENDED UP AS THE TURKEY — COOKED, NO LESS!
The End

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

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 to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054, 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.

VIDEO BY MAIL

We've talked a lot in this column about the joys of X-rated videocassettes. After all, what could be better than simply popping in a small cassette and watching the X-rated action of your choice while relaxing at home? The problem, of course, is that you need to buy video equipment to pop that cassette into. And, as you may already know, purchasing a decent video setup can set you back at least a thousand bucks.

One good way to save some money is to buy equipment through the mail. For one thing, when you purchase hardware out-of-state, there's no state sales tax, lowering costs considerably. And because most mail-order electronics firms deal in large volume with low overhead, selection is wide and prices are from 20% to 40% less than in a regular retail store.

What are the drawbacks of ordering by mail? Basically, it's that you're in a position to be ripped off royally. This can mean winding up with anything from used equipment, broken recorders, a different model than what you ordered or—the worst circumstance—nothing at all. Consequently, there are several factors to keep in mind when ordering video hardware via mail:

Call more than one mail-order firm. Prices fluctuate sharply from state to state and from outlet to outlet.

Check out refunds and exchanges. The last thing you need is an expensive video noose around your neck. Good outfits will have not only refund-and-exchange arrangements, but also warranty and insurance options.

Ask about mailing costs. Reputable firms usually ship within 24 hours of receipt of an order, with United Parcel Service costs varying from $9 to $25. UPS takes from two to ten working days to deliver. If you want to spend more for faster service, investigate UPS Blue Label, Emery Air Freight and Federal Express.

Find out about the dealer's reputation. This is vital in any mail-order exchange. No matter what the hassle, check out the company with the Federal Trade Commission and the Better Business Bureau. Better safe than out all that cash.

The names and numbers of mail-order dealers are readily available in the ad pages of video magazines such as *Home Video* ($1.75 a copy, $12 a year; 475 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016) and *Video* ($1.75 a copy, $15 a year; P.O. Box 1118, Dover, New Jersey 07801). Companies that frequently advertise include: *International Wholesalers* (1-800-327-0596), *Mike Brody's Camerama* (1-800-645-6323), *Video Wholesales Inc.* (1-800-327-0337) and *Electronic Distributors* (1-800-327-3376).

PANTY FETISH

I have a thing for used panties. I love to smell, taste and touch them. My problem is, I can't find enough. Whenever I go out with a woman and screw her, I ask for her soiled underlovelies. Surprisingly, most of them comply. I've gathered quite a collection, but I'm still not satisfied. Where can I get more? —*J. R.*
Seattle, Washington

Unfortunately for you, used underwear is not a mass-produced item. Your best bet is the classified section of local sex tabloids, in which individuals selling secondhand panties sometimes advertise.

If you'd like some new but odd panties, check out the catalogs of *The Pleasure Chest* (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011) and *Frederick's of Hollywood* (6608 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90038). *Frederick's* is especially noted for its line of panties that you can actually *eat*. They come in chocolate, peppermint, banana and tutti-frutti.

You may find it interesting to learn you're not alone in your craving. On a recent tour, rock musician Frank Zappa asked for used panties and brassieres at every auditorium he played. A friend of his plans to make a used-underwear quilt out of them and display it in art galleries across the country.

ANTIQUE PORN

I love watching porno films, the raunchier the better. But most of the blue movies I've seen are pretty recent, made in the last ten or 20 years. I want to see what kind of fuck films were made a long time ago. Is there anywhere I can get some of those? —*A. L.*
Dallas, Texas

Class X Video (1-800-243-9464) has a line of tapes that fit your needs perfectly. Entitled *Naughty Nostalgia* #1 through #7, this series of hard-core and soft-core tapes contains film shorts and features dating from the early 1920s to the mid-1950s. Most of these were shown at whorehouses, lodge smokers and stag parties. While they lack the uninhibited balls-out action of today's pornography, they are still quite racy. In some cases the photography is poor, but the screwing is of genuine historic vintage. Costs run from $29.95 to $42.95, depending on the tape length. We recommend *Naughty Nostalgia* #1 and #2 for early hard-core antics, and #6 for '50s lesbian thrills.

HARD-CORE HOME MOVIES

I have been a subscriber to HUSTLER for a number of years now and need some help. I can't find anyone who will develop my hard-core color-movie film. Can you recommend someone who will process my film and return it in good faith? —*S. T.*
Lincoln, Nebraska

There is no law preventing developers from processing pornographic film. Most companies don't handle nude or hard-core material, because of individual standards of taste and a fear of the postal authorities, who can come down hard on firms mailing obscene material.

In any case, since you say you're a HUSTLER subscriber, you should look through the *Mail-Order Mania* pages more often. There you'll find advertisements from *Spectra Photo* (P.O. Box 4958H, Syracuse, New York 13221) and *Pro-Print* (P.O. Box 1818, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18503). Except for kiddie porn and fetishes like bestiality, these companies will develop your film no matter how delightfully degenerate it may be.

Edited by Ricardo Forrest

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie . That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie , if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie , then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annie: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for $39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



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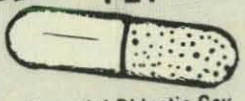


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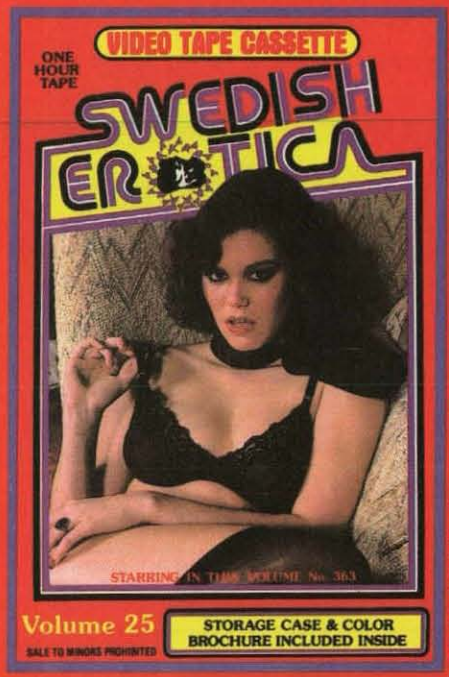
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Sensual Susan and her sorority sister go to meet her boyfriend in the park. Her sister's mammoth boobs turn them both on, and this sexy hot threesome has a hot day in the park!



VOLUME 27

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#378 SEKA & FRIENDS

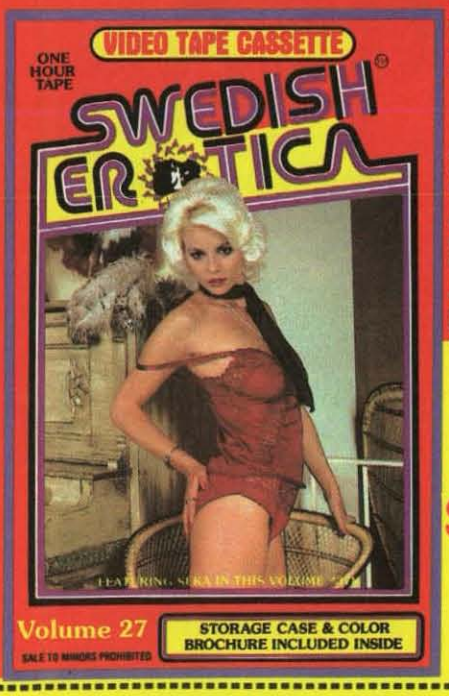
Succulent Seka and her cheeky friend Tara get excited looking at a sexy magazine. When Kevin and a friend come over, they want to try out all the new positions! This spicy foursome leaves the magazine far behind!

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VOLUME 28

STARRING SEKA • LISA WOODS • PHIL • RANDY WEST

#386 SEXY SEKA

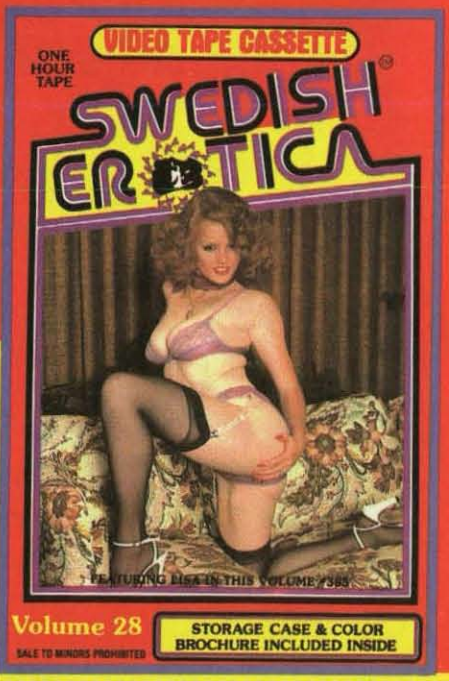
Sexy Seka and her man awake to eachothers morning lust. Afterwards as Seka is showering the spicy oriental maid comes in for a second helping. Seka finds them and joins in for a HOT morning menage a'trois.

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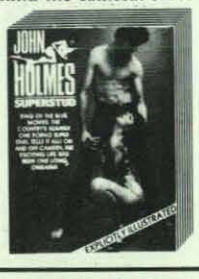
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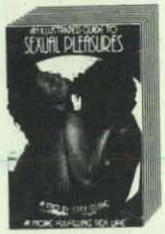
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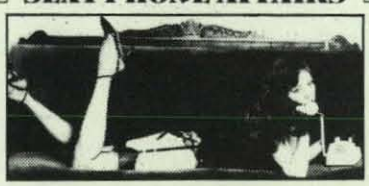
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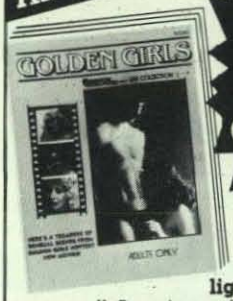
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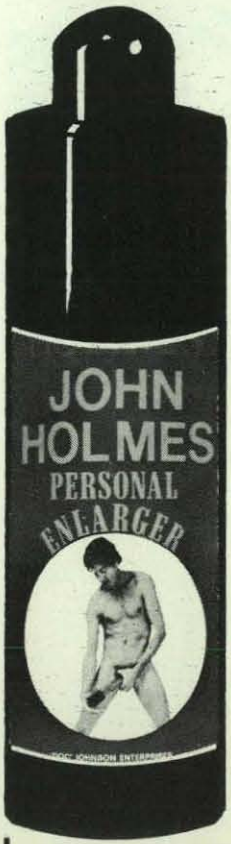
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KEEPER OF THE FLAME

(continued from page 110)

Slowly scanning the interior, Brenda yelped as a beam of light suddenly shot back at her. Her heart was skipping like a jackhammer when she saw it was just a reflection of the flashlight. She subdued her skittishness and moved closer to the mirror. A Polaroid snapshot was tucked up under the frame. It showed a smiling, middle-aged couple standing arm-in-arm next to their camper. In the background, Brenda recognized the cafe and the old, rusting gas pump.

As she climbed outside, something nagged at her—something about the people in the photograph. Her mind conjured up an image of the cafe. *That's it*, she decided. *Something inside the cafe must have placed these people in my subconscious mind.*

Then she saw it—a sight that turned her flesh to ice. Without the fading beam of the flashlight she never would have noticed the puddle of blood shimmering in the sand. There was a series of other blood spots, and Brenda tracked them with the flashlight. Tears welled in her eyes as she moved away from the rotting camper and followed the dark-red splotches toward the cafe.

* * *

Turning off the Interstate, Clint Lacy checked his digital watch. The time flashed on in red numbers: 2:10 a.m. Another six hours, and his double shift would be over.

Sure, it had been a long haul, but not too grueling. He'd bagged the usual number of speeders, re-routed the traffic around a jackknifed truck, run in two drunk drivers and assisted that young couple on the Old Mojave Highway.

Clint's eyes focused on the road just beyond his headlights, and he recalled the young man and woman with the disabled red sports car. *Attractive couple*, he thought, *particularly the woman*. He wondered what she was like in bed. *Probably as good as she looks*, he concluded, a sly grin on his face.

"I wouldn't mind a piece of her," he said aloud. "Wouldn't mind it a bit."

A gurgle in his stomach reminded him it had been hours since he'd eaten dinner. He checked the odometer and calculated he was a good 20 minutes from the cafe, or ten if he pushed it.

The image of the woman reappeared in his mind's eye. He licked his lips, aimed his patrol car toward the cafe and pushed down hard on the accelerator.

* * *

The bloodstains led to the rear door of the cafe. Brenda reached out a trembling hand and quietly turned the knob. The building creaked as the wind continued its relentless assault, and the young woman stepped inside. She stood in a small, square supply room. Cans of cooking oil and bags of flour were stacked on shelves lining the walls. In front of her was a second door, slightly ajar, a thin slice of light glowing from beyond it.

The flashlight flickered, and Brenda was terrified it would die, leaving her in darkness. Her heart raced, and she swallowed hard, forcing her legs to carry her toward the second door. As she moved closer, she became aware of another sound—a low, steady drone—that mingled with the howl of the wind and the thumping of her heart.

Brenda pressed her eye to the crack, looking past the door to the entrance of the kitchen's walk-in freezer. She immediately surmised the droning sound came from a small generator. Then panic and desperation gripped her insides as she sighted the telltale trail of blood leading straight to the freezer.

Moving stealthily into the kitchen, she searched frantically for any sign of movement. She hugged the flashlight to her bosom and neared the freezer door with apprehension.

The wind was a mournful whine as she grasped the massive steel door's handle and yanked it open. A cold blast of air hit her instantly. White, icy wisps of vapor swirled from within and encircled her bare arms and legs. The frigid air reminded her she was wearing only a T-shirt and panties. Brenda shuddered, and aimed the flashlight into the meat freezer.

And then came the horror!

A scream ripped out of her throat in one long, agonized shriek. Ghoulish human corpses, not sides of beef, were hanging on metal hooks. The faint beam of her flashlight flickered over six or seven dangling nude bodies; or rather, what was left of them. Arms and legs were missing. Huge chunks had been carved out of their torsos. Some had been skinned of their flesh. Her own skin crept at the sight of two gouged corpses resembling the middle-aged couple in the photograph.

Then came the most unspeakable sight of all. Brenda's face twisted into a mask of horror as her eyes locked on the naked, hanging form of her husband. In the dim glimmer of light, she could see that Guy's body was soaked with freezing blood and that his head had been neatly split down the middle.

"*There* you are!" the cook snarled. "I've been looking all over for you."

Brenda spun around, and her eyes focused on the bloody meat cleaver in his hand.

"Your husband never knew what hit him," he growled. "I nailed him while he was taking a piss behind the

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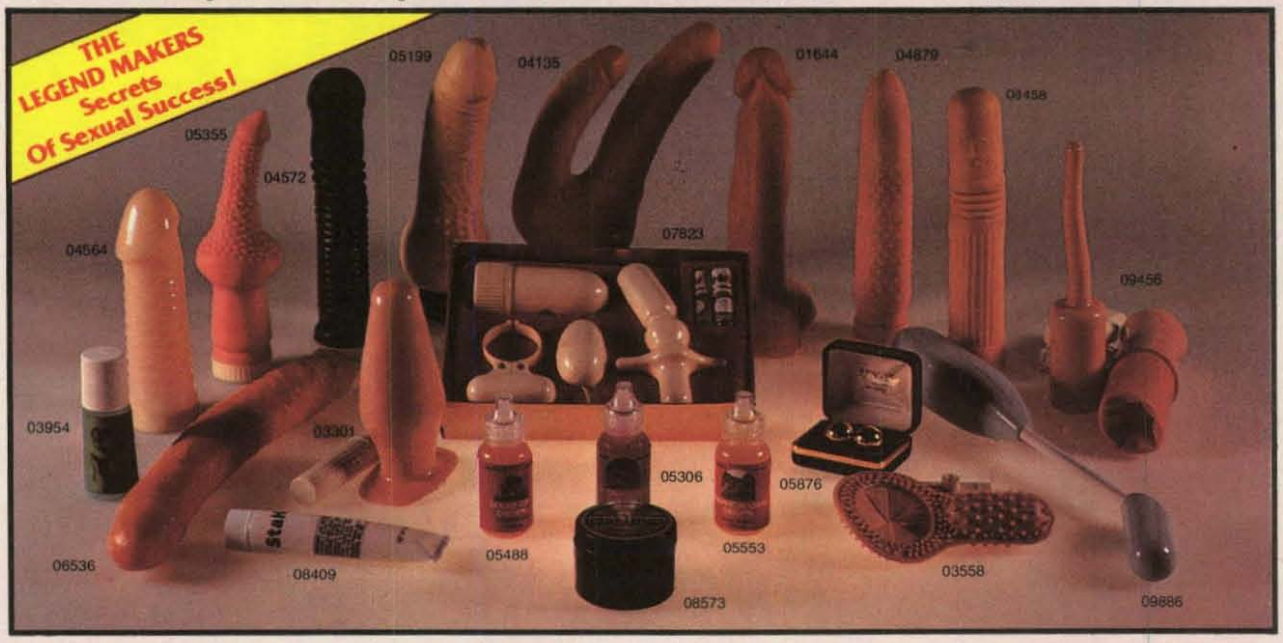
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camper." His pale, pupil-less eyes blazed with insane excitement.

Fear turned to hate, and terror became rage as Brenda saw the man stepping toward her, raising the bloodied blade above his head.

"You bastard!" she shrieked. "You butchering bastard!"

She hurled the flashlight, and it smashed into his face with a sickening thud. He staggered backward, blood gushing thickly from his broken nose, and dropped the cleaver.

Brenda raced for a rack of carving knives by the door leading to the front of the cafe, grasping the handle of the largest knife and yanking it from its slot.

In those few split seconds the cook recovered his sense of balance as well as the deadly cleaver. Methodically, he advanced on Brenda, his face a grotesque mask of blood and torn flesh.

Desperately, she raised the knife above her head and backed out of the kitchen. "You son of a bitch!" she screamed, her mouth frothing with foamy spit. "I'll kill you!"

"You're dead meat," the cook hissed, slithering toward her.

Her eyes locked onto the raised blade of the meat cleaver as she retreated. Suddenly, the bright beams of a car lit up the front of the cafe.

"Help me!" she screamed. "Please help me!"

Clint Lacy bolted from his patrol car and unholstered his pistol while the bizarre scene in the cafe continued to unfold in the glare of his headlights. He could see two figures inside, one with a knife, the other with a cleaver. Hearing the long, anguished shriek of a terrified woman, Clint burst inside and instantly grasped the situation. He crouched into the standard combat stance, aimed his pistol and fired twice while the woman's screams echoed in his ears.

* * *

The eye of the sun stared down on the vast, empty desert, and the sand baked under its scorching gaze. Inside the rotting cafe, Lacy forked down the last few morsels of meat on his plate, sat back and let out a satisfied belch.

"Sure tastes good," he said, working at his molars with a toothpick. "You've outdone yourself this time, son."

The cook stood on a stepladder, removing the blackboard menu from behind the counter. "Kind of liked it myself, Dad."

"Hey, boy, what are you going to call this one?"

"What else?" he grinned, adding a new listing. "Honeymooner's Hash."

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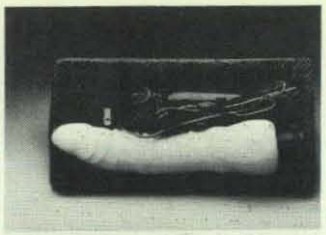
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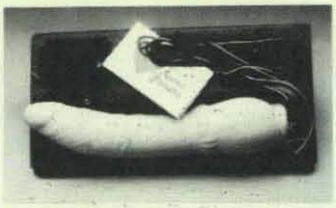
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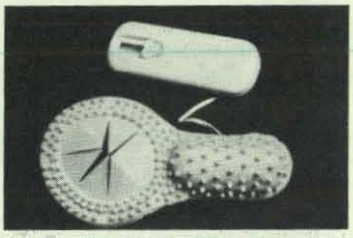


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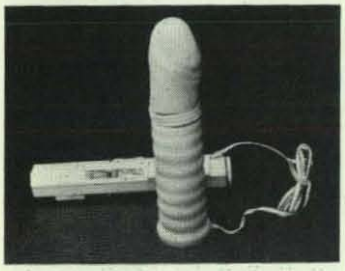
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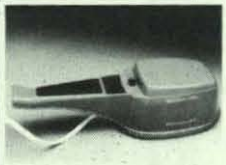
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GUARDIAN ANGELS

(continued from page 88)

the youth. The Angels concluded the cops set up Joga—who doesn't even smoke cigarettes—simply to hassle the group.

Following that incident nearly 200 summonses were issued to the Angels by transit cops for failure to pay for subway rides, unlawful assembly, disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct. Previously, members had received but three minor citations.

"I fear the police now more than I fear troublemakers," Sliwa confesses. "We spend half our time educating our people in how to deal with the police, and how to turn the other cheek when they're assaulting us. I think that's a waste of time."

Sliwa says harassment has even included threats by union officials. He claims to have been picked up by two transit detectives, driven to a lonely parking lot at a Long Island beach and told to keep his group out of the subways. Sliwa recalls one of the kidnappers telling him, "If we take you for a ride next time, you won't be able to leave the car on your own. Someone will have to carry you out."

Matters came to a head in July 1980, when a team of Angels jumped from a moving train, crossed deadly "third rails" and climbed onto a subway platform to assist a Transit Authority cop who had been jumped by three toughs. Two months later, dozens of members staged a three-day hunger strike in front of City Hall, demanding respect and official recognition.

"Good Samaritans don't ask for rewards," huffed Mayor Koch. "I don't know everything about the Guardian Angels, but I do know they love publicity and that one of them has sold his life story to television. Do I have to help sell their television show? No."

Koch was referring to Sliwa's contract with Highgate Pictures, which paid him $30,000 for the rights to produce *We're Fighting Back*—a TV movie loosely based on the Angels' exploits. The group's leader plunged most of that money back into the organization. "I plead guilty to being a publicity hound," admits Sliwa, whose annual personal income is little more than $10,000. "Publicity is the only way to change people's minds and to show them a concept like this can work."

Last January an uneasy truce was struck between the city and the Angels. Sliwa had earlier rejected a proposal that they should become a police auxiliary. "If there were a perception on the part of criminals that the Guardian Angels are an extension of the police," he had said, "then there'd be a lot of dead Angels."

Now, however, while still refusing to permit Angels to report to the transit cops, he made some major concessions in order to gain official recognition. First, he would allow the New York Police Department to screen would-be Angels for criminal records. Second, the police would provide patrol-training. Third, the police would issue identification cards.

"We will continue to remain an independent and autonomous safety patrol," Sliwa declared. "City officials should have the right to know where we are, when we are patrolling and who we are. But they do not have the right to tell us when and where to do it."

It seemed to be a reasonable compromise, and the transit police at last had something nice to say about the Red Berets. "We think they act as a deterrent," Chief James Meehan cautiously observed. Even Mayor Koch finally relented. "The Guardian Angels do for crime what chicken soup does for a cold," he quipped.

"We did the impossible," Sliwa exulted. "The little guys beat City Hall. We turned the mayor around 180°."

Although the hassle over fitting the Guardian Angels into the urban scheme appears to be solved, Sliwa is facing yet another problem. To some observers, there is an uncomfortable feeling that the Angels are spending more time publicizing themselves than actually saving citizens from the clutches of arrogant crooks. At one point earlier this year—when the group came under fire from the mayor—they actually went around New York gathering 100,000 signatures on petitions to enlist public support.

In addition, Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo threw a fund-raising party for the group at Magique, a popular East Side disco, where patrons paid $30 apiece to watch their cult heroes parade around the dance floor carrying festive balloons, of all things. It was an unlikely scene: a citizen's militia hanging out in a chic night spot normally frequented by celebrities who never ride subways.

"The only way the crime situation is going to be turned around is if people will get off their asses and say something positive has to be done, period," Sliwa told the gathering. "The prevailing attitude in society today is that you only go around once in life; so grab the brass ring while you can, and to hell with everybody else. I'm trying my best to counteract that attitude. Nobody can live on an island by himself. Like it or not, we are all each other's servants."

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PROFILE: BENNY BINION

(continued from page 56)

Ungar counted the towering $700,000 worth of chips before him.

Green's demise was almost anticlimactic. On the last hand, he went all in with 10-9, trying to beat Ungar's two pair—queens and 10s—with a straight. He didn't get it. The spontaneous outburst of yelps and applause from the gallery signaled that young Stu Ungar had won his second consecutive World Series, a feat equaled only by Texas Johnny Moss and Doyle Brunson.

Moments later, Teddy Jane Binion, flanked by two security guards, walked up to the poker table where her son Jack and CBS-TV commentator Curt Gowdy were congratulating the winner. She handed a brown-paper bag to Binion, who dumped out $750,000 in $100 bills onto the table. The paper bag, she said, was a World Series tradition. But it was also a visible symbol of the Binions' enduring down-home style.

When the hoopla had died down, Texas Dolly Brunson—the man who wrote a 600-page book on the fine points of poker and is considered by many to be the best ever to play the game—offered an objective analysis of Ungar's performance.

"Stu's a great all-around player," he said. "But he's still not what you'd call a real finished player. He don't recognize trouble spots; he don't see 'em. That makes him more dangerous, harder to read. It's obvious that in some situations he shouldn't be doing certain things. Yet he does them and still manages to survive. It's really a tribute—truly amazing—that he could win the World Series two years in a row."

Brunson rose from his seat, heading for the tournament postmortems in the Sombrero Room. There, at his regular table, Benny Binion was again holding court—receiving guests, players and various members of his family.

"I told you I liked the way the Kid looked right from the start," Binion said with a wink, as if he had predicted the outcome. "He plays a hell of a game of poker. If you were smart like my son Jack, you'd have bet a lot of money on him."

"They'll be cuttin' up these hands for months," Brunson predicted after the laughter subsided. "By the time next year rolls around, I'm betting we'll have a million-dollar tournament." But the giants of poker, like Amarillo Slim and Texas Dolly, didn't have to wait that long for more high-stakes games. "We have a tournament year-round," he explained. "The World Series is just another day at the office."

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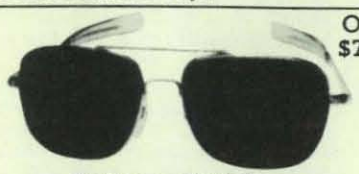
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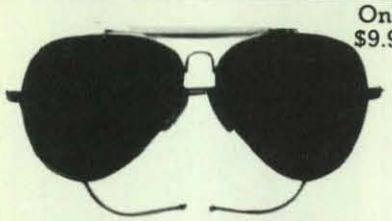
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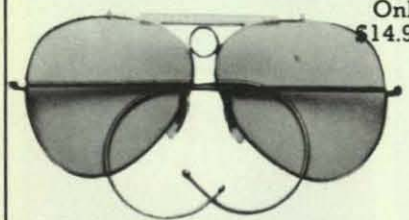
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January issue on sale November 24, 1981



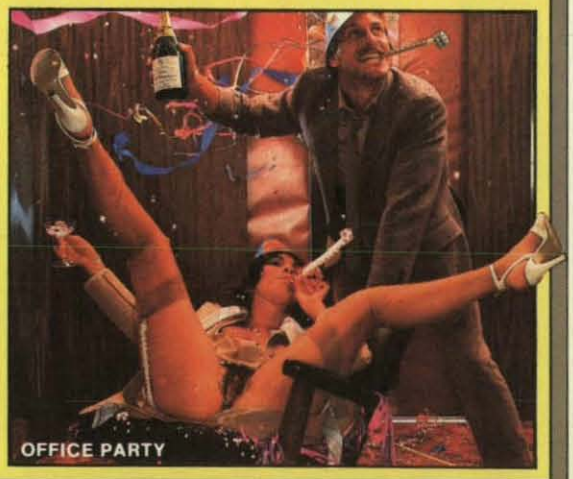
ANNUAL GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES—With more men's titles on the racks than ever before, it's tough to tell which ones are worth your hard-earned bucks. But after reading the seventh annual edition of our unbiased, uncensored guide, you won't be in the dark any longer. Following previous appraisals by such top names as rock musician John Mayall and comedians Garrett Morris and Pat McCormick, this year's guest reviewer is the pioneering adult-film maker Gerard "Deep Throat" Damiano. Gerry's analysis is penetrating, funny . . . and sometimes surprising.

PROFILE: MARTY ROBBINS—Given less than six months to live following a massive heart attack, this talented singer and songwriter bounced back with the devil-may-care machismo that's made him one of the most dynamic figures in country music. Besides an award-winning career that includes 18 number-one singles and some 70 LPs, Robbins pursues the high-speed, high-risk sport of auto-racing, sometimes going head-to-head with the likes of Bobby Allison and Richard Petty. Bob Allen's entertaining profile shows that when Robbins sings, "Don't worry 'bout me," he really means it.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—Years after leaving his poverty-stricken Balkan homeland, Janos Balcovic finally returns—fat, complacent and super-rich. But when he winds up in bed with a beautiful woman, his visit comes to a climax he hadn't expected. Riveting fiction by Lee Schultz.

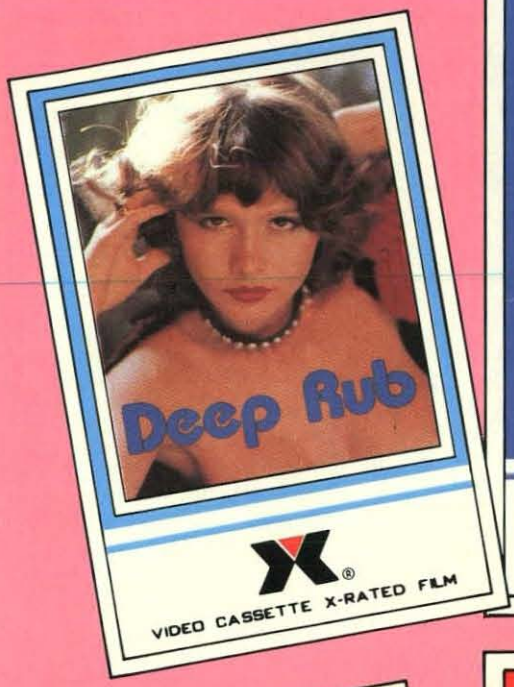
CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE—Each year at this time the shameless folks on Madison Avenue reach new heights in tastelessness, hyping everything from computer-operated machine guns to dolls that wet their diapers. But even they'll be shocked by these items—HUSTLER's most outrageous bag of Yuletide presents yet.

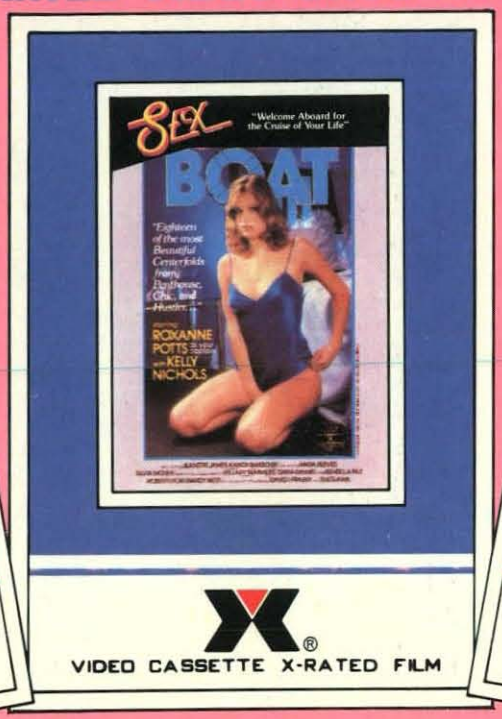
PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll feel like spreading her wings after seeing **ANGEL: HEAVENLY BODY**, next month's life-size centerfold. Then **SHANNON: KIND OF BLUE** will leave you feeling anything but. **OFFICE PARTY** reveals the hottest New Year's bash ever, while two beauties from the fabled Middle East play "open sesame" in **MAGIC NIGHTS**.

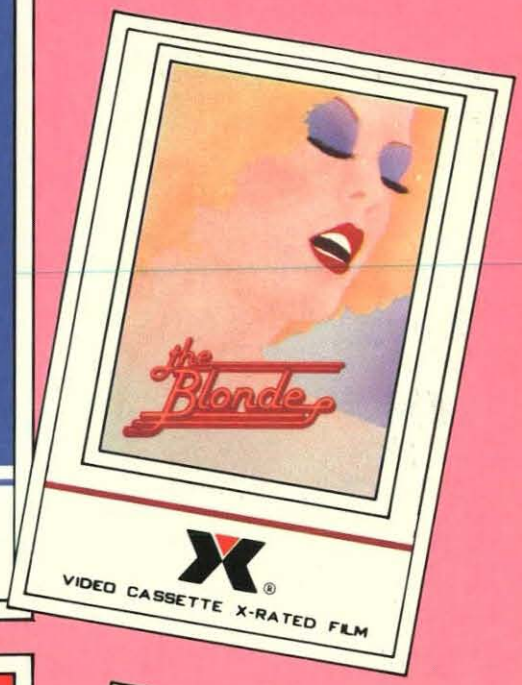


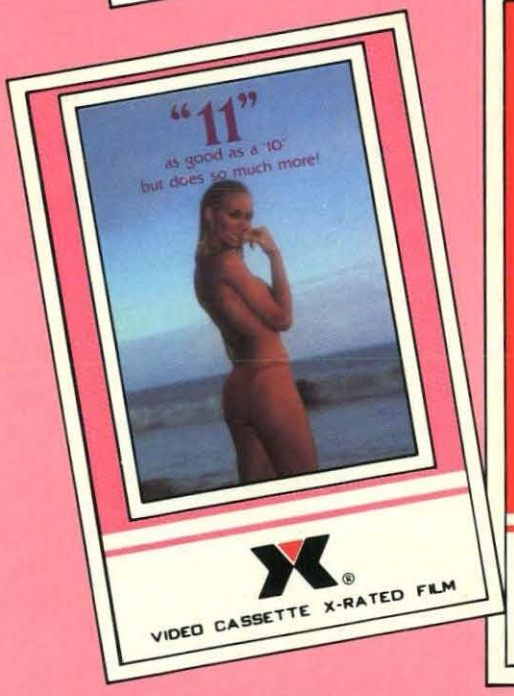
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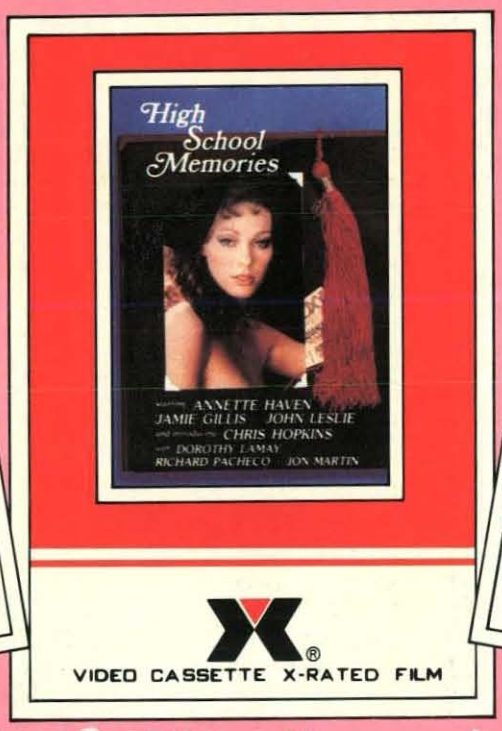
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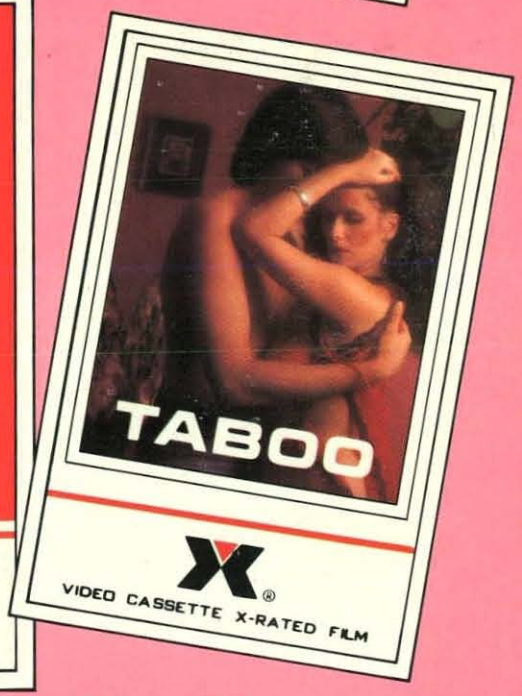












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