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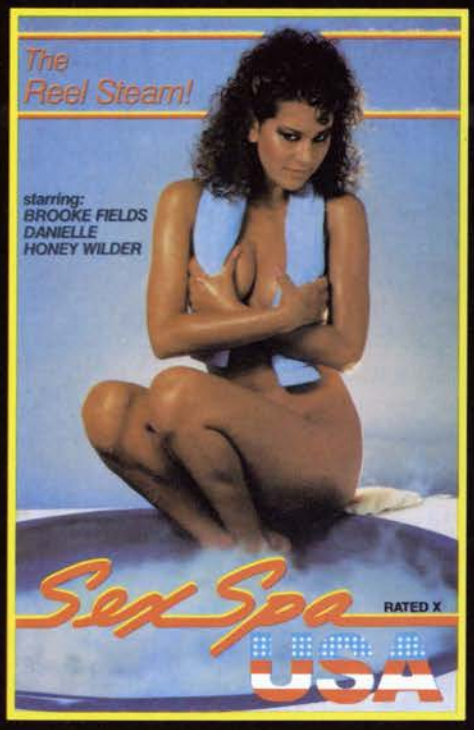

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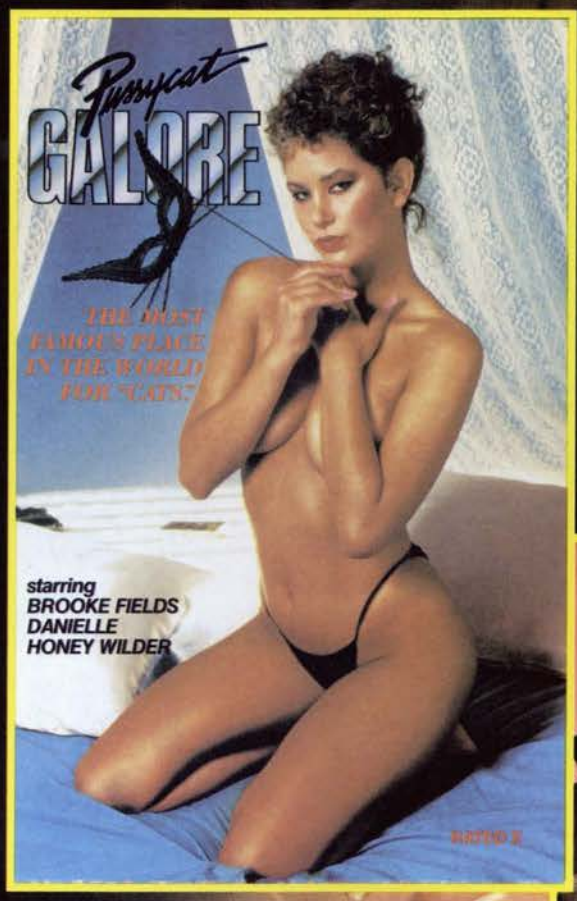

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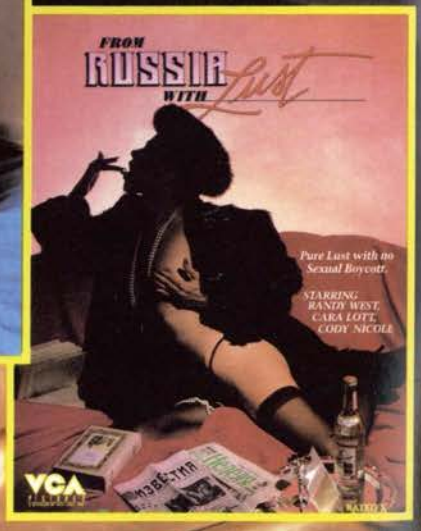

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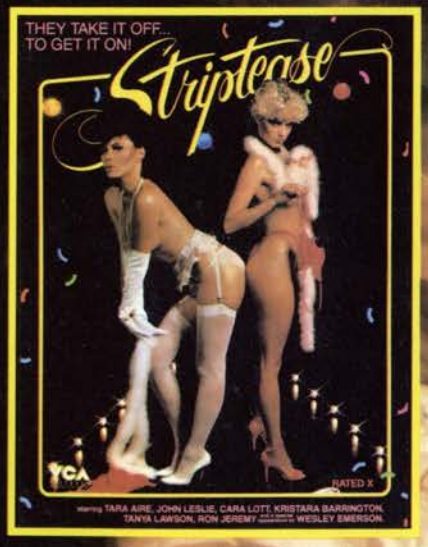

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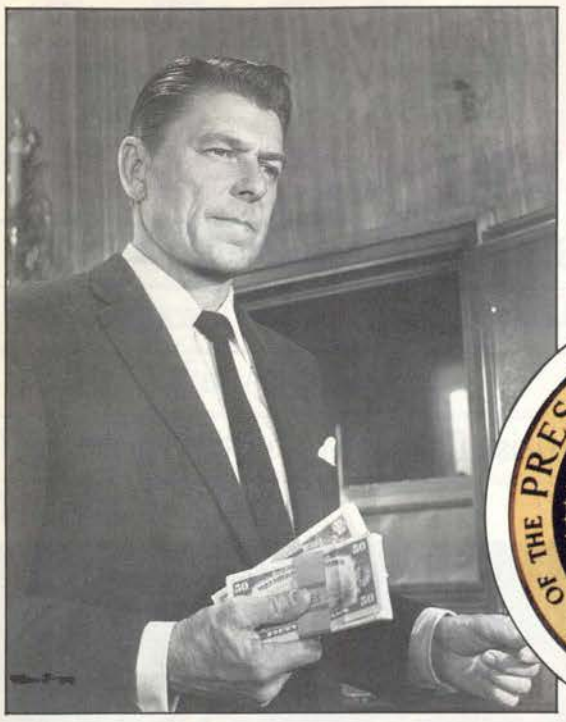

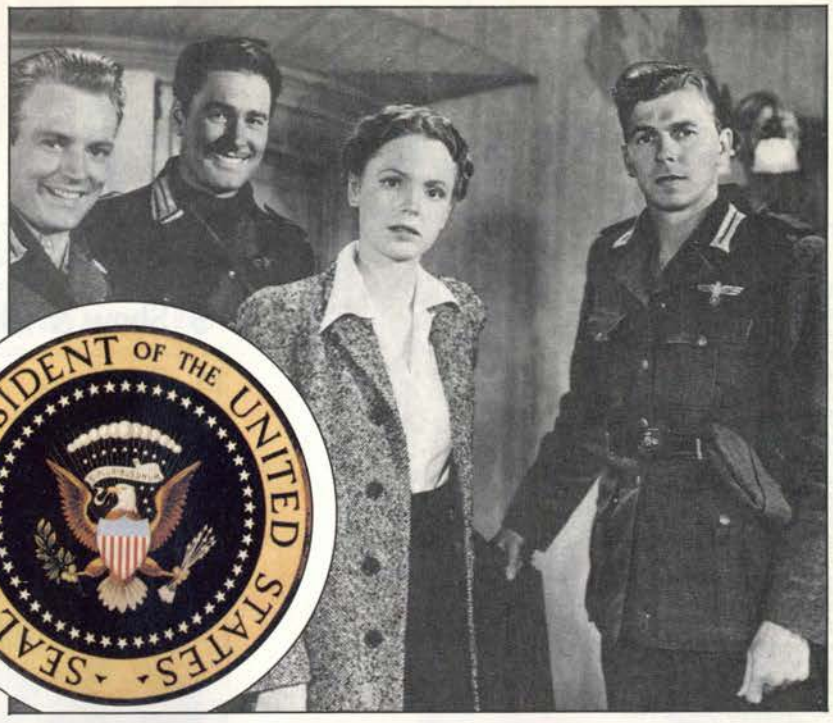

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On the Cover . . .

We've heard of mistletoe, but this is ridiculous–a gala garland of girls that'll have you wreathed in smiles even before you leaf through this holiday-cheerful issue. The festive cover concept was created by Joyce Combs, one of HUSTLER's up-and-coming Associate Art Directors, produced by Art Director James Stagnitta and shot by Senior Photographer Ladi von Jansky. Season's greetings!

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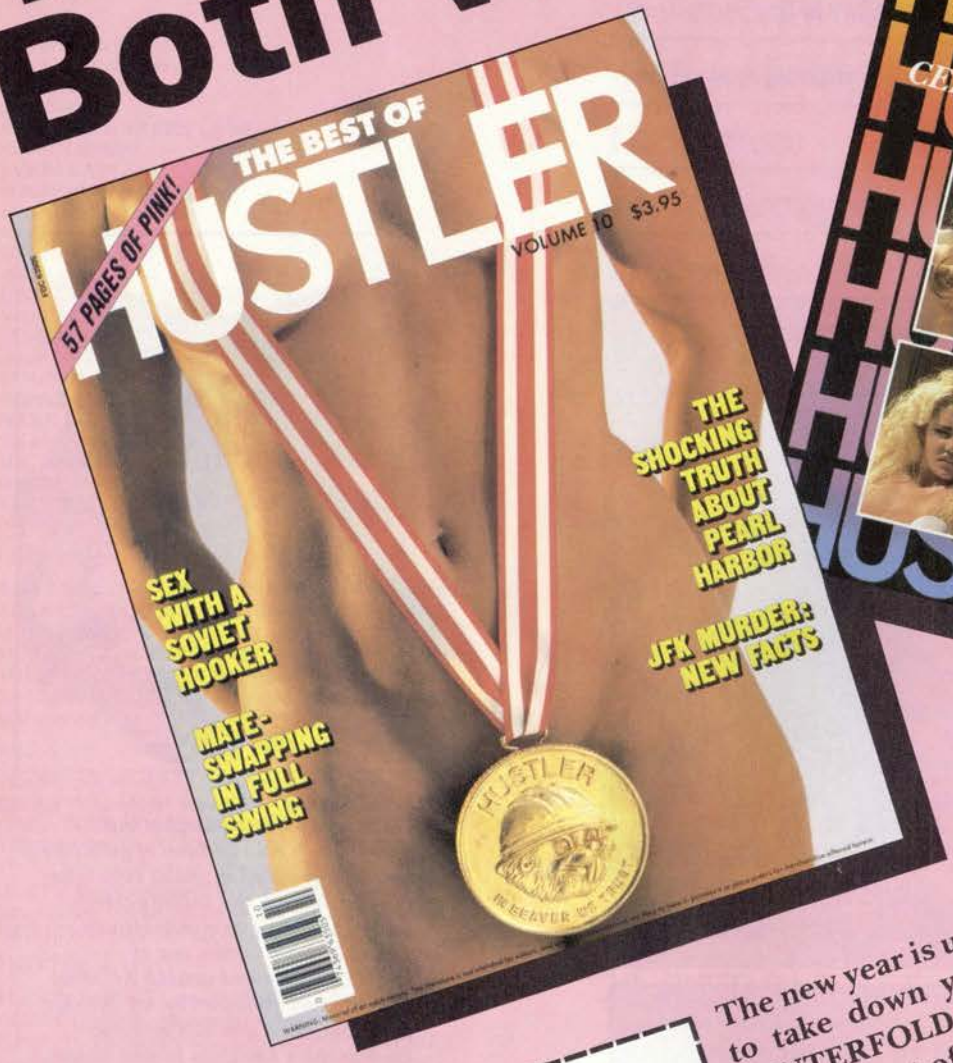

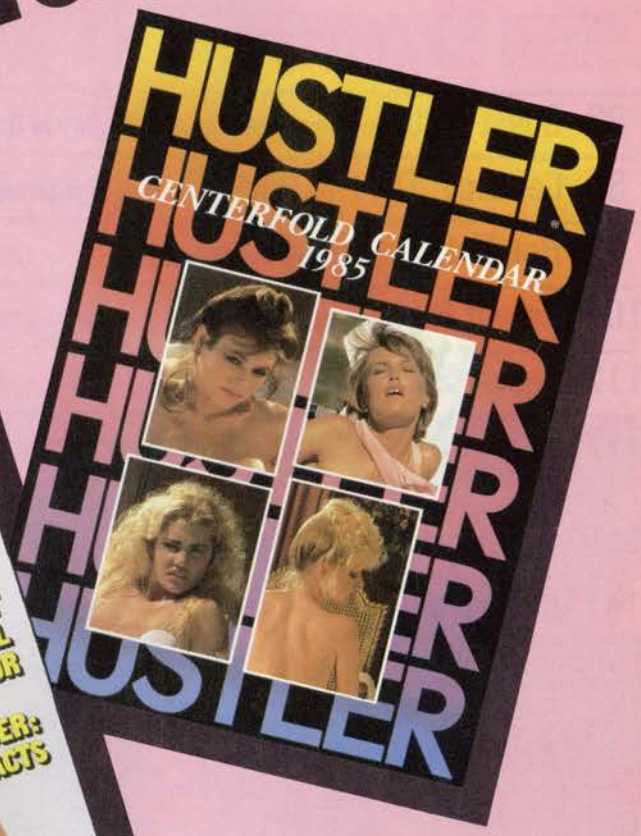

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MY SIDE OF THE FLAG CASE

Since my return as full-time Editor and Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine, I've spent a lot of time thinking over the dramatic events of the past year–all the press conferences, court appearances and the three "correctional" institutions in which I was incarcerated. In the many discussions I've had with my editors and in the feedback I get from you, our readers, one observation keeps coming back to me like a bad penny. Many people think I wore an American flag to court one day as a sacrilege to our country. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

I'm not ashamed to say that I love America. Where else could a dirt-poor Kentucky hillbilly have made the giant strides that I have? With all my might I believe in the Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms we enjoy in this nation. In my fight to preserve these freedoms I've been constantly harassed by self-serving prosecutors, hardheaded judges and right-wing do-gooders. I've been called damn near every name in the book. I was shot and paralyzed defending the First Amendment during a 1978 obscenity trial.

But still I fight on. Why? Because I *refuse* to compromise my principles. The government doesn't like it when I do things like expose the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 plot, the Vicki Morgan sex tapes (which have since been covered up) and the John DeLorean sting tapes (we all know how that case turned out). They get nervous when I cuss out the "gods" sitting on the Supreme Court. That scolding resulted from their denial of my Constitutional right to represent myself in a case pending before them–just as they had denied me my right to the counsel of my choice several years earlier when obscenity charges were brought against me in Cincinnati, Ohio.

In addition, the federal courts have joined with the United States Attorney's Office in abridging my rights under the First Amendment. In the DeLorean case a federal court, at the request of the U.S. Attorney, held me in contempt for my refusal to divulge a news source. Freedom of the press would be a meaningless concept if the government can force publishers to disclose confidential news sources.

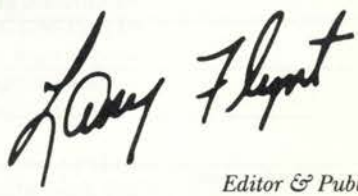
As a protest to the government action in abridging freedom of the press, I cloaked myself in the flag, the symbol of our precious Constitutional freedoms. Far from desecrating the flag, my act was protesting the government's violation of basic Constitutional freedoms.

The government has always tried to discredit me and make a carnival of my rights of free expression. So I decided to become the government's geek by wearing the flag as a diaper. I never meant to desecrate the flag, but only to make a mockery of a government that would stoop to the depths that our country has.

The way I see it, every time Ronald Reagan stands by the flag, he's holding it up as a symbol of nuclear war. But what I did was totally harmless. Who was harmed by my wearing the flag in just about the same way it's worn by swimmers at your local beach and even by our Olympic athletes?

For those who understand my intentions, I hope we will continue the fight for freedom of expression together. For those of you who were outraged by my actions, I sincerely hope that these words will help explain why I did what I did.

Watching the Olympics several months ago, I saw the sheer, unadulterated patriotic joy on the faces of thousands of Americans waving the Stars and Stripes. It made me realize, once again, how dear that flag really is. I served honorably in the Army and Navy to support what that flag stands for. I've given my health, and I'd give my life to defend the freedoms that all Americans cherish. Sure, our system of government fucks up more than it should. But I'm proud of our flag, and I'm proud to be an American.



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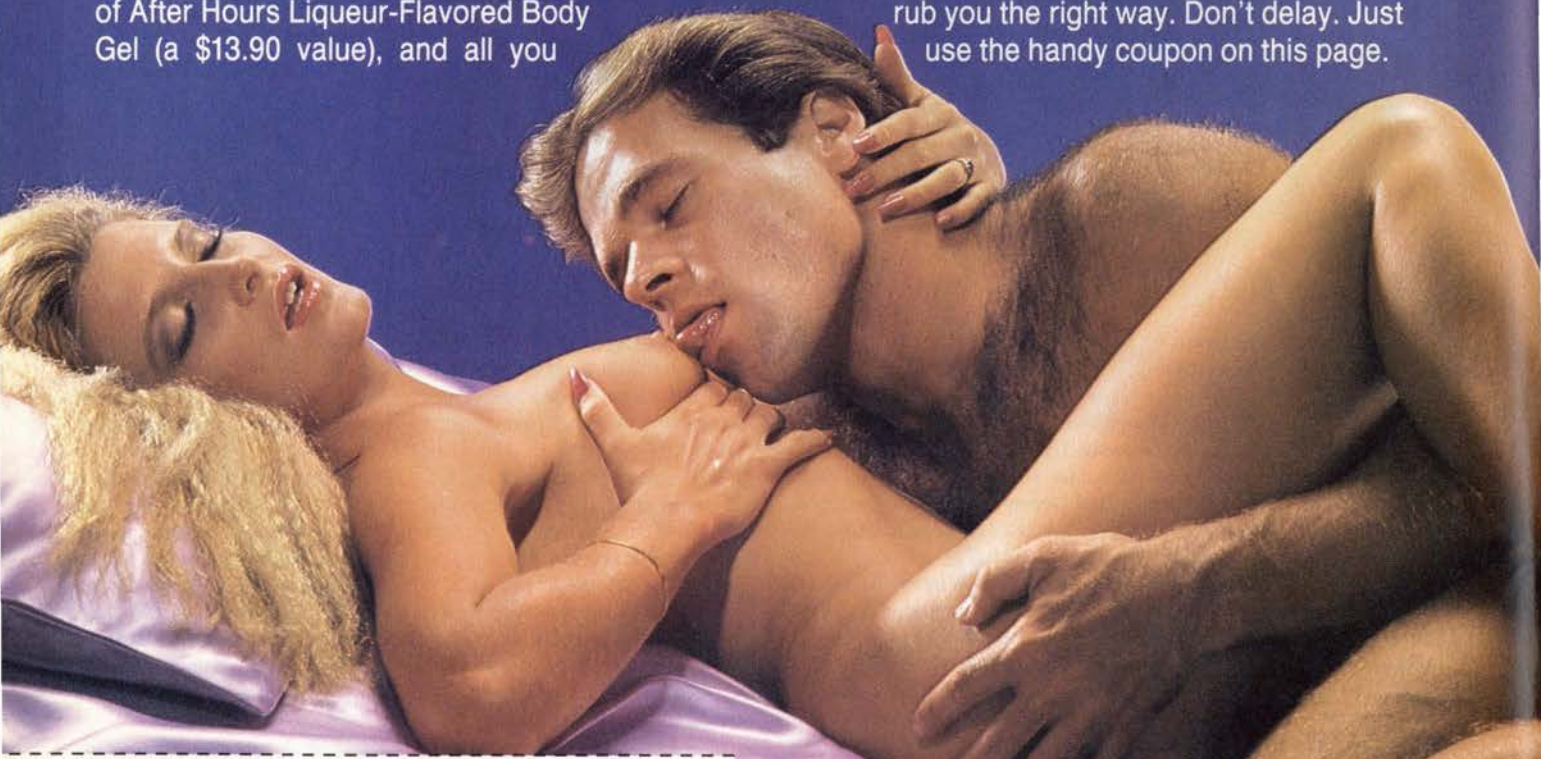

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Ed Cray

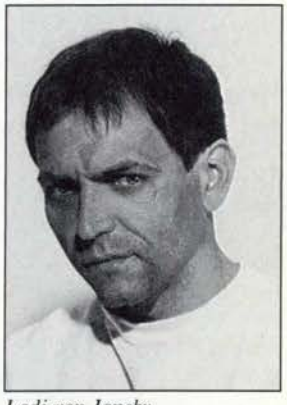
No Yuletide season would be complete without a special treat from HUSTLER Magazine, but you needn't wait until December 25 to open this year's bulging bag of goodies. Featuring the wildest women ever captured on film and the most-provocative articles and off-the-wall humor currently being published, our jam-packed holiday issue is bursting its staples with Christmas cheer.

John Billette

Setting off the brimming package is our human-wreath cover, photographed by Austrian-born **LADI VON JANSKY**, whose work has also graced the pages of *Vogue* and *Penthouse*. Inside we deliver our always-scorching photo-sets. Three of these spectacular spreads–in which phone sex takes on a whole new meaning, a hot young lady quenches the fire down below, and a department-store window becomes a sexual playground for some very lifelike and sensuous mannequins–were snapped by our talented Director of Photography, **JAMES BAES**. In addition, Senior Photographer **MATTI KLATT** offers us a toothsome twosome whose erotic activities in an adult-movie theater end up putting the main attraction to shame.

Most readers will be astonished by **MANILA: SODOM OF THE PACIFIC**, an eyewitness report on the kinky underbelly of the Philippines' capital, where sex with men, women, young children–you name it–can be had for a price. **JOHN DODGE** has been trying to get these facts out to the Western world for years, but it wasn't until HUSTLER approached him that he was able to reveal the explicit and often-depraved goings-on in this Far East carnal circus. Dodge, a freelance writer who works out of Hong Kong, has done assignments for *Newsweek*, *Time* and a host of other national magazines. The companion artwork is rendered by HUSTLER regular **JOHN ANDREWS**.

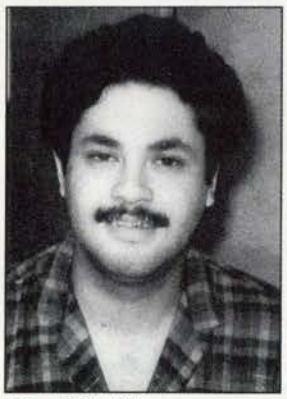
Back home the shameful secret activities of the Central Intelligence Agency are the subject of our candid interview, **FRANK SNEPP: EYE ON THE CIA**. The Q&A was conducted by journalist **ED CRAY**, the author of seven works of nonfiction–the most recent being a history of General Motors titled *Chrome Colossus*. Cray's passion for uncovering the facts behind such imposing institutions made the former agent's story a natural for him. After Snepp blew the cover off the CIA in a 1977 best-seller, he lost all the book's profits as the result of a government lawsuit. This time around he makes some amazing new disclosures about disturbing agency plans for the near future.



Ladi von Jansky

It's always a pleasure to welcome the outspoken **DR. TIMOTHY LEARY** to these pages. In this month's *Guest Editorial* the renowned futurist expounds on **THE PERSECUTION OF LARRY FLYNT**, an impassioned account that will leave you reexamining your personal feelings about our controversial Editor and Publisher, whatever they may be. A confirmed rebel in his own right, Leary has never ceased in his efforts to provoke people into thinking for themselves. He has been a Harvard psychologist, an LSD researcher, a candidate for governor of California, a fugitive from the law and, at all times, a self-described "cheerleader for change." He continues to entertain and enlighten as a lecturer and in his most recent book, *Flashbacks*.

From our "Let's Stroke His Ego Department," we present *Dawgs*, five pages of cartoons by **JOHN BILLETTE**. You'll just have to see for yourself what they're about. As longtime readers know, Billette's hilarious scratchings have graced our pages for many years. What they don't know is that this "upstanding" dude is an honors graduate of the now-defunct Chicago Academy of Fine Art. When John isn't busy cartooning, he spends his spare time golfing, collecting traffic citations and lusting after sleazy Southern California girls.



Miguel Castillo

Finally, HUSTLER wouldn't be HUSTLER without its ribald regular features. *Beaver Hunt* continues to expose the finest amateur exhibitionists in the country, while this month's *Kinky Korner* tells the titillating tale of a TV anchorwoman whose evening newscast gets the highest ratings, not to mention a well-deserved X. The tantalizing illustration is by **JEANI BRUNNICK**. Frequently featured **MIGUEL CASTILLO** provides the artwork for *Sex Play*, which takes a look at the kind of pornography women go for. *Bits and Pieces* remains as outrageous and irreverent as ever, and *Dear Granny* offers her sage advice to the lonely, the lovelorn and the just plain horny.

Had enough? Think you can handle it all? Well, don't just sit there sipping eggnog and reading the fine print. Start turning the pages and settle back for another month's worth of unbeatable adult entertainment. Happy holidays from all of us at HUSTLER, where nothing succeeds like excess.

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS:

A sincere thank-you for your article *The Horror of Animal Experimentation* (November '84). I have been following this issue for several years, I have read thousands of articles, and yours is the first to tell it like it is! The horror that goes on in laboratories across the U.S. in the name of medical research is indeed a disgrace.

–P. J. Bailey
Cincinnati, Ohio

I'm writing to thank HUSTLER and Francesca Garrett for a courageous and painfully honest presentation on the subject of vivisection (research conducted on live animals). Perhaps HUSTLER is just too modest to mention that it stands practically alone in presenting this matter factually (or maybe it's self-evident that most other mainstream publications practice crooked reporting while engaging in financial backscratching with the multimillion-dollar industries involved in the business). It's comforting to know that HUSTLER can't be bought and isn't afraid to take on the corporate giants.

–Geri Whelan
Ventura, California

I would like to commend Francesca Garrett on her excellent exposé of animal cruelty. Reading the article, with tears streaming down my face, made me furious at the butchers who would tolerate this hideous behavior. What in God's name can we do as "humane" humans to halt this senseless torture? Keep on publishing articles about the pathetic crap that shamefully occurs in this country.

–Leslie K. Dunson
Perris, California

Hats off to you for being brave and bold enough to uncover the horror and fraud behind animal research. Francesca Garrett's exposé is fantastic! It says to your millions of readers what we animal-rights groups have been trying to say all along. I'm telling every one I know to buy the November '84 HUSTLER. Thank you for having the guts to uncover something that has long been kept under wraps.

–M. D. Savino, President
Animal Rights Coalition
San Diego, California

I feel that the people who experiment on animals should have the same experiments done on them. –Norman Hayes
Stillwater, Minnesota

Words cannot express the shock that my wife and I felt after we finished reading *The Horror of Animal Experimentation*. How can we let this happen? I always thought that research animals were put to death painlessly. Little did I know that some deranged people, spending my tax dollars, get off on cutting up defenseless creatures for science. I am not going to sit back and shrug my shoulders, asking myself what can I do. I want to know where to write so I can tell these assholes what I feel, and I hope other people follow suit.

Thank you, HUSTLER, for once again letting us know. –Thomas R. Mack
Hanford, California

Inhumanity in the Laboratory

I cannot believe that any sane human being could do such sickening things to helpless animals. I say to you, Dr. Robert White, M. Loop, M. Berkley and the people who fund this shit–I would love to meet you on the street, as I would kick the living shit out of you and make you eat the remains of those animals.

–Daniel Foster
Grove City, Pennsylvania

A heartfelt thank-you for your article on animal experimentation. Whether or not one agrees with your treatment of women, it should be recognized that you have made a very brave statement on the subject of vivisection. I applaud you for this!

–Brenda Forsyth, Regional Coordinator
Mobilization for Animals
Redondo Beach, California

We've received an unprecedented number of letters–all favorable–in response to Francesca Garrett's gut-wrenching exposé on animal research. Readers who want additional information on this heartrending subject can con-

tact the Animal Rights Coalition (P.O. Box 22812, San Diego, CA 92122) or the Mobilization for Animals (P.O. Box 1679, Columbus OH 43216).

CHILD MOLESTING:

I dare you to print this, as it contains no profanity! I just read your September '84 *Publisher's Statement*, "Stiff Sentences for Child Molesters."

I don't see how you can be so liberal and understanding of *any* type of sexual activity in HUSTLER Magazine and still condemn sex with children. You cut down all persons who for whatever reason touch or fondle or have sexual contact short of actual vaginal, oral or anal penetration of a child–even if the "child" in question approached them and they were unable to resist because of human weakness. –Name and Address Withheld by Request

We'll make one thing clear once and for all. HUSTLER does not advocate sexual relations between adults and children.

EMASCULATION:

I would like to say a few words on your November '84 *Guest Editorial*, "Castration by Decree?" I think rapists and repeat child molesters should be castrated–and without any painkiller. A good sharp knife and a clean rag are all that's necessary. Put the rag in the guy's mouth, take his testicles in one hand and a knife in the other, and the job would be over real quick. –Frank Woodard Bethel, Vermont

As we've said before, rapists and child molesters are sick individuals who should be given the opportunity to receive treatment for their antisocial behavior. You're entitled to your opinion, Frank, but how can anyone in his right mind condone legal barbarism?

BENDECTIN:

About two years ago you ran an article titled *The Bendectin Conspiracy: Birth Defects From a Legal Drug*. Recently I learned that I was given that medication for morning sickness while I was carrying my first child. Since that time I have lost the issue it appeared in. Could you tell me when it was printed and how I can purchase a copy? –Pat Scarano Old Bridge, New Jersey

The Bendectin Conspiracy was published in June 1982. To pick up a copy of that issue or any other still available, check out the order form on page 145.

LEATHERNECK FEEDBACK:

With regard to your October '84 *Bits and Pieces* item titled "Jarhead Jamboree," you assholes should be given a better understanding of my Marine Corps. First, you said we kill innocent women and children. Well, let's put it this way. You assholes are still living in a free nation, not like some other countries. When did HUSTLER become so moralistic?

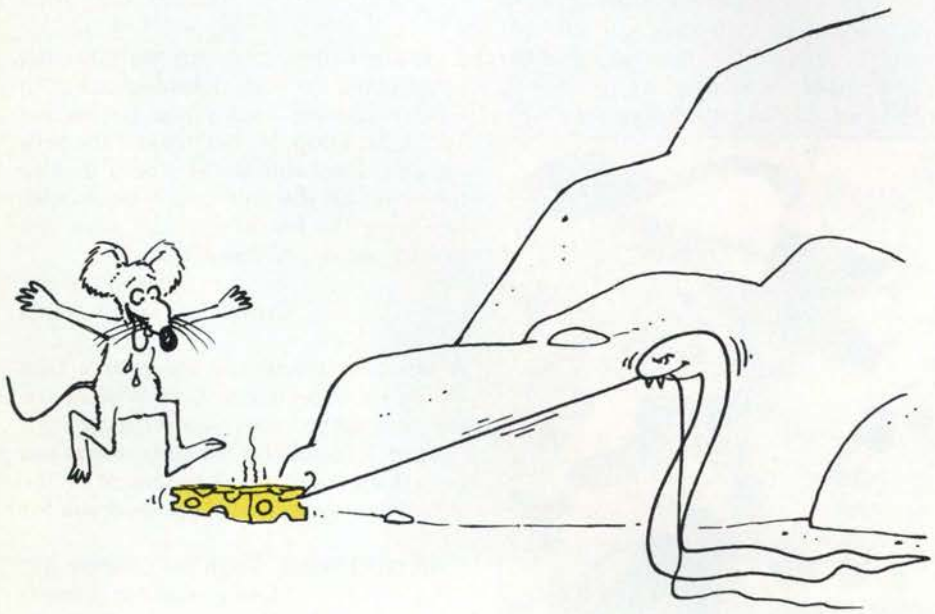
You seem like you know a lot about the world situation. If you ever bothered to look up the number of innocent women and children we killed in Lebanon, you'd find out it's fucking zero. In El Salvador we're fighting Commies, and all the weapons we've captured have been Russian-made AK-47s.

Fuck you all. If you have the balls to print this, go for it. –PFC R. Sudderth U.S. Marine Corps Camp Pendleton, California

We, the Marines of Detachment Charlie, would like to bid greetings from Central America to *Lorelei: Riding Shotgun*, your August '84 centerfold. We've got those red-hot pictures of Lorelei all over our camp. To top it off, the centerfold spread is up on the bulletin board in our living quarters. We've had to keep tight security on it, though, because some of the other guys want it. But we've already threatened death to anyone who steals our breathtaking HUSTLER Honey.

Thanks for the sweet dreams.

–Corporal John A. Dalziel Detachment C/ZFSSG U.S. Marine Corps APO Miami, Florida



DUANE TINSLEY

BITS AND PIECES:

I am bewildered why you changed the format of *Bits and Pieces*. The actual content is still very funny, but the new subtitles and graphic layouts have a totally different visual impact that almost changes the tone of the whole magazine. In other words, the new way sucks! The old way was great!

Whoever made the change ought to work for *Better Homes and Gardens*.

–Alpha Whiskey USS *Jovett* (CG-29) FPO San Francisco, California

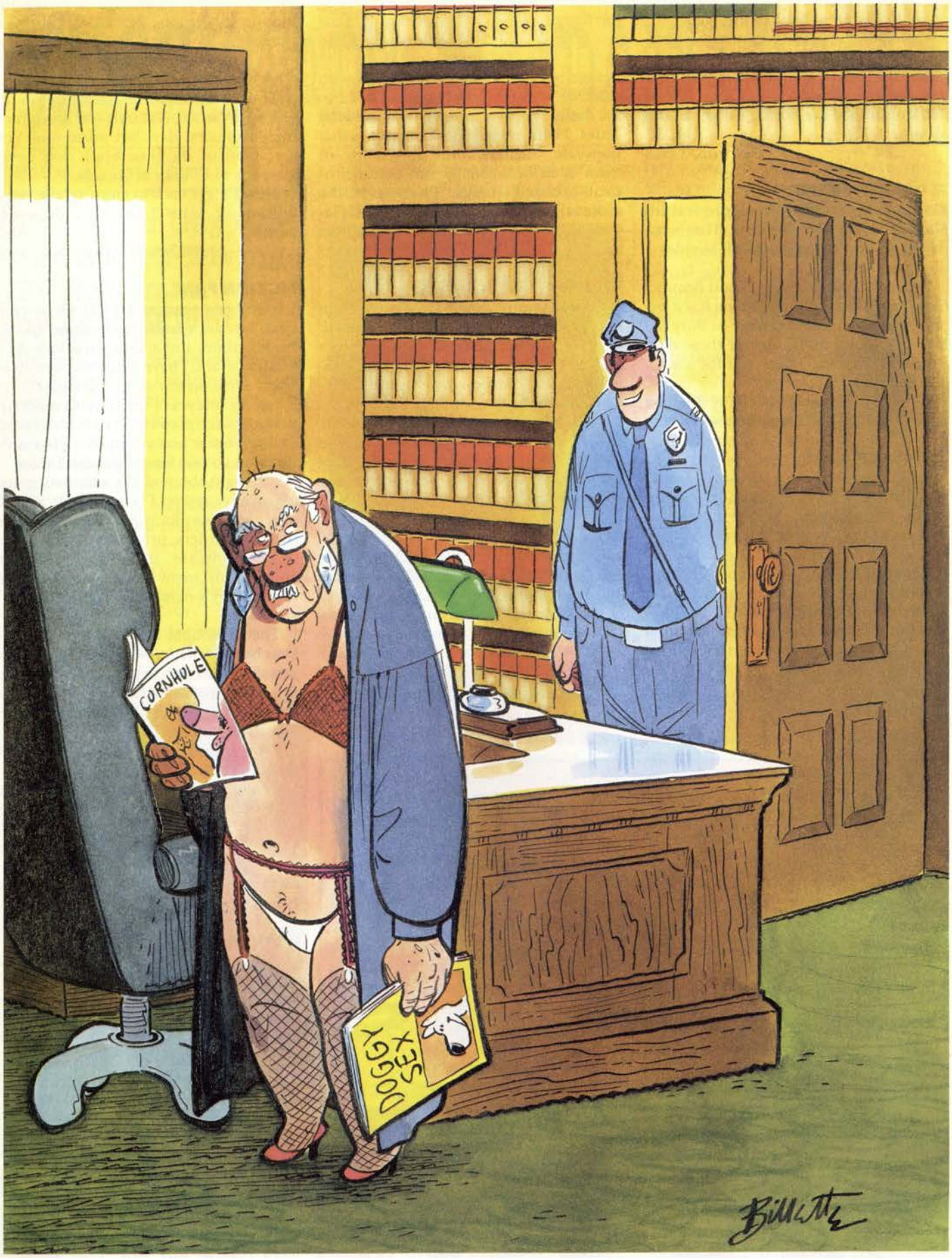
SMOKERS BEWARE:

Thanks for your October '84 feature *Choke on It: HUSTLER vs. the Cigarette Industry*. It was right on the money. I'll always consider myself fortunate for having such good friends as the staff of HUSTLER Magazine, who opened my eyes to the reality of cigarette smoking and helped me kick the habit.

–Donald Abella (#479063) Union Correctional Institution Raiford, Florida

KELLY NICHOLS:

Your pictorial *Kelly Nichols: Anatomy of a Porn Star* (October '84) was a real turn-on



"The jury is in on that perversion case, Your Honor."

for me, as well as all cunnilinguists in creation. Pink is fine, but that last picture of Kelly highlighting her clit exposed from its hood was the greatest. You should make this type of shot mandatory for all of your pictorials. I'd rather see a Clit of the Month than the boring Beaver of the Month. –E. K.
Houston, Texas

FLOATING FRENZY:
This is in regard to your photo-feature *Floating Frenzy* (October '84). They were the most exciting pictures of blondes I have ever seen.

I'm still waiting for my "Blond Beauty" to "come" along. Although I am not a lesbian, I have an undying urge to bury my face in a blond muff. One of these days I'll get my chance. Thank you for a wonderful layout.
–Name Withheld by Request
Okeechobee, Florida

MONSTER JUGS:
Your October '84 issue was super, especially the girl in your photo-layout *Big Melons*. That foxy lady has the most beautiful set of tits I've ever seen on a woman in a men's magazine–and the watermelons she was holding weren't bad either.

I really love those mammoth boobs, which are perfect for a good tit-fucking! The girl's all-over tan is also a real turnon. Please have more models like her in the future. –Richard D. Fritz
Wheelersburg, Ohio

Let me tell you, I was not impressed with your *Big Melons* photo-feature. I'd like to see more photos of women with itty-bitty titties. There are plenty of magazines that showcase "melons," but only a few of them even occasionally run pictures of small-breasted women. Please even the score and publish some layouts of flat ladies, okay? –Name and Address
Withheld by Request

DICKS–FOR & AGAINST:
Is your magazine going gay? Your October '84 photo-set *Ron Jeremy in Stranded, Stoned & Boned* showed Ron Jeremy's cock more than anything else. I'm a 25-year-old white male who's not into pictures of dicks.

What would have been nice is photos of the platinum blonde by herself. Maybe you should change your name to *Body Pants*. Some of your pictorials are great, but others are terrible. –T. J.
Somerville, New Jersey

Congratulations! I'm sitting here writing this with the centerfold of Ron Jeremy and his luscious blond friend (*Stranded, Stoned & Boned*) spread out on my store's front counter. Yes, I managed to pry my eyes off Ron long enough to notice the blonde in the pix. My God, I've been reading and selling HUSTLER for six years now, and I am really pleased. Real cock in your centerfold!

This is one set that is going up on the wall in my store. Not only will it brighten my customers' day, but mine too! You see, most of the time black dots cover guys's penises here in Canada.

Now I'll get back to enjoying the latest edition of HUSTLER, as I do every month! –Deb
Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada

FICTION FAN:
I have been reading HUSTLER since it first hit the stands, and some of my friends think I'm a little fanatical. As a matter of fact, I have a framed portrait of Larry Flynt on top of my television.

Earlier this year I submitted a short fiction manuscript to HUSTLER for consideration, but it was returned with a note that said you no longer publish fiction.

I thought about all the stimulating and informative articles I've read in HUSTLER over the years, including reports on the Atlanta murders, prison life, child abuse, venereal disease, the JFK assassination and so many, many more. I thought, *Hell, maybe Larry's right! Fuck the fiction! Let's get serious!*

Then I bought and read HUSTLER's October '84 issue. My God! What happened? You can't print fiction, but you can run a profile on redneck movie critic Joe Bob Briggs? May I suggest an equally interesting subject: Durwood Kirby.

I know things will get better. I have faith in Larry.

By the way, guys, what's wrong with a little fiction every now and then?
–Michael L. Farrell
Sacramento, California

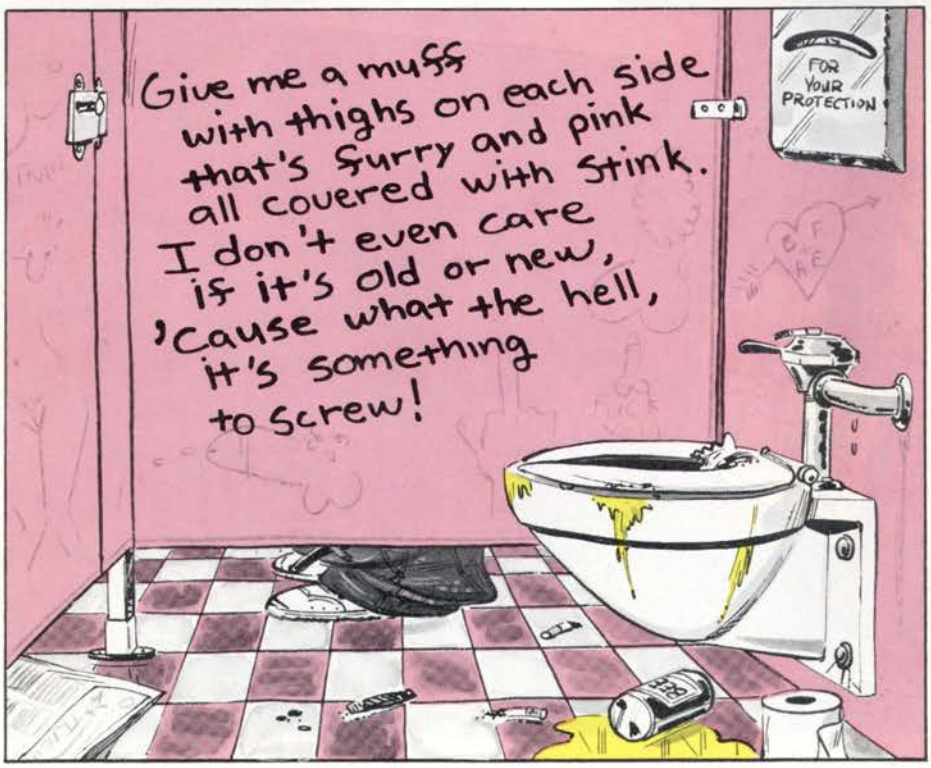
Good news, Michael. We plan to run fiction from time to time in upcoming issues.

PERVERTS?
I think you are all just a bunch of filthy-minded perverts who will do anything to get your rocks off. Your rag is nothing but trash, printed for a bunch of drooling lechers who wish they were good enough to get the real thing.

The humor is sick and childish, and you're completely irreverent to religion. I never miss an issue. Keep up the good work. –Fred the Rock
Elma, New York

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to HUSTLER Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND $50 TO B.M., HILLSBORO, TX

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Potomac Lowdown

The G (for Gay) O P and a Muff-Diving TV Newsman by Larry Flynt

The best-kept secret among Washington politicians is the number of gay men in key Republican positions. The party that is best known for its reactionary politics is also the one with the most behind-the-scenes movers and shakers who are homosexuals.

"If the Moral Majority ever knew how many of Ron and Nancy's advisers and courtiers were fags," says one gay GOP politician, "there'd be a sweep that would make Joe McCarthy look like Mr. Nice Guy."

But that hasn't happened yet. The self-righteous raised virtually no protest when one of Nancy Reagan's dec-

Walter Jenkins, an aide to President Lyndon B. Johnson, was caught with his pants down.

orators spent the night in the White House with his gay lover a few months ago. And no one complained that some of the organizers of Reagan's first inauguration were homosexuals. Friends say the Reagans were so accustomed to working with gays on movie sets during their years in Hollywood that they're blind to the sexual preferences of their friends and staffers.

On Capitol Hill too, gay Republi-

Conservative fund raiser Terry Dolan steadfastly denies allegations that he is a homosexual.

cans abound, forming a network of homosexuals that is startling to old-time pols more accustomed to flicking cigar ashes on the stomachs of willing female aides or callgirls. In discreet gay clubs near Dupont Circle highly paid political fund raisers or staffers meet to pair off. It's risky business in a town where your morals can be front-page news.

"All it takes is one Jenkins-type scandal to send everyone to the foxholes," says a young, gay Republican campaign consultant. Walter Jenkins, an aide to Democratic President Lyndon B. Johnson, was caught in a compromising position in a local YMCA restroom and run out of town in disgrace. The husband of another Johnson staff member died while shacked up with his male lover in a cheap hotel near a Washington bus terminal. But a public scandal was avoided when obliging reporters simply reported his death as a heart attack.

One prominent conservative, Terry Dolan of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, has repeatedly denied that he is gay–even in the face of a book by Perry Dean Young, who says he interviewed Dolan's lover a couple of years ago. When other conservatives have asked him face-to-face if he is gay, Dolan has steadfastly answered no.

But one incident involving a homosexual adviser to the White House could start a scandal the likes of which this city has never seen.

* * *

Then there's the absolutely true story circulating about the very heterosexual network-television correspondent who was going down on his mistress in her suburban Washington bedroom when his face suddenly appeared on an evening news show. The young woman says her big-egoed lover stopped in mid-muff-dive to watch himself on the tube. Then he asked her how she thought he looked.

* * *

A Jacksonville, Florida, resident was permitted to deduct more than $150,000 in expenses associated with the smuggling of 20 tons of marijuana from Colombia to Louisiana five years ago, according to a recent Tax Court decision. Not even the mighty Internal Revenue Service can over-

Congress has snuffed out "joint" deductions.

rule a Tax Court verdict; so Alfred J. Carter Jr. could deduct as business expenses all costs associated with his drug running. Before you revise your income-tax forms, however, note that

MODELS WANTED

SEE YOUR FACE AND FIGURE IN HUSTLER MAGAZINE.

Our talent scout is looking for all types of girls to pose for covers and photo-layouts. No experience necessary. Earn up to $2500–or even more!

Call Claudia at HUSTLER collect: (213) 556-9200, ext. 215.

Congress was so miffed at Carter's success that a new law now prohibits any such "joint" deductions.

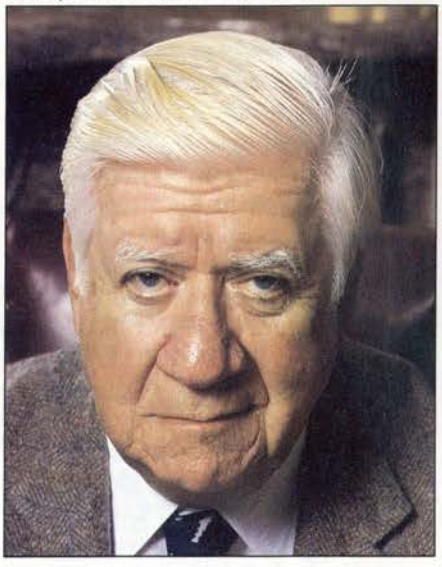
* * *

In the final days of the Presidential campaign, Ronald Reagan called on the Secret Service for protection from reporters as well as potential assassins. With a tenacity that newspeople had never seen in the past, agents used their authority and broad backs to elbow the media out of earshot during numerous public appearances by the President. When the Reagan team occasionally wanted their man to get up-close-and-personal press, the Secret Service parted like the Red Sea and permitted reporters to jostle through crowds with him–as was the case at an early-fall church appearance in New York City.

The reason for physically manipulating the media? Because of Reagan's tendency to stick his foot in his mouth or botch answers, White House aides dreaded the President's commenting while on the run.

* * *

In case you were worried that your Congress isn't concerned about the problem of nuclear waste, consider House Speaker Tip O'Neill's solution. A member of the President's Cabinet met privately with O'Neill to give him a technical presentation on the difficulty of disposing of these toxic materials. Eventually, the Speaker asked his guest how much the Administration's plan would cost. Many millions, he was told.



Tip O'Neill's "Cadillac Solution" would eliminate nuclear waste and ease ghetto poverty.

The old Boston pol leaned back in his chair, lit a fat cigar and said, "Lemme tell you how to handle this." He suggested the Administration buy a fleet of Cadillacs and put the barrels of nuclear waste in the backseats. Then, said O'Neill with a straight face, the cars should be driven into Washington's black ghetto and left unattended overnight. "By morning," he said, "your problem will be solved."

* * *

Hollywood may have hated its portrayal as America's coke capital in

Author Bob Woodward charged that many of his fellow 'Washington Post' newsmen are "wired."

Washington Post reporter Bob Woodward's latest best-seller, *Wired*, but not enough to ignore the book. The author got a six-figure option to have his story about John Belushi made into a movie. Woodward, by the way, spent some time in the newspaper's doghouse after commenting on national television that approximately 40 *Post* reporters and editors used drugs. Several amused newsmen wore buttons reading, "I Got Mine From Bob."

* * *

American birdseed companies want to import a seed that is high in amino acids and low in fat content. But the Drug Enforcement Agency says no. The cuckoo reason? The seeds are from marijuana plants. . . .

* * *

And the Department of Health and Human Services spent $500,000 in 1983 to run 26 advisory committees that never held a single meeting. Nice nonwork if you can get it. . . .

(For future Washington Daisy Chain columns, HUSTLER will pay $1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle–your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend–no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you–and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: Dear Granny, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

My problem is this: I've got a size 34A bust, and all I hear from my boyfriend is how small I am and how big this or that girl is. I'm just plain sick of it. Also I'm thin, I've had three kids, and my rear isn't as firm as it once was. Is there a way to lift my butt and increase my bust without surgery? Do any of those pills or creams I've seen advertised work?

–Flat Front, Falling Fanny
Oakland, Michigan

Dear Fanny: Sounds to me as if your worst problem is your boyfriend. I suppose he's a perfect physical specimen, right? Tell him that if he doesn't knock it off, you're going to start staring at other guys' crotches. If you're interested in firming your body, a workout class or maybe aerobic dancing would be your best bet. As for your boobs, there's no way to increase their size other than another pregnancy, God forbid. But exercising your pectorals–the muscles that hold up your breasts–can improve the look and feel of them. Remember, the results won't appear overnight, but they'll be worth the effort. Breast of luck.

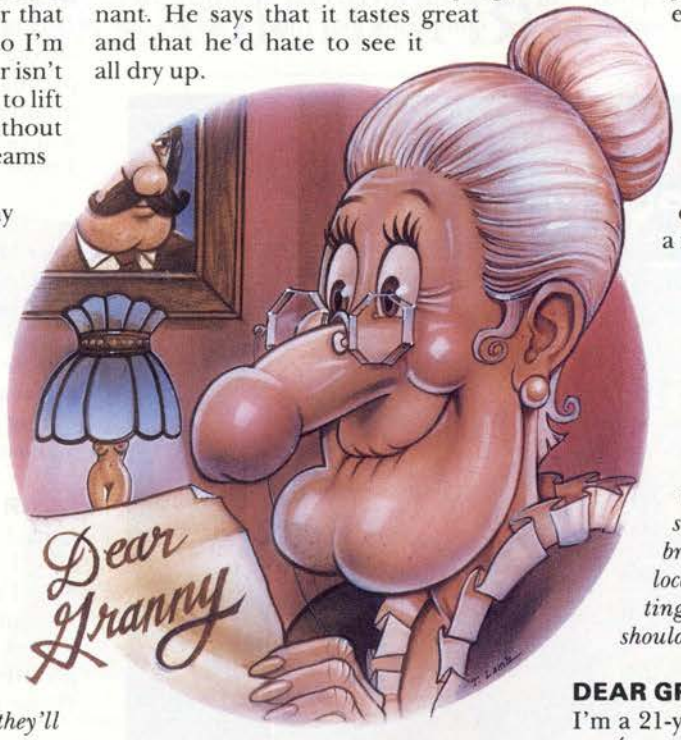
DEAR GRANNY:

If you can believe it, I'm 19 years old and have never had sex or anything even close to it. I'm not fat, ugly or weird in any way. My problem is that I'm *extremely* shy when it comes to meeting girls. I'm a country boy who's a little old-fashioned, but no matter what anyone says, I just can't walk up to a strange girl and begin a conversation. What do you suggest? –Shy 'n' Dry
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dear Shy: Well, you've got a lot of options. You could take up bird-watching, learn sign language, hire an interpreter or turn gay. When you consider the alternatives, meeting–and meating–women really aren't all that tough, sweetie. You might be surprised, but many of those strangers are even shyer than you. Somebody has to get over that hump–or nobody would ever get humped. Sooner or later, depending on how much you want it, you'll find the fire to break the ice. Maybe you could have a T-shirt printed up with some surefire line like "Fuck Me!" Or if that doesn't work, add "Please!" Since Granny can't hold your hand–or your pud–and lead you through your first conquest, you'll have to take it from there. Think of it this way: Overcome that shyness or die a virgin. It's your choice.

DEAR GRANNY:

Two years ago a strange thing started happening to me. While my boyfriend and I were making love one afternoon, he was playing with my boobs and started to squeeze them. Guess what came shooting out? Milk! But I've never been pregnant. He says that it tastes great and that he'd hate to see it all dry up.



I've been thinking about getting some medical attention but haven't yet because I'm scared. –Milkshake Missy
Morristown, Pennsylvania

Dear Missy: Holy cow! If you've been making milk for two years, you should have called That's Incredible or your doctor long before now. Only a physician could offer an accurate diagnosis, but your milk production would seem to indicate a hormone imbalance. Get it taken care of, and tell your boyfriend he's going to have to drink his milk out of a carton from now on.

DEAR GRANNY:

I've been living with my girlfriend for a year. We have a very active, very satisfying sex life together. We fuck at least twice a day, every day, and often more. Is it possible that having that many orgasms over a long a period of time is harmful? Since I'm 21 now, will this have some effect eventually? –Overcum
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Overcum: Trust old Granny. There's no such thing as too much fun. Don't worry though. You're doing what "cums" naturally. The only side effect you may experience is a chapped dick.

DEAR GRANNY:

Shortly after I met my boyfriend, I informed him that I was bi. This really turned him on; so I got one of my girlfriends drunk, and we all ended up in bed. Everything went great until the two of them thought I was asleep and got it on without me. Now my boyfriend's trying to get me in bed with every interested girl he meets. Women are hanging all over him right in front of me, and then he gets pissed off when I won't join in. I'm afraid he only includes me so that he can have his outside pussy without cheating on me. Have I created a monster? What should I do?

–Bye, Bi Love
Braintree, Massachusetts

Dear Bi: You made your bed, sweetie, and now all the stray pussy around may be sleeping in it. If you tell your boyfriend that you're tired of sharing the mat with every twat in town and he still won't stop, you might try bringing a few of the boys from the local gay bar home to meet him. Putting some stiff pricks in your bed should drive your point straight home.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 21-year-old male, and I love my fiancée more than life itself. She's the only woman I've ever made love with, and I'll never want another. The problem is that I can't seem to get enough of her, and she says I give her too *much* of me. On some nights we make the most incredible love, ending in unbelievable orgasms for both of us. But a couple of minutes later I'm hornier than I was before. Our sex life started out great; however, as time goes on we're doing it less and less, and I keep getting hornier and hornier. My fiancée suggests that I see a doctor. What do you advise? –Horny Ted
Murfreesburo, Tennessee

Dear Horny: If the doctor is 36-23-36, call her immediately–and often. But if your physician is anything like mine–a 76-year-old geezer with bad breath and clammy hands–I'd suggest sticking it out at home. What we have here, Sonny, is a breakdown in communication. You and your wife-to-be need to talk this out and arrive at a compromise you can both live with; that's what marriage is all about. So start talking–or start walking.

DEAR GRANNY:
Not long after we became lovers, my girlfriend Polly started shaving her pussy and asked me to start shaving mine as well. I happen to like the feel of her soft curly hair against my face, but she insisted. Anyway, once I gave in and started shaving, she began to complain about "beard burn" and asked me to shave every day. I finally gave up and grew my hair back, but she insists that my bush retains urine and that she won't go down on me because of the smell. I wash thoroughly and have offered to apply a dab or two of perfume, but she says it doesn't help. What should I do now? –Pissed-Off Pussy
Brunswick, Georgia

Dear Pussy: Have you considered turning straight, dearie? Seriously, the pubic patch–male or female–is the home of many scents. But if you're practicing normal hygiene, any funky smells are in the nose of the beholder. Polly's probably hung up on a clean-shaven clam and is inventing reasons for you to denude it again. It's time to stop beating around the bush and nip this problem in the bud.

DEAR GRANNY:
I'm considered to be a very attractive young woman. During the day I often notice men staring at me, and I really get off on the attention. When I walk by a group of guys in the street, I get the usual "Hey, baby" comments, but there's always one of these jokers who howls as I walk by. I can tolerate anything else, but that howling has got to go. Not only is it embarrassing, but I'm not sure what it means. Am I being lusted after, or do men think I look like a dog? –Bowwow
New York, New York

Dear Bowwow: As long as those howlers don't run up to you and smell your crotch or take a dump right in your front yard, they seem harmless enough. If you're as pretty as you say, they probably just want to bury their bones . . . in you.

DEAR GRANNY:
This may sound stupid, but I don't have anyone else I can ask. I'm eight months pregnant, and I need your opinion. If a pregnant woman sucks off her husband and swallows, will the cum hurt her baby? I need to know bad. –Meat-Eatin' Mama
Opelika, Alabama

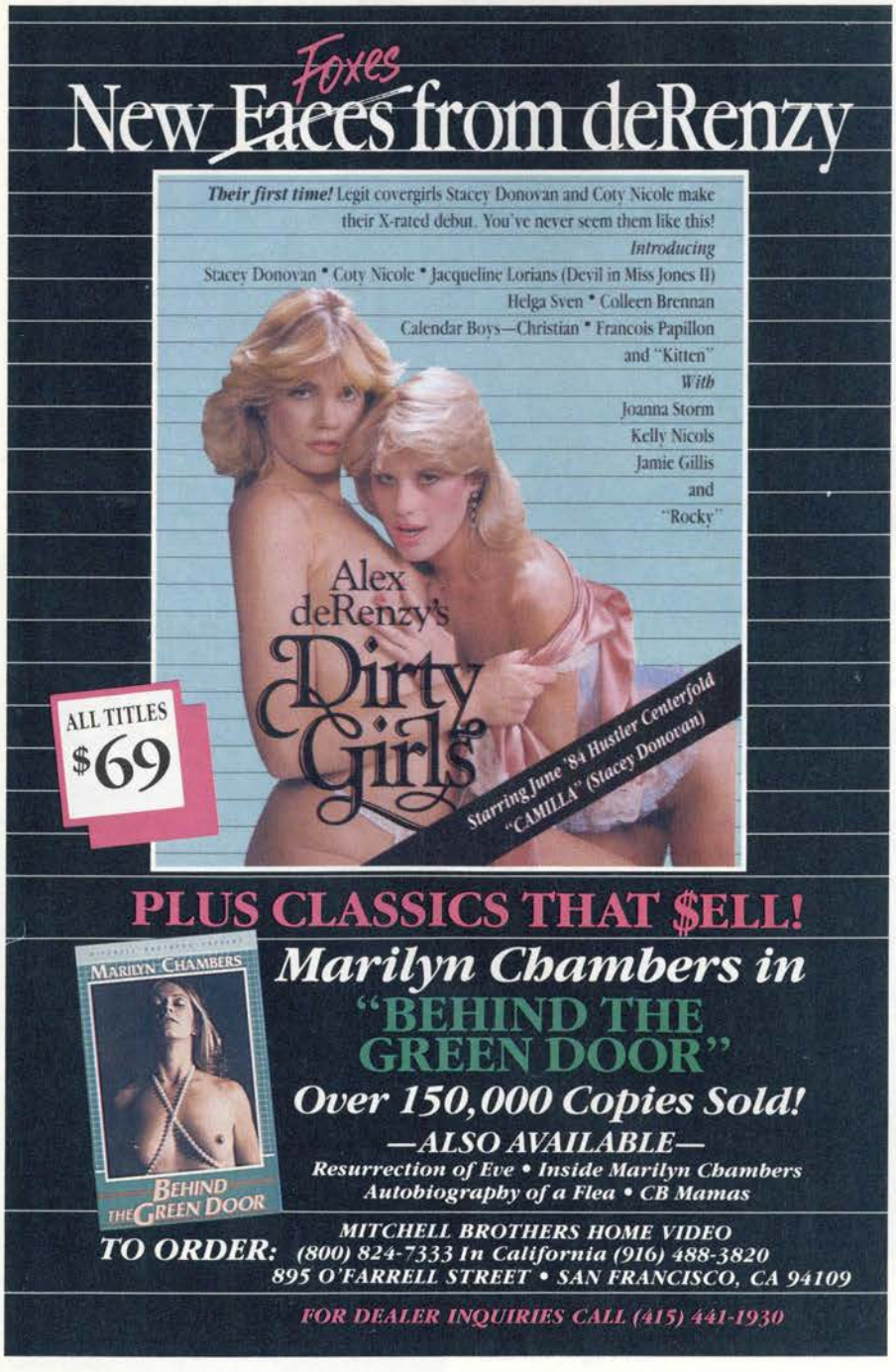
Dear Mama: I know pregnant women should avoid cigarettes, alcohol and drugs–but blowjobs? No way. In fact, the small amounts of vitamins and minerals contained in cum might even be good for your unborn baby. Also, in case you were wondering, wearing tight jeans during pregnancy won't mean that your child will have to part his hair down the middle.

DEAR GRANNY:
Until I was sent to jail a couple of months ago, I led a normal and active sex life. Now I'm without pussy for a short stretch. My question is: Will continuous masturbation make it more difficult for me to get off with a woman when I'm out again? Please put my fears to rest.
–Locked Up and Lusty
Lincoln, Illinois

Dear Lusty: Considering what a pain in the ass most prison sex can be, choking the chicken is the only way to go–I mean come. Have no fear; your pud-pounding probably won't have any effect on your ability to make it with a woman later. But if it does for a while–hell, you can always have her jack you off.

DEAR GRANNY:
I'm a 24-year-old male with a very small penis. When erect, it measures four inches, tops. My wife says it doesn't matter. She says my little wee is cute. But who wants to be cute! In bed I feel inferior to her–she was voted best body in her high-school class. Granny, what would you suggest? –Wee Willie
Buffalo, New York

Dear Willie: Your problem is in your head, not in your pants, schmuck. You have a foxy wife who loves you just as your are. It's an old but true cliché: It's not the meat; it's the motion. So get moving.



BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH

Miss America Brass

Was the Miss America contest fixed? Were the eight judges swayed by pageant officials scared shitless after last year's winner was seen with another girl's tongue probing the crack of her bare ass in the pages of *Penthouse* magazine? The sanctimonious group that makes Miss America policy will deny such allegations, of course. But one of the judges admitted to HUSTLER that there *was* an awareness of the Vanessa Williams scandal, even though he wasn't sure how much he had been influenced by it.

Whatever the case, officials heaved a collective sigh of relief as they watched Mormon Sunday-school teacher Sharlene Wells being crowned Miss *Moral* America–the goody-two-shoes least likely to embarrass this annual public-relations gimmick for Atlantic City's hotels and casinos. Those responsible for wrapping the 51 entrants in this glorified cattle call in demure gowns and presenting them to the public as certified, grade-A, homogenized vestal virgins deserve special recognition.

The high-handed hypocrites who dedicate themselves to making us believe that the overblown pageant proceedings are something more than a parade of meat on the hoof are HUSTLER's January Assholes of the Month.

Don't get us wrong. Even though the prim-and-proper new Miss America is so modest, she would have preferred the swimsuit competition to be held in private, we have no gripe with the young lady. If she wants to live in the Stone Age, that's her business. But the lily-livered eunuchs and DAR-types who run the show are another matter. With megabuck corporate sponsors such as Gillette, Pillsbury and Beatrice Foods looking over their shoulders, these uptight moralists were so afraid their shallow spectacle would be tarnished again that they went overboard to preserve its traditional "integrity." This comic scramble for respectability exposed the pageant brass for what they really are: a bunch of self-righteous dinosaurs who act as it they're in charge of a nunnery. If their blatant whitewash weren't so laughable, it would be pathetic.

Let's face it. The main difference between the Miss America Pageant and a wet-T-shirt contest is a simple matter of honesty. At least wet-T-shirters are upfront about their qualifications and aspirations. Miss America hopefuls, on the other hand, are seemingly encouraged to mouth God-and-apple-pie sentiments and to deny their sexuality, thus fulfilling the pageant board's warped perception of what red-blooded American girls are supposed to be: smiling department-store mannequins.

This tight-assed affair has been cloaked so heavily in its conventlike image that it's no wonder the officials winced when the controversial nude photos of Vanessa Williams–the first black Miss America–were published. It marked one of the few times that reality has actually been injected into this carefully orchestrated, well-protected fantasyland.

Before the Williams affair a winner farting or picking her nose during a press conference would have been considered scandalous. Even 72-year-old Board Chairman Albert A. Marks Jr.–who belongs in the same wax museum as Ronald Reagan–swallowed hard and confessed that the pageant's image "has been perhaps too pure." But there's little evidence that any changes are in the works. And no doubt there won't be as long as a stodgy group such as this is in charge.

The Assholes who run the world's most famous–and hypocritical–beauty contest should be given the shaft and replaced by individuals who aren't afraid to admit that selling sex is a large part of what the Miss America Pageant is all about.

FARTS IN THE WIND

While the Miss America brass took "top" honors this month, other individuals deserve recognition on this page. They are January's Farts in the Wind.

X-rated star **LINDA LOVELACE**, who claims to be a "very happily married" mother, testified before a U.S. Senate panel and charged that pornography triggers violence against women and children. Lovelace, who once co-starred in a movie with a German shepherd, says she was forced to appear in *Deep Throat*. Maybe she's spouting such half-assed views to boost sales of her ghostwritten autobiography, which attempts to whitewash her past activities.

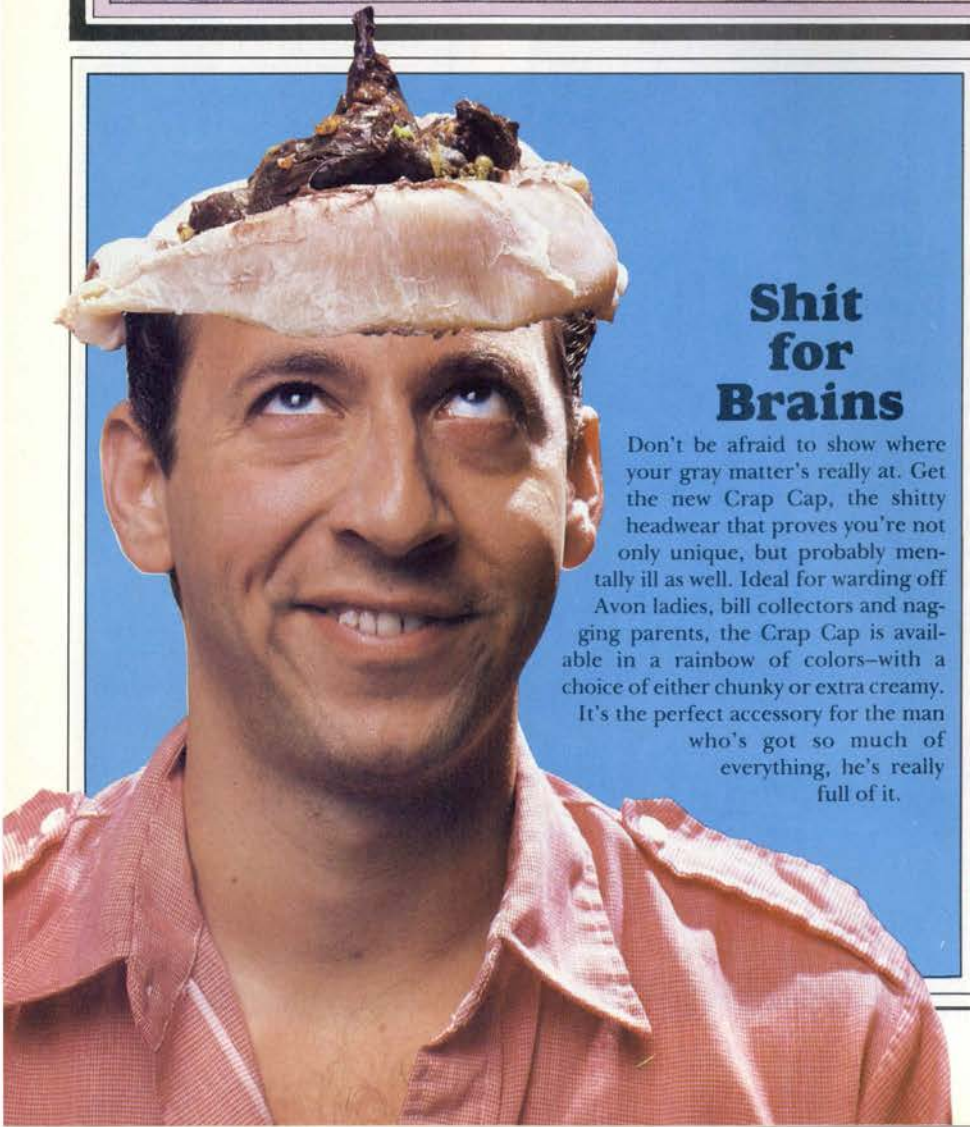
NEIL GALLAGHER is another of the ever-growing number of antiporn crusaders who link child molesting and magazines like HUSTLER. He cites "statistics" that 100% of the persons arrested for rape and child molestation have had pornographic materials found in their homes. Guys like Gallagher, author of *The Porno Plague*, are a real menace to the First Amendment. But as poet Thomas Gray once wrote, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The zany pee-drinking pathologist in the comedy film *Young Doctors in Love* may have inspired this Fart in the Wind. **DR. MARVIN GLEIDMAN**, chief surgeon at New York's Montefiore Hospital, became incensed when four surgical residents failed to perform a screening test on patients' urine. In front of their colleagues they were told by Gleidman to sip from urine-specimen bottles or be fired. We won't drink to that.

Deport-A- Maid

Nothing is more exasperating for a Beverly Hills millionaire than coming home to find his gardener, Juan, banging Conchita the maid in the master bedroom. Good help has always been hard to find, but bad help is often impossible to get rid of. So for affluent Americans who are having problems with their household staffs, we've found the perfect solution. Troubles with illegal aliens are now a thing of the past thanks to Deport-A-Maid–an exclusive of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Call today and you'll receive the INS's special two-for-the-price-of-one offer. That's right, two whole wetback families will be disposed of for the same introductory service call. (This includes *all* of their relatives.) Just dial Deport-A-Maid's 24-hour toll-free number, 1-800-ADios 5-5555, and leave your house Spic 'n' Spanish-free.



Shit for Brains

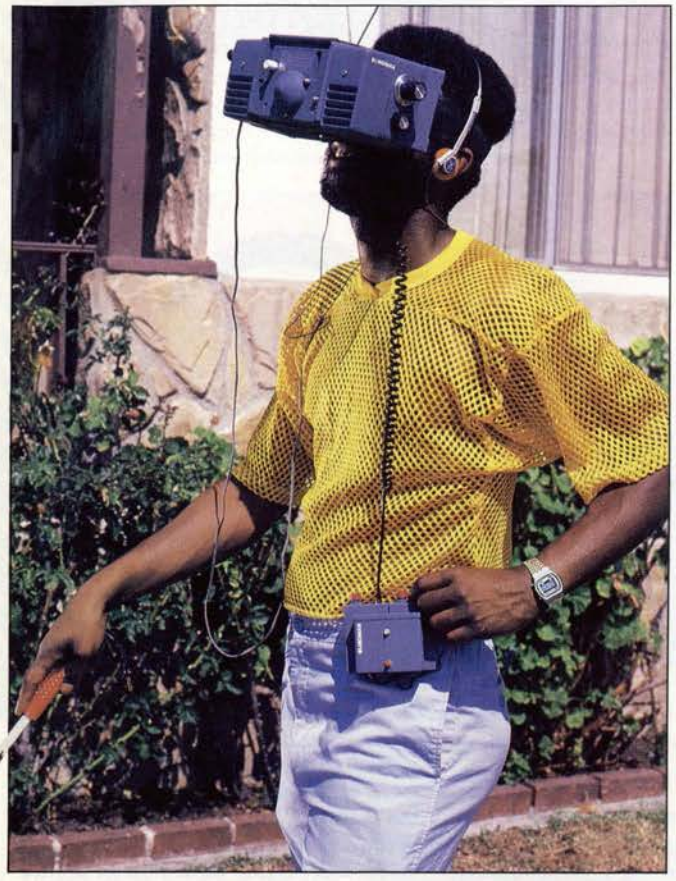
Don't be afraid to show where your gray matter's really at. Get the new Crap Cap, the shitty headwear that proves you're not only unique, but probably mentally ill as well. Ideal for warding off Avon ladies, bill collectors and nagging parents, the Crap Cap is available in a rainbow of colors–with a choice of either chunky or extra creamy. It's the perfect accessory for the man who's got so much of everything, he's really full of it.

Comes in Stereo

Feeling horny? Now you can whip out your very own 12 inches and give it a play. The people at Entertainment Creations Inc. (P.O. Box 3340, Tustin, CA 92681) have designed a set of 12-inch Fantasy Picture Discs–hard-core, sexually explicit recordings produced on vinyl that look (and are even shaped!) like real women. Titles such as "Ass Busting," "Cherry Popping" and "Double Banging" sell for $14.95 apiece. You just sit back and listen to the sizzling sounds of sex. As you can see, these records give a whole new meaning to the words *high fidelity*.

Eye Can't See You

You've seen all those portable stereos and TVs–the "walk-this" and the "walk-that." Here's the latest in miniature entertainment devices: the Blindman. Not only will you catch your favorite shows, you'll get free rides on buses. It's state-of-the-art merchandise that has to be seen to be believed.



Dutch Masturbators

Pulling the Panatela

What are smooth and long and come in a wooden box? The new Dutch Masturbators–smoking old stogies who can't be beat. Vacuum-packed in their own splinter-free containers for maximum freshness and long life, these imported self-abusers are good down to the last hairy butt. Each one is specially rolled between the ivory-white thighs of Amsterdam virgins before being shipped to stores and is guaranteed to always be plump and tasty. Just give 'em a puff and watch 'em smolder. They're even better than fingers for plugging up leaky dykes. But a word to the wise: *Never* bite off the tip.

News Flash

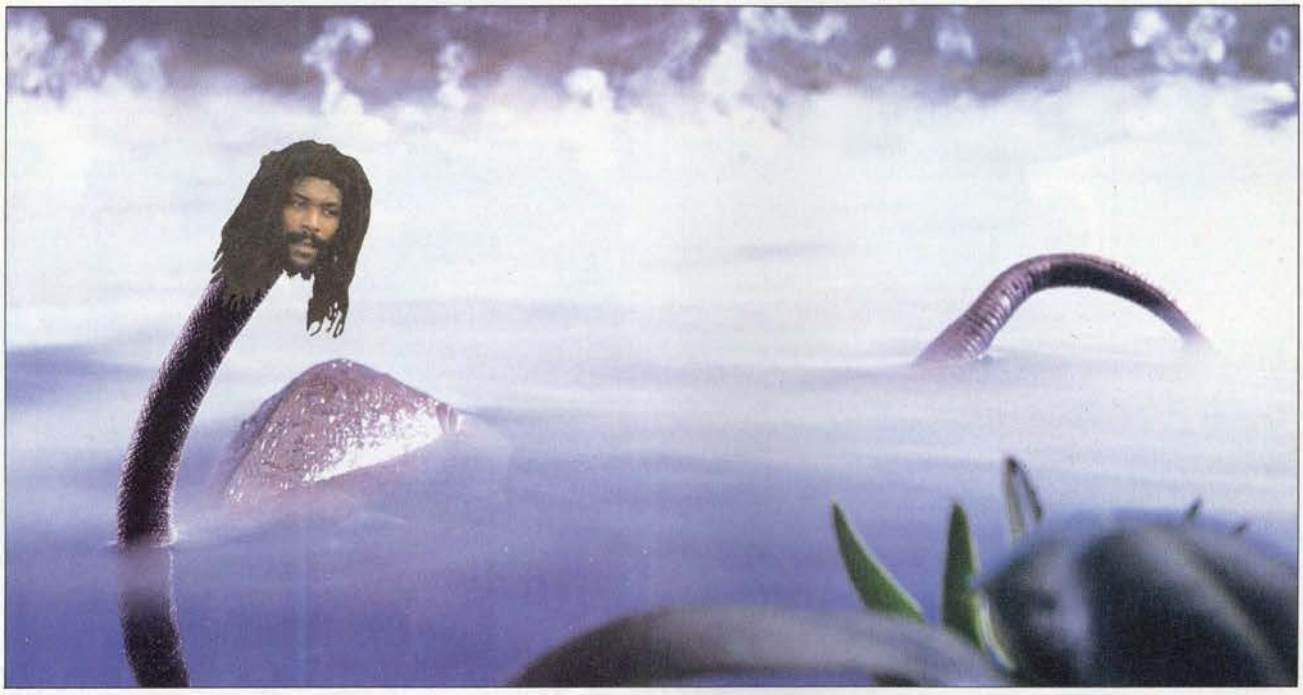
In the cutthroat world of TV news coverage, ratings are everything. Now, in an effort to boost its Nielsens, flamboyant Channel 69 is experimenting with the *naked truth*. Uninhibited anchorpeople Eddie "Moon" McCarthy and Linda "Lips" Schenkel tell all the news that's fit to be uncovered.

Whether it's the fight for gay rights in Lapland, Cristina Ferrare DeLorean's antique-spoon collection or the latest-breaking developments on the bugging of the President's hemorrhoids, McCarthy and Schenkel are always "on top." In fact, at the end of each show the two are usually on top of each other, and the producers have to pry them apart with a crowbar.

Still, it sure beats having to look at Howdy Doody's baby brother, Ted Koppel.

Dreadlock Ness Monster

From the mysterious swamps of Jamaica comes a creature that's half-serpent and half-stoned-out Rastafarian. Although there have been millions of reported sightings, most have been discredited by the authorities due to the intoxicated condition of the observers. Here's a typical eyewitness account: "Ya, mon–I saw one bad monster come outa da water, mon. He went straight to my stash and ate all 20 pounds of my ganja. I kill dat boy next time I see him, mon."

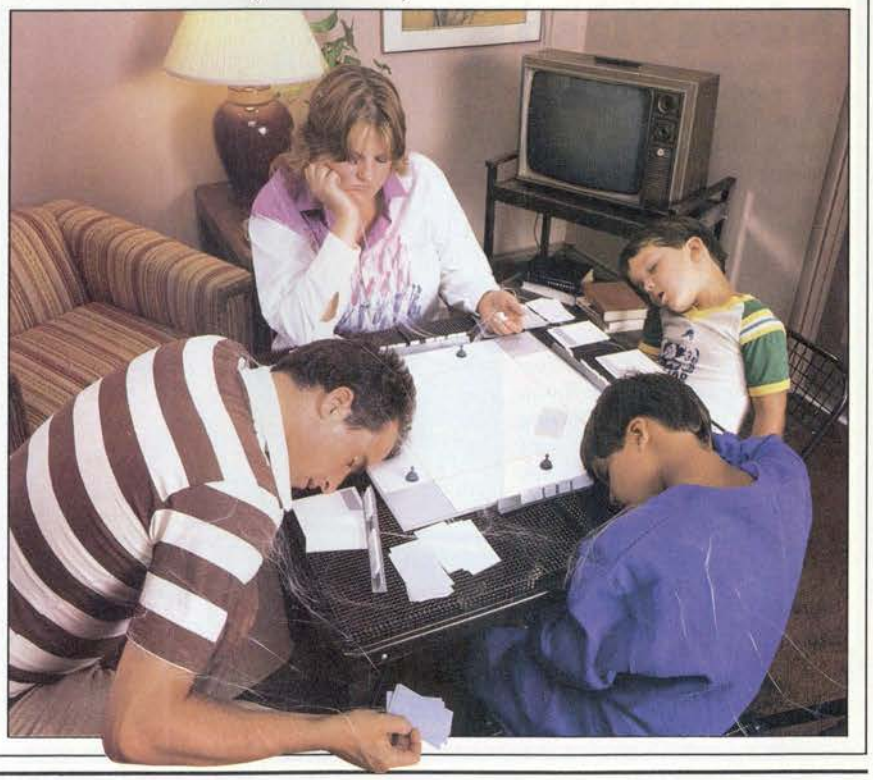


Porn From the Past

During the Great Chicken Famine of '31, two chefs at the Shady Dell Nudist Colony used their fellow sunbathers as wishbones–and were arrested for illegal use of Stove Top stuffing. Send your old dirty photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay $150 for each pic we publish.

Bored Game

Everybody knows that after a while those ever-popular board games get a little boring. Life, Monopoly, even Trivial Pursuit are all doomed to become monotonous in large doses. So why wait for the inevitable? We've developed a game so dull that nothing happens from the word go. There is no way to tell the pieces apart, no writing on the cards, no rules, and no one wins. Best of all, the whole family can play. Hell, *anything's* better than the boob tube.



All the Dirt
Nobody Else Will Print

Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054 January 1985

BIMBO BAGS BRONZE

San Francisco, CA–New Zealand Olympian Donald Symon's bronze medal was stolen from his hotel room by a hooker (obviously a bad sport). This may be the first time in Olympic rowing history that a coxswain was robbed by a cocksucker.

Illustration by Steve Sterling

Touching Gesture

Ottawa, Ontario, Canada–In response to all the glad-handing by former Prime Minister John Turner, who patted a few too many backsides during his boisterous campaign, a Canadian women's group came up with an inspired deterrent–the "Turner Shield." Turner insisted he was a tactile politician who was simply "reaching out to the people." Things got a little out of hand.

Where There's Smoke

Washington, DC–A new survey shows that teenagers who smoke are more likely to have sex at a younger age than those who don't and that those having sex tend to smoke more afterward. It's a vicious cycle.

FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES

Illustration by Francisco Juarez

London, England–Air New Zealand has fired a stewardess for being too eager to please. An investigation confirmed allegations that during a flight the hostess removed her panties, rolled up her skirt and climbed on top of a sleeping male passenger–without so much as asking, "Coffee, tea or me?" She was also allegedly caught initiating another man into the "Mile High Club" in the airplane's lavatory after one of the lovebirds accidentally bumped the emergency button–apparently during some heavy turbulence.

If the Name Fits

San Francisco, CA–Aronab Products, one of America's leading manufacturers of prophylactics, is going out of its way to make clear to all concerned that the company is moving. Flyers have been sent to all Aronab customers, and a phone campaign has been initiated. Why so thorough? It seems the firm is afraid there could be some confusion after the move: The new occupant will be the R&S Erection Company.

Queen for a Day

Leganes, Spain–Miss America, eat your heart out; there's another beauty-pageant scandal to report. The police chief of this small town was about to kiss the stunning senorita who was chosen by a jury to be fiesta queen when he recognized the winner as a local transvestite. The runner-up got the crown, and the chief received some funny looks. He insisted he was able to identify the drag queen from his years of working undercover.

The Long . . . Arm? . . . of the Law

Leeds, England–A man was arrested and charged with impersonating a police officer after he was found in a patrol car with his trousers down and a woman on top of him. It's not known whether he was forced to use his billy club.

Corn-Likkered

Pittsburgh, PA–After 12 years, researchers at the University of Pittsburgh have finally discovered what was causing bourbon-drinking men to develop breasts: corn. A specific hormone that is found in the plant, which is used in making bourbon, is released during the distilling process. The substance is very similar to the female hormone estrogen and has the same effects: impotence, loss of facial hair and increased tit size. It's no wonder the South hasn't risen again. People down there have been drinking so much Jack Daniel's over the years that they can't get it up.

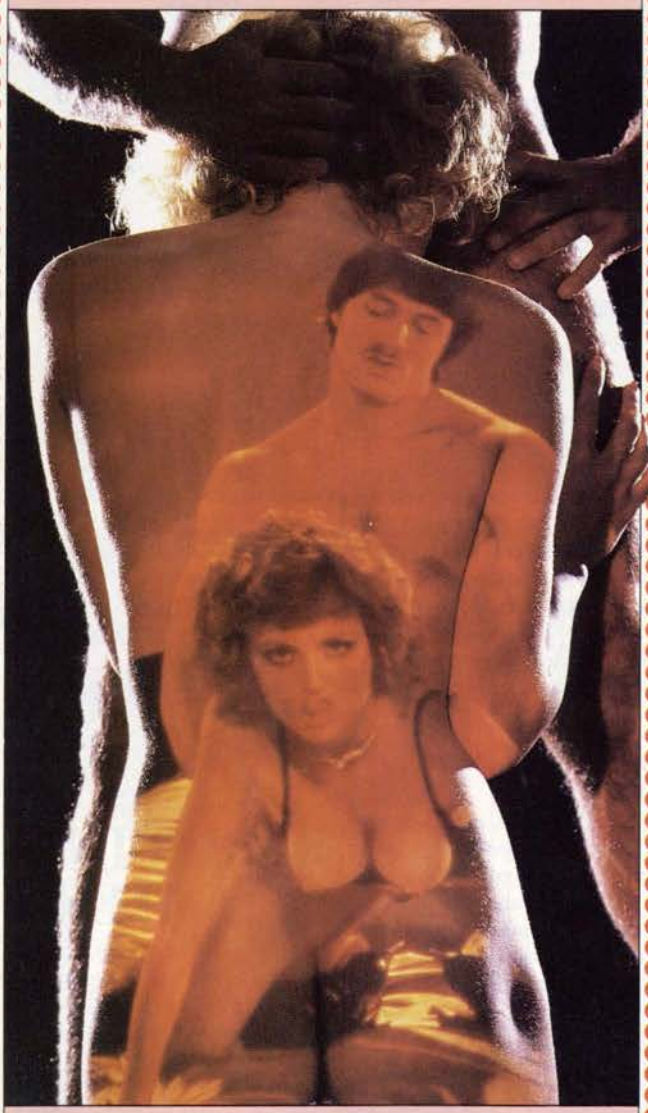
Illustration by Fino Ortiz

STRIPPING SPINSTER

Varese, Italy–At age 33, geography teacher Maria Theresa Ossola seemed well on the way to a lifetime as an old maid. With her prim mannerisms, her drab clothes and her large horn-rimmed glasses it was no wonder that she had no known boyfriends. What made her an even sadder figure was her chronic sickliness. In the past school year she had missed 121 days due to what she called "nervous exhaustion." But the true cause of her malady was uncovered when one of her students found her on the stage of a nearby club, where she had been performing nightly until 5 a.m. as "Alexia the Shocking Stripper." It seems that under the teacher's dowdy clothes was some prominent geography of her own.

Give It to Us

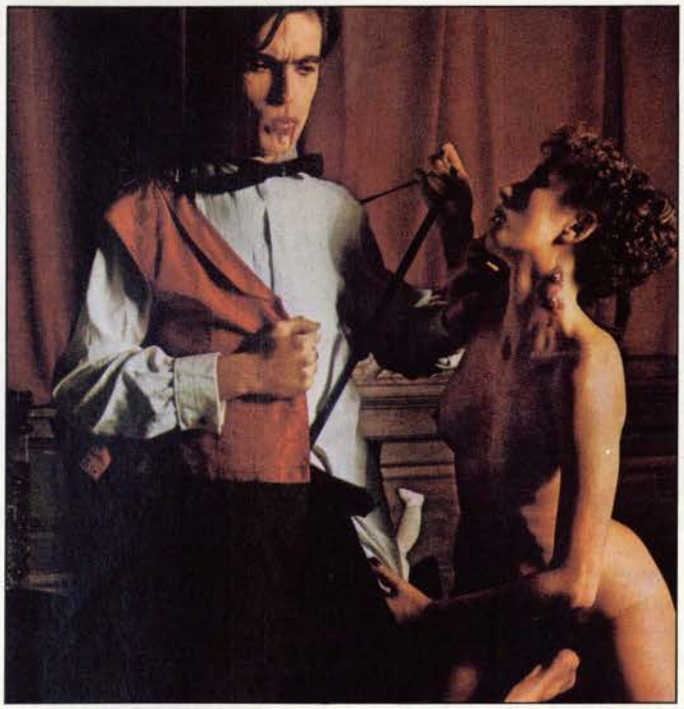
Let your voice be heard by the adult-film makers of today. By voting in our annual poll, you'll tell them what you liked in this year's crop of X-rated flicks. And believe us, they're interested in hearing from you. Producers will use the results of this poll (scheduled to appear in our April '85 issue) as a guide to exactly what their sex-hungry public wants. Just fill out the ballot and send it to: HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. You may nominate the same person in more than one category; however, all ballots must be postmarked no later than February 1, 1985.



Best film: _____
Best actress: _____
In which film? _____
Best actor: _____
In which film? _____
Best director: _____
Of which film? _____
Best sex scene: _____
In which film? _____
Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____
In which film? _____
Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____
In which film? _____
Which film disappointed you most? _____

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

Blood and cunts is what we offered in January 1976, and *The Lust of Dracula* went right to the jugular, combining sex and violence in a way that is now commonplace among heavy-metal bands and day-care centers. Although we don't advocate this type of hickey-giving, we do feel it's a viable alternative for men who aren't into eating pussy while their lover's on the rag. HUSTLER has always given its readers a real mouthful.



Cold Snatch

We've heard of a frigid cunt, but this picture sent in by one of our readers is too much. Talk about being cold as a witch's tit. Whoever this lady-of-the-lake is, she must be one helluva deep freeze.

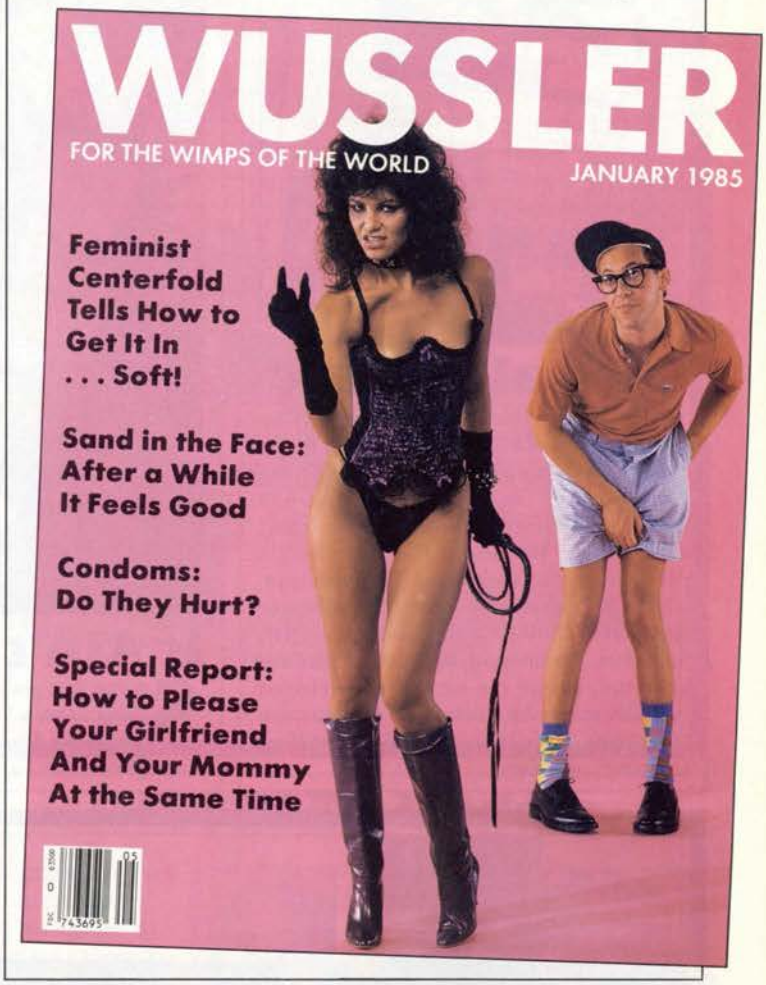
Obviously, Alaskans believe firmly in truth in advertising, or they would never have put up this sign in the first place. We kinda wonder what exactly is allowed into this hole–a Popsicle or an Eskimo pie?

Liz Gets Dicked Again

Sure, actor Richard Burton is dead, but that didn't stop everloving Elizabeth Taylor from marring him yet a third time. Caught by a quick-thinking HUSTLER photographer during the private ceremony, the bulging bride was heard to exclaim happily, "He's always been the only one for me. Now even death can't do us apart!" A hard man may be good to find, but for Liz, it seems, a stiff one is that much better.

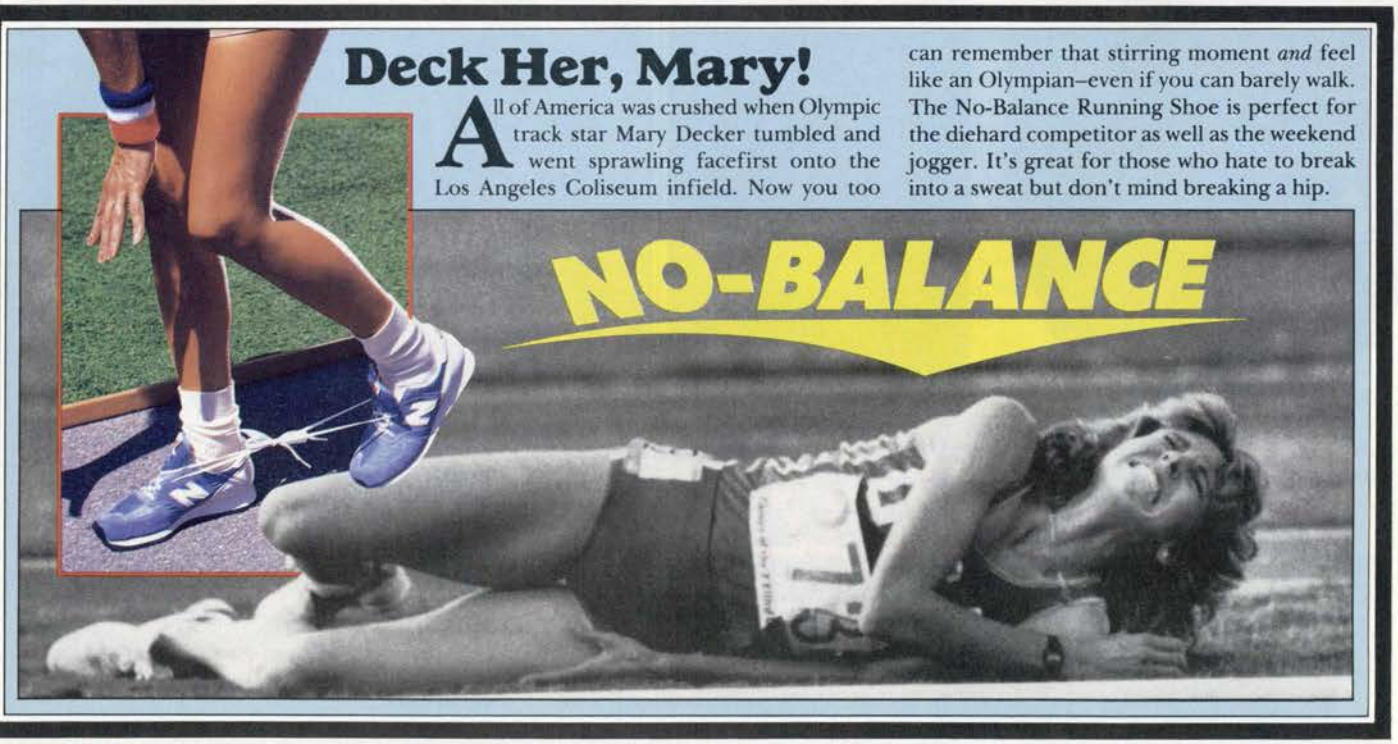
Think Wimp

Are you afraid to go into a store and purchase your own copy of HUSTLER? Well, now there's a publication for wimps like you–*Wussler*–the jerkoff magazine for nerds who can't get it up. Just look for *Wussler* at your local newsstand. It won't be hard to find–it's the one in the baby-blue wrapper.



Deck Her, Mary!

All of America was crushed when Olympic track star Mary Decker tumbled and went sprawling facefirst onto the Los Angeles Coliseum infield. Now you too can remember that stirring moment *and* feel like an Olympian–even if you can barely walk. The No-Balance Running Shoe is perfect for the diehard competitor as well as the weekend jogger. It's great for those who hate to break into a sweat but don't mind breaking a hip.



Capital Offense

One headline reads, "Reagan to Russia, 'Fuck You.' " Inside is a listing of the names and phone numbers of "Washington's Biggest Whores"–all 535 members of Congress. You won't find these stories in the *Washington Post*, but they are prominently displayed in the *Washington Pist*, a hilarious parody publication from Dupree Associates (3000 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 106, Washington, DC 20008). It's all in good fun, but we can see why some elected officials might be distressed. Caught with their pants down, they might not rise to their campaign promises.

It Ain't Kosher

So you just got a new oven, and you're *dying* to try a kosher dish? Well, don't forget the Adolf's. Fraus and frauleins throughout the Fatherland swear by this product. It takes those tough, stringy cuts of Hebrew beef and turns them into succulent morsels that will melt in your mouth. It's also the final solution to those hard-to-tenderize rump roasts. So try new Adolf's today. After all, it was Der Fuehrer's favorite.

Billy Ray Valentine

Reefer

Big Daddy Green

Can't Measure Up

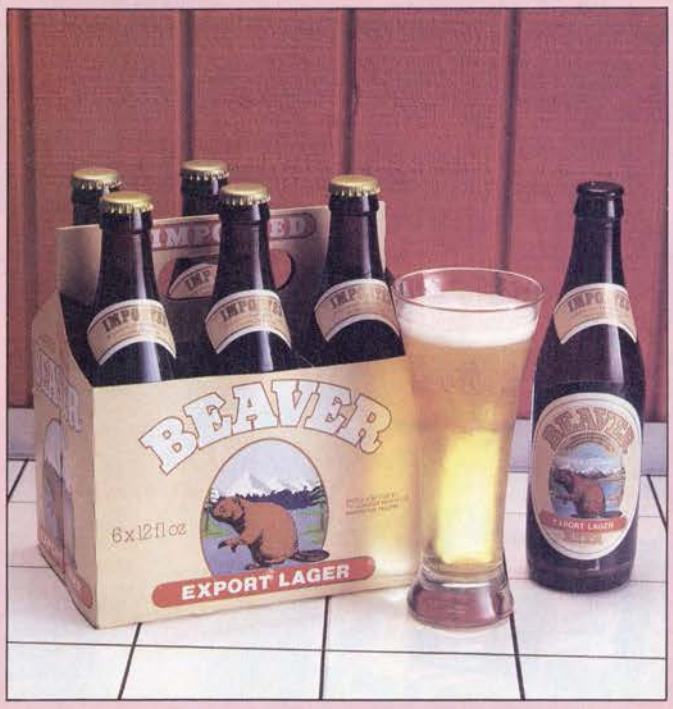
We don't usually pay for peckers (pussy yes, peckers no), but in October '83 we announced the "Beat Butch" contest. Hundreds of humongous men sent in pictures of their cocks in hopes of dethroning the 14-inch ebony champion. Although many packed heavy equipment, none was up to the task. These four runners-up, however, put up the hardest competition.

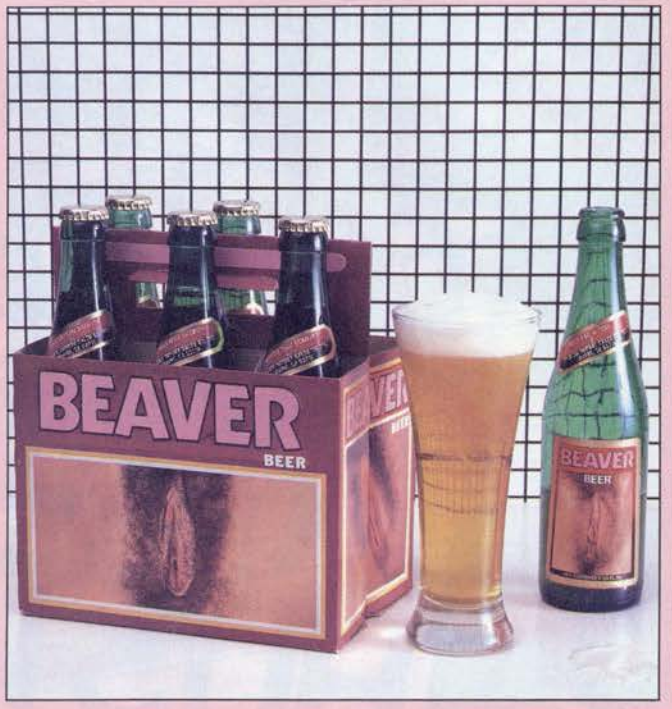
Bobby Smith

Cooze Brews

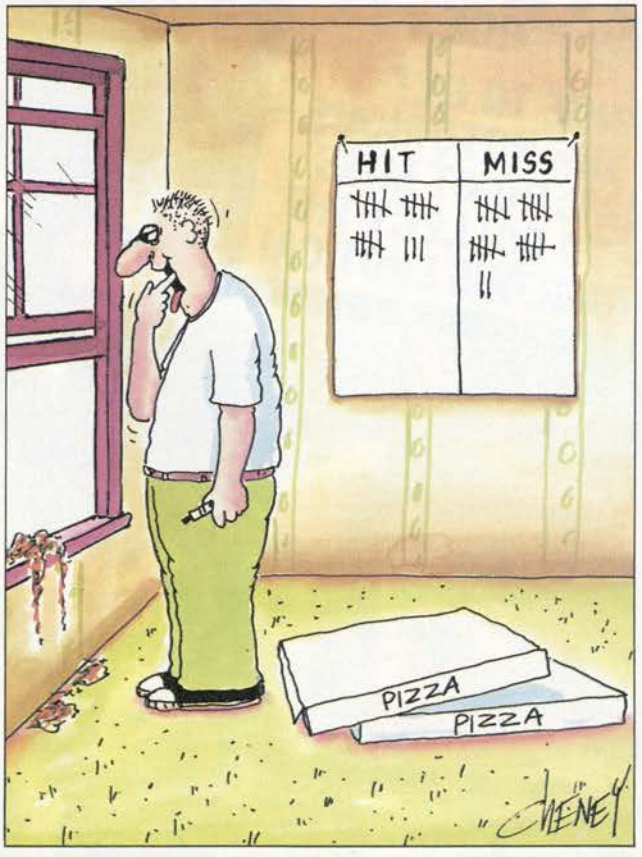
Can you tell which is the real Beaver Beer? If you chose the one on the left, you're correct. This brew can actually be found in some stores across the USA and is made from malt, barley and water–the usual stuff.

The six-pack on the right? That's our own house brand. Its secret ingredient is the drippings we collect from underneath our centerfolds after a long, hot day in front of the cameras. You won't find this Beaver sold anywhere but at the HUSTLER offices. And that's too bad when you think about it. After all, which would you rather wrap your lips around?





Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update

ABUSE OF THE ELDERLY
November '81

Our exposé revealed one of the most gruesome facts of modern family life: the mental and physical abuse of America's senior citizens. The statistics were shocking: Between 1 and 2 million cases each year in which children beat, starved, drugged, stole from and held elderly relatives captive in their own homes. Such abuse resulted annually in the deaths of 2,000 innocent victims too frail to fight back. A recent study conducted in San Francisco found that the public is still largely unaware the problem even exists. HUSTLER will continue to speak out on the issue until it receives the attention–and solution–it deserves.

NORMAN R. GRUTMAN
October '83

(*Editorial Opinion.*) Attorney Grutman earned our Asshole of the Month honor for his outrageous misconduct in an invasion-of-privacy suit filed by his client, novelist Jackie Collins, against Flynt Distributing Company. We noted Grutman's record of using inflammatory tactics, tying up the courts with his prejudicial antics, only to have his cases thrown out or overturned by the same or higher courts. Last September a federal appeals court struck down the $10-million award won by Grutman in *Collins* v. *Flynt Distributing*. The appeals court's ruling is a victory for justice and just goes to prove: Once an asshole, always an asshole.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is $50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For January, $150 goes to Charles Calendrill, Scott Scheirbeck, Todd Schwartz and Kurt Skoog. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

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X-RATED FILMS

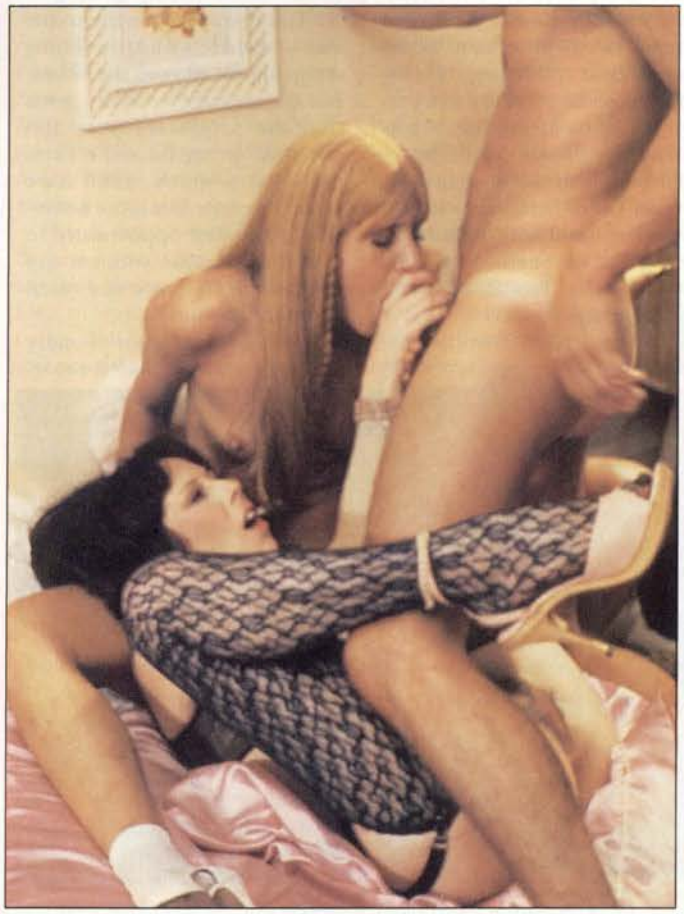
Edited by Doug Oliver

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 ripoffs and which ones 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'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Spitfire

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; starring Chelsea Manchester, Samantha Fox, R. Bolla, Eric Edwards, Joey Silvera, Annie Sprinkle, Gayle Sterling, John Leslie, Sharon Mitchell, Rikki Harte, Susan Nero and Michael Morrison. Running time: 85 minutes.

Spitfire is bursting with ambition, greed, sex, deceit and double-dealing–everything that makes politics the slimy profession it is. This dark comedy ranks among innovative porn filmmaker Cecil Howard's finest works. And that means, simply, that *Spitfire* is superior to the majority of adult films being produced today. Thanks to Howard's sure hand, it magically combines all the elements necessary to create a first-rate fuck film: superb production values, good script, intriguing story, excellent performances and plenty of sex.



Annie Sprinkle, Chelsea Manchester and Joey Silvera ignite in 'Spitfire.'

The title refers to the delectable Chelsea Manchester, who plays the supposedly virginal teenage daughter of state Senator Victor Kidd (R. Bolla), a morality candidate whose campaign slogan is "Button Up Your Pants." Kidd's political success rests on the wholesome family image he and his wife (Samantha Fox) and daughter project to the voters. And now that he's running for the U.S. Senate, image is more important than ever. In reality, as you might have guessed, the three of them–especially Manchester–are fucking their brains out every chance they get.

A vision of innocence, Manchester spreads her legs easily and eagerly for anyone who can

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BOOKS

Edited by Doug Oliver

The Killing of the Unicorn

By Peter Bogdanovich; William Morrow and Company Inc., 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; $12.95.

'Unicorn': Dorothy Stratten, Hefner's 1980 Playmate of the Year–snuffed at 20.

Hugh Hefner is a "super-pimp" out of step with the times, an adolescent incapable of love or feeling whose primary sexual pleasure is orgies. *Playboy* models are little more than high-class call-girls who earn less and are expected to throw in sex for free.

So says Hollywood producer/director Peter Bogdanovich in this self-serving account of the tragically brief life and times of the woman he loved–Dorothy Stratten. The actress and Playmate of the Year died in 1980 after being raped, brutally sodomized and shotgunned by her estranged husband, Paul Snider.

No stranger to Hefner's hospitality, the author takes us inside the world of *Playboy* and paints an ugly picture of its proprietor and his empire. According to Bogdanovich, Hefner forced himself sexually on the confused and unwilling 18-year-old Stratten the first night she visited the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. Though she was able to resist his later advances, Hef supposedly nursed his wounded ego by instructing his still photographers and movie cameramen to get more raunchy, indecent shots of her. He then would project the movie footage on the giant TV screens of his bedroom for his own enjoyment.

Bogdanovich's motives for writing this book must be questioned. He condemns porn because it grinds up women and spits them out for the masturbatory pleasure of men the world over; yet he himself writes titillating passages such as this:

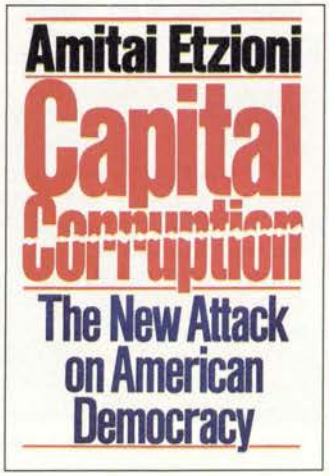
"Dorothy's eyes were tightly shut, and I could tell she was about to reach a climax. She moved more and more slowly until at last, eyes still closed, a sound of relief escaped her throat."

Stratten's death at age 20 was vicious and senseless, and her true story should be told. But Bogdanovich's version comes off as little more than another attempt to cash in on her tragic life.

–Michael Heimowitz

Capital Corruption

By Amitai Etzioni; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017; $16.95.



"I can't be bought," responded Congressman John Breaux (D-Louisiana) to allegations of corruption in Congress. "But I can be rented."

That quote introduces Etzioni's book and sets the tone for his startling exposé of political corruption American-style. Big Business and big bucks, says the author, reduce politicians to bit players in the kind of Abscams that rarely make the news.

Etzioni focuses on influence-peddling and the impact of so-called political-action committees (PACs) that buy votes the way you would purchase tomatoes at the supermarket. They squeeze the goods just like any ordinary shopper. The difference is that PACs, the tools of special-interest groups, are looking for the rotten tomatoes in Congress.

The book documents case after case of spoiled merchandise: From the lowly first-term congressman to the powerful senator, they all dance to the tune of "campaign contributions"–a form of legalized corruption, claims the writer. He proves his theory graphically with names, dates and statistics. For example, how did the top 50 recipients of campaign contributions from PACs representing the American Medical Association vote on an amendment the AMA favored? Forty-eight out of 50 sided with the AMA. In other words, they were legally bribed.

Other pocket-padding takes place on the lecture circuit. Etzioni says it's not unusual for senators or congressmen to pick up $2,000 or so from a special-interest group for a "lecture" that is actually little more than an appearance at a banquet.

More disturbingly, *Capital Corruption* describes the long-range effects of political favoritism created by special-interest groups. According to the author, our economy suffers because of a select few, whether an oil cartel or the aerospace industry; our defense system is based on useless weaponry that is outdated before it's manufactured; and sadder still, the public's voice is silenced in an arena where money talks and politicians listen.

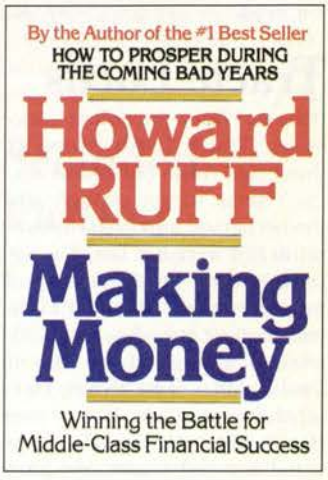
As Etzioni concludes, special-interest groups simply wave the green flag at stampeding lawmakers who take the money and run–leaving the American voter in the dust. In short, *Capital* (meaning money rather than the seat of government) *Corruption* is a political pun that says the joke is on us.

–Jonathan Russell

Making Money

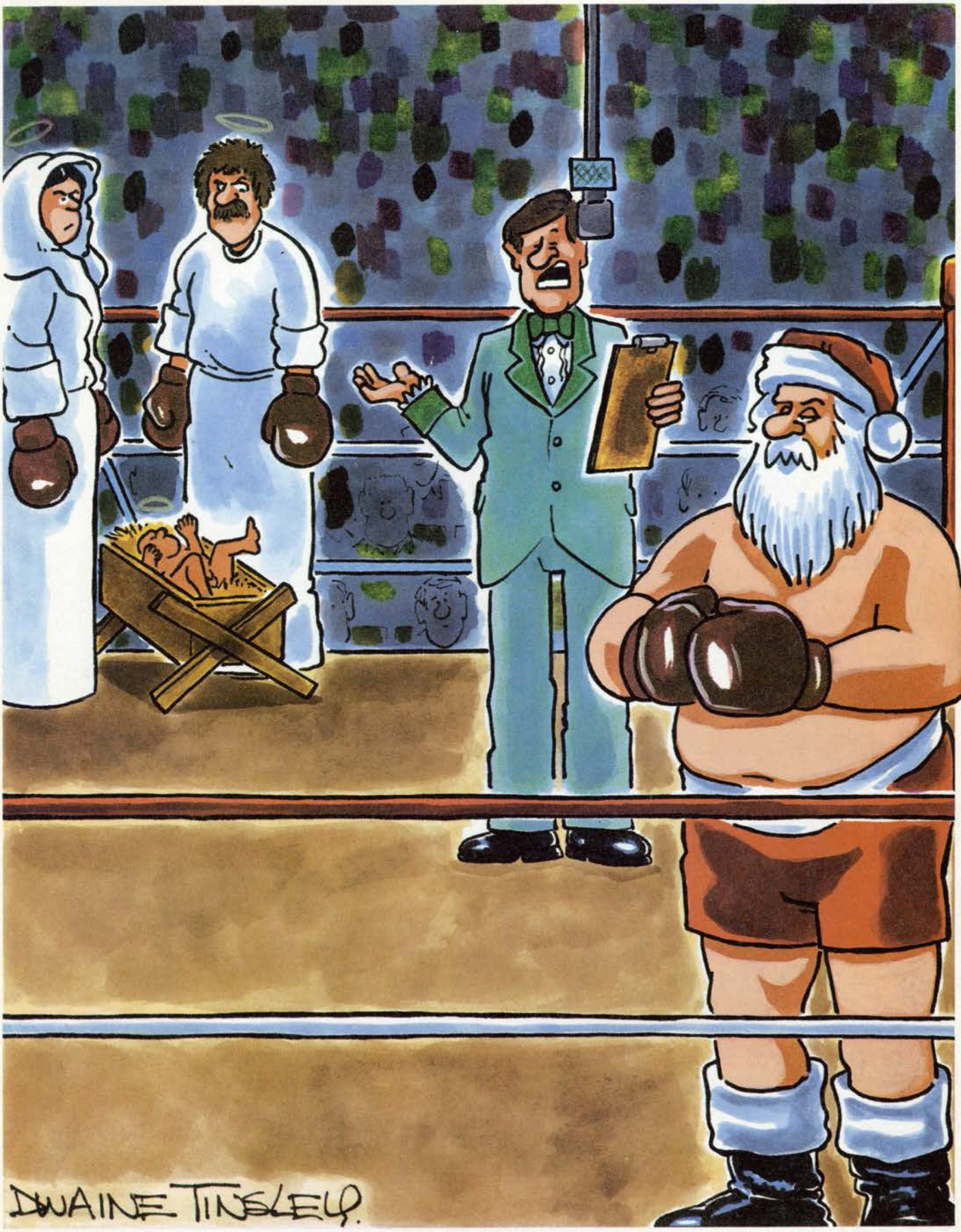
By Howard Ruff; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; $16.95.

You may not agree with Howard Ruff's arch-conservative politics, but he sure as hell knows how to make money. His latest book explains how our financial system works, how to cope with its ups and downs and how to prosper during future recessions or depressions. Ruff calls the economy "malarial" because–like the disease–it alternates between inflationary fevers and recessionary chills. He explains in detail what the best investments are for each phase of the cycle: when to buy real estate, diamonds and precious metals and when to avoid them. He tells how to analyze the investments you're considering and how not to get ripped off by scams and over-eager stockbrokers. He also offers a brief, helpful course in managing taxes, including a discussion on turning your employee status into that of "independent contractor"–a move that may save you thousands of tax dollars.

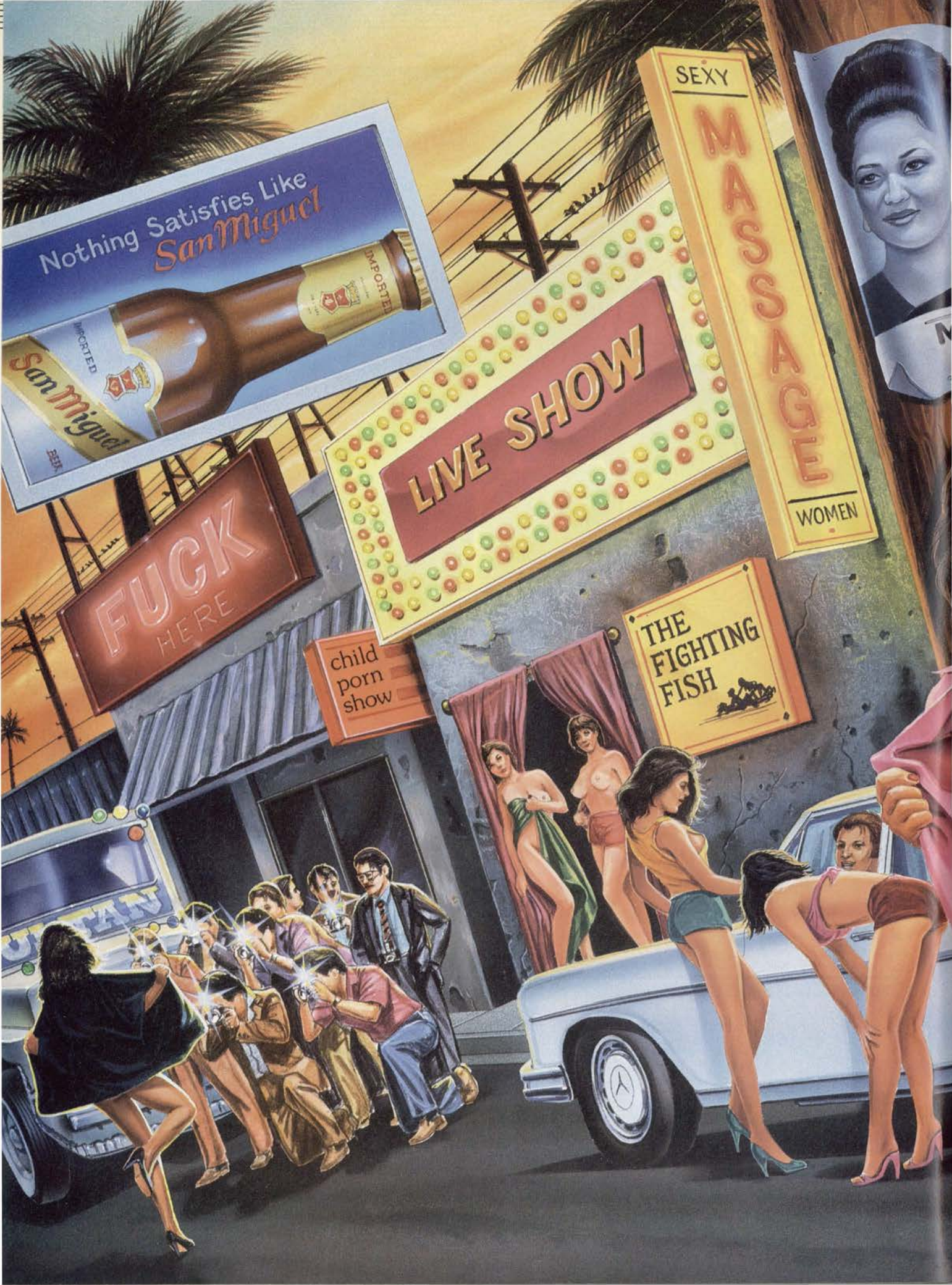


That's the good news. The bad news is that Ruff expects the economy to go to hell. He foresees the next round of inflation forcing consumer prices sky high–and even suggests that it might not be a bad idea to start storing up food, just in case rising costs cause nationwide strikes and riots.

Making Money isn't an optimistic book, but it could come in very handy. So even if you don't want to "invest" in a copy, check one out from the library. You owe it to yourself. *–Francesca Garrett*



"In this corner, fighting for the championship of Christmas, is. . . ."


Nothing Satisfies Like
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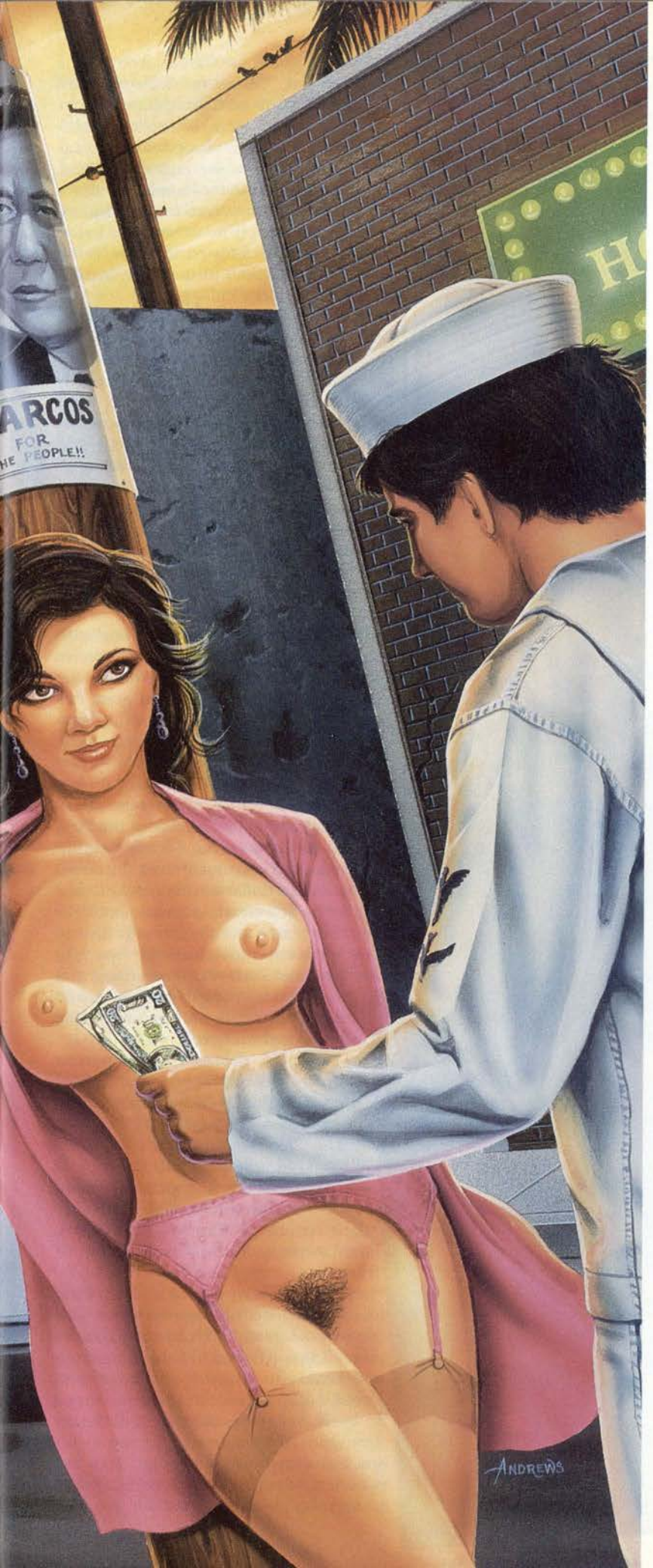


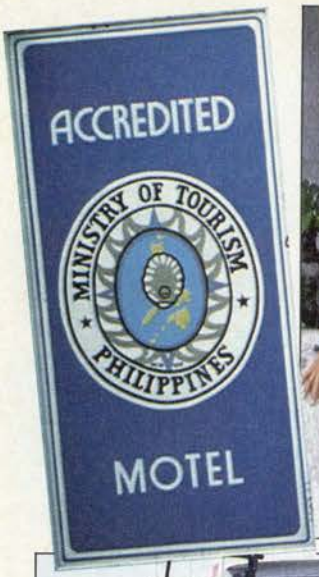
MANILA

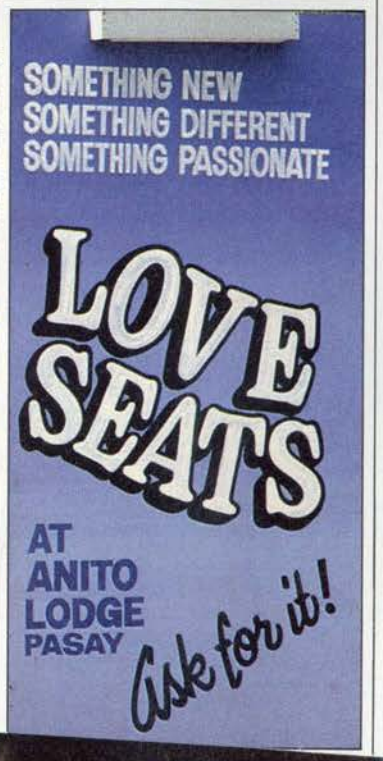
SODOM OF THE PACIFIC

The raunchy bedroom performance takes place under a bare fluorescent bulb in a nameless nightclub on the outskirts of Manila, capital city of the Philippines. Several dozen astonished customers watch a 14-year-old girl named Sally suck the huge, blue-veined cock of a Filipino stud who calls himself Renato, while Eva, age 26, licks the young girl's almost-hairless pussy and diddles herself with a finger. Switching places, Eva sits on Sally's face as Renato–known as *El Toro* ("The Bull")–slides his heavy tool into her glistening cunt and fucks her slowly, soulfully.

Sally moans, closes her eyes and throbs in prolonged ecstasy. Finally, Renato shudders, spurting inside her; his milky juice spills out onto the dark-blue bedspread. Opening her eyes wide, Sally takes her face out of Eva's pussy and smiles blissfully at the

REPORT BY JOHN DODGE





Waiting patiently for customers, peddling condoms at curbside or clowning for the camera, Manila's wide-open women make sin cities such as Hamburg and Amsterdam seem like the bush leagues.

audience, which is seated around the rumpled bed. *"Mabuhay,"* Sally says with a sigh. "Welcome to d'Philippines."

The hard-core *exhibición,* called "fighting fish" by the locals, happens as often as three times daily in the nightclub's back room. It's just one example of why–pound for pound, square foot for square foot–there is simply no other place in the world so totally obsessed with sex, or so abundantly supplied to meet the insatiable demand, as the Philippines.

Besides the ever-popular "fighting fish," just a partial list would have to include straight and gay government-sponsored bar hookers, callgirls sanctioned by five-star hotels, streetwalking sex tots, *bomba* (sex) movies, pay-by-the-hour motels, nightclubs, and gambling dens that front for whorehouses and stay open all day long–not to mention a pharmacopoeia of drugs (including some you've never heard of) and packaged sex tours that bring in Japanese and Australians by the thousands to enjoy it all. In short, if it's not available in the Philippines, it hasn't been invented yet.

Civic boosters insist that nothing happens in Manila that doesn't go on in any other great city. But that misses the point–which is that in no other great city does so little *else* go on. Sex, in all its dizzying forms, is both the national pastime and the national madness. (The birth rate hovers near the highest in the world.) Sex runs around the clock, around the calendar, around the 7,000 islands of the Philippines–and ranks economically right up with sugar and coconut among the country's principal dollar-earning industries.

Says one Southeast Asian scholar: "Filipinos have been morally force-fed by uptight Western colonialists–the Spanish, then the Americans–that everything that feels good is wrong. Now they're selling Western guilt back to the people who brought it here."

"Manila," declares a prosperous Filipino sex entrepreneur, "makes the biblical cities of Sodom and Gomorrah look like a nunnery."

The obsession starts at the top. Ferdinand Marcos, the Philippines' dictator-president for the past 19 years, neither drinks nor smokes. But for all their hatred of Marcos's oppression, the people seem uniformly proud of his *macho* vices. Just a few years back–before age, sickness and an irate First Lady curtailed his vigor–Marcos was openly keeping a Hollywood starlet named Dovie Beams in a shack-up mansion beside his favorite golf course so he could duck in for quickies between, so to speak, holes. He did this until the secret tapes of their trysts that Beams recorded somehow got loose, and the presidential orgasm was broadcast over a university radio station.

Marcos's jet-setting wife, Imelda–who's been linked romantically with everyone from pianist Van Cliburn to actor George Hamilton–is the first Philippine First Lady ever to be the subject of even the faintest breath of scandal. Whatever the truth of those allegations, her morals are certainly broad-minded: When the Manila International Film Festival experienced box-office problems last year, Mrs. Marcos threw the affair open to porn movies. Among other films, *Realm of the Senses*–whose ghastly finale has an erect penis being sliced off with a samurai sword–titillated packed houses nightly.

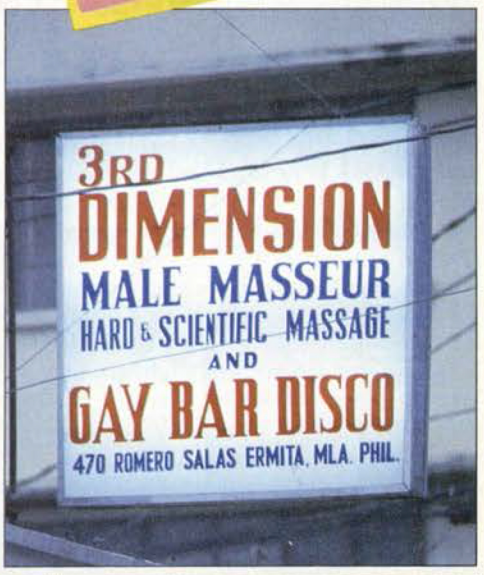
And a local hotel owner related to me how First Daughter Imee Marcos–before her marriage to divorced Manila playboy Tommy Manotoc–used to sweep into his hotel, along with a fleet of squad cars, red lights blazing, and a surrounding entourage of military bodyguards, to shack up with her boyfriends. "There was nothing discreet about it," the innkeeper said. "Everybody knew it."

That easy-come, easy-go sensuality, together with the Philippines' long relationship with America, made the country a favorite R&R spot for GIs during the Vietnam War. Manila's half-breed Spanish and American *mestiza* women are among the most beautiful in Asia. They speak English–or at least a kind of English. (Their *f* and *p* sounds get switched around so that soldiers heading back to Vietnam would hear their lovers lament, "Farting is such sweet sorrow!")

The women's devotion to the Church (79% of the Philippines' population is Roman Catholic) seldom represses their earthier passions; that white-veiled picture of Spanish-Catholic purity receiving Communion at Manila Cathedral in the morning usually reverts to her uninhibited Malayan origins by nightfall and is out back fucking in the weeds.

During the Vietnam years Filipino women shared an affection for Americans that was inherited from their parents, who were still grateful for U.S. liberation from the Japanese in World War II. And there was no cheaper place in all of Asia for a wild, no-holds-barred sextravaganza. Even *Spartacus*, the gay guide to the world, gave its only five-star rating to Manila.

On my special assignment to Manila for HUSTLER, I discovered that the city is even more sexually wide open today–for women as well as men. While flying there, I met a pretty blond Los Angeles divorcee named Debbie who was looking to see the underside of town and happened to be staying at the same hotel I was–one of Manila's best. We hit it off nicely, got together on the first evening, and over the next eight steamy days and nights we researched the city's sex life with our mutual tastes in mind. I came



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Cash for gash pumps hundreds of millions of dollars into the Philippine capital's poverty-stricken economy. Sex hotels change their advertising according to seasons and holidays; a Valentine's heart is an open invitation to a lust weekend. Dark-eyed bargirls serve cool drinks upfront and deliver hot sex behind the scenes. A must-see attraction in this incredibly wide-open paradise is the "fighting fish"–a hard-core gymnastic exhibition involving two girls and a well-hung guy that leaves audiences breathless.

MANILA: PACIFIC SODOM *(continued from page 39)*

One of the performers slides a peeled banana into her pussy, then pushes it out–miraculously in slices.

away more used-up, bleary-eyed and mind-boggled than from any previous assignment in memory.

The foreplay started almost the moment we touched down at Manila International Airport. "Would you like an escort, mum?" the roly-poly little customs inspector inquired of Debbie with a leer.

"What about a girl, sir?" the chauffeur behind the wheel of the hotel limousine asked me before he realized Debbie and I were together.

"If you want to know where d'action is," the hotel bellboy assured me as he set my bags down in my room, "just come to me, sir." He beamed. "Anything your heart desires." A rates-and-regulations sign on the back of the room door announced that the showing of pornographic movies was strictly prohibited. So I asked him about screening one. He beamed again. "A movie? Or d'original cast, sir–live?"

Debbie and I dined that night at a little Spanish place in Makati, Manila's business district. As we were getting out of a cab, a luscious, heavily lipsticked beauty in high heels, gold hotpants and scarlet scarf glided up to me out of the night and asked, "Would you like a date, honey?" The voice was a leering baritone.

"Piss off, buddy," I replied. "I like my sex with girls." The transvestite wasn't fazed in the slightest.

"I've got a beautiful *lady* friend right over there," he gushed, waving a languid wrist across the street toward a shadowy figure hovering beneath a banyan tree. The girl–at least I think it was a girl–gave me a palm-out, circular "It's okay, Jake" sign. Somehow I resisted the impulse to accept the offer.

After dinner Debbie and I toured the bar scene in Manila's tawdry Ermita District, just two blocks from the sprawling bay-front grounds of the U.S. Embassy. Back in the '60s a certain American press attache, overwhelmed by his good fortune at being transferred out of Vietnam, literally fucked himself silly with Ermita girls and had to be evacuated stateside for psychiatric treatment.

Nowadays nothing much has changed. On the weedy side streets chickens peck through endless piles of garbage. Vendors bawl out "Ba-lo-o-ot!" (those semi-fermented duck eggs Filipinos are so crazy about). The air smells of cooking oil from stalls owned by withered crones eking out a desperate living hawking deep-fried *lumpia*, the Philippine equivalent of egg rolls.

"Collecting stamps is a hobby. Collecting coins is a hobby. Farting Christmas carols is not a hobby."

At night the hot sidewalks are clogged with pimps, beggars, twisted cripples, and card-table gamblers working the old reliable shell game, craps and a Filipino ball-drop game called "One-Two." Special tourist police in blue-striped white Volkswagens cruise the area, supposedly protecting visitors from muggers and pickpockets but actually serving as bagmen for regular weekly bar shakedowns.

And there's a bizarre array of bars to shake down: a Basque joint called Guernica's, where customers sometimes dance on the tables and smash plates on the floor; a gay hangout called the Hobbit, where all the waiters are midgets ("We give out d'blowjobs standing up, sir," one waiter explained with a grin); a backstreet clip joint where, for a $7 cover charge, customers get to soap, bathe and diddle a girl in an onstage bathtub.

There's a club catering chiefly to Japanese husband-and-wife tours, where bar boys have taken up the old Borneo custom of inserting permanent bone-ticklers under the skin of their pricks for the enjoyment of the ladies who hire them. In another place the girls perform all sorts of cunt tricks: One inserts a cigar in her snatch, contracts her abdominal muscles and blows out smoke rings; another takes in a peeled banana, then pushes it out–miraculously in slices; a third stuffs half a dozen pingpong balls into her pussy, lies back and fires them out like a pitching machine. ("Be careful, mate," an Australian warned me as I peered in for a closer look. "She can hit a bloke on the nose at eight feet!")

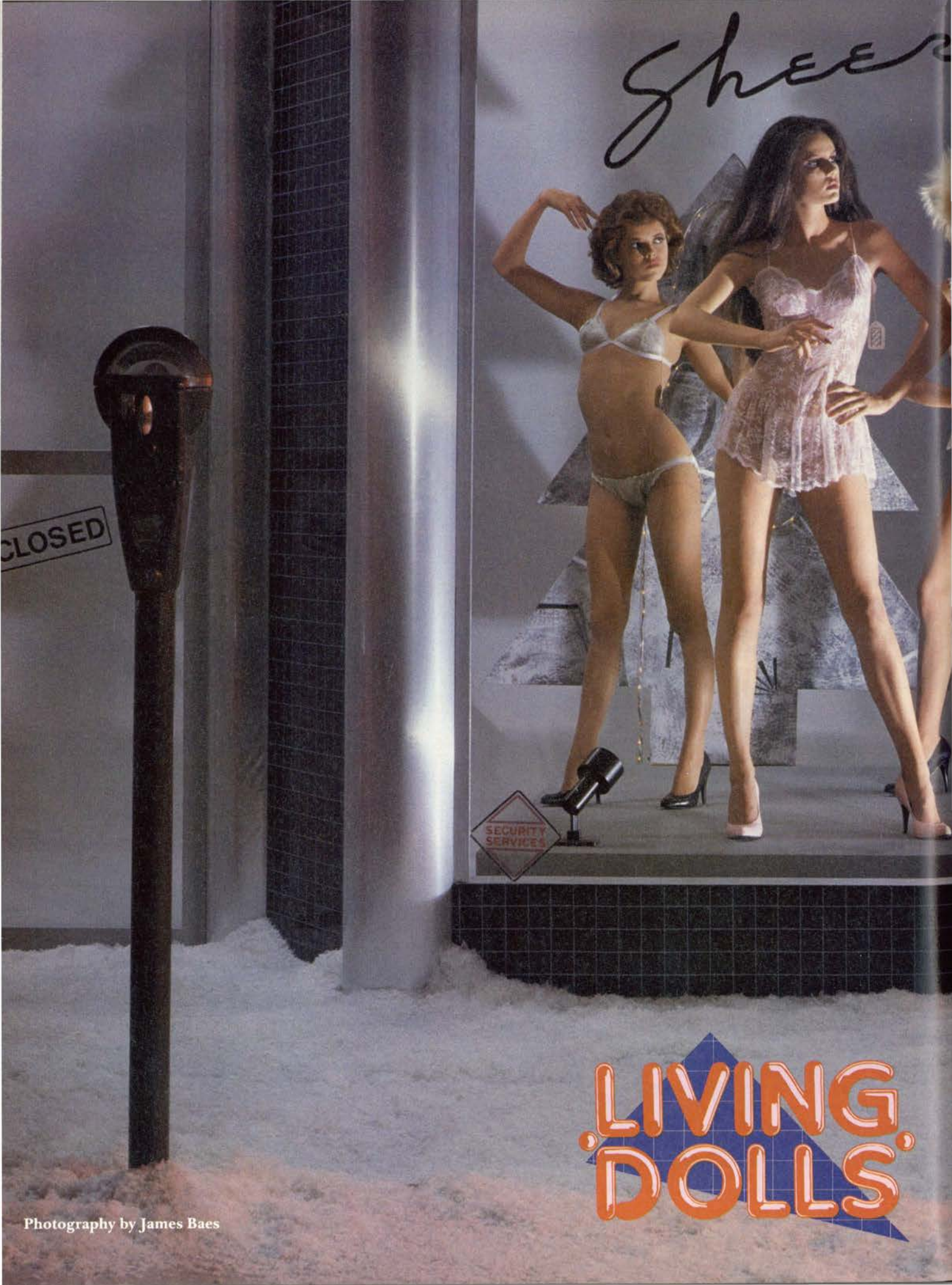
From most joints, hard-rock disco and hot, stale air-conditioning blast out into the tropical night. Inside, under year-round Christmas-tree lights, beer-swigging contractors, businessmen, foreign journalists, low-level embassy-types and GIs down from the big U.S. air and naval bases at Clark Field and Subic Bay bargain with pimps over a take-out price for their favorite girls. Onstage, amid popping strobes and swirling smoke-machine vapors, dancers in pasties and G-strings twitch lazily in time to the music.

The best lookers lounge in the doorways with dowdy Mamma-sans and blue-uniformed "security cops," soliciting quickie sex in darkened upstairs "game rooms." In the space of one city block on one midweek afternoon I received no fewer than five sidewalk invitations for blowjobs, plus one for a "pooljob."

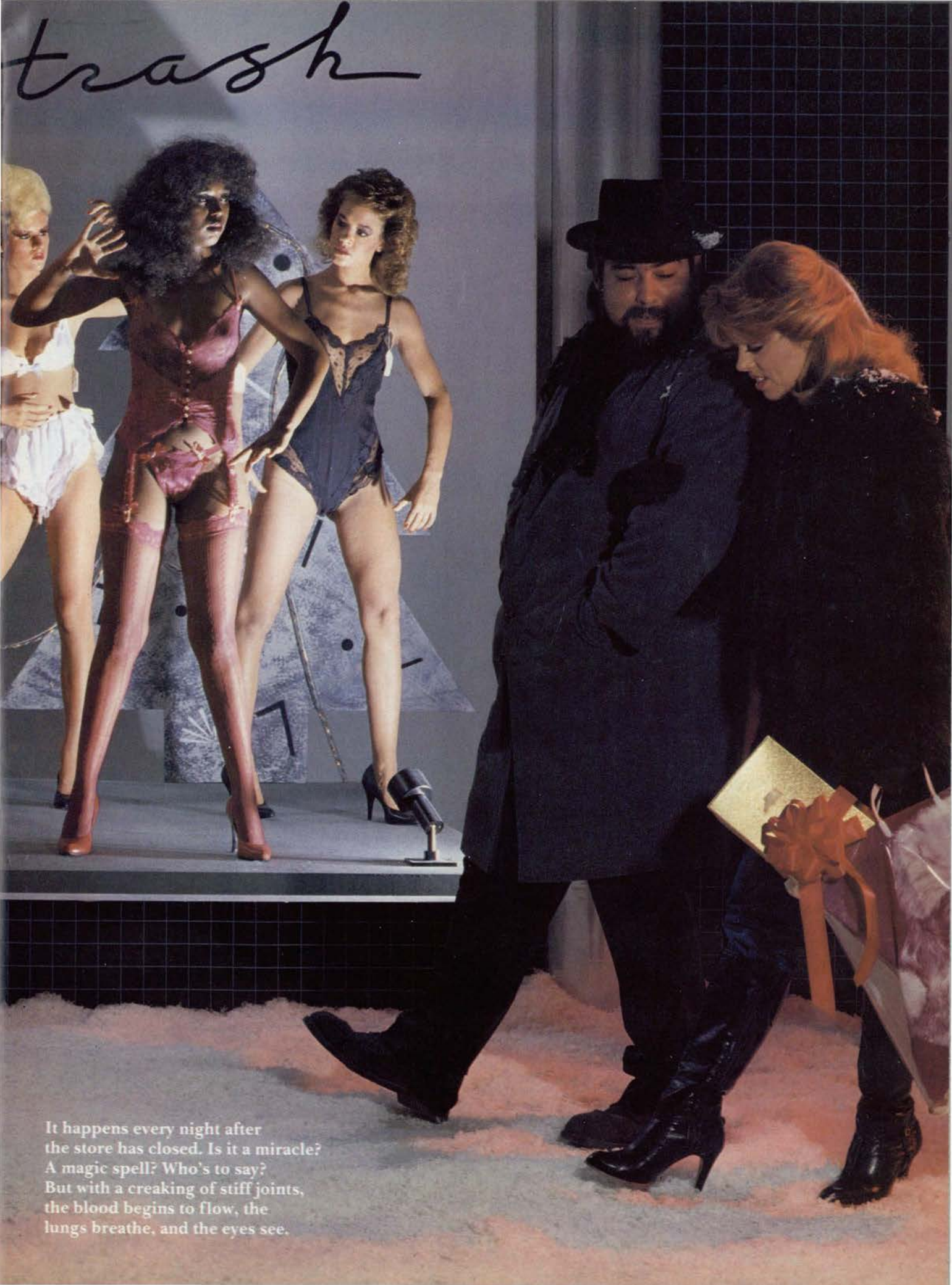
"What's a pooljob?" I asked the chub-

(continued on page 52)

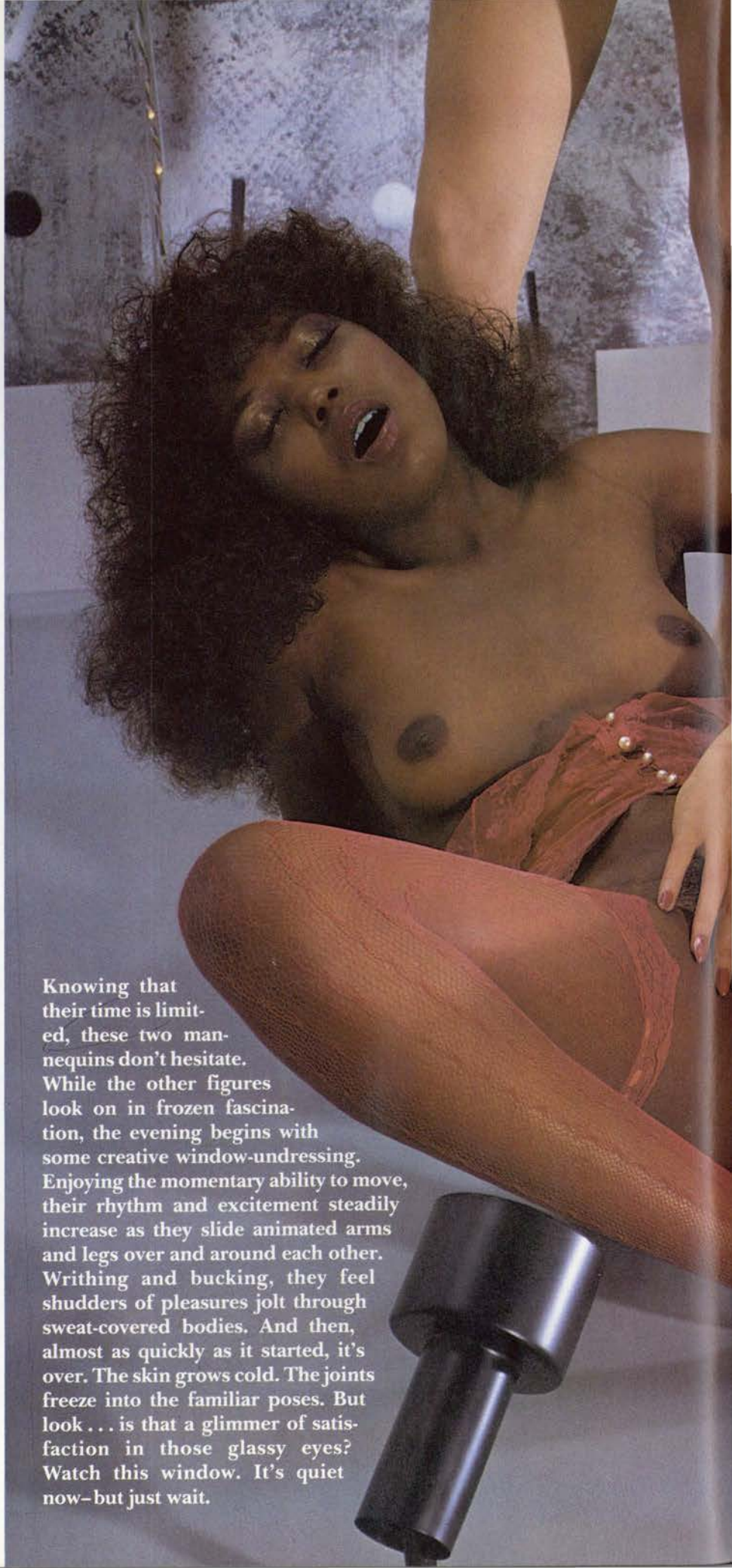
"You know, there's nothing like an old-fashioned Christmas where the whole family gets together!"



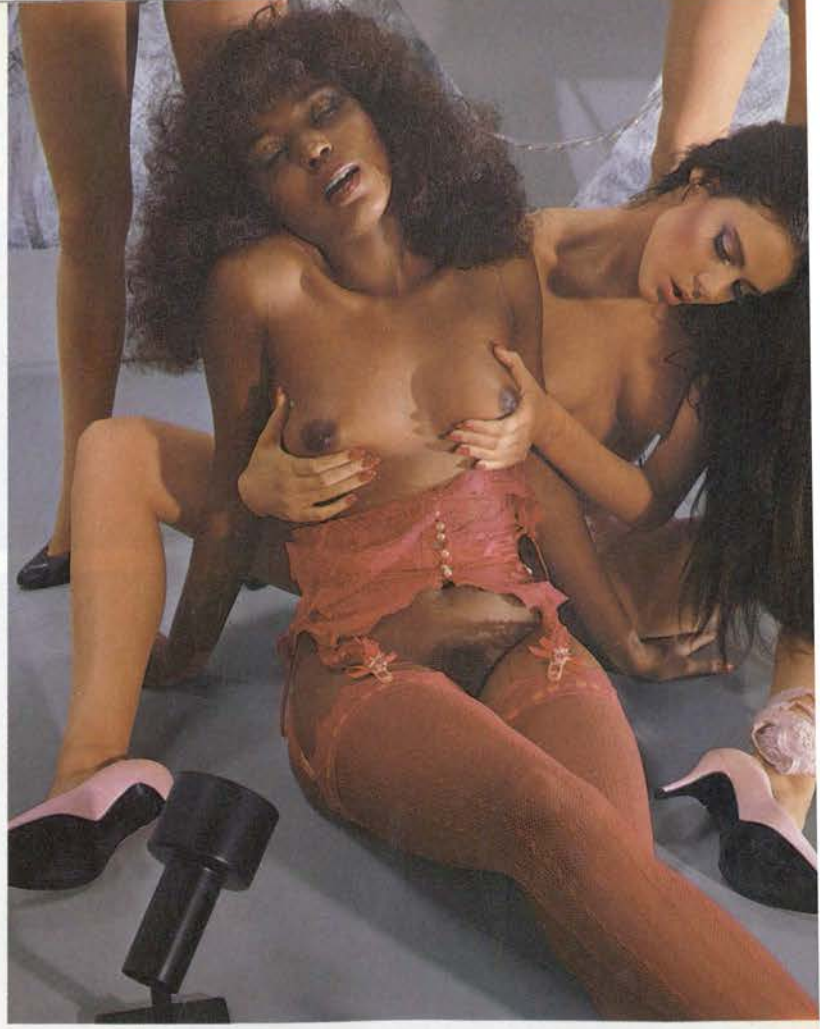
Photography by James Baes



It happens every night after
the store has closed. Is it a miracle?
A magic spell? Who's to say?
But with a creaking of stiff joints,
the blood begins to flow, the
lungs breathe, and the eyes see.



Knowing that their time is limited, these two mannequins don't hesitate. While the other figures look on in frozen fascination, the evening begins with some creative window-undressing. Enjoying the momentary ability to move, their rhythm and excitement steadily increase as they slide animated arms and legs over and around each other. Writhing and bucking, they feel shudders of pleasures jolt through sweat-covered bodies. And then, almost as quickly as it started, it's over. The skin grows cold. The joints freeze into the familiar poses. But look . . . is that a glimmer of satisfaction in those glassy eyes? Watch this window. It's quiet now–but just wait.



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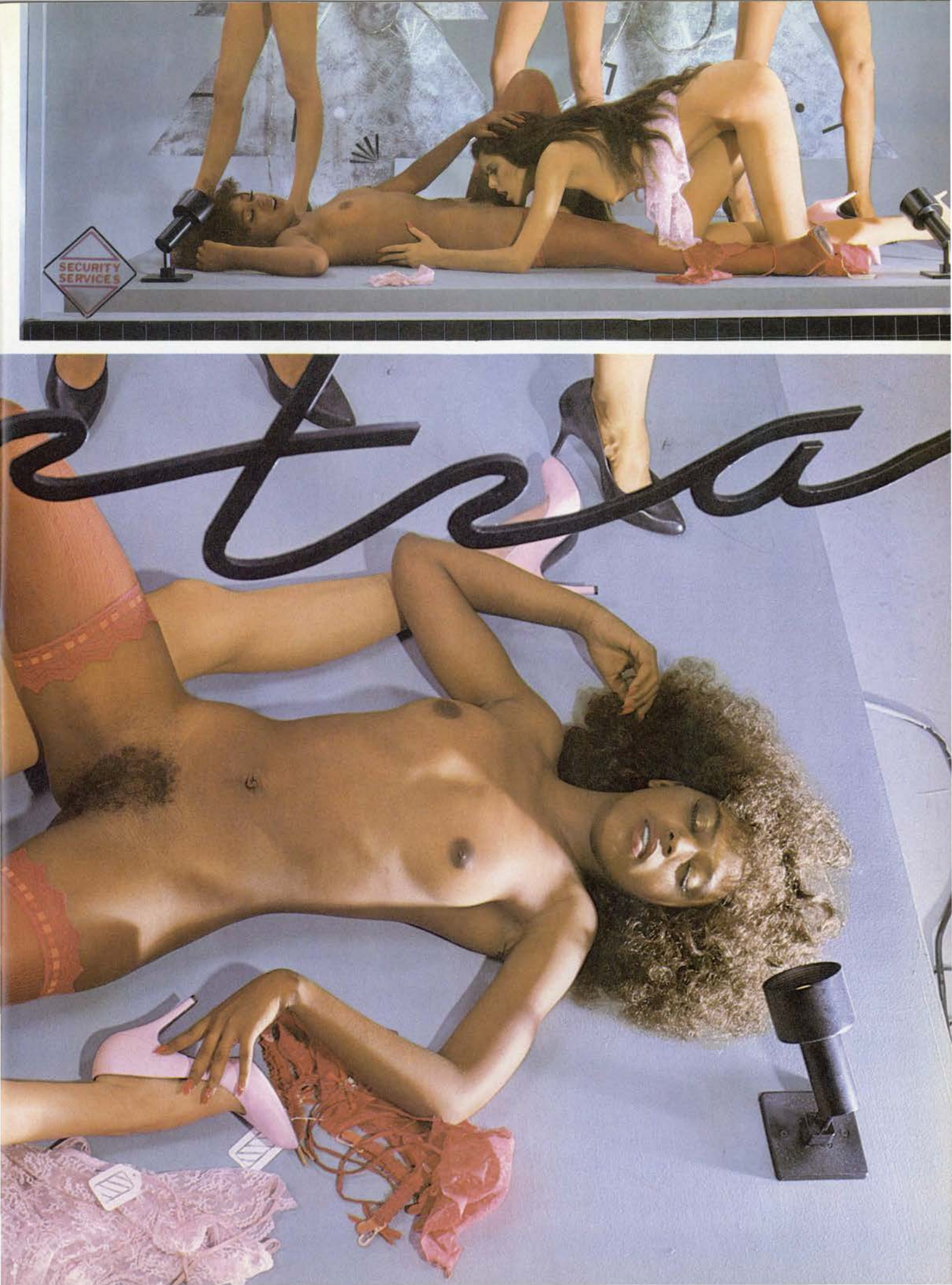
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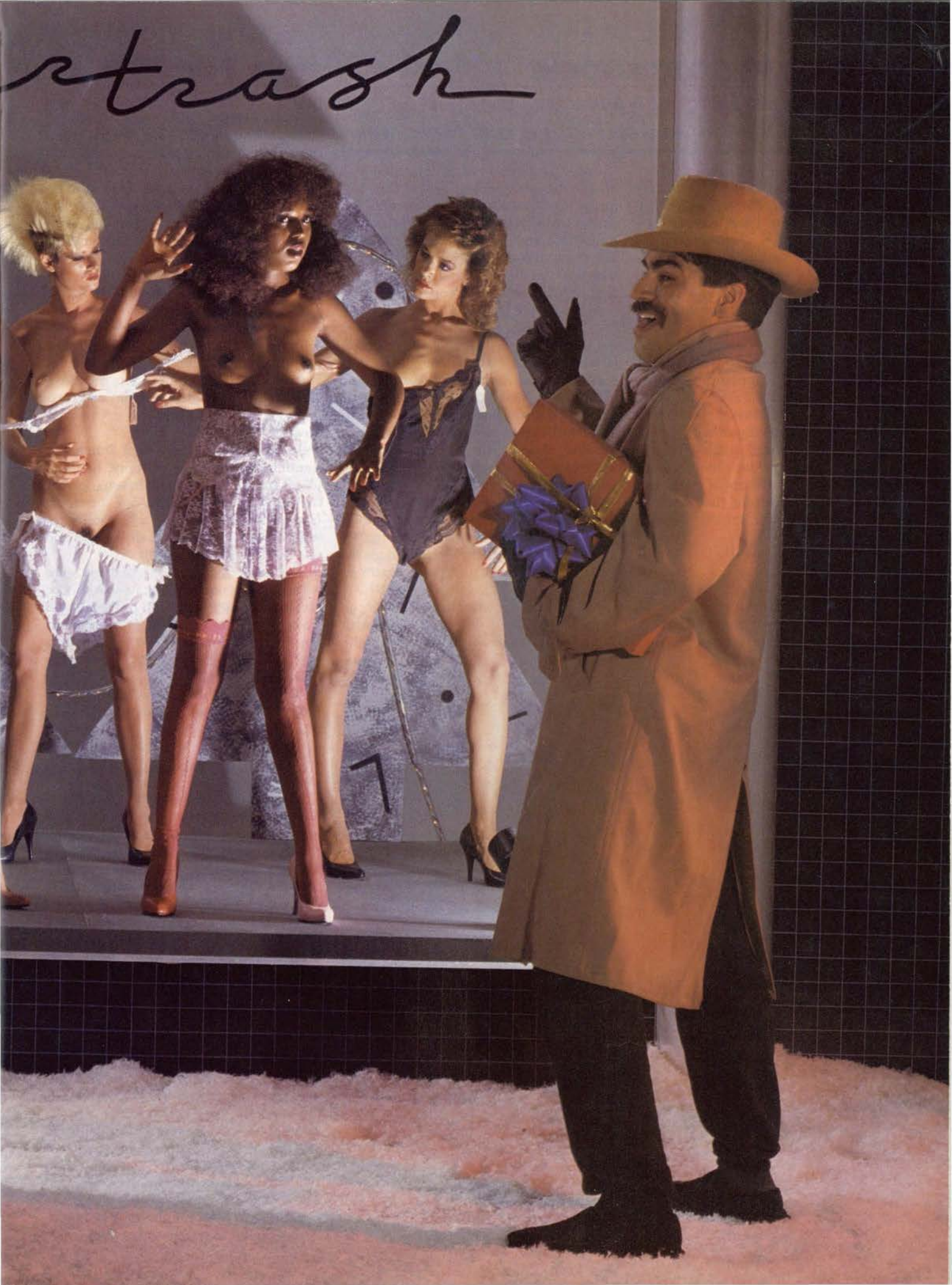

trash

MANILA: PACIFIC SODOM *(continued from page 40)*

After giving the Dutchman a blowjob, the Filipino girl dashed behind the bar and spit out his cum in the sink.

by nymphet who offered to give it to me.

"You know, honey," the girl answered in her Philippine-accented English. "I take you upstairs, and I *pool* it."

And then there is child-peddling–a growing problem. Last year a kiddy-prostitution ring was uncovered in the resort town of Pagsanjan, an hour's drive from Manila. Masquerading as an international adoption agency, the racket placed ads in European newspapers, catered chiefly to middle-aged German and Swiss men–and had shipped out an estimated 4,000 six-, seven- and eight-year-old kids, most of them boys, before it was exposed. When a distinguished Manila newswoman denounced the operation, some customers came back in angry defense of their relationships with the youngsters: The children, they argued, were going to far better homes than they had before.

But one doesn't have to venture to Pagsanjan for juvenile sex. Robinson's Commercial Center, not far from the Philippine Foreign Ministry, is a favorite hangout for teenage pimps peddling stables of kids–incredible as it sounds–as young as four years old. A detachment of Manila Police operating behind the Philippine Cultural Center is notorious for running a bicycle-rental operation, itself unlicensed and illegal, which fronts for a boy-prostitution service. The new boys, a street-savvy Filipino explained to me, are first "broken in" by the cops themselves.

The queen of the child hookers is a tiny (4-10), stacked, 15-year-old *mestiza* girl named Donna who peddles her *barcada* (street family) kids near the Malate Cathedral. When *Paris Match* featured her in an exposé, Donna was led in handcuffs before First Lady Imelda Marcos, who publicly berated her as "a disgrace to the Philippines." The real disgrace is that while Mrs. Marcos dines on truffles at the public trough–wearing $4,000 one-time-only gowns at parties in the presidential palace and distributing diamonds among her cronies–little Donna lives with her mother, three brothers and a younger sister in a 6′ × 6′ shack that has no water or a toilet.

But it's an Ermita District barbecue joint–overflowing day and night with sleazy, half-drunk foreigners–that's the real hotbed for boys like Roberto, age eight. As I took the lad's picture, his pimp held out a hand and demanded, "Two pesos for service." That's about 15¢.

"That's nothing," a longtime Filipino friend told me and Debbie over beers at a journalists' hangout called the Eagle's Nest. "Some kids get paid off in nothing but rubber cement. They squirt it in plastic bags, sit on the curb and inhale it. Zonko!" He shook his head. "Brain damage. You'll see 11-year-old kids who are completely burned out from it."

"What about their parents?" I asked. "Where are they?"

My friend gestured helplessly. "They tolerate it. The economy's so bad, they have no choice." He thought a moment and added, "It's the boys I pity the most. At least the little girls' vaginas are flexible. The boys' assholes can get torn to pieces!"

As he spoke, a bleary-eyed Dutchman wandered down from upstairs, hitching up his pants. He thanked Mamma-san for the blowjob and tottered out the door. His girl came down just a few steps behind him, dashed in back of the bar and spit out his cum in the sink.

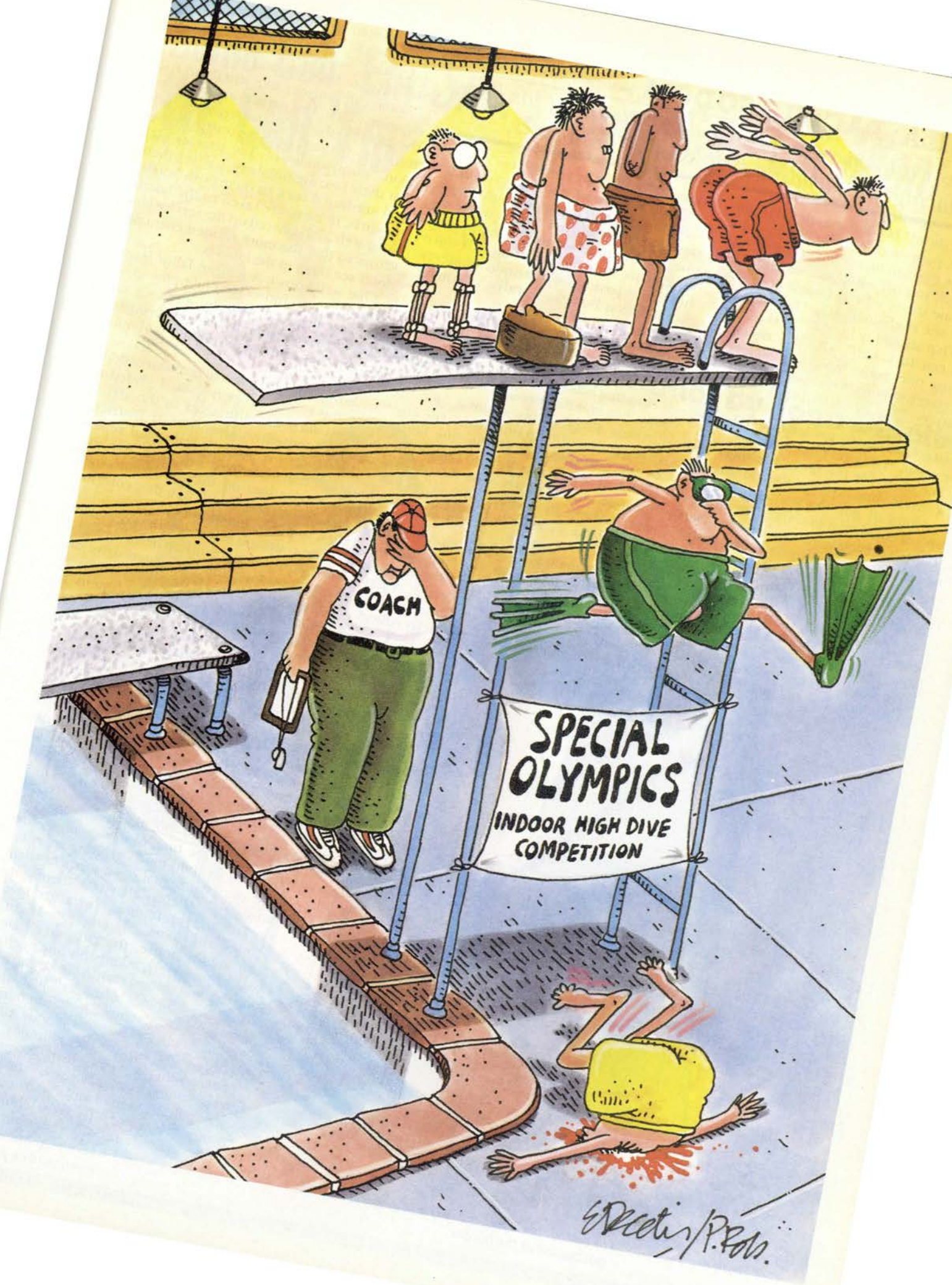
The three of us left the place and were walking down one of Ermita's side streets, picking our way around potholes and trash, when a beer-bellied Filipino wearing a bright-blue golf shirt, white shoes and a wide grin swept up and lapeled me like a long-lost pal.

"Mr. Ray is d'name," he said with the slickness of a professional shill, "an' d'Super Club's d'game!" D'grin blazed like white neon. "A cornucopia of delights!" he cried and then offered us a hit of what proved to be dynamite dope.

I should have known better–my Filipino friend excused himself and beat a hasty retreat. But Debbie wanted at least to take a look. So we piled into a cab with Mr. Ray, and off we went.

A few minutes later we climbed up a dark, dingy stairway and entered a large, bare room that looked like a stage set for a bad play. Five sad-looking girls sat around a too-tall bar in the far corner. Mr. Ray greeted them enthusiastically, fingers wagging Vs overhead like Nixon greeting the nation. "You Light Up My Life" blared fuzzily from a cheap stereo. The stench of piss, stale beer and grass hung in the hot air like ribbons. A bored, skinny barboy, a big-breasted little girl and an aging female barfly followed us down a long, dark corridor into a small, neon-lit room just large enough for a red-plastic bed and matching benches. An "I Love Jesus" sticker was pasted on the wall over the bed. A foot-long rat eased out of a hole in a broken patch of plaster, scurried along the baseboard, then stopped to watch, nose twitching.

"Take off those fucking bells!"


COACH
SPECIAL OLYMPICS
INDOOR HIGH DIVE COMPETITION

MANILA: PACIFIC SODOM *(continued from page 52)*

Last year an American labor leader astounded his hosts by servicing an unending succession of prostitutes.

"Live show!" Mr. Ray exclaimed triumphantly, pumping his fat fist like a piston. "D'little one will fuck d'boy! D'other one will suck you off while you watch!" The little one struck a Betty Grable pose. The other one studiously picked her nose.

"What about my friend?" I asked.

"*I* can fuck her!" Mr. Ray declared, flexing one *macho* bicep and squeezing his own ominous schwantz through his trousers. "Six hundred pesos [$42.86], d'whole ball game!"

In a voice edging toward hysteria, Debbie cried, "Let's get outa here!"

We made for the door, the stairs and the street, but Mr. Ray was no give-up-easy kind of guy. As we jumped into a cab, we could hear him shouting after us, "How 'bout you buy some Thai *ma* [marijuana]? Plenty quantity, only 600 pesos!"

This time our cabby proved a useful connection. Overhearing us breathlessly recounting the Super Club episode, he introduced himself as "Ra-hool" and announced, "Live show? I take you there. Good place. Six pesos."

We shrugged and nodded.

Delighted, Ra-hool inquired, "You want to see d'live show by yourselves?"

"Why do you ask?" I said suspiciously.

Ra-hool hesitated, giggled with embarrassment, then blurted out, "I never see one, sir. I want to see too." He was grinning at us stupidly, radiating a forlorn hope and paying no attention whatever to the Roxas Boulevard traffic swarming around us.

We started to laugh. The night was still young; we were still stoned. "Why the fuck not?" we asked each other.

And that was how Debbie and I found Sally, Eva and Renato–and how Ra-hool, furtively flogging his schlong, got his first glimpse of "fighting fish." The cost of the performance: $17.86 (the house took half off the top, Renato took half of the rest, and the girls split the remainder). After the Super Club it almost seemed like a class act.

* * *

"Apartment girls," call houses and motels are a step up from "fighting fish" and the Ermita scene–but they offer nothing less in the way of erotic diversity. Apartment girls, a cabby recommended by our bellboy explained, are chiefly collegians centered in the Malate District and known by the school they attend for their specialties: Assumption for straight sex, St. Paul's for blowjobs and so forth.

Some call houses cater strictly to foreign sex tours: The tourists are bused to the houses; the girls, scantily clad with numbers on their chests, sit on display behind "meat windows." The tourists pick out their favorite numbers, pay for them and are bused back to their posh hotels; the girls, in turn, are taken to the hotels separately and ushered up the service elevators so that the more refined clientele don't see them in the lobbies.

One well-known American labor leader utterly astounded his Philippine-government hosts last year by servicing an unending succession of such girls brought up the back stairs of the dignified Manila Hotel.

Straightforward sexual take-out orders are the rule at other houses. I visited a dozen such establishments in the affluent, supposedly sinless Makati District. (So spotless is Makati's self-styled reputation that its mayor not long ago announced a ban on the construction of motels–on the grounds that they contributed to public immorality.)

The routine is essentially the same at all the houses: A taxi pulls up before a high-walled dwelling and steel-gated drive on any of countless dark, tree-lined streets; a pedestrian door in the gate opens a crack, spilling out light; the cabby exchanges a few words in Tagalog–the Filipino language–with the gate guard, establishing his cut in any financial transaction that might follow. Then the customer is politely escorted into a comfortable living room invariably decorated with a HUSTLER centerfold, a tablecloth tapestry of the Last Supper and an Infant Jesus doll–lit by votive candles–in a glass case over the sofa.

The girls–as few as a half dozen, as many as 25 or 30, depending on the house and the time of day or night–are ushered in amid much giggling speculation over the sexual equipment of their prospective clients. They take their seats on couches or folding chairs grouped around the room. Sipping San Miguel beer on-the-house, the customer ogles back appraisingly, asking this one or that one to stand up and turn around, and advising the Filipino "manager" just what sort of sexual adventure he has in mind.

What I had in mind was a Woody Allen-Walter Mitty fantasy the Filipinos call "deuces wild"–a pair of lush, beautiful, exotic women in a fancy pay-by-the-hour sex motel, the kind of kinky pad one only encounters in porn flicks. (Debbie had business elsewhere; so I was on my own.) And I got what I wanted–in Manila you

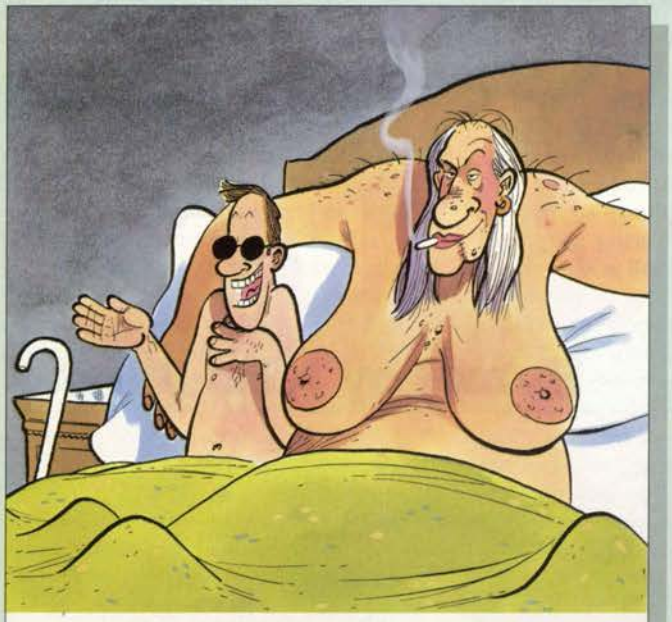
(continued on page 94)

"There were supposed to be four of us, but the guy carrying the cocaine got busted at the border."

Some Call 'Em *Sis*... Some Call 'Em *Mom*...
We Call 'Em

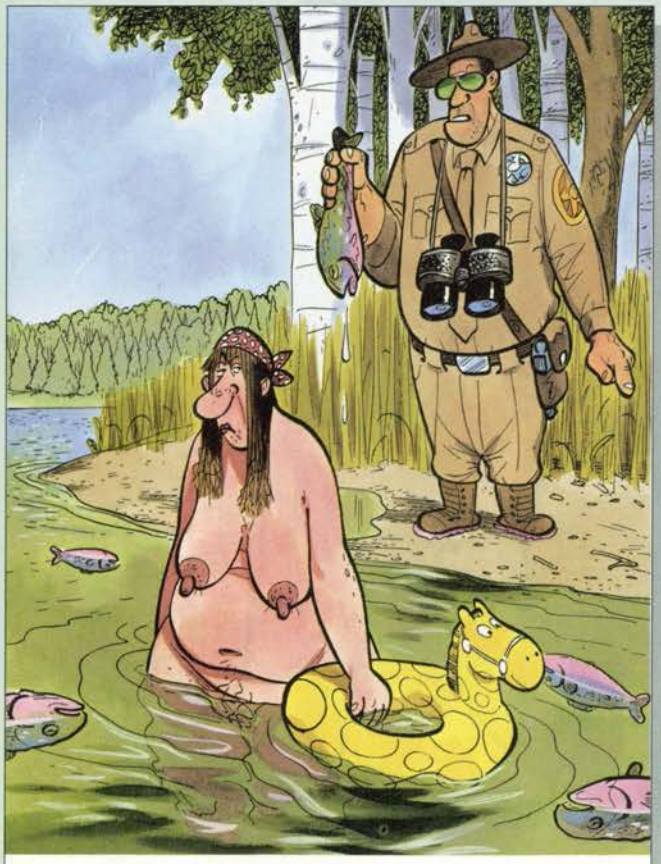
DAWGS

Humor by John Billette



"Wow! I still can't believe it! Me in bed with Ann-Margret!"

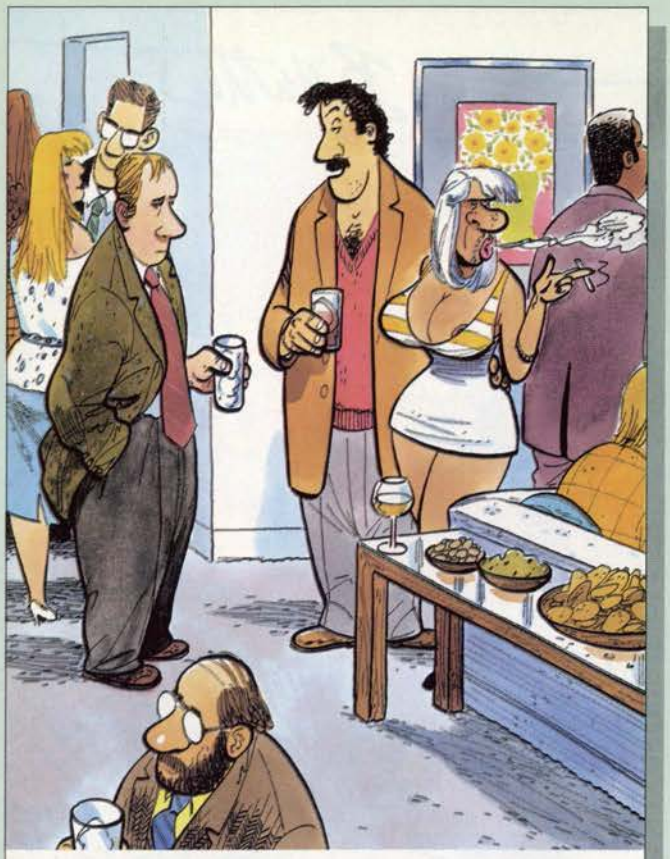
"I have to take you off Sunday-school duty, Sister. You're frightening the bejesus out of the children!"



"You'll have to come out of the lake, miss. The trout are dying!"

"Martha, they say a good scare will cure hiccups. Go look in the mirror. . . ."

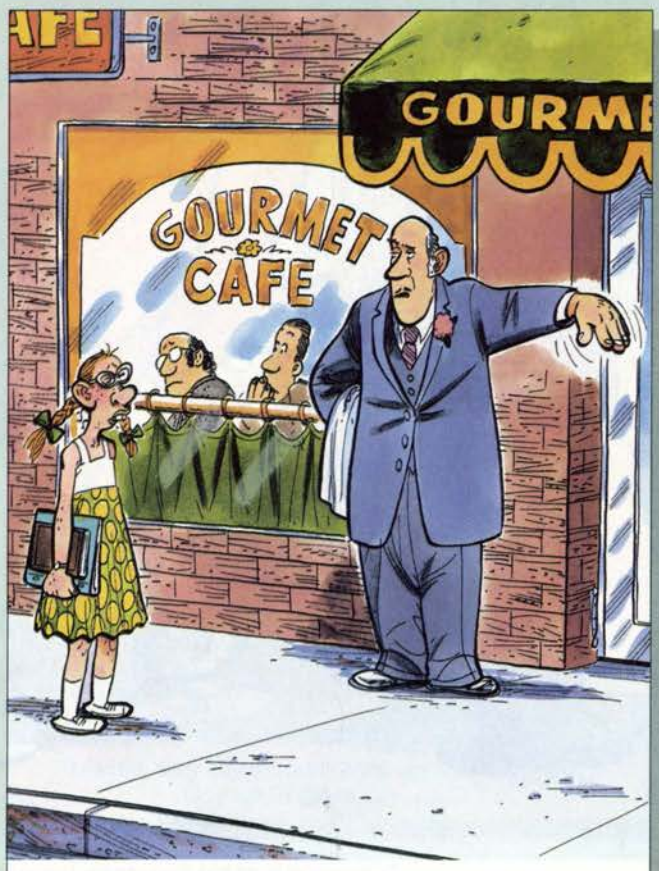
"Our relationship has gone beyond just sex, Edna. I've simply become awed by the sheer epic vastness of it all!"



"Sure, she costs me a fortune in paper bags. But, hey, it's worth it!"

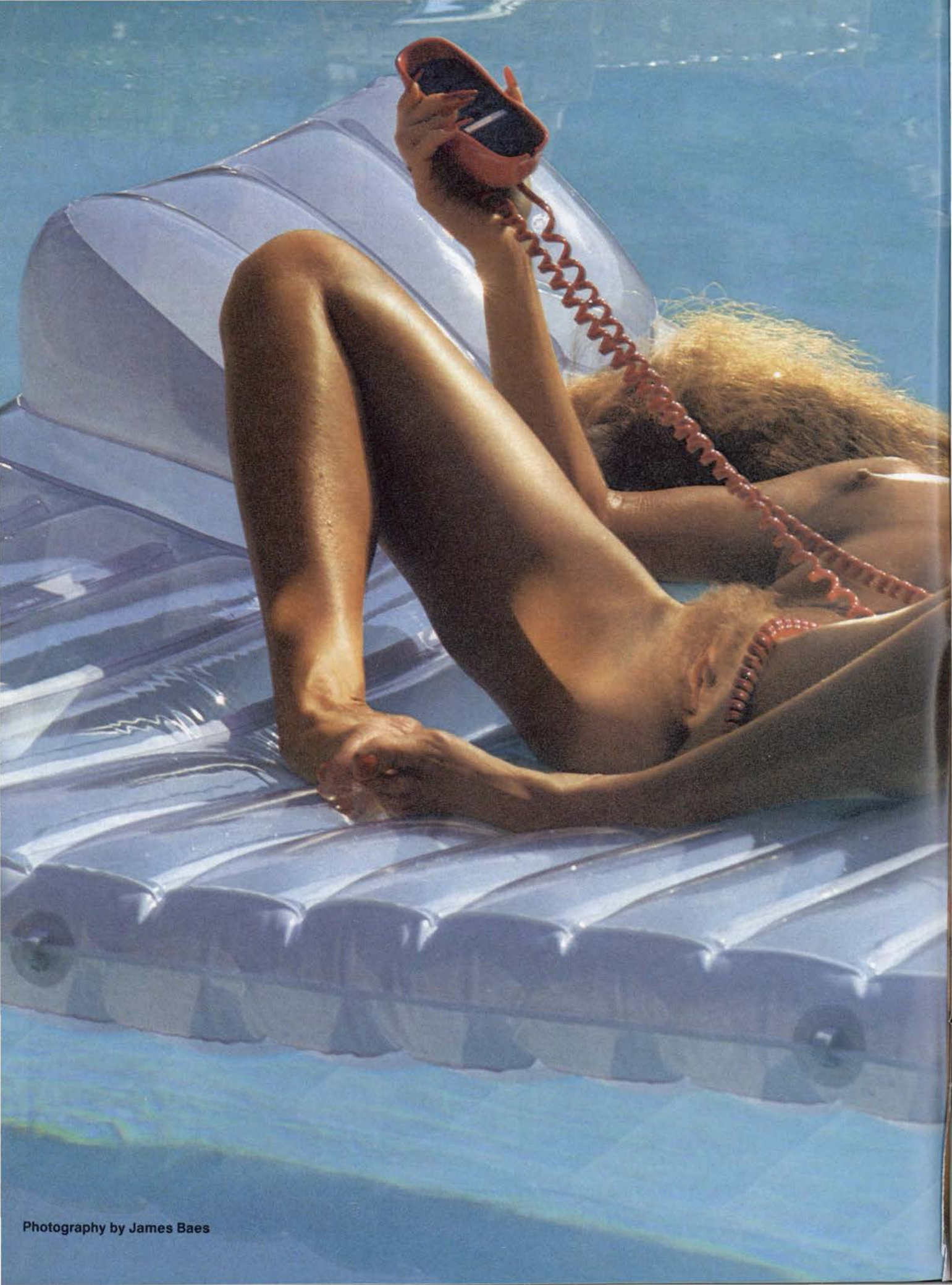
"Well, it's closing time, Buzzy. Looks like it's just you and me again tonight!"

"Oh, hey, no thanks . . . really . . . no . . . nope . . . really . . . no-o-o. . . ."

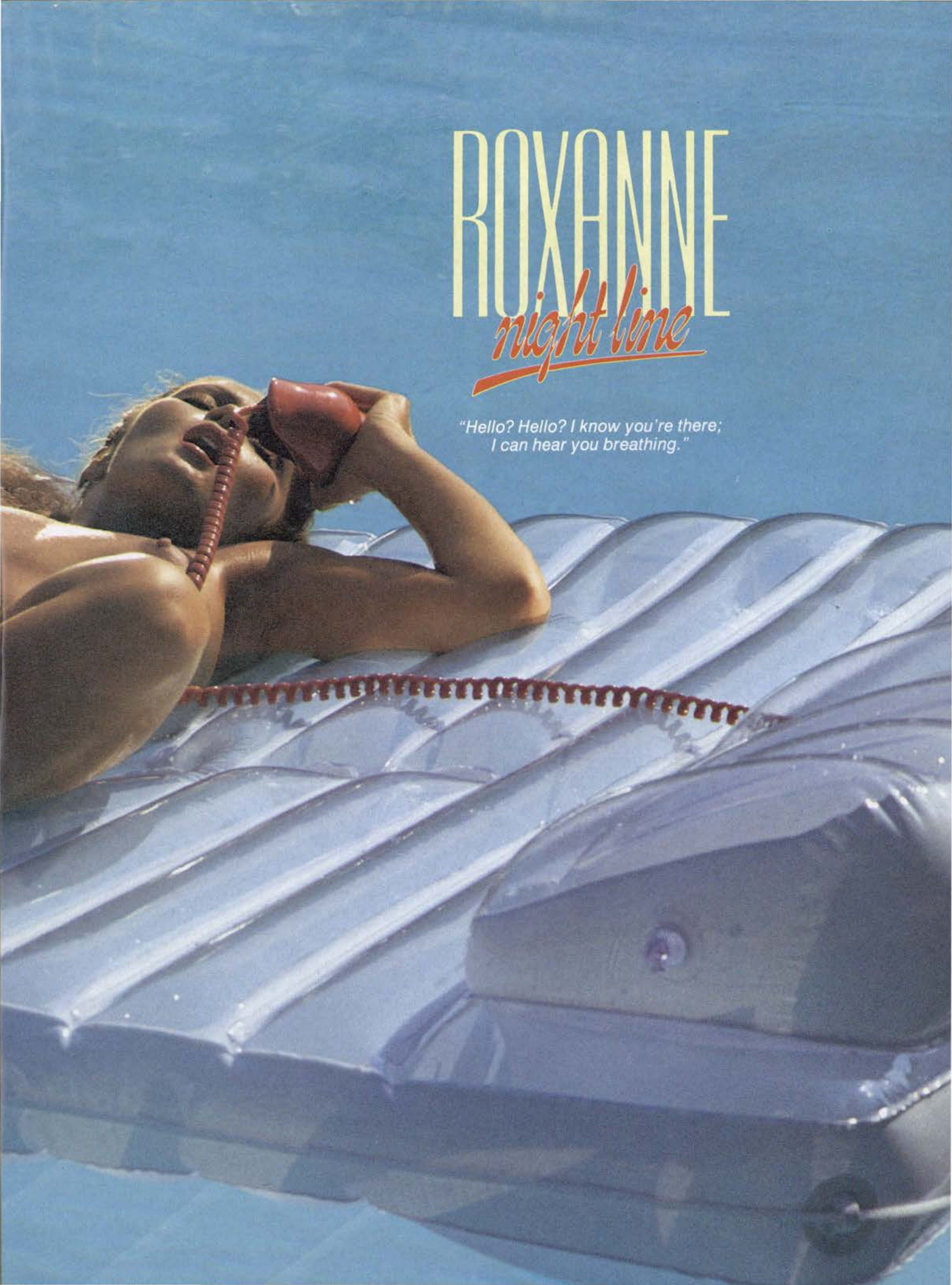


"Run along, little girl, run along. I have people trying to eat in here!"

Trosley



Photography by James Baes


ROXANNE
night line
"Hello? Hello? I know you're there;
I can hear you breathing."

"You'd like to what?
You've got a filthy mouth.
Tell me more."

"Touch myself?
How would you do it
if you were here?
Like this? Hey, you
don't play fair. . . .
Now I'm hot and wet,
and I'm all alone."

"Yes, yes, oh . . .
like that. Keep talking.
I'm so close, so close, oooh,
I need it so bad."

4
3
8
#
2
7
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6
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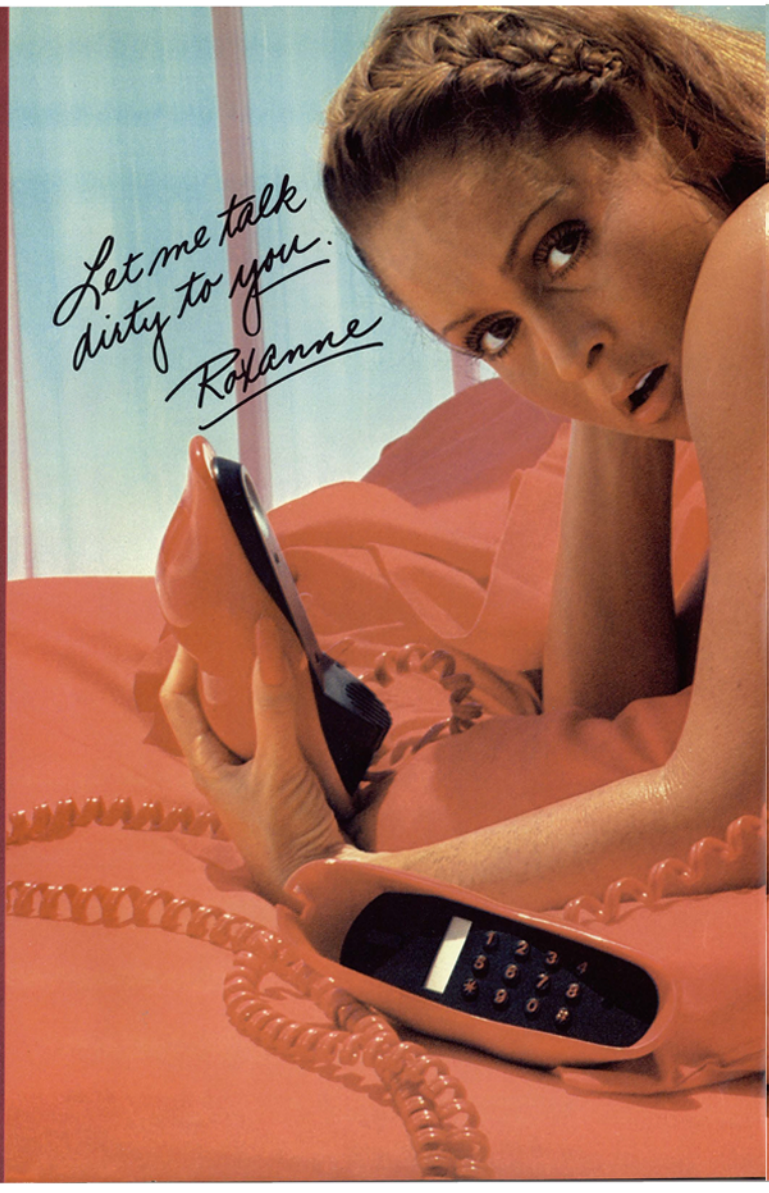
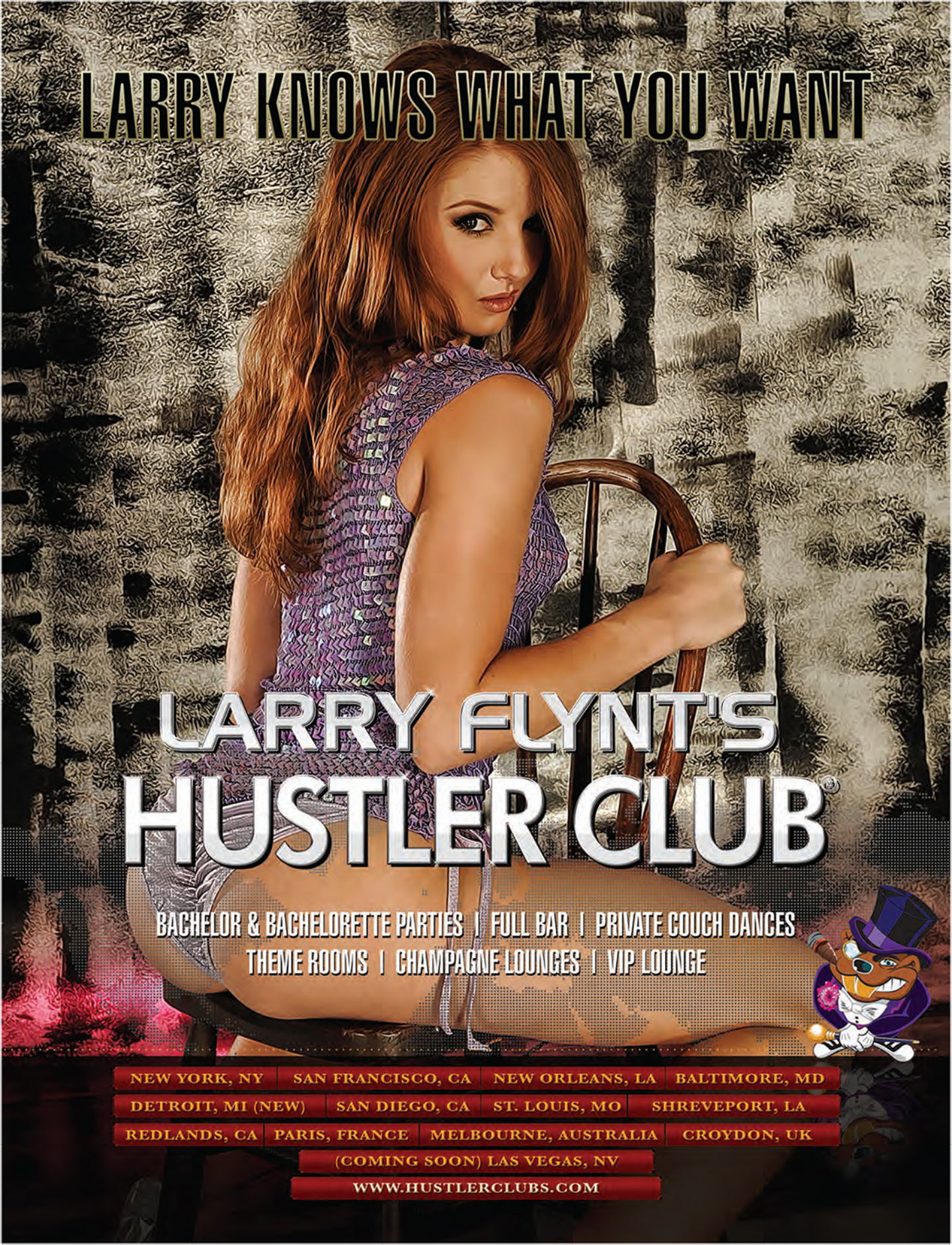
9
5
*

"M-m-m yes, I'm rubbing it.
So good, so good, oh baby! I'm gonna . . . come . . . right . . . now!
Thanks, that was great. . . . Say, what's your name, anyway?"

HUSTLER'S HONEY • JANUARY 1985

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LARRY FLYNT'S
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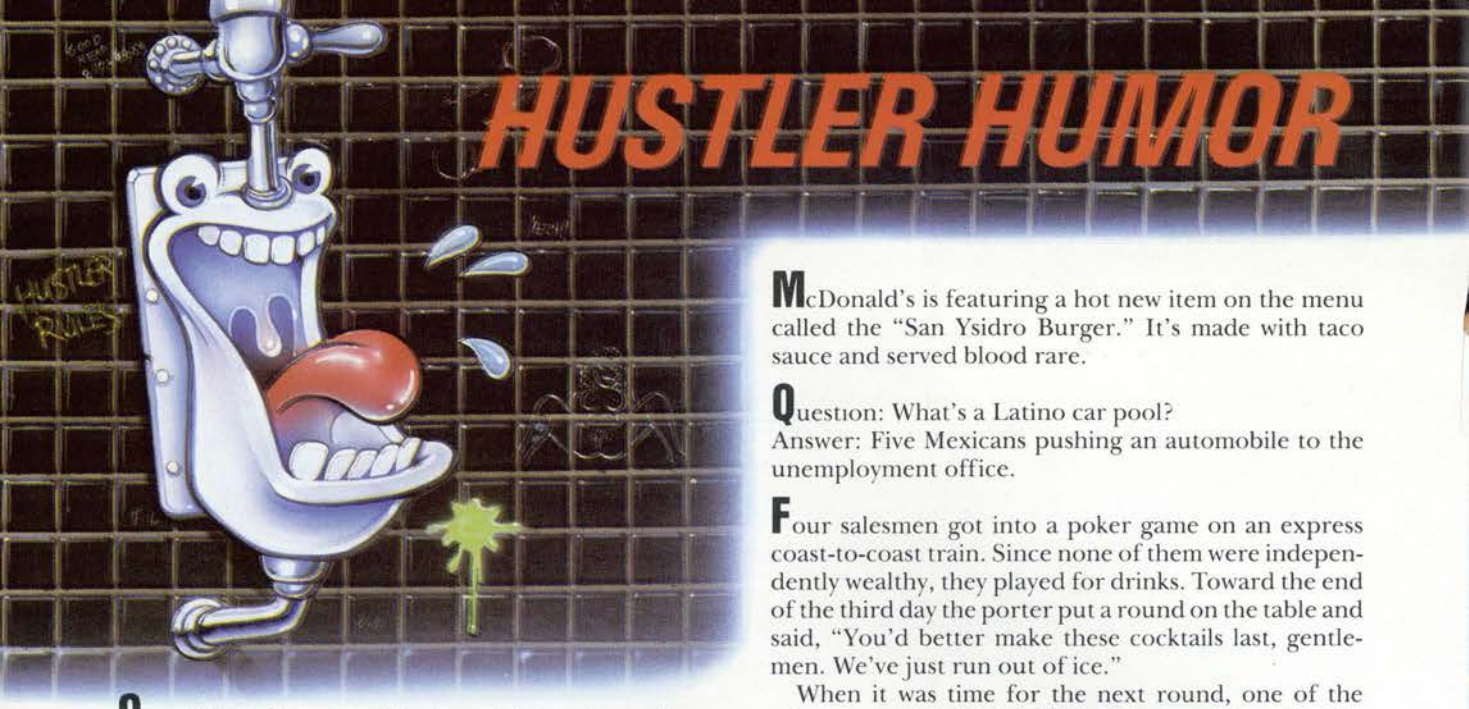


One night in Texas a midget went into a bar and ordered a steak. "You wouldn't want one of our steaks," the bartender told him. "They're four inches thick."

"You'd better bring me two of them then," replied the little fellow.

The midget was served, and after he finished both steaks, he turned to the barkeep and said, "Now I'm thirsty; bring me a whiskey."

"You wouldn't want one of our whiskeys," said the bartender. "They're 50 ounces."

"Then you'd better bring me two of them."

The bartender brought two whiskeys, and after gulping them down, one swallow each, the midget asked, "Where can I find a woman tonight?"

"You wouldn't want one of our women," the barkeep explained. "Their pussies are big enough to hold a baseball bat."

"Well," the midget said, "they stretch, don't they?"

Question: What should you do if you find an epileptic in a swimming pool?
Answer: Throw in a load of wash.

A married man went to confession and told the priest, "Father, I've had an affair with another woman."

"I see," said the priest gravely. "But I cannot give you absolution, my son, until you tell me who she is."

"Okay, Father," said the guy after some thought, "her name is Pussy Greene, and she's a blonde and a knockout."

At mass the following Sunday a remarkably gorgeous blonde made her way down the aisle and into the front pew. Standing in the shadows, the priest looked her over and finally asked the altar boy, "Son, is that Pussy Greene?"

The altar boy stooped down and peered up at the woman. Then he answered, "No, Father, I think that's just the reflection from the stained-glass windows."

Two Polish pilots were flying to the United States for the first time. Once cleared for landing, they braked, hit their reverse thrusters and came screeching to a halt.

"Whew!" exclaimed the pilot to the co-pilot. "That was the shortest runway I've ever seen!"

"Yeah," said the co-pilot, "but it sure is wide!"

McDonald's is featuring a hot new item on the menu called the "San Ysidro Burger." It's made with taco sauce and served blood rare.

Question: What's a Latino car pool?
Answer: Five Mexicans pushing an automobile to the unemployment office.

Four salesmen got into a poker game on an express coast-to-coast train. Since none of them were independently wealthy, they played for drinks. Toward the end of the third day the porter put a round on the table and said, "You'd better make these cocktails last, gentlemen. We've just run out of ice."

When it was time for the next round, one of the salesmen excused himself and returned shortly with four ice cubes wrapped in his handkerchief. After that, each time a round arrived, he would get up, go out and come back with four ice cubes.

At the end of the fifth day he returned with the usual ice cubes but wearing a sad smile. "Friends," he said, "you'd better enjoy these drinks. If I take any more ice, that body isn't going to keep to Los Angeles!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *blowjob* as: romancing the bone.

An antique fanatic had been looking for a certain grandfather clock for many years. One day he happened into a clockmaker's shop where, lo and behold, stood the timepiece of his dreams. "How much do you want for that clock?" he asked the clerk breathlessly.

"Two thousand dollars," came the answer.

"I'll take it!" the man exclaimed.

"Do you want me to load it in the trunk of your car?" asked the clerk after the sale had been consummated.

"No, no!" said the man. "I'm afraid someone may rearend me and smash it."

"Then how do you propose to transport it?" asked the clerk. "We *don't* deliver."

After some thought the man answered, "I know! Strap it to my back. I'll *carry* it home."

The clerk hefted the clock onto his back, strapped it down, and off the man went. Halfway home he was passing a bar when suddenly a drunk came stumbling out. He bumped into the man and sent the clock crashing to the pavement, where it broke into many pieces. The man pulled himself up and began cussing hysterically at the drunk.

"Hey, wait a minute," said the drunk indignantly. "If you were half smart, you silly son of a bitch, you'd wear a wristwatch like everyone else."

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 jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry–we cannot return submissions.

"Ho, ho, ho."

MANILA: PACIFIC SODOM (continued from page 94)

Baby's dusky fingers slipped between the peach-fuzz lips and found the American's clit. Debbie gasped.

been shot. "We don't do dat either." She picked up the phone. "I have to call d'house and tell them where we are."

It was a short, staccato Tagalog conversation–just long enough for me to wilt and for Yoli to go to the bathroom. Before we could recover the mood, there was still another knock at the door.

"Room service, sir," the voice intoned. "I have your change."

"Please," I muttered. "Just leave it outside, dammit!"

The phone rang once more: "Betamax again, sir. Are you getting color? Others are complaining they are getting no color."

"Color!" I shouted. "Wonderful color!" The Viking goddess was on all fours, taking her stud's cock doggy-style.

"Yugggh!" Deena groaned–and this time she threw herself sideways across the bed, knocking the chicken basket onto the floor and overturning two bottles of beer. Her arm struck the control panel, shutting off the Betamax and turning the lights up full. The stereo belched out "The Shadow of Your Smile" at howitzer volume. The bed began bucking like the mechanical bull in a slow-motion version of *Urban Cowboy*.

"Did you ever think maybe you went into the wrong line of work?" I asked Deena. She lapsed into a pout, her feelings hurt.

And, of course, just then the phone rang again. "Your time is up on d'Betamax, sir," the clerk informed me pleasantly. "Do you want to pay for another hour?" I glanced into the bathroom. Yoli–cool, lovely Yoli–had lifted the toilet seat and was squatting on the porcelain bowl, taking a leak while munching on a drumstick. I'd always thought my fantasies were pretty indestructible, but that was the last straw. My "deuces wild" dream was leaking away with her.

"I think not," I told the clerk, pulling my shirt on. "I think we'll be leaving shortly."

Deena and Yoli found it hilarious. All the way back to Bautista Enterprises they regaled the driver with a rapid-fire Tagalog account of all that had happened. I didn't understand a word of it. But I learned what the girls *thought* had happened as soon as we dropped them off.

The driver swung the cab around the corner, pulled up at the curb and asked me in the most earnest and concerned tone, "Do you think you would like a *boy*, sir?"

The next night was Debbie's turn–and Debbie wanted a girl! She also wanted me to watch. "I've always wondered what it would be like," she explained in our cab. "I don't want to go down on her; I want her to do me. And where, outside of this sexual candy store, am I going to get the chance?"

We pulled up at another Makati house. "Boy"–a tall, handsome Filipino in white safari suit and matching shoes–led us inside. "Aha," he said when I explained what we'd come for.

He beckoned to a short-haired Leslie Caron-type with coffee-colored skin, wearing a blue-and-white ruffled party dress. "Baby," he said. She stood up and smiled provocatively. In the space of a wink, Debbie's face went from surprise to delight to wariness to fright. ("I felt," she said later, "as if suddenly *I* was the one being chosen–and it made me wonder how they can do it night after night.") She took a deep breath.

"Okay," Debbie said softly. "But I think I'm going to need some–you know–to go through with this."

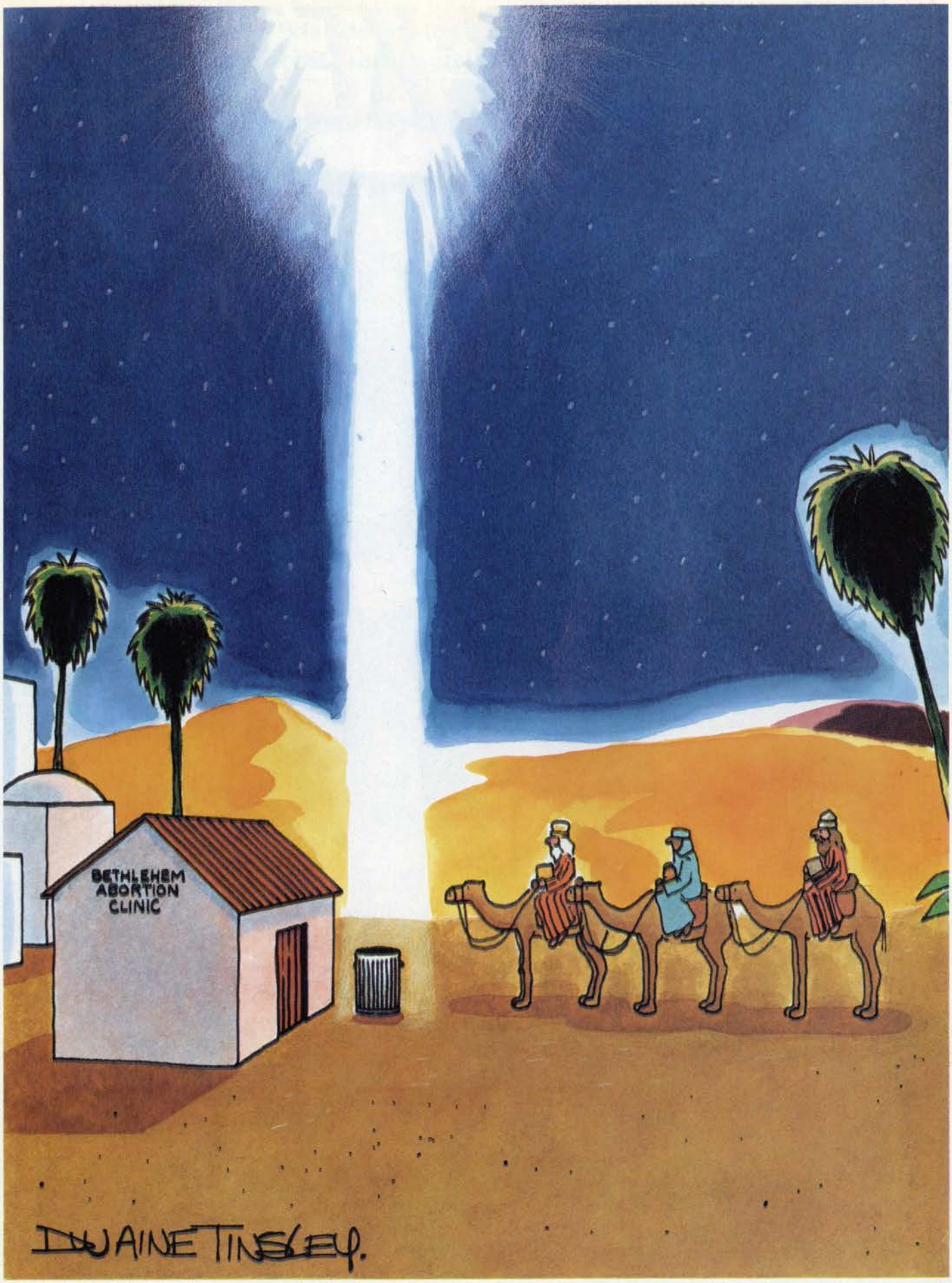
I knew, and I took Boy aside. Baby, he said, was 250 pesos ($17.85) for Debbie alone or 500 if we both balled her. Then, like an attentive waiter, he recited through his menu of controlled substances. On hand he had Bagulo Gold and Tawi-Tawi ("It beats Maui-Wowie"), Quaaludes and Mogadon ("Which is like Valium"). He could also send out for mushrooms from Mindoro. Cocaine, he said, ran $100 a gram. We settled for $7.15 worth of Tawi-Tawi and a quarter gram of coke. Baby, Debbie and I got back into the cab, and I directed grandly, "Home, James!"

"Not James, sir," the driver corrected. "Poogy."

We breezed through the lobby without turning a head, went straight to my room and snapped on the night lock. I lit up a joint, passed it around, then laid out the lines and turned down the lights. We toked, snorted, toked again. It was fast–and fine. Seated beside Debbie on the couch, Baby looked deep in her eyes, smiled what seemed an ever-widening smile and leaned toward her very slowly until they could feel each other's breath on their lips.

Abruptly, Debbie broke contact, got up and went into the bathroom to take a shower. Emerging in the heavy terrycloth robe the hotel provided, she stretched out on the bed's clean white turned-down sheets. Baby followed, nude except for a bath sheet wrapped around her. Soon

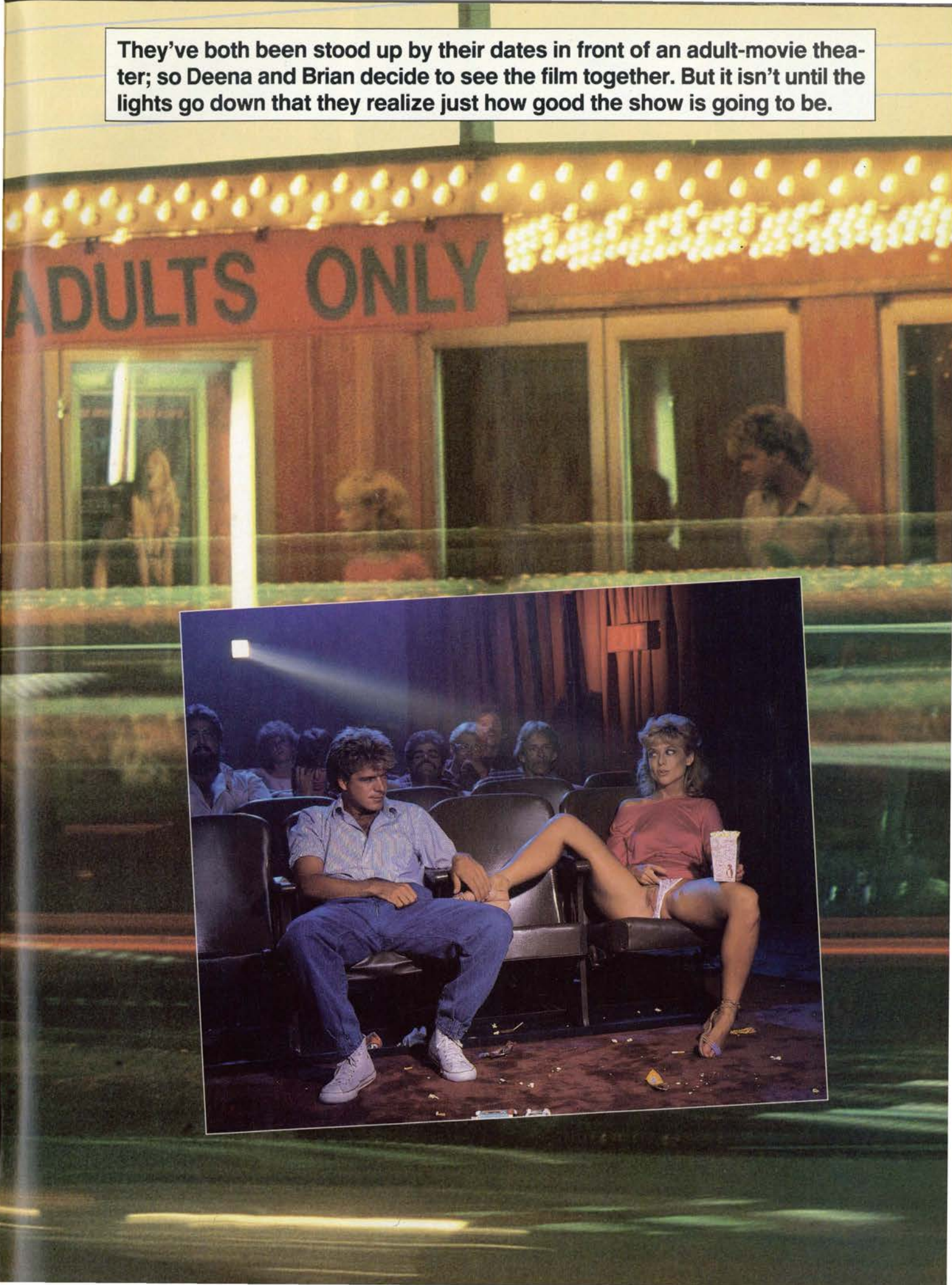
(continued on page 114)

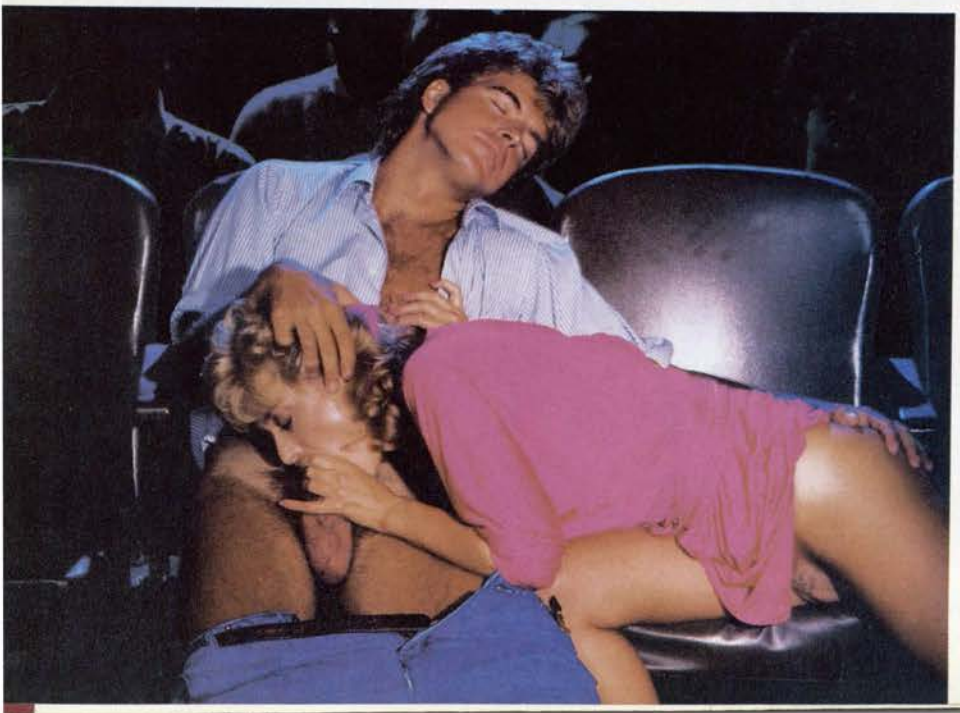

BETHLEHEM
ABORTION
CLINIC
DWAINE TINSLEY.

HOT TICKET

Photography by Matti Klatt

They've both been stood up by their dates in front of an adult-movie theater; so Deena and Brian decide to see the film together. But it isn't until the lights go down that they realize just how good the show is going to be.





Taking their cues from the screen, the couple begin to explore each other with a frenzy that duplicates the porno pros they're watching.

Before long, Deena and Brian are in a world of their own, their soft moans muffled only by the movie soundtrack.

As their excitement escalates, the seats can no longer hold them. They tumble onto the floor–and into high gear.

The movie reaches its final explosive climax just as the acrobatic duo arrive at their own. If X-rated-film fans were eligible for awards, Deena and Brian would be sure winners in a special category–Best Unscripted Performance of the Year.

THE
END

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. 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)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature | Date

FRANK SNEPP

(continued from page 64)

gence agency from engaging in the assassination of foreign leaders?

SNEPP: Yes, but that directive exists without approval of Congress, and it can be revoked whenever the President wants–and revoked *secretly*. And even under the existing rule against assassination, "terrorists" are still fair game. The problem is that the definition of terrorist is very vague, and the President can order the assassination of just about anybody he wants to without notifying Congress or anyone else.

HUSTLER: Apart from assassinations, what's the worst thing the CIA is currently involved in?

SNEPP: Well, the most *spectacular* operation is the buildup of covert forces working against the leftist Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. In 1979 the Sandinistas not only threw out a dictator we'd supported for decades–Anastasio Somoza–but they supposedly began lending military aid to the leftist guerrillas in El Salvador.

The operation against the Sandinistas was a modest one at the beginning. A force of some 500 *contras*–the right-wing opponents of the Sandinistas–was put together in the early days of the Reagan Administration under the direction of about 50 CIA operatives and contract employees in the field. In their current form the *contra* forces have gone up to about 12,000.

They're still badly outnumbered by the 25,000 in the Sandinista army though, and it's very unlikely that the *contras* can overthrow the Sandinistas. But we have funded the *contras* to the tune of about $20 million per year, and they remain a formidable bargaining chip. They enable Reagan to bring pressure on Nicaragua to "reform" and especially to stop aiding the rebels in El Salvador.

HUSTLER: Is the CIA operating like a rogue elephant in Nicaragua?

SNEPP: Yes. The recent mining of the Nicaraguan harbors is a good example. From all reports the agency was almost criminally negligent in its dealings with Congressional oversight committees on this issue. It assisted the *contras* in mining the harbors *before* advising the Senate committee that any such operations were under consideration. If the Senate had known about the mining in advance, it might not have approved the money for the CIA's *contra* operation then pending before the committee.

HUSTLER: Why did the CIA align itself with the *contras*–among the most reactionary elements left over from the Somoza regime–in order to oppose the Sandinistas?

SNEPP: For the same reason we've had problems mounting any number of covert operations. Wherever the conflict occurs, we always feel much more comfortable with right-wing elements than with revolutionary forces. We should have tried to cultivate relations with Eden Pastore Gomez–"Commander Zero," a former Sandinista hero–and tried to help *him* out instead of throwing in with the right-wing forces as we did. We didn't do it, because we dismissed Eden Pastore as a "leftist."

We've done the same thing in Cambodia. Our allies there against the North Vietnamese-installed regime are remnants of the old Pol Pot forces that were responsible for killing 2 to 3 million of their countrymen when they ruled right after the Communist takeover in 1975. This is what disgraces our covert operations. We seem unable to recognize that in some areas there are genuine forces of social reform that don't always accept all the principles of American capitalism.

HUSTLER: In conflicts like those doesn't the Reagan Administration slant intelligence-gathering analysis to justify its single-minded crusade against communism?

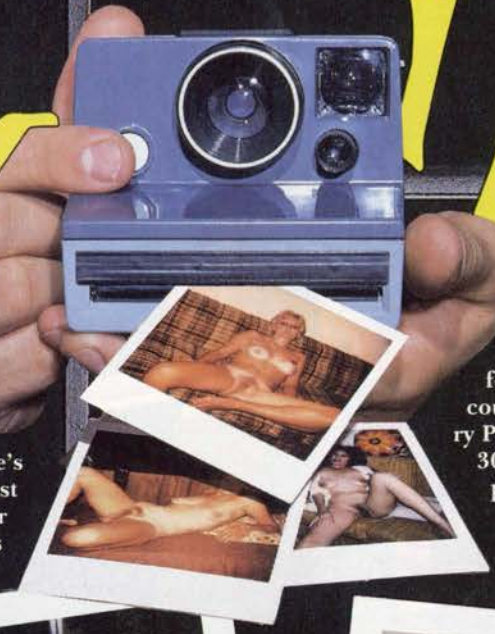
SNEPP: There were a lot of complaints about that in the early days of the Administration. But there has been a change in the past few years. When the CIA concluded that the *contras* aren't likely to overthrow the Sandinista government in Nicaragua and that estimate reached the White House, a lot of Administration officials were upset. Likewise, the CIA has revised its estimate of the Soviet military buildup since 1976. They found there has been *no* acceleration, as the Reagan Administration claimed, to justify our buildup. The CIA also predicted Yuri Andropov's succession of Leonid Brezhnev as the Soviet leader–an undoubted intelligence coup. During the Carter Administration the CIA predicted the Soviets would not invade Poland but would use their Polish puppets to suppress the Solidarity movement. That estimate has also been borne out in fact.

On the other hand, the intelligence was lacking and the analysis very poor in the two greatest foreign-policy crises of recent years–Grenada and the bombings of the Embassy and Marine garrison in Lebanon. We simply did not have any intelligence about Grenada before the invasion. We did not know the number of Cubans on the island or the size of weapons stockpiles. We didn't even know about political developments there.

In Lebanon there was a great deal of low-level, unsifted intelligence, and just before the attack on the Marine barracks the CIA did circulate to high-level U.S. policymakers in Washington a report that there might be an attack of such magnitude. But no one took it seriously enough to transmit it to the Marines in the field.

(continued on page 114)

FREE!!!
BEAVER-HUNTER CAPS TO ALL WINNERS



Beaver Hunt

Here's an offer you and your lady just can't refuse–$100 for any snapshot of your favorite baby doll in the buff that's selected for publication in *Beaver Hunt*. But there's more! In each issue we now pick the most outstanding entry to become our Beaver Spotlight of the Month (see pages 112-113). The lucky winner will have a special section of the magazine all to herself–with tasty pictures taken by one of HUSTLER's very own staff photographers. And on top of that she'll be paid $500 for doing it! So rush your entry (preferably a couple of Polaroids) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Use the model release on page 106, or a facsimile, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the $100.

Photo by Friend

Although Seattle's "Divinity Couture" is a clothing designer, she looks fine in her birthday suit. Her fantasy? "Doing a sex scene in a movie with the star of my choice."

Photo by D. L.

Chesapeake, Virginia's Kim, 25, loves to swim, dance and go horseback riding. Her fantasy is to be made love to in a field of daisies.

A 25-year-old barmaid from Funkstown, Maryland, Monika tells us she'd like to be "sensually seduced in an evergreen forest–with a fresh snow falling over me and my lover."

Photo by Arnie

Photo by Friend

Kelly Lee is a frenzied Philadelphian who says her fantasy is "to cocktease two well-hung studs until they beg to screw me. Then they can bang me all night."

Photo by Steve

P. B. is a 25-year-old nurse's aide who loves painting, swimming and reading good books. This Grandbury, Texas, girl wants to take on two men at once. We're sure she'll find eager volunteers.

Photo by Husband

Shotsi, a 22-year-old maid from Ogden, Utah, is into bodybuilding. Her favorite fantasy is to appear between the covers of HUSTLER with her husband.

Photo by Husband

Char is a good sport. This steamy housewife from the Southwest likes skiing, fishing, boating and walking. Her dream is "to tutor guys in school and help them fulfill their sex fantasies totally."

Photo by Husband

Marilyn, a secretary from Harbor City, California, is into racing cars, bondage and posing for sexy pictures. "My real fantasy is to have a threesome with my husband and his boss."

Photo by Husband

A tattooed tootsie whose favorite hobby is spending money, Pam's a Wheatridge, Colorado, girl who'd like to make it with the man of her dreams on the back of a beautiful horse.

No wonder Phoenix, Arizona's Tasha has a figure that won't quit; she's the head of an accounts-payable department. Tasha likes reading HUSTLER and confesses that she'd love to find a young bisexual woman for a hot threesome with her man.

Photo by Dave

A Norfolk, Virginia, sign painter, Debbie has an interesting hobby: She collects Nazi memorabilia. Debbie daydreams about "making love to a highly decorated World War II SS officer."

Photo by Rich

Photo by Husband

Mouth-watering Brandi, a Salt Lake City receptionist, loves horses and water sports. Her recurring dream is to co-star in a skin flick with the ravishing blond bombshell Seka.

Photo by Chuck

Machine-shop owner Frankie B. just seems to mellow like fine wine. At 38, this randy resident of Azle, Texas, says her idea of a fun time "would be to skydive in the nude and land on the Las Vegas Strip."

Photo by Husband

Pussy, a warehouse worker from Kansas City, Missouri, is the cat's meow. This tempting 26-year-old would love to get marooned on a deserted island with movie star Jan Michael Vincent.

BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Dynamite Elizabeth Lee first appeared in HUSTLER on the pages of last month's *Beaver Hunt* section. But one photograph just wasn't enough for us; so we brought her back to star as our *Beaver Spotlight*. A Southern California girl all her life, Elizabeth spends most of her time on the beach–swimming and

surfing.
She causes quite
a stir in Malibu when she drives up to the sand in her cherry-red 'Vette (her daddy gave it to her for her 19th birthday) and proceeds to paddle out. "I love the ocean breeze in my hair and the wet spray on my cheeks–my *pussy* hair and the cheeks of my *ass*, that is," she confides coyly. Elizabeth surfs *nude*.

But wait till you hear her far-out fantasy: She'd like to make love to her sister Christy in front of a roomful of boyfriends. "She just turned 18," says Elizabeth, "and has a body that's so hot, I want to rub my hands up and down it like I was waxing my board. The guys' eyes'll pop out when I run my tongue along her sweet nipples and dart it between the lips of her pussy." We can't say incest is best, but we certainly think that Elizabeth is. It's evident that oranges aren't the only things they grow sweet–and juicy–in California.

MANILA: PACIFIC SODOM

(continued from page 96)

the sheet fell away, and Baby lay down beside her new friend like a dark, descending bird.

What followed seems now like a long and languid dream. Baby glided a caramel hand beneath the rough-cloth robe, lifted it away and caressed one of Debbie's breasts. Debbie drew a sharp and sudden breath. The dark-skinned girl's pink tongue flicked out; her brown lips encircled Debbie's nipple; her hand undid the belt of Debbie's robe and traced a path through belly fuzz to her tangled, honey-colored cunt. The dusky fingers grazed the hair, then slipped between the peach-fuzz lips and found the American's clit. Debbie gasped.

"Oh, God!" she cried, and rolled one leg over Baby's shadowy hips so their cunts slipped together and began a slow and sinewy dance.

After watching this torrid action for half an hour in mounting fascination, I felt myself being drawn slowly onto the bed–whether by their exploring hands or by the fever of my own passion, I can't be sure. But the rest was a blur of soft moans and writhing limbs.

In short, I finally got my "deuces wild."

After that, the question was: What could we do for an encore? I called my hotel-owner friend, and we met for drinks. There wasn't anything left that we *wanted* to do, I explained; we just didn't want to *miss* anything.

Sighing understandingly, he leafed through his address book and offered some possibilities. Perhaps a weekly free-for-all sex party thrown by a wealthy old-line American who had rigged all his bedrooms with TV cameras and secretly monitored the action from a kind of central watchtower command post–then showed videotaped highlights to next week's guests? Or a Filipino husband-and-wife team in nearby Caloocan who performed by fucking and sucking a monkey, a golden retriever and a donkey before fucking each other? He waved these away as not quite right for us. Then his eyes lit up, fastening on a name.

"A small group of us have a contact at Manila General Hospital," he said, "in the hospital morgue." He waited for the significance to register, then continued. "He calls us, as a rule, when he has something *interesting*–quickly, of course, before the body gets cold." He studied our faces. "I could ring him up for you, if you'd like?"

"For *him*," Debbie asked, jerking a thumb in my direction, "or for *me*?"

I never was sure if she was serious or just kidding.

FRANK SNEPP

(continued from page 106)

HUSTLER: Is the power of the CIA increasing here at home?

SNEPP: Thanks to Reagan, yes. In December 1981 the Administration issued a decree which said for the first time that the CIA could work *legally* inside the United States. The agency had, of course, already operated illegally inside the U.S. For example, in the mid-'60s Operation CHAOS monitored the antiwar movement, assembling files on 13,000 to 15,000 so-called subversives. This was despite the National Security Act of 1947, which says the CIA should have *no* domestic police powers.

Well, Reagan rolled back all that with his executive order enabling the CIA to collect "significant foreign intelligence" about Americans, to gather information within the U.S. in the course of "counterintelligence" and "counterterrorist" investigations. This allows the agency to infiltrate domestic groups. It gives the CIA greater authority to assist state and local police forces and allows the CIA to continue conducting surveillance of American citizens abroad.

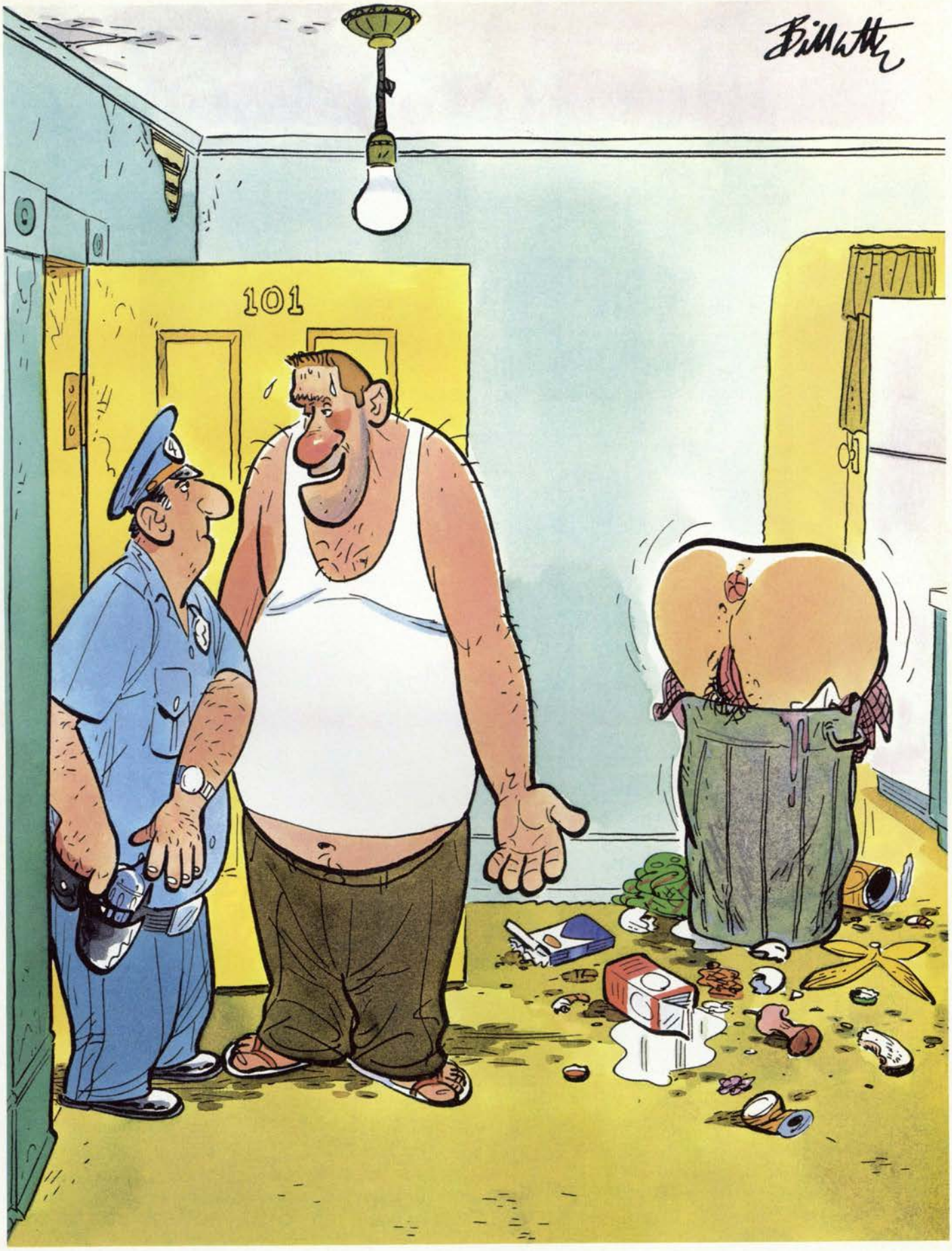
HUSTLER: Who should we hold accountable for such abuses?

SNEPP: On the whole I think the agency has been condemned for many mistakes made not by CIA directors or operatives, but by Presidential administrations. Those who think the CIA is the great villain should really look to history. The agency's involvement in the overthrow of the elected, left-wing Arbenz regime in Guatemala in 1954, for instance, was sanctioned by the Eisenhower Administration. CIA attempts to infiltrate mainland China were also approved by policymakers in the 1950s. Again and again, wherever the CIA has taken a black eye for supposed excesses, it's often the policymakers who were to blame–not the agency itself.

But if the agency *were* to become a policymaker, it would become truly dangerous. That is the potential problem with the Reagan Administration. William Casey is the first CIA director to be made a part of the President's Cabinet. That means he has become a primary policymaker; indeed, he seems to have been the principal architect of U.S. intervention in Nicaragua and El Salvador. This is wrong.

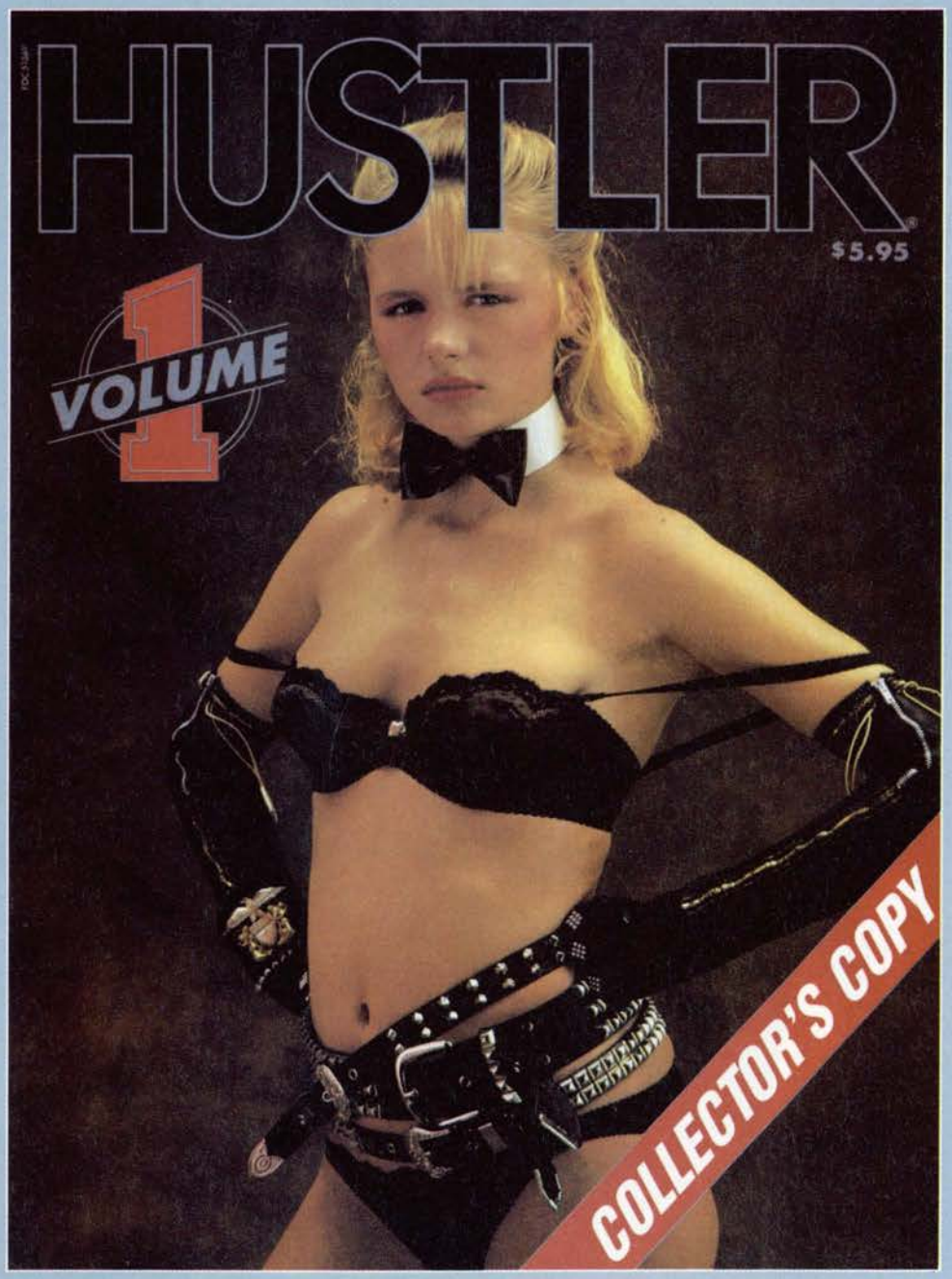
HUSTLER: Former CIA Director William Colby and former Deputy Director Bobby Ray Inman think that political appointees are best qualified to head the agency. Would you disagree?

SNEPP: Yes. Professional intelligence-gatherers should run the CIA, and they should try to stay free of politics. That way they can remain faithful to its original purpose: the pursuit of truth.



"What problem, Officer? The wife and I were just discussing who should take out the garbage."

Collector's Copy



Ever since HUSTLER first appeared in 1974, the demand for back issues has been tremendous. Who could ever forget our first "pink" centerfold, the nude Jackie O or the revolutionary Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold? Now, as a special bonus, sets of three randomly selected issues are being made available so our readers can fill the holes in their HUSTLER libraries . . . and at a mere $5.95, a substantial savings over the individual cover prices. Look for the COLLECTOR'S COPY at your favorite newsstand.

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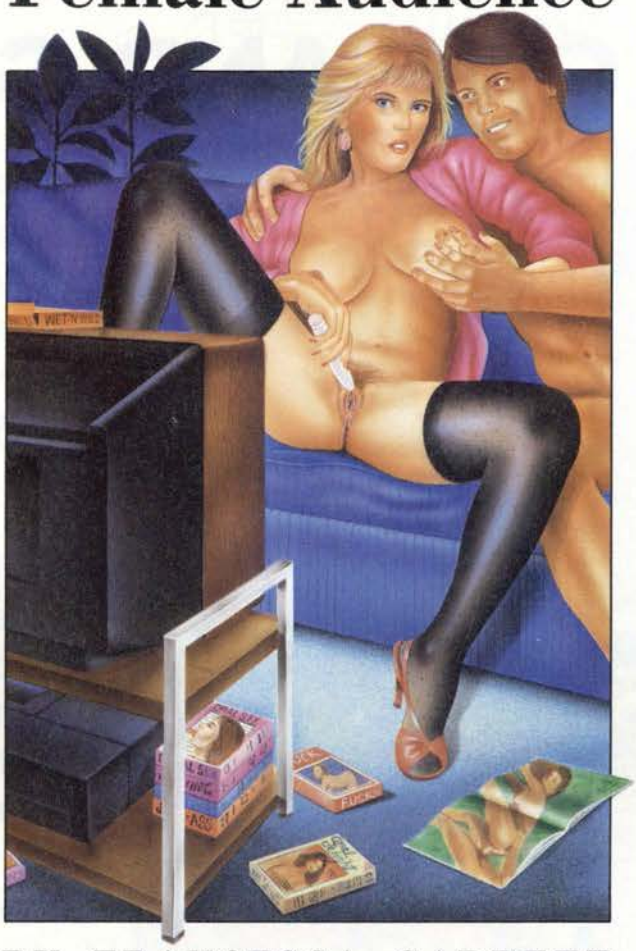
PORNOGRAPHY: Arousing the Female Audience



BY FRANCESCA GARRETT

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and–ultimately–to make you a much better lover.

Back in the '60s the women's-liberation movement prompted frenzied females to burn their bras and decry pornography as the ultimate evil of male chauvinism. But things are quite different in the 1980s. Porn flicks were once associated with dirty old men in raincoats who slipped into seedy movie houses and jacked off in their seats while a couple of tired pros on the screen got it on. Thanks to two revolutions–the sexual and the technological (which put cable television and videocassette recorders into millions of homes)–men *and* women are currently watching X-rated films in unprecedented numbers. And to accommodate the ladies, adult-film makers–including a growing number of women–are changing their product.

"Most X-rated films of the past dealt with male fantasies about sex," explains veteran hard-core actress Veronica Hart. "They were mostly all raunch, degrading and violent toward women. As an actress, I was asked to do little more than act horny and beg for it. Well, I'm glad to say those days are on the way out."

Adds Ann Perry Rhine, who writes, directs and produces X-rated movies: "In the past five years women have explored their sexuality more openly. Now they're going to high-class male strip joints and playing X-rated videocassettes at home, often with their husbands or boyfriends."

In fact, it's the women who are beginning to choose the programming for home VCRs. Surveys indicate they're already responsible for 40% of all adult-cassette sales.

Porn-film star John Leslie, who has made countless X-raters over the years, has noticed the change too. Until recently, he maintains, most of the movies he appeared in resembled Hollywood action films. "They use car crashes instead of sex scenes, and that's the only reason those movies are made," he says. "You aren't supposed to care about who's inside the cars or, in the case of sex films, who is inside the bodies on the bed. Now producers are wondering, 'What will turn on *women*?' "

The conventional content of hard-core pornography definitely doesn't. What producer/director Chuck Vincent calls "wall-to-wall voyeurism"–the impersonal, unmotivated and obviously mechanical sex that made X famous–is a bore for most women.

"Watching a man's ass go up and down doesn't do it for me, unless it's my man," says Patty, a 34-year-old professional woman. "I'm turned off by watching people fucking endlessly or seeing shots of cocks going in and out of pussies."

For similar reasons, Patty finds it "silly" to look at photographs of male nudes in magazines such as *Playgirl*. "If I'm not attracted to the man," she asks, "how can I be attracted to his cock?"

Adds Greta, a university professor who specializes in analyzing the psychological impact of art: "Men look at the split beavers in HUSTLER, and they're turned on because even if they're unaware of it, they're imagining an *action*. It's as if those photographs were three-dimensional, and the guy could actually get *into* the women. But what action can a woman imagine just looking at cocks? Lying down on her back and being laid? That's not active; that's passive.

"Some people," Greta adds, "might argue that most women are still too repressed to be turned on by pictures of male nudes, but I believe that when it comes to images, women are turned on by mystery, suggestiveness and arousal."

Even Mary Ellen Strote, an editor at *Playgirl*, notes that her

(continued on page 145)

Illustration by Miguel Castillo

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Besides to 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.

Edited by Doug Oliver

ENEMA LOVERS, REJOICE!

Darlene Hollomon, the Empress of Enema Erotica, has just published the latest issue of her magazine for manure-malted makers, *Nozzle Talk #11*. This 188-page publication is crammed with photos, articles, illustrations, erotic stories, enema experiences, how-tos and personal classified ads–in short, everything to titillate and thrill the leaky-seat set. What elevates this collection of watery wonders well above its competitors is variety, originality and imagination. There's also more than enough material here to fill a dozen standard-length enema books.

As with most specialized fare, this magazine isn't cheap–$45 plus a $4 charge for shipping and handling. But for flush fetishists it's worth every nickel. To order your copy, mail a certified check (personal checks won't be accepted) or postal money order for $49 to Darlene Holloman (P.O. Box 618, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023-0618). Take it from us, *Nozzle Talk #11* represents a high-water mark in the murky world of enema erotica.

VULVA VOYEURS:

My wife and I really get off watching lesbian-action videotapes. We're interested in purchasing some titles from the Lipstik Video line, but none of the outlets in our town seem to carry them. Can you supply an address where we can order Lipstik tapes through the mail? *–J. and B.*
San Antonio, Texas

You can purchase the sizzling-lez *Lipstik* line from *Video Tape Exchange* (910 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046). Its most popular titles include *Rear Action Girls*, a 90-minute cassette featuring the multitalented Erica Boyer and wildcat Lynn Ray; *Aerobisex Girls* (90 minutes); and *Woman × 4*, a 60-minute romp with bewitchingly beautiful Tina Marie and three other Sapphic sirens. (*Video Girls*–currently in the works–promises to be a real scorcher.) All 90-minute tapes are $79, the hour-long videos cost $69, and there's a $4 shipping-and-handling charge per item. For more information, brochures or telephone orders call 1-800-421-0644. California residents should dial (213) 654-7000.

FALSE ALARM:

Three months ago I ordered videocassettes from Dynamite Films (P.O. Box 763, Van Nuys, CA 91408). My check for $109.45 was cashed, but I'm still waiting for my order. Can you do anything to help me? I'd hate to think I've been ripped off. *–C. M.*
Lakehurst, New Jersey

C. M. wasn't ripped off. The customer-service department at *Dynamite Films* informed HUSTLER that he had not returned the authorization card that's routinely mailed to all customers. Because of our inquiry, C. M. now has his tapes. *Dynamite Films* agreed to ship his order immediately.

Unfortunately, C. M.'s experience is all too common. Many mail-orderers disregard authorization cards, thinking that they're just more junk mail. In fact, these cards are extremely important because they are the only way a company can verify that the customer is 18 years or older and did indeed order the merchandise. Another problem that dealers encounter frequently is illegible addresses. If a purchaser's handwriting can't be read, the dealer has no choice but to hold the order until the buyer writes in to complain about nondelivery. The rule of thumb in this matter is to print or type all addresses. It may take you a little more time, but if it moves the merchandise, it's worth it.

DEPENDABLE DEALER:

Where can I buy films #1-20 in the Swedish Erotica series? All of the newer releases are readily available, but I've been unable to find a dealer who carries the early ones.
–L. W.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The early *Swedish Erotica* titles are available only on videotape; so unless you own a VCR, you're out of luck. If you can screen videotapes, search no more. *Erik Imports*, a HUSTLER Dependable Dealer that's been in the mail-order business for 17 years, sells *Swedish Erotica* tapes–from #1 on up–for $39.95 each. If you buy two or more, the price drops to $35.95 per tape (plus a $5 shipping-and-handling charge per order).

All the films in this high-quality sex-drenched series sell for $15–with discounts for multiple purchases–but the earliest title available is #186. For those who like their fantasies to hold still, *Erik Imports* also stocks most back issues of the *Swedish Erotica* magazines. Telephone orders are accepted at 1-800-421-7251, while anyone phoning from California should dial (213) 477-4567. For a free brochure write to *Erik Imports* (2326 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90064). Without a doubt this company is one of the best.

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☐ 5 BARBARA BROADCAST	☐ 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS
☐ 6 SUZI SUPERSTAR	☐ 26 DIRTY WESTERN
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☐ 8 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES	☐ 28 IRRESISTIBLE
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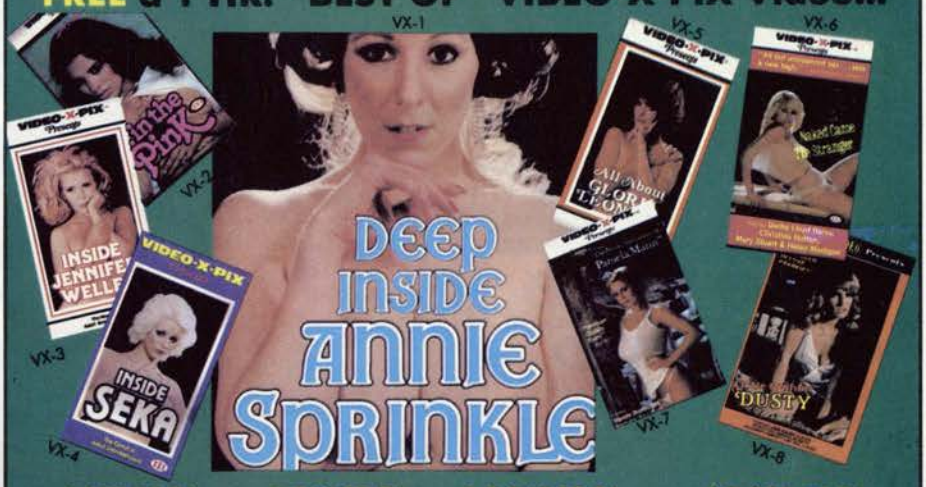

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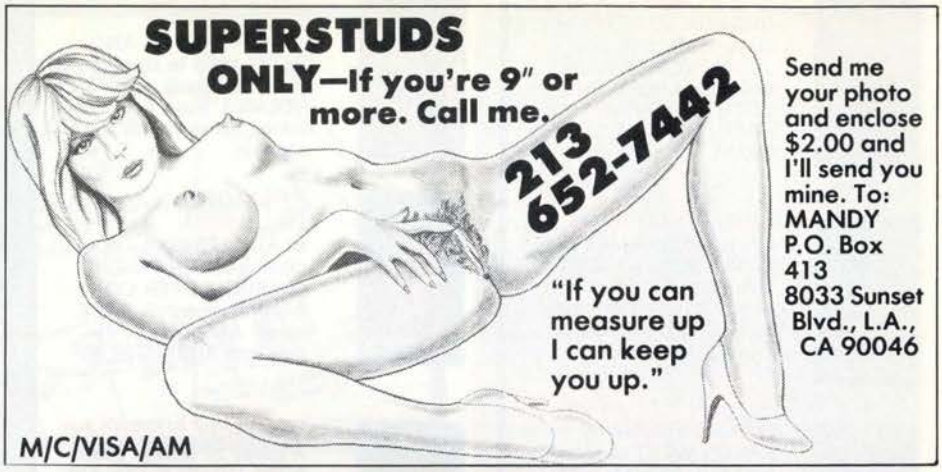

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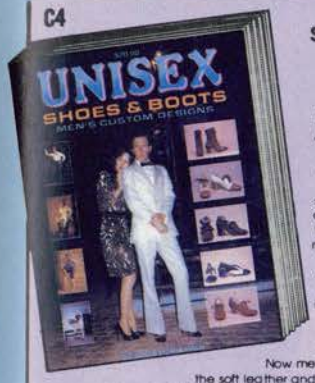

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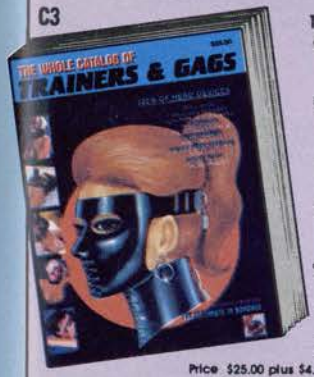

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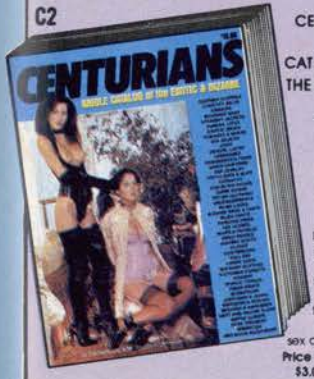

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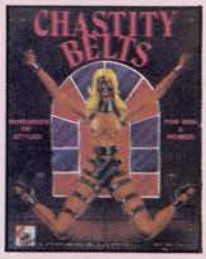

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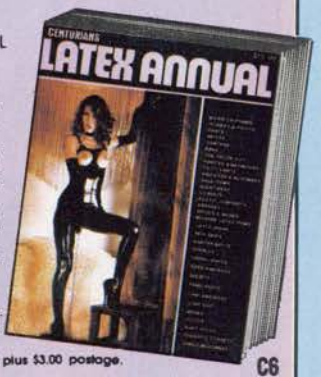

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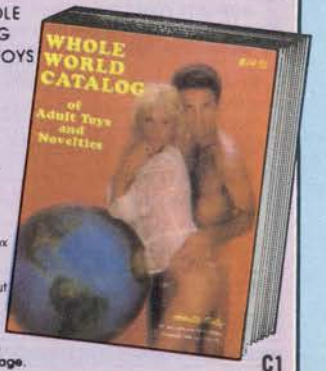

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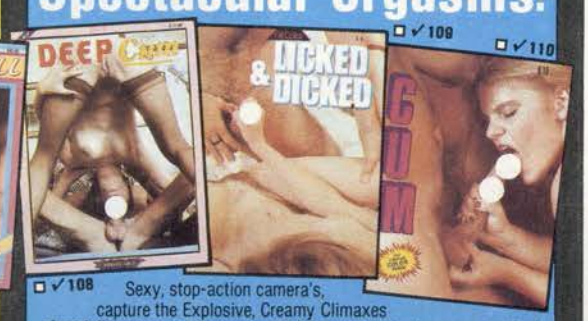

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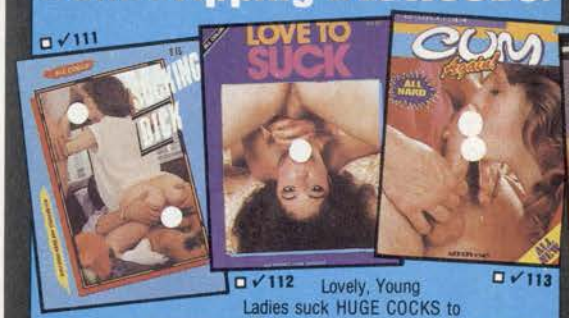

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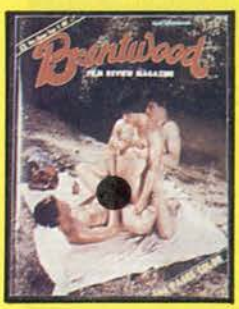

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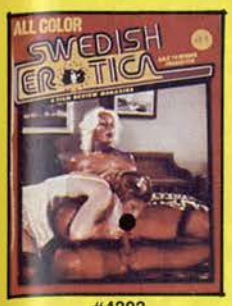

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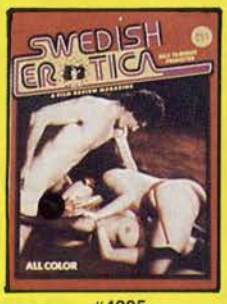

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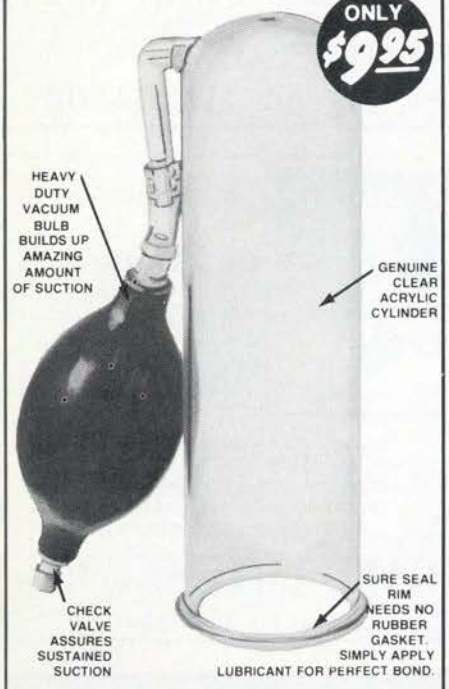

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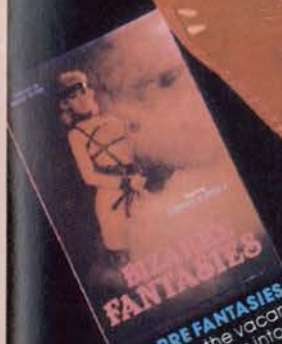

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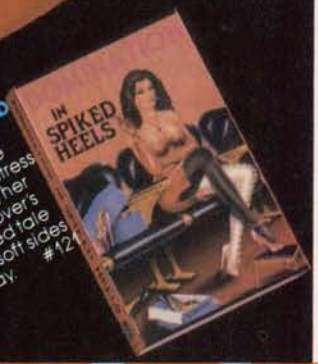

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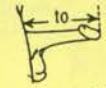

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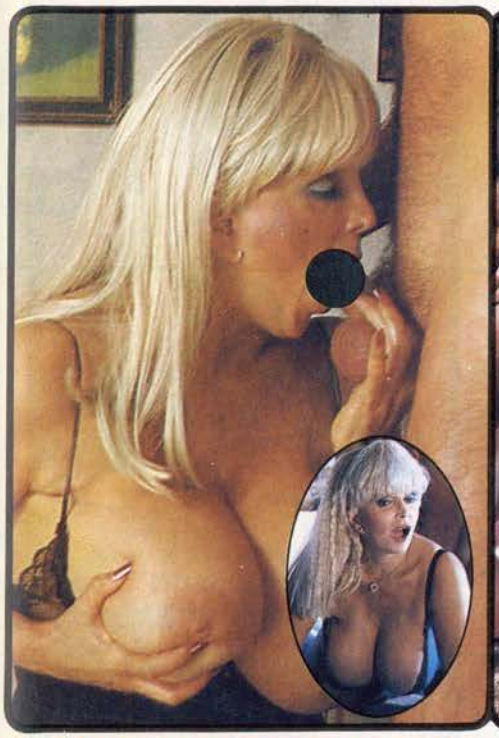

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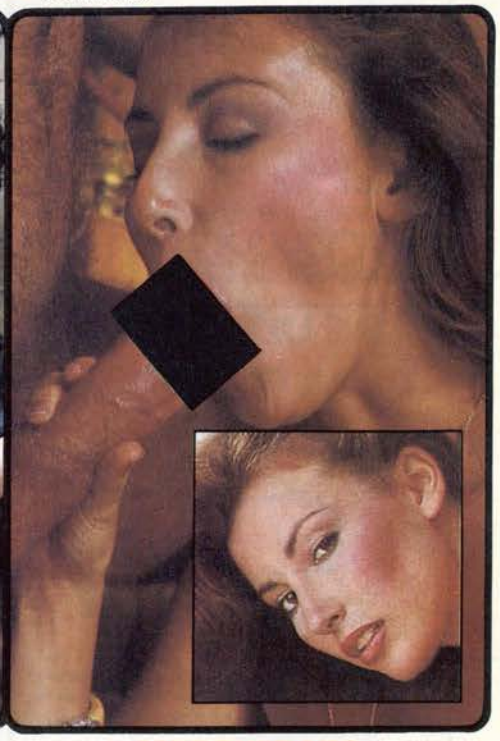

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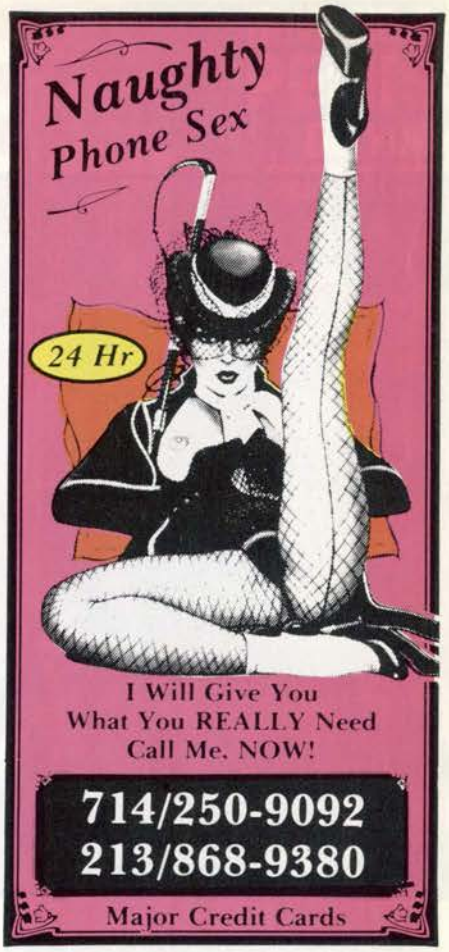
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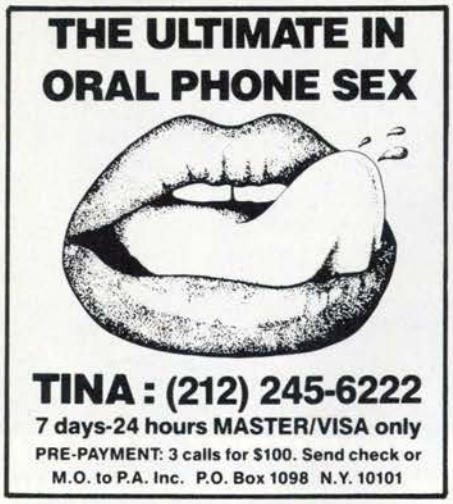
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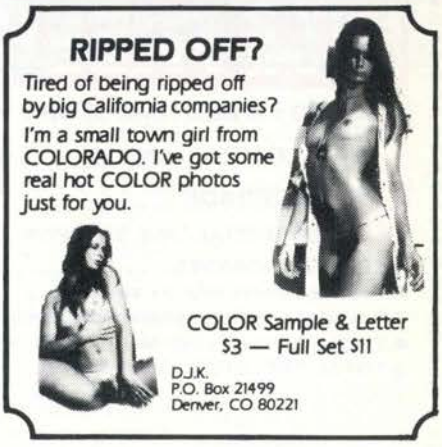
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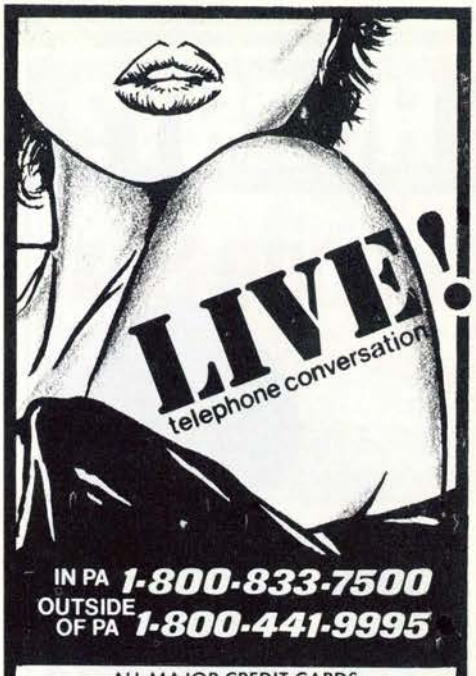

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(continued from page 117)

publication isn't interested in running stories with "graphic sex." "We want something emotional," she says.

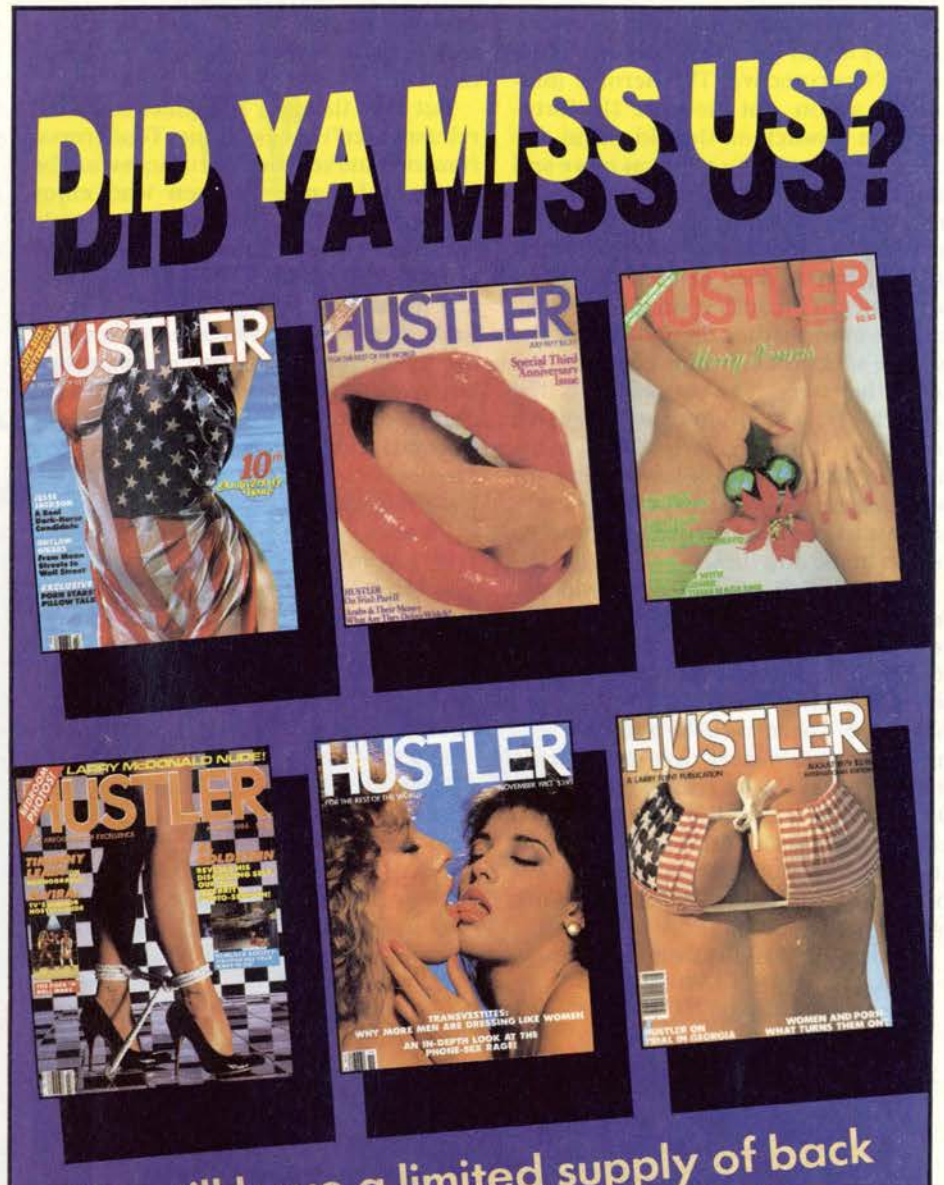
Suggestiveness, *emotion* and *arousal* have become fashionable words in the world of women and porn. What excites Patty, for example, is "that slow, snakelike dance of a man and a woman as they are drawn to one another, intrigued by one another, seem to breathe one another in . . . and then go for it. It's the buildup I like, the tension. I get so hot watching that kind of porn, I want to turn off the TV and go upstairs and fuck."

"I'm convinced that women relate emotionally, not sexually, to what they see on the screen," says Chuck Vincent. "Once they're caught up in an unfolding relationship, you've got them hooked. If the sex is impersonal, it becomes repetitious and boring. But if the audience is into the characters and likes them, then watching the performers make love can be a real turn-on."

That fact was borne out when I viewed two X-rated features produced by Marga Aulbach. The gracious, 33-year-old, German-born Aulbach abhors the violence depicted in Hollywood movies and on television. It's violence, not erotica, she believes, that should be called "pornography." Her pictures, she says, "deal with life first. I'm committed to making sex films as rich and full of life as possible."

Accustomed to regarding most X-rated movies as ugly, laughable or monotonous at best, I was amazed at–and aroused by–Aulbach's high-quality productions. Her first, *The Dancers* (directed by Anthony Spinelli) is sensitive, witty, sexy and lively, with a clever plot. A vagabond troupe of male strippers who dance for an all-female clientele become involved in relationships, and the sex that's shown is down-to-earth, realistic and often tender.

In conventional erotic films, says Aulbach, there's "just sex, sex, sex, sex, and you don't know what's happening." But in *The Dancers* the storyline sets up the sexual encounters–not the other way around. The men and women don't just fuck on the screen–they passionately fondle, kiss and caress one another. Even more pleasing is Aulbach's *Between Lovers*. Jesie St. James is cast in an atypical porn role–an attractive, intelligent career woman. Discovering her husband in bed with his secretary, St. James decides to find a lover for herself. At a singles bar she picks up a funny, warm, zany though not-too-trustworthy guy, and they have an affair. Theirs isn't a mere roll in the hay; it's a hot-and-heavy *affair*. As a matter of fact, they fall so deeply in love, she commits bigamy by marrying him.



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What makes *Between Lovers* truly revolutionary is that the story is told from the woman's perspective. The heroine initiates the action, not the men. (Unfortunately, in a switch on the old cliché, the male characters come across as naive and unintelligent.) For a woman viewer, seeing another woman onscreen actively pursuing her own sex life isn't in itself a turn-on, but it does offer a liberating experience of identification. *Between Lovers* goes even further though. When the heroine sucks cock, it's *her* pleasure that floods the screen. The bottom line is that Aulbach's films so vividly capture sex that I could feel it in my crotch. There, in living color, was my kind of lovemaking, my own idea of an erotic experience. And needless to say, I was turned on. I wanted to rush home and fuck.

"Let's face it, eroticism provides a thrill for most of us," says Aulbach. "But we're more ready to accept it when it's presented in the right mood. And in the best adult films today we try to create that mood. There has to be a story, a feeling for the characters that makes them real and believable, a reason for the sex. Only by developing the characters and leading their relationships into a sexual situation can adult movies really achieve the level of eroticism that will appeal to a broader audience."

That broader audience includes more than just women. The recent adult films that seek to appeal to women's erotic tastes aim to turn on men as well.

But even the new, "enlightened" adult releases aren't for everyone. Tenderness, romance and female assertiveness may be all right for most women who enjoy X-rated fare, but others still find male dominance–even rape and degradation–attractive as a theme for sexual fantasy.

A number of women I interviewed described how they got steamed-up imagining being forced by their husbands or boyfriends to get tattooed; submitting to the lust of a total stranger; being sold as a slave girl and publicly humiliated by their masters; being racked, flogged, branded and even raped.

"It seems the more liberated I become," one woman confessed in *My Secret Garden*, Nancy Friday's collection of female sexual fantasies, "the more I fantasize about spanking and bondage. I'm sure there are other women like me who, having emerged from being under male domination, crave to return to it in the sack."

For 32-year-old Laura, a California marketing specialist, the fantasy of being helpless and at the mercy of powerful men found fulfillment in the pacesetting X-rated film *Behind the Green Door*. Although Laura feels equal to her partner in bed, she found this hard-core classic to be an erotic revelation. "I was aroused seeing actress Marilyn Chambers totally passive as everything was done to her," she recalls. "I got all this pleasure watching her, fantasizing about what it was like to just lie there and experience it all."

Is there a masochistic quality to passiveness? Nancy Friday doesn't think so. Fantasies of helplessness, like rape fantasies, do for a woman what the first martini does for her in reality. Besides reducing inhibition, acting out these fantasies relieves her of responsibility and guilt. By putting herself in the hands of her fantasy assailant–by *making* him an assailant–she gets him to do what she wants him to do, while seeming to be *forced* to do what he wants. Both ways she wins, and all the while she's blameless, at the mercy of a stronger force. The pain she may suffer, the bruises and indignity, are the necessary price she pays for getting the kind of guiltless pleasure she may be unable to face or find in reality.

Yet as one female writer found out, fantasies are often most appealing only if they remain fantasies. "My lover and I used to watch bondage-and-discipline porn flicks while we did drugs," she explains. "I would fantasize Paul beating me into submission, chaining me down or doing even more-humiliating things to me. Looking back, I think I was so numb from all the drugs that I needed to feel pain just to make me alive.

"Paul's attitude was that whatever you fantasize, you should *do*. And he got into it. It became more exciting for him to do the B&D than to have sex. It took the place of sex.

"It's definitely not fun being degraded," she continues. "And although I'm against censorship, I have very mixed feelings today about films that encourage men to see women as tools for their own satisfaction or that encourage the degradation of women. These pictures seem to say that bullying women and getting them to serve you is all right."

The feminist antiporn argument goes this way: If you show women in degrading positions, you justify the degradation of women. According to Gloria Steinem, old-fashioned pornography encouraged men to see women as victims. Modern erotica, on the other hand, aims to sexually arouse members of both sexes.

Adult-film producer Aulbach agrees. Refusing to make a picture that in any way links sex and violence, she sees her mission as creating erotic works of art that show mutually consenting adults who love each other with tenderness, understanding and passion. By doing so, Aulbach says, she and her colleagues in X-rated cinema are "doing a service for mankind." And they're also making movies that truly reflect the sexual awakening of America.

FILM AT ELEVEN

BY PENNY LANE

Kinky Korner is 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 will pay $100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced–typed or neatly handwritten–manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For as long as I can remember, I dreamed about the lights and glamour of show business. As a child I always hoped I'd grow up and become an actress. I loved to be in front of a crowd.

When I was in college, I discovered that my lust for performing could become part of my sex life, and some of my wildest fantasies revolved around making love in public places. I never had any problems with this until the day my fantasies and my career collided. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

You're probably wondering what I do for a living. Well, I'm a newscaster–and a first-rate one at that. It wasn't easy getting on the air. In the beginning I had to slave away in the copy rooms of dinky little daily newspapers. Then when I worked my way into television, I found the competition to be so fierce from both men and women that I didn't think I'd make it. Years later I finally got my own anchor spot on a prime-time news program.

The fact that I am, if I do say so myself, pretty damn good-looking has led many people to believe that I fucked my way to the top. That isn't true, of course. Not that I didn't have plenty of opportunities. I take good care of my body, and nature blessed me with a firm pair of tits and long, shapely legs. But it was my acting and broadcasting abilities that got me where I am.

Recently, one of my former associates, whom I'll call David, nearly ruined it all. David's career as a news director had been moving along swimmingly for some time; but then the ratings fell. That's when the powers-that-be figured that male anchors weren't pulling in viewers, and guess who they brought in to brighten up the picture, much against David's suggestions? That's right–me. The network brass felt that some journalistic jiggle would do the trick. And they were right.

The very first week I was on, the newscast skyrocketed off the ratings charts. No doubt about it, I was a hit! This was my first broadcasting breakthrough, and I was on top of the world. Regrettably, David wouldn't admit that my presence had anything to do with it. As a matter of fact, he was downright hostile toward me. I couldn't understand it. I mean, hadn't I helped boost the ratings? To my surprise, instead of being grateful, he tried to sabotage me! He was harder on me than any other member of the staff, and every time I overheard him talking to someone about me, the conversation was always punctuated with the words *bitch* and *cunt*. Before long, things got even worse.

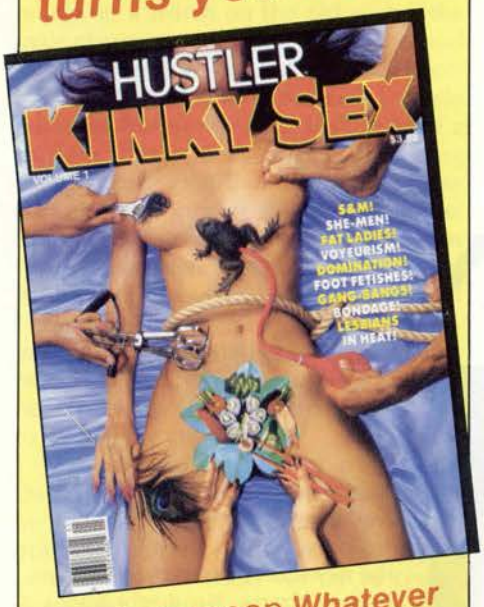
It happened my second week on the air. I was sitting backstage in my dressing room with only a robe over my lace panties, waiting for my makeup man, Saul, to come in, when in walked David. My God, was he ever handsome!

I realized then that I had never really looked closely at him as a man, only professionally–as a news director. But David was much more than that. At 6-2 he towered over me. He dazzled me with his piercing blue eyes and sat down right next to me on a stool. He joked about our stagehands and even volunteered to do my makeup if Saul didn't show up in time. He went so far as to playfully begin applying the base coat to my face. I laughed.

As he leaned down over me, I caught a whiff of his cologne. Its tantalizing fragrance turned me on. His lips were only inches away from mine as he gently brushed powder across my cheeks. I closed my eyes to avoid looking into his, because I knew that if I did, I'd reveal the horny state I was in. I had a

Illustration by Jeani Brunnick

Whatever turns you on . . .



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show to do, and now was not the time to lose my professional cool. One thing I'd learned in the news business is that you don't get your meat where you get your bread. Still, the heat between my thighs continued to build, and it was all I could do to keep my mind on the upcoming telecast and out of David's pants.

But even with my eyes closed, I could feel the warmth of his breath and his mouth so close to mine. My pussy juices began to flow, and I could tell that I was losing control. I opened my eyes and saw the hungry look on his face and the bulge straining against his zipper. I knew I had to act quickly.

Wrapping my body tightly inside my robe, I rose suddenly from my chair, thanked him for the powder job and politely asked him to leave. Refusing to take no for an answer, he came closer and put his arms around me–whispering that he would love to probe my mouth with his hungry tongue.

Well, I can tell you that my knees were weak, and my heart was starting to pound. My clit throbbed and then, just when I thought I couldn't take any more, I felt David's hot breath on my ear. He whispered that his cock was stiff and big and ready to fill me up inside. He said that he wanted to rub and suck my cunt until I screamed, that he would give me the most intense orgasm I had ever had right then and there if I would only give him the chance.

I'm not kidding, but for a couple of moments I was almost ready to rip off my clothes and get the fucking my swollen pussy was practically crying out for. Just then there was a knock on the door. Saul came in followed by a production assistant, who told me I had 15 minutes to air time. That reminder brought me back to reality. As hot as I was, I knew my career was more important than a quick screw, no matter how badly I needed it at the moment. Summoning all my resolve, I pushed David away. Clearly disappointed, he left my dressing room.

As Saul quickly applied my makeup, a light went on in my head: Were David's advances simply the desires of a hard cock? Or were they the desires of a hard director who'd use any method to manipulate me . . . and my career?

With those thoughts still playing on my mind, I took one last look at myself and walked over to the stage area of the studio. A twinge of desire flashed through my body. No matter how calm I tried to seem, I was extremely horny. David had worked me into such a state, I felt like I'd come if anyone so much as touched me–which was exactly what he had wanted.

The way the set was arranged, viewers could only see me from the waist up; the rest of my body was hidden behind a console. Each night the program opened the same way: The offscreen announcer introduced me, and I walked–seriously and professionally–onto the set, sat down and started reading the news.

As I stood to the side and waited for my cue, I felt a hand cup one cheek of my ass and squeeze hard. I turned to see David, looking straight ahead as if nothing had happened. Before I could say anything, the assistant director started counting down from 10, the announcer read his spiel, and I walked onstage. Smiling, I sat down in my seat and gasped. Something was buzzing under me, right on my pussy, right against my clit. I thought I'd faint. But I kept on smiling into the camera and somehow managed to read the copy without batting an eye.

As soon as we cut to a commercial, I jumped up and grabbed the vibrator. It was one of those flat strap-on models. I yelled at David and the crew, "Who the hell put this here?!"

No one confessed, but there sure were a lot of giggles. All the while David played it cool, pretending to be as shocked and outraged as I was. The commercials were over, my cue came up, and I returned to reading my copy. The camera zoomed in close, showing only my face. It was a good thing too, because David had moved offcamera right next to me and sat down in an empty chair behind the console. As he pretended to direct me, he reached over and began stroking my thighs. My feelings were a combination of total hatred for this man who was trying to get me to make a mistake oncamera, and at the same time burning lust. But there was nothing I could do about either of these emotions while I was on the air.

Fortunately, we soon switched to a video report from Washington, D.C. As that story rolled, I tried desperately to compose myself. David's motives and methods were now clear to me. He was trying to get me to show my sexual feelings on the air in an effort to get me fired. I was confused, upset . . . and horny as hell. No matter how angry I was (and I was fuming), the thought of having an orgasm in front of 10 million viewers–*10 million*–actually kind of appealed to my greatest fantasy: getting it on in public. Well, at least I had David's number. It would be an effort to resist his advances, but my newscasting career demanded self-control. I thought I could suppress my sexual feelings. I was wrong.

Once again the camera was on me. As I launched into the next story, David started up again. This time he not only stroked my thighs through my dress, but he reached under it and was slowly edging toward my panties and the hot, wet pussy beneath them. My mind raced as I tried frantically to focus on what I was

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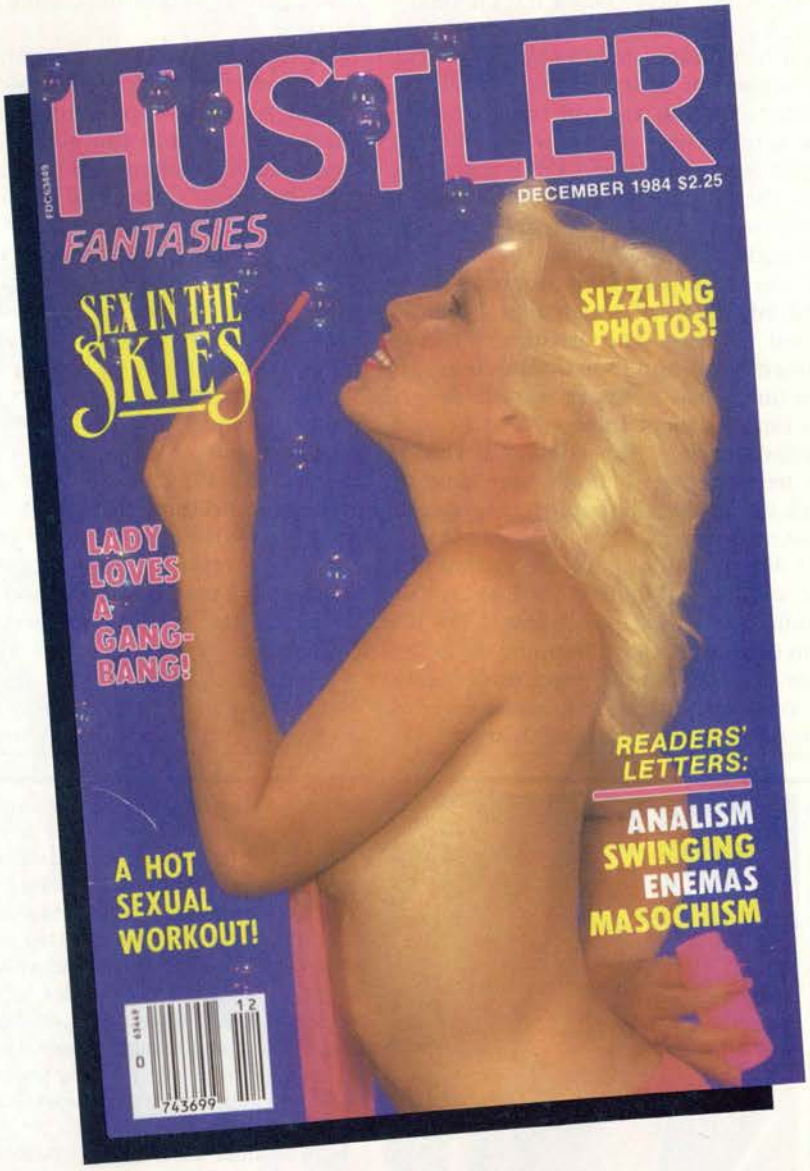

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reading aloud and not on that hand snaking its way toward my cunt. Somehow I stammered through the piece, and finally we cut for the second commercial break.

Furious, I turned to David and demanded he stop. It just wasn't fair, I told him. I said I was going to report him to the brass if he didn't knock it off immediately. I even told him I'd fuck his lights out if he'd wait until after the show. He just smiled at that and said teasingly, "Come on. Who are you trying to kid? You want to come right now. I know how to pull your trigger, and I'm going to do it–on the air. Then everybody in America will know exactly what a professional our lady anchor really is."

I was so surprised by his straightforward admission of intent that I almost missed my cue. The assistant director pointed at me, and I was on the air again. This time I had a feature story to do . . . five minutes long. I prayed that I could last through it. I glanced over at David, but he was gone. I didn't have time to think about where he could have gone; so I just started in.

It didn't take long for me to find out where David was hiding. As I got to the middle of the first paragraph, I felt his arms slip past my legs, trapping me in the chair. He had crawled right underneath the console! With a firm, almost-painful grip on my ankles, he roughly spread my legs, and I could feel his head nudge between my thighs, inching closer and closer to my unbearably hot hole. As I continued reading, his hands stole their way up my legs. A fine sweat broke out on my forehead, giving it the kind of sheen that the makeup man had nightmares about. It was getting almost impossible to read the copy.

Then, suddenly, he hit pay dirt. As his face neared the soaking-wet crotch of my panties, his hands slipped under the lacy waistband, and with two quick yanks he tore them off. With my legs pinned to the chair by David's powerful shoulders, I was totally helpless to resist him. One moment I felt his breath against my silky cunt, and then his tongue was circling my swollen clitoris. His tongue was soon joined by a finger, then a second, which probed deep into my slick, wet pussy.

Soon I gasped out loud in front of all those viewers. I just couldn't help it. I couldn't squirm out of David's way because, after all, I was on the air. And every time I did move, he only renewed his efforts. I thought I'd never get to the end of my report. Trying to gather my strength, I breathed deeply and plowed through the details of government corruption.

Meanwhile, he increased his licking and stroking until I could bear it no longer. Right in the middle of a sentence my face contorted. I moaned, shuddered and started to come! My body trembled from head to toe, and I jammed my twat into David's face, giving in completely.

Thankfully, at that moment the executive producer realized what was happening and yelled to cut to a commercial. They ended up running three in a row–and a public-service spot as well–because I was certainly incapable of resuming the news with my pussy contracting and sweat running down my face.

I practically ran back to my dressing room. I locked myself in, plopped down in my chair and started to cry. My career, I was sure, was ruined–all for one orgasm. Wiping away my tears, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My makeup was a mess, and my blouse had come untucked. Then I remembered that David had ripped off my panties. Spreading my legs, I could see my still-swollen pussy lips in the mirror, making me even hornier than I'd been in the studio. Maybe I was in such a confused emotional state that I was hysterical and didn't know what I was doing, but right there I began to masturbate.

With one orgasm under my belt already, it wasn't long before my fingers were dripping wet and my cunt muscles contracting, the waves of release rolling through my body. Softly pinching my clit between my fingers, I slid them deep into my hole and moaned loudly as I came. From somewhere else in the studio I heard the muffled sounds of laughter, and that's when I realized I was still wearing my wireless radio mike! My repeat performance had been going out over the studio's audio monitor!

A knock on the door brought me back to Earth. The executive producer wanted to see me–on the double. Quivering with fear, I cleaned myself up and went to his office. Noting how distraught I was, he assured me I was not at fault. He had seen how David had sabotaged me and had fired him. The executive producer also sympathized with my plight, saying he understood how humiliated I must have felt, exposing my sexual nature like that in front of a national television audience. I tried to play my part well, looked as upset as I could, and I took all the sympathy he was willing to offer.

Little did he suspect that the whole episode was one of the very best sexual experiences I have ever had. Since then I've been fucked in a car, in a theater, even in one of those glass elevators. But sex in public can't get any better when that public numbers in the millions.

My career got back on track after that little incident with David. In fact, it's even better than before. After all, I rather like being known as an up-and-coming newscaster.

★ With sub-freezing weather making life miserable across the nation, we forecast that CHIC's January pictorials will raise readers' temperatures to the boiling point. First, there's centerfold Joanna Storm, the X-rated-film star who lives up to her name. Then come two lovely lezzies who get caught in a cloudburst before getting caught up in each other. Next, a fabulous blonde shows why being horizontal is the only way to go. Finally, a young pool man has his filter checked and his pipes cleaned by a super-horny housewife.

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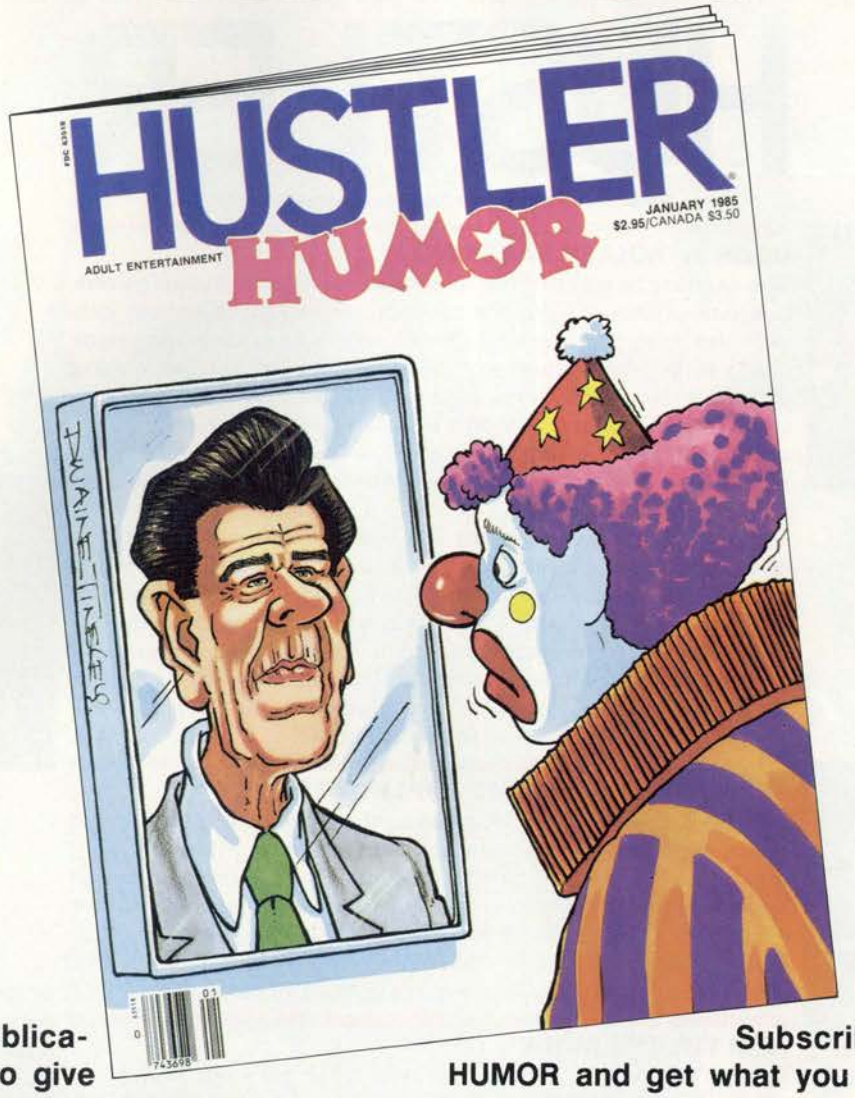

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COMPUTERS AND A BIG APPLE CATHOUSE

All across America, people are using their personal computers to select, seduce and satisfy new sex partners. In a groundbreaking article, Dr. Timothy Leary–a true expert in altered states of mind–describes the newest frontier of sexuality: electronic sex. Then, in *The Best Little Whorehouse in New York*, reporter Rudy Maxa takes you behind the scenes at the Fifth Season, an exclusive, members-only bordello that many rate No. 1 in the nation.

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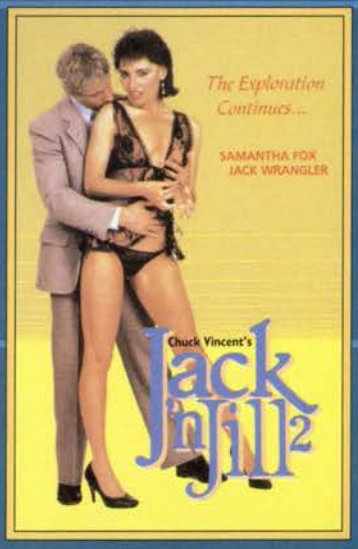

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