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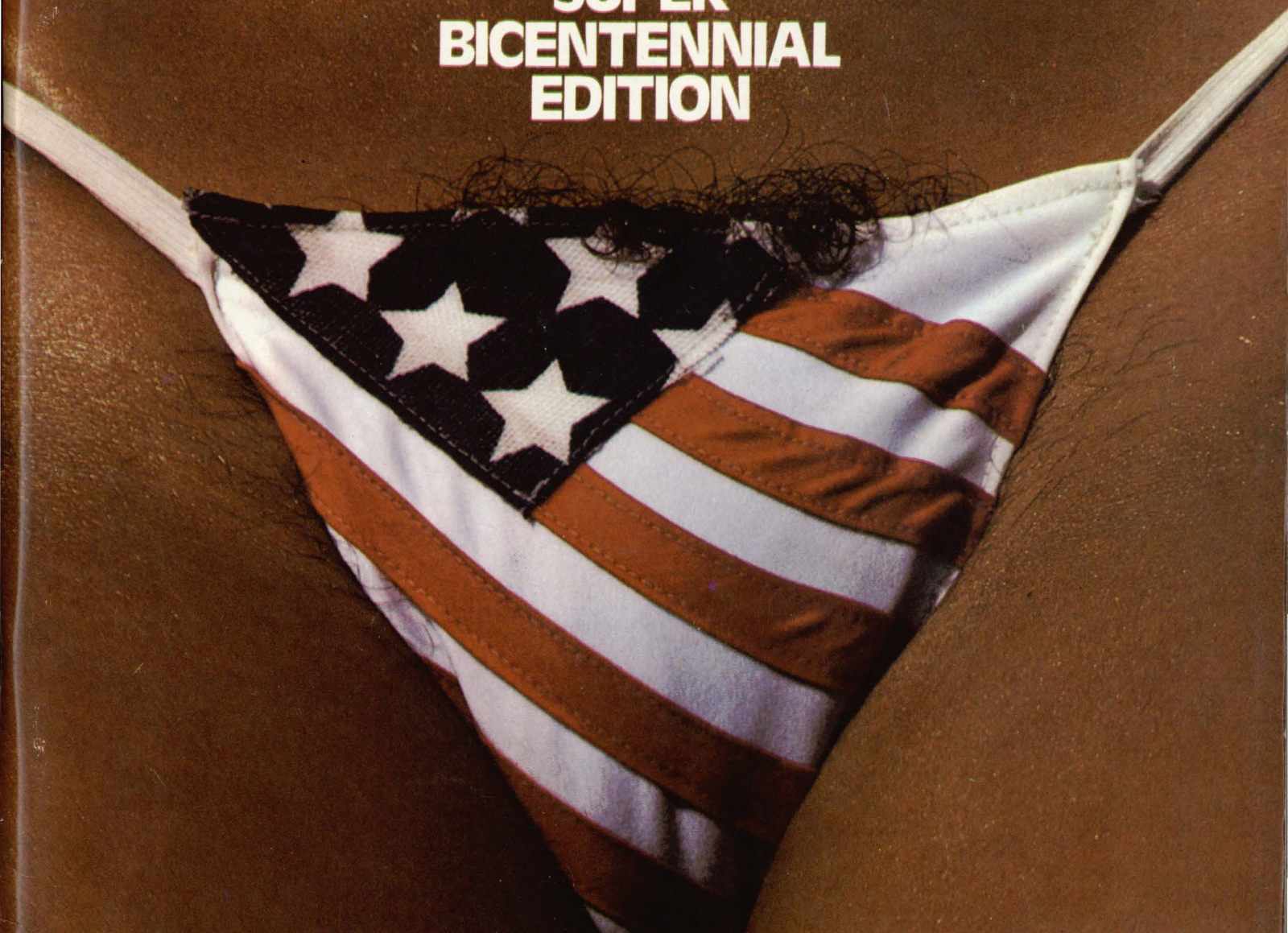
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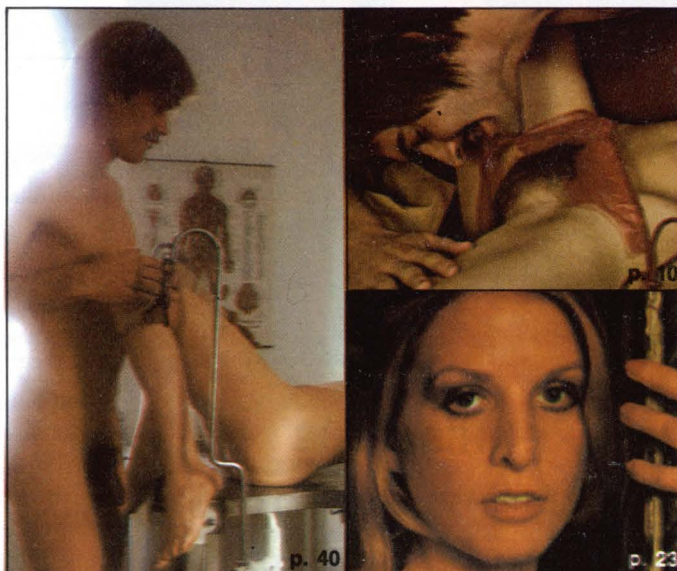
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YOU'D BETTER LIKE THIS ISSUE

Things have been unbelievably hectic here at the HUSTLER offices. We've been rushing to make the deadlines for our combination Bicentennial/second anniversary issue, and all this shit is getting to me. For example, our managing editor, Bruce David, had the nerve to call me a bitch in this month's **HUSTLER INTERVIEW**. The truth is, I'm really a nice person—too nice to mention that Bruce fucks his dog.

Our East Coast representative, Noel Kilgen, sent in his **HOW TO BREAK A CHERRY** manuscript typed on white-with-red-polka-dot stationery. He must think we run a circus around here—and maybe he's right.

This issue, our typesetting machine also went out, or down, or whatever (and I thought our typists were the only ones who went down around here), but I can live with that. It's Eric Loveman, our irascible photo editor, who's driving me up a wall. After we made a special trip to New York to get photos of Lenny Schultz, the "world's dirtiest X-rated comedian," for this month's **HUSTLER PROFILE**, Eric "accidentally" melted the film. So, we had to scrounge around for someone in New York to photograph Lenny while dodging the Rice Krispies that he throws around in his insane act. We *had* to get the shots or nobody would have believed what this maniac Schultz does.

As if things weren't bad enough already, I was overruled by Larry on which picture of **EVELYN**, our pink-lady July centerfold, should be used for the life-size foldout, but I tried. Who else is going to argue with Larry Flynt?

Then, just when things seemed to be settling down to normal, we decided to hire more people. We now have a new articles editor, Bud Wallace, along with two new copy editors, Jim Heinisch and Mark Baker. All three are from the late, lamented San Francisco magazine, *City*, and they really know their shit. Heinisch and Baker should be able to turn the illiterate Crayola scribbles of our warped associate editors into readable copy.

Is all this confusion really worth it? Hell, yes! This and every issue is worth it because we bust our asses every month to bring you the most exciting, most outrageous, and most erotic men's magazine in the world. Knowing that *you* are out there, eating it up, makes it worthwhile. Thanks for sharing two great years with us.

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher and
Executive Editor

HUSTLER

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EDITOR & PUBLISHER
Jimmy R. Flynt
CO-PUBLISHER
Althea Leasure
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HUSTLER JULY 1976 VOL. 3 NO. 1
U. S. subscriptions \$15 for one year. Foreign \$18.

Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



Printed in U.S.A.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA

This month marks not only the Bicentennial of our great country, it is also HUSTLER's second birthday. "You've Come a Long Way, Baby" is a slogan that applies to both HUSTLER and America. And I feel that they have both been successful for the same reasons: a desire to be free and the spirit of aggressive competitiveness. Both of these qualities are inherent in the American free enterprise system and are the essence of HUSTLER's editorial stance.

The American system of free enterprise has been the key element to HUSTLER's growth from a two-page, black-and-white newsletter into the world's leading erotic publication. This unique system developed the early American wilderness society of debtors, have-nots, and slaves into a technologically advanced culture with the highest standard of living in the world.

The fact is, America is by far the greatest country in the world despite the many ills confronting us. As HUSTLER's Editor and Publisher, I have been fortunate enough to have traveled a great deal in my life. Like others before me, I had often thought in the past that the grass *must* be greener on the other side. Well, it is not so. In my search throughout the world for a better social environment, I have found out just how lucky I am to have been born an American citizen. We Americans live better and are freer than anybody anywhere else in the world. Our goal for the next 200 years of America's existence should be to keep this country great and free.

Now, however, our individual liberties and economic greatness, forged by our competitive free enterprise system, are threatened as never before by the intrusion of socialism into our democratic way of life. Socialism is presented as a one-for-all ideology, in which everybody contributes to the pie and in return receives an equal slice of it. This may be fine in theory, but since the piece of pie is guaranteed, people tend to sit on their asses, and nothing much gets done. As a result, the pie gets smaller.

Great Britain is a shining example of socialism falling flat on its ass. As in all socialistic societies, the English government runs nearly everything—railroads, coal mines, public utilities—and as a result practically everything in England is fucked up. Prices have risen by as much as 55 percent, efficiency has been cut in half, and the national rate of inflation has risen to 25 percent. (In America, 10 or 11 percent inflation is considered of crisis proportions.) You can get an idea of the half-assed approach of British socialists from the fact that there is a three-month wait for telephone installations. Think about that the next time you're cursing Ma Bell for being a mother.

It's the same old story: If the government can't manage itself, we can't expect it to manage industry.

More insidious and more damaging than the gross mismanagement that usually accompanies socialism is the deadening effect it has on a nation's spirit. There is no creative interplay between competing companies because government-owned industries



do not have any competitors. Thus there is no incentive to improve the quality of goods and services. The same applies to citizens who have no opportunity to advance through competition. Therefore, there is no incentive to perform, to achieve, or to succeed. There are no winners in such a society; everybody is a loser, droning along in a dull, gray world in which all men are the same zombielike bureaucrats, neither expecting nor desiring any opportunity for individual achievement.

Individuality and personal achievement go hand in hand with those democratic freedoms that are the lifeblood of America. I feel that the most serious challenge in the future for this country will be to retain our vigorous system of free enterprise that has allowed these qualities to flourish. I have dedicated my life and this magazine to seeing that our system and our freedoms continue to flourish for at least another 200 years beneath the American flag.

Long may it wave.

Editor and Publisher

Feedback

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT....

In your April, 1976, issue there was a photo spread of Barbara Jean, shaved cunt and all. Cunt shaving is becoming a big thing, so I did some thinking: Why can't guys get into the act? Well, they can! I shaved the hair off my balls and cock and the surrounding area. Now I can find it in a hurry! My girlfriend just went crazy over it. She said not to let the hair grow back, and I'm going along with her. In short, if you can get some of the guys around there to try it, why not print it?

"Hairless in Austin"
Austin, Texas

One of our people did try it for a Bits & Pieces article, "Tom's Dick Ain't Hairy," (May, 1976). You might not have noticed since you and your girlfriend are busy with your new discovery. Be careful in your zeal to be a smoothie or you might slice your cream machine.

We are sisters, ages 15 and 14. Because we have great parents, we are allowed to read your magazine. We really enjoyed the pictures and stories about girls who are shaved between their legs (March, 1976, "Bare Beaver"; April, 1976, "Barbara Jean"). That's because we're both shaved, and so is our mother. She has been for years and years.

A few months ago, we asked mother if we could try it. She said yes, but we were surprised when she added that she and daddy would give us our first shave. That evening, they spread towels across their bed and told us to undress. We felt a little strange at first because we hadn't been naked in front of daddy since we were little. But soon we were spraddled out on the bed while momma and daddy trimmed, lathered, and shaved us slick.

We really enjoyed it. Wow! Comparing notes later, we both agreed that we got secret thrills when we took off our last stitch and stood there stark naked. We first spread our legs so they could see our hairy little pussies while daddy shaved us, and then we admired our bare slits in front of a mirror. Later, we found out that daddy keeps momma shaved. No wonder he knew just how to handle our pussies. Anyway, we really like them bare, and now we love to run around the house naked as much as possible. Daddy says we've got an interesting bounce to our titties. Maybe you can do some shaving pictures of girls our age.

Names Withheld by Request
San Angelo, Texas

More photo spreads on young girls are being planned for future issues of HUSTLER. Clean-shaven mounds and sparse pubic hair will be prominent parts of these features. Judging by the "Hairless in Austin" letter, it seems daddy is due for some razor action so he can join the family smooth set.

I found it almost impossible to put down your March, 1976, issue in which you ran the photo



feature "Bare Beaver," which showed a pussy being lathered and shaved completely bald.

I would like to see that idea carried further. Show a girl with her pussy shaved and with the hair on her head being shaved.

The sight of a bald woman is about the most erotic sight I can imagine. This fetish for seeing women shaved bald means that I enjoy being the dominant one and seeing women punished. I know it goes back to my seeing pictures of female Nazi collaborators in Europe having their heads shaved after World War II.

The possibilities for a photo spread are endless, and there are many other men who share my fantasy and would like to see a woman have her head lathered and shaved. An issue with this feature would sell out immediately.

B. I. B.
New Haven, Connecticut

If giving bald head is your idea of a turn-on, then you've probably worked up a lather over our "Hairless Experience" photo feature in the June, 1976, issue. We were a-head of you on that one, but we'd like more reader response before our next shave.

POLITICAL ARGUMENT

You really put together a good April issue, probably the best yet. My local magazine store used to receive only a half-dozen copies of HUSTLER. Now it receives 150 copies, and they go quickly. Congratulations.

I enjoy the *Publisher's Statement*—April's in particular. Stick with the politics, Larry. It's one of the reasons I buy your book. With all the corrupt, greedy, truly perverted sickies who are running and ruining this country, it's really good to see a guy with the balls to tell them where to shove it. And as you so astutely observed, creeps like Sam Huntington ("Asshole of the Month") are setting things up so their bosses can assure that things don't get any better or freer for any of us. So keep up the politics, Larry. I, for one, appreciate it.

The girls in your April issue were particularly lovely, another high point. The Jerry Rubin interview was interesting but marred by the introduction to the interview, which was a hot-bed of misinformation. To consider Jerry's involvement in the Chicago riots at the Democratic Convention in 1968 evidence of his "darker side"...well, I don't know how to respond to that kind of thinking. I always admired Jerry for his involvement in Chicago and still do. And as for "Rubin's vision of personal freedom became chaos, spilling over into a violent destructive riot," well, fuck you! Christ, even a conservative presidential commission called it a "police riot." Larry, I sure as hell hope you didn't write that shit.

Name Withheld by Request
New Rochelle, New York

If you want us to continue our astute political observations, then you'll have to accept it when we assess Jerry Rubin with the same critical
(continued on page 130)

HUSTLER

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Advise & Consent

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups, or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

You're the first magazine I'm not afraid to write to. First of all, I'm bisexual, and my husband knows it. We live in a very small town, and I seldom experience another woman's lovemaking. I recently found out that my husband is a transvestite. We have an open, honest relationship, and he has always been so masculine that I was shocked. After I adjusted to the fact (naturally, I consent), I helped him buy some clothes that fit properly. Once, he asked me to put makeup on him, and as I did, I got turned on. Later, I made love to him as I would to another woman. I enjoyed it thorough-

ly, but could he? He didn't get off until he was inside me, taking me like a man. He moaned and thrashed around under me just as a woman would. He's quiet when we make love normally. Is it possible that he enjoyed it? Also, could you let me in on a man's enjoyment of women's clothes? I don't mind him doing it; I'd like a better understanding of it, though.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

A transvestite is someone who finds erotic excitement by dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex. Since in our society it is more acceptable for women to wear slacks than for men to dress in skirts, we don't even know how many women transvestites there are walking around with jockey shorts under their slacks. Women can flaunt it, and men have to hide in the proverbial closet. While most transvestites are also homosexual, this is not necessarily true of all. For many men, transvestism is a repressed childhood urge to dress up in their mothers' or sisters' clothes, so they indulge this

urge by occasionally putting on a bra, pantyhose, and makeup. They may then become sexually aroused by the feel and texture of filmy women's apparel on their bodies and bring themselves to climax through masturbation. Nonhomosexual transvestites, as your husband apparently is, usually keep their "deviation" to themselves. You are fortunate that your honest relationship has allowed your husband to share his secret with you, and he is lucky to have an understanding wife who is willing to share his pleasures, even in unusual ways. Considering your bisexuality and his transvestism, you are one of the most perfectly matched couples we have heard about in a long time. The only question we have is, why don't you think he could enjoy doing what he's obviously wanted to do all along?

I have an unusual sexual desire to have intercourse with a chicken. From the time I was 13, I have wanted to fulfill this fantasy. When I make love to my wife, I make her lie in a bed of chicken feathers and cackle like a chicken, but lately this is not enough—I want a real chicken. Do you think there's something wrong with me?

Walter Atmille
Villa Park, Illinois

We don't know if you're chickenshit or not. If so, you should be ashamed of yourself. We're trying to help real people with real problems in this column, not play the fool for some jack-off prankster.

If you really do have an overwhelming desire to fuck a chicken, we won't say there's something wrong with you; lots of horny country boys fuck chickens (and cows, sheep, etc.). However, they usually do so from necessity because there are no fuckable human females around. Since you aren't in the same desperate situation, we don't think you're the sanest guy in the world, either. Fucking a chicken usually causes its death because the bird's egg sac (the poultry version of a uterus) is pulled out with your cock when you're finished. We think this is an unnecessary and extremely inhumane form of cruelty to animals. Stick with your wife; she's obviously a woman of infinite understanding and forbearance.

When my husband and I have intercourse, it is very painful for a while until I "get used to it." I had a baby about five months ago and had an episiotomy. Could this be causing the problem? It wasn't like this before the baby.

M. R.
Chicago, Illinois

It is very likely that the episiotomy is the cause of your pain. This barbaric procedure is now being used in more than 90 percent of deliveries in hospitals in the U.S., although it is (continued on page 126)



"Actually, Fred, that's not what I meant when I asked you to come over and eat my pussy tonight."

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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

HUSTLER's July Asshole of the Month award goes to Federal Prosecutor Larry Parrish of Memphis, Tennessee. This shit clod is trying to force his morals on every man and woman living in the U. S. by indicting *anybody* who helps make, produce, or distribute X-rated movies *anywhere* in the country.

In the past, only distributors of X-rated movies have been busted, and then they were prosecuted only for shipping movies into a state where the flicks were considered illegal. For the first time, performers like Harry Reems are being held accountable for acting in these movies, even though the films were made in states where it may have been legal to do so. This perverted form of legal logic could make it a crime to drink beer in the state of New York, where it is legal, if

another state—Tennessee, for instance—had a bluenose law prohibiting beer drinking. This may seem ridiculous, but don't forget that Reems has been convicted on just such gerrymandered charges, and now the hapless actor faces years in the slammer.

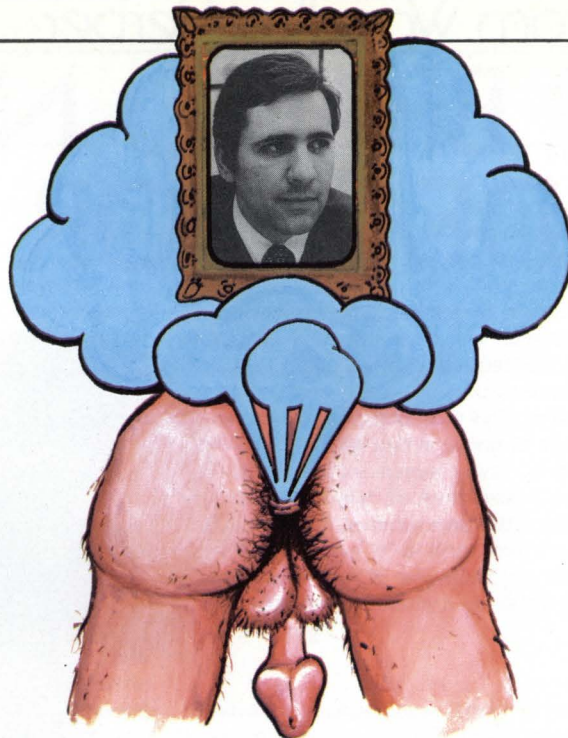
Reems's conviction on a pornography-related charge in Memphis is not surprising since it's easy to stuff a jury with holy rolling, "Hardshell Baptists" in the "Buckle of the Bible Belt" city. Parrish is trying to use the courts and the people of Memphis to set legal guidelines on obscenity for the entire nation.

Parrish knows damn well that this provincial interpretation of national laws will certainly be overturned in the higher courts. Yet this scumbag prosecutor continues to piss away tax-supported federal manpower and resources on his private crusade against our freedom of expression. Parrish's abuse of the law

seems too asinine to be true.

Larry Parrish represents a serious threat to freedom of speech and individual choice in America. If this egomaniac actually believes he can dictate what everyone in the U. S. can or cannot see, he should reread the Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution before he frivolously wastes

any more of our hard-earned tax money, making a mockery of the laws of America. If Parrish can't support the basic freedoms that our forefathers shed their blood and guts for, then we suggest he follow the same advice given to many hippies in the '60s: "It's your country—love it or leave it, asshole!"



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

Parks his Ford Galaxie sedan right in front of his neighborhood bar. Guzzles Blue Ribbon or else has his Jim Beam straight. Used to use a safety razor with his Rapid Shave and Merrett's After-Shave lotion. But advertising turned him on to Gillette Trac II. When you talk to him in HUSTLER, you had better give it to him straight. . . . Otherwise he'll tell you to shove it. Straight-talking HUSTLER is his favorite magazine. He's a loyal reader because he knows we don't beat about the bush or split hairs. We turn him on. What other magazine could have invented life-size center folds to help him fulfill his fantasies? We hit him right in the eye balls and arouse him. Playboy had him . . . Penthouse wants him . . . HUSTLER's got him .

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STICK IT IN YOUR BEER

Here's the HUSTLER advertisement that grossed out the button-down minds on Madison Avenue when it ran recently in *Advertising Age*, an ad industry house organ. This number stirred quite a bit of media commentary and criticism (par for the course for HUSTLER). Some stuffed-shirt hucksters weren't ready for such a balls-out, self-mocking promotional approach, and the usual sneers about "low-brow vulgarity" reverberated throughout their mahogany-paneled offices in midtown Manhattan.

But then, jacking off the Establishment is one of the biggest kicks for the lowlifes who put out our rag. We love to visualize how the cigarette

manufacturers and their congressional stooges are going to choke on their smoke when they see one of our anti-smoking ads featuring cancer-eaten tongues and lungs dripping with pus and blood. The artsy-fartsy skin-mag publishers will gnaw on their air-brushes and gobble ulcer pills as a down-to-earth HUSTLER Honey's crystal-clear, smiling beaver beams out from these pages.

HUSTLER will continue to shoot from between the hips, of course. If you, like the man of leisure on the left, are thumbing through this magazine while you enjoy your daily boilermaker, raise a toast to yourself in the mirror behind the bar. By buying HUSTLER, you've just stuck it to pompous assholes in all walks of life. Here's muff in your eye!

HUSTLER

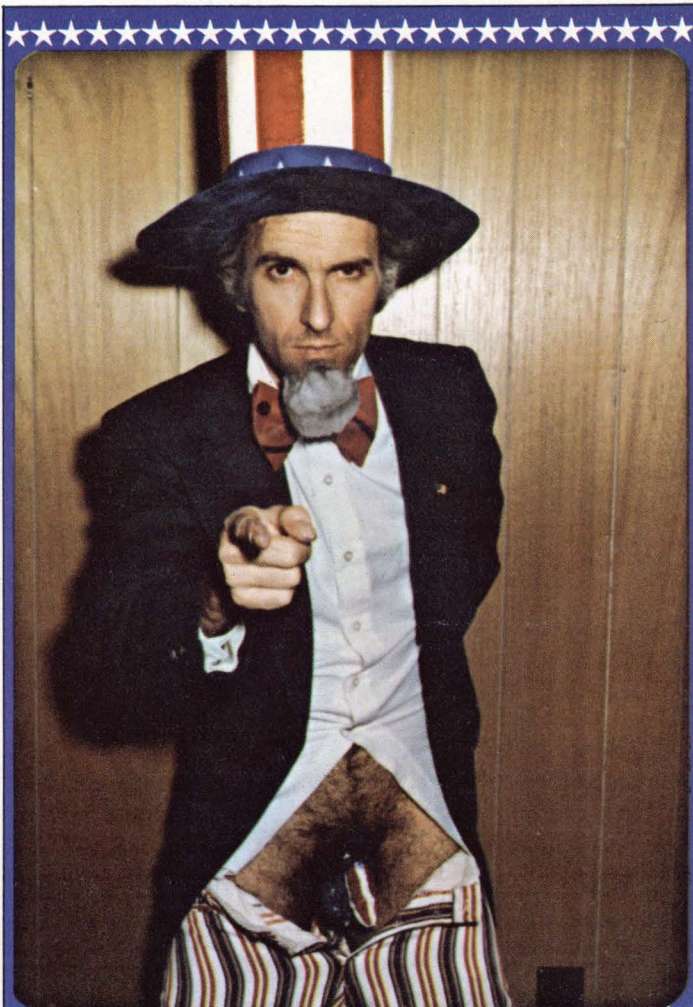
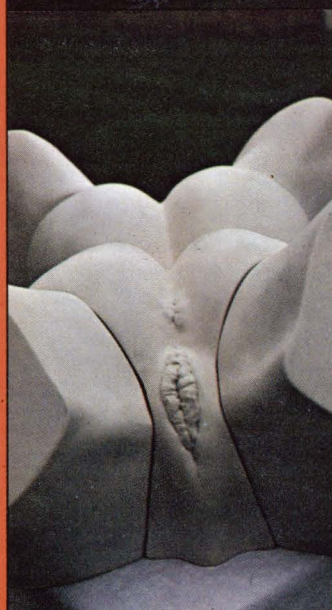
MASTER PIECES

Barnacled balls connected to a crustacean cock. A hand-delivered, pussy-playing *plat du jour*. The birth of a vinyl Venus. Do these items sound like the kinky visions of a wino on his fifth gallon of Thunderbird?

Wrong! These creations were fashioned by the talented hands of sculptor Andrew B. Prueher. Made with ceramic pieces, vinyl, rhine-

stones, and other assorted embellishments, these off-beat *objets d'art* could be used to liven up a dull family room or, maybe, serve as bookends for your Billy Graham book collection.

All art freaks interested in boning up on this wacky interpretation of erotic sculpture should contact the artist at 1606 Shermer Rd., Northbrook, Illinois 60062.



YOURS FOR A SONG

Ladies, Uncle Sam wants *you* to hum his Bicentennial song. While your soft, lovely mouths form the words, think back on the previous night's celebration. He's sure the lyrics will take on a new significance that will cause chills to run up and down your spine. We hope you'll be moved to salute the flag the next time it's run up the pole:

"Oooh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there.

Oooh! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

Obviously, the answer to that last question is yes. It's amazing that a 200-year-old man could keep his flag snapping in the breeze for that long, isn't it?

Nevertheless, please hold your applause for your neighborhood celebration on the 4th of July.

HIGH SOCIETY
May 1975
1st ISSUE

**BLACKBIRD: A SHOOTING
KINGDOM OWNED BY
ANDY WARHOL**

**JOCKFULL-O-HITS
& OTHER EDITABLE
LADIES' AID**

**THE TUBES:
SHOCKBROOK IN S.C.
IS HERE IN S.W.**

**ZIPPER DOWN:
MILK & LINGERIE
FROM EDIES
WELLES
STONE
BOOK
"SUNGLASSES"**

**PURR-INE
WALK-OPEN
TENSIMENTS
BY THE
HOT LADY
COLUMNISTS**

60
CENTS
GO

So, HUSTLER wonders how long it will be before somebody slips a mood stone on the clit ring. With such a clear-cunt indication of your lady's moods, you'll know when to make your move without muffing your chances.



A new entrant in the skin-rag race is a magazine called *High Society*. This obvious imitation of HUSTLER doesn't come close to our shit-kicking, no-holds-barred editorial stance because they sound like cosmopolitan snobs. These high-brows use phrases like "bleary with opulence" and "gynecological beaver shots" while trying to be earthy in the HUSTLER style. This reminds us of a person who tries to cross the street while keeping one foot on the curb. He falls on his face.

The girls in *High Society's* spreads show split beaver, but they look like \$2-a-trick hookers who were photographed with a Kodak Instamatic. These vamps are palmed off as wealthy heiresses who like to fuck and suck. Such obvious fictions will get your cock about as hard as a loaf of bread in a barrel of rainwater.

Their rip-off of HUSTLER's *Bits & Pieces* section is weak. At best, the humor might divert a pack of wild dogs if they needed something to piss on, but readers could probably dig up better laughs in a Transylvania graveyard.

High Society's formula combines pseudo-sophistication with tastelessness. The juxtaposition of these concepts cancels each out, so one is left with a magazine that will charge its readers the way a dead battery sparks a car. It ain't goin' nowhere, baby.

mal conditions and freezing temperatures, we can understand why George would want to go home and winter in the warmth of Martha's arms.

In fact, it's been rumored that the *real* reason why Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas Eve, 1776, under such perilous conditions, wasn't because he

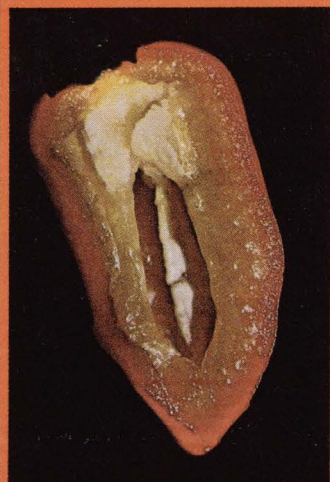
wanted to battle the Hessians on the other side, but because he wanted to lay his axe into a few pieces¹ of black cherry waiting in the woodshed back at Mount Vernon—and the quickest route lay across the ice-choked river. We checked into this rumor and found a certain amount of verification in Emanuel Leutze's well-known painting of Washington crossing the Delaware. Take a look at George's crotch. If that isn't a hard-on bursting out of his pants and pointing toward home, then we don't know our Ps from our Qs.

It's too bad George isn't around today so that we could ask him. We know he'd tell the truth, even though he might skirt the issue like any good politician and answer us by replying, "They don't call me the 'Father of my Country' for nothing."

FRESH PRODUCE

Some scientists have been claiming for years that plants have emotions and can think. If this is true, then we know what every ripe banana in the produce department of the supermarket thinks about at night when the lights go out. It can't wait to peel down and jump on a red-hot chili pepper from Juarez.

Grocery managers must be hip to this fact because, if you'll notice, bananas are almost always separated from the rest of the produce. If you happen to slip on a banana peel that appeared out of



nowhere, you should know the rest of it is somewhere close by, knocking up a loose Mexican chili pepper. For that matter, if you ever get desperate, you might try the same number, but we'd advise that you start out with some soft-core fruit, or vegetables that won't offend your sensibilities.

Cooked eggplant dripping with warm melted butter, or a pretty little sweet potato might tingle your tickler. Perhaps you'll find out why *Mary, Mary* was quite contrary and spent all her time in the garden with silver bells and cockleshells. She wasn't dumb.



"CANDYPANTS" ROMANCE

This "carnivorous" couple is providing an answer to the gnawing question, "Why not combine eating out with eating in?" They're gobbling each other's "Candypants," the new edible underpants the public has been lapping up ever since they hit the market. These chewy, bikini-style undies are guaranteed to melt in your mouth, not in your hand (unless your furious fingering starts getting your chick wet,

in which case the water-soluble spun-sugar fabric will dissolve, giving you easy access to her box lunch and a good indication of how you're doing).

Candypants come in both men's and women's sizes and in three flavors. These tasty eaters are both wearing the "Wild Cherry" flavor. (We hope this isn't a comment on the degree of their sexual experience.) The other two flavors available are "Hot

Chocolate" (for you anal-sex devotees) and "Banana Split."

Our sugar-spinning friends at Leisure Time Products are now offering Candypants. You can get into them by sending \$6.95 per pair to Leisure Time Products, P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216. Try a pair the next time you and your honey want to eat your heads off, and do your bit to make mutual mastication the most preferred form of sex play.

OLDIE-BUT-GOODIE CUNT HUNT BEGINS



Readers roared approval over Kathy Keeton, the foxy 50-year-old centerfold presented in HUSTLER's September, 1975, issue. This encouraging response prompted another venture into an area hungering for the HUSTLER touch: geriatric sex. To explore the possibilities of eroticism among the elderly, we plan to offer a centerfold in the near future that will feature a robustly well-preserved couple. Our aim is to show that not all senior citizens merely rest their brittle bones in bed. Hard-ons and Poli-Grip go quite well together.

A handsome male Golden Ager has already come forward with an offer to pose for our pages, but only on one condition: He wants to share

the honors with a healthy Honey past 60 who is now receiving Social Security. Is this his personal way of sharing old age benefits?

The lady who is accepted to model with our eager old-timer will get \$1,500 and a Geritol on the rocks, with our compliments. We anticipate another positive reaction to this arthritic turn-on, especially among HUSTLER aficionados staking out their twilight years in nursing homes.

So, senior sweeties, take a few minutes away from Lawrence Welk's musical constipation, and contact us about baring the fruits of a ripe old age. We'll help you provide visual proof to young upstarts that the sexual revolution was not born yesterday.



BRASS ASS WEDDING

Recently, Mom and Myna's popular Brass Ass Lounge in Newport, Kentucky, was the scene of a nude wedding that featured stripper Linda Brigitte and her consort, Joe Trosclair. Justice of the Peace Earl Leonard told the photographer that he didn't mind performing the ceremony since, "Them people was born naked, so I don't see why I shouldn't marry them that way." He believed this until the scales of justice tipped a load of bullshit on his head: His license was suspended for 30

days by County Judge Lambert Heahl. After the judge said he was considering a police investigation of everyone involved, Leonard made like a capon and issued a public apology for conducting the rites.

This certainly isn't the spirit of raw honesty and integrity that should mark the observance of our country's Bicentennial. HUSTLER takes its hat (and its pants) off in our salute to Linda and Joe for standing up for their beliefs by clinching their wedlock in the nude.

HOODWINKED

We received this picture from a soldier stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, who said this is the way he drives around town to pick up girls. Since everybody in the army looks alike, he had to think of a way to

tention, so it's easy to carry on a decent conversation.

He said the last time he did this, though, the exchange wasn't so decent. When he answered this little redhead's question with his usual "...fixing the battery, and maybe he ate her," the girl smiled a great big smile and said, "Come



get a chick's attention. When a girl asks him what's under the hood, he says it's his buddy "...fixing the battery, and maybe he ate her." When the confused girl asks him to repeat himself, he makes a subtle correction and says his buddy is fixing the radiator. By this time he has the girl's at-

over to my place; you can eat me, too!" He said this blew his mind, and none of his friends would believe him when he got back to the base that night.

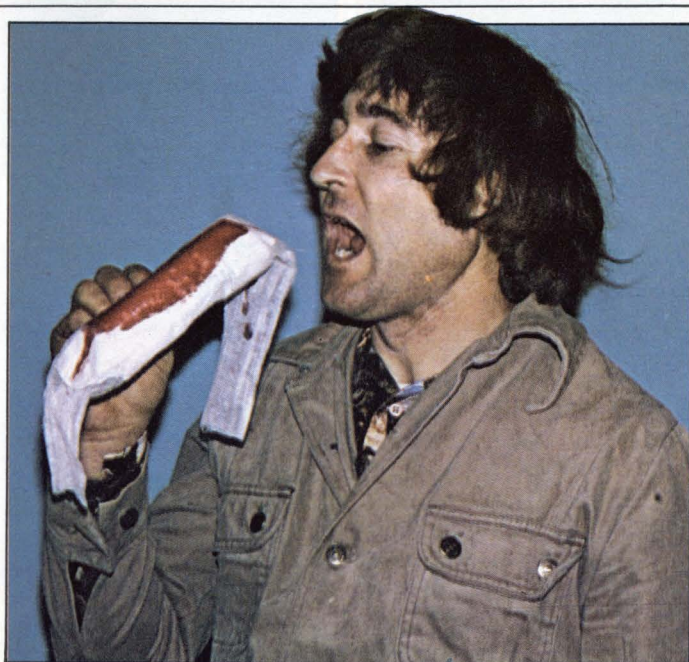
Well, we do believe you, buddy—you're just the type of resourceful soldier we need in today's all-volunteer army. Keep up the good work!

BOX LUNCH

With the advent of edible underwear (see page 13), it was inevitable that the makers of feminine napkins would not be far behind (but still on the bottom) in the marketing of edible delights. If this gash-food gimmick catches on, bloody rags could become a delicacy as sought after as hummingbird tongues. Considerable adjustment would be necessary for people to reorient their thinking toward encrusted pads. But as the accompanying photo indicates, it can be done.

There would be some definite advantages to Kotex-eating and Tampax-sucking.

Those of us who don't like fish would have another way to bolster our iron-poor blood. Since the bloody rags would no longer be flushed down the toilet, it might help to bring down today's inflated plumbing bills. Picnics would also be more enjoyable because your woman's oven could keep the main course warm, and you wouldn't have to mess around trying to light a fire. If you wanted your box lunch hot, you could just give her a copy of HUSTLER, and her pussy would keep your food deliciously steamy. This may be just the thing for all you effete gourmets out there.



PUSHING WEST

This picture was snapped by Susan Doukas, photographer for *New West*, the newly inaugurated West Coast version of *New York* magazine, in order to preserve for posterity the moment when the infant publication first hit the news-

stands. *New West*'s circulation honchos asked this Los Angeles news dealer to place their premier issue alongside the best-selling periodicals on his stand, hoping to catch some carry-over trade from the readers' favorites. The newsie obliged them by positioning *New West* next to his

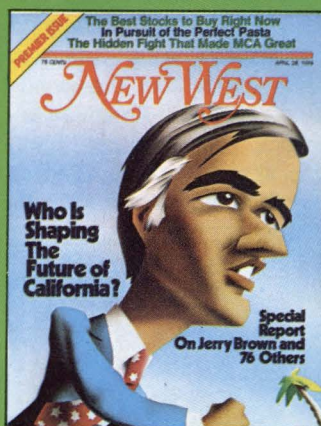
heaviest hitter—*HUSTLER*.

New West is the most recent example of a growing trend in magazine publishing toward "city magazines": publications that cover the political, cultural, and economic scenes of their parent city or locality, spiced with articles of national scope designed to hook the

hinterland reader.

New West's own editor and publisher, Clay Felker, has enjoyed both commercial and critical success with his two established city magazines, *The Village Voice* and *New York*. Judging by *New West*'s debut issue, Felker's winning streak should continue. The West Coast magazine features the same first-rate graphic design and slick format as *New York*. *New West*'s articles employ the same penetrating journalistic perceptions as its Manhattan-based sister publications, but with a loose-elbowed California slant that is refreshingly different from *New York/Village Voice*'s tones of besieged stoicism.

And, as this picture shows, *New West* has a lot of hustle, too.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Frankly, at this point, Mr. Dix, I don't think 'quitting' is the answer."

HUSTLER'S NEW SYMBOL



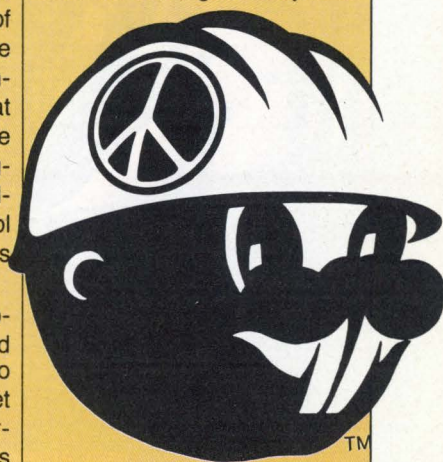
HUSTLER is celebrating its second anniversary in the midst of an intoxicating aura of success. Appropriately, we are choosing this issue to introduce the new logo that reflects our status as the fastest-growing men's magazine in the world. The "Smiling Beaver" is the new symbol of what this publication stands for.

Our beaver's hard hat represents the hard work and the hardheaded dedication to honesty that it took to get where we are today. That horny gleam in his eye and his

leering grin were put there by something else: Namely, all those other furry little beavers that fill our pages every issue.

The "Smiling Beaver" will be seen hereafter in all the best places—like at the juicy end of every article in *HUSTLER*.

We wanted to feature him on the cover this issue, but since those old hump busters beat us to the punch by declaring their independence 200 years ago, we bowed to patriotic considerations and ran the red white and blue where this bucktoothed sport would have appeared. Which is to say, over the cover girl's tasty twat.



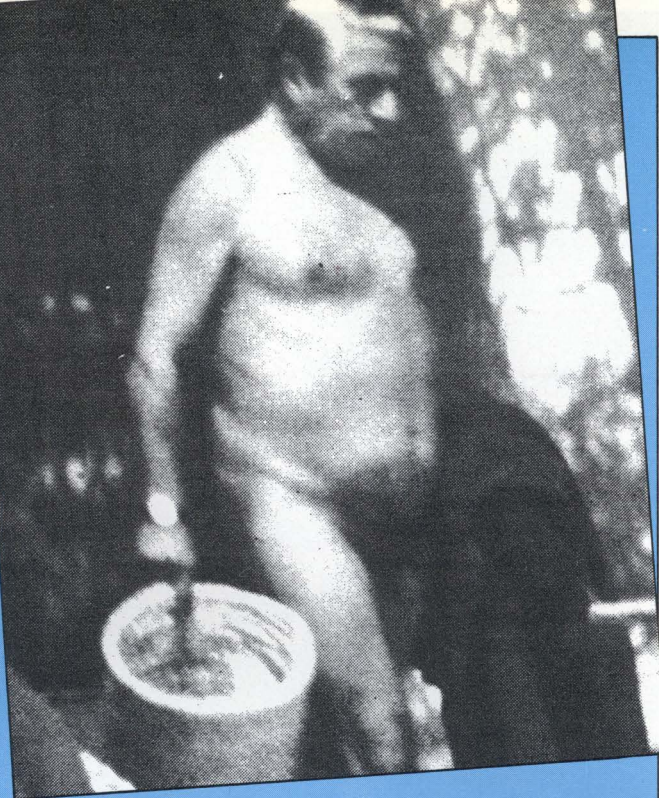
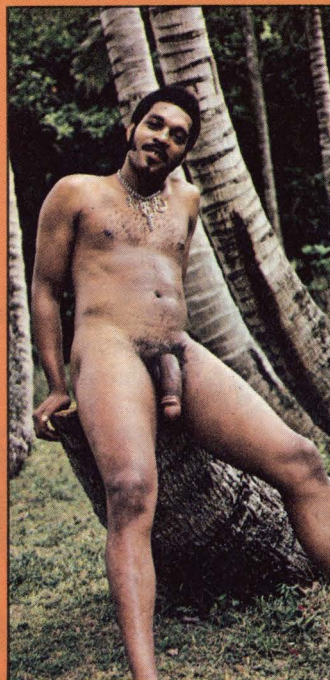
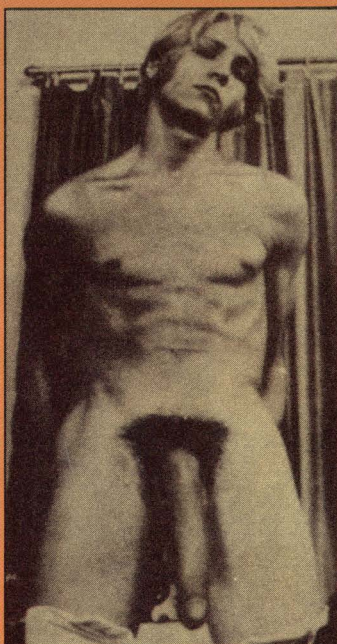
COCKSMEN'S CONTESTS

Ever since November, 1974, when we ran a feature called "King Dong," HUSTLER's unofficial "World's Largest Cock Contest" has been drawing tons of mail. Then porno movie star "Johnny Wadd" Holmes (June, 1975) and naked waiter Butch Williams (December, 1975) were rung into the undeclared "War of the Anteaters," and these phallic conversation pieces prodded torrents of awe-filled comments from HUSTLER's male readers and inquiries from female readers as to the whereabouts of these well-hung contestants.

The beat goes on, and HUSTLER is still encouraging you dudes with cocks like the transatlantic cable to submit your Polaroid claims to penile fame. However, we've learned that all this attention lavished on elephantine cocks has inadvertently promoted the myth that you have to have a joint that can reach into the next room in order to get a woman off. We felt constrained to dispel such ignorant misconceptions—especially since some of our dorks would rattle inside a thimble.

Therefore, we're now also inviting all you short-horned

blokes to send in your photographic bid for the title of "World's Smallest Cock" (soft, that is; some of those button-size dangles assume the proportions of a baby's arm when they get cranked up). Help us prove that when it comes to male meat, rather than "the bigger, the better," the truth is that "less is more." That last quote came from the world-famous German-American architect, Mies van der Rohe, who should know a thing or two about building erections.



COLD GREEK IN THE MOONLIGHT

Is this photograph the visual epitaph for the late Aristotle Onassis now that he's molding in the cold, cold ground? This candid shot of Onassis taking his naked ease on his private island of Skorpios was snapped at the same time as the nude pix of Jackie O. that made the August, 1975, issue of HUSTLER a collector's item.

Since that time, the picture has been published in the Italian men's magazine, *Playmen*, and is now being sold in adult bookstores in New York and other U.S. locales.

Rumor had it at the time the picture was taken that Ari was

more pissed about this shot than he was about any of the ones of Jackie. We can guess why: It's hard to maintain your dignified status as one of the world's richest men when you've been caught looking like a fat-assed colonel carrying his shit bucket back from the latrine.

We've been informed that *Playmen's* European readers didn't think the bulging belly Onassis displayed in the photograph was very remarkable; they feel that a large stomach denotes a man of substance rather than a self-indulgent slob. In spite of that, we still think Ari's protuberance must have made docking pretty difficult when he and Jackie wanted to make a little Greek music together.

If you have *Blits & Pieces* of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips, and short, short stories that we publish. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER extends its gratitude (along with 50 Bicentennial bucks) to the following contributors to July's *Blits & Pieces*: Jerry Aibel, Andrew Prueher, Jim Barnhill, George Rabe, Chuck Morgan, Edward Sonner, Steve Bergethon, and Ron Hickman.

HIP! HIP! HOORAY!

AN UNSOLICITED LETTER FROM
JUDGE CHARLES GALBREATH

COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEALS
STATE OF TENNESSEE
SUPREME COURT BUILDING
NASHVILLE 37219

RAMSEY LEATHERS
CLERK

PRESIDING JUDGE
MARK A. WALKER
ASSOCIATE JUDGES
CHARLES GALBREATH
ROBERT K. DWYER
WILLIAM S. RUSSELL
CHARLES H. O'BRIEN
JOE D. DUNCAN
MARTHA CRAIG DAUGHTREY

March 29, 1976

RECEIVED MAR 31 1976

Mr. Larry C. Flynt,
Editor and Publisher
Hustler
36 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

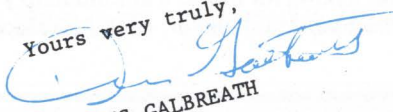
Dear Sir:

As the only appellate judge, to my knowledge, who has officially admitted that he enjoys reading some pornographic literature, I am an avid fan of your young publication.

I have been a student of the law for more than a quarter century and I have never been able to understand why the reading habits of the citizenry should be the official concern of government.

The text of my opinion did receive rather widespread dissemination in judicial and legal periodicals, as per the attached copy from Criminal Law Week, and it might be that the views expressed would be of interest to your staff or your readers. If so, feel free to use so much of the opinion as you care to. No charge. Our official opinions are in the public domain.

Yours very truly,


CHARLES GALBREATH

CG/sb
Enclosures

P.S.
I attach another dissent of mine pointing out that eating pussy is not a crime in Tennessee, even though the defendant was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for it. (An unanimous Federal Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit adopted my reasoning and ordered the defendant released.)

Readers who want copies of Judge Galbreath's dissenting opinions can obtain them by writing to HUSTLER Magazine, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.



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

by John Farr

How to maintain sexual interest in a long-term relationship was the topic of a recent symposium I attended.

For the first several years of marriage, sex probably was great between you and your wife. You've banged away in every position, experiencing orgasms all over the place. During the first five or ten years, you might not have difficulty sustaining sexual interest, but eventually it will begin to go downhill.

After facing the same slit in the same bed, you might not particularly feel like getting it up anymore. If you do, you know your prick is going into the same hole, and the same thing is going to happen. You can start to hate the sight of your wife's cunt, and you can imagine how she feels about

Sex Games for the Two of You

your tool. She probably hates it, too.

At this stage in a marriage, a simple and very effective remedy is available for tired

cunts and cocks: fresh meat. You jump into the hay and fuck someone other than your wife, who takes on somebody besides you. The problem, however, is that sex outside of marriage is not practical for many couples. It would be too much of a disruption, promoting jealousy that would make the relationship worse than the sexual boredom already being suffered.

So, how do you maintain sexual interest in a marriage or a long-term relationship without resorting to outside sex?

Most important is to make sex *fun*. You might think that sex is always fun, or otherwise you wouldn't be doing it. But for many people, sex gets to be too serious—tied up with love, emotion, and other aspects in the marriage or relationship. It can also reach the point where sex has to be the perfect

romantic event, or end with the perfect orgasm every time. This is not to say that fucking shouldn't be serious, loving, romantic, and spectacular. It's just that if you expect it to be *all* those things *every time*, it won't be, and disappointment will result. As with all things, sex should have variety. One way to give it variety is to have *fun*—uninhibited, hilarious, silly, free-for-all fun—and the best example is a *pillow fight*.

Now you might wonder what a pillow fight has to do with sex and think that you are perhaps a little old for such an adolescent activity. That is *precisely* the point. It is out of the ordinary and involves your whole body. Clear away bedside lamps and other breakable items, take off all your clothes, gather up a selection of pillows, and you're ready to start. Pick up a pillow and throw it at your wife. She, of course, then tosses one back. After some soft exchanges, you can hurl the pillows at each other. Aim for her face. When she cowers and turns to avoid the impact, let her have it in the ass. When a pillow hurtles toward you, dive off the bed for cover and send a pillow back before she can rearm. After 10 or 15 minutes, pounce on her with a flying tackle onto the bed. You might discover you don't want to let her up—and she doesn't want to get up. You will be too busy fucking and having a ball.

the loser of each hand having to remove an item of clothing. They also play strip poker with their neighbors. Although the couples don't switch for sex, they are turned on by watching each other strip before splitting for their own bedrooms to have some fun with marital sex. Judy is really stacked. I've never seen such big knockers that were also fantastically high and firm. I could imagine the excitement at a strip poker game, waiting for Judy's tits to spill out after she loses a key hand and her bra is the next to come off.

Another couple, Alan and Jane, said they like to pretend they are animals. Sometimes they would be bears and roll around in furry coverings. Other times they would be lion cubs and pounce on each other. Their favorite animals to imitate are dogs, crawling around each other, sniffing at each other's assholes. Alan mounts Jane doggy fashion.

Jane crouches on her hands and knees, her ass sticking up. She has long black hair, and I can picture it being tossed around when she rocks her head back and forth. Her ass is quite ample, and I imagined how it would look elevated—the cheeks full and rounded, and the dark, damp, and hairy crack. Alan can see her brown, wrinkled asshole. She waits on her hands and knees

"awaken" her, he has to kiss her on the cunt. She doesn't help him when he tries to spread her legs widely enough to get his head between them. He isn't supposed to tickle her, but sometimes he does.

Other times, Vince is a hospital patient and Sally is a nurse pretending to be taking his temperature with a rectal thermometer. Instead, she sticks a finger in his asshole and wiggles it until he has an erection. Then she sucks him and swallows his cum.

They also play that Vince is a physician and Sally is a young girl. She's at his office for a gynecological examination. She sits on a chair, her legs over the arms and her cunt pointed at him. He bends down, kissing her twat and inserting his fingers. Then he removes his fingers and fucks her while she stays in position.

The favorite sex play for Joan and Eddie, who are in their early 50s, is masturbation. When she wants to play, Joan described how she takes her clothes off, lies on the bed, and calls, "Eddie, come on and frig me." The game rules are that, once they start, Eddie can masturbate Joan, and he can masturbate himself, but she can't do anything, touch neither herself nor Eddie. Eddie can take as long as he wants, but he has to make Joan come before he comes. If Eddie starts the game, then Joan mastur-

Sex is often serious, but it is also important for sex to be humorous, lighthearted, boisterous, and just plain fun. Bedroom games can make it so.

A pillow fight can do a lot for you. Most important, it gets the blood flowing. If you have been sitting all evening, you're not going to want to do much moving around once you get to bed, and sex isn't too good if you don't feel like moving. A pillow fight gets you worked up and gives both of you a chance to see each other's naked body in varied, and probably erotically stimulating, positions. In addition, such horsing around—that's what it is—makes up some of the difference between women's and men's timing. Men are usually ready for sex before women are, and some bedroom frolicking can give the woman's system an opportunity to catch up.

Imagination is the only limitation in having fun with sex. One couple at the symposium, Mike and Judy, play strip poker,

while Alan crawls up to her. He buries his nose in the crack and sniffs, ultimately working his nose and tongue to her cunt, tickling her until she nearly breaks up giggling. Alan climbs onto Jane's back, draping his arms over her shoulders. Since they are "dogs," Alan can't use his hands to help get his prick in, and Jane can't reach back with her hand to guide it or hold her cunt lips open. Jane can only spread her legs for Alan, who has to aim correctly by swiveling his hips. The maneuver is rather tricky and a big event when he succeeds. Then he pants while humping, she yelps, and they come together in a heap of laughter.

Sally and Vince act out characters in stories and movies. Sometimes she is Sleeping Beauty and he is the handsome Prince. To

bates him and herself. She can use her mouth and her hand to get his prick up and make him come; she stimulates herself to orgasm with her hand. Joan and Eddie say they play their game at least once a month.

David and Ann wrestle when they want to spice up their sex life. They cover their bodies with a scented and flavored oil, and Ann ties one of David's arms behind his back to make the match more even. Ann and David prefer to wrestle to loud rock music and actually don't take it all very seriously. They mostly enjoy rubbing the oil on each other's bodies and rolling around with each other before fucking.

Everyone at the symposium agreed that sex was often serious, but that it was important for it to be humorous, lighthearted, boisterous, and just plain fun as well. 

FAIRY TALES

YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU!

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

GOLDILOCKS, CINDERELLA AND
—FULLY ILLUSTRATED!

If you're nostalgic for the innocent days of childhood, if you yearn for those happy hours spent listening to fairy tales in the nursery—**THEN THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR YOU!** A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES contains absolutely nothing you ever heard at your mother's knee—unless your mother was *Xavier Hollander*.

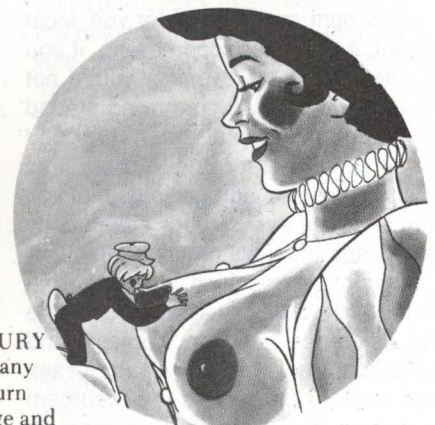
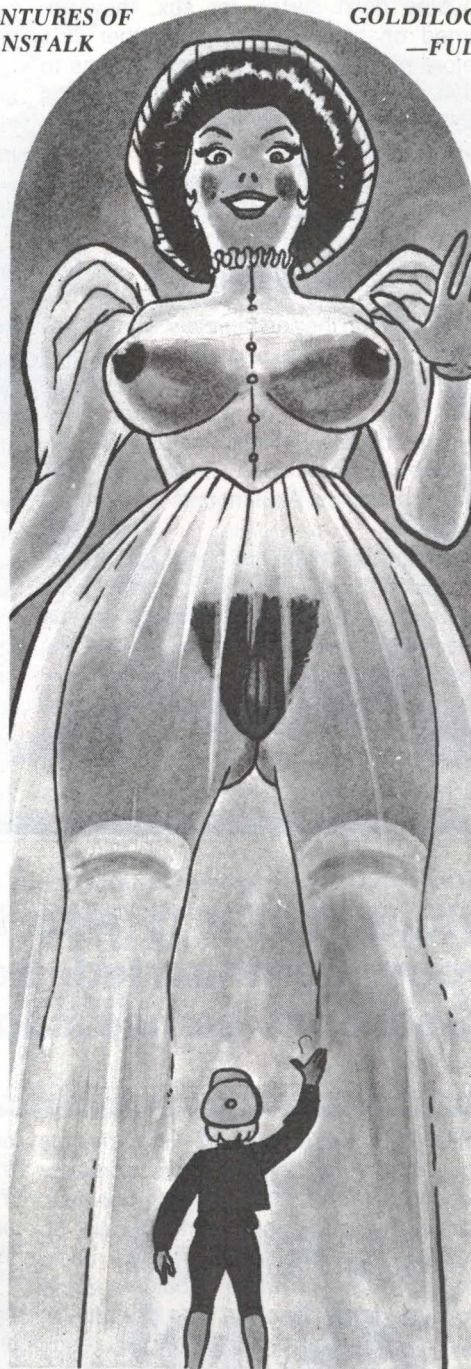
Watching *Cinderella* win Prince Charming away from her ugly sisters illustrates that the most important fit for a good love life is NOT in glass slippers. The notorious illustrator, *Rod Q. M'Gurk* brings the nubile, blond *Goldilocks* to life as you could not imagine her in your wettest dreams, proving that a girl who can swallow that *Three Bears* story can swallow literally anything!

NOTHING is left to the imagination as little Jack, hung like *Secre-*

tariat, **EARNs** a handful of magic beans from a voluptuous gypsy woman, then climbs the beanstalk to find a giant's wife who has some original uses for a tiny young man when she is feeling lonely. And the giant's return involves Jack in sexual predicaments surpassing even your wildest sexual fantasies.

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SANTA CRUZ (HNS) — If you have ever watched a herd of elephant seals during the mating season, you would probably find it hard to believe that female seals have anything to do with which bull screws them.

The huge bulls fight like hell to capture, control, and impregnate the largest number of females possible. But are the bulls the real Don Juans they appear to be? Not at all, say Cathleen R. Cox of Stanford University's psychology department, and Burney J. Le Boeuf of the University of California—Santa Cruz's psychology and biology departments.

During a study of a seal herd consisting of 600 females and 200 males, Cox and Le Boeuf observed 1,478 mating attempts involving 40 females previously marked with paint.

Rather than being the passive recipients of the attentions of any bull, the researchers found that the females controlled the desired bull by resisting and protesting.

Female seals, it turns out, prefer the biggest and strongest bull around. If an inferior suitor tries to make out, they throw sand, cry, growl, and thrash until the right bull comes along.

The female seal is thus primarily responsible for selecting the fittest males to continue the herd, and Cox suggests that in other animal species the female might also be calling the sexual, and therefore genetic, tune.

SAN ANTONIO (HNS) — In American society even today, married men and women cannot, as a rule, have close, personal friendships with members of the opposite sex without raising eyebrows and causing tongues to clatter.

One reason for this, says sociologist Philip E. Lampe of Incarnate Word College in San Antonio, is that the Judeo-Christian concept of marriage includes the idea that mates must devote themselves exclusively to each other and that any other kind of behavior is a sin against God. Another reason, Lampe adds, is that women are still regarded as sex objects, and any interest in them by a man other than their husband is interpreted as sexual. According to Lampe, this contradiction in Christianized societies is one of the primary reasons for the high rate of adultery, complicated now by the lack of well-recognized and accepted norms of behavior.

Lampe adds that the only friend of the opposite sex who is recognized for married men and women in American society is the lover—and lovers are not socially acceptable. He suggests that people would probably be better off if society approved of married men and women openly having

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Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

extramarital lovers. He admits that introducing such a system would, no doubt, cause a vast increase in adultery at first, but he holds that the end result would be an enrichment of individual lives and personal development and a strengthening of the marriage bond.

Lampe concedes that a lover for every mate would, of course, cause some problems, but that in the long run the practice would solve more problems than it caused.

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA (HNS) — New experiments by University of Oklahoma psychologists J.C. McCullers and Jan Staat have reconfirmed what has long been common knowledge—that where facial features are concerned, both sexes prefer the petite to the large.

McCullers and Staat's study showed, too, that while most people tend to immediately look at the eyes whenever they meet someone for the first time, it is the mouth and nose that attract the most attention if they are noticeably "oversized."

BRUSSELS (HNS) — French prostitutes, many of them from such exotic overseas territories as Martinique and Guadelupe, have cornered a big percentage of the sex market in Brussels and are causing a "sex war," according to police in Belgium.

Hounded out of France by tighter laws,

French women, dressed in elegant skin-hugging Parisian slacks and thigh-high boots, make up to \$125 for a 15-minute short-time—up to ten times as much as Belgian and Italian prostitutes get in the less prestigious parts of the city.

The activities of the French prostitutes have precipitated a "sex war" among the girls and their pimps and local prostitutes and their "strings."

Belgian authorities say they do not have the laws necessary to put the high-rolling French prostitutes out of business.

NEW YORK (HNS) — A very significant indication of the changed sexual attitudes of American women is that women usually initiate the move into sexually open marriages, says Dr. James Ramey, director of the Center for the Study of Innovative Life Styles in New York.

Dr. Ramey adds that "generally the outside involvement is developed in the same manner as a premarital love relationship."

Some open marriages, Ramey continues, result from "situational accidents" when three or more individuals find themselves in a position where sexual intimacy happens spontaneously.

Ramey says that more young people are deciding on sexually open marriages before they marry, while older people usually come around to the idea gradually. To the latter it's a way to improve existing marriages, or to develop new marriages on a more equitable basis.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — Repercussions from the "Homosexuals in Sports" series of newspaper articles by female sports reporter Lynn Rosellini, carried first by the *Washington Star*, are still being felt.

It seems that Americans will accept "queers" in schools, churches, business, and government, but not in sports.

Rosellini interviewed athletes, coaches, officials, psychologists, and others before writing the series. Among the things she found was that the number of male homosexuals in sports is about 5 percent—or the same as the national average—but nearly 20 percent of female sports professionals are homosexual.

Only about 10 percent of the male homosexuals in sports fit the limp-wristed, feminine stereotype. The others are described as virile and masculine, both in looks and style.

Most of the professional male athletes who are homosexual by preference hide their real sexual orientation behind wives and kids. Rosellini said homosexual athletes conceal their gay lives because they

believe "coming out" would ruin their careers, in and out of sports.

Rosellini said that coaches often pushed athletes into homosexuality by preventing them from developing normal heterosexual relationships.

About 80 percent of the reader reaction to the series on homosexuality in sports was negative.

PARIS (HNS) — Pornographic films have come of age, and we could now be seeing the last of cowboys, detectives, policemen and women, bank robbers and other villains in movies. At least that is what's suggested by the reaction to the "first mature, liberated" hard-core porno picture, made in Paris and shown at the New York Film Festival earlier this year.

The film, *Exhibition*, stars real-life bisexual whore and actress Claudine Beccarie and shows her having her cake and eating it, too—at the expense of men.

The first hard-core porno film to be shown at the New York festival, and the first to be allowed through U.S. Customs without restrictions, *Exhibition* tells the true story of France's best-known porno movie star.

Reared in a cold, antisexual home, raped while in her early teens, then sentenced to reform school for running away, Claudine became a prostitute when she left prison and finally, because of her extraordinary beauty, a star in films.

Rather than be debased or demoralized by being wanted "for her ass instead of her acting," Claudine, the film shows, made the best of it. She overcame her own sexual frigidity by taking a young lover and then developed a satisfying and happy life for them.

As reviewer Silvia Feldman put it, "By integrating her desires to perform, make a living, and make love, she became a great success."

NEW YORK (HNS) — Any assessment of the deep, underlying sexual fears, frustrations, and fantasies of typical Western European men and women must include the mythical beasts of medieval times and their sexual escapades.

It would seem that since men and women were restricted in exercising their own sexuality, their imaginations created a world of animals, sometimes half human and half beast, that were sexual prodigies.

A new book called *Beasts and Bawdy*, by Anne Clark, takes a long and entertaining look at this world of unicorns, virgins, and other sexual daydreaming.

Most of the stories recounted by Clark end with the inevitable moral cant. It was

said, for example, that the penis of the stag withered and fell off as a punishment for overindulgence during the sexual marathon of the mating season.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — As women become more informed about male-female relations and human behavior in general, they are less likely to marry. At least, that's what appears to be happening to female psychologists.

Some 28 percent of American female psychologists with Ph.D.s never marry, while 18 percent with master's degrees remain single, a National Science Foundation report shows.

The report, which also relates other differences between male and female psychologists, is available from the NSF at 1800 G Street, Washington, D.C. 20550. Its title: *The 1972 Scientist and Engineer Population Redefined*.

BOSTON (HNS) — Sexism—that ugly serpent from the Garden of Eden—is still the primary burden of the women of the world, says Harvard University's Marcia Guttentag.

As a result of a moral and social system based on sexual stereotyping, women suffer more mental illnesses than men, and between the ages of 20 and 30, the rate of suicide is higher than that of men, Guttentag said.

The typical sex-chained-and-subdued woman is 28, married, has three children, and works at a blue-collar job (waitress, cashier, etc.) to supplement her husband's income, added the Harvard researcher.

Guttentag says new educational and work opportunities have added to the frustrations of many women because the doors have been opened, but due to sexual stereotyping women can't get all the way in.

She suggests that elementary and high schools are the best places to root out sexism to avoid the traditional stereotyping of male and female roles in work and family situations.

PHILADELPHIA (HNS) — In both the insect and animal kingdoms, all females produce a chemical sex secretion that attracts males to them and elicits rapid, specific mating behavior.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Set out from any point. They are all alike.
They all lead to a point of departure.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

Since this is true in other forms of life, why not in humans as well, asked a group of researchers at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. Preliminary research by the group soon revealed that some acids from the vaginal secretions of women were identical to those they had previously found in female monkeys.

Last year, investigators Richard L. Doty, Mary Ford, and George Preti of the University of Pennsylvania's Monell Chemical Senses Center and George R. Huggins of the school's obstetrics and gynecology department, verified the Emory research—but with a slight twist.

Many of the men exposed to the vaginal secretions of women found the odors to be unpleasant instead of sexually stimulating. Women tended to find them even more objectionable than the men.

The researchers also report they found considerable variation in the intensity and pleasantness of vaginal odors from one woman to another.

The laboratory test could not be accepted as the final word because men might react differently to female vaginal secretions in a private, more intimate, setting. Furthermore, the researchers said, it might be possible that in a normal situation the effect that human female sex pheromones have on men is well below the level of consciousness.

The scientists admitted that studying the reactions of men to female vaginal odors outside the laboratory presented considerable difficulties.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — A senior government population specialist believes the U.S. would be better off if young people received specialized training on how to court and mate.

Paul G. Glick, senior demographer in the U.S. Bureau of Census, offers the following suggestions for improving living arrangements and the marriage system in the U.S.:

(1) Develop materials to train young people to select marriage partners wisely and to keep their marriages alive and healthy over long periods of time. These materials, says Glick, could be used in both homes and schools.

(2) Design an appealing but scientifically valid system to bring young men and women together to enable them to have a better chance of establishing satisfying and enduring marriages than they have in the existing haphazard system.

(3) Encourage public acceptance of periodic marriage checkups with expert marriage counselors in the same way that people now see their dentists or physicians at the first sign of trouble. 



I've Got a secret
Janet



The wife of an immensely wealthy businessman, Janet's secret is that she is realizing a long-time fantasy by displaying her nude beauty here in our pages. She is secure in the knowledge that her husband will never find her out because neither he nor his upper-crust friends would ever condescend to glance at such a declasse magazine as HUSTLER.

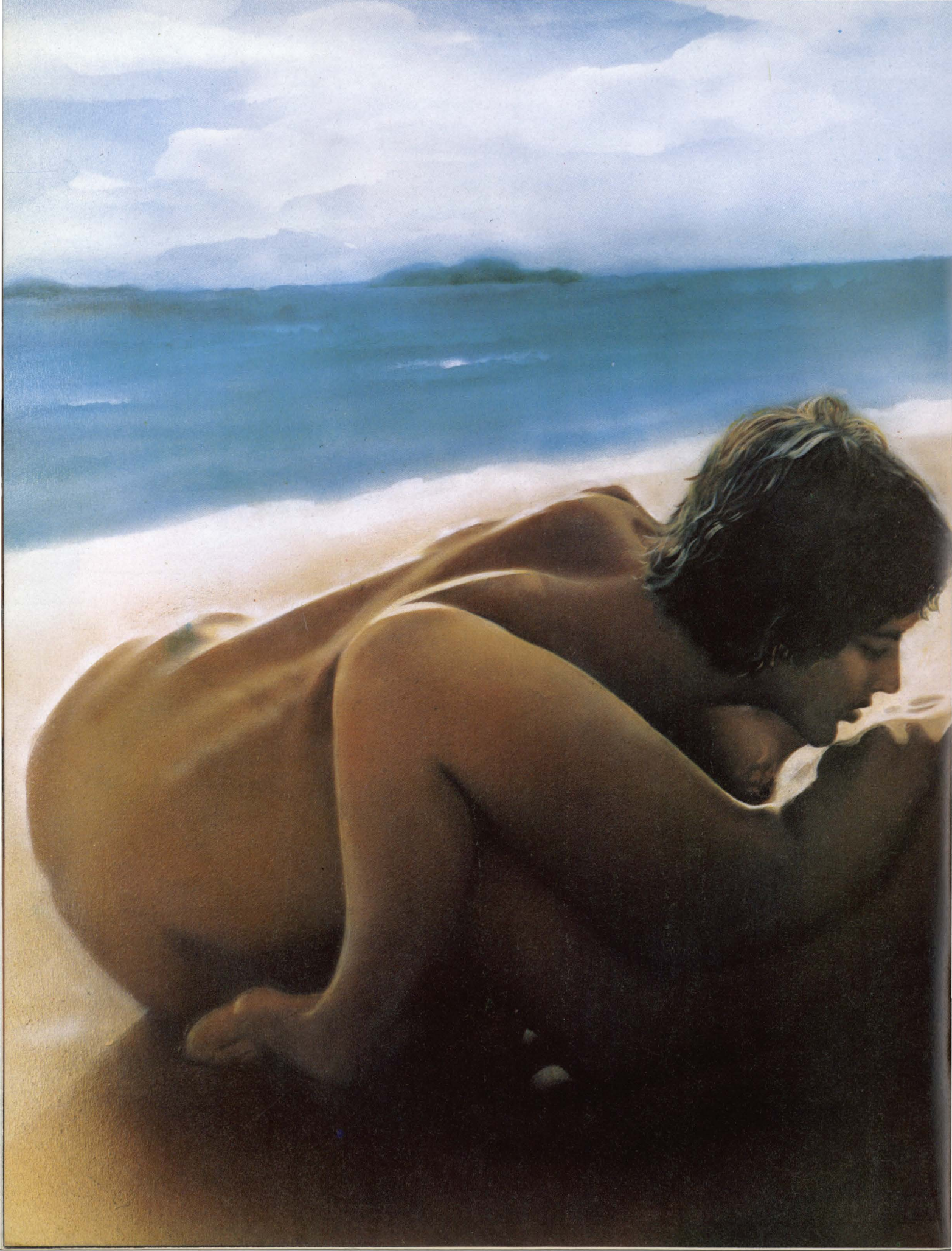




Explaining why she has always wanted to appear in a nude photo spread, Janet says, with characteristic bluntness, "Just like any beautiful woman, I want men to see my body and appreciate it—especially my...pussy." She giggles charmingly at herself for using such a "vulgar" word. "Many women feel that their labia are ugly and repulsive, but I agree with the HUSTLER view that a woman's pussy is the most lovely and erotic part of her beauty. That is why I especially wanted to pose for your magazine, because the photographer's camera lens focuses on my femininity with the same frank, clear-eyed adoration that I enjoy from my man."

Just because you're rich doesn't mean you must be stuffy," Janet says, with clipped finishing-school inflections, "although I wish someone would tell my husband that. A stereotype of wealthy women is that we are all thin, nervous, frigid sticks. Nobody believes that I can be as sensuous as less highly bred women are—that my skin feels like hot velvet when my passion is stoked, or that sweat forms a pool in my navel when my lover's belly is smacking wetly against mine."





by J. R. Rivers

I met her at the beginning of September in a roadside bar. It was one of those low-slung bars you find in rural parts of the country, built of old clapboard and shingle, with a neon sign out front that said ENTERTAINMENT NITELY in red letters. She was a singer there.

I had lost my job in New York and was drifting cross-country with no particular destination in mind. After driving all day, I was hungry, so I pulled off the Pennsylvania Turnpike and headed for the nearest town. I hated those bland turnpike coffee shops so much that I didn't mind driving a few miles out of my way to get some decent food. When I saw the bar up ahead on the road, I didn't intend to stay longer than it took to have a beer and a sandwich.

But I couldn't take my eyes from her. From where I stood at the bar, I watched her bend close to the mike, her face strained, almost agonized, shadowed in the shifting light.

Come on now.

Her voice was spinning with the drops of light that splashed on the walls.

Take another little piece of my heart now.

The guitars took over, plunging downward
beat by beat, digging deeper and



deeper with fanatical insistence. Then the music broke, falling and shattering like bits of broken glass in a wind storm. For a moment the beat almost died. Then it picked up again, rebuilding, the pieces coming together until it was whole enough for her to grab at once more.

Take it, take another little piece of my heart now, baby. Her voice was hot and thick, her body swaying smooth and easy in a tight black dress.

Break it, break another little piece of my heart now, baby.

She grappled with the upward surge of the beat, and it seemed as if she were trying to find a place in it where she could lay her mind back, letting it lift her, the motion and power of the music transporting her to a refuge where everything was safe and beautiful. The music was louder now, drowning out her voice in one last, long, furious rush of sound. In the sudden quiet, she stood still, staring into the darkness in front of her, breathing hard. The dancers moved apart. Then the music began again, slower and easier this time. She began to sway with it.

During one of her breaks, she came over to the bar. She smiled, leaning past me to order a beer.

"I'll be outside when you finish," I said, expecting her to ignore the remark.

But she didn't. She looked at me for a long time without smiling. "All right," she said.

I watched her through the last set. Her voice got stronger as she went on, and for a time, caught between the darkness and the music, it seemed as if the whole world balanced on her voice. When the music stopped and the lights went on, the emptiness was so sharp it hurt.

When she came outside, I noticed how dark her tan was. Her face was darker still when she came under the shadow of the building.

"I feel like a balloon in need of air," she said, taking a deep breath.

"You really work out when you sing."

"It feels best that way."

"You're really good," I said, meaning it.

"Do you think so?"

"Sure."

She was looking off across the parking lot. Most of the cars were gone now, and the neon sign was out. From far away came the low, crashing sound of thunder. There was a hot, damp breeze blowing in from across the highway.

"It's going to rain," she said. Then, like a little girl, "Can we go for a ride? I love to ride in the rain."

We were in the car when the rain came blundering up the highway in flat silver

**Without
saying
anything, I
pulled her
closer to me.
Her breath was
hot and moist.**

sheets. The thunder was louder and closer now. The wipers beat furiously. There were no lights anywhere, and the only sounds were the moaning wind high up in the trees and an occasional spray of rain across the roof and hood. When I turned the headlights off, the world outside receded into blackness.

She reached over and switched on the radio, turning the knob until there was just the low, quiet sound of a piano. She leaned back against the seat and stared out through the windshield, which was smeared now with scattered droplets of rain, so that even the darkness was being blurred away.

"I love to listen to slow jazz late at night," she said. "I can't listen to it during the day. Only at night."

Without saying anything, I pulled her closer to me. Her breath was hot and moist. Her lips were tight at first, then slightly parted, and then completely open. The sweat was still damp on her dress. Through it, I could feel her firm and supple skin and the tight band of her bra. She smelled like honeysuckle. Outside, the heavy rains again came slashing at glass and metal, and I was on top of her, falling through the darkness, losing all control, swimming through the smell and feel of her.

She pulled me closer to her on the cold seat, pulling me into her as if her tightly wrapped arms had the power to melt me. I could already feel the sweat building up,

THE PHILOSOPHER

A child shows his toy, a man hides his.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

flooding the tight, close space between our legs.

The rain ran in rivers down the windshield. The car was filled with the damp smell of sweat and honeysuckle and leather. Soon she jerked under me, her nails cutting through my shirt so that I could no longer avoid the irresistible, swollen force of her cunt. I started to cry, not out loud, but down inside, as all the desire was dragged up out of me by the force of her orgasm. I knew in that moment of explosion that someday this desire was going to rise up like a tidal wave and drown me.

After a while, her breathing became more even, and her fingers relaxed and loosened their grip. I thought I must be suffocating her with my body sprawled across her, unsupported except for the rhythm of her breathing. The wind blew in from the lake in sharp gusts. Underneath it, falling up from the darkness, were the soft notes of the piano. In a flash of lightning, I saw the faint trace of a smile flickering on her lips. There was a secret pleasure hidden there, something I didn't understand. I smiled, too, although a smile wasn't what I was feeling.

I pulled myself up on the seat and rolled down the window. The rain was gone. The air seemed wet and cool.

"My name's Glory," she said. "My real name's Gloria, but no one ever calls me that."

* * *

I had saved enough money to be able to afford not to work for a while, so I decided to hang around and see what developed. I took a room in a crummy motel called The Mountain View—80 bucks a month, special rate. It was a couple of miles down the road from the bar where Glory worked. She seemed interested in more than a one-night stand, so the next Saturday I took her to the beach. It was a three-hour drive to a place she knew on the Jersey shore where "there aren't any crowds."

She was right; the beach was deserted. It was a thin white strip of sand between the ocean and the dunes. The wind was strong and warm, tingling with spray. It whistled in the reeds high up in the dunes. When we got past the beach houses, I stopped and took off my shirt. I unbuckled my belt and slid off my pants, my cock already stiffening at the prospect of fucking her out here under the sun.

"It's your turn," I said.

She looked up and down the beach, and then she laughed, almost a giggle. She pulled her jersey up over her head and slipped her pants off. There she stood

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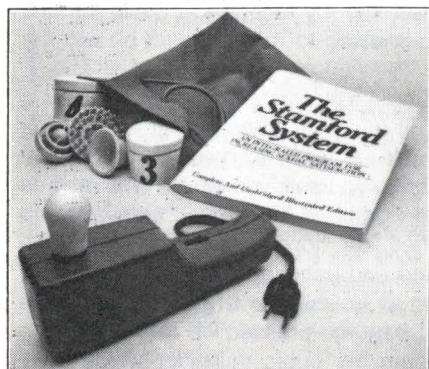
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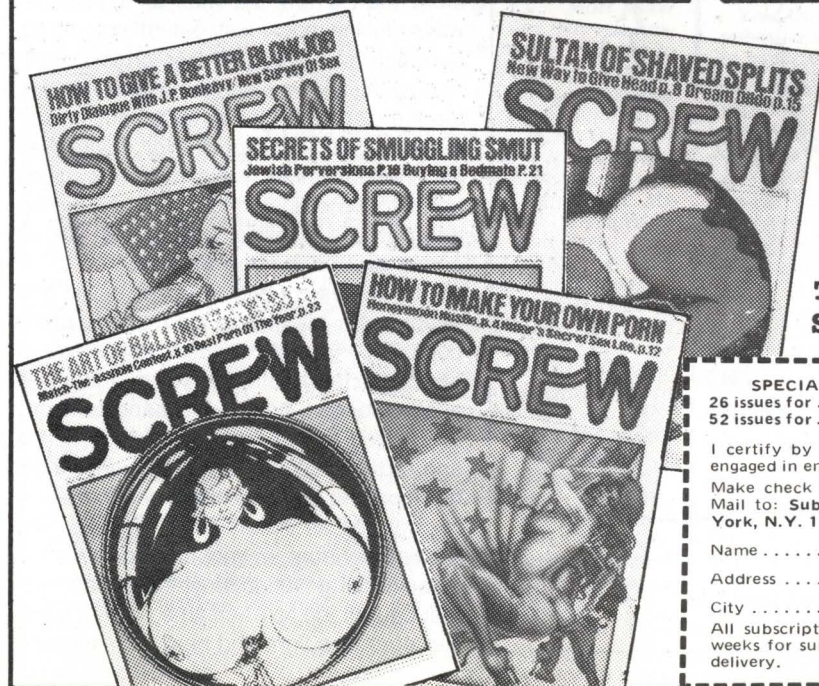
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in a blue bra and panties, looking at me. "Well?" I challenged.

More obedient than sexy, she reached behind her and undid the clasp of her bra. Reluctantly, she took the edges of her panties in her fingers and pulled them off. Her tan was even; no trace of whiteness anywhere. When she straightened up, her body was tall and proud in the sun, and she didn't seem self-conscious anymore. Her eyes held mine, and I was the one who had to turn away because her body was too fucking beautiful to look at.

I ran toward the water. The spray felt like shaved ice on my legs. Then the full ocean hit me as sharply as a knife jab in the balls. I dived under a wave. When I surfaced, I could hear Glory splashing behind me. She caught up with me, her body squirming for warmth under the blue ripples. Her hair was pressed flat and shiny on her head.

She floated on her back in the shallow water, face and tits and cunt to the sun. Her brown skin shimmered beneath the surface of the water, darker than the ocean bottom. I ran my fingers over her tits and then down over her body, feeling the cold of the water and the smooth wetness of her skin. She lay stretched out,

relaxed all over. Her head was thrown back on the water as if it were a pillow. She was smiling up at the sun or the touch of my fingers or just at the feeling of being alive that came from the contrast of heat and cold. I reached under her and pressed the palm of my hand into the crack of her ass. I bent my fingers up between her legs so that water and hair and cunt all ran together in one touch.

Later, she sat on the beach in the wet sand just within the farthest reach of the breakers. She leaned back and rested on her elbows. Her legs were stretched out in front of her, open but not wide. The color of her skin drying in the sun was darker than copper. Beads of water glistened on her tits. Streams ran down off her legs and dried in the sand.

"You look really beautiful," I said.

"I feel afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know. The ocean, maybe. Sometimes I can feel how powerful it is. It's so frightening."

A wave broke ahead of us, churning white and blue and brown, then spilling up over the sand in swirls skimmed with foam. She opened her legs wide and let the water rush in between them, flowing

into her cunt and then over her thighs. After the ebb, her body shone like bronze where the water covered her.

"You don't look afraid," I laughed.

"But I am." Her face was serious. She looked at me as if I should understand. "Sometimes I want to be the ocean, not the sand."

"Be an ocean then."

"Men are oceans," she said, not smiling. "Women are sand."

"Not all the time," I said. I didn't want her to get moody, so I collected a fistful of wet sand and said, "Well, then, sand for the sand." I reached under her and teasingly rubbed the wet sand into her ass.

She laughed and squirmed away from me. I rolled over, grabbed her around the waist, and pulled her back toward me, dragging her ass across the sand. Her ass twisted into my face, and I could feel the sand sticking to my cheeks. I bit into her ass.

"Ouch! You bastard!" she yelled, trying to pull away. At the same time, she dug into my leg with her nails.

"Ouch yourself, you bitch." With my free hand I grabbed her around the waist and pushed her down flat on the sand. She kicked and punched at me, but I held her down as I climbed over her. My cock was hard, and I pressed it into the folds beneath her pubic hair. Her whole body swelled up tight. Then her bones and muscles went limp.

I rubbed my cock through the hair and up over the smooth skin of her belly. As if it were a cunt, her belly heaved with a rocking motion. I let the tip catch in her belly hole, flicking it back and forth from edge to edge. When I bent over to kiss her, I let my lips play on hers, but not for more than a few seconds at a time, always pulling back just out of her reach. Suddenly she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me down to her, forcing her lips against mine, driving her tongue inside my mouth. Her desire was as great as mine. I slid my cock inside her, into the soft, warm ooze of her, feeling her wet lips swelling around me like an ocean around a ridge of sand.

Our bodies rubbed together easily and deeply now. I tightened the muscles of my cock, a surge against the swelling tide of her cunt. Her mouth was warm and moist, another ocean, licking the sand from my lips in soft, warm laps. I freed my hands and slid them down along her sides. I held her hips and fingered the bones there with my thumbs as if they were life rafts. She pushed her cunt forward and down so that I was rubbing high against the buried folds that caught the lip each time I pulled back. Her cunt was tight and hard. I pressed my



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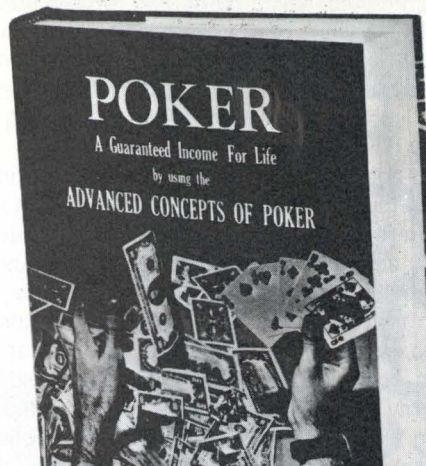
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legs tightly against hers, which made her cunt tighter still; we were now locked in step.

Behind me, I could feel the ocean rising; feeling, too, the sun flat and hard on my back, feeling my bare ass stuck up into it, the sear of wind and sun along the length of my legs. I slid my hands under her ass so that my fingers were in her crack. I could feel the strain along the entire length of her body, as if she were going to lift us both into the wind. She jerked her cunt downward and up in a ragged, twisting, side-to-side motion gone out of control, and my cock was dragged helplessly along with it. Then I came, too, shooting endlessly into her.

I stayed on top of her. The sweat was slippery between us. Her breathing slowed down to a rate different from mine. We were out of step now. I watched a piece of driftwood churned up by the waves. It rolled in the shallow water.

Her weight shifted under me. "I can't breathe," she said.

I rolled over on the sand and closed my eyes against the too-bright blue of the sky. The sun dried the sweat on my legs and belly. I was aware of nothing but the rush of the waves and the smell of the salt wind. A shadow moved across me, and I opened my eyes. She was resting on her side, watching me. She bent over me and

gently kissed me once on each nipple. Her hair was dry now, and it fell full and dark around her smile.

"I'm hungry," she said. "Can't we get something to eat?"

All during that summer I kept falling deeper in love with her. Since I had all the time in the world, we'd fuck in the afternoons, and at night I'd hang around the bar while she sang. When she finished, we'd go back to the motel and fuck again. No matter how many times I fucked her, I just couldn't get enough of her. I wanted her so much that I didn't see all the small and subtle ways she was pulling away from me. Then, one night, I reached for her across the bed, and she said, "No. Don't touch me."

I looked disbelievingly at her. "What's the matter?"

"I don't know," she said, without looking at me. "Just don't. OK?"

She slid up on the mattress so that she could lean back against the headboard. She still had her jeans on, pushed down below her crotch. Her blouse was open down the front. She was looking away from me, across the room, where she could see herself in the mirror. Where her blouse was open, I could see her belly moving as she breathed.

"What's wrong?"

She wouldn't say anything. Still watching the mirror, she put her hand flat over her hair and moved one finger up inside her. Her body shifted on the bed. I could see the touch running up through her into her face. Her finger moved slowly in and out under the hair. Then she was looking at me, not the mirror. I turned away toward the wall.

"Watch me," she said.

"Why?"

"I want you to. I want you to watch me do it."

She took her finger out and pushed her blouse open so that more of her belly and tits showed. Then she reached up and took a tit in each hand. She squeezed them softly, stroking them down to the nipple. She pulled them up and to the side and let them hang there, sticking straight out, tight and beautiful. I was getting hard. When she saw my erection, she smiled, but it was herself she was smiling at, not me.

She slid her hands down over her belly and held her hips. She moved her cunt as if something were in it, slowly humping the air. Her hands played over her thighs, teasing the hair and the opening of her hole. Her legs strained tautly against her pants. She reached down and pulled off her pants, kicking them away from her over the edge of the bed. Her body now lay flat on the bed. With her finger, she was tickling the insides of her cunt. She spread her legs wide apart. I could smell her.

"Glory?"

"No."

"Let me. Please."

"No."

Her eyes were closed. I touched her knee, but she pulled away.

"No!"

Her eyes opened slowly. They looked at me as if I were a mirror in which she was trying to see herself. Without taking her finger from inside her, she rolled over onto her belly. Lying flat now, her ass up slightly and her legs wide apart, she began to move in slow circles on the mattress.

Her whole body moved now. I could feel it in the sway of the mattress, in her foot that pressed tightly against me. Not understanding, caught between my desires and her isolation, I reached up and gently touched her ass, pulling my body alongside hers.

"Please don't," she whispered, through a moan.

Then she turned over and lay flat next to me. Her finger flicked quickly in and out, faster than her moans as her whole body began to tremble. She held her cunt



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tight, pulled down against the mattress. Then her cunt began to strain upward onto her fingers. She let out a long moan. Her body twisted from side to side, knocking against me. Her legs were bent up against her fingers. Finally her legs slowly relaxed. Her finger stopped its motion and went limp. She lay there, her head turned away from me, her eyes closed. Her lips were parted, not in a smile, but in something like it.

"I had to," she said.

"Why?"

"I just had to."

After that, she got more and more distant when we fucked. Sometimes she didn't come; sometimes she didn't want to fuck at all. One night, while we sat in the car with the rain falling in the fields around us, she kept saying she was afraid.

"Of what?" I asked her. "What are you afraid of?"

"You. Of being close to you. I'm losing myself so I don't know who I am anymore."

"Do you feel it all the time?"

"No," she said sadly, watching the rain falling against the glass. "After sex, it's worse."

She started to cry, and I reached over and put my arm around her. "It's all right," I said. "It will be all right." But she didn't hear me, or if she did, the words didn't mean anything to her.

In September, she started going out with a man named Charlie Morgan. He was an unemployed musician who'd been hanging around the bar where she sang. When I found out about it, I asked her why she went out with him.

"I don't know," she said, evasively.

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"Does he fuck you better than I do?"

"No," she said again.

"Why then? Why?"

"I'm not afraid with him. Not yet."

"You crazy bitch."

The next Saturday, she was supposed to meet me at the lake for a picnic. I waited for an hour. Then I got into the car and drove to her rooming house. When I got to her room, I opened the door without knocking. The bed was empty, its blue cover pulled up carefully over the pillow. I stood inside the room without moving, listening to the wind battering against the glass.

I looked around for someone to talk to, but all the doors were closed. There wasn't even a radio playing in any of the other rooms.

I drove through the town, looking for her. I couldn't think of anything but finding her. I went back to the lake, but no one

was around except some boys who were fishing. I drove to the bar where she sang. Nothing. I went back to her house and waited across the street. Her window was still closed; the shutter swung in the wind. I tried to listen to the car's radio, but I couldn't concentrate on it. Finally, I drove to Morgan's house. It was an old farmhouse, next to the cemetery. From the porch I could hear a banjo. When I went inside, he was sitting alone on the floor, playing it.

"Where is she?"

He kept plucking, slower now. "Who?"

"You know who."

He had a faraway expression on his face. "She's not here."

"Where is she?"

My eyes saw an old red couch with ripped cushions, two guitars propped against the windowsill, and a lopsided pile of sheet music.

"I told you, man," he said, slowly, not looking up, "she's not here."

"Fuck you," I said.

It was awful. I thought of his cock in her ass. I thought of Glory sucking his cock, moaning when he touched her. I thought of her smile as she lay under him. Then I was kicking him. His banjo flew back across the room and hit the wall. I hit him in the face, and he went sprawling backward on the floor. I jumped on top of him and pounded his head with both fists. I grabbed his hair and pushed his head into the floor as hard as I could. I pulled him up by his hair and smashed his head again on the floor, but this time he twisted under me. I slid off him. He kicked into my legs, and his hand was shoving my chin back until I thought he was going to snap my head off.

I brought my knee up between his legs. He moaned and crumpled up on the floor. I got up and stood over him. After a few seconds, he began to get up, slowly. I waited with my fists ready, breathing hard.

"I'll kick your ass in. I'll kick your fucking ass in. Get the fuck up."

He just sat there. I lunged at him, but he got his foot up, and I went spinning back against the window, my hand breaking through the glass. When I looked at it, blood was running along the wrist.

He stood up. I swung at him hard and hit his arm. Then I got his face, the side of his cheek, and part of his ear. But he didn't move. I swung harder—too hard. I

lost my balance, and he hit my nose. I could feel the blood running out like a hot spring. *You fuck, you goddamn fuck.* He swung again into my stomach. All the air went out of me. Then I doubled over and dropped to the floor, holding my belly where he hit me.

He towered over me, tall and hulking. "Listen," he said. "She goes down on me now. I suck her off. It's my cock she eats now."

"No," I said. "No. No!"

I couldn't see or think. I got up and swung at him. I kept hitting his arms, everything inside me screaming *no*, but he didn't move. He didn't even bend or sway. Then I got his jaw. He fell back against the couch.

His head was tilted back at a funny angle. There was a rip in the cushion just above his head. His eyes rolled toward me. From the side, I could see he looked a lot like me. He got up very slowly, using the cushion of the couch for support. Gray stuffing clung to his hand.

I swung at his face again. This time, he didn't even bother to raise his hands. He took it on the jaw, but he didn't fall. He didn't even move very much. He stood looking at me as if he were trying to figure something out. I hit him again in the same place. His face contorted, but still he hardly moved. I was going to swing again, but I was too tired, and my hand hurt. I looked around the room. The banjo lay on the floor, a hole through it. On the other side of the room, the guitars rested against the windowsill. I went over and picked up one of the guitars and swung it against the wall until it broke in two. Then I did the same with the other one.

When I turned around, he was standing in the same position, his eyes glazed, blood running down the side of his face, his shirt half ripped away.

"You're a crazy fuck," he said.

He sat down on the floor and closed his eyes. Before I left, I kicked over the pile of sheet music.

That night I waited for Glory at the bar while she sang. During a break, we went outside.

"Why did you do it?" she asked. "Why?"

"I couldn't help it."

"What good did it do?"

"I was jealous. I went out of control...."

"You only hurt yourself. And him, too."

"It's that I want you," I said. "Nothing else matters. Nothing."

Her eyes were angry and hard. They pierced through the last shreds of my desire. "You can't own somebody," she said. "You can't own me."

* * *

The last time I touched her was in the

THE PHILOSOPHER

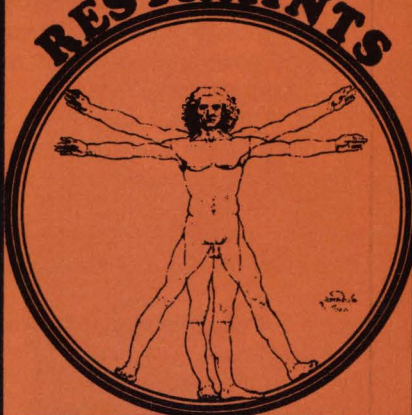
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rain. I wanted it to be like the first time.

"Love can't go back," she said.

"Yes, it can," I said. "Yes, it can."

When I put my hand between her legs, she pulled back. "No," she said. "I can't."

I got angry. I knelt on the seat in front of her. I opened my pants, took out my cock, and pushed it into her mouth. She twisted her head to the side. Her lips and teeth were tight; her smile gone forever. I slapped her across the face.

"Take it," I said.

I jammed it hard between her lips. She kept twisting her head.

"Please," she begged. "Please!"

She was crying. I slapped her again, harder this time. Behind the hate, I was crying, too. "Take it!"

She twisted away, and I fell backward against the dashboard. She opened the car door and ran. At first, I couldn't see her among the trees. Then she was out in the field, her white dress shining in the moonless rain. My boots bludgeoned the earth as I stumbled forward, slipping in the mud, lurching on the furrowed soil.

Ahead of me, the white blur of her dress bobbed crazily up and down. When I was up close to her, my breathing clashed with her sobs. My hands grabbed at lace and my arms locked around her waist. She tried to twist away from me, spinning. My fingers tightened on her flesh through the satin.

"Please," she cried. "Leave me alone. Leave me..."

I fell, pulling her down with me, her dress tearing under my fingers. Her head struck the dirt with a thud. With the rain splashing over us, I covered her bruised face with kisses. She still struggled, her legs knotting against my balls. My boots spurred into the soft flesh of her legs, shoving them down into the thick, wet dirt. My hands ripped through satin and nylon, smearing the whiteness of her dress and panties with mud. Please! I could feel the taste of dirt, rain, and tears in my mouth. Then I felt the familiar softness of her flesh. I jammed my cock tightly into her cunt. Please!

After I came, I got up slowly and stood over her, feeling sorry for her and hating her at the same time. Her dress and body were smeared with mud. I turned away and walked back across the field. I figured it was time to move on and hit the open road again. I didn't think she would press charges, but you never know with a cunt. From under the trees, through the sound of the rain, I could still hear her crying softly. I got into the car and drove off, the rain slashing silver through the beams of the headlights.

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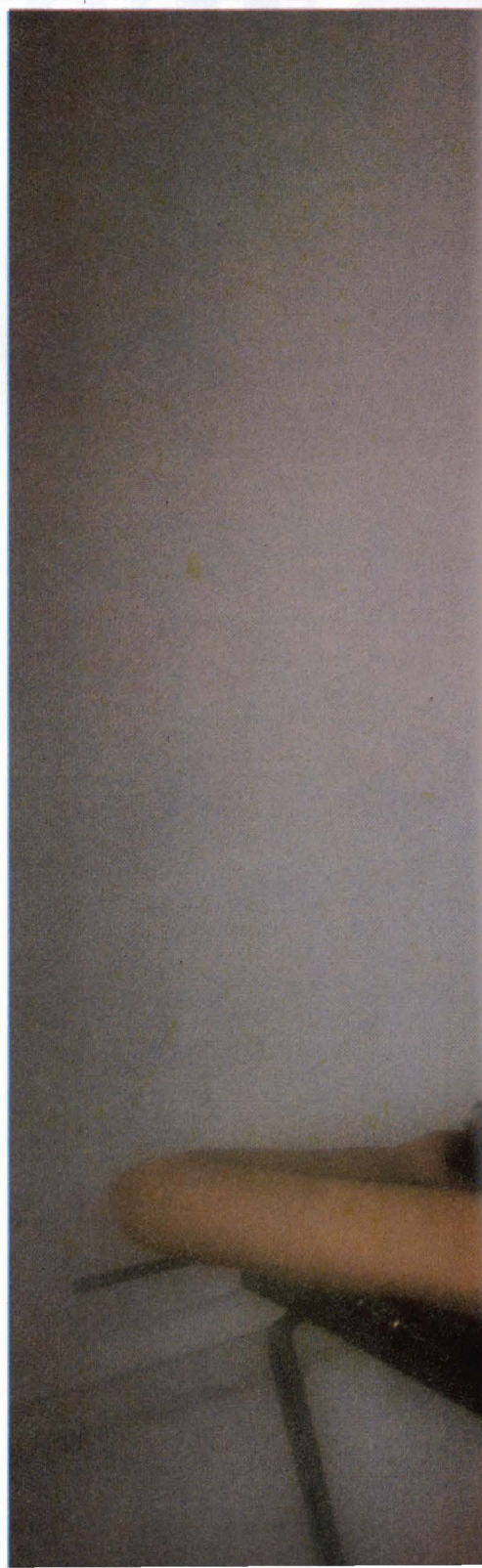
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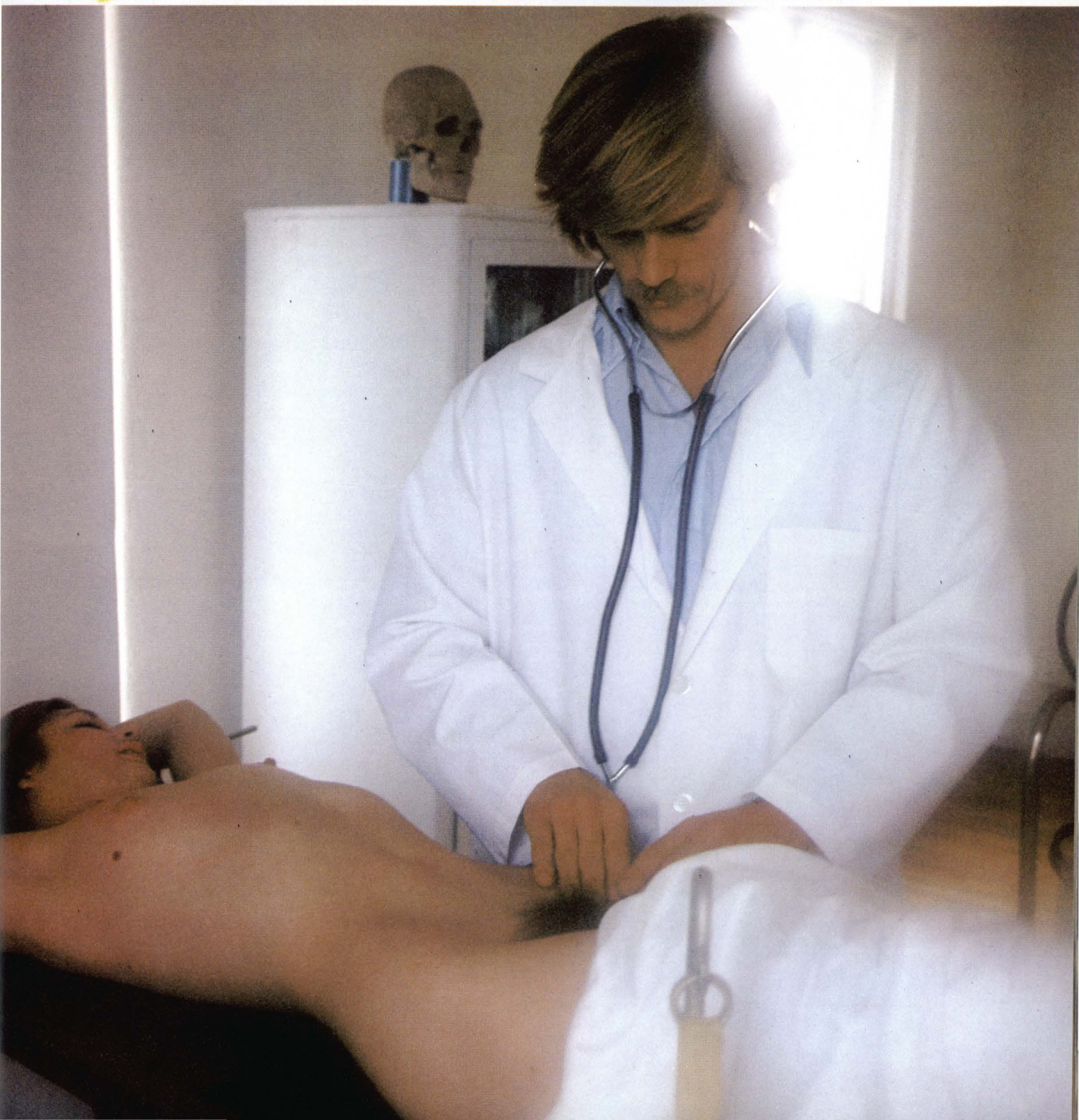
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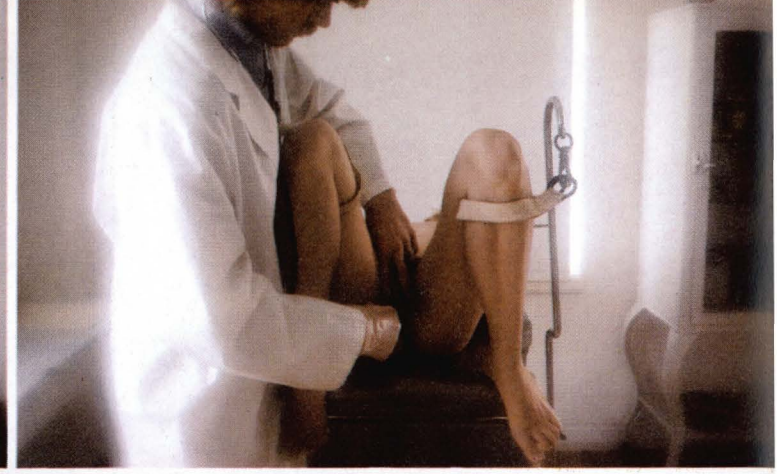


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Consider the gynecologist: A woman approaches him hesitantly, intimidated by the gleaming sterility of his surroundings. Yet, at the same time, he is the only man—other than her husband or lover—who has instant and unquestioned access to the most intimate parts of her body. He probes those humid, secret places with a mixture of commanding authority and gentle admiration for her beauty that a woman can't help but find stimulating in any man. She may feel a mischievous flicker of interest stirring in the breast that this self-assured stranger is touching with such knowing familiarity.









A welcome wetness springs forth inside her as she feels the lubricated surgical steel of the gynecologist's vaginal speculum gliding into her, opening her sensual core to his rapt gaze. She might permit a small gasp of pleasure to escape her lips and wish that he would replace the speculum with something just as hard and probing, but warmer and even more silky smooth.







A physician is a man, too. If he senses—and shares—his lovely patient's desire, which seems to permeate the room like a fog, he might cast aside his professional detachment and give in to the feeling.







And you thought your girl's visit to the gynecologist was all business. Such passionate moments are not the norm for gynecologists, of course. That's why the good doctor's assistant reacts with dismay when she walks in on the erotic scene. When these interludes do occur, we laymen can only gnash our teeth with envy.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW





ALTHEA LEASURE

THE FEMININE SIDE OF HUSTLER

During the past year, Althea Leasure took over the responsibilities of Executive Editor of **HUSTLER**, and the magazine's circulation has increased by 375 percent. Perhaps these two facts were coincidental, but we don't think so. Althea's uncanny sense for what will appeal to the readers has certainly contributed to the success of **HUSTLER**. Her woman's perspective adds a dimension to the magazine that other men's magazines lack. She has shattered the myth that a woman is not qualified to edit a men's magazine.

Not only has Althea contributed her feminine insight, but she was also one of our hottest centerfolds, appearing in the July, 1975, issue. We are still receiving letters from readers who want to see more of Althea. Until now, she has preferred to stay behind the scenes. So, to mark our second anniversary, we felt it would be fitting to bring Althea out of the anonymity of *Show & Tell* and to give our readers an insight into one of the unique personalities who helped make **HUSTLER** what it is today.

HUSTLER: Let's start off by asking the most obvious question: What do you, a

woman, know about running a men's magazine?

LEASURE: I don't consider myself an average woman. Let's face it, as a woman I've spent all my life trying to figure out men and what turns them on. There is no better authority on a man than a woman.

HUSTLER: Do you think women are generally more hip to sex than men?

LEASURE: What do you mean by "hip to sex"—liking it or knowing more about it? Women know more about sex than men, but don't seek it as much. A woman can get laid more easily than the average man. For instance, a woman can get laid a hundred times in one day if she wants, but a man might try all night to get one girl into bed.

HUSTLER: What makes you so sure of yourself?

LEASURE: Men give me all the confidence I need. You see, the average man needs to project a certain image to his friends and associates, but in bed he may be very insecure—actions speak louder than words.

HUSTLER: Around the **HUSTLER** offices, you're all business. Are you all business in bed?

LEASURE: I like to get down to it.

HUSTLER: Men often don't understand

women, but I suspect that women understand men. Is that the difference?

LEASURE: Yes, that's it. From an early age, women learn the importance of understanding men. That's why they are more concerned about their appearance. They fix themselves up to be provocative. They think about what's going to have the most appeal for a man and how to turn him on the most.

The average man likes reading about someone else having a good time in bed so he can get turned on by it, while women like reading about *how* to give a man a good time.

HUSTLER: A lot of **HUSTLER** readers feel that you're associate publisher and executive editor in name only since you happen to be the publisher's girlfriend. They look at you as another Kathy Keeton or Barbi Benton.

LEASURE: I think I'm different in that I'm not trying to pursue a separate career. Barbi Benton is more interested in singing than she is in trying to help *Playboy*. Kathy Keeton is concerned about portraying the image of an independent woman trying to make a lot of money.

HUSTLER: What's it like to work for Larry Flynt?

LEASURE: He's very demanding, and

he's probably harder on me than on any other staff member. However, I'm totally dedicated to HUSTLER, and his demands only increase my output.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that you perform your job as well as you do because you have a rapport with him and know him intimately?

LEASURE: Of course that helps, but if I didn't like the magazine—no matter how intimate I was with Larry—I couldn't do a good job.

HUSTLER: You were totally inexperienced in magazine publishing. Wasn't that quite a frightening challenge?

LEASURE: Yes! I was afraid, but I knew the editorial direction Larry wanted to take, and the challenge involved became quite motivating.

HUSTLER: What were some of the problems you encountered?

LEASURE: In general, people were confused about what HUSTLER was trying to do since there were no magazines of any kind to compare with HUSTLER. Take *Kinky Korner*, for instance. What Larry wanted for *Kinky Korner* was to publish readers' actual sexual experiences, not fiction.

HUSTLER: Basically, would you say that HUSTLER is Larry Flynt?

LEASURE: No, HUSTLER is its readers. Larry Flynt doesn't put his own tastes, his own fetishes, into the magazine. For instance, he'll run big-titted girls in the magazine, but that's not his thing. He's not really attracted to blondes either, but he's not going to confine the book to his taste and run only brunettes.

HUSTLER: What about the irreverence and tastelessness? Is that part of Larry Flynt?

LEASURE: Actually, Larry is far from tasteless, but he does feel that a satirical tone adds the necessary irreverent and iconoclastic flavor to HUSTLER—the personality that makes it so controversial.

HUSTLER: So you think Larry's personality comes through in the magazine?

LEASURE: As far as the honesty of it, yes. He's an honest person. He likes things to be told as they are. He's not saying, "I'm something special," and trying to mold HUSTLER according to his own personal tastes.

HUSTLER: Who dreams up *Bits & Pieces*—the castrations and shit things, for instance?

LEASURE: *Bits & Pieces* is probably the most unique feature in HUSTLER. It's a conglomeration of everyone's ideas, from readers to photographers to Larry himself.

HUSTLER: We received a lot of complaints about the castration and shit pho-

"Every woman hates a weak man. A woman needs a man who can control her, if necessary, and direct her."

tos from readers. What was your reaction to that?

LEASURE: As long as they're talking, they're interested. Although many people didn't like the photos, there were many who said, "HUSTLER, you have finally shocked me out of my boredom. Keep it coming." You would never find that in *Penthouse* or *Playboy*, or in any other men's magazine, but you do find it in HUSTLER. They talk about HUSTLER's grossness—and they love it.

HUSTLER: You dreamed up the castration photo. Would it be fair to say that you hate men?

LEASURE: Only weak men. I think that every woman hates a weak man. A woman needs a man who can control her, if necessary, and direct her. No woman likes to be the stronger partner in a relationship.

HUSTLER: How can a man dominate a woman—be strong—without abusing her at the same time?

LEASURE: It depends on what you mean by abusing her. I think it would be more embarrassing for a woman to have a man ignore her in public. If he's having a three-hour conversation with someone else and totally ignoring her the whole time, that's abuse.

I don't see anything wrong with a man striking a woman. In fact, many women are turned on by it.

HUSTLER: Does Larry slap you around sometimes?

THE PHILOSOPHER

My truths do not last long in me. Not as long as those that are not mine.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

LEASURE: He's been known to strike me, but certainly not dangerously. I've got a very strong personality, and, I suppose, I'm always testing men to find out what I can get away with.

HUSTLER: How do you respond to the charges that because of this you're a bitch to work for?

LEASURE: I don't think I'm a bitch to work for. I think I'm very fair and honest with the staff.

HUSTLER: But you said you're always testing and pushing, too.

LEASURE: Not necessarily in my work. I meant personally. At work, I respect the staff for the job they do. If they weren't qualified, then I'd get rid of them. If they are qualified, I don't have to test them—the job does.

HUSTLER: For the benefit of our readers, what would you tell a man about how to deal with a woman? What should he be, or do, to be successful with a woman?

LEASURE: First, he should have a strong personality and direction in his own life. He must be a man who can protect and help her. A man has always been the power figure in our home, and it *should* be that way. If a woman feels that she is the strong one, she'll never respect the man. She'll bust his balls until it's over.

HUSTLER: How do you respond to the women's lib accusation that you're just a lackey for Larry Flynt?

LEASURE: I believe in women's lib—to a point. Women have bodies *and* minds. They have a lot of things going for them—their emotions, for example. The women's lib movement is just a reflection of the weakness of men. As men become weaker, women become stronger. Women's libbers probably hate me, but only because I believe in pleasing the man.

HUSTLER: You said you think a woman should satisfy a man?

LEASURE: If a woman satisfies her man and makes him feel more masculine, he'll treat her more like a woman, and she'll feel more feminine.

HUSTLER: Then do you think men are becoming weaker?

LEASURE: I certainly do.

HUSTLER: What do you think is causing this?

LEASURE: Men let their women work to support the family. If a woman is earning money to help the family survive, she doesn't feel the need to respect her husband for busting his balls; she's out there doing it herself.

HUSTLER: But you're working, and in a job that once would have been considered a man's job.

LEASURE: Larry and I don't have chil-

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dren. If we *did* have children, and I felt I was needed at home, I'd be there. I've got my job to do. The difference between us is that I don't have to go out and work, but, like Larry, I want to. Work is part of my self-respect.

HUSTLER: Larry is a very successful man, and you live with him. What do you think makes a man successful?

LEASURE: His drive. If you have the drive to be successful, there's no limit to what you can do.

HUSTLER: Once you have that drive, what's the next thing?

LEASURE: Your direction—what you want to be successful at—you just work until you achieve that goal. A person can do anything. There's more opportunity today than there ever was, and there are more fields a person can go into to be successful. Larry didn't have any money when he started. His present wealth is the result of his obsession with success.

HUSTLER: Don't people make excuses for not being successful?

LEASURE: Of course they do. I don't feel that "success" means only financial security. I don't think there is anything wrong with a man working in a factory, for instance, but many men have become complacent. They lose their ambition to be better. They have a wife and three or four kids at home, and they have quit growing personally.

HUSTLER: Larry has a reputation for being promiscuous. Does it make you feel slighted or inadequate in any way?

LEASURE: No, of course not. He keeps coming back to me. That makes me feel more than adequate.

HUSTLER: Don't you get jealous?

LEASURE: If he romances them, but not if he fucks them.

HUSTLER: You're saying that Larry Flynt gets women without romancing them. Do you consider this an unusual accomplishment, and do you like to witness it?

LEASURE: I take satisfaction in it because, basically, I don't like women.

LEASURE: Are you saying that you're into humiliation?

LEASURE: Somewhat, yes.

HUSTLER: Have you joined in on Larry's indiscretions?

LEASURE: Yes, I have.

HUSTLER: Does it turn you on?

LEASURE: It certainly does.

HUSTLER: Would you agree that traditionally women have been able to manipulate men?

LEASURE: Yes. Because women can't physically overcome men, they have developed the art of manipulation.

HUSTLER: Is Larry better at manipulat-

"Penthouse reflects romanticism and feminism. It's too bad Guccione wasn't born a woman."

ing women than most women are at manipulating men?

LEASURE: Yes, he can talk a person into almost anything.

HUSTLER: We know he's good at talking. Is he a good lay?

LEASURE: Yes.

HUSTLER: What's his favorite sexual act?

LEASURE: Eating cunt and plain, down-home fucking.

HUSTLER: What's Larry's cock like—small, average, or large?

LEASURE: I'll put it like this: My nickname for him is "Horse."

HUSTLER: Does cock size really matter in bed?

LEASURE: No. Not to me.

HUSTLER: Do you think guys with big cocks are more aggressive and stronger-willed than men with average or small cocks?

LEASURE: In my experience, the guys with the largest cocks are usually the most shy. They're really inhibited about their cocks; they don't want to talk about it. The guy with an average or small cock talks about it more.

HUSTLER: I have a rather modest-size cock myself, and I think I'm more aggressive than the average person. Do you think guys with smaller cocks compensate by being more aggressive?

LEASURE: Yes. This is especially noticeable in high-school boys. A guy with a small cock has to lay down a rap with girls and really go out of his way to get fucked. A guy with a big cock usually sits back because he knows as soon as he fucks one girl, it gets around.

HUSTLER: I think we should go on and let you tell us about the early days of the magazine, before it was a success, especially since HUSTLER is celebrating its second anniversary.

Did you think Larry was crazy when he decided to put out a magazine?

LEASURE: No. He'd been doing the HUSTLER newsletter, which was a house organ for all the clubs. So, I was already used to the idea of his wanting to publish a magazine.

HUSTLER: When did you first realize HUSTLER was going to be a success?

LEASURE: We turned the corner with the August, 1975, Jackie issue. [The nude photos of Jackie Onassis sunbathing were published by HUSTLER that month.] But we were actually in the black a few months earlier.

HUSTLER: With all the early problems of the magazine and the fact that you were broke, did you ever lose respect for Larry?

LEASURE: No. I always had faith in what he was doing. I always knew he would come through in the end, and that he could bring things around financially. If he couldn't, I was always willing to get a job in a nightclub or do whatever was necessary to get the money to help him start something else.

HUSTLER: When things were difficult, did Larry take the tight months good-naturedly or was he uncomfortable?

LEASURE: He worried because he had children to support. He's a proud man. He had a strong drive to make HUSTLER a success. Failure is simply not his forte.

HUSTLER: Was Larry capable of joking when things were really difficult?

LEASURE: Sure. We've always been able to laugh at the bad times as well as the good. We can laugh at anything that happens to us.

Larry always knew that he could get HUSTLER to a point where it was turning a profit. We just had to keep up with the bills and make sure the clubs brought in enough money to keep the magazine going. Of course, HUSTLER began about the time the economy started dropping. Prices were up on everything. Money was tight. We couldn't get loans from banks.

HUSTLER: What about the first open-crotch shots? Did you think you would be busted?

LEASURE: At first, I really thought Larry might be going too far. I worried because we were struggling to pay our bills, and I felt we couldn't handle more expenses by having to pay for legal counsel.

HUSTLER: What sets HUSTLER apart from the competition, in your opinion?

LEASURE: Its honesty. We show a girl as she really is, as a man would see her when he's taking her to bed. We reflect the '70s more than the other magazines, and we try to be first in what we do.

(continued on page 54)



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(continued from page 52)

HUSTLER: Is sexual explicitness the only thing that's making HUSTLER sell?

LEASURE: Its explicitness and its availability are the most important things.

The primary reason HUSTLER is different is that we're much more interesting. We're funny; we're a mix. We're part *Rolling Stone*, *National Lampoon*, *Playboy*, and a little touch of *Screw*. We don't cater to just one special market.

HUSTLER: How do you think the U.S. Government looks upon HUSTLER?

LEASURE: We're a maverick magazine, and we're also irreverent, so I think the government probably looks down on HUSTLER, but that's really a defense because they are afraid of anything that is honest.

HUSTLER: Do you think they will try to stop us?

LEASURE: Yes, I do. They don't want people to have access to any publication or anything else they don't control. They want to be the ones people believe in, yet people have no earthly reason to believe in them. They are very hypocritical in everything, yet they want to dictate what can be seen or read.

HUSTLER: How do you think the cigarette companies are going to respond to the antismoking ads?

LEASURE: I'm sure they're furious! But rather than attack HUSTLER openly, they will go in the back door and make a big deal about pornography and obscenity.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that HUSTLER is contributing to the decline of morals in

today's society?

LEASURE: No! And why some censors feel this way is beyond my understanding. HUSTLER is a fun-loving, entertaining, and educational publication that strikes out at the sexual myths sanctioned by pseudosophisticated traditionalists.

We live in a society that breeds violence, war, and white-collar crime at the expense of the average man. If some poor guy who's broke steals in order to eat, they lock him up. If some executive is caught with his fingers in the coffer, he'll probably get off with a fine he can afford to pay and, maybe, lose his job. It's a do-as-we-say-not-as-we-do society. So, it's not only the underprivileged who are repressed in our society, it's all of us. We're repressed by hypocritical codes of conduct and attitudes. HUSTLER is popular because it takes an irreverent editorial stance. We're a breath of freedom to many of the people who resent being dominated by a society in which they have little faith.

There is no such thing as pornography, but there are people who see sex as pornographic. And these people are a product of a violent, sexually repressive environment. The sooner we rid ourselves of all our false sexual taboos, the sooner we will rid ourselves of many of the hang-ups that breed unhealthy personalities.

HUSTLER: Are you saying sex and violence have a direct correlation?

LEASURE: Very much so. There are volumes of criminal research that document the fact that one thing most hardened, violent criminals have in common is that

they have been sexually repressed and are frustrated. Their personalities reflect their sexual attitudes. The only way we'll ever be able to diffuse their frustration is through over-all sexual understanding.

HUSTLER: Do you think HUSTLER is helping to bring this about?

LEASURE: Without a doubt.

HUSTLER: Do you think Larry Flynt will always be responsive to his readers, or will he fall short and cop out now that HUSTLER has become such a success?

LEASURE: He's already learned from other people's mistakes. Hefner did not respond to his readers by giving them more, so his sales have fallen. Guccione didn't respond to what readers wanted, so his magazine became stale. Larry's seen two great examples of complacency and what it can cause. He's not about to let HUSTLER become complacent; he's always going to be a competitor.

HUSTLER: Was it wise for you to get involved with a man who has four ex-wives and a reputation for fucking all the girls?

LEASURE: The moment he told me about his ex-wives, I thought, "Oh, this poor man, he needs a woman who understands him," and I knew that was me. As for the fucking, it's like I said. I understand him.

HUSTLER: You're not insecure?

LEASURE: I have enough confidence in myself to know if he fucks a girl, it's not over between us.

HUSTLER: Does Larry give good head?

LEASURE: He's the best I've ever known.

HUSTLER: What makes him so good?

LEASURE: A willingness to talk about our mutual needs and a desire to please.

HUSTLER: Do you make it with chicks?

LEASURE: Yes, I do. I enjoy it. If a girl has never been with another girl, I take great pride in bringing her around.

HUSTLER: Do you like to seduce them?

LEASURE: Certainly I do.

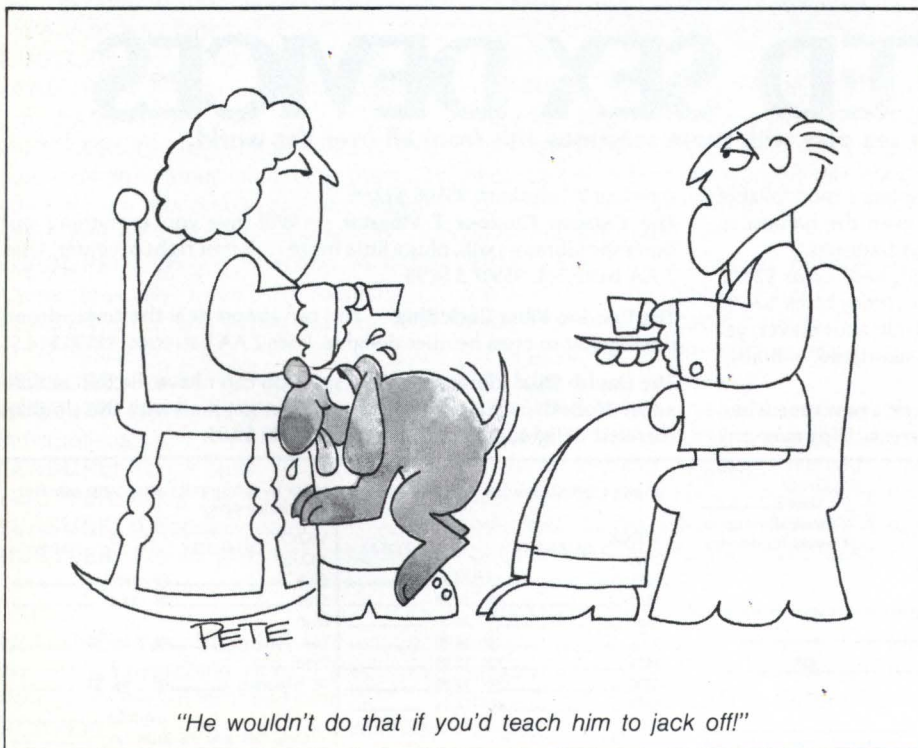
HUSTLER: Would Larry crack your head open if you started messing around with some guy?

LEASURE: No. He wouldn't set a standard for himself and then say I couldn't do the same. If I started fucking other guys regularly, it would be up to him to decide if he wanted a woman who needed other men.

HUSTLER: What do you think about the way you and Larry were depicted in the *New Times* article?

LEASURE: Almost everything Bob Ward wrote was an outrageous lie. Of course, some people will do anything to sell articles. So, I can see his point in trying to make it more interesting by inventing conversations or different situations. He

(continued on page 116)



HUSTLER HONEY



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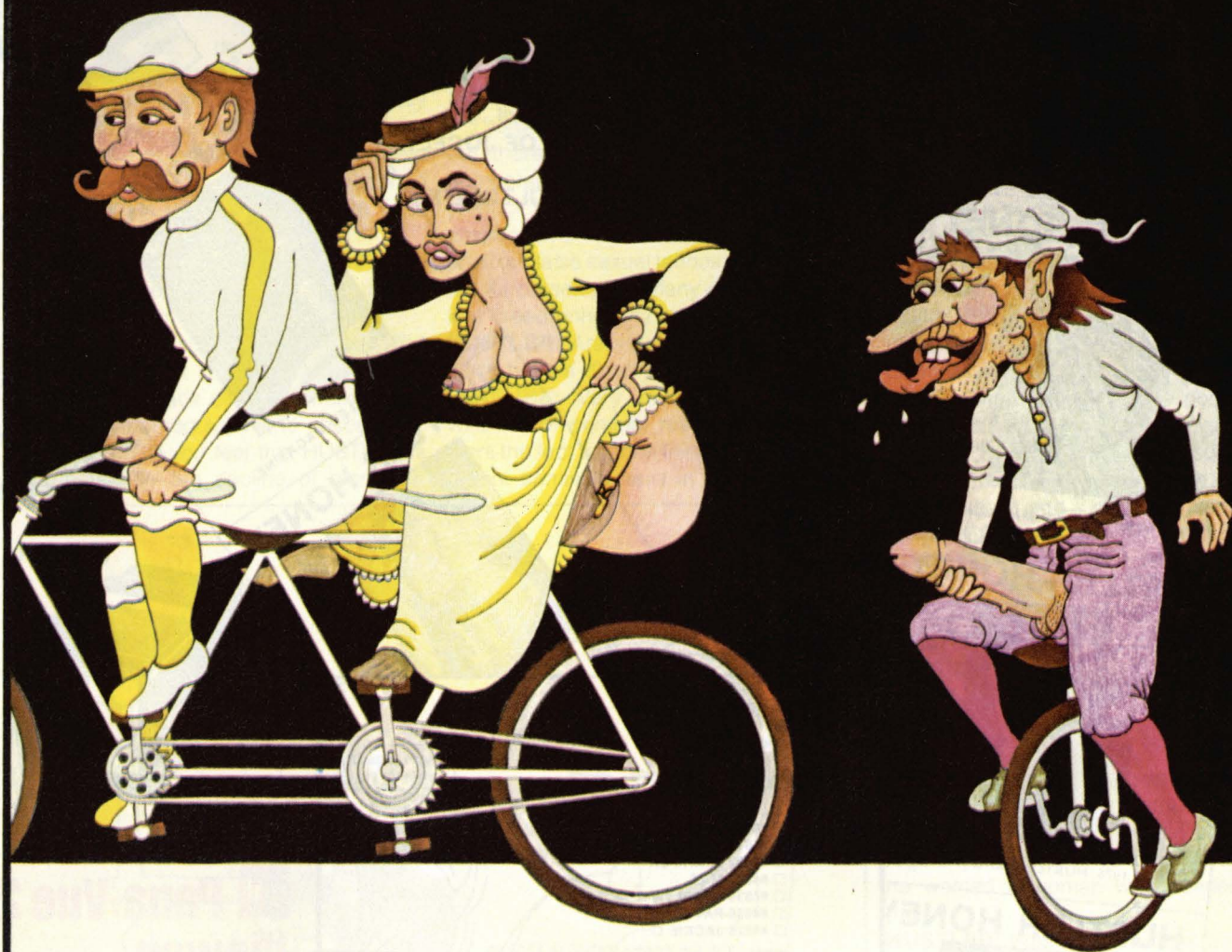
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HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books are designed to fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money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

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Movies

by Tim Beckley

3 A.M.



The clock on the mantelpiece chimes three times, indicating the lateness of the hour. All is quiet except for the occasional sound of a squeaking mattress in the master bedroom where Elaine and her husband, Mark, are making love. Through paper-thin walls, Kate (played so wonderfully by the High Priestess of Carnality, Georgina Spelvin) listens, her heart pounding in jealousy as she

X RATED REVIEWS

imagines Mark's long rod pushing its way into her sister's gaping vagina.

"I've lived in Elaine and Mark's house long enough to bring up Ronnie and Stacey, their children," the dialogue goes. "For 15 years I've been having a secret affair with Mark. I've long used my loneliness as an excuse to justify my sins."

Following their bout in the sack, Mark appears disturbed. Something is pressing on his mind. He pushes his lovely wife away. "I feel I've married only half a woman," he announces. "You don't love me for myself but just for my beach house, my boat, and my money. I should have left you long ago!"

The handsome gentleman ventures out into the night to

spend his final evening at home on his yacht. Waiting for him on the cruiser is Kate, who sees this development as a golden opportunity to run away with her brother-in-law. Much to her surprise, he wants nothing whatever to do with her.

"I left Elaine. Now I'm leaving you. I have to find myself." Kate can't take no for an answer. They battle, struggling on the deck of the vessel. Kate strikes her adulterous lover on the head with a bottle. Losing his balance, Mark tumbles overboard, and the body washes ashore the next day. The police label the death accidental. No one suspects that Kate was responsible.

Afterward, the entire household experiences a change, a growing lack of communica-

tion between the sisters. At the same time, the adolescent children watch the unfolding of events with great sadness. They find comfort in each other. After some provocative talk on the beach, Stacey notices a mysterious bulge in her brother's pants.

"Did I cause that?" she asks, stroking Ronnie's prick through his tight jeans. "You're getting wet. I get that way, too," the cute girl explains. "Do you want to feel? Unable to understand his newfound emotions, Ronnie leaps on his horse and rides along the beach.

The sex in 3 A.M. is wild and raw. In one hotter-than-hell sequence, a shapely young woman strolls into the house, seeking directions. She finds Kate taking a shower. They look at each other. There is immediate electricity. They embrace, a steady stream of water caressing their nude forms. The two twist and turn in erotic abandon. They "69" on the tile floor in a scene that's a real turn-on.

This motion picture is exceptional porn. We highly recommend it for even the most jaded X-rated moviegoer. You should have no trouble getting a real "lift" out of watching this one.

EXPOSE ME, LOVELY



Keith Spencer, the son of a famous politician, is missing in New York City. Frosty, who looks like a statuesque male model lifted from the pages of *Playgirl*, is hired to track down the wayward youth. As a self-employed private eye, the \$200-a-day retainer he is offered to take the case seems like easy pickings. Before the caper is over, however, he becomes the target of some unwanted attention.

Dead bodies are all over the place. Someone is trying damn hard to frame him. Frosty's gun is used to kill a ravishing redhead, an artist, played by the world's greatest cocksucker, Jody Maxwell.

Expose Me, Lovely has all



This shower's not golden, but we all turn on with the cast of 3 A.M.

the ingredients of a Mickey Spillane novel, plus the added attraction of some dynamite sex, both oral and pussy-to-cock. Jody Maxwell, in the role of the female art instructor, is unbelievable. She gives head to Frosty, using her mouth as if it were a vacuum cleaner. (She is welcome to clean my apartment any day.) Jody, in case you didn't know, also has a clit that stands up like a miniature toy soldier, but she doesn't play children's games with it.

A real treat is a love scene between a beautiful ebony-skinned girl and a tall, white Amazon. Jennifer Welles also makes a brief appearance, as does chesty Annie Sprinkles.

Frosty soon discovers that looking for Keith is like looking for a clean toilet in the subway. This film, a real cliff-hanger, has a surprise ending that I don't want to give away. It provides ample excitement as well as a good dosage of S-E-X. HUSTLER rates it a Class-A hard-on.

PATTY

What could—and by all rights should—have been a controversial film turns out to be a bomb, one bigger than any radical group could explode.

Patty is, of course, supposed to be the story of newspaper heiress and kidnap victim Patricia Hearst. This movie is pure and simple exploitation.

The characters lack depth. For example, upon her abduction, Miss Hearst offers not even token resistance to her captors. There is no buildup, no suspense, and none of the anguish that must have tormented the original characters in the real-life drama this film is purportedly based upon.

As to sex, this film is also a bust. The producers should get life. The only scene worthy of note shows two snakes being released and allowed to crawl all over Patty's stretched-out form, making the girl wriggle in

obvious discomfort.

The acting is abominable and without direction. Sarah Nicholson, as Patty, looks like her, but she fails to come across convincingly. The only redeemable aspect of this venture is the original sound track. Such tunes as "Love for the People" and "Gotta Get a Gun" will have you tapping your feet in the aisle, all the way back to the box office to get a refund.

I'm sure the revolution was never meant to be like this!

SNUFF

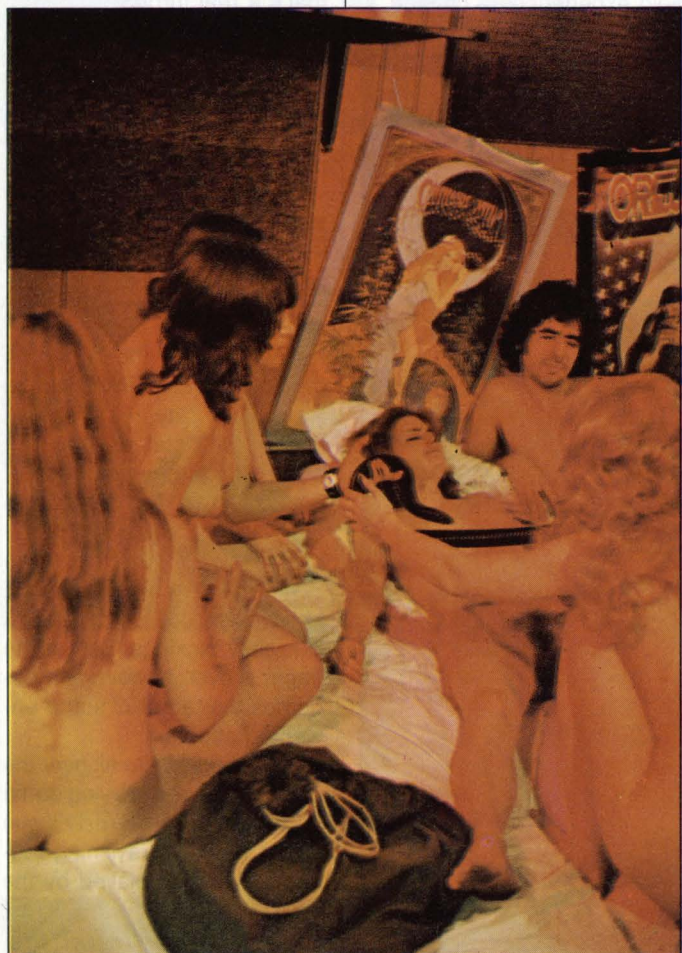
Widespread talk has developed in the last few months

it had obtained the exclusive distribution rights of an Argentine film, "which depicts in graphic terms the brutal slaying of four young, unsuspecting actresses." A press release said the film, appropriately titled *Snuff*, was to open at a major theater on Broadway. Beyond setting the admission price at \$7.50, the distributor was tight-lipped, with absolutely no advance previews.

Snuff, I am happy to report, is a complete phony! It's an absolute fake, done on a low budget and incorporating a few rather amateurish illusions. In fact, I fail to understand why any theater owner would want to smear his reputation by screening this poorly contrived



Some simulated cutups in *Snuff*—the real action's at the box office.



An erotic heiress writhes to the rhythm of radical snakes in *Patty*.

about porno movies in which female cast members are slain and their beautiful, nude bodies mutilated and cut into small pieces. So-called snuff films have received a great deal of publicity in the press. The police, the FBI, and even organized crime were said to be cooperating in an attempt to ascertain whether such motion pictures existed.

Generally, it was felt that they did exist. Patrons reportedly were paying up to \$200 for the "privilege" of viewing the wanton slaughter of another human being. No one would openly admit to having watched such films, which reportedly have been made in South America and smuggled into the United States.

In January, a New York-based booking firm revealed

feature. It is interesting to note that *Snuff* is playing primarily in "straight" houses, not in porno theaters. It is purely a case of blood for money's sake. Once again, we see the hypocrisy of society and big business.

The action in *Snuff* centers on a Charles Manson figure, who has a strange influence over women. Four girls travel the countryside on motorbikes, stabbing and shooting a grandmother, a child, and an old man. They are sadistic and appear to get great satisfaction from the fiendish crimes they commit. They are obviously thirsty for blood.

Even among themselves, they cause death and mutilation. In one sequence, caught cheating on a drug deal, the youngest recruit of the group is knocked unconscious. Her feet

are put into stocks. A knife is applied to her toes, and the sharp blade pierces the flesh. An artery is hit. The red fluid squirts freely. In another scene, two rubber hands are strung out on a clothesline after being "severed" from the father of one of the girls. It's so obviously a fake that it provokes laughter from the audience.

The clincher—a surprise ending—is when the audience finally realizes that what it's been watching is nothing more than a film being made. After the cameras have been supposedly turned off and the lights cpoled, a balding director starts to neck with one of the "murderesses." She tries to resist. "Not in front of everyone," the blonde miss giggles. It is to be her last laugh!

Pushing her down on the bed, the director takes out a concealed knife and slashes her shoulder, digging the blade deep into her flesh, causing a mortal wound. The terrorized girl pleads for her life. Members of the crew hold her hands. A finger is snipped off with a pair of shears. A buzz saw is brought in and used to sever the actress's arm. Blood is everywhere. Finally, the director produces a razor and slits the porno starlet's stomach down to her groin. He wades into her now-open stomach and tugs on something. Seconds later, his hands emerge

holding pounds and pounds of innards (someone went to a lot of trouble to gut a cow). The screen goes blank. The end has come—and not too soon.

It's all playacting—a few magician's tricks. Not only is life cheap in South America, but apparently so is talent. This film is totally *worthless* in every respect. It is a sad state of affairs in this country when a magazine like *HUSTLER* can be harassed by the law, but films like *Snuff* are allowed to be shown without any objection. Violence is OK, but sex is a crime.

SUMMER OF LAURA

Richie (David Hunter) and Gene (Eric Edwards) are both 19 and virgins. Though they have a longing to "make it" with chicks, the golden opportunity has never presented itself. Walking along a sandy beach on Long Island Sound, the two tanned teenagers confess their naivete toward members of the opposite sex.

"I know where we can go and find out what fucking is all about," Gene tells his pal. "There's a beautiful redhead living on the other side of the island. She's got huge boobs, and I hear she puts out!"

Both boys approach Laura's cottage, hoping to catch the girl

in action. As they sneak up to the property, they see Laura, played by Marcia Moon, doing her morning exercises on the porch. They imagine her without a bikini bottom, and the camera zooms in on a lovely pink hair-pie. Her pussy lips are puffed out—in full bloom—demanding attention. The front door swings open and out steps Laura's current sweetheart, Bob, who is on furlough from the service. The couple retreats inside. Through a window, the two boys watch their summer goddess make love.

Now enlightened, the boys strike out on their own: There is sex in the sand with June (Helen Madigan) and Sheila (Kim Pope), on rubber rafts, and in the local movie house where the gang sees its first porno film. Before the summer is over, Richie has even made it with Laura, whose man is killed in action. Returning after the conquest, Richie finds a note in which Laura bids him a tender good-bye. Richie, now grown-up, stares down the beach, watching the waves break. His voice rises, "That summer we lost five Frisbees, saved a girl from a silly snake, saw our first skin flick, and I lost my Laura."

Summer of Laura is a lovely, sensual look at innocence a la *The Summer of '42*. It contains all the elements of a classic romance, plus hard-core sex scenes. 🍆

On the Circuit

This column lists and rates erotic movies reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER* that may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

🍆 (Erection)

Cry for Cindy
Deep Throat

(Uncut version)

Defiance

The Devil in Miss Jones

(Uncut version)

The Divine Obsession

Honey Pie

Marriage and Other

Strange Things

Memories within Miss Aggie

Parochial Passion Princess

The Private Afternoons of

Pamela Mann

Pussy Talk

Screw on the Screen

When a Woman Calls

🍆 (Three-Quarters Erect)

Anyone but My Husband

Fantasex

Farewell Scarlet

French Blue

Love Bus

Oriental Blue

Sixteen

The Story of Joanna

🍆 (Half-Erect)

Beneath the Mermaids

China Girl

Danish Pastries

A Dirty Western

Her Family Jewels

Hot Dog

John Holmes Festival

The Milk Lady

Sensations

Something for Everybody

🍆 (One-Quarter Erect)

The \$50,000 Climax

Ecstasy in Blue

Exhibition

Intimate Teenagers

The Second Coming of Eva

The Story of O

Super Vixens

🍆 (Totally Limp)

The Chamber Maids

Deep Throat

(Censored version)

The Devil in Miss Jones

(Censored version)

Teenage Deviates



Summer of Laura features a sizzling Helen Madigan as June in swoon-scenes on sand and surf.

Books

by Dane Stitts

THE LAST LAUGH

by Phil Berger
Ballantine Books
Random House
201 East 50th Street
New York, New York 10022

If you've ever wondered how comics who appear on TV using lines as limp as a paraplegic's cock can goose a Vegas audience to the point of pissing its collective pants, *The Last Laugh* will provide the answer. The book is replete with the varied, uncensored routines of comics from Milton Berle to Cheech and Chong. A lot of these routines deal with perverse material and should fit right into our readers' libraries. Many of the late Lenny Bruce's gags are in the book. For example: "Did you hear about the kid who says to his father, 'What's a degenerate?' And the kid's father says, 'Shut up and just keep sucking.'"

Ed Bluestone is another comic whose best material will probably never be heard on TV because he deals in morbidity. He has a contingency plan he uses at funerals of people he doesn't like that includes such ballbusters as: distributing baby pictures of the deceased to the mourners, shaking the widow's hand with an electric buzzer, standing around the grave site, saying, "At least he'll no longer be tormented by impotence," or telling the widow on the way to the cemetery, "I'm not sure, but I think the body moved."

The material in the book will make you laugh, but it will also make you sad because it mirrors the tragic lives that most comics endure. Hard times gave them their jokes and pointed out the absurdities of a hypocritical society, but these realizations also gnawed at their consciousness and

gave them little peace. *The Last Laugh* will show readers the world as seen through the eyes of the clowns, a world complicated by weird sex, violence, hatred, and love.

SEX THERAPY AT HOME

by David J. Kass, M.D.
and Fred F. Stauss
Simon and Schuster
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10020

If you and your steady sexual mate are having problems with your relationship, *Sex Therapy at Home* may be just the book for you.

The book claims to solve the "...problems of premature ejaculation, inability to reach orgasm, non-lubrication of vaginal walls, pain, frequency of intercourse, and conflicting sexual attitudes toward oneself or one's partner." This is pretty heavy linguistic bravado for a book that takes a fairly clinical approach to sex; however, parts of the book may be helpful to a couple having problems.

One significant aspect of the book's approach is a section where both the man and



Eating pussy in Sex Therapy.

woman define the problems of their relationship. This would allow inhibited people to determine what's bothering their mates without having to verbally confront each other like duelists with loaded pistols. If the problem doesn't disappear

by talking about it, then one is referred to the appropriate chapter. One chapter is titled "Mutual Stroking and Kissing, Including Breasts and Genitals." As this indicates, the book deals with more than straight fucking; the chapters run the gamut from fucking to mutual masturbation.

The book is illustrated to facilitate understanding. For a couple with patience, this may be an appropriate book to help turn each other on.

THE DEVIL'S SPERM IS COLD

by Marco Vassi
Beeline Books
Carlyle Communications
150 East 58 Street
New York, New York 10022

The plot of *The Devil's Sperm Is Cold* concerns itself with two secretaries in the porn-publishing business who decide to take the company away from the publisher. When the publisher comes around to find out why the firm is failing, one of the women tells him she has the capabilities to make it succeed and that she'd do anything to prove it. He believes her; she licks the bottoms of his shoes (literally) and then takes control of the business.

The plot is not as simple as it appears because there are some interesting philosophical debates about the purpose of pornography, as in the following exchange: "Before anything else," she says, "pornography is literature." "Before anything else," he counters, "pornography is a way to get your cock hard."

Both viewpoints are upheld, and you'll find that this book will get your cock hard and satisfy your literary needs. The sex fills almost every page, so if you want a stroke book, pick this up because you'll have a hard time getting through any ten pages without jerking off. Marco Vassi is a leader in the field of pornographic literature, and this is one of his best.

FAMILY AFFAIR

by E. Stanton
Stanton Archives
P. O. Box 163
Gracie Station
New York, New York 10028

If you got your thrills during the '50s watching female wrestlers slam one another around on television, you'll really get off on *Family Affair*. E. Stanton is considered by

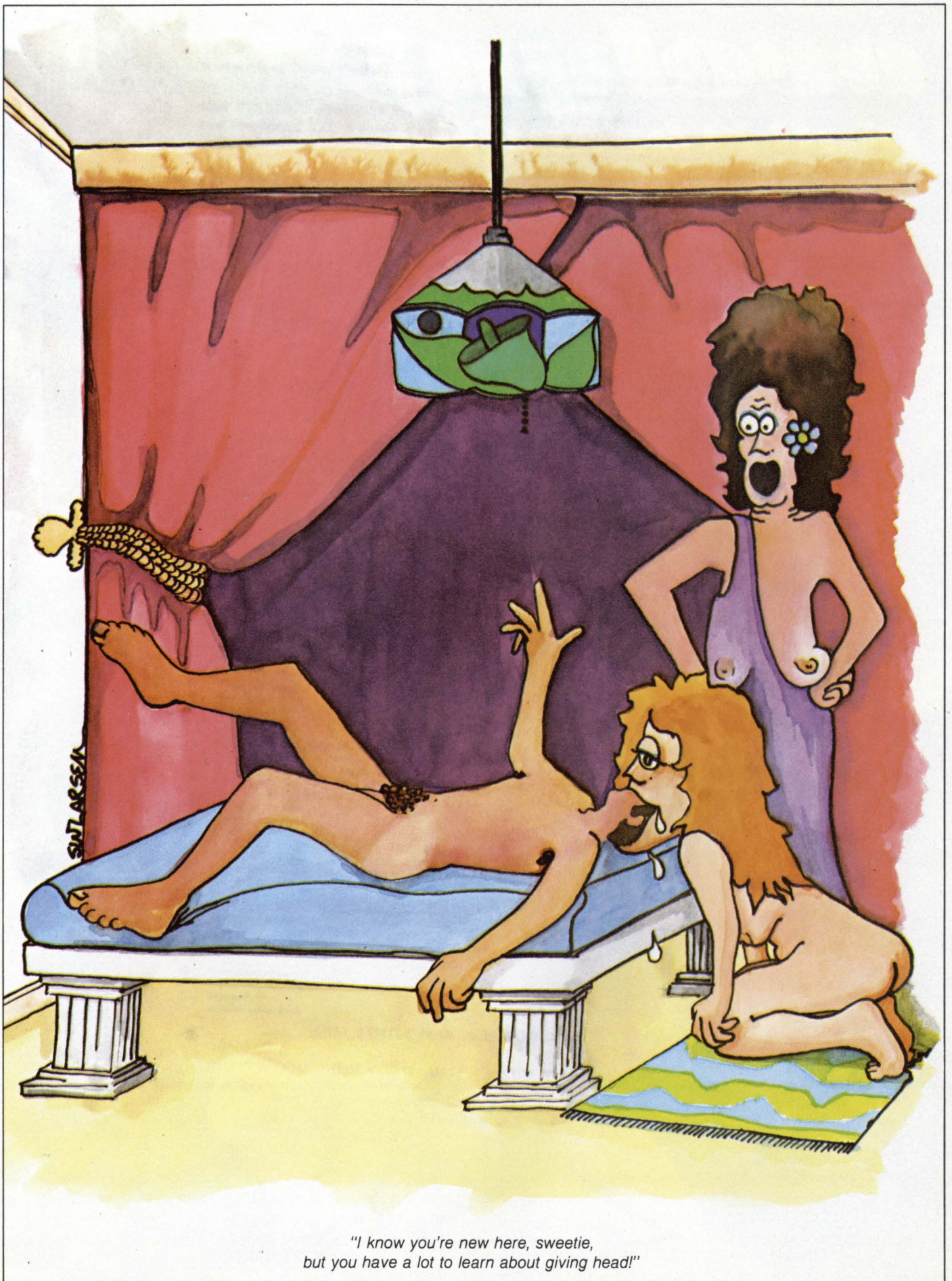


A touch of S&M in Family Affair.

many reviewers to be the top artist in S-M writing. He has been published in pulp magazines for years; finally, his work is being presented in hard cover.

This small illustrated book of pencil drawings graphically depicts a demented mother and daughter who abuse members of their stepfamily by sadistically whipping their bare asses with rug beaters and belt buckles. These sadistic acts are permitted because the father is a gutless rooster whose balls must have been smashed by his wife's wooden pecker, which she wields like a Louisville slugger. The tight-mortared dykes' favorite position is, "Up against the cunt, motherfucker"; they straddle their victims' faces, using a hammerlock that would suffocate the most ardent defenders of assertive women's rolls.

The artwork is superb, but any male who views this book and doesn't feel like cutting the ears from the first bull he sees, deserves to be castrated by a herd of hairy cunts.



*"I know you're new here, sweetie,
but you have a lot to learn about giving head!"*

evelyn:
pink is beautiful





Evelyn isn't just a small-town girl who happens to call Columbus home; she's a fox who could make legions of male friends anywhere. And it's not just her knock-'em-dead good looks that make Evelyn a ball to be with; it's also her ability to make any man feel confident about his own sexuality.





When Evelyn's pink lips part sensuously, and she cracks an inviting smile, a man can sense that she is basking in his masculine presence, filling the room with the warmth of the pleasure she gets from being alone with him.

Evelyn is one girl who genuinely *likes* men—in case you haven't figured that out. "I've been told that I'm an excellent lover, probably because I enjoy pleasing a man in bed. I like to use my imagination and try out new techniques and unusual locations—such as the bathtub or the woods—for making love.

"I have often fantasized about raping a man, not because rape represents humiliating or dominating him, but because I want to forcefully ignite the desire I know he has for me, which he may be too shy to reveal. So far I haven't met any men who needed that sort of prompting in order to take me."

We can believe that.





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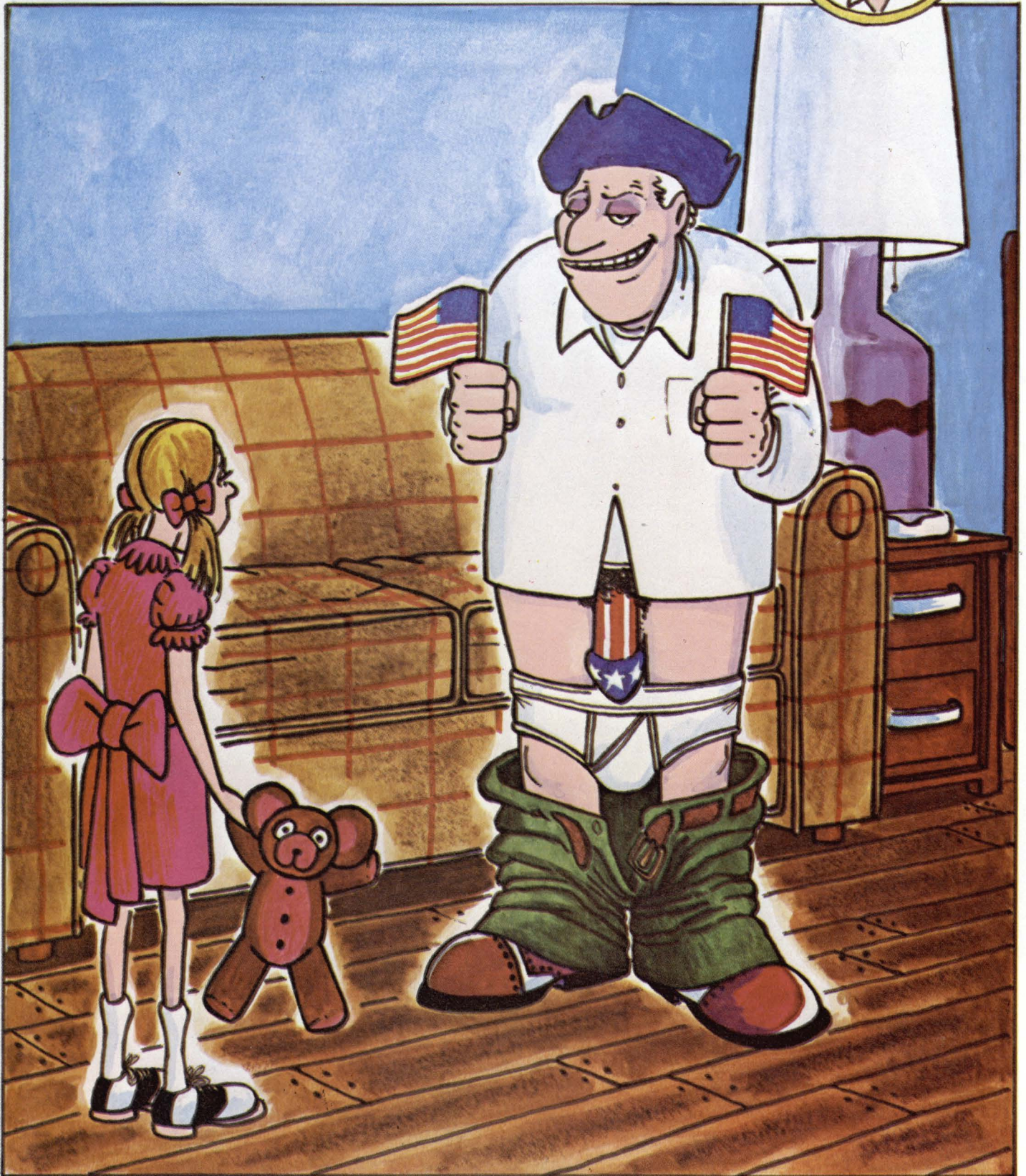
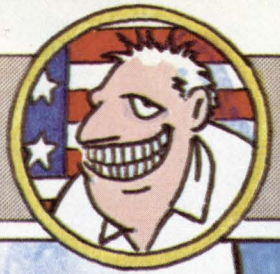


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CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"C'mon, Arlene! Let's celebrate; kiss the flags!"

Max had just married a lovely Jewish girl from Brooklyn. On their wedding night, the girl stayed in the bathroom so long that Max became curious about what she was doing and yelled, "What are you doing, honey?"

"I'm washing out my cunt," came the wife's loud reply.

Irritated by her use of the word *cunt*, Max shouted, "Watch your language!"

"What do you want, you muff diver," his new bride shouted back at him, "good grammer or good taste?"

A man from Texas was bragging about his cattle to a man from Arkansas. "In my state, cattle are so huge they're 20 feet tall," the big, burly Texan said.

"How tall?" the innocent-looking hillbilly asked.

"Well, they only miss it by this much," said the Texan, holding two fingers about half an inch apart. "In Texas," the rancher said, "our women have tits 40 inches across."

"How much?"

"Well (again using his fingers), they only miss it by this much."

"Why, man, that's nothing," said the hillbilly. "In Arkansas, our women have babies out their assholes."

"What!" said the Texan in disbelief.

"Well," replied the hillbilly, holding his fingers half an inch apart, "they only miss it by about this much."

HUSTLER's definition of Peter Pan: A washbasin in a whorehouse.

A cop was giving a man a ticket for parking his horse too long. The man spoke to the horse and out came a giant horse cock. The amazed cop asked the man to talk to his horse again. The huge red horse cock fell down again, and the cop was impressed.

"Tell me what you said to make the horse grow that hard-on, and I'll tear up your ticket," the cop said.

"That's real nice of you, officer. What I said was, 'All cops are cocksuckers!'"

HUSTLER HUMOR



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

The Irish girl was a very devout Catholic, so naturally everybody was very surprised when she was married outside the faith. However, true to her upbringing, Bridget managed to go to church regularly.

One Sunday morning, she rose early, as usual. She slipped out of her nightgown and started to get dressed. As she leaned back to hook her bra, she noticed out of the corner of her eye that her husband was awake and watching her intently. The bedsheets were rising higher and higher as he watched. Bridget unhooked her bra, sat down on the bed, removed her panties, and turned to face her husband.

"I thought you were going to church, honey,"

said her husband. "You haven't missed a Sunday since our wedding."

"The Catholic Church will stand forever," declared Bridget, lying down on the bed, "but how long can you trust a Presbyterian prick?"

Two naked statues stared into each other's eyes at the park's entrance, their marble bodies never to meet. One day a romantic young witch came by and took pity on them. She cast a spell that turned them into living flesh and blood.

Immediately, the man looked at the woman and asked, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Breathlessly she replied, "Yes."

The two went into the park bushes, and the young witch nodded with satisfaction when various sounds of happy gasping and grunting drifted her way. The couple emerged, looking relaxed and relieved.

The man said to the woman, "That was great! Next time you can hold the pigeon, and I'll do the shitting on him."

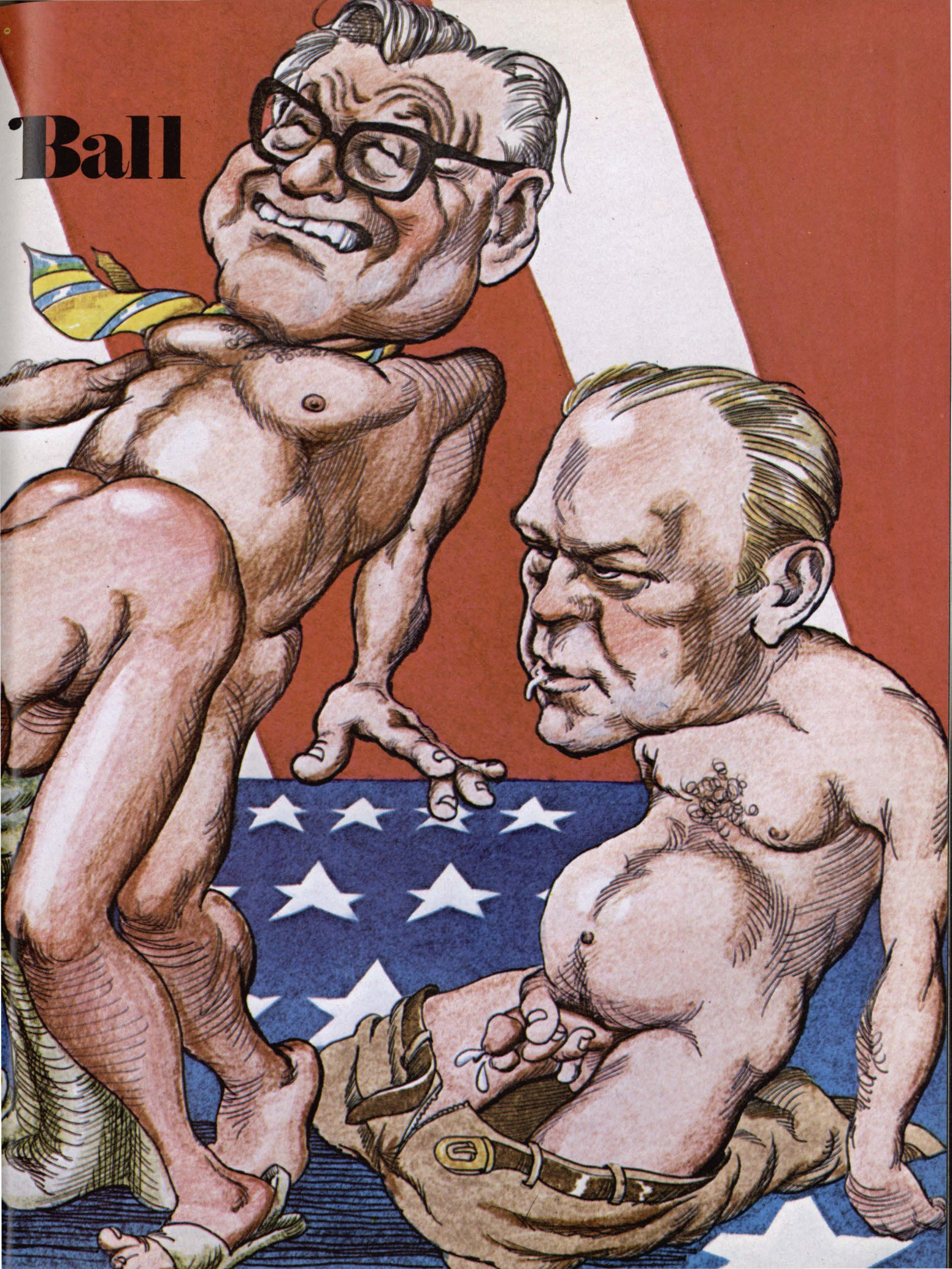
Notice: The jokes in **HUSTLER Humor** are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke that you feel is exceptionally funny but that nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit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

The Bicentennial

HUSTLER presents a graphic Bicentennial statement on the body politic of 1976, as the Belle of Freedom once again gets a taste of statutory rape.



Ball





how to break a cherry

by noel kilgen

The article you're about to read explains how to break a cherry. Before we get that far, I think some consideration should be given to the question why break a cherry? It may be, after all is said and done, that the answer is as simple as Sir Edmund Hillary's reply when he was asked why anyone would want to climb Mount Everest. "Because it's there," he said. That's as good an answer as any.

Men and women throughout the world have always placed an exaggerated value upon what is, after all, nothing more than a tiny fold of mucous membrane that partially closes the opening to the vagina. The ancient Greeks, for example, set such stock upon a woman's virginity that, in order to emphasize the importance to a bridegroom of finding that membrane intact, they named their god of marriage "Hymen." (Or perhaps the hymen is named after the god of marriage; no matter.) Considering the Greeks' reputation, it's a lucky thing that a similar membrane doesn't obstruct entry to the anus.

Although all females are born with a hymen, a penis is not the only thing that can rupture it. Cherries are broken in many ways other than the one that leaps immediately to mind. The most pristine way, for those who want desperately to believe in the purity of their lady friends, is surgical removal, which is not altogether uncommon. Some hymens, in fact, grow so completely and so tightly across the vaginal opening that they constitute a health hazard, obstructing the outward menstrual flow as well as an inward penis thrust. A quick and relatively painless slice with a scalpel guarantees relief, but that first lover may feel cheated.

Most men have heard, with a groan of despair, the stories about girls breaking their cherries while horseback riding, playing leapfrog, etc., but those stories may be true. Also, most men never pause to consider that their virginal lady, who is suddenly no longer resisting, presumably has strong sexual feelings of her own. Unless she's submitting out of resignation to her fate, or out of consideration for her gentleman friend, she may well have done something about those sexual urges earlier, resulting in a broken

cherry while leaving her technically a virgin. A lover's finger, if inserted often and forcefully, is very effective, as is a vegetable or a vibrator. In fact, a young lady once swore to me that she had lost her cherry using a banana to masturbate herself when she was 14. I have since refused to order anything at my local Baskin-Robbins except cherry-banana ice cream cones. (When particularly horny, I get double dips.)

At any rate, assuming that the membrane in question remains in place, many inexperienced lovers believe the only reliable indication that the hymen has been broken will be an expression of pain on the lady's face accompanied by a copious flow of blood. This isn't necessarily so. Many women (presuming they have been aroused to passionate exaltation and their hymen is not extraordinarily tough or tight) experience only passing pain that is quickly overcome by the passion of the moment. Often, too, a woman who gives herself to someone she loves may very well stifle any outward show of pain, not wishing to startle her lover.

As for blood, there should be some, but women's vaginas—as most of you should have noticed by now (if you haven't, you haven't been reading *HUSTLER*)—are as individual as their faces, breasts, and feet. A woman with a tight cherry may well bleed like a stuck...uh...pig. A woman with a smaller, more delicate, cherry may lose only a drop or two upon the sheets, seat covers, or whatever.

Those Sherlock Holmes types among you, determined to know with absolute certainty who is a virgin and who isn't, are going to have a difficult time. After all, if you can't trust a woman, whom can you trust? Cherry-picking time occurs spontaneously in most cases. If a clever lady is intent upon deceiving you and chooses to surrender in the first or last days of her period, when the flow is slight, you might be suckered. There is a slight difference in color between fresh blood and menstrual flow, which is darker, but I doubt that you would care to call in Dr. Watson at that point to analyze the spots. There you are, stuck, one might say, with "The Case of the Speckled Bedsheet."

Let's go back for a moment to what we said about the exaggerated value placed upon virginity. For both men and women, the only value lies in the undeniable way nature has devised to indicate to the persons concerned that this is, in fact, the first time. A man views taking a virgin as a triumph and proof that, however many men before him have tried and failed, he

For \$200, a Brazilian doctor can surgically "replace" the hymen by sewing the vagina partially shut.

is the first lover with sufficient power to succeed. It means, too, that from that moment on, until they decide to part, she is his private property. The pride of the victor, the pride of possession, the pride of shared intimacy in which no other person has had a part, all unite to make breaking a cherry a very special kind of sexual experience.

Similarly, for a woman there is only one time—even though this is not *always* true, as we shall see in a moment—when she can surrender her virginity. She fends off those first fumbling advances in adolescence partly out of fear of pregnancy despite the amazing advances in contraception in recent years. She fends them off, too, out of a purely physical fear; she has been told it will hurt, making her hesitant. For her, making love is something new and strange. Like a first parachute jump, it is something unlike anything she has done before and therefore something to be feared. Despite the so-called sexual revolution, there remain those who simply believe in the old "truths": *It can be given only once and should be saved for the man with whom she intends to spend the remainder of her life.*

Whatever the reasons, men and women the world over have ambivalent attitudes

toward the experience, made clear by the words in which the English language defines the act of breaking the hymen.

The verb "deflower," for instance, is derived through Middle English and Late Latin and means "to deprive of virginity," "to ravish," or "to take away the prime beauty and grace of." The dictionary also adds—please try not to snigger—"more at 'blow.'" It's not really funny because the dictionary traces the sexual connotation of "blow" through Middle English, Old English, Old High German, and Latin to its origin in the Greek word "phallos" or penis. When you think of some of the meanings of the word—aside from the one that leaped immediately to your filthy mind—there is a connection. And, as long as we're dealing with words, "ravish" means both "to seize and take away by violence" and "to overcome with emotion, as joy or delight." You might well ask how the simple fact of a woman's first sexual union can mean such diverse things as "to take away the prime beauty of" and "to overcome with emotion, as joy or delight." The answer is that society's attitudes toward the act are as inconsistent and confused as most of our other sexual attitudes.

Having arrived at this point and touched upon the importance placed on the existence or nonexistence of this bit of tissue, we should note that the presence or absence of the hymen isn't much of an indicator of the sexual experience of its possessor. A Brazilian lady once laughingly told me of an operation quite common in her country among young brides-to-be. For the equivalent of \$200, Brazilian doctors would surgically "replace" the hymen by sewing the vagina partially shut with three or four quick sutures. In that way, the lady could have the benefit of indulging her passions as she wished, and her gulled groom could have the satisfaction, in theory, of introducing her to sex on her wedding night, hearing her squeals of pain and seeing the bloodstains on the bedsheets the next morning. It turned out, upon further inquiry, that the Brazilian lady was telling me the truth. The operation is common not only in Brazil but in other predominantly Roman Catholic and, by American standards, sexually repressive societies as well.

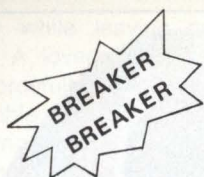
As I said before, breaking a cherry is a simple enough physical act. All you have to do is shove something large enough into the vagina (preferably a penis) until the hymen is stretched so tight that it splits. There really is no trick to breaking a cherry, but it should be done as pleasantly as possible in order to give both

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partners the ultimate satisfaction, the minimum discomfort, and in the lady's case, such pleasure that she will want to repeat the experience as quickly and as often as possible. *That's* an entirely different bowl of cherries.

It is impossible to set down a list of precise rules for such a unique and personal experience. You can't, for example, approach the thing as if you were going to break a balloon: (1. Procure a balloon; 2. Procure a pin; 3. Blow up the balloon; 4. Stick the pin in the balloon; 5. Enjoy.) Still, there are certain general pointers that might, if you'll excuse the expression, help ease the way.

To begin with, the woman must obviously be ready. Before you start laughing, let me explain that ready isn't the same as willing. We'll assume that the chick is *willing*, or she wouldn't be there with you. If she's not actively willing, at least she should be unresisting; otherwise the word is not deflower but rape. After all, a guy just doesn't go walking the streets or cruising the saloons, looking for a virgin to deflower, at least not since Attila the Hun. You'll never find one that way, and unless you're an unbearable braggart, breaking a stranger's cherry promises little more than taking a Kate Smith album cover into the bathroom for a little one-on-one.

Therefore, we'll assume that the lady is an acquaintance of some time and you've been working up to this—hinting, suggesting, even pleading. The woman, if she hasn't actually decided, in the timeworn phrase, to "go all the way," has at least permitted certain liberties and has allowed you to maneuver her into a position in a bed, car, woods, or wherever, where you're alone and there are no fears of interruption. It's almost certain, too, that prior to this there has been fondling, mutual masturbation, or even oral sex. The big moment, however, looms ahead, and tonight is the night.

It is important to gauge the girl's mood. Perhaps she's decided that you've made such a fuss that she may as well give in. She's willing, in that case, but not ready. She may be lying passively, unaroused and unprepared, awaiting the ugly but inevitable moment. That just won't do. She may also be willing and ready but rigid because of her fears of pain, or pregnancy, or the "what-if-mama-finds-out" syndrome. It's not simply the heroines in Gothic novels who wonder, "Will he respect me afterward? Will he think I'm cheap? Will anyone ever want to marry me after this?" They may all be cliches, but as with most cliches they are founded

(continued on page 118)

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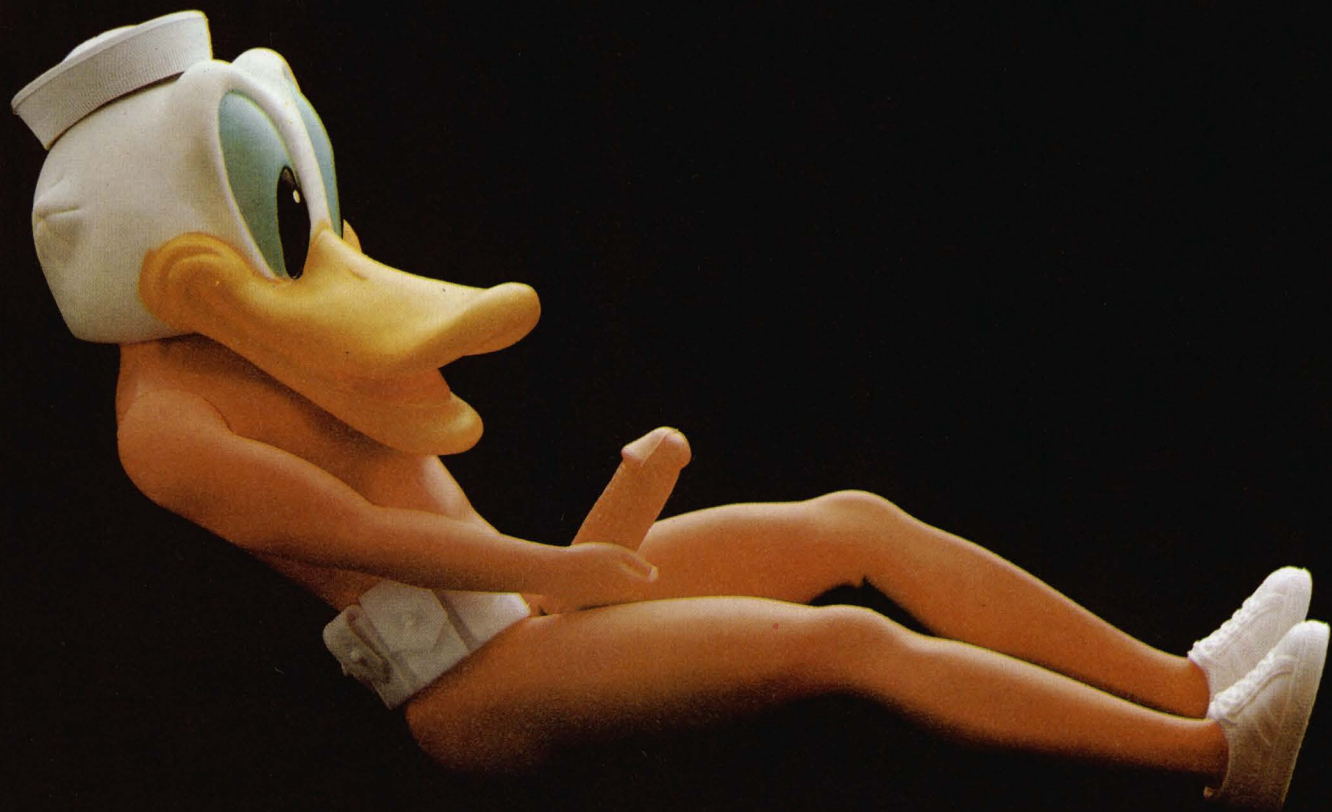
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On the surface, the Ken and Barbie teenybopper dolls advertised on the Saturday morning TV cartoon shows never seemed very erotic. In fact, they seemed as prissy and sexless as members of the high school student council. But did you ever fantasize about the possibility of Bugs Bunny, Porky









Pig, and the other rowdy, wisecracking cartoon characters crashing the commercials like a pack of greasers at the prom and irreverently socking it to the prim 'n' proper dolls? Barbie always looked like she could use a good fuck, anyway. Perhaps a little rough sex would loosen her up enough so that she would start getting it on with Ken and the other plastic playthings. Who knows? Maybe a full-scale "orgy of the dolls" would ensue.

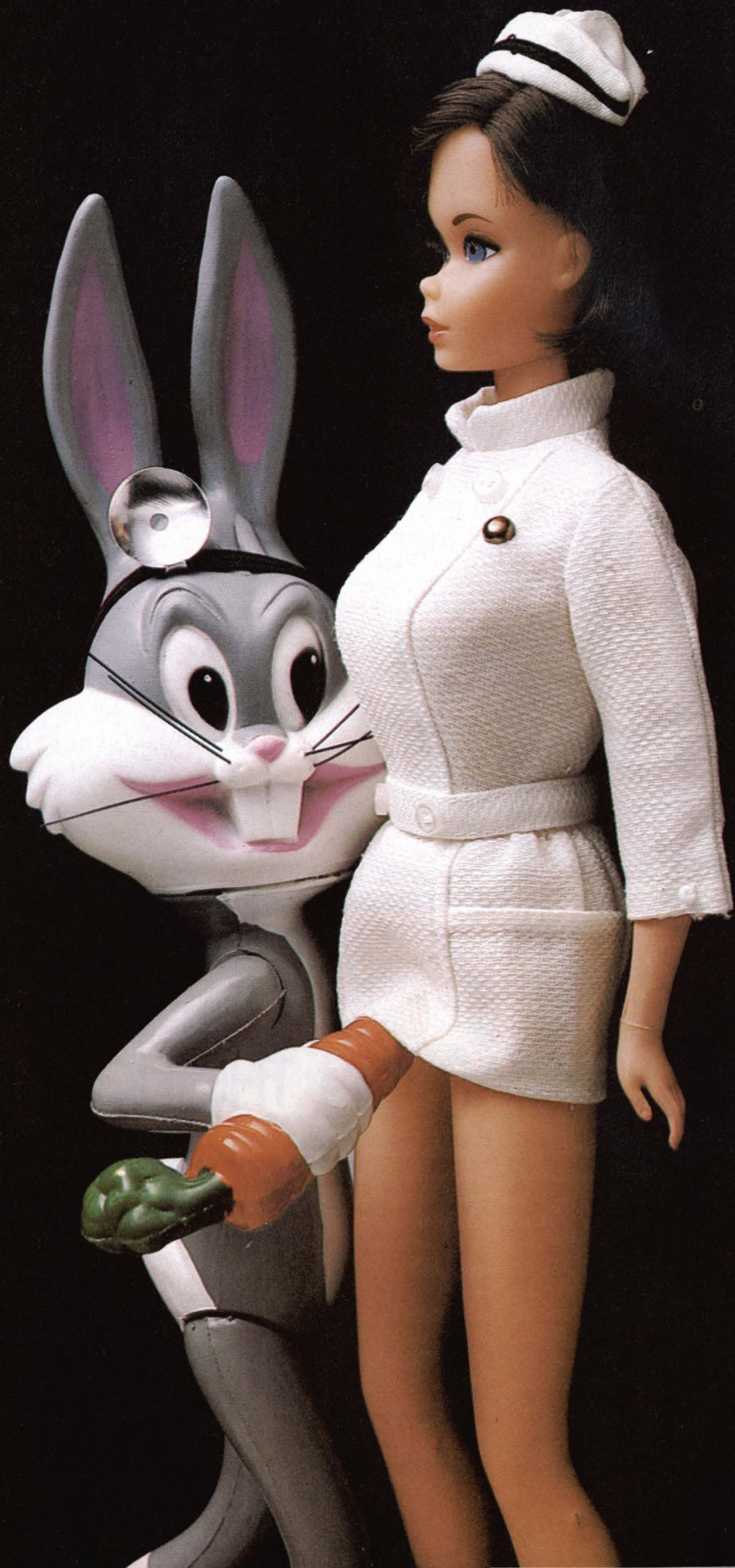
Such perverse fantasy took root in the fertile imagination of photographer Tony Lance, who has turned the comically raunchy results of his creativity into this series of posters, which you can obtain from Slikpix Company, 581 Patten Avenue, #57, Long Branch, New Jersey 07740. Perhaps Tony Lance's depraved posters will at long last answer the question that has been haunting Bugs Bunny for generations: "Eh, what's up, Doc?"

Now that the dolls of kiddie video have lost their polystyrene cherries, we wonder what's next. Will Annette Funicello show pink? Will Ken and Barbie picket their manufacturers at Mattel, demanding that they be allowed a sex life, as the Playboy Club Bunnies did with Hefner? Will Donald Duck finally nail Daisy, so that he can stop pounding his pud?

Tune in next Saturday and see—and don't forget to drink your Ovaltine.









LENNY SCHULTZ:

BLUE STAR ON THE HORIZON

by Joyce Jurnovoy

The stand-up comic has finished his gig and cleared the stage, and a piano player is filling the space between acts. The audience is restless; the comic should've gotten the hook. A busty blonde emcee bounces onto the stage. "Crazy Lenny will be on in a minute," she says.

In a minute, a blast of bugles reverberates off the club's walls and a dark Harpo Marx look-alike steps out. He is wearing a studded T-shirt and tight patchwork pants. He looks perfectly sane.

"Welcome," he says, smiling while reaching for the microphone. His face

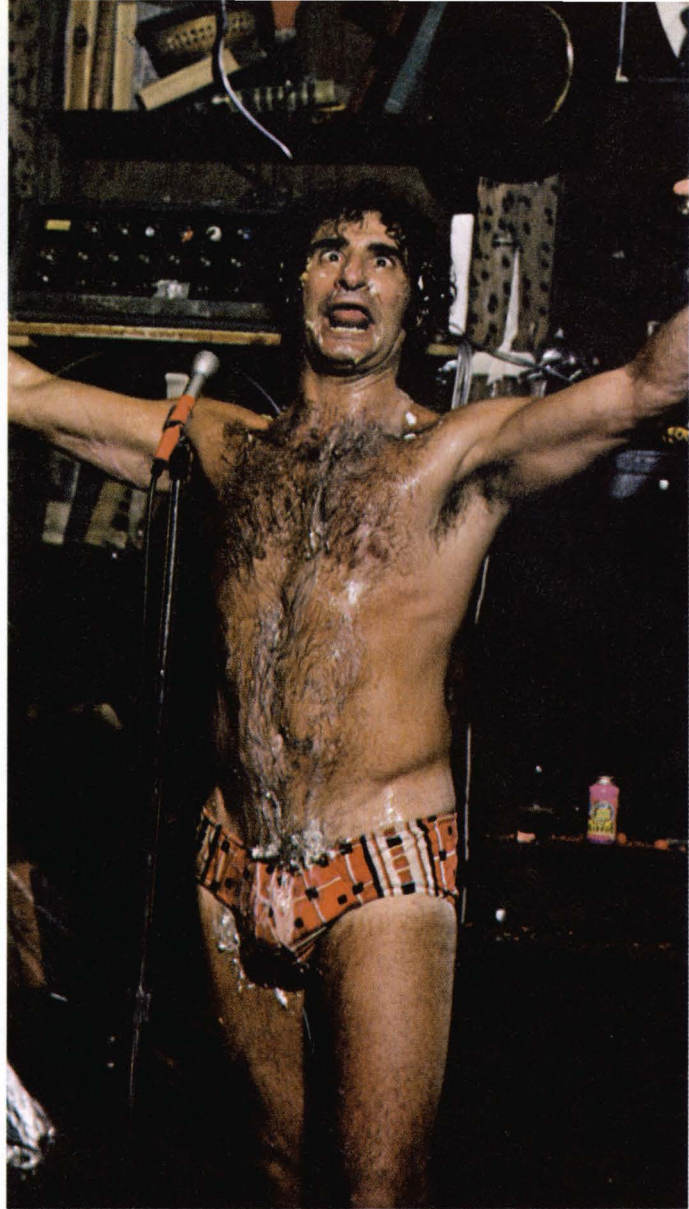
contorts and he shouts with joy, "I'm going to go crazy!" The audience laughs nervously. What the hell is this?

"I'm a teacher," Lenny Schultz says. In fact, Lenny is a teacher, spending the greater part of his day in the gymnasium of a Queens, New York, high school, which accounts in part for his slimness and youthful appearance. He's been moonlighting as a stand-up comic for ten years, playing the Copacabana in Manhattan, the Catskills circuit, and talk shows like Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson. Last summer, when Schultz played at the Raleigh Hotel, in South Fallsburgh,

New York, 300 to 400 persons were turned away nightly.

This night, at the New York club Catch a Rising Star, where Lenny's performing, the sound system is carrying the music from Kubrick's movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*. "I'm going to give you the history of the world," Lenny intones. Mocking the film's opening, he announces, "In the beginning there were frogs." Then it happens.

His face, the one with the cleft chin, seems to disappear. Onstage is a frog, the cheeks pumping in and out. The noise from the seemingly toothless mouth resembles a chorus of frogs in a back-



water swamp. Lenny's smooth, dark skin has developed warts. The eyes bulge and seem to go in every direction at once. A murmur of audience appreciation follows the transformation.

"Lizards!" Lenny says. The frog is replaced by the darting tongue of a slithering amphibian, its eyelids pulled back. The impression is so real that a spectator feels like shuddering.

By this time, Lenny has calmed down. He begins to fidget with toy dolls sitting among other props on a stand next to him. Lenny throws the miniature dolls down in disgust. "Too tame," he complains. He walks offstage, fumbles around, and brings out a life-size inflatable female "fuck" doll. He caresses it—a little foreplay. Finished, he starts humping it, missionary style. With deft maneuvering, he switches to the rear, doggie style. The audience cracks up. A fat man shouts, "What's her phone number?"

Lenny stops and tosses his soft friend

offstage. He glares at the heckler. "You'll get yours," he says. The fat man responds with a jeering laugh. Lenny pulls a king-size box of Rice Krispies out of his pile of props and pours it over the head of the fat man. The audience shouts and stomps in approval. The heckler sinks into his seat, breaking up.

The film music cuts to "The Halls of Montezuma," the Marine Corps anthem. "Remember World War Two?" Lenny asks in a loud voice. The music stops. "Close your eyes!" Lenny commands. Everyone obeys. The sound of an approaching tank, clanking and wheezing, becomes louder. A dive bomber is heard, its Japanese kamikaze pilot shouting a bloodcurdling, "Die, Yankee, die!" over the static of his radio. Their eyes still closed, the crowd hears the planes start to dive at the tank. The bomb is released, and the piercing, whistling sound it makes knifes through you at your seat.

When the explosion comes, the whole

club seems to shake from shock waves. You open your eyes, just to be sure everything is all right, and there's Lenny, alone, on the stage. A round of applause sweeps the club for Lenny's voice, which he used like a noise machine playing into the microphone, creating the battle scene.

Lenny calls for silence. He says, "I want to do honor to that great song, 'Dueling Banjos.'" Background music comes out of the speakers. His cheeks blowing in and out, Lenny incredibly adds the sound of banjo picking. Lenny stops. The background music is still playing. He reaches for an alligator leather violin case. Can he play the violin, too? No. He extracts a two-headed dildo. He puts it into his mouth and, blowing on it, again re-creates the sound of banjos. The audience is rolling.

A blonde woman in a corner stands up and begins to shout, incoherently, something about loving Lenny. Others in the audience jump to their feet to register their agreement. Lenny waves for silence. "Do

ya want me to go really crazy? I mean, completely nuts?" The audience reacts boisterously.

A cardboard box is tugged free and set on a metal stand. What could be in the box? Lenny arms himself with a snub-nosed revolver. The box produces a ferocious roar, the animal sound so real that you don't imagine its source is the sound system. "Don't worry," says Lenny. "I've got 'em trained."

Fearlessly, Lenny plunges his hand into the box. The roar grows louder. With a scream, Lenny pulls his hand back—and in the same motion whirls over his head a bunch of *artichokes*. Screaming, "I'm the fucking boss," he hurls the artichokes against a wall, where they slide slimily to the floor.

Lenny is sweating profusely now and pauses to wipe his brow. The audience is quiet. Lenny's hand dives for the cardboard box and brings out a large, gooey melon. In a balletlike move, he tosses the melon through a hoop and onto the floor, where it splatters. Lenny sports a boastful grin. The audience cheers. A brunette girl weaves to a table to lead the cheer. She stumbles and lands in the lap of a mink-clad matron.

Lenny is still screaming. "I'm really going nuts." Another cheer. "Do it! Do it!" Lenny starts to disrobe. As he slowly

unveils his 6-ft.-tall, muscled body, some of the women gasp audibly. He halts the tease when he gets to his multicolored bikini briefs.

He says, "You've heard of the Stillman diet and the Atkins diet."

"Yes," the audience replies in unison.

"You ain't seen shit. The Schultz diet is the only one that lets you have your cake and eat it, too."

The audience is egging him on. Lenny pulls an overripe piece of watermelon out of the box and shows it around. He mashes the melon on his elbow and sprays half the audience with its juice. He says, "You can have anything on the Schultz diet as long as you don't eat it." He puts two halves of a grapefruit under his armpits and squashes them.

Now Lenny takes a banana and slowly peels it. "I'm getting out of control," he warns. He turns his back to the crowd and exposes his ass. In a sweeping motion, banana and ass meet to a chorus of whistles and screams. Lenny smears a mound of cottage cheese into his crotch. A cream pie smothers his head while the song "I've Gotta Be Me" plays.

Lenny turns around and bows regally. The audience is on its feet. The brunette, now recovered, rushes the stage. In a moment, pandemonium erupts, as everyone else takes the brunette's cue and storms

the stage. They're all reaching out to touch this mad genius.

Lenny, who could easily pass for a 30-year-old rather than his actual age, 42, considers the Rising Star his home-away-from-home. Rick Newman, the club owner, has been Lenny's manager for six months, and in that time both Lenny and the club have taken off in popularity.

At the bar, Newman says, "Lenny is my main man. I want to take him along as surely and positively as I can. His first manager got him a booking on the Merv Griffin show after he had been performing only six months. Lenny got asked back for another spot in two weeks, but he couldn't do it because he'd used up all his material on the first show. A good manager would have known better."

Newman attributes much of the club's popularity to Lenny. "You'll notice in most clubs you don't see women alone, but since Lenny has started to perform here, we get bunches of them. Get the women, and you can be sure the men won't be far behind. Lenny is such a warm man that he develops a real cult following, too. Some of the people here tonight have probably seen him five or six times before and will probably see him five or six more times."

Schultz is still surrounded by his adoring fans. His wife, Helen, drifts over to the bar.

(continued on page 106)



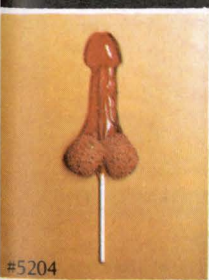
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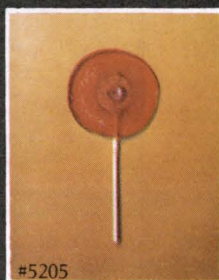
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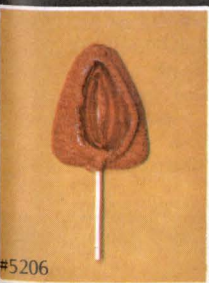
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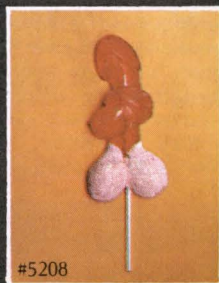
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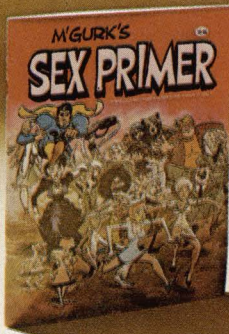
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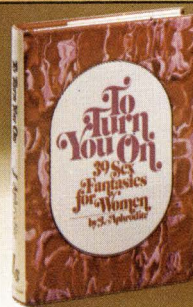
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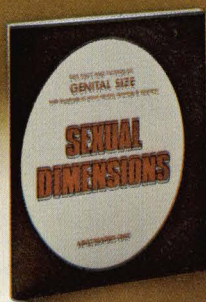
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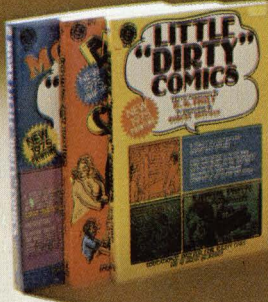
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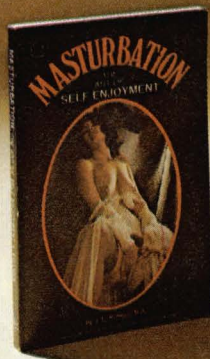
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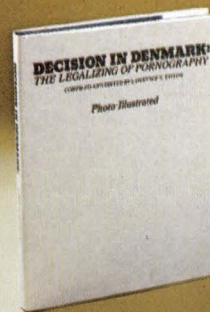


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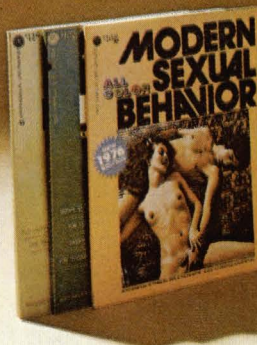
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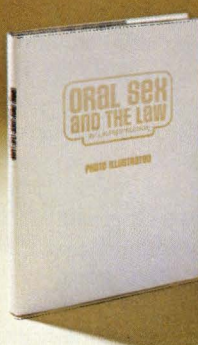


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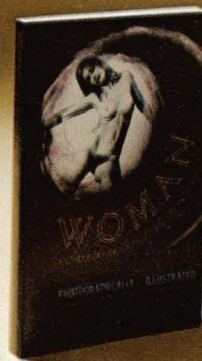


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(continued from page 102)

She's his sound technician, responsible for coordinating all the special effects he uses in his act. When Lenny decides to fart, she makes sure the sound reverberates.

Helen says, "At home, he's the calmest man imaginable. Believe it or not, he even helps me with the dishes without being asked. He gets wild at parties, but that is usually at the instigation of a friend."

The crowd has started to thin out, and Lenny heads downstairs into the club's dark, unheated dressing room.

"Did you like the show?" he asks.

"Yes."

"I've heard that one before."

Still in his bikini briefs, but pouring sweat despite the cold, Lenny talks about his background.

"I grew up in a tough neighborhood in the Bronx. You know, the kind where you had to fight to keep your allowance. My father was an educated tailor who used to insist that before I cleaned the blood off my clothes from the fights, I tell him what I'd learned in school that day. It was hard because sometimes my mouth would be so swollen that I couldn't get my lips to form the words. Maybe that's why I didn't talk a lot as a kid.

"The only things I liked as a kid were comedy and sports. I was shy because I was always getting whipped. So, I used to make funny noises to get attention. After graduation from high school, I was offered a contract to pitch for the New York Yankees. I didn't take it, though. Besides, I had just gotten a job up in the Catskills during the summer, provided I went to college. For a bum from the Bronx, the chance to play with waitresses under the stars was the real big time."

Lenny says, "I was so bad as a busboy that they made me a lifeguard." He would put bananas under his armpits and attempt to sell the results as fried bananas. He says, "I made a lot of money, but my deodorant bills ate up all the profits."

He continues. "I used to watch all the comedians who came up to the mountains, but I couldn't stomach their one-line gags. Those guys would do ten jokes on their own, then put on a show. If they were a hit, they'd hire writers and never do another original thing on their own. I used to have more laughs on the john than those guys had in their shows."

Lenny is a physical education teacher who has worked with troubled children at a home for delinquents. He says his fellow teachers know about his adventures on the stage. "The first time I let anybody

Lenny's insane act includes smashing grapefruits under his armpits, rubbing cottage cheese into his crotch, and stuffing a banana up his ass.

know what I did, it was hairy," he recalls. "I had been asked to speak at the annual athletic dinner, and rather than do the usual rah-rah thing, I decided to do some of my act. Everybody went wild with the exception of the principal, who just sat and smiled. He's a real straight guy, and I was sure the next day that I was going to get canned.

"About noon, I got a note telling me to come to his office after school. The other teachers were already taking up a collection for a going-away party. I was ready to blow him off and mail in my resignation.

"Well, I got to his office, and the secretary told me that the district superintendent was there. She had to restrain me from calling my attorney—any attorney. I was sure they were going to have me arrested. When I got in to see them, it turned out they wanted me to perform for the annual principals' dinner. I kissed both of them. I was so relieved I forgot to tell them that I usually charge a fee."

Although Lenny is preparing to quit teaching, he admits his insecurity as a comic has made him reluctant to switch careers until now.

"I did an appearance on the Ed Sullivan show, and they liked me so much they signed me to do six more shows. I thought I was on my way. I talked it over with Helen, and I was ready to hand in my resignation when the show got canceled."

He lost another big chance on a show he won't name when he and the director argued over one line that Lenny insisted on using. "This little creep said I was being obscene when I wanted to use the word ass. What I meant, and what I made perfectly clear in the context of my act, was a little donkey doll. I lost my chance to appear. I'd love to bad-mouth the show, but it's still on, and I don't want anybody to break my legs in the middle of the night."

Lenny's ideas for his material are found

in the most unlikely places. "I used to sit on the john for an hour or two a day dreaming up things. Besides, I was constipated. Helen put me on a bran diet about a month ago, so that method doesn't work any longer. Now I dream a lot while I drive. You should see my insurance rates.

"No, you really ought to see the woman I hit. Too bad. I forgot a great idea trying to explain it all to the cops."

Lenny insists that all the fruits and vegetables used in his act are rotten. "My smelly menagerie," he calls it. "I was appearing at some college, and this guy from the student government asks me how I can waste food like that. When I told him it was all rotten, he said he wanted the number of the guy I bought it from. I would've told him, but the stand I buy them from already has enough business. It's a nice place, if you like rotten fruit."

There is no question that Lenny uses rotten food. The odor was heavy.

Lenny's closest professional collaborator is humor writer Ken Friedman, who has written material for many comics. "He's unique and a lot of fun to work with," Friedman says. "Lenny and I usually work at his home with some show tuned in on the radio or TV. The ideas are always Lenny's, but it's my job to help work them out. I take notes on everything we say and do. Lenny always insists on holding them, however, and by the time we're finished they've usually been lost.

"For the life of me, I haven't been able to figure out what he does with the notes, and, believe me, I watch him closely. Once he burned them up because he set them on top of a huge ashtray he has and they caught fire. We lost the whole day's work."

Friedman is wary of dining out with Lenny. "He hooked me into going to a Chinese place with Helen and him. As soon as we had gotten into the restaurant, Lenny had his shoes and socks off and his feet on the table with chopsticks between his toes. I was so embarrassed I wanted to crawl under the table. The waiter brought the food, and Lenny started using his toes to eat it. Half the waiters came running over. When they got to the table, Lenny started talking Chinese to them. The patrons were on their chairs, shouting approval. Lenny ended up doing half his act. The waiters kept bringing us free food. When it came time to leave, the owner wouldn't hear of us paying the bill. It was fabulous."

That's Lenny, begging his audience—any audience, anywhere—to let him go the limit and do anything to make people fall all over themselves in laughter. 

MARSHA:
REMEMBRANCE
OF THINGS
PAST

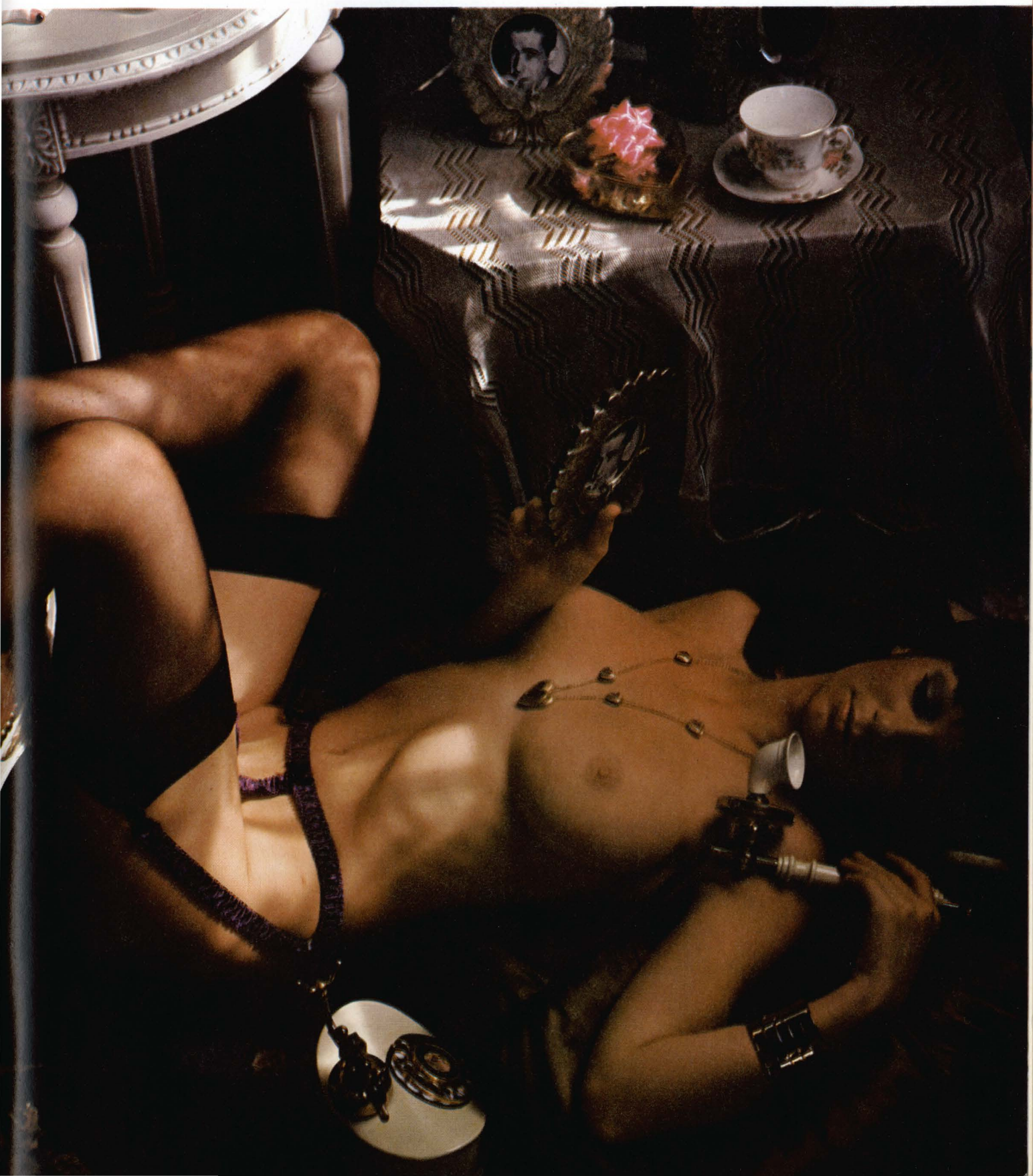


An aura of timelessness envelops Marsha. Her beauty is classic, and she lives in a house filled with '30s furniture and art objects. Despite the nostalgia-filled atmosphere she moves in, Marsha does not dwell in the escapist world of a bygone era. Her sexual tastes are au courant, running to such voguish sensual techniques as rimming (for him) and syrup-covered clit-licking (for her).

Marsha is a throwback to the '30s in her taste in men, however. She craves a man in the mold



of Humphrey Bogart—"a man who, like Bogart, is as rough-looking and masculine as an old boot but not afraid to be tender and sensitive with me...a man who fucks me long and slowly, holding his own rising passion in check until I have reached climax after clenching climax. When I meet this sort of man, and he looks at me with those disillusioned eyes, my first thought is: 'Don't Bogart that joint, my friend; pass it over to me.'"







me
over of hand
at the end of my
my place to sleep



"This is our Bicentennial model."

KINKY KORNER

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

PILLOW-PUMPING POLLY

by George Hatch

When I was 16, my parents used to take my aunt and uncle shopping. It was my duty to babysit with my 13-year-old cousin, Polly. One Saturday it stopped being a chore and became the highlight of the week.

Polly and I had very little to say to each other since neither of us was particularly pleased with our situation. I usually sat in the kitchen, drinking Cokes and reading some of my aunt's movie magazines; Polly stayed in the living room, watching television. On this particular Saturday, I saw Polly squirming around on the couch as I passed the living room on my way to take a leak. She was lying on her stomach with her legs spread. Her plaid skirt was halfway up over the mound of her ass. I could see her crack through her tight white panties. She had the tip of a small square throw pillow jammed between her legs, and she was rocking back and forth, squeezing it with her thighs.

Suddenly she started to bounce frantically, moaning, "Mark, Mark, oóóohhhh, Mark!" I looked at the TV set. She was watching a sports special featuring Mark Spitz swimming around in a pair of tight trunks that accented his bulging crotch. I looked back at Polly, and her little ass was bobbing furiously. So this was how she got her kicks! I'd never really looked at her before, our relationship having naturally been pretty impersonal, but seeing her in this passionate adolescent frenzy created a stirring in my groin. I decided to muscle in on the action.

"What are you doing?" I asked, casually.

She flipped over in a panic, throwing the pillow on the floor and pulling her skirt down, but not before I noticed a few damp spots on her panties.

"You're supposed to be in the kitchen!" she shouted angrily. "What are you doing here?"

"Just watching you," I replied.

"You gonna tell?" she asked, her anger giving way to fear.

"Why should I? I do the same thing," I confided.

She was trying to study my face to determine my intentions, but her eyes kept wandering back to the TV. Apparently, she couldn't get enough of Mark Spitz.

"You like watching half-naked men?"

"You're making me miss the whole show," she whined. "Now I'll have to wait until they show reruns!"

"Why wait?" I interrupted. "I could show you the same thing. Maybe more."

"What do you mean?" Polly asked.

"I just told you. I like to do it, too. Play with myself, I mean. I could watch you, and you could watch me."

The TV show trumpeted to a close. She pursed her lips regretfully. I walked over and shut off the set.

"You want to wait till they show reruns, or do you want to do something now?"

"You'll want to stick it in me!" she said, pouting.

"I'm not that stupid," I told her. "We could have a lot of fun without going that far. What do you say, huh, Polly?"

She still wasn't sure.

"Look," I said, "it's really insurance for you. This way I can't tell without both of us catching hell. I'm just looking for a good time...for both of us. Know what I mean?"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, after a pause.

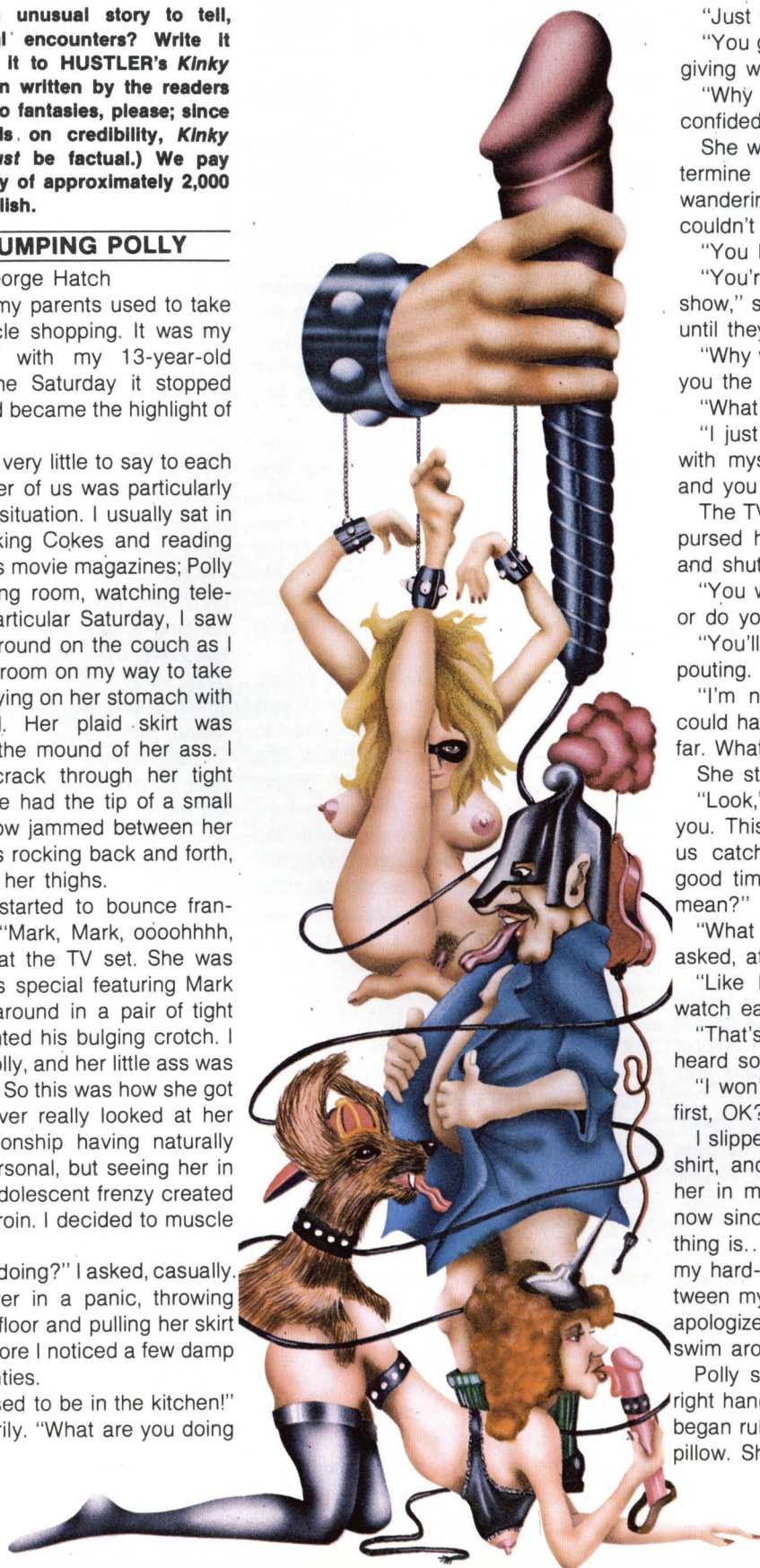
"Like I said, we'll get undressed and watch each other."

"That's all?" I wasn't sure whether I'd heard some disappointment in her voice.

"I won't stick it in you. I promise. I'll go first, OK?"

I slipped out of my shoes and socks, my shirt, and my dungarees. I stood before her in my briefs. "I'll leave these on for now since that's what you like. The only thing is..." I reached in and straightened my hard-on, which was bent painfully between my legs. "I hope you don't mind," I apologized, "I know Mark Spitz doesn't swim around with one of these!"

Polly stared at my bulging crotch. Her right hand went under her dress, and she began rubbing herself. I told her to use the pillow. She picked it up, put it back be-



Polly stared at my bulging crotch. Her right hand went under her dress, and she began rubbing herself.

tween her legs, adjusted herself on one of the corners, and began riding it again. I moved slowly around the room, stretching, squatting, posing, hefting my balls, and giving her a general view from all angles.

"You'd be more comfortable if you got undressed," I said.

She didn't say a word. She sat up, her eyes hypnotized by my crotch, and took off her knee socks. She unsnapped her skirt and kicked it to the floor. Next she peeled down her panties. Her little pussy looked hairless at first, but I saw it was covered with fine, blonde down. Right by her tiny slit some of the hairs were wet and looked darker. I felt my erection throb and grow another inch. The tip was sticking out of the waistband of my shorts.

Polly sat on the edge of the couch with her long legs apart and pulled her sweater over her head. She tossed it over the end of the sofa and leaned back to look at me. Her breasts were the size of a baby's fists and just as pink. Her tiny nipples were erect.

"What are we gonna do now?" Polly asked.

I pulled off my shorts and sat beside her, stroking my cock. I asked her if she'd ever done anything with anyone before. She confessed that at pajama parties some of the girls tickled each other's pussies, but that was about it; she didn't find it very exciting—"just naughty." Her best friend, Barbara Ann, had taught her how to get off on a pillow, and she'd been doing it ever since. She knew what a boy's cock looked like from pictures in library books, but she'd never seen one in real life. She'd never seen an erection before, either. I arched my pelvis upward and brandished my cock.

"It's so big!" she said, somewhat awed. I had seen other guys' cocks in the gym locker room and didn't consider myself that well hung—but who was I to disillusion her?

"You can feel it if you want."

She seemed reluctant. I took her hand and put it on my cock. I showed her how to rub it, sliding the skin back and forth, and how to squeeze the tip. She was a fast learner. I reciprocated by stroking her belly gently with my fingernails, causing her muscles to contract. I rubbed her thighs and ass and brushed across her

pussy, teasingly, just slightly tickling the hairs. Polly shifted and spread her legs, still jerking my cock but losing the rhythm as she succumbed to the sensation between her own legs.

I rubbed her slit gently with my middle finger, and she sighed, spreading her legs even wider. She was already wet, but a good healthy gob of saliva could never hurt. I licked my fingers and rubbed her cunt harder, seeking out her little nubbin of a clit. She gave a little scream and clamped her legs on my hand, bucking spastically.

I told her to lie face down on the couch. I reached underneath between her thighs and kneaded her pussy, telling her to make believe my hand was the pillow. She rocked back and forth on my wet fingers until I found her clit again. This triggered a frantic pumping. She wrapped one leg over the edge of the sofa and mashed her pussy against my hand. Her pink asshole winked at me enticingly. My cock was aching for a home, but I had made a promise. Still, I had to find some way to relieve the load building up in my balls.

I rolled Polly over and told her to hold her knees against her chest. Her pussy, red and wet, protruded from between her thighs. I covered it with my mouth, rolling my tongue up and down, in and out, licking her asshole and sucking her clit. The room was filled with wet, slick, slapping sounds until she gasped, "Oooohhh! It's all itchy! It tickles and feels tingly!"

I figured she was ready to come. I lay down beside her and told her to climb on top of me. I again promised I wasn't going to fuck her and that this would be something we could both enjoy. I maneuvered my cock between her legs and told her to start her pillow action again. She got the idea. With the tip of my cock between the lips of her pussy, she started

gyrating. It felt like a little mouth nibbling, kissing, and sucking me off. I licked my fingers again and diddled her asshole. I massaged her ass and her whole crotch area. She sprawled across me, groaning, "It's good, it's good, it's good!" Polly dribbled on my chest while her ass bucked involuntarily. I felt my cum swell up the shaft of my cock and explode against our stomachs.

By the satisfied gleam in her eyes, I knew she had completely enjoyed our little get-together. She slid off me and lay on her back. With curious hands and fast fingers, she spread my cum across her belly and up onto her breasts. She stared at me and continued to rub my load into her flushed skin.

Since she had so readily participated in our previous sex game and her lips were curled in a come-on smile, I figured maybe she could use a little more action...and right away. I stood up, my cock hanging limply before her flushed face. Her clear eyes widened, and I heard her gasp softly.

"What are we going to do now?" she asked, half scared, half turned-on.

I held my prick tightly in my hand for a brief moment. Polly soon caught on and started to jerk me off like crazy. I grew stiff and erect quickly. I came in violent spurts, right into her open mouth. Where had this little cousin of mine learned this trick? It made little difference as I watched her red face and sweet mouth drown in my wad. She didn't say anything for a while. After driving her tongue up and down and around my weakening cock, she finally drew her face away and sighed a deep groan of contentment. I stretched out on the floor, smiling and staring at my cousin. She came to rest beside me, her skin still flushed, her eyes still somewhat glazed.

"Better than the pillow?" I asked, grinning at her.

"Mmmmm," she hummed. "And fuck Mark Spitz."

My parents' station wagon pulled into the driveway just as we finished dressing. I helped bring in the groceries, and my uncle asked, "Well, did you two get along without any fights?"

I winked at Polly, and she acknowledged it with a smile. Neither of us could wait until next Saturday. 

New York State Residents add applicable sales tax.

ALTHEA LEASURE

(continued from page 54)

had me wearing a pink chiffon dress, and I don't even own one. He had me talking to Gore Vidal, whom I've never met. The guy was out to make a buck and to make *New Times* happy. We had even given them a plug, praising their credibility. After seeing the way they fabricate things about people, I can understand the horror stories I've heard about them. I've lost respect for *New Times*—and especially for Bob Ward.

HUSTLER: What do you see in the future for HUSTLER itself?

LEASURE: I think we will be the number-one men's magazine.

HUSTLER: What about the future of other HUSTLER publications? What else is being planned?

LEASURE: We'll be putting out a magazine called *Sex Play* for people who want to be better lovers.

It will teach people how to have a better, more satisfying relationship. It will be informative and interesting reading.

HUSTLER: Will it be irreverent like HUSTLER and show open-pussy shots?

LEASURE: No, it will be a sex digest and will deal with sexual fulfillment and sex problems. It will be more of a unisex magazine than HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: What other publications are planned for the future?

LEASURE: We're coming out with the *Honey Hooker* cartoon book. Of course, we have *The Best of HUSTLER* every year, and we might be coming out with

The Girls of HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: Do you ever reflect on your success?

LEASURE: I take pride in doing a good job, but it would be no different if I worked in a factory. I am a very dedicated person in everything I do.

HUSTLER: You once posed nude for HUSTLER. How do you feel about that?

LEASURE: I did it, and I hope people who saw the pictures enjoyed them.

HUSTLER: Are you going to do it again?

LEASURE: Possibly. I don't know. Maybe we'll have a HUSTLER Review. I don't know if I would want to compete with the foxy-looking models that HUSTLER's getting now.

HUSTLER: We are constantly fighting society for freedom of the press and sexual freedom. Do you think the new era of liberalism is going to result in a better society?

LEASURE: I hope today's liberalism will be reflected in a better society where people will be able to talk about their problems and offer solutions. They won't have the hang-ups, and they won't keep things within themselves and let them create emotional problems. They will be able to voice their opinions more freely.

HUSTLER: You're saying the sooner people become more at ease with nudity and their own bodies, the better it will be for everyone?

LEASURE: Definitely.

HUSTLER: Do you think we should make it mandatory that every U.S. president appear nude on television, once, in front of the American people?

LEASURE: I don't think it's necessary to go to that extreme. That would be flaunting it, and, in effect, saying it's all silly. I don't think the office of the presidency is silly, but I think we do need a president who will speak honestly from his personal convictions and not from popular opinion.

HUSTLER: There are some weird rumors about the HUSTLER staff. People say that Larry Flynt has assembled a group of real degenerates. What kind of staff do you have at HUSTLER? Are they all average middle-of-the-road Americans, or what?

LEASURE: We're average Americans with different tastes.

HUSTLER: What takes place in the HUSTLER offices? Are there constant sex orgies?

LEASURE: Unfortunately, there's no time for all that while we're working to get the magazine out.

A reporter came in recently from *Newsweek* to do a story on HUSTLER. He found things quite different from what he had expected. At least, that's the way he expressed himself to me, indicating that HUSTLER appeared to be more a business than a good time. People have this misconception.

HUSTLER: Why do they assume it's one big, massive orgy?

LEASURE: Wishful thinking. They see all the beautiful girls in the magazine. They assume that the same girls come into the office and walk around nude, and that we photograph them right here in the office, which isn't true. The girl features are shot on location, and the staff doesn't see anything but the final photographs.

HUSTLER: What do you think about people who believe that Larry Flynt is an egoistical bastard who is making a pile of money out of smut and exploiting you?

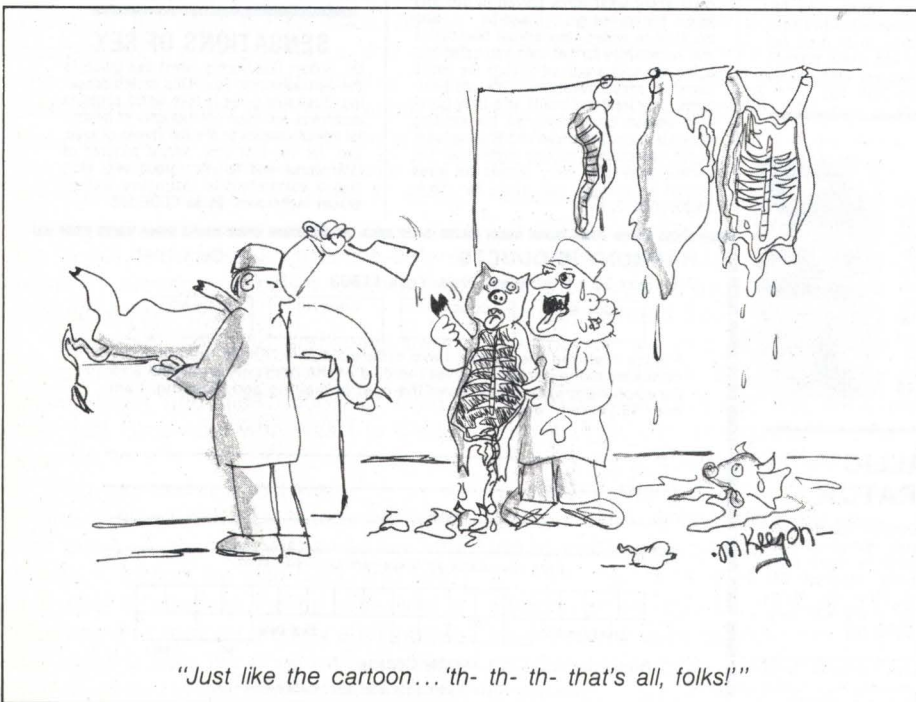
LEASURE: It's not true, and in no way, shape, or form has he exploited me.

HUSTLER: What do you think about your competition on a personal basis? Not their magazines, but Hefner's and Guccione's character and personality?

LEASURE: Well, after seeing some nude photographs of Hefner and the unusual sexual acts he was performing with a former girlfriend, I think he's awfully phony. He tries to portray a whole different image to the public. As for Guccione, his magazine reflects romanticism and feminism. I think it's too bad he wasn't born a woman. That's obviously where his head's at.

HUSTLER: How do you think history will judge HUSTLER?

LEASURE: I think HUSTLER will be considered the most revolutionary magazine of its day and will certainly go down in publishing history. 🐼



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how to break a cherry

(continued from page 92)

partially in truth, and on very real fears of an inexperienced woman.

Getting her ready should certainly be no problem to an old hand like you, but quieting those fears is something else. Gentleness, that's the key. Gentleness and time. Don't even try it if her parents are due home from a PTA meeting in half an hour. However, taking too much time can be just as bad. Remember Julius Caesar's words, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." What man hasn't raised his lady friend to the height of passion and then, trying to top himself, let the foreplay go on so long that the tide began to ebb? Nothing but experience will tell a man when the time has come, but the best advice is to wait until you can hear her breathing getting heavier and feel her writhing under your hand and tongue. Then, when she's panting and squirming and her vagina is sopping, get it on, get it up, and get it in. As any alpinist knows, the top of the mountain is as high as you have to climb.

If all this seems self-evident to experienced men, it's still important to those of you lucky enough to be on the way to breaking your first cherry. Remember, if her vagina is well lubricated, she'll be more willing and eager to spread her legs wide and pull you in, and there will be less trouble with that bothersome but precious membrane. However, there will still be some resistance. For this reason, a hard erection is absolutely necessary. A semi-rigid cock and a particularly resistant cherry, when they encounter each other, are going to result in much pushing, panting, and bending, and that's not going to encourage the lady to try to help. In fact, she couldn't really be blamed for bucking you right out of the sack and onto the floor.

Once inside, take it easy and let her take the lead in further action. It may be, as I've said, that her pain was minimal and her sexual excitement so overwhelming that she'll spur you on to faster and harder genital movement. Despite those stories you've heard that fucking is a learned, rather than an instinctual, response, the fact is that genital excitement leads naturally, in all animals, to that same friction-producing pushing and pulling we all love so much. Unless your lady is so repressed with fear, guilt, or pain that she is lying there like a taxidermy specimen, her natural sexual feelings will lead her to

shove her groin up toward you, but keep in mind that the pain may have overcome her sexual arousal. Perhaps it is all she can think about at the moment. Just back off a little and let her take the lead. After all, you'll want to shop this store again, right?

If she really has been hurt, you should withdraw and let her recover. Even if your lovemaking is postponed until the next time you can manage to be alone with her, so be it. Better the curse of aching balls than the probability of permanently turning her off. This is the time of all times for plenty of restraint on the man's part. It'll be worth it.

Some personal experiences might bring this into focus better than any words of mine. Since there is no recorded case of a man being born with a hymen, and because most men are quite willing to fuck at the drop of a pair of panties, the illustrations should come from women.

Wendy W. probably had the most unfortunate experience. "I was very repressed sexually," she says. "I probably still am, although I overcompensate. At least, I've been going to a psychiatrist for eight years, and sexual repression is still what we spend most of our time talking about."

Wendy is a woman best described as striking. She is nearly six feet tall, dark, pretty, slender but full-breasted. She is 37 and didn't have her first sexual experience until ten years ago. Surprisingly, considering her late start, she is highly erotic.

"I always had these strong sexual feelings," she says. "I began masturbating when I was 13 or 14, fantasizing about men, about them sucking on my breasts and shoving their big cocks into me—although I didn't have much idea of what a cock was—and all the usual things. But I was also very shy. You know, I've been this tall since early in high school, and people used to make fun of me. I learned to hide my feelings so well that it got to the point where I could hide them from myself, too. I was never forward with men because I was afraid of being rejected."

"Then, when I came to New York, I discovered that there were a lot of men, and women, too, who thought I was attractive. There were a lot of other tall, skinny women in the big city, and some of them even made a living as models. Instead of calling me names like "skyscraper" or "skinny," they were using words like "statuesque."

"I began having a lot of dates for the first time in my life. Sure, I'd get turned on. Men would masturbate me; I'd masturbate them. I learned to suck cock before I'd ever been fucked, and I liked it. When I



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How To Make Love To A Single Girl



CONTAINS OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

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Imagine if you could walk up to any beautiful girl who caught your eye — repeat a few simple words to her you heard on a record album — and within seconds have her eating out of the palm of your hand.

Well, now you can! Because now there's a fantastic new record album (or cassette) called **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY**. **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** will teach you a whole new system for picking up girls — a system that is so complete . . . and so absolutely foolproof . . . you'll soon be picking up girls automatically!!!

THE PICK UP SYSTEM NO GIRLS CAN RESIST!

This 40 minute album has eight actual recorded pick-up scenes to learn from. You'll hear exactly how to pick up a busy college girl in a library, a tall pretty blond on the street, a dark-haired sexy swinger in a single's bar. Each pick-up is introduced by Eric Weber, the famous author of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!** Eric explains exactly how and what to say for each different kind of pick up.

You'll listen in as a guy just like yourself successfully picks up a gorgeous girl in a string bikini. You'll actually hear the voices of the people involved: the guy, as he begins to

work his magic . . . and the girl, as she falls willing victim to his charm. Absolutely everything is spelled out for you, from attention-getting opening lines . . . through seductive, irresistible talk that gets a girl to really open up to you . . . to foolproof closing lines that get you her telephone number, a date, and sometimes even her body right then and there. Unbelievable? You won't think so when you suddenly find yourself gliding down the street with a beautiful golden stranger on your arm.

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This amazing new pick up system is so easy to master, you can learn it without even trying. *Automatically* you will be transformed into an expert picker upper and seducer. And the more you listen to the album, the better you'll get. It's INCREDIBLE! Here are just a few techniques you will soon be an expert at:

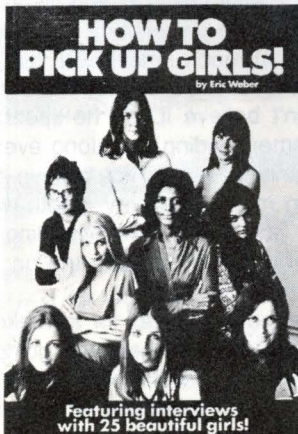
- How to pick up an art-student in a museum • How to pick up girls in department stores • How to be witty (girls are easy to pick up once you've got them laughing) • How to get a pretty stranger at the beach to put suntan oil on you • How to get a girl out of a singles bar and into your apartment in less than an hour • How to tell when a girl wants to make it just by the sound of her voice.

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The day your album arrives will be a fantastic experience. Sit down, pour yourself a glass of wine, and put **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** on your record player. Your life won't be the same again! What you'll hear is so exciting and fool-proof that the next time you spot a chick you'll pick her up without even thinking. After just one hearing you'll have the style and confidence of a master. So send for **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** today and watch out! (To order see coupon below.)

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had a big, hard cock in my mouth, I kept wondering what it would be like to have that thing inside me and that hairy pelvis pounding against my clit. But I was still afraid of fucking and worried about getting pregnant.

"Don't tell me. I know all about the Pill, but I also know about the side effects, and, on top of that, I was too embarrassed to ask my shrink or my gynecologist to prescribe them for me. At any rate, that's beside the point. I took off for a year and went to Key West and worked as a barmaid—imagine that! I must have been the only virgin barmaid between Bangor, Maine, and the Virgin Islands. I met this Coast Guard enlisted man, and I liked him a lot—I won't say I loved him—and I just decided it was way overdue.

"We were in my apartment, and I was hot. He was licking my cunt, so I was very wet, and I was sucking him, and he was ready! Finally, I just told him to turn around and fuck me. He was surprised and excited, and he turned around and, without any further preliminaries, he just jammed his cock into me as hard as he could. It hurt—it hurt like hell—and it turned me completely off. All I could think about, or feel, was pain. He just kept pounding it into me, and then he groaned and came, and I was just lying there, hurting.

"He turned me off on fucking and almost turned me off on sex. He was so goddamned selfish that I thought, 'What a bunch of crap this is.' Then, naturally, I went out with someone else, and we'd get turned on and start on all the sex games I'd played before and liked, and, after a while, I kind of forgot about the first bad experience.

"About six months later, I did it again with another man. My cherry was gone, of course, and although I was afraid of being hurt again, I let him do it. It was out of sight. I loved it, and I've been fucking ever since, maybe trying to make up for those ten years or so I wasted. I suppose that first guy could say he got my cherry, but the truth is that the guy who *really* got my cherry was the second guy, the guy who really turned me on to fucking."

The case of Charlotte C. is entirely different; she is almost a complete contrast to Wendy. She is a petite redhead—no more than five feet tall and weighs less than a hundred pounds—a woman with a wealthy background who has never in her life had the slightest doubt about herself.

"It was nothing," she says. "There has to be a first time for everyone, doesn't there? It was all the clichés you can think of except one: It didn't hurt a bit, and I loved every second of it.

"There was a little pain, but no more than when you break a blister.... I came before he did."

"It wasn't even someone I particularly liked, just someone I dated off and on because he asked me all the time. We'd been doing all the usual things with hands and fingers.... That reminds me of something I haven't thought of for years. I used to have a collection of handkerchiefs I kept in the bottom of my dresser, guy's handkerchiefs I'd used to catch the cum when I jacked them off. I won't say that I sniffed or sucked them when I was masturbating, but I won't say I *didn't* do that sometimes. It was more like a trophy collection, the same way guys used to collect panties and keep them in the glove compartments of their cars. Anyway, there they were, stiff and white with dried cum, and my mother found them. Luckily, she didn't realize what they were. She just asked me what I was doing with dirty men's handkerchiefs. I told her some lie about mopping pigeon shit off my boyfriend's car with them, and that was the end of it.

"At any rate, I just decided that it was time to get it over with the way most of my friends had. So, my date and I parked in the parking lot at the country club one night when it was deserted and started our usual foreplay. I got as hot as hell, and I knew this was it. I took the initiative. He had his hand inside my panties, and I

stretched out my legs and pulled them off. And then—I had his cock in my hand—I just raised up and sat on top of him.

"Maybe that's why it was so easy. I was on top, and I let myself down on him just as fast or slow as I wanted. There was a moment of resistance, but I just gritted my teeth and pushed. There was a little flash of pain, but no more than when, for instance, you break a blister. Then it was over. He was sitting there looking at me, and he was stiff all over, his penis from passion and the rest of his body from sheer, utter surprise. I think it was his first time, too, and he couldn't believe what I was doing to him. It was easy, it felt better than anything I'd ever done, and I just sat there, riding him. I came before he did. He was young, you know, and it didn't take much to work him up and keep him there, and I never let his cock out of my cunt for what seemed like an hour.

"He'd come, and I'd sit there and move around, and after a few minutes I'd feel him get hard again and I'd start all over. When we quit, my cunt was sore from friction, not from breaking my cherry, and his cock was sore for the same reason. We were both exhausted from coming, and the front of his pants and the insides of my thighs were so wet you'd have thought we had been swimming in cum. It was fantastic."

Not all first experiences, of course, are as difficult as Wendy's or as easy as Charlotte's. A more common story is that of Marianne M., also a redhead but, unlike Charlotte, a large, full-bodied woman with magnificent breasts. Perhaps hers is the story that best illustrates how to break a cherry.

"It was my first year at the university, although I was a junior. I'd spent my first two years at a Catholic girls' school. That should tell you something about how innocent I was. I'd never been in love before—never had the chance, really—and suddenly I met this stunningly handsome man, the most intelligent man I've known to this day. I would have kissed his ass in front of the entire university if he'd asked me. I was that much in love with him.

"I was so screwed up about sex that you wouldn't believe it, but he spent the whole summer leading me along ever so gently, beginning—would you believe it?—with getting me to open my mouth when we kissed and going on to fondling my breasts through my clothes, and on and on. You know.

"Well, he took me away for a weekend, and I guess I knew what was going to happen, but I didn't want to think about it.

(continued on page 133)

THE PHILOSOPHER

You are fastened to them and cannot understand how, because they are not fastened to you.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

HUSTLER, the magazine (to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln) of the readers, by the readers, and for the readers, celebrates the Bicentennial with the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt amateur photo contest. You're invited to submit nude photos of female friends, wives, or lovers whose beauty could best be showcased in a HUSTLER feature photo spread.

If you want to enter the contest, send a clear nude photograph of your favorite personal model—preferably, but not necessarily, in color—to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of the prospective Honey, one that's as candid as possible, and we must have a signed copy of the model's release that appears on page 130.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee along with the Beaver Hunter License that will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest. Your Honey may win a chance to appear in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread as a paid (\$750-\$1,500) professional model. So get on it. This could be the start of something big for both you and your lady.



Gloria Jarrell is a transplanted Londoner living in Aspen, Colorado. She digs threesomes—"Two guys and me, or another girl and a guy. Both ways are great!"



Mollie Meggs, 23, of Lyons, Illinois, was photographed by her husband, Daniel. Mollie likes to fantasize about getting it on in a bathtub filled with ice cubes. Brrr!



Caryl R., of Galveston, Texas, lists her hobbies as "going nude and balling." Her husband, who took this snapshot, claims she can deep throat as well as Linda Lovelace!

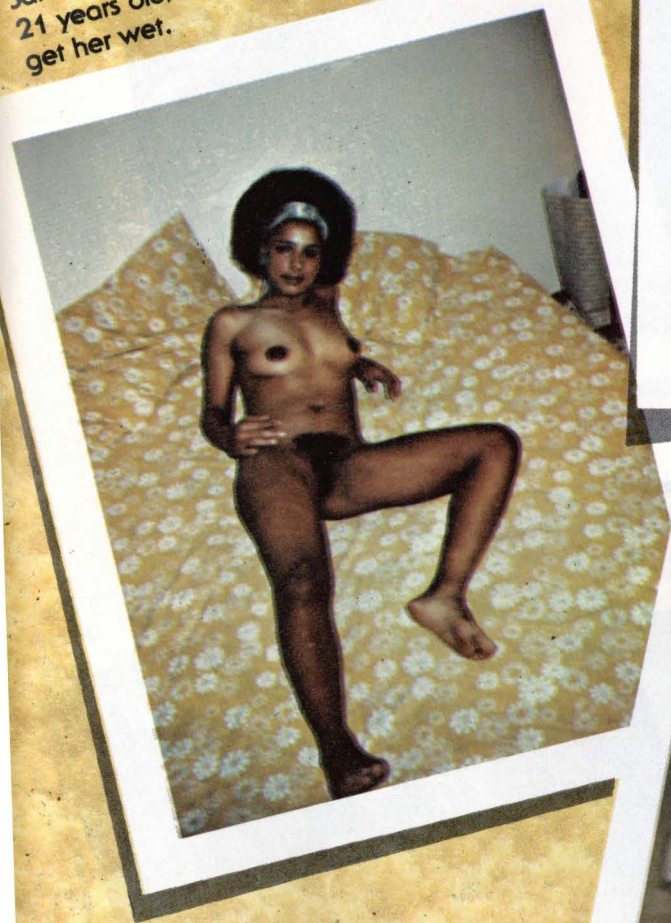


Debbie Ames is a 23-year-old secretary who hails from Washington, D.C. She says that older guys really turn her on.



Laura M. is 23 and lives in Atlanta. A graduate student, she likes dominant men.

Sarethia Harmon, of Erie, Pennsylvania, is 21 years old, and she says that athletes get her wet.



Wendy Tang, 20, of Honolulu, Hawaii, is a licensed astrologer and, she says, a passionate Scorpio.



Reni Mosher, 25, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a commercial artist who gets off in a special way: riding horses in the buff on her farm in the rural outskirts of the city.

Donna Rivera is a 19-year-old topless dancer in Phoenix, Arizona. She says she's into oral sex.



Mona Kimble, of Santa Fe, is 19 and loves to take weekend camping trips with city men. "I like to turn men on to nature," she writes.



Linda Meyers, of Chicago, says she gets off on the camera obscura fantasy: seducing a man while being secretly photographed.

Susan Coulter, 23, of Speedway, Indiana ("Home of the Indianapolis 500"), likes truckers, motorcyclists, and other supernacho automotive types, "the bigger the better."



Judy Y., a 23-year-old Korean-American housewife, from Tacoma, Washington, says she likes to try everything—especially with American guys.



Twenty-two-year-old Esther C., of Bethel, Pennsylvania, is into needlepoint, reading, and what she calls "chance sexual encounters."



Learn "Secret Female Hypnotism"

And You'll Be Able to Command
The Love and Affection of Any Woman

By WILLIAM A. LYONS
and ALICE GOLDBLATT

NEW YORK - It's been a long time coming, but now, for the very first time . . . the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" are being revealed. And now . . . you can learn to use these principles to "command" the love and affection of beautiful women.

Never again will you have to lose-out because you might not be the type of guy certain women go for.

Once you learn to apply the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," women will automatically see you as their "dream man" . . . and will be *strongly attracted to you*.

Once you learn to apply these principles, the woman of your choice will experience definite feelings of *love* for you. She'll experience a true feeling of *affection* toward you. And . . . more than likely . . . will be *strongly attracted to you sexually*.

To put it all in a nut-shell: Once you learn to apply the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll have the power to make women do *exactly as you wish*.

To test the power of these principles, we had an associate of ours try them on his secretary. The results were unbelievable.

In less than one week, she fell wildly in love with him. He couldn't go anywhere or do anything without her tagging along. And if that's not enough . . . she couldn't keep her hands off of him, regardless of where they were.

That's the strange thing about these principles. They're so powerful that women seem to *lose control* (in an erotic sort of way) when you're near.

In another experiment, we had a more-than-willing gentleman try these principles on the girl in the apartment above his (she's a nurse - and is simply a "living doll").

Here again, the experiment was a huge success.

Not only does he now "command" the love and affection of this beauty . . . but (because of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM") she actually "worships" him like a king.

Now you might not have a secretary or girl upstairs . . . but we'll bet you a dollar that you'll have no trouble finding dozens of beautiful women to use these principles on. And who knows . . . you still may find yourself in the arms of a lovely young nurse.

"SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" can be used on any woman *without her being aware of it*. When you apply these principles, you are the only one who knows about it.

For the above experiments, we purposely used ordinary men. Men just like yourself. They are average-looking guys who make an average week's pay. And . . . you could even say that they were a little on the shy side.

That's the interesting thing about "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM." It makes absolutely no difference what you look like - or how much money you carry in your wallet.



And you don't need any special talents to make these principles work

Any man can learn to use these principles . . . *quickly and easily*. All you really have to do is "give it a try."

If you do that much . . . no more, no less . . . there's positively no way you can fail. In fact, we'll guarantee your success.

We guarantee that by the third time you use "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll be "commanding" the love, companionship, and affection of at least one beautiful woman. If you're not, we'll refund your money at once. All you have to do is return the material.

THE PRINCIPLES OF "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" costs only \$7.95. And if you ever dreamed about having warm beautiful women *touching* you, *desiring* you, even fighting for you . . . send in the coupon now. All you have to lose are some of those dull lonely nights!

NOTE: By using the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll be able to do much more than "command" the love of beautiful women.

Unfortunately, we are not permitted to say any more about the subject in this publication. However - we guarantee that you'll be completely delighted when you learn exactly what other exciting pleasures "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" can bring you.

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Rush me THE PRINCIPLES OF "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM." Enclosed is my check for \$7.95 Plus 75¢ for postage and handling.

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Advise & Consent

(continued from page 8)

not widely used anywhere else in the world. This operation involves making a small cut in the mother's perineum (the tissue between the vagina and the anus) in order to avoid tearing the skin when the baby emerges. The cut is then stitched, causing discomfort and pain to the mother that sometimes (though not often) lasts for months, totally interfering with her sex life. The episiotomy is now performed as a matter of course, whether it is needed or not, so we suggest that all you expectant mothers have an earnest talk with your doctor about his cutting plans. As for yourself, you should visit your gynecologist as soon as possible and ask him to check to see that your incision has healed properly. A small stitch, taken in the wrong place, can definitely cause painful intercourse. Fortunately, it can be easily corrected.

I am a 19-year-old male and still a virgin. I dream of having sex, but I am shy with girls, so what I've been doing the last few years is masturbating. I do this by looking at the girls in your great magazine and stroking my peter with my hand until I come. My problem is that I am tired of doing it this way all the time. Please tell me some new and different ways to masturbate, since I usually do it every day. You have the best magazine for masturbating to in the world.

S. B.
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

Masturbation is partly physical and partly mental. This means that no matter how good the stroking, you will not feel completely satisfied unless the sexual fantasy that you're thinking about when you jerk off holds your interest. The first thing to do is develop a rich fantasy life. Don't censor yourself in any way, let your imagination run wild, and then put yourself into the scene. Also, you have probably gotten into a particular pattern of masturbation, so if you usually jerk off lying down, try doing it standing or kneeling; or if you always do it in the bathroom or bedroom, try the kitchen when no one is home. Try sending away for various sex-aid devices such as vibrators, which are available to enrich your fantasies. Visit a sex shop in a city near your hometown. Masturbation can be wonderful, and the richer the experience now the fuller your sex life will be when you begin to share it with others. The only danger is that if you masturbate for too long a period of time as a virgin, you may ultimately forget about actually making it with women. Our best suggestion is: Go out and get laid.

A few months ago, HUSTLER came to this small town, and I began to buy it each time it arrived. I especially enjoy Advise & Consent and could use some advice myself. I playfully call my wife my "one-come gal" because that is just what she is. She comes once, and that's that. No matter what I do, she just cannot have another orgasm. She loves sex and all things

HUSTLER

DOCTOR DEMONSTRATES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Studies have shown this method to be reliable and safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual case histories—a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by **Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.,** Consultant Editor to Penthouse Forum.

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

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

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

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

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

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

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

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

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

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

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

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

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

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

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

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

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

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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



ORDER FORM

HC-7

Please send me the complete Chartham Method. I have enclosed \$39.95 which includes postage and handling.

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Address _____

Signature _____

I am over 18 years of age

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N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

sexual and always has. (We have been married for almost 16 years.) She is a wild piece of tail and gives great mouth service, and she makes all those little sounds a guy likes to hear, too.

Last Friday there was trouble at the shop, so I didn't go to work. Early in the morning, I began (as soon as the children left) to kiss and fondle her, telling her all the things I was going to do to her later. By early afternoon she was more than ready. I coaxed her into letting me go down on her (she loves cunnilingus, but she also loves to be coaxed). She climaxed within a couple of minutes, nearly pulling my head off with her thighs, as usual. But that was that. I spent the next two hours performing every trick I know on her. I kissed her until she could barely breathe; I fucked her many times right up to my own climax before halting; I sucked her nipples, fingers, and toes; I bit her all over; I pulled hard on her pubic hair (which she adores); I alternated between cunnilingus and anilingus. I was determined to make her climax a second time, but it was no go. Finally, after I orgasmed in her vagina, she napped for about an hour and then went about her housework, happy and content. I have talked with her about this, but she says she is quite satisfied with a single orgasm. I have talked with other fellows, and they all claim their wives have multiple orgasms if they stay with it long enough. I wish my wife would do that, too. Have you ever heard of a woman like her? Do you have any suggestions for me?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Are you kidding? Everyone should have your "problem." You have a wonderfully sexy wife who loves to make love with you, who adores all the erotic things you do to her, who has no trouble at all reaching a climax, and who chirps

happily after a wonderful afternoon in bed. You also sound like a pretty good lover who has no trouble getting off. We think you do have a problem, however, and that is with your ego. The only reason you could want your wife to have more orgasms is to please yourself and prove to yourself that you can satisfy her even more. In other words, you want to give your ego a little massage. It is not true that all women have multiple orgasms. In fact, some women don't have any orgasms at all, so keep on doing all those little things to her that she loves, and be happy that you have a "one-come gal" instead of a no-show.

To make a long story short, my wife and I want to swap, but we can't find (or don't know how to find) other willing couples. We have swapped with one couple, and we both dug the hell out of it, but that couple won't swap anymore. We have answered ads in swingers' magazines but never receive replies. I'm beginning to think that the people who place those ads are a bunch of phonies who get off on seeing their nude pictures in books. We are both fairly attractive, in our mid-20s, of average intelligence, and we can't find anything wrong with ourselves. We would be thankful if you could advise us on how to find couples who want to swap.

Name Withheld by Request
Norwalk, Ohio

For some reason, people think the rules change when the numbers change. Finding a congenial couple to play with is just the same as finding a lover. You have to make yourselves as available as you possibly can by getting out and meeting a wide variety of people. The more people you meet, the greater the

probability of finding what you are looking for. There are lots of couples like you all over America. New swingers' bars and clubs are blossoming around the country as the age of sexual liberation gets into full swing. If you get out and meet some new people and keep the conversation at least a little bit spicy, you will soon learn who may be most successfully approached. Be honest, and make your pitch openly when the time is right.

As for the swingers' magazines, don't let a couple of bad experiences sour you on them. Most people whose pictures appear in them are more interested in making real contacts than they are in gratuitously exhibiting their bodies in kinky come-ons that could cause them embarrassment with straight friends and business associates. The most reliable swingers' publication we know of is Select. It publishes a separate five-page or ten-page section for each state with indications of which part of the state—or even which city—the advertisers live in, so you might find someone right in your area. Subscriptions to Select are available at \$15 per year. The address: Box 889, Camden, N.J. 08101.

My problem is that when I experience desire for a woman, I achieve a normal hard-on, but when I get near my wife, I go soft. I have not had a normal sex relationship with my wife since she had a heart operation in 1967. We have tried intercourse about once every two months, but she always complains about the pain and holds my penis near the head, so that all of it cannot enter her hole.

We have been married over 20 years, and I am 50 years of age. Is my impotence caused by age, mental attitude, or lack of use?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

When you've passed the half-century mark, erections don't happen as easily as when you were younger. They have to be nurtured and put to use immediately. However, we think the greater part of the problem is not your attitude but your wife's. It sounds to us like she doesn't want sex and is using her heart operation as an excuse. If there is a medical reason why intercourse should still be painful nine years after her operation, we assume that you would have had it confirmed long ago by her physician and abandoned your futile efforts to have sex with her rather than accepting constant rejection.

We think being turned down by your wife has made you feel unattractive and unable to satisfy any woman, so your cock wilts at the moment of truth. We advise you to persuade your wife to visit a therapist to discuss her attitude. Failing that, find yourself a woman who desires you and wants your cock. Try to find a woman who is fairly close to your own age, one who has some experience with the proper care and feeding of a 50-year-old man's hard-ons. With her understanding and tender loving care, you should be able to keep your cock up and get it into that warm, wonderful hole where it belongs.



Banned in Canada! Termed too hot to handle by over thirty publishers. Because it shows you how to rob the robbers, rip the rip-offs, and "take" the big corporations that have been "taking" you for years.

THIS BOOK COULD PUT US IN JAIL (AS IT PUTS YOU ON "EASY STREET")

The book we are going to tell you about cannot be sold at all in Canada. Is absolutely barred by the Canadian government as too dangerous to be given to their citizens. (So if you're Canadian, we can't ship this book to you at all.)

This book, however — so far — can still be sold in the United States... if you can get your hands on a copy! Remember, it was turned down by over thirty publishers. Then, when it was printed, 95% of all bookstores wouldn't touch it with a tenfoot pole!

In fact, in some states, not a single copy has been let in! They have been seized as soon as they appeared anywhere in a store!

Why? Because this book tells you how to get almost everything you want FREE — simply by going out and taking it, the "smart way!"

HOW TO GET ALL THE LUXURY FOOD YOU WANT — FREE!

If you know "insider's tricks" like these, you can eat like a king, in the best restaurants in town, for absolutely nothing, or at most a few pennies every week!

How to eat all you want FREE at bars, without even having to buy a beer. How to eat for nothing in self-service cafeterias. And eat so much that your stomach may actually feel like it's going to burst!

How fixed-price restaurants can give you FREE meals for two or three days, after you've paid the regular price for your first meal.

How order-by-phone restaurants can provide you with a bulging gourmet dinner for nothing. Not one red penny.

But this is only the beginning! Because if you don't want to eat out all the time, but want to dine sumptuously at home on other people's food, then just wait till you read this —

HOW TO MAKE SUPERMARKETS GIVE YOU THEIR FOOD FREE!

If you live in these states (mentioned on page 121 of this book) you can get up to \$100 worth of FREE purchases a month, through one simple ruse.

Or, in any state, this is what you can now do: You can get FREE meat from the butcher, just by asking him the right way. FREE LP records. FREE gourmet sandwiches. FREE fish. FREE package goods. FREE steaks or chops. FREE vegetable products. In fact, so much FREE FOOD that you may have to buy a freezer to store it!

Now, there are some foods that you can't get completely free most of the time. So you use maneuvers like these:

You pay the price of the smallest size, but you get the large economy size for it.

You buy butter for the price of margarine.

You buy steaks for the price of potatoes (when you can't get them free.)

You pay half the price for canned goods.

And then you go on, beyond food, like this:

HOW TO GET THE BEST CLOTHING AND FURNITURE YOU WANT — FREE!

How to get an almost-new pair of shoes, for exactly 25¢.

How you can wear \$300 suits (or \$200 dresses), simply by asking the right people for them, in the right way.

How laundries and dry-cleaners can be made to give you a complete wardrobe — either for pennies, or absolutely free.

How to get brand-new top styles, anywhere, for less than half the regular retail price (or less than half the regular sales price).

How apartment houses and hotels practically "give-away" top furniture.

How clothing manufacturers will actually donate, their latest models to you, and love you for taking them away.

HOW TO GET SUPER-DELUXE TRANSPORTATION ALL OVER THE WORLD — FREE!

How to get FREE gas. FREE information from the AAA. FREE bus rides. FREE plane rides for short distances (or go around the world by plane for \$88). FREE in-flight movies. FREE car trips for up to 500 miles (or go to Los Angeles from New York, and see the country in luxury for less than \$8, with somebody else's brand new car).

How to get a FREE vacation in a foreign country — with all sorts of bonuses thrown in.

How to fly FREE (or for pennies) on the airline of your choice, and have them give you up to \$250 when you get where you're going.

How to make local calls in a telephone booth for 2¢ apiece.

How to phone long-distance FREE.

How to have your friends call you at home, FREE, from any pay phone they wish.

How to avoid paying for an unlisted phone.

How to make your own telephone credit-card, that you can use all over the world.

AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING!

NOW YOU GO ON TO GET FREE LAND! FREE HOUSING! FREE EDUCATION! FREE MEDICAL CARE! FREE PLAY! AND EVEN FREE MONEY!!!

How to get FREE land in Canada... in Alaska... even in some of the most beautiful parts of Western USA.

How to go to the college of your choice without paying. And then get FREE books to boot.

How to get emergency treatment at any hospital without paying a penny for it. How to get FREE dental work. FREE shots. Free eyeglasses. FREE psychiatric treatment. And FREE medical care (including drugs) for almost a dozen diseases. How to go to FREE movies — and see the best new films months before your friends do.

How to get into sports stadiums, concerts, and other entertainments for a fraction of the regular price.

Why public libraries will give you their books — for keeps — if you know the right way to ask them. And the same exact "Insider's Knowledge" works with book and record publishers all over the country!

How to get \$10 FREE from a bank.

How to borrow up to \$2,500 — and not pay it back at all.

How to get a bankbook showing you have money in that bank, when you really don't have a penny there.

How to use worthless travelers checks as security, after you've spent the money they originally cost you.

How to send letters or packages through the mail FREE. How to get your laundry done by a laundramat FREE. How to get rid of all your garbage FREE.

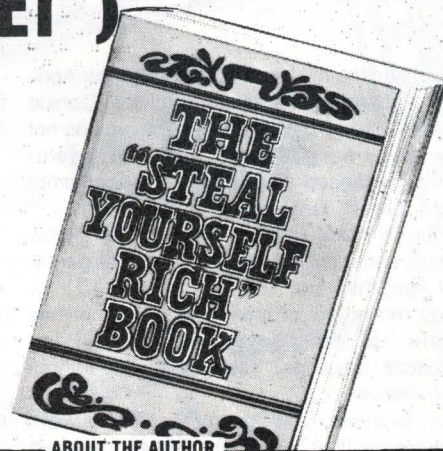
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How to get an expense-paid trip to Las Vegas for two for exactly \$23.

How to buy direct from the government at nothing prices.

How to get FREE legal advice, if you need it.

How to charge hundreds of dollars worth of goods on your credit card, and never be required to pay a cent for any of it!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

You can realize, of course, how the explosive nature of this material prohibits us from using the name of this nationally famous author here. However, we can say this:

"He has written articles in numerous magazines. He has been on T.V. many times including the David Frost and David Susskind shows. He has also appeared on the Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson shows. He is one of the most popular speakers on the college campuses and has been interviewed by Life, Look, Time, etc."

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But we still firmly believe in the right of free speech in this country. This means the right for all opinions, all facts and all viewpoints to be exposed to the public.

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Feedback

(continued from page 6)

eye we used on Sam Huntington. Rubin's idea of personal freedom—meaning no restraints—was as much bullshit as Huntington's theory that we're too free. Rubin and his followers went to Chicago prepared to bust heads and got busted themselves. And, as we said, everybody lost.

—Larry Flynt

I just had the misfortune of reading your April, 1976, *Publisher's Statement* ("Politics, Donald Duck and Hunter Thompson"). What you do not know about the American system of government is exceeded only by your total contempt for the English language.

Your own staff told you that you didn't know enough about politics to comment intelligently. How right they are.

You remind me of a plumber we sometimes employ. He can't speak without using unspeakable language. You can't write without doing likewise.

For example, you comment, "Shit always manages to float." You must be the greatest floater Ohio has ever seen.

You say that our next president "should have attended at least one sex orgy." In that case, we should run the last of the Kennedy clan. The rest of the candidates, at least, are moral.

You want people to "get together to fuck up the system completely" by "wiping their asses on the ballots." If they do, I hope they send you the resultant mess.

You say the people have no choice for president. You are entirely wrong. They have a marvelous choice, whether they are Republicans or Democrats. I fondly hope that they will avail themselves of that choice by voting in primary and general elections. When, if ever, have you voted?

Perhaps you would prefer a different election procedure. If so, you might try Cuba, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Angola, or the Soviet Union.

Of course, your magazine could not be published in any of these "progressive" countries. So hey, baby, you should count your blessings.

It's too bad you aren't proud of America. I would bet most of your readers are.

Walter H. Kemnitz
Indianapolis, Indiana

If I didn't like America, I wouldn't be upset that many politicians are assholes and are fucking America. Your attitude and level of thinking put you in the same category with this "marvelous choice" of assholes. Tell me, when you aren't busy employing the lower classes, do you ever look at how politicians put it up your ass with your own tax money? It's your kind of high-minded bullshit that allows con men to hold office, because you refuse to see the pus bags for what they are.

—Larry Flynt

OK, Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 121). Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

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Address _____ PHOTOGRAPHER:

Name _____

PHOTOGRAPHIC RELEASE

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs.

I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature: _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian: _____

PERSONAL INFORMATION FOR BIOGRAPHY:

Age _____ Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

LUSTING FOR LESBOS

I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I find it entertaining as well as stimulating. There is one thing that you haven't been showing that I enjoy: pictures of females engaged in acts of lesbianism. I enjoy looking at pictures of women kissing each other, playing with each other, and licking each other's breasts.

I'm interested in knowing if you will have any decent lesbianism in your magazine.

I was wondering if you have any lesbian photos that you may not have published that you could send me. If not, tell me when you will have a lesbian pictorial so I can make sure that I don't miss it.

Name Withheld by Request
Glassboro, New Jersey

We have plans to use the diddling duo theme again, as first seen in our August, 1974, photo feature entitled "Two Women." However, the results might be indecent, rather than decent, lesbianism: Any leftover pictures at HUSTLER are eventually rendered useless by our drooling, slobbering editors, who hold the cunt shots in their teeth while beating off.

ASSHOLE NO MORE

I read with deep interest the "Asshole of the Month" spot in the *Bits & Pieces* section of the May, 1976, issue, in which your readers were chosen as assholes because they couldn't tell the difference between fact and satire in your magazine.

I guess that makes me an asshole. Although I never wrote to HUSTLER before, in the past I have made verbal comments to my friends that I was disgusted with the contents of some of the features in *Bits & Pieces*. (I particularly disliked the "Diarrhea Dinner," and "Hole-Y Shit Fits" in the March, 1976, issue because I don't really like to view my own shit when it's in the toilet, much less somebody else's on their cock or on their plate. Such an emphasis on shit was definitely not to my taste—if you'll pardon the pun.)

The point is that from what you said in May's "Asshole of the Month," I realized just what you are getting at. Everyone has his hang-ups, and what turns one person on may well turn another off. The world is made up of all kinds of freaks, and I'm just one of them.

I will go on reading your magazine. If I find something I dislike, I will turn the page. I'm sure that on the next page I will find something I like.

You publish the only men's magazine that covers every sexual interest a man could possibly have. I would really like to meet you and discuss perversions.

"No Longer an Asshole"
Rockbridge, Ohio

SCREAMING TO STOP

I just bought and read my first (and last) issue of HUSTLER (May, 1976). It is the worst swill I have ever set eyes on. Your article, "Susan Brownmiller on Rape: Stop and I'll Scream," was infamous. Even if Norman Jackson Smith was telling the truth, he would be a cad to "kiss and tell." There is no proof he is telling the truth. His attack is an *ad hominum* (or *ad feminum*) in any

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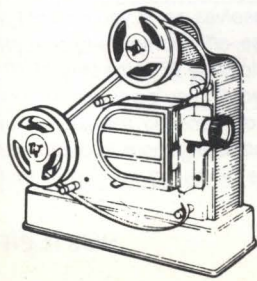
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H-776

Feedback

case. You cannot legitimately discredit someone's ideas by discrediting the person. Only ideas can discredit other ideas. Cheap gossip can only discredit the gossip.

The rest of your rag is not much better. It is sexist and racist. The cartoons show an interesting obsession for a magazine that prates about Brownmiller's "neurosis": Four cartoons in one issue alone deal with castration. Maybe the editors "really want" to be castrated and are therefore trying to provoke women into doing it.

Frances Nowve
Venice, California

If we weren't satisfied that Smith was telling the truth about that encounter, we wouldn't have published his article. And it is possible to discredit illegitimate bullshit. Brownmiller has had an influence on uptight American females that threatens the hardy male's ability to get it on. Since it appears to us from Smith's article that this influence stems from a neurosis afflicting Brownmiller, and not from a basis in sexual fact, we felt it was time to tell Brownmiller and her paranoid following: "Fuck you!" Just as in Brownmiller's case, your castration ideas are unfounded. We like to provoke women to handle our cocks with soft caresses, not sharp knives or sharp tongues.

—Larry Flynt

BOOB-OO

In your April, 1976, issue, you reviewed a book called *Cut: The Unseen Cinema* in the X-Rated Book Review section. You included three pictures from the book along with the review. I'm writing about the photograph whose caption identified the stars of the movie *Avanti* as Hayley Mills and Jack Lemmon. Correction: This is not a picture of Hayley Mills, talented childhood star of *Pollyanna* and *The Parent Trap*. Rather, it's a picture of Juliet Mills, star of the late TV series, "Nanny and the Professor." You should have realized this immediately by the bust size of the actress in the picture. Hayley Mills is still wearing a training bra at the age of 29.

J. R. Reed
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We're sorry for the misinformation, but it was an honest mistake on our part. The caption under the picture in *Cut: The Unseen Cinema* listed the actress in the photograph taken from *Avanti* as being Hayley Mills, and, not having seen the movie, we took their word for it. Also, if the recent pictures we've seen of Hayley Mills are any indication, the only reason she would wear a training bra would be to disguise her generous jugs so that she could get in to see one of her old films at the kiddie admission price.

HUSTLER GOES TO JAIL

Just a brief comment concerning your magazine. We recently received a complimentary copy of your magazine. Also, you indicated this

institution would continue to be on your complimentary subscription list.

On behalf of the inmates who utilize the library facilities, I would like to express my appreciation. The inmates enjoy *HUSTLER*. In addition, you have some very educational articles.

Again, thank you.

George Ross
Director of Education
Wyoming State Penitentiary
Rawlins, Wyoming

You and the inmates are more than welcome. As we've said before, prison inmates are some of our most loyal readers. However, many of them are too strapped for money to afford a HUSTLER subscription, so we have given complimentary subscriptions to the libraries of every prison in the country.

FAN MAIL

What a fine, sweet rag you are. So infused with honor and valor, so full of piss and vinegar. I love you. Those aren't windmills you're tilting with but real demons that definitely need lancing. The Dream isn't Impossible, but we are—all of us who care—groping toward sanity and trying to help the halt and blind around us in our struggle for common sense.

Your magazine is a powerful, positive force in the struggle. It jumps neatly to a conclusion only hinted at by the more conservative monthlies in the field: If sex really *is* OK, why not go all the way? Of course! Once a truth has been shown to be incontrovertible, it's insane to insist that we must nevertheless proceed "with all due caution" out of respect to the sensitivity of reactionaries. That is the nonlogic of the war in Vietnam. If nipples are not "indecent," if pubic hair is not "obscene," then why shrink from printing pictures of hot ladies with limbs akimbo? Why not carry frankness in the copy to its logical end and give the readers what they want: sexy prose.

You're doing it, and we're cheering you on.

Carl Esser
Los Angeles, California

Could you repeat that?

FEELING AROUND

I'm writing to let you know that I think your magazine is great. You have some of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen, but all they ever do is lie around or sit there with their pussies open.

Many of your Honeys proclaim the joy of masturbation and the use of vibrators and dildos. Why not show a picture in which the model is posed like the one on page 27 of your May, 1976, issue ("Heidi: For the First Time"), only having the girl use a vibrator or her finger on herself?

Name Withheld by Request
Cleveland, Ohio

We realize that many men are turned on by women turning themselves on. If you can get a grip on (or, in this case, off) yourself long enough to turn from page 27 to page 97 of the May, 1976, issue ("Amazing Grace"), you'd see that one of our models is already handling the subject. If you're looking for something more in depth, we assure you we have all hands moving in that direction, too.



"No, I never remarried. I could never find a guy quite like Stanley."

The Catalog of SEX NOVELTIES

has something to please everyone



Contained in this brand new catalog is a unique collection of the most sensuous, high-quality thrillers ever imagined. You will be delighted with the wide choice of adult novelties: dazzling dildos, throbbing vibrators, exciting ticklers, and many, many more erotic items to enhance your sex life.

ORDER NOW — \$2.00

Credit Card holders (BA & MC only): ORDER NOW by calling TOLL-FREE 1-800-848-9107 (Ohio residents call 1-800-282-9216).

Send to: **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS**
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please send _____ Novelty Catalogs (#5999) @ \$2.00 each.
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax.

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted)
Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

how to break a cherry

(continued from page 120)

We spent the day swimming, had a beautiful dinner, talked about everything under the sun, had a number of drinks—by this time I'd discovered my Irish weakness for drinking—and went back to the lodge.

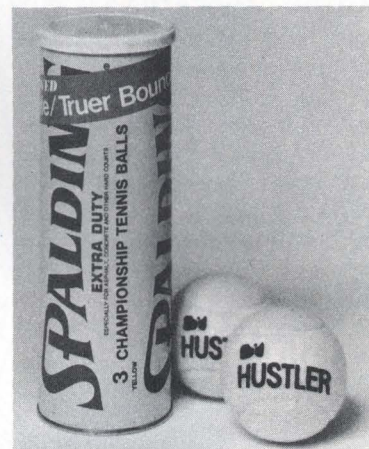
"I'd never seen a nude man before, and he'd never seen me nude. I was shy but willing. Well, he got us naked and on the bed. He started kissing me and tonguing my ear, then sucking on one breast and playing with the other. All the while he was stroking my cunt in the gentlest way you could imagine.

"I had been frightened—I guess that's normal—but the more he played with me in that very tender manner, the more sure of myself I became, the more womanly I felt. I wanted his cock, and, for the first time in my life, I felt one. First, I just let my hand brush it, then I stroked it, then I grabbed it and squeezed it. I discovered that I liked it. Balls, the little I had learned about them from anatomy class or from watching the animals on our farm in Wisconsin, had actually made me feel nauseated, all hairy, wrinkled, and repulsive and, what was worse, somehow dirty. But I started fondling them, too, exploring them and liking them.

"I was ready to come right then, but instead of shoving his cock into me, he turned around and started licking my cunt. I did come then. No one had ever done that to me before, of course, and from the way he was doing it I knew he thought a part of me that I had always regarded as dirty was something beautiful. I wanted to do the same for him, give him the same feeling, and without knowing anything about cocksucking, without even having heard of it before, I put his cock in my mouth. With that, he pushed my legs back and started licking my asshole, the part of me I'd always thought of as being the dirtiest. But, again, in the same way he'd made me feel good about my cunt, he let me know, without saying a word, that he thought that part of me was beautiful, too. I got even more excited and started sucking his whole cock into my mouth. Then, unexpectedly for me, he came in my mouth.

"I thought it was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened because I'd made

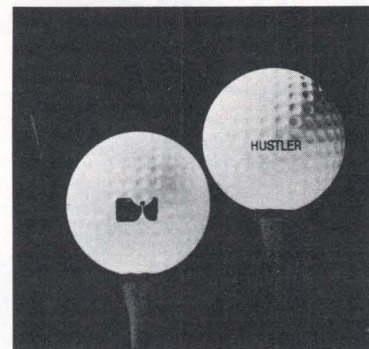
For the HUSTLER Sportsman



TENNIS BALLS: Yellow Spalding Extra Duty Championship. The official ball of the Association of Tennis Professionals and the Women's Tennis Association.

No. 4041

\$2.95/can



GOLF BALLS: The first time your friends see HUSTLER on your ball you'll be the talk of the links. Plymouth's DP 90 MQ ball includes the dynamic MAGI-DIENE™ center, POWER-PRENE™ winding, and a long-life cover of DuPont SURLYN® plus.

No. 4004

\$15.95/doz.

Credit CARD HOLDERS (BA & MC, only): ORDER NOW by calling TOLL-FREE 1-800-848-9107 (Ohio residents call 1-800-282-9216).

Send to: **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS**
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Send _____ cans Tennis Balls (#4026) @ \$2.95/can
_____ dozen Golf Balls (#4004) @ \$15.95/doz.

PLEASE PRINT: _____ Subtotal
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 1.50
TOTAL _____

NAME _____

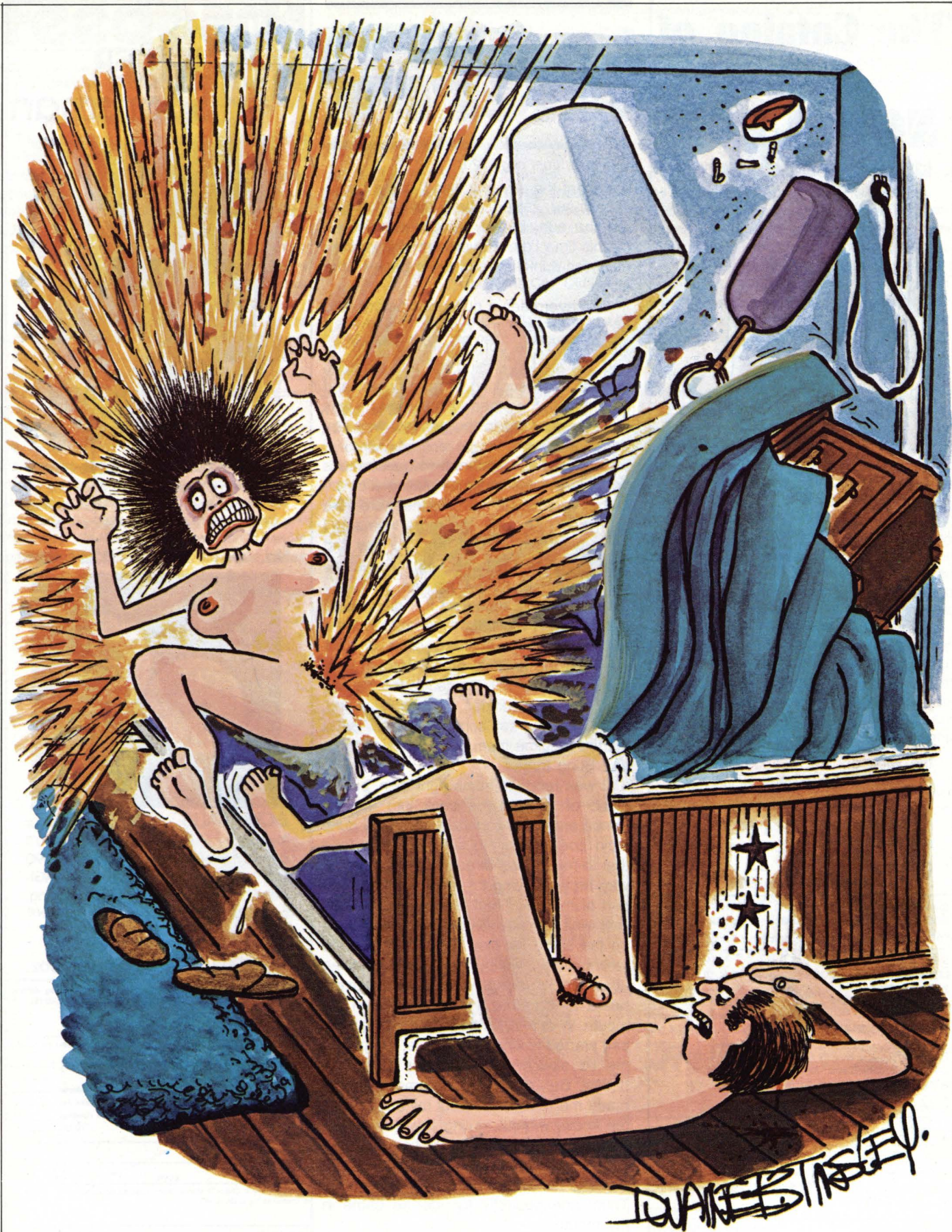
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

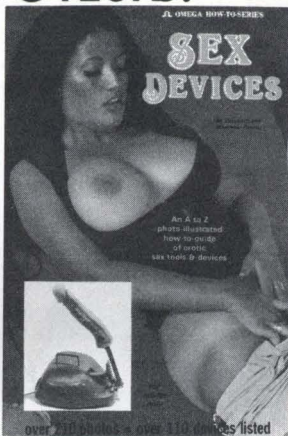
Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____

Signature _____ (Foreign Orders add \$2.00) Expiration Date _____



"Damn it, Shirley, why can't you have orgasms like other women?"

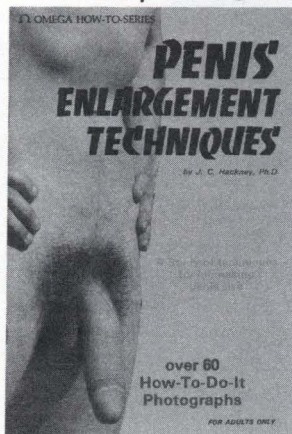
VOYEURS:



No.
2620
\$5.75

Have you ever wondered what your kinky friends are doing, and what they're doing it with? Well, now in the Omega book of **SEX DEVICES** you can see more than 200 photos, including 10 in steaming color, of some very kinky people using some very erotic tools. Order now. Who knows? You may see someone you know!

HEY, SHORTY!



No.
2619
\$5.75

Are you tired of being compared to a stud field mouse—and coming up short? Learn whether you can do something about your problem. Send now for the Omega book of **PENIS ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES**. Over 60 how-to photos.

Credit Card holders (BA & MC only): ORDER NOW by calling TOLL-FREE 1-800-848-9107 (Ohio residents call 1-800-282-9216).

Send to: **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS**
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43218

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please Send _____ Sex Devices (#2620) @ \$5.75 ea. \$ _____
_____ Penis Enlargement (#2619) @ \$5.75 ea. _____
_____ Both Books @ \$10.00 _____
Subtotal _____
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling _____ 50
TOTAL _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (cash not accepted).
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC
Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____
Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

him feel as good as he was making me feel. I literally came again, tasting and smelling something I hadn't even known about before. I could feel it spurt against the back of my throat, once, twice, three times, then four.

"We sat up then and relaxed and played with each other. He got hard again with me sitting on his lap. He ran his finger all over my literally dripping cunt and up toward my ass. Then he moved me over toward his cock and slowly, gently, eased it into my ass, wet with the juice from my cunt. I was shocked, but I was so excited he could have done anything with me by then. He put one hand on one of my tits and guided me slowly, up and down, fucking me in the ass and rubbing my clit with his free hand. I felt him stiffen and shoot into my ass the same way he had in my mouth, and I came again, too.

"We calmed down for a half hour or so, had a few more drinks, and took a lingering shower together, rubbing and soaping each other all over and getting terribly excited again. Finally, more than an hour after he had started with me, he put his cock into me. I was so groggy from sexual excitement and anticipation that all I wanted by that time was to fuck, fuck, fuck. There was a brief sting, maybe more than a sting, but it was bearable. Then all I knew was that my man was inside me. I was giving him pleasure, and he was giving me more physical pleasure than I had ever felt. I loved him and he loved me, and it was wonderful. It ended, of course, but of all the physical pleasures I've ever had, none has come close to that first weekend for pure, continuous, sexual arousal."

That, gentlemen, is the way it should be done.

Breaking a cherry is important to a man, of course. At the crassest level, even if he doesn't particularly care for the girl, it demonstrates his virility and his overwhelming way with the ladies. If he *does* care, it means even more because it is a sign that he is the first and only. For a woman, it is infinitely more. It is her only cherry, and if she has chosen with care—providing that you, you devil, haven't gotten her prone with Spanish fly, alcohol, or funny cigarettes—she's giving you a once-in-a-lifetime gift. So, choose the time, choose the spot, take it easy leading up to it, take it even easier afterward, and, for a while at least, you should have a devoted sex slave.

Oh, and if it seems remarkably easy despite her protestations that it is, indeed, her first time, you can always console yourself with a delicious cherry-banana ice cream cone.

THE BEST OF HUSTLER



An exciting and revealing compilation of our first year's best pictures, cartoons, stories and features, including 32 NEW nude photos of Jackie Onassis.

Credit Card holders (BA & MC only): ORDER NOW by calling TOLL-FREE 1-800-848-9107 (Ohio residents call 1-800-282-9216).

0776

Send to:
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
P. O. Box 2204
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Date _____
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

Please send _____ copies of The Best of HUSTLER @ \$2.75 ea. \$ _____
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling _____ 50
TOTAL _____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted).
or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC
Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____
Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

THE PROBE CATALOG OF SEX AIDS AND NOVELTIES



This sensational, exotic color catalog features dildos, vaginas, massage oils, lingerie, vibrators, creams and therapeutic aids. Let "Doc" Johnson take the ho-hum out of your sex life.

Credit Card holders (BA & MC only): ORDER NOW by calling TOLL-FREE 1-800-848-9107 (Ohio residents call 1-800-282-9216).

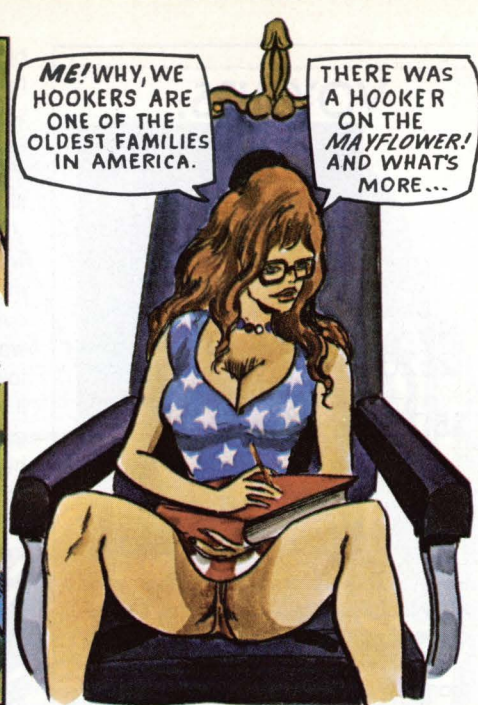
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Send to:
LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

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Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

Please send _____ Probe Catalogs (#1999) @ \$2.00 each.
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax.
PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted).
Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC
Credit Card No. _____ Interbank No. (MC only) _____
Signature _____ Expiration Date _____



UH! UH! OH! UH!
WE'RE GOING THROUGH
MIDDLESEX... OHHH...
PAUL... HOW APPROPRIATE!

I COULD "SOUND THE
LOUD ALARM" WITH
YOUR SNATCH... IT'S
TIGHT AS A DRUM!

AHHHH... THEN
BANG IT AND
MAKE ME COME!

PAUL WAS OK - BUT GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRANDMA PRU
WAS OUT FOR THE BEST - SO SHE
SHACKED UP WITH OLD BEN FRANKLIN
- WHO WASN'T ANY POOR RICHARD
- OR LITTLE DICK EITHER.

SLURP
SLURP
SLURP

SUCK IT! SUCK IT!
AHH... FLY MY KITE!
OH! OHHHHH! AH!
SWEET PRUDENCE
... ME HONEY-LIPS!

MMMMMMM!
THAT WAS A TASTY
LOAD. A SIP OF
MADEIRA WITH
A MOUTHFUL OF
HOT CUM... WHAT
A COCKTAIL!

AH, WELL. BACK
TO PROBLEMS.
THE CONTINENTAL
CONGRESS IS
MEETING.

WE HAVE TO SELECT
A COMMANDER FOR
THE ARMY... A MAN
OF STATURE... AUSTERE
... DIGNIFIED... A
MAN WHO KEEPS HIS
MOUTH SHUT!
HMMMM... HMMM...

WASHING DONE,
WASHING DONE...?
THAT'S IT!

WELL, PUT YOUR PANTS
ON, BEN. YOU'LL THINK
OF THE RIGHT MAN.
MEANWHILE, I'VE
GOT TO GET THE
WASHING DONE!

SOMEONE HAD TO GO AND GET
GEORGE, SO THEY PICKED
PRUDENCE. BUT SHE RODE INTO
A BRITISH ROADBLOCK!





HUH? WAL,
YANK MY DOODLE!
WHERE'D YOU POP
FROM? YE BE A
FAIR BUXOM
WENCH AND
NO MISTAKE!

GEORGIE-POO,
THAT'S SOME
HUNK OF COCK-
TREE ON YOU
... AND NO CHERRY.



I'LL WAGER!
I'M TH' FATHER
O' MY CUNT-TRY!
HAR! HAR!

THAT'S
NO LIE!



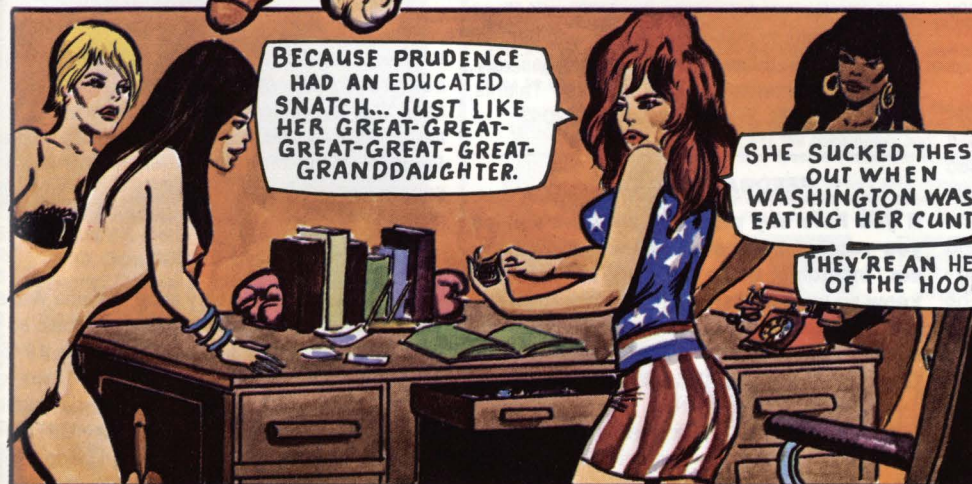
A MAN HUNG
LIKE THIS IS
THE MAN TO
LEAD THE
NATION... BUT
HE CAN'T ADDRESS
THE CONGRESS
IN THE SHAPE
HE'S IN. I'LL
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING...

EAT IT GEORGE.
... MMMM GAWD!
... WHAT A MAN!
OHOOOOOOO
GEORGIE-POO!



SO GEORGE WASHINGTON SAT IN THE
FIRST CONGRESSIONAL SESSION -
TIGHT-LIPPED AND SILENT.
EVERYBODY AGREED THAT HE WAS
THE MAN TO LEAD THE ARMY.

I DON'T GET
IT! WHY DIDN'T
HE SPEAK?



BECAUSE PRUDENCE
HAD AN EDUCATED
SNATCH... JUST LIKE
HER GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDDAUGHTER.

SHE SUCKED THESE
OUT WHEN
WASHINGTON WAS
EATING HER CUNT.

THEY'RE AN HEIRLOOM
OF THE HOOKERS!



NEXT: HONEY AND THE GREAT
AMERICAN PASTIME - BALLIN'!

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

HUSTLER is introducing this column (which will be a regular feature) as a service to readers who order various products advertised in *Mail-Order Mania*. If you have a question or complaint concerning the quality of advertised products or the honesty of the company selling the product, address your inquiry to *Mail-Order Feedback*, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We will send you a personal reply if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The mail-order erotic implement business is a great boon to the devotee of sex aids, novelties, and diversions. Like the more "conventional" forms of mail-order service, this business brings to the rural dweller the same sort of technically sophisticated, highly developed products that previously have been obtainable only in large city stores and specialty shops. It allows you to enjoy these in the comfort, privacy, and legal sanctity of your own home. We think we are doing our readers a service by carrying these mail-order ads.

However, HUSTLER recognizes that (like the conventional mail-order business) this area of commerce is rife with fly-by-night burn artists who will take your money and send you some dipshit substitute for the product you ordered—or no product at all. This magazine does not have the resources to investigate the reliability and honesty of the companies that advertise herein; we are counting on your consumer feedback to tip us off when there are thieves among our mail-order advertisers. If you feel you've been burned by a firm advertising in these pages, please write us a letter, including all pertinent facts. We'll check the incident out. If the advertiser can't or won't make good on its promises, we'll put the company on our fecal roster and refuse it further advertising space in HUSTLER. If you have dealt with a good, reliable firm, we want to know that, too.

HUSTLER will also be reviewing various products, including those that are advertised in *Mail-Order Mania*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you actually receive when you order them. Since mail-order porno movies are currently one of the most popular items in the trade, we will begin by reviewing a good example of that genre, *Playmate*, which stars "Johnny Wadd" Holmes and Linda McDowell.

PLAYMATE

If you've never seen a full-color 8-mm home-movie fuck flick, this one is good for starters. It has all the necessary ingredients: uninterrupted and steaming sex action from start to finish, featuring physically well-endowed performers who really seem to be enjoying themselves. And who wouldn't? Linda McDowell, a former *Playboy* Playmate, is nothing short of ravishing. The way her large, firm breasts jiggle as she rhythmically humps Holmes indicates that they are the real unsiliconed articles, and her enthusiastic stewardess's smile evokes every fantasy you've ever had about picking up and getting down with some hot-to-trot bimbo. Linda's en-

gaging smile never falters—even when Holmes sinks his 12-in. cock into her inviting ass all the way to his balls (this chick would make a helluva smuggler!), or when the film culminates in a blow-job wet shot in which the aptly named "Johnny Wadd" lays a meandering trail of soup



all over her face as if he were squeezing out the contents of a bottle of Elmer's Glue.

Playmate's major drawbacks are the extremely grainy quality of the film and the slightly lurid color tones not found in more technically advanced movies. Interested readers may order the film from Manor Data Systems, 51 E. 42nd St., New York, New York 10017. The price is \$24.95.

PHOTO TALENTS

Guys who get off on the subtle stimulation of seeing a girl in her lingerie, poised enticingly in that magic moment when she's in the act of taking off her clothes before getting into bed, can order black and white or color photographs of dollies in various stages of undress from Photo Talents. The girls range from attractive to quite pretty (but not beautiful), and some of the pictures are of excellent technical quality.

If trussed-up twats are to your taste, the company also offers an assorted series of female bondage photos. It also publishes a monthly newsletter, a clubby exchange of information about the availability of tasty lingerie and B&D photos elsewhere in the legit and illegit media, tip-offs to mail-order frauds, and general information on these fetish scenes. Prices vary, so if you're interested, write to Photo Talents, P. O. Box 1195, Evanston, Illinois 60204.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, let us know so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Address your letters to *Mail-Order Feedback*, HUSTLER Magazine, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

As this casts doubts on the validity of other advertisers of mail-order goods in HUSTLER, I

thought I would first try for an answer from you. I would like to know if one of the advertisers in your January, 1976, issue is on the up-and-up.

I'm writing in reference to the full-page ad by Contemporary American Screen Hits for the films *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*, including the free projector offer. I ordered this on my Master Charge on Dec. 1 and have yet to receive it. I've been billed by Master Charge, so I know the order was received. Also, the Master Charge transaction slip shows Trans Terra Limited Music Store in Milwaukee as the recipient of the money.

Trying to phone both concerns, I found that neither had a telephone listing. On January 26, I wrote a letter to Contemporary American Screen Hits; I have yet to receive an answer. I would appreciate it if you could help in any way, or at least let me know if the above outfits are legit.

P. O.
Studio City, California

This company has changed owners and name since that ad appeared in our January issue. The new owner got fucked by the former, who didn't turn over the orders that were received before the firm changed hands. The present owner has now received most of these back orders and assures us that he will fill them and satisfy all complaints. The new name and address are American Film Hits, 807 Stewart St., Madison, Wisconsin 53713.

I've always been skeptical about buying any mail-order products from magazines because I've been ripped off in the past. However, because I love HUSTLER so much and it's such a dynamic magazine, I thought I would order some of the "Doc" Johnson products. Lo and behold, my order was filled promptly, and I received all my products within ten days of the date I placed my order. As a matter of fact, they even came before my check had been canceled. It's nice to know that your advertisers are as reliable as your magazine.

J. P.
Boston, Massachusetts

We have forwarded your letter to our friends at Leisure Time Products, the company that markets "Doc" Johnson products. We're sure that they will appreciate your remarks. Leisure Time Products is the only mail-order company personally backed by HUSTLER magazine since it happens to be an affiliate corporation.

I'm going crazy! The only store in Walla Walla that carried your magazine no longer does, so I very much want to order your December, 1975, issue (does it have a calendar in it?), and I would like to know why back issues of your August, 1975, issue cost \$5.00. I'm a new HUSTLER
(continued on page 142)

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

GET HER HOT ANYTIME YOU WANT!

YOU CAN DO IT WITH PASSION PLUS

For a balling hot time put some PASSION PLUS in her food or drink. She'll be turned-on for hours of passionate lovemaking. Makes her too hot to wait—so use some yourself and be just as ready. Extra strong. Safe to use.

and
STAY HARD

... with ERECTO. Control your ejaculation! Makes male organ hard! Be the BIG MAN where it counts. She'll love every inch of you!

☐ PASSION PLUS \$5 ☐ ERECTO \$5 ☐ BOTH \$9

send to: **OMEGA** Dept. 1915 P.O. Box 199
Woodland Hills, CALIF. 91364

NEW!

PATENTED ACCU-JAC®

The sex simulators for Men & Women.



Great in foreplay—or by yourself. Erotic sensations so natural, it would fool Mother Nature! Massaging membrane travels up & down—stays on by itself. Leaves you free to make fantasies "come true"...

24 page catalog (with color) of all our products \$3.

Funways, Inc., Box 9691, N. Hollywood, CA. 91609

"THE FARTING CONTEST"



The Power of Positive Stinking

NOW!—Most famous and funniest party record ever made. Now on record, 8-track or cassette. This tape features various fartist's — The mightiest sounds of individual combat ever recorded.

Send \$6.00 including postage and handling per record, 8-track or cassette:

To: **GAMES UNLIMITED** H-6
P.O. Box 369, Butler, WI 53007

Specify: ☐ Record ☐ 8-track ☐ Cassette

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Checks—15-Day Shipment — Cash or Money Order—Shipped Immediately

Wis. residents add 4% sales tax

© Games Unlimited 1976

GIANT SEX SAMPLER GRAB BAG

ONLY \$1.87 BRINGS \$22 WORTH OF 1ST CLASS SEX PRODUCTS!

COLOR FILM · COLOR PHOTOS
BOOKS · SEX COMIX
RUBBER GODDS · SEX MANUAL

FREE \$3 ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH 100's OF HOT OFFERS

WAREHOUSE LIQUIDATORS
Box 7495 -CY Van Nuys, Ca. 91409

this is the greatest
LEG-SPREADER
even better than SPANISH FLY!

Want her to TURN ON? ... want her to go-go-go? With a little help from NYMPHOS, she'll be hot-to-trot to your tune ... no matter what you want to play. Be prepared for fast acting results. Use it yourself. Completely safe. Lasts for hours. Adults only!

Take my word for it ... they work! *Linda*
one box NYMPHOS \$5 • special! 2 boxes \$9

Send to: Miss LINDA Suite 6 Dept. 1915
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

UNCENSORED DEVELOPING

Kodacolor Dev. 12Ex. \$3.90, 20Ex. \$5.90
Slides Developed 20Ex. \$2.50, 36Ex. \$3.50
All 8mm Movies \$3. Color reprints .25
Five Color copies & neg. of Polaroid \$2.

Spectra Photo P.O. Box 258H
Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

SEND THIS AD FOR A
LOAN by MAIL any amount up to

\$3000

Convenient Terms
Privacy Assured
Fast AIRMAIL Service

Pay off all your bills with a convenient loan-by-mail from Postal. Only one small monthly payment instead of many. Over 70 years of service. State licensed. Clip and mail this ad for a FREE Loan Application.

POSTAL FINANCE CO.
Dept. 12-07
6018 Maple Ave., Omaha, NE. 68104

NAME _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"ROOM TO KEEP YOUR COOL IN!"

ALL NYLON 1-MINUTE WASH-DRY MONO-KINIS!

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!



#283 You'll love to be loved in these custom sheer panel-kinis. The best for the most of you. Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$3.49 ea. 2 for \$6.49.

#286 A wild bit of jungle for the male animal! Muscle hugging design with french-legs to let you go ape with torrid pleasure. Jungle print. S-M-L. \$2.99 ea. 2 for \$5.88.

#207 V-Dip zip-front swim & brief marvels to mix fun with male power. A must for a man! Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. \$4.49. 2 for \$8.49.

#377. Sleek Adonis briefs that will give you sex-appeal no lover can resist. Built in support like never before. 40 denier. White, Blue, Peach or Gold. \$2.99 2 for \$5.88.

#422 The "wet-look" jersey nylon briefs that cling and hug every muscle, regardless of size. Fabulous in Black Seal. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#19 A sling-shot cachette that is the briefest ever! Real man-size support for modeling, under your jeans or swimwear. White, Black or Nude. \$2.69 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#49 The coolest brief yet, for the masculine taste in almost invisible next-to-nothing 15 denier tricot. For the continental man. White, Black, Helio, Mar Green or Nude. \$2.49 ea. 2 for \$4.88.

#105 Incredible design with dime-size opening that stretches open wide. Muscle hugging cut in Black, White or Nude. \$4.49 ea. 2 for \$8.50.

Wet-look!

Sling Cachette!

Almost invisible!

Stretch!

Regency Square, Dept. 1915
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

RUSH ME ITEMS: # _____ Size _____ (S-M-L)

Add 50c post. & hdl. ea. item plus 5% sales tax. Enclosed is \$ _____

(PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

BULLSHIT ARTISTS OF AMERICA
Prestigious Membership Wall Plaque
great item for the person who's full of it!
red, white & blue
rimmed in gold
Send \$5.95 plus
\$1.00 handling to:
ROBAR-H
PO BOX 2081
SPFLD IL 62705



FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!
NO BULL!
That's right! Your name is worth \$5 to us... so we'll send you absolutely FREE an explicit \$4 imported DANISH magazine, plus our \$1 sex gorged action packed catalog, plus a valuable surprise gift!
Positively no gimmicks • Must be 21 to order
Send \$1 to cover postage and handling to:
PRIVATE PRESS Suite 6 Dept. 1915
7251 1/2 Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS TO MAMMOTH DIMENSIONS!
WITH **PETER PUMP**
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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

(continued from page 140)

reader and have purchased three of your great issues. Please let me know quickly how much the December issue costs. I can't wait to sink my teeth into it.

A. M.
Pullman, Wisconsin

Back issues of HUSTLER can be ordered for \$2.00 each. The December, 1975, issue does not include a calendar; those can be ordered separately for \$2.00. Order blanks for back issues and calendars are in each issue of HUSTLER. The August, 1975, issue is the only one that costs \$5.00. Our nude pictorial of Jackie Onassis made that one a collector's item.

HUSTLER magazine is sold on our newsstands here in Canada, and I am sure that you have many subscribers in this country. This, to me, automatically means that the products advertised in your publication are also available to your Canadian readers.

I recently wrote to one of your mail-order advertisers, Modern Age Products, with the intention of ordering some of its books. This was the reply: "Sorry, we do not mail out of the U.S." Thank God I decided to inquire before sending my funds! Presuming that not everyone else inquires first, I fear there must be a lot of people getting ripped off this way in Canada.

I am seriously interested in these books. If these people cannot honor their advertisement, why are they allowed to advertise in your magazine, which is an international publication? Is there any way I can get my hands on these books? If so, please acknowledge and advise.

T. K.
Montreal, Quebec

Modern Age Products has informed us that it will ship anywhere in the world. For Canadian orders it doesn't even charge additional fees for shipping and handling. Evidently the employee who told you otherwise had his head up his ass. Try again, and let us know how it works out.

In your December, 1975, issue there was a full-page ad for Amerigala Publications, Inc. I clipped the coupon, wrote out a check, and mailed it to Karen Martin, the company's contact person mentioned in the ad. The check, in the amount of \$16.00, was cashed "for deposit only" in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, but I have not yet received the promised publication. Would you please check this matter out for me, and have Karen get on the ball?

J. A. M.
Bridgeton, New Jersey

We have referred your letter to Amerigala, whose address is Box 2287, York, Pennsylvania 17405. We've received several complaints about this company, so if it doesn't straighten up soon, we're going to drop it.

HUSTLER

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Imagine...if you and your woman did everything in the way of sex that entered your mind! You and your love partner catered to each other every whim and fantasy! You teased, tormented and tenderly tortured each other to orgasm after orgasm! She kept you on the brink of ejaculation, then let you cool off for a while...and then re-heated you to where you'd swear you were going to come...but she stopped in time 'cause she knew just when...and this went on for a half hour, for an hour or maybe even two! You'd be brought to the brink and then brought back and it'd be a thrill you'd never forget!

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TURN YOUR BED INTO A PLAYGROUND
...where all your desires and fantasies can be explored and fulfilled! And with Loves Photo Album you can! For it contains the most straightforward, up-to-date facts, advice and information that modern medicine, psychology and biology can muster, to give you every physical and mental pleasure, thrill, delight and sensation that the human body was designed to produce. And best of all, with the aid of its over 2000 photographs and illustrations, its information is presented in a manner that both you and your love partner will enjoy and understand.

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10 sex books you can lay on the table. You'll see nearly 1100 different sexual intercourse and lovemaking positions, including such exotic ideas as love in the bath, on a rocking chair, on a basketball or homemade trapeze. You'll see over 100 photographs of oral/anal lovemaking, over 100 of unusual sex, 79 group sex, nearly 200 photographs of sexual fetishes, over 140 photos of female sexual anatomy (vagina, buttocks, breasts, erogenous zones), over 130 male anatomy photos, over 80 uncensored photos of lesbian love plus over 200 SPECIAL photos and illustrations. If a picture is worth a thousand words, you'll find Loves Photo Album and its over 2000 photographs and illustrations absolutely priceless. Absolutely the greatest book on sex that you ever saw!

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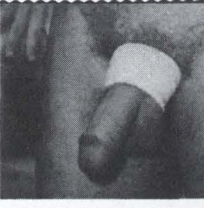
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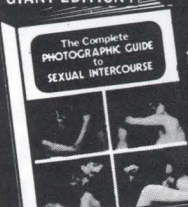
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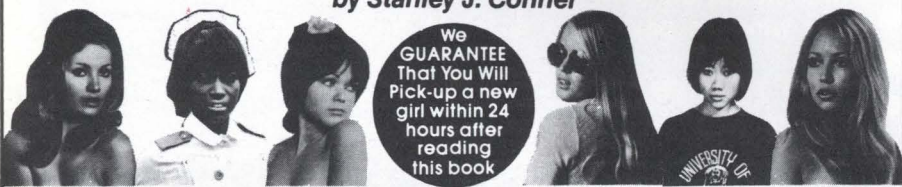
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PREVIEW

AUGUST PREVIEW

BROTHER BOB HARRINGTON—The celebrity evangelist who has been described as the "Chaplain of Bourbon Street" comes knockin' on the devil's door for an exclusive interview/debate with HUSTLER Editor-Publisher Larry Flynt. It's a no-holds-barred dialogue between the Good Guys and the Bad Guys.

SEX IN ADVERTISING—HUSTLER catches the clammy hand of Madison Avenue busily at work in your pants—and we don't mean in the pockets. The ad boys will stop at nothing, even jacking off your unconscious sex fantasies, to peddle their wares. By James McNeill

HANK WILLIAMS, JR.—August's PROFILE examines Hank Jr.'s brand of "funky" country music, his dangerous life-style, and his feelings about his famous father. As you'll see, Hank Williams, Jr., is his own man and nobody else's. By Michael Bane

MANNY AND FAYE—A shocking, futuristic story about two "flower children" who take what they want from life—and wind up paying for it. By M. V. Clayton

HOW TO GIVE HEAD—This special SEX PLAY article is directed to your lady, but you will reap the succulent benefits. British author Tuppy Owens (star of the porn film *Sensations*) instructs her sisters on the fine points of fellatio.

UNDER THE TABLE AT TONY'S—Our photographic revelation of the unseen sex action that goes down under the noses of restaurant patrons every day. The adventures of one man who came to dinner.

KINKY KORNER—HUSTLER's first-person feature scores again, as a reader recounts his nights with the "World's Greatest Slut."

PLUS—Our usual mixed bag of mayhem, mockery, and straight info in BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX BITS, and MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK.

PREVIEW

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