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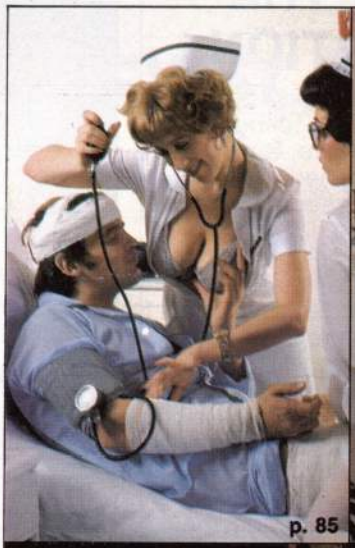
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Show & Tell



FACING THE COMPETITION

We used to think we had it tough when we were only competing with *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, but now that Larry has launched his new publication, CHIC, it seems that we were just skating. The editorial and artistic talent that is going into the development of CHIC is really impressive, but I think the sideshow degenerates and reprobates who make up HUSTLER's own staff are getting into the proper competitive spirit. In fact, they're trying to get together a pussy-eating contest with "those cake-eaters from L.A."

Until that clash comes off, we're setting a fast pace for CHIC by publishing a double shot of headline-making celebrity uncoverage: the first-ever totally nude photo spread of **ELIZABETH RAY** and our balls-out expose of **SINATRA: THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION**, in this month's **HUSTLER PROFILE**. You'll get a firsthand look at the blonde who blew the whistle—and other things—on Capitol Hill, as well as an insight into the darkest, most secret recesses of "King" Sinatra's personality. It's appropriate that the alleged biggest prick in Hollywood should be in the same issue with Washington's loosest lips.

While probing hot personalities like Sinatra is part of the HUSTLER style, probing hot pussies is our forte, and **A FISTFUL OF FUCKING**, this month's **SEX PLAY** article about fist fucking, fills that bill quite well. Author **MARCO VASSI** is a widely known veteran writer and a student and guru of erotica. Vassi says that fist fucking is a uniquely American sexual phenomenon, and he delved into a little personal research on the subject in order to give you readers some rules of thumb on how to get your hands into the pie.

HUSTLER has also sponsored some personal research in order to get firsthand reports on two subjects that touch on aspects of readers' social lives: beer-drinking and swinging. **NORMAN JACKSON SMITH** taste-tested his way through the ten best-selling brands of suds in order to provide a connoisseur's rundown on the brewing methods and flavor qualities of America's second-favorite form of head in **BEER**. We also sent writer **HARRY MARKHAM** to the swamps of New Jersey to find out what the swingers' magazine business is all about. While exploring the world of **MAIL-ORDER SEX**, Markham was greeted with suspicion by one publisher and not greeted at all by another.

Speaking of firsthand, personal research, our staff has been logging plenty of time in the HUSTLER screening room, checking out the erotic movies that are reviewed in our new **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** section. In fact, we couldn't get those horny bastards out of there with a hand grenade, so it seems that this month's films must be hot ones.

Our staff seemed noticeably accident-prone after they had edited the **INTENSIVE CARE** photo spread, a pictorial look at one man's hospital stay with the message that getting off is part of getting well. Maybe our staffers were hoping to break a leg and get sent to the same hospital. Getting off was also much in evidence when the HUSTLER sweat hogs finished editing this month's fantastic photo spreads, **POLLY, DAWN** and **VALERIE**.

So get on with your reading, and looking, and all that comes with it.

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher
and Executive Editor

HUSTLER

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POLITICAL SEX SCANDALS

As you know, I have often given politicians a hard time in this editorial space—and for good reason. Too many of them are hypocritical scumbags who would sell their children for a vote or a payoff from corporate fat cats. But lately, politicians themselves have been the victims of hypocrisy—on the subject of their sex lives.

Don't get me wrong. HUSTLER is still incensed at hypocrisy on Capitol Hill. In particular, we are pissed off at the politicos who are sticking it to their secretaries at the taxpayers' expense while at the same time legislating against legalization of prostitution, pornography and First Amendment rights in general.

However, we can't forget the fact that politicians are human beings, too. They're as interested in getting laid as the next guy—maybe even a little more interested. In my opinion, public officials have a greater sex drive than the average man, and after being voted into office by thousands of his contemporaries, even the most humble man must have quite an ego to satisfy.

Why is everybody so upset about the fact that politicians fuck? Liking sex—even to the point of promiscuity—has nothing to do with whether or not a politician is qualified to do his job. In fact, I'd rather be represented by a man who really enjoys the pleasures of sex than by some uptight celibate who thinks sex is dirty. It seems to me that a person who is getting laid regularly will waste less time fantasizing about the typing pool and concentrate on his work. If he works off some of his aggression and frustration in the bedroom, he's less likely to bomb the hell out of some poor country on the other side of the world just to prove his masculinity.

Every U. S. administration in recent memory has been embroiled in some sex scandal or another. The Nixon administration is an exception, and it was one of the most corrupt, underhanded and violent groups of politicians ever to get their hands on the tiller of the ship of state.

Politicians are aware that illicit love affairs may leave them vulnerable to blackmail—not only from lovers but from political wheeler-dealers. Hell, if the voters of this country weren't so uptight about sexuality and concerned about whether or not the relationship is illicit, blackmail couldn't be a threat in the first place.

The slightest hint that a politician might be getting a "strange" piece of ass can totally destroy a productive political career.

Since most elected officials leave their families behind when they go to Washington, should we expect them to jerk themselves off under their desks in Congress—or should we simply castrate them all as part of their initiation into public life? As for their alleged misuse of taxpayers' money, I am a hell of a lot more concerned with $14 billion spent on bombs and weapons of war than I am with the $14,000 annual salary that Wayne Hays took from the taxpayers to pay Elizabeth Ray.

However, if they have to get fucked on the public payroll, it would be better to set up a fund specifically for that purpose so that we can keep it out in the open. I think that's more practical than punishing them for being human.

Besides, I'd rather have them fucking their secretaries than fucking you and me.

Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher





Liz Ray

Feedback

MODELS OF PERFECTION

All right—you've done it!

You can close down your magazine now and forget about the future. You will never match your July centerfold, so you may as well quit.

I am sick—heartsick—over Evelyn ("Pink Is Beautiful"). Never have I seen such eroticism in print. Actually it's not really the picture itself; it's the woman. In Evelyn I see such *total* abandonment to blinding sexuality that I'm in shock, weak in the knees.

I was going to ask for more of her, but I realized that's just not possible—unless I have her in the flesh. I've learned a whole new meaning for the term "blonde bombshell." And I used to be a brunette-man....

Phil Clark
New York, New York

Your letter prompted us to review the Evelyn spread, and we've taken our hands from between our legs long enough to tell you that this kind of top-quality turn-on is a HUSTLER standard and not a one-shot blow. We give all our photo spreads the weak-knee test and invariably find ourselves limp everywhere except where it counts.







I'm a new subscriber to your fantastically open and always raunchy magazine. I'm thoroughly enjoying your magazine. I picked up HUSTLER at a newsstand almost a year ago because I was looking for a new magazine that was different from *Penthouse* or *Playboy*, so I started to read your magazine. Like I said before, HUSTLER's the greatest!

I'd like to compliment you on the selection of the young ladies you feature in your magazine. Your June 1976 issue was a gas. It was even a gassier gas with that big-boobed centerfold ("Pat, the Fucking Ultimate"). She was the greatest, along with "A Hairless Experience" and especially "Kathy: Country Music Ball of Fame."

You're doing a fucking good job, so keep it up.

I don't mind if you print my name or address because I'm afraid of no one!

Wayne Gay
Bayside, New York

DIRTY OLD MAN

I just read your July 1976 issue and would like to know how an 80-year-old man like myself could see and hear more of the girl from Chicago, Linda Meyers, who appeared in your HUSTLER Beaver Hunt Amateur Erotic Photo Contest.

You would do my heart—and some other things—good if you'd put this "Honey" right in the middle of your book.

You got one new subscriber for doing the good work. Keep it up.

"Stiff in the Wrong Place"
Sidney, Illinois

We're sure Linda appreciates your vote, and others like it will help us in our consideration of which amateur Honey will win the contest and appear in a photo spread. Your letter reassures us that senior cockhounds have more on their minds than checkers.

MAKING POTASH OF YOURSELF

I really enjoyed the article in your June 1976 issue on "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Death." I read once that persons born under the zodiac sign of Cancer tend to think about death more than other people. I don't know whether or not this is true, but I am one Cancerian who ponders the death experience daily, and I have finally decided how I want my body disposed of when the time comes. I want to be cremated; the ashes are to be given to a designated friend of mine who will then mix them with a kilo or more of high-grade pot, and all my friends will smoke me.

Bob Souder #68155
Vandalia Correctional Institution
Vandalia, Illinois

That's one way to have your joint sucked.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S GONE TO HELL

For some months now, I have heard of your intentions to live in the city of Bexley through the purchase of some property on South Columbia Avenue. I have read the article about this purchase in the April 1976 issue of the *Columbus Monthly* and have seen the reference to your publication in the April 5 issue of *Time* in their article, "The Porno Plague." A parishioner has passed on to me an issue of HUSTLER published in February 1976. I have read with concern your editorial, "Bitching About Butch." You state in your editorial, "But despite the many hate letters, we get a hundred letters of support for every one of them. I have in the past and will always continue in the future to strike out at the pseudo-sophisticated, mindless censors who take it upon themselves to tamper with our individual liberties. I would not be so sure of myself if I did not know that I have the support of the new generation of Americans."

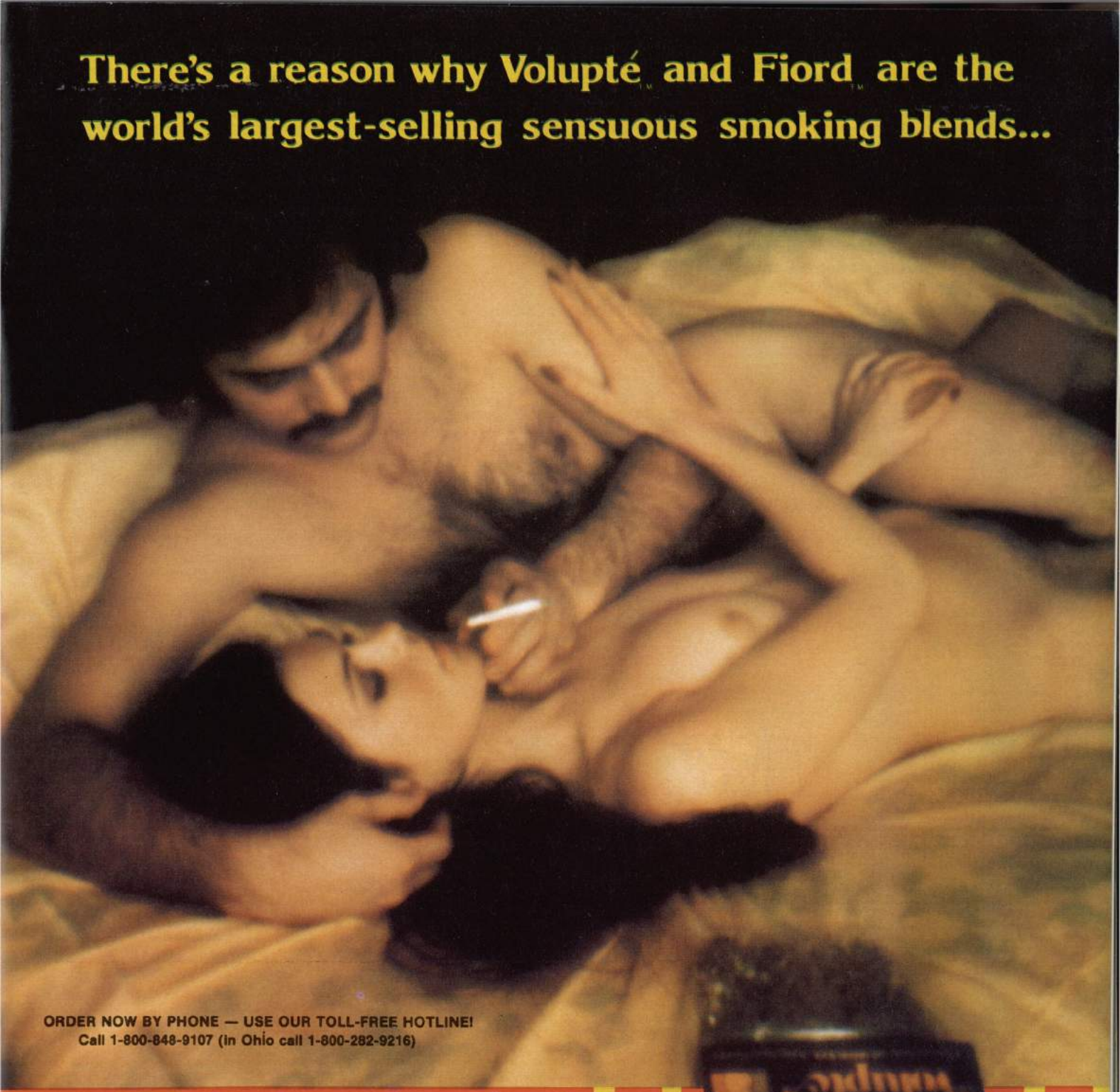
In reference to these remarks, I find it difficult to believe the vast majority of young Americans in our schools, colleges and universities wish to feed on the kind of sick mentality you portray in your magazine. If they did, in my opinion the demise of our country would probably occur before the end of this century.

Human freedom demands some responsibility and sensitivity to the feelings of others. As far as I know, the church or synagogue has no legal weapon to oppose a person like yourself, but we do have moral influence and spiritual power. I can publicly denounce (from the pulpit and in our news organ) your kind of evil influence on a society that is seriously endeavoring to retain the outstanding political experiment it began 200 years ago. Your freedom does not mean your license to pervert our sexual instincts—which you are doing—and to abrasively project your point of view about sex on the attitudes of others.

I am making copies of your editorial, which

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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, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.*

I am a young man of 19 with a big problem. I am a virgin who masturbates quite often. Tonight I had a chance of a lifetime with a foxy out-of-town broad. I was lying there, petting her, knowing I was going to get a fuck, which did almost occur, but what happened was that I couldn't get my cock hard. Nothing helped. She tried to suck me, sit on it, tried to get it in her twat and get it hard. I guess she really fell for me because she told me that it was all right and that she didn't want anyone else to fuck her. Can you tell me why I can't get it up for a fuck but can for beating my meat? How can I get it up with no hassle? Do I need psychiatric help?

B. C.
San Diego, California

You are bound to be nervous and excited with your very first woman, and the tension probably prevented you from getting hard. You have no trouble getting it up for masturbation because that's a familiar procedure without the underlying tension. Relax. When your anxiety about getting it up disappears, so will your trouble with getting an erection. Take it easy; after that first fuck, you'll be fine. If this continues to happen, however, consider going to a counselor or psychiatrist.

My girlfriend and I have enjoyed a good sex life for about a year. Since she had a baby by her ex-husband, she decided to have an IUD put in for birth control. Now she says that when I'm in her it hurts, and if I try to thrust deeply it's really painful. She can't take pills because they give her bad side effects. Will the pain from the IUD stop, or is there something she can take to kill it? This is really interfering with our sex life.

Bill Will
Chicago, Illinois

When an intrauterine device is properly inserted, there is no pain. Even those that contain metal have a flexible plastic portion that bends when pressure from your penis is applied or when the uterus contracts. Have your girlfriend see her doctor as soon as possible. The pain she experiences is probably caused by improper placement of the IUD, and she should have it taken care of at once. If the IUD was inserted incorrectly, then there is danger of it perforating her uterus.

Some women cannot wear an IUD, and your girlfriend may be one of them. Have her also discuss other means of birth control with her doctor. A diaphragm is always an option, and there are creams and jellies available if she can't take the pill. Most importantly, she should not try to live with the pain or cover it up with painkillers.

My sex life so far has been a total flop. I'm not sure about what to do in bed. There's only been a few times that I've been in bed with a lady, and she never got excited or went wild. In fact, she didn't even move. Is there any way for me to be able to write to someone who could explain some honest questions and give me honest answers? There's no one I know who I can open up to. I've tried to talk to my mother about it, but she throws a fit if sex is mentioned in front of her. I don't have a sister to talk to and really don't know any girls who I could even attempt to talk to about this. I know this sounds strange coming from a dude, but I'd just be happy to know that whoever I may be with is enjoying every second of it. That won't happen unless I know what I'm doing. Please help.

C. F.
New York, New York

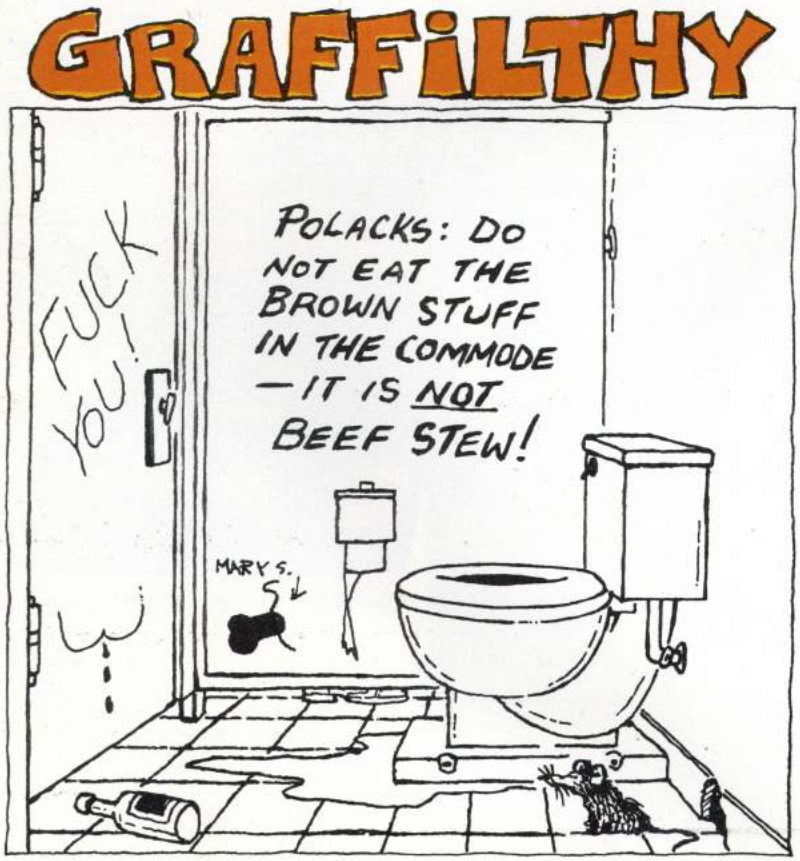
There are several places you can go to get the information you need. If you want a factual account of sex, you can talk to your family doctor or refer to The Sex Handbook: Information & Help for Minors, *by Heidi Handman and Peter Brennan. It's published by Putnam and sells for $6.95. For information and questions you have that may not be answered by basic facts, look in the phone book under "Marriage and Family Counselors" (sex-related counseling is listed under that heading). Private counselors cost some money, but there will also be listed, under your state government, the state agencies that counsel for free or at minimum cost. Someone at a counseling agency will be happy to talk to you and answer your questions. Don't be embarrassed; people there will understand your predicament and can give honest answers.*

I have two fantastic girlfriends, each of whom thinks she is the only woman in my life. A few weeks ago, I took a short vacation at a Florida beach and had a brief affair with a third woman. For the past week or so, I have had a burning, itching feeling in my cock, and sometimes it hurts when I urinate. Do you think I have some kind of VD? I have been having intercourse with my two girlfriends and, of course, I don't want to stop or to tell them about this. If it is VD, how can I tell them?

J. D.
Phoenix, Arizona

Your symptoms could definitely be caused by a form of venereal disease and should be treated as soon as possible. Stop having sex at

(continued on page 118)

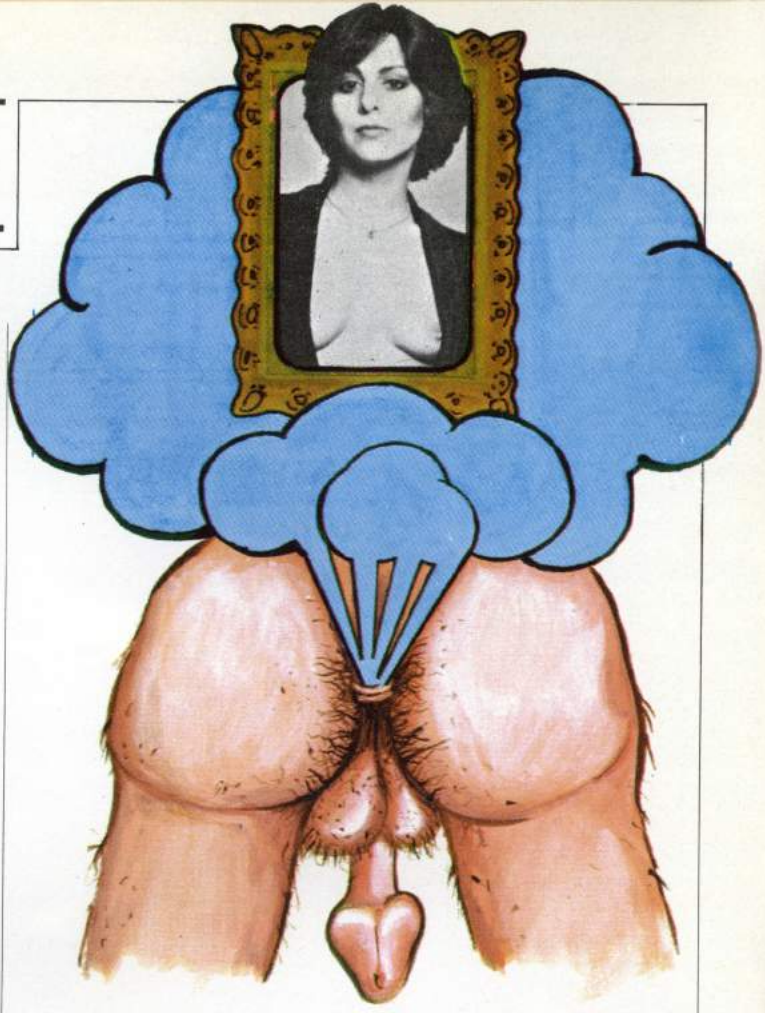


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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



Sue Richards is shitting you. Sue first showed up on the publishing scene disguised as the mysterious new mistress of porn with the financing and experience to start her own flesh magazine, *High Society*. She was portrayed as a jet-set delinquent supplying the bored upper crust with titillation for their dulled sexual appetites. It didn't take more than a cursory glance at the burned-out cunts and limp-dick editorial contents of the first issue to debunk that bullshit. Furthermore, some people in the business noticed the remarkably close physical resemblance between Richards and a former porno actress, Bree Anthony, who writes a column for Sue Richards's publication.

Mystery solved: a simple case of deceit. Sue Richards *is* Bree Anthony. She's been flashing her gash on the silver-blue screen and fucking for money for years. Her position has changed, but the job is still the same. Now Sue is the editorial dildo that the secret moneymen behind *High Society* are trying to ram up the reading public's collective ass.

You've heard of a front man. Richards is a front cunt, a tool of the rip-off artists' trade who goes where they tell her to go and says what they tell her to say. Then she takes her cut and lets them paste her picture next to the editorial column.

It would be fun for us to rake an asshole like Sue over the coals for all the cheap shots, shopworn gimmicks and obvious lies she is nominally responsible for as publisher of *High Society*—she still claims to be very much involved with the daily production of the magazine. But it's just not so. Her role as publisher seems to keep her on the go trying to stay out of the way. When we tried to reach the head twat of *High Society* on the off-chance that she understood English as well as body language, a *High Society* staffer got a good laugh out of the suggestion that we might find her at the office. "She's almost never here," he explained. So, in the publishing industry, Sue Richards holds a very important place. She is to magazine publishing what Eva Braun was to politics.

She is guilty all right, but not for semicreative input. No, Susie is this month's Asshole for being a dumb cunt who is willing to sell out to any flimflam operator who shows up at her door with the cash to pay for her services.

Why are we attacking this plastic lovedoll publisher? It's certainly not out of fear of competition. In fact, Richards is receiving all this attention because we want our competition to be the best there is. HUSTLER is dedicated to eradicating dishonesty in sensuality and in publishing in general, and we will strike out at deceit wherever we find it.

It's amazing how the final product in any business bears the mark of the tools used to put it together. *High Society* is a slick bitch with a price, just like Richards. It's the toilet bowl of men's magazines, and its publisher is like those used Kotexes found there once a month. The whole thing just won't flush.



HIPPOS' BALLET

Once again the animal fixation of our crack photo editor, Eric Loveman, comes to the fore. Last month we asked for some sexy pictures of pussy, and he brought us a photo of two lions getting it on. This month we gave him very explicit instructions to go through the stacks of reader submissions to *Bits & Pieces* and get us a shot of two *hippies* fucking—and just look at what he came up with.

After we had sent Eric to a neighborhood gas station to have the shit steam-cleaned out of his ears, we took another look at this picture of lovey-dovey hippopotami (snapped by a HUSTLER reader at the Dublin Zoo) and decided that the hippies could wait. We realized with growing excitement that here was another example of animalkind's natural sexual behavior.

The photograph brings to mind the scene that occurred the last time we lurched home drunk and the old lady wanted a pickled hump thrown her way: "Oooh, Henry, that feels so gooood!" "Mmmuh? Oh, thank you, m'dear. Zzzzzz."

ADRIENNE BARBEAU'S GREATEST TITS



The tremendous number of reader requests for a photo spread of Adrienne Barbeau has sent HUSTLER in hot pursuit of the big-titted costar of television's *Maude* series. Unfortunately, our $50,000 offer was given the cold shoulder by the ex-go-go girl.

Even though she can't find it in her heart to pose for HUSTLER now, it appears that, during her leaner days, it was not beneath Adrienne's dignity to pose with two bosom buddies for this publicity photo from off-Broadway's *Dirtiest Show in Town*.

We found the photo while drooling through our file of publicity shots and decided to offer it to readers who find themselves pinned to the boob tube on Monday nights.

Now with an idea of how Adrienne busted into show business, you ought to be able to get it off on the screen.

CHILD'S GARDEN OF ASS

A Canadian toy manufacturer has been putting together dolls for children that can do just about anything a youngster could imagine. The dolls are realistic down to the most intimate detail, including infant male and female genitalia. Barbie and Ken must be eating their hearts out... that's about the only thing those popular eunuch dolls *can* eat out.

HUSTLER reported on genitally equipped Canadian dolls in February 1976 *Bits & Pieces* ("You've Come a Long Way, Baby"). Since then, they have stirred up a storm of controversy, eliciting opinions from almost everybody, including sociology professors and Ann Landers. Ann advises that the toys are OK provided parents are willing to show their children the "proper use" of the dolls. Imagine telling your kid, "OK, Johnnie, the proper way to do it is to put the Vaseline in this little hole, and be gentle because your Amy dolly is still cherry."

Some people contend that these sexy dolls don't leave anything to a child's imagination. Bullshit! The kid in these pictures is using his imagination to the utmost while he cranks up his toy crane to maneuver the male doll into position over the girl doll for a genuine flying fuck.

We think these dolls are a great toy to enrich children's learning environments and to prepare them for a lifetime of sexual realism. Don't look for sexually authentic female dolls on sale at any American toy counters, though. You won't find them in the near future. Though Mattel and Ideal toy companies do have plans to market a male doll equipped with baby pecker, they seem to have some kind of weird pedophile hang-up because they aren't planning to put out a pussy-packing female doll.









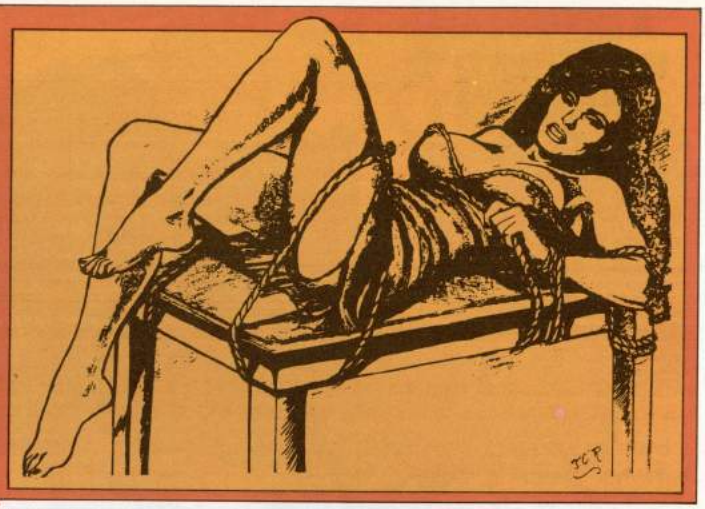
WHO CAN YOU TRUSS?

If you've ever fantasized about tying Marie Osmond to a log and flogging her with a Polish sausage, you can now see your dreams brought to life—at least on paper. An outfit called the Adventure Heroine Publishing Association (P. O. Box 10956, Baltimore, Maryland 21234) will whip up an illustrated bondage tableau featuring the celebrity of your choice, drawn by their artist to your knotty specifications. The artist's treatment of Raquel Welch, shown here, will give you the idea. Of course, the fantasy victim of your bondage dream need not be as loosely bound as Raquel is in this example. The girl of your wet dreams can be trussed up like a mummy in handcuffs, if that's your pleasure. The illustrators at A.H.P.A. know all the ropes.

A picture of a celebrity in bondage runs $10 in black and white, or $18 in color. If you'd like to include yourself or some other noncelebrity in the picture—administering, for example, the cat-o'-nine tails—the cost will be $15 for black and white, or $27 for color. The A.H.P.A. will also need a snapshot of you or of the extra person for their artist to work from.

If you'd rather have a single-figure illustration of your girl or the snotty bitch down the block getting wrapped up in herself, they can do that, too, as long as you supply the appropriate snapshot.

A dollar sent to the A.H.P.A. at the address above will get you their illustrated brochure, which will fill you in on these and other services. For the money, the artwork beats an autograph all to hell.

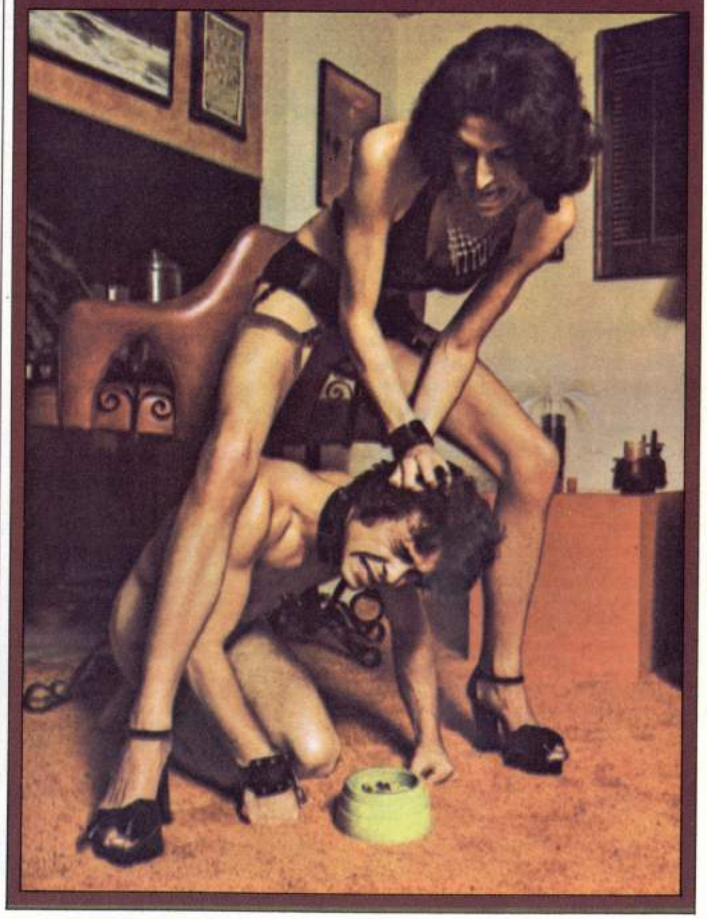


DOGGIE DOMINANCE

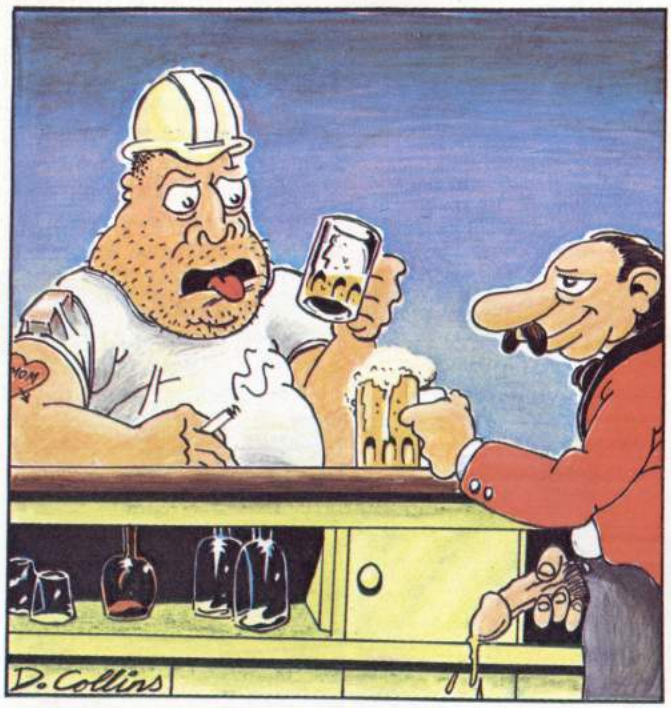
The ASPCA might point this out as cruelty to animals, but the beastly scene is merely a single illustration of how the *Best of Fetish Times* ($3.00, P. O. Box 7109, Van Nuys, Ca. 91406) caters to its readers' tastes.

It's obvious to us that one of these dogs is a bitch, but she isn't making any headway in hounding her mournful mutt into lapping up his supper. But if this reluctant rover continues to be finicky about his kennel ration, he could end up sucking hind tit. After all, that's not Marlin Perkins he's dealing with but a crazed bondage and discipline freak—with a snout like a Doberman's.

So, quit yelping about the dog's life *you* lead and think of the brighter side of this dog-eat-dog world.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



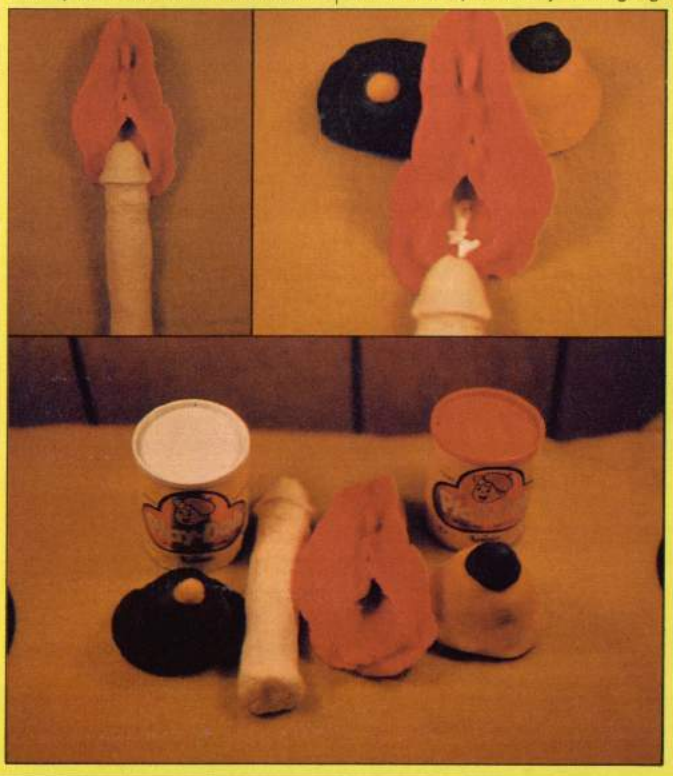
"Yecch! This new beer tastes like piss!"

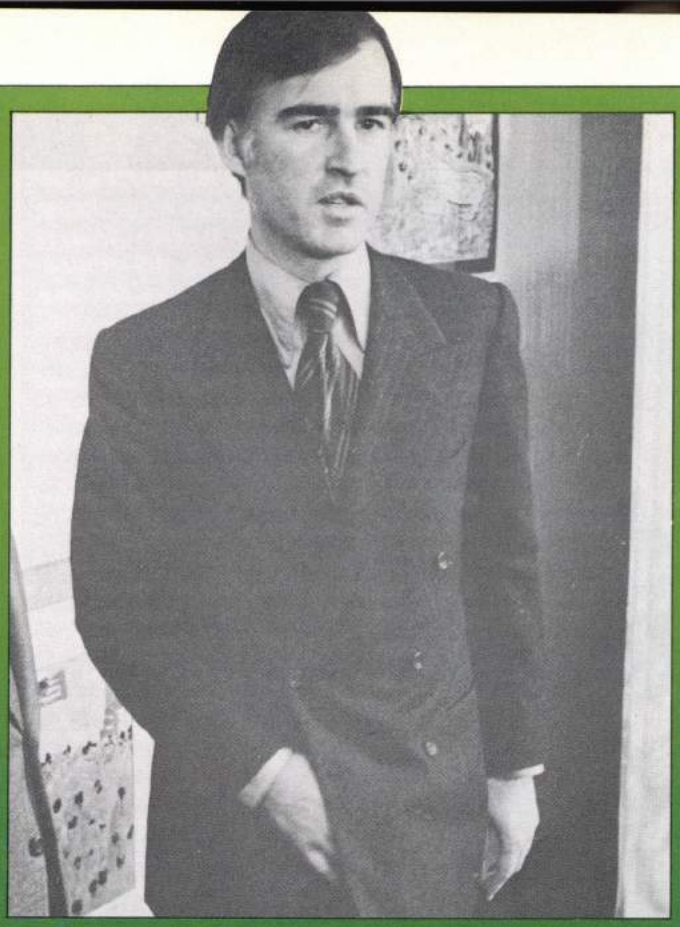
PLAY-DOH PERVERSION

If these Play-Doh sculptures are any clue, raw sex is not only found behind the schoolhouse on Saturday night, it's also *in* the schoolhouse during art class.

The little fucker who shaped these Play-Doh genitals got tired of rolling horsies and funny faces out of the shitlike goo and decided, in the tradition of all great artists, to paint what he saw. That is, what he saw the last time he loitered around the keyhole of mommy and daddy's bedroom. His teacher must have shit a brick when the lad whipped out this tableau during show and tell. Jon Gnagy was never like this!

Budding artists should be encouraged, of course, so we don't want to judge the kid's work too harshly. You certainly can't fault his eye for artistic detail: His reproduction of a blossoming vulva shows the characteristic rosy hue of a blood-gorged cunt. But, judging by the color scheme of the sculpted boobs, we can only conclude that mommy has weird-colored tits or she and daddy have been getting into some interplanetary swinging.





POLITICAL PULL

The new California Governor, Jerry Brown, is known for his straightforward political stance and his grasp of the hard facts of government. Brown has a public image of not playing around, and he prefers getting to the point to beating around the bush.

Brown probably developed some of these attitudes during his days in a Jesuit monastery, where the seminarians practiced self-denial to raise their minds above the weaknesses of the flesh—you know, like eating, sleeping, masturbating. If this photo is any indication, however, self-abuse may be one habit Jerry Brown never managed to beat. Looks like business suits just don't hide pocket pool as well as cassocks do.

Jerry Brown's out-front approach to matters has earned him recognition as possible presidential timber, but probing observers feel his aim is to log more time as top dong of the Golden State.

THE KILLER WEED

B. Stone Jewelers, Inc. of Philadelphia is one of many fine establishments across the country proudly displaying poster-size versions of HUSTLER's notorious anti-smoking ads. The 22" x 29" poster, which depicts the deathly difference between a healthy lung and one eaten by cancer, is a product of HUSTLER's art and advertising genius. The posters can be obtained for $3.95 each from HUSTLER Magazine, P. O. Box 2204, Columbus, Ohio 43216. All profit from the sales will go toward cancer research.

Our magazine's blunt anti-smoking message has resulted in the abandonment of the filthy habit by people from all walks of life, and the poster may eventually save more lives than Jonas Salk's polio vaccine.

Who says that HUSTLER has no socially redeeming value?

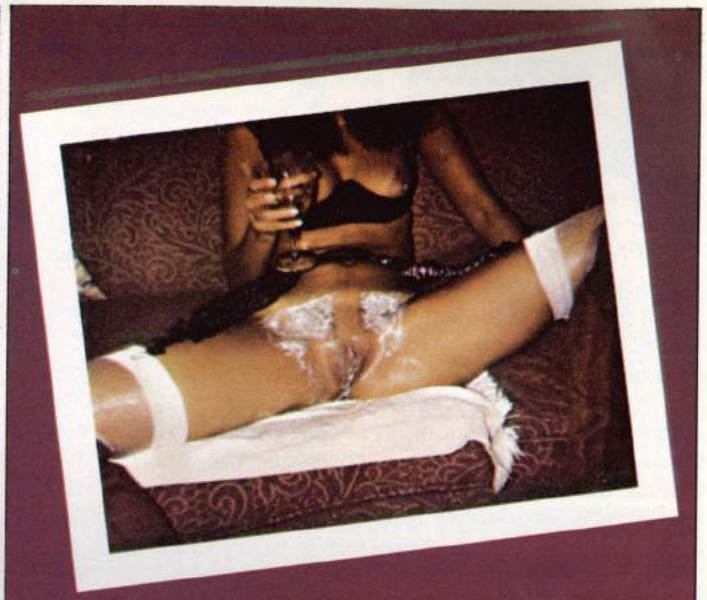


CENTERFOLD: YEAR 2000



A HUSTLER correspondent spotted this little vixen on one of his globe-trotting expeditions. The eagle-eyed scout, who always has an eye peeled for budding talent, used his fertile imagination to foresee what a gorgeous dish this youngster will someday become. He believes that if this child stays as fresh and forward when she comes of age and poses again for HUSTLER—just the way she's dressed here—she'll have the men of the world doing a marathon circle jerk.

Until that day, gentlemen, keep your dirty minds off this little girl. As you can see, her flower is still intact (it's a hibiscus), and it will be quite a while before it's plucked. Just think of her as maturing like a U. S. savings bond. Your interest will be compounded annually.



CREAM OF THE CROP

The current HUSTLER-inspired cunt-shaving craze appears to be catching on throughout the country faster than a bush fire out of control. Judging from our readers' response, like this soapy picture of a reader's girlfriend shaving her split, it won't be long before Mary Hartman will be going to her gynecologist for a shave and a haircut on television.

It's easy to see that this lingerie lovely has a man whose razor plows a wide swath, a clear pathway to pleasure. Guys and game gals all over America are boosting the sales of razor blades and shaving cream in their never-ending quest for wholesome, clean fun.

Now that's a slick trick!



NOT MUCH IN MACHO

HUSTLER's own popularity and meteoric rise to fame have resulted in a number of new men's magazines that are trying to cash in on HUSTLER's success. One of these is *Macho*, which claims to be by and for male chauvinists. However, the blah black-and-white girl spreads and punchless stories, which are *Macho*'s half-assed approach to turn-on material, do not measure up to the image of chauvinism.

Editor-Publisher Arv Miller and his staff claim that they will present the best writing, graphics and glamour of any magazine, but if *Macho* follows in the footsteps of Miller's first publication, the cheaply produced *Fling*, it will never demonstrate the top quality that has been the key to HUSTLER's success.

Macho's premier edition's editorial statement said it will avoid the raunch of HUSTLER, but at the same time it clearly tries to copy our style of a "down-to-earth" magazine for the average man. The model pictured alongside their statement, however, is the same sort of soft-focus, unattainable glamour girl found in Hefner's and Guccione's rags and is definitely not one of the real women found in HUSTLER. Miller obviously has a tremendous concern for the production of *Macho* because only tremendous and determined concentration could result in the use of such poor photos and color separations, badly drawn and colorless illustrations and low-quality paper and printing techniques.

Since HUSTLER's start as a two-page newsletter was also humble, we wish the *Macho* men luck in their valiant foray into the world of men's magazines. But they're going to have to stop talking about quality and get the balls rolling to produce some.

THE BARE FACTS



Sifting through our dusty '60s memorabilia, we came across this photograph of John Lennon and Yoko Ono in the nude. The picture first appeared on the cover of Lennon's album *Two Virgins*. With bodies like that, it's no wonder they were virgins. The cover gave Lennon fans pause to wonder how he hooked up with a saggy-jugged no-body like Yoko.

Record producers kept a peeled eye on the sales of *Two Virgins* to see if a nude photograph would entice the public into buying an album. However, they were probably the only ones who could stand to look. The consumers soon realized that Lennon's songs on the polyvinyl were limper than his dick on the cover.

This nude gambit by John and Yoko was a bold, innovative one in the HUSTLER spirit. We salute them for that. However, the fact remains that none of the four ex-Beatles has released a worthwhile album since their breakup in 1969. So, we are glad to hear their old records being revived in the Top 40, and we hope that the current move to get them to come together again takes root.

UDDER NONSENSE

It's refreshing when medical science confirms one of your longest-held notions. *The General Practitioner*, a British medical journal, has done just that. In a recent article based upon surveys done throughout England, *General Practitioner* says that big tits generally indicate a level of intelligence lower than that of women who have smaller breasts. Barroom philosophers have been saying that much for years. Why do you think they call them "boobs"?

Of course, there *must* be brilliant women with big tits. OK, name three of them. Go ahead; we'll wait. How about Kate Smith? Charo? Jane Russell? How about Chesty Morgan, the mental giant shown here? We hear that Chesty recently learned to use an aeronautical engineer's slide rule. However, she uses it to scratch her back. When not working as a stripper or making trashy movies, Chesty could probably get a job on a tugboat—as a collision mat.



PRINCESS CAROLINE IN THE NUDE

When HUSTLER learned that nude photographs of Jackie O. existed, we sent our eager cockhounds on the trail, and you saw the results in our August 1975 issue. Now persistent rumors are popping up that *au naturel* photos of Princess Caroline of Monaco are floating around Europe. Here's what we've uncovered so far:

Jet-set gossip has it that Caroline, daughter of former actress Grace Kelly, is a royal pain in the ass, having as much fun as anyone can whose parents own a country and who disdains any pretense of royal obligation to behave in public. It wouldn't really surprise us in the least if one of her aristocratic, throne-sniffing boyfriends had snapped a few candid shots of the ripening flower of Monaco.

Caroline's parents, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, deny that the photographs are of their high-born progeny, and who are we to tell crowned heads that they are feeding us a line of shit?

The only reason we didn't do a full-length feature with these photos is that we're still not absolutely positive that the girl actually is the pubescent princess.





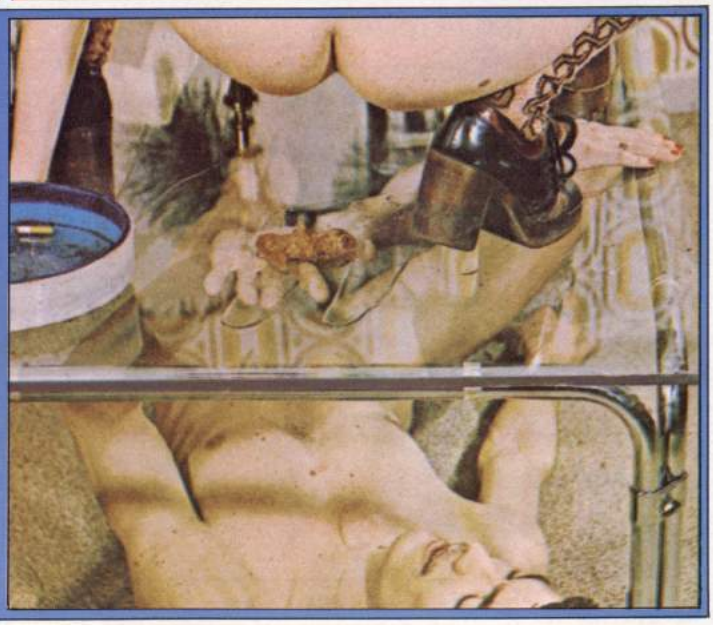
That leaves it up to the discerning eyes of HUSTLER's readers to decide "does she or doesn't she" strut her royal muff in the buff.

SHITTY PERFORMANCE

The piece-of-shit movie from which this clip was taken would probably put your bowels in an uproar, but it's just one example of the offal low to which film distributor Dunn Management's standard of taste is dropping.

In an attempt to cash in on the offbeat fetish market, Dunn Management of 122 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017 is now establishing an exclusive membership film club—$10 for enrollment and $25 per film—for sex freaks whose idea of a good time is watching movies involving scatology, bondage and discipline, necrophilia, amputeeism and that old standby, sadomasochism.

The erotic interlude shown here followed one in which the young miss had received a golden shower, which was then lapped off by her man. After smearing her "lover's" face with her steaming pile, she returns his earlier favor by spraying him off with her own golden nectar. It seems that $35 is pretty steep for making yourself sick when you can probably get the same thrill for a quarter—or less—at a train station restroom.



ONE MANSON'S FAMILY

The popular, morbid fascination with the Manson Family's cult killings continues even now, as is evidenced by the record-breaking audience of "Helter Skelter," the special TV movie about the slayings. Through our underground sources, HUSTLER contacted this dapper-looking dude, Larry Melton, aka "White Rabbit," a one-time member of Charlie Manson's bizarre Family. Melton was with them from 1968 to the time Squeaky Fromme's gun didn't go off in Gerald Ford's face in 1975. Melton gave us some unnerving answers to a couple of previously unresolved questions concerning the blood-soaked career of the slaughter cult's high priest.

HUSTLER: Do you know what happened to Shorty Shea, the ranchhand/actor at Spahn's Movie Ranch who had openly opposed Manson and then disappeared shortly before Manson was busted for the Tate-LaBianca murders?

WHITE RABBIT: I once heard the girls talking about Shorty. They had him tied up, and some of the girls were giving him head. They blew him to death. Just as he came, they chopped his head off like a fucking chicken flapping in its own shit. They completely eliminated his body, and nobody ever found the pieces.

HUSTLER: What is Manson's present relationship with the Aryan Brotherhood, the neo-Nazi racist organization based within the prison system?

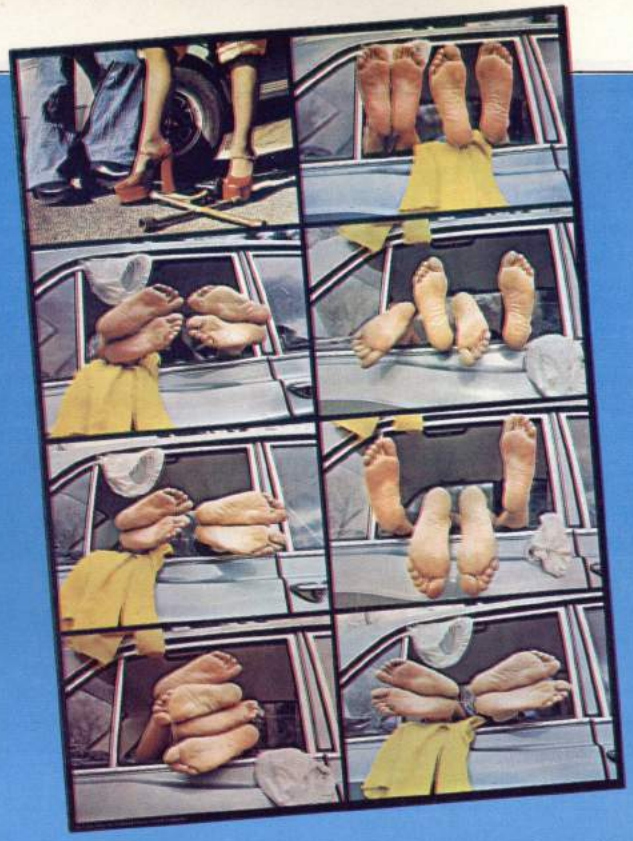
WHITE RABBIT: The Aryan Brotherhood is now protecting Manson from homosexual rape and other jailhouse hassles. In exchange, the Manson girls will fuck anyone from the Aryan Brotherhood. When an AB guy gets out of prison, he goes to the Family, and the chicks will screw him or do anything he says to do. That's how Manson gets easy time.

All this hypocrisy crap and bullshit Sandra Goode is talking about—like wanting to stop pollution and being against pornography—is a bunch of shit. I lived at the Family house out in Sacramento for a while. The Aryan Brotherhood was there, staying right at their house, screwing anybody they wanted to, just like they were slaves. If they wanted a girl to screw 15 guys, she'd do it—just like that. They film hardcore pornography and send it to the prisoners so they know what they'll get when they leave prison.

HUSTLER: Aren't you afraid to say things like this about the Family?

WHITE RABBIT: The Family is waiting—in Los Angeles, in Sacramento and in a house near Folsom Prison. If Manson gives the word on people who are on his death list, those people will be killed. My life is going to be in danger because of this, but I'm going underground so they can't find me.





HAPPY FEET

How many of you knocked off your first piece of ass in the back seat of a car? You waited months to get your driver's license, lying in bed at night and jacking off to mental images of Peggy Sue in her tight sweater. When you finally got that coveted piece of paper, you discovered it was as much a license to fuck as a license to drive.

That first date, you parked on a lonely country road and stuttered nonsense for an hour before you got up the courage to kiss her. Then you both went wild, climbing into the back seat and into one another's clothes. Grappling with buttons, zippers and elastic, you tried to find the easiest way to fuck in such confined quarters without busting your head open on the door handles. Finally, you realized that the best way to keep your legs from cramping would be to roll down the windows and stick your feet out.

She moaned and groaned while you tried to find her hole. When you found it, her cunt was so tight that you thought pounding a bent nail was easier than fucking a virgin. You finally got it in, pumped twice and shot your wad all over her stomach.

Yes, those were the days. And they're still happening wherever there are teenagers and cars. Let this photo sequence re-create the time when you were 16 and everything was free—even though it *was* a little uncomfortable.

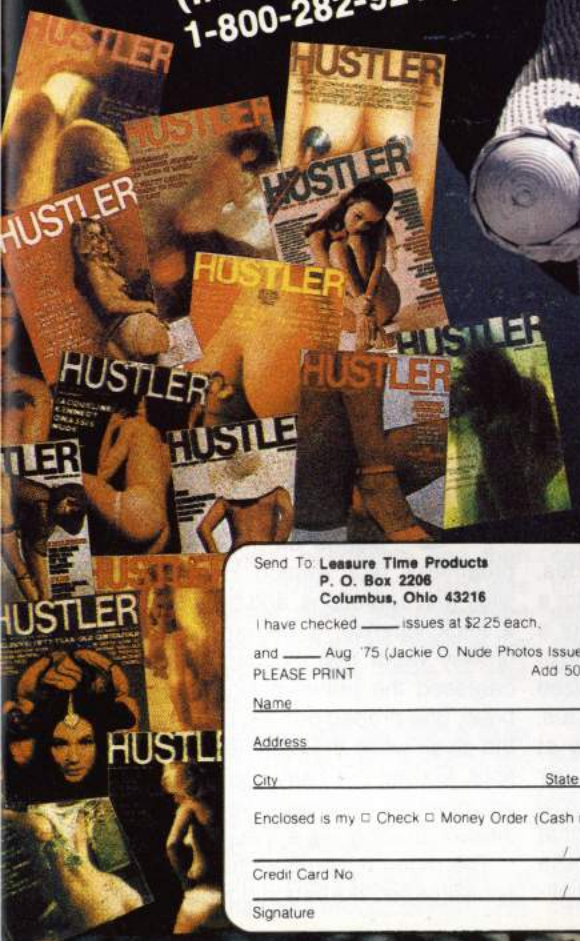
If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay $50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER sends its thanks and 50 smackers to the following contributors to September's *Bits & Pieces*: Don McMillan, John Rand, Herm Albright, M. Coan, Stuart Sharp, J. Clancy, Leo Canty, S. Silver and D. R. Goff.

BACK ISSUES

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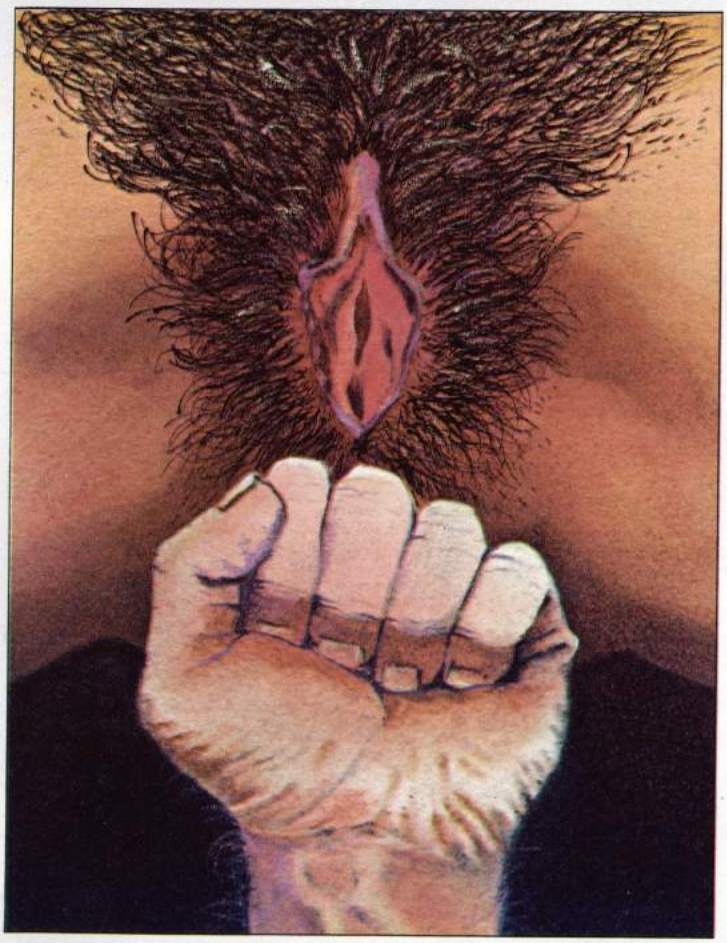
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SEX PLAY

A Fistful of Fucking

by Marco Vassi

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 sixteenth 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.



In the '50s, Kinsey surprised us when he reported that heterosexual monogamy was the most frequent—but not the exclusive—form of eroticism in the country. After the publication of Kinsey's controversial report, many self-appointed prophets of doom initiated a tub-thumping campaign proclaiming moral corruption in America.

The most recent activity to gain notoriety (and a level of social acceptance between revulsion and morbid interest) is *fist fucking*, a bit of behavior that, interestingly enough, has no precedent in erotic literature anywhere in the world and is very probably America's one original contribution to human metasexuality. It is certain that people were indulging in the practice long before now, although not as part of any formally recognized and annotated movement. It has already given birth to several works, including one entitled *The Fist Fucker's Manual* (one wonders whether the author intended the pun in the title), now available in underground bookstores but undoubtedly to be brought out as a legitimate paperback before long.

The first published photo of heterosexual fist fucking, a picture of a woman swallowing a man's hand and wrist with her wet cunt, appeared in *Screw*. The headline ran: "Fist Fucking Femme." Curious as to the general mood among women, I made an informal survey of 50 hookers from the streets, bars, massage parlors and classified ads, offering up to $500 if a woman were willing to be fist fucked. I found seven takers. Not having $500, I switched the survey to the women who, for one reason or another, sleep with me without pay. I had once fist fucked a woman, but we had both gotten carried away. Afterward, we were amazed at what we had done. This time I wanted conscious acceptance before we started.

One of my friends was taken by the idea, seeing it as a challenge and a chance for a unique experience. We made a date for a Friday night, and I showed up with a tube of KY jelly, a jar of Vaseline and an outsized dildo. She is a woman in her mid-30s, divorced, with one child (stowed away at her father's for the weekend). A little over five-and-a-half-feet tall, she sports narrow hips and apple-sized breasts. She has what is known as a tight cunt, which is to say she exhibits a balance of anatomical smallness with firm musculature and an ability to control her cunt contractions.

"However," she mused as we talked about the project, "I suppose that if I can expand enough to let a baby out, I'll be able to let a fist in."

To remove the air of clinical coldness, we decided to wrap the event in a romantic aura, making it a night of music, wine and grass, just as we would on an ordinary date. She dressed in a gauzy peignoir and left her long black hair loose so that it shimmered down her back, a crackling contrast to the soft, white fabric. She looked so fragile, so innocent, so sweet that I had trouble conjuring up an image of her lying on her back, hands pulling her ankles apart as I worked my balled fist in and out of her cunt.

The preliminaries went well. We snacked and sipped and smoked grass and rode the waves of Debussy until we were finally lying on the couch, kissing, caressing, fingering, licking, sighing, rubbing and—in general—stoking the furnace. She was wet and sinuous, and I was hard and hot. So, I finger fucked her until she was sopping wet and I could twirl three fingers inside her with perfect ease. Then it was time. There was nothing left except to actually do it.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

In reply, she only opened her legs wider.

She fell back into the throw pillows on the sofa. She was breathless, taut, wanton. Her thighs were slick with secretions, and her cunt gave off a thick incense, a perfume of desire, a drowsy vapor that clouded the mind and caressed the primitive sinews of the old brain. She draped one leg over the back of the divan while the other leg rested on the floor, leaving the hairy clam at the center voluptuously exposed: wet, dark, almost sinister, pouting like a melancholy panther.

The mood became archetypal. Our personalities fled like bats suddenly exposed to

moonlight. All the metasexual yearning of the species hunched and stretched in that room at that instant, the elusive and vulgar spectacle of ass spread on the cloth, of tits sagging to the sides, of mouth lewdly open and tongue lolling, and of cunt itself, naked suchness of succulent snatch. And ranged above all that was Priapus deranged: eyes burning, muscles flexed and soul ablaze with volatile awareness.

Then I began: the long glide, the raunchy ride, the sweet slide. My only tools were patience, passion and control. First a finger, then three, then four. Pulling out to watch her quiver, to watch her slam her slim thighs together and squeeze sensation from the ribbed pussy walls, from the twanging clitoris adangle. When she completed the full complement of her orgasm's temporal geography, she opened wide again, this time to receive the thick rubber phallus I had brought: three inches wide, three-quarters of an inch narrower than the space across the top of my knuckles, an inch narrower than the full expanse of my fist, including hooked thumb. It was like hefting a baseball bat into her quim, with all the overtones of the ball park and the world series and millions of viewers on the home screen as she opened to let it in.

And when that was done, when she was sufficiently stretched, I pulled the dildo out. I bunched the tips of my fingers together, forming a wedge. I slid inside her, like a phalanx cutting through a badly organized army. She spread and spread, the cunny walls reveling in their elasticity. Until she had swallowed my hand past the last set of knuckles. I was inside! At that point, with a sense of historical significance equal to that when encountering the hymen of a teenage girl, I curled my fingers back into my palm and from the void a fist was formed.

She gasped and held her breath. She had taken my entire fist into her cunt!

I waited several heartbeats and then pushed forward, pushed until my hand was lodged completely inside the triumphant cunt. There was a momentary flutter of the outer lips, and then they came to rest around my wrist.

That accomplished, she opened her eyes and looked at me for the first time since the process had begun.

"Whew!" she said.

"Another first," I remarked.

From then on, it was simply a matter of standard lovemaking. I moved forward until

Her cunt gaped in incredible contour as she impaled herself on my pistoning arm.

I was lying next to her and fist fucked her as I might have ordinarily finger fucked her. We went at it for about a half hour or so, including one variation where she squatted at the edge of the couch while I sawed into her from underneath. It was an extraordinarily beautiful moment, and I detached myself for a while to look. Her back was covered with her hair, and from beneath that black veil her ass emerged, lush as a hanging pear. Between her thighs, her cunt gaped in incredible contour as she impaled herself on my pistoning arm. Then, I treated myself to that most powerful and most dangerous of all aphrodisiacs: alienation, the state in which we hang back to delight in the writhings we have produced and become the movie camera, the writer's analytic eye, the contracted diaphragm of the twitching voyeur.

Finally, I pulled out and went to fuck her, but it was like driving a Volkswagen through an airplane hangar. It would take a while for the cavern to resume its usual shape. We took a break, drank more wine, talked, listened to music, and then began again. This time her cunt grasped my cock with its usual solicitude. We made love for an hour or so, with nothing special to mention aside from the expected ripples, catches, thrills, sighs and revelations.

On subsequent nights, we discovered that there is as much variation in fist fucking as in any other practice. It is possible to move with exquisite slowness and subtlety, or to punch with welterweight ferocity. One can twirl or use a piston stroke. A favorite trick is opening the fist once it is inside and wriggling all the fingers around, as though one had released a jar of garden snakes inside the cunt.

* * *

The encounter was significant not only for its value as a human experience, but because it was a step in breaking the homosexual monopoly on the act. Fist fucking first came to prominence, of course, through the gay community but has unfortunately become stuck in an anal image.

I remember my own first witnessing of the feat one Saturday night in 1969 as I entered the orgy room of the St. Mark's Baths. I saw a crowd gathered around one of the bunk beds. I edged my way to the center and there joined a dozen other men whose eyes were straining out of their sockets in total disbelief as a young blond boy lay spreadeagled on the mattress, a burly man in front of him. The man was slowly and methodically pushing his arm into the boy's entrails and had already penetrated into the anus a few inches past the wrist when I arrived.

Now that fist fucking has become the stuff of journalism, and one can see it onstage at any of several New York gay bars, it is difficult to imagine just how mind-boggling it was to see the act for the first time without any warning. It seemed an anatomical impossibility, like watching a fire eater or a sword swallower or, more recently, Linda Lovelace blithely swallowing nine inches of cock.

Given the mechanics of the practice, its first reception was as an act of sado-masochism. It seemed to be the very epitome of sexual punishment, submission, degradation, pain. It was considered an act of cruelty by those who heard about it. Indeed, there were more than a few who practiced it that way. In fact, the vast majority of those who indulge in fist fucking see it as an ultimate in lovemaking, as a supreme erotic act, tender, gentle, voluptuous, complete.

Listen to Peter O., a gay writer, tell of his experience: "When my lover suggested it to me," he says, "I was shocked. But I trusted him and went along. The first session was only a partial success. He couldn't get more than four fingers in. The second time, I drank quite a bit to get relaxed, and after almost an hour of the most sensitive prodding, he got his whole hand inside of me. I don't know how I can describe it. It was like I died and went to heaven!

"Once I did it, I realized that it was what I'd been unconsciously looking for all my life. Now it's part of our regular erotic repertoire. And we've begun to be invited to fist-fucking parties. I went to one where the host showed *2001* on a home projector, and I got fist fucked while sniffing poppers and watching the color sequence from the end of the film. Unbelievably far out!"

The notion of a fist-fucking party was

(continued on page 117)

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NOTE: Kava root is used by men as an intoxicant in the Polynesian Islands. Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment immediately after using this product. Use only as directed.

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Feedback

(continued from page 6)

appears to me to be a clear statement of what you are about, for all members of this congregation to read. My letter is being sent to you as an open letter and is being circulated in our *Red Door* publication as of May 31. Your magazine is so obviously an offense to human dignity as God designed it that I am openly objecting to you as the publisher of HUSTLER magazine.

John J. Morrett, Rector
St. Alban's of Bexley
Drexel Avenue at Fair
Columbus, Ohio 43209

HUSTLER Editor-Publisher Larry Flynt recently purchased a home in the Columbus suburb of Bexley, which has perplexed some of its citizens, including the Reverend Morrett. If any readers object to the opinions expressed in Reverend Morrett's open letter, open responses should be addressed to the rector at his pulpit in Bexley.

I am writing to you to inform you that your magazine is the most disgusting thing that I have ever read. I do not see how you could ever get it published in the U.S.A. Your models (and I use the term loosely) are but a pack of pigs, your writers are sublime, your "jokes" are horrid, and you, Mr. Flynt, are disgusting.

I bought only one copy of your trash (at a great loss to myself), and I found it the worse piece of garbage that I have ever read. I am writing to my congressman as soon as I finish writing you to tell him my views and to tell him that I will sign any petition to ban your filth in the state of New Hampshire. Anyone that would allow such filth to be read, much less to be published, should be put away in an asylum for the criminally insane.

I realize that I do not have to read your filth, but a friend told me about it and I could not believe that such filth existed. I am not an old codger—I am 24—and I am not a religious nut. But I am a concerned citizen, and I don't like to see this kind of slop on the market where it can be seen by all.

In conclusion, I say that "porn" should be wiped out in this great country. Your magazine and others like it should be banned nationwide to protect what little decency we Americans have. You are obviously a Commie nut and should be deported to Russia where you and all like you should be. To use an old American term: FUCK YOU, DINK!!!

"A Concerned Citizen"
Enfield, New Hampshire

Talk about going from the "sublime" to the ridiculous. Perhaps you should go to Russia, where you could ban and censor to your tiny mind's delight. We are in the U.S.A., and I can publish what millions of Americans are proud to be allowed to read.

—Larry Flynt

I saw my first copy of HUSTLER after reading an article in—would you believe it—*The Wall Street Journal*. I was curious, and when I saw that first issue I couldn't believe it. I have seen two since, and I can't believe them, either.

Long ago, when I was in the service, I went to a sleazy carnival located near some sleazy little town. If you paid an extra half a buck you got to see some special acts.

The star act was a guy who ate shit. I'll never forget that, because I was sorry and ashamed for the guy who would do anything, including eating shit, for money. I was ashamed of society for creating a situation in which a man eating shit was an attraction; and I was ashamed of myself for being there.

You remind me of that geek. You come closer than anyone I have heard of before or since to that eater-of-shit-for-money.

I don't suppose you're any worse than the guy who sells hard narcotics on grammar school playgrounds, or the creep who recruits 12-year-old girls for Paris specialty houses. You may not even be as bad. I can't even blame you. Despise you, yes, but not blame you. Actually, all you are doing is taking advantage of screwed-up times, screwed-up courts and a screwed-up society that once numbered its fans of shit-eating to a handful (of people, not shit) but now numbers them in the millions. You are carrying the "anything for a buck" syndrome to unforeseen limits.

I used to wonder whether there's a God, but I don't anymore; I know there is. What nobody knows, of course, is whether God's ideas about good and evil are the same as ours.

And I wonder whether there's really a hell. I doubt it, but if there is, and if God's ideas about good and evil are anything like what we've been led to believe, you, Larry, are most definitely and most deservedly going to fry there for eternity. You won't be alone, but you'll occupy a very special place. There won't be many more special than you.

Print this in your crummy magazine.

Jim Hansen
Madison, Wisconsin

We believe God isn't upset with people for enjoying beautiful women and the pleasures of sex. HUSTLER has taken sex out of the shame of peep-show tents and placed it in a more intelligent light.

—Larry Flynt

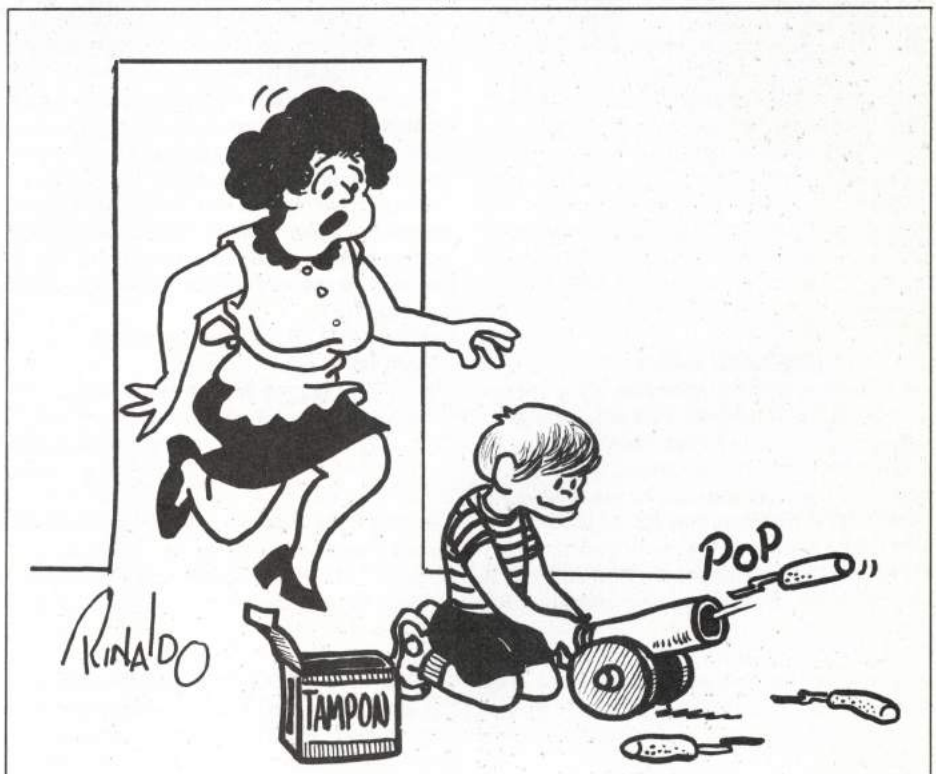
INCEST IS BEST

I have just finished reading my first issue of HUSTLER—the June 1976 issue—and I want you to know that I think it is a great magazine in every department. I especially enjoyed the letters about incest in *Advise & Consent*. Keep up the good work.

I have been a widow for quite a while. I have one child, a bachelor son, with whom I am visiting now. That is where I found your magazine.

I guess I've had a normal sex life for a widow, as I have had a few boyfriends and have slept with them all. A few years ago I got pregnant through my own foolishness, but due to good friends I never had the baby.

A short time ago I asked my son if he would take me to an X-rated movie. We saw *Pussy Talk* (reviewed in HUSTLER's *X-Rated Reviews* April 1976). Needless to say, my son got an erection, and my panties were soaked by the time it was over. When we got home, I took a quick bath and just put on a robe. My son has seen me naked many times. He was mixing drinks, wearing only his shorts. We talked about the show, and I knew we were both hot and horny about it. He had an erection, and he asked me—his own mother—if I



"Stop that, Bobby. Your sister needs them."

would jerk him off. We got on the bed, but I did not jerk him off. Instead, I put his cock into my mouth as far as I could and sucked him for a long time. He came twice, and I never took his cock out of my mouth. I love to have a man come in my mouth, and I generally swallow it all. Later that same night I woke up, and he was eating me like crazy. I love to be sucked—what woman does not?

The next night, he asked me if I liked regular sex, and of course I said yes. He asked me if he could fuck me, and I replied by pulling him on top of me and putting his cock into my cunt.

You may call this incest sinful if you want to, but I say any woman my age still has a lot of sex life left in her. I am 64 years old and my son is 42. I don't think we have any explaining to do at our age.

Name Withheld
Rochester, New York

X-RATED RIP-OFF

I noticed a slight discrepancy between Tim Beckley's "X-Rated Review" of *Ecstasy in Blue* in the June 1976 issue of HUSTLER and an advertisement that appeared in the *San Jose News* using your magazine's name and Beckley as a reference. In Beckley's review, he said the film sucks and gave it a "One-Quarter Erect" rating. However, in the advertisement Beckley is quoted as saying, "High-quality sex. Lovely submissive ladies. This film has something going for it."

I think either you're being ripped off by the movie's advertisers, or Tim Beckley is fucked and full of shit. How about a comment or correction of the rating before I waste my money on the film? I think your mag's great. Keep up the good work.

Peter Bateehs
Forter City, California

Since you've already seen our review, you can keep your money in your sock. The people who make up those ads lie by using favorable phrases taken out of context, or in this case, making up phrases that do not even exist in our review. This kind of crap could lead to legal confrontations for false advertising. Don't pay attention to movie-ad bullshit. Stick to reading HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews.

OFF-BASE MAGAZINE

I am writing to let you know that, in my opinion, your magazine is the best. Your articles and layouts are the best I've ever seen.

Originally I am from Columbus, Ohio, but I am now in the army, serving in California. Believe me, HUSTLER is the most popular magazine in the barracks. An issue of *Playboy* or *Penthouse* can be left out in the open for days on end, but an issue of HUSTLER will disappear after about five minutes.

Just remember, keep up the good work, and eventually I'll have an issue that I get to keep.

Kevin T. Mitchell
Fort Ord, California

Having served with the United States Army for a period of three years, spending considerable time away from family and loved ones, magazines were a pictorial education and an outlet for many suppressed hostilities and desires.

I work as a civilian with the military, and I have found that army and air force base and post exchanges, which is where I and most of my 2,800,844 fellow active-duty military workers do our shopping, either do not or are not allowed to carry your publication. There are very strong rumors that the Army-Air Force Exchange Service (AAFES) is censoring our literature.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HUSTLER's absence from GI exchanges must not stem from a lack of demand, judging from Kevin Mitchell's letter. HUSTLER takes pride in the positive response we receive each month from servicemen, and we're doing our best to see that the magazine is available to military personnel. But if you can't get HUSTLER at your PX, contact Maj. Gen. C. W. Hospelhorn (AAFES director) and let him know your preference. The address is: Army-Air Force Base Exchange Service, 3911 Watlon Walker, Dallas, Texas 75222.

WIGGED-OUT OVER "HAIRLESS"

"The Hairless Experience" (June 1976 issue) is the most far-out, heaviest turn-on ever to appear in a mass circulation men's magazine. Congratulations to the photographer, Jeanloup Sieff, and to the lovely bald belle we know only as "Ms. Kojak."

"A Wigged-Out Admirer"
Laramie, Wyoming

Photographer Jeanloup Sieff's pictorial "A Hairless Experience" was an instant turn-on for me. I fell in love with "Ms. Kojak" the minute I saw her. If I ever had the chance, I'd marry her in a second. To me, that lady is sensational.

The artistic way she was photographed added immensely to her appeal. I hope to see more photo spreads by Jeanloup Sieff in your magazine. The man is a wizard with a camera.

Please have more of "Ms. Kojak." I hope that I will see her again. Promise me another pictorial, but this time have Jeanloup photograph her on the moon. If I see such a spread anywhere, I'll see it in HUSTLER.

With HUSTLER you get the bizarre
Right up to par.
HUSTLER comes through like a sharp knife;
I like to think of it as the "Mirror of Life."

Kenneth Katana
Edison, New Jersey

We don't know if Jeanloup will be shooting any moons in upcoming issues, but we'll have both him and "Ms. Kojak" back again to grab you readers by the short and curlies as soon as possible.

FUCKING *FEEDBACK* COMPLAINTS

I am fucking tired of the fucking complaints about fucking HUSTLER that I find in the fucking *Feedback* section. I'm also tired of your fucking rebuttals to all the fucking complaints and your fucking swearing, goddamn it. I want to read people's opinions and their experiences, not your fucking rebuttals to the fucking complaints. I like your magazine, but I don't care for the fucking complaints.

Eric Sams
Los Gatos, California

No fucking comment.

I don't fuck, screw or get my rocks off—I *make love* to my women. But that's my problem. I enjoy HUSTLER even though I don't go for all the four-letter words.

Flynt, I like your magazine because you're an honest-to-God, dyed-in-the-wool human being! You're not afraid to speak up—and I go for that. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* are chickenshit compared to you. They are published by big suckers who are laughing at us readers all the way to the bank.

Listen, you guys, Larry Flynt may have more money than I do, but he acts and speaks like a human being—not like some asshole living in a 20-room mansion who doesn't give a shit about us readers!

HUSTLER is just what we readers needed. A good shit makes me feel good, and HUSTLER is shit. That's why I buy it every month. You clowns who always piss and moan in *Feedback* about HUSTLER's contents: What the hell do you buy it for? Nobody's shoving a gun up your ass and forcing you to buy it. So stop your bitching! HUSTLER is great—a little gross—but it's fun. Keep it up, Flynt!

Jim Richards
Reno, Nevada

I am writing to tell you, as so many other people have, that I enjoy your magazine immensely. I devour it from cover to cover as soon as each new issue comes out. Your magazine is exactly what you say it is—a tribute to free speech in a time when the money-hungry, political, rich bastards have all but destroyed everything that is good about America.

You can never be accused (at least not by me) of putting out a publication that is not honest and realistic. The girls look like honest-to-goodness American women and not like the pussy-pure, don't-touch-me virgins you see in *Playboy*, who give you the impression that they have never been touched by human hands or cock. "Amazing Grace," in your May 1976 issue surely was amazing.

The only thing that bothers me is why you waste so much of your time and column space in *Feedback* printing shit that the loudmouthed bigoted assholes send in condemning your magazine—one of the best pieces of modern literature in this country today. The critics seem to expect you to eat this shit like it was caviar. Why don't you tell them all to go fuck themselves (even that's too good for them) and find a corner where they can beat off while reading back issues of *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping* or something? In the meantime, we people with more liberal minds will go on enjoying HUSTLER—a great magazine.

Lou J.
Baltimore, Maryland

You've told them for us. A big part of free speech is allowing a forum for all opinions.

Valerie: FACING UP TO IT





Although she's split between two eras, Valerie saves face by combining the sexual freedoms of today with yesteryear's "more feminine styles." She tells us, "There was a time when men were turned on by the soft lines of a feminine figure accented by underwear." Valerie's soft curves would be a turn-on in any accent, and she is thankful for the way her body is set off by fine French lingerie. "It keeps some of the mystery in sex," she confesses, but she admits that is only part of the reason she likes to dress this way. The lace garters and soft underthings "peel away easily, revealing a little more of me each moment. I strip to tantalize a man, but it sends goose bumps all over me when he slowly pulls off my clothes."

No man could resist undressing Valerie's classic beauty with his eyes,







but he'd feel an even greater desire to strip her for real. She says when she's got nothing to hide behind but her bare flesh, she wants to "get down and bury my face until coming up is inevitable." That's the kind of head-on approach we like.



Mr. & Mrs.
43 Main S
Anytown,



THE SWINGERS' MAGAZINES: MAIL-ORDER SEX

by Harry Markham

The building is a flat, plain, one-story brick structure sandwiched between a Sav-Rite gas station and an average residential neighborhood of modest suburban homes. From the outside, it appears to be just a small, very ordinary office building; something that might house a dentist's office or an insurance agency. However, there are a few bizarre differences. For example, there's no main entrance and no directory. The doors at various points around the building are blank except for the vague descriptions *Office A*, *Office B*, etc. I walk around the building to make sure, and I check the address in my notebook again. This has got to be the building, so I circle the place one more time and stop at the door marked *Office A*, figuring that I may as well start at the beginning. I press the buzzer, and a moment later a nondescript secretary opens the door.

"Is this the main office of *Seekers* magazine?" I ask tentatively, expecting almost anything.

She nods and steps aside for me to enter. Inside, I'm convinced it *is* an insurance agency or at least a real estate office, complete with pseudo-walnut paneling, wall-to-wall carpeting and an antiseptic atmosphere as anonymous as the exterior of the building. I ask to see Bob Baron, owner-publisher of *Seekers*.

"Right through that door," she directs.

More fake walnut paneling, some bookshelves, a metal file cabinet and Baron himself, a strapping six-footer with graying hair, wearing a blue leisure suit and a conspicuous gold arrowhead pendant to distinguish him from the furniture. He looks like he's in his late 40s or early 50s (later he tells me he's only 39). He's not hip, or even pseudo-hip, but he's not strictly a business-type, either.

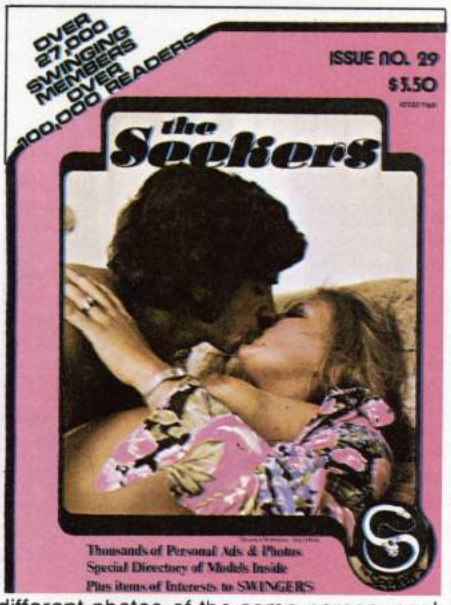
At first, Baron is uptight and asks if I've got identification to prove that I'm from HUSTLER. Apparently, he's been burned before: Some guy came in saying he was sent by the New York *Post* and asked suspicious questions. He won't say who the guy really was—a Fed or competitor. I suggest he call my editor at HUSTLER if he's worried. He does. After the call, he's more relaxed until I haul out my tape recorder. It's for purely practical reasons; I never took a course in speedwriting or shorthand, I explain. After a moment's hesitation, he reluctantly agrees.

Once Baron finally starts talking, I can understand why he's so paranoid. It's not an accident that the two largest-selling swingers' magazines in America today, *Select* and *Seekers*, are published within five miles of each other in as unlikely a place as the suburbs of Camden, New Jersey. Eight years ago, when Baron, then manager of a cosmetics company, moved from New York to Cherry Hill, he became friendly with the editor-publisher of *Select*, Frank Smith. Almost immediately, Baron became aware that there

was plenty of room for competition in the swingers' market (in 1967 the swingers' scene was just beginning to surface from its clandestine underground origins as part of the widespread cultural liberation of sexual mores), so he asked Smith if he would sell his mailing list. Smith agreed—a hasty decision he would later regret—and Baron launched *Seekers*.

With the help of his wife, Baron worked 20 hours a day at his home in Cherry Hill for nearly a year to put together the first issue. When it finally appeared, it contained a total of 702 personal ads, which—at that time—was remarkable for a swingers' magazine. Almost immediately *Seekers* became the number-two swingers' magazine in the country and a very definite threat to *Select*.

Today, *Seekers* publishes 3000 ads per issue to *Select*'s 5000 (although the *Select* figure is artificially inflated by their tendency to print as many as a half-dozen



different photos of the same person, each with a separate code number, so that it appears to the undiscerning eye that they are different entries). Baron's magazine is distributed in all 50 states and Europe, and he hopes that within two years his distribution will be ten times what it is today. *Seekers* now sells more newsstand copies than *Select*, and it is the first swingers' magazine available in Canada.

Baron recounts these statistics with undisguised pride, but it's obvious he's still paying the price of his success. His long and bitter rivalry with *Select* is as fiercely intense today as it was eight years ago. The run for the big money destroyed his friendship with Smith, who finally opted out of the whole messy business three years ago by unloading his interest in *Select* on the present owner, Barry Nelson, for a cool $750,000.

The impression I get listening to Baron is that the two magazines are caught in a game of deadly one-upmanship. They spy on each other, steal from each other, knife each other in the back whenever they get the chance, and jealously guard their plans and innovations. The irony of this competition is that the two publications are virtually carbon copies of each other. Try as they might for individual identity, there's not much substantive difference between them except for size.

They are magazines of the mail-order variety—the Sears & Roebuck catalogs of the flesh; and in this regard they differ very little from the original swingers' magazines appearing in the U. S. in the '20s—except that they're both fatter and slicker. Most ads are accompanied by a nude snapshot. The ad copy describes the advertiser's idiosyncrasies and sexual preferences. The greatest percentage of these ads feature couples advertising for other couples. For instance, this one taken from a recent issue of *Select*:

> "Suckulent" couple seeks sensual and exciting couples for titillating, pleasurable evenings. We like conversation, cocktails, cuisine, disrobing, watching and being watched, all cultures. Photo and phone number will introduce you to gratification.

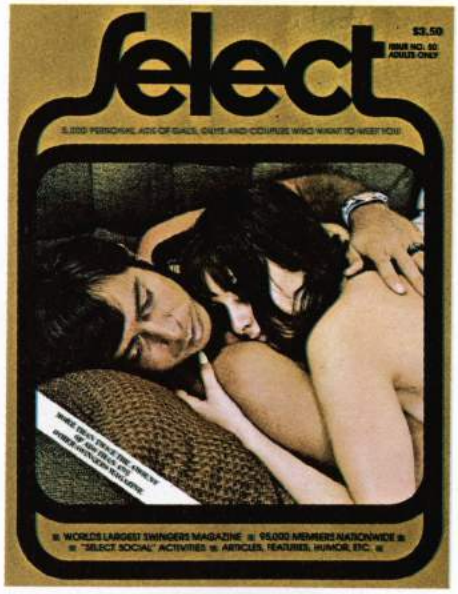
There are also many ads for single guys and gals in search of other singles and/or couples for threesomes with such ad headings as: Hot Buns, French Love, Versatile, Happy Go Lucky, Hot Male, Bi Honey, Fun Loving, Impulsive, In Need, Beach Chick and Sexy Housewife. This versatile resume was listed under N.Y.C. Sexpot:

> 22, 5'8", 120, 36C-22-36, Exhibitionist who loves to show it all, seeks Bi gals, couples and nice guys for fun dates. Usual and/or unusual, loves Greek and Roman. Can be Dominant or Submissive, and loves Spanking, Golden Shower, Water Sports, mild B&D. Great mistress for Submissive men!

The reader peruses the pages and responds by letter in care of the magazine to those advertisements that interest him/her. (Both magazines charge $1.00 per letter for members, $2.00 for non-members. There's no cost for the advertiser beyond the initial charge of placing the ad—15 cents per word. Single ladies and couples advertising for single males are published free.) The letter is then forwarded to the advertiser. The efficiency principle that prompted Bell Telephone to introduce a Yellow Pages Directory—let your fingers (and eyes) do the walking—is the basis of this business. Save all that time, money and wasted energy you'd spend hustling in bars and discos for sex. Cut out the hype, the bullshit, the coy and evasive games. Send a letter to someone you'd love (to fuck).

Baron readily admits he's only number two and a long way from the top. But, like Avis, he sees it as an incentive for number two to try harder. Although he boasts a membership of only 27,000 to *Select*'s 97,000, he offers better and faster service. (He knows, he says, because he's sent phony letters to *Select* to test their service.) Baron claims that most letters in response to ads are processed and forwarded to advertisers within six hours of their arrival at the *Seekers* office; so if a letter arrives in the 8 A.M. mail, it is out by 2 P.M. that afternoon. The same service at *Select* takes a minimum of 48 hours.

In addition, he's recently introduced a series of exotic group vacations to such



erotically evocative spots as St. Martin, Nassau and Amsterdam. Known as Bare Bottom Tours, these vacations offer accommodations in very discreet hotels with private beaches for nude sunbathing, a pseudonym and confidential room listing for all tour members and, of course, all the swinging you can squeeze into seven days and seven nights. For those long, lonely nights between vacations, Baron offers a 200-page *Hot Spots Directory* with a city-by-city listing of bars, baths, beaches, nightclubs, restaurants, hotels and motels, massage parlors and nudist camps where there is some kind of swinging action. He also publishes a *Model Guide*—explicit photos of half a hundred girls who are ready and willing to sell photos of themselves through the mail or pose for you in your own home.

There's no question that the guy is

23 CHANNEL "PORTABLE" C-B

C-B Traveller

Now a 23 Channel Mobile C-B that's *completely portable* • Does not require any special wiring or costly installation • Installs and is ready to transmit in less than a minute!

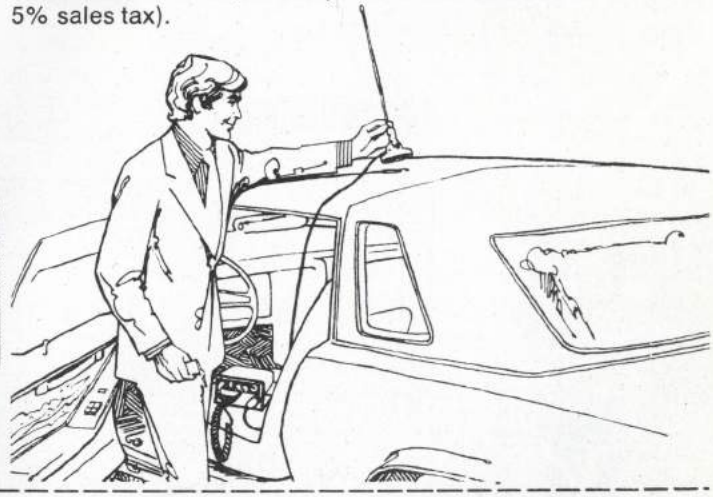
- The C-B Traveller comes complete with a pre-tuned magnetic mount antenna. Take the entire set with you on trips, use it in rent-a-cars, boats, campers, etc. It weighs less than 3 lbs. No holes to drill anywhere.
- The C-B Traveller protects you against theft, a major problem with "permanently installed" sets. The antenna comes off the roof in seconds. No one knows you even have a C-B. Lock the entire unit in your trunk.
- The C-B Traveller by Prominent is FCC type accepted, with full 3.5 watt output, automatic noise limiter, adjustable squelch, S/PRF meter, PA speaker switch, and high level modulation mike. Unit is encased in beautiful smoked Acrylite® case, with handle, for easy-carrying anywhere.
- This completely new concept in "Mobile C-B" is available now in strictly limited quantity for the complete price of $189.95 plus $2.95 shipping and handling for a Total Cash Price of $192.90 (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax).

Plugs into any 12-volt cigarette lighter!

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hustling every angle. When I suggest the possibility that someday he'll top *Select*, he only shrugs. "It doesn't really matter," he says. "I make a good living now. I work the hours that I want. I'll work this thing another twenty years and then, if I get my price, maybe I'll sell."

Before leaving, I ask him if he considers himself a swinger.

"No," he says. "I'm not into that. I'm as interested in sex as the next guy, but I don't swing."

What does he think of swingers?

"To me," he ruminates, "swingers are people who really do have their heads together, much more so than the average person who is still caught up in the restrictive emotions of jealousy, possessiveness and insecurity. They have to, or they wouldn't be able to survive the swinging experience."

I'm curious about what swinging does to marriages.

"Far less harm," he maintains, "than cheating does. I see the swinger as a person who wants to expand his or her social and sexual possibilities within a marital framework."

Does this include homosexuality?

"Very definitely. The general relaxation of moral codes has made many people less uptight about their bisexual feelings. Swinging gives them the opportunity for that kind of sex, too."

I ask him again about the curious fact that he's spent eight years of his life promoting a magazine whose philosophy he doesn't believe in.

"It's pure business," he replies flatly. "It pays my mortgage."

* * *

Back in my car, I drive the five miles to the *Select* offices. They're located in an industrial park—on the telephone the secretary had given me the number, 9130-B, and vague directions around the inside of the park. The park is easy to find. It's situated in one of the most desolate stretches of countryside on the Eastern seaboard—a surreal disaster area of brown farmland, flat, weed-ridden fields and electrical wires out of which looms, as unnatural as high-rises on the moon, a small group of bland, mustard-colored warehouses. I ride through the park three times in search of 9130-B. I finally manage to locate 9130-A and 9130-C. The door between the two is unmarked. I'm getting used to their quirks now, so I figure the unmarked one has *got* to be it. No name, not even a number. I step inside the small vestibule under the suspicious gaze of a secretary behind a glass panel.

"*Select*?"

She nods and buzzes me in. On this side of the door, she's all smiles. "Are you the man from HUSTLER?"

"Yes."

"Have a seat, please. Miss Ward, our managing editor, will be with you in a minute."

I had made the appointment with Barry Nelson, the owner of *Select*: Why should I waste my time with this Ward woman? These thoughts are interrupted but reinforced when she appears in her office door, smiling uncertainly, gray pants suit to match her gray hair, her gray complexion and her gray demeanor.

"Mr. Nelson is going to be late," she explains as I follow her into her office. (The office, by the way, is identical to *Seekers*: same paneling, same furniture. They really *did* do a good job of spying on each other.)

How late, I want to find out. "I don't know—an hour, possibly longer," she replies. "He may not get back to the office this afternoon at all. Perhaps I can be of help."

I don't have much choice, so I start in with a few questions. If Baron was a little uptight, this chick is verbally frigid. She volunteers that they plan to revamp the magazine, but she won't tell me how. Whenever I ask a question about Nelson, she repeats simply and irritatingly, "You'll have to ask him yourself." She treats each of my questions with suspicion and distrust, as if they threaten her personally, as if I'm asking her what kind of douche she uses or whether she takes it up the ass.

I ask if any of the staff are personally involved in swinging. She looks at me askance. "I really don't know," she says evasively. "I'll take you around later and introduce you, and you can judge for yourself."

Thanks, bitch.

A few seconds later, in a moment of astounding candor, she quips impishly, "Let me put it this way: It's not all work and no play here."

It's like pulling cunt hairs. You'd think I was asking her for a blow-by-blow account of their last orgy.

The interview is getting nowhere fast, so I take the tour. She whisks me through three or four offices so quickly I have no chance to stop and ask any questions. "What's the size of your full-time staff?"

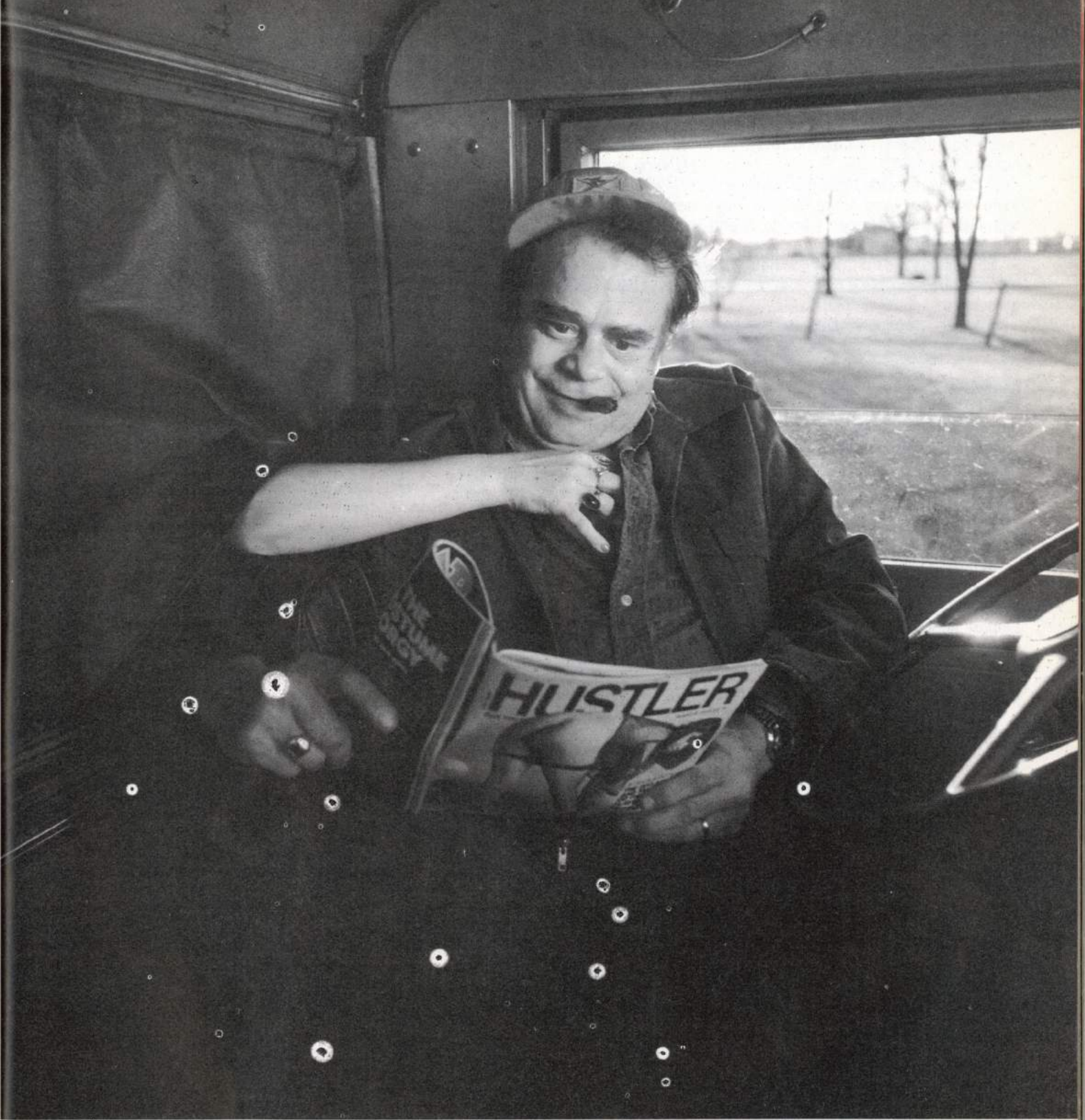
"Twenty-five," she says.

I couldn't find more than a half-dozen girls all told.

It's late and Nelson still hasn't arrived.



"I've told you a thousand times, you may not go to the restroom! You can hold it till the end of class."



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

A man of the world with no time for frills. He's on a tight schedule, but still finds time for simple pleasures — good food, a beer, a good smoke, congenial company . . . and HUSTLER Magazine. And when he's ready to put the hammer down, HUSTLER is the straight ahead, no B.S. magazine that rides with him. That's a "BIG" ten-four.

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"Maybe I can talk to him over the phone," I suggest. "Will you have him give me a call tonight?"

"Yes." It's easy to say. "If he can't reach you tonight, I'll call you myself tomorrow morning."

Of course, he didn't call that night, and there was no word from her the next morning. In the afternoon I phone in and talk to the secretary.

"Mr. Nelson hasn't been located yet," she informs me. "We'll have him call you as soon as we reach him."

What am I supposed to do, beat off until he decides to return my call? I'd be blind and excessively hairy by then—not to mention the third-degree burns on my prick. So I turned to some recent issues of the magazine to try to get a sense of what, if anything, this elusive phantom is all about.

Unlike Baron, Nelson must be an active swinger himself. It seems he writes an editorial column (using a nom de plume) in the magazine detailing various aspects of the swingers' philosophy. Among his more recent endeavors was the organization of the World League of Swingers, a central service agency that coordinates the social activities of swingers' clubs throughout the United States by providing details (time, place and relevant information) in *Select* about socials, parties, trips, etc. At the present time, he claims more than 40 clubs are affiliated with the W.L.S.

The hard work and steep expense of planning and administering social events in various geographical locales from a centralized location led Nelson to found the W.L.S. Plagued with problems, *Select*-sponsored gatherings were failures. He decided it was more effective and a hell of a lot easier for local clubs to sponsor socials in their own areas rather than have one organization, like *Select*, try to do it. I remembered that Baron at *Seekers* had related an equally disappointing foray into the business of running socials. He found that despite members' continuing clamor for organized social events, the few affairs held met with very poor attendance and tended to be cliquish. Groups of couples would arrive together and remain together for the entire evening. Unless they looked like Robert Redford and Ann-Margret, new couples would find themselves ignored.

The salient point in Nelson's assessment of the swinging phenomenon seems to be that, whatever else, it cannot be regarded as a social monolith. "We all have a basic need for food," he says, "but eating habits vary greatly. Many of us regard a car as a necessity. However, automotive needs and tastes are obviously quite different. To regard the 'swinging public' as less heterogeneous in their needs and tastes than the automotive driving public would be a great mistake. Many swingers are looking for purely physical—or what they think are purely physical—needs to be satisfied, and pretty much accept the proposition 'If it feels good, I'll do it.' Others have well-codified standards of behavior that are acceptable to themselves. Some swing in the same room. Some only swap. Some engage as individuals. Some consider their swinging life-style as temporary, therapeutic to some problem they hope will respond to the swinging experience. Some aren't even primarily interested in extramarital sex but instead are seeking relationships with swingers whose overall life-style appeals to them."

Nelson is positive that swinging has not been the cause of any fundamental marital problems. "Undoubtedly," he says, "there have been instances when a venture into swinging precipitated symptoms, but it is not necessarily bad that preexisting, underlying frustrations and tensions have been revealed." Nelson personally knows many couples who assert that the benefits of swinging have helped to save marriages and greatly enhance the happiness, fulfillment and hearty enjoyment with which they lead their lives.

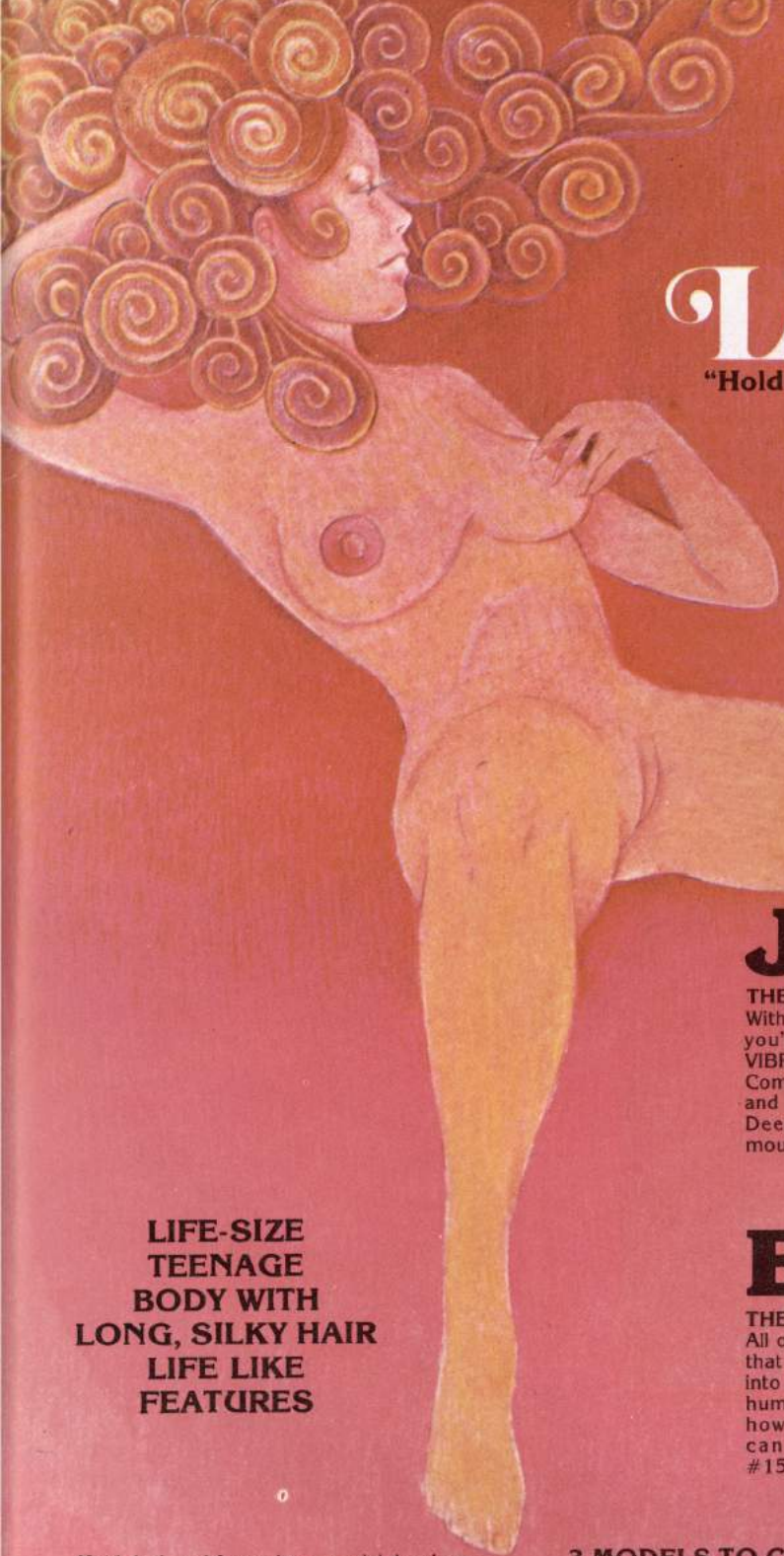
Well, who are these couples who are having such a damn good time? In a survey conducted through *Select*, Nelson pieced together the following information about the "average" swinging couple. They are in their late 20s or early 30s and are several thousand dollars above the average family income. They are suburbanites, well educated, widely traveled and upwardly mobile. Despite being more politically aware than the average person, they tend to be apolitical, feeling disillusioned about government. While their life-styles are unconventional, they are not generally nonconformists in the extreme. Swingers are particularly high achievers when compared to others from the same background, and they claim to be very happy people with successful marriages.

The thing I'm curious about is just how successful *Select* and *Seekers* are at getting couples together for a good fuck. No one seems to know—or is willing to say. Both magazines have had problems with phony ads, that is, ads placed by people who are actually interested in selling something (photos, themselves) rather

(continued on page 127)



"Enough foreplay, big boy. How about some real action?"



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"Hold me...Squeeze me...Dress me...Kick me...Bite me... Suck me...Fuck me...But...Respect me!"

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$29.95

with pliable pussy and French mouth.

JANIE

THE SIX BILLION/DOLLAR PUSSY

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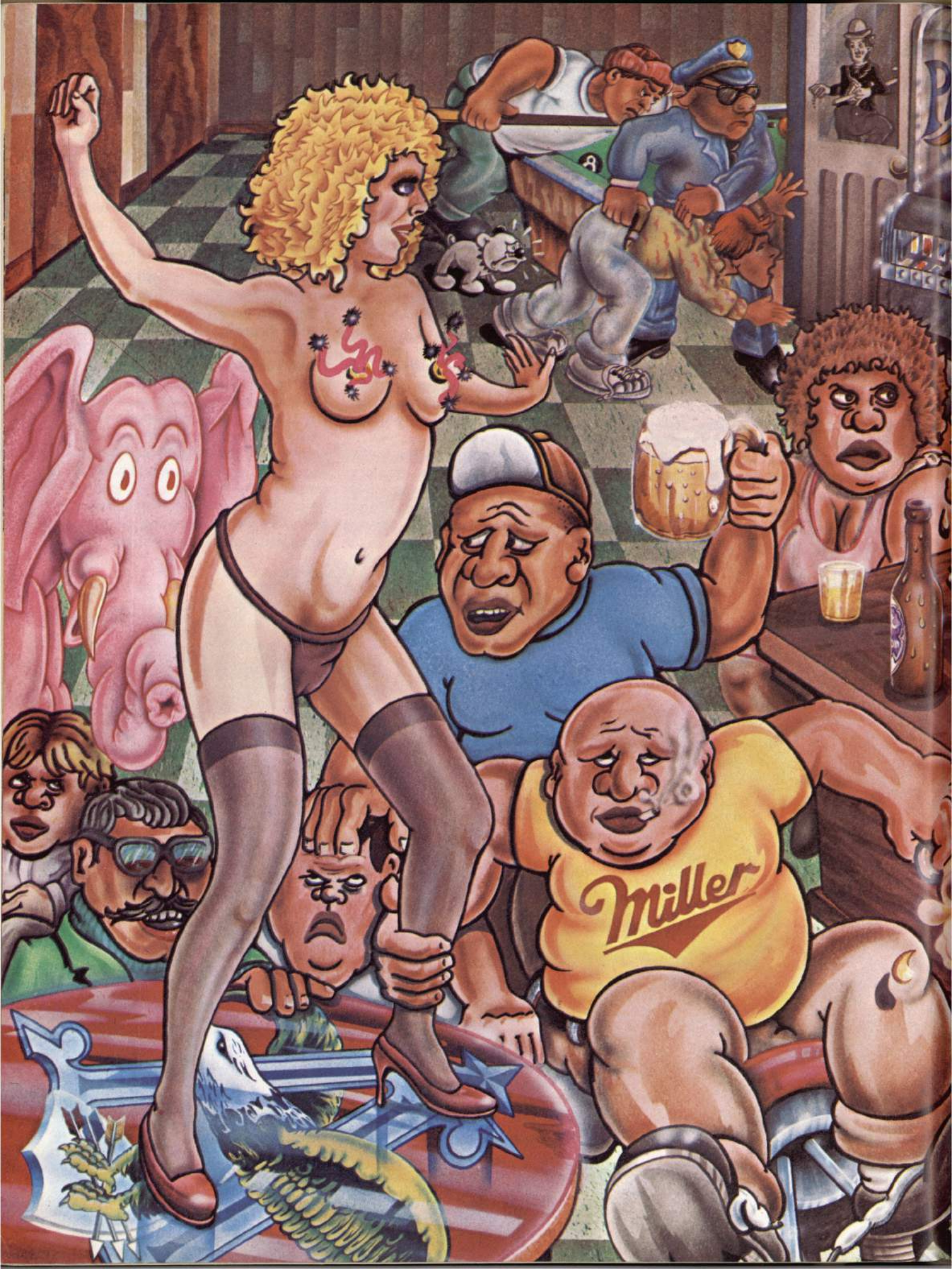
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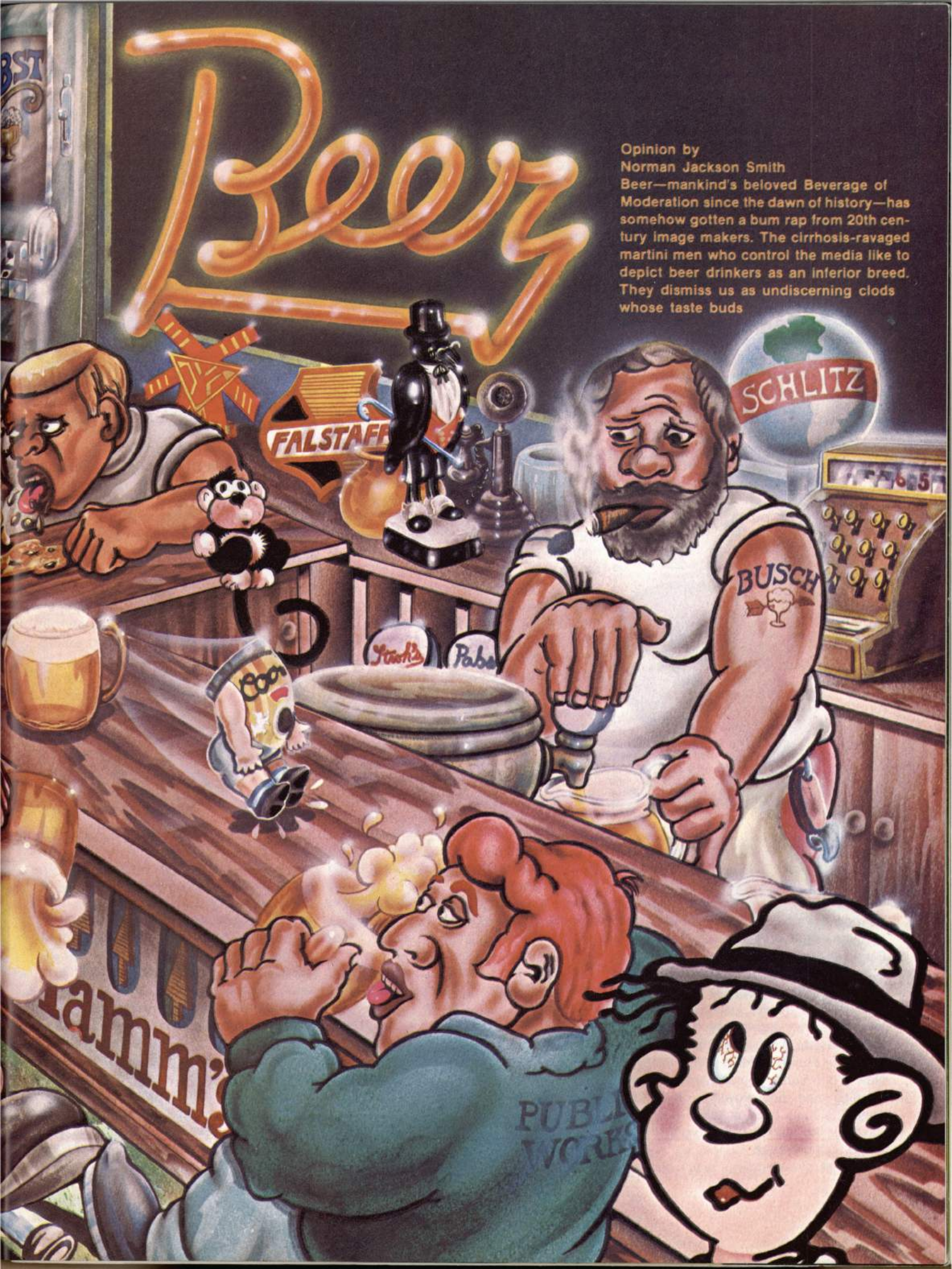
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Miller


Beer
Opinion by
Norman Jackson Smith
Beer—mankind's beloved Beverage of Moderation since the dawn of history—has somehow gotten a bum rap from 20th century image makers. The cirrhosis-ravaged martini men who control the media like to depict beer drinkers as an inferior breed. They dismiss us as undiscerning clods whose taste buds
SCHLITZ
FALSTAFF
BUSCH
Pabst
Coors
PUBLIC WORKS

have been transplanted from our palates to our bloated bellies.

Well, fuck those martini sissies. *Their* taste buds are up their assholes. Let's hear it for BEER! Stand up and be counted, trenchermen of the world! Be proud you are a beer guzzler because you are thereby a torch carrier for history's oldest and most exalted tippling tradition.

Beer has been blessing us longer than any other alcoholic beverage. A Babylonian clay tablet from 6000 B.C. (that's 8000 years ago!) pictures the brewing of beer.

In succeeding centuries, this golden elixir has shaped the course of world events—including American history—time and again. Did you know, for example, that beer was the reason the Pilgrims chose Plymouth Rock as their landing site? It's



true. The Pilgrims had intended to sail much farther south. However, as a diarist aboard the *Mayflower* recorded, "Our victuals are being much spent, *especially our beer*." Thus, it was beer, or the lack of it, that made a world-famous landmark of Plymouth Rock rather than, say, the beach at Hoboken.

George Washington, the father of our country, was a beer lush. George maintained his own brewhouse on his Mount Vernon estate. To this day, his handwritten recipe for brewing beer is preserved at the New York Public Library. With his beer guzzling and pot growing, old George seems to have been a hell of a lot more fun than the stuffed shirt we got to know in the second grade.

George Washington was such an *aficionado* of the frothy stuff that during the Revolutionary War he made a federal case of it. His troops were supposed to receive a daily ration of a quart of beer each. At one point in 1777, when the supply ran short, George was so upset that he wrote a cranky letter to Congress about the matter.

The first commercial brewery in the New World opened its doors for business in New Amsterdam (now New York City) in 1625. From that modest beginning, beer brewing in the United States has grown into a $14-billion-a-year industry. In 1974, American trenchermen (and their women) knocked back 144,196,705 barrels of malt brew. At 31 gallons to the barrel, we put away the staggering quantity of 4.5 billion gallons. Our per-capita consumption in 1974 was 21.1 gallons per man, woman and child. Measuring only the over-21 segment of the population, our per-capita consumption shoots up to 33.9 gallons, or 541 eight-ounce glasses of creamy-headed goodness per chug-a-lugger a year.

While American beer consumption has grown steadily throughout our history, the number of brewers has been shrinking precipitously in recent years. It's the old story of the rich getting richer. With their fiscal clout, streamlined technology and merchandising, the larger brewers have steamrolled hundreds of smaller competitors into absorption or bankruptcy since World War II. From a peak count of 750 U. S. brewers in 1935, only 53 survivors, who operate 95 plants, remain in business in 1976.

The biggest of the big, the Behemoth of Brewers by far, is Anheuser-Busch. In 1975, A-B moved 35.2 million barrels of its three brands. This was almost half again the volume of its nearest competitor, Schlitz, which sold 23.3 million barrels—and roughly triple the 12.9 million barrels peddled by Miller, the country's fourth largest brewer.

Here's a list of the top ten American brewers and the brands they market:

(1) Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis (Budweiser, Michelob, Busch Bavarian).

(2) Joseph Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee (Schlitz, Old Milwaukee, Schlitz Malt Liquor).

(3) Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee (Andeker, Pabst, Old Tankard Ale, Big Cat Malt Liquor, Red-White-&-Blue).

(4) Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee (Miller's, Lite, Meisterbrau, Milwaukee's Best, Miller Malt Liquor).

(5) Adolph Coors, Golden, Colorado (Coors).

(6) F & M Schaefer Co., New York (Schaefer, Gunther, Malta Schaefer and Wisty).

(7) Stroh Brewery Co., Detroit (Stroh's, Goebel).

(8) Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, Washington (Olympia, Hamm's).

(9) Carling National Brewing Co., Baltimore (Carling Black Label, Colt 45, National Bohemian, National Premium, Tuborg, Malt Duck, Van Lauther, Altes, A-1, Heidelberg, Columbia and Stag).

(10) G. Heileman Brewing Co., La Crosse, Wisconsin (Old Style, Special Export, Blatz, Sterling, Wiedemann, Drewry's, Mickey's Malt Liquor, Grain Belt, Grain Belt Premium and Hauenstein).

The 11th largest brewer, coming on strong, is C. Schmidt and Sons of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Schmidt's beer, which is marketed in



only 17 Eastern states, is running the damnedest advertising campaign. They are bodily assaulting the legendary Coors beer. Specifying Coors by name in their newspaper ads and TV spots, they claim that Schmidt's is the better-tasting beer of the two. This is a true David and Goliath confrontation. Even though Schmidt's is now the sales leader in the greater Philadelphia area, it's always had an el cheapo image. It's not a bad little beer, but you buy it for price and serve a different brand when company is coming. Coors, on the other hand, enjoys a reverential mystique, not only in its Western 11-state distribution area, but in the rest of the nation as well. Beer connoisseurs wax orgasmic over it, and when it is bootlegged to Eastern retailers, it sells briskly at any-

where from $11.50 to $15 a case.

Nevertheless, little Schmidt's is claiming loudly—and convincingly—that their beer tastes better than Coors. The impetus for the assault on the Coors Goliath came from an article by Bill Collins, food editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Connoisseur Collins published the results of a beer-tasting test he conducted among half-a-dozen friends. He served his panelists ten brands of beer in unmarked cups, directing them to rate the beers on a scale of one to ten for purity, body and flavor.

Prior to the test, most of the panelists were sure that Coors would emerge the hands-down winner. It didn't turn out that way. Instead, humble little Schmidt's not only beat the shit out of Coors, but it washed all the other brands as well. Here was the order of finish: (1) Schmidt's, (2) Miller, (3) Kirin, (4) San Miguel, (5) Coors, (6) a tie between Piel's and Lite, (7) Heineken, (8) Rolling Rock and (9) Beck's.

After reading the results of the Collins test, Professor Steve Ellyson, of Beaver College in Glenside, Pennsylvania, was unconvinced. He felt that there were some highly unscientific loopholes in Collins's procedures, so he decided to conduct a test of his own. Employing professional controls and methodology, Ellyson served six domestic beers to eight subjects. Before the test, the subjects were asked to list the brands in the order they *expected* to like them. They rated the beers in the following order:

(1) Coors
(2) Michelob
(3) Budweiser
(4) Schmidt's
(5) Rolling Rock
(6) Valley Forge

Predictably, the revered Coors was at the top of the heap while Schmidt's, in the number-four slot, was only able to outpoll a pair of regional brands whose public images are as low-class as its own.

What were the actual results of the test? Schmidt's once again blew its rivals out of the water! Schmidt's was resoundingly acclaimed the best-tasting beer, with Valley Forge second, Michelob third and Budweiser fourth. Coors came in an ignominious next-to-last, with Rolling Rock bringing up the rear.

An interesting sidelight of these results was the second-place finish of the unprestigious Valley Forge brand ahead of Mick, Bud and Coors. It, too, is a product of C. Schmidt and Sons. You think those guys aren't overjoyed?

These findings just might lead you to believe the martini men are right about our fouled-up taste buds and our misplaced palates. We haven't lost them on the way to our bellies, though, but on the way to our minds. Perhaps our preferences in the beer we buy aren't really based on the taste of the beer as much as they are upon the opinions of our peers and the subconscious factors of image and status sold to us by ad men. If taste were really where it's at, people would probably be smuggling Schmidt's to California, not Coors to Philadelphia.

Inspired by the Collins and Ellyson experiences, I decided to conduct my own beer taste test, and I'll be damned if Schmidt's didn't win again! But I wouldn't advise C. Schmidt and Sons to try to make too much advertising capital from the Jackson experiments, though. Because frankly, I screwed them up, and I should have expected as much. The fact that both testers and testees were sloshed to the gills before we even started might have tipped off a more observant man, but not me.

In the interests of science, I bought one can each of Schmidt's, Miller's, Rheingold, Tuborg and Lite at the supermarket. With these in hand, my girl Linda and I hurried to our laboratory, an Irish bar around the corner. The subjects were Linda, John Ward (the bartender), a couple of derelicts whose names I never caught and me.

The professional drunks lined up first, drinking from two-ounce paper cups upon which we had written numbers, but, of course, no brand names. Both of these turkey-necked geeks had begged to be included in the test when we came into the bar, and both intended to shaft us.

The first guy judiciously swilled down his five cups and sauntered away before we could measure his response. "Hell," he said when we stopped him, "I can't write. Just put down that I said they all taste good." The second turkey chug-a-lugged his cups but refused to pick a winner. He told us that his daily ration of Sweet Rosie O'Grady wine had done for his taste buds what a teaspoon of salt will do for a garden slug. You have to hand it to him. The son of a bitch may have been wearing last week's lunch on this week's shirt, but at least he was honest.

But John Ward, Linda and I were taking the test seriously. John and I chose the now predictable champ, Schimidt's. Linda liked Lite best. This little beer would have been my second choice. If you're pushing around a paunch because of your devotion to the brew, it's a good way to salve your fat conscience. Lite runs as a low-calorie entrant. More important, I think it's a fine, featherweight mood elevator.

If nothing else, the test had shown that my regular choice of beer was based on something other than the brew's taste. Advertising to the contrary, I found I liked Schmidt's better than the brands I'd been drinking for years. All my life, I've been a Bud/Pabst man. The few times I was able to get it, I went waffles over Coors. Once, while staying in Milwaukee, I raved about Heileman's Special Export and Blatz. Even though the taste test showed me to be a status seeker, I still harbor thirsty feelings for the big name brands, or at least the brands that the ad men have conditioned me to drool over. Such is the power of Madison Avenue that the thought of a cold, frosty can of Coors is getting to me even as I write this.



Poor taste-test showings notwithstanding, I still regard Coors as a wondrous brew. It's too bad for those of us who live east of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas that it's distributed only in 11 Western states. Though Coors ranks fifth in sales nationally, it would unquestionably be number one if it were available in all 50 states. In every state where it *is* being sold (except Texas, where its distribution covers only the northern half of the state), Coors is the landslide best seller. Californians alone consume almost half the brewery's annual 12-million-barrel output.

Whether by dint of superior quality or advertising mystique, Coors enjoys a slavish devotion from its fans, more so than any other beer. People will do crazy things to get it. Larry Otter of Princeton

New Jersey, reports, "I know a guy in North Royalton, Ohio, who was sitting around on Saturday and couldn't get the thought of Coors beer out of his head. He finally jumped on his motorcycle and drove hundreds of miles to Kansas City, Kansas, the nearest place he could buy Coors. He had a few drafts there and brought home a six-pack."

The Adolph Coors Company's reluctance to provide nationwide distribution appears to stem from a genuine concern for the quality of its product. It operates only one brewing plant (by contrast; other major brewers operate as many as ten), the reason being the Pure Rocky Mountain Spring Water that is featured so prominently in its ads. This water is available only at the site of Coors's lone brewery in Golden, Colorado.

Opening additional plants, where the water might taint the smooth taste of the beer, is a risk the Coors family has always been loath to take. From its founding 104 years ago, Coors was a family-owned business until it began selling public stock last year. Brothers Bill and Joe Coors remain the honcho executives. Though their policy is to expand the capacity of the Golden plant each year, they refuse to sell nationwide until they can supply the whole country from that one plant.

Coors suffered a minor dip in sales in 1975, which the company attributes to price increases caused by inflation. Other observers, however, claim the dip resulted from the bad publicity Joe Coors reaped from his political activities. Upon hearing that Coors was operating a rabidly right-wing TV news service, negotiating to give Spiro Agnew a fat beer distribution contract and being clubbed with lawsuits for discriminatory employment practices, it's rumored that many of Coors's left-wing devotees stopped buying the brand as a matter of principle.

Politics aside, the Coors enterprise is in the mainstream of a brewing trend that has turned beer consumption around in America. Prior to the mid-19th century, Americans drank a lot of heavy brews—ales, porters and stouts—and apparently didn't like them a hell of a lot because per-capita consumption was low. Then came the tide of German immigrants in the middle and late 19th century. Among these beer-loving Germans were master brewers like Adolph Herman Joseph Coors. Coors and the others brought with them a taste for—and an expertise at producing—a pilsnered (light-colored) and lagered (aged) beer. Their pleased fellow Americans took to this new, lighter brew like nuns fighting over a shipment of

At a university promotional party for Maximus Super Beer, several cheerleaders got so zonked that they initiated a sex orgy in the bar.

frankfurters. Today, 90 percent of all malt beverages produced in America are "bottom-fermented" lager beers, and per-capita consumption is at an all-time high.

Another German brewer destined for success in the New World was Adolphus Busch. Exactly 100 years ago, in a small South St. Louis, Missouri, plant, Busch brewed the first batch of a lager that was destined to become "The King of Beers" of the entire world—Budweiser.

With Budweiser, Busch consciously set out to market the country's first national brand of beer. As far as taste was concerned, this meant creating a brew that refrained from any of the regional extremes then in vogue. One means to this end was the costly use of rice instead of the more commonly used corn as the taste-perfecting agent in Bud. Then and now, the rice enhances Bud's snappy taste, clarity and brilliance. Busch also opted for the Old World "Kraeusening" brewing process, which provides natural rather than artificial carbonation. Old Adolphus obviously knew what he was doing. Bud became (and remains) the most popular beer in history.

Nor was Adolphus Busch's genius confined to the brewing art. He was a bold technical innovator and a real marketing wizard. For example, in order to produce a national brand of beer an effective means of transport was required. To meet this need, Busch financed the invention of the refrigerated railcar. As another safeguard against spoilage in transit, Budweiser was among the first beers to be pasteurized.

On the marketing front, Adolphus was always coming up with colorful gimmicks. One was the pocket knives his firm passed out to the public. The knives had a peephole at one end. A look into the peephole revealed the image of Adolphus Busch.

The most enduring publicity coup in Anheuser-Busch's 100-year history was the brainchild of Adolphus's grandson, August A. Busch, Jr.: the striking hitch of Clydesdale horses that has been making goodwill appearances on behalf of Budweiser for 43 years. The Scottish-bred horses made their debut in 1933. At almost the same instant that Prohibition was repealed, they paraded up Fifth Avenue to present a case of Bud to former New York Governor Al Smith in front of the Empire State Building.

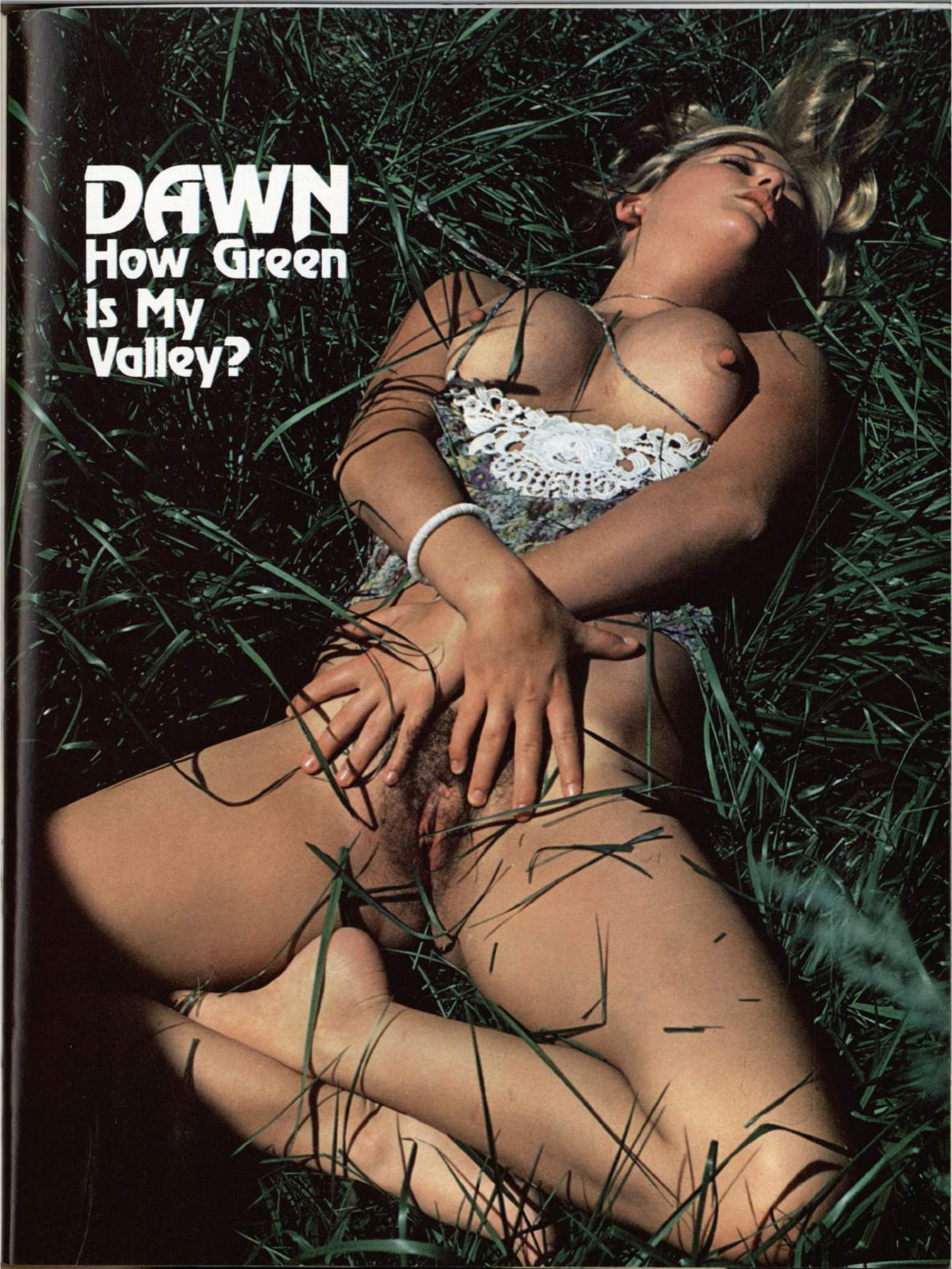
Even the Budweiser label has been a potent factor in the brand's marketing success. In the mid-'60s, the company kicked off a new pop art form by placing double-page magazine ads that consisted solely of a reproduction of the Bud label. Reaction to the ads surpassed the company's wildest hopes. People began framing them and using them for place mats and book jackets. Before long, specialty manufacturers initiated mass production of everything from Bud hats and shirts to Bud swimming-pool floors. Today, the Budweiser label is probably the most famous trademark in the world.

A less famous label, but adorning a product just as fine as Bud, is that of Utica Club Beer, from the West End Brewing Company in Utica, New York. West End brews some of the most "in" beers on the market today. Unfortunately for the beer-loving populace elsewhere, these brands are distributed only in the Northeast.

Utica Club's advertising over the years may have been much less spectacular and shorter in geographical reach than Bud's, but it had one gimmick no other brewer could match. This ad gimmick was the living testimonial of the founder, F. X. Matt. Why was Mr. Matt a walking ad campaign? Simply because he lushed it up on Utica Club Beer every day of his life and (as a direct result, his successors are wont to hint) remained vigorously active in the business until his death in 1958 at the age of 99!

In addition to Utica Club Beer and Cream Ale, West End markets two other beers of special note. One is Matt's Premium, whose *aficionados* swear it is the finest beer in the world. Fine it is, and deucedly rare. Matt's Premium (which is honored with a bootleg trade similar to Coors's, albeit on a smaller scale) is normally retailed only within a 50-mile radius of Utica. The top-secret brewing process makes it more expensive than most beers. It is also more perishable than conventional beer, so each container is stamped with its date of production. Company salesmen are instructed to pull from the market any bottles or cans of Matt's that are more than two months old. However, removal is seldom necessary because of the brisk demand by beer

(continued on page 96)


DAWN
How Green
Is My
Valley?

Imagine the delight of the sportsman who comes upon this scene: a lithe blonde sunning her natural beauty in nature's plush surroundings. "The feel of grass tingling my back and cool breezes on my skin make my nipples hard," Dawn tells us. Nature has a way of getting all of us up. "There is nothing like being warmed by the sun's rays to get your juices flowing," Dawn says. But we imagine her flesh never gets too hot to touch.

Dawn says the biggest turn-on of staying on her wide-open country spread near Sacramento is the feeling of freedom it gives. This no-holds-barred attitude can mean a frolicking good time for the man who shares Dawn's interest in the bare necessities. Our golden-haired nature girl is concerned with only one kind of progress: "getting me and my lover off to our natural ends."

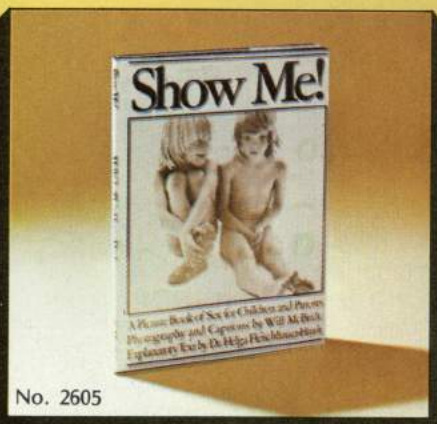




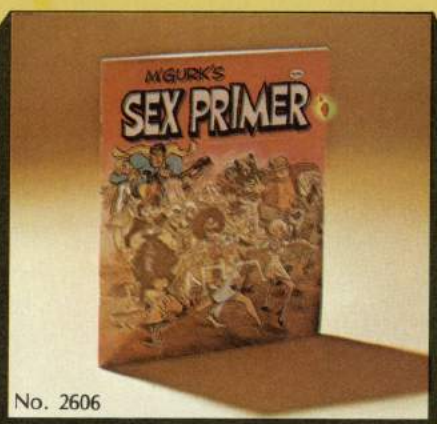




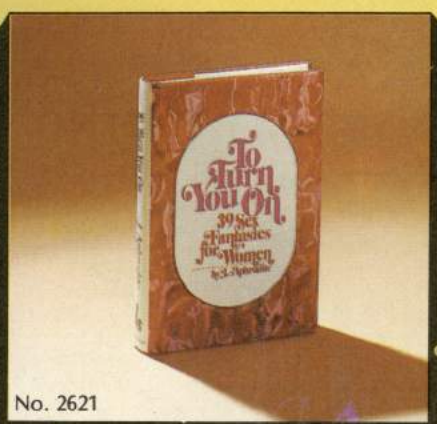
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No. 2621

SHOW ME!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

No. 2605 $12.95

SEX PRIMER

Here is a collection of some of the funniest sex-plicit cartoons in years. Flowing copiously from Rod Q. M'Gurk's pen on the veiled satires of *Beetle Bailey, Superman, B.C.* and more. One story shows and tells how a motorcycling chick finds true happiness with a cousin of Smokey the Bear. Sure to tickle your bone, funny or otherwise.

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TO TURN YOU ON

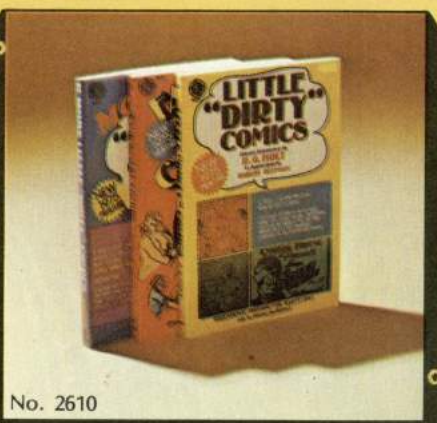
39 Sex Fantasies for Women

A fascinating and authentic sampling of erotic female desires. Perhaps for the first time, the various imaginings of the female mind have been recognized and seriously understood. Honest and sincere in its method and approach, it sharpens the reader's sexual insight. Both men and women will find it rewarding reading.

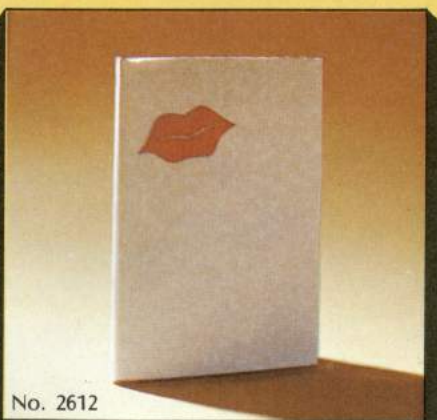
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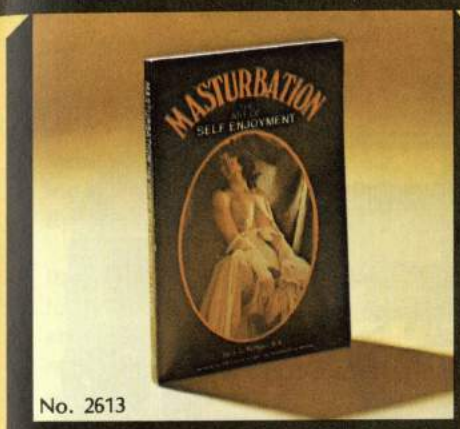
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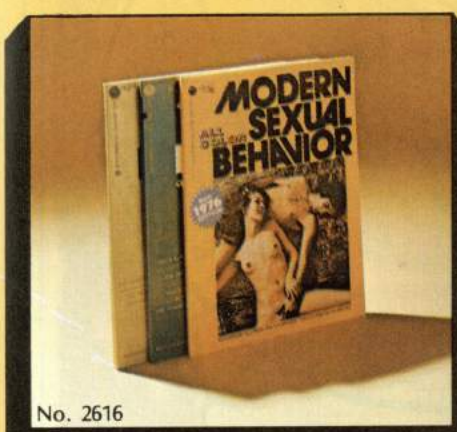
This book shows lovemaking as it really is! See uninhibited lovers receiving exhilarating pleasures in 300 uncensored, unabridged, and unretouched photos. As an added attraction, you receive FREE a full-color movie...a bold performance of explicit lovemaking (a $15.00 value). Order now for your bargain in adventure.

No. 2614 $15.00

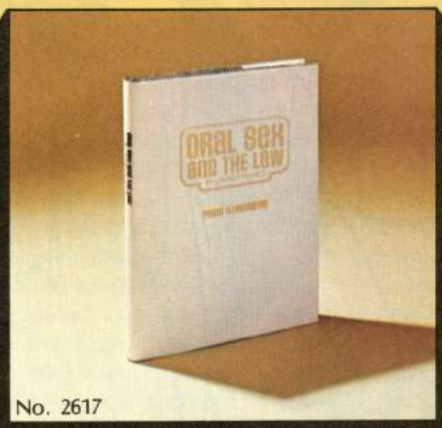
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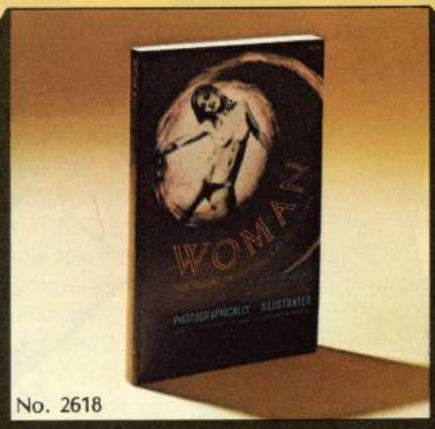
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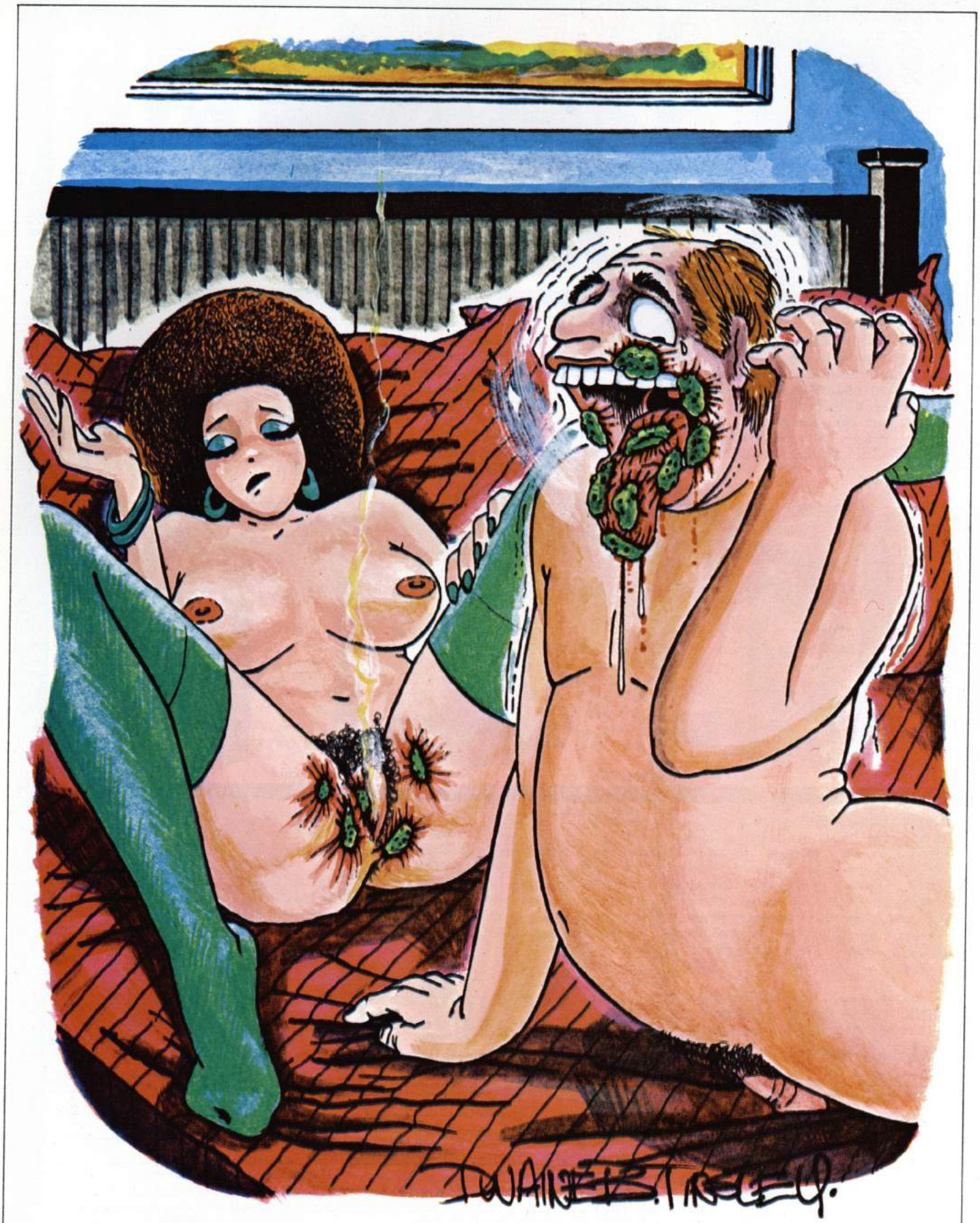
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"I told you I needed a douche; but, no, you wouldn't listen...."

X RATED REVIEWS

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!
If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.

HALF-ERECT
Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Movies

by Tim Beckley

THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN

Misty really is a sizzler, a definite contender for a porno Oscar. Technically sophisticated, yet "hotter than hell," this visual jackpot may well be the filmic erotica of the century. The sex is alive, realistic and absolutely convincing. *Misty* scores points in every category.

Misty Beethoven, played by porno newcomer Constance Money, appears to be the typical international cunt—an oversexed jet-set hussy. Her face and body are absolutely flawless. This bitch dresses in the finest and most expensive clothes. Every strand of hair remains in its proper place. It would seem that she spends hours in front of the mirror primping and, no doubt, never gets up before noon.

In the film, Misty is indeed the talk of the society columns. "She was born in Belgium, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant," claims one story. "No, she is of royal blood!" another version has it.

Actually, this breathtaking damsel is nothing more than a cheap slut, an ex-streetwalker who specialized in hand-jobs because she found oral sex less than tasteful—"I'd rather clean floors"—and screwing a bore.

How did she acquire such a provocative reputation?

During the course of his sojourns to foreign pleasure capitals, noted erotic author Seymour Love, portrayed by Jamie Gillis, wanders into a Persian porno theater and is approached by a rather attractive, but shabby, whore who offers to whack him off for the puny sum of five dollars. Fascinated by the girl's lack of enthusiasm and her seemingly good-natured personality, Seymour decides to have a little fun. He will transform this common tart into a captivating creature no man—not even the richest in the world—can resist. Seymour visualizes the day when the notorious men's magazine publisher Lawrence Layman will "discover" Misty and offer to make her his latest Golden Rod Girl (the film's version of a HUSTLER Honey). Seymour realizes that this will happen only after Layman has sampled Misty's muff and she has passed his sensuality test. Layman fucks *all* his centerfold girls.

Clearly, Seymour's task is cut out for him. Misty lacks any semblance of confidence in herself; she is virtually a sexual misfit. Something must be done—and immediately.

Seymour spirits Misty away to a friend's villa in Rome, there to instruct her in the fine points of bringing a man off orally, anally and with her plump snatch. It is a marathon race against time. "We have only three months to turn you into the girl of the season," Seymour announces.

Props and teaching tools are brought in. Misty first practices fellatio on plaster casts of cocks in various shapes and sizes. There is even a huge red, white and blue model, no doubt in honor of the U. S. Bicentennial. Gradually, Misty progresses to the real thing. "I'm even going to teach you how to make three men come at once," Seymour tells his budding pupil.

Before long, sexy Misty has fucked and sucked all sorts of celebrities, politicians and bigwigs. Her new fame is as widespread as her legs and is growing as fast as every cock in the movie audience. With her expert training, she even seduces a faggot art dealer who carries on like the old queen he is, raving over "that darling young lady" who gives head like a boy.

Eventually, word of the sassy broad who is taking everyone on reaches girlie publisher Layman. In the end (her end) Misty meets the suave *bon vivant* at a swinging party—everybody who's anybody is there. They make it while literally hundreds of high society's children watch. There is a surfeit of lesbian love, dildos up the ass and a wide and wild assortment of games. Obviously, the wealthy are no different from the rest of us when it comes to fucking—something F. Scott Fitzgerald neglected to mention.

We guarantee that if you venture into your local porno cinema to see this film with a sad face and a limp dick, you will exit with a noticeable bulge in your pants and a goofy grin. Be ready to go home and wave your magic wand all night.



Misty Beethoven memorizes her lessons forward and backward.

INSIDE MARILYN CHAMBERS

The Mitchell brothers are among those generally credited with the sexual liberation of the silver screen. Their two classics, *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve*, are still playing the porno circuit. Both films have netted fantastic profits, although brothers Jim and Art claim quite a few bucks have strayed into the hands of mobsters, who ripped off copies of the prints and reproduced the films themselves.

Logistics aside, the reason for the success of these two pictures is rather obvious—Marilyn Chambers. A graduate of the Pepsi generation, this provocative ex-high school cheerleader and professional model (best known for her picture plastered on the cover of the Ivory Soap box) has attempted to conquer big-time show business and prove that she can sing, dance and act.

In fact, after *Green Door* and *Resurrection* were released, Marilyn refused to appear in any more porno movies. She doesn't want to ruin her newfound image as a "respectable" entertainer. To cash in on her zooming talent, the Mitchell brothers have packaged previously unreleased footage of Chambers on the sets of their two classic films and edited the material into a commercial documentary.

If you have seen both of these films, save your money. Frankly, there is nothing in the new movie that shouldn't have been thrown away as originally intended. Marilyn, it must be said, comes across as if she were really enthusiastic about the roles she portrayed. One "studio stud" tells the amusing story of how he was unable to get off on the set because the makeup man kept powdering his balls. Still seeking release after the scene had been officially completed, the stud invited Marilyn upstairs to take a shower with him. Although the pert-eyed Chambers was totally exhausted from hours of shooting, she still got down on her knees and finished the job off camera. That's what we call dedication to your work!

SWEET PUNKIN

C. J. Laing, in her first major porno role, plays the part of a disarming—but inept—maid who marries her miserly boss, Jason Cream-Smith, only to have the old goat die of heart failure on their wedding night.

For the most part, the sex in *Sweet Punkin* is rather unappetizing. The only kink in the film is the butler, who enjoys dipping his pecker into the crepes and blintzes. He even shoots his load onto the wedding cake. "The frosting is mine!" he roars at the moment of climax.

Perhaps what makes this film worthy of note is a duel between the monster pricks of John "The Wadd" Holmes and Tony Perez, currently building a solid reputation as "The Hook."

"That cock of yours has no dignity; it's downright trash," says Holmes of his East Coast rival.

"Hell," retorts Perez, who is busy fondling his sizable dork, "my mother's broomstick was better hung than you."

In the film's closing minutes, Punkin samples the wares of both these well-hung gentlemen. She takes Holmes in her ass and The Hook in her open snatch while the butler plows into her mouth. Oh, happy days—what a scene! Even the narrator is moved to comment: "She must be hollow!"



Punkin charms the pants off her boss. The excitement proves fatal.

GUMS

A muscular young man strips off his jeans and wades into the cool, clear ocean. Photographed from underwater, the swimmer's balls bob up and down in the waves. Suddenly there is an unexpected commotion, and he is sucked to the bottom of the sea to keep company with Davy Jones.

The next day, the remains of the swimmer are washed ashore. All that is left is a waterlogged cock of gigantic, grotesque proportions. Understandably, the police chief of Great Head, a beachside community, is dumbfounded. He realizes that he has an unusual mystery on his hands. "He didn't just drown. His cock was sucked and sucked and sucked!"

There is only one solution: This dastardly deed could only have been performed by a sex-crazed mermaid. Says a reporter covering the events, "This story is so big that it's going to make Watergate look like a limp prick!"



Bearded clam digging in Gums.

Sidesplitting sexual absurdity abounds in this first-rate parody of *Jaws*. The gimmicks are all here—and they work. There are strange, erotic puppets who continually pump gallons of sperm on the cast, an underwater ballet performed by Terri Hall, who portrays the nympho mermaid known as "Thar She Blows," torpedos constructed in the shape of penises and even a scene of two dogs fucking—doggy style.

Without a doubt, the star billing must go to the madcap genius Brother Theodore, who has been performing his one-man show, which incorporates humor with the macabre, for years in nightclubs throughout New York's Greenwich Village. As Captain Clitoris, navigator of the S. S. *Cunnilingus*, he is outrageous. With a Hitler-like quality, he chastises the lazy citizens of Great Head for their failure to capture the mermaid. "You nincompoops couldn't get laid in a whorehouse with a thousand-dollar bill in your pocket!" he thunders.

Why is such an original film only rated half-erect? Mainly because award-winning director Robert Kaplan did not place the proper amount of emphasis on sex. Instead, he sought to develop a comic



Gums: *Giving head in the head.*

approach to the whole situation. There is no doubt that in this regard he did a fantastic job. However, the end result is a movie for the intellectually discriminating viewer and not for the flat-out porno fanatic.

FEMMES DE SADE

Prison life is rough. While it is meant to rehabilitate, more frequently than not a stint in the slammer only makes a hardened criminal even more antisocial. That's exactly what happened to Rocky, a seven-foot-tall jailbird who holds a grudge against the entire world. He's the type of guy who would as soon blow a fart in your face as give you the time of day.

Released from San Quentin, Rocky aimlessly wanders the streets of San Francisco, looking for a lay. Going without pussy for so many years obviously had a negative effect on his personality.

A cute little hooker catches his eye, and he offers the unsuspecting pro $50 for what she thinks is an easy trick. In his hotel room, Rocky makes a big fuss over a sloppy blowjob. "Hey, cunt," he yells, "that's not the way you do it. Watch me." With this, Rocky doubles over, and in an amazing display of contortion, actually licks the head of his own peter. The whore is bewildered but takes it in stride—after all, in her trade anything is likely to happen. When Rocky insists that the girl try licking her own pussy, things get hairy. The girl tries her damnedest to play along, but obviously she isn't into yoga. Rocky is mad. He pushes the prostitute's head down between her legs until she screams for mercy. He won't let up. He pushes and shoves until he hears her back snap. Nice guy!

The next foxy hooker he brutalizes is a lusty "shaven" redhead whose hairless, wet snatch begs to be filled. Unfortunately, Rocky decides his manly lance won't do. Instead, he stuffs a Coke bottle up the girl's honey hole. Going the route, he even tries ass fucking the chick with the glass container. By the time he has finished, the hooker has been slapped around until her face looks like a piece of raw liver.

He's got to be stopped before he kills someone!

Rocky is "suckered" into a wild S&M party—a costume extravaganza shot within the confines of the lavish headquarters of an actual bondage club. The sadist is given a dose of his own foul medicine. He is shackled, flogged, peed on and—the coup de grace—even shit upon by one of the girls he has tortured.

Written, directed and produced by Alex deRenzy, the leader of San Francisco porno moviemakers, *Femmes de Sade* is elegantly conceived. From start to finish, the viewer is given a realistic peek into the bizarre twilight world of sadomasochism.

There is a fantastic scene in which a shapely young prostitute (played by Leslie Bovee) wanders below decks on a ship. The sailors in the hold run their hands all over her body. She craves the attention. In the midst of a gang-bang, the ship's boiler explodes, but that doesn't stop the action—far from it, for the crew and the hooker continue to screw with oil and steam drenching their nude bodies.

Not to be missed is an oriental love bath with two Japanese girls, one of whom enjoys getting herself clean with a hairbrush. The focal point of this spicy segment is Linda "Jasmine" Wong, the Asian cutie whose nimble form highlighted the cover of the April 1976 HUSTLER and was also featured in a provocative "spread" in that issue.

This film is unbelievably explicit in its spectrum of sexual deviations. *Femmes de Sade* changes the nature of erotic cinema by leaps and bondage. All the "freaks" are here—the spankers, the whippers, the urinaters and the chain and rubber fetishists.



Lusty touch of the Orient gives Femmes de Sade *a tantalizing slant.*

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)

3 A.M.
Cry for Cindy
Deep Throat
(Uncut version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)
Diversions
The Divine Obsession
Expose Me, Lovely
Memories within Miss Aggie
Midnight Desires
The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann
Pussy Talk
When a Woman Calls

(Three-Quarters Erect)

Anyone but My Husband
Fantasex
Farewell Scarlet
Honey Pie
Hot Summer in the City
Love Bus
Oriental Blue
Sexteen
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
Summer of Laura

(One-Quarter Erect)

The $50,000 Climax
Ecstasy in Blue
Exhibition
Intimate Teenagers
The Second Coming of Eva
The Story of O
A Touch of Sex

(Totally Limp)

Deep Throat
(Censored Version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Patty
Snuff

Books

by Mark Baker

VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE

by Frederick Drimmer
Amjon Publishers, Inc.
245 West 19th Street
New York, New York 10011
Paperback available through:
Bantam Books, Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10019

Very Special People chronicles the lives and careers



Very Special *his/hermaphrodite.*

of the freaks of the carnival sideshow. Frederick Drimmer has assembled the photos and facts about such deviations of the human form as Prince Randian "the Caterpillar Man," Jo-Jo "the Dog-faced Boy," Eng and Chang, the original Siamese twins, and Grace McDaniels "the Mule-faced Woman." However, as the title indicates, the author is sensitive to the fact that a dude with three arms and a forked pecker is still a person with human needs and desires.

These grotesque monsters will probably make you want to puke at first glance, but once you've read how most of these people overcame their personal tragedies and managed to piece together successful lives, you will see past their malformed bodies. You may even come to view their deformities as assets that spurred them to accomplishment.

Very Special People doesn't overlook the subject of sex, either. The contortions necessary for some of these people to fuck were even stranger than their appearances. One woman who had two sets of sexual organs delivered three children from one cunt and two from the other. And then there's the double honeymoon of Eng and Chang, an interesting study in logistics. The author continues through midgets to giants, bearded women to legless men.

If you enjoy gawking at human oddities, *Very Special People* is bound to "freak you out."

CATALOG OF SEXUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

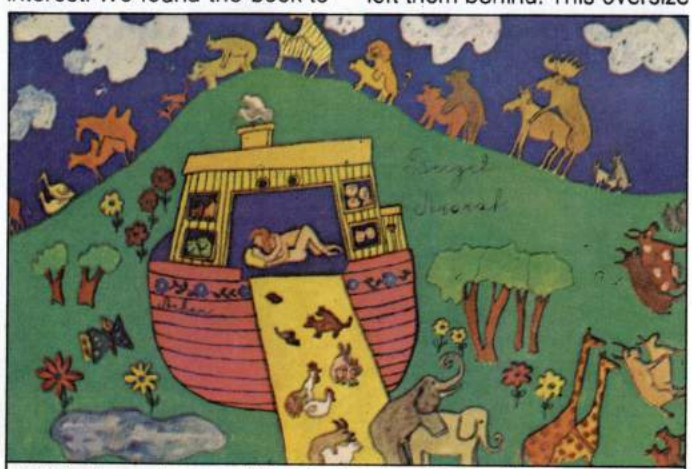
Wayfarers, A Communication Network
Grove Press, Inc.
53 East 11th Street
New York, New York 10003

With a format modeled after *The Whole Earth Catalog*, the ambitious editors of *Catalog of Sexual Consciousness* claim "to provide a comprehensive, non-judgmental selection of access materials in human sexuality." You look over the contents page for a subject that interests you, turn to that section of the catalog and find helpful bits of information with addresses of individuals and organizations who share your interest. We found the book to be more concerned with consciousness than sex, and—from HUSTLER's viewpoint—it's a hell of a long way from comprehensive.

More pages are dedicated to information on meditation, yoga and psychedelics than to voyeurism and sadomasochism. Bestiality, fist fucking, water sports and many other forms of human sexuality are missing entirely. Where is the guide to fetishes?

The editors of this catalog had their hearts in the right place: Any attempt to put more information into the hands of the sexually uneducated in our society for their own discreet implementation should be applauded. But their minds are stuck in the '60s. The fear and caution of the first years of the sexual revolution permeate these pages. The editors must still feel guilty about the things they do with their pricks and cunts, for they are intent on separating the sexual act and the consciousness that performs it. Who the hell needs a cosmic release of energy when a good rim-job is what they're after? Consciousness rises through the act itself.

To remain comprehensive, they should keep their sections on "Architecture and the Body Cosmos," "Psychosynthesis," "Dance" and "Tantra." However, to attain the rating "non-judgmental," they had better bone up on what they would probably call perversion and stick it into their book. The sexually aware '70s have left them behind. This oversize and overrated paperback edition is aimed at aging hippies who would rather raise their "consciousness" than their peckers.



All God's creatures get it on in Catalog of Sexual Consciousness.

THE BIG DUMMY'S GUIDE TO C.B. RADIO

The Book Publishing Company
Summertown, Tennessee
38483

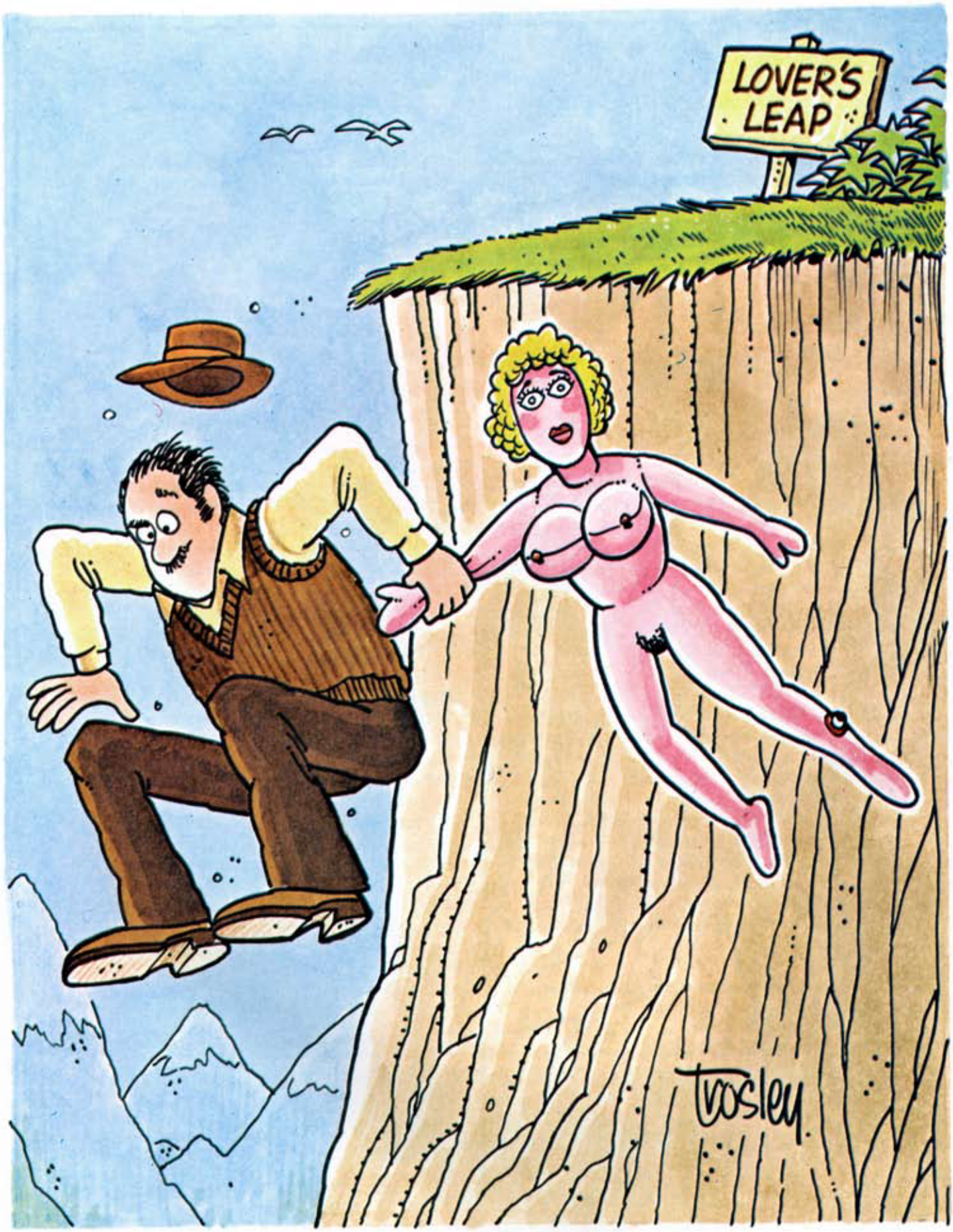
"Breakity-break, this is Scrambler 10-8. Hey, Big Dummy, you been modjitating all day long. Why don't you put your teeth up for the night and copy the mail for a while?"

If you're confused by this lingo, it's apparent that you haven't been keeping up with the ever-expanding vocabulary of C.B. radio enthusiasts. Everybody from "First Mama" Betty Ford to the "Last Mohigan" has been jumping on the citizen band-wagon.

Before you run out to buy a C.B. rig and get hip to the times, do yourself a big favor (save some time and money) by copping a copy of *The Big Dummy's Guide to C.B. Radio.* Written in a free, flowing conversational style by real C.B. operators, it is entertaining as well as informative reading. This comprehensive manual covers everything from ways to avoid rip-offs when purchasing a C.B. rig to installation and maintenance checks of your radio. There's also a large glossary of the slang slung over the airwaves by ratchet-jawed truckers.

A very significant difference between *The Big Dummy's Guide* and other publications about C.B. radio is that the *Dummy's Guide* assumes that, although you're not stupid, you don't know your ass from a hole in the ground when it comes to citizen-band radio. It teaches you the technical information in understandable language. This guide will help you to "get out."

Before you know it, you'll be able to bullshit with all your good buddies in the ozone.



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SINATRA

OPINION
by James T. Houston

Frank Sinatra sits back with a glass of bourbon in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He leans forward on his elbows, appearing almost serious as he tells some story or other from his wide repertoire. Two of Frankie's most loyal followers, gin-mill owner Jilly Rizzo and comedian Pat Henry, lean across the table toward him. They seem completely entranced by the Great Leader's every word.

It is 1974. The year of Frankie's Asian tour that almost came to an abrupt end in Australia, the tour that had received worldwide headlines and has popularly come to be known as the Great Sinatra-Australian War. Remember? Frankie behaved boorishly toward a group of newspaper reporters in Melbourne. His goons had punched some of the journalists around. From the stage, Frank had called some of the women reporters "the hookers of the press." And the unions had kept Frankie and his whole entourage prisoners in their own hotel rooms, refusing to serve them until he apologized. Frank didn't apologize, of course—he seldom does—and he fled Melbourne in a private jet with his skin barely intact.

Now, in Sydney—the war behind him—he is able to relax again, drinking late at night in a restaurant filled only with the kind of people he needed to have around him. The fawners, the perennial ass kissers like Rizzo and Henry who are permitted to be in his presence this night.

At another table, sitting at a very respectful distance because the Great Leader doesn't seem to want her near him, is Barbara Marx. She is tall, blonde and very pretty, in that style of former Vegas show girls who have survived the grind and take good care of themselves. She had once been the wife of Zeppo Marx, the aging member of the Marx Brothers who had once been Sinatra's neighbor back in Palm Springs and his close friend. Now, she is Sinatra's woman. She has been for six years, despite the objections of Frank's own mother, who used to complain, "Aren't there enough women in the world without my son taking his best friend's wife?"

THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

It's a perilous existence

being Sinatra's woman. Months before he went to Australia, Frankie had told her they were through. Then he permitted her to become one of his camp followers on the tour. However, every one of the 20-or-so members of the tour gang knew she was barely being tolerated by Frankie. "I am just on trial here," Barbara kept telling the other members of the tour.

Barbara seemed to be constantly on guard, always worrying that she would be humiliated by Sinatra's crowd of aging ring-a-dinging adolescents, who remain always sensitive to *Il Padrone*'s moods and attack anyone he seems to be down on. Their favorite ambush is the "Pain in the Ass Award," which they give out every week. And Barbara confided to one woman, "If I'm not careful, I'm going to get the 'Pain in the Ass of the *Year* Award!'"

She is being extremely careful, sipping her drink across the room from Frank's table and staying out of his way until he summons her. But it has grown very late, and Barbara has decided to go off to bed without Frankie. She says good night to her friends, walks hesitantly across the room to Frankie's table and, not wanting to interrupt his conversation, leans over and lightly kisses him on the cheek.

Sinatra "seemed to go mad," as one of their friends later described it. Frankie turns on Barbara and then shouts at full volume, "What the *hell* do you think you are *doing*? Don't you *ever dare* interrupt me when I am talking to my friends."

Barbara just slunk away. At that time, she was suffering public humiliation all the time, and her only defense was to shrink from Frankie's sight. To get away from his "boss" moods and especially from his frequent need to demean his women.

During the last 35 years that Sinatra has been the country's greatest superstar, he's earned a reputation as a swordsman supreme, the match of playboys such as Rubirosa, Aly Khan and the original in-like-Flynn dude named Errol. But the truth, say those who know Frankie well, is that he doesn't seem to really like women.

Ava Gardner told a friend that during their last attempt at reconciliation, before their marriage broke up for good, Frank transformed what was to be a second (or hundredth) honeymoon into one of his week-long drinking brawls. He invited a gang of his buddies as houseguests, destroying the quiet intimacy that Ava had been counting on to salvage what was left of their relationship. When Ava bitched about his pals, Frankie said, "Don't cut the corners too close on me, baby." And that was the end of their marriage.

Years later, Ava summed up her impression of her famous ex-husband this way, "Frankie was a sacred monster. He was convinced there was nobody in the world except him."

"Some book written by a Hollywood whore says Frank has a full nine inches, but she understated it. He's got at least a foot and knows how to use it."

That sacred-monster attitude has been noted in Sinatra by almost everyone who has ever come in contact with him. It's either enormous self-confidence or an inflated idea of his own importance. It was evident way back in the '40s, when Sinatra was a little-known saloon singer in New Jersey.

Another singer asked Frank what his plans were for the future. Sinatra replied, "To be the singer on the 'Hit Parade.'" This astounded the first singer because *he* was then the featured vocalist on the radio show. A few weeks later, Sinatra was offered the job. He accepted it without a blink.

Frank's overblown egotism has grown with the years until he seems to some friends to be driven by a harsh arrogance. A short time back, after his nationally televised concert at Madison Square Garden, Sinatra was asked by an old friend whether he listened much to another famous singer. Frank replied, "Never. I can sing circles around that bum."

Frank's arrogance sometimes comes through most clearly in the way he behaves toward the women in his life. From his earliest days as a singer with Harry James, Frank was known as a man who considered women solely as a sport—a mark. There's nothing very unusual about banging one woman after another and cutting notches in your mental bedpost, of course. That's what Frankie did, the story goes, when he blew into Hollywood in 1944 as the boy wonder of the entertainment business. After getting a dressing room with a star on the door, his first act was to tack his date list on the wall. On that list were at least two dozen of the most famous Hollywood sex goddesses. Frankie swore he would fuck them all. By the time his first film, *Higher and Higher*, was completed, a check mark of conquest was beside every name.

Frankie was just another married guy indulging in the great universal pastime: balling everyone you could get into the sack. Hell, both movie stars and auto mechanics, even presidents surrounded by Secret Service men, have played the game. However, when a man has dumped his wife and is dating someone steadily, establishing a relationship with a woman that goes beyond the pure pleasures of fucking, another quality usually enters into it—at the very least, a surface respect for the woman. Frankie, according to available evidence, doesn't bring that special quality to his relationship with any woman.

For example, he had just married Mia Farrow, the gamine who was nearly 30 years younger than he. (A marriage that prompted Ava to crack, "I always knew Frank wanted a boy with a cunt.") After he and Mia had been married less than a month, Frank opened an engagement at the Sands in Vegas. Mia was sitting at a ringside table that opening night. Between songs, Frank began a patter about his unusual marriage to a woman who seemingly was a male child. He joked, "Maybe you wondered why I got married again. Well, I finally found a broad I can cheat on."

Mia didn't get the joke. Neither did a columnist who was sitting at the table with her. Mia looked stunned, the columnist reported. She started to cry just a little bit. She was too cool to get up and walk out and let everyone see the hurt she was feeling, but it was clear she hurt badly. Not only the crack about cheating, but that word *broad*. Mia hated that word. It was Frank's favorite, and still is.

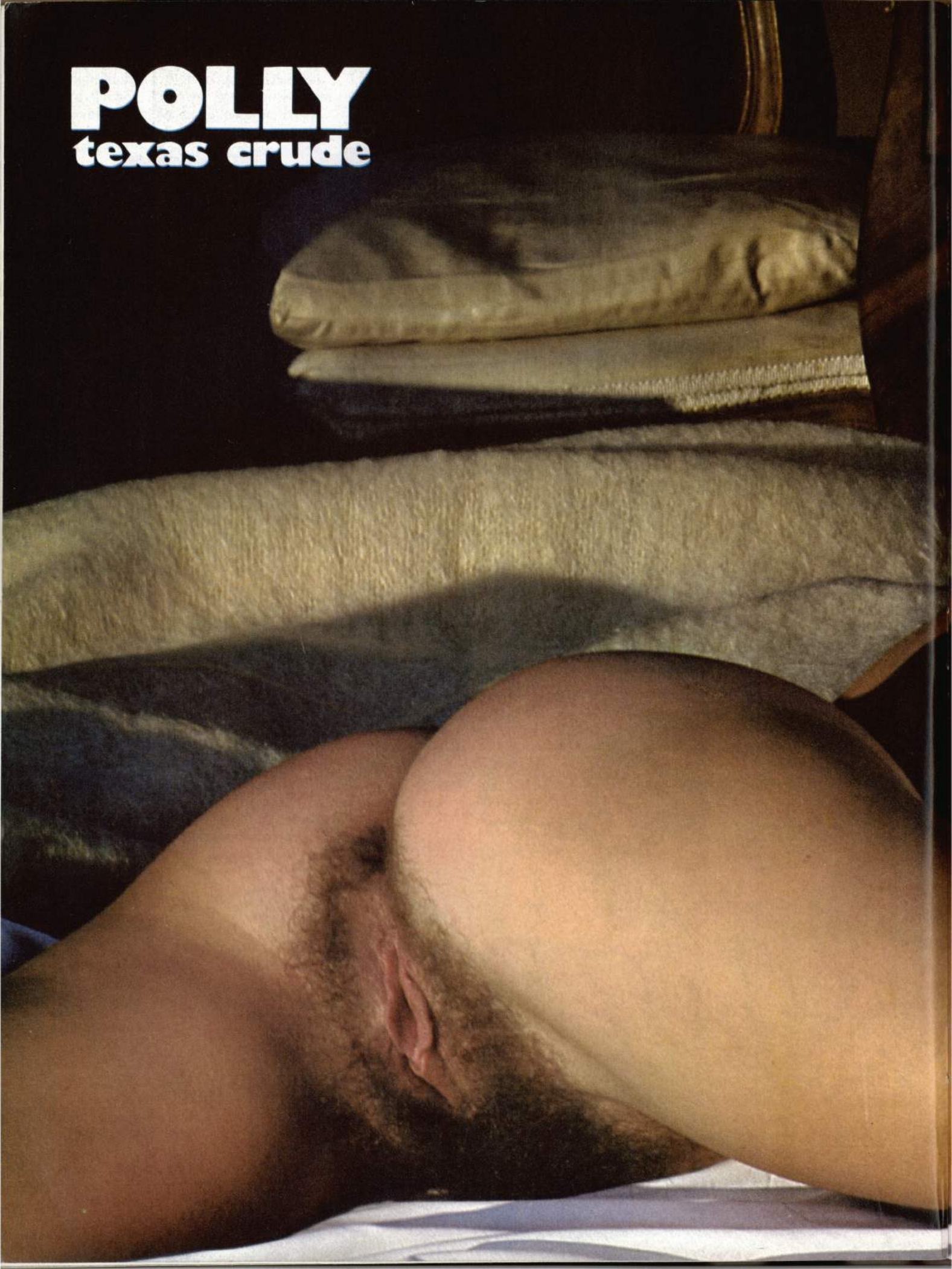
"I often have the feeling that Frank Sinatra, who is Hollywood's greatest lover, doesn't really like women as people," an actress who once dated Sinatra regularly has said. She is one of several former girlfriends of Frankie's who believes that strongly. And she added:

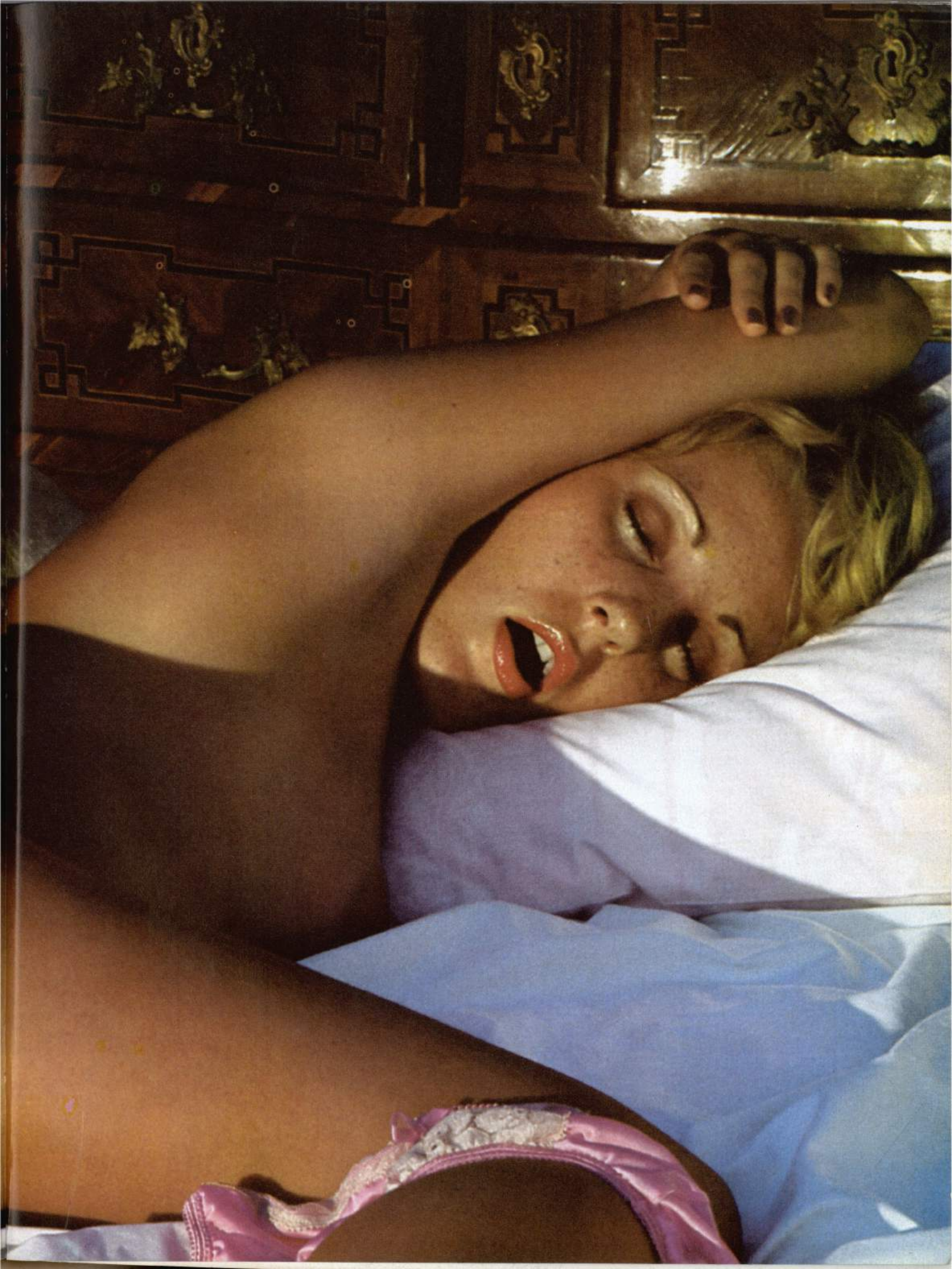
"It may seem like a petty thing, but Frank's use of that word *broad* is a tipoff to something deeper. It really seems to sum up his entire feeling about women. The men around him are the guys, his boys, but the women aren't even people. They are all broads. To be a woman and get along in Sinatra's group, you've got to be a jock, able to hold your own with the

(continued on page 104)


J. Kohl

POLLY
texas crude







Men from Texas are proud of saying that it's big down there, and Polly is one example of the kind of Lone Clit beauty who can make Texans stand tall. A Killeen, Texas, restaurant cashier, she appears shy and sweet at first, but it's because she knows her down-home, country-girl looks encourage men to take control—and who wouldn't want to have Polly's luscious body in hand? She says she'll take orders to go, but only if the men giving them are strong and confident. "I want a man who is a bone crusher, who'll squeeze the sex out of me and fill me with his desire."

Her need to be dominated figures firmly in her up-front attitude toward sex, but she'll stop being shy long enough to let you know that she's always open to new approaches to making love. "With sex, any one thing becomes a bore if you do it for too long. But there is one thing that I never get tired of: Wesson oil parties. Everybody gets naked and onto a waterbed, and the slippin' and slidin' bodies combine with the motion of the bed to really turn me on. I just can't get enough of that funky stuff."

No wonder Texas men are into wide-open spaces.



HUSTLER'S HONEY• SEPTEMBER 1976











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A professional boil sucker asked his doctor if there were any patients with boils he could suck. The doctor had only one patient afflicted with boils but didn't want to embarrass her. Eventually the professional talked the doctor into disclosing the patient's name and address. Soon he was ringing the bell.

"Lady, I'm a professional boil sucker. Your doctor said you had a ripe one."

"But, sir, it's in a very personal spot!"

"I don't care. I'm just after the pus."

Finally, naked in the bedroom, she held her legs up where he could get a good shot at it, planting himself right between her cunt and asshole.

He began sucking pus, and she couldn't hold herself and started pissing. He drank the piss and sucked the pus. Then she felt like shitting, so soon he was eating shit, drinking piss and sucking pus all at the same time. Then, without warning, she let out one long, wet, stinky fart.

He looked up at her and said in a tiny voice, "What are you trying to do, lady, make me sick?"

Definition of a born loser: a man who has a wet dream and wakes up to find he caught V.D. from it.

An 85-year-old man found he had only three months to live, so he decided to have some fun. He employed the services of a $200-a-night call girl and fucked her silly. A week later, he discovered a drip.

After a series of tests, his doctor asked, "Have you had sex lately?"

"Yes," answered the old guy.

"Well then," the doctor said, "do you know the young lady well enough to get her over here right away?"

"Er, yes, I guess so," said the bewildered octogenarian. "But why, Doc?"

"Because," said the doctor, "you're ready to come, that's why!"

A lady was in the grocery store one day filling her shopping cart with dog food. A preacher walked up to her and said, "You must have a very large dog to feed with all that dog food."

"It's not for my dog," she replied. "It's actually for my husband."

"Don't you realize that will kill him?" asked the preacher.

The woman replied, "He's been eating it for the past twenty years, and it hasn't hurt him yet."

"Believe me," the preacher said with conviction, "it will eventually kill him."

Two weeks later, the preacher saw the woman walking down the street in the black of mourning. Her husband was dead.

"See, I told you that dog food would eventually kill him," he said.

"It wasn't the dog food," the woman whispered through her tears. "He was lying out in the street licking his dick and a truck ran over him."

Then there's the one about the pugnacious old prostitute who always kept a stiff upper clit.

One reason we heard Polish women do not breast-feed their babies: It hurts too much when they boil their nipples.

While performing a vasectomy, the doctor's hand slipped and cut off one of the patient's balls. Figuring the man would never know the difference, the doctor decided to replace the missing gland with a slice of onion.

Several weeks later, the patient returned for a checkup. "How are things going since the operation?" asked the doctor.

"Fine, I guess," said the patient. "However, I've been suffering from some weird side effects."

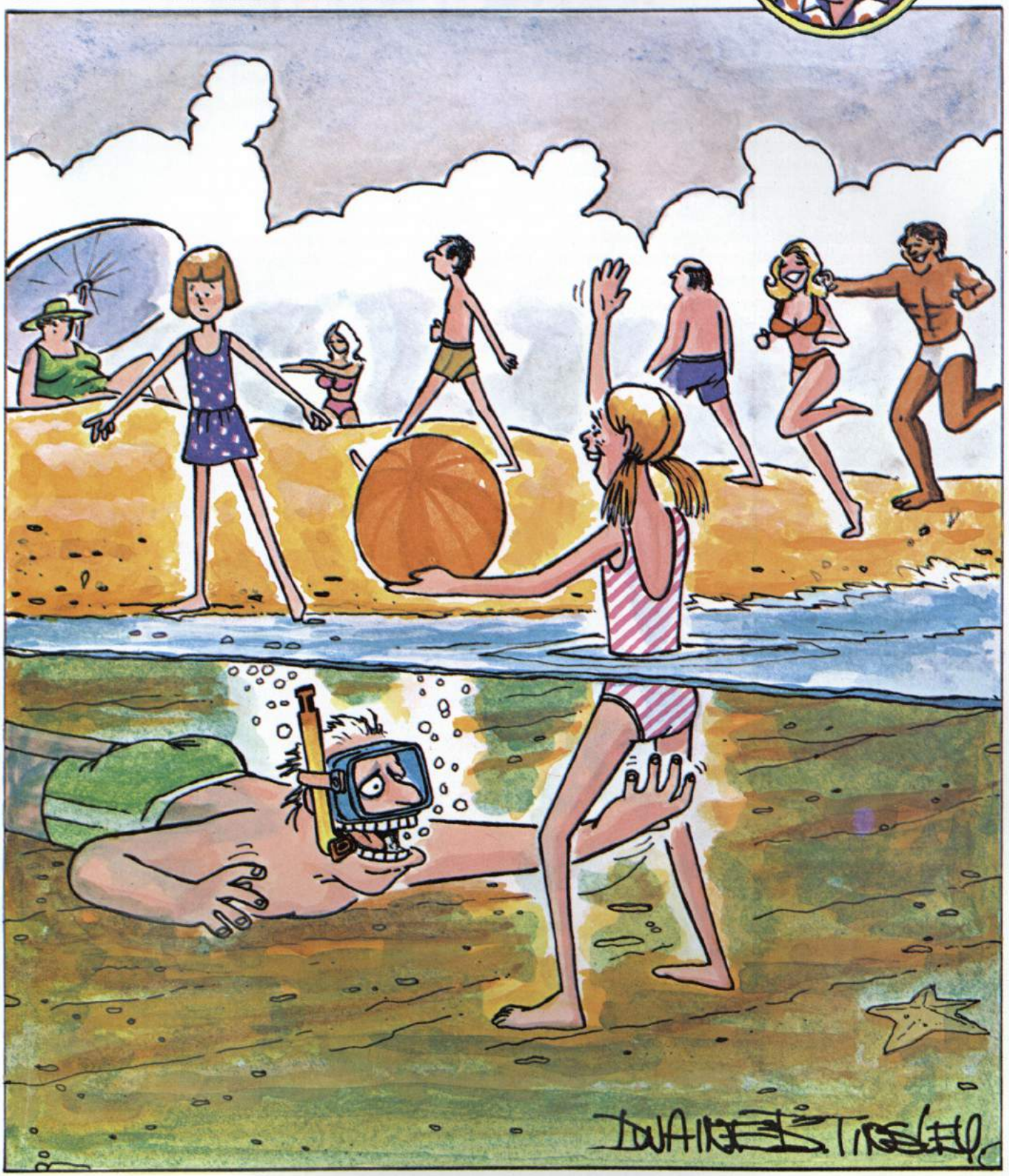
"Exactly what kind of side effects?" the doctor asked nervously.

"I can't explain it, Doc," answered the patient, "but every time I piss my eyes water, when my wife gives me head she gets heartburn, and every time I pass a hamburger stand I get a hard-on!"

The HUSTLER Barfinary defines Overbite as: a guy who eats pussy and gets shit in his mouth.

***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*, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



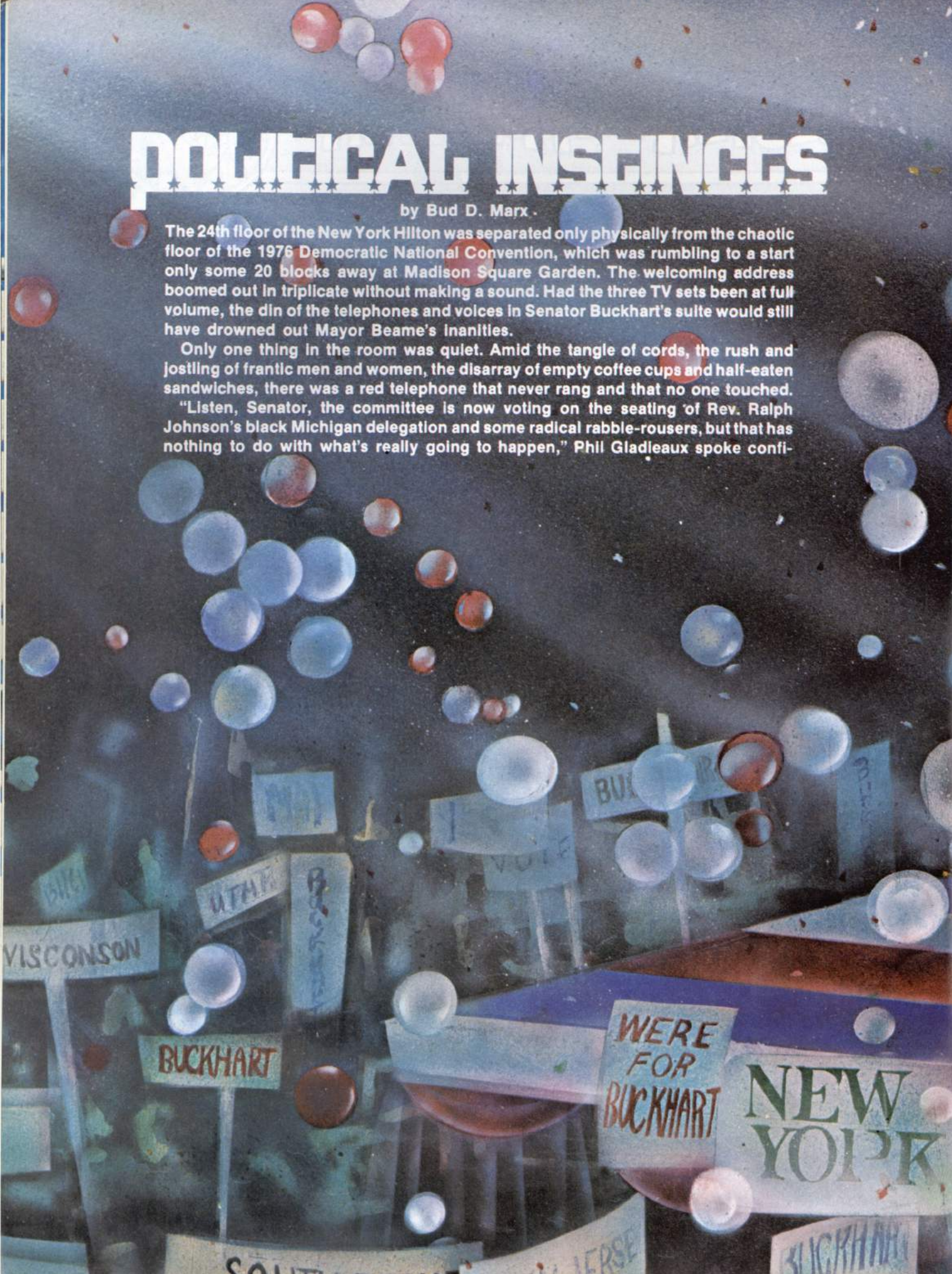
POLITICAL INSTINCTS

by Bud D. Marx

The 24th floor of the New York Hilton was separated only physically from the chaotic floor of the 1976 Democratic National Convention, which was rumbling to a start only some 20 blocks away at Madison Square Garden. The welcoming address boomed out in triplicate without making a sound. Had the three TV sets been at full volume, the din of the telephones and voices in Senator Buckhart's suite would still have drowned out Mayor Beame's inanities.

Only one thing in the room was quiet. Amid the tangle of cords, the rush and jostling of frantic men and women, the disarray of empty coffee cups and half-eaten sandwiches, there was a red telephone that never rang and that no one touched.

"Listen, Senator, the committee is now voting on the seating of Rev. Ralph Johnson's black Michigan delegation and some radical rabble-rousers, but that has nothing to do with what's really going to happen," Phil Gladieaux spoke confi-




VOTE
VOTE
Carole Jean

dentially to his candidate in the midst of apparent bedlam.

At this critical last stage of a well-run campaign, only two people could possibly know what was happening, and these two had been working like a precision trapeze act since long before those cold, dreary dawns that they had spent greeting factory workers before the New Hampshire primary.

David Buckhart flexed his exhausted back muscles and focused his eyes on the widow's peak of Gladieaux's toupee. "Let's run this down again. We compromise with the pointy-heads on this one. I mean, seat both delegations, right?"

"That's right," the campaign manager barked.

"Then what?" asked the senator. "What happens next?"

"Well, the way our boys have it figured, Senator," Gladieaux went on through a thick haze of blue-gray smoke and garlic breath, "the vote that's going to separate the pikers from the high rollers at this convention is gun control."

"Of course," sighed Buckhart, visibly impatient, wilted. "We've known that since California, and my position's been clear from the beginning. A man has every right to own a firearm—for his own protection and the protection of his family." *His family, he thought ironically. Where were his wife and kids?*

"When I was growing up in Colorado," he continued, "a man had to carry his own weight, be his own man, fill in where the long arm of the law didn't reach. And these days that arm, arms I should say, only looks longer. It only reaches so-o-o far."

"I know all that," Gladieaux interrupted, stopping Senator Buckhart's expansive gesture. "My speech writer worked that position out for you, but it's not going to wash here. The only way you're going to get this nomination is by taking it on the very first ballot; after that our pledged delegates are *not* in our back pocket. All we can count on after the first ballot is a dogfight—a pack of curs after the biggest T-bone of them all.... And you're the top dog—the one they're all after."

"Now, wait a minute, Phil..."

"We don't have a minute, Senator. *I'm* the manager of this campaign."

"OK, OK. What do I have to do?"

"The fact of the matter, Senator, is that you're going to eat some Eastern liberal shit." While he spoke, the ash from the cigarette bobbing at the corner of his mouth disappeared in the rumpled folds of shirt overhanging his belly. "And another thing. I'm going to tell you one more time: Stay away from that blonde reporter from the Denver *Post*. She just wants to get you into bed so she can write a scandal article on your whole campaign," Gladieaux added, like a domineering mother who is jealous of any skirt her son looks at other than her own. "All we need is for you to get caught running around on your wife."

"The fact of the matter, Senator," his campaign manager said, "is that you're going to eat some Eastern liberal shit."

"That's Lauren Whitcomb. I think she just wants a short, personal interview," the senator replied in a whining voice. Then, averting his eyes from the stony gaze of his campaign manager, he mumbled almost apologetically, "I haven't even spoken to her yet."

* * *

Later that night, straightening his tie as he turned toward the blank elevator door, his Secret Service shadow forgotten, he began the descent from his room to the purring limousine. Senator Buckhart was on his way to a cordial, back-slapping dinner with a man he hated, a wealthy congressman who represented New York's Upper West Side; a man who kept his fingernails a little too long for the senator's taste. The main course would be Eastern Liberal shit.

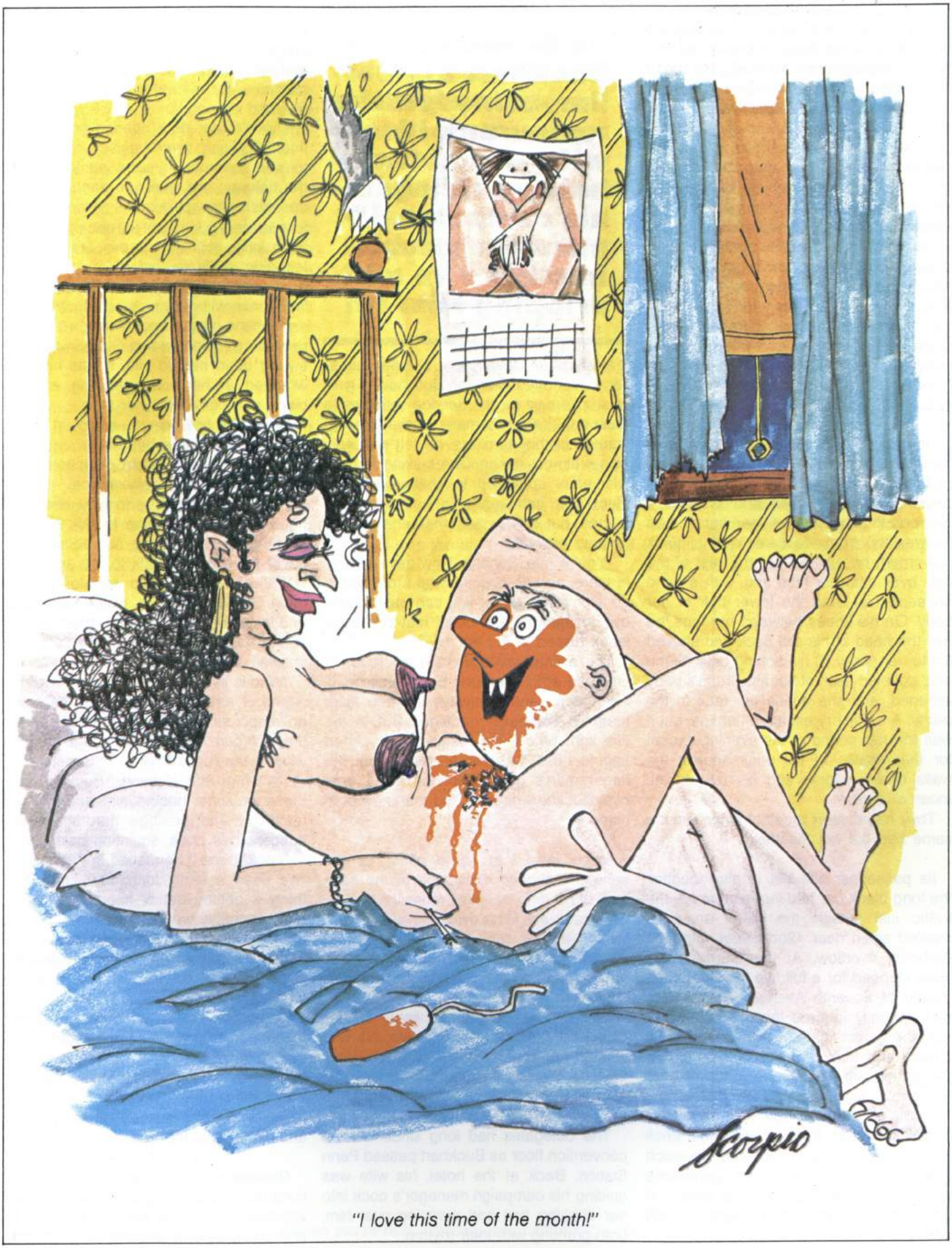
His wife, Irene, had seemed too easily resigned to the fact that he wouldn't be able to spend the evening with her or the kids again tonight. How long had it been since they had made love? A month? Six weeks? He remembered the event, his recollection blurred by tension, fatigue and chronic jet lag. He had been so horny for her that night in L.A. that he had kept his coat buttoned all evening at a cocktail party to hide his erection. Sure, there were other ways to get his rocks off on the campaign trail: a blow-job from a teenage volunteer at his headquarters in St. Louis, a quickie in the cloakroom before the fund-raising banquet in Atlanta with an overeager city councilwoman, a shadowy grope with a call girl—all perfume and makeup—in the back of his chartered plane on the way to D.C. for a crucial roll call—all arranged and orchestrated by the ubiquitous Gladieaux.

That night in L.A. he had wanted his wife. They had been together for a long time—three fine children. He loved Irene. The Secret Service agent had finally secured the bedroom and assumed his post. She undressed quickly in the dim light and lay naked on the bed, an unfocused stare fixed on the ceiling. He sat on a chair in the corner to take off his shoes and looked at her. He had ridden many hours on those fine, broad hips, cushioned by the thick black hair surrounding her cunt. She had always done anything he wanted her to do, and he loved her for that.

She hadn't deteriorated in the years since their marriage just before he had left for the Jap-riddled Pacific. She had mellowed and gotten comfortable, like his well-loved Colorado homestead ranch. Sure, the red highlights in her raven hair were maintained with cosmetics now. The woman who did his makeup before TV appearances kept her looking younger than her years, but her breasts were still firm and upright, her stomach still flat and smooth above her pussy, and he regarded the faint tracings of her stretch marks as erotic highlights and mute testimony to the issue of their two decades of lovemaking.

They had both been campaigning so hard, had so little real privacy, were so separate even when beside each other on a platform or dais, that he felt a total stranger. He tried to make conversation. "Phil was really uptight tonight, wasn't he? He acted like he was pissed off just because we left a little early." Irene made a noncommittal sound and rolled onto her side, her face turned away.

David Buckhart had wanted his wife too much to see anything but the full globes of her pink ass and the bush-covered wink of her cunt when she pulled her knees up slightly. Hurriedly he shed the rest of his clothing, finally freeing his erection. His balls ached for his cock to open her. He moved onto the bed behind her, reaching around and under to fondle her breasts and pull her nipples, his hardness cradled between the soft warmth of her cheeks. She didn't move. He nuzzled her ear and whispered his love as his hand moved to the lips of her cunt—they were dry as the Utah salt flats, and she held her thighs



"I love this time of the month!"

tightly shut in obvious resistance.

The sound of the elevator door opening brought Buckhart back to reality. All this had run through his mind during the trip to the ground floor. He swung his compact, muscular frame toward the waiting black automobile. A security agent held the door. He settled his shoulders into the far corner of the leather seat and flipped on a tape recorder as the vehicle slid from the Hilton's service bay into the mad crush of Manhattan's evening traffic. Gladieaux's voice was barking out a briefing on the congressman whose ass Buckhart was to kiss. The senator was too tired, too stuffed with information to listen for long. Soon, the clipped Boston accent of his campaign manager, modified by ten years in Hollywood, was droning to itself. His mind wandered back to that night with his wife in L.A.

* * *

He had wet two fingers with saliva and, by prying one of his legs between hers, had finally gotten to her clit. There was no response as he rubbed and tweaked it between thumb and forefinger, but by then he was too horny to care. With a quick movement he pushed her the rest of the way over onto her face and, with a hand on each hip, lifted the lower half of her body. On his knees between her legs, he wet the head of his stiff cock and shoved it into her pussy till his aching balls hit the soft, coveted flesh of her ass. Irene's body stiffened, and she buried her face in the pillow. A small cry escaped her lips, but it was the last sound of the evening except for the rasping of his prick against the walls of her vagina and his own stifled moan of orgasm.

They hadn't slept together since—in the same bed but not together.

* * *

Its passenger still lost in his thoughts, the long black car had inched through the traffic just outside the Hilton and was snarled again near 42nd Street with Port Authority overflow. At the Garden they were stopped for a full five minutes in the middle of Seventh Avenue. The senator had absently ignored the car's progress until the garish lights of the Puerto Rican, Cuban and Irish bars along 14th Street caught his eye. The limousine turned onto a narrow side street above Sheridan Square, and after a few twisting blocks it pulled up in front of a small brick townhouse. Gaslights flickered on each side of the door, and red geraniums spilled from the black window boxes. A brass plate shone in the gaslight: Le Petit Chateau.

As Senator Buckhart's limousine left the restaurant, his wife was at the hotel, guiding his campaign manager's cock into her dripping box.

No flash of cameras or shouted questions assaulted Senator Buckhart. There was no crowd for the Service shadows to push back. After so many weeks of being mauled by his admirers, he felt suddenly alone, almost naked. The hulking form of Gladieaux appeared to shatter the moment. His campaign manager was expected, but only to help the senator plow through crowds.

"You're late, Senator. Now get your ass in there, and do exactly what I told you to do. Don't fuck up, or you can wave goodbye to the whole shootin' match," Gladieaux hissed in his ear.

Those final words echoed in clouds of cigarette smoke around Buckhart's head. Apart, the senator always seemed taller than his campaign manager. But in the dim light before the restaurant, Buckhart had to raise his eyes to search out the larger man's gaze. Glancing away from him, Buckhart nodded and marched in to dinner.

* * *

Much later that same night, as the senator slouched exhausted in the back seat of his limo leaving Greenwich Village, Gladieaux was in his own room at the hotel, forcing his fat cock into Irene's sucking mouth. Her jaws strained to open farther, spit and sperm dripping down the fat man's shaft from her lips.

By the time the carnival lights of 14th Street caught the senator's eye, his wife was on her knees over Gladieaux's head. Gladieaux's face was buried in her wet cunt as she reached over his lolling paunch to stroke his engorged prick.

The delegates had long since left the convention floor as Buckhart passed Penn Station. Back at the hotel, his wife was guiding his campaign manager's cock into her dripping box and pumping over him, both grunting with their rhythm.

As Buckhart's car glided to a stop at the Hilton service elevator, Gladieaux pulled out, pinched hard on the head of his cock, and eased it up Irene Buckhart's tight brown asshole. She almost screamed when he rammed it home.

The elevator door opened on the 24th floor. Buckhart was surprised once again to see the row of silent sentries lining the hallway, one guard to each door. He considered stopping at his children's suite to wish them good night but decided against interrupting their sleep or the Late Show. He felt dirty after his ordeal at the French restaurant, and didn't want to pollute their innocence with so much as a look.

His hand on the door to his own suite of rooms, he jumped when Gladieaux's door swung open behind him. It was his wife, wrapped in her robe, pushing a loose black curl back from her face.

"What the hell are you doing up and in Gladieaux's fucking bedroom?" he heard himself spit out between clenched teeth, startled by his own vehemence.

"I...I was waiting up for you, dear, and I just needed someone to talk to," she stammered. Recovering, she added, "*You* never have time to talk to me anymore."

Without a word, the senator pushed open Gladieaux's door, which stood ajar, and stalked into the slovenly room, glaring at the bedclothes piled on the floor. The shower was running.

"Who is it?" the fat man called over the sound of running water. When there was no response, he stuck his wet head out the bathroom door. He looked much better without the rug. "What is it, Senator?"

"Nothing, Phil. Nothing." Buckhart shut the door softly behind him and pressed his thumb and forefinger hard against the bridge of his nose, squinting painfully.

"Look, Irene," he rasped in the hallway, "it's been a really long day. The whole thing is getting out of hand. I'm worried, and I probably won't sleep much. So why don't you take the extra bed in the kids' suite?" His voice rose an octave with the final phrase to become a plea. "Besides, they'll probably appreciate seeing you."

"Suits me. You've been such a distant bastard since this whole thing started that I don't really care where I sleep," she retorted and walked brusquely up the hall.

Buckhart smiled weakly at one of the faceless guards, pushed open his door, and fell across the bed.

* * *

Gladieaux gave the senator his instructions the next morning while the candidate watched himself tie his tie in the mirror and swallowed his second cup of steam-

ing black coffee. His reflection revealed no emotion. There was a midmorning press conference to announce his new position on gun control, in order to—as Gladieaux put it—"Get the suckers on the fuckin' bandwagon." Gladieaux left early to check the setup in the mezzanine ballroom. He left nothing to chance.

Senator Buckhart's mind was more a shambles than his hotel headquarters. He shuffled about the lavish suite with little awareness of the place or type of time bomb ticking away near the heart of his dream campaign. The single question "What the hell am I doing? What the *hell* am I doing?" obliterated all else from his brain. No comfort, no solutions. Only pain and frustration, slowly rising to irrational anger.

Bbrrriiinnnnnggggg!

Bbrrriiinnnnnggggg!

The red phone: the clean line direct to his Garden headquarters and, through key men and electronic miracles, the primary source of real information on the mob psychology of the convention floor. His whole being snapped to attention and focused on the clear, pure sound of that red telephone finally ringing in his head.

When Buckhart found out about the deals his campaign manager made, he realized Gladieaux had been fucking him as well as his wife.

Buckhart realized that throughout the convention he had never answered that phone, that he had not considered himself capable of taking that step. The receiver was in his hand before the next ring; the instrument jumped to life.

"Hello, Mr. Gladieaux, this is Howard Sheehan." He recognized the name and voice. It was the tall, towheaded whiz kid who functioned as Gladieaux's second-in-command. He was just 30 and already had three major campaigns under his belt. The 1974 upset of the incumbent Kansas governor could be largely credited to Sheehan's expertise and uncanny political instincts.

The senator cleared his throat, but before he could speak, the young man rushed on.

"I was trying to catch you before the press conference to report some of the feedback that we've been digging up this morning. I put my people out to talk to the folks milling around on the convention floor and in the hotel coffee shops while you polled the delegation chairmen."

Buckhart finally got an opportunity to squeeze in a few words. "Howard, this is Senator Buckhart, not Phil Gladieaux."

"Oh, Senator, I thought it was the boss, I mean Mr. Gladieaux." There was a brief pause while Sheehan made up his mind.

"Listen, Senator, I don't want to speak out of line—I know I'm green—but in my opinion Mr. Gladieaux is listening to the wrong people. He's paying too much attention to the hacks, the older party



"When you're rich, Smedley, you can indulge yourself."

financiers and leaders. According to the information I have from polls of individual delegates, if you switch on gun control now, you'll lose 'em."

"Thanks, Sheehan. You do good work." The senator hung up. In a flash of comprehension, the question running through his head flipped to "What the hell am I letting *him* do to *me*?" He knew he could answer this one.

* * *

Buckhart's stride as he entered the ballroom to face the press displayed the vigor the media corps had missed from him for quite a few weeks. He took the rostrum with authority, hardly glancing at the sheaf of notes his campaign manager thrust into his hands as he adjusted the microphones.

"Gentlemen... and ladies..." he added when his eyes fell on the lanky blonde from the Denver *Post*. Lauren Whitcomb, who had been hounding him for months, returned his smile.

"...I invited you here today for an announcement quite different from the one I'm about to make."

An outburst of conversation swept the room. He raised his voice and continued. "Many of you, I'm sure, had learned from your, how do you usually put it, 'informed sources,' that I had called this press conference today to modify my stand on gun control."

Buckhart grabbed a handful of his wife's thick black hair and shoved her head under the water.

"Wh-what do you think you're doing?" Gladieaux demanded in a stage whisper at his shoulder. Without turning from his audience, Buckhart placed an open hand in the middle of the fat man's stomach and shoved him firmly toward the rear of the podium.

"To be frank, I *was* considering a revision of my beliefs, but after a very long night of soul-searching, I have decided to stand firm for what I believe, for what my supporters know me to believe. A man must be his own man and must have the right to protect himself and his family from harm." A brief spatter of applause met his remarks. From the rostrum, he glimpsed his campaign manager, Gladieaux, storming red-faced and spluttering through the crowd. The senator's smiling "No comment at this time" exit was arrested by Lauren Whitcomb of the Denver *Post*. He noticed, as if for the first time, her green eyes and fine, full breasts.

"Senator," she said, almost breathlessly, "I've been following your campaign for months now, and I haven't been able to convince your campaign manager to let me have a personal interview. So, I'm asking *you*."

"Sure. I'll give you an exclusive on this whole mix-up. When?"

"When it's convenient for you, Senator," she breathed, smiling even wider.

"I've got a few things to clear up this afternoon. How about this evening over dinner?"

"Fine. My place or yours?"

"Yours."

* * *

"Just what the fuck do you think you're doing?" Gladieaux screamed when the senator entered the suite. The aides and volunteers froze in their places. Buckhart grabbed the man roughly by the upper arm, and, never breaking his stride, he literally lifted Gladieaux off the ground and into the bedroom, slamming the door in the astonished Secret Service man's face.

"What is it you want to talk to me about, Gladieaux?" he asked in an even tone.

"What was that little act out there?" Gladieaux was near hysteria. "You hired me to run this goddamn show, and I'm going to fuckin' run it. I've cut deals with every two-bit backwater district leader and big-city mayor and union leader from one end of this country to the other to keep you afloat, and you pull *this* shit!"

Buckhart cracked open the door and pulled the red telephone into the room. Holding it with one hand, with the other he punched out the three digits of his Garden communications while the incensed Gladieaux continued to rage. "I back winners—*only* winners. And I've made you just that. Without me, you're pissing in the wind; you couldn't run this fucking campaign if you had to. If you think you can run it without me...."

Buckhart cut him short. "Hello, Sheehan? This is Senator Buckhart. Effective immediately, you are acting campaign



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manager." He replaced the red receiver in its cradle.

Gladieaux's little eyes bulged out as though the pressure within would blow off his toupee. "Why, you stupid asshole," he hissed, like a punctured tire from between his teeth. "You stupid asshole. You don't have the sense to know when you're well off. You don't even have the sense to know when somebody's screwing that slut wife of yours."

Buckhart drew his arm back deep from the shoulder and slammed his fist into the fat man's face so hard that Gladieaux was thrown back across the night table, breaking the lamp and striking his head solidly against the wall. Blood streamed from his nose.

The Secret Service man was there in the split-second it took to fling open the door. Buckhart rubbed his knuckles and said, "Get him out of here."

Back in the larger room, his brisk order —"Get to work"—set the shell-shocked aides back in motion. "Where's my wife!" he barked. The agent hesitated. "I believe she's in Gladieaux's room, sir."

Buckhart instructed the agent to unlock the door. The room was empty, but the bathroom light was visible under the door. He tapped softly and entered.

"Hello, honey. Don't you like the tub in our room?" He sat on the edge of the tub, and she spat out with contempt, "This one's deeper. What do you want?"

Soothingly, he answered, "I just want to talk to you. We haven't talked much lately. I need your help."

"I'll give you what I want to give you." The words were barely out of her mouth when he grabbed a handful of her thick black hair and shoved her head under the water. Her eyes were wide open with the shock, and he smiled at the bubbles breaking the surface above her mouth. When the wild flailing of her slick, wet arms subsided a little, he hauled her up. Irene immediately tried to yell through coughs and gasps for air. *Tough bitch*, the senator thought to himself. He held her under for a few seconds more. When he brought her out this time, she only wanted to breathe.

The senator explained quietly, "Look, Irene, you're going to give me anything I want. You've been a slut, and I've been a goddamn weakling. I don't know if we'll ever work that out. But I do know that I need you to get the nomination. You will do everything I tell you to do: Stand when I say stand, smile when I say smile." She began shaking her head from side to side, so he started to give her another taste of bath water. She grabbed the sides of the tub.

Buckhart's hand spread the wetness from the woman's cunt over her thighs. She moaned and lunged down over his shaft.

"OK," she squeezed out. "OK."

He relented and continued his instructions, "Speak when I say speak, and suck when I say suck. Do you understand me?"

She nodded weakly. He released his grip on her scalp. "Say, 'Yes, Senator, I understand.'"

She swallowed hard. "Yes, Senator, I understand."

* * *

It had been a long day. The senator had much to catch up on involving his final push for the party's top spot. It was approaching midnight by the time his last strategy session was over, and he quietly knocked on Lauren's door to keep his appointment to be interviewed. She answered the door in a white terry-cloth robe held together at her waist with one hand.

"Senator! I'd decided that you'd forgotten about me," she said with surprise.

"I'm sorry, Miss Whitcomb," he said as he stepped inside the door. "I was extremely busy today and didn't have a chance to call you. I hope it's no trouble. I thought we could call room service for a little something to eat, and you could ask your questions now."

Lauren's inviting smile told him he had not been wrong about her intentions. She climbed up onto the bed and sat leaning against the headboard. He picked up the phone from the bedside table to order dinner. His gaze dropped from her sparkling green eyes to the opening of her robe, where he could see the white line where her tan stopped on one breast. She must wear a very small bikini.

"Yes, please send two dozen oysters on the half shell and a bottle of 1962 Pouilly-Fuisse to room 1426. Thanks."

"I don't think my editor will let me slip all that through on my expense account," Lauren said.

"There's nothing to be worried about." Buckhart hadn't felt so good in recent memory. He felt so good that he gave the bellboy a $100 bill when he delivered the meal and placed a warning finger to his lips.

By the time they finished the shellfish and wine, Buckhart was sitting next to Lauren with his back against the headboard. He had kicked off his shoes and loosened his tie, and he noticed that she was no longer holding her robe together.

They were laughing now, and he felt the weight of her breast against his arm. He turned toward her only to find her staring directly into his eyes. They were both silent for a moment, and then Lauren ran her hand up over his ear and caressed the back of his neck as she pulled his face close for a wet, lingering kiss.

His hand slipped into her white robe and over the shapely expanse of smooth, tan skin. He gently stroked one nipple with his thumb and felt it push out firm and erect. His penis stirred in his pants. Her free hand was soon finished with his tie and shirt buttons and was stroking the bulge at his crotch through the cloth.

As his fingers eased down between her thighs, she sat back, slipping the robe off her shoulders and shaking out her long blonde hair behind her. Buckhart admired her cunt with exploring fingers. Moisture already glistened on sparse, pale pubic hairs, and the lips parted freely.

Lauren shifted over almost on top of him while guiding his probing hand to the cleavage in her heart-shaped ass. She licked and kissed across his nipples and followed the line of hair down the center of his chest to the top of his pants. She quickly unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly, and took his erect cock gently in her hand. She massaged it slowly, running her tongue around the rim of its head from time to time.

Buckhart's hand spread the moisture from her cunt over her thighs and up to her asshole. A moan growled from deep in her throat, and she lunged down over his shaft with her mouth, sucking so hard that slurping sounds escaped her clinging lips. Two of his fingers forced their way into her eager cunt, and his head was lifted off the pillow by the building tension of his approaching orgasm. She moved even faster as he began to shoot into her hot mouth. His orgasm was like a spontaneous demonstration on the convention floor the night of the nomination: full of pleasure, charged with expectation.

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In a case such as this, which tickles their erotic fancy, the self-disciplined nurses retain their professionalism. Though they'd rather be friends than enemas with this guy, they feel duty bound to follow doctor's orders. They know that they will be reamed if he isn't, so they reluctantly bend to the shitty chore. There's no reason why his swollen condition can't be redeemed by a flush of pleasure, so the wet nurses use their heads to give him a little extra-special "Tender Loving Care" ....









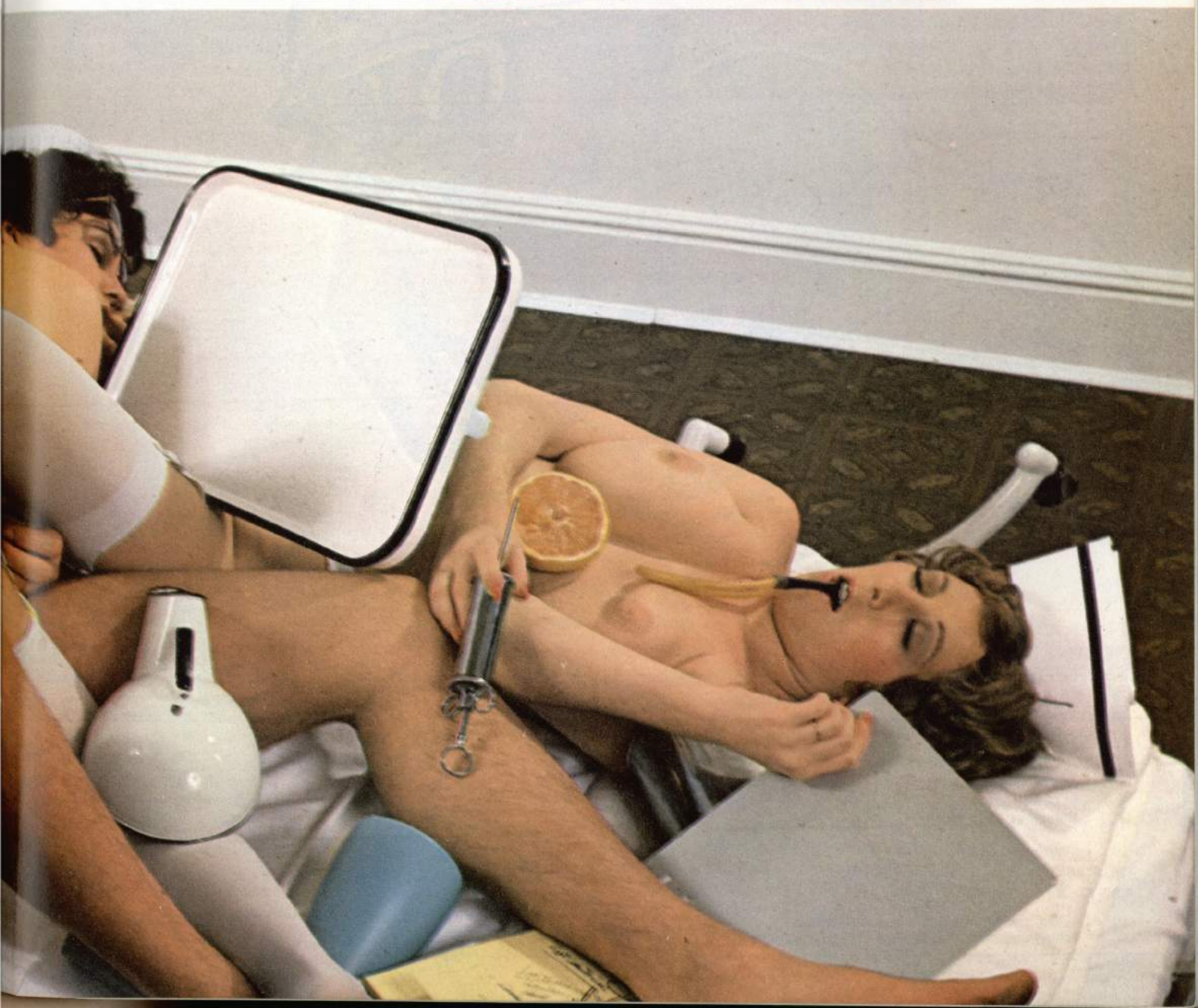


Satisfied that their charge is everything he was cracked up to be, the physical therapists administer a baby-oil massage that will definitely not take the stiffness out of all his muscles.



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Compiled by
Richard Crownover

LITTLE ROCK (HNS)—Unisex is finding its way into the toilets of America. Tish Henslee of the University of Arkansas says that separate toilet facilities contribute to sexism and that "his" and "her" toilets should be eliminated.

A professor of early childhood education, Henslee said that young boys and girls should not be made to feel different. Common restrooms, she added, would dispel some of the curiosity and misconceptions young children have about sexual differences.

Henslee said that some architects are now designing unisex toilets into their structures.

TEL AVIV (HNS)—Women readers of *Playgirl* in Israel want to see their male pinups complete, with their genitals untouched by the hands of censors.

Steimatsky Agency, a major magazine and book distributor in Israel, blots out the genitals of the men featured in *Playgirl* but does not censor female genitalia in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines.

A group of feminists has brought suit against 75-year-old Yehezkel Steimatsky, owner of the distributing agency, charging him with sexual discrimination.

EVANSTON (HNS)—There are presently 4000 to 5000 "illegitimate" sex clinics in the U. S. offering sex counseling and therapy of dubious quality, according to Joanne and Lew Koch, authors of a new book called *The Marriage Savers*.

Treatment centers devoted to sexual problems began to proliferate shortly after the publication of *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, by William Masters and Virginia Johnson.

The Kochs say that many of the quack sex centers can do more harm than good because the operators are not properly trained.

At this time, only five states—California, Utah, Nevada, Michigan and New Jersey—have laws that regulate marriage counseling. None of the 50 states has laws covering sex therapists.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (HNS)—One of the most rapid and far-reaching social changes of this decade has been the liberalizing of abortion laws, according to Lester R. Brown and Kathleen Newland of Worldwatch Institute.

Two-thirds of the world's women now live in countries where abortions are permitted under specified conditions, compared with one-third just five years ago, the two said.

There are an estimated 40 to 55 million illegal abortions performed each year in countries that have not relaxed their laws.

In some countries, such as Brazil, it is estimated that half of all pregnancies are aborted. Women suffering from botched abortions account for nearly half of the female patients admitted to the largest maternity hospital in Bogota, Colombia, Brown and Newland added.

SALT LAKE CITY (HNS)—Several very pretty Brigham Young coeds are out of a job for showing too much enterprise—and too much flesh—in their efforts to please customers at two of the city's shoeshine parlors.

The scantily clad girls were getting up to $100 per shine by taking off all their clothes while they put the polish on.

The sex-with-shine gimmick came to an abrupt end when it was learned that a mentally retarded young man had spent $3000 of his savings at the two parlors.

WEST LAFAYETTE (HNS)—Contrary to popular opinion, male beauty is more important to the sex life of men than female beauty is to the sex life of women, or so the evidence suggests.

An experiment involving 588 men and women conducted by two psychologists, James P. Curran of Purdue University and Stephen Lippold of the Veterans Administration Hospital in West Lafayette, indicates that beautiful men do indeed have more fun.

Not surprisingly, the researchers' data showed that the better looking the man or woman, the more sexual experience they were likely to have.

However, the notion that men go for looks while women are more interested in personality and character did not hold up. Women are more discriminating than men in regard to physical attractiveness when choosing sexual partners, the researchers concluded.

LOS ANGELES (HNS)—Lesbians are not the "freaks" they are stereotyped to be. In fact, except for their sexual preferences, they generally cannot be distinguished from heterosexual women.

Los Angeles psychologists A.K. Oberstone and Harry Sukoneck gave a battery of tests to 25 lesbians and 25 heterosexual women, both groups ranging in age from 20 to 45.

The 50 profiles were then mixed, and not even experts could pick the lesbians from the straights, the psychologists said.

PHOENIX (HNS)—Several hundred pretty young women in this thriving desert city are also thriving in an old profession with a new name—"hand whores."

These women are billed as masseuses and work in the dozens of massage parlors that have sprung up around the city like mushrooms. A "hand whore" is, of course, a woman who masturbates her customers.

The routine in the parlors that offer this special service is usually the same. The customer chooses the masseuse of his choice from a lineup the women often refer to as the "meat display."

Once in the room and on the massage bunk, the customer is given a quick rubdown of varying quality. Then the woman asks him if he would like anything else massaged. If he says yes, she tells him to take her hand and place it where he wants her to massage. This method helps to prevent the woman from being entrapped by an undercover vice-squad agent and charged with prostitution.

The motto of one such short-order sex shop is said to be, "Get 'em up! Get 'em off! Get 'em out!"

Most of the clientele of the massage parlors are middle-aged married men,

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often local businessmen on lunch breaks or traveling salesmen.

Most of the masseuses report that they are not turned on by their work. They say they usually think of something else while they are jacking off a customer.

Fees for masturbatory services begin at about $20. The women make from $125 to $500 a week, including salaries and tips. Some of the parlors are fronts for full-fledged houses of prostitution; several others promise sexual delights but are strictly rip-off joints.

LOS ANGELES (HNS)—Uneducated, unsophisticated, "rough-and-ready" hemen have traditionally been pictured as having more and better sex than other men.

This may have been true at one time, but not any longer, according to research analyst Dr. Roger Witting. Recent surveys of the sexual behavior of individuals in all categories show that men and women with higher IQs have fewer sexual prejudices and are more creative in their sexual activities, Witting said.

Witting adds that most sex parties are arranged by people who are more intelligent. Really dumb people don't have the imagination or courage to participate in sex orgies, he said.

PARIS (HNS)—Sex is now on sale in Paris's famous Bois de Boulogne district at prices reminiscent of the late '40s and early '50s. Large numbers of prostitutes are offering oral sex for $7 and intercourse for $12.

However, there is a drawback to this bargain-basement sex. All the discount hookers are transvestites.

Paris police authorities say that about 80 percent of the men who patronize the female impersonators go for blow-jobs, but that many of the transvestites have undergone a sex-change operation and offer full sexual intercourse.

The authorities add that most of the customers are not aware that they are being serviced by men.

SERENGETI PRESERVE, TANZANIA (HNS)—Male lions may not always uphold their image as the king of beasts when it comes to courage, but as lovers they have few peers.

Female lions come into heat for periods of two to four days at intervals of two weeks to several months. When in heat, they sometimes copulate as often as every 15 minutes.

Brian Bertram, a zoologist at the Serengeti Research Institute, says that while the female will change sex partners occasionally, she may be serviced by the same male as many as 200 times during one period of heat.

In spite of this frenetic sexual activity, lions give birth only every two years or so. This averages out to approximately 1500 copulations per conception.

Bertram suggests that such supersexual activity may be an evolutionary advantage since it keeps the males pacified most of the time. The king of beasts pays for his pleasure, however. He dies young.

MELBOURNE, FLA. (HNS)—A team of medical research scientists at the Florida Institute of Technology in Melbourne has developed a new prototype vaccine for syphilis.

Head scientist Ronald H. Jones said the breakthrough came when they succeeded in culturing in a test tube the bacterium that causes syphilis. All previous efforts to do this had failed.

The scientist reported they were able to grow the infection-producing bacteria after they discovered how to prevent a "slime" layer from being removed when isolating the syphilis germ.

The test vaccine has proven partially successful in protecting rabbits from syphilis. Jones and his team are working on an improved version that they hope to test on chimpanzees in two years.

They hope to start trials on humans in three or four years. There are presently some 25,000 cases of syphilis reported in the U. S. each year, but authorities say the actual number is many times this.

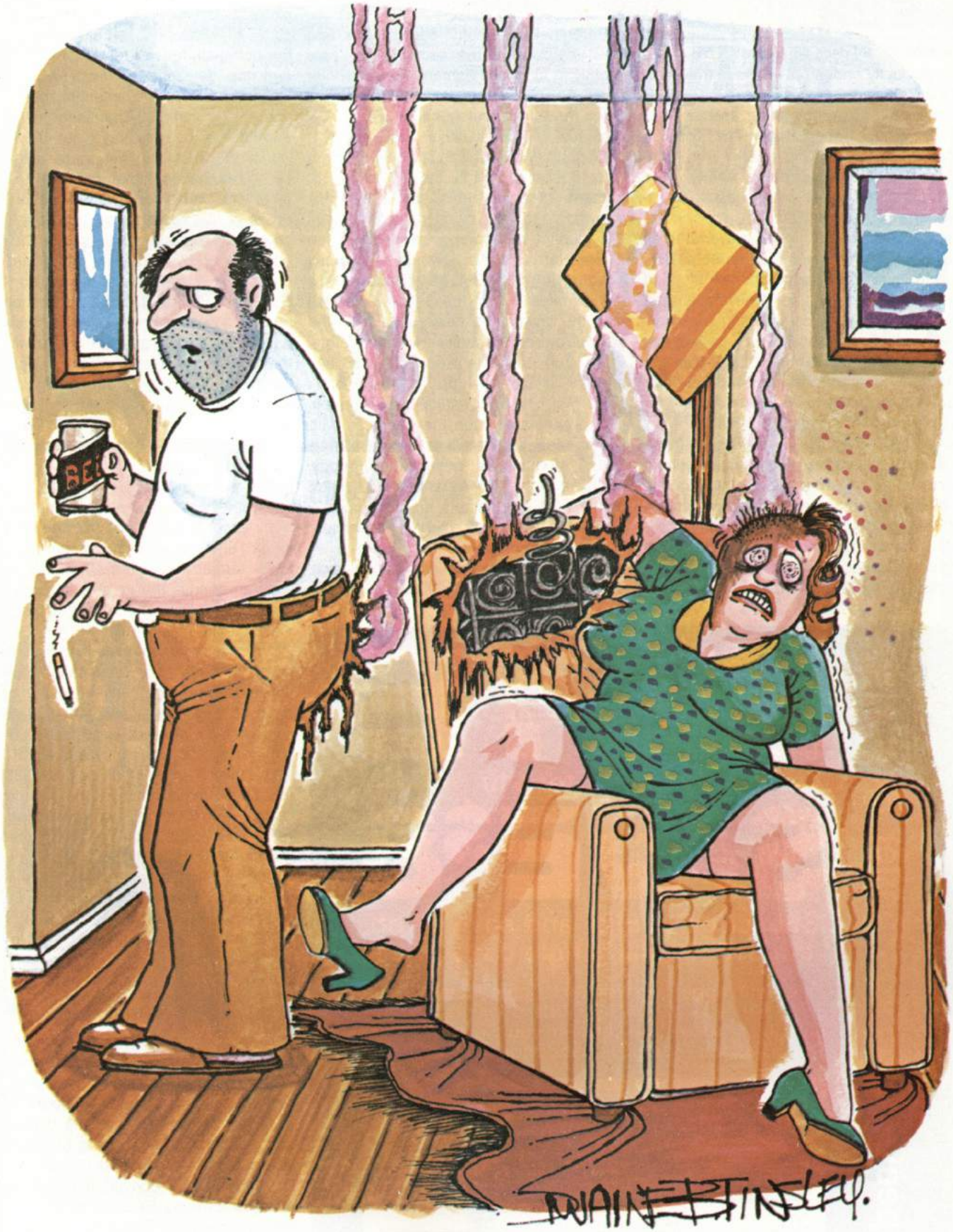
PARIS (HNS)—Police here have closed down a school that taught young women how to stash and carry rings and other small valuables in their vaginas.

The underground school of crime was discovered when a woman tried to walk out of a store with a portable typewriter between her legs.

The police said the woman was able to walk naturally with the typewriter clutched between her thighs but was apprehended because she was seen stuffing it up there.

An investigation uncovered the school. Female students began by learning how to carry record albums between their legs and later graduated to encyclopedias and telephone directories to strengthen their thigh muscles.

Use of the vagina as a hideaway for pilfered merchandise was included in an advanced course.



"Oops! Sorry!"

BEER

(continued from page 46)

lushes lucky enough to reside in the Utica, New York, area.

West End Brewing's other special brew is Maximus Super Beer. The line on Maximus Super is *clout*. At 7.5 percent alcohol by volume, it packs nearly twice the punch of most other beers, which average 4.1 percent alcohol. Thus, Maximus Super is the most powerful malt beverage on the market today. So powerful, in fact, that West End has stopped marketing it in kegs for draft dispensing. Bar owners were complaining that normally docile patrons were getting so snockered on the damn stuff that they got physical, tearing up the bar and the other drinkers, or trying to. At a kickoff party for Maximus at an upstate New York university, several cheerleaders got so zonked that they initiated a small sex orgy right there in the bar, which, as I see it, is one hell of a promotion stunt. In the aftermath of that incident, the school's administration formally banned Maximus from the otherwise open campus. Throughout the northeastern United States, Maximus is renowned as the beer of beers to slip to an unsuspecting date.

Parenthetically, some beer brands, and even batches of the same brand, vary slightly in alcoholic content. For American beer, 4.1 percent is the norm, but any given brand or batch might run a few tenths of a percent either way.

Of course, some cities still have laws on their books that limit the figure to 3.2 percent. In a way, this "low" beer is a throwback to Prohibition days. This was the alcohol percentage specified in the Cullen-Harrison Act, which Congress enacted in 1933. But, as anybody who's ever worked out on the 3.2 stuff can tell you, the lawmakers failed to take all the fun out of beer by making 3.2 mandatory. If the stuff isn't potent enough, what any sensible citizen will do is simply drink more of it. The end results of drinking lots of 3.2 beer are much the same as with swilling the big-league brews or maybe better, producing a loose-jointed, happy, rambling high. Anyway, with the passage of the 21st Amendment on November 7, 1933, the lid came off the hard-liquor business again.

Still, there were the local-option laws. The states and counties could, at their option, enact any kind of liquor law they pleased. On alcoholic content, only one state, Mississippi, has ruled contrary to the complete federal repeal of Prohibition, and the deviance is minor. Mississippi limits the alcoholic content of beer to 4 percent by volume. Thousands of towns around the country have not only kept within the 3.2 limit, but there are even benighted hamlets that continue to hold on to total prohibition. The only observable effect of this Neanderthal repression has been to oblige drinkers to drive to the next county, thereby increasing traffic fatalities.

Hopping across the continent from the Northeast to the Northwest, the beer to drink in Washington is Olympia, from the nation's eighth largest brewer. In five of the 20 Western states where it is sold—Washington, Oregon, Montana, Hawaii and Alaska—Olympia is the number-one seller.

Right down to its focal ad slogan, "It's the Water," Olympia has a very Coors-like image. As with Coors, it truly does seem to be the water that sets Olympia apart from lesser brews. Since the firm's founding in 1896, the water in Olympia beer has been tapped only from the cold, clear artesian springs that bubble to earth near Tumwater Falls, just outside Washington's state capital of Olympia.

This water is so excellent that in its initial year Olympia successfully outsold its competitors at nearly triple the going price of beer. The summer of 1896 saw a recession in which a large loaf of bread sold for 8¢, 5¢ would buy a quart of milk and a thick T-bone steak cost only 25¢ at the finest restaurants in the Northwest. Mucking up matters even more than the recession for the fledgling Olympia brand, the brewers in Seattle and Tacoma were in the midst of a price war. They were wholesaling beer at $3.25 a barrel. Olympia's founder, Leopold F. Schmidt, said, "Shit on that!" and slapped an $8-a-barrel price tag on his beer. The new beer sold like crazy. Except for a time-out during the Depression, Olympia Beer has been thriving ever since.

From 1901 to 1903, Olympia Brewing received further proof of the superiority of its Tumwater Falls water. It was proof not entirely to the company's economic liking. In response to a skyrocketing demand, it acquired four other existing breweries in Washington, Oregon and California. The intention was to convert these plants to produce Olympia Beer. At each of them, the company used the same hops and barley, the same cereal adjuncts, the same yeast strain and the identical equipment as at the home plant. Even the same

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brewmasters traveled among the new locations. Nothing worked. They simply could not produce a beer comparable to that coming out of Tumwater. The explanation had to be the water; there was no other variable. While the parent firm operated these bum plants for a while before dumping them, it never put the Olympia label on the beer produced there.

Seventy-odd years later, Olympia Brewing Company gained entry to the Top Ten American brewers by acquisition in March 1975 of the Theodore Hamm Company of St. Paul, Minnesota. Hamm's beer is a longtime pleaser in 26 Midwestern and Western states.

Leopold F. (Rick) Schmidt, the great-grandson of the founder, is at pains to enunciate that the unique characteristics not only of Olympia but of Hamm's beer will be maintained. Says Schmidt, "Olympia is favored by beer drinkers for its light, smooth character. Hamm's has a strong following among beer drinkers who prefer a moderately light, slightly more traditional beer. We are vigorously preserving their separate qualities."

Mergers are the name of the game in contemporary beer marketing. Right behind Olympia, the number-nine position in the Top Ten was taken over in November 1975 by the aggressive Carling National Breweries, Inc., of Baltimore, Maryland. In an era characterized by nationally distributed powerhouses wiping out anemic regionals, this was a unique merger. In this case, the regional bought out the national brewer. The former Carling Brewing Company's flagship brand, Black Label, available everywhere in the USA, was faltering; National Brewing Company's mostly regional (with the exception of Colt 45) list was prospering. Behind the deal was National Brewing's chairman and chief executive officer, Jerry Hoffberger, whose name is probably better known in a nonbrewing context. Hoffberger restored major league baseball to Baltimore, and in 1965 he became the Orioles' chairman.

Another regional brewer with a delectable portfolio of beers is the G. Heileman Brewing Company of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Though it doesn't have a single brand name with a national following, Heileman is the nation's tenth largest brewer. The firm is that rarity in today's cutthroat beer business—a thriving regional brewer. By means of aggressive promotion and excellent, Kraeusened beers, Heileman has come on strong in the last decade. Its profit picture is among the best in the brewing industry.

My personal favorite among Heileman's 11 brands is Special Export. Although brewed in the USA, Special Export has that stronger body and tang that Heineken and Lowenbrau fans are so enamored of. In that Valhalla for brewers, Milwaukee, Special Export is the biggest seller among premium-priced beers.

Blatz, also a Heileman brand, was in the doldrums at the time it was acquired from the Pabst Brewing Company. Since joining the Heileman stable, it has enjoyed outstanding new growth and is now marketed in 35 states.

Turning from beers to malt liquors, the biggie in this field remains the venerable Champale, which is savored in 50 states and ten countries on three continents. Malt liquors have a higher alcoholic content than beer, although they are less potent than many of their addicts believe. They can range from five percent to six percent in alcohol volume.

It is, indeed, a beloved libation, this Beverage of Moderation. Moderation! That gives me a hoot. I could get immoderately swacked on the stuff every night. I guess I'm promiscuous; I love *all* beers. If I seem to have played favorites, let me modify that impression by stating that hardly a brand extant is not an elixir to this beer lush's palate.

In fact, the only beer that strikes me as rotten-tasting, the one brand I dislike in the whole U. S. is Stroh's, from Detroit. More natural gas is produced by Stroh's drinkers than the oil fields of Iran.

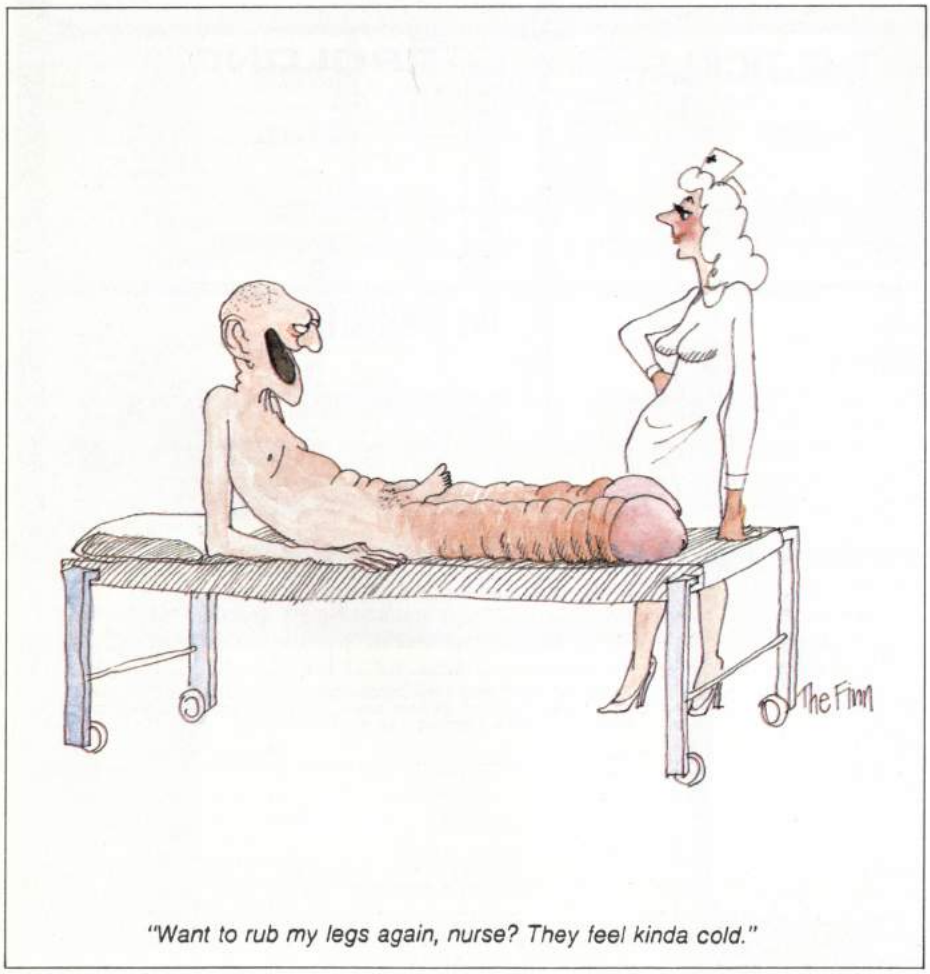
To me, Stroh's is the Mickey Finn of Beers. When you see a guy pass out on this stuff, it's not because he's plastered; the fumes have probably done him in.

And that's enough about Stroh's.

Beer guzzlers are a weird bunch. They get *patriotic* about their own brands. Bad mouth a man's favorite brew, and you're asking for trouble. Set a man down on a barstool, though, and pass him a few glasses of some mystery beer and he'll probably end up swearing by the same tipple he had denounced as mung, mouthwash and worm piss an hour earlier.

This proves (if it proves anything at all) that one brew is ultimately as good as another for any beer-fancier except the most status-conscious, hidebound snob. An open mind is one of the things beer drinking is all about; some of the others are cold refreshment on a hot day, conviviality, effervescence and getting it up to fuck chicks you'd run from in strong light.

Bottoms up!



"Want to rub my legs again, nurse? They feel kinda cold."



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KINKY KORNER

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HOG-GRINDING-SMOTHER-FUCKING

by D. M. Riley

I handle a bulldozer all day, and that's pretty rough work. During breaks and at lunchtime the guys like to sit around and tell stories.

Most of these stories are about sex because that's something everybody likes to hear about. Every guy has his sex story to tell, whether he works construction or whether he's a big executive. Executives probably sit around in the office or the country club telling their stories.

Some guys tell stories about eating a girl's pussy until she's hot and coming while she sucks every drop of jizz from his cock, and about how they do it all night.

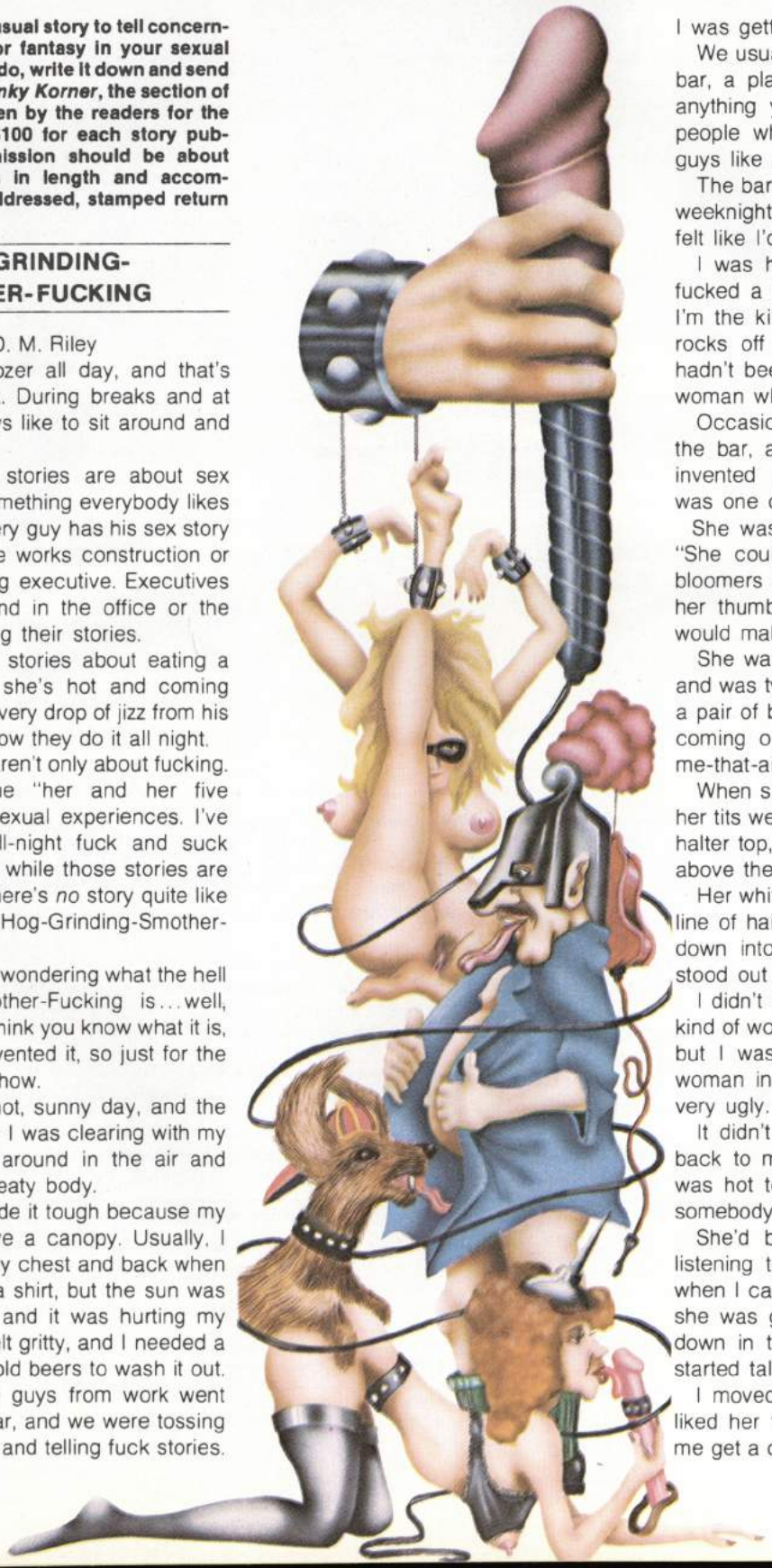
A lot of stories aren't only about fucking. They're about the "her and her five friends" kind of sexual experiences. I've been in some all-night fuck and suck deals myself, and while those stories are very interesting, there's *no* story quite like the one I tell about Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking.

You're probably wondering what the hell Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking is... well, I'll tell you. If you think you know what it is, you're wrong. I invented it, so just for the record I'm telling how.

It had been a hot, sunny day, and the dust from the field I was clearing with my dozer was flying around in the air and sticking to my sweaty body.

The hot sun made it tough because my dozer doesn't have a canopy. Usually, I liked the sun on my chest and back when I worked without a shirt, but the sun was too hot that day, and it was hurting my eyes. My mouth felt gritty, and I needed a couple of good, cold beers to wash it out.

A bunch of the guys from work went down to a local bar, and we were tossing down some beers and telling fuck stories.



I was getting hornier with each beer.

We usually hang out at this pretty rough bar, a place where you can say almost anything you want to say. Most of the people who come in there are working guys like us.

The bar was hot, too, and crowded for a weeknight. The jukebox was blaring, and I felt like I'd been run through the mill.

I was horny as hell because I hadn't fucked a woman for a couple of weeks. I'm the kind of guy who likes to get his rocks off on a regular basis, but I just hadn't been having any luck in finding a woman who turned me on.

Occasionally, women would come into the bar, and the girl I was with when I invented Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking was one of them.

She was a girl who fit the old saying: "She could stand on a headstone with bloomers on her head and a brassiere on her thumbs, and the hairs of her pussy would make a dead man come."

She was built like a '60s bomb shelter and was twice as tough as the tongues on a pair of black wing-tips. She was always coming on with a what-can-you-do-for-me-that-ain't-been-done-before attitude.

When she came into the bar that night, her tits were practically hanging out of her halter top, and you could see a tattoo just above the left one.

Her white jeans were slung low, and the line of hair that ran from her belly button down into her pants toward her snatch stood out against her tanned belly.

I didn't really like her type. She was the kind of woman who usually pissed me off, but I was horny and she was the only woman in the bar who wasn't big, fat or very ugly.

It didn't take much coaxing to get her back to my place. As it turned out, she was hot to trot, too, and was looking for somebody to turn her every way but loose.

She'd been sitting in the next booth listening to us tell our fuck stories, and when I came back from a trip to the john, she was giving me the eye. When I sat down in the booth, I turned around and started talking shit to her.

I moved into her booth and told her I liked her tattoo. When she offered to let me get a closer look at it, I took her home.

My place is just a single room, plus a bathroom. You can see two or three different patterns of ugly wallpaper where some of it has peeled away, and the fixtures in the bathroom had been painted.

I cleared away some old newspapers and dirty clothes, folded down the couch into a bed, and we both got naked.

Her dark tan made her tits and ass and pussy areas so white by comparison, it looked like she was still dressed, except for her red nipples and the patch of bushy brown cunt hair.

We were both so damn horny that we started pawing at each other right away, and it wasn't long before I was kissing and licking her tattoo.

She was in the mood for something special. When I rolled her over on her back and got ready to ram it to her in the conventional missionary style, she told me that if I couldn't think of anything better, it wasn't going to be a very good fuck.

When I poked my nine-inch hard-on up her cunt, she didn't complain, though. I felt her wiggle and moan.

Her long blonde hair was spread across the top of the bed, and she arched her neck while I pounded into her. I gave her a mouth-covering kiss, and our tongues rubbed against each other.

She pulled away long enough to say, "Hurt me!" and then she started kissing me again.

That's when I eased my thumb up her tight asshole.

She was really grinding under me now; I was pressed down on her tight, with my pecker in her to the hilt. Our feeling of rough-fucking was growing, but it still wasn't what either one of us was expecting from a "hurt me" fuck.

Since I was already grinding her ham—hence the term "Hog-Grinding"—I tried to figure out something else to contribute to the fucking experience.

Then I noticed she was really breathing hard through her nose because I still had her mouth covered with mine. I took the hand that wasn't occupied by thumbing her rim and squeezed her nose shut with my thumb and forefinger.

A word of caution must be included here: This has to be done carefully. When you notice her face starting to turn blue, release her nose and let her get a quick gasp of air. Then squeeze tight again!

When I started shooting, I yanked my thumb out of her ass, which made her travel all over the bed searching for it.

Also, I might warn that this trick isn't something you try with the girl next door or the 18-year-old who does your babysitting. You'll either end up in jail or with no pussy at all.

The combination of my thumb up to the hilt in her ass, my nine inches of pecker fucking away at her hot pussy, plus her constant lack of air, has an effect you can't believe until you've tried it.

With the continued, relentless application of the Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking system, I was able to work this woman through at least seven interludes of temporary ecstasy, each bigger than the last.

These repeated stepping-stones to the big shoot were working up the desire for my moment of glory. It wasn't long until my grinding was to come to an end, and when I started shooting, I felt her start, too.

That's when I unplugged her ass, and this act made her travel all over the bed, searching for my thumb.

Then I pulled back my mouth and unclamped her nose, and the sudden gush of air must have caused all her blood to rush to her cunt because she was really getting her nut.

She was panting and squirming and gasping, and her eyes were rolled back in her head.

Well, once doesn't make it right, so I went out looking for the meanest momma I know. I figured that if my Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking could turn her on, then it could work on anybody.

She's about my size, which is pretty big for a broad, and her arms are almost as hairy as mine. When I snatched off her bra and those big tits fell out, I saw that she had a wide, purple scar four inches long that cut right across her nipple. I've seen this bitch brawl in the bars, and I'd hate to see what happened to the fucker who cut her up. I also knew that this was going to be like a ten-day ride on my dozer.

At first, when I closed off her mouth and nose, she started trying to get away from me and was thumping me on the back with her fists and poking at my eyes. She was even trying to kick me, but I had her legs spread too wide.

All this pounding on me just made me grind into her harder, and I had my thumb forced up her butt as far as it would go. I pinched tighter on her nostrils and was pressing down on her face with mine so that I could keep her mouth covered. I was feeling more and more like I was going to get my nut right then and there, when I noticed that she had stopped trying to rip off my face with her fingernails and was starting to go limp, so I let go of her nose real fast before she passed out.

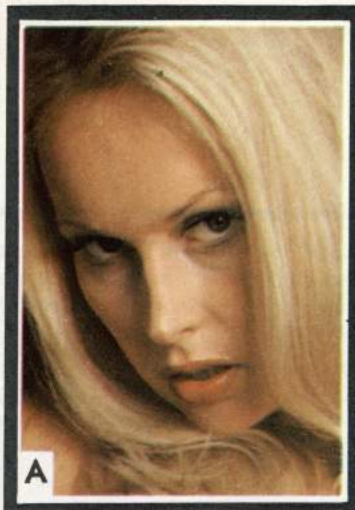
The next time I pinched it shut, she wasn't fighting so hard, and after a while she was grinding right back at me. I was more careful about letting her get her breath of air after that, though.

This time I didn't pull my thumb out of her ass until after I released her nose and mouth, and when I finally relented and popped it out, she let out a whoop that sent me shooting off in her. I was getting better at it, and it sure beat the hell out of regular old fucking.

This old broad was about half crazy when I finished with her, and I had another devotee to the system.

My spirits really picked up with my new invention, and all the guys at work love to hear me tell about each time I turn on a new woman with Hog-Grinding-Smother-Fucking.

One final warning: Once the word gets out from one of these chicks that you've mastered this technique, you'll have to change your phone number, move out or both because the women will be after you like hungry prospectors after the Lost Dutchman mine.


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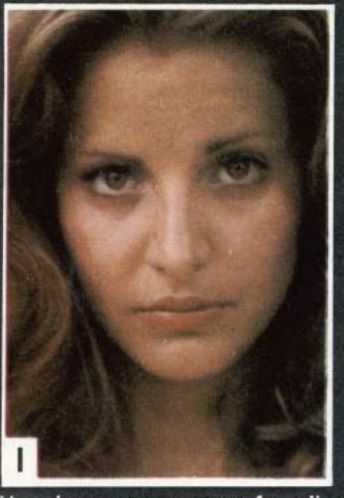

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Here's a new contest for all you muff divers who feel that you know all the HUSTLER Honeys inside and out. These faces and snatches were taken from past issues of HUSTLER. Just match the letter of each Honey's face with the number of her succulent, pink snatch. Write your answers on the coupon found on the following page. The first ten guys to send in their coupons with the correct answers will win a year's free subscription to HUSTLER, which they will doubtless use to memorize the snatches so they can win next year's contest. You'd better get humping if you want free pussy for the next 12 months. Ready? Lick your pencils and begin.....

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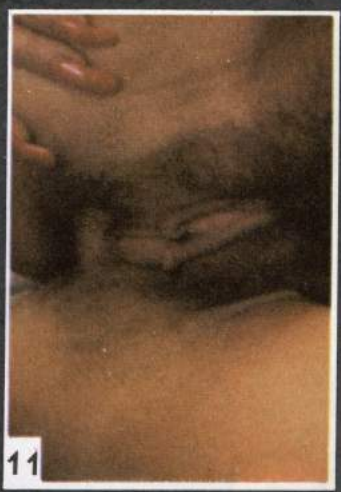

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SINATRA

(continued from page 62)

men on their level. Like Shirley MacLaine. Frank loved her because she was a hard-nosed jock. Around Frank, there's no room for femininity.

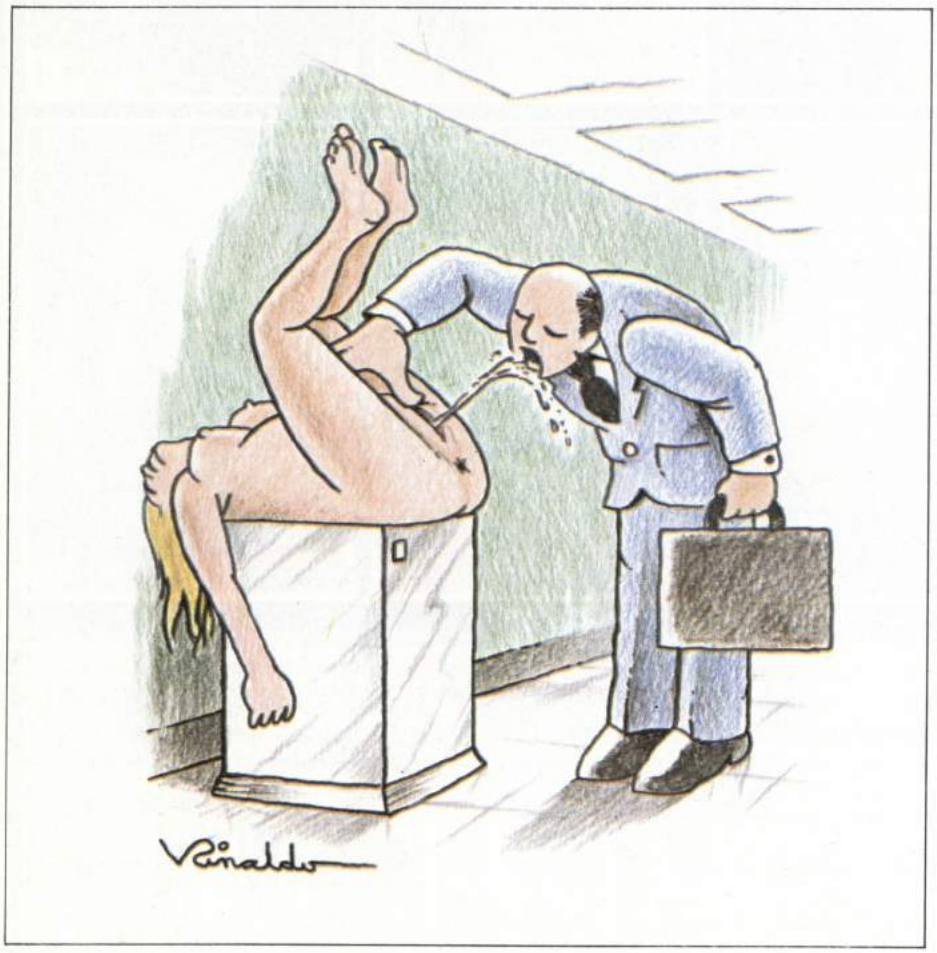
"Don't get me wrong. He's very charming. When you're alone with him, Frank makes you feel like you're the only woman in the world. He's the perfect lover that way, turning his full attention on you. And he's damn good in bed. I read some cheap book written by a Hollywood whore who says Frank has a full nine inches, but she understated it. He's got at least a foot, and he knows how to use it. Sometimes he goes in for some strange stuff, but he's a damn good lover.

"But when Frank's in front of his jock friends, he behaves differently toward a woman. He'll do something like turn to one of his *paisanos* and say, 'See if the broad wants some sauce,' as if you were just a cheap cunt, as if you had no identity and no place in the world except as Frank's latest cunt. When you've been going with the man for six or seven months... well, it hurts. Frank's always doing that to his women."

Sinatra and Joe DiMaggio once raided what they mistakenly thought was Marilyn Monroe's lesbian love nest. The occupant sued them for $200,000.

Those of his old friends who will talk about Sinatra agree that he has always had a coarse attitude toward women, but they report that it grew coarser after his marriage to Ava Gardner broke up.

Frank and Ava met in 1950 in New York, and something had flashed between them. Their brief fling was the talk of the town for a few days. Frank's wife, Nancy, was reading about it daily in the gossip columns back in Beverly Hills. It had happened before, and their marriage had survived, but this time Ava was more than just another one-night stand. Frank flipped over her.



"Frank wasn't just in love with her, he was, simply, *obsessed* by her," a friend later said.

Sinatra's career was plunging downhill at the time. His vocal cords were giving him trouble, and he couldn't get work in nightclubs. His studio dropped him. Then his booking agencies canceled his contract. Sinatra made it all worse by chasing Ava all around the world like a wealthy, spoiled schoolboy, ruining his public image and his career. By the time he finally married Ava at the end of 1951, she was a major star, and he was washed up.

Then he got the role of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity* and won the Academy Award for it. He turned that little Oscar into the most stunning comeback in entertainment history, becoming the King once more, a Hollywood legend.

It destroyed his marriage to Ava. When he had been beaten and down at the bottom of the heap, Frank needed and depended on Ava—loved her in his way. But when he shot back to the top, he became filled with that special kind of Sinatra pride and *machismo*. He hung out with his Rat-Pack buddies, carving his kingdom in Hollywood, and saw very little of Ava. They finally split for good in 1953, several months after Frank won the Oscar for best supporting actor.

Ava herself later explained, "I was happier when I was married to Frank than ever before. He was something sweet and wonderful most of the time. When he was down and out, he was so sweet. But when he got back to the top again, it was hell."

The late Jimmy Cannon, Sinatra's favorite sportswriter, who was very close to Frank during this period, once said, "The trouble between Frank and Ava was that he could do nothing for her; she was on top. I think he learned that when a man is down, especially any man as proud as Frank, a woman can't really do anything to help him. If the woman's on top, a man like Frank just hurts. Her career gets in the way of his needs because a man like Frank needed a woman around him 24 hours a day, or on call, for whenever he wants her to be around. And Ava couldn't buy that."

Sinatra's demands on his women are part of the remnants of an old-fashioned Sicilian heritage—his woman must be like a good Italian housewife who makes spaghetti for the friends her husband brings home and doesn't complain if he seldom comes home.

Sinatra tried to push Ava into that role, but she refused. He had expected Juliet Prowse to give up her career to satisfy his needs and demands. Instead, Juliet abrupt-

about marrying him.

After just 16 months of marriage to Mia Farrow, he abruptly broke it off because she had shown a spark of independent spirit and wouldn't accept the housewife role. Mia sometimes told Frank off in front of his friends, yelling at him for practical jokes she felt were childish, and she went off to Europe to make a film against his wishes. So it was "Endsville," as Sinatra would put it.

Marilyn Monroe and Jackie Kennedy Onassis were among the few women Frank did not succeed in transforming into galley-slave mates.

In 1959, the Sinatra-Monroe romance was one of the big love stories that all the gossip columnists missed. Marilyn's marriage to playwright Arthur Miller was breaking up at the time, and she turned to Frank for emotional support. They soon became lovers.

"Frank has always been so kind and understanding," Marilyn told her friends a couple of months before her death in the summer of 1962. "When I'm with him, I don't feel I have to take pills or see a psychiatrist or anything else. He makes me feel secure and happy. He makes me laugh. I think he's the only man who has taught me how to love life."

Her need for Sinatra seemed rather strange to friends because there was a time when Marilyn almost hated him for taking part in another famous Sinatra caper, the "wrong door raid."

Marilyn was in the process of divorcing her first husband, Joe DiMaggio, in 1954, but Joltin' Joe didn't want to let her go. Hoping to catch her in a compromising situation to force her to return to him, Joe enlisted Frank's help. Sinatra reportedly hired a private investigator to keep tabs on Marilyn. On a November night in 1954, the sleuth trailed her to an apartment where she was visiting a girlfriend. He called DiMaggio, who called Sinatra. They both rushed over to the Hollywood apartment of Marilyn's girlfriend.

DiMaggio apparently believed he was going to find Marilyn in a lesbian clinch with her girlfriend and felt that evidence of such weird behavior by America's sex queen would force her to stay married to him. He consulted Sinatra and then ordered the raid.

Two private detectives, a photographer and Joe DiMaggio smashed down the door of an apartment and shocked a woman out of a deep sleep. The woman grew hysterical at the popping flashbulbs and the dim figures of strange men in her bedroom. One of the raiders turned on a light. Another shouted, "We've got the wrong place!" They all turned and fled, leaving the woman in a state of panic.

By all accounts, Sinatra had remained outside in his car. But the woman, who had been scared out of her mind by the "wrong door raid," later sued Sinatra and DiMaggio for $200,000. The lawsuit was settled quietly out of court.

Marilyn forgave Sinatra for his role in the fiasco, and years later, when they'd become lovers, she could laugh about the raid. "I don't know if Frank will ever live that one down," she told one friend.

Their affair grew so serious that Frank and Marilyn actually discussed marriage. However, Marilyn told close friends that it could never happen.

"We don't really have that much to offer each other as man and wife," she told several of her intimates. "We're both famous, we're both at the top of our professions and we both have enough money to last a long time. The needs are missing. Besides, I have to reach beyond Hollywood for what I want in the future.

"Also," Marilyn added, "marriage could never happen because I think Frank is still in love with Nancy Senior and will go back to her some day."

Her friends knew that Marilyn was really saying they could never marry because she was so absolutely career-driven, and Frank would never take as his wife a woman who had something more important going outside his home.

Nevertheless, their affair continued right up to her death in 1962. To close friends, Marilyn would even comment wryly about Sinatra's sexual demands, which both excited and flattered her. One afternoon, a few months before she died, Marilyn was showing her housekeeper photographs taken on Frank's yacht during a quiet cruise. Marilyn laughed and commented, "I don't think I'll give him any copies of the pictures. I think I've already given him enough."

Jackie Onassis is also a different kind of woman, for Sinatra. They had become friends back in 1960, when Frank began working so hard to help elect John F. Kennedy as president. It was Frank who escorted Jackie to the Inaugural Ball. Through the years after JFK's assassination and the years of her marriage to Onassis, Frank and Jackie remained good friends. After Ari's death, and a barely decent interval, gossip columnists began reporting a serious romance and probable marriage. Some writers even picked the date: December 1975. The marriage never occurred, of course.

However, Frank and Jackie still date quite often, even while Frank is living with



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Barbara Marx. It was Jackie, in her new career as an editor at a major New York publishing house, who persuaded Frank to write his autobiography. They remain very close, but Frank's friends say that marriage is definitely out.

"Jackie is learning to be independent for the first time since she married Jack Kennedy," one of their friends says, "and she's not about to give that up for any man, even Sinatra. Frank's whole feeling is that if he ever gets married again, it will most definitely not be to any woman who has an outside career."

"Frank's present attitude toward women was really shaped by the fact that he was so badly hurt by Ava," says one Hollywood director who would talk only if his name were not used because he may want to drift back into Sinatra's circle again some day. "He felt that she publicly raked him over the coals, chasing around with Dominguin and other bullfighters, with Italian actors. A lot of her affairs made headlines.

"That hurt a man with his ego, a man who's basically an old-fashioned Sicilian about the women he loves. I don't think Frank was as upset about her running around as he was about the headlines and some of her nasty cracks about him, because she made him look like a cuckold. That hurt."

According to Mafia legend, gangster Willie Moretti "persuaded" Tommy Dorsey to release Sinatra from a contract by putting a gun to Dorsey's head.

One of the more bizarre explosions between Frankie and Ava involved Lana Turner, who had been Frank's lover for a time (she reportedly was on the very top of his early make-out list). Lana and Ava later became very close friends. On an autumn weekend in 1952, Ava threw a party at Frank's Palm Springs digs. One night, Frank and all the weekend guests left the house to go to another party. Lana and Ava stayed behind. Frank returned unexpectedly and—depending on which version of the story you want to believe—either found Ava and Lana in bed together or found them getting sloshed and comparing Frank's sexual prowess to Artie Shaw's, to whom Ava and Lana had both been married. Frank flew into a rage and ordered both women out of his house. Ava told him to fuck off. The argument grew so violent that neighbors finally called the police. Sinatra moved out and went to live with a friend.

After Ava, his friends report, it doesn't appear that Frank has trusted or respected any woman again. (With the possible exception of his first wife, Nancy, who's been more like a mother to him than a former wife.)

One man who knew Frankie well in the early Hollywood days told a reporter in 1960, "When Frank first started out, he wore his heart on his sleeve. Even today, as cold, calculating and hard as he can be, he still wears his heart on his sleeve. For this reason, he gets hurt very easily." When that man was contacted 16 years later and asked whether he felt the same way now, he laughed. "Not only doesn't Frank show his heart anymore, he doesn't even let you see the sleeve," he said. "He's grown a lot more insulated, a lot more reclusive, and even those persons closest to him never know what he's really feeling inside. What's in his heart is known only to Sinatra. Sometimes you get the feeling he's blocked it all so that nobody can see it, so that only *he* can see it in those wee small hours when he's finally alone and forced to face it. Sometimes I think that Sinatra doesn't ever face himself because he's afraid of what he might see there."

We all know a little bit about the surface Sinatra, the masterful showman who can still captivate an audience with his magnetism and talent. We've all heard about his brawls, which make him appear like a loud bully who always talks about class and acts as if he never learned manners. We've heard about the Sinatra who pals around with royalty, society leaders, heads of government—and the sleaziest of Mafia hoods.

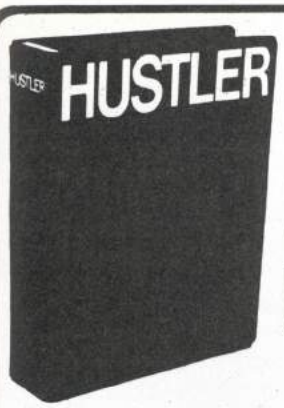
But which is the real Sinatra, and what is he afraid to face in the wee hours of the morning? What makes Frankie run?

Sinatra's biggest problem, according to a lot of old friends, is that he lives in a fantasy world. They say he really thinks he's the Godfather: *Il Padrone*, the patron, the leader who bestows gifts upon loyal followers. His old friends know it's a fantasy, but they're not certain he does.

That fantasy is just part of the unreal world Sinatra began to build around himself more than 30 years ago, when young



"I find most of that crap irrelevant. Did Cinderella have clitoral or vaginal orgasms?"



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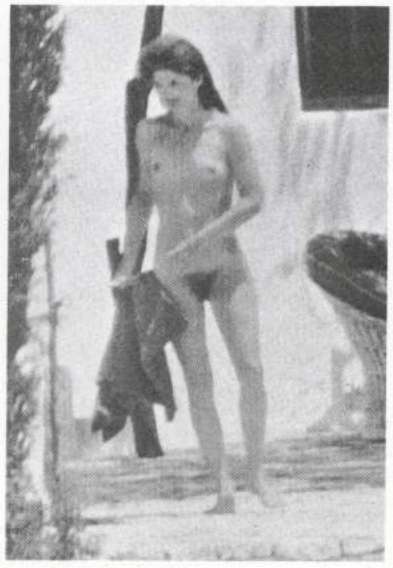
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girls creamed and fainted at the New York Paramount and mobbed him through the streets.

An actor who was once a member of Frank's old Rat-Pack crowd recently commented, "Frank wants everybody to think he's a tough man. That's why he used to claim that he grew up in the slums of Hoboken, New Jersey, and was always involved in gang wars and getting beaten up by police, when he was actually just another only child spoiled by his mother. That's why he likes all those hard-nosed guys around him, those Mafia types.

"That's why he behaves like *Il Padrone*, the boss. You practically have to go and kiss his ring, like he's the pope, or you're out. And when you're out with Sinatra, you're out with the world."

Among the several nicknames Frank permits his closest buddies to call him is, revealingly, "the Pope."

Rad Dexter, a Sinatra bodyguard, once told a writer, "I'd kill for him." And he actually meant it. The men and women whose lives revolve around Sinatra are fiercely loyal to him, sometimes suspiciously so.

Frank wants it that way. He demands it—"two-hundred-percent loyalty" is the way one member of his circle puts it. That need for extreme loyalty is part of the Sicilian in him. He is the wealthiest, most famous and the most talented entertainer alive today, and you'd better show him the respect he demands, or else.

Sinatra is one of those men who has long been called, in the Sicilian tradition, *uomini rispettati*, a man of respect. Men given this title are majestic and humble at the same time, loved and feared by all, generous to the deserving and ferocious to those who have committed a wrong.

Sinatra is enormously generous. Frank spends over $50,000 a year on gifts for friends, not only for special occasions but also on spur-of-the-moment sprees. He's impulsively generous to strangers in trouble. He once read that some children in Arizona were forced to walk long distances to school because there was no bus to carry them. Frank bought them a bus. Another time, Frank sent his private jet to New York to fly a young cerebral palsy victim back to the West Coast after reading that the family's minibus had been ripped off in the Big Apple.

If Sinatra seems to be trying to buy love and affection, it's because he learned it from his mother. Dolly Sinatra was a ward politician back in Hoboken when Frank was a child. They called her Lady Bountiful. She was a beautiful woman, her old neighborhood friends recall, with strawberry blonde hair and a full figure that was fashionable back then. The locals really loved her because she was so generous. She would pass out the Democratic Party's Thanksgiving baskets and the Christmas clothes to the poor families and the bags of coal so that they wouldn't freeze. She'd take them by the hand to vote on election day. Her ward was always 100-percent Democratic.



"It's ten bucks if I get on top; a hundred bucks if you do."

Without getting into a lot of psychological bullshit, certain known facts about Sinatra's childhood help to explain something about the man now that he's into the sixth decade of his life.

When he was born in his parents' cold-water tenement on Monroe Street in Hoboken on December 12, 1915, his father, Anthony Martin Sinatra, was just quitting the boxing ring. He was a bantamweight who never made it past the local semi-finals, and his wife talked him into giving it up. He worked as a boilermaker for a time. When he lost that job, Dolly raised the money to buy him a tavern. She had entered local politics by then—Frank was about five years old—and soon after she became a Democratic committeewoman, she got her husband an appointment as captain of the local fire department. Until he died in 1968, Marty Sinatra was always called "Captain."

However, Dolly's rank in their home was always above that of the Captain's. She actually ruled her family. She was a go-getter, old friends remember—the brains of the family. Marty was happy to take a back seat to his wife. He was relatively weak and unambitious, owing both his tavern and his fire-department job to his wife's driving spirit.

That topsy-turvy family situation must have had some effect on young Sinatra. Among Mediterranean ethnic groups, and most especially the Italians, there's a very strong tradition of the domineering father and the mother who never leaves kitchen and children. One actress who dated Frank a number of times in the late '50s told Tony Sciacca, the author of a recent paperback called *Sinatra*:

"Frank was charming. He knew how to make a woman feel like a woman. But after a while he would seem to want you to be the good Italian housewife and hang around to take care of his needs while he was off with his friends, want you to be home at the phone until he was ready for you again. You know his mother wasn't around that much when he was a child. She was either working or politicking when Frank was growing up. What an



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effect that must have had on a kid with such a strong Italian heritage."

One of Frank's childhood friends told Sciacca that he feels one of the things that makes Sinatra run is his need to make up for a "father who was a nobody and who didn't care that he was a nobody." Frank, the theory goes, behaves just like *Il Padrone* because he wants to demonstrate that *one* of the Sinatra men is going to get respect from the world.

"It's not that Frank's father wasn't respected," the friend said. "It was just that since he was a quiet guy compared to Frank's mother, some people used to say that Dolly pushed him around. That's one of the things that makes Sinatra tick: that he was going to get a lot more respect than his father did."

Maybe that explains another aspect of Frank's need for respect and power. Some of the biggest Mafia bosses in the country have always been among his friends and associates. When Sinatra was growing up, men of respect were generally the men of the Mafia.

Sinatra, just like so many other Italian-American kids his age, seems to have equated the two. That's the origin of the godfather fantasy that some of his friends have remarked upon.

"I think," Bing Crosby once remarked, "Sinatra's always nurtured a secret desire to be a hood." In his low-key way, Crosby has come as close as anyone to getting to the core of Sinatra's personality.

It was seldom mentioned in early days, when Sinatra was written about almost solely by gossip columnists and the fan magazines, but he always had a gang of hoods around him. Thirty years ago one of Frank's friends was E. J. Kahn, an early Sinatra biographer who dug below the press-agent nonsense:

"These characters [the hoods] latched onto Sinatra and became paternal and possessive toward him. They are always looking out to see that nothing happens to Frankie, and it makes him happy to think that they're tough hombres."

One of the earliest of the Mafia leaders who became paternal toward Frankie was Willie Moretti, then New Jersey mob boss and a Democratic party power politician. Willie's earliest act of kindness toward Frank, according to a story circulated in Mafia circles for years, was to "persuade" Tommy Dorsey to release the singer from an extortionist contract. Dorsey had earlier conned Frank into signing over almost half of Frank's gross earnings in return for permitting him to leave the Dorsey band. Frank soon realized he was being robbed, and he stopped paying. Dorsey sued for the money he was owed. According to Mafia legend, Willie Moretti stuck a gun to Dorsey's head and asked him to rip up the contract.

Because Sinatra knew the best Hollywood women, he and Jack Kennedy remained friends, even after he got JFK involved with Mafia moll Judy Campbell.

Ever since the first rumors of Moretti's purported aid to Sinatra started, Frank has made headlines because of his friendship with mob characters. Sinatra has always insisted that his contact with hoodlums is something he can't avoid. He's a famous personality, he maintains, and he's forced to brush elbows with all kinds of people, including "presidents and kings." On one of the rare occasions that he has talked about his mob friends, Frank told a writer, "Sure I know some of those guys. But I'm not *involved* with them, if that's what you mean."

Publicly there has never been even the slightest evidence that Frank has done anything illegal or benefited in any way from the mob. However, there is plenty of evidence to show that for more than 30 years some of the most notorious *mafiosi* in the country have often been numbered among his friends, not simply as drinking companions on rare occasions.

For instance, Willie Moretti believed he was close enough to Frank to lecture him, as a father might, about marital responsibility. In a Justice Department file there is a copy of a telegram that Willie sent to Frank in 1950. At the time, Frank was chasing Ava Gardner across two continents and was trying to persuade his first wife to give him a divorce. Willie cabled Frank:

"I am very much surprised what I have been reading in the newspapers between you and your darling wife. Remember, you have a decent wife and children. You should be very happy. Regards to all. Willie Moore." (Moore was Moretti's alias.)

Moretti was a rather minor Mafia boss compared to the other men Sinatra has associated with. Take Lucky Luciano, for example. A couple of days before Luciano died of a heart attack in Naples, Italian police searched through his apartment for evidence that he was the leader of an international heroin smuggling ring. One of the few items of interest they found was a gold cigarette case with the inscription: "To my dear pal Lucky from his friend Frank Sinatra."

Pal? Lucky Luciano was the hit man who murdered his way to the top of the American Mafia in the early '30s. He then put together a criminal cartel of Italian, Jewish, Irish and other gangster groups. That organization became the American crime syndicate, functioning to this day as an international criminal organization.

Luciano remained the undisputed boss of the syndicate until after his deportation in 1946. A year after he was thrown out of the country, Luciano moved to Cuba. He then summoned the elite of the Mafia to fly down to meet him to discuss bribing politicians all the way up to the White House, so that he would be permitted to return to this country. Lucky booked 36 hotel suites to hold all the mobsters.

One of the few non-Mafia people to visit Lucky in Havana was that idol of the American bobby-soxers, Frank Sinatra. He flew from Miami to Havana with Joseph and Rocco Fischetti of Chicago, top mob members and cousins of Al Capone.

A funny thing happened to some young Sinatra fans while he partied in Havana, according to a Federal Narcotics Bureau report. Frank's arrival had been noted in the Havana newspapers. Fans flocked to the Hotel Nacional where Frank—and the Luciano crowd—was staying. One day, a nun took a Catholic school class of young and proper girls to the hotel, hoping to get Frank's autograph, or at least a glimpse of him. Some hotel clerk with a weird sense of humor sent the nun and her girls up to Luciano's suite, where Sinatra was then visiting. Luciano had thrown a pretty wild party the night before. When the young ladies got up there and stepped through the partly opened door, they walked into the remnants of an orgy. Bottles littered the floor, lingerie was draped over the furniture, and a number of nude men and women lay where they had collapsed. The nun and her girls got out of there fast.

Eventually, Luciano's indefinite stay in Havana, and Sinatra's visit to him, got into the papers and created quite a fuss. Luciano was kicked back to Italy. Sinatra, in an attempt to counter the bad publicity, offered an explanation, "I was brought up to shake a man's hand when I am in-

(continued on page 120)

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Nineteen-year-old Mona Hyland of Olympia, Washington, says she's into modeling as a hobby. In her case, we can't think of a better pastime.



Photo by Bill Bickel.

Toni Bickel is a 20-year-old hairdresser from Parma, Ohio. She lists "screwing" as her hobby and writes that one day she hopes to meet a guy who has a 12-inch cock.



Suzette, of Grand Prairie, Texas, is a topless go-go dancer who "wants to try making it with another woman and with two men at once."

Photo by Ken Ford.



Photo by Joe Halpern.

Maggie Mahoney is a 23-year-old secretary from New Bedford, Massachusetts. She writes that her erotic fantasy has always been to appear nude in HUSTLER.



Photo by Charles Krysiaff.

Eleanor Johnson, a 23-year-old advertising assistant from New York, fantasizes about being a high-powered call girl with lots of famous clients.

Cindy Farmer is 21 and lives in New York City. She likes to imagine being made love to by "a lot of men—all at once."



Photo by John Kovacs.

Twenty-one-year-old Nicole Lauter hails from Norwich, Vermont, and she says she gets off on the thought of filling a two-man sandwich.



Photo by Sam Silas.



Photo by Emil J. Hirsch.

Donna Lee Hirsch, 27, dreams of "seducing other girls into doing threesomes with me and my husband." Sometimes the idea of being raped turns her on, too, she says.



Photo by Armand Tesla.

Marie Tesla is 24 and resides in Eugene, Oregon. Her greatest fantasy, she writes, is "to somehow give head to six guys at once."

Wynette Keeler, 26, of Homestead, Florida, is a nurse who believes that "getting it on in the outdoors is good for what ails you." For our money, Nurse Wynette is good for what ails you.



Photo by Fred Keeler.



Photo by Ed Tubrute.

Tamara Kleist, age 22, lives near Cambridge, Massachusetts. She says she dreams of running the Boston Marathon in the nude.

Marcia Finley, a 27-year-old housewife from Albany, Oregon, says she wants to be the "entertainment" at a stag party. That's entertainment!



Photo by Leroy Drake.

Molly Hathaway is 20 and lives in Miami. Her fantasy is to seduce a young boy, "14 or 15—on the verge of becoming a man."



Photo by Chris Gibbons.



Debbie Proctor, 23, of Petoskey, Michigan, has no fantasies: "I like to do it, not dream about it!" she says. Debbie adds that she's wild about oral sex.

Photo by Daniel Alucard.

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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 19)

taken to its logical conclusion in late 1975 when some 300 men gathered for a fist-fuckers convention, sponsored by FFA (the Fist Fuckers of America), at a resort near Ossining, New York. The meeting was organized informally by notices in gay bars, bookstores, baths and word of mouth. The two-day fete was topped with a contest won by a man who was able to take two fists simultaneously (there are photographs to verify this act) and have six orgasms by masturbating—all within one hour. The intense pressure on the prostate gland, of course, is a great asset in the production of erections and the secretion of sperm.

We are so likely to be fascinated by the role of the passive partner in the act that we tend to overlook the one doing the fist fucking. Here, the role can range from that of brutal sadist to highly skilled and patient lover. Despite those situations in which fist fucking is used in a hostile way, at all times the active partner must be a person capable of deep caring and sensitivity.

As a general rule for beginners, it takes about an hour for the first breakthrough. One begins with a finger, progresses to two and three, may use a large dildo, then go to four fingers. There must be time for rest breaks, for the partners to adjust at new levels. Also, and this is an aspect that has never been spoken of, the partners must not forget to relate on a more total basis. It is possible to concentrate so intently on the intricacies of the act itself that the mood becomes one of an operating room instead of a lover's bed.

Along with the slow, gentle penetration of the fist must come talk, looks, kisses, caresses and the whole interplay that goes on in any erotic encounter. Fist fucking is not an athletic contest or a freak show; it is first and foremost a human encounter, a deed with its own standards of dignity.

How widespread the practice is remains a moot point. The gay world has produced fist-fucking movies (fists were featured in two of Wakefield Poole's films), fist-fucking magazines, stage shows and slang. The use of the word *Crisco* (the lubricant of choice) is often enough to cause titters in knowledgeable circles, although these are generally made up of people who are fascinated but afraid to try it, fist fuckers themselves tending to be rather serious about the subject. From all this, one can surmise that it is a growing practice.

The straight world has as yet to manifest any publicly visible interest, but we can assume that curiosity must be bringing at least a few people into the fold. Doubtless, we can expect a *Time* cover story and eyebrow-raising allusions on the Johnny Carson show, which might not be a good thing. When I suggested to Peter O. that he write a book detailing the subject since he was so enthusiastic, he thought about it for a moment and then replied, "I'm not sure I want it to become too popular. That usually spoils anything."

I think a median will be found somewhere between total national acceptance and puritanical condemnation. As with other so-called perversions and strange practices, once the taboo is broken the thing is seen as simply something else to do with the body, just another way to relate. As a sociological phenomenon, it is still on the upswing and ought to surface as a national topic of attention.

For those who have already experienced it, either as an anal or vaginal penetration, a heterosexual or homosexual act, it is nothing special, just one more way to get it on and get it off on Saturday night. If fist fucking is practiced with discretion, tenderness and loving care, it is delightful, healthy and totally permissible. I grant it the Metasexual Seal of Approval.

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Advise & Consent

(continued from page 8)

once. Go to a doctor immediately! If you don't have one or are low on money, call your state or city health department, and they will tell you where you can get free treatment. The people at free private or state VD clinics are helpful and discreet. Having VD is a drag; not treating it is extremely dangerous, but giving it away is criminal. The burning and pain could also be caused by a bladder infection or a number of other things, but only a doctor can tell. If you do have an infectious disease, you must inform your girlfriends and tell them to visit their doctors. Your predicament will be worse if you don't tell them now.

Whenever I have an erection, the foreskin on my penis rolls back with no trouble at all. However, when it is soft, I have trouble pushing the foreskin back and often am unable to do it at all. Sometimes I can't wash it, and that seems pretty unhealthy to me. I talked to some friends about this, and they think I should be circumcised. Do you know if there's any way to avoid circumcision?

R. Dunbar
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Since you have no trouble with the foreskin during an erection, we fail to see why you have difficulty retracting it when it is flaccid. If you hold the penis near the end, between the thumb and fingers of both hands, you should be able to slide the foreskin back without difficulty. Doing it every day will stretch it within a short time so that it no longer gives you any trouble.

If that doesn't work, then there is a simple procedure performed when the foreskin is too tight. It is called a dorsal slit and can be done at the doctor's office with a local anesthetic. A small cut is made in the upper side of the foreskin that permits it to be retracted easily. Circumcision is unnecessary.

Whenever I engage in extended foreplay with a woman—especially one with whom I have never made love before—I get an unbearable pain in my testicles. The pain disappears after we've had sex and I have ejaculated. My testicles become very tender and sensitive. There is a very heavy feeling, and the pain is much worse if I stand up rather than sit or lie down. Even though I've always had this problem, it exists only when making love with a new girl. When I've had sex with the same girl a few times, I don't get the pain. I don't understand it. I haven't seen a doctor, but I'm hoping you can tell me what is causing this condition. Is it dangerous?

Carl Harper
Trenton, New Jersey

The pain you describe sounds like a case of "blue balls," also known as "stone ache." The testicles become engorged with blood during sexual excitement, and if there is no immediate release the pain begins. It becomes worse when you stand up because then the pressure of the blood in the veins in the testicles increases. More than likely you extend foreplay longer with a new woman than you might in subsequent lovemaking with her. And you get much more excited while making love to a new girl. Once you are familiar with a girl, you undoubtedly are not as continually excited by her and perhaps shorten the foreplay period. This would explain why you do not experience pain after you've been to bed with a woman several times. While blue balls may be irritating, it is a normal occurrence and not dangerous.

My wife is a sun worshiper and enjoys sunbathing in our backyard. She is a schoolteacher and has all summer to indulge in this pastime. Last year, she purchased a string bikini for maximum exposure to the sun, and she is a knockout in it.

We have only one close neighbor, a 70-year-old bachelor. I became disturbed when my wife told me that he had offered to rub suntan oil on her back one day. She consented, and he applied suntan oil to her on numerous afternoons last summer. I told my wife that I didn't approve of this situation. She said that I was being silly, that the man was old enough to be her grandfather and was just being neighborly. I think he's a dirty old man getting his kicks by rubbing a girl who is wearing a brief bikini, and I think the practice should be discontinued. Do you think I should insist that my wife tell our neighbor that she can manage to apply her own suntan lotion?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We agree that he's probably getting some kicks by rubbing a girl wearing a brief bikini. In fact, there would be something wrong with him if he weren't. Obviously, you have no sympathy for old folks. They don't get to touch much young flesh, you know. Your neighbor's kicks sound pretty innocent, and if your wife doesn't mind (maybe she even enjoys it), why should you? You're not afraid she'll run off with him, are you? Remember, you'll be 70 someday, too. Don't be so uptight.

I picked up your mag at a local smoke shop, and it satisfied all my interests from nude women to spicy stories, cartoons and jokes. My question, which other men have never asked a magazine columnist (I know because I read everything from *Club* to *Screw*), is: When a woman is riding a bicycle, do her vaginal lips spread over the seat, or does she sit in a manner that keeps them closed? Do her buttocks completely envelop the leather (vinyl, whatever) of the seat? I am sure the male populace of this country would really like to know the truth.

Duke Syc
Elmhurst, Illinois

Your question intrigued us, and since we had sniffed bicycle seats but never gave thought to actually getting confirmation on all those sexy cycling rumors, we decided to take a HUSTLER



"Nice doggie!"

survey to find the answer. This is what the ladies say: If a woman is riding a bicycle with racing-style handlebars (the low, curved kind), then she must lean forward, and her pelvic bone rests against the seat. However, her vaginal lips do not spread over the seat. When a woman rides a touring-style bike (with raised, straight handlebars), then she sits on her ass, and her vaginal lips have only slight contact with the seat. Whether or not the buttocks envelop the seat in either case depends entirely on the shape and size of the individual and the bike.

My husband and I have been happily married for eight years and have always had a satisfying sex life. About a year ago, we agreed that if either of us had a desire to have other lovers we would go ahead and take them and enjoy ourselves without the usual guilt feelings or deceptions. Since then, my husband has had several short affairs, and I myself have had two lovers. Lately, however, a terrible problem has developed. Whenever my husband and I have intercourse, I experience intense pain. It just feels as though there's something inside of me that hurts. On the other hand, I feel no pain at all during intercourse with either of my lovers. Do you think there is something wrong with my husband's penis? What do you recommend?

Valerie Smith
Youngstown, Ohio

First of all, if your pain is being caused by your husband's penis there would have to be something externally wrong with it, and you would notice it. We doubt that is the cause of your pain.

More likely you have an emotional problem. Perhaps the idea of your husband's affairs has caused you to become subconsciously jealous or resentful, and these painful feelings have manifested themselves physically so that you do not allow yourself to become aroused when making love with your husband. In that case, your vagina would remain dry when he entered you, causing pain and discomfort throughout the love act.

Obviously, if you don't feel pain with either of your lovers, your problem is psychological rather than physical. You should have a frank conversation with your husband about this, reexamining your own feelings in the process. Once your emotional problems have emerged and been dealt with, the physical problem will be eliminated.

I am a man who has not lived with his wife in two years. She is a prude who will not suck or be sucked. I live in a nice apartment building that has laundry facilities that are shared by all the tenants. I want to tell you about my fetish. Sometimes when I go there to do my washing, I will peek into the machines that contain other tenants' clothing. If I spot a pair of panties, I will steal them and take them back to my place. I will put the dainty panties over my head and suck the crotch while fantasizing about the unknown female who wore them. I will get hard and jerk off. I just love it. The thing that bothers me is that I have been stealing these panties, and that makes me a thief. What should I do?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Panty smelling is a relatively common fetish and certainly a very harmless one. Men have been "borrowing" panties off clotheslines since time immemorial, or at least since clotheslines were invented. The advent of communally used clothes driers hasn't changed things. Many a woman has left a laundromat wondering what happened to her favorite pair of panties.

We don't think that this petty "theft" is a serious problem. If you are truly concerned with the moral issue, why not visit a local massage parlor and offer to purchase some panties from the ladies employed there? They will be happy to sell them to you for a few dollars, and you can continue your fantasies without any guilt.

I am a college senior and have a really serious problem. I am a black male whose penis measures five inches long when erect. Today, society has the idea that black men are big, strong studs with large penises. I was recently about to have intercourse with this girl until she viewed my penis. She gave me a strange look and all but kicked me out. She was really turned off. A similar incident happened when I was in high school and in my freshman year in college. It's getting so bad that I'm nervous about asking girls out or going to bed with them because I'm afraid they'll reject me. I'm beginning to go into a shell. I'm afraid I can't satisfy a girl or woman no matter how hard I try, just because I don't have a large penis. I'm losing my confidence as well as my mind over this situation. Do you have any suggestions to build up my confidence?

L. P.
Dallas, Texas

No matter what color you are, the chances of your cock measuring up to more than the average human standard is slim. And the average man is a far cry from the celebrated long schlong. The girls who were turned off by your penis size were fools. Forget them. You are obviously worried about pleasing your woman, but there is absolutely no reason you cannot do so. The only thing that matters is how you use what you've got, and you certainly have enough to satisfy almost any woman. Why not create a myth of your own, demonstrating that black men are good, strong lovers regardless of their cock size? There are plenty of women who are much more interested in the way a man makes love—if he's a good lover, then he's good no matter how big his penis is. Since you only mention the girls who were turned off by your penis size, we assume there have been others who were satisfied. Whatever you did for those other girls, do it again.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 111). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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SINATRA

(continued from page 110)

troduced to him without first investigating his past," Frank said.

When reporters shouted in print that everyone in America knew about Lucky Luciano's past, Frank offered a further explanation. He said he had accidentally bumped into the two Fischetti brothers in Miami, and when he mentioned he was going to Havana, they had changed their reservations to fly down with him. One night he was invited to join a group of people at dinner, he said. Only after sitting down did he realize that the host was Lucky Luciano. Though he understood he might be criticized for remaining at the table, "I could think of no way to leave in the middle of dinner without creating an ugly scene."

Narcotics Bureau reports make it plain that Sinatra didn't simply have dinner with Luciano on one occasion but spent four days with the Mafia boss and his gangster friends, gambling and partying with them until the early morning hours.

Sinatra's relationship with the Fischetti brothers continued through the years. In fact, according to sworn depositions given in a Florida court in 1968, whenever Frank entertains at the Fontainebleau Hotel, Joe Fischetti goes on the payroll. He is listed as an "agent."

Among the most famous of Sinatra's Mafia companions was Sam Giancana, the Chicago boss who was murdered a couple of days before he was scheduled to testify before the Senate committee investigating the CIA's use of the mob in its assassination plot against Fidel Castro. Giancana had boasted, on a phone line tapped by the FBI, that he had a piece of one of the Nevada gambling casinos in which Sinatra was a partner. It is speculated that Giancana hatched a plan to use one of Sinatra's women in an attempt to blackmail President John F. Kennedy and his brother Bobby into calling off an investigation of the mob's control of Nevada gambling joints.

The alleged plot began in Vegas in February 1960, when John Kennedy, then a U. S. Senator, was campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination. Sinatra and other members of his Clan, as they called it then, were in Vegas making a film. By prearrangement, Kennedy joined the crowd for a couple of days of fun. Sinatra, according to investigators, called Los Angeles and asked Judy Campbell, a 26-year-old "starlet," to fly to Vegas immediately. She did, and she ended up as John Kennedy's bedmate for the night. Shortly thereafter, Sinatra introduced her to Giancana. Judy met regularly with Kennedy even after he became president.

Kennedy didn't learn about it for more than a year, but at the same time Judy was taking care of his backache and his sexual needs, she was also intimate with Giancana and another Mafia don, Johnny Roselli. Her cover was blown when Bobby Kennedy, then the attorney general, ordered Justice Department agents to investigate Sinatra's Mafia ties. Jack Kennedy broke off his relationship with Judy when her involvement was discovered.

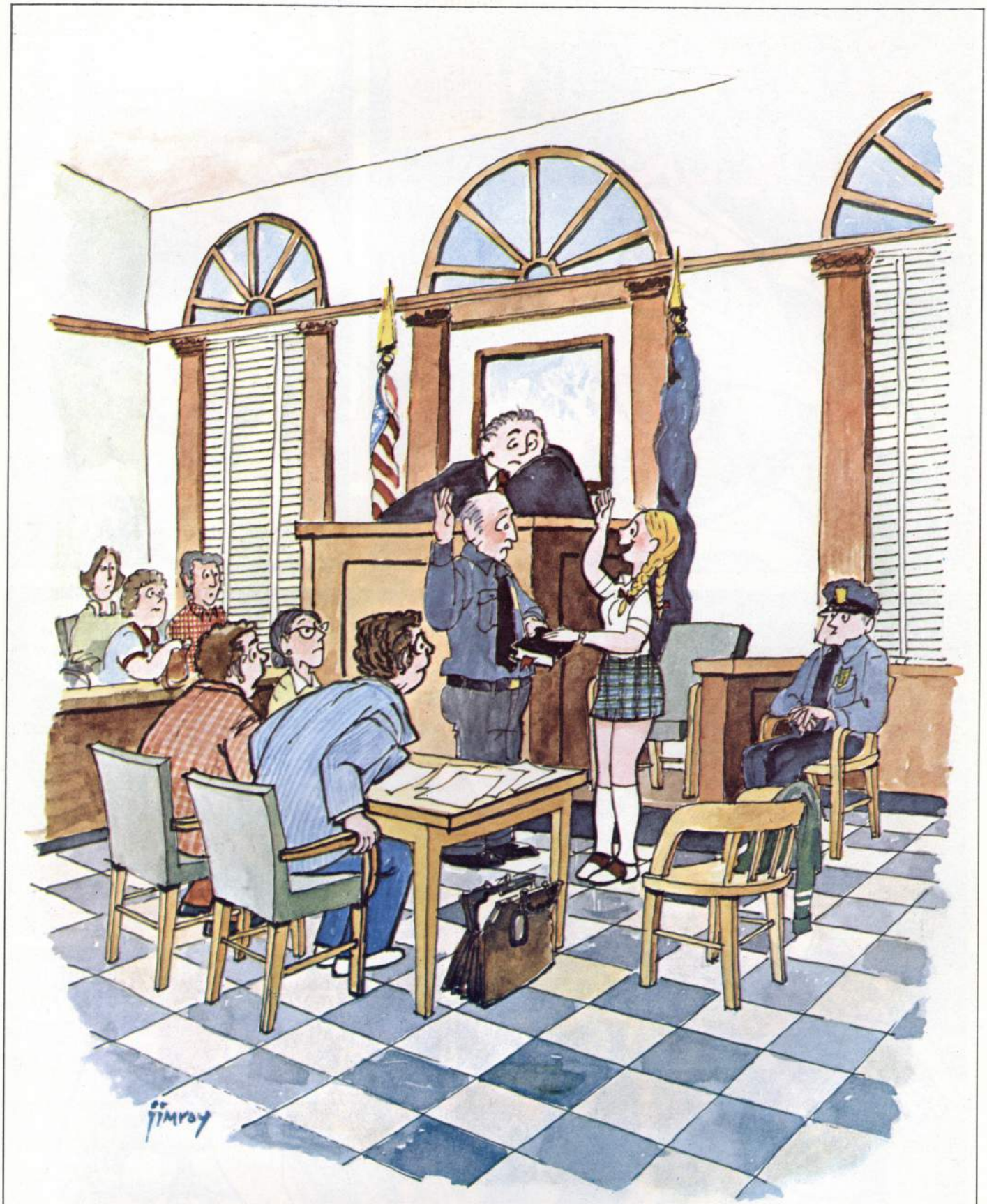
Superficially, the president also cut his ties with Sinatra. In actuality, however, they still remained good friends for one important reason—Kennedy was a star fucker, a man who relished the Hollywood glamour and especially the Hollywood women. Frank Sinatra was a glamorous star, and he knew the best women in Hollywood.

Not only did the president continue his association with Sinatra, but Bobby Kennedy turned down repeated recommendations from his Justice Department aides for a thorough investigation of Sinatra and his relationship to Mafia leaders.

Frank has always had a need for power, but the work he did for John Kennedy's 1960 campaign was the first time he had reached out for influence on a national political level. He tried to prove that the slum kid from Hoboken, the son of immigrants, can sit beside the mighty as an equal—including, unfortunately for Sinatra, the mighty of the underworld. His mob friendships damaged his relationship with presidential candidate Hubert Humphrey in the 1968 campaign. Not long after the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out sharply that Humphrey's singing buddy and fund raiser had a long history of involvement with a succession of underworld bums, Humphrey dropped Frankie.

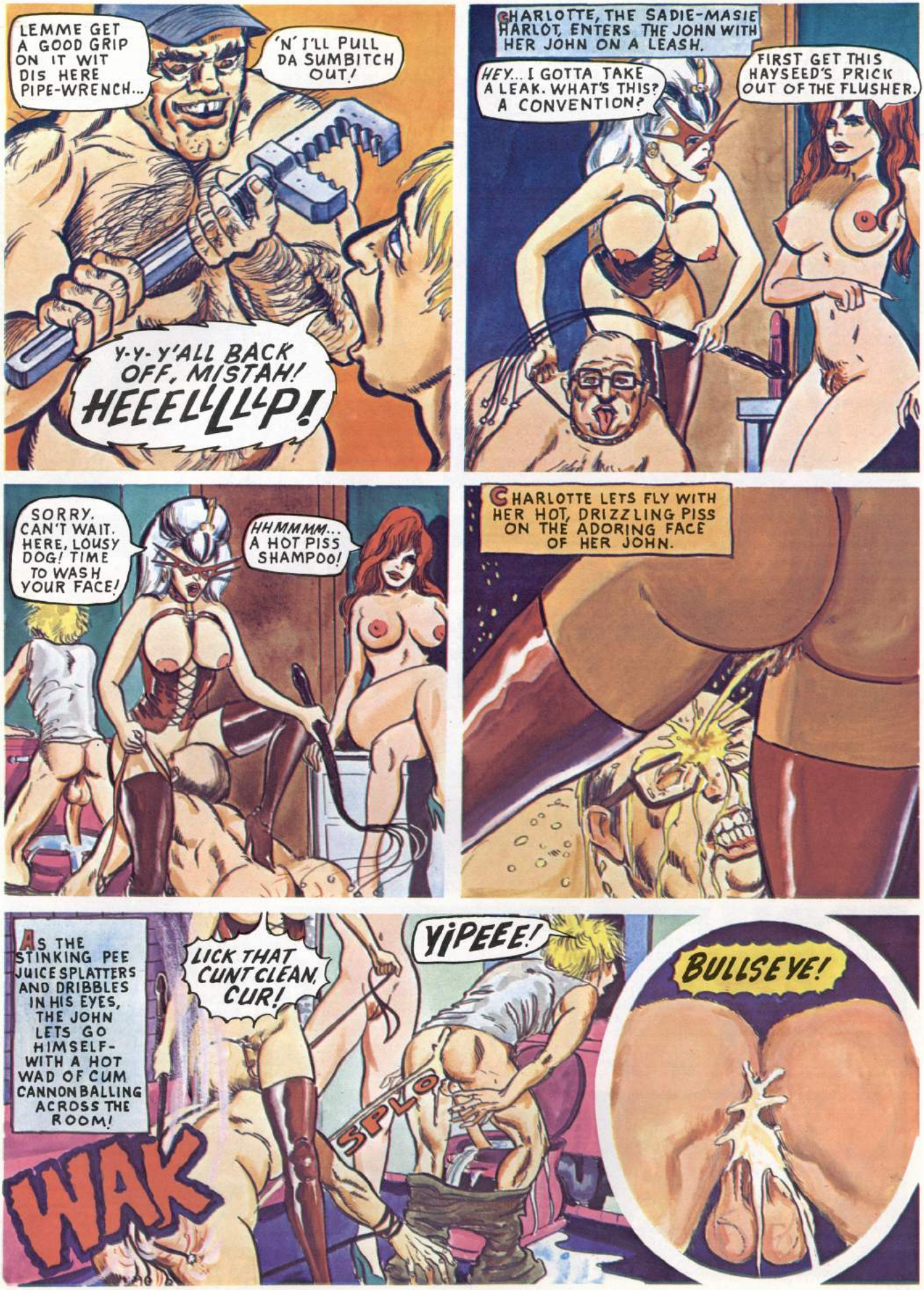
Sinatra turned to the Republicans at that point, promoting Spiro Agnew, Nixon's running mate. Now that Nixon's criminal White House has collapsed, Frank seems to have pulled back from politics.

Perhaps not for long, though. The man's arrogance is so intense that he recently promised to be around for a long time to come, making headlines affecting us all in one way or another. In a TV interview late last year, a few weeks before he turned 60, Sinatra said, "In the year 2000, I'm going to give the biggest birthday party you've ever seen. Maybe in the Rome Colosseum. Maybe in the middle of Manhattan Island. But I'll be here for the new century."

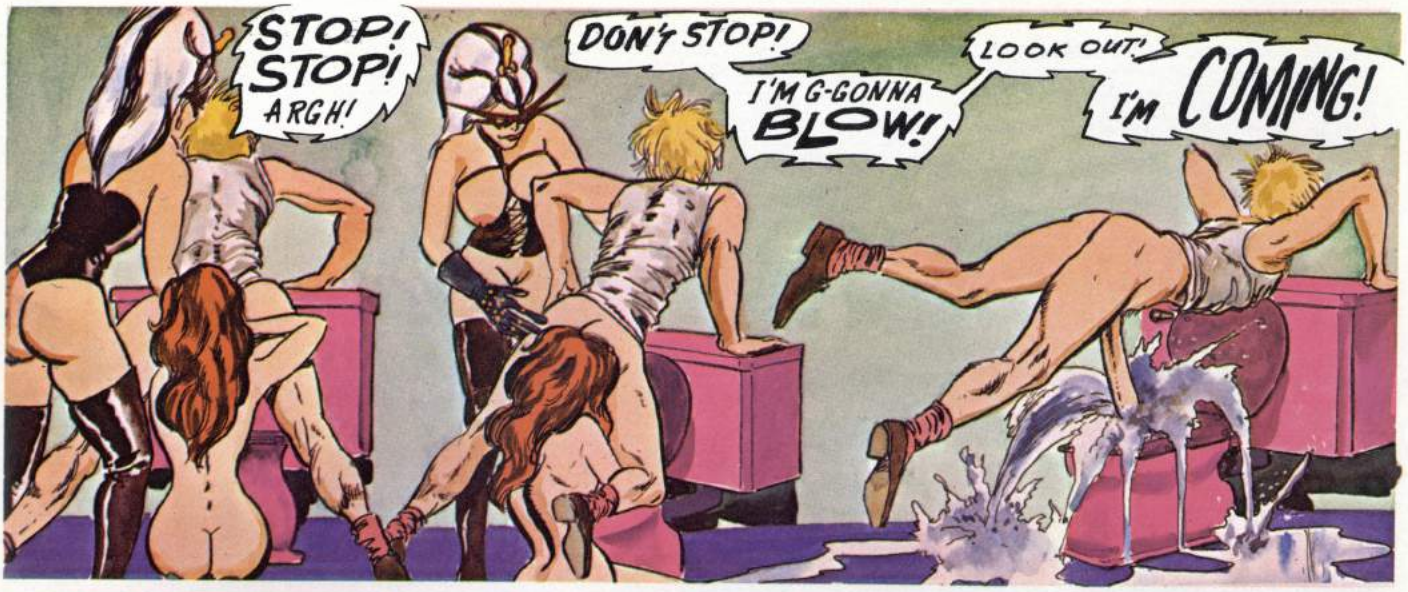


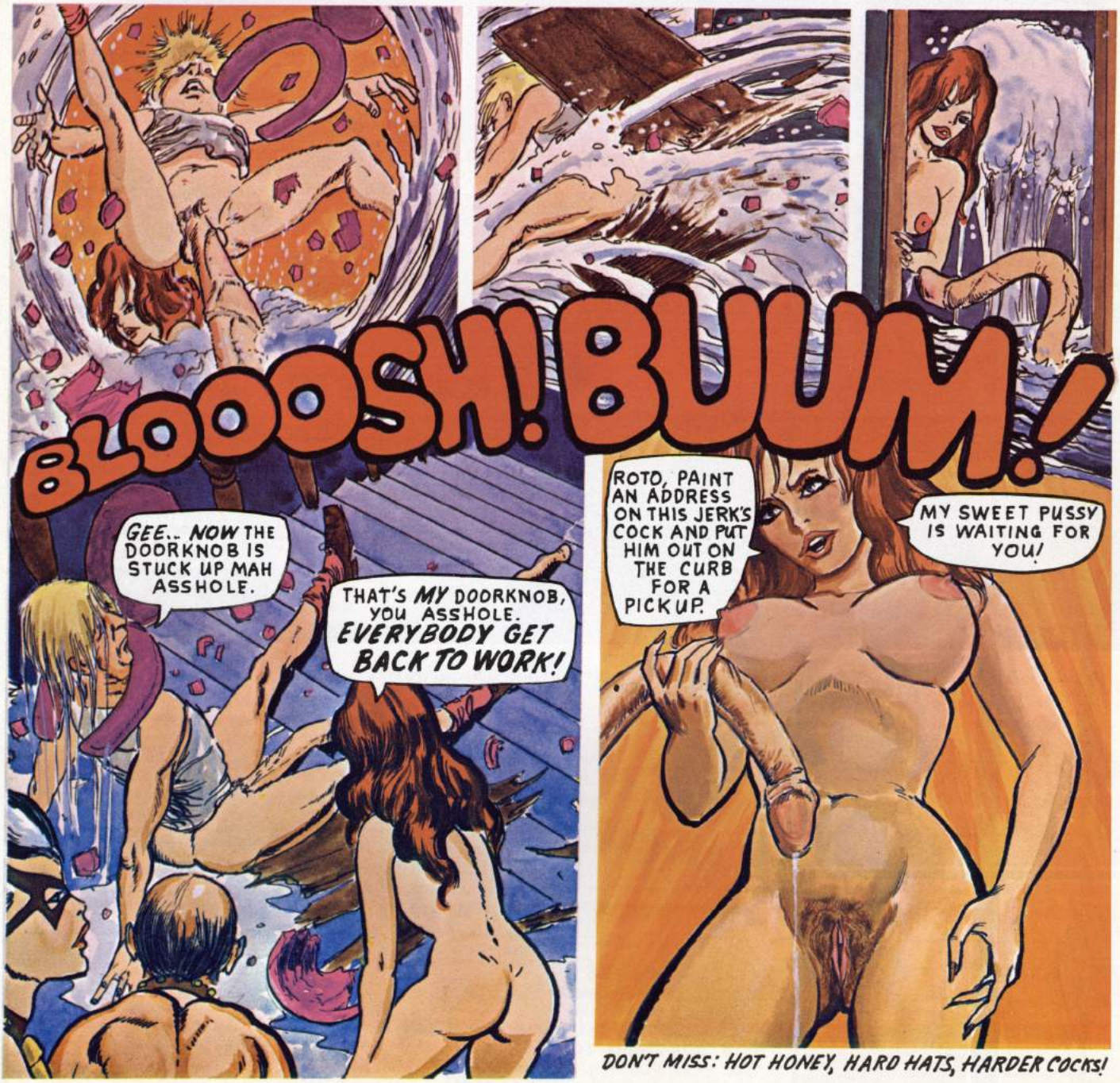
"You bet your sweet ass I swear. I also smoke pot, fuck and suck cock."


HONEY HOOKER
HONEY'S PLUMBER AND CLIENT, ROTO RODDER, HAS HIS BIG SNAKE UNCOILED AND PLUMBING HONEY'S PUSSY...
WHEN DANIELLE BURSTS IN...
HONEY! HONEY! CUM QUICK AND COME QUICK! MY JOHN IS STUCK IN ZEE JOHN!
DAMN! JUST WHEN I'M TURNED ON!
WHEN AH FLUSHED, MAH PISSER GOT SUCKED DOWN THE HOLE!
THAT COCK COULD PUT THE WHOLE TOP FLOOR OUTTA ACTION. HEY, PRICK, GET YOUR PECKER OUTTA MY HEAD!
HMMMM... HIS COCK IS STUCK IN DA TRAP. WE GONNA HAFTA UNSCREW IT!
UN-SCREW! SHIT! WE DON'T EVER SAY UN-SCREW AROUND HERE!
I'LL GET MY TOOL-KIT.
I THOUGHT YOUR TOOL WAS ALREADY NINE INCHES UP MY ASS!


LEMME GET A GOOD GRIP ON IT WIT DIS HERE PIPE-WRENCH...
'N' I'LL PULL DA SUMBITCH OUT!
Y-Y-Y'ALL BACK OFF, MISTAH! HEEELLLLP!
CHARLOTTE, THE SADIE-MASIE HARLOT, ENTERS THE JOHN WITH HER JOHN ON A LEASH.
HEY... I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK. WHAT'S THIS? A CONVENTION?
FIRST GET THIS HAYSEED'S PRICK OUT OF THE FLUSHER.
SORRY. CAN'T WAIT. HERE, LOUSY DOG! TIME TO WASH YOUR FACE!
HHMMMM... A HOT PISS SHAMPOO!
CHARLOTTE LETS FLY WITH HER HOT, DRIZZLING PISS ON THE ADORING FACE OF HER JOHN.
AS THE STINKING PEE JUICE SPLATTERS AND DRIBBLES IN HIS EYES, THE JOHN LETS GO HIMSELF- WITH A HOT WAD OF CUM CANNONBALLING ACROSS THE ROOM!
LICK THAT CUNT CLEAN, CUR!
YIPEEE!
BULLSEYE!
WAK
SPLO


HEY, HONEY, POUR SOME LYE OVER IT! THAT'LL CLEAR IT OUT.
GET THIS BASTARD'S HAT. HE CAN SHIT IN THAT!
NO! NOOO! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHIN' FAST! NOW AH GOTTA SHIT!
WHY NO GREASE ZEE HOLE WEETH KY? ZAT ALWAYS GET ME UNPLUGGED.
WON'T WORK. NOW THINK!
WE HAVE TO GET TO THE HEAD OF THIS PROBLEM!
NO! LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT. CHARLOTTE, I'LL RIM, YOU REAM!
FLICK FLICK
OH, GOODIE!
A CHANCE TO TRY OUT MY NEW SHIT-CHUTE TICKLER-GLOVE. LEMME AT HIM... AH, I MEAN UP HIM!
HONEY'S TALENTED TONGUE TANTALIZES AND TEASES THE JOHN'S HAIRY ASSHOLE WHILE CHARLOTTE'S SPIKED GLOVE FINGER SLAMS UP HIS SHIT CHUTE AND TURNS HIS PROSTATE TO JELL-O.
UGHAH! ARGHH! WAAAA! HOOOOO! HAAAAA!
SLOSH SLUSH





DON'T MISS: HOT HONEY, HARD HATS, HARDER COCKS!

HEY, BABY... GOT A SWEET TOOTH?

SLAP YOUR CHOPS AROUND ONE OF THESE... THEY'RE THE ONLY ALL-NIGHT SUCKERS DESIGNED TO MEET YOUR ORAL FIXATION.

Give one to your sweetie and whisper suggestively, "WHO LOVES YA?"

ORDER NOW BY PHONE
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Call 1-800-848-9107
(in Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)









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- □ #5204 "Think Big" $3.75
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- □ #5206 "Eat the Hole Thing" $3.75
- □ #5207 Six Pack of Above (Your Choice) $22.00
- □ #5208 "Birth Control" $4.50
- □ #5209 Six Pack of "Birth Control" $26.00
- □ #5211 "Cock Suckers" (Can of 18) $6.00

Send to:
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P. O. Box 2206
Columbus, Ohio 43216

0976

Date _____

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER
Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

PLEASE PRINT:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my □ Check □ Money Order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my □ BankAmericard □ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ / Interbank No. (MC only) _____ /

Signature _____ Expiration Date

Subtotal _____
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax _____
Postage & Handling 2.00
TOTAL _____

MAIL-ORDER SEX

(continued from page 34)

than in open swinging, or ads placed by people who don't respond to letters from interested parties. Yet, they claim bogus advertisements only represent 10 to 20 percent of all the ads displayed in a given issue. It's my bet the actual figure is quite a bit higher than that. Based on letters from members, both publishers claim that the ads *are* successful. Few letters, they maintain, express complaints or dissatisfaction. But then, what huckster you know cries rotten fruit?

Legally, there seem to be no restrictions on the operation of these magazines so long as they don't mail out unsolicited material. As Bob Baron puts it, the explicit photos of the men's magazines make the *Seekers* look like Mother Goose. Thus far, there has been no interference by the government.

In spite of the commercial success of these magazines, they have yet to be accepted by major first-line distributors. As a result, their newsstand distribution is erratic and often scant. They are available almost exclusively at adult bookstores and not at so-called legitimate newsstands or drugstores. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* still refuse to carry ads for any swingers' magazine. "Meet Swingers" ads generally appear only in the seamier tabloids, and the attitude of the general public toward them ranges from mild disdain to disgust. Within their communities, the swingers' magazines maintain an anonymous low profile. What are they so goddamned afraid of—the government? Each other? An outraged citizenry?

Whatever it is, there seems to be a taint connected with these publications that makes Bob Baron use an assumed name and Barry Nelson use a pseudononymous alter ego to write his editorials. Baron won't tell his neighbors what he does for a living, and Nelson won't allow himself to be interviewed. It seems that pimping in any form, whether it's on the streets or in the paneled confines of a publishing office, leaves a sour taste in the mouth.

NOTE: Inquiries to *Seekers* can be addressed to:
Seekers
P. O. Box 5100
Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08034

Inquiries to *Select* can be addressed to:
Arnold-Select Publishing Co.
Box 889
Camden, New Jersey 08101



Watching is beautiful.

Enjoy the reflections you both have never seen before. The flexible mirror-like material fits any ceiling, attaches without tools and can be removed in seconds.

"Your Reflections" comes rolled in a mailing tube that can be used as its travel or storage case. The material is lightweight, durable, cannot shatter and comes in a 54" X 40" size for full viewing.

"Your Reflection" kit $19.95.

MAIL TO: **P.H. SALES** H-9
2 PARK PLACE BRONXVILLE, N.Y. 10708

Enclosed is ( )check ( )money order for ( )"Your Reflections" @$19.95 each.
Add $1.00 for postage and handling. N.Y.S. residents add 8% sales tax.
Make check or money order payable to APD.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____



"...And that's when I decided I should call a plumber."

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

***Mail-Order Feedback* is presented as a service to HUSTLER readers who order products from mail-order firms, including firms that advertise in *Mail-Order Mania*.**

The column will simplify the ordering of mail-order erotica. We will review products, inform consumers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Shopping by mail is a haphazard business. HUSTLER tries to make it as safe as possible for consumers by publicly exposing fraudulent mail-order firms in this column. However, the risk of being ripped off is ever-present when you're dealing with distant firms through a system as vast and labyrinthine as the U.S. Postal Service. Ultimately, the consumer has to rely on his own common sense to spot the earmarks of a rip-off *before* they can sucker him so that he doesn't wind up writing his sad story to *Mail-Order Feedback*—or to the Federal Trade Commission.

The most obvious earmark of a fly-by-night mail-order operation is an ad that promises something for (practically) nothing. There ain't no such animal. No vendor—no matter how great the volume of his business—can afford to sell genuine hard-core films at a lower price than he pays the film producers for them. Since the prevailing cost to mail-order wholesalers is $10 to $15 per film, don't expect to pay any less than that. A firm that claims to sell erotic films for a ridiculously low price will probably either take your money and run or send you some innocuous soft-core shit that isn't worth two cents, much less the $2.50 you blew on it.

Another dead giveaway to a rip-off is a vaguely worded ad promising "sexy" books, photo packages or movies (especially in quantities). Chances are that the unwary consumer will find, on receipt of the goods, that the sexiest thing about them is the ad copy that rooked him into ordering them in the first place.

HUSTLER is committed to protecting our readers from being shabbily treated by cheap grifters and flimflam artists in the mail-order business. We will use the experiences—good and bad—that you relate to us to compile listings of reliable sellers and shady operators. We will continue to pass on to you such tips as the ones outlined above, which—combined with your own horse sense—will help prevent your being cheated.

PRODUCT REVIEW

HUSTLER will review any mail-order sex products, including those that are advertised in Mail-Order Mania, *not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to* Mail-Order Feedback *(Product Review), HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.*

GETTING OFF AND *LUSTY GIRLS*

These are two of the West German-made "Pussy Cat" series of hard-core films that are being distributed by a Cleveland mail-order firm called Zodiac Enterprises, Inc. The "Pussy Cat" series has a well-deserved reputation for being erotically worthwhile, which is more than borne out by these two flicks: both feature beautiful and convincing actresses as well as plots that appeal to classic sex-fantasy scenarios held dear by virtually all men.

Getting Off is a rock-hard turn-on treatment by director Lasse Braun of the fantasy about the bored housewife getting it on with the mail-



man, the yardman, etc. Dutch sex star Brigitte Maier plays the horny *hausfrau*, and she has a sultry sexiness and a gap-toothed, girl-next-door quality that evoke the image of every neighborhood pussy-on-the-prowl you've ever traded hot vibes with.

In the film, Brigitte becomes so turned on by fantasizing about being eaten and fucked by the yardman (some dynamite close-ups here of Brigitte's alert clit actually swelling as the actor's talented tongue laps it) that she jumps on the pleasantly startled postman when he shows up at her door. As he fingers her asshole and cunt, Brigitte proceeds to suck the lucky fellow until he spurts a healthy wad into her eye.

Brigitte Maier gives astounding deep-throat in this film. Every time her seemingly bottomless mouth slowly devours the postman's long, thick cock down to the hilt, the viewer experiences the same twitch in the balls as the performer in the movie obviously does.

You don't have to have a postman's access to bored housewives in order to get off on the fantasy fulfillment in *Lusty Girls*, however. This movie is about a guy who is accosted by two pubescent Campfire Girl-types who are selling raffle tickets. The young girls accompany him to his apartment so that he can get some money to buy their wares. Once there, they stumble across some porno mags the guy has left lying on his coffee table and decide to check out this sex business for themselves, which they then proceed to do with the young man's enthusiastic help.

The two actresses in this movie look to be a ripe 13 years old, which adds immeasurably to the erotic impact, as does the fact that they both keep their Smokey-the-Bear scout hats on throughout the action. The seeming awkwardness with which the bespectacled blonde gives what is apparently her first hesitant blow-job is so convincing that Chester the Molester would be weeping with joy.

The girls lose some of their amateur quality—but gain stiff-cocked admiration from viewers—as the flick moves on to some excellent close-ups of the blonde flicking her tongue around the head of the guy's cock while her brunette friend diddles her own clit. Each girl is then fucked doggy style and while sitting on the guy.

The film's highlight is a scene in which the brunette is lying facing away from the guy, being fucked from the rear, while the blonde alternates between "69" with her and sucking the guy's cock when he pulls out of the brunette.

As in the Brigitte Maier film, the actresses in *Lusty Girls* really do seem to be wigged out on the fucking they're getting, which, combined with their apparent youth and innocence, provides an overpowering turn-on effect.

Although it isn't a real drawback, both *Getting Off* and *Lusty Girls* exhibit poor-quality color due to overlighting or bad exposure, and the quality of the films makes them hard to focus. Still, the films are more than reasonably clear and colorful.

Zodiac Enterprise's distribution of short-length, featurette and feature-length films is consumer-oriented, according to the brochures that they sent to us. They claim that they make delivery of the films by first-class mail and that orders are filled out and shipped on the same day that they are received. We were informed by them that the films we received for review were regular inventory stock and had not been specially picked for us.

Short films are $20 apiece; featurettes $30; and feature-length movies are $50, with special rates for combined purchases. Zodiac's films are available in both Super-8mm and Regular-8mm, and all are in color. Catalog information and films can be obtained by writing to: Zodiac Enterprises, P. O. Box 02441, Cleveland, Ohio 44102.

Since this is HUSTLER's first experience with Zodiac Enterprises, we'd like some comments about these distributors from readers who have dealt with them.

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. Write us a letter, including all pertinent facts. We'll check out the incident. If the advertiser can't or won't make good on its promises, we'll refuse the company future advertising space in HUSTLER. If you have dealt with a good, reliable firm, we want to know that, too. Address your letters to: Mail-Order Feedback, *HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.*

(continued on page 132)

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

thrill to MUTUAL CLIMAX

MEN! If you climax too fast to please your partner, proven-effective **STAY-CREME** can help you prolong...last longer...stay and stay! Know the thrills and ecstasies of prolonged, extended, bliss-filled sexual relations with the help of **STAY-CREME!** (shipped in plain wrapper)

30 day supply $3 60 day supply $5

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806 So. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035

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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*

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YOUR NAME IS WORTH $21 TO US!

WE WILL SEND YOU **NEW** SEX EDUCATION INFORMATION consisting of:

1. Manual of Sexual Intercourse $3
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TOTAL VALUE $21.00
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Over 350,000 copies sold.

State your age. Available to persons 21 years of age or older.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND $1 to cover postage & handling charges.

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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!

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1976 EDITION—NOW ONLY $2.95



Brand New! The Most Effective Seduction Manual Ever!...

HOW TO FIND, PICK-UP & SEDUCE GIRLS

by Stanley J. Conner



Now You can be *Outrageously Successful* with Women!

Have you thought about picking up a girl today! It's really much easier than you ever dreamed possible... with our techniques. For instance, just following a few of our easy rules will *triple* the number of girls you get. You'll find yourself radiating the kind of male magnetism women find irresistible. You'll succeed in persuading "hard-to-get" girls to date you. We give you surefire strategy secrets that *guarantee* you will score, using our exclusive method.

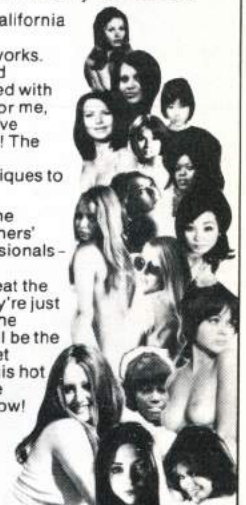
Have Yourself a New Girl Tomorrow!

The *next time* you see a beautiful girl...anywhere, at a singles bar, on the beach, in your office or factory, or even on the street, you'll be able to move into action with incredible ease. We give you a whole section of the book on dynamite approach techniques, even a couple that can make shyness work for you! This book presents a practical method of meeting and seducing women with as much fun and as little effort as possible. You don't have have to be especially good-looking, or own a Mercedes, to succeed with us. The book does the work *for you!* And it doesn't matter what type of girls you prefer, sexy curvaceous brunettes, lissome long-haired nubile young blondes, firm-breasted long-legged redheads—they're all yours for the asking, *once you know how.*

Not only does this book get you going and give you foolproof conversation techniques that make talking to any girl easy; but it *also* teaches you how to get her turned on to you, how to get her back to your pad, and, finally, how to make her want your loving. Stanley Conner has been devilishly successful with women himself using precisely these techniques that he has developed. He interviewed more than fifty girls in order to re-check what he'd found out from his own experience. They told him what made a man special for them, what in a man they responded to, why they would agree to go out with a particular man who spoke to them, and what turned them on sexually. *All* of this *hard-to-get* information is in this dynamic book.

John P. of Los Gatos, California wrote us recently to say;—"Your book really works. Before I was even finished reading it, I met and scored with just the right kind of girl for me, one who I would never have dared to approach before! The book gave me both the confidence and the techniques to succeed!"

Choose your girls—airline stewardesses, photographers' models, actresses, professionals - no matter who they are, they'll dig the new you! Beat the other guys to it. While they're just *standing* there ogling all the girls as they pass by, you'll be the man who knows how to get going! Get your copy of this hot new book *today!* And have yourself a new girl tomorrow!



This Book will...

- **Guarantee you at least 25 new women a year!**
- **Teach you how to drive women wild with desire!**
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The Make-Out Man's Manual that gives you...
The girls you want— when you want'em!

We guarantee that you will pick-up a new girl within 24 hours after reading this book!

Perfect Bound Edition— 232 Pages— NOW ONLY $2.95

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Box 2900, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me _____ copies of:

"How to Find, Pick-up and Seduce Girls" @ $2.95 plus 30¢ postage & handling (total $3.25) per copy. I understand that I must be completely satisfied or I may return the book within 10 days for a full refund.

☐ I am enclosing _____ in full payment.
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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 nature. 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 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" 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 ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". 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 it's 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 the 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.



MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC. • P.O. BOX 5154, FDR STATION • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

CM-115 Please send me the complete Chartham Method. I have enclosed $39.95 which includes postage and handling. N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

Signature _____ I am over 18 years of age

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date Mo. Year

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

To charge, you must sign your name above, as it appears on your credit card.

If coupon is removed, write to: Modern Age Products, Inc. 2 West 45th Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

(continued from page 129)

Just recently I answered an advertisement in the March 1976 edition of HUSTLER entitled "Become a Millionaire." This ad was sponsored by Ed Taylor, James Publishing Company, P. O. Box 82, Hooksett, New Hampshire. I sent a money order in the amount of $10, which was payment in full for Taylor's manual.

I sent Taylor a letter by registered mail on March 23, asking him to let me know why I hadn't received any correspondence from him, and I included a copy of my money order. On March 31, I telephoned Hooksett, New Hampshire, long distance to contact James Publishing Company but was informed there is no telephone listing for them.

Since Taylor placed this advertisement in your magazine, I would like to ask you if you have a phone number or different address for James Publishing Company. I would like to find out the reason for the delay in his answer.

P. C.
Marrero, Louisiana

We have received so many complaints about the James Publishing Company that we have refused them future ad space, and they are now on our black list. We were pleased to learn, during the course of investigating this incident, that you were smart enough to also have your local district attorney write to them. Since you took that move, you are now receiving your book. We hope that other readers will take note how such positive action gets results and will keep in mind that the law does protect you from mail-order rip-offs.

I just got a hold of the September 1975 issue of HUSTLER, and while looking over the *Bits & Pieces* section, I found cause for both praise and criticism. Praise for the funny stuff in the section but criticism for your telling people about the *Auto-Suck* from Companion Products in New York. They are a clip outfit. On November 5, 1975, I sent them a check for $47.70 for some dildos. They swallowed my check and ignored my following letter, and all I get is a busy signal whenever I try to phone them. I don't think you should advertise for them.

My wife and I both have praise for your *Bits & Pieces* photos. Keep up the good work, but choose your advertisers more carefully. Drop the clip artists and plug somebody like Eric Imports, 2326 Catner Avenue, Los Angeles. They are about the only erotic supply house I've been really satisfied with.

E. L.
Westlake, Louisiana

You're dead right about Companion Products being a rip-off. They've been on Screw's *"Dirty Dealers" list, and they are now on our shit list, too. When we mentioned one of their products in* Bits & Pieces, *it was not as a paid ad or an inducement to buy from them, but only to let people know about a novelty item. However, we got so many letters from people saying they have sent for items reported in* Bits & Pieces *that we are being much more careful about mentioning products that may be manufactured by rip-off companies. Thanks for the tip about Eric Imports.*

You have sent me the wrong HUSTLER magazine. I have paid $18 for 12 issues of the "Foreign" edition that I saw advertised in your subscription ad. Please send me the "Foreign" HUSTLER magazine that I have ordered and paid for.

J. P.
Charlotte, North Carolina

We hate to disappoint you, but there just ain't no foreign HUSTLER. The one and only edition is our true-blue American edition. The foreign rates listed on our cover refer to the same edition readers receive here. The additional three dollars for foreign subscriptions is to offset the postage costs of mailing outside this country. We are extending your subscription for two months since you sent three dollars more than you needed to. Don't worry, you and Europe are seeing the same luscious girls.



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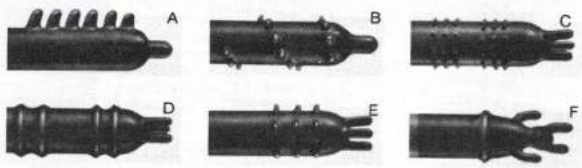
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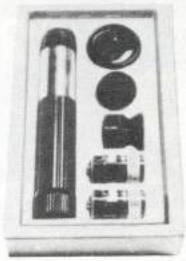
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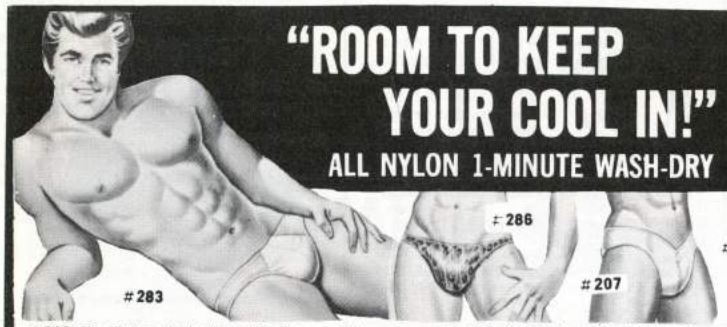
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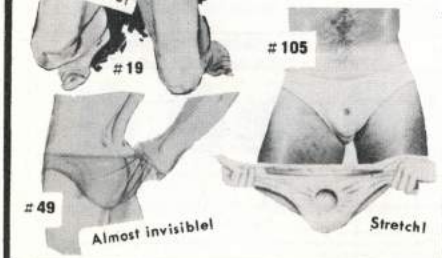
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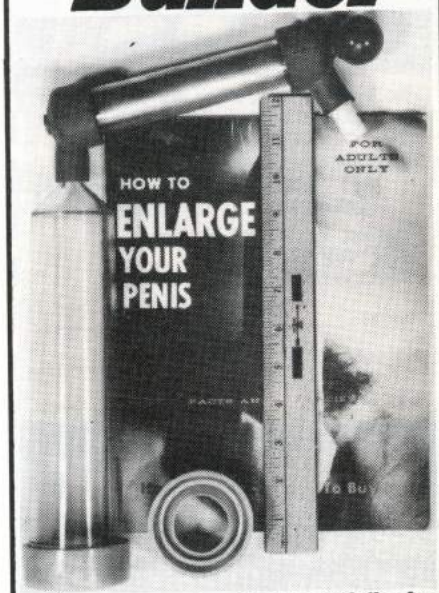
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PREVIEW

OCTOBER PREVIEW

BABY BREESE EXPOSED—This exclusive HUSTLER pictorial shows Guccione's deceitful pedophilia put-on, BABY BREESE, to be a 20-year-old asshole. And Breese does nothing to disguise the fact by taking an ass-backward approach to "showing pink."

***SCREW*'S OBSCENITY TRIAL**—HUSTLER Managing Editor Bruce David combines in-depth reporting with personal insights for a firsthand look at the federal obscenity case against *Screw* magazine in Wichita.

HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN MASSAGE PARLORS—Frank Fortunato couldn't believe it when HUSTLER assigned him to rate the rubdowns in massage parlors from coast to coast. The culmination of ten nights' work in eight major American cities, his article is a consumer's guide for HUSTLER travelers seeking relaxation and release.

NEVER FUCK WITH KARMA—Especially if you're an aging, potbellied poet and karma is kinky enough to drop a 14-year-old nympho on your cock. HUSTLER's fiction tampers with fate and jailbait. By Harold Norse

GETTING IT UP FOR THE GAME—HUSTLER presents its satirical study of the effects of pregame huddling on athletic prowess—both on and off the field. By Curt Richards

GEMS ON CUNT—Tuppy Owens, world-renowned sexologist and mistress of head, spreads the word on how a woman likes her man to handle that jewel between her thighs. A woman's view on vertical smiles unfolds in HUSTLER's October SEX PLAY.

STAR FUCKERS—The audience will be ecstatic with erotic film star LESLIE BOVEE's class act in HUSTLER's October centerfold, with supporting performances by COOKIE, TONI and MOLLY.

AND—the inevitable inanities and insane revelations found in BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT, KINKY KORNER, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, HONEY HOOKER and ADVISE & CONSENT.

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