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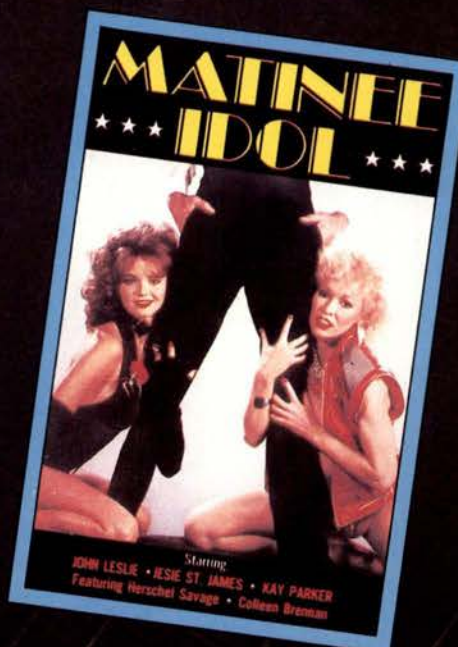
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On the Cover . . .

There were numerous contenders for our March covergirl, but the billowy brunette finally selected was the winner by a hair. The alluring shot by Senior Photographer Ladi von Jansky would even make Lady Godiva jealous.

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Feedback



MOONIES:

I have been (and will continue to be) a regular reader of your magazine, which I purchase at a local bookstore. I'm not the kind of person who often gets pissed off at things I read, but I feel compelled to write at this time.

Jim Forrest's report *Inside the Moonies* (December '84) claims to go "behind the scenes to learn the truth about headlines linking the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church to brainwashing, income-tax evasion. . . ."

I do not like any so-called cult, brainwashing or whatever. In fact, I've read about this asshole and his followers and how they infringe on others' rights and freedoms. He should be strung up.

But like it or not, that is their belief, and under the laws of this land they have a God-given and Constitutional right to freedom of religion.

—Walter Fritz
Schnecksville, Pennsylvania

CENTERFOLD EXTRAVAGANZA:

I have been a faithful HUSTLER reader from the start. Recently I picked up your 10th Birthday Blockbuster Issue (December '84). At first I thought the \$4.50 price was a bit steep, but with 11 centerfolds who's bitching? Well, I am, but only because I feel one of your greatest centerfold girls wasn't included. Her name is Beverly Kaszycki, and she appeared in your February '78 issue. Originally discovered in *Beaver Hunt*, she's the best-looking HUSTLER Honey ever—and not just because she's from my home state either. That layout is a classic.

—C. R. C.
Winchester, Virginia

CANDACE:

I'd like to comment on your excellent photo-layout titled *Candace: The Fire Down Below* (January '85). She is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen and has definitely set a general-alarm fire

in my crotch. Looking at her photographs, I can tell she really knows what and where love is.

No wonder HUSTLER is and will remain one of America's best magazines. I consider myself lucky to be a subscriber and will remain so forever. —Joel D. Hall
Charlestown, Massachusetts

DALE BOZZIO:

Could you please help me. I want to know what issue rock singer Dale Bozzio (of Missing Persons) modeled for you in the buff. I've got to have a copy. She's a knockout.

—James H. Flannery Jr.
Springfield, Ohio

Some nude photos of the sexy performer first



Candace: The Fire Down Below

appeared in the March '79 HUSTLER. Last month we featured her in a five-page pictorial. To obtain copies of these issues, see the ad on page 147.

HYPOCRITES?

Mr. Flynt, I have been reading your magazine for about five years now and always found it informative and entertaining. I had come to admire and respect you as a man who was straightforward, honest and willing to fight for and stand by what he believed in. That is, until today.

While reading the December '84 *Feedback*, I found myself most interested in those letters referring to your *Publisher's Statement* "Stiff Sentences for Child Molesters" (September '84). One reader complimented it, and HUSTLER responded with, "We'd all be better off if we realized that child molesters are *sick* individuals who should be given a chance to undergo psychological treatment and rehabilitation."

Another letter-writer objected to jokes he felt condoned child molestation. But in the same issue was a *Chester the Molester* cartoon showing a grown man in bed with two little girls, nude and tied up. If that isn't a sickening attempt at making a joke out of child molesting, then what the hell is? HUSTLER 1974-84 . . . A Perfect "10," in which this piece of garbage appeared, said the cartoon was a "sampling of the best" from Humor and Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley. I have seen his work before and, believe me, this doesn't deserve

to be called his best. He should be embarrassed to even have his name associated with such a disgustingly offensive load of shit.

I thought you were a man of conviction, Mr. Flynt, but your "say one thing, do another" response to this subject has made you look like one of those two-faced hypocrites you love to blast each issue as Asshole of the Month.

I don't know if you're a parent, although I would tend to think you are not. As the mother of a three-year-old girl, I can't imagine anyone with children finding any humor in this, especially when this is just the sort of nightmare every parent dreads constantly.

Because of your opposition to smoking, you stopped running cigarette ads in October 1975. How then could you permit this *Chester* cartoon to appear in your magazine after everything you have said about the hideous crimes being perpetrated against our kids?

Mr. Flynt, I suggest that you name yourself Asshole of the Month in your next issue. You certainly have earned the title.

—Kathleen Vartorella
Cleveland, Ohio

We beat you to the punch. Larry Flynt (the father of four) was named Asshole of the Century in our April '78 issue. Dwaine Tinsley was Asshole of the Month in September '78.

In the December '84 *HUSTLER* a reader commented on Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* on the molestation of children. You answered by saying, "We do not joke about subjects like child abuse."

On page 63 of the same issue you brag about your "uproarious" cartoons, and one example is *Chester the Molester*, which pictures him with two children tied up beside him. If by "we do not joke," you mean that none of Dwaine Tinsley's cartoons are funny, I'll agree with you. But you continue to make claims that they're funny.

What it comes down to is this: You do joke about child abuse but don't have the balls to admit it. There's a word for people who say one thing and do something else. It used to be *hypocrite*. Now it's *HUSTLER*.

—Beverly Barrymore
Mt. Prospect, Illinois

In your December '84 *Feedback* you state, "We do not joke about subjects like child abuse." A couple of pages later you show a picture of *Chester the Molester* with several nude prepubescent girls tied to his bed, surrounded by dildos and the like. Above the cartoon you summarize the scene as "outrageous, irreverent but always uproarious."

I'll give you guys credit for some great photographs, but your magazine's edito-

rial philosophy is every bit as hypocritical and self-serving as that preached by the Moral Majority that you so freely criticize. And don't give me the bullshit line that the cartoon was intended to be "social commentary."

—J. J.
Northville, Michigan

Dwaine Tinsley responds: "As I have stated many times before, HUSTLER's cartoons aren't always meant to be funny; sometimes they're meant to be thought-provoking. The Chester feature is designed to show this particular character's sickness—whether he's chasing young girls or trying to screw a vacuum cleaner. Not allowing a creative person to exercise the freedom to draw such a controversial character is a bigger hypocrisy than turning our backs on the problem of people like Chester."

"By the way, I have two young daughters of my own. If Chester ever came after them, I'd string the motherfucker up!"

LABORATORY BARBARISM:

After reading your exposé *The Horror of Animal Experimentation* (November '84), I wanted to cry. Then I got pissed off. If scientists want to find out whether a burn victim needs fluids, why don't they cut their own vocal chords (so they don't have to hear each other scream in pain) and burn their flesh down to the muscle with a blowtorch while they're clearly conscious—instead of picking on a pig? And don't tell me it's for the benefit of mankind. How do we gain by having dogs with two heads?

Every month, *HUSTLER*, you're a class-A magazine from cover to cover.

—Virginia Bowden
San Francisco, California

Three cheers to *HUSTLER* for your November '84 report on animal experimentation. It was great to see you deliver a good, solid blow to those uncaring people who call themselves scientists. My five cats said they liked the article too.

—Karl A. Wurlitzer
Anchorage, Alaska

PHOTO SUGGESTIONS:

A reader named T. J. from Somerville, New Jersey, raised a question in the November '84 *Feedback*: "Is *HUSTLER* going gay?" Well, us Georgia girls got mad—mad hot! We truly enjoyed seeing Ron Jeremy and his cock in *Stranded, Stoned & Boned* (October '84). And your November '84 issue with the well-hung guy in *Self-Portraits* was pretty good too.

Please keep giving us ladies good reading and good-looking males to view. We have money to spend. *Playgirl* is for girls. *HUSTLER* is for women.

—American Woman
Atlanta, Georgia

The REAL MARX BROS.



BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT



Drugs Are for Losers

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

-T. H.
Leavenworth, Kansas

One more thing: When did you feature a girl with incredibly hairy legs? I'd like to purchase a copy if it is still available.

The photo-feature you have in mind is Jungle Jill: Bush Baby (March '78). To obtain a copy, check out the ad on page 147. And we'll let our Photo Department know that some of our readers like the "hairy" look. Maybe we'll find another fuzzy lady for an upcoming issue. How about an Armenian belly dancer with a mustache?

If you ever designate an Asshole of the Century, please draw Ronald Reagan's

Long Beach, California

The only thing that scares me more than four more years of Bonzo is the nature of his supporters—the so-called Moral Majority. Right now separation of Church and State is a joke.

-Name Withheld by Request
Canton, Ohio

You really ought to stick to sex and politics, and stay away from religion and psychological problems. "Suicide Pack," one of the fictitious products showcased in "HUSTLER's Christmas Gift Guide" (December '84), is totally sick. Is your choice

You and other purveyors of sex have made the female body relatively meaningless. I wish people like you could manage to keep their hands off things that are even more sacred. It's too bad. In other respects I like your magazine. I wish I could buy it in conscience.

Your "Christmas Gift Guide" featured Erotic Telephones. I liked the Hard-Cock model that was blue and reclining. I've called my local phone company and two electronic stores, but no one sells them. Please tell me where I can order them in my area.

—Constance Lowery

In the December '84 issue you predicted big success for a publication titled *Rod & Trick*. I'm really impressed by HUSTLER's flair for detecting new trends in the field of sensory-related pleasures. Please send me *Rod & Trick's* address so I can subscribe.

—B. B.

Fooled you! The "Gift Guide" and R&T were just two more creations of our multi-talented Bits and Pieces staff.

In your December '84 *Feedback* I read a letter from a fellow reader who wanted to know why you don't make your pictorials more hard-core. I agree with his views.

Your response was one I've seen a number of times in the past: "Over the years we have made HUSTLER as hot as it can be and still be distributed to your favorite newsstand."

The key problem here seems to be the newsstand. I do not subscribe to HUSTLER, and I don't have a favorite newsstand. So I suggest you print a subscription-only edition, which could be as "hot" as I know HUSTLER *can* be.

—Name Withheld by Request
Potcau, Oklahoma

I'd like to thank everyone at HUSTLER Magazine for choosing me as a Beaver. I really appreciate the \$100 and my cap. I just can't believe it. My fantasies have been turned into reality. My respect and gratitude to you.

—Esther R.

San Francisco, California

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



MARCH HUSTLER

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO C.M., WOODSVILLE, NH

Over the past ten years, *HUSTLER*'s Dwaine Tinsley has justly earned his reputation as Grand Master of the "fuck-'em-if-they-can't-take-a-joke" school of humor. The spiritual father of *Chester the Molester*—the most controversial cartoon feature in print—has no sacred cows. Tinsley has managed to offend everybody. In keeping with his knack for finding visual laughs in even the touchiest subjects, we asked him to expound verbally on one of our society's trendiest new issues.

Every way you turn these days you hear about drunk driving. We're beaten over the head with carnage statistics, various legal warnings, and manifestos from M.A.D.D. (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers)—all with the same underlying message: Don't drink and drive.

I'm getting a little tired of it.

I suppose I agree that it's a bad idea to compress yourself into a tree when you're moving along at 90 miles per hour. However, I think we should remember all the good that comes out of drunk driving, not just the bad.

Drunk drivers keep a lot of folks employed, and that's good for the economy. Not only do they keep the booze industry afloat, but they're also vital to the prosperity of such professionals as bartenders, used-car dealers, paramedics, bail bondsmen, body-shop repairmen, plastic surgeons, condolence-card writers, coffin designers, blood donors and gravediggers—just to name a few. And these people buy things. Stuff like mopeds, haircuts, Jacksons-concert tickets, pussy, judges, edible underwear, rubber jogging accessories, needless surgery and a bunch of other things. In fact, it might not be Ronald Reagan's tight-assed advisers who brought our country around, but all that "trickling down" from drunk drivers. Drunk drivers are patriotic. They're as American as Jack Daniel's. They're heroes, for gosh sakes!

Drunk drivers aren't always given a fair shake. Because of all the adverse media crap these days, they're found guilty before they've even had a chance to plead their case. When a cop sees a guy weaving in front of him, changing lanes at random, what does he think? "Hey, that dude is drunk!" Oh, is he? How does he know that? Did it ever occur to him that the guy might simply have his head up his ass? Or that he might be getting a blowjob? No-o-o.

The whole uproar over drunk driving is really just a conspiracy to get deep in your pockets. Why do you suppose all the politicians are suddenly jumping on the bandwagon, as if DWI were something new and suddenly important? Forget all that righteous indignation the big boys are laying on the public. They want to make a buck. By the time you've been convicted of driving while intoxicated (and the feeding frenzy on your wallet is over), you practically have to go out and sell your blood just to buy a six-pack.

So what's to be done? Here are some suggestions that might work.

★ The tongue twister "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" should be added to the field sobriety test—in English and Spanish, just to be fair.

★ There should be a specially designated time when only drunk drivers are allowed on our nation's highways, say on Tuesdays from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. Tuesdays are fucked anyway. Call it National Demo-Derby Day, a sort of herd thinning, as it were. It'll give the kids some real honest-to-goodness blood-and-guts violence to watch, instead of that phony *Dukes of Hazzard* crap.

★ Texas cowboys should always be allowed to drink when they drive. It just makes good sense. If you tell a cowboy he can't pop a few in his pickup, he's liable to do something *really* violent. Like punch your face. Cowboys need to drive with a cold beer between their legs just to keep their balls from overheating. They're usually



out on the open road anyway. The worst they can do is kill a few armadillos.

★ Charges shouldn't be reduced to mere "reckless driving" simply because a person has a borderline blood/alcohol level. Which would you rather confront: a drunk but *careful* driver or a sober *reckless* one? If you answered "What's the difference?," then you obviously have no future in the legal profession.

★ The severity of the sentence should match the seriousness of the infraction. For instance, if a drunk driver maims innocent people, he should be forced to watch reruns of *Gilligan's Island* for life, no chance of parole. Sure, it's cruel, but what the fuck? He shoulda thought about that before he got behind the wheel.

★ Driving ripped out of your gourd should be a mandatory requirement in all driver's-ed courses. That way at least the kids will get some practice. Besides, you can tell them that they shouldn't drink and drive, but unless they can see some good wholesome dismemberment and decapitation firsthand, you're wasting your breath. You know how hardheaded kids are today.

★ Beer commercials should be on only once every 30 minutes during televised sporting events. The more they show, the more you drink. While driving home, you don't care if a beer is "less filling" or if it "tastes great." What you care about is getting home without pissing your pants—and keeping the law off your ass.

★ Sad songs should be banned from every jukebox in the world. When you hear a tearjerker like "He Stopped Loving Her Today," man, you really *need* those extra dozen shots for the road.

★ Screw this air-bag shit. I suggest we put computerized autopilot control systems in every car. You punch in the coordinates, and *voilà*, you're home! We certainly have the technology for it. By God, if we can put a man on the moon, we can get a drunk home. If we just skim a few bucks off the Defense Department budget, hell, every car on the road could have one of these systems by 1989. And it probably wouldn't cost more than \$180 trillion or so.

Perhaps the best idea of all is simply not to drink and drive. But since drinking is a helluva lot more fun than driving, maybe the ultimate solution would be to outlaw *cars*. Fuck the Arabs anyway! 🍻

Melody makers

Sweet-voiced superstar **Marvin Gaye** is dead and buried, but he left behind several unreleased songs that are destined to keep his memory alive. The final step in his musical exploration of lust—which saw him move from “What’s Going On” to “Let’s Get It On” and then to the erotic “Sexual Healing”—is titled “Sanctified Pussy.” We’d sure like to see the video for that number!

Speaking of Marvin Gaye, the late soul-master’s second wife, **Jan**, recently told **HUSTLER** about the singer’s wild temper. “He was very difficult to live with at times,” she admitted. “He was very moody.... [Towards the end of the marriage] we were fighting every day.... [Once] he said he was going to kill me, and he pulled a knife on me.... I thought I was losing my mind; so I had to leave.”

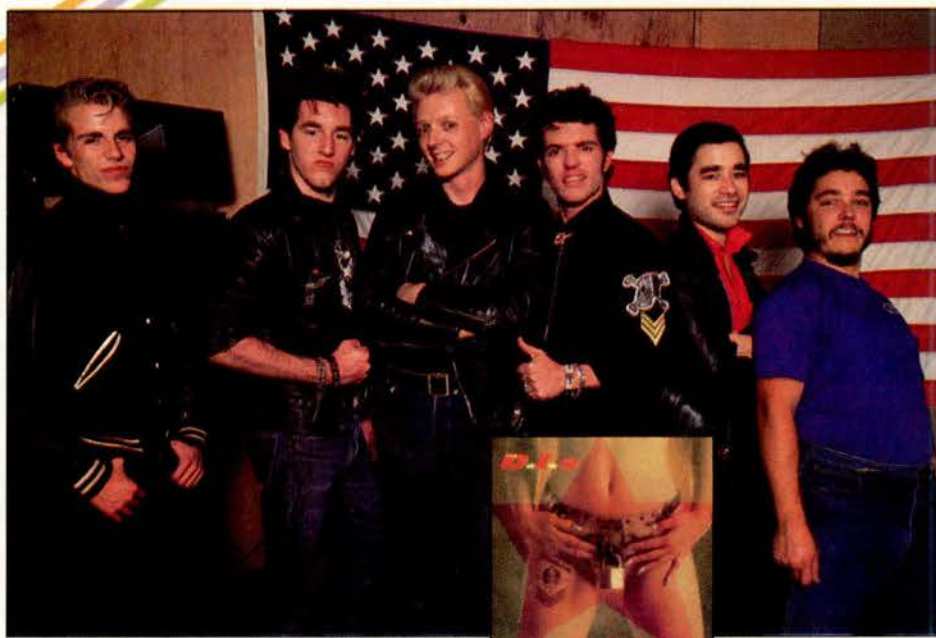


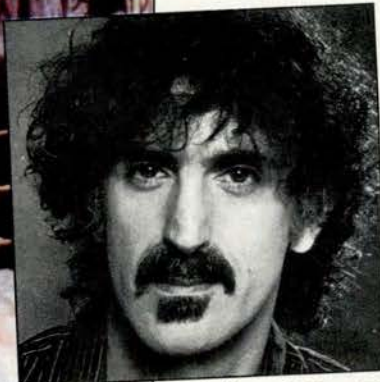
Photo by Gary Leonard

What was **Tom Petty**’s biggest hit? Well, it wasn’t “Don’t Do Me Like That,” “American Girl” or “Refugee.” Rumor has it the hit ol’ Tom laid on his wife takes that honor. An inside source tells us that the widely circulated story about Petty’s breaking his hand in a fit of frustration while recording his latest LP isn’t quite kosher. Maybe Tom should rename his band the *Face Breakers*.

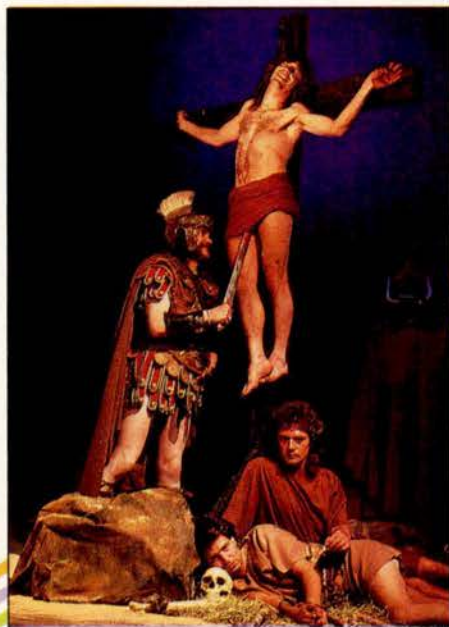
If you’re tired of the parade of limp-wristed English pop idols that is clogging the airwaves, relief is in sight. L.A.’s **D.I.s** have just released their debut effort, and it’s a red-hot dose of no-frills rock ‘n’ roll. Titled *Lock ‘n’ Load*, the five-song EP was produced by **X**’s guitarist, **Billy Zoom**, and it absolutely bristles

with energy. Combining elements of punk, surf, rockabilly and blues with a double shot of raunch, *Lock ‘n’ Load* really smokes!

Remember **Frank Zappa**’s *Thing-Fish* photo-fantasy in the April ‘84 **HUSTLER**? It seems that the former **Mother of Invention** is getting his *Thing-Fish* act together and taking it to Broadway. When a British reporter asked Zappa why he’d bother producing a musical, he replied, “Why not? If you go and see a Broadway show and look at what they’re doing, it’s really putrid. Which is a great reason for sticking *Thing-Fish* on a stage.” The Great White Way will never be the same.



Sultan of schmaltz **Barry Manilow**, the perpetual butt-and nose-of critical barbs, is bending over backward to push his new record. "I'm becoming a TV slut," he told one of our correspondents. "I'll do *Good Morning Fresno* and *Hello Akron*. I'll let *People* magazine photograph my bathroom, for God's sake. That's how badly I want this album to be noticed."



England's **Motorhead** has been called punk, metal . . . everything but popular—at least in America. But the reigning gladiators of fast-fretted, breakneck, crash-and-burn rock have ruled the roost in Britain for almost ten years. Armed with their patented brand of "amphetamine-charged" metal, a crazed video titled "Killed by Death" and more than 100,000 watts of amplification, Motorhead is now looking for fresh *American* blood. Beware, you could be the next victim!

Hot on the heels of their current smash album, *See You in Hell*, England's heavy-metal madmen **Grim Reaper** stopped by the HUSTLER offices recently for some hot conversation. When asked the devilish question "If you could be Satan for a day, what rock bands would you send straight to the fiery depths below?," guitarist Nick Bowcott cheerfully replied, "First in line would be **Duran Duran**. They're dreadful. That [Simon Le Bon] can't even sing. And **Wham** should go. The lead singer looks like a dick. Oh, yeah, I'd also send the **Jacksons** because they look like they've been there already." Heard enough? If not, check out our heavy-metal feature in the April HUSTLER. You won't believe what these bands do after the curtain goes down. 🍌

HUSTLER MARCH



Photo by Ed Colver

Method to *Our Madness*, the third album by the **Lords of the New Church**, is scheduled for a late January domestic release with a change from the European version. One song, "Fresh Flesh," has been deleted and replaced by "S, F and T." This typically charming ballad from the pen of Lord's crooner **Stiv Bator** is an account of his date with a doll who turned out to have a dick! The song's initials stand for "Sucked, Fucked and Tattooed." That's *Mister Bator* to you. . . .



Photo by Norman Seeff

We applaud several of Great Britain's leading rockers for taking a stand on smack. **Big Country**, **Madness**, **Tom Robinson** and the **Style Council** are wearing T-shirts at their concerts printed with such slogans as "Heroin is a life sentence." The profits go to a government-sponsored drug-abuse program.

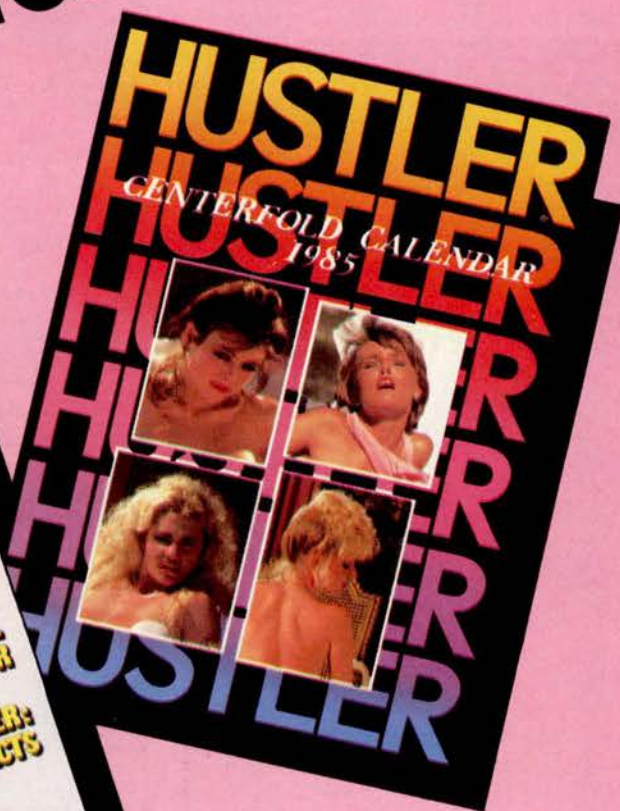
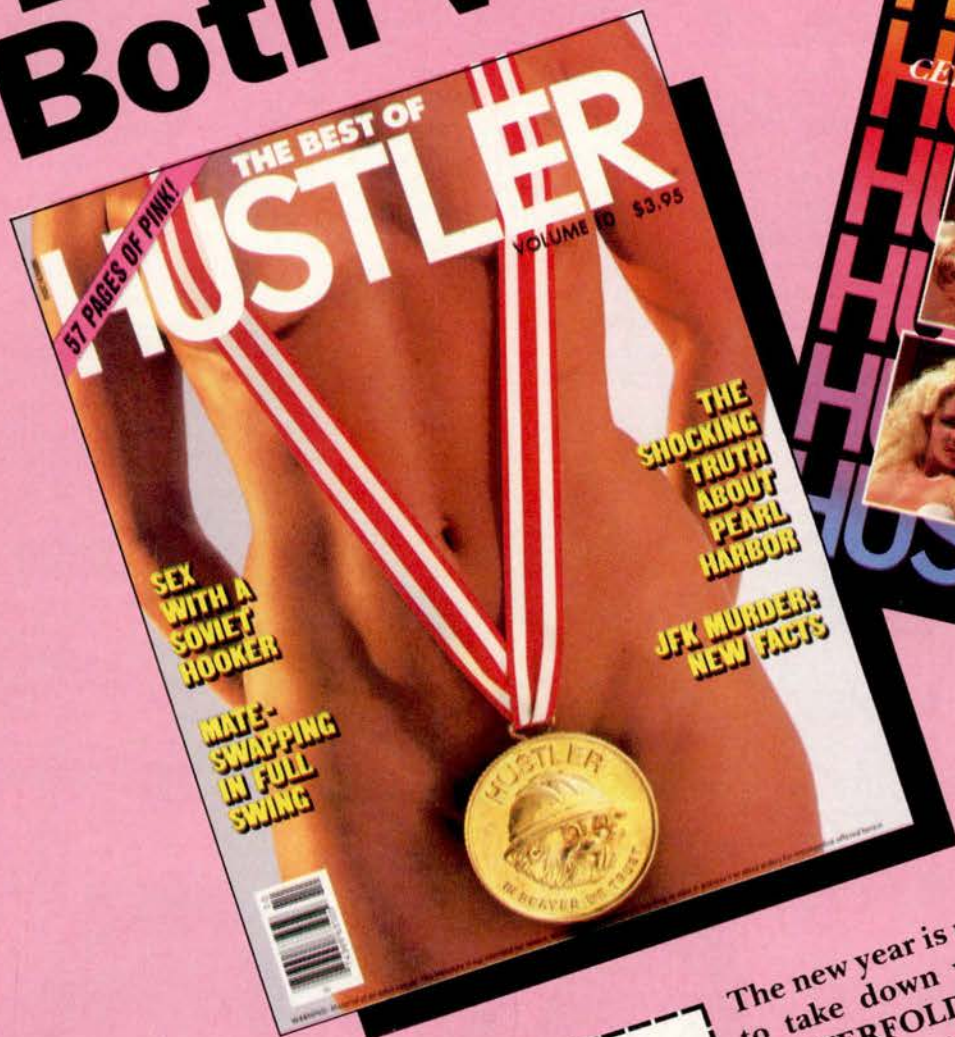
Another innovation from the purple potentate of pop, **Prince**: religious backward-masking. We broke Althea Flynt's turntable decoding the end of "Darling Nikki." Here's how it sounded: "Hello, how are you? I'm fine 'cuz I know that the Lord is coming soon . . . coming, coming . . . soon. Ha-ha-ha-ha." If Prince is right, we'll all be using jizz shampoo . . . soon.

Former **Sex Pistol** Johnny Lydon is **Rotten** again and stirring up audiences like never before. He has regained legal possession of his infamous monicker and is playing dates with his post-punk **Public Image Ltd.** One fan described a recent Public Image show in L.A. as a "war zone." Said the concertgoer, "The riot squad was there, people were diving off 25-foot-tall P.A. columns and bottles were flying all over." And that was before the opening number!



Photo by Bill Allen

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The new year is upon us, and that means it's time to take down your copy of HUSTLER'S 1984 CENTERFOLD CALENDAR and replace it with the new, out-of-this-erotic-world 1985 edition. Packed with a dozen uncompromising photos taken from our hottest pages, you'll never miss an appointment with this baby hanging on your wall. And don't lose out on the long-awaited BEST OF HUSTLER. In Volume 10 you'll find a classic collection of provocative articles, lusty women, gut-wrenching humor and everything else that made up the year's best of the best magazine in the men's field.

[illegible]

DEAR GRANNY

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

DEAR GRANNY: After six years of marriage I still couldn't get pregnant. The doctor said there was nothing wrong with me, but my husband refused to be examined, insisting I'd conceive when the time was right. A while back I visited my sister in St. Louis, and we went to a lot of parties. In the two weeks I was away, eight men fucked me. You see, I desperately wanted to get pregnant, and I got lucky—I'm five months along. Thinking he knocked me up, my husband is proud as can be. My problem is that one of the men I slept with was a redhead. Since my husband and I don't have red hair, is there any way I might convince him that the baby is his if it comes into the world with red hair? —P. L.

Columbia, Missouri

Dear P. L.—Tell your husband you have a strange craving for carrots, and start eating them steadily from now until you're wheeled into the delivery room. He sounds gullible enough to buy that. Genetically speaking, though, it's possible for a couple, neither of whom has red hair, to give birth to a red-headed child. It just means that the genes were somewhere among their ancestors. What concerns me is how you fooled hubby. I mean, eight guys seems like a bit of overkill—it only takes one prick to do the trick. You obviously had more than getting pregnant in mind when you added new meaning to the song "Meat Me in St. Louis."

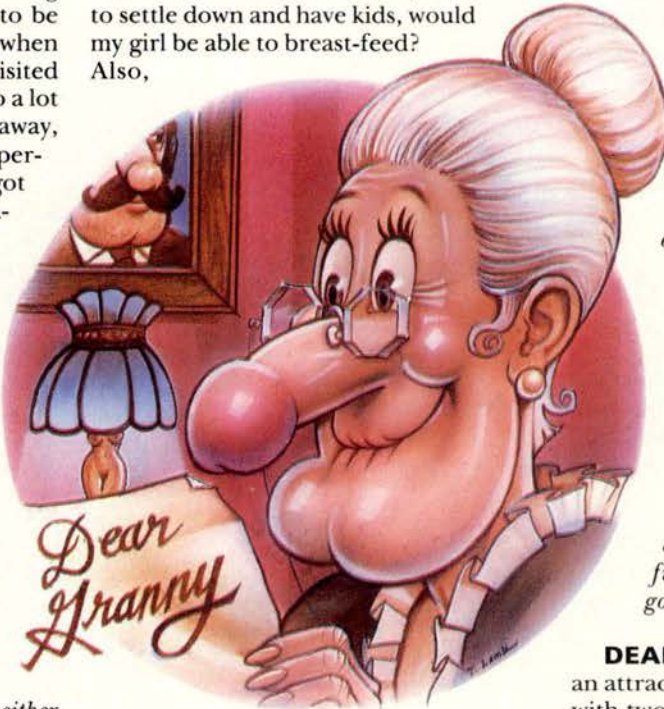
DEAR GRANNY: My man and I have a healthy sex life. He's willing to do anything to please me—he's almost too willing. What I mean is, not only doesn't he mind going down on me during my period, he seems to enjoy it the most at that time of the month. He's very good at giving head, but I'm beginning to wonder why he likes it so much when I'm bleeding. Is it safe? Is it normal? —M. B.

Nome, Alaska

Dear M. B.—Most people define normal as "something I would do." Since I'll do just about anything that isn't fattening or illegal in more than 25 states, I'm not the best person

to ask about what's normal. However, it sounds to me as if your "curse" is a blessing in disguise. If both you and he get off on what he's doing, I wouldn't worry about it. There's nothing unsafe about consuming a little menstrual blood. But just to make sure your lover isn't a vampire, you might try hanging a crucifix or some garlic over your pussy.

DEAR GRANNY: My girlfriend has recently expressed the desire to have her nipples pierced. I think it would be great, but I would like to know how piercing affects the nipple. Although marriage is not in our immediate future, if we were to settle down and have kids, would my girl be able to breast-feed? Also,



where can we go to have them pierced?

—T. M.

Morristown, New Jersey

Dear T. M.—Nipple piercing will not affect a woman's breast-feeding ability, as long as she remembers to remove the rings first. Of course, she could take full advantage of the situation by hanging plastic rattles and other lightweight creative playthings from her boobs—that way, an infant could get entertainment and nutrition from the same source. You might enjoy it too. Go for holiday themes: Christmas ornaments in December, etc.

As for where to have them pierced: Almost any large urban area has sex shops. If they don't do it themselves, they might be able to recommend someone who does. The procedure is no more complicated than piercing an ear, but do make sure you find a place that's clean. Why risk infection over a simple decoration?

DEAR GRANNY: My boyfriend and I have been getting into some domination-and-bondage games and a little light

S&M—but nothing too serious, at least until recently. The other night, however, he came home with a complete Nazi SS uniform he'd bought at some Army-Navy surplus store. He had jackboots, swastika armbands, the works, and he wanted us to take turns wearing the stuff while we got it on. I found the idea repulsive and told him so. Nazis are no kind of turn-on for me. Since then our sex life has been terrible. Granny, was I wrong? What would you have done? —N. N.

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear N. N.—I probably would have covered myself with grapes and suggested reenacting the Normandy invasion. Seriously, wearing an SS uniform doesn't make your boyfriend a Nazi, any more than wearing a white dress makes me a virgin. Nazi gear has become quite popular with the sadomasochism crowd because of the raw power it seems to represent, not due to any connection with the horrible atrocities of Hitler and his followers. But that's beside the point. If the uniform is a turn-off for you, then your boyfriend shouldn't wear it. To keep your sex games from becoming cruel, everything involved should be pleasurable for both partners. Perhaps you two can agree on an outfit that neither of you finds offensive. Ever tried fucking a gorilla?

DEAR GRANNY: My wife and I are an attractive couple, both in our late 20s, with two small children. Lately we've become fascinated with the idea of attending an orgy. After discussing this—only half-jokingly—with other couples our age, we found a surprising number of people who are also interested. How do we go about finding an orgy? Are there people or places that hold them regularly?

—T. K.

Newark, New Jersey

Dear T. K.—One sure way to locate an orgy is to drive around and look for a party where the windows are all fogged up. An even safer bet would be to throw one yourself. You say you already know some interested people, which takes care of the major difficulty. Send the kids off to Mother's for the weekend. Invite a half dozen or so couples (best to keep the sex ratio even, obviously). Soft lighting, good music, a little food and wine are all that's necessary to set the mood. You may have to exercise some leadership to get things going, and individual tastes will determine whether partners are switched discreetly behind bedroom doors, or everyone gets into a group grope on the living-room floor. Contrary to

popular belief, you don't need mirrored ceilings and waterbeds (though they're always nice) to have a successful orgy—just a horny group of people. I used to throw “come as you are” parties, until I tired of trying to get the stains out of the furniture.

DEAR GRANNY: I started fucking this pretty cool girl about a month ago, but she did something the other night that has me sort of weirded out. I was humping her doggy-style (my favorite way!), and just as she was about to come, she broke a “popper” under her nose and tried to get me to take a whiff. Now, I'd heard that's the stuff queers use when they're having sex, but I never wanted to try it myself, because I thought it was dangerous. What's the story? —D. W.
Los Angeles, California

Dear D. W.—Personally, I get high on life and Harvey Wallbangers. But everyone's entitled to feed their head as they see fit; so here's the buzz: Amyl- and butyl-nitrite capsules, commonly known as “poppers,” are widely used by homosexual and straight couples because they make orgasms seem much more intense. They are not particularly dangerous unless you have a history of heart trouble or low blood pressure. Besides relaxing blood vessels, poppers can cause headaches and nausea. As they say, there's no such thing as a free rush.

DEAR GRANNY: Although I am a 20-year-old male, I still have a high squeaky voice, baby fat, not much body hair and underdeveloped testicles. I've heard that by taking male hormones I could speed up my development and be more like other men. Would this work? —R. L.
Bird City, Kansas

Dear R. L.—Hold your horses, Sonny. I'm an oversexed old lady, not a licensed physician. Yes, injections of testosterone (a male hormone) have been used to treat people with symptoms similar to yours. However, I'd consult a doctor to find out if you really have a glandular problem or if you're just a late bloomer. Either way, write me again in six months or so. I'm always happy to personally inspect a “patient's” progress.

DEAR GRANNY: My boyfriend and I got into a huge fight over this; so I hope you can help. He went out of town for a week, and on the night he returned, I gave him head. When he came, there were just a few little spurts. Usually he shoots a bucket load. I accused him of being unfaithful to me, since he says he never jerks off and I couldn't see any other reason why he'd have so little cum. He said he would never cheat on me, got mad and walked out. Granny, could I have been mistaken? —P. G.
Daytona Beach, Florida

Dear P. G.—So you found your man's story hard to swallow, huh? First of all, any guy who maintains that he “never jerks off” is probably jerking you around. But even if masturbation is not the reason for the drop in jism, any number of other factors could be. Drinking booze, smoking dope, being tired after a long trip could all affect the amount of ejaculate. Why not give your man the benefit of the doubt? Treat him right, and before long you won't be complaining about the size of his wad—not with your mouth full, at any rate.

DEAR GRANNY: Last week my girlfriend Tina had me bound to the bed with silk scarves. We'd been indulging in our usual love play, and I was hard as a rock. I figured she was ready to mount me, and when she left the room, I thought she'd gone to put in her diaphragm. Instead, she returned with a burning candle! She was about to drip hot wax on my cock, but I screamed bloody murder. I'm still not sure she would have let me go if she hadn't been worried about disturbing the neighbors. Needless to say, things haven't been the same between us since then. What do you think of such a person? —N. S.
Scarsdale, New York

Dear N. S.—I think your girlfriend's got a wimp for a boyfriend. Okay, nobody wants to get burned; but if you'd experiment a little, you'd find that candle wax isn't particularly dangerous. Just make sure it drips from high enough to cool on the way down. Some folks find the sensation a real turn-on, and the visual effect is pretty kinky—use enough wax, and it's like fucking a multicolored snow cone. The stuff peels off easily.

Of course, your girlfriend should have warned you of what she planned to do. The next time she's tied down on the bed, try coming into the bedroom with a blowtorch. That way she'll know just how it feels to be unpleasantly surprised.

DEAR GRANNY: My lover is into enemas, which have turned him on ever since his mother gave them to him as a little boy. Aren't frequent enemas bad for you? The whole thing seems bizarre to me. —E. L.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear E. L.—If enemas are your man's bag, why not go for it? Assuming he's worth keeping, that is. Some folks are very excited by both the penetration of the asshole and the full, swelling sensation as the water begins to flow inside. When administered properly, enemas simply clean out the lower intestinal tract and are not harmful. If that doesn't turn you on personally, no matter—'tis better to give than to receive, right? Besides, that warm, flushed feeling you get when your lover nozzles up to you is kind of romantic. 



“M-m-m—tastes just like holy water!”

DWAIN TINSLEY



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WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Potomac Wire

Playing for Pay the D.C. Way

by Larry Flynt

The best little whorehouse on Capitol Hill is a nondescript dwelling eight blocks from the greatest deliberative body on Earth. The best bodies on Capitol Hill—and the most willing—ply their trade there at about \$150 an hour, to the delight of Senate and House staffers.

The colonial-style townhouse on E Street Southeast has been a pleasure palace since the mid-'70s, when a callgirl who used the name Daisy lived and entertained clients there. More recently, however, the operation has expanded, with several young, attractive women working out of separate, second-floor bedrooms. The ladies greet customers wearing expensive lingerie—French-made silk tops paired with flimsy-lace garter belts, black-seamed stockings and black G-strings.

How do you get invited to come inside and play for pay? Visit the video-rental store right around the corner. It's down a hallway, just past a small perfume-and-lingerie shop run by—and here's a name from the past—"Daisy." If you show an interest in adult videos, one of the women behind the counter will give you a phone number so you can make a date.

Bring cash. This is no storefront massage parlor that takes credit cards, and there's no outward sign of anything naughty going on behind the curtained windows. That's exactly how politicians and their staffs like it: quiet, discreet and classy.

* * *

Did a prostitution operation trigger the Watergate scandal? To this day no one has definitively answered the question of just what the Republican tricksters were looking for in 1972 when they were nabbed in the Water-



Larry O'Brien: Did he have evidence of Howard Hughes's financial dealings with Richard Nixon?

gate offices of the Democratic National Committee.

The director of the committee at the time, Larry O'Brien, had worked for Howard Hughes, and speculation was that the Republicans feared he might know damaging information about Hughes's financial dealings with Richard Nixon. By tapping O'Brien's phone, the Republicans might have learned what he knew and what he intended to do about it. But why the bug on the telephone of a relatively anonymous employee, Spencer Oliver, head of the state party chairmen's association?

Turns out a couple of very hot secretaries regularly used Oliver's phone to arrange dates with various Democrats visiting Washington from other states. The pols liked their sex rough: A little bondage made the evenings more interesting. Their phone conversations were often X-rated.

One person they talked with was a small-time Washington attorney named Philip Bailey, who was arrested in 1972. Charged with running a Capitol Hill callgirl ring, he pleaded guilty to a reduced charge. In a new book about Watergate, *Secret Agenda*, author Jim Hougan speculates that Bailey (who was paroled in 1974) was tied in with the sexy secretaries.

Lost in the Watergate scandal was a successful suit filed by Oliver and the Democratic National Committee to make sure something called the Gemstone File was never made public. The

reason: The file contained transcripts of those very dirty conversations that would have embarrassed some prominent Democrats.

* * *

We pause now for a few poorly chosen words from our beloved Commander in Chief:

"I believe that the future is far nearer than most of us would dare hope."
—Ronald Reagan addressing the United Nations, September 24, 1984.

"Anyone that's ever had their kitchen done over knows that it never gets done as soon as you wish it would."
—Ronald Reagan on why adequate security measures weren't in effect before the bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon.

"Do you want to see America return to the policies of weakness of the last four years?"—Ronald Reagan during



Ronald Reagan: Are you ready for four more years of the President putting his foot in his mouth?

the October 21, 1984, debate with Walter Mondale.

"I'm all confused now."—Ronald Reagan at the close of his October 7, 1984, debate.

* * *

Right-wing Senator Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina) hit upon a unique way to raise money during his no-holds-barred campaign last fall against former Governor James B. Hunt Jr., who constantly referred to the senator as the "Prince of Dark-

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Jesse Helms: With an assist from his wife, the conservative senator raked in some badly needed cash.

ness." Dot Helms sent out a folksy letter saying her hubby was celebrating his birthday on October 18.

"I knew you would want to know about another anniversary of his 39th birthday (he got the idea from Jack Benny)," wrote Dot in a cloying bid for cash. So she had this swell idea of presenting him with 63,000 birthday cards, "1,000 cards for each year of his life." And wouldn't it be nice if with every birthday card sent him, there was a little check tucked inside for his reelection?

"Your check for as much as \$1,000, \$500, \$250 or \$100 would be a god-send and would assure a very happy birthday for Jesse," wrote Dot, who proudly added that "even the radical Reverend Jesse Jackson has attacked my husband."

Not that any donors were invited to the birthday bash. Dot noted the cele-

bration would be "only a small family gathering." And she enclosed a snapshot of Helms kissing his fifth grandchild, with the notation, "Jesse meets his newest granddaughter at the hospital. Now does this man look like a 'Prince of Darkness'?"

* * *

Secretary of the Navy John Lehman Jr. is sick of the trend that began ten years ago to replace military words with civilian ones. So he's issued orders that enlisted-personnel dining facilities are to be called, once again, "mess decks." Food will not be prepared in kitchens but in "galleys." And jail will be a "brig," not a Navy correctional facility. No more UOPH-unaccompanied officer personnel housing either. Back to the old term, BOQ, for bachelor officers' quarters. Lehman said he missed the old nautical lexicon that is traditional.



Navy Secretary John Lehman Jr. went back to basics by making a real "mess" of sailors' lingo.

Whispers

You won't hear him talk about it during his campus lectures, but Watergater **G. Gordon Liddy** now confides to friends that the

Republicans had an insider at the Democratic National Committee before the Watergate scandal broke. The traitor was a relative of a former high-ranking Democratic Party official, and he provided Liddy and his spy squad with detailed drawings of the DNC offices, desks and telephones. . . . Former congressman's wife and *Playboy* model **Rita Jenrette** is still working to get her movie career off the ground. She finished her first flick, a bloody low-budget production called *The Last Picnic*, almost two years ago, but it never got released. Now the picture has been renamed *Zombie Island Massacre*, and the producers will try again. The movie features great close-ups of Rita soaping her surgically enhanced breasts in the shower. . . . During the final, dismal days of **Walter Mondale**'s campaign, reporters aboard his plane began calling his effort "the Mondale death march." . . . And according to Secret Service pillowtalk, during his bid for the Democratic nomination, **Jesse Jackson** sometimes had a lot more fun with the opposite sex than his opponents did.



Liddy



Jenrette



Mondale



Jackson

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

FARTS and PHONIES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

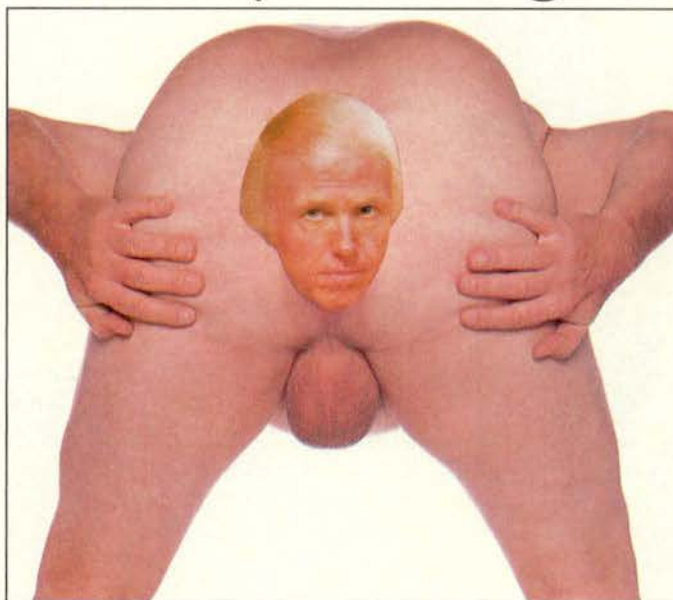
What do you call a man who pollutes the airwaves with ultraconservative, reactionary politics and hypocritical pronouncements on public morals? What do you call a television interviewer who viciously insults his more liberal-minded guests by calling them names such as "scum," "pervert," "maniac," "slime," "sicko" and "jerk"? He calls himself Wally George, "crusader for God, for country, for morality." We call him Asshole of the Month.

Wally George is a self-righteous loudmouth who hosts and stars on *Hot Seat*, a venomous, right-wing snake pit that masquerades as a TV talk show. Originating from pious Pat Boone's station in California's Orange County—stronghold of the John Birch Society—*Hot Seat* barfs out a weekly regurgitation of putrid propaganda more suitable for a cesspool than the nation's living rooms.

Egged on by chants of "Wah-lee! Wah-lee!" from a rowdy studio audience of boozed-up wackos, George sits in front of an American flag and plays to the crowd by asking questions designed to embarrass, fluster or antagonize those being interviewed. If their answers aren't what he wants to hear, he bullies his guests by calling them names and shouting them down.

In typical extremist fashion Wally converts every issue

Wally George



that's discussed on his program into either/or, black-and-white terms. Anyone who isn't wild about Ronald Reagan is branded as a Communist. People who oppose making abortion a crime are accused of wanting to legalize first-degree murder. According to Wally, those who think that adult films, swinging or any sex act engaged in by consenting adults are *not* degenerate filth have diseased minds. Likewise, anyone who is opposed to forced school prayer is a blasphemous heathen.

In addition to Democrats, feminists, homosexuals, anti-nuclear activists, liberals and the ACLU, Wally especially detests "phonies" and nominates many guests for his Hall of Fame of Phonies. Not surprisingly, he's never nominated himself—a major oversight because Wally George is one of the biggest phonies around. He lies about his age (he claims to be four years younger than he is), he changed his name (Wally was born Walter George Pearch), and he pretends that he has only two children and

has been married only twice.

The facts are, this self-styled champion of morality is the father of *four* kids—one of whom was born a year before he wed the child's mother. He's had *five* wives and—get this—was actually married to three of these women at the same time! No wonder he lies about his past. Crusader Wally would have a pretty tough time explaining trigamy and illegitimacy to someone he's just accused of being morally depraved.

From his low-rent Johnny Carson mannerisms to his spray-lacquered used-car-dealer hairstyle, the only thing real about this sanctimonious wind-bag is his lust for fame. He's so publicity-hungry that even his own daughter—movie star Rebecca (*Risky Business*) De Mornay—avoids him, fearing that he'll try to exploit her stardom to further his own career.

It's tempting to dismiss this brain-damaged cretin as nothing more than a clown who's hit upon a successful formula of baiting liberals and brown-nosing Ronald Reagan to get himself in the public eye. But the messages of fear, hatred, intimidation and intolerance that he broadcasts every week are too real to dismiss. A growing audience of fanatics is perfectly happy to let people like Wally do their thinking for them. And it's not a far cry from "Wah-lee! Wah-lee!" to "Sieg Heil!"

FARTS IN THE WIND

While Wally George took "top" honors this month, other individuals and groups deserve mention on this page. They are March's Farts in the Wind.

KEN CAMBELL, member of a Canadian Fundamentalist group called Renaissance, evidently finds Prince a purple pain in the ass. Referring to the rock star as a "molester of souls," "pied piper of porn" and "royal star of raunch," the

foaming-at-the-mouth fanatic demanded that the government bar Prince from performing at two sold-out concerts in Toronto, Ontario. Much to Cambell's chagrin, however, both shows came off without a hitch.

While we're on the subject of repression in Canada, our fair neighbors to the north are burdened with more than their share of misguided do-gooders. MARY BROWN heads the Ontario

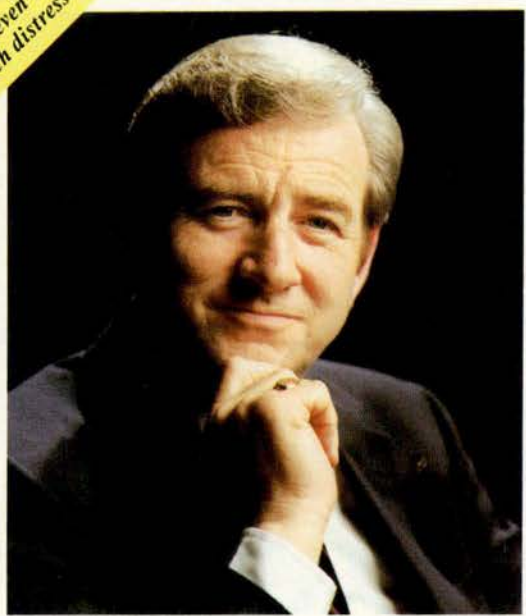
Board of Film Censors, a group composed of retired businesspeople, housewives and others with no discernible qualifications to butcher or ban many of the 2,900 domestic and foreign films they view every year. "This is not a moral issue," she recently stated. "It is a question of public safety." Needless to say, we vehemently disagree.

Proving that American institutions of higher learning are not immune from ass-backwards thinking, THE CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY AT NORTH-

RIDGE TRUSTEES have hopped on the bluenose bandwagon. Their recent decision to ban the sale of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and other soft-core magazines at the campus bookstore was based on complaints that these publications incite violence against women. There is not a scrap of evidence to support that ludicrous claim, and the CSUN Student Union has rightfully protested such a flagrant violation of the First Amendment. Unfortunately, they're up against some dangerously narrow minds.

Here is the famous ad parody that's been widely discussed in the media. Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell said that he thought the parody made serious statements of fact about him and his saintly mother, and he sued for \$45 million in damages-charging libel and "intentional infliction of emotional distress." A jury ruled that Falwell had not been libeled, since this obvious parody did not contain serious statements of fact. However, the jury awarded him \$200,000 in damages for emotional distress, even though the ad parody obviously is not intended to inflict any such distress. HUSTLER is appealing that surprising decision.

Jerry Falwell talks about his first time.*



FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.

INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it a little cramped?

FALWELL: Not after I kicked the goat out.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

FALWELL: I never *really* expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, "What the hell!"

Campari, like all liquor, was made to mix you up. It's a light, 48-proof, refreshing spirit, just mild enough to make you drink too much before you know you're schnockered. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Or maybe some white wine. Then you won't remember anything the next morning. **Campari. The mixable that smarts.**

INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?

FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

FALWELL: Well, we were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda—that's called a Fire and Brimstone—at the time. And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a

\$100 donation.

INTERVIEWER: Campari in the crapper with Mom... how interesting. Well, how was it?

FALWELL: The Campari was great, but Mom passed out before I could come.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try it again?

FALWELL: Sure...

lots of times. But not in the outhouse. Between Mom and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.

INTERVIEWER: We meant the Campari.

FALWELL: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to the pulpit. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit sober, do you?

© 1983—Imported by Campari U.S.A., New York, NY. 48°proof Spirit. Aperitif (Liqueur).



CAMPARI

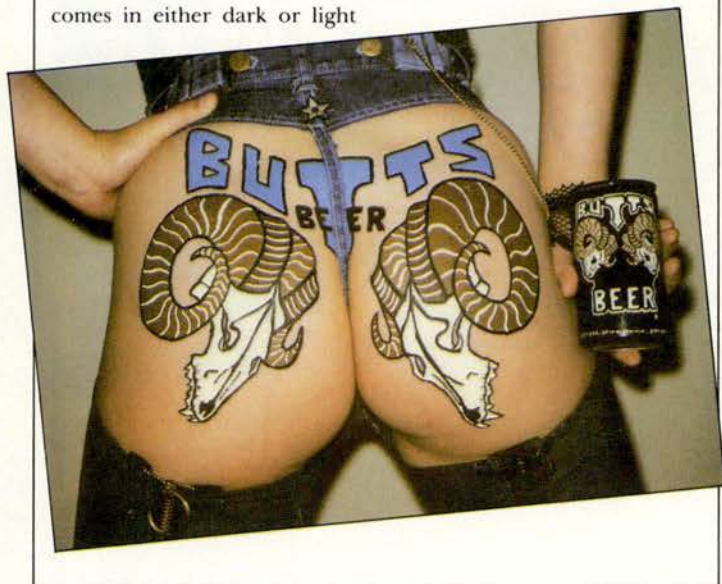
You'll never forget your first time.

*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

This Butt's for You

Here's a make-believe beer that's a real ass-kicker—Butts. Just a swig will knock you on your behind and have you foaming at the mouth. Its flavor has been described as “well-rounded” and “full-bodied.” And it comes in either dark or light

(the size of the can varying accordingly). The hearty brew (if it were real) would probably sell for about a buck, the young lady pictured here would cost a little extra. After all, you're not buying this beer for the head...



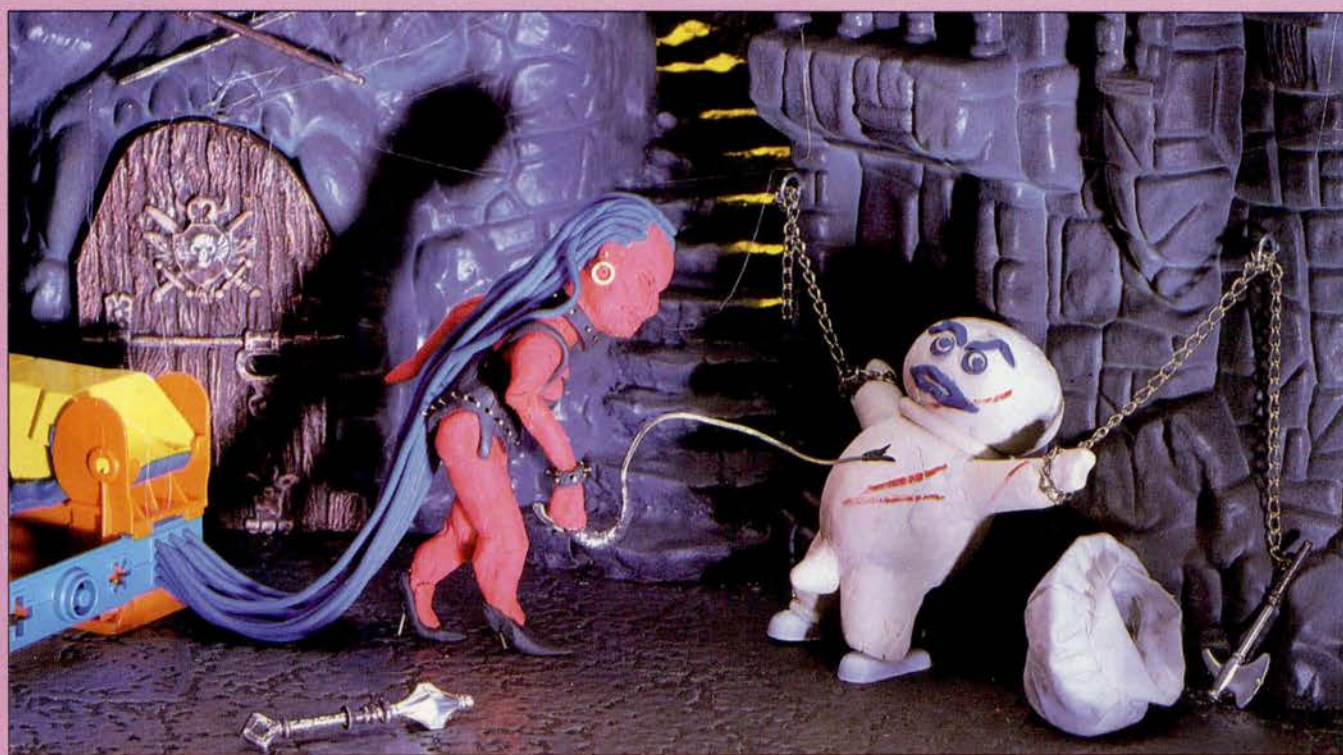
Happy Birthday, Larry



Our illustrious Editor and Publisher recently celebrated his 42nd birthday with a festive affair at our offices in L.A. The champagne flowed freely before the piece de resistance was unveiled.

This four-flavor cover was the wonderful work of X-Rated Cakes

(9029 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069; telephone: 213-276-9207), a bakery that is able to turn your wildest fantasies into edible realities. Having been immortalized in frosting, Larry Flynt is living proof that you can have your cake and be eaten too.



Play-Dough Masochism

Ever wonder what the infamous little doughboy does for a good time? Well, obviously his tiny pop-tart of a wife just isn't enough; so he goes to get the flour beaten out of him by Mistress Bewla—the Play-Dough Dominatrix. While the oven is pre-

heating, she greases up the doughboy's little pudgy body with butter and shoves a crescent roll up his ass. Then she plunges baking thermometers into his tummy to be sure he's good and hot. Finally, she takes a whip to his pasty-white hide until he squeals with delight. It really gets the kid's yeast rising. How do you think he always stays so “popping fresh”?

Kitty Porn

Are X-rated-film makers going too far in their quest for younger and younger pussies? That's what the critics are trying to decide about this porn remake of *Cat Ballou*, starring the hottest, hairiest felines the dark back alleys of Manhattan could produce. It's already a hit in Pussycat Theatres across the nation. As one TV personality said: "A man can really appreciate this kind of petophilia."



A Nose for Cock

Our November 1984 pictorial *Seven Pubic Figures* featured the faces of male celebrities painted over women's pubes. Inevitably, someone came up with the next logical extreme. We asked Granny how she felt about being immortalized like this. "Frustrated," she replied. "I can't figure out how to go down on myself."

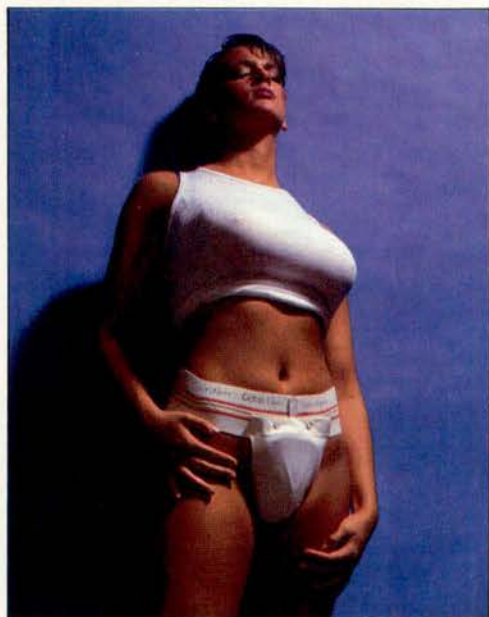


We Have Met the Enema . . .

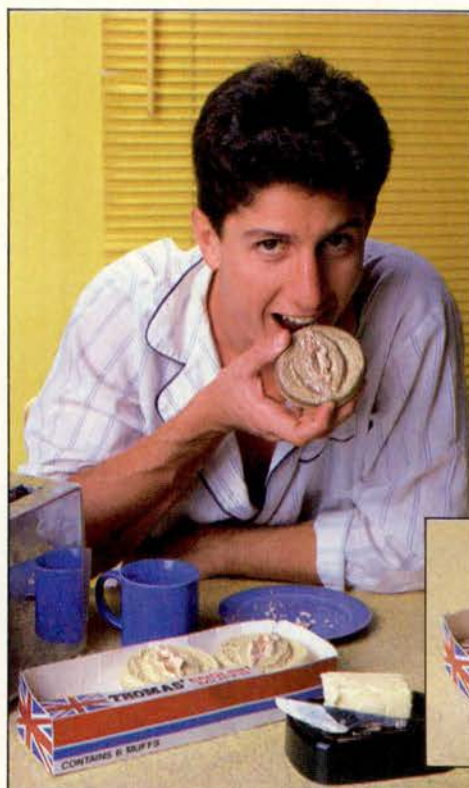
Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the bookstore, along comes the second edition of David Barton-Jay's *The Enema as an Erotic Art and Its History* (David Barton-Jay Projects, Suite 3156, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010). It's a fascinating book

that has hundreds and hundreds of pictures, illustrations and useful bits of information about everyone's favorite after-dinner plaything—the enema. Unfortunately the whole caboodle retails for \$47.50, a hefty price that guarantees you'll get stuck in the end.

Ads We'd Like to See



Calvin Klein Protective Cup for Women



Thomas's English Muffs

Tired of having little Bobby rush out of the house without eating his breakfast? Now there's a morning snack that will really make him stand up and take notice. Imported English Muffs come blond, brunet or red-haired. To start your mornings in the pink, just smear some butter on and lick it out of all the nooks and cranies. Mmm-mmm good!



Gas-Chamber Music

In an effort to make capital punishment less cruel and more unusual, right-wing lobbyists have been searching for ways in which the death sentence can be carried out in a favorable

light. One innovation is the playing of chamber music at executions. A trio of soloists from the famed Florida Philharmonic were recently invited to give a farewell concert for ax murderer Milton "Milkman" Mathews. Advocates claim the music helps the condemned to "calm down and breathe easier." It's a classical gas.



proctology today

MARCH 1985

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READERS POLL:
DO YOU WIPE
WITH YOUR
LEFT OR
RIGHT
HAND?

FASHION
PREVIEW:
THE NEW
DESIGNER
BUTT-
PLUGS

THE
LOWDOWN
ON
LAXATIVES

BROOKE
SHIELDS,
PRINCESS DI
AND MARY
LOU RETTON
TELL HOW
THEY
DEAL WITH
FARTING

Behind the Times

Back in our May '84 issue we ran a parody of a nonexistent publication called *Proctology Today*. Much to our shock and surprise, a shitload of mail was dumped on us by hemorrhoid-suf-

fering readers who actually thought this rectal gazette was for *real*. Well, the joke's on you . . . again! Behold the second edition of the bogus magazine that set all of America on its ass!

Porn From the Past

At the turn of the century most immigrants had to use body language to communicate. This newcomer is ordering a pizza. With his left hand he's asking for olives, and with his right he's requesting thick crust. The waitress wants to know if she should hold the sausage.

If you've got some dirty old pictures lying around that just demand to be heard, send them to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any we use.



Smoking Sucks

Looking for a gift to give to a cocksucking old flame? Here's an elegant cigarette holder that illustrates just how you can piss away your money and blow your health on tobacco. It's available from Vernal Equinox Inc. (P.O. Box 533, Maplewood, NJ 07040) for only \$4.95 plus a \$1.50 shipping-and-handling charge. So give someone you love The Shaft—they'll thank you for it in the end.

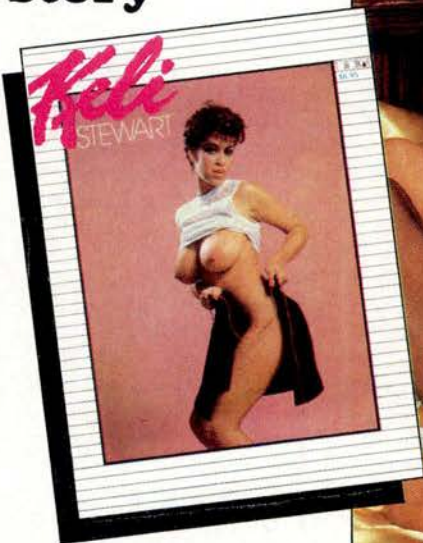


Crouch Rocket

Here's the newest thing in testicle . . . er, tactical warfare—an easily transportable nuclear warhead that puts the *ball* back into ballistics. Army personnel are being trained to use it at secret installations in the Midwest. This missile, nicknamed "Bigdick," is attached directly to privates' privates and is aimed by a special internal-guidance

system: A good, strong clench of the sphincter will target one of these babies at Moscow. According to a top-ranking military source, the fate of the Free World rests on our troops' ability to get their missiles up before the enemy does. As the WACs around the base say: "Is that an MX in your pocket, or are you really glad to see me?"

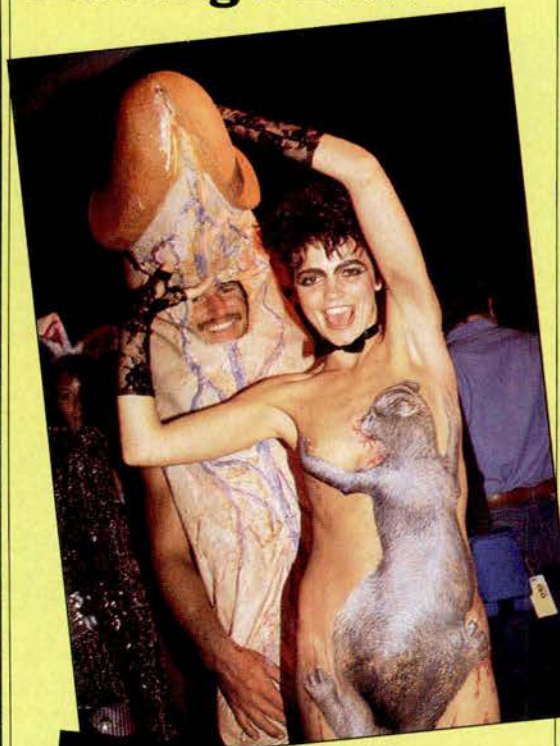
Success Story



One thing's certain about the sultry Keli Stewart—she definitely isn't shy. At the tender age of 19, Keli made her nationwide debut in the May '78 HUSTLER. Since then, our bubbly bombshell has enjoyed a highly successful nude- and fashion-modeling career in America and Europe and is even breaking into movies. A

large selection of photographs showing Keli is now on display in a collection from Nuance Inc. (P.O. Box 9076, Van Nuys, CA 91409). And to think we knew her when she was nothing but a pair of tits.

Having a Ball



If a roomful of giant penises and half-naked women is your idea of a good time, then you'd have loved the Exotic-Erotic Halloween Ball.

The sleazy festivities recently took place on

Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, a city that's never been known for its retiring types. After his fifth pina colada one partygoer was overheard singing: "I left my hard-on in San Francisco. . ."



Grabbing the Reins of Power

From the look on Nancy Reagan's face, it's not hard to imagine that she's giving Archbishop John O'Connor more than the time of day. We always wondered

how Ronnie was able to get the "hard-core" religious fanatics on his side. And now we know.

After all, aren't the Reagans trying to bring church and state closer together?

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"He followed me home, Mom.
Can I keep him?"

HUSTLER Update

WORLD HUNGER April '82

HUSTLER's report detailed the shocking statistics and grim realities of hunger, malnutrition and death due to starvation in Ethiopia and other underdeveloped nations. Only recently—with more than 10 million Ethiopians begging for food and water—did the news media begin to give this tragedy the coverage it deserved. Although we are glad to see the issue in the public eye, famine and the devastation it leaves is a *global* problem that demands immediate action. HUSTLER will continue to publicize the horrors of hunger until world leaders take the steps necessary to close this shameful chapter of history.



THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY March '84

Our groundbreaking investigation examined the issues faced by those for whom life with an incurable disease is worse than dying, along with the efforts of the Hemlock Society and its founder—Derek Humphry—to change the laws that make death by choice a crime. Late last year William Bartling, who was terminally ill with five diseases, made headlines when he filed suit to be removed from life-support machines. He died before his case was heard, but the struggle for humane laws continues. "We at Hemlock have redoubled our efforts," says Humphry, "but we've still got an uphill battle."



Contributors

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

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

March 1985

LICENSED TO DRILL

London, England—Is James Bond, the legendary symbol of elegance, wealth and breeding, actually a sexual degenerate? According to Dr. David Delvin of the British Family Planning Association, "If Bond really existed, he would have suffered every venereal disease from herpes to syphilis and would

paid volunteers alternately demonstrate the technique and are demonstrated upon—making this a sort of "hands-in" experience for the up-and-coming doctors.

What, Me Work?

San Francisco, CA—A recent survey of 100 hookers shows there's more to prostitution than walking the streets and swallowing jism. Not only do northern California callgirls average more than \$74,000 tax-free dollars a year, but they actually enjoy their work and could care less about the criminal risks involved. The study indicated that over half of the prostitutes had high-school diplomas and that 20% had attended college. None of the women said they were streetwalkers because they lacked the skills to find other means of support; they were too independent or too lazy. "Why should I get another job?" asked a hooker recently contacted by HUSTLER. "I'd just have to fuck my way to the top. This way I started at the top by fucking."



Illustration by Steve Sterling

FAKE HEALING

Rilievo, Sicily—Fake faith healer Antonio Sugameli did more than lay on hands—he laid on the whole body. Using what he called "God-given" curative powers, Sugameli was making big bucks by treating all manner of maladies through sexual intercourse with a young female relative of the ailing person. "To cure my aunt of severe spinal pain, I was convinced enough to go back 32 times," one woman admitted.

The faith healer was eventually confronted by an angry mob of husbands and fathers who surrounded his house wanting to kill him. In the nick of time he was rescued by police, who carted him away to face charges of fraud. "God only knows if this guy received divine help in convincing half the town's women to be seduced," said one officer. "But it certainly was a miracle that he had enough energy."

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN

New Brunswick, NJ—Love may hurt, but it seems that sex has just the opposite effect. Two studies conducted by Barry R. Komisaruk and Beverly Whipple at Rutgers University show that intercourse triggers a natural pain reliever in women. While diddling themselves during the experiment, female subjects were

able to withstand 40% more pain than they normally could. Stimulation to the point of sexual pleasure enabled the women to tolerate 54% more pain, and those who reached orgasm could stand 75% more pain. So the next time your lady complains that she has a headache, tell her you've got a perfect remedy. . . .



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Surrey, England—Too stacked to serve up Yorkshire pudding? That's what 20-year-old blond knockout Siobhan Spoors is being accused of. The unfortunate waitress says she was fired because her 40-inch bust made her somewhat of an attraction. It seems that whenever she walked into the dining room, aroused male customers got more than the proverbial stiff upper lip—they got stiff all over.

Odd Lib

London, England—Britain's version of the FCC has reprimanded the producers of the TV series *Spitting Image* for broadcasting an unauthorized promotional message in the credits to this puppet show. Flashed too quickly to be consciously noticed by viewers were the words "*Spitting Image* scriptwriters are incredibly good in bed. Go out and sleep with one now." The writers aren't saying how well their prank worked. So far, no one's confessed.

Cross-Dress Can't Get Untracked

Olmsted Falls, OH—Witnesses say that transvestite James Kubicek was dressed in women's clothes—panty hose, a skirt, a turtleneck sweater and socks stuffed inside a bra—and struggling to untie himself from railroad tracks when he was struck by a Conrail diesel and dragged 100 feet to his death. Authorities believe the incident was the result of a weird sexual fetish. Kubicek must have tied himself up and couldn't undo the knots in time.

Illustration by Craig Jones



have fathered at least 50 illegitimate children." Not only that, Agent 007's record for long-term commitment leaves a lot to be desired. Aside from countless one-night stands, he was married once—and it didn't last more than a year. "It is possible for men to be masculine without being macho and indiscriminate," Dr. Delvin scolded. To paraphrase Bond himself: "The good doctor would probably prefer I spend more time worrying about queens than cuntry." . . .

Practice Makes Perfect

Houston, TX—The *What's My Line* panel would have had a difficult time trying to guess the occupation of the naked women who work for Dr. Patti Ross: They probe one another's pussies while performing pelvic examinations. Watching attentively from the sidelines are eager University of Texas medical students learning about gynecology. The

Illustration by Bob Tambo



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CFPHV



X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which ones are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Crimes of Passion

No *HUSTLER* Rating. Produced by Barry Sandler and Donald P. Borchers; written by Barry Sandler; directed by Ken Russell; starring Kathleen Turner, Anthony Perkins and John Laughlin.

After all the excitement generated by the censorship of the now R-rated *Crimes of Passion*—and



Anthony Perkins taunts Kathleen Turner in the controversial 'Crimes of Passion.'

let's not kid ourselves, the Hollywood rating system is censorship—you'd expect that the X-rated version being shown outside the U.S. would be pretty racy stuff. Not so.

There's very little nudity—none frontal—and less violence than in most PG-13 fare. Director Ken Russell's dark, cynical look at how America handles its sexuality wouldn't shock anyone who's seen any of the British filmmaker's other pictures—particularly *The Devils*—and is definitely a yawn for anyone who regularly watches hard-core movies.

So what's all the fuss about? The rating controversy appears to be—more than anything else—a publicity stunt designed to titillate the public and drum up box-office business. The scenes cut from the X could be slipped back into the R version, and probably no one would really know the difference.

The plot revolves around a workaholic fashion designer (Kathleen Turner) who leads a double life. By night she is China Blue, an expensive hooker obsessed with controlling and dominating men. Her specialty is fantasy sex. She is tormented by the Reverend Peter Shayne (Antho-



Turner and trick before "hiding the billy club"—a scene axed from 'Crimes.'

ny Perkins), a maniacal street preacher bent on "saving" her. He follows Blue around and observes her kinky escapades through a peephole in the wall of her hotel room. Ultimately, she falls in love with a stud named Bobby Grady (John Laughlin) who has discovered the secret of her dual life. Shayne makes the same discovery and forces his way into her apartment, bringing the story to a violent and somewhat surprising end.

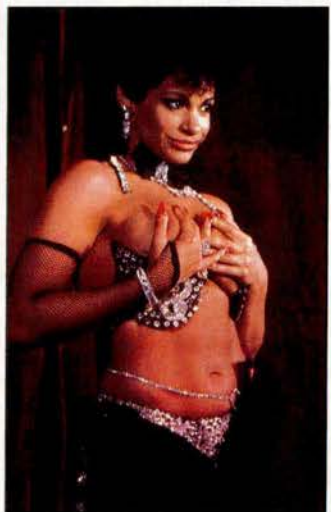
For the record, here's what the X-rated *Crimes of Passion* shows that the R version doesn't: the suggestion of a hard-on in the Levi's of one of China Blue's tricks; smeared lipstick on the hooker's mouth after giving an offscreen blowjob; flickering shadows of Blue and Grady having wild sex in a multitude of positions; a shot of 19th-century artist Aubrey Beardsley's erotic drawings featuring erect penises; ditto Japanese prints depicting copulation; and a *faked* scene in which Blue forces a billy club up the ass of a john whose fantasy is to dress like a cop. (This scene was so objectionable to preview audiences that it was cut entirely—not even a hint of it remains.)

Crimes of Passion is well-intentioned, but it never really succeeds as a look at American sexuality. It's too farfetched. As for the rating—there's adult, and then there's X. We suggest that Hollywood stop dicking around and leave the Xs to people whose business is sex. The porn industry is proud of its X ratings and doesn't need wimpy Hollywood productions riding its coattails in order to turn a profit. —D. O.

Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Vanessa Del Rio, R. Bolla, Eric Edwards, Tiffany Clark, Jose Duval, Angelique, Renee Summers, George Payne, Jerry Butler, Adam Ladd and David Scott. Running time: 80 minutes.

Vanessa Del Rio has appeared in more than 60 fuck flicks in a career spanning nearly a decade. The reason for the Cuban cum-swallower's lasting popularity is this: She convinces the audience that there's nothing she'd rather be doing than sucking cock, fucking or being tit- or butt-fucked. Whatever sex her films demand, Vanessa goes at it full tilt. And if this porn biography contains even a grain of truth, her off-



The mighty-mammared Vanessa Del Rio goes full tilt in 'Viva Vanessa.'

screen life is equally sex-drenched.

Through the miracle of flashbacks we see Vanessa making the leap from out-of-work legit actress to constantly employed porn star. Also documented is her first sexual experience with a woman, who—bizarrely—turns out to be a she-male (Angelique). Kink-lover that she is, Vanessa goes absolutely wild over Angelique's cock and delightedly sucks him/her off.

In another incredible sequence, Del Rio reenacts a scene from her "bar days." Recognized by two fans (Jerry Butler and Adam Ladd) as she walks into a saloon, she leads the pair into the men's room and proceeds to have sex with them. After sucking her thrilled admirers' cocks, she instructs Ladd to screw her from behind while she gives bent-over Butler a rimjob. When Butler sits down on the toilet, Del Rio blows him while Ladd continues to pound away.

For the most riveting episode, director Henri Pachard got

Raw Talent

Half Erect. Produced and written by Joyce Snyder; directed by Larry Revene; starring Jerry Butler, Lisa DeLeeuw, Cassandra Leigh, Danielle, Joey Silvera, Rhonda Jo Petty, Taija Ray, Tish Ambrose, Ron Jeremy, Chelsea Blake and Jose Duval. Running time: 80 minutes.

Yet another flick set in the dog-eat-dog world of porn-film making, *Raw Talent* tries to examine the relationship between a cunt, scheming fuck-movie director (Lisa DeLeeuw) and the naive struggling actor (Jerry Butler) she exploits. Joyce Snyder has explored the who's-the-user-who's-the-used theme before in the excellent *Public Affairs*. Unfortunately, *Raw Talent* compromises its effectiveness by taking a detour into gimmickry and fast action.

Not content this time to produce merely a well-crafted, provocative, sex-crammed film, Snyder apparently has decided to entertain the shit out of us as



'Viva': She-male Angelique's pecker is only one of this film's big surprises.

George Payne, Vanessa's real-life ex-lover, to appear in a threeway with her and Renee Summers . . . without telling Vanessa. When she discovers what Pachard has done, our heroine explodes, pouts, sulks and eventually just sits on the bed and hurls insults at Payne. Remarkably, Payne manages to fuck Summers during this barrage of abuse. Almost like *Candid Camera*, Pachard's lens records it all. Because this encounter is so real, the tension cancels out any of the scene's eroticism. But it's a small price to pay for a production that is definitely not just another "Inside Somebody-or-Other." —D. O.

well. For some baffling reason we are inflicted with not one, not two, but *three* lengthy karate fights that do nothing to advance the plot, reveal character or wire our wangers. Additionally, we're zapped with silly subliminal messages—one flashes quickly on the screen during a superhot fuck scene . . . and ruins it.

Without these distracting intrusions, *Raw Talent* could have been pretty good. The dialogue is snappy and realistic, the acting is outstanding, and several sex scenes are real rod-raisers. Even sexual encounters that are cold and unromantic have a curious appeal because they're true to the spirit of the story and clearly



'Raw Talent': Succulent Rhonda Jo Petty heats up this cold flick.

belong in the picture. In fact, Butler's anal rape of DeLeeuw—after first dunking her head in a bidet—is more acceptable than those stupid martial-arts sequences. The rape is brutal, but it's the only form of revenge he can take when he discovers DeLeeuw was instrumental in ruining his legit-acting career.

It looks as if those responsible



Ron Jeremy samples laid-back newcomer Taija Ray's 'Raw Talent.'

for *Raw Talent* have been watching too much television. We want lovers, not fighters. —D. O.

The Pleasure Hunt

Half Erect. Produced by Now Showing; written and directed by Lawrence T. Cole; starring Ginger Lynn, Eric Edwards, Mike Horner, Herschel Savage, Blair Harris, Lili Marlene, Lynx Canon, Billy Dee, Don Fernando and Candy. Running time: 84 minutes.

Writer/director Lawrence T. Cole has a flair for dreaming up ridiculous plots with which to stitch his movies' sex scenes to-

gether. *The Pleasure Hunt* is no exception. In this epic he has Eric Edwards portraying Alex, a wealthy young man who for undisclosed reasons is afraid of love. Instead of going to a psychiatrist to find out why, however, he dons a fake beard, grays his hair with white shoe polish and lives as an old man, hoping no one will fall in love with him.

Enter Sharon (Ginger Lynn), a sweet thing, innocent to the point of imbecility. How else could she fail to notice that her aged lover has the body of a man half his years, a false beard glued to his face and Shinola in his hair? Edwards falls in love with her but feels he must test her love for him. He pretends to die while they're having sex—Lynn, unbelievably, never even checks for a heartbeat. Edwards leaves a will that requires her—if she wants to inherit his money—to follow "pleasure maps" that lead to a variety of locations and eye-opening sexual experiences.

The final map leads her back to Edwards, who pulls off his beard and tries to do some explaining. But Lynn tells him to go fuck

himself and walks out. (It's hard to decide whether that's the most intelligent thing she does in the movie or the stupidest.)

Now here's the good news: Cole has managed to stick some juicy fuck scenes in the middle of all this idiocy; two in particular are sizzlers. The first is a ball-burning threeway between Lynn, Blair Harris and Herschel Savage. It begins with Lynn submis-



'Pleasure Hunt': Ginger Lynn gets the treatment from Canon and Marlene.

sively lapping wine from Harris's cupped palm, progresses to Harris and Savage burying their cocks in her throat and snatch, and ends with geysers of cum spurting on her face and across her body while she writhes in ecstasy. The other is an acrobatic fourway in which Billy Dee dorks Lynn in more positions than seem humanly possible.

The Pleasure Hunt would benefit greatly by having a less preposterous plot or an additional pecker-popping sex sequence. As it stands now, Ginger Lynn isn't the only one hunting for pleasure—the audience is too. —D. O.



Luscious Ginger Lynn tumbles into a "sexrobatic" fourway in 'Pleasure Hunt.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Alexandra
Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star
Every Woman Has a Fantasy
Firestorm
Fleshdance
Great Sexpectations
Hot Pursuit
Insatiable II
Reel People
Rx for Sex
Suzie Superstar

Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat
Corruption
Dirty Girls
Erotic Radio WSEX
Female Sensations
Girlfriends
Hypersexuals
Never Sleep Alone
Night Magic
Piggy's
Public Affairs
Studhunters
Temptation
Throat . . . 12 Years After
Trinity Brown
Unthinkable

Half Erect

All the Way In
Babylon Blue
Flashpants
Inflamed
Pleasure Zones
Private Moments
Sex Play
Sexdance Fever
Show Your Love
Sulka's Wedding

One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act
L'Amour
Sweet Young Foxes
The Challenge of Desire

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
Bodacious Ta Ta's

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

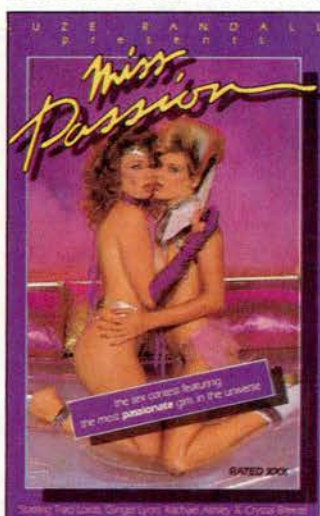
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Miss Passion

(Vidco) For this futuristic fuckarama, director Suze Randall assembled a sextet of lovelies—Tracie Lords, Ginger Lynn, Rikki Blake, Susan Hart, Crystal Breeze and Rachel Ashley—teamed them up with some beefy studs, then stood back while they produced sexual fireworks. Randall herself appears as “Suze the Cooze,” emcee of the Miss Passion con-



test, an intergalactic fuck competition that pits the girls' carnal talents against each other. Several of the episodes are real ball-burners, but one stands out as truly exceptional: Crystal Breeze—who just plain exudes sex—goes one-on-one with Peter North, whose jackhammer thrusts have

her squealing in ecstasy throughout their lengthy encounter. The action is hard, fast and sweat-soaked as Breeze walks away with the title hands down. Other highlights are a volcanic pussy-rub between Lynn and Lords, and a threesome with Lynn, Steve Powers and Paul Barresi. The sight of firm-breasted Ginger gazing into the camera with one cock in her mouth and another up her snatch will put a smile on your face and a great big bone in your briefs.

—D. O.

The Woman Who Loved Men

(Electric Hollywood) This full-length video offering borrows a lot from the hilarious yet sobering French mainstream film *The Man Who Loved Women*. In the triple-X version, modern porn's most photographed bimbo, Ginger Lynn, stars as a woman who desires more than just men's company—she craves cock. This insatiable nympho simply can't say no—and given such a ravishing body and beautiful face, she has plenty of opportunities to prove it. In one scene R. Bolla picks Lynn up in a disco and takes her back to his apartment for a thorough fucking. Elsewhere Blake “The Wedge” Palmer plays a husky air-conditioning repair-

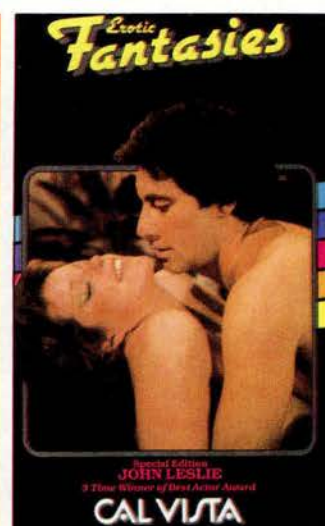
man who, instead of cooling Ginger off, heats her up with his mighty muff-marauder. And Tom Byron and Dorothy Oh introduce her to the many pleasures of threesomes in an explosive encounter that is sure to pop your pecker. Between these erotic episodes Lynn's psychiatrist (Eric Edwards) listens to her arousing tales of sexual abandon and offers couchside advice. Ginger, of course, would much prefer a mouthful of the doctor's rod . . . and she gets it. Good acting and a clever twist ending also highlight this showcase of lus-



cious Lynn's exceptional, dick-stiffening talents. —Jack Mortimer

Erotic Fantasies Special Edition: John Leslie

(Cal Vista) The hard-action vignettes that make up this one-hour sex-drenched cassette are taken from several previously released John Leslie movies. Porn-dom's most durable star has dorked his way through more than 100 fuck films and videos, playing Stash the Salami with practically every smut queen in the business. Noted for an aggressive, foul-mouthed romanticism, he is well-teamed here with such lusty sluts as Juliet Anderson, Lisa DeLeeuw, Valerie Driscoll and foreign import Eva Housman. The two steamiest segments feature veteran cum-swallower Anderson as a hot-in-the-crotch housewife who ends up with a faceful of Leslie's jizz, and Kathy Kauffman, whom Leslie



strips and fucks on a staircase. This tape has a lot of facial close-ups along with the standard crotch-shots—an added benefit for those who get off watching how people react when they're having sex.

—J. M.

The Last Taboo

(Vista Video) Sexy cream puffs Desiree Lane and Cindy Carver heat up this 90-minute high-quality tape that adds yet another title to the growing list of so-called incest flicks. The two blond honeys play horny sisters who take to lapping each other's twats to satisfy their lust. Brother Blair Harris screws the maid (voluptuous newcomer Erica Idol), and Mother Rita Ricardo dons a leather-and-chain getup to really



launch Dad Jon Martin's rocket. The climax is a sizzling orgy that begins with Martin and Lane in a hot-and-heavy father-daughter duo and develops into an all-in-the-family fuckfest. This one's a scorcher!

—J. M.



Steve Drake and volcanic vixen Tracie Lords erupt in 'Miss Passion.'

The Perfect Weekend

(Adult Video Corporation) An interesting script and good performances outweigh the cheap production values of this video feature. Shone Taylor plays a nervous, stuttering premature ejaculator who—not surprisingly—has serious problems with



women. His sister (wonder-hump Kimberly Carson) and her boyfriend (R. Bolla) take pity after hearing about his latest carnal disaster and invite him to accompany them for a weekend in the country. Poor Taylor gets stuck with the driving while Carson and Bolla fuck their brains out in the back of the RV. When the vehicle breaks down, small-town mechanic Eric Edwards wants an arm and a leg to fix it, but he settles for Carson's cunt as payment. Showing great imagination, Edwards lays her spread-eagled on the grease rack and hydraulically raises and lowers her inviting pussy from his cock to his tongue. Once the trio arrive at



Laid-back Kimberly Carson enjoys the pleasures of 'The Perfect Weekend.'

the campsite, Taylor manages to overcome his problems, and they all engage in a sixway clusterfuck with two female backpackers and a forest ranger. —J. M.

Dial "F" for Fantasy

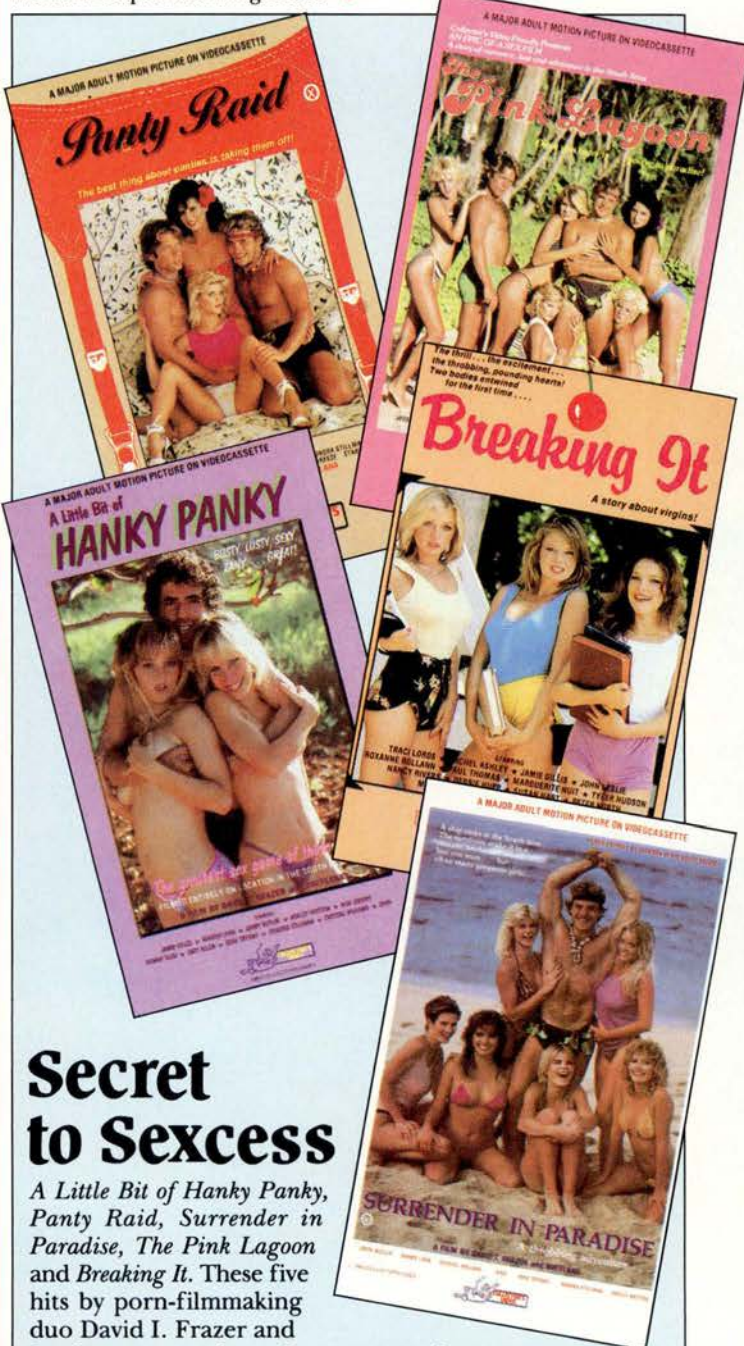
(L.A. Video Corporation) A take-off on TV's *Fantasy Island*, this well-produced full-length porn-viz stars Janey Robbins and Pat Manning as the proprietors of a Hollywood "fantasy supermarket," where men come to fulfill their wildest dreams. The story opens in the girls' office, where horny clients magically watch themselves acting out their fantasies on a television screen. In one torrid sequence that could aptly be called "Pud and Sand," a stud screws a female bullfighter under the noonday sun. Another gent gets his rocks off fucking a pair of ponytailed Valley girls. And in a kinky bondage scene,



Robbins manacles the hands and feet of a timid businessman and forces him to eat dog food and to

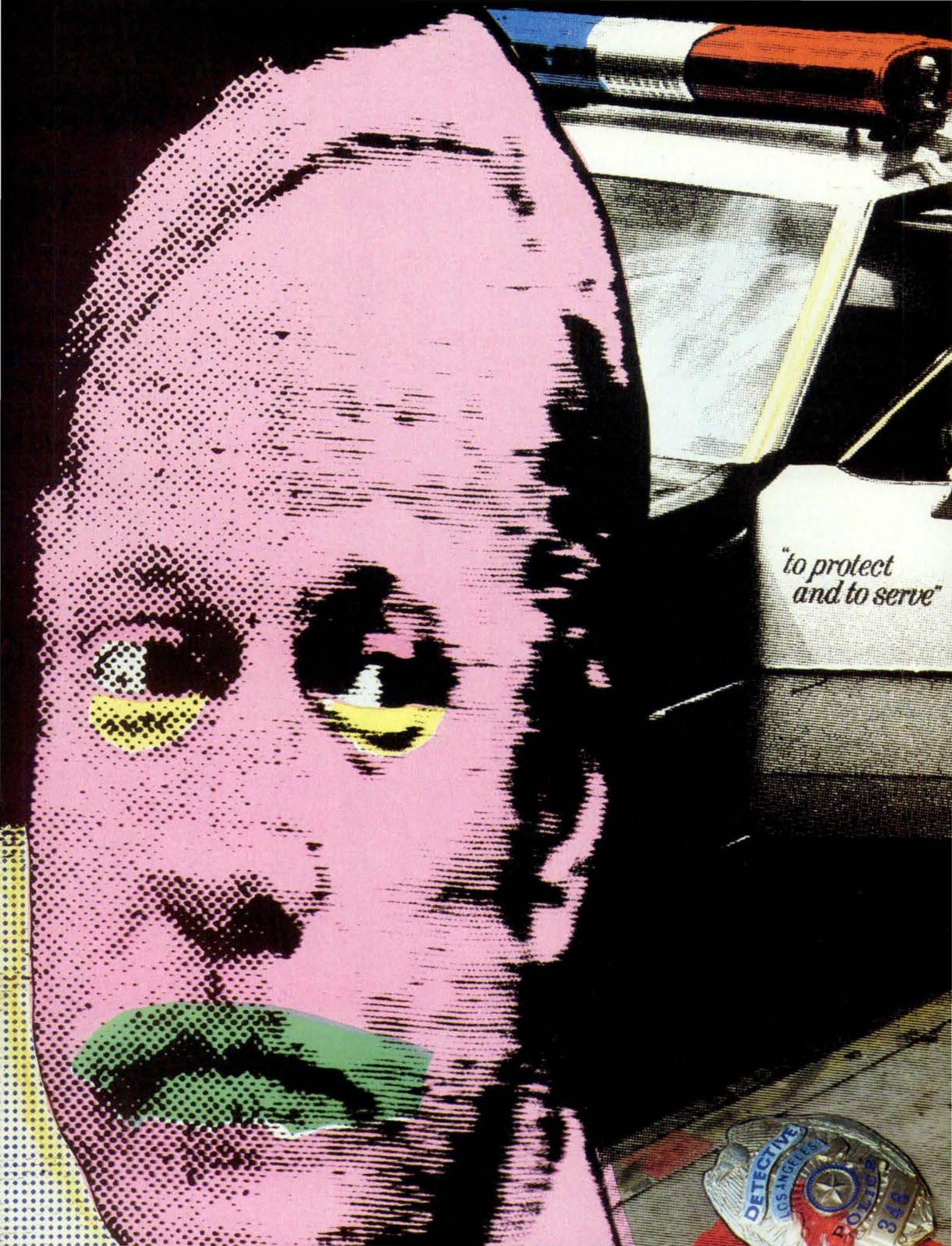
lick his cum off her boots. The only disappointing segment features Shone Taylor as a young man whose father insists that he be introduced to sex by an older woman. Despite Manning's cock-

sucking expertise, it takes Taylor forever to rise to the occasion. Other than that—and the brainless dialogue—*Dial "F"* is definite hard-on material. —J. M.



Secret to Sexcess

A Little Bit of Hanky Panky, Panty Raid, Surrender in Paradise, The Pink Lagoon and Breaking It. These five hits by porn-filmmaking duo David I. Frazer and Svetlana may not have the strongest plots or storylines in X-rated cinema, but they share something that many fans of adult movies find even more desirable: an abundance of (smack, slobber, drool) sensational girls. Part of what makes their girls so sensational is that they appear to be new to adult films. So how did Frazer corner the market on new faces? "I haven't," he says. "I use the same girls as everyone else. The secret is, I show them off differently than most directors. I use special lighting or camerawork to bring out a girl's best assets. And I believe that foreplay is the essence of eroticism; so I have a lot of teasing in my films. The result is really a fresh new way of presenting the girls, not just presenting fresh, new faces." 🍆



*"to protect
and to serve"*



THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE

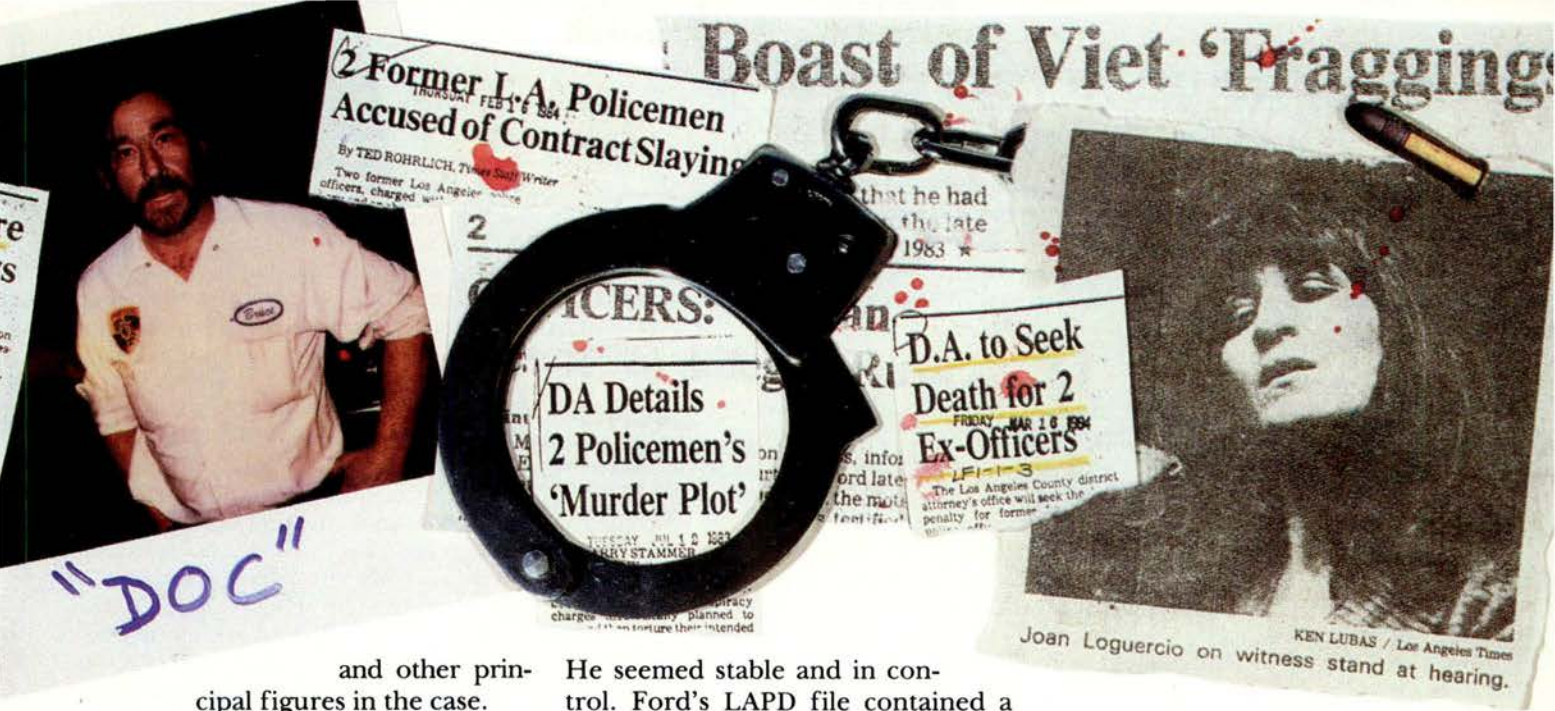
An Exclusive Inside Account
of L.A.'s Outlaw Cops

Exposé by Jan Golab



POLICE
87222





and other principal figures in the case.

* * *

In 1981 Bruce Adams seemed like the stereotype of a Vietnam vet who had seen too much combat. He was weary, anxious, bedraggled, paranoid—all shaggy around the edges. A man of medium height and build, he walked with a limp due to a metal pin in his right leg. Scars from shrapnel wounds were visible on his face and chest. His straight dark hair seemed in constant need of a trim. Although talented—he earned the nickname “Doc” for his ability to fix anything mechanical—he had shuffled through his postwar life in a restless haze of changing jobs and new locales. With a wife and four kids to support, he was always struggling.

Many people who met Adams thought he was crazy; who else but a nut case would *volunteer* for two hitches with the Marines in Nam? Despite near-fatal injuries, a permanent disability and shifting opinions about the war, Adams never became a protester. His gung-ho-America attitude never wavered. No one ever pegged him for a hero—a guy with enough guts to take down L.A.’s hitman cops.

During the late ’70s Adams suffered from recurring hot flashes and severe anxiety attacks that led him to be treated for delayed-stress syndrome at the VA Hospital in Sepulveda, California. That’s where he met Richard Ford.

Unlike Adams, Detective Ford didn’t look or act like a Vietnam vet.

He seemed stable and in control. Ford’s LAPD file contained a stack of commendations. Many of his neighbors in the stylish San Fernando Valley suburb of Northridge, where he lived with his wife and two kids, would have been surprised to learn he was a cop—much less a whacked-out veteran. Tall, tan, blond (though balding) and athletic, he drove a Cadillac, vacationed in Mexico and wore expensive cowboy boots and gold jewelry. He appeared to be a man of taste, cruising through life with no discernible cares.

Adams and Ford met in the spring

thank him enough.

He started talking about backing “Doc” Adams in his own auto shop.

Then the nightmare began. Detective Ford invited Adams to drive to Colorado with him on a hunting trip in early November 1982. While en route he told Adams that the real purpose of the trip was to pick up some automatic weapons. Adams had been a weapons expert in Nam, and Ford wanted him to inspect the goods.

“He said the guns were going to be used for a robbery at a jewelry show

“I didn’t ask any questions,” Bruce Adams recalls. “I figured I already knew too much. It was better to keep my mouth shut.”

of 1981 while they were outpatients at the Sepulveda VA Hospital undergoing treatment for delayed-stress syndrome, which is categorized as “a slow-fuse emotional reaction to trauma or combat.” Over the next year they became close friends.

The men had each been wounded twice during the heavy combat they experienced in Vietnam. And although Adams had been a Marine and Ford served with the Army, they shared many experiences from the conflict. They could relate. They began to socialize and call each other regularly. Ford’s Cadillac had never operated properly. When Adams got it running like new, Ford couldn’t

at the Century Plaza Hotel,” says Adams. “Ford’s partner, who was also a cop and a Vietnam vet, was going to be the inside man. He said the take would be close to 2 million, the biggest caper ever in Los Angeles—that’s how we were going to open the auto shop. Ford said they needed a guy like me, that I was in it now. If I opened my mouth, I was dead.”

Adams’s initial reaction was shock. “Ford was serious about killing me if I talked,” he says. “That much I could tell. It wasn’t bullshit.”

Ford and Adams rendezvoused with a man in a white van 12 miles outside of Estes Park, Colorado. “He had a case of MAC-10s [machine

DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE (continued from page 39)

Adams was convinced that Detective Ford planned to kill him after they offed Joan Loguercio.

guns]—six of them—fully automatic, with silencers. I fired them, made sure they were the real thing. Then Ford handed the guy an envelope with about five Gs in it, and we loaded the guns into the car and took off."

On the way back to L.A., Ford went on about the upcoming heist. "I didn't ask any questions," Adams recalls. "I figured I already knew too much. It was better to keep my mouth shut."

Two weeks later Ford brought Officer Bob Von Villas over to Adams's house and introduced him as his new "partner." Von Villas began stopping by regularly while on patrol in his squad car, rapping with Adams and trying to be his buddy. Both Ford and Von Villas continued to talk about backing Adams in an auto shop—as soon as they had the financing, which they said would be very soon. They were just waiting to get their custom-made wigs and disguises that were being put together by a professional Hollywood makeup artist.

Bob Von Villas, 39, whom Adams and Ford referred to as "The Colonel" or "The Simi Valley Cowboy," was quite the

slick operator—the brains behind all the crimes he pulled with Richard Ford. In early December 1982 he showed up one evening at Adams's house and took a shoe box out of the back of his car. It was filled with diamonds. Von Villas told Adams he wanted to open an out-call prostitution service. His plan was to use the auto shop as a front. He flashed a huge wad of bills, handed Adams \$500 in cash and told him to go out and find a location. Subsequently, Ford told Adams they had robbed a jewelry store.

"I knew right then and there that it was too late," says Adams. "They'd kill me if I went to the cops. At this point I felt I had no alternative but to play along until I knew what to do."

Adams soon found a place in Chatsworth, a San Fernando Valley suburb of L.A. located within the Devonshire District to which Ford and Von Villas were assigned, and he opened a shop called International Automotive. "Classy Ladies" out-call service was set up in the back room. Although the initial plan called for Ford and Von Villas to take care of the girls, it didn't work out that way. Afraid

of getting too directly involved, they needed Adams to actually run the business. He soon found himself working around the clock, fixing cars by day, chauffeuring hookers at night.

Von Villas had files on numerous prostitutes that he had obtained through his police work. He had Adams solicit many of them into the service. Von Villas even introduced some to Adams, telling them he was from the East Coast with Chicago Mob connections.

One of these girls was Joan Loguercio, 37, a dark-haired fox who helped Adams operate the service—answering phones, placing ads, running the office. Loguercio never knew that her old buddy Bob Von Villas was behind the operation. That's the way Von Villas wanted it.

Loguercio, the mother of three, had met Officer Von Villas a few years earlier when he helped find one of her kids who had run away from home. Von Villas also arranged a loan to save her home during a divorce proceeding. As insurance on the loan—which never materialized—Von Villas sweet-talked Loguercio into making him the beneficiary of a \$100,000 life-insurance policy.

"Von Villas was a playboy, a real cock hound," Adams says. "He'd jump out of the car and try to recruit girls on the street. He'd also try to sell interests in trust deeds to these chicks or to police widows. This guy was coming out of about 150 directions all at one time. He always had a number of scams going. He even got Loguercio to make the down payment on her life-insurance policy. He was a smooth talker, a conniver, a weasel, a bullshit artist. He could sell dirt to anybody if you weren't wise to his tactics, and he had tactics like you wouldn't believe."

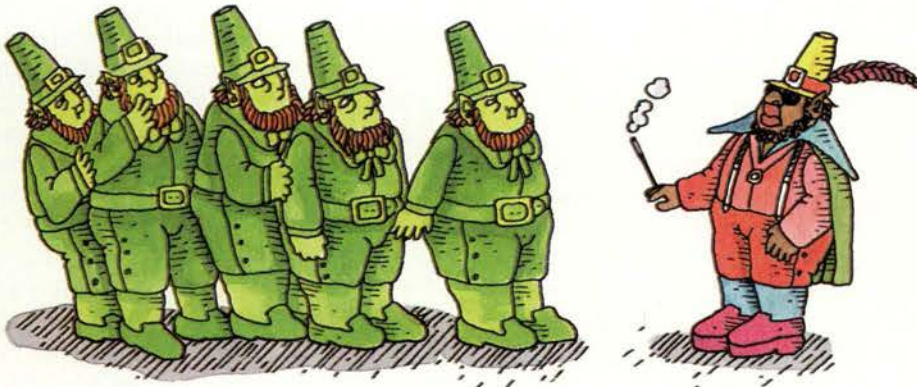
Von Villas and Ford stopped by International Automotive and conferred with Adams every day. He became involved in a few of their minor crimes—like an auto-insurance fraud—and was vaguely aware of many others. One more-serious deal was the murder-for-hire of businessman Thomas Weed. Adams overheard phone conversations between Von Villas and Weed's estranged wife, Janice Ogilvie, who wanted Weed killed. Ogilvie has since admitted her guilt and turned state's evidence to avoid a trip to the gas chamber. Adams also heard Von Villas turn the hit job over to Ford.

On February 18, 1983, Von Villas directed Adams to find a van and blacken out the back windows, which he did. The following day Ford and Von Villas, looking as if they'd been up all night, returned the van. Thomas Weed was reported missing two days after that. His body has never been found. Adams subsequently saw Von Villas give Ford an envelope

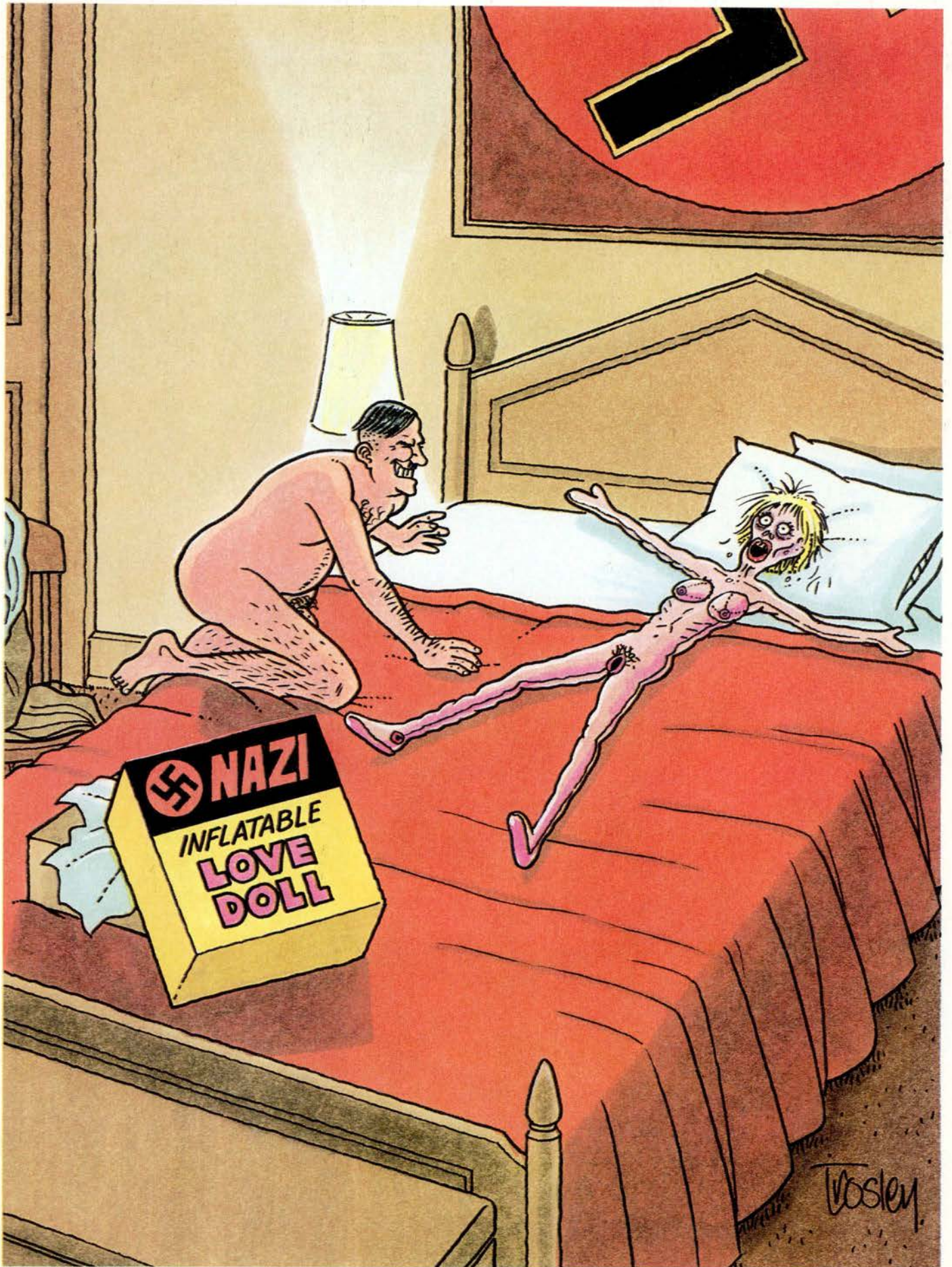
(continued on page 50)

MARCH HUSTLER

AN IRISH JIG



W. D. K.





Photography by James Baes



A woman with voluminous, curly brown hair is the central figure. She is topless, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are positioned near her waist, holding a piece of light-colored fabric. She is seated on a chair with a dark metal frame and a colorful, patterned cushion. The background is softly blurred, showing hints of a domestic interior.

SPANISH THIGHS

Amid the bright lights and festivity of her native Mexico City, angelic Angelita feels right at home. She admits a great love for the United States, however, and American men in particular. "I frequently visit my relatives in California," she explains with a lovely, lilting accent. "And each time I do, I just happen to meet an aggressive man. They must like my Latin looks, because the minute we're alone, they can't wait to get south of my border!"



Our dark-haired beauty enthusiastically describes her recent affair with a Hollywood star. "Once he began pounding his rock-hard *taquito* into my salsa-hot snatch, I thought I'd never stop coming. He wanted me to move in with him, but I knew I'd miss Mexico too much." We're sure glad we didn't miss Angelita.











DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE (continued from page 40)

"Instead of being depressed," Ford said, "... I go down South and shoot niggers. I think it's fun."

containing a \$10,000 "cash bonus." Eventually Ford told Adams that "Weed's bones are bleaching out in the desert."

In time, Ford and Von Villas closed down the out-call service, helping to take some pressure off Adams. But not for long. On May 25 Von Villas called and told him to pick up a weapons shipment—machine guns and tear gas—at the El Toro Marine Base. When Adams refused, the cop became enraged. "He told me if I didn't do it, he'd have me killed, that I'd be 'a dead motherfucker.'"

Finally, Adams decided that he *had* to act. He placed a call to the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau (ATF) and reported the pending weapons shipment, a federal offense that would fall under its jurisdiction. "I figured if I had to go with somebody, I could trust the Feds a lot better than I could trust LAPD," Adams recalls. ATF agents made him take a polygraph test, which he passed. Then, much to Adams's horror, they took him over to LAPD, but the police didn't believe his story and decided not to pursue it. For the next month he lived in constant fear.

On July 6 Adams got a call from Joan

Loguercio, who was then working as a nude peep-show dancer at the Venus Faire porn shop in North Hollywood. She was worried about an incident that had occurred there recently.

A man had slipped her a note through the peep-show slot, along with a \$300 tip. The message expressed his boundless desire to meet her in a designated motel room the next evening and was signed "Dr. Anderson."

Just to be on the safe side, Loguercio called her friend Bob Von Villas to see if he could run a check on "Dr. Anderson." Von Villas got back to her later that day. "Yeah, this Anderson is cool," he told her. "The head of a pharmaceutical firm. He's loaded. Go for it."

That was good enough for Loguercio. She rendezvoused that evening at the Hollywoodland Motel in nearby Studio City. Sure enough, Dr. Anderson showed up and pulled out a wad of about \$2,000, which he just handed to her. He told her that no woman had ever excited him this way before. For the next few hours they made love like animals. Dr. Anderson walked over to his briefcase and took

out what appeared to be a weapon. She saw him, and he quickly hid the object. She immediately handed him back half his money and left.

The more Loguercio thought about the episode, the more worried she became. "Bruce, I think somebody is trying to kill me," she told Adams. "You don't think it could be Bob?"

Adams laughed it off. But he knew damn well that Dr. Anderson was actually Detective Richard Ford, especially when she described the skull-and-crossbones tattoo on his right arm. Ford had used his "Dr. Anderson" disguise, complete with wig, on a number of capers. Adams realized that Von Villas was ready to cash in on Loguercio's life-insurance policy, and it was just a matter of time until the two cops finished the job. He knew that the only way to save her—and himself—was to see to it that they were permanently put away. It was him or them.

"It all came down in 24 hours," recalls Adams. "I called the ATF agents and had them wire me for a dinner meeting that evening with Loguercio so they could hear her whole story. Then I had them wire me the next morning before I went to the shop. When I got there, I told Ford and Von Villas that she was wise to them.

"'What's this Dr. Anderson shit?' I asked with a laugh, letting them know that I was on to them. I told them Loguercio was ready to cancel the insurance policy. They copped to it, admitted the whole plot and decided that the woman had to be taken out right away—before she could cancel the policy. Von Villas said he'd give me and Ford 25 grand—\$12,500 each—to do her that night. They needed me to set her up because she trusted me. They always thought I was crazy anyway, that I'd do anything. I said 'Sure, I'll do it.'"

By this time ATF and LAPD were beginning to believe Adams. They wired his van so they could listen in and tape-record his conversation with Ford, and they started mobilizing for a major operation. Adams, to say the least, was nervous. If Ford discovered the wire, he would kill him in an instant. Adams was convinced that he planned to kill him anyway after they offed Loguercio. If there was one thing both men had learned in Vietnam, it was that dead men never talk. Adams asked the Feds to supply him with a gun, but they refused. So he stashed a knife in his boot—just in case.

The war had been over for more than a decade, but Bruce Adams and Richard Ford both acted as if they were going out on an operation in Nam. It was 9 p.m., July 7, 1983, when they met at International Automotive.

Adams had arranged to pick up Lo-



"I wish you'd stop taking Valium, Lorraine ... I'm getting tired of necrophilia."



AWAINE TINKLE.

"Some Lord of the Jungle you turned out to be!"

DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE (continued from page 50)

"I'm going to have to tell this bitch tonight, the reason you're fuckin' dyin' is you give lousy fuckin' head."

guercio after she got off work, presumably to go out and talk. The plan was for Ford to lie hidden under some blankets in the back of the van. When Loguercio got in, it would be goodbye Joan.

"All right," said Ford, whose conversation with Adams was being tape-recorded. "... The way I see it, it'll be chop, chop, chop. The next thing is, we cruise down to Hollywood... go down the alley and dump the body."

"Yeah," said Adams as he lit up a cigarette. "We'll just dump her out of the fuckin' van."

The men got into Adams's blue 1974 Chevrolet van. Ford checked the interior, making sure there were enough blankets in back for him to hide under. He inspected the windows, doors and seat pullbacks as Adams drove away. Adams was nervous. For a few moments he thought Ford was searching for the wire.

"What are you looking for?" Adams asked.

"I'm just showing terrain appreciation. Remember that?"

"Oh, yeah."

"It's a military operation. Okay, let's

get some fuckin' gas."

Their "jump-off" point wasn't for another three hours—midnight—when Loguercio finished her shift at the Venus Faire. This gave Ford and Adams plenty of time to plan, plot, scheme, rehearse, reconnoiter, bullshit, pump each other up—and chain-smoke Marlboros.

"Okay, after the first half block you have to hit the brake," Detective Ford explained. "You reach and grab her. Now, the only thing I'm going to have control of is her throat."

"Right."

"The only thing I'm trying to do is stop her from fuckin' hollering, okay?"

"All right."

"... Grab her, hit her one, tie her up... Tie her up and gag her... Stuff a fuckin' rag in her mouth... The first thing is to come back and help me gag her."

"All right."

"Open her mouth wide and down her fuckin' throat... flip her over on her stomach and tie her hands behind her back and tie her hands to her legs. What I want to do while we have her in back—"

"Find out how many people know [somebody's trying to kill her]," Adams interrupted.

"Yeah, find out everything you can find out. The way I'm gonna do that is the same way we interrogated Charlie [the enemy in Vietnam]. Number one, you have to rip me off for a thousand plus dollars. Number two, there's a contract on your ass, 25,000 fuckin' dollars, by a dude by the name of Bob Von Villas. Okay?"

"Yeah."

"And old Bruce and I here are splitting \$12,500 each. Now, she can make a fuckin' deal with us, then we can turn the fuckin' tables around here and take old fuckin' Bob Von Villas out."

"I like that."

"... If you suck us and fuck us real good, then we can make a deal with you... Every human being, as you well know, when they're dying, is looking for something to hope for."

"Yeah, it's like a ray of hope."

"That'll make her easier to deal with."

"Yeah, she'll be more controllable."

"Now," Ford continued, "... we'll hold her head back and give her that fuckin' Tuinal. These are big fuckin' Tuinals. Two should knock her down... or four should make her a blob of shit."

"Yeah."

"It should be obvious to the fuckin' police what happened—a fuckin' sex fiend doped her up, tortured her and killed her. They do that all the time. That's why I need a long-stemmed bottle to push her fuckin' mouth open."

"And shove it in."

"And shove it down her fuckin' throat... Now, the next part is, she has to be fucked up, right? So it's gotta look like she's been up there dancing her ass off... and some guy picked her up—a fuckin' sex fiend took her some fuckin' place, fucked her, fucked her around, tortured her fuckin' ass, butt-fucked her, just fucked her up, okay?"

"All right."

"Fucked her body up, beat the shit out of her, ended up fuckin' killing her and dumped her in the fuckin' alley in Hollywood... like it was a sex crime."

"Yeah, like a sex crime."

"Wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am."

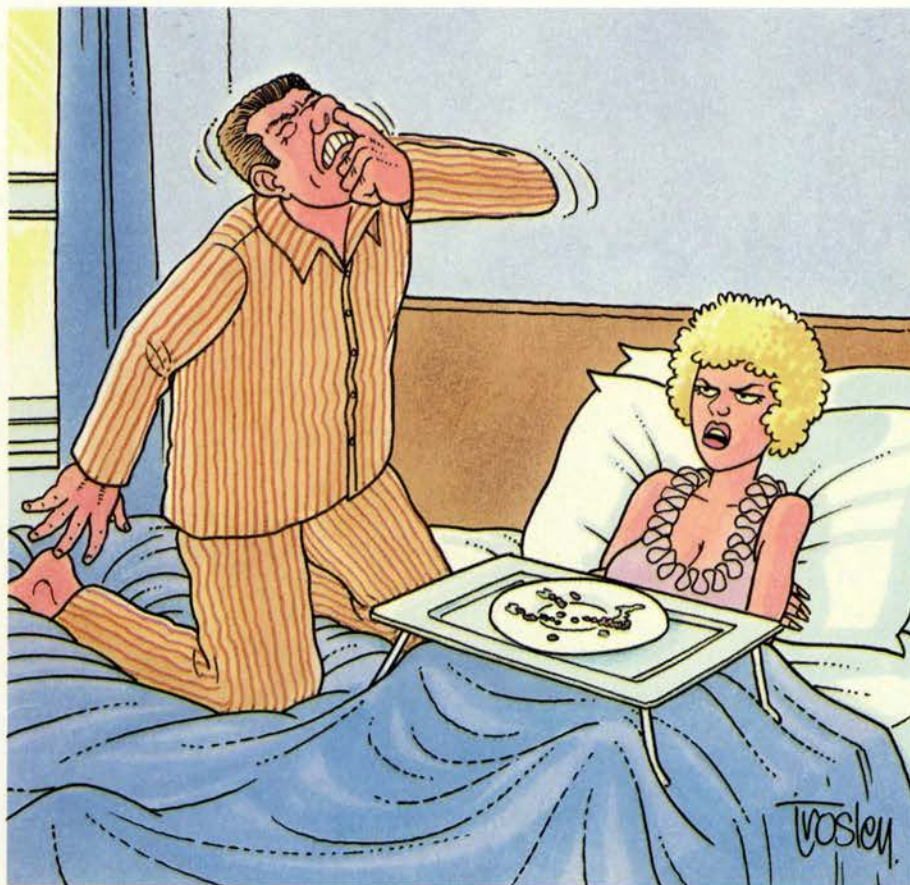
"Get in and get out."

"That's 25 thou even. That'll give us 12½ thou each."

Adams lit a cigarette. "Boy, I'll tell you what—you don't know what that is going to be like, kid."

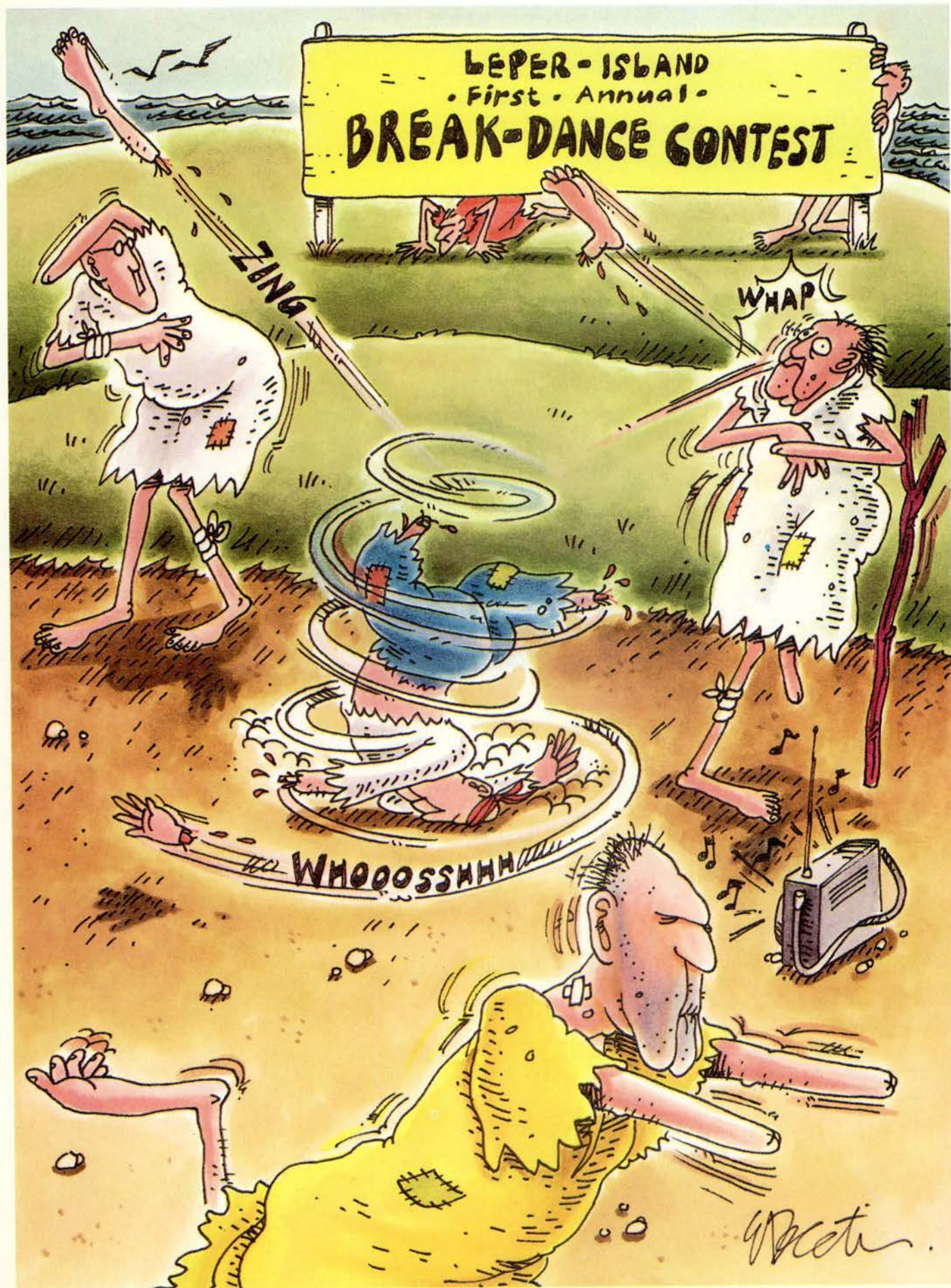
"I sure fuckin' do. I know what it's like. I am so far in fuckin' debt, I've got bills coming out of fuckin' bills. That's in this caper. The next caper is going to be in August. I'm going after those fuckin'

(continued on page 104)



"This is not my idea of breakfast in bed...."

LEPER-ISLAND
• First • Annual •
BREAK-DANCE CONTEST



W. P. A.



Photography by Clive McLean

Music Lovers

Young Morgan wasn't crazy about taking piano lessons until he got a closer look at his instructor. Obviously, she had more on her mind than Beethoven.





**"Come over here
and tickle these
ivories," Elke com-
manded, pulling
open her blouse
to reveal a pair
of full, heaving
breasts whose
nipples begged
for the tongue
of a virtuoso.**

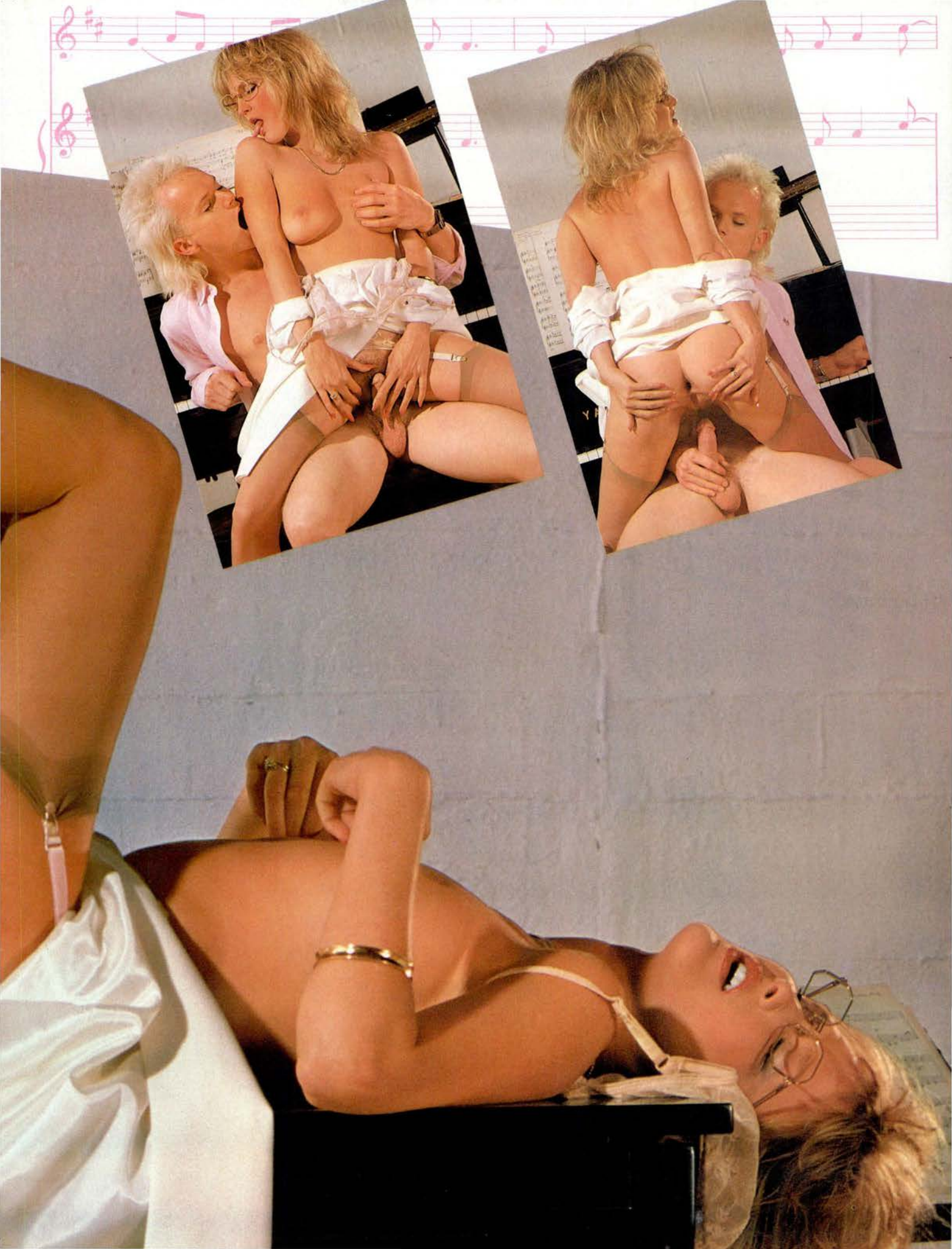




He cheerfully
discarded his
sheets of mu-
sic, preferring to
play her like the
fine instrument
that she was.

Soon they were right in harmony, licking, nibbling and touching the keys to each other's erogenous zones. And with the teacher gradually increasing the tempo, they finally reached a crescendo of ecstasy.







Morgan and Elke have been making sweet music ever since. And maybe they'll even find time to get back to the piano.





Photography by Tom Copi

Dr. GINI GRAHAM SCOTT

The Weird and Wild World of Erotic Dominance and Submission

Back in the 18th century a French aristocrat named the Marquis de Sade got the idea that it would be great erotic fun to tie people up and watch his victims squirm while he beat them. Eventually he ended up in a loony bin for these antics, but his literary depictions of the scenes he engineered did not go unnoticed. Some hundred years after the Frenchman's death the Austrian novelist Leopold von Sacher-Masoch read de Sade's *Justine* and became ecstatic about the joys of being on the receiving end of sexual abuse—"that delightful cruelty," as he put it.

Around the turn of this century, when the followers of both men decided to combine and ritualize each of these kinks, sadomasochism—S&M—was born. Though its practitioners ranged from Main Street to Wall Street, the practice itself remained quite hush-hush until the '60s sexual revolution. S&M not only became chic, but was celebrated in films such as Luis Bunuel's 1967 classic *Belle de Jour*, in which Catherine Deneuve introduced the American public to the pleasures of pain. A few years later the French movie

La Maitresse gave America a peek at an offshoot of S&M—bondage and discipline. B&D has at its core a "dominatrix," a no-nonsense woman who employs steel cuffs and chains—as well as heavy whips—to make her willing male "slaves" obey her commands.

By the late '70s, S&M/B&D flicks had become an everyday display in the adult-entertainment ads of most big-city American

newspapers. Then in 1983 back-page news went front page when Vicki Morgan hired famed palimony lawyer Marvin Mitchelson to sue the estate of the late Alfred Bloomingdale, an original member of Ronald Reagan's "kitchen cabinet." Morgan, Bloomingdale's mistress, claimed that for ten years she'd submitted to his demands of S&M and B&D, occasionally at orgies that involved other prominent Republicans. When she was bludgeoned to death by a decidedly unimportant, live-in lover, mainstream Americans thought they'd heard it all.

But they were wrong.

Dr. Gini Graham Scott, a Berkeley, California, sociologist, added a new twist last spring when Praeger published the account of her three-year adventure in the sexual netherworld. *Dominant Women, Submissive Men: An Exploration in Erotic Dominance & Submission* spiced up the offbeat sexual language with a brand-new term—D&S. Scott's book met with surprisingly rave reviews nationwide, and the paperback version, retitled *Erotic Power*, will be released by Citadel Press

by Ken Kelley



Interviewer Ken Kelley gets to the bottom of D&S with Dr. Gini Graham Scott.

"There were demonstrations of caning techniques—the men would volunteer to show us how to strike them."

sometime this summer.

Scott, 41, says she felt "different" even while growing up on an unglamorous slice of Long Island. "My father was a tax attorney, my mother was a second-grade teacher, and they had such an uninteresting lifestyle that I became interested in the way other people lived."

That pursuit ultimately landed her a doctorate in sociology from the University of California at Berkeley. Scott had published two books prior to her D&S offering; in the second one she described joining a coven of witches, which forced her to confront what she calls "my interest in people on the margins" in a decidedly nonacademic way.

"I was tricked into attending a gathering of the coven in northern California. I was put through a kangaroo-court trial. My chief accuser was a big military man. I got scared, and I fled." Shortly thereafter she discovered the "supportiveness" of B&D.

Fascinated by Scott's story, we sent veteran journalist Ken Kelley to her Berkeley home, where she was about to conduct a how-to class for D&S neophytes. This is his report:

"To say I was nervous does great injustice to understatement. I really didn't know what

to expect, but I'd just read Scott's book, and I anticipated a big bulldyke wielding a bullwhip. Instead, when Gini Scott answered the doorbell, I met a small, almost-birdlike woman who seemed even more nervous than I as she escorted me into her living room, where about 20 people—an even mix of men and women—were commingling. They all seemed normal enough and nice enough, but right after I sat down, I did notice an enormous bullwhip on the mantle. I was quite relieved when it turned out that the session was just a slide show of D&S techniques; the bullwhip was simply a prop."

HUSTLER: Exactly what is meant by dominance and submission or, as you call it, D&S?

SCOTT: The term refers to a pain interchange along with a power exchange, which can be expressed in a number of ways. It may involve B&D, which is tying up people and ordering them around. Or it may be displayed through S&M, which refers just to pain interchange. Before I got involved in my book research, the term S&M had been used as a kind of generic umbrella for everything out of the

sexual mainstream—it was misleading because much of the activity is not involved with pain. So I coined the term D&S to be more specific.

HUSTLER: The title of your book—*Dominant Women, Submissive Men*—suggests that a tribe of Amazon ballbreakers is on the loose.

SCOTT: You must understand that the imagery and the fantasy are really different things. Men who may have fantasies about being in prison cells may not really want to be in a prison cell, in much the same way that women who fantasize about rape don't really want to get raped by a gang of thugs for three hours. But the *fantasy*, the excitement of *imagining* it, is still there. That's the distinction.

HUSTLER: As part of your research, weren't you both a participant and, occasionally, an impresario?

SCOTT: Well, I did go to quite a few parties, and I did learn a lot of techniques at various fantasy classes. The sessions I've held were designed to make sure people were careful about what they were getting into before I sent them to real classes with people who specialized.

HUSTLER: Describe a *real* class.

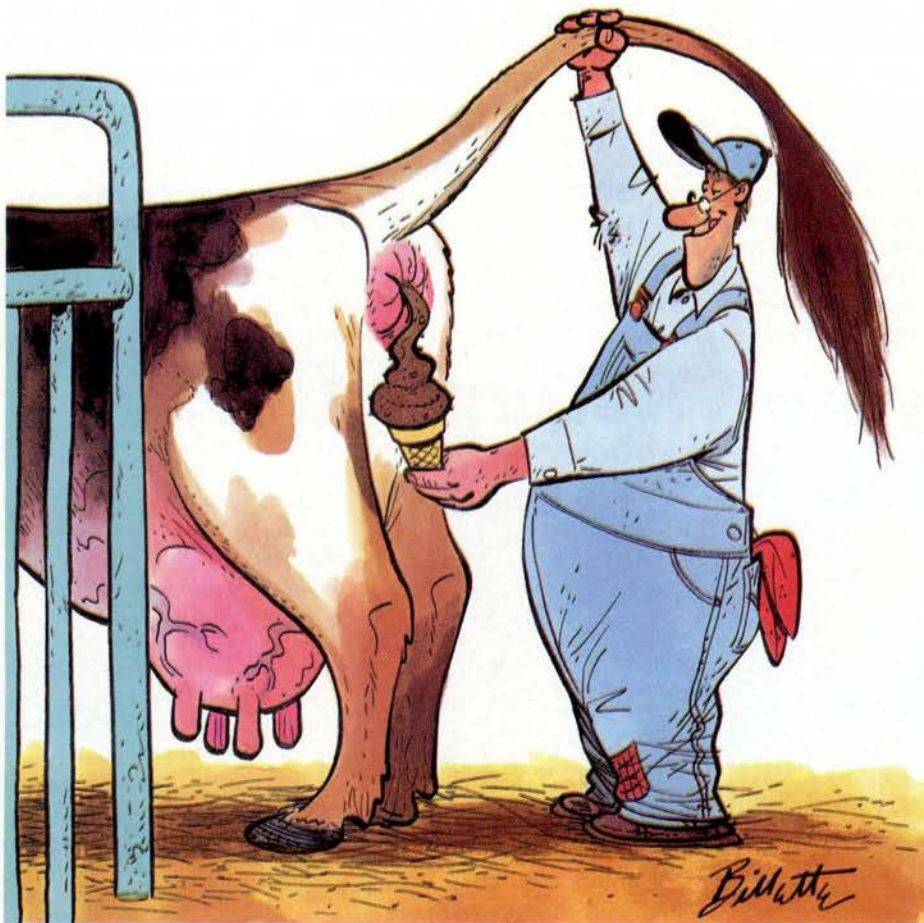
SCOTT: Well, usually there's a bit of discussion, then people learn techniques. In a bondage class you first get descriptions of different kinds of rope to tie each other up with. The woman who led a class I attended started off by showing us how to tie knots, and then she asked for male volunteers. She bound their hands together and then tied them to the furniture. You learn not to just wrap the ropes around the men loosely. You learn to knot the ropes *hard* so the men can't escape. And you learn different positions of how to tie a man up *properly*.

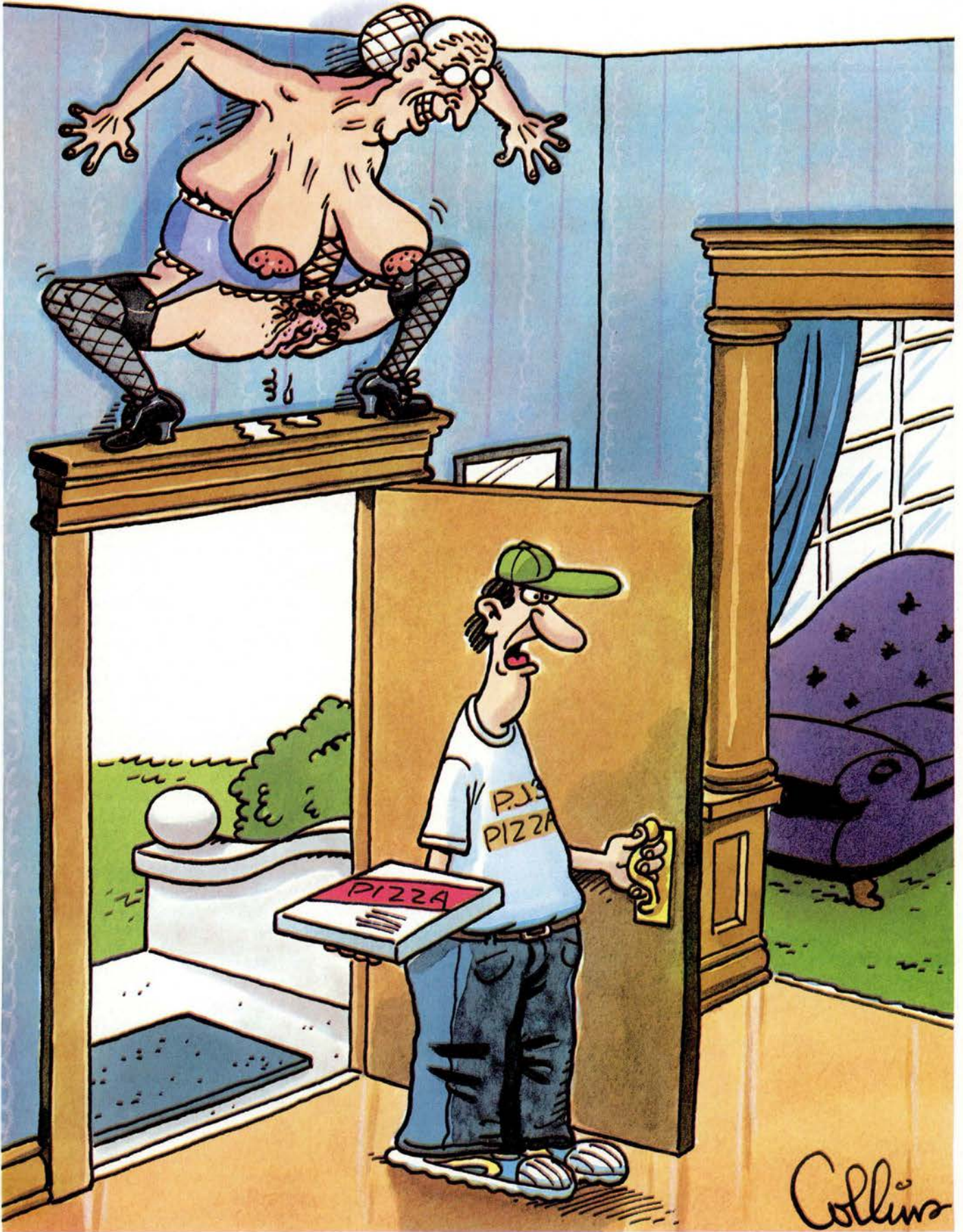
HUSTLER: What's proper?

SCOTT: Well, I learned how to hog-tie a man. The woman instructor would critique our work to make sure the man couldn't get out of it. In one class we had several men tied together in a group, and they had to figure out how to undo themselves while the women stood around laughing at their attempts. Sometimes there were demonstrations of caning and whipping techniques—the men would volunteer to show us how to strike them properly.

HUSTLER: You make it sound so Emily Post. Did these classes include spoken descriptions of *unacted* erotic fantasies?

SCOTT: Yes, and then some of them were enacted. I remember this one man who'd had an experience with his grade-school teacher. She'd disciplined him by ordering him to sit under his desk. He'd fantasized about it all his life—he'd never even told his wife about it—and until his mid-70s he'd never done anything about it. So we enacted his fantasy. He was the





"Hello-Pizza Delivery!"

"Some of the people were playing around with little whips and cat-o'-nine-tails—things that were there."

oldest subject I encountered.

HUSTLER: Who was the youngest?

SCOTT: There were a couple of teenagers. As in any form of sexuality, there's an appropriate time to introduce kids to what's happening. Sometimes a mother might be a professional dominatrix; her kids know about it, and her "slave" knows she has kids. She might threaten her slave with punishment if he doesn't "behave"—a fantasy of carrying her daughter's books to school, for instance. But most people who are into this kind of fantasy don't tell their kids about it.

HUSTLER: In your book you talk about the "S&M Church" in San Francisco. What are the services like?

SCOTT: About 150 people join to celebrate elements of Christian and pagan tradition. The men worship the women in a ceremony—whereas they may not necessarily worship women in everyday life. The man bends down in front of a "priestess" and takes communion from her.

HUSTLER: What's the communion?

SCOTT: Wine and bread or wine and cookies. Then the priestess raises her whip and hits the man on his shoulder.

Next the man recites a litany about worshipping a goddess from ancient times in a society run by women. Afterward the participants have a session where they do bondage, show techniques with chains—like any bondage-technique class, except it takes place after a church service.

The S&M Church holds an annual Halloween service, combining the Christian and pagan elements. The Virgin Mary is at the center of the altar along with Dionysus, the god of wine and fertility. The men kneel down and are asked by the women, "Are you willing to suffer to learn?" and then whipped a couple of times. The women are the priestesses, and the men are all dressed up in women's clothing. Some of the men look quite a bit better as women than as men.

Once I held a birthday party for the male members of the church. During the very ritualized ceremony we women gave the men their birthday whacks. The spanking was symbolic of purification, giving worship to the goddess.

The church members are essentially ordinary middle-class people who are fun and supportive. I found that these

were people I could feel positive about. **HUSTLER:** How did you get involved in this sort of activity?

SCOTT: About three years ago I was looking for a new project, and I discovered the Gorilla Grotto in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district. The people had programs six nights a week where unusual activities went on.

HUSTLER: Such as?

SCOTT: Well, the place was sort of a coffee shop in front, but in back there was this huge playroom, a big adult crib with large cushions and some little criblike bars that separated the back room from the front. There was this young woman named Kat who was clearly in charge the first time I went—she'd brought along a couple of suitcases full of equipment, and she was there with her partner, Mouse. For some time they had been doing part of what I later came to describe as D&S at shows in local clubs.

So Kat demonstrated how to use the equipment, all in a playful environment. And the thing that intrigued me the most was the idea of switching roles, of ordering men to do wild-and-crazy things. I'd been a game designer before, and the idea of instructing people to do weird, outrageous things appeals to me.

HUSTLER: What did you do that first time?

SCOTT: I got some ropes, and I tied a couple of men back to back. Then I got a deck of cards, and I threw them up in the air and said, "Okay, I want you to pick them up." They had to struggle to bend down back to back. It's just fun to watch people do wild, ridiculous things.

HUSTLER: Erotically fun for you?

SCOTT: Not especially, though I guess it's different if you have an ongoing relationship and you incorporate this kind of thing into it.

HUSTLER: Was there any pain involved?

SCOTT: Well, some of the people were playing around with little whips and cat-o'-nine-tails—things that were there. And I whipped a few people lightly. The symbolism of threatening somebody is amusing.

HUSTLER: Why?

SCOTT: Just the outrageousness of it. "Watch out, I'm gonna punish you with this" creates a certain reaction.

HUSTLER: How do you follow up on the threat?

SCOTT: If the men behave, you don't have to follow it up. The chance to be a kid again—that's what appealed to me about this whole scene. And because I had my academic grounding, it gave me the permission to do it, and it makes what I've done respectable.

HUSTLER: Do most sociologists participate in such a direct fashion?

(continued on page 84)



Bill M



"Before I begin, do you want to say goodbye to anyone?"



Photography by Clive McLean



Loretta

LEGAL AT LAST

When we first spotted lovely Loretta, she was a senior in high school, captain of the cheerleading squad, 17 beautiful years old—and too young to work as a nude model. “I’ve been into sex for years . . . I lost my cherry when I was 14,” she admits.

“When Clive, the photographer, asked me if I’d like to show my beaver in *HUSTLER*, I said I’d love to.”







A blonde woman with voluminous hair is lying on her back, posing for a nude photo shoot. She is wearing a white long-sleeved top and a multi-strand pearl necklace. Her hands are resting on her hips, and she is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a textured, brownish-gold surface.

"The only problem was my age. So I had to wait until my 18th birthday to do my first nude-photo shoot. I was so excited, my pussy was sopping wet when I got to the studio, and the whole day I felt as if the camera were my lover and I was sharing my entire body with it. In fact, I got so hot from stroking my cunt and my big boobs that I had to masturbate right there on the set! I think Clive was a bit suprised, but he just kept clicking away. Now whenever I look at these photos, it makes me so horny, I've just got to get fucked. I may be young, but I'm finally of age . . . and I know what I like!"





HUSTLER'S HONEY
MARCH 1985





Hey, guys,
how do I stack up?
Joretta



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HUSTLER HUMOR

Three members of a weekly, female bridge club were impressed when a fourth arrived wearing a shiny new mink coat. "That's a lovely garment, Pamela," purred one woman. "It must have cost you a fortune!"

"Not really," said Pamela. "Just a single piece of ass."

"You mean," continued the admirer of the coat, "the one that you gave your husband?"

"No," smiled the coat owner, "the one that he got from the maid. He fucked her; so I fucked him."

Bubba and Hoss, two neighboring farmers, were having a beer and talking after a long hard day in the fields. "My mule's feeling poorly and running a fever," Bubba said. "What did you give that old mule of yours when he was sick?"

"I gave him cottonseed oil," replied Hoss.

A few days later Bubba spotted Hoss in his field and said, "Hey, I gave my mule that cottonseed oil, and it killed him!"

"Yep," Hoss muttered. "It killed mine too!"

Question: Why did the nitwit refuse to make love to his wife until she gave him a divorce?

AnsWER: He heard that fucking a relative was incest.

Grandpa and Grandma were sitting on their front porch and rocking. Suddenly, Grandma slapped Grandpa right out of his chair. "What in tarnation did you do that for, Ma?" cried the old man.

"Well, Pa," she said, "that's for having such a little prick all these years."

Grandpa began to rock again, and in a few minutes he abruptly knocked Grandma off the front porch. The old lady climbed back up, sat down and asked, "Now what did you do that for, Pa?"

"That," he said, "is for knowing the difference!"

God received word that the United States had turned into an extremely decadent and sinful place. Concerned, but also extremely busy, He sent His most trusted aide, Mother Teresa, to check things out. His instructions were clear and simple: Visit each of America's large cities and report the findings back to heaven.

Soon the reports started flowing in. The hookers and muggers had taken over New York City. Boston was now filled with rapists. Atlanta and New Orleans were overflowing with drunks and S&M freaks. Chicago had every kind of sexual deviate known to man, and San Francisco was just too disgusting to even talk about.

Mother Teresa's final stop was Los Angeles. Three weeks went by without God hearing from her. Very worried, He decided to give her a call. "Like, wow, man. This is Terri," said a mellow voice over an answering machine. "I'm not home right now, but if you'd like to share your thoughts. . . ."

Tim, the town lush, was on trial for necrophilia, having screwed his wife just hours after she died. Found guilty, he stood before the judge for sentencing. "Do you have anything to say at this time?" asked the judge.

"Honest, Your Honor," sobbed the drunk. "I swear I didn't know she was dead! She'd been like that for 20 years!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines VD as: germs of endearment.

Bob found himself amid a crush of excited people in the lobby of his office building. He started to fight his way to the front of the crowd when he ran into a co-worker. "What's going on?" Bob asked.

"Some religious nut's in the elevator," said his colleague. "The fanatic's soaked himself with gasoline, and he's threatening to set himself on fire. I'm taking up a collection for him. Want to donate?"

"Sure," said Bob. "How much have you collected so far?"

"Eight books of matches and six lighters."

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

Ghester the MOLEster



AWAITE TINSLEY

The Decline and Fall of American Statesmanship

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is by James W. Harris, a widely published Georgia writer who specializes in politics and economics.

James W. Harris

Any American who is at all concerned with the state of this country had to have watched the 1984 Presidential race with alarm and disgust. Here, after all, were the two candidates for the most powerful office in the world. One was a right-wing demagogue who betrayed every promise he made regarding economic and domestic matters and whose grasp of world affairs was terrifyingly primitive and simpleminded. His opponent was a political hack with debts to every two-bit left-of-center lobbying group in the country, who actually made a campaign pledge to increase the already-staggering tax burden on Americans and whose political "philosophy" was a grab bag of the worst elements of discredited New Deal liberalism.

Their recent predecessors were scarcely any better. Consider the inept, insider-controlled peanut farmer, Jimmy Carter, whose family and staff turned the White House into a Washington version of the *Beverly Hillbillies*. Think of the bumbling Gerald Ford and his preposterous plan to "Whip Inflation Now" by slapping WIN buttons on the chests of every true-blue American. Ponder the psychopathic Richard Nixon, the corrupt and murderous Lyndon Johnson, the John F. Kennedy of the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban Missile Crisis. . . .

It is no wonder that most Americans in the past several Presidential elections have voted *against* a candidate rather than *for* one. It is no wonder that fewer and fewer of our citizens are voting at all. And it is hardly surprising that the United States is being engulfed in a wave of cynicism regarding politics and politicians.

Frequently, when contemplating the vast sewer of contemporary American politics, one might wonder why our system no longer produces great statesmen. Where are the men and women of the caliber of Jefferson, Washington, Paine, Henry and the other Founding Fathers?

The answer is quite simple. Such men no longer participate, because they are not welcome. There is no place in either the Democratic or Republican parties for a Thomas Jefferson or a Patrick Henry. They would be viewed with contempt and hostility by those parties, and many voters would regard them with suspicion or fear.

The Founding Fathers were, after all, fiery radicals, inflamed with a profoundly revolutionary doctrine. In a world ruled by all-powerful monarchs, they dared to assert that men owned their own lives and possessed certain inalienable human rights—to life, liberty and property—that no one could rightfully abridge. They argued that when a govern-

ment violated these rights, it was just and proper for a people to rise up and overthrow that government.

Certainly, these men were not entirely in agreement with one another on the full implications of their radical views. Nor were they entirely consistent, as shown by the fact that many owned slaves or later supported tyrannical government actions. However, this general philosophy of inalienable human rights was a burning passion that united them.

These men—who deeply believed in such currently out-of-fashion and somewhat-disreputable doctrines as individual liberty, economic freedom and nonintervention abroad—clearly have no place today in mainstream American politics. Jefferson, for example, spoke out against federal censorship, argued at great personal risk for absolute separation of Church and State, and declared that a little revolution every now and then was a good way of keeping government in line. ("The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.")

Patrick Henry viewed federal taxation as a great evil and denounced tax collectors as "bloodsuckers." Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, George Clinton, James Monroe, Samuel Adams and numerous other Founding Fathers condemned a standing peacetime U.S. Army as unnecessary and a grave threat to liberty. In example after example they took principled positions on foreign policy, economics and civil liberties that stand utterly opposed to those advocated by our present-day leaders.

Men of this caliber would no more join the Republican Party or the Democratic Party than they would sit on the cabinet of the Ayatollah Khomeini. They would instantly grasp something that most of us have yet to realize: that today's U.S. government is the mirror-opposite of the one that was founded 200-plus years ago. They would condemn the present massive government interference in the economy as a denial of basic human rights. They would denounce the monstrous income-tax levels—indeed, the income tax itself—as sheer armed robbery. They would demand the abolition of the Federal Reserve and the immediate dismantling of the vast majority of government offices. They would be the fiercest critics of today's foreign policy of global military involvement, intrigue, assassination and political intervention in the internal affairs of other nations.

They would be amazed and horrified by gun control, censorship laws, wage-and-price controls, immigration restrictions, draft registration, Social Security, welfare, victimless-crime laws—in short, by nearly every aspect of the modern

American government. They would revile that government as an enemy of human freedom at home and abroad. They would consider Reagan and Mondale to be tinhorn tyrants of the lowest, basest sort, and they would regard both major political parties as huge criminal gangs.

These men would of course be condemned as enemies of the State. The FBI and CIA would read their mail, tap their phones, videotape their gatherings and compile foot-thick dossiers on them. The American Legion would burn them in effigy and demand their deportation to Russia or Cuba or Nicaragua. Local police would raid their meetings and billy-club and teargas their supporters. Both the *Washington*

bawdy stories. Jefferson's reputed (though unproven) liaisons with a slave woman are well-known. Washington's declaration that "the government of the United States is in no sense founded upon the Christian religion" alone would lose him three-quarters of the vote. And Thomas Paine is still viewed with suspicion by many; until recently, most red-white-and-blue Americans shared Teddy Roosevelt's sneering (and utterly erroneous) dismissal of Paine as "a filthy little atheist."

These facts—plus revelations of many of the Founding Fathers' "scandalous" drinking and gambling habits—would be enough to ruin the political careers of the lot of them.

Imagine Jefferson, after a fiery appeal for liberty solidly grounded upon logic, being confronted with Walter Mondale cackling, "Where's the beef?"

Post and *National Review* would denounce their economics as inhumane, their domestic views as anarchistic and their foreign policy as naive and dangerous.

It would be miraculous if these men were not deported, lynched or hauled into federal prison. They would certainly be despised, ridiculed and rejected by the political and cultural establishment, as well as by the great mass of right-thinking Americans. To imagine them actually being able to take part in mainstream politics is absurd.

If, however, by some unlikely twist of fate they were actually allowed some voice in American politics, how could they participate in what passes for political debate in this country today?

Read the Declaration of Independence. Read the Bill of Rights (that document which is almost solely responsible for at least slowing this country's headlong dive into police-state status). Read Thomas Paine's magnificent *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man*. Read *The Federalist Papers*—or even better the works of the Anti-Federalists.

From these works—aimed at the common man as well as the intellectual—you can clearly see that the political debate of 200 years ago was conducted on a plane far higher, far more elevated and far more intelligent than the moronic sloganizing and name-calling that passes for Presidential campaigning today.

How, then, could a Jefferson or a Paine deal with the imbecilic bleatings of a Reagan or a Mondale? How could the authors of the Declaration of Independence or *The Rights of Man* lower themselves to the swinish depths of contemporary political discussion?

Imagine Jefferson, after a fiery appeal for liberty solidly grounded upon logic and reasoning, being confronted with Walter Mondale cackling, "Where's the beef?" Imagine Paine or Washington or Henry confronted with the idiocies of the typical 30-second TV spot. Imagine them witnessing the spectacle of Ronald Reagan—author of the largest tax increase and the greatest deficits in U.S. history—branding his opposition as the "big spenders." It would be a sorry sight indeed, like watching a scholar argue logic with the vilage half-wit.

In any event, the Founding Fathers would have no chance whatsoever as soon as details of their private lives became generally known. John Hancock, after all, was a well-known smuggler. Benjamin Franklin wrote and published erotica, fathered an illegitimate son and was a ladies' man of international reputation. James Madison was known for his

They would be loudly denounced by every major newspaper and from every pulpit. Jerry Falwell's crackpot Moral Majority, Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media, the NAACP, Young Americans for Freedom—practically every civic and political organization in the country would unite with freelance smut-hounds, reformers, television evangelists and other tub-thumpers—both right- and left-wing—to condemn these men as public degenerates and moral menaces. Combined with their revolutionary ideologies, our forefathers' personal inclinations would make them social and political outcasts.

Despite this government's obvious contempt for the ideals of the American Revolution, despite decades of government propaganda and public-school brainwashing, courageous individuals who risk personal harm rather than submit to government tyranny still appear on the scene—people like the young men recently convicted for refusing to register for the draft; like the millions currently defying the IRS; like Larry Flynt, gunned down while fighting for freedom of the press.

These persons are, of course, as alien to mainstream politics as the Founding Fathers themselves would be. Yet here and there their influence begins to be felt, and their ideas take hold. There are a small number of men and women already dedicated to the ideals of individual liberty and economic freedom, and they are spreading these thoughts to their friends and associates. Others, too, begin to see that the standard American political divisions of "left" and "right" are mere artificialities, that gun control, high taxes, censorship, victimless-crime laws and militarism are actually not "conservative" or "liberal" issues, but are in fact all symptoms of the same sickness—the disease of imperialist, oppressive, tyrannical government. Someday, perhaps, a larger number of people will share this realization, and the result will be a second American Revolution.

In the meantime, surveying the gutter and tragicomedy that is mainstream American politics, one recalls the words of Henry David Thoreau, true when he wrote them in 1849 and a thousand times truer in 1985:

"How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answered that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it."

Readers who wish to comment on James W. Harris's Guest Editorial are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). ☛

"I liked the wild-and-crazy feeling of this guy doing these things for me, obeying my orders."

SCOTT: No, but anthropologists do, and I've always considered myself much more an anthropologist.

HUSTLER: The 20th century's premier anthropologist, Margaret Mead, made a point of sitting very still on the Samoan beach, just observing her subjects.

SCOTT: Well, there's a fine line in anthropology between participating and observing.

HUSTLER: You obviously chose to do both in this case. In the classes you conduct in your home, for which you charge money, you narrate a slide show to accompany the pictures you've taken at various D&S sessions. Most of the equipment looks quite gruesome.

SCOTT: The equipment gets you into the mood for and tends to intensify the whole experience.

HUSTLER: One of the instruments is a big bullwhip—that must intensify *any* experience.

SCOTT: A lot of the equipment is used to convey the experience of what power looks like. For the people who do use it, though, they learn how to use it safely. There are spots on the body you can hit

safely and others that are dangerous.

HUSTLER: For instance?

SCOTT: Buttocks are safe. The spine of the neck is dangerous. One thing that causes outsiders to misperceive what's going on is this: When a person is sexually aroused, he may experience something that *looks* painful as actually not being painful at the time. As the arousal threshold goes up, he then needs more stimulation for something to be experienced as pain.

I prefer to use pain in a more narrow sense. Marathon runners find that at a certain point they reach what they call "the wall," and they break through it. People into D&S describe pain that way—they will have an intensely arousing experience, and at a certain point their consciousness expands, and they go off into another state of arousal.

HUSTLER: What if it really hurts and the guy yells "stop"—if he *really* means it?

SCOTT: He wouldn't usually use a word like *stop*, because that may be part of the fantasy—"Stop, stop, stop" could really mean he wants the woman to keep going. If he really wants her to stop, he uses a

prearranged "safe-word." If he says "red," that might mean stop. If he says "yellow," that might mean just slow down a bit. "Green" might mean step it up a little. The partners can also use different kinds of offbeat words—*aardvark* or *Camelot*, that convey a special signal.

HUSTLER: To quote a passage from your book: "Try putting clothespins on a man's nipple, try scratching him lightly. You can snap a whip a few inches from his testicles without actually hitting him, while scaring him and teasing him too." Why would *any* man submit to that?

SCOTT: A lot of big, powerful executives have fantasies about being bossed around, but they don't act on them, because in our society men are trained to be macho, strong and *never* submissive. Many men have submissive fantasies they've never expressed. Sometimes a man finds that submitting to a particular fear is exciting, titillating and erotic, and that the fear is not as frightening as he'd thought.

When I first started out in D&S, people would come to me with all these fantasies, and I would gain experience by enacting them. One guy had fantasies about being taken into the woods and being tied up; so I did it. The guy liked it. He wore a big mask that cut down sensory stimulation, helping him get more into the fantasy. A lot of men like blindfolds, but some don't, because they want to see who's trussing them up. Masks and blindfolds are ways of relaxing and letting go, letting somebody else take charge. This big executive liked the idea of being "given" to somebody; so for three hours he was given to me. I helped him enact his fantasies.

HUSTLER: Like what?

SCOTT: I had him pretend he was a dog, and I threw him sticks. He went after them and fetched them in his mouth. Then I had him scratch a tree. He liked it.

HUSTLER: Did you?

SCOTT: Yes, because *he* liked it. And I liked the wild-and-crazy feeling of this guy doing these things for me, obeying my orders.

HUSTLER: Did you ever encounter a case in which reality overtook fantasy and resulted in failure?

SCOTT: This doctor—an M.D.—had a fantasy about being on the verge of public exposure. He thought that was real exciting. So he'd worked out a scenario where I'd handcuff him in a public place; there would be a key nearby, and he would persuade people to unlatch him. I took him to downtown Berkeley, handcuffed him to a pole, put a key near him and stood about 50 feet away. To me it was kind of humorous to watch people's reactions. One person circled him, looked at the key

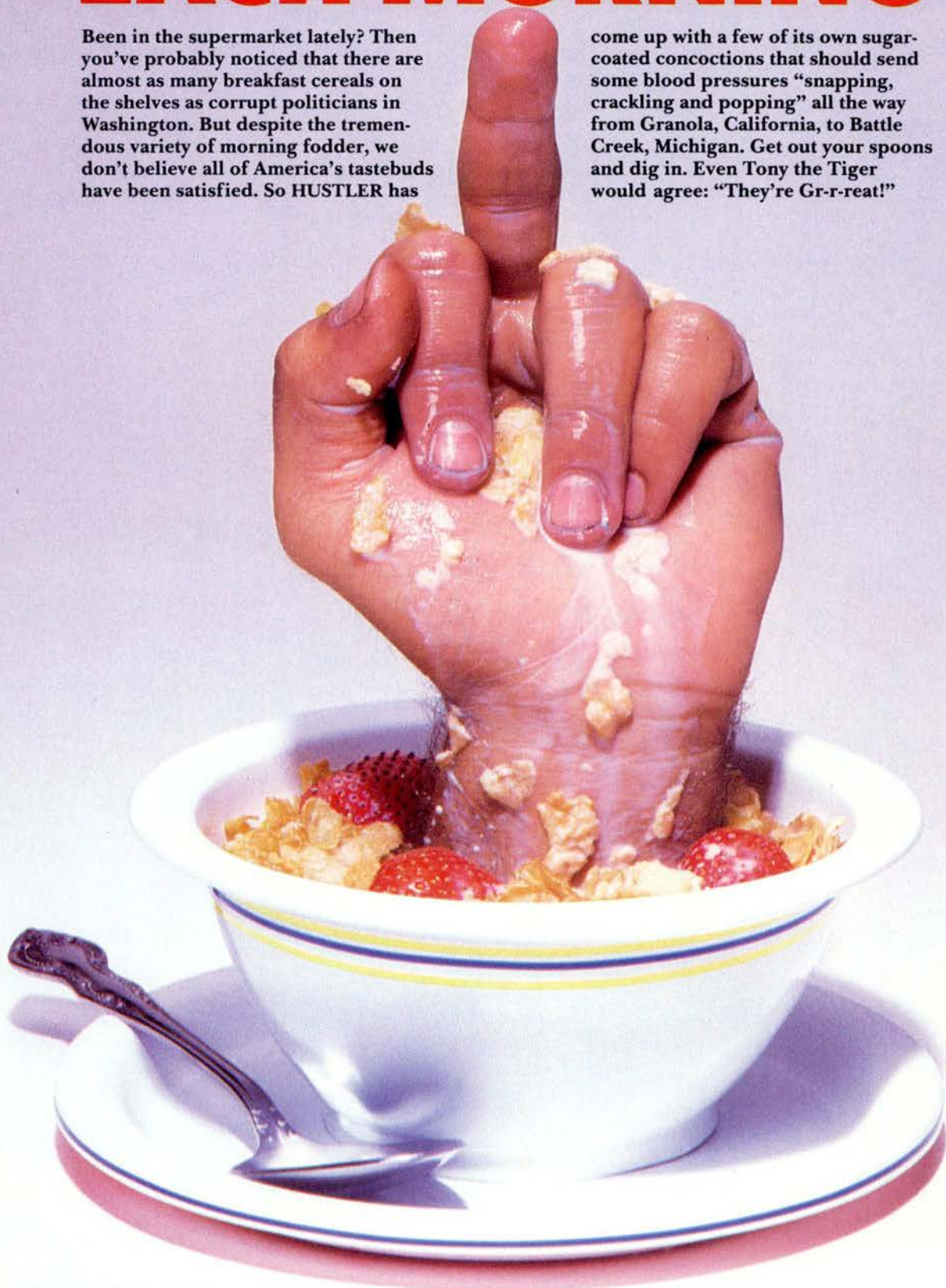
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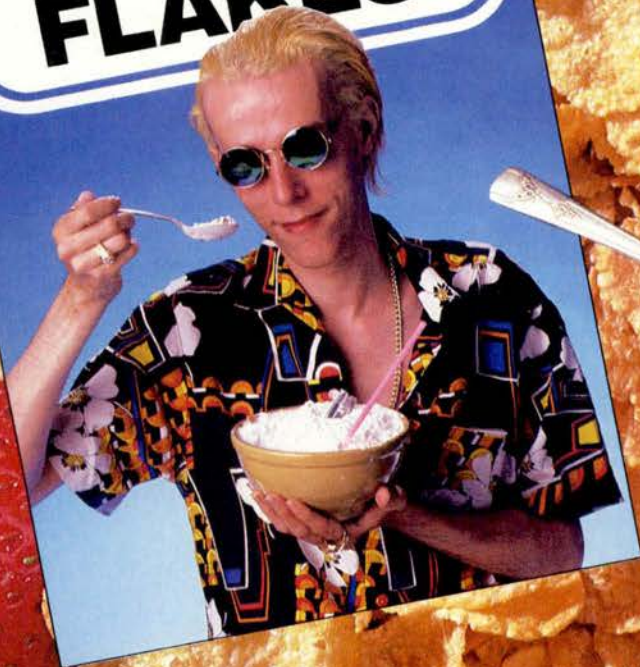
THE WORST TO YOU EACH MORNING

Been in the supermarket lately? Then you've probably noticed that there are almost as many breakfast cereals on the shelves as corrupt politicians in Washington. But despite the tremendous variety of morning fodder, we don't believe all of America's tastebuds have been satisfied. So HUSTLER has

come up with a few of its own sugar-coated concoctions that should send some blood pressures "snapping, crackling and popping" all the way from Granola, California, to Battle Creek, Michigan. Get out your spoons and dig in. Even Tony the Tiger would agree: "They're Gr-r-reat!"

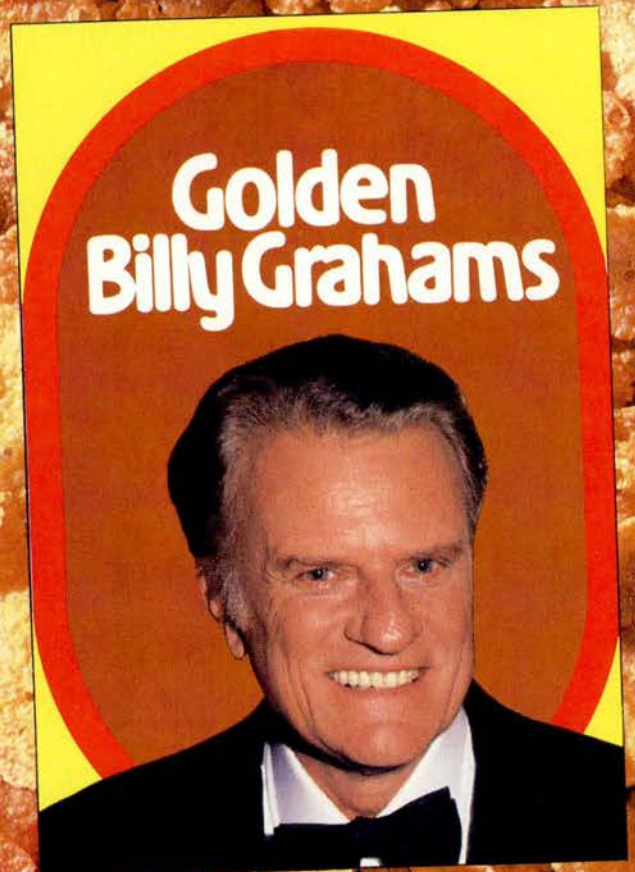


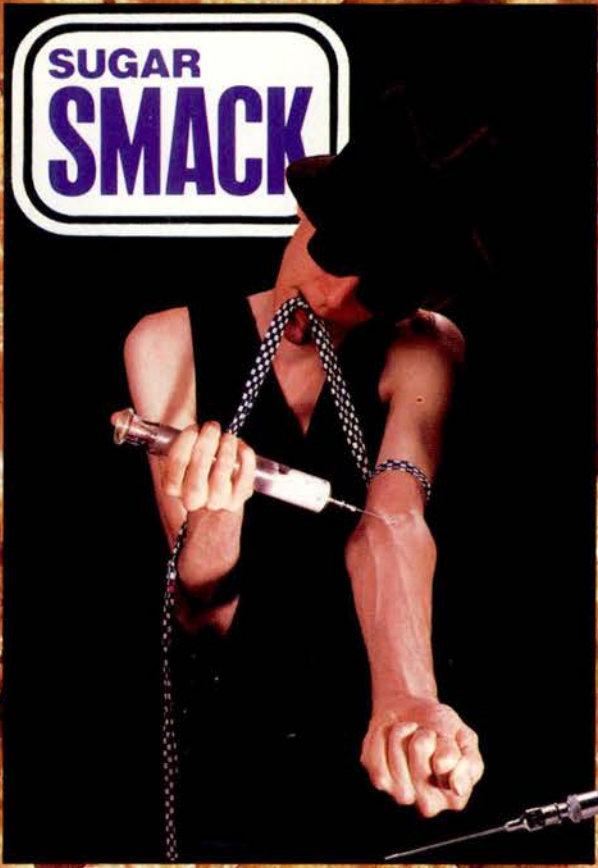
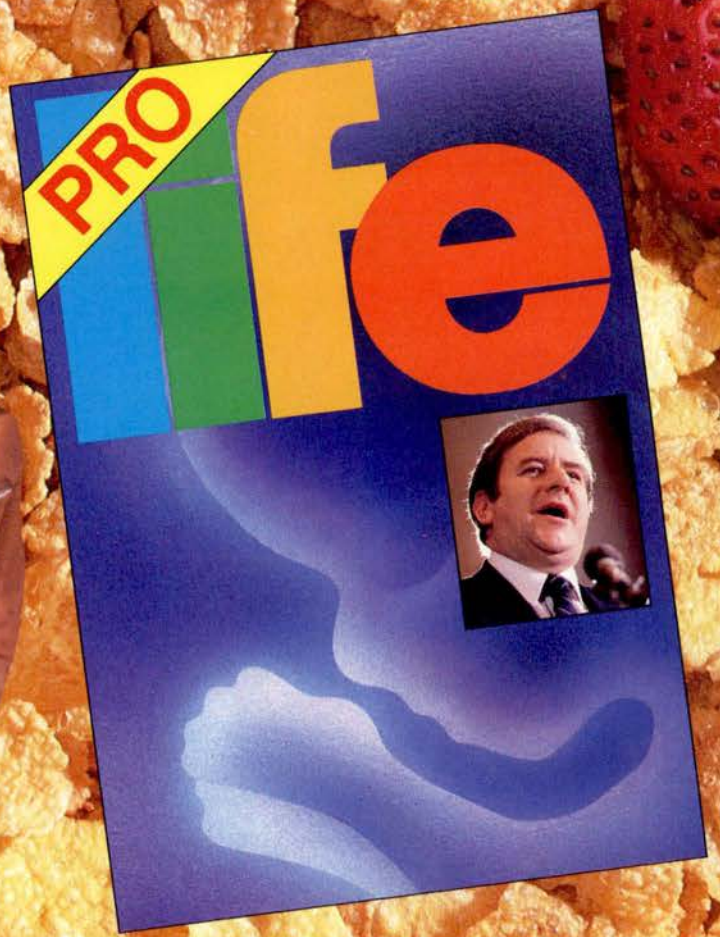
FROSTED PERUVIAN FLAKES



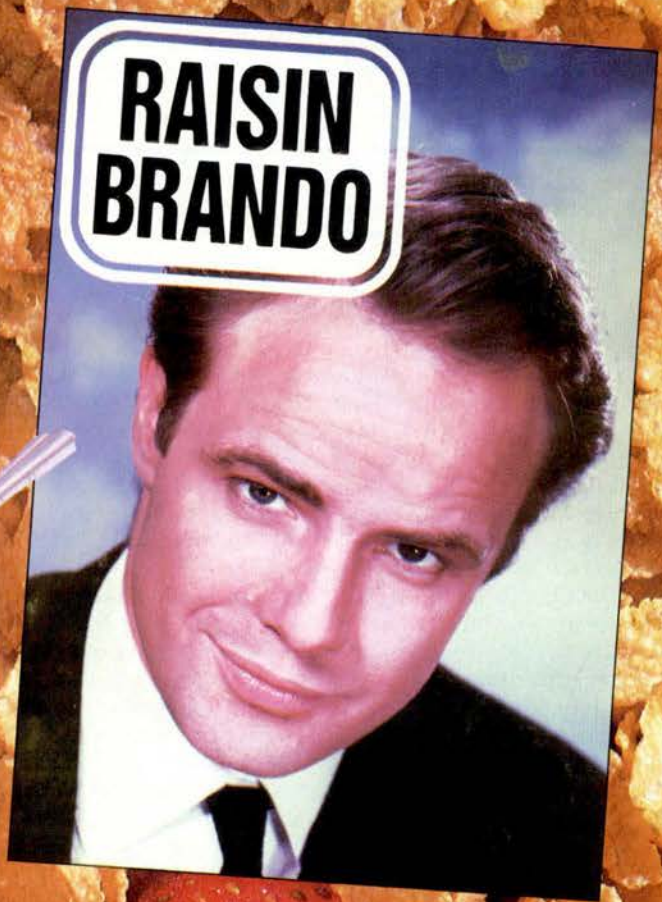
Tricks



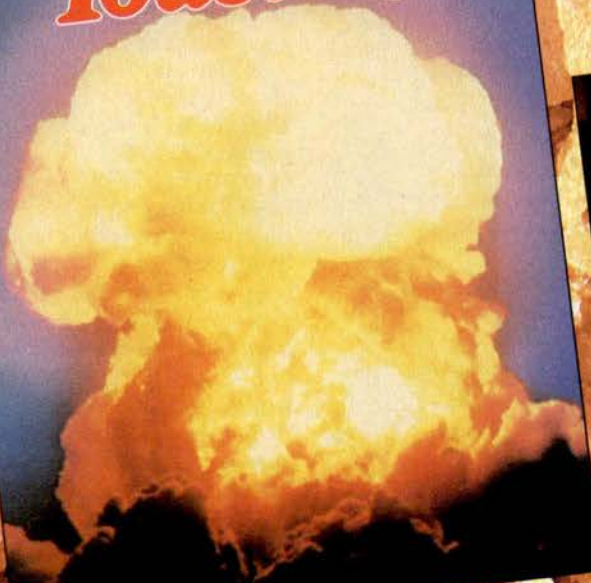




**RAISIN
BRANDO**



**Post-Nuke
Toasties**



"D&S gives two people who meet for the first time a chance to discuss their fantasies and to act them out."

and marched off.

HUSTLER: How did *he* react?

SCOTT: Thinking about it had been fun, but once he was down there, all he wanted to do was run away. When a police car pulled up, the guy panicked, and I released him.

HUSTLER: What if the cops had stopped when they saw him locked up. What do you say to them—this is just a sociology experiment?

SCOTT: Well, we'd explain it. Obviously he'd be more embarrassed than I would.

HUSTLER: That was it for the doctor?

SCOTT: No, we worked out this final plan, which was the funniest one I'd ever done. I wrote up a petition where he was going to try to get 20 women to kiss him for a fake radio-station competition. We set up in the major gathering point on the Berkeley campus, and pretty soon he realized the whole thing was helpless.

The last thing we did was an act where he'd sell garbage. We bent some hangers, and dead flowers were strewn about. He stood there for about ten minutes with signs like "Was 25¢, Now 10¢" or "Bargain Today." And of course, *nobody*

bought *anything*. He was devastated. He told me later that it was the worst experience in his life, but it helped him learn more about himself.

HUSTLER: You refer in your book to "kidnapping" a poet, sticking him in the trunk of your car and covering him with orange cloth. What if you'd been stopped by the cops with a "kidnap victim" in the back of your car?

SCOTT: We would have explained it. There have been lots of things like that—people have lost handcuff keys and ended up in the police department to get the lock cracked. In Berkeley, remember, the police *are* aware that people play around a lot.

HUSTLER: Let's get down to some of the characters you depict in your book—"Baby Robin," for instance. In one of the more-memorable photos you took of him, we see a middle-aged, overweight man dolled up in bikini briefs, lying on his belly in a "come hither" pose and wearing spiked heels on his feet. It's amazing that anybody would let himself be photographed in such unflattering attire.



"Compliments of the gentleman. . . ."

SCOTT: I took those photos in my living room. Baby Robin would occasionally parade out into my front lawn, and he drew quite a few comments from my neighbors. His fantasy is Wonder Woman, on the one hand, and being a real baby on the other. He loves dressing up as a baby, sucking on his pacifier, putting on his diaper and getting a lot of attention. He first did his act at a New York party a few years ago, and he was an immediate hit.

HUSTLER: How does Baby Robin make his living?

SCOTT: Now he's a sports announcer. Before that he was a professional wrestler. By the way, there's a whole community of people who enjoy dressing up as babies. One of them I encountered was a Gypsy man who had an ongoing fantasy about being cuddled by a woman. He felt his whole Gypsy heritage had been destroyed by the Nazis. So he fantasized about becoming king of the Gypsies, but first he had to bring back his childhood. He invited a select few to a "purification" birthday party. Actually, his dominatrix planned the event—he didn't know what was going to happen.

First, he was shaven, then given a bubble bath and diapered. Next he suckled on her breast. After she fed him a bottle, she spanked him—"You naughty boy." Soon he was powdered and taken before the priestess. He bent down before her, and she announced that he'd "gained the elements" that were empowering him.

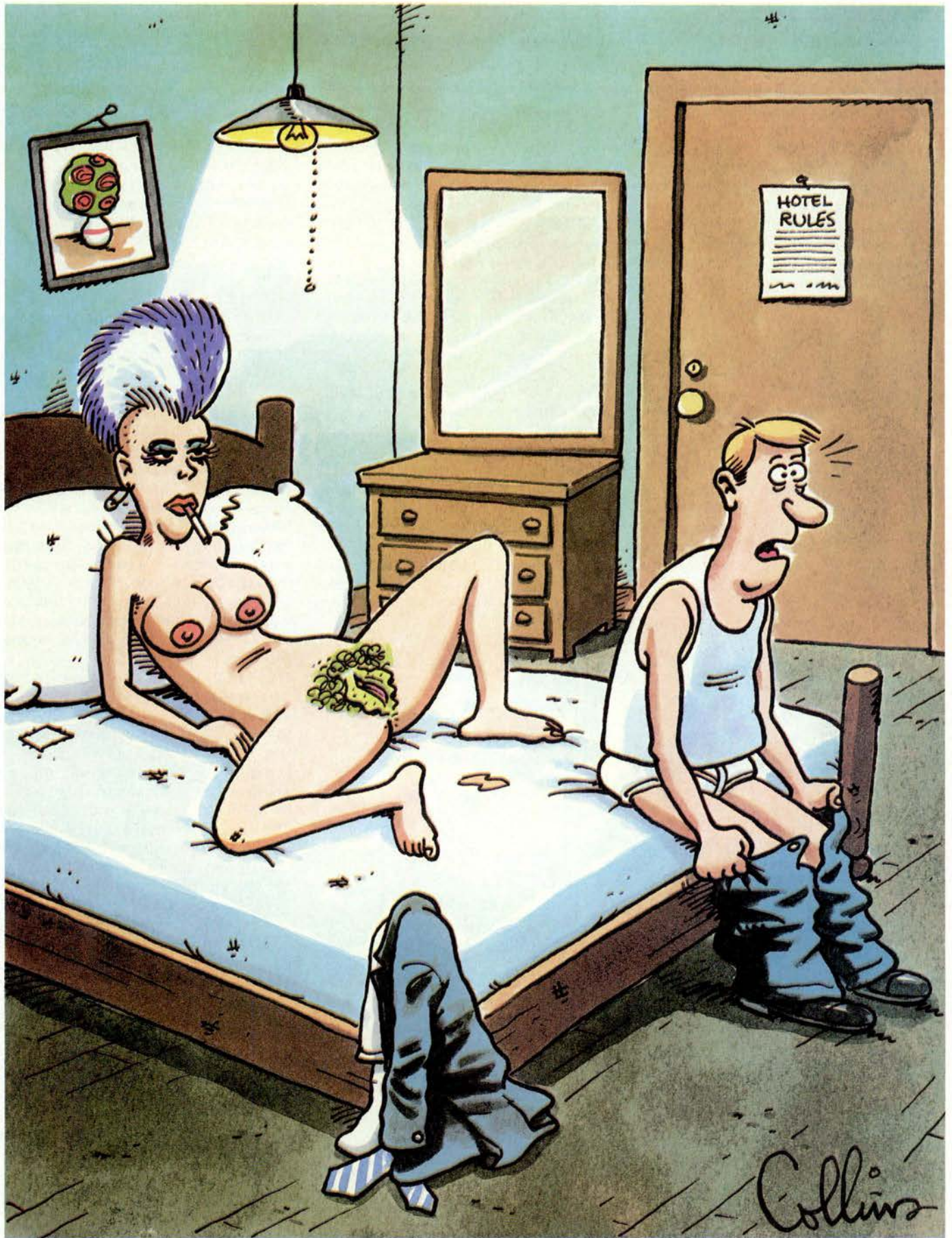
Then the party began. They put clamps on his nipples, a cock ring around his penis and attached him to the ceiling with cuffs. A "King of the Gypsies" cape was wrapped around his shoulders, and then everybody got a chance to give him his birthday spankings. As his girlfriend whacked him, she was also being very sensuous, moving around him like a cat, whipping and caressing him at the same time. The way she was hitting him was really very seductive.

HUSTLER: Is there a couples scene connected with D&S?

SCOTT: Yes. D&S gives two people who meet for the first time a chance to discuss their fantasies and to act them out quickly. Also, people who are already part of a couple can meet and expand on their fantasies, sometimes enacting them as a foursome. There's a Los Angeles publication called *Kinky Contacts* that runs ads from couples all over the country. It gives people in the same geographic areas a chance to get to know each other and maybe arrange a little session.

HUSTLER: What sort of behavior do couples get into?

SCOTT: There was this one couple who primarily dealt in spanking—both ways. Herman spanked June sometimes, and vice versa. Herman was also into enemas,



"I don't care if it is St. Patrick's Day—I ain't fuckin' no green pussy!"

"After dinner we'd tie the men up and play out some of their fantasies. The men enjoyed it."

and June administered them to him. By the way, there's an Enema Club in Los Angeles specifically concerned with that sort of thing. With some couples, water-sports—partners urinating on each other—is also popular. It's symbolic of an extended form of humiliation—the fact that you're urinating on someone else is an extended power trip.

HUSTLER: Did you enjoy watching that kind of action?

SCOTT: Not really. My idea of water-sports is shooting someone with a squirt gun. But to each his own. As long as it's safe and consensual, I'm supportive of it.

HUSTLER: Let's explore some more of the fantasies your research led you into. Describe those that you found most interesting.

SCOTT: Some men are into corsets. There's a whole community, in fact, that makes them, wears them and sells them. The schoolteacher fantasy is also quite popular. That's where the woman is the headmistress of an English boarding school, and she canes the guy for misbehaving.

HUSTLER: As you got further into your

research, you began taking pictures of your subjects. Many of them seemed to enjoy mugging for the camera.

SCOTT: That was true in some cases. These people were proud to exhibit their fantasies.

HUSTLER: Did the fact that you were shooting them while playing out their fantasies add to the fantasy?

SCOTT: Perhaps. But they'd already figured out what they wanted to do. I was just recording their fantasies pictorially.

HUSTLER: But in a real sense, then, you became a participant. Describe that aspect.

SCOTT: Well, in one of my first photo-sessions this man wanted to dress up in pink lingerie—he was a little girl, kind of a tease, in a children's playground. I played the role of a little boy and had to help "her" out on the swings and do things kids do in a playground. Then he changed into a bikini outfit and started cheering for the Boston Red Sox.

HUSTLER: Your photography reflects the reality of the D&S world. One memorable shot is of a woman holding a riding crop over a man.

SCOTT: Yes—and he's got a blindfold on, and he's wearing handcuffs. It's in her playroom, which she's decorated with velvet curtains and lots of mirrors. There's all sorts of bondage equipment hanging on the walls, and she's using some of it on him. He's spread-eagled to the bed.

HUSTLER: The photo also shows some large red welts on his buttocks.

SCOTT: For the men who are into it, the pain afterward makes the memory of it even more pleasurable. They kid each other about it—"Well, you *really* took a lot that time." They like to show off their welts.

HUSTLER: Are they badges of honor, sort of like getting a hickey in high school?

SCOTT: Yes—as long as it's known that it's an attractive woman who is inflicting the marks. They show that a man really cares for this attractive woman—he wouldn't let just anybody haul off and hit him. Some military men I observed kept asking the woman to hit them harder and *harder* to prove their endurance, sort of an extension of military discipline. One woman, Lady Thorn, always wields a riding crop, and she likes taking down men's pants in a group setting. She calls the man she lives with her "consort"—that's a term used quite a bit by dominant women, as in the queen's consort. She's also a sex surrogate and a financial planner.

HUSTLER: In your book you tell about a "mistress-slave" game. Could you describe this?

SCOTT: The man is wearing a woman's wig, he has a ball gag in his mouth, he's wearing a frilly bathing-suit top with feathers, he has a feathered G-string, and he has tied himself up with some ropes. The woman who developed the game had the men pick cards, and this man drew one commanding him to tie himself up. He was already in costume. Part of the whole idea of D&S is to get into costume and express your own bizarre fantasy.

HUSTLER: There seems to be an obsession with ropes in D&S. Why is that?

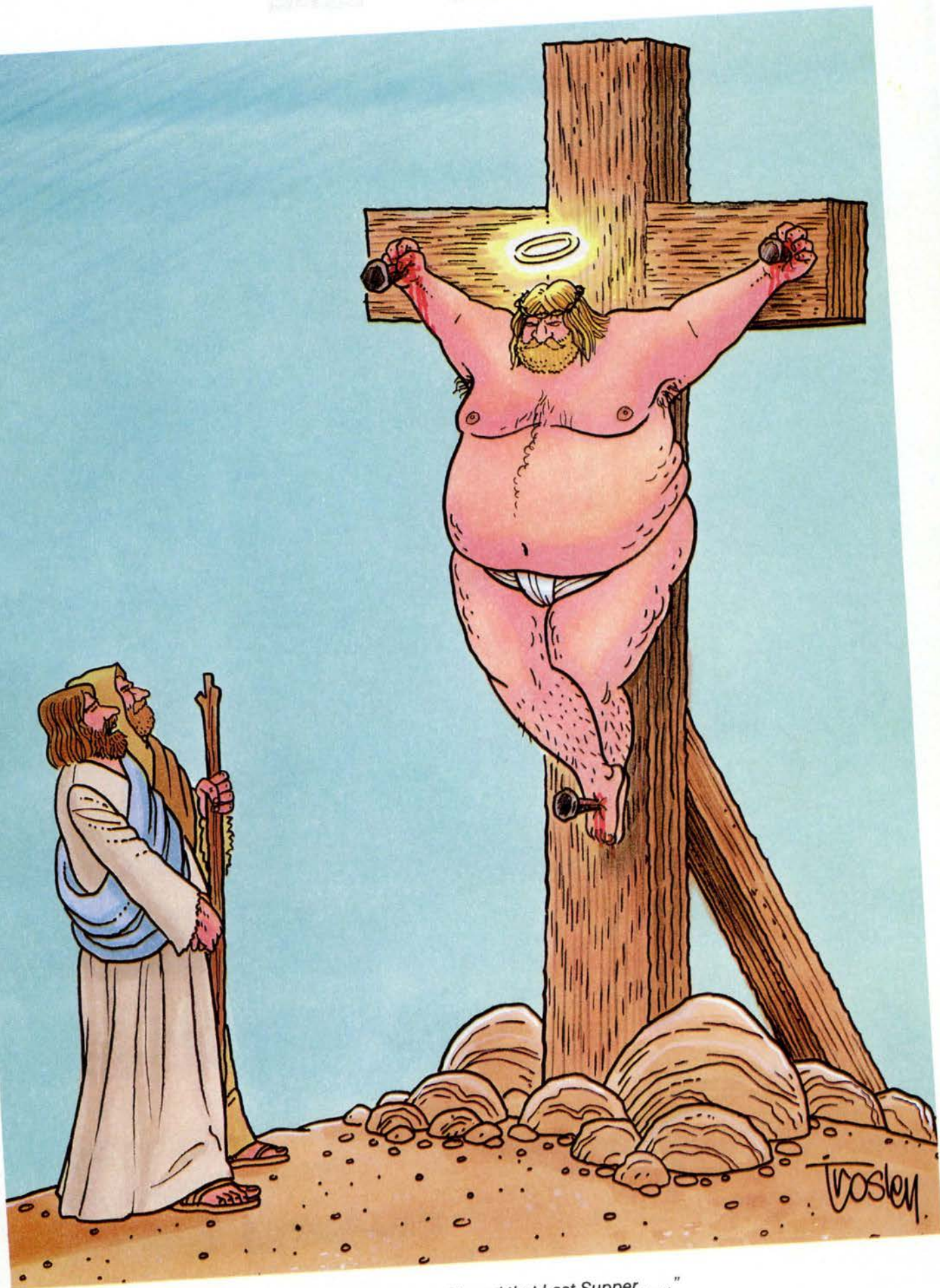
SCOTT: Tying up someone exemplifies the feeling of vulnerability. The man feels vulnerable; the woman feels in charge. When I first started doing my research, I held little dinner parties with some of the men and women I'd met. After dinner we'd tie the men up and play out some of their fantasies. The men enjoyed it.

HUSTLER: How long would you keep them bound?

SCOTT: Usually ten minutes or so. You have to be careful; they can't stay tied up forever. You have to check their circulation. Some men are into being left for a while—they like the sensory deprivation

(continued on page 151)





"I think he should've skipped that Last Supper. . . ."



Photography by James Baes

*Samurai
Seduction*

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There's a fine line between sex and violence as well as between pleasure and pain. They are delicate boundaries that these fierce beauties delight in crossing. While their starved samurai sex slaves engage in a mock battle of their own. The more aggressive love warrior launches the attack, seeking to violate enemy territory. Her opponent, however, puts up quite a fight. Before long the cold steel of the razor-sharp swords is replaced by moist lips and hot tongues. As the two bodies meld, violent aggression gives way to lustful passion.





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Suddenly, the girls bolt upright in terror. Their lord has returned! Fear mingles with desire, for both know they will soon taste *his* sword of vengeance. They will suffer severely—but what a delicious punishment!



DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE (continued from page 52)

"Bob [Von Villas] knows better 'cause Bob knows I'd kill him. . . . I would, you know. I don't like to be fucked."

diamonds."

"What, the Jewelry Mart?"

"The Jewelry Mart."

Detective Ford proceeded to go over his plans with Adams for future heists, plotting such details as entry, knocking out power sources, getaways, weapons and fencing. For one operation, Ford planned to use the "jaws of life"—the device employed by police and firefighters to free victims from car wrecks—to peel open a safe.

"I've been capering alone for years," Ford explained. "When you caper alone, you're limited to what you can or can't do. . . ."

"True."

"As far as killing assholes, I'll just do it for fuckin' kicks. Instead of being depressed, going down shooting at fuckin' rocks and squirrels, I go down South and shoot niggers. I think it's fun—but I'd rather get paid for it."

"Yeah, it makes it a little more meaningful," Adams agreed.

"Anyway, on the fuckin' broad . . . I don't think she's going to be any difficult at all once I get her hooked."

"She's dead."

"Ah, fuck, that broad's had it; that fuckin' broad's over the hill. She's not a bad fuck, but she gives lousy fuckin' head."

"Tell me about it."

"Pissed me off."

"She doesn't even give head, man. I don't even know what the fuck you call it, but I wouldn't call it getting a good fuckin' headjob."

"Lousy fuckin' head," complained Ford. "She's not a bad fuck though."

Adams realized they were off course to the Venus Faire and made a few turns to set them in the right direction.

"I'm going to love her like the VC that loved about half my platoon," Ford said.

"Yeah, I got it."

"If I can only find an NVA [North Vietnamese Army] nurse."

"Yeah, you got it . . . fuckin' NVA nurse, ah, man."

"Did I ever tell you about the time," Adams and Ford chimed in unison. They looked at each other and broke up laughing.

"Let me tell you about fucking NVA

nurses," Ford said, all excited. "Fuck, man, we just fucked that fuckin' bitch, boy, whoa! Fucked her! Oh, shit, man, we butt-fucked that whore, fucked her in the mouth, fucked her for about two days. . . ."

"I bet. . . ."

"She got so good that you'd just walk up to her and she'd open her fuckin' mouth and her head went back."

Adams laughed.

"Then it got better when her tongue got all fuckin' swollen and her eyes were closed."

"They were shiners, huh."

"This other one was one of the finest-looking fuckin' women I've ever seen in my life."

"Yeah!"

"We were on patrol for about a month, horny as a motherfucker, up to our ass in swamp water. Fuckin' sampan come down; we laid there right in the middle of our fuckin' ambush—didn't know for sure if it was friendly or NVA. Being United States Army troops, anything in the way gets dusted."

"You got it."

"We wasted that motherfucker away, boy, just fuckin' wasted that bitch, that motherfucker—it didn't even have time to sink, it just disintegrated. The motherfucker just disintegrated, went *blop, blop*. . . . After it all goes down, it gets quiet. A guy's with an M-79 with a shotgun round. I hear some splashing, I hear *bop-pow*, and everybody cuts loose, *rat-tat-tat-tat*."

Adams laughed. "Everybody cuts loose. I've never seen it fail."

"... This fuckin' bitch lying on this fuckin' bank, some way or another lived. She came out of the water, crawling up the bank. He swung around, took her head right off her fuckin' shoulders."

"No shit."

"We dragged her fuckin' body up, and she was the most beautiful fuckin' body. I don't know what her face looked like, but her fuckin' body was beautiful. Over there I would have fucked the bitch anyway."

Adams laughed.

"Before she got cold, anyway."

"You got it, boy. Take that last roll, motherfucker."

"You know what—he almost got his ass kicked. Everybody was on his ass: 'You stupid motherfuckin' asshole, prick, cocksucker, why the fuck don't you look where you shoot? There was a piece of fuckin' ass for the whole goddamn platoon.'"

As Adams continued to drive, Ford went over alternate plans for how they would murder Loguerccio. Eventually he started talking about his previous rendezvous with her at the Hollywoodland

DWAINETINSELQ.

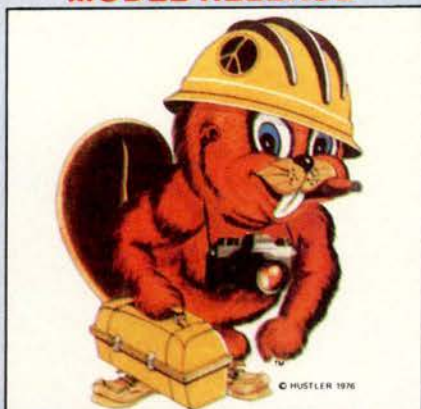


"Oh, yeah? Well, my dad's been unemployed longer than your dad!"



"Aw, don't douche, hon—I like that cheesy flavor!"

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

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

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

Motel—as Dr. Anderson. The major problem, he explained, was that the proprietor—a “Chinaman”—hassled him on his way there, thinking he was a burglar. Because he'd been ID'd, Ford couldn't leave the body in the motel. He had to change his plan. He'd have to kill her without any traces of blood or signs of a struggle and then carry her out to her car.

“... There wasn't supposed to be any MO,” Ford explained. “It was supposed to be wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. But everything fuckin' came apart.”

“Yeah, that's what I figured.”

“... I went back to my briefcase, told her I was. . . .”

Adams laughed. “Told her you were getting your Roloids.”

“Getting a T-shirt . . . carried the T-shirt like I was wiping my dick off with it.”

“Yeah.”

“Evidently she didn't see me wipe my dick off, and that would have been cool. Inside the T-shirt I had my choke—the fuckin' choke—and I was telling her to lay down flat on her stomach because I couldn't get a hard-on. I wanted her to masturbate for me, put her hands underneath.”

“Uh-huh. You'd have control.”

“With me on top I had control—step up around the fuckin' neck and wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am.”

“Fuck her.”

“But the fuckin' bitch got all fuckin' paranoid; so she evidently saw me go to the briefcase and didn't fuckin' see the T-shirt and thought I came back with a fuckin' gun or knife, some fuckin' thing. From that point on she was fuckin' non-cooperative—you know, she wanted to get the fuck out.”

Adams parked in a dark place on a side street down the block from Venus Faire, and the two men began rehearsing. Ford got in back and started crawling around under the blankets—to see if Adams could spot him from the front seat. Adams laughed as Ford waddled around on all fours in the back.

“I can see you,” Adams giggled. “C'mon, man, we're supposed to be fuckin' professionals.”

“Yeah, we're about as professional as dogshit.”

With Ford acting as director, the two men went through the motions of dragging Loguercio over the seat into the back, punching her, tying her up and gagging her.

“Okay, now we drive away,” said Ford. “Go ahead, drive away.”

“Okay, we drive away,” repeated Adams, following instructions.

“I love it, I love it,” Ford squealed. “We're going to get you tonight, Charlie.”

Adams pulled the van into a liquor-store parking lot. Ford told him to get a six-pack of 16-ounce Budweisers for himself and some Michelob Light in long-neck bottles for Loguercio. While Adams went in to buy the beer, Ford arranged the blankets and his “tie-downs” (parachute cords and nylon newspaper ties) in the back.

“Drinking and driving obviously is against the fuckin' law,” observed Detective Ford as he popped the top on a Bud and Adams steered the van out of the lot.

“Yeah, unless you drink and drive with a fuckin' Pepsi.”

“Perfect bottles here,” said Ford, holding up a Michelob.

“You get it down far enough. Fuck, man, I bet you'll give one hell of a deep-throat—like that chick you were telling me about that you were training with the banana.”

“Tacha Cowa Rose.”

“Yeah. Tacha Cowa Rose.”

“Your fuckin' dick would have fell off. . . . I'm going to have to tell this bitch tonight, the reason you're fuckin' dyin' is you give lousy fuckin' head. Leave me erected. That bitch gives such bad fuckin' head, she shouldn't be alive in this world.”

Adams laughed.

“How's this for jamming it down her fuckin' throat?!”

Adams and Ford began scouting for a location where they could take Loguercio and kill her after they tied her up. “Someplace we can have some privacy. No cops around,” said Ford. Adams drove down a street that led into an industrial park. At first it looked good; then he expressed second thoughts.

“I don't like the idea we got no fuckin' way out, man,” he said. “If the fuckin' man comes down the street, we're gone—he thinks it's a fuckin' B&E [breaking and entering]. Turns out to be a heavy caper, man.”

Ford laughed. “What do you call this fuckin' body, bro'?”

“Well, shit.”

“First fuckin' degree. You're going to the fuckin' chair. You're going to be fuckin' fried.”

Adams lit another cigarette. “I thought they did away with the death penalty in California.”

“... Unusual circumstances.”

“Oh.”

“Like premeditation.”

“Planned murder, yeah.”

“Having some fuckin' bitch not only kidnapped, but fuckin' tortured her to death.”

“And then killed her.”

“And then fuckin' killed. . . .”

“Yeah, okay,” said Adams. “Don't go

(continued on page 114)

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TO ALL
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Beaver Hunt

Fame! Glory! A hundred bucks! We're offering all this to any gal who's willing to show us everything she's got. That's right—HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* wants you! Now is the time to become one of the few... the proud... the Beavers. Send your

photographs in today (a couple of Polaroids are preferable) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Please use the model release on page 106, or a facsimile, and be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.



Photo by Husband



Angelic Ann, a 25-year-old housewife who's into swimming and cycling, has a very generous nature. Her fantasy is "to give my husband the threesome he's always wanted."

Photo by Roach



Hailing from Fremont, California, 29-year-old Katy is a typist who lists her hobbies as all-night partying and good sex. She dreams about making love to another woman while her husband photographs the action.

Appearing in HUSTLER has fulfilled one of Kathy's sexual fantasies. The others she lives out every day. A 27-year-old bartender in Union City, Indiana, her hobbies are pool, crocheting and sex (not necessarily in that order).



Photo by Husband

"Sweet Pea," 24, is a Marmaduke, Arkansas, housewife whose hobbies include swimming and riding three-wheelers. Her modest fantasy is to book a motel room and make love to her husband all night long.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband

Rae's burning desire is to get it on in the woods with several of her girlfriends. This 19-year-old Okmulgee, Oklahoma, housewife likes horseback riding and nude sunbathing.



Photo by Gary



A Portland, Oregon, dancer, 19-year-old Cassie loves drawing and horseback riding. She yearns to be seduced in the woods by an unknown man. Any volunteers?

Photo by Husband



Owning a landscaping business has certain erotic advantages for Brooksville, Florida's "Snapper." "I love to make love to my husband while he's mowing the yard with his little tractor," she says. "Great vibrations!"

Photo by Husband



"I like to flash my pussy at truck drivers," says outgoing Diane. A 26-year-old receptionist from Fort Worth, Texas, she dreams of fucking her husband on a beach.



Photo by Husband

Denise is a 26-year-old housewife with a taste for danger: She likes giving her husband head while he's driving. The Medford, Oregon, resident also has a thing for younger men, declaring, "I'd like to take on two 17-year-old guys and have my old man watch."



Peggy, a 36-year-old brick handler from Shepherdsville, Kentucky, spends her free time quietly, reading and sewing. But she clings to the secret fantasy of making an X-rated movie with her husband.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Friend

Twenty-one-year-old Grace is an Indianapolis, Indiana, salesclerk who's into tennis, swimming and sewing. Her recurring fantasy is "to make love to the man of my dreams in the wilderness."



Photo by Husband



A Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, housewife, 28-year-old Nikki has a full-time job taking care of her husband and two kids. Her fantasies involve both her and hubby having sex with other people.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband



Petite Roberta, 21, is a Lancaster, Minnesota, housewife who divides her spare time between aerobics and shopping. "My biggest fantasy is looking at strange men in department stores and imagining what sex would be like with them," she admits.

Sherry is a 24-year-old Houston, Texas, secretary who swims, dances and collects cats. Appearing in *Beaver Hunt* could be the first step toward her number-one fantasy—to be a HUSTLER centerfold.



BEAVER SPOTLIGHT



Anyone can see that 20-year-old Robin, our supple *Beaver Spotlight* beauty, is in remarkably good shape. The exercise bike helps, but what keeps her fit is "regular sexual workouts with my boyfriend. He really makes me sweat."

Getting physical, however, is only one of Robin's passions. She's also into motorcycles and often fantasizes about making love while riding a Harley-Davidson. Sounds a bit dangerous, but Robin doesn't mind. "I think a little danger makes sex more exciting," she explains. "I love doing it on the spur of the moment, someplace where there's a chance we'll be caught. I once screwed a guy in a booth at the back of an all-night diner. I don't know if the other folks there were deliberately ignoring us or if they





just thought all those squealing sounds were coming from the pinball machine!" This freewheeling fox works as a dancer at a club near her hometown of Springfield, Massachusetts. "The thought of hundreds of strange men admiring my body gives me a big thrill," she says. "So you can imagine how turned-on I am by the idea of millions of HUSTLER readers seeing my picture. It's like a dream come true." For us too, Robin.



DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE (continued from page 106)

"For 12 grand I'll do her and her fuckin' old man and . . . dig up her fuckin' grandmother, stab that bitch."

any fuckin' further, man. I catch your fuckin' drift. No, we don't need that at all."

Adams pulled into a gas station but immediately pulled out and kept driving when he spotted several Oriental attendants. "Ah, you motherfucker, I ain't buying no fuckin' gas from no fuckin' gooks, that's for sure." Adams coughed. Ford burped, as if he approved.

"What would be wrong with dropping her off up this way, man?" Adams asked. "The motherfuckers would think a fuckin' beaner picked up on her, man. Throw it off on the Mexicans."

"Is this Hollywood Division?"

"This is North Hollywood."

"I want Hollywood Division," Detective Ford insisted. "They're buried in fuckin' homicides."

"Are they?"

"Ah, fuckin' buried."

"Yeah, okay, that's the reason."

"You know, yeah, in Devonshire the motherfuckers get two homicides a year, and they get all year to investigate; fuckin' Hollywood gets whores-knock-overs, they get. I met one at the DA's of-

fice the other day, a Hollywood homicide detective."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. He was saying, 'Them fuckin' whores, motherfuckin' cocksuckers. I hate even to investigate them motherfuckin' bitches.' Let's get some fuckin' gas. All we need to do is run out of gas."

"All right."

"That bitch is using all my good fuckin' dope." Ford laughed as he tried to dissolve a Tuinal in a Michelob Light. "I hope to fuck she appreciates this."

Ford again returned to the subject of his attempt to kill Loguercio at the motel. "Fuckin' Dr. Anderson failed again," he muttered.

"Dr. Anderson, Dr. Death."

"Dr. Anderson, Dr. Death. . . . Fuckin' got to change my MO. I'll tell you, I'm going back to be the fuckin' professor. That used to be my name in Nam."

"What, the Professor?"

"Yeah . . . the Professor or Dr. Death."

"Fuckin' Dr. Anderson. I almost choked on my linguini when I heard that."



"Oh, boy! Johnson said he's gonna make us a peanut-butter sandwich."

"Why! Worked before. Do you know how many fuckin' dead bitches there are out there on Dr. Anderson?"

Adams laughed. "Probably."

"Fuckin' whores and shit?"

"I have no idea."

"I got five grand for one fuckin' whore. . . . Fuckin' pimp wanted her, and the fuckin' whore got herself a fuckin' gorilla for a boyfriend."

"No shit."

"Yeah, but Dr. Anderson got that fuckin' bitch."

Adams laughed.

"Dr. Anderson, the gynecologist."

"Yeah, right."

"I forgot how many fuckin' Tuinals I put in here now."

"Fuck, what are you worried about?"

"I don't want her to die on the Tuinals. They'll say why in the fuck [did] this motherfucker die on the fuckin' Tuinals and then someone fuckin' tortures the fuckin' shit out of her? How the fuck do you torture a dead person, you know what I mean?"

"You'd have to be some real fuckin' asshole to do it, yeah."

"Now to get this shit to break down. . . . What the fuck happens when you mix beer with it?"

"It'll probably blow up in our fuckin' faces."

"No, alcohol adds to it."

"Okay, rocket scientist."

"Two Tuinals plus 12 ounces of alcohol is like four Tuinals."

"Burbank Police," warned Adams as a black-and-white cruised by them. "Shit!"

Ford laughed. "Go right by two homicide suspects, dumb fucker."

Adams laughed.

"Could've had yourself a big number. You could have been a fuckin' hero, arresting LAPD detective and his Vietnam psycho cohort."

Adams laughed.

"Kidnap, mutilation, terrifying motherfuckers, boy."

After another black-and-white passed the van, Adams decided to change directions. "Fuckin' North Hollywood is a pain-in-the-ass place anyway. It's just like Tucson. Fuckin' sin city."

"One hell of a way to make a fuckin' living, ain't it?"

"Tell me about it."

"Beats the shit out of working," Ford said, "making ten, 12 grand every time I do this shit."

"Yeah, but we still got to work. The fuckin' head-honcho boy, the Colonel, he's got two privates to go out and do his dirty fuckin' work."

"He's lucky. He's real fuckin' lucky I don't make a fuckin' deal with the bitch. Do his fuckin' ass a double

(continued on page 118)

MARCH HUSTLER

HOPE FOR THE HANDICAPPED

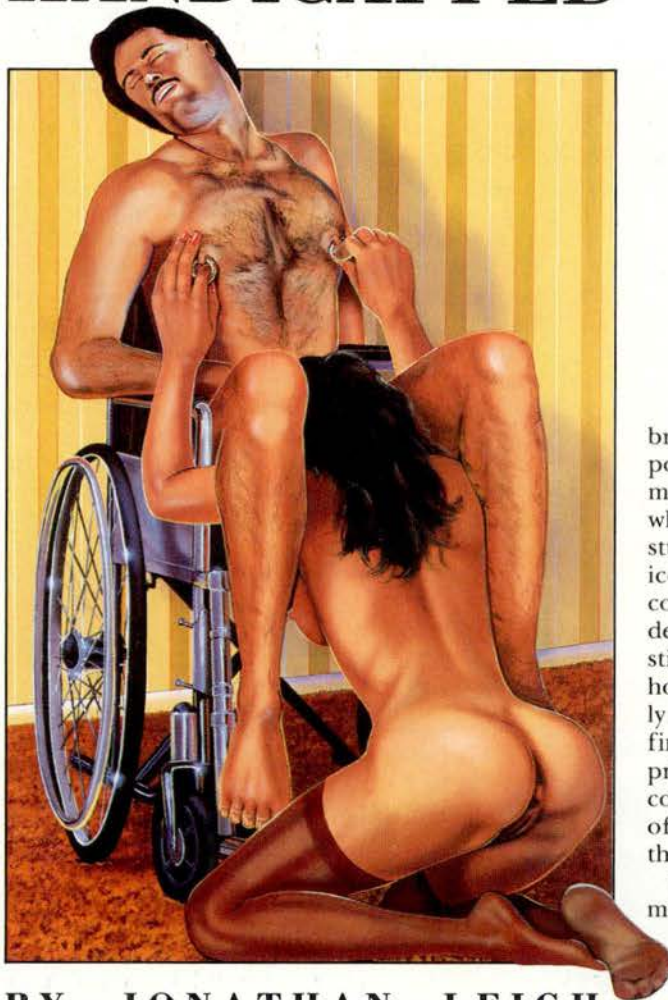
A motorcycle slices through the early-morning fog that rises wispily along a deserted road. The bike speeds up as it nears a curve. The rider has taken this turn many times before and approaches it calmly, even though he's traveling at 125 m.p.h. But he misjudges the tightness of the bend.

He leans his machine away from the curve, and the cycle hits the asphalt. The sound of screeching metal tears through the dawn's tranquility. The rider's arm catches in the handlebars and snaps. All over his body, bone thrusts through flesh. He lets out an unearthly scream as his twisted form drops into a ditch below the road. Again, bones crack and shatter. The upended motorcyclist feels no pain at all, nor can he move his legs.

Paraplegia is not an easy thing to accept. I should know. I was that unlucky rider. Three years ago, as a result of that tragedy, I became one of America's 31 million handicapped, and I have been confined to a wheelchair ever since, feeling absolutely no sensation below my waist.

After three months in the hospital I conferred with my doctors about my life as a paraplegic. I was informed that with certain limitations I could still function "normally." My sex life, however, would never be the same. Needless to say, I was shocked when I was told that my penis would never again stand erect and that even if it did, it would not stay hard long enough to reach ejaculation. As it turned out, the doctors were mistaken. But to prove them wrong, I had to resort to techniques that society at large might consider bizarre, kinky and even perverse.

For the first year after my accident I tried every method known to man in order to attain erection. These efforts



BY JONATHAN LEIGH

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

brought me nothing but disappointment. I looked at every men's magazine under the sun while pumping my pecker, but it stubbornly remained limp. Even ice baths and hot whirlpools couldn't get a rise out of my dead meat. Then one day I tried sticking my finger inside my asshole. This made my penis slightly hard, and the farther I put my finger up my butt, the stiffer my prick became. Though I didn't come, I was elated by the return of sexual sensation that I'd thought was gone forever.

My first date following my mishap was with a self-confessed sex maniac. We talked about my situation at great length before making love. She said that my inability to get it up was all in my mind. She told me to let her do the work. After the usual kissing and fondling, she took out a vibrator and instructed me to lie flat on my back. My penis was still limp, and I was resigned to the fact that I'd never get a hard-on.

The woman lubricated the vibrator with her own love juices and placed it on the bed by my leg. Then she started kissing my stomach, slowly working her way to my chest. Upon reaching my nipples, she licked them one at a time until they were standing on end, ready to burst. I put my hand on my penis and found it was slowly getting hard. She began to bite my tits then, and to my surprise, the pain this caused was actually quite a turn-on. Every muscle in my body stiffened with pleasure, including my cock, which was now three-quarters erect.

At this point she picked up the vibrator in her left hand, turned it on and took my penis in her right hand. I watched in amazement as she put her lips on my dick while pushing the vibrator into my anus. Letting go of my cock, she began once more to bite my nipples, at the same time pushing and pulling

the vibrator in and out of my butt-hole.

Sure enough, my penis grew to its full size, and she slid her pussy down over it. She took my hand and placed it on the end of the vibrator, instructing me to plunge it in and out of my ass until we both climaxed. My orgasm that night was one of the best I've ever had, and the first I'd experienced in more than a year.

From this first sexual encounter I realized that two parts of my body in particular would play a major role in my sex life as a paraplegic—my prostate gland and my nipples.

The prostate, a highly sensitive organ adjacent to the rectum, can enhance erection and subsequent orgasm if aroused through anal stimulation. During orgasm the gland actually contracts and expands, shooting semen through the penis. These contractions are known as the first stage of climax, and once they begin, you're home free as far as coming is concerned.

Homosexuals, through anal penetration, have been taking advantage of the prostate's sexually stimulating properties for years. But men with undamaged nerves can enjoy prostate massage even without penetration—a firm massage just behind the testicles by one's partner or self is all it takes to increase sexual pleasure.

As a general rule, I now keep a butt

plug planted in my anus during intercourse so that my prostate gland is constantly stimulated. Still, there are times when my penis gets to its peak hardness and quickly starts to go limp again. When this occurs, I have my bed partner place a thick rubber band at the base of my prick, which has the same effect as a cock ring. (Of course, I make sure the rubber band isn't too tight, or it could shut down the nerves completely, possibly causing gangrene if I left it on all night.) After this is done, my penis will stay hard until the band is taken off.

The stimulation of my nipples is not absolutely essential to orgasm. I had done just fine without paying much attention to them before my accident. But men's nipples are erogenous zones, a fact that became significant to me after I was confined to a chair, since my chest—unlike my balls, inner thighs and other sensitive areas—was still responsive to touch.

Eventually I had my nipples pierced to make my chest even more sensitive to the touch. Although I can't quite feel my penis, I can get my rocks off simply by having a woman tug and tease my nipple rings until I get stiff.

Other handicapped men have found different solutions to their varying sexual problems. For example, John Dobson—a state-university counselor—has been partially paralyzed from the shoulders down

for the past 15 years. For the first 13½ of those years John remained celibate due to feelings of insecurity about his masculinity. For the next year and a half he attained erections by having a friend inject him with large doses of high-grade speed, causing the normally dormant muscles of his body to have severe spasms, which produced erections. During these spasms he masturbated. This took a heavy toll on his liver, however, and his doctor strongly advised him to stop doing it.

John's physician recommended a penile implant, which the patient agreed to. A plastic surgeon and a urologist implanted a silicone rod in John's penis. (For a discussion of penile implants see *HUSTLER's Sex Play*, December '83.) He also placed a three-inch-long tube just under John's testicle sac. The tube is very thin and borders the sensitive nerves around the scrotum. During intercourse John massages this area while his female partner rides him on top.

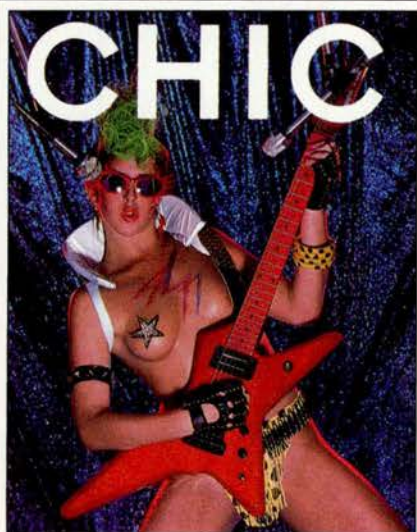
Women often have more difficulty than men in adjusting to sex after they become handicapped. When Samantha Burkes—an L.A. secretary—became disabled, her sex life suffered because her vaginal muscles had become too loose. Some men had told her that fucking her cunt was like "fucking a bowl of Jell-O!" There was no friction, hence no feeling or sensation upon penetration.

Samantha went to a plastic surgeon who tightened up the muscles in her vagina. She soon found that a tight cunt was not enough to make sex enjoyable for her again. Others were getting pleasure from her, but she still wasn't experiencing any excitement of her own.

When she confided this to me, I told her about my nipple rings and suggested she might try these as a means of self-satisfaction. When I saw Samantha a few weeks later, I was astonished at the total change in her attitude. She had rings on both nipples, rings on her shoulder blades and rings on each arm just above the chest. She said the pleasure these gave her during intercourse was immeasurable. Seeing her lover come and feeling the slight pain from the rings being pulled felt like what she called "a never-ending orgasm."

The experiences of Samantha, John and myself are all success stories. We're all proud of the fact that we were able to overcome our handicaps through determination and creativity. Although nipple rings, sexual implants and anal stimulation may seem kinky to some people, for us they are godsend that have made our sex lives worthwhile again.

If others could put aside their hangups and experiment with such unconventional acts, their sex lives would almost certainly improve—just as ours did. ☺



★ CHIC's March pictorials will make your mouth water with its lusty array of young and beautiful women. First, you'll join two wanton ladies on a passionate pleasure cruise in a lonely lagoon; then visit Madame Kitty's lavish whorehouse, where a lucky gambler has his way with the spicy star attraction, a heavy-titted Oriental lass. And this month's sandy-haired centerfold is simply unbelievable!

★ What's it like to be a vice-squad cop who spends much of his career snooping around the pornography business? Freelance journalist Ted Schwarz exposes the true story of how some overzealous police officers have embarked on personal crusades against those involved in the production of porno films, trampling the civil rights of innocent citizens. Don't miss *The Dirty-Movie Boys*.

★ If you've got a strong stomach, read J. Paul Bailey's first-person account of one of the last legal hangings conducted in this country. Complete with the victim's final breaths and dangling twitches, these confessions of a former prison hangman will definitely put you at the end of your rope.

★ And that's just for starters; all the other CHIC regular features are back and better than ever. ODDS & ENDS is up to its usual erotic and outrageous tricks, while DOPE deals with the hidden dangers of various prescription drugs. In CLOSE-UP you'll come face to face with the kinkiest combo in the amped-out world of Hollywood sleaze-rock—the Mentors—and MUSIC NOTES presents the latest information on the people and platters that really matter.

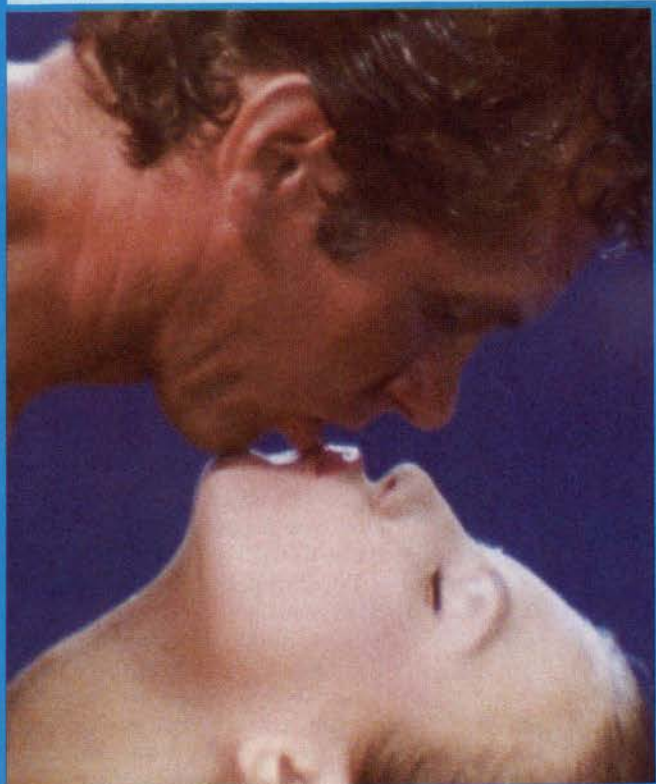
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THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ 1 SEX WAVES ★ | ☐ 21 NEVER SO DEEP |
| ☐ 2 DEADLY LOVE | ☐ 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES |
| ☐ 3 MISTY BEETHOVEN | ☐ 23 DRACULA EXOTICA |
| ☐ 4 EDUCATING NINA | ☐ 24 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| ☐ 5 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS | ☐ 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS |
| ☐ 6 SUZI SUPERSTAR | ☐ 26 DIRTY WESTERN |
| ☐ 7 DANCERS | ☐ 27 TITILLATION |
| ☐ 8 FIRESTORM | ☐ 28 IRRESISTIBLE |
| ☐ 9 BLONDE GODDESS | ☐ 29 SCOUNDRELS |
| ☐ 10 PAMELA MANN | ☐ 30 BAD GIRLS |
| ☐ 11 NASTY GIRLS | ☐ 31 8 TO 4 |
| ☐ 12 GAMES WOMEN PLAY | ☐ 32 TALK DIRTY TO ME |
| ☐ 13 INSATIABLE | ☐ 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| ☐ 14 DEEP THROAT | ☐ 34 EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY |
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MODELS WANTED

DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE

(continued from page 114)

double-cross."

"Only trouble is, this bitch might not pay off."

"Ah, this fuckin' broad's got problems Bob [Von Villas] ain't," said Ford. "Bob knows better 'cause Bob knows I'd kill him. He knows fuckin' well I would. I would, you know. I don't like to be fucked. I really don't like to be fucked."

"Nobody does, pal."

"Yeah, but I ain't nobody."

"I know you ain't nobody."

"You know I don't mind killing motherfuckers. It don't bother me fuckin' at all. I like to watch 'em die, anyway. It never ceases to amaze me the expressions on people's faces, especially a nigger, when you stick a 12-inch blade right into his fucking liver and the motherfucker is going, 'Haw!'"

Adams laughed.

"Say, you remember me, motherfucker? Yeah, uh-huh. You don't remember me, do you?"

Adams laughed.

"'Cause I don't even know your fuckin' ass. There used to be a nigger motherfucker that I don't like, keep mouthing on the fuckin' street all night."

"Yeah."

"A big asshole acting like his shit don't stink, talking about motherfucker thinking he's bad, motherfucker kick your ass, kill you fuckin' dead, motherfucker."

Adams laughed.

"... Ain't no fuckin' guy that's ever fucked me that's alive."

Adams laughed again.

"In Vietnam. I think I invented fragging."

"Fuckin' shit birds."

"I killed personally four fuckin' lieutenants and one captain."

Adams laughed.

"Lieutenant, you know what? You killed your last fuckin' man, you know what I mean?"

"Fuckin' asshole."

"You are a dipshit, cock-fucking asshole. I have more respect for the NVA than I do for your ass. I have more respect for a gook in a fuckin' rice paddy. All you are is a fuckin' NVA in disguise. You know what I mean? You're probably a fuckin' mole." Ford looked at the potion he was preparing in the beer bottle. "This just won't fuckin' dissolve. This just stays in powder form."

The jump-off point was getting closer. "One thing's for sure. We can't fuckin' blow this," Ford said. "We got to do this fuckin' thing right. 'Cause I have no intentions of going to the fuckin' joint and getting butt-fucked by 275 people, man."

"Yeah, there'll be a lot of motherfuckers up there looking for you, boy... I don't even want to think about that."

"Ugh!"

"Dick, no problem. You crack me up, Ford. This is going to be a fuckin' piece of cake. It should go down 1, 2, 3."

"It should be. It will have its fuckin' moments, no doubt about it."

Adams lit another cigarette. "The biggest point in our favor is the element of surprise," he said. "Look how it was when you walked in on Charlie. Catch that motherfucker with his pants down. That motherfucker takes 20 minutes to get his shit organized. Those fuckin' riceheads be running all over the fuckin' place. Beautiful targets, man."

"... If she gets away, we're going to the fuckin' joint, man," Ford interrupted. "Fuckin' thing, she's got to go... All would have been cool if that fuckin' Chinaman wouldn't have been there... She'd been fuckin' butchered over right from the get-go. I was going to do her right away. I was going to fuck her and fuckin' do her right there—just fuckin' do her fuckin' ass. I was going to slice her fuckin' ass up. She wouldn't know what fuckin' hit her... But that fuckin' gook standing out there, telling me I am a fuckin' burglar. And I said to myself when I got to the room, you know, if it had to happen, it had to be a fuckin' gook."

"Gook."

"I swear to God that guy was a fuckin' Vietnamese too, you know what I mean? Looked like a Viet Cong motherfucker, and I'm saying, isn't this a bitch? Twelve fuckin' years later."

Adams laughed so hard, he began coughing.

"A guy trying to make an honest buck, you know, and a fuckin' gook is out here fuckin' me up again. I ought to take this motherfucker out and his fuckin' gook NVA old lady."

Adams again laughed and coughed.

"Don't fuckin' gag to death."

"... You got me laughing so hard, I can hardly see straight, fucker."

"Yeah, life in the big city can be a motherfucker, you know?" Ford looked at his watch. "Twenty fuckin' minutes. Da-da-da." He laughed. "Fuck, I ain't going. Goddamn you, I can't take it no longer. I ain't going with you, motherfucker!"

Adams laughed. "I can't walk. I just sprained both my motherfuckin' ankles."

"Fuck you. Lay here, motherfucker."

"Die, motherfucker."

"A fuckin' regiment behind us. Yeah, I'm coming."

"Carry your ass, shit fool!"

"As long as you're going to stay here, (continued on page 149)



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A GRAVE UNDERTAKING

For the past few months my life had been a complete mess. My lover dumped me for another woman, I lost a precious gold necklace given to me by my mother when I was a child, and worst of all, my best friend was killed in a car accident. I was barely 30, and I felt my life wasn't worth a damn.

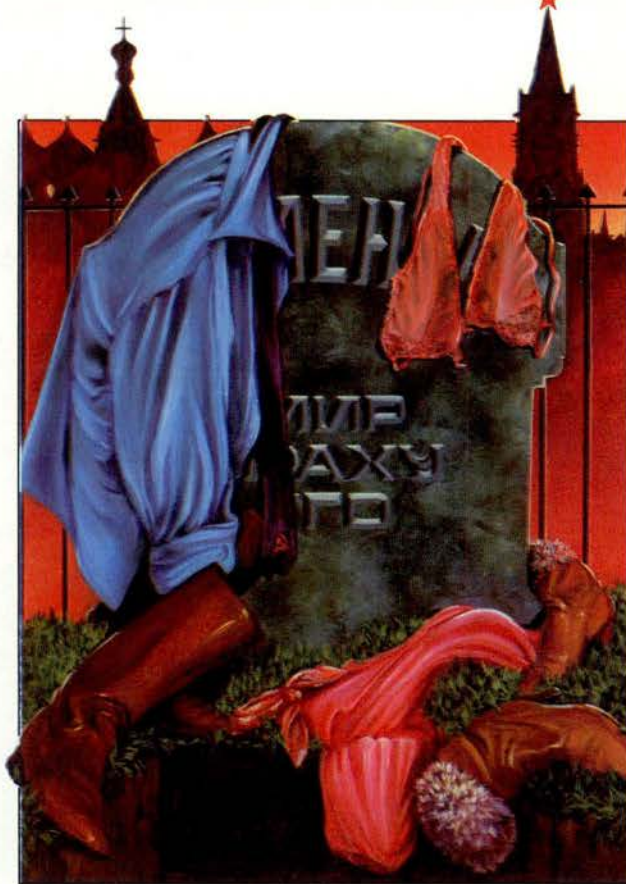
It was after the funeral that I decided the only way to shake my horrible depression would be to get away—far away. But where would I go?

I had heard that the Soviet Union was a gloomy and imposing country filled with oppression and sadness. For some strange reason, however, I thought that if I surrounded myself with this type of environment, my personal problems might seem small by comparison, and I would be able to live again. I called a travel agent and booked a flight to Russia.

My tour guide was waiting for me at the exit ramp when my plane touched down in Moscow. He was gorgeous; at least 6-6, with thick black wavy hair, deep-set baby-blue eyes and the sturdy build of an athlete. Extending his huge hand to shake mine, he said, "Hello, Miss Racine. I welcome you to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

I stared blankly at this tower of male strength and blurted out dumbly, "Oh, you mean Russia." He chuckled and smiled shyly at me. I nearly melted on the spot. He said his name was Nick—short for Nikolai—and my body tingled with each word he spoke. While helping me with my bags, his hand brushed against me, but he pulled it away quickly. The blood was racing to my thighs. I was already conjuring up lustful plans for this bashful but incredibly handsome hunk.

My plans for a speedy seduction were dashed as Nick innocently delivered me to my hotel. He had to leave immediately



BY RACINE FILLMORE

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

but said he would return in the morning to begin the tour. My mind raced with thoughts of Nick's fantastic body. I hungered to be caressed by his large hands, to be lifted in those strong arms, to gaze into those seductive eyes. With these—and other more-explicit daydreams inside my head—I fingered myself to an orgasm and drifted off to sleep, my pussy wet with anticipation for the delights my stay would surely bring.

For the next 18 days, however, Nick seemed more interested in the historical Soviet scenery and "life in America" than in me. The more he asked about my country, the more I was thrust back into the memories I was desperately trying to forget.

The final day of the tour arrived, and I knew that if I were going to have my way with this gorgeous Russian, I would have to make my move in Kalinin—our last stop.

After parking the car, Nick asked me to follow him to the outskirts of town. We were soon standing in the middle of—if you can believe it—a graveyard! Another depressing reminder of home! But I didn't have much time to think about it as Nick

took my hand and led me to the far corner of the cemetery. He explained that this was his family's plot—his ancestors were buried right there under our feet. I began to shiver. Turning to him, my voice quivering with fear and anxiety, I told him, "I don't like it here at all. You must take me away right now!"

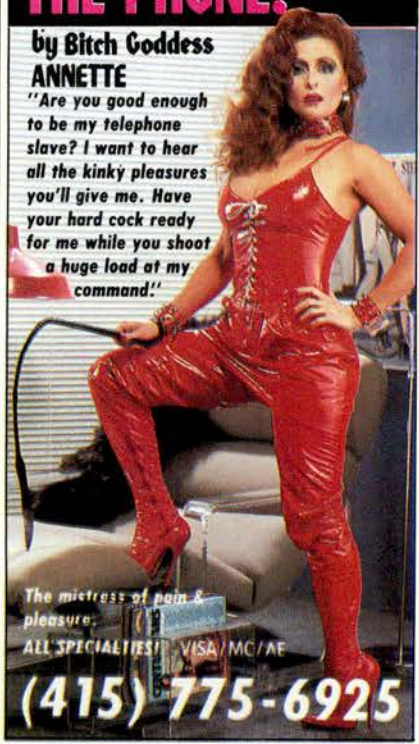
A look of hurt and surprise covered his face. Then, placing his hands softly on my shoulders, he looked into my eyes and said, "But, my sweet, I have brought you here for a reason. Being surrounded by memories of family and loved ones is the perfect place to, how you say, make love. I am full of love for

(continued on page 151)

DOMINANCE OVER THE PHONE!

by Bitch Goddess
ANNETTE

"Are you good enough to be my telephone slave? I want to hear all the kinky pleasures you'll give me. Have your hard cock ready for me while you shoot a huge load at my command!"

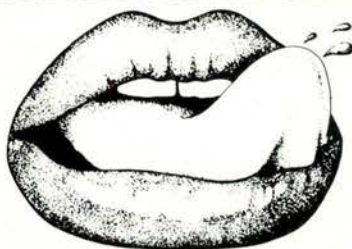


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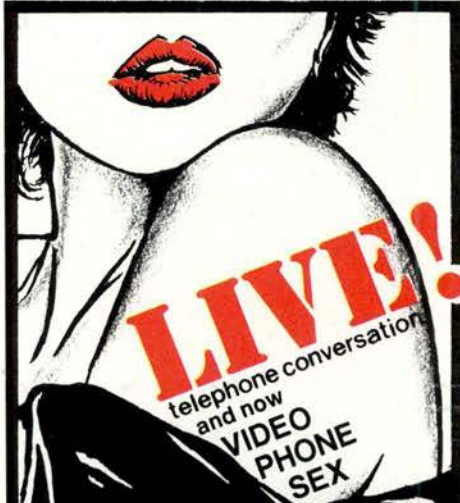
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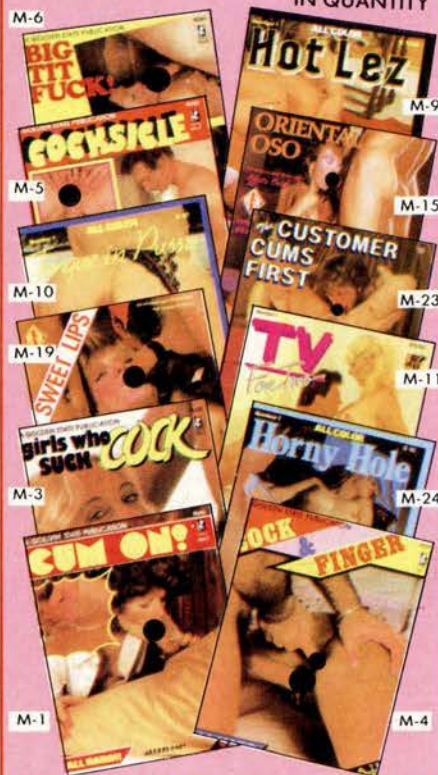
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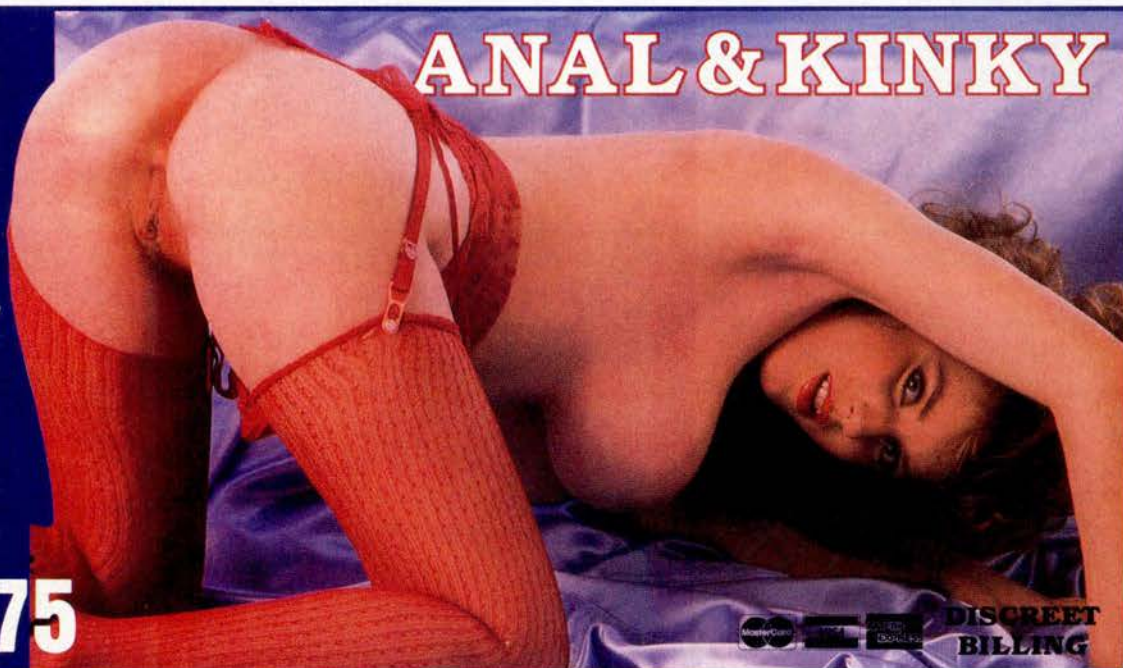
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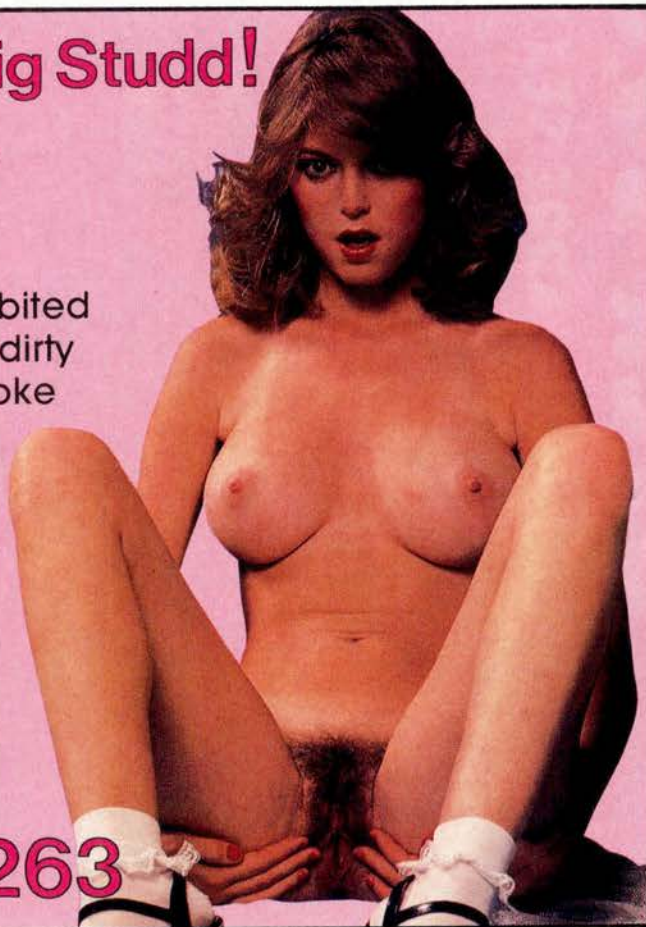
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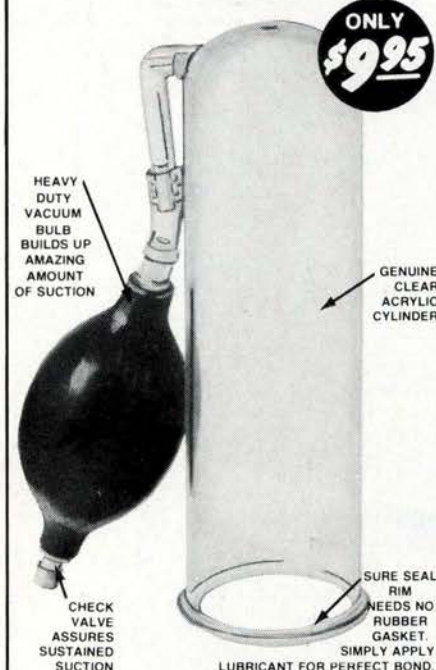


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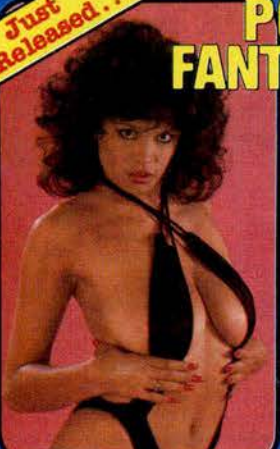
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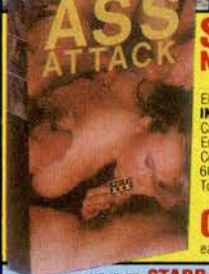
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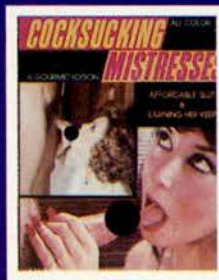
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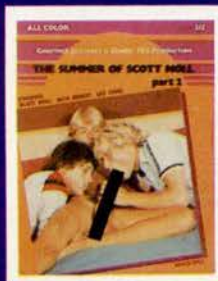
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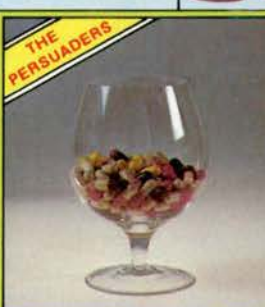


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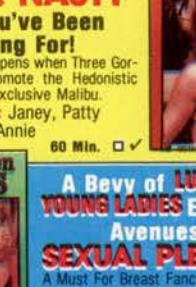
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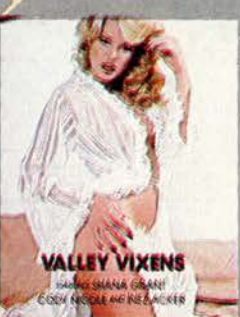


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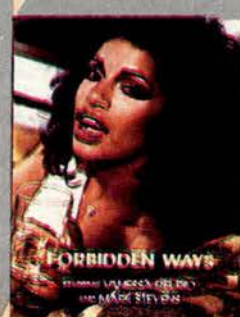
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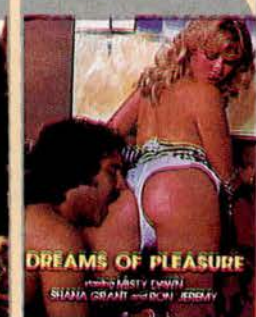
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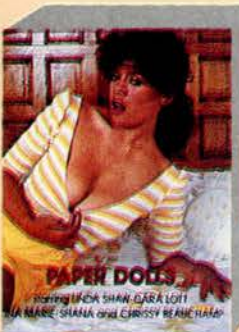
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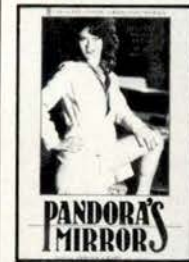
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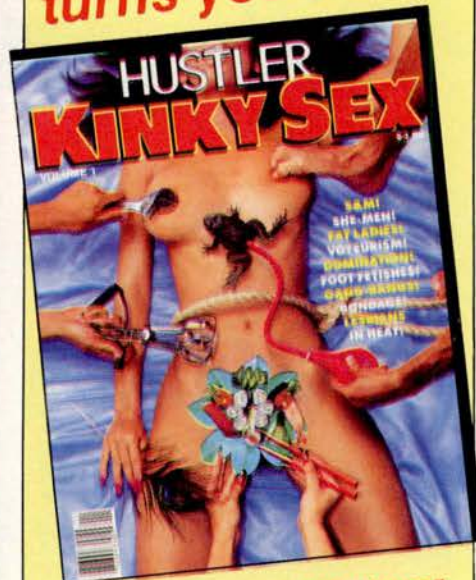
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DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE

(continued from page 118)

you might as well give me your fuckin' ammo. It ain't doing you no good. You're fuckin' bait. You're fuckin' deadass shit. You want me to tell your old lady you said to give me fuckin' head before you died?"

Adams laughed.

Ford picked a lighter up off the seat. "I hope this fuckin' thing's got fire left in it."

"It better have. We'll probably end up smoking a carton of fuckin' cigarettes between us tonight."

"We got to burn this fuckin' broad too. That should be good."

"Cigarette burns."

"Always good. Every fuckin' broad has got cigarette burns. I guess the fuckin' pimps get off on that shit."

Adams pulled the van up to a dark place about a half block from the Venus Faire and parked. This was it.

"I need the fuckin' money, boy. You know what I mean?" said Ford. "... For 12 grand I'll do her and her fuckin' old man and the fuckin' kids, burn down her fuckin' house, dig up her fuckin' grandmother, stab that bitch once or twice."

Ford looked at his watch. It was jump-off time. "What you think about it, partner?" he asked.

"I don't want to think about it, partner."

"What you think about, man?"

"This ain't shit," said Adams.

"This ain't nothing. One skuke-ass fuckin' broad."

"Compared to a regiment of NVA."

"Yeah, fuckin' 20 fuckin' screaming gooks with fuckin' AKs [Russian machine guns] and shit and RPGs [rocket-powered grenades] trying to take your fuckin' ass out. ..."

Adams lit another cigarette. "This is a fuckin' party."

Ford burped. "This is fuckin' ridiculous. We'll probably get in fuckin' trouble for this kind of shit, you know what I mean?"

Adams climbed out of the van and got out. He pulled on a large camouflage-print hat that covered most of his head and part of his face. "I'll be back shortly, hopefully," he said.

"Hopefully," repeated Ford.

Adams closed the door. Ford got in the back and hid under the blankets.

A minute passed. Outside, Sergeant David Joiner from the LAPD's Special Investigations Squad approached the vehicle with his gun drawn.

"Ford!" he yelled.

"Yeah?"

"Come out with your hands up!"

The detective stalled. Then reality hit him like a brick.

"That's the end of that caper," he said to himself.

The place was surrounded by about 30 police cars. A chopper came in and flooded the area with lights. Ford was found hiding in the back of the van, beneath the blankets. Nearby was his briefcase, a virtual homicide kit containing drugs, two daggers and nylon rope tied in slipknots. A derringer was in one of his pockets.

Two plainclothesmen picked up Adams at the door of the Venus Faire. Six more were inside watching Loguercio perform. Adams went into a routine that had been planned before the operation began. He started the ball rolling by throwing one of the cops into the street. The other slammed him against the wall.

"You motherfuckers, you sons of bitches, you ain't taking me in!" Adams screamed, loud enough for Ford to hear.

Since the stakeout was a joint operation—the Feds and LAPD—Adams and Ford were hauled down to the Federal Building in Van Nuys. Loguercio was also taken there to give a statement. While Adams and Ford were being brought in, a few more squad cars were dispatched to pick up Officer Von Villas at his home.

Ford was already in one of the interrogation rooms when Adams came up the elevator, hands cuffed behind him. Again for Ford's benefit, he suddenly bolted from the elevator, ran down a hallway and kicked over a desk. Most of the 14 cops in the area drew their guns.

"You motherfuckers, you sons of bitches!" Adams screamed. "I ain't done nothin'. Prove it, motherfuckers."

They dragged Adams down the hall to a large room in the back. Standing at the far end of the same room was Joan Loguercio, terrified, dazed and confused.

One of the officers walked up to Adams and unlocked his cuffs. "Well, Bruce," he said, "can I get you a cup of coffee?"

Loguercio exploded. "You motherfuckers," she screamed. "That son of a bitch just tried to kill me. ..."

One of the Feds quickly wrapped his arms around the woman and explained the situation. "Ma'am, this man just saved your life."

* * *

Bruce Adams's problems had only just begun. Although Ford and Von Villas were safely behind bars that evening, the ruse of arresting him along with Ford was arranged in order to buy Adams time to move his family somewhere safe. When the two cops discovered that they had been "stung" by their civilian partner, some 24 hours later, he and his family were out of sight. Adams has been look-

ing over his shoulder ever since.

Shortly after the bust he was notified by LAPD that Ford and Von Villas were trying to get someone to kill him and/or kidnap his 17-year-old son. Adams was, and remains, a marked man, the state's star witness in one of the most sensational cases to hit L.A. in years. To make matters even worse for Adams, he has been identified as a star witness—and a man marked for death—in local papers.

Adams was led to believe he would be placed in a witness-protection program, that LAPD would provide protection for himself and his family along with funds to help him get settled in a new place to live. As it turned out, little help ever materialized.

"The Feds came up with \$150 and escorted me and my family out to Ventura County for the weekend," he explains. "After that we lived hand-to-mouth up and down the coast for about a month, in little towns from Ventura to Santa Barbara. I'd pick up odd jobs. Finally, after five weeks the LAPD said they'd put me in a witness-protection program. I wanted to move out of state, but they wouldn't let me. They helped me rent a house in Orange County in August 1983, but they said there was nothing they could do to

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help me change my identity. I had to do it all myself, get new ID, everything."

Adams, who has never had trouble finding jobs, got one at a local auto shop almost immediately. "But then they found out who I was, and my job went south," he says. "Investigators would show up where I worked to ask me questions or call me at work, and they'd fire me. Police would walk in with a subpoena. 'Well, how long are you gonna be?' my boss would ask. 'Well, I don't know. It could be one day; it could be ten. You never know.' Internal Affairs would try to solve the problem by calling down to explain, and boom, out the door I'd go. It's happened to me 13 times since last July. They all say, 'I'm afraid somebody's going to come by and throw a bomb.'"

"As far as assistance, I got dribs and drabs—a few hundred here, a few hundred there—up until last December. I got canned from a job just before Christmas, and I was facing eviction—and they told me there was nothing they could do."

Adams and his family have now been on the run since December 1983, living from place to place—mostly in cheap motels. "At first I dealt with a Sergeant Fox and Detective Fruget in Internal Affairs. They were the first two investigators on the case. I have the utmost praise for these gentlemen."

"Then as the case progressed into the second set of indictments with the whole Ogilvie thing [the Thomas Weed murder], they changed it over to Major Crimes Division. They pulled Fox and Fruget out of IAD and sent them in different directions. All of a sudden, the guys I was dealing with weren't there. The last investigator I talked to told me, 'I don't deal with you. You're not one of my people. Fuck you.' Their attitude has been, 'Don't be bothering us.' One IAD officer told me, 'Well, since you can't hold down a job, go on welfare.' Meanwhile, I put my life on the line for that operation. Without me it would never have gone down."

"The DA's office never returned my phone calls. They only want to hear from me when they need me. So I stopped trying. If I hassled them too much, they'd probably put me under protective custody—which means throwing me in jail. I don't even deal with them or LAPD anymore. They don't know where I'm living. I call them. They have no information on where I'm at anymore."

Unlike most informants, Bruce Adams never made a deal with the district attorney. He didn't exchange his information for immunity from prosecution. He wasn't coerced into talking to get himself off the hook. He readily admitted to his own minor criminal involvements (an auto-insurance fraud, the out-call prosti-

tution service) because he knew Ford and Von Villas had to be put away. This gives him unusual credibility by informant standards and makes him a dream witness for the DA. But the DA, in turn, has no obligations to do anything for him.

Adams *volunteered* to take down Ford and Von Villas, just like he volunteered to go to Vietnam. But now he has second thoughts that maybe his *is* crazy. "I can understand why so many people think

Time has run out for Bruce Adams. "I can't go on like this," he says. "I'm up against the ropes. I have to get on with my life."

twice about being a witness," says Adams. "It's made me wonder if I did the right thing. The LAPD doesn't know how to treat witnesses. If they did, there'd be a lot less crime in this city."

"I've had to relocate my older son and daughter. My two little girls wake up crying at night every time they hear a car door slam. I've been shuffling around so much, I can't even enroll them in school. My wife was involved in an unexplained car accident—her steering went out—and spent a few weeks in the hospital. Her mother had a nervous breakdown from all the strain, and my wife's likely to be next. I can't tell you what a strain this has been on my family."

Adams can only speculate as to why LAPD has treated him the way it has. "Because of me, two cops got burned," he says. "That could have something to do with it."

The other possibility, he suggests, may be that LAPD is simply incompetent. "A number of cops in Major Crimes Division *admitted* to me that they just don't know *how* to handle a witness-protection program," Adams says.

Assistant District Attorney Robert Jorgensen, who is conducting the Ford/Von Villas prosecution, reports that "the case probably won't come to trial until spring of '85, possibly summer," due to continuances and various actions by defense attorneys.

But time has run out for Bruce Adams. "I can't go on like this," he says. "I'm up against the ropes. I have to get on with my life."

It's for this reason that Adams finally agreed to tell his story—as well as provide a copy of the tape made of his midnight ride with Richard Ford to back it up. "My credibility is impeccable," he declares. "Even the agents who questioned me can vouch for my credibility."

Obviously the DA's office didn't build its entire case against Ford and Von Villas around Adams's information without checking it out. All kinds of corroborating evidence—gems, paperwork, phone

records and weapons—have been seized to substantiate his revelations.

At an LAPD Board of Rights inquiry held last spring against Officer Geary Cade—who was accused of being involved in a car-insurance fraud with Ford and Von Villas—a three-member board of police captains decided unanimously to dismiss him from the force. The case against Cade was based almost entirely on Adams's testimony, and Cade's defense

representative made a heated but unsuccessful attempt to discredit the witness. Lieutenant Jack Harman, who served as department advocate at the Cade inquiry, explains it rather simply: "Everything Adams told us checked out."

LAPD's Internal Affairs Division put Adams through the wringer. The purpose of IAD, after all, is not just to uncover rotten cops, but also to protect good cops who are falsely accused. Numerous sources, including Captain Don Vincent—who headed IAD during the investigation—and department spokesman Commander William Booth, all concur: However painful and difficult it may be to believe, however hard they *tried* to prove otherwise, Adams's story is true.

At press time Richard Ford and Robert Von Villas remained in the High Power Unit (major crimes) at L.A. County Jail awaiting trial on charges of murder, attempted murder and armed robbery. If convicted, they are likely to receive the death penalty.

Joan Loguerio was preparing to undergo her third operation for cancer of the colon and stomach. Her prognosis was not good.

Bruce Adams was managing an auto-repair shop in the Los Angeles area. The owner of the establishment, he says, knows of his plight yet hasn't fired him—so he may finally have found some long-sought stability. Still, Adams remains on guard. He has no home phone and continues to shuttle his family from address to address. And he always carries a weapon.

"I have no idea how many other cops Ford and Von Villas were involved with or how many friends they have on the force who might be looking for me," he explains.

Adams put his ass on the line that night in July 1983, just as he did for his country in Vietnam. He put it on the line for LAPD, for the DA, for the state and the people of California. Yet tonight he's out there all alone, and Charlie's still waiting for him. 🐾

(continued from page 119)

Then he pulled me toward him and kissed me. Before I knew what was happening, we were tumbling into a recently dug grave. As I opened my mouth to scream, Nick's tongue began to move in and out of my mouth. I melted in an instant and met each thrust of his tongue.

Spreading his jacket out on the cool earth, Nick created a makeshift blanket. Then he pulled down his pants, and I got my first glimpse of his massive cock. I stroked it with my hand, and it began to throb. A clear drop of cum crowned the slit in its purple head. I felt the Russian's hands guiding my mouth to his massive penis. Taking as much of it as possible, I sucked and licked with frenzy.

I wanted him so badly! But instead of driving that huge rod straight into me, he paused. Planting a sweet-and-delicate kiss on my lips, he eased the tip of his tool past the pink folds of my pussy. Slowly he stirred my love juices until they flowed freely. I tried to buck—to pull in more of his rock-hard length—but he pinned my hips to the ground with his powerful hands and fed his shaft to me a little at a time. I was going crazy! I begged and pleaded, “Fuck me, Nick! Oh, I want your big cock inside me, baby. Oh, fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

We held each other in the grave for hours. It was almost morning when he shook me awake. "Racine," he said, "please get dressed quickly, or you will miss your plane. We must hurry."

I wanted to hurry and start living again. I'll always remember that incredible experience—and I will never forget Nick . . . not until I go to my own grave. 

(continued from page 92)

HUSTLER: One of the more-bizarre practices you brought to light was "spider bondage," in which a man wraps a nylon web around his testicles.

HUSTLER: How often does orgasm occur in these and other D&S situations?

SCOTT: It varies. Some men have an arousal that immediately dissipates; the guy loses his hard-on. Frequently the man is "allowed" to stimulate himself into orgasm. Some men get aroused and then go home to have sex with their lovers or wives. For others, D&S might carry over into a more postponed orgasm—the woman might give him an instruction like "I want you to wear my panties to work tomorrow." If she's his boss, he goes to work the next day and tells the woman, "I want to type for you." Since he's wearing

HUSTLER: Did you let them?

SCOTT: Not quite. At the time I was more into the practicality of someone really cleaning my house. Now, though, I might like them to.

HUSTLER: You've told us about chains, whips, spiderwebs and a wide array of other people's fantasies come to life. What's your *ultimate* fantasy?

SCOTT: I fantasize about being rich and famous.

HUSTLER: C'mon—what's your ultimate sexual fantasy?

SCOTT: The experience of doing the book has opened up some areas that I *may* fantasize about. Maybe take somebody out to the beach and . . . well, it's hard for me to talk about personal stuff like this. But to answer your question in a roundabout way, I did win an award recently for the funniest bondage—and quickest release.

HUSTLER: What was that?

SCOTT: I wrapped a man up in toilet paper. It was my little addition to the world of fantasy. 

[illegible]

NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

April issue on sale February 19



FOR YOUR PLEASURE

April's lineup of luscious lovelies is destined to delight: First, you'll meet a shipboard beauty with big bucks. Then join two horny babes for a hot workout on the tennis court. Our leggy blond centerfold is loose and limber—her body can do things that will drive you wild. And in a spectacular fantasy epic a muscle-bound barbarian rescues a damsel in distress from the clutches of evil.

METAL MADNESS

It's the meanest, loudest, lewdest music known to man. It's making millions of "head-banging" kids happy, dozens of rockers rich, and driving parents, preachers and teachers up the wall. Whether you love it or hate it, heavy metal is more popular than ever, and the shag-headed purveyors of crunching chords are playing, drinking, drugging and fucking their brains out. In *HUSTLER* Senior Editor Lonn M. Friend's no-holds-barred exposé you'll go backstage and into the bars and bedrooms of the superstars of metal.



BANDING AND BANDITS

A beautiful woman lies blindfolded and naked on the floor surrounded by insatiable men and women; each of them licks, sucks and fucks her to new peaks of pleasure. A scene from a swing party? A gang-bang? A porn film? No, it's called *Sex Banding*. Reporter Benjamin Doors explores this hot new sex trend.

And in *The Greatest Swindle of Them All* the leading authority on this nation's tax revolt, Irwin A. Schiff, explains why no citizen is legally required to file tax returns, pay taxes or submit to IRS audits.

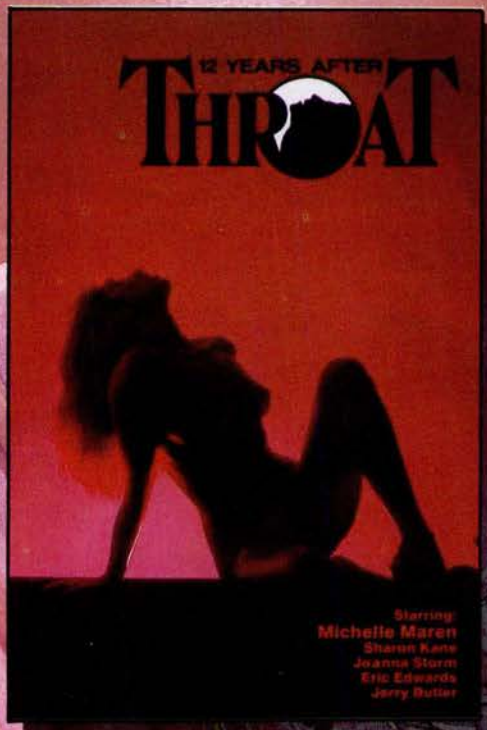
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Dear Granny, America's oldest and boldest adviser, has hot answers to burning questions, and *Melody Makers* puts you front-row center in the world of rock. And check out our regular monthly features, including *Sex Play*, *Comic Relief*, *Kinky Korner* and *Bits and Pieces*.



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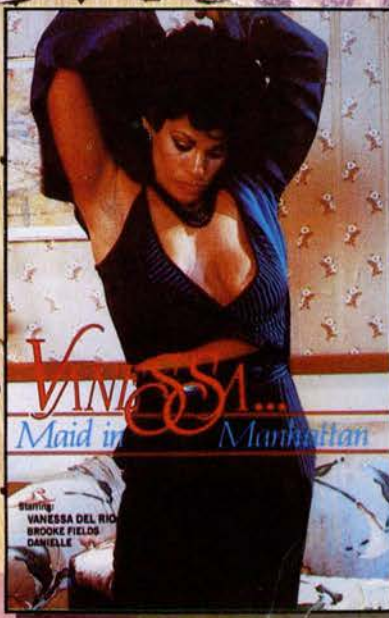
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