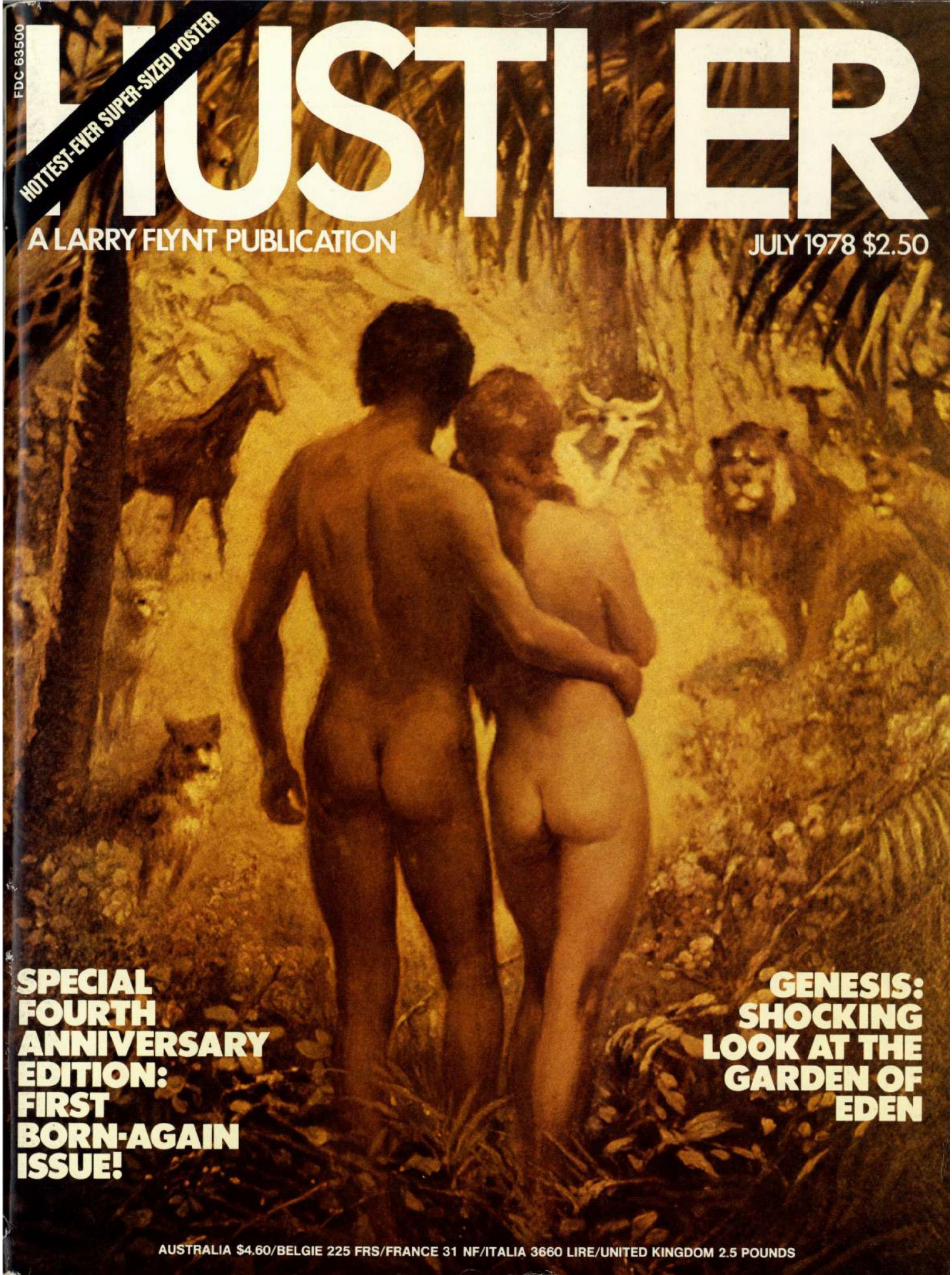
FDC 63500

HOTTEST-EVER SUPER-SIZED POSTER

HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JULY 1978 $2.50



SPECIAL FOURTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION: FIRST BORN-AGAIN ISSUE!

GENESIS: SHOCKING LOOK AT THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AUSTRALIA $4.60/BELGIE 225 FRS/FRANCE 31 NF/ITALIA 3660 LIRE/UNITED KINGDOM 2.5 POUNDS

Make the 1979 Super Bowl *your* pot of gold by entering the LARRY FLYNT $1 MILLION GIVEAWAY! Twenty lucky contestants will share $1,000,000 in cash: a Grand Prize of $500,000, nine consolation prizes of $50,000 each and ten Stay-At-Home prizes of $5,000 each. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SUBSCRIBE. See rules below.

Fill out this coupon and send to: LARRY FLYNT GIVEAWAY • P. O. Box 16506 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print Date_____

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Signature Phone number

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE	$500,000
9 Prizes of $50,000 each	$450,000
10 Prizes of $5,000 each	$50,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$1,000,000

Place this coupon for drawing in bin number (circle one) 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

OFFICIAL RULES

1. Those coupons containing subscription orders receive absolutely no preference in the LARRY FLYNT $1 MILLION GIVEAWAY. All entries have an equal chance of winning. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
2. To participate in the random drawing, complete the above entry blank, or one obtained elsewhere, or on a plain 3" x 5" card write your name, address, Zip code and telephone number, and indicate a number 0 through 9.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight November 30, 1978, and received by midnight December 11, 1978, to be eligible for the 20 drawings to be made, two from each bin, on December 12, 1978. The first ten entries drawn will each receive a minimum prize of $50,000 cash, to be awarded following the 1979 Super Bowl in Miami, Florida. Another $50,000 in prizes will be awarded to ten entrants, each receiving $5,000 cash in a drawing to be held one hour following the drawing for the ten final winners.
4. Each of the first ten winners will be provided an all-expenses paid trip for two to Miami for the 1979 Super Bowl as a guest of Larry Flynt Publications. The ten winners or persons designated by said winners must be in attendance at the game.
5. The score of the 1979 Super Bowl will determine which of the ten winners will receive the $500,000 cash prize. Each of the remaining nine winners will receive $50,000 cash. The scores of the winning and losing teams will be added and the last digit (0 through 9) will determine the GRAND PRIZE WINNER. Example: If the score is 13-6 (for a total of 19), the GRAND PRIZE WINNER would be number 9 (the winner drawn from bin 9).
6. All prizes totaling $1 million will be awarded. The giveaway is open to adult residents of the United States except for employees, and their immediate families, of Larry Flynt Publications and of its licensees, printers and advertising agencies. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
7. In the event a prize is disclaimed, or remains unclaimed for over one year, said prize will be awarded to an organization or organizations holding an exemption under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, said organization or organizations to be selected by Larry Flynt at his sole discretion.
8. Entries are to be mailed to Larry Flynt $1 Million Giveaway, P.O. Box 16506, Columbus, Ohio 43216. A list of the 20 prize-winners may be obtained following the drawings by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the same address.
9. Enter as often as you wish, but submit only one entry per envelope. The odds of winning a prize will be determined by the number of entries received for each of the numbers 0 through 9.

You can win up to $500,000 in the

LARRY FLYNT $1 MILLION GIVEAWAY.

While it is not necessary to subscribe to HUSTLER or CHIC to enter the LARRY FLYNT $1 MILLION GIVEAWAY, I would like to take this opportunity to do so.

Please Print HG778

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Signature, Date

Enter my subscription for:

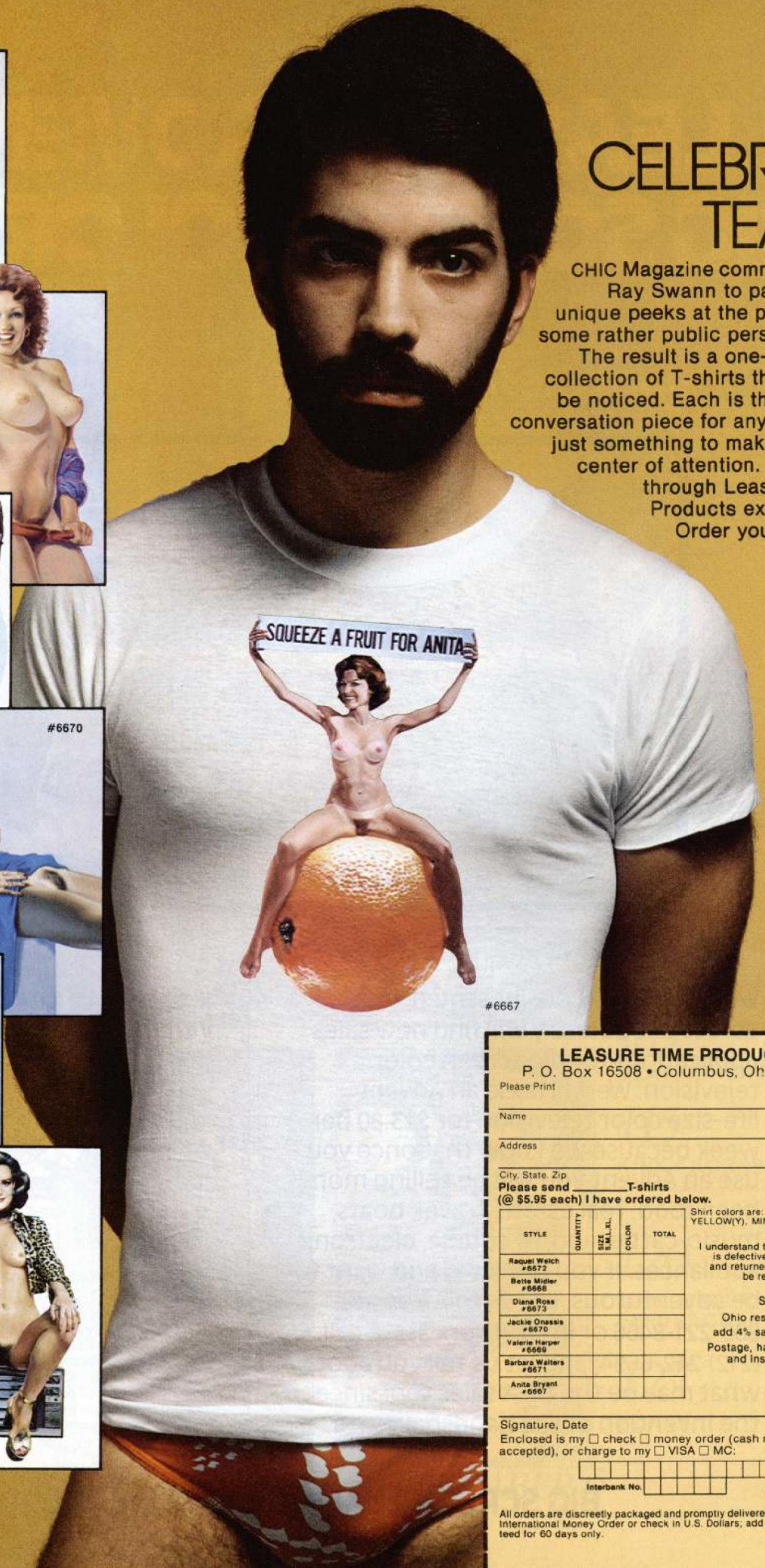
HUSTLER □ 1 year @ $22, □ 2 years @ $42 □ 3 years @ $61

CHIC □ 1 year @ $22 □ 2 years @ $42 □ 3 years @ $61

(Add $6 per year for foreign orders)

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS.



CELEBRITY TEASE

CHIC Magazine commissioned Ray Swann to paint these unique peeks at the privates of some rather public personalities. The result is a one-of-a-kind collection of T-shirts that beg to be noticed. Each is the perfect conversation piece for any party, or just something to make you the center of attention. Available through Leasure Time Products exclusively. Order yours today.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HU778T

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Please send _____ T-shirts (@ $5.95 each) I have ordered below.

STYLE	QUANTITY	SIZE S,M,L,XL	COLOR	TOTAL
Raquel Welch #6672				
Bette Midler #6668				
Diana Ross #6673				
Jackie Onassis #6670				
Valerie Harper #6669				
Barbara Walters #6671				
Anita Bryant #6667				

Shirt colors are: WHITE(W), LT. BLUE(B), YELLOW(Y), MINT GREEN(G), SAND(S).

I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge.

Subtotal $_____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and Insurance 1.00

TOTAL $_____

Signature, Date I am of legal age.

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ mo. year

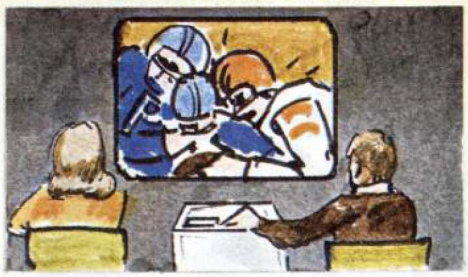
All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. Dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only.

LEASE AN ADVENT BIG SCREEN COLOR TV!

The Best Sales Tool Since the Invention of the HANDSHAKE.

We believe that businessmen across the country will find new sales applications for big screen color television. We will lease an Advent life-size color television for $23.80 per week because we know that once you use an Advent you will be selling more beer, food, real estate, travel, boats, music, cattle, and, of course, electronic appliances. If you think big and want to be adventurous, call us toll-free at 800-221-8466 or in New York State call (212) 242-6694, and let us tell you about what may be the best sales tool since the invention of the handshake.

THE AMAZING ADVENT VIDEOBEAM™ COLOR TELEVISION



The life-size 7-foot (diagonal measurement) VideoBeam picture is *ten times* the size of the biggest conventional television. This completely revolutionary two-piece television set receives regular programs, but projects them onto its giant 7-foot screen. Described as "The most significant advance in television since color," "Big as life," "Like having your own movie theatre," these reactions cannot begin to convey the impact the VideoBeam will have on you.

BIG SCREEN LEASING SYSTEMS, INC.

HUSTLER

5
PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

9
FEEDBACK

13
WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP

15
ADVISE & CONSENT

19
BITS & PIECES
Auto Eroticism and Paddleball

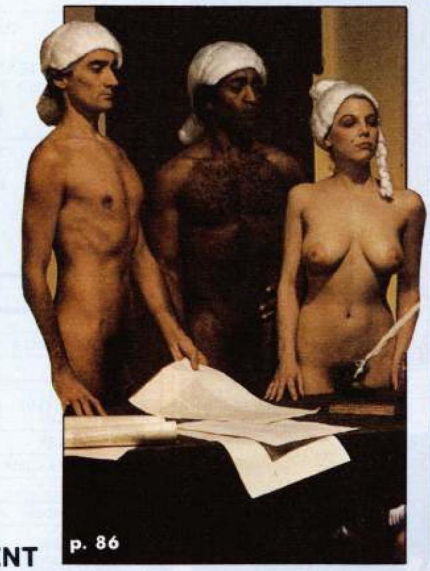
27
MEDIA TAKES

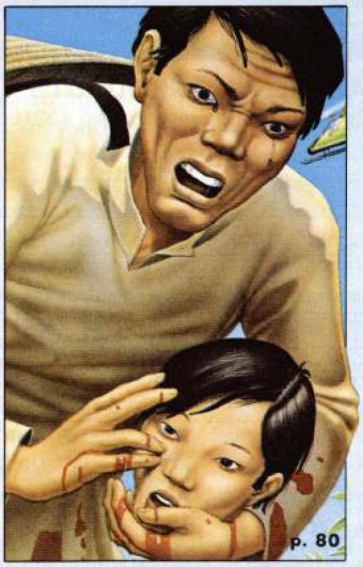
33
SEX PRACTICES
An Ounce of Prevention
by Bruce Nethercut

38
INTERVIEW: PAUL KRASSNER
Hustling Realist

42
GENESIS
The Story of The Fall

54
THE FEAR OF FARTING
Cutting It in Public
by David Q. Voigt





58
SEAT OF PASSION
Poster-size Centerfold

78
HUSTLER HUMOR

80
EVEN KINGS IN THEIR WINTER PALACES
Fiction
by Ben Pleasants

83
DRAWN TO THE LORD
Cartoon Commentary

86
DECLARATION OF SEXUAL RIGHTS & RESPONSIBILITIES
by Lester A. Kirkendall

93
FEMALE MASTURBATION
Self-Help
by Dr. Wardell Pomeroy

105
BEAVER HUNT

115
KINKY KORNER
Sperm Diet
by Anne Stephenson

120
MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

127
HONEY
by Steve Adams and Fred Fernandez

JULY 1978 VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

Larry Flynt knows a winner when he publishes one.

Larry Flynt tends to have a knack for knowing what his readers want. That's why Larry was so obsessed with publishing THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER and HUSTLER REJECTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER is an anthology of HUSTLER's very own resident harpy. This 112-page full-color collection proves that our Honey has quite a few tricks up her sleeve. Included in this package is a never-before-published episode of Honey's explicit escapades.

There's no need to suspect when you buy HUSTLER REJECTS that you're settling for sloppy seconds. Larry felt that with all the outstanding girl features he gives you each month, it would only be fair that we open our photo files and show you what it takes for a girl set to be rejected.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service.
Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HU778H

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

Subtotal $

Please send:

____ HONEY HOOKER (#6401) @ $2.95

____ HUSTLER REJECTS (#6415) @ $2.95

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

Postage, handling and insurance 1.25

TOTAL $

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered.

HUSTLER

FOR THE WHOLE WORLD

LARRY C. FLYNT
Founder & Chairman of the Board

ALTHEA FLYNT
President

PAUL KRASSNER
Publisher

JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE
Associate Publisher & Creative Director

BRUCE DAVID
Editorial Director

TIM CONAWAY
Executive Editor

BILL NIRENBERG
Art Director

JIM HEINISCH
Managing Editor

FRANK DeLIA
Photo Editor

EDITORIAL

JOHN CALENDO	Senior Editor
ZBIGNIEW KINDELA	Articles Editor
JERRY STAHL	Bits & Pieces Editor
KEVIN MERRILL BRUCE NETHERCUT MICHAEL STOTT	Assistant Editors
SUSAN TINSLEY	Humor & Cartoon Editor
N. MORGEN HAGEN	Copy Editor
VICKI SCOTT	Research Editor
RICK OSTRANDER	Production Editor
MARK BAKER	East Coast Editor
LISA DOERMANN JOHN FERGUSON JONATHAN KING CHRISTINA LOPICCOLO RASMA J. PARSCH TIM ROBERTSON KEVIN SHERIDAN MONICA WEBB	Editorial Assistants

ART

BRUCE KENNEDY TOM MARTIN	Associate Art Directors
JOSEPH BROWN JOHN De DOMINIC OLIVER PATRICH	Assistant Art Directors
MAGGI CARNI DAVID SANDERS	Art Assistants
MARY DAVIS HUNT	Typographer
BARRY ARMITAGE	Phototypesetter

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROB DeMARCO	Assistant Photo Editor
JODY LYNCH	Talent Coordinator
JAMES BAES CLIVE McLEAN SUZE RANDALL	Contributing Photographers
PATRICIA FERRY	Stylist

PRODUCTION

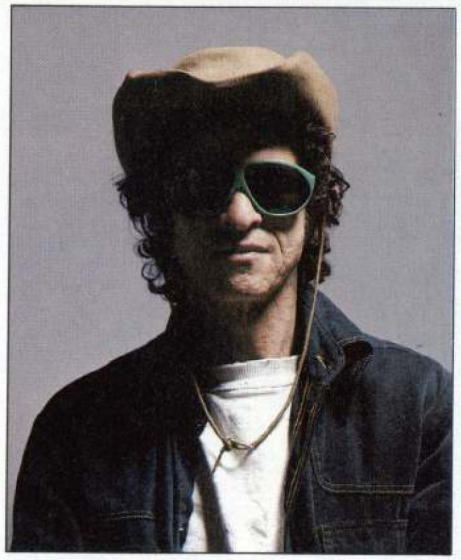
AL FAER	Vice-President, Production
DON PERKEY	Production Manager
HARVEY SHAPIRO	Marketing Director
DIANNE MANDELL	Vice-President, Advertising
BOB SPERLING	Director, Advertising and Promotion
GEORGE POWLOFF	West Coast Advertising Manager
JIM KOHLS	Circulation Director
JOANN FAIRCHILD	Public and Trade Relations Director

HUSTLER Magazine is published monthly by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC.**, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Editorial offices: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Copyright © 1978 by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC.** Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photos have been posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor the words describing them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.
HUSTLER JULY 1978 VOL. 5 NO. 1
U.S. subscriptions $22 for one year. Foreign $28.
Direct subscription correspondence to **HUSTLER** Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Sensible Violence

The shooting of Larry Flynt has been referred to as "senseless violence." It kind of makes you wonder exactly what *sensible* violence is. The difference seems to be that senseless violence isn't permitted by law.

Sensible violence allows landlords to ignore peeling paint that, when tasted by curious infants, can result in death by lead poisoning.

Sensible violence enables the liquor lobby to persuade legislators not to pass a bill that would require funds to be allocated for the rehabilitation of motorists arrested for drunken driving.

Sensible violence is getting the highest possible percentage of the population hooked on coffee, and then—because caffeine is naturally bitter—there is mass sugar addiction to boot.

Sensible violence is displayed in that TV commercial in which a famous actress tries to make parents feel guilty for not feeding their kids Twinkies, manufactured by ITT, the same folks who sabotaged the legally elected Allende government in Chile.

Sensible violence is the production and distribution of cigarettes, justified by a printed warning about danger to your health, a warning that has become as meaningless as playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" before a ball game.

* * *

Cigarette advertising was banned on radio and television in 1971. According to *Advertising Age*, the five major tobacco companies spent more than $62 million on magazine ads the previous year. In the seven years since the ban took effect that figure has surpassed the $800-million mark.

The American Cancer Society has concluded that since cigarette ads were taken off the air, more than a million and a half smokers in this country have died of diseases related to cigarettes.

It was recently stated in the *Columbia Journalism Review* by Managing Editor R. C. Smith: "A survey of the leading national magazines that might have been expected to report on the subject reveals a striking and disturbing pattern. In magazines that accept cigarette advertising I was unable to find a single article, in seven years of publication, that would have given readers any clear notion of the nature and extent of the medical and social havoc being wreaked by the cigarette-smoking habit. The records of magazines that refuse cigarette ads, or that do not accept advertising at all, were considerably better."

Once I wrote in *National Lampoon*, "Anybody who buys cigarettes because they're advertised here deserves to die of cancer." The *Lampoon* printed my comment, but decided to omit "of cancer."

When Larry Flynt first appointed me Publisher of HUSTLER, he said, "You don't have to accept cigarette ads if you don't want to. Principles have to come before money." I pointed out that HUSTLER's accepting a cigarette ad would make Larry look like a public hypocrite, since he had already published an antismoking article and those shocking antismoking ads.

He replied that if we were to get any cigarette ads, they would be published only if HUSTLER could continue its antismoking editorial stance. Obviously, we are unlikely to be offered any cigarette advertising under such terms. Well, that's the way the ashes scatter.

* * *

There is a terrible irony in all this. American citizens with compassion for others are nevertheless busy working for tobacco companies and gun manufacturers alike. Somehow they are able to separate themselves from the consequences of their labor because they have families to support.

The real struggle is not between capitalism and communism. It is not between Eastern and Western religions. Rather, it is in the effort to find ways of bringing spiritual values into economic systems—as well as into bed—so that people can become more important than products, and *every* form of violence can be rendered senseless. That is what HUSTLER is really all about. And it's why Larry Flynt sends this bedside message: "I'm coming back stronger than ever, fightin' like a bear."

—*Paul Krassner*

MINE YOUR BUSINESS

The Explorer is a unique, quiet massager that will help you and your partner explore and extend sexual fantasy. It surpasses all other vibrators in tests for durability, performance and ability to aid in achieving intense mutual climaxes.

This easy-to-handle vibrator has an adjustable speed control that provides a variety of sexual sensations. Equipped with five interchangeable attachments, the Explorer has been carefully designed to stimulate and massage any part of the body.

Order the Explorer now, and discover how stimulating sex aids from LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS can be.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.) VISA and Master Charge only.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print

HU778M

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Please send me ____ Explorer(s) #0585 @ $24.95, postpaid.

Subtotal $_____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

TOTAL $_____

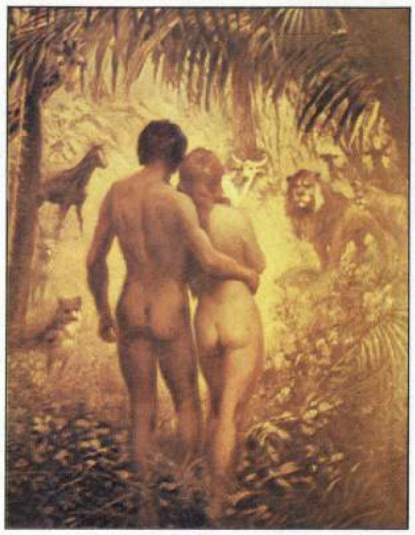
Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise, all sales are final. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

The Explorer

SHOW & TELL

July marks HUSTLER's fourth anniversary. Each year of our growth has been characterized by a striking out in new directions, but none of our previous changes can compare with this one. HUSTLER has been born again. We have a new viewpoint, a new style and talented new people to bring you entertainment, information, service and sex in a new and better way. We're not just celebrating a birthday, but a christening as well.



Our mood of celebration was dampened considerably by the March 6 shooting of Larry Flynt, the guiding spirit behind the reborn HUSTLER. We are doing our best to effect the sweeping changes Larry put forth. We feel the magazine stays in good hands with our new Publisher, **PAUL KRASSNER**, the subject of this month's **INTERVIEW**, conducted by our Editorial Director, **BRUCE DAVID**. Before coming to HUSTLER, Paul was best known as the founder/publisher of the irreverent investigative journal, *The Realist.* He's just the sort of unpredictable, forward-thinking personality to steer us on an even bolder course. This interview offers rare insight into a complex and gifted man, and indicates why he was handpicked by Larry Flynt to head the born-again HUSTLER Magazine.

Both Paul and Larry agreed it was crucial that the new HUSTLER present a fundamental statement of its values. In **DECLARATION OF SEXUAL RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES** internationally renowned humanist **LESTER A. KIRKENDALL**, Ph.D., sums up our basic sexual credo. Dr. Kirkendall, professor emeritus at Oregon State University and co-founder of the Sex Education and Information Council of the United States, is one of the world's preeminent authorities on sex, marriage and family life.

The *Declaration*—originally published in 1976 in *The Humanist*—is accompanied by the professor's reassessment of society's changing values and attitudes. "We all are trying to integrate sexuality into a total concept of living," he told us. "We've acquired more freedom to deal with those things we've denied in the past. But we're still trying to grow toward a point of complete liberation."

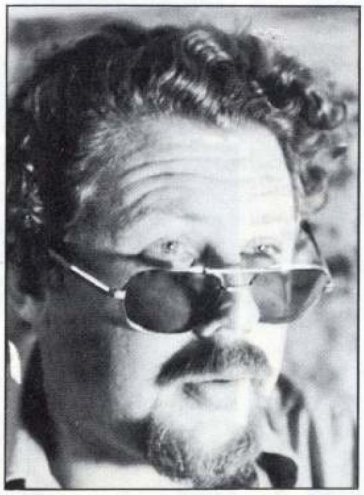
HUSTLER is also exploring new ground pictorially. In **GENESIS: THE FALL FROM INNOCENCE** we're presenting the story of Adam and Eve as portrayed in century-old erotic paintings. An introduction by noted sexologists and psychologists **EBERHARD** and **PHYLLIS KRONHAUSEN** illuminates the artistic and cultural significance of these unusual works. The Kronhausens have collaborated on a number of books, including *The Sex People* and *Erotic Art*, Volumes I and II, and helped to establish the San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art.

In a similarly educational vein Contributing Photographer **SUZE RANDALL** offers a comprehensive guide to **FEMALE MASTURBATION**. We at HUSTLER consider the exploration of taboos to be one of our chief concerns. In the accompanying text, Doctors **MAGGI RUBENSTEIN** and **WARDELL B. POMEROY**, experts in the field of human sexuality, debunk the myths and half-truths pervading female masturbation.

THE FEAR OF FARTING, by **DAVID Q. VOIGT**, focuses on flatulence from the perspective of a sociology professor. Dr. Voigt claims the inspiration for this piece came during an academic conference (no doubt after a lunch of franks and beans). **BILL IMHOFF**, who illustrated *Farting*, has done album covers for the Beach Boys and Billy Joel.

We continue our tradition of topflight fiction with **EVEN KINGS IN THEIR WINTER PALACES**, a haunting tale of Vietnam and its gruesome aftermath by first-time contributor **BEN PLEASANTS**. Pleasants, a poet and playwright, is working on an authoritative biography of Charles Bukowski.

Larry Flynt's religious conversion has created a great deal of high anxiety in some journalistic circles. We've spotlighted the responses of a cross section of editorial cartoonists in **DRAWN TO THE LORD**. But for those with no desire for rebirth (spiritual or otherwise), **SEX PRACTICES** deals with **CONTRACEPTION**. And to keep you amused (and, we hope, enlightened) we've retained those old favorites, **KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, ADVISE & CONSENT, HONEY** and **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**. So jump in and join our christening! The holy water's fine.



Ben Pleasants

Bill Imhoff

Suze Randall

Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen

Lester A. Kirkendall

Queen for a day.

A feature in the March 1978 issue of CHIC Magazine and available only through Leasure Time Products, these 22" x 28" posters will dress up any wall. Artist Peter Green has transformed seven of the world's most powerful and successful men into their female counterparts. Leave your friends in titters with this exclusive from Leasure Time.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send me the following CHIC Celebrity Drag Posters @ $2.95:

____ Bobbie-Sue Carter #3946
____ Charlene Bronson #3947
____ Rhonda Winkler #3948
____ Raeleen Cash #3949
____ Cyndee Redford #3950
____ Edie Amin #3951
____ Angela Stallone #3945
____ set(s) of all 7 @ $15.95 (#3952)

Please Print HU778H

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. ____ Exp. Date ____ mo. ____ year

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal $____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00
TOTAL $____

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

Charlene Bronson

Rhonda Winkler

Raeleen Cash

Cyndee Redford

Edie Amin

Angela Stallone

FEEDBACK

Bellyaching: Who the hell do you think you are?

The perverted cover of your May issue is a disgrace! I really don't know who's responsible for this particular picture, but whoever it is, I say and believe that this person has a sick mind. What are you going to use for a Father's Day cover? A picture of a man's organ?

Ms. Montgomery
Essington, Pennsylvania

We're kicking around your idea for a Father's Day cover. If it works out, there may be a few bucks in it for you.

I enjoyed your May cover, as well as the article *Motherhood: Celebration of Life.*

Why not run an ongoing series on pregnancy from the first month until birth? Each month you could have a pictorial showing the changes in the mother's body as the months pass by. In the photos, you could have the woman visiting her doctor for her monthly checkups.

For the tenth installment it would be nice to see the delivery of the child. This would show a lot of fathers-to-be what to expect. I believe that birth is the greatest wonder God has bestowed on mankind.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Coincidentally, we've come up with the same pregnant thought.

Belle of the Stable: Concerning your May issue containing the *Belle of the Ball* photospread: Those eight pages of horseshit photographed by James Baes are the most disgusting, fucked-up mess I've ever seen. I can't stand those black, dirty animals to start with, and to see even one of them with a white bitch makes me puke. The idea of five niggers overpowering a white whore (any white bitch that goes for that slime) kind of ruined the whole issue.

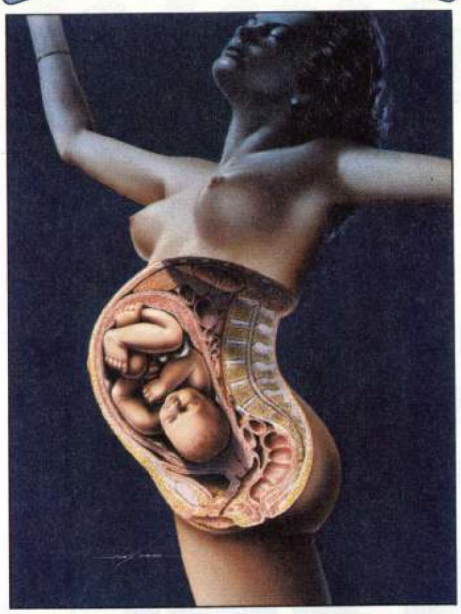
I'm sure many people felt the same way. Do yourself, as well as the rest of your readers, a favor. Don't print that nauseating trash anymore.

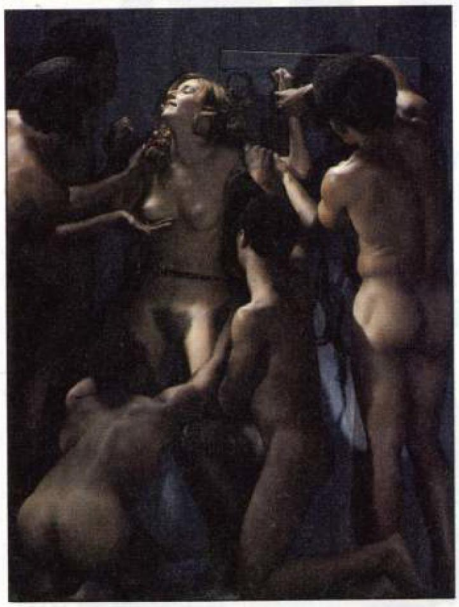
A Faithful Reader
Reading, Pennsylvania

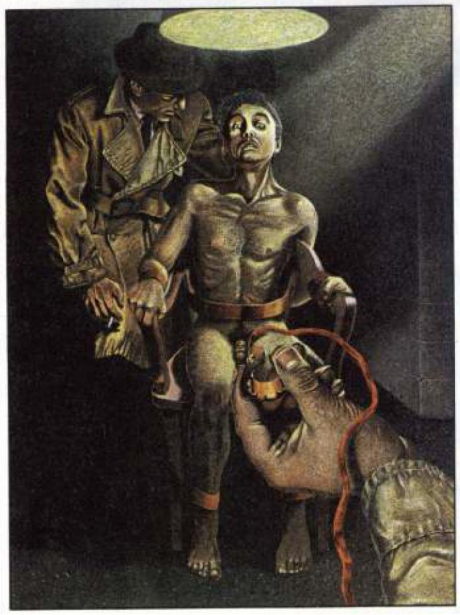
Stickler for Detail: I enjoyed your May article on the worldwide torture epidemic (*Torture: You'll Tell Them Anything*), but shouldn't the accompanying illustration have shown the naked victim with his legs strapped to the *outside* of the chair supports? This would give his interrogators easier access to that favorite target of torturers: the genitals.

Alvin Easter
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sorry, but we don't expect our artists to know every detail of torture. What puzzles us is your seemingly extensive knowledge of the practice.







Gratuitous Violence? I just saw the May issue of HUSTLER. If in your cartoons you show images of violence, it doesn't matter that there is a cutesy line at the bottom. The image of violence is implanted in the reader's mind, and putting it in the framework of "humor" doesn't rescue that.

You understand? It's morally culpable, *on a par with the very violent society you claim to be combating.* For the sake of what little is left of humanity, clean up your act.

Marco Vassi
New York, New York

Marco Vassi wrote our September 1976 Sex Play on fist-fucking.

Rodent's Retort: I'm a stuffed toy mouse. My mom and dad read HUSTLER every month, and I usually get to join them, reading over their shoulders. Thus, I am quite familiar with the general format and editorial policy of your magazine. I usually find it to be stimulating, provocative and humorous.

Being what I am, I was appalled at the cover photo and the illustration for *The Commercialization of Easter* (April HUSTLER). These pictures depict the horrible mutilation of a perfectly beautiful stuffed rabbit. Although I realize that HUSTLER often uses shocking pictures to make a point, I feel that in this case the pictures failed to emphasize the message of the article and were therefore needlessly brutal.

Perhaps a chocolate Jesus would have been in better taste.

"Mouse"
Kansas City, Missouri

I was shown a copy of the April HUSTLER by a friend, who noticed the cover on a supermarket magazine rack. I was appalled by the travesty of the redemptive crucifixion of Christ portrayed by the illustration.

Even more offensive were the contents, which I scanned just to see what kind of publication a "born-again Christian" would publish. *No ancient pagan civilization could have put forth such pornography!*

Recent and contradictory news stories suggesting that HUSTLER will have a new direction in the future leave me cold. You could afford to change the magazine a great deal and still obtain the tremendous income you earn to justify the salaries you must be forced to pay your "models" and editors.

Paul B. Ernsdorff
Olympia, Washington

Obviously, our July issue is the first born-again edition of HUSTLER, not the April issue. But if you were offended by a cover that tried to point out how Easter has been commercialized and despiritualized, we suppose you'll find something to offend you in this issue as well.

Midnight Leather: Well, HUSTLER, I love ya, man. It's about time ya got a bikin' chick

in your mag. That Connie in your April issue was sumptin' else. (And that bike wasn't too fuckin' bad either!)

I hope you can get more pics of her and her kind in the future. I'm a biker myself, and we ain't got nothin' like her in our klan. I'd like to know where I could get a leather bikin' cap like that one Connie had on her pretty little head. Could you disclose that information in your *Feedback* column so all us bikers could get one?

Ride to live, live to ride!

Ace Koetting
Address Withheld by Request

There was more to that feature than Connie and the bike. On page 49 it was noted that the leather gear was available from The Pleasure Chest in Los Angeles. (This unique establishment is discussed in Mail-Order Feedback on page 120.)

In your April HUSTLER there is a lady named Connie, photographed on a 350cc custom-chopped Honda from Bill Krause Sportcycles, Los Angeles. I would like to know if I can have more pictures of this motorcycle. I'm willing to pay for the pictures (both sides of the bike, please). I've been a reader of your magazine for years, and it's the *best.*

Robert Joseph Kelly
Jackson, New Jersey

Elliott Smith, general manager of Bill Krause Sportcycles, tells us the bike was sold and is unavailable for further photography. The machine was a 350 Honda minichopper—according to Smith, "the baddest 350 Honda in Southern California." Built by an amputee engineer who put the clutch and gas on the right side to accommodate his missing left hand, it has won nine first-place awards in West Coast bike shows.

He, She or Shim? A brief comment about your April issue: Your two HUSTLER Honeys (*Janet & Karen: Blond on Blond*) are really rank! Well, at least one is anyway. I'm a police officer, and if anyone's a good judge of a shim (he or she?), I am. It's very evident to me that one sister sure does look like a brother!! Is it a he or a she? On page 60 the one on the right has definite facial features of a shim. Even the body structure resembles that of a shim. And on the last page of the spread the shim's body and bone structure are strikingly masculine.

Please let us know if it's a shim.

Gary S. Vidovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Clive McLean, the photographer of the April pictorial you describe, replies: "Having had the experience of both examining and penetrating a post-op, sexually changed vagina, I can stipulate that both Karen and Janet are, and always have been, female.

Cheating Beaver: I've been a regular reader of HUSTLER since it first hit the stands. I enjoy all of your features, and am really turned on by your *Beaver Hunt* contest. But it's come to my attention that you've been taken for an extra $50. It seems that a sly Beaver has shown her pink for a second time. If you compare the photo of K. B. of Madison, Wisconsin (April) with that of C. B. of Madison (July 1977), I think you'll see a similarity between the two in their appearances, interests, hometowns and even the photographers' initials. I only wish someone else could have taken up that space, since this Beaver has spread before.

A Concerned Beaver Hunter
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Due to the large volume of entrants to Beaver Hunt it is, of course, very difficult to remember every photo we've chosen since we began the feature two years ago. However, because of diligent readers such as yourself, we are now going to check back issues of HUSTLER before selecting each month's Beavers.

Hot and Hairy: The spread *Jungle Jill: Bush Baby* (March HUSTLER) was the very ultimate, and I must break my silence and say a most hearty thank you. Every man has his specialty that really turns him on. For some men it is large breasts; for others, legs or buttocks.

But for me a hirsute woman is the ultimate turn-on. For the past half-century I have had many fantasies involving hairy women, but I've never been fortunate enough to make out with one. And so I never knew for certain whether my fantasies really smacked of reality.

Now here you come with *Bush Baby,* and I know there really are women somewhere who are as hirsute (or maybe more so) than the women in my wildest dreams. My wife has threatened to encase the *Bush Baby* spread in plastic before I look all the ink off the pages!

Once again, a million thanks and my heartfelt gratitude. For at least one of your readers, it was the ultimate answer to a lifelong dream. If possible, please let us have some more of the same.

C. W. Perry
Birmingham, Alabama

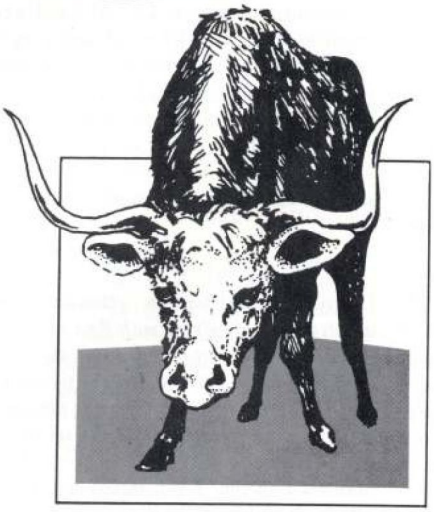
To Porn or Not to Porn: We will argue until the end of time about the socially redeeming value of pornography and sexually explicit media. Some who adhere to the cyclic theory of history say civilizations have gone the porn route before—and still were able to survive. (I suspect, however, that the walls of Babylon were torn down by anti-porn people and religious zealots.)

I'm sure we can survive the flood of smut and pornography, which some estimate to be a $1-billion "market" in the U.S. today. But I say we *cannot* survive the organized crime controlling a lot of the pornography being distributed throughout America!

I'm convinced beyond any shadow of doubt the two shots pumped into Larry Flynt came from a Mafia rifle. Flynt had

"You Swiss army men are incredible lays."

the Humanist



HOLY COW! WHAT NOW?

For more than three decades *The Humanist* has chased almost every sacred cow in the country. The result: Today *The Humanist* is one of the most irreverent, most quoted and most influential magazines of social commentary in America. *Hustler,* for example, has reprinted in this issue *The Humanist* article "Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities," by Lester Kirkendall, which *Time* magazine suggested was "not quite what the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith has in mind." We invite you to learn more about us and our jousts with sacred truths of all kinds. Therefore, we extend this special introductory offer to the readers of *Hustler* magazine.

If you subscribe to *The Humanist,* we will send you complimentary copies of *Humanist Manifestos I & II* and the March/April 1978 special issue of *The Humanist* on "Frontiers of Human Sexuality." You will find that *The Humanist* provides significant and provocative articles on some of the most important aspects of human living.

Paul Kurtz, Editor
James W. Prescott, Editorial Associate

Please enroll me as a new subscriber and send me my complimentary copy of *Humanist Manifestos I & II* and the March/April 1978 special issue of *The Humanist.*

☐ 1 year (6 issues) $12.00
☐ 2 years (12 issues) $20.00

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____
☐ I prefer to be billed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

the Humanist

923 Kensington Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14215

angered the Mafia by setting up an alternative distribution system for his pornography.

I say the time has come to shift our gaze from the garbage cans stacked along the curbs by porn people to the insidious power of the Mafia—which has infiltrated every aspect of American life! We are now powerless to fight organized crime, because the Mafia has been able to silence our news media, infiltrate our trade unions, silence the mouths of our elected officials in Washington and handcuff our police! The gambling, pornography and prostitution markets controlled by the Mafia pale in comparison to the vast network of so-called "legitimate" businesses it either owns or controls. The Mafia operates within a Bastille of respectability, and our investigative bodies are powerless to expose its satanic depths.

Glenn J. Genneraux
Northridge, California

You are perpetuating the myth that the Mafia is a distinct group of people; it is hardly possible to separate organized crime from the intelligence community or from the leadership of multinational corporations.

Kiddy Kicks: In view of your transition, it seems HUSTLER is bent on becoming a publication of social change. Certainly, people want and need such change—most of all with respect to sex.

So I was not surprised to see that *Chester* (March HUSTLER) was not an ordinary cartoon, but rather a statement on child abuse. In fact, it was a contradiction of child abuse—as the term is often misapplied. The depiction of an adult in bed with a child is not an abusive picture (as the law would prescribe), but a picture of love and education. Abuse is hate and neglect.

I'm a supporter of the movement to liberate children, sexually and otherwise. I support the Rene Guyon Society and am a member of the Childhood Sensuality Circle (CSC), a research organization that recognizes everyone's right to active sexual expression, regardless of age.

Most adults, suppressing their own childhoods, feel ill-at-ease with the idea of children having sexual freedom. Others, however, are joining the movement. It's natural to understand the wholesomeness of child sexuality. Many people who've had incestuous experiences describe how, once the barriers fell, a curious sense of ease guided them into family sex. Children are erotic and multifaceted, as we all are—but to a lesser and more repressed degree.

The day we can accept a child's sexuality is the day we can free the child in us all.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Just a comment about your reply to E. H. of Tucson, Arizona, in the February *Advise & Consent* column. I think you're making mountains out of molehills in suggesting that being attracted to young girls is a psychological or psychiatric problem. It may well be a whole lot simpler than that.

I first became interested in the opposite sex at age 11. I observed that females were most attractive when they were between the approximate ages of 12 and 25. I held that opinion then, and I hold it today at the age of 43. Yes, it's against the law to enjoy sex with "underage" girls, but it's not necessarily sick if you find them attractive.

The *sick* thing is that we live in a society in which we have to tolerate the ever-present nose of the law between our legs.

J. Fox
Los Angeles, California

Certainly, admiring an attractive female of whatever age is only normal. And there may exist sexual relationships that, on an individual basis, are beautiful and healthy for both parties. But the age at which a person is physically able to have sexual relations and the age at which he or she is emotionally prepared for such relations may not coincide. Thus, society sets an arbitrary age for "adulthood."

—Vicki Scott, Research Editor

Gayly, Gayly: I'm sick and tired of this bitch who calls herself Anita Bryant. I'm a country boy, 18 years old, gay and proud of it! I've been in prison for nine months, and this is the first time I've heard about her bullshit.

When I was on the street, I didn't stand on the corner and wait to jump on some little boy. The youngest guy I've ever messed around with was 16, and the oldest was 45. I don't mess with Bryant's life-style, so why the hell does that bitch want to mess with mine? If the bitch doesn't stop, I'll cause more trouble than a 90-foot tidal wave and more excitement than a tax refund and a raincoat flasher put together!

Michael Ray Miller
Ionia, Michigan

The Jewish Question: Everything seems so mixed up with Larry Flynt's conversion to Christianity. He claims to be a born-again Christian, and this has pleased and outraged many readers and nonreaders. He has also stated that a few changes will be instituted in your magazine, and this has drawn the same response.

What about Jews and all the other people with religious beliefs who do not support the idea of Christ? Will your magazine be so oriented that other faiths will be turned off by it? I'm sure there are many readers who have the same religious background as I do, and I'm also sure that they are as curious about your opinion as I am.

Any word on this?

Stanley Berger II
San Bernardino, California

Three words: wait and see.

—Paul Krassner

GRAFFILTHY

THANX AND $25 TO G.LOCKREM, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Vietnam vets exposed to the herbicide Agent Orange during their tours of duty only now are beginning to show such disturbing symptoms as numbness in their hands, diminished sex drive, skin rashes, psychological problems, deformed offspring and a susceptibility to cancer. If such disorders can be traced directly to this chemical used to defoliate jungles and farmland in Vietnam (and the GIs' symptoms resemble those of Vietnamese exposed to the substance), it would represent a serious legal liability for the U.S. government. During the war thousands of American soldiers were involved in spraying operations and in fighting in sprayed areas. Although the Pentagon and the Veterans Administration claim they are aware of the problem, no medical research is currently underway.

A 16-year-old Brazilian girl, inspired by a religious vision to drive out the demons within her, endured a ritual crucifixion before 6,000 fervent believers. Wearing a crown of thorns, Eliana Maciel Barbosa carried a 50-pound cross to a desolate hillside, had her feet and hands slashed with a razor and was strapped upright on the cross. When she was taken down two days later, religious cults throughout the country proclaimed the girl a saint. Brazil has the world's largest Roman Catholic population, and evidently the people there take their religion very seriously.

A bill has been introduced by California State Assemblyman Art Agnos that would make it illegal to discriminate against any person in any aspect of employment based on the individual's refusal to perform sexual favors for his or her employer, business superior, client, customer or fellow employee. According to the assemblyman, about one-third of the women in America work in offices, and they should not have to "live in fear that if they don't respond to the sexual advances of their boss," it will cost them their jobs. Agnos is confident this sexual-harassment bill will be signed into law by midsummer.

According to researcher Linda d'Addario, as many as 30 percent of women seeking psychological counseling in this country are sexually manipulated and even seduced by the very people they go to for help. For her doctoral dissertation from the University of California-San Diego, Ms. d'Addario conducted interviews with 65 women who admitted having some form of sexual contact with their therapists, including 21 who said they had intercourse. She also concluded that most patient seductions go unreported because the victimized women fear jeopardizing either their marital or therapeutic relationships.

The New Jersey legislature has taken stronger steps to enforce its ban on the use of children in pornographic movies. Under a new law, kiddy-porn producers can expect prison sentences of up to seven years and a maximum fine of $2,000 if convicted. Previously, this offense was handled as a disorderly-persons misdemeanor.

A 13-year study by a Texas physician has offered new insight into the question of male impotence. By studying the frequency of involuntary erections common among sleeping males, Dr. Ismet Karacan noted that 20 percent of his subjects who complained of impotency during their waking hours also were unable to achieve erections while sleeping. Dr. Karacan concluded that in such cases impotence was due to an obstruction in blood-flow to the penis, a hormonal imbalance or some other physical cause such as diabetes. Most medical textbooks have attributed 95 percent of all impotence cases to psychological reasons.

According to Dr. H.L. Newbold, a specialist in nutrition and cerebral allergies, sports promoters could alleviate the problem of rowdy fans if concessionaires stopped selling processed junk food such as beer, hot dogs or popcorn--all of which, the doctor claims, increase innate tendencies toward violence. He suggests that vendors sell fresh fruit and bunless hamburgers and that each spectator be given a vitamin pill upon entering the gate.

In Bolivia a mass hunger strike prompted military dictator Hugo Banzer to grant unconditional amnesty to all political prisoners and exiles. The hunger strike was started by 18 women and children, who were joined later by 1,300 sympathizers and influential church leaders in the nonviolent protest. Banzer reportedly feared the outbreak of revolution if even one hunger-striker died.

Fantastic CB Offer

Save $70 on a Clarion Mike System CB

1. Push button Channel Selector—scans channels up or down. Or changes one at a time.

2. Push-to-talk switch—talk normally—get automatic power Mike action.

3. Big digital readout—safer to use on the road because it's easier to see.

4. On/Off volume control—works with built-in automatic volume control to keep all received signals at the level set—regardless of their strength.

5. Squelch Control—controls low sensitivity threshold.

Now for just $99.00

You can own one of the world's finest CB's, the Clarion JC-203E. It's a remote modular CB that has all of 1978's most wanted features in CB. All the CB controls are on the mike making it easier, quicker and safer to use. And for the maximum security when the car is left unattended, the Mike is easily removed and stored out of sight.

But, that's not all. The Mike System also offers superior performance. Special power mike action including over modulation limiting techniques. Sophisticated voice processing circuits and sensitive squelch that lets you choose the strength of signals, giving you bright and clear reception. Automatic noise blanking and noise limiting circuits. Automatic gain control keeps the volume constant—no matter where it's set or how weak the signal. And more.

Take advantage of this limited time offer now. CB prices are going up this year because of the 15% surcharge tacked on to CB imports effective April 1. Speakers, cable, and antenna come separately, so take advantage of our great accessory bargains, too! Comes with complete installation instructions. Send check, money order, or charge card information to:
C.S.I., PO Box 67141, 1888 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please send me the following item(s):

- ☐ A Clarion Mike System CB with Transceiver (JC203E) **$99.00,** Save $70.00
- ☐ Clarion Speakers (CBS-1) **$5.95,** Save $7.55
- ☐ 8′ Cable (CBC-005) **$9.95,** Save $10.50
- ☐ 15′ Cable (CBC-006) **$12.95,** Save $13.00
- ☐ Clarion Electric Retractable 3-Way Antenna (AM/FM/CB) **$36.95,** Save $38.00

(Add $5.00 for postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.)

☐ BankAmericard No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

☐ Master Charge No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

30 day money back guarantee. Personal checks, allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

*Suggested manufacturer's retail price $169.00.

AND TO HELP PREVENT THEFT.

The Mike System has an anti-theft remote transceiver module. You can mount it anywhere out of sight—from inside the firewall to inside the trunk, or any place in between. It even permits hidden installation as close to the antenna as possible for maximum radiated power.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. Advise & Consent is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Underexposed: I am a 19-year-old guy who's still a virgin because I have a hang-up about exposing myself. I can't even piss in a public bathroom until everyone has left. But worse than that, I can't get it on with girls for the same reason. I love to flirt with them, and I love it when they tease me. But every time it comes to going all the way, I back off. Once I even brought a girl into my bedroom, where we began to get it on. But then I inconspicuously chickened out.

What should I do?

F. M.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

First of all, how can anyone "inconspicuously" chicken out? Doing that would seem more upsetting for your girlfriends than your shyness. Perhaps you're concentrating more on the physical side of your involvements than on the emotional side. When you feel comfortable with a girl and secure in your relationship, you will be able to ease yourself into the physical aspects. Even when that happens, remember to concentrate on the total activity—the touching, the foreplay and the pleasures. The cock is just one part of the whole scene—put it in perspective. If that doesn't work, maybe you should seek counseling.

Here We Go Again: I work in a plastics plant and am getting worried over PCB poisoning. I remember that last summer health officials were advising children and pregnant women not to eat fish from Lake Michigan more than once a week because of PCB contamination. Since I work around the substance all day, I was wondering if and how this may affect me.

K. P.
Chicago, Illinois

Your worries are justified, since Environmental Protection Agency officials suspect PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) are cancer-causing agents. Compounds of these may damage reproductive capability and impair the body's ability to fight disease. Acnelike skin eruptions, pigmentation changes, watery eyes and abdominal pain indicate acute PCB exposure.

The EPA is trying to get PCBs phased out of most uses. (They are found in plastics, paint, ink and adhesives, among other things.) The agency is preparing the Toxic Substance Control Act, which would ban the production of PCBs after January 1, 1979.

Mind Over Matter: My girlfriend is 25 years old and has six years of college. I'm 18 and dropped out of school in the 11th grade to join the Marine Corps. Now she is beginning to believe the difference in our ages and education levels matters. How can I convince her she is wrong?

R. W.
San Clemente, California

If your girlfriend already feels that your ages and education do matter, then they are obstacles to your relationship. We live in a nation that finds it hard to admit there are social stratifications, because they are not supposed to exist in a democratic society. While there are people who can move freely between social, educational or economic groups, your girlfriend may be one who has accepted the boundaries of her particular age and educational level.

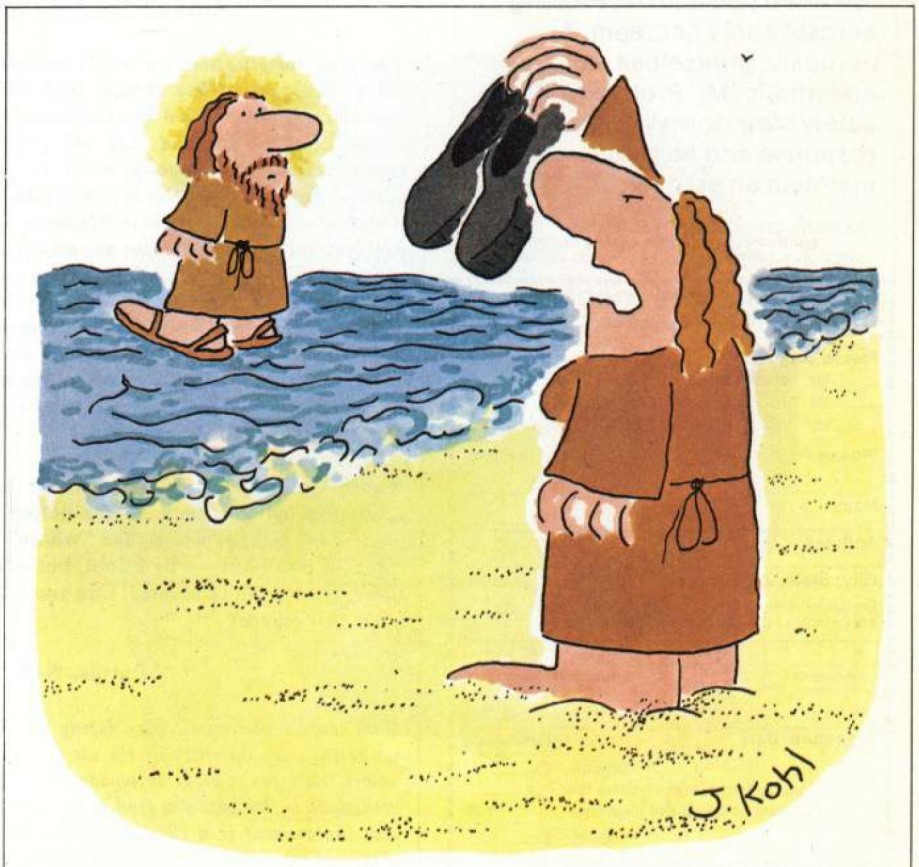
Most likely, her closest friends and lovers will be chosen from among people she considers her "own kind." If your "differences" attracted you to each other in the first place, then perhaps the novelty has worn off. Look to and develop other, stronger areas of your relationship so the age and educational differences are minimized.

Ever-Ready: I am a 29-year-old male. My "problem" is that I do *not* lose my hard-on after climax; it just stays hard for as long as I feel like fucking. I also experience multiple orgasms if the lady can keep up with me (although most of them get sore). When a first-time lover finds out about my oddity, she either tries to fuck me to death (which hasn't happened yet) or she thinks there is something wrong with me, and I never see her again. Since I have never run across another man with this condition, I am beginning to believe that there is something wrong. Are there other men like me?

S. N.
Marshall Islands, Micronesia

Sex authorities report there is a wide variation in the ability to maintain an erection, climax and ejaculate. You are at the high end of the performance spectrum—an unusual, but certainly not unique, condition.

Peak Performance: I am a male in my early 20s who has been enjoying sex practically every day, sometimes twice daily, for the past several years. If I can continue this sexual rate throughout life, will it be easier for me to get and maintain an erection in my senior years than it would be for a male who has had a less-than-average sex life? Is being so sexually active apt to cause premature



"You get back here and put on your rubbers before you catch cold!"

Is premature ejaculation getting you down?

You'll never have to worry about premature ejaculation putting a damper on your sex life when you use Mr. Prolong aerosol spray or cream. A nontoxic, greaseless, mild anesthetic, Mr. Prolong will safely slow down your male sex response and help you maintain an erection.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Send:
____ Mr. Prolong (aerosol) #0610 @ $7.95
____ Mr. Prolong (cream) #0270 ½ oz. @ $4.99
____ Mr. Prolong (cream) #0272 1½ oz. @ $9.95

Please Print HU778W

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date (I am of legal age.)

Subtotal $
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00
TOTAL $

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

prostate troubles or other physical problems in my later years?

L. W.
Guin, Alabama

Frequency of sexual encounters during earlier years will have little effect on your performance in later years. With age, there is a decline in erotic responsiveness or intensity of sex drive, as well as a decline in the availability of sexual encounters. If you remain fit and in good health, there are no physical reasons why you cannot continue, since even in older males the testosterone level is usually adequate for sexual relations. Most probably you will have to slow down a little because erection and ejaculation will take more time and more stimulation than are needed now.

Sexual frequency has no adverse side effects on the prostate, and it does not cause insanity either. Since you are in your early 20s and at the peak of your sexual prowess, the best advice is to get it while the getting is good.

Getting Tanked: I become greatly excited when a pretty girl ties me up and holds me underwater. I want to stay submerged until I black out, but most girls won't hold me down that long because they're afraid I'll drown. If a girl waited until I blacked out before letting me up, would she need any special first-aid skills to revive me? Also, would there be any chance of complications setting in?

J. P.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

The first complication you might consider is death. If that's not bad enough, then consider that blacking out is caused by a temporary loss of oxygen in the brain and that any prolonged oxygen loss will eventually result in brain damage. Any partner willing to go along with you would have to be well-versed in lifesaving. If she pulls you out immediately after you pass out, you will probably start breathing again on your own. Nevertheless, she should know artificial respiration just in case you don't catch your breath.

Most girls would be understandably hesitant to face a murder charge; however, signing everything over to her in your will might do the trick. Our advice: Forget the whole idea.

Name-Calling: I have a sexual habit that is bothering my girlfriend. Right before and after sex I call her names like "whore" and "slut." I don't know why I do it, but when I don't, the sex isn't the same. Can you tell me what this means?

R. M.
Mineola, New York

Some couples like to role-play during sex, but if you're the only one enjoying the use of insulting names, then you're right in wondering why you need to do it. Perhaps you find it hard to accept your involvement in a close, emotional relationship, and you feel you need to put a little distance between her and you.

Another possible explanation is that you're feeling the effects of what psychologists call the "prostitute-madonna complex." You may have been brought up to believe that love is fine, but sex, particularly outside of marriage, is dirty. In order to have sex with your girlfriend, you have to act as though she is nothing but a whore. Thus, you debase her by calling her names. The best thing you can do is examine your relationship, both through talking with your girlfriend and thinking about it by yourself. If indeed you do care for her, then sex can be a good way to communicate feelings of affection and concern.

Harried Over Hair: I consider myself a fairly good-looking guy, but I have a receding hairline. It has become a terrible hang-up because I can't even talk to a woman without thinking that she's looking at my premature baldness and laughing at me inside. This has been going on for a year and a half. I can't get close to women anymore because I get uptight and tongue-tied, and then I crawl into a shell—all because of my self-consciousness about balding.

How can I get over it and get back into the competitive scene again?

R. D.
Columbus, Ohio

The first two things you must realize about hair, or the lack of it, are that it is not important and that it certainly proves nothing about your sexual abilities or your character. Witness the appeal of Yul Brynner and Telly Savalas.

Your hair can, however, say something about your emotional state. Hair growth is linked with hormonal balance, and that in turn is closely linked with mental stress. Blood circulation is also important to hair growth, since stress and anxiety affect the tightness of the scalp and, consequently, circulation. If you worry less about your hair, you'll probably keep more of it.

Do what you can to save the hair you have. To increase blood circulation in the scalp put your head between your knees for a few minutes a day. The AMA now suggests that vigorous brushing or scalp-massaging can possibly do more harm than good. Also, if you blow-dry your hair, do so with a low (rather than high) setting. It is debated whether vitamin or mineral supplements make a difference—but it certainly seems logical that an unhealthy body is going to find it difficult to produce healthy hair. Pantothenic acid (a B-complex vitamin) is normally found in the skin and hair, and is essential in the utilization of protein. The other B vitamins, and zinc as well, are recommended as good dietary supplements. Pantothenic acid—in the form of panthenol, which swells or thickens the hair strands—is also found in shampoos and hair conditioners. Thus, the hair you have covers more territory. Then, too, there are hairpieces or methods like hair-weaving (in which replacement strands are actually woven to your own hair). But keep in mind that a bad cover-up looks even worse.

If you can't stop worrying, and changing your hair-care method or your diet doesn't work, then your problem may be male-pattern baldness, caused by the hereditary influence on your hormones as you age. Nothing will cure that except

castration. And then you won't have to worry about getting back into the competitive scene again.

Fear of Fantasy: I have been a happily married man for several years. A few years ago my wife and I tried swinging in threesomes and foursomes, though I never got it on with the men in our group. My problem is I find I get more excited in bed with my wife when I fantasize that she is fucking or sucking another man. My feelings of guilt are increasing and are affecting me emotionally, as well as making me uneasy with my wife. Is this normal?

B. B.
Chicago, Illinois

There is nothing wrong with fantasizing during sexual intercourse. Some psychologists even recommend it as a way for people to let go and enjoy themselves. Your fantasies certainly aren't hurting either you or your wife. The only problem is your guilt feeling. Stop worrying.

Male Nipples: What is the biological explanation for the nipple and areola on the male breast? Since they serve no purpose, it seems odd that they wouldn't have disappeared through evolution.

R. L.
Middletown, New York

You may be interested to learn that the breasts of a newborn child, whether male or female, can secrete a milklike fluid, commonly called "witch's milk." This is an aftereffect of the mother's female hormones, which enter the child's bloodstream through the placenta. Of course, at the onset of puberty a girl's sex hormones will cause her breasts to develop, just as a boy's hormones will make his voice deepen and beard appear.

The point here is that male and female sex organs are not so different as they might seem. Both sexes have two sex glands, situated symmetrically; the female glands (ovaries) descend but remain inside the abdomen, while the male glands (testes) move down until they hang outside the body cavity. The activity of the sex hormones at puberty produces the secondary sex characteristics we identify as masculine and feminine, but a male injected with female hormones will develop some feminine traits, such as enlarged breasts.

You can think of nipples as being characteristic of mammals (which humans are), not just women. And we wouldn't say that a man's nipples serve no purpose. Like women, men can enjoy a pleasurable sensation when the nipples are stimulated.

AL-ternative: My husband and I are both in our late 40s, and over the last five years his drinking has been getting worse. I love him and can live with his binges, but I am concerned about the effects on our 16-year-old daughter. I've noticed lately that she has stopped bringing her friends home and now spends much of her time alone in her room. I've tried to talk with her about our situation, but we always end up arguing. She insists nothing is wrong. Where can I get help for her?

W. F.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Even though alcoholism is now recognized as a disease, many people are still ashamed to admit that someone they love has a drinking problem. Your daughter may find help with Alateen, an organization for alcoholics' teenage children. Allied with Al-Anon, the national organization for the families and friends of alcoholics, Alateen offers young people a chance to meet once a week and share their experiences and insights. No names are mentioned. She will learn she is not alone in feeling frustrated or resentful. With time, she may come to a better understanding of alcoholism, her father and herself. Check the local telephone directory for Alateen's number.

Papers for Your Pad: I just moved out to California and was lucky enough to find a cute apartment near the beach. The landlord made me sign a rental agreement. What is the difference between that document and a lease?

T. M.
Pacific Palisades, California

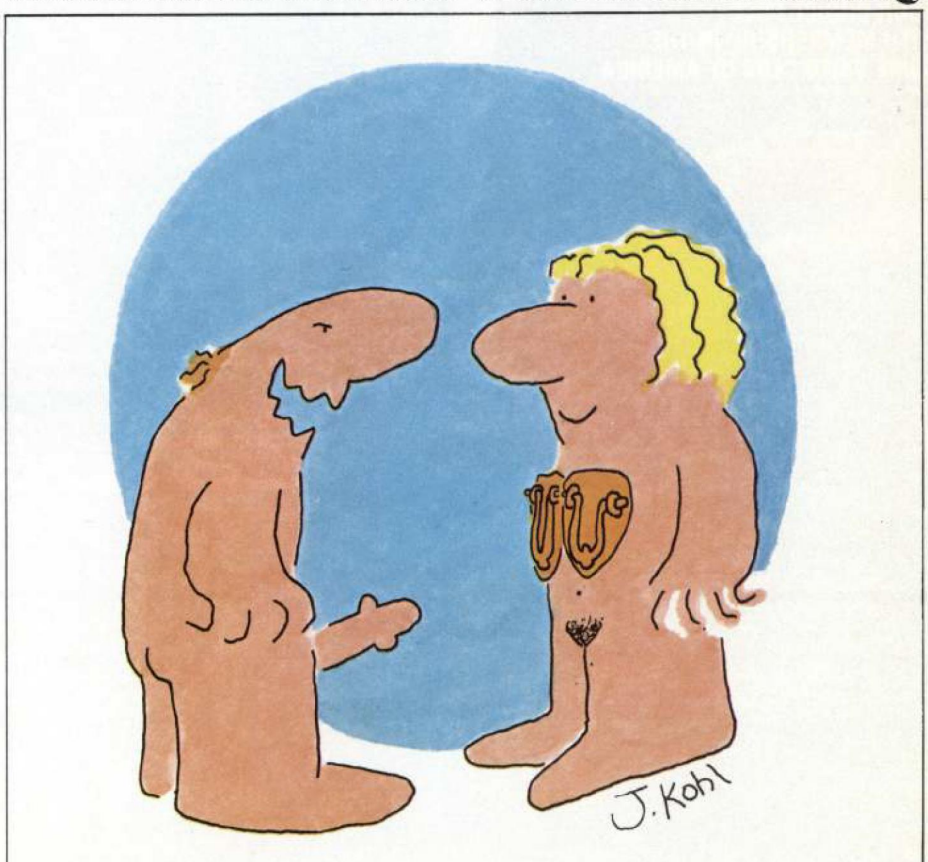
A rental agreement is a month-to-month agreement that either the renter or the landlord can, with 30 days' notice, opt to end. In other words, the landlord can tell the renter to leave within 30 days, for no specific reason. Or he can tell the tenant that he'll be raising the rent within 30 days. In the same vein, the occupant can tell the landlord he'll be moving out in a month, and there's nothing the landlord can do about it.

A lease ties both parties to the agreement for a specific period of time, usually one year. The landlord can't raise the rent in the interim, but the tenant can't move out either (at least not without paying the remaining rent). Both are binding contracts; be sure you keep a copy of any documents you sign and familiarize yourself with your obligations.

Open Wide: I made a deal with my husband that if he'd quit smoking, I'd learn to deep-throat. But I can't get past the gagging stage. I read someplace that porn-film stars learn how to control their throat muscles from sword-swallowers. Could you please tell me how to find out more about this? Just think what a plan like ours could do for the antismoking campaign!

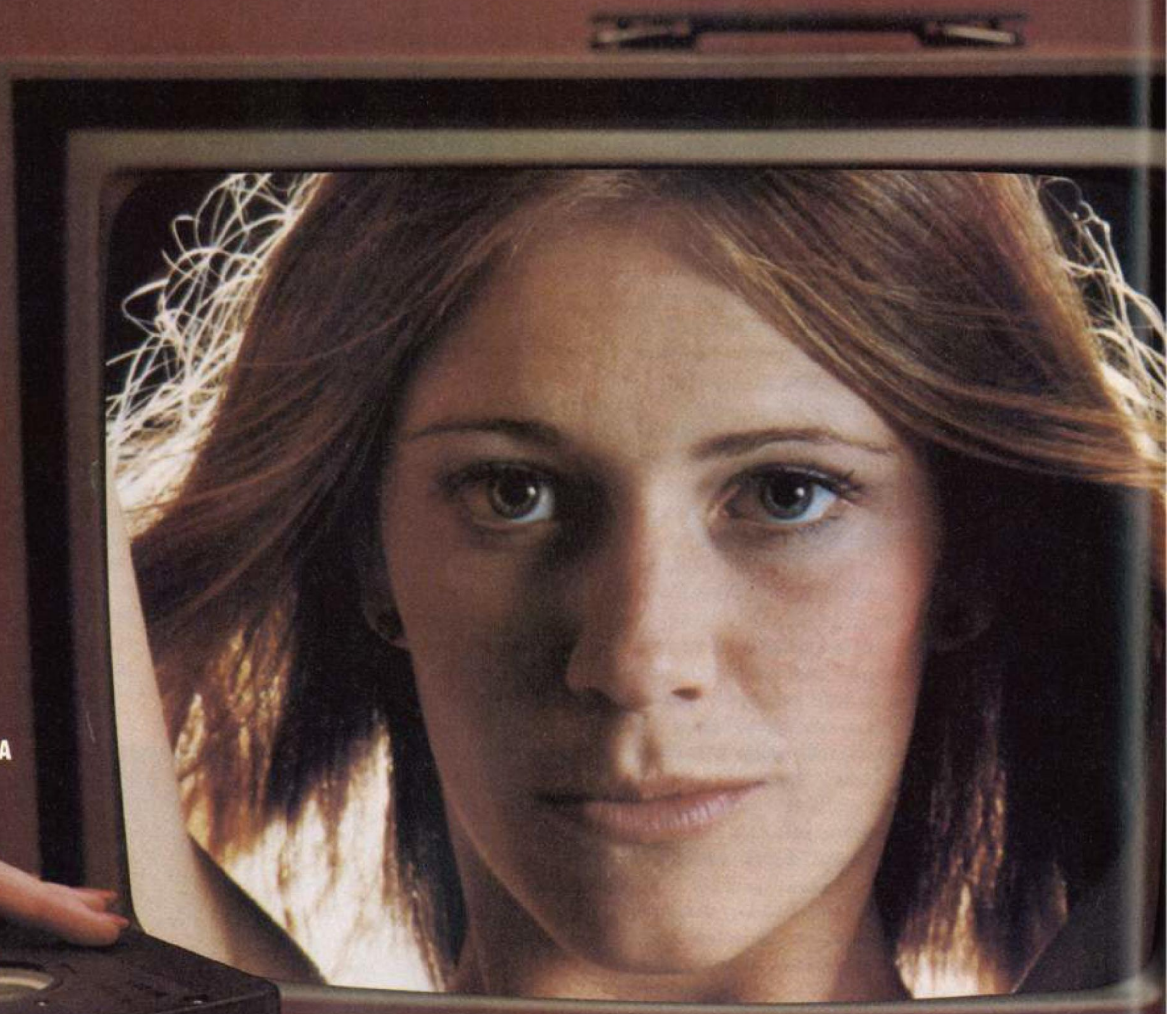
J. R.
Daytona Beach, Florida

We certainly hope you can meet your end of the deal, for the better health and enjoyment of you both. Since sword-swallowers work with a different medium and perform for an audience, you should practice on more common household items. Some women work with Popsicles; others prefer bananas. Many people find that their gag reflex is least active in the morning—so give it a try at that time. Remember, practice makes perfect.



"You have a nice set of knockers, Sandra!"

Now you can enjoy X-Rated movies in the privacy of your own home on video cassettes!



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

FULL COLOR UNCENSORED VIDEO CASSETTES OF:

- DEEP THROAT
- BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR
- DEVIL IN MISS JONES
- CAPTAIN LUST
- HAPPY DAYS

YOUR CHOICE **FREE** WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE **HOME VIDEO CLUB OF AMERICA**

Home Video Club of America is a legally authorized outlet for all of these major adult movies in full color uncensored video cassettes for sale to private collectors for home use:

- **Deep Throat**
- **Devil in Miss Jones**
- **Happy Days**
- **Inside Marilyn Chambers**
- **American Sex Fantasy**
- **Behind the Green Door**
- **Captain Lust**
- **Resurrection of Eve**
- **Sodom and Gomorrah**
- **Wet Rainbow**

and many more!

You can order any of these films on **HVCA** video cassettes for just $99.50 each. With your first order you become a, member in **Home Video Club of America** and will receive information on all new releases as they become available. While you are under no obligation to make any further purchase, every member who orders four video cassettes within one year at the regular price of $99.50 each will receive a fifth cassette of their choice FREE.

HVCA cassettes are available for Betamax, VHS and all other ½ inch video systems. Other formats are available on request.

To order, send your list of selections with name, address and check or money order for $99.50 per cassette to:

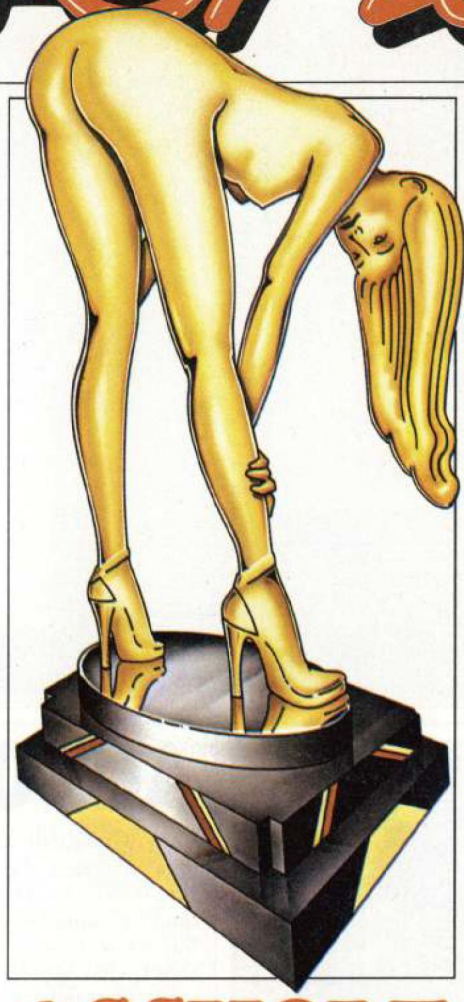
Home Video Club of America
Department TNS
P.O. Box 32069
Phoenix, Arizona 85064

Credit card purchasers may call **TOLL FREE:**
(800) 528-6050 ext. 495
or in Arizona: (statewide) (800) 352-0458 ext. 495
(Phoenix) (602) 955-9710 ext. 495

Please be sure to specify the brand of your video player and type of cassette required.
Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

You must be over 21 to order this product.
Dealer inquiries invited.

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The Reverend Jesse Jackson, once a bright, young associate of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is this issue's guest pest—the *Asshole of the Month.* What did this upright and uptight preacher do to deserve such exalted status? He merely compromised a force of which he's a prime guider—the civil-rights movement. Jackson, a man who has campaigned for freedom under law, has also taken the ugly stand of a censor.

Specifically, he has engaged in a power play to bowdlerize sexual and drug references in popular music. The reverend, whose past activities have made him appear to be a man of great promise, has set himself up as the judge of what should and should not be played on the radio.

Jackson—who is not a Bible-wielding, gray-haired, evangelical prude by appearance—last year began a cross-country tour to meet with representatives of the music industry. His idea, which some media moguls didn't buy, was to set up a kind of citizens' review board and "don't-play" list in order to discourage the broadcasting of songs that curl the reverend's hair.

"Disco Lady" got to him with its oh-so-dangerous lyrics ("Shove it in—shove it out"), as did "Shake Your Booty" and Rod Stewart's "Tonight's the Night" ("Spread your wings and let me come inside"). If Jackson is outraged by these words, his ears must really sizzle whenever he hears those saucy passages in the Scriptures.

In a letter to the preacher, a 12-year-old girl responded to his absurd notions of proper taste by writing: "A child under four, five or even six years old can't understand [this] . . . and a child any older than that has a right to, and in most cases does, know all about sex." But while even a 12-year-old can call an asshole an asshole, several radio stations lent a nervous ear to Jackson's errant demands. New York's top black station, WBLS (as well as WPIX and WLIB), Chicago's WVON and Los Angeles's KGFJ all agreed to be a little more wary of what they put on the air. Record executives from RCA, Columbia, Atlantic, Cotillion, Buddah and Calla all promised to look into the matter and to see if they couldn't influence their contracted artists to do likewise, making them all assholes by association.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson

Jackson's criticism—nothing more than a self-righteous stand against freedom of speech—displays a disgusting nearsightedness. One of the examples Jackson cites in his crusade for morality is the rising number of preteen and teenage pregnancies. However, wouldn't an emphasis on widespread birth-control information in the public schools be more constructive than attempting to purge sexual references from popular songs? Rather than aiming his attack at conditions in the streets (as he has with his Operation Push and Excel programs, designed to better educate black children), he flails away at symbols and reflections of reality.

The goals of Operation Push and Excel have been compromised by Jackson's repressive, neoreactionary position. Fortunately, his morality-tinged schizophrenia has been recognized for what it is. Last fall he asked Donna Summer and Parliament (two acts standing in the crossfire of his censorial attack) to perform at Push's annual Expo. They both refused.

When confronted with his hypocrisy, Jackson claims he has not appealed for censorship, but rather for a greater moral responsibility to young minds on the part of both performers and executives of the recording and broadcasting industries.

What a grand hypocrisy! The man actually reasons it is all right to demand that certain things not be said, while claiming that everyone has the right to listen to anything they choose. We hope that Jackson's followers will see through his two-faced reasoning and encourage him to get back on the social-improvement track that made him a well-known public figure.

Instead of boycotting and haranguing like some petty fascist hiding beneath a tough black skin, Jackson should try to promote a better understanding of sex and its role in the lives of those people he purportedly wants to help. That way, he might better help young people to understand and deal with the facts of life. Perhaps the Reverend Jesse Jackson is just too far removed from those very streets he avowedly represents.

UPDATE

EXXON POLLUTES THE FIRST AMENDMENT
HUSTLER: March

In *Bits & Pieces* we ran pictures of a bunch of employees at Exxon's Bayway, New Jersey, refinery shooting moons. The fellows, you may recall, were baring their behinds to protest the suspension of a co-worker who had mooned his foreman. Now, according to a worker involved in the incident, the person who submitted the photograph to us has been terminated.

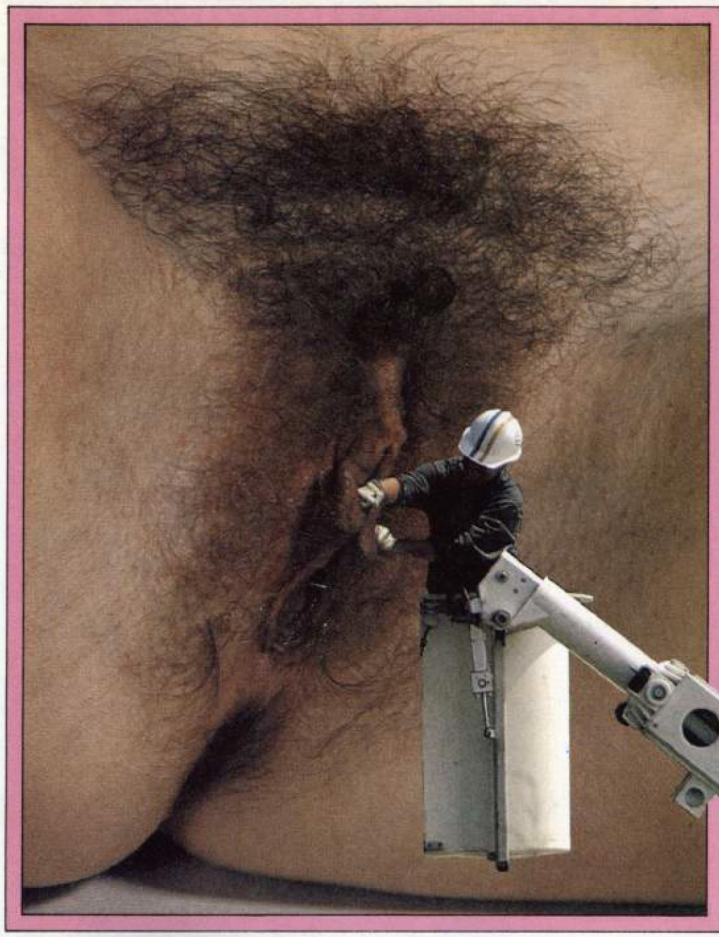
For good reason, the ex-Exxon employee and those still affiliated with the corporation requested that we make the company Asshole of the Month. But, after much consideration, we had to decline. Big assholes with a lot of gas are just too disgusting to deal with.

KEITH HOLLIDAY
HUSTLER: May

The body of Keith Holliday, the five-year-old Kentucky boy missing since last December, has been discovered in his parents' swimming pool. According to police, repeated attempts to search the pool with "probing tools" had been hampered by algae. The boy's body was found after the mother spotted her son's cap in the thawing ice. HUSTLER had originally offered a $20,000 reward for information on Keith's disappearance. We extend our condolences to the child's bereaved parents.

SEX OBJECTS
HUSTLER: January

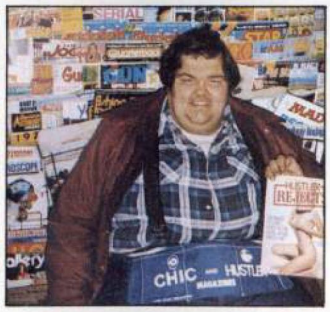
Thanks to New York State Senator John Marchi, (Republican-Staten Island), *Sex Objects*—a photodocumentary on women who sell their bodies (*X-Rated Reviews*)—is the subject of debate in Albany. Calling the book "cheap trash," Marchi criticized the State Council on the Arts for granting Eric Kroll $5,000 to complete the book. The senator's bonehead tactics could make it harder for future applicants to get grants.



Cherry-Picker

This photo just goes to show that if your head's in the right place, there's really nothing you can't do with the proper equipment. Take this cherry-picker, for example, which technical guys refer to as a "basket lift." One day a fellow with the phone company said, "Wait a minute. I bet I can do something pretty gosh-darn kinky with this machine."

And, sure enough, the enterprising lineman had himself a fine time playing in the sumptuous nest of this willing virgin. "The hard part," as he explained later, "was finding a 20-foot woman who was free late in the afternoon."



PUBLISHING GIANT

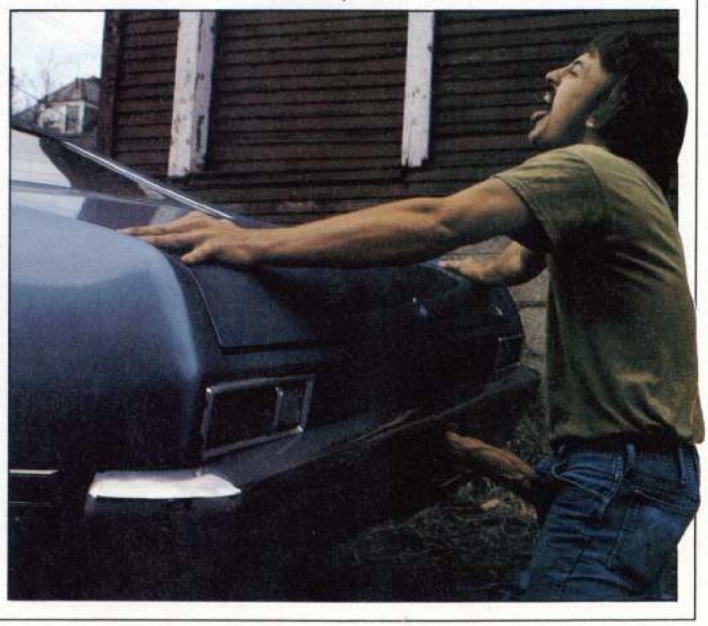
Philadelphia newsstand operator Frank Carolei demonstrates here that good sales mean not sitting on a hot item. Despite the large number of titles Frank peddles, HUSTLER and CHIC are among his biggest sellers.

So it's no surprise, then, to see him put his weight behind HUSTLER REJECTS, the book with beauties other magazines would love to have but who just missed making the pages of HUSTLER. Frank would like to have you buy a copy from him, but if Philadelphia is out of your way, you can pick up the $2.95 volume at a newsstand in your neighborhood.

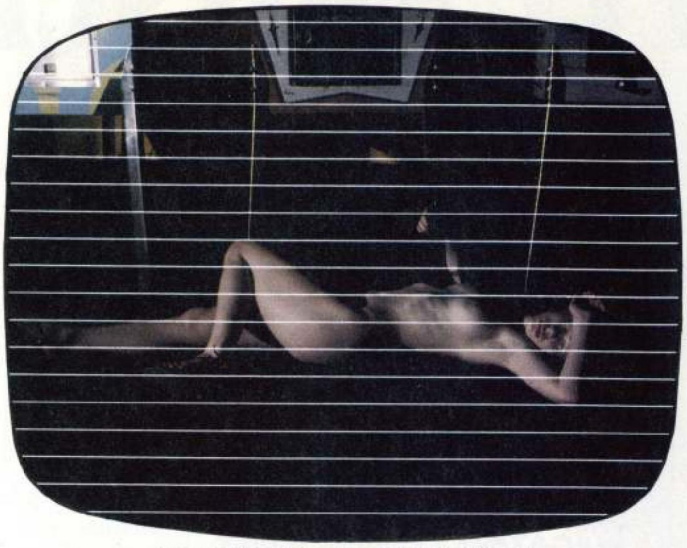
AUTO EROTICISM

Andy Granatelli made a fortune plugging fuel additives guaranteed to keep our cars running smoother and longer. But he was never really clear about what was in those additives. Pictured here is Gregor Samsa of Appleback, New Jersey, who claims he knows the main ingredient of STP—semen.

"My car's been runnin' like a fuckin' top," he says. "I really get off on a good-runnin' car." When asked how he came to fuck his car in the first place, Samsa shrugged. "Doesn't everybody?" he asked.



Channeled for Sex



Photos by Alex Bennett and David S. Weinstein

Midnight Blue (116 West 14th Street, New York, New York 10011), the nation's first erotically oriented TV show, is now being syndicated to cable television outlets nationwide.

Started in 1974 by Bruce David (now HUSTLER's Editorial Director), with funding from *Screw*'s Al Goldstein, the New York-based program can be seen in Buffalo, Houston and Chicago. Also, negotiations are under way with cable systems in California, Florida and Washington, D.C., along with a national supplier of hotel programming.

For those who haven't seen it, *Midnight Blue* is a kind of X-rated *60 Minutes*. An "erotic magazine of the air," it offers documentary features, reviews and a variety of guests. Past shows have had everything from wet T-shirt contests to candid discussions with Marilyn Chambers, muscleman Arnold Schwarzenegger and HUSTLER's Larry Flynt. *Midnight Blue* is not hard-core and does not show pink. But its treatment of sex as something fun and interesting is a welcome relief from the bland fare of regular TV programming.

In the open discussions held on the program, guests come on and rap about their own sexual quirks and specialties. If the subject is golden showers, a guest is sure to take the mike and detail his or her penchant for the practice. On one occasion, when staffers asked the question "Would you take your clothes off on the air?," several persons did just that.

With expanded syndication, even more viewers will have a crack at such enlightening exchanges. And America's midnights are bound to be a little less blue.

COLORING BOOK BLUES

It may seem like an innocent idea—something for a rainy Sunday—but Jeffrey Kerns's popular creation *The First X-Rated Coloring Book* ($5.95, plus $1.95 shipping, from Canvas Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 20431, Los Angeles, California 90006), has a publishing history almost as stormy as James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

It's bad enough that both Random House and Simon & Schuster rejected Kerns's book. Or that the Pickwick Bookstores, a major retail chain where he found the bulk of his source material, would not carry *X-Rated* because of its risque content.

Even these setbacks might have been bearable, but then the crack U.S. Postal Service decided that Kerns's work couldn't be sent book rate. The rain-nor-shine boys claimed it had too many "incidental blank pages" to qualify as a book, so the artist had to turn author and work in a story to connect the pictures. But, now that the government has judged *X-Rated* to be a bona fide book, Kerns has decided to use UPS.

Kerns's trials do indeed seem never-ending. He tells how *Playboy* banned a full-page ad in its last Christmas issue, babbling that "they don't carry novelty items and table-top gift books." Of course, Kerns is reasonably certain Hef's about-face was inspired by the fact that *X-Rated* had already appeared in an earlier HUSTLER book service. But what can a guy do? Even *Rolling Stone*, after running two previous illustrated ads, decided to pull the coloring-book copy out of its proud and clean Tenth Anniversary Issue.

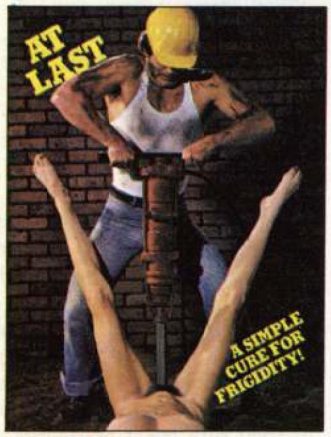
There's no need to go into Kerns's hassles with Binney & Smith, the makers of a certain brand of crayons, who'll come after him if we mention their brand name. Suffice it to say that B&S protested his book's cover design, saying it resembled a box of their crayons, and he had to modify it.

Let's just say that *The First X-Rated Coloring Book* is a great idea executed with taste and humor by a modern artist-turned-businessman. Next year Jeff Kerns is doing "The First X-Rated Coloring Calendar for 1979," and we hope he makes it to 1980 with fewer headaches.

READ IT AND SCREAM

Slam!—it's the sound made when a safe falls out of an office window and crushes an old lady to pulp, or when the clown next to you on the bus gets up and knocks your teeth out with a quick jab for no reason. SLAM is also the perfect name for a new hard-hitting, off-the-wall humor magazine. It's iconoclastic and it's hysterically funny—and anyone or anything is a likely target.

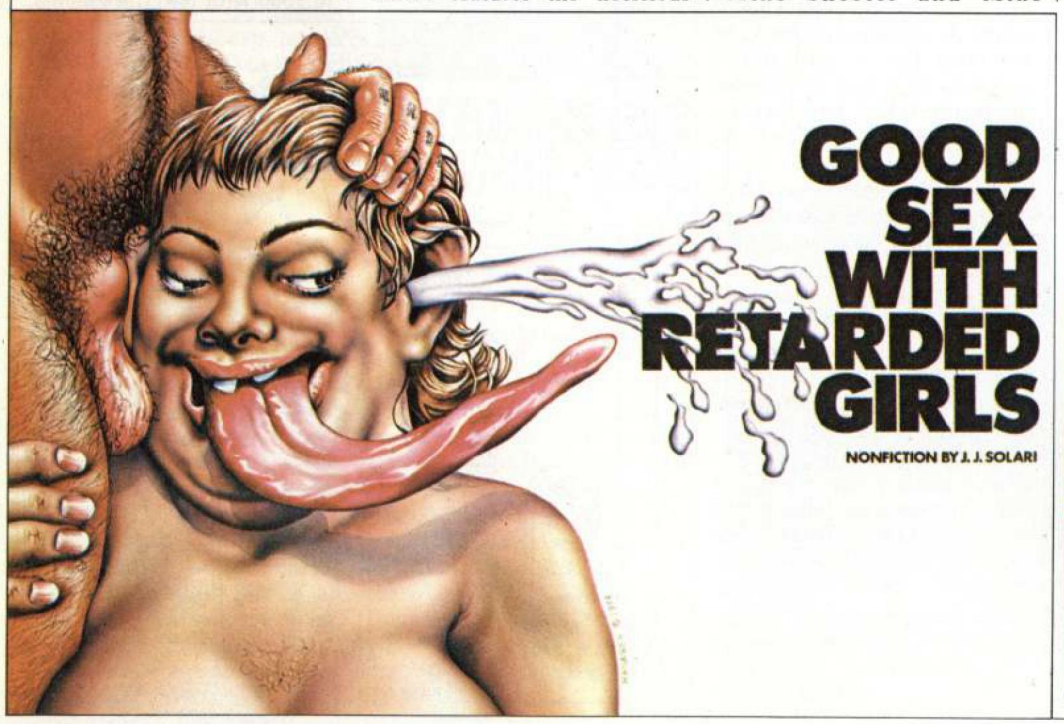
Starting in late June, SLAM will be hitting the stands with some of the wildest fiction, comics and sight-gags this side of the asylum. Its publisher is Dwaine B. Tinsley, whose controversial reputation as the creator of *Chester* and as Larry Flynt Publications' cartoon editor preceded him to his new position. He has assembled the kind of talent once locked up in padded cells. The first issue of SLAM features the notorious J. J. Solari (of *Easyriders* fame) riffing on "Good Sex With Retarded Girls" and the flaming yuks of ex-HUSTLERites Mike Sheeter and Mike Toohey, whose "Roller Kommandoes of the Third Reich" turns World War II into a rollicking Nazi funfest.

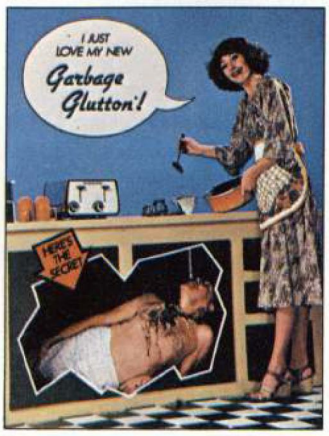


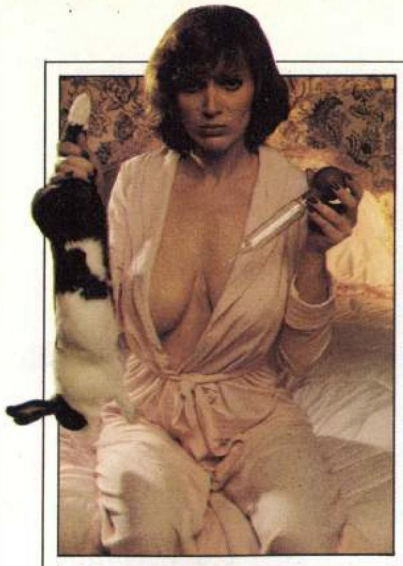
Aaron Kass and Steve Sayadian, the sick cookies behind HUSTLER's graphic and highly acclaimed antismoking campaign, have also kicked in with "Days of Swine and Moses," a photo-comedy from the Woody Allen school of ethnic slander. This one could keep the boys out of Israel for good.

Whether America is ready for the kind of cheap-shot, cripple-kicking, no-holds-barred humor of a mag like SLAM remains to be seen. There is nothing like it on the stands today. Every page assaults the reader with new heights—or depths—of verbal and visual madness.

After one look we'd say buy a copy, if you dare, and get ready for that slam in the psyche that says, "Hey, somebody else out there is as crazy and pissed off as I am!" (SLAM: single copy $1.95, one year's subscription $18 from SLAM, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.)







Pregnant Pause

"Is I is or is I ain't?" is a question that's plagued women for years now, since the first diaphragm slipped a little, and the first condom popped like a bad blimp and left that sticky mess up there in no-man's land.

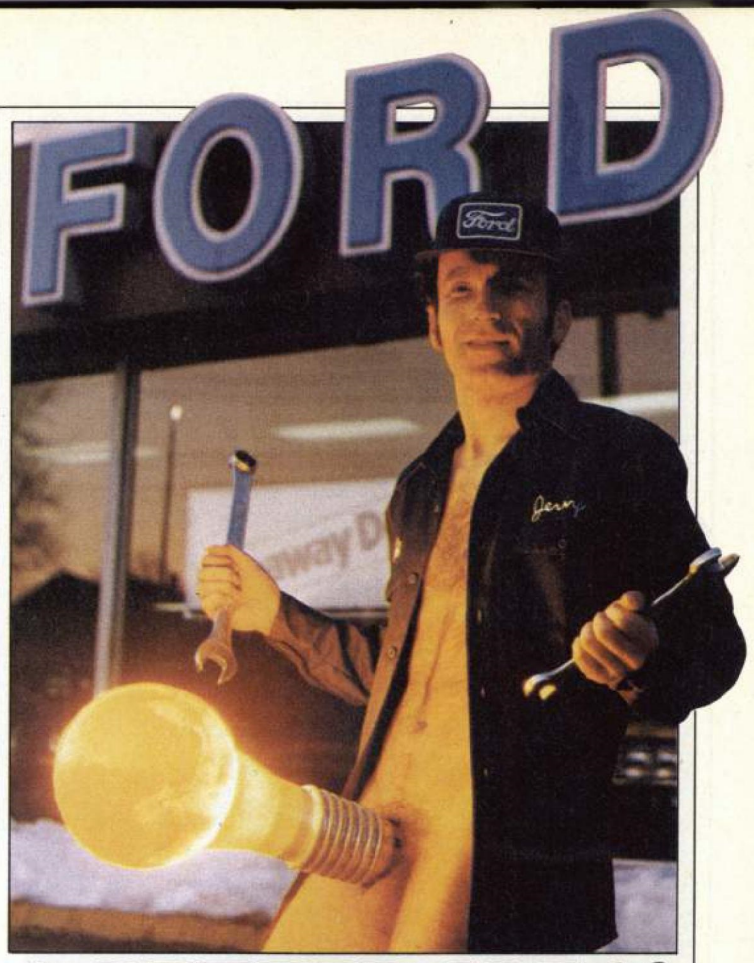
Now, though, there's a convenient way for women to find out if they're pregnant. And they can do so in the privacy of their own boudoir. Thanks to the mad scientists at Warner/Chilcott Company, all a nervous lady has to do is wait until the ninth day after her period due-date, then collect her morning urine and run it through the In-Home Early Pregnancy Test (EPT).

The EPT costs $10.95 and is now available over the counter in most drugstores around the country. According to its makers, the product is 97 percent effective if the test shows positive. If the results are negative, they claim 80 percent effectiveness on the first test. And if the woman hasn't had her period one week later, a second test at that time has an accuracy rate of 91 percent.

The Food and Drug Administration, when consulted about the safety of the EPT, explained that it has a Devices and Diagnostics Division to oversee such items. But, since the product is relatively new, the FDA claims it has not yet established a policy concerning regulation of the EPT.

Neither the AMA nor Warner/Chilcott expressed concern as to possible negative effects, since only a few drops of urine are required. The test, however, is only accurate for uncomplicated pregnancies. Ectopic pregnancies (those formed in the Fallopian tubes) cannot be detected.

So, courtesy of Warner/Chilcott, there'll be lots of relieved women, and lots of reprieved rabbits that won't have to hang out waiting to die.



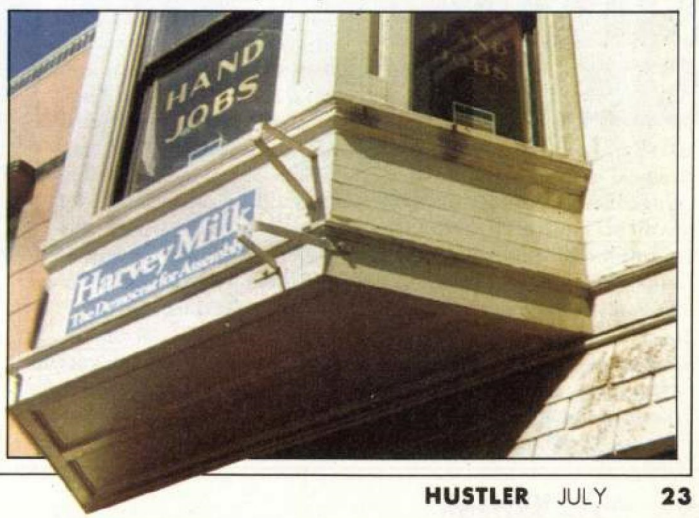
A BETTER IDEA!

Jerry Aibel, the man with the bright idea in this picture, does this kind of thing all the time for *Bits & Pieces.* Jerry has managed to become quite a celebrity through his HUSTLER contributions, and says people stop him constantly for autographs and quick flashes. "I love the attention," he told us. "Pimps and winos are great folks when you get to know 'em."

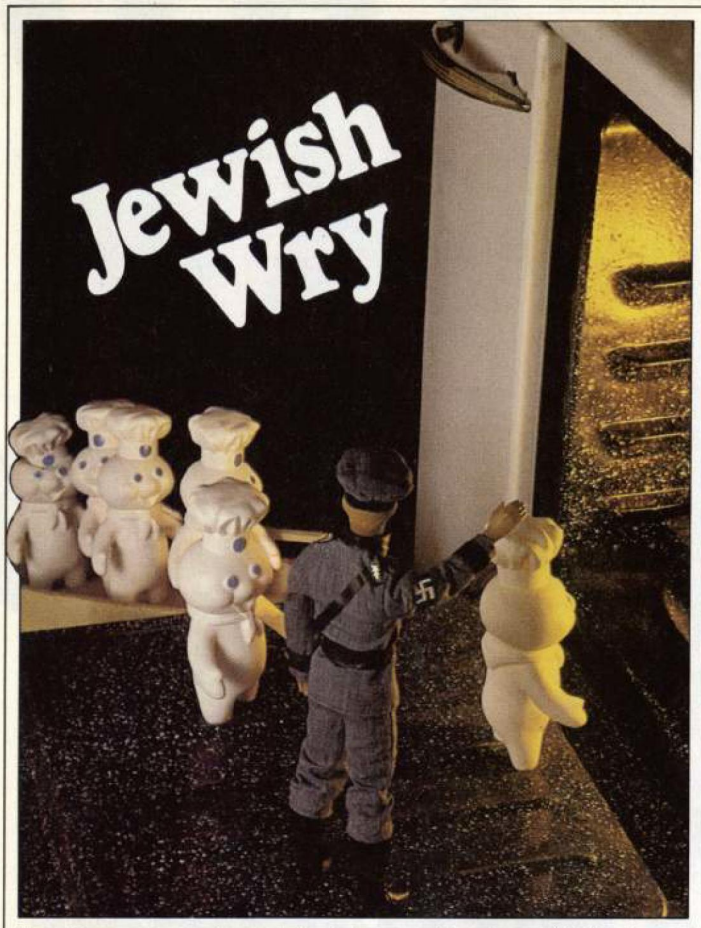
Send us your best sight-gags and you, too, can become famous. Not only do you get $100—and your name in our contributors' box—but it could be your first step to stardom.

It's All in the Wrist

This certainly is the age of specialization. First came the doctors who specialized in diseases of the left foot, and now we have whorehouses that provide only one service: jerking off their customers. We only hope that Mr. Milk, having been elected, stops cow-towing to the quickie vote and tightens his grip on these preying pud-pullers.

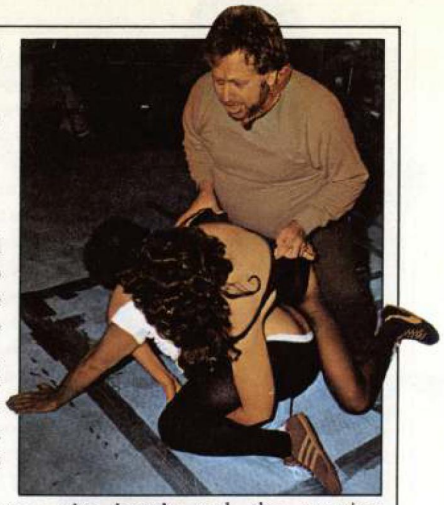


Some guys just don't like to wait, and this little fella looks none-too-pleased when Momma doesn't deliver. After all, when you're hung like a horse you expect better service than that. Most of his girlfriends actually crawl across the floor to see him, and that's just the way he likes it. "When they tell me size doesn't matter, I just lean back and give them a good look at my turkey-leg. That's all it takes." We'd probably agree, but what kind of a guy pees sitting down anyway?



For years now we've watched the Pillsbury Doughboy doing cute things on the tube and getting tickled by housewives. For once, though, we'd like to see the little ass-lick get what he and his kind deserve—a one-way ticket to Biscuitland.

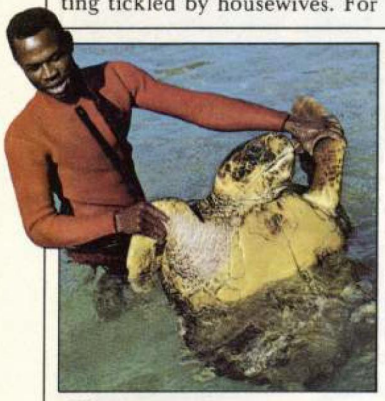
PORK ROLL



There's one thing about Al Goldstein: He's not afraid to go out in public and act like a flaming asshole. Being so heavy, he can't help it, which is why his recent defeat at the hands (and thighs) of Queen Adrena was no big deal for *Screw*'s founding publisher.

Adrena, weighing in at a trim 185, and Al, straining the scales at 280, fought a pathetic contest before the gathered throng at New York's Gramercy Gym. By the bout's end the cunning love-goddess had Goldstein groveling for mercy, proving once again that fat people may be jolly, but they can't wrestle.

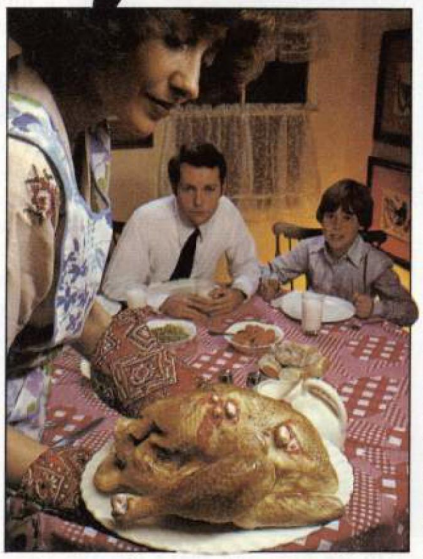
Photos by *Screw*



SHELL SHOCK

HUSTLER Publisher Paul Krassner gave us this little item, citing the photo's frank portrayal of interracial bestiality, or amphibious miscegenation. Actually, we thought the couple was just dancing, but who knows? There are plenty of native customs white men have never seen, and besides, Paul promised the turtle he'd do her a favor—if she did one for him.

Kentucky Fried Death



In the old days it was "a chicken in every pot," but lately it's more like "a tumor in every chicken," as more and more of today's hybrid hens contract diseases due to modern breeding methods.

According to experts, most chickens have avian-cancer virus in their blood, though the industry maintains that only 2 percent of the creatures develop malignant tumors. Still, as recently as 1969, Marek's disease (as the chicken cancer is called) forced the extermination of some 37 million fowl. The question, of course, is just where the birds end up after the farmer offs them—in the burial place or the marketplace?

Back in 1971 a doctor in Michigan discovered a vaccine for the poultry plague, and the problem of Marek's disease appeared to diminish somewhat. But since the disease is environmentally induced—resulting from the incredibly cramped and unnatural conditions of the modern breedery—vaccines can't really do the trick. As Dr. Stanley Katz of the Rutgers University Microbiology Department explains: "Anytime you stress an animal, you're increasing its susceptibility to all types of disease."

But even without the threat of the Big C, the average consumer should be somewhat paranoid of poultry. America's broilers are all pumped full of antibiotics, intended to keep the birds healthy and help them grow. The problem is that when we eat the chicken, we're also gulping down all these antibiotics. This causes antibiotic-resistant agents to form in the stomach and could be fatal, particularly if the unlucky chicken-lover gets the clap. Penicillin would never have a chance.

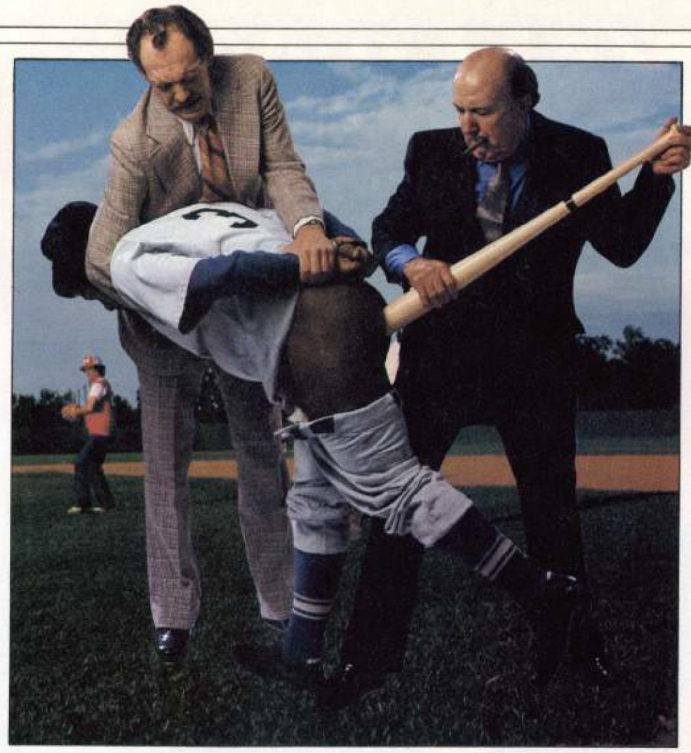
The next time you chomp down on a drumstick, be sure to get a checkup after dinner.

HUSTLER HERO

In 1969, at the height of his career as one of the finest center fielders of his day, the St. Louis Cardinals' Curt Flood made a big decision—he would no longer let himself be treated like a slave.

Flood opposed baseball's legal bondage, the reserve clause, which gives a major-league ball club exclusive rights to a player's services until he is traded, sold or released. Flood sued the club owners and thereby blackballed himself right out of the big leagues.

Though today the likes of Reggie Jackson and other free-agent bombers and hurlers make millions as a result of Flood's lone sacrifice, he himself remains jobless and alone in Alameda, California, his glove gathering dust in the closet.



What Flood and others like him have in common is their willingness to challenge the System—and to pay for it. HUSTLER respects this kind of commitment, and we think such individuals are the real heroes of our time.

Their actions involve no horn-blowing and no John Wayne theatrics—just a simple but profound "fuck you" to the faceless, heartless combine that would like to control us all.

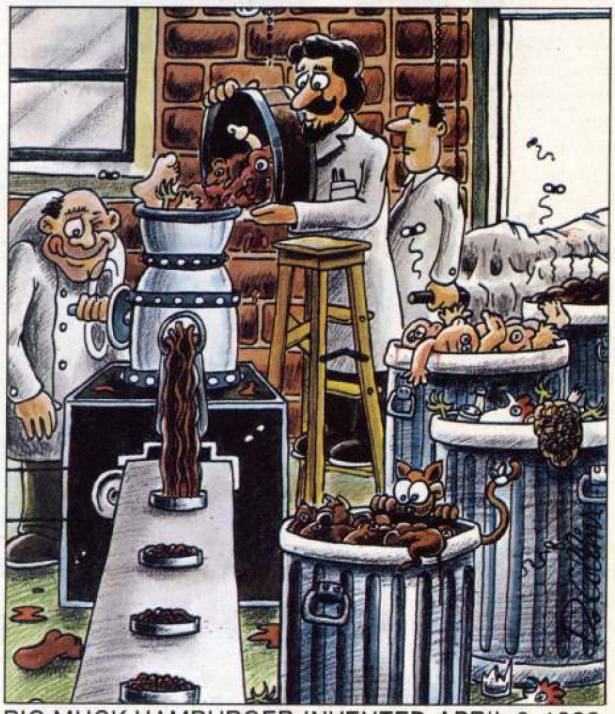
You may have some heroes of your own, and we'd like to hear about them. Send your candidate for HUSTLER Hero, along with a brief account of why he or she deserves the honor, to HUSTLER Heroes, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Playing a New Position

If *The Bad News Bears* hasn't persuaded you, then it's time to admit we're in the age of unisports. It's really not hard to believe that women can swing a bat, kick a football or slam a dunk as well as men. But still, no matter how well they perform, distaff jocks seem to stand out on the playing field.

Some of the staffers here think that recognition is caused by two distinct features of the female players, but the rest of us don't think having long hair and patting fellow players on the ass separate the men from the women in sports. No, it has to be the pink headbands.

GREAT MOMENTS IN INVENTIONS #1



BIG MUCK HAMBURGER INVENTED APRIL 2, 1908.

HUSTLER pays $100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany all returnable material. For July, $100 and thanks to Holly Krassner, Goose and Evan, and Jerry Aibel.

VIDEO CASSETTES V.H.S. & BETAMAX

FROM **$49.50**

The complete and uncut version.
1 hr. 16 minutes.

"Pick of the year."
The Adult Filmakers Association of America

**"Brilliant!
Highly Recommended for couples...
I give it the highest rating, 92%"** *Al Goldstein*

To Order Call Toll Free 800-221-8466

Ask about our DIAL-X catalogue, a living 2-hour video cassette containing highlights from over 25 of our available films. Including, "The Devil In Miss Jones," "From Holly, With Love," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Behind The Green Door," "Deep Throat," "Hot Circuit," "The Coming Of Angels," "Another Love, Another Place" and many, many more.

VARIETY VIDEO FILMS INC.
175 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011
800-221-8466 • N.Y. State 212-242-6694
We accept Mastercharge, Visa, American Express, COD & Mail Order

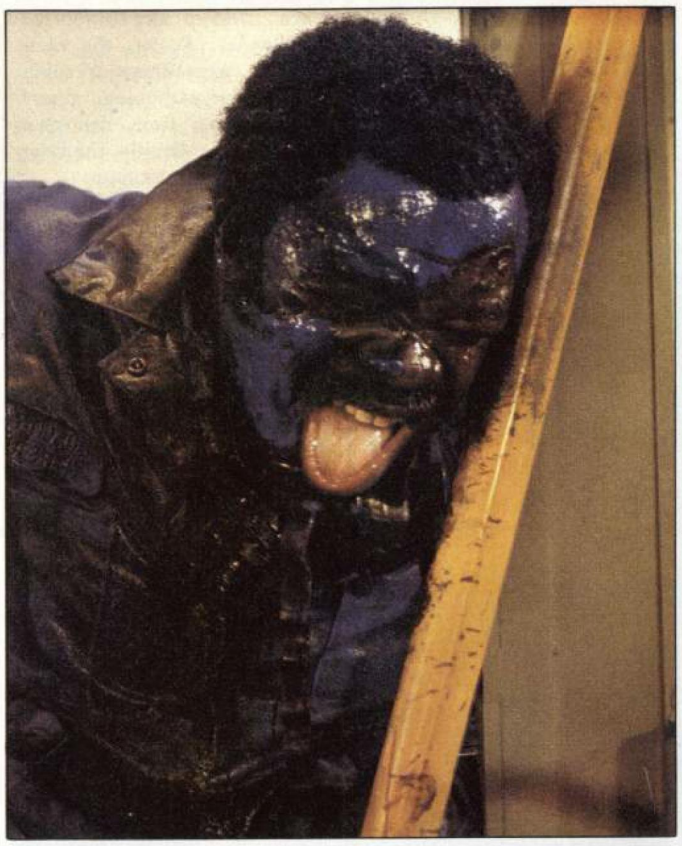
MEDIA TAKES

MOVIES

When industrial psychologist Alfred J. Marrow was interviewed in *U.S. News & World Report* (February 13), he was asked to comment on the wave of absenteeism, shoddy workmanship and poor productivity in America's factories and offices. He replied: "The vast majority of workers these days are demoralized. . . . They want self-esteem, recognition, satisfaction in what they're doing to earn a living. For many workers, quality of life is more important than money."

Nothing new about that, you say? But there *is* something new about this nation's working force. Better educated than at any time in America's history, working people today are, according to Marrow, "more sensitive, less inhibited, more demanding of life." And it is no coincidence that 6.7 million of these brighter (yet more alienated) workers are Vietnam-era veterans—men and women who served in the armed forces between August 1964 and May 1975. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that up to 60,000 Vietnam veterans have become so depressed over the prospect of being exploited by their government, employers and labor unions that they've dropped out of the working world entirely. And of those veterans who *want* jobs, over a half-million are still looking. If they find work, chances are they won't be satisfied.

The plight of the 60,000 disillusioned, dropped-out veterans represents the most visible paragraph of a shocking national labor story that affects every American. (In fact, the figure may be *three times* 60,000; Roland Mora, deputy assistant secretary for veterans' employment, estimates that for every dropout counted there are two who are missed.) And it is a story that Hollywood, for years, has done its best to avoid. Only in the last few months have a handful of films emerged that deal with modern American workers in general and the Vietnam vet in particular.



'Blue Collar': Yaphet Kotto (above) gets a killer of a paint job. Our 'Boys in Company C' (below) crash a private party, and stay ten years.

In this section we not only review films, books and the media in America today, but also comment on the state of the art with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. As always, we'll present films, books and media items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

Blue Collar, directed by Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver*), portrays auto assembly-line workers as powerless pawns stifled by tedious and dehumanizing working conditions, and victimized by company and union alike. In the film's early scenes three such workers—Smokey (Yaphet Kotto), Zeke (Richard Pryor) and Jerry (Harvey Keitel)— try, bitterly, to laugh their way out of their financial and emotional purgatory. Some critics have faulted director Schrader on these scenes, maintaining that his touch for comedy is both heavy and mistimed. Although correct in their observation, they are wrong in their conclusion.

The point made in the opening scenes is that the comedy of desperate men is often weak and strained, however energetic. But the desperation behind each repeated "motherfucker" is clear. As Smokey puts it: ". . . [the way they pit] the old against the young, the black against the white, is meant to keep us in our place."

When the trio attempts to blackmail the union with proof of criminal activity, Smokey is murdered and Jerry turns FBI stoolie. At the end of the film, after Jerry and Zeke have torn apart their old friendship, Smokey's words are repeated over a chilling freeze frame: "They pit . . . the old against the young, the black against the white."

Blue Collar had to be shot at the Checker Motors factory in Kalamazoo, Michigan; obviously, none of the major auto manufacturers would cooperate. The film succeeds in depicting, with venomous accuracy, the plight of America's auto workers without patronizing them. Paul Schrader and his coauthor brother, Leonard, are to be congratulated: For the first time since the '30s the alienation of the American working man has been described dispassionately on the screen. It is to Hollywood's shame that the subject was either avoided or diluted for so long.

It is equally shameful that serious films about the Vietnamese conflict have taken so long to reach the screen. Literally hundreds of war movies were produced by Hollywood during World War II. By contrast, John Wayne's bullish and bullshit *The Green Berets* was the only film about the war produced by a major studio during the entire period of America's involvement in it.

Not until Francis Ford Coppola, director of *The Godfather*, announced two years ago that he was starting production of a multimillion-dollar Vietnam War epic entitled *Apocalypse Now* did the rest of Hollywood find incentive to climb on the

bandwagon. Coppola's budget has soared to $30 million, and the film's first screening has been delayed until autumn.

In the meantime a flock of semi-tough, semi-aware and semi-bullshit little movies dealing with the war and its veterans have sailed into the theaters—*Rolling Thunder, Heroes, The Boys in Company C, Go Tell the Spartans* and *Coming Home*. Meanwhile, *The Deer Hunter* and *Dog Soldiers* are due for release in late summer.

The Boys in Company C, directed and co-authored by Sidney J. Furie, amply illustrates the problems of all the Vietnam War films so far released. Like *Blue Collar*, this film has a basically noble intent—and an R rating because of its "obscene" language—but all similarities end there. *Company C* is a heavy-handed, thinly drawn story that follows a company of Marine recruits from the verbal reamings and shaved heads of boot camp to the leathernecks' tragic, final reaming in the meat-grinder of the front lines.

The drill instructors—who routinely refer to the recruits as "turds," "motherfuckers" and "shitheads"—are interesting at first for the sheer violence of their language. But the film quickly fades into predictable formulas, focusing on a cross section of types sucked into the Vietnam mess: among them, Washington, the street-wise, black dope-dealer-turned-platoon-leader; Foster, the naive narrator who keeps a diary; Fazio, the easygoing, pussy-crazy Italian from Brooklyn; and Sergeant Aquilla, the Puerto Rican drill instructor.

The climax of the film pits Company C against their Vietnamese allies in a soccer match (a little too reminiscent of the football finale in the film version of *M*A*S*H*). If the Americans win, the brass will reward them with a transfer out of the battle zone. But when the company marches victoriously off the field, singing the Marine Corps hymn, the boys refuse to leave the battlefront. The story is worth telling, but the cliche-ridden screenplay and Furie's lackluster direction fail the subject matter.

Rumor has it in Hollywood that the soon-to-be-released Robert De Niro film *The Deer Hunter* promises the most honest and meaningful statement of all the Vietnam War flicks completed to date. It concerns three Russian-American steelworkers who undergo a complete change of consciousness as a result of the war. But if the rumor is groundless, we'll have to wait for Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* for the definitive statement on the tragic conflict.

—*Michael Stott*

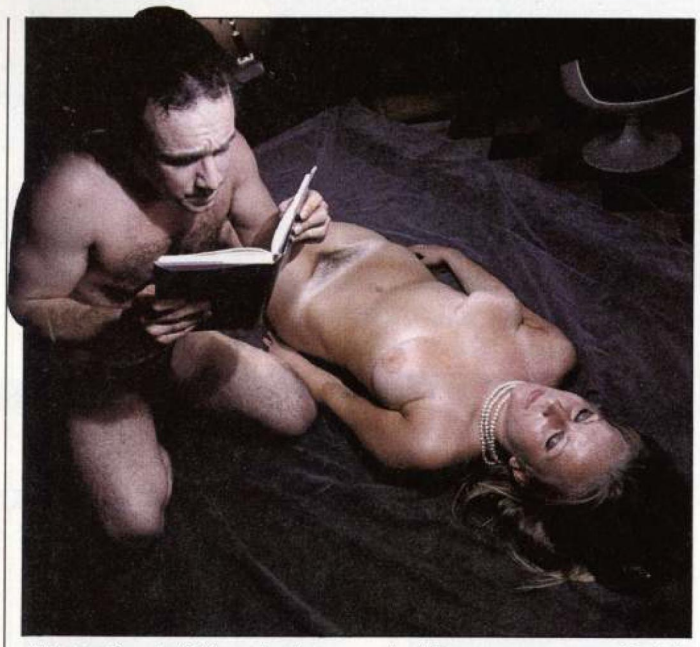
EROTIC FILMS
Happy Days

For those of you who remember fucking in old Chevys with your ass hitting the horn on every other stroke, *Happy Days* should rekindle plenty of memories from the not-so-torrid '50s.

Hoping to cash in on the current craze for '50s nostalgia, this piece of period porn involves a group of friends at an anniversary party, recounting how each lost his or her virginity during the Eisenhower years. Unlike many explicit films that advertise themselves as "couples films," *Happy Days* really is one.

Great care is taken to build up each character before flashing back to his or her first time, and the lovemaking, when not refreshingly comic in tone, is expressed in a sensual, slow-motion fashion that is anything but slam-bam. Although the film is hard-core all the way, the producers aimed to entertain more than to titillate.

The opening shot has a girl pinned down on the front seat of a Buick Road Master, being deflowered by degrees: "I'll let you get the top of it in, then you promise to stop, OK? Hey, what are you doing? Hey! I'm not that kind of girl. . . ." Finally, her foot gets hopelessly ensnared in the steering wheel. (You had to be *very determined* to get laid in those days.)



'Happy Days': "What do they mean by 'disengage rotor assembly'?"

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.

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

HALF ERECT
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Another scene has a budding psychiatrist hypnotize—or so he thinks—the family maid. He then stretches her out on the pool table and, referring to a sex manual, explores her body. Eventually, the maid gets oversaturated by her not-so-sleepy encounter and asks the shrink, "Aren't you gonna snap me out of it?"

Happy Days conjures up most of the telling details of the '50s—as when a young girl is more worried about hiding her falsies than protecting her reputation. "They get smaller when it's cold," she jives about her tits to a lust-crazed partner who couldn't care less. A radio voice from the '50s, DJ Joe O'Brien, is superimposed on the sound track, along with some rock 'n' roll music from the era interpreted by Roland DeSoto and the Studebakers.

The hottest sequence in the film belongs to Georgina Spelvin as a demanding mother who personally checks out the attributes of her prospective son-in-law. Although she's no spring chicken, Georgina is one of the best actresses and sexiest ladies ever to appear in porn.

Happy Days is a rerelease originally produced in 1974 as a sexual answer to *American Graffiti*. Because the sex is secondary, we can't give it a hard rating; nevertheless, it is funny and intelligent nostalgia. If you failed to see *Happy Days* when the film first came out, it is well worth catching now.

From Holly With Love

Occasionally, an X-rated film comes along that falls into a category I call "soap-opera porn." By interweaving hard-core sex with melodramatic love entanglements, the producers try to create a feeling of sensitivity that will convert all the sucking and fucking into romance. These attempts usually fail because of weak scripts and actors who, for the most part, sound like they've studied drama at the Howdy Doody School for Marionettes. This is true of *From Holly With Love.*

As the film opens, Holly, a hooker (Joanna Miquel), is enthusiastically working over a trick. His appreciative comments lead her to "confess" that he's her first trick. Predictably, he asks the old what's-a-nice-girl-like-you question, and her story unfolds in flashback.

We are taken back to the previous summer, when Holly was a virgin. (As attractive as Joanna Miquel is, she no more resembles a virgin than does Mae West.) At the time she is living with her sister, Tricia (Crystal Sync), and her brother-in-law, Lew (Richard Bolla), a lawyer. Tricia and Lew are having problems because Tricia doesn't want Lew to fuck her; she has been conditioned to feel that sex with someone you love is dirty. The couple decides to take a beach house for the summer and sort out their problems. Holly tags along.

'Holly': Marlene Willoughby gets some heads-up legal aid.

At the beach, Holly quickly falls in with three beach bums—Laura (Patti Sebring), Tom (Michael Gaunt) and Hal (Tony Perez). Tom takes the group out on his boat and fucks Laura after Holly, like a proper virgin, begs off; but Holly's virginity is defended by the gentlemanly Hal. Meanwhile, Tricia sneaks off to ball a bartender while, back in New York City, Lew is busy fucking one of his clients (Marlene Willoughby). From this point on the plot sickens. A drunk and frustrated Lew rapes Holly one night. This blows his marriage and converts Holly into a raging nympho who, like her sister, can't fuck with anyone who loves her.

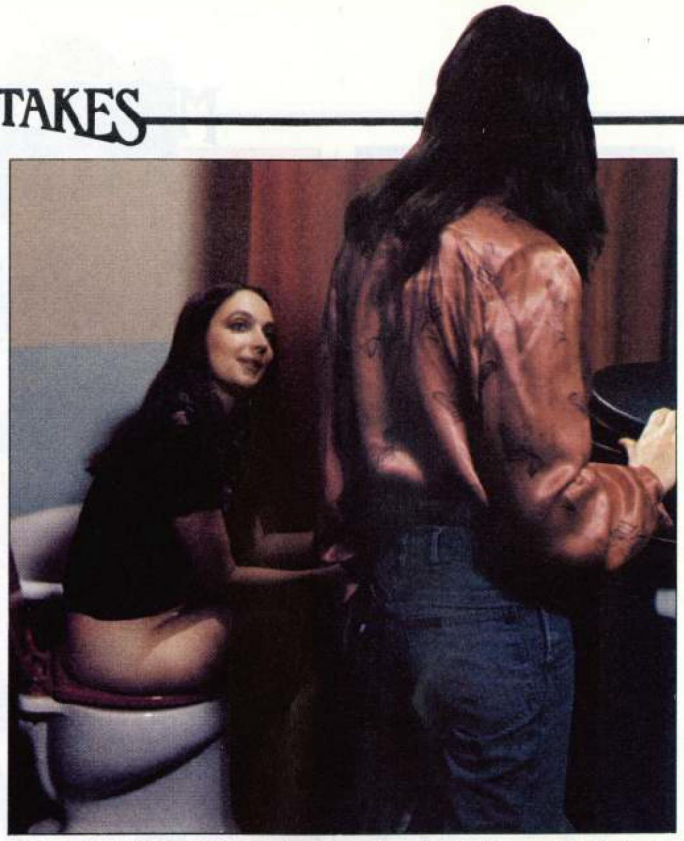
As the flashback tale ends, the john is so sympathetic that he gives Holly another $20. After he leaves, Holly's hooker roommate comes in and asks her why she never varies the fabricated life story she tells her customers.

"Variations cost money, honey," Holly answers, and the two girls get it on together. Neither the "trick" ending nor the lively sexual acrobatics of Joanna Miquel can save this film. *From Holly With Love* is much like Holly's story to her gullible customer: bullshit.

Honeymoon Haven

Carter Stevens is at it again, this time in a film about the swinging history of a honeymoon motel outside of (where else?) Intercourse, Pennsylvania. This is one of Carter's better films. He's assembled a cast of porn regulars who rise to the occasion for some turn-on performances that are often amusing as well.

A new groom, Morris (Wade Nichols), experiences honeymoon hardships when his bride (Karen St. Joy) locks herself in the bathroom. Despite his repeated coaxings, she's afraid to come out and surrender her cherry to him. A few hours and a bottle of champagne later, Morris gives up and staggers down to the motel office. There the manager (Richard Bolla) tries to reassure the luckless groom with a series of flashback tales about the history of the establishment from the '40s to the present day.



'Honeymoon Haven': Someone's always pissed with the accommodations.

Care is taken with the costumes, dialogue and music to recreate a sense of the respective eras. The first vignette, from 1949, is one of the best; the bride (Lisa Marks) is everyone's image of a 1940s bride, and later, in lingerie, shows herself to be a creamy slice of cheesecake too. Her husband has run out on her, leaving his best man to consummate the marriage.

The next scene, set five years later, concerns another wedding night, when the groom has to leave suddenly on business. He returns to find his bride in bed with a stranger. Being understanding, the husband carries on with his marriage—after knocking the guy out.

Then there is a sequence, set in 1959, involving three beatniks (Pepe Valentine, Carol Kay and Bill Berry) and another, in 1968, involving a foxy black maid (Gloria Todd) who deep-throats a man out of attempted suicide.

But two of the best sequences are set in '72 and '78. In the first, two couples share the same bed for a swinging honeymoon. Bobby Astyr is one reason this sequence stands out. He is one of the funniest men—if not *the* funniest man—in porn films. "There are four heads and eight armpits in this room. I'm sure we can work it out," he says while steering everyone into a group-grope.

In the final flashback, porn veteran Marlene Willoughby is married to a man (Al Levitsky) who can't shake off his childhood. Marlene, as the raging southern bride, cures her husband when she shoots his teddy bear to death.

Encouraged by the manager's stories, Morris returns to his room and persuades his bride to consummate their marriage. Unbeknown to them, the cherry-popping ritual is being watched on closed-circuit TV by the manager and guests from the previous sequences, who have returned for their annual orgy reunion.

Honeymoon Haven offers constant sex with ever-changing bodies, as well as good production values and dialogue. It proves that, with a little imagination, an above-average production can be made at a reasonable cost.

—*Frank Fortunato*

BOOKS

Edited by John Calendo

The paperback market in America is a booming business, mainly because softbound books are a cheaper alternative for the book-buying public and because they offer a wider selection of titles. With this in mind, HUSTLER will focus on the paperback market for its reviews, although worthwhile hardcover editions will not be ignored. We aim to provide information about the best works available for the least amount of money and about ones that attempt to serve our readers either as entertainment or as enlightenment.

The Visual Dictionary of Sex

by Dr. Eric J. Trimmer, et al.; A&W Publishers, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; 321 pages; 400 illustrations; $17.95

Remember all the excitement when *The Joy of Sex* hit the stands? Finally, there was a conscious effort (or so it seemed) to demystify everyone's favorite hobby. Many people got either all wet and gooey or just plain hard at the mention of the book's title. But, once inside the virgin-white cover, the offerings were relatively soft-core. The wording seemed directed toward esoteric rather than erotic sexual fancy, and all the illustrations were weak.

Thankfully, *The Joy of Sex* can now be chucked away, or at least conveniently misplaced. Enter *The Visual Dictionary of Sex*. We are so impressed with Dr. Trimmer's book that we'll be keeping a copy of it in our research department.

Here is a big, colorful book dealing with the naughty subject of S-E-X without bending backward to be boringly clinical. It's a volume which never forgets that sex, after all is said and done, is one hell of an exciting adventure.

The Visual Dictionary is a sort of textbook for sex fiends. De Sade would not be unhappy with the illustrations, Freud would not be insulted by the high-caliber info (expressed in strong, simple words), and Masters and Johnson would probably make it required reading at their therapy center.

'Visual Dictionary': At last, a textbook for well-rounded sex fiends.

No sexual taste is overlooked. There are exhaustive entries on sexual odors, bathroom graffiti, love dolls, Ben-wa balls, drag, obsession, circumcision, underwear and coprophilia. (Dr. Trimmer defines this last item as "a morbid attraction for excrement—usually, but not always, for human rather than for animal fecal matter.")

The book devotes a whole section to oral sex, describing it in no-nonsense terms: "[Oral sex] means quite simply the use of the lips, the tongue and the mouth and cavity of the throat in lovemaking . . . . Fellatio (from the Latin *fellare*, 'to suck') . . . is also known, especially in American slang, as *sucking off, giving head* or, more popularly, as a *blow job* (in spite of this term, the penis should never have air blown on it)."

There are two fold-out sections, one of a woman, the other of a man, sketched tastefully with all the pelvic bones and sexual tubing visible through transparent skin. There are also anatomically illustrated sections on venereal diseases, menstruation, contraception and even acne.

In fact, the dictionary is packed with top-quality color photos (ranging from sexy stereotypes to abstract visions of sex), black-and-white photos, and illustrations of sexual organs and functions.

There is a genuine beaver inside, but the furry fellow isn't wearing a hard hat or smoking a cigar. He's part of a spread depicting all the images that suggest vulvas—such as an opening flower, a doughnut, a keyhole, a pussycat, etc. There is a phallic counterpart to this section, which features images of a cigarette, a rocket ship, a banana (remember Mae West?) and the Eiffel Tower.

For the purist, *The Visual Dictionary*'s only flaw is its lack of alphabetic order (although there is an index in the back). For those of us who aren't so alphabet-crazy, *The Visual Dictionary of Sex* is a gem.

—*Kevin Sheridan*

Hustler for the Lord

by Larry Jones with C. A. Roberts; Logos International, 201 Church Street, Plainfield, New Jersey 07060; 173 pages; $1.95

This book springs from the Reverend Larry Jones's revelation that, since he first saw our magazine back in March 1976, "I have been one of HUSTLER's most avid readers, but I haven't been reading it for enjoyment."

Indeed not. Jones, the mail-order evangelist who may still be pouting over his selection as the March 1977 Asshole of the Month, has fingered HUSTLER Magazine as the devil's proudest work, and Larry Flynt—not yet reborn at Jones's writing—as Satan's chief advance man. (The book's title is misleading because Jones's completed manuscript was delivered to his publisher before Flynt discovered his spiritual self. A brief epilogue acknowledging Larry's rebirth does nothing to alter the thrust of the author's preceding arguments against pornography.)

On the basis of Jones's unscientific investigation into the proliferation of "obscene literature" in America today, he arrives at some incredible conclusions: "The porno plague surrounds each one of us. No part of society is immune from its devastation. It is seeking victims to devour through its furtive means. We must be sober and vigilant in our stand against this destructive epidemic." Sounds like an old-time harangue against Demon Rum, doesn't it?

As examples of unnatural practices portrayed in pornography, Jones cites extramarital sex, homosexuality and lesbianism. Of course, these practices existed—and even flourished—long before the advent of mass-distributed sex magazines; if anything, sex publications have created a climate in which such practices can be viewed in an enlightened and intelligent manner, rather than as unmitigated horrors.

Still—when not posing hypothetical questions on the

order of "What if it were your mother being dragged through a pile of excrement in that magazine?"—Jones dramatically insists that the perusal of HUSTLER and magazines of our ilk leads the lonely and troubled person to rape, prostitution, murder and (no kidding) masturbation.

Jones loves to cite cases like that of the Oklahoma lad who, after being romantically rebuffed by two young women, went to see an X-rated film and then shot down passersby from a hotel rooftop. He also tells us about the murderer of an 11-year-old girl (when tracked down, he "had nearly 200 magazines like HUSTLER in his possession") and the 14-year-old rapist who had "a room full of pornography in his home."

Unfortunately for the reverend's case, circumstantial arguments like these are patent nonsense. There is no conclusive evidence linking exposure to erotica with sexual crime. For example, a 1977 study of 44 rapists confined at California's Atascadero State Hospital revealed that most of the men had never read pornographic materials or gone to porn movies. A supervising psychologist wrote that the convicted rapists thought skin magazines were "morally wrong and harmful in our society." (Another bunch of critics, it seems.)

Jones's selective quotation of statistics to fit his argument (76 percent of the population, he claims, want pornography outlawed) calls to mind certain other polls. One such survey presented a sampling of Americans with some provocative reading material: the first ten amendments to the Constitution, but without any identifying title (e.g., "Bill of Rights") to condition their responses. A substantial proportion of these people were horrified by the document's expressed permissiveness—freedom of speech, assembly and the like—and felt quite strongly that it was subversive and un-American.

The slanting of facts, statistics and arguments characterizes Jones's approach throughout his book. Some time ago Jones made what he calls "an excursion into hell itself." That is, he visited HUSTLER's editorial offices—when we were still in Columbus—to be interviewed by our then Executive Editor (now Editorial Director) Bruce David and by Althea Flynt.

Jones's self-righteous paraphrase of that encounter, when contrasted with our tape of the exchange, comes off as a big lie. It is incomplete, inaccurate and distorted. Jones further falsifies the facts by using David as a straw man to set himself up with straight lines for his preachy retorts.

When Jones later makes generous use of a transcript from an Oklahoma City radio talk show, in which both he and Larry Flynt participated, the divergence of opinions is clear. Flynt is quoted at length, and (doubtless contrary to Jones's intention) is allowed to present a clear and lucid defense for magazines dealing with sexual subject matter.

"I think," said Flynt at one point in the program, "that anything having the effect on our attitudes and life that sex does, should not be stuck under a rug or back in a corner."

To readers less hung up than Jones, this is the only section of the book that makes sense.

—*Jonathan King*

Stalking the Perfect Tan

by G. B. Trudeau; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; 128 pages; $1.95

For most of its history the newspaper comic strip had a simple function: It made you laugh without making you think very much.

But in the '70s something revolutionary has happened to the comics page: *Doonesbury.* Here is a strip so outspoken that it often has to be put on the editorial page because newspaper executives don't know how to handle a work that meddles in such explosive topics as drugs, homosexuality, Watergate, unmarried bliss and the foibles of Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter.

'Perfect Tan': Why 'Terry and the Pirates' never won a Pulitzer.

Some papers, notably the *Los Angeles Times, Miami Herald* and *Philadelphia Bulletin,* have even yanked *Doonesbury* off their pages (or altered its dialogue) on those days when it speaks out on particularly touchy subjects. No wonder *Doonesbury*'s creator—Garry Trudeau—is the only strip cartoonist ever to be awarded a Pulitzer Prize.

Trudeau's latest offering, *Stalking the Perfect Tan,* is a collection of his recent newspaper strips (almost all were printed in 1977) and features some of the characters he has made nationally famous. All of them are the new stereotypes of our times—Ginny, the liberated black law student; Jimmy Thudpucker, the laid-back rock superstar; Zonker, the philosophizing pothead; Joanie Caucus, the relentlessly sincere housewife who returned to college to get her law degree; and Uncle Duke (fashioned after gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson), a contributor to *Rolling Stone* and, in *Perfect Tan*, America's envoy to the People's Republic of China.

It is Zonker, the unreconstructed hippie, who is stalking the perfect tan because "if you're wearing a good tan, all your problems become like snow in the noon day sun." Joanie Caucus, out of law school, is trying to work out a "supportive" (if unmarried) relationship with a reporter: "My mother calls every Sunday," says Joanie, "to ask me if I'm still cheapening myself." And Uncle Duke informs his Chinese translator, a sly mouse of a woman, that "the only thing standing between the [Hollywood] film crowd and total illiteracy is the need to get through their Mercedes-Benz owner's manuals."

Quick, to the point, highly literate (and often very funny), *Doonesbury* is a comic strip for people who are politically aware. Though sometimes his humor is too dry (and possibly too elitist) for some tastes, Trudeau's genius is that he manages to merge real-life situations, political trends and even a nugget or two of real-people gossip into his work.

—*Jonathan King*

LEASURE TIME BOOKS.

A. Desire

This collection features Ron Raffaelli's artistic photography, which glorifies and captures the essence of eroticism. The book combines over 100 photos, many taken on the sets of his recent films, with quotes from famous people who praise love and sex.
#2675 $14.95

B. What Every Man Should Know* About Women (*Sexually)

Nearly 100 full-color and black-and-white photographs help answer those questions most frequently asked by men. This handy manual deals with feminine sexuality in a frank question-and-answer format. The explicit photographs and arousing text cover subjects ranging from female masturbation to birth control and sexual positions.
#2604 $4.75

C. Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.
#2605 $12.95

D. Simons' World Sexual Records

Over 380 pages of authentic sexual records from around the world, including the biggest, smallest, longest, shortest, oldest, cheapest and much more. Sixteen glossy pages of black-and-white photos document these unbelievable oddities.
#2641 $5.95

E. Dirty Funnies

Take the eroticism and mystique of pulp pornography out of the adult-book stores and bring it into your home with this collection of five dirty comics. Stocked with hundreds of illustrations, these comics will titillate, arouse and entertain you all at the same time.
#2677 $8.95 (set of 5)

F. Masturbation: The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberating book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation, but also more than 190 photos portraying men and women in acts of sexual self-release.
#2613 $15

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.) Visa and Master Charge only.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send: HU778E

_____ #2675 @ $14.95
_____ #2604 @ $4.75
_____ #2605 @ $12.95
_____ #2641 @ $5.95
_____ #2677 @ $8.95
_____ #2613 @ $15

Please Print

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

I am of legal age.

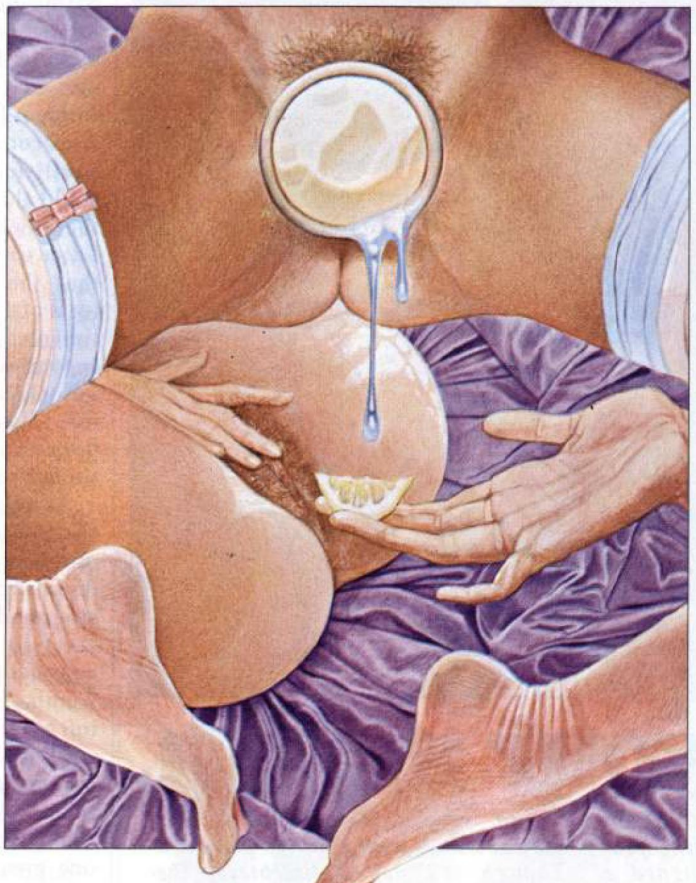
Subtotal $_____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.50
TOTAL $_____

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

SEX PRACTICES

by Bruce Nethercut

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Contraception has taken many strange, exotic forms as various cultures worked out their understandings of sexuality and reproduction. And as science replaced superstition, contraceptive devices became more sophisticated and more effective. Today there is an abundance of birth-control alternatives, and plenty of conflicting opinions on the safety and effectiveness of each one.

Much current controversy stems from the far-reaching impact of the birth-control pill. The Pill is made of synthetic sex hormones (estrogen and progestogen), which inhibit a woman's ovulation; without the ovum, or egg, fertilization cannot occur. It's easy to use and nearly 100 percent effective, and a pack of 21 costs about $3 for the monthly cycle. (The Pill isn't taken during a woman's menstrual period.)

More than 10 million American women depend on the Pill, and at one time or another many of them have probably missed a day's dosage without paying the price nine months later. But the Pill has some troubling side effects. Because it simulates pregnancy, the Pill frequently triggers pregnancy-related symptoms such as headaches, nausea and tender or swollen breasts. Birth-control pills, especially those high in estrogen, increase the likelihood of blood clots, which could cause fatal strokes or coronary thromboses. Pill-users, especially smokers, also run a greater risk of heart attack. Although the Pill has not been definitely linked to cancer, estrogen does aggravate some existing cancers.

A woman's susceptibility to these disorders depends on her age and how long she's taken the Pill. Nevertheless, the threat of long-term health complications has frightened many younger women away from the Pill.

The Pill is only one of the latest and most technically advanced of the many elixirs that women have swallowed to prevent pregnancy. In ancient times, potions were mixed from certain roots, plants and tree barks, as well as dirt, insects and reptile skin. In more "developed" cultures, women drank concoctions brewed from willow leaves or mule kidneys. (Willows and mules are sterile.) To protect themselves, Greek and Roman women consumed copper-tinged water acquired from blacksmiths. This belief in the contraceptive powers of copper persisted in some locales until the early 20th century.

During the second world war it was noted that Australian sheep which had consumed an abundance of clover—rich in estrogen—stopped reproducing. But it wasn't until the mid-'50s that an American biochemist, Dr. Gregory Pincus, thought to balance estrogen and progestogen in a single contraceptive pill for human use. His pills were tested and, in 1960, approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) . . . and, thus, a risky revolution in modern birth control began.

For women who do not want to play Russian roulette with their hormones, another frequently chosen birth-control method is the intrauterine device (IUD), a small coil of flexible plastic that a doctor inserts into the uterus. While in place, it works as a contraceptive almost as reliably as the Pill (about 97 percent effective) without requiring significant attention.

The reason for the IUD's effectiveness remains uncertain. Theories suggest the IUD either prevents the process of fertilization itself—merely by being a foreign object in the uterus—or inhibits the survival of the fertilized egg. The insertion of an IUD by trained medical personnel costs between $25 and $50, and most doctors advise replacement every two or three years, depending on the type of device. Since the IUD is an effective birth-control implement, and since its insertion, though painful, is simpler than remembering to take the Pill every day, it has become a popular means of contraception. An estimated 2.5 million American women prefer the IUD over other birth-control methods.

But the IUD has drawbacks. Though the risk is slight, the uterine wall could be perforated during insertion (significant injury is rare, however). The IUD may not only aggravate uterine infections but also may cause them. At the very least, it frequently brings on heavier menstrual flow and cramps.

Illustration by Frank Frezzo

Watch your mouth.

LEASURE TIME knows that timing is very important in getting your message across. So we designed a unique digital watch and pendant.

Our LED digital watch tells more than just the time, date, month and day of the week. We've personalized its four functions by adding a fifth—the intimate message.

And you can complement your digital watch with a unisex pendant. Though it's not a timepiece, the specially styled pendant says just what's on your mind. When you're having trouble expressing yourself, do it with a digital watch and pendant—the elegant jewelry that puts words in your mouth.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send:
Men's watch with leather band @ $59.95
available only with "LET'S FUCK"
____ silver (#3322) ____ gold (#3323)
____ metal band(s) #3324 @ $5 extra
Women's watch with leather band @ $59.95
____ silver (#3325) ____ gold (#3326)
____ metal band(s) #3327 @ $5 extra
____ "I LOVE YOU" ____ "YOUR PLACE OR MINE"
Unisex pendant @ $49.95
____ gold (#3643) ____ silver (#3646)
____ "I LOVE YOU" ____ "LET'S FUCK"

Subtotal $____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.50
TOTAL $____

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders. Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars, add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

Please Print HU778Q

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo year

Signature, Date

GUARANTEE
These solid-state timepieces carry a manufacturer's guarantee against defects in materials or craftsmanship for one year from date of purchase.

Thus, about 25 percent of IUD-users subsequently have the device removed.

The first IUD was invented by a German doctor in 1909. It was made of silkworm and animal membrane, but the real breakthrough came when the Lippes Loop, made of soft polyethylene plastic, reached the American market in the early '60s.

The loop was followed in quick succession by other IUDs incorporating the latest technical refinements, culminating in the infamous Dalkon Shield. First marketed with much enthusiastic hype in 1969, the Shield found its way into the wombs of 1 million American women. But due to its peculiar structure and composition, the device fostered conditions in which lethal bacteria could thrive in the uterus. In June 1974 the Shield was pulled from the market. Later the FDA released a report stating that the Dalkon Shield had caused a total of 14 deaths and 219 cases of septic (infected) abortion, necessitating hysterectomies, among women who had unluckily become pregnant during its use. Nevertheless, as recently as last year an estimated 800,000 women continued to use it.

As more of the potential hazards of the Pill and IUD come to light, greater numbers of women are switching to the diaphragm. A small, shallow rubber dish stretched over a flexible metal ring, it is carefully placed in the vagina so as to completely encircle the entrance to the womb. The diaphragm should be used in conjunction with a sperm-killing jelly applied to the inside of the dome. If employed regularly and conscientiously, the diaphragm can be as effective a contraceptive as the IUD. The diaphragm's one great attribute is that it has never caused a single hospitalization or death, and that's a unique claim for a birth-control device.

Inserting the diaphragm properly is not difficult for most women. It should be put into the vagina within the hour before intercourse and should remain in place after intercourse for at least eight hours—sufficient time for all the released sperm to die. If sex occurs again during this time, more spermicidal jelly should first be put in the vagina without disturbing the diaphragm.

Diaphragms vary in size, and since a close fit is crucial, a doctor or nurse should do the precise measuring. It should be examined for fit every six months, after a pregnancy or if the wearer loses or gains more than ten pounds. Diaphragms should be washed after each use and checked carefully for leaks.

The diaphragm is not the right choice

for every woman, however. Some women find inserting the diaphragm and applying the spermicidal jelly or cream to be messy and repugnant. Others complain that the spontaneity of lovemaking is destroyed when, in the heat of foreplay, the diaphragm has to be inserted—although the man's active participation in the insertion can be a very sensual act.

Frequent penile thrusts, the female-superior positions and the vagina's natural expansion when excited may also loosen the diaphragm and increase the chance of conception. Still, for an estimated 1.5 million American women this method represents the most safety with the least risk.

Like the IUD, the diaphragm is a form of contraception that depends on creating a barrier to fertilization. The barrier idea traces its roots to the ancient Egyptians, who used vaginal inserts containing everything from honey to human waste. In addition to blocking sperm, these strong-smelling substances were believed to discourage the male "spirit" from fertilizing.

In biblical times, Arab camel drivers put stones inside the uterine cavities of their camels to prevent conception during long desert crossings. Their experiments with similar devices for their wives (who stayed at home and got restless) were met with cries of pained protest from the would-be subjects, and the practice never went beyond camels.

The principle of contraceptive barriers persisted in many cultures over the years. In 18th-century Italy the notorious lover Casanova recommended the insertion of a squeezed lemon-half in the cervix. Not only would this block the semen, but the astringent juice supposedly killed the sperm.

In the 1830s Dr. Hans Wilde, a German, improved on the lemon by developing a rubber contraceptive cap that remained in place until the onset of menstruation. In 1882 another German, Dr. Karl Haase, developed a more flexible diaphragm, which the woman herself could insert prior to lovemaking and later remove. It became known as the "Dutch cap," since it was initially popularized at the world's first birth-control clinic, in Holland. For 50 years before the marketing of the Pill the diaphragm was the American woman's most popular contraceptive device. As the public becomes more aware of the risks of other birth-control devices, look for the diaphragm to return to widespread use.

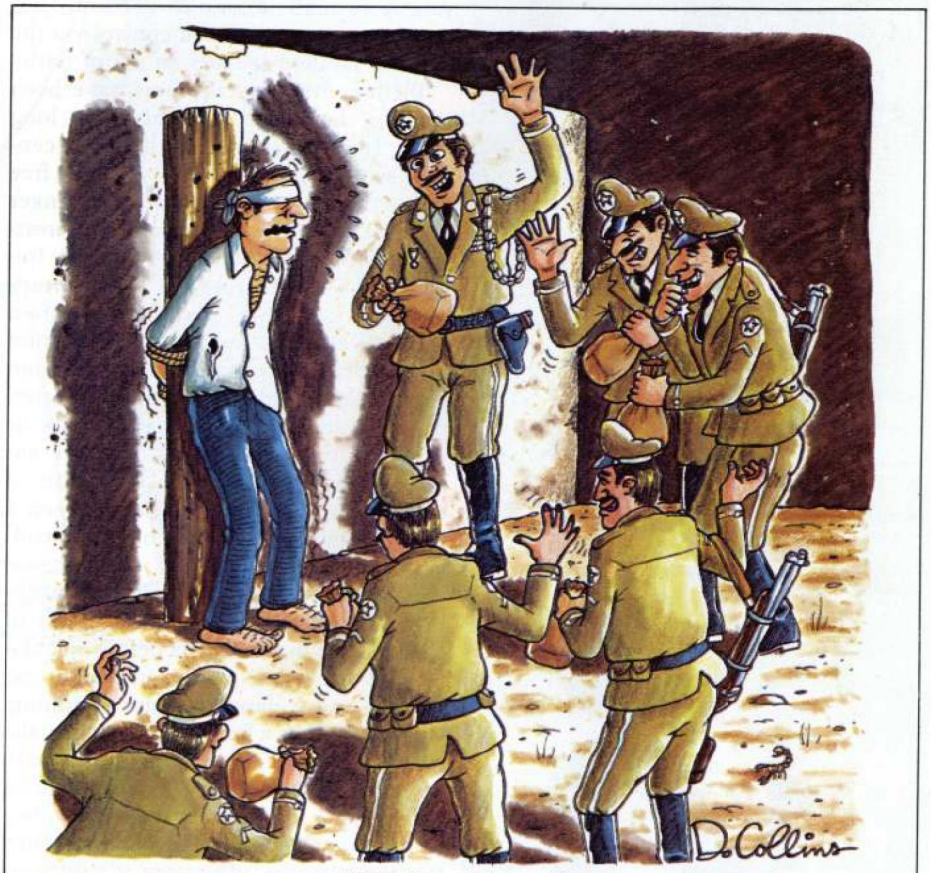
The only marketed male contraceptive—short of vasectomy—is the condom (also familiarly known as "rubber" or "Trojan"). It consists of a thin sheath of latex rubber or lamb membrane, which is rolled onto the erect penis just before intercourse. Its purpose is to trap semen, keeping sperm from entering the vagina. When used carefully, and when the woman uses a sperm-killing foam or jelly as well, the condom is about 90 percent effective. Without the spermicide, though, the condom's worth is reduced appreciably. In global terms the condom is the second-most widely used contraceptive device today. Condoms don't require medical supervision, they're obtainable in any drugstore, and they're affordable (a packet of 12 costs about $3 to $4). Moreover, the condom is the only contraceptive device that can protect its user from venereal disease.

The condom dates back to Gabriello Fallopius, a 16th-century Italian anatomist, who developed it to protect against a spreading epidemic of syphilis. Fallopius also accurately detailed the process of fertilization. (In his honor the sperm-carrying oviducts he described are now called Fallopian tubes.) Fallopius's sheath, though crude and uncomfortable, was proved effective not only in preventing venereal infection but also, coincidentally, in stemming the tide of unwanted bastard offspring. This unanticipated bonus accounted for the condom's booming popularity during the next 200 years.

In the 18th century, condoms were made of animal membrane and were tied around the penis with colorful silk ribbons. Casanova called them "English overcoats" because the better-quality cloth ones were produced in England, which at that time dominated the condom market. In the 1840s the vulcanization of rubber brought affordable condoms to the middle and working classes and might have inspired a massive outbreak of promiscuity in any other era but the straitlaced Victorian.

Of course, many couples have practiced birth control without resorting to any such artificial aids. They believe in handling things in nature's own way, via the rhythm method. These couples do not have intercourse during that part of the woman's menstrual cycle when she is fertile. This is the only birth-control method sanctioned by the Catholic Church; consequently, it is prevalent in countries with large Catholic populations, including the United States (where an estimated 5 million women practice it).

Since a woman's reproductive metabolism often varies from month to month, picking the right days to abstain from intercourse is a very tricky business. The woman has to establish the number of days between periods; it varies from woman to woman. If a certain woman



"Ready . . . aim. . . ."

Subscribe to HUSTLER and CHIC, using the coupon on the inside front cover.

has her period every 31 days, then she most likely will be fertile around the 14th day before her next period, or on day 17. To be totally safe it is best to allow four or five days leeway in either direction. Therefore, in the above case one would abstain from intercourse four or five days before day 17 and four or five days after it. The rhythm method assumes predictable patterns of menstruation and ovulation (regularity that at least one-fourth of all women don't have), so it is quite risky.

The temperature rhythm method is slightly more scientific. A woman's body temperature dips, then rises sharply around the 14th day of her menstrual cycle. Thus, she can keep a daily chart of her temperature—taken first thing in the morning—noting when the temperature changes, which signifies time of ovulation. Unfortunately, this method only allows a woman to determine her time of ovulation when it takes place; by the time her temperature falls again, her most fertile time has probably passed.

In addition, temperature variations due to infection, sleeplessness, tension or a groggy 7 a.m. misreading of the thermometer add unwanted confusion to what is already an imprecise calculation. In light of its inherent risk and complexity, what is so remarkable about the rhythm method is not that its failure rate is so high (about 20 percent), but that it works at all. Birth control via the rhythm method is truly an act of faith.

Birth-control practitioners have been playing the numbers game for a long time. In Europe during the 14th century, women believed they would be free from conception a year for each finger they sat on. The game got more interesting when it involved the desired frequency of sex. During the 17th century a popular belief was that the more often one had sex, the less likely conception was to occur. However, once Victorian morals were in place two centuries later, people were told that excessive sex or enjoyment of sex caused mental enfeeblement and pain, as well as lots of extra mouths to feed. Guilt has been a big part of sex (if not of birth control) ever since.

Another "natural" form of contraception is *coitus interruptus*: withdrawal of the penis from the vagina before ejaculation. Even when employed with care, control and a dancer's sense of timing, withdrawal has a failure rate rivaling the rhythm method's. For *coitus interruptus* to be effective, every drop of semen must not only be kept out of the vagina, but away from the vaginal lips as well. During the pleasure of orgasm it's difficult to withdraw properly without frustrating both partners. A woman may find it difficult to relax during sex if she fears that the man might not pull out in time. In addition, there is growing medical evidence that if a man practices interrupted ejaculation too often, he may end up with prostate problems.

Withdrawal first got a bad name in the Old Testament, when God rebuked Onan for "spilling his seed upon the ground" instead of impregnating his brother's widow. Though Onan's sin was *coitus interruptus*, onanism has come to mean masturbation.

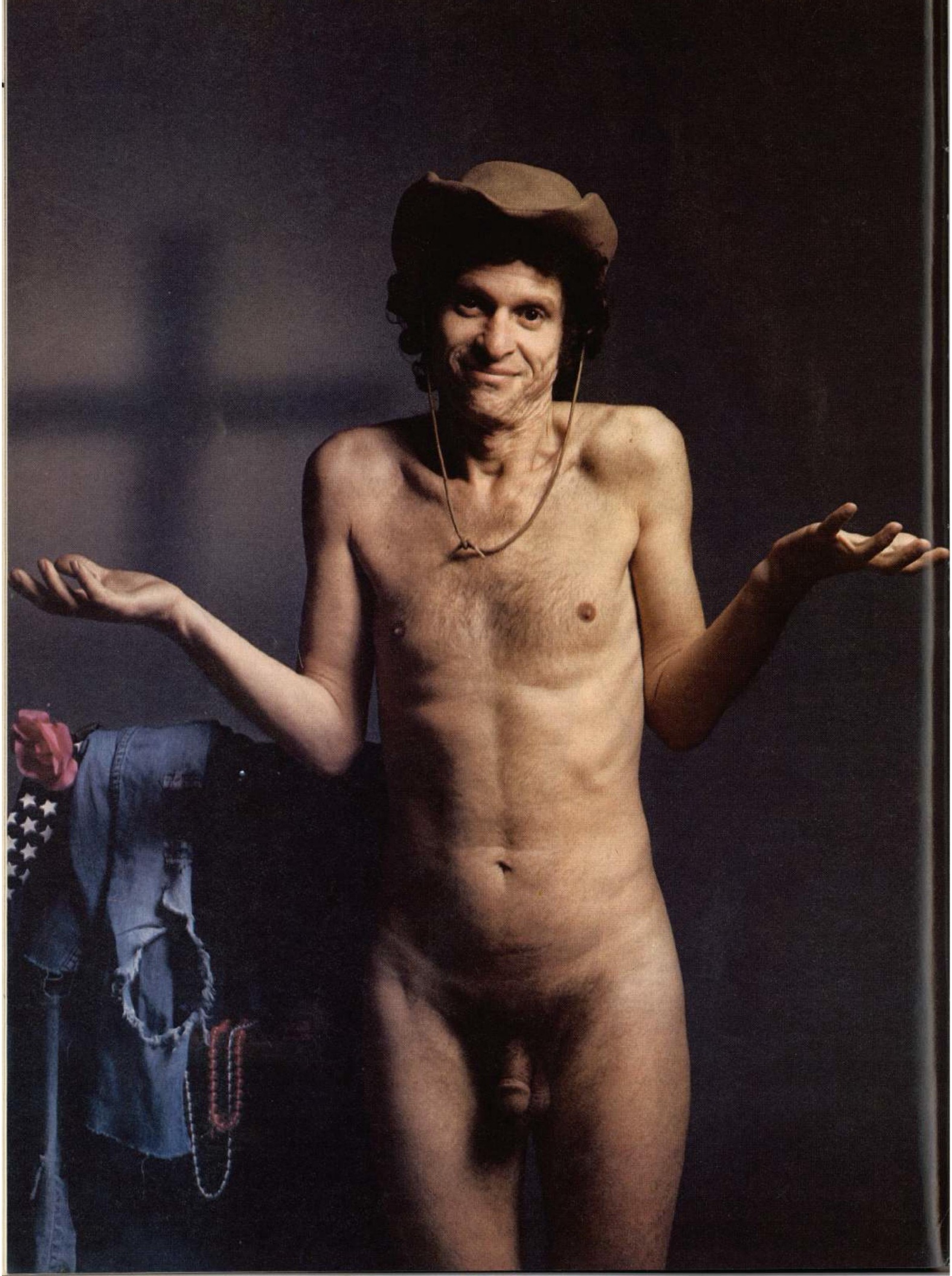
Other cultures have been more favorably inclined toward the practice. Rhazes, an ancient Persian scribe, not only recommended withdrawal but also considered it possible for a woman to shake sperm loose from her vagina by sneezing, blowing her nose, calling out in a loud voice and violently jumping backward seven times. If, by mistake, she jumped forward seven times, her chances for pregnancy improved.

With absurd contraceptive prescriptions like that of Rhazes, it's not surprising that many early societies often resorted to abortion. The Greeks and Romans relied heavily on this method—as well as infanticide—to control population levels. The advent of Christianity helped to eliminate these practices on a widespread scale. But last year more than 1 million therapeutic abortions were performed in the U.S. alone. Abortion seems to be making a comeback as the postcoital contraception technique of last resort.

Looking at the world as a whole, the most popular form of birth control is still that old standby, good luck. Only an estimated 30 percent of all fertile couples rely on contraception. (In North America this figure approaches 80 percent; in East Africa it's closer to 2 percent.) In India, sterilization is the means of birth control for 61 percent of all contraception candidates. In Latin America, the Middle East and North Africa, if contraception is used at all, it is mainly the Pill or IUD. This is due to the growing influence of Western-oriented family-planning associations, which now exist in more than 120 countries. In Europe, surprisingly, the traditional methods—i.e., the condom and the diaphragm—still prevail, though this is changing fast.

Birth control *has* come a long way from the superstitious days of sneezing and jumping backward seven times. But until a safe and completely reliable contraceptive device is perfected for worldwide use, we'll just have to assume vows of celibacy or, more likely, keep taking our chances.

MORGUE
Crosley.



INTERVIEW

PAUL KRASSNER

The Naked Truth

At the age of six, HUSTLER Publisher Paul Krassner found himself onstage at Carnegie Hall with a violin tucked under his chin. Considered to be a child prodigy, he made a conscious decision at that very moment to become a rebel.

As president of his high school's student court, the young rebel made a name for himself by subpoenaing the principal and charging him with conflict of interest: The educator came from a rival school. In 1954, needing to complete only one course to graduate, Krassner dropped out of the City College of New York. A year earlier he had begun his apprenticeship in journalism at Expose (renamed The Independent), a publication run by Lyle Stuart in New York City. The tabloid covered topics—cancer research, government corruption, monopolies, to name but a few—that 25 years later are still hot items in the media. Eventually, Paul became managing editor of The Independent.

Through his association with Lyle Stuart and The Independent, Krassner came into contact with sexual-ethics pioneer Albert Ellis and asked him if he had any unpublished material. Ellis submitted articles on the then-taboo subjects of masturbation and petting; these are part of Ellis's book Sex Without Guilt (Lyle Stuart, $4.95), which Paul calls a "predecessor to the sexual revolution of the '60s." While at The Independent, Krassner free-lanced articles for Mad magazine and wrote skits for The Steve Allen Show. At the same time, he was doing occasional stand-up comedy in the New York area and at colleges around the country.

In 1958, Paul began publishing The Realist. For the next 16 years he put out the magazine fairly regularly—in his words, "shocking the shit out of the Establishment and the readership." He managed to subsidize the publication throughout this period by taking on additional assignments: contributing editor to Playboy; editor of his friend Lenny Bruce's autobiography, How to Talk Dirty and Influence People; film critic for Cavalier magazine; co-editor with Ken Kesey of The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog; and columnist for National Lampoon and Crawdaddy.

Then, in December of last year, Larry Flynt invited Paul to our annual Christmas party and not only named him Publisher of HUSTLER but also announced that The Realist would resume publication. Even though the news came as a complete surprise—Krassner assumed he was invited to perform a comedy routine—it appears in retrospect to have been inevitable. Like Larry Flynt, Paul comes from a long tradition of iconoclasts and truth-seekers. As he points out, with some tongue in cheek, "When the first so-called leaders of cavemen were writing on cave walls, there was some upstart outside writing something else on the rocks, in opposition to what was officially being written on the cave walls." So it's little wonder that Paul Krassner is now Publisher of HUSTLER, the current "opposition stone" in America. Our Editorial Director, Bruce David, questioned Krassner about how he will maintain his iconoclasm at HUSTLER (under the stipulation that Paul keep his clothes on during the interview).

HUSTLER: For the benefit of our readers who may not be familiar with *The Realist*, could you describe the magazine and explain how it evolved over the years?

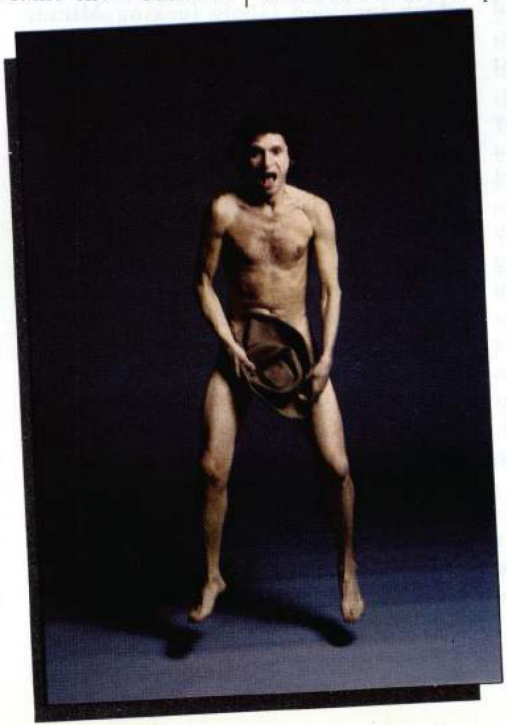
KRASSNER: *The Realist* was simply a magazine that published stuff no other publication would touch. I was doing stand-up comedy in the early '50s, when Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl were, but I didn't have the same show-business drive as they did. My bits about music to masturbate by and Senator Joe McCarthy weirded out the club owners.

That type of humor and satire made *The Realist*. There were only two humor magazines in this country then: *Mad*, which was aimed at teenagers, and *The New Yorker*, which I was too lazy to read anything in but the cartoons.

HUSTLER: In 1958, when you began *The Realist*, you were among a small faction concerned with freedom of the press in America. Wasn't *The Realist* born out of a traditionally liberal sensibility? What some people called the free-thought movement?

KRASSNER: Well, I've always felt that freedom of the press is a logical extension of freedom of speech. If you could talk about things in your living room or bedroom and not have to answer to anyone but yourself, you should be able to do the same in print.

But I learned that there was a lot of compartmentalization among people who called themselves free thinkers. They might think freely about religion but not about sex. There were a lot of prudes in the free-thought movement, just as there are a lot of prudes in the nudist movement. They accept the anatomy but not the physiology.



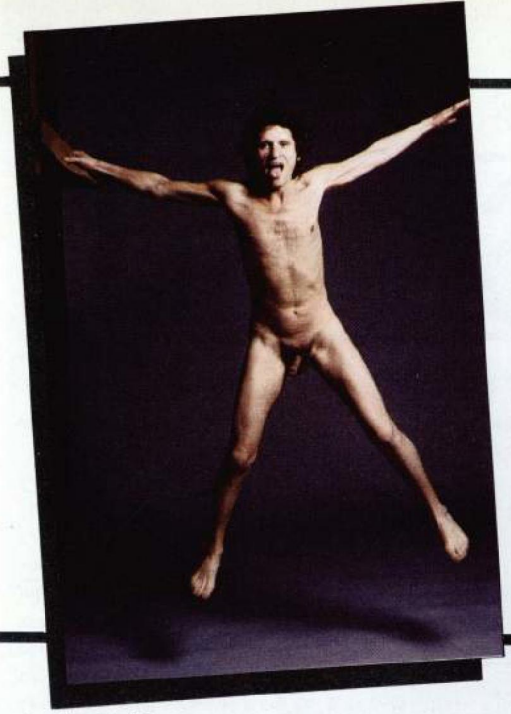
Photography by Frank DeLia

HUSTLER: How did the sense of humor and irreverence you introduced to this tradition eliminate that compartmentalization?

KRASSNER: By being consistent. If irreverence applied to anything, it would apply to everything. That became a challenge because there are things in which you have a vested interest, and you have to apply irreverence to those things as well.

HUSTLER: For that time wasn't *The Realist* a radical publication, which caused a great deal of controversy?

KRASSNER: Well, people have defenses that are built up from early childhood, and if you present an idea to them in a way that makes them laugh, quite often those defenses are dropped. Suddenly, they may discover



they're holding onto a truth that's too hot to handle, and they get offended.

HUSTLER: Can you cite some of the subject matter in *The Realist* that has caused controversy? And what were the repercussions?

KRASSNER: In the late '50s I once needed a note from my attorney explaining to the printer that it was OK to print the words *shit* and *fuck* in an interview with Albert Ellis on the semantics of profanity. But in 1967 the shit really hit the fan when I published an issue containing "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book."

William Manchester's book *The Death of a President* was about to be published, and Jackie Kennedy was trying to have certain information omitted. Everyone was wondering, "What could there possibly be that she didn't want printed?" So I tried to get hold of the parts of the text she wanted cut, but when I was unable to, I decided I'd write them myself. I didn't make a conscious decision to shock people; it just came about organically.

The account started off with a totally true premise, and step by step—as if you were peeling off layers of an onion to get to the core—led logically and dramatically to the climax. Jackie Kennedy confessed that on Air Force One, flying John Kennedy's body from Dallas to Washington, she had discovered Lyndon Johnson crouching over Kennedy's corpse. In her own words (or my version of her own words) she said: "There is only one way to say this—he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the wound in the front of his throat."

I also included commentary attributed to handwritten marginal notes from Manchester's publisher to check with a Warren Commission member. He questioned whether this was just an ordinary act of necrophilia, or if LBJ was trying to change the front entry wound into an exit wound in order to fool the Warren Commission. Ironically, that aspect of the wound is still a matter of controversy now.

HUSTLER: You must have encountered a lot of resistance from the Establishment in the '50s and '60s, particularly over something like that.

KRASSNER: I've already mentioned the trouble we had with the printer over the Ellis interview. When I was ready to publish the issue containing "The Parts Left Out of the Kennedy Book," he refused to print it. I couldn't find anyone to do the job, not even the people who printed the Communist Party's newspaper, the *Daily Worker*. Even they wanted to maintain their respectability. (That issue also featured the "Disneyland Memorial Orgy" centerspread, which included Goofy fucking Minnie Mouse on a cash register.)

When the issue finally was printed, a great deal of controversy ensued. The people who recognized that I had made up the material were upset that I had presented it as truth. The people who believed it were upset over its tastelessness. (The late Merriman Smith, a syndicated UPI columnist, actually wrote a column to assure the American public that their presidents don't behave that way.) And even the intelligence community was upset.

HUSTLER: Why was that?

KRASSNER: First of all, people in high levels of the intelligence community know that stuff as bizarre as what I'd written about goes on all the time. They didn't question the veracity of my report; instead, they wanted to know how I found out something they couldn't admit they were unaware of, because that would be bad for their image. So they scrambled around looking for the leak who fed me information.

HUSTLER: Was there any organized attempt by the government, through the FBI or a similar group, to put *The Realist* out of business?

KRASSNER: As I've said, there were some problems with the printers, and some complaints—made by people who thought *The Realist* was obscene—that the police or local authorities would investigate.

But it wasn't until I got politically active and helped organize the Yippies and spoke out against the war in Vietnam that I became the target of an organized attack by the government.

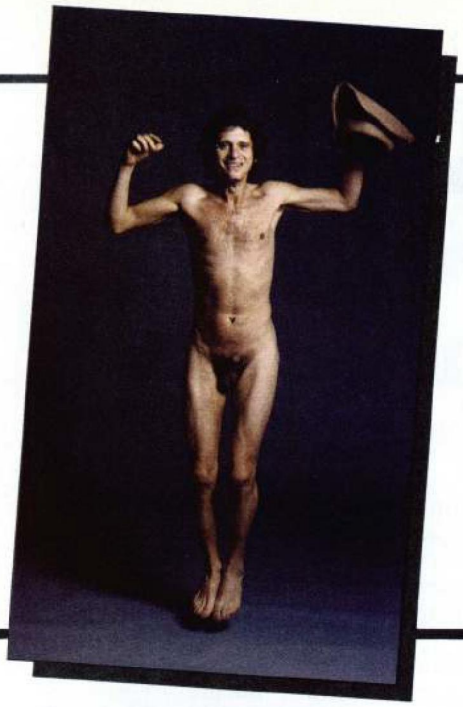
I was beginning to surface from the so-called underground, and *Life* magazine wrote a favorable profile of me in 1968. The FBI's New York office asked the bureau's headquarters in Washington for authorization to send *Life* a fake letter calling *The Realist* "blatant obscenity"—which was not true—and calling me "a raving, unconfined nut"—which *was* true.

Apparently, publishing stuff for what they thought was a limited audience was one thing, but to help organize the masses in protest over the Vietnam War was something else again.

HUSTLER: Once again, do you see a parallel here between HUSTLER and *The Realist*?

KRASSNER: Yes, there is a connection. That fake letter—signed by "Harold Rasmussen, Brooklyn College School of General Studies"—used "obscenity" as a smoke screen to attack my political activity. I think this is true in Larry Flynt's case too.

HUSTLER: So you feel HUSTLER is



really a political magazine?

KRASSNER: Definitely. Even without the sexual content the magazine is highly political. But because of the sex it's explosive. Sexual expression is the most basic form of individual freedom. If a culture can repress sexuality, it can easily control its citizens in other ways.

HUSTLER: Conversely, if people can liberate themselves sexually, they can liberate themselves in other ways as well. Do you feel that religion in America today is still used as a tool to perpetuate sexual repression and repressive control of society in general?

KRASSNER: That's an original function of organized religion: to control sexuality. Of course, religion, too, has to change with the times. So it was no surprise to hear the Pope come out and say, "OK, well, since you *have* to get divorced, you won't get excommunicated." I imagine that someday the Pope might be forced into endorsing birth control by artificial means, and the Church will rationalize it by presenting some type of theological justification. They'll say if God didn't want diaphragms to exist, She wouldn't have invented rubber trees.

HUSTLER: How pervasive is the type of sexual repression directly traceable to the influence of organized religion?

HUSTLER: Everybody I've talked with who had a strong religious upbringing—without exception—has claimed it fucked them up sexually. And they've had to go through a lot of changes to overcome the fear, guilt and shame about sex instilled in them by that religious training.

HUSTLER: Aside from the obvious problem of sexual dysfunction, how do fear, guilt and shame about sex manifest themselves in a broader sense?

KRASSNER: By being channeled into areas that perpetuate the power of the Establishment; so that the soft-core pornography now being used in advertising exploits and diverts the natural divine sexual energy into buying deodorants for every possible orifice. And that same sexual energy has been diverted into obedience in the military and society at large.

The most basic element in all existence is the life force, the perpetuation of the species. If you can control that force, you can control society—and the people who control that drive according to a society's arbitrary rules are usually convinced they are noble people. Hitler thought he was a very noble individual trying to spread his vision of nobility to the world. But I believe if there had been a free press in Nazi Germany, the Holocaust might have been averted.

HUSTLER: Then, by imparting information that reveals the kind of hypocrisy and manipulation the Establishment uses to control the people, doesn't it follow that HUSTLER and Larry Flynt have become a very threatening element to the game the Establishment is playing? Isn't it in the Establishment's interest to eliminate such a threat?

KRASSNER: Sure. And claiming that the magazine's sexual content is pornographic is a convenient smoke screen to attack what constitutes a political threat.

There is a large group of people in this country who have been ignored and betrayed by their own representatives in the political system. HUSTLER Magazine reaches those people and represents their interests. We can show them the hypocrisy in our culture—including their own—because we don't have to answer to anyone but ourselves.

HUSTLER: Events that are happening in the world and the information about them reported through the established media like the *New York Times,* the major networks, *Time* and the rest are often two distinctly different things. Is there any question in your mind that there is a concerted effort by the government to control and manipulate information put before the public?

KRASSNER: None. It's like inhaling and exhaling. If you do dirty shit, then you've got to cover it up.

The birth of the so-called underground press was related to this. As more and more people got involved in being on the street and *participating* in the news instead of just watching it, they saw a wide disparity between what they experienced and the way it was reported. As a result, papers like the *Berkeley Barb* and the *Los Angeles Free Press* started happening everywhere. Once you find out that contemporary history is a lie, it raises the possibility that maybe *all* history is a lie.

HUSTLER: But HUSTLER is a national glossy magazine and possibly the first magazine of its size to say to a large cross section of what was once called the Silent Majority: "America is lying to you."

KRASSNER: I think HUSTLER is part of what could be called a growing anti-Establishment empire. When we were younger, there were magazines like *Life, The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Look*—you could name a half-dozen more—that people thought were as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and would go on forever. Those empires have fallen, and new publications have grown in their place. HUSTLER is the key pub-

(continued on page 52)

GENESIS

The Fall From Innocence

What poor, sick, twisted, guilt-ridden neurotic mind first conjured up a sexless Garden of Eden? The idea of a Paradise without the joy of sex, without the pleasure of our God-given senses, is preposterous, unattractive, illogical and revolting. Whosever mind it was completely misunderstood the Bible's account of man's fall from grace and loss of Paradise.

The whole idea of mankind originally living in a Garden of Eden surely implies life in a state of *innocence,* does it not? But in a childlike state of innocence the mind cannot possibly conceive that it is wrong to enjoy the senses, to enjoy the natural bodily functions and, least of all, that there should be anything questionable about one of the most beautiful and joyful experiences humans can have: sexual union and the perfectly natural, non-drug-induced ecstasy of orgasm!

Seen in that light, mankind's fall from grace and loss of Paradise take on a much different meaning: if anything, the *loss of innocence* or the *loss of innocent enjoyment*—and with it the appearance of false shame where none is called for, and needless guilt where no evil has been committed. For that reason alone—aside from all aesthetic and artistic considerations—we are delighted with these skillfully rendered paintings, which restore innocence and fun to Paradise.

Genuine erotic art, exemplified by the beautiful pictures here, certainly surpasses artless pornography. The aesthetic components—colors, composition, line, texture and the other artistic elements—are essential to any creative piece of fine art. Indeed, these components of a given work are sometimes so dominating and overpowering that they may totally overshadow the subject matter—even *sexual* subject matter.

In fact, with some erotic art—both Oriental and Western—spiritual elements and considerations can fuse so perfectly with the physical that it is sometimes hard to know whether one is looking at religious art or erotic art. For us personally, the ideal is a certain balance between the aesthetic appeal of a piece of art and its subject matter. In that sense, the series of pictures on these pages exemplifies to us this ideal synthesis between *what* the art is meant to say or portray and *how* it is said or depicted.

These pictures, executed by an anonymous but highly talented artist sometime between 1850 and the turn of the century, belong to the so-called Romantic School. Long neglected and underrated by the critics and the official art establishment, the Romantic style has recently made a well-deserved comeback, highlighted by last year's sensational and wildly successful special exhibition at the Tuileries in Paris. In the past year or so, prices for quality art in the Romantic style have skyrocketed. Collectors are now vying with one another to snap up the few such pieces available.

Erotic art expresses the demand for sexual freedom—a freedom vital to individual happiness and mental well-being. Here loving couples are celebrating the joys of innocent human sexuality—not in strict privacy and behind closed doors, nor under the cover of discreet darkness—but, quite to the contrary, in broad daylight and out in the open, among trees, ferns and flowering plants, surrounded by peaceful animals unafraid of humans. For in this Garden of Eden, where there is no repression and no unnecessary frustration of life's natural pleasures, there is also no need for hostility and violence. In this state of original innocence our animal heritage isn't rejected either. The innocent mind simply accepts the animal part of our makeup without apologies or social discomfort.

Erotic art is alive with creative imagination, more often than not aesthetically pleasing, subtly appealing to the senses without offending one's sensibilities, frequently full of wit and humor and—above all—offering an almost infinite *variety* of erotic possibilities that know of no physical limitations.

So, then, just a brief word about a few pictures that are somewhat different, and strikingly reminiscent of the work of Hieronymus Bosch: They depict humans in sexual contact with surrealistic or fantasy animals. Even though there appears to be no force involved, and the human females display nothing but enjoyment, their faces seem to reflect the stamp of a later era in human prehistory—that is, after the Fall. In these paintings the people clearly show they have gained a knowledge of good and evil—and, hence, of guilt and shame.

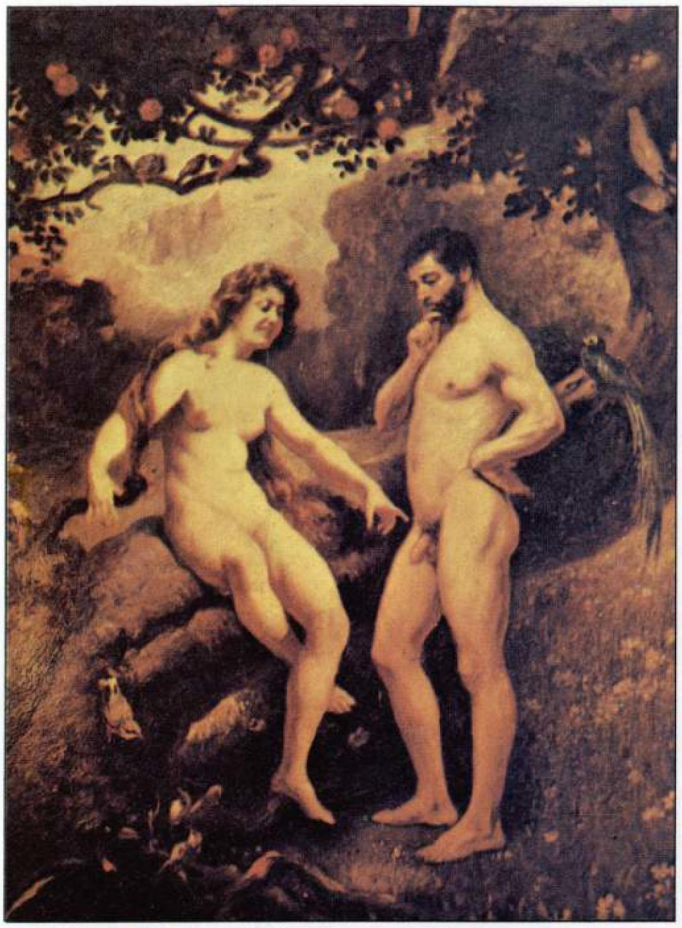
But the rest of this series clearly portrays life and sexuality *before,* not after, the Fall. May they delight our eyes, please our senses and, one may hope, help us find our way back to the innocent mind and our sexual Paradise Lost. Not in some far-off, future life or other world, but right here and now. As a philosopher-prince in India said centuries ago: "If there is Paradise, it is here, it is here, it is here. . . ."

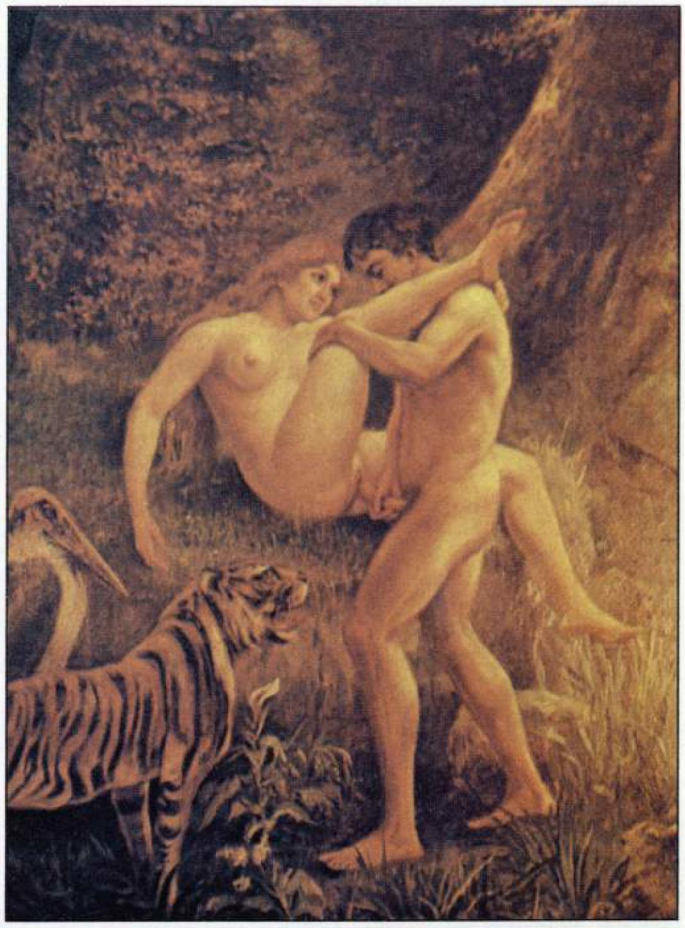
—Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen

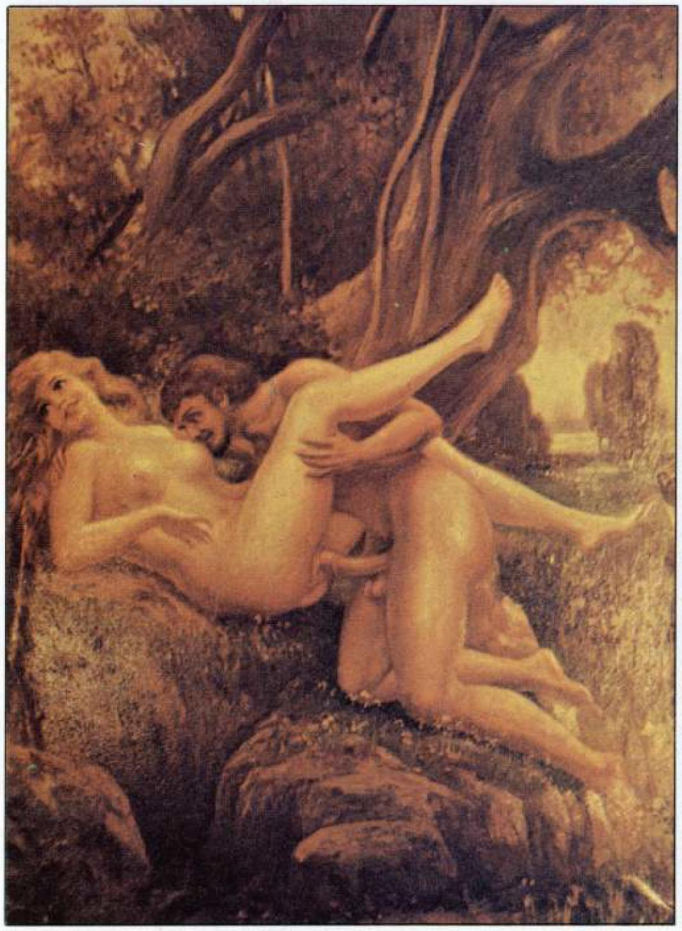
Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen received their baccalaureate and master's degrees from the University of Minnesota, and doctorates in education from Columbia University. Eberhard, born in Berlin in 1915, was a consulting psychologist at the Group Community Center in New York from 1953 to 1958. Since 1953 he has been a psychologist in private practice. Phyllis Kronhausen, born in Minnesota in 1929, was assistant vice-counsel for the U.S. Department of State from 1951 to 1953, a lecturer at Columbia from 1956 to 1958 and has been a practicing psychologist since 1957. The Kronhausens, both members of the American Psychological Association, were married in 1954.

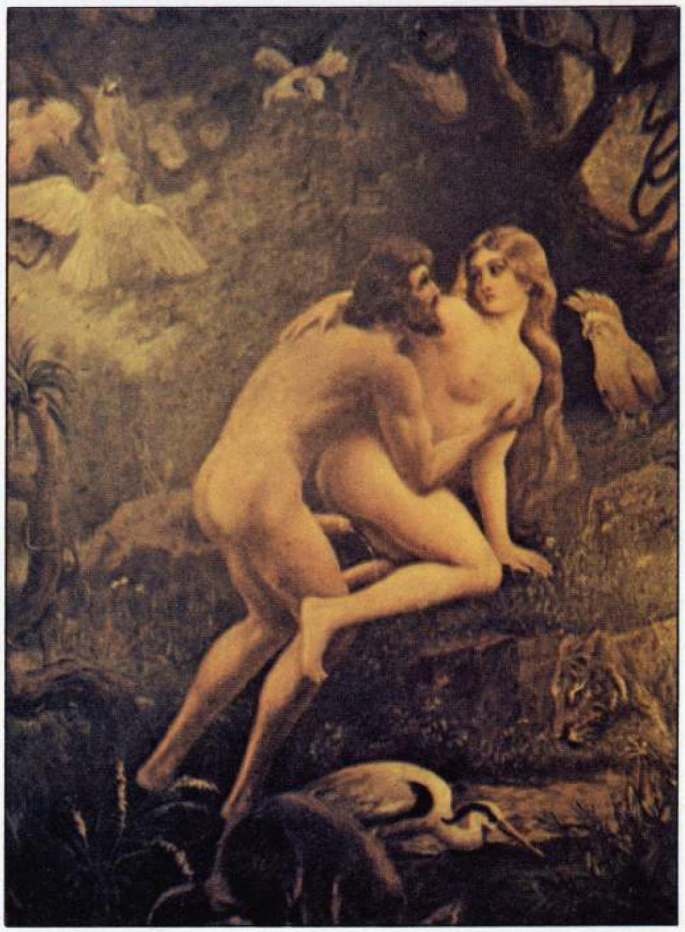
In collaboration, the couple has written The Sex People; Erotic Art (Volumes I and II); The Sexually Responsive Woman; Pornography and the Law; A Gallery of Erotic Art; and Erotic Fantasies: A Study of Sexual Imagination. They wrote the script for the West German film Freedom to Love and produced a short film, Psychomontage No. 1. Also, the Kronhausens helped establish the San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art.

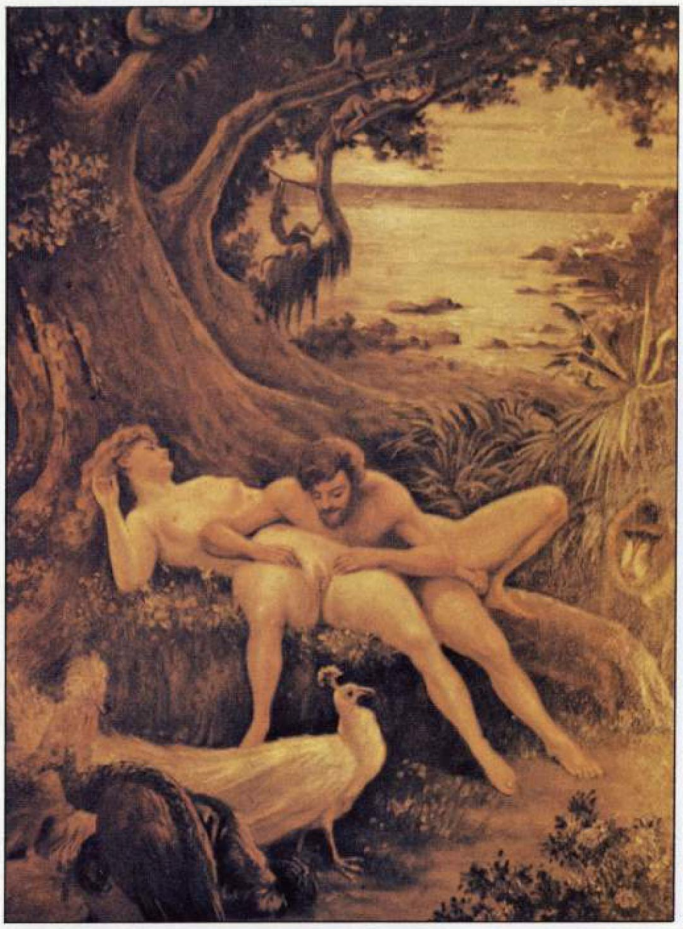
To order the full set of 24 Genesis color lithographs, turn to page 118 for coupon.

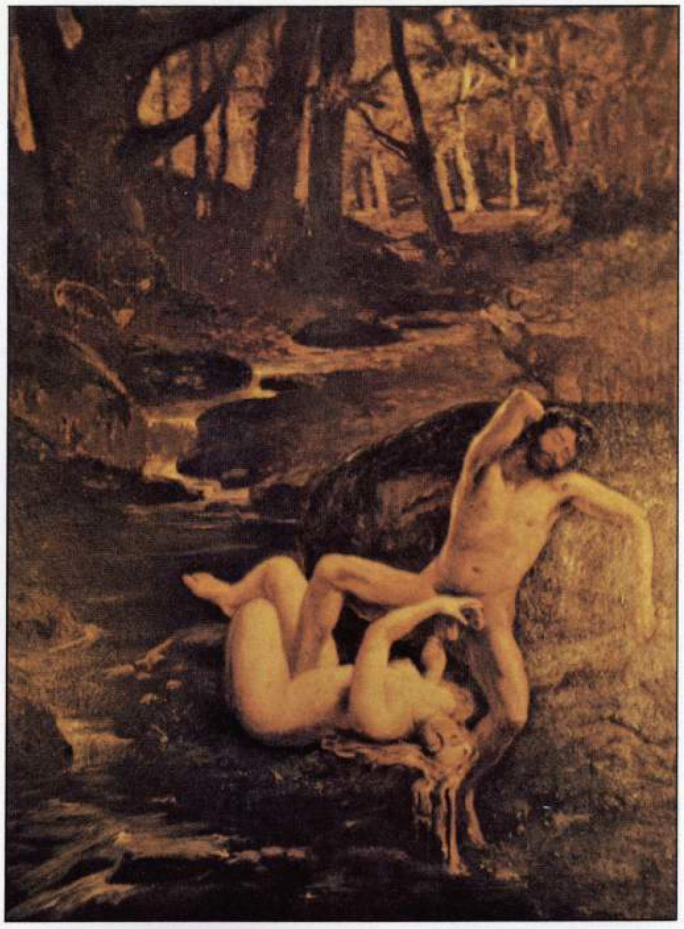


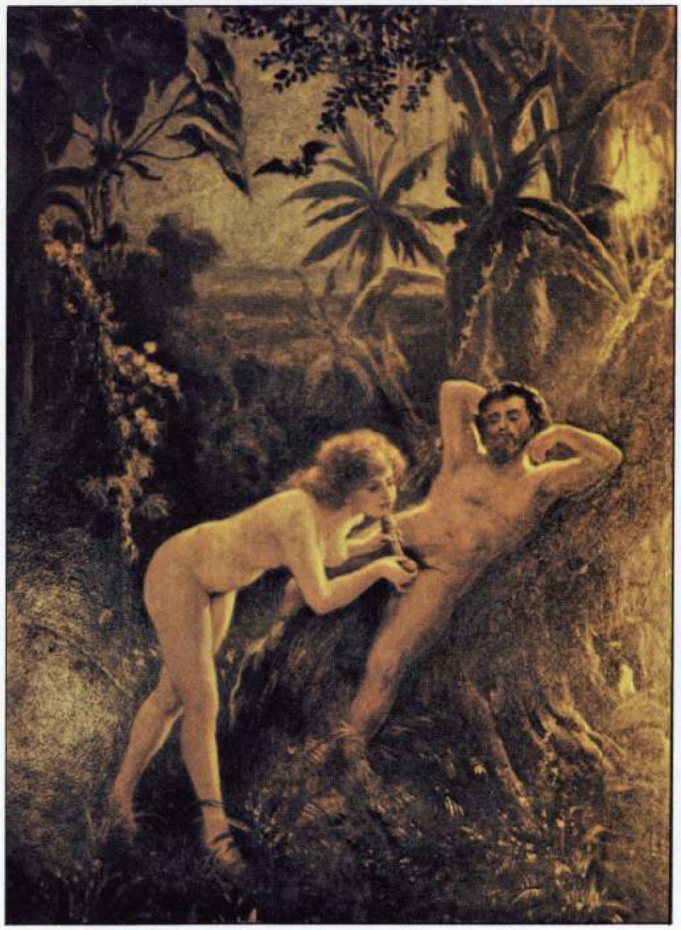


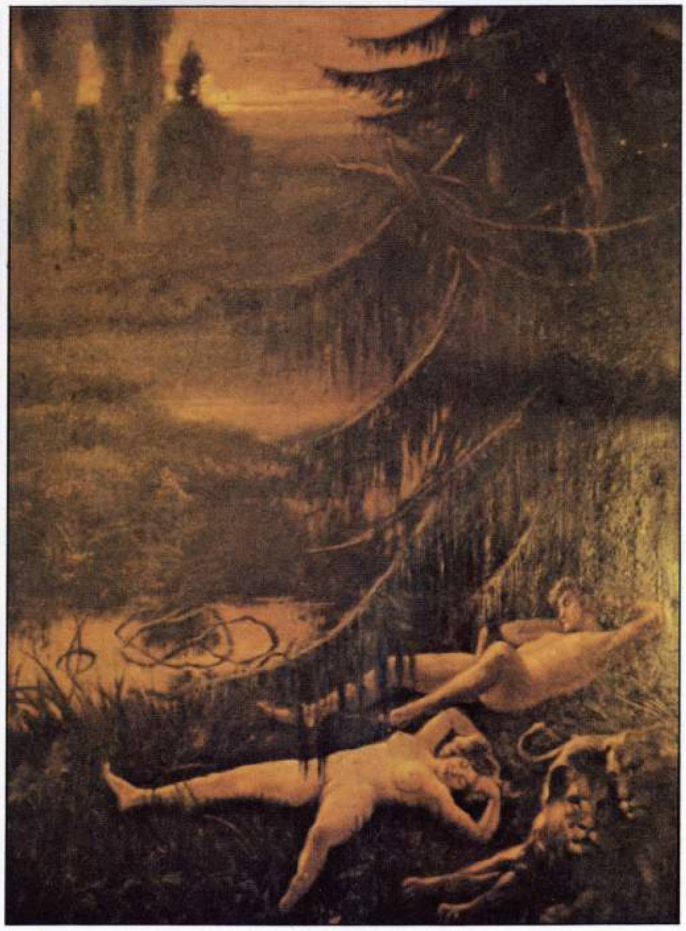


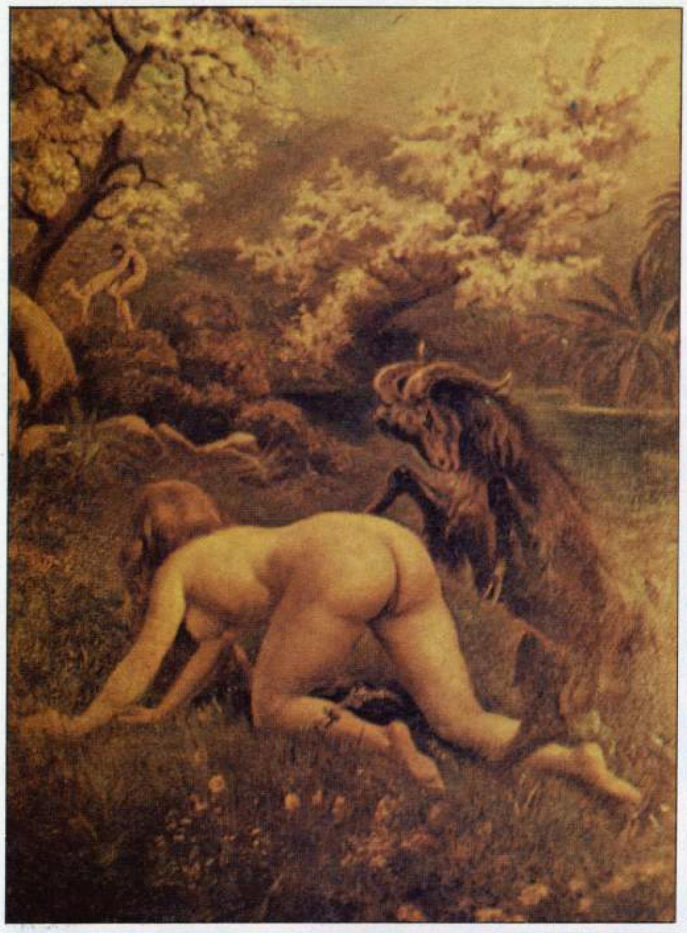


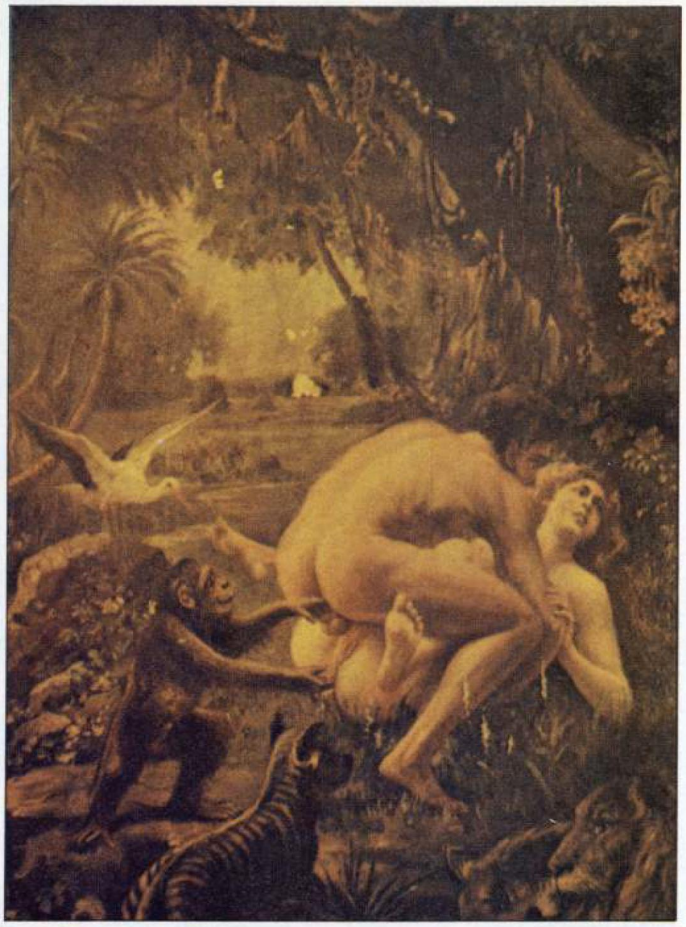


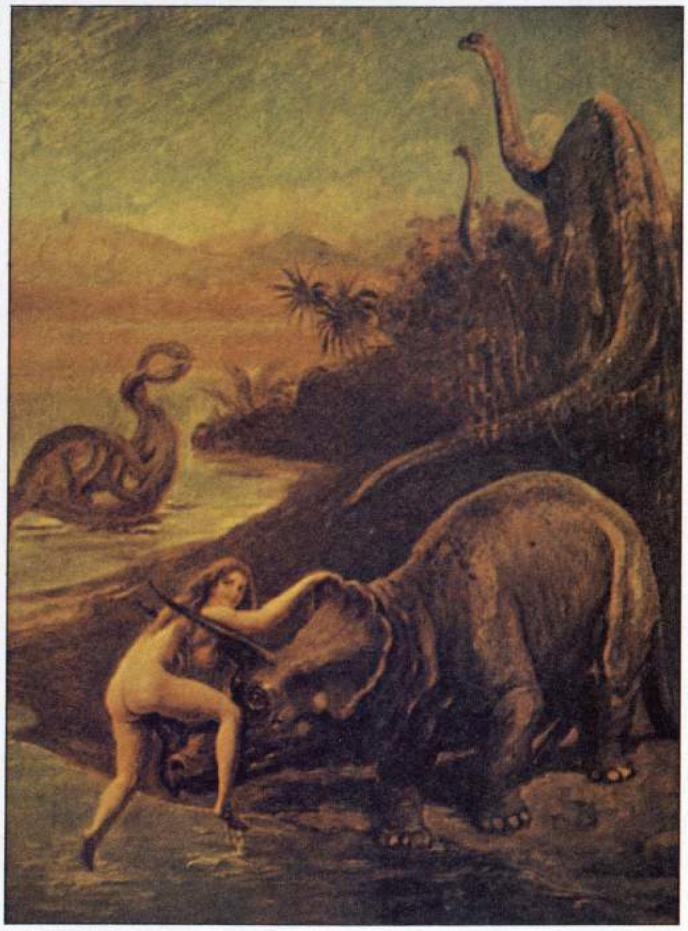


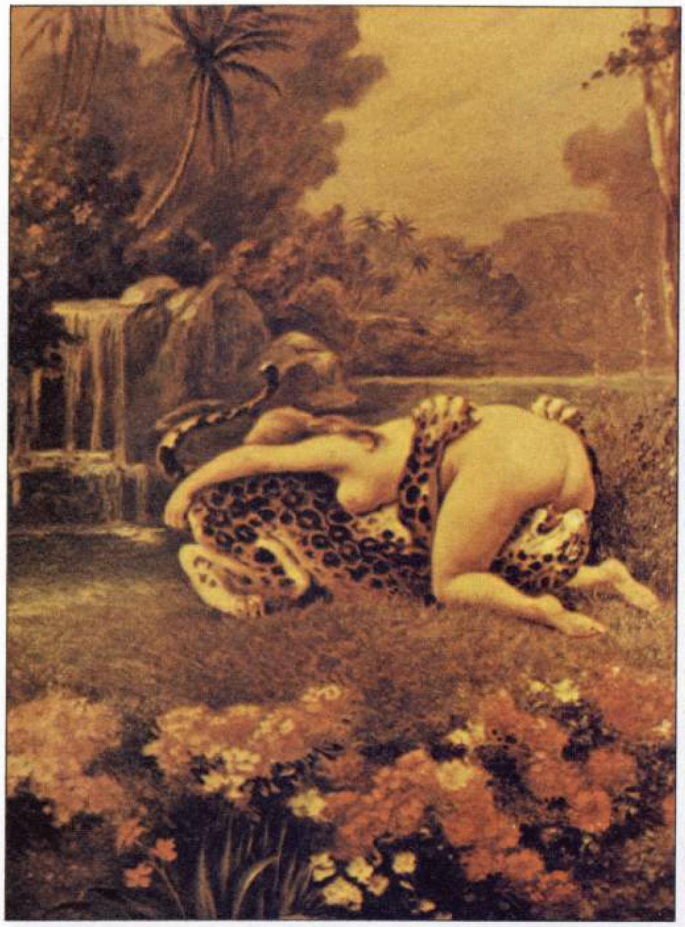


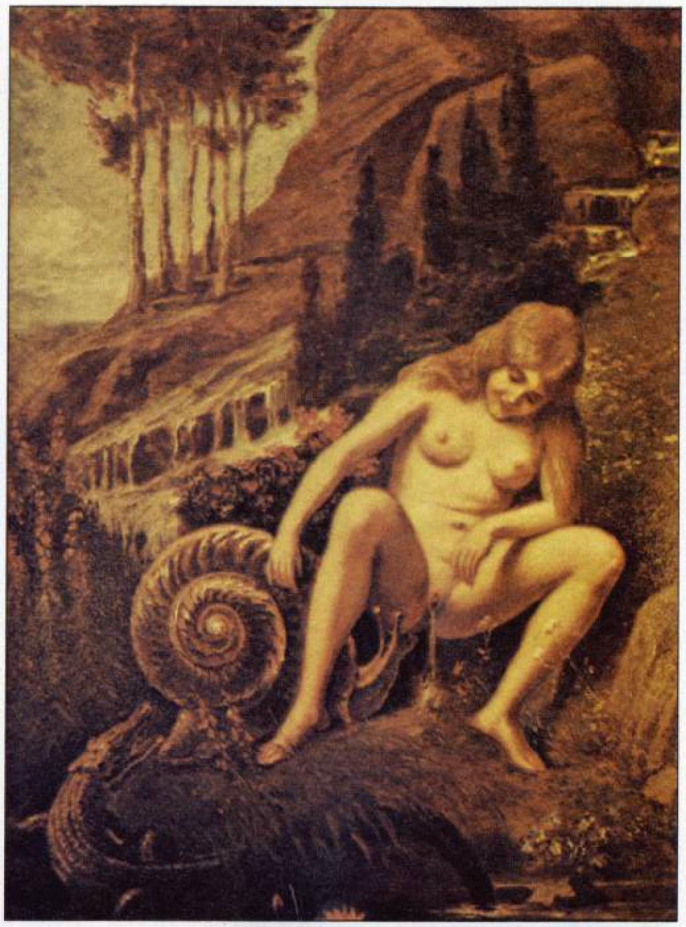


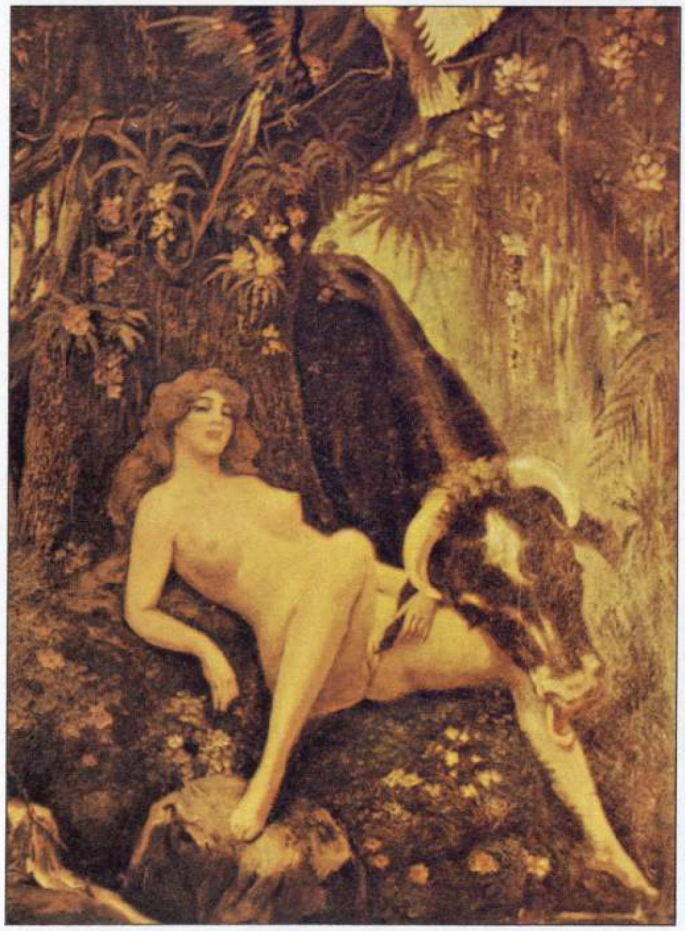


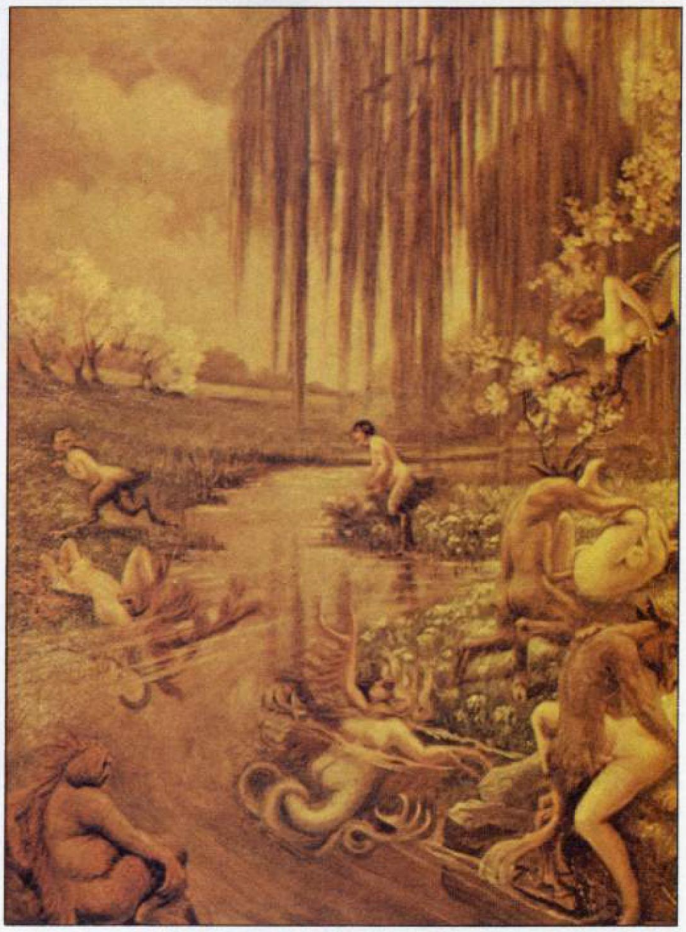




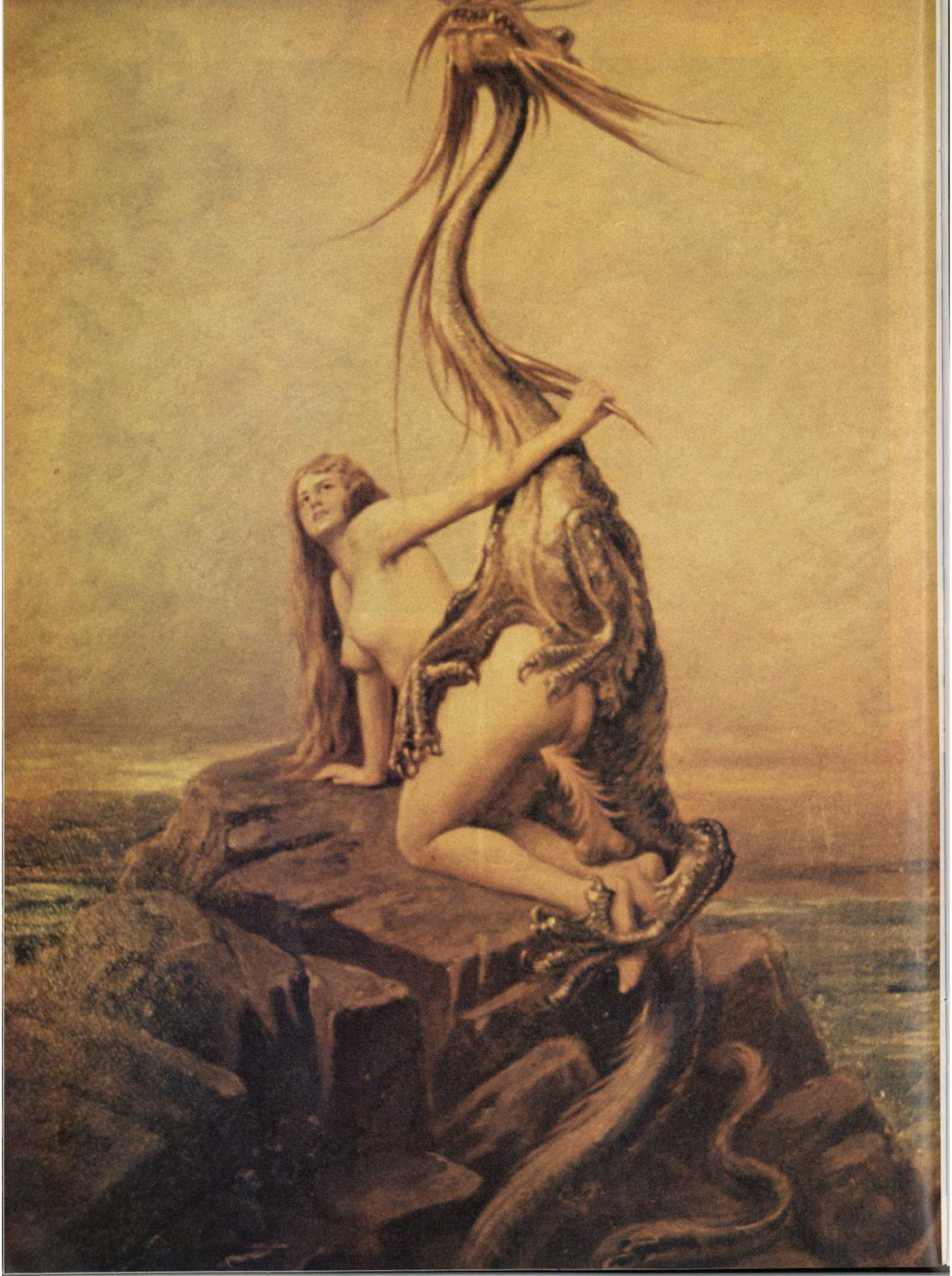








HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC



INTERVIEW: PAUL KRASSNER

(continued from page 41)

lication in this particular anti-Establishment empire.

HUSTLER: Paul, how dangerous is HUSTLER to the Establishment?

KRASSNER: It's hard to say how dangerous it is, but the truth is always dangerous to those who want to hide it. But if it should come out (as I believe it will) that whoever shot Larry in Georgia did it as a hit man for that unholy trinity of government intelligence, corporate immorality and organized crime, then the danger that HUSTLER represents to the Establishment must be very great. Of course, the media will be telling America that Larry was shot because of the pornography in the magazine.

HUSTLER: And they'll certainly try to defuse any presentation of the shooting as a political act. But at this point we know one thing: That whether or not it was a planned, organized assassination attempt, it reveals at the very least the existence of organized repression. It illuminates a mind-set shared by the repressive elements in the Establishment and those people who are so afraid of the truth that they co-opt their own freedom and encourage repression.

KRASSNER: Of course. Let's assume that it was a lone, antiporn nut. The legal maneuver of prosecuting Larry for obscenity would have been encouragement for that individual to strike out against his own fears.

HUSTLER: The court action, then, could have provided sanction, and the indictment and trial were orchestrated by the repressive Establishment?

KRASSNER: Right. And this type of thing takes on other forms. When I was investigating the Manson case, an L.A. Sheriff's deputy said that he and his fellow officers had been told by their superiors to leave Manson alone—this was prior to the Tate/LaBianca murders. The deputy told me they had said something big was going to happen. I asked him what they said it would be, and he said he never questioned his superiors. But when I asked him what the deputies had speculated, he said they thought that Manson and his group were going to kill Black Panthers.

In effect, the racism of the L.A. Sheriff's Department gave sanction to the so-called Manson family, allowing it the freedom to carry out its mission . . . which in the end proved to be the murders of Sharon Tate and others, not the slaughter of Black Panthers. If you're allowed to get away with parole violations as Manson had been—rape, forgery, violation of the Mann Act, grand-theft auto—you may not know you're acting as an agent for the government. A prisonmate of Manson wrote me, saying, "Me and Charlie are still trying to figure out how long our leashes are and who's been pissin' on 'em." Which is a poetic way of saying that if you're given sanction, you just don't ask questions.

This same principle applies to Kent State. An FBI informant named Terry Norman may have fired the first shot, which caused the National Guard to open fire on the students demonstrating against the war. His action gave sanction to the guardsmen.

The point is that by providing sanction the government becomes a collaborator in the crime.

HUSTLER: There is an attempt to reopen the Kent State investigation, but it appears that the officials are dragging their heels again.

KRASSNER: And the irony here is that it may be because of blackmail. There's a book called *A Sexual Profile of Men in Power,* in which the authors talk about the kinky activities of a great percentage of public officials; it's almost as if, in order to compensate for their guilt at passing inhumane laws and regulating the enforcement of them, they have to compensate by being stomped on by some woman wearing high heels and then paying for it because their wives wouldn't do it. This is why it was particularly interesting to me that CHIC published a piece on Senator Hayakaya, which gives documentation of his being into bondage, because he has come out against pornography. He has also complained—I even worked it into my comedy act—that we were giving too many advantages to Russia in the arms race. I imagined him saying this line: "You can have the neutron bomb—I just want to keep my whips."

HUSTLER: How does this relate to the Kent State issue?

KRASSNER: Because we don't know how those officials are being blackmailed. The ones holding back the investigations.

HUSTLER: Right. We do know that James Rhodes was governor of Ohio during the Kent State killings, and was out of office awhile and is now back in, and he's the same man who was running the state at the time when the new investigations were killed.

KRASSNER: Yeah. I don't know if Governor Rhodes likes to spread chunky peanut butter on hookers, but I just somehow assume he has something to hide. I mean, look at G. Harrold Carswell—this is the man Richard Nixon wanted to appoint to the Supreme Court. A while back he was arrested for propositioning a cop in a men's room. With the data banks they have, one

(continued on page 102)

"I'm beginning to wonder about the food in this place."

The Fear of

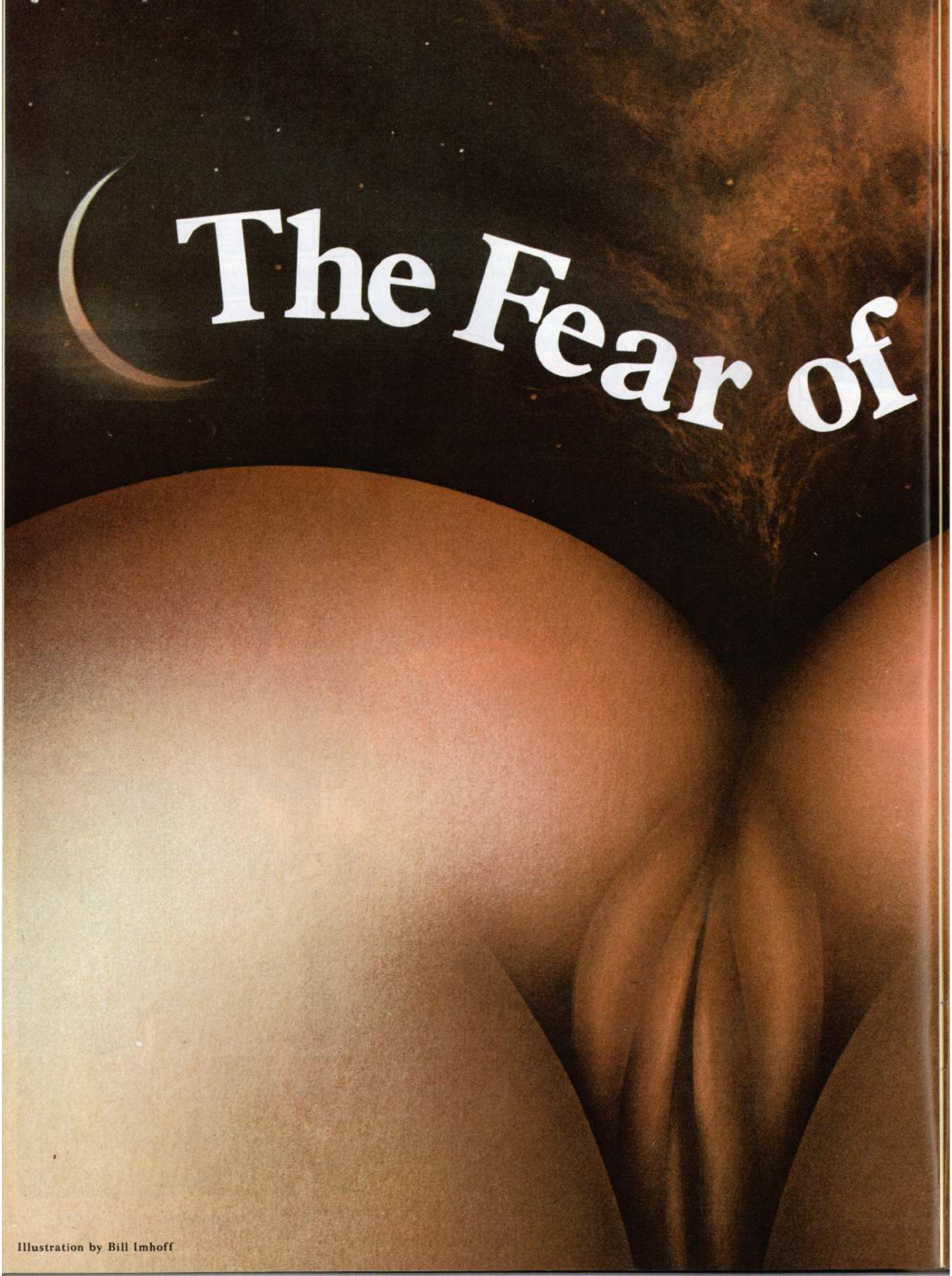


Illustration by Bill Imhoff

Farting

Not long ago, in the faculty lounge of a small northeastern college, a professor emeritus upset decorum by musing, "Whatever happened to the fart?" His statement horrified the others, but heedless of horrified glances he added, "In my youth we farted more and talked about it more. It must have something to do with modern diets!"

Nobody picked up his line of thought; instead, they nervously switched topics and then departed. Behind them they left a lonely old man and an interesting testament to America's intolerance of farting.

I think the fart is much alive in America of the '70s. To be sure, open cutting is frowned upon, and rippers are ostracized. A taboo on farting has silenced most crepitation and has made farters a sneaky lot. Taboos work this way, and social science tells us that bucking a taboo is no easy act. In a little book, *Taboo Topics* by Norman Farberow (Atherton Press), some of Americans' biggest fears are analyzed.

Fear is what taboo is all about. If you are afraid of doing something or discussing it or thinking about it, you are the victim of a taboo. If a forbidden act contains all three of these elements of taboo, you have a three-dimensional taboo, which is the heaviest. Suicide is such a taboo. But other acts that are almost as forbidden deal with voicing one's personal religious or sexual experiences, or discussing one's imminent death.

But farting is not listed among *Taboo Topics*. This omission suggests a special kind of forbiddance—a taboo on a taboo! The absence of farting from the list testifies to a widespread fear of committing what is defined as a social blunder. Not that farting is in the same league as contemplating suicide, revealing one's impending death, seeing a ghost

ARTICLE BY DAVID Q. VOIGT

or admitting one's bumbling sex life.

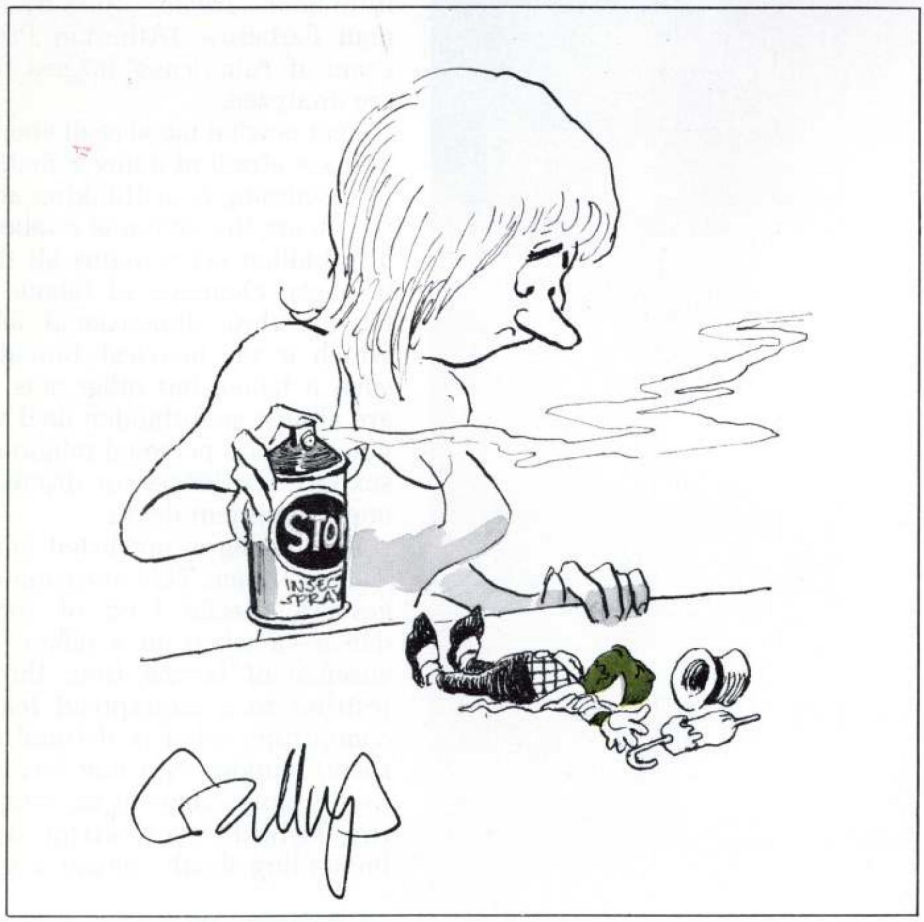
But as a breach of etiquette, farting is so laden with guilt as to make a perpetrator worry about the effects of the act upon his social standing. And this is the way all taboos work. Thus, fear of farting causes many a wretch to tighten his asshole with much agonizing discomfort rather than imperil his dignity by giving vent. Worse, it forces the victim to resort to a Nixonian subterfuge of sneaking it out, then affecting an air of innocence while hoping that someone else will be blamed!

In his lucid book *The Body* (Walker & Company), Anthony Smith sums up what little medical science knows about farting. Farts are caused by intestinal gases, which are mixtures of swallowed air and gases produced by bacteria. The gases vary in composition according to diet, bacteria and degree of constipation. They also vary in their explosive potency. An "average" fart is said to contain 59 percent nitrogen, 21 percent hydrogen, 9 percent carbon dioxide, 7 percent methane and 4 percent oxygen. Sometimes hydrogen sulfide gas is added, which lends a rotten-egg odor. Such a mix can be volatile; with the right amount of oxygen, hydrogen and methane an explosion can occur.

Medics also know practically nothing about the normalcy of farting. Indeed, medics usually pay little attention to normal, healthy behaviors; they treat abnormalities. On farting, *The New England Journal of Medicine* in 1976 reported a Minnesota patient's five-year history of "excessive flatus." Because he was farting an average of 34 times a day, he turned to University of Minnesota researchers for help. They tried X-rays and endoscopy, a rectal examination, and put the patient on milk for two days, suspecting that milk-drinking might be a cause. The milk diet did raise his number of explosions to 141 a day, including "a record-breaking" four-hour stint of 70 farts. But when taken off milk, his farting level still amounted to 25 a day, which was twice the average of the "normal" control group. The bewildered medics concluded that they lacked data and required more research.

One might deduce that medics are as much victims as judges of farting behavior. For who can say that farting is not a normal bodily function? To label excessive farting a sickness shows only that taboos are man-made.

To be sure, modern American culture is hard on its farters. Like smoking, farting is sanctioned by social ostracism. Indeed, in Alaska it might even become a crime. An assemblyman there recently introduced a bill punishing public "flatulence, crepitation, gaseous emission and miasmic effluence" with a $100 fine. By choosing such euphemisms for the potent four-letter word *fart*, the assemblyman shows another dimension of the farting taboo.



"Breaking wind," "passing gas" or "going boom-boom" are some of the euphemisms children are taught to use. Because youngsters must learn the farting taboo, teachers may be even more fearful of farting than most American adults. As a rookie teacher, I had the good fortune to be warned by a veteran on what to do if an unpremeditated fart occurred. "It happened to me once," he recalled while transfixing me with serious blue eyes. "I was facing the class when I dropped my eraser. When I bent over to pick it up, I blew one. Lucky for me, I reacted fast. I pointed to a luckless lad in the front row and yelled, 'You! Get out of class!' He left, protesting innocence, but it got me off the hook. I heard that the class debated all semester about the true identity of the 'phantom farter.' I squared things, though. I gave the kid a B when he should have had a C."

America's horror of farting, coupled with the medical tendency to define it as a disease, goes far to explain why the culture is so hard on farters. Perhaps some of the guilt and fear could be banished if anthropologists could show how other cultures handle farting. But anthropologists are strangely silent on farting. Like the rest of us, they are victims of the taboo.

Physical anthropology textbooks offer nothing. Ethnologists (cultural anthropologists) skirt the issue, pointing out that humans are capable of a variety of communication forms, including touch, language, gestures, gases and bodily sounds. Nonvocal body sounds include hand-clapping, knuckle-cracking and fart-popping.

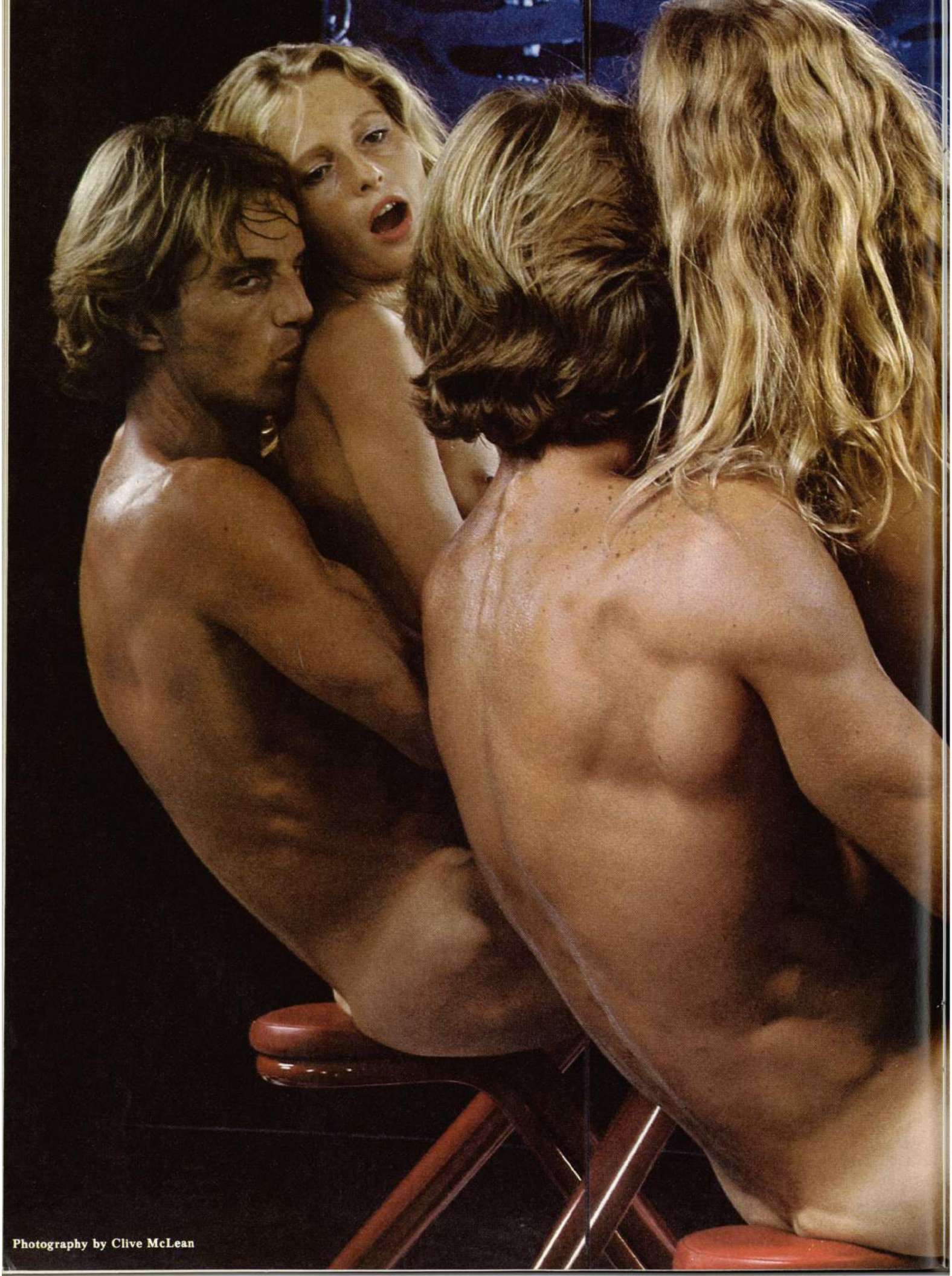
As for the stench that accompanies a fart, perhaps researchers will someday tell us something. But human cultures have prescribed a slew of scents and perfumes for masking body odors, so that this line of research holds little hope for quick answers to the question of farting as normal behavior.

Nor do field studies by ethnologists tell us much about how other cultures handle farting behavior. Novels by anthropologically oriented writers help somewhat. Peter Matthiessen, in his novel *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* (Bantam Books), describes an Amazonian tribe that treats farting as a social skill. In this culture, open farting goes on at all times, to the dismay of American missionaries. And the name of one of the tribal chiefs is translated as "Powerful Farter."

In his popular novel *Shogun* (Dell)

(continued on page 118)

Trosley.



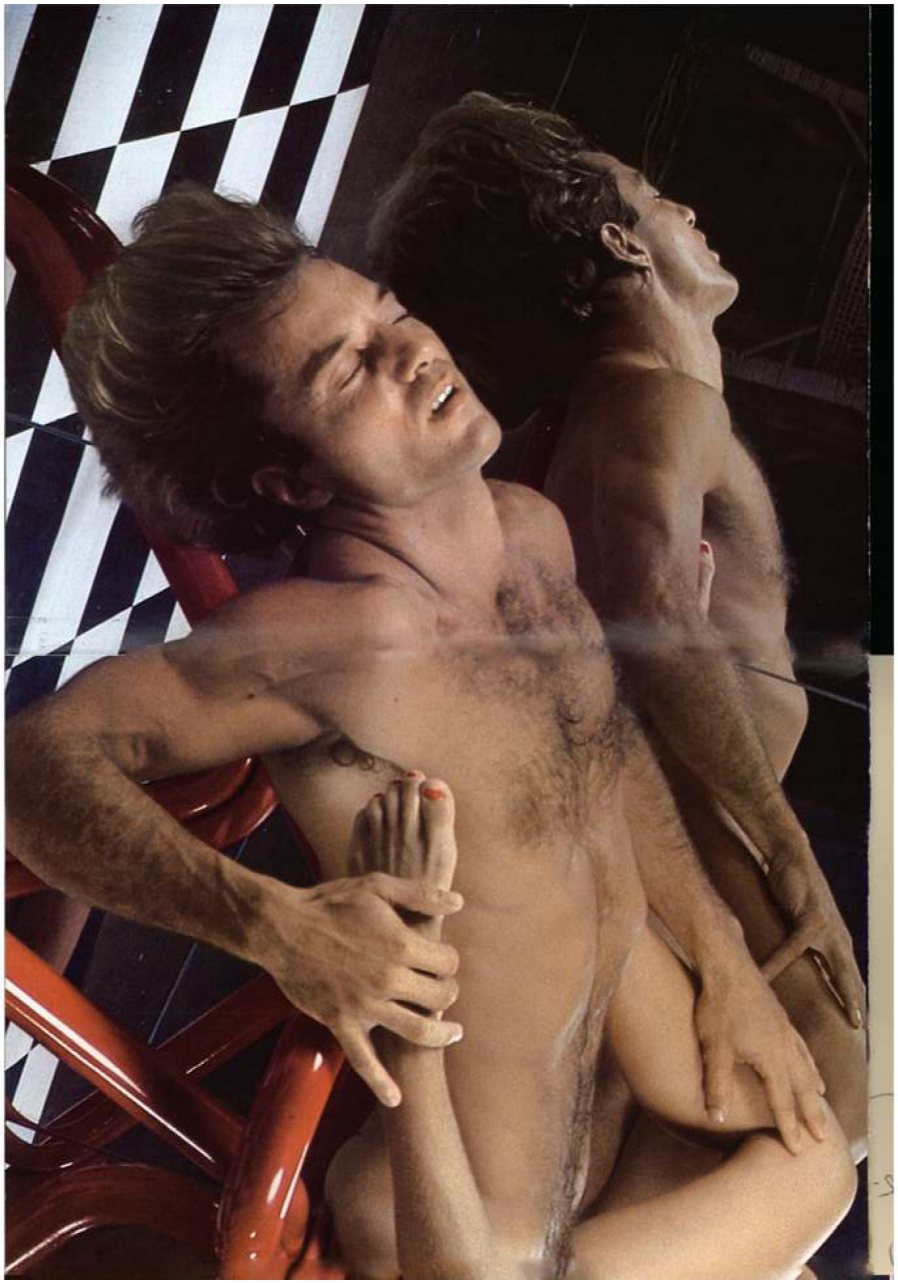
Photography by Clive McLean

Seat of Passion

Even among the best of friends, sex has a way of becoming repetitious as a relationship develops. But all that's needed to sustain a robust and exciting love life is a touch of imagination. Variety is the spice of sex: New positions, new settings and new props all go far to promote healthy and long-lasting love. There are boundless possibilities for erotic exploration and sexual stimulation beyond the confines of the bedroom. Just look around and let your passions be your guide.

For those who agree that furniture should be fun as well as functional, we present the Love Chair. As our models ably demonstrate, numerous recreational activities are possible on this soft relaxer, custom-designed by Callum Hasty. The woman offers her detailed evaluation: "Mmmmm." Her partner responds enthusiastically, "This girl gives great seat." Nothing like a little tender teasing to brighten up after-dinner conversation. Who says furniture can't be educational?

IMPORTANT—REMOVE SUPER-SIZED POSTER WITHOUT DAMAGE! GRASP THE ENTIRE 16-PAGE SECTION AND YANK STRAIGHT OUT! TO RECEIVE THIS SAME 16-PAGE POSTER (#6161) IN MINT CONDITION, SEND A $5 CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS, P.O. BOX 16508, COLUMBUS, OHIO 43216.



A woman walked into a busy meat market to look over the poultry selection. She picked up a dressed chicken, lifted one wing and sniffed. Next she lifted the other wing and sniffed. She lifted each of the chicken's legs and sniffed.

As she finished sniffing the second leg, the butcher walked up to the counter and asked, "Madam, I wonder if *you* could pass such a test?"

One day three men of God—a Methodist minister, a Catholic priest and a rabbi—went out in a boat to fish. Naturally, they began discussing religion and, just as naturally, they got into a heated argument.

Before things got too out-of-hand, the minister calmly stood up, shook hands with his two friends, stepped out of the boat and walked off across the water onto dry land. Soon the priest stood up, shook hands with the rabbi and also walked off across the water.

The rabbi was truly dumbfounded, but he finally decided that his faith in God must be as strong as that of the others. He stood up, fixed his gaze on the distant shoreline, stepped overboard and promptly sank into the water.

On shore, the minister turned to the priest and said, "Do you suppose we should have told him where the stones were?"

Question: What's green and red and spins around like hell?
Answer: A frog in a blender.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *making it with a love doll* as: fucking an inflated personality.

Officer Patrick O'Ryan was walking his beat when he observed a collie bitch belonging to the wealthy society matron Mrs. Van Tassle. The dog was rubbing its genitals against a tree.

Being a good friend, he rang Mrs. Van Tassle's doorbell. In a few moments Mrs. Van Tassle opened the door and greeted the officer with a warm smile.

"What can I do for you, Officer O'Ryan?" she asked.

"Nothing for me, ma'am. I just wanted to tell you that your dog's in heat."

"The dog's in heat?" she replied. "I don't understand what you mean."

"To put it very bluntly, Mrs. Van Tassle, your collie there needs to be fucked."

"All right, Officer O'Ryan, go ahead and fuck her. I've always wanted a police dog."

Being in the service is like a good blow job. The closer you get to discharge, the better you feel.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *hair-lip* as: someone who doesn't wipe his mouth after eating pussy.

A man went to buy a horse from a preacher. After looking the animal over, he agreed to the preacher's price. Then the preacher said, "Oh, one thing I forgot to mention. This horse was raised around religion. Instead of 'Gitty-up' and 'Whoa,' he responds to 'Praise the Lord' for go and 'Sweet Jesus' for stop." The man tried the horse out and, since it obeyed as the preacher had promised, agreed to buy it.

The man rode the horse away from the preacher's house. After galloping along for a while, the man noticed a large cliff looming ahead.

Getting scared, he commanded the horse to stop by saying "Whoa!" The horse kept going. He shouted, "Stop, you son of a bitch!" Still the horse wouldn't stop.

As the horse reached the edge of the cliff, the horrified man looked down and gasped, "Oh, sweet Jesus!" The horse stopped dead in its tracks.

The man took off his hat, looked up and sighed, "Praise the Lord!"

We understand it was so windy in New York City last week that a flasher opened his coat in Central Park and wound up in a holding pattern over Kennedy Airport.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *diarrhea* as: postanal drip.

Two old ladies were residing in a rest home. Zelda Dithers, who had arrived only recently, inquired of her newfound friend, "What do you do around here for excitement?"

"Well," said Molly, "we play checkers, watch television, knit, play table tennis and watch the young folks."

"Oh, how terribly boring!" exclaimed Zelda. "But I have an idea that might shake this place up a bit. I think I'll streak through the recreation hall."

A little later, Zelda took off her clothes and whizzed by two old geezers playing checkers. The first old man asked his opponent, "Wasn't that Mrs. Dithers?"

"Yes," replied the other old man, "but *what* the hell was she wearing?"

"I don't know," said the first old man, "but whatever it was, it sure needs ironing!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you $25. Sorry, we can't return submissions.

CHESTER

BY DUWAINE B. TINSLEY.

EVEN KINGS IN THEIR WINTER PALACES: A FABLE (1972-82)

Fiction by Ben Pleasants

"In that strange world—in which he lives—the pale horse of death and destruction and the white horse of conquest and victory are indistinguishable." —Eugene McCarthy

The road from Quang Tri swung through a grove of bamboo trees reaching around a low hill already pocked with shell holes from the March offensive. It

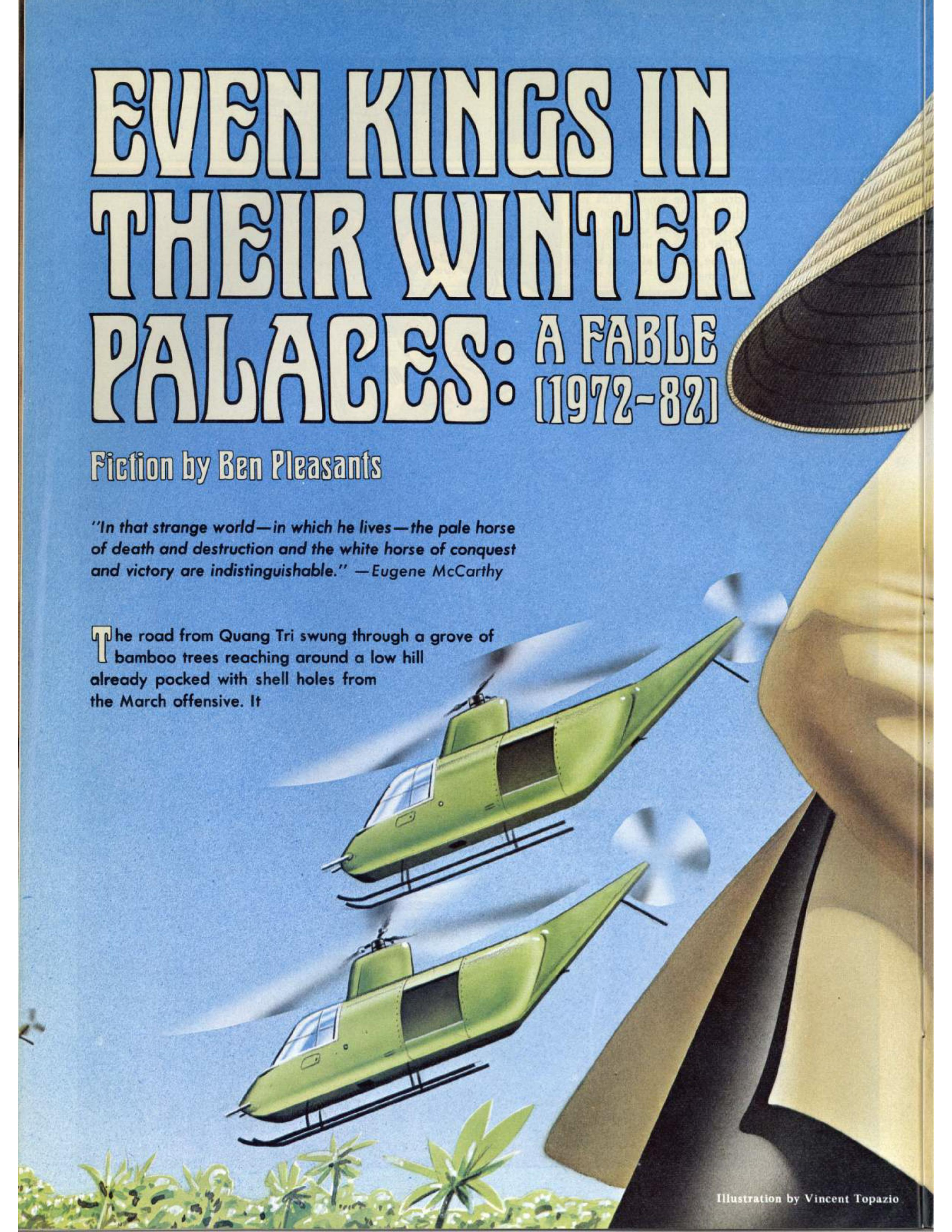
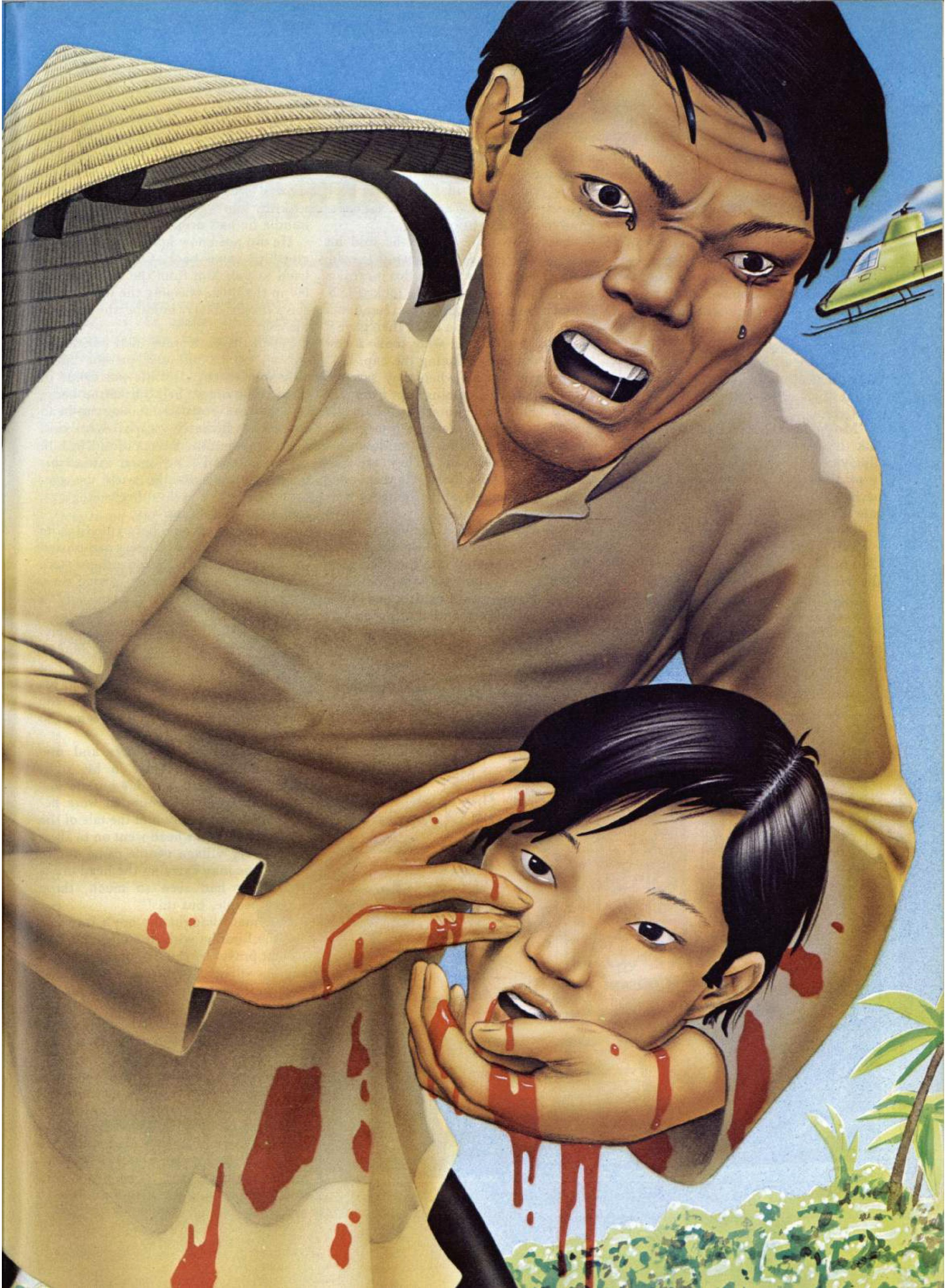


Illustration by Vincent Topazio



was cold in the early-morning light as more than 100 refugees, fleeing the renewed conflict, entered the grove. They feared snipers in the thick, impenetrable foliage, and quickly made their way along the dusty highway. Some chanted Buddhist sutras. Far off they could hear the steady, implacable sound of guns, 135mm howitzers flashing their fury against the morning grayness.

Lan, clutching a few belongings in a soiled brown blanket, and his young son Wo hurried ahead of the others. They were Vietnamese-Chinese, disliked and distrusted by all. Lan's wife had died of pneumonia during the siege. Lan did not care about politics.

"They are all killers," he told his son after the death of his wife. "I would like to line them all up, all the generals and politicians. . . ."

"Mother would not like to hear you talk that way," his son replied. He was nine years old. His father clutched tightly to his wrist. "We will get to Hue in perhaps three days, and then we will be safe for a time."

"How long?" Wo asked.

"Who knows?" the father replied. "No one is safe for very long now. Even the kings in their winter palaces."

They had reached the edge of the grove, and a sigh of relief went up from the refugees. Ahead the dust whipped and danced between fields of high grass. The clear sight of the sky reassured them.

They went on for more than an hour with the sound of the guns slowly dying away. Lan shifted the bundle containing a picture of his wife, a few utensils and a small scroll painting that had belonged to his grandfather in China. His back was already sore, and the coldness gnawed at his light clothing.

"Soon it will be warm," he told his son. "It's better to walk when it is cold. We will go as far as we can this morning, and then we will stop." He took a U.S. canteen from his shoulder and handed it to his son. Wo drank a little, then gave it back to his father, who took a few swallows before replacing the cap.

The sun was up when they saw the first helicopters coming up from the south. "They will protect us," Lan told his son, trying to reassure him as the heavy, beating blades bore down on them from overhead. "They are just coming down for a look." He responded stoically, but many of the refugees were frightened.

"They might take us for Viet Cong in disguise," said one of the women behind Wo. A few scattered into the high grass by the side of the road when, suddenly, one of the gunships dropped down over the advance group of refugees. Lan and a few others waved to them—they seemed so close—and then the orange and white plumes of the machine guns flared in front of the advancing column of refugees.

Lan felt the grasp of his son go limp. He dropped his bundle to clutch the boy closer. A man behind him gasped, "My God, his head is gone!" The blood spurted from the trunk of the body, soaking Lan's clothing, spattering the bundle he had dropped in the dust.

He did not know how many times the gunships came back. One old woman tried to pull him from the road, but he lay in the dust, grasping the hand of his son's lifeless body, holding the head to his coat.

When the helicopters had gone, Lan got up and continued on the road, clutching the head of his son. Some of the other refugees had buried the body, but they were afraid to take the head from the father's hands. Lan said nothing. The others were afraid to talk to him. One of the women carried his blood-spattered bundle with the picture of his wife and his other belongings, but she said nothing.

There were three others killed in the attack, all men. The refugees had buried them in one grave. Seven others were wounded. One had to be carried on a stretcher made from bamboo and a blanket.

Lan walked slowly and deliberately, with the others passing him in horror, not daring to speak; but each taking at least one look at the bloody head in his right hand, the eyes still open, the mouth almost smiling, or so it seemed to many of them.

He walked for two days and one night, holding the head in his right hand. The woman with his bundle disappeared. Only the wounded were behind him. And before him the tale of the man with his son's head went on to Hue. From every village people came out to look at the man carrying the head of his son. They had seen so much, those cursed people, but this!

One man thought the boy's face was like the Buddha with its smile, and said a silent prayer by the side of the road. In another village a monk came to the road to burn incense and say a prayer for the dead.

The man with the head. It is a curse. The man with the head of his son is coming to Hue.

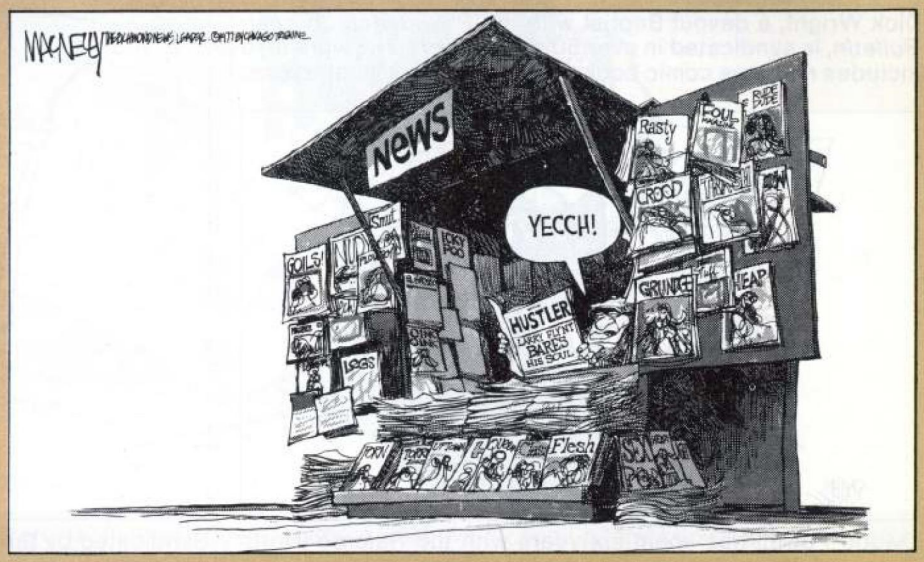
The newsmen did not even wait until Lan entered the city. They met him ten miles north of the Imperial Capital.

Murray Goldnac had already phoned the New York office and was waiting for the film. "Jeez, what a story!" he told his managing editor. "The people are lined up all along the road for a mile to

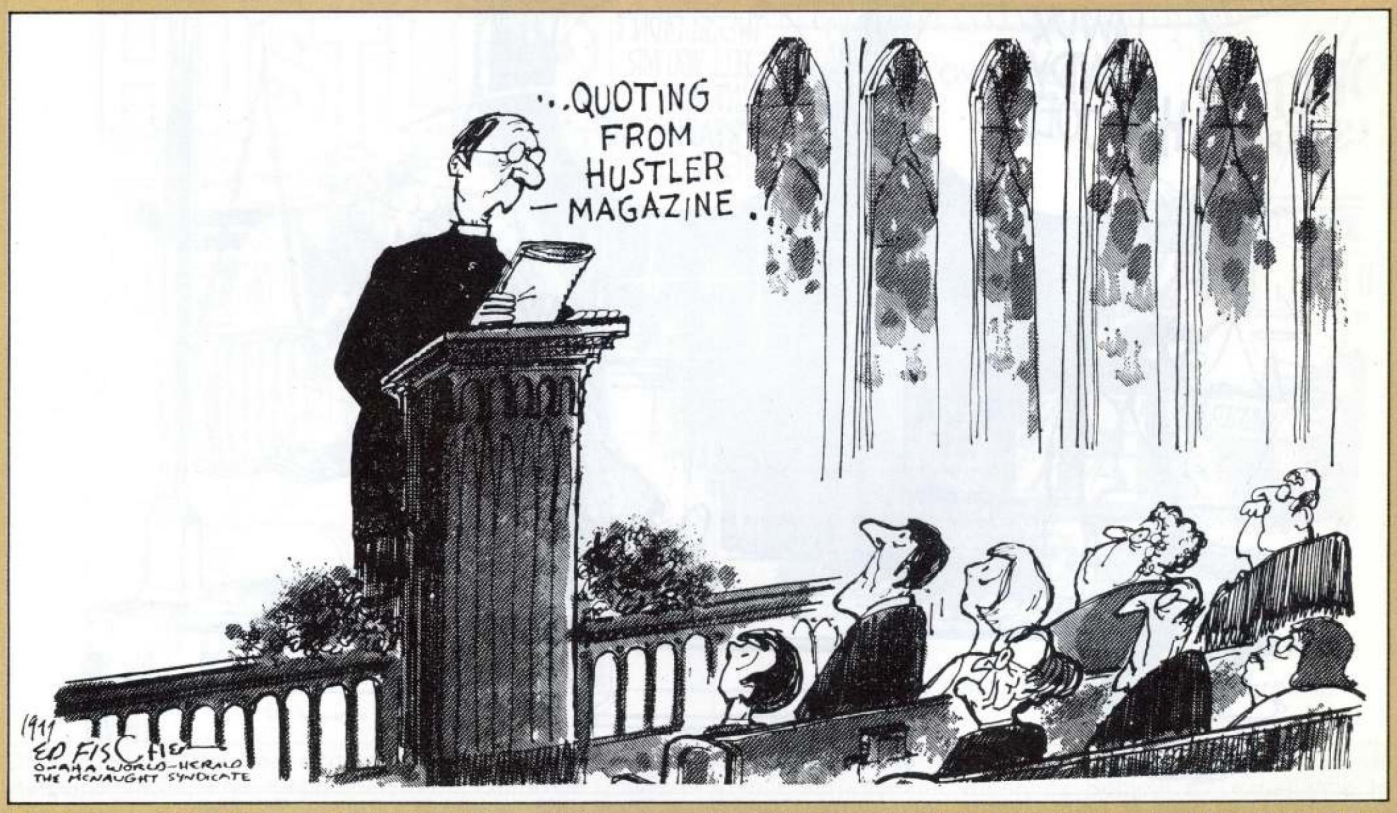
(continued on page 131)

DRAWN to the LORD

HUSTLER has never been afraid to take swipes at the media, and they have always returned the favor with equal affection. When Larry Flynt was convicted on obscenity charges in Cincinnati, we printed a handful of the numerous newspaper cartoons that editorialized on the subject (September 1977 HUSTLER). But ever since our founder went to the mountaintop to meet his God, the media have put HUSTLER's First Amendment challenges on the back burner and have hauled their spotlight up that mountain to see what Larry is up to. The following editorial cartoons are our favorites from among the many speculating on HUSTLER's born-again face lift. This feature was scheduled for publication prior to Larry's being gunned down in Georgia. We await the portrayal of the incident by the nation's cartoonists.



Jeff MacNelly of the *Richmond* (Virginia) *News Leader* has won two Pulitzer Prizes and is syndicated in over 300 papers. When asked about HUSTLER's conversion, MacNelly replied, "I stand by my cartoon."



Ed Fischer of the *Omaha World-Herald* found his cartoon "greatly appreciated here in the heart of the Bible Belt." Fischer's work is distributed by the McNaught Syndicate.

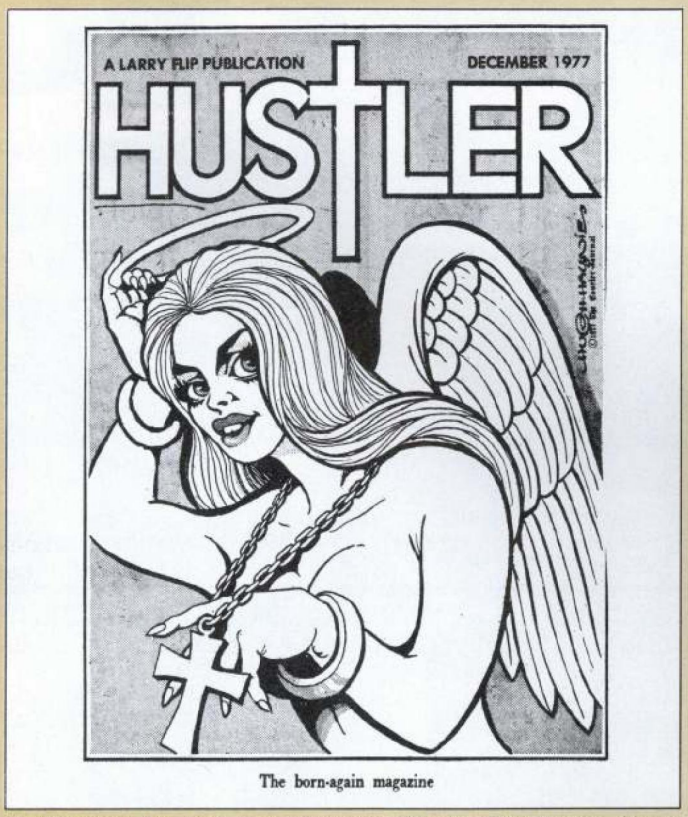
Dick Wright, a devout Baptist with the *Providence Journal-Bulletin,* is syndicated in over 50 newspapers. His work also includes religious comic books and Bible-story illustrations.

Dwane Powell has spent six years with the *Raleigh* (North Carolina) *News & Observer* as editorial cartoonist.

Syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, John Lane's work appears in over 350 papers.

Don Wright has been an editorial cartoonist for the *Miami News* since 1963. Wright is a Pulitzer Prize winner whose work is distributed by the New York Times Syndicate to approximately 100 newspapers.

"When I choose a subject, I have to be careful it is something our readers will have picked up, and I doubt there was anyone who didn't know about this," explains Larry Barton of the *Winston-Salem* (North Carolina) *Journal Sentinel.*



The born-again magazine

Distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate, Hugh Haynie's cartoons have appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* since 1958. Haynie has received the Freedom Foundation Medal and numerous other honors.

"Have you any religious tracts by a Lawrence Flynt?"

A cartoonist since 1963, Jim Berry has received four awards from the National Cartoonists Society for excellence in editorial cartooning. His work is syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association in over 700 papers.

Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities

Humanists have had an important role in the sexual revolution. It is clear that they are strongly in favor of the development of a sense of moral responsibility. With this in mind, Lester A. Kirkendall, Ph.D., noted sexologist and professor emeritus of family life at Oregon State University, was asked to draft this Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities. Dr. Kirkendall's original draft was edited and rewritten many times. Finally, 38 humanist authors, educators and professionals, many of whom are in the forefront of humanistic sexology, endorsed the following statement. Their names follow the Declaration.

Sexuality has for too long been denied its proper place among other human activities. Physical eroticism has been either shrouded in mystery and surrounded by taboos or heralded far beyond its capacity, by itself, to contribute to the fullness of life. Human sexuality grows increasingly more satisfying as life itself becomes more meaningful. The time has come to enhance the quality of sexuality by emphasizing its contributions to a significant life.

For the first time in history there need be no fear of unwanted pregnancy or venereal disease, if proper precautions are taken. The limitation of sexual expression to conjugal unions or monogamous marriage was perhaps sensible so long as reproduction was still largely a matter of chance, and so long as women were subjugated to men. Although we consider marriage, where viable, a cherished relationship, other sexual relationships are also significant. In any

Originally published in *The Humanist* magazine as "A New Bill of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities," copyright © 1976. Published by Prometheus Books, 1203 Kensington Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14215, copyright © 1976; $1.95.

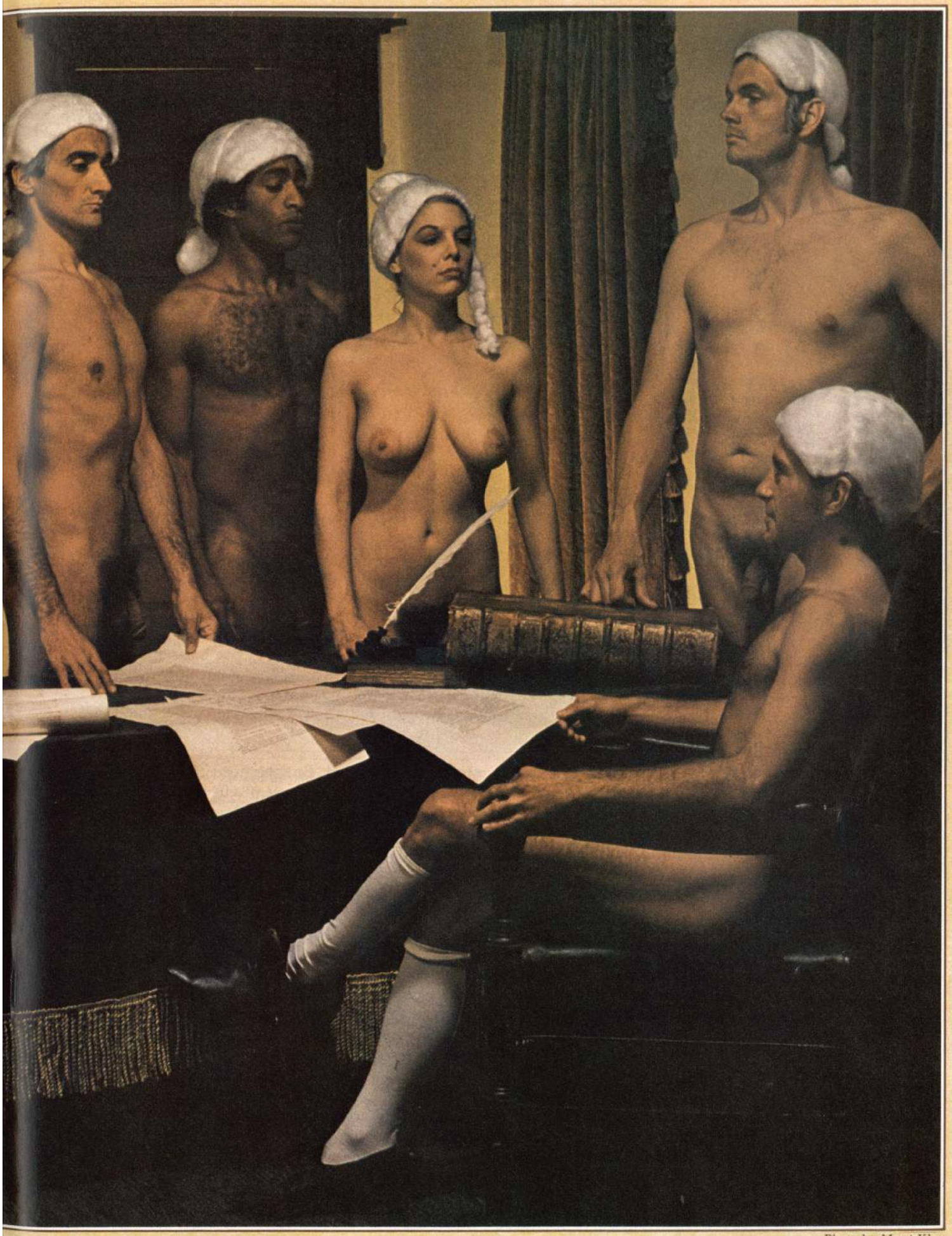


Photo by Matti Klatt

A HUMANIST PERSPECTIVE

Dr. Lester A. Kirkendall, professor emeritus of family life at Oregon State University, who helped pen the Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities, received his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Teachers College of Columbia University. After obtaining his doctorate in 1937, Dr. Kirkendall spent the following 30 years teaching, lecturing and writing about marriage, family relations and human sexuality.

His professional associations include: specialist in sex education in the U.S. Office of Education; trustee of the American Institute of Family Relations; founder and board member of the Sex Education and Information Council of the U.S.; past director of the American Humanist Association; board member of the National Council on Family Relations; plus many other affiliations. Additionally, a partial list of Dr. Kirkendall's published material includes: Helping Children Understand Sex, The New Sexual Revolution, Sex Education as Human Relations and numerous articles for American and European publications.

Today, at 74, Dr. Kirkendall is as forward-looking as he has always been. He believes it is "stimulating to anticipate what is ahead," but what he modestly avoids saying is that he has always been in the forefront of the exploration of changing family relations and human sexuality. The following, which Dr. Kirkendall wrote for HUSTLER, is an expansion of the Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities and a plea for understanding the human body and its natural beauty.

The *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities* expresses an accepting and affirming attitude toward sexuality when exercised in a responsible context. I believe this affirmation will be clear to all who read the *Declaration.*

The major problem is this: How can the *Declaration* be practiced in daily living? The *Declaration* deplores "archaic taboos that limit our thinking in many ways." These taboos have prevented any adequate and objective examination of healthy sexuality. The *Declaration* adds that the "oversacramentalization of sex" does not allow "people to treat sex as a natural experience." These observations certainly describe existing feelings toward the body and nudity.

This superheated and overly self-conscious awareness of the human body is nothing new. Our current attention, which amounts to an obsession, centers on the genitals. But this is not new either! What may be new to many are the numerous variations in the emphasis on body modesty as they have existed in the past.

In our culture, generally speaking, both the male and female genitals need to be hidden under clothing. But in other cultures, other parts of the body are regarded with shame and are shielded from observation. In the Middle East, for instance, it is of foremost importance for the female to cover her face. Women caught bathing will hide their faces without caring about the other exposed parts of their bodies. In China, when foot-binding was the fashion, a woman's beauty was determined by the deformity of her feet. For the husband the foot was more interesting than the face, and only he could see his wife's bare feet.

Havelock Ellis in *The Psychology of Sex* (Volume One) cites incident after incident showing that feelings toward the body arise from existing cultural attitudes. Among the Yakuts of northeastern Siberia it was decreed that a wife should not show her uncovered hair before her husband's relatives, and they in turn should avoid showing their bodies uncovered above the elbow, or the soles of their feet, to her.

case, human beings should have the right to express their sexual desires and enter into relationships as they see fit, as long as they do not harm others or interfere with their rights to sexual expression. This new sense of freedom, however, should be accompanied by a sense of ethical responsibility.

Fortunately, there is now taking place a worldwide reexamination of the proper place of sexuality in human experience.

We affirm and support the statement on human sexuality of a committee of the United Nations World Health Organization: "Every person has the right to receive sexual information and to consider accepting sexuality for pleasure as well as for procreation."

We believe that the humanization of sexuality is far enough advanced to make useful a statement of rights and responsibilities of the individual to society and of society to the individual. Accordingly, we wish to offer the following points for consideration:

1. The boundaries of human sexuality need to be expanded. Many cultures have tended to restrict sexuality to procreation. Any other purposes of sexuality were regarded as derivative, were looked at askance or were sternly disapproved. But the need to limit population growth, the widespread use of effective contraceptives and the developments in reproductive technology have made the procreative aspects of sex less significant today. Responsible sexuality should now be viewed as an expression of intimacy for women as well as for men, a source of enjoyment and enrichment, in addition to being a way of releasing tension, even where there is no likelihood of procreation.

This integration of sexuality with other aspects of experience will occur only as one achieves an essentially balanced life. When this happens, sexuality will take its place among other natural functions.

2. Developing a sense of equity between the sexes is an essential feature of a sensible morality. All legal, occupational, economic and political discrimination against women should be removed and all traces of sexism erased. Until women have equal opportunities, they will be vulnerable to sexual exploitation by men. In particular, men must recognize the right of women to control their own bodies and determine the nature of their own sexual expression. All individuals, female or male, are entitled to equal consideration as persons.

In the New Hebrides a man would often tie his penis to his body and wrap it with calico and other cloth "until a preposterous bundle 18 inches or two feet long, and two inches or more in diameter, is formed. . . . " This was supported by a belt and decorated at its end with flowering grasses. The testicles were open to view, and no other part of the body was covered. In New Zealand, people once accepted exposure of the penis if the glans was covered by the foreskin.

While the previous illustrations are from the past, examples of prudery still exist, some of which are even more limiting than our own. John Messenger, who studied features of sexual repression in Inis Beag, an Irish subculture, describes the extent to which nudity is equated with sexual feeling. Infants have their bodies sponged once a week, while older persons wash only their faces, necks, lower arms and hands. Men are intensely embarrassed by being seen barefooted after bathing. Messenger tells of a man caught in these circumstances who hurriedly pulled on his stockings and said with much relief, "Sure it's good to get your clothes on again."

Of course, the effort is not always to shield or cover the body, but rather to flaunt it. In certain past societies, men called attention to their genitals by wearing a codpiece, a flap or bag covering the trouser opening to the penis. The codpiece was sometimes colored differently than the rest of the garment, or was decorated with ribbons. Some codpieces were elongated and stiffened to make it appear that the wearer had a permanent erection. Today tight-fitting trousers or slacks accomplish this purpose to a lesser degree.

A woman's breasts—when enlarged, firm and pointed—are supposed to add to her physical beauty, and more than one American woman has had silicone implants in hopes that they would make her breasts fit the stereotype. Of course, that woman's grandmother may well remember the day when the most beautiful breasts were flattened to the body and made to appear as unobtrusive as possible.

Most of the examples tell us that humans have denied or distorted their bodies until they become bizarre and grotesque. They bespeak our desire to treat the body as an object—not as a vibrant aspect of being human. It is a thing apart, tolerated because there is no other choice. This is particularly true when the genitals are involved.

Our task is to discover ways in which we can affirm the body, enjoy it and yet see it as a part of the whole. Life is more than genitalia, deformed feet, codpieces or Jane Russell breasts.

Perhaps the accompanying pictures will help. For some they will undoubtedly appear obscene and pornographic. Once the focus on sex is dropped, however, a different meaning appears. For example, Picture 1 portrays a musical group, perhaps a family, celebrating their pleasure in the music they are creating.

Picture 2 shows a male and a female in early adolescence soaping and showering. Certainly, if the cleansing process is to be effective, and if the two of them are going to enjoy it, they must be in the nude. Another alternative, though, is that they steer away from this experience completely. I believe they are better for their cooperative association. They now know how the bodies of adolescent males and females look, and to exchange soaping and rubbing gives both of them the awareness that nudity can be enjoyed in nongenital ways.

As for Picture 3, let's look at it *sexually* for a moment. Here children of different ages are becoming familiar with their own bodies. We cannot be assured of this (it all depends on adult

3. Repressive taboos should be replaced by a more balanced and objective view of sexuality based on a sensitive awareness of human behavior and needs. Archaic taboos limit our thinking in many ways. The human person, especially the female, has been held in bondage by restrictions that prescribed when, where, with whom and with what parts of the body the sex impulse could be satisfied. As these taboos are dispelled and an objective reappraisal ensues, numerous sexual expressions will be seen in a different light. Many that now seem unacceptable will very likely become valid in certain circumstances. Extramarital sexual relationships with the consent of one's partner are being accepted by some. Premarital sexual relationships, already accepted in some parts of the world, will become even more widely so. This will very likely also be true of homosexual and bisexual relationships. The use of genital associations to express feelings of genuine intimacy, rather than as connections for physical pleasure or procreation alone, may then transcend barriers of age, race or gender.

Taboos have prevented adequate examination of certain topics, especially with respect to female sexuality, thus blocking the discovery of answers to important sexual questions. Abortion is a case in point. By focusing only on the destruction of the fetus, many have avoided facing the other issues that are fundamental. They do not, for example, openly discuss ways of providing a comprehensive sex-education program for both children and adults. There has been a long struggle over the issue of providing adequate information about available contraceptive procedures for those who wish them. Likewise, taboos that cause people to feel that viewing the genitals is an obscenity or that any verbal or visual expression of the sex act is pornographic undermine objectivity and lead to demands for censorship. The oversacramentalization of sex also inhibits open discussion by not allowing people to treat sex as a natural experience.

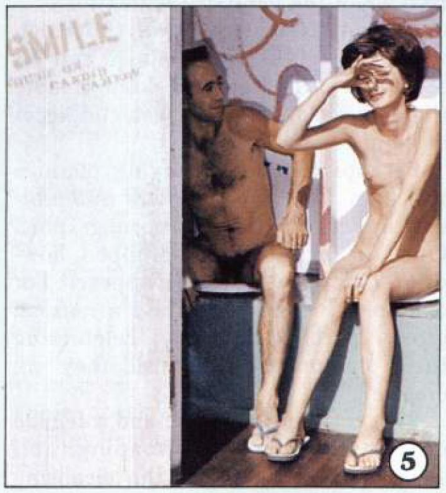
4. Each person has both an obligation and a right to be fully informed about the various civic and community aspects of human sexuality. The need to be fully informed about sexuality is obvious in the individual's private life, but it is rarely thought to extend to one's social-civic life as well. Sexual attitudes are intimately related to many problems of public import, but again taboos inhibit

attitudes), but one hopes these children can later ask their parents questions about their own bodies. I recall one male who told me that, when he was around nine or ten, he heard older boys

discussing a blow job. It was never defined, but obviously it had to do with the genitals, and, as an experience, was very "spine-tingling." After thinking about it, he decided he knew what a blow job was and made up his mind to try it. He got a small hose that would just fit over his penis. Then he got an erection and blew into the hose. So now he knew; but what was all the excitement about?

No *sanctimonious* attitude toward pregnancy is portrayed in Picture 4. Formerly, pregnant women were expected to be overcome with the miracle and solemnity of it all. This, of course, was a carryover of former belligerent, holier-than-thou attitudes toward sex-

uality. One could scarcely speak of sex without falling into a trance over the wonder of it. Digestive processes are equally miraculous, but apparently digestion has not been equated with sex; therefore, our attitudes need not be sanctified. These two women are enjoy-



ing themselves and, I suspect, will be better mothers as a result.

Achieving a rational and objective attitude toward the body and all features associated with it will not come easily, however. This I know personally, and for this reason I have included Picture 5. It can be looked at humorously—a candid camera can catch you anywhere! But the first time I sorted the photos, I rejected this one out-of-hand. Why? With all the thinking I have done about the body, and with a relaxed point of view toward it, I did

not see this photo as funny. My childhood training about the body and its digestive excrements left me feeling that this was an unpleasant, even disgusting, photo. Recognizing my feelings, however, and giving open expression to them have moved me at least a

free discussion. Too-rapid population growth cannot be dealt with except as individual attitudes toward sexual expression and contraception are recognized. Clearly, the social status of women is also involved here. In the rehabilitation of incarcerated criminals, establishing meaningful ties with others is important. It is inhumane and self-defeating to cut these persons off from the possibility of sexual relationships.

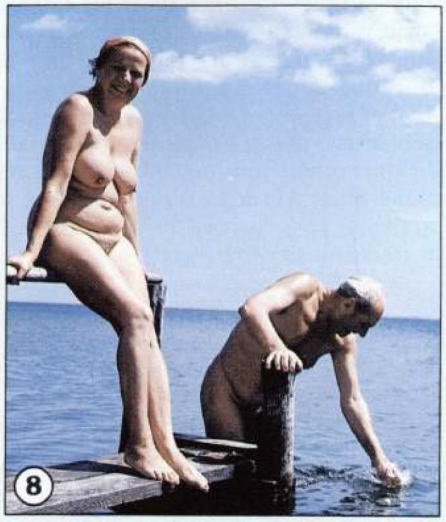
We should extend this concern to all persons who are confined in institutions—for example, those in senior-citizens' homes. The right of the physically and mentally handicapped to be fully informed about sexuality and to have sexual outlets available should be another concern. The commercialization of sex needs careful scrutiny. Patterns in child-rearing that may result in dysfunctional sexual expressions, such as child abuse and emotional deprivation, must be adjusted to new technological and medical developments and to changing cultural patterns.

5. Potential parents have both the right and the responsibility to plan the number and time of birth of their children, taking into account both social needs and their own desires. If family size is to be so regulated and the birth of unwanted children is to be prevented, then birth-control information and methods must be freely available to both married and unmarried couples. There must be a continuing reassessment in light of the world population situation. Involved in the right to birth control is the right to voluntary sterilization and abortion. We should especially point out that birth control should be the appropriate responsibility of men as well as women. Male contraception should be the object of further research. Contraception should not be considered the sole responsibility of females.

6. Sexual morality should come from a sense of caring and respect for others; it cannot be legislated. Laws can and do protect the young from exploitation, and people of any age from abuse. Beyond that, forms of sexual expression should not be a matter of legal regulations. Mature individuals should be able to choose their partners and the kinds of sexual expression suited to them. Certain forms of sexual expression are limiting and confining—for example, prostitution, sadomasochism or fetishism. However, any changes in such patterns, if they are made, should come through education and counseling, not by legal prohibition. Our over-

short step toward rationality and a more comfortable attitude.

The body freedom that comes from nudity is apparent in Pictures 6, 7 and 8. None of the hampering, enclosing effects of tight clothing are here. Clothing is important, but today's women can be elated that fashion does not require them to distort their bodies, as was the case in the 16th and 17th centuries. The well-dressed woman in those days tried to narrow her waist with corsets to the last possible degree, and to widen her gown with hooped petticoats and extra padding. In Pictures 6 and 7, however, both males and females are in a position to get from their bodies whatever they have to offer as they engage in play and sports. And not only the young profit by it. In Picture 8 a middle-aged couple sedately enjoys the warmth of the sun on their bodies as they prepare for a swim.



Picture 9 shows us that legally established authority can accept the body and the absence of clothing also. In other communities, though, police would be ordered to arrest this group for indecent exposure. More than one American community has been split asunder in the last few years by disputes over nudist camps or nude beaches.

Picture 10, of course, will be acceptable to almost everyone, for here are a mother and her baby in a loving, caring situation. If we can accept this photograph showing mother/child nudity, is there any good reason why we should not accept photos showing nakedness and the body irrespective of sex and age?

We hope that the *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities* will encourage a healthier, freer attitude toward the body, a more relaxed attitude toward sexuality and a more vigorous, well-rounded personality.

—*Lester A. Kirkendall* (1978)

riding objective should be to help individuals live balanced and self-actualized lives. The punishing and ostracizing of those who voluntarily engage in socially disapproved forms of sexual conduct only exacerbate the problem. Sexual morality should be viewed as an inseparable part of general morality, not as a special set of rules. Sexual values and sex acts, like other human values and acts, should be evaluated by whether they frustrate or enhance human fulfillment.

7. Physical pleasure has worth as a moral value. Traditional religious and social views have often condemned pleasures of the body as "sinful" or "wicked." These attitudes are inhumane. They are destructive of human relationships. The findings of the behavioral sciences demonstrate that deprivation of physical pleasure, particularly during the formative periods of development, often results in family breakdown, child abuse, adolescent runaways, crime, violence, alcoholism and other forms of dehumanizing behavior.

We assert that physical pleasure within the context of meaningful human relationships is essential, both as a moral value and for its contribution to wholesome social relationships.

8. Individuals are able to respond positively and affirmatively to sexuality throughout life; this must be acknowledged and accepted. Childhood sexuality is expressed through genital awareness and exploration. This involves self-touching, caressing parts of the body, including the sexual organs. These are learning experiences that help the individual understand his or her body and incorporate sexuality as an integral part of his or her personality. Masturbation is a viable mode of satisfaction for many individuals, young and old, and should be fully accepted. Just as repressive attitudes have prevented us from recognizing the value of childhood sexual response, so have they prevented us from seeing the value of sexuality in the middle and later years of life. We need to appreciate the fact that older persons also have sexual needs.

The joy of touching, of giving and receiving affection, and the satisfaction of intimate body responsiveness are the rights of everyone throughout life.

9. In all sexual encounters, commitment to humane and humanistic values should be present. No person's sexual behavior should hurt or disadvantage another. This principle applies to all sexual encounters—both to the

casual experience and to those that are deeper and more prolonged. In any sexual encounter or relationship, freely given consent is fundamental, even in the marital relationship, where consent is often denied or taken for granted.

Perplexing questions are raised by these concepts. Those directly engaged in the encounter may hold widely differing points of view toward sexual conduct. This possibility makes necessary open, candid and honest communication about current and future expectations. Even then, decisions are subjects of judgment and projection, and their outcomes are only slowly revealed.

No relationship occurs in a vacuum. In addition to the persons directly involved in the sexual relationship, there are important others. The interests of these other persons are usually complex and diverse; no course of action will satisfy everyone. Some might prefer that no sexual involvement whatever occur, and are disturbed if they are aware of it; others might be quite accepting under most circumstances.

For this reason each individual must have empathy for others. One might ask oneself: "How would I want others to conduct themselves sexually toward me and others I care about? Am I at least as concerned for the happiness and well-being of my partner, and others involved, as for my own?"

There is also a broader consideration: namely, that each person contribute to creating a social atmosphere in which a full acceptance of responsible sexual expression will exist.

CONCLUSION

The realization of the points in this statement depends upon certain attributes in the individual. One needs to have autonomy and control over his or her own sexual functioning. One needs to find reasonable satisfaction in living and to accept and enjoy pleasures of the body. Furthermore, one needs to respect the rights of others to those same qualities. The society in which one lives, while it makes demands, should also be attuned to individual needs and the importance of personal freedom. Only as these conditions are met will loving and guilt-free sexuality be possible.

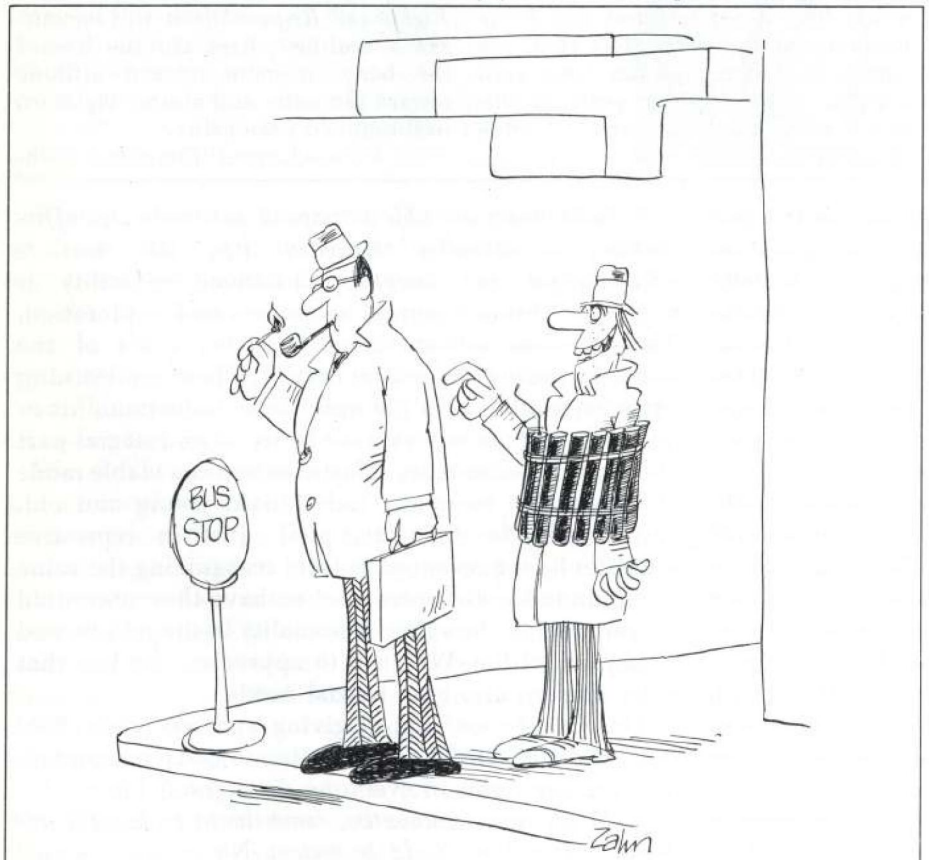
At this point in our history we human beings are embarking on a wondrous adventure. For the first time we realize that we own our own bodies. Until now our bodies have been in bondage to church and state, which have dictated how we could express our sexuality. We have not been permitted to experience the pleasure and joy of the human body and our sensory nature to their full capacity.

In order to realize our potential for joyful sexual expression, we need to adopt the doctrine that actualizing pleasures are among the highest moral goods—so long as they are experienced with responsibility and mutuality.

A reciprocal and creative attitude toward sexuality can have a deep meaning, personally and socially. Each of us will know its personal meaning when we experience psychic growth and ego enhancement with others. In effect, our behavior can say to another, "I am enriched for having had this experience and for having contributed to your having had it also."

The social meaning can derive from the loving feelings engendered by a person who is experiencing guilt-free, reciprocal pleasure. The loving feelings of mental and physical well-being, the sense of completion of the self, that we can experience from freely expressed sexuality may well reach out to all humanity. It is quite impossible to have a meaningful, ecstatic sexual and sensual life and to be indifferent to or uncaring about other human beings.

We believe that freeing our sexual selves is vital if we are to reach the heights of our full humanity. But at the same time, we believe that we need to activate and nourish a sense of our responsibilities to others.



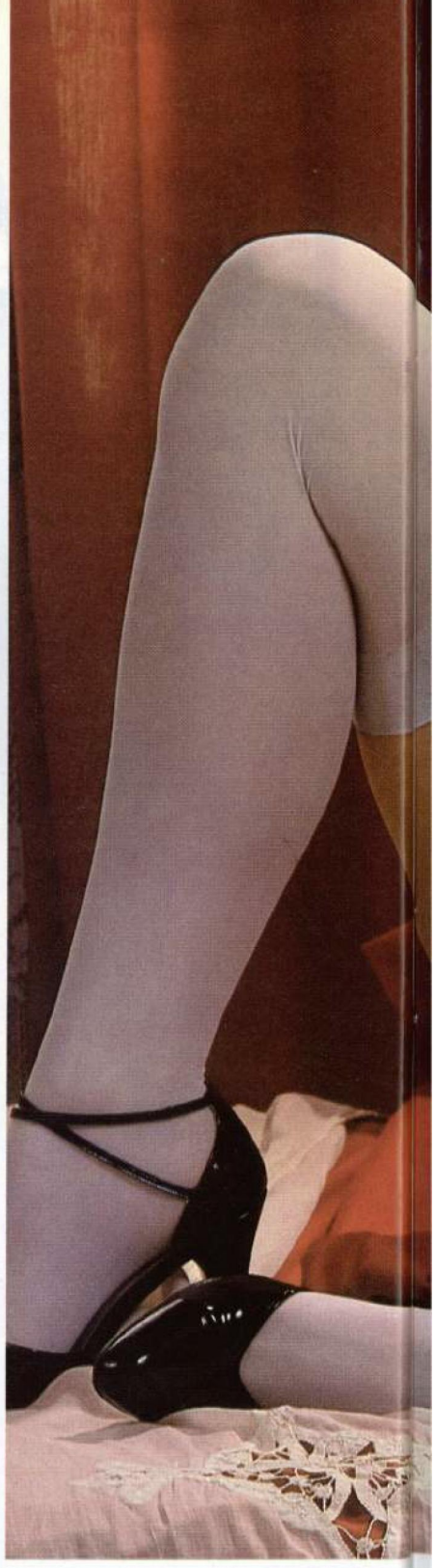
"Pardon me, sir, do you have a light?"

The *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities* was endorsed by the following humanist authors, educators and professionals: Gina Allen, *author;* Alan P. Bell, *sexologist, editor;* May Bergstrom-Walan, *sexologist, author;* Bonnie Bullough, *educator;* Vernon Bullough, *educator, author;* Deryk Calderwood, *educator;* Elizabeth Canfield, *health counselor;* Emanuel Chigier, *educator;* Helen Colton, *author;* Joan M. Constantine, *author;* Larry L. Constantine, *educator, author;* Albert Ellis, *sexologist, psychotherapist, author;* Anna K. Francoeur, *educator, author;* Robert Francoeur, *educator, author;* Tilde Giani Gallino, *author, psychologist;* Evalyn S. Gendel, *child-health worker;* Sol Gordon, *educator, author;* Helen M. Hacker, *educator;* Marian Hamburg, *educator;* Yoshiro Hatano, *educator;* Preben Hertoft, M.D.; Lester A. Kirkendall, *educator, author, editor;* Garrit A. Kooy, *educator;* Paul Kurtz, *educator, editor;* Daniel H. Labby, *educator;* Roger Libby, *researcher;* Birgitta Linner, *counselor, author;* Judd Marmor, *psychiatrist, author;* Hal Minor, *sexologist;* John Money, M.D., *author;* James W. Prescott, *U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare;* Ira L. Reiss, *educator, author;* Robert Rimmer, *author;* Della Roy, *educator, author;* Rustum Roy, *educator, author;* Patricia Schiller, *author, sex educator;* Michael Schofield, *social psychologist, author;* Robert N. Whitehurst, *educator, author.*

FEMALE MASTURBATION

Captions written in consultation with experts Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D.—a noted San Francisco psychotherapist, marriage counselor and co-author of the famous Kinsey reports on sexual behavior—and Maggi Rubenstein, Ph.D. Doctors Pomeroy and Rubenstein are on the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco.

Photography by Suze Randall



Manipulation of the clitoris will bring most women to a pitch of sexual excitement. So essential is it to female orgasm that about 85 percent of all women who masturbate concentrate on stimulation of the clitoris or area directly around it. The clitoris corresponds to the penis, except that its only

function is sexual arousal and release. The organ swells when the woman is aroused, and caressing and stroking it will trigger orgasm. The kind of stimulation may vary considerably—up and down, side to side or round and round—with the woman applying artificial lubricants or her own natural secretions.

Self-masturbation is the best way for most women to learn how to have orgasm. Before they can teach others about what pleases them sexually, they must learn for themselves what areas of the body, what pressures and what strokes are best for them.

About 20 percent of females insert objects into their vaginas as a way of masturbating. This is usually done in conjunction with stimulation of the clitoris. Almost any long, cylindrical, smooth inanimate object can be used.

The vibrations of the Ben-wa balls are set into action by motion of any kind. Once slipped inside, it's possible to enjoy their stimulating effects while driving, walking or simply rocking in a chair. Many women add to this pleasure by applying steady pressure from their thighs onto the genital area. This pressure technique can be applied with or without Ben-wa balls. Tightening the pelvic muscles can also give exquisite pleasure.

The most common masturbatory techniques rely on stimulation of the clitoris. It can be doubly relaxing to rub it while either soaking in a hot tub or showering.

For some women, water hitting the clitoris is more stimulating than sex aids, such as vibrators, or even the touch of a hand. Bath oils help to lubricate as the woman gratifies herself.

For many women no masturbatory technique can replace the rhythmic thrusting and lunging of a penis. Nevertheless, working the genital area against a cushion or pillow, combined with a tightening of the pelvic muscles, may be the best method of solitary pleasure for these individuals.

Masturbation is a normal part of being a woman. Whether a woman chooses to use sexual aids or her own hands (or her partner's), what's important is that she learn about herself, her needs and her desires, and so open herself to the most her sexuality has to offer.

(continued from page 52)

could suspect they knew about that and would have something over him as a Supreme Court justice. And the irony would have been, had he been appointed to the Court, how he would have decided on the constitutionality of entrapment of homosexuals—which is exactly what happened to him; he was entrapped. So it can go all the way up to that level.

HUSTLER: So, on a very real level, sexual liberation—especially in Congress, in the political machine itself—is a guarantee of freedom on many other levels. And what you're getting into now is even more immediate, because what we're saying here is that sexual reality for all of us, and most particularly and crucially for politicians, is quite different from what *Time* and *Newsweek* would have you believe.

KRASSNER: Sure. Because *Time* and *Newsweek* get a lot of leaks from those people. It's like a local reporter who's working the police beat; he won't do an anticop story because he doesn't want to ruin his sources. So they go in tandem.

HUSTLER: We learned in Elizabeth Ray's case that sex on Capitol Hill is far more prevalent and far more kinky than our outstanding legislators would have the American public believe. We also learned that some of the same people who tend to be righteous, and who would enact antiporn laws and antisex laws, are themselves guilty of enjoying or living a hypocritical sexual existence.

KRASSNER: Right. And with all the various means of wiretapping and spying we know are applied there, it probably means that a lot of this is known, so there's a kind of unspoken blackmail that runs the government. J. Edgar Hoover would go up to a senator and say, "I just want you to know, we have this information about you that has been given to us. Somebody took films of you Scotch-taping your secretary—who can't type—to the wall. But I just want you to know that this is safe with us." Then if Hoover wanted to strengthen the FBI or to extend its power, these guys were going to vote for it. Nothing was ever said about "Hey, we're going to blackmail you," but these people knew that he knew and had the evidence.

HUSTLER: This type of blackmail, it would seem, is the key to suppressing information.

KRASSNER: Yes, but once you have enough information and are sexually liberated, a law of physics applies. Heated molecules stir each other up. If you develop a healthy skepticism in one area, it can very easily lead to skepticism in other areas.

HUSTLER: Would you consider Lee Harvey Oswald a dupe like Manson or was he silenced because he knew too much?

KRASSNER: Well, if he had been a lone-nut assassin, you'd think that when he was caught he would have said, "I did it and I'm proud." But he didn't say that. He had been encouraged to act out certain things by certain people who didn't think he'd pull on his leash. He had to be killed by Jack Ruby after he said, "I'm just a patsy—I didn't kill anyone," because he realized he had been set up, and he probably would have spilled the beans.

HUSTLER: Do you think Larry Flynt's ongoing investigation to get to the bottom of the Kennedy assassination had anything to do with what happened to him in Georgia?

KRASSNER: That's what I believe. It's interesting to note that William Sullivan was Hoover's assistant director and approved that poison-pen letter about me sent to *Life*. He was killed when a hunter supposedly mistook him for a deer, shortly after the retired lawman accused the FBI of using illegal methods to track down members of the Weather Underground in the early '70s. (Perhaps it's just a coincidence, but it may have been a .44-caliber deer rifle that was used to shoot Larry.)

HUSTLER: We have a history of that sort of thing. While the established press still scoffs at conspiracy theories surrounding the assassinations of JFK, RFK, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr., all reason points to a conspiracy for such a massive, far-reaching series of events to occur within ten years. Particularly considering that all the witnesses or anyone close to the cases were killed or disappeared before they could reveal any information.

This brings me to an important question: How free would you say America is today?

KRASSNER: It's in a state of transition. It's almost as if it could go either way: toward a liberated society or toward a police state. The thing is, if unemployment keeps increasing, for example, cops won't think of a police state as a horror. They'll think of it in terms of jobs.

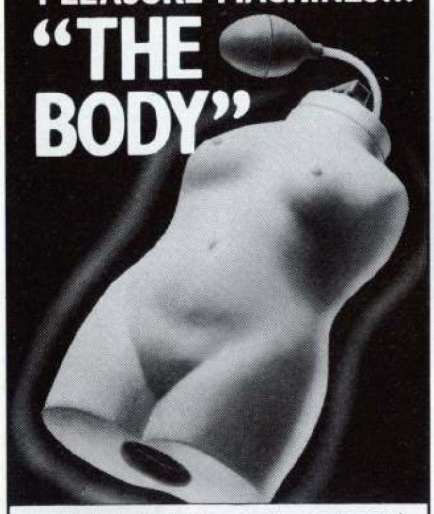
The government deliberately wants there to be an element of stress in simple survival so that people are concerned with how they're going to get the rent money or pay the food bill. The government does that because of the insane priority it places on keeping the world armed for overkill rather than putting that money into humanistic programs—and that's what the American Revolution was about: taxation without representation. So the government depends

"I hope the killer is the guy who kept trying to make us switch deodorants."

"Give it up, ya little bastard!"

THE ULTIMATE IN PLEASURE MACHINES...

"THE BODY"



This little lady does it all...and more! *Much* more! It's not just her soft, yielding skin or the impertinent nipples that make "The Body" the most stimulating companion you'll ever meet.

It's when you come between her soft thighs that you'll begin to discover what total ecstacy her magic gifts can bring to you. For not only does she possess a vaginal passage lined with hundreds of sensitizing "love buttons", she can do things perhaps only a few women in history have ever truly mastered. First, a variable control lets you adjust her throbbing vibrations to your own perfect pitch of pleasure. At the same time, a separate power pack lets you control an exclusive, truly amazing "stroking" action! Up and down, up and down...faster or slower! Whatever you want from her you get, and you get it at *your* pace of passion and pleasure. And if that's not enough, "The Body" also features a special pneumatic device that lets her "squeeze" you with those exquisite contractions few women since Cleopatra have truly performed.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

It sounds like a lot to offer, we know, but "The Body" can do it all, and do it all *at the same time!* But don't take our word for it. Send for your "Body" today. Use her in your own home for 14 days and if she isn't everything we say she is simply send her back for a full refund...no questions asked.

Valentine Products Inc. Dept. BD115
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station
New York, New York 10022

Gentlemen:
I have enclosed a check or money order for **$49.95** plus $2.00 for postage and handling (total $51.95). Please rush "The Body" in a plain package to me immediately. I understand that if I am not completely delighted with her, I can return her within 14 days for a prompt, full refund.

Name_____

Signature_____
(I am over 18 years of age)
(Sign as on credit card)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ BankAmericard(Visa) ☐ Master Charge

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date Mo.____ Year____

New York Residents add applicable sales tax.

INTERVIEW: PAUL KRASSNER

(continued from page 102)

on people keeping so busy dealing with their own survival that they'll just let whatever truth comes out pass by. Former CIA Director Allen W. Dulles stated at a Warren Commission hearing that the American public would never read all the commission's material.

HUSTLER: Why was the government frightened during the '60s?

KRASSNER: The '60s was a sudden evolutionary break—young people from all walks of life began to be in touch with themselves and to trust their friends more than the government. These people began to realize that life should be for pleasure, rather than for spreading pain. As a result, they helped bring about a change in the nature of sexuality. Cooperating became more important than competing. They grew their own food, didn't eat meat, made their own clothes, took care of each other so that they didn't have to buy insurance policies; and they shared appliances and automobiles, while building up an extended family. This was good for children, too, because they could learn from a lot of adults and a lot of other kids instead of being limited to just Mom and Dad, Spot the dog, and one-and-a-half siblings.

HUSTLER: What happened to the momentum of the '60s?

KRASSNER: Some of us who were like a new wave back in the '60s are riding the crest now. For a few years I lived by the ocean. I used to just sit and watch, and came to realize that if *everybody* were on the crest, there would be no waves. The difference between us and a lot of previous generations is that built into our belief system is the notion of change. It's important to us to understand what the current waves *are* instead of trying to repress them.

I think that on several levels the '60s consciousness is being recycled, coming out as "It's our turn now!"

HUSTLER: The awful thing is that so many Americans are emotionally in debt because they've had feelings beaten out of them by our culture. The key factor, of course, is that they were taught to deny their own sexuality.

KRASSNER: The very first thing an unhealthy culture teaches a kid is for that kid to separate flesh and spirit. A child is an experimenter, a curious Martian. A child is a little Martian who discovers its nose, ears and toes, but when it discovers what's between its legs, its hands are slapped or it gets diverted. Kids may not have the vocabulary to ask "Why do they always turn the TV on when I start playing with myself?" But they do learn that kind of behavior modification even before they learn language. And the legacy of the '60s, which is now blossoming in the '70s, is an increase in our awareness that even if we recognize that masses of people are asleep, the way they are awakened is not by playing God with the lives of others.

HUSTLER: As an atheist, how do you interpret Larry's being born again?

KRASSNER: There's no conflict, because as an atheist—especially an atheist who, just for the sake of absurdity, has tried to think of the concept of God every moment of the day—I've probably had a more intimate relationship with this mystery than many people who profess to be *believers.* I've seen people insisting that they knew more about the way the universe works than I did. But the idea of endless time and endless space was inconceivable to me. I mean I couldn't even figure out why people didn't fall off Florida.

So I listened to people talk about religion and God, and I realized that whatever they did, however they behaved, was based on their version of God. And I began to see the people in the world as various manifestations of God: Cruel people thought of a vengeful God, while compassionate people thought of an understanding God. Some people acted as if *they* were God; everybody was playing God with everybody else in all kinds of subtle ways. Parents played it with their kids, and husbands and wives played it with one another.

HUSTLER: And Larry Flynt?

KRASSNER: I see that Larry's behavior is rooted in the way in which he believes in God. If I could pinpoint when I decided to accept Larry's appointment as Publisher of HUSTLER, I would say it occurred when he was saying that Christ was not a better teacher than Buddha and that neither Christ nor Buddha was better than any individual, but rather that God was within every individual. As long as Larry was born again to that kind of freedom, I felt we were on the same wavelength. As opposed to the *Christian Yellow Pages,* in which so-called Christians advertise, in order to buy from and sell to other Christians exclusively. That smacks of a kind of anti-Semitism in disguise.

HUSTLER: There are many people who think in traditional Christian terms, which are the terms of sexual repression. So we should clarify right off that Larry has not been tripped up on the traditional, organized religious theology. Can you explain for the benefit of our readers who are now seeing the new, born-again HUSTLER for the first time, how Larry's experience manifested itself

(continued on page 110)

BEAVER HUNT

Our July catch—submitted by Beaver Hunters (and Huntresses)—is glowing with the knowledge that the human body is beautiful. In our new posture as a born-again publication we will continue to show you people as they really are, whether dressed or undressed. To paraphrase Lenny Bruce, if you have any complaints about human nudity, take it up with the manufacturer—God!

Once again we are interested in sharply focused HUSTLER-style color photos—no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model or models. Please include a short personality profile of each model and be sure she or he signs the model release on page 110.

Address your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Sorry, but all photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish the submitted photo, we'll send $50 to either the model or the photographer. Even if we don't use the picture, you'll receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's License. If chosen best Amateur Beaver by our staff, a model may be selected to appear in a HUSTLER pictorial spread—and earn up to $1,000. Not bad for an eager beaver.

So come on, everybody, let's show how beautiful the naked body can be.

Photo by Jim Oxsen

Salt Lake City's own Jacquie O'Neal, 28, dances and shoots pool. "I really enjoy taking it off," she writes. "Someday I hope to make it big as an exotic dancer." But for now, she passes the time "reading a good book."

Photo by Ron Myrick

Marcine Hannah, a cosmetician from Tarkio, Missouri, is beautiful proof that life begins at 40. When we asked this 47-year-old if she was superathletic, she said no; she stayed in shape by sunbathing. Sex is her favorite hobby, but she was mum about her fantasies.

Photo by Z. Carter

Raven-haired Satin, 25, of Hartford, Connecticut, is an exotic dancer who lists sex as her number-one hobby. Her goal is "to be the best mom in the world," but when the kids are tucked away in bed, she dreams of being a "lady of leisure" and working at it until she's a millionaire.

Photo by Soc Kostieky

Twenty-three-year-old Brandy, from South Beloit, Illinois, is a student welder by trade. An active girl, she'd like to "get it on while hang-gliding or parachuting." Bombs away.

Photo by E. B.

A first for HUSTLER, Rollie Pollie shows that even raccoons are interested in beaver. This native of Romulus, Michigan, lists "chewing things" as her occupation and would like "four raccoons to get me at one time under some leaves."

Photo by Patti

Thirty-six-year-old Michael B. is big on sex. A Los Angeles resident and art instructor, Michael would like to direct and star in a stag film. His favorite hobbies are "traveling, painting and beautiful women."

A native of Purcell, Oklahoma, Sleazy Ann gets her kicks "hanging around, laying loose, stuff like that." Though she dummies up about her favorite sexual fantasy, Sleazy admits she likes to watch Ken and Barbie make love.

Photo by Bill Cobb

Photo by R. McDonald

Thirty-year-old Timi Wood manages a tropical-fish store in Chatsworth, California. On weekends she backpacks, motorbikes and blazes her trail through the wilderness. Posing in the "James Baes mirror style" is fitting for Timi, since she strives for "perfection and tenderness" in love and has only one sexual fantasy: "lesbianism."

Photo by Bob Brooks

Bonnie Sowell, 18, of Clarksville, Tennessee, lists student as her occupation and partying as her hobby. Someday she'd like to play football and to find out what anal sex is all about. Her fantasy? "Just getting weird."

Carolyn Anderes, a 26-year-old model from Boston, lives in a hotel, loves tennis and dreams of "getting it on with two guys and a vibrator!"

Photo by W. B.

Photo by Ellie

Twenty-year-old Carrie W. and 22-year-old Tom L., both of Newbury Park, California, are our first *Beaver Hunt* couple. Carrie and Tom share the same sexual fantasy: "making love on the backseat of a chauffeured limo that is going 100 miles per hour."

Photo by Judy

This 25-year-old dude is from our old hometown—Columbus, Ohio—and calls himself Honey Bear. He's an auto repairman with "all types" of sexual fantasies.

This lovely 18-year-old model has a variety of stage names and addresses, but she is currently known as Cynthia Greenstreet and is living in Florida. Cynthia writes that she looks forward to the day when she can use her 37-25-36 figure to please two men at once.

Photo by Bill H.

Photo by Freddie

Nicole S., 28, of Racine, Wisconsin, wrote her own *Beaver Hunt* caption: "Nicole is a housewife whose hobbies are ceramics, drag racing and picking up men for fun and profit. I don't have any fantasies, but I do dig black men." Right on, Nicole.

INTERVIEW: PAUL KRASSNER

(continued from page 104)

to him and how that is reflected in the magazine?

KRASSNER: Well, since my own religion is the First Amendment, which includes both freedom of religion and freedom of speech and the press, I see Larry as the missing link between those components of the First Amendment. Freedom of the press, like a branch on a tree, has its own twigs, which include freedom to print sexual and visual material. This is why he and I agree on the logic of running stories from the Bible with appropriate photography illustrating the stories. The erotic paintings in this issue are a good example of the connection between being born again and recapturing the innocence of sexuality.

HUSTLER: It seems Larry has brought back a healthy form of religion, a nonrepressed form that includes elements of Eastern and Western religions, reconstituted in popular terms. Would you say that, in essence, he gives us a healthy religious and spiritual alternative to Establishment religion?

KRASSNER: Exactly. As I've said, the first thing that an unhealthy society teaches a child is to separate the flesh and the spirit. When a child starts out the process of learning with a healthy curiosity, it doesn't separate work and play. Suddenly, distinctions are made and soon there's missing a certain harmony of flesh and spirit. So what Larry represents to me is a missing link between freedom of speech, press and religion. He is able, through HUSTLER, to try to harmonize those elements of spirit and flesh that society has tried to teach us to separate.

HUSTLER: How does this translate into HUSTLER?

KRASSNER: If people are offended, if they were to say that the stories of Lot and his daughters or of Jesus and the Adulteress are obscene, then they're saying that the Bible is obscene. If they're saying that the Bible is *not* obscene because it's written with a lot of "begats," then they're saying that although the Bible doesn't make you horny, a visual pictorial illustration of the Bible *would*. And that type of logic goes against the whole chronology of communication. Pictures came before words.

HUSTLER: In other words, pictures render concepts more immediate?

KRASSNER: Agreed. But there are people who can read the Bible, or look at erotic photography of biblical stories, and view and appreciate them as literature or art and not be turned on sexually.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't the perfect person, the ideal person, respond to them on both levels and not experience the dichotomy?

KRASSNER: When I meet the ideal person, I'll let you know.

HUSTLER: In one's mind then?

KRASSNER: No. It's fascism to decide what somebody else should be turned on by.

HUSTLER: Then are you turned on by the photography in HUSTLER?

KRASSNER: Sure, although less now that I am surrounded by it.

HUSTLER: Have you ever jerked off to copies of HUSTLER or *Playboy* or *Penthouse*?

KRASSNER: All of them. Sometimes I would pile them up, stacking *Playboy* first, then *Penthouse* and then HUSTLER, so that the flowers would open wider as I went from one magazine to the next.

HUSTLER: And have you noticed that if you squint your eyes in a certain way, the photographs become somewhat three-dimensional?

KRASSNER: Well, I would have noticed it, but jerking off has made me blind. What I do notice, however, is that every time I jerk off it's a mixed blessing, because I enjoy it and yet I know something's missing.

HUSTLER: It's the human contact. The human sharing.

KRASSNER: Yeah, right. And that problem is especially acute for prisoners who are denied human contact.

HUSTLER: What you're saying is that visual material often provides a link to reality for people who have been repressed?

KRASSNER: Fantasy is a link.

HUSTLER: The big question in the minds of many HUSTLER readers is: How real is Larry's conversion?

KRASSNER: I fasted for four days before I came to the HUSTLER Christmas party in Columbus, where I met Larry for the first time. We'd had contact through phone calls and correspondence and had watched each other's work. But I didn't really know him, and I wanted to be clearheaded, so after four days of fasting I could watch him very closely. If he was faking something, he was doing such a good job that he was even fooling himself. He said to all of the employees present, "You are what you think you are." When it was my turn to talk—after Larry and Dick Gregory had spoken—I requoted Larry's line and followed with "You are what you pretend to be." He laughed along with everybody else. As long as there was that kind of trust, I felt comfortable.

Later I told Larry I had fasted for those four days before I met him, and he said, "Why did you fast?" I replied, "I didn't want to have any ulterior motives, such as hunger. I also wanted to see if you're a con artist, and you are and you're good." And he smiled and said, "I'm the best." And that was a moment of intimacy because we each trusted one another enough that we were willing to risk being misunderstood. Ultimately, no one except Larry knows the reality of his born-again experience.

HUSTLER: Would you consider yourself born again?

KRASSNER: In my case I'm imprinted on just existence itself—the absurd mystery of my existence and not anyone else's. Not on Scientology's game plan, not on Werner Erhard's est game plan. Everybody tries to get you into their game without even recognizing it some-

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name

Address

Date of Birth — Phone (include area code)

Photographer

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HU778B

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No Exp Date mo. year

Signature, Date

We still have a limited supply of back issues from the months listed below . . . Just fill out the coupon, or phone in your credit card order today.

____ AUG '74	____ MAR '76	____ B.O.H. #2 ($2.95)	____ OCT '77
____ SEP '74	____ APR '76	____ JAN '77	____ NOV '77
____ DEC '74	____ MAY '76	____ FEB '77	____ DEC '77
____ JAN '75	____ JUN '76	____ MAR '77	____ JAN '78
____ FEB '75	____ JUL '76	____ APR '77	____ FEB '78
____ MAR '75	____ AUG '76	____ MAY '77	____ MAR '78
____ OCT '75	____ SEP '76	____ JUN '77	____ APR '78
____ DEC '75	____ OCT '76	____ JUL '77	____ MAY '78
____ JAN '76	____ NOV '76	____ AUG '77 ($5)	____ JUN '78
____ FEB '76	____ DEC '76	____ SEP '77	

I have checked ____ '74 issues @ $5 each; ____ '75 issues @ $3.25 each; ____ '76 & '77 issues @ $2.25 each, totaling $_____

____ (B.O.H.) *The Best of* HUSTLER #2 (#6102) @ $2.95 each _____

____ Aug. '77 issues (Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold) @ $5 each _____

Subtotal _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance .50

TOTAL $_____

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

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do.

Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect, and at least 2,000 of them died needless, painful deaths.

The fact is, child abuse is a major epidemic in this country.

The solution? Part of it lies in your hands. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs could be formed to aid parents and children in their own communities. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be helped. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and what you can do.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

Ad Council

We need your help. Write:

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

times. If you had been able to keep the innocence of a newborn baby, you could see people asserting their will on each other all the time, rather than just taking care of their own shit.

Actually, I woke up at the age of six on the stage of Carnegie Hall. I didn't know how I got there, but I knew it was weird. It was as if I were separate and could see this as an objective picture, watching myself and being a member of the audience at the same time. And I realized that everybody in the audience, however they perceived me, did so through their own experience: their fears, their hang-ups, their preconceptions. However much I had been asleep those preceding six years while I became this child violinist prodigy—I had probably been given the violin to keep me from playing with myself—it was such a sudden flash of awareness that I knew I wanted to go there again. So I just paid close attention and watched and saw what would bring on that kind of feeling again.

HUSTLER: You were awake and really tuned in.

KRASSNER: Exactly. Knowing what was happening and enjoying it.

HUSTLER: A large part of awareness is being able to rise above your own preconceptions, fears and hang-ups. When you open up to the spiritual side, or get tuned in, you can step away and observe yourself. Is that correct?

KRASSNER: Yes, you can look at yourself as if you were a Martian and an Earthling simultaneously. You can be a Martian like a newborn child and watch the actions of this Earthling whose body you, as a Martian, have inhabited. Suddenly, you see the ridiculous things that you say and the asshole things you do, and how you can decide whether you want to forgive yourself for them or blame yourself for them. I mean, you can see how the Earthling tries to take over the Martian.

HUSTLER: Being tuned into this mystery of existence is the same as being in tune to the spirit or God-force, isn't it?

KRASSNER: I never told you this, but on the flight to Columbus I kept making a list of editorial ideas for HUSTLER, and I asked myself, "What am I doing this for? I'm only going to a Christmas party!" But it was a form of clairvoyance, I guess.

HUSTLER: You apparently believe in clairvoyance, ESP, parapsychological phenomena. Is that correct?

KRASSNER: Coincidence was always my religion; and then for a while conspiracy became my religion, and lately I've tried magic on for size. Everybody has different visions of magic.

HUSTLER: Religion is another form of magic, wouldn't you say?

KRASSNER: Religion is socially acceptable magic. By magic I mean just the mystery of my ending up at HUSTLER's Christmas party; but there was also a logic to it. And just as I would like to unite flesh and spirit, I would like to harmonize logic and magic into the same process.

HUSTLER: Part of Larry's born-again experience is to, effective with this issue, drop all single-girl sets, girl photos, girl fantasies. He's apologized to the women of America for depicting them as sex objects, and so one of the things the new HUSTLER will do is not depict women as sex objects; rather, it will deal with sex as a more complete package featuring men and women together, trying to represent a wholesome sexuality. But was HUSTLER wrong for having had women pose in a provocative way intended presumably to stimulate men? Was there anything evil or sinful about that? Did it foster or continue a problem in society?

KRASSNER: Well, I once wrote a story called "Tongue Fu," in which a character has a 15-inch tongue. He is very popular with the women. His father, Luke Warm Sake, tells him that exploitation and liberation are two sides of the same coin. To answer your question, I don't think it's either/or. I think that the girlie pictures are elements of *both* exploitation and liberation.

HUSTLER: Do you feel comfortable with the exclusion of such material?

KRASSNER: Well, when I accepted Larry's sudden announcement of my appointment at the Christmas party, I said I was more offended by cigarette ads than by pink cunts, that one gives death and the other life, and although I didn't even know about the real specifics of the changes in HUSTLER at that point, I knew I should have the *right* to publish that stuff even though people found it offensive.

HUSTLER: For the benefit of our readers who are getting from this issue a hint of where we are, what is the future direction of HUSTLER? What are you doing, and what sorts of things will HUSTLER embody?

KRASSNER: Well, I like to surprise myself and then share the surprise with a lot of people. So it's hard to say, because to a certain degree we reflect the culture, and to a certain degree we help shape it. If I were truly clairvoyant, I could tell you. But the general direction now—whether you accept the standards of Christianity or of humanism—is intended to show that there are different elements of trying to live a moral life. The fact that Larry has not said his way is *the* way, to me is the most

J. Kohl

Christian way to act. So, therefore, I don't see any conflict between my humanism and his born-again Christianity. The standards are the same: compassion, justice, freedom . . . .

HUSTLER: And that will be reflected in HUSTLER?

KRASSNER: Yeah. So there can be an investigative report on some aspect of society, some organization or individual, let's say, pretending to be one thing and really being another. The right to publish a piece of investigative journalism is not separate from the right to publish, as we do in this issue, a piece about the fear of farting, which is part of our humanity.

I remember when I first began hanging around with Lenny Bruce. He would just fart openly and, as a defense, I'd make some joke about it. At one point he finally called me on it and pointed out how I responded defensively to his freedom or to his lack of fear of farting.

HUSTLER: So what we're really talking about is a magazine that's encouraging openness on all levels, where we can confront our inhibitions and taboos and at the same time advance ourselves, use communication and print to advance ourselves and complete ourselves as individuals?

KRASSNER: And you can extend that to include *nation.* There was a time when HUSTLER was the fart of the media world, and there was a time when I was embarrassed by it. I didn't jerk off to some of the gratuitous violence or shit cartoons. And there was a time I would have been too embarrassed to be associated with it, but now I'm proud. For the first month I was here I was defensive to people about HUSTLER, and suddenly I saw the level of snobbery in people toward it. These were people who were liberals and radicals, but they didn't want to have anything to do with the people they wanted to liberate. Well, the pass-on readership of HUSTLER is 10 million, and I wouldn't care if every single one of them were a masturbating, raping, wife-beating corporate executive who drives a truck in his spare time so he can run over little girls with his heavy tire treads; it doesn't mean they're not worth communicating with.

HUSTLER: Don't you believe that if President Carter, Richard Nixon, Walter Cronkite—people in general—were capable of talking about farting in public, they could communicate on a much more honest, meaningful level?

KRASSNER: Not just by talking about it. My fantasy is for Walter Cronkite to *do* it—to actually fart on the air, and say, "That's the way it is." It would humanize him. I remember when we had our first Yip-in and people from CBS News came to interview a few of us. The interviewer asked what we were going to do in Chicago, and I said, "You think I'm gonna tell *you*?" and smiled. "But I'll tell you one thing. We're going to slip truth serum into the reporters' drinks." Then I watched myself on the news. I said, "You think I'm gonna tell *you*?" and smiled. They had cut out the rest. Their selection of what I had to say made me look more sinister than I was.

HUSTLER: How do you go through each day?

KRASSNER: Chronologically. Right before I got invited to the Christmas party in Columbus and got appointed to this position I was interviewed, and at one point the interviewer asked me, "What does success mean to you?" I replied, "Trying to do the appropriate thing every moment." And that is the real game in being born again: to be born again every moment.

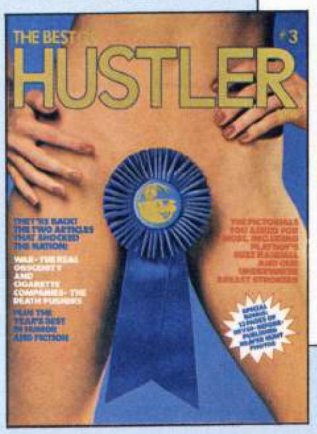
HUSTLER: One final question, Paul. As it stands now, HUSTLER, reconstituted, is more than it was before, not less, and what it always has been and what it is even more now is a political force in this country—yes or no?

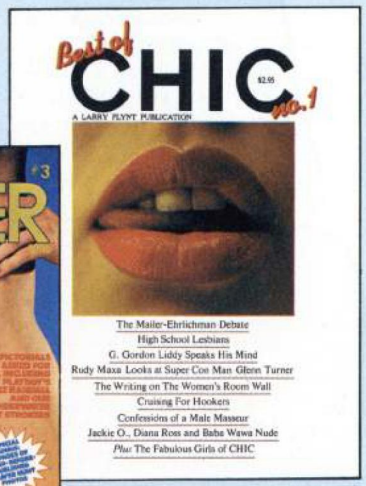
KRASSNER: Sure. That's the mind-set that lay behind those bullets in Lawrenceville, Georgia. If, as I said before, sexuality is political, then Larry through that gunsight was the living symbol of that political force.

The Best of Both.

Larry Flynt does it again—and again. Collections of the year's best from HUSTLER and CHIC magazines are now available.

HUSTLER proves it's the most controversial men's magazine with two articles that shocked the world—THE REAL OBSCENITY: WAR and AMERICA'S BIGGEST PUSHERS: THE CIGARETTE COMPANIES. Under the same cover you'll find ex-*Playboy* photographer Suze Randall exposing herself, plus the year's best women, humor and fiction, and a special bonus—13 pages of never-before-published Beaver Hunt photos.





CHIC is the class of the men's magazine market, and now the creme de la creme can be yours. Featured in the BEST OF CHIC #1 are the Mailer-Ehrlichman debate, painted peeks at six celebrity women in the nude, and repeats of top-notch cartoons, articles and those fabulous CHIC girls.

Get both the BEST OF HUSTLER #3 and the BEST OF CHIC #1.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send:
____ **BEST OF HUSTLER #3 @ $2.95 (#6103)**
____ **BEST OF CHIC #1 @ $2.95 (#7101)**

Please Print HU778L

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date I am of legal age.

Subtotal $_____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
Postage, handling and insurance .50
TOTAL $_____

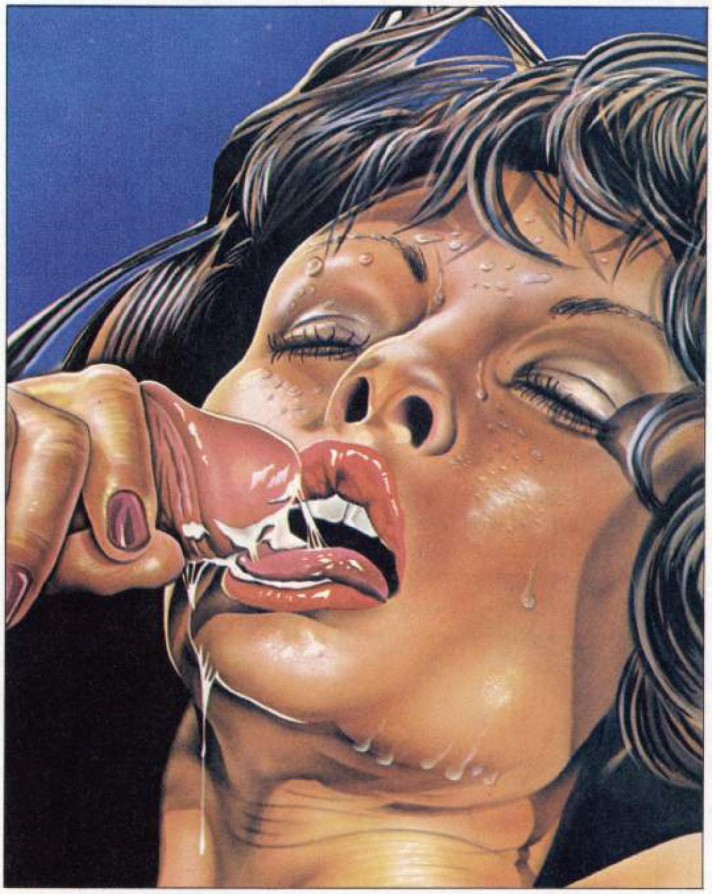
All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service.
Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

KINKY KORNER

by Anne Stephenson

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



SPERM DIET

Fasting to rejuvenate the body as well as to lose weight has become quite a fad recently. Some people suggest that you should drink only water during your fast, while others recommend the addition of liquid protein. I guess you could say I'm in the second category. I've fasted regularly for the past ten years. Besides drinking water, I also drink my husband's semen.

I'm English, and first came to America nine years ago with my husband, a U.S. Air Force man. We met in 1968 while I was working as a receptionist at a large repair garage outside Ipswich in Suffolk. The firm specialized in American autos, and many of the Air Force personnel from the nearby base brought their cars in for servicing.

One day this good-looking master sergeant came in with a sad story about leaky gaskets in his Delta 88. I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was 6-1 and very well built, with short, cute blond hair and really warm (but sort of shy) eyes. He was pacing back and forth, going on about losing oil and how he could hear his tappets ticking, but all I could do was look at the big—no, *huge*—bulge between his sturdy legs. I started to leak too, but it sure wasn't motor oil!

He must have known how I felt, because he invited me to lunch. Now at this point I should say I'm an attractive blond with a 38-inch bust and a typical peaches-and-cream English complexion. But I've got a problem that's always haunted me: I love to eat. And I especially go for pastries, chocolate or anything else that's sweet and rich. On that particular day I was my normal 30 pounds overweight—just right for some men's tastes, but much too heavy for a man who'd go for Twiggy or for any girl with that slim and coltish look so popular then. I must admit I *felt* fat. I wasn't comfortable with myself, even when I dated plump guys.

The airman and I talked incessantly over lunch, and found that we shared the same sense of humor. But when I started to say something disparaging about my weight—I always do that when I'm nervous—and how I'd tried diet after diet with no success, he became quite serious. He said if I really felt that way, I shouldn't put myself down while I crammed tarts into my mouth. He said his sister was just the same; no diet ever worked for her until she decided simply to give up food *completely* for a week or two, and then every month to repeat her fast for a few days. Then the sergeant smiled and took me home to his apartment. He had the afternoon off, I called in sick, and we spent the next 18 hours together!

I learned two things that afternoon: first, that this was the man of my dreams, a man I knew I could marry; second, while going down on a man was nothing new to me, I had never before enjoyed oral sex so much. He had the most beautiful long, thick cock I had ever seen—smooth, creamy and buried in a nest of soft blond curls.

I teased him with my tongue for a long time, beginning by licking the area around his pubic hair and then trailing kisses to the base of his cock. Then I licked near the edge of his sac, finally bringing my tongue to play on his balls. Working down from there, I began to kiss and lick his anus. By this time his cock was ready for some direct action, a fact I could detect by the way he trembled when I ran one fingernail down the vein of his shaft.

I replaced my fingernail with my tongue, and not until I had licked his entire shaft did I begin to work on his cock's swollen head. I took it lightly between my lips, slowly working it into my mouth, and then I circled his cock head with my wet tongue. I had him stand while I knelt in front of him. Then I took his member fully into my mouth.

As I clutched his cute, tight buns, I worked him over until he shot his load into my mouth. His semen tasted fantastic! It was smoother and sweeter than any I had ever tasted before. It was like a rich snack as I let it lay there, thick and gooey on my tongue, before I enjoyed the sensation of it sliding down my throat. All this happened very quickly; yet it was so exciting that not only is every detail burned into my memory, but I also climaxed as I swallowed every drop of his delicious cum. That was a new experience for me, though it would be repeated many times in the years that followed.

By the time I moved in with him a few weeks later, I had forgotten our lunch-

Illustration by Stephen Douglas

time conversation about fasting. But when he brought the subject up once more (I must have been complaining about my weight again), I decided to try a few days without food. We agreed he would have all his meals at the base while I fasted. That way I wouldn't have to cook for him. I did buy several bottles of mineral water, though, so I could at least enjoy drinking.

After the first day I was *hungry*. I was also very horny, and when he came home that night, I was waiting for him just inside the front door, kneeling and naked. As soon as he came in, I grabbed his pants, slid them down his thighs and tried to swallow his still limp cock. It didn't take long to jump to life, and I milked him in my mouth in about three minutes. It was delicious, and I climaxed even more violently than before.

I continued my first fast for five days. On the second day my desire for food seemed to disappear. I kept thinking about the beautiful blond-fringed cock that would soon be coming through the front door. When it did, I was kneeling, ready to receive it as before.

I think that having my lover's cock to concentrate on helped me, for even though I wasn't really hungry, I was sort of *scared* of the whole thing. After all, we've all been brought up to believe that three square meals a day are what the body needs to stay healthy. Now, of course, research shows that obesity is a major contributor to heart disease, the number-one killer in the United States.

At the end of my fast I felt like a new person. I hadn't lost a great deal of weight, really—just six pounds—but my eyes were clearer, my mouth tasted pure and sweet (even without brushing my teeth), and I seemed to have more energy and vitality than I'd felt in years. And my sex life—well, if something perfect can be improved upon, I suppose you could say it got better!

With a new confidence inspired by my weight loss I devised all kinds of new games for us to play. We still play them. My favorite is a doctor/schoolgirl fantasy in which I dress up as a schoolgirl and pretend to be visiting a doctor because I'm constipated.

He lectures me on the evils of filling my tummy with too many sweets and pastries, and then he tells me to bend over his lap for a light spanking. I do so, and he pulls my panties down and gives me about a dozen spanks. Then, with my panties down around my ankles, I have to get up and go to the bathroom. I go down on the floor on my hands and knees, with my butt nice and high in the air. Then he comes in and administers a slow, clear water enema.

When I've taken it all, I sit up on the toilet seat and hold it in. With my eyes closed, I thrust my hands forward to where he is standing, unzip his pants, take his cock out and cram it into my mouth. I like to have him come in my mouth at the same time I'm discharging the enema into the toilet. It's incredible.

* * *

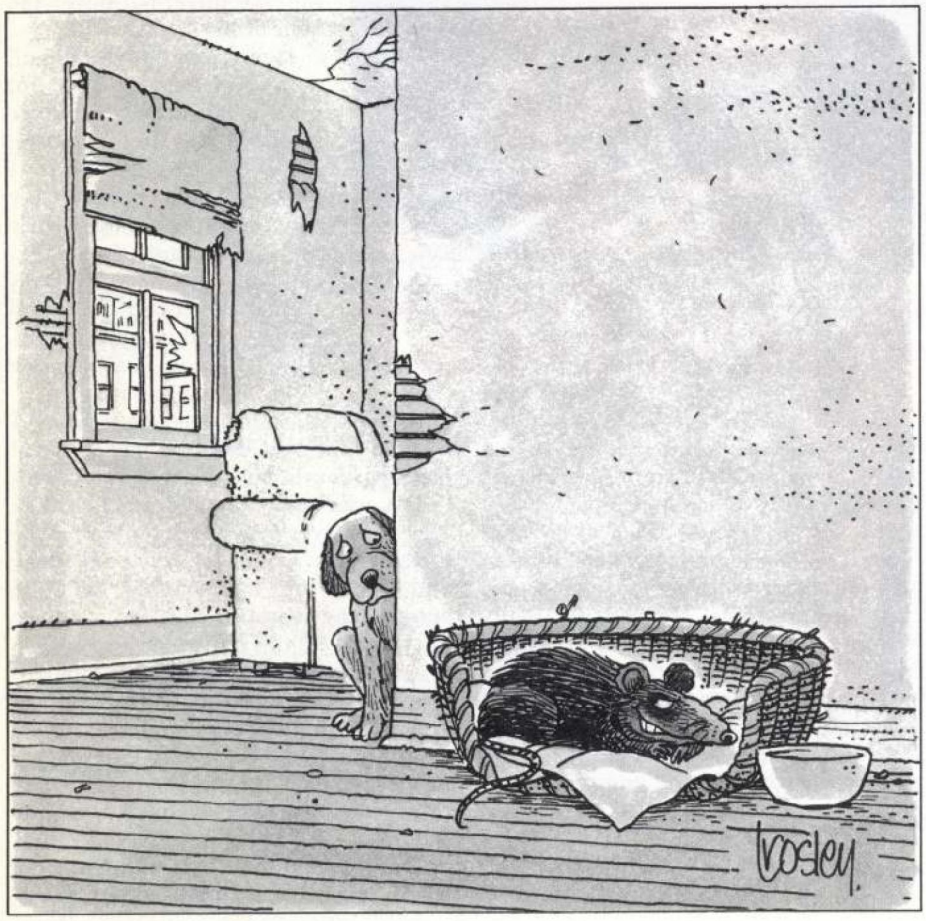
I'm in my mid-30s now, the age when many of my girlfriends who are married are divorcing left and right. But my marriage is rich and secure, and I attribute much of my happiness to what I call sexy fasting, which I've continued to this day. I do it about every two months now, and sometimes my fasts last as long as two weeks. This way I keep my weight down to a constant 110 pounds, and I feel healthy and full of energy.

My husband has always agreed to my request that I don't cook while I'm fasting. However, there are several chores I never neglect during my fasts. One is to be extra scrupulous about personal cleanliness. On the first and second day I often find I have a thick coating on my tongue and a bad taste in my mouth. This is to be expected when fasting. Diet theorists say it means your body is producing more acid than usual to detoxify itself.

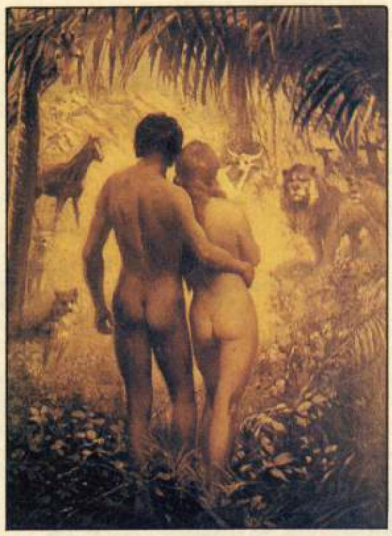
To remedy this condition I gargle with salt water and scrub my tongue with a wet toothbrush and salt several times a day. As the fast progresses, my tongue becomes pink and clear again, and the foul breath disappears.

I'm also careful about washing when I fast. After the first week I usually shower twice a day. I make a real production out of it: I spend a long time under the water and expose all my openings—mouth, nostrils, vagina, anus. I also take a soapy sponge and scrub my armpits, my back and between my breasts. Then I sit down in the shower and go to work on my feet and ankles. After I've dried off, I oil myself all over and take a short nap. It's a superbly sensuous experience. I can almost feel the old body cells sloughing off, and newer, healthy cells being generated to take their place.

A short while ago I asked my doctor if my satisfaction with fasting had been caused by the large amounts of semen I had swallowed over the years. He felt it was mostly psychological, but he conceded that the average ejaculation of semen (3 to 5 milliliters, a tablespoonful) contains, besides sperm cells, quite a mixture of acids and enzymes, including citric acid and calcium—all of which add up to about 100 calories or less—and a trace of protein. Why buy liquid protein when your lover can supply you with some of his own?



D. Collins



NOW AVAILABLE

THE GENESIS SERIES

"EROTIC EVOLUTION"

SEEN IN THIS ISSUE OF

HUSTLER MAGAZINE

The *Genesis: Fall From Innocence* series, a set of 24 color lithographs, is now available. Five hundred numbered sets, which include an introduction by Larry Flynt, and his signature, are also available.

To order either set of these lithographs, send for the full-color catalog, using the coupon below.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . .
24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.) VISA and Master Charge only.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send me ____ GENESIS Series Catalog(s) #4600 @ $3.00 ea. which is applicable toward my first purchase.

Please Print HU778Z

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

Subtotal $____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____

Postage, handling and insurance ____.50

TOTAL $____

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise, all sales are final.

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Dealer inquiries invited.

THE FEAR OF FARTING

(continued from page 56)

James Clavell tells of uninhibited farting in 17th-century Japan, recounting episodes of farting contests between villages. In that earthy setting, farters were honored, and treaties between Samurai were solemnized by the act of pissing together and entwining the streams as a gesture of solidarity.

That feudal Japan regarded farting as a social skill is evidenced in the "Shunga" works of Japanese artists. These erotic portrayals reflect an easygoing attitude toward sex and farting, and include depictions of farting contests.

If more substantial cross-cultural data were available, they might well show that our society is among the more tight-assed on the subject of farting. This is true today, and it was true in the past, even though Western civilization was more tolerant of farting at certain times.

The word *fart* comes from the Old English *feortan*, and its changing meanings over the years reflect up-and-down acceptance of the act. In *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (Macmillan) Eric Partridge points out that in the 13th century a fart was "an anal escape of wind, especially if audible." At that time, and for some time afterward, it was a playful word; but in time it would become nasty.

From the 18th to the 20th centuries farting became a vulgarism, especially in its verb form. But until the end of the 18th century farting was often regarded as a jocular act. One might, in times gone by, "let a brewer's fart" (complete with grains and all) and befoul oneself. "Farting-crackers" were pants, a "fart-catcher" was a footman, and "farting about" was a form of idleness. Proof of the humorous attitude toward farting is shown by the title of a 1722 pamphlet, "The Benefit of Farting Explain'd," purportedly written by Don Fart and translated from Spanish into English by Obadiah Fizle.

Probably because farting has languished under a two-centuries-old taboo, no formal history of farting has been undertaken. But it is possible to sketch a crude outline by pulling together scattered sources.

In ancient Greece the playwright Aristophanes referred to the act of farting in his play *The Clouds*. He mocked Socrates by having the philosopher compare the causes of rain and thunder with farting caused by overeating. Said Socrates, "Have you never eaten the broth puddings . . . and felt with what might your bowels all night in turbulent tumult resound?"

Herodotus, the Father of History, wrote about Amesis, who farted at an envoy of the King of Egypt, telling the envoy to carry that message back to his master. In the Roman Empire it was a capital offense to fart in the presence of the emperor. But Emperor Claudius relented upon hearing of people suffering from severe restraint at royal banquets: Thereafter he allowed guests to "give vent."

The Roman writer Marcus Martialis spoke of the horror felt by worshippers who inadvertently farted while in a praying posture. And the historian Flavius Josephus told of a Roman soldier farting into a group of Jewish worshippers during the feast of Passover in Jerusalem, thus precipitating a bloody revolt against the Roman occupation.

In his *City of God*, St. Augustine mentioned a man who could fart at will and in tune. Chaucer in his "Miller's Tale" used a farting episode for comic effect. And Rabelais, that great satirist of so-called "intellectual" medieval scholars, concocted a mock list of scholarly "books," including "The Art of Farting Decently in Public."

A French source described a lavish banquet attended by the Bishop of Orleans, which was interrupted by a female guest's audible fart. When she sought to cover her embarrassment by scraping her foot, the bishop chided her, saying, "Do not trouble to find a rhyme, madam!"

Such examples bear witness to the uneven power of the farting taboo at various points in Western history. But American civilization is rooted mainly in the traditions of England, where from 1400 to 1700 farting, while socially stigmatized, was lightly regarded. From the introduction of printing into England, farting appears in literature as a laughable act. Thus, the jester Will Sommers could ask King Henry VIII this riddle: "What is born without life, head, lips or eyes, yet doth run roaring through the world until it dies?" And the answer: "It is a fart."

Other printed sources also drew laughs from farting. "When you fart, turn your arse with the wind, and then you shall feel no stink!" ran a proverb. A jester at a dinner once farted loudly and then whispered audibly to the lady seated next to him, "I'll say it was I!" And at another dinner the host shamed a chronic belcher by seating him next to an inveterate farter, who topped each belch with a loud fart. Offended, the belcher voiced his protest, but the host said, "What he does goes under the table. Now if he were to *belch*, it would go over the table and the victuals [food] too!"

And the father of realistic biography, the post-Elizabethan John Aubrey, writing in *Aubrey's Brief Lives* (University of Michigan Press), told of the Earl of Oxford, Edward de Vere, who unintentionally farted while bowing to Queen Elizabeth. Utterly humiliated, the wretch traveled for seven years and distinguished himself in foreign service. When the nobleman returned to reap his honors, the Queen welcomed him by saying, "My Lord, I had forgot the fart."

But by the end of the 18th century much of the earthy humor attending farting was fading. In its place a sense of seriousness and tighter decorum emerged. Ben Franklin typified the new sentiment. Among his various scientific pursuits, he sought to discover a remedy for the stench of farts. In a put-on letter to the Royal Academy of Brussels, Franklin urged a scientific search for "some Drug . . . to be mixed with . . . food . . . that shall render the natural discharge from our Bodies . . . agreeable as Perfume."

Exactly when, how and why farting should have become so tightly repressed is a question for social scientists. Certainly, religious revivals, industrial and educational discipline and sober scientific inquiry helped bring about its repression. Under the influence of Victorianism, sex became a four-letter word, nakedness was abominated, and farting and other scatological behavior were repressed.

Perhaps Thomas Crapper's invention and subsequent popularization of the flush toilet, thenceforth called a "crapper," was partly responsible for the Victorians' anal-retentive obsessions. But as the 19th century wore on, the repressive norms dominated, and a flood of silly euphemisms replaced the outrageous four-letter words so expressive of our natural animalism.

Only a few courageous literary voices protested the trend. Funniest perhaps was Mark Twain, who declared that it was beyond his reasoning how novelists of the 18th century could use crude words while writers of his generation could not. While gathering material for *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Twain mastered the lusty language of an older era and was inspired to pen and privately publish *1601, or conversation as it was at the fireside in the time of the Tudors* (Golden Hind Press).

The setting for Twain's short tale was a royal drawing room in England in 1601. Gathered by a fireside were Queen Elizabeth, Walter Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Will Shakespeare, the Duchess of Bilgewater, Lady Alice Dilbury and others. While engaged in amiable conversation, "it befel that one did breake wynde, yielding an exceeding mightie and distressful stinke, whereat all did laffe full sore."

In admiration, the Queen asked that "ye author confess ye offspring." Since all male bellies in the house protruded normally, it seemed unlikely that a male could have authored the "thundergust." One by one each person sorrowfully denied authorship. Enviously but eloquently, Shakespeare denied the charge, saying, "Ye Pit itself hath furnished forth ye stinke, and Heaven's artillery hath shook ye globe in admiration of it!"

At last, Raleigh confessed, saying disparagingly, "I did it but to clear my nether throat." He then showed his real ability by delivering "himself of such a godless and rock-shivering blaste, that all were fain to stop their ears, and following it did come so dense and foul a stinke, that that which went before did seem a poor and trifling thing beside it."

Thereafter, conversation ranged over such topics as fornication, religion and poetry, concluding with a tale of a girl saving her virginity from a rapacious archbishop by asking him, "First, my Lord, prithee pass the water before me." The request so startled him that his member "felle, & would not rise again."

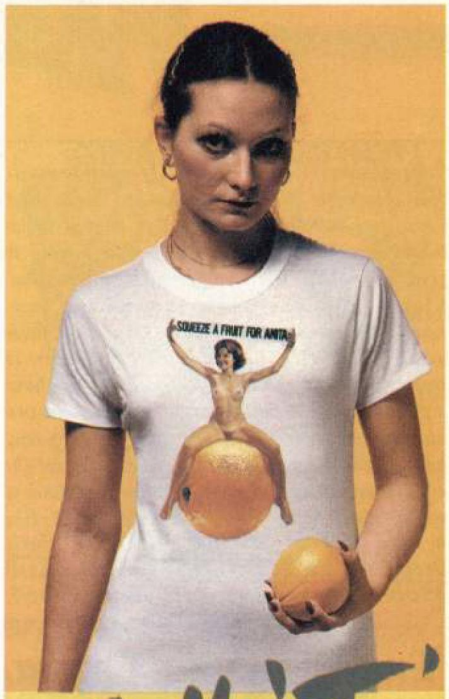
Twain's crass tale first appeared in a limited edition in 1876; since then at least 20 editions have appeared, including a 1916 one commissioned by "The Flatulence Society of Pittsburgh." Today copies of *1601* are collector's items, prized by Twain cultists and earthy intellectuals. But don't look for a copy in a small local library or for an excerpt in a literary anthology, because Twain's lament about literary censorship still holds. Even today literary formalists are likely to dismiss Twain's *1601* as drivel or, worse, pornography.

But literature is too broad a field to be dominated by the formalists. Popular love of jokes about matters social and sexual cannot be damped down, as the flood of oral and written literature shows. Such jokes appear in oral tradition manifested by the continuing popularity of the limerick.

As a poetic form, the limerick presents authentic erotic folklore at its most ribald. G. Legman testifies to the popular curiosity about unmentionable acts in his first collection of some 1,700 limericks, compiled nearly 25 years ago.

An entire section of Legman's collection includes scatological limericks with farting as a recurrent theme. An example from 1879 tells of the cabman from Biarritz, France, who "frightened a fare into fits. When reproved by a fart, he said, 'God bless my heart; when I break wind I usually shits.'" And

(continued on page 125)



Anita 'T'

This unique T-shirt was created to give Anita Bryant all the exposure she deserves. The shirt, which comes in assorted colors, was designed from the original Mystery Guest picture featured in the January '78 CHIC. And if you'd like to hang Anita, there are wall posters available.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send ____ Anita T-shirts @ $5.95
____ Anita posters @ $4.95

HOW MANY	SIZE S, M, L, XL	COLOR	TOTAL

Shirts are available in yellow (Y), light blue (LB), white (W), tan (T) and gold (G). Sublimation transfer on a 50% polyester/50% cotton shirt.

Please Print HU778Z

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

Subtotal $____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____
Postage, handling and insurance .50
TOTAL $____

I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order products. We will review any mail-order items, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information. Also, we'll advise customers on conducting business with mail-order firms, including those advertised in HUSTLER, and alert our readers to shoddy products and outright frauds. If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts. We'll contact the establishment and check it out for you. And if you've dealt with a reliable firm, we'd like to know that too. Write to: HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

THE PLEASURE CHEST

Although the mail-order sex business is largely made up of hole-in-the-wall, Mom-and-Pop operations, it does have its share of established, medium-sized Montgomery Wards and at least one big, classy Neiman-Marcus: *The Pleasure Chest.*

A look through its 110-page catalog, *The Pleasure Chest Compendium of Amorous and Prurient Paraphernalia, Erotica, et al.* (subtitled "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You"), reveals an amazing range of sex props for all tastes and pocketbooks. Everything from a $1.75 cock-shaped cigarette lighter to a $600 four-poster bed with antique iron restraining hooks is available through both *The Pleasure Chest*'s mail-order service and its ten retail stores across the country (three in New York, two in Miami, one each in Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Hawaii).

More than 500 items are listed in the catalog, which is diverting reading in itself, with sepia-toned illustrations or photographs of everything that's offered (attractive models demonstrate many of the "leather toys"). The catalog is available for $3 from *Pleasure Chest Sales Ltd.*, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011.

The catalog is divided into five sections of merchandise. The Novelty Department sells everything from 12 different french ticklers ($2 each) to an air-driven piston dildo fuck machine ($450). Among the stranger novelties are the Mouth Organ (a cock-shaped harmonica for $3.50), the Cock-sucker (a three-pound, cherry-flavored phallic lollipop for $5) and His 'n' Her Coat Hangers, covered in soft, flesh-toned rubber complete with dangling genitals ($5 each). There is also a reasonably priced selection of erotic records, card games, literature and jewelry, plus the usual assortment of inhalers, pipes and other head supplies.

The Potions and Creams Department boasts over 80 different lubricants, prolonging agents, douches and aphrodisiacal herbs, as well as such familiar staples as K-Y Jelly and Vaseline. The Lingerie Department, though no threat to Frederick's of Hollywood, does offer about 20 varieties of provocative bras, panties and negligees in the $4 to $16 range. (Unfortunately, this section is illustrated with sketches, rather than luscious photographs.)

The Rubber Toy Department is a dildo-lover's dream, with 39 meaty varieties ranging in size from three to 18 inches and in price from $1.50 to $40. There are almost as many vibrators and accessories to choose from ($1.50 to $20), as well as a wide assortment of clit stimulators, artificial vaginas, cock extensions and Ben-wa balls. There is a more limited selection of enema supplies and only two inflatable dolls: John Doll, complete with "realistic penis and hairy chest" ($20), and his twin sister Judy ($14; $18 for the full three-hole version).

The Leather Toys are the crown jewel of both the catalog and *The Pleasure Chest*'s operation itself. All the leather goods are manufactured in-house, with the clothing items (such as Western-style shirts for $120 or codpiece pants for $160) custom-tailored to the buyer's measurements. Leather underwear runs a more affordable $5 to $30, while corsets, body harnesses, executioner's hoods and other such kinkier gear are mostly in the $25 to $100 range. The heavy S&M items in the catalog—from whips, paddles, tit clamps and cock-rings to Pilgrim stocks and torture racks—make for a spicy pictorial section.

The variety and quality of its merchandise are the big reasons for shopping at *The Pleasure Chest.* For an operation of its size the company maintains a surprising degree of personal attention and service. All orders are shipped parcel post (orders above $25 are sent insured first-class mail) and usually arrive within four to six weeks of their initial ordering. *The Pleasure Chest* reports no interference from our vigilant postal authorities, although Canadian inspectors (female, we suspect) have been known to pounce on an occasional dildo. All goods are guaranteed against damage in transit and can be exchanged or turned in for a refund if they arrive at your door in pieces. *The Pleasure Chest* is one of the few mail-order businesses we've come across—Leasure Time Products is another—that gives a phone number (212-242-4185) for customer requests or complaints. In such a shifty field, this in itself suggests a degree of accessibility and trustworthiness worth commending.

EROTIC VIDEO

If you've got any loose change left over after your shopping spree at *The Pleasure Chest*, you might consider sinking a grand or two into that exciting new electronic toy, the home video cassette unit. An estimated quarter million of these Betamaxes, Quasars, Panasonics and the like have been sold in the last five years, creating a substantial bloc of independent video programmers. With a vast potential audience (and growing as the equipment becomes more affordable), there should soon be a sizable market for erotic cassettes.

But the very newness of the technology, the expense of duplicating material on tape and the possible legal hassles over copyright infringement have discouraged serious efforts in cassette distribution. The *National Adult Video Club*, set up by John Omaha, may help change that.

The *NAVC* offers uncut, high-quality cassette reproductions of a limited number of hard-core films. So far the only two cassettes available are *Behind the Green Door* (73 minutes) and Alex deRenzy's four-year-old *Fantasy Girls* (83 minutes). The club also has exclusive video distribution rights to deRenzy's more recent films, which Omaha plans to market in sequence over the next two years. His stated intention is to handle only a select, well-monitored flow of high-quality material; as business expands, Omaha expects that *NAVC* will branch into producing its own hard-core and soft-core cassette features.

Each cassette costs $100 and, as a precaution against interference from federal postal inspectors, can be ordered only through this phone number: 415-435-9182. Orders may be prepaid, charged to Visa or Master Charge, or handled COD. The cassettes are usually sent out within a week of receipt of the order, and since Omaha relies on private couriers rather than the U.S. Postal Service (again to prevent legal harassment), delivery is quick. *NAVC*'s cassettes are compatible with all but a few playback units. (Sanyo and Magnavox Video Disc are the major exceptions.) *NAVC* offers a full money-back guarantee to anyone dissatisfied with the video quality; to date, Omaha claims he has received only one complaint—from a New Yorker whose cassette had traveled cross-country boxed next to a magnet.

Omaha recently invited us to view *Fantasy Girls* (*Green Door* was still in the lab at press time). The action in this tape is hot and heavy; a luridly titillating revue of fucking, sucking, kissing and pissing set backstage at a busy massage parlor. The image reproduction is quite good, or at least not noticeably worse than the somewhat grainy 16mm original. (*Green Door*, transferred from a clearer 35mm negative, should look even better.) It's all juicy, X-rated stuff, which still looks a little strange coming out of the 21-inch box in your living room. But the time for hard-core TV seems to be at hand, and as the revolution in video continues to grow, the *National Adult Video Club* should help this traditionally cool medium to heat up considerably.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

BEST BY MAIL

Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

***BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere!** Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now!

EROTIC cassettes, concealed microphones! Overhear real people feeling and enjoying REAL SEX! Exciting free catalog. Fantasia-V, Box 4328, Austin, Tx. 78765

$500.00 WEEKLY! New, guaranteed home income plans! Free details! Send two stamps. Galaxy, B26-H, Belen, N.M. 87002

NEW FROM West Germany, Spanish Fly, Hygiene Vital-11. Sample $3.00. Ms. Brown, 7911 S. State St., Chicago, Il. 60619

FREE sex catalog! Dial 1-213-988-6509 anytime! 40 pages of films, mags, marital aids, etc. Adults only. No gimmicks, absolutely free.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

***RENT A Date! Everywhere America! Your lovestyle!** (Deductable) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091

PROSTITUTES Directory! Details $1. Directory (92988) Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

BETTY'S Sex Tapes. Brochure 25¢. P.O. 2269-H, Santa Clara, Ca. 95051

208 SEX Photos - $2.00. Orgy Magazine - $2.00. Brochures - $1.00. Discreet service. (State age). Bargains, Box 7041-AM, Richmond, Va. 23221

DISCREET, personal introductions. Sensual, sophisticated swingers. Couples-Singles. Inquire: Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1408.

EXCITING sex films! Catalogue $1. Films, Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

SWINGERS nationwide listing. Send $5.00 in self-addressed letter. Capone Ltd., PO Box 34, Cabin John, Md. 20014

EXCITING sex products! Catalogue $1. Catalogue, Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

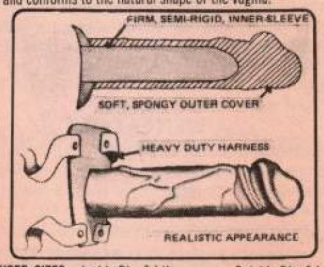
LITE your fire! 50 adult books, $11.50. State age. Oliver, Box 201, Montgomery, Il. 60538

GAL'S Swinging Group now accepts men! Carolyn, Box 2375-H, Sarasota, 33578

DON'T BE CAUGHT SHORT
Add Inches To Your PENIS!

Join the thousands of satisfied customers who use the **"PERFECT EXTENSION"** and found these advantages: **WEARING COMFORT:** A smooth semi-rigid inner sleeve! **HEAVY DUTY HARNESS:** Won't slip while in use! **ENTRY COMFORT:** A soft, spongy feel-of-flesh outer "skin" that actually yields and conforms to the natural shape of the vagina!

PERFECT



EXTENSION

THREE SIZES:	Inside Dia. & Lth.	Outside Dia. & Lth.
	1¼ x 5"	1¾ x 7"
	1½ x 6"	2 x 8"
	1½ x 7"	2 x 9"

The closest reproduction of the real thing yet devised by man. Thousands sold at $24.95. Available now for only $14.95.

THERAPEUTIC PRODUCTS
Dept. 3451, 6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Ca. 90028

MEN'S LIB!

Men, now it's your turn to play hard to get! Now it's your turn to say yes or no to women in your area. Our girls and women are **ready, willing & able** to make the first move. If you believe in Men's Lib send $1 for info to

INSIDE MAN
3942 N. Central Ave. • Dept. H2 Chicago, Ill. 60634

WOMEN ARE WAITING!

At this very moment we have broadminded women and girls in every area openly and actively looking for men of all ages. As a member of YOUR CHOICE they will contact you and the next move is yours. Why keep them waiting any longer? Send $1.00 for personal membership information to:

YOUR CHOICE
705 OLIVE ST., RM. 309 DEPT. h
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63101

GIGANTIC! RED HOT!

MORE THAN 2000 FLESHY, UNCENSORED PICTURES

Now see it all — every conceivable sex act right before your eyes — see dozens of voluptuous girls and handsome virile men — each one outdoing the other in an incredible orgy of sex acts. See it now in over 2000 exciting Porno Pictures. Order today while supply lasts. $2.95 Add 55¢ postage and handling

FREE: World's largest photo-illustrated sex products catalog—books, films, novelties—with each order.

You must be 21 or over. State your age. Alw. over 4 wks. del.

RIVERSIDE, Box 543-HU778
Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

BUY DIRECT SAVE UP TO 50%

Guaranteed Placebo
APHRODISIACS,
Sex Stimulants & Sex Aids

Identical in quality, formulation and manufacture to those now selling worldwide for more than twice the price these potent placebo aphrodisiacs, sex stimulants and sex aids are the most effective known. Tens of thousands of happy and sexually satisfied couples have discovered their amazing benefits to help eliminate bedroom boredom and help achieve the ultimate in sexual excitement and pleasure. Now you too can enjoy a thrilling sex life as never before and, of course, at a price within the reach of all. Enjoy a better and more exciting sex life today. Order your pleasure from the source today!

IMITATION SPANISH FLY

This famous aphrodisiac was sought after for years as an aid to turning women on. Consists of rare combination of secret scientific ingredients to impart that special "turned on" effect. Quickly dissolves in cocktails, coffee, drinks, etc. Lasts for hours. One ounce.

REG. $4.95 Now Only $2.95

WILD PASSION GINSENG

The secret aphrodisiac, known in China for thousands of years, to help build virility and sexual potency. Now available in the U.S.A. this potent stimulant is available in handy easy-to-swallow gelatin capsules. Don't be without it! 24 capsules.

REG. $5.95 Now Only $2.95

SEDUCING POWDER

Just a pinch of this fantastic powder in her drink and look out! She'll want you as never before. This is the amazing powder that everyone's talking about. Full ounce Seducing Powder.

REG. $4.95 Now Only $2.95

KNOCKOUT PILLS

Virtually tasteless and odorless just slip one of these into her drink and she'll never know what happened. High potency, quick dissolving for fast action. A must for fun! 20 Knockout Pills.

REG. $5.95 Now Only $2.95

VIRILITY PILLS

Become "King of the Bedroom" and have her coming back time after time for more. Amazing performance where and when it counts and you'll never let her down! Get action when you want it. A must for your pleasure! 20 Virility Pills.

REG. $4.95 Now Only $2.95

PROLONG PILLS

Based upon a well-known formula especially for the effects you desire, these Prolong Pills will help you keep going, going, going. You'll be amazed, at the results and so will she. Be a hero in bed. Order your supply today! 20 Prolong Pills.

REG. $4.95 Now Only $2.95

INSTANT ERECTION OIL or CREAM

If command performance is what you want then this is what will help. Incredible fast results. Used by thousands. Be prepared!

Instant Erection Oil or Cream (specify).

REG. $6.95 Now Only $3.95

STAY HARD PILLS

Give yourself a long lasting rise and you'll give her a thrill she'll never forget. Lasts for hours and lets you go on, and on, and on. Used by thousands. 20 Stay Hard Pills.

REG. $5.95 Now Only $2.95

ERECTION PILLS

Give her what she's craving and be the big man you've always wanted to be. A must for those who want increased dimension and firmness where it counts. Satisfy her always! 24 Erection Pills.

REG. $6.95 Now Only $3.95

HARD-ON PILLS

This scientific formula has been found effective by many who have had special difficulties. They will help give you the performance plus you've always wanted. Give her what she craves when she wants it! Get your supply today! 20 Hard-on Pills.

REG. $4.95 Now Only $2.50

SPECIAL PACKAGE PRICES.
Choose any 5 of these fantastic sex aids. **only 12.95** (SAVE UP TO AN ADDITIONAL $3.80)

SUPER SPECIAL PACKAGE
ALL 10 SEXUAL TURN-ONS. **only 24.95** (SAVE $6.52)

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your purchase simply return the unused portion within 10 days for a full purchase price refund.
Sold as novelties only!

RUSH ORDER FORM
ViAids Laboratories DEPT. HU777
1 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen:
Please rush me in plain sealed package the items checked below:

- ☐ Imitation Spanish Fly (E10) 2.95
- ☐ Wild Passion Ginseng (E15) 2.95
- ☐ Seducing Powder (E20) 2.95
- ☐ Knockout Pills (E25) 2.95
- ☐ Virility Pills (E30) 2.95
- ☐ Prolong Pills (E35) 2.95
- ☐ Instant Erection
  - ☐ Oil (E400) ☐ Cream (E40C) 3.95
- ☐ Stay Hard Pills (E45) 2.95
- ☐ Erection Pills (E50) 3.95
- ☐ Hard-On Pills (E55) 2.95
- ☐ SPECIAL: Five assorted only 12.95 (SAVE $3.80)
- ☐ SUPER SPECIAL: All 10 Sex Aids only 24.95 (SAVE $6.52)

Total Amount for merchandise $ _____
Add 30¢ each item postage and handling _____
Total amount enclosed $ _____

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order

Signature _____
I hereby represent I am 21 years of age or over.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
N.Y. Residents add Sales Tax. Alw. over 4 wks. del.

4 BIG 8 x 11 Coated Stock. PORNO MAGS

ONLY $9.98 A $30.00 VALUE

SEXY - RAUNCHY - HORNY

Over 800 completely uncensored explicit color photos on coated stock. Enjoy! See • Big Tits & Asses • Split Lips Snatches • Black Girl Pussy • Lesbian Lovers • Sexy Naked Girls • Masturbating Females • Oral Sex Acts . . . and many many more in these 4 Hard Core Porno Mags. Save $$$'s. Order now while offer lasts. Plus Erotic Catalog of Effective Sexual Aids For Lovers, sent free with every order. You must be 21 to receive this mdse.

Add $1.00 for postage & handling.

Platinum Press Co. P.O. Box 321 Dept. HM7 New York, N.Y.

MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH IN HAIR REPLACEMENT

Now, with our special cosmetic implant technique, you can have a full head of hair in just a few hours. It's performed by qualified medical doctors. It is not a transplant, hair-weave or toupee. It is a method by which hair is surgically attached to your scalp. You'll look younger and even feel younger! You can swim, participate in sports, and even make love without fear of embarassment.

BEFORE

AFTER

For further information concerning this process...contact:

HAIR DIMENSIONS™ by
YOUR HAIR, INC.
245 East 63rd St., Dept. 778 N.Y., N.Y. 10021
(212) 751-1740
The closest thing to your own hair.

SEX FREE! SEX

★ FREE! Total SEX ACTION photo set! BOLD, and SIZZLING! See it all! ★

★ FREE! GIANT 50-page color ILLUSTRATED catalog! 100's of films, magazines, books, photos, slides, sex aids and devices—AT DISCOUNT PRICES! ★

★ FREE! GIFT certificate worth many $$$$$$$! ★

★ Adults 21 or over (state age). Send $1 for pstg & hndlg to: Parker Sales Co., Dept 3451, P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. ★

2 FREE SCREWS

SCREW, the weekly sex review, wants to meet you. Order **any** subscription and we will immediately send you two SCREWs absolutely **free**.

SCREW: the most outrageous and controversial newspaper published. And, when it comes to sex, SCREW is always **first** with the most exciting photos, interviews, news, plus reviews of current films, books, and products. . . all of it delivered with doses of Swiftian satire and side-splitting humor guaranteed to keep all your glands glad.

There's nothing quite like a SCREW. Check it out. Order any subscription—even the super-cheap 10 issues for $9.95—and get a bonus of two SCREWs **free**.

....Special Introductory Offer: 10 issues for $9.95 H-78
26 issues ....$19.95 (3rd Class mail) or ....$34.95 (1st Class mail)
52 issues ....$37.00 (3rd Class mail) or ....$59.95 (1st Class mail)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . Apt. No. . . . . .

City . . . . . State & Zip. . . . . .

I certify by my signature that I am not a postal or government agent engaged in entrapment and that I am of legal age . . . . . .

Make check or money order payable to: **Milky Way Productions, Inc.** Mail to: **Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.**

Pacific Island Girls want men...

to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW. **SEND $2 TODAY.**

CONTINENTAL PACIFIC
PO Box 3546 – Dept. HM2
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

FAST ACTING NEW FORMULA!

SPANISH FLY placebo improved with Ginseng

FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!

Not only will this placebo **turn-em-on** . . . the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Disolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So . . . use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be prepared for **lots-a-lovin.** You'll be back for more!!

to keep up with the action you'll need . . .

ENERGIZERS

Don't ejaculate before the fun begins. Become A Sexual Superman and satisfy her always. ENERGIZERS, a specially formulated placebo adds to your performance, staying power, and sexual potency. Be the lucky "stiff" in her life. Long lasting and safe.

Special low introductory prices!!

☐ SPANISH FLY $4 ☐ ENERGIZERS $4 ☐ BOTH $7

GIN-SING Products Dept. 3451
6311 Yucca • Hollywood, Calif. 90028

SEX REMEDIES from CHINA NEW

ORIENTAL PHARMACALS THAT REALLY WORK!

Sexual difficulties such as: FAILURE TO RAISE AN ERECTION . . . UNRESPONSIVE OR COLD WOMEN . . . LACK OF SEXUAL ENERGY . . . CUMMING TOO FAST and LACK OF STAYING POWER are not considered problems at all by the Chinese! THE CHINESE HAVE PILLS AND REMEDIES FORMULATED AND AT HAND TO OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES THE MOMENT THEY OCCUR, as easily as we take aspirin for a headache! Only now have these Chinese SEX POTIONS and REMEDIES been analyzed and exactly duplicated!

placebo **LING SU**

Chinese Penis Lengthening Creme: Makes the smallest penis "loosen up"—hang down long and thick and gradually become much larger when erect. Certainly an Oriental secret Western man has been waiting for!

☐ 30 days supply $6 ☐ 90 days supply $12

ersatz **MUI TO DAT GOW**

Chinese "Spanish Fly" Capsules: We could think of no better translation to describe the effect of these capsules than "Spanish Fly." They create an uncontrollable desire for immediate sexual gratification in both men and women. Moments after taking, the sexual organs are excited to fever pitch. Safer by far than actual Spanish Fly, yet just as effective. May be mixed easily into food or drink.

☐ 30 days supply $6 ☐ 90 days supply $12

placebo **WEN FAT DAK**

Chinese Erection Capsules: The solution for men who want the largest erection possible and the ability to maintain it—even after one or more climaxes. Lets you enjoy non-stop love-making like a real stud, amaze any woman with your incredible virility.

☐ 30 days supply $6 ☐ 90 days supply $12

SPECIAL BIG SAVINGS OFFER!
Mix or Match

☐ any three 30 day supply only $10 (save $8) | ☐ any three 90 day supply only $20 (save $16)

ASIA IMPORTS Dept. 3451
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. 90046

As seen in Hustler

AUDIO VERITE PRODUCTIONS

presents an exciting new concept in erotic art:

"LESLLIE BOVÉE GETS DOWN"

America's newest queen of X-rated cinema will appear in a series of taped sex sessions with other stars from the porno field. These tapes are *not* movie soundtracks. They are superbly recorded documents of **actual sexual encounters** between champions. THIS IS THE REAL THING! No script, no director to cramp their style, nothing phony or faked. Ms. Bovee and her friends do it *their* way, and the result is a collection of erotic experiences that throbs with the kind of heat that only **documentary reality** can generate. These tapes put you **right there** in the tangle of bodies.

Send check or money order for $8.95 per cassette. $3 deposit required for C.O.D.'s. California residents add sales tax.

Select from these titles (more to come):

#1-"Lesllie Bovee Gets Down with Linda and Charley"
and. . .
"Lesllie Bovee Gets Down with Big John"
or. . .
#2-"Lesllie Bovee Gets Down with Harry 'the Horse' "
and. . .
"Lesllie Bovee Gets Down with Marilyn"

Audio Verite Productions, Dept. 3451, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA 90028

Powerful Placebo Aphrodisiacs

COMMAND SEXUAL POTENCY!

SEX Stimulants

1 SPANISH FLY *POWDER with Sugar*

A rare combination of genuine imported spices gives this a very stimulating effect on her private parts, and yours too! Dissolves easily in cocktails, coffee, etc., for a fast turn-on, yet the results last for hours.

For one ounce, our special price to you is only $4.95

2 WILD PASSION GINSENG

For more than a thousand years, the Chinese have used Ginseng as an aphrodisiac, and to build virility and sexual potency. At one point, so rare was the Ginseng root that it sold for $1,000 a pound.

24 capsules—Special Introductory Price—only $5.95

3 SEDUCING POWDER

This powder will guarantee you a hot time tonight and every night, if you use it right. Mix it into a Bloody Mary, or hot soup, and then stand by for action!

Get a full ounce at our special low price of only $4.95

Since the FDA does not recognize any drug or substance as an effective aphrodisiac or sexual stimulant, we can offer these products for sale as novelty items *only to adults over 18 years of age!*

4 'KNOCKOUT' PILLS

Never before available on the American market, these "Wowie" pills will sure do a job on her. She'll never know who did it, with these high-potency capsules.

For twenty pills, our first-time-ever price is only $5.95

5 VIRILITY PILLS

A custom blend of exotic imported Oriental fragrant roots and spices, these little capsules pack a giant wallop. Be the Big Man you've always wanted to be!

20 fantastic Virility Pills are yours for just $4.95

6 PROLONG PILLS

Stay harder longer with our special *Prolong Pills*, and be still in there where the action is when ordinary men would have had to quit! You can be sure she'll love you for it, and be your woman for ever if you can keep on balling when the others stop!

20 Prolong Pills, worth twice as much, for only $4.95

All six of these unique turn-on pills (A regular $31.70 value) ..... Only $22.95

Hygienic Research Co 7HA
P.O. Box 213 Dept N.Y., N.Y. 10016

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per item for Postage and Handling)

- ___ A1 Spanish Fly w/Sugar .. $4.95
- ___ A2 Wild Passion Ginseng . $5.95
- ___ A3 Seducing Powder $4.95
- ___ A4 'Knockout' Pills $5.95
- ___ A5 Virility Pills $4.95
- ___ A6 Prolong Pills $4.95
- ___ Special ALL 6 ..... Only $22.95

Signature _____
I am over 18 years of age
Name _____
Address _____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

SAVE MONEY! ENCLOSE FULL PAYMENT. SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES!
(New York Residents please add appropriate rate of Sales Tax.)
ALL ITEMS ON THIS BROCHURE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY.

Order Rough Rider Now! And take advantage of this sensuous introductory offer...A sensational 7" vibrator, retail value of $5.00 for only $1.00 with each order.

Rough Rider® Condom

Stamford Hygienic Corp., Dept. HU-10 114 Manhattan St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me:
- ☐ 12 Rough Rider Studded Condoms for $4.00.
- ☐ 15 Special Assorted Condoms for $5.00.
- ☐ 36 Deluxe Assorted Condoms for $10.00.
- ☐ 99 Super Deluxe Assorted Condoms for $20.00.

All assortments include Rough Rider, Stimula, Nuda, Hugger, Conture, etc.

- ☐ Special Offer $1 Vibrator with order.
- ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order
- ☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____
($10.00 minimum on charge cards)

Signature _____ Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Free catalog sent with order ©1978. Stamford Hygienic Corp. Money Back Guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages.

THE FINEST IN

HARD CORE

FILMS AND MAGAZINES

ANYWHERE!

VIDEO CASSETTES

- SWEDISH EROTICA
- DANISH FILMS
- COLOR CLIMAX
- JOHN HOLMES INT'L

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.
Send $1.00 for complete catalog.

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE & ZIP _____

LOUIS B. MELTZER LTD.
P.O. BOX 3012
LENNOX, CA 90304

Let's Connect!

If it's the personal touch you're missing, stop searching. Here I am. Come and get it. Send $3 and a self-addressed stamped envelope for my picture and sensuous letter.

Write to: Jan Sims **HU0778**
Box 73, F.D.R. Station
N.Y.C. 10022

EXCLUSIVE COLLECTORS ITEM

THE PICTURE BOOK of FETISHES Over 500 RARE KINKY PHOTOS

Female Domination, Transvestites, Bondage, Cartoons, Leather & Rubber, Discipline, S&M, Spanking, Female Wrestling, and much, much more! SEE pictures of every fetish imaginable. Privately printed —only collection of its kind in the world. While supplies last!

FREE BONUS: *Giant sex products catalog of over 1000 items for your sexual pleasure.*

only $1 You must be over 21. State your age.

Allow over 4 wks. delivery

ARROW P.O. Box 78 — HU778
Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

FIREWORKS

ONE OF AMERICAS ALL TIME GREAT TRADITIONS

AERIAL BOMBS · ROMAN CANDLES · ROCKETS · FOUNTAINS · ASSORTMENTS

We have some of the finest fireworks in America. Write for our FREE catalog or call

TOLL FREE
1-800-321-6001

The Buckeye Fireworks Manufacturing Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 22 * Deerfield, Ohio 44411

EROTIC FILMS

HOT & HORNY SEX ACTION IN FULL COLOR **MAGAZINES & MARITAL AIDS**

1 Candy Samples returns by popular demand and she's hotter than she's ever been!! She has tits enough for 12 men at once, but Dick has them all to himself! **$5**

2 3 horny nymphos bang 1 stud, & show new ways to turn him on & get him off! Watch 3 hungry tongues lap up the juice & 6 tender, warm thighs spread wide O-P-E-N!! **$5**

3 This beauty queen is the sexiest blonde that Rick Cassidy's ever seen. They hump passionately,,, & try it all from 69 to dog style. **$5**

4 A beautiful blonde "groupie" is spread on Dr.'s table for a checkup. He licks her snatch & his nurse straddles the blondes' mouth. Climax is too much— Dr. is taken away in a wheelchair. **$5**

Vibrators

Quality vibrator. When used properly, can awaken even the most frigid woman.

#9 • $3

Magazines

Sexplicit, color loaded magazines! 2 hot $5.00

mags for only $3.00 100's more in catalog.

#11 • $3

CHECK ONE:	☐ Reg. 8	☐ Super 8			
#	#	#	#	#	#
Postage & Handling $1.50			TOTAL AMOUNT:		

CHARGE IT BY PHONE
With Charge Cards Only!
24 hrs. a day. 7 days a wk.
1-213-988-6545

ACCT. NO. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Exp. Date: Mo. ☐☐ Yr. ☐☐
INTERBANK NO. ☐☐☐☐ Mastercharge Only (The number over your Name)

I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 19 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements in plain envelopes, rather than having the words "Sexually Oriented Ad" or any similar information appear on the outside of the envelope. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish or exhibit it to minors. I believe that an adult citizen has the constitutional right to view or read ANY material he desires, including sexually explicit material. I also believe that such material does not offend the standards or laws of the community in which I live. I am not a postal inspector.

I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your lists.

Signature: _____ Age: _____

Print Your Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

FREE 40 PAGE QUALITY ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH ANY ORDER! $3 VALUE

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Dept. Van Nuys, Ca., 91406

THE FEAR OF FARTING

(continued from page 119)

another example from the 1940s is even funnier:

There was a young lady of Dexter
Whose husband exceedingly
vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart
With a blast that damn nearly
unsexed her!

But the classic of all farting limericks dates from 1938-1948. Twelve stanzas, it concerns the farting prowess of "the farter from Sparta":

There was a young fellow
from Sparta
A really magnificent farter,
On the strength of one bean
He'd fart "God Save the Queen"
And Beethoven's Moonlight
Sonata.

Hearing all 12 stanzas is an elementary lesson in music appreciation:

He was great in the
Christmas Cantata,
He could double-stop fart
the Toccata,
He'd boom from his ass
Bach's B-Minor Mass,
And in counterpoint, La Traviata.

The hero finally flounders in the storm passage from the Overture to *William Tell:*

It went off in capital style,
And he farted it through
with a smile,
Then feeling quite jolly,
He tried the finale,
Blowing double farts all
the while.
The selection was tough, I admit,
But it did not dismay him
one bit,
Then, with ass thrown aloft
He suddenly coughed . . .
And collapsed in a shower of shit.

The dead hero is then buried "with a gravestone of turds, Inscribed with the words: To the Fine Art of Farting, a Martyr!" How many undergraduates, swinging their steins of beer, must have laughed hysterically while listening to a rendition of this poetic defiance of America's farting taboo! At the same time the above limerick appeared, those seeking to defy the taboo could purchase a whoopee cushion, which simulated farting sounds.

Meanwhile, popular literature was gingerly bucking the farting taboo in novels. As a youngster, I remember being titillated by a line from James Farrell's *Ellen Rogers* (Sundial Press): "The father farted." Later, in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* (New American Library), a novel about men at war in the South Pacific, there is comic relief from the haggard file marching through the jungle. Somebody up front cuts one and catches the others in the stench.

More recently, Joseph Wambaugh's novel about Los Angeles cops, *The Choirboys* (Dell), uses a farting episode most tellingly. At a formal inspection a strict, disciplinarian lieutenant winks at his wife. As he blows her a kiss, a cop in the ranks blows a "horrendous fart." Enraged, the lieutenant orders Sergeant "Suckass" Sneed to locate the author. Sneed injects a touch of racism, saying, "It was a colored voice." When the men are told to snitch on the perpetrator, someone blows a louder fart. The episode ends with the humiliation of the top brass. Ultimately, the captain is trapped in the men's room after the ceremony when the phantom farter lets out "a terrible, vengeful fart" and says, "Take that, you jive turkey!"

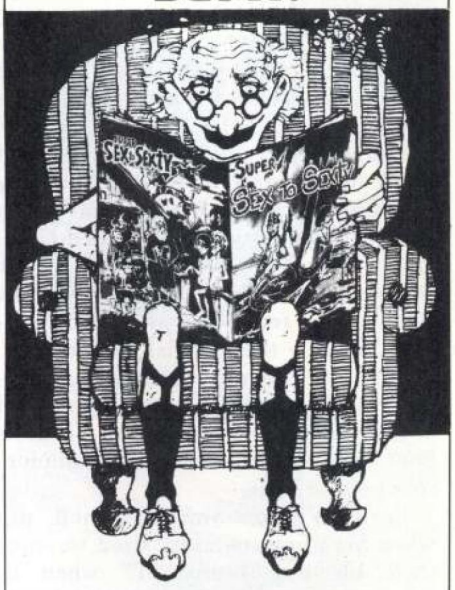
Stench over sound is a theme used by Dan Jenkins in his novel *Semi-Tough* (New American Library). In the grueling football game a player uses his noxious fart to recover a loose ball and set up a field goal. And the same celebration of scent over sound is employed by Mel Brooks in his film *Blazing Saddles.* A group of trail hands, eating their classic meal of beans, proceeds openly to vent the resulting gases. Indeed, the television series *All in the Family* once had Archie Bunker in an elevator complain of being trapped in the aroma of a fart cut by a guy with a smile on his face.

What does all this mean? Who knows? Perhaps such episodes suggest that the American farting taboo is loosening.

Certainly, generations of young Americans (males mainly, since the taboo falls very heavily upon females) have experimented with farts. Due to the combustible nature of farts, lighting them has long been a part of fraternity initiations and barracks shenanigans.

A friend told me of an incident that took place during World War II. Needing funds for a weekend on the town, two Canadian airmen came up with the idea of raising money by staging a fart-lighting display. A red-haired private with experience in and an ability for frequent farting was the subject. The bet called for him to produce a lighted fart in three tries. With the money on the table, Red emitted (and his partner

If you're dirty enough, old enough and man enough, BUY IT!



For dirty men and women, young and old, the *Super Sex to Sexty* collections—five books each—of raunchy jokes and ribald cartoons are always good for a laugh. Fact is, you'll laugh your ass off. Here are 250 pages packed full of things to tickle your funny bone, or any other bone that needs tickling. Each collection is a $7.50 value for only $3.95. Buy now and save!

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HU778V

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Please send me:
_____ 5 Book Collection #1 (#2680) @$3.95
_____ 5 Book Collection #2 (#2681) @$3.95
_____ 5 Book Collection #3 (#2682) @$3.95
_____ 5 Book Collection #4 (#2683) @$3.95
_____ Complete Collection (#2684) @$12.95

Signature, Date I am of legal age.

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal $_____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00
TOTAL $_____

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

ignited) a blue darter that shot out a foot in length. With more money up for a rematch, Red's effort produced a flame that could have cleared an enemy foxhole. The jet shot out six feet and terrorized an innocent passerby who happened to wander in!

No doubt, many a youth community has its farting champion, suggesting that farting contests already are a clandestine spectator sport. So far *The Guinness Book of World Records* publishes no record of heroic farting feats. But the idea of a farting world series is the theme of an underground party record. Called *Crepitation Contest* ($8.00 from ARG, 341 Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003), this recording pits Lord Window-Smear, the British champion, against Paul Boomer, the brash Australian challenger. Both are highly trained in the tradition of Frenchman Francois Foof, the first international champion, crowned in 1789.

Lord Window-Smear turned pro when his proud parents "used to laugh their bleeding heads off" when he cracked one in church. Although he ate only melba cabbage during training, Paul Boomer is no match for Window-Smear's "triple thundergusts." However, Window-Smear's arrogance proves his undoing. Contemptuously leaving his farting post to humiliate his exhausted rival, Window-Smear is disqualified for inadvertently taking a shit!

The contest is literary fancy, but reality is every bit as astounding. Some farting contests take the form of responding to challenges to fart on demand. In this capacity a local champ from Boise, Idaho, yielded to no one. According to a friend, this culture hero was a blond, Nordic guy named Jack, a worker at a government supply station. While four colleagues kept count, he farted 1,116 times. This judged display went on for weeks, with Jack on call at all times. A typical command of "Hey, let's hear it!" resulted in a reassuring retort from the crepitator's "nether throat."

Since he was also a bowler, many of his performances were held at the local lanes. Incidentally, on many occasions Jack would wreck the concentration of rival bowlers. When scoring a strike, he would wheel about, lift his leg and pop a triumphant fart. A touch of bravado, it disgusted tight-assed rivals and helped Jack's team advance a couple of notches in the standings. When Jack finally failed, he was saddened at letting his buddies down. For Boiseans, the end of Jack's streak had all the pathos that accompanied the end of Joe DiMaggio's incredible 56-game hitting streak in 1941.

Just like the desert rose that never got smelled, Jack's talents cried out for exploitation by some commercial promoter. But the honor of being the first professional farter in the Western world is up for grabs. Nobody knows for sure who was first, but one claimant is the Frenchman Joseph Pujol, who dazzled Parisian and Continental club audiences with his farting from 1887 until his retirement in 1914.

Billed as *Le Petomane* (The Farter), Pujol included in his repertoire feats such as blowing out candles, doing songs about birds and animals, simulating stock character farts—such as a mother-in-law's—and playing tunes on a flute attached to an enema tube sprouting from his anus. True, there was an air of artificiality about *Le Petomane,* since mustering enough gas required him to suck air into his bowels. But this hardly detracted from his virtuosity, and the fact that he lived to be 88 suggests that being a professional farter is no more lethal than playing in the NFL.

Blame the farting taboo for *Le Petomane*'s omission from history's scrolls of culture heroes. Certainly, open farting displays are unthinkable in today's America. Yet underground farting contests have been held on college campuses. Jack, Boise's hero, won three student-sponsored farting contests at the University of Idaho. Training on sauerkraut and beer, he swept to victory in 1952, 1953 and 1954. But in 1955 Jack was barred from the competition—on the grounds that he was a professional.

Notwithstanding the array of grassroots talent waiting to be discovered and unleashed, America is probably a long way from recognizing farting as a sport. American norms of decency are strongly set against foul odors and are undoubtedly growing stronger. After all, some $250 million is spent each year on male perfumes, so one would expect the cosmetic industry to oppose farting as a legitimate sport.

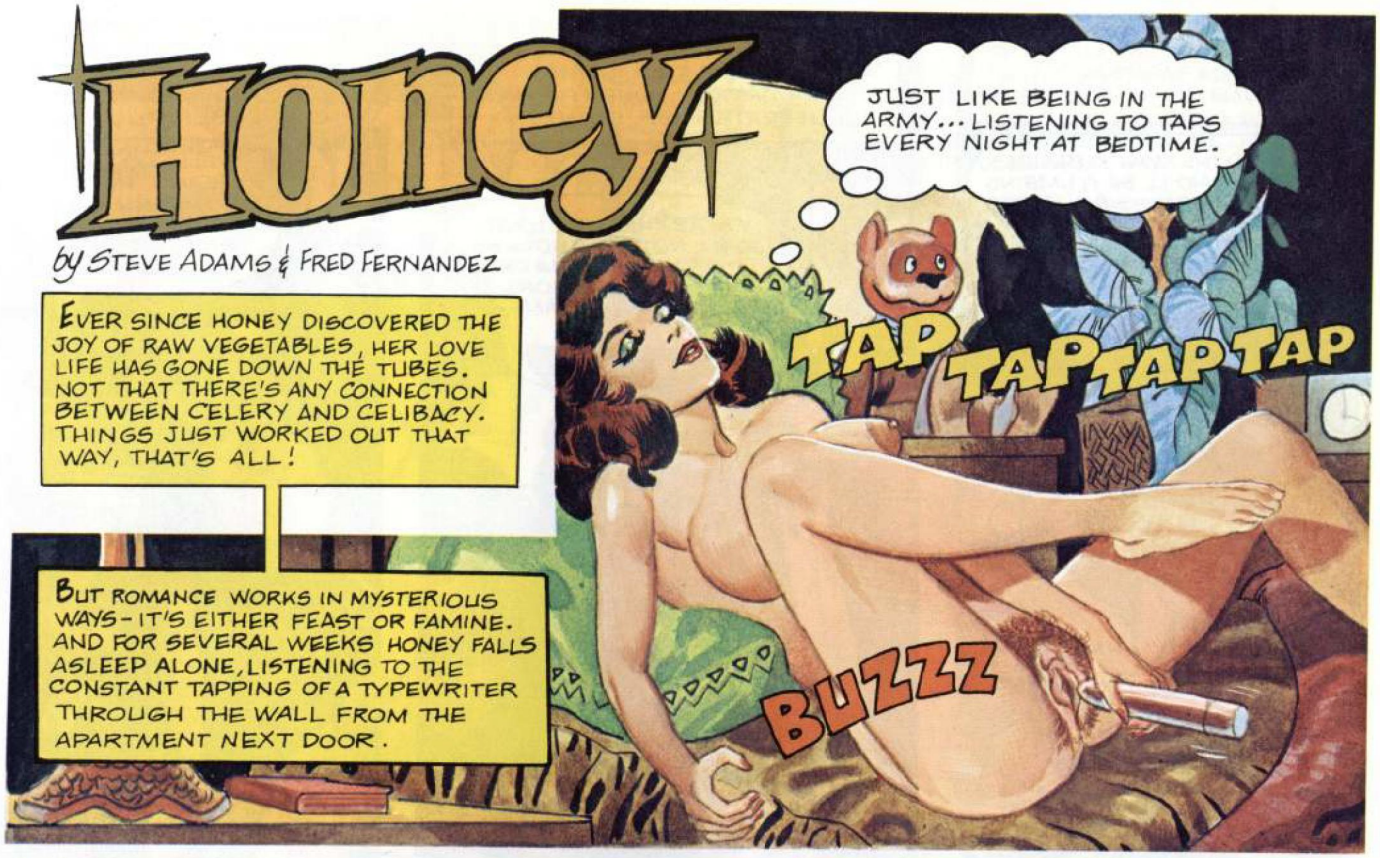
Moreover, with American culture turning against smokers, this is hardly the time for proposing farting sections in public places. Thus, the social scales seem weighed against American farters, and the best opportunity awaits the inventor who realizes Ben Franklin's dream of a drug that would make all farts sweet-smelling.

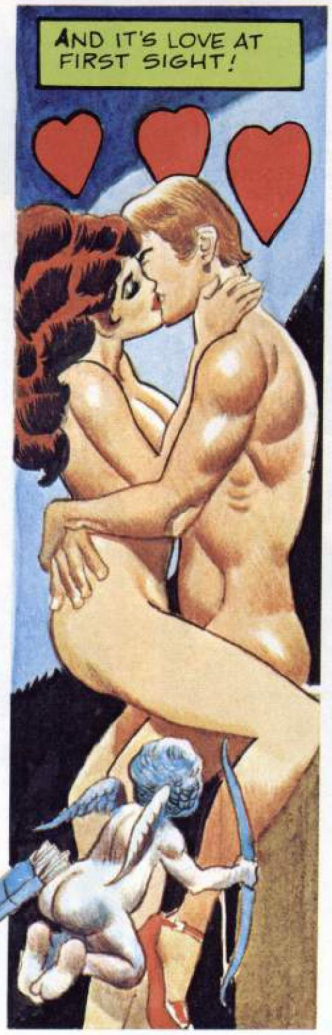
Indeed, some tight-assed bluenoses would rather see a substance emitting a green mist so a farter could better be identified and punished for his transgression. No, it appears that America today is hell-bent on further disavowing our animal proclivities. And those who think differently should heed Franklin's advice from his 1736 edition of *Poor Richard's Almanack:* "He that lives upon hope, dies farting."

"The man at the jewelry store guaranteed me that it is an authentic white man's necklace."

Honey

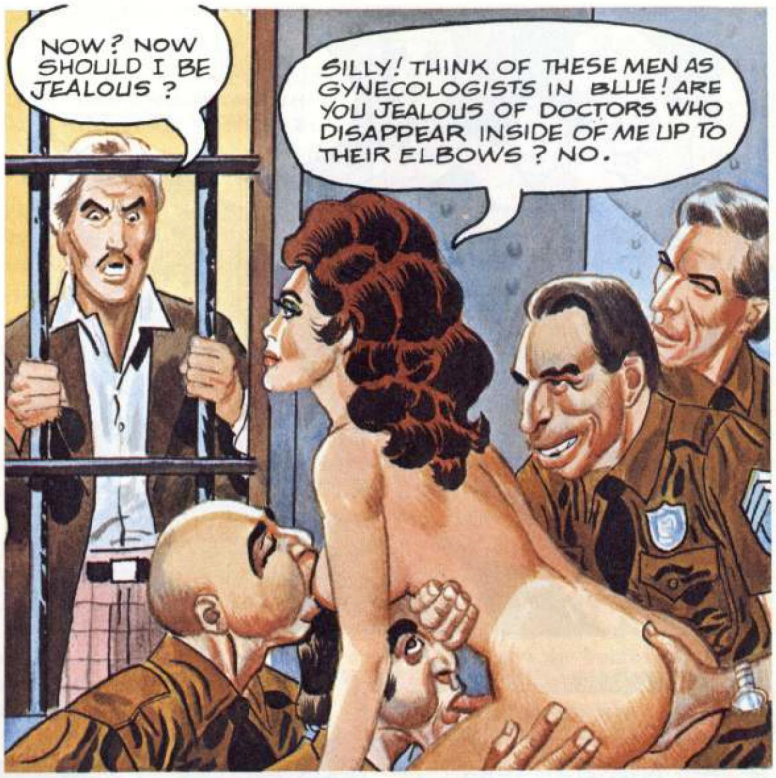
by Steve Adams & Fred Fernandez

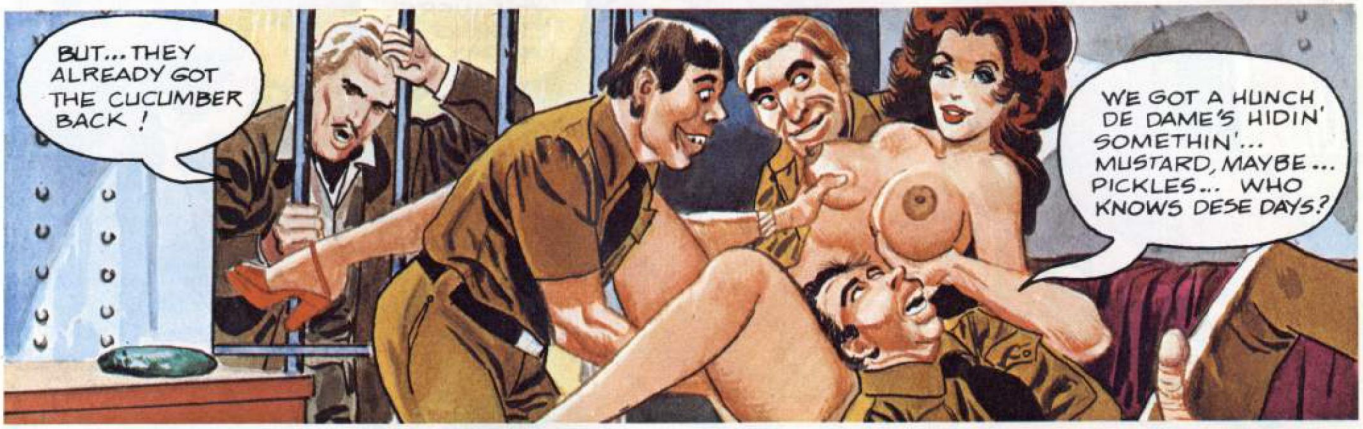




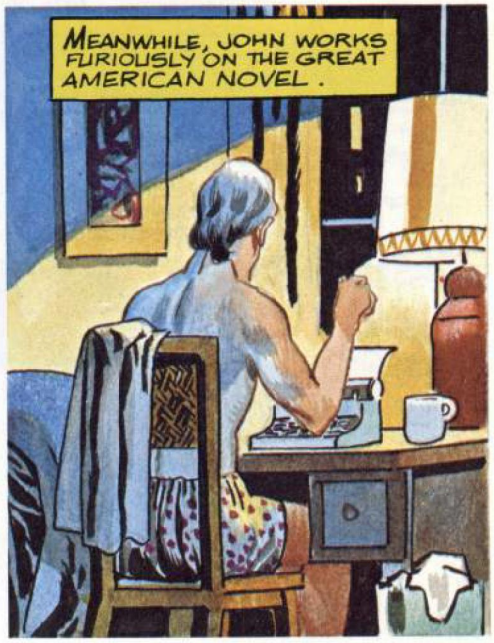
YEP! AND AS JOHN FLIES INTO A JEALOUS RAGE, SHE RATIONALIZES HER DECISION!
WE NEED THE MONEY - BESIDES, THE MEN WHO'LL BE PLUMBING MY MOIST DEPTHS DAILY WILL BE MERE OBJECTS, LIKE THIS FRYING PAN! ARE YOU JEALOUS OF THIS FRYING PAN?
HMMMM....
BUT JOHN ISN'T QUITE CONVINCED, AND DURING A TRIP TO THE SUPERMARKET HONEY FURTHER ILLUSTRATES HER POINT.
YOU'RE THE ONE I LOVE, JOHN, NOT THE ENDLESS LINE OF FACELESS CRANKS THAT ARE NO MORE TO ME THAN... THAN...
...THIS CUCUMBER WE CAN'T AFFORD. ARE YOU JEALOUS OF THIS CUCUMBER?
WELL, NO... BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE IT BETTER IN A SALAD!
NONSENSE, I CAN'T GET A HEAD OF LETTUCE IN HERE!
OKAY... I'M CONVINCED! YOU CAN TAKE IT OUT NOW!
IS ANYBODY WATCHING? C'MON, WE'RE HAVING CUCUMBER FOR DINNER!
HEY! THAT'S STEALING!
I'LL PAY 'EM BACK SOMETIME, I SWEAR!!
BUT EVEN CRIMINALS WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS GET CAUGHT.
BUSTED!
STOP, THIEF!
POP

AT THE STATION HOUSE THE POLICE SEEK FURTHER EVIDENCE!
I THINK I FOUND ANOTHER CUCUMBER!
AIIIE!!
IT'S NOT A CUCUMBER... IT'S MY KIDNEY!


NOW? NOW SHOULD I BE JEALOUS?
SILLY! THINK OF THESE MEN AS GYNECOLOGISTS IN BLUE! ARE YOU JEALOUS OF DOCTORS WHO DISAPPEAR INSIDE OF ME UP TO THEIR ELBOWS? NO.


BUT... THEY ALREADY GOT THE CUCUMBER BACK!
WE GOT A HUNCH DE DAME'S HIDIN' SOMETHIN'... MUSTARD, MAYBE... PICKLES... WHO KNOWS DESE DAYS?

AND SO, WHILE HONEY COMPLETES HER SENTENCE...
HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY SENTENCE WHEN THESE GUYS KEEP STICKING THEIR HAPPY-GLANDS INTO MY MOUTH?


MEANWHILE, JOHN WORKS FURIOUSLY ON THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

EVENTUALLY, HONEY IS SPRUNG.
FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, THANK FATHER TIME I'M FREE AT LAST...
BUT WHEN SHE GETS HOME...
HEY, FUNBUNS, WHERE ARE YOU?
...SHE DISCOVERS JOHN ENJOYING THE FRUITS OF HIS RECENTLY PUBLISHED NOVEL.
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE COMING TODAY!
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE COMING TODAY!
JOHN MAKES A LAME ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN.
YOU'RE NOT JEALOUS OF THIS MAYONNAISE, ARE YOU? THOSE GIRLS ARE LESS THAN MIRACLE WHIP TO ME, I SWEAR.
BUT HONEY, AFTER LEARNING THAT A GENUINE COMMITMENT IS TWO-SIDED, PUTS HER RELATIONSHIP WITH JOHN ON INDEFINITE "HOLD."
WHO'DA FIGURED THAT I'D GET JEALOUS OVER THE SAME KIND OF THING I ASKED HIM TO LET SLIDE? I GUESS THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I'VE STILL GOTTA LEARN.
BUZZZZZZ
NEXT MONTH: HONEY FACES CAREER CHALLENGES.

WINTER PALACES

(continued from page 82)

see the guy. We play up the pathos, right, Walter?"

Walter agreed.

The first man to reach Lan on the road was from the Japanese news bureau. He asked him in Vietnamese if he had come from Quang Tri. Lan nodded yes. The newsman asked if the rumors about the American helicopters were true. Lan nodded yes. Then the Japanese asked how long he had been walking. Lan did not answer. All the time, a Vietnamese cameraman was filming Lan with the head of his son.

A few minutes later the Americans came, one from each news agency and two of the three networks. They fired questions at Lan through their interpreters. Did Lan see the face of the man who shot his son? Was he American? Lan nodded yes.

"How many people were killed?"

Lan did not reply.

Was Lan Chinese? "I do not know what I am," he mumbled.

What was his son's name? No reply.

"What happened to the rest of the body?" No reply. Lan tried to push through them, but a crowd had formed, and he was unable to get free. The cameras whirred, moving in and out, their lenses zooming in expertly for close-ups of the old man, dazed, transfixed with agony and hate; and then for close-ups of the young boy's head, now spotted with dried blood.

"Try to get the color of the eyes," said one of the correspondents.

"How far were you from Quang Tri when it happened?" No reply.

"What do you think about the war in general?" No reply.

"Who is to blame for the death of your son?" When Lan heard the interpreter translate that, he spat into the face of the American newsman and then broke through the circle of people to continue on his way to Hue. A few of the crowd pursued him, but the newsmen jumped into their vans and sped off in the direction of the airport.

Later that night, Murray Goldnac was sipping a martini in a Saigon bar. "Make sure we get a good print," he said to his cameraman. "I want it ready in three hours to go on the Telstar. Let's hope they're willing to air something like this for a change."

* * *

Through an oversight by a TV program director, Lan's story was telecast, and the President saw it on the morning news. He was still in the White House having his breakfast. An aide was briefing him on a statement made by an important labor leader regarding inflation. The picture caught his eye before the voice of Murray Goldnac registered with "Just another horror of war. . . ." The coffee turned to acid in his throat.

"The man was on his way from Quang Tri to Hue when a force of American gunships bore down on the refugees. Several were killed, including the man's son, who was decapitated." A close-up of the boy's face.

"What are they trying to do to me?" the President asked his aide. The aide did not reply. "Get me Zwicker on the phone. No, send him up here. And call the FCC. What do they mean by putting on something like that?!"

Then the President ordered his aide to get the Pentagon on the phone and find out if the helicopters were flown by Americans. Two servants cleared the breakfast things away.

Zwicker appeared. It was 8:15. "Why do they always have to show these things?" he asked his press secretary. "What do they think I am, a barbarian? Do they think I *want* those things to happen?"

"I'm sure they don't hold you responsible, Mr. President," Zwicker whined.

"Look, I want that guy off the news immediately!"

"Murray Goldnac?"

"No, not Murray Goldnac. The man with the head. THE MAN WITH THE HEAD! Buy him a house in Guam or something and get that head buried. Just what I need to start a morning. In four hours that picture will be on the front page of every newspaper in the country."

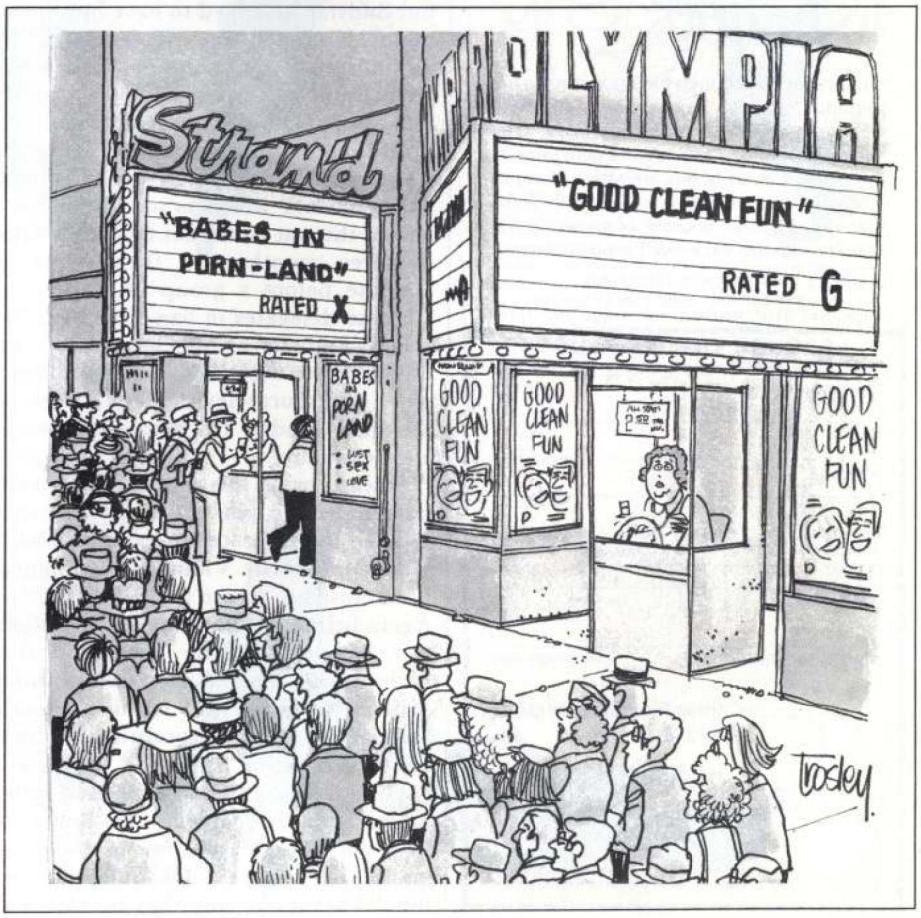
In four hours it was. But the head had been taken away and buried by the South Vietnamese health department, and Lan was being held incommunicado in Saigon. Murray Goldnac had done his job; he went to a nightclub to celebrate. Walter had done his job, expressing the proper amount of disgust. The newspapers had done their job; they had properly notified the people of the horrors of war. The President had done his job; he had verified the helicopter reports, signed a bill on waterways and fled to his Camp David retreat for a long weekend. Zwicker had done his job; he had silenced Lan.

Now it was up to Lan.

For three days the Saigon government questioned him. "We are only here to help," he was told. "We want to give you a home, a place to work, a new life. Perhaps you would like to live in Laos. Perhaps you would like to farm in. . . ."

But Lan said nothing.

The South Vietnamese authorities let him go to the Buddhist temple to say a prayer for his son. They held him in Saigon until the story of his son had run its course and the commentators had



Caress comes in handy

Supple, yet stiff enough for a penetrating experience, Caress has a softly-studded, stimulating surface, a special "skin" that makes for fantastic friction and generates its own heat. Caress bends anywhere along its 7½" shaft and comes complete with 2 AA batteries. Pleasure yourself or someone you care for with this exclusive European import.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216
Please Print HU778P

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date (I am of legal age.)

Please Send:

_____ Caress Flexible Vibrator(s) #1627 @ $12.95 ea.

Subtotal $_____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00
TOTAL $_____

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

shouted and ranted. Then they released him into the streets of Saigon. He wanted nothing from them.

Several months went by. Things got worse for the South Vietnamese in Quang Tri, and now Hue was also threatened. Murray Goldnac was trying to arrange for a vacation in New Orleans when a report came in that the old man who had carried the head of his son from Quang Tri to Hue was making pro-government speeches. "So much shit," said Goldnac to his technical engineer. "So the government bought him out. That's no story."

It wasn't until the newscaster Gerald Sudstan in San Diego got hold of the story that things began to happen. In "One Reporter's View" he told how "a brave victim of circumstances had turned toward the cause of freedom even in his hour of greatest suffering."

Lan made several speeches. He told how he had been impartial about the war. "I thought there were only killers and victims," he said. "The people, I thought, were always the victims. Now I know I was wrong. The people of South Vietnam are united in an attempt to throw off tyranny, and they will succeed. The blood of my son has been shed for the cause of freedom, and I am proud of the sacrifice."

None of the major networks carried the story as Lan had hoped they would, but Sudstan arranged to have him speak in the United States. Accompanied by an interpreter, he spoke first at a VFW convention in Boston and was warmly received. Then he went to Southern California, where he spoke before a right-wing organization that favored using nuclear weapons on North Vietnam if the war could not be ended within three months. He then spoke in Chinese before a group of Nationalist Chinese delegates in San Francisco. He was asked to speak before several religious convocations, and he participated in a short television conference on Vietnam funded by a patriotic insurance company.

It was during this conference that the government in power was mysteriously toppled and a peace treaty between the U.S. and North Vietnam was signed. Lan refused to return to South Vietnam. Again he made news, but this time only a brief notice. The President said nothing this time. Walter said nothing. Murray Goldnac said nothing. Gerald Sudstan was too busy praising the President for bringing a just end to the war.

Only a friend in San Francisco spoke up for Lan. He decided to get him a job as a gardener somewhere in New England, where he would be quietly forgotten. "That is the way they do things in America," he told Lan. "Once there was an Indian who helped raise the flag at Iwo Jima. . . ."

And that was fine with Lan.

He chose Maine, where it was very cold and underpopulated. His friend in San Francisco said he would find him something. A country club perhaps.

He got him a job taking care of an isolated island in Penobscot Bay. Once, a wealthy New York banking family had spent their summers there, but now they mostly went to Europe, leaving the island to caretakers. In the summer there were five others besides Lan. The man in charge was Japanese.

Lan could learn more English, his friend from San Francisco told him, and then apply for citizenship. He would help him. He would never forget the horrid sacrifice of Lan's son Wo.

But if his friend in San Francisco had not forgotten, everyone else had.

The years passed slowly for Lan. South Vietnam fell to the North. His little country, where so much warfare had taken place for so long, was forgotten, and the world turned its attention toward growing tensions in Africa and the Middle East.

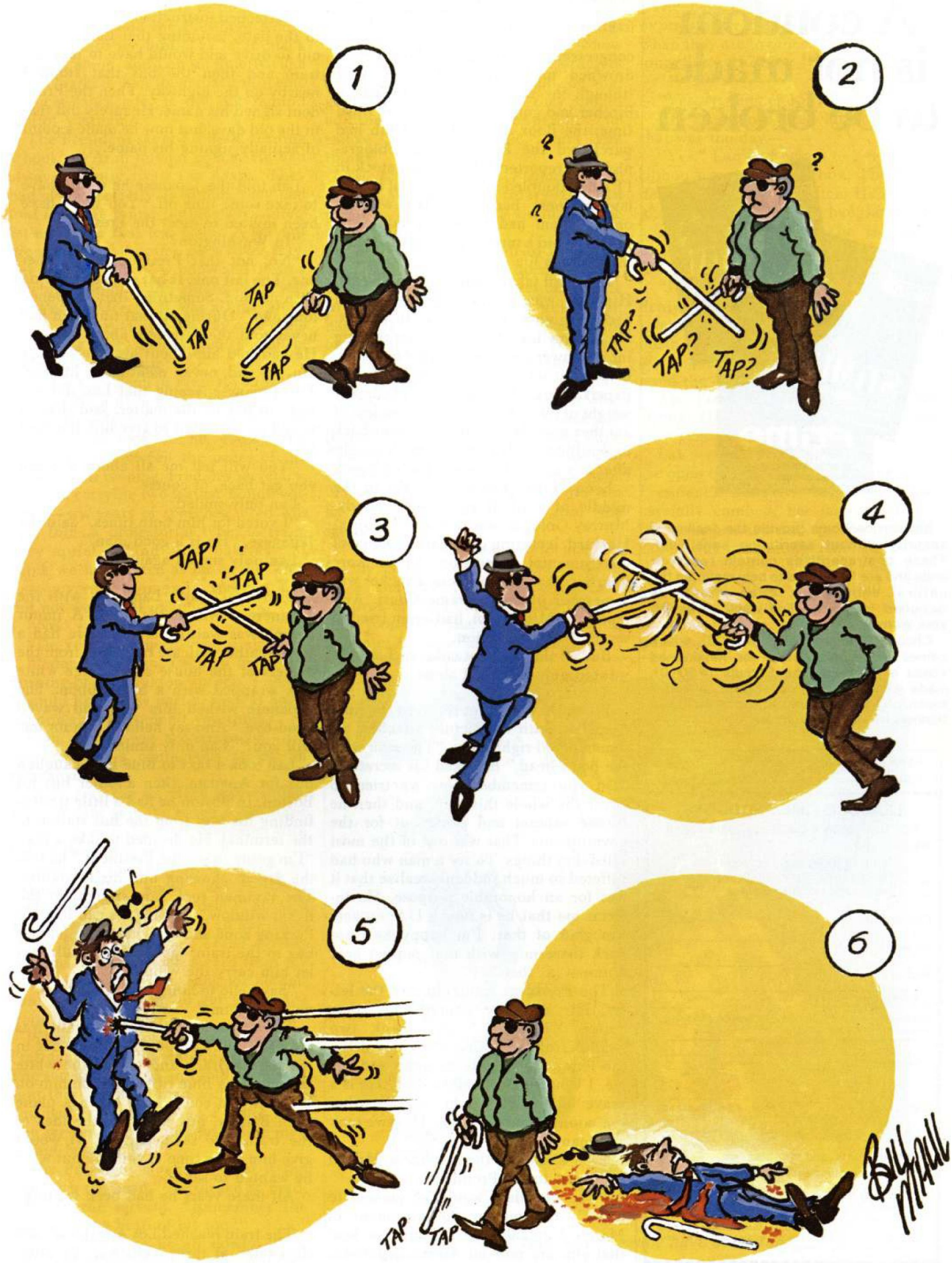
Lan learned to sail a little, and was permitted to take a small catboat out into the Penobscot on his day off. He perfected his English, and the Japanese taught him to write. He even watched television occasionally in the evening and developed a weird, half-Oriental, half-Maine accent that everyone on the island kidded him about. He even went to church on the mainland because, as his Japanese companion had told him, that was the easiest way to get citizenship. Lan chose the Catholic church in Brooksville. He remembered that the Catholics were the strongest supporters of the Americans in Vietnam.

In winter he lived quietly in the servants' wing of the old house, together with the Japanese, who was the only resident after Labor Day. There was really no need for the two of them to be there. One was enough, but Lan's wages were so small that the family manager of estates agreed to keep them both on. It made things easier with days off. "One day they will sell that damned place anyway," the manager told the Japanese. "If anyone is stupid enough to buy it." No one was.

* * *

About the time Lan became a citizen the President retired from office. If time had slid by slowly for Lan, it had certainly sped by for the President, with the usual flashes of sorrow and happiness interspersed. Five grandchildren had been born; a son had been elected a

(continued on page 134)


1
TAP
TAP
TAP
2
?
?
?
TAP?
TAP?
TAP?
3
TAP!
TAP
TAP
TAP
4
5
6
TAP
TAP

A condom is not made to be broken

Horizon condoms provide the feeling of security without sacrificing sensitivity. These contraceptives contain reservoir ends and are lubricated to help maintain the natural sensations. Each sheath is designed to gently cling while caressing your woman.

Choose from the Tahiti (#5008), which comes in various colors for heightened visual excitement; the Stimula (#5010), made with a ribbed surface for an extra touch of pleasure; and Prime (#5011), a thinner, transparent rubber.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send:

____ Tahiti (#5008) @ $3.50/doz.
____ Stimula (#5010) @ $3.50/doz.
____ Prime (#5011) @ $3.50/doz.

Please Print HU778Y

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date I am of legal age

Subtotal $____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00
TOTAL $____

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Orders or check for U.S. dollars; add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

WINTER PALACES

(continued from page 132)

congressman; a daughter, Millie, had drowned mysteriously off Cape Cod (though the body was never found); a brother had gone bankrupt for the third time; the Book-of-the-Month Club had purchased the President's autobiography for a reported $500,000; his stock in ITT had doubled in value; two of his old law partners had died (the wife of one of them had become a talk-show hostess); and a motion picture was being made of his life.

They had taken their toll, those years. His hair was thinner. His voice had become higher. He had put on weight. He had mellowed. Now he was settling into a slower pace, writing his memoirs, helping to set up a library to house the papers of his administration. The heavy weight of office hung on the shoulders of another man. He hardly ever went back to Washington. He was not much sought after any more. The world had changed.

Even Walter had died—right in the middle of a liftoff at Cape Kennedy. Murray Goldnac was now a professor at Harvard, lecturing on the importance of governmental censorship. There were four Socialists in Congress. Zwicker was a member of the Supreme Court. And one state, Mississippi, had again tried to secede from the Union.

But all that did not concern Lan. He wanted only to be left alone.

* * *

When the President received the note from Lan with the picture attached, he remembered right away. "The man with the boy's head," he asked his secretary. "Do you remember how we tried to cover the whole thing up, and then he turned around and came out for the government? That was one of the most satisfying things. To see a man who had suffered so much suddenly realize that it was for an honorable purpose. He informs me that he is now a U.S. citizen. I'm glad of that; I'm happy he's not back there now with that puppet government . . . that. . . ."

The President sputtered into the letter. His secretary poured him some coffee. "That . . ." (he drank two swallows of the coffee, then put down the letter) "he wants to come and see me. I would like to talk to him. He is a brave fellow. He . . . do you see what this country can do, Fred? How we took this man?"

Fred wrote out the invitation. He did not listen to the President.

"The President would be pleased to meet with you on the afternoon of March 3 at 2:00. He is happy to hear that you are now an American citizen. Please present this to the gateman." He then attached instructions on how to get to the gate, assuming that Lan was too old to drive and would have to take the train and then the bus that stopped nearby on the highway. Then the President signed his name. He rarely did that in the old days, but now he made a point of actually signing his name.

* * *

Lan told the Japanese he would have to take some time off. "You see, I have been invited to meet the President."

"In Washington?"

"No, not that President. The other one. The last one. It has something to do with my son. Something that happened long ago." During all that time Lan had never told the Japanese about his son. He had told him about his wife's death, but he had never mentioned his son. The Japanese, seeing that Lan did not want to pursue the matter, said that he would be very glad to give him the time off.

"You will tell me all about it when you get back, of course."

Lan only smiled.

"I voted for him both times," said the Japanese. "He is a good man."

Lan only smiled again.

* * *

Two weeks later Lan went with the Japanese down to the dock. A motor launch was waiting for him. He had a small leather suitcase borrowed from the owners of the house and a large white box wrapped with a blue ribbon. The Japanese wished him well and waved good-bye. "And say hello to him for me, will you?" Lan only smiled.

Lan took a taxi to Blue Hill, caught a bus for Augusta, then another bus for Boston. In Boston he had a little trouble finding his way from the bus station to the terminal. He decided to take a taxi. "I'm going to see the President," he told the driver, showing him his invitation. The taximan took him straight to the ticket window, stopping his cab in a No Parking zone and carrying Lan's leather bag to the train, though Lan would not let him carry the white box.

"Say hello to him," said the cabbie. "I voted for him."

The trip was restful. The train was only half-full. Lan put the leather bag in the luggage rack and placed the white box with the blue ribbon beside him on the seat. He could have taken a plane from Bangor, but somehow the idea of the train ride seemed nicer. It would give him some time to think about what he wanted to say.

All these years he had been waiting.

* * *

The train reached Los Angeles several days later, at three o'clock in the after-

noon. A car was waiting at the station.

The driver said the President would be pleased to see him. The large black car sped along, and Lan sat quietly. The driver parked. Lan looked at the scenic tropical landscape. It did not remind him of Vietnam.

The President sat at his desk, reading a book on Arab foreign policy. He had always secretly liked the Arabs. They had always secretly liked him, they had told him. He found nothing very interesting in the first few pages. A servant brought him his coffee on a silver tray. Behind him, out the window and down a carefully trimmed and graded lawn, was the Pacific Ocean. It was a gray afternoon. The servant set the tray on a table beside the desk, then poured the coffee. "Will that be all, sir?"

"I think so. Send in Fred, if you will. I want to get a little work done."

The President sipped his coffee contentedly. He took off his glasses and placed them between the pages of the book he was reading. Fred, his secretary, entered, carrying two leather-bound volumes—six years of speeches. Fred was tall, thin, a professorial type, fortyish, very quiet, bland and balding. "I think we had gotten as far as the Vietnam-government-in-exile speech. You did not want that included?"

"No."

"Do you want me to read it aloud?"

"I don't think so. Let's go on to the burning-of-Washington speech. I think I would like to use part of that. It has a historic ring to it, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. It was a courageous—if I may say so—a courageous attack on radicalism."

"You may say so. Have some coffee, Fred. Would you like to see a videotape of that speech? It's very dramatic, with the smoke in the background."

Fred very much wanted to see the videotape. "You know," the President said, "history has a great deal to do with who preserves what after it all has taken place. Don't you agree?" Fred agreed, and the President took a card from the filing box on his desk, rang for his servant and asked him to get video 432 from the library vault.

When two o'clock came, Fred and the President were still watching speeches. The servant entered and told the President that a strange man with an invitation had arrived carrying a white box. The servant wanted to know if the man should be searched.

The President laughed. "That is the man with the head." He turned to Fred, ignoring the servant. "Remember the man with the head of his son?"

Fred's dull face lit up slowly. "Oh, yes. That fellow. That was horrible."

"But it all turned out well," said the President, smiling at his secretary. "Now he is an American citizen. Show him into the sitting room," he ordered. Turning to his secretary again, he suggested a few places where they should edit the tape as well as the speech. "The smoke is very dramatic, don't you think?"

You look like the last President of the United States, the secretary thought dryly to himself. "Very dramatic," he agreed aloud.

The President went off to his sitting room. Lan was standing uncomfortably before a portrait of the President's late wife. He held the white box in his right hand. He had to shift it to his left in order to shake hands with the President.

He is very changed, Lan thought. *Heavy, aged and pale.*

The President did not remember what Lan had looked like. So much time had passed. He warmly shook his hand while looking at the box. "I'm so pleased to see you," he said quite genuinely. "Please sit down. Surely you did not have to bring me a gift after the sacrifice. . . ."

"You have done so much for me and for my people," said Lan, sitting down in a small Chippendale chair. His features, his limbs were delicate like the simply carved chair, and he sat upright, holding the box in both hands now. "The people never have a chance to express their feelings for their leaders when they are in office. I have waited so long. Since 1979."

"1979?"

"Yes. November 15, 1979."

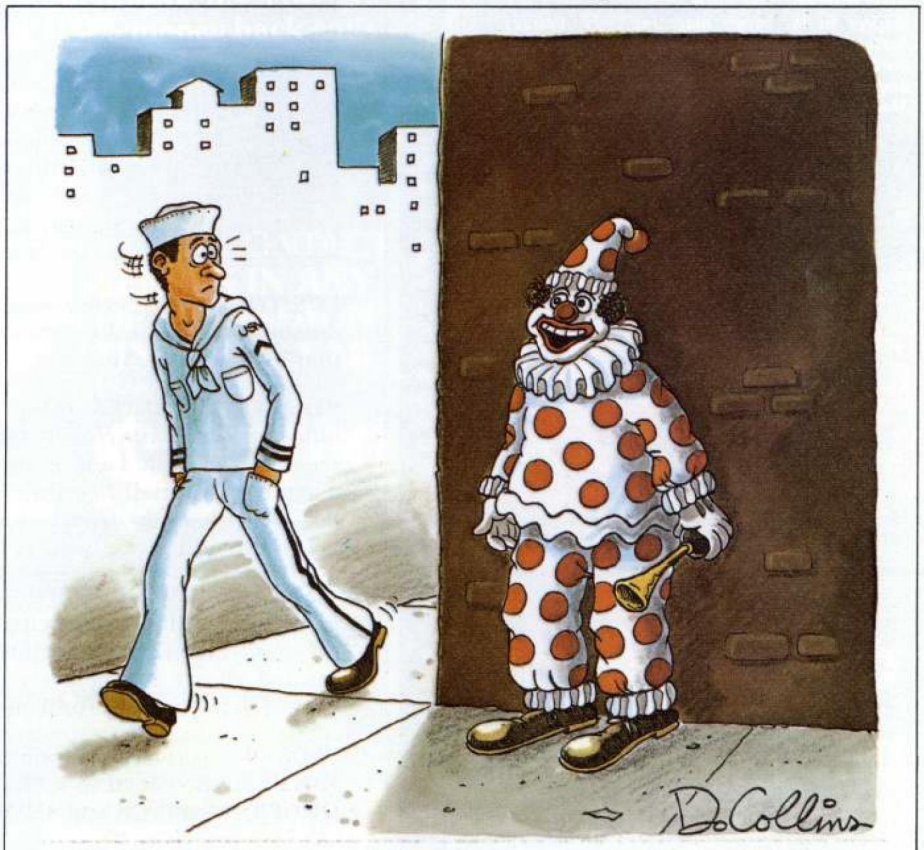
The President's face whitened. "Why, that was the day—"

"Yes." Lan had begun to unwrap the ribbon from the white box. The President's face began to twitch. He did not know what to expect. He had the feeling a man must get when he is placed beneath the guillotine, waiting for the blade to drop.

"I don't see how . . . oh, I see." Suddenly, the President smiled. A look of intense sympathy crossed his face. "You mean that with the death of Millie we were equal, is that it? We had both suffered the death of a. . . ."

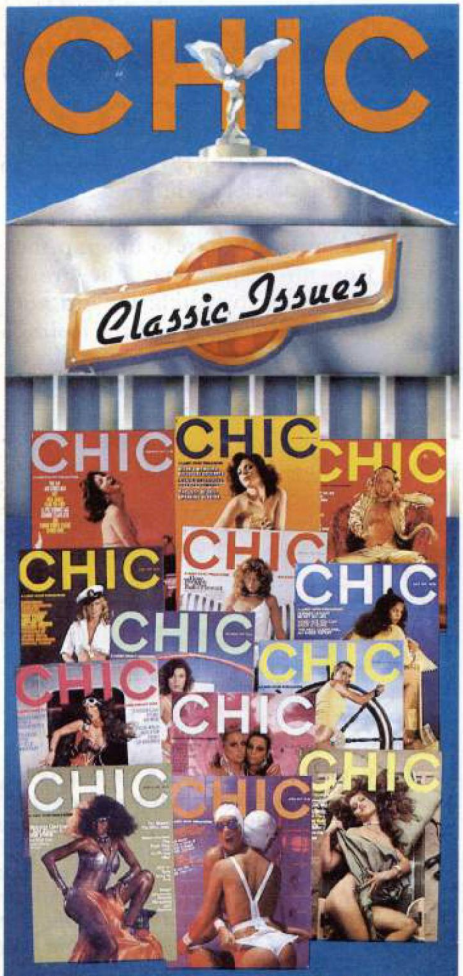
The President stopped what he was saying. His body stiffened. His mouth fell open.

Lan was standing before him, holding the open box. There was the head of the President's daughter, Millie: her hair carefully combed, her face powdered, her eyes open and dull, and her lips half-eaten away but smiling. Lan had fixed it that way. "We never get a chance to express our thanks," Lan said softly. "Now I have done so. When it touches the kings in their winter palaces, maybe then. . . ."



"Pssst! Hey, sailor, wanna have some fun?"

CHIC



Right from the start, CHIC established itself as a pioneer in the men's magazine field. Besides having the most erotic and slickest pictorials in the business, CHIC has broken new ground with nude pictures of famous women; a Norman Mailer interview with John Ehrlichman; and an expose on Howard Hughes's secret sex life.

A limited supply of CHIC back issues are available. Order now and see what you've been missing.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 16508 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Send me ____ CHIC BACK ISSUE(s) @ $2.25 each.

____ NOV '76	____ JUN '77	____ JAN '78
____ DEC '76	____ JUL '77	____ FEB '78
____ JAN '77	____ AUG '77	____ MAR '78
____ FEB '77	____ SEP '77	____ APR '78
____ MAR '77	____ OCT '77	____ MAY '78
____ APR '77	____ NOV '77	____ JUN '78
____ MAY '77	____ DEC '77	____ JUL '78

Please Print HU778K

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

Subtotal $____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax ____
Postage, handling and insurance .50
TOTAL $____

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars, add $5.00.) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

AUGUST Previews

FANTASIES OF THE MALE MIND—Dr. Karen Shanor's first book, *The Fantasy Files,* received high critical acclaim as a pioneering presentation of feminine sex dreams. Now we present a photographic selection of the top ten male fantasies, plus an excerpt from her latest work, *The Shanor Study: The Sexual Sensitivity of the American Male.*

PLAINS, GEORGIA: LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER—Women still sleep behind unlocked doors, people wave to you in the street, and the talk's good in the beer halls. But, reasons our reporter, if you crack the shell of the people in Peanutland, you'll find some down-home, rawboned conservatism. The President's home turf is a tough place. By Frank Fortunato.

INTERVIEW: DON EMBINDER—As publisher of the homosexual magazine *Blueboy,* Embinder has emerged as one of the most powerful and persuasive gays in this country. Shattering the homosexual stereotype, he offers some clean-shaven answers to some rather hairy questions.

IT'S YOU!—The perfect woman is the subject of every man's dreams, but she's a different creature altogether in reality. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon.

PHOTO-FEATURES—Step into the office of *The White House Gynecologist* to see why the First Lady is so stuck-up. Then treat yourself to a little afternoon delight with *Parlor Games*—some sticky dipping that'll please your sweet tooth.

NATURAL CHILDBIRTH—*Sex Practices* shares the experience of a first-time father participating in the natural childbirth of his son. The Lamaze method, which he and his wife had studied, didn't answer every problem that cropped up at the time of delivery, but it brought the new parents closer together.

PLUS—Education and illumination in **ADVISE & CONSENT, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **BEAVER HUNT.**

Contact Lens Wearers

Save $100 to $200 On New Contacts!

FINALLY, A CONTACT LENS REPLACEMENT PHARMACY JUST FOR YOU.

Even if you weren't examined and fit at a 20/20 Vision Center, we can still duplicate your contact lenses in your exact fit and prescription at a fraction of the cost you would normally pay, and with a 100% money back satisfaction guarantee.

Our 31 beautiful fashion tints

SOFT CONTACT LENSES BY WORLD FAMOUS BAUSCH & LOMB
(*After initial order & old lens return)

$23.00 EACH *

HARD CONTACT LENSES IN ANY OF 31 FASHION TINTS & CLEAR
(*After initial order)

$17.00 EACH *

***INITIAL ORDERS:**
Bausch & Lomb soft lenses $49.95 each
Clear or tinted hard lenses $19.95 each

To order a spare pair of lenses or a free no obligation contact lens brochure, call our toll free number or write: The Dr. Joseph S. Serian Contact Lens Center, 1450 Morse Road, Suite C., Columbus, Ohio 43229.

The Dr. Joseph S. Serian Contact Lens Center
An affiliate of 20/20 Vision Centers of America

20/20 SM

Affordable vision care for the entire family.

Toll free national watts line
1-800-848-7347
If busy or in Ohio & Canada
1-614-436-0550

■ Master Charge & Visa accepted

Members: Opticians Association Better Vision Institute and the National Association of Optometrists and Opticians

©

BETA OR V.H.S.?
GET THE FACTS!

Call Toll Free 800-221-8466

We offer daily price quotations on Sony, R.C.A., J.V.C., Quasar, Zenith and Panasonic Video Cassette Recorders. We will ship anywhere.

Ask for our free CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDERS.
Get the facts—call 800-221-8466 or in New York State 212-242-6694
Write: Video Cassette Recorders S.O.S.
175 Eighth Ave. N.Y. N.Y. 10011