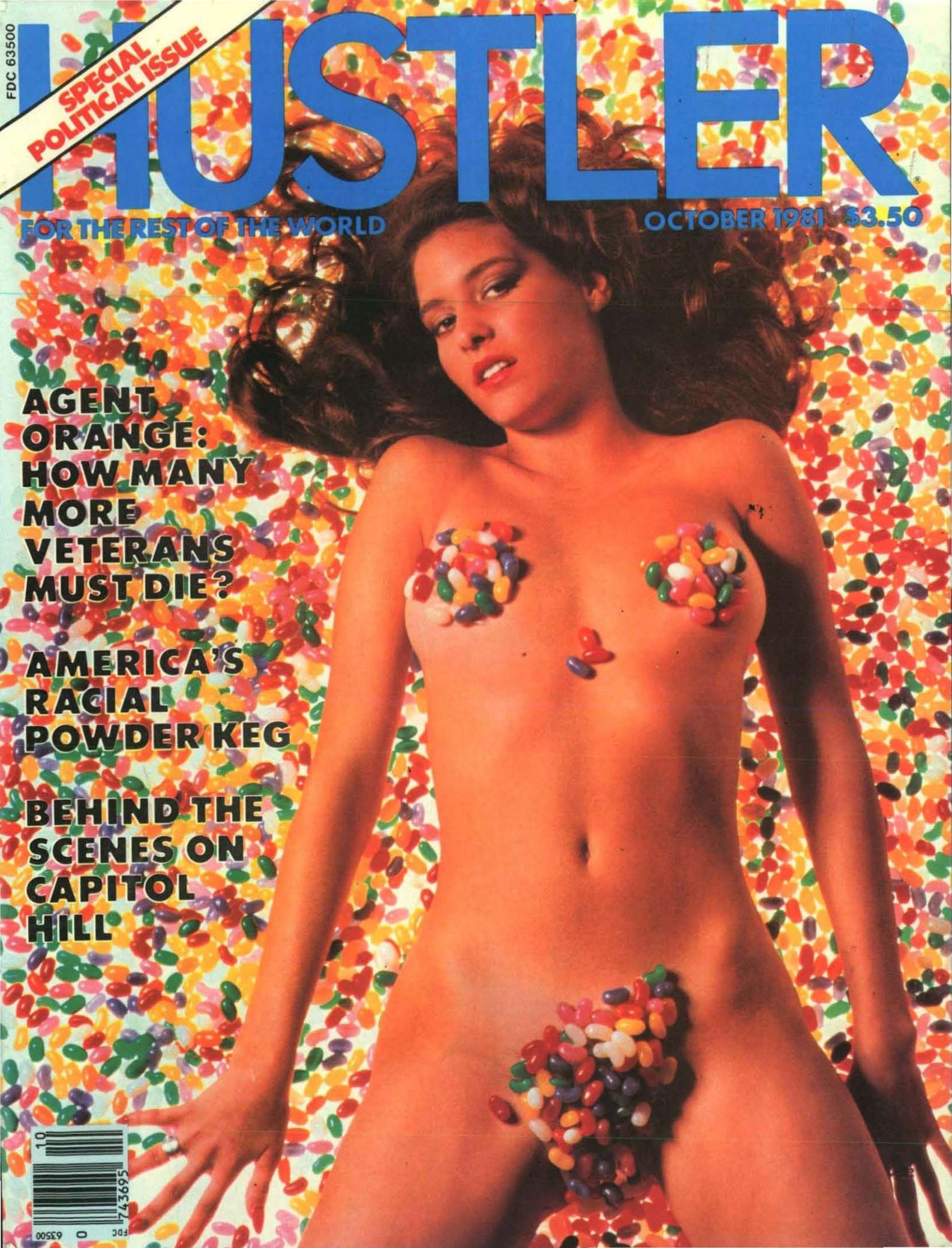
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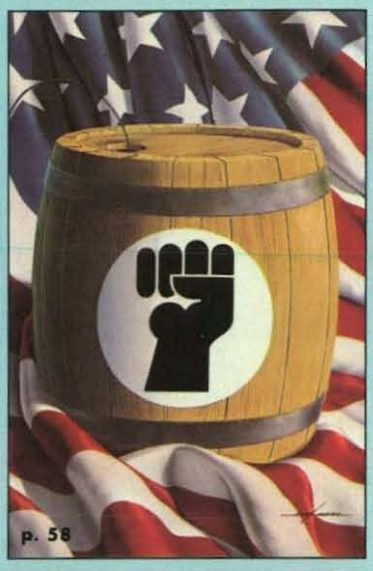

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HUSTLER OCTOBER 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 4

U.S. subscriptions $33 for one year. Foreign $39. Single copy $3.50 (add 50¢ for postage). Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to **HUSTLER MAGAZINE**, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, California, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC.**

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

Slaughter of the Innocents

How many times have you heard the killer's familiar alibi, "God made me do it"? For centuries that refrain has been the explanation for incredible slaughter. In 1189 King Richard I, in the name of religion, led his crusaders into the Holy Land and left hundreds of thousands of Moslems dead. From 1337 to 1453, Catholic factions in France and Protestant believers in England carried on a killing spree that set the stage for today's senseless carnage in Northern Ireland.

More recently, in Vietnam, America struggled impotently for 11 sorrowful years to "free" the Vietnamese so they could govern themselves. Yet the centuries-old battle there—between forces that believe in Buddhism and those who dispute the teachings of Buddha—is still raging.

Religious wars erupt on our planet with devastating frequency. Although they are often clouded by differing ideologies, the same thread weaves through all of them. Each faction believes God or Allah or Buddha or Jehovah is on its side. Unfortunately, these conflicts will continue as long as organized religions attempt to control every aspect of man's being, stripping him of all desire to make his own rational decisions. If an almighty church orders or sanctions killing, individual believers have little choice but to go along.

I have watched with stunned disbelief as television news described how the Reverend Jim Jones led more than 900 members of the Peoples Temple to their deaths in Guyana. I was sickened to hear how "the voice of God" ordered Son of Sam to murder six innocent victims. Recently, when I learned Mark Chapman, who brazenly gunned down John Lennon, claimed the Lord told him to change his plea to guilty, I no longer could remain silent. This obscene use of the Lord's name has to stop.

CHARLES MANSON was probably the first religious crazy to gain instant worldwide recognition for his despicable acts. I emphasize his name for a simple reason: He is the epitome of a man crazed and deluded by religious symbols that he twisted into his own sick "thinking." Manson turned to the Bible's Book of Revelations, which describes how the world will end. He began comparing Revelations to the Beatles song "Helter Skelter." When he finished his study, this demented piece of trash was ready to lead his flock of drugged malcontents to murder. The ensuing slaughter of actress Sharon Tate and six other innocents represents yet another wave of barbarism in the name of religion.

Ironically, all of the major organized religions preach strongly about one concept—"Thou shalt not kill." Shamefully, they don't practice what they preach. Religious leaders must open their eyes to the carnage around us, for they share responsibility—whether through acts they endorse, or actions they ignore. They must emphasize to their followers that killing to further religious persecution is a damnable sin.

The great good that religion can do is to guide believers to the truly righteous path. Too often the path organized religions choose leads to power and wealth while leaving behind an Earth stained with blood. Too often "righteousness" has been determined by a small group of repressive zealots who clutter our minds from birth with dogmas, prejudices, hatreds and guilts that we are forced to spend a lifetime overcoming.

With this kind of attitude prevalent throughout the world, it's easy to see how losers like Charles Manson can hop on the hatred bandwagon and join in the riotous religious killing. Religion must become a key to peaceful coexistence for all peoples, not a rationale for eternal carnage. Bloodletting and wars and slaughter . . . I just don't think that's what religion is supposed to be about.

Larry Flynt

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

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. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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SHOW & TELL

Politics has been called the science of "who gets what, when and why." However you define it, politics has a tremendous effect on each and every one of us. With that in mind we've devoted our October issue to things political . . . with special emphasis on some timely, controversial topics.

One of these is the U.S. government's shameful neglect of the men and women who served in Vietnam. In this month's exclusive profile, **RON SMITH** and **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS** tell how the horrors of Vietnam and the callousness of the Veterans Administration combined to shatter the life of a young ex-Marine. **JIM HOPKINS: HOW MANY MORE VETERANS WILL AGENT ORANGE KILL?** is the result of a careful analysis of some 500 pages of conflicting military and medical records, as well as more than 50 hours of taped interviews with dozens of veterans and Hopkins' widow, Suzanne. Along the way, our authors encountered resistance from a number of ass-covering government agencies—the VA in particular. But they also received enthusiastic cooperation from such groups as the Vietnam Veterans of America and the Los Angeles-based Center for Veterans Rights.

Both Smith (HUSTLER's Executive Editor) and Lewis (our Articles Editor) are uniquely qualified to write Hopkins' story. Smith experienced the Vietnam War firsthand when he spent nearly a year there as an Air Force interpreter. And Lewis—who served two years in the Army, lecturing on American military history—wrote July's lead article on the civil war in El Salvador. The stunning illustration was provided by **PAT DUNN**, whose art accompanied August's fiction, *Blood Money*.

Cover by Clive McLean

Another issue few have been willing to face head-on concerns relations between the races in this country: how they're rapidly deteriorating, and why. **MICHAEL BANE** assesses the problems and offers some solutions in his daring commentary, **AMERICA'S RACIAL POWDER KEG**. A freelance journalist, Bane recently compiled *Country Music* magazine's tenth-anniversary issue (September 1981). He has also optioned rights for a TV movie to be based on his biography of singer Hank Williams Jr., *Living Proof* (Putnam). That book, by the way, evolved from the profile of Williams that Bane did for us back in August 1976. The renowned New York illustrator **ALEX EBEL** is responsible for the companion art.

A different kind of problem—what to do with a pair of slick-talking con men—is tackled with hilarious results in **THE BEST LITTLE DISCO IN WEST TEXAS**. This comic tale was penned by **JACKIE GROGAN**, marking his fiction-writing debut in a national magazine. A former advertising executive, Grogan has written political and investigative articles for *Players* and a number of other publications. The illustration was supplied by **GREG MARTIN**, whose work appeared with September's fiction, *Dead or Alive?*

"Dead or alive?" is a question asked all too frequently these days as we learn of the latest attempt on the life of one of our leaders. **ASSASSINATION FUNNIES: THIS'LL KILL YOU** takes a satirical look at this disturbing trend in a way that will touch the funnybone as well as the heart.

A compulsion to harm others also figures in October's *Sex Play*, **SEX AND VIOLENCE**. This analysis of the connections between rape, cruelty and sexual repression was written by **STEPHANIE ROSS**, our Research Director and editor of the *Advise & Consent* column. The artwork is by Los Angeles freelance illustrator **BOB COMMANDER**.

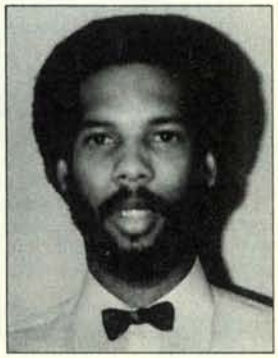
Providing insight into problems most people are afraid to think about, the October issue deals with politics through and through. Even our mouth-watering photo-features take a look behind the scenes on Capitol Hill and other steamy spots. No wonder that when it comes to politics, you win by a landslide with HUSTLER.

Ron Smith

Richard Warren Lewis

Michael Bane

Alex Ebel



Jackie Grogan

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AGAIN, WONDROUSLY, THAT "HAREM" IS GOING TO PERFORM YOUR SILENT COMMAND EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their seemingly voluntary actions are dictated by you. Why should they? You said nothing, made no moves. You stated your desires only one way—*mentally!*

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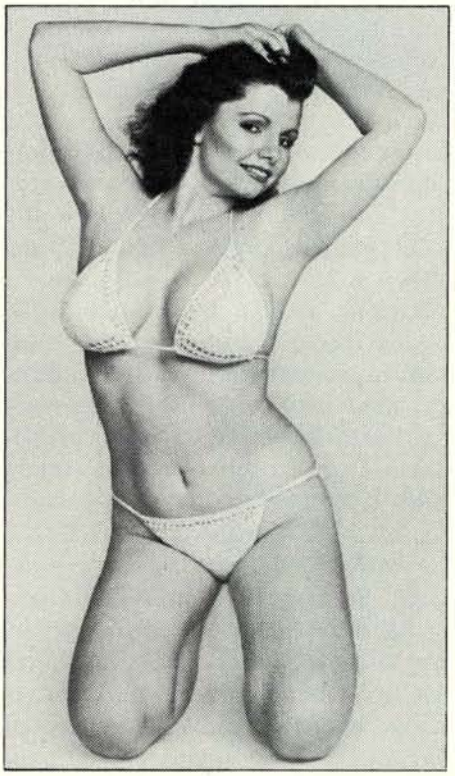
YOU WILL BELIEVE IT . . . AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE IT!

Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once dead-certain that the earth was flat. Man reach the Moon? *Impossible!*

You and I know differently. Yesteryears' "never-happens" are stark realities today. So if you still are a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me.

Along with the chance to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free" chance to prove I'm right . . . plus a *free gift.* Here's my proposal.



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It deals with the power of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using *none of the five senses.*

In plain words, this extraordinary technique helps you command, control, and dominate girls solely with your *mind.*

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I call this technique SUCC*ESP*—the science of extra-sensory *persuasion.* Properly used, it permits your thoughts to influence one girl or many!

TRY IT WITHOUT RISK. PAY ONLY IF IT WORKS FOR YOU!

Before you actually buy my SUCC*ESP* manual for ten dollars, I want you to try it out as my guest for 31 days. During this free-trial, you won't be on the hook for one cent. Because I promise *not* to cash your check or money order for at least 31 days *after* I've sent it to you.

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Red Rhapsody: Many thanks for your July pictorial *Cynthia: Rhapsody in Red* (top photo). Where did you find that absolutely beautiful woman? With that sweet-looking ass, she puts fire in my eyes. That layout proves the color red can be a big turn-on if used with taste.
—Bob Buckholz
Reisterstown, Maryland

You really have the right idea with July's *Cynthia: Rhapsody in Red*. She's a real fox. Keep showing more sexy redheads, because I buy HUSTLER every month. —James McCrellis
Phoenix, Arizona

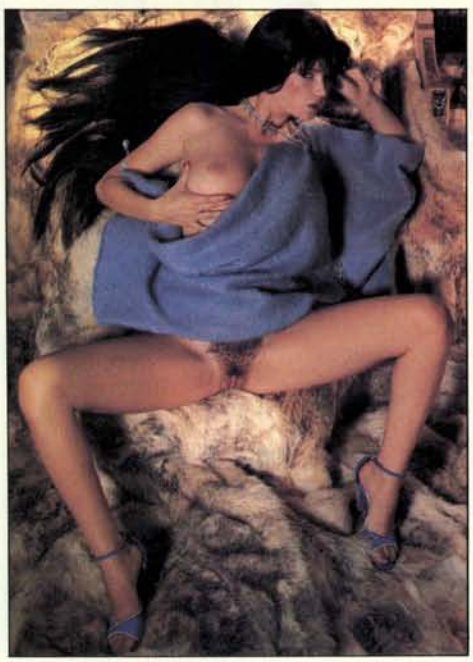
Abortionland: As far as I'm concerned, the entire issue of abortion can be summed up in one page. That page is Trosley's cartoon (center) in your August issue. —J. Semple
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Girl Talk: Hurrah for HUSTLER! The older you get, the better you get. *Monique: Furry Passion* (bottom photo), July's HUSTLER Honey, is Mother Nature at her best. The girl is fine, prime material. Keep it up! —Greg French
Eldorado, Illinois

Monique: Furry Passion (July) was sensational! She's the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen in HUSTLER. If you can get them any better than her, you must have connections with the Man upstairs.
—H. McCartney
Newark, New York

As a 27-year-old professional woman, I read HUSTLER faithfully every month—come hell or high water. I totally enjoy and appreciate your magazine from cover to cover. It's excellent! The July pictorial spread *Grass Don't Grow on a Racetrack* was beautiful, and so were the models. But I must file a complaint. Doesn't the guy have a cock? —S. B.
Steubenville, Ohio

Flynt's Views: I thought July's *Publisher's Statement*, "Big Brother's Watching You," was fantastic. It dealt with a law that forces doctors, teachers, etc., to tell the police if they suspect any girls under 18 years old of having had sexual intercourse. Any moron knows that many young people would be forced underground with unwanted pregnancies rather than make their sex lives public knowledge. The so-called "pornographer" Larry Flynt is apparently more intelligent than our elected officials.
—Mike Stroh
Lake Charles, Louisiana



My husband and I are loyal readers of your controversial comments. It is totally refreshing to know there is opposition to the Moral Majority. Why do these people continue to try to convince themselves that they are "moral"? I cannot understand how passing judgment on others and trying to force people into thinking and behaving a certain way can be considered "moral." I truly believe these people want to see the destruction of our Constitution.

Please continue to fight for our rights as human beings. There are many people who agree with you but do not have quite the power of the pen that you have. I sincerely would like to thank HUSTLER for caring enough about others to stand up for what you believe is fair in human rights.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It's said America has no more *real* heroes. Bullshit! All you have to do is pick up a copy of HUSTLER and turn to the *Publisher's Statement*. Larry Flynt has the courage to print the truth—despite being shot, fined and sent to jail. I want to lash out at every judge, prosecutor and scumbag for making him endure this hell. Why haven't the publishers of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* had to waste as much time in court fighting obscenity raps?

If HUSTLER offered lifetime subscriptions, I'd be first in line to sign up.
—Michael Proctor
Houston, Texas

I have never purchased HUSTLER and never will. If you've seen one cunt, you've seen them all. However, I do appreciate your ballsy journalism. No one else in this country besides Larry Flynt has the balls or the integrity to reveal his *true* sinful nature. Larry Flynt, I salute you. In the midst of utter hypocrisy, you're not afraid to be an arrogant prick up front. —Aaron Farris
Hialeah, Florida

Agent Orange: Speaking for the South Complex Veterans Affairs Committee, I would like to thank you for your May *Publisher's Statement*, "Agent Orange: VA Cover-up." Our organization, located in the Trusty Division of the Southern Michigan State Prison, was formed to aid our members in receiving the legal benefits due under the laws of the United States.

For too long we Vietnam veterans have been relegated to second-class citizenship for what many of us perceived as doing our duty. The American public

should know that Vietnam veterans are not going to be pushed around any longer. —William K. Palmer
Jackson, Michigan

The plight of Vietnam veterans and more about the Agent Orange cover-up are revealed in this month's profile of Jim Hopkins, beginning on page 36.

John Sullivan: On behalf of my family and myself (and, of course, my brother Johnny), I'd like to thank you for your article *The New Vietnam: HUSTLER Reporter Vanishes in Bloody Revolution* (July). No one can accuse you of distorting the facts.

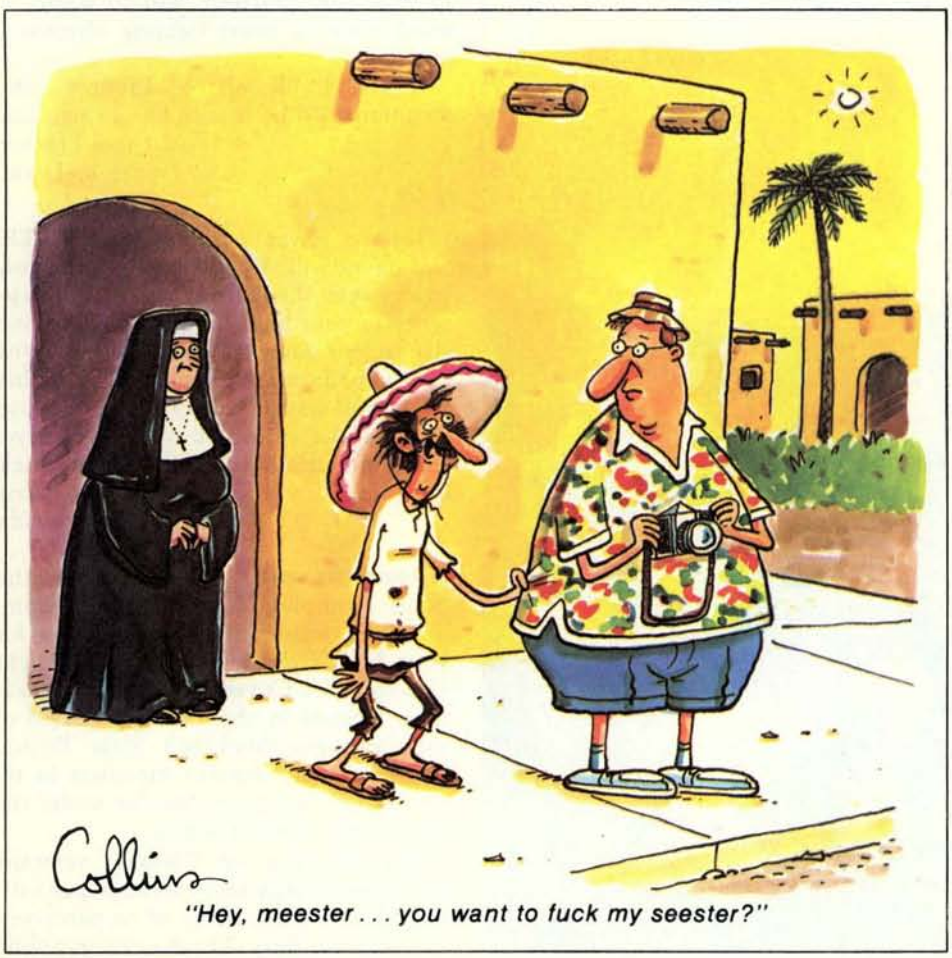
Recently, Secretary of State Alexander Haig promised the wife of a Soviet dissident that the "U.S. would intervene at the highest levels of government on her husband's behalf." We were furious because—as you know—he wouldn't do this for Johnny, one of our own citizens. We asked again that Haig call with regard to Johnny; we still haven't been advised of his decision.

Our thoughts and warm wishes are with you, along with our thanks for your effort on Johnny's behalf. We're very grateful. —Donna Sullivan Igoe
Bergenfield, New Jersey

After reading your report on John Sullivan Jr., I am appalled by Edmund Muskie's behavior. I can only imagine how fast Muskie would act if Edmund Muskie Jr. were in John's shoes. I am much relieved knowing a man of Muskie's minute intelligence is no longer in the U.S. State Department. My sympathy is with the Sullivans and my prayers are for John's safe and much-overdue return to America. —Steve LaCorte
Orlando, Florida

I must compliment Bob Gima on his well-written story, "John Sullivan: A Friend's Remembrance," in the July HUSTLER. My whole heart goes out to John Sullivan Jr., who sounds like a very special person. My prayers are with him and his family. I just hope their nightmare will come to an end.

Reading about how sadistic the Salvadoran junta is almost made me sick. I don't know how our government could even think about helping it. Also, I cannot believe how cold and inconsiderate our government has been in its treatment of the Sullivan family. If Reagan's son or daughter were in Sullivan's position, the government would waste no time in halting our aid to the Salvadoran regime. I can't get over my disappointment and hate for all the assholes in the White House. —Michele
Orange, California



"Hey, meester . . . you want to fuck my seester?"

Aspen Law and Order: Your profile of Richard Kienast, *Small-Town Sheriff Versus the Feds* (May), made for entertaining reading. Nevertheless, it was not an accurate description of the situation here in Aspen. The Pitkin County Sheriff's Office, headed by Mr. Keinast, is only one of several law-enforcement agencies operating in Aspen and Pitkin County. We of the Aspen Police Department are primarily responsible for enforcing the law in Aspen, Colorado. We are the cops people usually see and deal with during their stay here. It's a little different than you'd believe after reading about Sheriff Dick in your magazine.

We are cool too. We drive Saabs, and wear blue jeans and cowboy hats. However, all too many carefree tourists and careless locals find out the hard way that we are indeed the "real" police. We consistently make arrests for possession of dangerous drugs, from small amounts of marijuana and cocaine, to significant amounts of heroin.

Any time the Drug Enforcement Administration knocks on our door and requests assistance, it will get help within all legal bounds. Sheriff Kienast does not have the authority to ban the DEA from Aspen or Pitkin County. Like it or not, this is still a part of the United States, and a federal agency has jurisdiction. In fact, Sheriff Kienast's unwillingness to cooperate could in time lead to the tragic situation of cops shooting at cops because nobody knows who the other guy is.

—Officer Michael Barnett, Acting Chief Terry Quirk and 13 Other Members of the Aspen (Colorado) Police Department

Science vs. Religion: Regarding your article *Science vs. Religion: Battle of Our Times* (August), I really think there is no need for controversy. Creation and evolution adherents should respect one another's freedom to believe as they wish. Personally, I do not support Creation, since the Church suppresses any ideas contrary to its own. That doesn't mean Creationists are wrong. The Bible contains many facts—some proven, some disputed. Even without believing in Creation, I have more biblical values than most Christians I know. Christians and Evolutionists only look at facts supporting their own theories. It's time they learned tolerance for ideas other than their own.

—D. L. Beatty
Meadville, Pennsylvania

Draft Path: In response to your May article *The Draft: Marching Into Conflict?*, I'd just like to say you should all

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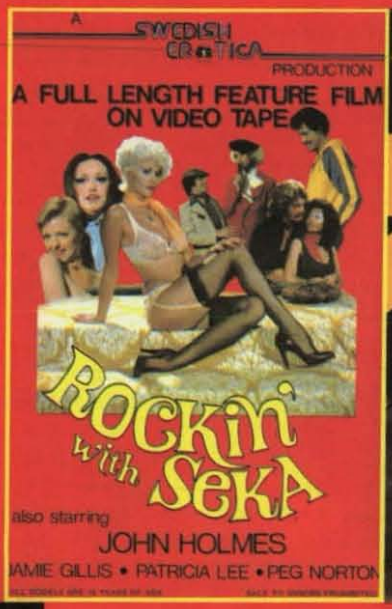

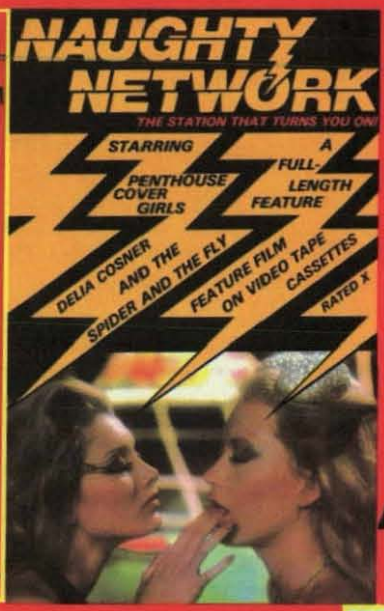

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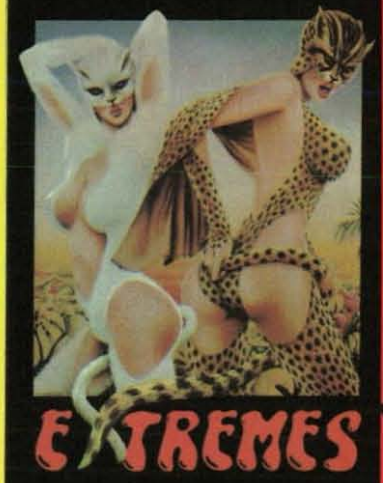

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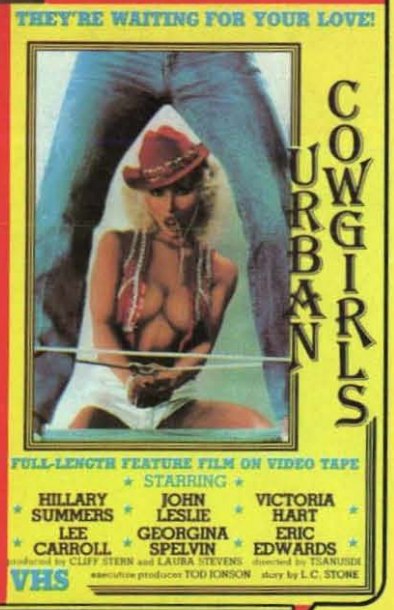

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You should realize that Russia's ultimate goal is control of the world—and that the United States is its main obstacle. You antidraft cunts are all spoiled rotten. Spend some time in a country where the Communist threat is just miles away. Ask the people there if they would rather fight than switch.

—Paul A. Bellen
San Francisco, California

Rape: I am writing in regard to your article *Rape!—A Victim's Chilling Nightmare* (March). I'm a 26-year-old woman who keeps an open mind with respect to sex. But one thing I've never understood is how any man could force himself upon a woman. Making love is a beautiful moment shared by two consenting, caring people. Rape is abuse of the worst kind.

How do I know? I have a seven-year-old daughter who was raped two years ago and has been mentally disturbed ever since. Although rapists are entitled to rehabilitation, rape is a violent crime that must be punished. —L. Johnson
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Asshole: Thank you on behalf of all freethinkers in the state of Washington for naming Michael Farris your August "Asshole of the Month." He certainly deserves the title for his gallant stand against everything human and sacred.

Ironically, the most likely candidates to share eternity in the devil's domain are people like Mr. Farris, who spread their ignorant ideas and try to impose them on everyone else. —H. S.
Everett, Washington

Beer Ratings: Your August feature *HUSTLER Rates the Big American Beers* was excellent. Although I agree with most of your choices, I'd like to see a Part II, rating famous regional beers. For example, in the Pacific Northwest, Rainier and Olympia are popular. The state of New York boasts Genesee; Pennsylvania has Rolling Rock; and Chicagoans drink Old Style. Southwesterners prefer Lone Star, and people in Ohio sip on Stroh's. And these beers are just the beginning. So how about a follow-up on regional favorites, with a few of the best imports thrown in for good measure? —James Maier
Toledo, Ohio

Black Beaver: I am a 33-year-old black man, and I am proud of black women. I would like to thank HUSTLER for printing the photo of Jeannie Orndorff in July's *Beaver Hunt*. She is a hot piece of black beef! I want to see more.

—G. Smith
Jeffersonville, Indiana

For a "hot piece of black beef," have yourself a barbecue. For erotic photo-features with black women, check out Grace Jones in the December 1980 HUSTLER and Soul Food in the February 1980 issue. And keep your eye out for more in future HUSTLERs.

Sex and Fear: As a writer, freedom of the press is naturally very important to me. I have followed your battles in this arena with interest. However, it's difficult to support you when so much of your magazine is devoted to the fear and hatred of women. Sex can be enjoyed without it being turned into a violent act destructive to both parties involved. I'd be most grateful if you would give this some thought. —C. D. Grant
Cloverdale, California

No part of HUSTLER is "devoted to the fear and hatred of women." That's simply the current catch-phrase of a small minority of antiporn feminists. We celebrate sexuality.

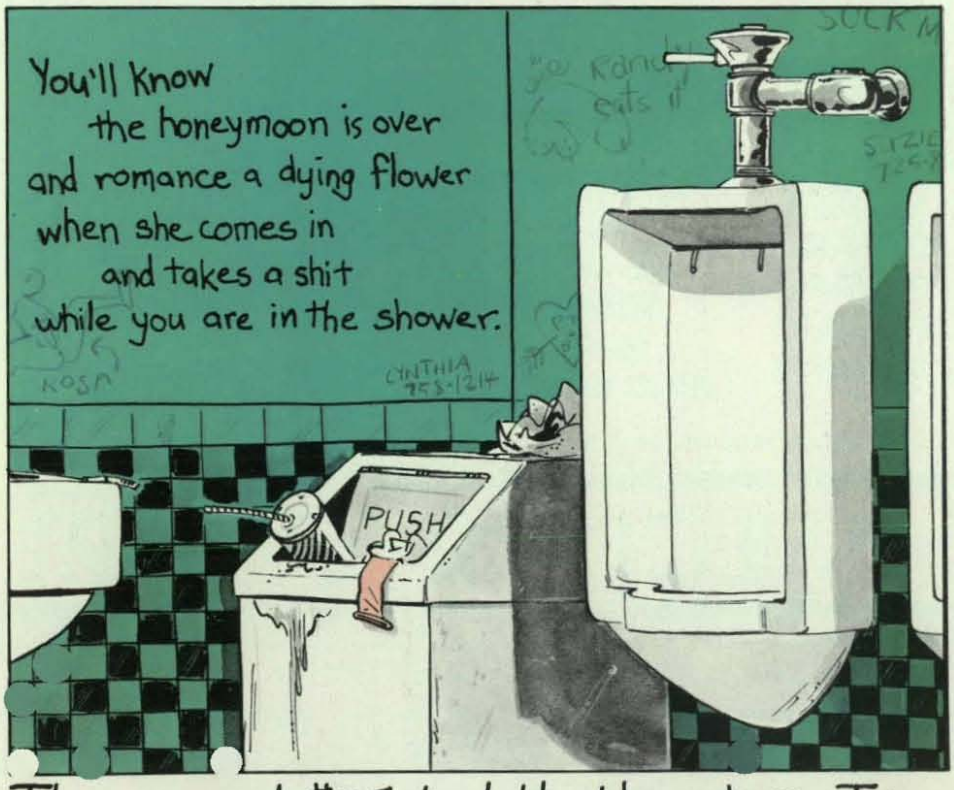
Sex and Fun: I'm a 19-year-old female who thinks HUSTLER's the best magazine on the racks! Your dedication to presenting *all* facets of sex openly and honestly has helped me develop my own personal sexual attitudes and behavior. HUSTLER has made me aware that sex can be just plain FUN! I haven't turned into a kinky, deranged nympho. I've just realized that sex is a beautiful part of myself. —Linda R.
Detroit, Michigan

Race Nightmare: What Monte Coltey says about Negroes in the June *Feedback* section was the sickest and most disgusting thing I've ever read. Black people are wonderful—with lots to offer, unlike white people such as Coltey. I'd hate to think he has children and is bringing them up to believe his crap about blacks. There certainly aren't any more black than white people sitting at home collecting money from the working class. I'm not a "tarbaby," and I can't stand prejudice—so where does Monte suggest I go? To quote one of the great men of our time, "I have a dream." It's people like Monte Coltey who are making that dream a nightmare.

—Laurel Ryan
Castlegar, British Columbia, Canada

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream and today's nightmare are discussed in our commentary America's Racial Powder Keg, beginning on page 58 of this issue.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and $25 to J.H., Houston, Tx.

World News Roundup

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

A nationwide survey has debunked the myth that sexual activity declines with age. Eight-hundred men and women aged 60 to 91 were interviewed by clinical psychologist Bernard Starr of Brooklyn College and psychotherapist Marcella Weiner of City University of New York. Results show the elderly have a strong continuing interest in sex, engaging in sexual activity an average of 1.4 times per week. The researchers also learned that older people believe lovemaking is just as good now as when they were younger, and that oral sex is preferred as their "most exciting" sexual experience.

The world's most popular form of birth control is sterilization. Researchers at Johns Hopkins University say that despite the many types of contraceptives available, voluntary sterilization is five times more widespread today than it was a decade ago. Such sterilizations now total approximately 100 million worldwide, about twice the figure for the second-most-popular method, the Pill.

An electronic device that could help counteract male impotence could be on the market within two years. Biosonics, Inc., of Philadelphia says it is trying to raise $6 million to develop what it calls "MEGS"--an acronym for Male Electronic Genital Stimulators. Less than an inch in diameter, the device would be implanted in the body, and a control mechanism would be used to trigger a "physiological response," resulting in an erection. Biosonics hopes a prototype will be ready for testing in monkeys next year.

Liquid Drano can determine the sex of an unborn child, a Canadian physician claims. Dr. Sidney Nelko says a pregnant woman can mix two teaspoons of Drano with two teaspoons of her morning urine. If the solution turns gold or brown, the infant will probably be a girl. If it turns green, the baby will probably be a boy. The test seems to work about 80% of the time when tried during the last three months of pregnancy. Under no circumstances should Drano be taken internally or applied to the skin.

Two prominent opponents of prostitution and sex education have been arrested on morals charges. Police in Tampa, Florida, said Jack Gregorio was charged with sexual battery against a 17-year-old boy and performing a "lewd and lascivious" act involving an eight-year-old girl. Gregorio is head of a group demanding the removal of sex-ed books from the children's section of the city's public library. In Oxnard, California, authorities reported the Reverend Dale Rothenberger was arrested after he solicited a female police officer who was posing as a prostitute. He is on the advisory council of Californians for Biblical Morality, which seeks to eradicate pornography, homosexuality and prostitution.

Uranium mining in the southwestern United States may be causing changes in the male miners' sperm. University of New Mexico researcher Dr. William Weise says women who live in those mining areas are giving birth to an unusually high proportion of baby girls--about 60 for every 40 boys. In most communities, statistics have shown 50 boys born for every 49 girls. When Weise tested the sperm of volunteer miners, unexpectedly high fluctuations were found in the number of male chromosomes. While he stresses the findings are preliminary, Weise says he fears exposure to uranium may cause other abnormalities the children could inherit.

An East German scientist claims homosexuality can be traced to hormonal imbalances before birth. Professor Guenther Doerner says the level of the male hormone testosterone in the fetus at a crucial stage of development has a permanent influence on the brain. If the level in a boy is too low, Doerner says, the child will develop a mostly "female" brain, resulting in homosexuality. If the male hormone level in a girl is too high, "she will be predisposed to lesbian behavior later in life." Such changes in testosterone level may be caused by stress during the mother's pregnancy, Doerner believes. His theory, which challenges the traditional belief that homosexuality is caused by environmental and psychological factors, has been attacked by sex researchers in West Germany. They say the theory is an attempt to brand homosexuals as "hormone cripples."

In Greece a 45-year-old man is demanding a divorce and $40,000 because his wife hasn't kissed him on the mouth in 16 years. Martha Fermonoglou explained that she has refused to kiss her husband, Constantine, because she is repulsed by a bad front tooth in his mouth. He countered that kissing is "a source of pleasure . . . and an expression of fondness" required for a healthy marriage.

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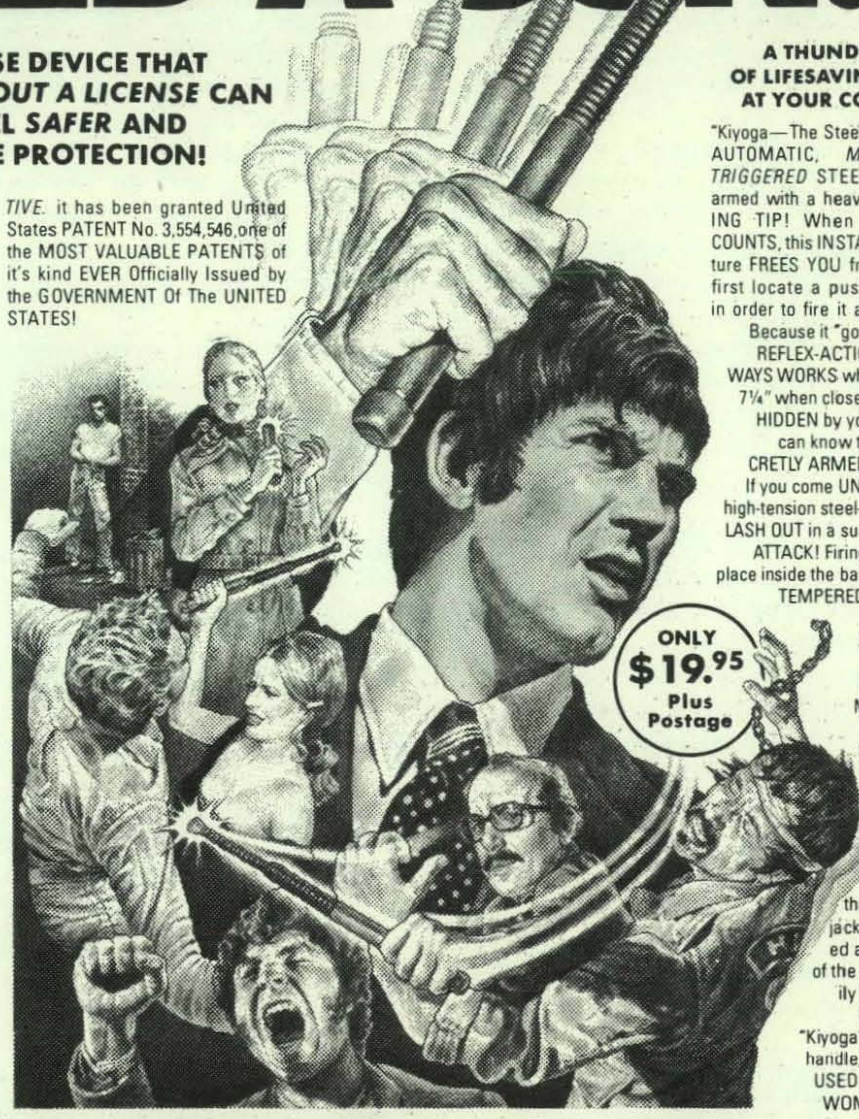

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ADVISE & CONSENT

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

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Clit Fit: Why is the clitoris located where it is on women? Why in hell isn't it someplace where a guy's cock could rub directly against it? I think Mother Nature pulled a real boner when she put the clit where she did. —F. G.
Boise, Idaho

Although it may seem more logical for a woman's clitoris to be located just inside the vagina, where a man's penis could rub directly against it during intercourse, women are lucky it isn't. The clitoris has the densest concentration of nerve endings of any part of a woman's sexual anatomy. Direct, prolonged or constant stimulation of the clitoris is often not pleasurable.

Most researchers—including Dr. Joseph Trainer, a clinical professor at the University of Oregon Health Sciences Center, and staff members at the Masters and Johnson Institute—have found that most women prefer indirect stroking of the clitoris.

Because the clitoris is located where it is, a man's penis indirectly stimulates it during intercourse by causing the clitoral hood to move gently back and forth over the sensitive spot. This motion provides just the right amount of excitation for the woman.

Diaper Dan: I am a 34-year-old man who enjoys wearing diapers and plastic pants. It's not something I've been doing for a long time, but I now like it so much, I know I'll continue wearing them for many years to come.

I think this desire to wear diapers started when I was ten years old. I had a nightmare and wet the bed. This incident infuriated my mother, who made me put on diapers and plastic pants and sent me outdoors in the morning so everyone could see. After I got over my embarrassment, I didn't think about wearing diapers for another 21 years.

One day, about three years ago, I saw my girlfriend putting a diaper on her child. I found myself wanting to be diapered too. Soon after that, I bought some Pampers and a large pair of plastic pants. I will never forget the feeling I had when I put them on and romped around the house. Finally, I wet myself. As I lay there in the warm, wet diaper, I got a huge erection. I just reached my hand inside and came all over the place.

I made the mistake of telling my girlfriend about my interest in diapers. She thought I was crazy, and it wasn't long before she was using it against me in the worst way. She even left me because of it.

What I want to know is whether or not I am really sick. Is this desire of mine normal? How can I ever have a normal relationship? —D. S.
Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan

A number of people get off sexually by wearing diapers and urinating in them as you described. Some psychologists think such sex play gives adults a chance to rid themselves of stress and responsibility for a bit, and regress to a time when they didn't have to control their bodily functions.

Even though many people would not consider this kind of sex play normal, "normality" isn't always the thing to strive for. Perhaps you should be more concerned about how you can be yourself sexually and still be happy.

Often, people with a particular sexual fetish find their biggest problem is locating understanding partners. Find a woman who is also into diapers, or who has a fetish you are willing to go along with as long as she goes along with yours. But don't become so wrapped up in acting out your fantasy that you lose interest in the many other forms of sexual expression available to you.

There's even a magazine for diaper fetishists, entitled Dominated & Diapered. For information, write Platinum Press (9237 West Third Street, Suite 80, Beverly Hills, California 90210).

Timing Is Everything: I am a 23-year-old man who has been married four years. My job takes me away from home for about two weeks every month. When I'm on the road, I usually masturbate once a day. Could this be the reason my wife can't get pregnant? She has been off the Pill for about two years now. When I am home, we make love at least twice a day. Any help would be greatly appreciated. —J.C.W.
Houston, Texas

The reason your wife may not be getting pregnant is possibly because you are away from home for two weeks every month. Simply, you may be out of town during her fertile period.

Each woman's reproductive system has a monthly cycle. The average cycle is about 28 days long. If you count the first day of her next period as day one of her cycle, try making love a lot from the 13th through the 19th

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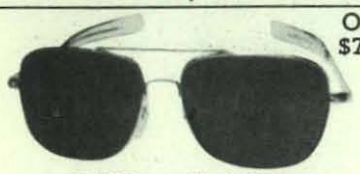

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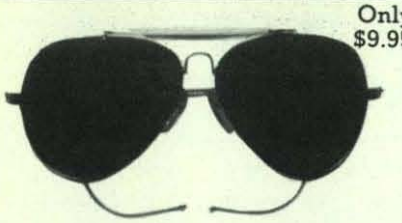
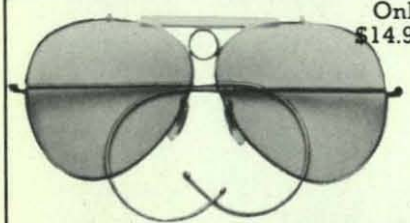
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $20.00. #20P available in gold or silver frame. A $20.00 value only $7.95. Two pairs for $14.00.

Only $9.95



Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples. #30A gold frame only. A $30.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

Only $14.95



Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lens brightens visibility. #30D gold frame only. A $30.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

To order send check or money order to **U.S. Optics, Dept. 752, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.** Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date.

QUANTITY	MODEL #	GOLD	SILVER	PRICE
	20P			
	30A	X		
	30D	X		

Add Postage, Handling, and Insurance $1.00 per pair _____

Total _____

Visa or Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE case with each pair.

day. Most women ovulate on the 15th day, but it can happen anytime from the 13th to the 19th day if she is on a fairly normal cycle. If you have sex frequently during that fertile time for the next couple of months, it is very possible your wife will get pregnant.

Death Enlarger: I read the letter in your May 1981 column concerning penis enlargers. You were right; they don't work. But I also want to tell your readers what happened to my 17-year-old son. I came home one day and found him bleeding profusely from the side of his cock. Neither he nor I could control it, and I was scared he would bleed to death before we reached the emergency room.

I found out later that this near-tragedy occurred because of a penis enlarger. He felt his cock was too small and slim. He said the other boys at school laughed at him when they showered, and a girl he was making it with at a drive-in also teased him about his cock size. He was using a pump-type enlarger when it caused a vein in his penis to erupt. Please warn everybody so they won't use those damn things. —T. K.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Your warning is appreciated. However, the accident that occurred to your son is very rare. Penis enlargers can cause blood vessels to erupt inside the cock, but it is very unusual for one to cause a rupture of the kind your son experienced. If a man overuses an enlarger, he may notice bruising on his penis. This is a sure sign that he is bursting penile blood vessels.

According to Dr. Cappy Rothman, an expert in male sexuality, there are at least two good reasons why men should not use a pump-type penis enlarger. First, they simply don't work; second, the cock's blood vessels can be damaged.

Unfortunately, instruments like these are the result of our preoccupation with cock size. Too many men have been miserable, all because of a small cock. Sure, it would be nice if all guys could be endowed with a hefty eight inches, but too many of them anguish over their four inches. The truth is, four inches is much more common than eight. Read the letter that follows for more information on cock size.

Terrible Life: Although I am a 46-year-old man, I have the prick and balls of a ten-year-old. I have led a terrible life, having to hide whenever I take a piss and never having had a normal sex life. Can you tell me if there is anything that can be done? —B. J.
Lockport, Illinois

There is no magic solution to your problem. However, according to Dr. Paul Walker, a prominent sex researcher, most men who believe their cock is too small actually have genitalia well within the normal size range. Have you ever consulted a doctor or a specialist in male sexuality? This is very important before you do anything else.

Some men fail to ever go through puberty. If you have never grown any facial hair, pubic hair or chest hair, this may be your problem. If you have never gone through physical puberty, hormone shots occasionally can help, even at your age. These injections can cause some growth in your cock and balls. If you have body hair, you have gone through puberty and are essentially stuck with what Mother Nature has handed you.

You could consult a specialist about penile-implant surgery. There are several different types of rods and pump-type implants available that do increase cock size somewhat. You could also consult a specialist who constructs cocks for women undergoing a sex-change.

Although these cocks sometimes look like Dr. Frankenstein built them, some are fairly normal-looking. However, there are serious drawbacks with both implants and penile surgery. With implants, you either have to be erect all the time or pump your cock up yourself before engaging in intercourse. With the penile surgery, there is no guarantee of erection, and there is a great deal of sensory loss. In addition, both operations are expensive.

When you check with a specialist about these forms of surgery, you will probably be told that your penis is well within normal range and that you have been psychologically torturing yourself over nothing. If you are abnormally small, you should live by these wise words: It's not what you've got that matters; it's what you do with it.

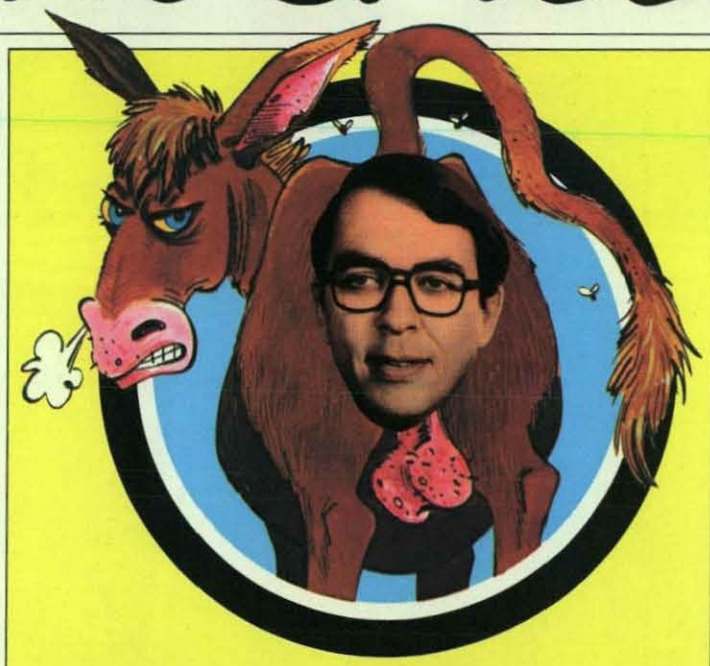
Arab Culture: I am a 21-year-old woman who recently met a very nice older man. We have gone to bed twice, but he has not been able to get it up. He says he needs a little "Arab culture" before he can get an erection. Is this something Arabian women do to their men that helps arouse them?
—D. D.
San Antonio, Texas

"Arab culture" is a slang term for sadomasochistic sexual practices. The man may be into tying you up or being bound himself. He may also enjoy highly stylized forms of sexual spankings and whippings. Sadomasochism and "Arab culture" practices vary from person to person. Get your lover to talk to you about what gets him off, and then you can decide whether or not you want to participate in such activities.

Still Life: I am a 21-year-old male, and I've been sexually involved with the "girl-next-door" for more than two

(continued on page 24)

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Robert E. Bauman

Being a gung-ho crusader against drugs, pornography, sexual perversion, abortion, and Medicare for the elderly is hard work. That's why former Maryland Congressman Robert E. Bauman (Rep.) looked forward to relaxing after his impassioned battles against his notions of sin. But rather than enjoy the pleasures his wife could offer, he evidently had a strange obsession for seeking out young boys on the street.

It is bad enough that he reportedly went after youngsters who hadn't yet formed their sexual identities. Combining that with his blatant hypocrisy, we're compelled to name Bauman HUSTLER's October Asshole of the Month.

We don't use the word *hypocrisy* lightly. Bauman is on record as supporting causes like shutting down peep shows, making Flag Day a legal holiday, banning outdoor music festivals, weakening gun-control laws and allowing corporal punishment in schools. Yet according to the FBI, he had a long history of cruising Washington's gay bars and allegedly paid for sex with young men on dozens of occasions.

Bauman saw his villains clearly. For instance, while serving in the Maryland Senate, he refused to vote on a commendation award for a local resident, actress Beatrice Arthur of *Maude*. Because that TV show occasionally dealt with abortion, divorce, rape and homosexuality, Bauman claimed he didn't like the image she portrayed.

Until his embarrassing fall from grace, he was chairman of the right-wing American Conservative Union (ACU). This group is a pack of do-gooders who almost make the Moral Majority look like debauched swingers by comparison.

A staunch Catholic, a member of the American and Maryland bar associations and an active participant in many social and service clubs, the 44-year-old father of four was the perfect choice to head the ACU. He likes to call himself the "Attack Dog" of the New Right, drawing selective attention to the "loose morals" of Congressional liberals.

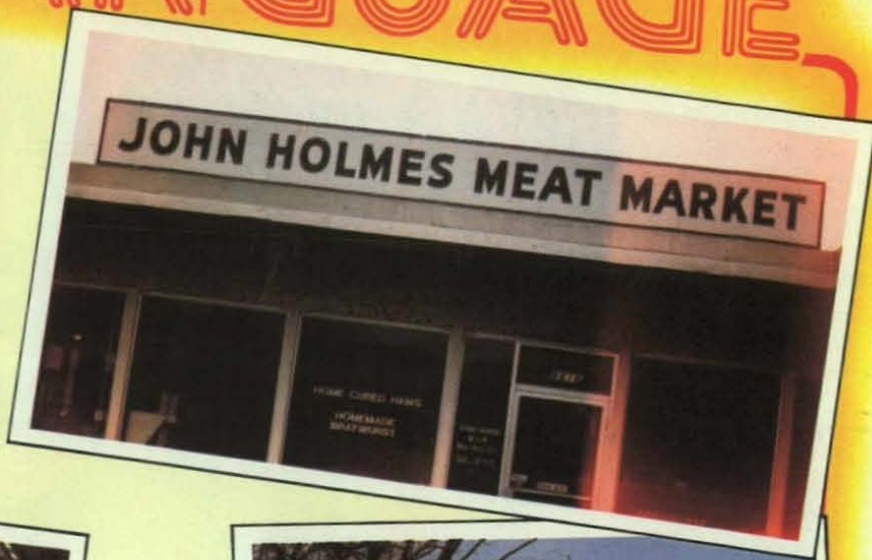
As Bauman sees things, sexually permissive radicals, perverts, leftists and Communists are destroying this nation by glorifying drug addiction, illicit sex and anti-family attitudes. He feels it is his duty to speak up for the God-fearing, hardworking, righteous, true-blooded Americans such as himself who are sick and tired of what is happening in this country. One bill Bauman vehemently opposed provided funds for legal-service lawyers who take on cases involving homosexual rights.

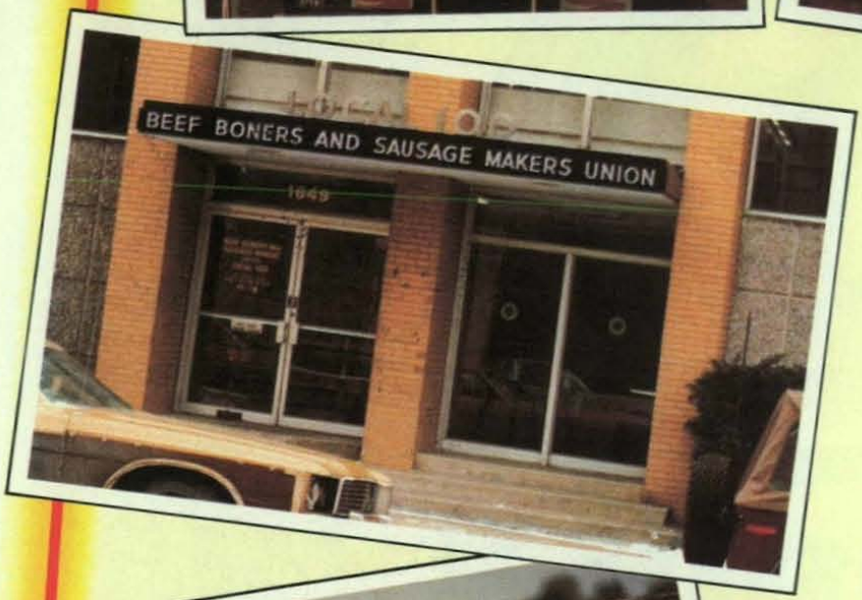
Bauman's downfall came last October when he was arrested in Washington, D.C., for allegedly soliciting sexual favors from a 16-year-old boy. He went before the media and admitted his "homosexual tendencies," explaining it was drinking that made him do it—a worn-out excuse increasingly popular among politicians. You'd think common sense would have made him drop out of the election less than six weeks away. He didn't . . . and lost.

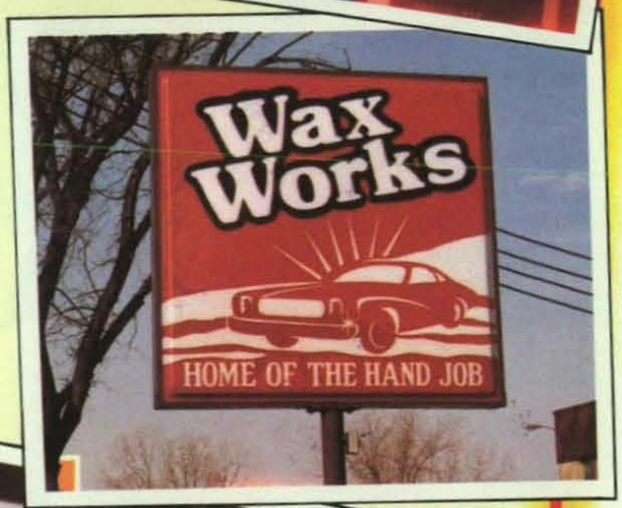
Even with the smear of soliciting sex from a teenager on his record, 48% of the people in his district still went to the polls and voted for Bauman. Those constituents obviously felt that attacking drugs, pornography, sexual perversion, abortion and anything else that smacks of freedom of expression was far more relevant than his personal homosexual involvement with a minor.

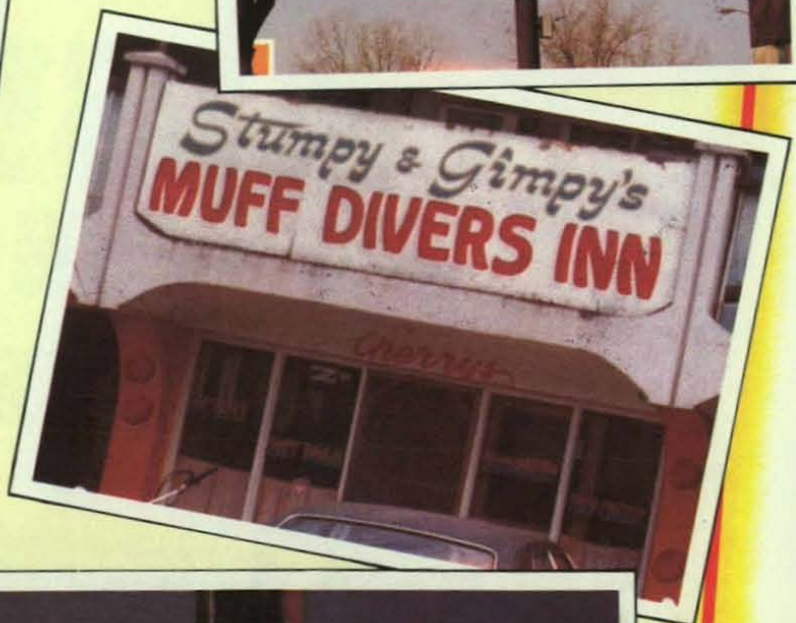
Bauman recently announced plans to run for office again in 1982; according to HUSTLER's sources in the nation's capital, his chances look very good. Americans have grown used to hypocrites in public office. But if Robert E. Bauman's kind of slimy conduct is overlooked and he returns to office, we are in for a sad, sad future.

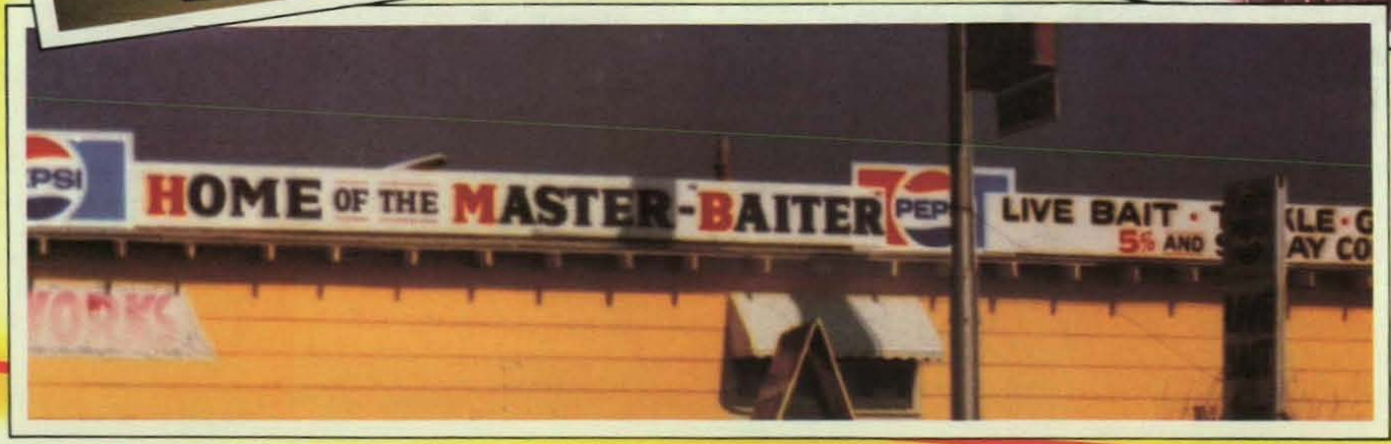
SIGN LANGUAGE











Don't Look in the Cabinet

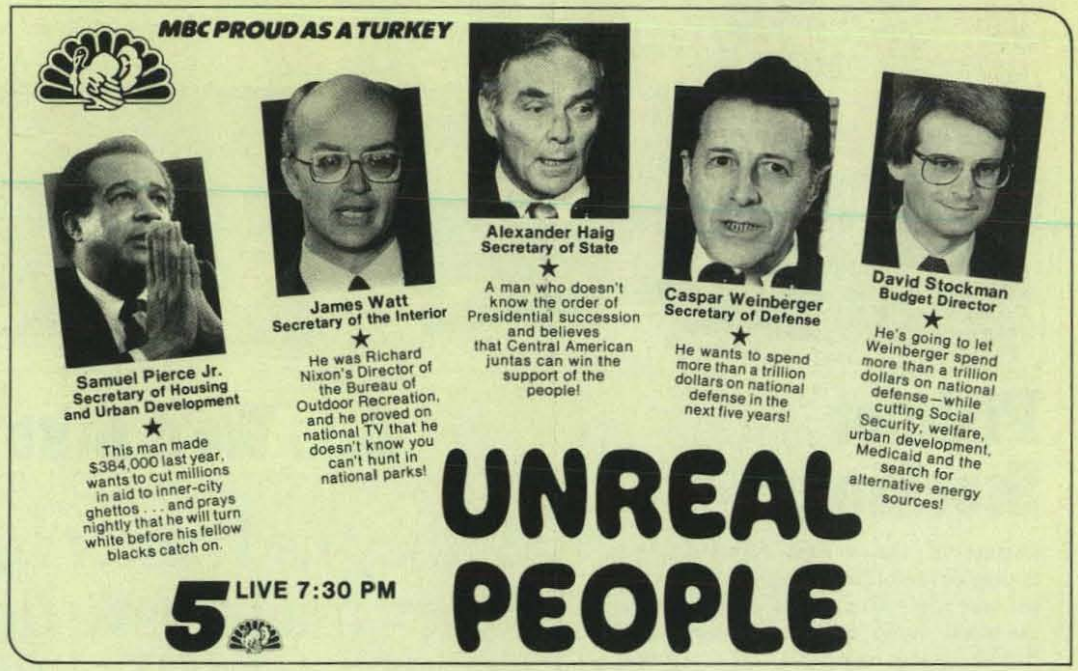
Selling arms to Red China, cutting back school-lunch programs, basing radar planes in Saudi Arabia, backing the El Salvadoran dictatorship—these are just a few of the highlights of the Reagan Administration. What kind of people are making key decisions like these? Are they for real?

They sure are, and they're called the Cabinet. President Reagan has surrounded himself with the sort of men who'd make any political humorist totally ecstatic. Plus, these crazy guys would be great material for the new television season's round of "incredible people" shows.

But remember, don't try these politically foolhardy stunts at home—they're incredibly dangerous!

...that has twice suffered near ...tinction but now thrives to make its annual migration from the Arctic regions to Baja California.
(7) MOVIE—Comedy
"Lost and Found" (PG) See 12:05 A.M. for details (1 hr., 45 min.)
4:45 (22) NEWS

...VOICE IN THE ...DERNESS—In Korean
(24) COSMOS—Science
Sec. 9:30 P.M. (60 min.)
(28) SOCCER
(40) REX HUMBARD—In Spanish
(50) SHATTERER OF WORLDS —Documentary



Late Release

They're back! The gang that topped the charts for 444 days has finally put out an album. *Khomeini and the 52 Hostages' Greatest Hits* is a record of the most stupendous crisis in recent history! Tunes like "Emotional Rescue," "You Really Got Me" and "Town Without Pity" will have you tapping your foot and shaking your fist. Take a walk down painful memory lane as the Ayatollah leads the hostages through forced renditions of *your* favorite songs. You'll be *captive*-ated!

Coming Soon!

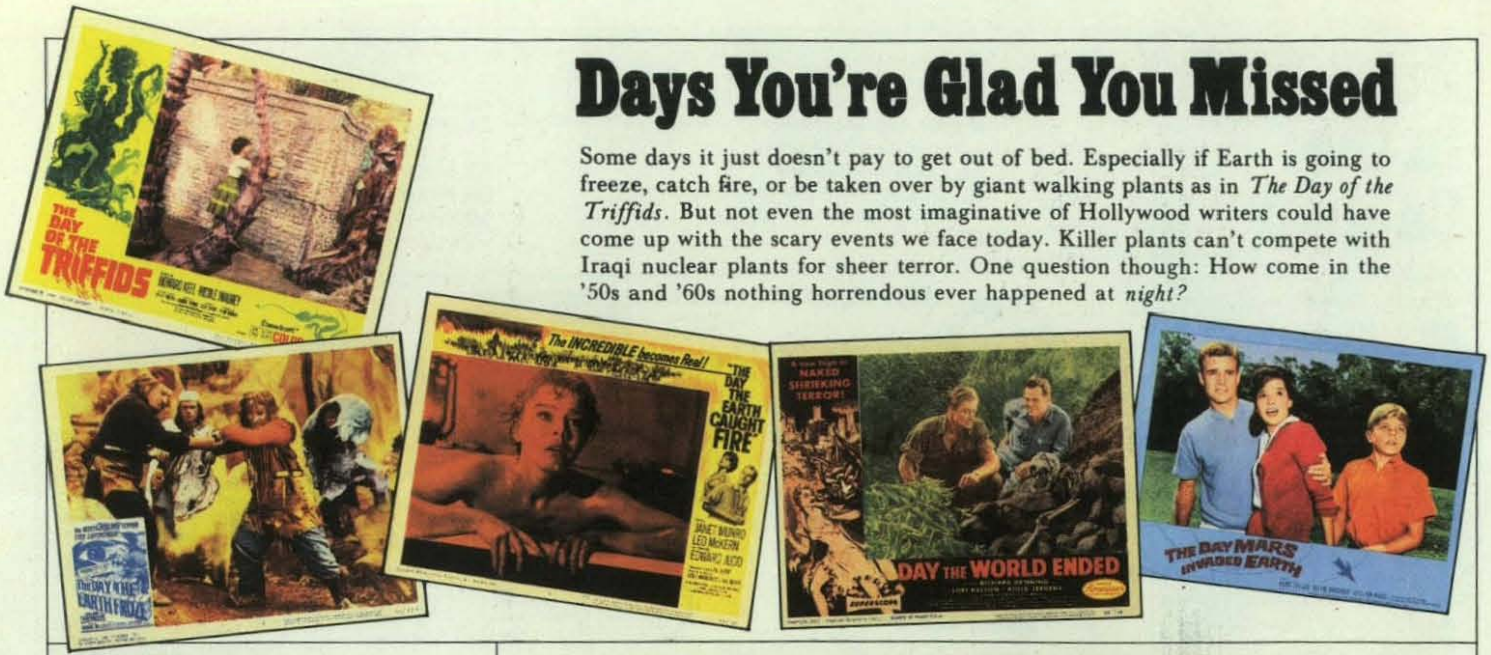
Spring isn't the only time when young men's fancies turn to thoughts of love. Now you can enjoy sizzling love fantasies in the fall with the first issue of LOVERS.

It's a collection of the hottest couples ever to appear in the pages of HUSTLER and CHIC Magazines doing what couples do best—making love. And there's no fantasy left uncovered, from the raw eroticism of domination to the soft, romantic moments of a young Desiree Cousteau and her black stud together on a secluded beach.

Take a peek into 12 private encounters by picking up a copy of LOVERS at your local newsstand. Or have it mailed directly to your home by sending $3.95 plus $1 postage and handling to Flynt Distributing Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067).

Days You're Glad You Missed

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. Especially if Earth is going to freeze, catch fire, or be taken over by giant walking plants as in *The Day of the Triffids*. But not even the most imaginative of Hollywood writers could have come up with the scary events we face today. Killer plants can't compete with Iraqi nuclear plants for sheer terror. One question though: How come in the '50s and '60s nothing horrendous ever happened at *night?*



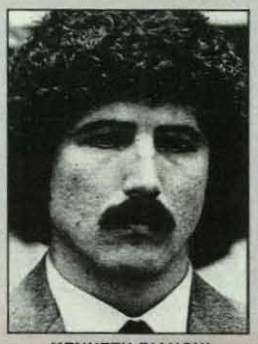
Fishnet Stockings

HUSTLER likes to keep its readers abreast of the newest fashions. And thanks to the bizarre imagination of contributor Curt Hoppe, we can show you the latest things in ladies' hosiery—fish. But someone ought to tell Curt that women's sexy legwear is meant to catch men, not trout.

Still, there is one interesting possibility. We'd like to see what happens when the fish head upstream. It could bring a whole new meaning to the word *spawning*!

Ads We'd Like to See

If they had better complexions, they might have dated girls... not killed them.



KENNETH BIANCHI
HILLSIDE STRANGLER

RICHARD SPECK
NURSE KILLER

DAVID BERKOWITZ
SON OF SAM

Pimples hurt. But the damage they do is more than skin-deep. Acne can leave emotional scars too. For every girl who calls you "pizza-face," you might kill five. Stop pimples with Clear-a-cell before you do something rash.

Clear·a·cell®

Neatness Doesn't Count

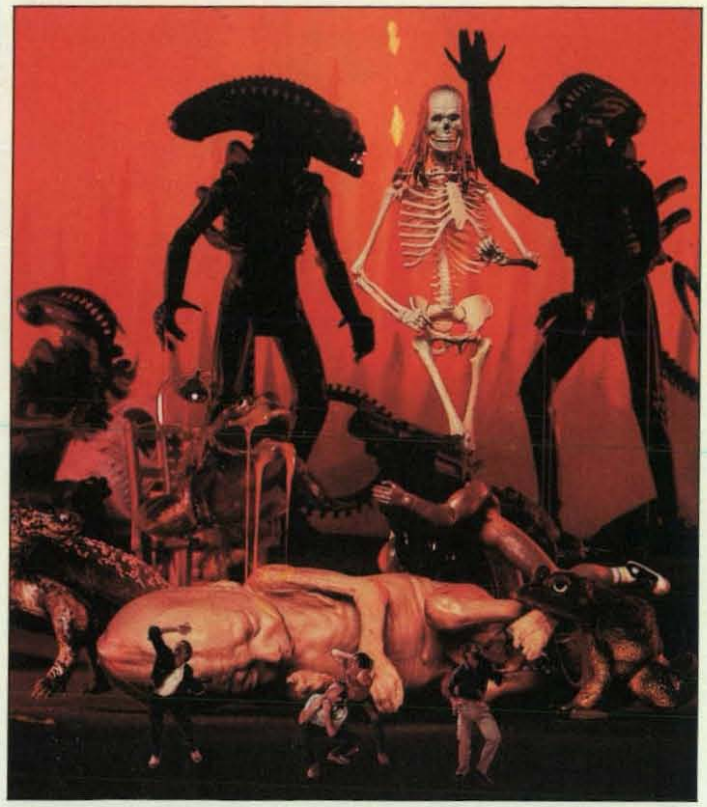
No, these aren't two candidates for President. These gents are supposedly testing guns for that wacky French humor magazine *Hara-Kiri* (10, rue des Trois-Portes, Paris, France 75005). Judging the firearms by the amount of damage done, the tester on the left says his wounds only "tickle." The guy on the right is much more positive. "At least one can *feel* something," he says about the effect of his gun.

Clearly, terrorist violence and assassination attempts are taking their toll on the conscience of European satirists. And *Hara-Kiri* always prefers the straightforward approach to satire, rather than riddles.

News Leak

Here's a newsletter that's bound to piss you off—and that's just what it wants. *The Sprinkle Report* is a 16-page collection of piss photos, cartoons and articles edited by none other than porn star Annie Sprinkle. She relieves herself regularly throughout the paper, spouting philosophy on the artistic nature of urine. It's bound to excite the kind of people who have mirrors over their toilets.

If any of you pee freaks out there are interested, you can write to The Filangieri Foundation (132 West 24th Street, New York, New York 10011). It's $12 a copy; so don't piss your bucks away and lose out.



Sweet Dreams

People often ask us how we can sleep at night with all the weird things we do in *Bits & Pieces*. As we've explained before, we show up the hypocrisy in life. Whether we're making fun of racial stereotypes or poking at political figures, it's all to help you see through the bullshit . . . and make you laugh too.

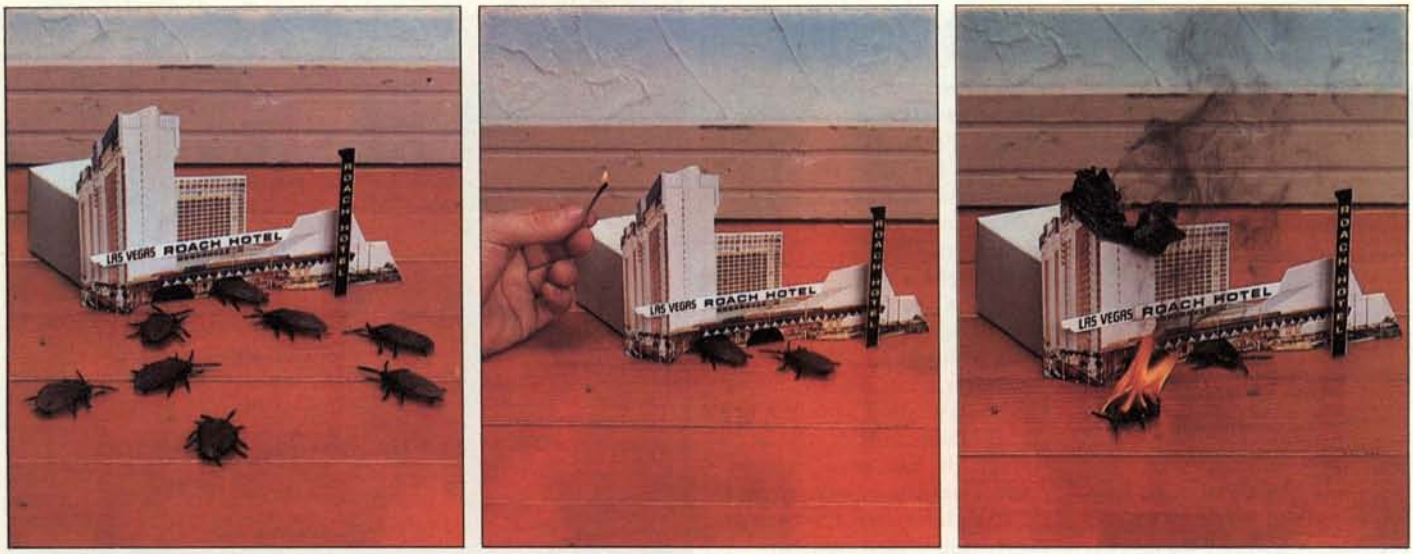
We do have some strange dreams though. It's sort of like going to bed after eating an anchovy-pepperoni-onion pizza and a double hot-fudge sundae. But the dreams we have after working on centerfolds make up for it.

Warning Signs

A letter published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* suggested that examining doctors write notes on patients' skin before an operation. Two California medical researchers, Janet Peyton and Dr. Harvey Cain, are urging surgeons to write phrases such as "Not this side" to avoid embarrassing mistakes and possible lawsuits.

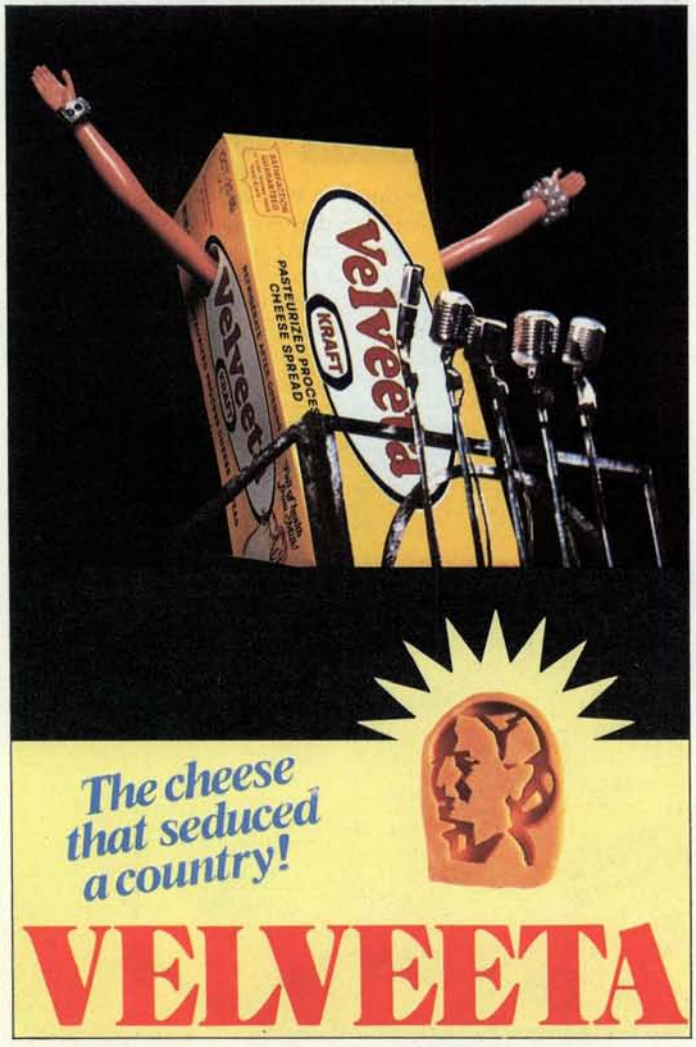
Those of you who read our June article *Hospital Horrors* know that doctors' mistakes are not as rare as they'd like you to believe. Considering some of the stupidity that passes for surgical procedure, we wouldn't be surprised to see a patient marked up like this.

Remember, 50% of all physicians graduated in the bottom half of their class!



Check out Time

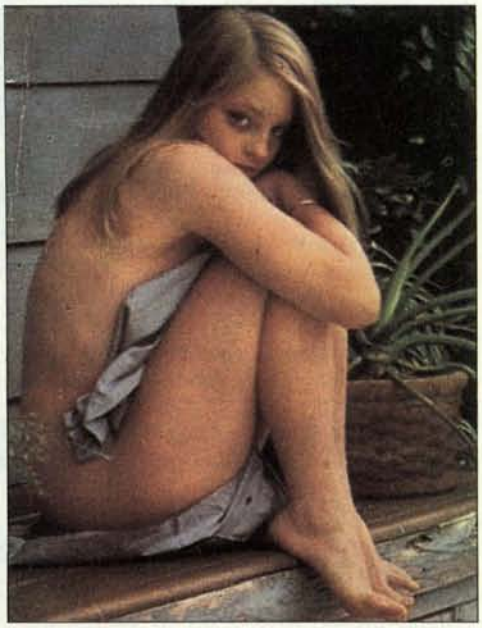
Don't be cheap and send your roaches to a sleazy place like the Black Flag Motel. Add a little style to your extermination with a first-rate Las Vegas Roach Hotel! All you do is advertise entertainment like Tick Shawn, Flyza Minnelli, Lena Hornet or Charroach; let the place fill up with bored roaches . . . and set it on fire. Why gamble with cheap imitations? The Las Vegas-hotel method has proved itself a death trap time after time.



Lay It on Thick

Stand back, Jalapeno! Why hasn't Madison Avenue thought of this parody of the hit musical *Evita*? If this ad doesn't cut the mustard, at least it cuts the cheese.

Foster Child



We were surprised to find this shot of Jodie Foster in Brazil's *Manchete* magazine (Bloch Editores S.A., Rua do Russell, 766, CEP 22,210, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil). Although she has portrayed racy characters in *Taxi Driver* and *Bugsy Malone*, we weren't aware of any cheesecake posing. With the popularity of such unripened starlets as Brooke Shields and Tatum O'Neal, we suppose an artsy photograph like this won't affect Jodie's reputation or career. But is she enough to kill for? We'll take a HUSTLER Honey any time!

Incredible Hunk!

We're green too—with envy! Take a look at long-time *Bits & Pieces* contributor Jerry Aibel. Our "man of a thousand cocks" may be a few hundred pounds shy of that other incredible character, but what Jerry lacks in bulk he more than makes up for in one other department.

Just check out that fantastic wig!

HUSTLER'S Political Porn Quiz

Put your thinking caps on; here are ten tough questions about the sex lives and attitudes of some of America's most prominent statesmen. We've given you the faces, but you've got to come up with the names. Don't cheat—you could end up in politics!

1. Which nominee for the United States Supreme Court was rejected by Congress and subsequently arrested for attempting to touch a police officer's pee-pee in Tallahassee, Florida?

2. Which famous and happily married New York governor and U.S. Vice President suffered a fatal heart attack while visiting the apartment of a young, single woman?

3. Which member of the House of Representatives was caught performing a homosexual act in the bathroom stall of a government building in Washington, D.C.?

4. Which congressman from Ohio received and offered sexual favors from a secretary who couldn't type?

5. Which President from the Deep South admitted in a men's magazine that he lusted in his heart?

6. Which alcoholic congressman from Arkansas dated the high-diving stripper Fanne Foxe?

7. Which Abscam-stung congressman had a wife who left him and bared her tits in a men's magazine?

8. Which Secretary of Agriculture said, "All they [blacks] want is tight pussy, loose shoes and a warm place to shit"?

9. Which often-clumsy President was such a ladies' man that on two occasions he was the target of female would-be assassins?

10. Name five American political figures you'd trust in bed with your wife or youngest son.

ANSWERS: 1. G. Harrold Carswell. 2. Nelson Rockefeller. 3. Jon Hinson. 4. Wayne Hays. 5. Jimmy Carter. 6. Wilbur Mills. 7. John Jenrette. 8. Earl Butz. 9. Gerald Ford. 10. We can't think of any either.

HUSTLER Update

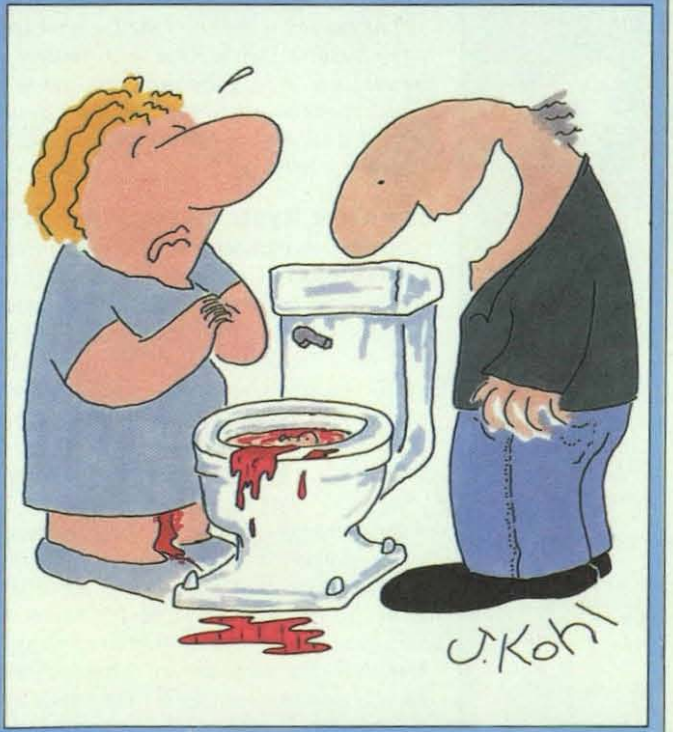
THE KLAN RISES AGAIN
April '81

In that issue, HUSTLER documented the startling rebirth of the Ku Klux Klan, whose white-racist members are running for public office, recruiting youngsters and stockpiling weapons in preparation for guerrilla warfare. Now it's reported that several Klansmen were among ten mercenaries arrested in New Orleans for conspiring to overthrow the government of Dominica, a tiny nation in the Caribbean. Authorities said the indicted Klansmen—among them, Stephen Don Black, head of a splinter faction called the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan—were promised that if the coup was successful, the KKK would be rewarded with territory on the island for use as an international training base and a hideout for Klansmen fleeing U.S. police.

SCIENCE VS. RELIGION
August '81

That report examined the bitter clash between adherents of evolution—which contends all life evolved from a common ancestor over billions of years—and creationists, a small but growing band of Fundamentalists who believe God created the world in less than a week. A dozen persons have filed suit, challenging an Arkansas law requiring that the teaching of evolution in schools be balanced by the teaching of creationism. The plaintiffs, including Jewish, Catholic and Protestant leaders, claim the law violates the Constitutional separation of Church and State.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



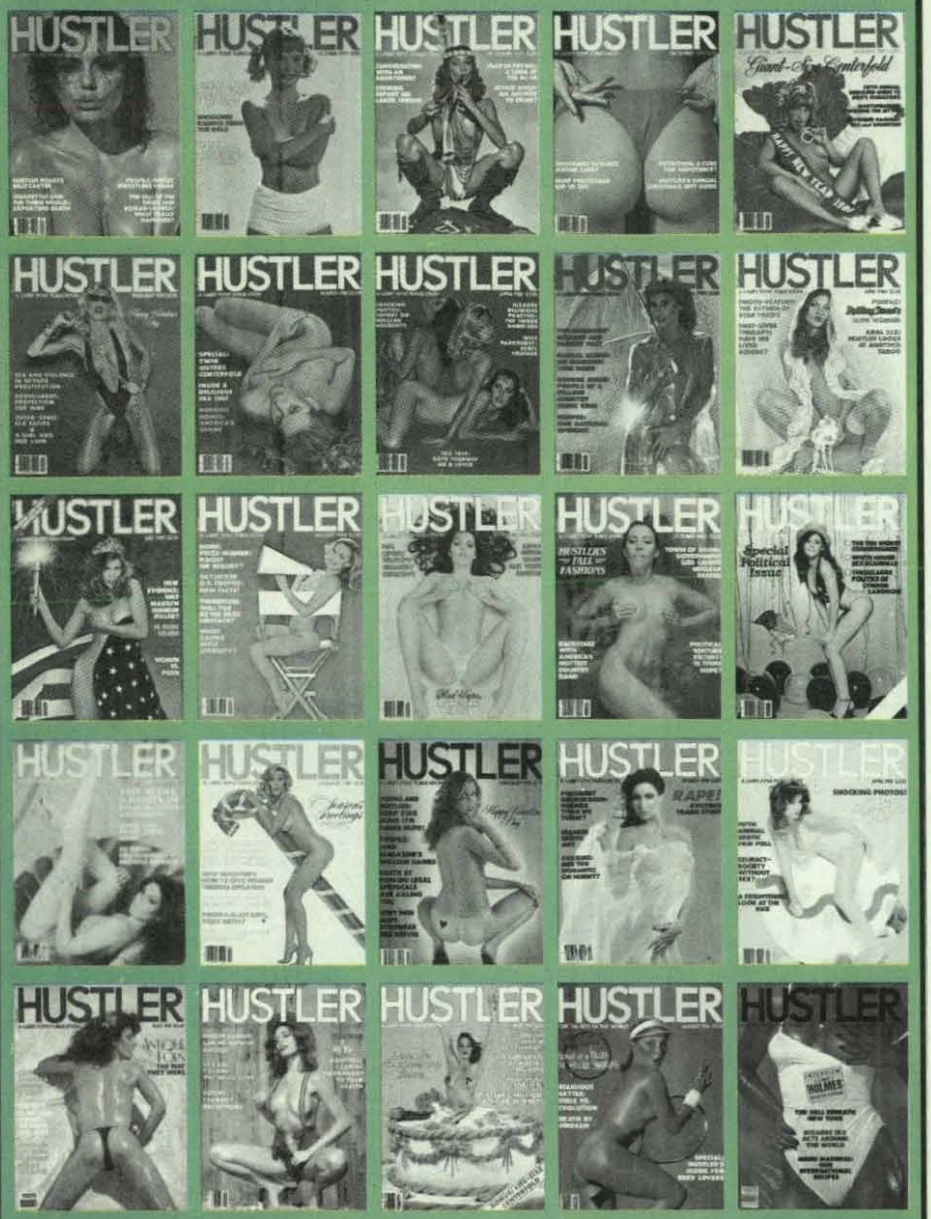
"Hey! It's got my nose!!"

A Matter of Gravity

We're not sure which part we'd rather have the T-shirt cover, but we'd like to take this opportunity to remind you that gravity affects all things equally. If you look like this, see a doctor.

Contributors *HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material submitted for publication, but we will return original artwork on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For October, $150 and thanks to Jerry Aibel and Curt Hoppe.*

BACK ISSUES



We still have a limited supply of back issues from the months listed below . . . Just fill out the coupon:

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

years now. Although I've had sex with others, she never has messed around—and says she doesn't want to. Our problem is, she just lies there during intercourse. She never initiates sex, she never moves when we're fucking, and she doesn't moan. She hardly seems to respond at all. When I try to find out if there is something wrong, she just says that everything is great and that she hopes she's making me happy. Well, even though I love her, the situation is driving me nuts. What can I do? —J. L.
Newark, New Jersey

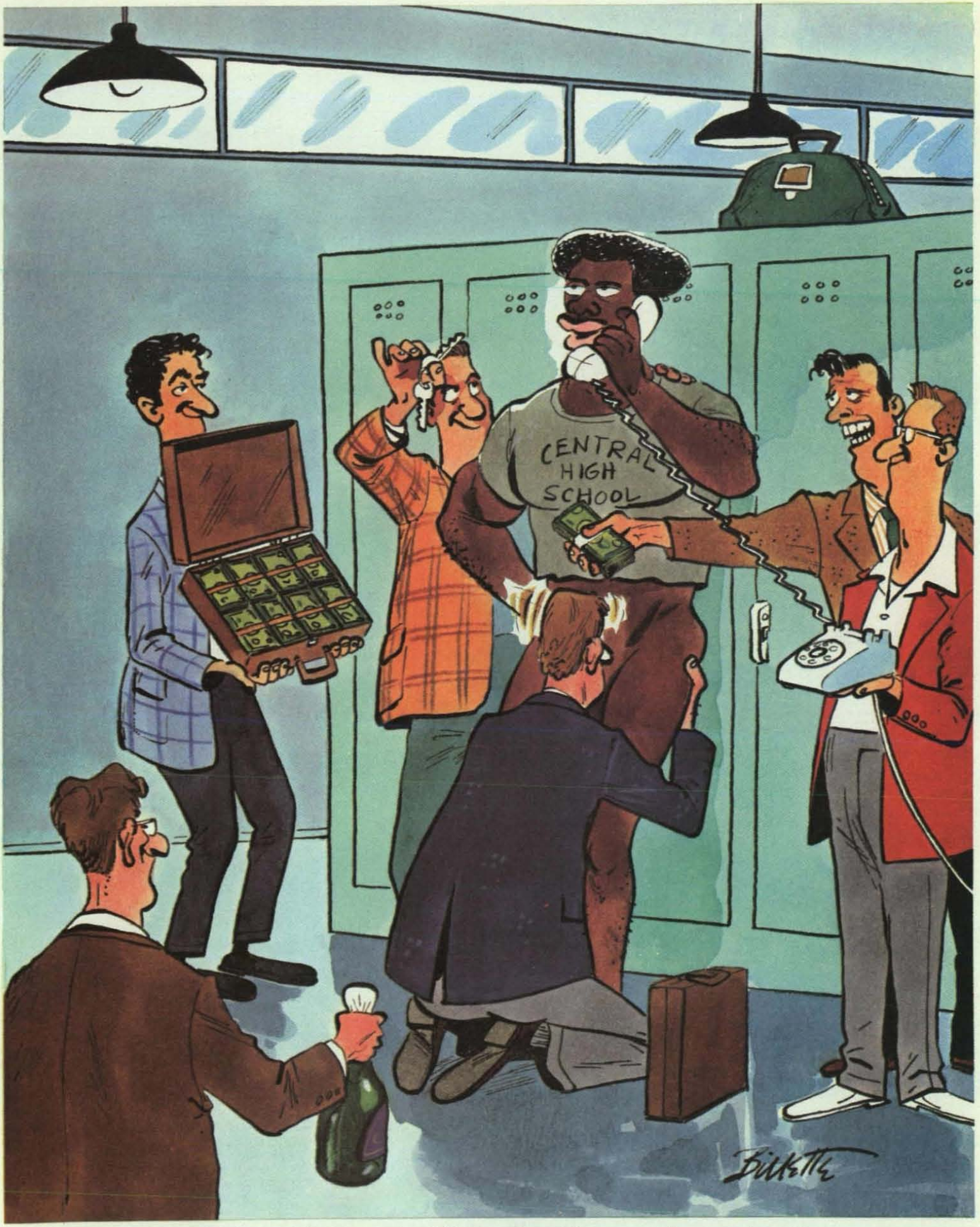
Since you are sexually more experienced, you should take the initiative and sit down with her some afternoon or evening (not right before or after sex) and talk about your relationship. Tell her that you love her but are not happy with your sexual relationship, and that you want to start changing it. Try to find out what her attitude about sex is and how much she knows. (If her knowledge is really limited, buy a good book about sexuality and read it with her—something like The Joy of Sex by Alex Comfort.)

When you make love, start telling her exactly what you'd like her to do. For example, show her how to move her hips and then ask her to do it, adding specific instructions (such as going faster or slower). Also make her ask for one specific thing she feels comfortable with—having her breasts stroked, being kissed for a long time, or whatever. Eventually, she'll be able to ask for oral sex and other sexual variations.

The key in all of this is not to expect overnight wonders. You'll have to be patient. If you continue to have problems, ask her to see a sex therapist with you. With continued support and encouragement she'll probably become a great lover.

Sex After Hysterectomy: I am a 45-year-old woman who is about to have a hysterectomy. I am very worried about not having orgasms after the operation. A friend of mine told me she doesn't enjoy sex anymore, and she says her hysterectomy was responsible. Is there any way to avoid this happening to me? —D. D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A hysterectomy—in and of itself—generally won't deprive a woman of her ability to attain orgasm. But if a woman's sexuality is linked in her mind with having babies, she may have trouble coming after undergoing the procedure. Yet many women—freed of childbearing concerns—enjoy sex even more after this surgery. In other words, there are usually no definite physical reasons for a reduced ability to experience orgasm after a hysterectomy—only mental or emotional ones.



"I'll be home late after school, Mama. The college recruiters are here."

AFTER A HARD DAY–IT'S HUSTLER TIME

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

A Girl's Best Friend

Produced by Robert Sumner; directed by Henri Pachard; written by Joel Bender; starring Juliet Anderson, Veronica Hart, Merle Michaels, Jody Maxwell, Samantha Fox, Ron Jeremy, Richard Bolla and Bobby Astyr.

Some adult movies are like diamonds in the rough. They have a certain value, yet lack the necessary finishing touches. *A Girl's Best Friend*, however, is the real thing: a smoothly polished gem of a film that sparkles with wit, charm, grace and beauty from the opening frame to the end.

Best Friend is the marvelously demented tale of a mother-and-son team of jewel thieves (Juliet Anderson and Ron Jeremy) who weasel their way into the jet set, hoping to lay their larcenous hands on three exquisitely matched diamonds. The tactics employed by this diabolical duo are simple: One of the pair distracts the rightful owner of the jewels by screwing his or her brains out while the other hits the safe.

Jeremy scores the first stone as Anderson takes on a kinky count (Richard Bolla) in his Paris apartment. Then Anderson five-fingers the second from the Mediterranean villa of a wealthy widow, with Jeremy entertaining the woman and her daughter upstairs.

Despite the ease with which they obtain the first two gems, the third seems nowhere to be found. So the pair reluctantly returns home to New York. At this point, *Best Friend* changes from an erotic, humorous production into a sizzling movie packed with brilliant lunacy.

Bobby Astyr checks jewel thief Juliet Anderson's private gem in 'Friend.'

This transformation is triggered when Anderson meets a multimillionaire klutz (Bobby Astyr) while cruising for new victims in a discotheque. As it turns out, Astyr owns the third jewel. Once Anderson wangles an invitation to his annual masquerade ball and orgy, she thinks the diamond is in the bag. But the unexpected appearance of Bolla and the widow at the bash presents a formidable obstacle—one only the love between a mother and son can overcome. While Jeremy and Anderson are locked in an erotic embrace to hide their true identities, another thief (Veronica Hart) surprises them by making off with the diamond herself.

Everything about *A Girl's Best Friend* should be expressed in superlatives. Thanks to a witty script and expert direction, the movie is credible, fast-moving and tasteful. Larry Revene's cinematography is truly stunning, and the elaborate costuming and set design are equally magnificent.

While the entire cast deserves praise for fine performances, special credit must go to Ron Jeremy. In the role of the thieving son, Jeremy demonstrates a great deal of dramatic versatility, proving he's more than just a porn comic with amazing sexual talents. He really can act.

If you like imaginative sex, good acting and lots of humor in adult films, you'll love *A Girl's Best Friend*. —*Jim Heinisch*

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.

Amanda by Night

Produced by Harold Lime and Neil Wescott; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Veronica Hart, Jamie Gillis, Lisa DeLeeuw, Samantha Fox, Richard Bolla, Ron Jeremy, Frank Hollawell, Michael Morrison, Lee Carroll, Jon Martin, Eric Edwards, Brooke West, Joe Caine, Nicole Noir and Mai Lin.

Here's a definite contender for the "Best Adult Film of the Year" award. *Amanda by Night* has all the elements of a good made-for-TV thriller: There's bureaucratic corruption, violence, drugs, intrigue, treachery, good guys and bad guys . . . plus some damn fine sex scenes.

Amanda tells the story of a dissatisfied, high-class call girl (Veronica Hart) who winds up in the middle of a murder investigation—and targeted for death herself—when a sister hooker turns up dead. The action begins when Hart's pimp (Jamie Gillis) asks for a favor. It seems one of Gillis's customers, a city councilman into

S&M (Frank Hollawell), is looking for a couple of girls to give him some kicks.

Because Hart is trying hard to get out of the business, she refuses at first. Gillis is insistent, though, and the call girl finally consents to contact her associates (Lisa DeLeeuw and Samantha Fox), who jump at the chance to make some big bucks.

Unfortunately, DeLeeuw is new to this game. After playing the dominator, she hurls insults at the VIP as both are lounging around his swimming pool. "You call that sex?" she challenges. "What's that shit got to do with sex?" Since Fox has already split, the councilman responds by knocking DeLeeuw unconscious, and she drowns. Quickly realizing the body of a hooker in his pool could prove embarrassing, the politician arranges to have it removed to a nearby beach, where it's discovered the next morning.

The detective assigned to the case (Richard Bolla) is a real Columbo type: a little slovenly, cagey as hell, but as pure as the Pope. When he starts his investigation, he runs across two vice cops (Ron Jeremy and Michael Morrison) shaking down a massage parlor, and he quickly puts an end to that. The grateful masseuse gives him a lead that takes him to Hart's front door. Initially, she's reluctant to talk to the police, but after Fox dies from a drug overdose and Gillis is murdered as well, Hart realizes she's next in line and agrees to act as a decoy to flush the killer out from hiding.

Since *Amanda by Night* is a real white-knuckler, we won't reveal all the twists and turns the flick takes before it comes to a gripping climax. The film derives much of its power by avoiding stereotypes. The characters have depth and feelings, developing as the movie progresses. And, rather than being merely gratuitous, the sex action truly enhances the plot.

But don't take that wrong: There's plenty of sex in *Amanda by Night*, and most of it is first-rate. Even without the explicit scenes, however, this picture would be a success on its dramatic merits alone. Everyone involved deserves a hearty round of applause.

Amanda is a far-too-rare example of what *can* be done in the adult-film industry. We hope those filmmakers still grinding out hack garbage will take heed and clean up their acts. They—and you—should see *Amanda by Night*. You'll never be satisfied with a lesser production again. *—J. H.*

Flash

Produced and directed by Jack Genero; written by Michael Stott; starring Hillary Summers, Raven Turner, Jane Lindsay, Mike Eyke, Connie Peterson, Don Bruce, Tommy LaRoc, Lloyd Allen, Lance De White, Bob Turner and Honey Pott.

A terror-struck Hillary Summers is fit to be tied in 'Flash.'

Flash is one of the new breed of hard-core movies that provide explicit sex and attempt to entertain the viewer with a coherent storyline as well. While others in the genre may have been more successful, *Flash* is nevertheless a welcome break from the "slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am" type of film that's infected the adult-entertainment industry for so many years.

Flash tells the story of a sexy skin photographer (Hillary Summers) who inadvertently stumbles into an extortion scheme involving a politician's daughter (Jane Lindsay) and a no-good porn publisher (Mike Eyke).

It seems Eyke has acquired some film loops of Lindsay fucking and sucking a couple of greasers—home-style footage made when the young woman was a hapless 17-year-old runaway. Since Lindsay's dad has just been elected governor, Eyke figures correctly that the films are worth a fortune, and he goes to the daughter to ask for just that.

Enter Summers, who we first meet en route to the airport to pick up her best friend (Raven Turner). Along the way she stops for a quick lube job from a chauffeur, and—between strokes—happens to notice two thugs escorting Lindsay from a bank as if she's being taken hostage. Instinctively, Summers grabs her Nikon and starts shooting away. Unknown to her, however, one of the thugs has spotted her, and he follows her car to retrieve the tell-tale film.

From this point, *Flash* accelerates at a pace that matches its title. There's a murder, a kidnapping, a surprise revelation of the real villain, some sex, another kidnapping, some more sex, a photo session, another murder and some impressive aerial stunts—including a blowjob at 10,000 feet.

But, in fact, all of this action tends to blunt the movie's overall impact. The characters never get much of an opportunity to fully develop, while the sex is hurried and, on the whole, definitely of the sleazy kind.

There are a couple of genuinely erotic scenes, though, and the ambitious screenplay (written by the late Michael Stott, a onetime editor of this column) shows a great deal of erotic potential. And for those viewers who make it two-thirds of the way through the film, *Flash*'s finale is a real gut-wrencher well worth the wait. *—J. H.*

Lisa DeLeeuw, Frank Hollawell and Samantha Fox are hell-bent for leather in the sex mystery 'Amanda.'

Tinseltown

Produced and directed by Carter Stevens; starring Danielle Ray, Loni Henderson, Ashley Brooks, Eric Edwards,

In the role of a big-time movie producer, 'Tinseltown's' Eric Edwards grants an audition to Ashley Brooks.

David Rosen, Randy West, Bill Margold and Joe Claussen.

What do casting couches, kinky sex, lies, depravity and lust have in common? They are all part of *Tinseltown*, a raunchy, irreverent film that attempts to lay bare the Hollywood myth and prove there's still one place where a *good* hooker can make it to the top.

As *Tinseltown* opens, we meet the narrator—a jaded Hollywood gossip columnist—explaining the ropes to a cub reporter. To best illustrate how the industry's "glamour" affects people, he begins to recount the stories of three women caught up in the silver-screen madness . . . and *Tinseltown* is off to a lackluster start.

The first girl introduced is Danielle Ray, marvelously cast as a buxom bimbo from Oklahoma who hits Hollywood with stars in her eyes, yearning to make it as an actress. But since she has less talent than Farrah Fawcett (without Farrah's looks), Ray winds up in the clutches of agent Morty Green (Bill Margold). He's affectionately known around town as "Pimp to the Stars."

The second girl is Loni Henderson, playing a UCLA acting student who tells her drama coach (Joe Claussen) that she wants a job "without having to fuck everyone in Southern California." However, she too falls prey to a bad guy and—in the words of the narrator—is "drawn to her fate like a moth to a flame, with just about the same consequences." Her fate, it appears, is to spend her career in fourth-rate porn movies, fucking everybody in sight just to keep working.

The third gal is a hooker with a heart of stone (Ashley Brooks) who has absolutely no interest in prostituting her talents for a crack at stardom. She's a high-priced call girl and quite content with what she does—which she does quite well. So well, in fact, that when she takes on a big movie producer (Eric Edwards) as one of her tricks, he offers her a screen test. Edwards has spotted in Brooks something he refers to as "magnetism," a quality he believes is more important than acting ability. Brooks submits to the test and begins a meteoric career as a superstar.

Like all of Carter Stevens's movies, *Tinseltown* is a no-frills, get-down-and-get-dirty film that lampoons just about everything. There's consistent, wall-to-wall sex and plenty of laughs. Unfortunately, the rotten acting is equally consistent, and sometimes it's hard to tell whether you're laughing with the film or at it. While there are some genuinely funny lines and maybe even a moral to *Tinseltown*, the viewer will have to agree with the narrator when he's asked for the "point" of his extended tale.

"What's the point?" he replies. "There is no point. That's the point!" —*J. H.*

Loni Henderson plays an acting student who likes it solo in 'Tinseltown.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Erection

A Scent of Heather
American Pie
Blonde Ambition
Champagne for Breakfast
Exposed
Extreme Close-up
Fascination
Games Women Play
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Kiss and Tell
Neon Nights
Pandora's Mirror
Platinum Paradise
Prisoner of Paradise
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Downstairs, Upstairs
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Randy, the Electric Lady
Same Time Every Year
Seka
Sex Boat
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky
Sweet Cheeks

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Naughty Network
Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Billboard Art

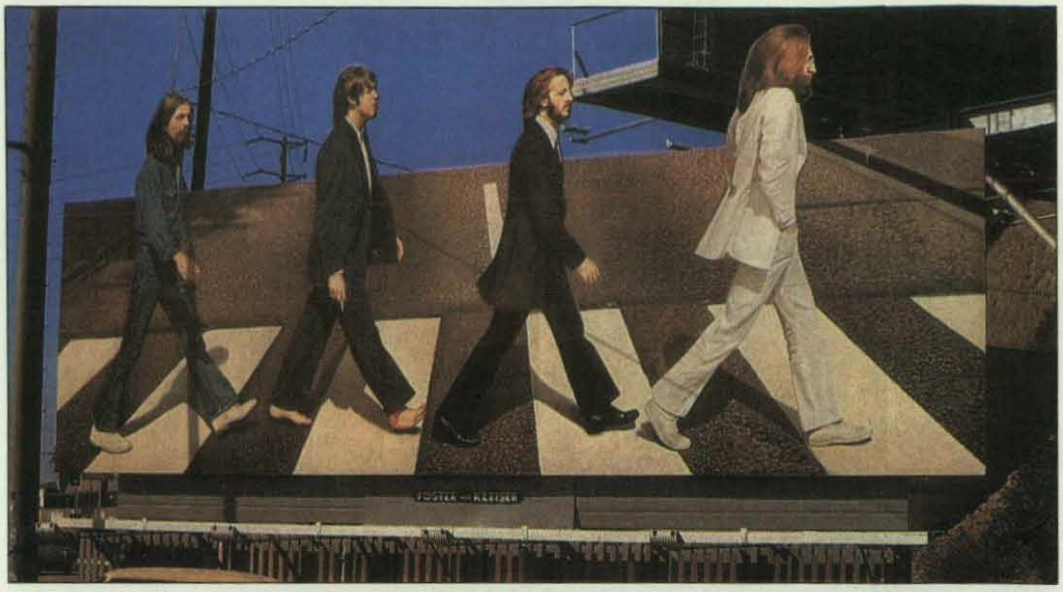
By Sally Henderson and Robert Landau; Chronicle Books, 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94102; $9.95.

Here's a cheerful and interesting book about the history and development of outdoor-advertising art. If you discount the ancient cave paintings of Spain and France (nobody knows what they were really for), the earliest-known outdoor ads were from the Egypt of 3,000 years ago. These included a papyrus announcement for an escaped slave, and stone obelisks placed along roads, plugging the products and services of local merchants. The business, or the art, of outdoor advertising has undergone many changes since then, through the gaslit age to such brand-new developments as solar-powered signs, giant inflatables, and lasers that write messages before your very eyes.

Sally Henderson writes well and engagingly about the evolutions of style brought about by changing technologies, wars, depressions and other social currents. And the book's photographs, with brilliantly reproduced color, keep pace; many were taken by coauthor Landau.

One strength of the photos is that they were not composed as flat-out, full-framed representations of the signs themselves. Rather, nearly all are shot so part of the street scene or landscape is retained. Often the picture is taken from a side or overhead angle, lending a distinct feel of time and place. One particularly amusing photo of two billboards shows a cheerful, golf-club-swinging retiree (advertising a bank) in the background, with a sunburn ointment advertised in the foreground. The girl with the burn looks as if she's about to be clobbered by the old man's drive.

The well-known English artist David Hockney adds a nicely written introduction. All in all, *Billboard Art* is a neat package.



The Beatles cross Abbey Road (top), and a message on Indian-owned land protests the mistreatment of native Americans: 'Billboard Art' reflects the evolution of popular culture and political awareness.

The Family Book About Sexuality

By Mary S. Calderone, M.D., and Eric W. Johnson; Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022; $14.95.

After reading Dr. Thomas Szasz's book *Sex by Prescription* (see Books, April), with its vicious attack on sex education in general and Dr. Mary Calderone in particular, it's interesting to get a careful look at the work of one of his targets.

Dedicated to "those of all ages who love life and each other," *The Family Book About Sexuality* is everything it claims to be: a clear, honest description of sex in all its aspects, written for every member of the family. That means readers of any age who find themselves jolted by anything in *Sexuality* had better worry about their own attitudes, not those expressed in this book. Time and again we are reminded that this volume is a scientific search for what's so—not for what anyone *thinks* is so, or what everybody "knows" just *ain't* so.

Sexuality is arranged as a handbook, with a detailed table of contents and an index. You can quickly locate clear and full accounts of virtually everything involving sex: masturbation, reproduction, bisexuality and homosexuality, erection, birth control and so on. There's also a list of other books for further reading on most of the same subjects. Additionally, you'll find a section called "Sources of Help," naming local, state and national organizations (many with toll-free numbers and 24-hour hotlines) you can turn to in case of trouble or emergency. These counseling groups deal with such problems as rape, venereal disease and abortion.

A special word must be added in praise of the illustrations by Vivian Cohen. She draws with absolute accuracy, and at the same time with a warm naturalism. These are

pictures of real people, whether frontal views of various females in puberty, or a bunch of kids ogling the window of an adult-book shop, or two old people obviously deeply in love, or the passion of a girl for a guy in a wheelchair.

If these are the kinds of things Dr. Szasz is upset about, I am filled with wonder.

Unforgettable Fire

Edited by the Japan Broadcasting Corporation; Pantheon Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; $15.95 hardcover, $7.95 paperback.

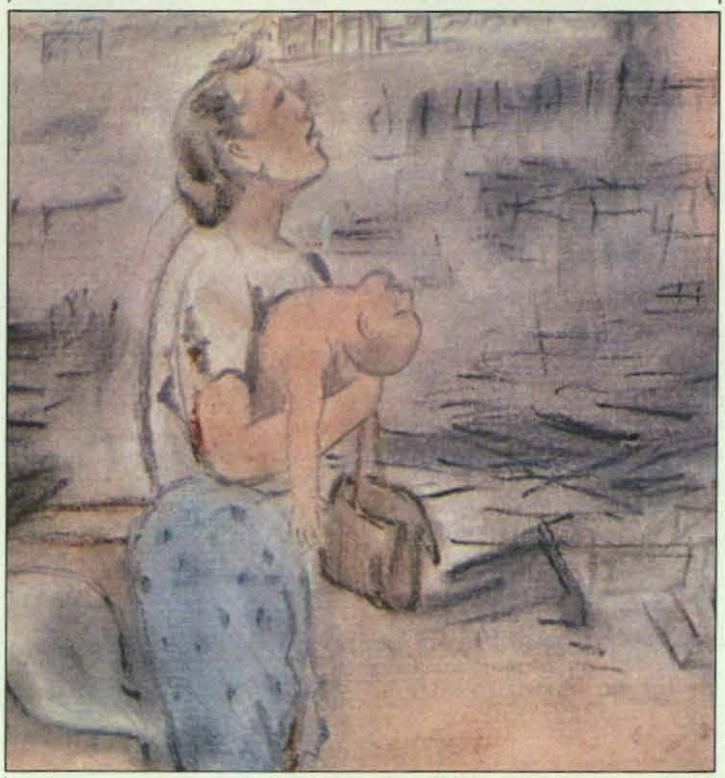
Several years ago there appeared a book of pictures and poems by young children—images of meadows and flowers and open skies and toys and animals. Some teachers had persuaded the kids to create these impressions to keep them busy. They were in a Nazi concentration camp, and later that's where they died.

Not since then has a book had the impact of *Unforgettable Fire*. One day an old man of 77 showed up at a Japanese broadcasting station with a picture he'd drawn of a scene he remembered from the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. (Remembered? He could not forget it!) The drawing was shown on TV, with the announcement that if any others who survived the 1945 blast would send pictures, the station would be glad to show them.

The station got hundreds, all by old people, none by professionals—and they are all the more shattering because of that. They came in on the backs of envelopes, on wrapping paper and on stationery. Their creators used brushes and crayons and markers and pencils—whatever they had. Together, these drawings present an almost-unbearable document of agony and suffering. This book has 104 such images, and while it was at press in Japan, hundreds more came in. The true memory of what it was like on that terrible August morning might have disappeared in one generation but for these pictures; now it never will.

I shall take a privilege here, for the words that follow are my own and not necessarily the opinions of anyone else: *May God damn anyone who hurts the innocent, by swinging a fist or by pushing a button. (That "God damn" is devoutly chosen and is not taken in vain.) May the Lord condemn anyone who knowingly causes such scenes as are depicted in this book.*

Pictures drawn by survivors recall the Hiroshima A-bomb blast, in 'Fire.'



'Unforgettable Fire' movingly depicts the human toll of atomic warfare.

Critical Path

By R. Buckminster Fuller; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; $15.95.

If any person alive deserves to be called a living monument, it is R. Buckminster Fuller. In his 15th book, written in his 85th year, he summarizes his extraordinary life and work—not as an autobiography but as a sharing of his accomplishments. And share them we do. Anyone who has seen or heard about the Houston Astrodome, for instance, owes something to this amazing human being.

Human being? There is something about Fuller that makes you wonder if he isn't really from outer space, someone from an older and wiser and more accomplished culture than anything to be found here. He is deeply involved with us "Earthians," as he calls us. His interests range through technology, politics, philosophy, lifestyle and religion. Yet he stays detached, considering us with a distant, wide-angle view that embraces natural law and human nature's place in Earth's past and future. He seems to maintain this broad vision whether he's designing a cotter pin, or a fireplace, or a plastic dome big enough to hold the cities of Boston or St. Louis.

Reading this book makes you want to summon all those government and industry planners and hit them over the head with it. If they would pay even casual attention to Fuller's ideas about the use and recycling of materials, energy generation and distribution, and especially to what can be called a "rethinking of the impossible," we could look forward to a cleaner, cheaper, safer and more peaceful planet.

Here's just one example of the hundreds of Fuller projects that might seem impossible but really aren't. If a geodesic sphere a half-mile in diameter—made of aluminum framing and a polyethylene skin—were warmed by the sun, the air inside would expand, allowing air to escape through vents. Plastic curtains would close these vents at night, and the sun would heat the air inside again in the daytime.

Fuller's calculations show clearly that a rise of just 1° Fahrenheit inside this sphere would create buoyancy greater than its structural weight, and the sphere would rise. Then it could be made to hang at fixed altitudes thousands of feet over the surface, and be tethered to mountains or drift freely around the world, containing whole towns, laboratories, hotels—you name it. Crazy? Then so is the Astrodome.

One thing is certain: This man, this book and his other works are immortal. Or they will be, as long as there are mortals around to study and remember them, to be reminded of what humans can do. Whether we become wise enough to follow his advice is a different question.

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Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

SEX AND VIOLENCE

by Stephanie Ross

Winston Moseley was cruising through Queens, New York, just after 3 a.m. when he spotted Kitty Genovese. Without hesitating, he parked his white sports car and ran after the young woman, leaped on her back and stabbed her several times. "I've been stabbed!" she screamed. "Please help me!" Across the street, lights blinked on in the window of an apartment building, and a man yelled out, "Let that girl alone!" Moseley retreated to his car.

This story should have ended with kindly neighbors, police cars and ambulances rushing to Genovese's rescue. But that was not to be. Although no fewer than 38 people either heard her cries or witnessed part of the attack, not one came to her aid or even called the police. Instead, Genovese dragged herself toward the entryway of her apartment building, where Moseley returned to accost her again. "She was twisting and turning," he recalled. "I really don't know how many times or where I stabbed her until she was fairly quiet." Then, as the woman lay dying, Moseley raped her.

The 29-year-old business-machine operator later confessed not only to the rape and murder of Genovese, but also to the rape and murder of several other women. While he once went so far as to set fire to the pubic hair of one victim, he preferred fucking them as they lay crippled and silent.

* * *

Sex and violence . . . how have two such different human impulses come to be so frequently intertwined? Is rape a sexual or a violent crime? And why do some men grow up to be rapists?

Very little is understood about the precise connections between sex and violence. Although rape has been around as long as human life itself, almost all efforts to rehabilitate rapists—or even to understand why some men rape—have failed.

Richard T. Rada, an associate professor of psychiatry at the University of New Mexico, explains one of the problems. "Until recently there has been a tendency to view rape as an exclusively sexual offense. It is now generally agreed that the rapist's primary motivation is frequently not sexual, but is often related to aggression, dominance, control and power. Thus, unbridled sexuality seems to be less frequently a motivation than aggression."

But how do psychologists know the rapist is motivated more often by aggression than by sex? Is it merely because this is the current "hip" theory?

A scientific study reported in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* seems to support the aggression theory. Four psychologists found that while a small number of rapists in their test group failed to become sexually aroused by movies depicting mutually enjoyable intercourse, they did get turned on by scenes of forced intercourse, or of aggression alone. One rapist even reported clear disappointment when his victim did not resist his attack, but instead *assisted* him.

Many people have misconceptions about the link between sexually explicit materials and sexual assault. Some feminists, for example, claim pornography is often responsible for that crime.

It simply isn't so. The renowned Kinsey Institute for Sex Research discovered *no* relation between pornography and sex crimes. And attorney Richard Ben-Veniste concurred when he studied the country of Denmark for the 1970 President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.

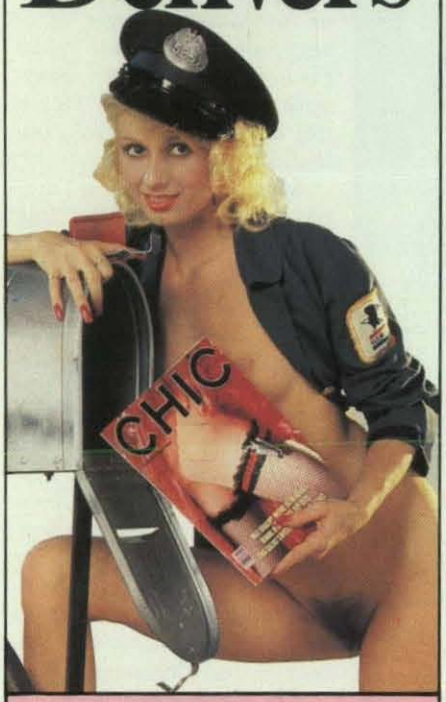
Ben-Veniste reported that erotic materials were very difficult to obtain in Denmark prior to 1967. Since then, however, pornography has been made freely available there, and reported sex crimes have *dropped* sharply.

Indeed, Ben-Veniste's findings were said to disappoint President Richard Nixon because they concluded repeatedly that pornography is more of a sexual release than a stimulant—one that probably does more to *prevent* sex crime than to *cause* it.

Another misconception holds that rapists are unattractive men who, lacking the company of women, go out and rape one. But the facts show rapists cannot be distinguished from other men in terms of physical appearance. Some are unattractive; others are extremely handsome. Several studies have revealed that a significant percentage of rapists are either married at the time of the rape (30-40%), or had once been married (50-60%). Some of the married rapists disclosed having normal sexual relationships with their wives, even while they felt a continuing compulsion to commit sexual assault.

Illustration by Bob Commander

Chic Delivers



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Another myth about rapists involves their degree of sexual dysfunction. It's commonly believed that rapists are unable to maintain an erection either during the act of rape or under normal heterosexual circumstances. This is not entirely true. Sex researchers Wardell Pomeroy, Paul Gebhard and others have not found an unusually high rate of impotence among rapists. But a recent survey confirms some dysfunction during rape itself. In a report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, researchers found that three-fourths of the rapists studied were unable to achieve either penetration or ejaculation. The study concluded that rape can cause a man to have sexual problems he might not otherwise experience and that, in the main, the act is sexually unsatisfying.

Although rape is America's fastest-growing crime—recent statistics show more than 75,000 cases reported each year—no one but the rapist himself can tell precisely why he did it. While some psychologists say men are driven to rape because of poverty, an unstable childhood or low intelligence, some rapists have stable backgrounds, money and high intelligence.

Dr. Park Elliot Dietz of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine says many men who never rape are nevertheless aroused by the fantasy of struggling with a woman in order to achieve coitus. Some, he adds, are able to act this fantasy out in the course of consensual sexual relations.

A number of people also get off by ritualizing acts of violence during sex, a practice known as sadomasochism, or S&M. Though many assume all rapists are sadomasochists at heart, true S&Mers are highly offended by that notion. There is a clear difference between the S&M person—one who's into consensual sex activities such as binding, intimidation and punishment—and the nutcake with a desire to abuse both himself and others against their will.

Dr. James W. Prescott, a renowned developmental neuropsychologist, authored HUSTLER's landmark report on child abuse (October 1977). He believes a child who received physical attention from his parents in a pleasurable way eventually will perceive physical contact, and sex itself, as pleasurable. On the other hand, he says, children who are treated violently might depend on sensations of pain in order to become sexually aroused as adults.

This evidence, of course, does not mean all children who are abused will grow up to be rapists or practitioners of S&M. Rather, it implies that subtle, gentle relationships may become more difficult and less satisfying to such children as they develop their sexual identities.

Another pattern found in rapists is a history of sexual repression during their childhoods. Dr. Paul Walker, a San Francisco therapist who has researched the problem, reports that most rapists come from extraordinarily conservative families. Moralistic parents indirectly instill in their boys the idea that sex is only okay with an unwilling partner, since no "good" woman really enjoys sex. In this way, sexual repression, which usually goes hand in hand with inadequate sex education, plays perhaps *the* major role in creating rapists.

While there are no known "cures" yet for the violent rapist, a growing number of lawmen, politicians and religious leaders are calling for castration of sex offenders. Members of the Oklahoma House of Representatives recently passed a bill allowing such criminals to accept voluntary castration in return for a lighter sentence.

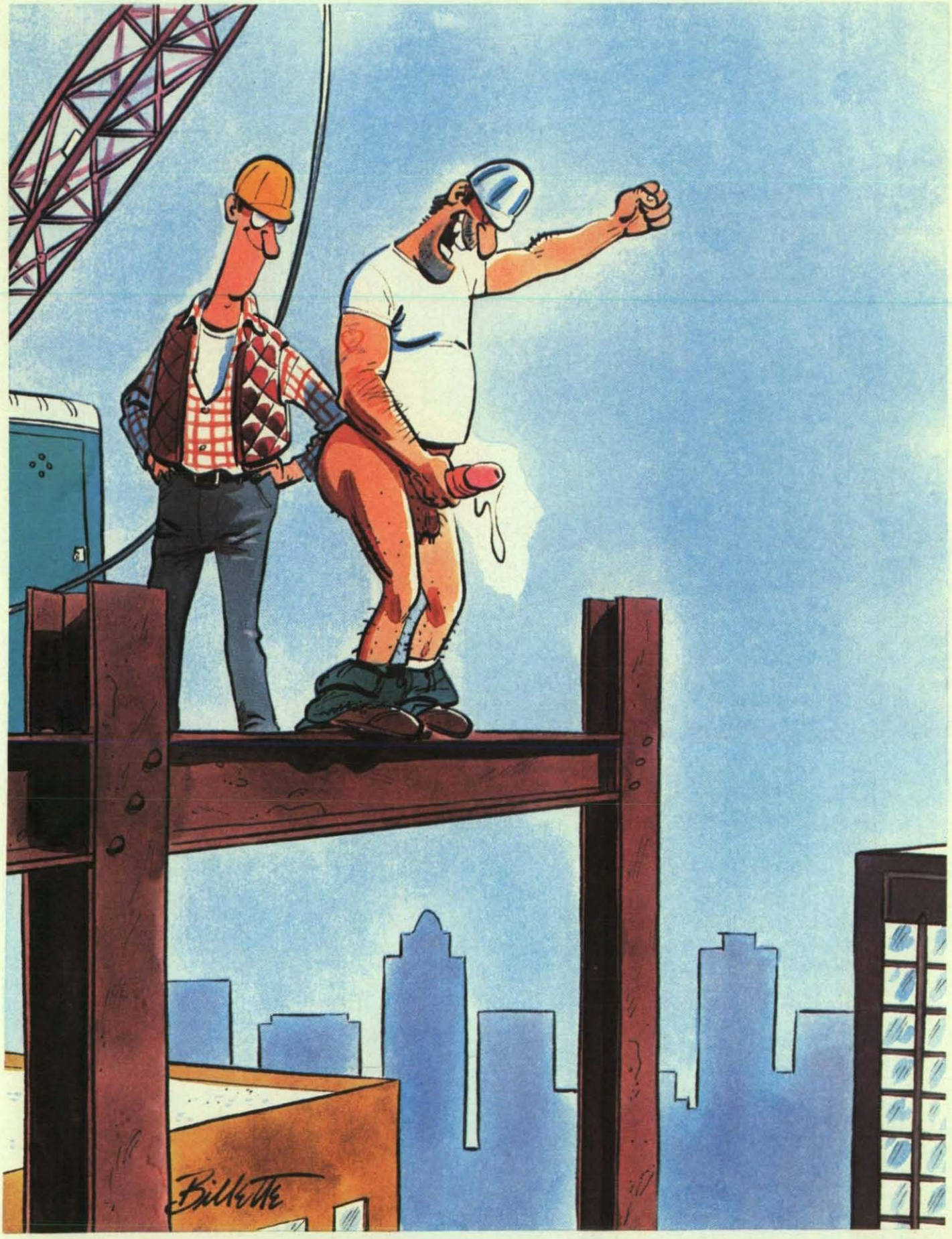
Others, like Walker, feel medical treatment offers the best hope for many offenders. Walker gives his patients regular injections of the drug Depo-Provera—derived from the synthetic female hormone progesterone—which reduces the libido by decreasing the body's production of the male hormone testosterone and inducing impotence.

At Sherbrooke Hospital in Ontario, Canada, Dr. Pierre Gagne gave the drug to 48 men with long histories of deviant sexual behavior. He says 40 of them responded within three weeks with decreased desire for such behavior and increased control over their sexual urges.

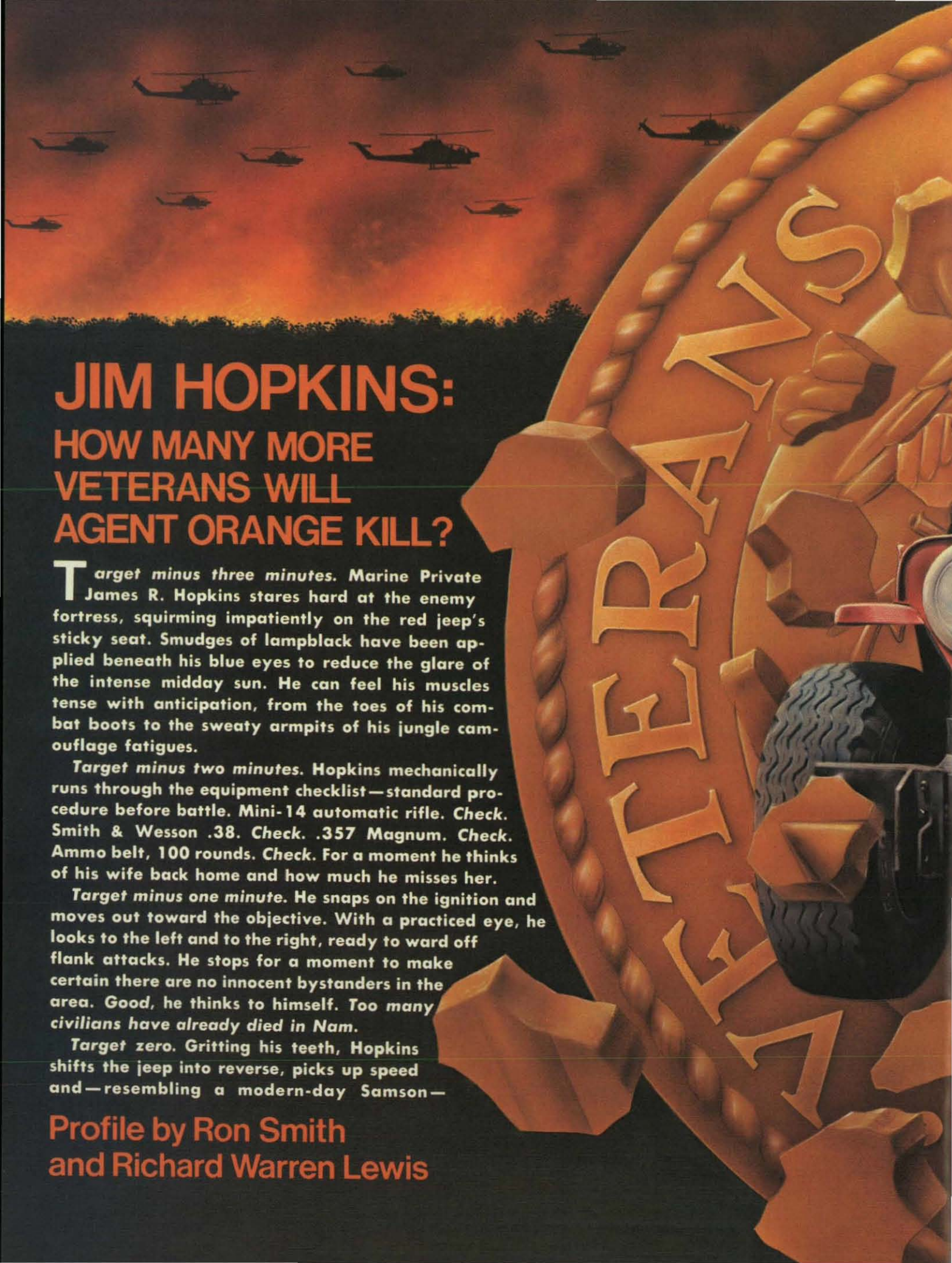
While civil libertarians rightly warn of the potential for abuse of such methods, therapist Walker says men who've been repeatedly jailed for sex offenses are relieved to have their sexual desires lowered. With drug treatment they're able to hold jobs and keep their families together without the constant urge to go cruising for a victim.

* * *

Each husband, lover, father and brother should work with the females in his life to prevent rape. Common sense, heightened awareness of the problem and the woman's physical fitness can do a lot. But the most effective rape prevention begins in the home with the way our children are raised. If enough youngsters are brought up in a loving, nonviolent environment in which sexuality is accepted and nurtured, we may come close to eliminating this hideous act. And beware of folks who beat their kids or decry the "evils" of pornography; they're the ones most likely to be raising the rapists of tomorrow.



"All right! . . . Got the foreman!"



JIM HOPKINS:

HOW MANY MORE VETERANS WILL AGENT ORANGE KILL?

Target minus three minutes. Marine Private James R. Hopkins stares hard at the enemy fortress, squirming impatiently on the red jeep's sticky seat. Smudges of lampblack have been applied beneath his blue eyes to reduce the glare of the intense midday sun. He can feel his muscles tense with anticipation, from the toes of his combat boots to the sweaty armpits of his jungle camouflage fatigues.

Target minus two minutes. Hopkins mechanically runs through the equipment checklist—standard procedure before battle. Mini-14 automatic rifle. *Check.* Smith & Wesson .38. *Check.* .357 Magnum. *Check.* Ammo belt, 100 rounds. *Check.* For a moment he thinks of his wife back home and how much he misses her.

Target minus one minute. He snaps on the ignition and moves out toward the objective. With a practiced eye, he looks to the left and to the right, ready to ward off flank attacks. He stops for a moment to make certain there are no innocent bystanders in the area. *Good,* he thinks to himself. *Too many civilians have already died in Nam.*

Target zero. Gritting his teeth, Hopkins shifts the jeep into reverse, picks up speed and—resembling a modern-day Samson—

Profile by Ron Smith
and Richard Warren Lewis

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slams into the building's glass doors with a deafening crash. Shards of glass scatter like sleet.

"Get the hell out of here!" he screams at startled passersby as he leaps from the vehicle. Hopkins grabs his automatic rifle, aims carefully and fires a spray of nine high-velocity bullets into a portrait of the enemy leader. Then he removes a nearby American flag from its stand and drapes it over the hood of the jeep. Finally, he takes a swig from a bottle of Jack Daniel's, slumps against the car door and waits for the enemy.

Within minutes seven black-and-white units and a SWAT team are speeding up the driveway toward the Wadsworth Veterans Hospital; for this scenario is not happening in Vietnam. The scene is Los Angeles, California. The date is March 14, 1981. And the portrait riddled with bullet holes is that of the President—the symbol of all of Hopkins' pent-up frustration.

Soon the 32-year-old Vietnam veteran is spread-eagled against a wall, handcuffed and hustled into a squad car. "I've been poisoned by Agent Orange!" he shouts over and over again. But just as on his previous and less flamboyant visits to the VA hospital, nobody in an official capacity seems to be listening.

Private Jim Hopkins claimed to have received three Purple Hearts for combat wounds suffered in Vietnam. The wounds had long since healed. Yet he remained severely damaged psychologically by what is now known as post-traumatic stress syndrome. In addition, his body was slowly deteriorating from repeated exposure to Agent Orange, the deadly defoliant U.S. forces used extensively in the jungles of Vietnam.

Hopkins was totally deaf in one ear and 50% deaf in the other. He had experienced constant diarrhea, leaving him drained of energy. Recently he had complained of numbness in his extremities, swollen and painful joints, and stomach cramps.

For 11 years he had been seeking medical help from the Veterans Administration. During most of that period—just as thousands of others who had served in Vietnam—he had gotten little more than a runaround. In desperation, he had become an outspoken critic of the continual neglect he encountered.

On May 17, 1981, little more than two months after the jeep incident, Suzanne Carey Hopkins returned from a brief shopping trip and found her husband propped up against the bed in their Calabasas, California, home. The pupils of his eyes were fixed and dilated. His lips were bluish. Frantically she checked Hopkins' pulse. There was none. She applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and CPR. By the time she called the police and paramedics, she could already sense it was too late. Her husband of just 18 months was obviously—and unaccountably—dead.

Waiting for help to arrive, Suzanne surveyed the death scene. On the king-size bed, where they had made passionate love only three hours earlier, were two photographs—one of Suzanne, the other of Jim's ten-year-old son by a previous marriage. Near his body was an almost-full bottle of Jack Daniel's and a shot glass. *That's strange*, she thought. *When I gave him mouth-to-mouth, there wasn't a hint of liquor on his breath.*

The next day's newspapers linked the booze with an empty Dalmane pill bottle found in the bathroom and concluded Hopkins had committed suicide. Sergeant Stan White of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department vehemently disagreed, citing the position of the body and the absence of a suicide note. Other observers suggested his tortured body had finally given out. In the days that followed, Hopkins' widow offered a more disquieting explanation: "He was murdered because he was causing too much trouble," she said flatly.

Whichever of these three possibilities is true, one fact could not be disputed—Jim Hopkins had become yet another statistic of the undeclared war in Vietnam and its aftermath.

* * *

From January 1, 1961, to September 30, 1977, a total of 2,769,000 Americans fought in Southeast Asia. Their average age at induction was just 20.1 years; 46,616 of them died as a result of actions by hostile forces. Another 10,386 lives were snuffed out by accident or so-called "friendly fire"—the inadvertent killing of U.S. forces by their own comrades. An additional 304,704 personnel were wounded.

One mass of statistics the government still finds difficult to deal with, or even understand, is the staggering number of Vietnam veterans who have committed suicide since their return home. Some 50,000 have taken their own lives—more than were killed by enemy fire.

Just as astonishing are the 130,000 Vietnam vets locked up in prison. Sadly, they now constitute 28% of America's penal population.

By the best official estimates, still another 500,000 suffered post-traumatic stress syndrome. VA hospitals log more than 50,000 admissions each year for mental problems.

"The major symptoms that occur in individual veterans are flashbacks, recurrent dreams and nightmares, insomnia, anxiety and depression, withdrawal of interest and participation in normal life activities, restriction of emotions, guilt about various war events, difficulties with memory and concentration," testified Dr. Arthur S. Blank Jr. before a Senate subcommittee. "There are additional secondary consequences, such as alcoholism, family problems [with both spouse and children] plus

SUZANNE HOPKINS' FAMILY ALBUM

Our wedding day. Jim's on the right. The minister had a thing for garters.

At home in Calabasas. Jim with our first litter.

interruptions of work and education."

Such maladies happened on a much larger scale than they did following World War II—whose returning veterans were regarded as patriots and national heroes. Many of those who fought in Vietnam, a war considered to be unjust by vast numbers of Americans, were negatively affected by implications that they were little better than murderers.

Above all, a most telling indictment of America's futile involvement in Vietnam is the soaring death rate of veterans affected by Agent Orange. Tens of thousands of young men and women were directly or indirectly exposed to this chemical, which is so potent that just one tablespoon added to New York City's chief reservoir could disable millions of tap-water consumers. From 1965 to 1970, American forces dumped more than 10.7 million gallons of the foul-smelling herbicide on nearly 3 million acres of jungle.

Did industry, the military and, by extension, the government know of its potentially harmful effects? The answer is found in a long-suppressed Senate-subcommittee report of hearings held in 1975. Dr. Marion Moses of New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine testified: "It was known that dioxins [the major ingredient of Agent Orange] were responsible for adverse health effects on humans since 1957. It has been known since 1949 that toxic effects occurred, but it was not known what the actual cause was."

The members of that 1975 subcommittee also found the following: The Department of Defense (DOD) failed to test Agent Orange for potential adverse health conditions. The amount sprayed per acre was 14 times greater than that tested domestically. Dow Chemical, a major manufacturer of Agent Orange, allegedly failed to promptly notify the DOD about its harmfulness. Even after Dow alerted the DOD, no precautions were taken to prevent exposure of servicemen, nor were they advised of its deadly risks.

A copy of the Senate-subcommittee report obtained by HUSTLER reveals well-documented, thoughtful arguments that painted a picture of cover-up and misrepresentation. It contains enough evidence of premeditated official confusion and stupidity to make Watergate seem almost clean by comparison.

The list of Agent Orange symptoms and aftereffects uncovered in recent years is devastating: loss of appetite; nausea; diarrhea; gastric ulcers; kidney, bladder, liver and gallstone disorders; dizziness; headaches; twitching; shortness of breath; uncoordination; drowsiness; fatigue; loss of sensation in extremities; violent behavior; irritability; suicidal tendencies; loss of concentration; rapid weight loss; chills; elevated blood pressure; skin disorders; loss of hair; brittle nails; tumors.

Birth defects found in some 8,000 children of Vietnam vets exposed to Agent Orange include cleft palates, eyelids that never shut, kidney abnormalities, enlarged heads and missing, abnormal or displaced body parts.

Thirty-nine-thousand veterans have complained to the VA about disorders they feel were caused by exposure to Agent Orange. Yet only 24 claims have been allowed, all based on chloracne—a hideous skin rash characterized by reddish-brown splotches, painful itching and acnelike pustules that can become gangrenous. It is not known how many other veterans are slowly rotting away or passing on defective genes to their children because of this chemical. The claim of Jim Hopkins was just one of the many rejected by the VA.

"I feel that I and my fellow Marines who served our country have been betrayed not once, but twice," he wrote shortly before dying. "Once by not intending to win [the war] and twice by having our rights and needs as veterans repeatedly ignored . . . .[I feel] sorrow for the over 57,000 who died for nothing."

• • •

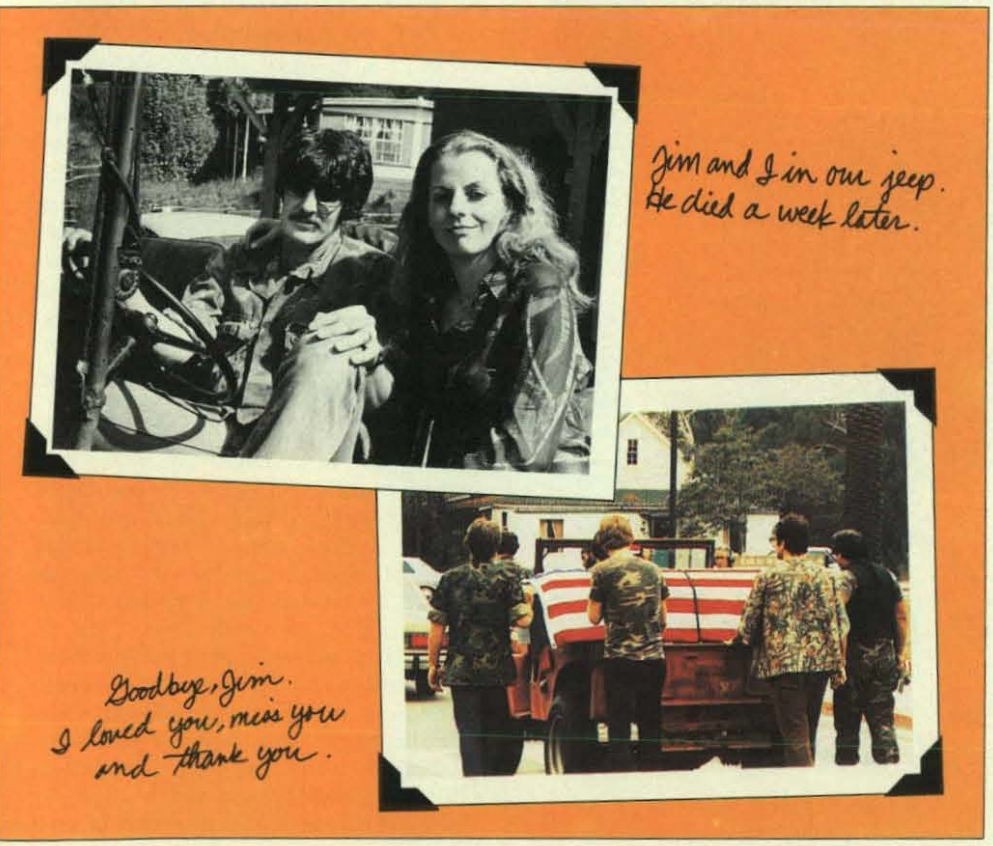
Born on November 10, 1948—ironically, the 163rd anniversary of the Marine Corps' founding—Hopkins told psychiatrists he had a less-than-sublime childhood. He ran away four times from his St. Louis, Missouri, home to escape an alcoholic, disciplinarian mother. He was constantly at odds with his parents and was known as a troublemaker in school, where he had few friends.

"Due in large part to the fact that much of my childhood was spent alone, I immersed my time in reading," Hopkins noted in a handwritten biography that was part of his medical records. "Much of the reading material was comic books which (as I would find out later as erroneous) portrayed war as a glorious event."

Hopkins dropped out of a parochial high school and joined the Marines at age 17. One of the reasons he later cited was a desire to get away from his mother. Another was to fulfill a long-time dream to demonstrate his guts and enjoy the glory.

"Seventeen is a very impressionable age to begin with, and the Marine Corps' philosophy and objective is to tear down what you were before and mold you into what they want you to be, i.e., 'the best killers in the world,' " his biographical notes continued.

"The second day in Vietnam was my first time under fire from the enemy. Quite frankly, that scared the shit out of me. It was a mortar attack of quite extended duration. I vividly remember hearing a 'thump' next to me and looking up to find someone's leg [detached from his body]. . . . I thought, 'If I do not pay attention to what is going on



around me and rely on my training, I am going to go home in a bag.' "

Within several weeks Hopkins received his first wound—shrapnel to the knee. During an ambush a few months later his skull and face were hit by shrapnel. He was awarded two Purple Hearts, and a third based on his testimony concerning events that occurred prior to the opening of the Tet offensive in 1968. (The Marine Corps and VA question whether Hopkins was ever wounded or so decorated.)

"Heavy contact continued almost unabated for four straight days," he wrote. ". . . Our casualties were enormous. On the fifth day my squad was ambushed, and I sustained my third and final wound, a gunshot wound to the chest. . . . My condition was of severe shock and heavy loss of blood."

During his two months' hospitalization and recuperation in Okinawa, Hopkins resumed the heavy drinking that had helped him get through combat. (The Marine Corps and VA also question whether Hopkins was ever hospitalized in Okinawa. Conveniently, his records have been lost.) At one point he pawned his Purple Hearts for $5 apiece so he could buy more booze.

Returning stateside several months later, Hopkins spent some time in rehabilitation hospitals and then resumed active duty at Camp Pendleton, California. By now, the combination of drinking and anxiety from wounds and battle scars made him, in his own words, "sometimes uncontrollable." On one such occasion he got pissed off and slugged a colonel, prompting his fourth Article 15 (a mild form of court-martial) and a less-than-honorable discharge on January 19, 1969.

Adjustment to civilian life was not easy for Hopkins. Along with tens of thousands of other returning Vietnam vets, he had expected some sort of recognition after laying his life on the line for his country. Instead, soldiers who had fought and been wounded found themselves being spit upon by protesters and reviled by strangers.

With photographic images of the corpses of innocent men, women and children decaying in the village of My Lai burned into our national conscience, numerous Americans condemned all vets as baby-slayers, drug-crazed killers and mad rapists. Mention of Vietnam service on a job application would often prompt rejection. In Hopkins' case, his discharge and lack of a high-school diploma were a double-whammy.

He wandered aimlessly through a series of jobs—driving a truck, bartending, collecting bills and working as a morgue assistant. His heavy drinking continued, even after his 1970 marriage to Janet Hughes. In 1974 he was hospitalized at the Sepulveda, California, VA hospital for a psychiatric evaluation of his alcoholism. He was treated for about a year as an out-patient, then suddenly dropped out of the program—possibly because of bad reactions to the drugs.

When he and Janet divorced in 1975, Hopkins resumed his drifting patterns. He was arrested for murder following a bar fight but was acquitted a year later on a ruling of self-defense. Soon, following three suicide attempts in one week, he was hospitalized at the VA's Brentwood psychiatric ward. Doctors called Hopkins a danger to himself.

Irrational behavior was commonplace for many of the 2,769,000 Americans thrown into the circus of bloodshed, madness, torture, despair, confusion, anguish, frustration and deceit that characterized Vietnam. While some became orgiastically obsessed with torture and killing, others were violently opposed to any sort of carnage. Some servicemen were able to absorb the experience of killing and being killed; others came away irreparably shattered.

Many surviving vets have joined self-help groups (see page 41). Others have stayed in the closet—refusing to acknowledge they were ever in Nam, ashamed of their undeserved reputation as baby-killers or drugged crazies.

Countless others are—like Jim Hopkins was—America's walking wounded, ticking time bombs ready to explode if the government continues denying them just and due consideration.

Today a flood of sordid tales about the Vietnam madness is being revealed in books, articles, television documentaries and movies. With them have come stories of the hideous tortures U.S. personnel inflicted on Vietnamese soldiers and civilians. They include decapitation, castration, rape, and breaking fingers and toes. Many veterans still have nightmares in which they remember their buddies cutting off the ears, fingers and penises of the enemy, and wearing them like badges of honor.

"When I first saw the shit that was coming down, it made me sick," one veteran told HUSTLER. "The day I hit Da Nang, I saw this grunt [foot soldier] walking around with a whole string of index fingers hooked onto his helmet. Of course, it was a good way to keep track of your body count."

Jim Hopkins was one of the hundreds who participated in Operation Kingfisher, a massive effort whose objective was to collect and count dead Vietnamese. Death did not trouble him. "The patient [Hopkins] says he enjoyed himself; he was a very good fighter and says he feels

no remorse about killing," Dr. Alistair Barron reported on April 13, 1981, a month before Hopkins died.

"He liked to project a macho image," his widow recalls. "And believe me, he was all man."

• • •

Suzanne Carey Hopkins is a tall, striking blonde with a hearty laugh and a brisk Irish temper. Just days after her husband's death, she invited HUSTLER to visit her home—a two-story barn, not far from the Pacific Ocean.

Above the round kitchen table a poster pictures a young fighting man and the slogan "Let's Finally Bring America's Vets Home." Nearby, an American flag hangs from a second-story rafter. "Jim was so patriotic, he used to sing the Marine Corps hymn to himself," she wistfully recalls over a cup of coffee. "I had a bad night with the weepies. I sat up all night reading Jim's medical records and documents. It just pisses me off. It didn't have to happen this way."

Wandering through the house, Suzanne pauses in the bedroom, reviewing inconsistencies noted on the awful day she found Jim's body. The dead bolt on the front door was locked; he never locked it while at home. The two photographs found on the bed were not among his favorites; in fact, he always kept them in the bottom of a desk drawer. An entire shoe box of photos from Vietnam was missing, along with a half-dozen books, one of which included testimony about post-traumatic stress syndrome.

His hairdryer was discovered with the cord folded in a way he would have found annoying. And his soap-on-a-rope, which was hanging in the shower when Suzanne left the house to go shopping, was hidden way on the top shelf of the downstairs bathroom. No wonder she suspects foul play.

There was a bottle of Jack Daniel's and a shot glass on the nightstand. He always drank directly from the bottle.

"From the position in which his body was found, he couldn't have even reached the bottle on the nightstand," she declares. "I also found a puddle of spilled whiskey. He was such a neat freak that he would have wiped up a spilled drink, even if he was planning on doing himself in." She breaks down momentarily, then smiles. "The widow Hopkins at 31. Ain't that a bitch?"

She vividly recalls the night in 1979 when she met Hopkins. Her sister had wrecked her car on the Pacific Coast Highway, and they had called Malibu Towing, where Jim was employed as a manager. "It was lust at first sight," she admits. "I kidnapped him right away to my place in Hollywood, and the next day we moved in together in Malibu."

They soon discovered that while Jim was being flown into Da Nang in 1967, Suzanne was a Haight-Ashbury hippie protesting the war. "Almost from the first night we met he had nightmares," she remembers. "He would cry out in his sleep and warn me about the dangers ahead on the trail."

When everyday pressures intensified, Hopkins would go off alone to canyons near their home and shoot thousands of rounds at aluminum cans, rocks and anything else that wasn't living. The terrain of these areas reminded him of Vietnam. Much to Suzanne's distress, he would sometimes conduct practice infantry maneuvers—leading imaginary buddies on night marches and reconnaissance missions. He would always wear camouflage fatigues during these adventures—"trying to hide himself from the world," as his wife puts it.

Shuffling through piles of documents and records capsulizing his life, Suzanne finds a particularly troubling piece of paper. "Listen to this. It's from one of his final physical reports written by a VA doctor. Quote: There are no features, complaints or clinical findings to support any relationship to Agent Orange or post-traumatic stress syndrome, although this was specifically explored. End of quote. That is bullshit! The VA is going to eat those words."

Like nobody else, she *knows* the incredible stress Hopkins was suffering. "Usually when he had his nightmares, I would rub his back and soothe him into a tranquil state. One time, just before he died, I woke him up right in the middle of a lot of torment and anguish and crying out and saying things. 'What were you dreaming about?' I asked him. He just sat there shivering."

Along with the nightmares, there were uncontrollable rages typical among many Vietnam veterans. "He broke my nose one time," she recalls. "This scar on my lip is the only reminder of the closest I've been to death. Every time he beat me, he always felt rotten afterward. I knew he didn't mean it. I knew he didn't have control; so I never talked about the beatings to anyone. All of those symptoms of delayed stress are usually taken out on the people closest to the guys—their families."

According to government studies, there have been more than 350,000 divorces among Vietnam veterans. Jim Hopkins was one of them. Before meeting Suzanne, he had been married twice before. And he beat those women too.

As he and Suzanne got to know each other better, Jim at last began revealing his long, frustrating struggle with the Veterans Administration. Part of the problem involved a unique Catch-22. Despite his claim of being wounded three times, and receiving numerous decorations, he was saddled with a general discharge. Any dismissal other than an honorable one denies the veteran important VA benefits.

Today, along with other veterans groups, Ron Bitzer of the Center for Veterans Rights is trying to upgrade several hundred thousand such separations. "The catch is, once the discharge gets upgraded, it doesn't necessarily open the door to VA benefits," he says. "The VA bureaucrats have this lame-brained idea that there are good veterans and bad veterans, and if you have a bad discharge, that must mean you are some type of unsavory character. This is just another example of how the VA is incapable of the kind of responsiveness and sensitivity necessary to deal with the problems of the veteran.

"The Veterans Administration is out to screw the vets, and the vets are finally fighting back. What do they have to lose?"

• • •

On July 21, 1930, President Herbert Hoover signed Executive Order 5398, making the Veterans Administration an official government agency. Its lofty motto was "I care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan."

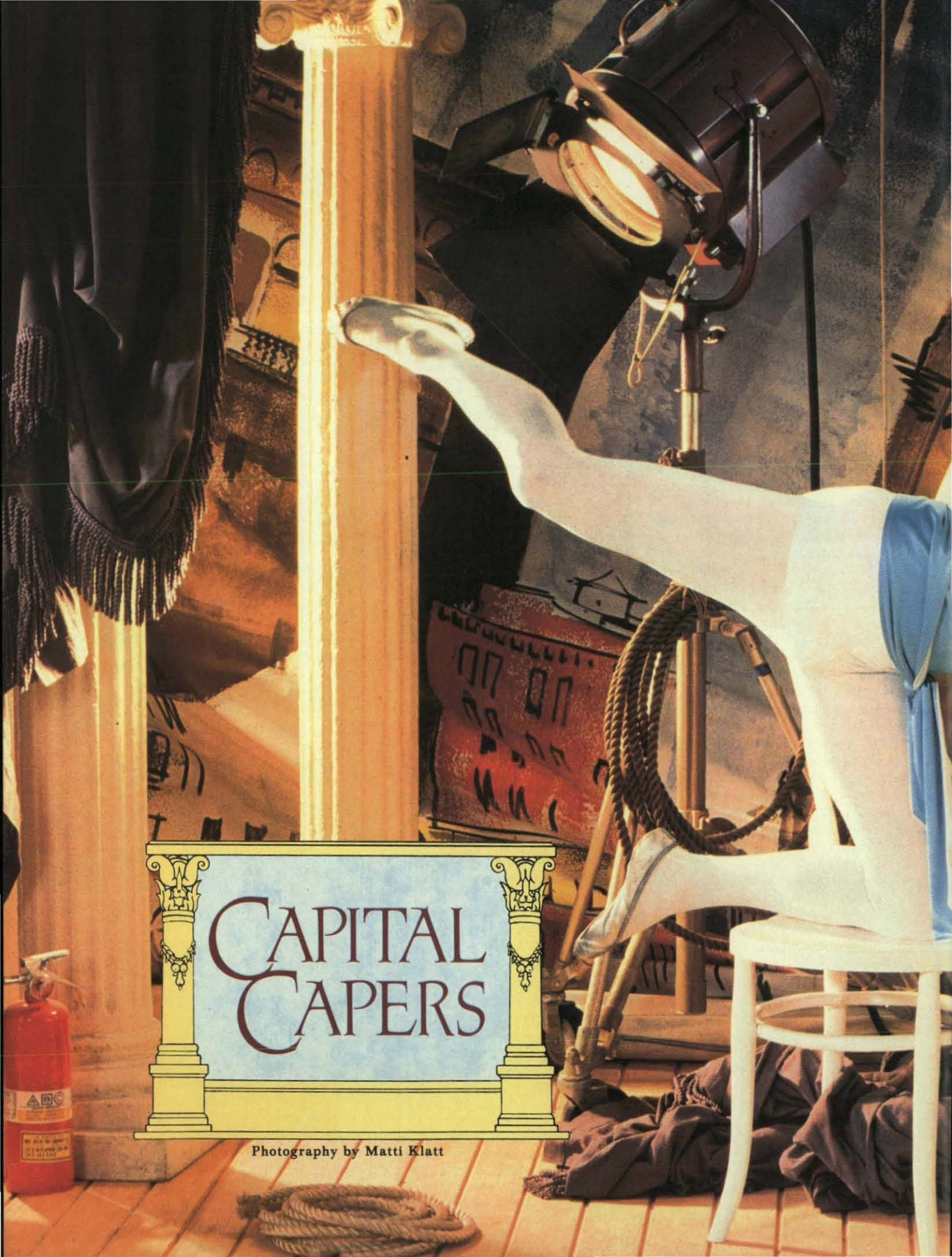
In his penetrating study *Wounded Men, Broken Promises,* Robert Klein traces the early days of the VA and its

(continued on page 52)

HELP FOR VETS

If you are a Vietnam-era veteran in need of psychiatric counseling, legal assistance, or help in adjusting to society, many nonprofit groups are designed to supply advice: *Center for Veterans Rights*, 514 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90007; *Vietnam Veterans of America*, 1130 Longworth House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515; and 212 Fifth Ave., Suite 703, New York, NY 10010; *Veterans for Peace*, 542 S. Dearborn, Room 510, Chicago, IL 60605; *Agent Orange Victims International*, 42 W. 13th St., Suite 1C, New York, NY 10011; *Citizen Soldier*, 175 Fifth Ave., Suite 1010, New York, NY 10010; *Veterans of Vietnam War*, Box 214, RD2, Bald Mountain Rd., Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702.

Ninety vets centers around the nation function under the government-funded *Operation Outreach* program. Find the nearest one by contacting either the *Veterans Administration Information Service* in your area, or by writing *Vet Center Outreach*, 251 W. 85th Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90003.



Photography by Matti Klatt

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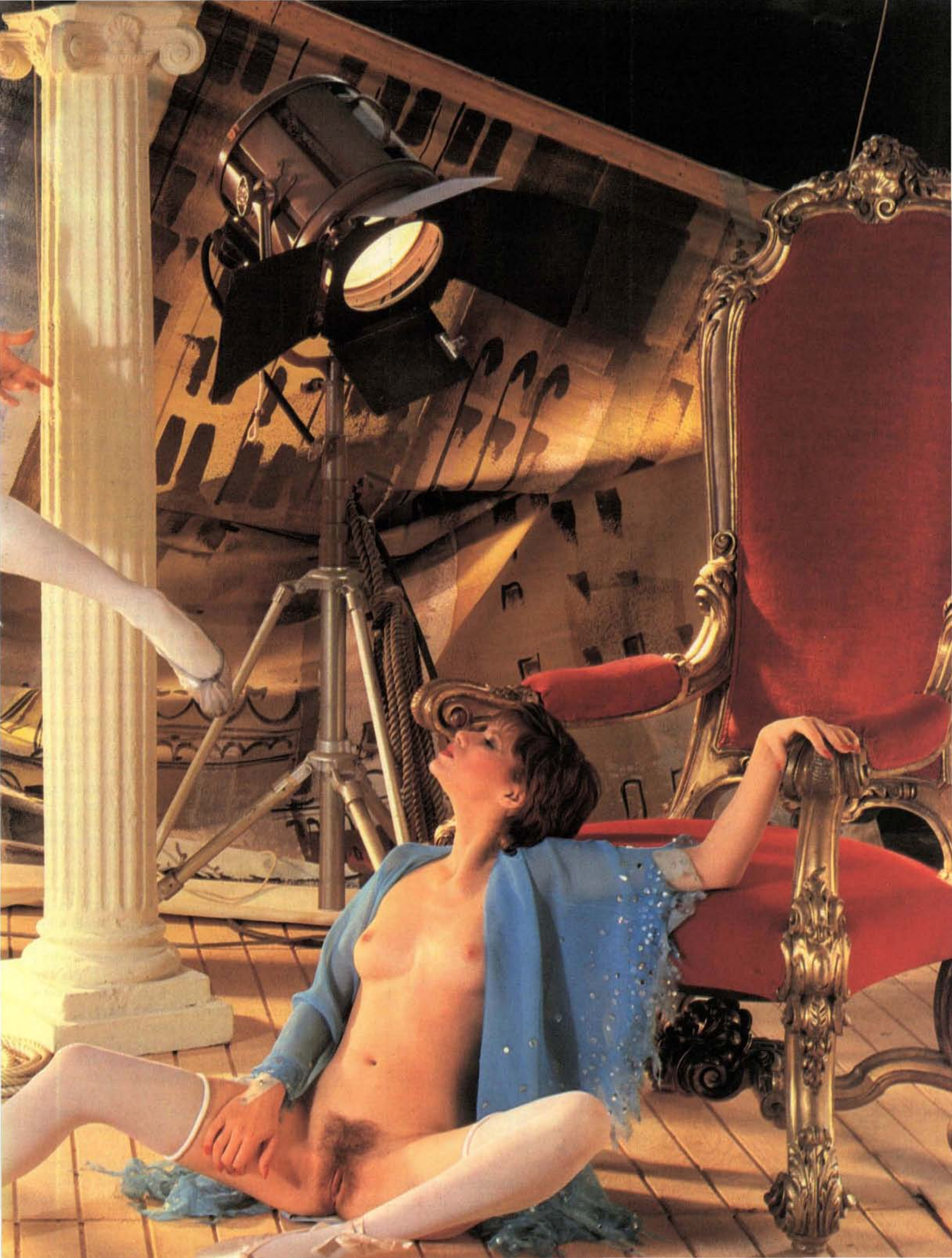
Michelle and Jeffrey jumped at the chance to perform their new ballet, "Capital Lust," at a special Washington reception. "Jeff and I invented this dance just so people could see that dancers are people too," said Michelle. "As the music builds and swells, Jeff's hands soothe and caress my body, igniting incredible fires of passion. Soon I slip his tights down over his marvelous cock, and together we engage in an ecstasy of delicious sex." After giving HUSTLER a backstage peek during a rehearsal, Jeffrey explained, "We wanted to show that behind the formal front of any situation lurks raw animal passion. Too many people think ballet, like Washington, is stuffy, formal and elite. What we want to do with this dance is show the naked energy of power that keeps the city hot."



(continued from page 41)

history of graft, corruption and medical abuse. He quotes extensively from journalist Albert Deutsch's 1945 testimony before a House investigating committee concerning Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, then head of the VA.

"In his effort to end money dishonesty . . . Hines paved the way to other abuses and defects," Deutsch reported. "He placed excessive stress on paperwork. Bureaucratic procedures developed, which tied up the organization in needless red tape. Anything new was discouraged. . . . Mediocrities rose to high office by the simple process of not disturbing the status quo. . . . The agency increasingly was controlled by old men with old ideas. The VA remains the sacred cow of Washington, immune to official investigation, above questioning—almost a dictatorially governed domain within the federal government."

Thirty-six years later that assessment is still painfully true, and the government is promising a full-scale probe.

Today's Veterans Administration controls dozens of programs designed to benefit the retired fighting man, such as housing loans, educational loans, job training, counseling, help in starting a business, and medical care. The latter comes under constant fire.

One of the main bones of contention is a little-known VA principle. Officially known as Policy Memorandum No. 2, this 1946 directive created an incestuous relationship between the nation's leading medical schools and VA hospitals. The hospitals supply the patients, while medical schools provide patient care. Often it is third-year and fourth-year medical students who do the examining and make key life-and-death decisions. In essence, the veteran is little more than a human guinea pig.

Well-documented cases of hospitalized veterans being used and damaged in experiments are legion. For example, Peter Watson (not his real name) signed up for a weight-reduction program at the Wadsworth Veterans Hospital, not knowing it was actually an Air Force-requested study to analyze the effects of starvation on mental competence. Ingestion of the drug Dilantin, part of the experiment, caused his liver to collapse and his kidneys to fail. He is now suing, and awaiting a much-needed operation.

In 1973 Korean War veteran Kenneth Chenin underwent experimental heart surgery at the Long Beach, California, VA hospital, apparently without being informed of the procedure. Shortly after he died on the operating table, Chief of Endocrinology Dr. John R. Kent told his colleagues, "The [hospital] subcommittee is deeply concerned that the repetition of such occurrences . . . will ultimately lead to a severe restriction of all clinical research."

A 1977 report issued by the National Academy of Sciences states that almost 28% of the VA patients interviewed were not aware they had agreed to participate in medical research. During one two-month period, according to the report, 17,500 VA patients were utilized in research projects.

"The veterans experimented on are poor and uneducated people who come to the VA because they can't afford to go anywhere else," says Tom Armistead, a founder of the Institute for the Study of Medical Ethics. "There's an obvious analogy, of course, to pre-Nazi and Nazi Germany, where the thieves, the retarded, the socially unfit and the sick were targeted for experimentation and, ultimately, extermination."

In 1972, when Jim Hopkins received occasional treatment in VA hospitals for alcoholism, he had no way of knowing whether those examining and testing him were qualified, or merely medical students. The war was still being fought. Terms like "post-traumatic stress syndrome" had not yet been conceived.

"No one in the entire Veterans Administration really knew how to handle the problem of young alcoholics, young drug addicts, young crazies who were pounding down their doors," says one of the VA's numerous critics. Remaining faithful to the methods used in the past, patients were quickly examined, sometimes given antidepressant drugs and returned to the streets.

Apparently, that kind of questionable practice still occurs today. According to VA records for 1978, patients received 346,000 doses of Thorazine, 563,000 doses of Librium and the astounding total of 3,089,440 doses of Darvon—a tranquilizer the Food and Drug Administration is presently studying for serious side effects.

What they were doing, in effect, was creating a regiment of walking zombies. Then the zombies began to fight back.

Across the nation, from Philadelphia to Minneapolis to Bellingham, Washington, veterans groups have been holding public rallies to speak out against the evils of Agent Orange and the Veterans Administration's head-in-the-sand attitude toward its dangers.

On May 8, 1981, while marching to a protest meeting at the State House in Austin, Texas, Hopkins experienced a flashback to a patrol in Vietnam. "Watch out for the mines!" he warned his wife. "I can see yellow footprints on the trail!"

"It's me—Suzanne," she said, urgently grabbing his arm. "We're in Austin."

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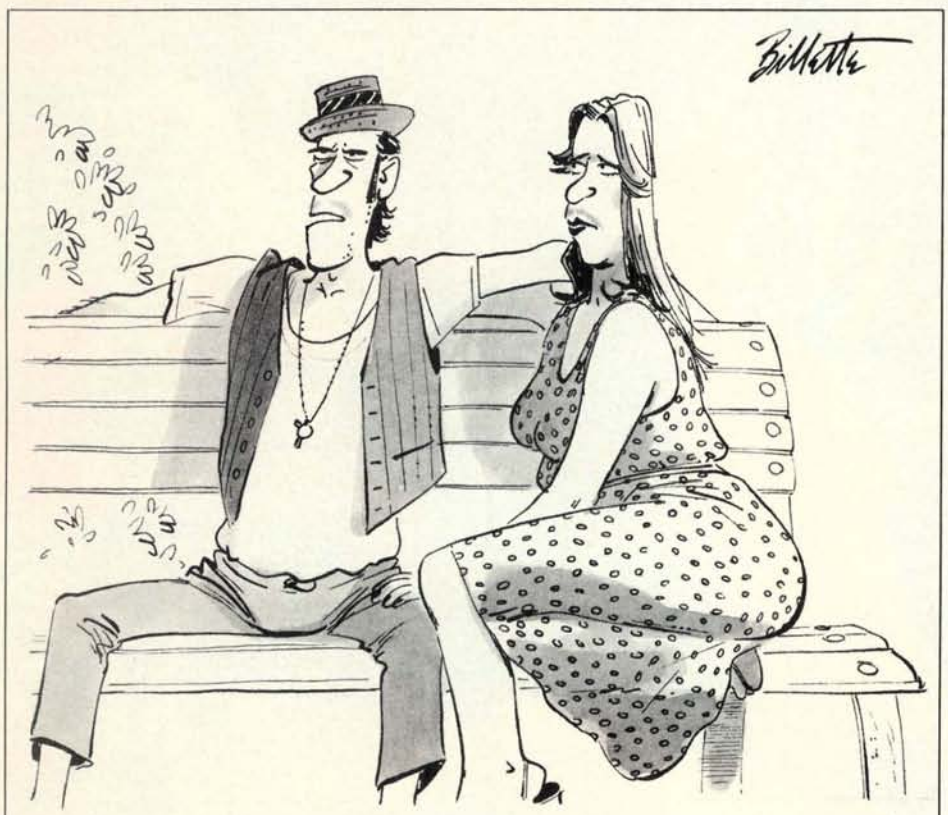
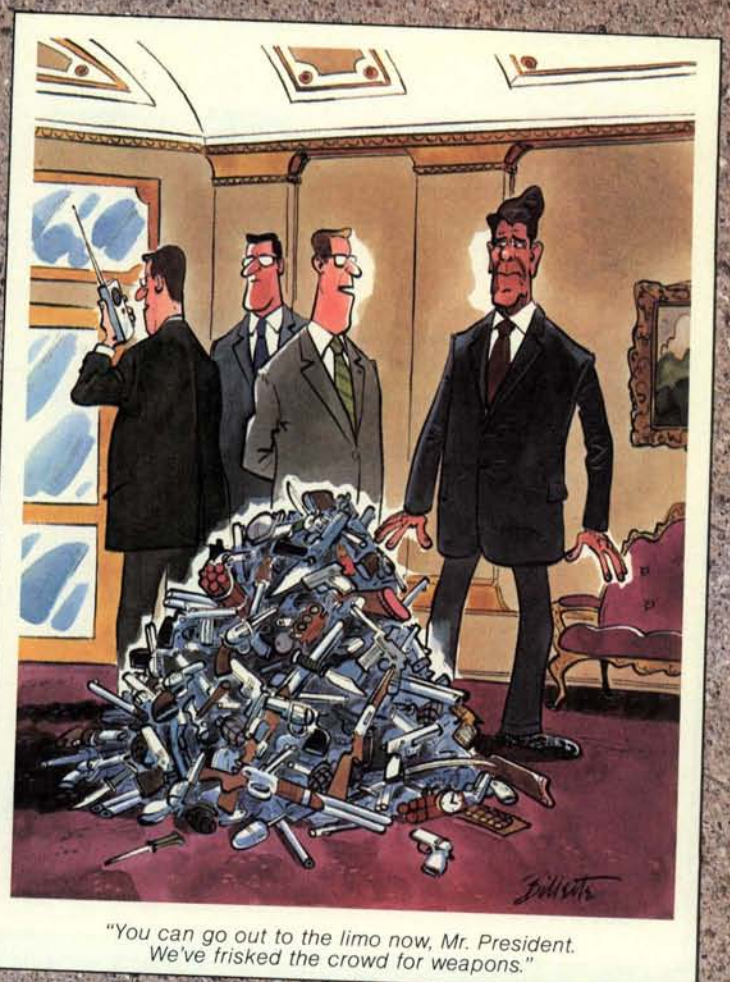


"Maria, I can't marry no chick with a better mustache than me."

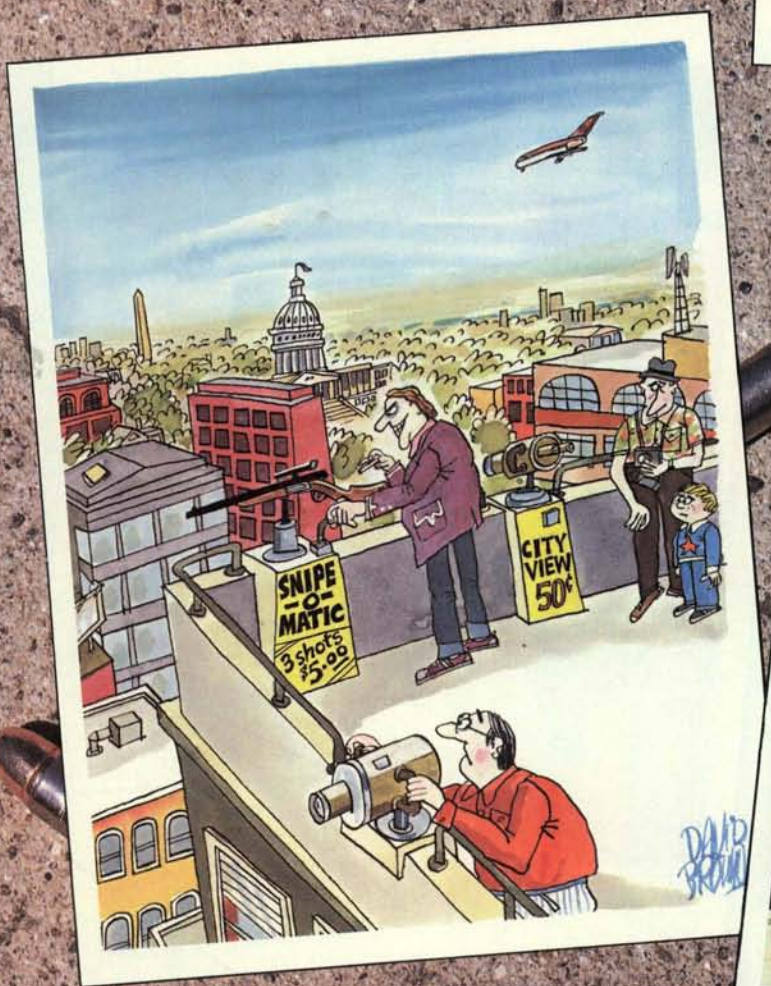
ASSASSINATION FUNNIES: this'll kill ya!

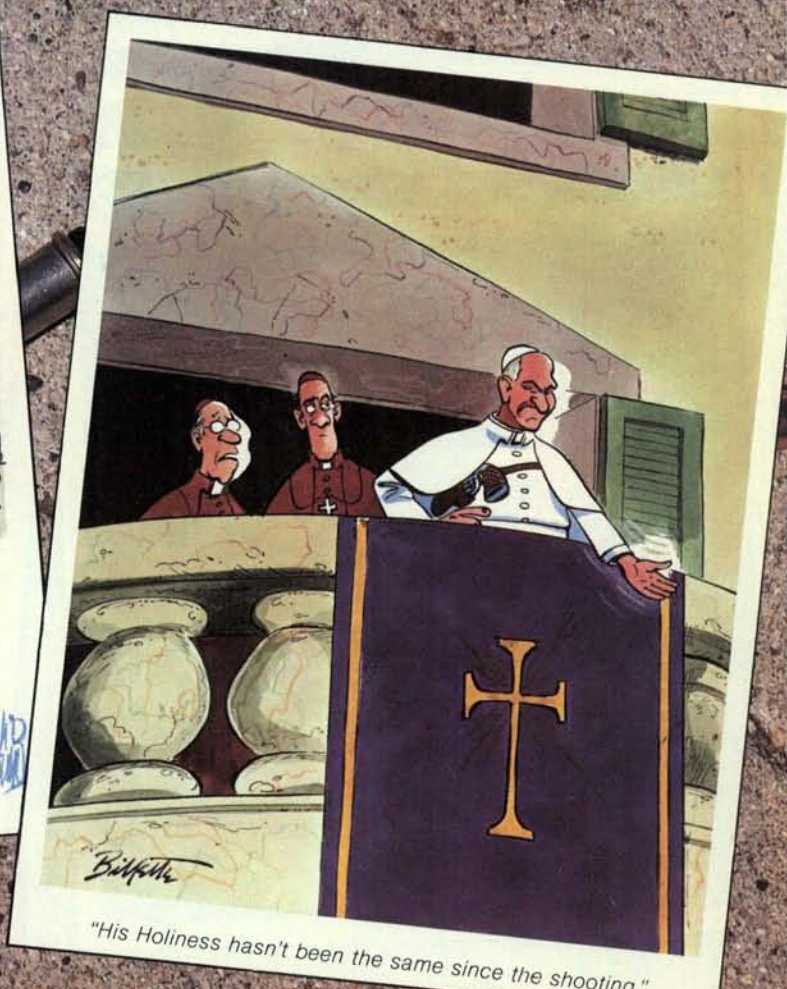
"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."—Lord Byron

Those words, penned four decades before Abraham Lincoln's assassination, might have been written in Ford's Theater. Starting with the classic joke, "Besides that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?," Americans have looked for a laugh to keep away the tears. Since an attempt was made on our own publisher, who'd be better than HUSTLER's cartoonists at drawing the lines where the bullets stop and the laughter begins?

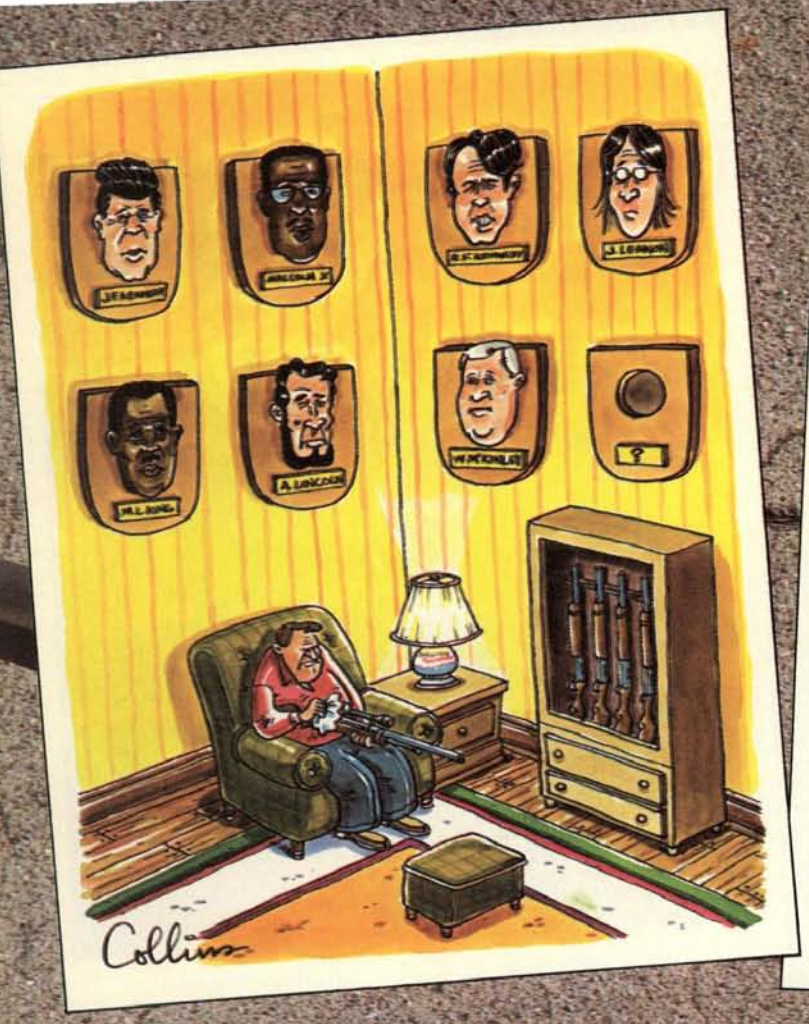


"You can go out to the limo now, Mr. President. We've frisked the crowd for weapons."

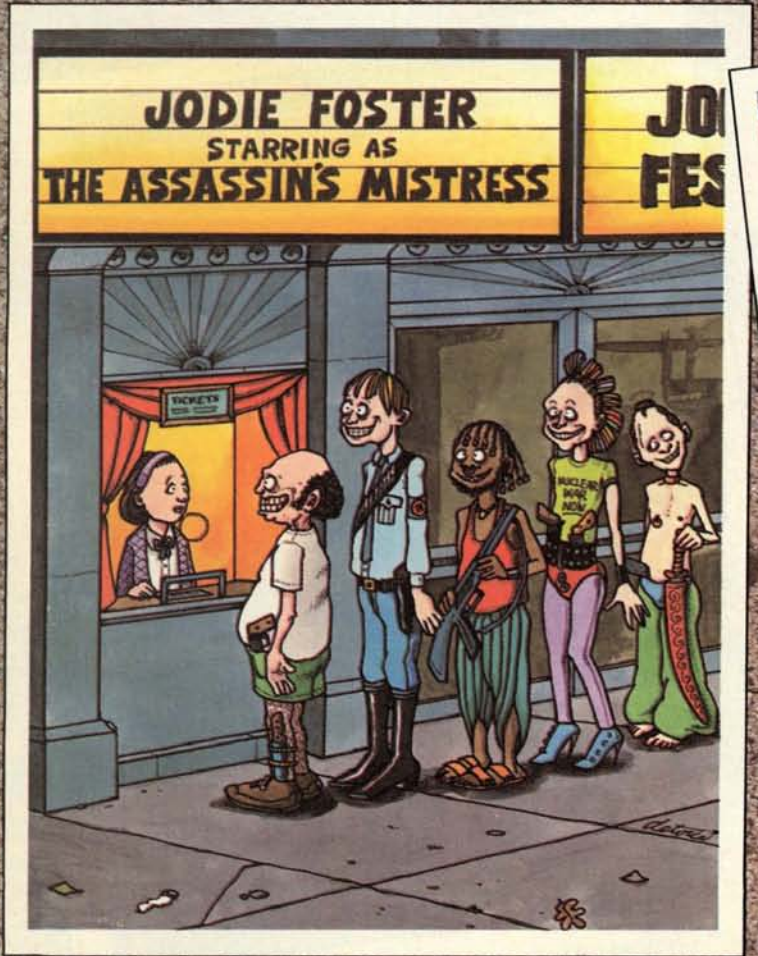




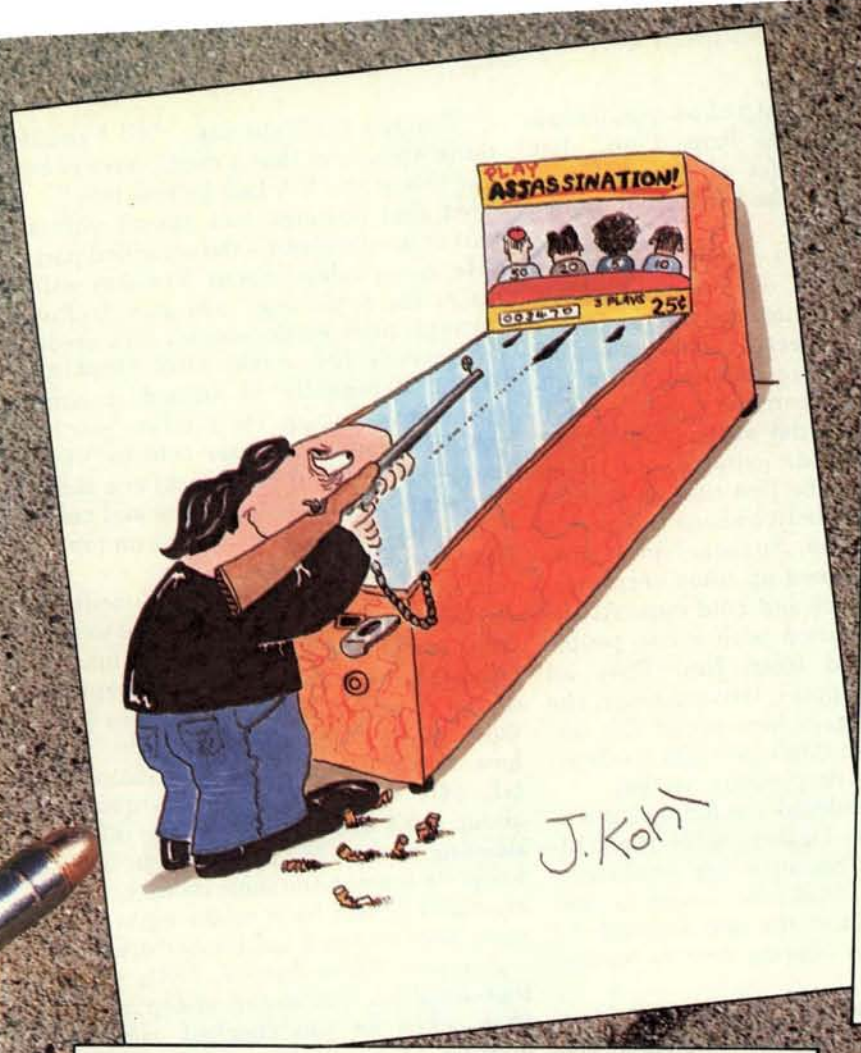
"His Holiness hasn't been the same since the shooting."



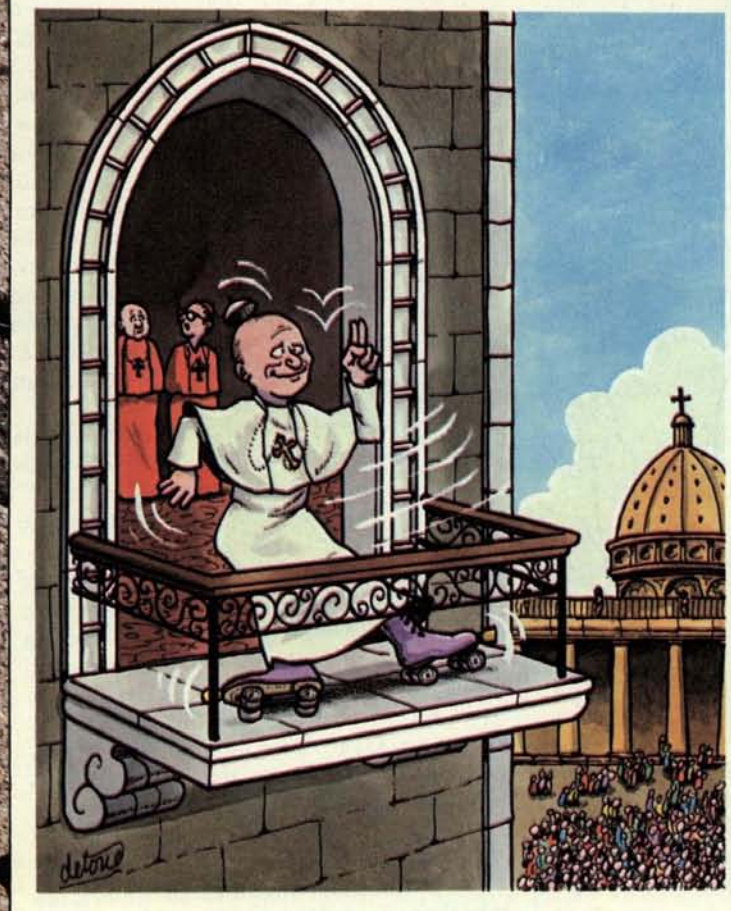
"Hey, Dad, let's play 'President'! Pump a few slugs into me!"



"I don't like the looks of this, Senator."



"Let me stick it in, or I'll go shoot the President!"



"It's the old 'moving-target' ploy."

"People say to me, 'Ronald, you're a wild and crazy guy!' "

PROFILE: JIM HOPKINS

(continued from page 52)

Immediately Hopkins snapped back to reality. Later he stood on the steps of the State House and addressed a receptive crowd of more than 1,000.

"On February 23, 1836, nearly 3,000 of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna's troops surrounded the Alamo and lay siege to it," he said. "When the general sounded the *Deguello*—which means 'Show no quarter, no mercy'—rather than being frightened, the Texans inside became that much more determined to defend themselves. Less than 200 men heroically resisted and held the Alamo for 13 days. Well, now the Veterans Administration has sounded the *Deguello* for us. We must dig in and defend ourselves with all the courage we can muster." He received a resounding ovation.

After Hopkins spoke, a nine-year-old boy grasped the microphone. His left hand and arm were deformed from birth defects apparently caused by Agent Orange. "If the government doesn't start helping us soon," he said, "there won't be anyone alive left to study."

* * *

Jim Hopkins was in high spirits when he and Suzanne returned home two days later. He looked forward to standing trial for crashing his jeep into the hospital. Afterward, they planned to move to Texas, where a group of people, including millionaire H. Ross Perot, had promised to pay for all medical tests necessary to prove he had been poisoned by Agent Orange.

"On our last day together we spent a lot of time in bed, reading and fucking, fucking and reading," Suzanne remembers. She felt especially good about the two of them being reunited. After the jeep incident, when she could see Jim only two hours a day at the hospital, she was scared, tired, irritated and lonesome. Now for the first time in months she was feeling better about things.

Around 1 p.m. Suzanne drove into Malibu and picked up some beer, cigarettes, magazines and cold cuts. At the market she chatted with a few people who knew and liked Jim. They all offered their support. Driving home, she remembered again how pissed she was that the VA wouldn't give Jim the hearing devices he desperately needed.

She also pondered the family's dwindling finances. Dealing with Jim's illness had cost Suzanne her pharmacy-managing job. Still, she vowed to find some way to raise the $60 a month to buy the special hearing devices for the phone.

Suzanne parked the car and then stopped at the door to disengage the dead-bolt lock. "Honey, I'm home!" she shouted. Minutes later she found Jim's lifeless body.

"I didn't cry," she says. "All I could think about was that it didn't have to be like this if the VA had helped him."

At first Suzanne had known only a part of her husband—the wounded part. "He never talked about Vietnam with me at the beginning," she says, leafing through piles of documents and medical records just weeks after Hopkins' death. "Gradually he started trusting me and opening up. He'd tell me how he couldn't stand the bitter cold in Vietnam—it was frigid for months at a time. He hated the constant wetness and cold. 'The driest place,' he said, 'was on top of dead bodies.' "

Next she produces a sheaf of medical records compiled during the three weeks he spent in the Brentwood psychiatric ward following the jeep affair. Reports of the patient's sleeping activities provide another fascinating insight into how the VA mistreated this shattered GI. His wife had talked frequently about Jim's nightmares, but the official sleeping reports indicate he slept like a baby. Patients in the same room, however, stated he had been awake night after night experiencing unpleasant dreams.

A report dated April 8, 1981, shows that Hopkins was sound asleep on his back when he was checked every 30 minutes. Yet on that same night he wrote the following letter to Suzanne:

"4-7-81. Midnight. In many ways I feel like a POW. They may try to tax my endurance and break my spirit, but they *never* will succeed. . . . Together, we will fight them though for the most part physically separated. Seeing you for but two short hours each day gives me the fortitude that I need to endure. In turn, I trust that I can give you the needed courage to continue. . . . I have been thinking mostly of you since this began. You are my only sickness, Suzanne. I am incurably addicted to your love."

"If Jim was sleeping soundly on his back," Suzanne snaps, "then how the hell did he write that beautiful letter?"

The VA also took it upon itself to spend substantial time trying to discredit Hopkins' complaints of hearing loss. In his closing evaluation, dated April 13, 1981, Dr. Alistair Barron wrote: "There was no evidence of difficulty hearing."

"Can you believe their heartlessness?" Suzanne asks. "My husband had been through hell. He was slowly dying from Agent Orange poisoning. So he sat face-to-face with an attending physician who was supposed to help him. This son of a bitch played games to determine whether or not he could hear. Of course, if it was found his hearing was not

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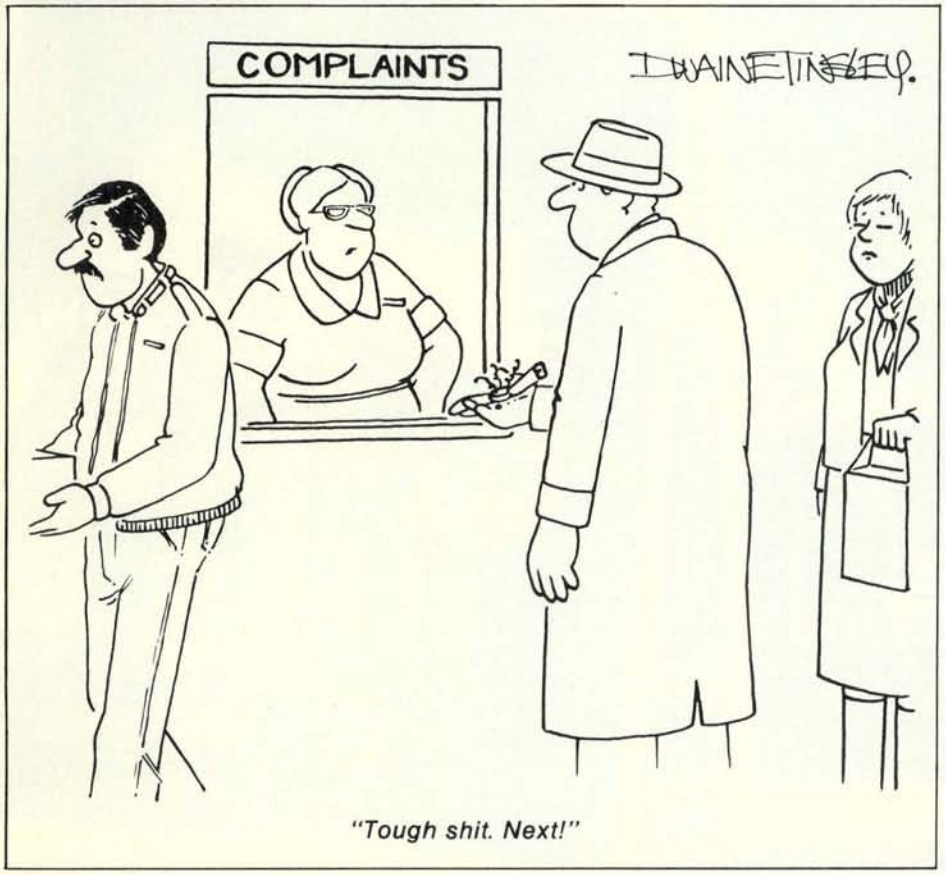
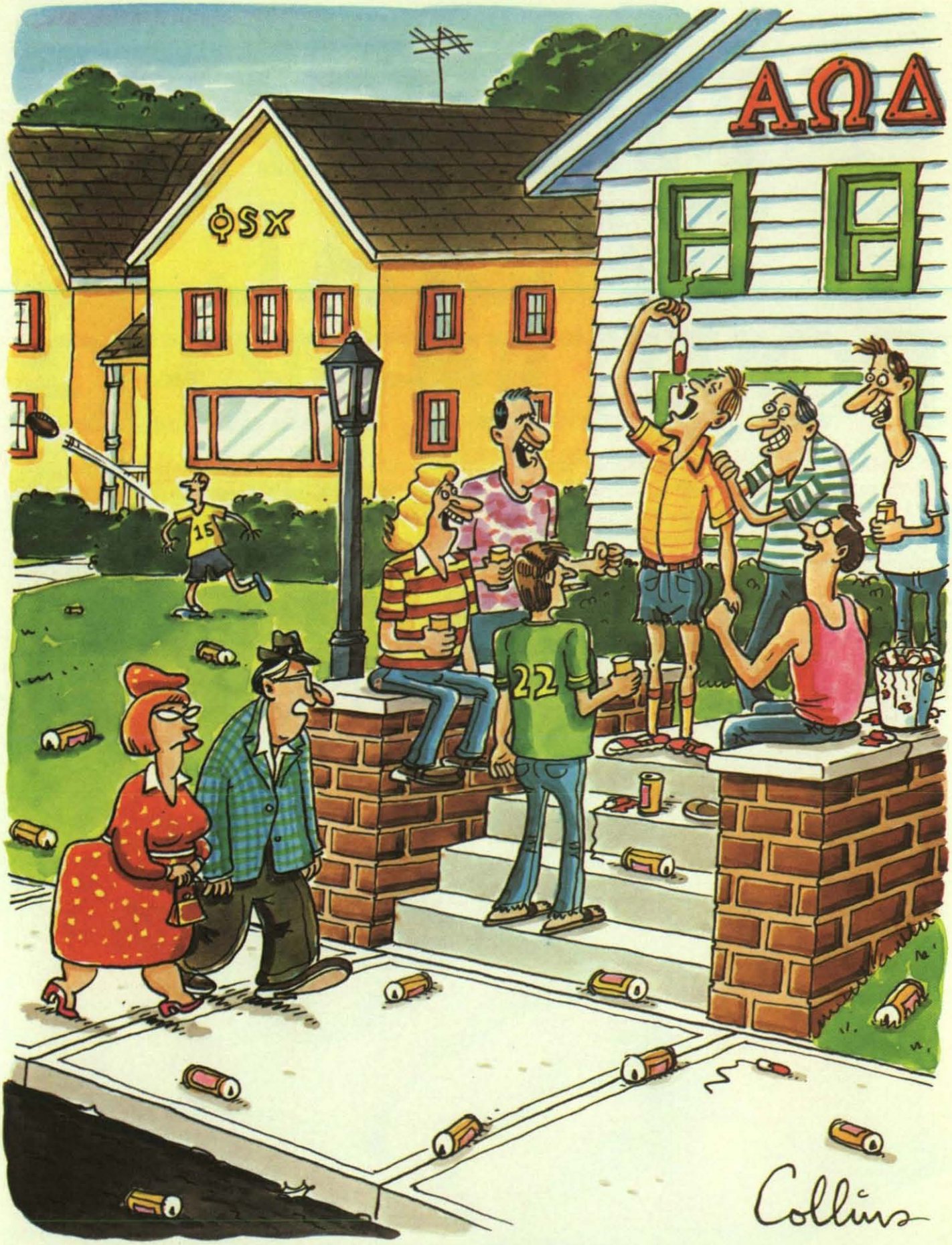


"Tough shit. Next!"



"In my day we swallowed goldfish."

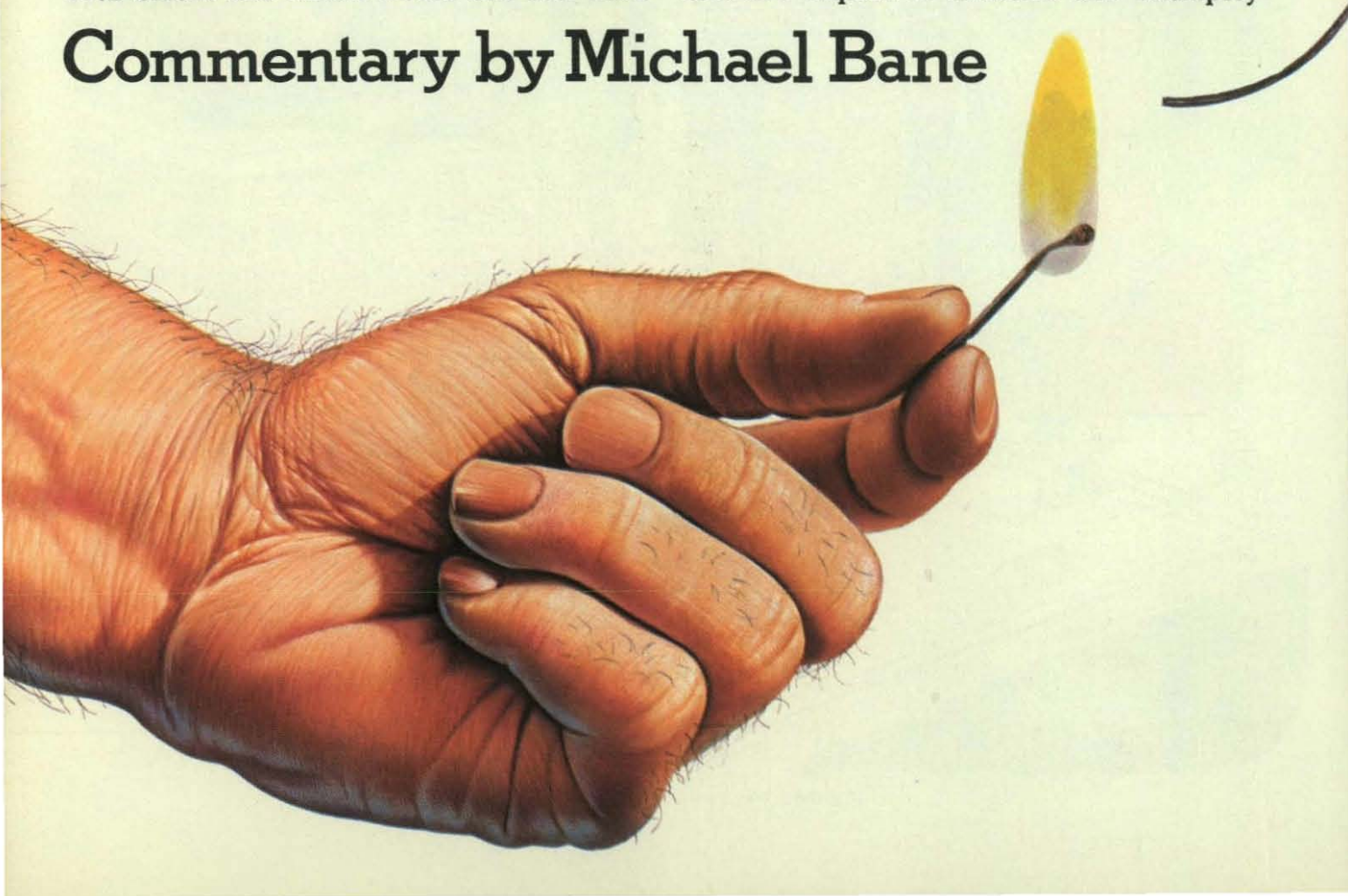
AMERICA'S RACIAL POWDER KEG

Commentary by Michael Bane

His resounding voice thundered over the throng assembled around the Lincoln Memorial like a message from the Almighty Himself. "I have a dream," Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. told freedom marchers so many years ago. "I have a dream."

That 1963 vision was of an America where both blacks and whites would live and work together in harmony—one dream for one people. But today King's dream is fast becoming a nightmare. In fact, it is on the verge of dying, and its demise would truly be catastrophic for all citizens, black and white.

To understand why the dream is in desperate trouble, think first about the double-barreled impact of inflation and unemploy-



ment on middle-class Americans. Consider the pain they feel on the grocery line when the cash-register numbers keep on adding up and up. Reflect on the foreboding that comes at the end of each month when there's no money to pay for children's shoes or car repairs or—even worse—when a pink slip is stuffed into the pay envelope. Such commonplace occurrences cause a disease of the spirit that knows no cure—the almost-certain knowledge that tomorrow is going to be worse than today.

Now think about the day-to-day struggle to survive in major American cities as violent crime soars out of control. Consider the many millions of white middle-class Americans who are afraid to go out after dark. Fearfully they install double-bolted locks on their doors, learn how to use Mace, study self-defense, and stuff arsenals of handguns between their mattresses and box springs.

Whether it's Chicago, New York, Los Angeles or Miami, they all feel an automatic spasm of apprehension upon seeing groups of idle blacks loitering on street corners, blaring their portable cassette recorders and casting menacing glares. All too often they experience firsthand the spike of fear that dances, white-hot, off the drawn knife in the glare of a street light.

Add to this the so-called "safety nets"—government projects for the poor, comprehensive job training for the disadvantaged, food stamps and fuel-assistance payments, and all those other programs that you and your friends never seem to qualify for.

Consider job promotions and raises that go to the less qualified, and children who stand by dangerous highways in the predawn hours waiting for school buses. Contemplate street gangs that get federal funds, teachers who are assaulted and raped, and basketball teams integrated by court order.

Think about all of these pressure points quickly, because the time for thinking is clearly running out. As former Black Panther leader Huey Newton once observed, there comes a time to stop talking and pick up the gun. Once that happens, the gun is notoriously hard to put down.

* * *

Race relations in the United States are plummeting toward a new low, despite 20 years of hard-fought progress. The head of a leading civil-rights group, the National Urban League's Vernon E. Jordan Jr., says the mood across the country is turning mean against blacks. He found that out himself when a sniper's bullet hit him in the back.

The radical and outspoken Reverend Jesse Jackson, president of Operation PUSH, has called for a return of the tough tactics of the 1960s—including boycotts, marches and strikes—to turn America's head once again.

Black sociologist Kenneth B. Clark points to the relatively lower black voter turnout in the last Presidential election—voting that swept out the remnants of the liberal Democrats, traditional friends of blacks—as a sign of "a sense of hopelessness" in black America. Traditionally, hopelessness has inspired acts of violence and aggression.

Representative John Conyers Jr. (Dem.-Michigan), a member of the Congressional Black Caucus, warns that many blacks are looking at the 1980s with a new pessimism, "a real loss of confidence that the system works." What he's really saying, between the lines, is *watch out!*

These isolated pronouncements are not the only nightmare warnings loose in the land. For the first time in more than a decade the hatemongering Ku Klux Klan is again on the rise. Racially motivated killings have become a subject of national concern.

"The Klan is marching, and black people are being murdered all over the country," warns Robert (Buddy) Battle III, regional director of the United Auto Workers and the union's top-ranking black. "Racists are being appointed to the highest offices in the land. We are sitting on a powder keg, with the permission of the White House. It would only take one heavy incident for a lot of whites to turn on blacks."

In South Carolina a young black man is lynched by four whites, while in Mobile, Alabama, the body of a 19-year-old black is found hanging from a camphor tree. In Chico, California, a deaf black youth is shotgunned to death by three white men intent on "getting dark meat." In Salt Lake City, Utah, a white assassin uses a bolt-action rifle to gun down two black joggers.

In Oakland, California, a white woman is convicted of strangling a five-year-old black child. Also in Oakland an ugly story circulates about another five-year-old black child who reportedly entered a department-store men's room and was found in one of the stalls, dead and castrated. Newspapers, radio stations and police precincts are swamped with indignant reaction to what turns out to be an unfounded rumor.

Part of the concern surrounding the unsolved murders of young blacks in Atlanta, Georgia, is that the slayings may have racial motivations. It comes as no surprise that many alarmed and frustrated blacks believe there is a racist

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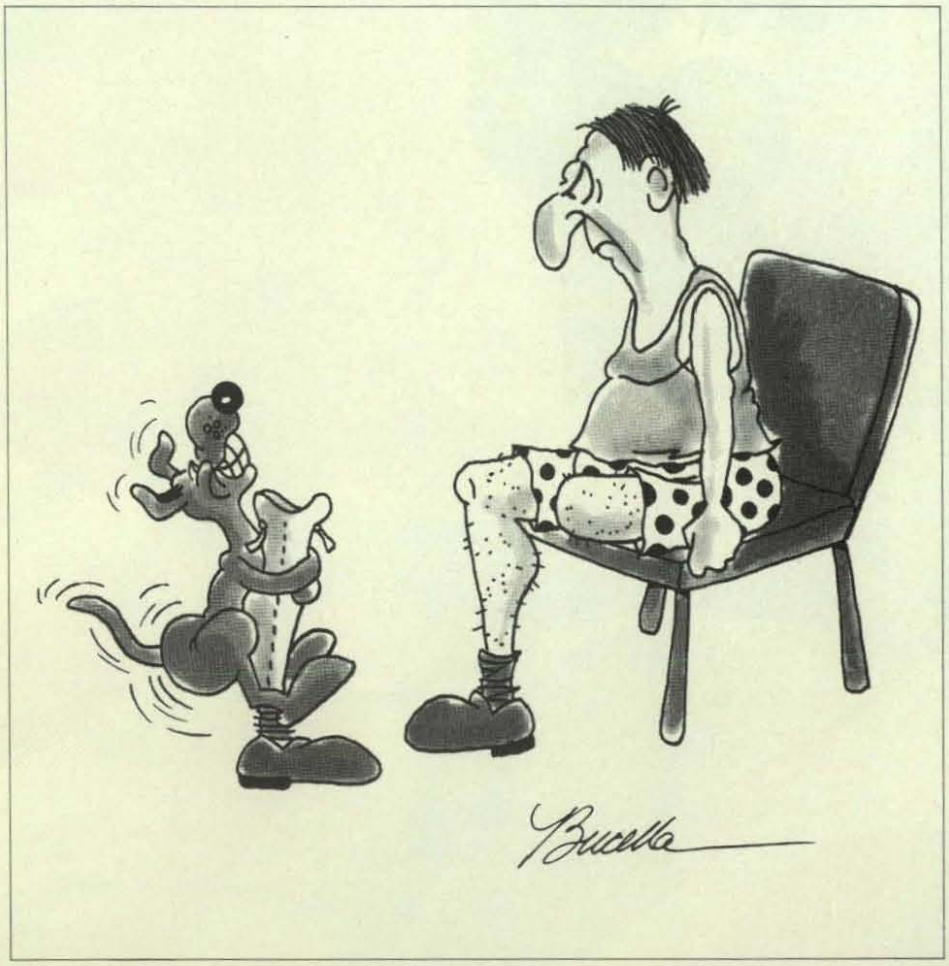

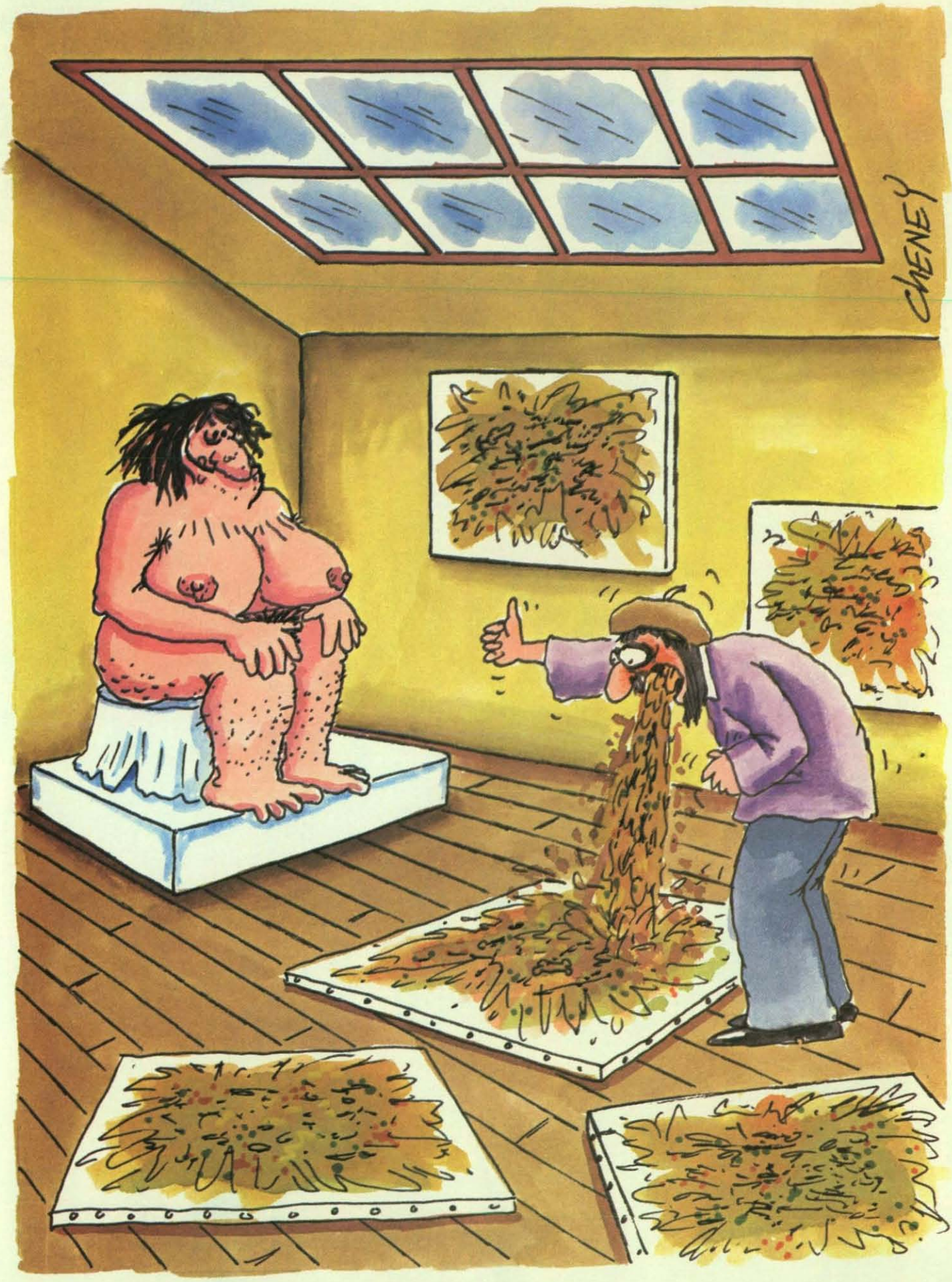
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"I've always been a power groupie," admits 23-year-old Cheryl, a Washington secretary who hails from Dallas. "Just being in the same room where someone strong and powerful has been drives me crazy. Sometimes, when my boss is out of town at his ranch or shopping, I'll use my charms to sneak past the guards and spend a few thrilling minutes in his office. Just looking at his picture and running the hard, smooth frame across my body make my juices run." Sprawled across his desk, she imagines his rugged cowboy hands gently massaging her nipples and cunt. Then he takes her in his arms and whispers his usual sweet nothings in her ear, realizing the best way to seduce is to talk softly and act strong. Although Cheryl admits her fantasy will probably never come true, she still hangs on to her dream. "There'll come a time," she says, "when he will put out a call to have us all come together, and I'll be first in line."

HUSTLER'S HONEY · OCTOBER 1981

I'll serve you any
way you like.
Love,
Cheryl

A black man and a Frenchman sat next to each other at the airport. The black noticed that the Frenchman would occasionally pass his middle finger under his nose and say, "Ahh . . . Mimi!" Finally, the black guy asked, "Say, man, what choo doin'?"

"Ah, *monsieur*," the Frenchman answered. "I am just sniffing my Mimi's pussy juice from our last night of lovemaking."

The black dude looked at him a second, then passed his entire arm under his nose, taking a huge sniff. He then shouted, "Ahh . . . Ruby!"

When Randy's friend got him a blind date, he didn't say the lovely blonde was confined to a wheelchair. But the girl, who was born with no legs, was so beautiful that Randy was game. He rolled her out of the house and across into the park for a date. She was as oversexed as she was pretty, and it wasn't long before Randy followed her instructions. He hung her by the coat collar on the park's iron fence and fucked her.

Afterward, he wheeled her home, where her brother met them at the door. "Your sister is wonderful—a real lady in every sense of the word," Randy said.

The blonde's brother smiled and shook his hand, saying, "And you, sir, are a true gentleman. Most of her dates leave her hanging there on the fence, and I have to go get her down."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines an *IUD coil* as: a boxspring.

At the movie theater a man noticed a young woman sitting all by herself. He was excited to see she had both hands under her skirt and was frigging herself furiously. He moved to a seat next to her and offered his help. She agreed, and the man started finger-fucking her like crazy. When he tired and withdrew his hand, he was surprised to see her go back to work on herself with both hands.

"Wasn't I good enough?" he asked sheepishly.

"You were great," she said, "but these crabs are still itching!"

Herb sat glumly all evening eyeing his wife suspiciously. Finally, be blurted, "Blanche, admit it. You've been sucking off the dog!"

"What?!" she shouted. "How can you say such a thing?!"

"I've been watching you two," Herb answered. "Every time you yawn, he gets a hard-on!"

The young woman, pregnant for the first time, was terrified of the pain of childbirth. She confided this to her mother and asked her to describe what the pain was like.

"Well, dear," the older woman began, "grasp your upper lip with the thumbs and forefingers of both hands and pinch it as hard as you can."

The daughter did as she was told and then said, "That's not so bad, Mom. I can take that."

"We're not done yet, dear. Now take your lip again and pull it over the top of your head."

Question: Who originated the limbo dance?
Answer: A Jew in a pay toilet.

A scruffy, bearded cowboy rode into town on a bucking brahma bull, his six-guns blazing. He had a mountain lion on a leash and a rattlesnake in his back pocket. In front of the town hall he knocked out the mountain lion and bit off the rattler's head. He strode into the saloon, scattering the frightened patrons.

At the bar he slammed down his fist and ordered a quart of whiskey. The cowboy then broke off the neck of the bottle and drank down the liquor in one gulp. As he threw the empty bottle against the wall, the bartender said, "Gee, stranger, you must come from a pretty tough town!"

"Yup," the cowboy answered, "pretty tough. They just kicked all us queers out yesterday!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *ten-inch erection* as: double-digit inflation.

Abe went to a brothel and told the madam, "I want a girl with big boobs and a small box!"

"Why?" she asked him.

"Never mind!" replied Abe. "I'm paying for it. I want a girl with big tits and a small cooze!"

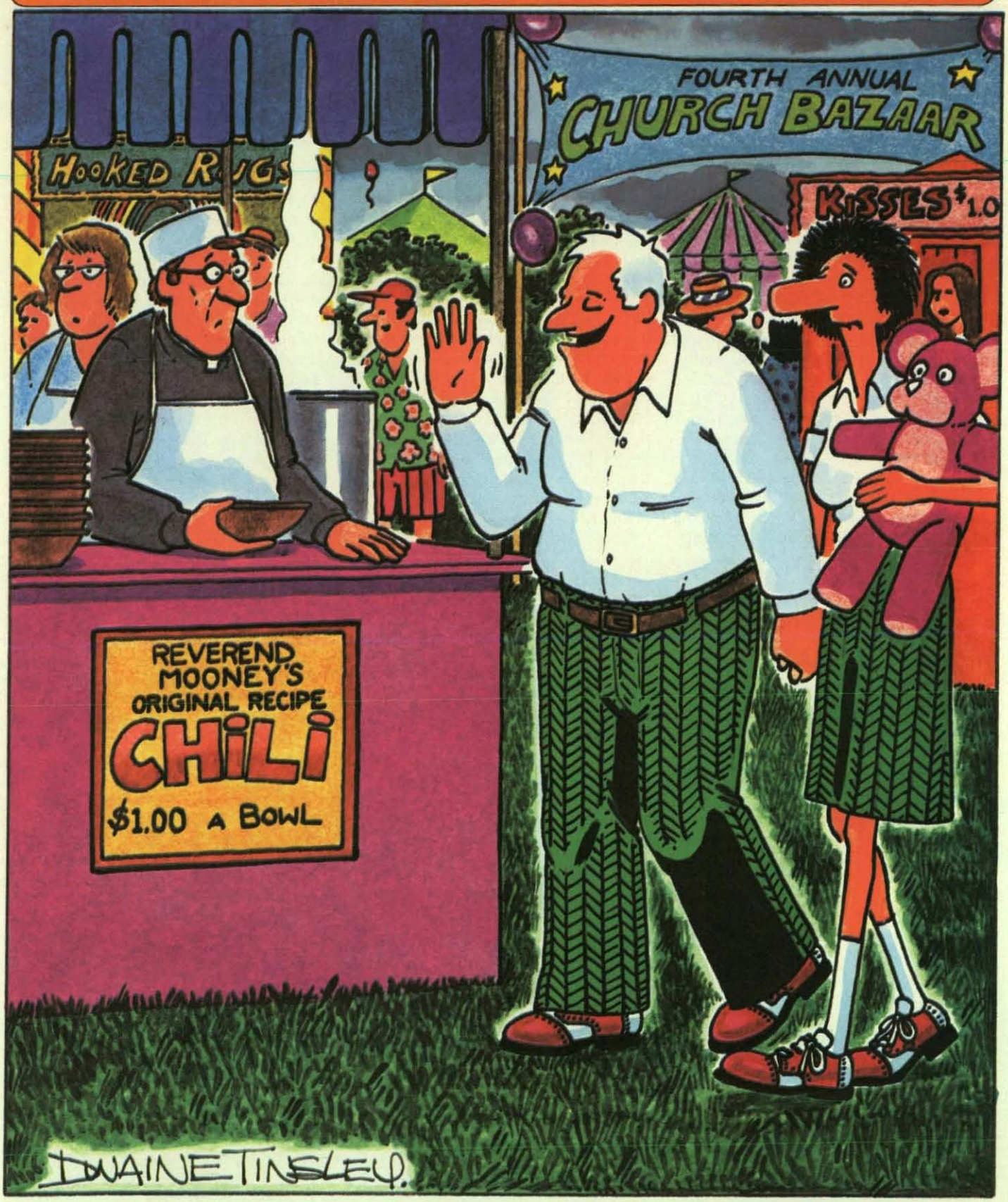
"No problem," said the madam. "Go straight up the stairs to Room 23."

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door, and a young woman walked in.

"Okay," she said, "are you the guy with the big mouth and the small pecker?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a 3" X 5" 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 will send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return your submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Thanks, but no chili for me, Reverend. The stuff gives me the raging shits!"

RACIAL POWDER KEG

(continued from page 60)

conspiracy linking the gruesome Atlanta murders to killings in other cities.

Perhaps the National Urban League's Jordan put black fears in the best perspective when he called 1980 a year of storm warnings. "Deepening racial hostility, fueled by inequality and economic stagnation, threatens to tear our society apart," he said. "No one, least of all black America, wants this."

A prelude to Jordan's dark vision came in May 1980, when Liberty City, Florida—opulent Miami's sprawling ghetto—erupted at the news that four policemen had been acquitted in the beating death of black insurance executive Arthur McDuffie. Nothing like the resulting three days of violence had been seen in America since the siege of Newark, New Jersey, in 1967.

Police and black youths exchanged gunfire. Buildings were torched. Ambulances taking the wounded to Jackson Memorial Hospital were stoned. While onlookers in African Square Park cheered, two young white men were dragged from their car by blacks and beaten unconscious. One of them was run over three times by a car. Elsewhere, a white man's tongue was cut out. And another white was found near death, with one ear cut off, his tongue severed, a bullet hole in his right side and a red rose stuffed down his throat. When the flames subsided, 18 people were dead, 400 injured, and some $100 million in damages tabulated.

If nothing else, the savagery in Miami reminded Americans that inflation may not be their worst domestic problem. But as any good sailor will confirm, storm warnings are worthless if you can't tell which way the wind is blowing. There's clearly a different wind blowing today, and its hot gusts are saying: America can no longer afford, either in a financial or spiritual sense, to continue to fill an unlimited shopping list for the underprivileged minority.

The price is too high—and that price is the specter of race war.

Vernon Jordan is absolutely right: There *is* an ugly mood loose in America. But a big part of that mood—perhaps the major portion—is the sheer frustration of the already-overburdened white middle class. As its standard of living sinks faster than the declining value of the dollar, it still must endure political rhetoric on its responsibility to minorities. What is worse, the white middle class has been unable to merely *suggest* an alternative without being immediately damned as racist.

In fact, since the civil-rights battles of the 1960s, white America has found itself in the awkward position of not even being able to talk to black America, except within certain, narrowly defined boundaries. Those limitations were laid out by the most radical of spokesmen and ratified by the most liberal of American politicians, and they were simplicity itself. Objecting to any program aimed at black or other minority groups for *any* reason at all was proof positive that the person doing the objecting was indeed a racist.

"The next step the liberals were going to take was to have people arrested for not liking blacks," suggested comedian Mort Sahl. Sadly, his quip had the ring of truth.

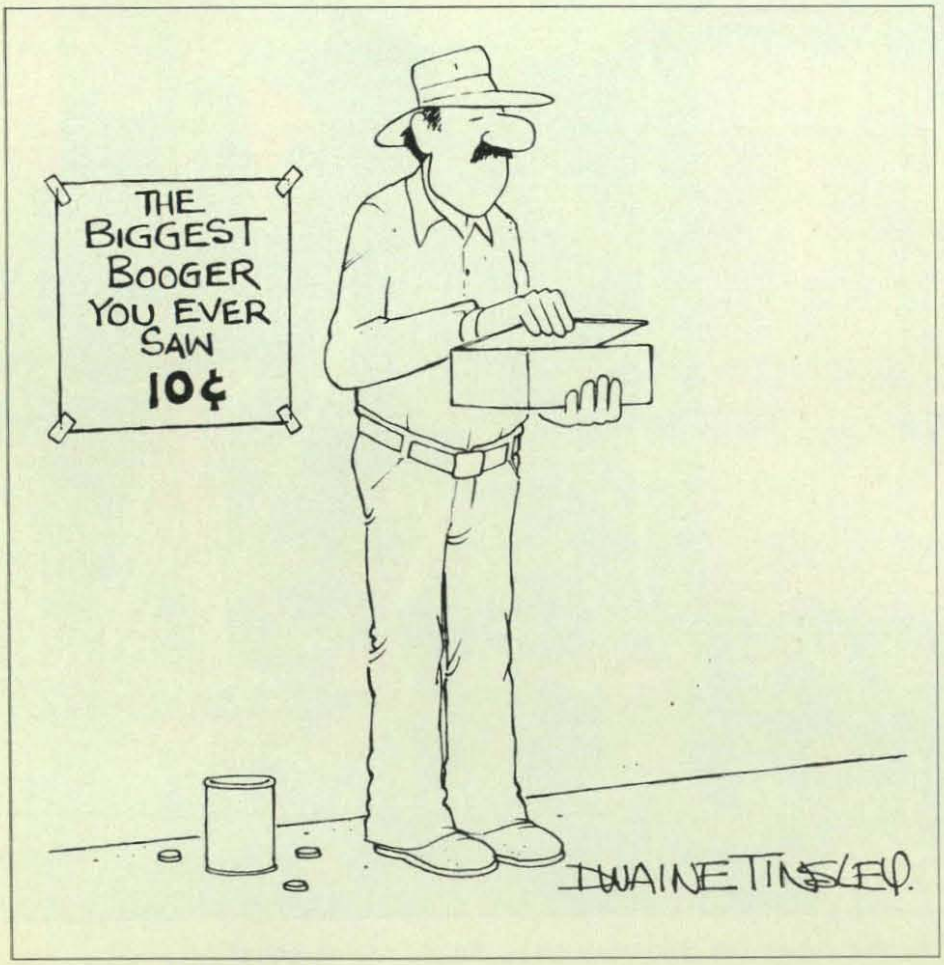
You either bought the whole package—welfare, school busing, affirmative action, job training, federal grants to minority businesses, job quotas, grants to rebuild the inner city, federal rent subsidies, and on and on—or you were damned as some throwback to the beer-bellied, lynch-minded Southern sheriff, little better than some hairless ape and certainly not worth arguing with.

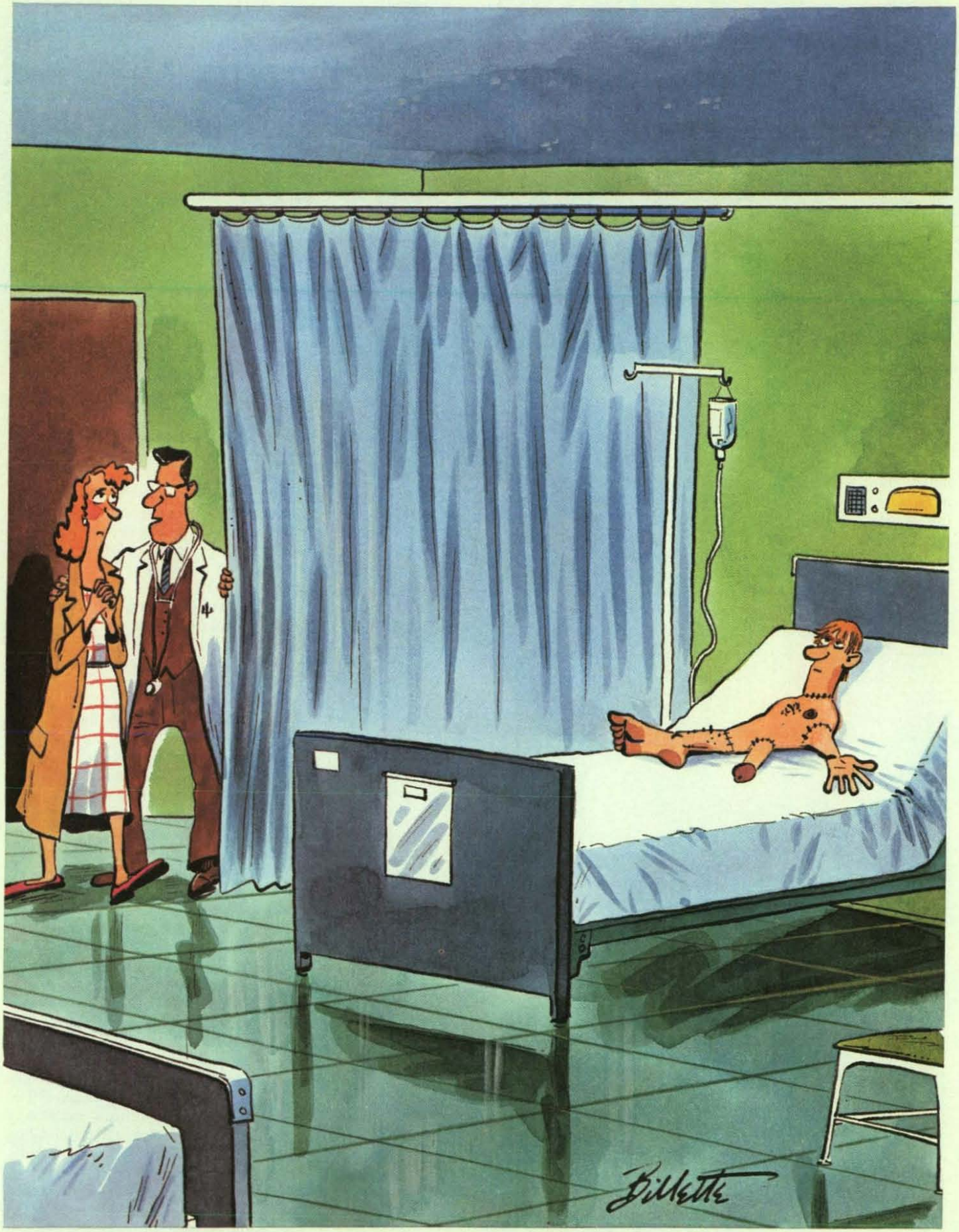
No matter that there were solid political positions (some of which are back in vogue in Washington these days) against federal giveaway programs that had nothing to do with race. The issues were as clear as former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver's now-classic statement, "You're either a part of the solution or a part of the problem."

Or, as S. I. Hayakawa, then the controversial conservative head of San Francisco State College and now a U.S. senator from California, said perhaps a bit more bitterly, "White liberals, in their hunger for humiliation, will take as revealed truth anything an angry black man says."

Although the polarized politics of the 1960s gave way to the more moderate politics of the 1970s, the rift between black and white actually widened. The accusation of being a racist has become such an accepted part of American life that it's rarely questioned anymore.

Consider the case of William Shockley (profiled in HUSTLER, August 1980), the Nobel Prize-winning inventor of the transistor. He sent nuclear-bomb-size shockwaves first through the scientific community and then the country at large in the late 1960s by suggesting that blacks may soon be facing a critical intelligence problem. What he basically said was that ignorant people have more children than educated people, or, rather, lower-class people have more children than upper-class people. As a result, the national intelligence level was headed down, which struck Shockley as cause for alarm.





"It was a pretty bad accident, Mrs. Beyser. We did what we could."

Coincidentally, Shockley pointed out that the majority of the people having the most babies happened to be the nation's 26.5 million blacks. "Racist! Nazi! Genocide Against the Poor!" screamed the media, black leaders and liberal politicians.

Sweeping critical issues and personal opinions under the rug, for fear of being crucified as a racist, has got to stop. If it doesn't, the national mood is going to get a whole lot meaner. Ultimately, it will be the black American who pays the price. Regardless of all its political posturing and proliferation of official-sounding organizations, the fact remains that the black minority lacks a significant power base.

Since the election of Ronald Reagan, black leaders across the country have wrung their hands and demanded to know what sickness is affecting the American soul to cause it to turn against its minorities. Here, then, is a point-by-point look at why America is turning mean, and why these issues *must* be honestly confronted to head off the coming disaster.

* * *

Above all, forced busing and affirmative-action programs stand out as leading bones of contention. Both those terms are simply symptoms of far-more-complicated, deeper-rooted problems.

Affirmative action basically means the granting of preferential treatment to minority groups (and women) to offset the effects of earlier discrimination. Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act prohibits discrimination based on race, religion, sex or national origin in hiring or firing, wages and salaries, promotions or in any terms, conditions or privileges of employment.

In other words, merit—not extraneous factors—was considered the measure of an employee.

The very next year, President Lyndon B. Johnson emphasized that past discrimination had to be combated and that Title VII wasn't enough. Affirmative action was born, and it grew to take many shapes—from special training programs for minorities to quotas of minorities.

By 1970 affirmative action had become a juggernaut, with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) poring over hiring practices and tossing lawsuits around like firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Quotas became the marching orders of the day. A company was required to have a certain number of minority employees, or else. For all the EEOC cared, they could be waylaid in an alley and dragged into work, but they *had* to be there.

For employers, the trick became to line up minority employees before the government snuffed out the businesses with litigation. And, frankly, whether those employees were any *good* was a strictly secondary consideration.

Employees are hired, promoted or fired not on merit, not on quality, not on seniority, but on the basis of *race*. Just before President Jimmy Carter left office, the Justice Department issued a decree that, in effect, required the Civil Service to hire minorities in the same proportion as those who took the test.

The fact is, the best person for the job no longer necessarily wins it, and that knowledge is like a cancer eating away at the working heartland of America. It runs counter to the very factor that has made this country the global leader it is today. Open competition, based on an ability to excel, has traditionally been the wellspring of our nation's technological progress.

"We do not wish to be served by a 'representative' collection of brain surgeons or naval aviators or physicists, but by the very best such persons we can obtain, provided we are confident that no one has been unfairly excluded from consideration," wrote columnist James Q. Wilson in a well-reasoned attack on affirmative action.

In 1978 the Supreme Court ruled that applicant Allan Bakke, a 38-year-old white engineer, must be admitted to the University of California Medical School. He claimed its minority-admissions program had made him a victim of reverse discrimination. The justices held that admission of a student because of race or ethnic origin alone was indeed discrimination, but that race and origins could be used as one criterion for admission to college.

The public reaction was staggering, from vicious personal attacks on Bakke to the predictable cry of "Racist! Nazi! Genocide Against the Poor!"

But academia is not, after all, the real world, and a debate on who gets into the college of his or her choice soon sounds like an argument about the number of angels dancing on the head of a pin. It is in the *workplace* that affirmative action gnaws away at our national spirit, and, until this year, the Supreme Court had upheld affirmative action there.

What have been the results? Thanks to affirmative action, many urban police departments face a critical manpower shortage because they can't hire white males, traditional applicants for the job, until they meet their quota of minority applicants. New Jersey instituted a special class for female state-trooper applicants because the requisite number of women was unable to pass the regular

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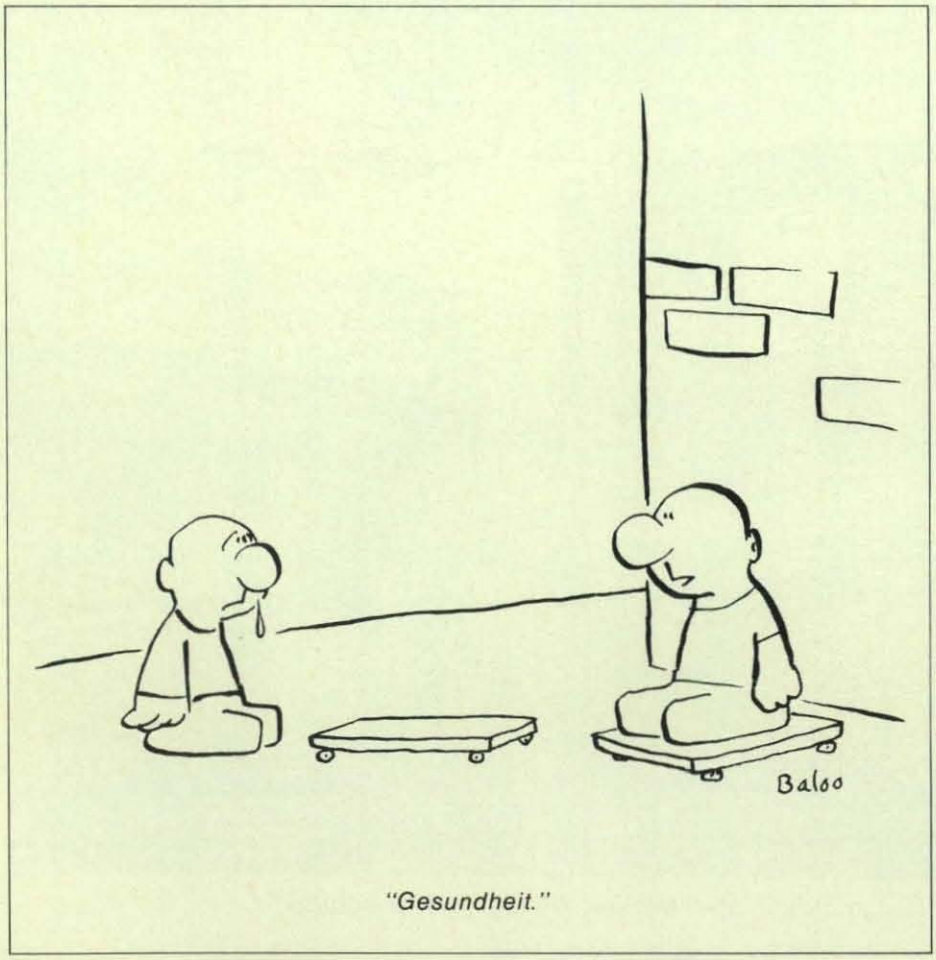
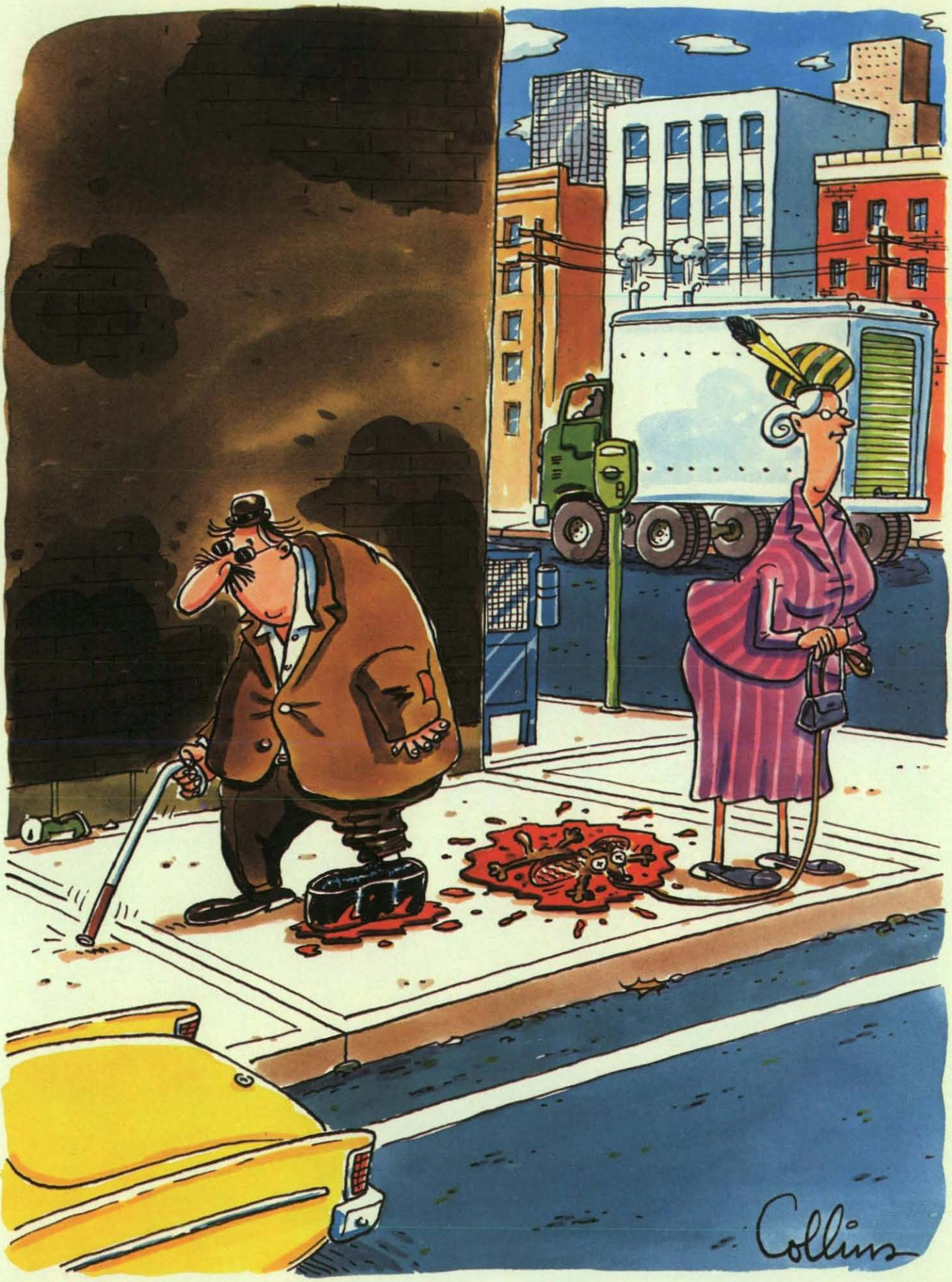


"Gesundheit."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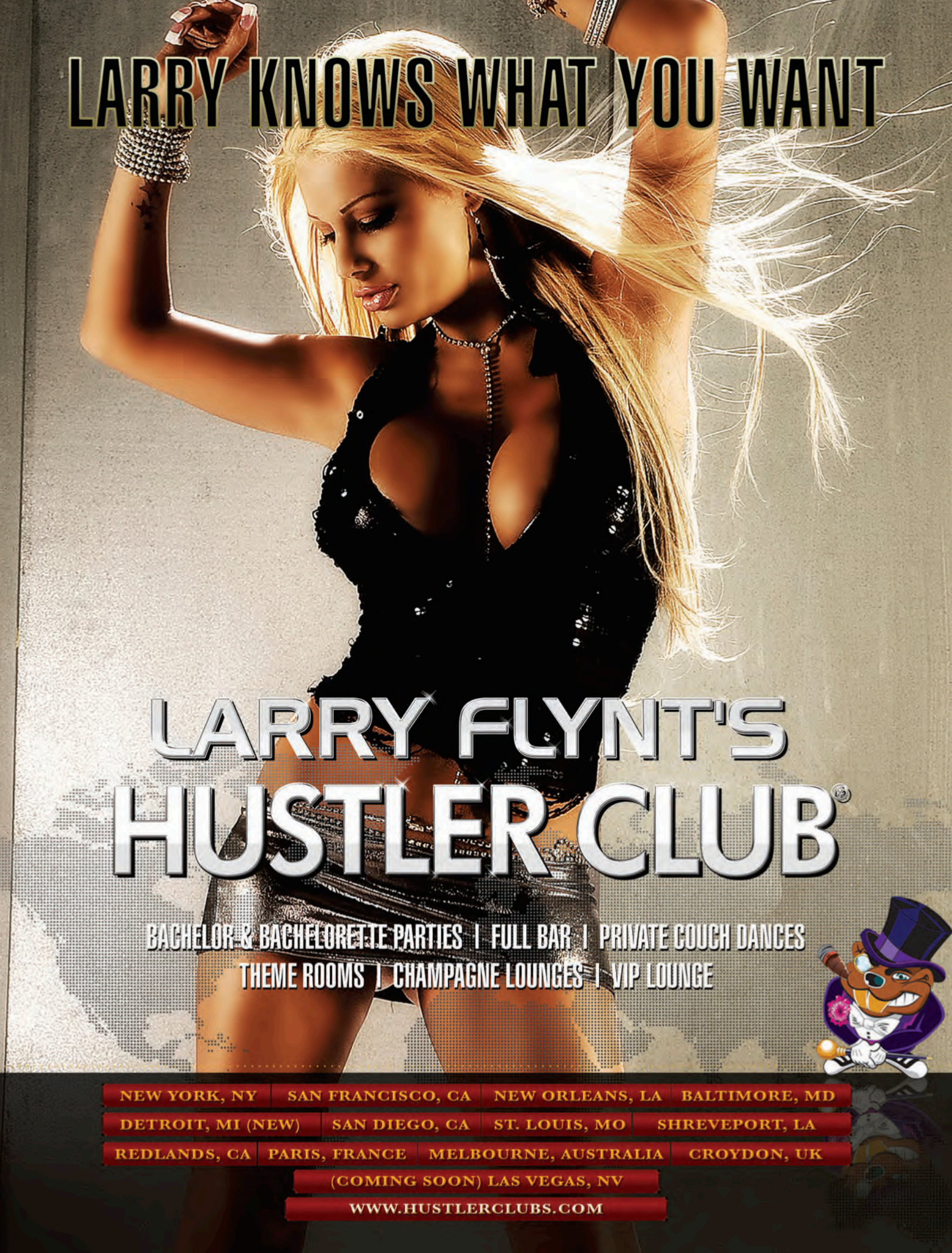
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DONNA & BOBBI
HAND-TO-HAND
COMBAT

Photography by Clive McLean

Robbi and Donna enlisted in the Air Force together, then found themselves on a special combat-training mission in Florida. There in the steamy jungles, away from all men, they became horny and scared. "I noticed the way Donna was looking at me," says Robbi. "I put down my gun and kissed her. The heat of her body drove me crazy; so I took off her fatigue shirt and began kissing her breasts." Suddenly, the two young women were lost in a frenzy of slippery sensuality—tongues and fingers delicately probing their most sensitive parts. "We were told to practice hand-to-hand combat," admits Donna. "Like all good servicewomen, we performed above and beyond the call of duty."

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RACIAL POWDER KEG

(continued from page 76)

police training course. Most of the women flunked or dropped out of that course too, leaving New Jersey in an equal-opportunity bind.

Take the case of Thelma Alford, a black woman cop in Tampa, Florida, who was dismissed because her superiors were unhappy with her work on the street. A cop who's not performing up to par is dangerous.

Alford sued, claiming discrimination, and was reinstated—only to be dismissed a second time. So she sued once more and settled out of court for $8,000. Alford was backed by the Feds, using our tax money, and opposed by the police, also using our tax money. So inevitably, all of us were losers.

In March of this year, perhaps noting what Bob Dylan had pointed out many years ago—"You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows"—the U.S. Supreme Court struck down one of the most hated portions of affirmative action. It ruled that employers no longer must hire or promote a woman or minority person instead of a white male if all are equally qualified. The Court also said the employer needn't "prove" to the mindless bureaucrats in Washington that the best-qualified applicant was chosen, should that employer be accused of bias. The rulings marked a refreshing return to common sense.

* * *

Second only to affirmative action in the sheer amount of bitterness generated is busing, the shuffling of kids from one school to another to achieve the illusion of racial balance. Busing has become symbolic of something, but nobody's quite sure of what. One thing is certain though. To oppose forced busing is to be damned as an irredeemable racist, even though half the respondents to a *Newsweek* poll of black opinion agreed that school busing "has caused more difficulties than it is worth."

The most recent battle against busing has been in Los Angeles, where a coalition of parents and conservative groups actually managed to dismantle that city's busing plan.

"People aren't against busing; they're against blacks," an NAACP spokesman said recently.

But is that really so? Even its supporters will agree that busing is a poor solution to what may or may not be a problem. Segregated schools are illegal, but many neighborhoods, whether through intent or the drifting of housing patterns, are predominantly black or white. The questionable solution? Load up the kids in buses and move them around like pawns on a chessboard until all the "proper" balances are met.

In addition to ending segregated schools, busing has also meant the end of neighborhood schools for tens of thousands of kids. No more getting up in the morning, walking to school, going home for lunch and walking back home in the afternoon.

In some instances busing has triggered what have become shooting wars. North and South, East and West, opponents of busing have demonstrated, sought court relief, blocked school buses and, in some nightmarish cases, burned buses and fought in the street to keep them from rolling. For too many blacks, and for the media and liberal politicians, the response has been the same as before: "Racist! Nazi! Genocide Against the Poor!"

"I don't think there's a movement against busing," claims Ira Glasser, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "I think there's a movement against integration. The outcry against busing only began when it was used to mix white and black children."

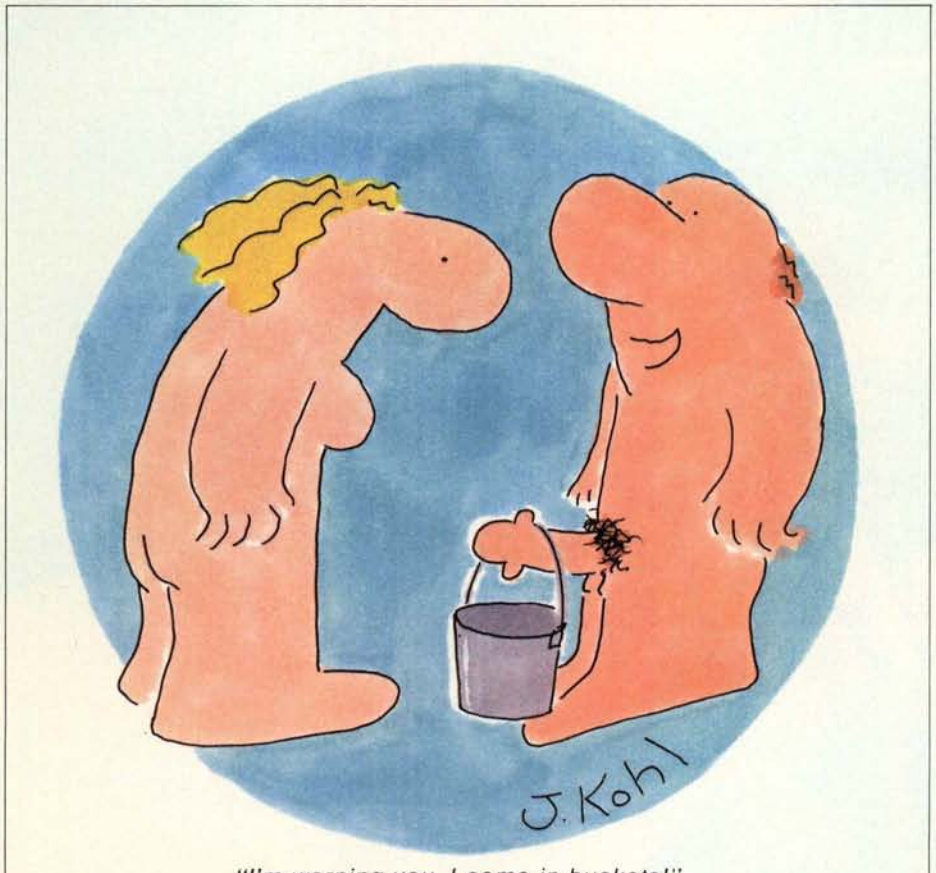
Nonsense.

What the foes of busing realize is something that New York City residents have known for a long time—in community there is strength. A cohesive community is a rare and valuable thing, which is why New Yorkers have so viciously fought such monstrous intrusions as a West Side highway that would divide and destroy a number of residential enclaves. Neighborhood schools serve to cement neighborhoods together. Without that bond the schools and the communities have suffered.

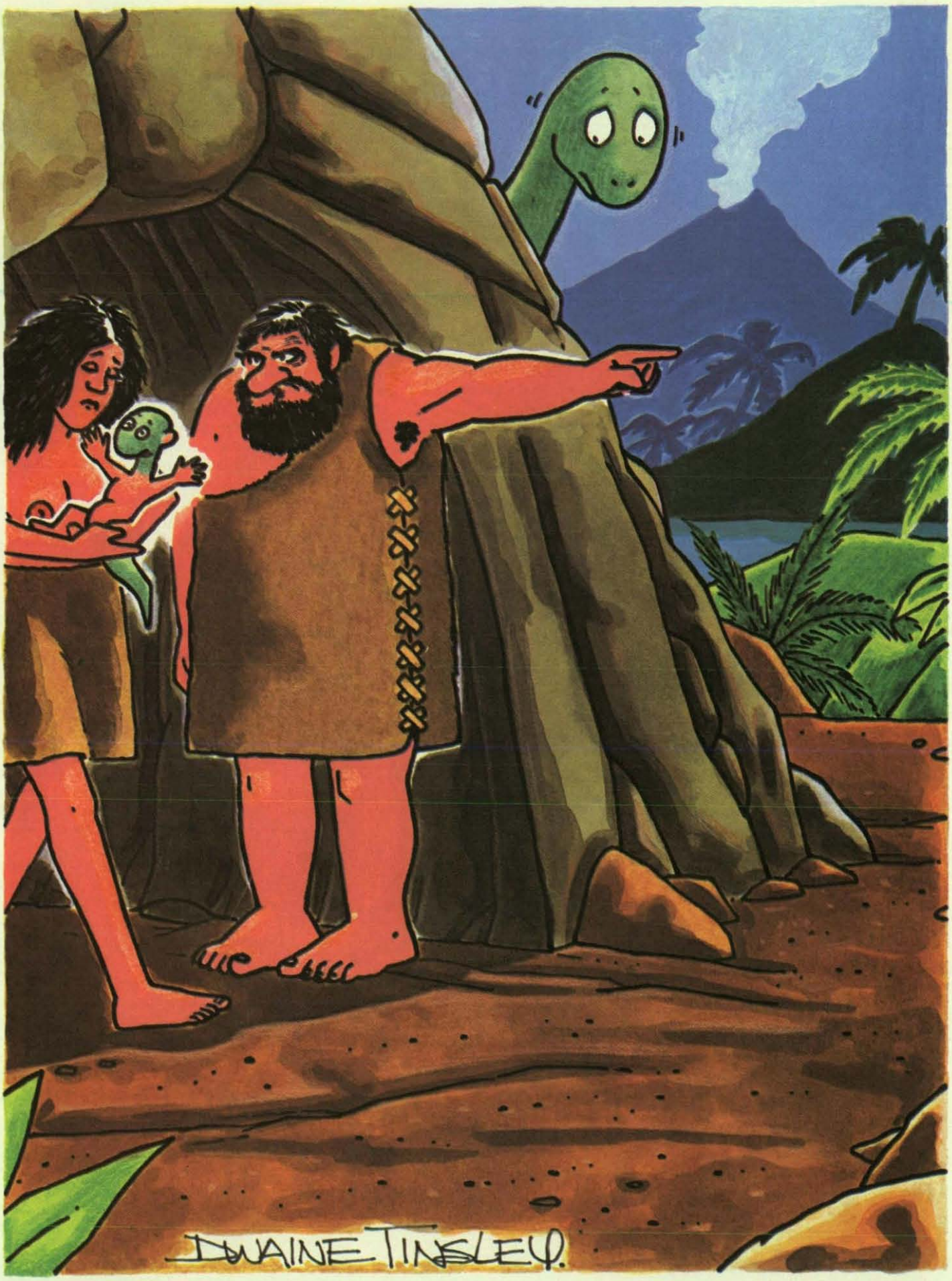
Since the advent of forced busing in the early 1970s, the American public-education system has, for whatever reasons, gone down the chutes. Ironically, Chief Justice Warren Burger put it best in his address last February to the American Bar Association. Schools, he said, had virtually eliminated any "efforts to teach values of integrity, truth, personal accountability [and] respect for others' rights."

The National Institute of Education estimates that 5,200 junior and senior high-school teachers are physically attacked every month. Six-thousand more are robbed by force. Approximately 282,000 junior and senior high-school students are assaulted each month, with an additional 112,000 robbed. "The prime concern of students and teachers in many public schools has become not education, but self-preservation," according to a recent Congressional study.

No wonder these blackboard jungles



"I'm warning you. I come in buckets!"


DUAINE TINSLEY

have little opportunity to properly teach such basics as reading, writing and arithmetic. High-school graduates' scores on the College Board Scholastic Aptitude Test—the traditional measure of a school's effectiveness—have been decreasing steadily since 1963.

Incredibly, attempts to stem the problems in the educational system are often met with the now-familiar cry of racism. In 1977 the State of Florida, disturbed by the declining literacy of its high-school graduates, mandated a literacy test as a requirement for graduation. The test was hardly complicated. It guaranteed that any graduate of a Florida school would have the basic skills necessary to function either in college or in the real world. In the first test 24% of the white students and 77% of the blacks failed.

Perhaps predictably, U.S. District Court Judge George Carr postponed using the test, ruling on a lawsuit filed by failed black students. He did allow that perhaps in 1982-83, when no Florida high-school student will have ever spent a day in a segregated classroom, the test could be made mandatory.

The only beneficiaries of the busing/education fiasco have been "white only" private schools, which are doing a booming business. According to a study conducted by sociologist James S. Coleman, students who attend private schools learn more than their public-school counterparts because they are in a better learning environment with fewer discipline problems.

• • •

To further understand the way many Americans perceive blacks, it's necessary to discuss semantics—the tricky way words can shape what we think. Washington bureaucrats like to use the word *entitlement*, as in "entitlement programs." Such programs used to have names that were distinctive. One was Social Security. Most Americans agreed that people who worked hard all their lives were entitled to some form of a pension. Another was Medicaid. That also made sense. Who could argue against the elderly being protected from illnesses and doctor bills that might wipe them out?

Virtually everyone could agree with other entitlement programs, especially veterans' benefits. But there were also the more controversial programs lumped under the title of "welfare"—food stamps and Aid for Families With Dependent Children. (One-third of all welfare recipients are black, while blacks comprise only 11% of the U.S. population.)

All of a sudden, welfare was becoming a dirty word. Better to say entitlement. After all, weren't welfare recipients *entitled* to their money?

One measure of the greatness of a country or a race is its refusal to accept handouts, even in the face of hardship. Certainly after thousands of years of slavery and virtual extermination in this century, no group would seem more worthy of charity than the Jews. Yet their fierce pride and determination to make it on their own has resulted in Israel, one of the smallest and strongest countries in the world.

Whether any able-bodied American should be ethically entitled to the public dole—especially those who are capable of working—is a moot point. But there's no question at all about the ethics of many minority citizens who flagrantly abuse the welfare system.

A black woman in Pasadena, California, was charged with bilking Los Angeles County out of more than $300,000 by collecting welfare benefits for 36 nonexistent children. Another woman used eight aliases to swindle the county out of $239,000 in welfare checks, while a third fraudulently collected $112,000. Reports of blacks illegally receiving welfare in three or four different states are not uncommon.

To add insult to injury, Fred Hubbard—a black Chicago politician in charge of a welfare program—ripped off the agency's $100,000 funding for his own use and gambled it away.

Where does that money come from? Consider a Ford Motor Company research report which discovered that more than 80 million Americans receive some form of government cash, while less than 80 million work in the private sector. Obviously, the money for welfare comes from the fewer than 80 million—the workers, the producers, *us*.

Food stamps in 1980 cost productive taxpayers approximately $9.2 billion for 21.1 million people. Medicaid ran $21 billion for 17.7 million people. Aid for Families With Dependent Children, $12 billion for 10.5 million recipients. One out of every 11 Americans now receives food stamps, and the costs of such social programs are so clearly out of control that some states are gutting other state programs to keep welfare afloat. Michigan, for example, cut education and natural-resources spending to keep the welfare bandwagon rolling.

While our society certainly has a moral obligation to the blind and infirm, how can we justify aid to the able-bodied? Invariably, the truly handicapped display an admirable pride and unwillingness to accept the handout. They realize working is a joy and a privilege, refusing to take the easy way out.

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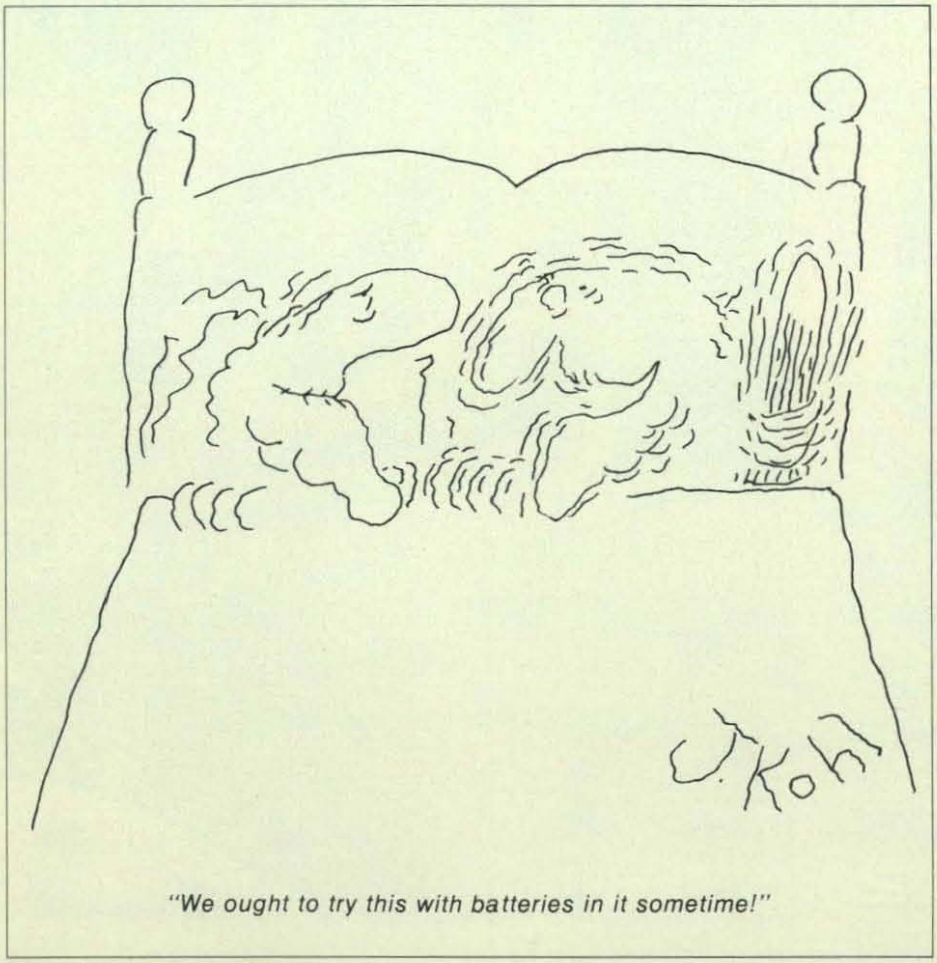
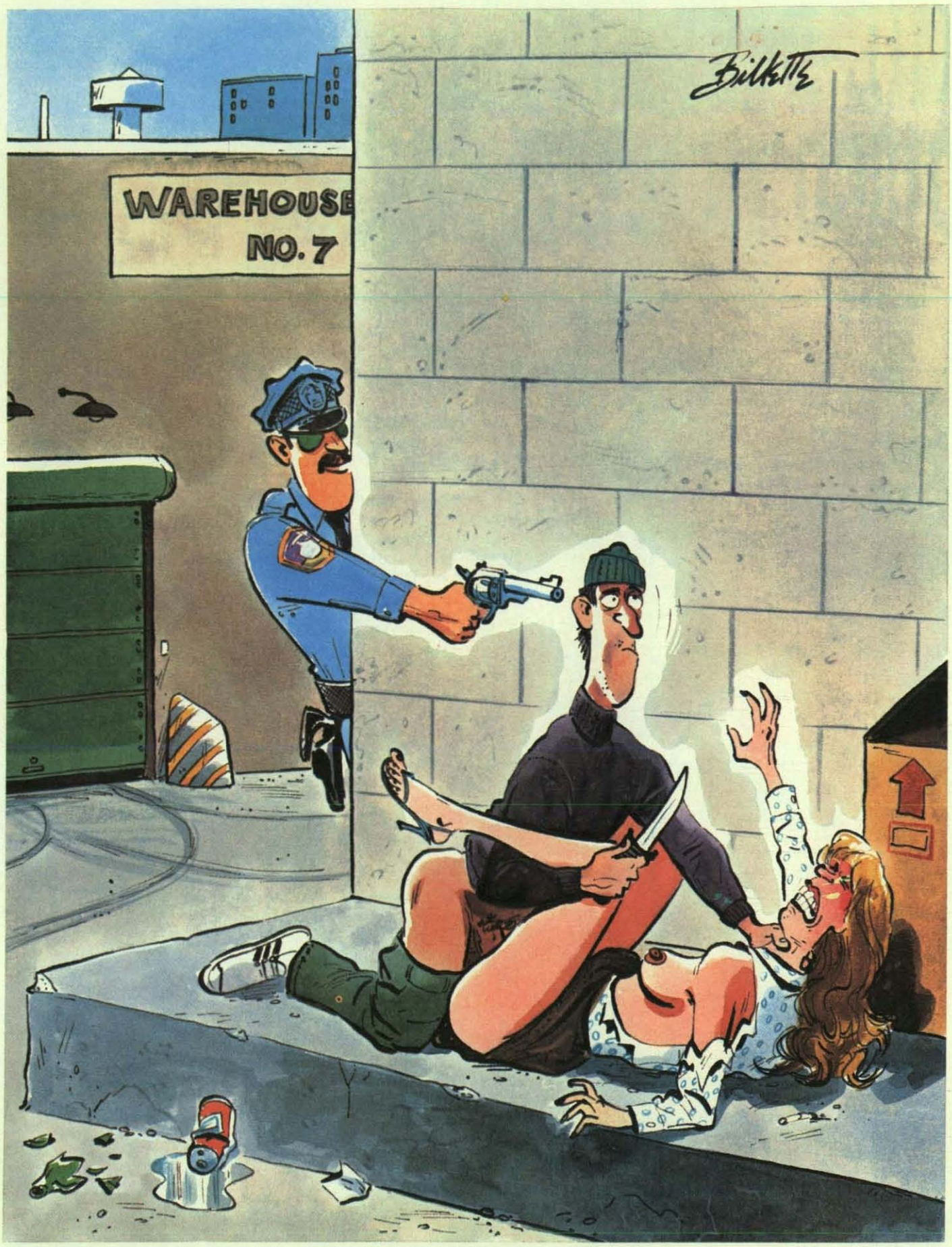


"We ought to try this with batteries in it sometime!"



"Peek-a-boo, asshole."

THE BEST LITTLE DISCO IN WEST TEXAS

FICTION BY JACKIE GROGAN

Big Billy Red Bonner and his half-brother, T-Bone, were two of the most underhanded, double-dealing, hornswoggling swindlers to ever set foot on Texas soil. Lawmen wanted them in Dallas for bookmaking, in Houston for selling phony oil-and-gas leases and in El Paso for presenting false documents while claiming someone else's inheritance.

During the drought of President Lyndon B. Johnson's second year in office, when hell decided to open up and blow its hot breath through the cracked prairie of West Texas, Billy Red had T-Bone use his natural mechanical genius to build a cloud-seeding

Illustration by Greg Martin

machine. At the request of two Lubbock County officials, the dubious contraption was mounted on a helicopter and taken up for a top-secret demonstration. To their amazement, after only a few hours of "seeding," the clouds opened up and drenched the three-acre field on which they stood.

One of the County men, known around those parts for his enterprising nature, flung his 12-gallon Stetson high in the unusually moist air. His celebration, however, was not over the apparent deliverance of the county from a waterless future, but the discovery of what was sure to be a source of windfall profiteering for whomever owned the marketing rights.

That "whomever" was going to be them, the way he figured it. So as soon as Billy Red, the helicopter pilot and the cloud-seeding machine had finally settled in one of the many newly formed mud holes, the two officials were buzzing around like frisky coyotes over a dead carcass.

"How much would you be asking for that little old machine?" inquired the first of them, scratching at one of his jug ears as he spat out the juice of some well-chewed tobacco.

Billy Red, displaying the artistry of a true con man, answered with a touch of uncertainty. "Well, I hadn't really planned on selling her, fellas," he said. "My engineer's been working nine years to perfect this little gem. Be kinda foolish to just let her go. Besides, I've got other people standing in line over in Odessa, Abilene and Mineral Wells. They got drought problems too."

"Maybe so," said his tall, bowlegged partner. "But you can't leave one machine in three places, can yuh?"

"Didn't plan to," said Billy Red. "I aim to take this baby over there for a quick demonstration, like I did for you fellas today, then fly her back to my factory in Houston and set up full production. I'll build another hundred or so and lease 'em out, like IBM does."

"Lease 'em!" yelled the first official. "Why lease when you can sell outright and make more profit?"

"I don't follow you," said Billy Red, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"You don't follow because you don't have a knack for horse trading like me and my associate here. We can take that little machine off your hands. We'll make you a fair offer."

Billy Red spit on the ground. "How fair?"

"How does $30,000 sound?"

"You joshin'? The material alone cost $41,000, not counting the salary of my engineer."

"Okay. What if we make it $50,000?"

Billy Red shook his head. "I just don't know. Seems such a small amount for nine years of work."

"Look," said the jug-eared official, "we'll give you $55,000—take it or leave it!"

"You fellas might be right. Like my Aunt Thelma always said, 'Leave the horse trading to the experienced horse traders.' But I want my money in cash, by noon tomorrow."

After sealing the deal with a formal handshake, the two officials lit off in their pickup to gather the needed finances. "We got that little beauty for practically nothing," one of them bragged.

They had no way of knowing the unexpected rainfall had been caused by T-Bone circling high above the clouds in a little twin-engine tankplane, sprinkling almost 4,000 gallons of water over those three arid acres of land. The flimflamming Bonners had struck again.

* * *

Noon the following day found the County officials driving east, with the machine secured in the back of their pickup, and Billy Red and T-Bone driving south, carrying a leather briefcase stuffed with $55,000.

About an hour later, when their '64 Impala had eaten up a large chunk of Highway 385, T-Bone looked over at his half-brother's fat jaw pumping on a large piece of beef jerky. "Where we headed, Billy Red?" he asked. "New Mexico? California? I hear they got some real pretty girls in Los Angeles."

Billy Red, with no mind to interrupt his chewing, waited until he had devoured the whole piece of jerky, then turned toward T-Bone, sucking his teeth. "You know, little brother, you got an annoying habit of asking a question and then answering it before anyone else can. If you weren't blood kin, and if Aunt Thelma hadn't raised the both of us after that no good mama of ours ran off to Shreveport, I suspect our socializing would be limited to days when the sun fell under the spell of a full eclipse."

T-Bone, displaying a blank expression on his face, gripped the steering wheel tightly and fell into silence. After 16 years on the road, he had grown accustomed to his half-brother's cantankerous disposition, and through trial and error found keeping quiet to be the best rebuttal. Despite his somewhat-limited intelligence, T-Bone knew for certain he was one of two people in the world that Billy Red cared about. The other was their beloved Aunt Thelma, whose mind had wandered somewhere across the Pecos, leaving her behind in an old-folks home in Fort Worth.

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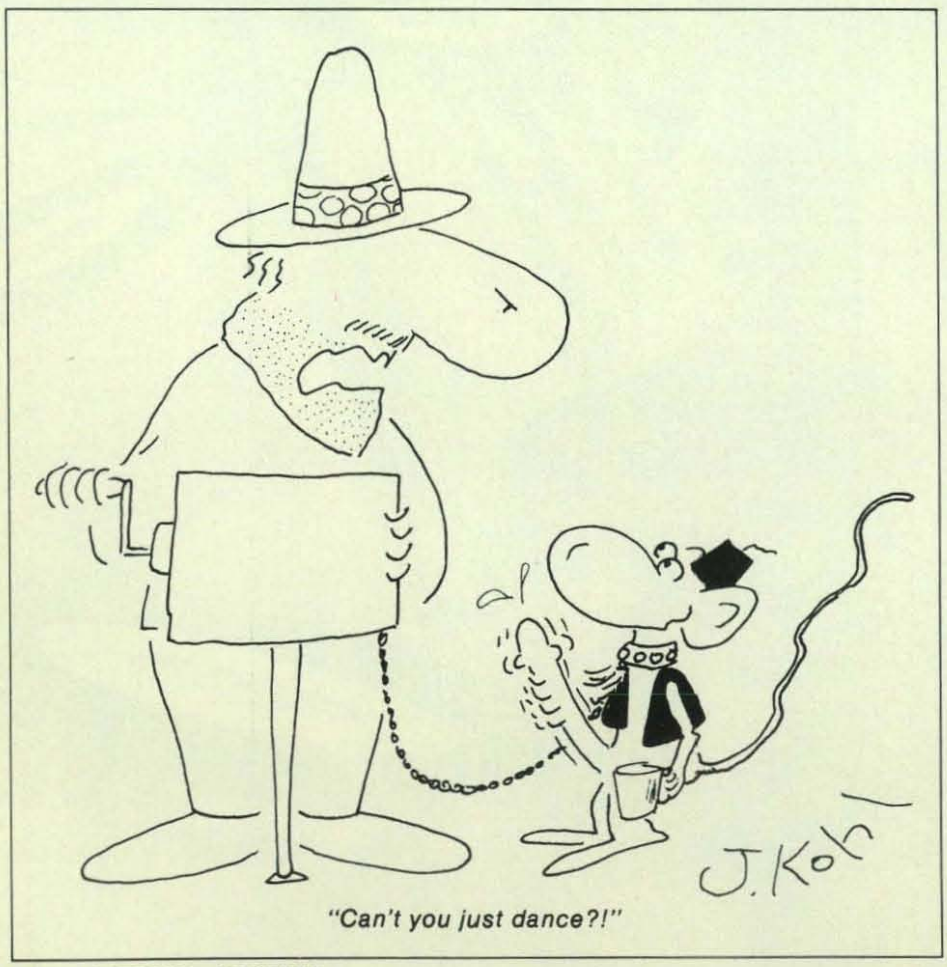

"Can't you just dance?!"

ADAM'S
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NANCY

The President's Lady

Washington is a town of power, political intrigue and shadowy sex, and I'm right in the middle of it," one of its most exciting hostesses told HUSTLER. Nancy was 21 when she came to the city on the Potomac eight years ago, and she's proud to have helped play a big part behind the scenes. "Whenever a new President comes," she said, "I like to make myself as knowledgeable as possible." The first one she got to know liked to tape their sessions. Nancy thinks every citizen should do all he or she can to help make things easier for our leaders, who are under tremendous stress. "I know how to please them all," she admits, "and the reason I'm still so successful is that I don't kiss and tell." As HUSTLER took leave of her apartment, we were glad to know the nation is in such good hands.

NEW

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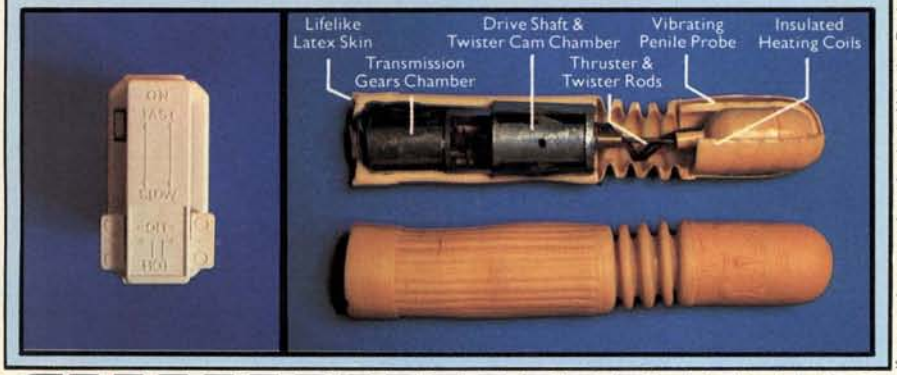

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BEST LITTLE DISCO

(continued from page 92)

Farther down the highway, Billy Red spoke up. "This scheming and double-talking day in and day out is hard on a man. Makes a man start to wonder."

"Wonder what?" asked T-Bone.

"Wonder if there isn't a better way; a way a man can settle down, build something for hisself, stop looking back. Let me ask you something." Billy Red paused and sucked some more jerky from between his teeth. "What do you think about us building ourselves a business establishment, a real one with a dining room and a dance floor and a great big jukebox? We'd have fancy glasses, and big juicy steaks we could charge an arm and a leg for."

"It sounds great, but where would we build it?" replied T-Bone, thinking of all the victimized communities to which they could not return.

Billy Red's mind was so preoccupied with visions of going into business that T-Bone's question about the location of their establishment slipped right by.

"We'd have expensive red carpet, and pure oak wood for the dance floor. And we would call it The Red T-Bone Discotech, similar to a place I once saw in New York City.

"We got the money to do it," he added. "All it would take is for us to set our minds to it, and get ourselves a good bookkeeper and a good lawyer."

"Yeah, but where would we build it?" T-Bone asked again.

"I figure in Salt Flat."

Flashes of a sleepy little cow town at the foot of the Guadalupe Mountains popped into T-Bone's head. He could see its one paved street crowded on both sides by tiny, wood-framed houses. Other than coyotes and rattlesnakes, he remembered an alarming scarcity of movement and people.

"There ain't no girls in Salt Flat," T-Bone protested in a shrill voice.

"There are girls anywhere you go, if you take the time to find 'em," his half-brother chuckled. "Besides, if our establishment is anything like I plan it to be, the girls will be looking for us."

And so, fueled by Billy Red's abundant optimism, the Bonners took up residence in Salt Flat.

The heat of summer lingered far into the autumn months, causing the first real snow to seem unmercifully frigid. When the icy wind roared through that part of West Texas—and it did so with severe regularity—temperatures plummeted. The livestock that wasn't safe in the barn or up and moving died.

In the midst of such adversity, Billy Red and T-Bone still found the stamina to refurbish a two-story gable-roofed

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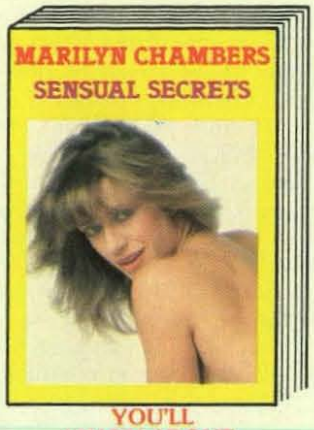

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building they bought near the edge of town, converting it into a passable replica of a stage-coach depot. By the middle of spring The Red T-Bone Discotech was ready to open for business.

"What do you think, little brother?" asked Billy Red, gazing up proudly at the big neon sign that blinked on and off at the few cars that passed by.

"I sure hope the girls around here can read," T-Bone quipped. Then they walked back inside to check out the premises one last time.

A brand-new Wurlitzer jukebox was filled with country tunes like Patsy Cline's "I Fall to Pieces" and Faron Young's "Hello Walls." Behind a handsome oak bar rescued from a bankrupt bordello, there was enough Pearl and Lone Star beer, Jim Beam, and Conmemorativo tequila to make even a big-time drinker like Dean Martin take notice. The food supply in the kitchen would have come in right handy at the Alamo. Six dozen ladderback chairs and two dozen antique tables were situated around the shimmering hardwood dance floor. A big picture of Aunt Thelma in a fancy frame hung over the door, right next to a smaller one of President Lyndon B. Johnson. Only one thing was missing—customers.

By the end of the first week they were yet to entertain even a single patron. Billy Red began to wonder if his idea was so brilliant after all. Every night about six they'd open their doors. Then, six hours later, they'd close. The only business they transacted during that time was the food and drink Billy Red sold to himself on credit.

Almost three weeks had passed when Happy Howard, the town drunk, staggered in to become their first customer. That was how they learned why nobody else had stopped by to partake of what was surely the best eating and drinking this side of the Rio Grande.

"They ain't sure of what that sign of yours means," said Happy, pointing to the neon lights that blinked on and off outside. "What's a . . . Discotech?"

T-Bone and Billy Red looked at each other and laughed until their eyes were red and their knees were weak. When they were finished, they told Happy he could drink the rest of the night on the house, an invitation that considerably improved his perception of the sign's meaning.

The next morning the Bonners called the sign man back. Underneath, where the neon said, "THE RED T-BONE DISCOTECH," he added "EATIN'—DRINKIN'—DANCIN'" in patriotic red-white-and-blue letters.

Those three words, along with Happy's big mouth, set off a boom in business that Salt Flat had never seen before. People started coming by regularly, alone and in droves, hungry and thirsty. The dance floor took such a beating on Friday and Saturday nights that the cleaning people—T-Bone and Billy Red—had to spend all day Sunday mopping and waxing it back into shape.

It was just like Billy Red had planned, maybe even better. So much so that by the following spring they had hired a cook, three good-looking waitresses, and a one-armed bartender who could make drinks faster than any two normal men.

People from as far as Midland came by to sample some of the best homemade cooking around. The specialty of the house was their French dip—tender slices of beef slathered in natural gravy and served on a French roll. "That's the best French dip in the world," marveled customers who had never been west of El Paso.

By the late summer of '68, Billy Red and T-Bone had recovered in profits all the money they had originally invested and then some. People were calling their establishment the best little disco in West Texas. To show their appreciation, the two proprietors decided to run an ad in the local paper, thanking patrons for their support and inviting them to a big Labor Day party—food and drinks on the house.

Folks from Salt Flat, Fort Hancock and all around crowded into The Red T-Bone Discotech for an old-fashioned, foot-stompin', shit-kickin' good time. Everyone from the mayor to Happy Howard was there, sucking on bottles of Lone Star like they were mother's milk. The most memorable guests, hands down, were two dewy-eyed, big-breasted local beauties—the identical Coleman twins—who won the wet-T-shirt contest by wearing no T-shirts at all and then mooned the judges in gratitude. The only way to tell the difference between the blue-eyed blondes was by closely inspecting the slogans they had tattooed halfway down their breasts. Deanna Coleman's tattoo read, "Kiss My Grits," while Jeanna's said, "Kiss My Tits."

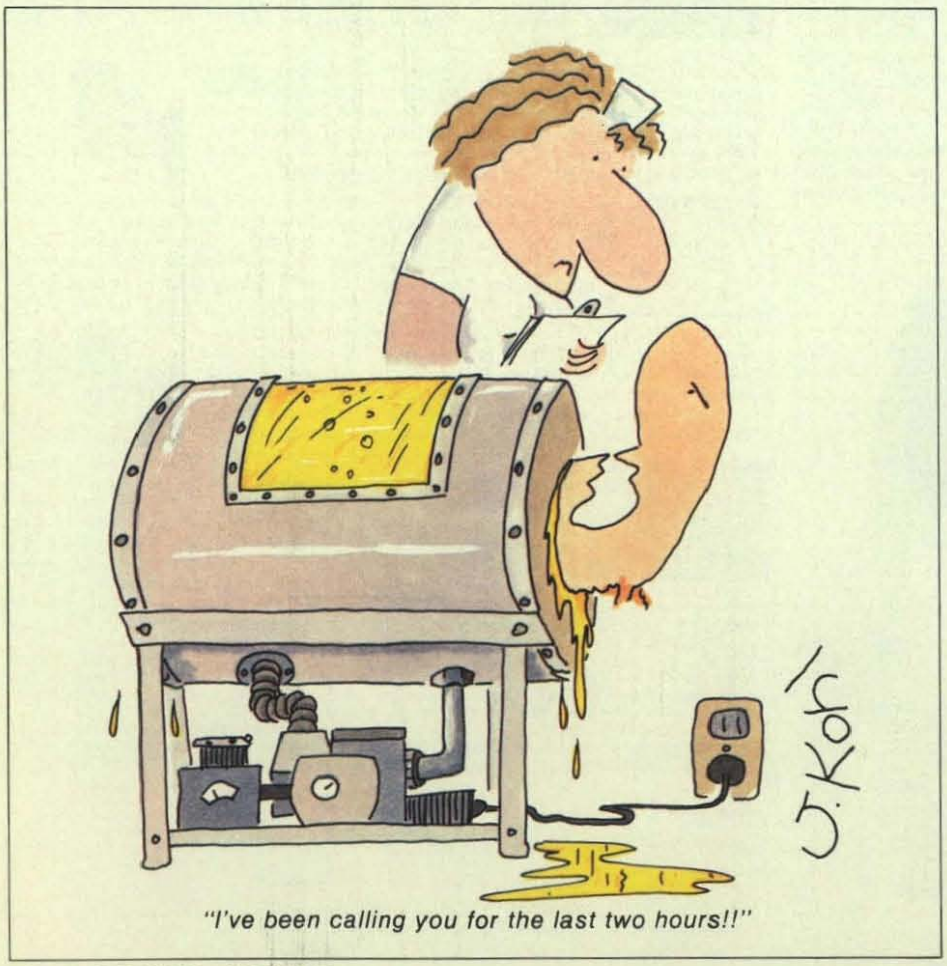
During the height of the festivities, when most partygoers were too drunk to notice their absence, Billy Red and T-Bone hustled the two eager young cowgirls upstairs to their bedroom quarters and filled their beer mugs with 12-year-old sour-mash bourbon.

"That's it, make yourself at home," said Billy Red to Deanna. She had already sat on the nearest bed, kicked off her Neiman-Marcus boots and slid her tight jeans down to her ankles—fully exposing her pink laced panties.

"I'll be right back, you hear?"

Fired with passion and liquor, Billy

(continued on page 110)



"I've been calling you for the last two hours!!"

Beaver Hunt

Football season is the perfect time to send photos to *Beaver Hunt*. Just get that favorite Beaver to hike up her skirt and you're bound to score. It's a 50-buck bet! Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

All photographs submitted become the non-returnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 110, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your $50.

Photo by Lee

Housewife Shirley Tunnell, 19, hails from Rogersville, Tennessee, where she enjoys modeling for her husband. Her fantasy is to screw him outdoors.

Photo by Husband

P. T., a 23-year-old housewife from Massillon, Ohio, says her hobby is "sex and more sex." Her dream is to get all of it she wants.

Photo by Elton Ray Dean

Riding scooters and getting high are among the hobbies of Colleen, a 23-year-old dancer from Indianapolis, Indiana. Her fantasy is to make love on a deserted island.

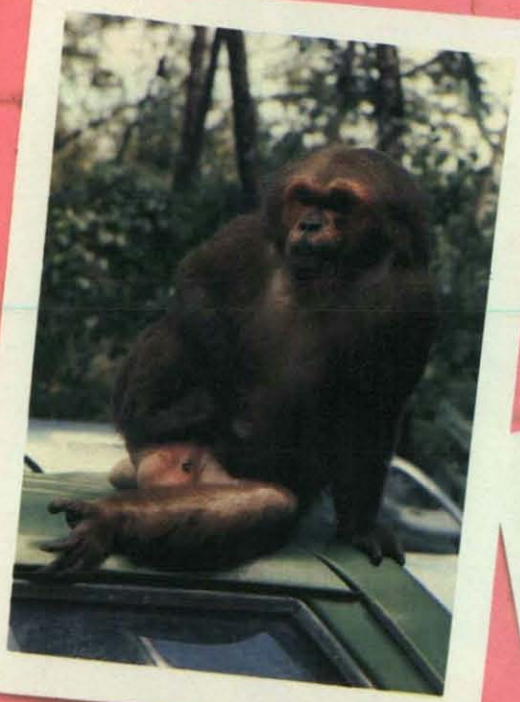
P. J. is a 24-year-old legal secretary from Greensboro, North Carolina, who enjoys horseback riding. Her sexual fantasy is to ball a cowboy "out behind the barn."

Photo by Tim

Photo by Ken Glenn

Twenty-six-year-old Elizabeth Jane lives in Perrine, Florida, and works as a first mate on a yacht. Her hobbies include sex, rock 'n' roll and fishing, and she fantasizes about marrying "the man whose cock I love to suck the most."

Photo by James D. Cassidy



Red comes from Puerto Rico, where he enjoys "just monkeying around." His sexual fantasy is a three-way with Bonzo and Cheetah.

Barbara Zimmerman, 22, is a mother from Covina, California. She enjoys dancing, camping and deep-sea fishing, and her fantasy is to ball actor Charlton Heston.

Photo by Carl Pratt

Photo by Husband

Twenty-three-year-old C. P. is a typist from South El Monte, California, whose hobbies include watching X-rated films and reading. Her fantasy is to make it with her husband and one other man.

Photo by A. J.

Miami, Florida, is where you'll find Dee Dee, a 28-year-old housewife whose hobbies are cooking, swimming, sunning and skeet shooting. She dreams of making love with her husband in an open field of green grass.

Patricia Mitchell is a 21-year-old waitress from Lake Elsinore, California, who likes to flirt with good-looking men. Her fantasy is to pose for a HUSTLER centerfold.

Photo by Gary Mitchell

Photo by John Franklin

Twenty-eight-year-old Terri is a carpenter in Hollywood, California, where her favorite pastime is performing music. Her fantasy is "to seduce a traffic cop into not giving a ticket."

One for the ladies

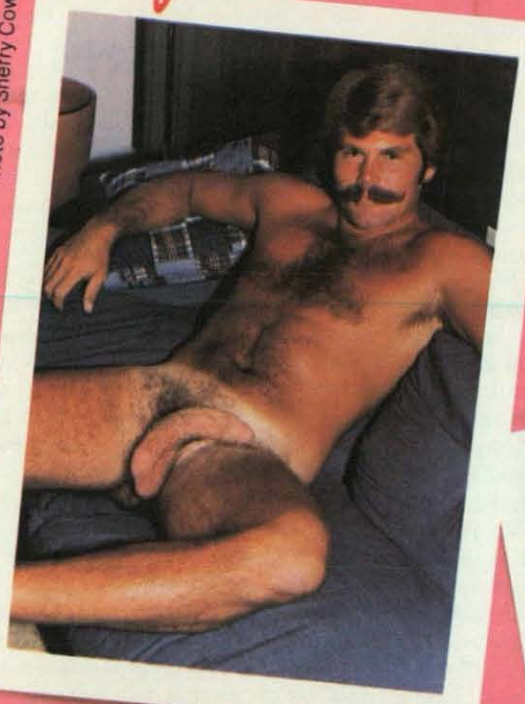


Photo by Sherry Cowan

J. P., 33, is a waiter in a Reno, Nevada, restaurant, whose hobbies are fishing and diving. He'd like to meet a sexy woman "with a head on her shoulders and a million dollars in the bank."

Iva Gregg, 20, is a cashier from Euless, Texas, who loves traveling and bicycle riding. Her fantasy is "to seduce officers of the law."

Photo by R. L. S.

Photo by Bob Tracy

Twenty-two-year-old Robin is a topless dancer from Belleville, Illinois. She likes to ride horses and swim, and fantasizes about starring in a pornographic movie.

HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

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

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

BEST LITTLE DISCO

(continued from page 104)

Red went into the bathroom to take a quick leak. But what should have required only a few seconds ended up taking much longer. First, he had trouble getting his fly to zip down. Then he couldn't zip it up. When a commotion from the bedroom brought him barreling out of the john, his long, rubbery penis was still dangling in front of him.

T-Bone had fallen out of bed onto the floor, with the Coleman girls—naked and panting—on top of him. Jeanna had mounted his stiff, red prick, and Deanna was sitting squarely on his face. The three of them reminded Billy Red of a French-dip sandwich come to life.

As the twins rocked back and forth with an ever-quickening motion, Jeanna reached around Deanna to massage her twin's large, nut-brown nipples. Right away, Deanna started to twist and gyrate wildly above T-Bone's muffled slurps. Sensing that her easily aroused sister was about to come, Jeanna began thrusting her hungry, wet cunt down on T-Bone in a violent, jackhammer frenzy.

The sight of those feverish young bodies, twisting and squirming on top of T-Bone, made Billy Red's prick stand up straighter than a horseshoe stake.

"Hey, girls!" he whined, with growing desperation. "What about me?"

Deanna looked up to see his long, tasty throbber wiggling directly at her. "*You're* the one who should have been called T-Bone," she cooed, quickly beckoning him over. A split second later Billy Red swayed on his knees in front of her as his hefty rod was being vacuumed deep into her greedy throat.

When Deanna finally erupted with a furor of orgasms, she set off a tremendous chain reaction. Everybody began heaving and pumping and shooting hot cum all over the place. Then, like he was playing a frantic game of musical chairs, Billy Red nimbly switched places with T-Bone, and the wild humping spree continued.

The boozy tangle of arms, legs, mouths and other body openings became so confused at one point that Billy Red was actually enjoying the moist lips rimming his asshole, until he realized they belonged to T-Bone. Two hours later the improvised orgy ended with the four of them huffing and puffing their way through a pretzel-like daisy chain. At long last the battered and drained Bonner brothers passed out on top of each other, with smiles of contentment etched on their whiskey-soaked faces.

Few of the celebrants downstairs seemed to notice that The Red T-Bone Discotech's owners were absent from some of the unexpected highlights of their own party—the blacksmith's wife, who won the talent portion of the program farting her way through "Back in the Saddle Again"; the hair-pulling brawl involving one of the waitresses and an innocent hippie who mistakenly wandered in; and the 45 minutes the toilets were out of service following the Lone Star chug-a-lug competition. Nobody complained the next morning, despite some of the worst hangovers in memory.

* * *

One night soon after the big blowout a jug-eared stranger wearing a 12-gallon Stetson walked in and took a seat at the bar. As fate would have it, the one-armed bartender had the night off, and Billy Red, displaying his usual long-windedness, was exchanging jokes and occasionally serving drinks.

"What'll it be, partner?" he asked in a deep, cheerful voice.

"Bourbon and rain water," replied the stranger, with a sarcastic ring.

Engrossed in the sounds of the music and the joke telling, Billy Red did not give any special meaning to the customer's words or his appearance. He just slid the drink across the bar.

Still, the man looked vaguely familiar, and Billy Red could not resist asking, "You from 'round here?"

"No, just here on business."

"What kind of business, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Government business."

"Sounds important."

"The President of the United States *is* important." The stranger went on to explain he was sort of an advance man for the President's motorcade, which would be coming through Salt Flat on its way to a big dedication ceremony up at Guadalupe Mountains National Park. His main responsibility was to find a suitable place for the Chief Executive to stop and eat before the ceremonies.

"I heard a lot about this place, and I must say it could be just what the President is looking for, him being from Texas and all," he said.

Cash-register bells began ringing in Billy Red's ears. He could envision word that LBJ had dined at his little roadhouse spreading clear across Texas and eventually, maybe, even a chain of Red T-Bone Discotechs stretching from El Paso to Texarkana.

"The President loves steak," the stranger continued. "But it's got to be a certain kind of beef, or he won't eat it. The problem is, you don't serve that kind."

"Well, that's no problem," said Billy Red. "If it's for the President of these United States, I'll get the right kind of

(continued on page 128)

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

ROAD CREW WORKOUT

by Linda Dahl

When I started on a business trip to Arizona last June, most of my adult life had been career-oriented. My goal was to become one of the insurance world's leading female executives. But then a cunt-sizzling experience turned my life around 180°, and I couldn't wait to share the details with the readers of HUSTLER.

I'd been in Phoenix three days and had just wrapped up some deals I felt were sure to lead to another promotion. Since my flight back to St. Louis didn't leave until midnight, I had a whole evening to kill.

Trying to unwind, I stood in the hotel shower and reviewed my trip. I thought of how hard I'd worked to look and act "professional" while I played the corporate power game. I often hid feelings of hurt, fear and desire behind a "yes, sir" expression and a severely tailored business suit.

The needles of hot water against my breasts, tummy and cunt seemed to wash away the many months of constant emotional control. Suddenly, I felt horny and had to get out of my room.

I quickly toweled, and wriggled into a pair of tight Calvin Klein jeans. I took the business-uniform bow off a blouse and turned the collar inside out to make a plunging neckline, then tied the hem ends under my cushy tits. The silk made my nipples tingle, and I could feel my pussy throb against my jeans. Really excited now, I let my thick red hair—which is usually up in a sedate bun—fall to my shoulders. After packing my things, I put on a pair of sexy platform shoes and left.

I could feel creamy juices oozing between my legs as I steered my rented T-top Camaro toward some rocky peaks outlined against the sky like big orange pricks. Within minutes I was out in the desert, but the going soon became slow because of road construction. The rough pavement gave the car a good shaking and turned it into a fantastic vibrator that helped "Calvin" rub even harder against my moist snatch.

I was damned horny by the time I came upon a long-legged chick in a hardhat holding up a sign that read "STOP." Her curves made a delightful contrast to the muscled bodies of her male workers. Her high-riding ass was held snugly by faded cutoffs, and her tits strained inside a tight workshirt. Smiling, she motioned my car to the side of the road.

As I cut the engine, I scanned the most arrogant, enticing pack of masculinity I'd ever seen. There were six of them, and not a tie or a vest in the lot . . . just jeans and T-shirts, sweat-soaked and stretched beyond endurance. They were a mixture of blond hair, brown hair, massive chests, steel bellies and sinewy arms; they all gave the impression of overpowering brawn framed by hulking cactus and road machinery. Any one of them could have convinced the world to change its brand of cigarette!

A craggy-faced giant swaggered over. "Looks like there's going to be a little delay here, honey," he said. "How about getting out and relaxing for a spell?" Eagerly, I took hold of his big hand, and he led me toward a sand dune just over the ridge. As I followed him, I wondered how he knew I wanted to be fucked. I was so hot, I bet he could have smelled it.

The next few minutes were a blur: tearing zippers, tangled clothing, popped buttons. I remember being eased to the ground. If I hadn't been primed for action, I might have been terrified by his eight-inch prick. As it was, my sopping vagina sucked that beauty into its folds, and I screamed at the release of my own pent-up ecstasy.

The Giant rammed and jammed; squishy sounds were added to my yelps and his rutting grunts. He shoved his rough hands under my ass, arched my back and crushed me even tighter against his powerful body. He pushed and shoved until, somehow, my shoulders and back were sliding up into a sitting position. My nails tore ridges in his beefy shoulders while I bounced and slid on that splendid cock. "Oh-h-h, give it to me!" I moaned. "Bite me! Hammer it in! More! Now! Aaaahhhh!"

Shuddering spasms convulsed me as his jism shot into my long-neglected cunt. For a minute he flattened himself against me before rolling off. Like a rag doll, I limply watched the pink, gold, orange and black of the setting Arizona sun, then turned on my side and curled into a ball.

Did I fall asleep? What's happening? I asked myself. My flesh seemed to know, but my brain was still trying to catch up. My eyes opened, and I saw scuffed work

Illustration by Alan Daniels

boots just inches away. One boot lifted and nudged at my waist until I rolled over and looked up into twinkling blue eyes. It was still light enough to see a guy with wavy blond hair and freckles.

"How about it, doll . . . want another bang?" he asked. Before I could answer, he reached over and gave each of my nipples a tweak that sent delicious tingles through me.

I reached between his knees and gave a tweak of my own. With a jerk of his zipper and some pulling and tugging, Blue Eyes was as bare-assed as me. He spread my legs, knelt between them and pulled them up and over his shoulders. His hard, slender dong slip-slurped into place and almost back out. The tempo was dreamy, but the song was dynamite.

Even though it was almost dark, I was aware of the others. Two bulldozer jockeys were watching the action. One had longish black hair and a deep cleft chin. The other was a picture of virility—despite his silvery-white hair. A superb black hunk, who would have made O. J. Simpson envious, stood nearby.

Suddenly, the fox with the STOP sign appeared out of nowhere, knelt beside me and began running her tongue over my neck and breasts, while her long hair brushed and teased my hot skin. I grabbed a handful of her mane and eased her lips against mine, sucking in all of her moist, warm tongue. Meanwhile, the blue-eyed guy kept up his marvelous rhythm . . . constantly bringing me to the brink of heaven, but letting me only halfway through the gate.

After Blue Eyes had shot a load of hot cum into me and slipped away, the black hunk moved in, lifted me up and positioned my pussy over his jackhammer cock. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and my hands and arms clasped his thick neck. He turned and ground my cunt around his spear in a delirious, fiery dance.

Soon, fingers were working what felt like Vaseline into my puckered asshole. As the black stallion continued to fuck me, a rock-hard shaft inched its way into my bunghole. A hairy hand crushed my breast, as one of the other men impaled me from behind. The three of us contorted and wriggled until we were an unbelievable sex machine entwined on the desert floor. Sand, twigs and brush mixed with the smell of sweat, sperm and pussy juice.

My moans were stilled by the sight of the silver-haired dude leaning over me. I almost forgot the others as he thrust his throbbing dick between my lips. I gobbled and sucked and licked and gulped until he spurted his cum at the same time my rearend friend shot his.

Then the black stud turned me on my back, his ebony prick still inside. In the moonlight I could see his glistening penis pump with gentle strokes as his tongue caressed my nipples. The lips of my vulva squeezed and bit at him, tighter and tighter, until I began to shake and tremble violently. We came together with a savage howl, then lay sprawled blissfully on the desert floor.

It seemed like hours, but it was only minutes before the crew started to move about. One of them brought me a tattered blouse, but said he couldn't find my jeans and shoes. I asked if he'd bring my suitcase. In spite of my bruises and aches, I managed to towel and brush myself fairly clean before dressing in a dark suit and leather pumps. There were hugs and kisses all around, and the Giant even managed an extra pinch before I headed to the airport.

The board of directors came through with that promotion and a raise to match. I continue to work hard, and I'm good at my job. I've learned, though, that I can be a professional businesswoman without sacrificing emotional and sexual growth. Matter of fact, what's sauce for an Arizona road crew is sauce for a corporate boardroom. But that's a whole different story!

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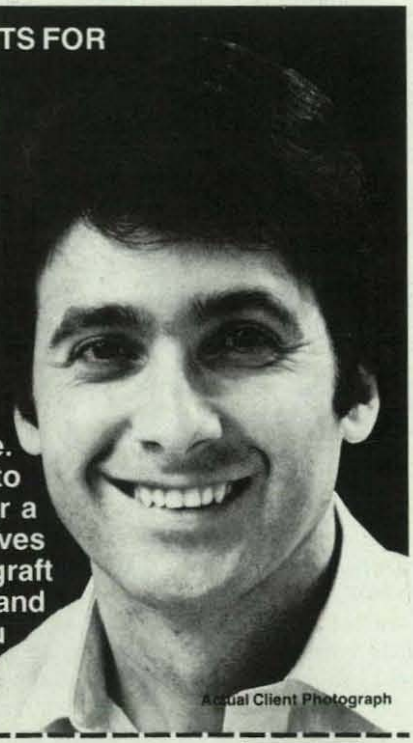

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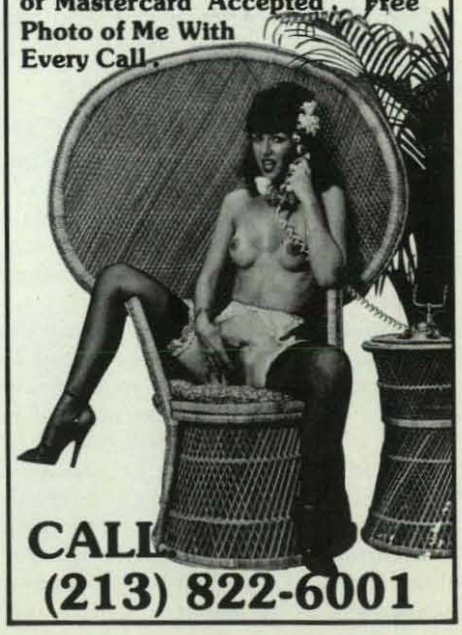

CALL

(213) 822-6001

Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford

IN THE REST ROOM...
OOPS! I FORGOT TO PUSH THE "OCCUPIED" LEVER! THE CO-PILOT'S BEEN TEACHING ME TO FLY BY THE SEAT OF MY PANTS!
MMM!
POON?!
HERE COMES THE PLANE — OPEN THE HANGAR! — VUVRRROOW!
HONEY DECIDES TO JOIN THE "MILE HIGH CLUB"!
HMM. NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THIS ROOM "THE HEAD"!
NOSE DOWN, NOSE DOWN! UH-OH! BETTER COVER THE STRIP WITH FOAM!
AAAAH!
SUDDENLY IN THE CABIN, THE MOST DREAD ACT OF ALL — A HIJACKING!
LISTEN UP, GRINGOS!...
WE'RE THREE OF THE PERVERTS AND MENTAL DEFECTIVES CASTRO TRIED TO SHIP OUT OF CUBA! WE'RE GOING BACK BECAUSE WE HATE MIAMI!
YEAH! THE FOOD IS TOO BLAND AND THERE ARE SO MANY JEWS, YOU COULD DIE! TAKE US TO CUBA - OR WE'LL LIGHT THESE CIGARS IN THE NO-SMOKING SECTION!
HEH, HEH.

PLEASE DON'T VIOLATE THE NO-SMOKING SECTION! I'M SUPPOSED TO MAINTAIN THE PASSENGERS' SAFETY AT ALL COSTS!
HOW ABOUT I VIOLATE YOU THEN, EH?
PET CARRIER
BUT BEFORE THE HIJACKER CAN CARRY OUT HIS EVIL PLAN...
HOLD IT, SONNY BOY!
WHAT'S THIS? A LEFTOVER FROM THE BAY OF PIGS?
PET
WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON? OH, MY GOSH!
NO, YOU HAVANA SMOKESTACK! THIS IS OUR HIJACKING!
THAT'S RIGHT! TAKE THIS PLANE TO UGANDA!
BLACK POWER
"Take me along!"
I WISH I WERE BACK IN MIAMI! I WISH I WERE....
IT TURNS OUT THERE ARE MORE SKYJACKERS THAN PASSENGERS!
THIS IS OUR HIJACK — BUTT OUT!
NO! IT'S OUR HIJACKING!
BLATZ
WE'RE POLISH TERRORISTS! TAKE US TO MILWAUKEE!
I THINK I SAT ON YOUR MOTION-SICKNESS BAG. I CAN FEEL THE MOTION.
GRRRR!

HONEY CLOSES THE DOOR AND HEARS GOOD NEWS!
FOLKS, WE ARE ABOUT TO LAND.
IT'S A MADHOUSE OUT THERE! WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK OUT!
HAVE TO CHECK THE FLUIDS!
THE ARGUING TERRORISTS DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE GIRLS LEAVE.
LOOK! YOU CAN'T BUMP A HIJACKING! WE HAD RESERVATIONS.
DON'T SAY A WORD! JUST KEEP GOING TILL YOU'RE OUT OF THE PLANE!
ONCE OFF THE PLANE, HONEY ALERTS THE AUTHORITIES!
I FEEL SORRY FOR THEM!
WHO? THE POLICE?
NO, THE HIJACKERS! AFTER THIS, THEIR BAGGAGE IS PROBABLY LOST TOO!
SWAT
POLICE
BACK AT THE HOUSE, A RELAXED HONEY GETS INTO THE SWING OF THINGS.
I HOPE THAT FLIGHT DIDN'T REWIND ALL THE UNWINDING YOU DID ON VACATION!
NO — BUT ALL THIS CRAZY TRAVELING HAS MADE ME REALIZE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!
The End.

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MAIL-ORDER PSYCHOLOGY

While many mail-order merchants are honest business people who deliver what their customers want, it's no news that the industry does have its share of con artists, scammers and sleazebags—people ready and eager to grab your hard-earned bucks. A fact of life is the number of rip-off artists out there in mail-order land is directly proportionate to the number of suckers upon whom they prey.

One kind of sucker writes out checks and sends them off without taking a good, hard look at the ads. But the biggest loser is the guy who thinks he can purchase a quick-and-easy answer to his sexual problems, whether real or imagined.

Take the guy who thinks his cock is too small; he sends away for a so-called penis enlarger. Or he can't get into his favorite girl's pants; so he sends away for some Spanish fly in hopes of turning his coldhearted lady into a ravenous nymph. This guy may buy product after product, all the while refusing to deal with the fact that a big cock doesn't make for better sex, or that his girlfriend's attitude is probably due to the emotional climate of their relationship. His frustration eventually leads him to send for an inflatable plastic love doll to ensure ever-ready "pussy." Unprincipled dealers depend on—and promote—this mentality.

We're by no means putting down sexual aids or sex toys. If used in the right spirit, they can truly enhance sexual play and make for a lot of fun. But more often than not these products are pitched as "cures" and bought out of a sense of desperation. If that's your case, save your bucks and work on the real problem, which is all in your head, not in your cock.

DUTY'S CALL

I don't know how many times I've seen you lambaste products in your column—in particular, placebo sex pills and penis enlargers—yet your pages are still chockfull of these ads. What the hell's the point of exposing these companies if you continue to promote their crap? I think you have a duty to your readers to get rid of ads for junk. If you think the product is no good, why run ads for it? —*L. Q.*
Huntington Beach, California

Hold on a minute, friend. Our job is to educate the buyer, *not* to act as a censor. If we find a company engaging in outright fraud (which usually means advertising one thing and sending something else), we'll have it removed from the magazine. But take a good look at the ads for sex pills. The words *placebo* and *ersatz* (which are always in the ads) mean "fake," as we've pointed out. Likewise with ads for penis enlargers, the pitch never promises anything more than a penis *extender*. So technically, these advertisers are delivering what they're advertising.

Mail-Order Feedback will continue to warn HUSTLER readers about tricky ad techniques, as well as expose the downright Shifty Sellers. But ultimately it's up to you to use your own discretion when ordering products. If you follow this column, you should have developed the knack of reading an ad and deciding for yourself if it's misleading.

MAILERS SERVICE RIP-OFF

I sent off to National Wholesale Service (P.O. Box 69850, Los Angeles, California 90069), which advertised in HUSTLER for a "Lovie Doll and five free color movies." I didn't receive the order; so I contacted the parent company, Mailers Service, which told me the items had been shipped third-class and that if I didn't receive them, I'd have to take it up with the Postal Service. I still haven't received my package. Also, I paid $2 for an authorization card that supposedly entitled me to first-class service. I think I've been ripped off. What can I do? —*D. B.*
Oxford, Pennsylvania

Mailers Service—with main offices at 6255 Sunset Boulevard, #609, Hollywood, California 90028—is a company we've exposed a number of times, but it's still conning people. The firm's aliases are so numerous and change so frequently, it's nearly impossible to keep up with them.

As for your authorization card, that's simply another one of its tactics for soaking more bucks out of you. We've contacted our Advertising Department in regard to *National Wholesale Service*, and we'll be on the lookout for more *Mailers Service* phony names in the future. In the meantime you should write the company another letter. Keep a photocopy of it, and if you don't receive a reply, send the letter—along with a complaint—to the Postal Inspector's Office, Attention: Investigative Review Specialist, P.O. Box 30456, Los Angeles, California 90030.

NEW SHE-MALES

My favorite new entries to my film collection are the four she-male loops that star the half-men, half-women with 36 inches above (tits) and seven inches below (cocks). When I showed them at a recent stag party, we all flipped, particularly over beautiful Sulka.

Are there any more of these she-male films available? Are they for real, or is it all just a Hollywood special effect? And can we expect more carnal adventures from Sulka, who I'd marry in a second whether he's a he or a she? —*L.N.V.*
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The she-males are for real. Most are pre-ops, or pre-operative patients, in the midst of their sex-change operations. Before a man can go through this type of surgery, he must first undergo hormonal treatment. This will usually cause him to develop breasts. If not, breast-enhancement surgery can be performed. Genital surgery follows later. During this procedure the penis is hollowed out, then turned inside out like a glove in order to form the new vagina. Even the scrotal tissue is used to make vaginal lips. Since everything is saved, sexual sensitivity is enhanced.

Four new 8mm she-male loops are available, but Sulka does not appear in any of them. Sulka recently completed her operation and is now a woman. In fact, the only she-male to return in this second series is "Carnal Candy." *P. G. Distributors* (P.O. Box 2477, Columbus, Ohio 43216) sells all eight films for $22 apiece or three for $55.

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SEKA

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☐ **SEKA AT WORK.** "Fuck me" screams Seka as she gives you a glimpse of her sexual appetite which includes fucking, sucking and taking it up the ass. Here's one dude whose swollen cock is drained dry!

☐ **DOUBLE SUCKED.** This Hollywood star look-a-like is sucking two cocks and gags on the big black one. She takes a double cum load into her gorgeous "Farrah" mouth, then gets fucked and sucked by both guys.

☐ **HORNY HOUSEWIVES.** A door-to-door salesman has his cock sucked and fucked by Seka and Candy. It's sizzling action and a must for Seka and Candy fans!

☐ **THREE FOR FUN.** Seka gets a good "double-fucking" by two studs. Fast paced 3-way action as she fucks and sucks two cocks to thundering climaxes!

☐ **MR. FIXIT.** His big black cock is the only "tool" this appliance repairman uses to fix and fuck a horny housewife – who is having trouble with her "plumbing". It's Rhonda Jo Petty at her best!

☐ **THE COCK PLEASERS.** A 3-way orgy featuring dick hungry Seka, Vanessa and one stiff 9" cock that's chewed, licked, stroked, sucked and shoved into every hole. Plenty of cum!

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any ONE film only $15
any THREE films only $33 ($11 each)
all SIX films only $48 ($8 each)
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a photo-filled color-packed magazine

SEKA and her friends

Seka, Serena, Candy Samples, 'Big' John Holmes, Uschi, Kitten Natividad and others are all here doing what they're famous for – fucking and sucking. There are geysers of cum between the covers of this magazine and you won't see it anywhere else because it's exclusive with CINE-SIX LTD. Quantity on this $25 magazine is absolutely limited!

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4 BLACK CAPSULE Triple Strength	15 ORANGE ROUND TABLET
5 BLACK CLEAR CAPSULE #17-875 Double Strength	16 BLUE w/BLUE SPECKS TABLET
6 BROWN CLEAR CAPSULE C-875	17 WHITE w/GREEN SPECKS TABLET
7 YELLOW CAPSULE #18-704 or RJS	18 WHITE w/BLUE SPECKS TABLET
8 BLACK CAPSULE RJS or #18-985	19 SMALL WHITE CROSS TABLET
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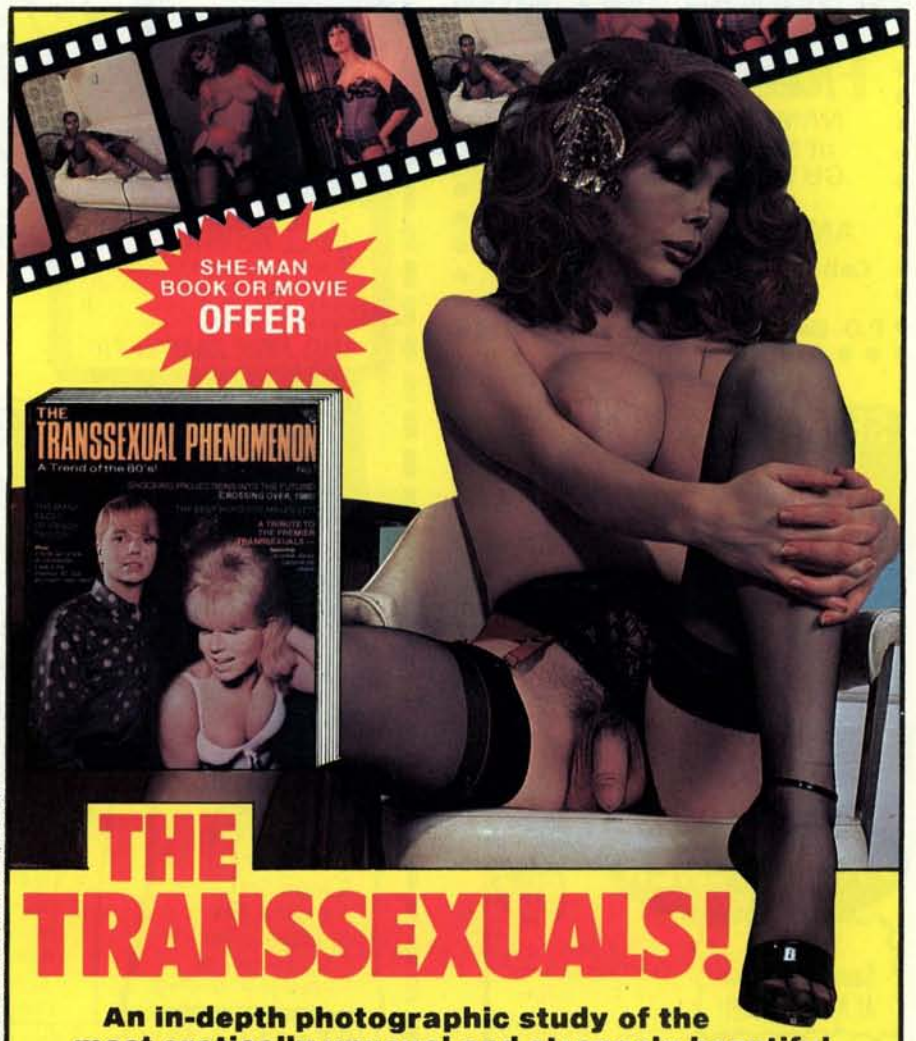

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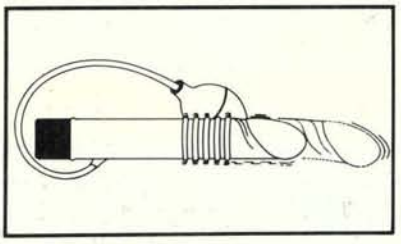

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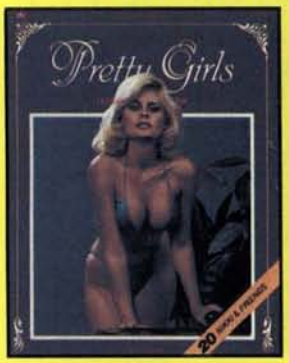

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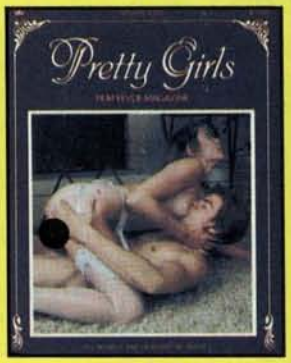

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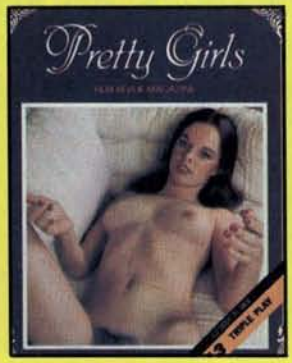

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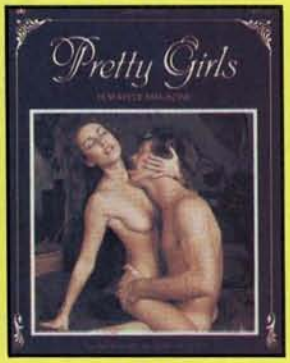

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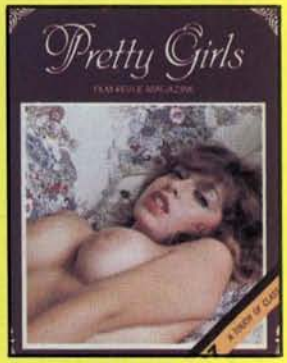

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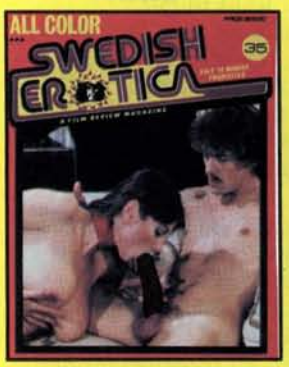

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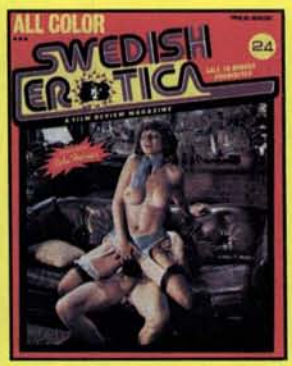

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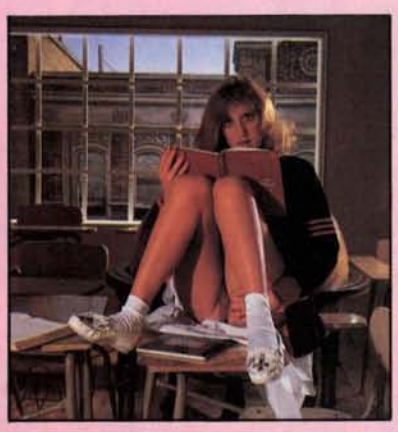

DEATH IN THE COAL MINES—Wildcat coal miners dredge fortunes out of the Appalachian hills, but their methods often also lead to death. Operating without permits or geological surveys that would cost them thousands of dollars, the wildcatters realize profits as high as $10,000 per week. But they work without standard safety precautions, boring into mines that are unsafe and using blasting methods that long ago became obsolete. For every patch of earth they plunder, the wildcatters pay a toll in human life. A piercing look at illegal mines and the men who run them, from Bob Allen.

A DIFFERENT STROKE—Jonathan is a painter whose art is suffering—and so is his psyche. The woman he loves has just married his father, and it seems he will never share nights of passion with her again. His self-respect is all but dead, and his belief in his worth as an artist is fading fast. Yet he is far from accepting defeat. He finds he must force himself to change, and this knowledge provides the framework for the most intense struggle of his young life. Thought-provoking, sensuous and fascinating fiction by Lizze James.

RICHARD CHASE: REAL-LIFE DRACULA—In this startling, true profile a man is driven beyond the boundaries of sanity. Richard Chase believed his mother had poisoned him. He suspected that his neighbors were Nazis and racists, and that some of them were trying to murder him. Eventually, Chase believed only fresh blood would alleviate his pain and cure the illness he thought his mother had caused. He began by devouring birds and small animals but finally sought the blood of his human tormentors. Ted Schwarz, author of the new Doubleday book *The Hillside Strangler*, examines the inner workings of a madman.

PLUS—Makeup magician Rob Bottin of *The Howling* in CLOSE-UP; the continued chaotic comedy of ODDS & ENDS; more of the world's hottest women; and a new and colorful collection of CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS.

BEST LITTLE DISCO

(continued from page 110)

beef. You just tell me what kind it is and where I can get it."

"Well, sir, that's another problem. There's only one fellow around these parts who raises Black Angus beef. And he's mighty stubborn when it comes to selling to strangers. He's got his set buyers, and that's it. But maybe—"

"Maybe what?" prompted Billy Red.

"Well," said the jug-eared stranger, "I was thinking. Maybe since I know him and since it's for the President, he might consider parting with a few head. But I can't go down there empty-handed. Although I *am* with the government, this old boy deals strictly in cash. You'd have to go with me and be ready to buy as soon as he gave the word."

"When do you want to go?"

"Right now. Alpine is a long drive from here, and the President has to know something by tomorrow."

"Can't leave, not tonight. The bartender is off, and that no-account little brother of mine is in Juarez chasing skirt tails. You'll have to go without me."

Billy Red reached into a small box underneath the counter and pulled out a handful of tens and twenties.

"How much is it going to take?"

"Oh, I don't know. At $500 a head and having to feed all those Secret Service men and the press, I'd say we need 20 head, minimum."

"Twenty head! Why that's $10,000! I can't let you have that kind of money," said Billy Red. Memories of his own swindling days were making him a little suspicious.

"Suit yourself," said the stranger, nonchalantly. "I just hope the President don't take offense when he finds out you turned down a chance to cohabitate with the American government."

Still torn between patriotic greed and instinct, Billy Red pondered, the kind of long studying that made the stranger uneasy. Fearing that Billy Red's instinct might win out, he decided to sweeten the pot.

"Tell you what," he offered in an understanding tone. "If it'll make you feel any better, I'll ride to Alpine with my associate and let you keep that $20,000 official limo outside till we get back with your beef. That way you've got collateral."

Billy Red looked outside at the shiny black limousine with the U.S. Government seal painted on the door, and pictured himself being chauffeured around. "Mister, with that kind of security you got yourself a deal."

He went upstairs to get all their reserve cash—exactly $9,880—from a wall safe. Then he came back down and

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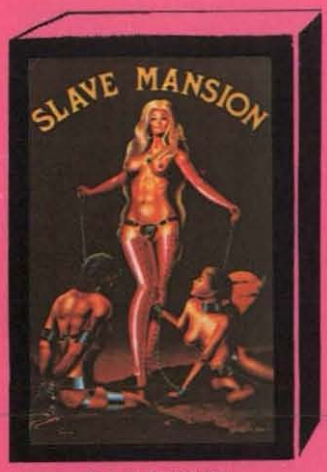
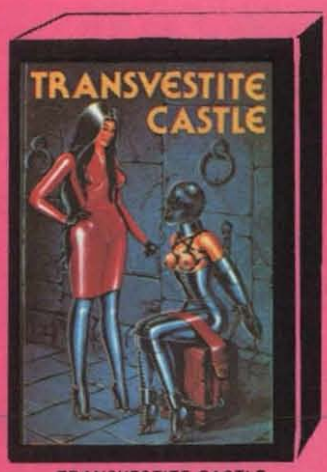
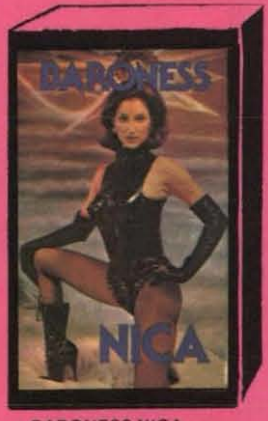


SLAVE MANSION
A macho man is taken to Baroness DeSade's slave mansion, where he is changed into a docile slave.

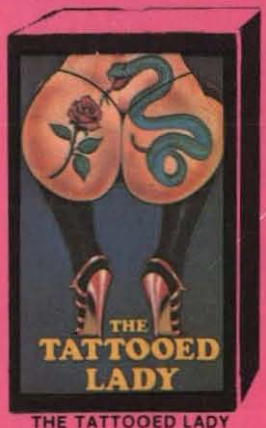


TRANSVESTITE CASTLE
Months of training and hormone treatments change a man into a disciplined female lover for his lesbian wife.

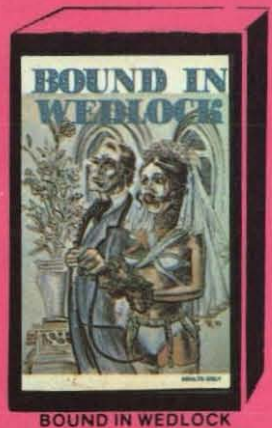
THE PIERCING OF LAURA
The true story of the actual piercing of Laura's vaginal lips to accommodate "O" rings and locks.



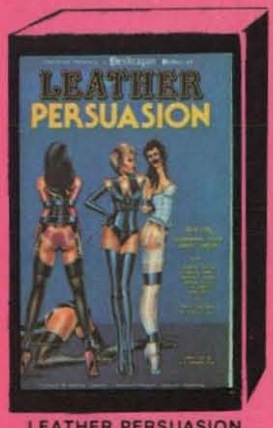
BARONESS NICA
A highly sexual movie about Baroness Nica, who demands total obedience and sexual gratification from all her slaves.



THE TATTOOED LADY
When the Tattooed Lady invites you up to see her etchings, she doesn't mean lithographs. View this film and discover if tattooed women enjoy more sex.

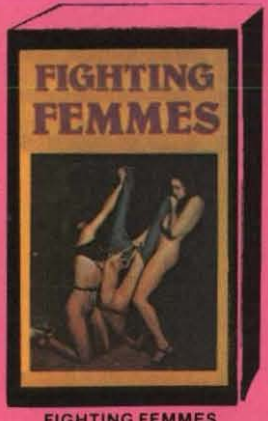


BOUND IN WEDLOCK
A reluctant model, bound by the photographer for a series of bondage photographs, finds herself turned on and ends up in the bedroom with him.

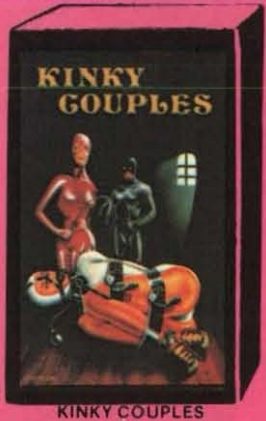


LEATHER PERSUASION
Tricked by dominatrix Tamara three lovely girls are subjected to every conceivable form of bondage and discipline.

GLEN OR GLENDA?
Narrated by Bela Lugosi, this fantastic film about Transvestism was banned for years.

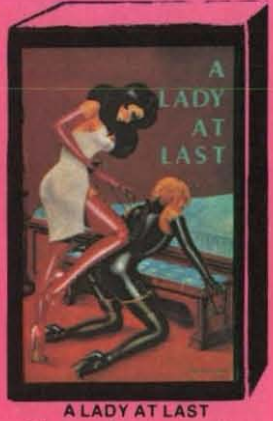


FIGHTING FEMMES
A rough and tumble film that features beautiful, sexy girls fighting in all their naked glory.



KINKY COUPLES
Bondage, painful pleasure and raw sex run rampant throughout this film about three couples who share their sexual specialties.

LESBIAN LOVE
A sensual and sensitive film, featuring beautiful lesbians engaging in the art and technique of woman love.



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COCKS & CUNTS ALL COME TOGETHER IN THIS WILD PAJAMA PARTY

5 PERVERTED HOUSEWIFE
SHE'LL TAKE ON ANYTHING INCLUDING HER FAVORITE SEX PARTNER

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THREE HOT CHICKS ENJOY GREEK SEX WITH FINGERS & TONGUE

7 GOLDEN SHOWERS
TWO GIRLS USE EACH OTHER AND THEIR CAPTIVE SLAVE FOR LOTS OF KINKY WET SEX

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swapped it for the limousine keys. "When will you be back?" he inquired as the stranger walked toward the door, his pockets bulging.

"Within 24 hours, guaranteed."

When T-Bone finally got back the next day, all smiles from socializing with Mexico's raunchiest border senoritas, Billy Red informed him of the plan and told him to keep a sharp lookout for a meat truck bringing the President's beef.

By nightfall, however, there was no meat truck. Billy Red turned on the big neon sign as usual and began to worry.

Already the regular midweek customers had started to appear. Gus Madison, the telephone man, came in with a newspaper under his arm, and Billy Red—wondering how much time he had before the President would be motoring through—asked to see it.

As he read the front-page headline—"President Flies to Paris"—Billy Red suddenly smelled a rat. But before he could begin to curse like he wanted to, the ground started to shake and rumble. T-Bone, who had been watching for the meat truck, ran inside panic-stricken. "The meat's coming," he shouted, "but it's still on the hoof!"

Peering through the window, Billy Red stared in disbelief at 20 head of longhorn steers huffing and charging through the middle of town like a downhill locomotive on icy track. Cowboys on both sides were yelling and spooking and kicking up such a commotion that those ornery beefheads stampeded through the streets full-speed ahead, all of them pointing their horns in one direction: The Red T-Bone Discotech.

As the lead steer crashed through the door, the other critters knew only to follow, two and three at a time until the entrance busted wide open. Wide-eyed customers scattered in every direction, some jumping through windows to avoid 20,000 pounds of steaks and roast far from ready for eating.

The cattle barreled through The Red T-Bone Discotech, kicking and snorting like they had been eating gunpowder, trampling everything that got in the way. Then, as the skillful wranglers drove in the last of them, the lead steer got claustrophobic and leaped awkwardly through the back window. Again the herd followed, turning the window into a door.

Billy Red and T-Bone, who had taken refuge behind the bar, stood up just in time to see the last steer running through, carrying Aunt Thelma's picture around its neck and LBJ's portrait skewered on one of its horns. Finally, all of the cowboys let out a howl and spurred their horses in the direction of the fleeing herd. As the dust set-

tled, only one cowboy remained outside.

Suddenly the true identity of the government agent dawned on Billy Red. The jug-eared stranger sitting tall in the saddle was the very same Lubbock County official to whom he and his brother had once sold a useless rainmaking machine. Now he had turned the tables on the Bonners, suckering them into the phony beef scam.

Waiting patiently as Billy Red and T-Bone stepped through what was once the disco's front door, the stranger munched on a chaw of tobacco and let fly with a gentle spray of juice.

"As you said a few years back, Mr. Bonner, you should leave the horse trading to us horse traders." He paused, waiting to hear Billy Red's response.

But there was none. Noticing the huge pistol the ol' boy wore on his side, Billy Red felt enough had been said and done for one day. So he just nodded his head and watched the man gallop away.

Billy Red looked in the direction of the parking lot, where his collateral—the limousine—had been sitting, but it also was gone. He glanced over his shoulders to try to find a reason to go back inside the wrecked roadhouse, but there was none. So he turned to T-Bone, who stood no higher than a fence post half-driven into the ground, and merely shrugged.

"You know, little brother, I've been thinking," he said. "With all the people we know and all the people who know us, this great big state of Texas ain't so big anymore. It seems kinda small right now, maybe too small for us."

"Then where can we go? . . . California?" said T-Bone, asking and answering at the same time.

"Naw," said Billy Red, rubbing his whiskers. "We're going farther than that this time. We're going to a foreign country—Hawaii."

"With hula girls?" asked T-Bone, excitedly.

"More than that, little brother—where there's coconut-headed officials with plenty of money! As soon as we get there, I'm gonna have you build the finest tidal-wave-and-volcano-stopping machine the world ever saw. We'll sell it to every island within a hundred miles."

Happy Howard, the town drunk, sat unnoticed at the edge of the walkway, watching them as they got into their '64 Impala and drove off into the sunset. Although no one around Salt Flat ever heard from Billy Red and T-Bone again, Happy feels certain they're doing well in Hawaii. He has Gus Madison check the paper every day. So far there hasn't been a story about a single tidal wave. Of course, there was the one volcano that erupted back in '74. But nobody's perfect, are they?

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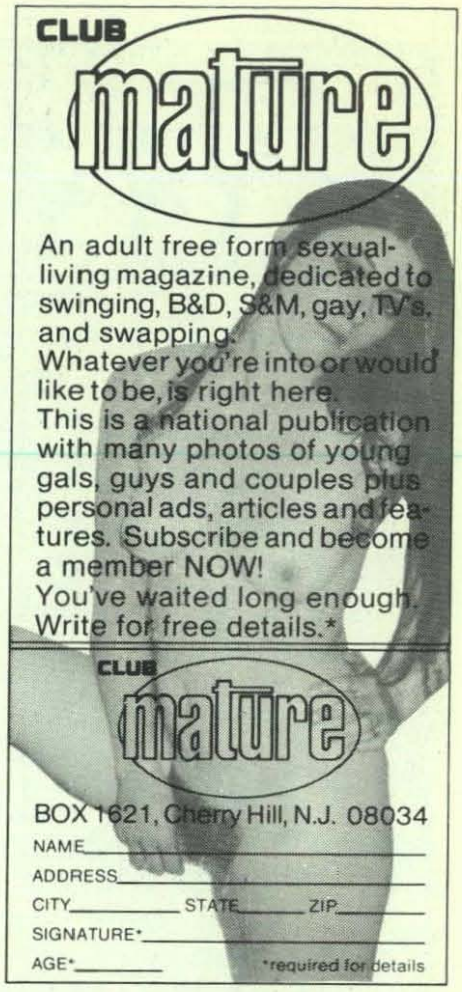

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RACIAL POWDER KEG

(continued from page 88)

"There's something disconcerting about standing in line at the checkout counter behind someone using food stamps," complained Kathleen Kroll in the *New York Times*. "Especially when one is paying for one's own order with the family's mortgage money. I find myself thinking that there must be something terribly wrong with a system which causes me, even for a moment, to consider the advantages of being a food-stamp recipient."

Nor is there any effective way to tell whether or not someone is cheating the system. North Carolina Senator Jesse A. Helms (Rep.), the staunchest of Reagan conservatives, estimates as much as 40% of food-stamp money is wasted. A highly placed source in the Medicaid bureaucracy was elated at the recent apprehension of a doctor who defrauded the program out of several million dollars. "If he'd just gone for 1 million," the source said, "we'd never have caught the guy because the amount was too small."

All of this begins to sound like make-believe Monopoly money—a million here, a million there. Yet the white middle class appears to be the only group that never passes Go. Each time a woman receiving Aid for Families With Dependent Children has another baby, she gets more money—usually around $100 a month. It's not surprising in large urban areas to find "baby factories," women cranking out these meal tickets every nine months. Yet the issue of mandatory sterilization cannot be discussed rationally because of the diversionary cries of "Racist! Nazi! Genocide Against the Poor!"

* * *

Finally, think once again about crime and the end of the American Dream as law-abiding citizens are increasingly consumed by fear. Last September's Figgie Report on Fear of Crime stated: "Americans have today become afraid of one another. Confronted with this frightening new challenge, American ability to act is rendered ineffective."

The tragic fact is that most criminals and victims are black, another nail in the coffin of race relations.

As the dream dies, the nature of the disease is rarely discussed. The greatest irony of all is that besides the immeasurable good achieved by years of civil-rights struggle, it also succeeded in doing what hundreds of years of slavery and second-class citizenship failed to do. Black and white have been separated, the contact between the races reduced to an absolute minimum. White no

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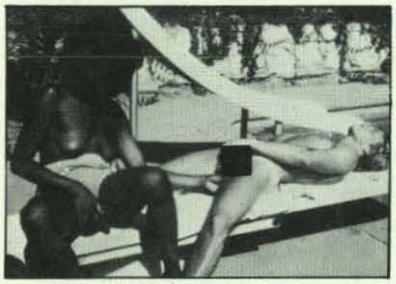

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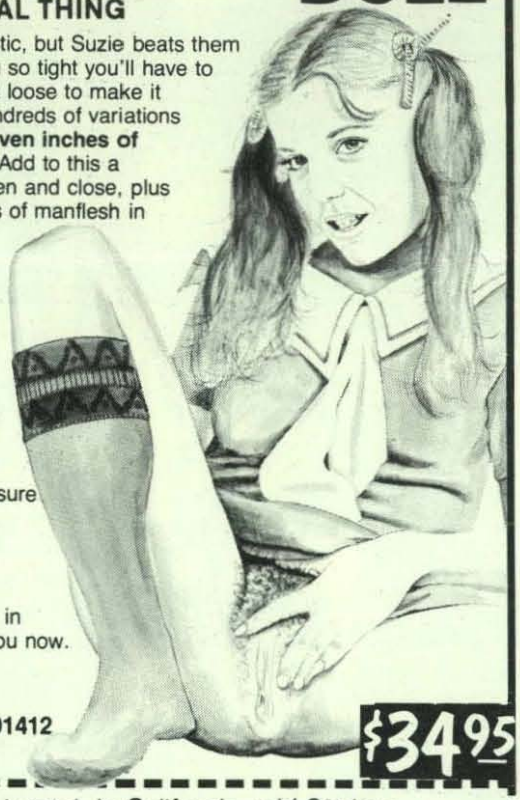

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longer understands what black wants.

An additional question in white minds is whether *black* really knows what black wants anymore. The steady cry of "Racism!" has so dulled the ears that, like repeated cries of "Wolf!," we no longer pay attention. Somewhere along the way to the brave new world, we have come to confuse equality of *opportunity*—where each person is equal to try his best—with equality of *results*, where everyone ends up the same.

While there's still time, the following remedial measures would seem to be in order:

☐ Modify affirmative-action programs or eliminate them altogether.

☐ End mandatory-busing programs. Their good intentions have been far overshadowed by irreparable harm to both school systems and racial harmony.

☐ Crack down on those parasites who abuse the welfare system. Think hard about using the money saved to implement programs similar to the Depression-era Works Progress Administration (WPA) and Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC)—ventures ranging from ditch digging to the planting of trees that put millions of idle Americans back to work and enhanced consumer purchasing power. A good place to start with such "workfare" programs, as President Reagan calls them, would be rebuilding burned-out slums in the decaying inner cities. If nothing else, significant numbers of potential loafers would be removed from the streets.

It would also make sense to examine *why* welfare exists at all. Some say it serves as a valuable hedge against race wars. By giving bread to the poor, according to another line of reasoning, it will dissuade them from stealing meat. Others insist politicians are desperately afraid to oppose welfare and thereby risk losing votes.

The Reagan Administration's dramatic 1982 budget slashes in Medicaid, welfare and food-stamp programs—billion-dollar cuts that could have a devastating effect on black America—supply evidence that the needs of middle-class America are at last being considered. They were some of the first signs that President Reagan intends to follow through on one of his major campaign promises—"We're going to put America back to work again."

Increasingly in the next four years Americans who produce will challenge those who don't, and Americans who work will be questioning the rights of those who won't. Outraged *white* Americans, it would seem, will no longer take bureaucratic double-talk or guilt-producing rhetoric for an answer. Not this time. Never again.

PROFILE: JIM HOPKINS

(continued from page 56)

impaired, the VA would have saved the $60-a-month cost for hearing devices. The nit-picking bastards."

* * *

Jim Hopkins had been dead 51 hours when Suzanne faced an important decision. Sympathetic vets were calling from all over the country, wanting to know the date of his funeral. She reasoned that Memorial Day, less than a week away, would be ideal for the service. But Los Angeles County Coroner Thomas Noguchi still had her husband's body. He had been personally contacted by Suzanne in order to avoid any unnecessary or intentional errors. Neither one of them wished to rely on the VA for an accurate analysis of vital-organ degeneration caused by Agent Orange.

Lacking a body, there was only one logical solution. Suzanne decided to stage the funeral in the Los Angeles National Cemetery, using a symbolic empty casket. Her request took days of intense deliberation by VA officials.

The concept of dealing with an empty casket was shunted from bureaucrat to bureaucrat until finally, after 16 phone calls, permission was granted.

At the same time, angry veterans were staging a sit-in in the lobby of the Wadsworth Hospital to protest substandard medical care. They demanded an independent investigation of all 174 VA hospitals, free of any control by the Veterans Administration, with special emphasis on the Wadsworth and Brentwood facilities and their treatment of Hopkins.

They also sought a guarantee that the government would organize impartial studies of Agent Orange and its long-term toxic effects, as well as of complications caused by post-traumatic stress syndrome. And they renounced the Reagan Administration's plan to increase defense spending while eliminating funding for critical veterans programs, such as counseling centers for those who wished to claim medical disabilities stemming from the war.

Soon dozens of veterans from all over the nation were arriving to add their support. In death, they perceived Hopkins as a new kind of cult hero, adopting the slogan from the movie *Network*—"Mad as hell and not going to take it anymore"—to describe his inspirational qualities. They wore orange T-shirts emblazoned with the words "J. H.—HOW MANY MORE?"

Many pitched orange and green tents, establishing a Veterans Village on the hospital grounds. Some began a hunger strike they promised would continue until President Reagan granted them a personal hearing.

Among these diehards were an Agent Orange victim who weighed just 88 pounds; a paraplegic with failing liver and kidneys who spent two-and-a-half years in a North Vietnamese "tiger cage"; and three veterans who the VA treated for drug addiction by injecting still more drugs into their bodies.

On May 24, 1981, Suzanne sent a telegram to Mrs. Nancy Reagan. "I appeal to you as a woman, a wife and a mother: Please intercede with your husband for the honest evaluation and treatment of our veterans. The cut in the budget for their health care is unconscionable.

"Is the defense posture of our country more important than its defenders? Can another bomber ease the anguish of the mother of a deformed child?

"My husband was surely the victim of delayed stress and Agent Orange poisoning. He died suddenly and mysteriously last Sunday. Nothing can help him now, but there is a chance for others. Veterans deserve better."

Suzanne was hoping she could read a message from Mrs. Reagan at the funeral. Two weeks later an aide phoned the veteran's widow and said: "Mrs. Reagan cannot get involved in discussions of substantive issues with the President."

At 1 p.m. on Memorial Day, hundreds of vets wearing fatigue uniforms formed a funeral procession in the Wadsworth Hospital driveway. They marched grimly in front of Hopkins' red jeep, which held an empty, flag-draped casket. Suzanne walked behind with Christopher Hopkins, Jim's ten-year-old son from a previous marriage. Looking up at the six-story hospital, she could see dozens of American flags hanging out of windows. Through a corridor of still more flags the solemn procession moved on to the national cemetery, a mammoth field of pure green dotted with thousands of white crosses.

The service was brief and emotional. Groups of vets cried for their fallen comrade as well as themselves—for many knew they too were dying. Tears streamed down Suzanne's cheeks as the honor guard removed the flag from the coffin and presented it to Chris Hopkins as a last memento of his fallen father. "I miss my daddy," he whimpered.

When a bugler couldn't be found, a palsied Korean War veteran dying of chemical poisoning played "Taps" on a harmonica.

* * *

Coroner Thomas Noguchi later reported that Hopkins died from the combination of alcohol and a lethal dose of chloral hydrate—also known as knockout drops. He also said there were "strong indications" that Hopkins committed suicide. A full-scale investigation was put on hold until scientific analyses of Hopkins' vital organs could be completed. "I'll go to my own grave knowing that somebody did Jim in," Suzanne stoutly maintained.

By mid-June there were signs that the deaths of Hopkins and of other Agent Orange victims have not been in vain. Both the Senate and the House passed legislation paving the way to claims for Agent Orange poisoning. But before any of these requests can be processed, experts still must prove beyond a reasonable doubt what sort of damage the defoliant inflicts.

Eventually Suzanne Hopkins hopes to revisit the sacred Chumash Indian Burial Grounds, near the place where she and Jim were married, and disburse his cremated remains into the wind. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," she plans to say. "What the VA won't do, the veteran must." Contemplating that day, Suzanne fingered her gold wedding band. "He wasn't able to do much while he was alive, but maybe his death will help other Agent Orange victims to live," she murmured. "Now that I have to do his fighting for him, I'm going to try my damnedest to make Jim Hopkins proud of me."

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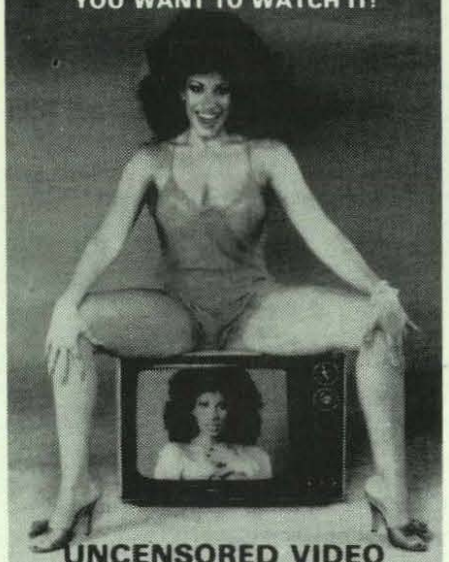

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INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL
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NEXT MONTH

November issue on sale September 24, 1981

OUR BATTERED ELDERLY—An 81-year-old man is beaten by his daughter and chained to a toilet. A 74-year-old woman is pummeled and then locked in the family basement. They are among the more than 1 million senior citizens who are battered each year by their own children. Known as the "flip side of child abuse," this outrageous mistreatment of old people often goes unreported because the victims are too frail, too frightened or too ashamed to blow the whistle. Bruce Henderson reports on one of the saddest aspects of the disintegrating American family.

PROFILE: BIG-CITY BOOKIE—Every year some 50 million Americans place illegal bets worth upward of $30 billion. Much of that money passes through the hands of men such as J. D. Clovis—a new-breed bookmaker who dresses like a jogger, pays his taxes, and counts attorneys and cops among his clientele. Working out of a phony ad agency, Clovis has parlayed straight-shooting street savvy into a flashy Jaguar, an oceanside condo and annual profits approaching a half-million bucks. In this insider's look at the big-money world of sports betting, Roger Dionne tells Clovis' remarkable success story.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY—Divorced and depressed, Dr. Jake Silver is beginning to think he'll never find happiness with a woman again. But then he meets Sunny—a vivacious, outspoken beauty who cooks in the kitchen *and* the bedroom. But will their insatiable appetites last? Find out in next month's fiction by Roberta Metz.

CELEBRITY GARBAGE—When it comes to judging what famous people are *really* like, forget their press clips, official bios and pious public pronouncements. As this side-splitting spoof proves, the nitty-gritty can be found more often in their trash! (And that's no throwaway joke. . . .)

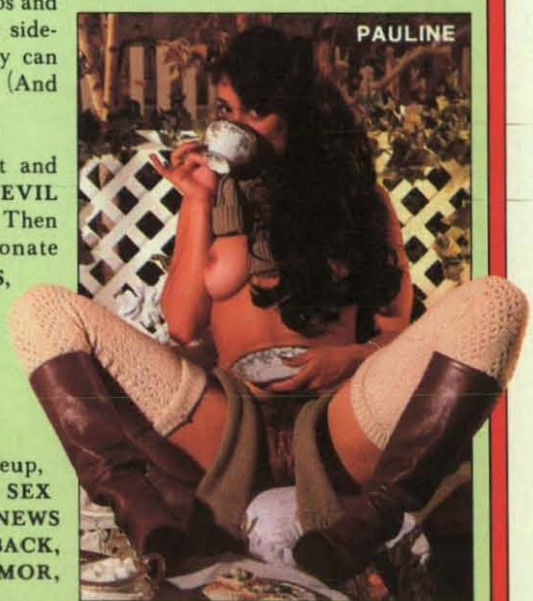

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll feel hot and evil after seeing **SAMANTHA: DEVIL WOMAN**, next month's centerfold. Then **LOUISE AND ROSE** make passionate waves in **LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS**, while **THE SOLDIER AND THE SQUAW** show the best way to sign a "piece" treaty. Finally, **PAULINE** shows she is in bloom year-round in **AUTUMN PETALS.**

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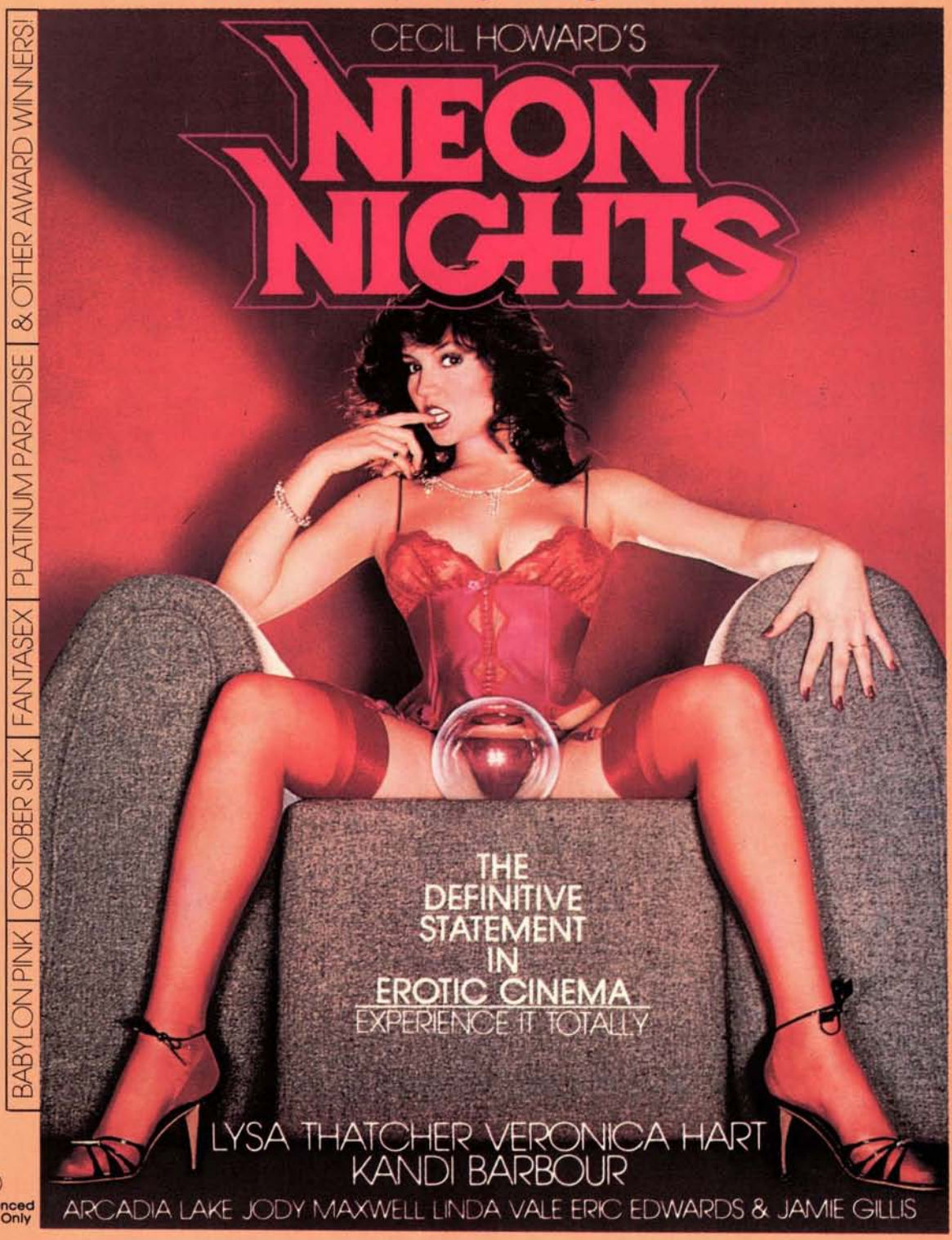

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