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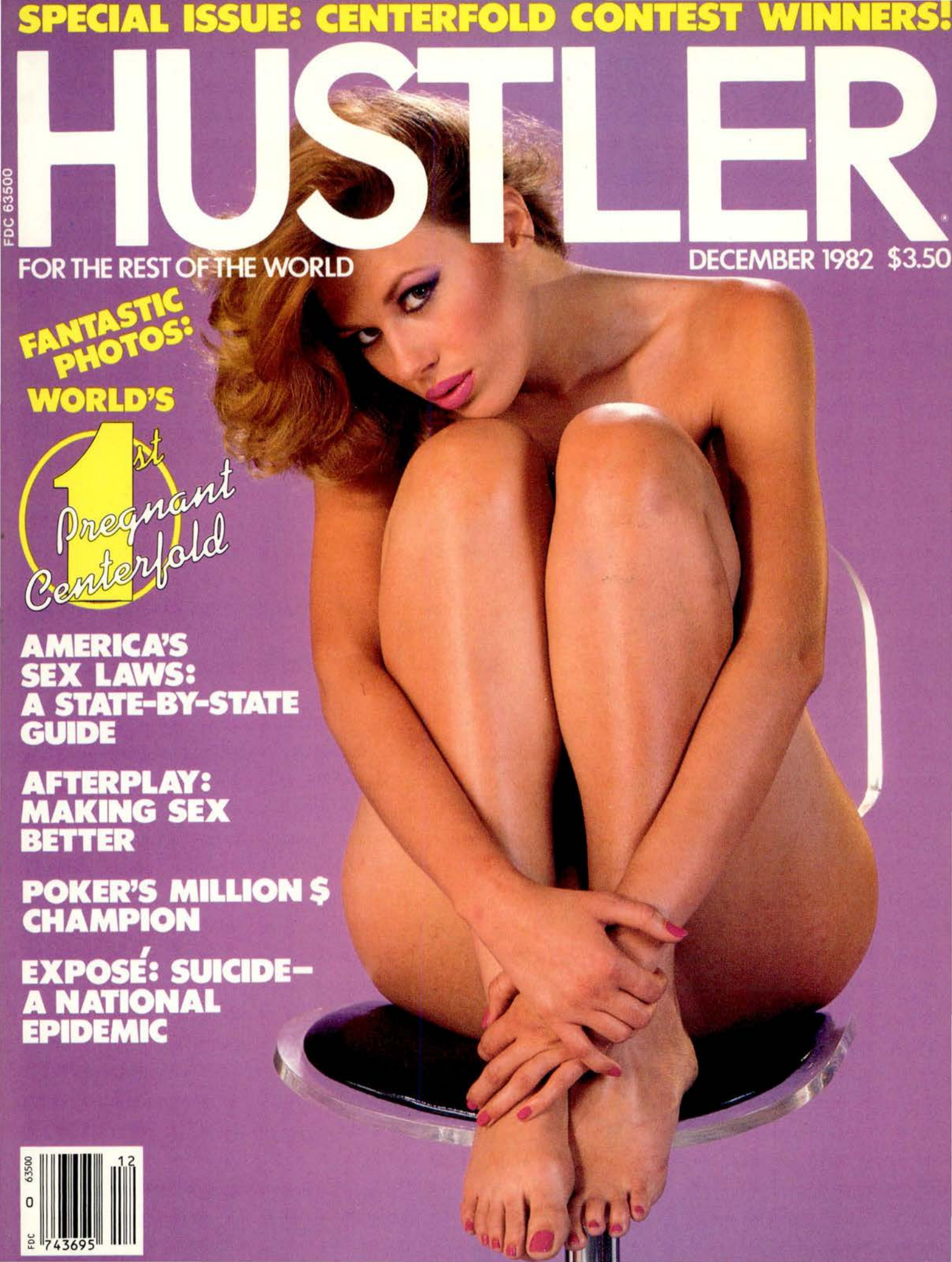

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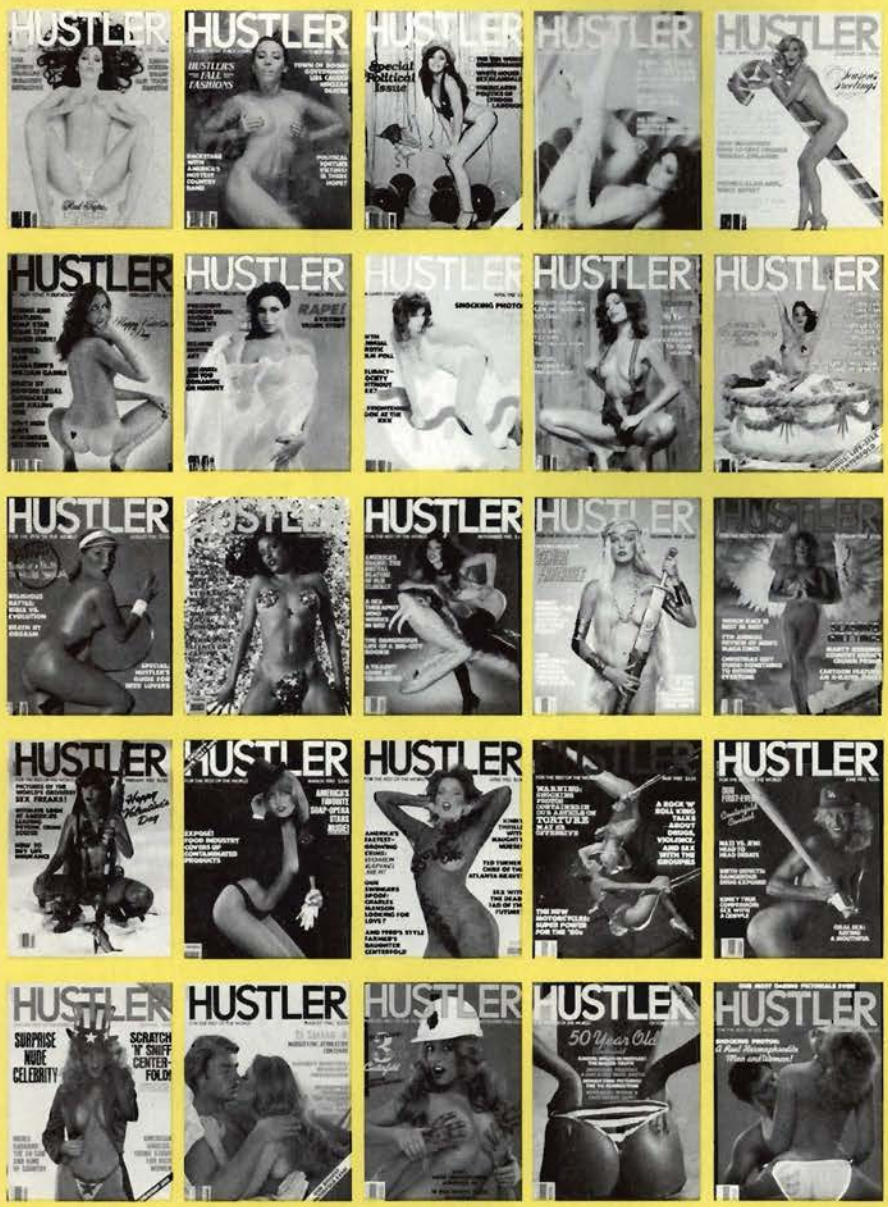

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HUSTLER DECEMBER 1982 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 6

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The Hard Truth

Our interview in September with David Duke, the leader of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, started a flood of letters that still hasn't stopped. As is usually the case with reader responses, all different kinds of opinions have been expressed. But a surprisingly large number of people have criticized *us* for printing the views of an avowed racist. Many of them have called HUSTLER bigoted for "supporting" David Duke's positions. Those accusations need some frank responses.

This magazine has *never* backed off from presenting unpopular points of view, and it never will. The reason for that is simple: Ignoring serious problems will not make them go away. HUSTLER has always believed that the only way to thwart any dangers to our safety or freedom is to expose and confront them.

Sometimes that means printing shocking photos of venereal-disease symptoms or war atrocities. Sometimes that means taking a close look at torturers or mass murderers. Sometimes that means publishing the words of a Nazi or a racist. We've done all those things in recent months. Many people were offended; frankly, we weren't so comfortable with a lot of it ourselves. But we sure as hell are not going to stick our heads in the sand and pretend these things don't exist.

No problems can be solved until people really start *thinking* about them. Over the years, HUSTLER has presented eye-opening articles that stimulate our readers into becoming involved in the world. That's one of the reasons we're so controversial. But it would be dishonest of us to present only the "comfortable" side of an important issue. That's why we print such material as the David Duke interview.

That does *not* mean that we support his point of view. It just means we think it would be irresponsible journalism to ignore it.

We have no intention of watering down our editorial content to avoid offending those people who refuse to face reality. Readers who want namby-pamby puff articles have hundreds of other publications to choose from. Those who want the hard truth and *all* the facts will always have HUSTLER.

ALTHEA FLYNT, Publisher

How To Read Any Girl's Mind

Truly incredible! Finally, crash the barrier to genuine person-to-person thought communication as you never could before. All alone, with no tricks, perform the fantastic feat that defies explanation:

Actually visualize ideas, images, and words from any girl's mind right in your own head—as if you were reading the pages of a book!

Forget about distance! That girl can be in the same room with you, on the telephone with you, or completely out of sight across the country. You can still do it. Accept my "free-trial" proposal—*and I'll prove it to you!*

I know exactly what you are thinking right now.

You believe that it is absolutely impossible. That *you* cannot read any girl's mind. From miles away? *Never!*

You have every right to be unconvinced. "Mind-reading" is usually a stunt performed on TV or in a club. While it's great entertainment—it's still an out and out fake. Certainly not the *real* thing.

The real thing—for use in real life—is what I'm talking about. Like you, I deeply doubted that it could ever be done "off-stage." Especially by the *average* person.

THIS REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE TURNS FANTASY INTO SHEER REALITY!

Then something converted me from a die-hard cynic into a fervent believer: *The "Mind-Read" Manuscript crossed my desk.*

It caught my eye at once. I had heard about the author—a highly-gifted psychic famous for pioneering in the field of ESP.

His manuscript stunned me. Any skepticism I ever had about the possibility of male-to-female mind communication went flying out the window.

Here it was in simple language anyone could understand. The *break-through* technique to read any girl's mind. Anytime. Anywhere. *At will!*

IMAGINE HAVING SECRET, INSTANT ACCESS TO A GIRL'S HIDDEN THOUGHTS!

This technique is so powerful that it might even be illegal! Used properly, it gives immediate entry into the most beautiful girl's mind—even if she is a perfect stranger.

Like it or not, she would come under your direct personal domination. You would know exactly what she was thinking at any given time. No one, not even the cleverest, poker-faced female, could hide a thing from you. Others might be fooled by her sweet words. *But not you!*

You would be able to read her inner-most thoughts. As clearly as if you were looking at the pages of a book set in type one inch high. Without her ever knowing. *Unless you, yourself, told her!*

Dealing with her would be pure pleasure. Imagine knowing in advance just what to expect from your date, mate, lover, or new-found friend. No more guesswork. No more wasted time. No more frustration. *For once, you are the boss!*

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, YOU RISK NOTHING TO TRY IT!

If you still insist that "it's impossible", consider this: Have you ever said something to a girl only to have her reply, "Funny, I was just thinking the very same thing"?

Coincidence? Maybe. Or perhaps you *unconsciously* used the technique without even being aware of it. Now you can *consciously* read her mind because you will know:

- **The first key to true mind-reading.**
- **4 ways to achieve crystal-clear reception.**
- **Why an angry girl's mind is wide-open.**
- **How to verify any girl's thoughts.**
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No special experience or education is necessary. That's what makes it so easy to learn and so *workable.* Accept my "free-trial" offer and see for yourself!

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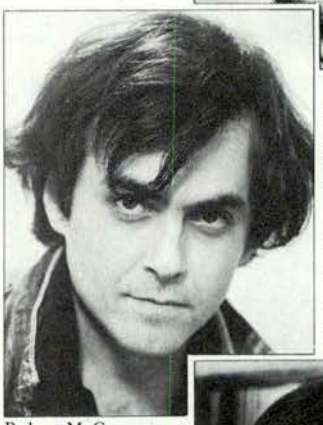
When we first announced plans to hold a Best Centerfold Contest back in June of this year, we expected a big response. But we had no idea our staff would literally have to stay up nights counting the ballots. Then, imagine the shock we had when we found out that **MARLENE**, the contest winner, was almost nine months' pregnant! Nevertheless, as the readers' first choice, she was delighted to make an encore appearance in the pages of HUSTLER Magazine.

Clive McLean

After we carefully flew Marlene in from her home state of New Jersey, photographer **CLIVE McLEAN** prepared for the most unusual shooting of his career. Relying on his nearly 20 years of experience with nude models, McLean relaxed our expectant mother into just the right positions for this unique photo session. By the way, since that shooting, Marlene has given birth to a healthy baby boy. Congratulations to mother and son.

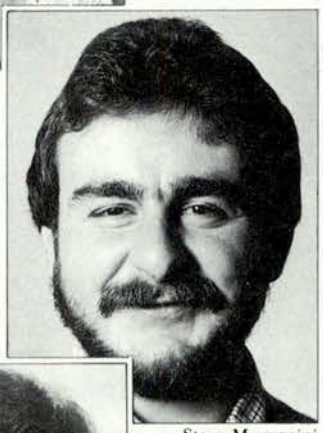
Of course, take nothing away from the two lovely runners-up, **TANA** and **CHERYL** (who appears this month with her "close" friend **CINDY**). HUSTLER has spared no expense to make these photo-fantasy layouts the hottest ever. As your favorites, these girls deserve nothing less.


Robert McGarvey

We didn't have to twist **STEVE MAGAGNINI**'s arm to pack up and travel to Las Vegas to cover the 1982 World Championship of Poker. While collecting information for this month's profile, **JACK STRAUS: MILLION-DOLLAR POKER CHAMPION**, he got into some of his own five-card-stud games. A staff writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Magagnini has had poker stories published in the *Boston Globe*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Kansas City Star*. We couldn't have picked a more knowledgeable journalist in games of chance to profile one of the gambling world's most heralded figures. And photographer **JAN PIERCE** was right there during the tournament to get the picture of "Treetop" Straus with his actual winning hand.

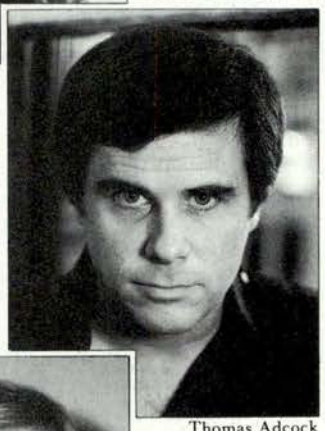
Steve Campbell

Everyone has a breaking point. For some, reaching that point results in the kind of horrors told in this month's feature, **SUICIDE: NATIONAL EPIDEMIC**. For this assignment we called on journalist **ROBERT McGARVEY**, who examines with keen insight the growing frequency of this appalling and wasteful act. No stranger to the topic of mortality, McGarvey wrote the July 1980 CHIC feature article *Sex After Death?*, which discussed the controversial work of the "queen of death," Elisabeth Kubler-Ross. Incidentally, the photos that accompany our report were culled from press files of actual suicide cases.


Steve Magagnini

In our December fiction, **BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER**, author **THOMAS ADCOCK** has fashioned a chilling tale of biological terror with a climax guaranteed to make the skin crawl. Adcock, though new to HUSTLER, is an accomplished writer whose work has appeared in CHIC. Currently writing a major novel, he has also composed a series of action-mystery stories under the pseudonym Buck Sanders.

Sometimes the inspiration for our articles comes in the strangest places. For instance, **STEVE CAMPBELL**'s idea for this month's *Sex Play*, **AFTERPLAY: INTIMACY & SEX**, resulted from conversations with his wife in bed after lovemaking sessions. Former Managing Editor of CHIC, Campbell is a regular contributor to various men's magazines, including our sister publication GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION.

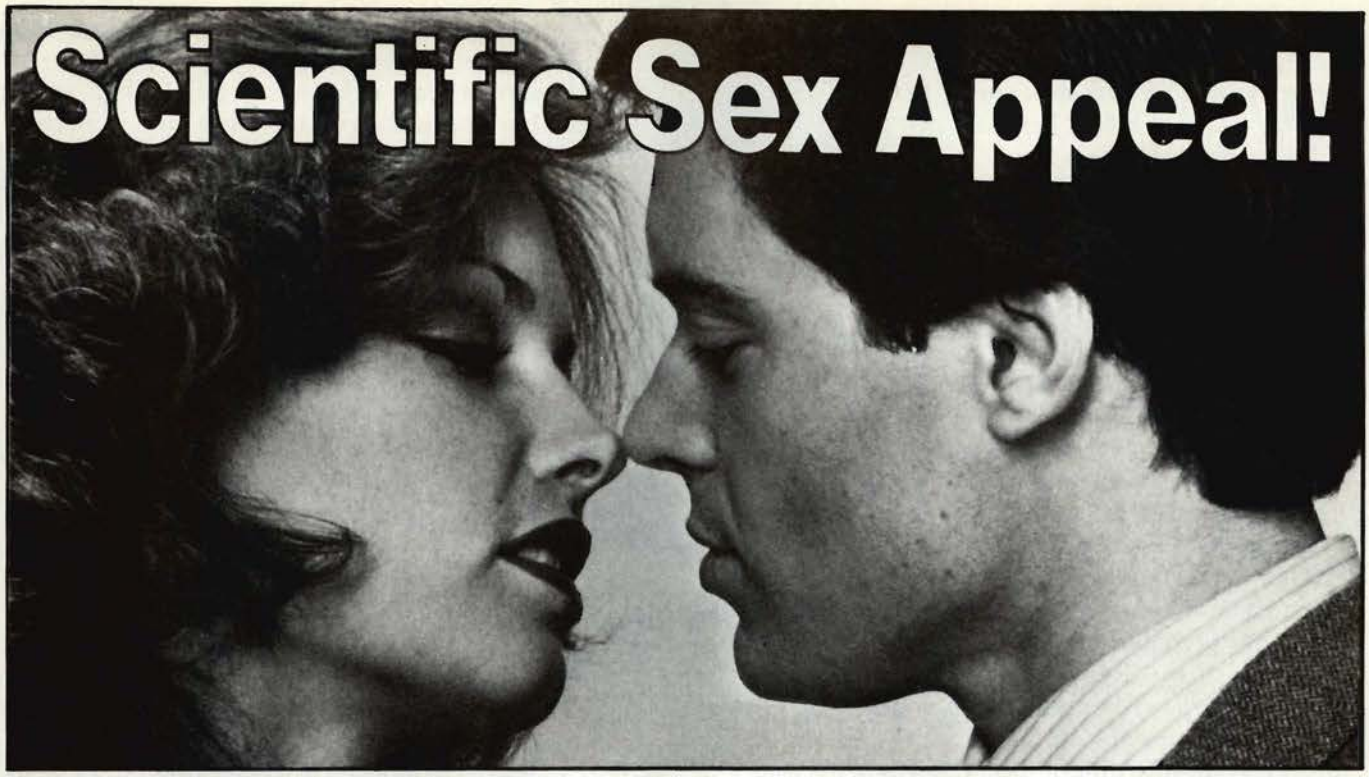

Thomas Adcock

In the state of Ohio you can fuck your sister. But don't let your girlfriend give you head in Idaho. Sound crazy? Well, you can look it up. In **SEX LAWS OF AMERICA** we examine the state of the sexual union and give you fair warning as to what you can and can't do *legally* with your partner. This special feature was the culmination of weeks of research as the HUSTLER staff delved into the lawbooks of every state to come up with our comprehensive guide.

We worked hard to produce this December issue because you work hard to buy it. It's a mutual appreciation—one that has kept HUSTLER at the top of its field. And we're not about to start looking down.

Cover by Ladi von Jansky

Scientific Sex Appeal!



Potent-8 for Men and Captive-8 for Women, the scents that attract!

Now, Doctors at leading universities, first in Europe and now worldwide, have found substances whose mere aroma can be used to make you appear more attractive, more impressive, and even more desirable. Scientists first described the incredibly powerful aroma attractants in insects as pheromones. For years, many Musk fragrances have used pheromones from animals. Now, pheromones have been found in humans, too! American scientist and researcher, William Sergio, has captured the secret in 2 new formulas utilizing male and female pheromones to create the ultimate perfumes. Potent-8 for men and Captive-8 for women.

Instant Charisma!

For the first time, you can unlock your scents appeal. Just sprinkle a few drops on, and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes right to work sending powerful chemical messages. You can add it to your favorite cologne, perfume or aftershave. With Potent-8 (or Captive-8), you will approach any social situation with a new and total confidence.

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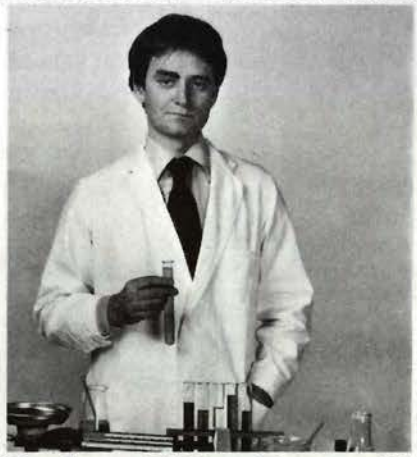

Scientific Proof!

It really works! The knowledge that human beings produce odors and scents that can attract or repel each other is nothing new. History's great lovers and legendary temptresses have alluded to it down through the ages. Perfume and cosmetic manufacturers have been trying to capitalize on it for centuries. But now, for the first time, the secret has been found. Tests done by doctors at leading universities confirm the power of pheromones, nature's "inner perfume".

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Research results are so startling that we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for men (Captive-8 for women) for 30 days. Use it time and time again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results. You must be completely satisfied or you may send back the empty bottle for a prompt refund, no questions asked! Don't delay. Order NOW!

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Three of a Kind: Your September centerfold, *Trina: A Very Special Lady,* was quite an eye-opener. To tell the truth, I thought a three-titted centerfold would be just another gimmick to get people to buy your magazine. But I never thought those pictures of Trina would hit me as hard as they did. Her body is not a mistake, but an asset. Her breasts and vagina are the most exciting sexual stimulants I've ever experienced.

—Stephen Gits
Luverne, Minnesota

When I picked up your magazine at the newsstand, I thought "3 Breasted Centerfold" meant three *girls* (which wouldn't have been a bad idea). When I turned the page to Trina's centerfold, I flipped out. I agree that she's special—I mean, she definitely would stick out in a crowd—but why put her in a magazine whose readers lust after a perfect pair of 38s? She's very pretty, and I don't mean to put her down, but that third tit has got to go. After all, men are born with two hands—one for each tit.

—T. W.
Warren, Michigan

Could it be that *Trina* is contemplating having her middle tit removed? Trina has something special to share with the man in her life that almost no other woman possesses. Furthermore, her center tit is so perfectly formed! If I had two dicks, I sure wouldn't have one amputated, even if I could use only one at a time. I'd have something I could be proud of, since I could give a woman a choice between them. You can be sure that if I ever met Trina and she had only two tits, I'd walk away. If she'd amputate her middle tit, what would she do if she didn't like her face or her pussy?

Trina: A Very Special Lady

Very few things ever move me to give an opinion, but in this case it was that beautifully formed, well-placed middle tit. Removing it would be self-destructive kinkiness of the worst kind.

—C. W. Gibbons
Oroville, California

I hope your September centerfold, *Trina*, doesn't go through with the operation to have her center breast removed. With a one-in-a-trillion gift like that, an operation to change Trina into a "normal" woman would be like operating on Mr. Spock's ears.

If Trina were unattractive, I could understand this attempt at attaining some kind of normalcy. But after a brief adjustment period, I found her exceptionally beautiful.

To be only another beautiful girl with two small breasts could be boring. I hope she reconsiders.

—David McDonald
Mill Valley, California

I've enjoyed HUSTLER for the past eight years, but lately I've been upset with your photo-layouts. Your September issue was the worst, especially your centerfold—*Trina: A Very Special Lady*.

A very special lady, my ass. Three tits? Bullshit!

—Grady Sneed
Macon, Georgia

Cover Crazy: What really impressed me the most about your August issue was the cover and the two glowing individuals who graced it. Who are these gorgeous people? In my opinion, the models who appear on your covers don't get enough credit. And why do your cover models never show pink in a full spread?

There just isn't another magazine that even comes close to the magnificence of HUSTLER. Keep up the excellent work!

—Paul Hubbard
Oderzo, Italy

Who says our cover models never show pink? In fact, the girl on our August cover was a HUSTLER Honey, appearing as Holly: A Tiger in Bed in the June 1982 issue.

Cartoon Memories: The cartoon by Dwaine Tinsley in your August issue, showing a woman walking out on the husband who beats her, couldn't have said it better. It took me a long time to realize that I didn't have to live in my husband's drunken hell. Fear—not love—was the only thing that kept me there. The day I walked out was the day I started living again without fear. That was also the day I made myself a lifelong promise: God help the man who ever tries to lay a violent hand on me again.

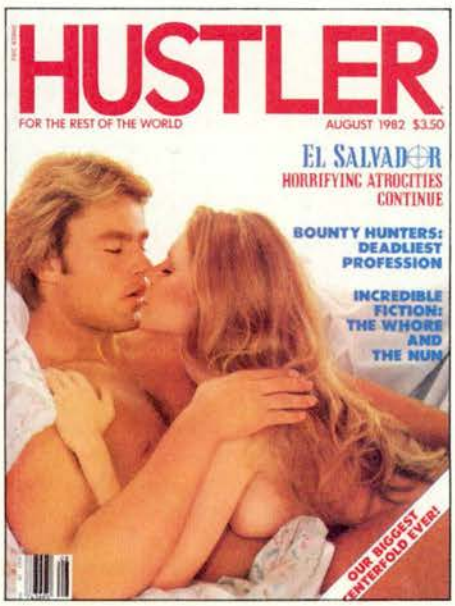
A lot of bad memories resurfaced when I saw Tinsley's picture (I hesitate to call it a cartoon). But I'm tired of being ashamed. I'm tired of being silent.

—Bernadette McAuaide
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

"What! You're leaving me for just one small belt upside the head?!"

Whenever I read *Feedback*, all I seem to see is people bitching about what they don't understand, especially your jokes and cartoons. There sure are a lot of stupid people out there who just can't catch on to what the *meaning* of this humor is. I just have one thing to say to those people who can't understand your magazine: Fuck off and take your bullshit elsewhere.

The funny thing about them is they



still buy HUSTLER. You must be doing something right. So please don't change a thing. —Allan Coleman
Lexington, Kentucky

The VD Epidemic: I sure wish you could put *HUSTLER's Updated Guide to VD* in every paper across the nation. Then maybe we could *do* something about these damned venereal diseases that are plaguing our country.

So far I've had syphilis and gonorrhea twice, and now I'm stuck with herpes. Hell, if I hadn't read one of your *Advise & Consent* columns a while back, I might not have known that I had venereal warts, which so far is the only form of VD I've had that hasn't been painful. What in the world would we do without you, HUSTLER? —O. W.
Denver, Colorado

Your October article about VD and the pictures that accompanied it were right on. Too many people are painfully ignorant of this subject or try to hide it or say that it's God's punishment.

I came from a strict religious family in which sex education was minimal. When I was 12, I was shown a "health" manual containing pictures of VD sores. I was told, "This is what you get if you fool around with girls, unless you get married." After that, I avoided girls for a long time and wouldn't get close to them unless I was forced to. An uncle of mine finally set me straight on the subject when I was 19. He taught me what I needed to know about sex and gave me a pack of rubbers.

VD is at epidemic levels and needs to be properly treated and prevented. Burying one's head in the sand when it comes to the subject of venereal disease doesn't do anyone any good.
—George Murphy
Troy, Michigan

Race Debate: Your interview *David Duke: Is the White Race Doomed?* in the September issue really hit home with me. I don't consider myself a racist, but I think it's time we white folks stuck together. I, for one, am tired of working my ass off to support people on welfare. Something definitely needs to be done in this country about this situation.
—Bob Wright
Staunton, Virginia

I just wanted to compliment you on your interview with David Duke. Duke himself summed it up succinctly when he stated that your magazine "at least has the guts to print this."

It is a pleasure to see space accorded to Duke's views. I have never been particularly inclined toward Mr. Duke's position myself, but this gentleman sounds very intelligent and dedicated, and I am pleased that you offered him a forum in your magazine.
—John P. Huberty
Sandstone, Minnesota

David Duke comes off as an educated, intelligent and articulate young white man, but in reality he's just a narrow-minded bigot who talks a lot but says nothing. —Saeed Jabbar
Chester, Pennsylvania

I feel David Duke hit the minorities problem in America right on the nose. I wish I could see him in a bar sometime just so I could buy him a drink!
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

My reply to David Duke is: You receive my vote for Asshole of the 20th Century. You and your mindless, starry-eyed racist space cadets will cause a division of American society that will make the Civil War look like a ladies' tea party.

Now, I know how important it is that we members of any and all minority groups do not just sit and accept this bullshit. Mr. Duke, I think you will, in the future, have a stronger opponent and a much bigger fight. See you in the ring. —J. R.
Louisville, Kentucky

El Salvador: Thank you for your concern about the hell in El Salvador. President Reagan's policy toward this holocaust is an unspeakable nightmare. My question to him is this: "Why at the very least can you not hear the cries of the innocently massacred, homeless and starving, and those who are witnesses to this utter hell?" It brings tears to my eyes.

I am ashamed because I am an American, a citizen who must pay for this murder. I am also ashamed because I am in the military. I am embarrassed because I was not aware, before reading your article, that these people are dying at the hands of our government.
—Janet A. Reid
Seattle, Washington

Raquel: Thank you very much for your pictorial *Raquel After 40* in the October issue. Raquel Welch is a stunningly sexy "dyn-o-mite" fox of a woman, even at 41! She is a truly provocative bombshell! I very much enjoyed your photos of her that appeared in *Neue Revue* and *Paris Match*. This was a fine tribute to her fabulous, womanly beauty.
—Myron C. Schweitzer
Phoenix, Arizona

★ CHIC ends the year with its hottest pictorials, pushing the photographic barriers back farther than ever. You'll feel like you're part of the action when two hot and horny ladies use their sex toys to scale new erotic heights, or when a lusty couple in a darkened restaurant savor the joys of eating out. There's also a sultry female magician who'll show you a trick or two. And CHIC's stunning new centerfold uses a mirror to double your pleasure.
★ Government negligence has created something less pleasant for you: acid rain, an insidious killer. Find out the facts about this poisonous residue in Zbigniew Kindela's eye-opening report.
★ In a bizarre CLOSE-UP, CHIC interviews "deadly lover" Roy Mangum, perhaps the only man ever jailed for *fucking* a woman to death. Then meet William Hardison, who claims an angry ex-girlfriend used the powers of voodoo and put a curse on his sex life.
★ Has science found a legitimate aphrodisiac? That's the claim of pheromones, chemicals secreted by both humans and animals that trigger our sex drive. In an intriguing SEX LIFE, Dave Yuzo Spector offers some convincing evidence that pheromones could change the future of human sexuality.
★ And there's plenty more, including J. Bradford Olesker's latest erotic fiction, a look at drug deaths of the stars in DOPE, backstage news in MUSIC NOTES, inside information in TRIVIA TRIP and the always-hilarious ODDS & ENDS.

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

TROSCH

Guns and Crime: What Althea Flynt had to say about guns in the September *Publisher's Statement* ("A Nation Gone Gun-Crazy") is what those Moral Majority people are saying about the things you put in HUSTLER!

She should have said something instead about the liberal courts of this land. I know of a case in my own state in which a person killed someone and received only a $200 fine.

If a person knew that he or she might have to pay for a crime with his or her own life, perhaps that person would think twice before killing someone. Perhaps restoring capital punishment is the answer. —Robert T. Myrick
Oberlin, Louisiana

In her September *Publisher's Statement* Althea Flynt called America gun-crazy. I don't know how she could say this and believe it. Americans have traditionally owned guns. The right to do so is guaranteed by the Constitution. The only real reason gun sales are up from ten years ago is there are more people now.

You claimed that our controls on firearms are worthless. I can't comprehend why you stated this. The lack of enforcement of these laws is more to blame. If these regulations were enforced as they should be, we'd have a reduction in the crime rate. What criminal is going to heed a law that he knows will not be enforced against him?

America is not gun-crazy. You just tried to make it appear that way. If you really want your readers to know the truth, print this letter. —Max Bell
Bowie, Texas

Double Vendetta? I generally find your editorials and *Asshole of the Month* section amusing and informative. This was not the case with your July double vendetta. I'm referring to your naming of Jann Wenner and Matty Simmons as Co-Assholes of the Month and to the *Publisher's Statement* on the same topic.

I once considered HUSTLER, *Rolling Stone* and *National Lampoon* to be of the same class, but no more. Why the enormous chip on your shoulder? You're using the First Amendment as a soapbox upon which to stand and make speeches. You're using powerful words like *censorship* as a facade for your own petty bitch against these two publications. There are many social and political injustices committed on a daily basis; yet you used that valuable space to express contempt for two editors who did not choose to publish your ad—as was their right under the First Amendment! That's pure bullshit and unworthy of your past record of responsible journalism.

You may print this if you so choose. I will not feel "censored" if you don't.
—Carol R. Davis
Rota, Spain

We never questioned Rolling Stone's and National Lampoon's right to print or not print what they choose. It was the hypocrisy of their refusal to run our ad that prompted our editorials.

I would like to express my most grateful compliments and congratulations on your July *Publisher's Statement*, "I Hate Hypocrites." I'm impressed with the way you "told it like it is." Althea Flynt is the type of editor I admire a great deal. —Edward J. Kelsch
Estes Park, Colorado

"Outstanding" is the only way to describe your *Publisher's Statement* section. Larry Flynt was highly intelligent and honest in everything he wrote, and I respect him immensely. But in the last few months of reading these editorials, I have come to believe that Althea Flynt has surpassed her husband's journalistic excellence.

Three cheers for anyone who has the balls to stand up for what he or she believes in. —T. Strother
New York, New York

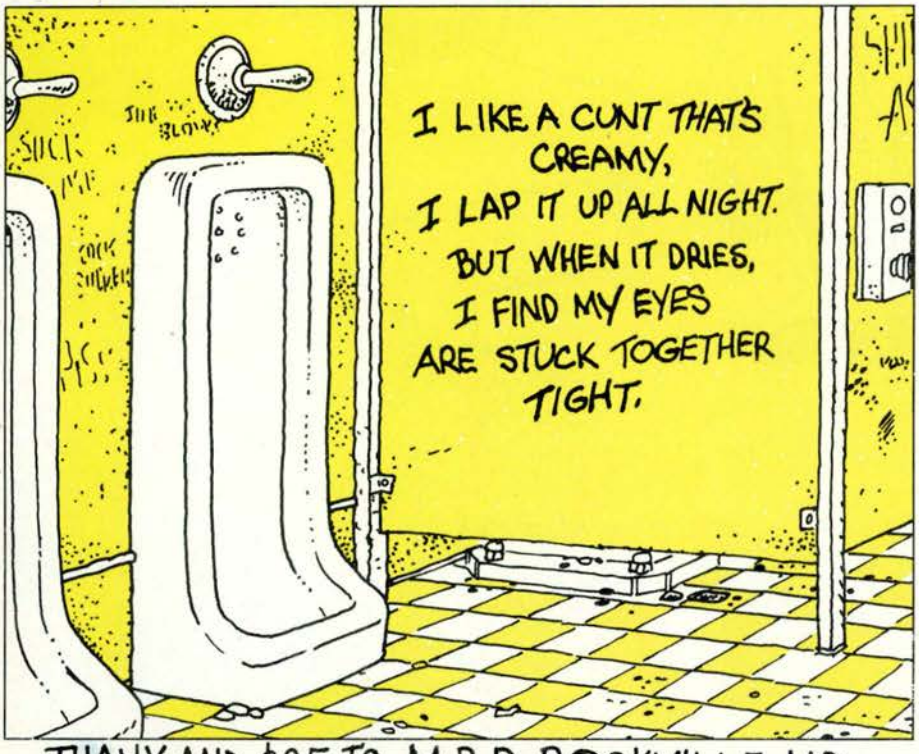
HUSTLER Magic: I'm a policeman who has read many of your articles. I feel your magazine represents courage, honesty and openness among all people, regardless of color, race or nationality. Unfortunately, those things are too rare these days.

A lot of my hypocritical friends would call HUSTLER "gross," but I think it's great. I especially love their reactions when I show them a HUSTLER cartoon. One way or another their mood changes immediately. To have an effect like that is truly magical. —Robert Chopee
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Cyst for Sale: The first time I read HUSTLER, I was tickled at how gross it is. It's so gross that I like it! *Tacky!* It seems that you're always looking for sexually gross items. I believe I am ready for your magazine. I have something that's not only unusual but is sexually gross. I have a large protruding cyst that covers the opening of my vagina. I could send a Polaroid in to *Beaver Hunt*, but I would prefer having a professional photographer take pictures of it. Are you interested?
—Name Withheld by Request
Long Beach, California

We'll leave it up to our readers.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND $25 TO M.R.B., ROCKVILLE, MD

World News Roundup

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

The World Theater in New York City, notorious for its porn fare, recently pulled an about-face that took its regular patrons by surprise. It had long been the well-attended adult-movie house where "Deep Throat" made its first appearance over a decade ago. Then the World suddenly renamed itself and opened with Walt Disney's "Robin Hood" on its marquee. Peter Elson, a representative of the new owners, said, "We thought we could erase the old image quick; so we booked the Disney film just to let the patrons know that the theater's policy had changed drastically."

Chicago rush-hour traffic came to a standstill when an unidentified nude woman strolled down Michigan Avenue. The woman apparently began peeling off her clothes after emerging from a hotel, and she posed along the way for enthusiastic shutterbugs. Police were alerted by the blaring of car horns and the snarled traffic. Her unattired walk lasted ten to 15 minutes before police took her into custody. "She needs help," said one official.

In the 1960s the Reverend Fred Bischoff gained prominence when he shed his clerical garb to drive around in a sports car as a rock 'n' roll pastor ministering to rebellious teenagers. Now he's shed something more than his clerical garb since becoming owner of what's billed as America's first resort-condominium hotel for nudists, the 40-acre Paradise Lakes Club at Land O'Lakes, Florida. Bischoff, who says that he remains a devout Christian, enjoys his new lifestyle: "I get up in the morning, take a shower, dry off, comb my hair and go to work."

A revolutionary study shows that small doses of estrogen might enhance the sex lives of hundreds of thousands of women who have already gone through menopause. A major problem experienced by the postmenopausal woman is the loss of lubricant in the vagina, which can lead to painful tears or lacerations during intercourse. The researchers found that estrogen can improve blood circulation to the vaginal wall and thus increase secretions.

The first male to win a sexual harassment case has been awarded $196,500 in damages. David Huebschen, a 33-year-old employee of the Wisconsin Department of Health and Social Services, sued his female supervisor, Jacquelyn Rader, 37, contending that she demoted him because he refused her sexual advances. When Huebschen finally told her "the sexual stuff has to stop," Rader soon sent him back to his former, lower-paying job. Both are married.

Manure and gas from cows may wipe out the world's coastal cities by contributing to a global warming trend. So says James Hansen, an atmospheric scientist at NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies. He claims the methane gas from cow dung and flatulence--although a small component of the atmosphere--is 20 times more effective than carbon dioxide at producing the so-called greenhouse effect. That's when the earth's heat is trapped in the atmosphere, melting the polar ice caps and causing ocean levels to rise. Human waste, on the other hand, is less of a contributing factor because it is disposed of through sanitary systems. Hansen predicts that the first sign of damage from cow dung will emerge in the late 1980s.

A massive cancer-screening project conducted by Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Miami, Florida, has received more than 10,000 stool samples mailed in by the public. But there have been some awkward problems with the way those specimens have been packaged. Postal workers got so fed up with leaky stool samples that they complained to the U.S. Occupational Safety and Health Administration. The mail handlers have now been issued special gloves.

The "National Enquirer" paid $20,000 to an Arizona husband and wife--who recently bore a child with sperm from a Nobel Prize winners' sperm bank--for exclusive rights to their story. Later, upon discovering that the couple had two previous children taken away by authorities because they abused them, the "Enquirer" didn't drop the story. Instead, the paper has offered the couple, Jack and Joyce Kowalski, an even larger amount of money for exclusive rights to their child-abuse story.

Become a Man who measures Up!

- You will never fall short again.
- Never again will she make you feel like she wanted more than you have to give.
- Never again will she say you're great but leave you wondering.

NOW—with my help—
you will become sexually better
than you have ever dreamed possible.

by Dr. Brian A. Richards

Bigger is Better

They say "not even your best friends will tell you" about many of the small, unobtrusive human failings that make you less of a person than you could be. And that is especially true when it comes to sex.

The fact is, your partner has probably told you that you are good in bed. If you are friends, your bedmate wants you to feel good about yourself, so she tells you how good you are.

Your sex partner does not want to fool you, but thinks it is better for your relationship to praise your performance—even if it is not ideal.

Well, I am not your bed partner. I am a physician. Therefore, I have no reason not to tell you the truth. And I am speaking the truth when I say to you, sight unseen, that you can appear more impressive, be better in bed, and feel confident that you measure up to any man.

With my help you can become the ultimately exciting sex partner your lover really wants to sleep with—and dreamed of before she "settled" for you.

Penis size

Let me begin by puncturing a pervasive myth, to wit that the size of your penis makes little or no difference in sex.

Women have been avoiding hurt male feelings for centuries by mouthing comfortable platitudes such as, "It's not the size that counts. It's what you do with it."

Well, what you do with it certainly counts, as you will learn to your pleasure in my lessons on sex techniques.

But let me tell you that 30 years of sex therapy have taught me that women really want a man with *both* good sexual techniques and as large as possible a piece of raw material to begin with.

They're not greedy. They just want everything life—and you—can give them. Now you can give it to them in ways that they never imagined you could before!

ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences. His lifetime of work helping people with sexual problems has given him a treasury of personal information pointing the way to how sexually ambitious individuals can become more able to give and receive all the joys of sex, naturally and unashamedly.

You can develop a more exciting, more satisfying, masculine-looking penis

When you are dressed, it will proclaim its presence and your manhood to every woman you meet. When you are naked, it will be an enticing plaything for your lover. When you are erect, it will make you irresistibly attractive!

You can dramatically improve on what nature gave you by following my program; which has proved itself time and time again.

Actually, 87.5% of all the men who have followed the method I will describe to you, have increased penis length by an average of 17%, with one man actually increasing his length by 3.6 cms! The average client increased his erect circumference by 2.8 cms—or 16%

To receive my complete penis development method, see the coupon below—and do it today. The sooner you begin, the sooner I can help make you better in bed!

Fix her "love grip" too!

Of course, if you know anything about what makes sex work in bed, you already know that a lot of it is up to the female partner.

But modern couples—even when the male is both well-endowed and sexually competent, as my method will help make you—still may suffer from residual Victorian attitudes about lovemaking.

To be blunt about it, most men today realize that they have a responsibility to be both sexually active and sensitive to the woman's needs—but far too many women still think that all they finally need to do is to say yes and lie there.

Many men, out of respect for women's feelings, settle for such outmoded passivity. Unless, that is, they have experienced the peaks of pleasure that a knowledgeable woman can produce with her vaginal zone.

Once these men have felt what a woman's body can really do with and for them once they have experienced the ecstasy that a supple strong vaginal grip can produce they won't settle for sex with a passive, flaccid woman!

My program can teach any woman how she can train her vaginal muscles to produce the greatest sexual pleasure for her men, and for herself.

No woman who has followed my methods has ever reported that they have failed to make her and her lover happier, more responsive individuals—and their love life amazingly sharper, better, more eagerly pursued!

To receive my program for toning and sensitizing the female intimate zone, send the coupon below today. And I do mean today, if you've already wasted too much time on giving and receiving so-so sex!

$50 value FREE!

30 years of working with specialists in every area of body care and treating thousands of patients at my private clinic in Kent, England has shown me which methods will really work to make your entire body more perfect. Because I've devoted my life to body improvement, I'm going to give you each and every one of those methods FREE . . . if you show me that you're serious about improving your own body by purchasing my method for developing the male and female intimate zones, today!

If you're troubled by either overweight, loss of hair, bad complexion, aging, or bad habits that damage your body and are offensive to your partners, I have found at least one method that will help combat and/or eliminate each of those problems.

And, if your lady is plagued by small unshapely breasts, I have found a way for her to develop a beautiful bustline you both can be proud of—and even increase her breast size—as hundreds of my own patients have done.

Yes, I want every one of you to make your whole body better. That's why I've authorized 21st Century Products, Inc. to make you this incredible offer. Purchase my male and female zone development method for only $19.95 and get every other method—a $50 value—FREE!

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my check or M.O. for $19.95 plus $1.50 p&h (Total $21.45, N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax). Rush me The Richards Method for developing the male and female zone in a plain wrapper with Dr. Richards' 6 other successful methods for a more perfect body—a $50 value—included FREE! If for any reason I'm not satisfied, I may return them within 30 days for a prompt refund, no questions asked.

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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 it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Deep-Throat 101: In the August *Sex Play* section of HUSTLER you ran an article called "Getting Head: A Panel Discussion." For years I have been trying to learn how to deep-throat my husband. His cock is average in length, but it's quite thick. He loves a good blowjob, and I love eating dick.

The only information ever given is "relax your throat." Have you ever tried to "relax" your throat? No one ever seems to explain how to achieve this relaxation.

In your *Sex Play* the panelist named Joan gave me some hope, but I need more information. Could you please give me some simple instructions?

—T. L. J.
Mattoon, Illinois

In the Sex Play article "Getting Head," Joan explained she was able to deep-throat by breathing through her nose while the man's cock was in her mouth. She said, "When you're coming up off the cock and it's popping out of your mouth, breathe in—when your throat is totally relaxed. Also, you have to keep your throat straight and your tongue out of the way. That way you can literally swallow the guy's cock all the way down your throat without gagging."

This gag reflex seems to cause problems for many women trying to deep-throat. The trouble is that your throat is conditioned by nature to gag on what it cannot swallow. One way to train your throat against this reflex is to put your finger down it until the gag reflex starts to disappear. (Don't expect to be successful right off the bat.)

Many women have found that Popsicles and bananas make great deep-throat exercisers. Unlike some men, these items don't get insulted or impatient when you gag on them. Once you've gained control over the gag reflex, you can try to deep-throat your husband's cock.

The first few times, don't try to swallow his entire cock. Just take it a little way into your throat until you learn to breathe while moving his cock in and out. Even though you'll be breathing through your nose, his dick can block your windpipe. This is why it's a good idea for him to remain pretty passive and still at first to avoid gagging you. After you get the hang of it, he can experiment with gentle movement.

A good beginner's position is to lie on your back with your head hanging over the edge of the bed. Have your husband kneel, with his penis aimed at your mouth. Your position—the same one sword swallowers use, by the way—creates a straighter line between your mouth and throat.

Since your husband's cock is thick, you'll both have to be patient; this technique won't be mastered in a day. You should also remember that the throat was designed for swallowing—not for fucking. While you're learning to deep-throat, you can still satisfy him in other ways.

Feisty Foreplay: My wife likes to fight and wrestle before we have sex. Even though it's done playfully, her behavior makes me feel like she doesn't really enjoy having intercourse. Is this behavior normal? —F. K.
Jamestown, New York

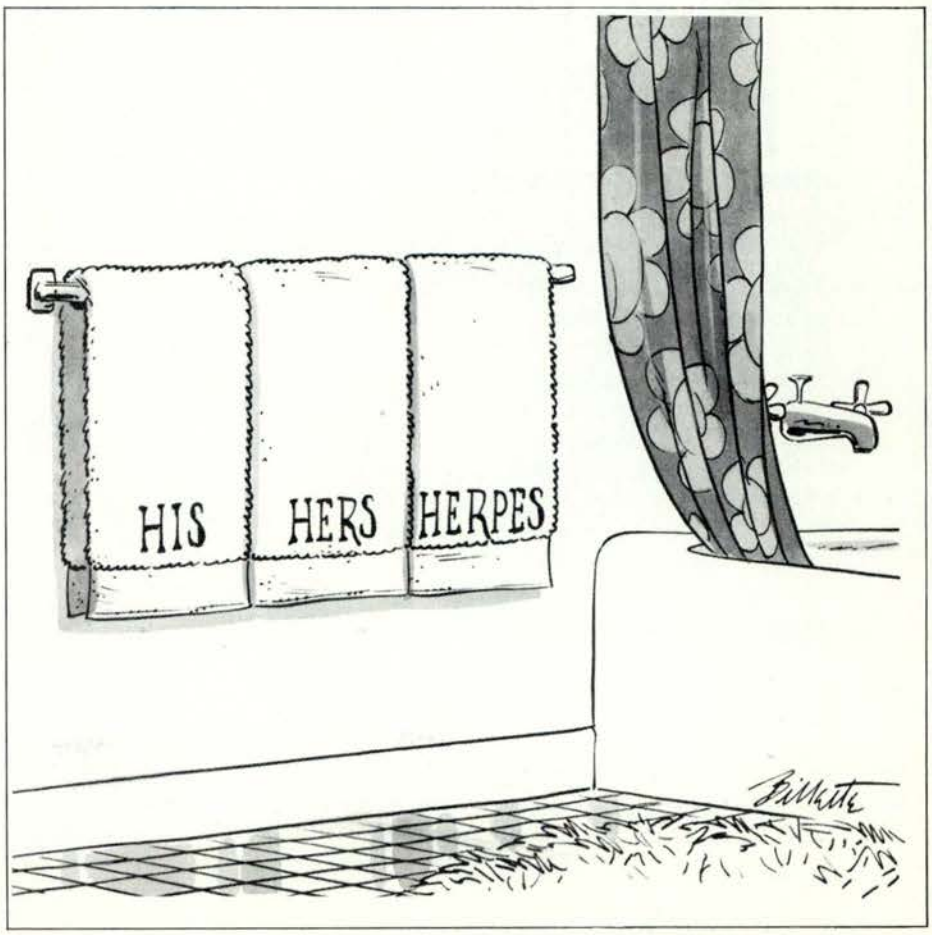
Her fighting and wrestling may be a subconscious sign that she is resisting sex with you. However, many sex researchers believe resistance is an essential element of sexuality. Says Dr. C. A. Tripp, a protege of Alfred Kinsey: "Every human society places various restrictions on sex, but when mates finally satisfy or evade all the rules and regulations and are at last ready for intercourse, they must themselves find new resistance to focus on right up to the moment of orgasm. If they fail to do this, they risk a collapse of their sexual interest in each other."

Dr. Robert Stoller, a professor of psychiatry at UCLA, agrees. "It is hostility—the desire, overt or hidden, to harm another person—that generates and enhances sexual excitement."

Adds writer Nancy Friday: "For some people the white-hot pitch of obsessive desire that may be the peak experience sex has to offer is reached [only] when hostility is fused with love."

These experts are all saying that different forms of resistance can enhance fucking. That was also the finding of Katherine Carson, an assistant clinical professor of reproductive medicine at the University of California School of Medicine in San Diego. Carson thinks that, for some people, anger and fighting are simply more exciting than the cold, everyday sex ritual. By fighting, Carson says, a woman may be trying to counteract a "cool" approach. She suggests that if you don't like the roughhousing, you should try to heat up the foreplay in other ways.

It's also possible that your wife is trying to discover just who is dominant in your relationship. This may make you feel uncomfort-



able. During your next sex session, experiment with taking an aggressive, physically forceful approach. That might help tell you whether your wife is fighting to heat up the sex, or to take it over.

Hot Rocks: I've had a problem with my sperm count and the potency of my sperm for over a year. My doctor says my jogging and my constant use of a hot tub may be behind these problems. Is that possible, or is it just a line of bull?
—G. L.
Sausalito, California

Heat certainly can affect a man's fertility. If the testes stay above normal body temperature for any length of time, the sperm cells will stop maturing as they should. Frequent hot baths can be a problem whether they're taken for health reasons, for religious reasons (the ritual mikvah bath, for example, is practiced by Orthodox Jewish men) or for recreation or relaxation (as in a sauna or hot tub). Jogging can cause the testicles to overheat too, especially if a rubber sweatsuit or tight-fitting jockstrap is worn. Tight clothing that pulls the testicles too close to the body can also cause excessive heat in the scrotum.

Men who work all day near some sort of industrial oven (in bakeries or pizza parlors, for example), or who spend long periods of time in overheated cabs or trucks, may also find their sperm counts affected. All these heat-related effects are only temporary, however, and a man's sperm should return to normal within three months (the approximate length of the sperm-producing cycle) after the condition is corrected.

For men who have a temperature problem due to a varicocele (an enlarged vein on the testicle), or who suffer from fertility problems associated with elevated testicle temperature, a professor of urology at the New York University School of Medicine has helped to develop an experimental device called a "scrotal cooler." Dr. Adrian Zorgniotti's device has proved effective for a number of men who were previously unable to impregnate their partners.

The scrotal cooler is a jockstraplike item containing a tiny fluid receptacle and a meter that releases the fluid (a mixture of water and alcohol) into the cloth covering the testicles. As the liquid evaporates, the patient's testes are cooled.

Dr. Zorgniotti advises men who wear the device during the day to sleep nude at night, and asks them to elevate the foot of their beds and sleep without a pillow so that the head is lower than the feet or testicles. This position keeps the blood flowing toward the heart and head rather than the feet and genitals.

One more warning: Men who wear tight clothing and have an elevated testicle temperature are believed to also be more susceptible to testicular cancer. So let your balls hang loose, cool and free.

Those who are interested in Dr. Zorgniotti's scrotal cooler, or who already have fertility problems associated with testicle temperature, can contact him at 33 E. 74th St., NY, New York 10021.

Bladder Advantages: My wife suffers from frequent bladder infections. Her doctor told her the male prostate gland protects men from having as many bladder infections as women do. If this is the case, why don't pharmaceutical companies put out a pill containing secretions of the prostate so that women could be protected too?
—G. T.
Shinnston, West Virginia

According to our experts, your wife's information is wrong. The male prostate does not put out any secretion that would prevent bladder infections. The prostate, in fact, is one of the most commonly infected glands in men, and prostate infections can lead to bladder infections. So if women did have prostates like men do, they'd probably have more bladder infections, not fewer.

She's Got It All: I recently arrived home to find that my wife had left and taken all of our belongings. What recourse do I have in recovering my possessions? We haven't started divorce proceedings yet.
—J. B.
New York, New York

According to our legal staff, the first thing to do is find your wife. This is important because in certain very limited circumstances the laws of your state may allow you to take back those belongings that have been wrongfully taken from you. This procedure is known as "self-help" or "self-redress." However, we must clearly warn HUSTLER's readers to be sure they find out under what circumstances "self-help" or "self-redress" would be proper in their state and to follow those requirements to the letter. The law frowns on the use of this procedure, and one mistake could subject you to a lawsuit or arrest! To find out exactly what your rights are with respect to this procedure, call a lawyer or your local bar association.

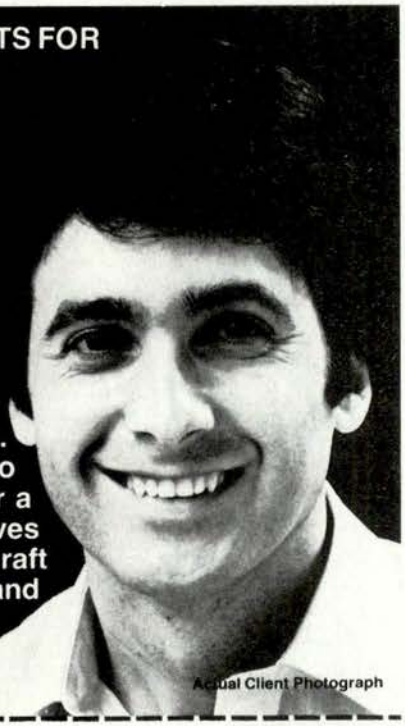
Our attorneys also advise us that it is doubtful you could obtain help from the police and criminal courts, because they are hesitant to interfere in marital quarrels. Therefore, if the "self-help" avenue is not available, either because the law does not permit it or because you are afraid of getting yourself into trouble, you should contact a lawyer. There may be civil remedies that may either immediately get your property back or prevent its sale or destruction while the courts decide who owns what.

COSMETIC SURGERY. SKIN GRAFTS FOR

HAIR

BOB RYAN HAS A DEMANDING JOB, A GREAT FUTURE, AND ONE OTHER THING . . .

A head of hair that he did not grow!! Bob is one of the millions of men who lose hair early in life. And his appearance is important to him. It's not a transplant, a wig, or a hair weave. Bob's new hair involves a once in a lifetime surgical skin graft process developed by a physician and applied by a physician. Now you can have a full head of hair in almost any style you desire.



Actual Client Photograph

For complete information plus exciting booklet with 25 colour photographs, or for free consultation, write to the location of your choice.

Patent and Patents Pending.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Phone_____ Age____

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Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 1205, 1120 Ave. of the Americas New York, New York 10036

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 247, 500 Union Street, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A. 98101 Tel. (206) 682-8922

Look International Enterprises Inc., Ste. 1700, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., 60601 Tel. (312) 977-0171

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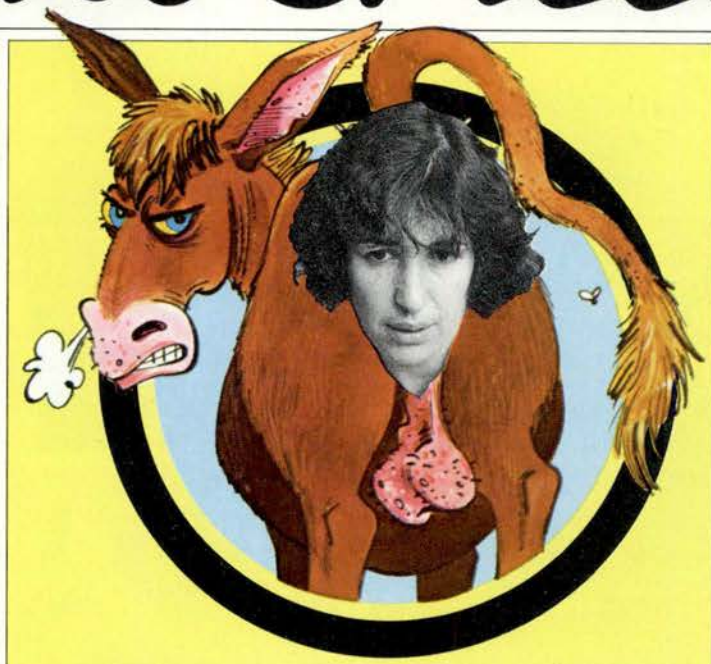
Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Bonnie Klein

Sometimes the actions of potential Assholes are so pathetically inept that we almost have pity for them. Such a person is Bonnie Sherr Klein, an anti-sex and anti-male feminist whose only claim to fame is that she's made by far the worst motion picture ever released in North America.

That film is a docudrama called *Not a Love Story*, and it's supposed to convince the English-speaking world that X-rated movies, magazines like HUSTLER, and designer-jeans ads are the causes of all the evil in the world. The film's attempt to make that ridiculous point is such an embarrassing failure that our first impulse was to send the misguided Ms. Klein our sympathies. But her propaganda is so hypocritical, her methods so insidious, and her goals so dangerous to the American ideal of free speech that instead we've named her HUSTLER's December Asshole of the Month.

Bonnie Klein's position—that sexually explicit images are degrading and lead to violence against women—is utter nonsense. That's why she and other maniacal feminist crusaders have failed so miserably in their attempts to take magazines like HUSTLER off the stands. We won't go into the arguments against them, because we've stated those clearly many times. But we will say that when we presented those arguments, we used *facts*, *truth* and *logic*. In *Not a Love Story*, Bonnie Sherr Klein resorts to *lies*, *distortion* and *deceit*.

The most flagrant case of dishonesty in the film is a scene that pretends to depict a real HUSTLER photo session. Klein and her cohorts conned Suze Randall, a former HUSTLER staff photographer and still a contributor, into letting them film a HUSTLER-style shooting. They didn't tell her that the footage would be used as propaganda against her. They also neglected to tell Randall that the model they wanted her to use was the star of the movie, who had decided in advance that she would be disgusted by the whole thing.

Naturally, by the time this scene showed up in Klein's documentary, it had been cut and edited to make a normal photo session look like a virgin was being sacrificed. In other words, Bonnie Klein created a *lie* to try to convince the public that explicit pictorials are nothing but exploitation.

Now, *who*'s the exploiter? HUSTLER models appear *by choice*, with the full knowledge that they are contributing to a pleasing and honest depiction of healthy sexuality. That's the goal of the person behind our cameras. But Klein uses her camera—and the people in front of it—to twist reality in support of her negative view of sexuality. It would be unthinkable for any HUSTLER photo-session participant to be deceived about the purpose of a shooting. But deceiving a photographer about the nature of a shoot is apparently Ms. Klein's way of doing things.

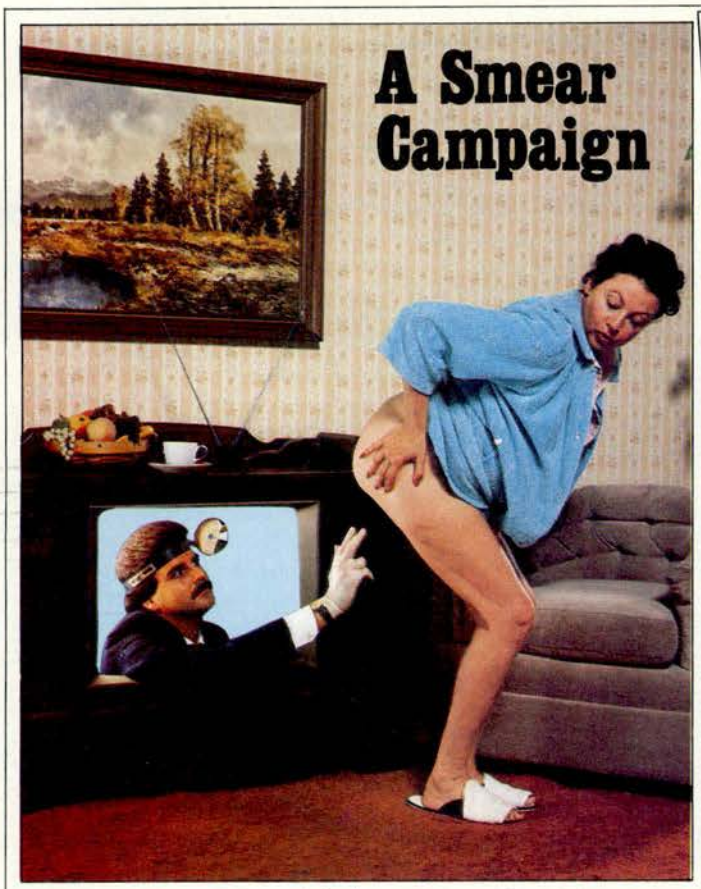
Klein uses every trick in the book to get you to feel guilty for enjoying explicit movies and magazines. In her film, any man who enjoys sexual material comes off as a sleazy degenerate. And since everything from the tame *Playboy* magazine to the most kinky 8mm loops is the same "pornography" to the filmmakers, the view is clearly anti-male. Nobody watching this movie would ever know that the overwhelming majority of men who enjoy fantasizing with erotic images are happy, healthy, hardworking, normal people. To clearly proclaim, as *Not a Love Story* does in its underhanded fashion, that 10 million HUSTLER readers are dangerous lowlifes, is yet another outright *lie*.

But the worst thing about this ludicrous picture is the utter hypocrisy in the way it's being marketed. Klein rants and raves for an hour and a half during the movie about the evils of "pornography." But guess what she uses to suck the public into the theaters? That's right . . . sex! *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby wrote that the commercial appeal of *Not a Love Story* "has probably less to do with the film's serious concerns than with some sexually explicit material, included in the film to help make its points." Do these supposedly noble and righteous anti-porn zealots deny that? Hell, no! They play up Canby's statement in the advertising.

Klein's documentary never addresses the question of censorship. But don't for a minute think that the total elimination of sexually explicit material isn't the ultimate goal of Klein and the "lunatic fringe" of the feminist movement. That's the *real* danger in their attempts to brainwash audiences with deceptive filmmaking.

If Bonnie Sherr Klein gets her way, you would not be able to read the magazine you're holding in your hands now. The fact that her movie *Not a Love Story* would also be banned because of hard-core scenes would be no consolation for the loss of our most precious freedom.

A Smear Campaign



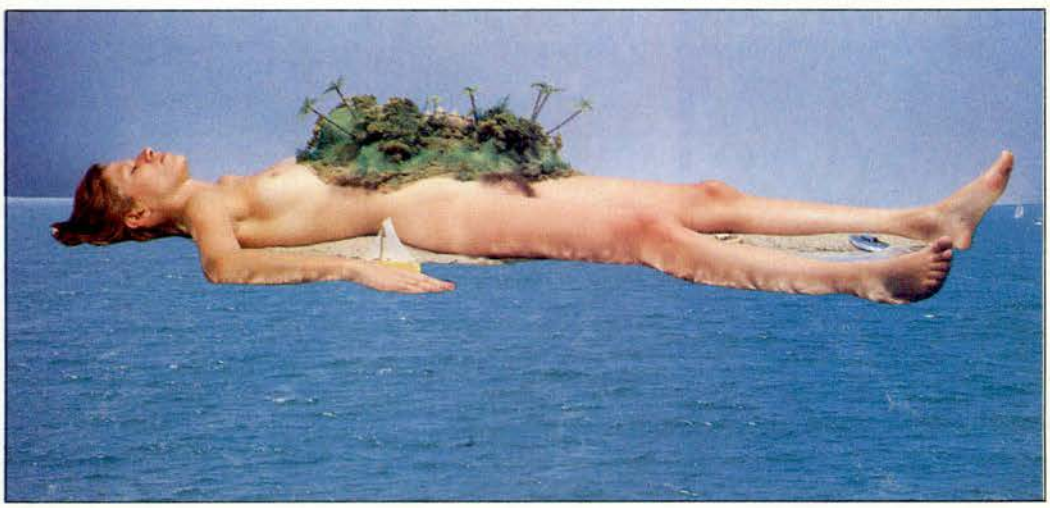
The U.S. Food and Drug Administration is investigating three prominent TV stations—WBBM in Chicago, WCBS in New York and KNXT in Los Angeles—for using their news divisions to sell home "cancer tests" that checked stool samples for blood. The test kits were offered during specially featured news segments about rectal and colon cancer. Viewers who bought the tests were supposed to take sample smears of their shit and mail them to designated laboratories. The FDA had never authorized the use of these particular kits as "cancer tests," and the stations might be guilty of illegally "misbranding" medical items.

Many cancer experts are dismayed also because blood in the stool is not a definitive test for rectal or colon cancer. Blood can appear because of such simple things as nosebleed, bleeding gums or even too much aspirin or vitamin C. And the *absence* of blood doesn't rule out the possibility of cancer either. Altogether, more than 200,000 kits were sold. That's a lot of shit in the mail. TV newscasters playing "doctor" may have stepped in it this time.

Mammary Lane

Remember these pictures? They were right next to the rubbers in your dad's or older brother's underwear drawer when you were a kid. Looking at them today makes us realize that women haven't really changed all that much since the '40s or '50s. They still know how to hold a guy's balls; they still like to grab the hammer and do the nailing themselves once in a while; and those voluptuous girls you would give your left nut just to talk to still pick up dumbbells.

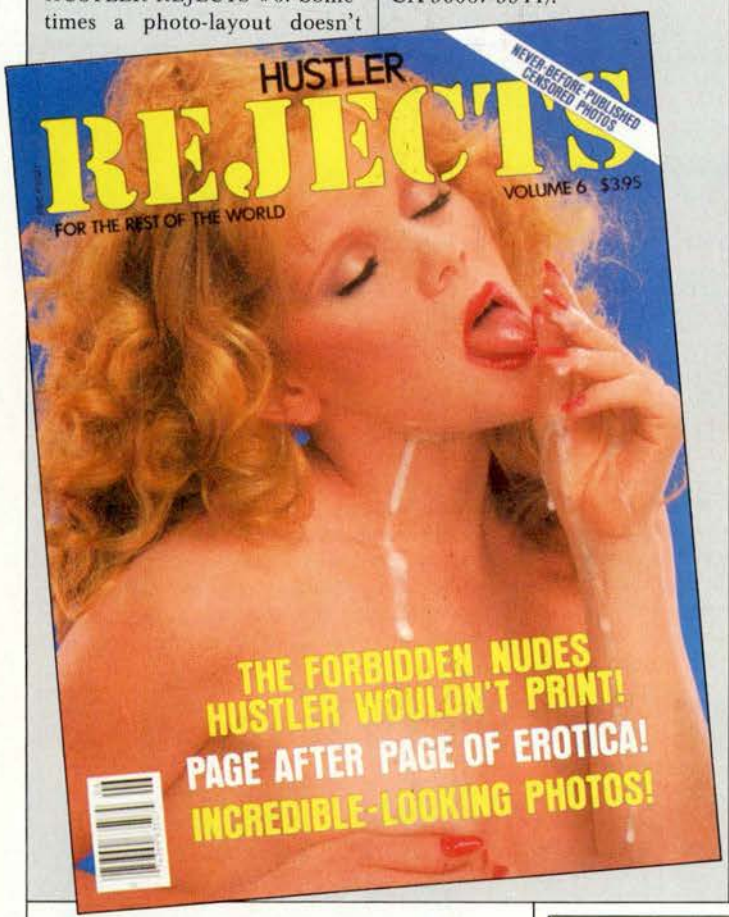
No Man Is an Island, But...

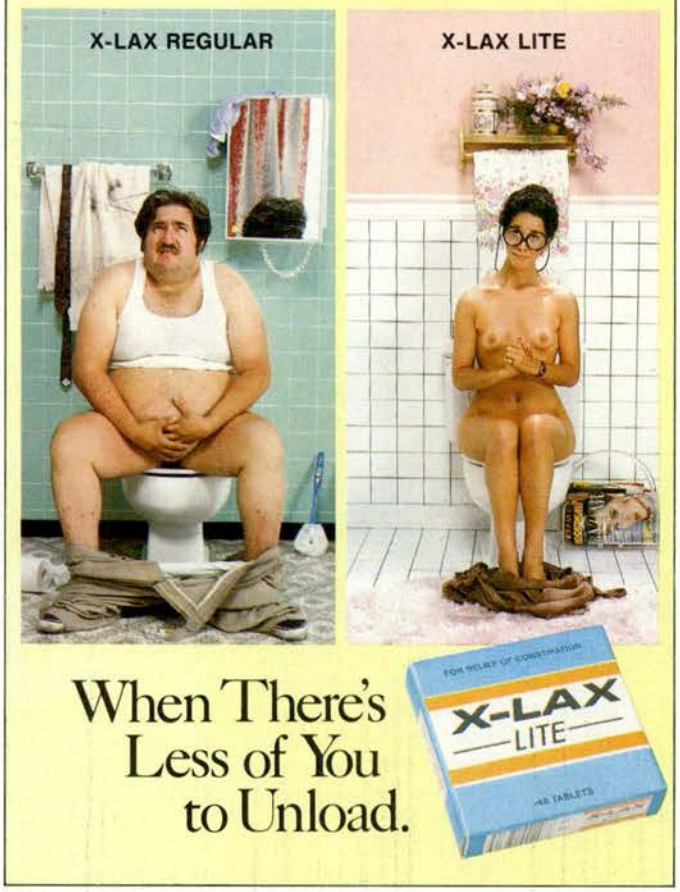


We've heard of the Virgin Islands, but this is our first actual look at one. Not bad, but how can anyone tell if she's a virgin? Look at the size of her inlet! We'd bet more than one sailor's dropped anchor in *that* port. Those aren't exactly cherry trees growing there either. She's probably had those sweaty palms all over her.

Sloppy Seconds

There's good news and bad news. First the bad news: Some women we've photographed will never appear in HUSTLER. Now the good news: They're in HUSTLER REJECTS #6! Sometimes a photo-layout doesn't meet HUSTLER's standards, but it's still better than our limp competitors' stuff. That's REJECTS time. Pick up a copy, or send $3.95 plus $1 handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



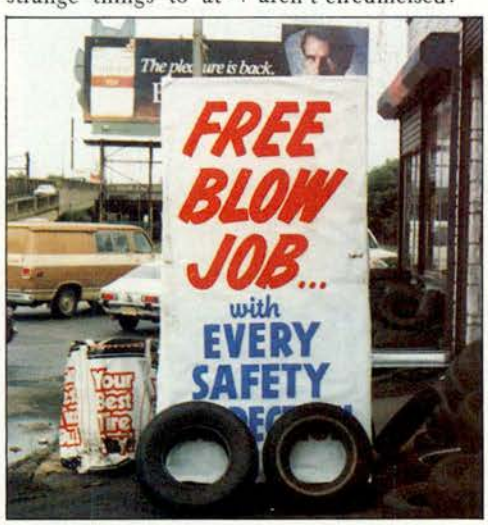


Lighten Up!

Why isn't there a "light" laxative? There are light beers, light potato chips, light cigarettes—right? And when it comes to laxatives, you don't always need a high-powered outboard motor to get the boat through the canal. So how about a gentle nudge that doesn't leave you feeling full one way or the other? It could be everything you've ever wanted in a laxative . . . and much, much looser.

That's Service!

When the economy gets as bad as it's been recently, businesses will do all sorts of strange things to attract new customers. Wonder if they're willing to check under the hood for guys who aren't circumcised?



"Hi, I'm Al Haig, and I'm looking for a job."

RECENT WORK EXPERIENCE:

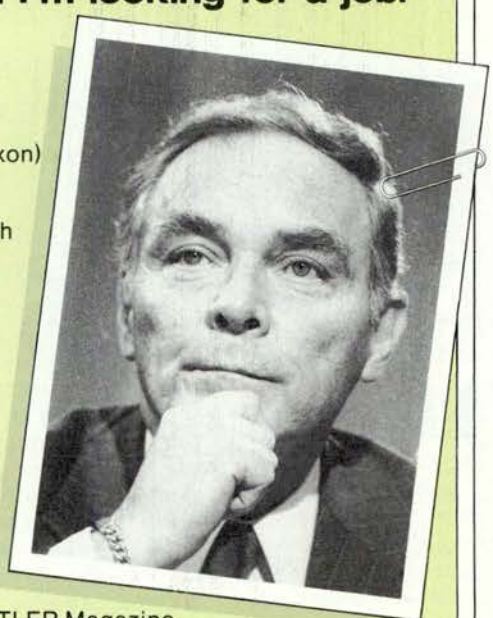
General (retired, U.S. Army)
Secretary of State (Reagan)
White House Chief of Staff (Nixon)
Referee (Argentina vs. Britain, Israel vs. PLO)
HUSTLER Asshole of the Month

DESIRABLE QUALITIES:

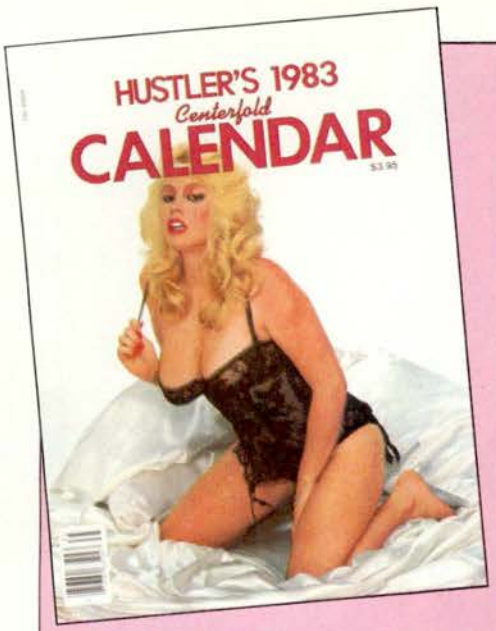
Diplomatic failure
Poor team member
Red-baiter
Can't count past two

POSITION SOUGHT:

God, emperor or something comparable

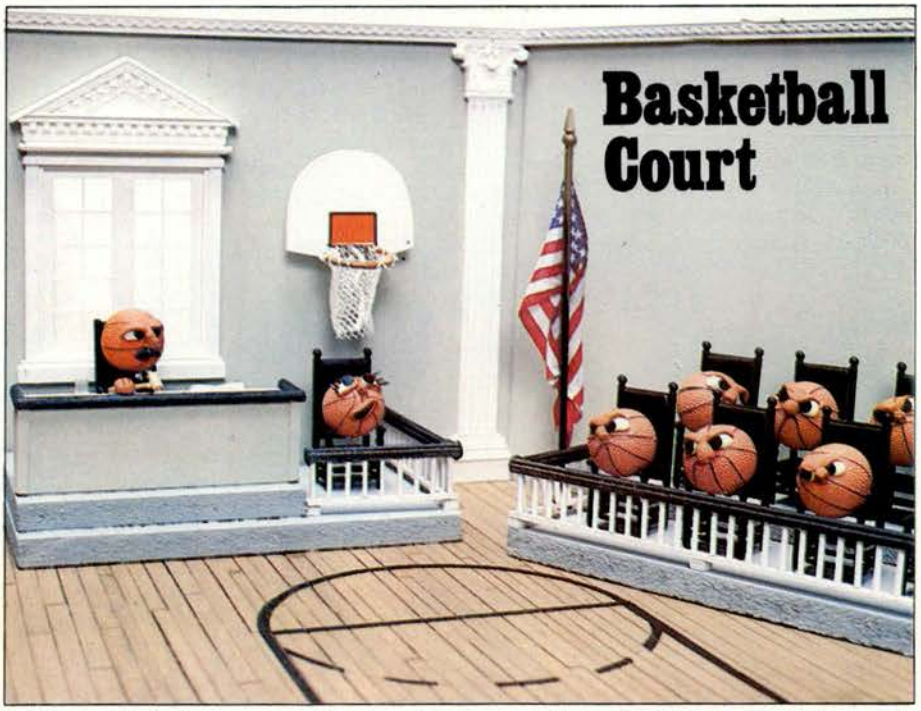


Send all inquiries c/o HUSTLER Magazine



Don't Forget!

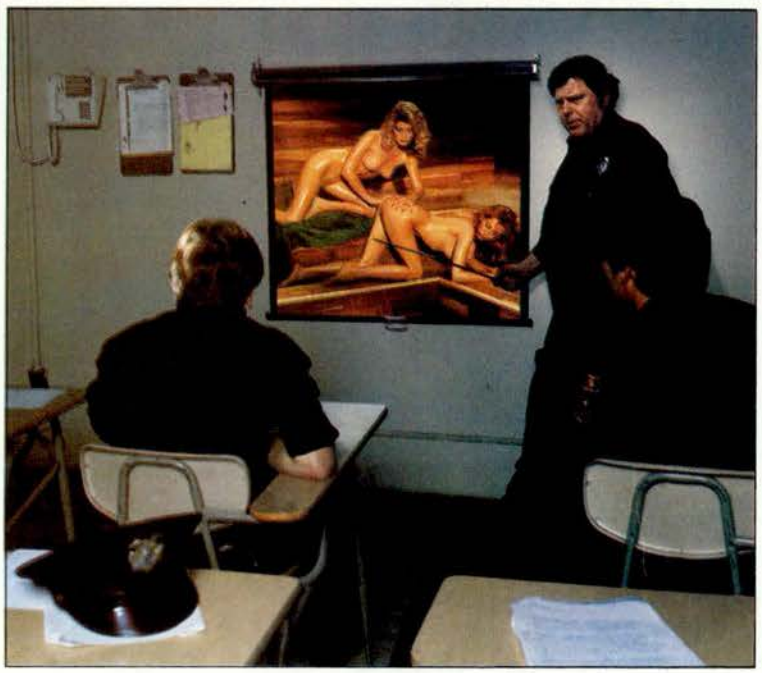
Put a note on your calendar as a reminder to rush out and buy HUSTLER's 1983 CENTERFOLD CALENDAR. It may not start until January, but why wait that long to look at some of HUSTLER's most beautiful women? If your newsstand is out, just send $3.95 plus $1 handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Basketball Court

Is this the kind of court where Dr. J would have to go to get his name legally changed to Dr. Chapstick? Does this jury decide whether or not Magic Johnson was traveling illegally? We're not sure you can even get a fair trial here. From what we understand, people have tried to dunk the witnesses. Not only that—we hear this jury always recommends a firing squad: If you foul up, the penalty is a free shot.

Last but not least, we're not convinced that the judge is a very bright guy. . . . A couple of times during the trial he began to dribble.



Blue Films?

According to news reports, the San Francisco Police Department is going to spend $10,000 to make a film about homosexual lifestyles so that police officers will better understand members of the gay and lesbian communities. "What we're looking for is an audiovisual product that will depict things you can't show in a classroom," says police community-relations officer Paul Seidler. Hmmm. We know what sort of film the boys in blue would *like* to see, but we're not sure that's what they'll get. Besides, it would be embarrassing for the captain to have to tell his men to keep their hands off their nightsticks during the screening.

Just Wrap It to Go

Ugly women can mess up any landscape. And this unusual greeting card suggests an easy solution to the problem. Why reserve those paper bags for bedtime? A little artistic ability will allow you to take your bag anywhere.

The photo shown is one from a series of hilarious cards that feature bagged people by Gino Garlanda Inc. of New York City. They should be available at gift stores or greeting-card outlets all over the country. Be sure to bag one soon.

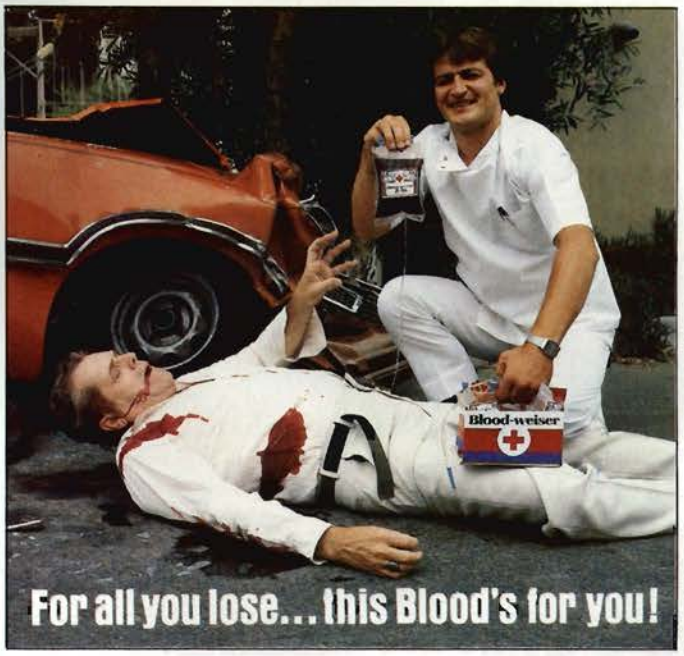
"Tape" worms?

This is not one of our gag ads, but it may make you gag. It's a real ad for TDK recording tapes that's running in Japanese magazines. We're not sure what they're pushing, but here's a great slogan: "TDK—when your music sounds like shit."

One for the Road

Maybe if the paramedics who supply the liquid picker-uppers at the scenes of gory car accidents ran ads like the one we've concocted here, there would be a lot fewer drunk drivers—not to mention a lot fewer dented pedestrians.

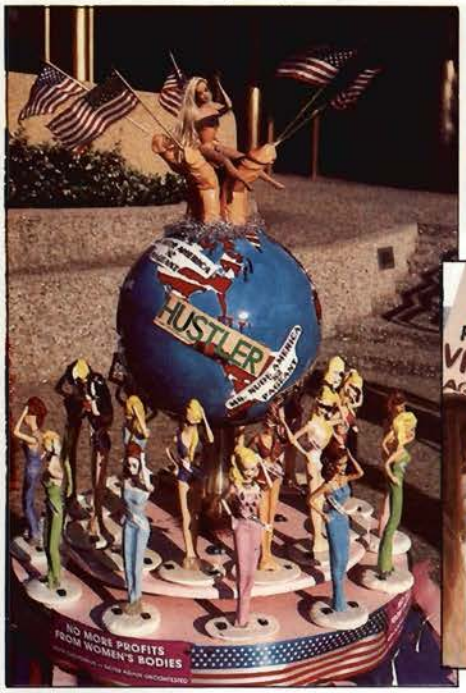
It's going to take eye-opening visuals to educate the public about the dangers of driving under the influence of alcohol. The simple fact is that drinking and driving are just like blood types: They should never be mixed.



Ms. Nude America 1982

It's funny how nude beauty pageants bring out the best in some women and the worst in others. The best is obvious—20 beautiful women competing to be named Ms. Nude America in San Jose, California. The lucky winner was Brenda Dee Burkhart, whose pride in her body netted her $2,000 and a slot in the upcoming Miss Nude World contest. Innovative contestant introductions, such as the police lineup shown below, have improved the show.

The worst was just as evident: the "don't treat women as meat" protester putting on her Ms. All Beef Bologna outfit (also below). And guess whose name the demonstrators put on that model world with the cock flag holders and the exploited Barbies? It figures. Someone bares a globe, and the name HUSTLER pops up.



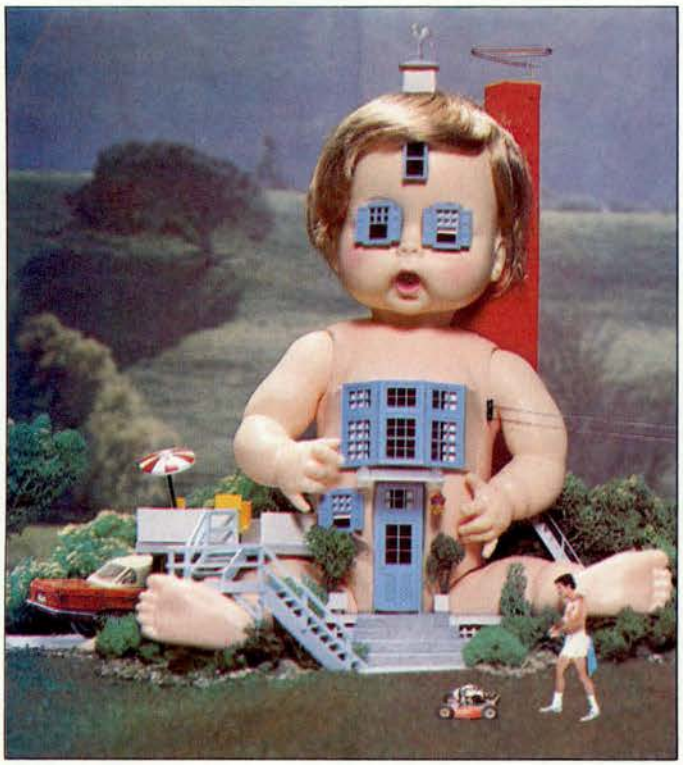
The protesters wage global warfare.

Contestants get it off their chests.

Miss Guided.

A staged lineup.

The winner—Brenda Dee Burkhart.

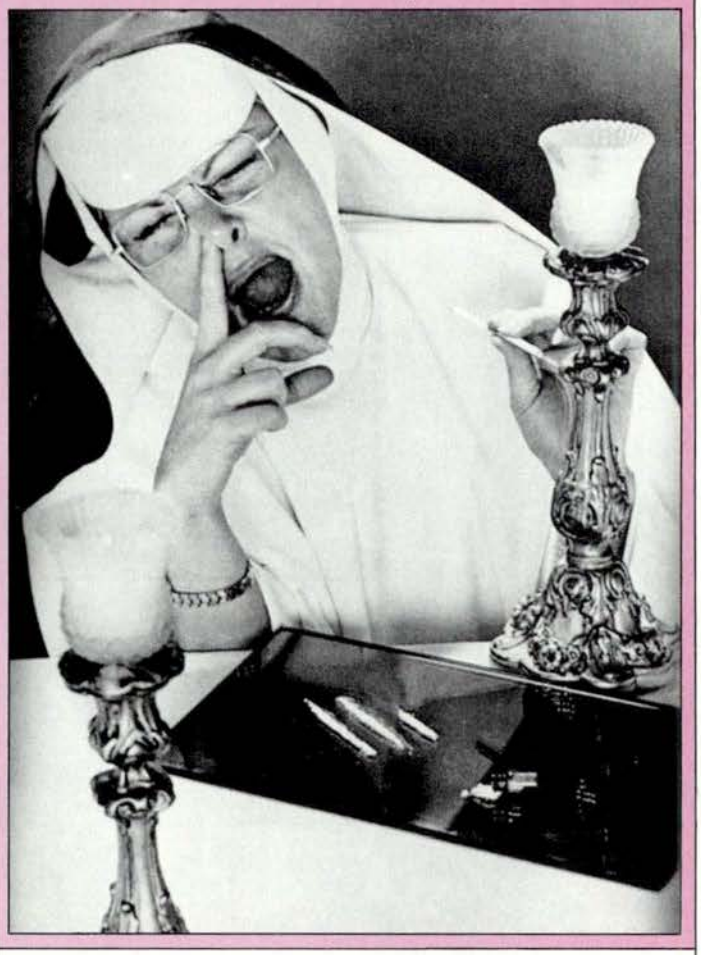


Dollhouse

HUSTLER wants to take this space to remind all the dads and moms who are thinking about buying a home in the near future: Stay away from dollhouses. Even if the kids love it, a house that wets, burps and says "Mama" is not a very wise investment.

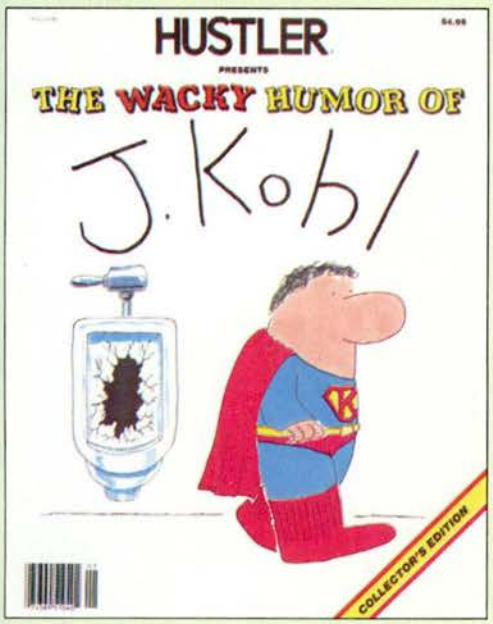
Nunsense

She must be cleaning up at the church bingo games to afford *that* kind of habit. This terrific greeting card is one of a series from the funny folks at Nunsense (210 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010). Looks like more fun than doing three Hail Marys.



It's Kohl-Powered!

Forget about all those cat, alligator, Pac-Man, Rubik's Cube and preppie cartoon books! Here's a collection of outrageously funny cartoons that makes them all look sick. As a matter of fact, HUSTLER PRESENTS THE WACKY HUMOR OF J. KOHL makes *everybody* look sick! That's because it's full of the wonderfully tasteless works of HUSTLER bullpen cartoonist Joe Kohl. Joe's cartoons have appeared everywhere, from *Cosmopolitan* to the *National Enquirer*. And you've seen his lovable lumps of utter grossness featured in HUSTLER, CHIC, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION and HUSTLER HUMOR. Now, with this, his *first* solo collection, you can lose your lunch all over his cartoons without messing up your favorite men's magazine! Grab one at your local newsstand or send $4.95 plus $1 handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). Makes a terrific Christmas gift too.



Birthstone

Is it true that everybody has one of these? No wonder they make rings and necklaces out of the poor tykes! And just think what the mothers must go through. . . . No *man* could ever pass a stone this size! At least infants like the little gem shown here are easy to sing to sleep. It only takes one chorus of "Rock-a-Bye Baby."

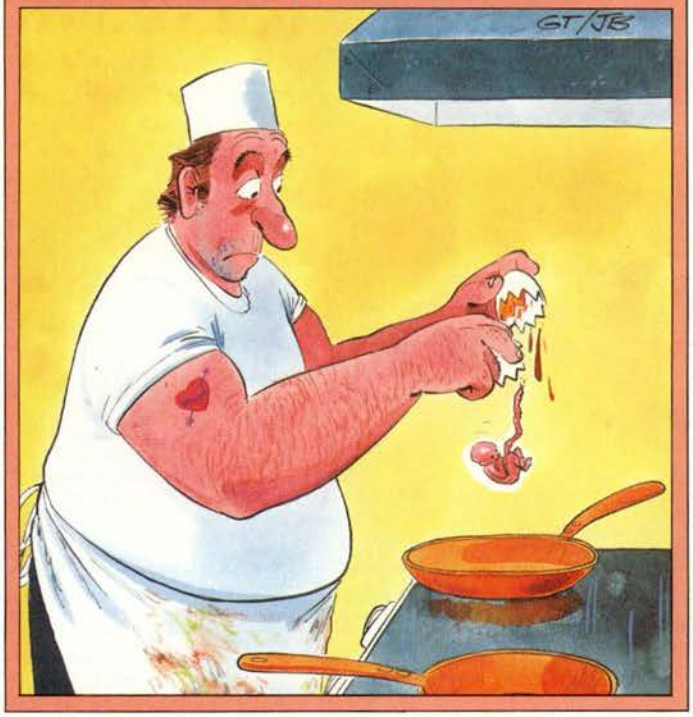
Just for the Record

Boy, the current crop of Congressional pages can sing like canaries! Or should that be stool pigeons? Although they don't play instruments (aside from blowing the whistle), the pages should get some backing from the Justice Department and put out an album like this one. Whenever someone sings on Congress, the public's going to buy it.

Tahiti Tease

This postcard will do more to promote tourism for the island of Tahiti than a drastic cut in air fares. Thanks to some lucky reader who lives there, we can all enter the coming winter feeling just a bit more miserable. Still, it appears to be a dream vacation area that offers something for everyone. This topless Tahitian will even eat the fruits.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Starting Small

Here's a new magazine to digest—*Chic Letters*. Although it's not a Flynt Publication (the name *Chic* is used through a special licensing agreement), this pamphlet-sized newcomer shows some encouraging signs. There's plenty of erotic text, and there's a fair amount of visual entertainment too. The quality isn't up to what a magazine using CHIC's name should display, but time might bring improvement. As women say—any 8½-incher is worth a try.

HUSTLER Update

MARILYN MONROE
July '80

We printed strong evidence that Marilyn Monroe's death in 1962 was the result of murder, not suicide. Our exposé was written by Robert F. Slatzer, who was briefly married to her. He suggested that evidence of Ms. Monroe's murder was suppressed to protect President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert.

Now, finally, the book has been reopened on Monroe's death. After Lionel Grandison, a former aide for the Los Angeles County Coroner's office, said he was forced into signing her death certificate, the L.A. County Board of Supervisors ordered a full-scale probe. One supervisor also cited the disappearance of the actress's "red diary," in which she allegedly recorded CIA secrets told to her by Bobby Kennedy. Grandison and the diary were referred to often in our article.

ROBERT E. BAUMAN
October '81

This former congressman was a gung-ho crusader against pornography and "sexual perversion"—but he liked to spend his spare time picking up young boys and having sex with them. For that, HUSTLER named the hypocritical moralist Asshole of the Month. Bauman, busted for allegedly soliciting a 16-year-old lad, got the charges dismissed when he entered an alcoholism program. His shot at a comeback has ended now. He recently dropped out of a 1982 race to win back his old seat, charging he'd been "smeared."

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return original art on request (enclose SASE). For December, $150 goes to Tinirau Bernie, Chris Forgerson and Mike Lipuma.

HUSTLER NUDE Celebrities SPECIAL #1

$3.95

Jackie Onassis
Suzanne Somers
Lynda Carter
Britt Ekland
Lauren Hutton
Marilyn Monroe
Charlene Tilton
Jane Fonda
Ursula Andress
Valerie Perrine
Grace Jones
Maud Adams

And Many, Many More!

You've seen them on television, on the movie screen and in the newspapers, but you've *never* seen them like this! HUSTLER is proud to present the premiere issue of *Nude Celebrities Special*—a white-hot collection of the world's sexiest, best-known ladies pictured as they really are! Learn the naked truth about your favorite beauty by cutting out the coupon below and mailing it today. Will you ever see stars!

On sale at your local newsstand October 26, 1982

Please Print

Name

Address

City State Zip

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS

HUSTLER Nude Celebrities
FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY, INC.
P.O. Box 67068
Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944
HUSTLER Nude Celebrities Special #1

____ issues at $3.95 each $____

Postage and handling ($1 for single order) ($2 for multiple orders) TOTAL $____

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

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature Date

Phone Number (Include Area Code)

movie. By now, Fox should hold a Ph.D. in sucking and fucking, and while she's no ravishing beauty, this trouper always delivers sexually.

Undercovers is a chaotic but interesting trek around the world. But if you're in the market for the generous supply of sex that typifies adult films, you'd better save your passport for another trip. —*D. Y. S.*

Titillation

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Damon Christian; written by John Finegold; starring Eric Edwards, Kitten Natividad, Heaven St. John, Randy West, Gina Gianetti, Roy Simpson, Sandra Miller and Cheryl Carter.

It was bound to happen sooner or later. The off-the-wall brand of humor popularized by the hit movie *Airplane!* has finally influenced the porn world. *Titillation* has more solid laughs than many non-adult films out of Hollywood.

The man to thank is screenwriter John Finegold, who at one time wrote for the witty TV series *The Wild Wild West.* In *Titillation*, Finegold has created a spoof of old private-detective movies, complete with a Sam Spade-style narration.

A down-on-his-luck gumshoe is portrayed by Eric Edwards, a veteran porn actor who deserves more recognition than he's been getting. He and his bungling partner (played by Randy West) make up a detective team with the coordination of Laurel and Hardy. Not having worked on a case in months, they are holed up in a cheap motel room with little more to do than shoot at roaches with a .38. But their luck changes when a "titillating" case falls in their laps and brings sex into the picture.

Voluptuous Kitten Natividad in 'Titillation': The perfect pair of tits?

That happens with the appearance of Felix Fitswilly (Roy Simpson), one of the world's richest men. Bored with his wealth, he sets out to find the perfect pair of tits. Heaven St. John plays his secretary, and she hires Edwards to help in the search. St. John's character, like most of those in *Titillation*, uses so much gutter language, she ought to have her mouth looked into by the Department of Streets and Sanitation.

When St. John visits the detectives' motel room, Edwards narrates in typical *Airplane!* fashion, "I looked into her green eyes—they were blue." When she guzzles down a drink, Edwards offers, "I've got a funnel in the back of my car." In between the silliness, he gets a professional blowjob from St. John, who could easily suck the chrome off a trailer hitch.

Titillation is definitely a tit movie, which comes at a time when there hasn't been much emphasis on big breasts in adult films. As a matter of fact, there's enough mammary material here to give Russ Meyer a wet dream. Leading the pack is Kitten Natividad, whose tits are—in the words of comedian David Steinberg—"the size of Ethiopia." Naturally, she's one of the candidates in Felix Fitswilly's search for the perfect pair of tits. The sight of her giant globes swaying across the screen is what memories are made of.

Titillation could have had a little more sex to go with the ample supply of jugs. But nonetheless, this film is wildly entertaining. Any movie that can do such a good job of combining big tits with big laughs is bound to be a hit. —*D. Y. S.*

'Titillation': Private dick Randy West looks for clues in Gina Gianetti.

Memphis Cat House Blues

Fully Erect. Produced by JoAnne Lewis; directed by Louie Lewis; written by Tyler Adams; starring Annette Haven, Lisa DeLeeuw, Rhonda-Jo Petty, Dorothy Le May and Danielle.

Memphis Cat House Blues is sparse on storyline and heavy on sex action. Well, what more can you expect of a porno movie, anyway? In most cases, porn's attempts at creating "Hollywood" type movies have been dismal failures with poor plots and acting that interferes with the physical fun. *Memphis Cat House Blues*, at least, doesn't make these mistakes.

The framing device for the sex scenes is a Bible-thumping preacher's attempt to shut down a local house of prostitution, run by Annette Haven. But like a story right out of HUSTLER's own cartoon strip *Honey*, the girls at the cathouse seduce the preacher's followers one after another. Finally, only the preacher himself is left, and he's discredited when it's revealed he tried to rape one of Annette's tempting girls.

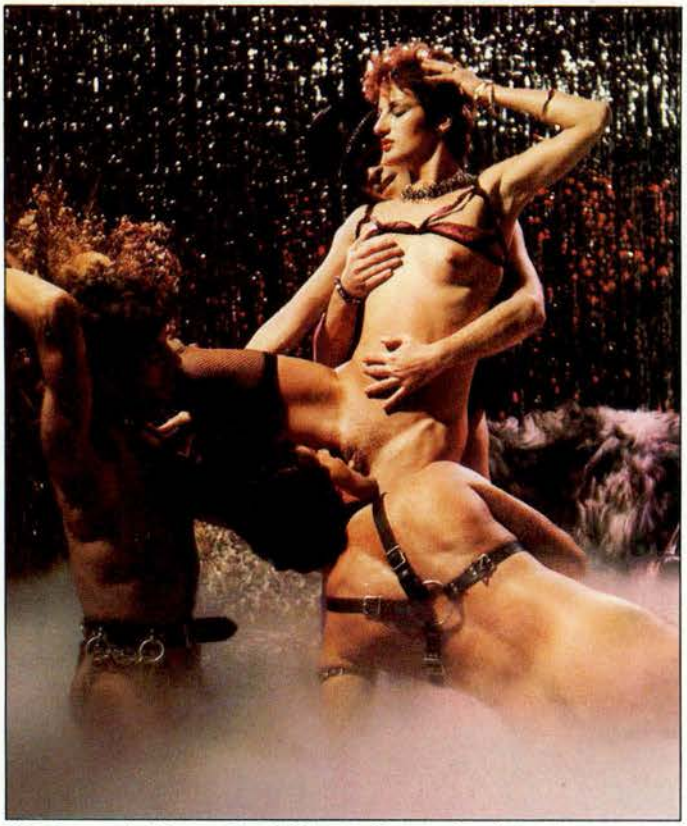
Steamy sex virtually pours from the screen in 'Cat House Blues.'

What's left is some superhot sexcapades starring a couple of the best-looking and most wonderfully erotic actresses in the business. If you don't like Annette Haven, for example (and who doesn't?), you can always feast your eyes on the sizzling and slutty performances of big-titted Lisa DeLeeuw, blond bombshell Dorothy Le May or

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by
Dave Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs 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'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.



'Undercovers': Sharon Mitchell is a villain with a bizarre taste in sex.

Undercovers

Half Erect. Produced, directed and written by Virginia Ann Perry-Rhine; starring Lawrence Rothchild, Becky Savage, Sharon Mitchell, Samantha Fox, Bobby Astyr, Tommy La Roc, Drea, Tigr and Debbie Ross.

This is a highly ambitious film that's best described as a pornographic version of James Bond. The producers claim to have spent $250,000 on the production, a healthy figure as porn budgets go. Judging from what they must have shelled out for air fare alone, that amount probably isn't exaggerated. *Undercovers* is the first American porn feature to make such an impressive use of foreign locations—and we don't mean stock footage from old travelogues either. The action is filmed in such exotic places as Turkey, Greece, Italy, England and France, to name just a few.

Unfortunately, the sex scenes are no match for the chase scenes. And since we're talking about adult movies here, sex is still the most important element, no matter how impressive the rest of the package may be. While there are juicy tidbits of naughty sex here and there, the overall impression one gets is that *Undercovers* doesn't spend enough time . . . well, under covers.

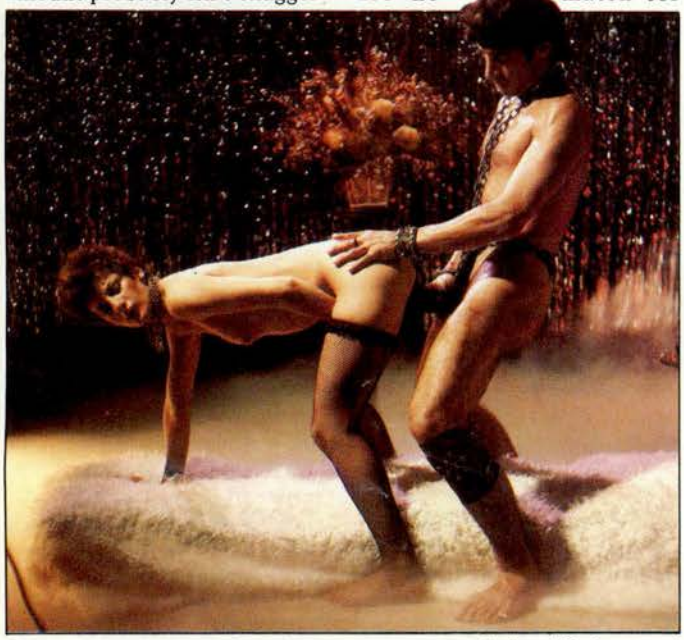
The story isn't complicated. A spy organization plants an "atomic" device deep inside the pussy of the eye-pleasing Becky Savage. Apparently, the device acts like a truth serum on any man who comes inside her. A guy who fucks Savage will eventually spill government secrets after he's spilled a load of cum. The British assign their best agent (Lawrence Rothchild) to find Savage and put her out of commission.

Rothchild is a middle-aged actor who effectively plays his role like Inspector Clouseau, getting himself into mischief at every turn. He even manages to bed down a few female spies.

The hottest scene takes place in an adult-movie theater in London. Much to Rothchild's surprise, a delectable blonde sits down next to him, unzips his baggy pants and sucks him off for a few British pounds. This difficult-to-photograph situation is superbly captured, and no doubt many people in the audience will be turning around in their seats, wondering if they could get so lucky.

Samantha Fox glows as an underworld floozie in what must be her thousandth porn

In 'Undercovers' a scientist gets involved in a slippery situation.



Mitchell knows how to keep her captive crew satisfied in 'Undercovers.'

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

FULLY ERECT	Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
HALF ERECT	So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
TOTALLY LIMP	A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

'Cat House Blues': Annette Haven takes matters into her own hands.

the fun-fucking Danielle.

One of the better touches to *Memphis Cat House Blues* is the way the ample sex scenes are handled. In more than a few instances the lovemaking has a degree of tenderness not found in most porn films. Also, the photography is superb, helping to enhance the romantic and erotic aspects of the feature with soft lighting and shadows.

So for pure sex without a lot of bullshit in between, *Memphis Cat House Blues* delivers the goods. —*C. D.*

Foreplay

One-Quarter Erect. Produced and directed by Vinni Rossi; starring K. C. Valentine, Cara Lott, Ron Jeremy, Paul Thomas, Becky Savage, Maria Tartuga, Blair Harris, Marie Sharp, Tigr, Juliene Nichols, Suzy Suite, Ken Starbuck and David Mann.

Foreplay is a lot like foreplay itself; it gets your hopes up for things to come. But in the movie version, as soon as you get all hot and bothered, all that follows is the kind of across-the-board mediocrity so common in today's adult movies. Yes, there's enough sex and yes, there are enough attractive actors. But there's nothing *special* happening.

On the plus side, *Foreplay* does have a group of sizzling-hot performers who know how to stay busy in bed. The situations may not be very creative, but the ladies here keep the men content and happy. The sex is never on the harsh side and almost exclusively falls into the lovey-dovey variety.

K. C. Valentine is a sprightly blonde who plays the lead character, Chloe. Valentine's face may not stop traffic, but her slim figure and great buns are a delight to look at. Her character is supposedly a virgin who has a penchant for masturbation. But this girl has a major problem: She can't reach orgasm.

Luckily for her, Valentine works as a receptionist at a boardinghouse where a lot goes on behind closed doors. Frustrated, she installs a two-way mirror in one of the rooms, hoping that the action she sees will give her some additional stimulation.

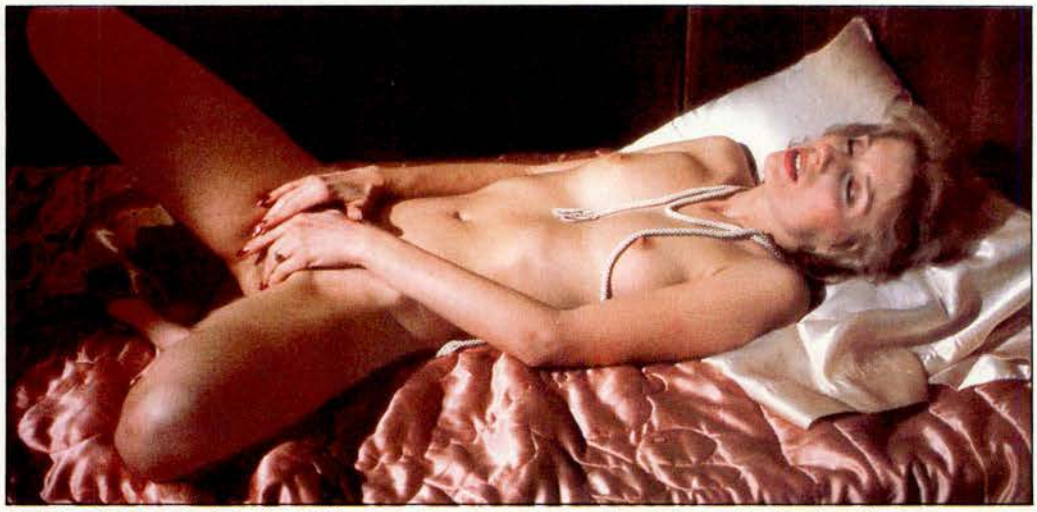
Paul Thomas is the one who finally snatches Valentine's cherry away in a refreshingly romantic scene, albeit too long. It's unusual to see such a thorough and sensual lovemaking session in porn movies, and Thomas is an actor who makes it believable.

It's interesting to note that Paul Thomas is a talented singer and dancer who achieved moderate success outside the adult-entertainment industry. He's definitely a selling point when X-rated films want to appeal to the female audience.

The lusty little Tigr has a cameo role worthy of note. Her Greyhound bus station-runaway look and her street-wise attitude always add a spicy touch to adult flicks. Equally tantalizing is a brief appearance by Marie Sharp, a hot Latin-type recently seen in *Cafe Flesh*.

'Foreplay': Valentine's naughty imagination keeps her up all night.

K. C. Valentine is too poor an actress to pull off her long-winded role. We're constantly subjected to her sitting at a desk and talking to herself at great lengths. But actually, even Katherine Hepburn would have trouble keeping this script interesting. *Foreplay* at its best may please those who prefer a gentle approach to sex, but it's still full of yawns. —*D. Y. S.*



In 'Foreplay' the sprightly K. C. Valentine plays a horny virgin who gets hot and bothered with no one to turn to.

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Fully Erect

A Thousand and One Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Babe
Beauty
Between the Sheets
Cafe Flesh
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
Garage Girls
I Like to Watch
Peaches and Cream
Purely Physical
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Roommates
Seven Seductions of Madame Lau
Skintight
The Blonde Next Door
The Filthy Rich
The Playgirl
The Tiffany Minx
Trashi

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime . . . Anyplace
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Fireworks
The Cosmopolitan Girl

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Naughty Network
The Seductress

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Hypnosex

By Drs. Daniel L. Araoz and Robert T. Bleck; Arbor House, 235 E. 45th St., New York, NY 10017; $12.95.

This is a book to be used. Its usefulness is wrapped up in one sentence in the introduction: "You will use it more and more—not just for sex, and you will find that you derive greater satisfaction from many aspects of your life."

It's well known that most sexual problems—providing all the "machinery" is there—are usually not the primary causes of misery but symptoms of something else. The book offers you simple tools to zero in on whatever that "something else" might be, to get what the subtitle says: sexual joy through self-hypnosis.

Now let's yank the nonsense and nightmares out of that word *hypnosis*. I can't do that job here as thoroughly as the authors do, but here's a fast example that illustrates you are already good at self-hypnosis. Until you read these words, you are not aware that your pants are touching the skin of your legs. Right? And now you can feel it. There's nothing wrong with the nerves that carry the touch-message from your legs to your brain. But you don't need that message every second of the day; so you've literally hypnotized yourself to disregard the message unless or until it has a special meaning for you—like reading these words.

You're good at a lot of things—everyone is—and maybe (like everyone else) not so great at other things. What this book does is train you to relax, to live with all those positive things and to separate and ignore all the negative ones. *You already know how to do this* when it comes to pants and skin. The authors teach you, clearly and simply, how to do this with sexual problems. It can make the bad good, and the good better.

Included is the whole story of hypnotism from its beginnings, which altogether clears up its bad reputation. *Hypnosex* shows you how to apply the technique to smoking, alcoholism and other troubles. It's a most worthwhile buy.

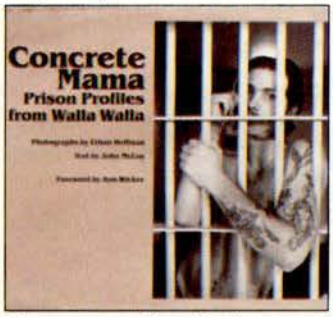
Concrete Mama

Photography by Ethan Hoffman and text by John McCoy; University of Missouri Press, P.O. Box 7088, Columbia, MO 65211; $24.95.

Jack Abbott's *In the Belly of the Beast*, reviewed here in February 1982, knocked your correspondent sprawling. It was a clear view into the insides of a man case-hardened, embittered, absolutely re-formed (not reformed) into a killing machine. Abbott, a highly educated man with a real gift for writing, was sprung from prison through the intercession of author Norman Mailer, who was very impressed by the man's talents.

After his release it took Jack Abbott only a few weeks in New York City to get into a hassle with a waiter and kill the man. He's now back behind the walls where his code is a way of life.

Now there's *Concrete Mama*, a sort of wide-angle lens on the very thing Abbott wrote about.



Here are profiles of prisoners of many kinds: blacks, homosexuals, Hispanics, bikers, oldsters, crazies, addicts, American Indians—and loners. Through and through you can see the pressures that can turn a man into a Jack Abbott. You can see the reasons, if not the justice, of living the way he has. The pressures are enormous. You're watched and judged every minute of every day—not so much by the prison administration as by your fellow cons.

A whole lot goes on in prison that the administration does not and cannot even try to stop. Selling bunk space for cash, extortion, rape, blackmail, loansharking and flesh peddling—all are common behind the walls. And the pressure that is sometimes put on relatives and friends of a convict is rarely written about.

It's a chilling outlook. Few people seem to have the wide-angle view of John McCoy and Ethan Hoffman. Hard-nosed advocates of easier convictions and longer sentences appear to have no idea how jammed up the prisons are, or of how rare it is for a man to come out "better" than he was when he went in. The cost in dollars to make less of a human being is a terrible burden on all of us.

There has to be a better way.

The Love of Two Women

By Peter Barry; Eurasia Distributors; $8.95.

This book may be a little tough to find, but you'll see

A pair of cozy couples savor one another as they work up a sensuous sweat in the artful, intimate 'Love of Two Women.'

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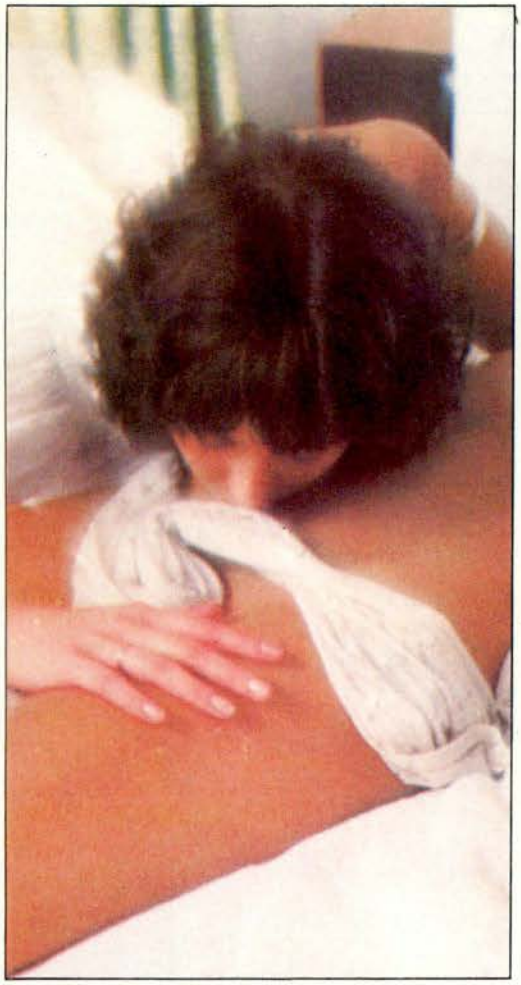


'The Love of Two Women' is a beautiful photo-essay that captures the tender eroticism of girl/girl lovemaking.

that finding it is well worth the trouble.

The Love of Two Women is a photo-study, without captions or comments, of four couples—all very beautiful women—in their various ways of being together. And unlike many such books, this is not just a series of crotch shots.

Have you ever had the uncomfortable experience of being in love with somebody you didn't like? Well, aside from the fine photography and the genuine beauty of these girls, what comes across is that special quality of *liking* each other as well as loving. These ladies are having fun with each other as well as an erotic time. They are not only lovers; they're friends too. I guess that says it best.

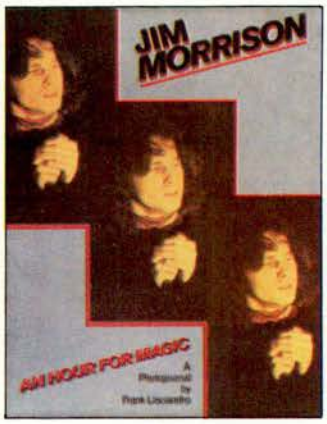
With the possible exception of photographer David Hamilton, Peter Barry has no equal in his ability to "catch the moment"; he will make you believe that no one is there with the women—not even the man with the camera.

Jim Morrison

By Frank Lisciandro; Delilah Books, 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; $9.95.

If a man has to die, he might as well rocket to fame and leave a mark on the world and in the memories of millions of people. He might as well get it over with while he's still young. And if he can get all that done, going absolutely full tilt the whole time with his living, singing and writing, then he might as well have a friend who can write a suitable eulogy. That's what this glossy paperback is: a eulogy. It's a labor of love and a tribute in words and pictures from a friend.

Jim Morrison of the rock group the Doors died 11 years ago. Few people know that he

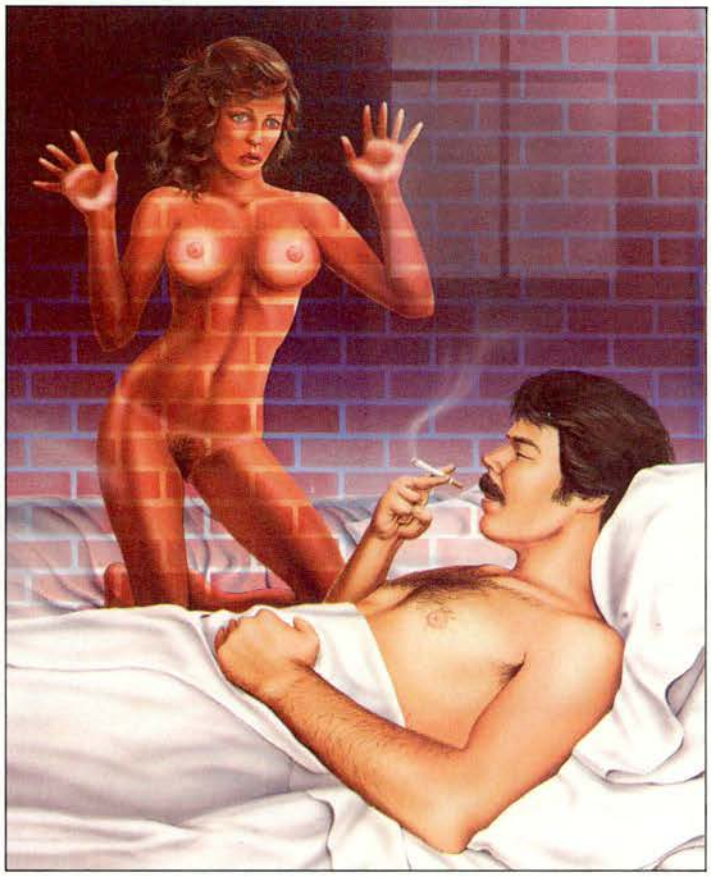


never considered himself a singer or musician; that was just his job. He called himself a poet—and there's a lot of his poetry scattered throughout this book. Some of it's weird stuff—hard to get hold of, but just as hard to let go of.

Both Morrison and the author, Frank Lisciandro, were students at the University of California at Los Angeles film school in '64 and '65. They didn't really meet, however, until 1968 when Jim, already a heavy rock star, asked Frank to edit some ten hours of concert film down to movie length. No script, no story—just ten hours' worth of fine sound film shot by cameraman Paul Ferrara. Lisciandro turned it into *Feast for Friends*, the documentary film about the Doors. After that, Frank spent most of the next three years with Morrison. Then, in 1971, Jim went to Paris and died.

It took Frank three years even to believe it. I don't know how long it took him to make this book, but here it is. It's beautiful, well illustrated with pictures taken by him and full of poems by Jim. There's also a fine reminiscence by novelist Robert Gover (*The $100 Misunderstanding*). A eulogy. A tribute. A remembrance.

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



AFTERPLAY: INTIMACY & SEX

by Steve Campbell

Cathy pressed David's body into her own as she felt the first convulsive surges of her orgasm. She moaned aloud as the wondrous sensations overtook her. When she realized that David was also starting to come, she thrust her hips up to meet his, craving to take him deeper and deeper. The couple rocked together, holding each other as the rush of emotion and physical desire became a tidal wave of lusty pleasure.

Cathy's thoughts focused on the joining of their bodies, the way he filled her, the heat and spasms of her cunt as they climaxed together. It was beautiful, miraculous, to fuck this man she loved so much. But only a few minutes later Cathy was feeling lonely, hurt and angry.

What changed her outlook is neither mysterious nor unusual. It was a simple act that many people—both men and women—pursue at the end of lovemaking: David, after having experienced a completely satisfying orgasm, had gone into the bathroom to shower. And while that in itself is hardly a sin, Cathy had wanted to feel his body next to hers and hear his comforting voice. Instead, she felt isolated, frustrated, and was beginning to think that sex just wasn't worth the hassle.

Recent research indicates that Cathy's reaction is not only common but can be extremely dangerous to their type of serious, committed relationship. It's unfortunate that the couple didn't realize how a period of relaxed, mutually enjoyed sharing after intercourse could bring them even closer together.

In *Sexuality: The Human Perspective*, Gary F. Kelly writes, "Many couples find that the period during which they are together following orgasm is significant to their relationship. If the sexual experience has been satisfying to both partners, and they both are feeling relaxed or even drowsy, this may be the time for communicating quiet, gentle, loving feelings. When sex is unsuccessful in any way, or has generated some negative feelings, the period following orgasm may be especially valuable for two-way communication." In either case, however, the interaction can't take place unless the lovers remain *together*.

In the example used here, either David or Cathy could have brought that togetherness about. If he had been just a little more sensitive to her feelings, David might have stayed with Cathy for a few minutes, talking to her and touching her, drawing pleasure himself from the experience. Or Cathy could have followed him into the bathroom, joined him in the shower and made it a sensual, healthy conclusion to their evening. Either way, the good feelings and intimacy they had just experienced would have continued.

The real problem doesn't begin with one person or the other seeming to ignore his partner. Jane Gassner Patrick, writing for *Mademoiselle* magazine, points out that our whole way of looking at sexual intercourse seems to be askew: "For many of us, unfortunately, afterplay is anything *but* a shared experience. Our goal in lovemaking is not intimacy but orgasm, and once we have achieved it, we consider the encounter over."

Researchers James Halpern and Mark A. Sherman explain in the book *Afterplay: A Key to Intimacy* why people find touching so important after intercourse: "People need the reassurance communicated through touch; they want to know through physical and sensual experience that there is intimacy in the relationship that goes *beyond* orgasm." Yet the communication of that intimacy need not be restricted to touches alone. "Many people need not only to feel accepted through touch and caress, but to hear verbal acceptance, praise, reassurance and validation," say the authors.

What happens when intercourse has ended—generally called "afterplay"—could very well be the most crucial part of lovemaking. Indeed, Halpern and Sherman find a very definite correlation between what ensues during afterplay and how satisfying a couple views their relationship as a whole. The good feelings generated by after-sex touching and talking will soothe the lovers, but those positive feelings can also be transferred to the rest of their dealings with each other.

Halpern and Sherman also found some interesting data about what people perceive as "good" and "bad" afterplay. Compliments, praise and expressions of pleasure about what went on in bed are, of course, positive. But one of the worst things a man can do, according to the two researchers, is to ask the age-old question "Did you come?" In any of its forms ("How was it for you?" or "Did you have fun?"), the question strikes most women as evidence that their lovers weren't really paying attention.

Illustration by John Andrews

What, then, *should* a loving couple do after sex? What makes for good afterplay? As Jane Gassner Patrick points out, we've been taught that "good sex will make for good intimacy, and good technique is what makes for good sex. The equation is backwards: Good intimacy makes for good sex, no matter what particular technique is used." And Halpern and Sherman found in their study of intimacy that almost any kind of afterplay is better than none at all.

Most people, the two researchers discovered, enjoy romance when the lovemaking is over. In fact, it seems that the same types of activities we might engage in just *before* sex are the same types we like afterward, including privacy, soft lighting, music, perhaps a warm bath together, and various kinds of food and drink. Likewise, the things that people tend to dislike as forms of afterplay would not be very conducive to romance either. Watching television or reading, for instance, might be relaxing, but they're solitary pleasures. And coming on the heels of lovemaking, such diversions might lead one partner to think that the other person was more interested in finding an escape than in continuing to be intimate.

Dropping straight off to sleep is another form of isolating oneself from a lover—and from the entire world, for that matter. So while many of us are, at least occasionally, overcome with the desire to snooze immediately after a boisterous session in bed, a lover who is left alone while his or her partner snores blissfully alongside is not apt to be a very happy lover for long.

That doesn't mean sleep is forbidden if *both* lovers are so inclined. In such cases of "mutual exhaustion" it takes only a holding of hands or gentle hugging to greet the sandman together, feeling secure, fulfilled and happy. Falling asleep in each other's arms can actually become one variation in your afterplay repertoire.

Conversation after sex shouldn't be regarded lightly either. As Halpern and Sherman state: "During sex we join the rest of the animal kingdom, not just in the very basic act of coupling itself, but in the speechlessness that usually accompanies it. Shortly after sex, most people seem to feel a need to reaffirm their humanness. Talking is an obvious way to do this. After a few minutes you or your partner's reluctance to talk may be seen as an attempt to escape or even as a sign of hostility."

Even though *you* know that hostility is the last thing you have on your mind after sex, your partner might be thinking that your silence means something is wrong, that somehow you *didn't* enjoy what happened. The simplest of phrases can bring great warmth and pleasure to a person who might be worried about a lover's feelings.

Returning to "humanness" after the animal-like frenzy of intercourse also means returning to the human relationship you have with your partner. Even if it's a one-night stand, there is *some* relationship there. But when the relationship is a long-term loving commitment, the whole notion of afterplay is that much more important.

This brings up another age-old question: "Does a healthy, physical sex life lead to a good relationship, or does a loving relationship lead to a great sex life?" It's almost like asking whether the chicken or the egg came first, and as you might expect, sex researchers disagree on the answer.

Popular psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers seems to be saying that sex influences emotional commitment when she writes the following in her book *What Every Woman Should Know About Men*: "At its most wonderful, the sex act is a physical and emotional communion that enhances and deepens love."

But Dr. Lucienne Lanson strikes a blow for the other side, claiming that there must be a solid emotional attachment before there can be truly fulfilling sex. Dr. Lanson explains further in her book *From Woman to Woman*: "Really good sex involves total physical, emotional and psychological satisfaction. But it can seldom attain that peak unless there is a strong continuing relationship between two sensitive and responsible individuals who mutually respect and love each other."

The whole point of afterplay is not that there are things we *should* or *shouldn't* do. Whatever feels good to *both* partners is probably the best thing that can be done. "Obviously," Halpern and Sherman note, "not every lovemaking session need be . . . thoroughly fulfilling. There will be times when you will be sleepy, times when you will not feel particularly romantic, and times you will be interested in a 'quickie.' There is nothing wrong with this, but certain behaviors can and should be avoided. Arguing with, criticizing or immediately ignoring your partner is simply bad afterplay—as is comparing your lover to others. And so too, for many of us, is discussing or analyzing the sexual encounters as if they were acts in a performance." The attitude that neither sex nor afterplay is a performance can go a long way in curing many sexual difficulties.

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JACK STRAUS

Million-Dollar Poker Champion

Profile by Steve Magagnini

Every year, in the mood-altering heat of Las Vegas springtime, a maddening test of manhood takes place in a funky downtown gambling establishment on Fremont Street. It is a contest not of physical strength or sexual prowess but of mental agility. And they say winning is more satisfying than bench-pressing twice your weight or spending a night in the sack with the juiciest of the desert community's plentiful call girls.

To win the World Series of Poker at Binion's Horseshoe Hotel and Casino, you've got to outwit, outact and outguess the most cunning cardsharks on earth. Luck doesn't have too much to do with it—as long as your luck isn't bad. Riverboat captains, movie stars, kindergarten teachers, sheikhs, magazine publishers, clothes designers, bartenders, used-car salesmen, real-estate tycoons, owners of professional sports teams, doctors and ex-convicts have all tried their skill at the grueling four-day marathon. And every year, the stakes go up as additional high-rollers risk $10,000 apiece seeking the magical title "World's Greatest Poker Player."

For most it is a long-shot hope. Thomas Austin "Amarillo Slim" Preston Jr., one of eight former world champions who played last May, once remarked that foreigners and nonprofessionals "have a better chance of getting a French kiss out of the Statue of Liberty than they do of winning this tournament."

In Slim's estimation a foreigner is anybody who lives outside the boundaries of the state of Texas—which has produced the champion in eight of the first 13 World Series. This year 32 of the 104 gamblers competing for poker's first million-dollar pot were from the Lone Star State. When someone suggested that he bet the Texans against the rest of the field, Slim commented: "Hell, yes. That is the nuts [a sure bet]. Anybody who don't come from Texas is not a good player anyway. All we're doing is making whores out of them. They go back to their home states, get up the $10,000 buy-in, come out here every year, and we wind up with the money."

It is no coincidence that the only game played at the World Series is no-limit Texas Hold 'Em, a variation of seven-card stud imported to Las Vegas in 1949 by three-time World Series Champ "Texas Johnny" Moss.

In Hold 'Em two cards are dealt facedown to each player, followed by a round of betting. In World Series play there are no limits on the amount of raises a player can make, nor how much he can bet. Three cards are then flopped in the center of the table, and the players bet again. Two more cards are turned up, one at a time, followed by a round of betting after each. These five cards are common to everyone's hand. The winning hand is the best one using any five of the hole cards and community cards. "It's the most versatile, entertaining and best card game there's ever been," Slim insisted. "It's also the bluffingest game there's ever been."

For several years Terry Rogers, a cantankerous bookmaker from Ireland, has led a team of his countrymen on an unsuccessful quest to bring the Hold

Photo by Ian Pierce

'Em crown home to Dublin. They haven't finished in the money yet, and Rogers earned the dubious distinction of being the first player eliminated in the 1982 competition.

"The best bullshitters in the world are Americans," Rogers grudgingly conceded after his lightning-quick wipeout at Binion's.

Ray James, an American who lays oil pipelines in Peru, got knocked out soon afterward. "Ray came all the way from Peru; so we wanted him to play at least 15 minutes," quipped Eric Drache, the dapper tournament director. "That's exactly how long he played."

Peru, of course, is a long way from Texas—which has produced such personalities as:

☆ Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson, two-time champion and the biggest poker money winner of all time.

☆ Cigar-smoking Crandall Addington of San Antonio, who wears string bowties, ten-gallon hats and has the gimlet eyes of a riverboat gambler.

☆ Betty Carey, a fresh-faced lady from Houston who's considered to be the best woman player in the world.

☆ Johnny Moss of Odessa, the "Grand Old Man of Poker," an expert at reading other players' giveaways—their "shows" and "tells."

☆ Ken "Top Hat" Smith of Dallas, who congratulates himself by tipping his hat and exulting "What a player!" whenever he wins a big pot.

☆ Brian "Sailor" Roberts of San Angelo, one of several players who has done time for illegal gambling.

☆ But perhaps the most notorious of them all is 51-year-old Jack "Treetop" Straus, a gambling fanatic and big-game hunter from San Antonio. At 6-7, Straus literally towers over his competition. He has hunted elephants, lions and Cape buffalo throughout the African continent, and claims to have shot a record-size leopard. But last May, Treetop came to the neon jungle of Las Vegas to stalk quarry that had frustrated him 12 times before—the $500,000-plus first prize and the solid-gold watch that currently identifies the reigning World Champion.

* * *

On the morning of the third day of the 1982 World Series, Amarillo Slim and Mickey Appleman—two of the most inventive players of this or any other era—were licking their wounds in the coffee shop at Binion's. Both had been eliminated, and now they were in the process of making book on the remaining competitors.

Slim voiced a special disdain for women players, particularly Riviera Richmond, a portly clothes designer from Beverly Hills, California, who was rolled into the nearby poker room in a wheelchair so she could conserve her energy. "I'd rather see early frost on my peach trees than have to look at her," Slim said. "I once said if a woman ever wins this thing, I'd slit my throat. That still goes."

Discussing the strategy of various participants, a fan seated next to him repeated the old adage "Play your cards instead of the other players." Slim, who won the championship in 1972, responded in his whiny West Texas drawl.

"That's all a fallacy," he said, brushing an imaginary speck of dust from his lizardskin boots. "You got to know what these guys will do in a certain situation. You do look at your hand, but you look at who's sitting to your left and betting after you. When Jack Straus bets you $30,000, you're liable to call him with a pair of treys [3s]. When Johnny Moss bets you $30,000, you'd better find the exits."

He paused and glanced at Appleman. "Is this factual what I'm saying, Mickey?"

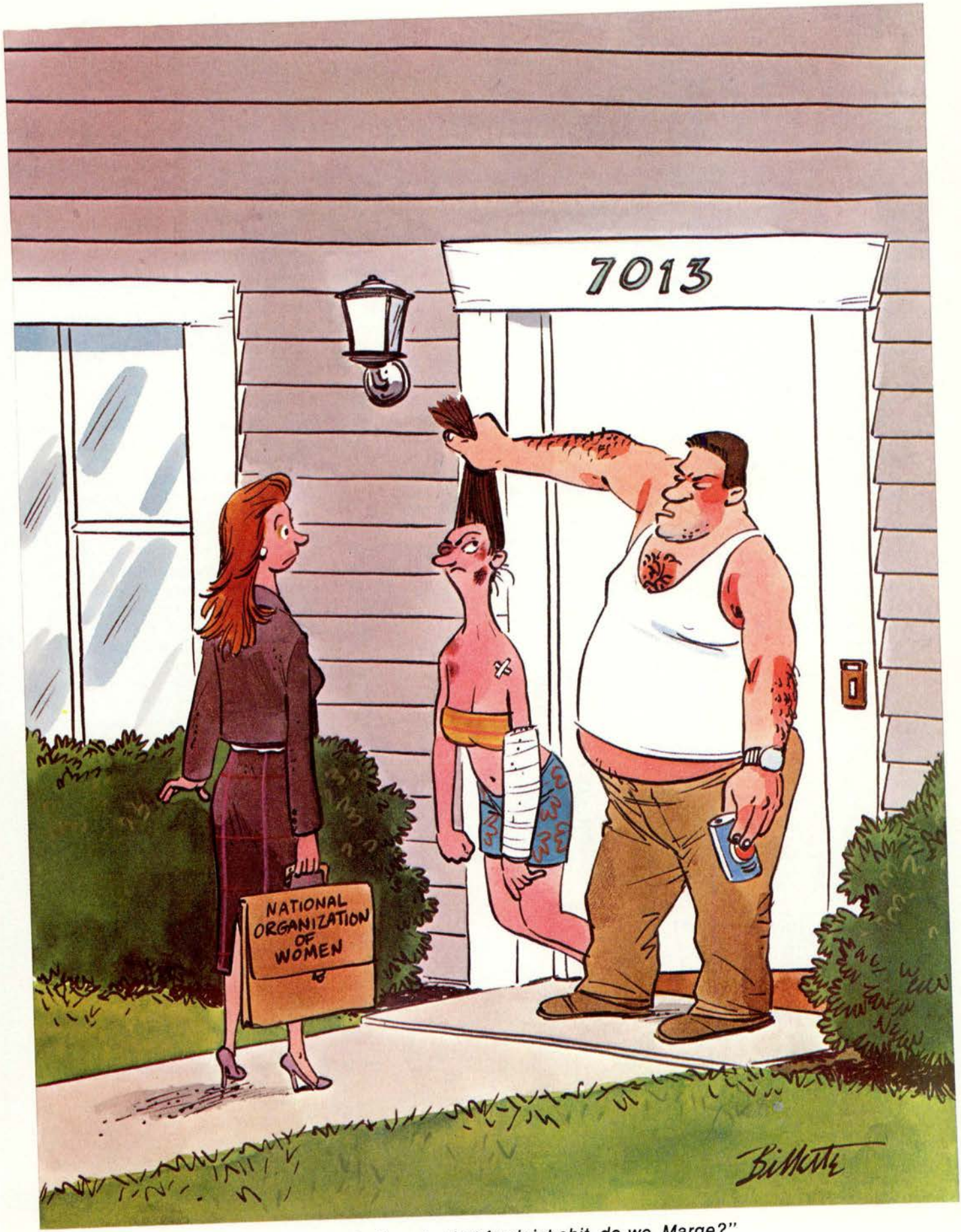
"Right on the money, Slim," replied the shrewd New Yorker, who lives in Greenwich Village and reportedly sets the daily sports-betting line for the entire Eastern Seaboard.

Amarillo Slim scanned a list of the 26 survivors. "Every one of them sumbitches can raise their chips up and down, but there's only about four or five of 'em who can move 'em in this way—without having a hand," he said, shoving a pile of imaginary chips toward the center of the table. "Now, Jack Straus *mooo*-ves. Trying to figure out his hand is like trying to jack off a wildcat with a handful of cockleburs."

"Straus comes at you and comes at you," Appleman added. "You never know what he's got. He's the wildest player."

Straus is known for playing a reckless, wide-open game—too reckless for his own good, say many of the pros. "It's like sittin' in the electric chair every time you sit down where he is," Slim commented. "The best head-up player is Jack Straus. Jack plays and you watch. Nine-handed, though, Jack is not the best player. He plays too fast for a nine-handed game. Like I was saying the other day, if all nine of us are playing poker and I keep raisin' it every time, seven of you is going to get out maybe, but the guy that comes in—he's gonna have a hand."

(What Slim meant was that in a game with nine players, the odds are 9-1 against getting the best hand. In a game with two or three players, not only would Straus' chances for the best hand



"We don't believe in that feminist shit, do we, Marge?"

increase dramatically, but he'd also be more likely to get away with the outrageous bluffing and big bets that typify his style of play.)

On the first day of the World Series, Straus' customary strategy had cost him dearly. Holding a pair of queens in the hole, he made an extremely large wager. And, just as Slim had predicted, he ran into someone with a better hand than his own—aces "wired," as they call two aces in the hole.

The player counted Straus' large stack of chips, then bet exactly that amount, and Jack walked right into the lion's jaws—shoving all of his chips into the center of the table. The aces held up, and Straus got up to leave when he noticed a misplaced $500 chip stuck between the rail and the table. So he sat down to look at one last hand, and by the third day parlayed that tiny bead of hope—barely enough for an ante—into a remarkable comeback: $71,800.

"Believe you me, he can damn sure win it," Slim said. "And if he don't, he's just as liable to get broke with no pair at all."

"Jack is one of a kind, a classic," said Appleman, who is not given to exaggeration. "Jack Straus is a living legend. He's the most talented gambler in the world, all-around."

"He's knowledgeable on sports," Slim added. "He's knowledgeable on everything. But it wouldn't make any difference if he had $60 million—he'd be the same way. Three weeks later he'd be scratching a broke ass."

"I didn't say *good*," Appleman argued. "I said *talented*."

* * *

Furry-faced and bespectacled, with hair hanging to his shoulders, Jack Straus looks as woolly as some of the wild animals he's tracked on African safari. Like most of the other pros, he knows in his heart he's the best and isn't shy about telling you. But there's an unusual gentleness about Straus that makes women want to cuddle him.

Betty Carey, Straus' unofficial coach who may be just as good a one-on-one Hold 'Em player as her "pupil," gazed at the bearded gambler during an earlier round—just after he got caught "speeding" (losing a bluff). "You ever see a puppy who just got spanked after wetting the carpet?" she remarked affectionately. "That's how he looks."

Straus grew up in San Antonio and still lives there today. His mother was a housewife, and his father managed a packing house. "My dad wasn't a gambler, my brother isn't a gambler, and my son isn't a gambler," he said. "I guess you might say that I'm the gambling junkie of the family."

His hopeless addiction even included the chicken fights in rural Lafayette, Louisiana. Once, he and some college friends went a little overboard when they poisoned a local rooster to hedge their bets. "As they were carrying him out," Straus recalled, "I swear smoke was coming out of that chicken's mouth."

For some time he ran a company called Gambling Safaris Inc., which took eager customers—and himself—around the world in search of action.

"He'd play a nut-and-shell game over there in the corner of the room if there was one," Amarillo Slim observed. "He goes into the sports book [betting parlor] every day, and if there's 35 races, he bets 35 races. If there are 16 baseball games, he bets on them all. If they've got an over-under [a wager that two sports teams will have a combined score above or below a certain number], he makes 32 bets."

Fairly coordinated for his height as a teenager, Straus claimed he was offered a basketball scholarship to "every college in America." He chose Texas A&M, where he planned to get a degree in business administration but ended up spending more time playing poker than studying. After a stint in the service he finished college at the University of Southwestern Louisiana and went straight to Las Vegas.

"Every year I guess 500 kids come out here thinking they might be the championship player," he said during a break in this year's action. "But most of them go back home to wherever they're from. I came out here, and I beat them right from the start. It was like jumping from a Class D baseball league straight to the majors."

But like any rookie, Straus had his problems.

"I've been up and down so many times, I guess it really doesn't worry me anymore," he once said. "When I was a kid and had a hold of a few thousand dollars, I went out and lost it and thought, *Good Lord, this is the end of the world. I'll never have any money again.*

"Well, after that happens to you a hundred, 200 times, you know you'll be all right again, and maybe you'll be broke again. I guess that's the reason I'm going on safaris, taking people to gamble around the world. I'm gonna get broke anyway; so I might as well live it up a little, do something I've always wanted to do. Like when I leave here, I'm going big-game hunting in Mozambique 'cause I've been wanting to do that."

One of the reasons he hunts lions and Cape buffalo is to get his adrenaline

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"That's all he remembers, Lieutenant."

"Mother, please! I'd rather do it myself!"

Tana
an affair to remember
2nd PLACE
Photography by Matti Klatt

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Besides her work, Tana has one great passion: partying. As a matter of fact, a party layout was the first suggestion she gave us when told she'd won second place in our Centerfold Contest. "I don't mind being second," the 26-year-old admits, "because it keeps me on my toes. I try harder." And try she does, as any of her hundreds of satisfied clients will tell you. Tana runs her own interior-decorating service in Boston, and from the looks of her *exterior*, chances are that business is jumping. "I won't say I haven't partied with men to get a contract once in a while," Tana confesses, "but it takes a certain kind of man to make me wet and willing." She prefers sophisticated men with a mean streak. "If a guy leaves me in the middle of the night, I know the best way to get over the blues," Tana says as her voice turns to a whisper. "I remember what we did and masturbate for hours!"

JACK "TREETOP" STRAUS

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pumping. "They're like the last hand," he said. "It's a thrill when they finally fold." For years, Straus wore around his neck the paw of a lion he'd slain on safari in Mozambique. The paw bore the inscription "Better a day as a lion than 100 years as a lamb."

Sammy Patrenella, former business manager of Gambling Safaris Inc., remembered how Straus was down to $40 in 1970 after a bad run in Vegas and got lucky again playing 21. Straus quit with $500, took the cash and ran it up to $4,000 playing poker. He then ran those winnings up to $10,000 playing 21 again. The next day, Straus bet the whole bundle on the Kansas City Chiefs in the Super Bowl, collected $20,000 and was back in action again.

* * *

Throughout the four-day ordeal at the Horseshoe, Straus joined other participants in laying side bets on every kind of action imaginable. They wagered whether the World Series winner would be wearing a hat or be bareheaded; whether the Jewish players would beat the Texans; whether Crandall Addington would show up; whether the excitable Sailor Roberts would scatter his stack of chips before he was eliminated.

Mickey Appleman laid 150-1 odds that Beverly Hills, California, real-estate magnate A. J. Myers, a rookie Hold 'Em player who was leading the tournament after three days, wouldn't win it. Appleman stood to lose $30,000 and had several anxious moments until Myers finally went broke four hours from the tournament's conclusion.

Straus had $50,000 riding on two side wagers. He bet on himself at 18-1 odds and also bet at even money the "Dirty Dozen"—former champions Stu "Kid Ice" Ungar, Sailor Roberts, Doyle Brunson and nine other professionals, including himself—against the rest of the field.

"When this tournament started, there were ten or 12 players," Straus recalled between deals. "Then it got to be 50, and then 100, and I said to myself, 'I'm gettin' older—I might never win this thing.' Winning doesn't mean you're the best player. But so many people think it does."

Seated on the sidelines, Perry Green—a genial furrier from Anchorage, Alaska, who finished second in 1981—offered his views on what it would take to win the World Series. "Even though poker playing is just sitting, it's really equal to a man driving a race car or a hydroplane," he said. "If you're not 100% alert, one single moment may spell your doom. And if you seize upon that instant of weakness in another player, when he transmits his message to you, you can ensure your victory. That's why stamina is so important in four days of intense competition."

This advice was apparently lost on Straus. Hours before the tournament resumed each day, he was busily engaged in high-stakes side games. "I played lowball this morning and got beat," he said with a grin during the third day's luncheon break. "I did the same thing yesterday morning too. I bet on anything you can watch and some things you can't."

The sight of the gangling Straus appearing on a golf course in red-and-white shoes—possibly among the more-bizarre visions anyone could be forced to watch—reminded a friend of a whooping crane standing on two watermelon rinds. Straus first picked up a golf club at 43, never took a lesson and until recently played with just a 5-iron (a medium-range club). But fellow gamblers claim he's won more money playing golf than Jack Nicklaus, the leading money-maker on the PGA tour. Nicklaus' lifetime winnings stood at $3,972,536 following this year's U.S. Open.

"I'm about a 12 handicap," Straus admitted. "Playing for $100, I'll shoot about 100. I can't play cheap. But playing for a whole lot of money, my game improves drastically. With a lot of people, the high money affects them and makes them nervous. It just makes me concentrate more."

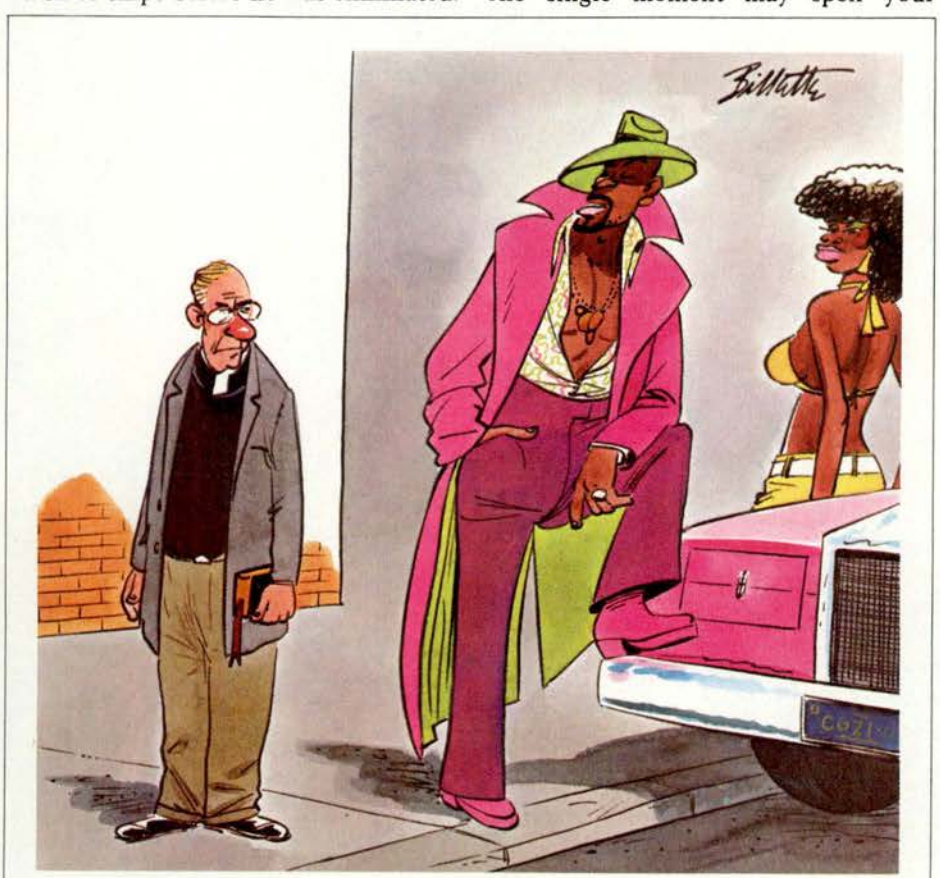
Straus conceded there *are* a few things he won't bet on. "I don't play the commodities market," he said. "I don't want somebody *telling* me, 'You lost.' My preference is to see the guy hit the home run that beat me, or somebody run for a touchdown that beat me, or the dice 7-out that beat me. I want to *see* what happens to me."

* * *

By the start of the fourth day of the 1982 World Series, Straus led the nine remaining participants seated around a kidney-shaped table covered with green felt. Neatly stacked in front of him were chips worth $341,000. Like most world-class players, he had played the percentages, figuring the odds of making his hand against the amount of money he stood to win in any given pot. But Straus had one other thing going for him.

"I analyze hands real well," he said. "It's hard to describe, but I just have a feel for what my opponent has. I don't have a lot of patience. That's not one of my virtues. I've never been a disciplinarian. I want to get it over with by making players commit themselves ear-

(continued on page 52)



"We's all sellin' somethin', ain't we, dude?"

SEX LAWS of AMERICA

If your wife gives you a blowjob in **Louisiana**, she risks spending five years in the slammer. But if you catch her screwing the milkman in the missionary position, you can't do a damn thing about it in that same state—*legally*, that is. Confused? So are most people about the sex laws that govern our lives throughout this country. That's why HUSTLER is providing you with this state-by-state, blow-by-blow guide to what's legal and what's not.*

WARNING: This is not an invitation to have sex with a 15-year-old in **Arkansas**—even though it is apparently legal. Courts within a state might interpret a law differently. City or county ordinances might prohibit sexual acts not dealt with by state law. On the other hand, some laws listed are probably unconstitutional and wouldn't stand up in court. Check with a legal adviser before attempting *any* activity that could put you afoul of the law.

PREMARITAL SEX

The disturbing increase in the divorce rate, as well as economic and social factors, have led more and more couples to "try out" marriage by living together as man and wife without the protection of a marriage license. Legally speaking, that's called *cohabitation*. When a couple, whether they live together or not, has sex without the legal permission of that same license, that's called *fornication*. These two acts, which are commonly practiced by an enormous segment of American society, are still considered crimes in a great many states. You should be aware that unmarried couples engaging in sexual intercourse can be prosecuted under cohabitation and/or fornication laws in **Alabama**, **Arizona**, **Florida**, **Georgia**, **Idaho**, **Illinois**, **Massachusetts**, **Michigan** (a penalty of up to four years in prison!), **Minnesota**, **Mississippi**, **New Mexico**, **North Carolina**, **Rhode Island**, **South Carolina**, **Tennessee**, **Utah**, **Virginia**, **West Virginia** and **Wisconsin**.

ADULTERY

If you're going to cheat on your wife, you're better off if you do it in **Minnesota**. That's the state where *married men* (and only married men) can't be prosecuted for adultery. If a single girl wants to fool around with some other woman's hubby, her best shot is in **Michigan**. That state doesn't prosecute *unmarried women* for adultery. Whatever your situation might be, don't commit adultery in **Alabama**, **Arizona**, **Connecticut**, **Florida**, **Georgia**, **Idaho**, **Illinois**, **Kansas**, **Maryland**, **Massachusetts**, **Mississippi**, **Nebraska**, **New Hampshire**, **New York**, **North Carolina**, **North Dakota**, **Oklahoma**, **Rhode Island**, **South Carolina**, **Utah**, **Vermont**, **Virginia**, **West Virginia** and **Wisconsin** (up to two years in prison and $10,000 fine). In most of these states, anyone can file a complaint, from a nosy neighbor to an irate mother-in-law. But in **Michigan** and **Oklahoma** only the spouse is allowed to initiate legal action.

*Laws are listed based on the most recent available information. All laws are subject to change.

ANAL AND ORAL SEX

Sex can be a pain in the ass or a tongue twister. But it better not be either of those in states where oral and/or anal sex are considered illegal under "sodomy" laws. This group of laws is among the most misunderstood and misinterpreted in the nation. They vary greatly from state to state and can cover anything from bestiality (sex with animals) to homosexuality (discussed below). So for purposes of clarity we'll stick to oral and anal sex between heterosexuals.

In 1965 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that states could not prohibit the use of contraceptives by married couples, thus throwing all state laws concerned with regulating the sexual practices of married couples into questionable legal status. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court still has never given a definitive ruling on the rights of a husband and wife to perform whatever sexual acts they wish in the privacy of their own bedroom. And as ridiculous as it may seem, acts of oral and anal sex are still punishable crimes when committed by married couples or others in the states of **Arizona**, **Florida**, **Georgia** (one to 20 years), **Idaho** (a mandatory sentence of five years!), **Louisiana**, **Maryland** (where anal can get you ten years, and the combination of anal and oral will cost an additional $1,000), **Michigan**, **Minnesota**, **North Carolina**, **Oklahoma**, **Tennessee**, **Utah** and **Virginia**. Unmarried couples are "singled" out for prosecution in **Alabama**, **Rhode Island** (seven years, minimum mandatory penalty) and **Wisconsin**, where only married couples can experiment freely, without fear of imprisonment or fine. In **South Carolina** and **Mississippi** it's okay to use your tongue, but rear entry can get you up to ten years behind bars.

HOMOSEXUALITY

Laws prohibiting homosexuality could be the most hotly contested issue of this decade. Organized lobbying by gay organizations and expensive legal battles are swinging state laws in favor of legalized homosexuality. In August of this year the **Texas** "homosexual conduct" law was struck down, giving gays as much right to sexual privacy as any heterosexual husband and wife. Still, there are 24 states in which sex between members of the same sex is against the law. As a matter of fact, in many of these states it's breaking the law just to *solicit* a homosexual act in public. In addition to the states listed in our Anal and Oral Sex section above, there are states that have laws aimed strictly at homosexuals. These are **Arkansas**, **Kansas**, **Kentucky**, **Missouri** (ten years to life!), **Montana** and **Nevada** (mandatory one-year sentence). In these parts of the country, if you're not careful at gay bars, you could end up *behind* bars.

SEX WITH MINORS

Sex with minors is *statutory rape*. Once a young person is "legal," it doesn't matter how old her or his sex partner is, but what's "legal" is quite interesting. Women in **California**, **Connecticut**, **New York** and **Oklahoma** can have sex with a boy of *any* age. It is legal for males and females 14 or over to have sex in **Arkansas**, **Hawaii**, **Maryland** and **Pennsylvania**. Sex with a nonvirginal female 16 or over is fine in **Oklahoma**. (How do they tell if a deflowered minor was a virgin?) Sex with *any* 16-year-old (or older) is okay in **Alaska**, **Connecticut**, **Delaware**, **District of Columbia**, **Indiana**, **Iowa**, **Kansas**, **Kentucky**, **Maine**, **Missouri**, **Montana**, **Nebraska**, **Nevada**, **New Hampshire**, **New Jersey**, **North Dakota**, **Ohio**, **South Dakota**, **Vermont**, **Washington** and **Wyoming**. In **Texas** you can have sex with anyone (of either sex), if you prove the person is promiscuous. Remember, adultery and non-statutory-rape laws still apply.

PROSTITUTION

Many guys would argue there's a fine line between a date who needs an expensive meal at a fancy restaurant before she'll get into bed and a prostitute. But somehow, gold diggers have managed to stay on the right side of the law, and hookers haven't. While prostitution is known as the world's oldest profession, vice-squad police work is probably the second oldest. And although pay-for-play is illegal almost everywhere in America, whether in massage parlors, bathhouses or on the street, one state allows its counties to decide for themselves if the activity is legal or not. What other state would take that gamble but **Nevada**. In those Nevada counties that let prostitutes ply their trade, the hookers must submit to photo and fingerprint identification, plus keep a weekly updated medical report on file with the police. If the girls meet these requirements, they're issued a work card and may obtain payment. In all other states, prostitution is a crime.

INCEST

Incest is the one sex act that is almost universally forbidden, regardless of geographic or social boundaries. Although it seems to have been more acceptable in Biblical times (Abraham and his wife Sarah had the same father), sex between close relatives today is shunned as not only immoral but also as psychologically unhealthy. Furthermore, children born from incestual couplings are very likely to suffer serious birth defects. Despite this, there are still a few societies, particularly in southern Asia, where inter-family sex is allowed. Is incest legal anywhere in America? Yes—in **Ohio**. This eternal taboo has found shelter in only one of the 50 states. The average penalty in the U.S. is five to ten years in prison. But since Ohio has no statutes forbidding incest, even brothers and sisters can unite. In most other states if two persons are too closely related to marry, they're also considered too closely related to have sex.

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ly, instead of letting them wait to get good cards."

Watching from a front-row seat, beneath the searing glare of television lights, Amarillo Slim sized up the field. "Every one of these guys is a competitor no matter what business he's in," he said. "If he runs a service station, every week he's selling gas for 2¢ a gallon less than everybody else. If he's got a grocery store, Post Toasties is 19¢ a box to get the customers in there. Same thing out here in Vegas. And for a lot of players this tournament is a tonic—a nourishment—something we all need."

"You may not even know the relative value of the cards; yet you can't help but marvel at the way they bet thousands of dollars," said Alaska's Perry Green, putting the spectator interest into perspective. "It's like a 3-2 pitch in the World Series, two outs, bases loaded, Reggie Jackson at bat against Fernando Valenzuela. Every play is a potential home run."

Striking fear into the hearts and wallets of his opponents, Straus repeatedly pushed mountainous stacks of red-and-orange $1,000 chips into virtually every pot. "He'll lose a $40,000 pot, but he picks up eight to ten pots at $5,000 or $7,000," noted Seymour Leibowitz, a retired clothes merchant and professional player from Miami Beach, Florida. "Then all of a sudden he's got his money back—and more."

Soon only five players remained at the green-felt table. Straus was leading with $390,000. Then came Dewey Tomko, a former kindergarten teacher from Haynes City, Florida ($345,000). Following were Berry Johnston of Corpus Christi, Texas ($175,000), Doyle Brunson ($75,000) and A. J. Myers, the rookie from Beverly Hills ($55,000).

Just before 6 p.m., with $60,000 in the pot and an 8-2-2-queen-6 showing, Straus went all in against Johnston, shoving every one of his chips into the center of the table. The disheartened Johnston folded, and Straus gleefully turned over his 3-4 in the hole—the worst possible hand.

While Treetop was advertising his successful bluff, Johnston commented, "I didn't have anything either." But anything—absolutely anything—would have been enough to beat Straus on that play.

"I'm halfway home," Straus exclaimed shortly thereafter, straightening the $500,000 in $500 and $1,000 chips stacked in front of him.

A. J. Myers was the first of the finalists to be eliminated. He left the table with his hands tucked into the pockets of his Gino Ferrari jeans, staring into the Las Vegas night with basset-hound eyes.

Meanwhile, in hand after hand, Dolly Brunson was trying to intimidate his opponents by going all in. "My right arm's getting sore," he quipped. After Brunson went all in for the 13th time in less than two hours, Tomko called and beat the Texan out of a $150,000 pot—sending the two-time champion to the sidelines.

Tomko and Straus bantered back and forth between the next several hands, but Johnston looked so grim, you'd have thought there was a death in the family. "I'm trying hard to win it," he explained during the dinner break. "There *is* an element of luck to this game, but poker is really skill. The best player is going to win it."

At 9 p.m. Straus forced Johnston to go all in. After the flop, each had a pair of 9s, but Straus came up with a second pair after the fifth card and raked in still more chips. Johnston's funereal expression gradually turned into a smile of good sportsmanship as he left the table.

Now it was Tomko and Straus, head to head. Twenty-five minutes later, Tomko wagered $150,000 on his two hole cards before the first three common cards were exposed—a move known as "betting in the blind." Straus searched him out, calling with a pair of 4s. Tomko was holding queen-10. The common cards came 8-8-6-2 and queen, giving Tomko two pairs (queens and 8s) and the winning hand.

The two men were now almost even, their towering chip stacks totaling about $500,000 apiece. With $49,000 in the next pot, Tomko raised $100,000 in the blind. Straus called and raised him back $180,000. Moments later, Tomko also called before dramatically moving in all of his remaining chips—an additional $180,000.

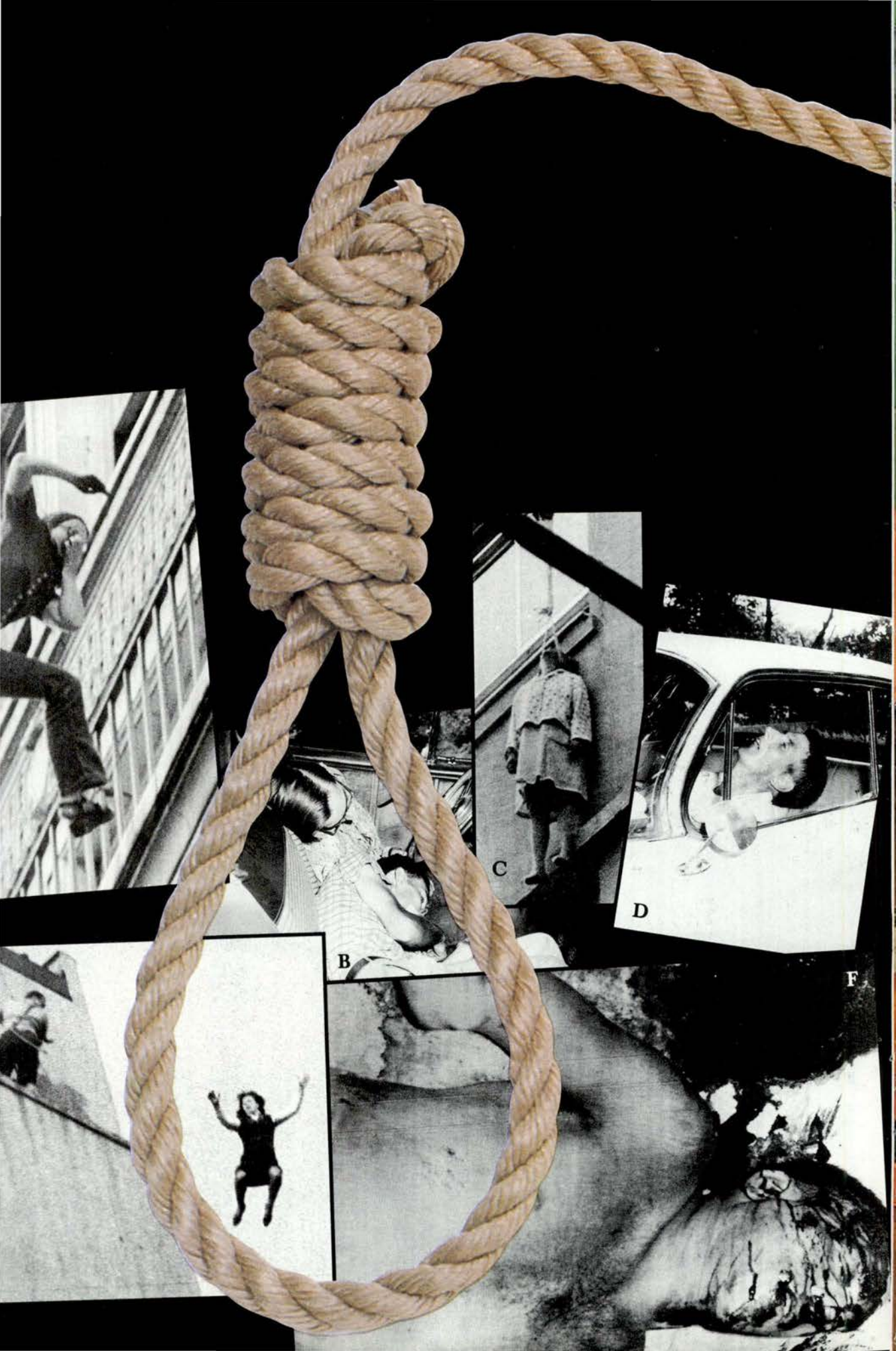
For several minutes Straus tried to read Tomko's face. He may as well have been looking at a corpse. Straus thoughtfully stroked his beard, rubbed his temples and leaned back in his chair. Then suddenly, he locked eyes with Tomko. It was time to gamble. With the tension becoming almost unbearable, Straus called—making the total pot $958,000, the largest in recorded poker history.

Since all betting had concluded, each player routinely revealed his hole cards. Tomko had an ace-4 of diamonds while Straus held an ace-10 of different suits. In the anxiously awaited flop the dealer turned up 7-5-4, which gave Tomko a pair of 4s and left Straus' hand unimproved. Fourth Street—poker lingo for

(continued on page 134)

"Take a deep breath and relax, Mr. Nasworthy. We'll have that nasty old prostate out in no time."

"Don't be alarmed. I'm a freelance gynecologist."


C
D
B
F

in the media, homicide claimed only two of every 100 deaths.

Among all age and racial groups, suicide is the ninth-leading cause of death in the United States. After all types of accidents, it is the second most common cause of death in men ages 15 to 24, and it seizes more of those youthful lives than do cancer, heart diseases, diabetes and pneumonia combined.

Young women are just as suicidal. In their case it's the third-leading killer. Only accidents and cancer kill more of them.

Over the past quarter-century, the suicide rate in the United States is up 250% for females, 300% for males. All told, official figures peg the nation's annual suicide total at 30,000, but nobody believes that number. Suicidologists—as experts in this grim discipline are called—estimate that at least 100,000 people kill themselves every year.

The marked discrepancy between the "official" total and the actual suicide count arises because "suicide is a taboo subject for most people," says Dr. Michael Peck of the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center. In some jurisdictions, no death is listed as a suicide unless an unmistakable, strongly worded suicide note is left at the scene.

For every successful suicide, experts figure there are ten—maybe more—earnest suicide attempts. By the end of this year perhaps 1 million Americans will deliberately and violently try to pull the fuse on their lives.

Across the country "5 to 6 million people in all have made suicide attempts," says Dr. Herbert Hendin, a New York University psychiatrist and author of *Suicide in America*. Follow-up studies, Hendin adds, "have shown that about 10% of the attempted-suicide population go on to kill themselves within a ten-year period."

Statistics like these are often difficult to digest. They are academic, almost-hollow calculations, but there is nothing academic or theoretical about suicide. The theories cease the moment the trigger is pulled or the noose snaps tight or the pills are swallowed.

Burrowed in an air-raid shelter beneath the besieged city of Berlin, Adolf Hitler gulped down a cyanide capsule and—just to make certain—had his new bride, Eva Braun, shoot him. Nazi Germany was on the brink of defeat, and Der Fuehrer feared being taken captive by the onrushing Red Army. Hitler's secret-police chief, Heinrich Himmler, also poisoned himself in the final days of the Third Reich.

Inventor George Eastman of Kodak-camera fame, novelist Ernest Hemingway, former *Today* show host Dave Garroway and George Reeves—the actor who played Superman on the TV series—were all victims of fatal self-inflicted gunshot wounds. So was Meriwether Lewis, one-half of the famed Lewis and Clark expedition team that explored America's West. He shot himself at the age of 35.

In 1977 actor/comedian Freddie Prinze was only 22, and his career couldn't have been going better. His hit TV series *Chico and the Man* had been renewed for another year, and he was making more than $9,500 per week. But Prinze's 15-month marriage was splitting at the seams, and one night he asked a few friends over to his place to cheer him up. It was 3:30 in the morning when Prinze reached under a sofa pillow, snuggled a .32-caliber automatic against his temple and fired. "I can't take any more," Prinze's suicide note declared. "It's all my fault. There is no one to blame but me."

When a man decides to dispose of his life, he does so just the way Freddie Prinze did—finally and irrevocably. Women make twice as many suicide attempts as men, but men account for three times as many successful suicides. That's because men choose irreversible ways to end it all.

Shoot yourself in the head, as actor Gig Young did, and it's curtains; the life game is over, and "R.I.P." is inscribed on your tombstone. Far more men prefer to die by the gun. Nearly two-thirds of male suicides—63%—are at pistol or rifle point. Hangings and poisonings, in about equal shares, account for almost all the rest. Ironically, although many men own razors, only a small percentage slash their wrists, a popular method with women.

"The methods men use don't allow for much error," explains Dr. Robert Cancro, chairman of the New York University Psychiatry Department. "They use fast and gory ones."

Women, like "Blue Nun" Catherine Reilly and Florida newscaster Chris Chubbuck, sometimes use a gun—but not as frequently as men do. Firearms account for 36% of female suicides. Few women hang themselves.

Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, chose death from the bite of a small snake. American poet Sylvia Plath locked herself in her kitchen, sealed off the doors and windows, and breathed gas fumes from the oven. British novelist Virginia Woolf drowned herself.

"Women don't want to mess up their faces," says Dr. Cancro. "They try slower methods, such as pills or slicing their

SUICIDE

National Epidemic

Report by Robert McGarvey

Everybody said Catherine Reilly had it made. She was the "Blue Nun" in those television wine commercials, a pretty, perky dream girl who lived a perfect life. "A very happy person, always smiling," reported her agent. "A fresh look, pretty without being glamorous," said her advertising firm.

But on a hot night last summer in her apartment on New York City's elegant East Side, 28-year-old Catherine Reilly started arguing with her boyfriend, Transit Authority police officer Michael Condon. As their voices grew louder and shriller, Reilly grabbed Condon's service revolver and shot him in the chest. Then she turned the weapon on herself, destroying that "fresh, pretty" face. Police found both of them on the living-room floor—dead and drenched with blood.

Prescott, Arizona, is almost a continent away from the Big Apple; in atmosphere and tone the distance is greater still. But there are similarities. One of them erupted in the midst of a routine discussion of the Prescott city budget.

When city councils turn to debating their bank balances and tax revenues, the talk typically is dry, even boring. Former Prescott Councilman Gus Patrick did not see it that way, however. He rose from the gallery to warn the council against granting a pay raise to the city manager. His speech was angry and emotional.

The trouble was, he sighed, that since leaving the council the previous year, nobody paid him any notice. Moments later he reached into his pocket, pulled out a pistol and—with the gathered council members staring in horror—triggered a fatal bullet into his head.

Then there was Chris Chubbuck, a television newscaster at WXLT in Sarasota, Florida. One day she calmly concluded the day's news report by saying, "And now, in keeping with Channel 40's policy of always bringing you the latest in blood and guts, in living color you're about to see another first—an attempted suicide." Without hesitation, Chubbuck pointed a gun at her head and fired. She died several hours later without regaining consciousness.

In Los Angeles, Claude Ellis did not have the celebrity status of a model, a politician or a newscaster, but his emotional problems were just as severe. The 45-year-old mail-truck driver's girlfriend—postal clerk Martha Steward—had left him. He tracked her to a postal-service garage and opened fire with a small-caliber weapon as she got into her car. Witnesses screamed hysterically as Martha Steward died.

Ellis then drove home and phoned a niece. "I'm going to kill myself," he said. Ellis proceeded to spread gasoline throughout his house, put a match to it and—to make sure the job was done—fatally shot himself in the head.

Catherine Reilly, Gus Patrick, Chris Chubbuck and Claude Ellis are more than names on police blotters. Each is a victim of America's highly contagious suicide epidemic. The statistics are staggering. The U.S. do-it-yourself killing rate is now so enormously high that we have bolted past notoriously suicidal Japan and Sweden. Out of every 100 people who died in this country last year, three committed suicide. By contrast, despite its blaring exposure

(A) For 41 agonizing minutes Marsha Hiltibrand perched on a 12th-floor ledge of Meier & Frank's department store in downtown Portland, Oregon. The suspense ended when the 22-year-old woman leaped to her death. (B) The lifeless bodies of teenagers John MacArthur and Robert Lutsky were found in a car parked in Pittsburgh's Calvary Cemetery. Before they drank a lethal muriatic-acid concoction, Lutksy evidently had written: "Where I am going I know that I cannot be unlucky." It was only a short trip from the car to a nearby grave. (C) In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, crowds gathered and traffic stopped at the ghastly sight of 72-year-old Rosa Goncalves hanging limply from the window of a high-rise apartment building. (D) Army Sergeant Jack Edward Dunlap took $60,000 from a Russian agent in exchange for secret documents. Rather than face a humiliating trial, the National Security Agency employee committed suicide in a car parked on a deserted street in Glen Burnie, Maryland. (E) Ona Lee Fuller, a despondent 16-year-old, was more fortunate. Leaping from the roof of Manhattan's Salvation Army Building, she landed unharmed in police nets six stories below. (F) Harvey S. Firestone III, heir to a tire-and-rubber fortune, lived most of his life paralyzed in a wheelchair. No longer able to endure this fate, he jumped to his death from the 20th floor of the Hilton Hotel in Havana, Cuba.

DONALD
HENDRIX
1900 - 1981
FAITHFUL
WIFE
BERTHA
1901 - 1982
ROBERT
LEWIS
1910 - 1982
UNFAITHFUL
WIFE
LOUISE
1925 - 1980
DAVID
BROWN

wrists." More than 40% of suicidal women do themselves in with slow-working poisons like sleeping pills.

It should not be assumed, however, that women use less-violent techniques because they don't want to kill themselves. "There is no relation between particular methods of suicide and suicide intent," reports Dr. Hendin of New York University. Method, it seems, relates only to what is at hand and comes naturally.

While leaping off high buildings is rare nationwide, "50% of black suicides in New York City are by jumping," says Dr. Hendin. On the other hand, suicidal white women in New York avoid guns and instead prefer pills. In the South, where guns are more a part of life, they are a weapon of choice among women as well as men.

No matter what the geographic locale, it is incredibly easy to kill oneself. The *Handbook of Poisoning*, by Robert H. Dreisbach, details thousands of ways. Empty a quart of straight whiskey in an hour, and the odds are you will die. Take a tiny five milliliters—about a tablespoon—of Drano, and a wretched death will come. A few gulps of household bleach will do the same. Nobody needs ever to look farther than a kitchen cabinet when suicide is on the agenda.

"Suicide is painless," the *M*A*S*H* theme song says, and while sometimes that may not be true, it is always true that suicide is a cinch. The *how* of suicide is no problem—not to suicides or researchers. It is the *why* that is the problem.

•Why do 13 American teenagers kill themselves each day?

•Why is the suicide rate for Vietnam War combat veterans 23% higher than for nonvets? When the war ended, almost 47,000 men had died in combat—but incredibly, 50,000 veterans have already committed suicide, and that total climbs daily.

•Why does one American-prison inmate per day kill himself? The suicide rate in prisons is *16* times higher than that of the general population.

•Why is suicide now the eighth-leading cause of death for children ages five to 14?

•Why is there a torrent of suicides among children under five? Dr. Perihan Rosenthal of the University of Massachusetts Medical Center reports that a four-year-old boy named David *twice* wrapped himself in a blanket and set it on fire. "I am not a good boy," the child exclaimed. "David has to die. There will be no more David."

•Why do police officers and active military personnel have a suicide rate that's twice the national average?

"Oh, nothing much . . . just warming up the baby's formula."

•Why do white men over the age of 50, who comprise 10% of the total U.S. population, commit an astounding 28% of all suicides? Since it won't be long before the post-World War II baby boomers start crossing that 50 barrier, will even more suicides be forthcoming? "The suicide rate goes up with age anyhow," says Dr. Hendin. "So it means we're going to see more and more suicides among the elderly."

It may seem surprising, but suicide is a contagious disease—a killer that spreads just as menacingly and fatally as polio or bubonic plague. The difference is that there are medical treatments, vaccines and drugs to thwart those physical diseases. But meanwhile, the suicide contagion continues to spread.

As gloomy as the dimensions of suicide may sound, that is not the end of the story. There is a self-perpetuating character to this suicide epidemic. "The more the publicity," observes Dr. Hendin, "the larger the rise in suicides."

Just after actress Marilyn Monroe's death in 1962 the notes of a number of suicide victims connected their own deaths to her presumed suicide. After John Lennon was murdered in 1980, several suicides left behind messages linking their deaths to that of the former Beatle.

Suicide also has a way of sweeping through families. Two years ago 20-year-old Joseph Falcone of Rahway, New Jersey, drove to a railroad yard, poured gasoline on himself and struck a match that turned his body into a human torch. Six months later his twin brother, Michael, drove to a wooded part of nearby Edison, New Jersey, drenched himself with gasoline and lit the fatal match.

"Family members of a suicide are high risks," says Jim Hengstenberg, director of the Dallas County (Texas) Suicide and Crisis Center. "They suffer from a heightened sense of guilt, anger, embarrassment and grief that can be so severe that it lingers on for years."

Strangely, the trigger for a rash of suicides need not be a real event—although the suicides that follow will be *deadly* real. Professor David P. Phillips, a University of California at San Diego sociologist, has found that when a television character—like a heroine in a soap opera—commits suicide, dozens of fans do the same.

Facts and cases like these stun, even sicken, suicide researchers. They desperately want to know what is causing our nation's suicide epidemic. But while it is simple to pinpoint the problem—to present the dramatic statistics—it is far

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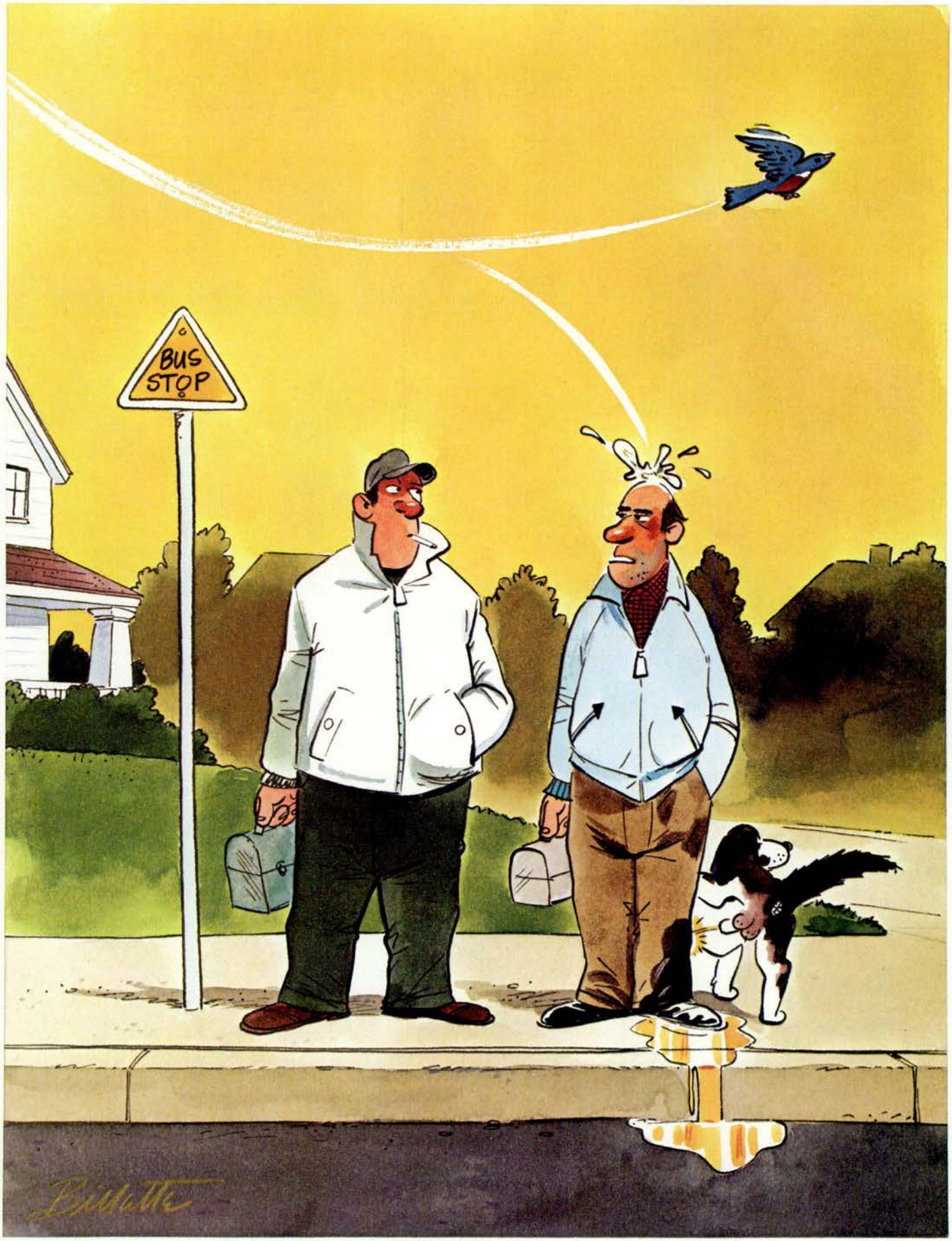
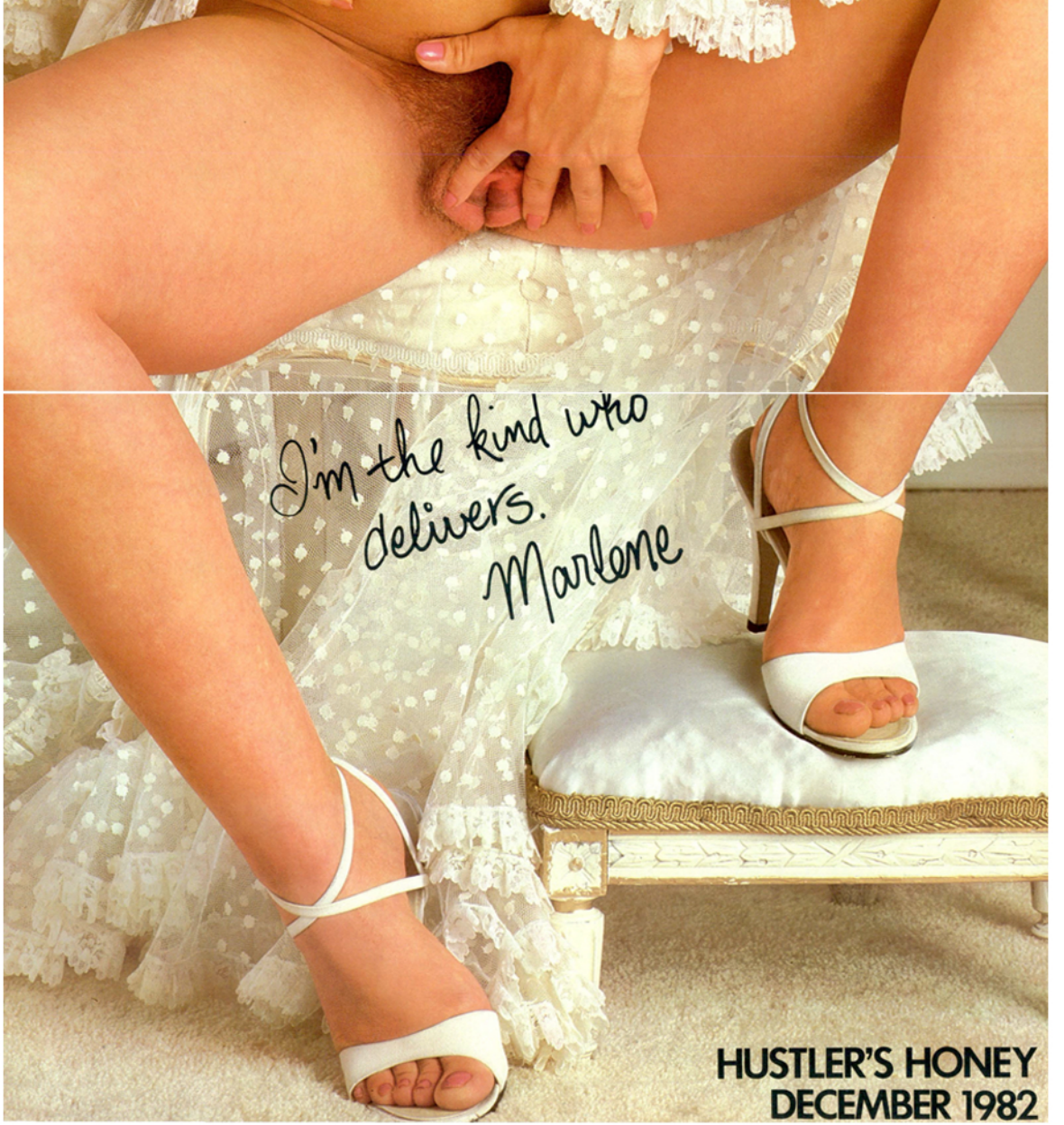


"Ever get the feeling it isn't going to be your day?"

MARLENE
SPECIAL DELIVERY
1st PLACE

When we phoned Marlene with the news she had won first place in our Centerfold Contest, she had some exciting news of her own: She was eight months' pregnant! "I'm so sorry," Marlene apologized. "I wish the timing was better." No problem, we told her. HUSTLER knew our readers would enjoy seeing motherhood in all its glory. Marlene's "extra" curves would provide an opportunity to do just that. We *carefully* flew Marlene to Los Angeles from her home in New Jersey, where she'd moved to be closer to her parents. As her motherly frame got comfortable in the studio, Marlene said she'd save the prize money for the baby. And she added, "Of all the modeling jobs I've done, this will be the most special."

Photography by Clive McLean


I'm the kind who delivers.
Marlene
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A young Polack was visiting his folks the day after his wedding. "Well," asked his father, "how did everything go last night?"

The young man replied, "Ya know, Pop, the way she was acting last night, I think I coulda fucked her!"

A drunk asked the bartender where the shitter was and then wandered out back. When the man returned, the front of his pants was covered with blood.

"What the hell happened to you?!" the bartender asked.

"I cut my dick off with my zipper," the drunk slobbered, reaching into his coat pocket and holding something up.

"That's an old cigar butt, you fool," the barkeep told him.

"Must be in the other pocket," gushed the drunk, who fished into his other pocket. "Here it is!" he beamed.

"That's a cigar butt too," the bartender said angrily.

"Holy shit!" the drunk exclaimed. "I must have smoked it!"

After spending a forbidden night on the town, two young nuns were trying to sneak through the fence surrounding their convent. "You know," giggled one as she held the wire apart for the other to crawl through, "I feel like a Marine."

"So do I," the other nun sighed, "but where are we going to find one at three in the morning?"

While her husband nonchalantly fucked her, the naked wife inquired, "Are you getting bored with our sex life?"

"Of course not," the man said dryly. "Why?"

"You used to hump me harder and faster," the woman complained.

"I'm not losing interest," the husband protested. "I'm only pumping slow so I don't knock the ash from my cigarette."

Question: Why do women like Pac-Man so much?
Answer: It's the only game where they get eaten three times for a quarter.

Two black dudes were walking home from their factory jobs. As they walked along, they discussed their wives' spending habits. "I don't understand how that woman can spend so much money," one fellow finally exclaimed. "I mean, dig, she don't drink, and she's got her *own* pussy!"

A biker came out of a gas-station restroom and saw one of his buddies doing complicated acrobatic flips and twists. Turning to another bro', the biker remarked, "I didn't know Jack was an acrobat!"

His pal replied, "He didn't either till his motorcycle chain broke and slapped him in the balls."

Question: What do rabbis do with the foreskins after circumcisions?
Answer: They sell them to gays as chewing gum.

The nervous secretary barged into her boss's office. "What is it?!" the boss said sternly.

The young woman stood in front of his desk and said, "Mr. Jenkins, I've become a feminist recently, and I'm here to make some demands!"

"What are they?" the man said gruffly.

The secretary took a deep breath and continued. "I want a raise in salary, I want you to hire an extra assistant, and if you want to keep fucking me, you'll have to buy your *own* rubbers!"

The homosexual decided to finally confess his preference to his mother. He summoned up his courage and visited her in the salon where she was a manicurist. "Mama, I've got to talk to you."

"So sit down, dear," the woman said. "I'll do your nails while we talk." She went to work while the son tried to bare his secret.

"There's something I must tell you," he said. "It's bothered me for months."

"Is it that you're gay?" the woman blurted.

"But how did you know?!"

"I just figured it out, dear," the mother smiled. "You've got shit under your fingernails."

The bartender approached the dazed fellow at the bar. "Anything the matter? You've been belting them down pretty good all day," he said.

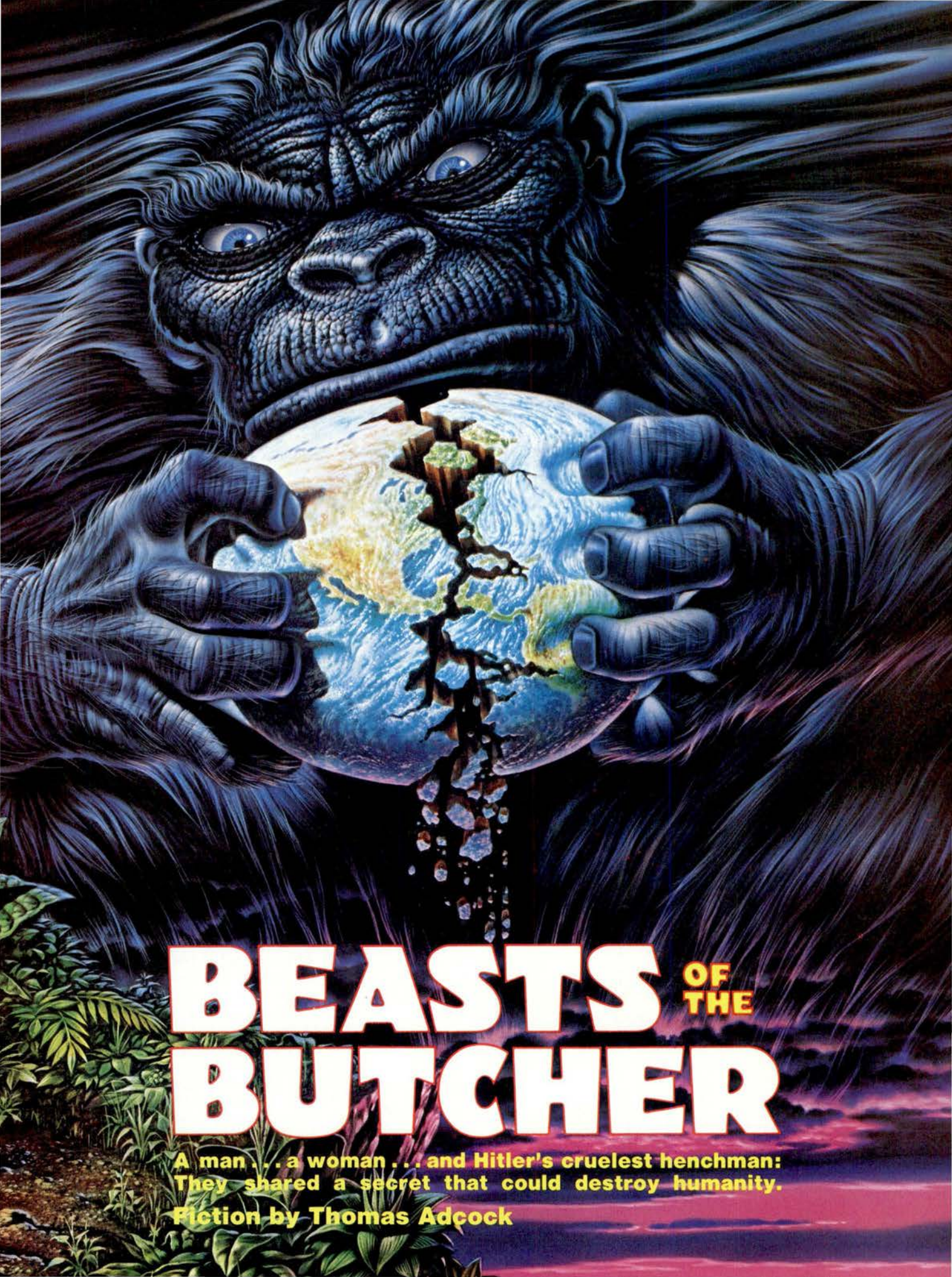
"My wife died a few days ago," the man said.

"I'm sorry," the bartender said. "It must be hard to lose a wife."

"Hard?!" the widower laughed. "It was fucking near impossible!"

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

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER

A man . . . a woman . . . and Hitler's cruelest henchman: They shared a secret that could destroy humanity.

Fiction by Thomas Adcock

I am writing from a sanatorium in Connecticut. My name is Ross Mitchell, and I was a journalist. For the past three years I have tried each day to sort out the truth of what happened to me on my last and biggest assignment. And still I don't know whether I am haunted by *real* memories—or by recurring nightmares.

The doctors have decided, in their wisdom, that I must deny what I cannot forget. My editor calls this prescription "sound medical advice." He says that if I heed it, he might see about my working again.

On sunny days they put me in a chair, with a blanket over my legs, and I sit near the water. I watch great white gulls streak across the sky.

Yet even on those especially restful days, when the sun and the bracing salt air nourish me—and when I am indeed tempted to pretend I never saw Paraguay or Adela or any of the rest of it—I write in my journal, over and over and over again: "While much is too strange to be believed, nothing is too strange to have happened. . . . While much is too strange to be believed, nothing is too strange to have happened. . . ."

* * *

As best I can recall, it began on a very warm September day in New York City, where I am—was—a respected correspondent for the Pan-Europa News Agency of London. Although I'm British, I had lived in America for years. I was in the middle of writing a complicated story about a Third World wrangle at the United Nations, with the pressure of a transatlantic-cable deadline facing me. My secretary walked in, apologized for breaking my concentration, and dropped a document on my desk. "Urgent," she said.

It was in Spanish, a language in which I am fluent, and dated 25 years earlier—July of 1954. It was a certificate from the Supreme Court of Paraguay. And it concerned the naturalization of a German immigrant. The essential legalese was familiar to me—and the man in question was *chillingly* familiar.

". . . The petitioner, of German nationality, resides in this country permanently and has on deposit in the Bank of Paraguay the sum of 5,000 *guaranis* [$250]. Resolved: To authorize a Paraguayan nationalization card for Dr. Josef Mengele."

Obviously, they were not taking the man in for his money. But, assuming the document was genuine, I was looking at solid evidence that Josef Mengele, the "butcher of Auschwitz" and the most wanted Third Reich fugitive, had been offered sanctuary in Paraguay. While it had always been rumored that Mengele was a guest of President Alfredo Stroessner's long-lived Fascist regime, Paraguay had hotly denied that Mengele had ever so much as set foot in the country. But now this document, signed by the chief justice of the Paraguayan Supreme Court, proved that was a lie.

"Where did you get this?" I asked my secretary.

"There's a woman outside," she said. "She insists on seeing you at once. She gave me the document and told me to tell you she admired your stories about Nazi war criminals living in the United States. She read them in Germany, in *Die Welt*. Her name is Adela Trauter."

"Show her in," I said, thinking excitedly, *What a story! If only it's true.* I had a youthful capacity for enthusiasm once.

I had no idea, of course, that Adela Trauter would be so beautiful, and certainly no idea that we would become lovers within a fortnight . . . that we would travel together to South America . . . and that we would see the ghastly things we saw. I knew only what she said: that she'd been drawn to me by my stories of Nazis in America—a series that had caused quite a stir in Washington and in Bonn, the capital of West Germany.

I hadn't written about those frequent subjects of popular fiction—desperate, hunted old Nazis living in slums all over South America, impotent in their poverty and infirmity, timidly seeking furtive encounters with one another to speak the mother tongue. Instead, I had written about quietly robust old men who had found satisfying lives in America's own suburbs. These men had prospered in the New World they'd once sought to conquer. They were respected in their communities. And if perhaps they were sorry for what they had done a long time ago, they made no apologies to their neighbors for their deeds. Nor were such apologies ever requested, even when their neighbors knew their past.

As I thought about the revelations I'd penned, Adela Trauter walked in, and I closed the door behind her.

She was tall and blond, and she moved gracefully, like an athlete. She was dressed in a smart denim jacket and khaki slacks, Frye boots and a yellow blouse with a green palm tree embroidered over one of her breasts. Her hair was thick and clean, and hung straight as a Dutch boy's. I guessed her age at 35.

We shook hands, and I offered her the chair at the side of my desk. She sat down—very hesitantly for someone who had just barged into my office with a document every journalist in the world would welcome—and lighted a cigarette. But then she seemed to gather her

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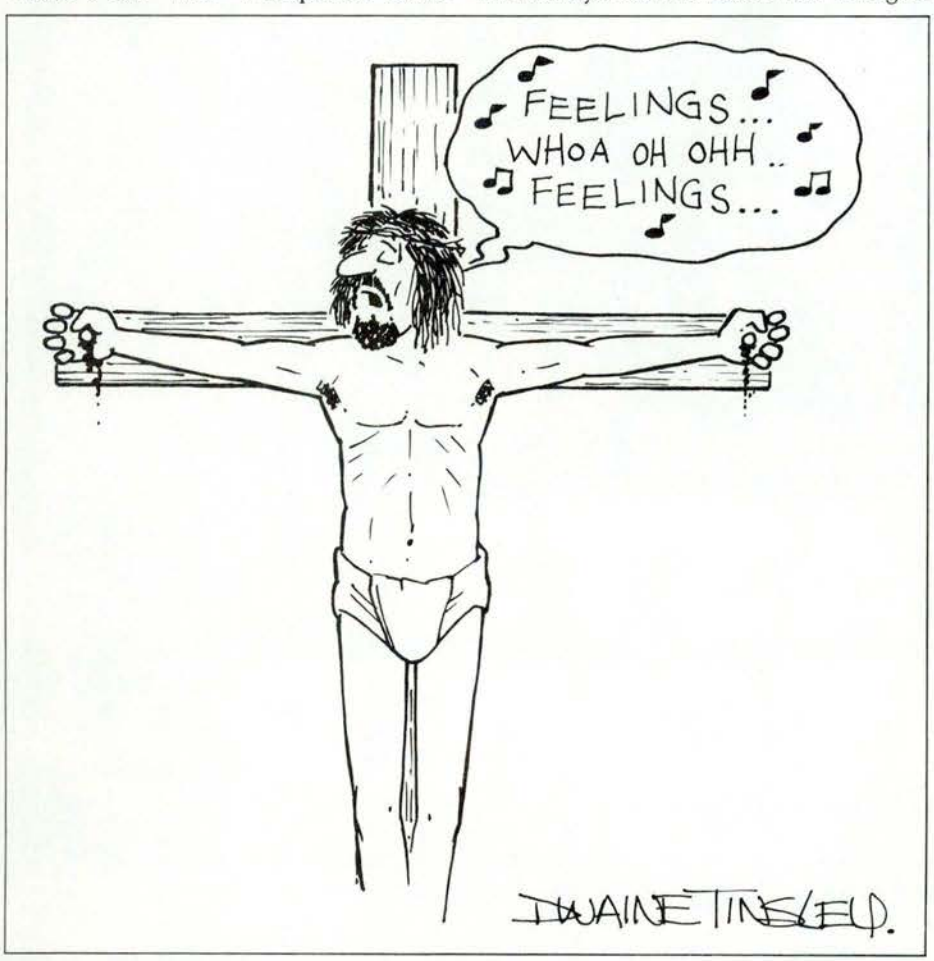
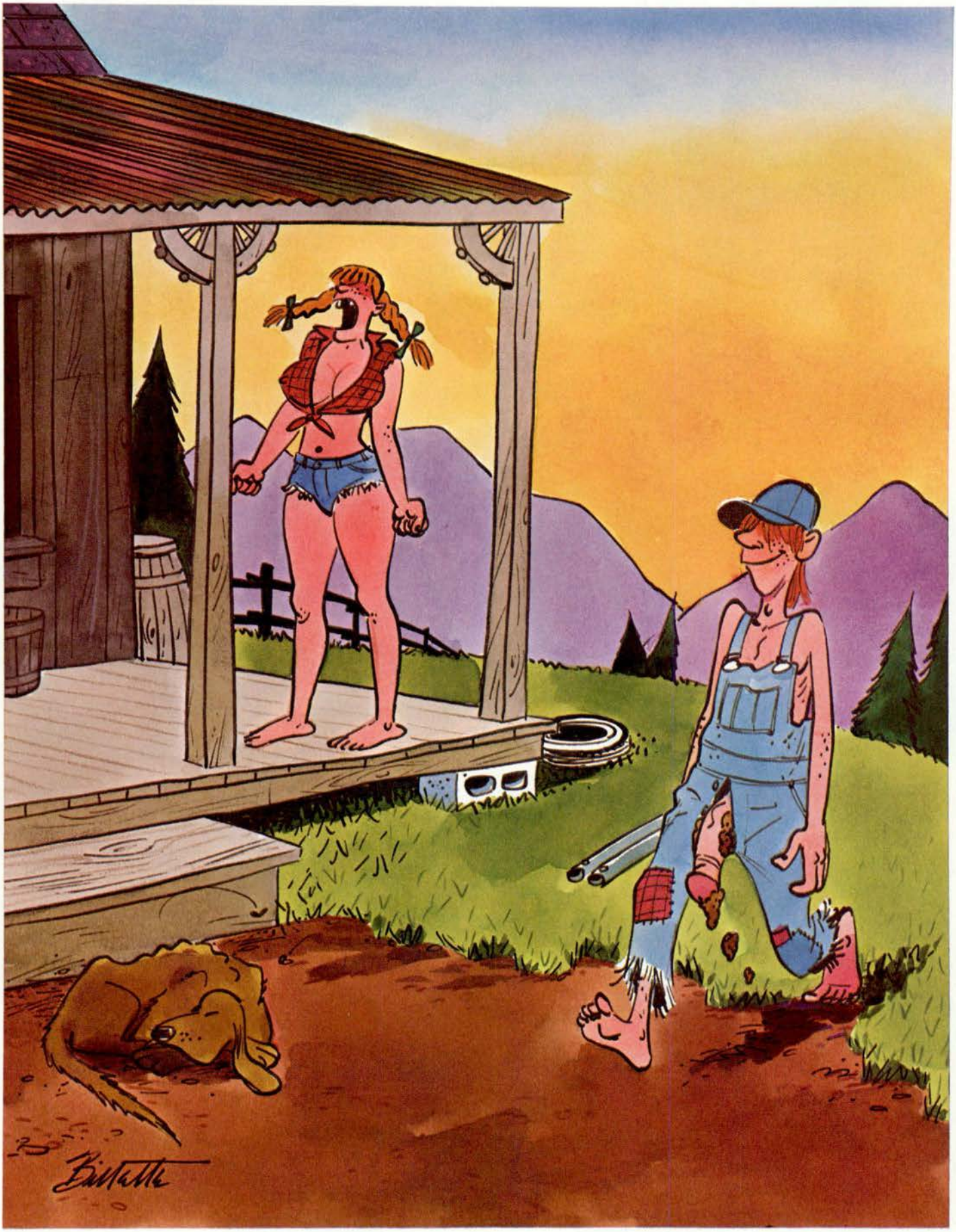
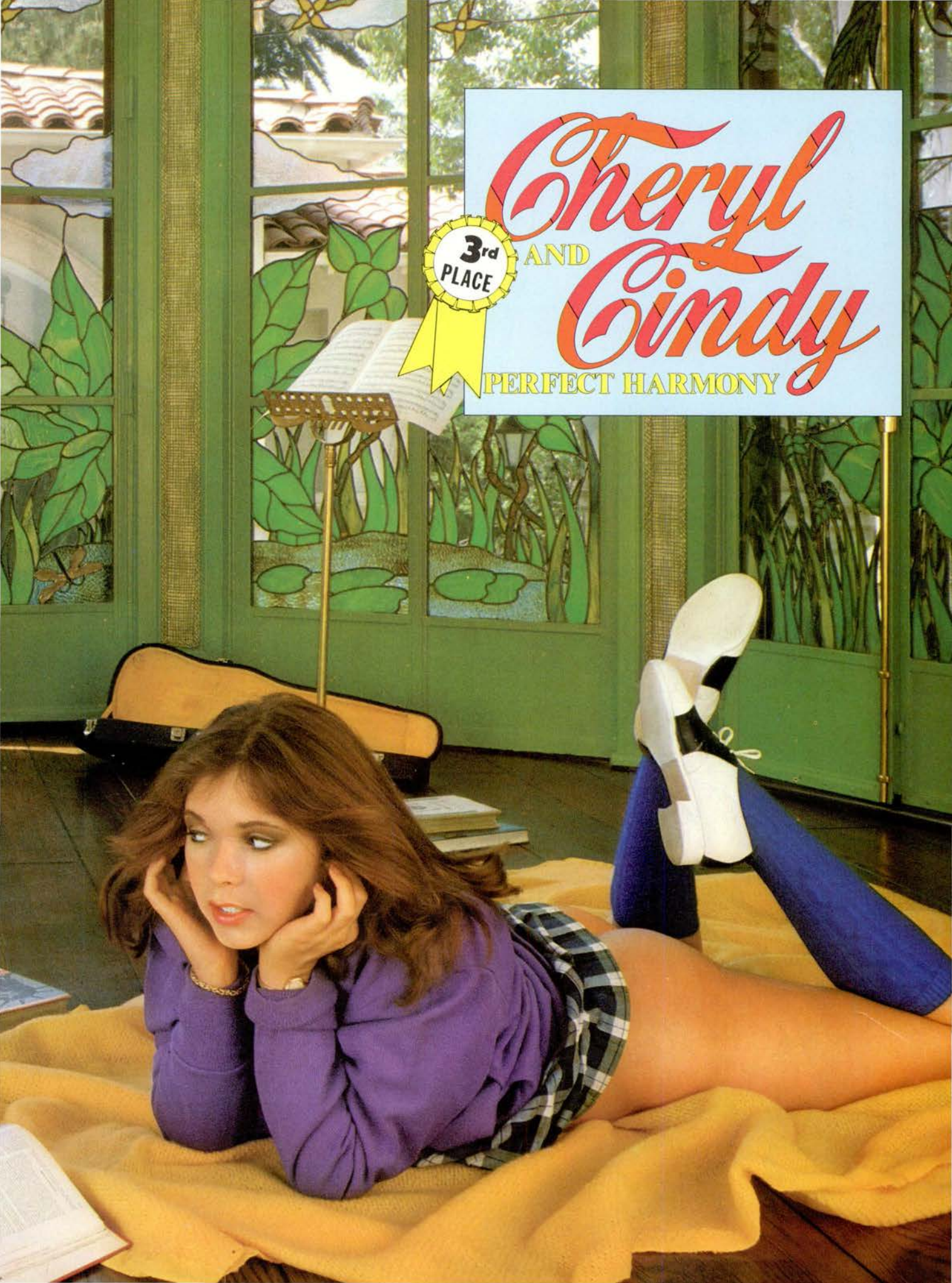




"Ma! Jimmy-Bob's got cow shit on his pecker again!"

Photography by Matti Klatt


Cheryl
AND
Cindy
3rd PLACE
PERFECT HARMONY

Cheryl's talent for the violin is only one of her many irresistible charms. She was excited when she saw the location and especially so when she met the young model named Cindy we picked for her shooting. Cheryl, the third-place finisher in our Centerfold Contest, fell in love with the possibilities immediately. "This reminds me of a fantasy I had about getting it on with my best girlfriend when I was a kid," she said with a playful grin. Looking into Cindy's eyes, Cheryl had a feeling something naughty and nice was about to happen. Acting on impulse, she slipped one of her delicate hands inside her new friend's blouse and smiled when she felt how wet her own panties were. The light from the garden warmed their sweet-smelling skin as each and every inch was kissed with increasing passion. Finally, their pussies pressed against each other with the timing of a symphony orchestra. The two lovers came together in an orgasm worthy of a standing ovation.

BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER

(continued from page 76)

strength, and she spoke briskly in the accent of an upper-class Berliner: "Mr. Mitchell, would you be interested in meeting Josef Mengele?"

As my mouth dropped open, she deftly took the document out of my hand and tucked it away in her tote bag. Turning to the beautiful stranger, I asked, "You're serious? What is your interest in this?"

She smiled. "Isn't an interview with Mengele more important than my interests or motives?"

My visitor was right, of course. She had offered me the means, which was herself, to a journalistic coup. For my part, and in the best tradition of the crack investigative reporter, I voiced no concern for my personal safety. In fact, I said nothing at all.

Adela stubbed out her cigarette, understanding the agreement that was implied by my stunned silence. She gave me a business card bearing her name and an address on lower Broadway. There was no telephone number.

"When you're ready," she said, "contact me." Then she rose from the chair and left my office. I never did make the deadline with my U.N. file.

I spent a day and a half trying to get a line on Adela Trauter before I gave up. It was useless. No one in New York knew her, nor did anyone in Berlin or Hamburg or Bonn. None of my political or police contacts in Europe had ever heard of her. I succeeded only in running up an incredible overseas-telephone bill.

Adela Trauter was an enigma—a tantalizingly beautiful mystery woman.

When I dropped in at the address on the card, I found her in a sparsely furnished third-floor loft. There was no personal clue in the place—and no point, therefore, in pressing her for details. She obviously preferred anonymity. We drank a glass of undistinguished red wine before she asked, "When do we leave?"

* * *

We checked into the Gran Hotel del Paraguay in the capital city, Asuncion, and took a well-appointed suite with separate bedrooms. It was air-conditioned, fortunately. We would wait until our contact "found us," Adela told me. It was essential to security, she explained, to have a trusted escort through the Paraguayan interior, where questions of affiliation were asked *after* the shooting started.

For ten sizzling days we were tourists in the capital—not an easy task. How many times can one marvel at giant posters of *el Presidente* plastered all over Asuncion? And always the same official portrait!

For those same ten days, I was intensely aware of being watched: by Adela, for her own reasons, though we slept apart; by waiters, bellhops, ticket takers, news dealers and anyone else who might stand to earn a few extra *guaranis* by selling scraps of gossip about a visiting journalist from the United States and an attractive German woman to the *Departamiento de Policia*.

All of it was quite nerve-racking—especially the part about living in such close quarters with a stunning, mysterious woman. She would sit quietly for hours, reading books, newspapers and magazines, content to wait for our contact. Occasionally she would smile at me, or we would take meals together, and our hands would touch as I passed something to her. Then I would take a shower or go for a brisk walk.

On our final evening in the capital, though, we made love. And perhaps we *fell* in love. I'll never know.

I had returned to the hotel suite after my usual evening stroll around the Plaza de los Heroes and found her sitting out on the terrace in the cool night air. "May I join you?" I asked.

I was surprised by the warmth of her response. "Of course," she said. Smiling, she picked up a decanter and poured me a glass of the Paraguayan national drink—warmed scotch. It might not sound too appealing, but it felt very good going down.

She was even more beautiful than ever that night, dressed in a loose, floor-length gown whose pastels shimmered in the moonlight, the glow of the tropical stars flickering in her emerald eyes. I *told* her she was beautiful—and she surprised me again by tossing her head back and laughing almost girlishly.

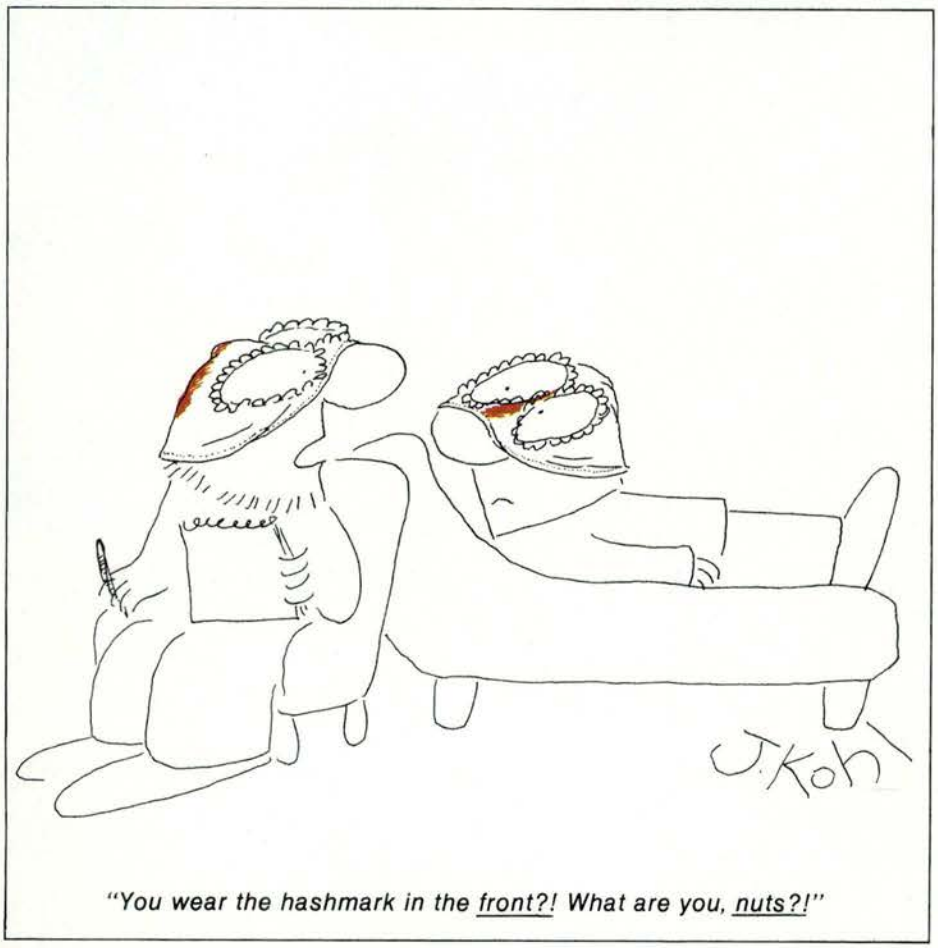
Suddenly, however, she stood and turned away. She stepped to the edge of the terrace, and I thought I heard her crying.

Adela turned back to me and dried her eyes. "You don't know anything about me," she whispered, "and it must be that way. But I want you to understand that I am not what you might think. I'm not . . . one of *them*." And she gave a slight shudder at the word.

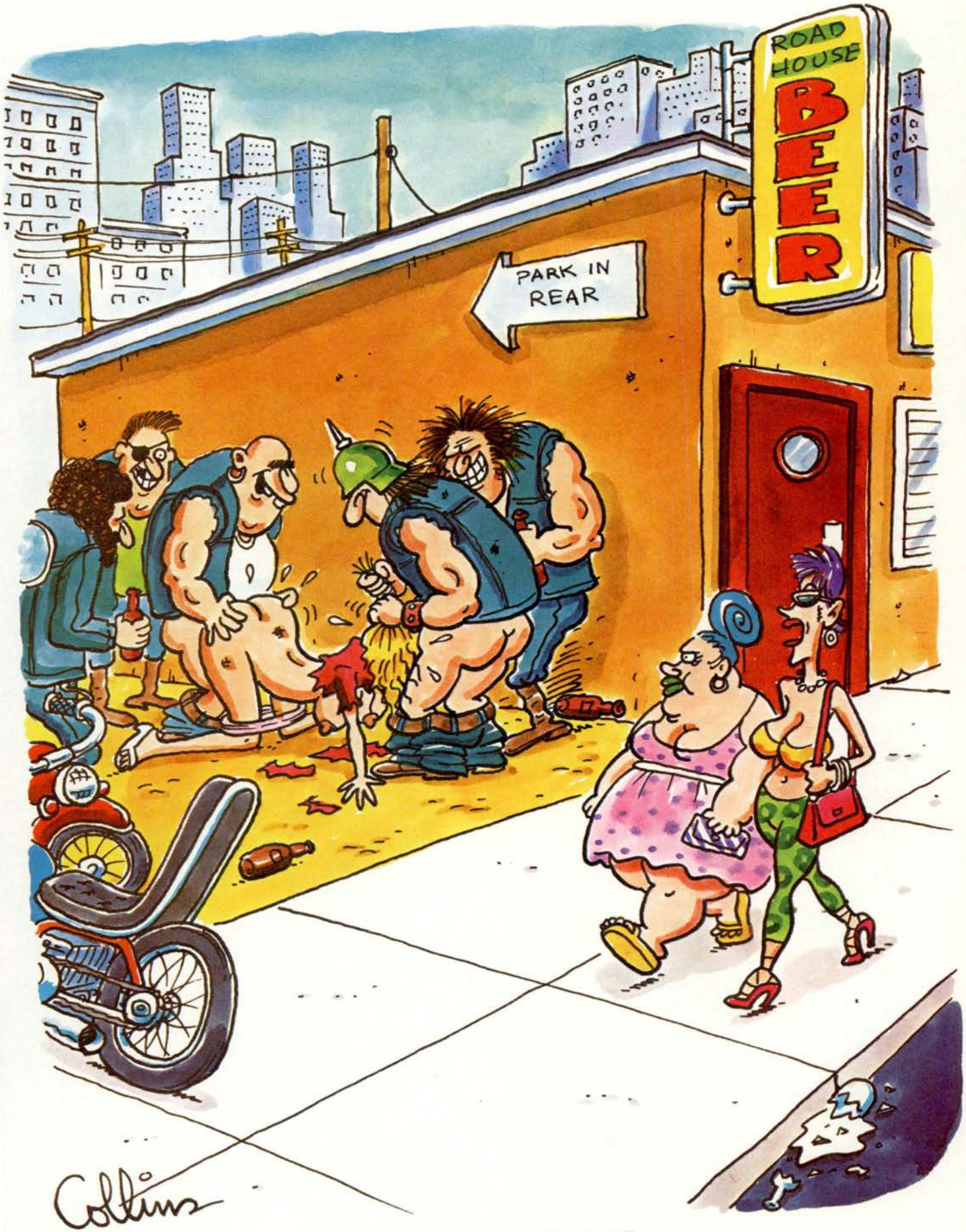
Of course, I *had* wondered about her motive. If not a Nazi herself—if not in the employ of Mengele or the political and criminal underworld that protects Nazi fugitives around the globe—then how had Adela Trauter come by Mengele's citizenship papers?

"I cannot be my own woman," she said inexplicably. "And—" She wept

(continued on page 100)



"You wear the hashmark in the front?! What are you, nuts?!"



"Some girls have all the luck."

Bad Moon Rising
Photography by Clive McLean

The stranger has stolen the most dangerous prey of all: a virgin belonging to a rival tribe. Listening to the sound of beating drums, he covers their tracks. As he lays down her bronze body in a clearing, one of his hands grabs her by the hair, while the other brutally massages her breast and squeezes her dark nipple. She screams, knowing his rock-hard manhood will soon spread her open, filling her with uncontrolled passion. The moon against the bonfire casts an eerie glow upon their primitive lust. Oblivious to the sound of the drums, she surrenders to him. They climax wildly, wondering if it will be for the last time.

BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER

(continued from page 88)

again and turned her head, not finishing whatever she had wanted to say. It hadn't occurred to me that Adela, the self-assured, almost-haughty Teutonic beauty, would find our confinement and our close proximity a pressure of some kind. Then she spoke again.

"I have risked my *life* for this!" she murmured. She looked down from the terrace, down at the silvery waters of the Rio Paraguai and the waving palms. When she was composed, she turned and smiled at me, and asked me to pour her another warm scotch.

"You don't want to drink, and you don't want to talk—not anymore tonight," I said. I slipped my arms around her slim waist and kissed her lightly.

Her lips were cool and very soft. I pressed her a little closer to me, and she did not resist. I embraced her again; she parted her lips slightly, compliantly. There was no attempt to stop me, not even as I slipped my fingers under the straps of her gown, pulled the top down slowly past her breasts, and bared them to the cool air.

I held their fullness in my hands; the honey-brown tips swelled. She gripped my arms and drew me closer to her bosom. As I caressed those sweet, firm breasts, Adela moved her hands to her hips. She grasped the lower part of her gown and drew it up over her knees, over her long, tanned thighs, and finally up around her slim waist, holding it there. She wore nothing beneath the gown.

She nudged me to my knees, and her cool fragrance assailed my nostrils like a musky perfume. I kissed her dark, moist center and felt her sway at the hips, felt her shudder deeply between her thighs, heard her low voice purr.

I lifted her in my arms and felt terribly old-fashioned, but I didn't care. She was light and clinging. I carried her into the suite and to her bed, where I placed her on the silky coverlet before stripping off my clothes. The room was perfect for lovemaking: small and airy, and filled with the moon's soft half-light, fragrant with Adela's scent, musical with her loving whispers.

Kneeling beside her on the bed, I ran my fingers down the length of her lithe, fair body. The skin was so perfect, every swell of her figure so smooth. She spread her legs, and I caressed her warm darkness again. Her petals opened, one and then another, and she whispered to me in an erotic mix of German and English:

"*Gut*... oh, so good ... *liebe*... my love ... so gentle a man!"

She took my penis into her hand and stroked it lovingly, then rose and put it between her lips, devouring it with surprising eagerness. And she touched me between my legs, softly exploring my thighs and testicles with her fingers.

I lay down beside her then, my legs entwined in hers. We looked at one another, not caring anymore how long our wait would be, wanting this stolen time to be suspended infinitely. She took my penis again and pressed it against her smooth, taut belly.

I rolled closer to her and kissed her pert nipples, my body poised over hers. Her hips rose to mine, quickly and urgently, and I felt a warm, powerful, rushing sensation as my erect cock brushed for the first time against the soft dampness of her mound. Hearing Adela's cry of pleasure at our contact, I grew even more excited.

She stroked my back with her hands as I slowly lowered myself to her, and she parted her thighs. She trailed her fingers across my tensed buttocks and slipped a finger into my anus.

I penetrated her easily, slowly filling her. I felt her tremble inside, felt the hot walls of her vagina ripple very lightly, building already toward her orgasm.

In a few seconds Adela began moaning. I buried my cock into her and groaned against her breasts. Her hips bucked wildly, and she cried out, "Harder, harder!" I rammed into her and felt her begin to come. Still I pumped into her, and still her flailing hips met me, thrust for thrust. Finally, I went over the edge, spilling my fluid deep inside her. I felt her vaginal muscles milk me of everything I had.

We embraced quietly, still united. As I withdrew, she smiled at me seductively, then reached to the nightstand for a tissue, with which she delicately daubed herself. It was as lovely and feminine an act as I'd ever seen.

I reached for her, kissed her lips gently and said, "I could love you very much, Adela." I wanted to kiss her again, and I reached out to hold her. But I was interrupted by the crack of a hard boot against the door and a man's urgent command from the hall that we must come with him.

We dressed quickly in street clothes, and Adela opened the door. A stranger rushed in, and suddenly the corrugated end of a Uzi submachine-gun barrel was wedged against my throat.

Adela stifled a scream. Whatever she had expected, it clearly wasn't this.

The man wore some sort of uniform, though I couldn't make out an insignia. He didn't speak any more than necessary, and then only in Spanish. He merely waved his Israeli-made weapon, and we did as we were told, hurrying out of

"Be polite, Son. Always take the dishes out of the sink before you piss in it."

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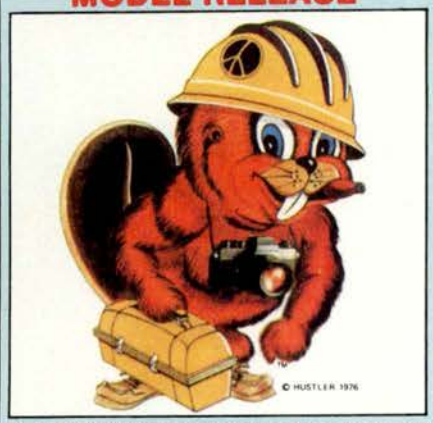

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century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

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

our room without our things. No other door had opened despite the commotion our captor had made. *Just as in Nazi Germany*, I thought. *They're all glad they're not the ones he wanted*. Stroessner's Paraguay was not so different from Hitler's Germany. Dictators are all alike—fear is their only authority.

We were marched down the back stairwell of the sleeping hotel, out of the building through a deserted service corridor, and into a cobblestone alley, where a jeep waited. We were blindfolded, our wrists and ankles were bound, and we were made to lie beneath the hinged rear seat, a tarpaulin covering us while we huddled together. As we rode off into the Paraguayan night, I could think of little else but rivers infested with piranhas, Nazis lurking in the jungles—and the curse of my own reckless nature when a beautiful woman promised an earth-shattering scoop.

Above the roar of the jeep's engine I heard Adela say, "Don't worry. This must be our contact. I'm sure we're on our way to Mengele."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Otherwise we'd be dead by now."

That was small comfort under the circumstances. But somehow I managed to sleep, though I lost all track of time. When I awakened, every muscle ached. The jeep had stopped, and I sensed that it was light. I assumed we had journeyed far into the interior.

We were uncovered, our limbs were freed, and our blindfolds were removed. Climbing out of the jeep, I could feel the incredibly brutal sun burning into my sweat-soaked face and neck. As my eyes began adjusting to the harsh daylight, I saw that we were somewhere in a desert wasteland of sand and scrub. My assumption had been right—we were far from Asuncion.

We stood at the entrance to an immense barbed-wire enclosure, a monstrous pen, horrible in its likeness to the Nazi death camp I had inspected at Auschwitz in Poland. In place of the SS guards who had once stood on the watchtowers of Auschwitz, the guard towers here were manned by soldiers of another sort. They wore uniforms like that of the man who had kidnapped us.

Inside the pen were small, olive-brown Indians with big, slanty eyes: shy, underfed women and children who watched us through the fence as we passed by. And I heard animals screeching, the howling of primates—a sound out of place in the desert. It puzzled me.

With the driver's Uzi pointing at our backs, we were directed through the entry gate of the enclosure. Row upon row of thatched huts lined the grounds as we passed through what looked to be a wretched, pitiful Indian reservation.

I glanced into the huts as we walked. Each was about the same. There were walls of tattered straw, dirt floors strewn with filth, and no furniture or bedding material. The dwellings were filled with women, all of them visibly pregnant. They crouched on their haunches, their emaciated hands protectively covering their bulging bellies, hunger and fear dulling their eyes.

Outside the huts a few children lay in the dust, all of them covered with open sores and ugly red blotches. They coughed constantly, and their noses ran.

There were almost no men in sight. A group of four ancient males, wearing lip ornaments, sat cross-legged in the center of the yard, smoking communally, their legs and arms covered with machete scars. Two boys, appearing to be in their mid-teens, watched us as we made our way toward a small cinder-block building in the far corner of the compound. I never did learn what had happened to all the men—and, looking back, I really don't want to know. But mostly I was struck by the Indian women I saw, all of them different ages and all of them pregnant.

We had almost reached the cinder-block building when a strange thing happened. An old woman, the only female I saw who wasn't pregnant, stepped across our path. She handed me a doll made of some kind of vegetation—a very small and nasty-looking thing, all dusty and dried—and ran off.

It reminded me of voodoo dolls I had seen in Haiti. But this one seemed far more sinister. It had a small head and abnormally jutting brow, monkey's shoulders and long, thick, apelike arms. It seemed to have a gorilla's deep-set eyes, but its painted face bore the expression of an enraged man. Realizing it might be a religious symbol to her—half-ape, half-god, perhaps—I did not try to give it back despite my disgust. And now, as her running figure disappeared behind a hut, I put the loathsome thing in the large pocket of my bush jacket.

Again I heard a tumult of howling and screeching. A chill sense of evil told me I had reached Josef Mengele and the center of his little world—his hellhole, his home. Adela squeezed my hand. She was shaking uncontrollably.

A tall, silver-haired man who appeared to be in his late 60s opened the front door of the building. "I am Josef Mengele," he said in English. And if you blurred his image a bit, he looked largely as he had in his photographs from the early 1940s: still straight and tall, his hair neatly trimmed, as was his pencil-

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Hunt

Is your favorite Beaver too good to be true? Then why keep a good thing secret? Just pull out your camera, snap on the flash and immortalize that gorgeous creature on film. If HUSTLER prints your color photo, we'll send your beautiful Beaver $50. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at the same rates paid to professional models. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 102, or a reasonable facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her $50.

Photo by Bill Pell

Mary, 19, from Temple City, California, dreams of being in erotic films and having sex with rock singer Ozzy Osbourne. This telephone operator enjoys riding dirt bikes, fast cars, sex, dancing and exercising.

Photo by Husband

Brazoria, Texas, is home for Kelly S., a housewife whose fantasy has been fulfilled by appearing in HUSTLER. Kelly, 22, enjoys swimming, bowling and skiing.

Photo by Ron Feldman

Waterskiing, camping and fishing are among the hobbies of Mindy Weisz. This 22-year-old nursing aide from Creve Coeur, Missouri, would love to be in an orgy on the beach.

Photo by Husband

Alicia Chacon is a dancer who enjoys horseback riding. This 28-year-old from Garland, Texas, dreams of taking on the Dallas Cowboys while she's tied up.

Photo by Frank Garza

"Making love in the Garden of Eden and becoming a sex goddess" would fulfill the fantasies of Crystal. This 21-year-old housewife and mother from Bethpage, New York, likes horseback riding, swimming and sex.

Photo by Robert

Karri, 18, would love to "get in a 69" with Sylvester Stallone. This housewife from Memphis, Tennessee, fills her time with swimming, tennis and nude sunbathing.

Arlene G. dreams of having sex on a beach with two well-hung men. This 21-year-old housewife from Carson, California, enjoys dancing and swimming.

Photo by Richard

Photo by Boyfriend

Lisa, 22, is a cashier who hails from Las Vegas, Nevada. She enjoys topless sunbathing, horseback riding and meeting people, and she fantasizes about "being a nude model for a top magazine."

Photo by Rick

L.W. is a 22-year-old housewife from Lancaster, California, who enjoys sex, camping and cooking, and loves to flash her body. Her fantasy is to be featured in a HUSTLER pictorial and "to meet the one and only Mr. Flynt."

Photo by Husband

"Getting head while giving birth" would satisfy the fantasies of Brenda Dixon. This 28-year-old student from Sacramento, California, is into singing, dancing and nude modeling.

Photo by Joe

Tracy Maines is a 22-year-old painting contractor from Springhill, Florida. She enjoys playing the guitar and having sex, and she would love to have a full pictorial in HUSTLER and "to be able to hypnotize men."

Photo by Tim C.

Sheri L. is a 21-year-old legal secretary from New Cumberland, Pennsylvania. She roller-skates, parties and watches soap operas, and she dreams of making love on the beach at sunset.

Mickie is a 23-year-old bartender from Ellensburg, Washington, whose hobbies are swimming, men, animals and football. She fantasizes about making love "with the most handsome man I could imagine, and being treated like a lady."

Photo by Friend

Photo by Larry W. Perry Jr.

Beverly is a 23-year-old housewife from Denison, Texas, who enjoys horseback riding, sewing and skating. Her fantasy—"having my husband take pictures of me in the nude outside and having them published in HUSTLER"—has been fulfilled.

(continued from page 102)

thin mustache. His eyes were light brown and flecked with green, clear and not watery; his gaze was steady and unashamed.

I couldn't stop looking at his hands—those hands responsible for so many insane cruelties in the name of science: injecting dye into the eyes of Jewish infants whose mothers were forced to watch the spectacle; the crippling surgery performed without anesthesia on young Slavs by Mengele himself, who slashed into their legs with his scalpel to drain their bones of marrow. And there was the most haunting image of all: those hands waving from atop a pedestal, left or right, signifying either medical torture or immediate extermination.

I couldn't help wondering what fiendish new experiments this ghoul had devised. Whatever they were, his satanic old eyes sparkled with an obscene pride as he politely uttered, "You must be weary from your trip."

Clearly, he was burning with excitement. As he held the door open for us, something moved in the periphery of my vision: The two teenage Indian boys had followed us, and they were watching us closely.

The cinder-block building was Mengele's home. Though drab on the outside, its interior was well appointed in the European style—with gilt-framed paintings and plush furniture. After we had been shown into guest bedrooms and been given time to bathe, Adela and I had a meal of steak and eggs in a small dining area. Then we were shown into Mengele's nearby salon, where he offered us French wine and warmed scotch. Three Indian women acted as servants; they too were pregnant.

"You are to see the culmination of my life's work," Mengele announced eagerly, his expression changing from pride to disapproval as he added, "—the work distorted by the Jew press."

Looking as if he were bestowing a medal upon me, he added, "You, *Herr* Mitchell, have been brought here to be told the entire story. It is my hope that you will return to New York at the end of your visit and that you will tell the world what you have seen here in Paraguay—the *humanitarian* works of Josef Mengele. Then history will change its verdict about me."

He rose. "Our time is short. Come!" That frenzied eagerness quickened his voice and his stride as he led us out of the salon.

We followed him through his quarters and out a back door, entering a shaded area that was hidden by his house from the view of the Indians in the main yard. It was the site of the animal screeching I had heard earlier, whose source I now saw as we walked past rows of steel cages. They contained great apes of various species. Seeing Adela, they started to masturbate.

A rage grew within me, and I wasn't sure why. I knew only that I longed to see Mengele covered in sand to his neck. I wanted to see this living symbol of genocide and evil being stoned to death by all of his dead victims.

And I wanted to run. But there was the ever-present man with the Uzi at my back—not to mention the other guards throughout the compound. We followed Mengele into a dark, stone building filled with the sound of animal grunts and the overpowering stench of excrement. In the dim light I could make out tiers of steel cages, each barely large enough to hold a man. The topmost row was flush with the ceiling.

And then, when I was able to make out the inhabitants of the cages and recognized what these creatures must have been, I staggered backward and vomited.

Adela's piercing screams filled the huge, warehouselike interior of the stone building. Her screams were met with an insanely raucous chorus of grunts and howls. Mengele flipped on a bank of overhead lights, which washed the scene in a horrible, surreal glow. His brown eyes danced.

I looked again at the things in the cages. They were small and male and mean, with a dark, leathery skin and fierce, baboon eyes. Their hands and feet were strong and well defined, very human—the hands clearly capable of highly intelligent use. Their shoulders and chests were round and powerful, like those of apes. But their legs were longer and appeared suited to prolonged walking and running.

One of the things eyed Adela and, like the apes outside, began masturbating. Another stretched his hand out of the cage and tried to grasp her hair, and she screamed again.

Guards rushed the creatures, jabbing them back with the butts of their rifles. Then the entire caged population chattered and screeched their rage.

Seemingly unaware of the frenzy, Mengele beamed. His thin lips curled upward, and I saw his perfect teeth. "For years," he said to me, as if he were lecturing a medical class, "I tried my theory in countless experiments. And now you see that I have done it! The problem, of course, was to find the proper human recipient of the ape's sperm."

Adela leaned heavily against me and

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03121	$19.95	01610	$29.95	00331	$ 9.95	09076	$ 5.95
01180	$16.95	08458	$29.95	09449	$10.95	08409	$ 5.95
03954	$ 8.95	05199	$14.95	05306	$ 4.95	08003	$ 5.95
08417	$13.95	04945	$19.95	05488	$ 4.95	00026	$ 8.95
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02600	$29.95	00471	$ 9.95	08243	$ 4.95	01263	$19.95
		05637	$12.95	06023	$ 5.95	½ oz. 03574	$ 4.95
		09407	$ 4.95	08326	$ 5.95	1½ oz. 03657	$ 7.95

Name

Signature (I am over 18 years of age)

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seemed about to faint. She whispered, "I had no idea—"

Mengele continued, oblivious to our reactions. "The task, then, was to find a people genetically closest to the ape: a primitive race, with an abundant supply of females for artificial insemination and a highly secret location. We found the Ache people here in Paraguay—a dying breed of humanity, at best, which we have in a sense preserved."

A wave of disgust spread through me as I listened to Mengele's evil, cursed ramblings. The aging Nazi was so consumed by vile racism that he was blind to the pure contempt in my eyes when I stared at him as if he were the most loathsome of reptiles.

My head spun as I listened to Mengele calmly recite the insane steps of his perverted experimentation, which had begun in the Nazi death camps of Europe and was now bearing fruit in South America. I faced conflicting instincts: to stay and get every sordid detail for my story, or to leave—to wonder about escaping *now*. I wondered too if I would be believed. This fiend had managed, in a sense, to reverse evolution, returning mankind to that prehistoric borderline between human and ape. To turn back the progress of humanity—that was his great "contribution," his source of boastful pride.

"Your work is, you say, humanitarian?" I asked.

Mengele stopped in his tracks. "Yes! No man need go to war ever again. Armies can be composed of these beasts. Wars can be fought without human death—without nuclear destruction.

"I have developed a beast of burden with the fundamental physical and primary intellectual attributes of man. A beast, yet a human; a human, yet a beast." He leaned closer to me and said softly, "And—*dispensable*. *Herr* Mitchell, I have brought these creatures into the world to serve and to die."

The full horror of Mengele—the meaning of his life's work—overpowered me, and I was rendered speechless. Adela's fingers dug into my arm. Whatever her stake in helping him publicize his experiments, she clearly hadn't known their real nature—couldn't have guessed at it. I felt my legs quake. Light seemed to fade into falling sheets of black. Mengele merely smiled.

Then, from somewhere behind us, a scuffle broke out. I spun around, dazed, incapable of being surprised by anything more. With a sharpened stone the two Indian youths quickly and savagely cut the throat of the soldier who had kidnapped us.

One of the boys picked up the man's Uzi and ran in a serpentine course across the floor of the room, ducking as stunned guards fired at him. His companion was shot dead. The boy with the Uzi killed three guards, firing at them clumsily but with a superior purpose: his rage at the insult to his people and his determination to liberate what they had been made to spawn. From the body of a guard he took a ring of keys, and he ran, opening cage after cage. The beasts began pouring out, some felled immediately by the remaining guards, others rampaging out of the building as they sought their freedom.

The Indian boy walked slowly toward us. We stood in the center of the building, swarms of the beasts rushing by. Mengele was trembling now. He seemed dumbfounded and in fear of his life. The boy trained the Uzi on us all, and we hastily left the building.

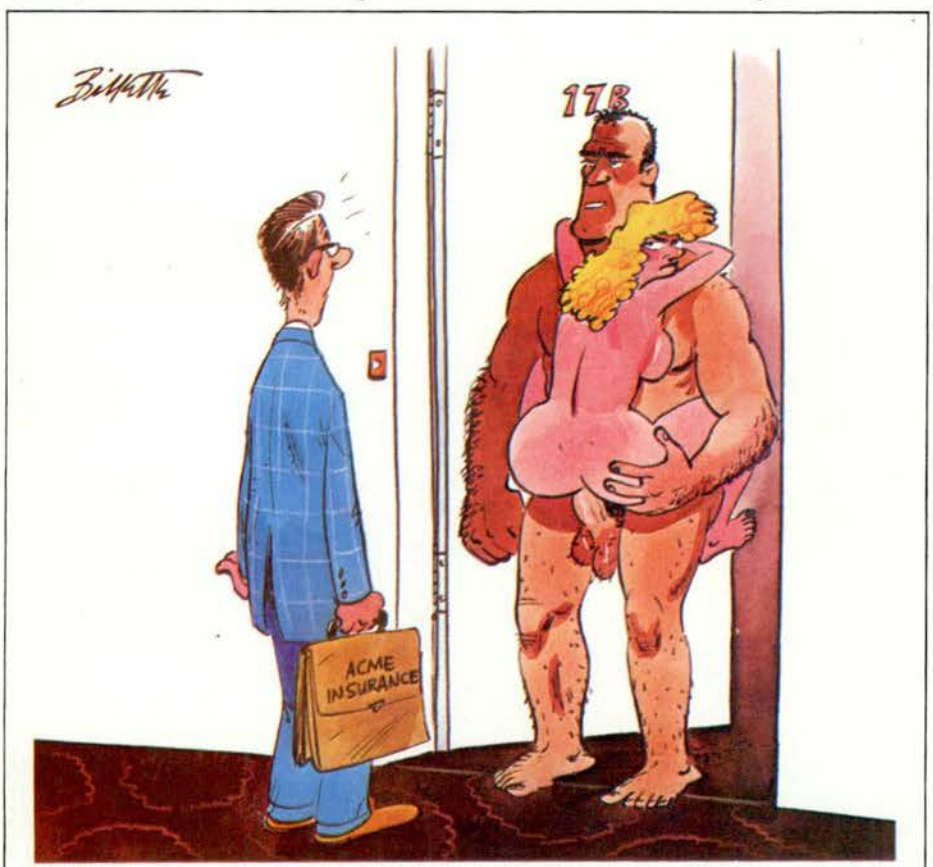
Outside, in the main yard, the beasts were falling to the concentrated firing of the compound guards, who were shooting from high up in the towers along the barbed-wire fence. And then a horde of the beasts attacked a tower, easily scaling the framework of metal beams, their long, muscular arms working relentlessly upward. Four of them managed to get to the top before one was shot. The others, oblivious to their fallen comrade, killed the guards by snapping their necks in their hands and then tossed them off the parapet.

One of the beasts, larger than the rest, stood atop the tower and screamed in a savage triumph of brute strength. His huge hands clutched a head, which he had wrenched from the body of a guard. The beast squeezed it, and the guard's skull burst like a melon, showering brains and blood from the tower.

On the ground below lay perhaps a hundred beasts, their strange bodies strewn all over the compound. But there were many more. Soon, I knew, all the guards would be dead. They could not defend themselves against such savage numbers scaling the towers—a shrieking army, creatures born to fight, with not the slightest sense of self-preservation. They were commanded in some bizarre way by the Indian boy who stood with us, pressing the Uzi into Mengele's back.

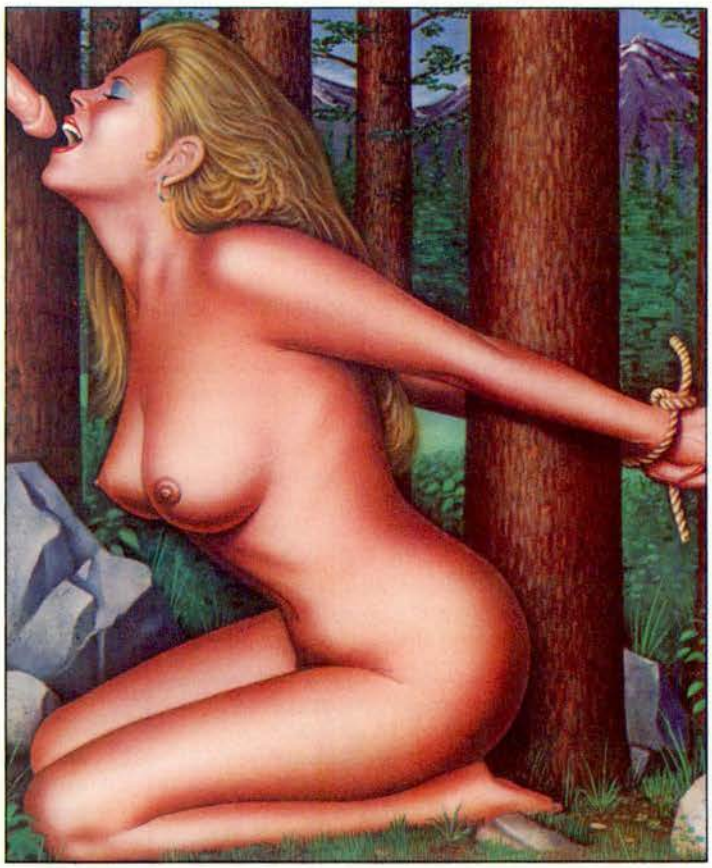
One of the old men of the tribe walked slowly our way. He and the boy communicated in their Indian tongue. Behind the old man, the beasts that had not yet climbed the towers to freedom were pulling limbs off the dead guards. One guard who remained alive, his body broken by the fall, found the strength to raise his gun and aim it toward us. I covered Adela's head with my arms and dived to the ground with her. The In-

(continued on page 128)



"This better be good, Mister."

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 six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



TAMING OF THE BITCH

by Rachel Edwards

I can be a real bitch when I put my mind to it. I'll always find something to complain about even if nothing's wrong. Phil, my old man, is really patient with me. But from time to time he gets pissed off and puts his foot down. He did that on our last vacation—and I'll never forget it! It was a strange revenge.

I was in a bad mood when we left our home in Idaho for California, because I didn't feel like taking a long trip. And I was in an even worse mood when we got there.

Our first night on the road was spent in a small motel. Phil was feeling very passionate, but I turned him down cold without even an explanation. The truth is, I was just being mean. It gave me a wonderful feeling of power to give him a hard time.

When he took my refusal in stride without making a fuss, I got bitchier and bitchier. Finally, I started a hell of a fight over the cheapness of the accommodations. It ended only when the people in the next room started banging on the wall because of the noise.

We drove all the next day without speaking. That night, we arrived at a California state park, where we had reservations to stay for several days in a nice little cabin. We retired angrily to our twin beds, still giving each other the silent treatment.

Phil got up early the next morning and went out before I was up. He came back a couple of hours later with some food and fixed breakfast cheerfully, acting as if we were on the best of terms. That really burned me up.

After we had eaten, Phil said he'd found some great hiking trails and that as soon as I was ready we would go hiking. I was suspicious of the way he was acting. But I couldn't think of a good reason to turn him down, because getting away from it all was why we had made the trip. So I got dressed and went along.

We started on an easy, well-marked trail, but I began to complain almost immediately that it was too steep and dusty. Phil ignored me. There were a lot of other people on the trail, and so I didn't get a chance to say much to him.

Suddenly, he turned off the trail and started through the trees. I groaned through clenched teeth, but I kept on following him. We came to a steep hill, and he climbed straight up it with no problem. And *I'd* been complaining about the climb *before!* I kept stumbling over bushes and getting slapped by one tree branch after another. I was boiling mad. Though Phil's face didn't show any trace of emotion, he seemed to be secretly enjoying the situation, which made me even madder.

When I reached the top of the hill, all out of breath, Phil was standing and looking back the way we had come. You couldn't even see the main trail. "Perfect!" he said and pulled a piece of rope out of his pocket. Then he grabbed me and pushed me toward a leaning pine tree. Phil is a lot stronger than I am, naturally. I just have a strong mouth.

I asked him what in the hell he was doing, but he said nothing. By that time he was pulling my T-shirt over my head. I struggled with him, but of course it was useless—he got it off. He shoved me backward against the rough bark of the tree. Then he quickly reached behind me and tied both my hands to the trunk. My bare breasts felt bruised and sore from the struggle, and the bark of the tree hurt my back.

I told him that if he didn't knock it off, I'd start yelling for help. But he pulled my shoes and socks off, and then tugged my shorts and panties down to my knees. Lifting my legs, he pulled the clothes completely off, leaving me nude and afraid.

"Go ahead and yell," he grinned. "When someone gets here, they'll find you bare-ass naked." He carefully bundled my clothes together, put them under his arm, then turned and walked back down the hill, disappearing from sight.

For several minutes I just leaned painfully against the tree, catching my breath and waiting for him to come back. I yelled for him several times—but not too loudly. I didn't want to call attention to myself.

There was no answer. I yelled again, more loudly. Then it began to dawn on me that he might be serious about this. After all, I'd been giving him hell for several days. Well, now the tables were turned, and *he* was the one with the power. In fact, I was totally helpless.

I tried to pull the ropes loose, but they were tied very well. Even if I'd gotten free, I don't think I would have had the nerve to go back down to the trail stark naked.

Illustration by Pat Dunn

I was scared. What if he just left me there, got in the car and drove on by himself? It seemed like an hour or two had passed when I heard someone coming through the trees. I breathed a sigh of relief. The bushes parted, and a handsome blond teenager pushed through. He was wearing ragged cutoff jeans that showed off his muscular legs and a tight white T-shirt that revealed his well-built chest and his equally muscular arms. Like his legs, they had a haze of golden hairs on them. He was a very sexy guy.

Nevertheless I froze, hoping he wouldn't see me. But he did. His face broke out in a kind of dumb grin, and he shuffled over to me as if he were happy but a bit embarrassed to find me.

"Hi!" I said, as cheerfully as I could. "How about untying me?" He shook his head and eyed me from top to bottom. I didn't like the situation at all. He seemed to be the strong, silent type—*very* strong. He reached out and started caressing my breasts with his right hand.

I warned him to knock it off, but he just grinned. His other hand reached into my crotch, and he fingered it clumsily. I was scared, but it just naturally felt so good that my nipples started to get hard. I relaxed a little, watching him warily. He spread my lower lips and rammed a finger inside my cunt.

I shouted at him to be careful. He jumped back and suddenly looked scared. For a minute I thought he was going to run away, and I realized I didn't want that. He had started to turn me on. I decided to take the plunge and told him that what he was doing was okay, but to be gentle and take his time. I couldn't believe what I was saying! I'd never been unfaithful.

He grinned eagerly and quickly pressed against me. Slowly he worked his finger into my pussy. I moaned softly. His confidence leaped, and soon his hands were very busy as his lips worked their way down my neck to my aching nipples. I asked him to untie me, but he ignored that.

This kid was as awkward as a virgin—and maybe he was. So I instructed him as he cupped and sucked my breasts, French-kissed my mouth and finger-banged me till I thought I'd go mad with pleasure.

Finally, it occurred to him to take his pants off. His cock was huge—long and thick, with a slight curve upward. He held it lightly in his hand and tried several times to get that rod into my cunt before he made it, sort of bouncing from side to side on his well-muscled legs. Once in, he followed my instructions exactly, going slowly at first, then faster as I told him to. His hands were all over my swollen tits as he fucked me, and I ached to get *my* hands on *him*, to feel those hard, rippling muscles.

He came very quickly—*too* quickly. But I told him to keep going, hoping he wouldn't get soft before I'd had enough of his big, juicy cock thrusting into me. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the feel of his firm body and the woodsy smell of his skin to speed up my own climax while he was still hard. It took me less than a minute to come.

Next thing I knew, he was gone. In a moment my husband appeared through the trees. I glared at him and demanded he untie me, but he still wouldn't. Instead, he slipped a hand between my legs and grinned.

"What a sloppy mess! I'm horny, but not horny enough to put my cock in that slop," he said. Then he forced me to sit, letting the rope slip down the tree trunk. He dropped his pants and knelt, and I saw his cock was hard—just level with my face. He rubbed it against my lips. I was still hot to trot; so I let him shove it inside my mouth and began to give him the best head I knew how. In return, he reached down and stroked and strummed my pussy as only *he* knows how. I had one powerful orgasm after another, grinding my ass between his hand and the rough bark of the tree. All the while, I licked and sucked his cock until the muscles in his abdomen got tighter and the force of his thrusts grew stronger.

Phil was gasping and moaning like a crazy man. Just as he came, he yanked his cock out of my mouth—and shoved it against my nose. I felt his cum shoot up my nostrils, filling them until I inhaled it and coughed. I tried to snort my nose clear but ended up sneezing cum all over my chest. Phil couldn't stop laughing.

He untied me, gave me my clothes, and we dressed. Then we walked slowly back to the main trail. He said the least I could do was thank him.

"Sure," I said, "I just love being tied naked to a tree all day." Then he blew my mind. He said he had to wait quite a while for that kid to come up the trail—and that it hadn't been easy convincing him to go up to me.

"You lousy bastard!" I yelled. "You were watching the whole time!" He laughed. I slapped his face as hard as I could. But he warned me to be careful or he'd tie me up again. Then I saw him smile, and I started to laugh. In fact, we *both* laughed all the way back to our cabin. Since then, I've been very careful about picking fights with Phil. I only do it often enough to keep me happy—and, I sometimes suspect, to keep *him* happy. Oh, yes. We're quite a pair. Never a dull moment.

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CAUTION...Persons under medical care for high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes or thyroid disease should consult a physician before taking any of these products. Do not exceed recommended dosages and keep out of reach of children.

I also understand that you're Stimulants normally cost **$10 for 100 (or $45 for 1,000**—with additional discounts for bulk shipments)...and that I'm invited to call (516) 585-8000 for further information, between 9 AM and 11 PM, Mon. thru Sat.

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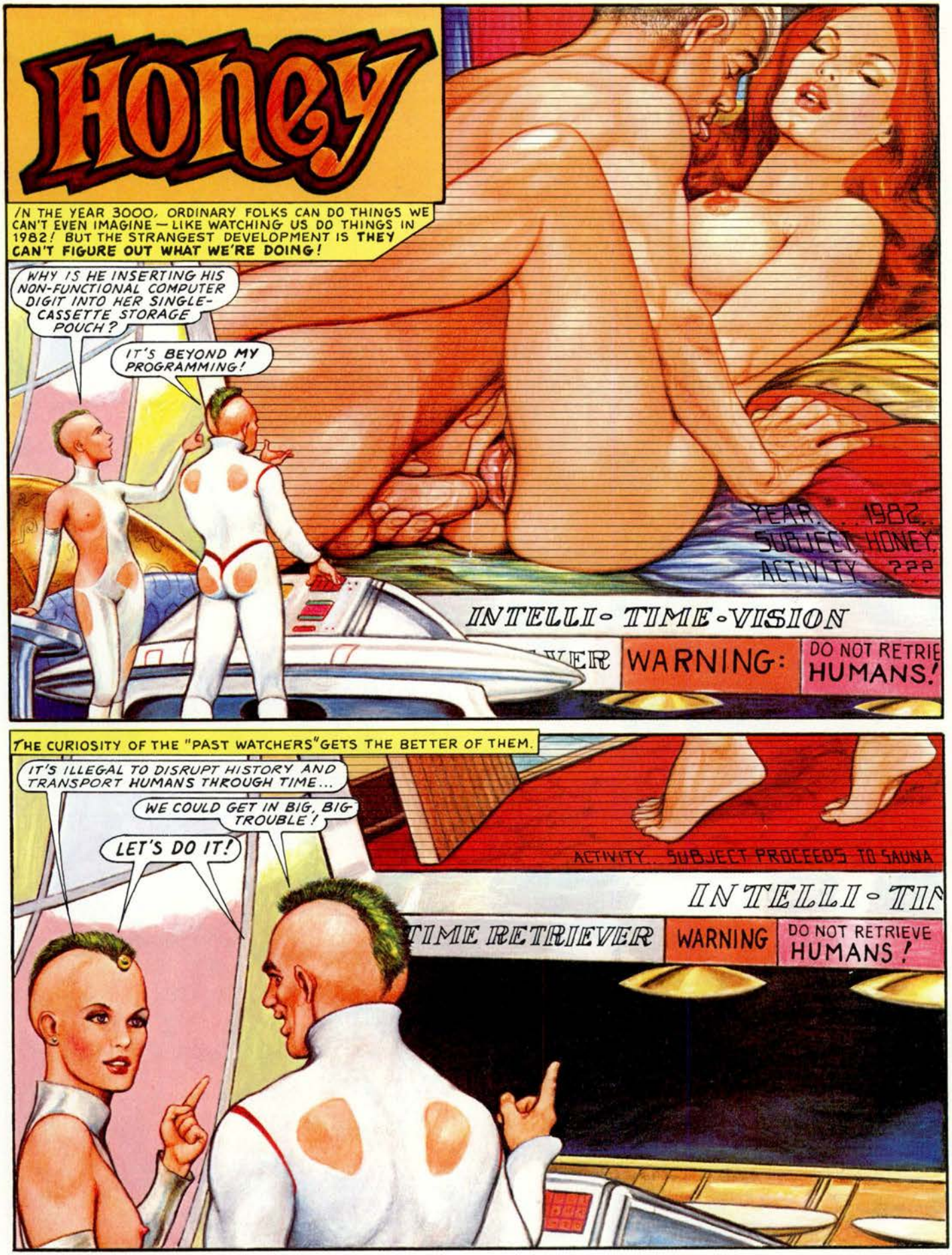

Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford

UNAWARE OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN, HONEY AND THE GIRLS PREPARE TO WORK UP A SWEAT—WITHOUT CUSTOMERS.
THIS NEW SAUNA WAS A GREAT IDEA, HONEY.
IT'LL BE WONDERFUL FOR THOSE TIMES WHEN YOU REALLY NEED TO...
THE NEXT MOMENT...
...GET AWAY??!!??
POP!
ABOUT 1,018 YEARS LATER...
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE?
THE HEAT'S GOTTEN TO US! WE'RE HALLUCINATING!
I'M 34-D AND THIS IS WAIST-29. YOU'RE IN THE YEAR 3000... AND WE HAVE SO MUCH TO ASK YOU!
A PHONE CALL VOULD HAFF BEEN SIMPLER.
34-D AND WAIST-29 WELCOME THE GIRLS INTO THEIR "HOME UNIT," AND IT SEEMS LIFE HASN'T CHANGED THAT MUCH—EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.
WHAT WERE THE CUSTOMER AND I DOING? WE WERE HAVING SEX.
SEX? THAT'S A DISEASE! IT WAS ABOLISHED AFTER THE GREAT HERPES WAR OF '92!
ABOLISHED? HOW DO YOU HAVE BABIES?
EASY! I'M DOING IT NOW!
HUH?
THREE'S A Planet
Good Morning, Venus!
NEXT The JUPITER Hillbillies
Video MUNCHIES
ALL ARTIFICIAL NO ORGANIC ADDITIVES NUTRITION FREE!

HONEY IS SHOWN THE FUTURE'S BIGGEST "LABOR" SAVING DEVICE.
AREN'T THE TWINS CUTE? WE POUR THEM OUT IN JANUARY!
DIFFY TIMER
GIRLS, THE FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK! SEX IS A LOST ART. THEY'VE TAKEN THE "ASS" OUT OF "PASSION" AND LET THE "ROT" SET INTO "EROTIC"! WE OWE IT TO OUR DESCENDANTS TO BRING BACK LOVEMAKING!
FOUR OF THE GIRLS SHOW WAIST-29 THE ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE T&A OVER TOO MUCH TV.
ENJOY IT?
I DO! IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN "THE JEFFERSONS IN SPACE"!
THE OTHER FOUR, INCLUDING HONEY, PROVE TO 34-D THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT BUTTONS THAN THE ONES YOU PUSH ON A COMPUTER!
LIKE THE FEELING?
NO WONDER THEY CALL THEM THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"!
WORD ABOUT THE NEW ACTIVITY SPREADS FASTER THAN THE GIRLS CAN!
YOU MEAN NONE OF YOU HAS EVER HAD SEX?
WE'RE VIRGINS... WHATEVER THAT MEANS.
WE'RE FROM FRANCE.
I BROUGHT MASS QUANTITIES TO CONSUME.
MILKY WAY
ROCKY MMCXIV
The Comeback
VIVE DeGaulle
Beer
E.T., PHONE HOOKER.

HONEY AND THE GIRLS TEACH THEIR FUTURE FRIENDS SOME TRICKS, BUT THE ORGY MAKES THEM HOMESICK!
34-D, CAN YOU SEND US BACK NOW? I THINK WE'VE DONE OUR PART. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK WE'VE DONE A WHOLE LOT OF PARTS!
WAIST-29 PREPARES TO RETURN THE GIRLS TO 1982.
THIS IS ONLY THE SECOND TIME I'VE DONE THIS! I HOPE THE SMALLER TERMINAL CAN TAKE YOU BACK SAFELY.
I WISH IT WASN'T CALLED A "TERMINAL".
OKAY, I'M READY.
'BYE, HONEY. YOU'VE CHANGED HISTORY.
JUST GET REGULAR CHECKUPS AND STAY CLEAN.
AU REVOIR.
ZAT'S FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK FRENCH.
I'M ENTERING THE DATA!
AND OFF THEY GO!
WITH HONEY GONE, I HOPE WE DON'T FORGET HOW TO HAVE SEX.
SHE TOLD ME IT'S LIKE RIDING A BICYCLE... ONCE YOU'VE DONE IT, YOU NEVER FORGET HOW.
WHAT'S A "BICYCLE"?
YEAR..... 1982.
PLACE..... HONEY'S SAUNA.
ZIP!
POP!
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 to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, 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.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

VIDEO BUYERS, BEWARE

It's been brought to our attention that there is a mail-order company in New York that has been flooding the country with an offer that sounds too good to be true. Operating under either the name *U.F.A. Fulfillment Inc.* (P.O. Box 2024, New York, NY 10116) or *Sanstape* (P.O. Box 2107, New York, NY 10116), this firm has sucked thousands into a gigantic video ripoff.

Jim Holliday, director of mail-order for *Wonderful World of Video*, one of the nation's largest video distributors, told us that *U.F.A./Sanstape* has been using his company's name very prominently in its advertising without consent to do so. In its ad the firm promises "ten hard-core, full-color video features" for $99. What you receive isn't what you are led to expect. You are actually sent bits and pieces of pirated films spliced together to make *one* tape.

Several video distributors and retailers around the country have received brochures from *U.F.A./Sanstape* and are displaying equal concern. The mailers are signed by either a Jack E. Rossi or Jack Michaels, apparently the man behind the *U.F.A./Sanstape* operation. We tried to contact this "Jack," but his outfit is shrouded in such secrecy that no phone number exists. Holliday believes this company is a complete fraud, and he has started legal action to prevent it from further use of his *Wonderful World* name. We'll go so far as to say, be careful! You can't buy videotapes of feature-length adult films for $10 apiece—anywhere. In fact, $10 doesn't even cover the cost of blank tapes.

For further information regarding videotapes and where to get them, contact Jim Holliday at *Wonderful World of Video* (6315 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028) or call him toll-free at 800-421-0482. In case you weren't aware, Holliday is regarded in the industry as the foremost authority on adult-film facts. He'll get you quality material at a believable price.

HOT GIFTS

With the holidays coming up, I'm looking to buy some hard-core porn for a couple of friends. I've heard that Fantasy Images is one of your Dependable Dealers. What new stuff does it have to offer? —*T. S.*
Clearwater, Florida

Fantasy Images, also known as *Pacific Pleasure* (11140 Weddington St., North Hollywood, CA 91601) is, indeed, one of our longtime "good guys." Here are a few suggestions to help make the season jollier (and sexier):

Horny Honeys is a sizzling new line of 8mm and Super 8 loops featuring some of the most attractive lovers on film. Two exceptional titles are "Kitchen Maids" (#HH-101) and "Sorority House Romp" (#HH-103). In each reel you'll see two exquisite girls and one hungry guy in three-ways that will make your boxers bulge.

Maybe your kink is transsexuals. If so, *Fantasy* also carries the *Connoisseur Series of She-Male Encounters*. Especially erotic are "Ravishment of the Corsetiere" (#SM-101) and "Candy's Maid" (#SM-106). If you prefer lesbianism, the *Golden Girls* series has a powerful pair for you to sweat over. "Lez Limo" (#GG-10) and "Orange Blossom Summer" (#GG-11) offer girl/girl lovemaking at its wettest. Each loop is $20 (except for the transsexual reels)—six films for $99. The she-male loops are $25 each.

Fantasy also has an extensive selection of VHS and Beta videotapes of feature adult films, including the entire line of *Caballero Control Corporation*'s titles. Among those titles are *Skintight*, *The Filthy Rich* and the award-winning *Urban Cowgirls*. These tapes are available for $89 each, or get a catalog of all titles by sending *Fantasy* $3 and a letter of request.

Fantasy Images guarantees that all films and tapes will be 100% hard-core and free of defects. It also promises no more than *two* weeks on delivery of all items *in stock*. If the company has to call out to get something special for you, it may take a little longer.

So get your shopping lists ready. It's going to be a long *hot* winter!

REEL COMPLAINT

I ordered eight films from Dunhall Productions (7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046) from the ad on page 120 of the July HUSTLER. The ad said, "All the humping and sucking, reaming and ramming and big wet endings being done by the HOTTEST PORN SUPERSTARS in the country." This is bullshit! For $39.95 I received one 200-foot reel of the worst, censored crap I've ever seen. What's the story? —*B. J.*
Granite City, Illinois

You've got a good gripe. This ad is very misleading. Because it says that "all film reels will contain approximately 190′ of film," it's easy to assume you will get eight films of 190-foot length for $39.95. Instead, *Dunhall* sends you *one* 190-foot reel with eight films spliced together. But that's not what bothers us (and probably you) the most. The sex on these reels is far from hard-core, and at such an exorbitant price, it's a raw deal.

We've informed *Dunhall* that its ads border on fraud and that we're alerting our readers (and potential film buyers) to that in this column. We'll be keeping a keen eye on this outfit to see if it shapes up.

In the meantime, stay away from *Dunhall* and opt for a company that you *know* will give you hard-core material at a fair price—like the one mentioned earlier on this page.

LADIES' DOLL

My three girlfriends and I thought it'd be fun to buy a male version of the blow-up doll. The problem is, we can't find a place that sells one. —*L. M.*
Framingham, Massachusetts

The male love doll is one of those sexual-fetish items we don't hear too much about. However, the inflatable "boys" are still being manufactured, and you can purchase one from *Mail Mart* (P.O. Box 44241, Panorama City, CA 91412) for $39.95, which includes postage and handling. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

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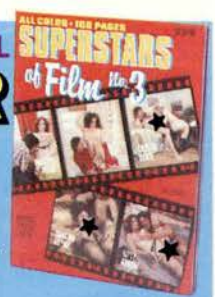

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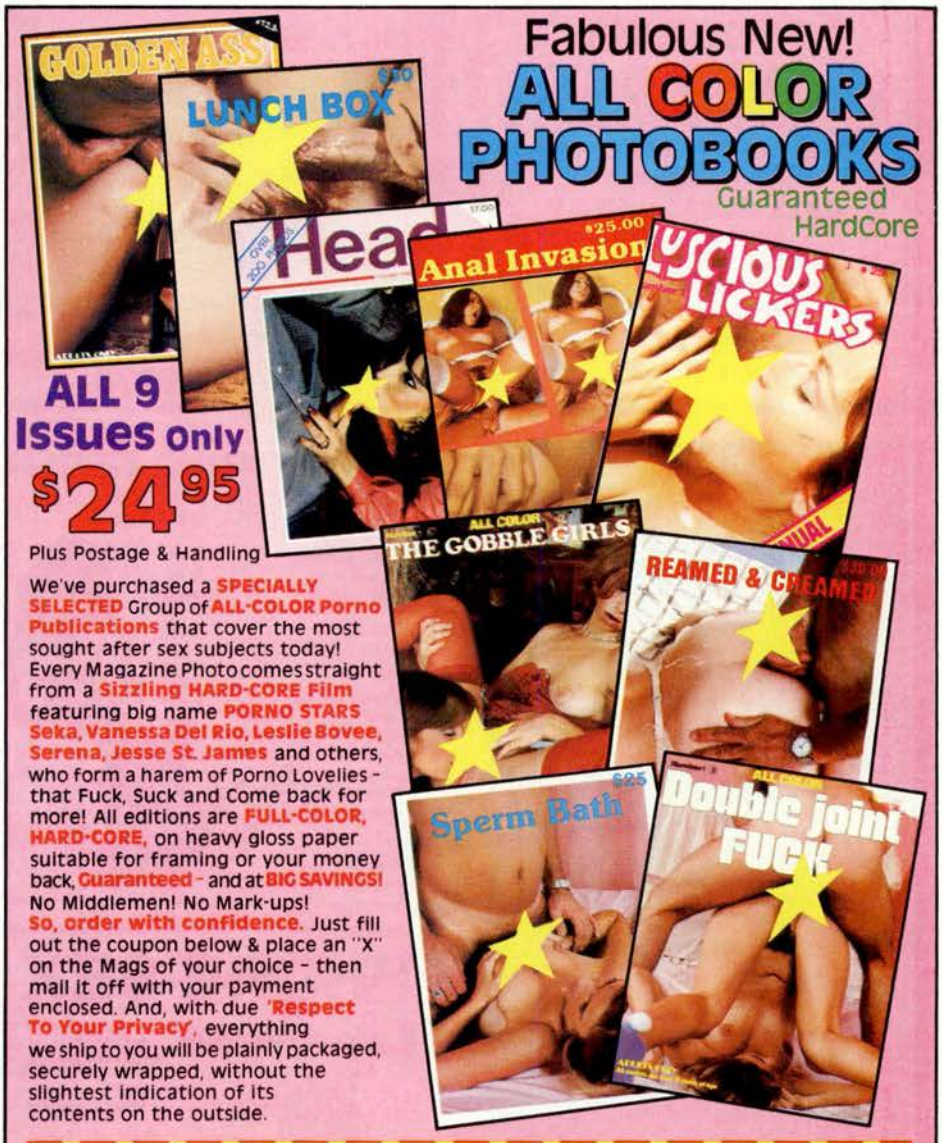

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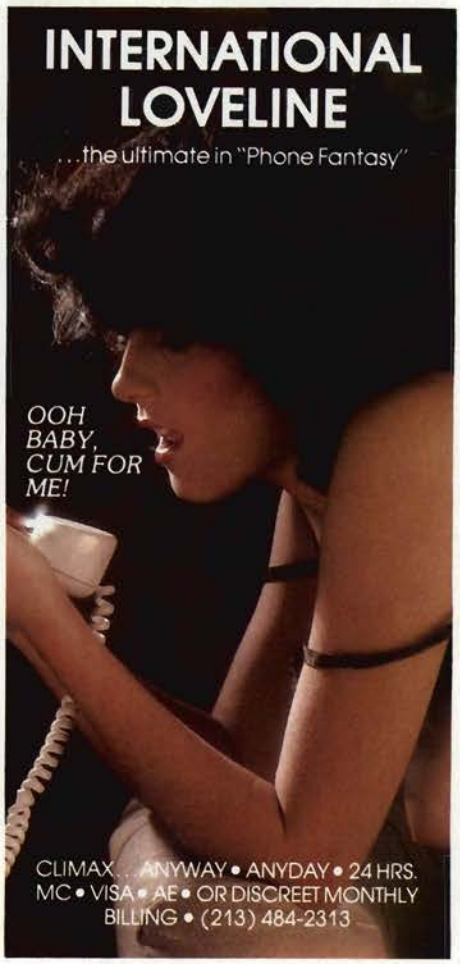

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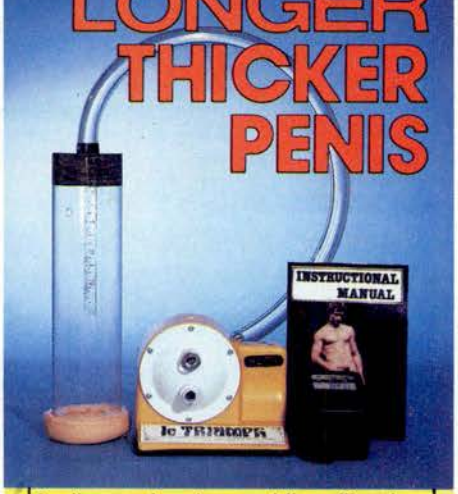

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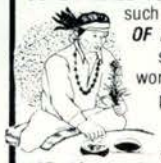

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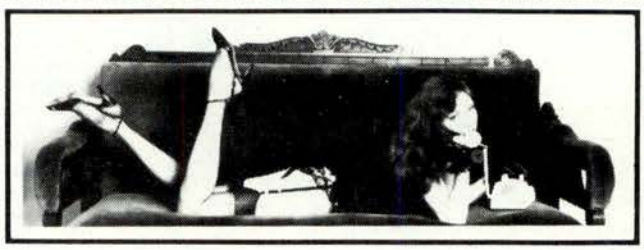

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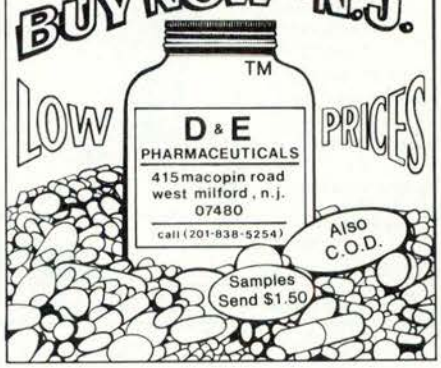

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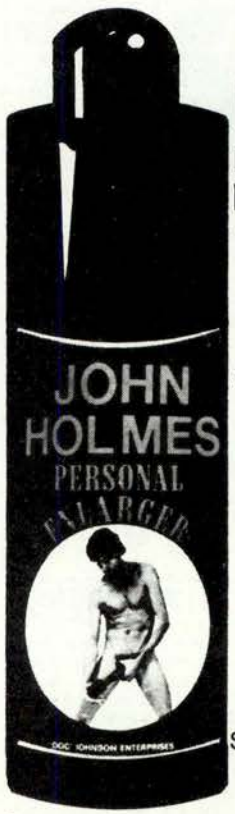

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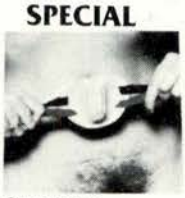

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BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER

(continued from page 110)

dian boy, the old man and Mengele all dived as well.

The guard managed one shot. When I looked next, his head was being crushed by two of the beasts. I rose. All of us did, except Adela. She never moved again.

The boy issued a piercing whistle from his lips, and several beasts came to his side. He pointed to Mengele. The old Nazi understood his fate but tried to defy it. He fled in a loping, broken-field run over the bodies of his guards. It was a hopeless flight. In a few seconds he was overwhelmed and torn apart, even as he tried to fight back. I listened with grim satisfaction as he screamed his last. I hoped that somewhere, somehow, millions of others were listening as well.

Now only I was left from among the outsiders. The boy took my arm, and I followed him to Mengele's cinder-block house. He knew where to look for a certain set of keys. Then he took me out of the house, through the path between the huts where his people were finally free, and out the main gate.

He stopped at the jeep and placed the keys in my hand. Then he squatted in the sand. He pointed to the sun and drew a ball in the dirt with his finger to represent it. He looked at my face and saw that I understood he was giving me directions. I spoke a name, and he smiled. To Asuncion? He continued drawing in the sand, indicating water sources, hills, rivers.

At last he stood up and took my hand in his, knowing somehow that I was not the enemy—that the enemy was dead now. Beyond him, I watched as his people set fire to the hated little huts of their captivity. Through the smoke and flames, I saw the old man of the tribe. The boy turned and walked toward him, leaving me to return to the civilization that had brought these people the hell they were finally destroying.

* * *

The jeep gave out on me after six hours of driving in the direction the boy had indicated. I walked for another three or four hours, found shelter in a small palm forest and slept till dawn. Then I walked across the blazing desert until I could walk no more.

I was found, I am told, by a Paraguayan army patrol and taken to Asuncion, where the American and British ambassadors arranged my quick departure. To them I breathed not a word of my adventure. I would wait until I was safely back in New York City.

There I began at once to assemble material on Mengele's life and deeds in Paraguay, writing my notes from memory as fast as I could. I made inquiries to the U.S. State Department, the Paraguayan Embassy in Washington and even the human-rights organization Amnesty International, as well as any other official agency I could think of.

Unfortunately, I found nothing that would bolster my own personal word on that incredible story: no documentation, no other sightings, no one who seemed to believe I had been through anything but hallucinations caused by a tropical fever.

Nor could I find any trace of the life of Adela Trauter. I looked into current underground politics in Germany, and I surmised she might have been part of a highly secret, left-wing movement determined to link authoritarian regimes such as Alfredo Stroessner's with the sanctuary they have provided the likes of Josef Mengele. She might well have ingratiated herself into the Paraguayan strongman's confidence to expose this connection, but I was certain she had never been his ally. And yet one fact remains: Despite my every effort, Adela Trauter and her exact motives will always be a mystery to me. I choose to believe she died a martyr to the truth.

Paraguayan officials angrily denied the existence of an Indian reservation in any of the country's desert regions and offered to conduct internationally supervised aerial searches for what I had described. But nothing was found. I wrote the story anyway. And, of course, my editor at Pan-Europa News Agency refused to run it over the wires.

No one I contacted shared my zeal for telling this horrifying story. A personal friend, an agent of Israel's Mossad secret police, said to me: "Josef Mengele was long ago. We searched and searched for him and failed. Now you say he is dead. If that is so, live votes in the United Nations are more important to Israel than the dead bodies of old Nazis. And Paraguay usually votes with Israel. We don't have that many friends in the U.N. nowadays."

I could no longer function.

I was sent to a psychiatric hospital in upstate New York, where I was pronounced physically fit but severely schizophrenic. None of the doctors I asked could explain my schizophrenia. All they did was send me to a sanatorium in Connecticut.

* * *

I am sitting near the water now, in a chair with a blanket over my legs, and I am writing in my journal. I am also holding something else in my lap. It is a small, nasty-looking doll, shaped from strands of dried vegetation: half-man, half-ape. Perhaps the world will believe me when the beasts appear.

SUICIDE

(continued from page 58)

harder to know the causes. The numbers may be neat and complete, but they do not tell the whole truth.

What makes one man take the fatal step, while another—just as seriously suicidal—stops short? Why does one pull the trigger and extinguish his life, and another put down the gun?

These are the questions researchers are busily trying to answer, and there is no shortage of theories. An investigative team at Wayne State University in Detroit, for instance, points to a subtle but significant difference in the composition of the suicide victim's brain. Compare brain-matter samples from suicides with those from people who died of other causes, these researchers say, and the suicide victims have fewer "bindings" (receptor sites that act like catch basins) in their brain cells; they are therefore less able to process and absorb a wide variety of chemicals and drugs. This inborn physiological deficiency, the Wayne State team claims, is an indicator of a major mental disorder and increases the risk of suicide.

A research team at the National Institute of Mental Health believes that when there are abnormally low levels of an exotic "chemical messenger"—5-HIAA—present in a man's or woman's body, that person frequently is suicidal. A third study, reported in the official bulletin of the American Association of Suicidology, states that suicide rates are significantly higher during new moons.

Finally, the pioneering sociologist Emile Durkheim has observed a powerful tie between rising suicide rates and a crumbling society. The highest recorded suicide rate in U.S. history was in the Great Depression year of 1932, when 17.4 Americans in every 100,000 took their own lives. Today, in the midst of our current economic catastrophe—with unemployment at a numbing 10% and bankruptcies, business failures and bank closings occurring at their most frantic pace since the Depression—suicides are once again epidemic.

Dozens of other theories could be listed, but none is put forward by a consensus of experts as *the* cause or *the* explanation. Nothing in medicine, psychiatry or the social sciences tells us precisely why one man kills himself and another lets the moment pass. Clearly, the answer lies in the suicide victim himself.

Take preacher Oral Roberts' 38-year-old son, Ronald, an antique dealer specializing in Chinese porcelain who never joined his father's ministry. Last

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April, after receiving a one-year deferred jail sentence for forging prescriptions to obtain a narcotic-based cough medicine, the Vietnam vet was ordered to undergo drug counseling.

Four months later Ronald Roberts drove to a lonely road outside Tulsa, Oklahoma, stopped the car and shot himself in the heart with a .25-caliber pistol. "When he got out of the service, he was never the same," his father said. "These last several weeks he deteriorated rapidly." There was no further explanation.

But victims themselves often tell us a good deal. Edmund DeBock, 16, and his 15-year-old girlfriend, Ellen Chow, jumped hand in hand from the roof of the Lincoln-Belmont YMCA in Illinois. "We think there's a better place than this," they told friends only hours before. "What's it like up in heaven?" DeBock never found out; he lived. Chow's dead body was a crumpled mess when police arrived.

Eddie Calhoun, 21, and Christine Van de Bogart, 17, of El Segundo, California, were lovers. Eddie's boss called the tow-truck driver "a fantastic worker." Christine had been kicked out of her parents' home for drinking. But together, said friends, "they were always fun to be around and easygoing."

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When Eddie's mother said Christine couldn't move into the Calhoun household, he stormed out of the home. "I want to be cremated," he said before leaving. Eddie shot himself in the head with a Luger. Christine did the same. Their suicide note said this was the "only way to be together forever."

Perhaps 20% of suicides leave notes. Kresten Bjerg, a Fellow at the Center for the Scientific Study of Suicide, exhaustively reviewed hundreds of such notes and concluded that a vast majority—81%—mentioned deep, thoroughgoing frustration.

"They seemed to refer to the person's seeing himself as having a desire—other than suicidal—which could not, cannot or will not be fulfilled," he said.

These note writers are much like Edmund DeBock and Ellen Chow, who were disappointed with the way of the world, or like Eddie Calhoun and Christine Van de Bogart, who thought they could be together only in death. They are also similar to champion boxer Bobby Chacon's wife, Valorie, who shot and killed herself the day before a Chacon fight because he would not listen to her repeated requests to quit the ring.

"It will generally be found," explained the German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer, "that when the terrors of life outweigh the terrors of death, a man will put an end to his life."

Study the notes, the obituaries, the past lives, and almost every suicide shares one deadly common thread: the loss of all hope. Dr. Seymour Perlin, author of *A Handbook for the Study of Suicide*, says a solid "indicator" of suicidal intent is the deep despair that no matter what happens there will not be a better tomorrow. Much as a corporation with no bright prospects and a ledger full of debts will declare bankruptcy and—in effect—end its life, the hopeless individual will opt to kill himself.

"To die," said Peter Pan, "would be an awfully big adventure." And when a person has bottomed out—emotionally or financially or spiritually or romantically—it is an adventure that, to his eyes, looks better and better.

Maybe it is easier to bottom out today. For starters, the earth is populated by ever-increasing millions. Competition for limited resources—jobs, wealth, even living space—is fierce. "It is possible," says Dr. Michael Peck, "that overcrowding results in . . . feelings of anonymity and alienation."

Nowadays it is hard *not* to lose control over your life. Jobs once thought to be secure vanish in company reorganizations and belt tightenings. Marriages fall apart. Social institutions like schools and churches are in chaos. In today's America problems are everywhere; solutions are not so simply found. "If a person thinks he has no control over the direction of his life," adds Jim Hengstenberg of the Dallas County Suicide and Crisis Center, "then he may choose suicide."

"The biggest thing here is a loss of self-esteem," says Nancy Allen of the University of California at Los Angeles' Neuro-Psychiatric Institute. "People don't like themselves; so they couldn't care less about themselves—or for that matter almost anyone else. Life means nothing." Suicides and murder-suicide combinations like postal worker Claude Ellis and his girlfriend are the bloody results.

What's the breaking point, the threshold that prompts a man to pull the trigger? One man might be pushed over the brink by a business failure; another by sexual inadequacy or rejection by a lover. Just as in living, where there are different strokes for different folks, so in dying there are different final strokes, various individual triggers that push a person over the line and into a last dance with death.

"The act of suicide is a trapdoor which suddenly springs open," observed philosopher Martin Buber. Other times, even in the deepest depressed hopelessness, it stays closed.

There is nothing hard and fast about the decision to commit suicide. Hopelessness can dissolve in a twinkle. Bacteriologist Elie Metchnikoff, for instance, swallowed a mammoth, suicidal dose of morphine after his first wife died—and he inexplicably vomited up the poison. In the physical sickness that followed, he apparently lost interest in suicide.

But a few years later the illness of a second wife drove this scientist to inject himself with a huge dose of a fatal germ. Miraculously he again survived—and eventually went on to win the Nobel Prize. When he died of natural causes at 71, he was immersed in a frantic search for ways to prolong life.

Metchnikoff is exceptional only in the freakishness of his two attempts. Many sincerely suicidal people have a fast change of heart. "Over the past 30 years," New York University's Dr. Hendin reports, "I have seen four people who survived six-story jumps. Two wished to survive as soon as they had jumped; two said they did not. Only one of the latter two . . . made no subsequent attempts."

"What we see in the typical suicidal person," says William Young, executive director of the Sarasota (Florida) Guidance Clinic, "is someone who has con-

sidered only one way out of his problem." Make a would-be suicide see that "there are many solutions [to his problems] besides suicide," Young continues, and he may well lose his zest for dying. In some cases a failed suicide attempt is argument enough. After almost dying, more than a few suicides decide—as Elie Metchnikoff did—that there is indeed reason to live.

But usually reasons for dying, rather than living, are uppermost in a would-be suicide's mind. Odds are that the thought of committing suicide—the suicidal intention—has been percolating for many weeks. Meanwhile, the act of self-destruction can—and typically does—erupt impulsively and spontaneously. In the muzzle-flash of a revolver a life is snuffed out.

As many as 75% of all suicides, according to Professor Erwin Stengel of the University of Sheffield in England, give strong clues of their intentions before self-destructing. They pull the trigger only when their warnings and hints are flatly ignored, when nobody shows the smallest interest or offers the slightest help.

Those clues and signals needn't be subtle. The San Mateo (California) Suicide Prevention Center, for instance, says there are six telltale signs:

—suicide threats

—statements revealing a desire to die

—previous suicide attempts

—sudden changes in behavior, like withdrawal or moodiness

—depression as evidenced by crying, sleeplessness and/or loss of appetite

—final acts, such as giving away prized possessions.

Ignoring a potential suicide's signals moves him that much closer to stepping over the edge. Hear him out, and sometimes he will step back from the edge. His decision to live or die can come fast. And increasingly it's a decision that is made in a telephone conversation that goes like this:

"Suicide Prevention Center," the counselor says calmly, answering the phone. "May I help you?"

"Nothing works," the hoarse voice crackles over the line. "Nothing. Every damned thing sucks. Fuck it!"

A half-century ago there were no suicide-prevention centers in the United States. A quarter-century back there were three. Today every city of any size boasts several, and most towns have at least one, with telephone numbers readily listed in the white pages or available directly from the information operator.

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clues—those telltale suicide signs—will not be ignored. In split-second emergency cases (approximately 5% of all callers) suicide-prevention centers will arrange for fast hospitalization if necessary.

"When a person calls us, they have reached the end of a series of rejections, having exhausted their family, their minister and their physicians," says Dr. Norman Farberow, co-director of the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center. "When they call us, they are usually in a desperate plight."

With their banks of phone lines handled by trained volunteers, the centers are designed to relieve that desperation. They usually do the job well. In a Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center follow-up on its callers, 80% said they had definitely been helped by their contact with the center. In a second survey 28% of the callers said the center definitely saved their lives, and another 34% said it might have saved their lives.

Sometimes, however, answers to problems are not really wanted. Death is the only acceptable answer.

Consider the plight of 27-year-old Coast Guardsman Robert John Byther, who left his Newport News, Virginia, home and drove a friend to Washington, D.C. During the drive, making the small talk that is the staple of military buddies, Byther did nothing to signal the true, turbulent state of his inner feelings. On the outside this member of Mensa, the society for the intellectually gifted, seemed calm. Inside was different.

He had been brooding about the state of the country, about his future and especially about Ronald Reagan. Having served in the Navy during the Vietnam conflict, Byther had a healthy respect for the awesome powers of the U.S. President in declaring and making war. But he considered Reagan to be a threat, a menace to world peace and maybe even to the world's future. Realizing that the President is a small push of a button away from triggering a nuclear holocaust, Byther shuddered.

Once in Washington, Byther departed from his plan of returning home to his wife in Virginia. Instead, he hopped on an airplane and flew straight to San Francisco—the nation's suicide capital.

The western Sun Belt—California, Nevada, Arizona—records more suicides per capita than the rest of the country. "America has a tendency for the geographic cure," explains Steve Saxon of the Orange County (California) Human Services Agency. "If things aren't working out, people move west—not east. It's hard to go much farther west than here; so we have more than our share of uprooted families that couldn't make it or weren't comfortable elsewhere."

Historian Howard Kushner of the University of California at San Diego calls the West "the next to the last stop." The last stop, the only one left, is death.

Upon landing at the San Francisco airport, Coast Guardsman Robert John Byther bought a newspaper and checked the tide schedule. Then he headed to the Golden Gate Bridge, an orange-red monster of a structure that runs across San Francisco Bay and connects the city with Marin County to the north.

Almost 220 feet beneath the Golden Gate the water is a constantly swirling whirlpool where a dozen great rivers come together. Some 2.3 million cubic feet of water roar under the bridge every second, and its speed is a torrential 4½ to 7½ knots. Then there is the howling wind, bounced around by nearby mountains until it hits the bridge at speeds up to 60 miles per hour.

More than 700 people have died in leaps off the Golden Gate Bridge. Nobody knows exactly how many, because once a body hits the water, it quickly sweeps out to sea, and perhaps a good number could have been missed by those who do the counting. In the 45 years the bridge has been open, only 12 people have survived the treacherous fall. The laws of physics worsen the gamble, since a falling body slams into the bay at a speed of 75 miles per hour—an impact that is just like hitting a concrete slab. Most leapers die of internal injuries.

Robert John Byther knew all that, or most of it at least. He had been doing a lot of thinking about the bridge and also about Ronald Reagan. In the diary he meticulously kept, Byther described Reagan as "a man with absolutely no qualifications for the incredibly tough job of the Presidency. . . . He has no real vision. . . . I feel more certain than I ever have about anything that if something is not done to point out the danger America is putting itself in, it is very likely that our civilization will not make it through this decade, at least not as a truly free one."

Byther believed all that, and he believed too that his best option was to "step over a railing and let the ocean from which all life is derived retake mine."

So Robert John Byther climbed over the four-foot-high railing and jumped. "When the body hit the water," the police report said, "it immediately sank and was carried out to sea by the currents."

Byther died alone, but he was not alone in dying. That same day an estimated 300 more Americans joined Byther in committing suicide. And the epidemic continues unabated.

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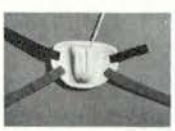

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JACK "TREETOP" STRAUS

(continued from page 52)

the next up card—was a useless queen. Now Straus was down to his last chance, a 14-1 prayer.

The dealer slowly exposed the final common card, the 10 of clubs. Straus' jaw dropped and his eyes dilated in a dazed and delirious disbelief that even those who weren't gambling addicts could appreciate. He had caught the long shot 10—giving him a pair of 10s to Tomko's pair of 4s—that meant the title and $520,000 in first-place prize money.

The hundreds of spectators in the poker room erupted in cheers and applause, raising their arms in salute. "I'm the luckiest man in the world," Straus said with a grin.

In the ensuing turmoil, Amarillo Slim and the other Texans offered congratulations while strange women embraced the Champion. "Can I kiss your luck?" one woman asked, stretching out her arms.

"This is the happiest day of my life," Straus beamed. "I can't tell you how good I feel. I'm not used to drawing out on them [other players]. I'm used to them drawing out on me."

"You feel weakness and strength," Tomko said, explaining his game plan. "I generally don't play an ace-4, but I felt he had a weak hand. Unfortunately, it was a little bit better than my weak one. Second place [good for $208,000] is still better than teaching school."

After the freshly minted bundles of championship money were deposited in front of him, Straus analyzed the final hand. "If you consider yourself the best player, you don't want to play any big pots," he said. "But Dewey refused to be dominated. Dewey's hard to read, and he plays with a lot of heart. When he goes all in, he takes away my best weapon—the bluff. I didn't want to play that last pot, but he kept going all in. I figured an ace-10 was good enough. I was like the monkey going to bed with the skunk; it was delightful, but it was all I could stand."

When the furor died down, Straus was asked the inevitable question—what would he do with his winnings? "I know this guy in West Texas who's down on his luck," he said. "He's an animal trainer, but he doesn't have any animals. He told me if he just had a baby elephant, he could make a living the rest of his life. So I told him if I won it, I'd go get him an elephant."

And what about the rest of the $520,000? "Put it in action," said Straus, the compulsive gambler. "If they'd have wanted us to hold onto money, they'd have put handles on it."

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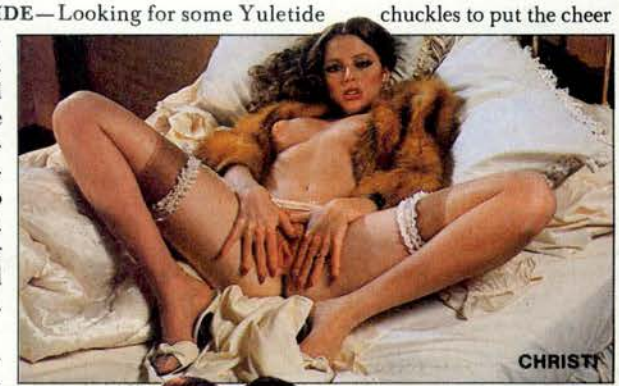
EIGHTH ANNUAL GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES—In the time-honored HUSTLER tradition, "Unknown Comic" Murray Langston hilariously surveys the current crop of erotic publications. Before you spend your hard-earned money on a men's magazine, take a long look at this objective and thorough guide.

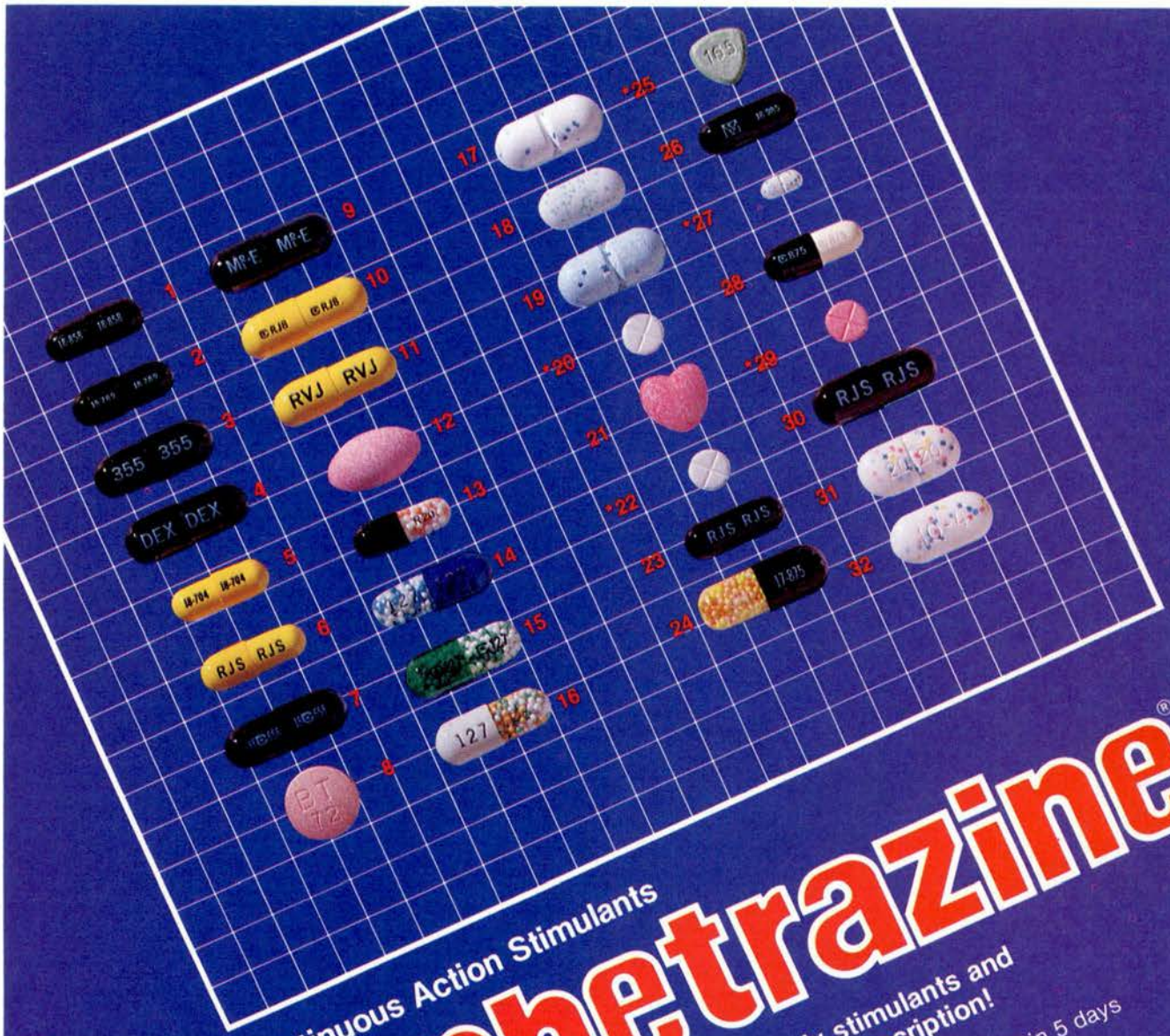
THE END OF THE WORLD?—Scientists know that today's careless environmental practices are hurdling us toward the not-so-distant day when Earth will become a lifeless slag heap circling the sun. They know about the Greenhouse Effect and its dire consequences on the world's climate. Lee Quarnstrom outlines what *must* be done to ensure that future generations survive.

CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE—Looking for some Yuletide chuckles to put the cheer back into your holidays? Look no further. HUSTLER's renowned Christmas Gift Guide will provide some outrageous and timely suggestions for items to deck your halls with. You'll be doubled over with laughter (and maybe a little shocked).


CHRISTI

PLUS—HUSTLER begins the new year with a terrific lineup of features. There's Frank Laumer's beastly fiction **WHITE FURY**; an enlightening **ADVISE & CONSENT** and **SEX PLAY**; and **HUSTLER HUMOR** and **BITS & PIECES**, which are sure to leave you in stitches. **BEAVER HUNT** displays some scrumptiously sexy women, and **KINKY KORNER** is a guaranteed turn-on.

DIRTY POOL



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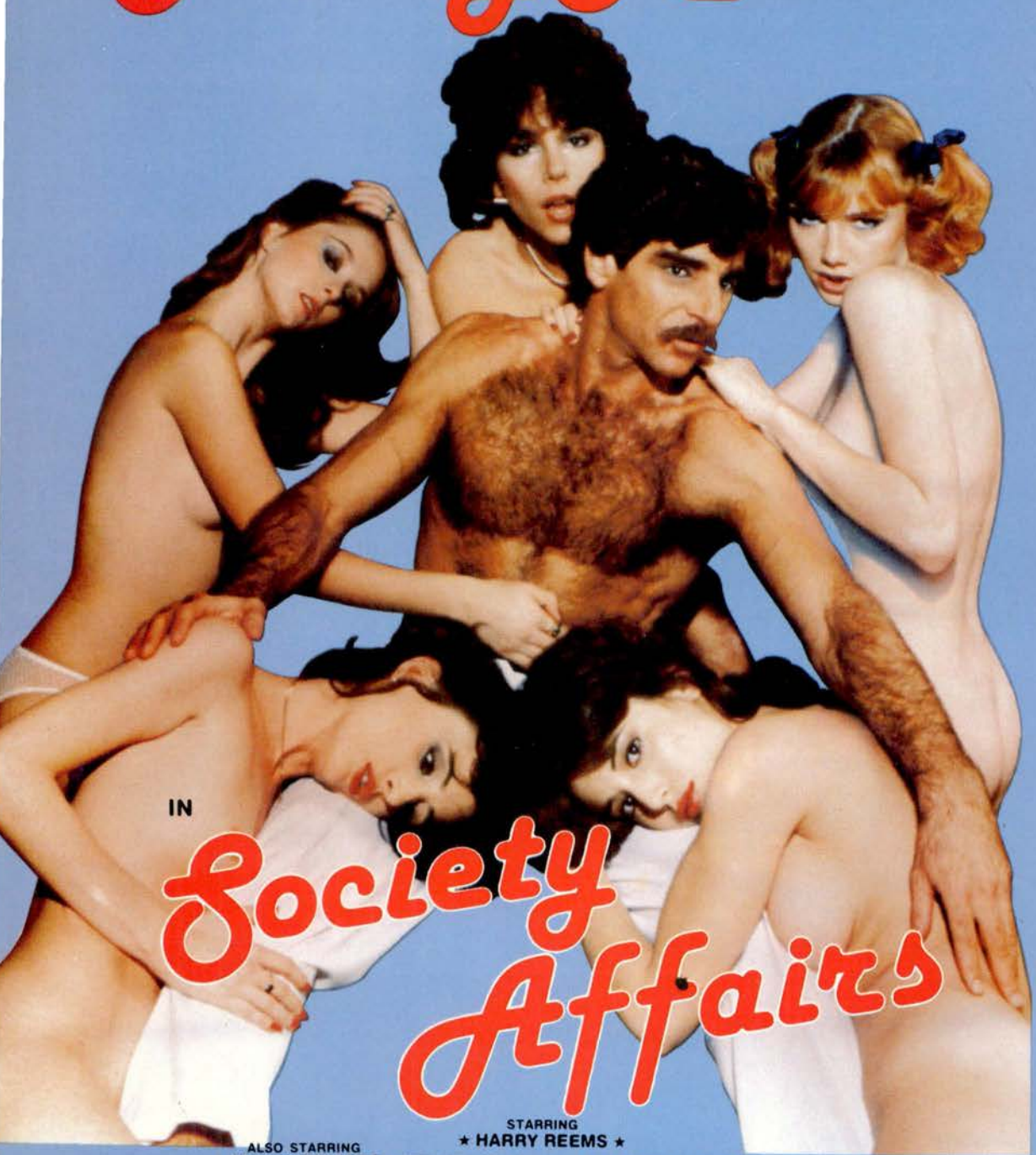

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