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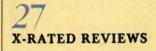


9 FEEDBACK

13 world news roundup

15 advise & consent

19 BITS & PIECES



33 SEX PLAY Sexual Jealousy by Stephanie Ross

30 ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL America's Hottest

Country Band Profile by Stuart Goldman



BALLGAME Photography by Suze Randall

#### 52 MURDER BY GOVERNMENT

Nuclear Deaths Report by Michele Willens













**OCTOBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 4** 

#### 61 PAMELA: IN THE PINK

Centerfold Photography by Suze Randall



HUSTLER HUMOR



AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL Saving the Damned Article by Michael Disend

80 PARTY FAVORS Photography

by Bob Veze

THE PERFECT CAPER Fiction

by Dan Coryell

MELODY: HOT STUFF

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

BEAVER HUNT

113 KINKY KORNER Going Down in an Elevator by Peter Lyons

115 honey

Hostage Harlots by Bruce Helford and Tom Garst

119 MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK Rip-off Rods



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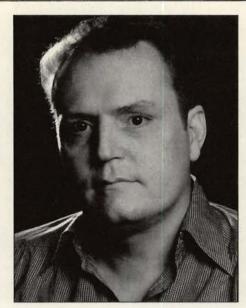
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### PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# Sex Education

re sexual attitudes in America really any healthier today than they were 20 years ago? In many ways there's been some real progress, and I think HUSTLER has made a big contribution during our six-year existence. But there's one area where I think this country is still lagging—sex education for our children.

I'm not speaking just as a publisher or as a promoter of sexual freedom. I'm a concerned parent—the father of three daughters aged ten, 13 and 15. And I was shocked to discover that my older daughters are being exposed to a situation in which some of their peers are victims of unwanted pregnancies.

What am I supposed to think when I learn that 1 million teenage girls are expected to become pregnant this year? Even more alarming is that 40% of those 1 million pregnant teens will be 14 years of age or younger. According to the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, 700,000 teen pregnancies will occur out of wedlock. These statistics scare the hell out of me, and they clearly point to the need for improved sex education.

That's why I'm tired of hearing the old argument that sex education means sexual license. Where sex is concerned, a lot of parents still believe that knowledge is a dangerous thing. But is knowledge about sex more dangerous than the kind of sexual ignorance that causes unwanted pregnancies? Do these people actually believe that youngsters can be steered away from sex simply by suppressing the facts of life?

The truth is that studies show about half of America's teenage population to be sexually active. And that estimate is thought low by many researchers, because even when taking part in confidential studies, many young people fear punishment if they admit to their sexual experiences.

It tears at my heart that so many of these sexually active teenagers are ill-informed about sex. Their ignorance is a direct result of inadequate sex education in the schools and of complacency in the home. Many parents make only halfhearted efforts to describe the sex act and its consequences, and many parents don't say anything to their children about these subjects at all. I'm convinced that the best solution to the problem is sex education in the schools. School, after all, is where kids go to learn. But many school districts across the country prohibit sex education of any kind. And it's forbidden in some states to teach certain aspects of sex, such as contraception.

It just amazes me that so many people oppose sex education in the schools. It's ridiculous that any parent would want to "protect" children from *any* type of knowledge. We don't shelter our children from math and science on the grounds that kids aren't mature enough to handle them. Why should sex education be considered so differently?

Children are constantly picking up hints about sex from television, movies, books, music and advertisements. It can't be hidden from them—and it shouldn't be. They have a right to know the real facts. As a father, I can do my best to provide my kids with accurate information and to create open and loving relationships. But I can't control the misinformation they may pick up from their classmates. And I also realize that there may be some questions my daughters would rather ask a teacher. As parents, we should give our children guidance and direction. But I think a well-informed teacher could help provide factual information, not as a substitute parent but as a trusted and knowledgeable educator.

It's about time parents started speaking up about what goes on in our children's schools. We pay for public education; so we have every right to demand that our kids' needs are met. When there's a glaring weakness—like the lack of sex education—we should get right in there and make sure the situation is resolved. If we don't get involved and don't demand action, we have nobody to blame but ourselves.

Sexual ignorance is no virtue; it's a tragedy. Teenage pregnancy can mean mental trauma that lasts a lifetime. Knowledge and reason-not repression-will provide solutions.

Lary Flynt Publisher & Chairman of the Board

HUSTLER OCTOBER 5



# THE DIRT THEY'RE STANDING ON IS ALL THEY'LL HAVE TO EAT TODAY.

Starvation isn't a few days without dinner. It's a terrible, ugly, painful way to die. Children's bellies bloat grotesquely from months of hunger. When every drop of energy is sapped from their sickly bodies, they double over in pain and fall to the ground. They scratch for bugs to eat—even dirt. Then they die—thousands of them every day—in Asia, Africa, South America, all over the world.

You can do something about this tragedy. One per-

son can make a difference. Send a contribution immediately to the relief agency of your choice. Or write to the Hunger Project, 1735 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109, for further information on what you can do to stop hunger.

Make a commitment. Take a stand. Show that you care. And maybe you'll be the one who makes the difference between life and death for another human being.

#### A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE



t HUSTLER our main objective is to tell you, our readers, the truth. Whether in a report on sexual lifestyles or an in-depth political profile, each fact has been carefully researched and verified. But we're also committed to truth in a larger sense. That means printing controversial stories that are often too hot for the mainstream media to handle. Truth isn't always pleasant or popular, but we believe it's our duty to publish it.

Our October issue features frightening examples of such disturbing truth. The shocking fact that our own government has consistently lied about the hazards of nuclearweapons testing and has knowingly risked American lives is exposed in MURDER BY GOVERNMENT: NUCLEAR DEATHS IN A SMALL TOWN. Written by MICHELE WIL-LENS, a former TV writer and producer whose work has appeared in CHIC, New West, the Los Angeles Times and the Washington Post, this investigative report details how government lies have actually killed American citizens. LEE MacLEOD, who has created numerous posters for the antinuke Alliance for Survival, provided the companion illustration.

Government insensitivity is hardly limited to the United States, however. Physical torture and inhuman treatment of political prisoners and their families are grim realities in dictatorships around the world. MICHAEL DISEND's revealing article, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL: SAVING THE DAMNED, explores that Nobel Prize-winning group's efforts to put a stop to senseless violence and unjust imprisonment. Disend is a New York-based novelist and free-lance writer who has contributed to CHIC, Penthouse, Rolling Stone and the Village Voice. For



Cover by Jim Fields

the artwork, we called on MICK Mc-GINTY, a Los Angeles-based artist whose illustrations have appeared frequently in both HUSTLER and CHIC.

Fortunately, there's more to life than the gloom and doom of atomic weapons and political torture. If there's one group of musicians in the U.S. contributing its share of getdown good times, it's got to be ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL: AMER-ICA'S HOTTEST COUNTRY BAND. Contributing Editor STU-ART GOLDMAN went on the road with these kingpins of country/swing before composing this backstage profile, which follows the band from Lake Tahoe, Nevada, to Austin, Texas. A free-lance journalist and music critic, and one of the most knowledgeable authorities on country sounds, Goldman has had articles and reviews published in the Los Angeles Times and in various weekly newspapers and music-industry publications. A martial-arts expert, Goldman recently sold a screenplay, "Full Contact," based on his HUSTLER profile *The Baddest Dude in the World* (March 1979), about the life of karate fighter Benny Urquidez. The artwork for Goldman's Asleep At The Wheel profile was provided by **DENNIS CARMICHAEL**, a graduate of the prestigious Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, Celifornia, and a contributor to HUSTLER. CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION.

In our fiction for October, THE PERFECT CAPER is plotted by a tough-talking hood whose deft hands work magic on both vaults and a gorgeous female accomplice. The tale was penned by DAN CORYELL, a veteran writer who specializes in fastpaced crime sagas. CURT HOPPE, a noted New York-based erotic painter and photographer whose work appears regularly in *Screw* magazine, prepared the illustration.

Romantic possessiveness has long been known to destroy happy sex lives and provoke brutal crimes of passion. In SEXUAL JEALOUSY, this month's Sex Play, STEPHANIE ROSS describes the origins of this complex emotion and offers some valuable insights to make jealousy work for you instead of against you. Ross is HUSTLER's Research Director and, as editor of our Advise & Consent column, she is well-versed in contemporary sexual issues. HUSTLER regular JOHN ANDREWS, whose work has also appeared in New West magazine, produced the accompanying art.

The plain truth—whether it's lighthearted or deadly serious, from the smallest details to the larger picture of what's really happening in America—is what we bring you each month. October's HUSTLER reflects that commitment.



Michele Willens



Mick McGinty



Stuart Goldman



Stephanie Ross



John Andrews

### 

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"HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT!"

Yes, based on "hundreds of hours" of gruelling research using reports by outstanding experts from such noted national and international scientific journals as *The Journal Of Bone and Joint Surgery, Acta Orthopedica Scandinavica,* U.S. Public Health Bulletin, Annales de Medicine Physique et Biologique, Journal Of Experimental Medicine, Schweitz Sanitaetstoff, Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Review Medicale Sociale De L'Enfant and the N.Y. State Journal of Medicine, Reldnas says "I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts.

view Medicale Sociale De L'Enfant and the N.Y. State Journal of Medicine, Reldnas says "I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts. "For many years, scientists believed height increase was not possible after the end of childhood. Recent factual data proves they were wrong. Here are just two of many examples: 1. The throwing arm of baseball pitchers is normally 2 to 3 inches longer than their other arm, and 2. The right arm of Jai Alai players is about 2 to 3 inches longer than their left arm. In both cases, the extra length was attained AFTER the age of puberty. If athletes can increase the length of their limbs, you can certainly increase the length of your legs and complete torso. And, you can do it scientifically, without artificial contraptions or possible injury by using **The Height Increase Method**.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

"It took more than 5 years to develop **The Height Increase Method**. The way athletes achieved extra length in their limbs was thoroughly analyzed. This data was combined with information obtained from the extensive study of other factors contributing to additional height such as stature and posture correction, diet and nutrition, and highly specialized exercise programs. Frequent consultations were conducted with orthopedic men, chiropractors, and physical therapists during the preparation of THE METHOD. Special safeguards were incorporated to reduce the possibility of strain or injury. After the complete spent testing and perfecting each part of it. The results of this painstaking work and intensive research is contained in this Special Report on how to increase your physical height from 2 to 4 inches in only 10 weeks. The title of this Special Report is **The Height Increase Method**.

#### WHAT IS THE HEIGHT INCREASE METHOD?

"This easy-to-use Method requires no stretching machines, no pills or medications, no painful procedures, no expensive equipment. All you need is the information contained in **The Height Increase Method** and your own desire to be taller.

"The Height Increase Method is a Special Report with

more than 75 illustrations, jammed full with vital information on height increase and detailed instructions showing you exactly how to add as many as 4 extra inches to your physical height. It includes 3 different exercise programs to be followed in the manner and sequence described in the report. You will be introduced to amazingly simple ways to improve your stature and posture to add extra height, immediately! You'll also learn the importance of a wellbalanced diet, how to formulate your diet, and which vitamins and nutrients foster growth. Discover the astounding facts related to sleeping in the proper manner to aid growth and stature correction. In Chapter IV, read how the exclusive **Height Increase Method** of bicycling can help you increase your height. These, plus dozens of other fascinating and miraculous revelations comprise **The Height Increase Method**."

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Being taller means being more successful. Research has shown that taller people are more desirable to the opposite sex, get better jobs, earn more money, get more respect, and are happier than short people. That's why, when we heard about **The Height Increase Method**, we got very excited. Those of you who've bought from us or seen our ads know that at Height Report Inc., we're always on the lookout for exciting new discoveries that can be of benefit to everyone and while it may not yet be accepted scientific dogma, we can plainly see that the research sources are well known and respected scientific journals. And what's more important is that we offer you an *IRON-CLAD UN-CONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!* That's right, try **The Height Increase Method** for 10 weeks. Read it, study it, use it. If you're not 100% satisfied that **The** 

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Height Increase Method is helping you to increase your height by 2-4 inches or living up to all of Reldnas's claims, simply send it back for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Isn't that fair?

asked, isn't that fair? Now is your chance to take advantage of William A. Reldnas's startling discoveries with the complete backing or our Iron-Clad Money Back Guarantee. Remember, as Mr. Reldnas says, 'Nobody—absolutely nobody—can look down on a taller person. Get started today on a more rewarding and enjoyable life; order your copy of THE HEIGHT INCREASE METHOD right away. Use the easy order coupon. Do it now!'

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**Stars and Gripes:** The cover design for the July HUSTLER (top photo) is a terrible insult to our nation. You are literally calling America a whore, thereby advocating the prostitution of everything we as a nation have stood for over two centuries. The Statue of Liberty was given to us out of friendship and respect, and in honor of our principle of liberty under a free government. Your cover proclaims liberty to be a mockery. Not only do you insult America but also France, which gave us the statue.

-Virginia Cowden Cleveland, Ohio

As a member of the American Legion Auxiliary, I object strongly to the use of the American flag on the cover of your July HUSTLER. I don't buy HUSTLER, but I work in a store that sells it. Don't degrade our flag; respect it. —Mrs. Coy Justice Burlington, North Carolina

The model on the cover of the July issue of HUSTLER is absolutely gorgeous. Please use her in a photo-feature in the very near future. She's a real doll.

> -Name and Address Withheld by Request

**Gross:** Your cartoon in the July issue (center) showing a woman having her period while in a supermarket was gross. But my big objection to this one is that we women are constantly fighting the impression that periods are disgusting. My boyfriend won't have sex with me during my period. This is not a very liberated attitude. Your cartoon set my battle with him back about ten years. Thanks a lot. -D. F.

Falls Church, Virginia

Senate Sex: How can you pretend to be patriotic with a Fourth of July-type theme in your July issue, when you run in the very next issue (August) a terrible and unpatriotic pictorial like *Behind Closed Doors* (bottom photo)? I don't care what you or anybody else thinks about some of our elected representatives; you still have no business degrading the U.S. Senate by conjuring up sex scenes and making them look real. You're lucky you live in a country where they don't send you to Siberia for dirtyingup the image of your nation's leaders!

> -P. D. Los Angeles, California

My friends and I feel that you should continue to show both men and couples in HUSTLER. We really enjoy your couple photo-features like *Behind Closed Doors* in your August issue. They are beautiful, not trashy or cheap. I've polled about 25 men and women on this matter, and we all agree. Readers who don't want to see couples can buy other magazines, most of which show only cunts. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

### Jaapskok







**Cissy:** I really enjoyed your 16-page pictorial *Cissy: Bedroom Eyes* in the July issue of HUSTLER. In fact, I'd like to see more HUSTLER Honeys as life-size centerfolds. Thanks, and keep up the excellent photography. I'm a reader for life.

-G. Dehmlow Lincoln, Illinois

Sex & Smell: I totally agree with the statement in Jack Owen Jardine's July Sex Play ("Pheromones: Sex & Smell") that certain women give off a scent that drives men wild. I've recently had the thrill of making love to such a woman, and I find myself not washing my face after we have sex, just so I can catch an occasional whiff lingering in my mustache. I also agree with your statement about the erotic effect of musk. It turns women into animals, and is the only aftershave scent I use. Keep punching out those informative Sex Play articles. — Frank C. Mount Vernon, New York

Feminist Repression: I'd like to congratulate Kelly Garrett for his excellent analysis Women Against Pornography: Repression in the Name of Feminism (July). I feel that sexrelated psychological problems of American men aren't caused by pornography. The cause is having to grow up in a sexually repressive environment. Antimale feminists (like the members of Women Against Pornography), religious fanatics and macho image-pushers are all doing their best to fuck people up by promoting this repression.

Personally, pornography and openness about sex have helped me to accept and explore my own sexuality. I'd like to thank HUSTLER for its efforts toward promoting progress and enlightenment. Please continue the good work. —Biff Morse Portsmouth, New Hampshire

It's no surprise to me that the Women Against Pornography group has rejected the findings of the Technical Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, which failed to link sex crimes with pornography. After all, these women are zealots. Their drive against pornography is especially questionable in the face of evidence that it has helped to lower the child-molestation rate in Denmark. Does Women Against Pornography support a high child-molestation rate? —Lybrand P. Smith Torrance, California

I am a 22-year-old woman who supports women's liberation, passage of the Equal Rights Amendment and HUSTLER Magazine. I find it hard to tolerate that Women Against Pornography actually believes pornography represents hatred toward and degradation of women. Many women like me enjoy reading magazines such as HUSTLER. I think HUSTLER's attitude toward women and sexual liberation is certainly healthier than that of Women Against Pornography. I've found that HUSTLER stimulates a sensuous and loving attitude in the men I know, not a violent or hateful one.

I hope that Women Against Pornography's philosophy is not an indication of the direction of the women's movement in general, because if that were the case, I'd have a hard time supporting it. — Diane E. Balfour Los Osos, California

I am serving a nine-year sentence in a California state prison for two counts of rape. And I can tell you that HUSTLER, *Penthouse* and *Playboy* had nothing to do with it. I'm not bragging about my crimes. They ruined my life, and I'm very sorry about what I did. But speaking as someone who knows firsthand, all I can say to Women Against Pornography is: Don't put the blame for rape on HUSTLER or any so-called pornography. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Your article on Women Against Pornography was a laughable attempt to defend the right of crotch-peddling by virtue of the Constitution. If a link has not been established between pornography and sex-related violence by formal research, I feel it is because the relationship is a subtle one. The message communicated by the porn industry is that women constitute a sexual smorgasbord for men to use and discard.

I think you fail to understand that freedom of the press includes a certain responsibility to the public. That women are raped, killed and thrown away like so much trash is partly because they are advertised as products for pleasure. HUSTLER's attempt to promote the value of erotica is merely rationalization. You don't want to feel bad about making money from degrading the image of half the human race. The addictive, compulsive nature of male sexuality keeps magazines like HUSTLER in the bucks. I think you should just admit that and forget the sophisticated argument advocating porn. -Name and Address Withheld by Request

Even if your arguments were true—which they're not—the First Amendment guarantees the right to communicate <u>any</u> message. But it's just ridiculous to claim that HUSTLER "degrades" women by honestly depicting female sexuality. If you think sex is degrading, you have a problem.

**Beloved Bombshell:** I compliment you on a truly fantastic July issue; it was surely the best HUSTLER of the year and probably one of the finest ever. I especially enjoyed reading *The Mysterious Death of Marilyn Monroe*, about the controversy surrounding that beloved bombshell's demise. Robert F. Slatzer is one very courageous man and should be congratulated for this stunning expose. Hopefully, someone will have the balls to do something with his information. -M, D.

Hazlet, New Jersey

After reading Robert F. Slatzer's article on the death of Marilyn Monroe (July), I was prompted to wonder why the author was so upset. After all, what's a harmless little murder and coverup committed by a member of the Kennedy family?

Just look at all the people killed since then. Without John we never would have had Nam. Without Bobby we'd never have had the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Marilyn's death was no worse than Mary Jo Kopechne's drowning. It's all just typical Kennedy shenanigans. -L. M.

Tacoma, Washington

Killer Elite: I have a comment about the antismoking public-service ad in your July issue. The ad featured eight infamous killers and the likeness of a package of cigarettes. How could you have omitted the topmost bloody killers of all time—Josef Stalin and Mao Tse-tung? Hitler killed only 6 million people; Stalin did in about 15 million, and it's guessed that Mao wins the contest with about 30 million.

Is your editorial staff made up of liberal Jews, in the manner of the New York Times, the Washington Post, the three major TV networks and at least 500 other newspapers? Otherwise, how do you explain the ad?

-Jack B. Newman Silver Spring, Maryland

The purpose of our public-service ad is not to list the world's most appalling genocides, but to make the point that cigarettes are killers too.

**Cheap Shot:** Your photograph in *Bits & Pieces* (August) of the "Cheap to Feed" dog was the most disgusting stab at humor that I have ever seen. Don't tell me that it was done to awaken anyone's consciousness, because I don't buy it. Cruelty to animals is not something to be lauded or laughed at. If you have to find humor in something cruel, at least have the decency to use people and not animals. People can defend themselves. —Jane Caden

Huntington Station, New York

Cruelty is often the subject of humor. As we have said many times, it is sometimes healthy to laugh at those things that most upset us.

No Bragging: I'm a longtime HUSTLER fan whose only beef is that you frequently put down other adult magazines, like *Playboy, Penthouse* and the rest. HUSTLER is the most outspoken of all when it comes to defending freedom, but what about freedom of choice? Such put-downs are an insult to your readers' intelligence, because we *know* who's best. Bragging isn't necessary.

> -Name and Address Withheld by Request



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#### ANAL ORGY (FP-2010)

The sexual chemistry between Playmate model Serena, Jamie Gillis, and the redhead in this film is captured superbly. They don't even notice the cameras as they go at anal, straight and wet girl to girl sex. \$20 A hot, erotic film,

### **BIT TIT PARADISE**

(FP-2024) Exotic Jill Munro has huge, shapely tits that stand straight out! Her voluptuous body is well displayed as she sucks one lover while another screws her hot butt. \$20



#### ANAL NURSE (FP-2052)

A beautiful nurse gives her patient the prescribed treatment - slow, deep head.

"All Color Visual Fantasies ....



They rim each other excitedly until she volunteers her firm little rear to his long, hard cock. Her cute face and body are real turn-ons. \$20

### AND . . . HOT TITS

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Long Drive: Adult magazines (Genesis, Gallery, Cheri, etc.) have resurfaced in Tarrant County, Texas, after a holy-roller campaign failed to keep them off the newsstands. But HUSTLER still can't be purchased here. It just proves that the "obscenity" charges against HUSTLER have less to do with naked women than with your being truthful as hell. Now I have to drive two counties away just so I can read what I choose. But as long as I have the gas to drive, I'll keep buying HUSTLER.

> -Molly Barclay Alvord, Texas

We appreciate your loyalty, but in light of the national energy crisis we recommend that you save your gas and fill out our subscription form on page 18 of this issue.

Nude Celebs: Your feature on nude celebrities (Hollywood Drops Its Pants, July) should have been in Playgirl magazine. If you want to show celebrities dropping their pants, fine. But make it women showing tits, ass and cunt, not men showing off their cocks. -K. F.

Mount Union, Pennsylvania

I enjoyed your feature on nude celebrities very much (July), and wondered if HUSTLER planned to show another set of hunks in the buff. If so, a few I'd like to see are Robert Urich, Alex Trebek, Waylon

#### Flowers, Mac Davis, Robert Redford, Jack Jones, Tom Jones, Tom Wopat, Lyle Waggoner and Brian Kerwin. —Sally Moreach Reading, Pennsylvania

I've yet to find a magazine more aware of the times than HUSTLER. Do you really need reader response to keep printing those beautiful photographs of beautiful cocks? HUSTLER is one of the few—and maybe the only—quality adult magazines that doesn't have a subtitle like "Entertainment for Men." When I first read HUSTLER, I felt that *finally* there was a magazine both men and women could enjoy.

If you get a few complaints from men about the cocks, please don't let that stop you from printing such pictures. God forbid women should have to settle for those inferior women's magazines to see cocks.

> -Name and Address Withheld by Request

**Bible-Thumpers:** For quite some time I've been following the letters in your *Feedback* column from Bible-thumpers who quote chapter and verse of the Holy Book in order to dump on someone's lifestyle, like homosexuality. And some of these people have had the incredible presumption to actually speak for God.

When will everyone realize that the Bible is a historical document only; that religion comes from the heart and mind of the indi-

THE IRANIAN FLAG 15 A DIRTY OLD RAS, 506 AND THE AYATOLLAH'S A FAIRY; SLO 13 HE EATS LITTLE GIRLS 0 60 AND SUCKS LITTLE BOYS, (0(1) CITY AND HIS WIFE STILL HAS HER CHERRY! THANX AND \$25 TO F.S., ROSEMEAD, CA

12

vidual? Personally, I feel that religion is not found in churches or evangelical tents.

– Al MacLeod Bedford, Nova Scotia, Canada

Iranian Orgasm: I fail to see why HUSTLER cannot sympathize with my people, the Iranians, after Larry Flynt himself has been mangled for his beliefs, as were many of my countrymen at the hands of the Shah. You once called the Ayatollah Khomeini an Asshole. I realize that you Americans have had your assholes torn into gaping potholes by Khomeini and that you hate his guts. Americans have a habit of fucking over others and then adopting a "holierthan-thou" attitude when the tables are turned. This time your fat asses are in the crack, and I am in a state of orgasm over the whole deal.

However, I still love your country, American pussy and magazines like HUSTLER, which I wouldn't be able to buy if I still lived in Iran. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

We do sympathize with any oppression and abuse suffered by the Iranian people, past or present. We support the human right to freedom everywhere in the world. But the Ayatollah Khomeini, in his refusal to intervene in the taking of American hostages by terrorist students, is indeed worthy of the title Asshole. When it comes to human rights Khomeini is no better than the deposed Shah, who we named Asshole of the Month in May 1978, 13 months before giving the Ayatollah the same honor. Ironically, we see that you are not rushing back to Iran to live under his repressive rule.

**Big and Good:** I am a 28-year-old woman who has read HUSTLER for several years. Your "Save the Whales" *Bits & Pieces* item (June), which made fun of the magazine *Big Beautiful Woman*, was unjust and untrue. I've been a big beautiful woman for 16 years, and have been married for eight of those. Although I weigh 200 pounds, I lead an active life and never have had any trouble getting a man. Fatties are as good and in many cases better than skinny, clothes-horse women who look like they may fall over at any time. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Hot for Honey: One of my favorite features in HUSTLER has always been your Honey cartoon. But lately I've noticed that it's missing something. What happened to all those incredibly huge studs shown vividly getting it on with Honey and the girls? Come on, HUSTLER! Let's see it like it used to be. —Dwight Warner Key West, Florida

Honey has evolved and changed through the years to add dimension to the characters and to make real statements about the issues of the day. But we don't think Honey has ever lost any of her original erotic appeal.

# World News Roundup

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

According to the South African Press Association, <u>cow gallstones have been selling for as much as \$218</u> an ounce at slaughterhouse auctions because of their reported effectiveness as aphrodisiacs. The press association says that interest in this cow by-product has become so intense that bids for the gallstones, previously popular only in South Africa, are coming in from overseas by telephone and mail.

The United States Army has been ordered to reinstate a Milwaukee woman who was discharged in 1976 because she is a lesbian. U.S. District Court Judge Terrence Evans ruled that Miriam Ben-Shalom's discharge as "unsuitable" for military service violated the First, Fifth and Ninth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution. Army personnel described Ben-Shalom as a fine soldier and drill instructor whose sexual preference had no relevance to her military skills. Ben-Shalom called the ruling a "landmark decision for gays everywhere" and says she intends to apply immediately for reinstatement.

<u>The "New York Times" reports that two Harvard students were arrested for "disseminating obscene</u> <u>matter" after a dormitory screening of the X-rated movie "Deep Throat."</u> Nathan Hagan and Carl Stork, co-presidents of an on-campus film society, planned to show the picture to raise money for their group. Acting on complaints from unidentified female residents of the dormitory, Middlesex County District Attorney John Droney attempted to prevent the fund-raiser, but his request for a restraining order was denied. Nevertheless, state police took Hagan and Stork into custody after the screening. Alan M. Dershowitz, a Harvard law professor and expert on Constitutional law, called the action "a violation of First Amendment rights."

<u>A California appeals court has ruled that the father of an unwanted child cannot sue the mother</u> <u>because she deceived him into thinking she was taking birth-control pills when the child was conceived</u>. The question arose when Stephen Kleinberg, the defendant in a paternity suit brought by Ms. Roni Lasher, filed a countercomplaint that Ms. Lasher was guilty of fraud, misrepresentation and negligence. The basis for his action was that Lasher had supposedly lied to Kleinberg when she told him she was on the Pill. The court refused to hear his complaint, stating that it was not the court's business what goes on between consenting adults in the privacy of their bedroom.

Intersonics Corporation has developed a watch that supposedly can tell a woman whether or not she's in a very fertile period (with a high chance of pregnancy) or in a low-fertility, or "safe," period. The device relies on the temperature-checking method of birth control. This method is based on a significant rise in temperature during ovulation, a time when the ovaries release an egg and the chances of pregnancy are high. The watch reportedly contains a microcomputer connected to an accurate sensor that marks the wearer's lowest daily temperature. According to that reading, the watch relays a message of "safe," "unsafe" or "fertile." The timepiece is not yet available to consumers.

<u>Men frequently exposed to vaginal lubrications that contain the female hormone estrogen run the</u> <u>risk of developing large breasts</u>. This warning is from a letter published by the "New England Journal of Medicine" in which a group of physicians at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine reported treating a 70-year-old man for an enlarged right breast. They claim that the enlargement occurred one-and-a-half months after his wife began using a vaginal cream containing estrogen. The hormone apparently invades the man's body through his skin and encourages the development of certain predominantly female characteristics, such as large breasts. The doctors say that there has been a sharp increase of this problem in recent years, especially among men over 44 years of age.

As many as one-third of those men thought to be impotent for emotional reasons may actually have a physical problem that is causing their inability to have an erection. That's the opinion of a Harvard Medical School research team, which performed tests on 105 impotent men to determine their levels of the sex hormone testosterone. In an article prepared for the "Journal of the American Medical Association," it was reported that 37 of the men had previously unsuspected glandular disorders. According to Dr. Richard Spark, who headed the research team, after disorders were discovered, appropriate treatments were begun. Potency was restored to 33 of the 37 men.

# IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE



That one last drink you take "for the road" may very well be the last you ever take. More than half of all fatal vehicle accidents in a typical year involve drivers who had been drinking. In 1978, for example, more than 25,000 Americans died because of drunken driving. When you drink and drive, you're a potential killer. You also could be signing your own death warrant. So next time you order one for the road—think about it.

### **GASOLINE AND ALCOHOL DON'T MIX**

A PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

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

#### Edited by Stephanie Ross

Surrogate Mothers: I am a 30-year-old male with a 28-year-old wife. Unfortunately, it is physically impossible for my wife ever to have children. We have decided we would like to have a child carried by another woman, but so far we have been unable to locate a doctor or a woman willing to help us. Do you know how we can go about this? I know it's been done before, and I'd like to do it as soon as possible so I won't be too old when the kid is growing up.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

A woman who becomes artificially impregnated as a professional service is called a surrogate mother. She essentially serves as a "womb" for couples like you and your wife. Once the child is born, it is given to you and your wife to raise.

Dr. Richard Levin of Louisville, Kentucky, heads the only national organization for surrogate parents. If it is true that your wife is physically incapable of bearing children, Dr. Levin will very likely try to help you. He will assist in locating a surrogate who resembles your wife and has the same blood type as she does.

When one is chosen, she will be impregnated with your sperm by an artificial process called "in vitro fertilization." In this process the doctor takes some of your recently ejaculated sperm and places it inside the surrogate's uterus. Fees for this service range from \$500 (for low-income couples) to \$20,000.

Dr. Levin will also work to protect you, your wife and the surrogate from any legal hassles. For information, contact Surrogate Parenting Associates, Inc. (250 East Liberty Street, Suite 222, Louisville, Kentucky 40202; telephone: 502-584-7794).

Spanking Request: Last night my new girlfriend asked me to spank her with this cloth whip she'd made. I said I couldn't. She said it wouldn't hurt her if I did it lightly. I still didn't do it, but I'm starting to wish I had. She even went so far as to tell me that spanking used to be a part of medical practice. Is there any truth to this? Should I spank her? -D. M.

Sausalito, California

Not only do spanking and whipping have a long history as sexual practices, but—like your girlfriend said—flagellation was once an accepted medical practice. In Hippocrates' time (circa 400 B.C.) it was considered a method of increasing muscular energy. Encyclopedia Sexualis records

that whipping was recommended as a remedy for madness by a number of ancient Greek physicians. It was also thought to cure epilepsy, laziness, colds, lovesickness, lockjaw and certain fevers.

Of course, flagellation is not a part of today's medical treatment for any illness. From the sound of your letter it doesn't seem as though your girlfriend wants you to do anything that would be harmful to her. Giving her a few playful spanks or slaps with her cloth "whip" will not hurt her physically. Many people enjoy playful sex spankings such as your girlfriend is requesting. For more insight into this practice, check the Sex Play sections of the February 1977 and September 1979 issues of HUSTLER.

If you spank your girl and you still feel uncomfortable, then stop. There's nothing wrong with wanting a little spanking, and nothing wrong with not wanting to give one.

Melts Away: My 19-year-old sweetheart melts away the moment I take her into my arms. She gets so weak after kissing for a moment, I literally have to carry her to bed. When we make love, she gets so lubricated, so loose and moans so much that I'm worried she may not be strong enough. What do you think? -M.S.Brooklyn, New York

We think a lot of people would like to have your

problem. But seriously, since you don't mention anything about her complaining, it is doubtful you have anything to worry about. Clinical psychologist Malcolm O. Slavin of Tufts University in Boston says that you may be feeling a little frightened and overwhelmed by the high degree of responsiveness your girlfriend displays. He says you should relax and enjoy it—since she evidently does.

**Penile Implants:** I read your answer to a reader's question about penile implants in April's *Advise & Consent*. However, I can't locate a doctor who does this type of medical procedure. I am especially interested in the inflatable implant that you mentioned. Can you tell me how to get help? —S. D. Portland, Oregon

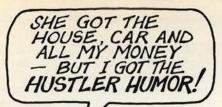
A great deal of letters have come in requesting more information on penile implants. For those who didn't see the letter you refer to, penile implants were developed to help men who are physically incapable of achieving an erection. In one surgical procedure, inflatable tubes are inserted in the penis, and a pump mechanism is placed in the scrotal sac.

For a listing of doctors in your area who are familiar with this procedure, write to American Medical Systems, Inc. (3312 Gorham Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55426). They will send free listings and information for any state in the union as well as for Canada.

The Finger: How long has giving someone the finger meant "fuck you"? We're having



"I feel someone is playing a sick and disgusting trick on us, sir!"





No wonder this guy is happy. He's lost everything *except* his copies of HUSTLER HUMOR. You see, he knows that every other month he will read and laugh at the most hilarious, irreverent and outrageous cartoons and jokes being published. Wouldn't you like to laugh along with him? Then pick up a copy or subscribe to HUSTLER HU-MOR today. HUSTLER HUMOR—a Larry Flynt Publication.

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an argument in our frat house about it. Some of us have heard that it started with fighter pilots in World War I, and some say it was common before that. What do you say?

-D.E.K. Pullman, Washington

Although it is likely that pilots in World War I used "the finger" to express some of their feelings, the gesture has a much longer history. The <u>signum</u> <u>infame</u> ("infamous finger") was well-known in the days of the Roman Empire. For example, it was mentioned in detail in Suetonius's <u>Caligula</u> and Lampridius's <u>Heliogabalus</u>. The upright middle digit represented the penis, while the other closed fingers stood for the testicles. (Among Roman homosexuals, incidentally, the finger signified an invitation to fuck.)

Female Sterilization: I am a 28-year-old woman. My husband and I have two children, and we don't want to have any more. I'd like to get sterilized, because I'm tired of fooling around with birth control. I do worry about changing my mind someday, though; so I haven't done anything about it. A friend of mine said she recently read about a new method of sterilization whereby your tubes aren't cut. Do you know anything about it? -H. L.

Newark, New Jersey

A reversible method of sterilization for women is reportedly being developed in Philadelphia by chemist Robert A. Erb of the Franklin Research Center and gynecologist Theodore P. Reed III of Lankenau Hospital. Using a device called a hysteroscope, a pump is inserted through the cervix into the fallopian tubes. Silicone is then pumped into the tubes. After a few minutes the gel hardens into a plug that blocks the passage of ova (eggs) into the uterus.

The plugs have been successfully removed from test rabbits without damage to the animals' tubes. Dr. Erb says the procedure is being tested in various hospitals on the East Coast. They hope for approval from the Food and Drug Administration and general availability of this procedure after 1,000 test cases.

Another method of sterilization worth your consideration is the Yoon Falope Ring Methodology, which entails fastening a ring tightly around a doubled-up portion of the fallopian tubes so that no eggs can pass through. This method allows for future pregnancies, because the ring can be removed by a physician. However, it is still possible to become pregnant if the ring is put on improperly. You can also become permanently sterilized if an error is made during the operation.

See a qualified gynecologist in your area for more-detailed information on these methods.

Kleptomania: My brother-in-law and I have a very close friendship. He says that my sister (his wife) is always stealing little things from the houses of our friends. One day he found a whole pile of her "loot" under their bed. When he started to talk to her about it, she started crying. All she would say was that she didn't take anything of value and wasn't hurting anyone.

While it's true she never takes anything that people would get upset about, we're afraid someday she will. Do you know how we can get her to stop? -R. Y.Castine, Maine

An uncontrollable urge or compulsion to steal (such as your sister probably has) is called kleptomania. There are a number of psychological theories regarding the causes of this disorder. Dr. Victor Robinson, former professor of the history of medicine at Temple University in Philadelphia, has edited numerous articles and books on sexuality. He has a very interesting theory—that kleptomania represents an act of sexual substitution. Dr. Robinson tells of an extreme case that illustrates his theory. A woman patient had a mania for stealing pencils, not only in stores, but also from private homes. He says that she collected these pencils and used them while masturbating.

Although most cases are more subtle in terms of the connection between kleptomania and sexual disorders, this one demonstrates Dr. Robinson's theory clearly. It may be that your sister suffered from sexual repression early in life and is releasing repressed feelings in a way she cannot control, through her kleptomania. Of course, there could be other psychological reasons for her problem.

You and your brother-in-law can help your sister by assisting her in finding a qualified psychologist or therapist. No matter what is at the root of her problem, the therapist should be able to help her understand and control it.

Shrinking Penis? My husband and I have been married for five years. He's 26 and I'm 24. We don't have any kids yet, but he keeps saying my vagina is getting bigger. I think the problem is his penis. It doesn't feel as big or as hard as it used to. He says that's impossible, but I know it's true. Could his penis be shrinking? -W. W. Peoria, Illinois

A man's penis size will vary with each erection. A number of factors—fatigue, alcohol consumption, stress, the degree of the man's sexual arousal—can affect erection size. Vaginal size also varies, depending on similar factors as well as on what point in the menstrual cycle a woman is at.

However, Michele Arthur, clinical assistant instructor of obstetrics and gynecology at New York Medical College, says that what's important in a situation like yours is that you and your husband have begun to pick on little details, possibly to camouflage a general dissatisfaction with your sexual activities. Dr. Arthur strongly emphasizes that if couples really know how to enjoy their own and each other's bodies, the size of a penis or of a vagina will have absolutely nothing to do with their enjoyment of each other.

Doctors can recommend certain positions, techniques and exercises for increasing vaginal pressure. Your present argument, though, is probably caused by an underlying sexual discontent that you and your husband should discuss with a competent sex therapist. Alcoholic Husband: Why don't you ever write anything about how alcohol destroys sex between a man and a woman? I am 27 years old and living with an alcoholic. I constantly hide his booze, but it does no good. I'd ask what I can do, but I know the only answer is to leave him, and I can't do that. I love him. -J. E.

University City, Missouri

Leaving is not your only solution. Contact the nearest Al-Anon group. It's an organization similar to Alcoholics Anonymous, but it's for the wives and children of alcoholics rather than for alcoholics themselves. If you can't locate a local listing, write to Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters (115 East 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010).

You might also find Dr. Janet Geringer Woititz's book <u>Marriage on the Rocks: Learning</u> to Live With Yourself and an Alcoholic (Delacorte Press, 1979) very helpful. For years Dr. Woititz has worked with women married to alcoholics, and she feels you should not try to hide your husband's alcohol from him. She doesn't believe it does either of you any good. She says, "He has to stop by and for himself. He has to reach the point where the pain of drinking is greater than the pain of not drinking. Only he can know when that point is."

Alcohol abuse <u>can</u> destroy a sexual relationship. However, there are qualified specialists who have a great deal of experience in helping people in your situation. Seek them out.

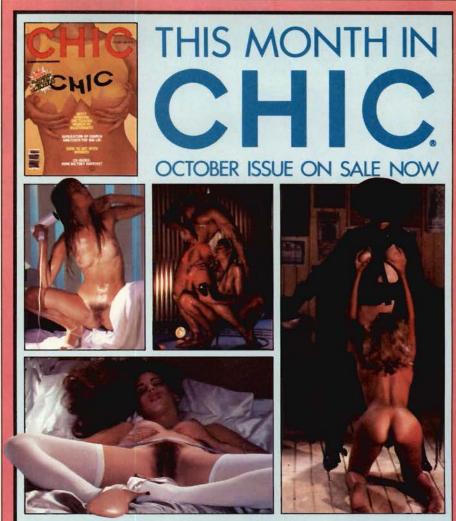
**Pimps and Prostitutes:** My wife used to be a prostitute, but she gave it up when we got married. She still sees her former pimp once in a while. I met him myself and was surprised to find him a pretty likable guy. My wife says that they only had sex once and that it was not too hot. She says he always seemed pretty "undersexed."

Is this a line of bull my wife is giving me so I won't be jealous? What facts are known about pimp/whore relationships?

-R. E. New Orleans, Louisiana

According to Dr. Charles Winick, professor of sociology at the City University of New York, "Psychoanalytic studies have generally concluded that pimps are not highly sexed." Dr. Winick has studied pimps a great deal, and he reports that sexual activities are not usually a central part of the pimp/whore relationship. He says that even if a pimp weren't undersexed, he would have trouble servicing his whores sexually because they would tend to outnumber him.

On the positive side of the relationship, Winick says that a pimp protects the prostitute, gets her out of tough legal situations and deals with unruly customers. Sometimes the pimp is a confidant and companion for the woman, since few men would be able to understand or relate to her daily activities. So, in light of Dr. Winick's research, chances are your wife is not giving you "a line of bull." More than likely she did not have an ongoing sexual relationship with her pimp while she was a prostitute.



SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE—Tax-exempt status, reduced rates for government services, discounts and privileges afforded the Church are *supposed* to be illegal; yet abuses are widespread, and we continue to permit them. Philip Cioffari details the cozy relationship between religious groups and politicians.

JOCKS: THE SECOND LIFE—What happens when highly paid athletes get tossed out into the real world? Steve Fine digs into the lives of 11 big-name ex-jocks and tells you what they face when the cheering stops.

**BETTING WITH BOOKIES**-CHIC takes you into the bizarre world of illegal bookmaking and explains the procedures and pitfalls of betting with bookies. Frank Fortunato reports on how it got to be America's largest enterprise.

**BETTY DODSON: PROFESSOR OF FEMALE MASTURBATION**—Suzanne Felzen gives you an insider's view of the seminars that have helped hundreds of women climb out of their shells and set off sexual volcanoes with the wiggle of a finger or the buzz of a vibrator.

THE FLYING WOMAN-A horny sailor lands in Papua New Guinea and gets involved with a ravishing island whore who is said to be a sorceress. Will he be willing to pay the price when she aims her magic right between his legs? Fiction by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS—Pages full of hot classified ads from real swingers who might be looking for *you!* This section will form a national network of horny people who can come together thanks to CHIC

PLUS-Gorgeous October pumpkins of the female kind, the kamikaze humor of ODDS & ENDS, revealing interviews in CLOSE-UP and a lot of surprises in those old-faithfuls, MAIL BAG and NEWS REAL.

Great Scott!!! Can this be the end of Rubin, the Beaverboy?

HOLY HUSTLER BEAVERMAN.

SAVE ME!

## BE A BEAVERMAN!!!

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he first question to ask is this: Why did HUSTLER wait so long to "honor" Eldridge Cleaver on this page? The answer is simple: He has been doing such a damn good job of being an Asshole ever since his days as Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party that making him one would have been gilding the lily.

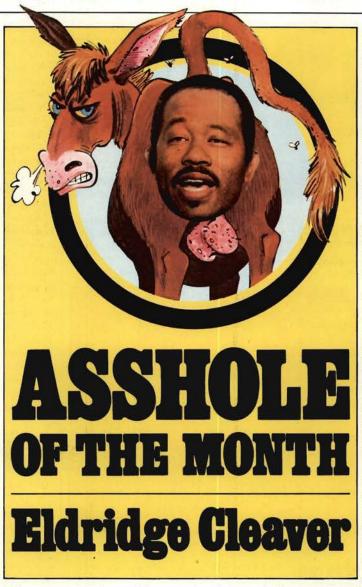
The second question is: Why can we no longer resist the temptation? That's simple too. Cleaver is now advocating something so disgustingly irresponsible that it goes beyond debatable political differences. He is supporting a practice abhorred by this magazine and decent people everywhere wife-beating.

An interview with Cleaver was recently published in New West magazine. In it he said the institution of marriage is "fatally undermined" when a husband cannot "inflict corporal discipline upon his wife."

Most people think of corporal punishment as the mild spanking that teachers are allowed to administer to an unruly student. But that's not what the ex-Panther has in mind. In the *New West* interview he went on to say that he once struck his wife in the face, and it is implied that she needed stitches on her upper lip.

Cleaver clarified his feelings on the matter in another interview, with Warren Hinckle of the San Francisco Chronicle. "I don't mind being known as a wife-beater," he said. "I've done it throughout my marriage.

"You take this batteredwife thing," Cleaver continued. "That's mostly les-



bian propaganda.... There are all kinds of institutions to service and defend these socalled battered wives. What nobody's saying is that most of the time the bitch needed her ass kicked."

The whole thing is made even more disgusting by the fact that Cleaver's promoting this abuse while claiming to be a born-again Christian. He has publicly betrayed every principle of Christian goodness with his statements; yet he continues to travel around the country, speaking to impressionable followers as a man who has been touched by God.

Cleaver, of course, has a history of violent behavior that dates back to the rapes he admits committing in his early manhood. Also, he spent seven years on the lam—in Canada, Cuba, Algeria and France—after his parole was revoked due to his suspected involvement in the assault of three policemen in Oakland, California,

in 1968. When he finally returned to the U.S., he was given five years' probation because the judge was "satisfied there has been improvement and change for the better." From cop-beating to wife-beating is hardly what we consider a change for the better.

Cleaver's disrespect for women was evident too in his 1968 book *Soul on Ice*, in which he described the rape of white women as an act of revolution. But since then he had claimed to have changed his ways.

No longer the black militant who screamed "Off the pigs," he has channeled his call for violence into the abuse of defenseless wives. His image of the black man as supermasculine apparently includes a need to overpower and dominate the less powerful woman. A real man earns the respect of his wife—he doesn't have to beat it into her.

Cleaver's views on the role of women in sexual intercourse also reveal a macho paranoia. As opposed to the HUSTLER view of sex as a give-and-take partnership, he sees women as nothing more than baby-making sperm-receptacles. "If they don't want to have babies," he says, "they should keep their legs and their mouths shut."

Eldridge Cleaver is one of those guys who never let you down. Just when you think he's done his worst, he finds a way to surpass himself. The advocacy of wifebeating puts him in good standing to be HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for October.

It couldn't happen to a more deserving guy.



### Fun With Barbie

No one wakes up and says, "I'm going to abuse my doll today." But considering the

disconcerting rise in wife abuse, a lot of kids don't have to look far for inspiration. What to do with Barbie and Ken after they get married? All it takes is a bit of imagination and a lousy home life.



### **Pain Pals**

We've all seen swingers' magazines, in which singles and couples can advertise for partners in their sex games. Now there's a publication for "specialists." Called Slave, it's specifically



directed at bondage-and-domination freaks.

While it's hard to imagine being into this sort of thing, we knew that the people who enjoyed pulling the wings off flies as kids would have to find an outlet as adults-and here it is.

By consulting the pages of Slave, those people can find someone to piss on (or someone to piss on them). There are listings for dominatrixes and submissives, matrons and masters, "bitches," couples, singles and, of course, slaves. They're all here just waiting for somebody to slip

something into their hot little P.O. boxes.

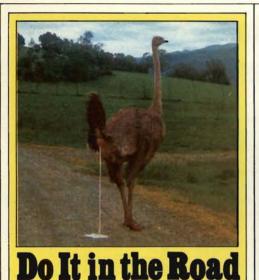
If you're really looking for more information about this magazine, contact Slave Productions (P.O. Box 356, Ronkonkoma, New York 11779). And don't forget to give the stamp a few good licks.



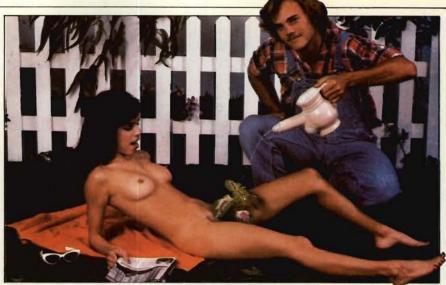
Sebring Swings Fast cars were not the only excitement at this year's Sebring, Florida, endurance

race. Traditionally, on race day a wet-T-shirt contest has been held on the roofs





Birds do it, bees do it./Even monkeys in the trees do it,/Let's do it ... Let's shit outdoors. Special thanks to Cole Porter for the lyrics and to the reader who sent us this photo. We're thankful the ostrich is one bird that can't fly.



### **Garden Hose**

Some people complain of not having a pot to piss in. This ceramic waterer, called a "Peter Pot," solves not only that prob-

lem, but gives them a pot to piss out of too. It's available for \$18.95 plus \$1.95 for handling from Medana Ceramics (P.O. Box 743, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa 51054). This gives a whole new meaning to "wayour neighbor's bush." tering

### Picture Phone

Ma Bell has been pounding her breast for years now about the coming of the picture phone-a telephone accompanied by a video screen that projects a picture of your caller. Well, it's never become a reality for the general public, and that's kind of a shame-because the idea had so many great possibilities.

Our version shows how well it would have gone with their slogan-"Reach out and touch someone."



of spectators' cars and trucks, but this time it went a bit farther. | reportedly engaged in oral sex. These photos show that it Instead of just removing their clothes, both men and women

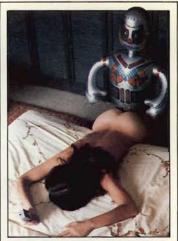
pays to be in the right place at the right time-with a camera.





### Triple Exposure

It looks like Partner has done Penthouse one better. These photos from the June issue of Partner (211 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017) are of a model who's also Penthouse's June Pet. Fitted with an artificial breast for a Partner shooting called "What's Wrong With This Picture???," the model may have wanted to avoid any conflict by appearing in both mags the same month-so she wore this disguise.



### Assault With Batteries

This reader submission shows how much fun Mom can have playing with the kids' toys. These remote-controlled playthings really fill the void on those rainy days while the kids are at school—especially when they're fully inflated. There's nothing quite like picking up the toys now, eh, Ma?





There are girls with long hair, girls with short hair...and then there are girls like this. When someone told us that the "corn row" craze was catching on "down under," we thought he meant Australia.

### **Hot Cakes**

These sticky sweets are the creations of the Erotic Baker (117 Christopher Street, New York, New York 10014), a pastry shop that makes a specialty of X-rated cakes. This certainly adds a new flavor to the old saying, "You can have your cake and eat it too."

### Salt Talks

Can the fate of the world depend on these talks? That's what we read in the newspapers. And if it's true, we're concerned about the ability of the negotiators.

Although we can see that

these are seasoned diplomats, do they really qualify to discuss the bitter differences of opinion between the United States and the Soviet Union?



### Agent Orange

The newspapers call Agent Orange a deadly killer, but never show what he looks like. HUSTLER scoops the world again by presenting the first pictures of Agent Orange in action. Now that he's been identified, we hope the authorities can put the squeeze on and give him what he deserves—the juice.

### **Body Language**

This photo by Byron Newman from the April issue of *Photo-Reporter* (29 rue Claude Terrasse, Paris 75016, France)

shows how sloppy the French are in committing a suicide. They even forgot to hang up the telephone.



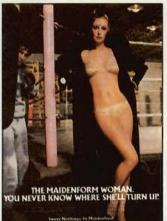
### Ads We'd Like to See



The 60-second wonder.

### Shock Tactics

HUSTLER hates to see an advertising campaign that doesn't go far enough. The lingerie ad below is a good example of our pet peeve; so here we've created a version that would really ignite the potential customer. Take a tip from HUSTLER, all you Madison Avenue ad men. If you're going for shock value, you've got to really turn 'em on.





### Tit for Tat

Despite the quality of this photograph, we knew that a lot of you guys out there who go for big jugs would really find this picture titillating. A gorgeous, voluptuous bust like this can be a problem though—all of her babies drowned while breast-feeding.



THE MAIDINFIRM WOMAN. YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE SHE'LL TURN UP.

Sweet Revenge by Maidinfirm

**Hot Seat** According to newspaper reports, a landlady in Brownsville, Texas, was distraught when her tenants reported that their toilets were catching on fire. Bewildered, she contacted the local fire marshal. His investigation revealed that a leak in the gasoline lines at a nearby service station had dumped 4,000 gallons of gas into the sewer system, which connects to the city's toilets. So, a lit cigarette tossed carelessly into the commode could ignite a blazing inferno. Talk about hot shit!

### Gash for Cash

The first thing this reader said when he saw the money-making potential of his gaping wound was, "Don't call the doctor—just get me some pubic hair and the Instamatic." For quick thinking and

endurance of pain beyond the call of *Bits* & *Pieces* duty, we're awarding him our \$150 contributor's fee. His was a cut above the other submissions anyway.

Sizzling Platter



Every once in a while we find an album cover that's even hotter than the music inside. This disco record's got us up—but we don't wanna dance.





HUSTLER heard that these were very popular in Germany during World War II; so we

went goose-stepping out on the town one evening and caught their act. We had to leave early,

though, when they brought on the whole arm orchestra. We were sitting too close to the pit.



### Good as Gold

Here's a shot taken by reader/photographer R. T. Edwards that illustrates his unusual preference for models covered in metallic paint.

We hope the girl didn't have to sit too long for this picture. It would be a shame to see the pigeons spoil a statue like this.



**Anal-gesics** One reader wrote in and asked,

"Why do they call painrelievers analgesics?" This same reader probably also writes to Good Housekeeping about herpes. Nevertheless, in order to maintain HUSTLER's reputation for top-notch reader service, we suggested that he research the question by testing their effectiveness in reducing pain due to internal rectal difficulties. In other words, we told him to stick it up his ass.

### HUSTLER Update

MADALYN MURRAY **O'HAIR** October '79 Madalyn Murray O'Hair's son, William J.



Murray, who was instrumental in the removal of prayers and Bible-reading from America's public-school systems, has now renounced Atheism. In an open letter to the Baltimore Sun, Murray apologized for his role as plaintiff in the suit that eventually led to the Supreme Court's decision against the use of the Bible in public schools. In a similar letter to the people of Austin, Texas, he claimed to regret the time spent helping his mother and apologized for "the part I played in the building of [her] personal empire."

Ms. O'Hair, leader of the Atheist movement in the United States, called her son's statements "pretty strange." Asked about his newfound religion, she said, "There's nobody who can convince me William J. Murray is anything other than an Atheist."

#### THE MORMONS May '80 In an article on violence within the Mormon



mentioned that Ervil LeBaron, head of one of the many polygamist Mormon sects, had been accused of the murder of a rival sect leader, Rulon C. Allred. He has since been convicted of that homicide and of conspiracy to murder his own brother, Verlan LeBaron. He had previously been convicted of complicity in the murder of another of his brothers, but that verdict was reversed. Under Utah law, LeBaron could face death by firing squad.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for in-teresting items for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For October, \$150 and thanks to Scott Diemond, R. T. Edwards, G. T. Photos, Ronald Johnson, Chet Kier, D. P. Lawrence and Derry Oliver.





"What do you mean, eat it?! It took me an hour to get up the guts to fuck it!"

CHIC CLEANS YOUR TUBES

Clean up your act every month with the help of CHIC's hot ladies. Plus, we have informative, probing articles; wacky humor; and exciting fiction guaranteed to turn you on. Don't miss a thing. Fill out the coupon - now!

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### EROTIC FILMS

#### **Edited by Jeffrey Ressner**

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

### **October Silk**

October Silk is a technically stunning movie, but audiences might get a little confused trying to follow the complex story line. If you can rise above the twists in the plot, however, you'll be treated to some very raunchy (and sometimes bizarre) erotic goodies.

The film deals with several people whose lives are seemingly connected through the central figure, Marsha (Merle Michaels). Marsha's a post-pubescent nymph from a New York City suburb who goes to a Manhattan boutique to shop for her first set of sexy threads.

The owner of the store is portrayed by Gloria Leonard, who later balls one of her simple-minded employees, Norman (George Payne). Another of Gloria's workers is Samantha Fox. She plays a swinging urban single who's so dumb, she can't even remember the name of the guy she's eating for breakfast. Marsha's father (Bobby Astyr), a businessman, seeks comfort in a nude romp with his horny secretary, Angela (Christie Ford). There are many other relationships in the film, but it takes a great deal of patience to make it through the maze of characters and circumstances.

Keep your eyes peeled, though, for a scene in which Marsha and her best friend,



Abigail Clayton (left) and Candida Royalle go for a wild ride atop Eric Edwards in 'October Silk.'

Diane (Christine de Shaeffer), end up in the clutches of a dirty old man named Arthur (Jake Teague). For the first time in the history of X-rated films, two veteran porn actresses deliver believable portrayals of callow young girls. When one of them squeals, "Gee, I've never done this before," you'll actually think she's a virgin. As a matter of fact, this scene is so hot that it'll make you stain your shorts.

Despite its complicated plot, the script is often a brilliant work that mixes hard-core action with real character development. October Silk was written and directed by Henri Pachard (Babylon Pink, The Budding of Brie), who's managed to draw high-quality performances from nearly everyone in the cast. All of that, combined with Larry Revene's expert camerawork, results in one of the most professional adult films you're likely to see.

-Manny Neuhaus

### Plato's-The Movie

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.

F	RATING GUIDE
<b>~</b>	ERECTION A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
•	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
•	HALF ERECT So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
•	ONE-QUARTER ERECT A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
9	TOTALLY LIMP A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Have you ever wondered what goes on behind the closed doors of Plato's Retreat West, Hollywood's most exclusive swingers' club? Well, now there's a film that unlocks the secrets behind the highly touted pleasure palace. But Plato's-The Movie, filmed entirely on location, is not a documentary. It's a fictionalized story about two female reporters who are assigned to do an investigative article on the sexual hot spot. Not surprisingly, they get more than they bargained for.

As the film opens, Buffy (Seka) and Cindy (Lisa De-Leeue) are given the assignment



Redhead Lisa DeLeeue gets slap-happy with Maria Tortuga at Plato's.

by their editor, Burt (Mike Ranger). Their initial visit to Plato's turns out to be just what they expected: groups of writhing bodies groping, tonguing and fucking each other. It all seems like a fairly routine night until one of the patrons has a fatal heart attack, and Plato's manager (Bill Margold) attempts to hush up the death.

Buffy and Cindy slowly unravel the cover-up by going undercover. They discover a scandalous connection between the club and the mayor's daughter. In order to follow up leads on their story, the reporters give deep-throat to their deep-background sources, and provide various other sexual favors as well.

Both female stars of Plato's-The Movie have been prominently featured in Larry Flynt Publications. Seka posed in an August 1979 CHIC pictorial (Erika), and Lisa DeLeeue was the model for a HUSTLER spread this past March (Red on Red). Although their acting is unconvincing, these two lovely young ladies project a sense of raw sexuality that must be seen to be believed. Unfortunately though, even their presence can't help the silly story.

The ad copy for the film calls it a "Who Done It," but audiences will no doubt be asking "Who cares?" At the end of the movie there's a voice-over that wraps up the story's loose ends. The narrator tells who killed, fucked and bribed whom. One thing's for sure: Whoever wrote this mystery must have been truly mystified about how to put a story together.

The Movie is neither the women nor the plot. It's the setting. For the first time, audiences around the country will be able to get a close-up look at the most famous sex club ever to hit the scene. Time, Newsweek, the Village Voice and dozens of other magazines and newspapers have done features on Plato's by sending reporters inside for on-the-spot coverage. Now it's your turn to swing.

-7. R.

### Ultra Flesh

Ultra Flesh is the first health-conscious adult movie. Its spaced-out and often hysterically funny sci-fi plot makes an important statement concerning the connection between nutrition and human sexuality.

Seka portrays the title character, a star-fucking cosmic beauty sent to earth to save mankind from an impotence epidemic. It seems that earthmen have been laid limp due to their overconsumption of an insidious white crystalline powder . . . sugar. Ultra Flesh's archenemy, Sugarman (Jamie Gillis), is another space traveler disguised on earth as a South American dictator whose country's chief export is-you guessed it-sugar.

While Sugarman is pushing his anti-erection sweets, Ultra fires rays from her cunt, reviving worn-out dicks all over the globe. It's a big job, though, and she soon tires.

That's when Ultra calls for help. To the delight of the world's sex-starved men, girls nicknamed "Fleshettes" begin dropping from the skies like gifts from heaven. Finally the forces of good and evil lock in head-to-head combat-a torrid "69" scene-and Ultra triumphs. The world is once again safe for the horny masses.

Unlike many X-rated films, Ultra Flesh contains some nonsex scenes that are brilliantly funny. For example, at the height of the impotence crisis the leaders of the three world powers hold a summit meeting at an amusement park. As the rulers of America, Russia and China argue over the best course of action, they decide to go for a ride in bumper cars. We see them smashing into each other in an uproarious three-way duel, a stinging comment on the shape of international politics.

Ultra Flesh racks up even more points with its erotic episodes. The hottest one is early in the picture, when Sugarman entertains the President in an attempt to convince him that sugar has little effect on men's potency. Two beautiful nude couples who eat sugar regularly are introduced to the President and engage in sexual acrobatics. Later, a girl (Candida Royalle) is mechanically lowered from a harness directly onto a waiting stiff prick.

The film is outrageously enjoyable. However, it misses our highest rating for a number of minor reasons-gorgeous Seka's consistently awful acting, some overly drawn-out sequences, and a scene that seems to have been lifted from -M. N. another porn flick.

#### For the Love of Pleasure

Once in a great while an adult film comes along that puts most other recent entries in the field to shame. For the Love of Pleasure is such a picture. It's an all-star, all-sex fantasy that pulsates with eroti-



But the best part of Plato's - | 'Ultra Flesh' features Seka as a star-fucking cosmic beauty who saves mankind from an impotence epidemic.



Candida Royalle portrays the woman

on the flying trapeze in this scene from 'Ultra Flesh.'

Perhaps the best thing about

For the Love of Pleasure, besides

its superlative technical quality,

is the variety of lovely ladies

showcased for Simon's over-

whelming lust. In addition to

Sheva, there's a sophisticated

type adorned in furs and a pearl

necklace (Pamela Ashely), a

wholesome blonde (Jesie St.

James), a virginal schoolgirl

(Lisa Thatcher), an Oriental

cocksucker (Kyoto) and a

woman (Veri Knotty) who mas-

turbates with a banana and

who can tie her large-lipped

each of these feminine visions,

and by the time he's called

upon to participate in a celestial orgy it's apparent that he's too

pooped to get it up. He im-

plores Sheva to release him

from sexual paradise. Her

response is the surprise ending

of the film, but we won't reveal

it here. You'll have to go see the

movie and find out for yourself. For its special effects, its first-

rate photography, its red-hot

sex scenes and a variety of

other reasons, For the Love of Pleasure earns our highest rat-

ing. Special mention should be

given to Jamie Gillis, who's fast

becoming the Brando of the porn industry. Gillis gives a

dynamic performance in this film, proving that male sex

stars aren't just guys with long, hard cocks. Some of them can

-.7. R.

really act.

Simon has an encounter with

cunt into tangles.

cism in nearly every frame. If this flick doesn't get you aroused, you're either dead or a eunuch.

In the movie's prologue a second-story man named Simon (Jamie Gillis) prepares to rob an apartment. He hot-wires a car, stakes out the building and climbs up the fire escape. When he enters the bedroom of a large-breasted woman (Susan Nero) and scoops up all of her jewelry, he thinks he's got it made. But the woman pulls a gun on Simon and forces the thief to return her precious gems. She also commands him to fuck her, which both surprises and confuses him. Just as Simon comes, the woman's husband walks into the bedroom. Simon jumps up to leave and is fatally shot in cold blood by the woman. And off he goes into the afterlife.

Like Warren Beatty in Heaven Can Wait, Simon is cast into a mysterious limbo of dry-ice fog. As a matter of fact, a good subtitle for this film might have been "Haven Can't Wait," because the maiden who oversees the burglar's eternal lifestyle is none other than the luscious Annette Haven. She portrays Sheva, an all-powerful goddess who provides the deceased burglar with fashionable clothing, bountiful feasts and a succession of incredibly beautiful women.



Susan Nero nuzzles a thief's cock just 'For the Love of Pleasure.'



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



Bon Appetit Education of the Baroness Fantasy Her Name Was Lisa Sensational Janine Star Virgin Talk Dirty to Me The Budding of Brie The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk Caligula

Frat House Kate and the Indians Ms. Magnificent Pro Ball Cheerleaders Secrets of a Willing Wife Sizzle Tangerine Tigresses—and Other Maneaters



Bangkok Connection Chopstix Double Your Pleasure Female Athletes Fulfilling Young Cups Hot Legs John Holmes, Superstar Olympic Fever Robins Nest Screwples Telefantasy The Girls of Mr. X The Pleasure Shoppe The Sensuous Detective Two Sisters



Dracula Sucks Inside Desiree Cousteau More Than Sisters Mystique

Totally Limp

Carnal Highways Honey Throat I Am Always Ready Sweet Savage Three Ripening Cherries



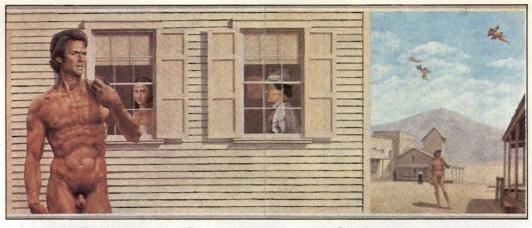
Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

### **Mona Lisas**

Compiled by Mary Rose Storey; Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 110 East 59th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$6.95

This book is a real oddity. It's a serious study of the whole phenomenon of the Mona Lisa, surely the most famous painting in history. Yet it's readable, and at times hilarious. In all there are more than 100 illustrations, some of them in vibrant color, and a number of the finest artists in the world are represented.

There are dozens of satirical renderings of the lady with the mystical smile: Mona Lisa with a mustache and beard; sitting on the toilet; riding a motorcycle; and in bed with Leonardo da Vinci. We see her image displayed on postcards, ashtrays, magazine covers and beer advertisements. There are also many famous faces superimposed on the masterpiece, including Jackie O's and surrealistic painter Salvadore Dali's. The lovely lady appears



A depiction of Clint Eastwood striking a classic pose is typical of the bizarre pictures in 'Mona Lisas.'

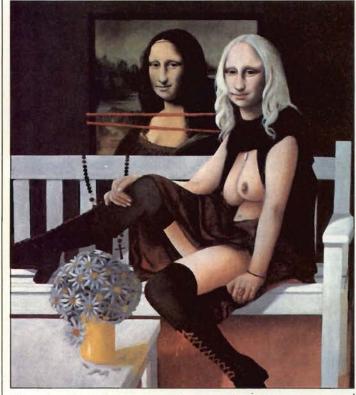
bare-breasted, cross-eyed and, in one of the wildest cartoons ever drawn by *Mad* magazine's Don Martin, she looks like an escapee from an insane asylum.

The original painting of the Mona Lisa is on display at the Louvre museum in Paris. Although da Vinci is generally credited with painting it, this book raises some questions about that assumed fact. Yes, the brushstroke technique is very similar to that employed in other works by the famous artist. But the peculiar thing is that da Vinci, who kept records and made notes of almost everything he did, didn't write a word about this portrait. In addition, there's no sure evidence to indicate when or where it was painted. Even the identity of the model is suspect, but many accounts say she was the wife of a chap named Francesco di Giacondo.

Storey's book underlines the fact that the painting's fame is really deserved. While reading and looking at *Mona Lisas*, you'll understand why the picture has influenced so many people in so many ways inspiring reactions that rangefrom religious awe to an urge to paint mustaches on it. And when you're done leafing through page after page of this woman's face, you'll fall in love with her. Radner didn't invent the word neurotic, "she crystallized it." And of Dan Aykroyd, Henry says, "I didn't believe in extraterrestrial life until I met this thing."

But Henry saves the best insult for SNL producer Lorne Michaels, who "persisted in bringing all of these rejects together and encouraged them to trample, week after week, on everything and everybody that Americans respect and revere."

Rolling Stone Visits Saturday Night Live tells how and why the show was born, where the performers were recruited from and how they behave off the set. It seems that the more you get to know about these people,



'Mona Lisas' includes bare-breasted versions of the famous masterpiece.

Rolling Stone Visits Saturday Night Live

Edited by Marianne Partridge; designed by Vincent Winter; Rolling Stone Press, distributed by Doubleday and Company, Inc., 245 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017; \$8.95

Over the past few years Saturday Night Live has shocked and shaken and freaked-out a good portion of the American population. This handsome and readable book consists of about a dozen Rolling Stone magazine articles dealing with the TV show, along with a collection of hand-tinted photographs from the program's funniest skits.

Buck Henry's introduction offers descriptions of each of the show's original "Not Ready For Prime Time Players." He calls John Belushi "a masterpiece of physiological debris." He says that although Gilda



the more weird and wonderful they seem to be. Buck Henry implies that each of these folks has a unique genius, and he's right. Although most of the original cast members have moved on to bigger and better things, they'll always hold a special place in the hearts of *Saturday Night Live* fans.

A lot of credit for this fine book should go to the eight *Rolling Stone* writers who contributed the essays. Timothy White, who authored the articles on the Blues Brothers and Lorne Michaels, has a crackling style that's filled with surprises and an intimate feeling for the people he interviews. Special mention also should go to Edie Baskin, who did most of the photography and supplied two sections of hand-tinted prints.

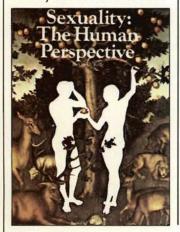
Everywhere you look in this book are quotes and excerpts from the show, many of which will have you rolling on the floor with laughter. Go buy this book. After reading it, you may be able to say, as Buck Henry did, "I think I know these people. I may even love them."

### Sexuality: The Human Perspective

By Gary F. Kelly; Barron's Educational Series, Inc., 113 Crossways Park Drive, Woodbury, New York 11797; \$8.95

In 1976 university instructor Gary F. Kelly wrote a sex-education text designed for highschool students. Kelly researched his text so doggedly that he came up with a great deal of information he couldn't use and many things he couldn't say in a manual for teenagers. This good-looking new book is aimed at adult readers, and it really is one of the most complete and detailed sex encyclopedias around.

But Sexuality: The Human Perspective is written in a dry, academic style. It's hard for Kelly to get through a paragraph without giving sources and dates. He likes charts, loves classifications and definitions, and keeps saying things like, "It may be some time before re-





'The John Wayne Album': Both on and off the film set the Duke projected a bold, rugged personality.

search emerges..." He also uses many explicit drawings and photographs. However, they're clinical, not erotic illustrations; the artwork is guaranteed to explain a lot and arouse very little.

Comparison with Alex Comfort's beautiful guide *The Joy of Sex* is inevitable, but there is no joy in Kelly's book. There are several other differences between the two volumes: Comfort's work is strongly biased and full of his personality, while Kelly has made a scholar's effort to keep himself and his opinions out of his book. He presents solid facts when they can be proven, and different theories when they can't.

All things considered, Sexuality: The Human Perspective is a very useful and excellently arranged reference work. It covers virtually every aspect of sex, including childhood development, penis size, obscenity and the law, homosexuality, rape, S&M, satyriasis (the everlasting, agonizing hard-on) plus hundreds of other goodies. The book's passages on sex therapy and the future of love are worth nine bucks by themselves.

You can't spend ten minutes reading this book without learning something you never knew before. For example, did you know that *pseudonecrophilia* means fantasizing all the time about balling dead chicks but never doing it?

### Duke: The John Wayne Album

By John Boswell and Jay David; Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$8.95

A couple of years ago John "Duke" Wayne was invited to speak to undergraduates at a large Eastern university. The cocky president of the student body introduced him in the following manner: "You all know John Wayne, and you all know what he stands for. But we've decided to invite him here tonight anyway." The place roared with hysterics, and the boom of Wayne's own laughter was easy to hear.

Another episode: "In high school," Wayne once recalled, "I had a four-year average of 94 in all my subjects. In college I took Latin and Romance languages, and mathematics through calculus. And when I started in movies, they had to teach me to say ain't."

Duke: The John Wayne Album is an adoring biography loaded with facts and anecdotes and lists of achievements by the noted actor. Also included are scores of pictures—many of them in color—of Wayne with presidents, other actors, his kids and his wives. In addition, there are several stills taken from his films.

The authors provide an indepth study of this unique hunk of Americana, covering the controversial nature of his ultraconservative politics, the B-movie quality of some of his films, and his bold personality. No matter how you've felt about the Duke, this book will affect you. Wayne fans will weep and Wayne-haters (wherever they are) will nod with respect after reading it.

Wayne really was a fascinating individual. He was strong and consistent in his views, and had a highly underrated acting ability. Talent is inborn; you either have it or you don't. Skill is something you work at and sweat over and never stop polishing. Show us a man who has both, who hasn't let the ease of his talent stop him from working hard to develop his skills, and we'll show you a big man. John Wayne was most certainly a big man.

When Wayne was asked how he'd like to be remembered, he quoted a Spanish epitaph: *"Feo, fuerte, y formal."* It means, *"He* was ugly, he was strong, he had dignity." We can't say it any better than that.

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In 1962 Dr. Gaza de Kaplany seemed to be a very contented man. He had a successful practice and was happily married to a beautiful young woman. Then, for no apparent reason, Dr. de Kaplany became obsessed with the notion that his wife had taken a lover.

For a while de Kaplany was able to hide his unjustified paranoia, but one night his feelings overcame him. He seized his wife, stripped her naked and bound her with ropes. Moving at a slow, deliberate pace, he began to torture her by applying nitric acid to the most sensitive areas of her body. Eventually the woman was taken to a hospital, where she lingered in critical condition for a month before dying.

During Dr. de Kaplany's highly publicized murder trial it became known that the doctor worried about losing his wife to another man because she was so attractive. Though she wasn't having an affair, Dr. de Kaplany was unsure about his ability to keep other guys away from her. Psychologists describe de Kaplany's condition as a "delusion of infidelity." In other words, he merely imagined that his wife was fucking another man.

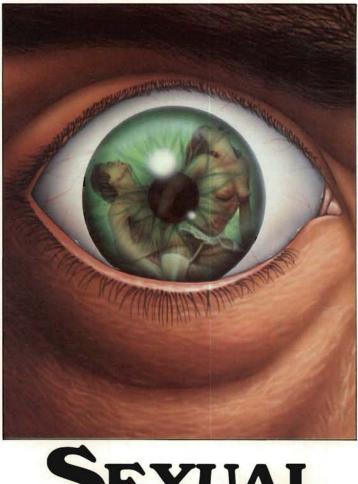
Jealousy can sometimes explode into brutal violence, as it did in Dr. de Kaplany's acid-torture slaying of his wife. Usually, however, the results are less extreme. But

even then a person's fear of losing his lover can ruin his sex life and make him feel frightened or upset.

Although jealousy has plagued men and women throughout history, scientists are now beginning to understand the symptoms and root causes behind this complex emotion. They've discovered that when jealousy is controlled and put into perspective, it can actually improve a relationship. But when it's ignored, it can turn a lover into a monster.

Because jealousy is such a basic part of the human psyche, it's been used as a major theme in myths and art for many centuries. In fact, one of Shakespeare's most famous tragedies, Othello, deals

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





by Stephanie Ross

with delusions of infidelity. Othello is a black man married to a fine-looking white woman. Through trickery and deceit he is led to believe that his wife has been cheating on him. Othello strangles his bride, only to find out later that she'd been faithful to him all along.

Medea, an important figure in Greek mythology, is the classic female counterpart to Othello. Euripides, the ancient Greek playwright, wrote one of the most famous accounts of her jealousy.

The story goes along these lines: After ten years of marriage to the Greek hero Jason, Medea discovered that her husband had fallen in love with a young

princess. He abandoned Medea, who got revenge by sending Jason's new bride a magnificent robe, rigged to burst into flames when she put it on. After her rival had burned to death, the hysterical Medea killed the two sons she had had by Jason. They say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

But the fury of a man scorned, some psychologists say, is even greater. Psychologists use Othello as a classic example of jealousy because the story shows many of the aspects this emotion assumes when it gets out of control. In their article "The Othello Syndrome," Drs. John Todd and Kenneth Dewhurst concluded that male jealousy is a survival mechanism, a type of trigger response that may have been inherited from our ancient ancestors.

"The flood of emotions that engulfs the sexually jealous man," Todd and Dewhurst wrote, "stems from the fact that the infidelity of his mate would constitute an impediment to the satisfaction of powerful instincts, such as those of mating and ownership." They also discovered that men are prone to more-intense jealous feelings than women are. "Delusions of infidelity definitely affect both sexes," claimed Todd and Dewhurst, "but the incidence is appreciably higher and infinitely more dangerous in male subjects." In

men, jealousy can lead to doubts concerning the paternity of their children, said these psychologists.

In other words, men have an instinctual need to pass along their "genes," or bloodline. A man naturally fights off competitors until his "seed has borne fruit." Although we live in a civilized society, we have to be aware of the older, primitive forces that still act within us, such as jealousy.

A major difference between male and female jealousy was detected by Dr. Gregory White of the University of Maryland. After surveying a large test group, he found that a woman's insecurity about her own worth will

often lead to jealousy. In men the exact opposite is true: Jealousy comes first, and this causes the feelings of insecurity and inadequacy to arise.

For example, if a woman thinks she's fat, she'll get jealous when her lover talks about thin ladies. However, if a man either imagines or discovers that his lover is having sex with another guy, then he'll start to develop anxieties about himself. He'll begin to fear that he's not handsome enough, that he can't sexually satisfy his woman or that his cock is too small. This fact is significant because in the past most psychologists believed that sexual anxiety was the cause of male jealousy, not the result.

Other crucial differences between male and female jealousy were underscored in a recent study called the "Sexual Jealousy Inventory." Compiled by Elliot Aronson of the University of California at Santa Cruz, and Ayala Pines of the University of California at Berkeley, the inventory was based on a series of questionnaires.

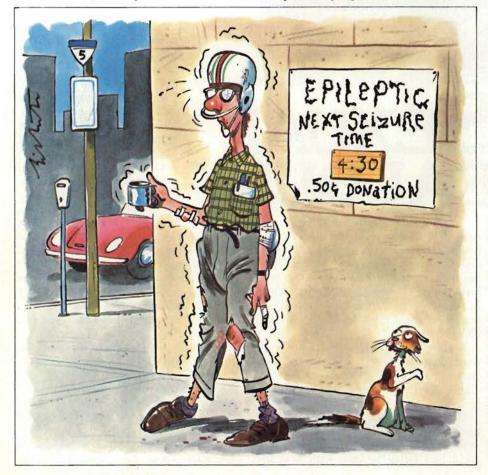
The inventory showed that men tend to walk out on a woman who makes them jealous too often. Women, on the other hand, will usually make an extra effort to patch up a relationship with a man who makes them jealous. The report also indicated that women, more so than men, attempt to make their

mates jealous in order to get attention. As far as physical effects are concerned, Aronson and Pines have found that women suffer from nausea and headaches caused by jealousy, while men show no significant changes in health.

Aronson and Pines's studies have led them to believe that jealousy is not an inherited trait but, rather, a learned response—a feeling that is nurtured and developed by our culture. They say: "America is a paired, family-oriented society that emphasizes ownership and private property. It is characterized by competition and by a strong desire to have a perfect relationship. All these aspects of contemporary American society tend to aggravate the feeling and expression of jealousy."

Certainly it can be argued that learned behavior goes hand in hand with instinctual behavior. According to many researchers, all people inherit some type of jealousy. However, in different cultures this trait takes on different characteristics. When the emotional tensions brought on by infidelity in this country are compared with those of other cultures, ours seem tame.

In his book *Jealousy: A Psychiatric* Study, Dr. Boris Sokoloff describes the rites of the Somalis, who live on the eastern coast of Africa. Known as the most jealous people in the world, the



Somalis punish every attempt at infidelity with bloody cruelty. They even sew up the vaginal lips of young girls to make sure they remain virgins until they're married. Only slightly less savage are the tribes of the Sandwich Islands. They cut off the ears of women suspected of cheating on their lovers.

Because jealousy erupts in so many unusual ways around the world, social psychologist Ralph B. Hupka was able to make some interesting discoveries about the emotion by studying other cultures. Drawing on two centuries of cultural research, Hupka labeled various groups as being either "high-jealousy" or "low-jealousy" societies. An example of a "high-jealousy" society, Hupka claims, is the Plateau tribe of northern Rhodesia. This tribe has been known to avenge a jealous husband by impaling his wife and her lover on large wooden stakes. (Sometimes, it is believed, the offending couples were made to assume a position of copulation before the impaling took place.) The Todas of southern India are considered a "low-jealousy" society by Hupka because they place few restrictions on sexual pleasure and discourage possessiveness of people and objects.

Jealousy is not an inborn trait, according to Hupka, a professor at California State University, Long Beach. Basically agreeing with the findings of Aronson and Pines, Hupka believes that jealousy is a *learned* behavioral response. It is a part of the socializing process, he says, to discover what is valued in our society and protect it against a rival.

Psychologists Todd and Dewhurst disagree, claiming that jealousy is an inherited trait. Alfred Kinsey and other sex researchers have pointed to evidence of jealousy in apes and dogs to suggest that humans inherited the emotion as they evolved from lower forms of life. In animals we may refer to jealousy as a form of "survival of the fittest," since the animal that keeps other males of the same species away from his mate produces more of his own offspring. Many researchers see jealousy in humans as being connected with this same survival instinct.

Whether jealousy is an inherited trait or a form of learned behavior, you can't afford to be its victim. Lately in America, jealousy has taken on a new stigma—it has become a taboo. Radical social changes (such as the sexual revolution) have made jealousy unacceptable in many circles and in the process have played havoc with people's feelings.

It is important to look at such trends and their causes. It may be that these "fashionable" attitudes have roots in the repression of natural instincts that will erupt in more-destructive ways if we do not pay heed to them. Jealousy may not be "in," but it's essential to understand why our society has attempted to deny this basic human emotion.

"The rise of open relationships and women's liberation have made significant numbers of people aware that we don't possess one another," says Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld. In Jealousy: Taming the Green-Eyed Monster, he says that thinking of jealousy as an embarrassment has made dealing with it extremely difficult. "The feelings jealousy causes are bad enough, and always were," he says, "but now we're not even supposed to have those feelings. Shame or guilt over jealousy is added to the discomfort of the jealous feelings themselves."

Because jealousy is the new taboo in our society, people will need more courage to admit their feelings in order to control them. Dr. Schoenfeld, a 1960s counterculture medical adviser also known as Dr. Hip Pocrates, has a number of valuable tips for those folks who find their better judgment being eaten by the "green-eyed monster." Here are a few:

Write out your jealous feelings in a diary or journal. Although this may be emotionally exhausting, it will help you understand the situation by "organizing" your jealousy. Talking over the problem with a sympathetic friend can provide objective insights about an ailing relationship. Also, keep busy instead of brooding. Indulging in self-pity is a waste of valuable time and is potentially destructive.

Jealousy, if controlled and channeled properly, can have many positive effects. The emotion can add new heat to a relationship that's been taken for granted. A man who's forced to compete for a woman's affection may feel the need to improve his sexual prowess. And jealous men can also become more constructively ambitious. For example, if a man feels that his girlfriend is drawn to guys with more material goods—a sports car or a fat wallet—this will often give him the stimulus to get out of a financial rut.

What it all comes down to is that jealousy is here to stay; so it's vital to learn how to recognize and deal with it. If you tend to get jealous—admit it. Tell your lover, and try to control your feelings. Get to know what triggers your jealousy. If your sexual partner is having an affair, face and resolve the situation. Keeping feelings of jealousy locked up inside solves nothing and can be extremely dangerous. Learning to live with jealousy can be a matter of life and death—for you and your lover.





## ASLEPAT THE WHEEL AMERICA'S HOTTEST COUNTRY BAND

PROFILE BY STUART GOLDMAN Illustration by Dennis Carmichael

It's business as usual inside the bustling casino at Harrah's, one of the larger hotels on the shores of Lake Tahoe. The clitter-clatter of the slot machines is interrupted periodically by the *burriiinnnnngg* of bells signaling jackpot-winners. Over at a craps table there's a burst of shouting when a high roller hits his eighth pass in a row.

Outside the South Shore Room a perplexed group of tourists peers through the glass partition, drawn by the country music coming from the room. The band onstage certainly doesn't resemble your run-of-the-mill polyester-suited lounge act. All of them are squeezed onto the tiny stage: the girls dressed in '40s garb, and the guys wearing everything from Tshirts and jeans to full cowboy wardrobe. The most striking member is a huge beanstalk of a singer with a big Stetson perched atop his scraggly, frizzed-out hair.

"So who are they...a country-and-western band or something?" asks one of the tourists, looking up at the marquee. "Asleep At The Wheel. Never heard of 'em, have you?" His wife just shrugs. The two of them turn away and head toward the Keno games.

But inside, the lounge is packed with customers who obviously *have* heard of Asleep At The Wheel. Applauding wildly after each tune, these are definitely fans. Fanatics, to put it correctly—people who will endure even the artificial atmosphere of a Nevada casino to see the world's shit-kickingest country/swing band.

As the group starts playing its unofficial theme song, "Miles and Miles of Texas," a couple leaps to the stage and begins dancing the Texas Two-Step—until a musclebound bouncer ushers them to their seats. When the song is over, six-foot-six-inch Ray Benson sidles up to a microphone. "Now, folks," he says, "we got a real special treat for y'all. Maryann Price is gonna sing a little cowboy number entitled ... well, I'll let her tell you about it."

The sexy little brunette takes the mike. "I think you'll all remember this one," she says, batting her lashes. She signals to the band—"Hit it, boys" and the group kicks into the incredibly corny "I'm an Old Cowhand From the Rio Grande," summoning images of every old Gene Autry movie. Price camps it up to the max. When she gets to the line, Well, my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan, she turns her back to the crowd, hikes up her dress and pats the panties covering her provocative ass. The audience roars its approval.

Backstage, after the performance, a nasty-looking little burr-haired man bursts into The Wheel's dressing room. "Who's the leader of this group?" he snaps.

Silence. "Well," says Benson after a moment, "I suppose that'd be me. What can I do for you?"

"Come with me, please," the man says in an even-toned voice. "The management would like to talk to you."

An hour later Benson is seething. "Those cocksuckers!" he snarls, swigging from a bottle of beer. "They actually fired us. I fuckin' can't believe it! Well, I shoulda expected it. I mean, that fuckin' little Nazi was on our case from the minute we started this gig. He was just lookin' for a reason to bust our asses, an' tonight the little bastard finally found one."

A visitor wonders what happened. "Oh, you know when Maryann did that little bit where she pulled her dress up - II mean, she didn't even show any ass. But this motherfucker said she flashed a beaver to the audience. And that's all it took. They paid us off and told us to pack up our gear."



Looks like we won't <u>have</u> to execute thees prisoner, men. He just died from hees last cigarette!"

Benson takes another swig of beer. "Well, listen," he says. "I'm just as glad to get outa this fuckin' joint anyway. Gettin' back to Austin will be a hell of a lot better than hangin' out in this shithole. Ya know what I mean?"

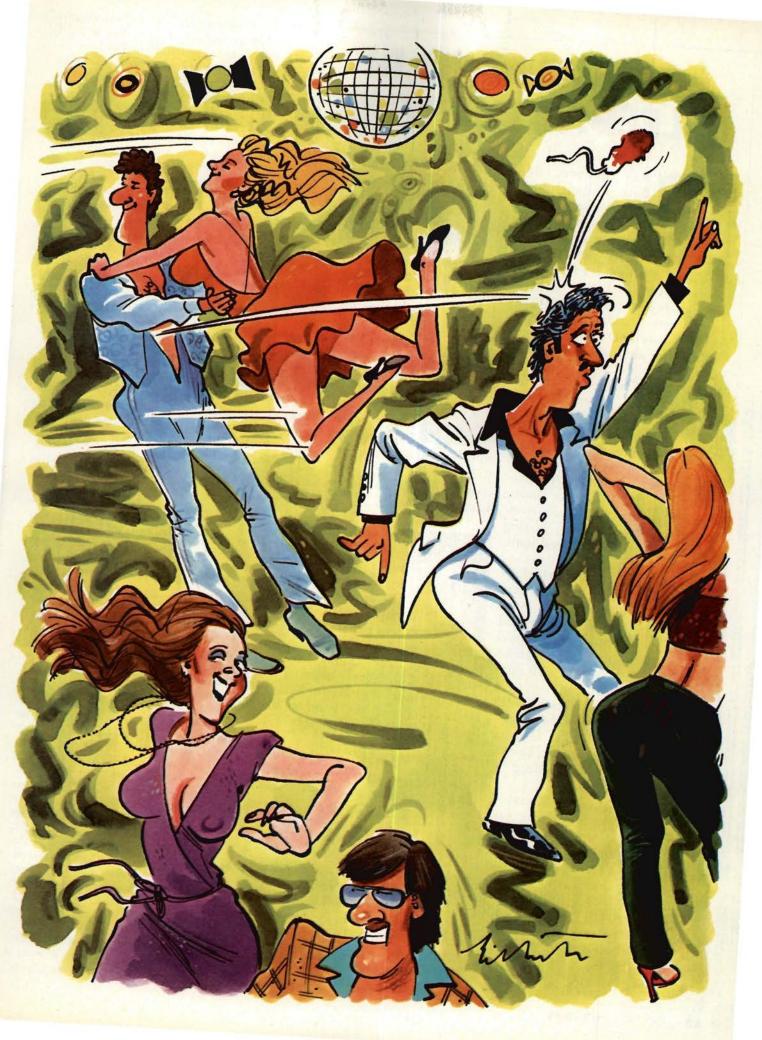
In the late 1960s a trickle of musicians began moving to Austin, the capital of Texas, where rock/blues guitarist Johnny Winter and singer Janis Joplin had already gained word-of-mouth reputations. Like San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, Austin was a place relatively free of hassle. You could smoke your dope, walk your dog without a leash and—in a few selected spots just outside the city—tan your ass while swimming naked.

By 1974 dozens of new country musicians were making names for themselves in Austin, drawn in part by the presence of the legendary Willie Nelson, himself a refugee from the rigid musical thinking of Nashville. And when The Wheel made its move to this fertile musical environment that same year, Nelson not only encouraged them—he provided essential exposure by using the group as an opening act at many of his concerts.

Since that time The Wheel has made and spent millions of dollars. They've crisscrossed the country in their Scenicruiser bus, playing colleges, festivals, fairs and honky-tonks. They've done songs for the movie *Wanda Nevada* and have appeared in *Roadie*. In 1979 their version of Count Basie's "One O'Clock Jump" won a Grammy for Best Country Instrumental Performance. And whenever they've needed to put their careers in perspective, they always manage to return to Austin—like children reaching out for a mother's nourishment and love.

On a hot and muggy afternoon two weeks after the Tahoe incident, the laidback atmosphere in The Wheel's Austin office is suddenly shattered by the rumble of a motorcycle outside. Ray Benson, all 6-6 of him, has arrived on his mighty Harley-Davidson. His black-leather jacket, goggles and new short haircut make him look more like some sort of New Wave Hell's Angel than the leader of a country/swing band. Benson looks tired, almost wasted, after staying up all night for a recording session. He goes straight for the office refrigerator, grabs two Pearl beers and flops down on the sofa.

"When we first came to Austin, the whole cosmic-cowboy scene was happening," he recalls, referring to the then-fashionable pretense of mixing drugs with Old West Macho. "There's still a lot of people involved in that scene—as opposed to the music. But I



### WHO'S WHO IN ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL



Ray Benson, 29. Born Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Official group leader, spokesman, father figure, psychologist. Sings lead vocals,

plays rhythm and lead guitars, tap dances and attempts assorted acrobatic stunts. Has a passion for cowboy hats and boots. Former tuba player and college dropout.



Chris O'Connell, 28. Born Hagerstown, Maryland. Sings lead and background vocals. Plays rhythm guitar. Former secretary. Iden-

tifying marks: tattoo on upperright arm. Personality traits: occasional temper tantrums; driving dangerously over the speed limit.



Maryann Price, 34. Born Providence, Rhode Island. Sings lead and background vocals; also does scat singing (jazzlike vocalizing with non-

sense syllables). Five-octave range. Former "Lickette" with Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks. Later with the Kinks. Onstage does various dance steps: cha cha, mambo, Charleston, jitterbug.



Dean DeMerritt, 24. Born Tulsa, Oklahoma. Plays upright and electric bass. Formerly with the Tulsa Philharmonic and various

jazz bands. "It's just as difficult to play a simple country line as it is to play Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," he says. Groupies say he's "the cute one."



Patrick "Taco" Ryan, 28. Born Houston, Texas. Plays baritone sax, alto sax and clarinet. Musical influences: Cannonball Adder-

ley, John Coltrane, Joe Farrell, Eddie Harris. Onstage attire: Tshirts and jeans primarily.



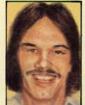
Dan Tyack, 24. Born Palo Alto, California. Pedalsteel-guitar specialist who recently replaced Bobby Black. Previously played

with the country/rock group New Riders of the Purple Sage. Most recently backed up country singer Lacy J. Dalton.



Paul Anastasio, 28. Born Chicago, Illinois. Country-andwestern and jazz fiddler who formerly played with Merle Haggard's presti-

gious group, the Strangers. Replaced road-weary Danny Levin, who left The Wheel after the volcanic eruption of Mount Saint Helens stranded the band at a Spokane, Washington, motel.



Chris York, 23. Born Fort Worth, Texas. Known as Kid Embryo when he first worked as the group's drummer at the tender

age of 19. Previously played with Leon Rausch (known for his work with the legendary Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys). Now in his second stint with The Wheel, succeeding the recently departed Billy Estes. don't go for that all-cowboys-are-mybrothers bullshit. I can't live a lie. I don't want people thinkin' I'm some 40year-old redneck who grew up on his daddy's farm. I come from Philadelphia, the suburbs. I'm Jewish, an' my parents were *never* poor.

"Yeah, I wear boots an' a cowboy hat, but that's what I feel comfortable in. I mean, this really ain't a country band, though that's our image, I guess. We've got a bass player who just finished doin' a gig with the Tulsa Philharmonic, a mean-assed jazz saxman, a funk drummer...."

In an adjacent room, saxman Patrick "Taco" Ryan and bass player Dean De-Merritt are breaking in the newest addition to the band, Billy Estes, a black drummer from Tulsa.

"Well, this really fucks up our image for sure," Ryan deadpans. "It's bad enough we've got Jews in this damn band. But a *nigger*—sheeit!"

"Maybe now they'll call us the first country/coon band," DeMerritt adds.

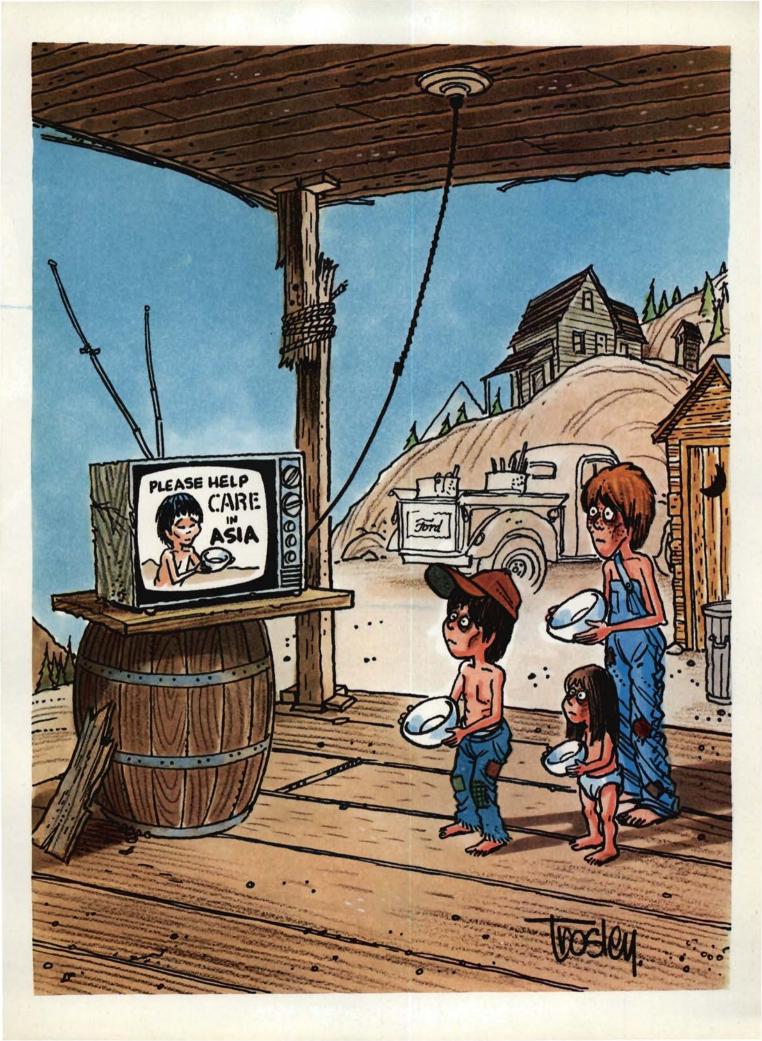
"I don't mind bein' called a country/swing band," says Benson, looking in on the rehearsal. "At least that's not as limiting as bein' called a country-andwestern band. Hell, we play everything from Hank Williams to Eddie Harris (the jazz saxophonist)—to fuckin' Grand Funk Railroad if that's what the people want. Still, we sell a lot more records than some of the top-name country acts. That's the bottom line in this business—whether or not people will shell out their hard-earned bucks to buy that hunk of plastic."

This is certainly a different Ray Benson than the guy with the I-just-want-tomake-my-music mentality who started off playing for \$20 a night 15 years ago. Lately he's become a stone-serious, hard-nosed businessman.

"In the beginning I figured that you got a band together, put out your albums, had your hit records—and then went out and bought your farm," he says. "Ain't that way, man. We went from makin' nothin' to all of a sudden bein' on a record label an' makin' a ton of money—which we promptly blew. We've been through about 40 musicians since we started." But fortunately, The Wheel's "revolving door" tendency has never impaired the quality of its music.

(The total swelled following the band's stay in Austin, when pedal-steelguitar player Bobby Black, fiddler/ piano player Danny Levin and drummer Billy Estes were replaced by Dan Tyack, Paul Anastasio, Floyd Domino and Chris York.)

Attesting to both the band's durability and its up-and-down history, the walls of (continued on page 50)



DFN PTXZ F U Z D T 111 COTTO BANDAGES Photography by Suze Randall ACE

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### THE NURSE AND THE JOCK

ALLGAME

Bedside manner is as big a part of nursing as dispensing medication. When the patient is a star athlete whose pride is wounded along with his body, making him feel whole again is a nurse's duty. The touch of her smooth, sure hands gliding over his taut muscles revitalizes the fallen hero. Moved by her own power to stimulate desire in an injured man, she too feels the sexual power of the situation. Her breasts fill with desire, and she gives herself totally to the rejuvenated player. The nurse's satisfaction is enhanced by the knowledge that her healing powers have made him a whole man again.

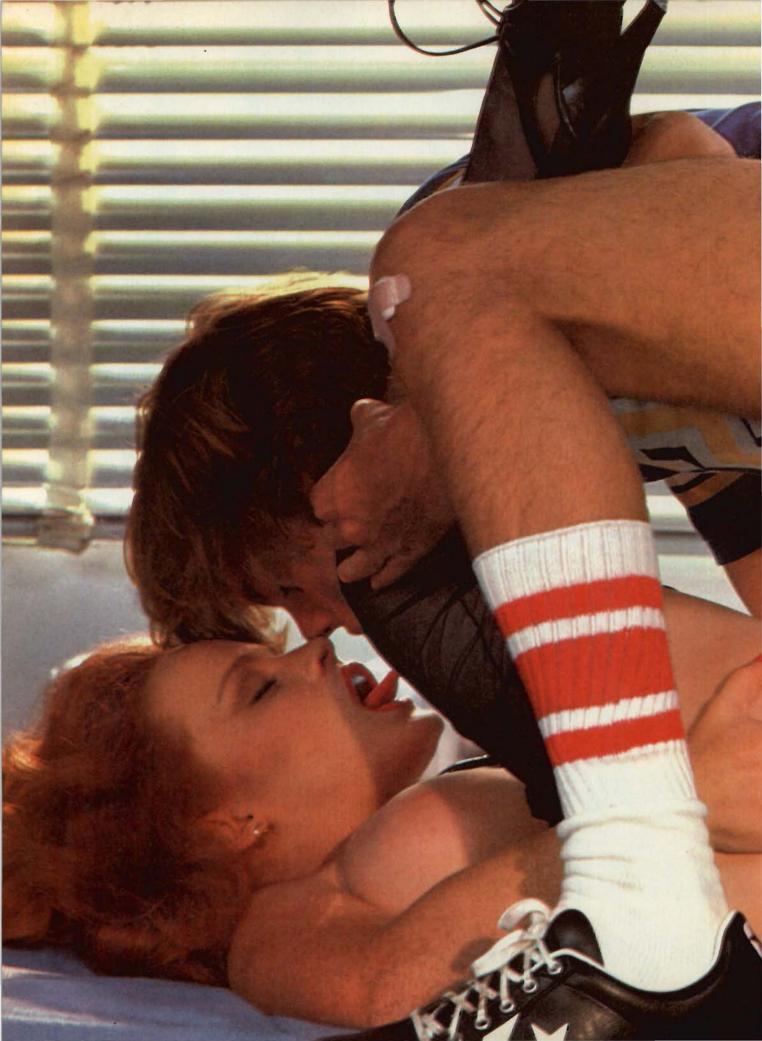














#### ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

#### (continued from page 40)

the office are decorated with promotional posters from across the years. One of them reads: "The Long Branch Saloon Is Proud to Present Three Big Acts—Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, Country Joe and the Fish and Special Guests Asleep At The Wheel. Admission: \$1.25." The brightred poster from one of the sleazier dives in Berkeley, California, brings memories of The Wheel's early struggles.

Not long after, in January 1971, the group was reduced to appearing on a Thursday Talent Night program at Cowtown, a barnlike country-music club in San Jose.

Every geek imaginable was competing for the \$50 first prize that night. An Elvis impersonator, shirt open to the navel, squirmed his way through "Hound Dog." A 400-pound woman called Tiny told dirty jokes appreciated only by the truckers at the bar. Some dodo got up and ate a glass. A guy wearing burgundy pants with a white belt and matching shoes did severe damage to "Your Cheatin' Heart."

Then came Chris O'Connell, a skinny, obviously scared-shitless girl. After she sang about two bars of "I Fall to Pieces," it was clear that the former

secretary was something special, almost a cross between Billie Holiday and Loretta Lynn. "We're trying to win the prize money so we can keep our band together," she said later, standing with her friend, Ray Benson.

Back in the mid-1960s Benson had started the group along with steel-guitar player Lucky Oceans. They rehearsed for months on a friend's 1,500-acre farm in Paw Paw, West Virginia, that lacked heat and running water. In fact, Oceans had dreamed up the name Asleep At The Wheel while seated in an outhouse.

The \$50 Cowtown prize was important because by 1971 the group was barely making enough money to survive. "I don't think we're gonna get it," O'Connell admitted. She was right. The winner was a woman with a monstrous set of tits who'd just demolished "Stand By Your Man."

About a month later Benson and O'Connell showed up again at the Long Branch Saloon. He looked weirder than ever in cowboy boots and a huge Stetson hat. She was dressed to kill in a Dale Evans outfit. The rest of the band wore spiffy western duds, and they looked exactly like what they were—a bunch of longhairs dressed up like hillbillies, playing fiddles and pedal-steel guitars. Yet the sounds they made were just marvelous.



"It wasn't easy getting him to stop licking his balls in front of company!"

Not only did The Wheel do straight honky-tonk music better than most authentic country bands, but also they were playing the shit out of Western Swing—hot dance music that's a blend of big-band, country and jazz styles.

Deceptively difficult to perform well, Western Swing requires musicians capable of playing both precision group sections and inventive solos. The Wheel had that down cold. There was the bass player, walking the neck of his big old upright, and the keyboard man knocking out some jazzy little lick while Benson crooned a Bob Wills tune into the mike: Stay all night, stay a little longer, / Dance all night, dance a little stronger. /Pull off your coat, throw it in a corner, /Don't see why you don't stay a little longer....\*

That silly little ditty, combined with a whiny steel guitar and a fiddle sawing away on a hoedown riff, somehow seemed totally magical. It was easy to get hooked on the group.

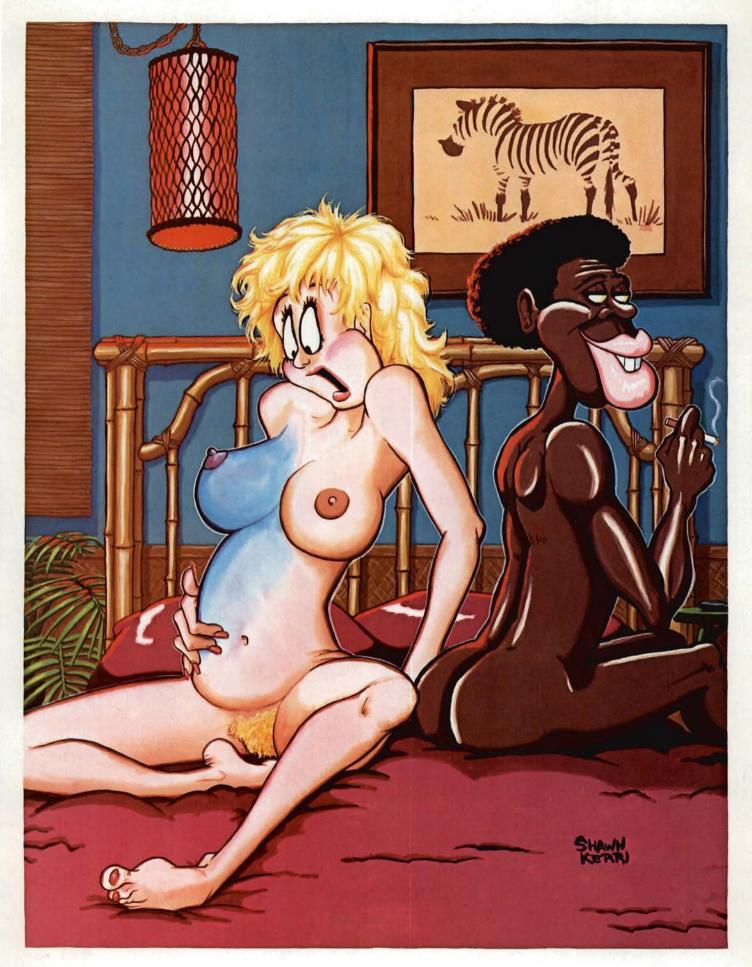
"This band has literally stumbled through the record industry," Benson recalls, sipping another Pearl beer. "A vice-president of our first record company hated our asses enough to where he finally paid us to get off the label. Since then we've been on three more labels, made seven more LPs, an' finally we're just gettin' settled. That don't mean we're rich. This band generates almost a million bucks a year, an' 95% of that is overhead. We've got lots of bills to pay. Nobody earns more than 15 grand a year.

year. "But my real gripe is that after all this time, people still don't know how to market us. Like with that whole thing in Tahoe when we got canned. They still think of us as some kinda weird badasshippie-cowboy band. You can't really label us. The truth is, we're just fuckin' musicians."

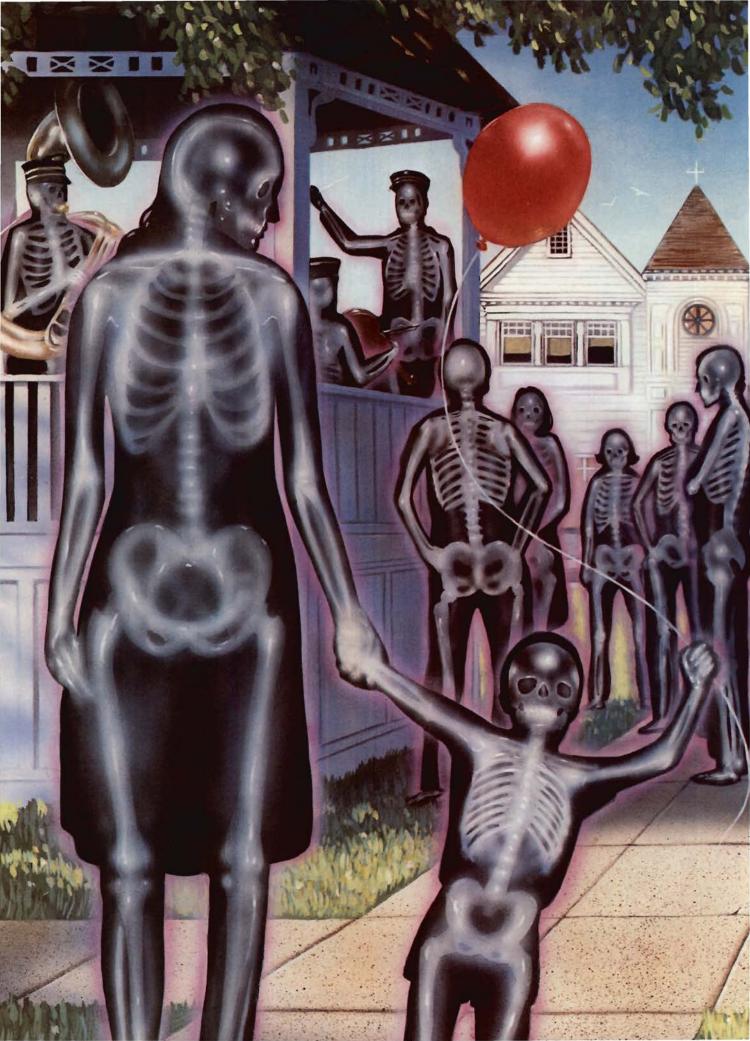
In this latest edition of Asleep At The Wheel only two original members survive—Ray Benson and Chris O'Connell. But still there's a pervasive feeling of family among all eight musicians, a togetherness born of endless nights and days on the road, traveling and performing.

The office door flies open and in walk O'Connell and Maryann Price, the singers who supply The Wheel's sex appeal. With her pale-white skin, a tumble of brown curls and round, cherubic face, Price resembles a grown-up version of Shirley Temple. Onstage she bumps and grinds and teases the crowd—a perfor-(continued on page 132)

\*From "Stay a Little Longer," by Tommy Duncan. Published by Red River Songs, Inc., 1971. Used by permission.



<sup>&</sup>quot;That's the biggest hickey I've ever seen!"



## MURDER BY GOVERNMENT NUCLEAR DEATHS IN A SMALL TOWN

### **REPORT BY MICHELE WILLENS**

At the start of the second half of the 20th century it would have been hard to find a more typical American small town than St. George, Utah. Located midway between Las Vegas and Salt Lake City on Interstate 15, its 4,500 residents were deeply religious and patriotic people. They were proud of their impressive Mormon Tabernacle, the clean air and the healthy climate. They could sit on their front porches at night, listening to the crickets hum and watching the sun set over the Indian-red mountains in the distance. Still, they showed more than passing concern for events happening outside of Washington County, such as the continuing conflict in Korea and the escalating Cold War tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union.

And then something began happening-145 miles away in the Nevada desert-that would radically alter most of their lives. The first of more than 100 aboveground nuclear-warhead explosions at the Nevada Test Site filled the sky with bright-orange fireballs that dissolved into purplish mushroom clouds. Twenty-seven of the later explosions were more powerful than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

"You are in a very real sense active participants in the nation's atomic-test program," the Atomic Energy Commission informed the citizens of St. George early in 1955. "You have been close observers of tests which have contributed greatly to building the defenses of our own country and of the free world.... You have accepted the inconvenience or the risk without fuss, without alarm and without panic."

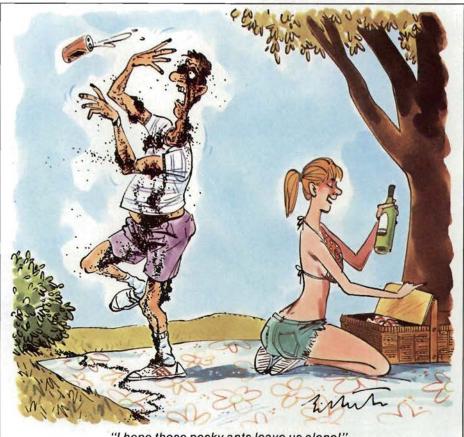
Unquestioning townspeople felt secure even when the ground beneath them trembled on the days the devices were detonated. They paid scant attention to the gray ash that filtered from their skies, covered the neighboring farmlands and soiled freshly laundered clothes that were hanging out to dry.

"They always told us there was no danger, nothing to worry about," says one resident. "Even on the occasions when the AEC people told us to stay indoors for a few hours, they always assured us everything would be all right."

Those assurances continued even when, on afternoons following particularly heavy blasts, some inhabitants began feeling like their skin had been badly sunburned. They continued even after all cars coming through St. George were stopped by local and state police, who directed them to a service station for radiation detection. "The cars were so hot with radiation that the geiger counters went nuts," recalls one station operator.

The trouble was that fallout from the mushroom clouds forming over the desert invariably took flight on the wind. The AEC waited until winds were "favorable" before conducting its tests. Favorable meant blowing east, away from the heavily populated cities of Las Vegas and Los Angeles but directly at such sparsely populated areas as St. George. As a result—before the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty was signed in 1963 and for years afterward—the impact of atomic-weapons testing on innocent citizens was devastating.

One woman, Mrs. Irma Thomas, stands as a stunning example. She lives



"I hope those pesky ants leave us alone!"

off dusty St. George Boulevard in a modest stucco home enclosed by a white picket fence. She takes down a photograph of her pretty, longhaired daughter from a bookshelf to show a visitor. The girl had been a dancer before being incapacitated by a severe muscle disease. Two of her other daughters have had operations for precancerous growths. Another has had three miscarriages. Mrs. Thomas's sister and sister-in-law both died of cancer. Her husband presently suffers from skin cancer. And her brother has been in and out of a Salt Lake City hospital for treatment of what most probably is cancer.

The elderly woman walks slowly to her front window. "The doctor's wife died in that house," she says, pointing across the street. "The next one down is where the former sheriff died of bone cancer. One house over, another friend recently died of leukemia. I don't think there's a house on the block where someone hasn't had some form of cancer."

Three blocks away, on Tabernacle Street, the St. George Cemetery is jampacked with tombstones hardly more than a foot apart. A recent surplus of bodies has prompted the addition of a substantial new burial section across the street. "In the time we've been here, the big majority of deaths have been from cancer," confirms Rick Metcalf of the Metcalf Mortuary. "An alarming number of them have happened in the last ten years or so. I just buried Mary Leisek. She died of breast cancer. And we have a funeral service tomorrow for a Mr. Todd. Cancer got him too."

But at long last many of those who reside in this town of the living dead are fighting back. More than 1,000 people from St. George and the surrounding region have filed a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against the federal government, claiming that they or their relatives suffered or died from some form of cancer caused by radiation exposure resulting from the nuclear testing. They are asking the courts for compensation to meet their heavy medical needs, to hold those responsible accountable and to prevent such incidents from occurring in the future.

The issue at hand is simply this: Even though there is no definitive way to link an individual's cancer with exposure to radiation experienced years earlier, how can the government continue to ignore the alarming number of victims?

"Let's put it this way," says St. George lawyer McArthur Wright. "How many people have you known in your lifetime who died of leukemia—cancer of the blood? Well, everyone around here knows at least five or six."

(continued on page 58)

### THOPE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR HUSSTLER HUSSTLER REGULAR-GUY FASHIONS FOR THE FALL , PAL, 'CAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO TAKE ONE!

With the rising prices of menswear, a new fall wardrobe for the average guy could require a bank loan. We know that our readers are interested in being stylish but not broke; so we've put together three pages of great-looking clothes that won't take you to the cleaners. The fashions you see here can be purchased at major department stores and men's-clothing shops across the country. (All prices listed are approximate retail values. Prices may vary at individual stores.)

This guy may have been thrown out of better places, but never in better style. The jacket, from H.I.S.'s American Fashion Collection, is of eight-wale corduroy. Real-suede elbow patches and bellows pockets are on the way in, while he's on his way out. \$85.

Button-down collars are back too, and his shirt, also from H.I.S., has 'em. Oxford styling and cotton-polyester bleading make this a press-free winner. \$20. Cervantes makes the tie; polyester makes it wrinkle-proof and easy to clean. \$8.

Luckily, his indigo jeans from the H.I.S. Ratcatcher Collection are made of 14-ounce denim (a more-durable weight). It looks like they're going to be crashtested. \$25.

The western-style, imitationleather boots from Sears will have you riding tall in the saddle, with no pain in the pocketbook. \$40.

A. The bouncer's slacks are from the Farah line and have the amazing Farah-Flex waistband. The special "two-way stretch" material helps them keep their shape... even when push comes to shove. \$20.

And don't worry about the young lady snagging the material on that Sears Classic Collection vest she's tugging on. It's reversible, \$20. **B.** You can ruin real suede if you get it wet, but even if this guy's a bit shaky, his Farahsuede sportcoat is safe because it's made of dacron-polyester. Part of Farah's Designer Series, this realistic-looking imitation-suede coat is of two-ply construction like many of the more-expensive coats. \$85.

C.

**C.** He may not win the fight, but he's a winner with this athletic undershirt from Fruit of the Loom. \$3.

D.

His pants are getting belted too. A false-belt front makes these Dartmouth corduroy slacks from A. Smile, Inc., an even better bargain. \$30.

**D.** He won't lose his cool. Not in this three-piece London Square suit from Angels Flight. \$115.

To complement the outfit, a polyester Cervantes tie. \$10.

F. The man in the gray-flannel suit doesn't have to be dull. Not when the suit is styled by Angels Flight. This three-piece tri-blend flannel classic is a must for distinction at a reasonable price. \$110.

12 5 20

1 1130

н.

G

**G.** This fellow's shirt doesn't look tight, but maybe he should have had his tailor take out the darts. At any rate, his plaid flannel shirt is always right for a night out among the wildlife, and this Sears 100%-cotton model is no exception. \$6.

And so he doesn't bruise his knuckles on the knucklehead who threw the dart Sears Tradewear Ranch Suede gloves. \$10

H. "Oops, I missed the board," says this surprised dart-thrower to his date. But he sure doesn't miss with his chenilleweave, 100%-acrylic, V-neck sweater from H.1.S. \$25.

Last, but not least, are his chino-twill slacks from Angels Flight. \$25.

E. Maybe the drink's on her, but the fashion's on him. This wool-blend jacket is another classic from the H.I.S. American Fashion Collection. \$85.

1216

NO

E.

Another highlight in this all-H.I.S. outfit is the five-pocket, thick 'n' thin corduroy pair of pants. \$20.

How about that checked shirt with a brushed cotton-polyester finish? Also features the return of hanger loops. \$20.

He was bound to make a splash with his brown loafers from Kinney Shoes. Their man-made materials make them spill-resistant too. \$27.

#### DEATH BY GOVERNMENT

#### (continued from page 54)

A study by Dr. Joseph L. Lyon, an assistant professor at the University of Utah College of Medicine, supplies increasing evidence of the harmful effects of radiation from nuclear-weapons testing. It shows that children born near the Nevada Test Site during the period when 84 aboveground explosions occurred had two-and-one-half times the leukemia-death rate of children born either before the test program began or after it had ended.

"Before and after the testing we never had more than maybe one or two mentally retarded children," adds Dr. Sheldon Johnson, a St. George optometrist for 28 years who served on the town's school board for 21 years. "But around 1958 we suddenly had about 16 deformed and retarded children and had to form a special classroom unit just for them. I don't think there's been one case since the testing ended in 1963."

Today St. George offers a curious mixture of doom and boom. A controlled-growth plan has increased the population to 10,000. New shopping malls, four golf courses and at least 24 real-estate offices reflect the expanding community that has been touted as one of the nation's ideal places for retirement. But there also exists a nagging insecurity traceable to the premature demise of so many longtime residents.

"Anytime someone aches in this town, we get nervous," says Maxine Smith, a local office worker.

"I'm sure that when I go, it will be cancer," adds a former resident. "And that's pretty much the sentiment of all of us who grew up in St. George."

A frequently heard example of gallows humor underscores the town's uneasy mood. "What do young people do on a Saturday night in St. George?" someone asks. The response: "They die."

Another joke compares St. George and Las Vegas, just two hours away by car. "Vegas is where you go to play Keno, but this is where you stay and have Chemo," says one local, referring to chemotherapy treatment for cancer.

Yet it's hard to imagine a friendlier, more trusting group of people than those who reside here. Only recently, hardware-store owner Elmer Pickett greeted a customer who came in to pay him for items purchased weeks before.

"Haven't you been waiting for this?" the man asked, handing Pickett a check.

"Forgot all about it, but I'll never turn it down," the storekeeper grinned.

A baldish fellow nearing 60 years of age, Pickett is one of those suing the government. He has good cause: Ten of his relatives have died of cancer.

"I think we were had, and those who



"There's a deaf mute here to see you about his hemorrhoids, Doctor."

58 OCTOBER HUSTLER lied should be held responsible," he says. "I'm not in this for the money. I could never make back what it cost me to try to save my wife's life."

Viola Pickett and her mother both died of cancer. Viola was tending her garden on May 19, 1953, when the Atomic Energy Commission exploded a nuclear device placed atop a 300-foot iron tower near Yucca Flats inside the Nevada Test Site. The resulting cloudfull of radioactive dirt, particles from the tower and other debris-came to be called Dirty Harry. The blast immediately dumped 6,000 millirems of radiation on St. George. (The AEC limit at the time was 3,900 millirems per 13week period; today the accepted standard is 500 millirems annually.)

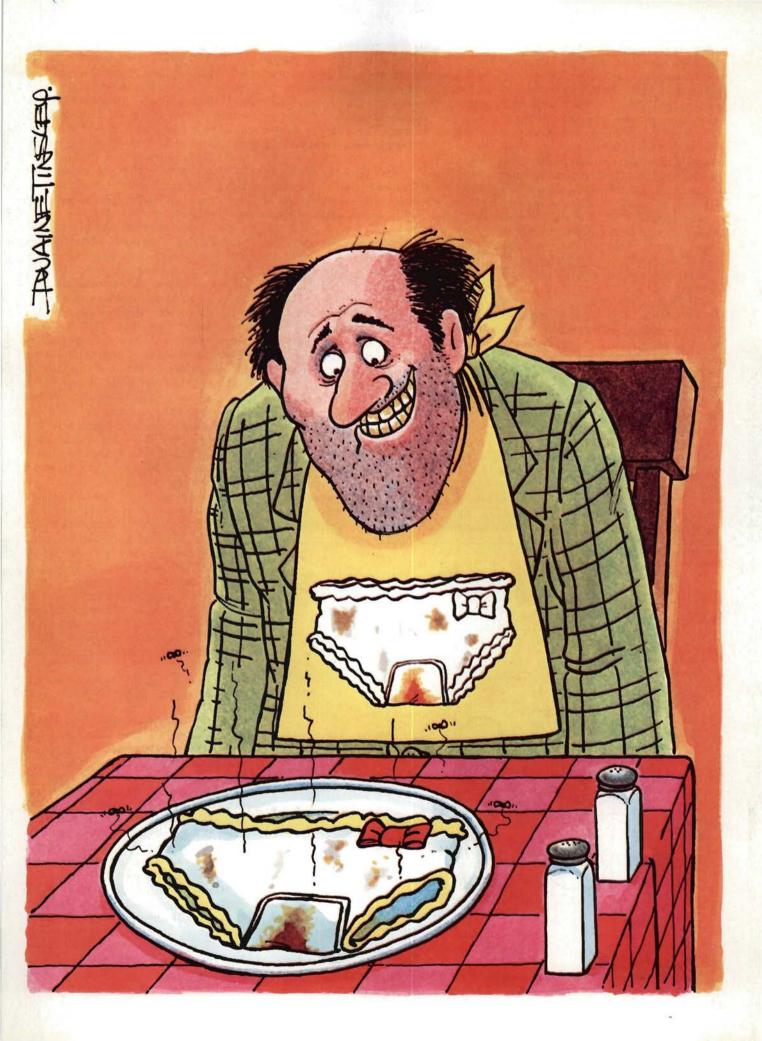
"It was so dirty that radio bulletins told us to go inside until further notice," Elmer Pickett recalls. "But being outside, Viola never heard the radio and got well-dosed with fallout. She wasn't yet 40 when she died, and I was left with six kids, the youngest two-and-a-half. I felt the emotional damage of her loss long after she died."

**Building inspector Scott Prisbrey has** lived in St. George most of his life. The ruddy-faced man can hardly hold back the tears when he talks of watching his son die. Chad Prisbrey was just a youngster early in 1953 when he and the other children used to run outside at dawn to watch the clouds of nuclear dust coming over the horizon.

"He was a healthy young man," says Prisbrey. "But in the spring of his 27th year he suddenly started having problems. He was sleeping all the time, getting nosebleeds and losing feeling in his hands. We were constantly taking him to the hospital in Salt Lake City. I've never seen anyone go through such torture. By November he was dead of Hodgkin's disease."

Hodgkin's disease is a terminal condition characterized by progressive enlargement of the lymph glands, spleen and liver, as well as progressive anemia. "We didn't even know what Hodgkin's was before the testing," notes a former St. George mortician.

"You can understand a child dying in an automobile accident maybe, or a war, but to die from radiation and have no say is criminal," Prisbrey continues. "If the AEC people had told us the truth at the time-that there might be some health hazards later on-we'd have moved away before testing began. I'm part of the lawsuit because it may prevent things like this from happening again. But all the money in the world won't bring my boy back. Now we're concerned about our 24-year-old daughter. She's starting to get nosebleeds.'



A more-fortunate fallout victim, if you can call her that, is Ilene Provstagaard-a spunky, attractive 28-year-old receptionist. While attending junior and senior high school, Provstagaard and her classmates were frequently escorted to the gymnasium for physical examinations without ever being told why. Doctors gave them glasses of water to drink, then felt their throats for thyroid nodules or precancerous growths-a common symptom of possible radiation damage. A later study by the U.S. Public Health Service showed that thyroid cancers in Utah cities from 1948 to 1962 were 120% above the national average. As an adult, Provstagaard has had thyroid problems for years.

"My thyroid is overactive, causing a lot of shakiness, real-dry skin, frequent bowel movements and so much nausea that I'm always having tests to make sure that I'm not pregnant," she says. "I took pills for three years to slow me down, but they started getting me real dizzy. So then I went on Valium. Nowadays, when I get a cold, it lingers an unusually long time."

Like other residents of St. George, she tries to remain good-natured about her misfortune. "The only time I was really angry was two years ago, when my dad, Orvil Wardle, died of cancer," she says. "He was a robust man of 48. One night, while he was baby-sitting for my daughter, he said, 'I'm really getting old. I ache all over.' The doctor found a little spot on his lungs and said he'd be dead before Christmas. Unfortunately, he was correct. It was three months of torture watching Daddy shrivel to 90 pounds and die. We had to give him morphine all the time and even smuggled in laetrile.

"It didn't seem fair. He'd already watched his mother die of glandular cancer, which is pretty surely caused by radiation. Daddy wasn't a man of many words, but near the end I asked him what he thought caused his condition. He said, 'I remember the bombs.' He had worked in road construction and was always outside in the dirt."

Maxine Smith's husband, Harley, worked all week at the Nevada Test Site for five years in the 1950s, coming home to his wife and children only on weekends. "One night in June 1970 Harley started quivering all over," she recalls. "The whole bed shook for ten minutes. He told me he'd done that once before at the test site. That's when I first got suspicious. We took him to the doctor, who thought it was just a hernia. The next January, Harley got really sick, and they said it was a tumor. He died later that year. I had to get a job to try to keep the family together."

Part of that family was Maxine's daughter, Kelle, then 11 years old. "She



was the baby and the apple of Harley's eye," her mother remembers. "Every weekend the two of them would ride horses together. Her father taught her to love those animals. After he died, she transferred all of her fondness to boys. She became pregnant, married her teenaged lover at 16 and before long was divorced. Many years later I said to her: 'If Daddy'd been alive, he would have killed that boy.' Kelle replied, 'If Daddy'd been alive, I'd still be involved with horses instead of boys.'"

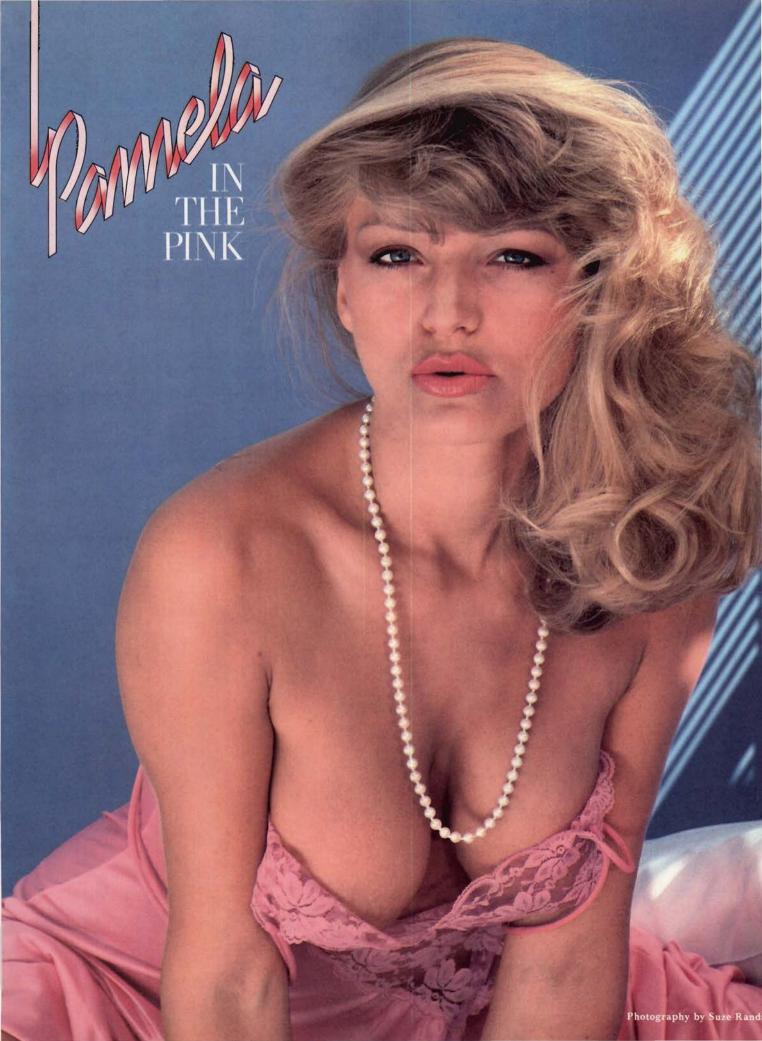
Residual difficulties also plagued 26year-old Jeff Bradshaw, whose mother had been exposed to Dirty Harry six months before Jeff was born. In high school he was an all-star baseball, football and basketball player and had just received an athletic scholarship to Arizona State University when he came down with an illness diagnosed as Hodgkin's disease. A long, painful series of chemotherapy treatments followed. "The last six years of my life have been ruined," he says. "I just got over my last treatment. The first time they said I was 99% cured. The second time it was 95%. This time they didn't say. I can't even play softball anymore. The one time I tried, the ball hit me in the face and paralyzed my eye."

Nevertheless, Jeff's present mental attitude is positive. He works at his father's car dealership and has been married for a year. But at the beginning he didn't know whether he could handle his illness. "I had a very low opinion of myself," he admits. "I went from accidentally getting addicted to all the medication I had to take to doing it on purpose. It got to where I felt better hooked on painkillers and tranquilizers. I think I'm off everything now. But I am still bitter."

No wonder. Jeff's mother recently required surgery to remove a cancerous breast.

Janet Gordon, another St. George resident, hopes to open offices soon that will offer moral support to surviving radiation victims. "I'm very angry, hurt and confused," she says. "I'll never forget all those years we had to go through thinking that God didn't love us and that's why He was taking our loved ones. What made it even worse was finding out it was *not* God, but the Atomic Energy Commission *playing* God. They knowingly lied to us.

"If the winds shifted toward the big cities," she continues, "they canceled the tests. But when the winds were blowing in our direction, they went right ahead—without any concern for human life or welfare. I've been all over southern Utah, and there's no town (continued on page 127)



Like so many other girls these days, Pamela left home to seek the good life in California. She says the opportunity to further her career as a model was the main reason she moved west from her home in a New Jersey suburb, but she admits that good weather and good fun had a lot to do with her decision.

"I think men are basically the same all over the country," Pamela says. "They all turn me on. But there's something about the West Coast that makes everything more exciting—including sex."

Her best lovers, she says, know how to gently trace the lines of her soft breasts and sleek thighs with their hands and tongues—and then drive her to a frenzied ecstasy with their forceful movements.

Beautiful, amorous and not shy about her body, Pamela finds life exciting wherever she is.

















he elderly, white-haired gentleman paced nervously in the hospital waiting room. His young wife was in the delivery room having her baby. Finally, the nurse came into the waiting room and said, "Well, Mr. Anderson, your

wife just had twins!"

The husband puffed out his chest and bellowed, "That just goes to show you. There may be snow on the roof, but there's still a raging fire in the furnace!"

"Well, then, you'd better change the filters, Mr. Anderson," the nurse replied, "because the babies are both black!"

Early one morning two nuns were strolling down the sidewalk. One nun turned to the other and inquired, "Mother Superior, do you truly love all that God has created?"

"Why, of course I do, Sister Louise," the Mother Superior answered.

"Do you love all of mankind?" the nun questioned further.

"Yes, I do!"

"Do you love all the flowers and trees?"

"Yes, Sister, I do!" the Mother Superior answered, growing more impatient.

"Do you love all of God's animals?" the nun inquired.

"Yes!! Yes!!"

"Even the lowly canine?" the nun asked.

"Yes, Sister! In God's name, why do you ask?"

"Because a few minutes ago you dragged your habit right through a pile of dogshit!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *Juicy Fruit* as: a fag with diarrhea.

An Italian, a Jew and a Polack were talking in

a bar when this question was raised: "Why is there a head on a man's penis?"

The Italian said, "To give the man more pleasure." The Jew said, "No, no, no. The head gives the woman more pleasure, of course."

"No, no, you're both wrong," the Polack said. "It's to keep your hand from slipping off!"

A Russian schoolteacher asked a pupil, "Who were the first human beings?"

"Adam and Eve," the student answered.

"And what nationality were they?"

"Russian, of course," the student told the teacher.

"And how do you know they were Russian?"

"Easy," answered the student. "They had no roof over their heads, no clothes to wear and only one apple between them—and they called it Paradise!" A man went to the neighborhood deli for some groceries. "Where's Sam?" he asked, looking for the boy who usually served him.

"Fired him," the owner said. "Caught him jerking-off in the back of the store."

"That's natural," the man observed. "All the kids his age do it."

"Yeah," the angry owner replied. "But not in my potato salad!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines Mexican Superman as: a guy who can steal the tires off of flying airplanes.

While undergoing a routine physical, a man received the shattering news from his doctor that he had only 12 hours to live. "Come on, Doc, don't kid

me," he pleaded.

"I'm sorry, but it's true," the doctor advised. "Have a good time while you can."

The man went home and told his wife the tragic news. Sorrowfully she asked him how he wanted to go, and he responded, "I've always wanted to die in bed, after a good fuck."

So they went to bed and fucked; it was the best screw the two of them had ever had. Afterward the doomed man told his wife how wonderful it had been and added, "That was so great, let's do it again."

"That's easy for you to say," the exhausted wife moaned. "You don't have to get up in the morning."

Fred was telling his friend Lester, "My woman decided to try peanut butter as a lube last night when we were fucking."

"How was it?"

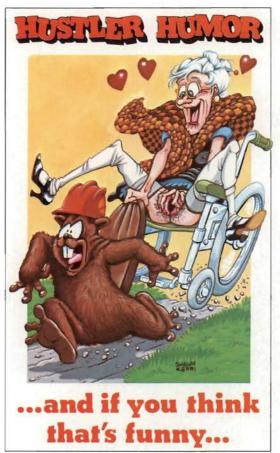
"Terrible," Fred answered. "My dick stuck to the roof of her vagina."

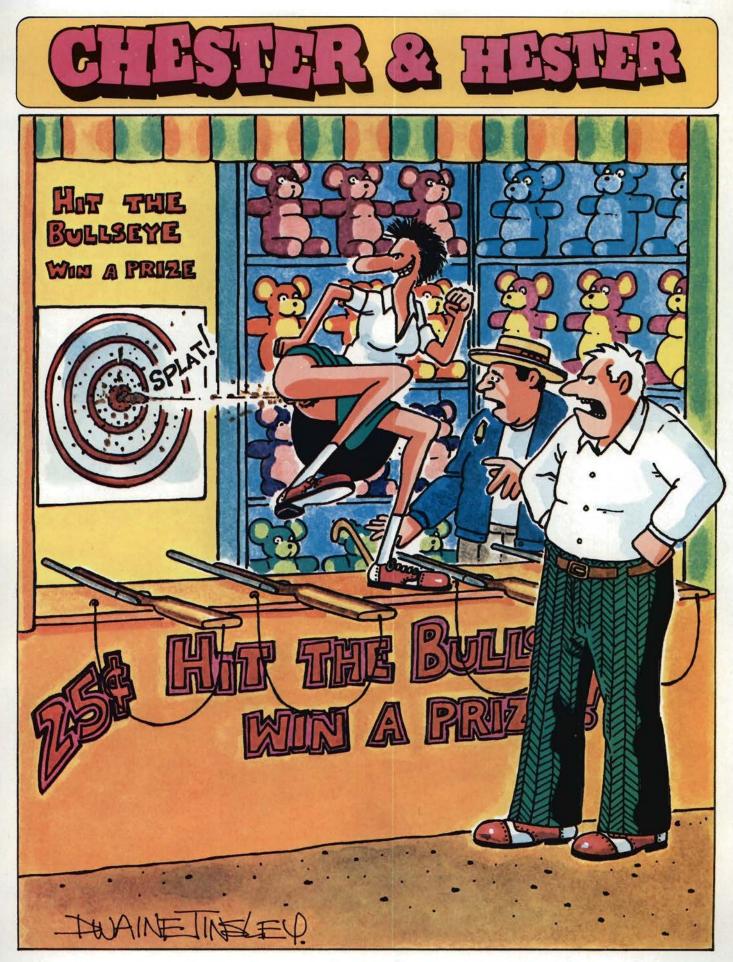
"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," the psychiatrist said to his patient, "but I've concluded that you're crazy."

"Crazy!" shrieked the man. "What do you mean, I'm crazy! I demand a second opinion!"

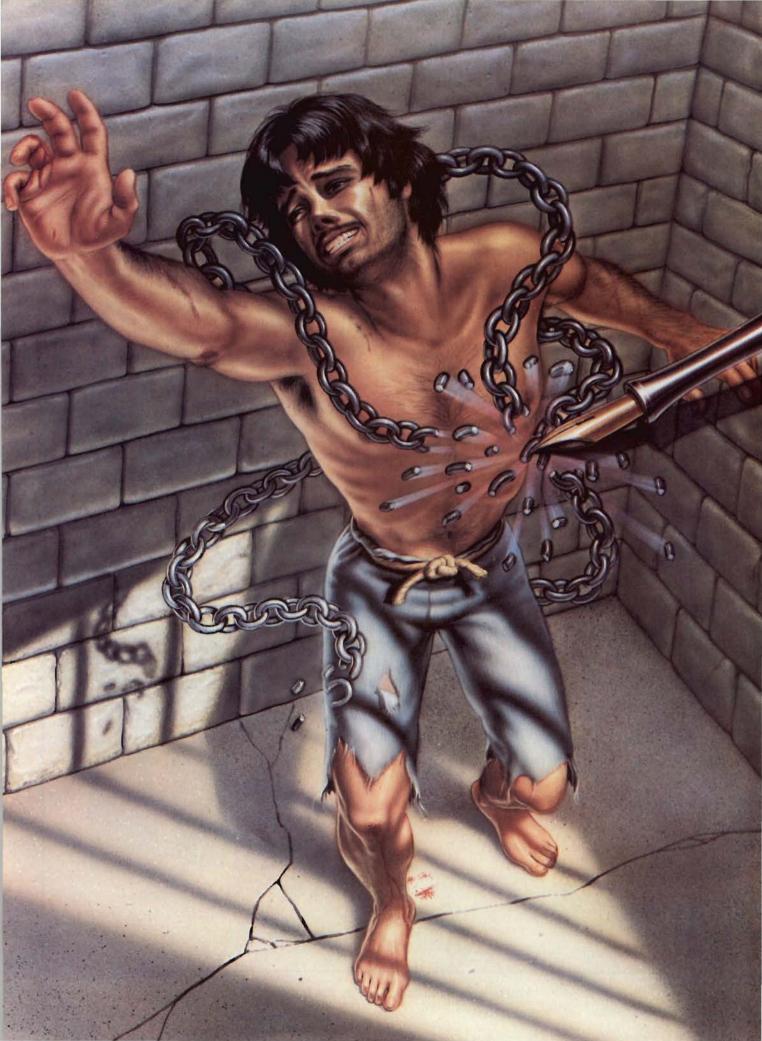
"Okay," the psychiatrist remarked. "You're ugly too."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.





"You're supposed to use a <u>rifle</u>, you fuck-wad!"



here was ample reason for Julio de Pena to feel discouraged. Since April he had been held as a political prisoner in a squalid cell at the notorious La Victoria penitentiary, outside Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic. Though he was a

respected union leader never officially charged with a crime, he was permitted no visitors. His food was shoved through an opening at the bottom of his cell door. As the Christmas holidays approached, he wondered if anyone still remembered him or even cared about his condition.

well-

Then all at once, seemingly out of nowhere, the bags of Christmas cards and letters began arriving. Recalls de Pena: "When the first 200 letters came, the guards gave me back my clothes. When the next 200 letters came. the prison director came to see me. When the next pile of letters arrived, the director got in touch with his superior. The letters kept coming and coming-3,000 of them. President Joaquin Balaguer was informed. The letters still kept arriving, and the President called the prison and told them to let me go. After I was released, the President called me to his office for a man-to-man talk. He said: 'How is it that a trade-union leader like you has so many friends all over the world?""

Actually, de Pena knew none of his correspondents. They were all members of Amnesty International, a London-based human-rights organization dedicated to gathering information about political prisoners and ultimately rescuing them. Since its formation in 1961, AI's unique efforts have helped to secure the release of nearly 15,000 prisoners from dank cells and torture chambers around the world. Almost as important, the organization offers a ray of hope to millions of other people

suffering from beatings and starvation as they endure unjust captivity. AI's symbol, in fact, is a candle flickering with promise, surrounded by barbed wire.

Winning the Nobel Peace Prize proved that the lead-

The methods Amnesty members use to free prisoners are far more subtle than what might be expected from the typical Hollywood adventure film. There are no commandos or attack squadrons. AI has never stormed a jail or smuggled guns, knives or files inside birthday cakes. Instead, it uses pen and paper to influence repressive governmentsexposing their misdeeds so thoroughly that they're forced to take remedial ac-

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SAVING S

ing human-rights lobby of our time is far more than symbolic. The accompanying citation read: "Through its activity for the defense of human worth against degrading treatment, violence and torture, Amnesty International has contributed to securing the ground for freedom, for justice and thereby also for peace in the world." tion or risk unfavorable public opinion.

At the outset AI investigates all reports concerning nonviolent prisoners of conscience—those dissidents of the wrong religion, color or political persuasion who were never formally charged with a crime, never saw a warrant for their arrest and who wait behind bars indefinitely for a trial that may never take place. It tries to determine why a person was arrested, the conditions of his detainment, if there was or will be a fair trial and whether or not the prisoner has been allowed to communicate with anyone.

Once the organization has determined that a prisoner needs its help, his name is sent to any one of 2,000 adoption groups in 44 countries. These groups use cables and letters to barrage government officials or embassies that might be influential. They also contact prison officials. If permitted, they send a representative to visit adoptees or monitor their trials. They arrange for legal aid when appropriate. They alert the press. They write to the prisoner and his family, advising them of the efforts being made on their behalf. When necessary, AI supplies relief funds to a family made destitute by a prisoner's absence.

By far its most effective weapon is the revealing glare of publicity. AI's widely circulated newsletters bristle with horror stories that it hopes to supply with happy endings. The thousands it has documented include:

□ A South Korean Christian organizer of farm laborers was arrested and tortured for a week by agents of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. He was beaten, and his body was brutally burned with cigarettes. Now he is unable to read, possibly as a result of eye or head injuries. His secretary was stabbed repeatedly in the face with a ballpoint pen. Also, she was beaten so severely that she can no longer move.

Five other members of the farm-labor group were forced to watch their associates being tortured. Then, stripped naked, they were hung upside down and beaten. Officials stated that all seven would be charged with espionage if they didn't sign "confessions." Eventually, those detained were handed prison sentences ranging from 18 months to seven years, as well as the loss of their civil rights for another seven years.

□ In China a 29-year-old electrician at the Peking Zoo was convicted of "counterrevolutionary offenses" and sentenced, last October, to 15 years' imprisonment and a further three-year loss of his civil rights. The electrician had been editor of a nonofficial journal that printed a series of articles calling for a greater measure of political democracy in the People's Republic.

□ In 1978 in the Guatemalan village of Panzos, 100 Indians—including 25 women and children—were shot to death. They had gone there to see the authorities about a dispute over land that their families had farmed for generations. Army sources contended that the Indians started the violence that precipitated the killings. But Panzos villagers said that mass graves had been dug two days in advance.

Since 1966 an estimated 200,000 Guatemalans have reportedly been executed. The secret Anti-Communist Army, a "death squad" that coordinates its activities with official security forces, claimed responsibility for the murder of more than 1,000 citizens in 1979 alone. Interior Minister Donaldo Ruiz has denounced AI and others who call attention to the violence as elements "in a worldwide conspiracy of misrepresentation against the Guatemalan regime."

□ In Turkey nearly 50,000 people were arrested for political reasons between January and April of this year. An on-the-spot AI investigating team found that Turkish authorities were using "widespread and systematic torture" against the prisoners.

□ In Singapore the secretary of the banned Bus Drivers' Union has been imprisoned for 17 years without trial. For long periods he has been kept in solitary confinement.

□ In the Soviet Union a 42-year-old Baptist religious leader was forcibly confined to a psychiatric hospital after attempting to distribute leaflets. Rather than politics, the subject matter of the leaflets was his religious beliefs. Last April, Amnesty International issued a detailed, 200-page report charging that in the last four years Soviet authorities have imprisoned or restricted the movement of more than 400 dissidents. Included in that number were at least 100 human-rights activists confined to psychiatric hospitals.

"Hunger, forced labor and dangerous drugs are used to punish imprisoned dissenters," said the report. "There are many more prisoners of conscience than those of whom we know. The real num-



ber is veiled by official censorship, secrecy and the threat of retaliation against those who speak out against political imprisonment."

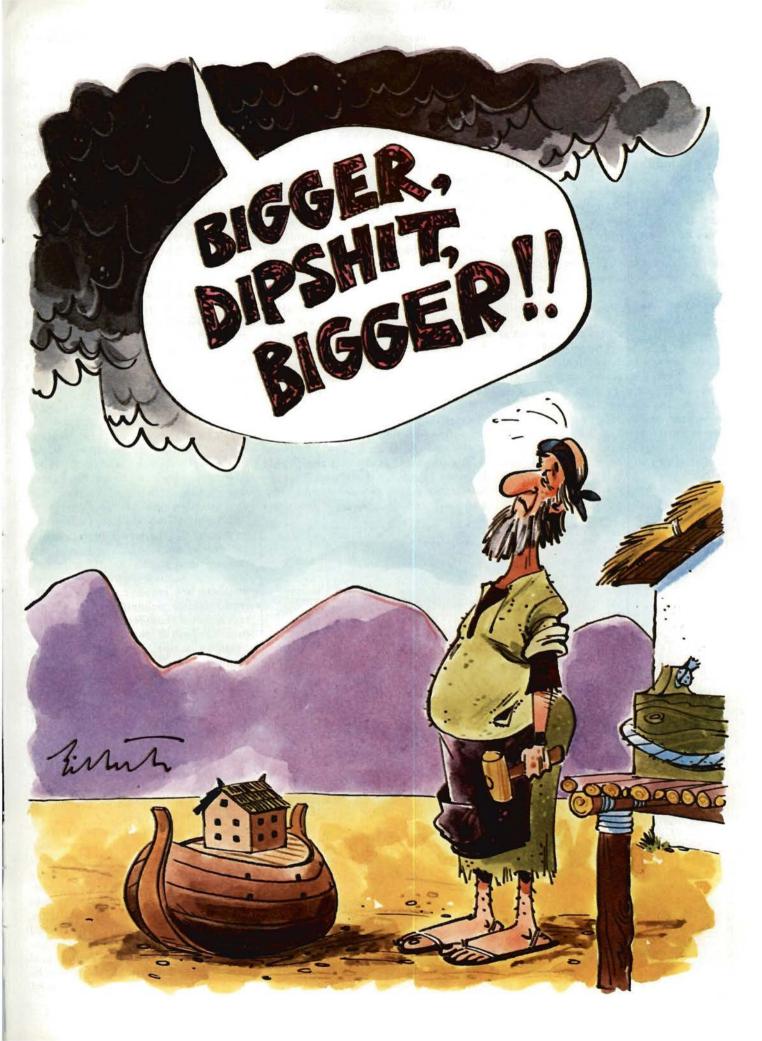
Stories authenticating mistreatment and systematic repression all over the world seem endless. In Greece an 80year-old university dean was made to suffer the *falanga*—being tied to a table and having the soles of his feet beaten until they became swollen. In Chile electrodes were attached to an unfortunate doctor's testicles. In Brazil the sexual torture of women was presided over by a notorious female gynecologist.

Which country is the worst violator of human rights? This dubious honor would probably go to Argentina, with its large and wealthy colony of former Nazis. Amnesty International has devoted considerable attention to the abuses of the repugnant regime that maintains secret detention camps and a relentless pattern of brutality and murder. Local human-rights groups say the "disappeared"-another name for men, women and children kidnapped by secret government terrorist groups with a license to kill-now number more than 15,000 citizens. Most of them are believed to be dead.

A rare eyewitness report on this sorry state of affairs was published by AI in February of this year and presented to a shocked news conference in London by Oscar Alfredo Gonzalez and Horacio Cid de la Paz. They had spent 15 months in Buenos Aires concentration camps after being abducted within two weeks of each other in November 1977. Like others in the camps, they were subjected to regular tortures and beatings. But these two men-thanks to the intervention of AI-were far luckier than most of their fellow prisoners doomed to "transfer" (the Argentinean bureaucratic term for death). To comprehend the inhumane methods of the dictatorships AI tries to influence, their report is worthy of further study.

Gonzalez had been a 27-year-old factory worker and politically active trade unionist when he was kidnapped. The state police abducted his wife a year later; he has heard nothing from her since. A student leader, de la Paz was 20 when he was apprehended. Together they were able to provide details on more than 300 people who passed through Club Atletico (The Athletic Club) and El Banco (The Bank) — prison depots with deceptive-sounding names.

All prisoners were given the same sadistic treatment. Club Atletico contained three "operating theaters," as the torture chambers were called. Each was equipped with an electric cattle prod,



and a metal table to which the victims were bound naked.

"For the first hour they would apply the prod without asking any questions,' read the AI report on the two men's experience. "Its purpose was, as they put it, 'to soften you up so we'll understand one another.' Between prodding sessions they used the submarino-holding our heads under water. They also hung us up by our feet, hit us on the sexual organs, beat us with chains, put salt on our wounds and applied 220-volt direct current to our bodies. The walls were so covered with bloodstains, you could hardly see the original yellow paint. Everything was done under the supervision of a doctor who checked our blood pressure and reflexes. He informed us: 'We've got all the time in the world; this will go on indefinitely.""

Many of the prisoners had no political interests; they were merely related to those who were politically active. Others were kidnapped simply for the purpose of extorting money from their relatives. In countless cases the property of victims was quickly plundered. Title deeds were forged so that their homes could be sold. Bank accounts were looted. Prisoners were forced to sign bills of sale for their cars. The police maintained moving vans to steal everything of value.

"Punishment was routine at Club Atletico," according to Gonzalez and de la Paz. "We were hit with rubber truncheons and clubs. We were forced to do pushups and athletic drills until we lost consciousness. We had to run blindfolded with our hands tied behind our backs. We were hit on the mouth to see if we made any movement indicating that we could see from beneath the blindfold. When the guards came in drunk at night, they took groups of prisoners out of their cells and beat them for hours until they created veritable human mountains of unconscious people, bleeding and with broken bones."

Jews were singled out for the most savage treatment. "From the moment they were kidnapped until they were included in a 'transfer,' they were systematically tortured," said the survivors. "Some of them were made to kneel in front of pictures of Hitler and Mussolini to renounce their origins and humiliate themselves. According to the penal staff, 'The only good Jew is a dead Jew.'"

When the time came for "transfer" the ultimate fate of most prisoners—they were divided into groups of 30 to 50 persons. Guards were overheard telling one such group that they would be given injections of a tranquilizer before facing a long and arduous journey. Shackled and blindfolded, they were



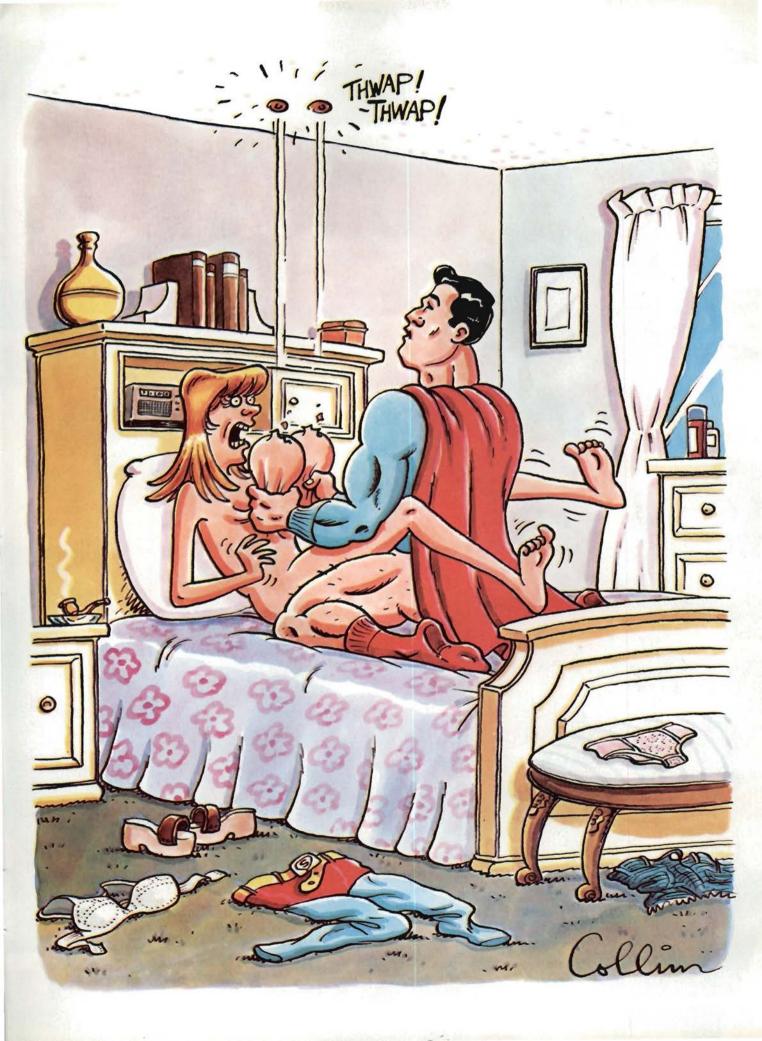
loaded into vans and never seen again. A prisoner who had served as a doctor in the camps confirmed that some transferred prisoners were "injected with a powerful sedative, then taken by van and loaded into an aircraft from which they were thrown into the sea, alive but unconscious." Corpses bearing marks of torture often washed ashore on the Argentinean coast, particularly at times when Atlantic Ocean currents changed.

Launching a worldwide program to abolish torture and make it "as unthinkable as slavery" is merely one of the new directions taken by Amnesty International since its founding 19 years ago. Its roots trace back to the day when British lawyer Peter Benenson became enraged by an item in his morning newspaper. Two Portuguese students had been arrested in a restaurant for clinking wine glasses together in a toast to freedom. Their sentence was set at seven years in the dungeons of the late dictator Antonio Salazar.

Benenson's disgust was expressed in an article published by two periodicals, the London Observer and Le Monde of Paris: "Open your newspapers any day of the week and you will find a report from somewhere in the world of someone being imprisoned, tortured or executed because his opinions or religious beliefs are unacceptable to his government," the article began. "There are several million such people in prison-by no means all of them behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains-and their numbers are growing. The newspaper reader feels a sickening sense of impotence. Yet if these feelings of disgust all over the world could be united into common action, something effective could be done."

Benenson went on to propose a yearlong campaign, calling it an Appeal for Amnesty. "The success of the 1961 Amnesty Campaign depends on how sharply and powerfully it is possible to rally public opinion," he noted. "Pressure of opinion a hundred years ago brought about the emancipation of the [American] slaves. It is now for man to insist upon the same freedom for his mind as he has won for his body."

Virtually within days, thousands of letters arrived at Benenson's law offices. Many of them contained financial contributions. And newspapers as far away as India and South Africa were contributing editorial support. Two months later, interested persons from Belgium, Britain, France, Ireland, Switzerland and the United States met in a Luxembourg cafe to work out organizational details. They decided that in order to be (continued on page 88)



# HOCKUP TONIGHT HOGGIRLS HOT SEXEST PORNSTARSE THEY'RE WAITING

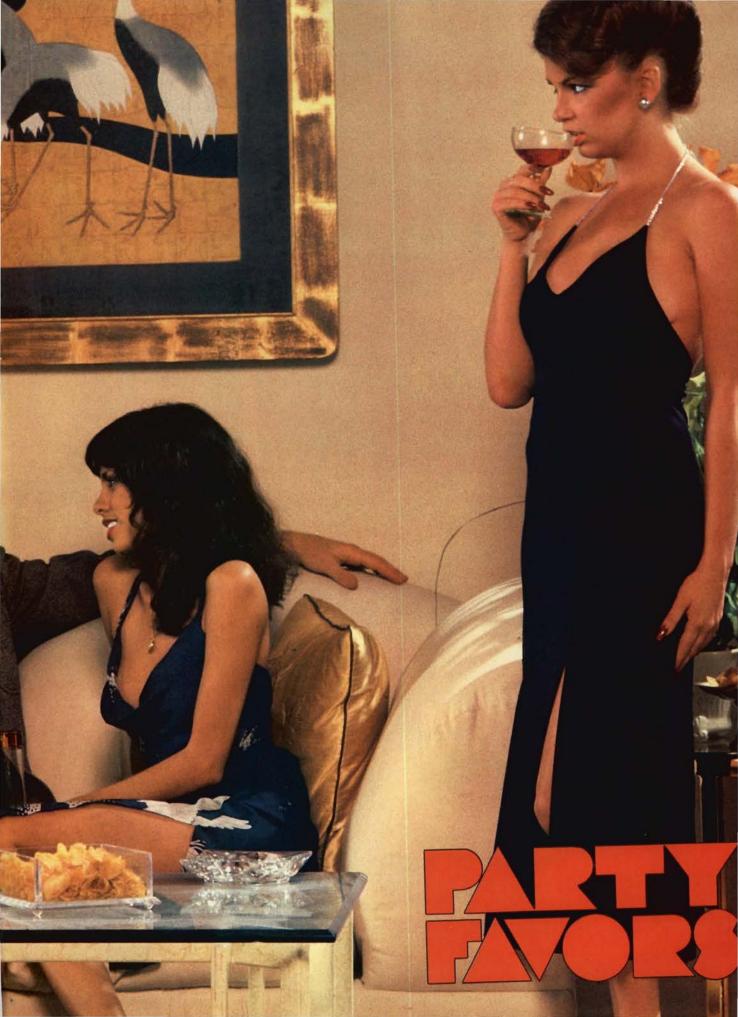
Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

These girls are Ready & Willing to do AVTHING FOR YOU

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

**Start a Chat RIGHT NOW** 







Their eyes meet at a cocktail party, and they both sense a strong physical attraction. They have no need to speak. Tense with urgent desire, their full, young bodies communicate in a language as primitive as the passions that smolder within them. Then, alone in the bedroom, the two girls freely probe the depths of their longing. There, removed from the inhibited small talk of the party, they share an intimacy that the rest of the guests will never feel.









## AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

## (continued from page 78)

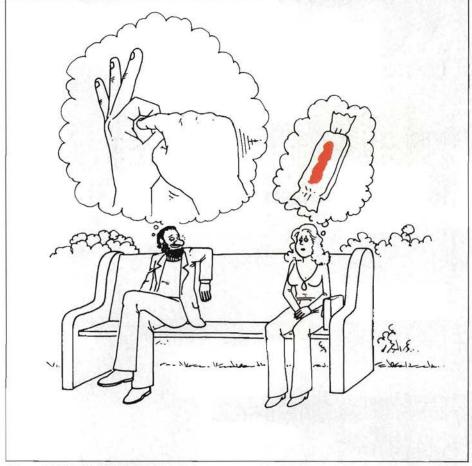
effective, the proposed one-year campaign would have to be expanded into the permanent operation that was rechristened Amnesty International.

Almost immediately after establishing its headquarters in a tacky London office building, AI achieved some deceptively easy successes in liberating political prisoners. London lawyer Neville Vincent traveled to Portugal, and three doctors imprisoned for their political views were released. Prem Khera, an Indian lawyer and trade unionist, made a similar mission to East Germany, securing the release of an 18-year-old student who had been sentenced to eight years in prison simply for protesting a cruise ship's route change. Some 150 prisoners were freed from jails in Ghana following the intervention of former Irish Foreign Minister Sean Mac-Bride. Later he went to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where he successfully lobbied for the release of Archbishop Josef Beran, a critic of the Communist government in that country. MacBride won a Nobel Peace Prize for these efforts.

"I pray for Amnesty International," Archbishop Beran wrote in a heartfelt thank-you note. "I pray for all who support Amnesty."

Despite these early successes, frustration was a major problem in those early days, since conditions first mentioned in Benenson's newspaper article were far more appalling than anyone had imagined. "Torture and intimidation are growing in the world," he said at a 1964 AI meeting in Canterbury, England. "A thousand people have possi-bly been executed in Baghdad [Iraq] from motives of revenge after the last change of government there-and we can't do anything about it. We have made no impact at all! The prisoners adopted by Amnesty International are only a small proportion of the prisoners of conscience throughout the world. There are great numbers we will never be able to know about."

Nevertheless, AI flourished to the point where today some 200,000 volunteers in 125 nations help make it a potent force in world opinion. The organization's U.S. press spokesman is 34-year-old Larry Cox, a veteran civilrights and antiwar activist who works out of offices on Manhattan's Columbus Circle. At least outwardly he reveals none of the pain that must inevitably come from the tedious and unglamorous task of sifting through explicit letters, press clippings and trial transcripts many of them sent from behind barbed wire at considerable personal risk.



"Sure, it's slow, hard work, but there's not just empty political talk here," Cox says. "We actually help people. One of the reasons we've succeeded is simply that people and governments know us to be genuinely principled and impartial. When we do make mistakes, they're on the side of caution—not political bias. We have enough safeguards so that the organization doesn't favor either the Left or the Right."

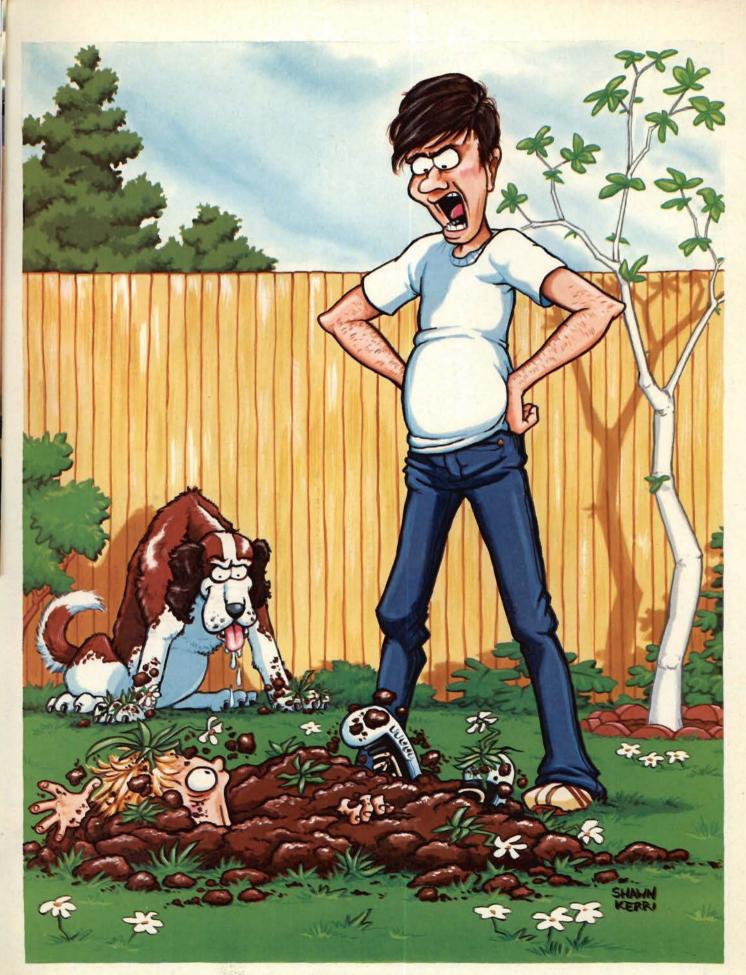
One of the major problems confronting AI today is increasing oppression in areas of the world ruled by tyrants. Political murder on a mass scale is becoming so common that some dictatorships no longer even bother to risk bad human-rights publicity by taking protesters prisoner. It's much easier, in countries as far apart as Uganda and Guatemala-the Central American nation has an estimated 17 political murders a day-to kill your opponent and then deny any knowledge of his whereabouts. Letter campaigns don't help much when all that's left of the "disappeared" is a chunk of torso found floating in a remote river.

To counteract this bloody trend, AI is beginning a new series of prevention programs calculated to confront murderous governments with negative publicity even before they embark on a killing spree. So far their efforts have put the deplorable conditions in Argentina onto the human-rights agenda at both the United Nations and the Organization of American States. This breakthrough might not mean much, considering that more than half of all OAS member-countries are themselves police states, but it is a start.

"There has been an apparent reduction in the kidnappings and torture in Argentina, but you can't really tell how much," says Cox. "Relatives of the 'disappeared' are told that if they go to anybody for help, their loved ones will die. Our sources there—church people and journalists—did a survey in just one province and discovered at least three to five times as many vanished people than had been reported. And we already have 4,000 to 6,000 documented cases."

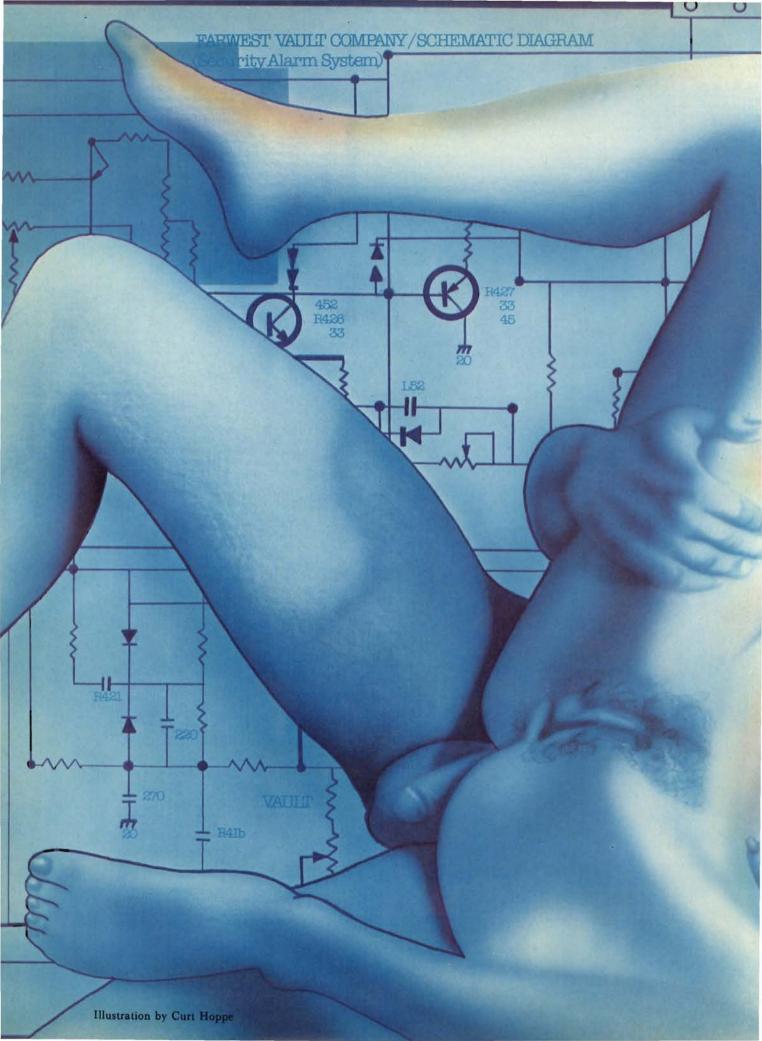
One of AI's major prevention programs, part of its Campaign for the Abolition of Torture (CAT), is directed at *Plan Attica*—the notorious Uruguayan regime's scheme for liquidating political prisoners. *Attica* is named after the New York State prison where a 1971 riot was brutally put down by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, resulting in the deaths of 32 prisoners and 11 guards.

AI learned of the plan from relativesin-exile of political prisoners in the Penal de Libertad, Uruguay's main (continued on page 112)



"Dammit, Tommy, how many times have I told you to stop teasing the dog?!"

16 Marshe



## THE PERFECT CAPE

## FICTION BY DAN CORYELL

Like it does any lunchtime on a weekday, San Francisco's Powell Street was crawling with pedestrians. Hal Burke scowled. The Friday before Memorial Day brought everybody into the streets. Julia'd be lucky to get a back-corner booth at the Burger Bunker.

Entering the short-order joint, he found it jammed with people waiting for tables. The popularity of the place had nothing to do with the quality of the food. Waitresses in tight fatigue shorts and camouflage shirts open to the navel hustled between tables, leaning over to take orders from appreciative men. White flashes of skin got more attention than the menu ever did.

Peering over the noisy mob, Hal spotted Julia's lavender spring coat, draped like a flag from a peg on the wall near the

kitchen door. She was going to help him make this job letter-perfect. Two stretches in the California prison system-five-and-a-half years of hard time-had taught Hal all he wanted to know about losers. This time he was getting out from under once and for all.

Smiling to himself, he elbowed his way through the crowd into the main dining area, then back toward the Damn. She does what coat. she's told.

She was sipping from her coffee cup when he reached her table. The instant their eyes met, carnal images flooded his

brain. Julia's thick mane of auburn hair fell over tops of mounded breasts straining at her chiffon blouse. Her full lips parted to frame perfect teeth, lips and tongue neatly mated for pleasure-giving. She would—she *had*—done anything for him. He appraised her casually, knowing she damn well would again.

"Hi, darlin'. Looks like D-Day. How 'bout from your side?"

She grinned like a cheerleader at a homecoming rally.

"McQuade is so hot to trot for the mountains with Mama and the kiddies, he's shitting his pants. I've got enough last-minute paperwork to keep our timing right on schedule."

Her smile widened. She pulled an envelope from her purse and slid it across the tabletop. "Here's a Xerox of the alarm's wiring diagram. The shithead keeps it in his desk drawer. All those strongboxes in a locked vault, and he keeps the keys to the kingdom right out in the open."

Hal reached for the envelope with his left hand. His right snaked beneath the table, gently groping under Julia's unfashionably short skirt, slowly closing on her soft inner thigh. Julia never wore any pantyhose. Her year-round tan, kept golden by twice-weekly visits to Ultra-Spa, made them unnecessary. It didn't seem possible, but her smile grew

even broader as Hal kneaded her flesh.

"Please, sir. I have to go back to work. If you don't stop, I'll give you a severe dose of head right here."

"Well, we can't have any of that crap, can we?" He leered at her, but withdrew his hand. "In fact, it's going to be a busy 72 hours or so. I got a dependable guy over in Oakland who can come up with a lot of cash on a right-now basis; so we're set to fence the stuff quick and dirty."

He slid out of the booth, but pivoted and leaned over her side of the Formica partition, his face close to hers. "Remember—the back door, just as soon as he leaves for his martini. Then I hide out in the spot we picked till the two of you lock up. I'll take care of the alarm system from the inside. Is the soap here?" He patted the envelope. She nodded. "If it ain't right," he said, "we got problems, baby."

Her smile vanished, replaced by a pout. "It's perfect, you bastard. You made me rehearse it a thousand times."

Now it was his turn to grin. "And you're a perfect student. With a great ass, to boot." Turning, he wedged his way back through the crowded entrance and disappeared into the street.

Julia waited as the phone buzzed in her ear five times, followed by the fa-



miliar sound of the receiver being lifted on the other end.

"Ernie?"

"Yeah."

"He's ready to hit it tonight."

Ernie's voice came back, edged with excitement. "Okay. You know what you have to do. Make it right, or you can guess what'll happen." In another second the dial tone came back on the line.

The Farwest Vault Company shaped up as the all-time perfect caper. A secure safe-and-vault operation it was not. By reputation, wrinkled old widows used it to keep wills and junk jewelry under lock and key. A simple, badly outdated alarm system had put several inept burglars and a number of juvenile delinquents with big ideas behind bars. The competent in the trade avoided it like the plague—scorning its security system and presuming its reputation of lacking heavy loot was accurate.

Ten years earlier a new clientele had quietly infiltrated Farwest. The first group consisted of so-called legitimate businessmen who were, in fact, skimming cash from their enterprises and hiding it from the IRS. The second group—no more than four or five in number—were burglars like Hal Burke. Seeking only a momentary haven for their loot until fencing arrangements were made, they used Farwest as a way station on the road to bottom-line profit.

Crime, like any other major American industry, has a healthy, vibrant grapevine, but Farwest Vault somehow avoided the gossip mill. That is, until Ernest Hollingsworth-Ernie the Attorney-casually mentioned to Hal over a late-afternoon beer that he and three of his clients tucked a little cash now and then at "good old Farwest." Sparked by that tidbit, Hal kept his ear to the street and found Farwest's new and select clients obviously weren't storing just rhinestones there. So he cased the layout once over lightly. Couldn't believe the shoddy alarm system and couldn't believe Julia's stick-out tits. He never refused a perfect parlay.

It took him three weeks to strike up the acquaintance. And another three hours and 45 minutes to get her home, peel her like a banana and treat himself to the finest feast of womanhood he'd ever imagined. Another week to gradually lay out the plan. Then the closer an escape to Rio! Her eyes sparkled as he talked, and afterward they'd screwed like wild beasts.

When the caper was all over, he knew he was really going to miss her.

Hal dialed the Denver number, waited for the operator's instructions,



"Your attention please, shoppers. We have a little lost child. . . . "

then deposited the necessary coins. On the fourth ring a woman answered.

"Rock Hill Disposal." Aptly named, he thought.

"Lemme talk to Ben." The pause lasted just long enough for Hal to light a cigarette.

"Lo. This is Ben."

"Ben, it's all set here. I'm going ahead right away."

Ben chuckled. "You'll get an honest count and cash on the spot."

An old woman came to the side of the phone booth and gawked impatiently at Hal, like the place had her name on it and he was trespassing. *Just hold it, you* old buzzard. He turned his back to the woman, speaking more softly into the mouthpiece.

"Just so's there's no bullshit. You know I'm counting on you 'cause I don't trust the crowd in this town. There'll be jewelry, some gold maybe and some negotiables. Good corporate paper." Filling his lungs with smoke, Hal shifted the receiver around to his other ear, faced the street and gazed out. The old woman was gone.

"And Ben, most of it should be hot already. This ain't Brink's I'm hitting. It's a hocus-pocus operation; so don't look for any big headlines. Most of these jerks won't be in any position to call the cops." Ben's laugh cracked this time. "Sounds like a dream job. I can't wait to see the stuff. Well, lotsa luck." The phone clicked dead.

Hal had parked the van around the corner and up the street, a quarter-block from the ancient Farwest building. By leaning across to the passenger side, he could peer around the corner into the entryway of the two-story structure. No foot traffic in or out for the last 45 minutes. Good. His watch showed 6:35 p.m., and Farwest was buttoned up for the weekend.

He circled the block one time, then went halfway round again, turning into the alley stretching behind Farwest. Two doors south of his target a paint store's recessed loading dock was a natural. He parked and cut the engine.

At 6:40 he stood breathing evenly beside the stairs leading to the vault company's rear door. Seven, perhaps eight minutes ticked by. The door creaked. Julia appeared in the opening, motioning him in. He took the steps two at a time and slipped inside.

"McQuade's out now," she whispered. "One last precious vodka mart before he takes off. Then he and I split. Is the truck out back?"

"After you get rid of him, you pick it up." He handed her the key.



"Could you move a little forward, dear? You're sitting on Grandma's nipples."

Julia fumbled in her skirt pocket. "God, I'm jumpy. Here's the master key for the strongboxes," she said.

Hal deposited the key in his breast pocket. "Remember," he said, "it'll take me some time to bypass those floor alarms and the one in the rear door." His stare riveted on the bars to his left. "Then I gotta do it all over again at the vault door. After that...." He retrieved a second large key from his coveralls. "Well... after that, this lovely gadget should do the rest." He'd cut it from the soap impression she'd handed him at lunch. Perfect.

"Then it'll be a while till you call," Julia said, reviewing the plan one last time. "When you do, I'll bring the truck back to the alley." Her nervousness showed. "How much'll there be? How long'll it take?" Her words rushed out all in one breath.

Hal looked toward the vault. "Tell me for sure what's in which box, and I'll tell you how long it'll take!" Immediately sorry for his sarcasm, he softened his tone. "Look," he said, "we'll only know those answers for sure when I get rolling. Now show me my hideout."

She led him down a hallway to a combination cleaning-supply and paperstorage room. "Here. The Presidential Suite."

Hal winced. "Enchanting decor. Now get back to your desk so you're ready." He stepped into the dark supply room and closed the door.

McQuade came back at 7:12, flushed with liquor. "Come on, kid," he said to Julia. "Gotta set the alarms and call the security guys. Then we're off." It took them ten minutes to tie up loose ends and get out the front door.

Hal sighed. Farwest Vault's security wasn't much, but what there was, Mc-Quade had taken care to activate.

Just have to deal with it, Hal told himself. The only floor alarms are at the front and back doors. Not interested in the front; so that's easy. Won't go near it. Have to take care of the back door first.

Okay. Pressure pads for tootsies of stupid thieves. As Hal tracked the wiring, giggles grew to guffaws, till finally he was laughing so hard his gut hurt. It was so fuckin' simple. He squatted on the floor, convulsed. No way to work, teetering on the verge of lunacy. Calmer now. Okay, this system I'm tinkering with ... no wonder everybody thinks there's nothin' but bubble gum and marbles in here.

It took him 22 minutes to nullify alarms under the rug and to jump-wire contacts in the exit door's latch. He'd figured 90 minutes or more on paper. I'm a fuckin' whiz! No one in the security (continued on page 100)





Music is a special experience for Melody. She likes to pass evenings alone with her music, letting her body move in perfect sync with the driving rhythm of disco. As the pulsing vibrations fill the room, the music becomes part of her, moving her from within. She becomes intoxicated by the steady beat, and feels her senses heightened. Aroused and wet with sexual excitement, she explores her own inner music with her touch. Combining the power of music with the power of her sensuality, she achieves a universal harmony.







If you've been wondering what those unemployed, space-age engineers have been up to lately, here's the answer. They've brought their lunar landing techniques to the world of sensual pleasure and given us the amazing new Hot Stud... the greatest advance in sexual aids since the invention of the battery.

You'll be a space pilot of pleasure. The control console you see pictured at the left is the operations center of this remarkable new vibrator. Just by sliding the control levers in the appropriate directions, you can adjust each of the exciting functions of your new Hot Stud.

The most erotic feature is its soothing heat control - that's right, the tip

of your Hot Stud gets warm even before you touch it to her sensitive, secret parts. The effect is overwhelming for even the most experienced sensualist you know. And if you want to see the look of unexpected and joyous delight. just watch what happens to her face as you plunge it deeper and deeper into a greedy and moist vagina.

It thrusts – yes, the accordian folds just behind the head of this scientific breakthrough let your Hot Stud thrust in and out in and out, just like the real thing. It probes all her secret places and, what's more, the head doesn't just stay in a fixed position. While the thrusters are hard at work, the twister rods, controlled by specially designed cams, are rotating round-andround, finding new erogenous zones she never knew she had. And all the time it's vibrating – from a gentle buzz

to a mind-bending throb – and the vibration control lets you set the pace, from slow to fast, teasing and tantalizing her to create a fever pitch of passion and an explosion of orgasmic delight.

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## THE PERFECT CAPER

### (continued from page 94)

office would be the wiser. I could pull a friggin' truck in here and they'd never know.

He sat on the floor in the rear corridor, hidden from view of the front windows, and smoked a cigarette. Fifteen minutes passed. Everything seemed hunky-dory. Why shouldn't it be? *Hell*, get on with it, kid.

He rose and sauntered back to the vault. Can't use a penlight out here in front—might be seen.

Suddenly he stiffened and froze in his tracks. What's that ripple near my left foot? Can't be. Another alarm under the rug here at the vault? Shit! That wasn't in the diagram. Did it go off? Should I get out now? Make it through the back door without tripping anything else, take a 15-minute wait-see, then come back? Just a minute.

His mind raced. Think, dammit! If there's one surprise alarm, there might be 50. Or 500. If you leave, better just go home and stay there, you dumb shit. Get a job loading ice-cream trucks, or cleaning out garbage cans.

Nine minutes... no cop-car gumball lights... cool it, asshole. Find the wire. You lucked out this time.

Eight minutes more and he'd located the wire, traced it and put it out of commission.

Now he turned to the vault. No massive door filled with intricate time locks and gigantic levers. Just a simple, old-fashioned door like the one on a jail cell—and the alarm buried in the bars. Works like the rear door. But wires on the vault gate are high off the floor. This ain't going to be as easy, he thought. He had to stand on a chair to make the splices and cancel the alarm—mainly by feel. When he stepped down 20 minutes later, gallons of sweat made the inside of his coveralls feel like the bottom of Lake Mead.

Hal reached into his pocket and got the key he'd made from Julia's soap mold. With a twist of the wrist he penetrated the vault.

The interior was even darker than the lobby and hallways. Even so, with no solid-steel door to close behind him, any light might be seen from the street. Dammit! Shoulda gotten hold of an infrared setup. This penlight better do the trick.

Now, which pocket did I put that fuckin' key in? Yeah, here it is. He found himself in front of Box 217, but he wanted 258 to start with. He moved to his right. The master key slid easily into its lock and turned 90 degrees with a soft click. This box should be Ernie the Attorney's. Cash maybe, but no jewelry or other stuff. But then you never know, do yuh?

The stack of cash was in an interoffice envelope. Hal riffled through it.



Tens, twenties, a few fifties and four Cnotes. Seven, eight thousand. Dandy. Hal redirected the light to the open box. A black-suede bag rested near the back. He opened the drawstring and hefted it. Damn, it's heavier than it looks. Sounds like metal. Must be coins. Collectibles, maybe, but what a bitch to fence. He pulled the opening closer to his face and shoved the light in. A yellow glint bounced back. Gold! Shit! Small, relatively thin pieces. With a stamped imprint on one side.

#### Damn. Swiss wafers.

Perfect, one-ounce gold standards. He counted slowly, his heart tripping in his chest. Forty-nine.

"Oh, Ernie. You hustlin' son of a bitch. What a stupid place to keep shit like this." The sound of his own voice startled him. He mulled over his find. Fair market value on these alone exceeded 25 thou.

Dumping the cash in with the gold, he moved the bag to the vault door, then worked himself back to Box 312. From what he'd been told, 312 held negotiable securities. Just might be another biggie.

It was almost midnight before Julia's phone rang. She nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Hello." His voice was cold and flat. "Get back here."

She felt a chill. "Okay." He hung up and Julia grabbed her coat.

Through the tiny window by the rear door, he saw her headlights swing into the alley and then switch off. The van stopped right outside, and he saw she was alone, just like she should be.

Well, who the hell would be with her, for shit-kicker's sake? His paranoia was starting to piss him off.

There were two large cardboard cartons, the black-suede bag and a small, metal strongbox. They hauled all of it to the van.

"I've opened most of the boxes. Most really do have old ladies' legal papers in them. So it's just the few we thought that have all the goodies. But there's a couple more big lockers, and I aim to have a look. Take this and unload it at your garage. If I'm interrupted in the next couple of hours, at least we'll have this much free and clear."

Julia nodded eagerly. "Okay, I'll handle it. Get done quick." He watched her wait at the far end of the alley as two cars passed, then she pulled into the street and flicked on the lights.

In two hours he was done. The last two boxes had been worth the effort. One contained cash—lots of it. At least \$300,000. It scared him to death. No consecutive serial numbers, but it had to



be hot. A bank job, or something just as heavy. The register in the office gave no clue. The owner's name was unknown, and doubtless phony besides. Wash the money, the voice in his head shouted.

Screw it. He'd change it in Europe. No more discounting than necessary.

Get out of here. He grabbed the phone and called Julia again. She was on her way, this time to collect him.

"He's done, Ernie. I'm on my way for the last pickup."

"We need another 90 minutes to get ready," the voice on the line said. "I've got to get another car to make this clean. Stall him. You know how."

Dammit! What can I do? she thought. Stall him?! Oh, shit!

"Listen, Ernie. No fair hurting him. He won't be armed. Never carries heat. I want him in one piece. I owe you this, but I want my man in working order when this is done."

Ernie the Attorney chuckled. "Don't worry. I'm not a killer, baby, just an entrepreneur."

Hal stood by the back door. "Come help me pack this shit outa here. I got a hand truck. You can pack the small stuff." Julia followed him to the vault. "I'll get started with the big stuff. You take those three bags." He pushed the small, heavily laden hand truck down the ramp to the alley. She'd pulled into the paint-store parking slot this time. Dammit ! Why didn't she stop outside like last time? He took less than three minutes to load the packets of cash and stacks of negotiables in the van. Julia should have been right on his heels, but when he turned, she was nowhere to be seen. What's she doing in there? She better not be walking around sightseeing and accidentally trip that frontdoor alarm. Shit!

A minute more, and she still didn't show. "Fuck!" He stomped back into the building. "Julia, where in hell are you?"

"Back here." Her voice came from the vault. "I've found something more."

In the almost-inky blackness he was momentarily blinded. "Julia, where are you?"

"Down here on the floor, lover."

He hadn't expected her voice from that angle. The sudden shock of a blue light made him jerk. "What the hell?!"

It was a small, battery-powered job, and of very low intensity. He would have been instantly fearful of it being seen from out front had it been any other kind.

She had spread an old dropcloth on the floor. Her clothes lay neatly folded beside it. She was lying naked in the



"Couldn't you just have told me we're out of paper cups?"

middle, legs spread. Her voice came out soft as silk.

"There's no hurry. We've got the whole weekend. Listen, I've been fantasizing about this all night. I know it's insane, but we own—I mean own—this scuzzy vault. We owe it to ourselves."

His cock grew rigid as she spoke. "You're nuts. Let's get out of here and save the screwing for South America."

"No." Demanding now. "You fuck me here. I want you to remember this job till the day you die."

His anger knotted hopelessly with the overwhelming passion heating his loins. "You're crazy as hell." He dropped to his knees, peeling coveralls and shorts and hating himself all the way down. Definitely not the professional way to handle a job. But she was so beautifully outrageous, he couldn't resist.

"You're going to freeze your buns off on the floor, Julia love." Starting at her waistline, he cupped her with warm, sweaty hands. His left drifted down her thigh, fingers crossing the sleek belly and tracking into the lush tangle of her crotch. His right moved up to her breasts. Even flat on her back, they thrust upward, erect and exquisitely pointed. In the faint glow, her eyes fixed on his. He caressed her firmly but gently, letting both hands roam freely. Each had a will of its own, drifting over her form from neck to thighs. Occasionally one hand would slide beneath to fondle her buttocks, his tongue lapping her skin, licking her saltiness as his hunger swelled.

She remained passive only a short time. Her sighs changed to soft moans, then became louder and more forceful. Her hands groped his cock and balls, tenderly but firmly. His manhood surged in answer to her fondling, cock pulsating but still under control. Her voice came back, raspy, urgent.

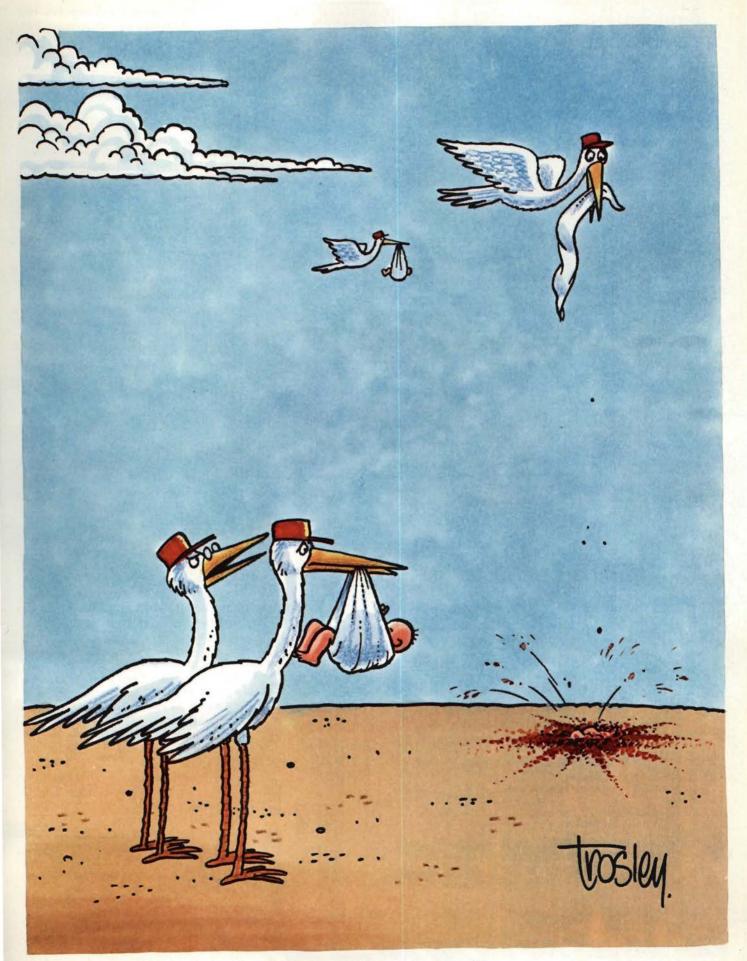
"Do me! Do me now."

He smiled lazily down at her. "Uhuh. You wanted it right here and now. So beg for it, bitch! Whine and snivel." He bent to kiss her, then abruptly drew away, mocking her.

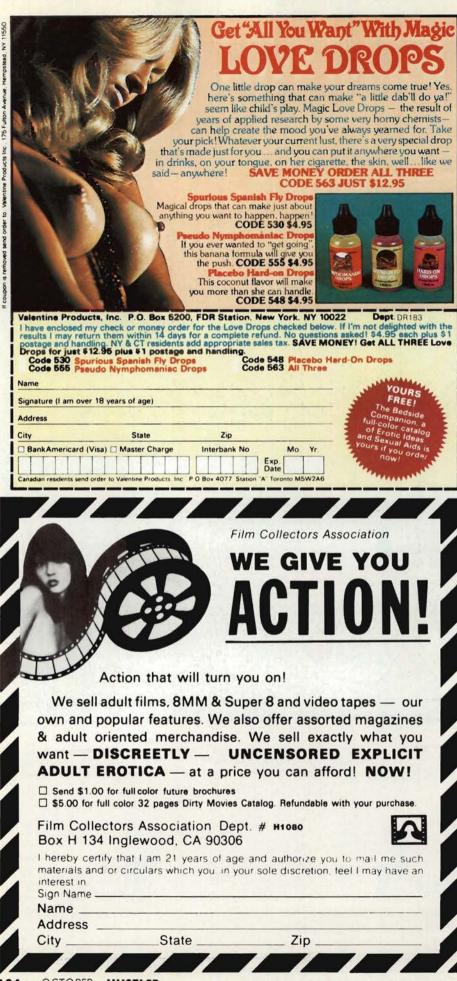
"Uhmm. Bastard. Gimme that damn trouser snake."

He arched up over her face, thrusting his penis at her lips. "This snake's a pet—so don't hurt it. Be nice, and it'll be nice to you."

Her eyelids closed and her mouth opened. She raised her head and took him in. The tip of her tongue moved up and down his shaft as he rammed it deeper and deeper down her throat. A guttural groan tore from deep in his insides. For two to three minutes he hung poised in this fashion, thrusting rhythmically as her tongue beat a stacatto on his cock,



"That'll come out of his paycheck!"



end-to-end. She was a genius at this. Her wet mouth created a warm receptacle for his own juices, and he'd come that way many times before. Not this time.

He pulled away. The dim light revealed her disappointment. Good. As he penetrated her lips the second time, she moaned. The echo of their breathing rebounded from the cold steel walls. His sense of power over her was complete.

Finally, needing her cunt more than her mouth, he dropped to his side and coiled around her back and ass. He entered her, cooing words both tender and obscene. He pulled her to him and buried himself deeply inside. Her fingers stroked his swollen gonads, and the head of his cock pressed hard against the inside of her love tunnel. Again and again he slammed into her. The final explosion racked his body. She'd been right. This was one he'd never forget. . .

On the loading dock, the last two bags in hand, he saw no sign of life in the 2 a.m. stillness. "Let's hit that van and haul ass, hon."

Her face was a study in-what? Terror? "Hey, no time to go into shock on me now." She nodded dumbly, but stared straight ahead. He strode to the bottom of the ramp, Julia on his heels. It was only 20 feet to the vehicle. Once inside, the motor coughed to life, and it wasn't until they left the alley and hit the street that he switched on the lights.

"We get all the stuff from your garage, then I go keep an appointment. Cash on the barrelhead for some of this shit. We'll take care of the rest later." He glanced in her direction. The apprehensive look she sent back grated on his nerves.

"What's with you?" He remembered how she'd looked only an hour earlier.

"Baby, I love you. No matter what happens, please believe that." Her voice broke.

At the same moment, he noticed headlights in the rearview mirror. His neck prickled.

"I'm getting the idea you know something I don't.'

She broke into sobs.

"Hey, knock off that crap. What's happening? Who's behind us? Ain't the cops. And they're stickin' like glue."

He wheeled east on Clay, cutting across the residential district above Chinatown and heading away from her garage and its stash of loot. "What kind of crap is goin' on here, babe?" He clenched his teeth. "Answer up, or I'll push your ass right out that door."

The green Olds hung in there, about a block back. Still almost no traffic. He (continued on page 110) Once the clouds of autumn gather, those terrific suntans will start fading fast. Don't waste any time! Preserve the memories of summer by shooting a sensational snapshot of your favorite Beaver. HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at

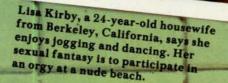
Photo by Sport

professional-models' rates. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 110 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

HUSTLER

Photo by Bob

West Coast girl Wendy Goody, 18, works in a retail clothing store. She enjoys gymnastics and sex, and tells us that her fantasy is "to be fucked by a giant candy cane."



Photo, by Sam Cindrich

Twenty-three-year-old Sandra W., a housewife from Chicago, Illinois, lists her hobbies as ceramics, walking in the nude and giving head. Her wildest fantasies, she says, have already been fulfilled by her husband.



Honeypot, from Rockdale, Honeypot, from Kockdale, Illinois, is into hugging, porridge and Yogi Bear. Her fantasy is to make it with a big, blond Polar bear on a peopleskin rug.





Photo by Emmitt

Twenty-four-year-old Cynthia Just is a dancer from Miami, Florida, who describes her hobby as "nasty sweet loving." She fantasizes about posing for a HUSTLER pictorial.

P. Mar

Photo by Danny

Min Yang Suk is a 21-year. old Korean native who says she has no sexual fantasies, but that her biggest dream is "to see the beautiful USA."

> M. L., 42, is a cocktall waitress M. L., 42, is a cocktall waitress from Las Vegas who says her from Las Vegas who says her from Las Vegas who says her inly hobby is her husband. Her only hobby is her husband. Her fantasy is to make love to him fantasy is to make love to him in front of everybody.

> > Photo by Fred Warnock

Photo by Bill Quintero

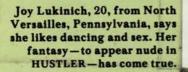




Photo by Friend

Kim Marie Ficks, 20, lives in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. Her hobbies are swimming, jogging and taking nude photographs. Kim's sexual fantasy is "to be tied to a bed and raped (but not hurt)

> A housewife from McKenzle, Tennessee, 27-year-old J. Gallimore Tennessee, 27-year-old J. Gallimore anjoys handicrafts. She dreams about enjoys handicrafts. She dreams about including for men's magazines, "HUSTLER for sure!"

> > Photo by William Brock

Photo by Michael Mullany

Twenty-six-year-old Sharron Brock, an exotic dancer from Durant, Oklahoma, likes dancing, boating, and sunbathing on the beach. She fantasizes about attending a large orgy "with beautiful and exciting people."



Photo by Girlfriend

One for the hadies

A model and free-lance photographer from Azusa, California, Charlotte Livingstone, 40, likes to paint, dance and garden. She says she dreams of being "an ancient Roman sex goddess."

M. D. is a 38-year-old truck driver from Avinger, Texas, who's into fishing, skiing, swimming and making love. His fantasy is for his girl to become a deep-throat expert.

Photo by Charlotte Livingstone

B. A. M., a 20-year-old housewife from Fayetteville, North Carolina, enjoys horseback riding. Her fantasy is to be a HUSTLER centerfold.

W.St.





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

Model's Name/Name	
Address	
Date of Birth	Phone (include area code)
Occupation	
Hobbies	
Sexual Fantasies	
Inc	clude separate sheet if necessary
Photographer	
Send prize to:	Model D Other
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princingraphs or myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature	Date
Model's Social Security Number	

#### THE PERFECT CAPER

#### (continued from page 104)

ran two red lights in three blocks. So did his tail, ending any doubts as to their purpose.

"Who are they?" he yelled.

Her answer came in rapid fire. "Ernie's people...wants what we got tonight... he set you up. You're good; so you got elected."

He glanced at the glare in the mirror. "So I'm a mark. You played me for a patsy, and for what? A bullet when this is over?"

"Oh, Hal, I had to. Ernie found out my brother held up a Syndicate horse parlor, and he threatened to tell Guido Corsaletti if I didn't do it. I've just been trying to keep my brother alive. I didn't even know you when all this started." Her eyes pleaded for understanding.

He gained the Embarcadero Freeway's southbound ramp and put his foot to the floor.

"What the hell do you think happens if they corner us? They hit me and let you walk away? Fat chance!"

She twisted to face him as the van shot into the sparse predawn traffic. "I don't know. He said you wouldn't be hurt, but I'm scared. A couple of thugs from Rent-a-Hood, or wherever he got 'em, could do anything, I guess. I just didn't think."

The Olds' headlights dropped back, but kept up steady pursuit as van and car descended from the elevated highway to southbound U.S. 101.

"Traffic's too light." Almost to himself. "Gotta ditch this fucker." Louder now. "You wouldn't happen to have a gun, now that you're a big-time double agent?" Her eyes told him she'd be no help.

"Well, screw it. We just take a drive for a while."

The menacing Olds kept its interval as the van rolled south, then west as they turned off onto U.S. 280. Unable to outrun the car, Hal needed a distraction. With the holiday outflow of citydwellers five or six hours behind them, the usual traffic pressure that could have covered them under normal circumstances was nowhere to be seen. They were both quiet, the tension between them thick as lead.

They passed Lake Merced Country Club, which meant they were now out of San Francisco, just inside neighboring Daly City. Their tail maintained its distance. He almost took the Serramonte off-ramp, but the voice in his head warned him away. No cover there either, sucker. He saw a semi-truck just ahead. That's it! Hickey Boulevard was the next exit, and it was coming up fast. He jammed down on the accelerator and overtook the truck in seconds. His tail did the same, closing the gap between them with surprising speed.

"Get down to the floor, Julia. Now!"

It was going to be close. He had just yards-perhaps inches-to play with as the van veered even with the truck cab and sliced across its path, separated by no more than the width of a bumper. Panicked, the truck driver leaned on his airhorn and hit the brakes. Julia screamed as Hal kept cutting hard right, the Hickey exit his goal. Its guardrail rushed toward them as he fought for control of the wheel. His maneuver caught the Olds' driver by surprise. By the time he saw Hal's taillights disappearing in front of the truck, he was going too fast; he overshot the ramp by 150 yards.

Julia was wedged so far under the dash when he got the van settled down that Hal laughed shakily. "I'm gonna need a can opener to get you out." He ran the light and curled onto a side street. She scrambled back onto her seat and peered out the back window.

Hal squinted in the rearview. They'd back up and follow him down. He spotted a used-car lot up the street to his left, pulled in and doused his lights. At least five other vans sat near his.

He pulled her into the back and forced her to sit next to him on the floor. Time to rest, wait it out, then head for Denver—and, in the process, fire Julia.

He was ninth in line at the Air Canada ticket counter, waiting for confirmation out of Montreal after his overnight flight from Denver. He had a wad of American Express money orders in his bush jacket. Two-hundred-eighty thousand should keep him going for quite some time.

A customs officer waved him on from the end of the line, and he relaxed. In another half-hour he'd be out of Montreal, London-bound. Europe would be good after California. His mind drifted back to Julia as the clerk tied on new baggage tags. He'd left her in the Daly City car lot with 3,500 in cash tucked in her coat.

"Severance pay," he'd snarled. Like all women who hung out with men like him, she was crazy. You couldn't trust 'em either. He'd have been in a shitpot of trouble if he hadn't planned to ditch her from the first.

He picked up his AWOL bag, moved to the boarding line and smiled to himself. The stunning blonde cleared customs and shouldered her tote bag as she joined him in line.

Hal gazed adoringly at his wife. "Linda, baby, we made it." volume L Number L 84 Pages in high class colour

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DEUTS

H FRAN

#### AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

#### (continued from page 88)

detention center for dissidents. Reports of torture and ill treatment had long been reported there, including electroshock, asphyxiation, rape, systematic beatings, mock executions and frequent fire and bomb drills—emergency exercises designed to frazzle the prisoners' nerves. In a November 1979 Urgent Action Appeal, AI called attention to these conditions as well as to anti-Semitic abuse and death threats by guards, especially against prisoners held under maximum security and serving the longest sentences.

But the latest revelations of the threestage Attica scenario are even more distressing. During stage one, which has already begun, common-law criminals are being planted in cells with political prisoners and—by means of bribes—are made to provoke violent fights with their new cellmates. (Normally, the two classes of prisoners are kept separate because of their great hostility toward each other.) Army and police agents, disguised as convicts, are also entering the prison, with instructions to beat up political prisoners or kill them outright.

During stage two, nonpolitical convicts will be persuaded to stage a rebellion. This will lead to stage three, during which government troops and guards will be ordered to apply maximum violence against the political prisoners *only*, hopefully killing enough of them to substantially reduce their numbers.

As preparations for *Plan Attica* proceed, torture has been intensified — most notably, forcing inmates to stand in a fixed position until they collapse. By heightening the prisoners' misery, the likelihood of a bloody uprising is measurably increased. AI has urged sending a series of "courteously worded" letters to the Uruguayan president, expressing concern about *Plan Attica* and reports of ill treatment.

One has to admire the patience and resilience of an organization that directs mildly phrased correspondence to what might charitably be called the scum of the earth. One also wonders whether such an approach can actually influence men whose ruthless cunning and evil hold more than half the planet in fear. Astonishingly, the answer is yes.

Dictators complained bitterly when AI won the Nobel Peace Prize. The chief of Indonesia's internal-security forces branded the group "Amnesty Communist International." But at the same time, he announced a program to release some 30,000 political prisoners, many of whom had been detained for as long as 14 years without trial. This con-



Readers interested in making a financial contribution to Amnesty International or in obtaining more information should contact:

Amnesty International USA National Headquarters 304 West 58th Street New York, New York 10019 (212) 582-4440

AI also maintains regional offices at the following addresses:

3618 Sacramento Street San Francisco, California 94118 (415) 563-3733

413 Capitol Street SE Washington, D.C. 20003 (202) 544-0200

633 South Shatto Place Los Angeles, California 90005 (213) 388-1237

407 South Dearborn Chicago, Illinois 60605 (312) 427-2060 12 Parker Street Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138 (617) 492-8781

P.O. Box 15854 New Orleans, Louisiana 70175 (504) 561-0654

In addition, nearly 200 AI prisoner-adoption groups are functioning in 43 states. If you would like to join one of them, contact Betsy Ross at AI's national headquarters in New York, or contact one of the local affiliates. You will be notified of the nearest group by return mail.

Letter-writing campaigns are mounted on behalf of Prisoners of the Month listed in Amnesty Action, a publication mailed regularly to duespaying members. Membership for individuals costs \$20; for couples, \$30; for students and senior citizens, \$12. All contributions are tax-deductible. cession came only after AI spread word that Indonesia was holding at least 55,000 political prisoners, and perhaps as many as 100,000.

The Soviet Union, now in an increasingly restrictive phase, traditionally has denounced AI as a product of reactionary Western thinking. Still, gutsy dissenters have formed branches of the organization in Moscow and other Soviet cities. And AI has issued an open letter to President Leonid Brezhnev as the start of a new push against political imprisonment in the USSR.

It's not surprising that a country as powerful as the Soviet Union, equipped with a giant army and nuclear arsenal, must resort to violent suppression of any and all forms of dissent. Such behavior is characteristic of the world's dictatorships. Ungoverned by basic principles of justice and fairness, yet aware of the deep resentment that burns within their oppressed citizens, they feel compelled to snuff out even the slightest opposition. The amount of pressure these regimes employ depends on how threatening the rebellious energy appears to the rulers.

AI representatives cite the case of one of their adoptees, Nikolai Nikitin, a Leningrad truck driver sentenced to 18 months in prison for activities in an unofficial trade-union group. He was charged with "circulating fabrications known to be false which defame the Soviet state and social system." Nikitin was the fifth member of the Free Inter-Professional Union of Workers to be condemned to prison, internal exile or confinement in a psychiatric hospital during the group's first year of existence. An ongoing AI letter-writing campaign continues in Nikitin's behalf, and pressure will be exerted until, hopefully, he is freed.

The case of Nobel Prize-winning nuclear physicist Andrei D. Sakharov, one of the Soviet Union's most outspoken human-rights activists, has received extensive worldwide publicity. A longtime AI adoptee, he was seized on a Moscow street by agents of the State Security Committee-the KGB-and banished to the Volga River city of Gorky. Isolated there, some 250 miles east of Moscow, he is not permitted to communicate by mail or telephone with foreigners. Living under the shadow of vigilant KGB surveillance, Sakharov still has managed to smuggle messages to the outside world, describing barbaric treatment of other dissidents.

The deplorable situation of Soviet Jews, who are virtually forbidden to emigrate and whose practice of religion limits their participation in political and (continued on page 126)



Something happened to me a few weeks ago that really changed my life. Before then I'd always had an intense fear of riding in elevators. In fact, every time I'd step inside one, my stomach would start churning and I'd break out in a cold sweat.

You see, I'd had a recurring nightmare-ever since I was a little kid-that an elevator cable would snap and send me plummeting to a fast and violent death. Usually I'd wake up screaming right at the moment of impact. While some people are afraid of flying, guns or crowds, I'd get scared shitless every moment I was inside an elevator.

This was especially unfortunate because of my job. I work on the 48th floor of a 50-story skyscraper. I have to use the elevator to get to and from my office. I even made a habit of bringing my lunch to work so I didn't have to go downstairs at noontime. Usually, when I stepped off the elevator in the morning, I'd be shaking like a leaf. The only thing that could stop me from shaking was Marsha.

Marsha is our firm's receptionist. Although I used to see her nearly every day, I was always too shy to ask her out on a date. She's a tall woman with long black hair and dark, soulful eyes. She always dresses pretty sharply and wears just the right amount of makeup. However, what really turned

me on about Marsha were her breasts. They're the size of ripe melons, and on most days she doesn't wear a bra.

Whenever I passed by Marsha's desk, I'd straighten up and try to look coolnot like some nervous guy frightened to death of elevators. Just looking at her fantastic tits would ease my mind. And even though I never spoke to her except to say "Good morning," she'd flash a seductive smile or bat her eyelashes whenever I walked by. I was tempted to talk to her on more than one occasion, but I was too shy to start up a conversation with her.

Anyway, let me tell you what happened a few weeks back. It was a nasty,

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.



# **GOING DOWN IN** AN ELEVAT **N**R

by Peter Lyons

rainy day, and it had been harrowing just getting to work. While standing in the lobby, I began feeling my usual nervous pangs about stepping into the elevator. The ride up to the top floor was unnerving, and I knew that the only thing that would make me calm down would be a glimpse of Marsha.

Assuming a suave, casual pose, I went past her desk and caught an eyeful of her perfect tits. She was wearing a sheer white-silk blouse, and her nipples jutted through the flimsy material like a pair of erasers. I smiled and said hello, and then walked to my office, feeling a hundred percent better.

had a big workload-and late in the afternoon I looked forward to getting home, swilling a six-pack of beer and watching the hockey game on TV. By the time I was finished with business, it was a half-hour past quitting time. Outside, it was still raining.

I put on my raincoat and, on my way to the elevator, noticed that Marsha was just leaving too. Nobody else was around when the elevator doors opened; Marsha and I stepped into the empty elevator.

During our trip down, Marsha gave me a warm smile, nodded her head and said hello in a soft voice. Most of the time when I'm in an elevator with another person, I'll do anything to avoid looking at them. I'll either glance down at my shoes or up at the floor-indicator. Other times I'll pretend to read company reports. But it was hard to keep my eyes off of Marsha. She continued smiling at me, and I smiled back. I said something dumb like, "Lousy weather, isn't it?" As I spoke to her, I could feel the beginnings of a hard-on.

Then it happened. The elevator came to a jarring standstill between the 34th and 33rd floors. For a moment Marsha and I looked at each other with dread in our eyes. We waited awhile, but it seemed that the elevator was hopelessly stuck. I pushed the alarm

buzzer, but not much happened. Shaking incessantly, I picked up the emergency telephone and spoke to the building's supervisor. He told me that it would take about 20 minutes for a repairman to come over.

I bit my lip to get a grip on myself and noticed that Marsha was shivering with fright. Obviously she was also deathly afraid of elevators. She told me she was claustrophobic, afraid of being isolated in a small space. Twitching nervously, she let out a whimper that reminded me of the noise trapped animals make. I became very concerned about her.

In order to calm Marsha down, I The day went by pretty quickly-I patted her gently on the back and told her that everything would be all right. For some reason, I was able to overcome my shyness and my own elevator phobia. Maybe it was because Marsha was acting more pitifully frightened than I'd ever been. In any case, I felt totally in control of the situation. My tender backpats seemed to soothe Marsha's anxiety. In fact, she responded by huddling close to me and putting both of her arms around my waist. For the first time in months a woman's arms were tightly wrapped around me. It felt damn good.

I wasn't sure whether Marsha was hugging me because she was still frightened and wanted some kind of security, or because she actually liked me. But it didn't matter. I held her snug against my body and began stroking her soft, smooth mane of black hair. My hard-on throbbed rhythmically against her stomach. I knew that she could feel it. Marsha looked up at me, her eyes glowing serenely as if to thank me for my concern.

"You're so wonderful," she said with a grateful smile. "I've always known you were a kindhearted man."

Then something happened that I didn't expect at all. She placed my right

We are the only uncensored swingers magazine in the U.S. Each issue of The Sinners carries hundreds & hundreds of uncensored photographs & personal ads of our members throughout the U.S. Married and single gals, couples & guys who want to meet & swing with you / can be found in each issue. Send for FREE details &, sample/ ads! RIO-CAMINO CORP. 
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hand on her breast and pushed my palm flat against her flesh. I began caressing her globes, twisting her nipples between my thumb and forefinger. With each stroke of my hand I could feel them getting more erect. Marsha began to moan with excitement.

Overcome by our passion, both of us lost our fears, and for a while we forgot that we were trapped in a stalled elevator. As I lovingly massaged her breasts, she lifted her head and kissed me, probing the inner reaches of my mouth with her tongue.

At this point Marsha reached under my raincoat, put one of her hands between my legs, unzipped my fly and began to play with my cock. She gripped the tip firmly, teased the underside of the shaft and pumped away furiously. While she was doing that, I was still heavily involved with her luscious tits, squeezing them and tracing little swirls around the outline of the nipples.

I guess this really made her hot, because the next thing I knew she dropped to her knees and gave the head of my dick a little lick. At first she just glided her tongue against the tip, but then she decided to eat the whole thing. Her mouth closed over the crown and slowly made its way back until her lips were pressed tightly against my groin. As Marsha's mouth was stuffed solid with my manhood, I ran my fingers through her now-wild, brazen hair.

She sucked and tongued me magnificently, and her head bobbed up and down over the entire length of my cock. I felt like I was in heaven. My hips were buckling, my head began to spin, and a rash of goosebumps covered my flesh.

My body was moving like a tropical storm. The release of sexual tension was so great that I couldn't help but shoot my entire load into Marsha's mouth. Surprisingly, she eagerly swallowed nearly every drop. Then she softly rubbed the head of my dick across her lips before pulling away. A sticky string of creamywhite jism was left, trickling down the side of her mouth.

After that we both got wrapped up in the heat of the moment and started taking off our clothes. I threw my raincoat down on the floor, and Marsha lay on top of it. Her exposed Raquel Welchtype tits looked great. Then she literally begged me to ball her. Only a few short hours before, I couldn't even talk to Marsha. Now, thrown together by a strange series of circumstances, she *needed* me to fuck her.

I got down on my knees and carefully positioned myself over her so that my soft dick nestled between her succulent breasts. Then she rubbed them together until my cock sprang back to life. When I was good and stiff, I slid down Marsha's belly and pointed my cock directly at her dripping-wet cunt. I could smell the intoxicating, musky scent of the love juices lubricating her hole.

Marsha grabbed my shaft and guided it into her slippery cunt. Just as I was all the way inside of her, the elevator suddenly lurched. We stopped dead in our tracks, afraid that it had been repaired too soon. But then, just as suddenly, it stopped shaking. Reassured, I slipped my index finger into Marsha's tight asshole as I resumed fucking her. The penetration of both her openings made her shudder with ecstasy.

We both knew that our time in the elevator was limited. My pelvic thrusts increased in fervor, and Marsha also moved at a fast, steady pace. The realization that we might get caught in the act only seemed to add to the thrill.

Her moist cunt engulfed my cock, gripping it inside of her. Gasping, moaning, sweating, squirming, Marsha's body became a sexual engine with rapidly overloading circuits. She cried out sharply as she came, and beat her fists on my chest like some savage beast.

My second orgasm was fomenting deep within my groin. I sensed the cum boiling in my balls, just aching to be shot out. Pounding away, building to a crescendo, I pushed my dick into Marsha's cunt up to the hilt. Since my forefinger was stuck up her asshole, I could feel my dick through the thin wall separating her two love canals.

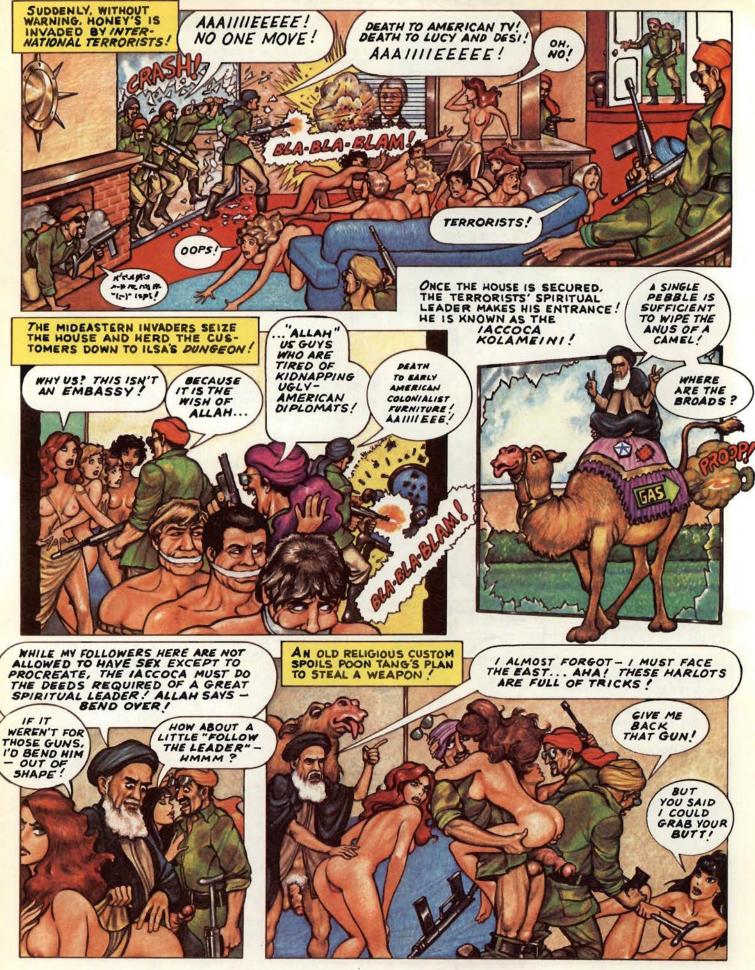
Just as I started to come, the elevator stirred and started going down again. It seemed to be working perfectly. I let out a final, loud grunt and spurted my juices into Marsha as a mind-blowing climax overwhelmed me. I knew there was hardly any time to let my totally spent muscles relax before the elevator would reach the lobby. We both got up and scurried to get our clothes back on.

Luckily, Marsha and I were pretty much fully clothed by the time the elevator doors opened on the ground floor. A team of workmen was there to greet us. We thanked them and rushed out of the building and grabbed a cab to Marsha's apartment, where we made love all night long.

Like I said, that happened a few weeks ago, and Marsha and I have been dating steadily ever since. We're still not too crazy about riding in elevators, but at least now we both have pleasant memories of how we managed to confront our fears and overcome our shyness. Fate works in strange ways.



Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford



116 OCTOBER HUSTLER







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

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

#### SLACK TIME

The prevailing theory is that pornography—like just about any form of entertainment—doesn't suffer during an economic slowdown. In fact, business supposedly gets better at such times because people are looking for diversion from the harsh realities of financial problems. The best-known example of this was the motion-picture boom during the Great Depression of the 1930s.

But porn dealers say they are presently in the midst of their own recession, one that has nothing to do with the nation's overall economic woes. Supposedly this is something that happens every four years, during the Presidential-election campaigns. As one dealer explained it, election fever saps off much of the nervous tension that would normally be released for many people through pornography. The connection may seem subtle, but according to the dealers it's a fact of life.

"September and October are the worst months for us," says one pornseller, "because just before the elections there's a concentrated political media blitz. The major political issues occupy people's minds and absorb their tensions. Since our business relies on sexual tension, sales drop off up to 25% for those two months."

What this all means to you is that customer service should be at its best during this slack period. Products or refunds should be delivered more quickly, since mail-order companies are less burdened. So if you've been thinking about doing some business with mail-order dealers, now's a good time—before things start booming again in November.

#### HOT SCENES

Lately we've been talking about the coming of the feature-length movie available for home viewing on videocassettes. But not everybody has (or even wants) a video recorder, and quite a few readers are of the opinion that theatrical porn films are a waste of time. One guy complained, "Why sit through 45 minutes of character development and bad jokes and a shitty plot to get to 20 minutes of steaming action?" He can't understand why anybody would justify a blowjob in the backseat of a Rolls-Royce by first exploring the relationship between a Beverly Hills matron and her black chauffeur. Some people simply want high-budget sex scenes without all the buildup.

Famous Films Corporation (8033 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 1009, Los Angeles, California 90046) feels the same way, and that's why it's coming out with its line of condensed Famous Films in 8mm. Cutting out all the frills, the company sells only the hottest scenes, such as Jennifer Welles's seduction of a young man in Honey Pie. These films are 8-10 minutes long and are more professional-looking than most loops because of their higher budgets. Famous Films sell for \$29.95 (Regular 8mm) and \$34.95 (Super 8).

#### PUNCH LINE

In July's <u>Mail-Order Feedback</u> you exposed <u>Enlargement Techniques</u> in Hollywood, a firm that asks the reader if he'd like to have an eight-inch cock and then sends him a rubber dick. You called this a "printed joke, just waiting for somebody to stumble onto the punch line."

Yet HUSTLER is still running deceptive ads, such as one placed by <u>Exer-Tone-Plus</u> (P.O. Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, California 91413), which promises the reader "at least an eight-inch ram-rod in less than eight weeks." It seems to me your magazine owes a duty to its readers not to dupe them by running these rip-off ads. —C. S. Jefferson City, Missouri

HUSTLER's willingness to criticize products that are advertised in our own pages is almost unheard of in the magazine industry. We believe that once a publication starts following orders from the ad boys, truth and reliability go out the window.

At the same time, as Larry Flynt has stated time and time again, we're not in the business of censorship. If a company uses blatantly false advertising or fails to deliver the goods, we'll kick it out.

However, tricky companies such as Macho Products and Grow-Master (both at 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028), Certified Medical Supply (Department G98, P.O. Box 1758, Burbank, California 91507), as well as the firms you mentioned, generally deliver exactly what they say they will-if you read the ads carefully. These are companies that make money from the gullible. That's why it's important to read Mail-Order Feedback to get the lowdown on the mail-order business. You'll get the straight facts from us, whether or not the dealer in question advertises in HUSTLER.

#### SHUTTERBUGS EXPOSED

In March's column you printed a letter from a man who sent his film to <u>Kodak</u> but couldn't get it processed because Kodak considered his pictures "obscene." I've worked at two large photofinishing companies myself; so maybe I can give you an insider's view.

"Obscene" photos aren't supposed to be returned, but if they're handled by the right people, they'll be allowed to slip through the system and be returned to the customer. But people who send their "nude" photos to photofinishers should know that these pictures are passed around to anyone who cares to see them, and even though they may be destroyed, you can bet that somebody makes himself a few prints for his own collection. I imagine the same thing happens at all such companies. So tell your readers that if they don't want their nude photos to become "public property," they ought to buy a Polaroid camera and keep their privacy to -E. M.themselves. Houston, Texas

Thanks for the inside information. Readers should know that this sort of thing goes on, even though it is certainly against any company's policy for employees to take photos for their own use. If a customer can prove that his photos have been improperly used or disseminated by a photofinishing company or its employees, he's got a nice little lawsuit.

# MANIEORDERIMANNIA

M



Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most...sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat.

## Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only

## \$9.95

The FELLATRIX-G is so lifelike can give you the feeling a a real expert blowjob. It has a built-in electronic hummer to give you tiny tingles that send you up the wall. Any you control how fast it sucks and hums...go for a quickie, or make it last all night. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till she gets in the mood, you need the FELLATRIX-G right now!

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Address		
City	State	Zip
Please sendFELLA	TRIX-Gs @ \$9.95 ea. \$	
Also sendtubes of L	ubri-gel @ \$2 ea. \$	
In California add 6% sal	es tax \$	-
Add \$1.00 for postage 8	packaging \$	1.00
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#### Spanish Fly Powder with sugar

Combination of genuine imported spices give a stimulating effect on her private parts. 1 oz. **AB5** for only **2** 98

#### Wild Passion Ginseng

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#### Seducing Powder

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Knockout	Pills	
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Stay hard longer with our special Prolong Pills and be still in there where the action is. 20 pills. Area for only 298

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FDA does not recognize any drug or substance as an effective aphrodisiac or sexual stimulant. Sold as novelties only!

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## The CTD Sheath



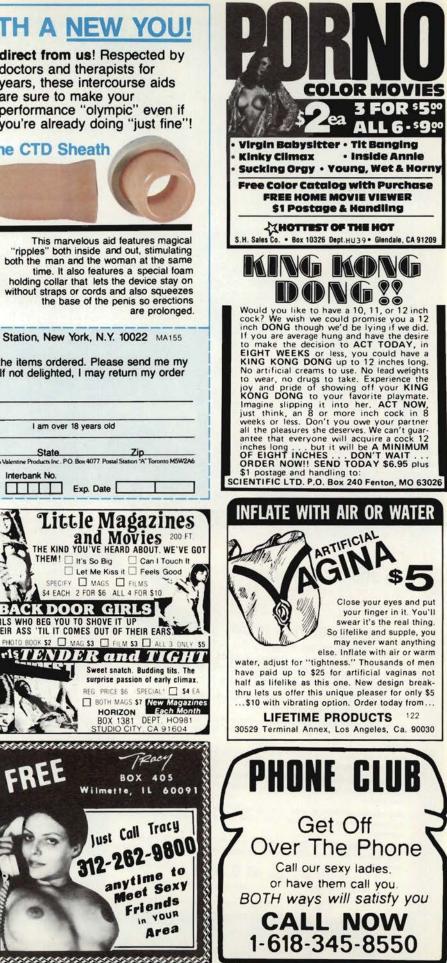
This marvelous aid features magical "ripples" both inside and out, stimulating both the man and the woman at the same time. It also features a special foam holding collar that lets the device stay on without straps or cords and also squeezes the base of the penis so erections are prolonged.

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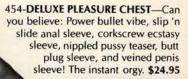


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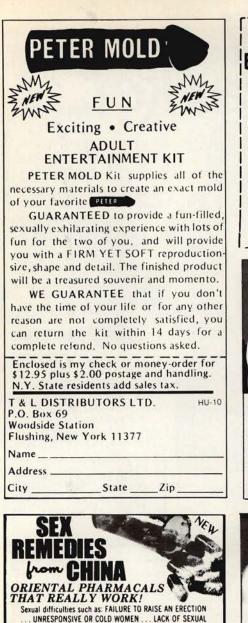


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#### **AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL**

#### (continued from page 112)

economic life, has also gained substantial AI and media attention. Lesser known are cases like that of Eduard Arutyunian, imprisoned since July 1979 for his involvement with an Armenian group set up to monitor Soviet compliance with human-rights agreements of the 1975 Helsinki Conference. Four members of a similar group in the Ukraine are also awaiting trial. Then there are the 15 Crimean Tartars sentenced to prison or internal exile merely for trying to return to their ancestral homeland in the Crimea. Amnesty International has adopted them all.

Religious activists in the Soviet Union have received punishment just as severe. Sergei Yermolayev—a member of an unofficial Russian Orthodox congregation in Moscow—and his friend Igor Polyakov were sentenced last October to four-year jail terms for "hooliganism"—the Soviet catch-all term for "disorderly conduct." And three Seventh-day Adventists were sentenced in June—one of them to seven years' imprisonment—for unofficially printing and distributing religious literature. More than 100 Protestants currently are



serving terms as prisoners of conscience.

The case of Valeria Makeyeva, 50, a Russian Orthodox nun for more than 30 years, seems especially outrageous. She was arrested and confined to a psychiatric hospital for an indefinite period. Her crime? She had made and sold canvas belts embroidered with the words of the 90th Psalm: And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us....

.

As AI has grown in resources, it has increasingly ventured beyond its traditional, limited concern for the release of prisoners and the abolition of torture. Its most recent thrust-an accelerated worldwide campaign against the death penalty-has aroused substantial debate over whether the organization is straying too far from its basic programs. "Why should it be supposed that those persons who give support to Amnesty ... for the purpose of registering a vote in behalf of freedom of conscience, should automatically sign in on an international drive against capital punishment?" wrote William F. Buckley, Jr., a longtime AI board member who resigned over the issue.

But stoutly, AI stands by the commitment of its by-laws to oppose "by all appropriate means the imposition and infliction" of the death penalty, on the grounds that "it violates the right to life and that it is the most cruel, inhuman and degrading of all forms of punishment." In a 1976 brief filed with the U.S. Supreme Court, AI stated: "[We] cannot regard the death penalty other than as . . . an act of cold blood beneath the dignity of a modern state."

Some human-rights activists worry that AI's recent emphasis on this controversial issue could cause a decline in public support, much as the American Civil Liberties Union suffered when it stood up for the right of American Nazis to march in a Chicago suburb. Nevertheless, U.S. membership in AI has soared to nearly 10,000, with an additional 90,000 contributors on the rolls.

Once little more than a collection of well-intentioned amateurs, Amnesty International today has been transformed into a thoroughly professional organization with an annual budget exceeding \$1.5 million. Its vigilant concern for the condition of the common man has inspired a deserved label-The World's Conscience. "To know how rewarding this work is, you only have to read thank-you letters from prisoners and their families who are alive today because of your efforts," says AI's Larry Cox. "By saving just one human being, you know you've accomplished something worthwhile."

#### **DEATH BY GOVERNMENT**

#### (continued from page 60)

where you can walk down the main street without finding a family that hasn't been affected by cancer. It's terribly depressing."

Back in the '50s Gordon's brother, Kent Carroll, was rounding up cattle near St. George on the day a heavy atomic blast was detonated. "He came home that day, vomiting and coughing, saying the dust was hanging like a fog," she recalls. "The horse he'd been riding died a few weeks later. Kent died 19 years ago at the age of 27. He'd just finished his master's-degree program and was engaged to be married."

Elizabeth Bruhn Catalan is a 38-yearold schoolteacher who grew up in St. George but now lives in Salt Lake City. One of the most outspoken radiation victims, she formed Citizens Call in Utah, which in November will sponsor hearing's designed to publicize the tragic results of nuclear fallout. Her father and a sister were both radiation victims.

On Christmas Eve 1963 Mrs. Catalan and her sister Kay arrived from Los Angeles to visit their father, the president of Dixie Junior College in St. George. "At 43 he was in the prime of his life, a large man with an insatiable intellect and love of the outdoors," she remembers. "The moment we walked in the kitchen door, we knew something was drastically wrong. Daddy's skin had a sickly yellow cast to it. He had lost an alarming amount of weight. He shuffled when he walked. Our family doctor had been there that morning. The tests were conclusive: leukemia. The disease was progressing so fast that he had a month, perhaps two months, left to live. But he managed six months, using the time to prepare us and the college for when he would no longer be around.

"There is nothing graceful about dying from leukemia," Mrs. Catalan goes on. "His intestinal tract was pitted with ulcers. Hematomas were under the surface of his skin, all over. The pain never ceased. New medications would help for a while, then lose their effectiveness, leaving new complications. Daddy died July 4, 1964. Through it all, my father felt sure his disease had been triggered in some way by the nuclear testing. He recalled the day he had been horseback riding out in the desert with three friends when a 'cloud' drifted overhead from a test detonated without warning that morning. He had commented, 'It is like a cloud of doom.' Of the four men present that day, three have died of cancer in some form, as

have hundreds of their neighbors."

Mrs. Catalan's youngest sister, Marilyn, died in the 1960s after a choking attack caused by an enlarged thyroid goiter that made it difficult for her to breathe. "All I've ever wanted in my life is to be a mother," says Mrs. Catalan. "I was pregnant in 1967 and lost the baby six months into the pregnancy. Now I keep getting calls from former school classmates who've had three, four, even six miscarriages. One poor woman lost eight babies. Only recently have they made the connection between the AEC's testing and their miscarriages. It's an unending horror story. There are days I think I can't handle one more tragic phone call or letter."

Ironically, it is possible that a familiar symbol of American might was also affected by the fallout. During the midst of the 1955 testing program John Wayne spent 30 days on a St. George location, filming his role as Genghis Khan in *The Conqueror*. Wayne died last year of cancer. So did his co-star, Susan Hayward, in 1975. Cancer also claimed *Conqueror* director Dick Powell in 1963. Ten of the wranglers used as extras and technical advisers on the film succumbed to the same disease.

Human beings weren't the only ones contaminated. In the spring of 1953

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more than 4,000 sheep that stood grazing near St. George during the testing died suddenly. Many lambs were born with defects. Local ranchers said they'd never seen similar symptoms, and immediately suspected radiation. Two of them sued the government. But Uncle Sam claimed that the sheep died from a combination of factors including malnutrition, poor management and adverse weather conditions. The ranchers lost the case.

Cattle were also afflicted by fallout. "Twice a day the truck from our dairy cooperative rumbled past my home, unknowingly bringing radioactive milk from our cows, which grazed downwind from the test site," Mrs. Catalan says, thinking back to the early '50s. "That milk went into Las Vegas for processing and distribution throughout Nevada."

Twenty-seven years later, two bills calling for compensation for atomic-testing victims in Utah and Nevada are making their way through the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives. Senator Edward Kennedy (Dem.-Massachusetts) is sponsoring one of them. "No legislation can completely rectify the wrongs that have been committed against this group of American citizens," Kennedy says. "However, this [bill] attempts to do all that can be done 20 years after the fact."

The governors of Utah, Nevada and even Arizona-a small area of the last was sprinkled by fallout from the testsare calling for a \$17-million, five-year study of the dangers atomic testing poses to public health. Earlier this year a specially appointed task force issued a report to President Jimmy Carter on possible courses of action. Significantly, this was the first time a governmental body admitted partial responsibility for the testing aftermath.

"We may reasonably assume that at least some additional cases of cancer in the downwind population resulted from atmospheric fallout," the report said, choosing its words carefully. But it continued, "From an overall public-health perspective, the added risk to the downwind population from fallout was very small."

Meanwhile, interested individuals were awaiting trial of Allen et al. v. the U.S., the multimillion-dollar lawsuit. Former Interior Secretary Stuart Udall is one of four attorneys representing the claimants. "I was brought into the case by people I know in that area of southern Utah," he says. "They felt a great wrong had been done. The more I investigated, the more monstrous it became. The case could easily stand as a landmark. That's why the government doesn't want to open a Pandora's box."

Washington agencies do indeed seem uneasy. In its February 1980 report to President Carter the Interagency Task Force on Compensation for Radiation-Related Illnesses said: "Litigation of these claims carries with it the risk of establishing judicial precedents which could be harmful to the government in other radiation and toxic-substance litigation. Any adverse ruling on that issue would have precedential impact upon other occupational and environmental-pollution cases."

William G. Schaffer, who supervised that task force, is also heading the government's legal case in Allen et al. v. the U.S. He says the report to the President-which includes scientists' testimony that cancers cannot be linked with prior radiation-is currently "under study." He feels the government's case in the lawsuit will reflect the same conclusion.

"It's fair to assume our position wouldn't differ," says Schaffer. "As for the case's being a bad precedent, I'll only say that bad cases make bad law, and this is a pretty unusual lawsuit."

In the meantime, past and present residents of St. George quietly go on living-and dying. The more-skeptical survivors wonder why 35 local citizens were invited last year by the Department of Energy-successor to the Atomic Energy Commission-on a two-day tour of the Nevada Test Site, where only underground tests are now being conducted. Strangely, the Energy Department provided large quantities of booze for its predominantly Mormon guests, apparently unaware that their religion forbids them to consume alcoholic beverages.

"They treated us like we were the President," says one who made the trip. "They fed us lobster and filet mignon, and they had a huge cocktail party. Can you imagine that for a group of Mormons? All of us were asking if we could have Sprite, the soft drink, instead. It seemed like one big PR job to make us go back home and tell our friends that everything out there on the testing site was under control."

Dave Miller explains the Energy Department's position: "It was public relations in the sense of informing them about what we're doing now with underground tests. We also wanted to remind them that there really was an honest attempt in the 1950s to stay within the levels of exposure standards that existed in those days."

While most of the people of St. George feel that the worst is over and that testing is now safe, a movement is under way among the more-militant radiation victims to abandon the desert

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test site. "I want to see it closed down before it kills anyone else," says Preston Truman, a 28-year-old cancer victim attempting to end all testing in Nevada. "I've found people who say there have been up to 40 radiation leaks since 1963, the year that the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty went into effect. At times, off-site monitoring systems have not even been turned on during testing. Yet the Energy Department says monitoring systems indicated there was no radiation present.

"One of my biggest gripes is that the U.S. isn't content with just blowing up its own bombs in Nevada. We also have to invite Britain to test theirs."

"Nonsense," says Dave Miller. "We haven't had a venting [release of radiation] since 1970. The cornerstone of our nation's defense posture is a credible nuclear deterrent, and we can't have that deterrent unless we can test. As for the monitoring systems, some of those off-site aren't handled by us—so we can't take full responsibility. As for the British, we have an agreement with the United Kingdom to test their devices. They are our allies, aren't they?"

Truman insists that one recent underground test was delayed 24 hours to wait for the winds to shift away from heavily populated areas—the same step that proved fatal for St. George in the past. "We're told all is safe there now," he says. "But we've heard that one before."

In the meantime he continues fighting his own lymphatic cancer. "I've been in remission since 1973; so I just sit, and hope each day that passes won't be my last," Truman reflects. "I've talked to many of my former classmates recently and couldn't believe the number of their kids' birth defects and their own sterility cases. That's particularly sad in a state like Utah, which places such heavy emphasis on the family and future generations."

Others besides the federal government are uncomfortable with the cries of protest coming from St. George, especially the city manager and the Chamber of Commerce. They're concerned that the negative publicity might eventually hurt tourism. Each year more than 2 million travelers pass through Washington County—the gateway to Zion National Park. St. George attracts more than 10,000 conventioneers annually.

"I've said the government should go beyond reimbursement and provide an apology to the people here," maintains Arthur Anderson, seated in his Chamber of Commerce Building office. But curiously, Anderson's sentiments in a letter to lawyer Stuart Udall were steeped in compromise: "Why don't we move off the idea that money salves all wounds and, though it may sound facetious, ask the President of the United States instead to come out to Utah and apologize on behalf of an errant but grateful government?"

Anderson also points out that despite "an effort by the media to put out a gloom-and-doom story," tourism in St. George had its biggest year in 1979, and shows no signs of abating.

"I'm a little concerned that some may get the wrong idea because a minority speaks louder than the majority," says City Manager Gary Esplin. "Victims have a right to seek a solution to their problems. But the city's position is not to take a stand on the lawsuit, because we represent *all* the people of St. George, many of them new residents who have no connection with the testing and its aftermath."

John Rogers, general manager of the daily *Color Country Spectrum*, agrees that St. George's name has been tainted. "When I tell people where I'm from, they immediately link St. George with radiation," he admits. "But our community is growing anyhow, and most knowledgeable people realize we don't have a radiation problem anymore."

Utah Governor Scott Matheson puts the radiation issue in perspective. "The reasons for finally resolving all the questions about the health impact of the fallout are not limited to what it will do for people of this region," he says.

"If this nation is to allow additional growth of nuclear power as a major way of reducing our reliance upon imported oil," Matheson continues, "then the health of the nation will be fundamentally determined by the answers we receive.... We cannot afford to wait another 30 years to find out if we are exposing large numbers of our citizens to hazards that will continue to affect them for generations to come."

While most of the claimants in the Allen et al. v. the U.S. lawsuit feel that the worst clouds of danger have passed, they are no longer the wide-eyed patriots of the past. Nor do they maintain the blind faith in government that they once did. "I feel used," says Elizabeth Catalan. "We did what we were asked to do by the government. The community went all out. And in return we were conned. They knew of the dangers, but they chose not to tell us. We had a right to know."

After all these years Mrs. Catalan has barely learned to live with the fear of who will be the next to die, and when. "Unless citizens take action, what happened in St. George can happen anywhere else," she says. "There's only one logical response to such a possibility never again!"

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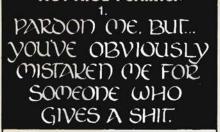
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#### ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

#### (continued from page 50)

mance that is more camp than outright sexy.

When Price first joined The Wheel, late in 1979, skeptics predicted friction would occur between the two vocalists, since O'Connell had been the center of attention for so long. Instead, they became fast friends, each happy for the change of pace provided by female companionship. Still, as longtime veterans of the road, neither one has been reluctant to spend time entertaining local admirers during stops on the group's extensive personal-appearance tours.

O'Connell is the more outspoken of the two, sort of a countrified Janis Joplin who pulls no punches when it comes to getting friendly with a bottle of booze or a good-looking guy. For many years O'Connell and Benson were lovers, but these days they're more like old pals. She's a streetwise, fast-living, hard-loving woman who usually gets what she wants. Right now it's food.

"I'm hungry," wails O'Connell, who has just awakened, although it's nearly 6 p.m.

"I could use some food myself," says Benson, draining the last of his Pearls. They pile into a '57 Studebaker and head downtown to Moma's Money, a funky seafood joint. The restaurant's sea-green, fishnet-covered walls are lined with photos of some of the musicians who've made Texas famous for both its country music and its rhythmand-blues music-people like Bobby Blue Bland, Freddie King, Big Mama Thornton, Lightnin' Hopkins and Johnny Ace.

Pouring from a pitcher of beer, Benson reminisces about his roots - the time The Wheel left the farm in West Virginia and headed to the San Francisco Bay Area. "We were gonna stay for a couple of months," he says. "But we wound up stayin' for two-and-ahalf years.'

At first they couldn't find work playing their own music; so they took a job with Stoney Edwards, a black country singer whose "Poor Folks Stick Together" was a minor hit at the time. Without batting an eyelash The Wheel donned rhinestone suits and became The Poor Folks, Edwards's backup group, and accompanied him on a cross-country tour.

"Bein' a bunch of hippies with no dope backin' up a nigger at a country bar in the middle of nowhere tends to get you down a bit," Benson relates. "But all that's in the past. Let's talk about now. I'm tellin' you, man, this album we're doin' is gonna be the one that puts us over the top. 'Cause this is

the best fuckin' band in the whole fuckin' world."

Driving to the Austin Recording Studio the next morning, Mark and Punkin'-two of The Wheel's road crew-notice a crowd milling around outside the Austin Opera House.

"Willie Nelson's playin' there tonight," Punkin' says.

"Aw, fuck Willie," Mark snorts. "He's boring as shit. Wait'll you hear The Wheel tomorrow night at Antone's. That's gonna be the gig of the year."

Punkin' stares blankly out of the car window.

"Man, that Maryann's crazy, you know that?" says Mark, changing the subject.

"Whadaya mean?" Punkin' asks.

"Well, we were on the bus last week, an' the first thing that comes out of her mouth is, 'I need a good butt-fucking.' "

The talk quickly turns to tales of gang-banging lust-crazed groupiesjust your standard roadie talk.

"Hey, remember that redhead we double-teamed in Seattle last month?" Punkin' recalls, a faraway look in his eyes.

"You sure she was a redhead?" Mark questions.

"She was the last time I looked close."

"That was Spokane, asshole." The two roadies crack up.

Assembled at the recording studio are all eight members of Asleep At The Wheel. Benson, who's apparently been up all night, again looks wiped out. "Hey, guys, we've got a track to cut," he hollers. "Let's get to it!"

About an hour later they've finished the rough track of a new tune, "Midnight in Memphis."

'All right, girl, it's your turn," Benson says, turning to Chris O'Connell. "Get in there and sing your ass off." He takes a long pull on a bottle of wine. "Hot damn," he drawls. "Twenty-seven beers, 17 joints, some wine . . . and I think I'm finally coppin' a buzz."

Despite the semi-stoned air to the proceedings, Benson is both relentless and professional in his producer's role. By 10 o'clock that night the band has five completed tracks. "I'm gonna go over an' catch Willie's set," Benson says, glancing at his watch. "Anybody comin'?"

Customers are jammed inside the Opera House like Cuban refugees. The place smells of beer and piss. Just as Benson and O'Connell get settled down front, Willie Nelson and his band kick into "Good Hearted Woman." The amplifiers are cranked up so loud that the crowd can barely hear. But when their ears finally adjust, it sounds horrible. The musicians are completely out of tune, and Nelson's singing like he doesn't much give a damn.

"Well, I've heard enough," Benson says after only two numbers.

"Me too," says O'Connell as they turn around and head back up the aisle.

The looks on their faces show that Austin's patron saint has let them down. Only the diehards decide to hang in there—risking being pushed, shoved, smothered, trampled and puked on by a bunch of extremely drunk redneck freaks.

The next night, backstage at Antone's in South Austin, Asleep At The Wheel's pre-concert ritual is in full swing. A flock of "purty young thangs" (as they call them in Texas) squeezes into the tiny room, hoping to get next to one of the guys in the band. Pretty soon the place is so packed that it's impossible to move.

Benson downs the last of a bottle of Pearl and picks up his red Gibson guitar. "How much time we got?" he asks no one in particular.

The house lights go down, and the group takes the stage of the hangarsized hall. Though the crowd of 1,500 can't see in the dark, they begin to cheer. A hush descends as the announcer's voice crackles over the public-address system: "Ladies and gentlemen... Austin's own... Asleep At The Wheel!"

Silhouetted by spotlights, the band kicks right into "Route 66," and the audience erupts. Bass player Dean DeMerritt and drummer Billy Estes immediately lock the groove in tight while Danny Levin hammers out a boogie-woogie piano riff and Benson sings: Well, if you ever plan to motor west, /Take my way, it's the highway that's the best....\*

It's the familiar tune that's been done before by a million other bands, but it doesn't matter. This is *The Wheel*, and the people are going crazy. The tiny space in front of the stage is packed with jitterbugging couples.

Without stopping for a breath, Estes hits the downbeat to "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie." There's another roar as many of the 1,500 bodies surge forward toward the stage. Taco Ryan takes a riveting sax solo, and Bobby Black answers him back, Benson egging the steel player on with a "Go, man, go!" Chris O'Connell and Maryann Price dance with each other near the stage apron. Then O'Connell's whiskey-soaked voice takes the lead on "Midnight in Memphis," which sees DeMerritt switch from his upright bass to an electric.

By now almost everyone in the room

\*From "Route 66," by Bobby Troup. Published by Londontown Music. Used by permission.



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has abandoned his seat to get up and dance the Chicken Reel and the Texas Two-Step. Others wiggle and shake on chairs and tabletops. Occasionally somebody takes a bone-crushing fall in a puddle of beer, but gets right back up without missing so much as a beat.

When the tune is over, Benson sets down his guitar, takes a mike in hand and walks toward the front of the stage. "Ladies and gents . . . friends and neighbors," he drawls, waving his 37-inch arms around and sounding as if he's about to give a sermon. The crowd knows what's coming, and they edge closer to the stage.

"You know," he continues, "as the leader of this here great organization, I'm continually asked questions by the public . . . and I mean lots and lots of questions. Do you know what I mean?"

"YEEEEEEESSSSSSSS," the audience roars.

"But out of all those questions there is one ... and only one ... that I'm continually asked over and over again. And, dear friends, that question . . . the one that people never fail to ask me, no matter where I go, is-"

Right on cue the crowd yells, "ARE YOU HIGH?!" This prompts Benson to begin the group's next number, titled, appropriately enough, "Am I High." He's done it every single show for the last five years, but the fans still eat it up: Was it that gage that incited my rage?/Or was it that booze that made me so confused? /Or perhaps that cocaine that caused me to exclaim /As I fell to the floor, "Gimme more, gimme more! "....

It's not the druggy, theater-of-theabsurd lyrics that the audience is responding to so much as Benson's antics. He swings the microphone out over the heads of the crowd like a gigantic electronic lariat. He's all over the stage, prancing, mugging and posing. He jumps on top of the amplifiers and the piano and does a series of dance steps climaxed by a quirky, long-legged tap routine.

His sense of timing is perfect. As soon as he's finished the theatrics, he gives the signal, and the band kicks into "Miles and Miles of Texas." When they do that song in Texas ... well, forget about Beatlemania or any other such outdated hysteria-it's pure, unadulterated hillbilly madness. There's nothing else like it.

When The Wheel reaches the chorus refrain, the whole room is chanting together. Benson stops singing and just stands onstage like a proud father, lis-

'From "Am I High," by R. Benson, P. Sheridan and C. O'Connell. Copyright 6 1977 Asleep At The Wheel Music (BMI). Administered by the Bug Music Group. Used by permission.

tening to his children as they wail: I saw miles and miles of Texas, /All the stars up in the sky. /I saw miles and miles of Texas, / Gonna live here till I die.\*

Now there's no stopping the momentum. For the next 90 minutes The Wheel plows through all its hits. After two-and-a-half hours and three encores they finally exit, tired and dripping with sweat.

There's an immediate crush backstage as assorted friends, groupies, alleged relatives and starry-eyed devotees squeeze into the makeshift dressing room. Beers are cracked open, joints are lit up and passed around, and for the next hour or so it's party time. Outside, the roadies pack up instruments and other equipment.

Somewhere around 3 a.m., Punkin' joins the gathering that has thinned down to a few serious hangers-on. Two blondes sit on a couch, looking tired but determined. They obviously don't want to go home alone. But tonight there'll be no one-night stands.

"Okay," Punkin' proclaims, raising his voice. "Everybody...let's get your gear together. I'm warmin' the bus up ... we'll be pullin' out in five minutes. We gotta be in Beaumont by tomorrow afternoon for a soundcheck."

The Wheel will soon be off on another 20-city tour. The stay in Austin to record and play in front of their adopted home folks has been only a brief pit stop in a schedule that will find them on the road some 275 days this year.

Outside, the air is biting cold. "There was one period of about seven years when we toured straight through," Ray Benson recalls, leaning against the band's Scenicruiser. "I mean no time off. It was like a dream. I've got no idea what happened at all . . . I just know it existed. I think maybe that was the only time I ever asked myself, 'Why am I doin' this?' But there's no answer to that question. I don't think I'll stop till I die. Yeah, it's gruelin' an' it gets you down an' gets you crazy-but that time onstage makes it all worthwhile. This might sound corny, but if a man really loves what he's doin', that should be enough to sustain him for life."

He ducks his head as he disappears inside the bus. The door hisses shut behind him. A few revs of the engine, and the Scenicruiser slowly pulls outheading for the next night's appearance at The Palace in Beaumont. Soon the bus is just a tiny speck, finally disappearing into the late-night blackness and the miles and miles of Texas in the distance. 🚑

\*From "Miles and Miles of Texas," by T. Camfield and D. Johnston. Published by Brazos Valley Music, Inc. Used by permission.

OCTOBER HUSTLER 134

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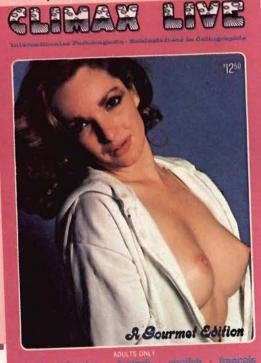
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