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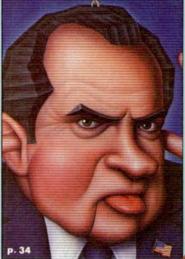
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



I Am a Feminist!

just can't believe that in this day and age a simple statement of equality like the Equal Rights Amendment has been defeated. A clear majority of Americans support the ERA, but when the deadline came last June, there weren't enough votes for it in the remaining three state legislatures needed for passage. So women will continue to earn less than men for equal work, and state laws that discriminate against women will stay on the books. I think the whole situation stinks.

It pisses me off that a *minority* of lawmakers can block the will of the majority of citizens. That's exactly what happened, because the ERA needed approval from three-quarters of the 50 states for passage, with most of those states requiring a three-fifths vote of approval in their legislatures. In other words, we had approval from 70% of the states, but we needed 75%. The failure to adopt the ERA is a travesty of democracy, but I guarantee you that America has just *begun* to hear about women's rights. The silver lining to the tragic defeat of the ERA is that more women will become feminists. I welcome that, because I am a feminist.

A lot of people ask me how I can be a feminist and a sex-magazine publisher at the same time. I don't see any problem at all. HUSTLER's models appear by *choice*. They are well paid, they get to work with some of the best professional photographers in the world, and they enjoy displaying their sexuality. Nobody is forced to do anything. If a husband or boyfriend is forcing a woman to pose, then that's pimping, and I don't condone it.

One thing's for sure—those female antiporn crusaders aren't real feminists at all, because they are trying to deny other women their basic right to freedom of choice. They've been saying that in order for women to be liber-

ated, they must repress their natural sexuality. But I know that for a woman to be truly liberated, she needs to be in touch with her own sexuality and be allowed to express it freely.

I wish the phony antiporn "feminists" would spend less time burning HUSTLER and more time reading it. Maybe they'd learn a little bit about true liberation. We present female sexuality as it really is, instead of some glossed-over version with the legs closed. We encourage HUSTLER readers to see women as total beings who are also sexual, not just as playthings. I think that's healthy and liberating, and I plan to make HUSTLER a lot more healthy and liberating in the future. Nobody will ever convince me that sex is dirty.

Besides, women are just as likely as men to indulge in sexual fantasies. Women have always had their fantasies, and one thing the women's movement has done is start to bring them out of the closet. I'm working on bringing men's and women's fantasies together in the pages of HUSTLER. A lot of readers have noticed, for example, that the male/female sets have gotten much harder.

As the publisher of one of the top-selling magazines in the world, I know the kind of resentment a woman in power faces—both from men and from other women. But I also know that the overwhelming majority of Americans support equality of the sexes. I for one plan to keep up the fight, because the next Equal Rights Amendment won't be defeated.

ALTHEA FLYNT Publisher & Chairman of the Board

A second open letter to the U.S. State Department:

Two months ago, in an open letter, I asked, "Why have you so miserably failed to conduct a thorough investigation of the John Sullivan case?" At that time, the journalist on assignment for HUSTLER Magazine to cover El Salvador's bloody civil war had been missing for 18 months. As far as I can tell, nothing of consequence was done to follow through on my concerns. But now, as we go to press, an opportunity has arisen to possibly resolve the Sullivan case once and for all. As you know, two ranking guerrillas recently released from El Salvador jails have said that Sullivan is being held by the armed forces. "Revolutionary intelligence sources have assured us that John Sullivan was kidnapped and is being kept in an army jail, where he is alive," one of them said.

This letter is to serve notice to you and to HUSTLER's readers of the State

Department's moral obligation to use every means possible to conduct a farranging investigation of these reports. El Salvador's jails should be gone over with
a fine-tooth comb, and those who have seen Sullivan should be rigorously
interviewed. Like John Sullivan's family, I do not intend to let this matter rest
until every possible clue has been run down and reported to the American public.
The notion that the U.S. government is preparing to send another \$166 million of
taxpayers' money to El Salvador, without doing its damnedest to determine John
Sullivan's whereabouts, is an outrage. You have not heard the last from me on this.

ALTHEA FLYNT

Publisher

Simenal

e've often commented on the hard work and professional effort that goes into putting together an issue of HUSTLER Magazine. But it's not often that our photographic staff deals with real beasts in order to bring you a bizarre and erotic pictorial.

That's exactly what veteran HUSTLER photographer MAT-TI KLATT and our photostudio crew did while shooting DANIELLE: THE BEAR

FACTS (PART II appears this month). As our readers well know, it's not the HUSTLER style to settle for cheap imitations; so we brought in a real 500-pound bear for this fantasy set. Naturally, the bear was well trained, and we were assured there was no danger. Still, the crew couldn't help feeling a bit queasy because of the animal's awesome strength. But as you

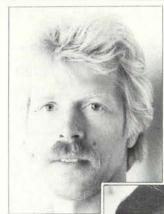
can see from the pictures, Danielle seemed to have the bear under her power.

It was a lot easier—but much more shocking—to get the photographs accompanying HUSTLER'S UPDATED GUIDE TO VD. The prestigious Center for Disease Control in Atlanta made available to us its archive photos that graphically depict the physical horrors of unchecked venereal diseases. These pictures are not

pleasant to look at, but as author BEN PESTA points out in his report, ignorance and "looking the other way" only further this tragic epidemic. A frequent contributor to Larry Flynt Publications for many years, he has also written for Esquire, Rolling Stone, Oui, Cosmopolitan, TV Guide and others. Onetime Editorial Director of our sister publication CHIC, Pesta is a

senior lecturer in journalism at the University of Southern California.

We're all aware of his crimes, but how many of us know what kind of person former President Richard M. Nixon really was? In a fascinating HUSTLER exclusive, THE LAST SECRET NIXON TAPE, DR. WALTER F. FERGESON becomes the first medical professional to view and study



Matti Klatt

Ladi von Jansky

the distinguished British medical journal Lancet.
Long intrigued by the Nixon persona, Dr. Fergeson says that he has "always wanted to get Nixon on the couch." This analysis marks the doctor's first appearance in the pages of HUSTLER. The caricature of our infamous expresident was rendered by PAT DUNN. Dunn, a graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, is a frequent contributor to HUSTLER.

This month's fiction sent author ANTON GOLAN hunt-

ing through history books. In INCIDENT IN BERLIN a Holocaust survivor returns to Germany after 16 years to find the villain who betrayed his family to the Nazis. The search ends with a startling revelation.

Ben Pesta Golan has crafted many shocking tales for us in the past, including a pair of

stories for CHIC: Raped Wife in July 1979 and Made in the Shade in January 1981. The eerie illustration is the brainchild of HUSTLER regular JAMES KONRAD.

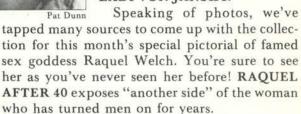
a videotape that even "Tricky Dick" did not

know existed. A specialist in preventive medi-

cine and public health, Dr. Fergeson has been published in several scientific texts, including

Even if you're only 25, you're not the stud you were at 19. How does a man face the day when his age starts to hit him below the belt? In

this month's Sex Play, HOW MEN AGE SEXUALLY, HUSTLER newcomer JAC-QUELINE SAVAIANO explores the effects a physically aging body has on a man's sexual performance. Savaiano is a Southern California freelance writer whose credits include the Los Angeles Times, Ms. magazine and the Chicago Tribune. The photo is by HUSTLER camera-wheeler LADI VON JANSKY.



Once again, HUSTLER breaks down barriers to reveal both the controversial and the "wild" side of life. We think it was well worth the risk. You'll think so too!



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Cover by James Baes

By The Thousands, Men Are Discovering How Easy It Really Can Be . . .

How To Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

Enlarged, Updated Edition

IT'S the newest . . . most modern way of get-

ting girls.
It's called S/A Hypnotism. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

S/A Hypnotism works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

If you're skeptical, here are some comments from other men. (Initials have been used to protect writer's privacy. The originals are on file.)

"I have recently bought your material on S/A Hypnotism. After practicing, have concluded that S/A Hypnotism is quite good. Thank you very much.

Mr. R.S., Roslyn, PA

"... I already have your method on S/A Hypnotism. Although I've only read several pages, I think it's great.

Mr. E.P., N.Y., NY

"My friends tried your S/A Hypnotism on girls. They said they never had so much luck with girls until they used your product. I regret that I cannot buy your product until I get a job.

Mr. G.M., Grand Rapids, MI

"Your methods for meeting and dating beautiful young women are very effective. I am very pleased with the results I have achieved. I commend you on your resourcefulness and imagination.

Mr. C.C., Winston Salem, NC

"... received my copy of S/A Hypnotism today and I want to thank you. This is tremendous!!! I admit at first I had doubts it would work - but those doubts are not with me now. I want to thank you."
Mr. D.C., Rocky Mt., NC

"My name is (withheld), Director of a curriculum which serves 1000 students. Having just purchased your S/A Hypnotism and being wholly satisfied, am requesting reduced rates on your material.

Meadville, PA

NOTE: Our S/A principle is now being used in virtually every part of the world, including Peru, India, Australia, Spain, Greece, Japan, South America, Italy, France, Thailand, Caribbean Islands, Phillipines, Bermuda, Sweden and Turkey.

"Sooner or later, the man who is serious about getting girls turns to S/A for help."

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded. I used just about every pick-up technique ever

invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism and gave it

Well, I'll tell you . . . within just 4 or 5 days I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with. I actually started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

I haven't had this much fun in years!

And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds. have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because

from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so - let us suggest

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works . . . and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way - and you don't at least give it a try -you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men -and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then . . . if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

· 12 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 20¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- · 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your
- . 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

• 10¢ (for your trouble)

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now

Everywhere you look there are ads claiming surefire ways to get girls. But there's only one S/A Hypnotism. And sooner or later, the man



who is serious about getting girls turns to S/A for

Don't be fooled into believing you can still pick up girls using the outdated methods being advertised by some publishers. One so-called 'original' pick up girls book was written back around 1969! Such techniques may have worked 13 years ago — but times have changed. If you want modern-day "results"

give S/A one good try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put

together!

MIROBAR SALES 404 Park Avenue South, Dept. HU1082 New York, N.Y. 10016

Sounds almost too good to be true - but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 12 dollars. Send me The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name	
Address	
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Lust Weekend: Now HUSTLER is getting smart. I'm talking about Lust Weekend in your July issue. In all your other pictorials of men and women together the guys are soft, and that looks boring. In this layout at least the man has half a hard-on. Maybe in future issues you'll feature men with fullfledged hard-ons.

My boyfriend and I love reading HUSTLER; so keep up the good work!

> -Debra Brooks Monahans, Texas

Foot Freak: I hope this letter will not sound strange. I have a foot fetish, and it's hard to find women who share that special delight. Your July issue featured a pictorial on two women with gorgeous feet. It was called Ingrid & Regina: Steamed Up. Thank you.

> -Ronald Ienkins Bremerton, Washington

Lulu: The centerfold display of Lulu in your August issue was nauseating and disgusting. Be advised that I will not subscribe for another year of this slop when my subscription runs out next month.

I anticipated that this nationally known magazine would go to hell as soon as a woman took over.

> -John Raynor Dallas, Pennsylvania

Lulu is the greatest! No HUSTLER centerfold has had more to offer. Give us another look at Lulu's fabulous body and let her spread those mammoth legs wide open. -Name and Address Withheld by Request

I really thought you might be kidding





us in August's issue with all that Biggest Centerfold bullshit on the cover. I guess not. Your magazine has printed some raunchy things in the past, but Lulu is disgusting. I can tolerate boy/girl sets in soft porn. I even made it past those sick articles on war and torture. But Lulu is too much. You can take this photolayout and stick it back up the ass of the person who nightmared it up. I only hope the American male has enough good taste not to vote this thing "Centerfold of the Year." -Gary Giesel Address Withheld by Request

I have heard that HUSTLER is the best magazine in its field. Bullshit! What the fuck do you think you're doing by having a fat ox for a centerfold? August '82 was the first issue of HUSTLER I bought, and it will be the -Paul Green

Jersey City, New Jersey

I am an avid HUSTLER reader and try not to miss an issue. I picked up the August issue recently and couldn't believe my eyes. How anyone could put this disgusting centerfold in their magazine is beyond me. HUSTLER has always been filled with gorgeous women. What the hell happened? I hope that this is the last time a sweathog like Lulu appears in your magazine. I'm sure there are many other readers who feel -Gary Vasitas the same way. Sheffield Lake, Ohio

I've got just two things to say about again?

While you've got good-looking women in every issue, there are more guys out there than you think who, like me, prefer their women big and beautiful. For us, playing a game of hug-andmunch with a skinny woman is like riding a ten-speed bike across railroad tracks.

Your would-be competition isn't doing a thing for us chubby-chasers; so thanks a lot. And don't wait so long to do it again. -N. Howell Syracuse, New York

Three cheers for HUSTLER and Lulu too. Congratulations for your efforts to please every man's taste in women. I'm a big, beautiful woman myself, and all kinds of men never stop telling me how gorgeous I am. I guess the point is that beauty is sometimes just a state of mind. Keep up the great work, HUSTLER.

> —Name and Address Withheld by Request



Ingrid & Regina

Photo Tips: Your magazine surpasses all others with the hottest and pinkest photo-spreads of sexy women. In the past, HUSTLER has featured several athletically inclined women with magnificent bodies. Now I'd like to put in a vote for a special well-muscled lady bodybuilder. There's something very sexy about a woman who can flex her rock-hard muscles and then relax to the soft woman she can also be.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

Here are two suggestions that could your August centerfold, Lulu. Why did improve HUSTLER. First, you always it take so long? And when will you do it show the girls' vaginas open. This is ugly; they are beautiful when closed. Also, your "nude" girls are usually partially clothed. I want to enjoy every beautiful curve of their bodies, and I greatly prefer them totally nude.

I hope these suggestions will improve your magazine. I sure would like to continue buying it. —James Barnett Mobile, Alabama

Scratch 'n' Sniff: I thought your Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold was a big advertising ripoff. Really now, I've gotten letters from my girlfriend that smelled sexier than that.

The person who came up with that perfume odor must have been eating out his Avon lady. Althea, does your pussy smell like this? If so, you're in the wrong business. You could make a fortune bottling your pussy juice.

-Name Withheld by Request Fremont, Ohio

Sick Humor? I'd like to know what the cartoonist in the August issue thinks is so damn funny about epilepsy. On three occasions in my life I've nearly died from this "humorous" disease. It's pretty lousy when the editors allow something like this to be printed. The cartoonist ought to be shot for drawing the cartoon in the first place.

-David Owen Livermore, Kentucky I refuse to mince words with you people. You overstepped the boundaries of decency with your poor taste in regard to the Irish martyr Bobby Sands in your cartoon of him in the August issue. Every day someone is unjustly fucked over in Ireland by the English swine, and you keep printing cartoons like that, and biased bullshit concerning El Salvador. You are truly scum. —Kurt P. King South Walpole, Massachusetts

I really enjoy reading your Feedback section when those assholes write back bitching and crying about your jokes and Bits & Pieces. I'm in the U.S. Marine Corps, and HUSTLER helps ease the tension around here. Bits & Pieces really makes my day. I read it in fun and humor, and I think that is how it should be read. Some friends and I would like to say something to all those crybabies out there: Nobody made you read HUSTLER; so shut the fuck up and quit crying. Keep up the good work, and congratulations, Mrs. Flynt.

— Freebird Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am sick and tired of these idiots who always write in to complain about your "sick humor." I think that the cartoons and jokes are one of your top selling points.

I myself am an animal lover who would go well out of his way to help any animal in distress. Can't these morons see that all you are portraying is humor? Do they really think the man with the spiked shoes in "Shush Puppies" (Bits & Pieces, April) is going to step on the little dog? And do they really believe that a cartoon depicting a dead dog in the road was drawn from a dog you killed just for this purpose? Boy, what a bunch of assholes.

—R. F.

Glastonbury, Connecticut

Feet of Clay: Althea Flynt's Publisher's Statement in the July issue ("I Hate Hypocrites") shows that feet of clay run too rampantly in the magazine business today. It disturbs me that Rolling Stone and National Lampoon are standing on such feet when at one time they were noted for their stands in favor of a free press.

I fear, as you do, that the Moral Majority and others like it could get total control of this country. If this happens, not only HUSTLER and the abovementioned publications will burn in the fires of self-righteousness. Many fine literary works will join them as well. Three come to mind: The Grapes of Wrath, The Catcher in the Rye and Huckleberry Finn. I understand they are already on the Moral Majority's hit list for banning.

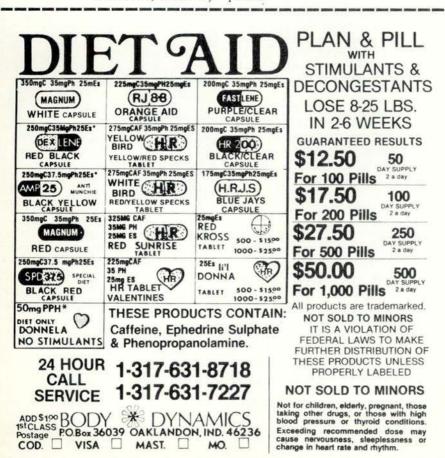
There are few books that could stand up to the scrutiny of these people. Even portions of the Bible can be considered objectionable when taken out of context.

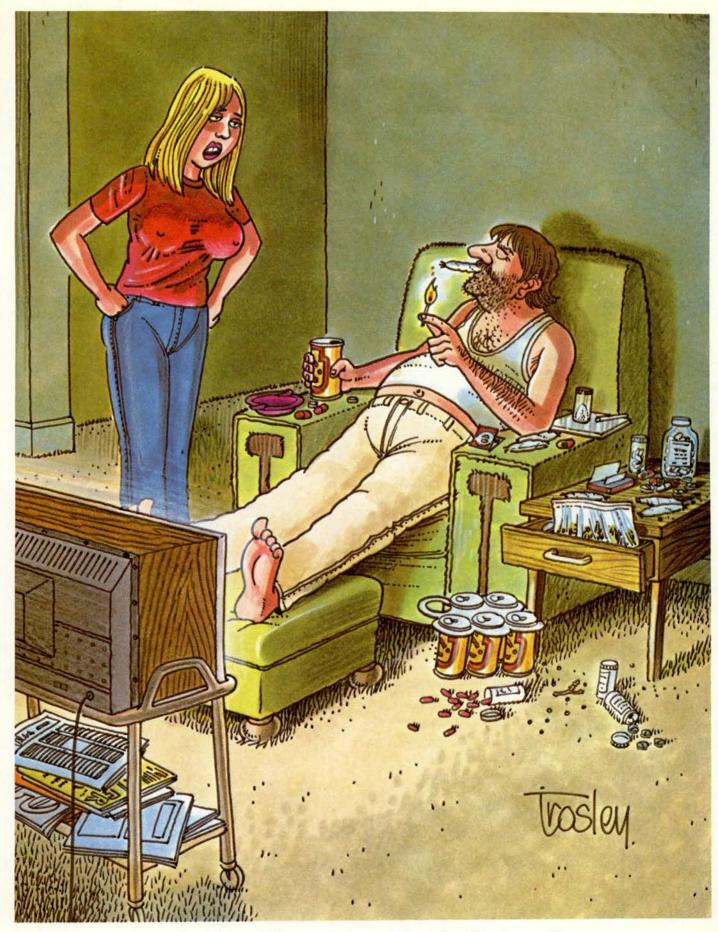
I think that those who fear the Antichrist must have found him—once long ago in Adolf Hitler, and today in Jerry Falwell. The man's supposed to be a Christian leader, but he falls short in at least one way: Christ preached tolerance. Falwell does not.

Name and Address
 Withheld by Request

Rest assured that HUSTLER will <u>never</u> back down from supporting free speech, no matter what concessions other publications may make.

I've been a HUSTLER reader from the beginning. I thought that when Larry Flynt bowed out, HUSTLER would become a quiet and uninvolved magazine. I guess I was wrong in my judgment. As Publisher and Chairman of the Board, Althea Flynt is doing an excellent job. More power to her, and I look forward to more exciting features to come. I would have written you sooner, but I had to read at least two Publisher's Statements before commenting. July's Asshole of the Month on Jann Wenner and Matty Simmons was very convincing. Your





"Anything you'd like to talk about while you're still coherent?"

Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold and the photo-layout Lust Weekend are the best pictorials HUSTLER has done in 1982.

> -Kevin D. Lodwick Sr. Holmes Beach, Florida

God and HUSTLER: I just wonder how many sexually undernourished adults and curious boys and girls have looked at your magazine and become so aroused that they threw away all their morals, causing married persons to cheat on their spouses, a teenage girl to become pregnant or an unattached male to rape. Our bodies are a very special gift from God, to be controlled with good nutrition, exercise, careful dressing and preserved as a precious jewel for one special person-a spouse. I can't imagine what's left for the honeymoon night in this age of sexual freedom, when everything is given before the marriage takes place. If only HUSTLER could project its sexual pictorials as happening between a husband and wife, I'm sure the public view of marriage could be strengthened. Maybe the girls could wear a veil or wedding garter, anything to imply that the couples are married.

-Name Withheld by Request Houston, Texas

numerous studies have confirmed-pornogra- in-depth and show both sides. Your fic-

phy does not lead to rape. You are certainly entitled to your views about premarital sex, but other people, including HUSTLER readers, are also entitled to their own views.

Hats off to HUSTLER for your fight to uphold the rights of people living on the North American continent. We have all been dominated by a group of religious fanatics for far too long, and it's time we tell these assholes where to go. After all, if the human body is made in God's image, why not admire it? We all came into this world with no clothes on; so we should all be able to enjoy beautiful adult bodies in all their splendor.

-Name Withheld by Request Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Males for Sale: Your publication delivers top-quality articles and photographs. July's Sex Play, "Gigolos: Males for Sale," was most informative. It's time for more males to start selling their flesh. I love you, HUSTLER. Continue the superb job you are doing and have always done. -R. Grochoske

Warm Springs, Georgia

The Tops: I've been buying and reading HUSTLER for a while now, and this is my opinion: Journalistically, you're As we have pointed out many times-and tops. You have an uncanny ability to go

tion is excellent and entertaining. Your photos? Ha! They speak for themselves. Honesty? Nobody in your industry comes close. You're the only publication that upholds the First Amendment all the way instead of just motormouthing.

Keep up the good work.

-Robert Kieffe Bakersfield, California

I've been with HUSTLER almost from the beginning. Your girls are the foxiest; your articles are the most; and your jokes are the best. Even your advertisements turn people on. I think a lot of folks agree with me.

> -Name and Address Withheld by Request

Film Flops: If I live to be 100, I still won't be able to understand why HUSTLER gives any new porn movie a high rating. No matter what film I see, it's the same thing over and over again, year after year. We see a couple doing some serious fucking on the silver screen only to have the guy pull his big, hard cock out of her warm, wet cunt and stroke his joint till he pops his nuts all over her belly.

I am getting real tired of paying \$4 to see some stud jack off! If our parents fucked like that, none of us would be here today! When I see a hard cock ramming a cunt, I want to see that cunt filled with cum! Anything less is \$4-perperson wasted.

Are there any plans to change the porn format? If it changes, I'll be there every time a new flick opens at the theater I patronize. If not, I'll save myself some money.

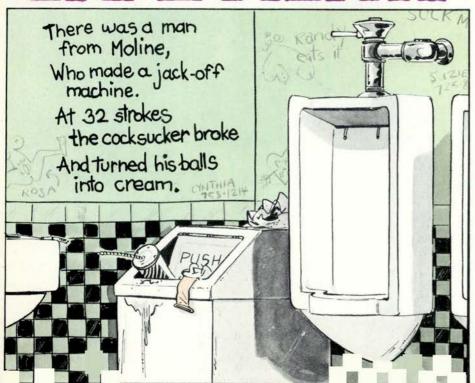
-George S. Williams North Highlands, California

We agree. The people making porn films are using the same tired format. Until things change, all we can do is pick out what we feel is the best of a mediocre crop.

Cover Couple: The August issue of HUSTLER featured an exceptionally good-looking couple on the cover-one of the best I've seen yet. You should put this couple in a HUSTLER pictorial in the near future. They look great.

> - J. Shaw Union, New Jersey

We're passing your request on to our Photography Department. In the meantime, you can see how our August covergirl gets along without the man in an August CHIC girl/girl pictorial called <u>Double Feature</u>. To order this back issue of our sister publication CHIC, send a check or money order for \$3.50 plus \$1 postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Thank and \$25 to J.L., White Cloud, MI

World News Roundup

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

At Perry Meridian High School in Indianapolis, Indiana, a 15-year-old freshman surprised the staff by giving birth to a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -pound baby girl in a restroom stall. Principal James Head said no adults were present during the delivery. Nobody even knew the girl was expecting--not even her mother. She concealed the pregnancy by wearing a jacket most of the time.

The owner of a San Jose, California, gourmet hamburger restaurant has gone to court to defend his right to use his business name, Elegant Buns, in defiance of his landlords. The owners of Oakridge Mall, who found the name too suggestive, filed suit against Elegant Buns owner Siggy Goffstein, asking him to change the name of his store or get out. They also are seeking triple the present rent. Goffstein's lawyer, Ronald Rossi, accused the mall owners of violating his client's right to free speech and, in some unusual legal language, discussed the need to "mustard defenses" and "get to the meat of the matter."

Authorities in Canon City, Colorado, have charged 26-year-old Cecilia Lynn Bradley with breaking into a prison to have sex with her incarcerated boyfriend. A spokeswoman for Governor Dick Lamm says Bradley entered the Colorado State Penitentiary "by individual enterprise," although prison officials are not sure exactly how. The romantic visit came to light while they were investigating a series of brawls touched off by angry inmates. The convicts were demanding a piece of the action with the woman.

Police in Buffalo, New York, checked out a local resident who packs a three-foot-long alligator to protect himself from criminals. The man, who was not charged, reportedly carries the gator in a bag, and explained to officers he "opens the jaws and points them" at anyone who gives him a hard time. An officer said the man claims his method of defense "works pretty good."

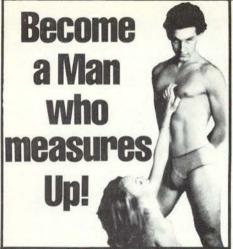
A German woman is seeking a \$3-million settlement from singer/songwriter Paul McCartney as part of a paternity suit initiated in 1963. Erika Hubers says McCartney fathered her 19-year-old daughter Bettina while he was "a starving young musician" performing with the Beatles in Berlin. Hubers added that McCartney paid about \$50 a month to support the girl until she turned 18. Hubers says her daughter is willing to negotiate a settlement with McCartney, but, in the mother's words, "She wants her inheritance now. McCartney might live to be 90."

A Shreveport, Louisiana, man who set his teddy bear on fire because he thought it was possessed by demons has been charged with aggravated arson. Jake Crawford, 28, was arrested after police and arson units responded to a call about a house fire. He told police that the teddy bear was spying on him and that its eyes were really camera lenses.

For people trapped in boring conversations that seem to go on forever, Hallad Paging Systems of Los Angeles has come up with the perfect solution: a fake beeper. The device--which sells for \$29.95--will start beeping, summoning its owner to a supposedly important call moments after a button is secretly pressed.

The "Denver Post" reports that Elvis Presley accompanied Denver narcotics officers (with whom he was friendly) on a drug bust and was even given a police uniform to wear. Said Denver Police Captain Jerry Kennedy, chief of the drug and vice bureau, "He was a hell of a guy. He loved policemen." Kennedy received a Lincoln Mark IV as a gift from Elvis, and two other police officers received Cadillacs from the singer. The gifts were presented in 1976.

A Greek millionaire shipowner has been handed an 18-month prison sentence by an Athens court for attempting to burglarize a home. Vasilis Efstathiou, 37, told the court that he decided to try a burglary because he was "bored" and wanted to prove to himself that he could do it. Efstathiou, who owns a fleet of tankers and cargo vessels, was caught by police while trying to scale a wall. In his possession was a briefcase containing a fake mustache and wig, a plastic nose, gloves, an imitation gun, and false license plates for the getaway car.



by Brian A. Richards, M.D.

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ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success

with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences.

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That's right! 4–6 inches starting the very first day! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, you can melt away inches from your waist, your hips—anywhere!

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"I lost 6 inches in 16 days!"

Doug Fink of Asheville,

North Carolina



"I've lost 5" from my waist and 6" from my hips over a 12 day period . My weight loss was 18 lbs."

Dr. J. Lee Briers of New Castle, Delaware
"I lost 5 inches off my waist & 5 inches off my hips! I am
amazed at the way the Shrink Wrap System works. I'll recommend it to everyone!" Helena Smith of Vandalia, Michigan

"I lost 9 pounds & 4 inches off my waist in 2 weeks! It's just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort to produce such amazing results!"

Robert N. Nilsen of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Infertility: I have been trying to get my wife pregnant for the past four months, but nothing happens. I'm starting to think there's something wrong with one or both of us. What should we do next?

—W. C.

Springfield, Massachusetts

A couple is not considered to have fertility problems until they have had intercourse "regularly" without contraceptives for at least one year. Doctors deem "regularly" to be a minimum of two to three times a week, especially just before and during the time the woman is ovulating.

Four months is not long enough to say if you or your wife is experiencing a fertility disorder. For instance, a woman just off birth-control pills may take three months to regain her normal ovulation. Relax and keep trying. If after a year your wife is still not pregnant, see a fertility specialist. These doctors have great success treating couples thought to be infertile. Drugs also play a part in this.

Sex After Abortion: My girlfriend had an abortion about two months ago, and we haven't had sex since. She says her doctor told her not to resume sex right after the procedure. This sounds like bull to me. When is it safe to have sex following an abortion? —R. B. Walla Walla, Washington

You didn't say at what point your girlfriend's pregnancy was terminated. If the abortion was a simple vacuum extraction performed during the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, most women can resume sex as soon as they want to, although a two-week wait is recommended. This procedure is no more physically stressful than a woman's period.

If the abortion occurred later in the pregnancy, other factors have to be considered. Unusual bleeding or cervical cuts would postpone sex until the discomfort vanishes.

Two months is a long time to abstain from sex, even if there were some problems during your girlfriend's abortion. It sounds like her reluctance to have sex is psychological in origin. Perhaps she didn't really want to have an abortion, or she's afraid of getting pregnant again. Talk to her and ask why she's hesitant to resume sexual

activities. If your talk doesn't help, she might need professional counseling.

Woman on Top: Lately I've developed a problem with premature ejaculation. My friend says that relaxation is the key. He suggested I should have sex in the woman-on-top position. Why would that make a difference?

—T. R.

Montgomery, Alabama

Ejaculation is easily influenced by fear and anxiety. As the feeling of anxiousness increases, the sooner the ejaculation will probably occur. Your friend is absolutely correct. Basically you need to relax, even if you have to make extra efforts to do so.

The woman-on-top position is often recommended for men suffering from premature ejaculation, because they can lie back, relax and let the woman do the work. This is especially helpful for men who are concerned about their sexual performance. Remember, the bedroom is not the place to worry about business or other problems. Concentrate on the pleasure, and your sexual difficulty will more than likely disappear.

Cancer and Meat: With all those reports that eating meat can cause cancer, my wife has become a vegetarian. Now she wants me to give up meat as

well. I'm sure I heard about some study that says that meat eating doesn't necessarily cause cancer and that just eating vegetables is not such a great idea either. Can you help? I don't want to give up steak entirely.

—R. O.

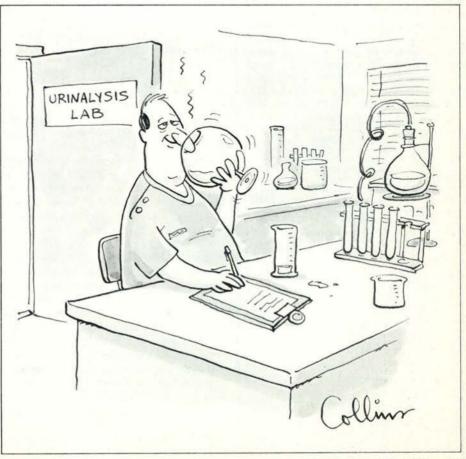
Bangor, Maine

Although most studies conducted in countries where meat is a diet staple show high incidences of breast and colon cancer, you may be right. A recent report published in Lancet, the prestigious British medical journal, failed to confirm this link between meat and cancer, and surprisingly found an increase in cancer of the esophagus among vegetarians and infrequent meat eaters.

Dr. L. J. Kinlen of Oxford University in England examined the death rates of almost 3,000 nuns from 1911 to 1978. Two-thirds of the nuns were vegetarians. The rest of the group ate some meat. The rates for colon and breast cancer among the group were similar to that of the meat-eating population.

But Kinlen also found that the vegetarian nuns had twice the expected rate of cancer of the esophagus. Doctors are not sure why this is so, but the large amounts of unrefined bread the nuns ate is being considered a possible factor.

Although the jury is still out on the subject, it wouldn't hurt to cut back on your red-





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 HUMOR today. HUSTLER HUMOR—a Larry Flynt Publication.

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meat intake. Aside from its possible cancercausing properties, red meat contains a large amount of cholesterol, which can cause hardening of the arteries and heart attacks.

The Plug: A few months ago I read something about an experimental kind of birth control for women called a plug. What is it, and does it work? —W. L. Providence, Rhode Island

The plug is a potentially reversible method of sterilization that could be available sometime next year. The procedure—which takes less than an hour and is performed in the doctor's office under local anesthesia—is relatively simple and does not involve surgery. The physician injects liquid silicone into the Fallopian tubes. The silicone hardens and forms a plug, effectively blocking fertilization. In a study of almost 900 women who have undergone the procedure, the effectiveness rate was an astounding 100%, and few side effects have been reported.

Although the plug is designed to be reversible, reversibility has yet to be demonstrated in humans. None of the participants in the study have asked for reversal. But in animal studies, fertility did return after the plugs were removed. The procedure will soon be submitted to the Food and Drug Administration for approval.

Drinking During Pregnancy: I just found out I'm two months' pregnant. My doctor says I can't drink at all during my pregnancy. I don't see how a little alcohol now and then can hurt. Is he overreacting?

—G. D.

Boulder, Colorado

No, your doctor is giving you good advice. The latest report from the U.S. Surgeon General's Office says women who are already pregnant or are soon planning to become pregnant should not consume any alcohol.

Recent evidence has shown that drinking even small amounts of alcohol during pregnancy can result in smaller babies, miscarriages or fetal alcohol syndrome (a group of physical and mental defects affecting the newborn)

Previously it was thought that only women with drinking problems would give birth to children with the above-mentioned defects. But medical researchers now say that any alcohol taken by the mother crosses the placenta and enters the fetus. Doctors speculate that the younger the fetus, the less alcohol it would take to cause great damage. Intensive research is under way on why alcohol has this effect on babies, and the problem is so serious that the American Medical Association's House of Delegates recently issued a warning similar to your doctor's.

Pill for Herpes? A few months ago you mentioned that acyclovir ointment

was effective in aiding first-time herpes victims, but didn't work on people suffering repeat herpes attacks. My wife is a nurse, and she says she heard something about acyclovir pills being tested for that problem—and working. Is this true?

—C. C.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Studies testing acyclovir in pill form are being conducted at several medical centers around the country, with tentatively good results. The Pediatrics Infectious Disease Department of the University of California at Los Angeles reports that herpes sufferers taking the acyclovir pills at the first sign of an attack can shorten the length of their outbreak. The disease's infectiousness is also diminished for the pill takers.

UCLA's Dr. Trudy Larson says the key to the effectiveness of the experimental pill is using it early enough, when the first "tingling" symptom of herpes appears. Dr. Larson adds, "There is evidence that people who use the pill build up some resistance to the disease in their blood."

disease in their blood."

Acyclovir will not be available on the market in pill form until the studies are concluded and the Food and Drug Administration approves its usage. (For a rundown on herpes and other sexually transmitted diseases, see HUSTLER's Updated Guide to VD, beginning on page 88 of this issue.)

Garlic Power: Is it true that eating garlic is actually good for you? Someone told me that, and I just don't believe it.

—S. K.

San Francisco, California

Believe, believe. Several studies are being conducted on the usefulness of garlic. Some claim the herb can trigger the body's immunological system, fight against meningitis and reduce the risk of heart attacks.

But perhaps the most hopeful effect may be that garlic helps ward off certain types of cancer, including breast, lung, rectal/colon and gastrointestinal. Pharmacologist Arthur Cohen of the University of Southern California says garlic is rich in selenium, an element found naturally in the soil. Dr. Cohen points out, "The evidence is fairly solid that the states with the highest levels of selenium in their soil have the lowest cancer death rates." These states include Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas.

According to Dr. Cohen, it's best to consume between 250 and 300 micrograms of selenium a day. We get from 50 to 150 micrograms from our normal diet. Since you'd have to add a lot of garlic to your diet to reach the recommended level, Dr. Cohen suggests taking yeast tablets containing selenium as an easier way to reap the benefits without suffering the drawbacks—particularly bad breath. You can find selenium in health-food stores.

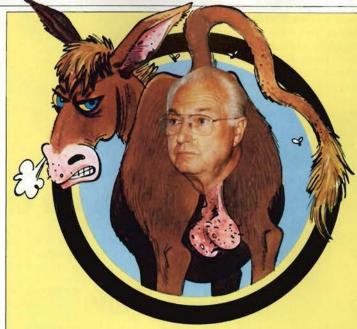
Bito & Piecea

e don't name people Asshole of the Month to be mean or vindictive. We do it because the actions of some individuals are dangerous—either to the ideals of our society or to other human beings. For example, Robert Nimmo, our October Asshole of the Month, is using a government post to cause thousands of Americans to suffer. We have no intention of staying quiet about it.

Nimmo heads the Veterans Administration. That means he's in a position to help one of the most abused groups of U.S. citizens—the Vietnam veterans. But efforts to aid them have been sabotaged by Nimmo in such a ruthless and insensitive fashion that we wonder how he sleeps at night.

There isn't room on this page to list all of his vicious acts. But here are the worst: Nimmo has kept frozen for nearly six months a program that would assist Agent Orange victims and provide for research into the long-term effects of this poisonous defoliant. Why? Because, in his words, exposure to Agent Orange results in nothing more serious than a rashlike "teenage acne."

That's right. The nation's administrator of veterans affairs is comparing the devastating effects of Agent Orange poisoning to pimples! Is "a hideous skin rash characterized by reddishbrown splotches, painful itching and acnelike pustules that can become gangrenous" his idea of teenage acne? When's the last time a teenager got gangrene from zits? Or maybe Nimmo had this in mind: "cleft palates, eyelids that never shut, kidney abnormalities, enlarged heads and missing, abnormal



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Robert Nimmo

or displaced body parts."

Those quotes are from HUSTLER's October 1981 profile of Jim Hopkins, a veteran whose exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam led to his death. They list just some of the damage Agent Orange has been shown to cause exposed adults and their offspring. Our article was subtitled "How Many More Veterans Will Agent Orange Kill?"

With Nimmo heading the VA, the answer will probably be "a lot."

But Nimmo's blatant contempt for the health of veterans doesn't stop there. He's also frozen almost all funds for construction of veterans' medical facilities. And even though official estimates put the number of mentally troubled Vietnam vets at more than a half-million, Nimmo has virtually gutted the important "store-front" counseling centers by refusing to allocate travel expenses for psychiatrists and therapists.

It's obvious that Nimmo doesn't give a damn about the Americans who fought so valiantly in Vietnam. But his callousness is even more despicable because he tries to justify it in the name of

saving money. In that regard, he's the lowest-imaginable hypocrite.

What else would you call a bureaucrat who says he wants to save money but violates a Presidential directive by spending \$54,000 to redecorate his office? Nimmo also illegally spent more than \$6,000 of government money for a chauffeur to drive him to and from work. Then he wasted \$5,600 more by having a military aircraft fly him back to Washington from Reno, Nevada.

Those are all taxpayers' dollars used for Nimmo's comfort at the expense of veterans. Later, under pressure, he returned the illegally spent money, but this scum of an administrator isn't fooling anybody when he uses budget tightening as an excuse to screw vets. And there seems to be no limit to how low he'll go. At one point a veterans group had to file an official complaint because his taxpayerfinanced, \$708-a-month leased Buick was parked in a VA headquarters space reserved for the handicapped!

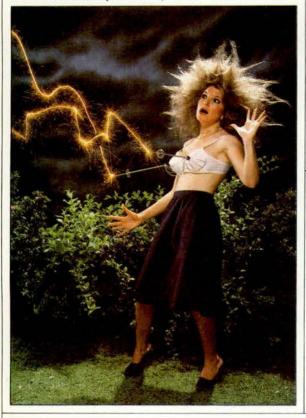
Another time, when groundbreaking ceremonies were held for the new Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Nimmo refused to give VA employees time off to attend the event. He, however, spent that historic time playing golf.

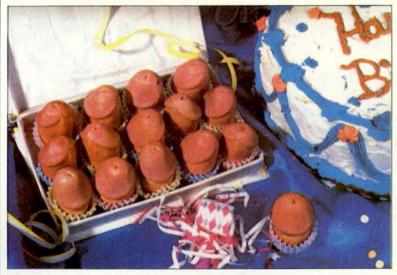
Our government's neglect of Vietnam veterans is a source of national shame. To keep a man like Robert Nimmo at the helm of the one agency that can do something about their plight is unforgivable. If the Reagan Administration has any conscience at all, Nimmo will be canned by the time you read this. Then he can play golf to his heart's content.

"I Can't Believe It's a Lightning Rod!"

The tale you are about to hear is true. According to United Press International, an English woman named Iris Sommerville was killed by a lightning bolt that struck the metal support wire in her bra. The incident took place as

she walked through a London park during a severe storm. Therefore, HUSTLER is issuing this warning to its female or cross-dressing readers: Don't wear a support bra without a lightning rod! It's no way to conduct yourself.





Cream in the Centers

No one should have a birthday without getting a few good tips. And this odd birthday card from Paradise Cards (P.O. Box 469, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013) takes that point to a disgusting extreme. Still, if you want to wish someone a birthday that's just tops...

Test-Tube Babies

The problem with testtube babies is, they come out too damn flat! What did you expect with them all squished up against the sides of a glass test tube? They turn out like the offspring of women who went to the Porky Pig Sperm Bank! Watch out for this dangerous side effect—it's a pressing problem!



The Natives Are Breathless

Sagging U.S. cigarette sales have moved tobacco companies to push their questionable product in other parts of the world. One main target is Africa. The citizens of the Dark Continent when it comes to facts about tobacco's links to cancer and other diseases. So they're puffing away happily, and we're sure it's only a matter

are in the Dark Ages

of time before they develop their own distinctive smoking accessories. The ones shown here should be just right for cannibals. Every smoker likes to light up after a good meal.





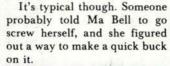
Ampu-T-Shirts



People missing limbs have a tough time buying clothes. Legless pants and sleeveless shirts are hard to come by. Frankly, the problem had us stumped. But there is one area where we have an idea. Specifically, armless guys could use novelty T-shirts with snappy sayings. So here's our version with a little special attachment to help their love lives. Of course, it's only a suggestion, but we thought it might give 'em a hand.

Phone Sex

Some guys actually pay for a sex act like this?







Grilling a Suspect

Even if you've committed a serious crime, there are some things the police should not be allowed to do. HUSTLER believes that any person arrested has the right to remain silent and uncooked.

That's why we're calling for an end to this brutal police practice. Look at the poor guy! When the cops said he was going to get the third degree, he didn't know they were talking about burns!

Shocking Photos!

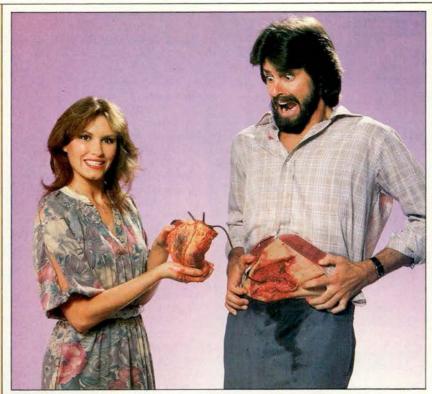
If your pet went to this Colorado recycling plant after being destroyed at a nearby animal shelter, he could be in your soat! Flooded with unwanted pets-particularly dogs and cats-shelters must destroy the vast majority to avoid excessive feed-and-care costs. But not all receive burial or even cremation. As you see here, many go to recycling plants, where they become fertilizer or tallow (rendered animal fat) to be used in products such as candles, makeup and soap. And you were worried that Fido was going to end up in a can of dog food!





T&C Goes T&A

When is a naked body not a naked body? When it's art. Or so the bluenoses would have us believe. Town & Country (1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019) is a snooty magazine that caters to the very rich. Ads for Tiffany, Gucci and Cartier abound. And in the May 1982 issue so do naked bodies. Excuse us ... artful bodies. But it looks suspiciously like tits and ass. The erotic photos by Skrebneski have the same elements as any HUSTLER pictorial, but Town & Country chose to focus on colors more exotic than pink. What's next . . . nude polo players?



The Way to a Man's Heart..

... is not like this! This woman has misinterpreted a wise old saying and is more likely to break this guy's heart than win it. As a public service to its readers, HUSTLER reminds you not to take everything you hear literally.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is actually just a clever way of saying that it's possible to win his love with a well-cooked meal . . . not major surgery. Our sound advice also applies to other phrases, such as "Lend me your ears," "Can I pick your brains for a minute?" and "Keep your eyes peeled." Remember, it's easier said than done, and safer too.

Look Both

We always knew that San Francisco was one of America's most liberal cities, but erecting a sign that asks female flashers

to stop so that passersby can get a better look at their beavers . . . well, that's our kind of town!





Lovers' Leap

For \$150 and a little notoriety some assholes will go to any heights to get themselves into Bits & Pieces. And so will the devoted HUSTLER fans those assholes belong to.

In order to get their shot at glory in

the pages of HUSTLER Magazine, this threesome attempted an extremely difficult and dangerous feat-the death-defying flying fuck! Don't try this one at home!

From the look of things, though, we suspect that this acrobatic menage à trois was successful. And we hope that the dismount went smoothly as well.

HUSTLER'S 1983 Centerfold CALENDAR

Hot Dates

Here's a calendar that'll keep your year in the pink! It's the 1983 HUSTLER Centerfold Calendar, and this year's beats all previous calendars with a mouthwatering choice of women that will help you rise to meet each new day.

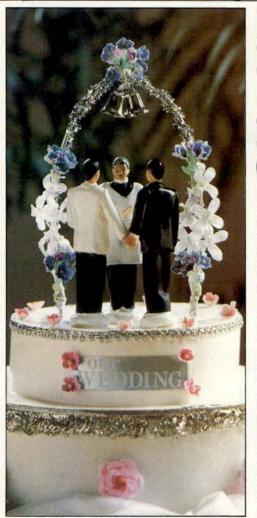
We've selected 12 exotic honeys who bring the HUSTLER heat to even the coldest winter months. It'll be coming to a bookstore or newsstand near you; so watch for it where you buy

HUSTLER. Or send \$3.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



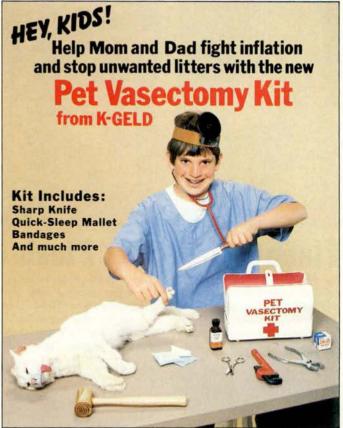
For Better or Worse

According to a psychiatrist at the University of Minnesota, 41 out of 49 patients who had sexchange operations at the University Hospital in the late 1960s have no regrets. The degree of satisfaction is apparently linked to the surgeons' success with the remodeling of body parts. In the effort to increase the number of happy transsexuals, here's a quickie guide to good and bad sex-change operations. If you have to put your face in the bowl to take a leak, something went wrong.



Love, Honor and Bend Over

Successful marriages are on the decline, and homosexuality is on the rise. Perhaps the wrong people are getting married. This lovely wedding-cake ornament, created and photographed by British lensman and ex-HUSTLER staff member David McEnery, suggests a future in which a couple could become man and whatever. But who carries whom across the threshold?



Let's Cut Fluff!

Does little Johnny like to play with knives? Sure, he does. So why not channel that energy into something productive? You could take advantage of torment pets with our suggested do-it-your-self Pet Vasectomy Kit. One cut and no more unwanted off-spring from that cat, dog or hamster. And the results are guaranteed—no strings attached.

your child's urge to



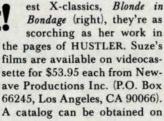


Urban Camouflage

White supremacists and survivalists tell us a bloody race war is coming to our streets. Somebody better tell them that conventional camouflage isn't going to hide anybody in the asphalt jungle. Here's a tip: graffiti camouflage. Better to hide behind a splatter on a wall than to become a splatter on a wall.

Suze Is Back!

One of our hottest photographers, Suze Randall (in front of the lens at left), is back in the HUSTLER bullpen. Suze took off to make moving pictures, and as you can see by a peek at these clips from one of her lat-



request.







Feel the Difference

Somewhere between 3-D and | 38D, this special effect for our centerfolds isn't quite perfected yet. There are two bugs. One is

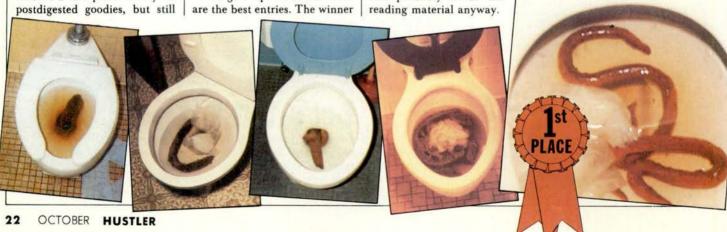
keeping the magazine flat. The second is finding the millions of breasts needed for each press run. Volunteers are scarce.

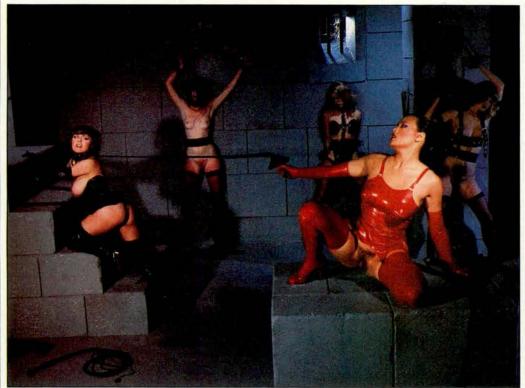
Flash Before You Flush

For the past few years we've received these shitty pictures. We have never announced a contest or made any mention that we'd like pictures of your you sent them. A lot of them. And letters opening with the same sentence-"Have you ever seen a turd as big as this?"

We give up. You win. Here

of our first-place Brown Ribbon and a free year's subscription is the photo at far right. According to the proud papa, this floater measured out at 31/2 feet! He deserves the magazines and probably needs the





Red, Black and Blue!

Don't get too tied up next | month, or you'll miss our look into the fascinating world of

S&M - Latex and Leather Ladies. The wildest bitch-with-a-switch photo-pictorial you'll ever see, ber issue has a spread that's got everyone beat . . . and then some.

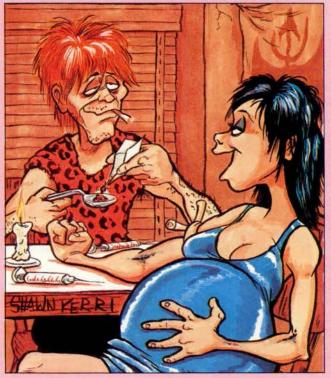
it features two hot newcomers in scenes that are bound to give you a lift where it counts. Remember, HUSTLER's Novem-

Considering the size of the ass, this attempt to imitate our famous Beaver turned out to be more of a mural than a tattoo. Nevertheless, we appreciate the sentiment. Anyone who knows HUSTLER's philosophy knows that we're on everybody's ass!



June 25, speculation was focused on three reasons: the Israeli drive into Lebanon, the European natural gas line from the Soviet Union, and Haig's inability to be a "team player" on Ronald "Gipper" Reagan's squad. But none of the media noted that Haig's walkout came the day after the August HUSTLER naming him Asshole of the Month hit the stands. Our beef, though, was with his El Salvador stance. As we put it, "The insidious and deceitful methods he's used to shove his pro-Fascist policy down the throat of an unwilling American public reveal him to be a dangerous threat to human rights and to democracy itself. ... Making a man like this Asshole of the Month isn't enough. He should be made ex-Secretary of State." The next day he was. Could it be he couldn't take any heat from HUSTLER?

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Really load it up, sweetheart. I'm using for two now!"

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights

to material accepted for publication, but we'll return original art on request (enclose SASE). For October, \$150 goes to L. J. Glade, David McEnery, Karen Wirrick and Ray Zecca.

HUSTLER Update

REINECKE May '82 We named Wis consin's Circuit Court Judge William Rei-

ALEXANDER HAIG

When Secre

August '82



necke Asshole of the Month when he called the five-year-old victim of a sexual assault by a 24-year-old man "an unusually sexually promiscuous young lady." He imposed a light 90day jail sentence and three years' probation on her attacker. Later, Judge Reinecke narrowly survived a recall election forced by Wisconsin's Citizens for Children. Reinecke apologized for his remark, but he's still on the bench.



tary of State Alexander Haig resigned last

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Dave Yuzo Spector

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

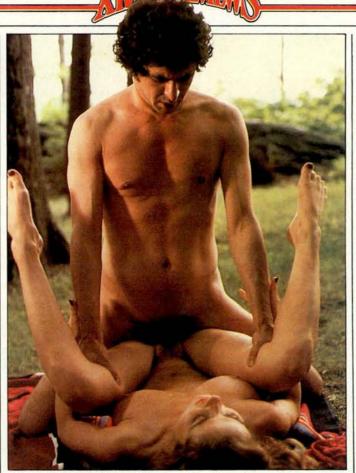
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II

Fully Erect. Produced by Jerry Ross; directed by Tim McDonald; starring John Leslie, Bridgette Monet, Blair Harris, Nicole Black, Dave Cannon, Anna-Lisa Pearson, Paul Wright, Louise Jackson, Joanne Garvey, Charlene Stone and Tim Russell.

Whether you saw the original Talk Dirty to Me doesn't matter, because this film is not really the sequel that its name implies. But while Talk Dirty to Me, Part II is produced, directed and, for the most part, acted by different people than those who worked on the Spinelli film of

Bridgette Monet heats up the screen in 'Talk Dirty to Me, Part II.'





'Wanda': Jamie Gillis and Veronica Hart have their own picnic ideas.

two years ago, it retains all the goodies of its namesake: excellent technique and crotchcaptivating eroticism.

The plot of the first Talk Dirty centered around a stud and his slow-witted friend who were constantly trying to get laid. One unfailingly succeeded while the other bungled nearly every chance he had. In contrast, Part II concentrates on the stud, John Leslie, who is the only member of the original cast to recreate his character. Dumb guy Lenny (played this time by Blair Harris) is left to sweep the floors of a local bar and envy his cocksman pal's prowess with the ladies.

Leslie's probing prick hits gold when he discovers Bridgette Monet, who is as succulent and desirable an actress as has slinked across the screen in a very long time. Monet appears as a repressive television psychologist who tells her audience that sex is dirty, ugly, disgusting and vile. When Leslie sees her program and hears what she has to say, he vows to change her mind. His first step is a di-

rect confrontation with Monet during the audience-participation segment of her show. He tells her she's full of shit and obviously needs a good fuck to bring her around.

After being ejected from the studio, Leslie continues his quest, and along the way he encounters a couple of cuties well worth mentioning. One is a young innocent (Nicole Black) who is just awakening to the

joys of sex. She provides Leslie with a great blowjob, a rousing hump and a chance to talk the way the movie's title suggests he should.

He uncovers the other saucy delight when he impersonates a plumber in order to gain entrance to Monet's house. The door is opened by a lovely French maid (Anna-Lisa Pearson), who enthusiastically diverts Leslie from his mission.

Still, the truly memorable moments of Talk Dirty to Me, Part II come at the hands (and so much more) of Monet. She is not only a credible actress in this, her debut, but also a sultry vamp whose steaming good looks will have you gasping.

In these days of watered-down sequels it's nice to know the porn industry was able to do Hollywood one better. The perfect balance of a beautiful actress, a superstud and delicious action make Talk Dirty to Me, Part II a real conversation piece.

—Steve Campbell

Wanda Whips Wall Street

Fully Erect. Produced by John Christian and Sven Nuvo; directed by Larry Revene; written by Rick Marx; starring Veronica Hart, Jamie Gillis, Ron Jeremy, J. T. Ambrose, Samantha Fox, Sharon Mitchell, Lisa Be, Ron Hudd, Ashley Moore, Suzanne Tyson and Chantel Duclos.

Finally, a film with the "New York repertory cast" of porn regulars that can boast a story

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

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Veronica Hart demonstrates a surefire way to get hired in 'Wanda.'

which holds together right to the end. Even more remarkable, there's not a smidgen of bad acting, usually a trademark of adult fare. The high-rolling financial world of Wall Street may not be the favorite topic of the four-wheel-drive crowd, but most men and women will find the tale at least as entertaining as a popular TV series.

Veronica Hart plays Wanda Brandt, a power-hungry hustler who takes control of a small stock brokerage as a steppingstone to the big time: Wall Street, New York City. Hart gets herself hired at the mammoth Tyler Securities the oldfashioned way: opening the door by opening her legs. Little does Tyler Securities or its board chairman, Sanford Tyler, realize that Hart is about to take them for a ride, and not the kind that goes through Central Park.

Slowly but surely, she blackmails the firm's partners into signing over their shares to her dummy corporation. The dastardly clever lady does her dirty work by seducing them first and then reminding the suckers how married they happen to be. Works every time. These blackmail setups create the premise for most of the movie's well-done sex scenes.

The company honchos catch on that something's fishy when they discover there's hardly any stock left in their possession. Tyler hires noted investigator Lou Perrini, perfectly played by the logical choice for the role-Jamie Gillis. With a James Bond-like coolness, Gillis and his partner, Ron Jeremy, are aboard a yacht, pulling out of two gorgeous girls before pulling into New York Harbor. Arriving at Tyler Securities, Gillis prepares to nab the louse who's secretly buying up the company. Hart uses her charms to ward off Gillis' suspicions with the help of her juicy cohort, Janie (J. T. Ambrose).

With the coast clear for a while, Hart gets back to monkey business. Samantha Fox, playing a disgruntled broker, helps her throw a wild sex party to latch onto even more shares. Unlike many party scenes, this one isn't overlong, and the guests act naturally. There's enough flying semen here to make the audience reach for an umbrella. As Hart gets close to making the final takeover bid, Jeremy gets wind of the deal and warns Gillis. The ending will delight some and disappoint others, depending on the viewer's gender.

While so many recent adult releases seem to have the same cast going through the same

While so many recent adult releases seem to have the same cast going through the same humdrum motions, this feature manages to be both original and intelligent. So here's a hot tip: Take some stock in Wanda Whips Wall Street.

- D. Y. S.

acting that's unintentionally hilarious. As a matter of fact, the worst parts of the film wind up being the most entertaining.

With an original soundtrack that makes Ramada Inn cocktail-lounge music sound like Grammy material, Anytime ... Anyplace takes us on a robbery spree, all in the name of friendship. Skinner (Mike Ranger) and his best buddy Chickie (Jesse Adams) are a pair of inept burglars who try to raise \$18,000 to get Chickie out of a sticky situation. Seka plays Lynne, who clings to Skinner like a tight condom. She offers him every orifice on demand just because it's expected of a "broad" like her. So much for women's equality in adult



'Anytime . . . Anyplace': Seka shows it's fun being in the back of a van.

Anytime... Anyplace

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Dave Arthur; directed by Kirdy Stevens; written by Helene Terrie; starring Seka, Mike Ranger, Jesse Adams, Lee Carroll, Tara Flynn, Suzannah French, Billy Dee, Ken Scudder, Nicole Noir, Chris Parker and Bill Margold.

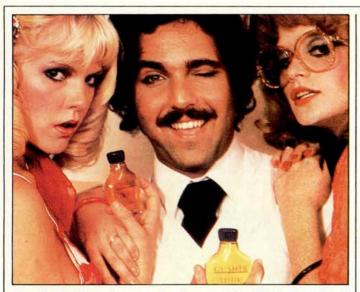
Although any movie starring Seka is good for anyone's lust machine, this offering is nonetheless a throwback to the old-fashioned porn flick: an unbearably dumb story with movies.

The three criminal "masterminds" prowl about one house after another, botching almost every job. A psychological conflict surfaces when Skinner insists that Seka sexually satisfy Chickie, much against her will. Judging from her own taste in boyfriends, it's amusing that she should be so picky all of a sudden. Seka reluctantly agrees to blow both of the boys, on command, sometimes right in the middle of a robbery.

When the loot is still far less than what they need, Skinner warmheartedly asks Seka to go back to hooking. No dice, she says. This blonde is much more



In 'Wanda Whips,' Ron Jeremy finds a good place to drop his anchor.



Ron Jeremy has a lot to smile about in 'The Blonde Next Door.'

comfortable perfecting her skills at burglary and being a regular piece of ass for her man. Gee, it's nice to see a character with scruples. Eventually, enough money is raised, and Chickie's neck is saved—but not before we're subjected to more depressing saxophone music. This instrument should be outlawed from all adult movies if the industry is serious about upgrading its image.

Seka is in much better shape than most of the big porn stars, and definitely puts in a hot sexual performance. Also worthy of note is Bill Margold as a security guard. Margold is an amusing actor who creates a bright spot in any film. Another kudo goes to the writer for coming up with a great pair of sleazy names: Skinner and Chickie. Otherwise, Anytime ... Anyplace is corny with a capital C. — D. Y. S.



Lee Carroll and Seka fortify a friendship in 'Anytime.'

The Blonde Next Door

Half Erect. Produced by Roy McBride and Joe Sherman; directed by Joe Sherman; written by Ed Delong; starring Danielle, Ron Jeremy, Lisa DeLeeuw, John Leslie, Don Hart, Mai Lin, Angel Burgon, Joan Victoria, Becky Savage, Victoria Slick, Herschel Savage and Jesse Adams.

The story behind The Blonde Next Door is absurd, but it does make way for a lot of kinky sex scenes. That gets tiresome after a while, and the viewer soon figures out that the attraction here is CHIC and HUSTLER centerfold Danielle (not the same Danielle featured in this issue, beginning on page 93).

Danielle plays Cindy, a frustrated wife who leaves her dork of a husband one day because he's incapable of making her reach orgasm. She hitchhikes out of town and is soon picked up by a con artist (Ron Jeremy), and winds up getting screwed on top of his Cadillac. When Danielle has her very first orgasm, she comes in a flood of nonstop juices. Jeremy knows he's talented, but seeing her pussy gush with cum is a considerable surprise.

Later, after dropping her off, the cock-sure Jeremy returns to his fly-by-night investment office. The ever-busty Lisa DeLeeuw plays his secretary, who up until now had always given him the cold shoulder. But this time she practically rapes her boss. It dawns on him that Danielle's generous love juices have some sort of aphrodisiacal quality. One sniff, and women can't stay away. Always ready to make a fast buck, Jeremy races out to find Danielle's geyserlike pussy.

Danielle doesn't really understand the big fuss, but still agrees to sign a contract promising her 5% of the profits from the new venture. The naive girl is so excited about discovering truly satisfying sex that she'd go along with anything. Jeremy decides to bottle her cum, appropriately calling it "Gusher" cologne.

Unfortunately, Jeremy's got a big problem. The more Danielle fucks, the more sophisticated her desires become. She no longer gets off easily, and he has to devise new ways of turning her on. Jeremy has taken millions of dollars in advance payments even though he cannot produce enough "Gusher" cologne to meet the orders. To help Danielle's lack



'Blonde': Danielle is tied up after a visit by Jeremy and Lisa DeLeeuw.

of libido, he calls in the "world's greatest lover," played by John Leslie. (Men looking for some new lovemaking techniques might pick up a few pointers from this scene.)

The story is right out of a remedial porn-writing class, although it's rather topical. A number of new colognes on the market are said to contain pheromones (animal sex hormones) to lure the opposite sex. If you like the idea of seeing a girl come in buckets (even if it's fake), The Blonde Next Door is a rare find. Otherwise, it's as dumb as they come. —D. Y. S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Fully Erect

A Thousand and
One Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Babe
Beauty
Between the Sheets
Cafe Flesh
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Peaches and Cream
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment Centerfold Fever Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl Flash Roommates

Seven Seductions of Madame Lau Skin on Skin Skintight The Filthy Rich The Playgirl The Tiffany Minx Trashi

One-Quarter Erect

Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood Fireworks Tinseltown

Totally Limp

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

BOOKS

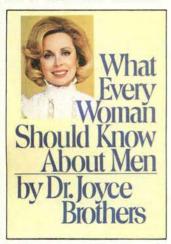
Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

What Every Woman Should Know About Men

By Dr. Joyce Brothers; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$14.50.

Somebody once said, "She's the upper crust—of the white bread!"

To be truthful, that reference was not to Dr. Joyce Brothers, but to some other broadcast-



ing psychologist whose purselipped diction and clean gloss are similar to hers. I admit I was once prejudiced about Dr. Brothers, but I'm ready to admit now that she's done an exceptional job with this book. She backs up every assertion about sexuality with academic evidence. When all the evidence isn't in yet, she says so.

What Every Woman Should Know About Men is full of surprising nuggets of knowledge. For example, keeping the light on might well improve your sex life. It seems that the pineal gland produces a sexdeterrent hormone—a turn-off hormone!—and it delivers more of it in the dark than in the light. Another hormone is at its peak in the early morning, and this one's a turn-on hormone—the one that coincides with that wake-up hard-on. Use it!

Dr. Joyce goes into consid-

erable detail about the changing status of women in business and industry, and the special problems they face in their dual role as breadwinner and conventional homemaker. There's a deep, dark principle at work there, the same one that operates in the home and in bed: Women are really different from men.

And here is the difference: We're always trying to prove that we are men, and how much of a man each of us is. This underlies all competition, rivalry and aggression. A woman doesn't have to prove a damn thing in this area; she just is. Sure, she may have to—and like to—compete with men and with other women in the business and social environment, but not in the simple, single matter of being female.

If with this book, Dr. Brothers makes us all grasp this one thing, then we'll all understand ourselves and each other a lot better than we do now.

Cool Cats

By Tony Stewart, editor; Delilah Books, 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$9.95.

Paul du Noyer writes: "Pop, and pop style, always full of deliberate triviality and accidental significance. It may be dumb... but it can speak great sign language."

The styles you see on the shuddering stages between the sound towers at rock concerts bespeak many things. Among them are rebellion, sex, comedy, glamour and, once in a while, real originality, real art, real beauty. Probably the most amazing thing about it—really, the most amazing thing about all styles and fashions—is the raging thirst for originality shown by the masses. And also their instant passion to copy it.

Let a self-styled pinhead punk star come to the footlights with a safety pin stuck through his nose, and pins will pop through the nostrils and cheeks of the audience. Army jackets and leather skirts will be, briefly, a rage; hair, like clothes, will follow the fads and be long, short, brushed forward instead of back, or shaved right the hell off. A simple fact seems to escape these people: That by dressing like Elvis, walking like

Elvis, talking like Elvis, you don't become Elvis.

An English import, Cool Cats: 25 Years of Rock 'n' Roll Style runs through the history of rock from the '50s to the present as expressed by the styles of clothes and hair that flowed and changed and turned back on themselves for recycling and repetition. With six essays, most written with a sort of I-love-'em-anyway kind of lofty arrogance, and more than 300

the absolute bottom line about style and fashion: "Fashion is a way of not having to decide who you are. Style is deciding who you are and being able to perpetuate it."

A very interesting book.

L'Art Hard

By Patrice Dohollo and Christian Dureau; Editions Alpa, 3, rue de l'Arrivee, Paris, France 75015.

It's hard all right-hard-

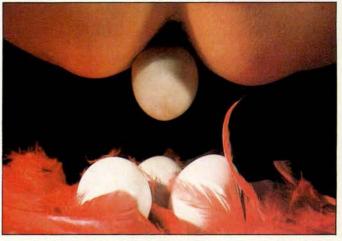


black-and-white photographs, the meaning of du Noyer's observation becomes clear. From the growing restlessness of the young in the placid '50s to the frantic, sometimes-bloody playfulness of people running scared in the shadow of the Bomb in the '80s, the styles of pop say, with their own sign language, "What's happening, man?"

One of the most interesting of the essays is Paul Morley's analysis of the difference between "glam" and "glam rock," which is really the difference between real originality and brainless imitation. In it he quotes pop-culture philosopher Quentin Crisp, who provides

In 'L'Art Hard,' explicit acts of erotic kinkiness are vividly captured in brilliant, flawless color.





core, hard cocks and hard to understand. The whole thing's in French, and it's especially difficult to figure the attractiveness of this kind of kinkiness. There's nothing wrong with what a lot of bluenoses call kinky, of course. But where it



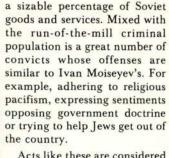
gets into the area of being painful and downright dangerous, then, for me anyway, it loses its magnetism.

The main feature of this book is the insertion of various surprising objects into womeneggplants, record-changer spindles, Coke bottles, skittles (those are the pins from tabletop bowling games), cucumbers, eggs, even a telephone receiver. The text is hardly worth translating; it consists mostly of schoolboy wisecracks and weak punch lines, like the one accompanying the girl's tongue on a long dong. Roughly translated, it says, "She affirms to us that it is as good as an ice-cream cone."

One thing has to be said about this fascinating book: The photography is flawless, and the production and color are state-of-the-art. L'Art Hard is, indeed, an eyeful.



A feast for the eyes, the French photo book 'L'Art Hard' startles and stimulates with brave new visions in sensual and erotic art.



Acts like these are considered crazy by the KGB (the Soviet secret police), and when the KGB thinks you're crazy, you get sent to a psychiatric hospital for "treatment." Or maybe



Guidebook to Soviet Prison Camps

By Avraham Shifrin; Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103; \$7.95.

A young guy named Ivan Moiseyev was "forcefully inducted" into the Russian army. A while later his parents were told he'd died of "an illness." His body was sent home in a soldered lead coffin, and when his family opened it, they found six knife wounds in the soldier's



chest. He got "ill," apparently, when he made a strong case for his Christian conviction that he didn't want to kill people.

Moiseyev's body was shipped from one of the hundreds of prisons, concentration camps and psychiatric hospitals scattered across the huge Soviet Union—so many of them that if each one were a dot on a map, it would look like a close-up of measles. There is such a map, a fold-out bound into this book, and it looks like that even though the author admits he hasn't located all of them yet.

These are places where the prisoners—slave labor—produce



ten years' hard labor in Siberia, where the temperature can plummet to 90 below in the winter. If you survive, you may spend five more years of exile from your hometown and family.

The First Guidebook to Prisons and Concentration Camps of the Soviet Union has explicit directions so the tourist can get to these facilities—what trolley or bus to take, how to request a visit, often the names of the administrators and guards. The author seems to know only too well what he's talking about. His father was sent to a Russian prison camp for telling an anti-Stalin joke and died there after ten years.

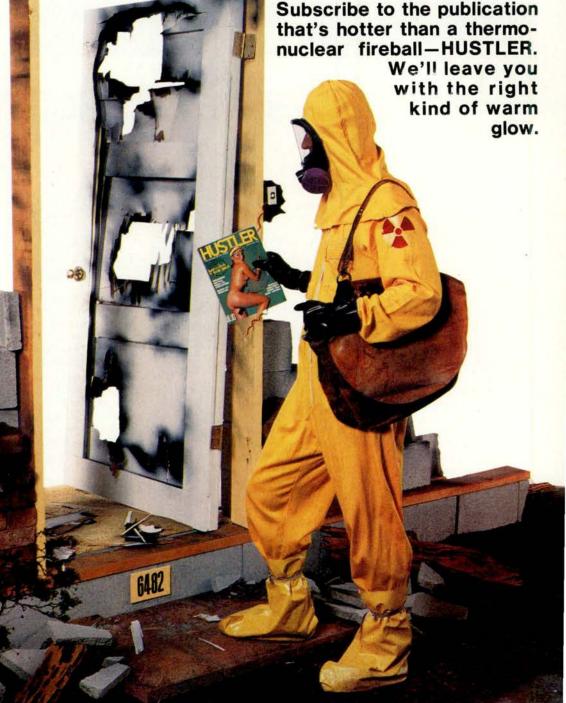
As the son of a convict, Avraham Shifrin was drafted into a "delinquent batallion" to fight in World War II. He emerged as an officer, went on to study law and was arrested and condemned to death for anti-Soviet activities. His sentence was commuted, and he spent ten years in the slammer. He became an advocate for Russian Jews seeking to emigrate, and in 1970 was himself permitted to go to Israel, where he has devoted his life to exposing the Soviet prison system.

This guy deserves your support. Buy the book.



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Lying in bed, Tom watches Dolores undress. Although she's still lovely at 35, he isn't aroused by her curves. When his wife crawls under the covers, he's anxious, even frightened. They kiss a bit, but Tom, 40, still isn't getting an erection or anything near it.

Frustrated, Dolores lashes out, "If you're going to get me excited and then have nothing happen, I'd rather you not get me started at all!"

This battle in bed is a classic scenario for middle-aged couples like Tom and Dolores, but younger couples aren't immune to the tension either.

The problem more than likely is performance anxiety, chiefly found in men 50, 40, 30 or even 25 who don't respond sexually as quickly or easily as they did at 19. Unlike teenagers, who might ejaculate at just the thought of a sexual encounter, older men might not even become hard when they see a naked woman right before their eyes.

Doctors say a change in sexual responsiveness is normal as a man grows older. They advise a man to accept these changes so that he can make the most of his intimate moments. A 30-year-

old can't run as fast as he did in his teens. Why, then, should he let sex become traumatic by worrying about a less-responsive penis?

Anxiety about performance can lead to impotence, which in turn breeds more anxiety, triggering another failure-and the pattern repeats. But this cycle can be stopped by taking two important steps: First, a man must adjust his sexual expectations over the years; second, he must tell his partner and help her to understand that his body's capabilities are

"Erections don't occur nearly as quickly with age," says Dr. Barry Reynolds, clinical psychologist and director of the Institute for Sex and Marital Therapy in Los Angeles. "An erection is a reflex, and there is some slowing down of the reflexes in the body."

Although a man might be slowing

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.



HOW MEN AGE

by Jacqueline Savaiano

down physically, he isn't out of business in bed. He might only need a little more direct stimulation.

"He can communicate his needs to his partner," Reynolds says. "The couple can devote more time to foreplay. More attention can be paid to meeting people's conditions for good sex."

Before couples like Tom and Dolores can call a truce to the battle in the bedroom, however, they must be armed with knowledge about the changes in male sexual function as time ticks away. The following is a decade-by-decade rundown of a man's sexual responsiveness. It begins with the first experiences in the teenage years-the yardstick many men use to measure their virility for the rest of their lives.

The Teens-Man at His Peak: "The

teenager comes closest to fulfilling society's fantasy model of sex. Although the adolescent's stomach is flat and firm, his hair is shiny and thick, and his body agile and energetic, the penis is the star feature of the model," explains Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld, who wrote the book Male Sexuality. Says Dr. Zilbergeld, "Penises in fantasyland come in only

three sizes-large, gigantic and so big you can barely get them through the doorway."

The ideal penis also is rock-hard and always ready to perform. It has an infinite capacity to satisfy, either by lasting for hours on end or by immediately regaining its hardness after ejaculation.

Adolescents constantly encounter the fantasy model in books, magazines, advertising, locker-room banter or in the car during Saturdaynight cruises for "pussy."

In reality, teenagers aren't supermen with cocks as big as telephone poles, but they can be distracted by frequent steel-like erections, sometimes when least expected or desired. Remember those throbbers during the national anthem, church, or dinner with a girlfriend's parents?

Despite being embarrassing at inopportune times, erections also can be a source of pride, gloriously displayed during ejaculation contests with friends. The ejaculate would sometimes shoot halfway across the room.

Recovery periods are almost nonexistent. Minutes after orgasm the penis is erect and ready for action again.

The 20s-Going Strong... With a Helping Hand: The body is still running in high gear, the muscles are taut, and the mind is sharpening with experience. But the few extra years are pulling some reins on the previously uncontrollable sexual response. The number of spontaneous erections is reduced somewhat. Dr. Reynolds says that some men might not get excited even when reading an erotic story or seeing an attractive woman in a men's magazine centerfold.

"After a little direct stimulation of the

31

changing.

genitals, however, a man can be good as gold for his partner. When the sex act is completed, though, it will take longer than the two-minute period of the teenage days to gear up for another encounter," says Dr. Ronald Podell, a Los Angeles psychiatrist who specializes in treating sexual disorders and relationship problems.

Despite the penis's slight decline in responsiveness, other erogenous zones maintain the same degree of sensitivity. "The sensations [in these areas] appear to be quite strong and remain so throughout age. If the lips are real responsive to kissing, that tends to hold out through a life span," comments Dr. Reynolds, who is affiliated with the Human Sexuality Program at the University of California at Los Angeles.

The 30s—The Rise for Some, the Fall for Others: In some ways the man in his 30s is at his best. Years in the working world have fine-tuned his thinking. Sexually, he's still very active, despite the increasing need for direct stimulation and longer rest periods between orgasms. His angle of erection is higher than it was ten years earlier, and if he's married, the 30-year-old might enjoy sex more often.

Not everything is a bed of roses, however. Wrinkles line the forehead, and hair is thinning. Because the metabolism rate slows down, men in their 30s gain a few pounds and inches around the waist, and might even look flabby.

Obvious physical signs of age can throw some men into an early mid-life crisis. This time of self-evaluation, which can occur at any age between 35 and 45, might indirectly affect a man's sexual responsiveness.

Looking at his success rate with his life goals, a man asks himself, Have I climbed high enough on the career ladder? Do I like my work? Did I buy a house? Am I happy with my wife and children? If the answers are no, he might begin to doubt his capabilities. This can lead to changes in sexual behavior, including total or partial impotence, premature ejaculation or a lack of interest.

On the other hand, it can also lead to an unusually gratifying sexual relationship to boost low self-esteem. Unfortunately for the man's spouse, this ego-booster quite often means an extramarital affair, although it isn't always based on romance.

The 40s—Physical and Psychological Crisis: Age is taking a greater toll on the body. Crow's-feet crop up around the eyes. Smile lines frame the mouth. There's more weight, more flab. Enjoying 20/20 vision until now, the man

in his 40s might need glasses to read or to watch television. He's even shrinking. As the muscles weaken, the back slumps. The disks between the bones of the spine deteriorate, causing them to move closer together. Five-ten at age 30, a man might be almost a half-inch shorter by his 50th birthday.

Doctors attribute this marked physical decline to andropause, the male counterpart to a woman's menopause. Beginning around the mid-40s, andropause is characterized by deterioration of body cells and a decline in the level of the male hormone testosterone.

The hormonal changes have a profound effect on a man sexually as well as physically. Testicle size and weight begin to decrease, and the angle of erection changes from slightly above horizontal at 40 to slightly below horizontal at 50. The change in angle, which has no effect on sexual performance, is merely another "alarming" statistic that scares men for no good reason.

These signs, plus a tiring body that can't always perform like a machine at the snap of a sex partner's fingers, make some men feel like sexual underachievers. This can lead to Tom-and-Dolores bedroom scenarios.

Through flamboyant attempts to recapture youth, some men may deny that they are growing old. "They'll wear younger clothing and buy a sports car," says Dr. Cappy Miles Rothman, a Los Angeles specialist in andrology and male infertility.

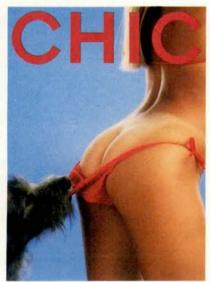
Sexually, they'll try to maintain a 19year-old's habits at 50, attempting to ejaculate four to five times a day when they should only ask their bodies to ejaculate four to five times a week.

"If a man tries to compete [at this ejaculation rate], he will be worn out in two days," Dr. Rothman warns.

Ironically, this attempt to overperform can lead to impotence. Unable to meet his own challenge of performing like a 19-year-old, the middle-aged man fears repeated failure, and the performance-anxiety cycle is set into motion.

The 50s and Beyond—True Sexual Maturity: Facial skin now sags, leaving bags under the eyes. Some men require hearing aids; others are bald. Word recall declines as the brain shrinks.

The sexual changes are becoming more pronounced as well. Needing even more direct stimulation, the penis takes longer and longer to become erect. The duration of ejaculation has decreased from up to eight seconds during a man's prime to a brief three seconds in the later years. There is less ejaculate, which is now a seepage instead of a forceful expulsion. Softening within a few seconds



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Plus, vampire facts and an interview with a Doors expert in CLOSE-UP, the comically bizarre in ODDS & ENDS and matchmaking in CLASSIFIEDS.

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

after orgasm, the penis needs a rest period ranging from a day to several days before being able to achieve another erection. And even after such a rest there may not be an orgasm.

These changes can be terribly disturbing, but doctors encourage older men to look at the bright side. Although the quantity of sexual encounters decreases, the quality need not suffer, physically or emotionally. Age brings experience and a potentially more fulfilling sex life. How? Through knowledge of sophisticated sexual techniques, sensitivity to women's imaginative foreplay, greater emotional involvementand even prolonged erections that lengthen the duration of a sexual session and heighten chances for multiple female orgasm.

The physical and mental ammunition available to combat the prospect of diminishing sex in the golden years is impressive and is increasing rapidly. The merits of vitamin E, for example, have long been heralded as an answer to more power for your pecker. The popular vitamin helps to maintain sperm production and testosterone levels, along with reducing fatigue. While found in such foods as spinach, broccoli, rice and peanuts, most people find the tablet or capsule form more convenient. At the very least, vitamin E may be helpful even if thought of as a placebo.

Although rarely recommended by doctors except in some cases of total impotence, the hormone testosterone can be injected into the body to increase a man's sexual responsiveness. But adding testosterone to a man's system can cause him to be overly aggressive to the point he may even commit murder, Dr. Rothman claims.

One man, in fact, killed his girlfriend, and the crime was attributed to the excessive amount of the hormone he had been taking. Although many pharmaceutical companies are touting their testosterone products to the medical community, prescriptions are hard to come by. "When taken orally," Dr. Rothman adds, "the pills can become screwed up by the saliva and cause additional side effects like breast enlargement and nipple discharge."

More exotic and more promising is yohimbine, a source for stimulating erections that is derived from the bark of the West African vohimbe tree. The substance is usually brewed like tea, but it can also be found in a pill form called Afrodex, manufactured by the Bendex Pharmaceutical Company of Houston, Texas. Other pleasurable effects are warm spinal shivers that during orgasm make bodies feel like they are melting into one another, and a heightening of

emotional and sexual feeling. Normally there are no undesirable aftereffects, but vohimbine should not be used by persons suffering from blood-pressure disorders or diabetes or by those under the influence of alcohol, amphetamines or narcotics. Users are warned against prolonged ingestion of yohimbine as it may create a dependence resulting in a shutdown of the body's ability to produce its own sex hormones.

Of course, the best countermeasure against age is to stay in good shape. Exercise, whether it be casual jogging or competitive tennis, will build up stamina and, more important, give a man self-confidence at a time when fears of weakening masculinity run rampant. With the fruits of good exercise will come improved breathing techniques and muscle coordination. You will learn how to reserve enough energy to compensate for slower responses in bed and the extra work it will take to overcome

In the long run being strong in both mind and body far exceeds any artificial stimulation. And as important as physical health is, one's emotional stability in the face of sexual aging remains the real key to success. Remember, thanks to being infinitely more mature in the later years, men are not hampered by typical adolescent hang-ups and therefore have a clean start in dealing rationally with sexual problems.

While certain men may benefit from professional counseling, most individuals should be able to admit to themselves the changes taking place. "Men have to realize," comments Dr. Rothman, "that at 60 they can't be the way they sexually were at 25. But just because a man can't get it up as often doesn't mean he's sexually inadequate."

Men will find out that an honest approach, free of grudges and inferiority complexes, is a lot more pleasant and less taxing than having a miserable disposition. Perhaps the most-encouraging words come from Dr. Sheila Jackman of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City: "The capacity for normal sexual response can last into the 80s and beyond."

So by no means does an aging man need to throw in the towel to sex. As Dr. Rothman says, "If a man doesn't interpret a less-responsive penis as a personal failure, he can make the most of each sexual experience and find comfort in knowing there are more moments to come. Each encounter is like an insurance policy for future enjoyment." Citing an adage that applies to the very essence of man's sexuality-the erection-Dr. Rothman sums up: "If you don't want to lose it, use it." La



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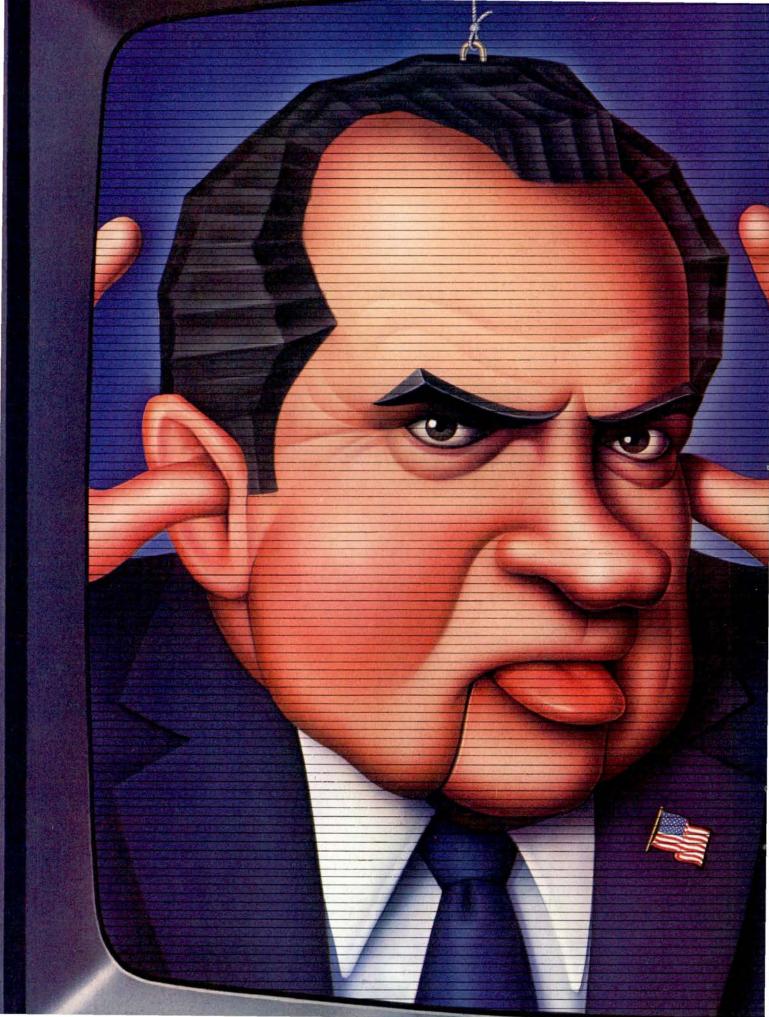
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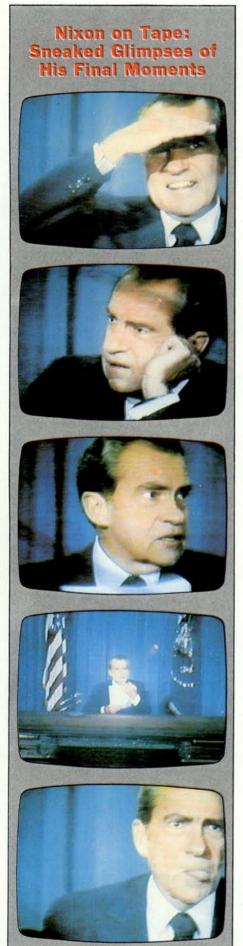
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THE LAST STATION TO SET LA CONTROLLA TAPE

ANALYSIS BY DR. WALTER F. FERGESON

By early evening on Thursday, August 8, 1974, the long national nightmare was only hours away from ending. For 2,027 days Richard Milhous Nixon had run the country as if his office were under siege. But now-nearly 800 days after the Watergate break-in and the seemingly endless revelations of burglaries, crooked campaign contributions and bribes, bugging devices, enemies lists and monumental abuses of power-Nixon's defenses had finally vanished. The smoking gun had gone off four days earlier when the President was pressured by several congressmen to issue a tape transcript amounting to a devastating confession that he had obstructed justice and had lied to the American people and his own defense counsel. For the first time in American history a Chief Executive would resign his office. Most of us remember the events that led to his resignation. We know that all of Nixon's tapes-4,000 hours' worth-have been cataloged by 12 employees of the National Archives. All except one. "The Last Secret Nixon Tape" is a recording made on that historic night of August 8, before Nixon informed 110 million television viewers that he was stepping down. This time the joke was on "Tricky Dick." In perhaps the only instance since Nixon had installed hidden Sony taping devices in the Oval Office, Lincoln Sitting Room and Executive Office Building in 1971, someone had secretly recorded him. And it was not just an audio recording, Nixon was on videotape, captured in glorious color during the most emotional moment of the entire sordid Watergate saga. Nixon had visited the Executive Office Building to tell Congressional leaders that he would resign effective noon on Friday, August 9. "I don't know when I'll ever come back to Washington-if ever," he told



them. Then he seemed at a loss for words, wondering aloud whether his suit fit properly for the TV address.

At 8:05 p.m. he had walked into the Cabinet Room, where 46 of his closest advisers saw the President's eyes welled with tears. "I just hope you won't feel I have let you down," he said. Nixon was not the only one crying. The eyes of nearly every person gathered for Nixon's "Last Supper" were filled with tears.

Then he met privately with his chief of staff, General Alexander Haig, in a small room next to the Oval Office. "Al, I'm sorry that I cracked up a bit in there," he said. "But when I see other people cry, particularly when they are crying for someone else than themselves, it just gets to me. I'll be all right now; so there's nothing to worry about."

Nixon wasn't all right; there was something to worry about. He still had to tell the nation that he was resigning. "To leave office before my term is complete is opposed to every instinct in my body," Nixon had once said. But now he had to bite the bullet. It was getting close to 9 p.m.—the time he would go on the air—and he needed to rehearse his speech and regain his composure.

Down in the bowels of the White House media room, TV producer Ron Gleason (not his real name) waited for Nixon's speech to begin. He was responsible for the television satellite feed to America's allies. At 8:53 p.m. Gleason saw an unexpected sight appear on his monitors—Nixon rehearsing his speech and clearly making a fool of himself. Instinctively he ordered a technician to start taping.

For the next seven minutes Gleason did something many Americans had wanted to do to Richard Nixon for a long time—catch him at his own game by making a secret, potentially embarrassing tape of the President.

(In the eight years since, Gleason has jealously guarded the videotape, permitting only a few friends to look at it. But somehow copies have leaked out, and some video outlets now sell them for \$400 apiece.)

This final tape is a candid portrait of Nixon at one of the most critical moments of his life. It reveals the many sides of his character—the secretive Nixon, the defeated Nixon, the powerful Nixon and the "I'm just a poor boy from Whittier" Nixon.

As a medical doctor with a residency in psychiatry, I have always thought Richard Nixon would be a compelling figure to analyze. His brooding, despondent, veiled character has fascinated other professionals besides myself. But Nixon despised psychiatrists and seemed fearful of having his mind read. A comment he made soon after President Dwight D. Eisenhower's heart attack in 1955 shows how much he hated being analyzed.

"Even a camera can misquote or misinterpret a man," said Nixon, who refused to let photographers take pictures of him at that time. "An unconscious, unintentional upturning of the lips can appear in a picture as a smile at so grave a moment. On the other hand, too serious an expression could create an impression of fear and concern, which would be most unfortunate."

Without a doubt, Nixon was afraid that a doctor would read his mind and expose his real self. Many have written books that try to pry into his brain. But I was the first doctor to view the tape that catches Nixon with his Presidential guard down, showing his strange character in full force.

What follows is a transcript of "The Last Secret Nixon Tape." Nixon's remarks are italicized. Included are my comments pertaining to the President's facial expressions, gestures and his psychological state.

8:53 p.m. The furniture of the Oval Office has been removed, and a makeshift television stage is formed around Nixon's desk. Microphones dangle from above. An American flag is on the right. White House aide Steve Bull, official photographer Ollie Atkins, Secret Service Agent Dick Keiser and three TV technicians are present.

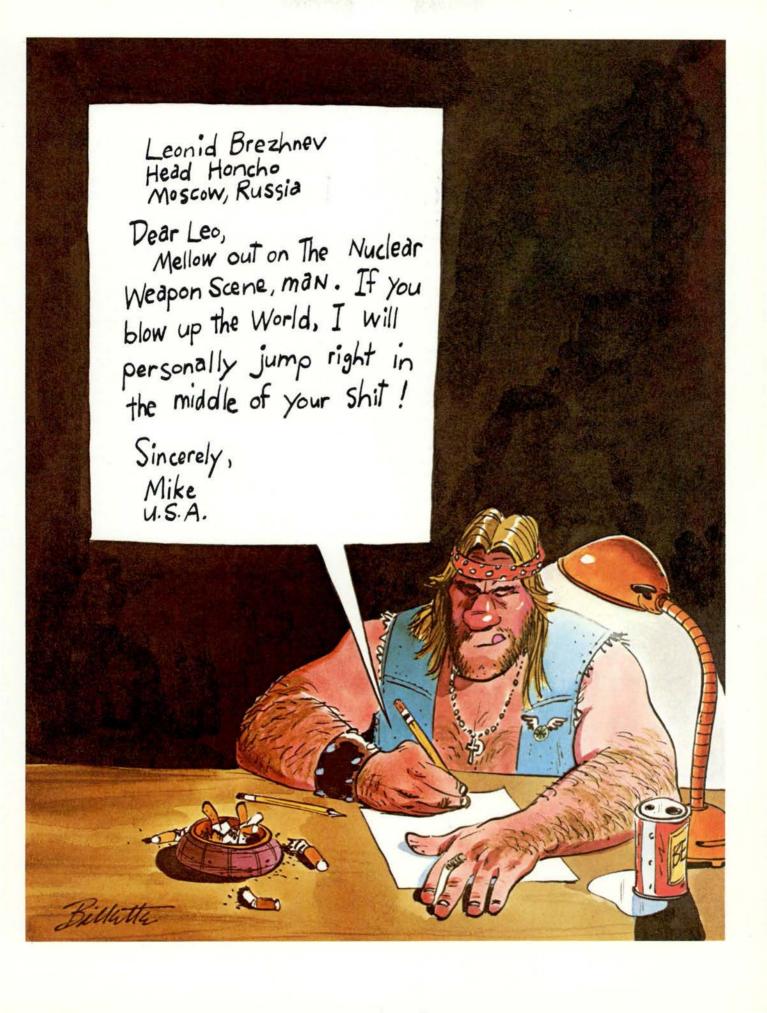
Waiting on the sidelines, Nixon is dressed in the same slate-blue suit and tie he wore at the Moscow summit conference in 1972. An American-flag pin is fastened to his lapel. His neatly combed hair had been cut earlier in the day by Milton Pitts, the man who cured Nixon's dandruff.

Two crew members are busy preparing the set. At the President's request the number of technicians has been kept to a bare minimum. No aides, friends or family members are in the room to share his disgrace in person. A heavyset, redheaded stagehand in a brown suit sits at Nixon's desk taking light readings. As Nixon walks on the set, the man jumps from the President's chair.

Hey, you're better looking than I am. Why don't you stay here?

For a second, Nixon's voice breaks, and it almost seems as if he wants the stagehand to deliver the speech. Will Nixon really resign? His famous line "I've never been a quitter" runs through my mind as I hear him say, "Why don't you stay here?"

In 1952, when Nixon had entered the NBC studios in Los Angeles to deliver



the famous speech about his dog Checkers, he was frightened to death of going on the air. "I don't think I can go through with this one," he said beforehand. Now, 22 years later, he has little choice in the matter. He either has to resign the Presidency or risk almost-certain impeachment.

The camera is focused at desk level, providing a close-up of Nixon's hands tightly gripping a copy of his speech. Small beads of sweat drip off his fingers. Obviously nervous, he tries to make small talk to dispel the anxiety swelling inside him.

Blondes, they say, photograph better than brunettes.

Presidential aide John Ehrlichman's description of Nixon "making passes" at girls attending the 1964 Republican convention immediately comes to mind. Maybe Nixon had a thing for blondes. Although he married a redhead, his first girlfriend—Ola-Florence Welch, daughter of Whittier, California's police chief—was a blonde.

Is that true or not?

"No, sir," the stagehand replies.

That true or not? You are a blonde, aren't you?

Again the answer is no.

Redhead? No, uh? Then we are the same. The camera is focused tight on Nixon's face. At first, he clenches his jaw with his left hand, looking into the distance. The expression suddenly changes when he says, "Then we are the same," and breaks into that familiar "Nixon's the One" campaign smile.

He straightens his jacket and stares out at the cameras. His hand covers his forehead to cut down the glare of the TV lights. His movements are the standard robot jerkiness for which he is known. It's clear that he's uncomfortable.

Despite the harshness of the lighting, the pupils of his eyes are very dilated, indicating a surge of adrenaline—but not from drugs, as some speculate. The remnants of tears from the Cabinet episode frame his eye sockets, which are drawn and sunken into the depths of his face.

An exchange of conversation begins between Nixon and the head of the CBS camera crew. The President is introduced to the crew.

Have you got an extra camera in case the

lights go out?

"This is the primary camera, and this is the backup camera," a technician replies. Obviously anxious, Nixon sticks out his tongue and wets his lips while the camera setup is explained. He tries to make a joke to ward off his anxiety.

That's an NBC camera, I presume?

For a split second, Nixon lets his subconscious emerge. Twenty-two years earlier it was an NBC camera that had filmed his Checkers speech and turned a personal defeat into victory. On this night, he wants those cameras to say NBC. But his subconscious wish goes unfulfilled; the cameras are clearly marked with the CBS logo.

Standard joke.

There's mild laughter. Nixon smiles. He looks up at the ceiling.

Let me see; did you get the lights properly? He abruptly changes his thought, squints and stares at the camera.

My eyes always have—you'll find that they get past 60—

His thought breaks.

That's enough!

The hint of a smile on his face has now vanished. Frowning, he turns his head to the right. His baggy jowls are literally shaking. A camera clicks.

My friend Ollie always wants to take a lot of pictures of me. I'm afraid he'll catch me

picking my nose.

With a childlike, sheepish grin he shakes his head back and forth like a clown. He is struggling with a memory of his childhood when he was caught doing something that was forbidden. Besides, Watergate was not the first breakin with which Nixon had been associated. Back in 1936, while a student at Duke University Law School, he had masterminded a break-in of the dean's office without being caught. But his luck had run out the second time around.

On camera, the hard Presidential exterior has given way; Nixon has dropped his guard. Through his subconscious he has admitted guilt in the Watergate affair; he has been caught picking his nose. He has covered up Watergate, and it is time to be punished.

He wouldn't print that, would you, though, Oddie-ah, Ollie?

Again Nixon exposes his guilt. He mispronounces photographer Ollie Atkins' name while struggling to regain his ego defenses and repress the childhood memory of being caught doing something naughty. He tries to cover up his subconscious admission of guilt—"I'm afraid they'll catch me"—with his request "You wouldn't turn me in, would you?"

"No, sir," Atkins answers. Then Nixon's conscious mind takes over. He realizes what he has said. His sheepish grin becomes a serious Nixon scowl.

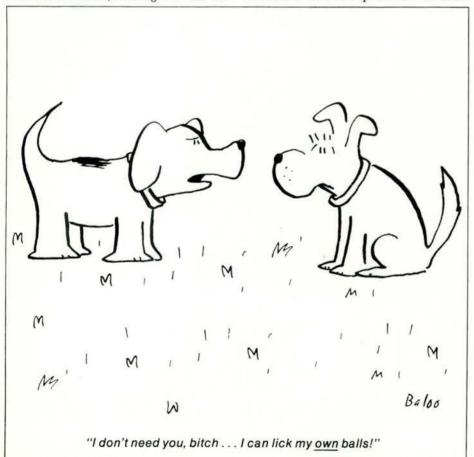
You can take a long shot, but that's

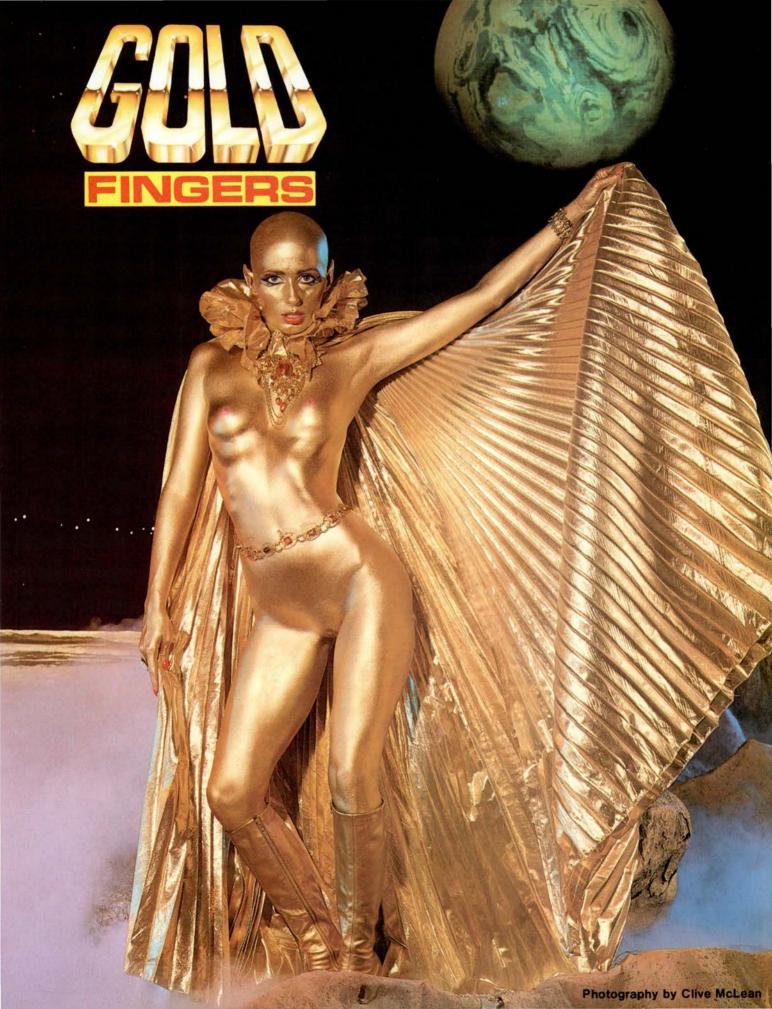
enough right now.

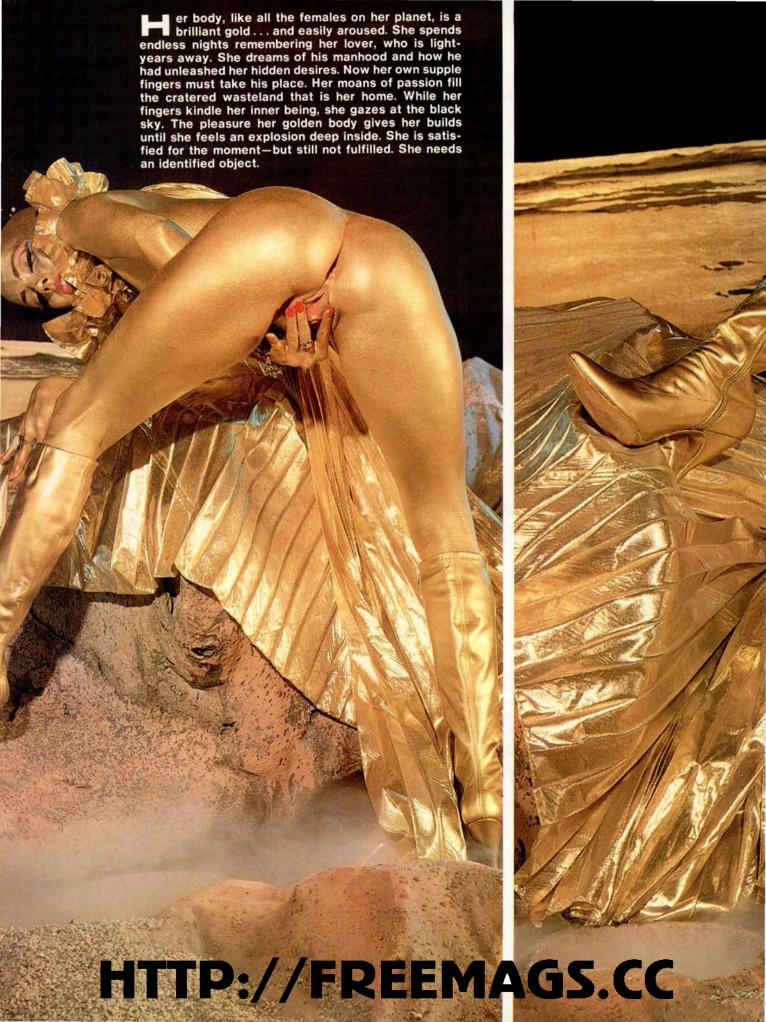
The voice has changed. He sounds more strained. The earlier confidence he had shown in Alexander Haig's office is beginning to fade as he looks at the pages of his speech. He senses that the end is near.

I guess I can see it.

Reality has sunk in as he glances over (continued on page 46)

















(continued from page 38)

the several white pages that seal his fate. His eyes look up with a touch of disbelief. He realizes what he is doing. He sticks out his tongue a couple of times and licks his lips. His mouth seems to be incredibly dry. Briefly studying the speech, his eyes dart back and forth in the shifty Nixon fashion that impressionists like Rich Little have exaggerated and made a Nixon trademark.

Oh, you want a level, don't you? Yes, yes. He picks up the papers and turns on his Presidential voice.

Good evening. This is the 37th time I have spoken to you from this office, where so many decisions have been made that shaped the history of our nation.

He stops, looking smugly at the crew. See, he seems to be indicating, I'm still the President. For a split second he gloats.

Need any more?

A technician says he does, and Nixon shifts back into his Presidential demeanor,

Each time, I have done so to discuss with you some matters that I believe affected the national interest—okay?

Nixon lets out a sigh of relief. He's rehearsed enough. It's time to take command again.

Ollie, only the CBS crew now is to be in

this room during this. Only the crew. No, no, there will be no picture. It's after the broadcast. You've taken your picture.

The dark side of Nixon's character has returned, the need to be in complete control. Awkwardly, his right hand sweeps across the screen as he says, "Only the crew," shaking his head back and forth. It's as if he's saying, "No, you are not going to catch me resigning." But Atkins ignores Nixon and snaps off a quick burst of photos.

Didn't you take one just now? That's it! You know, because we don't want to be, we didn't let the rest of the press take one. Take one right now. This is right after the broadcast.

Nixon pauses for a second. Atkins clicks away.

You got it. Come on, okay?

Down to the wire, Nixon keeps on deceiving the American public. The photo Atkins would later release to the wire services wasn't taken during the resignation speech. It was taken during this rehearsal. Nixon hadn't yet told the American people he was quitting when the picture was snapped.

Okay—all right— fine—fine. I'm not going to make the other photographers mad by giving you too many. Now that's enough. Okay?

Atkins stops shooting. Nixon grabs his speech and crumples the papers a couple of times. He is still antsy and looks worried. Suddenly, his mood changes.

Now, all Secret Service.

He scouts the premises.

Are there any Secret Service in the room? "Yes." Agent Keiser answers.

Are you required to?

Nixon motions for him to leave, and his mood shifts again. A broad grin flashes across his face. He assumes that hunchback and shrugged-shoulder appearance that cartoonists amd impressionists have lampooned so well.

I was just kidding you. Didn't we usually have more than one? Didn't we usually have more than one?

Nixon is now trying to be one of the boys, one of his constant character traits. But when he would joke and pal around, it was generally awkward and strained.

Keiser replies to his question: "Not when you speak in here." Apparently the presence of only one Secret Service man was required when the President spoke in the Oval Office. Nixon moves off camera but can still be heard.

I see. Fine—but it is better for the crew [to have] as few strangers as possible. That's right, absolutely. Sometimes I have talked to my Hollywood friends, and it drives them nuts to have people around them.

Once more Nixon conveys his desire to be one of the boys, part of the crowd—a Hollywood regular—although he always maintained that he hated flashy parties.

Was Nixon worried that he was going crazy? There must have been some internal conflict when he said the word nuts, because his voice picked up and he put so much emphasis on it.

"One-and-a-half minutes to air," says a technician, interrupting Nixon's train of thought.

I'd better get into position.

Nixon moves behind his desk and fumbles with his speech. "I'd like you to move your pages away," says a crew member who doesn't want Nixon to hit the microphone and cause a distracting noise

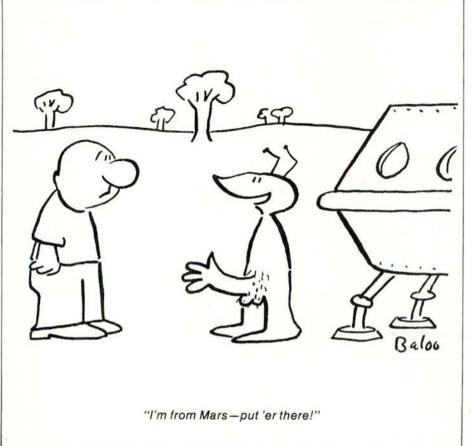
Well, if I can—depending on whether I can see. I'll try to—I mean, I'll try to. You mean, move them like this? Would that help you?

Nixon looks worried. A bead of perspiration drops from his forehead.

Am I straight in the back? Would you mind checking my collar? Is it—it's not ruffled up?

He coughs and clears his throat, taking a last look at the speech as he waits. An exterior view of the White House flashes on the screen. Technicians scurry around the room.

Tension mounts with the announcement of ten seconds to airtime. You can





"Oh, Nanook, you're the best French-kisser in the Arctic Circle!"

virtually read Nixon's thoughts: "Where is Checkers when I need him?"

Five seconds to air.

Nixon gets his cue, oblivious to the fact that the cameras have already been rolling for five minutes. This is it. He's on for real.

Good evening. This is the 37th time I have spoken to you from this office....

Sixteen minutes later he completes the ordeal. The following afternoon, after taking the oath of office, incoming President Gerald R. Ford proclaims, "Our nightmare is over."

Although "The Last Secret Nixon Tape" is somewhat of a novelty, it does have historical significance. The seven minutes provide a candid look at a rare moment of American history, allowing doctors such as myself to analyze Nixon's character more thoroughly—devoid of any public pretense. The tape reveals a man broken, a tragic figure desperately trying to maintain a facade of innocence.

Nixon's belief in his innocence was rooted in a lack of identification with reality. During rehearsal, practicing the first part of his speech, he looks at the white pages closely. For a second, reality closes in; he knows that he screwed up. Moments later, however, Nixon's defense mechanisms surface again as his version of reality returns. He becomes

recalcitrant and stubborn in the face of overwhelming evidence against him.

Throughout his political career, Nixon channeled his emotional energy into a quest for power. The more power he obtained, the more he craved. What came out of this undying fascination with power was his blindness to reality. His wall of denial protected him from the harshness of reality and defended him from the panic of those paranoid feelings that originated in the passive half of his character.

Often underestimated by armchair headshrinkers, Nixon's passivity clearly emerges from this videotape. His indirectness, ambivalence, secretiveness, dramatic exhibitionism and certainly his deviousness to the very end—as evidenced by his deception concerning the resignation-speech photograph—signal a man suffering from a passive-aggressive personality disorder.

Customarily, the American public saw the aggressive half: Congressman Nixon chasing down suspected Communist Alger Hiss; Vice President Nixon jawboning with Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev in a kitchen at the Moscow Trade Fair; and candidate Nixon on the campaign trail.

His passive half was usually exhibited outside the glare of the media. "Nobody is a friend of ours; let's face it," Nixon once told Presidential counsel John

Dean. After four students were massacred by Ohio National Guardsmen at Kent State University, he showed up in the middle of the night at the Lincoln Memorial and talked about—of all things—football.

This passive-aggressive personality doomed Nixon. He was psychologically programmed to fail. As Dr. David Abrahamsen said in his book Nixon vs. Nixon, "To a man such as Nixon, failure is the worst possible punishment he can conceive. So he becomes in effect his own executioner. He punishes himself by arranging his own failure."

Nixon unwittingly arranged his own execution with the secret tapes. Since he could not get back at his enemies directly, he sought to achieve the retaliation his subconscious mind so frantically wanted by taping them.

Nixon struggled with the fact that he really felt nobody was his friend, and he needed to vent his anger against those who persecuted him. He continued to make the tapes even during the Watergate investigation because the tapes were indeed part of him, part of his subconscious mind—a way he could express his inner conflicts.

If Nixon's Watergate tapes were part of his subconscious mind, the practice-resignation tape represents an epileptic fit—a part of his mind he couldn't control. Had he been aware that someone was taping him during his last few moments before his national embarrassment, he undoubtedly would have panicked and quite possibly would have broken down.

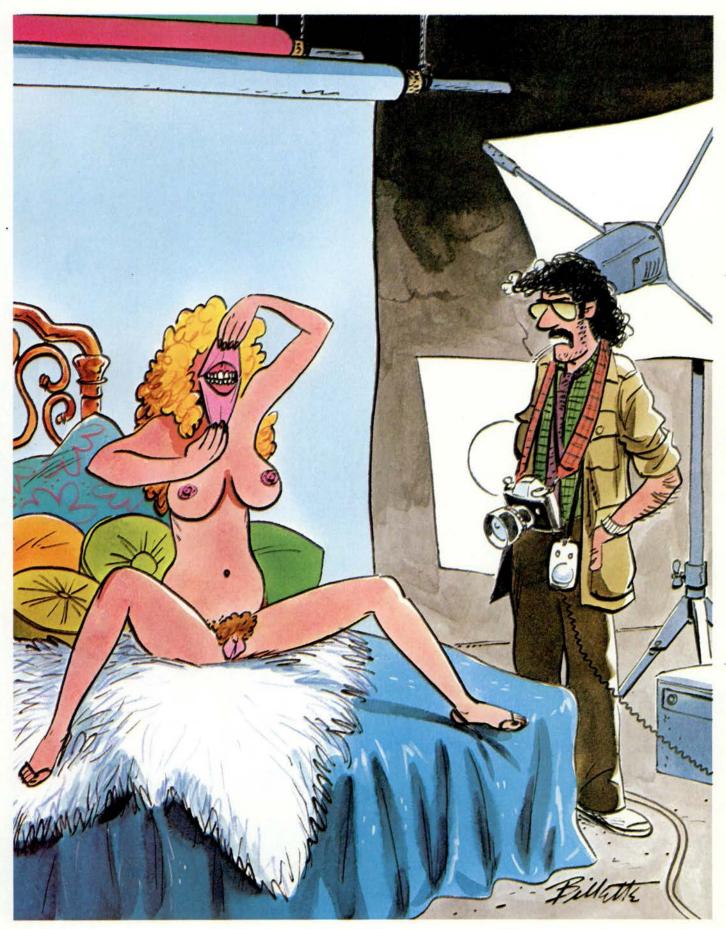
His remark "You're better looking than I am" reveals his low self-esteem and confirms several public statements by those close to the President who said he was extremely vain. He never wore his glasses in public until his farewell to the White House staff before flying off to his home in San Clemente, California. His question "Is my collar straight?" confirms his vanity.

The secret videotape also verifies Nixon's need to be in control—a reflection of his anal orientation or, more simply, his obsessive personality. He demonstrates this by his desire to kick the Secret Service agent out of the Oval Office.

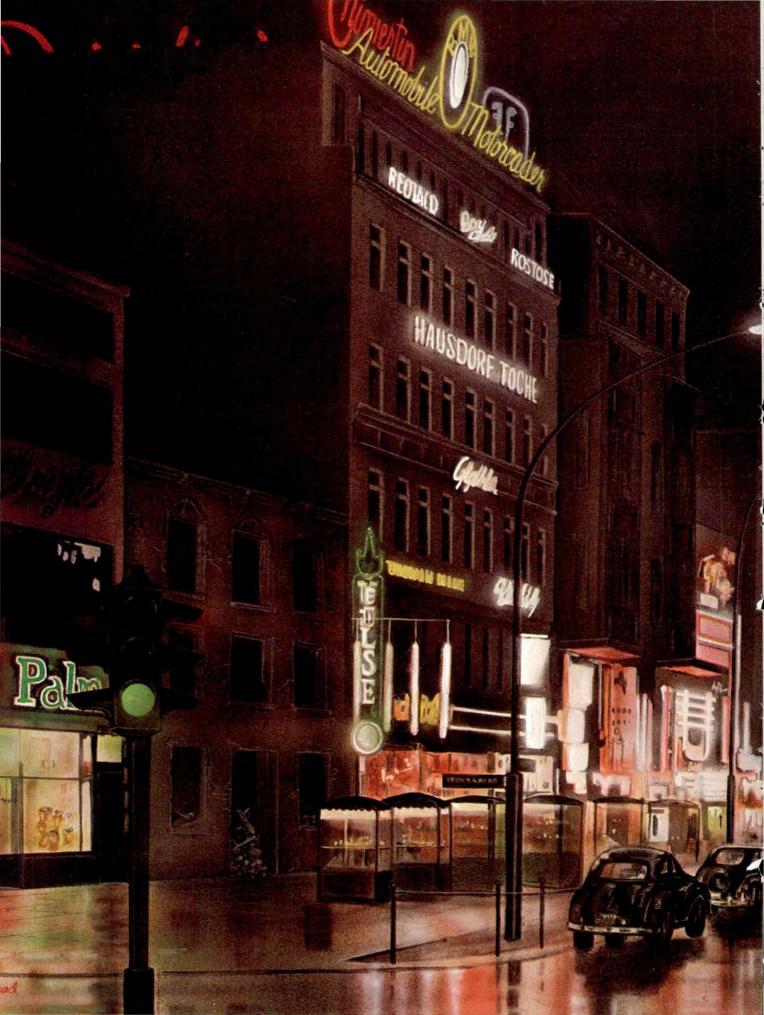
Even at the end, Nixon wanted everybody to know he still had power, as evidenced by his forcefulness with his personal photographer and the Secret Serviceman. Earlier, at "The Last Supper," he told his advisers, "As I am winging back to California, I will still have the black box aboard the plane up until the moment of transition." (The black box contains the mechanism to

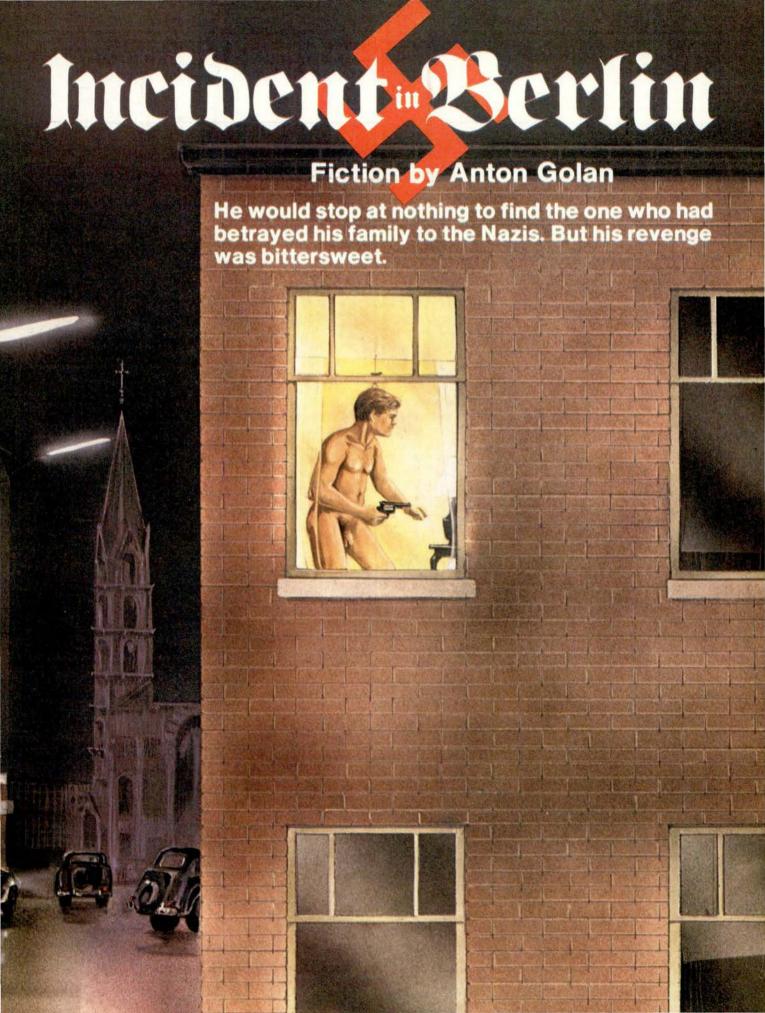
(continued on page 134)





"Baby, those ain't the lips I want you to spread."





Toachim Adler, 11 years old, looked up at his mother with a look that said, "I'm still hungry!" Smiling, Miriam Adler passed her son the steaming dish of *Bratkartoffeln*, the delicious German fried potatoes that were a family favorite.

"I don't know where he puts all that food," giggled Joachim's older sister, Ruth. "He must have a wooden leg!"

Toward the head of the table, 17-yearold Alfred Adler looked darkly at his father. "We are foolish to stay here, pretending that life goes on as usual," he said. "We should long ago have followed Uncle Isaac and Aunt Naomi to America. Every day we stay here in Berlin, the greater the danger."

Dr. Jacob Adler's dark eyes searched his son's face. "And what would you have me do, my son?" he asked. "Abandon our home, our lives, all we have worked for? Germany is our fatherland, Alfred. I fought for the Kaiser in the Great War."

"Germany is no longer the country of the Jews, Father," Alfred said bitterly. "It is the country of brownshirts and lunatics. Weren't you listening to what Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop said in January? 'The spread of Jewish influence and its corruption of our political, economic and cultural life has perhaps done more to undermine the German people's will to prevail than all the hostility shown us by the Allied powers since the Great War.' That sounds to me like a man who means business, Father. And what about the Crystal Night last year, when Hitler's thugs smashed our stores and looted our temples? What about the arrests, the deportations?"

Dr. Adler looked sternly at his son. "Our people have seen terrible times before," he said, "and not just here in Germany. Do you think we would fare any better in Russia or France? Besides, my colleagues at the university would never tolerate such harassment of a member of the faculty of medicine."

Alfred shot his father an exasperated look.

"Now, hush, Alfred," Dr. Adler said.
"The dinner table is not the place for such talk, not with your mother and Ruth and Joachim here to listen."

There was a loud knock at the door. "Who could that be?" Mrs. Adler asked as she scurried to open it.

Standing before her in the open doorway were three men wearing the dreaded black uniform of the SS. "Is this the home of Dr. Jacob Adler?" the tallest of the three demanded.

Dr. Adler rose from the table. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I am Oberleutnant Kiesel," the tall SS officer announced. "You and your family are under arrest."

At the dinner table little Joachim began to cry. His mother moved to comfort

"On what charges?" Dr. Adler asked, his face clouding.

"You are charged with making statements treasonous to the Reich," announced Kiesel, unholstering his Luger. "With holding secret meetings with Jew Bolshevik agents. With conspiring with other Jew trash to undermine the peace and welfare of the glorious German people."

"Lies!" shouted Dr. Adler. His wife's face had turned white as a shroud.

"We have the signed statements of a witness," said Kiesel. "You will come with us now."

"But the children," protested Mrs. Adler. "I must prepare warm clothing. I must—"

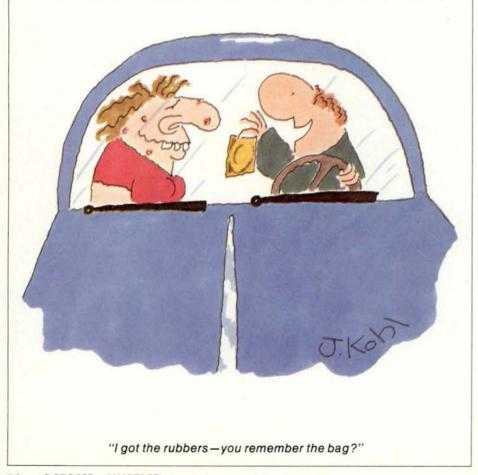
"Now," Kiesel repeated, motioning with his pistol.

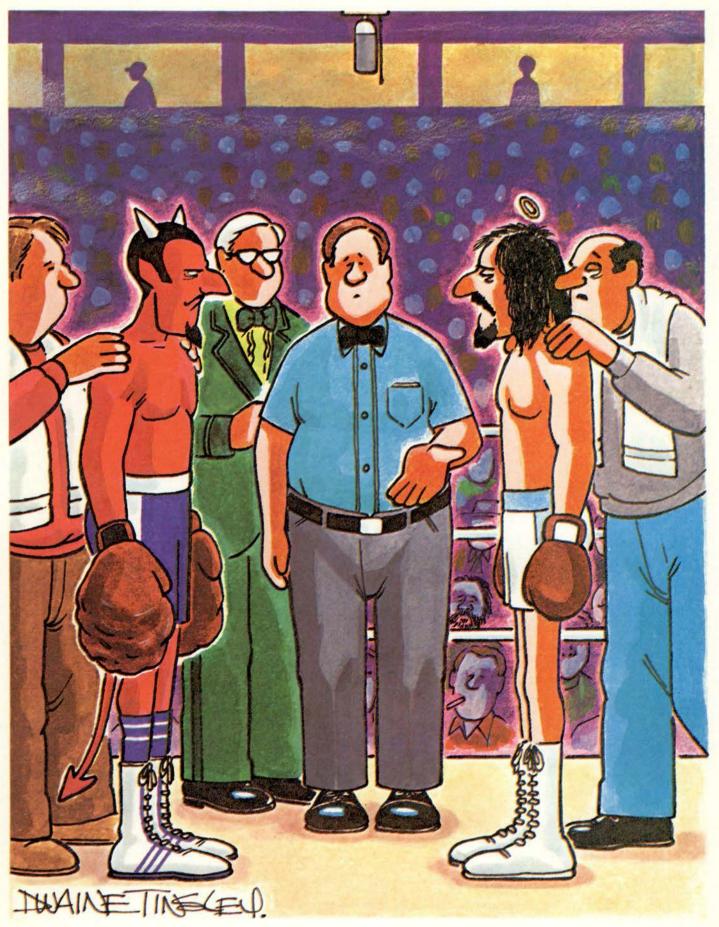
Alfred Adler awoke in a cold sweat. He'd had the dream hundreds of times since that night in 1939, and it never failed to leave him shaking and terrified. It was as if his subconscious wouldn't let him go, wouldn't let him forget the last night he'd seen his mother and father, his brother Joachim and his sister Ruth alive.

He rubbed his eyes and looked slowly around his Berlin hotel room. Then he walked wearily toward the bathroom to shower and shave.

As he scraped the razor over his face, he thought of the difficulty of the task that had brought him back to Berlin, 16 years after the arrest of his family. That dreadful evening in 1939 had been the beginning of a six-year nightmare for Alfred Adler, a nightmare he shared with millions of other subjects of the short-lived Thousand-Year Reich. Separated from his family, he was shipped to Bergen-Belsen. Luckily, he was young and strong and able to work. Otherwise, he would soon have joined the millions who perished in Hitler's extermination camps.

His youth and strength didn't last long under the brutal conditions at Belsen. But during the first few months of his internment, Adler learned enough guile and trickery to enable him to survive. He performed simple administrative tasks for his Nazi masters, and his submission was rewarded with extra food rations. These weren't much, often only a second potato or a hard loaf of black bread, but they made the difference between life and death.





"Watch this guy, Champ. Fucker's been known to fight dirty!"

He avoided the gas chamber himself by taking on those jobs that no inmate would touch-and that most of the others would have rather died than do. For 21/2 years he was a member of the camp's hated SK, the Sonderkommando corps of prisoners who were despised both by their guards and by their fellow inmates. As an SK, Adler dug mass graves. He hauled bodies from the gas chambers to the crematory ovens. He knocked the gold fillings from the teeth of dead Jews. While teenage boys in other parts of the world were growing up safe and sound, Alfred Adler lived through basic training for hell.

And during those monstrous years from the time of his family's arrest to the day in 1945 when U.S. infantrymen liberated Adler and a handful of other emaciated walking corpses from the ruins of Bergen-Belsen, he kept himself alive by remembering one thing. "We have the signed statements of a witness," SS Oberleutnant Kiesel had said on that night in 1939.

A witness. Someone, Adler knew, had denounced his family to the Nazis. If that person still lived, Adler would hunt him down like the Angel of Death. It was ridiculous to think of settling old scores. How could one man be made to suffer as much as the entire Adler family

had suffered during World War II? But Alfred Adler was resolved to find that witness and to make him pay. It was a resolve that had turned into an obsession, filling every waking moment of his life and tormenting his dreams.

He finished shaving, then stepped into the shapeless brown suit he'd chosen because it was an anonymous-looking garment. Adler next opened his suitcase and removed a Smith & Wesson snubnosed .38 police special. He checked to make sure its chambers were fully loaded, saw that the safety catch was in the "on" position, and slipped the gun into his pocket. Then he walked out of his room and took the elevator downstairs to the lobby.

At the desk he picked up a copy of the Berliner Tageblatt, the city's largest daily newspaper. The day's date was May 5, 1955. The headline read, "WEST GER-MANY JOINS NATO."

Adler looked at the paper with disgust. So now all is forgiven, he thought. The rapists and killers have done their penance, and the free world is ready to forgive them .

His thoughts were interrupted by the reservation clerk, Elfriede Feuerstein. "Going out, mein Herr?" she asked.

He looked up. She was an attractive woman, about his own age, he guessed, with dark hair and large, sad eyes. "Yes, Fraulein Feuerstein," he said. "It's a business matter. I expect to be back before dinner."

"Good day to you, then," she said, giving him a half-smile.

He left the lobby and walked outdoors. It was drizzling, and the streets of Berlin looked gray and somber.

It was growing dark by the time Adler returned to the hotel. Miss Feuerstein was putting telephone-message memos in the guests' mail slots, her final duty before turning over the desk to the night clerk. She turned as Adler walked past the desk.

"Did you have a profitable day, Herr Keller?" she smiled.

He turned toward her. She'd obviously checked his room number to find out who he was. He'd registered as Richard Keller, the name his false passport bore, reasoning that since he was on an errand of vengeance, it made sense to take all possible precautions.

"Moderately profitable," he nodded. It was a lie. His "business matter" remained unresolved. He'd spent the day as he'd spent the last 12 days, walking the streets of Berlin, checking old addresses, asking questions and receiving no answers. He was bone-tired, discouraged and-he suddenly realized-lonely. As an afterthought, he asked, "Fraulein Feuerstein, if you don't have plans, would you have a drink with me tonight?'

She smiled again. "Why, thank you, Herr Keller. That would be very nice. I get off in about ten minutes. Shall we meet in the bar?"

"Certainly," he nodded.

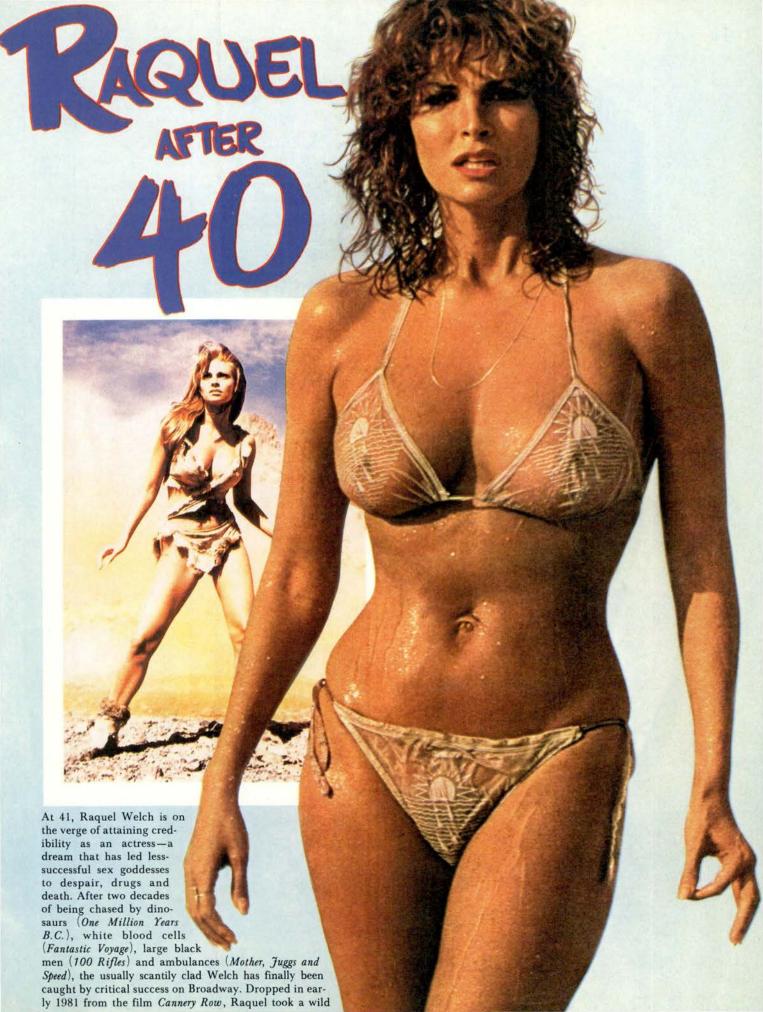
He walked through the lobby and into the hotel bar, taking a table near the door. A waiter appeared, took his order and promptly brought him a glass of schnapps. Sipping his drink, Adler mused over the frustrations of his two weeks in Berlin. Every alley had been a blind one; every end had been dead. He was no closer to finding that anonymous witness now than when he'd started.

He knew that the job wouldn't be easy. It was one thing to be Simon Wiesenthal, he thought, the famous Nazihunter. Wiesenthal met with assistance and cooperation wherever he went. But Wiesenthal's quarries were big fish, public enemies, known war criminals such as Adolf Eichmann, Martin Bormann and Dr. Josef Mengele.

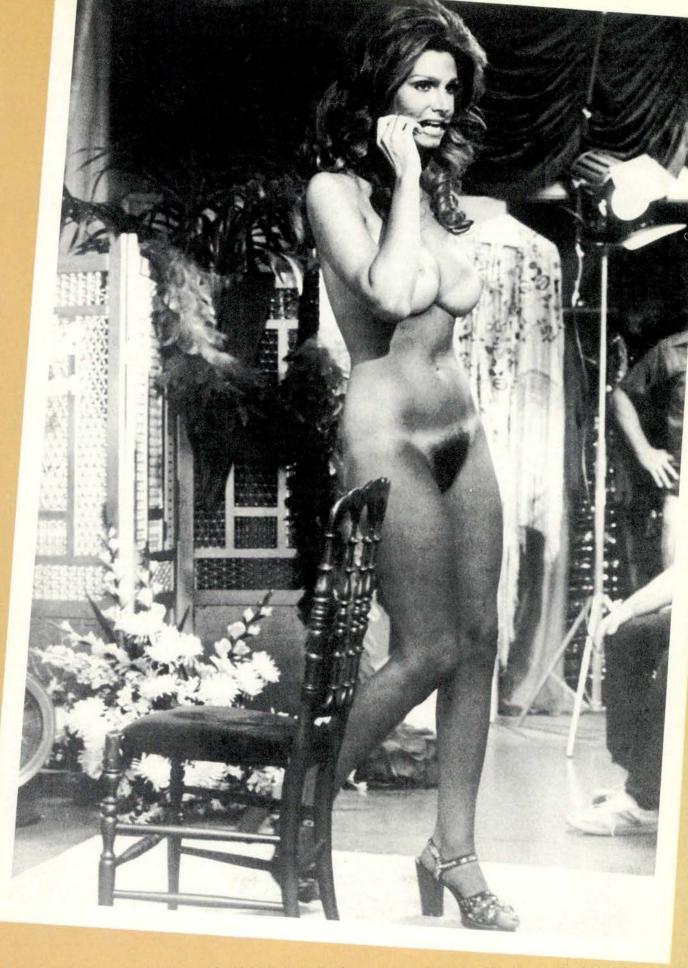
It would be quite another matter to approach a citizen of the German Federal Republic and ask, "Do you know Herr So-and-so at such-and-such

(continued on page 58)









And then this photo came to our attention. Could this be Raquel Welch in the early days of her career? We think it is. Obviously taken on a movie set (note the lights and stagehand on the right),

this amazing candid shot could be the revealing look at the muchpublicized figure that her admirers around the globe have been waiting to see. Should anything this terrific be kept a secret? (continued from page 54)

an address? Why? Well, you see, I'm looking for information that will lead me to the man who betrayed my family to the Nazis. When I find that man, I'm going to kill him." No, Adler's "business matter" was personal. He could expect no help from the German authorities, and very little from ordinary people.

Elfriede Feuerstein joined him shortly after six and ordered an iced vodka. "Thank you so much for the kind invitation to join you, *Herr* Keller," she said as he lighted her cigarette. "I hope you have been enjoying our city during your stay."

"I have indeed," Adler replied. "It is quite beautiful." It was another lie. Postwar Berlin was a city of drab stone and bombed-out ruins, a city of spies and intrigue, a city divided into occupied zones separated from each other by military checkpoints. The Berlin of his boyhood, the city of the imposing Reichstag, the tree-lined Unter den Linden and the monumental Brandenburg Gate—that Berlin had been a beautiful city.

"May I ask what brings you here?"
"I've come from the United States,"
Adler answered. "I'm in the import
business there, and I deal extensively in

German cameras. It seemed an ideal time to visit my suppliers." Much of his story was true. After the war the Reparations Committee awarded Adler a substantial sum of money to compensate for the family wealth confiscated by the Nazis.

He emigrated to the United States and set himself up as an importer of German cameras and lenses. The country's optical industry, under the leadership of such companies as Zeiss and Leica, was still the best in the world. He refused to deal in film, though, because I. G. Farben and a number of other big chemical concerns had been among Hitler's most enthusiastic supporters.

"Your German is excellent," Elfriede said. "You speak it almost like a native."

"Thank you," he countered smoothly. "My parents were born in Hamburg. They emigrated to the United States in 1921, and we usually spoke German at home."

After three drinks it seemed reasonable for Adler to ask the woman to join him for dinner. She accepted. Together they left the hotel, got into her Opel Rekord and drove to a small restaurant in the Kaisersallee.

At dinner, Adler learned that Elfriede had grown up in Berlin. Her father, a career army officer, had been killed in the siege of Stalingrad. Her mother had died during the first hard winter after the war. Elfriede had survived the chaos and destruction of Berlin's final days, and had gone on to build a life for herself as Germany rebuilt from its own ruins.

"And why has a beautiful girl like you never married?" Adler asked over an after-dinner brandy.

She looked at him. "I had a fiance," she said. "He was in the Wehrmacht, a boy my own age. Our families had been friends for years. It had been expected that we would marry when we finished our schooling."

Elfriede swallowed the last of her brandy. "He was drafted out of the university during his first year. He died defending one of the Rhine crossings. The first few years after the war, times were so hard that no one had any chance to think of such things as marriage. After that, well, it seemed—I think you Americans have a saying, 'beside the point'?"

"I'm very sorry," Adler said.

"Thank you," she answered. "Many horrible things happened to all of us during the war. I suppose I am one of the lucky ones. I survived, even though my family and the boy I was to marry did not."

Yes, he thought, you were one of the lucky ones, even at that. Adler signaled for the waiter, paid the check, and he and Elfriede drove back to the hotel in silence. As they pulled to the curb, he asked, "Would you like to come up to my room for a drink?"

She looked at him, hesitated for a moment and smiled. "Yes, I think I would like that," she said. The invitation meant the same thing, whether it was offered in German or English.

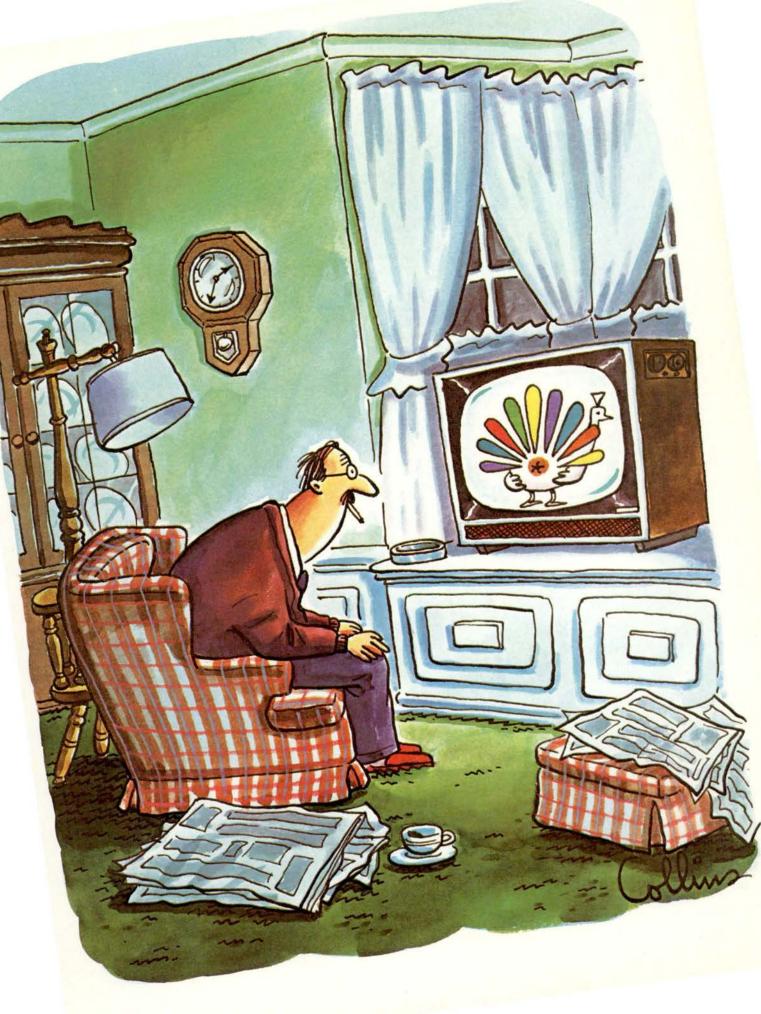
Once they were in his room, Adler went to the bathroom and brought out two glasses. "I'm afraid whiskey is all I have," he apologized.

Elfriede looked at him. Her sad eyes were smoky. She moved toward him, took the glasses out of his hand and set them on the sideboard. "Kuss mich," she said huskily.

He complied, meeting her moist lips with his own, forcing his tongue into her mouth, feeling her nibble his lower lip with her small, white teeth. He became conscious of a swelling in his groin and realized that he hadn't had a woman in a long time.

"Shall we undress?" he whispered. She nodded her agreement. He took his clothes off carefully, hanging his trousers with the .38 in the pocket over the back of a chair next to the bed. He watched the tall woman remove her dress, then her slip, then her garters and nylons from her long, smooth legs.





When she took off her panties and bra, Adler observed that her breasts were small, firm and pointed, and that she was a natural blonde.

They sank onto the bed together, clutching at each other with a feverish urgency. He reached between her legs, past her soft pubic mound, and slid two fingers into her cunt. Elfriede was already soaking wet. She began to moan as he worked his fingers inside her.

"Oh, ja," he heard her respond throatily as he bent his head to take one of her small, pink nipples into his mouth. "Oh, ja, ja, mein Schatz, es gefallt mir so viel..."

Her nipple was hard in his mouth now as he teased it with his teeth and tongue. The juices of her vagina flowed so freely that he could hear his fingers sloshing inside her as he whipped her into a frenzy. He removed his hand from her cunt, raised two fingers to his mouth and tasted her. Her insides were thick and sweet on his fingers, like the froth on a cup of Viennese coffee.

He moved his hand back down her body and began to masturbate her again, paying special attention to her now-hardened clitoris. Her legs scissored around his arm as she twitched with passion. She moved one small hand toward his penis, caressed his balls and grasped the stiff shaft. "Wie fest!" she muttered, clutching his cock while his fingers moved inside her cunt. "Oh, Liebling, mir ist es so gut!"

He felt her climax approach as she held his cock even harder. Suddenly, her whole body stiffened, and she emitted a half-gasp, half-growl. The tension went out of her, and she lazily moved her hand up and down his prick until it throbbed in her hand.

"Wie schön," she sighed. "Wie schön, mein Liebchen." She removed his hand from her cunt and stared at him wickedly. "Und jetzt," she said, "ich will deinen Schlang aussaugen!"

It would have been difficult to mistake her meaning. Elfriede slid her head down his body, pausing to lick and tongue both his nipples on the way down his chest, then farther down toward his belly until she arrived at his prick. She buried her face in his dark pubic hair, snarling hungrily before engulfing his penis in her mouth. Adler's toes curled as she nibbled and gently bit the underside of his cock. He could see the shaft glisten with her saliva as she held one side of it in her hand, moving her mouth along its length, murmuring obscene German endearments.

Adler could feel his whole lower body constrict. The feeling started somewhere at the base of his spine. Elfriede continued her ministrations, jerking him off with her hand while popping his testicles in and out of her mouth. She moved back to his penis, flicking the head with her tongue before she swallowed the entire length in her mouth. Her head began to bob furiously up and down. Adler felt the tightness move to his asshole, then up to his swollen balls.

The German woman kept bobbing up and down on his shaft, sucking and slurping until he could hold back no longer. With a groan he released himself. He felt his cum travel through his cock before it splashed into her waiting mouth. His orgasm seemed to take forever; at least, he saw her throat expand and contract as she swallowed four, five, six times, taking all he could give her and gulping greedily for more.

Finally, it was over. Elfriede licked her lips, lapping a pearl of his semen from the side of her mouth. "Gut," she whispered.

Afterward, they lay in bed, smoking and not talking. Adler stared out the window at the black sky, remembering.

"What are you thinking?" Elfriede asked.

"Nothing much," Adler answered. It was another lie.

"When you look like that, I know you are somewhere else," she said. "I wonder where you are. I wish you were with me."

Adler's days in Berlin settled into a routine of walking, questioning and searching. Before embarking on his trip, he'd made a list of all the names and addresses he could remember from his boyhood. His father's colleagues, his mother's friends, the clinic where his father saw private psychiatric patients twice a week...all had been recalled and written down in an effort to retrace the steps of his previous life. He hoped only that someone somewhere would give him a clue that would enable him to track down his family's betrayer.

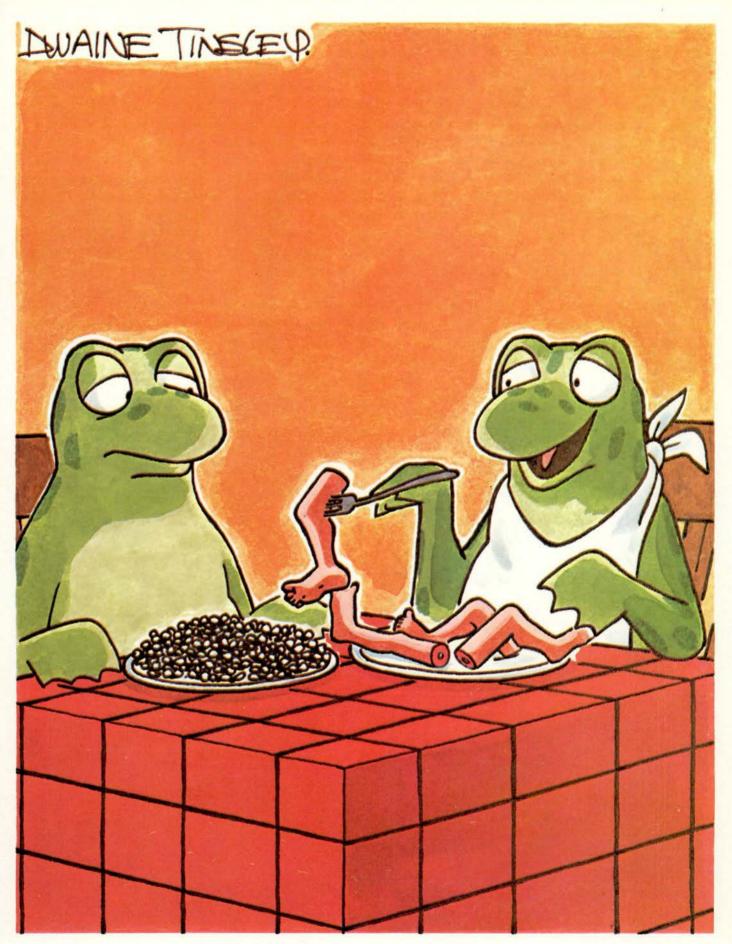
Each day, Adler would shower, shave, pocket his .38 and return to the streets of Berlin. Painstakingly he checked off names and addresses on his list, looking up each entry, always to no avail.

"One-fourteen Prinz Rupprechtstrasse," he read, the address of his father's clinic. He found the street, only to find that 114 no longer existed and that the row of small professional offices which once stood there had been replaced by a large, modern department store.

"Eleven Hanse Platz," he read, the address of one of his father's colleagues on the medical faculty of the university. That house still stood. He knocked on the door and waited until an elderly

(continued on page 74)





"Here, try some. They taste like chicken!"



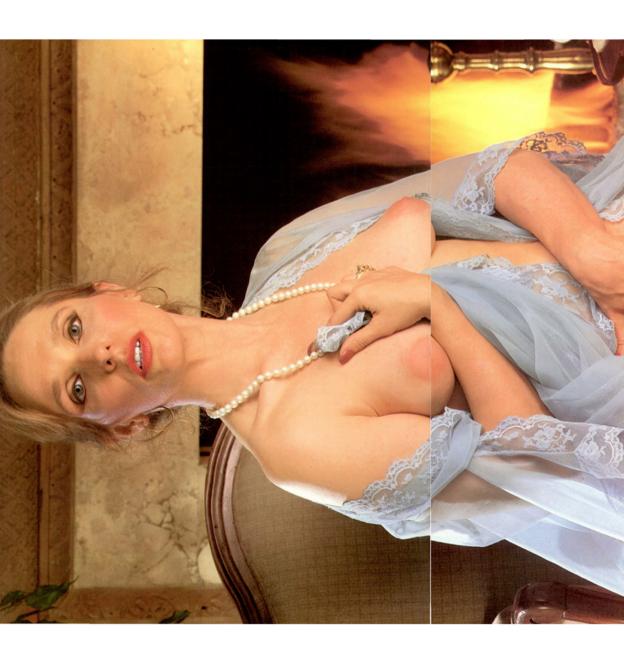


















ne day a priest came upon a little boy sitting on a curb crushing ants. "My son," said the priest, "that's no way to treat creatures of God's domain."

"Oh, yeah?" said the feisty child. "And why not, Father?"

"Because everything has a purpose in life, my son." The little boy shook his head negatively and said, "No, it don't either."

The priest thought a moment before saying, "Okay, name me three things that don't have a purpose in life."

"Sure," said the little boy. "Tits on a nun, balls on a priest, and these damn pissants!"

The inexperienced teenagers were in the back of the boy's darkened van having their first fuck. They

came to a violent, sweaty climax and then lay back exhausted and satisfied. "Man, that was, like, fantastic, Mindy!" the teen panted. "Did it hurt you the first time, like they

"It didn't hurt too bad," the young miss replied, "but I'm not sure we did it right."

"Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Oh, yes, Tommy," the girl said. "It's not that. I just don't think we did it right."

"What do you mean?" the boy asked.

"Well, look," the girl said, pointing to the boy's crotch. "You've got shit on your cock!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines cocaine addiction as: a condition created to tell you that you make too much money.

The newlyweds had barely checked into the scenic lakeside motel when the

groom, carrying his fishing gear, asked the manager about renting a boat. "Didn't you just get married?" the manager inquired.

"This morning," the man said. "But I really like to

"Yes, but shouldn't you be in there making love with your new bride?"

"I can't," the groom responded. "She has VD. Anyway, I really like to fish."

"Well, you know," the manager said, "that's not the only way to get your rocks off!"

"I know what you're saying," the groom said, "but she also has hemorrhoids and gum disease."

"If your wife has all those diseases, why'd you marry her?" the manager questioned.

"Well, she also has worms," the newlywed answered, "and like I said, I really like to fish!"

Two wrinkled old gentlemen were standing near the pool at a crowded nudist camp when a gorgeous naked beauty romped past. One of them remarked, "I hate being so damn old! Nothin' works right, and we're so loose and wrinkled."

His friend just groaned softly.

"It's terrible to have your flesh hanging from your body like old clothes on a line," the guy continued. "It's disgusting!"

His friend just shook his head and groaned again. "What's the matter, you old geezer!" shouted the complaining elderly gent. "Is that all you have to say?!"

"No," moaned the other old fellow, "you're standing on my left testicle."

Question: What's the last thing to go through a

bug's mind when it hits a windshield?

Answer: Its ass.

Embarrassed, the man related his problem to his physician. "It's my wife,

Doc. She eats like a horse.'

"That's not unusual," the doctor answered. "Many healthy women have hearty appetites."

"No, you don't understand," the man pleaded. "I mean, my wife stands on all fours in the barn and eats barley, oats and hay!"

"Hmm," the doctor said thoughtfully. After a moment's pause he went to his desk and began to write.

"What's that you're writing-a prescription?" the man asked.

"No," the doctor muttered. "It's a city permit so she can shit in the street."

The HUSTLER Dictio-

A john asked a prostitute if he could eat her pussy. She said yes and raised her skirt for him. He just sat there and stared at it for quite some time until she asked, "Is this the first pussy you've seen since you

The john replied, "No, but this is the first one I've seen large enough to crawl back in."

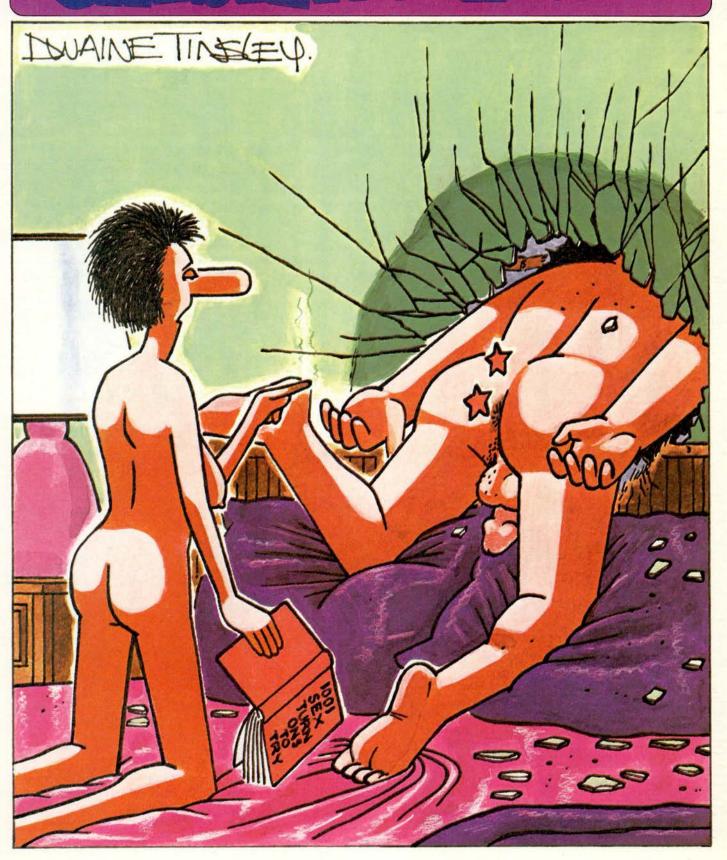
crawled out of one?"

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



nary defines an athlete making love as: jock in the box.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Well, that cancels out prostate massage."

(continued from page 60)

woman answered.

"Frau Kohler?" he asked.

"Nein," she answered. "I am the widow Grauer."

"Herr Professor Kohler and his wife were friends of my parents, before the war," he said. "Do you know where they might have moved-or if they are still alive?"

"I am sorry, young man," the old woman answered. "The people who lived here before me were named Hartmann. I do not know where the Kohlers have gone, or even who they are."

"I see," he said. "I'm sorry to have troubled you."

Each night, Adler would walk back alone, sometimes to his hotel room, other times to Elfriede's small apartment. Either they would go to a restaurant together or she would make dinner in her efficiency kitchen. Almost every night, they made love in a fever of passion and mutual need. Afterward both of them would lie awake for an hour or more, unable to drop off to sleep.

Adler realized that he had come to depend on the companionship of the German woman. She was tender and considerate, except in bed, where she was a hellcat. During sex was the only

time her reserve melted and her eyes ceased to be sad. He wondered about that sadness sometimes, then decided it was only natural. After all, virtually everyone in Europe in 1955, everyone who was old enough to have lived through the war, nursed a secret sorrow.

Adler knew that Elfriede must have been wondering about him too. He knew he wasn't giving a very convincing imitation of an American importer in Berlin on business. Each morning, he was intense and insistent on spending every daylight moment in his search. Each night, it was difficult for him to disguise the weariness and discouragement he felt. Elfriede had broached the subject to him several times, but Adler rewarded her each time with the same response. "It is a business trip, a routine matter, really," he said. "I shall have all these matters transacted shortly, and I'll have to go back to America.'

Adler knew that he would in fact have to return to the States soon, whether or not his search met with success. He was running out of money, and he could leave his business unattended only for so long. The sense that he might have come so far after so long, only to fail, tormented him constantly. It was like a small, evil rodent gnawing at his guts.

May turned to June, and still Adler

trudged the streets of Berlin. He had learned nothing more than what he'd been told by the International Refugee Committee in 1946. The records showed, the committee had said, that Jacob and Miriam Adler had been gassed and cremated at Dachau. His brother Joachim had been sent to the infamous children's camp at Terezin and had not been among the survivors when the camp was liberated. As for his sister Ruth, the committee expressed regret that no record could be found. It was probably just as well, Adler thought. When he stopped to consider the probable fate of a pretty, 15-year-old Jewish girl in the hands of the SS, the ideas that filled his head made him want to

Nowhere was there a written record of the trumped-up proceeding that had led to the Adler family's arrest. Nowhere was there a mention of the mysterious witness whose perjured testimony had condemned an entire family to death.

One day early in July, Alfred Adler realized that his search was over. He had checked out every name, every address on his list. The few leads he had developed during his time in Berlin had turned out to be false ones. He was out of money and out of patience, and he still had no idea of anyone whose enmity for his family could have been so intense as to lead to their betrayal.

He walked wearily back to Elfriede's apartment. She met him with a kiss. He sat down, poured himself a drink and awaited dinner. During the meal the two hardly spoke.

After dinner, Adler fell into bed, exhausted. Elfriede soon joined him. He had thought he was too tired and discouraged to make love, but her erotic technique soon persuaded him otherwise. She kissed and sucked "Am kleinen Hans," as she called his penis, until it stood up as straight and hard as an Iron Cross. He drove himself into her with the fury of an invading army, trying to purge himself of 16 years' worth of hatred and despair. When it was over, they lay back, spent and silent.

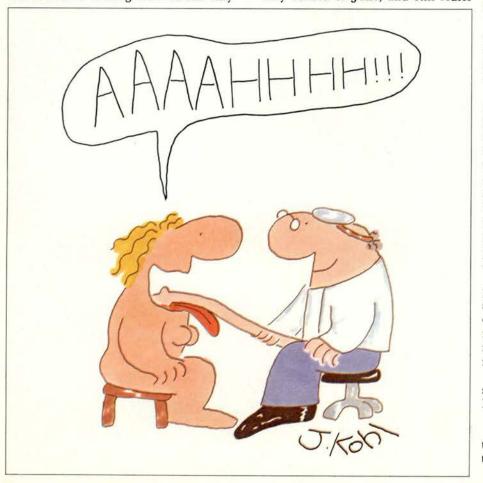
After a time, Adler turned to his companion. "Elfriede," he said, "there is something I must tell you. The time has come for me to leave Berlin. There is nothing more for me to do here. I must return to America, to my business and my life."

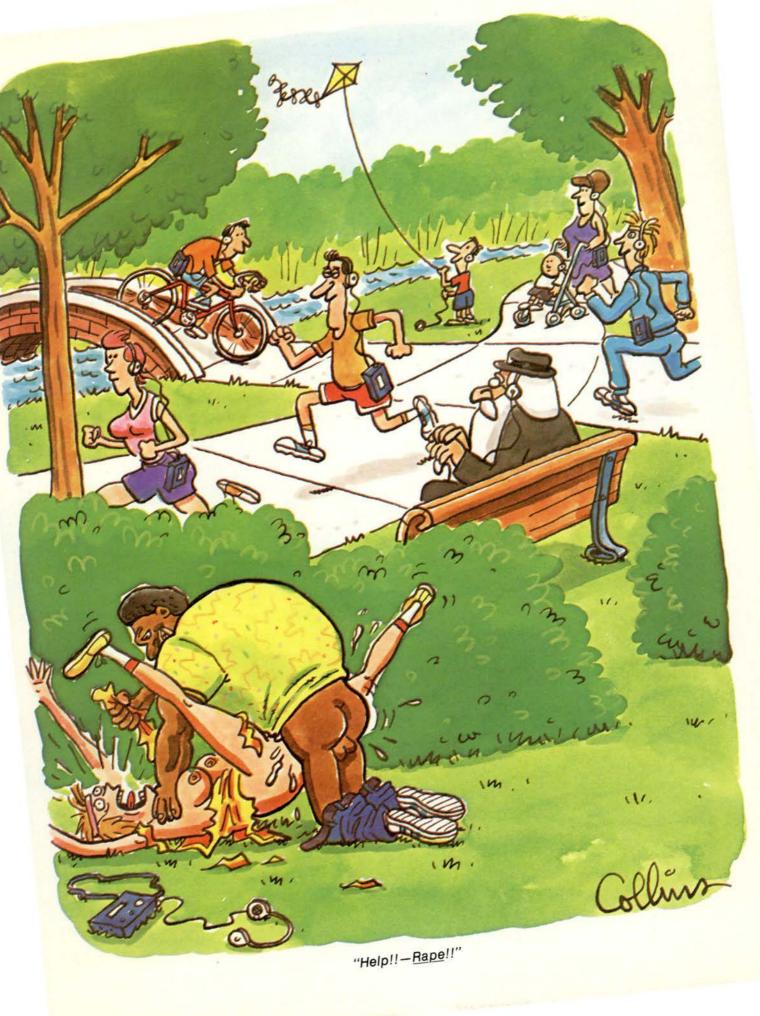
"I have expected this for some time," she answered quietly. "I love you, Richard. Please take me with you.'

"That is impossible," he said.

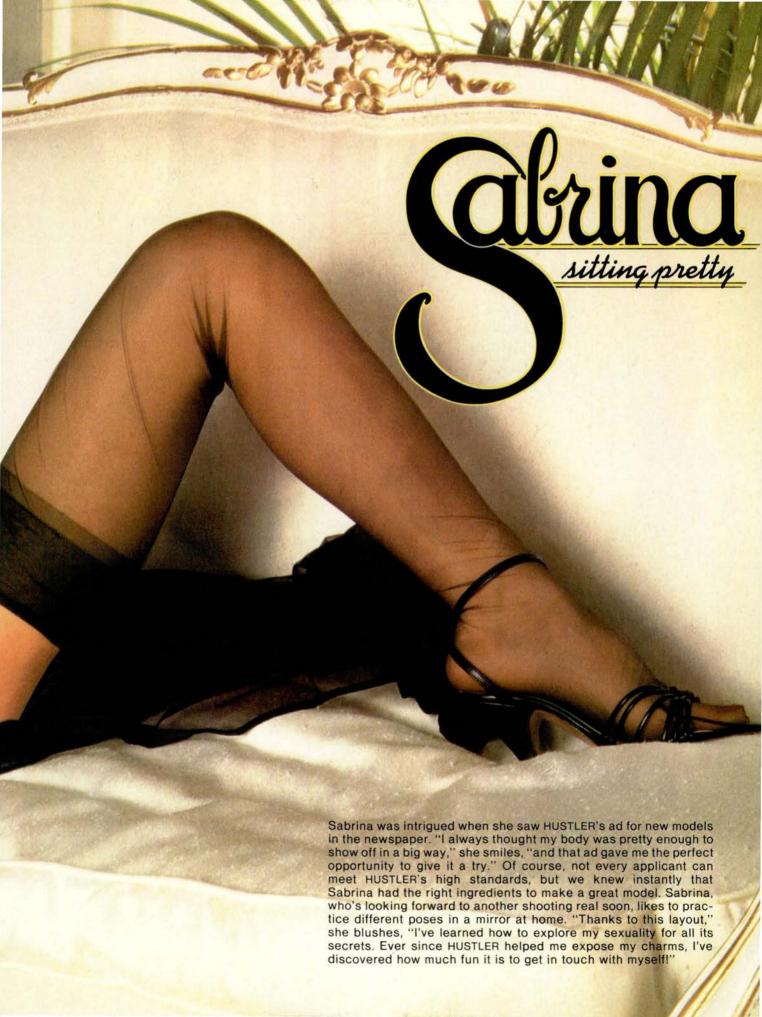
"No, listen to me," she begged as tears began to fill her eyes. "I have thought many times about this. I know

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(continued from page 74)

that whatever brought you here was not a matter of business. No one on a business trip arises each day with such determination. No one on business stays out for nine, ten hours a day, every day, with no time off for seeing sights or enjoying nightlife. No ordinary businessman returns at the end of the day so tired, so sad, so bitter.

"Richard, I know you have a secret. I know there is something you are not telling me—"

"Elfriede, there is no secret," he protested dully.

"No, you must listen," she said urgently. "I know that you are concealing something from me. What I want you to know is: I do not care."

"I am not-" he began.

"No, please," she insisted. "I love you, and I am telling you that whatever is your secret, whatever you are hiding, it does not matter. When two people are in love, there is nothing too terrible to be shared and forgiven.

"I will tell you now that I have a secret too," Elfriede continued. "It is something I have never told anyone before. It is a terrible thing I did when I was a young girl, and I will spend my

life living in such a manner that, when I stand before God, He may forgive me for what I have done.

"Many years ago there was a young Jewish girl who attended Gymnasium, the girls' school, with me. She was very intelligent and very pretty. All the other girls liked her, and so did I.

"This girl and I were rivals in everything: in schoolwork, in sports and, as we grew older, for the affections of boys. We kept trying to outdo each other in everything. If she won the Latin medal one year, I would win the literature prize. It was a friendly rivalry, but we were competitors nonetheless.

"When I was 15 years old, I began to have serious romantic feelings toward Dieter, the boy I told you about earlier, the one to whom I later became engaged. We had known each other all our lives, but suddenly he became the most important thing on Earth to me. Like any silly young girl, I wanted to spend all my time with him, and I became insanely jealous if I saw him even talking to any other girl.

"One day I was walking home from school with a group of girls. We turned a corner, and I saw Dieter, laughing and talking with another girl. They were enjoying themselves, and their hands touched as they walked. One of my companions said, 'Look, Elfriede, isn't that your Dieter?'

"There was no mistaking it; it was he. I was humiliated. My cheeks burned. I wanted to sink into the ground. The two were far enough ahead that they couldn't see us, but suddenly the girl with Dieter turned her head, and I could see that she was the Jewish girl from my class. Ruth was her name."

Adler felt an ice-cold steel fist squeezing his heart.

"That night I went home, full of jealousy and animosity toward Ruth," Elfriede went on. "It came to me—oh, God, what could I have been thinking?—that I could revenge myself upon her, that I could put her out of Dieter's life for good.

"The next day, on my way to school, I stopped at the nearby post of the SS. I told them that there was a Jewish girl in my class whose name was Ruth. I told them that she had talked against der Fuhrer, that her family held meetings with Bolshevik agents, that her father had a secret radio on which he listened to broadcasts from England. God help me, I told them every lie I could think of. This was 1939, remember. The war had just begun, and I knew the SS would believe anything, especially since the girl was Jewish.

"I went to school that day and behaved as if nothing had happened. I already felt sorry for what I had done, but I knew I could not go back to the SS and admit that I had lied to them. That night I went home and prayed that nothing should happen to Ruth. But the next day, when I went to school, she was not there.

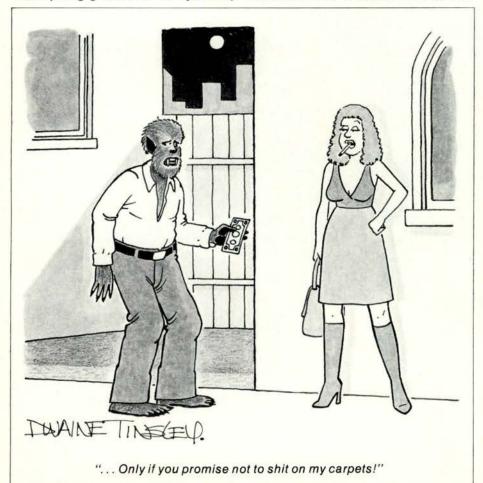
"No one ever heard from Ruth again. Her friends said that the SS had come in the night and arrested her, her parents and her two brothers, and they had been taken away, no one knew where. In those days, most Germans did not know about the concentration camps."

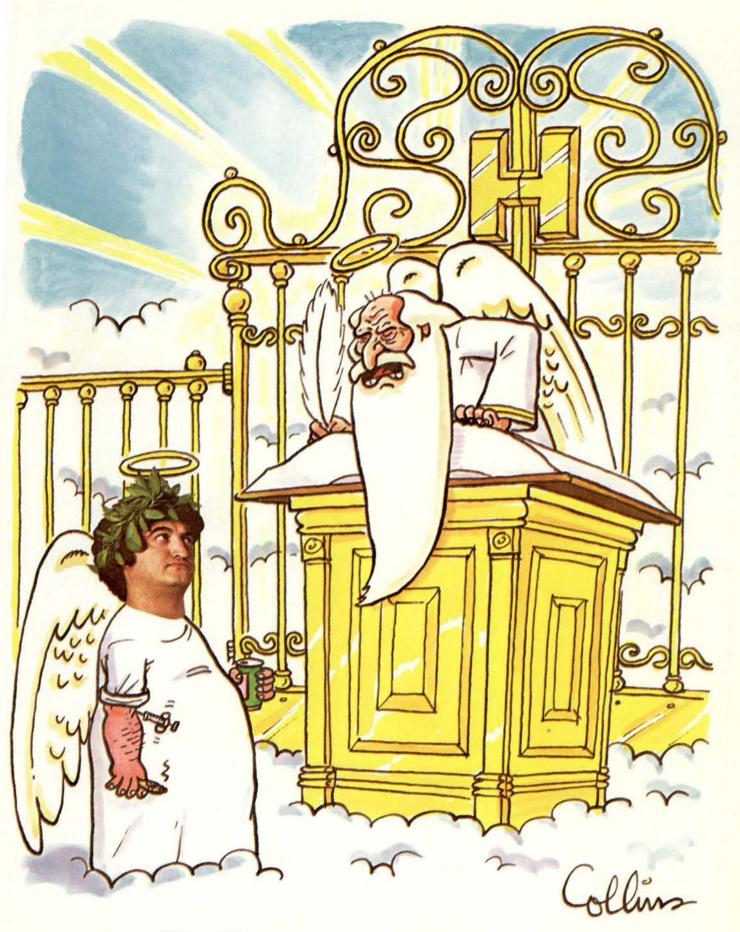
Adler's ears began to ring. He could feel the world exploding around him.

"So you see, darling Richard, every day I have had to live with the knowledge of this terrible thing I did so long ago. All of my life I have felt ashamed, unclean. Because of my jealousy and spite, five people were murdered by the Nazis. It is the most terrible guilt that could ever be imagined.

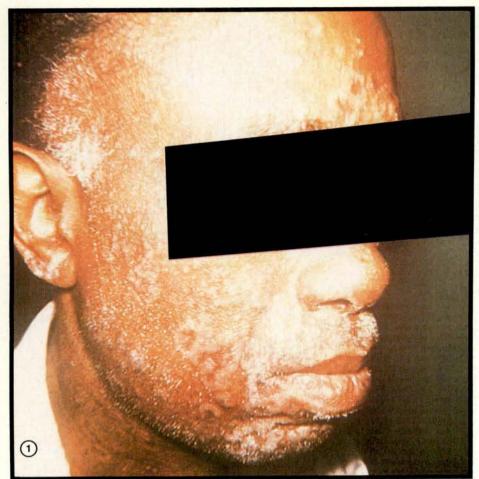
"And now I tell you that whatever you may have done, whatever you have to hide, it can be nothing so terrible as the secret I must live with."

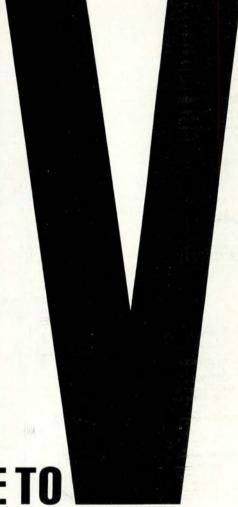
Alfred Adler said nothing. He reached out to the bedside chair on which his trousers hung. His fingers found the right-hand pocket and closed around the grip of the .38.





"You could have been one of the greatest! You could have left that junk alone! But no-o-o-o!!!"

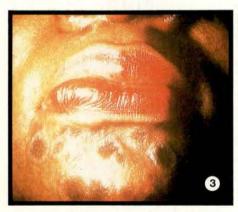




HUSTLER'S UPDATED GUIDE TO



The increasingly devastating effects of syphilis (1,2,3,4) may eventually cause an agonizing death if left untreated. Prospects are bleak for the 20 million Americans victimized by the current herpes epidemic (5,6,7,8,9). Although the spread of this painful virus can be checked, it has no known cure.

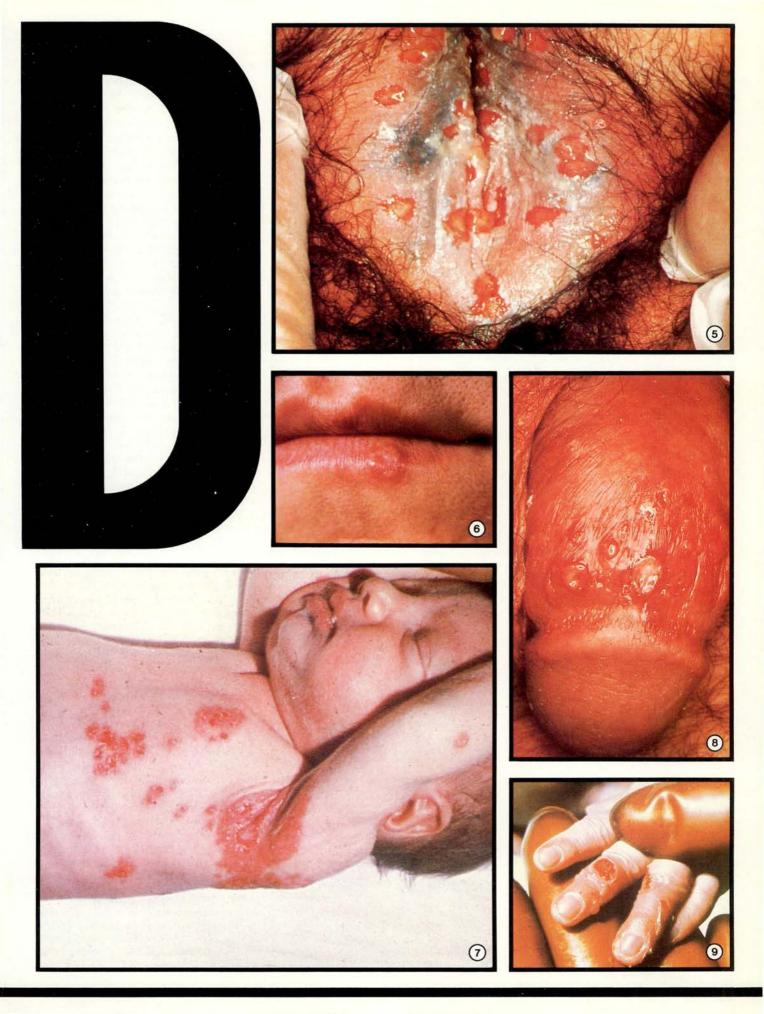




Report by Ben Pesta

PIDEMIC SWEEPS NATION!" "THIRTY MILLION STRICKEN!" You haven't seen these headlines in your local newspaper, but you should have. If the illness in question were plague or even flu, the media would be giving the subject special attention. Instead, there's relatively little talk about the epidemic of sexually transmitted diseases infecting America. Within the next year 30 million of us will get (or already have) one of these ailments. Yet even in the "liberated" 1980s they remain topics of fear and ignorance. That's why, despite the fact that all but two can be easily cured, they're spreading among us unchecked.

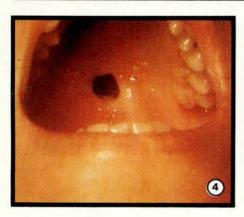
The old Army training manuals warned soldiers about three kinds of VD: syphilis, gonorrhea and chancroid. Incredibly, the first two are still on the rise, even though penicillin has been available since 1943. In addition, there are many other diseases that we now know are transmitted through sexual activity. You've probably heard of herpes simplex virus II. Ever hear of nongono-

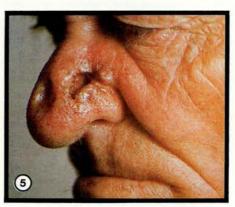
















coccal urethritis? It's the most prevalent sexually transmitted disease in America, afflicting even more people than gonorrhea does.

One reason for the spread of sexually transmitted diseases is that more people are fucking, and they're starting at an earlier age. But that's only part of the problem. Women who are infected and don't know it (or are afraid to seek treatment) are having babies. And in many cases these infants are born with the diseases their mothers carry, thus passing the infections on to the next generation.

Considering these facts, it's astonishing that opponents of sex education maintain their idiotic conviction that if we'd just stop "putting ideas in kids' heads," the problem will go away. Obviously, what's needed is *more* sex education, not less.

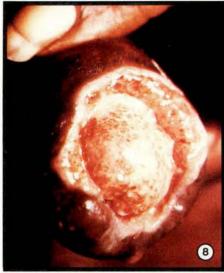
The grim truth is that, if you have an active sex life, your chance of getting a sexually transmitted disease within the next year is pretty good. If people would seek early treatment—and if they'd tell their sex partners about possible exposure—most of these ailments could be virtually wiped out. An old slogan, "Even nice people get VD," is still true. But nice people don't keep quiet about it.

Your best protection against sexually transmitted diseases is knowledge. By recognizing the symptoms in yourself and others, you can avoid contracting or passing on an infection. To find out more about these conditions and what you can do about them, keep reading.

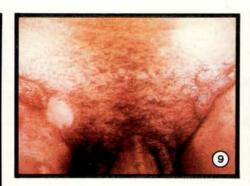
"GAY CANCER": A disease currently on the loose is so new that it doesn't even have a name. You may have heard it improperly referred to on the evening news as "gay cancer." That's because a number of hospitals reported treating young homosexuals for Kaposi's sarcoma, an extremely rare form of cancer. At first it was thought this outbreak had something to do with gay male sexual practices.

Federal experts have since reported 355 cases of a mysterious new disease that renders the body's natural immunological system partially ineffective—leaving sufferers vulnerable to all kinds of infections that ordinarily cause only mild illnesses. Some victims have developed an unusual form of pneumonia. Others have come down with rare strains of cancer, including the aforementioned Kaposi's sarcoma. Studies indicate that frequent sexual encounters

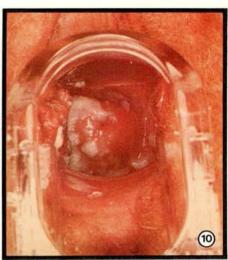
Those infected by syphilis can expect one or more sores wherever there's a break in the skin—notably on the penis, labia, mouth, nose or fingers (1,2,4,5,6,7). Ten to 20 days after exposure to a lymphogranuloma venereum infection (3), lymph glands in the groin swell together and form a painful mass.



Blisters and open sores accompany granuloma inguinale (8,9). Symptoms of vaginitis (10) are swelling, redness and a hot feeling in the vagina. Ugly venereal warts (11,12,13) appear on the penis, anus and female genitals. Chancroid ulcers (14) burst and become bloody. Each year, 3 million Americans get gonorrhea (15,16,17).



















with strangers and regular use of such drugs as marijuana, methaqualone, cocaine and PCP are common characteristics of those afflicted.

What's frightening about this new disease is that a staggering 41% of those infected have died. "This is scarier than Legionnaires' disease," says Dr. Frederick P. Siegal, chief of clinical immunology at New York's Mount Sinai Medical Center.

The epidemic has spread from New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco to 17 states and five foreign nations, but medical investigators still don't know what causes the disease or whether it's actually transmitted through sex. One thing for sure is that it's not restricted to male homosexuals. Of those 355 reported cases, 13 were women, 41 were heterosexual men, and 60 were men whose sexual preference was not known.

GONORRHEA: When you hear somebody talk about "the clap" or "getting a dose," he's referring to gonorrhea. There are about 2.5 million cases of gonorrhea in the U.S. each year, and if you're sexually active, chances of being exposed to it are extremely good.

The disease is caused by a bacterium called the Neisseria gonorrhoeae—the gonococcus. This bug is exceedingly delicate and survives poorly outside the human body, meaning that your

chances of getting it from a toilet seat are just about zilch. Inside the human body the gonococcus flourishes.

Symptoms: The most common kind in men—gonorrhea of the urethra (the canal that carries urine from the bladder)—becomes apparent three to six days after you catch it. You'll experience a burning sensation when you urinate, followed by a discharge from your urethra. A very few men—about 5%—experience no symptoms.

Unfortunately, urethral gonorrhea isn't the only variety. You can get it in your anus and throat, where you probably won't notice anything wrong. (Incidentally, you don't have to be gay to contract anal gonorrhea. A woman who has gonorrhea of the throat can give it to you with a rimjob.) Women most often get gonorrhea of the cervix—the narrow outer end of the uterus. Some experts estimate that 80% of women who have cervical gonorrhea don't know it. So it's easy for your lover to give you this disease unintentionally.

If left untreated, gonorrhea can cause sterility. In a small percentage of cases the bacteria spread through the blood-stream and can cause arthritis. It can also spread to the heart and liver, possibly causing death.

Women who contract gonorrhea of the cervix generally display no symptoms or odors. Only by using a mirrored instrument can a doctor see the thick yellowish discharge and redness in the cervical area. The infected cervix may also be covered with small bumps called granular erosions.

You can also get gonorrhea of the eyes, gonococcal conjunctivitis. Within two to four days of infection your eyes will start to swell and redden. (The most common method of infection is to touch your eyes with something that's carrying a gonococcal discharge—a towel, say, or your fingers.) Your eyes will discharge pus, and if you don't seek treatment immediately, you can go blind.

What to do: In most cases, gonorrhea is easier to cure than the common cold. The universal treatment: 4.8 million units of penicillin, administered by two injections in the buttocks. Symptoms should start clearing up within 24 hours. Several days later you should have a lab test to make sure you're cured.

You've probably heard rumors about "super-clap," mysterious strains of gonorrhea that come from the Orient and resist penicillin. The fact is, there's no strain of gonorrhea that a high-enough dosage of penicillin won't kill. Doctors are often reluctant to administer too much of the antibiotic; so along with your shots they may give you a gram of probenecid—which speeds the absorption of penicillin into the bloodstream. In other cases exceptionally resistant strains of gonorrhea are treated with spectinomycin.

For gonorrhea of the eyes, adults get penicillin shots for five straight days, or as long as is necessary to clear up the infection. They also receive drops or ointment directly on the eyes.

If you think you have gonorrhea, it's important to seek treatment at once. Inform all of your sex partners as soon as possible so they don't pass it on to somebody else.

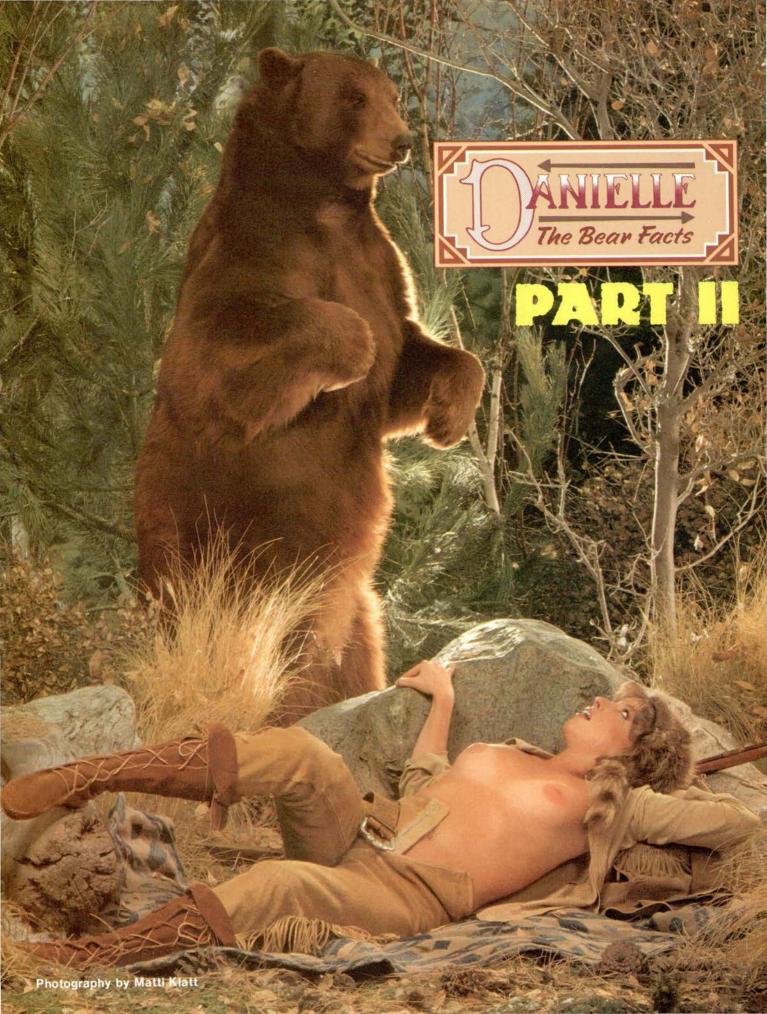
What happens if you don't get treated? In men, narrowing or blockage of the urethra is a typical complication. This will make it hard to urinate, and you may have to endure the pain of having your urethra stretched surgically. Gonococci may also spread to your sperm ducts and make you sterile.

In women the bacteria may spread up the reproductive tract and cause *pelvic inflammatory disease*. If the infection scars the Fallopian tubes, sterility can result. About half of all women who get pelvic inflammatory disease even once wind up with their fertility impaired. A pregnant woman with gonorrhea can pass it on to her unborn child.

In adults, arthritis is another common complication of gonorrhea. Lesscommon ones include meningitis and

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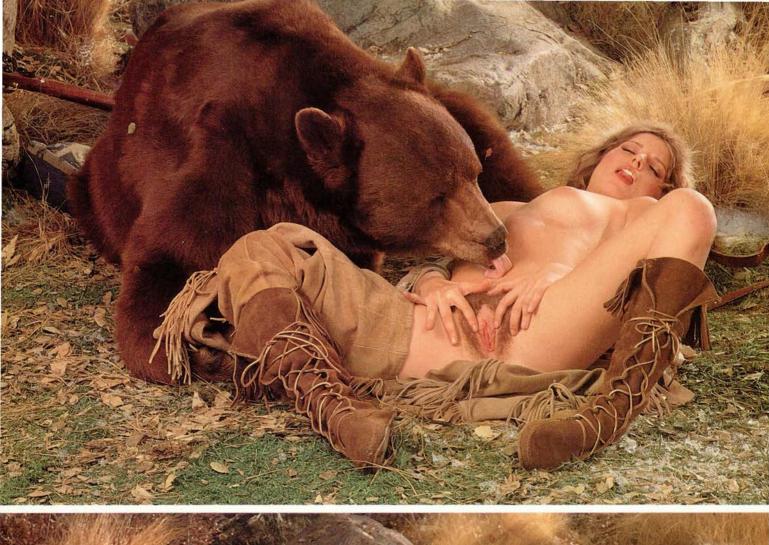






















(continued from page 92)

endocarditis (an inflammation of the lining of the heart and its valves).

HERPES: If you watch TV or read the newspaper, you already know something about herpes—the rampant disease of the '80s. About 20 million people already have it, and nearly a half-million more can expect to get it every year.

Unfortunately, there is no cure. Once you're infected, you'll have it all your life. The only recourse is to try to reduce your own suffering—and to avoid passing on the misery to others.

There's a whole family of herpes viruses. Varicella-Zoster causes chicken pox. Epstein-Barr virus is responsible for mononucleosis (commonly known as the kissing disease). Two types can be transmitted sexually: herpes simplex virus I and II. These two are responsible for all the current concern.

Herpes simplex virus I, also called oral herpes, generally occurs above the waist—causing chancrelike sores on the gums, tongue and lips. (Surprisingly, the same virus causes cold sores on children fives year old and younger.) It can also spread to the genitals by the fingers touching the sores and then the genitals, for example, or through oral sex. Once

it hits your genitals, it behaves like herpes simplex virus II—the dreaded genital herpes that is extremely contagious and incurable. Herpes simplex virus II usually is transmitted person to person through sexual contact.

Drs. Trudy Larson and Yvonne Bryson of UCLA recently completed a study to determine how long herpes simplex virus II could survive outside the human body. The results indicated there may be nonsexual ways to get the disease.

The two researchers asked patients to wipe their herpes sores with gauze and then turn the gauze in for study. They found that herpes II survived on the gauze for at least 72 hours in a dry room and lived for 18 hours on medical instruments used to examine the patients. It held on for as long as four hours on toilet seats that came in contact with lesions or contaminated gauze. "And those were just the experimental limits," says Dr. Larson. "We're not even sure what the actual limits are."

Although herpes can exist outside the human body, it can't reproduce until it finds a human host. Like all viruses, it lives off another organism. When the virus invades a human cell, it sheds its outer layer. Instead of reproducing itself, the cell becomes an eight-sided "virus factory," turning out more trans-

parent herpes viruses. As yet, nobody is certain how this process works. But there's no mistaking the symptoms—painful, fluid-filled blisters that burst and form crusty sores.

Besides causing personal discomfort, the herpes epidemic has also ruined many people's lives. One study of herpes patients showed that more than 20% had contemplated suicide. Some are only a little more fortunate.

"This damned dirty disease destroyed me," Dan Martino says. "It's worse than cancer. The pain was excruciating, like a lighted match to my genitals. I became disgusted with myself. I didn't care about working. I didn't care about living." The prosperous Los Angeles businessman wound up on Skid Row.

Another sufferer, a New York woman, says the potential emotional consequences of herpes make her shy away from serious involvements in favor of one-nighters. "Sleeping with people I don't care about in a long-term sense doesn't bother me," she explains. "But if I meet someone with whom I might want to be serious, I almost want to run the other way."

A third herpes patient adds, "It's like having leprosy. I feel I've been punished for being promiscuous."

Symptoms: Between two and 20 days after you're exposed to herpes, you'll notice fluid-filled blisters, which will break and form sores. This primary attack is itchy and usually painful, but not always. If the sores occur inside your body, there's sometimes no sensation at all. For example, women might get sores in the cervix, which is insensitive to pain.

Sores can occur anywhere in the genital or pelvic regions, causing headaches, fevers and swollen glands; in the rectum; or on the eyes, where herpes can cause herpetic conjunctivitis (a disease of the inner surface of the eyelids), which, if untreated, may lead to blindness.

The primary attack lasts two to three weeks. The sores heal and leave no scars. But the herpes virus will be lurking in your body, waiting for another chance.

If it's any consolation, the first attack is generally the worst. There's usually at least one recurrence within six months after the infection. As time goes by, occurrences become less frequent and less severe. Sometimes they're preceded by warning symptoms, such as itching, tingling, burning or numbness in the place where a sore will appear.

The lesions normally show up in the same spots every time, unless you've spread them around by touching an open sore and then putting your finger in your eyes, mouth or you-name-it. While you're having an attack, hygiene



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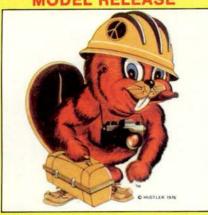
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HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



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

Please Print

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Name to Be Published

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Model's Social Security Number

Occupation
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Include separate sheet if necessary

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is all-important. Wash your hands often, and don't touch infected areas.

Anytime you're having an attack, you can transmit the herpes virus. This means you can forget about sex while your sores are making their appearance. However, if your herpes is in an inactive stage, you can *still* transmit the virus through saliva, semen or vaginal secretions. Considering what is known about the virus's ability to survive outside the body, it's best to use your own towels during an attack. Otherwise, family members, even children, might be infected.

What to do: If you suspect you have herpes, see a doctor. He'll usually be able to identify the disease by eyeball inspection. He'll want to run some tests if the lesions are inside your body or if the infection is subclinical (no symptoms). Also, he'll use the tests to make sure that what you have is really herpes, not gonorrhea or syphilis.

Although there's no known way to rid yourself of herpes, you can do a few things to relieve the discomfort. Generally, keep the infected parts of your body clean and dry. If your sores are painful, a hot bath may help. If they're in an area where they're being irritated by urine, cover them with petroleum jelly and remove the jelly after you've urinated. Tight clothing that rubs against the sores, and fabrics that don't "breathe" (such as nylon), will make you feel worse. Sometimes a local anesthetic ointment, such as Xylocaine, will relieve your pain.

Last March the Food and Drug Administration approved for sale the first anti-herpes drug, acyclovir, an ointment now marketed under the brand name Zovirax. Acyclovir—which has to be prescribed by a physician—can't cure herpes, but it does reduce the healing time of the sores during a primary attack.

Some insist that herpes can be controlled by means of nutrition. They contend that the amino acid lysine seems to retard the body's production of certain chemicals that the herpes virus needs for reproduction. It is claimed that the frequency and severity of attacks can be reduced by eating foods high in lysine, such as chicken and fish.

"In scientific, double-blind studies, lysine made no difference," UCLA's Dr. Trudy Larson stoutly maintains. "We encourage people to eat balanced diets, get enough sleep and practice general good nutrition. But if lysine has any effect, it's as a placebo [a neutral substance a patient believes to be a drug]. That may in itself be a good thing."

Herpes can't kill you, but it poses a serious threat to women because it's been linked to cervical cancer. Those with genital herpes have a five times greater risk of getting cancer of the cervix than those who don't have it. So women with herpes infections should get a Pap smear every six months.

Mothers-to-be face an additional risk: About 50% of babies born to women with an active case of herpes develop neonatal (newborn) herpes. These infants die more often than not. When they don't, they may suffer irreversible brain damage. During her ninth month a pregnant woman who has herpes should be checked once a week by a doctor. If tests indicate it, she should consider a Cesarean delivery to avoid infecting her baby. Male victims are not necessarily immune to complications either; some experts now say there may be a link between herpes and prostate cancer.

Medical science may someday come up with a cure for this disease. Until then the only surefire preventive measure is to keep your fingers and legs crossed. The following organizations are devoted to helping and informing herpes victims: Information Center on Herpes Disease, 15 Park Row, New York, NY 10038, 212-962-6575; and Venereal Disease Resource Center (formerly HELP), P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, CA 94302, 800-227-8922, in California 800-982-5883.

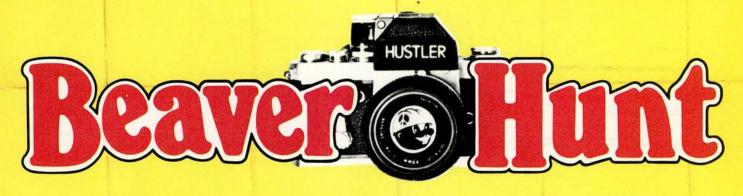
NONGONOCOCCAL URETHRITIS:

Called nongonococcal urethritis because it resembles gonorrhea in men, this is far and away the most common sexually transmitted disease in America. It responds well to treatment but can be dangerous if ignored. In men it may cause chronic urethritis or painful prostate troubles, and—like gonorrhea—can be spread to the eyes. In women, nongonococcal urethritis causes more cases of pelvic inflammatory disease than gonorrhea does. Pelvic inflammatory disease is painful and often leads to sterility.

Nongonococcal urethritis is caused by a number of organisms. The two most common culprits are *Ureaplasma urealyticum*, which is responsible for 25% of the cases, and *Chlamydia trachomatis*, which causes about half the infections. It's estimated that chlamydia alone strikes about 4 million people a year—1.5 million more than gonorrhea claims.

Symptoms: The symptoms mimic those of gonorrhea. Men feel a burning sensation when they urinate, and there's usually a discharge. As with gonorrhea, a few men (about 10%) have no symptoms. A dose of nongonococcal urethritis, however, becomes apparent one to three weeks after infection, versus only a few days for gonorrhea.

Most often, women with nongonococ-(continued on page 110)



Unemployment is high and job openings few and far between. But there are always openings in *Beaver Hunt*. So have some fun and fight the recession by sending in a color shot of your lady. HUSTLER will pay her \$50 if she's published in *Beaver Hunt*. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs submit-

ted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 104, or a reasonable facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.



Sunny Teague is a 22-year-old from Garland, Texas, whose hobbies are horseback riding, gardening and reading. Her sexual fantasies include being a HUSTLER centerfold and making a porn movie with Samantha Fox and John Leslie.

Photo by Husband

Kazuyo is a 31-year-old
housewife who's into sex,
housewife and music. Her
traveling and music nude in
traveling to appear nude
fantasy—to appear ow come true.
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Photo by Sam

Photo by Kim Teague

Four-wheeling and skiing are the favorite hobbies of 23-year-old Nikki, a secretary from Independence, Missouri. She says her sexual fantasy is to make love in a jammed elevator.





A teacher from Alvin, Texas, 30-year-old Kathy likes sex, dancing and needlepoint. Her secret fantasy is to have "marathon sex" with one guy after another, after another...

Photo by Randy

Kathy Ainsley of Clarksville,
Pennsylvania, is a 27-year-old
Pennsylvania, is a likes pretty
housewife who likes protite
bisexual women. Her favorite
bisexual women get it on with
three chicks in a hot tub.



Linda, 29, is a rock singer and guitarist whose hobbies are sewing, cats and collecting sewing, cats and collecting sexy clothes. Her sexual fantasy is to be the only girl in a band with all of the men being her secret slaves after the show.

Posing nude, traveling and antique-furniture finishing are leisure-time pursuits of Rose Garcia, 46, who works in a laboratory in Roswell, New Mexico. Her sexual fantasies include making out with several a full pictorial for HUSTLER.

Photo by Boyfriend

A part-time model from Schenectady,

New York, 23-year-old Barbara Koron

New York, 23-year-old Barbara roller
New York, 23-year old Barbara with being her hobbies as running and obeing her hobbies as running with her lists her hobbies as running and with her skating. Her sexual fantasy is to the her skating with her skating with her skating with his skating wi

Photo by Mike Levens

Photo by Art Garcia

Twenty-one-year-old Connie is a Granite City, Illinois, housewife who enjoys biking, crafts and the outdoor life. She fantasizes about being in bed with two girls and two men. Her other fantasy—to appear in Beaver Hunt—has come true.





Coco Starr from Grandview, Missouri, is an exotic dancer who digs sex. Her favorite fantasy is to get a "tongue bath" from her audience while she's onstage.

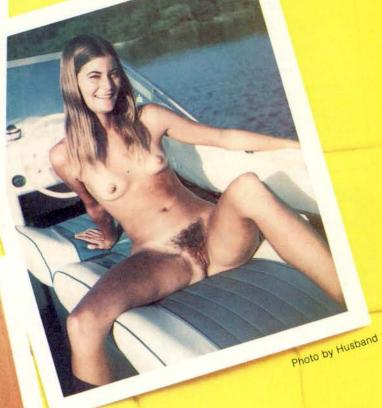
photo by Husband

Carol is a 24-year-old housewife from

Islamorada, Florida, whose hobbies

Islamorada, Florida, ude sunbathing.

are sex, skiing and nude sunbathing several
are sex, skiing about having several
She fantasizes about her husband
long orgasms with her husband
and other handsome men.



Taking nude pictures is the favorite pastime of Ann, a 25-year-old housewife from Buffalo, New York. Her fantasy is to strip naked in front of a total stranger.

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HUSTLER'S VD GUIDE

(continued from page 104)

cal urethritis have no symptoms. That puts them in much greater danger than men because the ailment is such a common cause of pelvic inflammatory disease and cystitis (inflammation of the bladder).

What to do: Visit a doctor. He'll examine your symptoms and run a battery of tests on you for gonorrhea. If the tests are negative, he'll diagnose you as having nongonococcal urethritis. A big difference between the clap and nongonococcal urethritis is that penicillin doesn't work against the latter. It's extremely important to keep in touch with your physician after the initial tests, because he may prescribe penicillin even before learning the test results. If you have nongonococcal urethritis, you'll still be infected.

The usual treatment involves the drugs tetracycline, erythromycin, doxycycline and minocycline. Nobody knows exactly what the best doses are or how long you should continue to take them. It's important, though, to take all the medicine the doctor prescribes. Don't stop when your symptoms disappear. If you do, the infection may come back, and the new nongonococcal urethritis bacteria will be the descendants of those hearty organisms that weren't killed off by your first dose of antibiotics. You can bet this second batch will be harder to wipe out than the first.

Tell all of your sex partners that they've been exposed to nongonococcal urethritis. (You wouldn't want to get reinfected, would you?) Like gonorrhea, the disease is easily passed around. It's especially important that women be informed they've been exposed. A pregnant woman who has chlamydial nongonococcal urethritis can pass it on to her child in the form of neonatal inclusion conjunctivitis, which-like the gonococcal variety—can cause scarring of eye tissue and blindness.

Chlamydia is also the leading cause of pneumonia in newborn infants and often is fatal. Dr. Julius Schacter of the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center estimates that each year 150,000 women give birth while infected with chlamydial nongonococcal urethritis, and 5% of all babies born in this country annually are exposed to the disease's germs.

Unlike gonorrhea and syphilis, nongonococcal urethritis isn't required to be reported to public-health officials. As a result, most people don't realize how widespread the epidemic is. Your best protection? A rubber-just as with the other sexually transmitted diseases.

ORAL VENEREAL DISEASES: Because of its active role in many sexual practices, the mouth and adjacent areas such as the throat are particularly vulnerable to venereal diseases.

Oral-genital and oral-anal sex can easily spread herpes from its original habitat to another. Such an infection is first contracted when the virus penetrates one of the membranes of the mouth. Herpes simplex virus I is the cause of common cold sores (or fever blisters) usually found on the gums, tongue and lips.

Pharyngeal gonorrhea occurs most frequently in those who practice penileoral sex-also known as fellatio. Most people who contract this gonorrhea of the throat are unaware they have the disease. Some notice only a mild sore throat; very few experience severe inflammation. Doctors therefore recommend having a specimen taken from your throat when being tested for gonorrhea, especially if you engage in fellatio, cunnilingus or anilingus (also know as rimming). Oral forms of penicillin are not effective with pharyngeal gonorrhea. The drug must be injected.

Spiral-shaped bacteria often spread syphilis from open sores or rashes through the membranes that line the mouth-where the primary stage of syphilis frequently occurs. The secondary stage of the disease is also characterized by such sores.

SYPHILIS: The long-feared syphilis is the most frightening form of VD-with good reason. Unlike the other sexually transmitted diseases, it can kill you. Three times as many men as women get syphilis, and half the male victims are infected through homosexual contacts. This doesn't mean, however, that if you're straight, you're safe. After all, the other 50% of men got it from women.

The organism that causes syphilis is a spirochete (spiral-shaped bacterium) called Treponema pallidum. You get it from sexual contact with someone suffering from an infectious stage of the disease. The spirochete works its way into the membranes lining your genitals, mouth and anus.

Symptoms: There are four stages of syphilis. During the first two the victim is highly infectious. In the primary stage the infected person has one or more sores wherever there's a break in the skin-generally on the penis, labia or mouth. They can also show up in the vagina, urethra or anus, which means that some people-especially women-can have syphilis and not know it.

The syphilis organism enters the bloodstream a few hours after contact,

(continued on page 128)



Janie, my wife of seven years, was sitting on our bed. She was trying her best to act brave, but without much success. Maybe it was all my fault, having asked her to mingle more at the party we went to the night before. It had turned her on to get so many compliments from the men. And when she danced with that asshole Frank, she let him brush the back of his hand on her pussy. I was pissed.

But the poker game after most of the guests had left topped everything! I had four kings and bet Frank \$200, only to be called with his stupid offer: his wife, Marcie, against my \$200. She's a flashy redhead in her early 30s, while Janie is a quiet, petite 26-year-old brunette. And Marcie is pushy like her husband. She would let him make that kind of a wager. Unfortunately, some of their pushiness rubbed off on my wife.

Yes, before the laughter about Frank's bet had died down, my little Janie had stepped up behind me and raised the bet—the winner to have two hours, no holds barred, with the loser's wife or pay \$300. I was surprised at her boldness, but I felt safe at first—as she did. What could beat my four kings? We soon found out: Frank's straight flush!

I immediately offered to pay Frank the \$300—but Janie reminded me about an upcoming car payment.

Since we obviously needed the cash, I agreed to let her "settle" the bet with her body. Naturally, I had to ask myself, Is she doing a favor for me, or one for herself?

Frank didn't help any. He made a loudmouthed speech about how Janie would be begging for more after he was through with her. The other guests were so embarrassed that they didn't look me in the eye as we left the party. As for Frank, he just waved good-night to us with a leering grin. There had been few words between Janie and me since.

The doorbell rang, and my wife looked at me with pleading eyes as I rose to answer it. Frank and Marcie stepped into the living room and followed me to

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.



YOUR MONEY OR YOUR WIFE

by Tommy Halstead

our bedroom, where Janie was waiting nervously.

Poor Janie had been crying before we entered. Frank got right down to business, however, paying no attention to how she felt. He told me I could stay in the room—but only if I didn't speak to her.

Frank, who's about 15 years older than Janie, walked over and asked her to stand up and remove her robe. She blushed crimson as it fell to the floor. Clad only in her panties and bra, she was told to turn in a circle. She closed her eyes and did so while Frank gazed at every inch of her 5-1 frame. I shuddered because I knew that no man but myself had ever seen her so intimately. She was

a virgin when we got married, and I had been her only lover.

Marcie and I sat in armchairs on opposite sides of the room as Frank walked my Janie to our bed and asked her to lie on her tummy. He sat on the edge of the bed for several minutes while she buried her face in a pillow. Then he surprised me. "Don't be scared," he said, turning her gently onto her back. "I promise I won't fuck your pussy."

Janie picked up her head and looked at me with a glimmer of hope in her eyes. I couldn't believe Frank would let this opportunity pass.

Her fists clenched, Janie lay stiff as a board as Frank's big hands unsnapped her bra and began exploring her small, shapely breasts. I saw the nipples slowly harden, and I think I even caught a sigh escaping from her lips. That was when I started wondering if I had not been man enough to satisfy all of Janie's sensual desires through the years. I tried to put that terrible thought out of my head.

Soon Frank dropped his right hand to caress Janie's thighs, which are slim and appealing. And all the time he worked his way closer to her bikini panties. I suddenly noticed a stain appear on them and begin to spread. She was getting turned on!

I watched Janie squirm on the bed as Frank finally reached his goal, stroking

her pussy through the soggy fabric. Before Janie lost control, he made her flip onto her belly. Janie was still shaking from her near-orgasm as Frank slipped off her panties, exposing her firm, white buttocks.

I couldn't help staring! Those delicate cheeks were the only part of Janie's body she had not given in marriage. Frank's eyes met mine, and I knew...

He dropped one hand between Janie's thighs to her cunt, and the other began kneading her ass. I died inside as Frank began pumping his fingers in Janie's pussy while his other hand searched between her little ass cheeks for the wrinkled orifice I had only fantasized about.



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Janie pleaded with Frank not to touch her there, but he soon was applying pressure directly on her tiny anal opening. She was approaching orgasm from being finger-fucked in her pussy and from being felt up in this new place.

And so it went. For more than an hour silently watched Frank finger my beloved wife toward orgasm while teasing her clenched asshole, only to stop moving his fingers just before she came.

Frank had Janie's whole body trembling when he told me to move my chair to the foot of the bed. I wasn't happy about it, but I dragged it over anyway. I wondered if it was humiliation he was into-mine and Janie's-rather than really being horny. When I realized this disgusting display was turning me on, I became more ashamed than ever, but I couldn't do anything about it.

Frank moved two pillows down on the bed, right next to Janie's pelvis. He told her to raise her ass so he could slide them under her, and he positioned my wife on them with her legs spread. She was so stoked up, she was more than

happy to oblige.

I was looking directly into Janie's swollen cunt. As Frank resumed working on her, fore and aft, I felt my cock rising. The man with the straight flush wasn't going to be denied this time-I could see that from the look in his eyes and the way he leaned forward and gazed down at Janie's helpless, but lustfilled, body. As her hips began undulating with the hand he had up her twat, the fingers of Frank's other hand dipped into Janie's rectal passage.

Knowing I was right there, looking at her being invaded by another man, she begged Frank to stop. She was sobbing, but her churning hips were saying something else. She wanted it, she needed it, and darned if she wasn't going to have Frank make her come. My darling wife was cheating on her old man, and lov-

ing it.

She couldn't hide the truth any longer. Her eyes-glazed with passion-met mine for a brief moment, but she looked as if she didn't recognize me. As Frank continued tormenting her rosebud, Janie's sobbing turned to deep moans of desire.

Up till that moment, Marcie had sat in her chair by the wall, taking it all in silently like a patron at an X-rated movie. But suddenly, she decided to get involved.

As I watched Frank manually sodomize my wife's asshole, Marcie silently crossed the room and knelt down in front of me between the chair and the bed. She placed her hand on my rockhard dong, looked up at me pleadingly and then, seeing no resistance, she unzipped my trousers and pulled them down around my ankles. After removing my shirt, she tugged my briefs down as well, until they too were bunched around my ankles.

Marcie started to beat off my cock until the big blue vein stood out sharply along its underside. Next, she began to slowly lick her way up the vein to the tip. And then she got on my case real good and started deep-throating my dick. I have to admit it did help to make up for what I was forced to watch on the bed. Marcie could give Linda Lovelace some stiff competition in the blowjob department.

Surprisingly, she never took off a single garment of her own. The same went for Frank-this couple stayed fully clothed while they had their way with my wife and me. It was kind of like they wanted us to know we were nothing but a one-night stand-for two.

Anyway, Marcie's lips and tongue and that suction-pump mouth of hers finally got the best of me. She sucked me all the way to a gripping orgasm, and then that redhead drained every drop of cum I had in my body. My seven-inch cock absolutely shriveled up and died. Nothing—but nothing—was left in my now-tiny prick. Marcie licked her lips, smiled seductively and returned to her chair without saying a word.

As I was about to learn, it was all a game - a clever plot by a pair of schemers to turn a faithful couple of seven years' standing into a pair of lust-filled swingers. All of a sudden Frank removed his hands from Janie and stood up. Janie went wild, begging Frank to finish her. But he snidely asked me if I would do it, since his two hours were up.

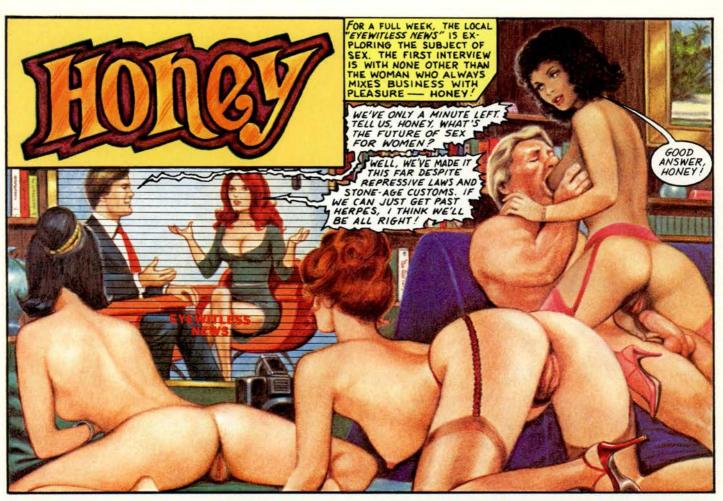
All I could do was look down at my spent cock! And that's when I knew they'd planned everything, including Marcie's blowjob. Unable to move, I watched Frank hop on Janie, unzip his pants, take out his huge and rigid prick, and guide it toward my wife's frantically quivering ass.

She was still begging to be fucked as Frank eased into her virgin rectum. She didn't even flinch. She took everything he had and loved it. Frank humped her ass and finger-fucked her pussy until they both came in a lewd chorus of animal-like moans.

Finally, the spectacle was over. As Janie and I stood by the front door, completely drained, Frank and Marcie said their goodbyes-but not without Frank telling Janie he would be back soon. When we closed the door behind them, Janie rubbed her battered ass and asked, "Will he make me beg like that the next time?"

I answered, "Probably."

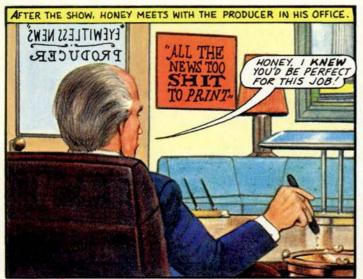








Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford























This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mailorder firms and alert them to frauds. shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having. Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority-the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MINIATURE VIDEO

Is the cumbersome size and lack of portability discouraging you from buying a videotape recorder to view X-rated movies? Well, it won't be for long. Technology has miniaturized the entire format of videotape viewing with the creation of quarter-inch tape. Manufactured by Cal Vista Video Inc., one of the leading producers of prerecorded X-rated videocassettes, the new little tapes will be available late this year. Among the titles being offered in the first batch of adult mini-videocassettes are Vista Valley P.T.A., Garage Girls, Skin on Skin and the classic Easy (which received a Fully Erect rating in HUSTLER's July 1979 issue).

Along with the new tapes you'll also need a machine to play them on. At present, the only such recorder capable of handling the tiny tapes is the compact videocassette machine manufactured by the Funai Corporation of Japan and marketed in the U.S. by Technicolor. Cal Vista, however, also plans to produce quarter-inch hardware, which is currently in the final development stages.

For information on the new miniature tapes and components write Cal Vista Video Inc. (6649 Odessa

Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406) or call its toll-free number, 800-423-5200 (in California dial 213-780-0468). Once again, technology is proving that good things really do come in small packages.

HOT LEGS

My wife and I are trying to find an outlet for high-quality shiny silks or nylons. The stores in our area don't have the kind we're looking for. We want lots of exotic types, like different styles of fishnets and seamed lingerie. How can we get these by mail?

-B. G. Zion, Illinois

If you're in the market for a pair of sexy stockings, try some black or beige crotchless nylon pantyhose (H87, \$5.95) from The Undie-World of Lili St. Cyr (7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046). Or if you fancy fishnets, how about a lengthy mesh gown (LG2059, \$22.95) designed to expose far more than the imagination could possibly conjure? These are just a couple of the decadent items Lili offers. For a color catalog send \$1. All items are available by mail-order.

Of course, there are those who wouldn't buy from anyone but the world-famous Frederick's of Hollywood (6608 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028). Stockings, bras, panties and sexy underwear of all designs and fabrics can be ordered from its full-color catalog, which can be obtained for \$2.

SEXTOONS

About a week ago my wife and I went to see Fritz the Cat. We really got off on the animated sex scenes, but they weren't hard-core. Where can we get films showing hot fucking between cartoon characters?

—G. S.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

If you're into viewing animated pornography, we've found just the thing for you. *Universal Products* (8841 Exposition Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230) distributes two classic 8mm and Super 8 loops featuring the erotic adventures of cartoon-type stars.

In "Snow White"—#312, 8mm; #313, Super 8—seven sex-starved dwarfs suck and screw our heroine out of her wits. After this, Snow takes a bite out of the wicked witch's fateful apple and falls off to sleep, only to be awakened by the handsome (and horny) prince. It's a fairy tale that will have you coming in your Cracker Jacks. The 100-foot reel costs \$18.95.

The second title, "Sexcapade" -#302, 8mm; #303, Super 8-tells the story of little Anny as she searches for her lost love, Phallum. In her quest she comes upon the likes of Rick Dacy, Mutt and Jiff, Dogwood and a host of others who turn our animated starlet every way but loose. It is available for \$23.95 on a 200-foot reel and, like "Snow White," can be purchased by mail-order or by calling Universal Product's toll-free number, 800-528-6050 (in Arizona dial 800-352-0458). Needless to say, these are not for kids!

LOVE CHAIR

I would appreciate any information you have concerning the Love Machine, that metal sex-seat you once advertised. Is it still being sold and, if so, where can I get one?

—D. R. El Paso, Texas

If you happen to have a July 1978 HUSTLER lying around, check out the centerfold. In that issue we featured a full-color, giant-size spread of the Love Machine in use. We received a tremendous response to that layout, and five months later the now-defunct Leasure Time Products began to offer the "Seat of Passion." Selling for \$289, the item did exceptionally well for Leasure Time. In 1981 Briarwood Distributing Company took over marketing of the Love Machine. A spokesman for Briarwood told us that over the last year sales have been very low. The inflated \$395 price tag and the inevitable loss of novelty have sent lovers back to the bed.

If you still wish to buy the Love Machine, write *Briarwood* (15754 Arminta St., Van Nuys, CA 91406) or call 213-786-2655.

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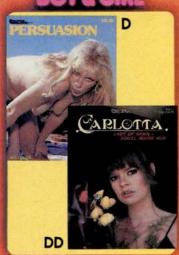
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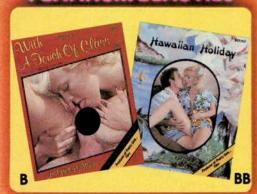
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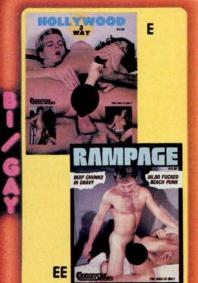
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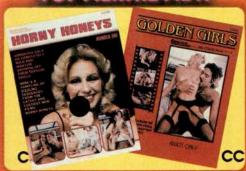


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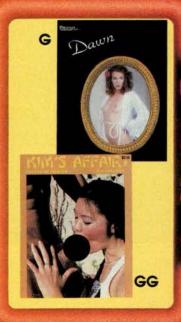


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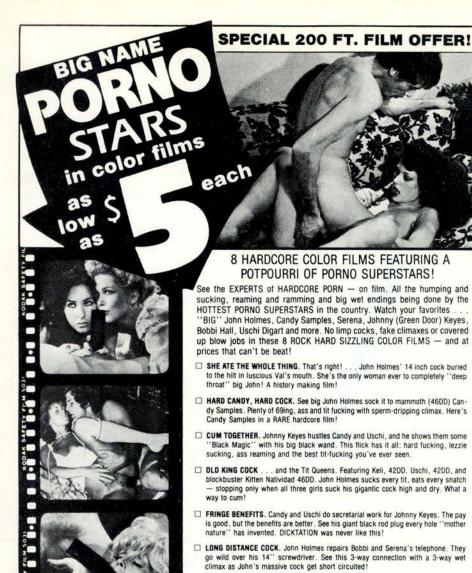
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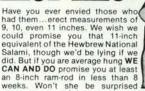
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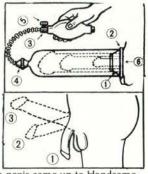


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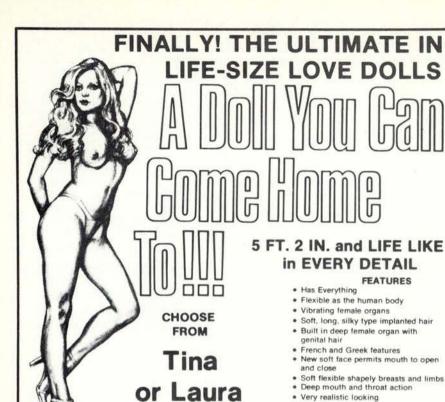
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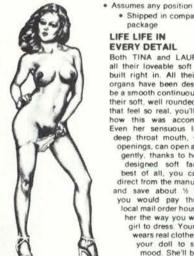
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HUSTLER'S VD GUIDE

(continued from page 110)

but a blood test won't register positive and the sore won't appear until ten to 90 days later. Eventually the sore will become a hard bump; then it will burst, run and get crusty.

After four to six weeks the sore will heal without a trace. The spirochete, however, will still be in your body, capable of doing great damage. Syphilis sores are easy to mistake for a zit. So if you're at all suspicious, go to a doctor and have your blood tested. If your test is positive, everybody you've had sex with for the past three months will have to be treated.

During the secondary stage, which occurs about a month after the end of the primary stage, you may notice one or more of the following symptoms: a rash, particularly on the palms or soles of your feet; swollen glands; fever; cracks in the folds of your mouth or nose; sores in your mouth or on your genitals; patches of hair falling out; or wartlike sores on your anus or genitals.

What complicates matters is that some people have *none* of these reactions, and secondary symptoms disappear after two to six weeks, whether you treat them or not. If it's confirmed that you have secondary syphilis, pass the word along to everybody you've slept with during the past six months.

The third stage of syphilis is the *latent stage*. The spirochete remains in your bloodstream, but you have no symptoms, and you can't infect another person. If treatment is not sought, this stage can last from a few years to the rest of your life. A blood test for syphilis will still register positive in the third stage, and you'll have to tell everybody you've had sexual contact with in the previous year.

The late stage of syphilis can involve any part of your body. The gruesome results are visible in the pictures on page 90. The spirochete may rot your penis beyond recognition, or attack your cardiovascular or central nervous systems. It may work its way into your brain, causing paresis and leaving you a raving madman. Gangster Al Capone died in this horrible way.

(Other well-known syphilis sufferers include Christopher Columbus, General George Custer, King Henry VIII of England, Napoleon, U.S. Marshal "Wild Bill" Hickok, Ludwig van Beethoven and—fittingly—Czar Peter the Great of Russia.)

Syphilis is especially dangerous to pregnant women. If they get the disease during pregnancy, their babies will probably be born dead or suffer crippling and disfiguring birth defects. What to do: There are several tests for syphilis. Visit a doctor immediately, show him your symptoms and tell him how long you've had them. He'll decide on the test that's right for you. By law, all blood tests that record the presence of syphilis must be reported to local public-health officers. These records are confidential, however, and can't even be subpoenaed.

The important thing to remember about syphilis is that the first three stages can be cured fairly easily by penicillin. (If you're allergic to it, another antibiotic can be prescribed.) You'll have to see your doctor every three months during the first year of treatment, then twice during the second year, to have your blood tested. Some people's blood tests never return to negative. If you're one of these serofasts, as they're called, your positive blood test does not mean that you still have syphilis.

TROPICAL VD: Several venereal diseases almost never occur in the northern regions of the U.S. anymore. On the chance that you're among the unlucky few to contract them—or if you're planning a vacation in a tropical region—here they are:

□ Widely seen among poor Southerners, lymphogranuloma venereum is something of a mystery. Medical experts think it's caused by a large virus that behaves like a bacterium in certain ways. From five to 21 days after exposure a deceptively harmless-looking pimple appears on the sexual organs. The sore disappears within a few days, and victims are often none the wiser.

The disease then spreads to the lymph glands in the immediate area. Ten to 30 days after infection the lymph glands in the groin swell together to form a big, swollen, painful, pus-filled mass. Eventually, the swollen lymph nodes burst, releasing the pus and causing a most disagreeable odor.

Because the lymph glands can't drain, one common result of lymphogranuloma venereum is elephantiasis. You've probably seen photographs of unfortunate elephantiasis sufferers with testicles swollen to the size of grapefruits or with distended labia (enlarged vaginal lips). Worse yet, lymphogranuloma venereum can spread to the anus, causing the walls of the rectum to narrow and form a "rectal stricture." In plain language, that means you won't be able to shit. If left untreated, these complications can turn into cancer, which is usually fatal.

Lymphogranuloma venereum responds to treatment with tetracycline or sulfa drugs, but only very slowly.

☐ Chancroid is caused by the Hamophilus ducreyi bacterium. It starts as one

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or more soft, syphilislike chancre sores on the sex organs. These sores fill with pus, burst and become ragged, painful and bloody. Sometimes the sores spread, particularly to the mouth and breasts. In about half of all untreated cases the lymph nodes become infected, causing the same painful, pus-filled groin you'd get with lymphogranuloma venereum. Once the lymph nodes burst, they're susceptible to infection by other bacteria. Chancroid can be cured with tetracycline or sulfa drugs.

☐ Granuloma inguinale is the rarest form of tropical VD. Not more than a few hundred cases occur each year in North America, as opposed to the 2.5 million cases of clap that crop up annually. Little is known about granuloma, and it's uncertain whether this is actually a sexually transmitted disease.

Granuloma appears from three days to six months after exposure. A painless bump or blister pops up on the sex organs, thighs, groin or anus. The blister becomes an open sore, which grows larger and bleeds easily. (By this time, of course, it's no longer painless.) The sore can spread over the thighs, buttocks and lower abdomen. The groin may swell, but the lymph nodes don't get infected. Tetracycline or ampicillin will cure granuloma.

Sulfa drugs, one of the indicated treatments for lymphogranuloma venereum and chancroid, may pose a special danger to black people—producing serious anemia, which can be fatal. If you are black, don't take sulfa drugs unless you've first had a simple enzymedeficiency test.

VAGINITIS: Most women first realize they have vaginitis when they notice swelling and a bad itch in the genital region. Three diseases cause vaginitis, and men can contract and transmit all of them.

□ Candidiasis, the classic "yeast infection," is caused by a yeastlike fungus that normally inhabits the intestinal tract, anus, mouth and vagina. A problem exists only when there's too much fungus. Besides sexually, women can contract candidiasis by getting pregnant, being postmenopausal, being predisposed to diabetes, taking certain drugs or eating sugar and starch.

Symptoms: In women—itching, redness, a burning sensation on the vulva, a whitish discharge, or pain during intercourse or urination. In men—itching, burning during urination, a redness at the head of the penis, and sometimes small bumps and sacs on the penis, containing a cheesy material. Some men have no symptoms.

What to do: Make sure your doctor dif-

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annic, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

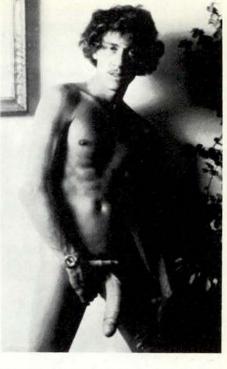
Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annle: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



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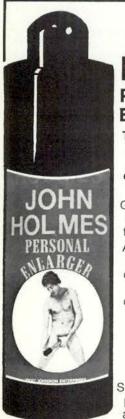
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 ferentiates candidiasis from the other two kinds of vaginitis—and from syphilis and gonorrhea, whose symptoms it may resemble. The doctor will probably prescribe nystatin, miconazole cream or clotrimazole. These medications are applied directly to the penis or vagina. During treatment don't have sex without using a rubber.

Doctors aren't yet sure if there's any point in treating men who show no symptoms.

☐ Trichomoniasis is caused by a parasite that can survive on wet objects such as towels and sponges for several hours. Most often, though, you get it from screwing an infected person.

Symptoms: In women—an itch, a badsmelling greenish discharge, burning during urination, soreness, swollen glands, abdominal pain. Women are sometimes asymptomatic (no symptoms). More often, men are asymptomatic but may have an itch, a burning sensation or a slight penile discharge.

What to do: Your doctor will usually prescribe metronidazole (brand name: Flagyl) in pill form. Your sex partners must be treated. Until all of you are cured, use a rubber.

□ Nonspecific vaginitis is a bacterial infection. Women have the usual symptoms; men are asymptomatic, but it is thought they can be carriers. A woman who has nonspecific vaginitis should also be tested for syphilis and gonorrhea because the preferred treatment (ampicillin or Flagyl) can mask but not cure those two diseases.

Vaginitis is not fatal, but all three forms are irritating and nasty. Trichomoniasis can be passed from mothers to female infants during child care. The important reason to seek quick treatment for these diseases is that they're usually asymptomatic in men. That means if you have a steady lady, you and she can pass them back and forth for a long time.

VENEREAL WARTS: These growths (condylomata) show up on the penis, the anus and the female genitals. Medical investigators think they're caused by the papova virus, just like any other kind of warts. They're not especially dangerous, but if you let them grow, they'll cause such an ugly mess on your cock that not even a Beirut whore will go near you.

Symptoms: You know what warts look like. They can be white, gray, yellow or pink. They generally start out as bumps. If untreated, they can form cauliflower-like clusters as repulsive as those pictured on page 91.

What to do: Your doctor will most likely apply podophyllin, which you have to wash off after four to six hours to

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If podophyllin treatments don't work, the doctor may apply liquid nitrogen, carbon-dioxide snow or acid to the warts. These cures work very quickly. They also hurt, and they'll probably leave scars. If these fail, your doctor will burn the warts off with an electric needle-which hurts like hell-or remove them surgically.

Now that you've read the lowdown on sexually transmitted diseases, you can no longer plead ignorance as an excuse for becoming infected. If you fuck, you're likely to get one or more of them. The way they're spreading makes it even more likely that you'll be exposed. It is highly recommended that you get a blood test every six months to check for any asymptomatic sexually transmitted diseases you may have contracted.

It's a tragic situation that shouldn't exist. All these diseases except herpes and "gay cancer" can be cured. But they won't be unless people stay knowledgeable, seek treatment promptly and inform their sex partners as early as possible. We could wipe out these scourges as we did smallpox, but all of us have to do our part.

NIXON TAPE

(continued from page 48)

launch a nuclear attack.)

Actually, his excessive need to exercise control is transmitted in his body language. On the tape, Nixon always seems rigid, at times even mechanical. He moves in an awkward, clumsy fashion and looks stiff-almost frozen. Clearly, he is desperately trying to repress his aggressive impulses. When he motions for the Secret Service agent to leave the Oval Office, his arm gesture seems robotlike. Nixon's movements reveal their calculated nature and display the high muscle tone from tension in his body.

Nixon's facial expressions on the secret tape don't come across with any particular degree of warmth or naturalness. From time to time the despondent, pensive look is replaced by a rapid, transient smile that he seems to turn on and off like a neon sign.

His voice also reveals his inner tension. It is perpetually businesslike, laced with occasional bursts of forced laughter to prove he's one of the boys. He sounds too polished and perfect, once again a reflection of his need to be in control.

One question always arises: Was Nixon on drugs during his final days in the White House? I think not. In my

medical opinion the dilated pupils, mood swings and haggard look show a man suffering from sleep deprivation. He had only three hours of sleep the night before the resignation speech and averaged only three to four hours of sleep during his last weeks in office. I feel his appearance is the result of severe emotional stress-not the effects of drugs.

The life of Richard Milhous Nixon is like a Greek tragedy. He gets it in the end as his high and mighty attitude overwhelms and drowns him. Yet, in my opinion, he is the most colorful American political figure our nation has ever known.

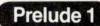
Future historians will write volumes about the man, analyzing his character and how it affected world events. They'll ask what it was about Nixon that made all of us react to him so personally-either we loved him or hated the bastard. They'll wonder why Richard Nixon, with all his successes, was always the man on the outside looking in.

Archivists will pore over his papers and tapes, constantly trying to find new clues to Nixon's complex personality. And now "The Last Secret Nixon Tape" gives us one more glimpse of this brooding, bitter man to ponder.

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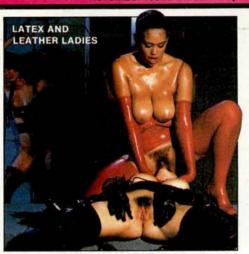
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A HOLLYWOOD NIGHTMARE-

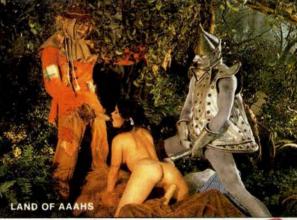
Porn star John Holmes became famous for his 14 inches of sexual equipment that, legend has it, would perform on demand. But in the days before his involvement in last year's brutal "Four on the Floor" killings in Hollywood, California, he was said to be impotent and desperately addicted to cocaine. Bruce Henderson delivers some astonishing revelations about America's fallen sex god.

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS - More than 2,000 Haitian refugees, fleeing the most repressive regime in the Western Hemisphere, are being held in U.S. detention camps. The inhuman conditions in the camps, and the reasons behind the

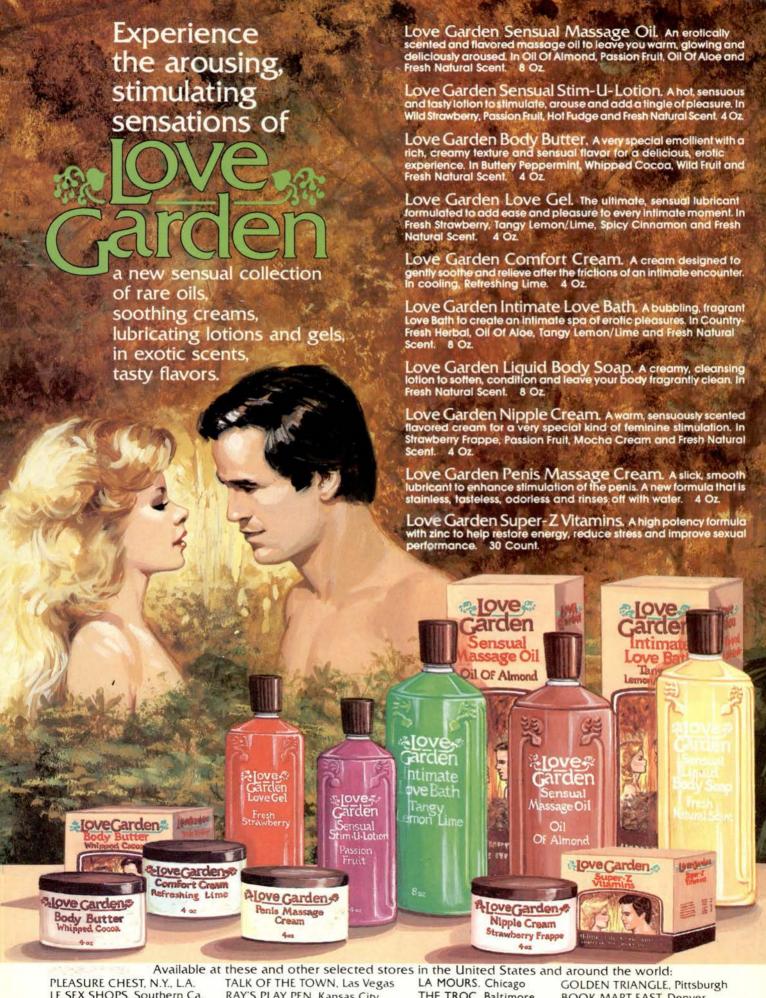
imprisonment of these political exiles, are almost unbelievable. Pablo Fenjve's article uncovers some ugly, racist truths about America's immigration policy.

GENITAL MUTILA-TION-The barbaric deforming of women's reproductive organs is still practiced worldwide and, incredibly, much of it is financed by U.S. taxpayers. Virginia Whitcraft's Sex Play is definitely not for the squeamish.

PLUS-There's the enlightening ADVISE & CONSENT, the ribtickling HUSTLER HUMOR and BITS & PIECES, the beauties of BEAVER HUNT and the outrageous KINKY KORNER.





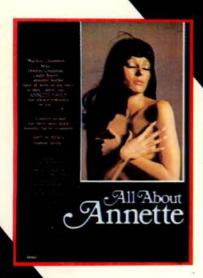


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